

ELAINE AND SALT & PEPPER ON THE OPEN ROAD
by eliana mullins



AllPosters

scn 1: chase 1

[elaine is sitting in a car. the car is imagined from a 70's school chair. she leans back as she drives with one hand in front of her wearing sunglasses, a raincoat, and a light scarf over her hair.]

engine noises.

a light up on elaine

engine noises continue

a light up on salt, in the distance]

salt:

elaine you've got to slow down

elaine where are you going?

elaine you're going to fast!

ELAINE.

elaine wait up.

[elaine halts car, she gets out, unhappy. she is wearing spiked stilettos.]

salt:

elaine where are you going?

elaine:

salt:

you've got to come back

elaine:

i don't got to do anything.

[elaine hops back in her car. engine noises as she drives away. salt dejected in the desert, lined with cacti]

scn 2: motel 1

[elaine is sitting in the first motel. sex noises through the wall. elaine is filing her nails. what else?]

scn 3: chase 2

[elaine is driving. bright oldies play from her radio over engine noises.

elaine:

hi. bye. this is me. if you don't like me get the fuck out my kitchen. i can come and go as i please. do you want to be there for me every second of the day? no? then i don't belong to you. see ya. see all y'all.

[franco pulls up in the car behind elaine. he is playing a musical instrument and driving with one hand. perhaps he is wearing a frilly 70s tuxedo shirt.

franco:

hey toots! what's going on?

elaine:

franco:

plays some notes on his instrument

elaine:

what are you playing?

franco:

the viennese waltz in the key of moroccan buttered toast. i learned it on my stay in the kingdom of cheese whiz. you got a second?

elaine:

a second. maybe.

franco:

continues to play

what do you think?

elaine:

not bad.

franco:

where you headed?

elaine:

tiffany's on 5th avenue.

franco:

where?

elaine:

the tack shop off the side of the road in montana that sells lizard skins.

franco:

?

elaine:

the zen garden in san francisco

franco:

where you headed?

elaine:

nowhere.

franco:

you can't be headed no where.

elaine:

?

franco:

you're driving on the surface of a sphere, you're always headed somewhere.

elaine:

(beat)

valid point

(beat)

i think. is that how it works?

franco:

i flunked algebra.

elaine:

i flunked geometry

franco:

my pet monkey lives with my mother

elaine:

i slept through geometry because i was up too late researching physics. i slept through physics because i was up too late researching geometry. i couldn't use any of it in class. and i don't remember any of it now.

franco:

there's a place in new mexico where all your memories are stored.

elaine:

you're shitting me.

franco:

that's where i'm headed.

elaine:

maybe i'll see you there.

franco:

maybe.

scn 3: motel 2

[elaine in repose]

shelly:

room service!

elaine:

wrong room!

shelly:
room service!

elaine:
please do not disturb.

shelly:
is this elaine wannamakit?

elaine:
no.

shelly:
i have a package for elaine wannamakit.

elaine:
i'll take it.

shelly:
i can only deliver it to elaine wannamakit.

elaine:
i'm her acquaintance.

shelly:
i can only deliver it to relatives or significant others.

elaine:
i'm a significant other.

shelly:
we don't recognize same sex couples at this motel.

elaine:
i'm a man.

shelly:
oh! sorry mr-

elaine:
ms.

shelly:

?

elaine:

.

shelly:

i'm confused.

elaine:

aren't we all.

shelly:

well, you sure you're a significant other?

elaine:

the most significant.

shelly:

okay. have a great stay at the lizard lagoon.

elaine:

i thought this was the Great Motor Motel.

shelly:

change of management. we haven't made enough yet to change the sign.

elaine:

gotcha.

[shelly leaves. elaine leaves the package unopened]

scn 4: chase 3

[elaine driving. the package at her feet]

blaine:

hey toots.

elaine:

.

blaine:

hey babe.

elaine:

.

blaine:

what's in the box?

elaine:

a gun.

blaine:

see ya.

elaine:

a cake.

blaine:

oh? may i have a piece.

elaine:

it's mine.

blaine:

may i?

elaine:

it's my birthday

blaine:

happy birthday toots.

elaine:

fuck off.

blaine:

whatever you say.

[doesn't]

blaine:

will you at least describe it to me?

elaine:

?

blaine:

the cake.

elaine:

you never seen a cake?

blaine:

i've never seen this cake. in this box. this particular cake. no, i haven't seen it.

elaine:

valid point.

[engines]

blaine:

so-

elaine:

this cake is 100 years old. it was born in michigan and doesn't know where that is because it can't read a map. this cake lost it's first tooth to a magician who promised it eternal life. this cake is bold as a pineapple and doesn't take no for an answer. this cake could sell you a used car and make you want to marry it. it doesn't have sprinkles. it doesn't wait up for you at night.

blaine:

sounds like my old lady.

elaine:

it's skin is soft as a baby's.

blaine:

can i have a piece?

elaine:

what's your profession.

blaine:

i work the ticket booth at the drive in down south.

elaine:

i'm an auto mechanic from south of the border.

blaine:

which border.

elaine:

the one between my head and my body.

blaine:

whoa there.

elaine:

yes?

blaine:

i'm not interested.

elaine:

neither am i.

blaine:

you're a nutcase. you're a fruitcake. who the fuck do you think you are?

elaine:

i'm a lady with a box.

blaine:

you're a fucking corkscrew that's what you are.

elaine:

whatever you want bucko.

[elaine drives away]

scn 5: the dilly dally diner

[the triple D is an old fashioned whore house mixed with the glam and glitz of later elvis mixed with a restaurant where everyone is space themed]

robo-waitress:

may i take your order.

elaine:

i'll have the burger with fries. does that come with a pickle?

robo-waitress:

you may have ONE pickle.

elaine:

i'll have a coke too.

robo-waitress:

that will cost extra.

elaine:

ok.

robo-waitress:

i will be back in 15 minutes.

elaine:

that long?

robo-waitress:

i have a 45% accuracy rating.

elaine:

whatever you say.

robo-waitress:

what do you say.

elaine:

no i said "whatever you say".

robo-waitress:

no comprendo.

elaine:

it's an idiom.

robo-waitress:

what is an idiom?

elaine:

it's a way of saying something without really saying it.

robo-waitress:

whatever you say.

elaine:

.

[robo-waitress begins to leave]

elaine:

wait, what does that sign *[on your wrist]* mean?

robo-waitress:

beautiful

elaine:

nailed it.

robo-waitress:

[they share a particularly human moment]

scn 6: motel 3

elaine: *(clutching a television and talking to it as the images whizz by her)* if i had a rack of newspapers i would grab them and fling them on the ground and pray i didn't get papercuts. if i had two cars i'd buy a pet duck and name him bill and we'd go to washington dc in the wintertime and bring our swimsuits with us and be depressed when we realized it was too cold to go outside. our lips would chap and we'd buy fuzzy robes. i'd make a fire and we'd call it kansas. i don't know if i like cherry pie. i've never had it. i can't write my name in cursive, it always ends up looking like cooked spaghetti. if i had one million dollars i'd do the best i could. i can fly but my feet touch the ground. my best friend used to have a sand box but it turned into a rock. i wish the world was round. i wish the carpet told bed time stories.

[the tv goes to static]

scn 7: parking lot

elaine, carrying her package, goes to get in her car. a man in roller skates zooms in and steals it from her. engine noise as it drives away. elaine, confused and frustrated.

scn 8: tumbleweed

elaine is walking on the open road. it is hot. salt in the distance.

salt:

ELAINE.

elaine:
fuck off.

salt:
elaine!

elaine:
(picks up a rock and throws it at him. he disappears. she walks on)

scn 9:

elaine still walking on the open road. franco drives up.

franco:
hey toots.

elaine:
hey.

franco:
need a ride?

elaine:
no.

franco:
come on.

elaine:
no thanks.

franco:
come on.

elaine:
you don't have room.

franco:
you can hop on the back!

elaine:
(considers)
is there room for my napsack?

franco:
sure thing little lady.

elaine:
ok. but only if you refer to me as that.

franco:
as what?

elaine:
sure thing little lady.

franco:
got it.

(elaine hops on they drive away)

scn 10: night time.

(elaine and franco are huddled on the side of the road. cars drive by in the distance. next to some seguros.)

franco:
you ever notice the bearded lady.

elaine:
where?

franco:
to the left of the little fry cook.

elaine:
above serendipitus the urban salesman?

franco:
no, directly across from venga the tattooed prince.

elaine:
i see it.

franco:
no you don't.

elaine:

i see it.

franco:

you're wearing sunglasses.

elaine:

i see it.

franco:

no you don't.

elaine:

you don't know anything.

franco:

that's not fair.

elaine:

life's not fair.

franco:

you want me to play you a motorcycle waltz?

elaine:

no. no more music. i'm very tired.

franco:

you don't look tired.

elaine:

i'm wearing sunglasses.

franco:

fair enough.

[silence. they sit. cars]

franco:

you are boring. you are so boring elaine. i can't handle it.

elaine:

fine. leave.

franco:
that's it?

elaine:
yes. that is it.

franco:
that can't be it.

elaine:
that. is. it.

franco.

elaine.

elaine:
FUCK YOU. GO HOME TO YOUR PRAIRIE IN NEVADA CITY. IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE IT
THEN TAKE YOUR BROOMSTICK AND GET OUT.

franco:
you're a puzzle.

elaine:
no. no. i'm a sandwich bag.

franco:
maybe.

elaine:
no it's true.

franco:
i'll meet you at the memory bank in new mexico.

(silence)

elaine:
that's it?

franco:

what else can you do?

scn 11: motel 4 or 5

[elaine on a corded phone talks to another person with a corded phone. the person is played by shelly.]

elaine:

so now i can't sleep at night.

person:

you'll get over it.

elaine:

i don't know what to do.

person:

eat some corn

elaine:

i'm a ship on the rocks. hold the whiskey.

person:

on the cob, it's better for your liver.

elaine:

don't tell me what to do.

person:

you called me.

elaine:

fair enough.

person:

do you want fair and square or deep tissue?

elaine:

i want a dart board and ten thousand pieces of funnel cake.

person:

i can't help you with that. i specialize in loneliness and loneliness only.

elaine:

i'm still talking about loneliness.

person:

it doesn't sound like it.

elaine:

how do you know what loneliness sounds like?

person:

it's my job. this is what i do all day.

elaine:

oh right. so what does it sound like?

person:

well...

a dog barking in the dirt patch of a backyard at 5pm on a sunday in fall.

the water on a child's skin after playing in the sprinkler, mixed with the residue of grass.

the memory of your grandmother's chicken pot pie, which you don't have because you never met her.

the static on the televisions at a thrift shop in a sun drenched town the color of sand.

elaine:

okay, i should go now.

person:

are you less lonely.

elaine:

i don't know.

person:

that's a start.

elaine:

do you know anything about new mexico?

person:

i met my grandmother there once. but then she walked away because she had the wrong person.

elaine:

that's unfortunate.

person:

no, she was very nice. we had a great time. i helped her put her teeth back in at the end of the meal.

elaine:

you ever wish you were somebody else?

person:

sometimes. but other times i don't think about it and then i don't care.

elaine:

i know what you mean.

person:

i know. okay, we're reaching thirty minutes. i'm going to have to charge you \$12.99 for any minute we go over.

elaine:

oh, okay, i'll hang up now.

person:

okay, have a nice night.

elaine:

goodbye.

[person hangs up. elaine does not listening to the dial tone and feeling her heart slowly sink down into her stomach. she takes off her sunglasses, cleans them, and then replaces them].

elaine:

whoo. whoo. ooh. ugh, goodnight.

[elaine, alone in the motel].

scn 12: the next morning

shelly:
room service!

elaine:
hello?

shelly:
package, ma'am.

elaine:
m-..uh nevermind.

shelly:
you don't want it?

elaine:
what's in it?

shelly:
sunshine!

elaine:
really?

shelly:
no silly!

elaine:
oh.

shelly:
i think it's really specialllllll!

elaine:
i'll take it.

[shelly hands the package to elaine w/ a smile, sort of curtsies and sort of skips away]

sc 13: on the road

[elaine with the package beside her. elaine, interested. elaine, carefully opening the top which is folded in that four-quarters way. the box, glowing green light. elaine looking in, her sunglasses fall into the box. elaine, dumbfounded.]

scn 14: a kiosk on the side of the road

[elaine, box in hand staring into it and walking towards the kiosk. walks to the kiosk window setting the package down on the kiosk counter.]

blaine:

what can I do you for?

!

Toots!

elaine:

[coming up from the box] oh you.

blaine:

you opened the box!

elaine:

yeah.

blaine:

so what's in it?

elaine:

[looks at him with her wide eyes. scoots the box through the kiosk to blaine]

blaine:

wow. hey. you want a ticket to the show?

elaine:

[looks at him, dumbfounded. he passes her a ticket. she takes the ticket and walks off with the box, reverent.]

scn 15: the drive-in

[elaine sits in her car facing the drive in screen. the film boots up.

the film: [end: top of the mountain]

...

elaine hikes to just below the top of the mountain.

she waits. the wind blows. she opens her arms out she gets ready and the wind blows right past her.

elaine screams. she roars. she is screaming and roaring at the same time. a symphony.

a young blue thing with bare legs and shreds of fabric around him that has been at the top of the mountain the whole time frying something in a pan on a small stove notices her--

brahmbín: hello?

elaine: .
elaine freezes, caught

brahmbín: hello?

elaine: .

brahmbín: i see you. come here. please.

elaine goes up to the top of the mountain

brahmbín: do you want some egg?

elaine: *nods*

brahmbín: *gets a plate and ceremoniously scoops green eggs onto her plate. her passes it to her.*

elaine: where are we?

brahmbín: the top of the mountain

elaine: it's ... not what i expected.

brahmbín: what did you expect?

elaine: .

brahmbín: go on, what did you expect?

elaine: levity.

brahmbín: what do you mean?

elaine: the clouds, the blue sky, i thought it would all feel free up here.

brahmbín: our feet stay tied to the ground. we don't have wings. even at the top of the mountain.

elaine: i get that now.

brahmbín: are you disappointed.

elaine: yes.

why are you up here?

?

brahmbín: i was born feet first. my mother died and my father loved me because he hated my mother. first miracle. he taught me to fish and to hunt and to cook with a sense of purpose. so i won first place in everything. when i went to school i learned math and science and beat the librarian in chess so they gave me my certificate right away. one night at the county fair i got drunk and had sex with seven women behind the porta potties. no one saw and i hit the bulls eye on my first try and at that point everyone had had enough and thought that i could do no wrong so they told me i had to leave them and go to the top of the mountain. from here they could look up to me when they were feeling down and from here they would always know where i was. they told me from here i would never die. they wanted me to be their god and i thought "why not". i've been up here ever since and now the past is only a story i tell myself to remind me that when i am cut i bleed.

elaine: i bleed too.

brahmbín: i believe it.

elaine: why?

brahmbín: you are bleeding right now.

elaine looks down at her body. she is naked and covered in open wounds of dripping red.

elaine: i'm so scared.

brahmbín: i know.

elaine: what's happening?

brahmbín: you made it to the top of the mountain.

elaine: but why am i so tired.

brahmbín: you made it to the top of the mountain.

elaine: why am i bleeding?

brahmbín: you walked to the top of the mountain.

elaine: why am i naked.

brahmbín: you are at the top of the mountain.

shot back, brahmbín is naked. frying an egg on the mountain.

brahmbín: fuck its boring man. like, yes i did this one thing that made everybody love me for years to come and everything but most of the time people rely on me to be like "that guy did it right. this guy is the supreme being. i can't live up to him. he died for my sins, so i don't need to give a shit anymore". fuck that y'know? i want other people on my level. it gets lonely up here at the top of the mountain.

a long pause the wind is blowing

where are you going?

elaine stops

elaine: i don't know.

brahmbín: what are you talking about

elaine: shut up

a long pause the wind is blowing

shut up. i don't even know who you are. i don't know why i thought that this was a good idea.

brahmbín: you wouldn't know a good idea if it hit you in the face

elaine: you are right about that

elaine's shoulders begin to burn. flames. she begins to descend the mountain

wait.

elaine stands there.

brahmbín: don't go. i need someone. the wind blows and my skin feels like chalk. the sun shines and my face turns to red hot sand paper. i am the flow of the ocean and there is nothing but dirt here. i can't stay here alone but this is all i know. my heart is on fire but i'm not sure if it even exists.

elaine: what do you want me to do?

brahmbín: stay here!

elaine: how am i supposed to do that? you said it yourself this place is barren and i am so full i could explode.

brahmbín: you can explode up here.

elaine: i don't want to. i want to rip this all off and start over fresh. i want my eyes to fall out and grow new ones.

brahmbín: i will rip your eyes out for you.

elaine: i'm scared.

brahmbín: you can rip mine out first. we'll grow them back together.

back and forth between their eyes they look

brahmbín: come on, sit here elaine. i'll show you.

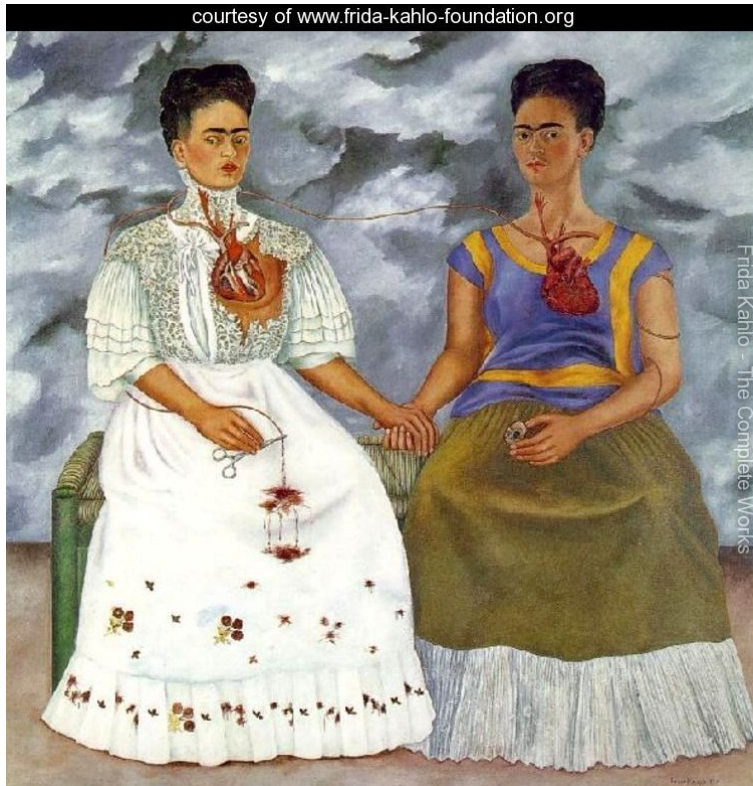
he motions to the rock next to him

a moment. she sits on the rock. she turns to him.

he screws out her left eye. he rips out the right.

she feels his chest and up to his head. she cups his head. she rips his head off. she holds it in her lap.

brahmbín: look to the sun elaine. your eyes won't burn out now.



black out.

character list:

elaine

salt, a puppet

blaine

franco

《 **shelly**

person

robo-waitress*

a man in roller skates*

brahmbín, a minor god

alternate casting:

could all be feasibly played by shelly.