

Turner (Work in Progress)

One Act

by
Kyiana Williams

Name Kyiana Williams
Address 140 E 14th st.
Phone Number N/A
Email ksw315@nyu.edu

CHARACTERS

MAiSON CRABTREE (21): A white young man on the Stanford track team from Tennessee.

PAIGE MONTGOMERY (20): A mixed girl (black and white) from New Mexico

SCENE ONE.

July 2nd, 2016. 2:53 AM. Stanford, Southern California.
Behind The Old Pro bar.

PAIGE (20) stumbles out of the bar. She slumps down
the wall onto the ground, her short glittery gold dress
riding up. She sits criss-cross apple sauce with her eyes
closed. She's meditating.

MAISON (21) pops out of the bar swinging on the door.
He finds her.

MAISON

H-hey! What cha' doin' buddy?

PAIGE

I'm breathing.

He walks out.

MAISON

W-what? Why-why you like that?

She snaps her head up.

PAIGE

I'm breathing.

As he gets closer he gets down and crawls.

MAISON

W-well you don't breathe like that.

He starts gasping breaths.

PAIGE

I know how to breathe you dip.

MAISON

(He points to his mouth)

You do it like that. That's how you breath.

He crawls in between her legs.

I can show you how to breath.

She pushes him away.

PAIGE

Get lost Casen.

MAISON

(Heated)

My name is Maison.

PAIGE

Cool. Great. Don't touch me.

She stands, but is light headed.

I bet you don't even know my name.

He stands and slams her body up against the wall
sloppily. She hits her head.

MAISON

My name is Maison. Say it. Say it!

Paige grips the back of her head.

PAIGE

Maison.

MAISON

Yeah, that's right. Again. Say it again.

He slips his hand under her dress and rubs her.

Knees him.

She shoves her palm in his face.

He stumbles back.

PAIGE

You're an asshole who's named after a glass jar.

She slips away making her way back to the front of the bar.

He rushes up behind her and puts her in a choke hold.

MAISON

You don't do that. You don't ever put your hand in my face. You hear me?!

PAIGE fights his hold, but soon her movements slow.
She can't breath.

He pulls her to the ground.

With his free hand he pulls a blue bandana from his back pocket and ties her hands with it.

He runs his hands over her body then removes her underwear and crawls between her legs.

MAISON

Oh, you're going to love this. All the girls do.

PAIGE's knees come up.

PAIGE

I doubt I will. I doubt they did too.

MAISON

Have your doubts. I'm goin' for it. I hope you're prepared.

She pushes her knees in between them and knees him in the chest. She kicks his face then wraps her legs around his head and chokes him.

PAIGE

It's not fun is it?

She fiddles with the bandana around her wrists, removes it then ties his hands behind his back.

She lifts him off the ground roughly, slamming him against the dumpster and the wall.

PAIGE

Come on big fella'. Come on. You can stand.

He sways on his feet.

There you go. Now walk.

They walk from behind the bar.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE TWO.

Police station. 3:09 AM.

A ragged PAIGE and a more alert MAISON walk into the station.

OFFICER

Jimmeny Cricket, what the hell happened?

PAIGE

I want him arrested.

The OFFICER comes around.

OFFICER

W-what? You've already arrested him. What's going on? What happened?

PAIGE

(She thrusts Maison forward)

He tried to rape me.

MAISON

No I didn't.

OFFICER

Now young lady that's a big offense you're claiming.

PAIGE

Yes, I-I realize that. But, I'm pretty sure I know what I want.

The OFFICER walks back to the desk.

OFFICER

Well you seem okay. We can just do a quick write up and then you can be on your way.

PAIGE

I don't think that's--

OFFICER

You're okay, right? No harm no fowl?

PAIGE

Yeah, but. . . You know what? Can I speak to someone else please?

OFFICER

What for?

PAIGE

It seems you're tired. I think you might want someone else to do this. You know, what if a bigger more important tragedy comes through those doors. I-I wouldn't want to hold you up.

OFFICER

Oh, this is no trouble at all. . .

(He pulls out papers from his desk)

. . .Maison I'm going to need you to fill these out.

MAISON

Jimmy, can't you just forget about this?

OFFICER JIMMY

Well. . .

PAIGE yanks MAISON by his tied hands.

PAIGE

No! What?! No! Don't consider that!

OFFICER JIMMY

No?

PAIGE

W-what? . . .

(Heated silence)

. . .Is this?

She gestures to the two of them.

Silence.

OFFICER JIMMY

Ma'am, you seem a little frazzled. Would you like to take a seat?

PAIGE

You know each other.

PAIGE points to OFFICER JIMMY then to MAISON.

OFFICER JIMMY

Well of course.

Silence.

PAIGE

You're not going to do anything, are you?

OFFICER JIMMY walks back around the desk to MAISON.

OFFICER JIMMY

Well, I am going to give him some ice for his face. You did a wallop on it.

He touches MAISON's face.

PAIGE goes to a chair and sits, bewildered.

MAISON

(Grinning)

She fucked me good, huh?

OFFICER JIMMY

I'd say. Not many make more than a scratch on your face. But, look at that sucker.

MAISON

Go get the ice.

OFFICER JIMMY

Alright.

OFFICER JIMMY leaves.

PAIGE

(Mumble)

I think I'm going to vomit on myself.

MAISON

It won't make a difference you already look like trash. Get over here and untie me.