

A Bus Driver, as Seen on a Bus

By

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## Cast of Characters

SAM:

ABDI:

ALEX:

SARA:

*A shuttle bus pulls into a stop, picking up one passenger*

SAM

I mean, whatever at least I'm not drivin' a truck into the fuckin' Charles River every mornin' *jesus christ*.

ABDI

...

SAM

Like, what the fuck are people thinking when they bring their kids on those boats, like, 'okay kids how would you like to have a man in a deranged truck drive us into the murkey, disgusting Hep-B swamp that is the Charles River.

ABDI

yes.

SAM

The only fuckin' good thing I had was the fact that I always had a way out. If I was doin' that now I'd have already killed myself.

ABDI

...

*Bus pulls to the curb, enter ALEX from LEFT*

ALEX

Morning, are you going to Davis?

SAM

Yes sir; now get in a goddamn seat.

*Awkward pause*  
Kidding. Sorry.

ALEX

...

SAM

(Talking to himself)  
I fucking hate duckboats.

*ALEX notices another man, sitting quietly near SAM*

ALEX

(To ABDI)  
hey.

SAM  
(Loudly)  
He doesn't speak English.

ALEX  
(To ABDI)  
Sorry.

SAM  
No! Don't be sorry. (Introducing) Abdi, New Guy. New Guy, Abdi.  
*ABDI smiles, saying nothing.*

SAM  
Well, there ya go. (To Alex) You've made yourself a friend.  
(To ABDI) Alright man, here we are.  
*Doors open. ABDI smiles at SAM, and exits LEFT.*

ALEX  
...

SAM  
(To ALEX)  
He's a good guy. Takes this route every morning.

ALEX  
...

SAM  
Its alright, you don't have to talk to me. I get paid to be here no matter what.

ALEX  
*Putting his hand out*  
ALEX.  
*SAM stares at ALEX'S outstretched hand*

SAM  
...  
(Too loudly)  
Are you trying to get us killed?  
*ALEX withdraws his hand*

SAM  
(Sarcastically)  
You know you could have just killed us. You coulda killed everyone on this fuckin bus.

*ALEX looks back at the empty bus.*

*SAM puts his hand out, not looking at the road.*

SAM

Sam.

*The two shake hands.*

*Both realize SAM'S inattentiveness.*

ALEX

You're not great at this, are you?

SAM

*(Two hands off the wheel, but looking forward)*

Guilty. Third gig this year.

ALEX

*(Noticing his dangerous driving, but not wanting to be too rude)*

Dude, you're driving like you're *trying* to get us killed

SAM

*(a pause, looking at ALEX)*

I know.

ALEX

*(Serious)*

You were being serious when you said this was your third gig, weren't you?

SAM

Oh I'm definitely not being serious, but I'm not lying either.

*SARA enters from LEFT*

SARA

Sam!

SAM

*Standing up, looking stage LEFT.*

Sara?

SARA

Do you have everything?

SAM  
I'm fine. Go back to bed.

SARA  
You're exhausted.

SAM  
I'm fine.

SARA  
I want to say goodbye.

SAM  
Sara, its an eight hour loop. Its just like a normal  
nine-to-five.

SARA  
  
*Pause*  
Are you sure you want to be doing this?

SAM  
I'm sure I *need* to be doing this.

SARA  
Sam...

SAM  
Boston to New York, New York to Boston. Without  
traffic, I'll be back before dinner. Try to get some  
rest.

SARA  
I'll see you tonight.  
  
I love you.

*SARA turns away from SAM*

*SAM sits in his seat and continues driving  
haphazardly*

ALEX  
Y'know you might be the worst bus driver in New  
England?

SAM  
That's what happens when you pick a crap major.

ALEX  
  
(Playfully)  
...

(MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)

Did you major in bus driving?

SAM

(Distracted)

No, though that might have been more applicable

...

Philosophy: undergraduate and masters.

ALEX

Fuck, really?

SAM

Yup. And, voilà: here I am.

ALEX

On a bus?

SAM

On a bus.

ALEX

So basically six years of hard work, to drive a bus?

SAM

Yea, but I've driven some pretty nice busses. Some  
smell less like shit than others.

ALEX

A lotta busses smell like shit?

SAM

The big ones do.

ALEX

Well, good for you.

SAM

Thanks asshole. Where you from?

ALEX

Medford, Mass

SAM

(Loudly)

Am I SORRY FOR YOU.

Me too. Fuck, that *SUCKS*. Are you at the High School?

ALEX

Yeah?

SAM

I mean, maybe its gotten better, but Jesus fuck that place was a shithole when I went there.

ALEX

Its gotten a little better

SAM

I should fucking hope so. To stay the same as it was a couple years ago would be a fucking tragedy.

ALEX

Orchard Street.

SAM

Salem Street.

*Stage becomes dark. Sam begins to look weary. He is still driving.*

*SAM's flip phone rings*

SARA

(Looking at SAM) Sam!

SAM

...Hey, sorry I missed your call. I'll be home soon.

SARA

Sam, its dark. I don't like you being out on the road so late. You sound exhausted.

SAM

I'll be *fine*. Don't worry about me, I'll see you in the morning.

SARA

Please be careful.

*SARA looks away from SAM*

ALEX

Did you have Mrs. LaFollete?

SAM

I did indeed. Is that old bitch still alive?

ALEX

She's up and kickin.



SAM

Fuckin' good for her.

*ALEX freezes. SAM pulls out his phone, going to speed dial. As he waits for the call to connect, SAM exits the bus, onto stage LEFT.*

SARA

Sam? Where are you? Its quarter past...

SAM

(Cutting her off)

I'm on the Mass-Connecticut Border

*SARA staggers to say something*  
I got in an accident.

SARA

(upset)

Sam!

SAM

I'll see you in the morning.

SARA

SAM!

*SAM hangs up his phone.*

*After looking towards SAM for a moment, SARA exits LEFT.*

*SAM sits back down.*

ALEX

So you crashed it?

SAM

(depressed)

I didn't crash it. The asshole with the tractor trailer looked like he was coming into my lane, and there was a crash.

ALEX

...Man, I'm sorry.

SAM

Hey don't be fuckin' sorry... If I didn't get in that crash I wouldn't be here, would I?

ALEX

(Serious)

Where are you?

SAM

(Looking outside for a moment)  
Teele Square?

Sorry, but ask a better question.

ALEX

... What's next for you?

SAM

Bullshit government job, maybe? Getting paid for doing nothing is alright.

ALEX

(pause)  
Why?

SAM

I want to write a book. That requires money. Y'know who has money?

ALEX

A book about what?

SAM

Correct, Charlie Baker.

ALEX

(frustrated)  
A book about *what*?

SAM

I don't know yet.

ALEX

Then how do you know you want to write a book?

SAM

I don't know, but it feels right.

ALEX

Well, I'll read it.

SAM

(another pause)  
That's kind of you.

At least there's one guy.

ALEX

Why do you say that?

SAM

Well that's easy - I'll fuck it up. If I was the kind of person that was supposed to be successful I wouldn't need a fucking Master's degree to drive a teenager six blocks in a Ford Transit. I know myself well enough by now to tell you that if I haven't made it by now, I never will.

ALEX

(pause)

So what then? You're just gonna drive this fuckin bus until you die?

SAM

(seriously)

Yeah. I am.

ALEX

Is that really all you think you're good for? Is there nothing more to your life than this?

SAM

Y'know what, I really don't think so.

ALEX

(angry)

Oh come on! Are you fucking with me?

SAM

Ask me again if I'm fucking with you.

ALEX

Dude. Are-you-being-serious?

SAM

Oh I'm definitely not being serious,  
(Looking at ALEX)  
but I'm not lying either.