

SEEING THE LIGHT

By Jeff Dunne

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CHARACTERS

ALENA	An intelligent young woman, popular and generally accepting of people.
ROLAND	A conflict-averse young man who uses humor to get out of uncomfortable places.
EDDY (VOICE ONLY)	A drunk young man, the (stereo)typical out-of-control youth with no common sense or decency.
JAKE (VOICE ONLY)	A just-slightly-less drunk (but still way past the legal limit) version of Eddy.

SETTING

A back country road, somewhere in modern-day America.

(It is a dark night, and Roland and Alena are standing by the side of a country road.)

ROLAND

I never said I didn't want to go. I just said—

ALENA

You totally said—

ROLAND

(Loud to interject...)

I said... *(calming himself)* that the place smells a little, and—

ALENA

You said it smells like a chicken...

ROLAND

I might've—

ALENA

...and not in a good way.

ROLAND

I didn't say that.

ALENA

You totally said that.

ROLAND

(Pause, then admitting...)

I said it smells like a chicken that just got tackled a skunk. *(Pause...)* But that doesn't mean I didn't want to go.

ALENA

You hate Larry.

ROLAND

I do *not* hate Larry.

ALENA

You said he's the kind of guy who scares sheep.

ROLAND

Oh. I said that? Yeah. I did say that. Alright, I admit he's not my favorite of your friends. Maybe if we—

(Alena has suddenly focused on something in the distance.)

ALENA

Shush-sh-sh-sh-sh. Did you see that?

ROLAND

No. See what?

ALENA

Lights. There were lights over there. Just over the horizon.

ROLAND

It's probably a car. There's a hill.

ALENA

No. No, no. There were three lights, and the one in the middle was higher. Like a triangle.

ROLAND

Maybe a police car.

ALENA

No, all white. And steady. There! There!

(Roland looks and sees them.)

ROLAND

Wow. That's... that's...

ALENA

Not a police car.

ROLAND

That's... not a police car.

ALENA

What's it doing?

(Roland just shakes his head.)

Do you think it could be a UFO?

ROLAND

It sure as hell isn't a chicken.

ALENA

What the hell's with you and chick—

(She is suddenly panicked.)

Oh my god oh my god oh my god!! It's coming this way, Rol.

ROLAND

Yeah.

ALENA

Yeah? Yeah!? That's all you got!?! The guy who described my ringtone as 'a slumbering warthog that drank too much motor oil', and all you can say now is 'yeah'??

(Beat.)

ROLAND

Yeah.

ALENA

What do we do?

(Roland is just staring at the lights. Alena glances at him, then at the lights, then back at Roland. She elbows him hard.)

What do we do!?

ROLAND

How the hell should I know?

ALENA

Should we run? It's getting closer.

No. No, don't run. ROLAND

Why not? ALENA

Then it would just chase us. ROLAND

As opposed to standing here watching it chase us? ALENA

It can't chase us if we don't run. ROLAND

Great time to fixate on semantics, Roland. ALENA

(Roland suddenly waves at it.)

What the *hell* are you doing? You want it to get us?

Aren't you even the least bit curious? Don't you want to know what it is? ROLAND

No. *(Beat.)* Well, yeah, but... ALENA

I mean, what if it really is a UFO? ROLAND

Roland? ALENA

That would be so cool. ROLAND

Roland? ALENA

We could be like the first— ROLAND

ROLAND!!
ALENA

ROLAND
(Snapping out of his daze, but just a bit.)
What??

ALENA
If it is an alien, and they try to abduct me...

(Roland has gone back to staring. She pauses, and then dripping acidic hellfire...)

Roland...

ROLAND
Yes, hon?

ALENA
Did you hear what I said?

ROLAND
Of course.

ALENA
Uh huh. What was I saying?

ROLAND
Umm. Something about conducting.

ALENA
Abduct, jackass. Abduct.

ROLAND
Okay. No, I wasn't listening.

(Alena grabs his face and turns it to her.)

ALENA
If they're aliens and they try to abduct me...

ROLAND
Uh huh.

ALENA
What would you do?

ROLAND
What?

ALENA
What would you do?

ROLAND
About...

(Alena gives him an even meaner ‘you are about to be drawn and quartered’ glare.)

Oh. I... uh... I don't know.

ALENA
Would you try to stop them?

ROLAND
Would... would you want me to try and stop them?

ALENA
I don't know that there'd be time for a consultation.

ROLAND
Sure. Sure. I'd... uh... You know, I don't know that I'd be able to stop them. I mean, they'd probably just... beam you up or something.

ALENA
I'm serious, Roland. I want a real answer. Not what you think I want to hear. What you would really do.

ROLAND
Can we talk about this later? The lights are still—

ALENA
We can talk about it now, or we can talk about it... never.

ROLAND
Fine. Never.

(Alena continues to glare at him, waiting for the meaning to sink in.)

Wait. If it's.... Oh. Ohhh. *(Beat.)* Now's good.

ALENA

Well?

ROLAND

Honestly, hon, I... I don't think I'd be able to do anything about it. I mean, if they beam you up, it's not like I can jump on them or anything.

ALENA

You could rush forward at the last second and shove me out of the beam.

ROLAND

Sure. I guess I'd do that.

(Sees the disapproving look from Alena.)

I mean I would definitely do that.

ALENA

Even if it meant that you got beamed up instead.

ROLAND

Huh.

ALENA

Would you give your life to save me from the aliens?

ROLAND

I... uh... yeah. Yeah. I'd do that.

ALENA

I don't think you'd do it.

ROLAND

You don't really know that sort of thing until the moment's come, you know?

ALENA

Don't give me some bullshit weasel-out-of-it answer, Roland. I want to know how you feel!

ROLAND

Look, I... don't know. I mean, you're great. Really. But...

ALENA

It's alright. I just want the truth.

ROLAND

It's not like we've been going out that long.

ALENA

Five weeks. Not a long time.

ROLAND

I mean, we haven't even said... you know.

ALENA

No. We haven't.

ROLAND

So is that what this is really about? You want to know if I love you?

ALENA

(Suddenly uncomfortable with the naked truth.)

I... I don't know. M-maybe.

ROLAND

Honestly, hon, I don't know. You know. Five weeks... it's not a lot of time.

(Alena shrugs.)

It's not like... I mean, maybe at some point...

ALENA

Right. You're right. It's not that long.

ROLAND

I don't want you to think—

ALENA

It's okay.

ROLAND

Alena...

ALENA

It's okay. Really.

ROLAND

I'm not saying that at some point... you know... a little... further down the road.

ALENA

Sure. Yeah.

ROLAND

If there is, you know, a further down the road. I hope this doesn't mean—

ALENA

No! I mean, yeah, there's definitely a further down the road.

(Awkward pause.)

Of course. It was just a question. It's only been five weeks. I shouldn't have asked.

ROLAND

It's okay. Really.

ALENA

Thank you.

ROLAND

For what?

ALENA

For telling me the truth. I think a lot of guys would have just said 'yeah' but not really meant it.

(There begins a faint rumbling. It's the sound of a truck driving on gravel, but it's too low volume to make out. Over the next lines it gets louder.)

ROLAND

I suppose they would.

(Pause.)

ALENA

It's getting closer.

(If possible, bright lights come up from offstage. Real or imagined, Alena and Roland squint into them.)

ROLAND

Yeah. Kind of exciting.

ALENA

Yeah.

(The sound of the truck gets louder, and now we can make out that it sounds like a roaring truck engine. Suddenly there's some hooting and hollering from the truck, the sound of men well past drunk.)

ROLAND

Oh, shit. It's just a truck.

(The sound of movement over gravel stops and now it's just an engine.)

EDDY

(Shouted, slurred, from offstage.)

Foun' one! Foun' a goddam moose!

JAKE

(Also offstage, slurred.)

Where? I don- I don't see a moose!

EDDY

Right there. Standin' next to Roland!!

(There's loud, obnoxious laughter from four men offstage.)

ROLAND

(Squinting more and calling out...)

Who is that?

JAKE

That's one ugly moose!

(More laughter.)

EDDY

Moose is a moose, that's whuh-my daddy says!

ROLAND

Who's there? Is that Eddy Jacobs?

JAKE

Better shoo-it 'fore... 'fore it runs.

ROLAND

Go home, Eddy. *(Turns to Alena.)* Come on, let's go.

EDDY

Gimme that. I said gimme!

ALENA

(Scared.)

Yeah, time to go.

JAKE

S'loaded, Eddy! Put the damthing—

(As Jake is finishing the last line, Roland suddenly sees the rifle. He jumps in front of Alena, tackling her to the ground just as the gun goes off.)

EDDY

Sonabitch!!

(The lights from offstage go out, and we hear the truck tearing off down the gravel road.)

ALENA

Stupid fucking... What the fuck's wrong with people?! *(Pause. Then with a little laugh...)* It's okay, Roland. I'm fine. You can get off me now.

(There is a frozen moment of silence. Alena moves to get up from the ground, and Roland slides off her and onto the ground. She stares at him, gasps, horror on her face, then lights out.)