

URBAN LEGEND

Written by

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CHARACTERS

GATOR: 17 Female. Angsty Teen.

LANE: 40's Female. Overworked single mother.

SETTING: Townhouse living room.

TIME: Night

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTES:

If you wonder where I am
Rumors spread like an urban legend
I'll be missing till the day I'm dead
Or if I wash up on the shore
With prayers knocking at your door
Will I finally win your love then?

You're never gonna find me
You'll be haunted by the whispers
All I left behind me
Will be a puzzle you can never solve
Bone chilling when you hear my name
An uneasy feeling you can't shake
So when you finally wish I stayed

I'll be the ghost that haunts
Every goddamn place
Make you crazy like I felt everyday
You'll be searching in the shadows
Hearing things in the walls
I'll be the urban legend
That echos your halls

SCENE ONE

(The Room is dark and eerily quiet. GATOR creeps down the stairs into the living room. She's wearing day clothes and a backpack, clearly not ready for bed. A lamp is turned on revealing LANE sitting on the sofa. Gator stops for a moment to gather her thoughts, then speaks.)

GATOR

Hey ma.

(Lane speaks in a cold tone, she knows something is up.)

LANE

Why are you up so late?

GATOR

I, um.....Couldn't// sleep.

LANE

You're leaving aren't ya.

(Beat.)

GATOR

What're you talking bout?

LANE

Ungrateful child, I give you my money, my youth, my LIFE, and this is how you repay me.

GATOR

Ma, I'm not going anywhere.

LANE

You're a liar now too?

(Gator drops her backpack and walks over to Lane. She kneels down and grabs Lane's hand.)

GATOR

I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere.

LANE

You lie! You lie. And you got the guts to look me in the eyes and do it.

GATOR

Ma.

LANE

Why?

GATOR

.....I don't know.

LANE

WHY!

(Gator flinches)

GATOR

I can't stay.

(Lane laughs at Gator's comment.)

LANE

Fine. Don't come crying back to me when you got no one else.

GATOR

Ma?

LANE

Matter fact delete my number, I don't want any late night calls when you're shitfaced and shit out of luck.

GATOR

I didn't// want to

LANE

I won't hear it!

GATOR

Right....I'm sorry.

(Gator stands up. She slowly walks over to grab her bag , then heads to the front door. She is stopped by her mothers words.)

LANE

Ungrateful little bitch, you don't deserve my love anyways.

(Lane stands up and walks towards Gator.)

LANE (CONT'D)

How ya gonna do this to me!?

GATOR

I'm not doing this TO YOU.

(Lane slaps Gator in the face. Gator is stunned for a moment before collecting herself.)

(Beat.)

GATOR

Please understand that I am doing this for myself.

LANE

Bullshit! You've always been a selfish, SELFISH little//...!

GATOR

Stop.

LANE

I had so much life left to give, then you came along and sucked it all outta me. All my time spent changing diapers, going to recitals doing everything for you! What did I get out of it?

GATOR

Ma!

LANE

Your father promised me that this was the dream. Perfect house, perfect family, perfect life. Well, look at us now! My daughter can't even stand to be near me anymore. And your daddy ain't much help six feet// under.

GATOR

STOP IT!

LANE

Do you think he would be proud of who you've become. You with your rebel without a cause hanging around all the wrong people bullshit! He's lucky he didn't have to witness the let down his daughter// became.

GATOR

I SAID STOP TALKING!

(Lane is startled with Gators reaction.)

(Beat.)

GATOR (CONT'D)

Just stop talking, please.

(Beat.)

(Lane has a moment of realization over her words.)

LANE

You're right. You're right.....I shouldn't have said that. I didn't mean it.

GATOR

I know.

LANE

I didn't mean any of it.....Gator, you know I love you.

(Beat.)

LANE (CONT'D)

I just want to know why?

GATOR

I can't stay here, ma.

LANE

Yes, you can. We can work it out...I'm ready to listen.

GATOR

No you're not.

LANE

Please, just tell me what I've done and I can fix it.

GATOR

I can't.....I can't be dragged down with you.

LANE

You don't mean that.

GATOR

Yes, I do. I mean it with every bone in my body.

LANE

We can fix this.

GATOR

No we can't! I can't sit here and pretend like I don't hate it here. I hate this stupid house, and I HATE YOU!.....sometimes.

LANE

.....It's ok, you can tell me.

GATOR

You got issues, ma.....And I thought you were just grieving, but we've passed that. Now you're just miserable with yourself and without even knowing it you've grown to be miserable with every aspect of your life. And I'm an aspect.

LANE

That's not true! I love you!

GATOR

You may love me, but you dislike me more.

LANE

....I do miss having dreams and you know damn well I miss your father, but you're my baby.....You are my baby and I would never do anything to hurt you//. I promise.

GATOR

You already have.

LANE

What?

GATOR

You've hurt me.

LANE

I don't know what you're// talking...

GATOR

You think years of being told my life was nothing more than a setback to you're life didn't hurt?

LANE

Honey,// I just

GATOR

You think I wasn't hurt when you stopped showing up to every club and sport event? When you turned dad's death into an excuse for you to just stop parenting? How about all the comments you've made on my weight, my terrible grades, or how useless of a person I am? Cause I'll tell ya right now, It hurt. It hurts!

LANE

I didn't know.

GATOR

Didn't know what? That I had feelings? That I wasn't just a punching bag for whenever you were having a bad day? You know, I can sit here as you chew at me little by little, but I'm sick of looking in the mirror and hating who I am because you don't like me....It's why I can't stay. YOU are why I can't stay.

(Beat.)

LANE

I'm sorry.

(Gator begins to sob. Lane pulls Gator into a hug, which causes Lane to cry.)

LANE

I'm so sorry.

GATOR

I know.

LANE

And I'm glad you told me. I have been so blind,
I know that now.

GATOR

Ma?

(Gator pulls away from the hug and they separate.)

LANE

We can fix this now. We can fix this. What do
you say?

GATOR

...Ok.

LANE

Ok! Tomorrow, then, ok?

GATOR

Tomorrow?

LANE

We can do something fun. Maybe we can go to the
park, you used to love going there to pet the
dogs. We can even get ice cream, right? My
treat.

GATOR

.....Sounds good.

LANE

Good? Ok, good!

GATOR

Yeah.

LANE

....Well, It's passed my bed time. We should
probably rest up for the big day tomorrow.

GATOR

...Right.

(Beat.)

LANE
You, heading up?

GATOR
Yeah....you can go ahead, I'm gonna stay up a
little longer.

LANE
You sure?

GATOR
...Yeah, I think so.

LANE
Well....Ok. Goodnight.

GATOR
Night.

(Beat.)

GATOR (CONT'D)
Oh and Ma....Despite the things I was saying, I
love you too.

LANE
I know, baby.

*(Lane walks upstairs to go to bed.
Gator waits keeping her eyes on
her mom, until she is sure her
mother is in her room. Gator opens
the front door and exits.)*

END OF PLAY