

M. Riverside

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Characters:

M. Flutterby Man. A virgin drag queen. Late 20's.

PAUL Man. Early 40's.

Setting:*

Boston, Green Line D outbound. Late night.

* N.B. For productions outside of Boston, local variations on the Bostonian elements of this piece (locations, neighborhoods, stops on the train, Sox references) are strongly urged. Please submit suggested localizations to jjk@j-rexplays.com for approval...which you'll get, unless they're just wretched.

M. FLUTTERBY sits alone.
It should take a while to realize who s/he really is.
At least until his first line.

VO:

This is a D Line Riverside train. Next stop Fenway. Hit stop request button to request a stop.

Paul enters. They are the only two on the train. Paul eyes Flutterby for a moment, then again. He smiles.

PAUL:

Hey gorgeous.
Quiet for a last train out, huh?

M. FLUTTERBY:

Come closer and I'll snap your balls.

PAUL:

Whoa. You're a – Wow.

(Paul steps back but keeps sneaking glances.)

M. FLUTTERBY:

It's not the aquarium, and I'm not a dolphin, stop staring.

PAUL:

I was just gonna say nice legs, Nancy.
Hey I didn't mean nothing.
You really had me going for a minute. For real, nice look.

VO:

Entering Brookline Village.

PAUL:

You want some of my nuts?

M. FLUTTERBY:

Excuse me?

PAUL:

I got this sacka nuts, you want some nuts?

M. FLUTTERBY:

No.

PAUL:

Listen I don't want to bother you –

M. FLUTTERBY:

FA-IL!

PAUL:

I just never. I mean I heard about people like you but I never seen one.

M. FLUTTERBY:

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

PAUL:

No did that come out wrong? I don't mean it mean, but like what do I call you a lady or a dude or a lady boy?

M. FLUTTERBY:

How about fancy lad.

PAUL:

Right, yeah. Fancy lad. Like what's it like being a fancy lad.
Listen I said it wrong. I'm sorry. I'm just curious.
My wife says I need to be – what – more self aware.
Look at me getting nervous just cuz you're pretty. Been a while since I talked to a ...
or thought I was speaking with a lady.

M. FLUTTERBY:

Lady? You know how this works, right? I keep all the goodies.

PAUL:

Sure. No, I know. What's it like?

M. FLUTTERBY:

Honestly? It's my first night out.

PAUL:

Yeah? Good for you! How'd it go?

M. FLUTTERBY:

It was the wooly kraken of Satan's ass hole.
I went to this... *club*. They let you do a song – lip synch? That's what I want to do I
want to perform. Be a star. I have a fabulous stage name.
But when I came out they laughed. The whole club. Squealy voiced echoing
laughter. Stupid shrill bitches. I didn't make it thru the first line.

PAUL:

Assholes!
Well they don't deserve you.

M. FLUTTERBY:

So I spent the last few hours cowering in corners around town, sobbing. Tragic. Actually, I had a guy try to pick me up.

PAUL:

I tell you – those legs honey.

M. FLUTTERBY:

...until he saw my face.

PAUL:

No! What's wrong with your face?

M. FLUTTERBY:

I cried out my mascara. I look like an abstract water color by a retarded child.

PAUL:

Ah yer a knockout. Hey if I saw you in the moonlight, and it was kinda dim, and you looked like that, and if didn't know you were a dude, I'd plow you like that.

M. FLUTTERBY:

Really. No courtship or foreplay, just –

PAUL:

No. Just plow.

M. FLUTTERBY:

Wow. Thanks?

PAUL:

No I know exactly how you feel. Sorry, may I sit?
I work at Fenway, right, and you're supposed to come in wearing Sox gear. So my first day I show up wearing my Jason Bay jersey. This is last year, right after they traded him. Never heard the end of that. "Traitor! He's not on the team! Take that trash off!" Called me Jay Ray Gay. Sorry, he was a good player. I didn't trade him. Anyway, screw em. I am who I am. You gotta be who you are.

M. FLUTTERBY:

You think people spitting on a drag queen is comparable to you getting shit for a basketball jersey?

PAUL:

Baseball.

M. FLUTTERBY:

Whatever.

PAUL:

Hey. People don't like you, they don't like you. Does it matter why? No. I'm just saying it was mean of them to laugh, and I know what it feels to get meaned on.
Sucks being alone.

M. FLUTTERBY:

You got your wife though right?

PAUL:

Ex. We didn't make it.

M. FLUTTERBY:

But you still wear the ring?

PAUL:

Yeah. Yeah I wear the ring. That's for me. Practice. Like I said, sucks being alone. Anyway, I think you got a nice face, sweetie.

M. FLUTTERBY:

Hey. Gimme your nuts.

PAUL:

Where do you want em?

M. FLUTTERBY:

Put em right in my mouth.
Mmm.

VO:

Reservoir.

PAUL:

What song? What were you gonna sing?

M. FLUTTERBY:

Oh god.

PAUL:

I won't laugh.

M. FLUTTERBY:

No.

PAUL:

Hey – you tell me the song and I’ll – no you tell me the song and your stage name, and I’ll tell you why my marriage split.

M. FLUTTERBY:

That’s fair. Pinkie shake.

PAUL:

Right.

M. FLUTTERBY:

My name is M. Flutterby. Get it, like M. Butterfly but –

PAUL:

Ok. Nice. And the song?

M. FLUTTERBY:

Cyndi Lauper: I Drove All Night.

PAUL:

Oh that’s a great song! My old lady made me listen to the Celine Dion version.

M. FLUTTERBY:

Ew – Gross!

PAUL:

Right? That’s what I said!

M. FLUTTERBY:

She gives me nightmares.

PAUL:

“Celine Dion.” Sounds like a condiment.

M. FLUTTERBY:

All right, so spill it. What happened?

PAUL:

What stop you going to? All the way to Riverside?

M. FLUTTERBY:

All the way.

I go Woodland, one less.
PAUL:

- spill it.
M. FLUTTERBY:

I did not appreciate my wife.
PAUL:

Oh come on, that's crap.
M. FLUTTERBY:

PAUL:
No, it's true. It's what she said when she left. She was right.
My face used to blossom like springtime when I saw her. You know? We lost that.
Way I treated her, she might as well have been furniture.
That's what I mean. With the ring? I gotta practice payin attention.

You seem like a real sweet lady. I mean that.

M. FLUTTERBY:
Thanks. You seem like ... like a big strong man.

PAUL:
If I was there when they laughed I'd a beat them all in the face.

M. FLUTTERBY:
How sweet.
I blew it. I came out convinced I was gonna lip synch the shit outta that song. Knock
their knickers off. A city-girl-club is no place for a country mouse.

PAUL:
Why. Do it now.

M. FLUTTERBY:
No.

PAUL:
Come on. I'll watch it. You wanted to do this song. I want to hear it. Come on,
empty train, and it's not like you're ever gonna see me again.

M. FLUTTERBY:
No. No I guess not.

PAUL:
So no pressure. You got the music?

M. FLUTTERBY:

Here. Put a bud in.
But you have to introduce me.

PAUL:

Sure – whatta you need?

M. FLUTTERBY:

You have to say “M. Flutterby, It’s time to Lip Synch...for your *life!*”

PAUL:

You gotta lip synch for your life.

M. FLUTTERBY:

No no no. It’s the rhythm as much as the words. “Lip synch...for your LIFE!”

PAUL:

M. Flutterby. It’s time. To Lip synch...for your LIFE!”

The music begins. Flutterby lip synchs the shit out of this.
There’s not a lot of technique, it’s not refined,
but it’s exploding with heart and feeling
and you can tell he’s done this in his room 1000 times.
It’s joyous and beautiful and lovely
and Paul thinks it’s the coolest thing he’s seen in a long time.

And then it’s over.

For a long moment they hold each other’s eyes.

PAUL:

Thank you.

VO:

Entering Woodland.

(F pushes the stop request.)

Stop requested.

PAUL:

This is me.

The doors open. Paul stands, gives Flutterby back the bud.
Then he slowly and lovingly kisses Paul’s hand.
And then he exits.
The train moves on.

M. FLUTTERBY:

This is me.

End