

# ***Alamogordo Blues***

A Play in One Act

Written by

Kenneth Robert Crost

Ken Crost  
2753 W. Riverwalk Circle  
#J  
Littleton, CO 80123  
(720)260-5582  
[kcrost@msn.com](mailto:kcrost@msn.com)

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

**Stephan**

An Englishman in his middle thirties on his first visit to the States.

**Patricia**

Stephan's wife, early thirties, and also her first visit to America.

**Angelina**

A woman dressed in a black dress. A black scarf is around her head.

Scene:

A road in the desert of New Mexico south of Alamogordo.

Time:

The present, summer, night.

At rise:

The sound of a car coming to a quick stop, tires squealing. Lights up. Stephan and Patricia are sprawled within the car. A body lies on top of the hood. Stephan looks up and over at Patricia.

STEPHAN

Oh, oh dear, what happened?

PATRICIA

I don't know. Oh, my God.

(Patricia lets out a moan and finally sits up.)

STEPHAN

Are you all right, Patsy?

PATRICIA

I believe so.

STEPHAN

I'm so glad that you're alive. I don't think I could have gone on without you.

PATRICIA

Oh, Stephan.

(Patricia and Stephan put their arms around each other and hug.)

STEPHAN

As long as you're all right, that's what counts.

PATRICIA

And you, too.

STEPHAN

All I remember is something dark, black, coming out of nowhere, and then, and then...

(Stephan begins to sob.  
Patricia slaps him.)

PATRICIA

Oh, buck up, Stephan. This is no time to get all mushy.  
Pull yourself together.

STEPHAN

Oh, Patsy, I love you.

(The two kiss passionately.  
When the kiss stops, Stephan  
looks over the shoulder of  
Patricia and lets out a  
shriek.)

PATRICIA

What? What's the matter?

STEPHAN

There, on the hood of our car.

PATRICIA

Oh, no, don't tell me. The black thing.

(Patricia slowly gets out of  
the car and looks at  
Angelina.)

STEPHAN

Is she...dead?

PATRICIA

If she isn't, she should be.

(Stephan gets out of the car  
and slowly approaches  
Angelina.)

STEPHAN

Hello.

(He reaches out to touch  
her.)

PATRICIA

Don't touch her.

STEPHAN

I'm just trying to see if she's all right.

PATRICIA

Does she look all right? You just hit the poor woman driving 80 miles an hour, threw her into the air, and she landed on the hood. Would you look all right under those conditions?

(Stephan gets close to Angelina and begins to shake her.)

STEPHAN

Can you hear me? Please, say something, anything. Oh, please, don't be dead. We just started our holiday and we don't want it spoiled so soon.

PATRICIA

Don't be a fool. That's not going to do any good. She's dead and we must face the facts.

STEPHAN

There's always a chance. I remember, back during the war when things were looking...

PATRICIA

War? You were never in a war.

STEPHAN

Oh, yes, you're right. (pause) Well, we can't give up hope, you know. Maybe if we knelt down and said a little prayer, all this would just go away.

PATRICIA

You kneel down. And as long as you're at it, you might as well say a prayer for the car. Look at it. The windscreen is all smashed; a big dent in the hood and fender. Haven't been in the states twelve hours, and look at the mess you've got us in. And you, talking to this corpse as if she were your sister and not some unknown American heathen.

STEPHAN

You needn't get so huffy with me.

PATRICIA

It wasn't I who was driving so recklessly. I told you back near Alamogordo, Stephan, please slow down, we're not in Germany any longer. But no, you had to drive as if our lives depended on getting to El Paso. Well, they don't. And now this poor woman is dead all do to your careless actions.

(Stephan starts to cry.)

PATRICIA

Oh, stop your sniffing.

STEPHAN

Well, don't blame me. Look at her. Dressed in black head to foot. Walking along a narrow, barren, desert highway in the middle of the night, and I swear, she jumped right in front of the car. I think she was trying to commit suicide. That's it, she killed herself.

PATRICIA

I suppose it could have happened that way. Maybe she was depressed, living out in the middle of some God forsaken part of the world. Look around us. Not a light to be seen.

STEPHAN

Yes, indeed. Look around us. Barren and desolate.

(The sound of a coyote fills the stage. The two huddle together.)

PATRICIA

What was that?

STEPHAN

I don't know.

PATRICIA

Quickly, let's get her off the car and onto the ground. The sooner we get out of here the better.

(Stephan and Patricia move cautiously to Angelina. Stephan breaks away.)

STEPHAN

I can't do it; I can't touch her.

PATRICIA

Oh, don't act like a sniveling idiot. I'll take her feet, you her arms.

STEPHAN

(to Angelina)

I suppose it's too late to say we're sorry.

PATRICIA

Very late, I'm afraid.

(The two lift Angelina off the hood and place her on the ground.)

Now what?

STEPHAN

I suppose a small prayer would be in order.

(Another coyote call. They  
look at each other.)

PATRICIA

We don't have time for that. Let's just toss her into the  
bushes over there.

STEPHAN

Patsy! That is barbaric.

PATRICIA

Any other suggestions, my dearest, as the wolves of America  
swarm around us for the kill?

(Another coyote call.)

STEPHAN

Right, over there by the bushes and then get the bloody  
hell out of here.

(They cross to Angelina. She  
moans. The two freeze. She  
moans again. The coyote  
calls.)

PATRICIA

Did you hear something?

STEPHAN

No, it was just our imaginations running off with us.

(Another moan and a bit of  
movement from Angelina.  
Stephan bends down to get a  
better look at her.)

STEPHAN

She's alive. Now what are we going to do?

PATRICIA

Finish her off.



STEPHAN

What?

PATRICIA

I'll get the shovel and one quick smack should do the job.

STEPHAN

And whom are you proposing should do the dirty deed, my dear?

PATRICIA

Well, you.

STEPHAN

Me? Are you insane? I've never killed...

(Angelina tries to get up.)

ANGELINA

Oh, what time is it? Oh, I need to get home to my babies.

STEPHAN

Babies. She has babies, Patsy.

PATRICIA

Oh, look at her, Stephan. She has babies like I have kittens.

(Stephan bends down for a closer look. Angelina reaches up and grabs him by the shirt and holds tight. Stephan tries to pull free.)

STEPHAN

Let go, damn it.

ANGELINA

Juan, it is me, Angelina. Do you hear the bells? Listen to the bells in the distance. They are for our babies, Juan.

STEPHAN

Let go, I said.

ANGELINA

I want to make love to you, Juan, like in the old days. Do you remember how we would spend our days in bed?

(Angelina reaches up and pulls Stephan to her. She kisses his forehead. Patricia runs over and the two are struggling against her.)

PATRICIA

Let go, you witch.

(Finally, Stephan frees himself from her grasp.)

ANGELINA

I miss you, Juan. When are you coming home to me and the babies?

STEPHAN

You're right, Patsy. I'll get the shovel. One quick blow should do the trick.

PATRICIA

Yes, quickly.

(Angelina sits up and looks at the two of them.)

ANGELINA

So, that is your plan, Juan? Finish off your Angelina and run away with your new lover?

(Stephan and Patricia stand motionless, looking at Angelina.)

PATRICIA

It seems we have arrived at a moral crossroads here, Stephan.

STEPHAN

Yes. We can take the low ground, and give her a good whack, or...

PATRICIA

Or we can take the high ground and put her in the car and take her to the nearest hospital.

(Angelina gets up and slowly crosses toward Stephan.)

ANGELINA

Oh, Juan, I knew you could not do such a thing. Juan, I love you.

STEPHAN

Or...

PATRICIA

Or?

STEPHAN

Or, we can jump into the car and get the bloody hell out of here.

(Stephan and Patricia jump into the car and scream away, leaving Angelina alone. She runs after the car.)

ANGELINA

Juan! Juan!

(The sound of tires squealing and a car crashing fills the stage.)

ANGELINA

Juan!

(softly)

The road, the road is out, Juan.

(Angelina looks off stage.)

The bells.

(Angelina exits the stage as the lights slowly fade to blackout.)

The bells are calling me, Juan.

(One last coyote call.)

The End