

Trevor and Margaret
A Comedy/Drama

By

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Synopsis.

Trevor tells us about his relationship with Margaret. His father, Glen, provides some commentary and warnings to Trevor. Trevor explains how he and Margaret developed a relationship, then how Trevor destroyed it.

Character

Trevor: Late 20's, confident, charming, charismatic. Enjoys making people laugh. Broken.

Glen: Trevor's father. Mid 40's to mid 50's. Sincere, honest. Compassionate. Blue-collar worker. Has common sense.

Margaret: Trevor's girlfriend. Mid 20's. Attractive. Smart. Conservative dress and manner. Confidence based on ability.

Writing Bio

Began writing in 2013. Wrote short web-films, short plays. Have had plays accepted in festivals in Vancouver, Japan, and Ohio.

Script/Play development

2014 this play was read as part of a much longer play in a public reading.

2014 it was accepted into a festival of short plays in Vancouver, BC.

Setting

Trevor is standing centre stage. Margaret and Glen stand off to the side, but are visible.

Characters change locations depending on what is needed.

The stage should be warm and have rich tones.

Time

Present

Note:

Glen and Margaret are only aware of each other when they are obviously in a scene. Trevor is always aware of them.

*Trevor alone on stage centre
addresses the audience directly.
Glen and Margaret sit upstage
just in shadow*

Trevor

Hey everybody. It's really super you'd come to see me. I got a question for you if you don't mind, and I don't mean to be vain, but I mean everybody's insecure right? So, this is kinda embarrassing, but, how do I look to you? Do I look ok? I'm not like classically good looking, I'm not butt ugly, but, am I a ten? An 8? I kinda think I'm a six. Does that sound right? I know looks aren't important, it's about what's inside right? You didn't choose your love partner based on looks right? That would be so shallow. You all seem like you live to a higher ideal, I respect that. I really do. So, when I tell you my dick is like really small you won't think I'm a freak. Some of you might even wonder, how small? Some of you? Anyone?

If you go to the beach in the summer you might even get a chance to see it. No, not the nude beach, I'm not an exhibitionist. I go to public beaches, family beaches. I like family. I'm that guy on the beach who wears a skin tight, sheer white bathing suit. Well, bathing suit's the wrong word. (amusingly threatening) I wear a thong – a bright white thong. It clings when it's wet. Laugh. Yep, I'm that guy who sits beside you on the beach and you get that feeling of "fight or flight". Don't fight, make peace not war...

Glen

People don't like that, Trevor. Be nice to people.

Trevor

Ah, my father. His name is Glen. He loves me. Don't you Glen. You love your only son don't you?

Glen

Don't be stupid. Every father loves their son. What kind of father doesn't love their son?

Trevor

Love. Everyone wants love. To love and be loved....sounds ideal. That's simple. I want to love and be loved. Sounds true. Feels true. Yeah, here's the catch, I don't think it's true. I want to be loved. Sure. To be loved. Have someone focus just on me. I just have to be me and someone loves me. Life would be easy right. That's what we want right? We want, unconditional love. To love...not so much. Too much hard work. Too much. Some people fall in love, others are loved. Any of you

want to fall in love tonight? I have a small present I can give you...it's wrapped in a white thong.....laugh.....

Glen

(Slaps Trevor on the back of his head) That's enough Trevor. I'm here. You don't need to talk like that when I'm here.

*Glen reveals too much,
and collects himself.*

Trevor

I have a computer company. I'm a *consultant*. I'm on lists. "Brightest minds under 30," "The Next Leaders", crap like that. I make apps. They sell. Very well. I bought a few of apartment buildings. I work when I want. I am a publicly traded company. It's small. Not like my penis small, but small. I used to work with others, had a larger staff. I don't anymore. My mind is my asset. The fewer the people the better, right. Fuck people.

(Margaret approaches)

Margaret

Cursing just shows you're too dumb to find the right words.

Trevor (to audience)

My first real relationship was with a woman.

Margaret

We were good.

Trevor

(Surprised. To Margaret) We were good. *(Pauses. Confidentially to the audience)* I wanted to have sex with her brother and she got in the way. *(Laugh)*. I was doing a summer internship, at a computer firm. She was doing the same. We didn't talk much. Derek, her brother, came to the company campus to pick her up one day. He was proud of her. He called her "sis" she called him "bro". They were so "movie of the week" family. All "straight white teeth". Geez. I started talking to her. She knew who I was. She was into programming. She knew who I was.

Trevor (to Margaret)

You seriously have no idea who I am?

Margaret

Trevor, sorry, really, but did you invent science or something. *(Laugh)*
You're making yourself out to be pretty special, and I've never heard of you.

Trevor

You didn't Google me when we met?

Margaret

Oh, wow, you're such a freak! Google you? No, I didn't Google you. Do you Google people when you meet them? Who does that?

Trevor

But, Margaret, geez, you're so smart. And talented. Aren't you thinking about who you're working with?

Margaret

What for? Jesus. What're you a spy or something. This's an internship. I've got a good future ahead of me, why should I be "concerned" with who I'm working with now.

Trevor *(To Audience)*

After our internship we kept seeing each other. I don't know how to explain it. I liked her. She kept me honest. It was like breathing air for the first time.

Margaret

I'm not interested in "shock value". Get a real bathing suit, or don't come to the cottage.

Trevor

You think your family're that shallow.

Margaret

Shallow? That bathing suit makes you look like an aggressive, unattractive, hooker. If it weren't for the unattractive part I could get into it.

Trevor moves in to
kiss Margaret.

Trevor

(intrigued) Really? Aggressive hooker is your thing?

Margaret

Pay attention, the take-away from this little chat is: *take away* that thong bathing suit and get a real one for my family weekends.

Trevor

(foreplay) Aggressive hooker....

They kiss

Trevor (to audience)

Her family. Geez, she loved her family. The love for her family was so emotional....physical, like the way a drunk guy loves to piss...that deep satisfied “ahhh”...(laugh)....

Margaret

Why don't we just go with Derek and Carol? You know he wants to marry her, which means, *(playfully)* who knows, one day, Derek and Carol's kids and our kids being cousins.

Trevor

Since when did you want kids?

Margaret

Ok, so we can be the coolest uncle and aunt. We can teach socially questionable things without being held responsible

Trevor

(mocking warmly) Ooohh, you're so right, we could lead them astray, cause them to question the necessity of aerating her white wine.

Margaret

She does have a thing about that.

Trevor

I wonder if she aerates Derek before uncorking him.

Margaret

Don't make jokes about my brother like that. He knows it's no coincidence you always change into your bathing suit the same time as him up at the cottage. You have enough dangly bits of boys too oogle, so, stay away from *my* family “jewels.”

Trevor

Don't worry, I have a rule, never bone the girlfriends brother.

Margaret

“bone”? Who says “bone”?

Trevor

Carol's kind of a bitch, anyway. You know she sent me an email asking me for a job. Seriously? I sent her my Dad's email and told her to say I was recommending her. (*Laugh*).

Margaret

Who were you trying to get at with that, Carol or your Dad?

Trevor

It was just a joke.

Margaret

Well, help her. You always complain about trying to find someone to help you do your stuff. And you know Derek'd appreciate it.

Trevor

Yeah. Or course. Ok, I'll call Derek and see if she still needs work.

Margaret

(Jokingly) Just don't *bone* her.

Trevor (*To audience*)

Margaret got a job with a major place in the valley. She could see the future. She wanted me to be with her. Really. Barbeques in the backyard. Co-workers becoming friends. Having dates at the company dining room because our lives are filled with purpose, and meaning. Summer vacation at the cottage grandpa built for the annual family love-in. We tried for a while. I tried.

Margaret

You told my grandfather that you thought he had a nice bum? You did not say that?

Trevor

He's cool - when his teeth're in. He sure treats you like a little princess.

Margaret

Why would you say that to him? Geez. He told me I needed to be careful of you.

Trevor

I was being nice. The guys so fit. He's 80 something and he still swims in that damn lake everyday. It's freezing.

Margaret

I actually think he likes you.

Glen joins them.
Trevor steps aside.
Glen and Margaret
are unaware of Trevor.

Glen

It's nice of your family to let Trevor come up to the cottage so often.

Margaret

They love having him up there. He sure knows how to make things exciting.

Glen

Yeah, good. Well, I hope he's no bother.

Margaret

He's not Glen. You don't need to worry.

Glen

What? I'm not worried about anything.

Margaret

He told me he's done some outrageous stuff in the past. A little trouble for you while he was growing up.

Glen

Kids go through phases. Everyone's done stuff, right?

Margaret

He's not a bad man. He's got a peculiar hobby, but he's very considerate.

Glen

Oh, his *hobby*. You know about that?

Margaret

We're pretty open about things. Glen, I hope you don't read me wrong, I like being with Trevor, I'm not going to wish he were different than he is. If I don't like what he does I tell him straight up.

Glen

You're good at standing up for yourself.

Margaret

I like that you worry about me. Thank you for doing that. (*Margaret kisses Glen on the cheek – Glen reacts warmly.*) You and Trevor really are alike in a lot of ways.

Glen

Oh. Good.

Trevor

(*to the audience*)

Her family. God her family were so Disney. Pure, sweet, sincere. So sincere. You could picture them being in a TV commercial for something wholesome. Like butter....“Yummy! Let’s go hiking and stay healthy””

Margaret

My mother asked me when we’re getting married.

Trevor

(*Laughing*) Really?

Margaret

She says that with my job I’m going to become too busy and miss out on life.

Trevor

Marriage will keep us together when your job becomes more interesting than me, right? What a boring way to live.

Margaret

Nothing’ll ever be more interesting than you, and don’t worry, I told her I wouldn’t be caught dead marrying you. (*Laugh*) We have a good thing. It doesn’t need to change. You don’t want it to change do you?

Trevor

No, it’s perfect. I like our life.

Margaret

You like your life. You have no idea about my life.

Trevor

Wow, you’re cruel. I know all about your life. Job you love, seriously saccharine family, sex when you want. I’m like a sexual appliance.

Margaret

A sexual appliance with a sense of humor, and a mind of it's own when 20 year old rough trade is around.

Trevor

Rough trade but never free trade.

Glen joins them

Glen

Margaret if you are going to buy a house, buy only new construction, or before the 70's.

Trevor

Geez dad, leave her alone.

Glen

What am I saying? I know houses, and I know what you should buy and what crap you shouldn't, and I'm telling you, if you buy before 1970's, that's good solid building.

Margaret

I still haven't decided which area I want to live.

Glen

Easy access to the highway. Good transportation network is important for resale.

Trevor

Listen to your advice? You've lived in the same house for, like 40 years.

Glen

I know real estate, and you know I know real estate.

Margaret

You haven't considered moving Glen?

Trevor

(To Glen) I keep telling you, take one of the condos. Geez, take a whole floor, I've got enough of 'em.

Glen

Moving's not for guys like me. Everything's here. I don't need anything else.

Margaret

When I buy a big house, you can come live with me. With us.

Trevor

Ahh, sweet.

(To the audience, feigning a sombre tone.)

She never bought a big house. Dad never moved in with her. *(Glen gets up and somberly exits. Margaret looks after him wistfully – Trevor continues in a light tone)* Oh geez, you're expecting something bad to happen right? Seriously folks try and be a little more optimistic, for chrissake. I mean, I'm happy right, so this story's gotta have a happy ending right? Don't worry, happy endings all around....Dad got a girlfriend...Nancy, he moved in with her.

Trevor

I like being with you. It's safe.

Margaret

That's good.

Trevor

We fit together. We should get married.

Margaret

Well....you're serious?

Trevor

My dad likes you.

Margaret

(laugh) I can't believe you said that.

Trevor

What? He does like you.

Margaret

I know he likes me. I like him. I just didn't think you cared what he liked.

Trevor

(pause) You know what I mean.

Margaret

You always said you don't want to get married. So, why the change? Why now?

Trevor

We get along. We have fun. We both understand computers.

Margaret

Yup, we understand computers.

Trevor

You know what I mean. We have so much in common.

Margaret

(cautiously) Right. We do. We have a lot in common.

Trevor

That's what I'm saying. *(Pause)* You mean why do I want to get married now? That's what you mean?

Margaret

For starters, ok, why do you want to get married now?

Trevor

I'm afraid of losing you. I have you, and I don't want to lose you.

Margaret

Why do you think you'd lose me?

Trevor

Not lose you. Drive you away. I'm afraid I'd drive you away. That you'd leave me.

Margaret

Because you're gay, and bone boys?

Trevor

Maybe. You never mention it.

Margaret

Neither do you. *(Pause)* It isn't important. I don't know why, but, it isn't. It's like your hobby, like you like hockey and I like football. You watch your games on your tv, and I watch on mine.

Trevor

You don't think I'll leave you because of that?

Margaret

(Beat.) You'd never leave me.

Trevor *(To Audience)*

She was right. I'd never leave. I never leave anyone. I don't even leave guys I pay; I talk till they get so bored they want to leave.*(Laugh)*

Trevor (to Margaret)

You don't think I'm going to have a big moment in my 40's and say "I've been living a lie, and now I need to be me?"

Margaret

You'll never be a very good drag queen. You don't do good drama.

Trevor

(laugh) Fuck you.

Margaret

Besides. I know you take care of whatever you need. It doesn't affect us.

Trevor

You don't mind?

Margaret

No. I don't.... If it were someone else, maybe. But.... You seem..complete.

Trevor

Complete?

Margaret

Yeah. Complete. That fits.

Trevor

Complete. I seem complete.

Margaret

I never thought about that before. That's the best word. You're like a good computer game. Good to play, an excellent way to spend time. But, there's a lot going on underneath, I don't know what it is, but I'm ok with that, it doesn't affect me, doesn't affect us. You're a game ready for market. And I enjoy playing with you.

Trevor

So. Play with me. You'll marry me?

Margaret

Yes, but, first, answer the question. Why do you want to get married now? Why are you afraid *now* that you'll drive me away?

Margaret doesn't see the next exchange.

Glen (to Trevor)

He's afraid. Afraid and a liar.

Trevor (To Glen)

Fuck off daddy.

Trevor (to Margaret)

Nothing. I'm not afraid of anything. I want to keep you.

Margaret

It doesn't have anything to do with your Dad and Nancy does it?

Trevor

What? Are you serious?

Margaret

Well, your dad's finally found someone. It's been something like 20 years since your mom died right?

Trevor

Why would you say that? That doesn't fuckin' make any sense.

Margaret

Relax. I'm just saying, it's like you're both finally moving past that. Her dying.

Trevor

Look, (*sarcastic*) Dr. Margaret, now that Dr. Phil's off the air it's super you're filling in for him.... but seriously, I was too young to even remember her, so I never "lost" my mother, I never had one.

Margaret

Sorry, I just want to make sure you want to do this, and not because of your Dad.

Trevor

Don't worry about it, it's not a big deal.

Margaret

Ok. I love you.

Trevor (*To audience*)

(*Beat*) (*anger, outrage*) Seriously? I mean what the fuck. We fuck once every 10 days. I go to her place all the time. I cook. I listen to her talk about her fucking job. I want to marry her, so why is she telling me she

loves me. I know she fuckin' loves me, if she didn't love me I wouldn't be fuckin' marrying her would I. Shit. What does love have to do with this. I'm rich. She said I was complete. If I'm so complete why does she have to say she loves me, because let's face it folks, you know she isn't saying she loves me. You know what she's saying is, "do you love me?" that's what she's saying. She wants to make sure I love her. Fuck.

Margaret

(patiently) I love you.

Trevor

(to the audience) She loves me. We have a good time together. I have my other stuff. My stuff she isn't part of – my "hobby". She has her work. It's enough. I need to love her too? Love isn't a promise, it's commitment, a bond, a tie, something that owns you – I don't want that. Don't need that. She said it. I'm complete. Adding love doesn't make me complete, it makes me vulnerable. Empty. It puts a hole inside me. I'll find someone else to fill that hole. Fuck that. Fuck her. *(calming down.)*

Trevor *(To Margaret)*

I love you too.

Margaret

I'll marry you.

Trevor *(To audience)*

I took her brother, Derek. I took Derek out for a drunk one night.

Margaret

You're taking Derek out? He'll love that. He looks up to you. *(Teasingly)*
Just don't bone him *(laugh)*.

Trevor

(Laughing) Don't force me to make promises I can't keep.

Glen

(warningly) Don't Trevor. Just don't.

Trevor *(To audience)*

Some girls started hanging with us, it wasn't suspicious, he wasn't suspicious, he's a good looking guy, fit, we were spending my money, conspicuous consumption, why wouldn't the girls be attracted, *(laugh)*, 500 a piece those girls cost....I knew 'em....I'd used 'em before.

Margaret

Remember that him and Carol invited us out for dinner next week. I think they have an announcement. So you taking him out now is perfect.

Trevor (*To audience*)

Those girls were good. The right touch of angel and whore....every straight boys dream, you know. He was pretty embarrassed the next day. They were worth every penny. He didn't admit it exactly, but he knew what'd happened. And if he ever forgets I have enough pictures of my little dick in his mouth to make his gag-reflex kick in.

Margaret

What happened to you guys the other night?

Trevor

Nothing, special. Well, nothing extraordinary, everything I do is special. And you know, now that him and Carol have set the date, he's going to be my brother-in-law, and I guess I'll see a lot more of him.

Margaret

He told you they're engaged.

Trevor

Like brothers. We were bonding.

Margaret

Carol and him have been fighting.

Trevor

Because we were out partying a little? What a bitch? I told you. She's always pulling some shit out of her ass. Geez. I mean.

Margaret

Carol said she saw photos of your *party* on her computer, in her office?

Trevor

In her office? How could Derek put photos on her computer? The place has more security than where you work for chrissake.

Margaret

Right. (*Pause*) the photos had to come from someone inside her office. Your office. Behind the firewall.

(*Pause*)

Trevor

Did she show you the photos?

Trevor (*To the Audience*)

I gave Carol a raise. More vacation time. Same pay, fewer hours. She quit. She did marry Derek. She never complained, never filed a complaint against me for harassment or whatever. I sent them a cheque for their wedding. 8,880 dollars. Why 8,880 dollars? What meaning does that amount have? (*Laugh*). Nothing. Chinese people think eights are lucky, so maybe I was trying to send them luck. (*laugh*). They cashed the cheque.

Margaret

I was wrong about you.

Trevor

Yeah?

Margaret

You're not complete.

Trevor

Yeah. Now you're going to say something clever? I'm not complete, so I'm? (*pauses to give her room to answer.*) What? What am I? (*laugh*)

Margaret

I talked to your dad.

Trevor

Why?

Margaret

I want him to understand.

Trevor

Understand? Understand what?

Margaret

Why we're breaking up. You thought I was going to explain to him why you did that? I don't understand why you did that. He's my brother, he trusted you, he treated you like a brother. I couldn't explain that to your father, I couldn't explain it to anyone. Why would you.....I don't know the word....why would you *abuse* him? Sexually abuse my brother? You buy sex all the time, why, why would you need to kill the trust he had. Why do you need to kill something good?

Trevor

My dad must have enjoyed that conversation. Did you show him the photos. Derek has such nice teeth.

Margaret

You want me to hate you. That'd be easy for you. I hate you and you walk away feeling absolved of all responsibility. My hatred is your punishment, so if I hate you can feel like you "did your time", received your punishment; now it's over. It's not over.

Trevor

You're threatening me?

Margaret

I don't need to threaten you. You're going to go out and buy a boy and give him money, or presents or some garbage, then treat him like shit, and wait for him to hate you. What you did to me, to Derek, isn't over because you do the same thing again and again and again.

Trevor

Sounds repetitious.

Margaret

Make a joke. You know what isn't a joke? How kind and funny and caring you are, and how you throw it away. You make people love you, then you kill that love. You make something beautiful then kill it. I don't hate you, I regret you. I feel sorry for your dad. I'll still see him. Still visit him and Nancy. But you. I'll forget. I'll live, I'll live and forget.

Your dad loves you. *(Pause)* I don't.

Glen *(to audience)*

I'm tired of my son. I know he's broken, he's not a good man. I'm not kidding myself, I don't hide from what Trevor does; he hurts people, I know that. But, when he hurts people, you know, it so easy to see, he just hurts himself. I wish I could do something, I mean he's my kid, right, I know he's hurting, but geez....do you have to love your kid? Really, I mean, if your kid's an asshole, do you have to love him? I mean if I hate my kid, is that ok?

Trevor *(to audience)*

Thanks for coming folks. And don't forget to hug your kid...call you dad...family, important right.