

Produced by the side project theatre company (Chicago, 2014)  
Reading at Steep Theatre (Chicago, 2012)  
Developed and Workshopped by Curious Theatre Branch (Chicago, 2006, 2010)

**JET BLACK CHEVROLET**  
**BY S. THOMASIN BARSOTTI**

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## JET BLACK CHEVROLET

*characters:*

**Sam Curie**, 50s/60s, zach's father, lately collecting newspapers

**Catherine Curie**, 50s/60s, zach's mother, agoraphobic and insomniac

**Julie**, in her 20s, zach's girlfriend, believes in ghosts

-- Curie (*KYUR-ee*)

*time:*

present day

*setting:*

the living room of the Curies' home, a small house near a major airport

Scene 1: the Curies at home

Scene 2: insomnia

Scene 3: Julie

Scene 4: insomnia goes on

Scene 5: another day in battle

Scene 6: pavor nocturnus

Scene 7: there is something

Jet Black Chevrolet is presented without an act break

## JET BLACK CHEVROLET

### SCENE 1 – The Curies at home

*(Coffee mugs litter the scene, a coffee pot sits on the table. When we begin, SAM CURIE sits on the couch. He wears a white V neck t-shirt and drawstring pants. He looks through a box of newspapers.)*

*(Enter CATHERINE CURIE. She's in a robe, open, underneath a tank top shirt and pajama pants. Her hair is pulled back sloppily into some sort of bun. She looks exhausted. They both do.)*

*(A plane flies overhead, indicating they live under a flight path. It's pretty freaking loud.)*

*(Catherine walks to couch, picks up coffee mug, lord knows how long it's been there. Sam looks at her. She looks at him. Raises his eyebrows at her. She goes "What?" with her face. She sips, then tops off the cup. She goes to the window, looks out. Sips coffee, sees something outside, spits coffee back into mug. Wipes her mouth. Looks at Sam. Concern. Looks outside. Looks at Sam. Confusion. Looks outside. Looks at Sam. Looks outside. Now.)*

CATHERINE:

Whose car is that?

*(Sam looks up. She looks at him.)*

SAM:

Hmm?

CATHERINE:

Whose car is that?

SAM:

Car?

CATHERINE:

Car.

SAM:

Car. Car car car. That's one of those words that starts to sound funny you say it over and over again. Carrrr.

Whose car is *that*? CATHERINE:

What car? SAM:

There's a car out front. CATHERINE:

Ok. SAM:

Sam! CATHERINE:  
*(he jerks, looks at her)*

What? SAM:

There's a car out front. CATHERINE:

Whose is it? SAM:

That's what I just asked. CATHERINE:

I don't know. SAM:

Well? CATHERINE:

Anyone in it? SAM:  
*(She checks.)*

No. CATHERINE:

Ok. SAM:

Ok? CATHERINE:

Ok. SAM:

Sam! CATHERINE:

What?! SAM:

What's it doing there? CATHERINE:

I should know? It's a car, right? SAM:

Yes. CATHERINE:

Then I imagine it's sitting in park or something. What's the— SAM:

*(They stare at each other. This is something that happens. Wait...what was that? How did... What just...which one of us was talking?)*

Is this a problem? SAM:

I don't know. CATHERINE:

Is it a problem car? SAM:

Come see. CATHERINE:

What kind of car is it? SAM:

I don't know, a black one. Just come look. CATHERINE:

Ah, Christ.

SAM:

It'll only take a second.

CATHERINE:

*(Pause.)*

*(SAM doesn't move. Catherine huffs impatiently. Catherine stares at him and quite intentionally spills her coffee.)*

The hell was that?

SAM:

Spilled my coffee.

CATHERINE:

You gonna clean it up?

SAM:

You come clean it.

CATHERINE:  
*(sips)*

There.

SAM:  
*(Takes part of the newspaper and throws it on the coffee)*

Now that you're up, come look.

CATHERINE:

*(She takes him by the arm toward the window, he stops before they get there.)*

Wait.

SAM:

What?

CATHERINE:

Coffee. I want more coffee.

SAM:  
*(He turns back, mug in hand, to heat up his coffee.)*

You're doing this on purpose.

CATHERINE:

SAM:

I'm a fucker without my coffee.

CATHERINE:

You're a fucker without your coffee or you're a fucker without your coffee?

SAM:

Sorry?

CATHERINE:

You're a fucker when you don't have coffee or you're a fucker who doesn't have coffee?

SAM:

That's great work.

CATHERINE:

I had a crazy dream.

SAM:

You slept??

CATHERINE:

I guess not.

SAM:

Mm. The car?

CATHERINE:

Please.

*(Sam looks out. Sees car. Nods. Sips coffee.)*

CATHERINE:

Well?

SAM:

That's a car.

CATHERINE:

I know.

SAM:

I'm not sure you do.

CATHERINE:  
You recognize it?

SAM:  
It's a Chevy Impala. '64 I think.

CATHERINE:  
Whose car is it?

SAM:  
I should know?

CATHERINE:  
If you don't, who would?

SAM:  
Any number of people I imagine. The possibilities are endless.

CATHERINE:  
The...the what?

SAM:  
The possibilities, they're endless, there are millions of people who could know whose car that is, just so happens—

CATHERINE:  
Millions...millions of...who could...oh god millions of...

*(Catherine starts to hyperventilate and freak out.)*

SAM:  
Oh, uh...agh...forget I said that. Cathy, forget it. Not millions. Cathy, calm down. Have some coffee. Here you go, steady yourself. Coffee. Good for the steady.

*(Catherine drinks coffee and hunches over, holding her knees and breathing in a rhythm. She finally settles down, stands back up, smiles at Sam.)*

CATHERINE:  
Is the car still there?  
*(looks, frowns)*  
Aw, fuck.

SAM:  
Of course, where would it have gone in the last minute?



CATHERINE:

I don't like it there, parked in front of the house like that.

SAM:

What's it matter?

CATHERINE:

I don't like the way it looks.

SAM:

I don't like the way most things look. Alas, the world.

*(Catherine exhales.)*

It's not a big deal.

CATHERINE:

It is a big deal, Sam.

SAM:

How long's it been since you slept?

CATHERINE:

Including last night? 16 days.

SAM:

That's not true, you'd be dead.

CATHERINE:

It is true, and I'm not. I've created a life without sleep.

SAM:

I doubt you've created it.

CATHERINE:

I don't need it. So many wasted hours.

SAM:

I love sleeping. You should sleep. Maybe today's the day. Keep drinking coffee, that'll help.

*(Catherine sips coffee very loudly.)*

CATHERINE:

I was thinking I'd break into a hospital. Steal an IV. Uninterrupted flow.

SAM:

You'd have to leave the house to do that.

CATHERINE:

You could go for me. Special ops. Recall your days as a Navy Seal. Or maybe you could take a giant syringe and just inject it right into my heart.

SAM:

We don't have a giant syringe.

CATHERINE:

Sharpen the turkey baster.

SAM:

Navy Seal, huh? That woulda been something. They're like ninjas.

*(A plane flies overhead. They both look up.)*

SAM:

You know, I heard they're inventing a plane that's silent. Just glides. It could be right over your head and you'd never know.

*(Cathy gets nervous)*

You'd just look up and there it'd be. 10,000 tons. Flying. Whisper quiet. Like it's not even there. Imagine something that big and that quiet—no, don't imagine it.

Nevermind, Cathy. Forget I said it.

CATHERINE:

A plane weighs 10,000 tons?

SAM:

I have no idea how much a plane weighs.

CATHERINE:

There was a plane crash in my dream.

SAM:

You need to make your mind up about whether or not you slept.

CATHERINE:

No I don't.

SAM:

You look like someone who hasn't slept.

CATHERINE:

I haven't. In 3 weeks.

SAM:

If you say so.

*(Catherine goes back to the window. Looks out at the car. Shakes her head, mutters to herself.)*

CATHERINE:

Looks like something Zach would like.

*(Sam doesn't respond.)*

I'm gonna take a shower.

SAM:

Good idea.

*(Sam doesn't look at her. She walks to the exit. Looks at him. He reads the paper, but there's something strange about the way he reads it. He scrutinizes it in a bizarre way. Turns it, inspects it closely in strange places.)*

*(Catherine turns and gives him a little moon. Just stands there with her butt out a bit, he doesn't notice.)*

CATHERINE:

Sam?

SAM:

Yes, Cathy?

CATHERINE:

Can you call around while I take a shower?

SAM:

Call around?

CATHERINE:

About the car.

SAM:

What? Call the neighbors? Isn't that a little...

*(Turns, hiding her butt.)*

CATHERINE:

What?

SAM:

*(looks, just in time to miss the butt)*

I don't know it's—

*(They stare at each other.)*

CATHERINE:

It's what?

SAM:

Nothing.

*(Catherine kisses the air, just a little peck. Sam does it back. She sips coffee loudly. She exits.)*

SAM:

I'm not calling anybody. This phone doesn't even work. Didn't they shut it off or something?

*(He picks up, dials 3 numbers. Pause.)*

*(Then, suddenly he hangs up in a hurry.)*

SAM:

Hm. How about that? Ah well. Not callin' anyway. Don't even know the neighbors anymore, let alone their phone numbers. But I'll tell her I did. I'll tell her, because she'll like that, when she gets out of her shower, she'll want some good news. The good news will be: "I called the neighbors."

*(The phone rings. He answers.)*

SAM:

Hello?

*(beat)*

Yes. It was me. But I just misdialed. There's no emergency.

*(Catherine **screams** offstage.)*

SAM:

Or, I don't know, maybe there is.

*(beat)*

Everything's fine. My wife just got some good news, she's all excited. Thanks for checking in.

*(Hangs up.)*

*(Catherine comes charging in wearing a towel, her hair down.)*

SAM:

Was there a spider?

CATHERINE:

Someone was out there watching me get undressed!

SAM:

What?

*(he looks out the window)*

I don't see anyone.

CATHERINE:

He ran away I guess...

SAM:

Cathy, are you sure?

CATHERINE:

Yes, I'm fucking--

*(stops, they stare at each other)*

...he was standing next to the car!

SAM:

The car?

CATHERINE:

Have we forgotten about the car?

SAM:

The car? How could we? The *car*.

CATHERINE:

Sam, he saw me naked!

SAM:

Why'd you have the blinds open?

CATHERINE:

It's my fault?

SAM:

No.

CATHERINE:

Insane. Did you figure it out at least?

SAM:

What? Oh...yes, I called around.

CATHERINE:

And?

SAM:

Uh...no one knows whose it is.

CATHERINE:

They don't?! CHRIST!

*(Catherine storms out.)*

SAM:

Yeah I just made things worse.

*(Sam stares at the empty recliner. Looks longingly. He goes over to it. Extends the footrest. Goes back to the couch, sits, sips coffee. Stares at the empty recliner.)*

SAM:

You look uncomfortable.