



THE GENERAL, NEPTUNE & MARY

by James Crafford

A SMITH SCRIPT

This script is protected by copyright laws.
No performance of this script – IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without payment of the
appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.

For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at info@smithscripts.co.uk

THE GENERAL, NEPTUNE and MARY

By

JAMES CRAFFORD

The Characters:

**The General, 60s, Caucasian, a bit unkempt, blown out, a tad menacing
Neptune, late 20s, black man, high strung a delicate & nervous
Mary, about 40, laid back, well preserved, druggie, street-walker
Policeman (voice only, off stage) with professional authority**

*Setting: a seedy studio apartment in a densely populated American city.
There is a bathroom, a pantry, and living room area, cluttered with piles of
books, magazines and shoeboxes. The place is at once clutter and weird
organization all at once.*

Time: Mid-winter, late afternoon. Present day.

SCENE ONE

AT RISE:

*The GENERAL is half-asleep in a chair downstage left. In the
background the digital clock reads 0:00 and is flickering on and off. A
pair of crutches are in his hands, one on each. The GENERAL begins to
snore and that suddenly awakens him. Just then the flickering clocks
shuts off.*

There is a frantic knock at the door, again and again.

GENERAL

Entre!

*A young light skinned black man and a woman come in. The young man
is high and speeding, the woman is shivering cold and wearing a flimsy
jacket. She creeps in behind him quietly. Her nylons are torn but not for
style. She is blown out on the trail. Her flaming red hair is a mess.*

NEPTUNE

I need your help, General. Goddamn it, I need your help!!

An awkward moment ensues. Silence. Both NEPTUNE and GENERAL glance toward MARY who stands somewhere between cowering and revealing.

GENERAL

(to NEPTUNE as he nods toward MARY)

Who's this?

NEPTUNE

I don't know. I thought she was coming to see you!

GENERAL

(to MARY)

You're not with him?

MARY shakes her head "No."

GENERAL

(to NEPTUNE)

She's not with you?

NEPTUNE

No! I don't know her from shit.

GENERAL

Do I know you from somewhere? (pause) What are you doing here?

NEPTUNE

I am in a lotta fuckin trouble, man! I need help.

MARY indicates she is freezing and doesn't know what she is doing.

GENERAL

Are you strung out?

MARY

I'm freezing!!

GENERAL

(thinks it over then:)

Have a seat over there, near the heat.

NEPTUNE

You just gonna let that crackhead sit down?

GENERAL

There's a little shawl behind ya. (pause) A little down on your luck, eh, honey?

MARY nods, sits, grabs the shawl and covers herself, shivering and lowering her head.

NEPTUNE

You just gonna let that crackwhore in your fucking place like that?

GENERAL

**Neppie, calm yourself. Sit, relax, catch your breath. (To MARY)
Would you like to take a hot shower. Honey?**

MARY

Yes...I...would...Oh yes...Oh my God...yes, thank you, I would.

GENERAL

Are you a real redhead? Or are you a make believe redhead?

MARY

I am a real redhead but I dye my hair.

GENERAL

I might at some point ask you to prove...that you are...a real redhead.

MARY

I can prove it.

GENERAL

Go take yourself a hot shower, honey. And get yourself really really clean, okay?

MARY

Thank you...ah...

GENERAL

You can call me General.

NEPTUNE

Everyone calls him the General, because he leads the pack. He knows the answers. He gives the help. Huh. General? They call him The General because he knows the way. He knows the shortcuts and the hidden passages. The motherfucker reads books!!

GENERAL

And this is Neptune. They call him Neptune cause he's lost in space. I call him Neppie, cause he's like a little toy to me. Like a windup doll I play with now and then. They call him Neptune but they oughta call him Pluto. Pluto-once a planet, now a dwarf planet—no longer in the solar system with the rest of us!

MARY

I really am a redhead.

MARY gratefully goes off into the little bathroom.

GENERAL

(yelling)

Use a clean towel!!!

MARY off "I will!"

NEPTUNE

You're crazy. Who the fuck is that crackwhore?

GENERAL

I thought she was one of your pigs.

NEPTUNE

Come on, man! I ain't sunk that low. You're gonna catch a disease. That chick is gonna rot your dick off, old man.

GENERAL

Who says I am gonna fuck that skank? Maybe I'll just cook her and eat her.

NEPTUNE and GENERAL share a silent moment. Then they laugh.

NEPTUNE

**(Suddenly in a panic)
I'm in trouble.**

GENERAL

How can I be of assistance?

NEPTUNE

I need a gun.

GENERAL

Why on earth, why on good God's blessed earth would a lowlife like you need such a thing?

NEPTUNE

I killed a cop.

GENERAL

You what?

NEPTUNE

I killed—

GENERAL

I heard ya.

NEPTUNE

In a bar. He was undercover. Drug shit. Halloween night. Mothefucker had a mask. Star Wars Asshole. I didn't know he was fucking undercover...shit.