

"DAD'S ASHES"

Transcript

AUTHOR (V.O.)

Pilgrim Falcon Productions presents "Dad's Ashes", an original audio drama.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

I never heard of a man fainting, but, fuck me, I fainted today. My legs crumbled and a blinding white light knocked me out. At the cemetery of all fucking places! My head still spins. My ears buzz like I got a wasp inside ... Like a tequila hangover. But I didn't have anything to drink. Not yet, anyway. And who in hell decorated this shitty room? So much tackiness gives me nausea.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

Fuck! My legs are numb, but I better get moving. I wouldn't want to get caught dead in a horrendous motel room like this. Even the mirror gives me a shittier than usual reflection.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

I guess the caretakers brought me to this shithole after I passed out. Those jerks are not fit to deal with the living ... My shoes are still on! Killing me! At least they didn't dump me in Dad's grave and shovelled dirt on me.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

They were exhuming Dad's remains so I could finally cremate him. The poor bastard was too obese to fit in the crematorium when he passed away five years ago. I know, I could have taken his body to another town with bigger facilities, but we hardly ever went on a holiday when I was a kid, so no way I was going on a road trip with his fat-ass corpse. I buried him as is and waited for nature to slim him off. And nobody else in the family gave a fuck about any of it. All on good old me.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

My brother always ignored the old man, telling people that his father was dead. My sister would come to Dad's place and say that everything was wrong and try to organize it her way. Then she would leave and we wouldn't hear from her or her bank for months. I was so pissed off ... more at the situation than at them. I knew this man had been a lousy father and a worse husband, but still was a human being and, like it or not, half of our genes came from him. I couldn't just leave him to his own luck. He'd become a hobo, living under a bridge, eating rat stew

for supper.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

Not even a silly phone book! Damn, my watch stopped, perhaps hours ago! Not so perpetual after all! But I still hear the ticking in my head ... Need an aspirin so fucking bad! But above all, I need Dad's ashes and my car keys so I can get the fuck out of here.

NEUMANN

Where's my shit?

NEUMANN (V.O.)

My wallet is gone too! That explains why those jerks didn't take me to a hospital. I should call the cops or my wife, but there's no phone in this crummy room and I left my cell in the car.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

Finally something! I haven't seen a hard shell suitcase in years. My parents owned something like this when I was a kid. Nowadays only hipster fuckers or old geezers use this crap. Oh well, I'll trade this for my shit and call it a day.

CONCIERGE

Mr. Neumann! You ain't checking out already. Are you?

NEUMANN

Listen guy, I just want my car keys and my wallet back. And if you know where my dad's ashes are, I'll take those too.

CONCIERGE

You're a blast, Mr. Neumann. It's forty bucks if you wanna check out.

NEUMANN

Didn't anyone pay for my room?

CONCIERGE

No! A lady dropped by, but she didn't wanna wake you. Left you this note, though.

NEUMANN

Give me that.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

"Hun, I'm sorry for everything that happened. You know how I feel for you, but Don is a better match for me. And he did divorce his wife for real! Anyways, I'll be working at the

casino until late. Drop by to say good-bye. Love, Rebecca." Who the fuck is Rebecca?

NEUMANN

This is not for me. Besides, there's no casinos in town.

CONCIERGE

Hey, we're getting there! We now got the Boardwalk Casino. And that's just the beginning. This town will be just like Vegas, but with better sand.

NEUMANN

There's no sand in Wilmington!

CONCIERGE

Exactly! That's why you fellas come to Atlantic City! So, are you checking out? I wouldn't blame you if you got a better deal with the pretty lady.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

Maybe this whole thing is a set-up. Fucking scammers. I'll have to email my lawyer when I get home.

NEUMANN

Listen, guy, I don't have any money and I gotta go. Just tell me which way is the cemetery, huh?

CONCIERGE

You're so funny, Mr. Neumann. That must be why the ladies dig you. Have you looked in your bag? Perhaps your wallet's in there.

NEUMANN

This suitcase? If you say it's mine, let's have a look.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

What we got here? Guy's clothes. Yeah, I knew it! Some hipster fucker. What's this! Yes, a wad of money! A thousand bucks at least!

CONCIERGE

You almost brought your own chips and you were joking if we had a casino!

NEUMANN

Here's your money, guy.

CONCIERGE

Take it easy, Mr. Neumann. And good luck with the pretty lady!

NEUMANN (V.O.)

Where the fuck is this? Can't recognize this neighborhood! Even the air feels different. Kind of disgusting, but with a nice breeze too ... Okay, I need a lift.

NEUMANN

Hey, taxi!

TAXI DRIVER

Don't tell me. You're going to the casino. Everybody's going there today!

NEUMANN

All Saints Cemetery. I need to pick up my car and my dad.

TAXI DRIVER

Never heard of that place.

NEUMANN

It's on the highway, right outside Wilmington.

TAXI DRIVER

Wilmington! I'm not allowed to leave the state, buddy. How about I take you to the bus terminal?

NEUMANN

Just get me out of here, huh?

NEUMANN (V.O.)

I recognize this view ... This really is friggin' Atlantic City! I guess the best thing to do is catch a bus home, but I'm going to look like a fool if I lost Dad. I'm still responsible for him until I scatter his ashes. Could it be that this woman Rebecca is holding his urn for ransom? They should have kidnapped the fat bastard fifteen years ago, not now when he's a defenseless pile of dust! I don't know what to do and that shitty music is pissing me off!

NEUMANN

Hey, guy, would you mind putting something else on? I hate that old crap.

TAXI DRIVER

Whatever, buddy. You must have some fancy stations up there in

Wilmington. So, bus terminal?

NEUMANN

Yeah, I guess.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

I better ditch this suitcase. Besides, these clothes won't even fit me. But I'm keeping the cash for all this aggravation. Fuck! A loaded revolver. Must be one of those Saturday Night Specials. And another one! Pocket gun, a derringer. I guess I was the one who got kidnapped. My clueless captors probably were on a cigarette break or something when I woke up. Maybe I should talk to that chick, after all.

NEUMANN

Hey, guy, I changed my mind. Take me to the Boardwalk Casino.

TAXI DRIVER

I knew it! Everybody's going there today!

TAXI DRIVER

This is as close as I can get you, buddy. Look at that crowd! Everybody's here.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

I don't get what all the fuss is about this place. Just another hotel with a casino sign. The people look worse than I expected, with those ridiculous clothes, hats and hairdos. Fucking Jersey.

NEUMANN

How much I owe you?

TAXI DRIVER

What the meter says!

NEUMANN

That thing must be broken. Keep the change.

TAXI DRIVER

Thanks, buddy! Don't lose too much!

NEUMANN (V.O.)

How can I find the Rebecca chick in this pandemonium? I don't even know what she looks like. The motel creep said she was hot, but that doesn't mean anything really.

PIMPY GUY

Hey, Neumann! Looks like they've been feeding you well, huh?

NEUMANN (V.O.)

I don't know you, guy with your pimp suit and your ridiculous sideburns. But apparently everybody in Atlantic City knows me! I wonder if he also knows that I'm packing a derringer in my pocket?

PIMPY GUY

Why so quiet? Let me guess. You're looking for Rebecca, right?

NEUMANN

Yeah, you seen her? Rebecca.

PIMPY GUY

Sure thing! She's waiting for you in the private baccarat room. And man does she look stunning tonight! But you better make it snappy, because Don is hosting a game there in a few minutes.

PIMPY GUY

Here we go ... I'll leave you guys to it. See ya.

REBECCA

Hun, you came!

NEUMANN (V.O.)

I finally meet Rebecca, but I can't say a word because my tongue is entangled with hers. She's almost as sexy looking as everybody made her sound, but her kisses are simply out of this world!

REBECCA

Baby, I was so worried about you.

NEUMANN

I was worried about me, too.

REBECCA

I know, hun! But you shouldn't do anything stupid. I love you, but we can't keep on like this. You're a big family man, full of responsibilities. What you said of leaving your wife and getting together with me, but bringing your kids along, that doesn't make any sense! I can't take care of a puppy, let alone children. You're not the Dad of the Year yourself! So, please forget about what we had, because it's over.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

I suddenly recognize this woman. I must have been about 8 when I saw her. Dad said she was a friend of Mom's. She kept telling me how cute I was. I didn't think much of her at the time, but when she left, she kissed Dad on the lips. I thought they had just made a blunder, but they were too candid about it. Maybe that's why it stuck in my mind after all this time. But that was four decades ago and she looks younger than me!

REBECCA

Even though I'm about to marry Don, I wouldn't care much if you killed him, because I know that's what you came here for. But you must think of your children. I know you'd do it and I would run away with you, but we'd destroy those little lives and they are more valuable than anything that we may feel for each other, no matter how wonderful. Do what's best for them. Good-bye, hun. Don't ever forget me!

NEUMANN (V.O.)

After all these years, I see this woman again and now she's gone. All because of that damned Don, whoever the hell he is.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

Rebecca, you leave me alone in a card room with not an ace, but a derringer up my sleeve, ready to kill a man I've never met. At least I found where Dad's ashes are ... Right inside me.

AUTHOR (V.O.)

"Dad's Ashes" is an original audio drama performed by Michael Coughlan as Neumann, Cynthia Stone as Rebecca; Dan Sanderson, the Concierge; Stephen Trink, the Taxi Driver. Original music by Alejandro Giacoman. Jessica Boland was the script supervisor, Brendon Highmore assisted with the sound recording. Location provided by ArtsBuild Ontario. I wrote the script, directed the production and designed the sound. My name is Eduardo Soto-Falcon; this is a Pilgrim Falcon Production, copyright 2019; www.pilgrimfalcon.com.