

***“I am a drop’dead gorgeous, fabulous, stylish,
exotic’ass gem amongst thousands of rocks” by elliot rodger***

by matthew paul olmos

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characters

FEMALE IN A SUIT - 30's-50's; a commanding charm,
but you're not sure if she's decent or not.

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN - 20's, but her age is hard to pinpoint;
ideally a minority, also hard to pinpoint;
a forward sense of humor concealing her enormous heart.

ELLIOT - late teens/early 20's; minority; his sincerity is heartbreaking,
his armor transparent, but when he is upset he is out of sorts.

INVESTIGATOR - 30's-50's; any ethnicity; very good at their job;
has the best intentions; still flawed.

time:

2014 and 2015

place:

central california

we open

A FEMALE IN A SUIT oversees an empty stage; she looks at it from different angles. Finally, she speaks charmingly, but with authority, to somebody offstage.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Why I do believe I'd very much like to see that beach. Yeaaa...that's what I've got up here in my perceptors; in my pre'sen'tation. *Central California*. Not too southern an wide, not to northern an grey; just...you know, in the center of things.

(Elements of a beach come to life: sounds of seagulls, the wet of waves and bright of sun. She judges)

I like it. I don't love it. But I do like. Anyways.

And now for the woman. She's coastal, but not so coastal that people wanna punch her in the face. No...this woman is warm, but not pathetic. Quick, but not fast. And she should be nice to look at, but, you know, not nicer to look at than me.

(Appears A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN)

Now, keep in mind, this woman is only *potentially* judgmental, not all the way judgmental.

(A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN takes in her surroundings)

I like. Don't love. Like. Anyways.

And...now of course, him. *Him*. That's what it's really about isn't it. Him.

(A car engine is heard, we see a black, BMW 328i sedan; we hear music from inside it)

I'm liking the tinted windows; that we don't see him from the go. It's a bit, *ooh what's inside there*; God may only know.

(She listens to the music)

But, is this really what he listens to??? At his age? Well, each to his...whatever.

(FEMALE IN A SUIT she speaks to audience)

A FEMALE IN A SUIT(cont)

Now, what we're *looking at*, what we're *imagining* is May the 21st, 2014; approximately two days before our Elliot Rodger ends the lives of seven students, including himself, in Isla Vista; the college town adjacent to the University...of California...at Santa Barbara. Anyways. Just south of the university, parked in a small, beach parking lot, we look to a black BMW 328i; we hear "Every Little Thing She Does is Magic" by The Police from inside the vehicle.

Standing, looking out at the vast of our Pacific Ocean...is A Potentially Judgmental Woman. Her face...

(Strange lights on POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN's face)

...is hard to decipher; it almost morphed maybe; un'easy to pinpoint.

(The music from inside the 328i silences, an engine killed, a car door opens. ELLIOT, early 20's, half-minority, walks to the vicinity of A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN; they do not acknowledge each other, both look out at the ocean with the sun on their faces. FEMALE IN A SUIT watches from the sidelines)

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

...I'm sorry, did you...say something...to me???

ELLIOT

...

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

But you wanted to, right? You were going over in your mind, the way that boys do, the perfect opening. (pause) You're not smiling. Here you are *basking* in the glow of me and you look....

You're in university, yes? (pause) Yea, girls in university still like to be loud: what an amazing time their having. "Woo hoo" "Partay." They don't appreciate the currency of silence, of not having to blurt out *every little* thought that blips up in their brain. Don't worry, I'm not university. And I bet now you're wondering...where in all the heavens did this distraction of a woman come from.

(They share a moment)

What's your name?

(He mumbles something to her; her attention is got)

Wow.

Did you just say what I—

(He leans in and says something into her ear; she beams)

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN(cont)

Well, we only just met, but I would have to say that you are indeed a “drop’dead gorgeous, fabulous, stylish, exotic’ass gem amongst thousands of rocks.”
So...do you come here often then?

(She laughs at her wit; a snort)

I know, I know; I snort, I do. It’s...just about the last thing I want people to know about me, but one of the first they find out. (pause) Do you hate it. Has My Mojo Runneth Dry With You?? (pause) I wish my face were more like your face. At least your face I can tell you’re nervous. But mine... Sometimes faces don’t agree with how we feel inside.

(She gives a neutral expression)

See, this is me not doing anything; this just how the motherfucker hang. My starting point is always...a little sad and uncomfortable to be there. Unless I get lost in a moment. **THENTHEMOTHERFUCKERLOOKLIKETHIS!**

(She bears a ridiculously happy expression; over the top; she holds it till he laughs; his laugh is from the ground up and magnificent; almost as if its never happened quite that way before. FEMALE steps in quickly)

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Let it be noted, Elliot Rodger laughs; this would be May 21st, approximately 3:11 in the afternoon. Two days before...yea.

(FEMALE back to the sidelines. The laughter and moment between WOMAN and ELLIOT subsides)

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

Can I ask you something?

(He nods)

Is that your BMW over there; the black one? I feel like I’ve seen that 328i around before. Yea, I said 328i. I think I’ve seen you driving it. And I was just wondering if maybe this little encounter by the sea is not completely coincidental.

(ELLIOT turns away from her embarrassed; she touches his shoulder)

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN(cont)

Es okay if you like me. Have liked me. If you were trying to figure out how to like me from like, closer up. I mean, look at me, you're only human.

(Almost from out of nowhere ELLIOT turns and kisses A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN; it is utterly awkward, but she is nice about it)

Wow. You do have...unpredictability. Keep that.

(They kiss again. It is oddly romantic in all its gracelessness. Mid-kiss, the ocean stops, the sounds of beach dry up, lights of the western coast deaden to that of empty canvas. A FEMALE IN A SUIT brings up house lights, she speaks to the audience)

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Now, I don't know exactly what this encounter at Goleta Beach really resembled. But this is a picturesque way to picture it, isn't it. Yea. You see, there are no interviews with said woman, from said beach, but can't you just imagine if we could ask her, the details she could detail, the mystery she could de'mystify. I mean the first question, obviously...

(Appears A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN; magically)

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

So...how was it?

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

...he just kinda fumbled his lips—

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

And if you had to put a song to it?

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

Song?

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Soundtrack.

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

...I don't know. Maybe like "Every Little Thing She Does is Magic?" The Police.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Hmm. Is it though?

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

Is what?

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Is everything you do magic???

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

Probably. Yea, I'd say so. I'd say that's true of me.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

The Police, "Every Little Thing She Does is Magic" was playing in his car. In the background in one of his videos that he posted. YouTube.

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

Was it?

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

So you didn't watch his video posts? You weren't a *subscriber*?

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

...I saw parts of some of them.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Wow. A woman who shares a romantic encounter with a quote-unquote *school shooter* approximately fifty-four hours before he...and I'll guess you didn't watch his final video either then? Where he described precisely how he planned to...

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

Why would I?

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

And his manifesto that he wrote?

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

No.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

You didn't read it. Wow.

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

I know lots of people who didn't read it. Wow.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

I know lots of people who don't know what the inside of his mouth tastes like.

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

...

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

I guess I'm wondering, hindsight, *you*, the only intimacy he ever knew, you, who was the closest he ever got to what he thought would bring him happiness; you, who will live out your days remembering him not based on the one-hundred and forty page manifesto about this life that he wrote, nor the twenty-one videos of himself he posted. I guess I'm wondering what you saw that the rest of us simply do not..

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

I saw...a kid...with, I guess, some sort of feelings for me.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Had some sort of feelings. He doesn't have anything anymore, the police shot him in the hip and a few blocks later he gunshot his own head. Dead. I just rhymed, I can't help it, I'm interesting.

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

I'd be more wondering what *you* see.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

I apologize, I was thinking about myself, what did you say?

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

That beach; do you see it paradise or lonely? What he said to me, hopeful or just a shadow of what was to come? And how *about* our kiss.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Go on.

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

What would be *your* soundtrack? Beautifully a romance or...something else?

(FEMALE IN A SUIT motions the lights to take us back to Central California. A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN returns to ELLIOT; they resume their kiss. Sounds return of waves lapping)

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

(to audience) And though none of us were there, I do believe our Elliot could not believe his twenty-something lips; could not believe after thousands upon thousands of nights spent dreaming the scent, taste, and touch of an actual woman, here was one.

A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN

(to ELLIOT) ... I want you to tell me, tell me what you're thinking, tell me what's going on inside your gem of a mind right this very moment...I want you to tell me...*everything the world.*

(ELLIOT begins telling his world into her ear; she accepts with an open heart)

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Now, if we could just get that California sun to *glint* off the shine of his black 328i; if we could create two soft silhouettes...imprinted reminders...of human connectedness.

(The lighting does as she describes)

...aaand music...

(The Police's "Every Little Thing She Does is Magic" fades in. FEMALE watches the beauty of what she has created. A POTENTIALLY JUDGMENTAL WOMAN watches as ELLIOT sings softly to the gods)

ELLIOT

"Every little thing she does is magic
Everything she do just turn me on
Even though my life before was tragic
Now I know my love for her goes on"

(Lights cinematically out)

scene two

A male INVESTIGATOR and A FEMALE IN A SUIT sit under stringent lighting.

INVESTIGATOR

So that's your story, that on May 21st, Elliot Rodger met a young woman—

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

I don't know "young" is really the—

INVESTIGATOR

Met a woman—

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Potentially Judgmental.

INVESTIGATOR

No idea what that means, but okay.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Just that no matter what transpired, she was only ever *potentially* judgmental, any judgmentalness was not concrete.

INVESTIGATOR

Concrete?

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

You know, like the opposite of dirt.

INVESTIGATOR

So Mr. Rodger meets a lovely woman—

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Well, "lovely," what does that even mean really.

INVESTIGATOR

Mr. Roger meets a human woman...

(FEMALE nods him to continue; no clarification needed)

...their encounter takes place at Goleta beach, in the late afternoon, and you're stating also that they...kissed.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Elliot's first, his only; something he only ever dreamed—

INVESTIGATOR

I have his history.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

She's kissed through the years though; I'd imagine. You know, like normal people do. Do you remember your first kiss?

INVESTIGATOR

For Mr. Rodger, a monumental experience; for our *mystery* woman—

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Mystery woman.

INVESTIGATOR

Yes, mysterious, as in nobody knows who the fuck she is. As in there is no record *anywhere* of this transaction—

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Transaction? Lookit you, romantic.

INVESTIGATOR

Nowhere in his manifesto, nowhere on his uh *YouTube channel*, nowhere in— Given the sheer volume of Mr. Rodger's posthumous testimony stating how much he craved female companionship, I find your story simply unbelievable.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Disbelievable.

INVESTIGATOR

"I don't buy it, counselor."

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

...what was *that*?

INVESTIGATOR

What was what?

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Was that...a line from a *movie*???

INVESTIGATOR

...maybe, I don't—

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

Oh, but you do.

INVESTIGATOR

Possibly it was.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

That was from fucking *Philadelphia*, when Denzel Washington says to Tom Hanks that he doesn't believe he has a case, when we all fucking know that he's only saying it because he doesn't want to take the case—AIDS an all that.

INVESTIGATOR

What is your interest in this case?

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

From the very night of the incident—

INVESTIGATOR

Killing spree.

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

this boy was presented as a deranged misogynist who hated the female gender to such a degree that...well. It even spawned that hashtag, do you know, YesAllWomen.

INVESTIGATOR

And you...find issue with this...?

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

His mother. In his...manifesto, he only ever gives fair mention of her. They had, it seems, a loving relationship.

(INVESTIGATOR looks through his phone)

INVESTIGATOR

I'm sorry, where is it you—

A FEMALE IN A SUIT

I work in the industry.

INVESTIGATOR

The industry?