

## DAVID AND BUDDY

### ACT 1-SCENE 4-NIGHT AT THE STILLMAN'S

*Buddy sits on the top of the tarp looking at his phone. Both his and David's guns are up there with him.*

*David enters scrambles up the pile.*

DAVID: Any activity to report?

BUDDY: None, sir.

DAVID: It's a damn shame Mother took away my tube. Up and down every hour it seems like...

BUDDY: *(pointing at a map app)* He's right here, Grandpa.

DAVID: What's that?

BUDDY: A satellite photo of Dad's base.

DAVID: Well, look at that!

BUDDY: He might not be there though. He might be out on patrol. He sent me the coordinates for the base because everyone over there already knows where the base is because its a base but when they go out on patrol he can't say where he's going because the enemy might be listening.

DAVID: Makes sense. Can you zoom out a bit?

BUDDY: Sure.

*Buddy taps his phone.*

DAVID: Little more. Gosh, look at that. Middle of nowhere on the other side of the world.

BUDDY: Dad says it sucks big hairy...

*Daisy BARKS Off-Stage*

DAVID: It does. I was in the Navy four years, I know. None of that language around your grandmother, okay?

BUDDY: Yes sir.

DAVID: That's man talk.

BUDDY: Yes, sir.

DAVID: Women are different, Buddy. They're like delicate flowers.

BUDDY: This is fun out here, Grandpa. It's like we're camping. Except without the campfire and the hot dogs and the s'mores and the tent.

DAVID: But we've got the tarp.

BUDDY: When are we going up to camp?

DAVID: Oh, I sold that old place this past winter.

BUDDY: No!

DAVID: I'm sorry son. It wasn't getting so much use as it had been and this company is putting in a big resort on the lake, which is sad to say

but they made me an offer and it was a good one. Real good one and with the economy the way it is and the plant looking for early retirees, I just couldn't pass it up.

BUDDY: Don't people know what they do to people!

DAVID: But we'll go camping for real. We'll take our tents and tarps out into the woods and do it up right.

BUDDY: Okay. Can we go tomorrow?

DAVID: We're on duty, tomorrow.

BUDDY: Oh, right.

*A car pulls into the drive sending the two guardians into high alert.*

DAVID: WHO GOES THERE!

JUDY (OS) Your daughter!

BUDDY: What's the password?

JUDY (OS) Flash.

BUDDY: Thunder. She's a friendly, sir.

DAVID: Good work, marine.

BUDDY: Oo-rah.