

JOE SIDES (What Ever Happened to the Man in the Mountain?)

This is a short story written in first person. The right actor will narrate and perform the text, but not change it much. While I'm not opposed to a Boston accent (it should sound authentic), it's not necessary for this role.

JOE – A man in his late-30s, early-40s. He has lived in New England all his life. Likes gambling and basketball.

So I'm driving north on an old road, twenty or so miles into New Hampshire and in the passenger seat is Hernan Estevez talking his goddamn mouth off and crying every once and a while. He doesn't know where we are so he's narrating absolutely everything he sees. "I've never seen a hawk that size," and "This road sure seems like it'd be fun to drive," and "Look at those clouds disappearing into the hills, have you ever seen a thing like that in your life, well have you Joseph, have you, have you, have you!?" Sometimes I answer "yeah" but mostly he just moves on to something else. An observer, this guy, dictating the world to me like I'm blind. But I can't be too hard on him because his wife just died. Bam, hit by a bus. He asked me to drive him somewhere, anywhere and that's what I'm doing.

Thing is, I don't know Ernie all that well. I call him Ernie because I have trouble with his name. He's never said anything about it. He calls me Joseph, which I don't care for, so I figure we're even.