

A Caravan
Named
Desire

The LCB Script

ABSTRACT

Krystal has been working from her caravan for longer than she'd care to admit, but it's when she meets Gary that she starts to question how her clients see her. For a good time, contact Krystal. Discreet, professional, clean, and tested. Your desire for hire.

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The stage is filled with an old caravan with one side removed so that the audience can see the action within. It has been cared for over the years, but some wear and tear is unavoidable. It looks like it hasn't been moved for a long time. When scenes are exterior to the caravan, they can be performed either in front of the removed wall or the caravan can be rotated. Outside the caravan there are some old camping chairs and a table. Unless otherwise stated, all scenes are at night and the lighting should demonstrate this. The interior of the caravan is lit with old lamps, fairy lights, and one single, bare hanging bulb in the centre of the main living space. The interior of the caravan is surprisingly clean and tidy, though very dated, possibly 80s or early 90s. It is cramped, and most of the furniture needs some form of unfolding or setting up.

Krystal is tidying up items inside the caravan. Some items she may collect from off stage to put in position. She looks at the audience.

Krystal Don't mind me. I'm just getting everything set up.

She carries on moving some things around before stopping and staring into the audience.

I know what you're thinking. Shit! Where's the fucking fourth wall. This bitch could have me doing some kind of interactive shit. Well, don't worry, I won't. Well, I will, but not much. But we'll get onto that later. You see, that's the point of this really. In a way. Because most of the time you trust the performer not to talk to you, touch you, invite you into the space. This is the space by the way. It's a caravan. Well, it's a set made up to look like a caravan. Again, this is where I need you to believe me, believe the set. Forget that we're currently in the [name of space] and believe we're actually outside, and occasionally inside, a caravan. Now, a lot of what you are going to see tonight is true, by which I mean a representation of the truth, of events that have happened. A dramatisation of real life, real event. Inspired by, based upon. Not exactly a fallacy, more of an interpretation. Of course, this comes with the usual disclaimer that some things have been changed, such as names, places, dialogue, general events, and probably a lot of the jokes and humour. Everything else is the God's honest truth. I swear. Now, before I go any further do we have any questions? Have I said anything that's been unclear at all?

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If questions are asked then Krystal must do her best to answer these questions.

Ok, now that all the formalities are dealt with, onto the play itself. Now, my name is Krystal, that's Krystal with a K by the way, not a C. And this is my home. I'm...well, I'm many things, depending on who I'm talking to. If I'm talking to my mum for instance, I'm manager of a little online shop which sells second hand stuff. If I'm talking to people online, I'm a model and independent film star. If I'm talking to HMRC, then I'm an entertainer. And if I'm talking to you...well, you can make up your own minds I suppose. But what I do isn't the main point of this story, it's more about Gary. Now Gary... you know what, this isn't a solo show. I'll just let it get started and come back to you in a bit.

Transition.

Gary and Krystal are standing in the caravan. They are looking at each other, both feel a mix of emotions, panic, excitement, nervousness, and fear. They stand in silence for a moment, just staring at each other. She has two suitcases beside her.

Krystal Are you sure you want to do this?

The lights blow and they are left in darkness. Gary and the suitcases disappear in the darkness. Krystal comes forward to the audience.

Sorry. That comes later. I'll start from the beginning.

Krystal climbs back into the caravan and begins hunting for a light bulb. Once she has found one she replaces the bulb that blew, and the lights come back on completely red. There is a knocking at the door.

Just a minute!

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Krystal *then turns on a lamp with a clear bulb to balance the light. Gary is waiting at the caravan door wearing a cheap-looking button-through shirt and trousers, as if he has just come from work. Everything is a little creased, and clearly a little bit old. He knocks again.*

Just a sec!

Krystal *turns on some fairy lights that trail around the caravan. She has to click the button a few times to work through the pre-sets before she settles on one. She checks herself in a small mirror before going to the door and opening it.*

Sorry about that, bloody fuse went again. It's always doing it. Are you the new guy Tony was on about? Just a sec. Well, come in.

Gary *enters and is directed across to the other end of the caravan. Krystal goes to the bathroom, the only place not entirely visible to Gary, but is to the audience. Krystal pulls out a small money bag from within the toilet cistern. It contains some notes. She pulls out a few notes and returns the remaining money to where she found it. She returns to Gary.*

I told Tony it was going to be a bit short this month cause the internet kept cutting out, so my loss of income is due to him. He knows, he said it's fine so don't you dare say otherwise. Well here, aren't you going to take it?

Krystal *thrusts the money towards Gary. Gary, uncertain of what to do, slowly reaches for the money. Before he touches it, Krystal pulls it back.*

Hang on. What's your name again?

Gary Gary. My name's Gary.

Krystal You're not the guy Tony said he would send round.

Gary Erm...no. I don't know any Tony. I sent you a message last week. We had arranged to meet.

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Krystal Thursday. We said we'd meet on Thursday. It's not fucking Thursday today is it?

Gary No. No, it's Wednesday today.

Krystal We did say Thursday, didn't we?

Gary Oh yes, we did. I'm early.

Krystal By twenty-four-fucking-hours. You made me think I'd lost a fucking day or something, Jesus Christ! You don't do that to somebody! Do you have any idea what shit you might have caused by making me think I'd lost a day. I might have plans, very specific plans, you know, which I have to do on a Thursday and now all of a sudden I've lost my Thursday and forgotten to do everything! Imagine if I had had a client I see every Thursday, regular as clockwork, and I suddenly lose a day and plan a night out or something? Or if Thursday was my washing day! Suddenly, here I am, no fresh knickers and a knocking at the door because it's already Thursday.

Gary It's not Thursday though, it's Wednesday.

Krystal I know that now! I knew that five minutes ago. But the time between five minutes ago and now I thought it was fucking Thursday! Fuck me I need a sit down.

Gary I'm sorry.

Krystal *tucks the cash into her clothes.*

Krystal I should think so too. Why are you here anyway? It's fucking Wednesday. We said Thursday.

Gary I know, I'm sorry. I just, I wanted to make sure I knew the way when I came tomorrow, you know. Make sure I didn't get lost. Or that it wasn't some fake

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address you gave me or something. So, I put the address you gave me into my phone and, as you said, it directed me to this site and then I saw the caravan and thought, well, whilst I'm here I should probably just knock and check it's the right one. I didn't want to come tomorrow and find I was at the wrong door.

Krystal Right, well...you've found me. Congratulations.

Gary Thank you.

Beat.

Krystal Did you want anything else?

Gary Oh, sorry, no. I just wanted to make sure I knew the way. I should be going actually. Nice to have met you.

Krystal Wait, wait, wait. Since you're here, do you want to...?

Gary Oh, no, no thank you. I've got to get back. But I'll definitely be back tomorrow. I'll see myself out.

Gary makes his way to exit the caravan and closes the door behind him.

Krystal Alright. Well, see ya.

Transition.

Krystal So, that was Gary. A close encounter of, well, the weird kind. I can't say I held out much hope as to whether he would even turn up the next night. I couldn't tell if he was serial killer weird or just, you know, weird-weird. Was he going to turn up tomorrow night with a syringe of diamorphine, or a vat of sulphuric acid, or was he more likely to come wearing his granny's knickers and want me to call him Doris? I mean who turns up twenty-four hours early for an appointment just to check they know the way. Or at least, who knocks on the

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door to come in. Either way, he did come back the next day. Though I've got to say, he still didn't fill me with much confidence. I'm glad I took the initial money upfront.

Transition.

Krystal is laid on the sofa bed going through some paperwork. She keeps looking at the clock hanging on the wall. She then taps on her phone to check the time is correct. Gary is outside the caravan, sat in one of the camping chairs. Eventually, Krystal goes to the caravan door and opens it. She looks about until she spots Gary sat in her chair and is startled.

Krystal Creeping Jesus! What the fuck are you doing sat there?!

Gary is startled by her response.

Gary Sorry. I came to your door, but I was a little early and wasn't sure if you might be busy, so I thought I'd just wait out here for a minute. I guess I must have lost track of time.

Krystal You were meant to have been here at seven.

Gary I know.

Krystal It's nine!

Gary I know. I lost track of time.

Krystal Fuck me.

Gary Should I come back another time?

Krystal No. No, it's fine. I'm charging you as if you were here from seven though.

Gary Ok.

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Beat.

What do we do now then?

Krystal Do you wanna come in?

Gary Can do.

Krystal Unless you wanna do it out here?

Gary Would you like to?

Krystal I was kidding. It's fucking freezing out here.

Gary Sorry.

Beat.

It's a lovely night.

Krystal Yeah?

Krystal *looks up at the sky.*

Yeah, I suppose it is.

Gary The moon's so bright.

Krystal I prefer new moons myself.

Gary New moons?

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Krystal When there's no moon. You can see the stars better then. The moonlight blocks out a lot of the stars. You're also meant to bow to new moon and turn over any of your silver for good luck, fortune, new love.

Gary Oh.

Krystal Well, come on then. I'm letting all the cold in here!

Gary gets up out of the chair and enters the caravan. Krystal shuts the door behind them.

I can see you're going to be trouble.

Gary I don't mean to be.

Krystal I'm sure. You just go from twenty-four hours early to two hours late. What would you have done if someone else turned up?

Gary Erm...I don't really know. Left, I suppose.

Krystal Well, you're lucky I'm quiet at the moment. And in a good mood. Look, why don't you take a seat. Do you want a drink?

Gary Oh, nothing for me, thank you.

Krystal Then take a seat while I make myself a drink.

Krystal gets a bottle of squash and water out of a cupboard along with a glass and pours herself a drink. She takes a swig then tops up her glass. Gary is looking for somewhere to sit down. He goes to sit on the sofa bed but doesn't want to disturb the papers that are there. He starts to move some of them when Krystal turns around and sees him.

Don't fucking look at those!

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Krystal *rushes across the caravan and grabs at the papers, piling them up and throwing them in a drawer.*

Gary I'm sorry. I was just trying to find somewhere to sit.

Krystal So you start looking over my fucking tax returns?

Gary Tax returns?

Krystal *takes Gary by the shoulders and places him on the sofa bed where she has created him a space.*

Krystal Yeah, my fucking tax return. I'm not exactly PAYE doing this, am I? Now, just sit there, and don't move, alright.

Gary Sorry.

Krystal And stop apologising.

Gary goes to apologise again but stops himself.

Now, before we go any further, have you got money?

Gary reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet.

Gary Did it not come through? I used the link you sent me when I booked.

Krystal That was for one hour. As I said, I'm charging you for three now.

Gary Oh, yes. Sorry. How much? I've only got...

Krystal Hang on, let me work it out. Now, you've wasted two hours already, so that's going to be £160. £80 an hour whether we do anything or not. Now, what is it you actually want? You didn't go into much detail before.

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Gary Well...

Krystal As I said, I'm open to most things but I do have my limits.

Gary All I really want is...

Krystal Come on, spit it out.

Gary Can we just talk?

Krystal Talk?

Gary Yeah.

Krystal I take it back, I will take the money first.

Gary I'm not saying I definitely don't want to do anything, I'm just not sure that I will.

Krystal So what *might* you want to do? Hand jobs, blow jobs, vaginal penetration, anal?
What?

Gary I don't know. I probably won't want to try anything. At least not tonight. Maybe
if we hit it off we could arrange a second night. I don't really know. I've never
done this before. I'm sorry. Maybe I should just go now.

Gary gets up to leave but Krystal stands in his way.

Krystal £240 and you want to just talk? Stay for the hour, and we'll talk. That's all that
covers. Anything else happens and I charge more.

Gary Ok.

Gary gets out his wallet again and takes out a load of cash.

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I've only got £50 with me.

Krystal I take card.

Gary takes a card out of his wallet. Krystal picks up her card machine from amongst the paperwork on the bed. There's an awkward silence while Krystal waits for the machine to load. She offers the device to Gary.

Check the amount then enter your PIN.

Gary does so. The transaction goes through. Krystal returns Gary's card and puts the machine back with the paperwork.

Krystal Right. So, what do you wanna talk about?

Transition.

Krystal I hope this isn't breaking up the action too much for you. I don't mean it to, it's just there isn't much point in you watching the next hour when it's just talking. There wasn't even much of that actually, to be fair. There were probably more pauses and silences than talking. And there's no point me making you watch an hour of just pauses and silences. I mean you might as well go and watch a Beckett or a Pinter if you're just gonna watch a silent stage. Or watch an episode of *Normal People* or something!

Anyway, you didn't miss much. I couldn't even tell you if what we talked about was the truth or not. I mean, he said he worked in one of the offices at the council building in town, but why would you admit to that if you were seeing a... someone like me? Then again, I suppose why would you lie about working for the council? In fact, the only thing he told me, which I can be fairly certain is true, was that he was a virgin! Now, I'm not here to judge. People have all sorts of reasons for not wanting to do it. Saving it for marriage. Just not met the right

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person yet. Not had the opportunity. Mormonism. Asexuality – not that I get many of those. But Gary, well, who knows! I like to treat a person's virginity, or at least first sexual experiences, like a game of Cluedo. Me for example: Ms Morris's Grandson, behind the cinema with his fingers. Never got his name. Clive Sinclair, inside my Dad's shed, from behind. I still come over all funny when I get the smell of creosote. Mr Wallace, on the back seat of his Toyota Corolla, wearing his wife's knickers. Him, not me. That was my first paid job. I make it sound as if I've never had it 'normal'. A loving boyfriend, on the bed, missionary. It's just not as exciting to talk about really, is it? Now, I'm not saying you have to share yours with everyone right now if you don't want to, though do feel free to call it out if you'd like, but just have a think about it for a minute. Imagine saying that sat round the board game with your family all looking at you or at one of those board game cafes!

Now, as I think I said, Gary and I didn't do anything on that first visit. We didn't do anything for his first three visits! The talking got a little better. But it was still just small talk. How was your week? Been busy? Do you get much business online? I don't to be fair, peaks and troughs sort of thing, but I told him I did. Gotta make it sound as if I'm in demand, ain't I? It was on his fourth visit however when things started to get a little bit more interesting.

Transition.

Gary is pacing around outside the caravan. Krystal is stood at the door as before trying to convince him to come in.

Krystal Look, the longer you stay out here the colder my caravan's going to get and then we'll both be complaining. Now, why don't you just get on in here and tell me what's shit in your bloody pants today?

Gary Nothing's shit in my pants!

Gary storms into the caravan. Krystal moves out the way before he can push past her.

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Do you like me?

Krystal Do I what?

Gary Do you like me?

Krystal To be honest you're creeping me out a little bit.

Gary I know you don't like me like me, that's not what I'm asking. Do you... do you think I'm an alright person.

Krystal I've only met you a handful of times and even then you barely speak, so I can't really say. I doubt you're a complete wanker if that's what you mean?

Gary Ok.

Krystal I'm not saying I've completely ruled it out, mind.

Gary I think I like you.

Krystal Right.

Gary Not, like that. I could never like you like that.

Krystal Good to know.

Gary I don't mean it like that. I just mean, I like you as a person, as a friend, sort of.

Beat.

I don't think you're a complete wanker either.

They both smile. This is the first time they both seem relaxed.

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Krystal Look, why don't you take a seat, I'll make us both a drink and we can have a chat again.

Krystal turns to start making two hot drinks. Gary just stands and stares at her.

Gary I want to do more than just talk tonight.

Krystal turns to look at him.

 If that's ok.

Krystal Erm. Sure. Yeah. What did you have in mind?

Gary I don't know.

Krystal Right.

Gary I just... I want to try something new.

Pause.

Krystal Alright. I'll get those drinks.

Krystal gets out two mugs and starts to pour one of them.

Gary I don't drink

Krystal I get the impression you're going to need something. It's only coffee.

Gary Can I just have a water?

Krystal Alright.

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Krystal *fills his glass with water and takes it over to him. Gary just watches her, not thinking to take the glass from her. Krystal just places it on the side. He takes a step toward her as if about to do something but is unsure what. He takes a step back, sees the water and takes a mouthful.*

Gary Do you kiss?

Krystal Kiss?

Gary I know some...

Krystal Some?

Gary What do you like to be called?

Krystal Krystal.

Gary I mean...

Krystal I know what you mean. I'm Krystal.

Gary Well, I just know some...Krystals that don't kiss.

Krystal Know many Krystals do you?

Gary No. No, I've heard, or rather seen on TV, that some don't like to kiss.

Krystal Do you like to kiss?

Gary doesn't know how to respond for a second before eventually nodding.

Then we can kiss.

Gary Ok. Ok.

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Gary moves close to Krystal again, moving in to kiss her.

Transition.

Krystal His hands were all over me. His fingers running through my hair, pulling my face into his before moving them down, grabbing my arse. Our bodies rubbing together, my tits pressed up against him. I could feel him throbbing against me, wanting me, wanting to do things to me! I felt him growing. His hands ripping off my top before grabbing his cock! He pulled it out! He threw me on the bed before finally he... I'm just kidding you. Can you seriously imagine him...? We just kissed. But, you know what, he wasn't too bad. Better than I expected. Good even, actually. Eventually. A little awkward and tentative to start with but he began to get into after a while. It was a bit like being back in school. Remember, with your first boyfriends or girlfriends, you'd spend literally minutes kissing and it felt like you'd done so much when really you haven't really done anything except a slightly more advanced version of what you did when your parents kissed you goodnight.

Who here remembers the name of their first kiss by the way, you don't need to call it out, just a show of hands. Everyone remembers their first. Ok, a little trickier now. Who remembers the name of *every* person they've kissed? Keep your hands up. Who remembers how many people they've kissed, the actual number, not a round abouts? So, we're not really all that different are we. Some of us, anyway. Dale. Dale McDermott. This geeky little twerp who fancied me in primary school. I just wanted to see what he'd do if I did it. Ran up to him, properly grabbed him and planted one on his lips then ran off again. He hit the floor like a sack of spuds. Apparently he hit his head and had to go to A&E, but that was just school gossip, who knows really.

Transition.

Gary is sat on the sofa bed. Krystal is in the kitchen area making herself another drink.

Krystal So be honest, was that your first kiss?

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Gary seems to just be staring off into the middle distance holding his glass of water.

Gary No. Erm...Selena French. Year 5 at St Mary's Primary School. Kiss chase in the courtyard. I didn't even know I was playing but she just ran up to me, grabbed me, I mean properly grabbed me, and just planted one on my lips.

Krystal Did she kiss you as her name suggests?

Gary Pardon?

Krystal French?

Gary We were only nine.

Krystal D'you want me to relieve you of your glass?

Gary I haven't quite finished.

Krystal It's empty.

Gary suddenly realises he's staring.

Gary Sorry, what did you say?

Krystal Your glass.

Gary Oh, yes, thank you.

Krystal takes the glass from him.

Krystal You alright?

Gary shakes his head.

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Gary I lied to you, Krystal.

Transition.

Krystal Lies aren't anything new. If anything, it's expected. It's unusual if they don't lie to be honest. I mean let's face it, if you were given the chance to be anyone you want to be, which is basically what this is all about really isn't it. Being whoever you want to be. Making your dreams come true. Even if it's just for an hour or two. Why would you be yourself? But I wasn't expecting him to say what he told me next.

Transition.

Gary I'm seeing someone.

Krystal Ok.

Gary And it's pretty serious.

Krystal Right.

Gary I just thought you should know.

Krystal Hey, I'm not here to judge. Plenty of the people I see are in a relationship. That's nothing new.

Gary It's just...

Krystal Hang on, does this mean you're not a virgin?

Gary Yes, I mean, no. Sort of.

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Krystal Well you either are or you're not. Either way, it doesn't really bother me. You can say what you want, you're paying for the time.

Gary It's just, I'm a virgin in terms of... I've never been with a woman.

Krystal Oh. Ok.

Gary I'm... gay.

Krystal Right.

Gary I think.

Beat.

You see, I've been gay all my life. I mean literally all my life. I first kissed, I mean, my actual first kiss, as in the first kiss I instigated was with a lad called Ethan Wallace. Twice actually. We were in primary together and he came round mine during the school holidays, and we were mucking around and like, kissed. And again, when we were about sixteen or something, we got drunk at a house party and we're laughing about the time we kissed when we were younger and so for a laugh we did it again, but this time it was a proper, full on, open mouth frenchy. Not like Selena.

Beat.

I mean, I already knew I was gay when we kissed that second time, well, both times, but he thought we were just having a laugh. He was always with Sarah Clarke, a girl from the year below us, but she watched us, so it's not like it was cheating or anything. They ended up getting married after college. Divorced now though. I've just always known. I've never done anything with a girl before.

Krystal Except Selena.

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Gary Yeah.

Krystal Ok. So when you say you're a virgin, you mean...

Gary Just with girls. Women. I've been with guys.

Krystal Many?

Gary A few. Not loads, but... I know what I'm doing.

Krystal So why are you here, Gary? What is it you really want?

Beat.

Gary Erm... Do you mind if I just take a minute? I'm just getting a bit... sorry.

Gary rushes outside of the caravan to try and catch his breath. Krystal stands at the door of the caravan and watches him.

Krystal You alright?

Gary No. I get like this. I don't really know why I'm here.

Krystal Come on, just take a second. Why have you come to me?

Beat.

Gary We thought it would be a good idea?

Krystal We?

Gary Daniel and me.

Krystal It's alright, just take a breath. You want another water or something.

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Gary No, I'll be alright. I just need...

Gary sits down on one of the camping chairs again. He looks up at the sky.

 You're right. You can see more stars without the moon.

Krystal steps out of the caravan and looks up.

Krystal Beautiful, isn't it? If you look behind you you'll see the big dipper.

Gary Ahh, I can never see those things.

Krystal The constellations? Look, just turn around. See that trapezium sort of shape there?

Gary The what?

Krystal The sort of square shape, over there?

Gary I think so?

Krystal And those three stars going up at an angle? That's the big dipper.

Gary Oh, ok.

Krystal People always say it looks like a saucepan or something, I dunno. And those three there, that's Orion's belt. That was the first constellation I learnt.

Gary starts to relax.

Gary I've never been with a woman before.

Krystal Ok.

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Gary But recently I've been thinking about it.

Krystal In what way?

Gary I mean, I've always liked women, I've always found women to be attractive. I'm not like one of these guys that thinks the whole sex with a woman thing is disgusting or anything, I've just... I love Daniel, but he thinks, we think, it might be a good idea for me to try it.

Krystal Why now?

Beat.

You don't have to tell me.

Gary We're getting married next year.

Krystal Congratulations.

Gary We haven't told anyone yet. It might change. The date I mean. It sort of depends on this.

Beat.

He booked us this fancy meal in town, it was lovely. Well, the atmosphere was lovely, the food actually wasn't all that great but, I mean, that's not his fault. He even wore a suit, and he never wears a suit. I kind of guessed something was up but I thought he'd planned us a holiday or something, or maybe he wanted us to get our first pet together. We both really like golden labs and we've always said we'd get a pair when we were ready. I thought we were ready. Then the next thing I know, the puddings arrived, and he'd only gone and arranged for the ring to be brought by the waiter. It was so sweet. Probably really cringey for anyone watching, but it was sweet, it really was. It just took me by surprise, and I

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think he could tell because he didn't seem all that happy with my response. I mean, "what the fuck is this?" probably isn't the response most people's give. Anyway, I said yes. I mean he didn't give me much choice really, asking me in a crowded restaurant. It would have been awful if I said no. I don't get why anyone would say "no" to a public proposal, I mean it's cruel. So I said yes. I had to. But he knew there was some form of caveat. He could see it in my face. He's great like that. We're great like that. We communicate so well without even saying a word. The whole restaurant clapped and whooped, and the waiter brought us some champagne. On the house. You could tell it wasn't the really fancy stuff, but I suppose it's the thought that counts isn't it? Neither of us said anything in the taxi but as soon as we got home he asked what was up and I couldn't lie to him. I've never been able to lie to him. He's just got one of those faces you can't lie to. It's almost like a child's, but a nice child, not one of those snotty, piggy faced ones. Like a nice one. One you don't want to lie to.

Transition.

Krystal This went on for some time so I'm just going to cut to the end bit. It's the only key bit really.

Transition.

Gary So we came to the conclusion that maybe I should try it with a woman before we get married. Just so I know. You know. Don't want to get married and then suddenly crave women and not even know whether or not I would like it. He's actually really supportive about the whole thing. It's me that's unsure. I keep putting it off. As you know.

Krystal But you do want to do it?

Gary Yeah. I just... I find it hard, or rather I find it difficult should I say to... you know, with someone I don't know. I've never been one of these one-night stand kinds of people. I need to feel a connection, even if it's specifically about not having a connection. Like this. I mean, no offence, but that's why we, Daniel

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and me, thought this would be the best way to do it. No connection, no feeling, just...sex. Transactional. Business. He knows what I'm like. At least this way, even if I started to get feelings for you, you won't reciprocate. I mean, why would you? I just need to do it once to know how it feels, but I know I won't be able to do it unless we build up to it, try a few things first. I might even decide before then that I don't want to try it.

Krystal How did it first happen with Daniel?

Gary I made him wait about three months before we went all the way. We'd done stuff before then, but it was just hand jobs and blow jobs and stuff. Mainly me doing it to him. But eventually I was able to let him do it to me. Then this one night, something just happened. I can't even really remember what it was. But he did something, and I just thought at that moment I had to have him. From then on, never had an issue. But I need that moment to happen otherwise I just don't get... I'm just not in the mood. Plus, I'm afraid that if we do it, you and I, whether I like it or not, I'll just feel guilty about doing it. And what if I do like it, then what?

Krystal *looks at her watch. Time is up.*

Krystal I think you need to talk more about this with Daniel.

Gary He knows all this. He says it's worth the risk. Do it now rather than find out further on down the line and it all get a bit...messy.

Krystal Well, try again.

Gary Maybe if I got some Viagra or something. We could definitely do it then.

Krystal That's certainly one way to do it, but I'm afraid...

Gary You can get it over the counter now. And online.

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Krystal Well, have a think about it, chat it through with Dan and we...

Gary Daniel. He hates Dan.

Krystal Daniel then. Then we can try again next time.

Gary He doesn't look like a Dan anyway. He's too... sweet looking. He's got a face...

Krystal Like a child. Yes.

Gary is not taking the hint to leave.

Gary Could we just try a kiss again. See if I feel anything.

Krystal Maybe next time.

Gary Next time?

Krystal I've got another...

Gary Another what?

Krystal Your times up. I've got another appointment.

Gary Oh. Sorry. I didn't realise. You should have said.

Krystal Next time. We'll see what's gonna be best for you.

Gary Ok. I'll book it when I get home. Same time work for you?

Krystal Yes. Yeah, that's fine. Please, though, if you wouldn't mind. I've really got to get ready.

Gary Oh. Yes. Of course. Sorry.

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Gary makes his way off. He looks back at Krystal.

You can just tell me to shut up by the way. I don't normally talk all that much with new people. I guess you make me feel at ease. Comfortable.

Krystal smiles.

Krystal See you next time.

Gary exits. As soon as he's out of site, Krystal, starts tidying up the caravan: making the bed, putting the mugs away. She pulls out a cooler of canned drinks. The cooler contains a variety of soft drinks and water. Krystal places the cooler between the two camping chairs at the front.

Transition.

I do hate a rush. I'm self-employed for a reason. I can stick to my own schedule, I don't have to answer to anyone, so as soon as someone starts fucking with my schedule I quickly start to lose my shit. Time is money, as they say. I can't be the only one like that. If I say something starts at seven, it fucking starts at seven alright? And if we say it's going to end at eight, it ends at eight. I was always one of those kids at school who would start to pack up three minutes before the bell, so I left on time. I hear some schools don't even use bells anymore.

Show of hands, who uses an alarm to wake you up? Do you snooze it though? Alarm set for six but don't get up till seven sort of thing? I can't do that. I set the alarm; I get up with that alarm. I have to. You do if you're your own boss. I have a very strict schedule otherwise I never get anything done. Up at eight. Tidy up anything left over from the night before - myself included. Only joking, I shower before bed. Breakfast at eight-thirty. Nine o'clock, time to work. I check over my day in my diary, see how many orders have come through overnight, (*she picks up some women's knickers from a dirty clothes basket and puts them in envelopes*) package up anything that needs packing, put on

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anything that needs putting on for orders. Then create some content for online, I won't show you that just now. I get a lot of special request stuff every now and then which is nice, means I'm obviously doing something right, and it pays more. Then, if I've got a gap in the evening I might do some live stuff. Evenings and nights vary from day to day. I've got regulars, you know. Clive's nice. Tuesday evenings, seven-thirty. He's a young widow, fifties I think. He just gets lonely, and I think Tuesday used to be his regular night with his wife. Then there's the three Ms: Matt, Matty and Matthew. They're all Friday night. One after the other. Completely unrelated, names just a coincidence. I think anyway. Then there are semi-regulars. Once a fortnight or once a month-ers. Occasionals and of course one-offs and new clients. I usually try and have Sundays and Mondays off for general admin but depending on how the month is going I might take the odd bit of work here and there. It is a full-time job doing this.

Krystal opens the cooler and makes it clear to the audience what is inside.

Anyone want a drink by the way? It's just soft drinks. I don't keep alcohol in. Obvious potential issues. Well, I say obvious, it wasn't always obvious. But hey, you live and learn I guess. Seriously though, anyone want one?

Krystal hands some drinks out to people. One of whom she invites to sit in one of the camping chairs.

Is that comfortable enough for you? Are you alright there? I'm just going to quickly grab something.

Krystal goes back inside the caravan, leaving the audience member in the chair.

I'll just be a second!

Transition.

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Gary enters but freezes as soon as he sees the person in the camping chair. Gary looks at his watch then back at the other person. Gary walks off for a moment before returning, still confused. He offers a hand to the other person to shake.

Gary Hello. Gary.

The audience member may or may not reply.

I thought I must have been early, but I'm not. Not really. Just a couple of minutes. Is she...? Do you mind if I just sit and wait with you? I don't want to intrude if...

Gary sits in the second camping chair.

Is it just you here? There someone else in with her I mean or have you just...?

The audience member may or may not reply.

Sorry. I shouldn't ask. None of my business. Sorry.

Beat.

Lovely night. Not too cold. Or too warm. Just right. What is it you're drinking?

Krystal walks out of caravan and sees the two clients together.

Krystal Sorry about that, I just had to find a card with the correct details on. Oh...erm.
Sorry, you're early?

Gary Only five minutes.

Krystal I'm sorry about this. Here, drop me a message and we'll arrange another appointment.

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Krystal *ushers off the audience member. Gary tries to shake hands with them again before they go. Gary remains in his chair*

Gary They seemed nice. Chatty.

Krystal *sits in the other camping chair and chooses a drink from the cooler.*

 New regular?

Krystal Why do you still come here, Gary?

Gary What do you mean? You know why.

Krystal It's been three months.

Beat.

 Aside from the occasional kissing session we haven't done anything more to see if you're interested in sex with a women. I'm not trying to turn you away or anything, I'd just like to know where this is going? Which seems like an odd question under the circumstances I know, but, c'mon. Don't we know each other enough yet for you to get over your little shyness problem?

Gary I... I don't know. You're kind of putting me on the spot. I don't know.

Krystal Well, let's find out shall we.

Krystal *moves quickly to climb on top of Gary. Krystal kisses Gary passionately, taking him by surprise before he gives in. Krystal stops and slowly pulls her face away from Gary's.*

Krystal That seems to have started something

Gary *nods his heads, a little embarrassed.*

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Gary I can't promise it'll last though.

Krystal Then let's not waste our chance.

Krystal repositions herself so that her hand is down Gary's trousers. She begins to work.

Krystal How's that?

Gary nods, his breathing now becoming erratic.

 That's it. C'mon. Come on.

Gary's face starts to look different, as if he is concentrating a lot.

 Think of something. Think of something that turns you on. Think of something that gets you off. Daniel. An ex. Your favourite porn. C'mon!

Gary's face continues to look uncomfortably focused before he seems to give up.

Gary Daniel. On the first night we did it.

Krystal Yeah. Describe it to me.

Gary We'd just come in from a night out and he... he looked amazing. He was wearing... [Gary begins describing a member of the audience: their clothes, their hair, their eyes, etc. in as much detail as possible.] He looked me in the eye and... and....

Krystal Yes?

Gary It's gone. I'm sorry.

Krystal carries on for a second.

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Krystal Stay with me. C'mon, think of all that hard cock you've had in you.

Gary takes a gentle hold of Krystal's wrist, stopping her.

Gary It's too late.

Krystal retrieves her hand and, deflated, sits in the other camping chair.

Gary Sorry.

Krystal What are you apologising for? I'm the one that failed to get you there.

Gary There was just too much pressure.

Krystal There's no pressure. I was just trying to be more spontaneous - even less pressure really.

Gary Not for me. I've had no chance to prepare myself for what might happen. Then as it happens I was wondering how far it's going to go. Then I worry that maybe it will go further but I'll lose it. Then once I start to think I'm gonna lose it that's all I can think about and then...

Krystal You lose it.

Gary Yeah.

Transition.

Krystal You know what, I've got to say I was pleasantly surprised by his honesty. I mean let's face it, how many men would admit they struggle to get it up or have ever struggled. Most men would say they haven't. Or no comment of course.

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Have you ever struggled to get it up with someone sir? (*She doesn't give time for a response.*) See, no response, men don't like that question, or rather, they don't like the truth behind the answer to that question.

You see the problem with Gary was this block he had if he didn't know you well enough. We were coming up to sixth months now. What more did he need to know? Tell you what, credit to Daniel. I don't think I would let my other half see someone like me for six months. I dread to think how much this has put the wedding back, if it's even still going ahead. How much longer was it gonna take to get to know me. I asked him.

Transition.

How much longer is it gonna take to get to know me?

Transition.

He couldn't tell me. I mean you don't know do you. But if it was me in his shoes, I think I would have just decided by now that maybe I was just gay instead, right?

I made a suggestion for his next visit. That we just talk. Back to step one, but this time with a specific topic of conversation. Has anyone here heard of the 36 questions?

If someone says yes then Krystal can engage them in conversation to see how much they know.

Well, there are these 36 questions right which, if discussed with a partner, is meant to create a really close and intimate bond between you. Nothing too fancy, it's just meant to be an exercise to get to know someone essentially. *The Experimental Generation of Interpersonal Closeness: A Procedure and Some Preliminary Findings* accredited to Dr Arthur Aron and his colleagues. An experiment on interpersonal closeness through this set of questions. For those

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non academics in here, it was also in Cosmo last year, snappily titled 36 Questions to Fall in Love, and probably featured a dozen times before that.

Transition.

The two camping chairs are now positioned to be facing one another. Gary is sitting on one holding a piece of paper. Krystal is getting herself a drink from inside the caravan before coming out to join Gary, sitting in the opposite chair.

Gary So what do we do?

Krystal Just work our way through the questions. You ask a question and we both answer, then I ask a question which we both answer, until we've both answered all 36. We've got to be honest though.

Gary And then what?

Krystal Well, then you know me. And I know you. It might just sort our little problem out.

Gary Oh. Ok.

Krystal Unless you don't want to sort it out?

Gary No, no. I do.

Silence for a moment.

Krystal How's Daniel doing? You haven't mentioned him for a few weeks.

Gary He's fine.

Krystal Yeah?

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Gary We've started having fights recently.

Beat.

 He wants to know why I keep coming here.

Transition.

Krystal I told you.

Transition.

Gary He says either you and I haven't done it yet, in which case why haven't I just decided I'm gay so we can get on with the wedding. Or we have done it and I just keep coming back for more, in which case we should end it.

Krystal What did you say?

Gary I said I still didn't know.

Beat.

 I'm not sure how much longer he's going to wait. We still haven't even told anyone we're engaged. He's even stopped asking me about possible dates.

Krystal Do you want to leave it for tonight.

Gary No, no. You've gone to all this trouble.

Krystal I've only printed off some questions.

Gary There's only another argument waiting for me at home. I'd rather be here to be honest.

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Krystal Ok.

Gary So who goes first?

Krystal You go.

Gary Ok. Set 1 slip 1. Actually, before we start, there is one thing I'd like to ask.

Krystal Yeah?

Gary Krystal? Is that really your name?

Krystal It's how I like to be referred to.

Gary But were you born Krystal?

Krystal Are any of us born...

Gary Never mind. I just wondered that was all. It doesn't matter. Set 1, slip 1...

Krystal Edith.

Gary What?

Krystal My mum called me Edith. After Edith Piaf.

Gary As in *No Regrets* lady?

Krystal Yes. Ironic, right?

Gary Edith.

Krystal Don't.

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Gary I think it suits...

Krystal No it doesn't. And it's not the name I chose at birth, and it's not the name I choose now, alright?

Gary Ok.

Krystal Start us off then.

Gary Ok. Slip 1: Given the choice of anyone in the world, whom would you want as a dinner guest?

Pause.

Krystal Now, you answer first since you asked the question, then I'll answer.

Gary Oh, erm... Is it living or dead?

Krystal Try not to over think it. Just go for, first name in your head.

Gary My grandmother. Before she got ill. She's dead now, but I'd love to have one more meal with her. Hear her stories and her laugh.

Krystal That's nice

Gary Thank you. You?

Krystal Jack the Ripper.

Gary Why?!

Krystal Firstly, I think it would be cool to finally know for definite who he was and secondly, he killed a load of my sisters. I think they deserve some vengeance.

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Gary Fair enough.

Krystal Slip 2: Would you like to be famous? If so, in what way?

Beat.

Gary Is it me first?

Krystal No, I was just thinking. I don't think I would. I would like to be successful, but not famous.

Gary Successful at what?

Krystal This. I enjoy my job. I know it's not everyone's ideal career, but I enjoy it and it makes me money. I'd love to be one of those girls you see on TikTok or The Sun online or whatever saying they quit their job now they earn half a million a week by selling pictures of themselves doing something stupid in lingerie. I'd like to be earning that much, but I think my days of getting that much, with this body are long gone. Fame just comes with too many add-ons, like losing your anonymity and stuff. Nah, just money and recognition is enough for me.

Gary I'd love to be famous.

Krystal Yeah?

Gary Yeah. Have people around you all the time. Telling you you're great and congratulating you on everything you do.

Krystal But what would you do?

Gary Erm... I don't really know I guess. Can't really get famous by working at the council can you? Maybe a model? I know I couldn't be one, but if we're playing hypotheticals, why not?

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Transition.

Krystal You get the gist. I'm not going to show you all 36 questions, but I just wanted to share a few of the key ones with you.

Transition.

Time moves forward.

Krystal Slip 8: Name three things you and your partner appear to have in common.

Gary Shit.

Krystal It's not that hard. We both like cock.

This makes Gary laugh.

What else? Neither of us particularly drink. And...we both want to discover who we are.

Gary You know who you are.

Krystal Do I?

Gary Don't you?

Krystal I dunno. I still feel like I'm not exactly, not to sound all mushy, but I'm not really whole. I still feel like there's something missing.

Gary Well you don't show it.

Krystal Thank you. C'mon, your go. What do we have in common?

Gary We...both...enjoy sex?

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Krystal Yes.

Gary We...this is tricky.

Krystal You've been coming here six months and you can't think of three things we have in common? After all this talking.

Gary Oh, I know! We both like the idea of living off grid! I just don't have the balls to actually do it.

Krystal Ok. And a third?

Gary We both like looking up at the night sky.

This makes Krystal smile.

Time moves forward.

Slip 13: If a crystal ball could tell you the truth about yourself, your life, the future, or anything else, what would you want to know? Do we ever get married.

Time moves forward.

Probably a Christmas when I was young, we used to always have the whole family round and open presents and eat lots of food and play games. It was everything you think Christmas should be really. How about you? What is your most treasured memory?

Krystal *thinks for a minute.*

Krystal When I was five, my neighbour used to take me out over to the green at the edge of town so we could see the stars. Too much light pollution in the town itself so we had to drive out a little bit. One night he said he had something to

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show me and when we pulled up he opened the boot of his car and in there he had this telescope. It looked absolutely massive, but I'm probably just remembering it that way. That was the first time I properly saw a planet. We looked round the whole sky and he taught me... that's when I learnt the constellations. At the end of the night, when he dropped me back off at home, he gave me the telescope. Said it was mine. He said he was moving away and wouldn't have any space for it and knew it would go to good use with me.

Gary That's amazing! Do you still have it?

Krystal No.

Gary What happened to it?

Krystal My mum smashed it up.

Gary What? Why?

Krystal Let's just move onto the next question. Is it my go?

Time moves forward.

Slip 20: What does friendship mean to you? Trust.

Gary That all?

Krystal If you have trust, what more do you need?

Gary I guess so. I mean I still want trust, but I also need a sense of humour, good conversation, likes going out for meals or coming and going round each other's houses to chill.

Krystal You make it sound like you want a date with everyone you know.

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Gary I just wanna know we have things in common and will deffo get on.

Krystal 'Deffo get on'?

Gary What? I'm street.

They both laugh.

Time moves forward.

Krystal 24: How do you feel about your relationship with your mother?

Beat.

(Negatively.) Fine.

Gary *(Positively.)* Fine.

Time moves forward.

Krystal Complete this sentence: "I wish I had someone with whom I could share..." my life, I guess.

Gary Yeah?

Krystal Yeah. I know this career doesn't scream girlfriend material, but I'd like to meet someone someday who gets me and wants to be with me. I'd probably stop meeting up with and actually having sex with guys, but I could still do the internet stuff. I just need to find someone who gets me and will let me be who I want to be.

Gary I get you.

Krystal Thanks. How about you?

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Gary I wish I had someone with whom I could share... everything.

Krystal Everything?

Gary Yeah, everything. All my secrets and worries and fears and dreams and...well, everything.

Time moves forward.

Gary If you were to die this evening with no opportunity to communicate with anyone, what would you most regret not having told someone? Why haven't you told them yet?

Beat.

I'm not sure if I want to get married. Not yet.

Krystal Cause of the sex thing?

Gary Yeah. But I dunno. I do love him but I'm not sure yet if it's definitely what I want. I dunno. I think I'm still a bit...old fashioned.

Krystal What do you mean?

Gary Well, look, I know gay marriage is a huge thing and it was amazing when the vote came through saying we could get properly married like any hetero couple, but I still don't feel I want to do it.

Krystal So what, a civil partnership instead?

Gary Yeah, I don't see why not. It's practically the same thing, just without all the fuss.

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Krystal You realise you can do the wedding without all the fuss.

Gary Tell Daniel that. How about you?

Krystal I don't really have anyone left to tell anything. Don't really have too many friends. All my family are dead. Except my mum.

Gary Where's she?

Krystal In a home on the other side of the country.

Gary Does she know what you do?

Krystal No. I tell her I run an online shop selling second hand stuff.

Gary Not a complete lie.

Krystal Exactly! Not that she knows what I mean when I say online shop.

Gary Do you ever see her?

Krystal No. I send her a Christmas card. Never get one in return.

Gary Can I ask why? Cause of the telescope?

Krystal She was never a nice woman. Devout catholic. Her and Dad would be up all night arguing about stupid things.

Gary Oh, ok.

Krystal Catching me having sex in Dad's shed with a married man didn't help our relationship either.

Gary Wow.

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Krystal Yeah, it all sort of went downhill from there.

Time moves forward.

Slip 36: Share a personal problem and ask your partner's advice on how they might handle it. Also, ask your partner to reflect back to you how you seem to be feeling about the problem you have chosen.

Gary Wow.

Krystal Yeah. It's the big one.

Transition.

You don't need to hear that. His problem was obvious. Sex, identity, marriage, nothing we haven't covered already. My personal problem, well, you weren't there so you don't get to know. The final part of the experiment is sustained eye contact. You look into each other's eyes for four minutes.

Transition.

Krystal and Gary look into each other's eyes. This can last anything up to four minutes but can be shorter. At the end of this time Gary kisses Krystal. Krystal takes Gary by the hand and leads him into the caravan. She turns the lights off and they undress each other. They climb into bed and have sex. Krystal is clearly in charge of the situation, but there is still a gentle and tender quality to the act. It is not romantic, but more than simply platonic. It is affectionate and intimate, but not heated. It is unclear if they both climax or when it happens. They both relax and lay next to each other.

Transition.

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Krystal *climbs out of the bed as if trying not to disturb Gary and puts some form of clothing on to cover up. This is more due to it being cold rather than any feeling of modesty. During this speech we see Gary dress himself and walk out of the caravan as if avoiding Krystal.*

Krystal So, that happened. It only took him, what, just over six months? Longer than him and Daniel, shorter than a Victorian engagement. Be honest, who thought we'd actually even get to this stage? (*If members of the audience don't raise their hands, ask why not.*) And you know what, he actually wasn't that bad to be fair. I mean I've certainly had worse, that's for sure.

I thought those questions might have helped him along. If it's a connection he wants, what better way to learn about each other than by asking plenty of questions. In fact, before we move on, does anyone here have any questions? I don't mind, I'm an open book me. Anyone?

When we finished we both got dressed and he left. It was the first time he ever left without saying he would book another visit. Now don't get me wrong, I know the whole point of the visits was for him to build up to having sex, but I was surprised how cold he became. Almost instantly. And he didn't book again. I half expected to get a booking or something saying he wanted to meet but... I'm not bothered. Just surprised. I just got used to our evenings of chatting and what not. Actually, I tell a lie, I did get one thing. Just over a week after we had sex I got a package.

Krystal *runs inside and grabs a book from under her pillow. She comes back out with it. It's a copy of 'Turn Left at Orion'.*

This arrived. No note or anything but I can only think it was from Gary. It's a guidebook for the stars and the night sky. Just a little something to say thank you I guess. I've never been given a gift before from a client. It's sweet.

A year went by. Nothing much changed. Gained some new customers, lost some others. The three Ms became two as Matt moved away to work in the city. Oh, and Clive met a new lady. He booked one last visit just to let me know,

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which was sweet. He showed me a picture. Susan, I think he said her name was. Looked like a bit of a God botherer, but if it's what keeps him happy.

I've got a new guy, started about four weeks ago maybe. Says his name's Kian, but there's something about him... I don't know. I'm just always a little on edge when he's here. I don't think he's drunk when he comes round but he certainly doesn't *not* smell of booze. And he clearly smokes. I can smell it on his hair when he climbs on stop of me. And he's not gentle. I dunno.

Krystal begins to apply purple make up to one of her eyes as she speaks.

Then I got a message through. A booking. Gary. It took me by surprise. I didn't know what to think. Had the marriage not gone ahead, or had it broken down? Had he started to think about women and begun wanting sex like he was worried about? It was the same day and time as he always had before. And as he always had been before, he was early.

Transition.

Gary enters, looks at his watch, looks at the caravan door, then moves to sit in his usual camping chair. Krystal pops her head around the door.

Krystal I knew you'd be early.

Krystal steps out of the caravan and approaches Gary who stands up to greet her. He notices her black eye.

Gary What happened?

Krystal New client. It's alright, he won't be coming back. Every job has it's drawbacks.

Gary Have you been to the hospital?

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Krystal Nah, don't be soft. I put some peas on it. It'll be fine. It's better than it was. Anyway, what are you doing here?

Gary I wanted to see you.

Krystal I gathered that much.

Gary I wanted to apologise.

Krystal For what?

Gary For ending things like I did.

Krystal Hey, it's fine. It's not like we were together or anything. You came for sex. You got it. Why hang around?

Gary We were friends.

Silence.

Krystal doesn't know how to respond but looks as if she's about to cry. She turns to hide her face.

Krystal You want a drink or anything?

Gary I didn't mean for things to end that way. I should have contacted you.

Krystal I've got squashes, tea, coffee. You know, the usual.

Gary When I went home that night I told Daniel what had happened. I told him we'd had sex and that I did find women attractive, that I knew I was bi, but that I also knew that I didn't want to be with anyone else but him. We started planning the wedding but then I couldn't think of another reason to tell him why I wanted to

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see you. I tried, but he would have thought I was still coming for sex or that I was developing feelings for you.

Krystal Were you?

Gary Was I what?

Krystal Developing feelings?

Gary Yes.

Krystal Ok. So it's probably best you didn't then in case you suddenly fell madly in love with me or something.

Gary They weren't those feelings. I liked you. I liked your company. I wanted to spend time with you as a friend.

Beat.

Krystal I'd have liked that.

Beat.

Gary Did you get the book?

Krystal Yes.

Gary I was gonna put a note with it to try and explain but I didn't know what to write.

Krystal I knew it was from you. Thank you.

Gary I wanted to invite you to the wedding.

Krystal That would have been nice.

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Gary But wasn't sure how Daniel would have felt about it.

Krystal No, of course.

Beat.

Gary I'm sorry.

Beat.

Krystal So how long have you been married now?

Gary Six months next week.

Krystal Wow. Didn't waste too much time planning everything then. And are you properly married then, or did you go civil partnership?

Gary No, properly married. I told him how I felt, and he understood but he really wanted to do the proper suited and booted wedding thing. I said alright, but I only wanted something small so that's what we did.

Krystal Compromise.

Gary It's what it's all about now. Are you sure that eye's alright?

Krystal Yeah, trust me, it looks worse than it is.

Beat.

Gary I've thought about you a lot over the past year.

Krystal Yeah?

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Gary Every time I've watched the stars it makes me think of you. I've actually taken up a bit of star gazing myself recently. Daniel said I needed a hobby. Get me out more. Even got my own little telescope.

Krystal Does Daniel know you're here tonight?

Pause.

What did you tell him?

Gary Astronomy club.

Krystal Astronomy club?

Gary I didn't know what else to say.

Krystal Could just say you were coming to see a friend?

Gary Then he'd ask who and then that's just a load more questions I'm not ready for.

Krystal Ok.

Beat.

Well, I suppose you've booked the hour now, so we'll have to get on with it.

Gary What's up?

Krystal Nothing. What do you actually want to do then? Are we just talking, star gazing or do you want to fuck again?

Gary Krystal?

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Krystal What? You're the one who just spent the last five minutes saying how much you thought we were friends after just leaving without saying goodbye and now are too scared to tell your husband that you've come to see me and that you've lied to him, so which is it? Are we friends or are you a customer cause I need to know how we're doing this now.

Gary I...

Krystal In fact, wait here.

Krystal goes to the toilet cistern and gets the money out. She takes out a few notes, returns the toilet back to how it was, and then goes back to Gary.

Here. Here's a refund for tonight. I forgot. I've got to get a load of stuff ready for the post tomorrow morning.

Gary Krystal.

Krystal Sorry, I really should have blocked it out on my calendar. It's my fault. Don't worry about it.

Gary I'll book for another time then.

Krystal I'm really busy at the moment. I'll have to see.

Krystal makes her way back into the caravan, leaving Gary alone.

Gary I'll see you soon.

Gary waits for a moment then leaves. After a moment Krystal comes back out looking after him.

Transition.

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Krystal *approaches members of the audience.*

Krystal Excuse me, could you just help me for a second? Could you just turn those chairs over for me please. And would you mind just popping inside and ripping those off and flipping that over onto its side. Thank you. And would you mind just sticking some of this tape over that for me please.

Members of the audience rearrange the set as instructed. As they do this, Krystal applies more make up to her face and arms as if bruised.

Thank you. You can return to your seats now.

The caravan now appears wrecked as if a fight has occurred or it has been broken into.

Transition.

Krystal is sitting on the step of the caravan with pieces of furniture and broken items all around her. The bed sheets have been torn off the bed. The pillows are on the floor. The toilet cistern has been removed. She has clearly been crying. She appears broken. She gets out her mobile phone and tries to call someone. They don't answer. She starts to leave a message...

Krystal It's me. Could you...

...but hangs up before finishing. She waits a minute then send a text instead.

Transition.

Krystal approaches the audience as she has done before as if about to speak but stops. She goes inside the caravan and pulls out a bottle of whiskey which has been hidden somewhere. She drinks from the bottle.

Transition.

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Krystal *returns to sitting on the step of the caravan with the whiskey bottle. After a short time Gary appears.*

Gary Oh Christ! What happened? Are you alright?

Krystal I knew I didn't trust him. I knew he was a badd'un but I thought I'd be alright.

Gary Who? Have you called police?

Krystal *shakes her head. Gary gets out his phone and starts dialling but she stops him.*

Krystal It's a waste of time. They never come.

Gary At least let me phone an ambulance then? You need to be seen by a doctor.

Krystal Could you take me?

Gary Of course.

Gary *tries to help Krystal up, but she resists.*

Krystal Just give me a minute.

He looks around at the carnage before him.

You know you didn't need to book to see me. I wanted to help you. I wanted to help you be who you wanted to be. I thought I helped. I wanted to help. And then you just stopped coming. I thought you might have messaged or something. I thought about you. About you and Daniel. I wondered if you ever got married. I tried looking for you online but you never seemed to show up. Then, one day I searched for Daniel. And after scrolling through pages, and I mean pages, of Daniels, there you were. A picture of two men dressed up in suits with confetti above their heads, one with this sweet childlike face and then the other one looking like you. Looking just like you but the tag was for Justin.

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All the comments saying congratulations Daniel and Justin, Best wishes Daniel and Justin. Such a beautiful day Daniel and Justin!

I know I'm not exactly in the business for customers to tell the truth to me and I don't mind that. People come, people fuck, people go. I don't get attached. I don't get emotional. But you were my friend! I've spent more hours talking with you than any other person I have ever met! You know me. You know me more than anyone else. And I thought I knew you.

Where does Daniel think you are? Where does he think you are right now?

Silence.

Ok.

Gary Krystal...

Krystal It's fine. Don't worry about it.

Krystal tries to get herself up off the caravan step.

Justin I'm Justin Barker-Smith. Double barrelled cause of the wedding. I live in a two up two down terraced house, barely big enough to swing a cat. I live with my husband Daniel and our hamster, Gerald. We wanted a dog but thought we'd work up to that level of responsibility as I don't work well with big changes. I do work at the local council. I'm actually the secretary to the local MP, only concerning local constituency stuff though. Nothing exciting. I suffer big time with panic attacks and don't do well when put on the spot. I don't have many friends but those I do have I would move the Earth for. I love my husband more than anything in the world. And I would be honoured if you would let me introduce you to him.

Krystal looks on the verge of tears.

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Krystal I think I'd like that.

Justin *smiles*.

Justin Let's get you looked at first.

Krystal *nods*. Justin *helps her up and they both leave*.

Transition.

Justin *appears and starts to tidying everything up*.

Justin I've got something to tell you. And I want you to hear me out. I want you to let me finish speaking and telling you everything before you respond. Before you flip out, or get angry and whatever, I just need you to let me say this because it's important, ok?

I've been seeing Krystal again. She's currently in hospital with a fractured wrist, a broken nose and... God knows what else. She was attacked by one of her clients the other day and she called me for help, so I took her to the hospital to get looked at.

I went to see her a few weeks ago as well. When I told you I was starting that Astronomy class. I was seeing her. I wanted to see her again. It wasn't what you think though, I wasn't going for sex I just... I miss her. For the past year, I've been thinking about her. Thinking about everything we did together, all the late night talks and... I miss her. I don't think I've ever met anyone like her who I felt such a connection with. Except you of course, but this is different, this isn't about that. This isn't about what she does, or anything like that. She's... she's a friend.

I was seeing her every week, sometimes more than once, for over six months. We got to know each other. We cared for each other. And I just cut her out of

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my life to be with you. I'm not saying any of this is your fault, it's not that, I just didn't know how to bring this up then so I'm bringing it up now.

I want to keep seeing her. I want you to see her, to meet her. I want you to like her because... well because I like her. She's a friend.

And I know what you're thinking. I know it might be weird for you knowing that we became friends because I was trying to sleep with her but that was your idea, that was both of us, both our ideas to try and find a woman for me to sleep with but, you know, that's in the past. I did. You know I did. And that's fine because that helped. That helped me know who I am and helped me know who I want to be and to be with. You. So really if you think about it, if I hadn't slept with Krystal then we wouldn't be here today. Like this. Husband and husband. So please, please say you'll meet her. She wants to meet you.

Oh, and before you answer, there's just one other thing...

The caravan is almost back to normal now. There is tape on some of the walls and windows where things were damaged, but all furniture is back how it was.

Transition.

Krystal appears with Justin helping her walk. She looks around at her belongings.

Krystal You didn't have to tidy up.

Justin It's fine. I didn't mind.

Krystal Thank you.

Justin Do you want a drink. I'm afraid I haven't got any fresh stuff in for you cause, well, I didn't really know what you normally had in. There's still some tea and things in the cupboard though.

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Krystal I'm fine. Thank you.

Krystal *looks around the space.*

Justin I spoke to Daniel.

Krystal *doesn't really respond. She is distracted by everything around her.*

I told him about you.

Krystal What did he say?

Justin He was fine. He actually thinks it's a good thing that I've been seeing you. Making sure you're alright at the hospital but also it's been good for me. To have someone to talk to.

Krystal Good.

Justin He also suggested that maybe you should stay with us for a bit.

Krystal What?

Justin Yeah.

Krystal I couldn't do that. That's just ridiculous.

Justin Is it?

Beat.

You can't stay here. Not now at least. You can barely walk, from the bed to the toilet. The door doesn't even close properly. And what if he comes back?

Krystal He won't come back. They never do after this.

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Justin Well, either way. You're not exactly in a fit state to work just yet. Not face to face at least. Why couldn't you stay with us?

Krystal Wouldn't it just be a bit weird? For Daniel at least.

Justin It was his idea.

Krystal You don't like change. You said it yourself.

Justin It's worth it.

Krystal I don't know.

Justin You're my friend.

Beat.

 You helped *me* once.

Krystal *just nods her head agreeingly.*

Transition.

During this transition Justin packs up some of Krystal's things into a suitcase.

Krystal So I think this is where I showed you at the start. Just the two of us, alone in my caravan, my home. I want to thank you all for listening to my story tonight. For helping me tell it. For letting me share my life with you and for sharing yours with me in return. I can't say there's a simple message or clear moral to this story, but it's mine and I own that.

Justin It's time for us to go.

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Krystal Ok, just give me a minute.

Transition.

Gary and Krystal are standing in the caravan. They are looking at each other, both feel a mix of emotions, panic, excitement, nervousness, and fear. They stand in silence for a moment, just staring at each other. She has two suitcases beside her.

Justin Are you sure you want to do this?

Krystal Every damn thing you do in this life, you have to pay for.

The lights blow and they are left in darkness.