

As It Is in Heaven

Arlene Hutton

Dramatic

IZZY: 10 to 15; she is the youngest of the three and was orphaned as a baby.

FANNY: 10 to 15; she is escaping an abusive home situation.

POLLY: 10 to 15; she previously worked at a “fancy house” in Louisville before being rescued.

The setting is 1838 and takes place at Pleasant Hill, a Shaker community in Kentucky. IZZY, orphaned as a baby, has been raised by the Shaker sisters and is the youngest of the three friends. POLLY was working at a “fancy house” in Louisville when she was rescued and brought to the village. FANNY, a newcomer escaping an abusive home situation, wants to fit in with the community but is trying to understand the spiritual manifestations she is experiencing. The scene is outdoors, near the village. IZZY sees FANNY, who keeps moving around the stage as if she were walking on a trail through the woods, stepping over imaginary rocks and logs and crossing a small stream.

IZZY: Fanny! [No answer. IZZY follows FANNY.] Fanny! [IZZY catches up to FANNY. FANNY walks a while, IZZY behind.]

FANNY: Don't you have chores?

IZZY: Finished. Fed the chickens. I can come with you.

FANNY: I don't recollect inviting you.

IZZY: I want to see . . . see the . . .

[FANNY turns to face IZZY.]

FANNY: See what? What is it you want to see?

IZZY: What you've been seeing.

FANNY: I've been seeing blueberries. And I aim to pick us some. Gonna spoil that nice white apron o'yours if you come pickin' blueberries with me.

[IZZY turns to go as POLLY runs on stage.]

POLLY: [To FANNY.] Was looking for you.

FANNY: Getting to be a party now, Polly.

IZZY: [To POLLY.] Fanny's going to pick blueberries.

POLLY: Too early for blueberries.

FANNY: Found some early ones.

IZZY: Early ones'll be sour.

POLLY: She's going out past the meadow.

IZZY: [To FANNY.] You said you were going berry picking.

POLLY: Where's her pail, then?

IZZY: You don't have a pail!

[*Beat.*]

FANNY: Just wanted to be alone. Not used to spending every waking minute someone by my side. Just like to go sit and look at the trees sometimes.

IZZY: I won't bother you. I won't even talk to you.

POLLY: You're seeing something in the trees.

FANNY: [*Starting to leave.*] Sure, I am. Birds. I'm seeing birds in the trees. And squirrels.

[*POLLY is following FANNY throughout the following dialogue. IZZY tags along.*]

IZZY: Are there baby squirrels? Funny how you never see baby squirrels. Baby birds. You see them. Once I found a baby bird fallen out of its nest. I put it back.

POLLY: It died.

IZZY: How do you know? I put it back.

POLLY: Mama bird won't touch a young'un after a person's handled it.

IZZY: Maybe it didn't die.

POLLY: Won't touch it once it's tainted with a human smell. Momma bird won't have anything t'do with it.

FANNY: You saved it, Izzy. You saved its life.

[*They keep walking.*]

IZZY: Once I found a hummingbird caught in a spider web. I pulled that spider web off it. Flew off, happy as could be. Aren't hummingbirds the most beautiful thing? Little spirits flying around. Little angels, almost.

POLLY: Fanny sees angels. You told me you did. Unless it was a false gift.

FANNY: Weren't false. Ain't no false gift.

POLLY: If you're seeing something, then show us. I think it's a lying gift. I don't believe in spirits and angels nohow.

IZZY: Mother Ann saw spirits.

POLLY: She's making it up. She's lying.

[*FANNY stops and stares westward.*]

IZZY: [*To FANNY.*] Are you making it up?

POLLY: She's making it up. I'm going back. I'm hungry.

FANNY: There's berries over there.

POLLY: Too early for berries.

[*IZZY sees the berries.*]

IZZY: Those are the biggest blueberries I ever saw. Don't see any squirrels or birds. Sure is quiet here.

POLLY: There it is!

[*POLLY "gooses" IZZY, who squeals.*]

IZZY: Where?

POLLY: Sun's about to set. There's nothing here.

FANNY: Over there.

POLLY: Where?

FANNY: There.

[**FANNY** *points.*]

IZZY: Where?

POLLY: An angel?

FANNY: Don't know.

IZZY: I should be getting back.

POLLY: You scared?

FANNY: Thought you wanted to see.

IZZY: I do.

[**FANNY** *suddenly stops.*]

FANNY: Then look.

IZZY: Don't see anything. Where am I supposed to look?

POLLY: It's getting warmer. Should be getting cooler, but it's getting warmer.

FANNY: Hush.

POLLY: What do you see?

FANNY: Hush.

IZZY: I'm scared.

FANNY: [*Whispering.*] Don't be scared, Izzy. It's the most beautiful thing you ever did see.

IZZY: [*Whispering back.*] More beautiful than a hummingbird?

FANNY: Like a hundred hummingbirds all at once.

[**FANNY** *holds out her arms.*]

IZZY: Ohhhh. [**FANNY** *closes her eyes. IZZY and POLLY look skyward.*] Ohhh, I see light.

FANNY: Hush.

POLLY: Where? [**FANNY** *stands and faces the light as if it were sunlight streaming on her face after a long dark winter.*] What do you see?

IZZY: So beautiful!

POLLY: Don't see anything except the pink clouds!

IZZY: The light!

POLLY: It's the sunset, silly.

IZZY: I hear the wings! Like a hundred hummingbirds! Oh, oh, oh . . .

POLLY: Just the breeze, Izzy. Just a warm breeze rustling though the trees.

[**POLLY** *shakes Izzy, who continues to look all around.*]

IZZY: Gold. All gold.

POLLY: Where?

FANNY: What do you hear, Izzy?

IZZY: Music? Singing? Sounds like I never heard before.

POLLY: [*Shouting.*] You're making it up! It's just a sunset.

FANNY: Look at the clouds, Polly.

POLLY: You're making it up!

FANNY: Look at the clouds!

POLLY: [*Covering her face.*] No.

FANNY: Does that look like any sunset you've ever seen before?

POLLY: [*In denial.*] No.

IZZY: Like a thousand hummingbirds!

[*IZZY and FANNY run off. POLLY runs in the opposite direction.*]

Augusta and Noble

Carlos Murillo

Dramatic

RICARDO: 13

GABI: 13

Afternoon. A grassy lot with a view of the Chicago skyline. RICARDO appears with his backpack. GABI has been kicking a soccer ball around with her brother, Jesus, but he's left. In this, the final scene of the play, GABI tells RICARDO the true story of her origins and her parents' barrowing immigration to America.

RICARDO: Hey.

GABI: Hey . . .

RICARDO: So . . . this is the place?

GABI: Yeah. Do you like it?

RICARDO: When you said "park," I thought you meant like a park . . .

GABI: It *is* a park.

RICARDO: Well, it's really an empty lot.