

KEITH: On the field.

CAMERON: In life?

KEITH: No! No. I don't have to. I just stare 'em down. No one ever fights me.

CAMERON: And you get whatever you want.

KEITH: That's right.

CAMERON: You're gonna end up working the drive thru at Taco Bell. You're never gonna play pro.

KEITH: Shut up!

CAMERON: You sat out six games last season because of a bum ankle, you had a back injury the year before that. Dwayne Tilsonberg is miles better than you and you know it. How many scouts are looking at you? Really? *(pause)* You have two choices. You can hit me and get kicked out of school. But then you don't have to do your math homework, so there's a plus. Or, you can work with me every afternoon, and get your grade up to a C. Those are your only choices. Because I'm not leaving. I chose you, Keith. I've been watching for the right player to tutor and you're it. I think you're a lunkhead, but I've seen you with the younger players. You take care of them and I'll bet if you had less man-things in your brain, you could teach. You will do this. You will have a back up plan. I will not leave you.

There is a pause.

KEITH: I don't have my book.

CAMERON: Next time, bring it.

KEITH: What do I tell my dad?

CAMERON: You tell him, Cameron's a guy. Ok?

KEITH: Ok.

— THE END —

Blue Sky

by Lindsay Price

Characters

A trio of nameless, faceless homeless kids. All can be either gender.

Setting

An alley. Try to get something for the characters to lean against.

ONE, TWO, and THREE sit on the ground with their backs against a wall. They look dirty and worn. ONE and TWO have their eyes closed. THREE is lost in thought.

ONE: *(eyes closed)* What do you see?

TWO: *(eyes closed)* Blue sky.

ONE: *(sits up and swats TWO)* You always say that.

TWO: Blue sky makes me happy.

ONE: *(settling back, closes eyes)* You don't need to close your eyes to see the sky.

TWO: It is not the sky above me that I see. It is the sky in my imagination.

ONE: La di da. Your imagination.

TWO: You got one. You should use it.

ONE: *(sits up and swats TWO)* I do not!

TWO: Do too. Everybody does.

From here THREE tries to inch away without making a sound. THREE is trying to leave without the other two knowing and moves painfully slow.

ONE: *(settling back, closes eyes)* No thanks.

TWO: Why not?

ONE: Sky is sky.

TWO: It's not the same.

ONE: All you have to do is look up.

TWO: City sky's got too much in the way. I'm talking about flat, flat, nothingness. I'm talking about being swallowed by the sky. Feeling like you're nothing but a speck. I'm talking about blue as far as the eye can see and farther.

ONE: Uh huh. Sky is sky.

TWO: What do you see?

ONE: I'm going to the beach today.

TWO: See? Imagination.

ONE: It's not my imagination, it's my memory. It's my mental picture book. The beach. Eight years old. There it is.

TWO: Hmm.

ONE: There's a difference. St. Pete's Beach. Warm white sand between my toes.

TWO: That's nice.

ONE: The beach and the waves. Waves crashing into the shore again and again. That's what I see. (*opens eyes and sees THREE*) Where you going?

TWO: (*opening eyes*) You going?

ONE: Hey...

THREE: I gotta go.

ONE: Where you gotta go?

THREE: I gotta.

TWO: Come sit down.

THREE: I'm gonna go pee at the McDonald's.

TWO: Can't.

ONE: Why?

TWO: Locked. They started locking it.

THREE: (*weakly*) They did?

ONE: When?

TWO: Last week. Too many (*air quotes*) undesirables washing their hands.

ONE: Big word.

TWO: Huh.

THREE: I gotta go.

ONE: You meet up with us later. There's a new 'help' van giving out sandwiches on Lofton.

TWO: Do you gotta talk to anyone to get a sandwich? Do you gotta find Jesus?

ONE: I'll find Jesus for a sandwich. Then I'll lose him again when I'm done.

ONE and TWO laugh and hi-five each other. THREE does not laugh.

ONE: You peeing or what?

THREE: No. I mean yes. I mean, I – I'll see you at the van. Ok?

ONE: (*vaguely waving*) See you there...

TWO: I'm gonna go with you.

THREE: What?

TWO: (*getting up*) We'll go down to the van together.

ONE: (*vaguely waving*) See you there...

TWO: You think we can pee at Starbucks?

THREE: No!

TWO: No?

THREE: I mean, you can't.

ONE: Why not?

THREE: I'm not going to the van. I'm not going.

ONE and TWO look at each other. TWO sits again.

ONE: So where you going?

THREE: I – I'm...

ONE: You don't have to lie to us.

TWO: We're your family.

ONE: The ones you can count on.

TWO: Don't lie to us.

ONE: Where you going?

THREE: I'm not going to be around. (*pause*) Anymore.

TWO: (*now fully alert*) You've been talking to the van people.

ONE: See? No such thing as a free lunch. What they put in your head?

THREE: Nothing. Not them.

ONE: No? Who?

THREE: Well sort of. Janet –

ONE & TWO: Janet?

ONE and TWO look at each other.

ONE: It's Janet now.

TWO: First name basis with the van people.

ONE: (*mocking*) Janet.

TWO: (*sing song*) Janet La di Danet.

THREE: I gotta go.

ONE: You're not being straight with us.

TWO: Come sit down.

ONE: Don't we deserve more? Huh? Haven't we been looking out for each other?

THREE: I –

ONE: Haven't we looked after you?

THREE: Yes. Yes.

ONE: How long you been down here?

THREE: Six months.

TWO: Whoo whee.

ONE: Six whole months? (*to TWO*) How long you been here?

TWO: Longer than six months.

ONE: I don't even remember how long it's been. That's how long it's been.

THREE: I know, I know, I, I, I, I owe you so much.

ONE: You owe us more than vague smoke.

TWO: Van talk.

ONE: You owe us more than van talk. Janet talk.

TWO: La di Danet.

THREE: I'm sorry.

ONE: You think we're stupid?

THREE: No! No.

ONE: So?

TWO: What's the deal?

ONE: Talk to us.

TWO: Talk to your family.

THREE: I – I'm going home.

There is a pause.

ONE: Home?

THREE: I want to go home.

There is a pause.

TWO: Huh.

THREE: I have, I've changed my mind. I've been thinking. This is a mistake, this isn't what I wanted. I thought – I thought, I didn't know what I was thinking. I'm not supposed to be here. I thought I was better than –

TWO: Better?

THREE: Better than everybody. And I'm not. I'm not. It makes me sick, I don't want to feel like this – *(pause)* you understand, don't you?

ONE and TWO look at each other and then up at THREE.

ONE: Sure.

TWO: We understand.

THREE: You understand what it feels like. To feel sick? To know you've made a mistake.

ONE: Hmm.

THREE: *(starts to pace)* Haven't you ever thought this was a mistake? Sitting here? Being here? Haven't you?

ONE: *(pause)* Sure.

TWO: Come sit down.

THREE: I feel nothing. I feel like nothing. I can't do it anymore. I can't sit here! I'm tired of sitting here.

ONE: We understand.

THREE: Do you?

ONE: No.

TWO: I like being nothing. I like blending into the walls and melting into the garbage. Sometimes there's too much attention paid to a person. I don't like attention. Sitting on the ground is good for a person. It reminds you to be hard. It reminds you where you are and who you have to be. I like being reminded, I never lose sight of my surroundings. Survival is cold and hard. This is not a vacation. This is not a country club.

THREE: I never said it was.

TWO: THIS is the walls and the garbage and the ground. You should understand that. So long as we're understanding each other.

THREE: So. I'm going home. I gotta go.

ONE: Now, hold on. I thought you had no home to go to.

TWO: We're your family.

ONE: You said that we're your family.

TWO: No home.

ONE: No where to go.

TWO: No light.

ONE: No one to turn to.

TWO: No home.

THREE: That's what I said.

TWO: Come sit down.

THREE: Uh uh.

ONE: No?

TWO: *(singsong)* Someone doesn't understand...

ONE: They won't take you back.

TWO: *(singsong)* Someone's gone soft...

ONE: You've been gone a long time.

TWO: Six whole months.

ONE: That's a long time. They're probably glad you left.

TWO: Your leaving gave them peace.

ONE: No more shouting, no more screaming. No more slamming doors.

TWO: Isn't that what you did? That's what they always do. The troublemakers. Isn't that what constitutes trouble in the suburbs?

ONE: Big word.

TWO: Got me two sandwiches and cookie.

THREE: I have to go.

ONE: It's always better when the troublemakers leave. That's what they'll tell you.

THREE: I've already talked to them. I already know.

TWO: Huh.

ONE: When'd you do that?

TWO: When were you away from us?

THREE: Yesterday.

TWO: Huh.

THREE: My mom cried. She never cries. She said she loves me.

TWO: Yeah. They'll say that.

ONE: They forgot what you're really like.

TWO: Slamming doors. Shouting. Screaming.

THREE: *(trying to be strong)* I'm not a troublemaker.

TWO: There's no love in the world.

ONE: Isn't that what we tell you? No love.

TWO: No love.

ONE: No home.

TWO: No light.

THREE: I want to go home! I want to go home. Understand? I want to go home. You can't stop me.

TWO: Stop you?

ONE: No one's stopping you.

TWO: Go if you want.

ONE: Leave us.

TWO: Abandon us.

ONE: Leave us on the ground.

TWO: Leave us sitting in the garbage.

ONE: All alone.

TWO: Out in the cold.

THREE: You don't have to sit here. You could do something. Go somewhere.

ONE & TWO: Hmmm.

ONE: Maybe we should go with? What you think?

TWO: Sleep in a nice warm bed. With a comforter.

ONE: A quilt. One of those homemade quilts on the bed.

TWO: One of them cookie cutter suburban quilts.

THREE: You said you understood.

TWO: That's just something people say.

THREE: You said.

ONE: What are we gonna do without you?

TWO: We're family.

ONE: We only have each other.

TWO: You need us. Don't you?

THREE: I... please let me go.

TWO: Come sit down.

ONE: Who we gonna talk to?

THREE: Please?

ONE: Come give us a proper goodbye. Just for a moment. Before you go.

TWO: For old time's sake.

THREE: *(wearily)* Ok. Just for a moment.

The three lean back against the wall. THREE is between ONE and TWO now, they each have a firm grip on THREE.

ONE: We won't keep you.

TWO: Promise.

ONE: Close your eyes. What do you see?

THREE: Nothing.

ONE: Are you sure?

TWO: Not very imaginative.

ONE: You've got an imagination. You should use it.

TWO: Otherwise your brain will atrophy.

ONE: Big word.

TWO: I got a million of them.

ONE and TWO settle back, closing their eyes, a tight grip on three. THREE stares out.

ONE: What do you see?

TWO: Blue sky.

ONE: That's nice. That's real nice.

— THE END —

Normal vs Weird

by Lindsay Price

Characters

NORMAL. No age. The part of the brain that makes us act normal. Dresses very normally.

WEIRD. No age. The part of the brain that makes us act weird. Dresses very weirdly.

Setting

A bare stage. Takes place in a part of the brain. Two cubes to sit on.

WEIRD sits centre stage. Lounging. NORMAL runs onstage, out of breath.

NORMAL: (*pointing*) You! You, you, you! You stop right there, stay exactly where you are, don't move a muscle, don't you dare!

WEIRD hasn't moved.

WEIRD: Ok.

NORMAL: Did you think this would escape my notice? Did you think you could just slip under the radar? That I wouldn't find out? Hmm? Sneaky?

WEIRD: (*does not look at NORMAL*) I don't sneak.

NORMAL: This was beyond sneaky. Try to deny it. Deny it!

WEIRD: You don't have to shout. I'm right here.

NORMAL: You thought that just because you exist in a different part of the brain I wouldn't notice. Ha! Fat chance, my friend. Big fat chance! Ha, ha! I notice everything and I am everywhere. (*waves arms about in a frantic manner*) Did you think by being sneaky late at night you could have it escape without notice? Zip! Slip! Wing! Kablooie! I am an early riser, my friend. I am up before the birds and I made sure everything was as it should be before school this morning.

WEIRD: (*looking at NORMAL*) What did you do?

NORMAL: Made her take it off of course. Made her see the error of your ways.

WEIRD looks away.