

WEIRD: Say black nail polish is normal.

NORMAL: I can't.

WEIRD: Say it!

NORMAL: I won't. You can't make me. People will hate her. People will look at her. Judge her. Is that what you want? Is that what you want her exposed to?

WEIRD: She's stronger than you think. She's a great human being. You want her to be just like everyone else. You want her to be nothing.

WEIRD exits.

NORMAL: Of course I do. Why is that wrong? *(sighing)* This has not been a good day.

— THE END —

Thief

by Lindsay Price

Characters

SANDY (16). A typical girl, with a very strong ethical streak.

BRANDON (17). A typical boy, with a not so strong ethical streak.

Setting

A bare stage.

SANDY stomps on stage with BRANDON right behind her.

SANDY: You!

BRANDON: Sandy!

SANDY: You!

BRANDON: Sandy!

SANDY: You!

BRANDON: Sandy, could you slow down? For a second?

SANDY: *(now she's pacing back and forth)* I don't want to slow down. I can't slow down. You don't know what I would do if I slowed down, Brandon. You just don't want to know. Oh I could spit nails! A whole boatload of nails.

BRANDON: Let's talk this out. Can we? Please?

SANDY: I don't want to talk. You and I are NOT talking. We have nothing to talk about. *(she rails around and is right in his face)* You? Me? Nothing! *(she resumes pacing)*

BRANDON: You're mad at me.

SANDY laughs the laugh of someone who is not really finding what the other person said all that funny.

SANDY: Ha! Ha ha! Ha, ha, ha!

BRANDON: You're mad.

SANDY: So mad. Spitting nails, Brandon. I could spit nails.

BRANDON: I get it. Really I do.

SANDY: Do you?

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: *(pacing)* This is mad. Brandon. This is the maddest I have ever been in my entire life. You have created more mad in me than when Jessica Morton stepped on my hem "accidentally" at the Pretty Princess Pageant and "accidentally" ripped a huge hole in the back of my dress, "accidentally" right before Evening Wear. I told her a thing or two, Brandon. I told her a thing or seventeen! I am madder than that and that was really, really mad.

BRANDY: I just wanted to tell you my side of the story. That's all.

This brings SANDY to a halt.

SANDY: Your side? Your side?

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: Your side of the story.

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: You have a side in this story.

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: There are two sides to this story?

BRANDON: *(trying to make a joke)* There are two sides to every story. Ha ha. *(SANDY is not laughing. He clears his throat.)*

SANDY: I'm trying to picture what your side of the story might be. Do you mind if I do that?

BRANDON: No, go ahead.

SANDY: I am trying to create a picture in my head of your side. Your side of this so called story. Because in the story that plays out in my head there seems to be to a pretty clear... plot. Very straightforward. This doesn't seem to be a he said/she said situation. What your side looks like to me, in my head, is that my boyfriend went into Sherman and Loy and stole something. The end. Is that what your side looks like to you? Is that what happened?

BRANDON: That's about what happened. But Sandy -

SANDY: Brandon Sargeant! You are going to go right back down to Sherman and Loy and return that stolen property!

BRANDON: I can't.

SANDY: Why not?

BRANDON: I'll get in trouble.

SANDY: Well you're either going to have trouble down there or you're going to have trouble right here. So you can't escape the trouble, Brandon. There will be trouble.

BRANDON: It's just a teeny, tiny thing..

SANDY: *(clapping her hands together in punctuation)* Shoplifting is illegal! I will not have a thief for a boyfriend. *(yelling)* Do you hear me!

BRANDON: Ok, ok! Loud and clear. I got it.

There is a pause as SANDY stares at BRANDON to see if he really got it. She then sighs, as if all her energy is gone and turns away.

SANDY: What got into your head, Brandon?

BRANDON: I don't know.

SANDY: This isn't like you.

BRANDON: I don't have any money.

SANDY: So get a job.

BRANDON: I could do that.

SANDY: People do it every day.

BRANDON: It's just that this particular situation...

SANDY: There's this whole group of people who have 'jobs' and go to them and make money.

BRANDON: My particular story...

SANDY: Fascinating group of people. Those 'job' people.

BRANDON: My particular story's got extenuating circumstances.

SANDY: Got what? What does that mean?

BRANDON: It means that (he makes a circle in the air) this isn't as bad as you think.

SANDY: (she makes a circle in the air) This?

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: (she make a circle in the air) This?

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: (she makes a circle in the air) This isn't as bad as I think.

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: Stealing isn't as bad as I think.

BRANDON: Yes...

SANDY: There's a really good reason you stole.

BRANDON: Yes!

There is a pause.

SANDY: I'm waiting... for the reason...

BRANDON: Oh! So, this 'thing' I took. (reaching into his pocket) If you would just...

SANDY: I don't want to see it! I don't want to have anything to do with it!

BRANDON: It's really pretty...

SANDY: I don't care.

BRANDON: It sparkles...

SANDY: So?

BRANDON: It's for you...

SANDY: What?

BRANDON: Here's the thing. I wanted to get you something nice, since we've been dating a whole month.

SANDY: (totally melting) You remembered our anniversary?

BRANDON: And I was so down cause I didn't have any money. I applied to a whole bunch of places for jobs, Sandy. I did. And I had hoped to hear back before today. I really did. But I didn't and I was wandering around Sherman and Loy's, just wandering up and down the aisles. Wandering, wandering, and I wandered right past a rack of bracelets and rings. I wasn't thinking anything bad, I swear Sandy. But there was this rack. And there I was. And we've been dating a whole month...

SANDY: You stole something, for me?

BRANDON: There was this one ring. Such a pretty little ring. So colourful and shiny, it reminded me of your personality.

SANDY: (not totally thrilled) Ok...

BRANDON: (recovering) And your hair! Your hair when the sunlight gleams off it on a crisp fall day. Remember a couple weeks ago we went for a walk on the beach? There was no one around for miles and miles except for us. It was our own private beach and the sky was so blue and the sun twinkled in your hair.

SANDY: (melting) I remember...

BRANDON: So I'm standing there in the aisle and I'm thinking about that day, and this ring starts talking to me. This ring was calling my name. Brandon... Brandon... the ring knew my name, Sandy. That ring knew me.

SANDY: (getting into it) So what happened?

BRANDON: I talked back. Right there in Sherman and Loy. "Are you talking to me, little ring? Is there something you want to say? Something you want me to know?" (as ring) "Pick me up, Brandon... Take me home, Brandon... Take me to Sandy."

SANDY: The ring knew my name too!

BRANDON: It knew your name. It wanted to be with you. I didn't know what to do, Sandy. Could I really walk away from this pretty little ring that so desperately wanted to meet you? But I had no money. (he is now in the moment, acting out as if he is in the store) "I can't take you, little ring. I can't! Sandy would hate me for stealing this ring. I know it. But it's perfect for her. This is her ring! If it's her ring then I'm not really stealing it am I? Am I?" (turning to SANDY) I knew you'd get mad at me. But what was I supposed to do, Sandy? Did I really do the wrong thing? Tell me I had another option!

SANDY: No one's ever stole for me before.

BRANDON: After that, I don't know, it's all a haze. Next thing I'm truly aware of, I'm out the door and that ring is in my pocket. That ring is still in my pocket. Waiting. For you.

SANDY: Can I see it?

BRANDON: Of course. It's your ring.

BRANDON pulls the ring out of his pocket and gives it to SANDY. She slips it on her finger.

SANDY: Awww. It is pretty.

BRANDON: I told you so.

SANDY: And shiny.

BRANDON: Like your hair in the light.

SANDY: *(fugging BRANDON)* I can't believe you remembered our anniversary.

BRANDON: How could I forget something so important? You're a special girl, Sandy. You're worth special things.

SANDY: That's so sweet. Brandon, you're being so sweet. And darling. You were so darling, weren't you?

BRANDON: Maybe a little.

SANDY: I didn't know you had that side to you. I didn't know you walked on the wild side.

BRANDON: I have many sides.

SANDY: *(staring at the ring)* Hmmmm.

BRANDON: Do you like the ring, Sandy? Do you?

SANDY: I –

BRANDON: Yes?

SANDY: I –

BRANDON: Yes?

SANDY: I... *(looking at the ring)* I suppose it couldn't hurt to keep it.

BRANDON: That's what I thought.

SANDY: I mean, it wasn't for selfish reasons.

BRANDON: That's what I thought.

SANDY: Do promise never to do it again? Steal?

BRANDON: I swear.

SANDY: Promise?

BRANDON: Yes.

SANDY: Really promise?

BRANDON: Cross my heart and hope to die.

SANDY: *(staring at the ring)* You were thinking of someone else, that has to count for something. And our anniversary is very important. I guess, if your heart was in the right place...

BRANDON: Yes?

SANDY: If your heart was in the right place... then it's... not really... stealing?

BRANDON: Yes?

SANDY: *(shaking her head)* Wait a minute. Wait a minute!

BRANDON: Sandy?

SANDY: Wait a gosh darn minute!

BRANDON: *(to himself)* So close.

SANDY: I will not have a thief for a boyfriend. *(looking at the ring)* No matter how nice... and pretty... and shiny... no matter that it's the most beautiful ring I've ever... *(she shakes her head)* AGH! Ack! Take it back, take it back! *(handing the ring back)*

BRANDON: Ok, ok.

SANDY: You march right back there and return this property, mister!

BRANDON: I don't suppose you'd change your mind over a bracelet?

SANDY: *(pointing)* Now!

— THE END —