

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.

NORMAL: Black nail polish. Honestly. What were you thinking? Do you have any idea what would happen if our girl went to school wearing that?

WEIRD: She likes it.

NORMAL: Not anymore. I made her realize it was a mistake and she didn't know what she was thinking and the sooner that polish came off the better. Just in the nick of time. You may think you got one over on me but THAT (*points finger in WEIRD's chest*) is absolutely impossible. Nobody pulls the wool over my eyes. Ever. Got it? Are we clear? Now that we've had this little talk, are we on the same page? Our girl does not like black nail polish. She does not wear black nail polish. Our girl is one hundred percent normal. Stamped it no-erasies.

WEIRD snorts sarcastically.

NORMAL: What was that?

WEIRD: What?

NORMAL: That noise.

WEIRD: Where?

NORMAL: There. Around you.

WEIRD: I didn't hear anything.

NORMAL: There's only one person in charge of our girl's thoughts and that person is (*pointing at self*) this person right here. Me. You'd do best to remember who wears the pants around this brain.

WEIRD snorts sarcastically.

NORMAL: Are you snorting at me?

WEIRD: What?

NORMAL: You made the noise.

WEIRD: No.

NORMAL: You are snorting at me.

WEIRD: (*deadpan*) I have a constant sinus cold. Causes excess mucus. I'm learning to cope. Anything else?

NORMAL: Keep in mind who's in charge. That's all I have to say. (*turns to go*)

WEIRD: No.

NORMAL: Excuse me?

WEIRD: You heard.

NORMAL: What I heard was an impossibility. What I heard must be a mistake. I must have sneezed and got my hearing wires crossed.

WEIRD: You didn't sneeze.

NORMAL: (*pointing to WEIRD*) You, didn't say no, (*pointing at self*) to me.

WEIRD: I did.

NORMAL: You did not.

WEIRD: You posed a question. I answered.

NORMAL: You gave the wrong answer.

WEIRD: To you.

NORMAL: No, no, no, no, no, no, no. No. No way. This will not do. This will not do. Not at all. You may be new here. And I don't know what it was like in your last lobe; you may have not fully assessed your (*draws an imaginary circle in the air*) current surroundings.

WEIRD: Um-hmm.

NORMAL: There is only one way to do things around here. My way. I'm in charge of our girl and I plan to keep it that way. Got it?

WEIRD: No.

NORMAL: Excuse me?

WEIRD: You heard. There's gonna be a few changes in our current surroundings. You're not in charge anymore.

There is a pause. NORMAL doubles over in laughter.

NORMAL: (*laughing*) What? (*doubles over in laughter*) What? You are really funny. You are a scream. You know how to lighten the mood. That's what this is, isn't it. Isn't it! This is a joke. A little

hokey jokey smokey. I didn't understand, you're really good. You're good with the (*imitates WEIRD's deadpan face*) you're good with that! You are a scream!

WEIRD: I'm not laughing.

NORMAL: Oh and I needed a good laugh. Boy, oh boy that did me good. Laughter is the best medicine, as they say, and they are so right. (*sighs*) I started this morning all in a tizzy, what with the nail polish, and things just haven't righted themselves.

WEIRD: You were perturbed?

NORMAL: What?

WEIRD: You were feeling perturbed.

NORMAL: (*hands on hips*) Where did you get that word?

WEIRD: The same place as all the other words.

NORMAL: Why are you using it?

WEIRD: It's a good word.

NORMAL: Teenagers do not feel perturbed.

WEIRD: It's Megan's favourite word.

NORMAL: Our girl would never use word like that.

WEIRD: Why not?

NORMAL: It's weird.

WEIRD: Uh huh. I know.

NORMAL: (*claps hands sharply together*) You stop this. Stop! I will not have this!

WEIRD: She also likes perturbing. That's a good word too.

NORMAL gasps as if WEIRD has said a dirty word.

NORMAL: No!

WEIRD: She's going to use it at lunch today.

NORMAL gasps again.

NORMAL: What are you doing? What are you doing? I know what you're doing. You are trying to ruin her life on purpose!

WEIRD: That's not all. Megan's going to talk to her art teacher about graphic design.

NORMAL: Why?

WEIRD: That's what she's interested in.

NORMA: Our girl is going into broadcast journalism. That's what normal girls do.

WEIRD: She's not so keen on that anymore.

NORMAL: How dare she keep this from me!

WEIRD: That's not all.

NORMAL: Stop, stop! I can't take anymore!

WEIRD: Ok, I won't tell you.

NORMAL: Fine!

There is a pause. WEIRD hums and stares at the ceiling. NORMAL stands fidgeting, trying not to care. Finally, it's too much.

NORMAL: What is it? What is it!

WEIRD: Are you sure?

NORMAL: Tell me!

WEIRD: What if you can't handle it?

NORMAL: Tell me, I have to know, what is she doing? What? What?

WEIRD: Megan has a box of hair dye under her bed.

NORMAL gives a scream and staggers.

NORMAL: Nooooooo!

WEIRD: You didn't know that, did you. Blue hair dye. She wants to streak her hair blue.

NORMAL starts to flail about and hyperventilate. WEIRD watches with a bemused look.

WEIRD: You should probably breathe, don't you think?

NORMAL: You can't – you can't – I can't – no air – I can't breathe – You can't do this to me! I'm going to faint! I will faint!

*NORMAL falls to the floor quite over-dramatically.
WEIRD looks over.*

WEIRD: Are you done?

NORMAL: This has not been a good day. I am not enjoying this day at all.

WEIRD holds out a hand and helps NORMAL up.

WEIRD: Sit down.

NORMAL: (*sitting*) I didn't know.

WEIRD: I know.

NORMAL: How could I not know? Hair dye. I know everything. I am on top of everything. I watch her every move. I monitor everything she thinks, everything she does. What she wears to school, who she talks to... I know what she should be doing at every second of the day, what she has to do to blend, (*climax*) what she has to do to be normal!

WEIRD: Hmm.

NORMAL: Who are you? Where did you come from? Who are you to come in and change our girl like this?

WEIRD: I'm not doing anything.

NORMAL: How can you say that? All I see is (*fluttery vague hand gestures*) so much doing!

WEIRD: It's not me. It's Megan. She thought me up.

NORMAL: She did?

WEIRD: Yep.

NORMAL: She thought of black nail polish... and the hair dye on her own?

WEIRD: Yep. All by her lonesome.

NORMAL: I feel nauseous.

WEIRD: That's one way to think of it.

NORMAL: This is so... disappointing. How on earth will her parents cope? What a disappointment to turn on her family like this.

WEIRD grabs NORMAL by the shoulders and hauls NORMAL to standing.

NORMAL: What – what – What are you doing?

WEIRD: Is Megan healthy?

NORMAL: What?

WEIRD: Answer me! Is she healthy?

NORMAL: Yes.

WEIRD: Does she drink?

NORMAL: No.

WEIRD: Does she smoke? Do drugs?

NORMAL: No.

WEIRD: Does she hurt herself?

NORMAL: No.

WEIRD: Does she hurt others?

NORMAL: No.

WEIRD: Is she mean? Evil?

NORMAL: No!

WEIRD: Does she torture small animals?

NORMAL: Now you're just being –

WEIRD throws NORMAL to the ground.

WEIRD: Don't you ever determine what's normal for Megan again. She's a happy, healthy girl and who gives a crap if she has blue hair. Blue hair is not disappointing. Got it?

NORMAL: You don't understand. You're talking about things you don't understand. You don't know the world like I do. This is not a world that appreciates a unique child. It never has been.

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.