

DENIAL

Daniel, 8

Tori, 7

(Two young kids are playing tag around a park bench, one reaches the other and proclaims TAG! And the two collapse on the bench giggling)

Daniel

Ok ok, you win

Tori

Told you I was faster!

Daniel

You had a head start!

Tori

Did not!

(The two catch their breath for a couple moments)

Hey Daniel, have you ever been to Alabama?

Daniel

I don't think so? Is that another country?

Tori

No silly! It's a state. *(Poking him)*

(a poking war is started)

Daniel

Whatever who cares about Alabama anyway?

Tori

Well my mom said that's where our new house is.

(Daniel stops poking and looks at Tori)

Daniel

Wait, you're moving?

Tori

Yup, That's what my mom said. She said, "Tori, we are going to live in a house in Alabama" and I'm going to go to school there and everything.

Daniel

(Starts laughing) oh I get it, April fools right?. You can't trick me Tori, I'm the king, and you can't trick the king.

Tori

I'm not trying to trick you. That's what she said. I promise.

Daniel

But you're not moving Tori. You're my neighbor. Neighbors don't move.

Tori

Not true! Ms. Campbell moved!!

Daniel

That's different. My dad said Ms. Campbell had to go away because the police found out she had too many cats.

Tori

The police don't care if you have too many cats

Daniel

Yeah they do, because then there wouldn't be anymore cats for the rest of the world to have. It's not fair for one lady to have ALL of them.

(long silence)

Tori if you move we can't be friends anymore

Tori

That's not true

Daniel

Remember when Miss Sherman read us the story about the aliens and the corn fields.

Tori

Yeah..

Daniel

That was Alabama

Tori

NO it wasn't.. *(not sure whether she believes him or not)*

Daniel

Yeah it was, and if you move to Alabama then the Aliens are going to get you. They are going to come to your house in the middle of the night take you to their ship where they will poke you and eat your brains. *(Tori doesn't say anything so Daniel continues)* Also it's illegal to have dogs in Alabama! Teddy will have to stay here and will probably end up on the streets or worse... the pound!

Tori

No-

Daniel

Santa doesn't go to Alabama!! It's too far he can't find it! You will never get a Christmas present ever again because Alabama is where all the naughty kids go!

Tori

(almost crying) you're lying!! I don't believe you, you don't know anything about Alabama!

*(Daniel sees that he has really upset Tori and moves to comfort her.
He places his hand on her shoulder)*

Daniel

If you leave you won't ever see you again. And we're best friends. and we can't be best friends if we never see each other again. And I

won't never ever have another best friend like you. So no, you're not going. You can't go.

Tori

You're wrong.

(tori takes of the bracelet she is wearing and ties it onto Daniel's wrist)

You're always going to be my best friend ok.

(she hugs him)

TAG! You're it!

(Tori runs off and Daniel chases after her)

ANGER

Jason, 17

Isabel, 18

(a BOY and a GIRL sit on a bench. The boy stares at the girl while she keeps her head down and does not look at him. She gets up to leave and then the boy speaks)

Jason.

You know I love you right. Isabel, I actually love you. I say it all the time and you don't hear it, not really. What do I gotta do to make you understand that you mean the absolute world to me, that you're not just another friend I have, you are my person? When I need help I go to you. Just being around you makes my day better. Just hearing your voice. Please hear me out for a couple of minutes. Is that too much to ask for? I was there with you till 3 in the morning when you needed me to be there. I have always made time for you even when I needed nothing more than time for myself. But, I've always only wanted you to be happy. And I wanted to be the one to make you happy. Sometimes I was and that made every long late night phone call worth it. I believed that one day you would realize that I have been here, that I will ALWAYS be here. I prayed that you would see that I am the one who loves you more than the Galileo loved the stars. I know you, so well and I know you know me just as well. All our inside jokes and memories... You are my best friend and I may not be yours but I know I have given too much of myself to you for you to just let go and shut me out. So please. Don't shut me out.

Isabel

Jason.. I.. *sigh* I don't know what to say. I wish I could say I never asked for your help but I know that would be a lie. You are so kind and so good to me. You are right, I've never had a better friend than you. And I can't thank you enough for everything you've done for me. But, I'm sorry Jason, you're not him. And if you know me as well as you say you do then you would know that, he's the one. He's always been the one. I'm sorry and I wish it could have been you but it's not that simple. It never is.

Jason

Wow. alright, So that's is then.

Isabel

Jason, I'm flattered.

Jason

Yeah well, you know I didn't just say all that to flatter you Isabel.

Isabel

Jason... I... What do you want me to say?

Jason

I don't know ok, I DON'T know. I never thought we'd reach this point. Maybe I thought we'd be lab partners for the rest of our lives. In the perfect world in my head that's where we always stayed.

Isabel

You don't need to yell at me I haven't done anything.

Jason

Haven't done anything? Are you kidding me? How many hours have I spent making sure you pass Trig ok? I wrote you a song to help you memorize the freaken until circle Remember that? What about when Blake Anderson wanted to "give you a ride home" from the fair who stepped in then huh?, that asshole shoved me into a trashcan, I was picking popcorn and cotton candy out of my hair for hours? And what about Valentine's day, you were all heartbroken when Peter didn't call you, I made you a cheesecake!

Isabel

So, I'm a horrible person because I ate your cheesecake? I never asked you for any of that. You offered to do all those things?

Jason

You have never appreciated anything I've done for you! You're selfish, self centered and .. and .. mean!

Isabel

I'm mean? I'M mean? Listen to yourself, you are mad at me for not loving you back! WHO does that?!

Jason

Who lets someone do everything for them and then turn them down in the end.

Isabel

I'm not a bad person

Jason

Yeah sure you tell yourself that. Whatever helps you sleep at night.

Isabel

NO. It's not fair. You're not allowed to make me feel like shit and just walk away. I didn't do anything to you. I'm not the bad guy. I'm not the bad guy..

Jason

pause Did you ever consider me?

Isabel

You know how I feel about him-

Jason

I do. (silence) I do... And you know what? I hope you get him. I really hope that when you work up the nerve to tell him how you feel that he doesn't turn you down. I truly wish that he looks at you and sees all the amazing beautiful things I see. And I pray you never have to feel this. Because this right now, this really sucks.

Bargaining

Sarah, 9

Dad, 34

(A man and his daughter walk up to the park bench. The girl is eating something, perhaps an ice cream, she is playful around the bench and he dad is holding her hand)

Sarah

Jimmy Conner caught a frog by the creek during recess yesterday. He tried to get all the girls to kiss it but they all just kept running away because it was all slimy and gross.

Dad

Did he tell you to kiss it?

Sarah

Yeah, but I told him no. Not yet.

Dad

What do you mean not yet?

Sarah

Girls are supposed to kiss frogs when they want a prince. I'm only 9 dad, I don't want a prince yet.

(laughing, he kisses the top of her head)

Dad?

Dad

Yes Pumpkin?

Sarah

When are you coming home? I think mom is sad that you're not there.

Dad

(sighs) Sit down pumpkin. I love you, and your mom loves you very much. We don't want you to be sad because we love to see you smile and hear you laugh. But, your mom and I have decided that it is best if I live somewhere else. Don't worry I will still pick you up from school on Tuesdays and Wednesdays and we can still get ice cream every sunday.

(Sarah starts to cry)

It's going to be ok Sarah, you don't need to cry.

Sarah

I'll make my bed everyday!

Dad

What?

Sarah

I will make my bed every single day! I know my mom gets mad when I don't make my bed and you tell her not to worry about it and you and mommy get mad at eachother! I'm sorry I don't want mommy to be mad at you anymore! Please daddy don't go!

Dad

sweetheart that's not why-

Sarah

I'll never miss another book report, I'll wash all the dishes. Please daddy. Who is going to read goosebumps with me before bed, they don't give me nightmares anymore I promise! I'll tell mommy that they don't.

Dad

Sarah, listen to me. You don't need to do anything.

Sarah

But I want to. I want you to stay. I want you and mommy to be happy.

Dad

Listen to me love, sometimes when two people have known each other for so long the only reason they are together is because.. well, because they've been together for a long time and they don't want to feel like they wasted that time. Does that make sense?

(sarah stares at him)

(sigh) Sometimes a princess kisses a frog and it doesn't turn into a prince. Then the princess has to find a new frog, so she lets the other frog go. Now, the frog can find another princess who's kiss will work. The first frog you kiss might not be the right one but by letting it go you allow both of you to be happy. Your mom and I are both going to be more happy now.

Sarah

(sniffles) so does this mean you are going to try and find a new princess?

Dad

I already have one

(Dad hugs his little girl. Lights fade out.)

Depression

(Melissa and her therapist sit on a bench in the park. Her therapist is eating a very loud snack) (Every -- in the scene is a silence)

Melissa

(through her hands) you mind?

Therapist

Oh I'm sorry...

(long silence)

(takes another bite of his/her snack)

Melissa

(finally pulling her head up and stares at her)

(Melissa's face is covered in bruises and she has a broken nose)

Therapist

Want some?

(melissa glares at her)

Suit yourself.

So. How bout today you tell me why you are here.

--

You felt the need to talk, yet I am always the one who does the talking. Doesn't really seem fair now does it?

--

OK. How bout I just review what I know. You're name is Melissa Syracuse, you are 23 year old and you live with your boyfriend Roger who is currently in LAPD custody for battery and sexual assault. Does that sound accurate?

--

Oh it says here you were admitted to the hospital at 3:28 AM for what seems to be an intentional overdose. Tell my Mellisa why do you want to kill yourself?

Melissa

Look Lady. I'm here as a favor for a friend. And has anyone ever told you, you are the worst shrink ever?

Therapist

Well as rude as that comment was I shall respond to you and allow you to know that I offer the highest of quality emotional care to many of my clients.

Melissa

Sorry, free sympathy doesn't work on me

Ha. Well that's where you're wrong. My sessions aren't free.

--

Melissa look, I am trying to help you. That is what I'm here for. Fine, I'll skip the basic stuff. We both know why you are here. You're boyfriend Roger hurt you. He took advantage of you-

Melissa

Roger didn't do anything to me and it's not any of your business.

Therapist

You're wrong. No one takes a hand full of sleeping pills if "nothing happened."

Melissa

Well maybe I do.

Therapist

Walk me through that night Melissa.

--

One time and then you can go. I promise

Melissa

And I never have to see your witch face again?

(shrink nods annoyed)

(closes her eyes) I was in bed, reading a book. He came in drunk and he just gave me that look you know. He got real close to my face and I could feel his hot breath on me. He smelt so bad like he brought the whole bar home with him. He started hugging me then kissing me and I told him to get off. That's when he slapped me. I tried not to cry but I could feel the tears burning from behind my eyes. They flowed out of my eyes without my even blinking them out. But at this time he had his filthy hand over my mouth. It smelt like motor oil and urine with his calloused fingers and black finger nails. I just sat there shaking. He told me fighting wasn't going to anything that I just had to let it happen. So I did. I let him undress me and I let the whole thing happen.

Therapist

And when did Roger start to hit you?

Melissa

(opens her eyes) Roger? That was uncle Frank.

Therapist

I beg your pardon?

Melissa

Uncle Frank. The man that lived upstairs when I was seven.

--

Go ahead. Tell me Roger is a pig. That no man has the right to treat a women like that. That I am not to blame. You shrinks say the same

things over and over but I'm not the one who needs the shrinking around here. Don't you get it? You're here trying to fix me, like I'm the problem. Why don't you go fix the sick bastards that seem to be abundant in the life of girls just like me.

Acceptance

(two people sit on opposite sides of bench. They both are dressed in formal black.)

So this is it then. Wow. I don't even know what to say. I guess I just kind of feel like crap because everyone else is treating me like I'm some lost puppy. And you didn't make this any easier. God I can't even count how many times you told me everything was going to be ok. How many times you told me that we were both strong and we would not let this thing tear us apart. But it did didn't it. I guess what needs to be said now is I'm sorry. I am sorry I partly blamed you. I couldn't help it. I was alone and I kept waiting by the door for you to come walking in but you didn't. And I told myself it was all your fault. This could have all been prevented if you... well that's the thing. I don't even know what ridiculous reasons I had constructed in my head but they made sense to me at the time. And then something worse happened. I started to blame myself. I kept telling myself that I had missed something, some crucial detail I had overlooked and I wracked my brain, played the events up to those last couple moments. But now know that I could spend my whole life searching for the answers and I would always come up short. It's no one's fault you're gone. You didn't leave me. It was just something that happened.

(the second figure gets up and walks off stage not looking at the person talking)

When you are asked to speak at someone's funeral you are very careful about what you say. Today I told everyone the kind of brother you were. I told them you were kind and generous and always looked out for me. Well, I guess now that it's just me and you I can say what kind of person you really were. Scott Martin you were a grade A asshole and proud to be one. You never let me play your xbox or drive your car (laughs) guess they're both mine now. You son of a bitch you must own me close to \$200 by now. And you know what, I'm glad you never paid me back. I am glad I had to miss Matthew's 18th birthday because you told mom I was the one who ruined grandmas hand made place mats. You were smart not to let me anywhere near your brand new truck because I would have scratched the bumper for sure. The truth is I am more than happy that you got everything you wanted because you gave me everything I needed for today. You gave me 18 years of having the best brother I could have asked for. Yeah you're gone, and everyone says you will be watching out for me from above or whatever but you watched out for me while you were here and that all that

matters. Scott wherever you are, you better wait for me. Shit happens
you said so yourself. It's our job to deal with it.