

“Broken Dreams Blvd”

By Bryan Starchman

Inspired by “Boulevard of Broken Dreams” by Green Day

SCENE: *A young man, JOHNNY, is lost. He is looking for an office where he has a job interview. He is wandering down a city street when he is stopped by GODOT, a man selling ice cream.*

JOHNNY [*looking at his phone, he is trying to get service*]: Come on. [*he holds the phone up to the sky, stands on tip toe, leans over to the side, but can't get reception*] Stupid phone! Just load the map!

GODOT [*walks up to Johnny. He wears a white apron and is carrying a pint of ice cream*]: Hello there.

JOHNNY: Oh...hi. [*looks back at his phone*]

GODOT: You know, you're wasting your time.

JONNY: Excuse me?

GODOT: You're never going to get service. Not around here.

JOHNNY: Oh...I've got Verizon. It works everywhere.

GODOT: Not here.

JOHNNY: Ok...do you have AT&T or something else? I'm trying to find...

GODOT: Nothing works here. Whole street is a dead zone. You'd be better off sending smoke signals.

JOHNNY: Thanks. [*puts phone away*] Um...could you tell me where Broken Dreams Blvd. is?

GODOT: You're standing on it.

JOHNNY: Oh! Great!

GODOT: Why are you so happy?

JOHNNY: I've got a job interview.

GODOT: On this street?

JOHNNY: Yeah.

GODOT: Then I must ask again: Why are you so happy?

JOHNNY: Excuse me?

GODOT: Listen buddy, it's none of my business, but I'm guessing you don't really want the job.

JOHNNY: Well...it's not that I...how do you know?

GODOT: This is where dreams come to die.

JOHNNY: Sort of embittered for an ice cream man, aren't you? I thought your kind was supposed to be happy, always greeting kids. Making them smile.

GODOT: I'm lactose intolerant.

JOHNNY: Oh.

GODOT: Yeah.

JOHNNY: Sort of torturous, isn't it?

GODOT: You have no idea. Wanted to be a French Chef. Took this job just to pay the bills. Took a few wrong turns and now...I'm selling ice cream for the rest of my life.

JOHNNY: Ah. I see. [*beat*] Sorry you're unhappy. I really need to get to that interview...

GODOT: What are you interviewing for?

JOHNNY: Um...well. It's a writing gig. I'm a writer. A journalist...actually.

GODOT: Oh yeah? What kind of writing gig?

JOHNNY: It's...it's for *Town Tattle*.

GODOT: The gossip magazine? My wife used to read that at the hair salon before she got hit by a bus.

JOHNNY: She got hit by a bus!?!

GODOT: I'm living here aren't I?

JOHNNY: What does that have to do with—

GODOT: Nothing ever works out once you end up here.

JOHNNY: Excuse me. [*he starts to walk away*]

GODOT: Let me guess. You had dreams of working for National Geographic.

JOHNNY [*stops dead in his tracks*] How did you know that?

GODOT: And you tried and tried to get hired on. One thing led to another, the bills piled up, and now you'd be happy writing gossip for *Town Tattle* just to get the bill collectors to back off.

JOHNNY: Who are you? How do you know all this?

GODOT: You're settling.

JOHNNY: It's just until I get back on my feet.

GODOT: Look around you. [*he takes Johnny by the shoulder and points out other store owners*] Look at their faces. What do you see?

JOHNNY: I see people...working...

GODOT: Look closer. What do you really see?

JOHNNY [*realizes*]: I see...I see defeat.

GODOT: Exactly. Defeat. Despair. Everyone here settled. That guy over there, at the music store. Wanted to be a great musician but he chickened out the day of his audition at Julliard. Now he only teaches one instrument.

JOHNNY: Piano? Violin?

GODOT: The recorder.

JOHNNY: No!

GODOT: Yes! [*grabs Johnny around the shoulder and points out others along the street*] The dog groomer wanted to be a stylist for the stars in Hollywood. That law office over there is full of ambulance chasers who dreamed of doing pro bono work fighting for human rights. That bookseller studied the classics...now all he has in stock is thousands and thousands of copies of *The Notebook*.

JOHNNY: What is this place!?!

GODOT: I told you! It's where dreams come to die.

JOHNNY [*worried*]: What can I do?

GODOT: Get out! Skip the interview. Go home. Put together a portfolio, work on your resume, and contact National Geographic again. Don't...give...up!

[*Godot starts eating the pint of ice cream.*]

JOHNNY: I thought you were lactose intolerant.

GODOT: I am...it's the only food I can afford. [*he grabs his side*] Oh no! It's starting.

JOHNNY: How do I get out of here?

GODOT [*cringing. Shoveling ice cream into his mouth*]: There! Turn down that alley and run over to Hope Street. Go now! Before it's too late.

JOHNNY: How can I ever thank you?

GODOT: Tell my story! Don't let others forget...my...sacrifice!

[*Godot collapses. Johnny looks around and runs offstage.*]

CURTAIN