



## Sample Pages from darklight

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# darklight

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT BY  
*Lindsay Price*



darklight

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## Characters

4W+2M+10AG (any gender) + THOUGHTS (10 to 20 actors)

### Group One

5 AG

**ANXIETY:** A sharp pointed coach figure.

**DEPRESSION:** A grandmotherly type, soft, flowing, smothering figure.

**LUZ:** The light. Moves, acts and speaks with positive purpose.

**MOE:** Suffering from Anxiety.

**VAN:** Suffering from Depression.

### Group Two

Only Dad is identified as male. Others are AG.

**DEPRESSION THOUGHTS:** (5 to 10 actors various genders) This group represents Depression. They move slowly, always as a tight mass. They are rounded, heavy, and carry a narrow light.

**ANXIETY THOUGHTS:** (5 to 10 actors various genders) This group represents Anxiety. They move with a scattered, straight-legged frenzy. They carry a searching frantic light.

The following vignettes are played by members of the THOUGHTS Groups. All but DAD are AG.

Anxiety Questions	Depression Questions
Anxiety Awake	Depression Awake
Anxiety Alone	Depression Alone/Dad

**Group Three**

4W 2M 5AG

The following characters are in their own vignettes. They can be played by members of the THOUGHTS groups or cast individually.

**MR (or MRS) HALYCON/REY:** Mr Halycon (AG) is a salesman with a specific product. Rey (AG) is suffering from Anxiety.

**RIYA/FALLON:** Best Friends (2W) talking about dating. Mostly.

**THEO/THEO2/KARI/LIV/MASON/JYN:** Theo (M) is a friendly, welcoming character. His friends rely on him. Theo2 (AG) is Theo's inner depression, slowly taking over. Kari, Liv and Mason (2W 1M) are friends of Theo. Jyn (AG) is a new student, who sees right through Theo.

**VAN/DEATH:** Death and Van meet in the in-between world. Death (AG) is cheerful and very much an anti-stereotype. Van is also a Group One character.

**Set**

A unit set that has variety of levels for actors to use. Down Left is a trio of sharp cornered yellow cubes (the Anxiety side). Down Right is a trio of small blue circular platforms. (the Depression Side).

**Costume**

Anxiety wears fire engine red, Depression wears black with a large shawl.

The Anxiety Thoughts are crisp and clean. They wear black pants, white dress shirts and yellow bow ties. Their hair is slicked back.

Any character associated with Anxiety wears a splash of yellow in their costume.

The Depression Thoughts are dirty and unkempt. They wear blue overalls—something workmanlike—and black boots.

Any character associated with Depression wears a splash of blue in their costume.

Death should look very un-deathlike—Hawaiian shirt, colourful clothes. They should wear neither yellow, or blue.

## First Productions

*darklight* was first produced by Governor Simcoe Secondary School on January 19, 2018 under the name *Brain Basement*.

**Luz:** Rachel Sheehan

**Van:** Ryann Jones

**Moe:** Mackenzie Morningstar

**Anxiety:** Elisa Davis

**Depression:** Skye Western

**Depression Thoughts:** Brandon Ames, Amelia Chaney, Robert Dreyer, Ryann Jones, Daniel Klassen, Vitoria Lima, Madelynne McClelland, Katie McKenna, Lucas Sawatzky, Brett Singleton

**Anxiety Thoughts:** Braeden Archambault, Jordan Barlow, Olivia Botbyl, Taylor Campeau, Nadia Copen, Ava Danz, Alex DiSanto, Mackenna Fusek, Mackenzie Morningstar, Emma Rivett

**Anxiety Questions:** Olivia Botbyl

**Depression Questions:** Daniel Klassen

**Rey:** Braeden Archambault

**Mr. Halycon:** Brandon Ames

**Anxiety Awake:** Alex DiSanto

**Depression Awake:** Katie McKenna

**Fallon:** Ava Danz

**Riya:** Taylor Campeau

**Theo:** Lucas Sawatzky

**Theo2:** Madelynne McClelland

**Liv:** Mackenna Fusek

**Kari:** Emma Rivett

**Mason:** Jordan Barlow

**Jyn:** Katie McKenna

**Dad:** Brett Singleton

**Death:** Emma Fulton

**Directed by:** Rassika Risko

**Lighting Design and Operator:** Calvin Dolinski

**Sound Design:** Lucas Sawatzky

Governor Simcoe Secondary School then performed *darklight* for the Ontario Drama Festival on February 28, 2018 with the following cast.

**Luz:** Rachel Sheehan  
**Van:** Ryann Jones  
**Moe:** Mackenzie Morningstar  
**Anxiety:** Elisa Davis  
**Depression:** Skye Western  
**Anxiety Questions:** Olivia Botbyl  
**Depression Questions:** Robert Dreyer  
**Mr. Halycon:** Brandon Ames  
**Rey:** Braeden Archambault  
**Anxiety Awake:** Roxana Moise  
**Depression Awake:** Vitoria Lima  
**Fallon:** Ava Danz  
**Riya:** Taylor Campeau  
**Theo:** Lucas Sawatzky  
**Theo2:** Madelynn McClelland  
**Liv:** Mackenna Fusek  
**Kari & Anxiety Alone:** Emma Rivett  
**Mason:** Lucas Romanelli  
**Jyn:** Katie McKenna  
**Dad:** Brett Singleton  
**Death:** Emma Fulton  
**Depression Thoughts:** Amelia Chaney, Mitchell Epp, & Piper Little  
**Anxiety Thoughts:** Juliana Evans, Madison Key, Anna Koehler, & Santiago Rivera

**Director:** Mrs. Rassika Risko  
**Stage Manager:** Jaemy Sayavong  
**Lighting Design & Operation:** Calvin Dolinski  
**Soundtrack Design:** Lucas Sawatzky  
**Sound Operation:** Hunter Fulton  
**Costumes and Props:** Ensemble  
**Hair & Make up:** Ensemble

*darklight* was subsequently produced by Web's Spiders Theatre Company (Listowel District Secondary School) on March 28, 2018 with the following cast.

**Luz:** Alisha Porter  
**Van:** Chantel McIntosh  
**Moe:** Jae Mills  
**Anxiety:** Hailey Friedel  
**Depression:** Hannah Bauer  
**Anxiety Questions / Jyn:** Jane Smith  
**Depression Questions:** Kaelan Mick  
**Mr. Halycon:** Alex Hiebert  
**Rae:** Jordan Kuper  
**Anxiety Thoughts:** Jordan Anger  
**Depression Thoughts:** Evan Meyer  
**Anxiety Alone:** Autumn Musselman  
**Depression Alone:** Isaac Ducharme  
**Jenna:** Jennifer Spek  
**Dad:** Brendan Jantzen  
**Depression Awake:** Curtis Riddolls  
**Anxiety Awake:** Jensen Newman  
**Fallon:** Matt Ernest  
**Riya:** Dan White  
**Theo:** Cam McCluskie  
**Theo 2:** Maxwell Jackson  
**Liv:** Chloe Halerwich  
**Kari:** Kiri Allen  
**Mason:** Sadeh Alchahin  
**Death:** Paige Dunn  
  
**Director:** Mrs. S. Webster  
**Stage Manager:** Jacob Shantz  
**Assistant SM:** Mitchell Dale  
**Costumes:** Leandra Martin  
**Lights:** Austin Schultz  
**Sound:** Alex Naylor



## **Thank You**

To Rassika Risko  
for taking the chance.

To Claire Broome  
for seeing the potential from the beginning in the  
Van/Death scene.

To Stefanie Webster, Tracy Garratt and Barbara Kenney  
for letting me workshop with your students.  
I am so grateful!

To all the students  
who always knew what this play was about.

*In the darkness music fades up. Acoustic and hopeful.*

*A spotlight fades up DSC. LUZ enters holding an old-fashioned lantern. LUZ moves downstage and stands in the light. She looks out into the audience. She smiles.*

*The spotlight fades. LUZ exits with purpose. As the music fades, the sound of static rises.*

*Two figures walk onstage. The first figure walks with great slowness as if weighed down, rounded shoulders, head down.*

*The second figure walks with the following pattern: three steps forward. Stop. Change direction. Three steps forward. Stop. Change direction. This repeats. She is tense and agitated. Super straight arms and legs.*

*We will later come to find that the first is VAN and the second is MOE. MOE wears something yellow. VAN wears something blue.*

*They move centre stage. MOE grabs her stomach and almost throws herself to the ground. She curls into a ball and rocks with frenzy. VAN slowly sinks to the ground, head down, as if crushed by the weight.*

*Through this movement ANXIETY and DEPRESSION enter. While ANXIETY does not have the same frenzy as MOE, ANXIETY is sharp. Any gesture is pointed. Full of direct focus and straight lines. Think coach. ANXIETY is dressed in red.*

*DEPRESSION is not hunched over like MOE, but DEPRESSION is soft. Rounded. DEPRESSION flows and glides. DEPRESSION is wearing black and wears a black-fringed shawl. Think grandmother.*

*They end up behind MOE and VAN. DEPRESSION leans down to stroke VAN's head. She wraps the shawl around VAN. ANXIETY pushes MOE flat to the floor with her foot.*

*The sound stops.*

**DEPRESSION:** (*smiling, melodic*) A cat burglar and an arsonist are sitting in rowboat.

**ANXIETY:** (*strong, clipped*) That sounds like it could be a joke.

DEPRESSION: Do you see anyone laughing?

ANXIETY: No.

DEPRESSION: Me neither. Awwww. So sad.

ANXIETY: A cat burglar and an arsonist are sitting in a house.

DEPRESSION: Really? Who's house?

ANXIETY: (*pointing at someone in the audience*) Could be hers.

DEPRESSION: (*pointing at someone in the audience*) Or his.

ANXIETY: A cat burglar and an arsonist are sitting in a room.

DEPRESSION: Sounds like we're getting closer.

ANXIETY: (*to MOE*) Hey! Pay attention!

DEPRESSION: (*kneeling beside VAN*) Am I too close? HmMMMM?

ANXIETY: (*pushing down MOE with a foot*) I'm just trying to protect you.

DEPRESSION: (*stroking VAN's hair*) A cat burglar and an arsonist are sitting on your chest.

ANXIETY: (*yanking MOE's hair*) In your heart.

DEPRESSION: On your hands.

ANXIETY: In your stomach.

DEPRESSION: (*using the scarf, pulls VAN to standing*) On your legs.

ANXIETY: (*with a hand on MOE's hair, pulls MOE to standing*) In your brain.

DEPRESSION: On your throat.

ANXIETY: (*face to face with MOE*) Where's the fire?

DEPRESSION: (*face to face with VAN*) Where's your stuff?

ANXIETY: (*poking at MOE*) Where's the fire?

DEPRESSION: (*stroking VAN's face*) Where's your stuff?

ANXIETY: You have to find it. You have to. Don't tell me you don't know where it is.

DEPRESSION: Give me everything sweetie. It's better this way.

ANXIETY: *(throwing an arm around MOE's shoulders)* I'm just trying to protect you.

DEPRESSION: *(hugging VAN)* We're in this together.

ANXIETY: You're never getting out.

*There is the sound of a thud. A clank of grinding metal that echoes. Blackout.*

*In the dark we hear again that clanging thud. Grinding metal. The sound continues.*

*We see a slow-moving mass. Tightly formed. Within this clump we see small, narrow lights (electric tea lights work great) scattered among the group. The movement forward of the shape matches the slow clank of grinding metal. With each clang there is a lumbering forward.*

*After three or four metal clangs, the sound changes to a nuclear alert siren.*

*A second group enters. Now we see scattered, searching frantic light. Flashlights that blink red work great.*

*For this second group each person enters singularly and moves with one of three specific patterns:*

- 1. Two steps forward, stop, change direction, repeat.*
- 2. Three steps forward, stop, change direction, repeat.*
- 3. Four steps forward, stop, change direction, repeat.*

*So now we have two groups onstage. DEPRESSION THOUGHTS are slow-moving, head down, always a contained group, moving as in one shape. When they stop, have the shape hold in different levels but it's always contained and rounded. A blob.*

*ANXIETY THOUGHTS are sharp, moving quickly, scattered, changing direction, all with super straight arms and legs. Any time ANXIETY THOUGHTS enter or exit they always do their singular movement pattern. When ANXIETY THOUGHTS stand onstage, they stand in a diagonal line, one standing just behind the shoulder of the person in front of them.*

*Once both groups are established, lights rise slowly so we can see them. Once the lights start to rise, the DEPRESSION THOUGHTS should settle in their group shape stage left and the ANXIETY THOUGHTS run to form a staggered line stage right.*

*We also see ANXIETY and DEPRESSION standing on a platform or cubes above the rest. (MOE and VAN have disappeared)*

*The sound suddenly stops and the groups freeze.*

*As soon as the sound stops, the ANXIETY THOUGHTS start to whisper. They also build a repeated movement sequence. One person starts the movement sequence, then two more join in, then they all are executing the movement sequence.*

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire. Alarm. Threat. (repeat)

*The DEPRESSION THOUGHTS start to whisper. They also build a repeated movement sequence.*

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Drag. Down. Dark. (repeat)

*The two groups are now moving and speaking at the same time. It grows to a climax and an alarm sounds.*

*All the THOUGHTS grab their heads and hit the ground. ANXIETY and DEPRESSION move forward.*

DEPRESSION: Oh my dears. Was that too loud? Poor things.

ANXIETY: Get up. Get up.

*The THOUGHTS groan and stand. They are cut off by ANXIETY.*

ANXIETY: (to ANXIETY THOUGHTS) Hey! It's for your own good.

DEPRESSION: (to DEPRESSION THOUGHTS) It's time, sweeties. You know what you have to do.

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Not safe!

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Can't see.

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Not safe!

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Can't feel.

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Not safe!

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Can't move.

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Not safe, not safe, not safe!

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: (*same time as ANXIETY above*) Can't do, can't do, can't do!

*ANXIETY and DEPRESSION gesture and bright public light snaps up. ANXIETY QUESTIONS and DEPRESSION QUESTIONS stumble forward out from each group.*

ANXIETY QUESTIONS: (*not monotone but anxious*) Questions.

DEPRESSION QUESTIONS: (*not monotone but measured*) Questions.

ANXIETY QUESTIONS: The questions keep coming. Like shots.

DEPRESSION QUESTIONS: Why don't you just get out of bed?

ANXIETY QUESTIONS: What do you want for breakfast? What's the code name for the Invasion of Normandy?

DEPRESSION QUESTIONS: Why don't you change your clothes?

ANXIETY QUESTIONS: Did you hear what Nessa said about you? Did you hear about that terrorist attack? Do you think it'll happen here? What if it happens here?

DEPRESSION QUESTIONS: Why don't you stop this? This has gone on long enough.

ANXIETY QUESTIONS: Why can't you deal with this? Normal people do, everyday.

DEPRESSION QUESTIONS: Why don't you smile? A positive attitude will do you wonders.

ANXIETY QUESTIONS: It's just a little anxiety.

DEPRESSION QUESTIONS: You're just a little sad.

ALL THOUGHTS: You just want people to feel sorry for you.

ANXIETY QUESTIONS: What if I get the answers wrong? I could ruin my life.

DEPRESSION QUESTIONS: (*directly to the audience*) I don't care about anything. (*beat*) That's the wrong answer. My mom doesn't know how to fix that answer. Me either.

ANXIETY QUESTIONS: I never get it right.

DEPRESSION QUESTIONS: I always give the wrong answer.

ANXIETY: Never.

DEPRESSION: Always.

*As they speak everyone moves. The THOUGHTS grab the QUESTIONS and fold them into their group.*

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire, fire.

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Down, down.

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire, fire.

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Down, down.

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire, fire!

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Down, down!

*On the last “fire fire down down” an alarm grows and the groups erupt in chaos. ANXIETY THOUGHTS with frenzy as they run in lines over the stage. DEPRESSION THOUGHTS keep their shape as they exit.*

*In this middle of this, LUZ walks through, holding the lantern high. LUZ is moving at a different pace than the THOUGHTS, and is clearly looking for someone. She is purposeful but cheerful. LUZ crosses and exits. ANXIETY and DEPRESSION watch her.*

*As the THOUGHTS move off as REY runs on. REY is pacing back and forth. REY wears something yellow (shoes, shirt, belt, something that ties him to the ANXIETY THOUGHTS).*

*MR. HALYCON enters to stand on a cube. Note: This is a purposeful misspelling of Halcyon.*

*The sound cuts off suddenly. ANXIETY and DEPRESSION watch.*

MR. HALYCON: *(like a carnival barker, with a specific gesture)* Peace can be yours for a one time payment of \$29.95. Peace can be yours for a one time payment of \$29.95. *(calling to REY)* Hey, you! *(REY continues to pace)* Hey!

REY: *(startled)* What? What?

MR. HALYCON: (*carnival barker mode with a specific gesture*) Peace can be yours for a one time payment of \$29.95. You look like you could use it. Eh? A little peace and quiet? A little stillness on the water? Let me ease your mind for a one time payment of \$29.95.

REY: (*now frozen*) What?

MR. HALYCON: (*still carnival barker*) Peace can be yours for a one time payment of \$29.95.

REY: (*frozen*) How?

MR. HALYCON: (*losing his sheen a little*) You pay \$29.95, I give you peace. It's not rocket science, kid.

REY: (*running up to HALYCON*) How did you know I needed peace? Specifically, peace? How were you able to identify that peace is the very thing I lack? That I can't sleep. That the wheels run, run, run. I can't stop thinking. There's a sound, a constant sound, white noise or bees and there's too many things, too much to worry about, too many voices telling me to worry. I have to worry. Where's the fire? Where's the fire?

*There is a pause. ANXIETY and DEPRESSION slowly leave, satisfied.*

MR. HALYCON: (*losing carnival barker tone*) Yeah... that is... way more than I bargained for when I said "hey you." I'm gonna to go. (*turning to leave*)

REY: Wait! Don't go. (*takes a breath*) I'm interested, I'm intensely interested. I give you \$29.95 and you give me peace? For real?

MR. HALYCON: That's the transaction.

REY: Great. I'll take it. Wait! Wait! (*beat, changes tone*) How is peace only worth \$29.95? Is it black market peace? Was it made in a sweatshop? Are you scalping peace?

MR. HALYCON: What? No!

REY: Did you steal someone's peace and you're trying to get it off your hands quick?

MR. HALYCON: What are you talking about?

REY: (*tapping HALYCON on the chest*) Did you sneak into someone's house and rip their peace away from them without—

MR. HALYCON: (*moving away*) Kid, you're freaking me out. It's just plain old every day ordinary peace, all right?



REY: Is it street peace?

MR. HALYCON: Come again?

REY: You could have laced it with jellybeans or fabric softener.

MR. HALYCON: No! (*beat*) Why do you know about street peace?

REY: The internet is a dark place.

MR. HALYCON: I'm gonna go.

REY: Wait! You have to tell me. Where did you get extra? Where'd you get it?

MR. HALYCON: It's not extra...

REY: Because if there's a store or a drop off location in the woods where people are casually leaving peace lying around and I could go there, I have to know—

MR. HALYCON: It's mine, it's mine ok? It's my peace. My one hundred percent peace. Full strength, no fabric softener... (*REY takes a giant step back. He sinks to his knees/or sits.*) Now what?

REY: Well... (*quiet for the first time*) You're selling your own peace? On purpose?

MR. HALYCON: Yes.

REY: For \$29.95?

MR. HALYCON: So?

REY: Doesn't seem like a lot of money for stillness and well being. For *losing* stillness and well being.

MR. HALYCON: What do you care?

REY: (*getting up*) Why do you want to get rid of it? Is it faulty? Did you have an accident and you're trying to paper over the cracks? Trying to say your peace has never deployed its airbags when in fact you've smashed straight into a brick wall. BANG!

MR. HALYCON: Kid, you have got to stop thinking so hard.

REY: Tell me something I don't know. Why are you selling?

MR. HALYCON: None of your business.

REY: True. But you can't just say "I'm selling my peace" and not expect questions. It's pretty important, a vital emotional state. Why do you want to live without peace?

MR. HALYCON: None of your business. What are you doing?

REY: (*counting out money*) 10, 20, 30. You can keep the five cents.

MR. HALYCON: (*moving away*) I'm not selling to you. You're annoying.

REY: (*holding out the money*) Hardly the right move for a businessman.

MR. HALYCON: Peace is a delicate thing. You'll have it in shreds before you leave the parking lot.

REY: If it means so much to you, why don't you keep it?

MR. HALYCON: (*trying to get away*) Move along kid, ok?

REY: (*chasing*) How can you live without peace? Maybe you could tell me that—that would be worth way more than \$29.95.

MR. HALYCON: Get out of here.

REY: I have to know.

MR. HALYCON: Prepare to be disappointed. (*tries to leave*)

REY: Because I'm scared. I'm positive I've lost *my* peace for good. So. If you could tell me how you'll do it...

MR. HALYCON: (*Stops. This is not spoken in a down or depressed voice but with honest energy.*) Some people deserve misery.

REY: Some people don't. Most people don't.

MR. HALYCON: You don't know me.

REY: No. We're just two strangers in a parking lot.

MR. HALYCON: I should have gone to the library.

REY: Tell me why you're doing this.

MR. HALYCON: (*again, keep up the energy*) Some people deserve misery. They don't deserve, I don't deserve to have peace.

REY: I'm sure that's not true.

MR. HALYCON: (*energy!*) You don't know me. You don't know what... what she... it's my fault. I can't go back in time, but I can make sure I never forget. I deserve misery and chaos. So. Stop looking at me.

REY: (*Turning. They are now side-by-side, looking out.*) Ok. I hate it when people look at me. (*beat.*) We're not so different.

MR. HALYCON: If you hug me I will turn you into a pretzel.

REY: (*scoffs*) Your threats are meaningless. (*taps his own head*) This turns me into scrambled eggs. I would welcome the change of pace.

MR. HALYCON: That bad?

REY: Bad is a only relative when there's some good. Still. I'm glad I met you. Sometimes I... I forget the world exists. That there are other people.

MR. HALYCON: (*holds out an envelope*) Here.

REY: Keep it.

MR. HALYCON: Can't.

REY: Till tomorrow. One more day. And keep the 30. I'll pay you to keep your peace.

MR. HALYCON: That makes no sense.

REY: I'll see you back here tomorrow. Same time?

MR. HALYCON: I don't deserve this. I can't.

REY: If I can stand one more day without peace, you can stand one more day with it. Ok?

*A blast of static is heard or a quick sharp alarm blast. ANXIETY THOUGHTS and DEPRESSION THOUGHTS enter. ANXIETY THOUGHTS use with their step, stop, change direction pattern. DEPRESSION THOUGHTS keep their rounded shape and move slowly as they enter. Both groups speak as they enter.*

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire, fire.

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Down. Down.

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire, fire.

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Down. Down.

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire, fire.

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Down. Down.

*LUZ enters at the same time as above. She stands far upstage right and watches. REY and MR. HALYCON exit. ANXIETY and DEPRESSION enter to watch.*

*Suddenly there is a beeping noise, it's a morning alarm. Everyone freezes.*

*A second morning alarm, different than the beeping plays. Then a traditional clock noise. At that, everyone panics and rushes to their positions in the ANXIETY line and the DEPRESSION group. The alarm continues until everyone is in place.*

*ANXIETY AWAKE stumbles out of the ANXIETY THOUGHTS line and ends up on the floor. At the same time DEPRESSION AWAKE stumbles out of the DEPRESSION THOUGHTS and ends up on the floor. ANXIETY and DEPRESSION loom over the two AWAKE THOUGHTS.*

*The morning alarms shut off.*

ANXIETY: Hey.

DEPRESSION: (*soothing*) Hellooooo.

ANXIETY: Hey!

*ANXIETY AWAKE sits up with a sharp shallow breath. DEPRESSION AWAKE sits up with a slow drawn out gasp.*

ALL THOUGHTS: Two a.m.

ANXIETY: Have you been to sleep yet?

ANXIETY AWAKE: (*gulping for air*) Can't sleep. Can't sleep.

DEPRESSION: (*stroking DEPRESSION AWAKE's head*) You look so tired.

DEPRESSION AWAKE: Can't sleep...

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Three a.m.

ANXIETY: What are you thinking about?

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire, fire, not safe!

ANXIETY: Say it!

ANXIETY AWAKE: (*Gulping for air. Quickly but not so quick we can't understand the words.*) Death. Always death. My death. My parents

death. My friends. Everyone is dying all the time. I can't get out of my head.

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Not safe!

ANXIETY AWAKE: Can't sleep.

DEPRESSION AWAKE: Can't sleep...

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Three a.m...

DEPRESSION: I know, sweetie. Tell me all about it.

DEPRESSION AWAKE: There's fog. I'm surrounded.

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Can't see...

DEPRESSION AWAKE: If I open my mouth it rolls right inside. I can't breathe. I can't move. I'm drowning.

ALL THOUGHTS: Four a.m.

DEPRESSION: What a shame.

ANXIETY: Hey!

DEPRESSION: Helllooo. Wakey wakey.

ANXIETY: What are you thinking about? Tell me.

ALL THOUGHTS: Five a.m.

ANXIETY AWAKE: I can't escape this.

ANXIETY: It's for your own good. (*pushes ANXIETY AWAKE down*)

DEPRESSION AWAKE: There are people who live outside the fog.

DEPRESSION: Not you, love. It's for the best. (*lowers DEPRESSION AWAKE down*)

ALL THOUGHTS: Six a.m.

ANXIETY: Hey.

DEPRESSION: (*soothing*) Hellooooo.

ANXIETY: Hey!

*ANXIETY AWAKE sits up with a sharp shallow breath.  
DEPRESSION AWAKE sits up gasping for air.*

*The two THOUGHT GROUPS gasp at the same time  
and grab the AWAKES, pulling them back.*

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire. Alarm. Threat. (*repeat and get faster*)

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Drag. Down. Dark. (*repeat faster*)

*Each side repeats their chant and gets faster. The ANXIETY THOUGHTS stay in place but react with panic and frenzy. The DEPRESSION THOUGHTS reach up and grab down. The action continues.*

*At the same time, MOE and VAN stumble onstage. They end up downstage on the floor.*

*LUZ rushes downstage through the chaos.*

LUZ: Hey! Hey! Hey you!

*Everything freezes. All sound ceases. The THOUGHTS breathe quietly as if they don't want to be caught. LUZ talks out to the audience, holding the lantern high.*

LUZ: I know you are walking in a narrow light. (*holding up the lantern*)  
Are you there? I saw you, I know I did. Are you there? Hey!

*ANXIETY and DEPRESSION gesture. The lights slam to dark. There is the sound of an alarm.*

*The ANXIETY THOUGHTS throw on their flashlights. Their light is scattered. The DEPRESSION THOUGHTS light their tea lights. They move to exit. LUZ continues to search with the lantern as she exits.*

*FALLON enters and sits stage right. RIYA stands behind her. RIYA has yellow on her costume. THEO2 enters to sit stage left. THEO2 is dressed in blue. THEO stands behind him.*

*The sound cuts off and the lights fade up bright.*

FALLON: So then, then—he confesses. He's got a list of dating “do's” and “don'ts” on his phone and he's been trying to read them during the date. It's so creepy.

RIYA: Awwwww.

FALLON: Awwwww? What do you mean awwwww? It's creepy.

RIYA: I think it's sweet. He wanted to get it right.

FALLON: Oh. (*getting it*) Oh... (*realizing what she did*) Oh no!

RIYA: (*sitting*) Fallon.

FALLON: Yeah. I didn't think of it that way. That makes total sense...

RIYA: What did you do with his "do's?"

FALLON: I might have laughed. Loud.

RIYA: Oh Fal.

FALLON: I might have pointed it out to the people around us. He might have fled.

RIYA: You're a horrible person.

FALLON: This is why I need you around! I messed up the poor guy's "do's."

RIYA: You've traumatized him for life.

FALLON: I *am* a horrible person. (*sighs*) I hate dating. Hey! We're doing a picnic on Sunday. Big family thing in the park. Wanna come?

RIYA: You know I can't.

*There is a pause. RIYA stands. FALLON now talks out front.*

FALLON: You could hide behind a tree. And then I could talk to you.

RIYA: You should talk to your family.

FALLON: They don't want to talk. If we don't talk, it never happened. You're just someone who moved away and not...

RIYA: How long have you been in your room?

FALLON: (*looking around*) I don't know. It's easier than answering questions.

RIYA: This isn't real.

FALLON: What's so great about real?

RIYA: It's been a year. Over a year. This date with the "do's" was over a year ago.

FALLON: I want to relive good moments. We had so many of them! You are a happy person. You have hobbies. You laugh. You have friends. There was no warning, Riya. You never let on that you weren't happy. I would have known.

RIYA: Are you sure?

FALLON: Why didn't I know? Your sister said you had cuts all over your legs.

RIYA: Tell me about your date.

FALLON: Why didn't I know?

*RIYA circles around behind FALLON, the moment is beginning again.*

RIYA: Come on, you're dying to. You keep catching him trying to side-eye his phone. He doesn't just look at it like a normal person, but like he's hiding something.

FALLON: So then, then—he confesses. He's got a list of dating “do's” and “don'ts” on his phone and he's been trying to read them during the date. It's so creepy.

RIYA: Awwwww.

FALLON: Awwwww? What do you mean awwwww? It's creepy.

RIYA: I think it's sweet. He wanted to get it right.

*A school bell rings and the focus shifts to the other side of the stage. RIYA and FALLON exit. THEO starts pacing.*

THEO: I don't know how to do this.

THEO2: Just tell them.

THEO: Easy for you to say.

GIRLS: *(running on)* Hey Theo!

THEO: *(turning on a big smile and all the charm)* Ladies. How are we doing today?

LIV: Awful.

KARI: She's exaggerating.

LIV: I am not. My life is truly awful. It's not worth living.

KARI: Her nail polish chipped this morning.

LIV: My look is tarnished.

KARI: I weep for you.

LIV: Shut up. *(to THEO)* You going to Dominic's party Saturday?



THEO: Thinking about it.

KARI: Is there something better going on?

THEO: Nah, Dominic's will be great. See you later, alright?

GIRLS: Bye, Theo! (*exit*)

THEO2: You can't keep this up. Soon I won't let you. I won't have a choice.

THEO: I know. I have to find the right person. (*sits beside THEO2*)

THEO2: Don't touch me.

THEO: Sorry. (*puts his head in his hands*)

THEO2: (*draw out the sound*) Ssss-sstttt-static.

*MASON shuffles on. He doesn't get far. He stands for a moment, looking totally dejected. He sighs.*

MASON: (*draw it out*) Heeeeeeeey.

THEO: (*looking up, suddenly*) Oh, hey Mason.

*MASON sighs dramatically. THEO stands, getting in front of THEO2.*

THEO: What's wrong? Did Kacy...

MASON: Kick my ass (*or butt*) to the curb? Yeah she did. (*sighs*) I am so depressed.

THEO: You'll be fine.

MASON: (*sighing*) Yeah.

THEO: You will. You going to Dominic's party? Liv's going.

MASON: (*perking up*) Oh yeah? You going?

THEO2: (*draw out the sound*) Ssss-sstttt- static.

THEO: (*trying to ignore THEO2, pulling MASON away*) Thinking about it.

MASON: You say you're thinking about it, but you haven't been to a party in ages.

THEO: I'm a busy man. (*smiling*) There's only so much of me to go around.

MASON: (*laughing in agreement*) Ok. I'm going to think my way into some chilli cheese fries.

THEO: That'll do the trick.

MASON: Works every time. Thanks man. (*exits*)

THEO2: (*draw out the sound*) Ssss-sstttt-static. Static. Static.

THEO: Stop it. Stop saying that.

THEO2: You're running out of time, Theo.

THEO: (*to THEO2*) This is ridiculous! There's nothing wrong with me. I don't need to talk to anyone. Everything is fine. It's fine.

THEO2: You want me to take over.

THEO: No! You can't. It's just... Life is hard for everyone, I'm not special. (*sits mimicking THEO2's posture*)

*THEO2 looks at THEO for the first time.*

THEO2: Soon it won't matter.

THEO: I know.

*JYN enters. She sees both THEO and THEO2. She stares for a moment before speaking.*

JYN: (*to self*) Whoa. (*she moves closer and then*) Hey.

*THEO looks up, surprised. He snaps back into public mode, getting up, stepping in front of THEO2.*

THEO: Hey! Sorry, didn't see you. I was just... do I know you?

JYN: I'm new. Jyn. Theo?

THEO: (*with a smile*) That's me.

JYN: Ah, the office said to talk to you? (*with a smile*) "Theo knows everything and everyone..."

THEO: (*putting on the charm*) Oh that's right, Mrs. Castaneda told me. I forgot. Sorry. (*genuine and friendly*) Let's start over. Hey Jyn, nice to meet you! I'm Theo. I'm going to be your own (*bowing*) personal Welcome Wagon. What's your first class?

JYN: (*serious*) Are you going to introduce me to your friend?

*THEO freezes. THEO2 looks up.*

THEO: What?

JYN: (*serious*) Your friend.

THEO: I... I don't know what you're talking about. I mean, I have lots of friends but no one is—

JYN: He's sitting right there. He's obviously connected to you.

THEO: (*crossing away*) We should probably get going. Where's your schedule? It can be a bit tricky to find the cafeteria. Why don't we—

JYN: Theo. I see him.

THEO: (*losing it a little*) There's no one there ok? (*beat*) Sorry. I don't... you can see him?

THEO2: Ssss-sstttt- static.

THEO: Stop it!

JYN: Whoa. He talks too? Does he talk like that all the time? Who is he?

THEO: I...I don't know where to start. (*beat*) He's not my friend. He's my... He's just... (*he exhales with frustration and tries again*) This is me. (*points to himself*) On the outside. This is what everybody sees all the time. My friends. Mrs. Castaneda... (*gesturing to THEO2*) This is my inside. This is what's going on inside of me.

JYN: Whoa.

THEO: Yeah.

JYN: All the time?

THEO: (*don't use a depressed tone here*) All the time. More than all the time. He didn't used to come to school. He didn't used to talk.

JYN: That's intense.

THEO: I don't know what to do, Jyn. How do I talk about my insides? People tell me their problems all the time. How do I deal with mine?

THEO2: Static.

THEO: (*Simple. Don't go over-the-top.*) He's taking over. And I don't know what to do.

THEO2: Static. Static. Static. Static.

*There is the sound of static. ANXIETY THOUGHTS enter, moving in their patterns and repeating their chant. RIYA and FALLON are folded up into the action and exit. THEO et al. get swallowed by the DEPRESSION THOUGHTS as they enter in a group.*

*ANXIETY and DEPRESSION stand above on cubes and watch the action.*

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire, alarm, threat. (repeat)

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Drag, down, dark. (repeat)

*The THOUGHTS move to their sides of the stage and form their groups.*

*As soon as they are in place, ANXIETY ALONE stumbles out of the ANXIETY THOUGHTS. Everyone freezes.*

ANXIETY ALONE: (honest) Little cuts. Little cuts. Little breaths. I need to breathe. It's the only way. Little cuts. Hidden in corners. Lying underneath. Giving me relief. Little cuts. Little cuts. Every cut has a story. Every cut has a reason for being. I am a mosaic, broken pieces brought together to make me. Make me whole. Little pieces. Little cuts. I see them and I am real. Alive. Otherwise I will vanish. Disappear into the cracks of the pavement. I want to be real. I want to exist.

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire, fire, not safe!

*ANXIETY THOUGHTS grab ANXIETY ALONE and fold her into the group.*

*The DEPRESSION THOUGHTS bang the floor three times to imitate the sound of banging on a door.*

*DEPRESSION ALONE moves downstage. She sinks to her knees and stares out. One of the other DEPRESSION THOUGHTS plays the voice of DAD. We only hear DAD we do not see him.*

DAD: Jenna?

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Jenna!

DAD: Jenna... The bus will be here any minute. Big game today. Jenna?  
Jenna...

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Jenna!

DAD: You trust me don't you? Don't you? There's nothing to worry about. Everything's fine. Jenna? Jenna...

THOUGHTS: Jenna!

DAD: Come out of there! This is weakness, Jenna. This is weak! You're stronger than this. Prove to me you're not lazy, Jenna. Prove to me you're strong. Prove it to yourself. Jenna?

THOUGHTS: Jenna!

DAD: Do you want me to take the door off its hinges? Do you want me to do that? *(beat)* Jenna?

*DEPRESSION ALONE is folded back into the DEPRESSION THOUGHTS.*

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: Drag, down, dark. Drag, down, dark.  
*(continues)*

*DEPRESSION THOUGHTS keep their chant going. They also add in their repeated movement sequence.*

*At the same time the ANXIETY THOUGHTS move in place with frenzy and panic.*

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: Fire, alarm, threat. Fire, alarm, threat.  
*(continues)*

*MOE and VAN enter and stumble into their respective groups.*

*LUZ runs onstage with the lantern. She barrels her way through and makes her way downstage centre MOE and VAN are visible to the audience.*

LUZ: Hey, hey! I see you. I see you!

*Everyone freezes. While LUZ talks, ANXIETY slowly makes his way to MOE. DEPRESSION slowly makes her way to VAN. The two loom over their charges.*

LUZ: You are walking in a narrow light. I can't imagine what that's like. I don't know what that's like. I won't pretend to, I won't talk about what you're going through, or say it'll be okay. I don't know that. I can't save you. I can't change your situation. But I can hold a candle. A flashlight. A lantern, anything.

*The THOUGHTS all slowly turn toward LUZ. They start to whisper and move slowly toward LUZ.*

DEPRESSION THOUGHTS: (*whispering*) Drag, down, dark. Drag, down, dark. (*continues*)

ANXIETY THOUGHTS: (*whispering*) Fire, alarm, threat. Fire, alarm, threat. (*continues*)

LUZ: I can show you the cliff's edge so you know where you are and where you stand. I will hold a light till the wax burns my fingers. Because I would miss you.

*The THOUGHTS change their chant. They start to sink to the floor around LUZ, one-by-one. Each THOUGHT picks one of the following words and repeats it.*

THOUGHTS: (*whispered*) Stars, shine, stars, light, light, look, light, stars, sparks, light, stars, bright, bright, bright. (*continues under LUZ*)

*MOE and VAN start to move toward LUZ. DEPRESSION wraps her shawl around VAN, stopping her. ANXIETY swats MOE's hands down.*

LUZ: It's hard to see us in the dark. But we're here. We would all miss you. Are you there? If you can't see me, look up. The night is filled with stars. Beautiful sparks of light, that tell you the world is not a black hole. You are not surrounded by blackness. Even in the darkest night there are stars.

*LUZ reaches up. All the THOUGHTS reach up as well.*

LUZ: There are always stars, even if you can't see them. They are there. You have to believe they are always there. (*beat*) Are you there?

MOE: (*reaching out*) I'm here!

*This causes ANXIETY and DEPRESSION to act.*

*A clock gongs to 12 (or as few as you need for the transition).*

*ANXIETY grabs MOE by the feet and literally drags her offstage. Lights go to red, or move from black to bright and back again. ANXIETY THOUGHTS move with frenzy and exit.*

*At the same time, DEPRESSION puts her shawl over VAN's head. She brings VAN gently to standing. DEPRESSION hugs VAN and then leaves her, dragging*

*her shawl off of VAN, exiting with the DEPRESSION THOUGHTS.*

*DEATH enters. DEATH grabs VAN by the hand as if he/she is going to pull VAN but doesn't. They are frozen.*

*Lights come up full and sound stops. There is a beat of silence before VAN speaks.*

VAN: You're supposed to pull.

DEATH: *(cheerfully)* I know. I will.

*Pause.*

VAN: Any time soon?

DEATH: Oh for sure. I just wanted to talk to you. Ask you some questions?

VAN: I wrote a note.

DEATH: That was for them.

VAN: Aren't *you* supposed to be the expert about this?

DEATH: Oh sure. I am, I am. I know what I'm doing.

VAN: Ok.

DEATH: I'm not new at this. Not new new. Not brand new. This isn't my first rodeo.

VAN: That's a weird way to put it.

DEATH: You're right. Totally. *(takes a deep breath)* Hi. I'm Death. Before we go, can we talk about your experience?

VAN: What?

DEATH: I'm looking for insight.

VAN: No.

DEATH: No one can hear you. Not here.

VAN: *(pulls her hand away and turns)* I don't want to talk about it.

DEATH: *(following)* That's what everyone says. In your...position.

VAN: You should take the hint. *(holding her hand out)* I'm ready to go. It's time to go.

DEATH: Oh for sure. Two minutes?

VAN: There has to be someone who will take me. Who's your supervisor?

DEATH: This is a one person job.

VAN: You can't change my mind.

DEATH: Oh for sure. I can't influence or interfere. Page one of the manual.

VAN: And what page of the manual is the post-death chitty chat?

DEATH: I'm kind of... going off the grid here.

VAN: This is weird.

DEATH: (*cheerfully*) Occasionally, I am weird.

VAN: I'm guessing more than occasionally.

DEATH: Often, I am weird. It passes the time. Ok. No chitty-chat. We'll just wait.

VAN: (*pausing before she talks*) You look different than I imagined.

DEATH: I look different to everyone.

VAN: I meant the outfit.

DEATH: (*cheerfully*) Yeah, skulls aren't my thing. And my feet kept getting tangled in the robe. (*puts on a voice*) Come with me... whoa! (*VAN gives a tiny laugh*) It's hard to maintain gravitas when you're on the floor. (*beat*) You laughed.

VAN: Hardly.

DEATH: I heard you...

VAN: It was an exhale with noise. That does not qualify as a laugh.

DEATH: I'll take what I can get.

VAN: And so what if I laugh? What does that prove? (*sarcastic*) One laugh and she's cured!

DEATH: See? I need your insight.

VAN: Don't you have somewhere else to be, someone else to pick up? Meet a quota or something?





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