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A Suite of Short Plays

BY

Bradley Hayward

Sixteen
in 10 Minutes or Less

Friend Request
Double Click
Brace Yourself
Lazy Eye
Fireworks
Pay Phone
Bench Warrant
Wheels
Tumblefur
Status Update: A Symphony

A Suite of Short Plays
BY
Bradley Hayward
RIGHT EYE: Okay, fine. I’m crying. Are you happy now?

LEFT EYE: A little bit, yeah.

RIGHT EYE: Leave me alone.

LEFT EYE: It feels good to cry, doesn’t it?

RIGHT EYE: Why would it feel good?

LEFT EYE: Sometimes you have to let your feelings gush out. Otherwise pressure builds up and then we end up getting crossed.

RIGHT EYE: I didn’t realize how much I was hurting you.

LEFT EYE: I know you don’t mean to. It’s your job to see things the way they are. It’s my job to see them the way they could be.

RIGHT EYE: Your job sounds so much more fun than mine.

LEFT EYE: It’s fun, but I couldn’t do it alone.

RIGHT EYE: Really?

LEFT EYE: Of course. If it wasn’t for you, Laura wouldn’t have any hands.

RIGHT EYE: How do you mean?

LEFT EYE: I’ve always wanted her to play with fire. It’s so pretty! But you’re the one who stops me. Every time.

RIGHT EYE: I’ve never told you this before, but sometimes I wonder what it would be like to live under your lid. There are days I get so mad that I have to be the rational one. It’s unreasonable, I think, to spend my whole life being reasonable. Believe me, I’d like to have fun. I’d like to take naps. But what would happen if I did? What would happen to Laura? Everyone else would excel and she’d fall back. But the fact of the matter is, I’m tired. Why do you think I’m blood shot all the time? I’m sorry if I lash out at you sometimes. You have to know that it’s not personal. And I don’t really think you’re lazy. I’m just jealous that I can’t see things the same way you do.

LEFT EYE: (bursts into tears) That’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever heard!

RIGHT EYE: Really?

LEFT EYE: Really beautiful!
RIGHT EYE: *(laughs)* You think everything is beautiful.

LEFT EYE: I know. But I really, really, really, really, really mean it this time.

RIGHT EYE: Don’t cry.

LEFT EYE: I can’t help it.

RIGHT EYE: No, I mean, don’t cry. First me, now you. She’ll come at us with a tissue for sure.

LEFT EYE: *(stifles her tears)* Oh, you’re right! We don’t want that.

RIGHT EYE: Definitely not. I hate when she pokes around in here.

LEFT EYE: Me too. Remember the contact lens incident?

RIGHT EYE: Don’t remind me.

*They laugh together.*

LEFT EYE: I wonder if Laura got the question right.

RIGHT EYE: What question?

LEFT EYE: Janet and her missing coin.

RIGHT EYE: Oh, that. I thought you didn’t care.

LEFT EYE: I don’t. But I could try to care.

RIGHT EYE: And I could try not to.

LEFT EYE: Deal. So what’s the next question we should be looking at?

RIGHT EYE: Really? Wouldn’t you rather go back to sleep?

LEFT EYE: Nah. Let’s open wide and show her everything.

*LEFT EYE winks. RIGHT EYE smiles. They lean forward together and squint. The lights fade.*
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