

Shooting Star

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Tenth draft

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CHARACTER

SOMEONE Female

SOMEONE ELSE Female

They are about the same age, but we can't really tell how old they are through appearances. Looks about 20s but could be from 17 to 25. Doesn't really matter.

The lines start with ":" are thoughts not generated in the exact moment or exact person who says them; Treat them as quotes.

CONTENT WARNING

Mention of Suicide, Autotomy, Blood.

Lights off. Soft sound of school bell.

SOMEONE enters the stage, making a very clear inhale as if she found something unexpected.

SOMEONE

What are you doing!?

Lights on. SOMEONE ELSE standing on a block. SOMEONE walks closer checking SOMEONE ELSE, wanting her to step down from the edge. The sun is setting. Sound of wind.

SOMEONE ELSE

I am about to die.

SOMEONE

You are about to die

Okay

Calm down

Let's/

SOMEONE talks fast and nervously.

SOMEONE ELSE

I am going to jump off this skyscraper and hit that grey Honda in about three minutes.

SOMEONE

WOW okay this is literally sixth floor

But anyway can we/

SOMEONE ELSE

Before that I'm going to enjoy these last three minutes of silence.

Pause.

SOMEONE

Okay how about/

SOMEONE ELSE

Three

Minutes

What can you do in just three minutes?

Boiling up a pot of water

Running one and a half laps on a track
Hearing the bell went to the bathroom walked outside wanting to breath more oxygen into your lungs and then witness someone jumping off of the school building/

SOMEONE

I got that but I'm thinking that/

SOMEONE ELSE

Falling from 158760 meters high and hits the ground
Realizing things aren't getting any better and get to this roof by stairs/

SOMEONE

ALRIGHT

Pause.

Well

She glances at SOMEONE ELSE, not reading the sign to interrupt on her face, and continues.

I'm just
still thinking about that Honda.

SOMEONE is not sure what SOMEONE ELSE is thinking. Pause. A few of tentative observation here.

SOMEONE ELSE

You're still thinking about HERE.

SOMEONE ELSE sounds a bit weak. SOMEONE doesn't expect that.

SOMEONE

Oh.

Um

Yes

I guess?

Cause we've got/

SOMEONE ELSE

Which is saying you still care about here.

SOMEONE

Guess you could say that
But maybe we could have that conversation later?
Like when you/

SOMEONE ELSE

I'm not.

SOMEONE

Sorry?

SOMEONE ELSE

I don't care about that grey Honda.

SOMEONE

Well
that makes sense
however I don't think we could just land on it actually
cause you know there's like
property law or something like that
and people will be upset about that too
I mean

Beat. SOMEONE ELSE doesn't respond.

Yeah

Um

*Still no response. Out of nowhere SOMEONE gets a bit
mad and also frustrated.*

Well you don't care about anything do you
How could you/

SOMEONE ELSE

That's it: I do not care about anything.
Why would I ever care about anything?
:There is only one serious philosophical problem
.....
It's nine hundreds meter high in the air and we're above the clouds/

SOMEONE

Now you're talking bullshit/

SOMEONE ELSE

Moon hangs beneath us.
Civilization is a huge machine that alienate human to be civilized.
Citizens.
Conformers.
Donkeys with carrots hanging in front of them.
Evolution of a modern brain is a curse and side effects of intellectuality is psychopath.
I am the left behinds.
A piece of residue.
A defective product.
I wish I were a rock with no life and all its byproducts—
Gems. Ores. Shooting stars.
Why would I even care when I could be a shooting star?

Beat. SOMEONE calming herself down.

SOMEONE

Okay. You done? Cause we got five minutes/

SOMEONE ELSE

Why are you HERE?

SOMEONE ELSE steps down the block. For the first time she looks at SOMEONE. SOMEONE remains silent, making up her thoughts. SOMEONE ELSE, gently but firmly, supports SOMEONE to stand on the block while continue her speech. SOMEONE doesn't react much during the process. She seems faraway.

Hm?

Which one is it?

Or is it all of them?

SOMEONE ELSE finds a moment of stillness beside the block. They settle themselves. Beat.

SOMEONE

Fuck you.

SOMEONE ELSE turns her head, stares at SOMEONE for a moment.

SOMEONE ELSE

I know.

SOMEONE ELSE turns back facing the audience. Pause.

SOMEONE

Fuck you.

SOMEONE ELSE

It's okay.

Beat.

SOMEONE

Sometimes I would feel like I'm an insatiable bitch.

Every morning I wake up and feel tired.

My mom comes and check in with me:

How do you feel?

She's so sweet and I find myself shamefully resisting her kindness and want to run away.

She's just sweet.

She would drive me to school in the morning and then come and pick me up when the day ends.

Every weekday when I walk out of school

I can see her standing there under the sunset.

She drives me home and it's another day.

I wake up,

walk into parking lot,

and see her waiting in the car.

In that fucking grey Honda.

So just stop bullshitting please

How could I possibly don't care about that fucking Honda

How could I possibly don't care about here

How could I EVER be a shooting star?

Beat.

Well

I uh

don't think I should be here anymore.

I'll just/

SOMEONE ELSE

But you chose this.

Here.

There's no way back.

Beat.

mom would drive you to work
but she also shouts when you drop the second drip of your tears

Madly and

Desperately and

Hysterically yelling:

JUST STOP FUCKING CRYING

You think: The only person on earth who is bound to you seems hate you so badly right now.

But all you want to do is to drop a second drip of your tears.

: Is it really that unbearable?

She says

you are making me feel like I'm really, really useless.

And then you start to drop the third drip of your tears

You're thinking why can't you just be a person who cries?

But she's sweet

She drives you to school and checks in with you

So of course you are asking too much

How could you ever be a shooting star

How could you possibly/

*SOMEONE changes mood suddenly, like she has just
woke up from a dream.*

SOMEONE

You are now making things complex/

*SOMEONE ELSE gets emotional suddenly, interrupting
SOMEONE.*

SOMEONE ELSE

And you are pretending this to be easy

We can't just

HAVE it ALL

We knew that from a long time ago

We just CAN'T

*Pause. They look forward and stare for a long time. No
one speaks. The sun is about to go. Wind stops. A moment
of uncomfortable silent.*

SOMEONE

It's already five minutes.

Beat.

SOMEONE ELSE

What?

SOMEONE

You're exceeding two minutes already.

*A long, awkward pause. They are still looking forward.
SOMEONE ELSE sits on the floor and SOMEONE
starts following, sitting down on the block. They look like
they're watching sunset.*

You remember the first eyebrow razor I bought? The one I got from some crappy little store that seems like there's definitely gonna be some random diseases carried on with it. I wanted to look better.

SOMEONE ELSE

You wanted to look better.

SOMEONE

It was seventh grade I thought. I had a crush on a boy in our class but he laughed at me with some other kids. He told me that/

SOMEONE ELSE

You're ugly.

SOMEONE

I'm ugly.

Later on I transferred out of that school and started to buy things that could make me look prettier. One year later I learned how to do makeup and got a very light skin tone/

SOMEONE ELSE

Pale/

SOMEONE

UNhealthy

skin tone.

And I'm so happy

I thought I finally got something worth being liked

It's fucking pathetic
but I was happy.

Beat.

I tried.

Pause.

SOMEONE ELSE

What

SOMEONE

With that eyebrow razor.

Pause. They somehow manage to stand up during the following conversation. SOMEONE might step down the block later some point in the conversation.

I sneaked out of home with that eyebrow razor and an old blanket/

SOMEONE ELSE

And a bottle of alcohol wipes

SOMEONE

Yeah

And a bottle of alcohol wipes.

I tried my best to lower the volume when changing shoes

But still/

SOMEONE ELSE

I heard mom asking/

SOMEONE

YOUR mom asking/

SOMEONE ELSE

My mom asking

Where are you going?

With her exhausted

Frustrated voice

Which had been used to shout at me just a few minutes ago/

SOMEONE

Because you were crying/

SOMEONE ELSE

Again.

Because I was crying again.

I went outdoor and flattened the blanket on the ground

SOMEONE

An open concrete ground.

SOMEONE ELSE

I disinfect that razor first with an alcohol wipe though

Beat.

It's

Weird

Just think about how this catches you from falling

You thought you might want to drip the second drop of your blood.

SOMEONE

I thought I find somewhere to land

SOMEONE ELSE

: as a shooting star

SOMEONE

The sun that day was just like this.

Beat.

SOMEONE ELSE

It's another day.

Blackout as the sun goes down.

Sound of wind.

*A long, long silence, almost making us hear something
falls to ground.*

Soft sound of school bells.

SOMEONE ELSE

We should just go.

SOMEONE

Yeah. We gotta move quick cause they've already started.

SOMEONE ELSE

Fuck me.

END