YOU ARE ALL ALONE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:
NARRATOR (preferably a man with a very deep, movie-trailer like voice)
ACTOR (can be anyone)
ANGELA
PLAYWRIGHT (anyone, but a very different voice from the narrator)

Setting: Bare stage

Synopsis: A narrator describes the actions of an actor on stage. The actor is granted free thought by the playwright, and the two discuss how the play should continue.

NOTE: The Narrator’s words are not just dialogue, but also stage directions. The Actor should follow along with what the Narrator is saying. Also, add any needed sounds and props to exemplify what the Narrator is saying. Think of it as if the Narrator is God, and they are building this world for the Actor to live in. The Narrator can also speak over the Actor sometimes, for they are controlling the actor’s actions.
(The stage is completely dark. The actor stands center stage.)

NARRATOR: You are all alone.

(A single spotlight shines on center stage. The actor jumps, shocked.)

NARRATOR: Honestly, who would want to be with you?

ACTOR: Wow. Thanks, man.

NARRATOR: Hey, I’m not trying to offend you. Just go with it, okay?

(The actor groans, rolls their eyes, and begins to pace around.)

Cool.

(The set starts to appear. Add lights, and sound, emulating the field as described by the narrator.)

ACTOR: Wait, what’s happening?

NARRATOR: You’ll see...

ACTOR: Okay... here we go...

NARRATOR: You are all alone in a sea of grass that swallows you whole. (The actor begins to pace about the stage, exploring their surroundings.) A cloud ceiling extends to every horizon, trapping the sun behind the clouds. When the sun fights back and pleads to stretch its rays onto the cold earth, the clouds stay solid, refusing to budge. A gentle breeze whispers secrets in your ear, speaking some foreign tongue you have no ability to translate. And if I were to attempt to describe how you feel, there is only one word that I can use, and please pardon my redundancy: ALONE.

ACTOR: (clutching their arms) Man, it’s kinda cold around here.

NARRATOR: Using your loneliness to your advantage, you investigate your surroundings. (The actor begins to walk around.) You crouch down on the beige ground and admire the grass. Each blade is long, slender, and somewhat fibrous. Not surprisingly, it is quite grassy. The grass seems a little too commonplace, so you gaze up at the sky instead. You immediately recognize how it is so caringly painted with the same, monotonous shade of gray. It is almost as beautiful as a wall in an office building. The blandness takes your breath away. You say that the sky is overcast, and somewhat cloudy. Isn’t the weather just perfect?

ACTOR: (dripping with sarcasm) Most certainly.

NARRATOR: Thanks for the compliment. I greatly appreciate that.

ACTOR: Come on, man. It’s called sarcasm.

NARRATOR: Oh, really? This is uninteresting?

ACTOR: Tell me about it—

NARRATOR: My meaningless rant is boring you? That’s understandable. I would apologize for any inconvenience, that is, if I had any pity. But I don’t.
ACTOR: Surprising.

NARRATOR: You know what? I’ll be nice to you.

ACTOR: (surprised) Wait, seriously?

NARRATOR: Sure. I’ll give you a friend. I’ll let you experience the magical feeling of friendship! Oh, joy!

ACTOR: (monotone) Woohoo.

NARRATOR: Let’s name your friend Logan. Don’t you love that name?

ACTOR: I mean, I—

NARRATOR: Oh, that’s right; your opinion has no relevance to the plotline. So Logan it is. (The actor puts their head in their hands, exasperated.) Logan is very cute and adorable. Humans like you find little things adorable, right? I mean, except for those who are irrationally afraid of adorable things, which I genuinely hope you are not. So, please do not hurt Logan.

ACTOR: (half-assed) Believe me, I am a completely trustworthy person and I wouldn’t hurt a fly.

NARRATOR: Just remember, Logan is your friend. And friends don’t kill each other. So, (clears throat) whilst you are by yourself on the expansive field, you encounter a little buzzing black dot with wings. It’s Logan! Isn’t he adorable?

ACTOR: Yeah, if that’s how you want to put it.

NARRATOR: Logan zooms around your head and lands on the back of your hand. Innocently, he peers up at your face.

ACTOR: (looking at their hand, grinning eerily) Why, hello there, little friend!

NARRATOR: Go on, cherish your new friend forever. I know I—

ACTOR: (speaking over the narrator) Ready to be cherished forever, you little shit?

NARRATOR: (horrified) You smack your hand, squeezing every last drop of life out of him. Displeased by his oozing innards, you nonchalantly brush his tiny carcass to the ground.

ACTOR: (waving daintily) Bye-bye, Logan!

NARRATOR: Okay. This is going miserably.

ACTOR: And it’s taking you this long to notice?

NARRATOR: Oh, well. How about we give you a human friend instead? Then we can add dialogue to this story! Wow! Social interaction will surely add some pizzazz to the plotline.

ACTOR: Okay. I’m down.
NARRATOR: Let’s face it; Logan wasn’t exactly the most adorable thing in the world.

ACTOR: So now you admit it.

NARRATOR: And let’s name your new friend Angela, a more pleasant-sounding name. Seriously, who came up with the name Logan anyway—oh wait.

ACTOR: Hey!

NARRATOR: I never said that!

ACTOR: You just did.

NARRATOR: We all know that I totally didn’t say that—

ACTOR: Bullshit. That’s bullshit!

NARRATOR: Let’s just get back to it okay? Ugh. (clears throat) You are once again all by your lonesome with absolutely nothing to entertain you. (Angela appears.) Seeing if anything interesting has happened, you turn your head. Because you are a very lucky human being at this moment, you see a nice young woman standing nearby. You stroll towards her with an enormous grin pasted to your face.

ACTOR: Hello!

NARRATOR: You exclaim with too much gusto, offering the girl a handshake.

ACTOR: How are you?

ANGELA: (disgusted) Could you not?

NARRATOR: The girl impolitely inquires, scrunching up her nose.

ACTOR: Come on, Angela,

NARRATOR: You plead,

ACTOR: I’m just trying to—

ANGELA: You creep! How did you know my name?

NARRATOR: Angela shrieks.

ACTOR: Uh—

ANGELA: (running offstage) Get away from me!

NARRATOR: Either out of fear or just plain rudeness, Angela sprints away. She slips over the horizon on her great escape—away from you.

ACTOR: Goddamnit.

NARRATOR: Well, that didn’t go half as well as I thought. At least you didn’t kill her as soon as you saw her, as I had feared. Hey, you’re nicer than I thought!
ACTOR: Wow, I’m glad that you have so much faith in me, you ominous, booming voice in the sky!

NARRATOR: Still, leaving you alone helps me out a lot more in this situation. Okay, it doesn’t help you very much, but it is certainly quite helpful for yours truly. Trust me. As said famously by Jean-Paul Sartre, Hell is other people.

ACTOR: Wouldn’t be surprised if I am there now!

NARRATOR: Which leaves me with one thing to say to you.

(A hand pops out through the curtain, flipping off the actor.)

ACTOR: Aww, thanks!

NARRATOR: Back to the story. (The actor crosses their arms, frustrated.) You are still alone in your unbelievably boring surroundings. The field of surprisingly grassy grass is just as endless as it was before. The sky is the same solid layer of cloud. Nothing really changes much, except for those times when the wind blows, which ticks you off more than anything. You are bored out of your skull, anticipating another occurrence, even though that probably won’t happen, since you’ve had the most amazing luck so far. All you’re going to do is sit there and wait. And wait. And wait some more. You just want me to shut up, don’t you? (The actor aggressively nods.) Well, it’s not going to happen yet. Just you wait, because the one thing that you are waiting for will occur. Seriously, I’m pretty bored as well. We’re in the same boat. Just keep waiting. Good things happen to those who wait. At least that’s what the wise people in the advertisements say. But who knows. I’m just driving you mad at this point. All you really can do it wait. (Fifteen seconds of silence pass. The actor crosses their arms and taps their foot.) Finally,

NARRATOR: Fourth walls. They’re overrated.
ACTOR: (very enthusiastically) You can say that again, (points at the audience) right guys? (Beat. Respond enthusiastically if the audience responds, sheepishly if the audience does not.) Yeah, that's right!

NARRATOR: After that wonderful surprise, the rain keeps pouring down on your head (just sound effects, the actor plays along again), but this time in a more normal fashion, although that doesn't make it any less aggravating. Instinctually, you search for shelter, but since you are on a vacant field, looking for shelter is not exactly helpful. Oh well. Sucks for you. At least you're not bored, right? Wouldn't you rather feel anything besides boredom yet again? You appear to be more aggravated than anything.

ACTOR: (under their breath) Hmmm...I wonder why...

NARRATOR: Let's try something different. You look up at the rain. The music of the rain captures you in its trance. Isn't it beautiful? The constant splattering of the rain nudges the corners of your mouth into a smile. You are captivated in a feeling of pure awe by the wonder of nature.

ACTOR: (completely honest) Damn, I never thought of rain like that!

NARRATOR: You watch it as it begins to dance. You watch its dance transform from a waltz (play a waltz for about two or so bars, actor does at least two pirouettes) to a polka (play a polka for about two or so bars, actor gets much more into it) to a Latin groove.

ACTOR: (really hamming it up) Cha cha, real smooth.

NARRATOR: You stop dancing. (music abruptly stops) You collapse onto the ground.

ACTOR: Ouch, oh gosh, this grass is disgusting—

NARRATOR: You curse loudly at the sky.

ACTOR: (at the top of their lungs) Oh, fuck you, sky!

NARRATOR: (quickly, faster than the actor can actually do these things) You stand back up. You run in a circle. You do a cartwheel. (The actor does not have to do a full cartwheel.) You sing happy birthday. In Hungarian. (Give the actor a moment to get through the first two lines of Happy Birthday.) But now you stop. Just for a moment.

ACTOR: Wait.

NARRATOR: And you question it all.

ACTOR: I don't even know Hungarian! What the fuck--

NARRATOR: You realize you are being controlled. You are being hypnotized. You're a mere puppet at the control of the, quote, “ominous booming voice in the sky.”

ACTOR: Who the hell are you?

NARRATOR: It's me. Mwah hah hah hah.

ACTOR: I mean, yes, but who are you?

NARRATOR: It doesn't matter. The question to ask is this: are you really alone? (Beat) Think about it. Are you alone on this stupid field with these dumbass clouds raining this godforsaken rain? Or is there
someone else there, lurking in the shadows? (The actor sits down on the ground and begins to contemplate.) How did you even get here in the first place? What happened before you got here? Did you wander off and just happen to end up in this miserable, rainy field? Or were you specifically relocated to the most boring place on the planet? Maybe you just spawned here, without ever having a life before this field. That would be sad. You’re starting to feel lonely. You regret acting so violently against Logan. Even Angela wasn’t bad company, even though she isn’t the friendliest person you’ve met. (Beat.) Hold on. If you have no memory of how you got to this abnormally normal place, then how could you possibly know that Logan was a fly and Angela was not a friendly person? How do you know anything? How can you feel anything? And above all, who are you?

(It is suddenly revealed that there is another part of the stage where the playwright sits, in pajamas, on a bed with their laptop. The field and the rain suddenly vanish. They get up abruptly, slamming their laptop shut on their bed.)

PLAYWRIGHT: Okay. I’m the writer. I’m in charge here! (walking over to the actor) Wow. Looks like the voice inside my head is kind of, you know, weird, but, you know, (pats actor on the back) I really don’t know what to do with you right now.

ACTOR: What is going on.

PLAYWRIGHT: See, you are my character, and you know this because I decided on a whim to give you consciousness.

ACTOR: Well, thanks.

PLAYWRIGHT: Glad you’re appreciative.

ACTOR: Personally, I’m not a fan of the whole existential dread thing and all, but—

PLAYWRIGHT: Oh, believe me pal, sometimes it keeps me up all night just thinking about how life is meaningless and one day the universe will die out because of entropy...god, why are we here in the first place?

ACTOR: Wait, what?

PLAYWRIGHT: Not my point. (sighs) Actor. You here, I haven’t even assigned you a name or anything, what am I going to do with you?

ACTOR: Well, I’m on a (looks around) this isn’t a field this is—what is this?

PLAYWRIGHT: This? Oh, this is just a void right now, a completely blank slate. I’m suffering from writer’s block if you can’t tell.

ACTOR: Oh?

PLAYWRIGHT: We can try some different things though. Wanna just run through this list and see what works?

ACTOR: Okay. I’m down for that.

PLAYWRIGHT: What about this: I give you superpowers! You battle against a whole parade of monsters and save the city from the Evil Villain with his Evil Villain Plan!
ACTOR: Oh, cool!

PLAYWRIGHT: I’ll send you through a course of adventures, saving the city from various foes!

ACTOR: And how much am I paid to save the city?

PLAYWRIGHT: Oh, you do that out of the goodness of your heart, of course!

ACTOR: I have goodness in my heart?

PLAYWRIGHT: Right, right, you’re a cynical piece of shit. *(thinks for a moment)* Ooh, what about a murder mystery! You could be a world-famous crime-solving detective! I’ll write you in some clues and you go snoopin’ about and find out who murdered the poor damsel in distress and bring them…to justice.

ACTOR: Still too...justice-y.

PLAYWRIGHT: There’s no flying involved in this one. Goodness of your heart isn’t entirely necessary either.

ACTOR: I am far too lazy to go around solving crimes.

PLAYWRIGHT: And I’m far too lazy to come up with a clever murder mystery. Oh, well. Oh, what about a nice, sappy romance?

ACTOR: Please, God, no!

PLAYWRIGHT: *(dreamily)* You meet the love of your life one day at a quaint little coffee shop. You immediately hit it off...

ACTOR: Come *on*.

PLAYWRIGHT: ...and you know it is meant to be. You toil through distance, jealousy, and other obstacles couples face that I...think I have to research...how do relationships work?

ACTOR: You think I’d know?!

PLAYWRIGHT: I don’t know; do you want to fade into the sunset with the person of your dreams?

ACTOR: Please, shut the fuck up!

PLAYWRIGHT: Fine, fine. I can see that you think all of my ideas are terrible.

ACTOR: Yup.

PLAYWRIGHT: Getting sick of me?

ACTOR: I was born sick of you.

PLAYWRIGHT: *(pats the actor on the back)* Let’s get this over with now, shall we?

ACTOR: *(shrugs)* Sure.
PLAYWRIGHT: *(briskly walks back over toward their desk, gives a thumbs up)* Will do! *(stops by tarp)* Oh, and you won’t be needing this anytime soon, will you.

ACTOR: Why would I need that tarp.

PLAYWRIGHT: Okay. *(grabs tarp, walks back to desk)* No problem, my dude.

*(The playwright drops the tarp in front of their bed and sits down. They open their laptop again and begin to write. Their area fades to black, leaving just the single spotlight.)*

NARRATOR: You are all alone. You stand on a field with lots of tall grass and an incredible amount of clouds in the sky. Suddenly, a bolt of lightning slashes across the sky and strikes you on the top of your head, burning you to a crisp.

ACTOR: *(screaming)* What the fuck?! *(drops onto the ground, stage goes completely black)*

NARRATOR: The end.