

One-Act Play In Which We Float Facedown  
In The Center Of A Lake, A Position Known  
As The Dead Man's Float

YOU: Everything that is on fire can't be saved.

ME: Everything that is saved can't be set on fire.

[The entire lake turns over, & now YOU & ME are  
floating faceup.]

YOU: Did you say something?

ME: I'm pretty sure I said, *I love you, too.*

## One-Act Play In Which Apologies Must Be Made To Chekhov

[A rule exists: if a gun is mentioned, it must later be used. As a result: YOU is crouched down, drawing on the stage with chalk. YOU is determined, sometimes so determined that YOU breaks the chalk, & has to grab another piece. To the audience, there is just the sound of something being made, somehow both rough & smooth at the same time. When YOU is out of chalk, YOU stands up. YOU surveys YOU's work. As the audience begins to leave, YOU hears them. *Such a beautiful way to end*, the audience says. *I had no way to expect the screaming.*]

## One-Act Play In Which There Is A Blueprint, & That Blueprint Is Ignored Entirely

[YOU is building a house. ME is standing inside of it. The house is almost complete, but there is no door. YOU hammers boards into place as the play progresses.]

YOU: I'm not sure what to do anymore.

ME: With your—

YOU: With my body. It's just gotten so—

ME: Hard to hold—

YOU: Hard to hold, you know? Like, I know how fire works—

ME: It needs to breathe like any other kind of animal—

YOU: It needs to breathe like any other kind of animal.  
& so I have let this body breathe. & I have fed it. &  
I have waited for some kind of garden to grow from  
its ashes—

ME: I just want to know what the light tastes like—

YOU: I just want to know what the light tastes like. But  
I'm beginning to think—

ME: That light is just waiting to eat me—

YOU: That light is just waiting to eat me. To consume me. Maybe light has been waiting to see what I taste like all this time, & we are just having a—

ME: Standoff—

YOU: Standoff, you know? & I don't think it's a good versus evil kind of thing. Whoever said that light was always—

ME: The good guy—

YOU: The good guy? Whoever said that there was a goodness & a badness to assign? Maybe it's just the way a body has to—

ME: Be—it disappears—

YOU: Be—it disappears. & all that remains in its place is a glow, or a—

ME: Lack of it—

YOU: Lack of it.

[YOU finishes building the house by putting the door in place. YOU closes it, testing the hinges, & then opens it again. YOU leaves it open, maybe to let ME

leave, or maybe, so YOU can always come in.]

# One-Act Play In Which Not All Problems Can Be Solved, & Not All Problems Are Problems, But Even So, Some Are

[YOU walks onstage. YOU has antlers growing out of YOU's head. The audience may laugh at such a sight. If the audience laughs, YOU waits a while for them to stop. If the audience doesn't laugh, YOU still waits a while.]

YOU: I am scared of so many things. Like car horns. Like cars. Like the dark. Like washing machines. Like getting older. Like hands.

[ME walks onstage. ME doesn't have antlers growing out of ME's head. The audience doesn't laugh. The audience doesn't even notice ME. YOU doesn't notice ME either. ME is only noticed when ME talks.]

ME: I have hands.

YOU: What?

ME: I have hands. You said you are scared of things like hands. Are you scared of my hands?

YOU: Yes.

ME: You have hands, too. Are you scared of your hands?

YOU: Yes.

ME: What if we traded hands?

[pause]

ME: What if I gave you my hands & you gave me your hands?

YOU: What would that accomplish?

ME: We would have each other's hands.

[YOU thinks about this for a moment, then nods. YOU & ME trade hands. This process looks exactly how the audience imagines it would look.]

ME: How do you feel?

YOU: What?

ME: How do you feel, now that we've traded hands?

YOU: Oh.

[YOU looks at ME's hands, which are now YOU's hands, & vice versa. YOU bends the fingers, closing the hands, turning them from hands into fists & then back again.]

YOU: I guess I feel much the same.

ME: Still scared?

YOU: Yes.

ME: Me too.