

THE POSSIBILITY OF LIGHTNING

by Scott Mullen

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A Comedic-Drama Duet

by Scott Mullen

SYNOPSIS: When Matt tells Anna that he dreamed of them together—and his dreams come true—Anna tests this theory, with surprising results.

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: A park bench.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

MATT (m) Teen. Slightly quirky, trying to be brave. *(67 lines)*

ANNA (f) Teen. Nice, but dubious. *(66 lines)*

SET: An empty stage, other than a park bench.

PROPS

- purse
- two colored pencil drawings on notebook paper
- something that resembles a Taser

PRODUCTION NOTES

The Taser shouldn't really be a Taser, just something that looks like one. If the production wants to add a zapping sound, that could be fun. The drawings should actually be drawings, but don't have to be good drawings at all.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

Like Anna, the audience should be a bit unsure about Matt early on, but be won over along the way. Matt can definitely be quirky.

AT START: *MATT sits on a park bench, a loosely folded piece of notebook paper in his hand. ANNA walks by.*

MATT: Anna.

ANNA eyes him.

MATT: Matt. From English class?

ANNA: I know who you are. What are you doing here?

MATT: Waiting for you.

ANNA: How could you be waiting for me? I've never been in this park before. My mother sent me to bring a casserole to a sick friend. And when I left her house, I saw the park, and the pretty—

MATT: Cypress trees.

ANNA: How did you know that? Did my mother call you?

MATT: Does your mother know about the cypress trees?

ANNA: No.

MATT: Does your mother even know who I am?

ANNA: I guess not.

MATT: I'm just Matt from English class.

ANNA: Why were you waiting for me?

MATT: I had a dream.

ANNA: O-kay...

MATT: I know this sounds crazy, but sometimes I have dreams in which I see the future. When I was six, I dreamed that my grandmother died—and it happened later that day. Just like I dreamed it. When I was eleven, I dreamed that I was going to get knocked down by a kid on a bike and break my arm. And that happened, that same day. And those dreams weren't like normal dreams—they felt different. I didn't have another one until last night. When I dreamed of... you.

ANNA: This better not be creepy.

MATT: I dreamed of us.

ANNA: Creepy.

MATT: Married.

ANNA: What?

MATT: You and me. So real.

ANNA: I'm not going to marry you.

MATT: I know, right? I never had those feelings for you.

ANNA: Why not?

MATT: I don't know. You're... Anna.

ANNA: Great.

MATT: Do you have those feelings for me?

ANNA: I don't know. You're Matt from English class. You're just sort of there.

MATT: To wipe your feet on.

ANNA: What?

MATT: Sorry, it's a Matt joke.

ANNA: I'd never wipe my feet on you.

MATT: I drew a picture of the dream.

MATT hands ANNA the piece of notebook paper. She eyes it.

MATT: I'm not a great artist, especially when I just wake up. I did use colored pencils, though. A lot of colored pencils.

ANNA: Are you sure that's me? I would never wear that. Whatever that is.

MATT: That's what you were wearing.

ANNA: What's that next to us?

MATT: Children.

ANNA: Children!

MATT: Apparently we have kids.

ANNA: Three?!?!

MATT: I can't tell if you're happy or not.

ANNA: This is crazy!

MATT: So... not happy?

ANNA: And what's that in the corner?

MATT: Our pet turtle.

ANNA: We have a pet turtle?

MATT: Named Lightning.

ANNA: Why would we name the pet turtle Lightning?

MATT: Maybe's it's really fast. Or it's just a funny name for a turtle. I think it's funny.

ANNA: What are the kids' names?

MATT: I have no idea.

ANNA: You know the turtle's name but not our children's?

MATT: It wasn't in the dream.

ANNA: You realize this is totally –

MATT: Crazy. I know. But the dream was real. We were older. We were married, we had kids, we had a turtle named Lightning... and we were happy. And I don't know where we were living or what our jobs might be or anything else really other than the name of the turtle... but we were so happy. Really, really happy. And then the dreamed changed. And I was walking to this park, and sitting down, and you came along, and I showed you the drawing, I told you about the dream.

ANNA: You dreamed this whole conversation.

MATT: Well not the whole conversation, that would be boring, but there were some details—like the cypress trees—and I could tell I was telling you everything.

ANNA: But you saw the whole meeting.

MATT: Basically. Yes.

ANNA: Did you see this?

ANNA reaches in her purse, pulls out a Taser, and zaps MATT, who falls down.

MATT: Ow!

ANNA: That didn't hurt. It's on low.

MATT: It hurt! Why would you tase me?!?

ANNA: To show you that we have free will. That dreams don't always come true. Even if you are telling the truth about them.

MATT: Why wouldn't I be telling you the truth?

ANNA: Maybe you followed me. You saw me go into that house, and you figured I'd come into this park, and you waited. And the cypress trees—who doesn't love cypress trees?

MATT: I didn't lie.

ANNA: If you like me, just ask me out! You don't have to make up this crazy stuff!

MATT: But I dreamed about it.

ANNA: Not the tasing!

MATT painfully reaches into his rear right pocket. Pulls out a folded piece of paper. Hands it to her.

ANNA: What is this? (*Opens it up. Looks at it.*) It's a drawing of you lying on the ground. And me holding a Taser. You dreamt this?

MATT: I did.

ANNA: And you just let me tase you?

MATT: When I was eleven, I tried to avoid having my arm broken. But the kid on the bike came out of nowhere. I guess sometimes you can't escape fate.

ANNA: This is real. You really dreamed all this.

MATT: I did. (*Gets up tentatively, hands up.*)

ANNA: Did you dream of me tasing you again?

MATT: Don't tase me again! Why do you even have a Taser?

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