

WALLS

by Kamron Klitgaard

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A Dramatic/ Fantasy Duet

by Kamron Klitgaard

SYNOPSIS: Greg and Dee, a married couple, wake up to find themselves on the floor and on opposite ends of a bare room. They soon learn that they are trapped in some sort of prison where the walls and passageways are invisible. As they feel their way around the unseen maze, trying to reach each other, they learn about their own relationship and some other invisible barriers which have laid between them all their lives.

TIME: Present day

SETTING: A prison with invisible walls

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 male, 1 female)

GREG (m)..... Structured, Organized, Proper

DEE (f)..... Spontaneous, Adventurous,
Daring

SET: Empty stage

TIME: Present day

COSTUMING: Normal attire

DIRECTOR'S NOTES: The actors do not need to be experts in Pantomime. They just need to be good enough to show that there are invisible barriers that they can feel. It should not look mime-ish with robotic technic. It should look natural, so that the focus of the audience is more on the characters' relationship rather on how they are navigating the invisible walls.

AT START: DEE and GREG lie on opposite sides of the stage, motionless until DEE stirs. She looks around.

DEE: Oh man, my head is killing me. Ahhhh. I did it again. I hate when I stay up too late. (*Sitting up and sees GREG.*) Greg. You're not gonna be happy with me. I left the TV on again. Wait a minute. What is this? Where are we? Hey Greg! Greg, get up! (*Standing.*) Greg! Hey! (*Walking toward GREG but hits an invisible wall.*) Argh! What the? (*Feeling the wall.*) It figures it'd be something like this. Greg!!!

GREG: (*Popping head up.*) Huh?

DEE: (*Singing.*) Wake up little rose bud, wake up.

GREG: Don't call me that.

DEE: After six years of marriage, you still haven't gotten used to my pet names... Buttercup?

GREG: What's going on? Where are we?

DEE: Well, as far as I can tell, I am over here, and you are over there.

GREG: (*Standing.*) Brilliant observation, Dee. My head; I feel like I've been drugged.

DEE: Careful now, I wouldn't walk too fast.

GREG: (*Taking a couple of steps.*) What are you talking... (*Running into an invisible wall.*) ...ouch!

DEE: Ha! I love when you make me laugh!

GREG: (*Feeling around.*) What is this? Where are we?

DEE: How should I know?

GREG: Alright, let's figure this out. Oh, my head, I can't think straight.

DEE: It'll clear up in a minute; mine did. Just please don't start counting.

GREG: Number one... What's the last thing you remember?

DEE: Well, the very last thing I remember is asking you not to count. I also remember a big bright light. But that's not number one. It's just a fact.

DEE feels around.

GREG: I don't know if you should be doing that.

DEE: (*Imitating him.*) I don't know if you should be doing that. Great. I'm in a box. A mime's dream come true. (*Finds an opening.*) Hold on, here's a doorway.

GREG: You're getting farther away from me.

DEE: At least I'm out of that room.

GREG: I think my head is starting to clear up. I remember the light now. Number two... What were we doing before we saw the light?

DEE: (*Feeling around.*) Driving home. But if that was before the light, shouldn't it be before number one? You know, like zero?

GREG: Stop it.

DEE: Hey, my hallway made a turn!

GREG: Dee, maybe you should stop. Maybe you're not supposed to move from your room.

DEE: Well, I didn't see any rules posted.

GREG: Would you just stop for a second, so we can figure this out?

DEE: And you scoffed at me the other night when I called you "good-old-one-thing-at-a-time, Greg." Why can't we figure this out at the same time I go exploring? I can multitask.

GREG: Dee! I'm scared. It could be dangerous.

DEE stops.

DEE: How else can I get to you? Alright, Greg, let's do it your way; number one.

GREG: Don't mock me.

DEE: It's a love mock.

GREG: Dee, I'm serious.

DEE: Oh, you're serious. You don't think I know you're serious? Whenever we go anywhere, everyone always says, "Hey, here comes Dee and that serious guy." I know you're serious.

GREG: Come. Here come Dee and that serious guy. Not comes.

DEE: Thank you for the grammar lesson, Mr. Serious. Why can't you lighten up?

GREG: Because you're testing me. You're making fun of me. See, you are always late. You are always messy and you are always unorganized. You use my stuff and never put it back in its proper place. You mock. You laugh. You stay up too late. You make a fool of yourself in public. You dare me. You want me to lose it. You

test me. You're testing me now! (*Quietly.*) I wish I could be like you.

DEE: What?

GREG: I said at least somebody in our relationship is stable.

DEE: Are you saying I'm not stable?

GREG: Oh no, you're really stable when Ted Fisher's around.

DEE: So, you're jealous of Ted?

GREG: I didn't say that. I was merely expressing how stable you seem to be whenever we see Ted and Tania. During game night, you're always so prim and proper, not spastic at all. Especially when you threw your shoe through the fish tank! Yeah, you're really, really stable. And when I say stable, I mean unstable.

DEE: Well crafted. Actually, Greg, I have to act spastic to have fun for the both of us. You won't even raise your voice during Pictionary.

GREG: I always keep my mind. I'm...

GREG and DEE: ...always in control.

DEE: (*Hitting a barrier.*) Ahhh! Why can't I get to you?! These stupid walls! What if they lead us farther away from each other?

GREG: Relax. Let's stay in control. (*Feeling around.*) Dee, my room has a doorway.

DEE: Follow it, big guy.

GREG: But it leads farther away from you.

DEE: Maybe it will turn. Look, mine turned again.

DEE turns a corner and inches toward GREG.

GREG: Okay, that should be our goal. We need to get together. First things first.

DEE: Please, no more counting.

DEE and GREG move along the hallways which turn in different directions but never get close.

DEE: Greg. What's going on? Where are we? I'm starting to get worried.

GREG: I'm right here, Dee. Okay, we both remember driving home and then there was a bright light. Then we woke up here. So, I'd have to conclude that... I have no idea.

They look at each other with fear.

DEE: That's a first. Usually, you have all the answers. Given what we know about the bright light and then this place, I would have to say we are either dead, or we've been abducted by aliens.

GREG: Don't be ridiculous.

DEE: I can see you as clear as day and you can see me. We're only twenty feet from each other, yet there's some kind of invisible barrier keeping us apart. Look at it. It's not glass. It's not just see-through. It's completely invisible! And you're telling me not to be ridiculous?

GREG: So, you think maybe the light was a train or something and we had an accident?

DEE: Or maybe we had the accident and then the light came. You know how people are always saying "go into the light."

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