

CRACKED SKY

A short drama by
Jonathan Dorf

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

ANNA, female, mid to late teens.

DEVON, male, same age.

PRODUCTION NOTE

Bracketed text is meant to offer guidance on dialogue in cases where there may be more than one option depending on the needs of your production. Also, while you shouldn't change them unless you really need to, it's permissible to alter slightly the character names and the ones in Devon's monologue to names that fit the demographics of your community.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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(Outside a high school. The morning, before school. ANNA, mid to late teens, carries her books, but she's distracted, looking at the sky. DEVON, same age, enters holding a backpack in his hands that has something distinctly unbooklike in it. Anna bumps into Devon, knocking the backpack out of his hand.)

ANNA: Sorry.

DEVON: Whatever.

ANNA: I said I'm sorry.

DEVON: Fine.

(Anna reaches to pick up his bag.)

ANNA: Let me get—

DEVON: *(Trying to beat her to it:)* I got it.

ANNA: I'm just trying to—

DEVON: Get off!

(Anna lets go, but something is wrong here. Beat.)

Sorry. But please don't touch my bag. Please.

ANNA: I won't touch your bag. *(Trying to fill the dead space:)* I just get really distracted sometimes.

DEVON: Great. Don't text while you walk next time.

ANNA: I wasn't texting.

DEVON: OK.

ANNA: I didn't even have my phone in my hand. You do get the irony of yelling at me for not paying attention, only you're not paying enough attention to know I wasn't texting.

DEVON: OK. You win the argument. Hashtag winning—right? Catch ya later.

ANNA: Do you want to know what distracted me?

DEVON: It's all good.

ANNA: I was distracted by the clouds.

DEVON: All right. I still gotta go.

ANNA: You've got ten minutes before the first bell.

DEVON: I know.

(Anna takes out her phone.)

Put your phone away.

ANNA: Why? I'm—

DEVON: It's just gonna be better if you do.

ANNA: *(Beat.)* OK. I'm putting it away.

(She puts her phone away.)

DEVON: Promise you won't take it out again.

ANNA: Until when?

DEVON: I don't know. Later.

ANNA: *(Beat.)* Do you want to see what distracted me?

DEVON: You said the clouds.

ANNA: Yes, but specifically.

DEVON: What's the difference?

ANNA: If there's no difference, why not look?

DEVON: Fine.

(Devon looks up so quickly it's like not looking.)

ANNA: That's not looking.

(Devon takes a longer look this time.)

DEVON: OK?

ANNA: I think it's cool. It's like this curtain of clouds, but it only goes halfway up, and then there's this giant crack in it—and the pattern totally changes.

DEVON: I guess.

ANNA: You don't see that.

DEVON: I guess kinda.

ANNA: I've never seen anything like it.

DEVON: Let me see your phone.

ANNA: Did you do the English homework?

DEVON: What?

ANNA: It's a simple question.

DEVON: You're not in my class. (*Back on the phone:*) I need to see it.

ANNA: I'm in the other section. Yeager always keeps them...what's the word? (*Beat.*) There's a word for it.

DEVON: (*Stuck participating:*) Equal?

ANNA: Kind of. (*Thinking:*) In tandem is what I was thinking, or in sync, but equal works. Or even. Or maybe parallel.

DEVON: Stop ignoring me.

ANNA: I'm not. I'm talking to you, and words are interesting.

DEVON: Look—you seem nice, but it's too late, so give me your phone, and then I gotta go.

ANNA: Too late for what?

DEVON: Gimme your phone.

ANNA: Did you do the homework?

DEVON: You're not gonna need it.

ANNA: You never answered the homework question.

DEVON: Nobody's gonna care about homework today.

ANNA: You see what I mean about the sky?

DEVON: Your phone.

ANNA: You really can't see it – ?

DEVON: Fine. Not gonna make a difference.

ANNA: – How it looks like it's cracking in the middle.

DEVON: I don't look at the sky.

(He starts to leave. She grabs him by the bag.)

You don't want to grab me.

(He pulls his bag out of her grip, as she gives in and lets go.)

ANNA: What are you gonna do – shoot me?

DEVON: *(Beat.)* It's Anna, right?

ANNA: Yeah. And you're Devon.

DEVON: Go home, Anna.

ANNA: *(Beat.)* I can't just go home.

DEVON: Why not?

ANNA: I just can't.

DEVON: Then stay outside. Just stay right here by this...what is this?

ANNA: It's the war memorial. "To those graduates of [your school's name] who made the ultimate sacrifice in the service of their county." No wait – "country." That makes more sense. They really should clean this better. *(Continuing:)* "Heroes always."

DEVON: The kids in the cafeteria, they're not heroes.

ANNA: I don't think most of us have done anything heroic yet. Maybe tomorrow, or the day after, or –

DEVON: Yeah. But everyone kisses Ray Daniels' first team-all-star-all-whatever ass [butt]. And they worship Sophie Watson and her \$2590 Neiman Marcus prom dress that's worth more

than all my clothes put together, and Trevor Johnson, kneel before Trevor 'cause it's the easiest way to chug his parents' booze. What's their memorial gonna say? Thanks for tripping that kid you didn't even know, and for spitting in his lunch, and for hacking his Instagram [or social media network of the moment] and posting all those pictures you took in the locker room. Again. Thanks for being my personal heroes on a daily basis for the last three craptastic years. But seriously, I am sincerely grateful that every morning, like the pack of hyenas you are, you chase the rest of us out of the cafeteria before school and drink your lattes and laugh—and you never leave until two minutes after the first bell.

(Devon starts to leave again.)

ANNA: Devon.

DEVON: What? You feel bad now?

ANNA: I didn't know.

DEVON: Ostrich.

ANNA: What?

DEVON: People like you. You, the teachers, the principals, my parents, even the kids I thought were my friends. You're ostriches.

ANNA: I'm not trying to be.

DEVON: You are, but that's OK. You'll know all about it soon.

ANNA: Stay.

DEVON: I only got a couple minutes to get there.

ANNA: Please. I'll give you my phone.

DEVON: Thanks.

ANNA: If you stay.

DEVON: *(Leaving:)* It doesn't matter. You can't stop me.

ANNA: I could scream.

DEVON: Do it then. And by the way, I get it—it wasn't your problem.

ANNA: (*Trying to block him:*) That's not true.

DEVON: It's totally true.

ANNA: I can care about things that— That's like saying nobody can care about things unless they're all about them.

DEVON: That's what I'm saying.

ANNA: What about giving blood or building houses for homeless families or going to the play because that kid who sits in the third row in Spanish asked you?

DEVON: Those are easy.

ANNA: Not to everyone.

DEVON: Well, boohoo for you.

ANNA: I'm trying.

DEVON: Why do none of you ever try until it's too late?

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