

STARS

A Short Play for Two Men

By Evan Guilford-Blake

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

ABDOLLAH, 16, Iranian. A romantic who is intellectually sophisticated but not especially mature. There is a fragility about him. He may have a slight accent.

LUTHER, 16, Black or Hispanic. Charismatic. He has always been mature for his age. Having spent his early childhood in the projects, however, he is streetwise, a little cynical and sometimes a little "tough"; and he is capable of bouncing back and forth between the two "personas" at will.

TIME: Approximately the present. About 10:00 PM on a late summer evening.

SETTING: A hilltop on the outskirts of a still-developing suburb of a major American city.

Depending on the needs of your production, you may also make the following line alterations:

Change Luther's line (p. 8)

from: What the fuck're you - hey, man: Cut that shit out.

to: What the f- hey, man: Cut that shit out.

Change Luther's line (p.9)

from: Shit... (Pause) Hey; look.

to: Man... (Pause) Hey; look.

For Janis Ian and Barbara Cook

ABDOLLAH is seated alone, as if on a hilltop, memorizing from a book, with a small flashlight as his illumination. NIGHT SOUNDS are heard.

ABDOLLAH

"...we will show them what it is to be a thin crescent moon. You and I unselfed, will be together, indifferent to idle speculation, you and I. The parrots of heaven-"

LUTHER enters.

LUTHER

Hey, man; how you doin'?

ABDOLLAH

Oh; hi. Okay. How about you?

LUTHER

Yeah, I'm fine. Writin' poems?

ABDOLLAH

I was memorizing one, actually. Rumi.

LUTHER

Ru-mi?

ABDOLLAH

He was a great poet.

LUTHER

Abdollah!; man... You think all those Arabs were great poets!

ABDOLLAH

He wasn't an Arab. He's Persian. Like me. Iran's not an Arab country.

LUTHER

Yeah?

ABDOLLAH

Yes.

LUTHER

Rumi. Hmh. Man, I don't know 'bout you.

ABDOLLAH

Hey, Luther: He's - cool.

LUTHER

Cool? Yeah, right.

He *is*.
 ABDOLLAH

I said: right. Okay?
 LUTHER

Okay... Nice sky, huh.
 ABDOLLAH

Yeah.
 LUTHER

So, you, um, what d' you think about it *now*?
 ABDOLLAH
 (Beat)

'Bout what?
 LUTHER

Here. Living here, I mean.
 ABDOLLAH

I'm gettin' used to it.
 LUTHER

Yeah. It took me a while too. Iran was very different. It still feels funny, sometimes. Even after eight years here.
 ABDOLLAH
 Small laugh from Abdollah.

What?
 LUTHER

It's only been two months. Since you moved out here. But it feels like longer. Like I've known you longer, I mean.
 ABDOLLAH

It *feels* like you been makin' yourself my personal welcome wagon.
 LUTHER
 (With a laugh)

I don't, I mean, it's just I like you. You're interesting.
 ABDOLLAH

Hey - you are too. It's cool. I just wish you could throw a football.
 LUTHER

I'm learning. We only played soccer in Iran. And wrestling.
 ABDOLLAH
 (As they both laugh)

LUTHER

Yeah. Yeah.

(A long beat, while they
listen.)

Man, you c'n hear ev'rything out here.

(Whistles)

And you were sure right about seein' things. Really bright
out tonight.

ABDOLLAH

Yeah; this is my - *private* spot. You're the first person I
ever asked to come.

LUTHER

Not some girlfriend? Not even your sister?

ABDOLLAH

Unh-uh.

LUTHER

I guess I'm honored.

ABDOLLAH

I guess you should be.

LUTHER

Shee-it.

ABDOLLAH

I really do love it here. You can see everything.

LUTHER

All those stars.

ABDOLLAH

That's the suburbs for you; you can see them because there
are so few streetlights. In the city everything gets washed
out.

LUTHER

Now, what do you know about the city? 'Specially at night.

ABDOLLAH

I've been there. Sometimes. And we lived in Tehran.

LUTHER

Um... This's somethin' else, though. Reminds me of the woods
or somethin'.

ABDOLLAH

You've never been in the woods!

LUTHER

Sure have.

ABDOLLAH
(A challenge)

When?

LUTHER
Three years ago. My folks rented this cabin, by this lake; spent two weeks there.

ABDOLLAH
That's not the *woods*.

LUTHER
Yeah, it was. Four 'r five miles off the road, practically nobody else around; *fished for our supper*. Even had to pump water, from a well.

ABDOLLAH
Yes?

LUTHER
Yeah.

ABDOLLAH
Sounds - neat.

LUTHER
"Sounds neat;" shee-it.

ABDOLLAH
Never mind. Tell me.

LUTHER
'Bout the woods?

ABDOLLAH
Yeah.

LUTHER
Well...the coolest thing? It was at night, after they both went to bed. First night we were there, I snuck out and I just - sat, in the back, lookin' at the water; and the stars. There was a million of 'em and I could see every one, bright and clear and shining, like they were angels or somethin'.

ABDOLLAH
Maybe they were.

LUTHER
What?

ABDOLLAH
Maybe they were; angels, I mean. There's this legend I read; from ancient Persia I think: Allah makes every human soul a star.

LUTHER

Yeah?

ABDOLLAH

When we die. That's why the universe is endless: There are all these souls up there that have become stars, everyone who's been born since the day the world began, and every moment, *this one*-... Just look; you'll see it.

LUTHER

What?

ABDOLLAH

Just *look*, Luther.

LUTHER

(Pause; then)

I don't see anything.

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!