

**THE JOURNEY**

A One Act Play

By

Terence E Jackson

**CAST:** One – Early to mid 20’s Gender/Race-neutral Indie-Punk. Wears a black tee shirt with jeans.  
Two – Early to mid 20’s Gender/Race-neutral Indie-Punk. Wears a black tee shirt with jeans.  
They are both the around the same weight and height.

**TIME:** Present

**SETTING:** Night Fall. An urban park.

*(One’s voice can be heard off stage as the lights FADE UP. One enters looking around)*

ONE

Come on... Will you come on! ...And turn that noise off. It’s rude.

TWO

*(Two enters with a small transistor radio up to one ear)*

Where are we going?

ONE

Somewhere! *(Pointing)* There... We’re going there. So let’s get a move on before it is too late. ...And turn that stupid radio off. I’m trying to have a conversation with you.

TWO

*(Laughing)*

I’m sorry. You’re right it is rude. Look, I’m turning it off.

*(Two turns the radio off and sits down on the park bench)*

My feet are killing me. We must’ve walked five or six miles so far.

ONE

More like two.

TWO

Really..?

ONE

*(Runs over to the park bench. Kissing Two  
as One sits down)*

Really!

TWO

But where are we going. You said there?

ONE

Exactly!

TWO

But where exactly is there? *(Pauses)*  
Are we really going somewhere?

ONE

Yes, away from here. *(Points out into space)* There... Didn't you tell me when we first met that you were tired of being here?

TWO

Yes, but...

ONE

...And when I asked you, did you not tell me that any place would be better than here. Did you not tell me you felt as if you were trapped in the hustle and the grind of the city?

TWO

Yes... I did say that! But I also forgot to tell you that I tend to not like surprises. I actually like the idea of knowing where I'm going and what I'm going to be doing. What can I tell you, I like the comfort that comes from planning...

ONE

Don't tell me you're one of those people?

TWO

...And what people is that?

ONE

Those who are of little faith... You do trust me, don't you?

TWO

I guess so!

ONE

What do you mean you guess so?

TWO

I mean, I guess so. I trust you as much as a person can trust another person. Then again, do we ever really know a person? I mean, really know someone.

ONE

Please tell me you're kidding? (*Pauses*) You do know that we've actually gone down on each other. We've exchanged intimate body fluids several times now and suddenly out of the blue you decide to tell me you don't really trust me?

TWO

Well in my defense, we have only known each other for a week.

ONE

*(Gives Two a look like really?)*

...And your point is?

TWO

I don't know..? I guess..? Ok, I don't know what my point is any more. I just wanted to know where we're going. You know, to make sure I packed the right things.

ONE

But we didn't pack anything.

TWO

But that's my point. I would have packed something if you hadn't been so mysterious about where we were going.

ONE

You're funny!

TWO

No one's ever said that to me before. But you know, I've always thought I was very funny. Well maybe not what most people would call funny but clever. You know, quick about my wits.

ONE

Yeah, I do. That's one of the things I like about you.

TWO

Really?

ONE

Yeah, really! Why is that so hard to believe?

TWO

I don't know. It's just that... I told you nobody ever told me that before.

ONE

That you were funny... or clever..?

TWO

Yeah!

ONE

I just did...

TWO

So you did. Thank you!

ONE

For what?

TWO

...For believing that I'm funny.

ONE

Clever..!

TWO

If I tell you something, will you promise not to laugh at me?

ONE

Why would I laugh at you? Is it a joke?

TWO

No, I'm being serious. (*Pauses*) I think living in the city has made me a bit cynical, maybe even jaded when it comes to being able to believe.

ONE

... In people?

TWO

Amongst other things...

ONE

I've heard people say that before.

TWO

Say what?

ONE

That they woke up one day only to find that the city had changed. That they had changed.

TWO

...And what did they do about it?

ONE

To be honest, most of them did nothing. They just continued on their merry way letting the city suck the last bit of marrow from their very being until finally, they became cold and hard like the bricks of the city.

TWO

Oh my God! I don't want to end up like that.

ONE

Then don't!

TWO

You make it sound so easy.

ONE

That's because it is... That easy I mean.

TWO

That's easier said than done.

ONE

Look, people are like cars. If you don't like where you're going, turn the wheel.

TWO

If only it were that simple.

ONE

Just turn the wheel...

TWO

I don't think I can...

ONE

Sure you can.

TWO

What if I'm afraid?

ONE

...Of what?

TWO

I don't know exactly. All I can tell you is that sometimes, when I'm in my apartment alone, I find myself feeling very afraid.

ONE

...Of what, yourself or the city?

TWO

I honestly don't know. But what I do know is, I can feel my heart beating a mile a minute and in that moment, I can only stand there trying to make sense of it all... but I never do... and then, just as quickly as it had come over me, it's gone.

ONE

Yo, that's deep.

TWO

You must think I'm crazy or something?

ONE

You mean like mad brilliant Virginia Woolf crazy or just plain crazy?

TWO

Now you are making fun of me.

ONE

No, I'm not making fun of you, I swear....

*(Silence. Gets up from the park bench)*

...And to answer your question, no, I don't think you're crazy. Just somewhat cautious. Did you ever stop and think that maybe its life itself that you've become afraid of?

TWO

Woah..! Now that's deep.

ONE

Not really. It's not unusual being afraid. Let's face it, the minute we enter this world we're conditioned to seek it out. The fear I mean. Don't do this! You're too old for that! When are you going grow up and join the rest of us? That's what they tell us, day in and day out, finally, we give up... Give in to the repetition of the masses until we become ordinary. Somewhat normal in their eyes I'd guess. But you wanna know something? I find the hardest part, is the breaking free. The staying true to thine owns self. You know?

*(Two shakes her head in agreement)*

ONE con't

It takes courage to allow yourself to be and do whatever it is that makes you happy. So yeah, I understand being afraid. Because it's hard breaking free of the fear and all the bullshit we get feed from our families, society, hell even our so called friends. I mean...It's scary, confronting the type of fear you're talking about. It's the kind of thing that keeps most of us from ever really achieving our dreams. Our goals... It immobilizes us. It forces us to settle for a life less than our own. Killing us off as it gradually takes root.

*(Laughs)*

Hell, we even convince ourselves that it's we who are freely choosing to abandon our inner selves, in order to silence the fear. Allowing ourselves to become someone, anyone else other than who we really should be. We become acceptable. And people smile at this new life we create. ...And why, because it looks like their life and their fathers life and his father's life and slowly we begin to fill this life with the things they tell us make a life: A six figure job, marriage, kids, a house in the suburbs, a brand new SUV and if you're lucky, a holiday each year to some made up place like Las Vegas or Disneyland. Till finally, you've filled your life with so much crap that your true self become unreachable by the fear. ...And eventually you become unafraid. Fearless even, in your ritual pursuit of someone, anyone who appears to remind you of your former self. Smiling as you watch them become the latest victim of an endlessly growing human pyramid scheme. But every now and then, when the house is quite and the children are asleep, you catch sight of your former self trapped somewhere beyond the looking glass. Disparately fighting to reach you!

*(Two is silent)*

I'm sorry. I hope what I just said didn't offend you? It's just I think people deserved the truth.

TWO

I'm not quiet because I'm hurt. I'm speechless because you had the courage to tell me the truth. People don't do that very often.

ONE

*(Lightens the mood)*

So Virginia, you're not mad that there's no Santa Claus?

TWO

Why would I be mad at you?

*(TWO smiles)*

ONE

I'm glad, because I would never do anything to hurt you intentionally.

TWO

I believe that.

*(Silence)*

ONE

You know I was thinking...

TWO

What were you thinking?

ONE

What if you let me..?

TWO

*(Overlapping)*

What if I let you what?

ONE

What if you let me do the driving for a while?

TWO

You'd do that for me?

ONE

Yeah... I'd do that for you.

TWO

But what if I decide I don't like the view or where we're going?

ONE

Then all you have to do is take the wheel. You can always turn around you know. Change directions. What do you say? Shall we go?

TWO

I must be going crazy or something. We've only know each other a week.

ONE

If you're lucky even a second can be a lifetime. That is if you believe? (*Pauses*) Do you think you could do that for me whenever you start to feel afraid?

TWO

I'm not really sure.

ONE

Oh...

TWO

It's not that I don't want to believe in you but the truth of the matter is, I'm not sure if I can? Believe that is... It's been a while since someone asked me to do that.

ONE

Believe in them?

TWO

Believe in myself.

ONE

Let me guess, you're afraid.

TWO

Yes, I'm afraid. Afraid of what I'm feeling and afraid of what I might find out about myself. What you might find out about me. What if I've become one of those people the city has turned cold and hard? I'm not sure I could handle that.

ONE

You don't think it's better to know the truth now then later?

TWO

I don't know... Maybe you're right.

ONE

You know I'm right and people have always been cold and hard. But like any of the great cities of the world, you learn to survive, to adapt by reinventing yourself. Think about it. Cities such as New York, London, Paris South Africa have all learned to negotiate and renegotiate their borders and boundaries. That's what we do. That's how we survive.

TWO

We..?

ONE

Yes... We! You see, I was one of those people. Cold... Hard... Caring only about myself.

*(Two seems surprised)*

Believe me. I was one of those people who working to live. *(Pauses)* Change is possible. You just have to...

TWO

*(Overlaps)*

Turn the wheel.

ONE

I was gonna say, want it... But yeah... Exactly! You just turn the fucking wheel.

TWO

You don't think it's too late do you?

ONE

Trust me, it's never too late. Not if you don't want it to be.

TWO

It might take me a while before I catch up to you.

ONE

I don't mind waiting.

TWO

You sure?

ONE

Are you?

TWO

I'd like to think so.

ONE

Ok then...! So, I'm gonna run on ahead and get everything ready.

*(Starts to go)*

TWO

Wait! How will I know where to find you?

ONE

You'll know.

TWO

Yes... If I believe...

ONE

*(Gives a sexy wink)*

Yeap... Just believe.

TWO

... in myself?

ONE

... Or in me!

TWO

But where are we going?

ONE

Here, there, everywhere! We're going everywhere.

TWO

Well I guess you'd better get a move on before it is too late. *(Pauses)* See you there?

ONE

See you there.

TWO

Thanks!

ONE

For what?

TWO

For believing...

ONE

Thank you!

TWO

For what?

ONE

For trusting in me.

*(One exits. Two looks around as if suddenly bored then remembers the radio. Two turns it on. Turning up the volume so that it becomes audible. Music is playing but eventually is interrupted)*

## RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT

Warning to listeners, police are still on the lookout for murder suspect...

*(Static blocks out the name. Two tries to fix it)*

... who remains on the loose. Suspected in the stabbing death of a Greenlawn woman who carjacked near her vehicle. The suspected, who is in their early to late 20s is describes as a

*(Static returns. Two once more has to struggle To get a signal)*

*(Height)* tall, weighing *(lbs)* pounds with a ... build. The suspect was last seen wearing a black t-shirt and jeans. Authorities are asking anyone with information to call the Greenlawn Metro Police department.

*(Music once more begins to play. Two, who has been looking at the radio stands up and looks of in the direction of One's departure. Two pauses, torn between that which is familiar and that which is unknown. Gradually a smile appears on their face. Slowly Two begins the long journey towards the warmth of the unknown, leaving the transistor radio and the old life behind.)*

*(LIGHTS FADE OUT)*

**THE END**