

“Just Me Just Me”

A short Surrealist play written by

Characters:

Me → The Director of Thoughts

Eye → Main Thought #1 “I”

Lunt → Main Thought #2 “Want”

Boo → Main Thought #3 “Too”

Tye → Main Thought #4 “Try/Die”

Intboosive Trought (IT) → An intrusive thought

Peacha → Sub Thought #1 “Teacher”

Kyad → Sub Thought #2 “Tired”

Pehfek → Sub Thought #3 “Perfect”

Oootee → Sub Thought #4 “Beauty”

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[Me will begin placing people in random spots. Me will do this a lot. Me kinda directs things]

Me: *[Pointing at the sleeping Body]* “That’s my body. But honestly, I’m hardly ever my body. Or maybe I am? I don’t really know. And that gets too much into my philosophical beliefs. But I guess right now I’m my thoughts. Well... *[gesturing at everyone else]* all of these are my thoughts and tonight... I release them from their cages.”

[Me sits down and pantomimes as if they are writing or typing. Once Me sits, Intboosive Trought will come to life with the first ‘thought’]

IT: “Fuck”

Eye: “I forgot that they turn off the hot water at night, I really wanted that shower.”

Lunt: “It was going to inspire me. Inspire me to write. Weird huh?”

Boo: “You know, I’ve deleted my thoughts so many times now. And you want to know why?”

Tye: “Because I feel like nothing I do will be perfect enough”

Eye: “Because I’m so afraid of just letting go and typing...”

Peacha: “Because I know. Because I know. Because I know. Because I know.”

Tye: “Because I know how hurt I am inside.”

Pehfek: “But no one wants to hear that. They want to laugh and have fun.”

Ootee: “So, how do I make this funny?”

Kyad: “I could try telling a joke?”

IT: “Fuck”

Peacha: “I’m crying”

Pehfek: “I’m literally sitting here and crying, how is this even supposed to help me?”

Ootee: “What am I so fucking scared of?”

[Everyone pauses, we transition to a scene as if everyone was sitting at a large desk together. Me will direct, silently, where people are to go in a frantic manner, because how do you even organize thoughts?]

Boo: “He said it would be easy. You just write whatever comes to your mind. But I don’t want to. I don’t want to have to listen to my mind. I take fucking pills so I don’t have to listen to myself...”

Tye: “Maybe I’m taking this too personally. I’m so confused. I just.. I just want to stop crying.”

Lunt: “I’m exhausted. My day was exhausting. I sat there today, I said: ‘AJ, why won’t you respond to me? You’ve never done this before. You usually work so hard, why don’t you want to write this essay?’”

Eye: “But I hated saying that. I understood. I don’t like writing essays. I’m tired. He was probably tired too.”

Lunt: “But I had a job to do. He was ripping up some paper, so I snatched it out of his hand and then tried to face him, even though he turned his body. I looked at him, ‘AJ’ I said softly ‘please, I don’t know how to help you. I don’t know what I can do or say to make you want

to work.' I stopped because his eyes got glossy for a moment."

Boo: "What the fuck was I doing?"

Tye: "I remember having to talk about space. And a dreaded word appeared on her page..."

IT: "Corona"

Lunt: "Isn't it funny? The page made back in 2006 was talking about the sun's corona. But I had to stop before saying that word because I felt like if I said it too loudly, I would be doing something wrong. And I knew that girl was also only thinking about COVID. So, I couldn't just gloss over it."

Eye: "Another kid? He claimed to put sanitizer in my co-worker's drink. He thought it would be funny."

Boo: "The little 5-7-year-old girls? God... they wouldn't stop tugging on my arms, begging for my attention. Getting upset when I had to help a different kid. I feel like a fucking babysitter, not a tutor."

Tye: "And Jordyn. That poor sweet innocent girl. She's 12, and half the time she comes in crying. Today she told me she could no longer play outside. Some adults had been fighting with guns. The police came, and she described the rest of the scene with such horrifying amounts of detail."

Oootee: "I wanted to hug her."

Peacha: "But, I couldn't."

Kyad: "I wasn't her mother."

Pehfek: "I wasn't special."

Eye: She then went on to tell me about these two girls who bully her and her little brother, Jaxson. Said, this girl shoved her brother on the ground. Called him retarded like his sister. Jordyn said the other girl made fun of her because she was black. What a world we live in. You know, Jaxson is five."

Lunt: "Jaxson. Fuck.. I work with him in like 5 minutes."

Boo: “I wonder how Asher is doing. A couple of months ago he told me his father tried to smash a beer bottle on him. I’ve worked with him, but I’ve been too afraid to bring that part up. He’s stopped talking about his home life. He’s become... Shyer...”

Tye: “Tristan isn’t getting better either. I mean sometimes I think he is. But then he says those few small lines. ‘I’m stupid. I don’t want to be here. I don’t want to live...’”

IT: “I’m not worth anything”

Peacha: “How many times have I heard that from the kids at the tutoring center?”

Oootee: “How many times have I said that myself?”

Eye: “You know... I have to stare over at your face a lot. It calms me. Knowing someone in the room knows me. Understands me. Even if you don’t look back... it’s a small... comfort.”

Tye: “You know... You have these beautiful eyes. Anytime you get to talk about a topic you enjoy with a student, they light up in this beautiful way. It makes me smile. You always make me smile.”

Boo: “But, I’m too scared to tell you how much I appreciate you.”

Lunt: “Well, I mean I tried the other day. And you responded with how you were thankful, that you were happy, that you wanted to hug me...”

IT: “But... I never got to truly tell you my fears either. My fears of losing everything.”

Pehfek: “I know it seems silly, but I don’t think the world likes me being happy.”

Kyad: “Truly happy”

[As if hopping on a brain train all the thoughts (Actors) will be directed by Me to stand in a semi heart-shape or a circle shape...hearts are hard... Me will get in the center, and everyone will sit down and read the next bit]

Eye: “I do feel truly happy sometimes. But every time I begin to feel like that, everything comes crashing down around me.”

Lunt: “And I know so many people feel like that, and I know what I say may sound stereotypical or cliché, but fuck dude...”

Boo: "They say we all go through pains. We are all tired. We are all exhausted... this situation has hurt everyone..."

Tye: "But all that does is make me feel less validated in my own emotions."

IT: "I want to scream"

Peacha: "Have you ever seen someone you trusted kill another person?"

Ootee: "Have you ever been touched in so many ways that you can barely enjoy the pleasure of sex?"

Pehfek: "Have you ever grown up trusting your parents only to be thrown aside and manipulated?"

Kyad: "Abused?"

Peacha: "Have you ever gone to sleep wondering when you'd get to eat next?"

Ootee: "Have you ever felt responsible for the death of your friend?"

Phfek: "Have you ever had to sleep in an abandoned church because you had nowhere else to go?"

Kyad: "Used?"

IT: "Have you ever worked your fucking ass off to stand where you are?"

Eye: "Sure. You probably have. And I could list more things. Easily. Things I have gone through."

Lunt: "But guess what?"

Boo: "None of that fucking matters."

Tye: "Because we are all tired."

Me: "We are all exhausted"

[Me stands up like a cone, it's time to reorganize the thoughts...but to what I wonder?]

Eye: “And you know the part that bugs me the most? That really truly bothers me?”

Lunt: “I am sure others feel the same. Even if they haven’t gone through the same things as I have. But we all feel like we can’t really be sad or depressed because there are bigger issues. Because everyone else is sad.”

Boo: “Isn’t that ironic? We can’t be sad, because everyone else is sad.”

Tye: “What a statement.”

Boo: “What a fucking statement”

IT: “Fuck”

Peacha: “Why did I say all that? What was I even talking about originally?”

Pehfek: “Does it even matter?”

Kyad: “Yes”

Oootee: “No”

Lunt: “Oh yeah. I don’t get to feel truly happy. Oh! I wanted to tell you a story... a story of why I think this is true. A story which may help me describe why I’m scared of falling in love anymore.”

Boo: “I think I fell in love once. Whatever love means. I mean I cared deeply for this person, and they cared deeply for me. I still care for them even. But it wasn’t great all the time. And the stress of our lives ended tearing us apart. I became paranoid. I started reading into things.”

Lunt: “I wasn’t a very good person”

Boo: “My step-father finally left though, with his 19-year-old girlfriend, but hey! He was gone. No more hiding at night... But, my mom and I became homeless. And my relationship with that person started to fall. I was tired. I was easily upset. And eventually, my mom

became pregnant.”

IT: “Fuck her”

Eye: “She almost died, due to that pregnancy. And after it, she was in the hospital for a couple of weeks. It was my birthday week.”

Tye: “Oh by the way! My birthday is on December 14th. In case you cared... ahah...”

Eye: “But the happy thing? She didn’t die. And she is doing well now. I have a brother. Rilynd. I was able to name him.”

Tye: “And it was almost Christmas time! But... my Nana. My Nana who was my rock in life. The only stable thing I had... My Nana who I loved so much... My nana... “

IT: “Fuck”

Pehfek: “I’m crying again”

Tye: “My Nana was sick. She was in the hospital too. December 24th. I stayed with her. I held her hand... it was so frail and thin...”

Boo: “I think it turned to the 25th eventually?”

Tye: “But she stopped breathing.”

Boo: “Happy fucking Merry Christmas, am I right?”

Lunt: “Oh... I broke up with my partner at the time. I was too sad to see he was only trying to help me. And then there was that other guy... The guy who tricked me on New Year’s Eve.

Eye: “I thought he was being nice... listening to me. I wish I didn’t drink that tea...”

Lunt: “So you see? I’m scared of having you in my life.”

Eye: “You’re such a good thing in it... and I’m scared of what bad stuff has to happen in order for me to be able to be with you.”

IT: "Fuck"

Eye: "What am I even writing? Why am I writing this? Isn't this supposed to be for class?"

Lunt: "Hahaa... oh yeah, it's 3 am. I have a text from you. I want to hear your voice... I'm crying."

Boo: "Fuck.. haha... I can't stop saying that"

Tye: "It feels like a powerful word..."

Me: "I wonder what everyone else will write about. I feel like mine is too narrative. Maybe I should try and make it more surrealist. I need to get a good grade. I can't be a failure. I'll try something else."

*[Exeunt all to their seats but **Eye** and **Tye** who will then stand splitting CS]*

Tye: "Wow! I look beautiful today!"

Eye: "But don't you think this shirt is too low cut?"

Tye: "Oh who cares! I'll say I'm trying for a sexy-vibe."

Eye: "Slut"

Tye: "Whatever. My make-up looks really nice."

Eye: "It still doesn't cover all the acne you have."

Tye: "Well, I want to still look natural."

Eye: "Why the fuck would you want to look like your natural self?"

Tye: "I want to be pretty and feel like I'm pretty."

Eye: "How long have you been saying that?"

Tye: "You know *he* said I was beautiful."

Eye: "People are natural flatterers. It's what we are taught to do."

Tye: "He likes me though."

Eye: "And how many people have said that and then abuse your trust?"

Tye: "They don't mean it. People just have a hard time sometimes."

Eye: "And you still trust everyone?"

Tye: "They're good people at heart."

Eye: "Don't lie. You don't fucking believe that. You think people are awful."

Tye: "I don't! At least... not all the time..."

Eye: "Only when you're benefiting from them, right?"

Tye: "I don't know. Can we move on?"

Eye: "Move on? You think I'll just go away?"

Tye: "I don't know. Can we please... can we please just move on?"

Eye: "To what?"

Tye: "Anything... Please... I'm tired..."

Eye: "I'm tired"

Tye: "I'm tired"

Eye: "I'm tired"

Tye: "I'm tired"

Me: "I'm so fucking tired... but hey... I got some half-drunk coffee next to me!" *[Eye and Tye slowly back away returning to their seats]*

Me: "Oh! A text message. Uh... huh... cute! Haha... You're sweet.. Should I type that?"

Me: "It isn't related to anything you just sent me. But I want to say that. Haha okay here I go, 'Haha. Side note. You're pretty sweet, you know that?' ... haha i'm a fucking weirdo... Oh! You replied! So quickly... 'Lol sort of, but thank you! Haha' *[laugh]* oh my goodness, you're so tired. 'Thank you for staying up with me while I'm doing this project'

[Sets phone down]

Me: "4:43am? ... I could have sworn it was nearly 2:30am last I

looked..." *[Staring blankly]*

Me: "Fuck.... I want a shower. I wonder if the hot water is back on."

[End]