

A Non-Place: A Three Minute Play

(Open on a blank stage with two actors, each with his own malformation of some kind.)

(Both these characters are dead. B knows it, A does not.)

A: So today is January 8th?

B: Mhmm.

A: And yesterday was ...

B: January 8th.

A: and tomorrow will be...

B:... what is a tomorrow?

A: a tomorrow? just ... when today is yesterday, what will today be?

B: Oh! I see. Well I suppose then you will still be in January 8th.

A: oh?

B: yup.

A: well why do we have yesterdays and not tomorrows?

B: oh don't worry! Soon you'll stop having yesterdays too. And then you won't even notice there is no tomorrow. Right now you just have yesterdays because for you yesterday was January 7th, but for the rest of your yesterdays, yesterday will be January 8th?

A: My yesterday?

B: Oh yes. My yesterday was April 26th.

A: So your today is April 27th.

B: No my today would be April 26th, naturally.

A: How can you possibly be standing in front of me right now if we have different todays?

B: Well, because we both don't have a tomorrow.

A: I see.

\*silence\*

A: so... is your tomorrow with my tomorrow, since my today is with your today?

B: Well I suppose if both tomorrows disappeared there is no harm in us believing our tomorrows are friends.

\*silence\*

B: so? Why are you here?

A: I don't know! What is here?

B: I mean I guess this here isn't really anything when you say it like that. It's more like the lack of a here. Like the lack of a tomorrow.

A: alright well then I definitely don't know.

B: Do you remember you're yesterday at all?

\*silence\*

B: I mean I certainly hope so.

\*silence\*

B: Well, if you won't tell me about yours, maybe you'd like to hear about my last yesterday. My last real one anyway.

It's not like you have anything better to do.

A: (*reluctant*) alright.

B: I went out with some friends. And, ya know, I remember the moment I realized I was a bad person. I was sitting next to this beautiful girl and it didn't even take me a second to slip something in her drink. And she turned back to look at me. And I smiled at her. And looking back I really didn't care what happened to her. It was only a few hours later. Maybe 4am. April 26th. And we knew none of us should be driving. God, it only took a second. Just some headlights, some car horns and everything stopped. But since I knew I was a bad person, I wasn't too surprised when I found myself here, with no tomorrow.

\*silence\*

A: I'm not a bad person.

B: Well I mean no one is completely. I cried when my parents divorced. I had a cat. Fucking cute cat. Always fed it. I mean I could be worse.

A: I'm not a bad person.

B: Well time is frozen for you now, so whatever person you are now you will always be. But hey, how many people actually get to say they'll be nineteen forever, huh?

A: I'm not a bad person.

B: Maybe so, but you're not a good one.

See, I've seen what happens to the good ones. The girl, uh, the girl we hit that day. On earth her fate looked the same as ours. But, man, I saw it.

See, for us time freezes. No hope. Nothing. But the good ones... for them time vanishes. The concept itself just disappears. Like they are always living in the hope of the tomorrows we will never see. Beautiful ain't it? Ha. well I guess not for us.

A: I'm not a bad person.

B: Maybe you weren't on January 7th, but today is January 8th.

\*person B holds a mirror up to person A to reveal whatever wound person A has to him\*

\*person A gently physically acknowledges wound\*

\*lights out\*