

Land of the Forgotten

by

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Cast of Characters

GEORGE:

65

KIM:

31

Place

Central Park

Time

1PM

2.

Setting: The picturesque Central Park in New York City with all it's springtime living.

At Rise: George sits on the grass with a piece of cardboard beneath him, taking in the sun. Kim enters his space, looking to also sit on the grass.

GEORGE: Be careful cause you'll get damp. The ground is damp from all the rain late last night.

KIM: Oh, thank you.

GEORGE: Here..(raises up cardboard) take this--

KIM: No, that's--

GEORGE: Take, take it. I don't need it. It'll protect your bum from getting wet.

(KIM takes cardboard)

KIM: Thank you, thanks.

GEORGE: Don't mention it. (beat) Here by yourself?

(KIM sits about six feet from GEORGE)

KIM: Excuse me?

GEORGE: Oh, I see you have headphones on, sorry.

KIM: That's okay, (taking headphones off) what was it you said?

GEORGE: I noticed you were here by your lonesome.

KIM: Yeah, I need that sometimes.

GEORGE: Yeahhh, ain't that the truth. (chuckles)

KIM: And such a beautiful sunny day. I'm usually low on vitamin d.

GEORGE: That's good. I mean, good that you're getting some sun. (beat) You resemble my daughter.

KIM: ...I do?

GEORGE: Yeah, like your twin.

(KIM laughs)

I'm telling ya. Same face. Gentle eyes. Warm demeanor.

KIM: Thank you.

GEORGE: No need to thank me, just stating the facts. (beat) Sorry, don't mean to stare. It's just that I haven't seen Patricia in over a decade. I'm sure she's changed some but from the images in my mind, you're a dead ringer for her.

KIM: If you don't mind me asking, why haven't you---

GEORGE: Life gets in the way of things. People choose the wrong battles and then winter comes...what can I say?

KIM: Battles?

GEORGE: What's that?

KIM: You used the word battles, I take it you mean argument?

GEORGE: Yes.

KIM: Over what? (quickly) It's none of my business.

GEORGE: No, no, it's, well...I've been a lousy father.

KIM: Ohhh.

GEORGE: Don't feel bad for me, believe me, I don't deserve anyone's sympathy. I'm aware of the wrongs I've done. The problem is figuring out how to undo them and sooner or later you realize the damage is done, like a tornado smashing up a house, most of the pieces remain but things have turned into something else...you can try to pick up the pieces, you can try to mend things, make something new but it's never the same, it's always weaker than it was previously, and so after a good while everyone gets tired of rebuilding the same old house and you admit to yourself that it's not worth the effort, you're better off walking away, with the hopes of finding something more concrete, but you don't, you never do, you can't really because of what everything meant to you, so you're-you're sort of stuck in this bubble, bubble of the mind, that you aren't strong enough to pop and thankfully you can't, cause God only knows what more of a mess you'd make of things, so there it is...

KIM: I'm so sorry--

GEORGE: Sorry? Why should you be sorry? Not your fault.

KIM: I'm sure your daughter loves you.

GEORGE: Sometimes love isn't enough.

KIM: Are you sure that there's no way to reconcile?

GEORGE: Nope.

KIM: How did you both leave off?

GEORGE: Terrifically horrific.

KIM: Jeez.

GEORGE: What did you say your name was?

KIM: Kim.

GEORGE: George. Nice to meet ya.

KIM: Nice to meet you.

GEORGE: The thing about it Kim, is that even if I changed, it's much too late. I had my chance, many chances actually, to make things right and I just, I could never get my act together. I'd have my ups and down and all arounds but I could never remain consistent. That's it, that's my biggest battle, staying consistent. I've found the sweet spot, believe you me, I've touched the sky but staying there is a whole ball of wax.

KIM: And your daughter did you no wrong?

GEORGE: Look, she's had every right to call me out and stick a dagger in me. I left her no choice. Why she bothered with me for all those years still boggles my mind. If I were her, I'd have ditched me a long time ago.

KIM: Sad, I mean, it's sad to hear is all I'm saying.

GEORGE: You're right. It's a sorry state.

KIM: Do you have any other kids?

GEORGE: Just the one...my angel.

KIM: Awww.

GEORGE: I'm homeless. (beat) I'm, I never imagined for a second that I'd be living under a bridge, so to speak.

KIM: I had no idea. You don't appear to be homeless.

GEORGE: Oh, I live out of a gym locker not far from here. I can shower and keep myself tidy but it's a strain.

KIM: Where do you sleep?

GEORGE: I find places, there's a few places that seem to work out.

KIM: What did you do for a living?

GEORGE: I was an architect. Towards the end I built tiny houses. You ever seen a tiny house?

KIM: I think there's actually a TV show about tiny houses.

GEORGE: There you go, that's me.

KIM: How did you ---

GEORGE: I'm a boozer. Which explains a lot to you, I'm sure.

KIM: ...You ever try--

GEORGE: Alcoholics Anonymous. Yeah, yeah, I've been there and done that. It's no use for me. This is who I am. Why should I change who I am?

KIM: Your daughter.

GEORGE: You're not going to start lecturing me too, are you?

KIM: No, but you asked me and I gave you an honest answer.

GEORGE (barking): I don't like your honest answer!

KIM (defending): Then don't ask!

GEORGE: I liked you, I thought you were a nice person.

KIM: I am a nice person.

GEORGE: And you're big headed, too!

KIM: I think of myself as a nice person, but I'm not perfect.

GEORGE: Yeah, and you aren't an alcoholic like me, either.

KIM: No, I'm not.

GEORGE: There you are.

(pause)

KIM: I didn't mean to upset you.

GEORGE: That's alright.

KIM: Who am I? I don't know your life and what you've been through. I didn't mean to criticize.

GEORGE: Darling, the world is full of assholes, everybody's got one.

KIM: But I---

GEORGE: No harm done.

(GEORGE stands up)

GEORGE (cont'd): Better make my way.

KIM: Oh.

GEORGE: Time for a drink. (stretches and sighs) What a day!
Before I go, what do you do for a living?

KIM: I'm an architect.

GEORGE: No shit, like me?

KIM: Yep.

GEORGE: What have you built?

KIM: I spent a few years in Europe, Italy mainly, designed and built homes.

GEORGE: Oh, that's incredible. Italy, huh? I love Italy.

KIM: You've been to Italy?

GEORGE: How could I not? One of the most inspiring and educational places on Earth.

KIM: Very true. Who inspires you?

GEORGE: "Architecture is the will of an epoch translated into space."

KIM: Mies van der Roche.

GEORGE: That's an easy one. What about, "Form ever follows function."

KIM: Ah, that's Louis Sullivan.

GEORGE: Very good. I was never formerly educated. I guess that's why I like Sullivan and Wright and Roche...many others...there was no formal education...did you go to school?

KIM: Yes.

GEORGE: Nothing wrong with school so long as it doesn't bog you down with convention...leave yourself open to new stimulus, learn from the masters but spread your own wings.

KIM: Good advice.

GEORGE: Cheap advice...doesn't cost a thing, which is usually the best advice.

KIM: I appreciate it.

GEORGE: I'm off! Off to the land of the forgotten! Good day to you my lady.

(GEORGE bows and waves before walking off into the park)

END OF PLAY