

Invisible Roads

by

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Cast of Characters

WILLA :
JUD :

Teens (female)
Teens (female)

Place
Backyard

Time
Day

2.

Setting: The play takes place next to a beat up red shed in the backyard of Willa's home. A large field surrounds the area, no other homes in sight. Rusty pales, farm equipment, a bike, an old swing set, all decorate the yard and lay close to the shed. The grass is brown burnt from the sun and not cared for at all. Might be a few stacks of hay leaning against the shed that were placed there years ago.

At Rise: The play opens up with Willa and her close friend Jud talking near a broken wooden fence upstage center.

WILLA: My daddy's gun? No, I don't know 'bout that.

JUD: If you just let me borrow it for one day.

WILLA: Can't do that.

JUD: One day! That's all I need it for.

WILLA: Ah man, why you puttin' me in a spot?

JUD: Your pops won't even know the gun was gone.

WILLA: And what if he does? What if it's the same night he checks on it and sees it ain't there? What then?

JUD: You deny it. Pretend you don't know anything about it.

WILLA: My old man ain't dumb.

JUD: Willa, I really need this.

WILLA: I can't do it man, sorry.

JUD: What am I supposed to do?

WILLA: Figure somethin' else out.

JUD: I'll cut you in on it.

WILLA: Not interested.

JUD: I'll give you half a what I get.

WILLA: How much is half?

JUD: Half, like, probably something like a couple hundred.

WILLA: You think?

JUD: Yeah, man.

WILLA: But how you know it be that much?

JUD: I figure there's gotta be a decent amount. I wouldn't be goin' through all this trouble if it weren't the case.

WILLA: Why you need this money so damn bad?

JUD: You know Suzie, she's sellin' her Grandpa's motorbike and I told her I'd take it.

WILLA: You can't borrow the money from anybody?

JUD: Fuck am I gonna borrow from man?

WILLA: Can't you make timely payments or some shit?

JUD: Hell no. Already asked. One flat price. And Suzie ain't gonna hold the bike for me for long. There's already that Todd guy that wants it. I ain't got much time.

WILLA: Oh, man.

JUD: How 'bout this? How 'bout as soon as I rob the station, I come straight back here and hand you back the gun? This way there's even less time for your pops to notice, which he won't.

WILLA: You can do that?

JUD: Sure I can.

WILLA: Why cant you rob the station before he comes home from work? This way even if he do check, there won't be anything missin', cause your ass would have already returned it.

JUD: What time he come back?

WILLA: Shit. Usually six or seven.

JUD: Damn man. That's too early.

WILLA: Why?

JUD: Cause it's still daylight out. More foot traffic at those times.

WILLA: Take it or leave it.

JUD: I'm gonna get caught man.

WILLA: Find someone else that got a gun then.

JUD: This a bunch a bullshit man. If you needed a gun and I had a gun, I'd give you the GUN. Why you so soft?

WILLA: I ain't soft.

JUD: You scared.

WILLA: I ain't scared a nothin'.

JUD: Your pop will kick yo ass. That's what you afraid of. What the hell is a few bumps and bruises. He won't kill ya.

WILLA: You don't know him Jud.

JUD: Please.

WILLA: This one time we was fishin' and he come up from behind me and gave me a crack across my ear here and I couldn't hear nothin' for three straight days fore my hearin' come back. And this other time I was choppin' wood and he come out all drunk faced and started makin' fun a me cause I wasn't choppin the wood like he wanted me to chop it and he took the axe from my hand and started swingin' it at me for real, like, if I didn't move out the way, he would of killed me. He definitely would have. Even chased me deep into the woods, where I ran off to get away from him. The whole time callin' my name like I was in a horror movie. Scared the hell out of me for life. Ain't your dad chase you with no axe in the woods like mine, so, you tellin' me I'm scared, well, shit, wouldn't you be? (beat) Not takin' his gun for your dumbass, you liable to get no more than three steps out that station fore you get caught or killed. I be savin' yo life. What d'you need a motorbike for anyway?

JUD: Man...it's for a getaway.

WILLA: Getaway for what?

JUD: For livin' my life, for future work I plan on doin'. I need mobility. Can't afford no truck. Can't borrow no car, stuck out here. Shit. Best thing I know is a motorbike. Get me a motorbike and I'm gone.

WILLA: Why'nt you just get a job?

JUD: Where my gonna get a job Will?

WILLA: (laughing) At the station.

JUD: (laughs) You stupid.

WILLA: (laughs) Still.

JUD: What I could rob in one minute take me a month to make.

WILLA: Yeah, yeah.

JUD: What you gonna do?

WILLA: Huh?

JUD: About your own dumb life.

WILLA: Shit.

JUD: You better figure it out.

WILLA: Get me some job.

JUD: Doin what?

WILLA: Fuck do I know man. What you keep askin' me for?

JUD: Don't you wanna have an IDEA?

WILLA: Out here there ain't no IDEAS.

JUD: But still.

WILLA: Things we wanna do don't get done Jud. I ain't no dreamer like you. Shit. I just get through the damn day is all. Ain't goin' out robbin' nobody neither.

JUD: But you need to do somethin'.

WILLA: I'm a smash you right in yo face you keep talkin' like that about what I gotta do.

JUD: Chill. Chill.

WILLA: What I gotta do? There ain't no escapin' this place Jud. You come rollin' up here twenty years from now, I still be here leaning against this old ass shed watching the paint flake off. What difference does any of it make?

JUD: I hate this shit.

WILLA: Me, too.

JUD: Hate this town so much. I wanna break it open! This ain't where I'm supposed to be. This ain't it. I'm too smart for this place. I was born for somethin' else, that makes no sense where we're at. Like talkin' to a bunch a donkeys round here. Sick a this man. Sometimes I wanna run through everyone I see, so they feel me. Feel what I feel. How can anyone just accept this way? Looking at the people we know, they all look the same, they all look lost, depressed, like they're settling in, like this is it, like they're waitin' to die! But I'm not gonna settle, not gonna be walkin' these roads forever. Lost. Hell, no. Hell---I aim to go out there, past those ends (pointing), showin' my face to new people, hoping my own face changes, cause, you know, I ain't gonna be invisible like this forever. I ain't givin' in.

WILLA: I don't wanna give in neither, Jud.

JUD: I know.

WILLA: But...

JUD: Maybe one day you get out, too.

WILLA: Maybe...

JUD: Maybe...

WILLA: I'm gonna give you that gun.

JUD: You are?

WILLA: I am. (beat) Let me go inside and fetch it. Stay here. If you get caught doin' this thing, you say you came to my house and stole it.

JUD: No doubt.

WILLA: You stole it, understand?

JUD: I do.

WILLA: Arrright.

WILLA enters her house. A moment goes by.

While JUD waits she picks up a fallen tree branch and swings it like a baseball bat. She smashes it against the fence and tosses it.

JUD (to himself): Fuck this place!!

Out comes WILLA. She carries the gun wrapped in a white towel. She hands it to JUD.

JUD takes the towel/gun.

JUD: I'll have this thing back to ya, Willa.

WILLA: Go get it.

JUD walks off.

WILLA looks on before going back into her house.

The stage is empty.

LIGHTS OUT.

END OF PLAY