

CRACKED SKY

A short drama by
Jonathan Dorf

This script is for evaluation only. It may not be printed, photocopied or distributed digitally under any circumstances. Possession of this file does not grant the right to perform this play or any portion of it, or to use it for classroom study.

www.youthplays.com
info@youthplays.com
424-703-5315

Cracked Sky © 2016 Jonathan Dorf
All rights reserved. ISBN 978-1-62088-639-7.

Caution: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the copyright union and is subject to royalty for all performances including but not limited to professional, amateur, charity and classroom whether admission is charged or presented free of charge.

Reservation of Rights: This play is the property of the author and all rights for its use are strictly reserved and must be licensed by the author's representative, YouthPLAYS. This prohibition of unauthorized professional and amateur stage presentations extends also to motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of adaptation or translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments: Amateur and stock performance rights are administered exclusively by YouthPLAYS. No amateur, stock or educational theatre groups or individuals may perform this play without securing authorization and royalty arrangements in advance from YouthPLAYS. Required royalty fees for performing this play are available online at www.YouthPLAYS.com. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Required royalties must be paid each time this play is performed and may not be transferred to any other performance entity. All licensing requests and inquiries should be addressed to YouthPLAYS.

Author Credit: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisements and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line with no other accompanying written matter. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s) and the name of the author(s) may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

Publisher Attribution: All programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with YouthPLAYS (www.youthplays.com).

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying: Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book, whether by photocopying, scanning, video recording or any other means, is strictly prohibited by law. This book may only be copied by licensed productions with the purchase of a photocopy license, or with explicit permission from YouthPLAYS.

Trade Marks, Public Figures & Musical Works: This play may contain references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may also contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). YouthPLAYS has not obtained performing rights of these works unless explicitly noted. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

COPYRIGHT RULES TO REMEMBER

1. To produce this play, you must receive prior written permission from YouthPLAYS and pay the required royalty.
2. You must pay a royalty each time the play is performed in the presence of audience members outside of the cast and crew. Royalties are due whether or not admission is charged, whether or not the play is presented for profit, for charity or for educational purposes, or whether or not anyone associated with the production is being paid.
3. No changes, including cuts or additions, are permitted to the script without written prior permission from YouthPLAYS.
4. Do not copy this book or any part of it without written permission from YouthPLAYS.
5. Credit to the author and YouthPLAYS is required on all programs and other promotional items associated with this play's performance.

When you pay royalties, you are recognizing the hard work that went into creating the play and making a statement that a play is something of value. We think this is important, and we hope that everyone will do the right thing, thus allowing playwrights to generate income and continue to create wonderful new works for the stage.

Plays are owned by the playwrights who wrote them. Violating a playwright's copyright is a very serious matter and violates both United States and international copyright law. Infringement is punishable by actual damages and attorneys' fees, statutory damages of up to \$150,000 per incident, and even possible criminal sanctions. **Infringement is theft. Don't do it.**

Have a question about copyright? Please contact us by email at info@youthplays.com or by phone at 424-703-5315. When in doubt, please ask.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ANNA, female, mid to late teens.

DEVON, male, same age.

PRODUCTION NOTE

Bracketed text is meant to offer guidance on dialogue in cases where there may be more than one option depending on the needs of your production. Also, while you shouldn't change them unless you really need to, it's permissible to alter slightly the character names and the ones in Devon's monologue to names that fit the demographics of your community.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Special thanks to Daniel Rashid and Story Slaughter, for their assistance in developing the play.

(Outside a high school. The morning, before school. ANNA, mid to late teens, carries her books, but she's distracted, looking at the sky. DEVON, same age, holds a backpack in his hands that has something distinctly unbooklike in it. Anna bumps into Devon, knocking the backpack out of his hand.)

ANNA: Sorry.

DEVON: Whatever.

ANNA: I said I'm sorry.

DEVON: Fine.

(Anna reaches to pick up his bag.)

ANNA: Let me get—

DEVON: *(Trying to beat her to it:)* I got it.

ANNA: I'm just trying to—

DEVON: Get off!

(Anna lets go, but something is wrong here. Beat.)

Sorry. But please don't touch my bag. Please.

ANNA: I won't touch your bag. *(Trying to fill the dead space:)* I just get really distracted sometimes.

DEVON: Great. Don't text while you walk next time.

ANNA: I wasn't texting.

DEVON: OK.

ANNA: I didn't even have my phone in my hand. You do get the irony of yelling at me for not paying attention, only you're not paying enough attention to know I wasn't texting.

DEVON: OK. You win the argument. Hashtag winning—right? Catch ya later.

ANNA: Do you want to know what distracted me?

DEVON: It's all good.

ANNA: I was distracted by the clouds.

DEVON: All right. I still gotta go.

ANNA: It's still ten minutes before the first bell.

DEVON: I know.

(Anna takes out her phone.)

Put your phone away.

ANNA: Why? I'm —

DEVON: It's just gonna be better if you do.

ANNA: *(Beat.)* OK. I'm putting it away.

DEVON: Promise you won't take it out again.

ANNA: Until when?

DEVON: I don't know. Later.

ANNA: *(Beat.)* Do you want to see what distracted me?

DEVON: You said the clouds.

ANNA: Yes, but specifically.

DEVON: What's the difference?

ANNA: If there's no difference, why not look?

DEVON: Fine.

(Devon looks up so quickly it's like not looking.)

ANNA: That's not looking.

(Devon takes a longer look this time.)

DEVON: OK?

ANNA: I think it's cool. It's like this curtain of clouds, but it only goes halfway up, and then there's this giant crack in it — and the pattern totally changes.

DEVON: I guess.

ANNA: You don't see that.

DEVON: I guess kinda.

ANNA: I've never seen anything like it.

DEVON: Let me see your phone.

ANNA: Did you do the homework in English?

DEVON: What?

ANNA: It's a simple question.

DEVON: You're not in my class. (*Back on the phone:*) I need to see it.

ANNA: I'm in the other section. Yeager always keeps them...what's the word? (*Beat.*) There's a word for it.

DEVON: (*Stuck participating:*) Equal?

ANNA: Kind of. (*Thinking:*) In tandem is what I was thinking, or in sync, but equal works. Or even. Or maybe parallel.

DEVON: Stop ignoring me.

ANNA: I'm not. I'm talking to you, and words are interesting.

DEVON: Look—you seem nice, but it's too late, so give me your phone, and then I gotta go.

ANNA: Too late for what?

DEVON: Gimme your phone.

ANNA: Did you do the homework?

DEVON: You're not gonna need it.

ANNA: You never answered the homework question.

DEVON: Nobody's gonna care about homework today.

ANNA: You see what I mean about the sky?

DEVON: Your phone.

ANNA: You really can't see it – ?

DEVON: Fine. Not gonna make a difference.

ANNA: – How it looks like it's cracking in the middle.

DEVON: I don't look at the sky.

(He starts to leave. She grabs him by the bag.)

You don't want to grab me.

(He pulls his bag out of her grip, as she gives in and lets go.)

ANNA: What are you gonna do – shoot me?

DEVON: *(Beat.)* It's Anna, right?

ANNA: Yeah. And you're Devon.

DEVON: Go home, Anna.

ANNA: *(Beat.)* I can't just go home.

DEVON: Why not?

ANNA: I just can't.

DEVON: Then stay outside. Just stay right here by this...what is this?

ANNA: It's the war memorial. "To those graduates of [your school's name] who made the ultimate sacrifice in the service of their county." No wait – "country." That makes more sense. They really should clean this better. *(Continuing:)* "Heroes always."

DEVON: The kids in the cafeteria, they're not heroes.

ANNA: I don't think most of us have done anything heroic yet. Maybe tomorrow, or the day after, or –

DEVON: Yeah. But everyone kisses Ray Daniels' first team-all-star-all-whatever ass [butt]. And they worship Sophie Watson and her \$2590 Neiman Marcus prom dress that's worth more than all my clothes put together, and Trevor Johnson, kneel

before Trevor 'cause it's the easiest way to chug his parents' booze. What's their memorial gonna say? Thanks for tripping that kid you didn't even know, and for spitting in his lunch, and for hacking his Instagram [or social media network of the moment] and posting all those pictures you took in the locker room. Again. Thanks for being my personal heroes on a daily basis for the last three craptastic years. But seriously, I am sincerely grateful that every morning, like the pack of hyenas you are, you chase the rest of us out of the cafeteria before school and drink your lattes and laugh—and you never leave until two minutes after the first bell.

(Devon starts to leave again.)

ANNA: Devon.

DEVON: What? You feel bad now?

ANNA: I didn't know.

DEVON: Ostrich.

ANNA: What?

DEVON: People like you. You, the teachers, the principals, my parents, even the kids I thought were my friends. You're ostriches.

ANNA: I'm not trying to be.

DEVON: You are, but that's OK. You'll know all about it soon.

ANNA: Stay.

DEVON: I only got a couple minutes left to get there.

ANNA: Please. I'll give you my phone.

DEVON: Thanks.

ANNA: If you stay.

DEVON: *(Leaving:)* It doesn't matter. You can't stop me.

ANNA: I could scream.

DEVON: Do it then. And by the way, I get it—it wasn't your problem.

ANNA: (*Trying to block him:*) That's not true.

DEVON: It's totally true.

ANNA: I can care about things that— That's like saying nobody can care about things unless they're all about them.

DEVON: That's what I'm saying.

ANNA: What about giving blood or building houses for homeless families or going to the play because that kid who sits in the third row in Spanish asked you?

DEVON: Those are easy.

ANNA: Not to everyone.

DEVON: Well, boohoo for you.

ANNA: I'm trying.

DEVON: Why do none of you ever try until it's too late?

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!