

All of the Everything

A ten minute play

By Alayna Jacqueline

CHARACTERS

WOMAN

MAN

DARK FIGURES

TIME

Present

SETTING

A car. A dream.

This entire piece is a choreographed dance. Simplicity and suggestion. The set and props effortlessly transform from one thing to another, much like vaudevillian style scene transitions. Figures in black act as additional characters, props, and set pieces used in the story. However, they mostly take things from the couple. The story is meant to feel like a children's pop up book or puppet show.

A man and woman are driving together.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're not looking! There's everything around us wooshing by and you're missing it.

MAN

I have to pay attention... To the road!

WOMAN (CONT'D)

To what?

MAN

We'll be stopped soon.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

(Pointing)

Road work ahead. We always end up stopped adding twenty min...

WOMAN

Then can we wait here? Just for a little bit? Please. We're gonna get stopped anyway. Just give me a little bit longer to enjoy all of the everything.

(She points)

See over there? Does it look familiar?

MAN

No. Should it?

WOMAN

You're gonna propose to me there.

MAN

I am?

WOMAN

I know you're happy to see me, but that's a different bulge in your pants.

MAN

(Pulling out the ring)

Look at you Sherlock homegirl.

WOMAN

Don't do it now. I want it the exact same way. We're gonna climb up that big hill there.

MAN

We're gonna do what now?

WOMAN

Oh yes we're doing it!

MAN (CONT'D)

But I was planning to go to...

The car transforms into a diner booth.

WOMAN

I know you wanted to at the diner. But we're gonna hear about how beautiful that view is on that hill, and I'm gonna beg you to go up there.

The booth turns into a rock or log to sit on.

By the time we get up the hill we're gonna be miserable.

(Gesturing to her feet)

No hiking shoes. I'll sit down to take off my sandals and you'll make some corny joke about...

MAN

Damn your feet busted.

She playfully hits him.

WOMAN

I look gorgeous in my wedding dress. You start crying when you see my dad walk me down the aisle.

MAN

I can believe that. Not gonna lie, I cried when I saw you walk down the stairs for prom.

WOMAN

No you didn't.

MAN (CONT'D)

I did I swear. I just wiped it on your corsage.

*They laugh. Then something breaks a little
within the woman. She turns away.*

MAN (CONT'D)

What?

*When she turns back around she has a small
baby bump.*

WOMAN

This is also where I tell you I'm pregnant.

The man is shocked.

And you'll have that same goofy look on your face.

MAN

You're pregnant? Why would you climb all the way up here? There's a baby in there? My baby in there? We have a baby?

WOMAN

Yep you'll ask all of those.

MAN

(Holding the woman)

Man we got busy quick.

(Beat)

Is it a boy or girl?

The woman's laugh fades.

Do I get to call him Jr.?

She's quiet. A figure in black takes the bump.

WOMAN

We try again... But you do get your Jr.

(Beat)

But first you build me a house.

MAN

Out of what? Paper or plastic?

WOMAN

I'm serious... Okay so you don't build it from scratch. But you help plan and hammer a few nails.

MAN

So I turn into your handy man?

The man begins turning things back to the car.

We should get going. I don't want to get caught out here at night.

WOMAN

But I'm not finished. Did you check the headlights? There's plenty of gas. I checked the break lights. We're fine.

MAN (CONT'D)

Babe we don't have time. Yes they work. We have almost a full tank. I know you did. But we don't have time...

WOMAN

You're right we don't, so stay with me. Imagine the "will be". Only be a little bit longer.

She holds out her hand. The man takes it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

We move in, which means we have to decorate.

They're in a store.

I'm ready to pull my hair out because you're not helping decorate and have no opinions. We spend hours talking about wall colors and how much you don't care and I get upset because you don't care. And then I start crying in the middle of the store and you try to calm me down without causing a scene. But then I make an even bigger scene.

MAN

(Trying to calm her)

How do I make it stop? Do I make it stop?

WOMAN

(Laughing)

You can't. You can't do anything about it. My hormones are just everywhere because...

She reveals her bump.

MAN

With Jr.?

WOMAN

(Trading the baby bump for a bassinet)

No this one we name after my great aunt.

MAN

So we have two kids?

WOMAN

Four.

MAN

Four? We starting a band?

WOMAN

We get by. I earn my real estate license. In two years you'll be looking at the top real estate agent in the city.

MAN

Oh really?

WOMAN

Really. And next time...

She now has a bump twice as big.

I'm bringing a set.

MAN

Wait it's too soon. We don't even have one in school yet.

WOMAN

(Trading the two bumps for a bassinet)

What can I tell ya? We get busy... She is named after my favorite author. And she is named for your mother.

MAN

Since when do you and my mom get along?

A tombstone rises. They are draped in black clothing. The woman holds a red rose.