

ALLOND(R)A
by Gina Femia

About the play (from the playwright):

ALLOND(R)A tells the story of Allonda and her friends as they wrestle their way through the summer—sometimes it's on the playgrounds and projects of Coney Island, sometimes it's with their feelings, and often it's at home. A coming of age story about friendship and heartache, ALLOND(R)A asks how much is too much to fight for?

SPIDER—Male, 17, Latinx. Goofy, geek to the max, doesn't look as physically fit but is powerful

About the scene:

Spider and Allonda are talking about their future as YouTube-famous wrestlers—costumes, entrance music, and all. Spider is working on sewing a luchador mask to look like his idol, Spider-Man. Allonda asks “Why you love Spider-Man so much?”

SPIDER

Ain't it obvious?

Oh. Well. I dunno. I mean, he's real. Realer than any other superhero out there. It's almost like he can be real, like I know him.

Sometimes I ride the train out, down to ninth avenue just so I can ride it back at night. On nights when I can't sleep. I got mad nights where I can't sleep and.

I know Peter Parker was from Queens but he's still a New Yorker, you know? Like a real New Yorker. People don't get that. I found him when I was ten, Spider-Man, and I looked up to him and now I'm like technically older than him and it's weird and a little sad. To be older than my hero.

Anyway, I ride the train at night because it's something I like to think Peter Parker would do. I like that the trains are all empty except for like a bum who's making it their bed for the night or a couple, eyes shut tight and holding onto each other for dear life and

I like it when the train comes in so I can watch the lights in the projects pulsing. I like the fact they're all still on, and that the buildings are like nightlights, lighting the way. Makes me less lonely. Because sometimes I get lonely? even surrounded by all my friends. Ain't that some shit? It creeps on me and latches onto my blood like Venom, becomes a part of me that I can't shake.