

LEFTOVERS
by Josh Wilder

About the play:

In inner city Philadelphia, an abnormally huge dandelion has grown through the sidewalk in front of the house of, Jalil and Kwamaine, two brothers who are waiting for the arrival of their father. *Leftovers* tells the story of the brothers as they figure out their journey to discovering the reality of their dreams. A poignant, poetic, gritty play full of family, magic, and Cliff Huxtable.

NOTE: This excerpt is made available for Playwrights' Center auditions ONLY. Any other sharing, copying, distributing, or other use is prohibited.

KWAMAINE – Male, young, African-American. Disappointed and hopeful.

About this scene:

A giant dandelion has grown up out of the sidewalk in front of KWAMAINE's house. He and his brother wish on the dandelion for ways to make their lives better. His father, CHRIS, is rarely around, so KWAMAINE wishes for a life based on his favorite TV family, the Huxtables. KWAMAINE's mother has called the city to remove the dandelion.

NOTE: If you have requested the full script of LEFTOVERS, this monologue is no longer featured in the current draft. This monologue is shared for audition purposes only.

KWAMAINE

(to the dandelion_

I know you're not dead, just tired. Tired of us using you. I won't use you anymore. I just want you to grow again and make mom understand that you're not a weed. Did you really mess up the pipes under the pavement? Oh it's the roots! Gotchu. Everything I did wish for came true. Dad really did come, got the Six Flags tickets, Cosby Show happiness. I mean everybody was arguing but, the Cosby's argued. They fought. Vanessa and Denise stayed fighting. Not everyone can be them, huh? Why not though? Everything they wished for they got, or they worked hard for it. I feel like I'm the normal one around here. I watch them ya'know. I do. I really listen to what Cliff is saying to Theo, because I know he's talking to me. He's talking to me. Nobody listens, they gonna keep playing re-runs until it click in, until people finally get it. Not me, I got it! And I'm going to get whatever I want. I can't wait to get outta Philly. Ain't nothing here for me. I had a dream last night that I climbed you and I was in the sky. Then this man in white was showing me what I could have, what I could be. Me! Maybe he's really my dad. That man in white. No dirty Eagles jacket and worn out jeans. What's up there? It can't be gold; gold doesn't fall from the sky... And if it does what's it really gonna do huh? Pay a bill. Make me feel worth something for a little bit... Naw, something's up there. I know it. Something more. Something I need to get. That I need to understand...Make my dreams come true. Make my wishes real.