

Broken Memories

A Play by
LaDarrion Williams

chicago dramaworks
new plays. **chicago style.**

Broken Memories (1st ed. 2015)

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CHARACTERS

Kevin, a young teen who comes from a broken home.

Portia, a young teen who comes from a broken love.

Claudine, a young teen who comes from a broken life.

Counterfeit 4, a shabby old man.

The Furies, an alternate ego for each character.

A NOTE ON PERFORMANCE

Each character should be assigned their own Fury. The Furies should be manifested as a darker version of the original character.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thank you God, for giving me this crazy brain. Thank you for all of the gifts you have given me. My mother, Teresa Allen, for being the greatest mother of all time. Shanna, my sister; The inspiration for Portia. Jane Cornelius Ganey, my high school drama teacher – thank you for telling me I was good at something, and showing me that I can do anything I put my mind to.

Broken Memories

By LaDarrion Williams

The stage is dark. Music plays lightly. Suddenly, the music rises like beating drums – then fades abruptly. The lights rise. Three silhouetted bodies stand behind a scrim. In the middle is KEVIN, a teenager with a large build. His body movement is very fluid yet rough around the edges. His eyes are distant, keeping dark secrets. He represents a teen from a broken home. Stage right is CLAUDINE, a beautiful but insecure young woman with books in her hands. The third is PORTIA, tragically beautiful, her arms outstretched. Each of these three characters are joined by their FURY, a spirit of vengeance.

CLAUDINE (*coming to life*)

My words, my life, my reflections.
I want my words to bring life,
I want my words to bring questions.
I want it to bring sorrows,
I want it to make you smile through the darkness.
To make you rise, and make you shout.

KEVIN (*coming to life*)

I want my words to offend you,
I even want my words to uphold you,
I want it to bring out the quality in you.
I want my words to be a spiritual awakening,
I want my words to bring the memories that faded a long
time ago.

PORTIA (*coming to life*)

I want my words to smell.
I want them to sing soft melodies,

I want them to be a soft tune that chimes in the morning.
I want them to be dark and to be bright,
I want my words to make you sleep at night.

KEVIN

My life, my time and my struggles.
Time and time, I tried to speak from my soul.
I could feel my life pulling me from every direction.
It's funny how I know about life...
You see, life does not play games.
In my life, I was so deprived of a home.
I was so endangered to the hate in this society.
Subjected to the cliché bull that only targets us in these
trying times.
All I want is everything,
From the fame to the women who would do anything for
me.
Soft music begins and the ACTORS begin to
move to the rhythm.

PORTIA

Where did it all go wrong?
The resentment and hate fills my body.
I would stare at the mirror far too long
wishing to be something different.
I wanted something more,
or something less.
I was trapped inside this hollow shell.
Being this tragic beauty, everything felt wrong, felt fake.
I couldn't feel, I couldn't see what my God wanted me to
see.
When I say I'm broken, I mean just that.
Broken like glass.
I can't even find myself through the rubble.
All I wanted was one dance,
to have that one kiss.

To make me feel like a girl again,
I wanted to be... loved.

PORTIA and CLAUDINE freeze as KEVIN steps out.

KEVIN

Befallen on accounts of myself, I shall take heed.
To be brutally attacked with myself shall be my fault.
If the world knew me, I am like a song unheard.
I am like a raven bird, swiftly flying through the sky
where the storm prohibits me.
Who am I?
As my past nips at the bottom of my feet,
I shall strive to move faster.
Contemplating a plan against me, shall soon sunder.
Take me as I am.
Take all of these insecurities.
Take all the maddening screams.
Take all of me...

MUSIC continues. The ACTORS and FURIES dance in syncopation.

PORTIA (*coming to life*)

Secrets, lies...he gets up and goes.
Coming out of his mouth are words of excuses.
What have I done to myself?
I have no self-respect, no decorum.
I am a girl, prime in her youth.
My eyes like glitter, my hair flowing like a river.
Looking for a love that was only made in fairytales
or comes from a TV screen.

CLAUDINE (*coming to life*)

A dreamer I would call myself.

Looking into the mirror, I see nothing.
My hair is not long, I'm not skinny.
All I can hear and see are the negatives.
Who am I? Why am I here?
I lost my music, my way to live.
Schools became dramatic, fights in the halls, drugs in the
system.
I thought I could feel safe in a high school.
I guess I was wrong.

PORTIA

He was my friend in high school; he was on the basketball team, a real winner. But that was a physical manifestation of who he was not. I've been through life; I've been through hell and back with this boy. Parents, and people who are older always say we never go through anything. How could they know? They don't fill our shoes. They don't walk through the doors, into an empty and cold school, trying to impress those who don't know your song. They disperse to each side and stare out into the audience. Ready to tell their story.

PORTIA'S FURY

They don't know the stresses of being eighteen, a senior, beautiful as me. To be this young and to have a future.

PORTIA/ FURY

They don't know.

KEVIN'S FURY

They don't know how fast 6:30 am comes.

KEVIN

Parents don't know how hard it is to be that guy who everybody knows. Who everybody wants to be like. Having to keep this standard.

CLAUDINE

They don't know how hard it is getting up every morning, going to school for eight hours, then go to a job and seeing all your class mates having the time of their life.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Friday nights seem like it carried on forever.

PORTIA

This is my life.

KEVIN

This is my story.

CLAUDINE

And this is my struggle.

CLAUDINE steps back into the darkness. KEVIN steps forward in the spot light.

KEVIN

Was I blind? Where did all this hate come from?
I'll tell you where it comes from. It comes from no one caring for me. They only used me.
How can I be a man when I didn't have an example in front of my eyes?

PORTIA

What is the definition of love?
To me, it's a man who admires her wool hair,
her light brown eyes, her full lips and long legs.
Love is a person that would dance forever in my dreams.
Then she would admire his masculine love, his soft touch,
and his dark pool eyes.
Love is remembering how tight he would hold you...
falling asleep to the sound of his heartbeat.

Real love, black love, an unfailing love. It's the inner emotion in us.
As they lay in the bed,
soft music chimes in their ears.
They caress each other.
They would love each other unconditionally.
An unbelievable thing to own, a real love that is.
A teenage love is a sensual love, a unity, sweeter than honey, smooth as silk.
Her soft lips, his bare hot skin...it's endearing.

CLAUDINE and PORTIA fall to the ground. We see the silhouette of KEVIN'S FURY.

KEVIN (*staring at his silhouette*)

I remember me and my father would go fishing. There was no fire in his eyes, he was sober and I could feel the warm hot sun invading my skin. It was perfect... 'til night fell. It was like evil had stepped inside him. I could hear thunder in his chest, his voice quaking through the walls. "Mama," I whispered. And I saw her... and all I saw was her getting kicked in the ribs. A bruised eye with a busted lip, you can't tell? Can't you see the infliction in his eyes, woman I tell you! Don't trust him. Don't trust his words.

KEVIN'S FURY (*Circling Kevin*)

Vengeance is so sweet, like candy to a baby. The way it rests on your tongue, creeps into your heart. It rushes through your veins.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Forgiveness tastes like vinegar; it seeps into your mouth and pours out your skin.

PORTIA'S FURY

Love is like a drug and sometimes I need a quick fix in the

middle of the night. It's like a bitter embrace. In the middle of the night, I would dream of you. I would dream of our happiness.

The FURIES freeze. PORTIA, KEVIN and CLAUDINE come to life. An alarm clock sounds off, prompting the characters to get ready for school.

CLAUDINE

I'm tired of being sick and tired. Every day, five days a week, it's like I go through life with no adventure, giving all of myself. The nights are so quick, but the days are so long. Eight hours in a building with different stories, different music, and different lives. These are the people that I will see for the next three years.

KEVIN *(laughing to himself)*

I remember freshman year - how we were all so scared of this new world. The adrenaline rushing in our veins. It was exciting. We were unbranded. We could have been whatever we wanted to be in the space of these four white walls. Pep rallies, basketball games...these were the treasures I valued. Wrapping arms around our friends, cutting it up in class. Then the years passed, we became what was royalty in a high school.

PORTIA

Classes were boring, but the friends excited me. When senior year rolled around, I was the popular one. Girls wanted to be me, guys wanted to be with me. But my heart belonged to that one. A man who was sensual, but aggressive. Something was born inside of him, a fire and rage like a burning candle. Spring breaks at Panama city beach were the best and worst times of my life. Feeling the sand between my toes, glistening with sweat, the music booming through our bones. I felt invincible.

PORTIA'S FURY

It was the best of mine. I finally let her go. I finally let him in.

KEVIN'S FURY

Let him in.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Poets of four walls, words engraved on the floors. Who are we? Are we death? Are we songsters?

They directly address the audience.

ALL

This is only the beginning.

Blackout.

SCENE TWO

In darkness, the FURIES set the stage for a girls' bathroom. At rise, PORTIA and her FURY look into their mirror admiring themselves, saying profane things about their body. Her outfit leaves little to the imagination. She brushes her hair. A spotlight shines on CLAUDINE and her FURY, eyeing PORTIA with jealousy. They lie on the floor.

CLAUDINE

I would sometimes sit in the bathroom stalls
away from those who persecute me.
Hearing voices of the girls occupying the mirror,
familiar voices would echo off the stone walls.
I would hear her pain through the lies she had spoken.
I would lay there and think
how lucky she is, and how blessed and compromised she
was.

I could smell her perfume, it was of money.
She was wearing blue stilettos.
They would clank on the floor, echoing into my soul.
I would ponder, ponder at the thought:
Why does she seduce men with her long soft legs?
She would even consider her man to be with her on every
command.
But inside she felt like me.
Hurt, empty and mad at the world.
She felt un-pretty. She felt like the world judged her.
But still. I myself was mad at her for thinking only with her
body and not the gift God has given her.

*CLAUDINE stands. KEVIN rushes across the stage and
pushes her. CLAUDINE and her FURY fall to the ground,
screaming. Her dropped books litter the stage. PORTIA and
the other FURIES laugh at CLAUDINE as she gathers her
things.*

CLAUDINE

Then I would go into the hallway, seeing the fire in his eyes.
The bully. He would trip me, and I fall to the ground.
Laughter of others fills my ears. But, this time...he was
different.

PORTIA

The day was filled with loneliness and black rain. The one I
let go was the one I truly loved. I told him I loved someone
else. The word 'sorry' never left the tip of my tongue.
Collecting dust on my living room table. I would grab the
picture of us. Things have surely changed. Laughing a soft
laugh, crying a broken cry. Reading a love letter with
the ink smeared, mirroring our love. But I couldn't tell a lie
when his lips met mine. Piecing back my broken dreams,
conquering our fears all in yesterday.

It was love and war with him, and my body was the battleground. It was a golden love, a shallow piece of treasure. And as you leave me, I will only think of yesterday. Your love would take another place. I wanted to be loved. I wanted to be his everything.

KEVIN

I see the world...

CLAUDINE

...for what it is.

PORTIA

I am coming from a broken love.

CLAUDINE

I am coming from a broken life.

KEVIN

And I am coming from a broken home. Please give me rest from the bruises you placed on me.

His FURY strikes him in the face.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Sex.

PORTIA'S FURY

Living days to the fullest.

KEVIN'S FURY

Being with friends. It's our senior year. Who has time to really think about life?

PORTIA

I woke up in the morning making breakfast. He snuck over

for the night while my mother was working. I found myself at the table eating alone. Wondering ‘why do I keep doing this to myself?’ Days and days go by without answer. My mind went back to him kissing my neck softly, and then I ran my hand on his strong chest. His hands searched anxiously between my thighs. I wanted to be with him. I loved him. But did he love me?

CLAUDINE

College applications.

PORTIA’S FURY

Trying to pay for college.

CLAUDINE

Someone hear our broken song.

KEVIN

She had a sleepless night; I could hear mama in there fending for herself. The doors locked...I started to believe the grave was more peaceful than my own home.

KEVIN tries to pry open an imaginary door but his FURY won't let him.

FURIES

Contemplating.

KEVIN’S FURY

What are you contemplating? We are like shadows in the night, attached to the hard ground. You are weak!

PORTIA’S FURY

Posted on the wall.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Looking back at them in the mirror, we are the judges in this cruel world.

PORTIA'S FURY

We are the force that tugs on the hearts of those who don't know any better.

KEVIN'S FURY

We are the spirits of vengeance.

Lights on PORTIA as she steps forward, touching her stomach.

PORTIA

What was my melody when this girl I knew died a long time ago? Why does she want to be loved? All he does is use her for his game, and then he leaves.

KEVIN

I'm more than what you gave me.

CLAUDINE

Reflecting a broken teen. I've given my all to the ones who didn't notice me. I have nothing left to give.

KEVIN

Contemplating...

CLAUDINE

Contemplating...

PORTIA

Contemplating....

CLAUDINE

Where was God through all of this?

KEVIN

Look at me, Mama!

PORTIA

I was madly in love and encumbered.

Why am I doing this to myself? Contemplating on...

PORTIA'S FURY (*circling PORTIA*)

Where did this want come from?

Why do you want to be loved so bad?

When all he does is hurt you? Do it.

PORTIA

NO!

LIGHTS shift to the FURIES. They all walk around in deep thought, or on their cellphones.

PORTIA'S FURY

What are they contemplating? Suicide? Running away?

What is it? Why do we define ourselves in the midst of friendships? Giving what God has given us for ourselves to those who throw it in the trash. I am not pretty. I am not smart enough. I am not good enough for those who I try so hard to be with.

CLAUDINE'S FURY (*bringing out a book*)

According to the Webster dictionary, 'friend' means a person whom one knows and with whom one has a bond of mutual affection, typically exclusive of sexual or family relations.

KEVIN'S FURY

Soulmates, confidants, fellows, playfellows. That's all that defines the word 'friend.' I don't see anything about giving your all or letting go of who you are for the sake of friends.

The lights shift to a blue wash on the characters, who dance in syncopation. PORTIA steps out from the dance.

PORTIA

Once there was a beautiful and sacrificial love. I found myself in the sexual aspects of his every demand. Soft music and soft words. We danced that one dance. This must have been a good night...or was he just on the prowl? His warm body and his marbled skin would clash against me. Was I a fool? Or just in love, an artificial love that is? These are my reflections. I found out weeks later that I was carrying either a curse or gift. He left a part of himself in me, and took off with all I had of myself. I was a fool, I was stupid. I was pregnant.

CLAUDINE

Singing only one song. Taking it from me, and writing one poem, stealing the words from my mouth.

KEVIN

Take away these soft strains of death, these memories...these broken reflections.

PORTIA

Dancing to your unknown music, moving my body to remember the pain, and dreams left in the bayou.

KEVIN

On this broken road, looking at the skies, life didn't know me, and I didn't know life.

CLAUDINE

I'm waiting for courage.
Waiting for love that passes me by.
For passion that endures forever.
I'm afraid to let go. I'm afraid to hold on.

KEVIN

Waiting for courage. That is all I need.
Running to be free, I'm waiting for courage,
holding on to what's left of me.

PORTIA

When my eyes have opened
and my mouth formed the words that I've meant,
I would often lean.
Lean on the very thing that runs away from me.
So I lay still waiting for courage. I just want to be free.

CLAUDINE

Often many ways I would dream,
and I would even be scorned for it,
looking at my reflection in the stream in a moment's time,
I would love all possibilities.

PORTIA

Carry away all the grime.
What all I have left is only mine.
I would fly away
for a moment in time.
I would so carefully look at all my treasures.

KEVIN

A moment's time well spent
with every inch of breath I take
and every step I make.
A moment in time, that would be any dream.
Placed in the stars, where I too would be.

CLAUDINE

Forever in my dreams...

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Forever isn't that long. It's like a night. The sun will soon

rise.

CLAUDINE

I can't do it. I won't.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Do it! Do it! Do it!

CLAUDINE

LEAVE ME ALONE!

Red light floods the stage. KEVIN steps into the light. His face is swollen. He points a gun towards his FURY.

KEVIN

Broken whiskey bottles, holding onto what memories we hold dear.

Then he would say 'sorry.'

Sorry! You're sorry!

Sorry is nothing but an empty promise.

Revenge is the only apology.

Mama says don't do it.

But tonight, I'm going to lose myself.

KEVIN exits off stage left. His FURY circles CLAUDINE.

KEVIN'S FURY

Rage is power. Rage is how things get done!

CLAUDINE

Resistance is key. I was watching my last TV show, eating my last meal... laughing a fake laugh, watching the sunset and sunrise. Breathe my last breath, lungs filled with bubbles, nerves tighten, throat closed, gasping for air. I wished for that last kiss.

The FURIES surround CLAUDINE, seducing her.

CLAUDINE

But rage is power. Sin, staining my life. How much is enough?

A crimson reminder of what I have done.

KEVIN enters and comes to life. The others freeze to look at him.

KEVIN

A considered moment where I was going to lose myself.

My chest rising up and down.

My lungs filled with hate. Shattered screams, pain flooded the hard wood floors.

Contemplating a plan, my limbs freeze. I felt the cold metal gun against my hand...is this destiny? He kept hitting her and hitting her and I raised up my arms with every might I had left. If I was going to go to hell tonight, I was bringing him with me.

Then...

I pulled the trigger.

We hear a gunshot as the lights go out.

KEVIN'S FURY

It felt good, didn't it? To have the light leave his eyes. To end the pain. To snuff it out.

KEVIN

I was made into something evil. I looked in the mirror, splattered with blood, I didn't recognize myself.

KEVIN'S FURY

You became yourself.

The characters are frozen with shock. The FURIES murmur amongst themselves.

PORTIA'S FURY

What did he do? What did you do?

KEVIN

I had to.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

I heard the clock stop. A loud echo coming from the house next to hers.

CLAUDINE

I heard it.

CLAUDINE exits offstage. The lights rise on a few chairs on stage right. We are in a doctor's office. PORTIA and her FURY enter.

PORTIA

The clinic was stuffed with women of different lives, different stories. Sweat pouring from our faces, our hearts beating against our breasts, our lips quivering with the curiosity. I felt the cold seat sting my soft skin. Seeing liquid bonds of shaded water on the nape of her neck. Oils, secreting from her arms. God, she was nervous as hell. Someone called her a teenage girl, a whore or skank. A bitch. All those names printed in the spaces of her soul. The stupid girl who has no self-control to appease his self-righteous doubt, suffering from the stupidity of loving a boy. A form of expression, a sincere apology. The doctor came through the door, with that white coat, dark skin...I had to. I had to! My mother was going to be upset with me, I wouldn't be daddy's little girl.

I had to do it. How was I gonna go to college pregnant? I had my whole life ahead of me.

The choice was unbearable. I wasn't going to give up my life. I couldn't. A soft strain of epiphany having its own

revelation. A heart beat slowly fading inside of me.
Someone tear me apart, and throw me in the ocean!
Contemplating in an empty room, surrounded by heartless
machines. A summoning and invocation of death, a delicate
piece ripped from me...and now death enters my womb.
Death enters me.

PORTIA'S FURY

It was dying inside of her. I was the part of her that loved it.
Curiosity set on the corners of her lips. I WANTED IT. I
wanted to feel every nip and tuck and tear. She wanted it.

*The stage fills with white and blue lights. CLAUDINE is on
the floor with her FURY. KEVIN enters and sits at the edge
of the stage.*

KEVIN

I was wide awake. Was it a dream? Or was it a faint
memory?

PORTIA

I couldn't sleep. I was dancing on my own, the music
pouring from my Ipod.

KEVIN

Red and blue lights dancing on my bedroom walls, the
floors flooded with blood and tears.

CLAUDINE

Envy lived next door to me. Hatred lived across the street.
The sirens, the lights, I knew what he had done.

KEVIN

I felt the bullet leave the barrel. I felt it go through his
chest. He looked at me, wide eyed, a single tear falling from
his eyes. It was as if he was surprised. I'm sorry daddy, I just

couldn't do it anymore.

KEVIN'S FURY

You loved it. You finally got rid of the devil. Be happy, man. You get to live out the rest of your high school in glory. A basketball scholarship, going to college. Finding the perfect girl.

KEVIN

But he still lingers! He still stirs the pot that I've tried so many times to throw out. Why can't I get this blood of my hands?

KEVIN'S FURY

Sin, the crimson colored desire fading into your fingers. You have one more task to do.

CLAUDINE wakes up, gasping for air.

CLAUDINE

I felt the rope tighten around my neck. Burning my skin as my vision blurred. I felt the cuts on the base of my wrist. The warm blood seeping onto the floor. Did I do it? An invitation or testifying on my own account. I am a statistic in a world.

CLAUDINE steps into the dark. PORTIA steps into the light and comes to life.

PORTIA

I was once so elegant and beautiful. I was girl, living in a world that didn't understand me. He didn't want me. But he wanted what all guys wanted. He was different.

KEVIN

I am screaming out! Listen, just listen to me! I'm not a

statistic. I am not foolishly made.

The old Kevin died a long time ago. I was just dealing with shattered dreams.

PORTIA

Talk to me. Hold me against your chest. Let nothing come between us. I want you. I need you.

Just as KEVIN and PORTIA are about to kiss, the FURIES come to him with hand-held mirrors.

FURIES

Reflections!

KEVIN steps back, disheartened. PORTIA comes to him with her phone and starts typing frantically. We see the logos of several social media sites.

PORTIA

What is this?

CLAUDINE

Your life, we gave our all for only material things.

PORTIA'S FURY

Explain yourself in a hundred and forty characters or less.

PORTIA (*texting*)

Today is shitty. 'Hashtag,' not feeling loved.

KEVIN

A dark morning came quickly.

PORTIA's FURY comes to life, placing her hand on PORTIA's stomach.

PORTIA

Now that it's gone, will he love me now? Will he smile a smile that will illuminate my world?

CLAUDINE

I lived.

KEVIN

Imagine me with cold skin, but with the hate that burns inside of me, I feel it every day.

CLAUDINE looks on her phone and starts to cry. Her FURY hands her a rope.

CLAUDINE

How can words on a webpage sting my soul? I thought I could be confident behind a computer screen. I thought I could have the courage to just shut the computer off. But something in me wanted those wounds, I wanted to be bruised. People updating their status about me. Tearing me down, in only a matter of 140 characters.

CLAUDINE'S FURY *(to the other FURIES)*

Fat ass. Pig. Oh my God, did you see her hair?

The FURIES separate. PORTIA and her FURY text and laugh, while KEVIN and his FURY scowl at CLAUDINE.

KEVIN

Abused and misused.

I was considered evil.

I was abandoned. Mama couldn't even say a word to me.

I was a murderer.

A murderer who was in his teens.

I committed more things than I could ever dream of.

Someone please wake me from this dream, this nightmare.

PORTIA and her FURY take pictures.

PORTIA

They all say we have no mind of our own to do a simple task or to have a voice. Finding love in all of the wrong places - where selfies define us...snapchatting our lives in a single ten seconds.

Blackout. A spot on KEVIN, standing near the edge of the stage. His phone reads, "@Kevinbro is acting so weird. What's wrong with him?"

KEVIN

I scrub the ground for faltering sounds, rhinestones imbedded in my skin. The old me has not nipped at the bottom of my feet. To love and to learn...to love is to love myself first. To learn is to learn from my mistakes. Reminiscing the times I have shared. To laugh to keep from crying, to keep on keeping on. Lifting my head and not depressed from this world...it's me, myself and time. I could remember me and the guys would come in and talk and laugh. I just kept my dark side hidden. Everybody has a dark side.

The FURIES circle the characters.

KEVIN'S FURY

A dark side that wants to come out.

PORTIA

Surrounded by faces.

KEVIN

I don't know anyone truly.

CLAUDINE

Fear embodies me...

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Embrace for the fall.

PORTIA makes her way to KEVIN and they kiss. They fall to the ground, continuing their passion.

PORTIA

There was once a boy...he held me so tight, I could feel his love. He was so good to me, but I needed something more. I needed something better...someone who can buy me things that I could only imagine.

I've done things. They should lock me up and throw away the key. My mind going in different places, my heart always beating for you. But I put on a different face at school. I hid things inside me.

The FURIES look at the characters.

KEVIN'S FURY

Why are they here?

PORTIA'S FURY

Why were they born?

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Why don't they die?

KEVIN'S FURY

Walk away from them?

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Getting caught up in their lies...

PORTIA'S FURY

In their desperation...

CLAUDINE

They say joy comes in the morning, bull! Where is it? All I see is depression knocking at my door.

PORTIA

No one to talk to.

KEVIN pushes her away. PORTIA stands there, distraught, wanting to feel loved.

CLAUDINE

Loneliness is a bitch. Food became my god, my source.

KEVIN and his FURY sit at the edge of the stage.

KEVIN

I remember the secrets. God, secrets can really ruin someone. I remember I could feel myself rotting on the inside. I was just so angry.

I never had that much power in me. I had his life inside me and it made me go crazy! Terrified. I was so scared of myself.

Secrets, lies, and memories would haunt me.

A spotlight shines on KEVIN as music begins to play. PORTIA dances with her FURY.

PORTIA

I was happy.

I remember happiness with him, I would smile...

I would dance with life.

And he remains in the night.

And now abortion is my only choice.

I have succumbed to think I have done the right thing, but I haven't.

Then the good-byes started to come.

Being stood up in the park,
I thought if I got rid of this,
I would have him back.

CLAUDINE (*coming to life*)

I tried to live. Where is it getting me? Contemplating...

The FURIES look at CLAUDINE and text on their phones. A text tone is heard. They laugh. CLAUDINE's FURY brings her a mirror. CLAUDINE looks at her reflection.

KEVIN

Contemplating...

PORTIA's FURY goes to CLAUDINE and writes on the mirror: "Fat bitch" "#Pig #PeopleDontLikeYou."

PORTIA

I contemplated, and I acted on doubt.

KEVIN'S FURY

And that's where the story is about to end.

The music rises in volume. KEVIN stands SL. He is hit by an imaginary slap. PORTIA, holding her stomach, falls to the ground in pain. CLAUDINE looks at both of them, then wraps her rope around her neck, considering killing herself. The music grows even louder. KEVIN pantomimes getting abused. PORTIA cries. CLAUDINE jumps. Blackout.

SCENE THREE

At rise, KEVIN enters upstage. PORTIA enters SL and CLAUDINE SR. They are dressed nicely. They dance to hopeful music.

KEVIN

Phases of me, that's weird?
A different level of affection, a song, a poem.
Damn, we were born in a hostile world.

CLAUDINE

Born in a cold and dark world
where dreams could be shattered.
Reflecting in a broken mirror,
I couldn't look at myself.

PORTIA and her FURY enter, holding college applications.

PORTIA

College was around the corner! I'm so nervous about graduation. I was too stuck in the moment. I could have any boy I wanted. They wanted my gifts, my body. They were thirsty for me. But I kept my words.

PORTIA and her FURY use their phones to take pictures of themselves.

Make sure you put that on Instagram! What should my caption be? 'Hashtag' team single.

The FURIES bring out three cloths: Red (love), blue (freedom) and white (surrender).

CLAUDINE

I was enslaved to our fears. I was stuck inside a shell, hiding my face from the rest of the world. Resisting the urges of being free and about, trapped with the stereotypical manifestations of myself. Life has no doubts, no picture, no words to define my character. I remember me, no more banging on the walls for attention. I will stand up, believe and dream...I will be firm, smile and distinguish my

insecurities. I will believe in only me. I will have faith in me only. I will not conform to the worlds setting of me, because all I want is everything. I will sing, dance, and I will be what I write. I remember me; I will be all that I can be. No more jumping from bad relationships, no more type-casting myself. All I want is everything, nothing more. If you can't give me what I want, say your goodbyes.

I remember me, when I stand in front of the cameras, smiling at the negativity. All I want is everything, nothing more.

Phases of me...equipped with saddening thoughts. Echoes of mistakes and screams. Cold air making the hairs on my arms rise up. All I want is everything.

PORTIA (*coming to life*)

They say heart ache creeps through the night, but joy comes in the morning. When I woke up, my heart was still weary. To those who have joy, may I have bits of it? They say to have patience and it will come. I'm still waiting.
I have my popularity.

KEVIN

There are different phases of myself. Hate, self-doubt. I was the basketball star. Popular.
How can I not feel satisfied?

KEVIN runs to PORTIA, kissing her passionately. They lie down, continuing to kiss.

PORTIA'S FURY

With unconditional love there is always a price to pay.

KEVIN immediately stops.

KEVIN

Soft melodies in the night, a beautiful magnificent woman elegantly lies in the grass. Endless pains form and oppress.

Though she's near,
I could not feel her.

CLAUDINE and her FURY watch KEVIN from a distance.

KEVIN'S FURY
Second semester is almost over.

PORTIA'S FURY
Prom is around the corner.

CLAUDINE'S FURY
And graduation is almost here.

CLAUDINE
I can hear the whispers of the night...her song, her poems
written on crackling paper. Her soft beaded hair coiled over
her neck, her beauty being judged. God, I wanted to be like
her. I wanted her very being.

*PORTIA enters as her FURY rolls out a vanity. She sits and
puts on her make up.*

PORTIA
Soft melodies parade her ears as she watches her reflections
in the shattered mirror, her deep blue eyes overflowing to
the creases of her rigid smile. A woman. She is a woman
who paints herself with harsh words. She decorates her skin
with rusted oils, evading herself with her pain - taking a
bath in her insecurities. This woman whispers, 'color me
softly.'

*She throws everything off the dresser. The FURIES clean it
up.*

CLAUDINE
She speaks. Her heart can break many times, but she still

speaks. I remember they would call her bitch, skank, a whore.

PORTIA'S FURY

Bitch!

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Whore!

KEVIN'S FURY

Skank!

KEVIN

You did this to me!

CLAUDINE'S FURY

He did this to himself.

CLAUDINE

An outcry from the devil himself.

PORTIA

We were molded by media.

We had set upon ourselves an image to uphold.

Trust me, 140 characters was not enough to express how I felt.

PORTIA's FURY continues to take selfies. We once again see various social media icons.

PORTIA

But do they know that we have hidden words in our hearts that I molded myself time and time again?

CLAUDINE

All the pain, I was broken and bruised. High school was a battle field, and I was on the front line.

PORTIA

I was dreaming of happiness
and I was the girl dreaming for forever...
but becoming a woman, that's a whole different story.

KEVIN

Dark phases of myself, of never being peaceful.
No tunes straight, no murmur known.
Bound to disgrace. Do I forgive myself?

PORTIA

To love. But a teenage girl finding love in hate?

KEVIN

You think it's easy?

CLAUDINE

Try walking in our shoes. Being bullied, discovering sex,
falling madly in love.

PORTIA

We all go through things, worried about what to wear, what
to look forward to.

CLAUDINE

We shouldn't be pushed aside, enslaved to our own fears.

KEVIN

Who am I?

KEVIN'S FURY

Enslaved to *your* fears.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

A world where you cannot glue together the broken pieces.

PORTIA'S FURY

Shattered bones will always heal.

Music begins with a beat. The lights dim. CLAUDINE enters – we are now at a party. The FURIES dance. KEVIN enters and begins to talk with the FURIES. They slowly turn towards CLAUDINE.

CLAUDINE

I can remember the day...it was the last leg of senior year. I was so young and innocent - my mind went a hundred places! The halls seemed narrow, long and cold. I caught his glare. He looked as though he looked into a mirror with no reflection. A ghost, a malevolent statue that I have known for three years. My bully is well known, an all-star... From that day, words spewed from his mouth like poison from a venomous snake. I couldn't understand why this carried over to later in the night...soft music, my hair coiled down my back. I felt the rhythm vibrate in my bones.

The lights strobe slowly.

I went to prom with his friend and, oh yes! He was fine, cute, and masculine. I felt something with him like never before. His lips turned into a smile like no other. We danced the night away, it was like he sucked all the pain from me. Like a million stars, his eyes shined. We went to his house after prom. There was party. No innocence, no righteousness. They drank, they laughed, acting like animals released from a cage.

He pressured me for so long. His voice like a thousand bricks placed on my shoulders. Time seemed to drag. Minutes felt like hours, and hours felt like years. He offered me a drink with a smile that made my knees go weak. The cold plastic met my lips. I felt the burning sensation down my throat, then my vision blurred. Even the bully's eyes lit

up. My feet were planted on the stairs and I was incapable of thinking.

Everything around me started to...

The lights turn red.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

They laughed and then I felt the cozy covers on the warm bed. He became a spectre of things that I was being opened up to.

CLAUDINE

They stripped me of my pants. Confusion swept over me like rain in the desert. His fingers, his fingers felt like spiders between my thighs. My body went numb. All I could do was sit there paralyzed with fear. My mind seemed to play tricks on me, dancing around memories, around the dreams. He knew me. He knew me. All of me. Who gave him the right? Who gave him the audacity to defile me? Not me, no, not me. My bully wasn't just a bully but a rapist, taking the joy that I stored up for myself, the courage to get me through the day. He took that from me. As he defiled me, his face was haunted, stuck with the decision of his mistakes. That night after prom, I was raped.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

But who could we tell? Who would believe us? They would say...

CLAUDINE

We deserved it.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

That we asked for it.

CLAUDINE

That it was probably my fault.

We live in a world where a woman can get beat,
where a woman can be raped and no one bats an eye.
It's the culture that we live in. I was raped.

They all freeze. PORTIA stands with her FURY. Music plays as she waits for KEVIN at the prom. PORTIA dances with her FURY.

PORTIA

It was prom and I just stood there. I heard a party was happening, but he didn't show up. I was standing there, alone, broken, and embarrassed. Come to find out he went to some party while I stood there waiting and hoping. A rush of loneliness came over me, like a storm in a summer sky. There was a big hole in my chest, and I couldn't fill it.

As the music continues, PORTIA dreams of dancing with KEVIN at the prom. KEVIN walks to her and they dance. When the music fades, she is alone.

KEVIN

The party took my mind off things,
took my mind off murder,
the lifeless body on the floor.
I wanted to be whole.
I wanted to take my anger out on someone else.

CLAUDINE

I was ruined.

PORTIA

Loving you was hard.

KEVIN

Loving myself was even harder. I wanted to be washed away and be buried. There was something brewing inside of me

something evil. Something wicked and something to die for. I wanted to be something great, something good. But I threw it all away! The voice within, where is it now?

PORTIA'S FURY

Vengeance is so sweet.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

And forgiveness tastes just like vinegar.

PORTIA

After the abortion, there was a smile on his face. A beautiful smile, hope was in him again. I started to love him again.

CLAUDINE

Finding love in the wrong places?

PORTIA'S FURY (*on the phone*)

Did you hear they're back together again? I know! She's so stupid.

KEVIN'S FURY

She will never learn.

PORTIA

Finding love in a broken home where it's thrown against the walls, tethered and broken to a completeness. I started to realize...I am my own woman.

CLAUDINE

Confessions of a teenage life...

PORTIA

What do I confess?

CLAUDINE'S FURY

That we're all murderers, rapists?

All the FURIES dance to their words.

KEVIN

Sometimes we know others more than we know ourselves. They know us, but to only steal and rob our joy. I started to learn.

PORTIA

We all have problems. Life doesn't just happen to adults.

CLAUDINE

I have to do it. Now is my chance.

KEVIN

We live in a dangerous world...our pain lurking at the front door.

PORTIA

With an empty scream...

CLAUDINE

Are we evil?

KEVIN

Are we pain?

PORTIA

Are we death?

KEVIN

A boy becoming a man...

PORTIA

A girl becoming a woman...

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Sex...

KEVIN'S FURY

Insecurities...

PORTIA'S FURY

Puberty...

The FURIES laugh.

CLAUDINE

Life is a game you can't beat. There was once this girl who felt out of place, like she didn't belong. She would try to make friends, but they discarded her. She looked in the mirror and saw nothing but an empty cocoon. A boy with a father that beats him. He was a jock on the basketball team. But what's the difference, when you carry the grime and hate with you from home? I tell you - it does not reflect the person inside. As she looked in the mirror, she saw nothing. There was this boy...he felt like nothing. No mother, a father beating him black and blue...but there was light in him. He had that hope that the father couldn't strike. The difference is we all need something to believe in this world.

PORTIA

She was an average student, people chose her for their defenses. The other girl, they called her ugly, skinny, nothing to the world....trusted the man who called her beautiful. He made her smile, and was content with the fact that she thought of you day and night. She gave him all he desired, and left her to lament. Her world was broken, her life is upside down. She felt no love...

KEVIN

By God she was an exceptional...

CLAUDINE

Her happiness started to show.

PORTIA

With sexual escapades, I gave my all to you.

PORTIA's FURY and KEVIN's FURY face each other.

KEVIN

Coil over her neck spread the oils of the drums, the broken mirror to decorate her face.

Distortions left a tangent color, anxious. O my soul, broken from the memories it gathers.

A tedious task laid out before me, like a rollercoaster ride.

Breadth of essence in this elegant life. Time is now, and never before I promised to hate and see the darkness of people. Too complicated to long for and stay up on a sleepless night.

Letting my mind revert to the past. O my soul, my soul aches for the conformity of this world, to look back and forth. We all molded to this world.

PORTIA

Words of confusion...

CLAUDINE

Which means we are the evil unheard.

The FURIES surround them.

KEVIN

Slowly becoming a broken memory...

Blackout.

SCENE FOUR

The stage is empty. There is a sudden burst of music.

PORTIA enters from stage left, dancing and shaking her

hips. KEVIN enters from downstage. CLAUDINE enters from stage right, silently enjoying the music.

CLAUDINE

I was reborn through the music, the swing and sway, the rhythm of my blues. I softly sing my song, perpetuating every note. I felt the music go through my bones.

The FURIES enter with their phones and record the characters. PORTIA enjoys the music too much. KEVIN steps up to PORTIA. They swing and sway to the music.

PORTIA

I was made through music, created for purposes of possibilities.

A melody in my mother's womb.

Dancing and singing.

Discovering myself as a young woman and I would move my hips, persuade boys to lose themselves through my music.

KEVIN

We were reborn and created through music, a single note, half beat, a scattered teen, a beautiful memory. A rhythmic tune of love.

CLAUDINE

Always know the lyrics to her heart, that's where her story is.

PORTIA falls on the ground, still dancing. The music stops.

PORTIA

She speaks truth. But I'm dancing on cold grounds, letting go through my bones. Music is my drug, it's being beautiful through the lyrics.

CLAUDINE

I would sing a song to my life's struggle.

KEVIN

I want to make you dance to beat of my drum. Pop your body, letting loose in your string dress. You moved to my music and my song.

Music becomes louder, and PORTIA dances in syncopation to the drums. CLAUDINE lies on the floor, looking towards us.

CLAUDINE

Hear my soft melody. Hear the raindrops hitting the cold ground. My song. Read the lyrics I have set before you. Let me lose myself in the music. Contemplating...

PORTIA

Dancing for unity, dancing for love.

KEVIN

I wanted to be something real, something exciting. I wanted to be a man, a man of courage. A man of music and song. I wanted to be music, timeless...I wanted to be reborn.

CLAUDINE

Weapons formed against you? Why do you cry? Why be sad? Didn't know from the start? Then you are blessed with a broken heart. You're back against the wall, scraped your knee when you fall.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Finding the music in you again. The only one who is stopping you is you! Feeling depressed from problems of today? Put a smile on your face even though you are blessed with a broken heart.

KEVIN'S FURY

The walls crashing down, screaming with no sound, being brutally mistaken. Divided amongst your friend. Don't worry, you're blessed with a broken heart. Times are tough and rough...

PORTIA'S FURY

Stand up, and fight the good fight. From the start, you are blessed with a broken heart.

PORTIA stops abruptly, looking towards KEVIN.

PORTIA

Blessed with a broken heart...he took my song, my music, my every way to live.

KEVIN

We often let those who scarred us take away our freedom. Giving us the pain, and we all try to find love in the wrong places, or try to gain popularity. Girls our age spraying deep dark musket Egyptians oils on themselves. Boys grab themselves and rage on about making love with their mouths. Who are we? Where is our voice? Because we wanted to be unforgettable. We're only to be casualties. We don't use ourselves. We aren't fighters.

We are like caged animals - going through school worrying about how we dress or how to appeal to others. We are terror, screaming with maddening screams. Singing a song with pain, laughing...how hard is it to be a teenager when no one thinks we have a voice?

We are music. We are pain.

FURIES

We are in pain. We are pain. We are pain.

They continue dancing. Dancing to their pain. Blackout. The stage is dark. PORTIA walks back and forth thinking

about something. She falls to the ground realizing she's done something wrong. She's alone, and scared. The lights rise. PORTIA stands and walks off. The lights dim, then return suddenly. KEVIN and CLAUDINE enter from stage left. They stand on each side of the stage. PORTIA enters.

PORTIA

I still remembered a time when I was pregnant...life resided in me. A life where I trusted him and I gave him my all. I was pregnant and no matter how many times I say it, the realization doesn't leave my side. He took everything away from me.

The lights dim on PORTIA. Intense music plays as the FURIES chase KEVIN, blocking all exits.

KEVIN

I am a murderer, yes, but I can't let you deny me. What about me? I have my broken memories. I wanted her music, her contentment. I wanted it all.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

And she dances for you, while you speak words?
You spout words of hatred.
You are a rushing storm between these walls.

KEVIN'S FURY

Like music came from her god only. I wanted her fiercely and I wanted her music.

CLAUDINE

Turn tables, white windows, cleaned...looking, just looking in the front yard, and I would see passion and anger wrestling in the yard.

KEVIN

Passion is like rain falling down, hitting everywhere on my

skin. Anger can be your friend like the one who comes over, walking in to your house like he's use to it. Anger is a brother to me, or a righteous path and divine flame that resonates in my body.

HAVE YOU NO COMPASSION!?

He looks toward CLAUDINE and her FURY. The lights turn to an angry red. The FURIES encourage her to commit the unspeakable. One offers a loose rope. She carries a bottle of pills.

CLAUDINE

Compassion? I've forgot compassion a long time ago. All I wanted was to be liked. All I wanted was for high school to be a little bit easier, was that too much to ask? I felt so lonely at times, like nobody wanted to be around me. You know, I wish I had those friends who you could talk to, the ones who you could just say anything to and you all just laugh. I have so much animosity towards my soul. You enslaved me to my fear. You want compassion?! No! Compassion lives here no longer.

CLAUDINE's FURY strikes KEVIN. CLAUDINE flees. The stage turns dark and eerie. Far downstage, PORTIA walks closer to the audience, her white gown stained with blood.

PORTIA

So much blood...there was so much blood...gnawing at my womb. I was pregnant. Get out...get out I say! I had to free it, cast it away from me. I stared at my reflection in the mirror and I was empty. Water running, touching my toes, white stainless bathroom. There was so much blood. Knees became weak. COME OUT OF ME! I CAN'T! I CAN'T. He didn't even care, my womanhood lost...enduring a timeless pain.

KEVIN pushes her away.

KEVIN

I was empty...

CLAUDINE

We all are...don't you see?

We are nothing but mere death and agony
struggling to make it through this world.

The FURIES surround PORTIA.

PORTIA

Get away from me!

CLAUDINE

I used to see her molding herself in the mirror,
her long legs, her beautiful hair straightened.
And now she became the laughing stock.

The FURIES laugh. KEVIN stares.

PORTIA

People laughed. They judged me, tears streaming down my
face. I made an ocean with broken memories on the bottom
floor. He didn't protect me. Now I shamefully walked
through the halls. My heart would break each time I hear
that bell ring.

PORTIA and her FURY dances to the music.

CLAUDINE

How does it feel to be the laughing target? You are a
beautiful girl, I envy you.

KEVIN

Bless her for me...

PORTIA

My heart is broken. I am blessed with a broken heart.

Fade out.

SCENE 5

The full cast stands on stage. Soft music plays. PORTIA comes to life.

PORTIA'S FURY

I said I loved you yesterday. I told you I will find the strength in the moment we made, piecing back in your broken dreams. Conquering your fears all in yesterday. The first thing I told you that today will be our day. You remember that?

PORTIA

You were made for me. You are my angel. An overwhelming presence called yesterday. I found your golden love, a shallow piece of treasury. Twenty four hours is simply not enough. Who am I?

Music continues. KEVIN and CLAUDINE enter. PORTIA, in spotlight, looks up to the heavens. The FURIES stand beside the CHARACTERS. PORTIA kneels as if she was at a grave site. The FURIES start to dance.

PORTIA *(on the ground)*

I am sorry for what I've done. I'm not proud, nor do I believe I will find happiness again.

PORTIA'S FURY

Are we horror? Unspoken words laced in broken memories? I felt the soft grass, the morning dew. The cold crispy air soothing my hot baked skin. I planted still victories in a

little box, like I buried a part of me. Forgive me, forgive me...

KEVIN

I see the world...

CLAUDINE

...for what it is.

PORTIA

I am a teen, a statistic living in a dark world.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

We come from a broken life.

PORTIA'S FURY

We sometimes come from a broken love.

KEVIN'S FURY

He comes from a broken home.

FURIES

What do we represent? Eighty three percent of us are chastised.

KEVIN

I am a boy, who came from a broken house. I knew evil long before it knew me.

CLAUDINE

Broken dreams, a broken life hindering us all from leaving. Who are we? I've been on a long journey, I was young and afraid, no answers for me.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

A world where dreams go to die. A debt collected. Hopeless.

KEVIN

There's a moment in life, when I have to have courage to dream bigger and better.

PORTIA

Never thought I would be pregnant, or do the unimaginable. Never thought I would be...

CLAUDINE

Raped...

KEVIN

Never thought I would go through...

KEVIN'S FURY

Abuse...

KEVIN

I remembered when I loved her, when I sought refuge between her thighs. Never thought I could...

PORTIA

Love. He was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

KEVIN

My mother didn't speak to me...

CLAUDINE

We were back to normality. May came, it brought signs and happiness filled the halls.

Graduation, summer, college? I couldn't breathe. Regrets collecting old friends. Please, help me move on.

The lights change dramatically. KEVIN and CLAUDINE step away from PORTIA. The FURIES enter with a vase full

of water and a cloth. They begin to clean her. PORTIA'S FURY pours the water on top of her head.

PORTIA

Cleanse me for I have done an evil deed,
Let this cold water clean the grime.
Let the broken words drip off my lips like blood.
Know the mistakes being made. Never thought I would...

CLAUDINE

...commit something so tragic. I remember when I was young, I wanted to be everything in the book and I would seem so silly to people.
But as I grew up, people thought I had no voice and I wasn't smart enough to know life's trouble. They thought trials and tribulations didn't cross paths. They're wrong.

KEVIN

Too much strain on a fragile child, outliving vilest compulsion. Carry on affair and troubles, leave me be...half note strung, broken bones, a dirt road...debasement myself and letting my insecurities rise...why am I on this broken road? The cracks in the lanes, the miles I have traveled. Suffering from bloody feet and wish wash dreams. Seeing the millions of stars and die along with the flowers in the sun.

PORTIA

Who am I? Why do I question? Am I a ghoul, a hopeless fret? Looking in a mirror, I'm completely unrecognizable. A stream of hate. Alone, am I not? A dark clouded frame enclosed. I have no voice, no sense of virtue and still I ask, who am I?

PORTIA'S FURY puts a mirror in front of PORTIA'S face.

KEVIN'S FURY

Insecure, a distant remedy of mine. Trail of speeches.

PORTIA'S FURY

Smiling that broken smile, wishing for that happiness. Who am I behind the mask?

CLAUDINE'S FURY

A dark phrase I utter, a tone in which I stutter. Why do I put on a mask to hide? To be closed behind the mask, a disguise, a trembling little scared girl.

KEVIN

People do not understand what it means to be a teen. Changing your clothes to fit you, falling in love with someone who doesn't love you. Senseless minds and unchanging hearts and...

PORTIA

Broken dreams and proving facts, dancing the pain away and dreaming broken dreams.

Giving up what God has given me gifts between my thighs.

CLAUDINE

Stories were brewing, morning came and still saw her. Her dim light grazed her skin and long legs buckled, hair out of style. But in a quick minute, she would apply makeup, perfume made from her lust and his sweat.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

All I possessed was jealousy and envy, only waking up to artificial love conquering days with a sense of wars at night. I knew her story, and if she would have kept on this path, I knew how it was going to end.

PORTIA'S FURY

The poems hidden in her depths of heart. I would see her dance and moving her hips to the music, his body against hers. I was living in a world that music became our friend. I made a mistake as well. Become yourself.

FURIES

Become yourself!

PORTIA

Let me breathe with passion.

KEVIN

Let me be free.

CLAUDINE

Let me be loved.

PORTIA

Let me live.

CLAUDINE

I was broken down by those who couldn't see their own sins. I gave up too easily.

KEVIN

I was empty and mad at the world.

PORTIA

Becoming ourselves.

CLAUDINE

Sometimes I feel like I am nothing, I look out of the cracked window and I see nothing.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

When I look in the mirror, who am I? I have changed. Sometimes I am broken, and it seems like I'm the only one who puts the pieces back together.

PORTIA'S FURY

Silent voices, a tangled understatement. Still broken.

Sometimes it's me against the world.
Dawn rising, I am alone. I boycott against myself.

KEVIN'S FURY

Where am I? It's not my world. Take everything away from me. When I look into the mirror, I see nothing. When it rains, it seems like I catch the teardrops in my hand.

PORTIA

He thought he owned me.

CLAUDINE

With closed mouth, he would kiss me roughly, hands beneath me. You see, I know pain like no other.

KEVIN

There was once a delicate woman with soft skin, long legs. She was my muse, my goddess of creativity. She grew on me. Being in the dark, and alone. Making my advances, she stopped me, pulling my body away from hers, we would be glistening with lust.

Sweating from roughing around, then I would kiss her and love her body to its form.

Soft music begins to play as the FURIES circle around the characters.

PORTIA

I used to fool myself thinking I had something going on, something that other girls wanted. Strutting my stuff. But I was a teenage girl, born in a world that didn't treat us like queens.

PORTIA'S FURY

I was a girl who fell in love with the wrong person, looking for love in wrong places. It was banging on my front door.

PORTIA

But did I answer it? I would look for it in the north, and look for it in the south. Looking for it in the morning and looking for it in the night... *(pause)* I became a woman, I became myself when no man loved me.

PORTIA'S FURY

I would sway my hips like this, and push up my breast and strut down the hall...

Because I became myself, I paid the price.

The lights fade.

SCENE 6

The FURIES enter, throwing PORTIA against the wall.

CLAUDINE is thrown to the ground. KEVIN enters with a gun.

KEVIN

I was brought into this world hung on a thread by my mother's courage.

KEVIN'S FURY

Her tears filled my belly at night. I wanted to dream from a place that only dreams live.

There's darkness in me that scares us all. Mystery scorned me. Pain and sorrow fills me like a pool.

KEVIN

I wanted to love, I wanted to be somebody. I wanted to be a man and make my own choices! Living in a world, that doesn't have a place for me, winds that carries my voice. I prayed to God or whoever for peace.

CLAUDINE

He prays...I prayed once. I remember a man hit me, busted my lip to its core. The searing pain was only evidence. What have I done? I chose a path. I felt sadness and I was feeling blue. We teenagers churn. We rely on self-sufficiency, popularity. We had been fighting, we been hurt at a young age.

PORTIA

All I wanted was to be held, just for a moment. I would let the lies peep into my window. I wanted his memories, I wanted him...but for the wrong reasons. I wanted to know myself as a woman. I wanted to be loved.

CLAUDINE

Utilizing yourself with these things, what has become of us?

PORTIA

Living in a dream. Giving all of my freedom, all of my pain and measured love.

CLAUDINE

I looked in the mirror and saw nothing. I felt as though a ghost was with me. I remember I had this one dream and in this dream, I was in a lily field. I would run my fingers threw flowers and flowers again. I would spread my arms up to the sky. I felt God in me and I felt myself in God. Then out of nowhere clouds started to roll in, and all of the flowers died, and then the rain would fall on me. The sky opened up to me, like it wanted me. I was simply...

PORTIA

Dreaming...

KEVIN

I have chosen my path and I've written my story. A part of

me, I cannot get back.

PORTIA

I was the girl who looks for love in all of the wrong places.

CLAUDINE

I was bullied, made fun of, abused by nature.

KEVIN

I gave in.

PORTIA

Giving my all to this boy and ending up pregnant.

KEVIN

I've made myself into a man. I was living in a world where broken dreams shattered on the ground. I was alone. I felt cold. I would shiver at the screams coming through the walls. I felt something in me that I have never felt before.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Murderer...

PORTIA'S FURY

You killed him?

KEVIN

And part of me...

CLAUDINE

These girls often give themselves to men who don't care about their soul. A girl rises one day finding her courage, but she forgets herself by noon. Correlating love and lust, she was living in a world where a man she hardly knew crawled inside her and took her soul.

Then the popular boy, who eyes burn with fire...he walks down the hall with a mission, exposed with bare remnants of something evil. He bared his teeth and was angered at me. My heart pounded and I couldn't breathe. And after I was raped, some might say it was my fault...that I provoked him or said the wrong thing. Some even believe that it's because I wanted it. Or maybe I wore my clothes too tight. But I was violated, shamed into a corner. I could still feel his hands on my thighs and the smallest amount of trust I had left. He took away my innocence. My rapist doesn't know he's a rapist.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

How could I be taken seriously? He's the captain of the basketball team. Who would believe me? And some say that this is a part of our culture. To denounce a woman's music being taken away from her.

CLAUDINE

Some even make excuses for people like him. But can we blame them? We see it all the time.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

On the TV.

PORTIA

Billboards.

CLAUDINE

Even in lyrics. Promoting the very thing that happens to girls in this country.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Some would ask, 'how much were you really drinking?'

CLAUDINE

People deny that it exists. Rape is like the lyrics being ripped away from a song, a mother being separated from her child. It feels like God has shut the heavens from you.

PORTIA

And these are our broken memories.

Blackout.

SCENE 7

KEVIN enters center holding a sign: BROKEN HOME.

CLAUDINE enters right holding a sign: BROKEN LIFE.

PORTIA enters left, with the FURIES entering in the same order. PORTIA's FURY hands her a sign: BROKEN LOVE.

KEVIN

I am broken...broken like a glass mirror. Not like glass in a sense, but in my spirit. A memory...a memory that has surpassed my inner being, broken, like rusted bones. My name is Kevin and this is my story.

CLAUDINE

Unappreciated, like a world that embodies itself as being a hateful thing, screaming with no voice...a blind eye turns to me, an outcast. This is my story.

KEVIN

The man I am is exceptional. The man I am is the one who struggles to live and lives to struggle. I run. I learned how to forgive, but a broken memory is reflecting a broken teen.

PORTIA

I reject my independence because I sacrifice my all for the one who gave me nothing. So tired of all the wrong doing

advancing against my soul. I cannot stand proud and let you walk all over me, footprints on my chest and heart at the bottom of your shoes.

PORTIA'S FURY

I am rejecting my independence, for my back is tired and weary from carrying such a heavy burden for so long. My soul is weary from years of hiding my tears. My heart is torn from a lifetime of pain and battle scars, feet are sore from walking millions of miles along carrying such a heavy load for a woman who is still a girl in many, many ways. I reject my independence. My name is Portia and this is my story.

CLAUDINE

Save me from myself.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Becoming a statistic...

MUSIC is heard and they all dance in harmony.

PORTIA

I was misunderstood.

CLAUDINE

I was a silent music, an unknown fact.

KEVIN

Some are abused, some have scars.

PORTIA

Give me life. I feel so unloved. Free me from this trapped compartment you call love.
Emotionally and physically tired from all this pain.

CLAUDINE

I walked down the hall unnoticed. Looking down on me,

snap out of it! They don't want to know me; I am like an unheard song. If you don't love, then let me by and let me do my worldly things. Bully me no longer! I am coming from a broken life!

PORTIA

I am coming from a broken love!

KEVIN

I am coming from a broken home!

CLAUDINE

I am coming from a broken life!

PORTIA

To become a great flame, being redefined through the fire.

CLAUDINE

I am a torched flame, shining, shining like God's glory...

PORTIA

I will love myself. I will hold account to my own desires.

CLAUDINE

We were told that the light in us is gone. Darkness knocked us down. Like the sun, shine, shine brighter.

KEVIN

Enduring pain suffers you so, my love. One self cannot mend a broken heart who self-employed an absent man. You scream and yell and yearn for the truth to set myself and yourself free.

PORTIA

I will love you flaws and all. I will hold you through the toughest times. I will lift your burden and be there for you, and love you past all understanding.

CLAUDINE

Raise my voice, sing a song, and know you. Not to be distraught with worldliness.

PORTIA

Through the hurt...

CLAUDINE

Through the life...

KEVIN

Through the pain.

PORTIA

To love is to love myself first. To learn is to learn from my mistakes.

KEVIN

To laugh to keep from crying, to keep on keeping on.

PORTIA

I wove myself with love, then unwrapping myself, revealing truth. Laying a hand on myself, singing a soft melody. Laugh a soft laugh...as I find a new love. Now I've found it in God.

KEVIN

I shot him. I didn't mean to. He just kept hitting me and hitting me. I pulled the trigger. I pulled it. Hearing the barrel...I dropped it! Death and agony...like a rhythm in tune, tuning a soft strain of epiphany, closed throat, with secrets inside.

PORTIA

My love (which I do cherish) is still beautifully broken. Losing my strength, filling my heart with hate. Watching the sunrise alone. I glance at the bed which molds your

body. Nightfall hitting my bay window, you're only there to pleasure yourself. I watched you from the beginning because the person who loved me destroyed me.

There is an abrupt movement in the CHARACTERS. The stage becomes silent. CLAUDINE pauses. The FURIES look at her.

CLAUDINE

I saw it. I saw death. It was bleak, and cold...
It held me like a snake on its prey. I was born in a dangerous world...and I was taken out of it.

PORTIA

Forgive me of who I hated so much.

KEVIN

I relied on Twitter, Facebook and Instagram.

CLAUDINE

Lifeless, closed in a dark room, staring and starting to let life slip away. Looking at the computer screen, I could throw up...

The FURIES begin to laugh and text on their phone. We hear several notification noises. They take selfies.

KEVIN (*looking at the FURIES*)

How do you know me?

PORTIA'S FURY

What's on your mind?

KEVIN types on his phone.

CLAUDINE

I knew you.

PORTIA

Do you love me? I mean even a hundred and forty characters can't suffice.

KEVIN

I may have shot him, but he had beaten me for so long. You want to beat me? Then beat me!

PORTIA

'Hashtag' single life. Looking for love in the wrong places.

Her FURY begins to type, distraught. She takes a selfie, which makes her feel better.

CLAUDINE

Cheap clothing, make-up smeared all over her face. I have forgiven myself a long time ago. I am the one who did this to you? I had my own problems and I took it out on you.

PORTIA

I loved you, Kevin.

KEVIN

I am sorry.

LIGHTS dim as CLAUDINE moves center.

CLAUDINE

Moving the arms and legs that trapped me, washing off the dirt and disgusting grime of my sins, the skies clear. My breathing slows. I calm myself, embracing life, getting over the sadness. The door opens, letting all of the goodness flow.

I see the dark phases of being a person of will and might. I am a warrior, a person who has been through the fire . A woman with a gift to the unknown, singing all of her

possibilities. I made a hole, and it is my right to fill it. And I want it, I want love from the stars, laying my hands beneath the ground. I will sing my life in a million songs, my music coming to a finale. In the spirit, I possess all the colors of the rainbow. I've been dead for so long. I am woman. I am scattered all over the world. My spirit lingers inside the broken woman who resides in a broken home. I am yelling from a broken life, filling my cup of bitterness with broken love. I am finally free...being redefined through the fire.

KEVIN

Redefined...

PORTIA

...through the fire.

CLAUDINE

Don't rely on social media to validate yourselves.

PORTIA

Your victory and story amazes me, I pray that you see God through the mist and distance...but there is one flaw in women. Women have strengths that amaze men.

They bear hardships and they carry burdens, but they hold happiness, love and joy.

They smile when they want to scream. They sing when they want to cry. They cry when they are happy and laugh when they are nervous.

PORTIA'S FURY

They fight for what they believe in. They stand up to injustice. They don't take 'no' for an answer when they believe there is a better solution. They go without so their family doesn't have to. They go to the doctor with a frightened friend. They love unconditionally. They cry when their children excel and cheer when their friends get awards.

They are happy when they hear about a birth or a wedding.
Their hearts break when a friend dies.
They grieve at the loss of a family member, yet they are strong when they think there is no strength left. They know that a hug and a kiss can heal a broken heart. Women come in all shapes, sizes and colors.

CLAUDINE

To show how much they care about you. The heart of a woman is what makes the world keep turning. They bring joy, hope and love. They have compassion and ideas. They give moral support to their family and friends. Women have vital things to say and everything to give.

KEVIN

Boys...the ones who are filled with flaws...we become our selves. Men are shadows of deep misery, bruised lip, scarred eyes. Thinking of only themselves.

PORTIA

What is this he speaks?

CLAUDINE

The presence of a man.

PORTIA

A man, he is...

KEVIN

Dark shades of oil, a carbon copy of death himself. We continue to thrive on dooming creations, musky dry spells.

KEVIN'S FURY

Tricksters, we have hidden agendas. We lurk like snakes in fields.

KEVIN

Men and boys are different.

PORTIA

I try to listen to God through the wind.

CLAUDINE

Sometimes I look outside the window and I see my dreams, hopes, past and pain wrestling in the yard as anger stands beside me.

KEVIN

What I want, and I want it badly, is to be free. And to be in tune with God, as He sings soft elegant melodies. I want my name to be stitched in his heart, to be reborn in Him.

FURIES

Redefined.

PORTIA

Redefined.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Losing touch of reality, how can tears not flood the world with elegance? Thinned out, moaning strange tones. We all use the broken mirror to decorate our face. Gathering our hair, gathering our skirts to emphasize the meaning of true beauty. Like a rose, we are beautiful, but we have thorns of evil. We heard your words, we felt the soft pat of memories. We sought forth an empty stomach, badly in need of food to feed the soul.

Why can't we learn?

KEVIN

I see the world...

PORTIA

...for what it is...

CLAUDINE

I ignored everything.

PORTIA

A story is not just words...it's a journey, it's a farewell, it's our scars from the battle.

Turned back, posted on white walls. Filled up rooms and discouraging figures...teachers getting on our nerves and for what?

PORTIA'S FURY

Parties and underage drinking, getting that new car...

CLAUDINE

Material things filling the void.

KEVIN'S FURY

Festering wounds.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

High school is nothing but a mere memory, like mist in the air.

PORTIA

Inconsistent pressures, signing my name in this treacherous world. We only speak words of resentment and lies.

CLAUDINE

I take these words and stitch them in my heart. We betrayed the ones we trusted. I ask myself why the formalities of trust and betrayal seem to consume us all?

CLAUDINE'S FURY

Feeling the coldness on my face, fallen on my bosom like a million snow drops. Weaving myself and revealing truth.

CLAUDINE

Darker days come and we die. Colors, Lord, give me colors. My back is strong and we all reject our own independence, bringing wars on ourselves, taking our pleasure in full throttle, no longer slaves to our fears.

PORTIA'S FURY

Neither songster, nor poet.

KEVIN'S FURY

Because we have not yet reached our full song or music.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

And our life's poetry has not yet finished writing itself.

PORTIA

Color me softly...

CLAUDINE

Color me in the wind...

KEVIN

Broken memories...

PORTIA

Beautifully broken...

KEVIN

Loving you and loving me...a pool of excuses.

PORTIA

Forgive us...

CLAUDINE

You are both forgiven. I let death take me, now I let myself be happy. But today I will love myself freely. I believe in myself, and that is all. Be happy. I took my life because pain won this battle.

KEVIN

But we are still in the midst of the war.

PORTIA

Finding love in the wrong places.

CLAUDINE

That does not matter. Keep dreaming past our broken memories. Be the redefining moment through the fire.

KEVIN

To be loved in amounts that no man can bend. Shining like the sun to remember end. I am a star in my own reflection; I myself grow now and later. To become a great man, I need to love others before I love myself.

CLAUDINE

Spoken by a true man.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

And now life goes on.

PORTIA'S FURY

To truly live.

KEVIN'S FURY

To finally be forgiven.

A graduation theme song begins. The FURIES dress KEVIN and PORTIA in graduation gowns and caps.

PORTIA

I needed love, but first I had to love myself and others.

CLAUDINE

Sometimes I do climb the highest mountain, suffering from winter storms, and when I reach the top, looking at my dreams on the horizon...I dream that God would place me in the stars, breaking the bondage that held onto me for so long.

KEVIN

I hid the pain in myself and it destroyed me from within. I finally hear chains falling.

CLAUDINE'S FURY

When tomorrow comes...

KEVIN

I'll be in my destiny.

KEVIN'S FURY

I will no longer be enslaved to my past sins.

PORTIA'S FURY

No longer looking for love in the world.

PORTIA

I will love myself first.

CLAUDINE

And for the first time, forgiveness tastes so sweet.

CLAUDINE stands off to the side as the FURIES enter with candles and puts them in a circle. Powerful music swells as they dance.

CLAUDINE

I let myself be broken. The rain stops and we will light the way.

KEVIN

My name is Kevin. This is my story and these are my broken memories.

PORTIA

My name is Portia. This is my story and these are my broken memories.

CLAUDINE

My name is Claudine. This was my story and these were my broken memories.

Everyone dances in harmony. KEVIN motions for CLAUDINE to join them. As CLAUDINE joins the dance, she is finally free and loved. The FURIES encircle them. The music, the lights, and their memories fade.

End of play.

ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT

LaDarrion Williams is an Alabama based playwright. His first play, *Concrete Rose*, won first place at the Alabama State Thespian Conference and was performed internationally in 2013. His play *Broken Memories* has been performed several times nationwide. He is currently studying at Lee University, and hopes others can find inspiration within his work.

