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Dramatic Publishing



I'll Fly Away

by
David Rush

From...

35 in 10

Thirty-Five Ten-Minute Plays

Compiled and Edited

KENT R. BROWN



Dramatic Publishing

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I'LL FLY AWAY

By
David Rush

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CHARACTERS

RACHEL: About 30.

POPPY: Her father, old and frail.

SETTING: A clearing in a forest preserve.

TIME: October. Six a.m.

I'LL FLY AWAY

AT THE CURTAIN: *RACHEL leads her father, POPPY, on. She has a large bag filled with items as needed, and carries a folding canvas chair.*

POPPY. Come on, we can't be late.

RACHEL. All right, all right.

POPPY. Did you bring the harmonica?

RACHEL. Yes, I brought the harmonica.

POPPY. And the tambourine?

RACHEL. Yes, I have it all. How's this, this good enough?

POPPY. ...We're too close to the water, the water'll scare them away.

RACHEL. Where would you like to be?

POPPY. By the trees. Those tall trees. Those tall oak trees.

RACHEL. But then they won't see us. I think we should stay by the water.

POPPY. The water'll scare them away. They won't be able to land.

RACHEL. Poppy, please. Now come on, here, sit down.
(She unfolds a portable canvas picnic chair.)

POPPY. The water'll scare them away. They won't stop. They'll go right on without me.

RACHEL. It's a little stream, Poppy; nobody's going to be afraid of a little stream.

POPPY. They won't know what it is.

RACHEL. Poppy, their civilization is a million years older than ours; they've figured out how to sail through black holes, and they talk to you through your electric razor.

I think they should know what water is.

POPPY. Maybe they don't.

RACHEL. Think about it, Poppy; how do they take baths, how do they keep themselves clean, how do they replenish their vital bodily fluids? They must have water.

Now, here, sit down.

POPPY. They wash themselves with machines.

RACHEL. Sit down, Poppy. You'll wear yourself out.

POPPY. ...I'm afraid they'll miss me. I'm afraid they won't see me.

RACHEL. Then we'll go back home.

POPPY. They'll go right on, won't they? They won't stop and wait. They'll just go right on ahead without me and I'll be stuck here.

RACHEL. We'll go back home and I'll make you French toast.

POPPY. I'll be stuck here for another two thousand years.

We should move away from the water.

RACHEL. How about a Pop-Tart; you want a Pop-Tart? I got strawberry and apple cinnamon. Take your pick.

POPPY. I'm not hungry.

RACHEL. You sure? You might be later.

POPPY. Later I'll be asleep.

RACHEL. Asleep...?

POPPY. Of course; how else do you travel a thousand light years away? They put you in frozen sleep, I told you.

RACHEL. No, you didn't. You never told me that part.