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Dramatic Publishing

With Two Wings



Drama by Anne Negri

With Two Wings

Drama. By Anne Negri. Cast: 3m., 2w. In a fantasy world where people have wings, a young boy named Lyf lives an isolated existence with his parents in the safe nest of their home deep in the woods. Although loving, Lyf's parents have strict rules he must follow about avoiding strangers, covering his wings with a cloak and always observing rule number one: never, ever try to fly. One day a precocious, inquisitive girl from the outside world, Meta, bursts into the backyard, and she and Lyf become fast friends. Meta tells him about the ocean and the world "out there" beyond the nest. Lyf also learns that "fledglings" in the outside world all learn to fly. In fear of becoming a forever flightless "dodo," Lyf begs Meta to teach him some flying moves. Suddenly, Meta's nosy wannabe-reporter twin brother, Taur, crashes in, challenging Lyf to answer questions about his life and his mysterious parents. When Lyf discovers a secret invention in his father's workshop, he must confront both of his parents about the truth they've hidden from him all these years. Will Lyf be grounded forever, or will the truth he discovers empower him to take flight? This coming-of-age story puts a unique twist on the Greek myth of Icarus and Daedalus. It is a bittersweet, yet hopeful, tale that tackles the issue of parental disability with gentleness and grace. "*With Two Wings* elevates curiosity, individual differences, loyal friendships and trusting your instincts." (*Raising Arizona Kids* magazine) "Thoughtful and engaging ... the kind of show that will give parents and kids something to talk about." (*The Arizona Republic*) *Unit set. Approximate running time: 50 minutes.*

Photo: Childsplay, Tempe, Ariz., featuring (l-r) Kate Haas and Jon Gentry. Photo: Heather Hill. Cover design: John Sergel.

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With Two Wings

Drama by
ANNE NEGRI



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Under the former title of *Fly/Lyf, With Two Wings* was originally presented at the Phoenix Fringe Festival in Spring of 2010. The world premiere of *With Two Wings* was presented by Childsplay in Phoenix at the Tempe Center for the Arts in Tempe, Ariz., on January 22, 2012.

Cast

Lyf..... Nathan Dobson
Meta Kaleena Newman
Taur John Moum
Mom..... Kate Haas
Dad..... Jon Gentry

Production Staff

Scenic Designer Kimb Williamson
Costume Designer D. Daniel Hollingshead
Lighting Designer Tim Monson
Sound Designer Christopher Neumeyer
Stage Manager Samantha Monson

With Two Wings received its East Coast premiere at The Growing Stage in Netcong, N.J., running from February 1 to February 24, 2013. The play was also presented at the Hangar Theatre in Ithaca, N.Y., from July 11 to July 13, 2013.

For Will ... my Lyf

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With Two Wings

CHARACTERS

LYF (pronounced “life”): the boy, 11 years old.

META (like “meta-theatrical”): Taur’s twin sister, 12 years old.

TAUR (pronounced “tore”): Meta’s twin brother, 12 years old.

MOM: Lyf’s mother, in her 30s or 40s.

DAD: Lyf’s father, in his 30s or 40s.

With Two Wings

AT RISE: *Home. Small worknest. Yard. Wall. The wall and worknest are handcrafted from fibrous, woven materials found in nature. It seems hodgepodge on first glance, but is purposefully and expertly constructed. The high, thick wall encircles the space. It is a protective, insular boundary. And yet there are spaces in the material where someone could see and reach through to the other side.*

LYF, MOM and DAD blend in with their environment with loose handmade clothing in muted colors. They all wear distinctive, long, earthy cloaks.

Morning. DAD enters with a crate full of found materials. He reaches into the crate and delicately takes out a beautiful feather. He tucks the feather into his cloak. DAD enters the worknest.

MOM enters and begins looking at the found materials in the crate. LYF enters. MOM pulls out a long band of elastic and begins stretching it.

LYF. What's that?

MOM. I don't know. Your dad found it. It's his job to go Out There.

(MOM and LYF each hold one end of the elastic band. LYF plucks the band, playing with the material.)

LYF. Boing!

MOM. Boing!

LYF. Whatever it is, it's got a lot of ... BOING!

(MOM laughs and hands the elastic to LYF.)

MOM *(laughs)*. All right, boingo, go put it on the wall.

(MOM ruffles his hair. LYF begins to weave the elastic into the wall. MOM rummages through the crate of materials. LYF peers through a space in the wall. LYF stops working, he peers more intently.)

MOM (*cont'd*). Lyf? Lyf, did you forget Our Story?

LYF (*quickly pulls his head away from the wall*). I remember.

MOM. I think you forgot.

LYF. How could I forget? We say it everyday.

(MOM reaches into her pocket and pulls out a beautiful stone, holds it in her hands and conjures the power of the stone.)

MOM. Hello? Is there a story in there?

(MOM pretends to put the stone into LYF's head. MOM makes a fun popping sound and with a flourish we see her slide the stone back into the pocket of her cloak.)

MOM (*cont'd*). That ought to do it. There once lived a mother ...

LYF. And her boy!

MOM. Ah! It's working!

LYF. They lived on a tiny island ...

MOM. And no one ever bothered them. The mother was very happy ...

LYF. But the boy wanted to leave the island and explore the world. The boy begged his mother to teach him how to fly.

MOM. At first she refused ...

LYF. But the boy wouldn't stop begging her.

MOM. Eventually the mother gave in, but it was a very foolish and dangerous decision.

LYF. After practicing for many days ...

MOM. The mother decided that they would fly together.

LYF. Side by side.

MOM. Before they flew into the sky, the mother said to the boy, *(To LYF.)* “This is a very important rule ...”

LYF. “Don’t fly too high in the sky, or the sun will burn your wings right up! Don’t fly too low or the sea water will weigh your wings down and you will surely drown.”

MOM & LYF. “You must fly a middle course.”

MOM. They began to fly together in the sky ...

LYF. And the sun was bright and warm that day and the sea sparkled like a shiny jewel ...

MOM. But the boy could not control himself ...

LYF. He flapped his wings and soared up, up, up in the air!

MOM. The mother tried to follow him ...

LYF. But he was too fast ...

MOM. She called to the boy ...

LYF. But he ignored her.

MOM. Suddenly, high in the sky, his wings began to burn ...

LYF. And he cried out in pain ...

MOM. He faltered and swooped down towards the water to cool the burning ...

LYF. But the sea spray clung to the boy’s feathers and he was sucked down into the ocean.

MOM. The mother called out, “Where are you, where are you?” and she frantically searched the water, but she couldn’t see her boy anywhere.

(Beat.)

LYF. Mom. Mom? I’m here. I’m right here.

(MOM takes the stone out her pocket and brings it near LYF’s head. She pantomimes popping the stone out with a sound and a flourish we see her slide the stone back into the pocket of her cloak.)

MOM. You hungry?

(LYF growls playfully.)

MOM *(cont'd, laughs)*. I guess I'd better get some food started!

(DAD enters from the worknest.)

DAD. Good morning!

(DAD kisses MOM and LYF on the top of their heads.)

MOM. What are your plans for today?

DAD. A little time in my worknest, dear.

MOM *(sighs)*. Please, not too long.

DAD. I won't be long.

MOM. Lyf, you need to work on the wall. I'll give a whistle when the food's ready. *(Exits.)*

DAD *(whispers)*. Lyf!

(LYF goes to DAD. DAD pulls a feather from his cloak.)

LYF. A feather!

(DAD and LYF stare at the feather inspecting it close up.)

LYF *(cont'd)*. It's beautiful.

DAD. It's awesome!

LYF. Awesome!

(DAD gives the feather to LYF. DAD goes into the worknest. LYF runs to the wall and puts the feather into a secret hidden spot. LYF pulls a folded paper flyer from the secret spot and begins playing with it.)

META, a girl, enters behind the wall. LYF does not see her. META is dressed in brightly colored clothing made from

synthetic materials like plastic, nylon and polyester. She carries a messenger bag that clips in front of her. She has a pair of wings.

META pops her head up over the top of the wall. She watches LYF. LYF senses something and spins to look at the wall. META ducks down.

LYF returns to the paper flyer. Behind the wall, META finds an open space in the materials and she wriggles her hand through. She waves at LYF and signs: thumbs up, A-OK, peace, come here. Her other hand pops through the wall and her hands become mouth puppets.)

META (*left hand*). Hello, stranger! (*Right hand.*) Who are you calling strange?

(LYF spins around and sees only the hands sticking through the wall's holes.)

LYF (*screams*). Ahhhh!

(LYF runs and hides on the side of the worknest.)

META (*right hand screams*). Ahhh! (*Left hand screams.*) Ahhh!

(Both hands quickly turn towards LYF. META freezes her hand puppets, quickly pulls her arms back through the wall and pops her head through another hole.)

LYF. Ahhhh!

META. Oh, man, I hate it when that happens. Someone sneaks up behind you when you are super focused on something and they scare you. I didn't mean to ...

LYF. Go away! (*Hides in his cloak, attempting to camouflage himself.*)

META. Okayyyyyy ... that was a little rude, but I did scare you, so I bet that's just the fear talking. (*Beat.*) You are

forgiven. *(Starts to look around the yard.)* Hey, dude! I can see you. Do you think you're invisible?

(LYF peeks just his eyes out from his cloak. META waves at him.)

META *(cont'd)*. That would be really cool if you were invisible ... but you're not. *(Sees LYF's paper flyer in the yard. Pulls her head back out and jumps over the wall.)* Oh sweet, a paper flyer! We were making these at flock last week. We were learning about aerodynamics and we got to take them outside and see how far they would fly. Mine was the best! This is pretty good, but if you add a couple extra folds, I guarantee you are going to get 20 extra feet on each flight. Do you want me to fold this for you?

(LYF stares at META. Beat.)

META *(cont'd)*. I'll take that as a "yes."

(META begins refolding the paper flyer. During the following, LYF begins to emerge from his spot. Curious, he silently approaches META as she speaks and folds.)

META *(cont'd)*. Everyone else in my flock was like, "Whoa, Meta, how did you get yours to go so far?" They were impressed ... well, most of them ... some of them just don't get it. In order to make the perfect flyer you have to consider four major factors: lift, gravity, thrust and drag. If you don't understand the basic laws of aerodynamics, things will just crash and burn. The other kids at flock they don't care about any of that ... but I do ... and that. Is. Why. I. Always. WIN! *(Finishes her last fold on "WIN," lifts the paper flyer up in the air. Swiftly turns to show LYF.)* See?

(LYF is directly behind her shoulder. META yelps in surprise and laughs.)

LYF. Shhh!

(LYF looks toward the house and worknest, grabs META by the arm and drags her to a hiding spot on the side of the worknest.)

META *(still laughing)*. You got me back! Well done.

LYF *(whispers)*. Who are you? Where did you come from?
Why are you here?

META. I'm Meta. I'm supposed to be at flock right now, but I decided not to go this morning. This morning I decided to go off the beaten path. And this place is WAY off the beaten path. *(Beat.)* What's your name?

LYF *(quickly steps away)*. Rule number four: Don't talk to strangers.

(Beat.)

META. You already broke that rule.

(Beat.)

LYF. I'm Lyf.

META. Lyf?

LYF. What is a flock?

META. What do you mean?

LYF. What is it? I've never heard of a flock before.

META. It's where all fledglings go to learn new things. We study all kinds of subjects. Some of it's fun and some of it can be really boring! *(Beat.)* Don't you go to a flock?

LYF. No. I don't go anywhere.

META. What do you mean?

LYF. Rule number three: Never go Out There.

META. You've never been outside of these walls?

LYF. Nope.

META. Never?

LYF. Nuh uh.

META. Never, ever?

LYF. No!

META. Really?

LYF. I don't lie.

(Beat.)

META. I dare you to climb the wall and put one foot on the other side!

LYF. I'm not supposed to.

META. Just one, teeny, tiny little toe.

LYF. I shouldn't.

META. C'mon.

(META starts to climb the wall. LYF goes to the wall and starts to climb with her, but stops himself and gets down.)

LYF. I can't.

(LYF pulls his cloak around himself and squats. META jumps off of the wall and goes and squats next to LYF. Beat.)

META. Why are you wearing that?

LYF *(steps back, away from the wall)*. What?

META. That cape.

LYF *(defensively)*. It's a cloak.

META. OK ... fine, cloak. But just so you know, *(Whispers.)* capes are way cooler.

LYF. Why aren't you wearing yours?

META. My what?

LYF. Your cloak?

META. In the colony, nobody wears cloaks.

LYF. My mom says I have to wear mine at all times because our family is allergic to the sun.

META. I've never heard of that. My mom says I used to be allergic to nectar when I was a baby!

LYF. Rule number two: Always wear your cloak.

META. You have a lot of weird rules at your house. I don't think I would like wearing a cloak over my wings all the time. Besides, now that I'm becoming a fledgling, I'm going to start learning to fly and my wings needs to be free! *(Starts running around jumping up as high as she can. Chants, sings and dances.)* I'm going to fly so high, like a bird up in the sky! Oh, yeah! Uh huh! Oh, yeah! Uh huh!

LYF. Shhh! Not so loud. My mom might hear you. *(Beat.)* Are you really going to fly?

META. Of course. We all learn to fly.

LYF. Rule number one: Never, ever try to fly.

META. But Lyf, you have to.

LYF. It's too dangerous.

META. No, seriously, Lyf, if you don't learn now, when you are young, you'll never be able to fly.

LYF. Really?

(Beat.)

META. Do you want to learn?

LYF. Why would I?

(Pause. META searches for a way to explain.)

META. Lyf, have you heard about the ocean?

LYF. I've heard about it. My dad used to tell me a story about the ocean when I was really little! The sea spray, the wet sand, the breeze ... he doesn't talk about the ocean anymore. *(Beat.)* My mom does though.

(META goes to her messenger bag, takes out a conch shell and holds it out to LYF.)

LYF *(cont'd)*. What is that?!

META. It's a shell. Listen to it!

(LYF takes the shell and holds it up to his ear. He is amazed by what he hears.)

META *(cont'd)*. That's a little piece of the ocean! It's our first flying trip at flock. My mom says that when you fly over the ocean you can catch the breeze and just glide forever. *(Picks up the paper flyer.)* Right now, this piece of paper can fly farther than we can. *(Zooms the paper flyer through the air.)* If we could fly, we could go anywhere, we could zoom straight to the ocean, right now!

LYF. When do you start to learn?

META. We're supposed to learn the landing position this afternoon! I've got to go! I don't want to miss the first part. It was really nice meeting you, Lyf. *(Grabs her messenger bag and runs toward the wall with the paper flyer in her hand.)*

LYF. META!

(META turns.)

LYF *(cont'd)*. Your shell?

META. You can keep it ... until next time.

(META holds out the paper flyer to LYF.)

LYF. Keep it.

META. Thanks.

LYF. Will you come back?

META. Do you want me to?

LYF. Yes!

META. I'll be back right after flock!