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*Dramatic Publishing*



# **Bodhisattva By Lagoon**

by  
Cass Brayton

From...

## **35 in 10**

Thirty-Five Ten-Minute Plays

Compiled and Edited

KENT R. BROWN

This excerpt contains strong language.



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# **BODHISATTVA BY LAGOON**

By  
Cass Brayton

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**Bodhisattva by Lagoon** was first performed in 2004 by Actors Theatre in Santa Rosa, Calif., as part of “Quickies: A Festival of Short New Plays.” It was directed by Celeste Thomas, and featured Carol MacRae, Karl Mossberger, Maria Giordano and Tim Earls.

### CHARACTERS

The play may be performed either by a single actor, or by two men and two women.

WOMAN : Female, elderly.

GUY : Male, 30s.

GIRL: Female, early 20s.

QUEEN: Male, 40s.

SETTING: The setting of the play can be fairly minimal.

Sets and/or lighting could suggest a location in a hidden corner of a large urban park. Characters are not talking directly to each other. They share the space of the stage but inhabit it separately. The degree to which they are aware of each other is a choice to be made by the director and actors.

TIME: The present.

BODHISATTVA (bow-dee-SA-tva) – A being who postpones entering nirvana (the final stage of enlightenment) in order to remain in this world to reduce the suffering of others.

## BODHISATTVA BY LAGOON

WOMAN.

Lotta trouble today.  
Things were settling down, yeah,  
to a nice quiet smooth kind of calm  
down here by the water,  
what I call my lake,  
even if it is the color  
of the green pea soup  
my mother used to make.  
The calm went all to hell  
with the trouble that come this morning.  
I ain't the one that found it.  
No sir, I was nowhere near that  
floating body,  
nowhere near it.  
But they come asking me all manner of questions,  
suggesting I might've somehow  
had something to do with what they found.  
And I just told them straight up,  
the wages of sin...  
I don't know nothing,  
nothing—  
and I don't want to know nothing.  
They said we know you saw more  
than you're letting on,  
and that much is true.  
That is true.

GUY.

I told him right out.  
When it came to boosting grub  
he was useless as an extra tit on a cow.  
“That’s me” he said. “Udderly useless.”  
Udderly useless.  
You could never stay mad at the guy.  
His problem was he’s too pretty.  
Walk in a store with him  
and right off the bat  
they’d be shadowing us.  
One time he got caught at a check-out  
with tofu dogs stashed down his pants.  
Tofu dogs!  
Now I ask you,  
was it really worth the trouble?  
I had to fake like I was having a seizure  
so he could skip out  
’fore they called the fuzz.  
We hooked up later  
and he gave me one of those  
fuckin’ tofu dogs  
—wasn’t half bad—  
and he pulled out this other thing  
he got away with—  
a frisbee.  
A stupid fuckin’ frisbee.  
But it was the color of grass.  
So I say,  
“Who the fuck steals a green frisbee  
for fuck sake?  
You’ll lose it soon as it hits the ground.”  
He says “It’s not green. It’s loden.”  
“Who the fuck cares,” I said.

“You’re still gonna lose it.”  
That’s the thing about him.  
he never thinks a—  
never thought ahead.  
As a con? Udderly useless.

GIRL.

O-o-o-ou, he was one crazy fucker, man,  
one cra-zee fucker.  
Hell-bent on having a good ole time  
no matter how bad things seemed to get.  
He’d come by and say,  
“Girl, you get your ass in gear,  
we’re goin’ dancing.”  
And I’d say “Ah shit, man,  
I’m too wasted. Come back tomorrow.”  
And he said “Nuh-unh-unh.  
That’s a day never ever ever comes.  
The moon’s out tonight and  
I gotta see you dancing your dance  
down by the lagoon  
out in the moonlight.”  
Then he said, “Let’s get dolled up.”  
And he brought out some nail polish.  
Emerald topaz.  
And he took my hand  
and he painted my nails  
and then he blew on them  
to get them dry.  
His breath felt warm, so warm,  
like my hand was being kissed  
by an angel from God.