

You can (not) redo

Characters

Male: *aged between 14 and 16, wears a red shirt, top button undone, sleeves rolled up, black pants, no shoes or socks.*

On a beach, just past midnight. The sand is pure white, flat, and smooth - there are no shadows to distinguish each grain. The ocean is pure crimson. There are fragments of buildings littered about the sea. The sky is dark, star speckled. Hues of faint reds streak across the atmosphere. The entire planet is dead. There is a grave-like mound on the beach next to Male.

Male: In the end it starts with the beginning. You know how it ends but you can never come back to the start. The most important part of it all. You can't redo.

(pause)

Your connection with life is terminated as you proceed down the gloomy park, the lonesome swing idles, lack of contact stifles. Inhibits. Kills. You're like a porcupine, the closer you get to the person you love, the more you just hurt them.

(Beat. Male looks to mound)

The train goes by, take a seat, hold onto something. When the train stops you will fall. Stand up. *Help me.* Pathetic. *Help me.* Pathetic. Come back later for all the more of nothing as it plummets. The colossal slam of defeat, knowing you failed to act in time, letting something and anything precious, fall. The soft feeling of the sand helps you feel safe, satisfied as hands close around her neck. Your neck. Let go of it all and let it consume it all. It isn't how it should be; it never is. It isn't fair. *Grow up.* I hate you. Proceed onwards through the sea of red death, nothing thrives, nothing lives, the colours of the ground reflect upon the sky. It is all red. It is the end of it all, nothing happened but it was everything that could happen. It's real. It isn't real. It is everything it isn't but, oh, so much more. The hallway of monotony repeats of the endless darkness as you walk down. Maybe it'll change this time...

(pause) this time?

(pause) This time...

(beat)

(Male steps downstage, away from mound, speaking with more urgency)

The lights on the roof of the floor are all upside down. It never ends. Fall. Fall. Fall. Release the pungent odour of regret and instant relief. Look at your hand of dismay. *Pathetic.* SHUT UP. IF YOU HAD JUST HELPED ME., WHY WON'T YOU WAKE UP?! Onwards, onwards, it all goes onwards. To what? The procedural chaos of the dark nothing that navigates the mind of the everything as we all combine. We are together. Everyone is never alone. Are you sure this is what you can be? You can't redo. *Why not, why can't I? I want too so bad, so why can't I?* Just smile. The selfish idealistic views of the world go around and around, it never ends until it suddenly will. It will. It will. *(Male now speaks desperately, hands to head)* So, you tell me, but in the end, you know how it never ends. Why it never ends. You blame the surroundings to preserve my feelings. I know. It's me but I won't change because I can't. I don't know how.

HELP ME KNOW HOW. Please. Someone, something help me. NO ONE IS COMING, DO IT YOURSELF. If only you had been here or there when I needed it. (Male, hands to ears) The earphones play the same sound, the same song until it is nothing but mindless repetition of the same dark cloud in the same mind, played through the same pincers in our same ears. Back to the train.

(Male shaking his head) Please no more.

You can't help it. NOTHING HELPS. Just once, GIVE ME A BREAK. The train brakes. You fall through the floor,

(Male collapses onto knees)

Into the nothing. The nothing is everything. Everything rushes you. But it all returns to nothing. I just keep letting me down,

(pause) letting me down,

(Longer pause) letting me down.

(beat)

(Male rises apathetically)

You can not redo.