

Cast of Characters

JAY: Male, mid 30's
DAVE: Male, late 20's
TOMMY FERGUSON: Boy, 8-10 years old
SOPHIA: Female, 60's
CLERK: Male OR Female, mid 30's
MOM: Tommy's Mother, mid 40's
DAD: Tommy's Father, mid 40's
MAN #1: Male, any age
MAN #2: Male, any age
WOMAN #1: Female, any age

Place

A Room with Chairs

Time

Unknown

Produced by The Spotlight Playhouse in Berea, KY,
on February 29, 2020

[Click Here to View Live Performance](#)

Setting: Ten chairs equally spaced apart form three sides of a rectangle center stage.

At Rise: JAY, writing in a notebook, sits in a chair towards stage left. SOPHIA sits in a chair centerstage with her head down. TOMMY paces back and forth while counting.

TOMMY

Fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty! One, two, three, four...

SOPHIA

Must you continue that incessant counting?

TOMMY

I'm trying to keep track of time! Now was that two-hundred and thirty-five or two-hundred and thirty-seven times I've counted to sixty?

JAY

Five-hundred and seventy-two. You started over a few times.

TOMMY

Oh.

SOPHIA

Wasting your time is what you're doing. What we should be doing is figuring out when we're going to be getting out of here. Perhaps if we demanded answers we may get somewhere.

(stands up)

Hello? HELLO!

(Enter CLERK from stage left.)

CLERK

Yes ma'am?

SOPHIA

I'm tired of just sitting here, how much longer must we wait?

CLERK

I'm sorry, it isn't time yet.

(Exit CLERK, stage left.)

SOPHIA

My! How rude!

Wesley Gift

JAY

(puts notebook down and stands up)
Don't worry, I'm sure we can all get out of here together-

(Enter DAVE from downstage right, looking for a seat.)

SOPHIA

Ah, maybe this gentleman knows something. Sir?

DAVE

(turns to face Sophia)
Yes ma'am?

SOPHIA

Do you know how much longer we're supposed to wait?

DAVE

Unfortunately, I don't have that information.

SOPHIA

Great. All we can do is sit here.

DAVE

Well, they don't call it a 'waiting room' for nothing!
(takes a seat)

TOMMY

(pause)
I know! We could play a game!

DAVE

A game, kid?

TOMMY

Yeah! To keep us busy and pass the time.

SOPHIA

Well, since there's nothing else to do...

JAY

It might even help us to find a way out of here.

DAVE

How do we play?

Wesley Gift

TOMMY

We each take turns saying our name and something we're good at!

SOPHIA

Fine I'll go first. My name is Sophia, and I've always thought of myself as a good wife.

TOMMY

You're married?

SOPHIA

I was. My dear, sweet, kind Harold passed away late last year. He spent much of his life helping others, lending a hand where he could. But when he became sick, no one cared. No one came to help when he needed it most. It was as if we had both been abandoned by the world...

JAY

I'm so sorry for your loss.

DAVE

(pause)

Oh, you all need to lighten up a bit. Let me take my turn. You can call me Dave, and I have a problem with authority!

TOMMY

So you're good at...being bad?

DAVE

No silly boy. I'm rebellious, an independent thinker! I can see what others can't.

TOMMY

What can you see?

DAVE

I can see that all it takes to get what you want, is a little sacrifice!

TOMMY

(looks to Jay)
What about you, mister?

JAY

(steps forward)
I'm just Jay, and I'm good at listening and helping others.

Wesley Gift

SOPHIA

Ha! Could've fooled me, seeing as you've been so helpful with our current predicament.

DAVE

You're up kid.

TOMMY

All right. My name is Tommy, and I am good at—dancing!
(dances a fun little jig)

SOPHIA (laughing)

That's the silliest thing I've ever seen! There's plenty of other skills you should be learning besides dancing. What would your parents think?

TOMMY

I don't think they'd mind at all...my parents are dead.

DAVE

Talk about a bombshell, kid!

SOPHIA (stuttering)

Tommy, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean—

TOMMY

It's okay. It's not the first time I've heard that.
(long pause)
My dad always said that if you wanted to be good at something, you should work hard for it.

SOPHIA

My husband used to say the same thing! He wanted the best for his family and worked every day to provide, so that they would want for nothing.

JAY

How did he pass, Sophia?

SOPHIA

Harold followed in his father's footsteps, just like his father before him, right into the coal mines. He worked day after day until he got very sick. I remember being angry at the world, watching him grow weaker, withering away, until he finally succumbed to the black lung.

Wesley Gift

DAVE

What a shame.

JAY

Were you able to say goodbye?

SOPHIA

I was by his side until the very end.

TOMMY

My parents died in a car wreck. They went out one night to celebrate my dad's promotion—they were going to bring home a surprise for me—when a car ran a red light and hit them. I waited at home and was shocked to see a police car pull into our driveway instead. The officer told me the paramedics did everything they could. Just like that...they were gone.

SOPHIA

That's so terrible Tommy. Harold lost his younger brother in a car accident too. Sometimes you say goodbye, not realizing you're saying goodbye for the last time.

DAVE

A rough way to go for sure.

JAY

Your parents will always be with you. If you hold their memory close to your heart, they'll never be far.

DAVE

Say Tommy...what happened to the guy driving the other car?

TOMMY

He's in jail now. Eight years for second-degree manslaughter.

SOPHIA

Serves him right. He should be locked up until he rots!

DAVE

After all the man did kill your parents. Tell me, when you first laid eyes on him, how did you feel?

TOMMY

I was upset. Mad. Furious.

Wesley Gift

DAVE

Exactly! Seeing this man alive after what he did infuriated you! Only a world as cruel as this one would rip parents away from their children.

JAY

But you felt something else too, didn't you Tommy?

TOMMY

(nods head in agreement)
I remember that day in court, the last day of the trial. His three young daughters, not much older than me, sat in the front row. When his sentence was handed down they all cried out for their father as he was lead away and taken to jail. They were in so much pain, just as I had been in pain. It was at that moment, that I forgave him.

SOPHIA

You...forgave this man?

JAY

It was a terrible accident. He has suffered, just as you have Tommy.

TOMMY

We both lost something from this tragedy. My parents are gone, and he has to watch his girls grow up from behind bars.

DAVE

Tommy, those two situations are not equal to one another. Eventually he will walk free. He might even hurt someone again. Do you really think eight years in jail is enough? What if he were to suffer a fate worse than death-

TOMMY

No. When he gets out, he'll have the chance to right his wrongs. Makeup for his mistakes. To find peace.

JAY

You're right Tommy. It's not too late for him to make things right. I know that if your parents could see you right now, they'd be proud.

SOPHIA

Ridiculous! You think this man has earned your forgiveness? After the pain he inflicted upon you, destroying your

Wesley Gift

SOPHIA (cont'd)

family, that he can make things right in the world? No, NO! When we lose what is most precious to us, sometimes hatred is the only thing that keeps us going. I have never forgiven those responsible for inflicting harm upon my Harold, never!

JAY

If we fill our hearts with hate, it blinds us from finding peace with the world.

SOPHIA

I think I've had enough of you two and your ill-conceived beliefs. I can't stand to be in your presence. Hello? Can you hear me! Where are you? Show yourself at once!
(Enter CLERK from stage left.)

CLERK

Yes?

SOPHIA

I want to leave. Now.

CLERK

(looks to Dave then back to Sophia before responding)
Are you sure this is what you want?

SOPHIA

Yes.

DAVE

I think I will join you Sophia. Leave these two to their crazy ideologies.

CLERK

Very well.
(gestures to door downstage right.)
You may leave through that door.
(Exit SOPHIA and DAVE downstage right, CLERK exits stage left.)

TOMMY

Where are they going?

Wesley Gift

JAY

The paths we walk in life are never easy. And sometimes, what we perceive as the right choice, may actually be leading us down the wrong path.

(JAY takes a seat and resumes writing. A few moments pass.)

TOMMY

(crosses over to Jay)
What are you writing?

JAY

Remember when I said I enjoy helping people? Well, I find it best to teach others through stories. We're only here for a short time, and while people can ignore your voice, your words can live on long after you're gone.

TOMMY

Do you think my story is worth sharing?

JAY

There's no doubt that many, many people will be inspired by your story, and what you've overcome.
(Enter CLERK from stage left.)

CLERK

Tommy?

(stands up)

They're here for you. It's time to go.

(Enter MOM and DAD from downstage left.

Tommy rushes to his parents and embraces them.)

TOMMY (excited)

Mom! Dad!

(TOMMY runs to MOM and DAD and hugs them.)

I've missed you so much!

DAD

We've missed you too, son.

MOM

And we're both so proud of who you've become.

(TOMMY, MOM, DAD and CLERK begin to exit, left. Tommy stops.)

Wesley Gift

TOMMY

Wait.

(looks at Jay)

Aren't you coming with us?

JAY

My work here isn't done yet Tommy. There's still more people out there who need a little help finding their way.

(TOMMY gives JAY a hug, then exits downstage left with MOM and DAD. CLERK exits stage left. JAY takes his seat and resumes writing. A few moments pass before DAVE re-enters from downstage right. He takes a seat next to JAY.)

DAVE

Still think they're all worth saving?

JAY

I haven't given up on them, and I never will. There are still good people in this world, just like Tommy.

DAVE

And there are people like Sophia, who need me more than they need you.

JAY

It's not always easy to forgive, but doing so gives one the strength to overcome anything.

(pause)

You know, you're always welcome to come home. Even someone like you, can be forgiven.

(A few moments pass with JAY and DAVE sitting in silence. Enter from stage left CLERK, MAN #1, MAN #2 and WOMAN #1. CLERK gestures with their hand for them to take a seat before exiting stage left. Each of them take a seat apart from one another.)

DAVE

(looks around the room before speaking)

So...who wants to play a game, while we're waiting?

CURTAIN

END