



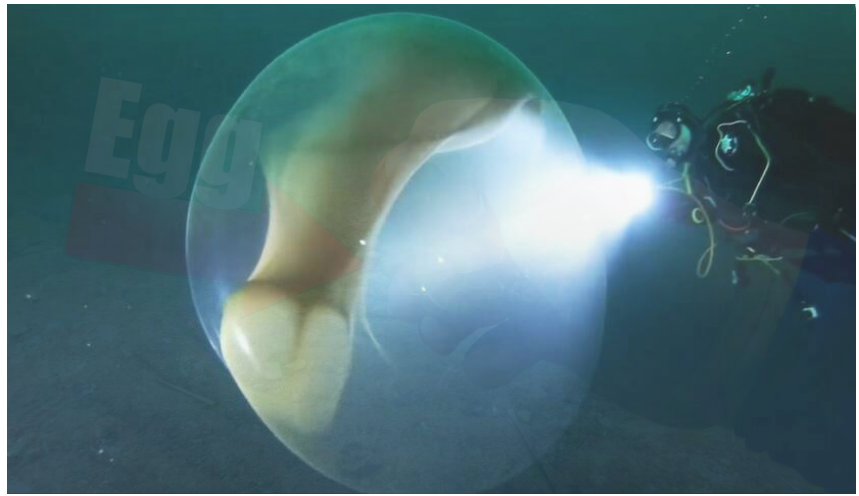
Soccer Island

Characters:

L
A
R
K

Time: Either sunset, sunrise or one of those hot late-afternoon summer days

Three teenagers are on a soccer field, held up by a pole in the middle. The platform of the field appears to balance, like a golf ball on a tee. The pole travels down about a hundred feet below the field before getting lost in the ocean and travels up about ten or so feet through the middle of the field, like a newly planted tree. There are no landmarks around, the fi-  -eld balances alone in the ocean. At times, the platform se-  -ems motionless, floating, other times it teeters back and forth guided by the breeze, always managing to come back to center. There are a few prominent holes in the field. The holes have been patched up with the netting from the soccer goals. A chicken bounces on the netting, high above the ocean.



K: over a walkie talkie We have managed to make a small shetler out of clothing and the goal. It's been about two weeks. I'm here with A and L. My sunburn doesn't feel as bad as it did a few days ago, the blisters popped and they seem to be healing. The holes in the astroturf seem to be getting bigger. We've patched up most of the larger ones. The chickens keep laying eggs in the holes and nesting over the water. We had six chickens yesterday and only five today. The eggs are missing in one of the nets but it doesn't look like the net broke. I keep picturing this chicken chasing eggs, falling down into the water and calmly swimming to safety. We all pooled our money to get the island. We couldn't afford a floating field like the other group. I really thought this would work out and it was my idea. If you can hear me please respond on this channel.

A wakes up from sleeping and detangles from L. They reach for a cup hanging from the shelter structure, tucked in some netting. The cup is an insulated stainless steel. They remove a wall panel which reveals several jars of assorted shape and size. Most of the items resemble military or camping supplies. They pour the liquid and grab a spoon from the ground. During the following they look down while they stir the liquid in the cup.

A: Someone told me this story about someone who drank so much water that if they pricked their toes water would come out. I don't think that's something I would want, I don't want to be drained in that way, squeezed of my weight and heaviness.

L wakes up and in a low stance quickly moves towards the edge of the field. They start retching.

(Everyone make retching and light throwing up sounds)

A: Keep giving me sweetness they said, they expected a level of sweetness and what they got in return was a regurgitation of -



L: - this recurring dream where I'm on a boat, a dinghy (ding-e) and I go below deck to get a fishing rod.

A: As I descend a massive dog sits on top of the stainless steel counter, enveloping every appliance, skin cascading down over the top. The dog looks at me and says -

L: I love you, keep going. Every ounce of you is worthy of love, there is no action you can take which will make you any less

K walks over to the shelter and checks on A and L. Both are lightly pretzeled in a frontal embrace, their faces turned slighted away from each other, both sleeping with their mouths open. K walks away and starts walking in a path around the perimeter of the island. K picks up walkie again

K: I have been thinking a lot about the mantle of the fireplace in my home growing up. No update... but I wanted to share with you. I remember we had all of these holiday cards and my mother had saved them and hung them on a string. A fire was going one night and all the cards engulfed in flames, burning up the wall and the fireplace. The mantle above and around was white. We waited a few days with the scorched surfaces and then my father and I went to the store and bought sandpaper and new paint. We repainted it red. The red was bold and luscious and it felt like the home changed after that.

K walks over to one of the holes in the field. A chicken is gently bouncing with the wind in the middle of the makeshift nest, soccer netting tied to some metal rebar that is exposed around the hole. You can see the ocean through the white netting. The chicken, shades of cream, surrounded by eggs falling in on them, surrounding them, like the bottom of a ca-  -ke piping bag. K lays their stomach down on the field and reaches with one arm for one of  the eggs. The netting shifts, the egg falls through. K waits and watches for it to hit the water and then quickly grabs another egg and pulls up from their position.

K throws egg.
The island starts to sway.



L: It's summer and we're on the house on the hill. My father is making a dinner for this large group for my mother's birthday. I had trouble looking people in the eye then. I watched their feet. Sandals and bare. The house sat up on the hill. It was white, painted from red. (pause) It looked down a sloping field. The summer we moved there, they leveled a small forest to put in a baseball field. They hardly used the field but it opened wallets for the school. The smell of earth was so strong, heaps and heaps of dirt, from what must have been eighty or ninety trees. I thought it smelled like a farm, cows and pigs on the same earth, I was too young to know the difference between the smells.

A: Is that what love feels like to you?

L: It's one of the feelings.

A rope darts over the top of the island, perfectly guided towards the central pole, wrapping round and round and round, the exposed metal coating itself with the beige rope. R pulls themself up onto the island.

R: Do you know when you get out of the shower and you can feel the mat between your wet toes? Sort of you hesitate but ultimately find your footing. That's what love is.

A motions for the rest of the group. L, R and K surround A. A pulls out a stocking and hands it to the group, A leans on the group as they efficiently dress A in the single leg stocking. This action seems to imbue A with a confidence we have not seen up until this point from A.

L: When it's a special day I try on my grandfather's golden chain, it fits imperfectly, I haven't worn it in public. I wear it for myself, it's heaven and fake and real and I miss his belly. This dream is a memory. I would bounce on his large belly, a memory that reminded me of what a whale might feel like. I loved Poppy's belly, he would flirt with every waitress when we went out to eat, a cute smile, scented from cigars. My grandmother loved when he flirted, she knew he was with her half a century.

Everyone: Later on in life
My father would remark that my mother's grandparents were swingers
They would have coke parties in the basement of my mother's childhood home
Mother didn't enjoy these stories
I loved them
I love being able to see my family

R: I will walk over to that hole in the field. A chicken will gently bounce with the wind in the middle of the nest. I will see the ocean through the white netting. The chicken, shades of crimson and cream will surround the eggs like the bottom of a cake piping bag. I will lay on my stomach and reach with one arm for an egg. I will pause. The netting will not shift, the egg won't fall through. I will pause and watch the water. I will grab a second egg and the island will stand still.