

PLANT AND HER

Or

THE JUNE PLAY

A Ten-Minute Play

By Kaysy Ostrom

SAMPLE

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CHARACTERS  
(In order of appearance)

CEECEE, 22, a recent college grad, overthinking about the big bright future, drinks beer to calm herself down.

KEV, 22-25, CeeCee's best friend, a total stoner, but in the best way.

TIME

Almost 9am on a bright June day in 2015

PLACE

Outside the tent at CeeCee and Kev's campsite, on the edge of a music festival

LIGHTS UP on a campground. The tent of our focus is colorful and bright. Although it is only morning, the sun is shining heavily down. CEECEE sits outside of the tent next to the colorful backpack. She is dressed for a music festival. She's chosen the outfit for this occasion but she isn't trying too hard to be "sexy" or "hippie". She's simply wearing clothes to enjoy sunshine and dancing. She pulls a beer out of the colorful backpack, opens it with a bottle opener on a keychain and drinks. After a minute the zipper on the tent sounds. KEV flops his head out of the tent and breathes the fresh air in as if he's never taken a breath in his life.

CEECEE

Sleep well?

KEV

It's like 200 degrees in there. I'm surprised I didn't asphyxiate in the night. Where were you?

CEECEE

Couldn't sleep. Stayed up.

KEV

Are you drinking a beer?

CEECEE

No, it's sparkling water in a beer bottle. Yes, I'm drinking a beer.

KEV

What time is it?

CEECEE

(checking watch)  
Almost 9.

KEV

And you're drinking a beer?

CEECEE

I'm sorry, is there some sort of problem with this that I'm not registering?

KEV

Hand me my pipe, would you?

CEECEE

At 9 in the A.M.? But it's blasphemous!

KEV

Shut up, turdface.

(KEV fully exits the tent and sits beside CEECEE. He slept in the clothes that he was wearing the previous day: a simple summer tank and a pair of rolled up jeans. Maybe there's dirt on his face. Neither of them have showered the past two days. CEECEE reaches into the colorful backpack and hands KEV his pipe. KEV pulls a bag of weed out of his pants pocket and begins packing the bowl)

KEV cont.

So, where were you last night?

CEECEE

I told you. I couldn't sleep.

KEV

Don't be a smartass, Ceecee. I mean where were you at the time and place we were supposed to meet? I waited an hour for you.

CEECEE

I got lost.

KEV

Lost.

CEECEE

Do I need to repeat myself?

KEV

Ceecee, I'm trying to be understanding here. You're telling me you got lost trying to find the place that you insisted we meet at, that you quizzed me on twenty times before we parted ways. The blanket that you laid neatly on the ground and was a five-minute walk at most away from the main stage, where you told me you would be during Robert Plant's set.

CEECEE

I got lost in my *thoughts* so I stayed.

KEV

You stayed.

CEECEE

(spelling it out so he'll understand)

Am I in a cave? Yes, I stayed. For the following concert.

KEV

You stuck around for *her* despite the twelve minute rant you went on a few hours earlier about how blasphemous it was that a legend like Robert Plant should perform before *her*? The last time I talked to you, you wanted to get off of the hill as fast as you could after seeing a legend so as not to “dumb yourself down with top 40 bullshit.”

(KEV takes a hit from his pipe)

CEECEE

No one around me was leaving and I was so close to the stage, I didn't realize all of these people were waiting around for hours to see *her*. I was the solo Plant fan surrounded by *her* fans. As I took in the glory of a legend the people around me yawned and waited until they could see their girl. I had to know what they were all waiting for.

KEV

And? What was your conclusion and thesis?

CEECEE

I need another beer.

KEV

You don't need another beer, Ceecee.

CEECEE

Says the boy smoking a pipe.

KEV

Says the boy who waited for you an hour instead of going to a different band that he wanted to see.

(KEV takes another hit. CEECEE dramatically opens another beer.)

CEECEE

You could've gone to the other band. You're not my babysitter.