

Here is a sample of my play 'Home is a Passing Feeling.' Please contact me if you are interested in reading more, collaborating, or producing this piece. My information is on the contact page of my website.

-Karina

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## SCENE 1

*(Elbow appears next to a large meteorologist's blackboard. He has magnets of tiny suns that he throws on the board. He is reading from a piece of paper.)*

### ELBOW

And the weather for today is--sun! Sun! More sun! By Tuesday the hope index will reach a new high, but by Friday it will be re-confirmed that optimism is just a pipe dream. Up in smoke, much like the flood plains of the midwest.

I'm sorry. I'm just on edge. A little tense. Today marks one hundred days in America without rain. One hundred days in America without a single taste of condensation. One hundred days! One hundred slow and dripping days. Days of graduations and birthdays. Days of working and sleeping and sick days and clean days and hair appointments.

There is still thunder. Isn't that strange? You can feel the shaking on the ground; in your ribs. You can feel a sense of awe, an opening. The clouds shake, but nothing comes out. High-hopes, high-heels, high-horses, and high-rises. Today I am tired. Yesterday, I was eternal, but today I feel cooked and drawn and thirsty. Why America? Apples are being harvested out of basements in Kentucky, and we're not sorry. Somewhere another lake caves down into a bone, but no one is apologizing for anything.

*(He puts the paper down)*

You know this is someone's real job? I'm just doing this for fun. The real guy, the full-time guy, he gets paid to fly around in a plane and have a little weather recorder and tell the people exactly the same thing every single day. Sun! Sun! More sun!

It's like the last time you see a friend. How do I explain it? One day you are going to say good bye to your best friend, and then you will never, ever see them again. There. I said it. It's true. One day you're going to have to say good bye to everyone you know and love because people die. I know that about people. I just didn't know that about rain.

*(The board and Elbow exit.)*

## SCENE 2

*(Enter a lounge area, the back room of a disheveled tattoo shop. On the walls are pictures of stereotypical tattoos. A dragon, a unicorn, a mermaid, a ship. No pictures of roses should be hanging up. There is a large mirror in the room, and a sink in the corner.)*

*(Enter JAMIE (23) and JEREMIAH (30). Jeremiah has grungy but approachable look. Jamie has a freshly tattooed rose on her arm. It is still slightly pink)*

JAMIE

Jesus christ, man. Jesus Christ! I said a Sunflower! Sunflower. SUNFLOWER. Yellow not red, big not small, rough, not smooth, happy! Not Sad! Roses are sad. Super sad. If I wanted a rose I would have asked for it! I would have said "Rose." Fucking Rose.

JEREMIAH

I don't know what came over me.

JAMIE

Jeremiah, Jesus! Great, just great. You DUMB ASS.

JEREMIAH

A rose is better than a sunflower anyway, my opinion.

JAMIE

That's for me to decide. It's not your arm, is it?

JEREMIAH

We've gone over this. We've been talking about it since 2:15.

JAMIE

Fuck you!

*(She goes and looks in the mirror)*

JAMIE

This is like a bad dream where you toss and turn, dreaming you're naked in the middle of the street. Cars are whizzing past you. Suddenly you become a dog. Then you become a tree. Then you become a deer. You're running, panting, homeless. Then you wake up and find you've ripped off all your clothes and they're lying in a pile on the floor.

JEREMIAH

I've never had that dream.

JAMIE

Ohhhh. Look at that ugly sucker. Look at it! Just look!

JEREMIAH

I'm really hungry. You want to get something to eat? Maybe some Chinese food?

KENIZE

Why is this mirror so large? I can't hide from it. It's staring at me.

JEREMIAH

Just look away for a second.

JAMIE

I know! I'll go to sleep and wake up and I'll have a normal arm again. One with just a few freckles and no flower of any kind. Jeremiah, what made you do it? Just try. Try and explain it to me. What happened?

JEREMIAH

I don't know! Shit. I haven't had any water today. Not one glass.

JAMIE

You have to take this off. You have to fix it and take it off and then design a sunflower over it.

JEREMIAH

You should have a glass of water too, yeah?

*(Jeremiah fills up two glasses of water.)*

JAMIE

How can I ever love my body again? How? How can I ever look at my body again in the same way?

JEREMIAH

Dehydration is proven to cause depression, at least that's what my grandma told me. So... uhm...what I'm saying is, now is not the time to skimp on the six glasses a day.

JAMIE

Shit! I can't look at you right now either.

*(Pause. He hands her a cup of water. She takes it and drinks it. After a few sips she starts to cry.)*

JEREMIAH

I'm sorry. I really don't know what came over me. It was like I saw myself doing it, but I had no control. It was an out of body experience. I'll have to always carry a water bottle around with me, I guess.

JAMIE

I guess so. Really!

*(Jamie goes to the mirror and takes a bar of soap, rubbing it violently over her tattoo and splashing water on it. It is still there. She looks back at the mirror and cries a little more.)*

JAMIE

Screw you, mirror.

JEREMIAH

Want to go...I don't know...do you want to go to the park?

JAMIE

No, I don't wanna go to the park! Do I look like I want to go to the park? The park is full of townies.

JEREMIAH

Naw, there's no townies in the park. What time is it?

JAMIE

Five fifteen.

JEREMIAH

Alright! Then right now there are *somebodies* in the park. People who do shit, and do it right. People who work in...museums. Big pretty museums. People who paint paintings that hang in museums. People who have yearly memberships to visit museums whenever they please. They take their kids and say, "Hey kid, there is a painting made with bunch of little dots of people who hang out in the park, just like we hang out in the park. Because those people in the painting are somebodies, just like we are"

JAMIE

There are only two kinds of people in this world-somebody's and townies.

JEREMIAH

So let's go, yeah?

JAMIE

I don't know. I'm still depressed. I got a baby face, I got a rose on my arm. I got hoodoo voodoo hair. I'm beat to shit.

JEREMIAH

We need to have a little fun! We need a few laughs, for sure.

JAMIE

Hey, think fast!

*(Jeremiah jumps to position, meaning he is standing up straight and rigid, ready for anything)*

JAMIE

Act like...a Swan!

*(Jeremiah crawls around and squawks. Jamie laughs)*

JAMIE

Yeah! Yeah! That's good. Now act like...a hot rod!

JEREMIAH

What's a hot rod?

JAMIE

Just try it out!

*(Jeremiah makes a "GRRR" sound and kicks up his heels. He makes his hands in a gun shape and points it at the audience. He makes a "POW" sound, then blows the imaginary-smoke off his gun-fingers and winks at the audience.)*

JEREMIAH

Grease, guns, bombs, and Chinese fireworks!

*(Jamie laughs)*

JEREMIAH

What next?

JAMIE

Act like...act like you love me.

JEREMIAH

I do love you.

JAMIE

Act like it.

*(He walks up to her and kisses her)*

JAMIE

No, more!

JEREMIAH

I don't know what to do!

JAMIE

Just kiss me more.

*(He grabs her and kisses her more)*

JAMIE

Good. Now act like you're dying.

*(He falls to his knees, gasps for air, choking and reaching up to her for help.)*

JAMIE

Act like this is the last time you are ever going to see me and we only have these 15 seconds to be together before you dry up into a pile of gray death powder.

*(She crawls on the ground with him. He freezes. They stare at each other. Jeremiah stands up.)*

JEREMIAH

I don't think I like this game any more, Jamie.

JAMIE

Oh, come on! Is that what you would say to me? That's all you have to say in your last 15 seconds?

JEREMIAH

This isn't fun. I don't wanna think about that right now.

JAMIE

I could do it! Look!

JEREMIAH

No. I don't want to see that!

*(She coughs and sputters and pretends to die. She gasps for air and starts to cry a little. He walks up to her and hugs her)*

JAMIE

I know I am in the right place, at this moment, because I am here, with you.

*(She then falls to the ground, fake dead)*

JEREMIAH

That is some cheesy shit.

*(After a second she stands up, laughing. They both start laughing together.)*

JEREMIAH

God, you're good at that! Really, you are. You could be an actress, a full-time actress. A real Somebody!

JAMIE

Really? Yeah? You think so?

JEREMIAH

Yeah baby, you could be the best.

JAMIE

Aw, shut up! Shucks. Get me another glass of water.

*(He fetches them a refill.)*

JEREMIAH

We'll join a traveling show. I'll paint and you'll act. You can be the tattooed lady, and I'll grow a beard or something like that. Yeah. Yeah, now that's a plan.

JAMIE

God, I love water.

JEREMIAH

Me too.

*(They both down their glasses.)*