



2-PERSON SCENES

This scene is from a Stage Partners play, free to read in full at yourstagepartners.com.

The Stowaway

by Del Martin and Jason Pizzarello

1 any, 1F
Drama

(Lights up on a room. Again, one metal chair. A bright light overhead.)

(In the chair is a young woman—BRIGHT. Her face is fixed in an amused smile, as if she is watching children play from afar.)

A man enters from upstage. BRIGHT doesn't turn around. He wears one color with comfortable shoes and a watch. This is EDWYN.

EDWYN walks around BRIGHT and stops in front of her. They look at each other. He nods. She doesn't. He looks at his watch.)

EDWYN: Let's get started.

BRIGHT: Okay, let's get started.

EDWYN: Right. Okay... I'm turning the room on. Do you know what that means?

BRIGHT: I do know what that means.

EDWYN: What does it mean? I need you to say it... Or I have to give you the whole speech. It's the rules.

BRIGHT: It means that the room around us will be monitoring my breathing, my heart rate, my brain activity. It's very exciting. Please proceed.

EDWYN: Great. Good. Here we go.

(EDWYN presses his watch. There is a warm sound throughout the room, as if some inviting door is being opened.)

EDWYN: Name?

BRIGHT: Bright.

EDWYN: Full name?

BRIGHT: Bright.

(He looks at her. She looks right back at him. She smiles.)

EDWYN: Place of birth.

BRIGHT: I don't know.

(EDWYN looks at his watch.)

EDWYN: Where is your watcher?

BRIGHT: I don't know.

Pg. 1 of 4



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(EDWYN looks at his watch. A smirk.)

EDWYN: Yes, you do.

BRIGHT: You're right. I do know.

EDWYN: So...where is your watcher?

BRIGHT: I don't know.

EDWYN: But you just...will just...answer...?

BRIGHT: I do know where it is because it isn't anywhere, but because it's nowhere I can't know where it is, because it isn't. You see?

EDWYN: No.

BRIGHT: I don't have a watcher. I never did.

EDWYN: Everyone has a watcher.

BRIGHT: Well, apparently not everyone.

(EDWYN looks at his watch.)

BRIGHT: What does your watcher tell you?

EDWYN: Right now? Not much... Just that you're not lying... Which doesn't make any sense.

BRIGHT: I'm sorry.

EDWYN: Why?

BRIGHT: For causing you to make that face.

EDWYN: What face?

BRIGHT: That one. The one that is making your forehead wrinkle prematurely. You make that face often, don't you? Does that mean you are often confused by what's around you?

EDWYN: What are you...? No, I... Listen, I'm asking the questions, okay?

BRIGHT: Okay, great. What is your question?

EDWYN: I... Well...mostly...who are you and how did you get here?

BRIGHT: I'm Bright. I arrived on a cargo pod containing mostly cases of a drink called Black Brew. The cargo pod left New Canada on Earth eighty-six Martian days ago.

EDWYN: So you illegally boarded a cargo ship on Earth.

BRIGHT: I didn't say that.

EDWYN: So you were sent by someone, or a group of someone's on Earth.

BRIGHT: I didn't say that either.



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EDWYN: Well, it has to be one or the other.

BRIGHT: Does it?

EDWYN: Well, it's just that... I mean, how else...?

BRIGHT: Maybe the watcher knows.

EDWYN: The watcher doesn't... Hey, will you stop—

BRIGHT: Making your forehead wrinkle?

EDWYN: No. Just...cooperate.

BRIGHT: I am, aren't I? I have answered all of your questions truthfully.

EDWYN: Yeah, but I don't know anything.

BRIGHT: To be fair, that's not really my fault.

EDWYN: (*Long sigh.*) Maybe we should just wait.

BRIGHT: Okay.

EDWYN: To be honest, I mostly deal with Loafers.

BRIGHT: Shoes?

EDWYN: What?

BRIGHT: I don't understand.

EDWYN: Neither do I... I just mean, I'm trained to deal with people who don't do their jobs. We call them Loafers. Do they call them something different on Earth?

BRIGHT: I don't know what they call them on Earth.

EDWYN: Well, you are from Earth?

BRIGHT: Am I?

EDWYN: Yes. You have to be.

BRIGHT: Then I am from Earth.

(*EDWYN's watch blinks.*)

EDWYN: Aren't you?

BRIGHT: Why don't you ask Earth?

EDWYN: We don't...do that.

BRIGHT: Do what?

EDWYN: We don't talk to Earth.



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BRIGHT: So you won't call up the company who sent the cargo ship?

EDWYN: No.

BRIGHT: Why not?

(EDWYN looks at his watch.)

EDWYN: You know why.

BRIGHT: Well, I was just playing pretend a bit. I did know that you don't talk to Earth. You let your machines do all the talking. But I honestly don't know why. Do you?

EDWYN: I... Yes, of course I know why.

(BRIGHT looks at her wrist as if looking at a watch. She looks up at EDWYN and shakes her head.)

EDWYN: I don't have to answer any of your questions. We're just going to be quiet. And we're going to wait. Somebody else is going to...other people have questions...and when they get here... You'd better answer.

BRIGHT: Okay, Edwyn. Let's wait.

EDWYN: How did you know my name?

(BRIGHT taps her wrist where there is no watch and she winks at EDWYN.)

End of Scene.

THE STOWAWAY by Del Martin and Jason Pizzarello

Length: 35-40 minutes

Cast Size: 10-12 actors (*suggested casting: 4F, 3M, 3 any*)

Genre: Drama

Synopsis: Far in the future, humanity has found peace but has been divided between Earth, the colonies on the Moon, and the Mars Federation. Person to person contact between the worlds is a thing of the distant past, with life existing in islands of division and distrust. But all of that changes when a mysterious girl arrives on Mars with a message of hope and a stark warning. Can humanity come together to save itself before it is too late?

The script contains detailed options for either virtual or in-person performance.

Pg. 4 of 4