

Wright Right Now Prompts:

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Set in Atlanta family drama/comedy

Magical realism: the issue of young gay men becoming homeless, one sibling is gay (real)

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Don't make me sing- Sound of music

Write about my niece, she's eight- oh she's overly confident in everything she does- to a fault (Lilly)

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Put your pants back on

DOWN YONDER

By: Jessica Hughes

(Lights up. Two men stand outside a dark cave, hands warming over a trashcan. The rocky ground around them is littered with peaches, baskets, and coals.)

Larry: Harry

Harry: Yeah Larry?

Larry: I'm going to die.

Harry: Not this again.

Larry: No I'm serious.

Harry: You're always serious.

Larry: This time it's different.

Harry: Oh yeah?

Larry: Harry this isn't a joke!

Harry: Come on. It's practically the only joke.

Larry: It won't be funny when I'm dead.

Harry: No Larry, it won't be, but you're not dead. You're as alive as me.

Larry: That's not saying much.

Harry: We're breathing aren't we? Still walking and talking, my heart is still beating. That sounds pretty alive to me. What more do you want?

Larry: My family.

Harry: Larry don't-

Larry: No Harry. I don't want any more peaches.

Harry: You live in Georgia. There's always more peaches. And chicken. Eat more chicken to keep the mad cow in Europe.

Larry: I saw Lilly yesterday.

Harry: No

Larry: Yes. I walked downtown, swam through the moat, then paid off the Ratcatcher to grab her for me. We sat and fished on the moon. Far, far away from this place.

Harry: You can't see her again.

Larry: I can't see my sister again? Why! Tell me why? Harry you better have an answer cause I sure as hell don't-

Harry: YOU'RE GAY LARRY

Larry: What did you say?

Harry: You're gay.

Larry: You're lying.

Harry: What has gotten into you?

Larry: Lilly's going to tell them to stop.

Harry: She's going to the castle?

Larry: Yes

Harry: She'll be killed. Anyone to challenge their reign is killed.

Larry: She wants to be a princess in flowing gowns- a confident, brave, beautiful girl who can save the man.

Harry: Oh my god. This can't be happening.

Larry: She followed Alice down the rabbit hole. She can't go back now.

Harry: Why didn't you stop her Larry!

Larry: Because she's my sister. She's my sister Harry, and she's only eight. I'm not going to break that. I won't kill her dream.

Harry: But you'll kill her?

Larry: No. I'm going to die.

Harry: Did you steal some pott brownies while my back was turned? Cause you've gotta be high on something.

Larry: Goodbye Harry. *(Starts walking toward the cave)*

Harry: Larry don't. Stop. Come back here right now! This won't solve anything!

Larry! *(Larry keeps walking. Harry takes off his pants and runs to block Larry)*

Larry: What the fuck? Put your pants back on! You aren't Channing Tatum, and this isn't a strip club. You're loony!

Harry: If I'm loony then you're a clown. We're gay and so now we don't have a home. So what? That doesn't mean that we sacrifice ourselves to the dragon. A jester may be a joke, but he isn't dead.

Larry: If Shakespeare wrote your life and you were a jester named Harry, then you'd be killed at the hand of a Richard and buried in Denmark.

Harry: Dear Lord, why did you make me fall in love with this depressing thespian? Couldn't you have sent a man who loved musicals instead?

Larry: Let's get real. This is Atlanta, Georgia. We live in the deep south, and they don't want us as neighbors. So we end up with no neighborhood.

Harry: We have a neighborhood. It's you, me, and the dragon next door. We'll find Lilly and teach her everything we know. You don't need a home to have a family.

Larry: Everything?

Harry: Everything. Especially that unsweet tea isn't the devil's brew.

Blackout.