

Wright Right Now Prompts:

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I think Elizabeth stole my shoes

2. Stephen Colella scolella@youngpeoplestheatre.ca

What scares an 18 year old

THE PERSONAL ESSAY:

By Jessica Hughes

Characters:

Don Juan- the dream

Man

Woman

Lights up.

One door amid an empty stage. Enter Don Juan. He's shoeless. Whenever he takes a step, it pains him. He never sees the danger on the floor ahead of him

DON JUAN:

So pop says I better get going going gone. You ain't gotta home no more. The minute you went into her arms you were dead to me. So I says to the ol' man, you fucked up son- of-a- bitch. That's all. Then I walk out the door.

But Elizabeth stole my shoes. The only thing left of her, gone, devoured by that damn bitch Elizabeth. So where am I supposed to go? I can walk outside. Who's gonna get far without any shoes. I gotta soul and when my sole is bleeding and broken then that soul ain't gonna make it too far.

But it don't matter that cunt Elizabeth stole my shoes, because it's too late. I chose to be homeless, to say, I choose you! One person to be mine forever, and that was the plan. Fuck the system. I had love and that was all I needed. We'd fly over the fuckin moon and never come back. That was the fairytale ya know? One love, one choice, and never one glance back.

But Elizabeth stole my shoes, and she's gone. She's gone. Without a goodbye. They just came and took her. Now I've got no plan. They told me I only got one. One shot, one chance and if you took the shot to the heart then you're dead. So that's me I guess.

Dead and without my fucking shoes. Stuck with my back to a closed door and no place to go. Why the hell would someone ask you, "What do you want to do with the rest of your life?" at 18. Cause if you're naïve, innocent, a first edition you, like me then you've only got one choice, her. Her name is Psyche. Loving her with every fiber is the only life that will make you happy.

So I'm 18, without my Psyche, my uniquely wonderful Psyche, and so I'm dead. And I have to walk through the rest of my days, breaking in my soul. Then I'll have hardened soles. Those soles, oh those souls, hard, bruised, bleeding on this long ass miserable trek.

What's not to love?

Enter woman. Walks to Don Juan then helps him into a business suit, and briefcase.

Enter man. Delivers a baby doll to DJ, places in his arms

Enter woman. Gives DJ stacks of dollar bills

Enter man. Takes away the bills.

Enter woman with wheelchair. Takes baby and briefcase. DJ sits in wheelchair.

Enter man with vase of flowers. Give to DJ and sets at his feet.

Don Juan takes flowers from vase, lays them down as stepping stones that lead him to exit DSC leaving through the audience.

Lights down.