

SWEET SAND
by
Susan Cinoman

SWEET SAND

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*To Doug ,Gabrielle
and Sabrina*

SWEET SAND

SWEET SAND, directed by Jane Hoffman and produced by Curt Dempster, was first presented by Ensemble Studio Theatre in New York City. The cast was as follows:

SANDY.....*Geneva Carr*
MORGAN.....*Deirdre Devaney*
JIMMY..... *Kevin Draine*

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A porch, late summer of 1975, in Beach Haven, New Jersey. Beach-worn wood, an Adirondack chair, a settee, a table are seen. Also on the porch is a table with LPs tossed this way and that. A record player is plugged in. An old lamp also sits on the table. SANDY and MORGAN are heard offstage laughing. Enter SANDY, 18, pretty and petite and wears cut-off shorts and a halter top. Morgan enters behind her, also 18, a bit more gangly but also pretty, wears something that provides more coverage, like an Indian print blouse and skirt. They are both barefoot as they run up to the front porch.

MORGAN. *(Catching her breath from laughing.)* Oh my God...

SANDY. Stop... I'm going to pee my pants...

MORGAN. I can't help it...

SANDY. I know... but stop... oh God... shhh... we'll wake up my mother.

MORGAN. Okay... we're being so immature. Stop... stop...

SANDY. Okay. *(Morgan is conquered and her laughter explodes again.)* Morgan! You just told me to stop. Come on. Don't wake up my mother.

MORGAN. Fine. I'll stop.

SANDY. Good.

MORGAN. Aren't we considerate all of a sudden.

SANDY. What?

MORGAN. You don't want to wake up your mother so much.

SANDY. I always didn't want to wake up my mother.

MORGAN. I don't know about that.

SANDY. I do.

MORGAN. It's cool out here.

SANDY. Uh huh.

MORGAN. You think it's too cool?

SANDY. No.

MORGAN. Do you want your sweater?

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SANDY. No.

MORGAN. You probably should wear it.

SANDY. I don't want to wear it.

MORGAN. You have thin skin.

SANDY. No, I don't.

MORGAN. Of course you do.

SANDY. Oh God.

MORGAN. So shall I get it for you?

SANDY. No!

MORGAN. Fine. So what do you want to do tonight?

SANDY. I don't know.

MORGAN. You wanna go look at the water? It's black. I love it when it looks so black like that at night.

SANDY. Ooh...oo.

MORGAN. Shut up. Are you hungry?

SANDY. No. I can't eat! I'm fat!

MORGAN. Oh please, Sandy! If you were any thinner I'd be talking to myself.

SANDY. Go ahead.

MORGAN. Well. We have to do *something*. We could swim.

SANDY. No.

MORGAN. Why not?

SANDY. It's too cold. You said so yourself.

MORGAN. Then let's go in.

SANDY. No.

MORGAN. Come on. I want to go in.

SANDY. Go.

MORGAN. Do I have to drag you in with me? I'll scream!

SANDY. You better not.

MORGAN. I'll scream... "Mrs. Minnick! Your daughter Sandy has a bad attitude!" I'll scream that you were chasing down some love meat in Bay Village tonight!

SANDY. Oh God...

MORGAN. (*Putting her ear to the door.*) Hmmmm.

SANDY. What?

MORGAN. It seems really quiet.

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SANDY. Oh. Yeah. My mother's not home.

MORGAN. Oh. Oh! She went to Michael's.

SANDY. Yeah.

MORGAN. I can't believe her. She's his lo-ove slave.

SANDY. Yeah.

MORGAN. She won't be back.

SANDY. I hate him.

MORGAN. Me, too.

SANDY. He sickens me.

MORGAN. Let's put glass in his soup.

SANDY. Whatever. Do you want a cigarette?

MORGAN. Sure.

SANDY. We'll have a drink too. Inside.

MORGAN. Let's not get drunk though.

SANDY. Why not?

MORGAN. Why not?

SANDY. Yeah! Why shouldn't we get drunk?

MORGAN. No. You can. Get drunk.

SANDY. Why shouldn't I?

MORGAN. You should.

SANDY. I will if I want to.

MORGAN. Good. I think you should get drunk. You're more fun when you're drunk.

SANDY. Are you implying I'm not fun when I'm drunk?

MORGAN. No.

SANDY. Good.

MORGAN. I'm not implying. I'm stating. You're not fun when you're drunk. You're disgusting when you're drunk.

SANDY. Fine. I won't get drunk.

MORGAN. Good. *(Sandy takes a cigarette out of her bag.)* Excuse me?

SANDY. What?

MORGAN. May I have one too, please?

SANDY. Sorry. I didn't know you wanted one.

MORGAN. I just said I wanted one.

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SANDY. I forgot.

MORGAN. Thank you.

SANDY. You're welcome. You don't have to be so nasty.

MORGAN. I'm not nasty. I'm concerned.

SANDY. About what?

MORGAN. Your mind is a sieve.

SANDY. What do you mean?

MORGAN. A sieve. A sieve. You don't know what a sieve is?

SANDY. Shut up. Yes I do. *(Sandy hands her cigarette and matches to Morgan.)*

MORGAN. And when are you going to learn how to light a match? *(Morgan strikes the match. She lights Sandy's cigarette and her own at the same time.)*

SANDY. I will.

MORGAN. Isn't it embarrassing at the age of eighteen to be asking strangers to light your cigarette?

SANDY. I don't ask them to light my cigarette. I ask them if they have a match.

MORGAN. Right.

SANDY. And they give me one.

MORGAN. They give you one. But you can't light it. You stand there with a cigarette and matches and you're afraid to strike the match.

SANDY. No. They give me a light. They don't give me their matches.

MORGAN. It's still embarrassing. You should learn how to do it.

SANDY. I will. Anyway, it's a great way to meet guys. *(Pause.)* I still say that redheaded guy like you.

MORGAN. Ewww.

SANDY. I thought he was cute.

MORGAN. He's yours.

SANDY. You're so picky.

MORGAN. I'm discriminating. Not picky.

SANDY. You're something. But I don't know what.

MORGAN. You're so touchy tonight. *(Tickling her.)* Touchy. Touchy.

SANDY. Hey, cut it out.

MORGAN. I'm sorry... I...

SANDY. God. You never like anyone, Morgan. It's boring.

MORGAN. That's not true. I like a lot of people. I just don't want anyone our age

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or station. When I reach my late twenties, I'm sure I'll be quite tempestuous. Here. *(Picking up an album.)* You know I'm loyal to my angel, James. Look, Sand, at my lovely young Sweet Baby God.

SANDY. Mmm.

MORGAN. Isn't he sweet? Isn't he just so sweet?

SANDY. Sweet Baby James.

MORGAN. He's my sweet baby.

SANDY. Mine too.

MORGAN. Ours then.

SANDY. Yeah.

MORGAN. Look at those eyes, Sand.

SANDY. I know, Morg. I've seen them.

MORGAN. You've seen them. But have you looked at them? Did they pierce you like a knife cutting through your body and soul?

SANDY. Morgan, it's just a record cover.

MORGAN. No. It's an image. And an image has power.

SANDY. *(Unimpressed.)* Mmm.

MORGAN. An image passes through your eyes directly into your unconscious and it changes you.

SANDY. So? What's the point?

MORGAN. The point is it's more than just a record cover.

SANDY. The point is you always have to prove that you know more than me or feel more than me or something more than me.

MORGAN. That's not true. I'm trying to teach you something.

SANDY. Just what I need. *(The phone rings. Sandy leaps up and heads for the door. She tries to open it, but it's locked.)* Shit.

MORGAN. Open it.

SANDY. I'm trying to open it and I can't.

MORGAN. Here, let me.

SANDY. Hurry! The phone! Shit, Morgan! You were the last one in the house before! Open the goddamn door!

MORGAN. Damn this lock. It's always getting stuck.

SANDY. Well un-stick it.

MORGAN. I can't!

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SANDY. Ugh! Can't you just yank it!

MORGAN. If I could yank it I would yank it! *(Morgan fiddles for a while at the door.)*

SANDY. Come on. I thought you were so good at everything.

MORGAN. I am. I just can't break this goddamn lock.

SANDY. Well great. The phone stopped.

MORGAN. Well, so what? It was probably just your mother.

SANDY. Right.

MORGAN. Why? Who else would it be?

SANDY. No one.

MORGAN. No one? Are you sure?

SANDY. Yes I'm sure. The point is we're locked out.

MORGAN. I guess we are.

SANDY. And you got us locked out.

MORGAN. I guess I did.

SANDY. And I wanted a drink.

MORGAN. That again.

SANDY. I think you did it on purpose.

MORGAN. What?

SANDY. You did. You locked us out on purpose.

MORGAN. Oh that's so stupid.

SANDY. You did. *(Pause.)* Jealous.

MORGAN. Jealous?

SANDY. You're just jealous. That's why you did it.

MORGAN. Oh? What am I jealous of?

SANDY. You're jealous cause that guy asked me to the party instead of you.

MORGAN. To the party?

SANDY. Yeah. That guy who looked like Jack Nicholson.

MORGAN. I know which guy.

SANDY. Why did the rednecks kill Jack Nicholson anyway? I've been meaning to ask you that.

MORGAN. They killed him because he was an innocent and true innocence is beautiful and frightening.

SANDY. Huh.

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MORGAN. So... did you think there was a real party?

SANDY. Yes.

MORGAN. When Jack Nicholson said, “Hey, baby, you wanna go to a party?”—you thought he meant a real party?

SANDY. He did.

MORGAN. You mean like with balloons and cake and everything?

SANDY. Stop, you're being mean.

MORGAN. And is that why you said you'd go and pick up some albums?

SANDY. There was no party?

MORGAN. He wanted to ball.

SANDY. Ewww! No, he didn't.

MORGAN. Why do you think I said what I said to him?

SANDY. I don't know. I thought you were being mean. Like usual.

MORGAN. But why did you think we were laughing all the way home?

SANDY. I don't know. Cause it was fun.

MORGAN. So you weren't reacting to how I protected us?

SANDY. Uhh...

MORGAN. And you didn't think that I was funny? And gutsy? And you didn't think that we were even in some potential danger? Did you?

SANDY. Not exactly.

MORGAN. But what about when I said, (*Making her tongue limp.*) “Uh-oh. My seizures begin when my tongue gets limp.”

SANDY. Yeah.

MORGAN. And then when I started to gag...

SANDY. Yeah... it was interesting when you did that.

MORGAN. How about when I said, “If she goes to your party and I die then she and her date for the evening can be held legally responsible in this state. That's called manslaughter.” I made quote marks in the air when I said party. Didn't that clue you in?

SANDY. You always make weird gestures with your hands.

MORGAN. Oh God!!

SANDY. Ever since seventh grade you've been doing that.

MORGAN. Like what?

SANDY. I don't know. That. (*Sandy makes quote marks in the air.*) And that.

(She bites her hand to her mouth.)

MORGAN. That's Italian.

SANDY. You're not Italian.

MORGAN. I don't like to limit myself to one language.

SANDY. And that. *(She bites her thumb with her teeth.)* Oww...

MORGAN. And for all these years you never understood what I meant?

SANDY. Oww... oww...

MORGAN. What? What's the matter?

SANDY. Oh God! I think I broke my tooth.

MORGAN. Oh shit... you're kidding. Let me see.

SANDY. Look. Oh my God... my thumb is bleeding.

MORGAN. Oh God... just a second. Here... let me see your tooth first.

SANDY. Is it chipped?

MORGAN. No, it's not. I'm just checking to see if it's loose. Okay? Relax, now.

SANDY. Oh God.

MORGAN. Look, honey. It's not loose at all, okay?

SANDY. Are you sure?

MORGAN. It's fine.

SANDY. Are you sure?

MORGAN. Uh-huh. Yes.

SANDY. Oh God.

MORGAN. Okay? Now give me your finger. *(Morgan reaches into her bag and takes out a Band-aid.)*

SANDY. You carry Band-aids in your purse?

MORGAN. Mmmm.

SANDY. How come?

MORGAN. Cause you never know.

SANDY. Thanks.

MORGAN. You okay now?

SANDY. I think my contact is loose.

MORGAN. Put your head back, Sandy. I told you that.

SANDY. I don't want to do that. I feel like my contacts are gonna float up into my head.

MORGAN. They can't do that, Sand.

SANDY. Are you sure?

MORGAN. Yes, Sandy. That is not unless your head is completely empty. *(Pause.)*
There. Are they in place now?

SANDY. Yes.

MORGAN. You're okay now?

SANDY. Uh-huh.

MORGAN. You sure now? Good.

SANDY. You're good in emergency situations.

MORGAN. I try to keep a cool head.

SANDY. Do you want a cigarette?

MORGAN. Yes. Don't pull off that bandage now. *(Morgan lights the cigarettes. They smoke, exuding glamour.)*

SANDY. Hey, remember when we first started smoking?

MORGAN. Of course.

SANDY. Remember we smoked Newport Menthols?

MORGAN. Yup.

SANDY. Remember it'd make your head spin and you'd get so dizzy?

MORGAN. Mmm.

SANDY. That was great.

MORGAN. Now we just want them. But that danger and mystery is gone. They just don't have that special in-the-beginning punch.

SANDY. But it's not good to live in the past.

MORGAN. No?

SANDY. That's what my mother says.

MORGAN. Oh. Is that why she started dating Michael so soon?

SANDY. You mean before my father was even warm in his grave?

MORGAN. Cold.

SANDY. Huh?

MORGAN. Cold in his grave.

SANDY. Are you correcting me?

MORGAN. Well yeah.

SANDY. Are you correcting me now?

MORGAN. Sandy...

SANDY. Shit. I can't believe that I'm trying to tell you... something... and that

you're...

MORGAN. Sandy... Sandy... calm down...

SANDY. Oh how I hate you, Morgan. How I hate you and your corrections!

MORGAN. I...

SANDY. I'm trying to tell you something!

MORGAN. Tell me!

SANDY. I can't!

MORGAN. Why?

SANDY. Because I hate you!

MORGAN. I don't hate you!

SANDY. Well, I hate you!

MORGAN. Don't say that to me!

SANDY. I can't help it!

MORGAN. Look, I'm sorry... I'm trying to help you.

SANDY. Well stop it!

MORGAN. Stop it?

SANDY. I was trying to tell you something.

MORGAN. Tell me.

SANDY. I can't.

MORGAN. You have to.

SANDY. No, I don't.

MORGAN. You tell me everything.

SANDY. So?

MORGAN. I tell you everything.

SANDY. So? That doesn't mean I have to.

MORGAN. Just tell me then. You don't have to, but you want to.

SANDY. I don't know.

MORGAN. What? Tell me... you'll feel better to have said it. It can't be that horrible.

SANDY. It is.

MORGAN. What is it?

SANDY. I can't.

MORGAN. Okay, then don't.

SANDY. Michael made a pass at me.

MORGAN. What?

SANDY. He did.

MORGAN. When?

SANDY. About... I don't know... two three weeks ago. He keeps doing it.

MORGAN. Doing what?

SANDY. Saying stuff.

MORGAN. What stuff?

SANDY. I don't know. Like I'm cute. And he likes the way such and such fits me. You know.

MORGAN. That pig!

MORGAN. What did you say?

SANDY. I said I'd tell my mother.

MORGAN. Good. Did you tell her?

SANDY. No.

MORGAN. Why not?

SANDY. I thought I'd tell you instead. Just forget it.

MORGAN. How can I forget it?

SANDY. Just do. I did.

MORGAN. Of course you did. You gave it to me. What a little survivor you are.

SANDY. Oh Morgan...

MORGAN. Now it's my worry.

(The sound of a motorcycle stopping is heard offstage. The headlight shines onto the front porch.) What was that?

SANDY. What?

MORGAN. What do you mean *what*? A motorcycle just pulled up at the end of the driveway.

SANDY. Huh.

MORGAN. Who is it?

JIMMY. *(Offstage.)* It's Jimmy.

SANDY. It's Jimmy.

MORGAN. Thank you so much.

JIMMY. I'm gonna pull my bike around back.

MORGAN. Who is that?

SANDY. A guy.

MORGAN. I didn't think it was your Aunt Eleanor. Why didn't you tell me a guy was coming over?

SANDY. I forgot.

MORGAN. You forgot again?

SANDY. Yes. My mind is a sieve.

MORGAN. I can't believe you didn't tell me.

SANDY. Why?

MORGAN. You broke a trust.

SANDY. I did?

MORGAN. We had plans tonight.

SANDY. We did?

MORGAN. Yes. We did.

SANDY. Well I don't know about that.

MORGAN. Well I do.

MORGAN. This is great.

SANDY. Just meet this guy. You'll like him.

MORGAN. I don't wanna meet him...

SANDY. I like him.

MORGAN. You do? What do you mean?

SANDY. Just be nice to him, okay?

MORGAN. What's a sieve, Sandy?

SANDY. Shut up.

MORGAN. No, tell me what a sieve is and I'll entertain your friend.

SANDY. If I know what a sieve is, you'll be nice?

MORGAN. Right. You get one guess.

SANDY. How do you know it would be a guess?

MORGAN. Historically speaking?

SANDY. This is ridiculous. It's my house. I can do what I want.

MORGAN. But I don't have to be the least bit cooperative.

SANDY. Shit.

MORGAN. What's a sieve... Sand? What is this thing... called sieve?

SANDY. A nest?

MORGAN. A what?

SANDY. A nest. For birds. Like how you imagine my mind to be... twigs and

branches and lots of scraggly things that are connected but not.

MORGAN. Fine.

SANDY. Is that right? Of course that's right. Or maybe it's really wrong. And you're telling me it's right just to get to me.

MORGAN. Very nice.

SANDY. Don't act hurt.

MORGAN. I'm not acting.

SANDY. You're the hurtful one.

MORGAN. Oh really?

SANDY. You're the one who always has a sarcastic remark.

MORGAN. And why is that?

SANDY. Why did you think that I didn't want you to know that he was coming?

MORGAN. Why?

SANDY. His name is Jimmy.

MORGAN. Oh. That explains it.

SANDY. And he sings in a band. And he looks just like James Taylor.

MORGAN. Oh God. So what?

SANDY. And I didn't want you to be upset that the one he wants is me.

MORGAN. You think I would ever want some local shore thug? You're welcome to him and he should just have a ball with you.

SANDY. We'll be staying alone here tonight.

MORGAN. You... where am I supposed to stay?

SANDY. You can go and stay with my mom. At Michael's. (*JIMMY, 20ish, enters downstage of the porch. He is very good-looking in the most lethal bad boy way. He wears a completely cool denim jacket.*)

JIMMY. Hi.

SANDY. Hi.

JIMMY. How ya doin'?

SANDY. Good.

JIMMY. Good. I pulled my bike around back.

SANDY. Good.

JIMMY. I don't want to take any chances with it near the road by the beach.

SANDY. Oh right.

JIMMY. Nice road.

SANDY. Thanks.

JIMMY. *(To Morgan.)* How ya doin'?

SANDY. This is my friend, Morgan.

JIMMY. Hi, Morgan.

SANDY. Morgan and I come here every summer.

MORGAN. And at home we see each other every day.

JIMMY. Whew. *(Pause.)* I like your name, Morgan.

MORGAN. Oh thanks.

JIMMY. What's the derivation of that name?

MORGAN. Just something that struck my mother's fancy.

JIMMY. It suits you.

MORGAN. Oh? In what way?

JIMMY. I don't know. Just does. Do you have any beer?

SANDY. Inside. But we're locked out.

JIMMY. Really? Let's see. *(He takes a screwdriver out of his pocket and fiddles with the door. It glides open in a second.)*

MORGAN. What did you do?

JIMMY. I got in.

MORGAN. But... did you... you opened that lock?

JIMMY. Yeah. I guess that's why they call me Jimmy.

MORGAN. I tried to fix that lock.

JIMMY. You just need the right kind of screwdriver. *(He puts the screwdriver back in his pocket, like a gun going back in the holster.)* Phillips. Can I have a beer?

SANDY. Sure. Are you okay, Morg?

MORGAN. Am I okay?

SANDY. You look really tired. Or maybe you're coming down with something.

MORGAN. Really?

SANDY. Maybe.

MORGAN. What makes you think that?

SANDY. You have bags under your eyes.

MORGAN. Really?

SANDY. Maybe you're just tired.

MORGAN. Actually I'm getting a second wind. Light me a cigarette will you, Sandy?

SANDY. Uh...

MORGAN. There's matches right there in your bag.

SANDY. Jimmy, would you mind lighting a cigarette for Morgan. She likes your brand.

JIMMY. No, I don't mind. You like these, Morgan?

MORGAN. Actually I don't. I'll light my own. That's okay...

JIMMY. Oh I...

MORGAN. Listen, thanks. I just see the value in lighting one's own cigarette, you know?

JIMMY. In having a room of one's own.

MORGAN. Hmm?

JIMMY. Virginia Woolf.

MORGAN. Yes. I know.

JIMMY. I like it.

MORGAN. Really? I'm surprised.

JIMMY. Why?

MORGAN. I just thought you were going to say something like what's the value of lighting your own match or something about matches in general or even smoking if you were thinking of veering off the subject some, but I didn't think that you would bring up a reference to Virginia Woolf's "A Room of One's Own." I'm just surprised.

JIMMY. Hmm.

MORGAN. What else are you reading?

JIMMY. Plath.

MORGAN. No? Sexton!

JIMMY. Cool.

SANDY. In a glass, Jimmy?

JIMMY. Bottle. What I really like are those old Jack London stories. You know, like with Buck, his dog, and the tundra and all that.

MORGAN. Huh. How long have you and Sandy known each other?

JIMMY. Not long really. Just since a few days, I guess.

MORGAN. Oh? A few?

JIMMY. Yeah.

MORGAN. About how many days? Would you say?

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JIMMY. I don't know. A few.

MORGAN. You're not sure?

JIMMY. Not really. Why?

MORGAN. Why?

JIMMY. Why do you ask?

MORGAN. Oh because I was just wondering. God, I've known Sandy for forever, I guess. Well it seems like forever. Doesn't it, Sand?

SANDY. Yeah.

MORGAN. So where did you meet? Where did you guys meet?

JIMMY. Bay Village.

MORGAN. Really?

JIMMY. Yeah.

MORGAN. When was that?

JIMMY. Uh... I don't know exactly. Maybe uh... Wednesday. Right, Sandy?

SANDY. I'm not sure.

MORGAN. Oh God. Don't ask Sandy. Her mind is a sieve.

JIMMY. Huh.

MORGAN. The reason I ask is that one night I had wanted to go down to Bay Village but Sandy was sick that night.

SANDY. I was sick one night.

MORGAN. It was no big deal or anything. I just went to bed early. I read, actually. I'm a big reader.

JIMMY. Yeah.

MORGAN. Wednesday.

JIMMY. I think so.

MORGAN. Huh. Yeah. I'm pretty sure that was the night that Sandy was sick and I went to bed early. Funny.

SANDY. How was your gig tonight, Jimmy?

MORGAN. What did you say?

SANDY. I asked Jimmy how his gig was.

MORGAN. What does that mean... gig? Sandy? Jimmy?

JIMMY. Job. Where my band played.

MORGAN. I didn't know that colloquialism. Gig? Did you know that, Sandy?

SANDY. Yes, I knew it. I asked him. So how was it?

JIMMY. Fine. What did you do tonight?

SANDY. Us?

MORGAN. The usual. Our usual. The usual Saturday night thing that we've done forever together.

JIMMY. Yeah?

MORGAN. Oh yeah. Went to Bay Village. Looked at guys. Well... I did. Not Sandy of course... ha!

SANDY. You want another beer, Jimmy?

MORGAN. Oh this one guy, he was older.

JIMMY. Uh-huh.

MORGAN. He was probably thirty. I mean older.

JIMMY. Wow.

MORGAN. He was the absolute twin of Jack Nicholson. Do you know who that is?

JIMMY. No.

MORGAN. You didn't see "Easy Rider"?

SANDY. It's a great movie and he's in it. Do you want to take a walk on the beach, Jimmy?

JIMMY. Sounds good.

MORGAN. Sounds really good. It's so bright out. Which is how you could literally see this guy leering at Sandy in the night. Oh his intentions were so clear.

JIMMY. What do you mean?

MORGAN. He was so purely lascivious. Not like the typical guy who you can just sort of tease and then walk away from unscathed. This was a guy who could so easily have his way with you, that could really just annihilate you with his lechery. A young girl would have to be stupid to tempt him or try to attract him in any way. If she did, you'd have to wonder what she was after, you know? There was really something diabolical about him.

SANDY. Morgan, that is such an exaggeration.

MORGAN. Not to me. I truly believe that's how he was.

JIMMY. So what did he do?

SANDY. He didn't do anything. We just left and got out of his way.

MORGAN. Ah, for a moment when things were so simple!

JIMMY. Why? What happened?

MORGAN. He first said, "Hi. Hi, girls." Pretty benign. But then he started to come

SWEET SAND

up to us. Close. Kind of invading our personal space right away, you know. And all with this sort of smile.

JIMMY. Yeah...

MORGAN. And then he said, “Hey... you wanna go to a party?”

SANDY. Morgan...

MORGAN. Yes, Sand?

SANDY. Oh Wow! Look at this, my finger looks like it's starting to get infected or something. Morgan, will you look at my finger?

MORGAN. Your finger. Does it hurt?

SANDY. Yes... it is starting to hurt.

MORGAN. Excuse me for a moment, Jimmy. I am a doctor.

JIMMY. Ha.

MORGAN. It looks fine, Sand. Here, let me see the other one.

JIMMY. So what happened with the guy? What did Sandy say to him?

MORGAN. Oh nothing really. We just got out of there as quickly as we could.

(Beat.) So, shall we walk?

SANDY. Actually I'm getting pretty tired. I guess I don't really feel like a walk.

MORGAN. Why don't we just go to bed then. It was a hectic day.

SANDY. Maybe I'll just have some wine, first.

MORGAN. You're going to have wine?

SANDY. Uh...

MORGAN. Are you?

SANDY. No. Jimmy, do you want another beer?

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