

**Imaginary Lines**  
**By Jillian Sweeney**  
**Excerpts**

**Falling, A Dream**

[Jillian walks stage left and opens hand as the recorded sound of coins rush out of a slot machine.]

Coins.  
Drops of hard rain.  
Pellets, pig feed.  
Bottle caps  
Checkers  
Jacks  
Tennis balls  
Fish, triple twisting,  
Slap.

[lights lower]

[voiceover]

The coins dropped out of the machine with the robot arm. The robot arm claws a pair of plush dice. The claw releases the dice. Then, the rush of coins, drops of hard rain. Pellets, pig feed pouring out of a brown paper bag into my lap. Yum. Then, bottle caps falling to the floor. Checkers fly from a checkerboard that a guy named Monte swipes after he loses a game - they go clink clink clink on the wood wood floor. Jacks and tennis balls bouncing up and down, up and down. Finally, fish jumping triple twists, slapping the ground. The bottle caps scaling them with each dive down.

[During sound recording, Jillian arranges a chair, a table at center stage.]

**Meeting Richard**

[A puppet scene. As narrator, Jillian speaks into the mic. As Lucy, she speaks without mic. As Richard, she uses an LED light. N is Narrator; L is Lucy; and R is Richard.]

[Speaking into mic, to audience]

N: I met Richard at a bar.  
Out dancing.  
Or no. My friend went dancing.  
I sat and watched.  
Some guy asked her out on the dance floor.  
[pause]

Her hips swiveled.  
I imagined my hips where hers were,  
between the guy's hands.  
[pause]  
He couldn't dip very well.  
And he dropped her.  
And that's when I heard Richard clear his throat.  
The fall,  
His throat.

[Lucy gets the LED light and turns it on.]

R: [she clears throat]  
N: The fall,  
His throat.  
R: [she clears throat]  
N: He stood over me, asked me  
R: Want to dance?  
L: No.  
R: Oh.  
L: Wait.  
N: I wrapped my fingers on the back of my stool.  
L: Yes, I'll dance.  
R: No, never mind, he said.  
L: Oh.  
R: I don't dance.  
L: Me neither.  
N: Which is a lie. I just don't dance in public.  
  
R: No,  
N: He said.  
L: What?  
R: No, that's a lie.  
L: You dance?  
R: I take dance classes.  
L: You take dance classes.  
R: I take dance classes so that I can meet people, but I hate  
people. I don't want to hate people, but I do. So I take dance  
classes.

L: To hate people?  
R: To meet people.

L: Well. [pause] I hate conversation. [pause] I hate parrots. I  
hate rain, I hate baseball, I hate Oreos, and I hate mannequins. I  
hate seeds. So I hate fig newtons. And Labor Day. I hate the  
Indi 500 and I hate lip gloss.

I hate knobs. I hate army green. I hate Fondu dip and dust  
bunnies. I hate tarps. And window shopping.

I hate folding chairs. I hate the Phantom of the Opera and the blond Duke of Hazard.

R: I hate lava. And the word panty. I hate fast talkers.

L: I hate small teeth.

R: I hate ballpoint pens.

L: I hate the menstrual cycle.

R: I'm Richard.

L: Lucy.

R: Lucy.

N: Lucy, he repeated

[pause]

N: Then he showed me how he could dilate his eyes by looking into a bright light. He explained that he had optic nerve damage. His pupils can't gauge light. They're so desperate for light, they open up for it any time they can get it.

R: Horny bitches,

N: He told me.

R: They're freakishly hungry.

N: And I wished he hadn't shown me that. His eyes. Because I began to imagine his pupils overtaking his irises, overtaking his corneas; the black holes merging into one hole until his head becomes a big black spot; and Richard, having to live in the dark, away from the sun, away from Hawaii, away from days at the ocean; and me, having to live his nightlife, fighting the urge to flip on a light.

This could obliterate his head. And I thought he had a good head.

[Thumbs in bag for a pen and napkin; she writes as she talks]

So I wrote, you - have - a - good --- head on a napkin and put it on his knee.

I had to go.

[She bolts offstage with microphone. During the following, Lucy talks into mic from offstage]

I made it to the door when I felt fingers brush my neck.

I raised my hand and slapped a face.

Oh. It was Richard.

And then a bouncer came between us. He backed Richard off.

and came back to me - the bouncer did -

and put a big oily paw on my shoulder.

[pause]

I removed my shoulder from his paw.

Thank you, I lied. And he left - the bouncer did.

[Lucy returns to her table.]

L: You scared me.

R: Yeah, your neck, he said.

L: No, your eyes.

R: Oh.

R: But my head.

L: Yeah, I like your head.

N: And then, we kissed.