

**COMPLACENCY, BY DAVID RITCH -- EXCERPT**

Lights up on a gorgeous sunlit living room with large windows. It is an extremely colorful room with greenery everywhere. ORANGES sit on a COFFEE TABLE, beside a MUG of coffee. MAGGIE, mid-20's, lays down, staring up at the ceiling. She is wearing a simple nightgown, and with the light, she is a painting. She grabs an orange off the table and begins to peel it. A hazy darkness fills the room as Margaret enters the room through an ever present DOOR. MARGARET is an older woman, mid sixties, who could look similar to MAGGIE.

MAGGIE

You ever get those wiry bits under your nails?

MARGARET

That's a part of peeling an orange.

MAGGIE

It's frustrating.

MARGARET

Oranges aren't the most satisfying fruits.

MAGGIE

Especially when you bite the seeds.

The clock rings mildly. She stands.

MARGARET

Careful or you'll grow an orange tree in your stomach.

MAGGIE

Stop.

MARGARET

What?

MAGGIE

It's...

MARGARET

Nine.

MAGGIE

So it is.

MARGARET

It is Sunday, you know.

MAGGIE

Sure.

MARGARET

You aren't dressed.

MAGGIE

No.

MARGARET

What'll you do?

Maggie sits down.

MAGGIE

What is there to do?

MARGARET

So you'll sit back down?

MAGGIE

Maybe I'll give it to the / birds.

MARGARET

Birds don't eat oranges.

MAGGIE

Birds eat anything.

MARGARET

They'll eat whatever is provided to them.

MAGGIE

And here I'll be a provider.

MARGARET

Meritorious.

MAGGIE

Thank you.

She tosses it to the birds.

MARGARET

What if you could fly?

MAGGIE

Is that something to wish for?

MARGARET

It's something to ponder.

MAGGIE

I suppose... I'd fly.

MARGARET

Anything's possible.

MAGGIE

Anything's possible.

MAGGIE

Why can't I?

MARGARET

Fly?

MAGGIE

Or anything else really. Who decided the buck stops with dirt?

MARGARET

I suppose He did.

She points up.

MAGGIE

(beat)

I'd like to paint.

MARGARET

Why?

MAGGIE

It's a beautiful day.

MARGARET

Yes.

MAGGIE

And... it's something I'd like to capture.

MARGARET

Does this not happen every morning? The sun rising and  
glinting against the water of the lake/

MAGGIE

Making a perfect gradient from red to blue. It should be  
painted because it is so... unique.

MARGARET

Just like trees and birds?

MAGGIE

Constancy doesn't make it any less individual. The water  
will never shine exactly the same way from one day to the  
next.

MARGARET

And yet it is always glinting.

MAGGIE

And plants and birds are all dying and growing, and people  
do the same.

MARGARET

Yes.

MAGGIE

So am I insane to think it's fruitless to capture this one  
fleeting moment of beauty on a Sunday morning?

MARGARET

So it's the Sunday that's unique?

MAGGIE

Maybe the lake is more beautiful on Sundays because it  
thinks no one will be watching.

**- End of *Complacency* Excerpt -**

**To finish reading the play contact the playwright:**

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