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 like a painting. She grabs an orange off the table and begins to peel it. A hazy darkness fills the room as Margaret enters through an ever present DOOR. MARGARET is an older woman, mid sixties, who could look similar to MAGGIE.

MARGARET

Up!

MAGGIE

Hold on.

MARGARET

Up!

MAGGIE

Agh! The wiry bits keep sticking under my fingernails.

MARGARET

That's a part of peeling an orange.

MAGGIE

It's frustrating!

MARGARET

Oranges aren't the most accommodating of fruits.

MAGGIE

Ah! I bit a seed.

She spits one out. The clock rings. She stands.

MARGARET

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

Maggie gives her a look.

What?

MAGGIE

I'm not a child.

MARGARET

With this tantrum I'd forgotten.

MAGGIE

It's not a tantrum. I just want to lounge.

MARGARET

It's Nine O'clock.

MAGGIE

Okay?

MARGARET

It is Sunday, you know. You aren't dressed.

MAGGIE

No.

MARGARET

So what are do you plan to do?

Maggie sits down.

MAGGIE

What can I do?

MARGARET

You're going sit back down.

Margaret sits beside Maggie, who gets up, heading to the window.

MAGGIE

Maybe I'll give it to the / birds.

MARGARET

Birds don't eat oranges.

MAGGIE

Birds eat anything they find.

MARGARET

They'll eat anything they are provided.

MAGGIE

And here I'll be a provider.

MARGARET

Meritorious.

MAGGIE

(Sarcastic)

Thank you.

She tosses it to the birds, and Margaret watches them as they fly.

MARGARET

You want to fly.

MAGGIE

Oh?

MARGARET

Well do you?

MAGGIE

Why should I want to?

MARGARET

What with your yearning and bickering, I assumed you'd be jumping at the prospect.

MAGGIE

Sure. I guess I would like to fly.

END OF EXCERPT -

To finish reading the play contact the playwright:

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