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Wait up! TONY

My mom worries if I'm late. IRIS

I'll walk with you. TONY

Do you live this way? IRIS

Nah. I live in the opposite direction. TONY

Are you new? IRIS

Not exactly. I've been here but there's the six inches that I grew over the summer that's new. TONY

Tiny Tony! IRIS

Henceforth, I shall be known as Tiny Tall Tony! It was easy to get ignored when I was short. Nobody saw me. I have to get used to being seen. TONY

(THEY walk.)

Want to talk about it? TONY (cont'd)

It? IRIS

Art. TONY

IRIS

No.

(Beat.)

TONY
How come you don't like the school buzzer?

IRIS
It's ... louder than last year..

(Beat.)

TONY
It makes me see bright, red X's.

(They stop walking. A moment. IRIS stares.)

You?

(Iris is unsure if she should answer. Who is this guy?)

IRIS
... yellow blinking lights.

TONY
What about sirens?

IRIS
Yellow and red lightening strikes. You?

TONY
Red and orange suns. Mozart? Like we heard today?

IRIS
Soft blue waves that break apart at shore and sparkle.

TONY
So you broke your apple.

IRIS
Eavesdropper!

TONY
My radar kind of went up when you asked all those questions. I was seeing flower petals. It was hard to squeeze a boring apple in-between them.

(A moment of clarity.)

IRIS

What do people say when you tell them what you see?

TONY

Tell people? You must be kidding. I was in third grade when I learned not to tell anyone. If you're "Tiny Tony" and "see stuff," it's a double whammy. It's like saying, "please throw me off the jungle gym." Do you tell people?

IRIS

Not anymore. I used to think everyone saw colors all the time. But no. Just me. I'm weird.

TONY

How do you do? I'm "Weird Tony."

IRIS

"Weird Iris." Nice to meet you. Officially.

(A beat, maybe a mock handshake and IRIS finally says what she has been worrying about for years.)

Do you think it's some kind of disease?

TONY

No! I think it's like – some people can play piano by ear, you know? And some people can walk on their hands. And we – well – we see things.

IRIS

So you think it's sort of a "talent?"

TONY

Sort of. But I'm still not telling anyone.

IRIS

Neither am I. (Beat.) Why didn't you freak out over the new buzzer?

TONY

I kind of practiced – blacking out the lights. They don't go away but I can move them to one side.

IRIS

I tried to get rid of the colors once, But the truth is - I like them.

TONY

I try to control some of what I don't want to see. I'm kind of a control-freak.

IRIS

So am I. (Beat.) I turn here.

TONY

And I should get going. (Beat.) Maybe ... we can arrange a “drawing date” sometime. Like – not a date-date –

IRIS

Definitely not a date-date –

TONY

No! A.... drawing hour. Yeah. A drawing hour. We can put on different music and just be free to draw what we see.

IRIS

May-be.

TONY

I never met anyone like me. It’s been –

(Beat.)

- you know....

IRIS

- yeah.

(They part.)

END OF SCENE