

# **Soul Survivor**

**Daniel A. Kelin, II**

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**AN EXCERPT  
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“To sell your soul is the easiest thing in the world. That's what everybody does every hour of his life. If I asked you to keep your soul - would you understand why that's much harder?”

— **Ayn Rand, *The Fountainhead***

“Your soul knows the geography of your destiny.”

— **John O'Donohue, *Anam Cara: A Book of Celtic Wisdom***

## Characters

Actress	Fa Hollister	A teen-age girl, 15
Actor	Jesse Blue	A teen pop star, 17
	Dad (Mr. Hollister)	Fa's Dad, 38
	Khrystal Starr	A teen-age girl, 16
	Eustis	A teen-age boy, 16
	Monitor Announcement	<i>(voice only)</i>
	Mister Dee	High school drama teacher <i>(voice only)</i>
	M	A theatre mannequin

## Scenes

One	Fa's Room	Weds.
Two	School Bathroom	Tues., following week
Three	School Theatre Green Room	Tues.
Four	Fa's Room	Tues.
Five	School Theatre Dressing Room	Fri. afternoon
Six	Fa's Room	Fri. evening
Seven	School Auditorium	Fri. evening
Eight	Concert	Time out of joint
Nine	School Auditorium	Fri. night

## Script Notes

An ellipsis “...” at the end of a line of dialogue indicates a character doesn't complete the thought.

An m-dash “—” at the end of a line of dialogue indicates that the next speaker cuts off the character's speech.

A slash “/” indicates when the next character starts speaking (on top of the speaking character.)

**Scene One | Fa's Room | Weds.**

*A door. A mirror. Other pieces as desired.*

*Music. Jesse Blue, teen idol, sings. Lights up on Fa, alone. Fa closes her eyes, entranced. Jesse Blue enters through a mirror in the room, lip-syncing to his music (for an ethereal feeling). Jesse Blue moves to Fa smoothly, confidently. He sings to her, around her, romantically, passionately. Fa never opens her eyes, just feels. Jesse Blue begins a slow dance with Fa, though they never touch.*

*Fa joins the singing, quietly. She sings well. At the peak, Fa turns to dance with Jesse, though they still don't touch. As they almost share a kiss, Jesse Blue slowly, seductively backs away. Jesse Blue exits just as Fa opens her eyes to find she is kissing the mirror. Music continues.*

*Sound of a door closing, from offstage. Fa doesn't notice, as she stares into the mirror.*

**FA** sighs

Jesse.

*Fa sings, quietly, as if calling to him.*

*Noise from inside the house. Fa stops singing and covers her mouth, not wanting to be heard singing. Music out.*

**DAD**, off

I thought we had a weed cutting thing for cutting weeds. I thought I used one before to cut.

**FA** to self

Already?

**DAD**, off

Didn't we have a cutting thing? There's those weeds growing again. I should cut them. Fa?

*Fa sends a text.*

**FA**, texting

You came home so early?

**DAD**, off

Your Mother never liked those.

*A musical trill from Dad's phone, off. Fa sends a text.*

**FA**, texting

Did you tell me?

**DAD**, off

Fa? Those weeds tickle.

*A musical trill from Dad's phone, off. Fa sends a text.*

**FA, texting**

Did you get the ticket?

**DAD, off**

I left you a note, didn't I, Fa? About coming home early?

*A musical trill from Dad's phone, off.*

**FA, to Dad**

With the ticket?

**DAD, off**

On a note. I'm going to see your Mother. I came to get the cutter thing for the weeds. Do you know where I put it?

**FA**

Dad. You promised to get me the ticket today.

**DAD, off, tries to remember**

The ticket.

**FA**

To the concert, Dad. Next week.

**DAD, off**

I think I wrote that one down to remember.

**FA**

But you didn't!

*A piece of paper slides in under the door.*

**DAD, off**

Oh yep, I did, Fa. See. Here it is.

**FA**

That's not the ticket.

**DAD, off**

It reminds me about the ticket.

**FA**

I really want to see that concert, Dad. *(To mirror, quietly.)* See Jesse Blue.

**DAD, off**

It's not till next week, right, Fa?

*Fa gives a disgruntled sigh and slides the paper back. Beat. Dad knocks.*

**DAD, off**

Fa?

*Silence.*

**DAD, off**

You're inside that room. I'm not.

*Silence.*

I suppose I could just open the door. Right?

*Fa sighs.*

So, what do you think?

**FA**

Okay.

**DAD, off**

Does that mean...what does that mean?

**FA**

Dad.

**DAD, off**

Am I coming in or you out?

**FA**

Fine, Dad.

**DAD, off**

I'll just open the door. I'm opening the door. Are you ready?

*Dad opens the door. The paper is stuck to his head.*

See? I know it's important. So I'll extra hard remember.

**FA, uncomfortable**

Dad.

**DAD**

You used to laugh at that. Your Mother always did.

**FA**

Just... Please.

*Dad takes the paper off.*

**DAD**

I can put the paper on the steering wheel. Stick it there.

**FA**

I have to go to that concert.

**DAD**

Your Mother thought of the steering wheel idea. She liked to say, "My husband never forgets. Except only sometimes."

*He lets out a small laugh. Beat.*

What was all the singing for?

**FA, surprised she was discovered**

What?

**DAD**

I don't remember hearing you before. Did I hear you before?

**FA**

No! Maybe. I don't know.

**DAD**

So you do sing?

*Fa is silent.*

How happy your Mother would be for that. *(Suddenly remembers.)* Oh. Your Mother. Yes. I found this again just now. *(He digs through his pockets.)* Couldn't find that weed cut machine, but this I did. Long time I didn't see this box. *(He pulls a small music box from his pocket.)* How did I forget about it so long? Your Mother's. *(Opens it. Music.)* Your Mother got it for.... well, she was going to give the little box to you... I don't remember when. That was just before she... And then after, this little box just got put away. So much got put away. But I found it now again. For you to have.

*Dad sets it down for Fa. Listens for a moment.*

I love talking about your Mother. And to her. It helps my heart, you know?

**FA**

Dad.

**DAD**

You want to talk to her? I'm going. Gonna cut those weeds from her stone. They tickle.

*Beat.*

Yeah, Fa?

**FA**

How do you...

*Beat.*

**DAD**

Cut weeds?

**FA**

How do you get...

**DAD**

To the cemetery?

**FA**

Dad... *(Frustrated.)* No...

*Beat.*

**DAD**

I'm thinking I should go away now, but maybe you could try me once more.

*Dad waits. Fa texts. Dad's phone trills, off.*

Should I get that?

**FA**

How... *(quietly)* get someone to...notice you?

**DAD**

Oh.

*Dad opens the music box.*

Some friends of mine. They were teasing me. We were driving around. We were going to a party, but they didn't know the house, they said. So we drove around. The boys stopped and told me to get out and check this one house. It had a light on. Go knock on the door, they said. But when I got out of the car, they drove off. Maybe they were laughing. I waited for some time. It was winter. Did I say that? But I waited. They're coming back. I mean, I forgot my coat in the car. They got to come back. *(Laughs)*. There was a light on, inside. I could see in one window. It was a church. And the door was open. Isn't that funny? A church. And the light poured out. And music poured out, too. And there was your

Mother. Not yet your Mother, but your Mother. I was shaking and she asked if I needed something. I think I said music. She laughed. I liked that. That was just her. The she who she was because she didn't try to be anything that she wasn't. That's the she for me! I think I said that. I know she laughed. I kind of ... forget a little now. I should ask her.

*Dad closes the music box.*

You asked me a question. The ticket. That's it. Fa. I can get that ticket for you. I can.

*Beat.*

**FA**

Please.

**DAD**

Okay.

*Dad leaves. Fa closes her door. She turns back and locks it. Fa looks in the mirror. Jesse's voice is heard again, faintly.*

**FA**

Jesse. I wish... I wish for... you to sing. To me. I'm going to the concert. I *am* going to be there. (*Jesse singing grows stronger, louder.*) Oh, god. Will you see me? You've got to see me. Your singing is me, Jesse. You'll sing to me, right? Sing for me. Sing of me. A Blue Diamond Girl. Your Blue Dia-- (*She covers her mouth, as if she might curse her chances.*) Jesse, please?

*Fa joins Jesse singing. Fa steps through the mirror.*

**DAD, off**

Fa? I'm going to talk to Mother. And get those tickly weeds off her stone.



**Scene Two | Girl's Bathroom at School | Following Tues.**

*A door. Sink mirror. Other pieces as desired.*

*School bell.*

**MONITOR ANNOUNCEMENT**, *fuzzy*

Attention, all students. Please be sure to submit names for Homecoming King and Queen by last bell today. No exceptions!

*Fa enters. Sounds of a school hallway. Fa pushes the door shut behind her. She breathes deeply, welcoming the solitude. Fa looks to see if anyone else is there. She looks into the sink mirror, disappointed in her shyness. She puts in earphones and selects a song. Jesse's voice is heard. Fa looks deep into the mirror and relaxes. Fa begins to sing with Jesse.*

*The door opens. Fa, startled, quickly shuts off the music.*

*Khrystal enters, video-chatting. Fa reflexively steps into a shadow or corner.*

**KHRYSTAL**

Okay, Bella. Go, already.

**FA**, *quietly*

Hi./ Khrystal.

**KHRYSTAL**

If you're so dying to see your Frankie boy sweating and panting out there on the track. I'm heading down to Mister Dee's office to pick up the audition script for Phantom of the Opera. They just came in today. Gotta see what I'll be doing. I'll find you on the field later or something. Kiss kiss ciao.

*Khrystal puts aside her phone and fixes her make-up and hair in the mirror.*

*Fa quietly peeks over Khrystal's shoulder to watch her. Khrystal sees Fa in the mirror and stops making-up.*

**KHRYSTAL**, *sarcastic*

Hello?

**FA**

Uh.

*Fa backs away from the mirror. Khrystal turns to Fa. Beat.*

That's ... a nice color. For your lips.

*Despite herself, Khrystal smiles a bit. Turns to the mirror and looks at her lips.*

**KHRYSTAL**

And you can't buy it in this town.

**FA**

It sparkles.

**KHRYSTAL**

On the right person, no?

*Khrystal texts as she exits.*

**FA**

Yes.

*Fa looks into the mirror, repeating Khrystal's actions.*

"You'll just have to wait, Bella. I gotta practice my Romeo and Juliet. You know, I think that boy is in love with..." *(Beat. Music. Fa sees Jesse.)* "Every time he looks at me, I..." *(Jesse sings passionately to her.)* "It's like really romantic when we..."

*Fa sings with Jesse.*

*The door opens a bit, then closes. Fa doesn't notice. Her singing grows. The door opens a bit, again. Fa abruptly stops. Jesse disappears. The door closes.*

**FA**

Um. Is that...someone?

**EUSTIS, off**

Eustis.

*The door opens a bit.*

Uh, yeah. Me./ Hi.

**FA**

Eustis? Khrystal just...

*Eustis peeks in.*

**EUSTIS**

No. I'm just/watching.

**FA**

...left.

**EUSTIS**

I mean,/ waiting.

**FA**

Watching?

**EUSTIS**

No! No. Waiting.

**FA**

At the bathroom door?

**EUSTIS**

Just standing here waiting.

**FA**

You were listening?

**EUSTIS**

To know if that was you, Fa. So I could wait. Can't I wait?

**FA**

Did you ... hear anything?

**EUSTIS**

No, no. I promise. Just waiting. You know, Faustus.

**FA**

No.

*Eustis holds up his text.*

**EUSTIS**

The reading project.

**FA**

Oh.

**EUSTIS**

We're supposed to work on it, right. I mean us. Together. The teacher picked us. To work together. Yeah. But I don't want to interrupt your singing, if--

**FA**

I wasn't singing.

**EUSTIS**

Oh. I just thought I heard—

**FA**

Not me./ Maybe some other...

**EUSTIS**

Maybe some other (*Nervous laugh*) girls, I guess. In the hall, or something. There's that theatre show audition coming up. So many girls singing all the time.

**FA**

I didn't.

*Beat.*

**EUSTIS**

I thought we might meet after school,/ you know...

**FA**

It's just I'm getting ready to... Oh, sorry.

**EUSTIS**

No, that's okay. You/ go ahead.

**FA**

No, I just... Sorry.

*Beat.*

I don't know, like, that much of the book, Eustis.

**EUSTIS**

No problem. No problem. We'll catch you up. It's actually kind of good. The story. Dr. Faustus. I Googled it a little. Magic and fantasy, like that. Dark, really. That guy, the Faustus guy, that's his name, gets power to conjure up wishes. He meets a beautiful Queen.

**FA**

Magical?

**EUSTIS**

Yeah. You like those?

**FA**

Huh? Oh, well, everybody dreams...

**EUSTIS**

Me? I like the world we're living in just fine.

**FA**

I better go—

**EUSTIS**

It was good. You were. Good, I mean.

**FA**

What?

**EUSTIS**

The singing.

**FA**

I wasn't ...

**EUSTIS**

It sounded like singing.

**FA**

You said you weren't listening, Eustis.

**EUSTIS**

Well, I was listening up until I wasn't supposed to be listening.

**FA**

Ack. Can we not talk about this?

**EUSTIS**

What? You didn't think so?

**FA**

No. I don't know. I hope. I shouldn't be talking about this.

**EUSTIS**

Okay, then I'll just say I liked listening. Before I wasn't listening, you know.

*Fa turns to go.*

You should audition. For the theatre.

*Fa pauses.*

'Cause there's singing in it.

*Fa starts going.*

Okay. So, we'll find a time. Maybe after school?

**FA**

Okay.

**EUSTIS**

Okay. Great, Fa. We'll maybe meet after.

*Fa starts to leave again.*

I really did, you know. Like listening.

*Fa exits.*

Ack.

*Eustis exits.*

**END OF EXCERPT – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR COMPLETE SCRIPT**