

# ON SECOND THOUGHT

by Ken Bradbury



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**He:** *(enters and sits in one of two chairs pre-set ... a bit anxious, he seems uncomfortable)*

**She:** *(enters, looks around for a seat and finding none but the remaining chair, asks ...)* Is this taken?

**He:** No.

**She:** Do you mind if I ...

**He:** No. Go ahead. *(she sits)*

**She:** *(a period of awkward silence, then)* I've never been to camp before.

**He:** Me either.

**She:** *(tries a small laugh)* Yeh. *(another silence)* Dad always has to be every place early. Like we'll die if we're not the first one there.

**He:** Yeh. *(he turns to look another direction ... as he does so, he runs his fingers through his hair and freezes just as she begins to speak)*

**She:** *(begins a series of thoughts directed to the audience as the other character, unable to hear, freezes. The "frozen" character should hit some sort of definite pose to make it clear, at least at first, that he/she is not hearing the other's thought.)* I hate this. I really hate this. Summer Camp and I don't know a soul. The first guy I meet and he doesn't want a thing to do with me. I mean, he's probably as scared as I am, but the least he could do is talk a little. *(she looks at him)* Kinda cute ... in a guy sorta way. Guys hate girls who talk too much and that's all I've done. I don't even wanna know what he's thinking of me right now. I wonder how I looked when I walked up. I mean, I saved all my cool clothes for the rest of the week. I'll bet he noticed my shorts were wrinkled. Geesh, a three-hour drive, what's he expect? And he looks like the intellectual type. I'll bet he's got me figured out already.

**He:** *(as she freezes)* I wonder when we eat.

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**She:** (*as he freezes*) This is so embarrassing. I mean, just sitting here like a dork. I saw that look he just gave me. I think he smiled a little bit. (*sniffs*) I wonder what I smell like. Dad's cigar. Great ... he probably thinks I'm a truck driver. But he did smile. I'm sure I saw a smile. I mean, just a little first-day-of-camp sort of smile. He's probably been here a hundred times and already knows everybody. He's sort of got that far-away look in his eyes ... Like a dreamer or a poet or something. I'll be that's what he is ... an intellectual hunk who likes midnight strolls on the beaches of Tahiti while the tide casts silvery streaks on the sand.

**He:** (*she freezes*) (*he takes a beat, looks around, then*) I wonder if they a got a basketball court. I can't go all week without shootin' any hoops.

**She:** (*he freezes*) No. He's a musician! Yeh, that's it. Look at that profile. I can just see it on the front of a CD ... a little fog, laser lights ... fighting off the screaming girls at the front of the stage. Then he rips off his shirt and ...

**He:** (*she freezes as he pulls as his shirt*) Gosh it's hot. I wonder how long we gotta wait here.

**She:** (*he freezes*) I knew it! And look at those fingers! Shaped just to fit around the neck of a guitar. I'll bet he isn't even a camper ... probably a guest performer they've brought in for the week. You know, I think I've even seen him somewhere before. Maybe if I ask for his autograph then I'll find out who he is. This is so cool. I can't wait to get home and tell everybody I sat beside a rock star on my first day of camp. Hold it, though. Look how long his fingers are. Oh no! I'll bet he's a classical musician ... probably piano or harp or something. You know, he sort of looks like Beethoven from the side. Whatever Beethoven looked like ... I'll bet he's got the same nose. Probably one of those child "prodigals" with a college degree. But he's got to be famous. I can tell that. And you know, lots of time these big starts are really lonely ... weeks out on the road, airports ... buses ... screaming fans ... hotel suites ... Wouldn't be cool if he just wanted a good friend to talk to? Somebody he could share his innermost thoughts with ... We could bond this week. I'd send him letters all over the world. All the big

television shows would want an interview and he'd just be thinking, "If I just had my good friend from back at that wonderful camp."

**He:** (*she freezes*) What a dump. I can't believe I let mom talk me into comin' to this place. I'll bet we even have to sing those stupid campfire songs. Geesh. I hate music.

**She:** I know it's silly, but this could really lead to something big. I mean "Big!" To marry an International Star and travel all over the world. Thousands of people ... New York one week then off to London to do a concert for the Queen. Do they let the star's wife meet the Queen, too? I wouldn't even know what to say. "Hi, Queen?" They'd tell us, wouldn't they. Oh, but who cares ... just think of the great post cards I could send home. He'd be busy in the studio and I'd be shopping in every expensive store in town. "Sure, sweetheart. Here's the credit card ... burn it up, honey."

**He:** (*she freezes*) I hope I brought enough money for Cokes. Mom said five dollars was enough.

**She:** (*he freezes*) I'd be gone all day ... heck, I probably wouldn't even see him that much ... and he'd be busy with all the other ... all the other ... I'll hardly be with him at all! I wonder what he'd be up to when he says he's a work. Oh sure ... I'll just bet he his. He sends me out with the credit card while he ... while he ... You jerk! You think I'm just your toy? You take me to London then send me off while you make eyes at every girl in town? You are a real jerk! I want a relationship and you want an object! Is that my only job in life ... just to make you look good!? I can't believe you! I mean, after all I've given you ... my life ... my career ... I wanted to be a lawyer or a doctor and I gave it all up for some no-good, spoiled, little showoff who runs around the world ... I've never been so hurt in my life! You think you're so special! You think the whole world revolves around you, buster? Well let me tell you something, it doesn't! I don't even want to talk about it! Let's just forget we even had this conversation!

**He:** (*she freezes*) Gosh. I wish she'd at least say somethin'. I never could talk to girls.



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