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CONCORD
THEATRICALS

Acting Edition

You Can See All The Stars

by E. M. Lewis

SAMUEL FRENCH

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www.concordtheatricals.com
www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION INQUIRIES

United States and Canada
info@concordtheatricals.com
1-866-979-0447

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YOU CAN SEE ALL THE STARS was commissioned by The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and was first produced at the Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival in 2017.

CHARACTERS

ANABELLE MARTIN – (F/18) – a college student. English major. Brought a whole suitcase full of her favorite books with her to school. Loves things that are magic.

MARCY WELLS – (F/18) – a college student. Ana's roommate. A little ditsy, but good-hearted. Is taking astronomy, but hasn't picked a major yet.

KEVIN OBLANSKI – (M/19) – a college student. Roommate of Eddie Green. Smart, awkward, glasses. Doesn't know what to major in. Met Ana during Freshman Orientation, and they've been friends ever since.

KIM BARRINGTON – (F/20) – a college student. Beautiful, and spends time keeping herself that way. Girlfriend of the school's star quarterback Jesse Evans. Major: undeclared.

EDDIE GREEN – (M/19) – a college student. Football player. Offensive Lineman. Big, tough. An Engineering major who is trying to balance being serious about football, which is paying for his education, and actually getting one.

RONNI GRISSOM – (F/22) – a college student. Journalism major, who works on the school paper. A little bit intense. About everything.

SETTING

A college campus.

TIME

Now.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

The play moves quickly and seamlessly from place to place – including dorm rooms, the cafeteria, and the roof of Bromley Hall. More than one place should be able to exist on the stage at the same time – so that when we leave a dorm room, a character might remain sitting on his bed for a few moments, as the action begins in the next scene. There should be places outside the action, where a character might linger, until her next scene begins.

Ana should never leave the stage. This play belongs to her.

(The sky is full of stars, bright punctuation in the deep, black night.)

*(***ANA** *stands on the edge of the roof, staring down into the darkness below.)*

(There is a long moment in which she stands there, precarious.)

(Perhaps there is a tearing sound… a bow wrenching violently against the strings of a violin. And we shift in time to the moments that led to this moment.)

(The light changes. And without moving, **ANA** *is now standing in the doorway of the dorm room she shares with* **MARCY**. *It is Sunday morning, seven a.m.)*

*(***ANA** *is wearing a dressy skirt and blouse, but no shoes. She holds the front of her blouse closed with one hand, because two buttons have been torn from it, and one of her shoes in the other. She holds herself very still.)*

*(***MARCY** *sits cross-legged on her bed, wearing sweats. She is eating a bowl of cereal and reading an astronomy book for class.)*

MARCY. I hope it was fun.

ANA. *(Beat.)* What?

MARCY. The party. I hope it was fun. It's, like, seven in the morning. You want some cereal?

ANA. *(Beat.)* No.

MARCY. I spent half the night on the roof.

*(**ANA** comes the rest of the way into the dorm room, and closes the door behind her. She stands there, by the door.)*

You can see all the stars from the roof of Bromley Hall. I am kind of loving Astronomy. Unexpected. I always sucked at science in high school. I guess I didn't realize there were so many, like, different ones. I am so not into Bunsen burners. Like, really. There was a fire. Did I ever tell you about that? Mr. Bruckner was so mad at me. The sprinklers went off. Bunsen burners are really not good. Telescopes, though…

*(**ANA** doesn't say anything; doesn't move.)*

*(**MARCY** looks up from her book.)*

Are you okay?

ANA. I don't know.

MARCY. You look…

*(A moment. **ANA** moves to go.)*

ANA. I'm going to take a shower.

MARCY. Hang on.

*(**ANA** pauses. She doesn't look at **MARCY**.)*

Where's your other shoe?

*(**ANA** looks down at the shoe in her hand.)*

ANA. I don't know.

(Beat.)

Maybe I dropped it.

*(**ANA** takes three odd little sips of air. She drops the shoe. Then she grabs her bathrobe.)*

MARCY. Are you okay? Like, really.

ANA. I'm…

*(**ANA** goes.)*

*(**MARCY** looks after her, not sure what just happened.)*

(The light shifts. Time shifts.)

*(**ANA** moves into a pool of light at the edge of the stage.)*

Something happened last night.

(A moment.)

I don't remember… exactly what. Something…

(Beat.)

There was a party. I dressed up. I had drinks and dances and didn't think about the paper I'm supposed to be writing this weekend for Freshman Seminar, not once. I felt on top of the world, happy and warm and funny, and then… I wasn't. I knew where I was, then I didn't. I could move, then I couldn't.

(Beat; we hear the violent, desperate sound of wings beating against a window.)

When I woke up there was a fluttering sound, like wings, like wings beating against the inside of my head, and a sweet red smell, and everything… hurt.

(Beat.)

Everything hurts.

*(**ANA** puts the bathrobe on, belting it tightly around herself. She returns to the dorm room, which is empty now, and dark, and curls up in her bed. She pulls the blanket up over her.)*

(The light shifts.)

(And it is Wednesday in the cafeteria. Voices and music and plates tap, tap, tapping against each other.)*

*(**MARCY** sets her tray down at an empty table, and sits. She has her earphones in, and doesn't see **KEVIN** until he taps her on the shoulder. She jumps.)*

MARCY. What?

KEVIN. Where's Ana?

*(**KEVIN** stands over **MARCY**, backpack slung over his shoulder, clothes rumpled, hair wild. He looks like he just rolled out of bed, but... he always looks like that.)*

*(**MARCY** pulls the earbuds out of her ears.)*

MARCY. She's in our room.

KEVIN. I knocked. She's not there.

MARCY. She's there. She's just not...

KEVIN. She's there?

MARCY. Quit standing over me.

*(**KEVIN** sits down across from **MARCY**.)*

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