

LATIMER: HURTING

Flying in.

HERALD

You're almost to the end of your journey. We're in the 90s when—yet again—St. Paul is beginning to look a little different.

FRIEND

I don't know. We're already stretched so thin and it feels like we're all fighting and scratching each other's hands for the same crumbs in an empty pot.

FRIEND #2

Or maybe we found more to add to the pot.

FRIEND

The neighborhood just feels different. / Does it really make me a bad guy for noticing?

FRIEND #2

It's supposed to feel different. We chose not to move to the suburbs because we liked that it was different.

FRIEND

Or we stayed here too long and lost control of our home.

A familiar tune starts to burrow in your mind.

Your friends voices begin to fade as your mind follows this tune somewhere else—to a memory.

You still hear your friends, but their voices are distant.

GRANDMA

THE NEXT MORNING SHE SAID
AWAKEN FROM YOUR BED
BUT HER BABIES STAYED A SLEEP

THEY'RE LOST IN THE WORLD
BUILT IN THEIR HEADS
THEY DRIFTED FAR TOO DEEP

THE MOTHER SAW HER BOY WAS NEATLY TUCKED
WITHIN HIS DREAMS
HOARDING ALL THE POWER OVER TIME
AS YOU DESTROY TO SAVE YOUR WORLD
IGNORING OPPRESSED SCREAMS
MY CHILD I HOPE YOU DO REMEMBER MINE.

*The tune quietly rolls away as you fall back into your
friends conversation.*

FRIEND

(To you)
What do you think?

FRIEND #2

(To you)
What do you think?

HERALD

My grandma used to sing me that song too. It reminds me I can't have everything go my way because the world isn't just for me. See what your friend thinks.

END OF PLAY.