

# **AQUAMARINE**

A One Act Play by Grant Sutor Vuille

## **Characters**

Anthony is a twenty-eight, a handsome young man who is sensitive and shy.

Scott, also twenty-eight, is strong, confident, and self-assured.

## **Time**

The present.

## **Place**

A small rowboat on Aquamarine Lake near the rocky Green Island.

## **Setting**

Tranquil Aquamarine Lake encompasses the entire stage. The rocky Green Island is up stage right, a dark sculpture with rocks, crags, trees and shrubs. The rowboat is left of center down stage with our two characters.

## **Scene**

It is the beginning of summer. The night before our two characters had been to their first high school reunion. Anthony and Scott are fishing and drinking beer. They are slowly headed for the island which had been a childhood sanctuary of fun and fantasy. Scott's not wearing a shirt and Anthony is dressed casually. They are lost in thought as we begin. After a few moments Anthony feels a tug on his line.

### **Anthony**

Hey, **Scott**, I think I've got something.

### **Scott**

Well come on, Anthony, pull him in.

### **Anthony**

Oh, wow, it feels like a big one.

### **Scott**

Don't tug so hard, just ease him in gently, play with him a little.

### **Anthony**

Feels like he's fighting pretty hard. I think I'm going to need a little help, can you help me with him, Scott?

### **Scott**

You don't need any help, Tony...come on now, bring him in, easy does it.

### **Anthony**

Come on, Scott, I'm not kidding, it really feels like a big one, help me already!

**Scott**

(Crouching behind him) All right, that's it, steady now, come on now, pull that bad boy in... that's it.

**Anthony**

(struggling) Wow, he's really fighting, oh boy....

**Scott**

That's it, real him in... steady...here, let me do it.

**Anthony**

It's okay, I got him...I think.

**Scott**

That's it, don't let him go, now.

**Anthony**

(The line pops up without a fish, then goes slack) Oh, shit, I lost him. (He reels in the unbaited hook) Guess I never was much of a fisherman.

**Scott**

Well don't give up now, he's still out there, go for it.

**Anthony**

(Examining the bait-less hook) Yeah, but he's not hungry now.

**Scott**

Well, not to worry, we still have plenty of bait. Better luck next time, give the other fish a chance to be our supper.

**Anthony**

Sure, will you do the honors? (He holds out his hook for him to bait)

**Scott.**

You're not scared of a few worms are you?

**Anthony.**

No, but your so much better at it than me.

**Scott**

I beg your pardon?

**Anthony**

You know what I mean. I can't get the damn things to hold still long enough to wrap them around the hook...they squirm too much...ugh.

**Scott**

(Disbelieving) ...uh huh....

**Anthony**

That's okay, Scott, forget it. (He lays his pole down in the boat) I need to let them all go home to their families.

**Scott**

Giving up so soon? We'll starve to death.

**Anthony**

Guess I'm not much of a fisherman. We've been out here for two hours and haven't caught a thing. All that partying at the reunion last night has worn me out. Besides, it's hotter than hell out here.

**Scott**

So take your shirt off macho and get a little sun...you need it.

**Anthony**

No, I'm alright, Scott.

**Scott.**

What's wrong, you shy, take it off, relax and enjoy yourself.

**Anthony.**

Not really, thanks, I don't want to burn.

**Scott**

How about another beer then.

**Anthony**

No, thank you. I'm wasted.

**Scott**

Aww, come on Anthony.... (He pauses, then opens the cooler and pulls out two crystal wine glasses and a bottle of champagne which he opens and pours) ...I've got just the thing.... (He hands Anthony his glass and raises his in a toast) So here's to the Class of 'xx (ten years after the present year) May we live and prosper!

**Anthony**

Here, here! (They drink and pause to reflect)

**Anthony**

Here, here!

**Scott**

Hey, Anthony, what did you think about last night?

**Anthony**

I don't know...I found it a little depressing, but I had a good time. It was sad seeing how much we've changed.

**Scott**

Yeah...Mary Lou Wilcox...What happened to her? Talk about change...she was the fucking Prom Queen.

**Anthony**

She had cancer, Scott, but she's recovering and doing okay.

**Scott**

You're kidding me....

**Anthony**

No... she's okay now, though.

**Scott**

I didn't talk to her...should have, though.

**Anthony**

We only had a few classes together. She got married after graduation, had a couple of kids, then got divorced...and as if that wasn't enough pain and suffering, cancer got her.

**Scott**

That's really sad. It makes you think about what's ahead.

**Anthony**

I didn't ask her about that, Ellen Creason told me. I was afraid to ask. It made me ashamed. Like I didn't care...I don't know. Some things are too personal.... Then I had a few drinks. I went back and spoke with her.

**Scott**

What did she say?

**Anthony**

After Ellen had filled me in and I had some booze in me I approached Mary Lou and began to chat. I got my nerve back and we started a conversation....

**Scott**

Full of courage now, Anthony?

**Anthony**

Well, just curious, trying to be respectful. You know. She was real sweet but had difficulty speaking...she had scars on her throat. She mentioned how she'd been sick but was okay. I was embarrassed to talk about it so I asked her about her kids. We talked about school events and such...she'd been very popular, had had a lot of boyfriends and attention back then. She'd been most likely to succeed and Prom Queen...just way above me and I saw she had trouble remembering me. I wasn't popular. I guess you were one of the few friends I had back then. But you probably remember all that stuff.

**Scott**

Yeah, buddy, we were very close friends...I remember. I remember lots about you back then...I think I called you queer a lot because of how shy and awkward you were around girls. Sorry I did that, Anthony.

**Anthony**

Yeah, but you were my friend so that was okay. But I did get that from other guys, you know...bullies.... (He hesitates) Even girls, called me queer...so, I didn't date much...was scared to ask girls on dates.

**Scott**

That's pitiful, man.

**Anthony**

I told Mary Lou I admired her for all her achievements, and being popular and all. She gave me a look like I was a fool but then mentioned that she remembered I was good in art class. I could do portraits and stuff. She remembered I'd done pastel portraits of faculty members that staff hung in the library.

**Scott**

Yes, I do remember how well you could draw and paint. Cool.

**Anthony**

Also that I'd been good in drama class. She played a comic lead in a school play I wrote for a high school assembly. I remember being so nervous with excitement when I saw it performed onstage. I mentioned all that while chattering away foolishly.

**Scott**

Admit it, you were a regular drama queen.

**Anthony**

...well, yeah, maybe that was it, she's thinking I'm queer...that's when she gave me a little eye roll and a side glance, like how stupid and queer I was or something. So she casually excused herself, returning to her other friends. I headed straight back to the bar. No wonder I'm wiped out today...and here we are still drinking!

**Scott**

Kids are cruel. I got in a few fights over that queer baiting shit...no one should get away with that. Remember me talking to you about other kids calling you queer?

**Anthony**

I think so. We were close you and I... you were my best friend. But I tried to forget about that stuff we did...you moved away for a



while before coming back and I was heartbroken...and it hurts to think about it.

**Scott**

(He pauses to reflect) My parents took my family on a cruise to Jamaica and the Caribbean...but we were only eleven years old then...we were gone for months. My dad belonged to the yacht club...took us out of school for months.

**Anthony**

Yeah, but you sold your home across the street from us and moved back to another part of town. So I didn't see you for years until high school. Things changed between us. I felt a lot of remorse... and guilt.

**Scott**

Did you notice how everyone fell into the same old clicks? I couldn't believe how much the same everyone was last night. Same personalities in flabby disgusting older bodies.

**Anthony**

Until I saw you pop in last night I hadn't really been enjoying myself. Now we're here on Aquamarine Lake together, just like being kids again headed for Green Island, our land of fun and adventure....

**Scott**

(He pauses momentarily, recalling the past wistfully) ...Yeah, we had some good times together.

**Anthony**

My instincts kept telling me to leave in spite of the fact how glad I was to see you again. The reunion, I felt paranoid about being there, afraid I was going to be criticized. I wanted so much to loosen up and start having a good time. That's when I realized I hadn't changed either, I was just the same old kid again. I never had any school spirit, I missed all the sports, never went to but one or two

games...just a nerdy kid with no close friends...I'd never fit in, and so I was ashamed of myself....

**Scott**

I don't think you need to feel ashamed, Anthony, you still look great to me...you are still very attractive. Shit, we're only twenty-eight, and not over-the-hill yet...cheer up, drink some more champagne! (He fills both their glasses and they toast again and drink together)

**Anthony**

Thanks, Scott, guess you saw things more like I did.

**Scott**

Yeah, it was a downer, that's why I was late getting there. If you hadn't been there the whole affair would have been a waste of time. (He pours champagne continuously throughout their talk)

**Anthony**

I remember being with you last night brought back a flood of memories. Same as right now, but maybe we shouldn't be rehashing it....

**Scott**

All right then, Tony, old buddy...cheers, drink up, let's finish her up! (The champagne is toasted again and finished off. Their moods lighten and they loosen up) Here's to the past, may it rest in peace.

**Anthony**

Cheers to that!

**Scott**

(He tosses the champagne bottle, pulls out a small flask of whiskey, and takes a big sip, then offers it to Anthony)

**Anthony**

Are you trying to get me drunk, Scott? Whiskey? Man, are you kidding? No thanks....

**Scott**

(He reaches in the cooler and pulls out two more beers, tossing one for Anthony to catch ) Here, you can chase it with this.

**Anthony**

Beer after Champagne...and Whiskey after that? You like me this way?

**Scott**

Yep. Come to think of it, so do you.

**Anthony**

(Incredulous) Bullshit.

**Scott**

Bullshit nothing, you had to have a few in you before you could dance on the ceiling last night...right?

**Anthony**

Every boring depressing minute of it. By the time you got there most everyone was half-lit... or drunk and no longer in pain.

**Scott**

(Beginning a childhood game of theirs, he brings a hand to his ear as if using the telephone) My point exactly, Mr. Peabody. (He drinks his beer)

**Anthony**

Point well taken, Mr. McCall. (He drinks beer, also, as they laugh and mock using a telephone)

**Scott**

That's more like it, hello, hello, are you there, Mr. Peabody? This is Mr. McCall!

**Anthony**

Yes, yes, Peabody here! Is that you, Mr. McCall?

**Scott**

Mr. McCall here, I say, McCall here! You there? What's new with you, Mr. Peabody? (They laugh, take time for thought)

**Anthony**

Come on, Scott, we don't want to get too plowed. We haven't seen each other or talked in over ten years.

**Scott**

Yeah, that's okay...it doesn't make sense our high school years...we were growing apart and childhood had been so sweet. Growing up is hard for everyone. I felt protective of you but we just weren't close like we were as kids. Sometimes I felt you were avoiding me.

**Anthony**

You were in band, you participated in sports, while I immersed myself in school work, art and drama, so we didn't have much in common anymore.

**Scott**

But we loved each other as kids. I felt hurt, too. Maybe guilty for having gone away or maybe because of what we left behind.

**Anthony**

We were just stupid innocent little kids.