

“If I Had Never Found Him”

By: Charis Layne

Characters:

Destiny: A shy, reserved girl. She dreams of being a clothing designer but is restricted by her parents. She is simple yet cute. Not very confident but not a pushover either.

Chance: A guy who kind of gives off the loner vibe but values those who are close to him. He is very persistent. He seems shy but in the end gets what he wants.

Paramedic: The person who comes to help Chance. Destiny's eventual colleague.

Props:

- Red flannel
- Cell phone
- Table
- Chairs
- Headphones
- Chest full of clothes
- Books
- Watch

Scene 1

(Enter Chance, walking on from one side of the stage. He seems as if he's running away from something, looking behind him periodically, but also not in the biggest hurry, as if he has successfully gotten away. He looks in the direction that he entered. He is a simple looking man with long hair and wearing a red flannel. Enter Destiny. She is a cute, professional looking woman, holding a cell phone in her hand and up against her ear as if on an important call, as she walks onto the stage from the opposite direction. Neither of them are paying attention as they are walking and they collide.)

Destiny: Oh I'm so sorry I

Chance: It's alright.

Destiny: (Beat. She realizes that it's him.) Hello.

Chance: Hi.

Destiny: We always seem to meet like this...

Chance: Yeah...

Destiny: I haven't seen you since

Chance: I know.

Destiny: Well how have you been?

Chance: I've been okay. You?

Destiny: Just peachy.

Chance: (Beat.) How was college?

Destiny: Great, actually.

Chance: Good.

Destiny: I'm actually on my way home from work. I'm a designer for "Christine Dalton Clothings."

Chance: That's awesome!

Destiny: Yeah... and you?

Chance Oh, nothing too special.

Destiny: Nothing too special? You mean you're not still drawing and playing guitar and doing all your old hippy stuff?

Chance: Well I don't draw much anymore, but I could never give up my guitar... and what do you mean "old hippy stuff?" I take offense to that.

Destiny: Well, sorry... (She pretends to act genuine and then she nudges him.) Except not really! (Beat.) Do you remember when you made me go to that reggae concert? And all the musicians had dreadlocks and everyone was wearing tie-dye and flower crowns?

Chance: What about it?

Destiny: That place was a walking stereotype.

Chance: Hey! It was good music, was it not?

Destiny: No it was. But do you know what was even better?

Chance: What?

Destiny: The stench of marijuana that lasted for miles.

Chance: Hey!

Destiny: Hey! I got home and my parents interrogated me for two hours trying to get me to admit that I smoked when I didn't. I thought they were about to walk me down to the police station themselves and ask them to test me!

Chance: Well it's not my fault your parents are so protective.

Destiny: No. But it is your fault that they thought I smelled like the devil's cabbage.

(The two of them share a laugh.)

Destiny: (Beat.) I've missed you.

Chance: I've missed you too.

Destiny: I'm sorry about what happened.

Chance: No, don't worry about it.

Destiny: No. I've felt awful ever since.

Chance: It's okay, really.

Destiny: I didn't mean to come off so

Chance: Please don't do this.

Destiny: I need to. I-

Chance: Des!

(Chance's eyes widen as he pushes Destiny to the side. A gunshot is heard. Chance clutches his side and falls to the ground. Destiny goes to his side, holding him.)

Destiny: Oh no... no. No!

Chance: It's okay.

Destiny: No it's not! I need to call 9-1-1! I need more time! I'm not ready...

Chance: Just say it.

Destiny: I didn't want to lose you. I don't want to lose you. I tried to get you back, you know that. I shouldn't have yelled. You did for me what I wouldn't do for myself.

Chance: Des-

Destiny: And I've felt bad about it ever since. (Beat.) You can't leave. Not yet. You're too young. There's still so much life left for you. (She pulls out her phone and begins to dial.) I need to save you.

Chance: Des-

Destiny: I need to thank you!

Chance: Then do it.

Destiny: Thank you. (Beat. She starts talking into the phone.) Yes. Hi. Hello. I have an emergency. A friend of mine has just been shot in Redcorner Alley. Yes, and hurry! (She puts the phone down and looks back at him.) There's still so much I want to say to you. (Beat.) Why did this all have to happen right now? Why did we have to meet... again? Right now? Just by chance when you're-

Chance: Because you needed it. (He struggles to motion to his flannel.) Remember this?

Destiny: Oh my god. You still have it.

Chance: I could never let it go. (Beat. He reaches up to touch her face.) You're going to be okay.

(The sirens start in an increasing volume. Chance's body relaxes in death and Destiny sits holding him, crying. She stands up as the paramedics arrive and tend to Chance. She walks away from the scene and all lights go black except for a single spot light on her face. A few moments later, blackout.)

Scene 2

(The plot is set back years beforehand, when Chance and Destiny are in high school. Chance and Destiny enter looking much younger than before. Chance has removed his flannel and both of them are in outfits that make them appear much younger.)

Chance: (upon seeing her) Hey babe! (He hugs her.) I was just looking for you.

Destiny: Now look who's body slamming. (She pushes him off.) I can't believe that you went behind my back.

Chance: What are you talking ab-

Destiny: The application. The one that you sent into design school under my name? I got the email confirming my application had arrived this morning Chance: I didn't send an application.

Destiny: You're lying. My mom said she saw you by the mailbox in front of our house yesterday so I know it was you.

Chance: Look I get that you're mad Destiny: Do you have any idea what my parents will say when they find out that I, no, you, applied for design school? They'll be livid! They'll think that I put you up to it!

Chance: I figured you'd be upset but I did it because I know how badly you wanted it... And when you get in this will all be worth it.

Destiny: I'm not going to get in.

Chance: You will.

Destiny: And why would you send it in if you knew it would make me angry?

Chance: Because I love you!

Destiny: No. You don't. If you did you wouldn't have lied to me.

Chance: I wanted to make you happy!

Destiny: You already do that! And now you've gone and screwed that up...

Chance: What are you saying?

Destiny: That I think we need some time apart.

Chance: (Beat.) No.

Destiny: Excuse me?

Chance: I'm not letting this end because I tried to help you. I pushed you to pursue your passion! I did what you were too cowardly to do, and you know that. And that scares you because- (He looks over at Destiny. She is stunned and almost in tears. He recollects himself.) I'm sorry I... I got a little out of control there. (He looks at her again and she slowly shakes her head.) I just can't believe it's all gone. That all we have is gone.

(Destiny runs offstage in tears.)

Chance: All because of one little application.

(Blackout.)

Scene 3

(A few days before. It's the date. There is a table and chairs set away from Chance, who has obvious nervous jitters. He keeps checking his watch. Destiny appears, looking very nice. Chance is stunned.)

Chance: You look great.

Destiny: Is it too much?

Chance: Never. (He takes her hand and kisses it.) You ready to go?

Destiny: (smiles and nods as Chance leads her to the table. They sit.) I'm actually really glad you like my dress... I kind of made it.

Chance: You made that?

Destiny: Yeah... I make most of my clothes.

Chance: Well I'm impressed.

Destiny: Thank you.

Chance: Maybe you could show me some more of your designs sometime.

Destiny: No way!

Chance: Why not?

Destiny: Because I've never shown anyone them before.

Chance: Well there's a first time for everything. (Beat.) I'm really glad that I met you. It was just fate I guess.

Destiny: You mean body slammed me?

Chance: Hey it wasn't that bad.

Destiny: Yeah, right. Says the one who actually didn't get run into.

Chance: At least I helped you pick up your stuff.

Destiny: Oh you're right. At least you were a perfect gentleman!

Chance: Of course I was. You looked beautiful, I couldn't act like a jerk! It was at school, in the hallway, after class. You were wearing that blue dress and your hair was up. You had your headphones in and that's why you didn't see me, you weren't paying attention!

Destiny: Oh, my bad!

Chance: Yes! Also those headphones...

Destiny: What about them?

Chance: They're very dangerous. Too dangerous for the hallways.

Destiny: I guess I'll have to be more careful from now on!

Chance: I would suggest it!

Destiny: (Beat. She stops laughing.) You remember what I was wearing?

Chance: Of course I do. It was amazing I actually got up the courage to ask for your number. You were the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen in my life. How could I forget that? Destiny: (Beat. She stands up.) Let's go.

Chance: Where?

Destiny: (She takes his hand and leads him away from the table.) Do you trust me?

Chance: Yes.

Destiny: Then close your eyes. (Chance does so and Destiny leads him away.) Are you ready?

Chance: Yes...

Destiny: Then open your eyes. (Amongst the transition, Destiny has pulled out a trunk of clothing all filled with amazing pieces. Chance is stunned.)

Chance: You made all of these?

Destiny: Yes. And a few more.

Chance: They're amazing.

Destiny: Thank you.

Chance: Why don't you tell more people about them?

Destiny: Because they might laugh at me. Plus then word might get around to my parents and then they'll get mad because they'll think that I should be spending less time on this stuff and more time on more important things.

Chance: Such as?

Destiny: Getting into medical school. They're dead set on it.

Chance: That sucks. (Beat.) Have you ever tried talking to them about it?

Destiny: Yeah right.

Chance: I'm serious.

Destiny: They wouldn't have any of it. Trust me, I know.

Chance: I still think it's worth a shot.

Destiny: Oh please, I could never do that.

(Chance shrugs, and laughs it off as well. Something is obviously on his mind. Destiny gets up, grabs a red flannel and hands it to him. It is the same one he wore in the first scene.)

Destiny: Here. For being the first person to ever listen to me.

(They kiss.)

(Blackout.)

Epilogue

(It is the day before in the hall. They day they first meet. Destiny is in the aforementioned blue dress with her hair up and headphones in. She also carries lots of books. Enter Chance on the other side of the stage. He is walking towards Destiny. Before they can collide, Destiny stops and takes out her headphones, then continues walking. They walk right past each other, without colliding and never getting the opportunity to meet, not giving the chance for the rest of the play to take place. Destiny turns her head and looks at Chance as he walks off. She is standing in the same spot that she was at the end of scene 1. The lights blackout. Destiny changes into her paramedic uniform. The sirens from the beginning of the play start again.)

Paramedic: Des. Des? Destiny!

(The lights rise back up. Destiny's uniform is revealed as Chance is laying on the ground bleeding. It is the first scene. Destiny runs to Chance.)

Destiny: Hi. (Beat.) You're going to be okay.

(Blackout.)