

Vagabond !! {!}

By

Ethan Homeyer

WHY I LIKE IT: *Drama Editor JOHN SULLIVAN writes...* Two people sitting at a bar ... last call's officially gone down ... the barkeep is cleaning, organizing and preparing to shutter the joint and go home. While quite often this setup evolves from shared revelations into a pickup, or at least a semi-durable connection this play moves beyond that formula. The revelations at the core of Vagabond are so tragic and disturbing that they compelled my attention; and the damage done by lingering fear and self-loathing has left both central characters paralyzed by inertia – one can't stop his endless drift across the continent, the other can't stand where she's situated but can't find the inner resources to actually leave the very place that did her so much harm. These inner conflicts evoke the tenor of a very short piece from Sam Shepard's Motel Chronicles, "Transfixion," that portrays the repetitive / fully automatic choreography of his own father's morning routine. It was its own dead end; it went nowhere; it was nothing but the weathering away of his life and mind into pure entropy. But it made him feel secure in his day without any challenging revelations.

The characters in this short play share a similar ambivalence to change and growth, but also a recognition that they can't stay where and as they are. What they do with this self-knowledge is the crux of Vagabonds. A small suggestion for the playwright: this a pointedly concise piece, as is, but you might think about expanding it. (Spacing is playwright's own.) JS

Vagabond

A One-Act Play by

Ethan Homeyer

Characters

JACOB - A gruff, tattered looking young man. He's 31 years old. He is wearing a weathered suit jacket with a dirty button down underneath. His tie is navy blue with some red splotches on it. His black slacks are torn and roughed up. He is also wearing old Nike sneakers.

ANNA – A middle school teacher. She's wearing a long flower dress with a leather jacket over it. The majority of the flowers on her dress should be violet and red. She's 35 years old but looks young for her age.

BARTENDER - A Bartender. Anyone could play this character regardless of age (within reason), race, ethnicity, gender, etc.

Time

Present

A Friday Morning around 1:30am

Place

A small, nearly empty bar in a small town in Kentucky. JACOB sits at the bar, nursing a glass of whiskey or some form of hard liquor. On the floor next to him is a guitar case and a large duffel bag. Behind the bar there should be a shelf full of liquor. Possibly a neon sign that says "Budweiser" or something of that sort. Next to the bar there is a payphone. A BARTENDER has started to clean up.

(Lights Up)

(JACOB sits at the bar, plucking his guitar. His cheap suit gives a false impression of class. Next to him on the bar is a glass of whiskey, a notepad and a pencil. The rest of the bar has various empty bottles and glasses scattered about, along with some trash. On the floor next to him is his guitar case and a full duffle bag.)

(The BARTENDER walks in from the back and goes behind the bar carrying an empty bussing tray. They begin to clean up the bar around JACOB. JACOB picks up his notepad and pencil to get it out of the way of the BARTENDER. He writes something down, then continues to noodle with this guitar.)

(ANNA comes up to the bar. She looks at the bartender, who is so occupied with cleaning that they don't notice her. She coughs lightly to get their attention.)

ANNA

Um...Excuse me. Could I get a...

BARTENDER

(Without looking up)

I'm cleaning up. If you wanted a drink, you should have gotten one earlier. We've been open since 11 this morning.

ANNA

Oh, that's ok. I was just wanting a small water and a Coke.

(The BARTENDER looks at her for a second and sees who they are talking to)

BARTENDER

Oh, shit Anna, I didn't realize that was you. My bad. I'll get that right out to you.

ANNA

Thanks.

BARTENDER

(The BARTENDER places a can of Coke and a glass of water on the bar in front of ANNA)

No problem, and it's on the house.

ANNA

You don't have to do that.

BARTENDER

Hey, it's ok. Don't worry about it.

ANNA

If you say so.

BARTENDER

Well, I do say so. Just relax a little. I've got to do a couple of things in the back, so sit tight for a bit.

ANNA

Wait! Do you know how long you're going to be?

BARTENDER

I don't know. I've got a lot left to do and I'm the only staff here so I'd imagine it would take at least a little while.

ANNA

Alright, just don't take too long.

BARTENDER

I won't.

(Before heading to the back, the BARTENDER turns to JACOB)

Hey, I'm heading in the back. Do you need to be topped off?

JACOB

Oh, sure.

(The BARTENDER fills his glass with whiskey. Then they finish gathering all the dishes and trash)

BARTENDER

(To ANNA)

Just yell if you need anything.

(The BARTENDER glances over at Jacob, then turns around and walks off stage to "the back")

(ANNA watches the BARTENDER leave. JACOB and ANNA sit in silence for a moment, not acknowledging each other. ANNA breaks the silence.)

ANNA

Hi

JACOB

(Without looking up from his guitar)

Hey

ANNA

(Desperate to break the silence)

So..uh..I saw you play tonight. You're really good.

JACOB

I'm glad someone enjoyed it.

ANNA

What do you mean? Everyone was enjoying it.

JACOB

It was hard to tell with all the crickets chirping.

ANNA

Seriously! We don't get a lot of original artists around here. It was something new.

(Short pause. JACOB isn't paying much attention to ANNA)

Well, I enjoyed it.

JACOB

My songs aren't exactly happy.

ANNA

So? They don't have to be. I still really liked them even though they weren't happy. I don't know. They made me feel connected to something. Something important.... Or maybe it's just me.

(Beat)

(Silence)

You know, I've never seen you around before.

JACOB

Nope

ANNA

I guess you're not from around here then.

JACOB

Nope.

(Short awkward pause)

ANNA

You traveling?

JACOB

Yep.

ANNA

Nice. You staying long then?

JACOB

Nope.

ANNA

(Slightly annoyed)

You're very articulate, you know.

JACOB

Nope.

ANNA

I see... Well I'm just trying to make conversation.

JACOB

I know. You're doing a great job. I'm at the edge of my seat.

ANNA

You're the one giving one-word responses.

JACOB

Your questions only require one-word responses. I'm just being efficient.

ANNA

Guess I can't argue with that.

JACOB

Nope.

ANNA

Ok, what would you suggest I ask to spark up a conversation with the mysterious stranger?

JACOB

Why are you here?

ANNA

Alright. Why are you here?

JACOB

I asked you first.

ANNA

Fair enough. Very mature, by the way.

JACOB

Thank you.

(Pause)

(Jacob finally looks over at ANNA)

So why are you here?

ANNA

What? At the bar late at night sitting next to you, or here in this small town that could be confused as a large truck stop?

JACOB

Both I suppose.

ANNA

(Beat)

Well, I live in town. I've lived here almost my whole life. I grew up here, and now I'm living and working here.

JACOB

What do you do?

ANNA

I do a lot actually. I enjoy reading romantic novels, especially the really sappy ones. I sing on occasion, like when I'm alone in the shower or in the car. I used to write too, but...

JACOB

(Cutting her off)

I mean what are you doing for work?

ANNA

Oh, right. Of course... I'm a teacher at the local school. 6th grade English and History.

JACOB

Wow, two whole subjects. Impressive.

ANNA

Not really. It's not exactly what I wanted to do with my life. It's more of a job to make ends meet.

JACOB

How do you accidentally become a teacher?

ANNA

You know... it happens...

JACOB

If you say so.

ANNA

Look, all I'm saying is things didn't work out exactly how I wanted them to.

JACOB

And so that's why you're here. At the bar past 1am?

ANNA

No. I enjoy my job. The kids are sweet, mostly. When they want to be. It's a small school so you get to know the kids fairly well. I try not to get too involved with their personal lives, like how some other teachers do. I like to keep my distance. Don't want to stir up trouble. And the last thing I want is for the kids to think I'm overbearing. I mean, who likes to listen to someone who is always up in your space?

JACOB

I know the feeling

ANNA

By the way I am aware it's a Thursday night. Hence the water and Coke. What do you think is going to happen, I'm going to go do a shift at school tomorrow with a sugar high?

JACOB

I was more referring to the fact that it's almost 2am, which makes it Friday morning.

ANNA

I actually have tomorrow, I mean today, off. A sub is coming in for me. But just in case they need me last minute...

(Gestures to her soda and water)

JACOB

Vacation time. You must be excited.

(ANNA looks at the alcohol behind the bar for 2 beats and takes another sip of Coke.)

ANNA

So, what about you, huh? What are you doing here?

JACOB

I'm just here to play my music.

ANNA

(Looking up from her phone)

Uh-huh. Right. You came to this "world famous" Kentucky bar called "The Grumpy Gopher's Beer Shack" just to play your music?

JACOB

Yeah, that's exactly why I'm here.

ANNA

How come I'm not buying it?

JACOB

You don't want me to answer that.

(Beat)

ANNA

What's that supposed to mean?

JACOB

Just drop it.

ANNA

No really! What did you mean?

JACOB

God, can't you just leave well enough alone! I've seen people like you before. Gossiping about everyone's business just to have something to do. Either that or they want something from you. A favor or something. Maybe money. So, what is it you want from me?

ANNA

Oh, I see. I'm sorry to disturb you. You're obviously in great company.

(Turns away from Jacob and focuses back on her phone)

(Suddenly she turns back to Jacob)

Did you ever consider that what I wanted was a friend? I heard your songs. You're right, they aren't happy. They're depressing as shit. So, I thought that maybe you could use a friend too. I was obviously mistaken.

(Without looking at her JACOB gets up abruptly, knocking the stool he was on over. He grabs his guitar case and his duffle bag and begins to leave. This startles ANNA. She also jumps out of her chair and steps back a few steps, frightened. However, before JACOB completely leaves ANNA gathers herself together again.)

Wait!

(JACOB stops but does not turn around)

Look, I'm sorry. You don't have to leave. I'll leave you alone if that's what you want. I get it. Your business is your business. I shouldn't be hounding you about shit you don't want to talk about. Hell, I don't even know you. I just...I need someone to talk to right now. It's been a shitty day and you're the only one who is here. So, please just stay a little longer. It's like you said in your song: "Sometimes you need to shoot the shit to stay afloat".

JACOB

You really did listen to my set.

ANNA

Like I said before, I enjoyed it. You're very...passionate. I like that.

JACOB

(Finally letting his guard down a bit, JACOB looks at the stool he knocked across the room)

Oh my god, I'm so sorry. I didn't realize that I got so... I didn't mean to...

(Realizes that ANNA had previously gotten up and walked a few steps away from him. She is still very much on edge)

I'm sorry about earlier. That was rude of me. I didn't mean to startle you.

(JACOB carefully walks over and picks the stool he knocked over and placed it back down where it previously was. He then turns back to ANNA.)

(Beat)

Look...um....can I buy you a drink?

ANNA

No.

(Walks back to her seat and sits down)

What you can do is share the drinks we already have and talk.

JACOB

Deal.

(Sits back down)

ANNA

So why are you really here?

JACOB

I wasn't completely lying when I said I came to play my music. This is more of just a short stop, so I might as well play while I'm here. I was here early in the afternoon and talked with the owner of the bar. He's a nice enough guy. Said he'd let me play tonight and I get to keep whatever tips I get.

ANNA

A good haul tonight?

JACOB

(JACOB bends down and opens his guitar case, shifting through his tips)

For a small town like this on a Thursday night, yeah. I think I got like \$30 after I paid for our drinks.

ANNA

I wouldn't say that's a good amount, but I have no point of reference to judge off of.

JACOB

Neither do I.

ANNA

So, you said this is just a stop? Where are you headed off to?

JACOB

West.

ANNA

(As if expecting more to his response)

West?

JACOB

West, as in the opposite of East.

ANNA

Oh. You seem to have a very broad sense of direction.

JACOB

No, I just don't have a destination. I'm just going.

ANNA

Wherever the wind takes you, huh?

JACOB

Something like that. Better than staying in one place for too long.

ANNA

Oh, I see. Do you have a job or something to earn gas money and food?

JACOB

I play bars, like this one. I live off tips. Sometimes the manager will give me a little something if I bring in a large crowd. Or they at least pay for my dinner.

ANNA

Doesn't seem like that would earn enough for gas.

JACOB

That's the thing, I don't pay for gas. I don't even have a car.

ANNA

So how do you plan to get to wherever it is you're going? How did you even get here?

JACOB

Walked. Hitched rides with people. All I own is my guitar, a duffel bag full of clothes and a toothbrush and toothpaste. So, I travel light.

ANNA

Sounds like an exciting life.

JACOB

It is, and it isn't. It's lonely more than anything. Sometimes I think it's better that way.

ANNA

Oh, I'm sorry

JACOB

It's ok. It's my choice.

(Pause)

ANNA

Do you have any family? Or friends you keep in contact with?

JACOB

I don't really talk to my family anymore. And I don't have any friends.

ANNA

Oh...

JACOB

I don't have any way to contact anyone anyway. I'm not in one spot long enough to keep up with postage.

ANNA

Can't you just call them? I mean, there must be room in that duffel bag for a phone charger, right?

JACOB

There's room, but I have no need for a phone charger.

ANNA

Why not?

JACOB

I don't have a phone.

ANNA

What do you mean you don't have a phone?

JACOB

I mean that I don't have a phone. I haven't had one for a while...

ANNA

(Interrupts JACOB)

Why are you doing this? Why are you traveling so aimlessly without any contact with anyone? How are you able to manage it?

JACOB

Whoa, that's a lot of questions at once.

ANNA

I have a lot of questions. The more you tell me the more things don't add up.

JACOB

Things don't exactly add up for your story either, you know.

ANNA

What do you mean?

JACOB

Well, let's see. You're a teacher who never wanted to be a teacher. You've been living in the same town for your entire life, even though you've made it obvious it's not your favorite place to be based on how you've described it. You're a middle school teacher but you spend your week nights at a bar, by yourself, till two in the morning. And yet you never take a single sip of alcohol. Instead you'd rather spend your time bothering strangers who have made it clear that they'd rather be left alone. But somehow, with much persistence, you're able to worm your way into my life. I'm sorry but your story's as clear as milk.

(Silence)

(ANNA doesn't respond. She just stares at her Coke and Water in silence. A blank look on her face)

(The BARTENDER walks back in to check on things at the bar. The BARTENDER takes notice of ANNA and JACOB, particularly JACOB's stern look and ANNA's blank stare.)

(The BARTENDER approaches ANNA.)

BARTENDER

(quietly)

Hey, is everything ok? Is this guy bothering...

ANNA

(Interrupting them)

I'll have a whiskey on the rocks. Make it a double.

BARTENDER

(Taken aback)

Anna, you know that I can't....

ANNA

(Before the BARTENDER could continue, ANNA pulls out \$20)

Keep the change.

BARTENDER

Anna, I'm serious.

ANNA

So am I. You're driving me home, right? I would like a drink.

(The BARTENDER sighs, takes the 20, pours her a double, and leaves again)

JACOB

Where was that before?

ANNA

(Gulps down half the first glass)

The 20 or the two glasses of sunshine?

JACOB

I will say you have not failed to surprise me.

ANNA

Then don't judge a person before you get to know them.

JACOB

Touché, Anna.

ANNA

What's your name?

JACOB

Why do you want to know?

ANNA

Well for starters you already know my name thanks to my friend throwing it out everywhere.

JACOB

It's Jacob.

ANNA

Thank you, Jacob. It's nice to meet you.

(Tactfully)

You know, if you wanted to be left alone so bad, I would have thought that you'd be gone by now. Why are you still here then?

JACOB

Where else am I going to go? I'm sore from walking all day in the heat. Sometimes you just need to rest.

ANNA

Mmmhmmm.

JACOB

Maybe I'm just tired of walking.

ANNA

Who were you before?

JACOB

Before what?

ANNA

Before you started walking

JACOB

Oh.

Well, I was working as an IT guy at a large computer company on the east coast.

ANNA

Really? I was not expecting that! You don't exactly look like the geek type.

JACOB

Thanks, I think. I was also writing music on the side, but nothing that good. Even still, I had a good life. I was making a decent amount of money, and I had a nice apartment. Things were good.

ANNA

What made you leave?

JACOB

(JACOB looks away from ANNA)

It's not important. The point is I left, and I'm not going back.

ANNA

Like ever? Don't you have any feelings for where you came from?

JACOB

No.

ANNA

I couldn't imagine leaving this area. So much has happened here, I feel like it's a part of me. Or like I'm a part of it...

JACOB

(Interrupting her abruptly)

Well, I'm glad you have such good memories of your hometown. It's sweet. I just don't have the same kind of memories.

ANNA

Not all of my memories are so great. Some are...less than ideal.

JACOB

So why are you so attached to this place?

ANNA

I don't know, to be honest. There's been several times I thought about leaving. I even started packing once and looked at several different school districts out of state where I might be able to work. But, for some reason I can never get myself to leave.

JACOB

Do you have family here?

ANNA

No. My family all moved out of town years ago. I don't really talk to them much anymore.

JACOB

What about your friend?

ANNA

Huh?

JACOB

The bartender. The one who is given you a ride home. Do you think I'm deaf or something?

ANNA

Oh, that's Alex. We've been friends since grade school. (He/She) has helped me through a lot of stuff.

JACOB

So you're staying here for her?

ANNA

(Suddenly)

Why did you leave?

JACOB

What?

ANNA

Where you came from. What made you leave your hometown or city or wherever you came from? Why did you leave everyone behind?

JACOB

It really doesn't matter.

ANNA

Please, I need to know.

JACOB

(A bit irritated. Loudly)

Why the hell are you so curious about my life? What's with this fucking fascination of yours? Can't you just leave well enough alone? Why do you need to know anything about me?

ANNA

(Yelling)

Stop! Please! Just....

(ANNA covers her face with her hands. She takes a moment)

(ANNA looks up again)

Look, I just.... I've never been able to leave this place. I don't know why. I just want to know how you did it.

JACOB

(A moment)

(Calmly)

I'm sorry, but I don't have to tell you anything.

(Once again, JACOB gets up to leave. He begins to gather his things as ANNA is talking)

ANNA

I know. You don't have to tell me anything. But it's just the two of us here. I don't know you, and you don't know me. We're both here at this crappy bar, just drinking up hour after hour hoping that the time doesn't run dry and... well.... what the fuck do you have to lose?

(Beat)

(At this point JACOB is at the door. He slowly turns around to look at her)

Why did you leave?

JACOB

(A long, uncomfortable silence. Neither of them does anything. Their eyes are on anything besides each other)

(JACOB looks up at ANNA)

After being there for a while I met this girl. She was at one of the bars I was playing at all the time. She came up to me after one of my sets to ask about some of the songs. We kinda hit it off. I walked her home that night. She came several nights in a row after that. Then Sunday night came. Smaller crowd, which was to be expected. I really wasn't expecting to see her there again. But there she was, in the front row and singing along to all the songs. She had such a fire to her. I was honestly a little envious.

(Pause)

Anyway, same thing as all the other nights. Only this time I didn't leave after dropping her off.

ANNA

You fucked?

JACOB

(Cracks a smile)

For a middle school teacher, you're not very subtle.

ANNA

You'd be surprised.

JACOB

I can see that. And, yes, we had sex.

ANNA

What's her name?

JACOB

June

ANNA

What does that have to do with you leaving your home and job to travel? Seems like you'd want to stay after that.

JACOB

I did. We started dating. I got promoted at work and was making even better money, so I would treat her on occasion.

ANNA

That's really nice.

JACOB

It was...

(Silence)

ANNA

What happened?

JACOB

Several months after we started dating, she told me she was pregnant.

(ANNA becomes completely still)

I felt so many emotions that day. We learned she was having a little girl. I couldn't tell you how happy I was.

(Looks over at one of her drinks).

Can I have one of those?

(ANNA looks at her drinks and back at JACOB. She nods and hands JACOB one of her full glasses)

Thanks.

(Takes a long sip)

One day I had to work late. She was about 8 ½ months along around that time. There was an emergency at work, and they needed me to help fix it. Some type of virus. I wasn't even supposed to be at work that day, but I was the only one who knew how to figure out the problem. June was at our apartment for maternity leave. In the middle of the night while I'm trying to fix the company's software, I get a call from June. She needed me to come drive her to the hospital. Without thinking I immediately hung up and ran to the door without a second thought. I knew that if I left I wouldn't have a job anymore, but I didn't give a fuck at that moment. I rushed home and found her passed out on the floor. Her water had broken, but I could tell that something else was wrong. She was so pale. Her skin almost seemed transparent. I carried her to the car and started speeding down the highway. All I could focus on was getting her to the hospital as fast as I could. At some point she must have woken up, because she started screaming. Unlike anything I've ever heard before. It freaked me out so much that I panicked. My blood went cold and my heart froze. I looked over at her, to try to calm her down. She just continued to scream, and she stared at me. Her eyes were filled with so much fear and pain. I wanted to take it all away from her. I was suddenly blinded but a bright light in front of us and it snapped me out of it. I swerved and we ended up spinning and...

(Sound cue: car crashing)

ANNA

What happened?

(Silence. You could hear a pin drop. JACOB stares off at nothing)

JACOB

It doesn't matter...Since then I've...I've just been walking. I've just been going.

(Beat)

I'm still going.

ANNA

(In shock)

I'm sorry...

(Nothing)

(A moment. Neither of them knows what to say. JACOB is still standing in the doorway. Finally, looking at the clock, ANNA makes a decision)

It's officially my baby's birthday. That's why I'm here.

JACOB

(Still in shock that he shared that)

Yeah?

ANNA

When I was a teenager, I would write a lot of these short stories. My English teacher at the time was very helpful. I really admired him and was so grateful for his help. One day he suggested I come over to his place to work. My home life was shit so I didn't see a reason why not. In hindsight I should have been smarter than that. Turns out, he wasn't very helpful at all.

JACOB

Oh...

ANNA

I was afraid to say anything. He said if I told anyone I would be expelled, and that he would hurt me even more.

(Breath)

Eventually my parents found out what was going on. There was an investigation and eventually he was arrested and taken away. All I wanted was to forget that ever happened....

(A moment)

Then I found out I was pregnant.

(JACOB is paralyzed)

ANNA

I didn't know what to do. I didn't want this reminder of what he did to me, but this was also my child. I struggled for months trying to figure out what to do. Everyone was understanding, but they never looked at me the same way. My parents, well, had their own issues to deal with. I gave birth to a baby boy at 1:52am on Sept. 23rd. I decided to give him up for adoption. I knew I

couldn't raise him. I wasn't prepared for that. He deserves a better life. And I also didn't want a reminder...

I haven't seen him since the day he was born. But every day I pray that he's ok.

JACOB

I'm so sorry. That's...

ANNA

It's ok. That's why I wanted to be a teacher strangely enough. After all of that, I don't think I'd ever be able to have another kid, but being a teacher is the closest I can get to being a mother.

(Pause)

So, on his birthday every year I take the day off. I just need that day to myself. And I come here and give a silent toast to my baby boy, and hope he knows I love him.

(ANNA can't hold it in anymore. She started to cry)

JACOB

(JACOB tries to comfort her but doesn't know what to do. Eventually he walks over to her and hands her glass of sunshine over. A toast)

To your baby boy.

ANNA

(Looks up)

And to your girlfriend and baby girl.

JACOB

To being damaged.

ANNA

But not broken.

(They drink. They set their glasses down and lock eyes. This is the first time they really make significant eye contact with each other)

You know Jacob, I think I know why I stayed. I have people here who have been a great blessing. People like Alex, and even the kids at the school. In many ways they have helped me move on. The pain never goes away, but it gets weaker. Quieter. I'm very lucky to have the people I do have in my life.

BARTENDER

(The BARTENDER reenters with their jacket.)

Alright. I'm finally finished with everything. It's closing time. You ready Anna?

ANNA

Yeah, I'm ready. I'll meet you at the car.

(ANNA gets up and gets ready to leave, heading to the door. JACOB)

(Before completely leaving, ANNA turns and looks at JACOB)

Hey Jacob. I hope you find what you're looking for.

(ANNA then exits the bar)

(JACOB is still standing at the bar, holding his glass of whiskey. After a moment he set his glass back down at the bar, but otherwise doesn't move)

BARTENDER

(The BARTENDER picks up his glass and ANNA's glass and finishes cleaning up behind the bar)

I'm going to be locking up soon. It's time for you to head out.

JACOB

Yeah, alright.

(JACOB turns around to leave but stops.)

(A moment)

(JACOB faces the BARTENDER)

Before I go, mind if I use the pay phone real quick?

BARTENDER

Go ahead but be fast.

(The BARTENDER takes the last few glasses in the back. Leaving JACOB alone)

(JACOB walks up to the payphone, puts some change in, and dials a number. He puts the phone to his ear and waits for someone to pick up)

JACOB

Hello. I'm looking for a Mrs. Miller. You're Mrs. Miller? Great. Who am I?

(For a moment he doesn't say anything. Eventually, he takes a deep breath and answers)

It's Jacob, mom. I could really use your help right now.

(Lights fade on JACOB)

(Music cue)

(Curtains)

THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS: *Vagabond has been a labor of love for about two years. I started writing this piece when I was in a dark place in my life, and in a way it was a form of self-therapy. I wanted to write a story that specifically looks at the human condition in its rawest form. Though on the surface this piece is a stereotypical “man meets woman at a bar” story, deep down it tackles themes such as trauma, grief, guilt, and loneliness. I also wanted to explore how even complete strangers could have more in common than they might realize. This play explores the things that connect us all together even if we don’t know it or choose not to see it.*

AUTHOR BIO: My name is Ethan Homeyer, and I am a 22-year-old graduate student at Eastern Illinois University. I am currently studying for my Masters in Counseling. I do have a background in theatre and creative writing. I enjoy writing a lot as it is a way for my to explore the world from home (at least my perspective of the world). Vagabond has never been produced, though it has had several readings and a workshop