



DRY LAND

BY RUBY RAE SPIEGEL



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.

DRY LAND
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DRY LAND was presented in by Colt Coeur (Adrienne Campbell-Holt, Founding Artistic Director; Amy Ashton, Managing Director) at HERE Arts Center, New York City, in September 2014. It was directed by Adrienne Campbell-Holt; the set design was by John McDermott; the costume design was by Ashley Rose Horton; the lighting design was by Grant Yeager; the sound design was by Amy Altadonna; and the production stage manager was Sarah Devon Ford. The cast was as follows:

AMY Sarah Mezzanotte
ESTER Tina Ivlev
REBA Alice Kremelberg
VICTOR Matthew Stadelmann
JANITOR Jim Ireland

CHARACTERS

AMY — Seventeen. Often is dressed in baggy men's t-shirts and cut-off jean shorts — a look that is both genuinely effortless and for the purpose of looking effortless. Not exceptionally physically attractive.

ESTER — Eighteen. Wears simple, cheesy clothes, maybe from Target. Muscular, with a thick back and thighs. Thinks very literally. Plain, but nice-looking.

REBA — Seventeen. Thick-bodied and tan. The perfect camp girl, but not a Valley Girl. Only mean in a casual/fun way. Not deep enough to be cruel, simply self-centered.

VICTOR — Twenty. In his own world. Wears skinny pants and old shirts. Maybe wears sneakers that don't quite go with his outfit.

JANITOR — Male. Late thirties to early eighties.

TIMELINE

Scene II: Three days after Scene I.

Scene IV: One week after Scene II.

Scene V: Three days after Scene IV.

Scene VI: Two weeks after Scene V.

Scene VII: One week after Scene VI.

Scene VIII: Four days after Scene VII.

Scene IX: One week after Scene VIII.

NOTES

1. Harshness is as true to this play as sweetness.
2. The abortion in the play should be shown head-on. There should be a considerable amount of blood, and the actress playing Amy should feel comfortable being exposed. If she is hidden or too covered, it will seem as though the abortion is something that should not be seen. It is meant to be seen.
3. After Scene VII, the Janitor should take his time cleaning the stage.

DRY LAND

Scene I

An empty girls' locker room after-hours. Amy and Ester are in racing bathing suits, maybe Ester has sweatpants over hers. Maybe Amy has the tips of her hair dyed a color.

AMY. Punch me again.

ESTER. You're gonna get bruises.

AMY. No shit Sherlock.

Beat. Ester punches Amy in the stomach.

That doesn't hurt.

ESTER. I'm thirsty.

AMY. Do it harder and then you can go get a Gatorade.

ESTER. Are you sure Coach wasn't waiting up for us? Sometimes he likes to say hi to my mom.

AMY. I told him my mom was picking us up. She isn't pretty like your mom.

ESTER. My mom isn't pretty.

AMY. She wears jean jackets.

ESTER. So?

AMY. Punch me harder.

Ester punches Amy in the stomach.

How are you so bad at this. It doesn't hurt at all.

ESTER. I'm sorry. I've. Um. I've never done this before.

AMY. Put your back into it.

ESTER. I am putting my back into it.

AMY. Put one leg forward and kind of bend your knee.

Ester punches her again.

Better.

ESTER. Brendon's going to pick us up?

AMY. Brendon's cousin, Dog. He'll drop you off at your house.

ESTER. His name is Dog?

AMY. He's the one with the car.

ESTER. Like the bounty hunter?

AMY. I think it's really Darrin but I'm not sure.

I think they call him that because his dog had all these baby dogs and he couldn't give them away so he just has a bunch of dogs now. He should be a senior like Brendon but he just stopped going.

ESTER. You've met him?

AMY. Punch me again.

ESTER. My arm is dead from practice.

AMY. Brendon says that it even says Dog on his nametag. He works at the Grocery Outlet.

ESTER. Does he have green hair?

AMY. No.

He sold bath salts to those college kids.

ESTER. That's kind of sketchy.

AMY. They were in a ska band.

ESTER. Oh.

AMY. And he's on parole now so it's fine. That's like what it means to be on parole.

ESTER. Bath salts — don't you like eat cats' faces and shit?

AMY. I don't know.

ESTER. Maybe that's why he's called Dog.

AMY. Don't be gross.

ESTER. When I was ten I bought my mom bath salts for Christmas. Like the actual ones.

AMY. Punch me.

Ester punches Amy in the stomach.

Fuck that hurt.

ESTER. It did?

AMY. Yeah that was a good one. Did you put your back into it?

ESTER. I'm not sure.

AMY. You probably put your back into it.

Ester punches Amy in the stomach. Beat.

ESTER. I used to believe in zombies.

AMY. Me too.

ESTER. Really?

AMY. Yeah.

ESTER. Zombies are fucked up.

Like eating a cat face would be like a nice thing for a zombie.

AMY. I know.

Beat.

ESTER. Do you ever think about the fact that our organs taste like something?

That the insides of us taste like something really specific and we'll never know what. Like steak but our liver or something?

AMY. That's crazy.

ESTER. Right?

AMY. One time this boy put his mouth on my vagina and then when he kissed me he tasted like sour milk. So I guess I taste like sour milk, which in a way kind of makes sense.

ESTER. Yeah?

AMY. I think so. One of my English teachers in middle school called me "acerbic."

Ester punches Amy.

ESTER. Did it feel good?

AMY. Did what feel good?

ESTER. When the boy put his mouth on you.

AMY. Oh.

I don't know.

Maybe.

ESTER. It looks like it would feel really good.

AMY. I was really drunk.

Sometimes I get so drunk I think I'm someone else.

Beat.

(Recovering from a somewhat awkward moment of vulnerability.) Punch me.

Ester punches Amy.

ESTER. Have you ever ... have you ever swum on your period before?

AMY. Yeah, of course I have.

ESTER. Oh.

AMY. What?

ESTER. No. I don't know. I guess I'm just a little worried I'm going

to get my period on Friday.

For the guy who's coming.

AMY. So?

ESTER. Well you have a strong stomach I guess.

AMY. I cramp.

ESTER. I've punched you like ten times.

AMY. It's different.

ESTER. Florida State doesn't even have that good of a team.

AMY. Didn't you say that they like film you underwater?

ESTER. That's what it said on the website.

AMY. So they're loaded. That's all that matters.

ESTER. I guess. I guess they're loaded.

AMY. And even if you don't get a scholarship, it's still in-state so it's not that bad money-wise. Like half of the people I know who graduated last year go there.

But I wanna go to like a small school. Like in the Midwest or something, with a lake. I probably could if I do like a ton of hours at the Fish Fry my senior year — don't tell anyone that.

ESTER. Tell anyone what?

AMY. Nothing.

Beat.

ESTER. It isn't fair that it's this one time.

Ester punches Amy in the stomach.

That he only comes this one time and if I fuck it up I fuck it up and that's that.

AMY. The Olympics is only one time.

ESTER. What if my tampon falls out? What if there are streaks of blood behind me and everyone has to evacuate the pool?

AMY. What?

ESTER. I've never swum on it before.

AMY. How?

ESTER. I was swimming too hard to get it. Too skinny.

AMY. Shit.

Ester punches Amy. Amy makes a sound.

ESTER. Did that hurt?

AMY. A little.

ESTER. Good.

AMY. Your tampon won't fall out. That doesn't happen.

Beat.

ESTER. I got it last year at a Halloween party and it's really scarred me I think.

AMY. It didn't *scar* you.

ESTER. I was making out with Wolverine. I remember his claws felt like he was planting seeds in my back and he said he didn't get the irony of Bugs Bunny with blood dripping down his leg.

AMY. He said "irony"?

ESTER. He talked to me about this poet that he really liked. Who likes *poets*?

AMY. Nobody. Nobody likes poets.

He was probably trying to sleep with you.

ESTER. Maybe.

Ester punches Amy in the stomach.

This was when I was living in Tampa.

AMY. Oh.

ESTER. I used to live in Tampa.

A moment.

AMY. Go get a Gatorade. Here.

Amy takes out some dollars from her bag and gives them to Ester.

ESTER. You don't have to —

AMY. Can you get me a blue one. I feel kind of ill.

ESTER. Okay.

Ester exits. Amy lies down on her back. She looks up at the ceiling. She feels her stomach. Ester comes back with two blue Gatorades and a bag of chips.

AMY. You don't have to get everything that I get.

ESTER. I didn't, I also got Sun Chips.

AMY. I don't think it's working.

ESTER. You said you feel ill maybe that means that it's working.

Ester gives Amy the Gatorade.

AMY. Maybe it means you've been punching me in the stomach over and over again and I had nachos for lunch.

ESTER. Sorry.

Ester sits on the ground against the lockers. Amy drinks her Gatorade. Ester watches her for a moment and then drinks hers.

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by Ruby Rae Spiegel

2M, 3W

Ester is a swimmer trying to stay afloat. Amy is curled up on the locker room floor. DRY LAND is a play about abortion, female friendship, and resiliency, and what happens in one high school locker room after everybody's left.

"Feelings seldom come singly in DRY LAND, [a] remarkable play by Ruby Rae Spiegel ... Set largely in the girls' locker room of a Florida high school, this portrait of an unlikely friendship under uncommon pressure is tender, caustic, funny and harrowing, often all at the same time ... DRY LAND understands that friendships among adolescents in crisis, especially among those coming to the end of a chapter in their lives, can be as intense and ephemeral as summer storms."

—**The New York Times**

"Few things are as bracing as the shock of new talent ... DRY LAND feels like the first step in [Ruby Rae Spiegel's] inevitable rise. ... DRY LAND avoids Mean Girls clichés, turning familiar terrain into something new and vaguely scary."

—**The New York Post**

Also by Ruby Rae Spiegel
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