

THIS IS AN ONLINE SAMPLE
OF THE FIRST TEN PAGES OF

MAY 39th/40th
By Callie Kimball

Please direct inquiries
to calliekimball@gmail.com.



Callie Kimball
calliekimball@gmail.com
Copyright © 2006, 2008. All Rights Reserved.

MAY 39th**PRODUCTION HISTORY**

MAY 39th was first produced at the inaugural Capital Fringe Festival July 21, 2006 under the Actors' Equity Association Capital Fringe Festival Code. It ran for five performances. Director: Kathleen Akerley; Production Manager: Nan Kyle Ficca; Stage Manager: Keri Schultz*; Assistant Stage Manager: Aniko Olah; Louisa: Stephanie Burden*; and Sam: Dustin Loomis. Produced by DC DOLLIES & THE ROCKET BITCH REVUE.

**Member, Actors' Equity Association.*

In December 2007, the play had a reading at the Loewe Room in New York City. It was directed by Michole Biancosino and featured Mark Sullivan and Stacy Lents. The play was workshopped in June 2008 under the direction of Christy Denny, with actors Rachel Beauregard and Charley Mann. It was subsequently read at the Kennedy Center's Page to Stage Festival under the sponsorship of Doorway Arts Ensemble on August 31, 2008. It then had a reading with Electric Pear on November 16, 2008 at the Wild Project in NYC. The reading was directed by Jayd McCarty and it featured Josh Barrett and Lindsay Torrey.

CHARACTERS

Sam
Louisa

SETTING

May 39, 3009. A bedroom.

NOTE TO THE ACTORS and DIRECTOR

The beginning of MAY 39th is supposed to be full of the natural fits and starts of two people waking up together who don't know a single thing about each other. They want to connect, but there are misfires—please don't try to smooth them out. I say this only because actors are generous and often try to make scripts sound better than they are—this is supposed to be clunky.

MAY 40th**PRODUCTION HISTORY**

MAY 40th is currently unproduced.

CHARACTERS

Roya
Jim

SETTING

MAY 40, 3009. An ophthalmologist's office.

Both plays were workshopped in the Spring of 2009 with Electric Pear Productions.

THE WORLD OF THE PLAY/S

My vision for the future is that, in order to combat bacteria and viruses, food shortages, increasingly hostile weather, overpopulation, child abuse, etc. people will have taken advantage of scientific advances in genetics to mechanize breeding and proactively isolate people. Technology will replicate the most basic human needs for contact and communication. People will encounter each other, but it will be very risky and actively discouraged. Most human interaction will be simulated. People will be able to purchase and download a simulation of every physical experience—cuddling, sex, vacationing, fighting, killing, giving birth, even dying. Of course, this technology is not perfectly executed—there are gaps in technology, security loopholes, and plenty of database losses and satellite malfunctions. So instead of living in a sinister futuristic police state, Sam and Louisa and Roya and Jim live in a society that deals with power outages, computer freezes, rising inflation, and poor customer service. There is a “Big Brother” element to life, but because of the flaws in the system, you never really know for sure if anyone is actually checking up on you.

MAY 39th

A bedroom. Very messy. SAM is staring at LOUISA as she sleeps. Every corner in the place is covered in foam. He is peeling an orange. There should be a significant amount of silent action at the start of the play. Just enough to make the audience shift imperceptibly. LOUISA eventually wakes up.

LOUISA

...

.

!

SAM

Morning, Louisa.

LOUISA

Morning...

SAM

Sam.

LOUISA

Sam! Sam. Saaaaam. Sorry, I'm bad with names.
Was I snoring.

SAM

Only a little. It was cute.

LOUISA

Okay.

.

SAM

.

LOUISA

So.

SAM

So. Sleep well?

LOUISA

Yeah. Is that an orange?

SAM

Want some? Here.

LOUISA

Where'd you get it?

SAM

There was a guy with a cart at the Centerplex. Three for a thousand ringos.*

LOUISA

I haven't had one of these in ages.

Mmmm, so juicy!

How long was I out for?

SAM

Twenty-three minutes, eighteen seconds. More or less.

LOUISA

[*Stands up.*]

Whoa a little dizzy there. I need a coffee pill. [*She finds one and snaps one open during the following.*]

SAM

How about some more Dazzle? Hair of the dog's good for what ails you.

LOUISA

Yeah no. Omigod this place is a mess. How did this get here?

SAM

Uh, I think that happened when we were up against the window. Yeah.

LOUISA

The Window? Please please please tell me the lights were off.

SAM

* **Ringo**—money in the future will be in the form of electronic Ringo credits. Credits are earned for work, good deeds, perfect attendance, no illness, exercise, and playing video games. They are tallied in a DNA-encoded microchip in each person. Roughly, one ringo credit equals one American dollar in 2009. Inflation will have less of a sting if it's not actual paper money people are parting with.

You were quite the exhibitionist. See the smudges? Your neighbor across the way seemed to enjoy the show.

LOUISA

The old guy?! Oh no no no no no no / no—

SAM

Actually it was more like oh yes yes yes yes yes—

LOUISA

So the lights were on?!

SAM

Yeah you sort of insisted. I had no idea you'd be such a tiger. It's always the shy / ones—

LOUISA

Omigod omigod omigod / omigod—

SAM

Oh relax. I'm kidding. Everything was perfectly proper. Trust me.

LOUISA

Then we didn't...?

SAM

Oh we did all right, but no one saw. And not up against the window. In your bed. All kinds of correct. You kept shushing me.

LOUISA

[*Remembering.*] I did.

SAM

You're remembering.

LOUISA

Yeah...

Wait, weren't you different last night?

SAM

What do you mean?

LOUISA

No no I mean I just...uh. Yeah. Okay.
But wait. If we were quiet and in bed, then how'd my pod get so messy?

SAM
Does it really matter?

LOUISA
I guess not, I just like things tidy is all.

SAM
Yeah I gathered that.

LOUISA
Oh I'm sorry, coffee pill?

SAM
No thanks.
Does this navel look engineered to you? I can't tell.

LOUISA
...
Looks real.

SAM
I noticed *you* have a navel. How much'd that set you back?

LOUISA
Two million.

SAM
[*whistles.*]

LOUISA
I know, right? For something no one's gonna see. I paid for it with some ransom games I created.

SAM
Aw I love ransom games—which ones!

LOUISA
Find Chad and Save Sally.

SAM.
I don't think I know—

LOUISA
You wouldn't. They're for kids.

SAM
Ah.

LOUISA

So...ah, so where d'you live Steve?

SAM

Sam—

LOUISA

SAM! I meant Sam. Sorry. I totally knew that.

SAM

No worries. Ah yeah, well, I live on the 80th floor of a run-down podhouse over by the old Union Station¹. I have a breathtaking view of the cement wall across the tracks, so I just play Channel S90 all the time while I work on my PhD.

LOUISA

You like S90?! I love S90! I love their Bubs*.

SAM.

You're so cute. Ever notice how people who like each other are like, "*You like soup? I like soup,*" like it's some amazing coincidence. "*You like water? I like water.*"

LOUISA

You know, I never do this sort of thing.

SAM

(*Continuing, to himself.*) "*You like reconstituted salmon? I like reconstituted salmon.*"

LOUISA

Really I mean it. I don't normally just—

SAM

Yeah that's what everyone says.

LOUISA

But it's true. I normally don't do this.

SAM

Okay. Me neither.

LOUISA

¹ Please insert whatever mass-transit central place will make sense for the city this play is being produced in (e.g., Grand Central for NYC)

* **Bub**—simulated friends. You download the software and choose their appearance and behavior traits—aggressive, insecure, etc.

I mean, my friend Lana met this guy once and they set up an in-person and applied for a Purple Exemption,* but I don't know if they ever made it or not...

SAM

Whatever happens, I'm glad we did this.

LOUISA

Yeah, me, too. Okay. Coffee pill's kicking in. You don't mind if I fold my laundry, do you?

SAM

Not at all.

LOUISA

Good. I like things neat.

SAM

Yeah we covered that.

LOUISA

I've always been this way. It's like I think better if everything's organized.

SAM

It's cute. You're like...tidy.

LOUISA

So...*Sam*.

SAM

You got it!

LOUISA

What time is it?

SAM

A little after fifteen. Why? Do you have someone else coming?

LOUISA

Very funny. No, I just don't remember if I logged off before we...

SAM

* **Purple Exemption**—Australia is where people who are willing to leave the benefits of the system in order to pair up with someone who is not a proper genetic match. A Purple Exemption is nearly impossible to get. Your eggs and sperm are destjimed in the labs to breed such adventuresome urges out of the human population.

I logged you off.

LOUISA

How'dja know the code?

SAM

I just scanned your hair.

LOUISA

Clever.

SAM

That's what they call me. Clever Sam.

LOUISA

Okay. Well. Sam. Clever Sam. That was *so* much fun and I I should probably start thinking about getting ready for work probably, so...

SAM

Oh don't worry about me, yeah sure go right ahead. Do whatever you need to do. I'm fine.

LOUISA

Okay. Ah, I'll just maybe pick up a little first.

[*Cleaning up around him.*] Excuse me sorry. [*Cleans cleans cleans.*]

.

Don't you have to log on? Excuse me sorry.

SAM

I can actually work from my pod. Log in when I want.

LOUISA

[*Still cleaning.*] Excuse me. Oh I. I gotta *work*—

SAM

Yeah okay.

LOUISA

O-okay. [*She cleans, he watches.*]

SAM

...

...

You know, I programmed my PodSqueeze to your holographic dimensions but it doesn't even come close to the real thing.

LOUISA

Oh god my holograph totally needs a tune-up.

SAM

Your holograph is perfect. You're perfect.

LOUISA

All right, Romeo.

SAM

(Suddenly, ardently.) We should apply for a Purple Exemption.

LOUISA

Rrrright. On what grounds?

SAM

Love.

LOUISA

They don't grant them for love.

SAM

They should.

LOUISA

You have to prove you're genetically unfit. Besides—

SAM

I think I love you, Louisa. I mean. I love you.

LOUISA

.
Khh—

.
Khh. That's just the Dazzle* talking.

SAM

No, I'm serious. I only took one. This is real. I swear I've never felt like this before. Come on I'm serious, let's just walk away from it all. Leave our jobs our pods—

LOUISA

And go where?

* ***Dazzle**—a legal mood-altering substance. Same effects as Ecstasy without the resulting holes in your brain.*

SAM

We could apply for a Purple Exemption.

LOUISA

We won't get one. We'd have to give up our entire lives. Besides I have no desire to live in Australia.

SAM

You're kind of a cylinder-half-empty person aren't you?

LOUISA

I'm a realist.

SAM

Then why'd'ja ask me up last night? That's a big risk to take...

LOUISA

I dunno. Because I'd seen you online at the Ninja Diner. And I was bored with my Bubs. And I liked your smellogram.

SAM.

I looked at your Bubs. They're a bunch of unstable manic-depressives.

LOUISA

I programmed them that way. Makes me feel better about myself.

SAM.

Okay.

LOUISA

So I'm neurotic. I know.

SAM

You're cute is what you are. Come here. [*He pulls her close.*]

LOUISA

I gotta get ready for work.

SAM

Answer me a question first.

LOUISA

Okay.