

1.2 Awkward Meeting

Setting: Park, with a tree centered prominently in the middle. Hidden onstage are several small, quiet fans. A few of the branches of the tree are able to come off. The tree should have leaves not needles. The park is lit very colorfully, almost otherworldly but not quite.

REBECCA is walking to the park for a picnic. When REBECCA reaches the spot in front of the tree ELIJAH is already sitting there, concentrating on some prayer beads he has around his wrist. SHE sees him and tries to casually turn away, but HE notices and beckons for her to join him while pulling his sleeve over the beads.

Elijah:

There's room.

REBECCA:

Are you sure?

ELIJAH:

Never.

REBECCA:

I mean, I don't want to disturb you.

(eyes HIS wrist)

ELIJAH:

You won't be disturbing me, trust me.

REBECCA:

SHE pauses, assesses, and then cautiously sits.

Well if you're sure you don't mind.

SHE opens up picnic basket and pulls out one sandwich, a bottle of water, an orange, and a book. Lastly SHE pulls out a baggie with three chocolate covered cherries. SHE opens her sketchpad intending to draw. After a while she sets down the book and unwraps the sandwich. SHE takes a large bite--

ELIJAH:

What's on your sandwich?

REBECCA:

(Caught by surprise she blurts out with a full mouth—)

Peanud budder and honey

embarrassed, SHE chews, swallows, tries to speak again but her mouth is dry, so SHE unscrews her water bottle, takes a swig, and then tries again.

Peanut butter and honey.

ELIJAH nods and then turns away, plucks a few blades of grass from the ground.

Do you like peanut butter and honey?

(no response. pause, and then)

Well, I'm Rebecca. What's your name?

ELIJAH:

The Lord is My God.

REBECCA:

What?

ELIJAH:

The Lord is My God.

REBECCA:

Oh, well. That's...nice.

ELIJAH:

Not really.

REBECCA:

(This is too awkward)

I'm sorry, I've just remembered I have somewhere to be...

SHE starts packing up

ELIJAH:

I hate my name. Wouldn't you? Think about it. The Lord is my God. What an absolute statement. If I were my parents I would have thought twice before stamping something so indelibly on my child. How could I ever hope to live up to such high expectations? Faith is always a personal struggle, but then more often than not it turns into doubt. And "The Lord is my God" leaves no room for doubt. What does your name mean?

REBECCA:

Finished packing, SHE stands

Well, that is certainly, I mean, it was nice to...

Proffers hand, then takes it back

I, er, uh, goodbye, uh...

ELIJAH:

Elijah.

REBECCA:

Right.

SHE exits. HE watches her go, and then returns to pulling grass.