

The Object of My Obsession

Excerpt from Act 2: Scene 2

{Warren is having a dream, which takes place outside on the street, where Warren notices a couple of guys making music. The singer represents Warren's inner self.}

WARREN: I like it.

INNER SELF: Thanks. We've been cooking up this one outside for a while. Figure we'd jam outside since we've got the nice weather.

WARREN: It is beautiful. I figure I'd take a walk.

INNER SELF: Trying to clear your head?

WARREN: What?

INNER SELF: Nothing. *{Starts making up a song with the word 'Nothing' in it}*

GUITARIST: No. It's not catching. It rhymes but it doesn't have rhythm.

INNER SELF: That's right. Music does involve a little bit of math.

WARREN: There is arithmetic involved but all other types of math are useless and boring. Back in high school and even college, I always hated math class.

INNER SELF: That's a shame. Best years of my life. Algebra, calculus, trigonometry. However, when I was ready to get out in the real world, I realized I needed something to fall back on. So I became a musician.

GUITARIST: Good one.

WARREN *{Laughing}*: That sounds like something I would say.

INNER SELF: Then write it down. It's yours.

{Warren gets out notebook}

INNER SELF: You carry a notebook with you. Very good.

WARREN: I write lyrics. Well I used to.

INNER SELF: But that notebook is not blank.

WARREN: Well no. I just wrote down that joke you gave me.

INNER SELF: There's other stuff in that book too. That stream of consciousness writing in there could easily be transformed into poetry.

WARREN: Wait a minute. What? You....You haven't even read this crap. How....would....How would you know if I've even written anything in this book?

INNER SELF: You write painful stuff in the middle of all of your notebooks after you buy them.

WARREN: What the hell are you talking about? *{Flips though pages and reads what he wrote before he went to bed, then rips it out of the book and crumples it up and throws it on the floor}* Sorry. I had a rough night.

INNER SELF: {Facetiously} Really?

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