

Missing Personalities

Scene 2

Characters:

Mr. Pen: Early 50's, wearing a brown sweater-vest and a green dress shirt.

Lemon: Late teens, short, wearing a yellow sweater and jorts.

Peel: A robot, about Lemon's height.

Saber: Mid to late teens, wearing a bike helmet and brown satchel.

The stage is a large house with a door leading to a room centerstage right. A desk with several stacks of paper littered within the room, with Mr. Pen sitting in a chair facing the computer on the desk. In the living room, centerstage, Lemon paces back and forth, chewing gum. A chair and table are situated at the center. Peel stands idly behind the table. A chimney stands near the front door of the house. Another door centerstage right leads outside the house.

[Lemon enters the door to Mr. Pen's room and creeps up behind him. She pops a bubble in his face]

MR. PEN: Hwaaa!

[MR. PEN swings his arms in the air and looks at Lemon]

MR. PEN: Lemon! I told you not to come in here when I'm working!

LEMON: Yeah, well you also told me never to become an adult, and yet here I am.

[Mr. Pen swivels his chair toward Lemon]

MR. PEN: Adult? How old are you anyway?

LEMON: [sarcastic] My own grandfather doesn't know my age?

MR. PEN: Of course I know...but tell me anyway.

LEMON: It's more fun to leave people guessing. [she looks toward the computer screen] Watcha working on?

MR. PEN: My next story. I got into a hard spot and left a few things unexplained. I don't know where the story should go from here. I need an inciting incident.

LEMON: You haven't even gotten to *that* part of the story? Why do we call you *Mr. Pen*?

[Mr. Pen leaps from his seat]



MR. PEN: *Because...* [he grabs a pen and raises it in the air]...this is my weapon in a world of frustration and torment. *This* is one of my only tools for combating the edges of insanity and solitude that creep into my life. [he approaches Lemon, she retreats to the wall] *This* is one of the last few things that I have at my disposal that doesn't talk back, doesn't disagree, and doesn't even *think* about betraying me! [he steps back]

LEMON: But don't you use a keyboard to write?

[Mr. Pen flings the pen onto the floor]

MR. PEN: That's not the point! The point is, I want to be known for my passion and nothing else. [Mr. Pen sinks into his desk chair] Besides, there's not much left for me to be remembered by.

[Mr. Pen grabs the computer mouse and silently scrolls] [Lemon leans toward the screen]

LEMON: Who's that? [she points at the screen]

MR. PEN: I did mention I started some artwork on here too. It's one of my characters. It helps me to focus on their personalities when I have a visual, I try to come up with these first.

[Lemon tilts her head in analysis]

LEMON: You know who that looks like? Haro Fourswords.

[Mr. Pen waves his hand in the air]

MR. PEN: No...I mean, there wouldn't be any problem basing my character on someone like him...it's just...that's not the case...you know...as writers we sometimes need to take inspiration off of people who we know in real life just so we can...

LEMON: No, I know that. I just wanted to know why you based a character on *him*.

[Mr. Pen turns toward Lemon]

MR. PEN: Would that be a problem?

[Saber enters stage left and knocks on the front door] [Peel wakes up and opens the door]

LEMON: I just don't know if he's much of a role model. A vigilante figure who we know almost nothing about...walks around in a ninja costume and uses weapons to...

[Saber pulls out a newspaper from his satchel and hands it to Peel]



[Peel shuts the door on Saber]

MR. PEN: I didn't say he was a *role model*, and I don't actually know him. I just liked his look, it fits well with my character. Besides, he's done plenty for this community already. How many missing people has he found already? Many more than the police have. I just need something to kick off the story.

[Peel walks toward Mr. Pen's room]

LEMON: What has to happen for it to start?

MR. PEN: He must learn something that he has no idea about, something that will give him a case to follow. But it's going to take so *long* to develop that.

[Peel opens the door to Mr. Pen's room]

[Lemon swipes at Mr. Pen's shoulder]

LEMON: Then just have something abrupt happen! Like...have a newspaper hit him in the face! Then he figures something out that others couldn't see!

[Mr. Pen shakes his head]

MR. PEN: But that kind of thing doesn't happen in real life, Lem...!

[Peel throws the newspaper at Mr. Pen's head]

MR. PEN: Ouch! What the--?

[Mr. Pen looks at Peel]

PEEL: You've got mail.

LEMON: Oh, that's Peel. I made him. [she pats Peel on the head] He's meant to be a bit more gentle. [Lemon peeks out through the door to the living room] Wow, this place really is built like a bunker. I didn't even hear the door shut.

[Lemon and Mr. Pen enter the living room] [Mr. Pen throws the newspaper onto the table]

LEMON: Looks like someone was at the door.

SABER: ...And I'm still here! Can I please have a moment?

MR. PEN: Your bot just closed the door on the mail boy? Now why would he do something like that?

[Lemon shrugs]

LEMON: I dunno. Maybe because I programmed him to do that. [she opens the front door] Hi, I'm not the head of the household so I'm going to close the door and hope that your impression of us is not completely based on how I treated you. [she closes the door and pulls out her phone]

[Mr. Pen walks toward the door]



MR. PEN: You teenagers have *no* respect.

[Lemon looks up from her phone]

LEMON: Huh?

MR. PEN: You really are a product of this generation.

LEMON: Actually, I'm a product of the *last* generation.

[Mr. Pen swings the door open]

MR. PEN: Yes?

SABER: I'm the paperboy...

MR. PEN: Funny, you don't look like paper. Heh, I'm kidding. But that was pretty good, so I'll just make a quick note of that.

[Mr. Pen pulls out a notepad from his pocket and scribbles away]

SABER: I was wondering if you had a second to talk.

[Mr. Pen pauses for several moments]

MR. PEN: So, what's your question? Heh, sorry, I couldn't resist. [He gestures to Lemon] Blame the yellow one, her humor rubs off on me.

SABER: Right, well as you know there have been many disappearances going on in the UCRCCBS area. I just wanted to know if there were any people in your household who were of university age...[he looks around the room] Like her? [he points at Lemon] How old is she?

LEMON: It's *not* that hard to tell!

SABER: I'm just trying to see if there's any reason to suspect...

MR. PEN: What's UCRCCBS?

SABER: The university...at the center of town...?

LEMON: [irritated] It's where Kesler was going.

[Mr. Pen swings around and points a finger at Lemon]

MR. PEN: Don't say that name! [he turns back toward Saber] Sorry. Well, she isn't currently attending the university, so I'll keep it in mind.

SABER: Yeah, but...

LEMON: I have your inciting incident! Someone comes to the main character at the beginning of the story with a warning!

MR. PEN: And who would that be?

LEMON: We wouldn't need to know that until later. Gives you time to think.

MR. PEN: That's it! [he slams the door]

[Mr. Pen throws his fists in the air]



MR. PEN: Wait...you said *was*.

LEMON: What?

MR. PEN: You said Kes...you said he *was* attending the university. [pause] There's a reason you came into my study today. You want something from me. Is it about your brother?

LEMON: Well, I figured as much.

MR. PEN: You can't fool a writer.

LEMON: Kesler...

MR. PEN: I don't want to hear that name in this house.

LEMON: What name?

MR. PEN: Kes...stop toying with me, I'm old! [Mr. Pen sits down at the chair by the table]

LEMON: You haven't been talking to him, but I have. He hasn't responded to any of my messages in the last three days, and you know how much he likes to talk. Maybe that mail kid has a point.

MR. PEN: Well maybe you should have grown a few inches since childhood.

LEMON: Well, *maybe* you should have gotten something published by now.

MR. PEN: That's a bit too far...

LEMON: Sorry, but look. I already lost my parents. I don't want to lose my brother too. Let's at least go over to his place and check on him. It's the decent thing to do.

MR. PEN: Why do *I* have to go?

LEMON: It's too far for me to walk, the public transportation system is in shambles, I have few friends who would be willing to lend a hand, and I can't drive on my own.

MR. PEN: This seems oddly thought out. Aren't you old enough to have gotten a license by now?

[Lemon shrugs sarcastically]

[Mr. Pen hops in the chair toward the wall and hunches his shoulders]

LEMON: Fine, I'm going alone then.

PEEL: I will miss you, Lemon.

[Lemon pats Peel on the head]

MR. PEN: You just gave a whole spiel about why you *couldn't* go alone.

LEMON: Well, I'm going anyways. [she marches toward the door] I hope no one



kidnaps me!

[Mr. Pen picks up the newspaper and pretends to read it]

MR. PEN: Me too kid, have fun.

LEMON: You're not going to let your own *granddaughter* out on her own...?

MR. PEN: You're old enough.

LEMON: Am I?

MR. PEN: I'm *not* going.

[Lemon backs away toward the front door, still facing Mr. Pen]

LEMON: Ok, *grandpa*.

[Lemon opens the door and steps outside]

[Mr. Pen throws down the newspaper and approaches the door]

MR. PEN: Wait just a minute...I am *Mr. Pen*.

LEMON: Just because you want a pen name doesn't mean *Pen* has to be your name!

MR. PEN: In this house, you call me Mr. Pen.

[Lemon gestures to her surroundings]

LEMON: I'm not *in* this house.

[Mr. Pen steps outside]

MR. PEN: Well I am, kid.

[Mr. Pen shuts the door] [Lemon disappears backstage] [Mr. Pen realizes he's stuck outside]

MR. PEN: What?! Let me in!

[Lemon appears in the living room and locks the door]

LEMON: I hope you remember your characters well because I'm going to give them sex changes!

[Lemon walks toward Mr. Pen's door]

MR. PEN: Don't you dare!

[Mr. Pen shakes the doorknob]

[Lemon opens the door to Mr. Pen's room]

LEMON: I'm going to write a very anticlimactic conclusion!

[Mr. Pen pounds on the door]

MR. PEN: I'm still at the beginning of the story!

LEMON: By the time you get in here, I'll have the whole story finished for you!

[Mr. Pen looks around wildly]



[Lemon sits at Mr. Pen's desk]

LEMON: Haro Fourswords will know you're one of his fanboys!

[Mr. Pen looks toward the chimney]

MR. PEN: Screw *that*.

LEMON: They're all going to die in the end!

[Lemon pretends to type on the computer]

MR. PEN: Fine!

[Lemon stops typing and walks back toward the living room]

LEMON: What?

MR. PEN: Are you going to put this on YouTube? I said fine!...I'll go...

[Lemon opens the front door slightly]

LEMON: Actually, I wouldn't know how to caption a YouTube video like this. But alright.

[Lemon swings the door open the rest of the way]

LEMON: Let's go get him.

