

Imaginary Friends

By Dana Hall

At Rise: A room full of people sitting and waiting.

Cast:

Person 1,2,3,4,5,6,7: Open casting

Announcer: Open casting

Person 1: *(to Person 2)* How long have you been here?

Person 2: Feels like forever, you?

Person 1: Same. I miss her so much.

Person 3: We all miss them.

Person 2: I hate the waiting.

As they talk another person enters the waiting room.

Person 1: Another one! Ugh, the world is changing.

Announcer: Number 459,694 please report for transport to Earth.

Person 3: *(checks ticket)* That's me! Yes!

Person 3 runs off the stage.

Person 2: Good Luck!

Person 1: They won't be gone long. They don't need imaginary friends like they used to.

Person 2: How'd you lose yours?

Person 1: They got Animal Crossing *[or other popular game]* for Christmas! Poof gone!

A collective groan. The waiting room responds collectively to each reason.

Person 4: Bullies!

A collective groan.

Person 5: Turned 8.

A collective groan.

Person 6: Made a best-friend.

A collective 'awww' erupts. Then Person 7 interrupts with a montage of kicks and punches/parkour and other things they learned on YouTube. No one seems to know what they're doing- so they explain.

Person 7: Youtube!

A collective boo/hiss.

Person 3 comes back on stage dejected, sad, and disheveled. Their face is drawn on and he has a visible wedgie and a huge 'kick me' sign.

Person 3: They had a big brother!

All overlapping lines of sorry/that's rough/been there/not again/too bad/ as they rally around them patting them on the back and consoling them.

-End Play-