

My Son

By Larissa FastHorse

Four diverse actors stand angled in different directions. No one directly front. The parts are numbered from audience left to right; One, Two, Three, Four.

Playwright's note: I put in specific directions for visual effect that are hopefully obvious. However I am without actors to read it, so I trust the director to adjust for the strongest impact in the room.

ONE

I had a son. His name was Tamir.

TWO

Freddie.

THREE

Michael.

FOUR

I had a son. His name was Rexdale.

ONE

Paul.

TWO

Allen.

THREE

I had a son. His name was Manuel.

FOUR

Antonio.

ONE

Ricardo.

TWO

I had a son.

I had a son. THREE

I had a son. FOUR

They tell me turn away. ONE

Turn away. TWO

Turn away from the darkness. THREE

They tell me. FOUR

They all turn forward, hands up, as they speak.

Look into the light. ALL

Pause.

ONE
But I've learned since I lost (*turn to angle, hands down*) my son.

TWO
(*turn to angle, hands down*) My boy.

THREE
(*turn to angle, hands down*) My niño.

FOUR
(*stay forward, hands down*) I've learned that the sun doesn't shine on us all.