

The Boy Who Cried “Potato” and “Sally”

By Alinah Vision.

Character List:

Joe- Male. Early 30's.

Sally- Female. Early 30's

*(Joe and Sally are standing on opposite sides of the stage).*

Joe

Dear Sally, good afternoon and I am sorry. I did not mean to say that your hair was fat this morning, I simply meant to say that it was voluminous. It was a compliment. I think your hair is the new black. I think that your hair is the 21st century American version of Chinese foot binding, in which case I mean that I think all children should have hair like yours, just as all children were supposed to have their feet bound. That does not mean that I think all children should have their feet bound now. Please do not twist my words like they twisted their feet. I know this is not funny and therefore is serious to you. PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

P.S. It is cold behind the washing machine.

P.S.S. Is there any food in the mini fridge? It is lunchtime and I am hungry.

Joe.

Sally

Dear Joe, good evening. I am leaving a potato outside of your door. It is the only food that I could find.

*(She rolls a potato towards him on the floor.)*

I do not accept your apology. You did mean to say that my hair was fat because you said that my hair was fat. Also, I resent your comparison. Foot binding was a horrible practice that tortured and crippled many women during the regime of Empress Wu. You know I spent a year abroad in China helping people who had their feet bound learn to walk again. You are not sensitive to other peoples issues. I wish you were more sensitive to other peoples issues.

P.S. I have not eaten since this morning.

Sally.

Joe

Dear Sally, good morning. I would have eaten the potato last night, but you seem to have forgotten that I am allergic to starch. I do not enjoy potatoes. You can have it back. You should eat it

*(He rolls it back).*

You need nutrients. You need food. It is an old wives tale that breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Every meal is the most important meal of the day. I know your father would disagree with me on that because he is “traditional” and has “traditional values” but fathers are not always right. Like when they tell their daughters that they shouldn’t marry certain men named Joe because they deem them to be “spineless.” Well, I am not “spineless.” I do have a spine, and it is working overtime to prop me against the wall opposite the washing machine. And I am not “spineless” by any other definition of the word either. Fathers are often wrong about thing like this.

P.S. It has almost been one whole day. I could hear you breathing last night. I miss you like crazy.

Joe.

Sally

Dear Joe, good afternoon. I would say that I miss you back, but that would not be true. I enjoyed being able to turn the light on in the morning without having to worry about disrupting your sleep. I enjoyed being able to select my clothing this morning and not accidentally walk out of the house with socks that didn’t match. My coworkers think I have dementia. I do not have dementia. I enjoyed being able to not have to put my contacts in using the light from my phone, threatening the risk of injuring my corneas. Some people value their corneas, and some people should value the corneas of their wife.

P.S. Does sniffing fabric softening sheets make you a better lover? Please, let me know your thoughts on this.

P.S.S. What are the colors of my eyes?

Sally.

Joe

Dear Sally, good evening. Your eyes are brown, but the kind that has a halo around them and are hazel in the sun. You have eyes like my mom. I love your eyes. Why are you asking me this. You talk to me like a kid sometimes. Do you think I am a kid? I AM NOT A KID. Also, I cannot

answer your question about sniffing fabric softening sheets, but I will do it for you if you promise to let me back into our bedroom. There is little space behind the washing machine. I don't know if I can sleep sitting up with my legs under me for another night. I may or may not have a charley horse. Please let me in.

P.S. I am starting to think you are mean.

P.S.S. Do you remember our honeymoon?

Joe.

Sally

Dear Joe, good morning. I remember I wore very nice white lingerie that you didn't want to see me in. I remember you tried to force feed me strawberries to make up for the fact that you didn't want to touch me but the juice got all over my face and my dress. I remember I found out I was allergic to strawberries that night. I remember I thought you were gay. I remember I called my father and told him he was right. I remember I tried to touch you and you started to cry and then I thought something else. I thought I felt bad for calling my father. I thought I felt thankful for my strawberry allergy because maybe he couldn't understand what I was saying through my swollen tongue.

P.S. My eyes are green. I checked six times.

P.S.S. Why would you want me to remember that?

Sally.

Joe

Dear Sally, good afternoon. I remember it being a lot more romantic. I remember it being a lot more spontaneous and fun. I thought you thought the strawberries stains on your dress were funny. I thought you thought me crying meant I was emotional. I thought it brought us closer together. I was trying to make you remember a good time shared between us. Now I am scared.

P.S. My toes are blue.

Joe.

Sally

Dear Joe, good evening. I left socks outside of our door for your toes. I hope you use them tonight. I hope your toes get better. I hope you are better since our honeymoon. I am starting to think that maybe I don't understand you and maybe you don't understand me. I am starting to get scared too.

P.S. What did we see in each other?

Sally.

Joe

Dear Sally, good morning. I think I liked your hair. I think you thought I was funny. I don't think I knew how to connect to anyone but you. I think we got to know each other quickly. I think you were lonely and I was lonely and we were both sad. Do you want to know something? When I first met you I called you Sad Sally to myself because if you just say the first letters together quickly, that makes "sssss", and you were always making that sound in my mind.

*(He makes a sizzling sound.)*

I hope that doesn't make you upset.

P.S. Even with you in the other room and with me behind the washing machine, I can still hear that sound.

Joe.

Sally

Dear Joe, good afternoon. I don't know how I feel about you calling me Sad Sally. I don't know how I feel about any of this. I don't know how to feel. I think I need some time to think about what we should do next.

Sally.

Joe

Dear..

*(He puts his paper down.)*

Sally, this is wild. It's been 3 days like this. I know you can hear my words. I'm tired of pretending that you can't. You don't have to say anything, just listen. I don't want to write any more letters to you. I don't want to sit behind the washing machine alone anymore. I want to talk. I don't think you should think by yourself. I think we should think about this together. I think you should let me inside. It feels like we've given up. I don't like this feeling. I'll never forget the color of your eyes again. I'll be more sensitive. I'll let you turn the light on in the morning when you are getting ready for work. I'll let you touch me. I'll kiss you and hold your hand and feed you chocolate as long as you promise you aren't allergic or vegan. I can learn. We can learn. I think we can do something about this. I don't think we have to keep writing letters. I think we can talk to each other now. Right? Sally, please open the door. Sally.

*(She does, or she just faces him and steps forward because "budget" or "staged reading," and maybe there is no door. He hobbles towards her. Full circle.)*

*End play.*