

from MEET BRIAN COLTRANE. by JT, at KVSP

Brian, a happily homeless man, has had his life-view changed after tasting the greatest sandwich ever.

Brian left that deli a new man, his life had direction. Now he had to get \$26, but how is he going to do that he thought? As he stood on the sidewalk facing a bank then a light bulb turned on in his head. As he stood in front of the deli facing the huge bank he knew what he had to do, his path was clear, his destiny was chosen but he couldn't get the taste of the sandwich out of his head, the sexiness of it, the lavishness of it, the perfect grill on the turkey with just the right amount of crispness, the black forest ham sliced to the perfect thickness with some of the fat still left on it. The aged Gouda—oh so heavenly!— and the Swiss with just the right amount of sharpness, the iceberg lettuce that he was sure was rinsed with purified water with the perfect amount of crunch, the heirloom tomatoes so big and juicy, perfectly fresh, topped with the perfect tartness of the Dijon mustard spread with love, and last but not least bear-hugged with the oven-fresh marble rye sourdough baked to perfection, not too sour, just right. And to think the man wanted to ruin all of that with a bag of inadequate chips, a soda, and some corporate cookies. Brian snorted; they could keep all that crap: it was just him and the sandwich, alone.

A little drool traveled down Brian's face. He wiped it quickly away before anyone could see it. Is this what love felt like?

from SOUR NOTES, by TLM at CSATF

BOBBY is sitting alone in a booth at a diner, wearing a loud psychedelic-colored Los Angeles Rams cap. RONNY approaches.

BOBBY: Hey, you must be Ronny.

RONNY: Yeah. Yeah dat'd be me. *(Awkward pause)* Uhh, nice hat man. I know you said look for the guy in the Rams cap. Does that color even have a name?

BOBBY: Yeah. Fuchsia.

RONNY: Whatevah. I'm Ronny. They call me Funky Finga.

BOBBY: Hmph... That's an odd name, what's up with that?

RONNY: *(sighs)* Long story, it'd only bore ya. *(a slight dig)* Wouldn't want to do dat, cha know?

BOBBY: Ah, come on... It ain't like we in a hurry or nothin'. *(pushing too hard)* Gimme da scoop, dude?

RONNY: Say man, do ya always get at people ya just met like dat?

BOBBY: (*Sarcastically*) Okie dokie... well, what's your background, or is that askin' too much?

RONNY: (*flatly*) I been around da block a time-a-two, done a few gigs.

BOBBY: Oh really? Like what, where?

RONNY: Wherever and whatever pays, mah mannn. Kinda like why I'm here, remember? And what bout choo?

BOBBY: Progressive jazz and rock, and I ain't got any problem with good people. It's the a-holes that really chap my hide.

RONNY: Look mannn, don't mind me. I'm juss here bout da gig so let's talk 'bout de cheddar. Small talk ain't neva paid da piper, ya feel me?

BOBBY: I see, well, I like to get to know the folks I'm going to be working with. Can't work with everybody, you know?

RONNY: I sho hate it man, but like I said, "whatever pays dude"! I ain't trippin on cats like that. Just tryin' ta get ma paper is all.

BOBBY: Well, the gig has action and a lot of it. If, of course, we can work together, get 'er done, and the network picks up on it, know what I mean? But according to Marcel, the tracks have got to be funky.

RONNY: Well, I think I can handle that. Marcel can cosign for me on that, fo sho!

BOBBY: Speaking of which, how do you know Marcel?

RONNY: I've jammed with 'im. Great bassist!

BOBBY: Really? I've known him over ten years now and he ain't never mentioned you. So I'm a little curious. You ever done any of this type stuff before?

RONNY: I'm here, ain't I?

BOBBY: Like what? What kind of stuff are you talking about?

RONNY: Dude, you a trip! I'm just here to go ova da script, themes and stuff, so can we get to talking about that?

BOBBY: Man, you sure are wound up tight, ain't you? Everythang okay?

RONNY: Mannn, I keep on telling you it ain't nuttin' personal-- You da one with da complex. Are you okay?

Marcel enters the diner and heads in the direction of the booth.

MARCEL: Hey hey hey, guys. (*shakes their hands*) Bobby—Finga-- good to see y'all hooked up!

from LAST DAY OF EIGHTH GRADE, by NR at KVSP

Around lunch break, two young boys are still waiting to speak to the school psychologist like they do every Friday. As they sit on the bench, they begin to talk.

NIKKO: *(Sarcastically with great big crooked smile.)* And so we meet again.

BOY: Yeah. *(He dangles his feet.)*

NIKKO: This son of a bitch thinks he can get into my head and screw around my thinking. He could fix my problem with a flick of the wrist. Nope. Not this kid.

BOY: Yeah, me neither. *(He looks down to the floor.)*

NIKKO: So, what's up with your sister? How can I get invited to her "chinceyatta"? Is she looking for a boyfriend? Does she like bad boys?

He leans over and nudges him with a couple of elbow taps.

Hook me up, fool.

BOY: You know my mom and dad don't want you over there. Let alone hang around with you. They will kill me if they see us together.

NIKKO: Don't sweat the small stuff. I didn't burn the whole garage down. Besides, you should have never showed me your Grandpa's lighter.

He smiles and looks at BOY as if he's to blame too.

BOY: Well I'm not the one who broke all the windows at the church and then went to the car dealership and slashed the tires... plus what about the duck farm?

NIKKO: *(with a devilish grin)* What about it?

BOY: I should have never listened to you and brought my BB gun.

NIKKO: But did you have fun?

BOY: *(pause)* Yeah. *(And he smiles).*

NIKKO: I bet you can't steal Principal DumYungGuy's cigarettes. *(beat)* Yeah, I don't think you have enough hair on your balls to come up on some free smokes.

NIKKO slightly looks over at BOY.

BOY: Fuck you.

NIKKO: Yeah. I knew it.

BOY: Fuck you.

NIKKO: You don't have what it takes.

Pause. With watery eyes, BOY makes a clean break to the principal's desk as NIKKO instantly keeps point for him.

BOY: Is it clear?

NIKKO: Yeah, hurry up fool!

from THE RAVE SAVE, by JW at KVSP

(Boom boom boom...)

A spider monkey leans over from his tree branch to peer at Jay.

(Boom boom thud...)

Jay gazes intently at the clouds in front of him, seeking...

(Boom thud thud...)

Jay keeps searching... Looking beyond the clouds into the wide open blue, closer and closer to the burning sun as it burns his eyes ... Jay knows he has to act, and quick... His plane is losing altitude and going down fast. Why did he aspire to be an airline pilot? All for this? Why doesn't that monkey help him with the controls? Jay can't understand why a tree branch with a monkey on it would be thousands of feet in the air anyhow.

(Boom thud! Boom thud! Boom, boom, boom, boom!!!)

Jay pops out of his dream and sits up fast in his dorm room bunk. "Yeah, who is it?"

Mike and Chris both yell back from outside, "It's us, dude."

Mike: "What the hell are you doing in there fool? Did you forget what day it is?"

Jay quickly unlocks and opens the door. "No, it's Saturday!"

from LIFER, by RJ at KVSP

It's a beautiful spring day. A LIFER is walking the yard, deep in thought. He's been down for 30 plus years, and he is reflecting on all these years as he contemplates his next board meeting hearing. Is approached by a younger FIRST TERMER.

FIRST TERMER: What's up, how you doing?

LIFER looks suspiciously at FIRST TERMER.

LIFER: Just walking, enjoying the fresh air.

FIRST TERMER: A buddy of mine was telling me you've been down a long time.

LIFER: Yeah, it's been a long time. Why?

FIRST TERMER: Just asking. How long have you been here?

LIFER stops walking, turns to the FIRST TERMER.

LIFER: You're asking a lot of questions. *(Pause.)* I've been here a couple of years. When did you get here?

FIRST TERMER: A month ago.

LIFER: Do you have a lot of time?

They start walking again.

FIRST TERMER: I'm doing 17 to life.

LIFER: So you're a lifer. How's it going?

FIRST TERMER: *(turning to LIFER)* That's what I wanted to talk to you about.

LIFER stops, turns to FIRST TERMER.

LIFER: I don't understand. What do you want to talk to me about? I'm just an old convict. I mind my own business and try to stay out of the way.

FIRST TERMER: Yeah, but how do you do it? How do you stay calm and quiet all the time? And pauses not to let all the years get to you?

LIFER: You're getting kind of personal.

Pauses. Looks around suspiciously.

Let's walk.

They start walking again.

Look I don't really know what you want. I'm just an old convict, I mind my own business and I don't make many friends.

FIRST TERMER: I'm just looking for some advice on how to do this time.

LIFER: I don't know how you think I can help you. I just keep a low profile—

FIRST TERMER: Yeah, but you don't seem to be bothered by anything or anyone.

LIFER: —and I don't do anything to get the cops' attention.

FIRST TERMER: I'm not trying to attract any attention to you. But you are always quick and quiet and cool, the cops don't hassle you, and everyone shows you respect.

LIFER: Why should I waste any time telling you anything?

FIRST TERMER: As an OG, don't you pass on what you know?

LIFER: Yeah. But why should I pass it on to you?

FIRST TERMER: Because I'm a youngster coming to you with respect. Looking for a little schooling.

LIFER: I'm not much into school and youngsters. Sometimes it gets misinterpreted by the cops. And the last thing I need is trouble.

FIRST TERMER: I've been having a hard time, and I'm just trying to figure it out. Someone schooled you, maybe you can school me?

LIFER: I don't like wasting my time. I mean most of you youngsters don't listen to the OG's anymore. You think you got all the answers.

FIRST TERMER: If I had all the answers I wouldn't be talking to you, would I?