

# CALAYANENSIS

by Tim Amalfitano

NAME: Tim Amalfitano

WHERE YOU ARE FROM: Florham Park, NJ

BIO: Tim Amalfitano is an incoming sophomore at The College of New Jersey where he will be studying music education. He plays a wide array of instruments ranging from percussion to tuba to bassoon. Last year, he attended West Chester University, where he marched tuba in the marching band amongst many other musical feats. He's always loved theatre, his favorite thing to do is perform. And since quarantine, he has begun to write as well! Tim is very excited to participate in the Bake-Off!

Email: [timmyamalfi@aol.com](mailto:timmyamalfi@aol.com)

What's keeping you positive? My family, friends, and thoughts of what lies ahead. Good vibes and positive energy.

Yes, you can publish this!

## CHARACTERS

BLUE. Age 5-20s\*. A child with a name that fits his aesthetic. “Not having that which, having, makes them short.” A leading “man” with the tongue of Mercutio and the dreams of Romeo.

STEPHIE. Age 20s-30s. A bird... who happens to play the trumpet. Intense, dry and also caring; the only thing that would scare her is a man with a gun.

PINK. Age 5-20s\*. A child with a name that fits her aesthetic. However, unlike Blue, she isn't as sentient. Her name represents her basicity. “Out of her favor, where I am in love.”

HUNTER. Age 30s-40s. A man with a gun. Ironically, his name matches his title. Father to Pink and an avid Bird Hunter. Very stingy and overly masculine, a tad-bit bipolar.

THE DEVIL. Age 50s-60s. A limber individual. Very emoting, looks as though he were straight out of a cartoon. A caring being, basically a father.

PURPLE. Age 5-20s\*. A child. Can be played by the same actress as PINK. The sole difference between the two is their costume.

\*The children could be played by children... or they could be played by young adults. They're like the children in *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*... minus the deaths.

## TIME

July 2020. 9am

July 2020. 2pm

July 2020. 6:55pm.

## PLACE

Scene: Blue's yard. It consists of a porch (stage right) and a yard (stage left). The defining feature of said yard is a bush.

Sound: A melody, it is a mix of flute (representing a bird) and trumpet.

**SCENE ONE – BLUE’S YARD – 9:00am**

*We open on a dark stage. A melody is heard. It is a conversation between a bird and a trumpet. The sound comes from above us, as though the two were soaring all around. One moment they’re to the left. In the next, they are to the right. Until finally, they center... above the stage.*

*As the lights fade in, the sounds of the bird and trumpet dim. We see BLUE (five-years-old, Blue Hoodie, Propeller Hat) sitting on the steps of his porch. He looks longingly out at the yard.*

BLUE  
Sigh.

*PINK (five-years-old, tutu, fairy wand) toddles into the yard. BLUE perks up. PINK appears to be lost in thought... But she isn’t. She is not as sentient as BLUE. PINK flops into the bush.*

PINK  
Oof.

*BLUE looks worried. PINK stands up, unfazed. BLUE looks ecstatic, he rushes over to her. He talks fast, and his words aren’t jumbled. His eyes are full of passion and excitement.*

BLUE  
Hey, I saw you fell. I fall like that all the time, it’s *crazy*. I know, I know, you’re probably thinking, “Whaaaaat? You? Falling? Like me? No way. Nuh uh. Not possible.” But it’s true. In fact, I fell like literally just a second ago... For you. Hi, I love you.

*BLUE flashes her a smile. PINK raises her eyebrows inquisitively. BLUE raises his eyebrows two times seductively. He has a smug look on his face.*

PINK  
No.

*PINK toddles off the stage. BLUE is left standing by the bush, heartbroken. He crosses back to the porch and sulks. The melody returns louder than it was before. It gradually becomes frantic.*

HUNTER (O.S.)  
FOUR!

*We hear the BANG of a rifle.*

STEPHIE (O.S.)  
OW!

*The melody abruptly stops. We hear a CRASH as something falls into the bush. BLUE cross over with curiosity. He digs through the bush and pulls out a trumpet.*

HUNTER (O.S.)

You there! Do not TOUCH *my* bird. It is *my* bird.

*HUNTER (50s, Stingy, Hunting rifle, Moustache) storms into the yard pushing a pink baby carriage. Inside said baby carriage is PINK, with her fairy wand. HUNTER pushes past BLUE and begins to dig through the bush. There is nothing left inside the bush. HUNTER snaps his head at BLUE with a rabid look in his eyes.*

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Where is my bird.

BLUE

Where is—

HUNTER

My bird, yes, where is my bird.

BLUE

Y-your bird?

HUNTER

My bird.

*BLUE is trembling. HUNTER scans BLUE up and down. Hunter settles down.*

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Terribly sorry. I thought you stole my bird. You must think I'm crazy.

*PINK sits up in the carriage, catching BLUE's attention. BLUE puffs out his chest.*

BLUE

Crazy? You? No. I didn't think that at all. I was even gonna say that I stole your bird just to see how you'd react—

HUNTER

*(rabid)* YOU TOOK MY BIRD?!

*BLUE cowers behind his trumpet.*

BLUE

NO, I'M SORRY.

*HUNTER's demeanor changes.*

HUNTER

Apologies.

*PINK is clapping and pointing at BLUE's trumpet. HUNTER looks at BLUE, who is still cowering behind the trumpet.*

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Do you play?

BLUE  
*(confused)* Do I play?

HUNTER  
The trumpet?

BLUE  
The what?

HUNTER  
The thing in your hands, boy.

BLUE  
I'm Blue.

HUNTER  
You're what?

BLUE  
Nothing.

HUNTER  
*(Laughing)* You're messing with me; oh, I love that. We heard you playing earlier.

BLUE  
You heard me playing?

HUNTER  
Yes, me and Pinkie. Pinkie, well she loved the sound of that trumpet. And you were the one playing said trumpet. Therefore, vicariously, she loved you.

BLUE  
*(skeptically)* Really?

HUNTER  
I on the other hand love birds. And well, the birds love your trumpet. So, I love your trumpet, but see, I can't just take your trumpet... because my daughter loves you.

BLUE  
*(skeptically)* Really??

*BLUE looks at PINK. PINK shrugs.*

BLUE (CONT'D)  
*(to self)* Makes sense.

HUNTER  
Now, I'm open to a solution if you have one.

BLUE  
Well.... If I marry your daughter, then I can play for you whenever you want.

HUNTER  
She's like five.

BLUE  
I'm like five.

HUNTER  
Okay... But do you sound as good in concert?

BLUE  
What do you mean?

HUNTER  
Some bands just aren't good live. Can you play your trumpet with an audience?

BLUE  
*(Lying)* But... But I was just playing with an audience.

*HUNTER makes a dramatic gesture.*

HUNTER  
Really? I don't see an audience.

BLUE  
*(scrambling)* Ha, yeah, because I'm just messing with you. Classic Blue repartee... Tonight, I will play for both of you. In this very spot... Is where you two will stand. And I.

*BLUE crosses and jumps onto the porch.*

BLUE (CONT'D)  
I will play right here. Tonight, at seven.

HUNTER  
Why not just play for us now—

BLUE  
TONIGHT, at SEVEN!

*BLUE crosses back to the bush, stopping in front of PINK's carriage.*

BLUE (CONT'D)

Then, you will hear my shiny thing, the thing that I was playing... with a bird... earlier. And you will hear the... sound that you fell in love with... which was me. Because I can play—

*PINK hits BLUE on the head with her fairy wand, cutting him off.*

HUNTER

The trumpet, yes, we get it. Very well. Seven it is.

*HUNTER pushes PINK's carriage off. PINK waves her wand 'goodbye' as they exit. BLUE is left standing by the bush with a determined look in his eyes. The lights fade out.*

**SCENE TWO – BLUE'S YARD – 2:00PM**

*The lights fade back in. BLUE is standing on the porch, just as determine, preparing to play the trumpet. STEPHIE (bird, party-hat beak, pink boa, dry) hops into the yard. She hops into the bush, looking for something. STEPHIE isn't having it.*

STEPHIE

Tweet. Tweet. Where is it?

*BLUE spots STEPHIE.*

BLUE

Birdie! Are you here to sing along to the sound of the trumpet?

STEPHIE

*(Realizing)* MY TRUMPET—I mean... Tweet tweet.

*BLUE pats right next to him.*

BLUE

Come. Sit next to me on the porch.

*STEPHIE complies. BLUE takes a deep breath and blows into the trumpet... Only air comes out.*

BLUE (CONT'D)

That was bad.

STEPHIE

Yeah.

BLUE  
What?

STEPHIE  
Tweet?

*BLUE stares at STEPHIE. SHE smiles innocently. BLUE blows again, but still not a sound. This attempt, however, was also very spitty.*

STEPHIE (CONT'D)  
Ew, stop. You're getting your spit all over my trumpet.

BLUE  
You can talk!

STEPHIE  
No.

BLUE  
How can you talk?

STEPHIE  
It's a secret. Don't worry about it.

BLUE  
*(sighing)* Fine. Don't tell me. I'm too upset to worry anyway.

STEPHIE  
*(taking pity)* Why so blue?

BLUE  
Because I fell. I fell hard. And now I have to play this crumpet for a girl and her *dad* tonight, or else I'm gonna die old and alone—hey, how did you know my name?

STEPHIE  
What?

BLUE  
You said, "Why so, Blue?" How did you know my name was 'Blue'?

STEPHIE  
What?

BLUE  
Because you're magic! That's why you can talk. Are you magic?

STEPHIE

Don't worry about it... Why is your name 'Blue?'

BLUE

Because you dress for the job you want, and because I'm wearing blue, that's my name.

STEPHIE

That doesn't make sense.

*BLUE shrugs. He tries to blow into the trumpet again, and once more only air comes out. BLUE begins waving the trumpet wildly, throwing a tantrum.*

BLUE

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY THE GUM-SPIT AND I'M GOING TO DIE OLD AND ALOOONE.

*STEPHIE frantically reaches for the trumpet.*

STEPHIE

Stop! You're going to break it!

BLUE

Hey! Don't touch my plumb-pit!

STEPHIE

It's *my* trumpet!

*BLUE stops waving the trumpet.*

BLUE

What'd you call it?

STEPHIE

A trumpet.

BLUE

*(hesitantly)* It's... my... "trumpette."

STEPHIE

Mine.

BLUE

But I need it for tonight. Otherwise I'm gonna—

STEPHIE

FINE! You can use it tonight. But then I want it back.

BLUE

Awesome.

*With this, BLUE's determination returns. Motivated to try again, he holds up the trumpet and blows into it. Only air comes out. BLUE waves the trumpet wildly.*

BLUE (CONT'D)

I CAN'T PLAY THE SAXOPHONE.

STEPHIE

STOP WAVING IT. I'll teach you.

*BLUE stops waving the trumpet.*

BLUE

You'll teach me how to play the—

STEPHIE

Yes, I'll teach you how to play the trumpet.

BLUE

Awesome.

*The lights fade out.*

**SCENE THREE – BLUE'S YARD – 6:55PM**

*BLUE is holding out a 'C' on the trumpet. The lights fade in. BLUE is standing on the porch, holding out the note, cheeks puffed out. STEPHIE is in front of him applauding.*

STEPHIE

Yes, you got a note!

*BLUE puts the trumpet down. He is out of breath, but thrilled.*

BLUE

I got a note! Now I can play the trumpet!

*BLUE puts the trumpet back to his face. He blows into it. All that comes out is a kerfuffle of notes and ultimately... air. Blue looks like he might cry.*

STEPHIE

No, no, it's okay. It's okay, buddy. Please don't cry. Pat pat.

*STEPHIE awkwardly pats BLUE twice on the head.*

STEPHIE (CONT'D)

How much time do we have until they get here?

BLUE

Judging by the longitude and latitude of the sun in the sky we have about...

*BLUE pulls his phone out of his pocket, checking the time. He puts the phone away.*

BLUE (CONT'D)

Five minutes.

STEPHIE

What if I played instead of you? So, it will look like you're the one playing... but really, it's me.

BLUE

Stephie, thank you, really, but you can't play the trumpet.

STEPHIE

Why can't I play the trumpet?

BLUE

Because you're a bird.

STEPHIE

So?

BLUE

You have a beak.

*STEPHIE glares at BLUE. She takes the party-hat beak off of her face, puts it on the ground, and stomps on it. She never breaks the glare. BLUE carefully puts the trumpet down in between them and walks away with his hands up. He's not about to mess with that intensity.*

*STEPHIE picks up the trumpet. She begins to play, it's the melody from the beginning. All of a sudden, THE DEVIL (Intimidating, Horns, Fangs) leaps onto the stage, waving a streamer made of dollar bills. It is a dance break.*

THE DEVIL

I love you Stephie!

*THE DEVIL twirls the dollar bill streamer around her in a circular motion, then continues to dance across the stage.*

BLUE

What is this?

STEPHIE

The money streamer? I don't know... he usually gets me a gift card...

THE DEVIL

I didn't have time to go to the store.

BLUE

No! The dance break! Why is the Devil doing a dance break in the middle of my yard?!

THE DEVIL

Because I'm her biggest fan!

STEPHIE

That's my secret, Blue... How else could a bird talk and play the trumpet?

BLUE

*(realization)* The Devil.

*STEPHIE and BLUE nod in understanding. BLUE scrunches his face.*

BLUE (CONT'D)

*(to THE DEVIL)* Why though. Why create a bird that can talk and play the trumpet?

THE DEVIL

*(shrugging)* It was an investment.

HUNTER (O.S.)

Why are we always late to everything! I know it isn't my fault.

BLUE

Stephie! How's it going to look like I'm playing the thingy if you're the one holding it?

THE DEVIL

Because the real trumpet was inside you all along.

BLUE

What?

THE DEVIL

Na, I'm just kidding. It's in the bush.

*THE DEVIL twirls over to the bush and pulls out another trumpet. He hands it to BLUE.*

STEPHIE

Are you ready, Blue?

BLUE

Yes. Devil! Get in the bush!

*The dance break halts. THE DEVIL dives into the bush. BLUE takes off his propeller hat and puts it on the ground like a street performer. HUNTER storms onto the stage, he is stage right of the bush. PINK toddles in next, standing stage left of the bush. HUNTER and PINK both look at the porch, where BLUE is standing with his trumpet.*

BLUE

And now ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've all been waiting for. Presenting: Trumpet.

*BLUE begins to mimic that he is playing, while STEPHIE plays behind him. The melody soars. PINK is fawning over BLUE. THE DEVIL sits up from behind the bush, tears in his eyes.*

THE DEVIL

This is my favorite part.

*THE DEVIL leaps out of the bush, beginning to dance once more. HUNTER and PINK are unfazed by THE DEVIL. They are entranced by the melody. HUNTER is in awe.*

HUNTER

I don't often do this; this is *really* unexpected... but you've truly moved me.

*HUNTER takes out his wallet and pulls out a twenty-dollar bill. He walks over to BLUE's propeller hat and puts the bill inside. When he looks up, he locks eyes with STEPHIE, who stops playing the trumpet. The melody stops.*

HUNTER (CONT'D)

*(growling)* Bird.

*STEPHIE looks terrified as HUNTER's glare intensifies. BLUE realizes STEPHIE stopped playing. He looks up to see PINK glaring at him, equally intense. BLUE becomes nervous. THE DEVIL is still dancing. After a moment, he notices the tense scene, and stops.*

THE DEVIL

Yeah... I'm gonna go.

THE DEVIL leaps off the stage and exits.

HUNTER

*(battle cry)* BIRD!

*HUNTER lunges at STEPHIE who manages to get past him. He chases her around the stage in a circle, waving his rifle in the air wildly. STEPHIE runs off. HUNTER gets down on one knee and takes aim. He fires with a BANG. It's silent.*

BLUE  
No.

*BLUE looks like he is about to cry. HUNTER is euphoric. Then, the melody of the trumpet and the bird returns. The melody crescendos, ultimately soaring all around once more. BLUE is elated. HUNTER's mood quickly changes, and he storms off.*

HUNTER  
*(grumbling)* You all must think I'm a loon.

*PINK is still glaring intensely at BLUE. BLUE crosses over to her.*

BLUE  
Hey. So, I know I lied. And I know you only loved me because you thought I was the one playing the trumpet. But what if, and hear me out, you really loved *me*.... And because you loved *me*... you loved the trumpet.

*PINK considers this for a moment. BLUE looks hopeful.*

PINK  
No.

*PINK toddles off.*

BLUE  
*(Calling after her)* YEAH WELL THAT MEANS YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH A BIRD, SO... so, yeah... Ha.

*BLUE crosses back to the porch and sits looking longingly out at the yard. He looks blue.*

BLUE  
Sigh.

*We hear the melody of the bird and the trumpet. PURPLE (five-year-old, fuzzy earmuffs, oversized jacket) toddles into the yard in a haze. BLUE perks up. PURPLE flops into the bush.*

PURPLE  
Oof.

*BLUE looks at her longingly, his eyes full of passion and excitement.*

BLUE  
I love you.

*The lights fade out.*