

Actually Oranges  
(When life hands you lemons)  
by  
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## CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS

OWEN, Late 20s, M, Any ethnicity. He believes he is orange juice.

JASMINE/BALLERINA #1: Late 20s. W. Any ethnicity. She is trying to bring Owen back to reality.

CAREN/BALLERINA #2: Early 20s. W. Any ethnicity. The funny, friendly, feminist friend. She is an urban character of sorts, who often talks in her own slang.

DRUG DEALER/PYSCH PROFESSOR/FRUIT LADY/BALLERINA #3: 20s to 30s years of age. W. A person of color. She plays the lackadaisical drug dealer, the pretentious Psych Professor, and the hilarious Fruit lady who sells oranges near the freeway.

### **Notes:**

\*The stage directions has a personality of its own to serve as a fun character for the readers. Do not feel the need to translate that into staging.

\*Stage hands will be seen onstage in the beginning of the play and a few moments throughout the play.

\*The opening of the play should last 10-20 minutes. It should feel uncomfortable and confusing for the audience.

## SETTING

Location: In Owen's small apartment. The play starts off on a bare stage.

Time: Present.

## SCENE ONE: FRESHLY SQUEEZED

DAY ONE AND TWO: A movement/musical opening, yay! (Check the Astrid notes at the bottom of the page for insight on the movement piece.)

(A bare stage with ballerinas #1, #2, #3 are wearing the typical pink tutus and leotard but with beige to brown ballet shoes. They are not great dancers but they try their best. This scene has a dreamlike quality. There are a lot of pale yellows and light browns on stage. There should be moments where the stage resembles daytime in the spring. Music begins to play.)

(The three ballerinas form a circle to symbolize the earth; BALLERINA #1 represents the seed, BALLERINA #2 represents the soil, and BALLERINA #3 represents the sun or the light. The three ballerinas move and sway to the music as they combine to show the growth of a tree. OWEN then appears in the hands or on the branches of the ballerina's tree. Then the ballerinas quickly break away from this image of the tree causing OWEN to fall. The ballerinas then strip OWEN down to his underwear. BALLERINA #1 is in love with OWEN they dance like the wind. BALLERINA #2 and #3 try to accompany this dance but fail to match their speed. BALLERINA #2 and #3 then look to the skies and gesture for more color.

The stage is now filled with more color, then BALLERINA #3 enters the audience. BALLERINA #1, OWEN, and BALLERINA #2 move closer to the audience but remain onstage. The three of them begin to dance rigidly, almost like a machine. BALLERINA #2 steps away as OWEN swoons over BALLERINA #1. BALLERINA #1 jumps and spins all on her own, she then begins to lead OWEN in a dance. She spins him and then turns away from him. He loses his footing and then tries to reach for BALLERINA #1.

Sadly, she doesn't notice him as she continues to dance toward the other ballerinas who are now both offstage. OWEN catches himself before he falls, he smiles briefly, happy because he did not fall. Then he looks confusingly onto the other ballerinas who are now in a peculiar formation in the audience. There is a red circle following the ballerinas as they dance. Then suddenly a yellow circle appears out of nowhere. The ballerinas do not acknowledge the circles but OWEN is captivated by them. He follows them as they jump around the stage. The ballerinas continue on with their dance until they notice OWEN's captivation. Then BALLERINA # 1 jumps on stage to him and BALLERINA # 2 quickly follows while BALLERINA # 3 carries on as if the other ballerinas are still following her. BALLERINA # 1 and # 2 run to OWEN trying to break his captivation but it is useless he because he is lost in the dance of the two circles. Soon he only follows the movement of the circles with his eyes. Slowly stage hands begin to setup the set. Each stage hand comes in to slowly make the stage look like an average tiny apartment with a living room and a kitchen. The last thing they drag in is a table. The circles move toward the table. OWEN steps onto the table to get closer to the circles. The ballerinas slowly disappear and the red and yellow circle mix and suddenly OWEN is drench in an orange light. He then slowly squats onto the table in the kitchen. The lights fade out.)

\*It is an interpretive dance, with the dancers pretending to be the parts of the tree.

\*The audience does not have to know what is happening in this scene.

\*The ballerinas are not experience dancers at all.

## SCENE TWO: DAY 3

(JASMINE enters OWEN's apartment with CAREN. JASMINE sits the keys on the table and then plops on the couch, CAREN follows.)

JASMINE

Owen, babe, I'm home!

CAREN

Home? Since when do you live here?

JASMINE

I don't, that's just an expression...

CAREN

Oh. (Beat) Aye, did you see the way that one guy looked at me?

JASMINE

He looked like he wanted to eat you...

CAREN

I know right, gross. Dude looks like he can be someone's stepfather.

JASMINE

He was kind of cute though...

CAREN

He was...like a silver fox. I would love to be part of that blended family.

JASMINE

Owen! Hun! I'm here.

CAREN

Owen bring yo ass out yo!

JASMINE

Stop it.

(JASMINE scolds CAREN as she laughs.)

CAREN

What?

JASMINE

You know he hates cursing.

CAREN

Still? How long has he been knowing me, what like three years?

(JASMINE and CAREN both become monotone.)

JASMINE

(to Audience)

He's known you for three years and we've been together for four years. He is my security blanket and Caren is my escape. We all met while in college. And we are all good friends now. I don't live with him because I have commitment issues.

CAREN

And I am the fun loving single best friend.

(JASMINE and CAREN look to the audience dryly. They strike a quick cute pose then they continue the scene as normal.)

JASMINE

OWEN! (Beat) I wonder what he's doing...

CAREN

Probably watching porn...

JASMINE

Eugh, Owen doesn't watch porn.

CAREN

Is Owen human?

JASMINE

Yes, he just doesn't care for swearing and doesn't like porn.

CAREN

Correction, Is Owen a human from this century?

JASMINE

You know his family are socialites...Owen is proper by default

CAREN

Proper? Hmmm...I think the P word you are looking for is pompous. What is pompous for 200, Mr. Trebek?

JASMINE

Whatever. (Beat) Owen?

CAREN

What you don't like Jeopardy?

JASMINE

Quit it...he's probably sleep. I'm going to go check on him.

CAREN

Okay...

(JASMINE leaves. CAREN sits back on the couch and begins scrolling through her phone.)

CAREN

Like, like, oooh likey likey. Like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like, SHARE! Ohhhh whoo! Madness!

(JASMINE screams from the kitchen.)

JASMINE

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

(CAREN hops up.)

CAREN

What? What?!

(CAREN runs to the kitchen. OWEN is on his two feet hunched over holding his hands slightly over his head indicating a box like shape. He looks like he hasn't slept in two days, his eyes are red and he smells. He yells out out what seems to be nonsense.)

OWEN

Then a seed, watered, grown in sunlight. Then a tree some branches and leaves. Then me. A single genus product of a super species. A hesperidium. Citrus Sinesis. Maltese Ovale, birthplace of California, manufactured by a company name Sweet Oranges.

CAREN

Hey, I know Sweet Oranges, their oranges are sooooo sweet.

JASMINE

Owen hun? Are you okay?

OWEN

A spherical shape produce.

CAREN

You are not shape like a sphere.



OWEN

Oblong?

JASMINE

Owen? Answer me. Are you okay?

OWEN

A Citrus Maxima and a Citrus reticulata crossbreed.

CAREN

He is not okay, look at his pupils.

JASMINE

They're dilated..

OWEN

Developed then pulled apart and compressed draining the life out of me for a new flow of life.

JASMINE

What is he talking about?

OWEN

Concentrated then liquefied with H<sub>2</sub>O. Yellowy color? Redish yellow? Oh, I know—orange. A mixture. An orange. A blending of two. An orange.

JASMINE

You're—a—orange?

CAREN

An orange.

OWEN

Yes!

CAREN

The fuc—

JASMINE

This is not funny Owen. I'm not laughing. Get off of the table and talk normal now.

OWEN

Contained in a non-crystalline amorphous solid.

JASMINE

A what?

CAREN

Glass. He's juice in a glass, right?

OWEN

Orange juice.

CAREN

Oh O.J in a glass.

JASMINE

How do you understand him?

CAREN

He's speaking plain English, Jasmine.

JASMINE

I know that Caren...how do we make him stop?

CAREN

I don't know...wait! I've heard of this before. My friend knew a guy who did acid and thought he was a pigeon for a week! He end up jumping of his grandma's roof—whoo! This is legit.

(CARENS laughs.)

JASMINE

But Owen doesn't do drugs!

CAREN

Well he does now!

JASMINE

Owen, hun, what's going on with you?

OWEN

Nothing...

JASMINE

(relieved)

Oh thank god...

OWEN

Nothing that's out of the ordinary for a Citrus Sinensis in complete liquid form.

CAREN

Oh man, he's so high.

JASMINE

This is insane...

CAREN

But orange you glad he's not dead?

JASMINE

That is your first and last orange pun, you hear me?

CAREN

Right.

JASMINE  
Owen, hun, can you tell me what happened to you?

OWEN  
My ancestors were planted in soil on a sunny day—

JASMINE  
No! I mean why are you doing this?

OWEN  
I am orange juice, call me orange for short.

JASMINE  
Huh?

OWEN  
Orange.

JASMINE  
Caren, I'm worried.

CAREN  
You should be...

JASMINE  
I don't know if he thinks he really is an orange—

CAREN  
Orange juice—

JASMINE  
Or he's pretending to be—

CAREN  
Talk about pulp fiction—

JASMINE  
We have to wake him up. Owen, Owen, Owen!

(JASMINE is shaking OWEN back and forth.)

JASMINE  
Owen...

OWEN  
Orange.

JASMINE  
Owen.

OWEN  
Orange.

JASMINE

OWEN!

CAREN

I think he's name is orange now.

JASMINE

I'm not calling him orange! His name is Owen!

CAREN

Okay, I'm just saying, you wouldn't call a butterfly a caterpillar-

JASMINE

Caren! He's not really an orange.

CAREN

I know that. I was just thinking we should comply.

JASMINE

Comply?

CAREN

Yeah, it means go along with-

JASMINE

I know what it means and I will not comply! We need to fix him, not go along with this-this-this damn orange thing.

CAREN

Fix him..?

JASMINE

Yes...do you have any ideas?

CAREN

...I have one...

JASMINE

What is it?

CAREN

It's a little crazy... but it might just be crazy enough to work-

OWEN

Flavedo, oil sacs, albedo, juice sacs, squeezed together and then me.

CAREN

I don't even think botanically his description of oranges is correct, and that's a bit upsetting-

JASMINE

Caren! The crazy enough plan that just might work is...?

CAREN

Oh right, it's...

(Both women hold an annoyingly long dramatic pause as they hold each other stare. Suddenly, they look up for the lights. Then...

BLACKOUT.