

Friendship
By Sarah Galante

MARIA and TOBY each smoke a cigarette on a balcony overlooking Philadelphia. TOBY smokes his quickly, with urgency, while MARIA smokes slowly and calmly. She leans over the railing and looks down. She points to an unseen homeless man below.

MARIA:
Sleeping or dead?

TOBY looks down and examines the man on the sidewalk.

TOBY:
Dead, I think. Shit. Wait. Nope. Sleeping. He just tried to murder that pigeon.

MARIA laughs. The two continue to smoke in silence. A moment.

MARIA:
Would you rather be my boyfriend, that homeless man, or that pigeon?

TOBY:
Psht. That's easy. The pigeon. At least then I'd be dead.

MARIA:
The homeless man has a beer, though.

TOBY:
You're the homeless man and I'm the pigeon.

MARIA wraps her arms around TOBY and leans her face towards him, making kissy faces.

TOBY:
Gross, gross, gross! Get off of mee!

MARIA:
Be my boyfriend.

TOBY:
I already told you I wanna be the pigeon!

MARIA lets go of TOBY, and pretends to pout.

TOBY:

You're still my favorite boy in the world.

He kisses her. They throw their cigarettes over the edge of the balcony in unison, aiming for the pigeon. Blackout.