High

By Margaret O' Donnell

Kenny and Chuckie enter each from stage left and stage right. They stumble onto a vast high open space, barren, cold, snow-covered and windy. Moody Gothic lighting and Mussorgsky's *A Night on Bald Mountain*. They fight against the wind, pulling their coats tight around themselves. They have their heads down, crossing the stage. They bump into each other.

Kenny

There you are!

Chuckie

(*screams in terror*) Get away from me you monster!

Kenny

I'm not a monster, Chuckie.

Chuckie

Kenny?

Kenny

That's me. Why did you come up here?

Chuckie

I don't know! I've been trying to find my way out of here. I'm scared.

Kenny

I'm with you now.

Chuckie

But it's dark, blowing up a gale, and cold. And so high! I looked down, right over there, and it's like a three thousand feet drop. Oh….

Chuckie swoons. Kenny revives him and helps him up.

Kenny

Close your eyes and lean on me. I'll get you back.

They walk across stage front, then to stage rear, with Kenny supporting a weak Chuckie.