

Poison Ivy
by
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Fictional

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Property of The Actors Room Inc.
71 Innovation Dr. Woodbridge On.

Poison Ivy

EXT. OPEN FIELD: - 6:00 AM - MORNING

"Take me to church" plays us into the scene.

The sun has just come up over the horizon, the dew on the grass glistens. The day is young, the air alive with the hope and promise only a new day can bring. With a touch of magic and a dash of courage a dream may come true today.

A modestly dressed teenage girl, sits on a swing. A small suit case rests by her side. She is wearing a billowy white shirt, buttoned up to her neck. Her long blue dress stretches all the way down to her ankles, only to reveal her white bobbed socks and a very simple flat shoe. She is rocking herself back and forth on the swing. She is smiling, surrounded by beauty and possibility. This is IVY.

A young lady quietly approaches through the trees. She sees IVY on the swing, and stops from a distance to admire her. A black tank top adorns our young voyeur. Emblazoned on the front, an image of a prism with a rainbow refracting off it. The tank top reads, "Dark Side of the Moon." She is wearing a pair of Jean shorts and black combat boots. Its early and this is highly unusual for her. This is EDEN.

IVY:

I can hear you, ya know?

Eden surveys the land to see if anyone is watching. She can see an old barn house off in the distance. No one appears to be within eyesight. She emerges from the tree line.

EDEN:

I wasn't trying to be quiet.

IVY:
 (wry smile)
 Yes you were.

EDEN:
 (deflecting)
 You always up this fuck'n early.

IVY:
 Do you have to curse like that?

Eden just shrugs. Whatever.

IVY:
 (smiling)
 I just couldn't wait anymore.

EDEN:
 You're crazy you know that?

IVY:
 (smiling)
 I had a good teacher.

EDEN:
 I mean it. If they catch us, it won't end well.

IVY:
 So we won't let them catch us.

EDEN:
 You think it's gonna be that easy?

IVY:
 No. But our Bishop always says, "nothin worth anything, ever comes easy."

Eden walks up to Ivy. She is close now. Close enough to sit beside her. She is drawn to Ivy's innocence. Her purity. Her gentleness.

EDEN:
 I bet your Bishop wasn't referring to you running away with a lesbian.

IVY:
 Now why do you always have to make it sound so crude.

EDEN:
 (flirty)
 Cause you love it when I talk dirty to you.

Eden sits on the swing beside Ivy.

IVY:

God, I could just tickle you right here.

EDEN:

(smirking)

I dare you.

Eden locks hands with Ivy and gives it a tender squeeze. They both stare lovingly at each other.

IVY:

So when does the train leave?

Eden's body language shifts uncomfortably upon hearing the question.

EDEN:

(slight pause)

Soon enough.

IVY:

Do we have time to take a walk? I want to show you my favorite spot on the farm. It's absolutely to die for. It may be the one thing I will miss the most from this place.

EDEN:

Sure. We can spare a few minutes.

IVY:

Great. Let's go. It's this way.

Ivy jumps off the swing and starts to walk towards a path in the forest.

Eden stands there and just stares at Ivy the way we saw her stare at her earlier. Love in her eyes.

EDEN:

What will I ever do with out you?

Ivy looking back at her, unaware of the shift that has occurred in Eden.

IVY:

With out me. (Jokingly) Why, whatever do you mean? We are inseparable. Souls joined in eternity forever.

Eden doesn't respond to Ivy's playfulness.

IVY:
Eden. Hurry. Its this way.

EDEN:
Yeah. Sure. It's just... I can't go into the forest with you.

IVY:
(flirting)
Why? Are you afraid of a little Poison Ivy?

EDEN:
Cute.

IVY:
I thought so.

Eden looks down the path and then back towards the farm house.

EDEN:
(in all seriousness)
Are you really sure about this?

IVY:
Absolutely. Its the most perfect place in the world.

EDEN:
(Long Beat)
Then why leave it?

IVY:
Excuse me?

EDEN:
Why leave it?

IVY:
What's going on Eden. Your starting to scare me.

Ivy notices that Eden hasn't brought any baggage with her.

IVY:
Where is your suitcase?

EDEN:
(pause)
I didn't bring it.

IVY:
What? Why not?

Making up an excuse.

EDEN:

I didn't want to carry it here. Figured I could pick it up on the way.

IVY:

Great. Well... lets go?

EDEN:

I can't.

IVY:

What's going on Eden, this isn't like you. Normally you would be racing me into the woods.

EDEN:

Well today isn't normal is it?

IVY:

Are you having second thoughts about today?

EDEN:

No.

(Pause)

I mean. I uh... It's just.

IVY:

It's just what? We leave today. Today. Not tomorrow. Not next week. Today has to be the day.

Eden blurts it out.

EDEN:

Why does it have to be today?

IVY:

Excuse me?

EDEN:

Why not wait till next year. We can go off to college together. Nobody would be the wiser. You would have the blessings of everyone. And then we can be together.

IVY:

It has to be today. You know that. And a year from now, there may not be an US anymore.

Eden goes quiet. She can feel the weight of the moment.

EDEN:

That's the point.

IVY:

What's the point?

EDEN:

We may not be together a year from now, so how can you be so sure about us? About all of this? Leaving everything behind. Your family. Your church. Your life here in Utah. For me? A girl you hardly know. A girl from a broken family, who could care less about religion. Who constantly curses and comes from a completely different world than you have ever known.

IVY:

Eden. I love you. I mean, it would be nice if you cursed a little less of course, but, I want to spend every waking moment that I'm alive wrapped in your arms. I can't imagine a second of living my life without you. And I can't do that here. You know that.

EDEN:

Were seventeen Ivy. Maybe we should think this through for a bit. Maybe were rushing.

IVY:

What the CRAP is going on! You're the one who taught me its okay to be me. All of me. To embrace it wholeheartedly. To live without restraint. Without apology. Weren't those your words?

EDEN:

Well...

IVY:

Were they or were they not?

EDEN:

Yes, OK. They were.

IVY:

So I don't get it. What is this?

(Realization)

Oh...My... They found you didn't they? They put you up to this.

Eden doesn't respond.

IVY:

(Demanding)

Didn't they? Its the only thing that makes any sense. Who was it? Some one from the church? One of the volunteers? Was it Daddy?

Eden still not responding.

IVY:

Who Damn it!

(Takes a breath)

Great. Now you've got me cursing too. I'm begging you Eden, tell me who it was, because I don't want to believe this is you talking.

Eden is filled with guilt. She needs to confess.

EDEN:

Last night, there was a knock at my door. My Mom didn't answer it because she said it was probably some Mormon trying to sell us false hope. Well, she wasn't wrong. It was... your brother, Isiah. He came to my house. He said he knew what was going on. That people in your congregation were talking about you. And that I was ruining your families name. And if we kept it up, I was going to ruin your life as well.

I almost started crying right there in front of him. He knew he had me dead to rights. He was almost apologetic about it, said he understood that being a teenager was time to explore and experiment. And that girls will be girls, but at some point, they have to grow and become women. And that if I really cared about you... I would never see you again. I should forget that we ever knew each other. He told me I should walk on the other side of the street with my own kind. And just before he left, he said that if he had to come back again, he wouldn't ask so politely the next time. He told me the church has plans to cleanse you your impure thoughts and what was that word he used...

IVY:

"Selfish Proclivities."

EDEN:

Yes. That's it! How did you know.

IVY:

Because its not the first time they've said it Eden.

My daddy tells me, that I've got a poison in me. He said, I've infected the whole family with my disease. That the good lord is testing him, by giving him an evil temptress for a daughter. He told me, that I am the work of the devil and my mother was his handmaiden. And that it's his job to cleanse my soul for the hand of god. And as God as his witness, he will try with all his might to set me right. His glory to god moment will come when I turn 18, when he'll have me married off to Jacob Hansen. After which, I will be bound to the house through marriage and servitude to my faithful husband.

Whereby, he will set about trying to do his husbandly best of repopulating the world with gods chosen servants, through my body. Jacob, will want no less than 5 kids, who will all undoubtedly be faithful servants to the ladder day saints.

And I, will slowly die in the covenant that I have sworn to keep. And if step out of line, the hand of god will strike me, again and again and again, until I fall back in line and keep my... 'selfish proclivities,' as they call them, to myself. In short. If I stay Eden, I die. Maybe not next week. Maybe not for a long time. But this moment. This, perfect beautiful little moment that you have taught me to feel and embrace and love, will be the last beautiful moment I will ever have in my life. And I'm not ready to die today.

Both of them on the verge of tears.

EDEN:

Bastards!

Catching herself cursing.

EDEN:

I'm Sorry. But what gives them the right to think they have control over YOU or YOUR body?

IVY:

Come on Eden, this is Utah and you're not that silly little girl I used to be. That's why I love you. You see things in a way no one I've ever met sees them. You've taught me that love isn't something we can bottle up and sell at mall or purchase at our convenience stores. That's its something more than that. Something that color, gender or religion can't decide for us. We love who we love. And I love you. And I don't know what's gonna happen if we walk down that path today, but I do know that I will die today if I don't a least try to find out.

EDEN:

But running away doesn't always solve things. There has to be another way.

IVY:

There isn't.

EDEN:

Ivy, I've been on the run for years. First we started running to get away from my abusive father. Then we started running cause the city we moved into wasn't safe. Then we just kept running every time something felt a little unsettled. It's like we were afraid to face ourselves or our past or something. My mom and I have gotten so good at running, that most of the time we don't even unpack the boxes. I swear, I feel like goldilocks most of the time.

Just hoping that we're gonna find the right house, with the right chairs and the right size of bed. And then we moved here, and I found you and you felt just right. Like home is supposed to feel. And I know this sounds crazy, but, I think your dad loves you. He's just confused and scared by what he doesn't understand, but they all still love you.

IVY:

They may love me Eden, in their own strange and peculiar way, but they love their beliefs more. And they will do anything to hold to the way things are.

EDEN:

So we fight them Ivy. We start a rally, a protest. Whatever it takes! Bring about change to the Mormon religion.

IVY:

Ha! Now who sounds like a wide eyed little girl? They will rip us apart one way or another. This is Utah, **THEY**, are the law of the land. But we can run and live together. I don't want to change them, the way they want to change me. I respect their beliefs, I just can't live by them any more.

EDEN:

What if I talk to my Mom. Ask her if you can live with us, until we figure out another solution.

IVY:

C'mon Eden, you know that won't stop them. What happened to the bad ass girl I fell in love with? Where did she go now that I need her?

Long pause.

EDEN:

(softly)

She hasn't gone anywhere.

IVY:

Then come with me. And we can go somewhere together.

Long pause as Eden contemplates her decision. She looks at the farmhouse one last time. Shakes her head in disgust.

EDEN:

FUDGE. Let's do it.

IVY:

You mean it. We're really gonna do this?

EDEN:

Yeah. We are. I don't belong in Utah anyway, its not my home. San Francisco seems more my speed. I can call my Mom when we get there. Tell her what we've done. She'll understand. And who knows, maybe she'll move out to be close to us. Maybe she's ready to run again too?

They both embrace.

IVY:

(in a soft voice)

Thank you.

EDEN:

For what?

IVY:

My mom would always say, "whatever you do Ivy, never stop believing in miracles they find us when we least expect them. Thank you, for finding me."

They look at each other love in both their eyes.

EDEN:

Still want to show me what's down the path.

IVY:

More than ever.

Ivy takes out a letter from her satchel. It's addressed to her Family. She places on the swing.

IVY:

Good bye Mom. Good bye Dad.

Eden takes Ivy's hand.

EDEN:

You ready.

Ivy nods.

IVY:

Let's go home.

They begin walking down their path together.

End Play.

EXT. DUSK. OPEN FIELD - EPILOGUE.

We see an older figure in shadow walk up to the swing. He leans over and pick up a letter. The figure opens the letter.

FADE TO BLACK.

(V.O.)

Our Today:

WE fight for those without a voice. We speak for them. For the darkness that lives within them. For the voice that they wish they had. For the voice that we have found. WE stand up to those that would choose to push us down and silence us. WE decide, that today is our day to be US. Authentic. Perfect. Pure. And full of love. Never let them see that they have left a mark on our soul. That they have hurt us. That they have broken us. Today is our day to fight. This, is our fight song. Its time to take back our life and live as the person we were born to be. No more excuses. No more yesterdays. Because today I am fighting for me. For you. For us.

A Poem by IVY & EDEN.

END WITH "FIGHT SONG" RACHEL
PLATTEN