

Gathering Blue

Eric Coble

Dramatic

THOMAS: 15

KIRA: 15

In a dystopian future, KIRA, a recent orphan, has just been pulled from the savage wilderness by the Guardians to become the official Weaver of her community. In her new luxurious room, she meets THOMAS, the official Carver for the Guardians.

THOMAS: Kira?

KIRA: . . . yes?

THOMAS: Kira the Threader. They told me you had come.

KIRA: You're the Carver?

THOMAS: Thomas. *[Beat.]* My workroom is across the hall. And my room. I live and work in the room across the hall.

KIRA: This is my live and workroom.

[Beat.]

THOMAS: Your worktable is under a window—that's good.

KIRA: The light is good, yes.

THOMAS: And have you used your tub?

KIRA: What?

THOMAS: The

KIRA: No. It just seems such a bother when the stream's so nearby.

THOMAS: The tenders will show you how it works.

KIRA: Tenders?

THOMAS: The ones who bring you food. They'll help you however you want. And then a Guardian will be checking on you every day.

KIRA: Every day?

THOMAS: They need to make sure the work is progressing.

[Pause.]

KIRA: So how long have you lived here?

THOMAS: Since I was quite young. Ever since I could make pictures with a sharp tool and a piece of wood. Everyone thought it was "amazing."

KIRA: And your parents let you come live with the Guardians?

THOMAS: They don't care.

KIRA: Really?

THOMAS: They're not here. They were killed in a storm.

KIRA: Oh no.

THOMAS: [*Shrugs.*] Lightning.

KIRA: How? People don't go out in thunderstorms.

THOMAS: They were on some sort of errand.

KIRA: Were you there? How did you stay safe?

THOMAS: I was alone at the hut. Some Guardians came and got me and told me. I'm just lucky they thought my work was of value, or I would have been given away. I've been here ever since. [*KIRA nods.*] So far I've just been practicing, making ornaments for many of the Guardians. Now, though, I do real work. Important work.

KIRA: Doing what?

THOMAS: Carving the Singer's Staff. For the Ruin Song. They've given me wonderful tools.

[*A bell rings somewhere.*]

KIRA: That usually means it's time to go to work.

THOMAS: [*Shrugs.*] It doesn't matter. There are no real rules here. As long as the work gets done by the Gathering.

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Eric Coble

Dramatic

MATT: 10

KIRA: 15

In a dystopian future, KIRA, an orphan, has just been pulled from the savage wilderness by the Guardians to become the official Weaver of her community. She now ventures back out into the dangerous forest to meet her new mentor, accompanied by her rough-and-tumble friend from childhood, MATT.

MATT: Is he coming too.

KIRA: Matt—

MATT: You be needing a protector. Them woods is full of fierce creatures.

KIRA: Protector? You?

MATT: I only look wee.

KIRA: Jamison said it was safe as long as I stay on the path.

MATT: But suppose you get lost. I can find my way out of anywheres.