

Invisible

A Play By

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

LEO.....A boy of mixed race (9)
JAKE HENLEY.....Leo's fit, white, step-father (45)
MALILA "LILY" HENLEY.....Leo's Native American mother (25)
DOTTIE WORTHINGTON.....A formerly wealthy woman (55)
CARA WORTHINGTON.....Dottie's attractive daughter (30)

A MAN IN UNIFORM:

FATHER PAUL.....A priest

POLICE OFFICER

BARTENDER

FURNITURE MOVER

REALTOR

TIME:

Late afternoon in autumn – the present

PLACE:

The suburbs of Tucson, Arizona

SETTINGS:

Scene 1 – A side alcove of a Catholic church with an ancillary altar to the Virgin Mary

Scene 2 – The café bar of an upscale health club

Scene 3 – The backyard of a suburban tract home with a large tree

Scene 4 – The driveway of large, affluent home

Scene 5 – The same suburban yard with tree as in scene 3

Invisible

(The curtain rises on LEO who is perched on tip-toe over tiers of votive candles to the Virgin Mary. FATHER PAUL observes the boy from the rear of the church as LEO fills his chest with air and blows out an entire row of candles. Both LEO and FATHER PAUL watch in silence as the smoke ascends.)

FATHER PAUL

(Striding to the alter)

Come down from there young man. You must be Misses Henley's son. Hmm. *(beat)* I'm Father Paul. Welcome to Saint Dominic's.

LEO

Welcome? I've been here many times. How do you know my mother?

FATHER PAUL

(Kneeling at the alter)

She sees me for Confession. You look about the right age for an act of contrition yourself. How old are you? Eight?

LEO

(Joining the priest on his knees)

Nine! Almost ten!

FATHER PAUL

Well, it seems we must make up for lost time. (*to himself*) It's never too late.

LEO

Hey, does she talk about me?

FATHER PAUL

Our Lady intercedes for all those who pray to her. We sinners—

LEO

No, not her; my mother. Does she talk to you about me?

FATHER PAUL

Now Dante, you must know that priests can't talk about things revealed to us in Confession. That's—

LEO

Leonardo.

FATHER PAUL

Pardon?

LEO

Leonardo, my name is Leonardo! Dante is my brother.

FATHER PAUL

Ah, my apologies Leonardo. I didn't know that your mother had...I mean she never mentioned...

LEO

(Reaching for a votive candle)

Hey, what are these for?

FATHER PAUL

Those are like birthday candles except when you make a wish, a prayer, you light the candle instead of extinguishing it.

LEO

That's stupid. How are the prayers going to get to heaven? They need smoke. My mother says they need the wind. She weaves Dream Catchers and sells them to white people.

FATHER PAUL

Don't you think God can see the light of the candles as well as smell their smoke?

LEO

(LEO shrugs with a distinctive gesture) He probably could...if he wanted; but he's not watching.

(MALILA enters, high heels clicking on the floor. Her sexual glamour is undiminished by her attempt at conservative church attire.)

FATHER PAUL

Hello Malila. I've had the good fortune to meet your son Leonardo. He was curious about the prayer candles. Would you care to light one for your father?

MALILA

(She shrugs, repeating the same quirky gesture that her son did earlier) Why? If my dad is in heaven then he can talk to God himself - He doesn't need my help; and if he didn't make it in, then more fire is the last thing he needs.

(LEO flops down into a pew and begins to play a handheld electronic game.)

FATHER PAUL

(Beat) Ah, yes, well...we seem to have run out of matchsticks. I'll go fetch some more...in case Leonardo would like to, ah, make amends.

(Exit FATHER PAUL)

MALILA

Leo! What does he mean, "make amends"? What have you done? Jesus Christ, we're in church.

(LEO shrugs again and slumps lower in the pew.)

MALILA *(Cont'd)*

I can't watch over you every God damned minute; not the both of you. *(Shaking LEO)* Hey Leo, don't spoil this place for us. The priests are fools, but we may need their help one day. We might need a place to stay.

(Enter JAKE)

MALILA *(Cont'd)*

Maybe soon.

JAKE

(Looking for matches on the alter) How are we supposed to light these things?

MALILA

I thought you always kept a lighter with you...for pot smoking.

JAKE

This is church. I left my bad habits outside.

MALILA

How pious of you Jake.

JAKE

Oh not so much. Check this out. *(He puts a joint in his mouth and leans over a lit votive candle.)*

MALILA

LEO

Jake!

Dad!

JAKE

Come on Lily. Lighten up will you? I'm kidding. I wasn't actually going to fire one up in here. What do you say I take you and Leo out to dinner on our way to pick up Dante, sound good? There's a new Mexican place—

MALILA

No Jake, we shouldn't keep your mother waiting. She's already had the baby for five hours.

JAKE

What? Mom doesn't mind. It's not like she's got a hot date or anything.

MALILA

Hey, you're already a half-hour late getting here. Where have you been? I can never trust you to be where you're supposed to be --

JAKE

Trust me? Look at you. What were you thinking wearing that? Planning on seducing a priest? You look like a hooker. You used to dress simple. Now you spend my money on trashy clothes.

MALILA

Hey, I came here directly from the casino. You make it sound like you found me in a teepee and traded me for glass beads. Me no need your wampum White Man.

JAKE

But you're okay with me buying you a flat screen.

MALILA

Buying us a flat screen. Anyway, I don't want to keep your mother waiting.

JAKE

You don't give a shit about her. You just can't handle the competition.

MALILA

Right. Look at how well her own kids turned out. You...and that sister of yours--

(Enter FATHER PAUL with a supply of matchsticks. He stops next to LEO and takes the electronic game from the boy.)

JAKE

Don't start on her. She takes care of my mom, my accounts, and (*accepts the electronic game from FATHER PAUL*) spends more time caring for our son than either of us.

MALILA

Yeah, I noticed.

JAKE

Well maybe you could notice that I'm making a real effort here.

MALILA

Effort – Hey, why is it work? Why is it so difficult for you to show me -- Let's go.

(MALILA and JAKE exit while FATHER PAUL relights votive candles. The priest extends a matchstick to LEO who repeats his distinctive shrug and follows his parents out.)

(END OF SCENE)

(JAKE is seated at the café bar of an upscale health club. His back is to the audience and he is absorbed in playing his son's electronic game. DOTTIE, dressed for a night out, not a workout, sips her cocktail as though unaccustomed to drink.)

DOTTIE

(To BARTENDER but loud enough to attract attention) My Goodness! I don't know if you pour an especially strong drink or if I'm just out of practice. *(To JAKE who continues to ignore her)* This could go to a girl's head. *(beat)* What do you put in these things?

BARTENDER

Just the usual: vodka, Kahlua and a little cream; but a lot of Club members say the alcohol effects them more right after they've exercised.

DOTTIE

Really, do I look like I just exercised? *(beat)* This is Dolce-Gabbana. It took me almost three hours to find it. Everything I own is packed away in cardboard boxes. I've been foreclosed. Isn't that absurd? I'm appealing it of course, but that son of a – excuse me. I couldn't believe it! I thought our laws were meant to protect the innocent from this, this...robbery. What's a single woman like me supposed to do in these circumstances? Wait tables? Oh dear, not that food and beverage service is a bad thing– well, I don't have a lot of money sitting around. The house was pretty much all I had, and that bastard, excuse me. He comes up to me after the judgment and brags. "I don't need the money," he tells me. *(To JAKE)* Can you imagine? I just stood there and stared at him like this...

BARTENDER

Yeah, I'm sure the legal fees alone—

DOTTIE

Oh those assholes! Excuse me, but they're sharks, just ravenous for money; and they don't listen. Even the judge, the judge! It was like shouting into an empty room. Justice isn't just blind; it's deaf as well.

(DOTTIE pulls a perfume bottle from her purse and sprays her wrists. The BARTENDER leans back. JAKE coughs and fans the air)

JAKE

Jesus! They're gonna smell that out on the street.

DOTTIE

They should be so lucky. That's Opium, Yves Saint Laurent, the stuff of which dreams are made. It's three hundred dollars an ounce.

(Enter CARA wearing close fitting athletic wear. JAKE spins around on his chair to face her and the audience.)

CARA

Hi Mom. Whew, that was a kick-ass class. Uh...better take it easy on the perfume Mom. That stuff is three hundred an ounce. Why weren't you in class?

DOTTIE

Why wasn't I in class? I've been packing all morning. That's enough exercise. I don't see how anyone can spend the entire day at the gym. I mean doesn't anybody work around here? Besides, you have to save some energy for other pursuits. Granted it was different when I was younger, but even then—

JAKE

Cara, isn't it?

CARA

Yes, and you're Jake, right? Didn't you sub the kick boxing class a while back? I was in it.

DOTTIE

We both were.

JAKE

Yeah, I taught it a couple of times.

CARA

Your style is different from our regular instructor, trickier and more intense.

JAKE

Well I try to dumb it down when I teach at a place like this, for the general public I mean, not that you're stupid. I'm accustomed to teaching at my own martial arts studio where people are more focused.

DOTTIE

Ooh, how exciting! But don't you get hurt sometimes? It's a risky business what with all -

CARA

Wow, maybe you could give me some tips; coach me on some of the moves. I don't mean to brag, but I think I have some talent for it. I'm very disciplined.

DOTTIE

And Cara's very fit and flexible.

JAKE

I noticed.

DOTTIE

She's a natural. Not like me. I have to work at it; but once I get the hang of the movement I just disappear into another world. Why, I remember, once I was standing right up front near the mirror, and the teacher—

JAKE

(To CARA) I've got some time right now if you want to practice. Maybe there's an empty studio we can use.

CARA

That would be fantastic! Oh, but I promised Mom—

DOTTIE

Dottie Worthington--

CARA

--I'd take the dogs for a walk and then help disassemble the stereo and computer.

DOTTIE

Well, I wish I could join you for a little professional coaching; but as you can see I dressed for another kind of evening. I sort of figured we'd have a drink here and then visit a jazz club that a friend of mine recommended.

CARA

Mom, I'll only be a few minutes. *(To JAKE)* Maybe half an hour? Mom, I could meet up with you after I shower and change.

DOTTIE

I suppose—

CARA

(Exiting followed closely by JAKE who leaves the electronic game on the bar counter)
Come on!

BARTENDER

Another?

DOTTIE

(Picking up the electric game) Well, I shouldn't...

(DOTTIE'S gaze follows an unseen man entering the bar. She smiles invitingly, then grimaces in embarrassment)

DOTTIE *(Cont'd)*

Sure, give me another one. The dogs will wait up for me.

(END OF SCENE)

(LEO is alone in the family back yard looking upward into the branches of a large tree. Toys are arrayed on opposing sides of him as for a mock battle. One of his mother's dream catchers serves as his toy fighter jet. LEO remains alone onstage until the end of the scene. All other voices: JAKE, MALILA and the POLICEMAN are offstage.)

LEO

(Shouting into the tree overhead) Dante, that's enough. Don't climb any higher. I don't want to have to come up there and get you.

(LEO jumps aside as though to avoid something cast at him from the tree.)

LEO *(Cont'd)*

Hey, cut it out! That's not funny!

(He dodges a second unseen projectile.)

LEO *(Cont'd)*

Dante, stop it! You're ruining the battlefield. Only the fighter jet or Bat Man gets to drop bombs. No air to land missiles.

(LEO reacts to an unseen spit wad hitting his cheek.)

LEO *(Cont'd)*

Oooooooh, gross! Mom! Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahm!

MALILA

(O.S.)

Leo, watch your brother! You're not going to like it if I have to come out there.

LEO

See? There's no way she's gonna let you stay in the tree if she finds out that you're up there. Better not get me mad.

JAKE

(O.S.)

Jees Lily, leave the kid alone will you? Leo takes great care of his brother. Just quietly go out back and check on things every once in a while. It's not like you've got anything else to do.

MALILA

Don't you dare tell me how to take care of my son. He's only nine year's old, and half the time his head is in another world. And I have plenty to do around here. The laundry doesn't do itself you know. Neither do the dishes, neither does the bathroom floor.

JAKE

Okay, I think I've got some work to do in the garage...if I can find room out there.

MALILA

Don't touch my stuff. I've got it set up just right, like an assembly line.

JAKE

You mean those macramé, prayer flag things you make for the kids?

LEO

(To Dante) Hey, have you seen my game player?

MALILA

They're dream catchers and I sell them outside the casino to tourists. Last Saturday I made almost five hundred bucks. That's net.

JAKE

They're all nets. Ha,ha...get it? Woven hanging things...nets?

MALILA

Is that what I am to you, a joke?

(Throughout the following offstage argument, LEO punctuates his parents' verbal attacks upon one another with mock battle sounds: whistle bomb drops, machine gun fire, explosive blasts and death groans while he moves his toys in play attack.)

JAKE

No, you're no joke. I just wish you'd spend a little more time with the kids, maybe dress a little classier...

MALILA

Hey, I'm with Dante and Leo all God damned day while you're out there—

JAKE

Out where? I'm at the dojo, working my ass off so you can spend money on high heels.

MALILA

The hotter I look, the better the tips. You used to like it; and I've seen those bitches you train. Talk about looking like a slut.

JAKE

What are you talking about? I've got to be nice to those ladies. It's my job. I own the place.

MALILA

We own the place.

JAKE

I'm just doing my job, just like you.

(LEO discontinues his toy battle and instead mocks his parents in pantomime, role-playing first one side of the argument and then the other.)

MALILA

But you like you work! You think I enjoy working at the God damned casino? The cigarette smoke and the old guys pinching my ass while their wives call me a whore under their breath -- Oh yeah; but they drink the free cocktails I bring them. Bitches.

JAKE

It's not all fun and games you know. Running a business...I'm responsible, I accept responsibility for a lot of—

MALILA

I take responsibility! I take responsibility for me. For me! You have your business in everybody's business but your own. Well you have a job to do right here at home Mister.

(LEO wiggles his hips side to side like a runway model showing off)

JAKE

What are you talking about? Changing diapers? Why the hell don't you potty train him? A three year old should—

MALILA

That's not what I'm talking about.

JAKE

Give me a break. I can't just flick it on like a light switch. I just spent the whole morning supervising about fifty kids, while from the looks of things, you must have been sitting on your ass filing your nails or some such shit.

MALILA

You know I think you must be gay. Something's wrong. Are you queer? Cause other men want me.

JAKE

Me? Gay? Oh no Baby. You know I've got what it takes to please a woman...

(LEO struts like a muscle bound body builder.)

MALILA

Hey, don't tell me you're just tired from watching children all day. You think it's easy for me just because we've only got two of them? Sure...Dante's your little prince when you waltz in the door, but you know how he gets when he doesn't get to have his way. He screams. I mean for fucking hours he screams. The neighbors – and Leo, he's a piece of work. Have you heard the way he talks to me? When he says anything at all –

JAKE

Well if you gave the kids a little attention once in a –

MALILA

I've given him every God damned minute, every fucking breath!

(Offstage: Loud crash of shattering glass)

JAKE

Jesus fuck Malila! That flat screen cost me almost a thousand bucks!

(LEO climbs the tree and once perched, hugs himself)

MALILA

Get your hands off me! I'm calling the cops.

JAKE

What the fuck? You're the one who broke the damn TV. Crazy bitch. Get out of my way.

MALILA

I'm not through talking to you yet. Don't touch me. I'm dialing!

LEO

Don't cry Dante. It's going to be all right. I promise.

(LEO covers his ears and rocks himself back and forth.)

JAKE

I said get the hell out of my way!

MALILA

The cops are on they're way. If you run out on me now it'll look very bad for you. I can make sure of that.

JAKE

We are done Bitch. Got that? Done! Step away from the door.

MALILA

Ow! You son of a bitch. I'll tell them you hit me.

JAKE

Hit you? What the fuck?

MALILA

Yeah, we'll see how that looks on the record. Child Protective Services will have a good time with that one. You can forget about every seeing your boy again.

JAKE

Lily, what do you think you're doing? You think you can just take him from me? Where you gonna go? Back to the reservation? Live in squalor with two boys? Because you sure as hell aren't gonna live here.

MALILA

Just watch me! What's the matter Jake? Feeling boxed-in? Everything kind of out of your control? Trapped?

JAKE

Don't do this Lily. You'll end up losing both the kids. Leo will end up in some foster care home or worse.

LEO

(Hands folded in prayer) Our Lady full of grace, the Lord is with you. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of they womb Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners, now at the hour of our death. Amen.

Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh.

L

(Offstage: Hard door knock sound, then pounding)

POLICEMAN

Mrs. Henley? Mr. Henley? This is the Police. Open this door immediately please.

MALILA

Thank God you're here. He hit me, that son of a bitch. Here, look at this bruise. I was afraid that he was going to go after the children next. He has such a terrible temper.

JAKE

Listen Officer, this is bullshit. My wife is making all this up, just one fat lie after another. I didn't touch the bitch. I just moved her out of the doorway so that I could leave and she went ballistic.

POLICEMAN

Mr. Henley, Sir, you're going to have to come with me. You can argue your case at the station, but in these situations I must separate the two of you and hold you in the event that Mrs. Henley presses charges. Mr. Henley!

(JAKE lurches one step onto stage. His eyes scan his back yard in search of his sons.)

JAKE

(As the POLICEMAN'S arms grab him and pull him back offstage) Leo! Where's Dante? You take care of your brother Leo. I'll be back soon. I love you!

(MALILA runs a few steps onto stage as JAKE is removed. Her eyes find her sons in the tree. She reaches towards LEO, raises her index finger to her lips to silence him and then another motion commanding him to stay put. She exits.)

LEO

(Still hugging himself) It's going to be okay. You'll see. It's all going to be okay.

(END OF SCENE)

(Stacks of cardboard boxes along with odds and ends of furniture and appliances litter the driveway between a luxurious home and a moving van. CARA labels boxes as a professional MOVER enters carrying a framed painting from the house towards the van. He is closely followed by DOTTIE who is carrying an overflowing box. The MOVER stops to appreciate CARA'S backside as she bends over to arrange items in one of the boxes.

DOTTIE

Careful with that thing...the painting. It belonged to my mother. It's worth a small fortune.

(MOVER exits with painting.)

CARA

Really Mom? It's an original?

DOTTIE

I have no idea, but you know these guys. They're careless if they think you're not watching them. I don't know why people ignore details. Everyone is so casual about everything these days.

CARA

(Exiting into their house.) Whatever.

DOTTIE

Exactly. What happened to taking pride in one's work? When I was a girl we were raised –

CARA

(O.S.)

Mom! What's this? Can I have it?

DOTTIE

Cara! What is it?

(CARA enters carrying a string of Tibetan prayer flags)

DOTTIE (*Cont'd.*)

Oh my goodness, where did you find those? Your father and I bought them on our honeymoon in San Francisco.

CARA

Napkins? On your honeymoon?

DOTTIE

No Dear. Those are Tibetan prayer flags. I wanted to hang them from the eaves outside the house, but your father said they made the place look like a used car lot.

(Enter MOVER)

DOTTIE (*Cont'd.*)

I suppose you could use them for napkins; but that might be like washing your prayers down the drain.

MOVER

What's next Mrs. Worthington? How's it going CARA?

DOTTIE

I mean they probably have many uses.

CARA

(*To MOVER*) You mean Ms. Worthington.

DOTTIE

The Tibetans don't use toilet paper you know.

MOVER

Whatever.

CARA

Exactly.

DOTTIE

We were going to hike the Himalayas one day.

(MOVER picks up Leo's electronic game from an open box and begins to play it.)

CARA

Listen Mom, I've been thinking...about a few things I've wanted to do for a while.

MOVER

(Lasciviously at CARA) Yeah, me too.

DOTTIE

Isn't there more furniture for you to move?

(CARA takes the game from the MOVER and hands it to DOTTIE. Exit MOVER)

DOTTIE (Cont'd.)

Honestly, what can he be thinking? The work ethic...in my day you'd never catch a workman just goofing off, at least not right in front of the customer.

CARA

Mom, I've been thinking...this might be a good time for me to move out on my own.

DOTTIE

What? Cara, don't do this to me! I can understand you're wanting to be independent again; but I – It's all too much. I just can't take it right now.

CARA

Now Mom, I'm not talking about leaving town. I'd stay close. It's just...what with everything packed up and going into storage anyway, I thought this might be an opportune time –

DOTTIE

This is a terrible time! I...we...now we're going to have to pay rent.

CARA

Well, I've been paying rent for a long time.

DOTTIE

That's different. The money went to pay our mortgage. This house was supposed to be yours one day. Listen, I've been checking the rental listings. I've got an appointment to look at a house tomorrow. It looks like a lovely place, at least by the photos, not as big as this of course, but with a nice yard, views overlooking the foothills...

CARA

Foothills?

DOTTIE

Yes, it's near the Reservation. Things are much more affordable out—

CARA

Mom, I am not living on the Reservation.

DOTTIE

It's not on the Reservation. I said near the Reservation. A very clean two-bedroom, used to belong to a mixed race couple. You know those things never work out. Lord knows, it's hard enough when you both come from the same culture.

CARA

I don't know Mom. It sounds too far from work and...everything.

DOTTIE

You mean too far from Patrick? Well, I've been giving all that some thought, and Honey...you can have Patrick stay over, at the new place I mean, wherever we end up. I think I just have to get used to the idea that you're grown, and...move ahead with the times.

CARA

Mom, Patrick and I broke up.

DOTTIE

Cara? You never said anything.

CARA

No, you were, we both were under a lot of stress already; and the split was a long time coming really. You know, sometimes relationships run their course, and it comes time for a change.

(Enter MOVER with a box in his arms)

DOTTIE

Certainly romance comes and goes, but family is with you forever.

CARA

Maybe a smaller place, an apartment downtown, might better suit our needs.

DOTTIE

Needs? What need?

CARA

(Eyeing MOVER) Oh, you know...city needs, meeting new people needs.

MOVER

Hey Ladies, you want to check this box? It smells like something might have broken.

DOTTIE

My perfumes! I knew I should have packed those separately.

(DOTTIE takes the box from the MOVER, sets it down on the driveway and crumples besides it in tears)

DOTTIE (Cont'd.)

Oh no, it's the White Diamonds!

CARA

I thought you hated that one.

DOTTIE

I do. It smells like cat food, but your father gave it to me. One our anniversaries I think.

(MOVER exits)

DOTTIE (*Cont'd.*)

Look at all this. I can't exist in a boxy apartment; and what about the dogs? You wouldn't leave them would you? Just abandon the things you love and move on? They need room, and...and a yard...and care and affection...and...someone who understands, who listens...

CARA

No, Mom, I'll stay; but some things have to go.

DOTTIE

Like what?

CARA

Like this perfume for starters.

(END OF SCENE)

(LEO is again perched in his backyard tree, visible to the audience but hidden from pedestrians on stage.)

(Enter REALTOR followed closely by DOTTIE)

REALTOR

And this is the backyard. Charming isn't it. Why it's practically like having a whole other room to the house, and look at that view!

DOTTIE

What view?

REALTOR

Uh, the uh, hills there, just over the rooftops, marvelous at sunset, all that pink and gold. Plenty of room here for the pets. The swing set will be gone by next weekend. Promise. The owners have two boys and they, um, left in a bit of a hurry.

DOTTIE

That's a shame. How old are the children?

REALTOR

The one boy is nine I believe and the little one is a toddler. Half-Indian, mixed race couple. You know that seldom works out.

DOTTIE

This lawn is brown in spots. Is water included in the rent?

REALTOR

Oh, yes, I see, Hmm, you have a sharp eye for detail. I'll check the lease agreement. It's on the kitchen table. I'll be right back.

(DOTTIE displays boredom while waiting for the REALTOR. She finds the electronic game in her handbag and begins to play it.)

LEO

Hey, that's my game! How did you get a hold of it?

DOTTIE

This thing? I...well I don't remember where it came from. Who are you? One of the neighbor boys? What are you doing up there?

LEO

You better give it back. It cost my dad plenty.

DOTTIE

Well, I don't see how it can possibly be your toy, but you can have it. You'll have to climb down to get it. I'm not coming up there.

LEO

Ha, ha, of course not. Old people don't climb trees.

DOTTIE

Old? I'll have you know I've climbed many trees! I was a real tomboy when I was – How old are you anyway?

LEO

Yeah, but that was a long time ago.

DOTTIE

Now, there's no call to be rude, and it wasn't that long ago. If I wanted I could still...well I'll just show you.

(DOTTIE kicks off her shoes and carrying them in one hand, climbs the tree)

LEO

Careful! Old people get hurt easy.

DOTTIE

There you go with that word again. Move over Buddy. Here, take your...whatever it is. What's your name?

LEO

Leonardo

(The REALTOR enters with papers in hand.)

REALTOR

Mrs. Worthington? Mrs. Worthington? Where are you? Mrs. Worthington?

(DOTTIE and LEO giggle as the REALTOR exits.)

LEO

No one can see us up here. It's like we're invisible.

DOTTIE

Yes. It feels like that sometimes. Nice to meet you by the way. I'm Dottie.

LEO

You smell pretty.

DOTTIE

Thank you Leonardo. I need to climb down now. I can't let the agent think I've vanished.

LEO

Why not?

DOTTIE

I think I'm going to rent this house. I like it here.

LEO

I used to like it here too.

DOTTIE

Oh Leonardo, this was your home?

LEO

(Shrugs) Yeah, for a while, as much as any place I guess. When I grow up I'm gonna have a big house, far away from everybody.

DOTTIE

Where do you live now?

LEO

About four blocks from here. My mom got an apartment. She and my step-dad had...troubles. We don't have a yard.

DOTTIE

(Handing LEO her shoes) Hold these for a minute while I get down please. *(Climbing down)* Leonardo, you can come play here anytime that it's okay with your mother.

(LEO tosses DOTTIE her shoes)

DOTTIE *(Cont'd.)*

Thank you. *(beat)* Do you like dogs?

(Enter REALTOR)

REALTOR

Mrs. Worthington, there you are. I thought I'd lost you. Where did you disappear to? And why are you barefoot?

DOTTIE

I, uh, walked through the side gate to see the garage and I think I must have stepped in something.

REALTOR

Oh, I thought I'd locked that gate. I'd be happy to show you the garage. There's an interior entrance by the kitchen. Let me get you something to wipe that off.

DOTTIE

That won't be necessary. I'll take it, the lease on the house I mean.

(The REALTOR leads DOTTIE to the house door and he exits while she pauses at the door.)

DOTTIE (Cont'd.)

(To LEO in the tree)

(THE END)