

**Selections from**  
*Fallout of the Sky:*  
*a series of linked short plays based on the myth of Icarus and Daedalus*  
a collaboration between Nellie Kurz and Briandaniel Oglesby

The Text

Masks by Nellie Kurz  
Text by Briandaniel Oglesby

Copyright © 2014  
All Rights Reserved

For inquiries contact:

[Briandanieloglesby@gmail.com](mailto:Briandanieloglesby@gmail.com)

Nellie and Brian would like to acknowledge the following collaborators who helped create the script.

Laura Rogers, Kevin Jacaman, and Alani Chock, who went through the entire development process with the play and gave life to the flock and storytellers.

Ian Price, Connor Haley, Ja'Michael Darnell, and Chelsea Beth, who joined us at different stages in the process and were vital to the

Fallout of the Sky

*We hear the sound of the ocean, the thunder and crack of waves. Gulls squawk and screech.*

Dad? Dad!

There was a boy /  
a boy / who fell  
who fell/ from the sky  
and cracked on the saltwater and drowned in the hard ocean

*The ensemble creates the rush of wind  
something falling from great height.*

*The lights come on.  
A fish, frightened, swims away.*

His name was  
    You probably know his name  
He was the son of the oh-so-clever inventor.  
    And maybe you know *his* name.  
For our purposes, he goes by  
    Dad? Dad!

*(a member of the flock becomes a teenager)*  
Maybe you heard the story  
*(a second member of the flock becomes a teenager)*  
    Yeah, Sure  
    Sure, Yeah  
Maybe you were younger  
*(a third member of the flock becomes a teenage)*  
    Yeah, whatever  
*(a fourth member becomes a FATHER FIGURE)*  
“Hey! What did I tell you? What did I tell you? Teenagers.”  
    Come on, Dad!

Maybe you were in trouble

*(All of the ensemble are now teenagers, except FATHER FIGURE)*

God

    God

        Gah

            Shit!

    I wasn't smoking  
        just wanted to go out to a frickin party

    I didn't drink

    I was just looking  
        I'm old enough

come on let me go                      God, Dad!                      Lefty started it  
What do you know?                      I hate you won't trust me                      Whatever!  
    I didn't mean to                      I didn't *do* anything

Can I just go?

“No!”

Aww, but Dad,

“No, ‘aww, but Dads,’ kiddo, you’re staying here.”

But I

“What did I tell you?”

FINE!

“Shut up and let me tell you a story!”

Do I have a choice?                      Whatever                      Whatever, Dad.

“Read about it in the papers.”

Whatever.

“Listen to your pops.”

Weird, Dad.

“Hey, if you don’t listen, you may wake up dead!”

Go back to working on your Chevy.

“So, once upon a time,”

What am I, four?

“There was a brilliant man, a father, and he was MacGuyver and Rin-tin-tin smart.”

Blah blah blah.

“He and his son, they got trapped in a labyrinth”

What’s a labyrinth?

“It’s a maze.”

Why didn’t they solve the maze?

“It was goddamn impossible and shut up.”

Stupid maze.

“The only way out of this labyrinth was to fly.”

The maze didn’t have a roof?

“I guess not, and shut up.”

What a stupid maze.

“His pops, who’s smart like your old man, looks up .... scratches his whiskers.... and says,”

“No problem”

“So he builds these things, these wings –”

Outa what?

“Whatever’s around, shut up. What yah gotta know, is he glues it all together with wax”

Why would he use wax?

“Listen kiddo – you make do. And so, with the wings of wax and whatever’s around, they’re about to fly themselves out of the maze, they’re about fly out over the ocean, and old pops turns to his son and warns him, ‘Listen up, boy. If you get one thing from me in this life it’s this: don’t fly too close to the sun. The sun is hot. The wax will melt. And you will die.’ But teenagers, you know.”

He’s a teenager?  
Who else doesn’t listen to his pops?  
So... what happens?

Woop – Woop! Look at me dad!

“Teenager happens.”

Just takes a taste of

marijuanamaryjaneweeder / beer / whiskey / pills/ porno /  
one hit of the crack / driving too fast / Scientology / riding without your helmet /  
MTV / cigarettes / eKstacy or whatever they call it now / facebook /  
theatre /chewing tobacco / piercings / rap music / pokemon /  
cutting school / the huffing of paint fumes / premarital sex / heroin

Just a taste, and that’s it. He just wants to get a little high.  
And then he wants to get higher and higher.  
And off he goes, young and dumb and heading for the sun

And and and

*(a crack appears in Pops. Just a small one.)*

The boy falls, just

*(the whistle of a fall, splash)*

And while he’s fallin, I’m telling you, he’s thinking.

“Goddamn it, I shoulda listened to my dad.”

*A moment.*

Dad?

Dad?

Dad?

*The ensemble are no longer teenagers.*

Maybe you heard that version.

But

after the death, the boy’s oh-so-clever inventor father,

he turned to stone

he set himself on fire

he dissolved in acid

he flew away

well, his father is long gone and cannot be reached.

*Does the boy light up a cigarette?*

When one is missing  
One leaves a hole.  
There is a boy-sized hole in this story.

When there are holes  
    you start to fill in details  
        you start, you know,  
making shit up  
    things that seem like truth but are actually lies

We talked to the ones overlooked  
We asked why?  
    did the boy fall  
We asked  
    What happened  
        between father and son?  
What happened?  
  
    Dad? Dad!

*A fish enters.  
The flock freezes.  
The flock becomes a school of fish.  
The school of fish dissolves the boy.  
One of the fish lifts herself from the water.  
She lights up a cigarette, taking it from Pops.*

FOR THE FULL SCRIPT, EMAIL BRIANDANIEL

## OUR FLOCK

*The GUARDLANS become the flock. They speak as many and as one.*

I I I I I

We

I

I

I

I

Knew him

Knew them.

The flock

the flock of two/

of two

they worked / on

they invaded

our summerland.

In winter and spring

We roost / in

nest /in

our home is

The Mainland

but only in winter and spring

We love

the

hummus // domas

lamb kabobs // stuffed grape leaves

feta // olive oil // honey

baklava on the Mainland

Oh, and the wine

it is so-so

Every summer we come to the island

to shag

to rut

to make love

to romance // to fuck

to start a family

We fly out over /the ocean

for miles

Sea-spray glinting

burning salt, blinding sun

to the island of rock

brush  
sand  
and no traffic.

We eat seaweed  
gutterfish // algae  
urchins // bloodworms  
Grubs  
Weeds  
Dirt

For a shot at love we fly  
to our suburbs  
It is a safe place to raise a family

Every summer

Then there was / this summer  
This summer, they were there  
Foreigners  
The flock of two  
“Dad, Dad!”  
the boy called.  
“Dad, I want to go *leave*,”  
he keened.

He was young  
Old enough to know better  
Too young

He ached / to fly  
for honey baklava feta

He was trapped  
His father was trapped too  
They were imprisoned  
Exiled.

We ignored them.

“Dad, I want to go! Dad!  
I miss home.”

We tried to ignore them.