



BRANDON: I can't stand it anymore I need to know—what is the true meaning of life—what is it? What is truth?
(Best friend observes him, stunned, then distressed. During his next line, he begins to frantically page through his English book.)

BEST FRIEND: Oh man, that's not on the test is it? I don't even remember that part!
(All freeze for three or four seconds. Then Best Friend exits with his book and cheese puffs. Blocks remain where they are. Brandon walks to one end of the stage, Mona enters at the other and they wave to each other, then mime talking as they move to the center and settle into a conversation during the following narration. Brandon sits on the upended block, Mona stands with one foot on the other block, leaning towards him.)

NARRATOR: Picture this. It's after school and you bump into your neighbor, Mona, who used to baby-sit you when you were little. Now she's started her own organic food co-op and lives in a loft over a nightclub, and just generally has the coolest life imaginable. You get to talking, and you end up telling her about this whole quest-for-truth thing, and she looks at you, really wisely and kindly, and says—

MONA: Oh Brandon, that's so deep! You always were such a sweet, serious kid. Look—you have to find your own truth. One person's truth just doesn't work for someone else. That would be like everyone having the same playlist, you know?
(They freeze for three or four seconds. Mona exits while Narrator places either a laptop or a big book on world religions on the upturned block. Brandon sits down and mimes intensely studying, fingers running through disheveled hair. This continues, turning pages of a book, or exploring a website, until his next line.)

NARRATOR: Picture this. It's two weeks later and you've put your social life on hold to study major world religions—this truth thing is now an obsession. Your friends think you are weird. Your parents are afraid you'll wind up on some commune in the Himalayas. You have read about Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, Taoism and some other stuff you can't pronounce. Nothing is clicking. The search is giving you no answers and more questions. Out of desperation you make a radical decision.

BRANDON: I think I'm gonna go back to church.

