

Sally's Gone, She Left Her Name

by Russell Davis

The Play: The story of seventeen-year-old Sally Decker and her parents, Henry and Cynthia, and Christopher, her brother. Mom and Dad are not what they used to be, nor is the family; life is changing—nothing seems connected anymore.

Time and Place: Summer. The present. A large kitchen in a suburban home.

The Scene: Sally speaks of her restlessness to her mother.

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SALLY: I don't want you to wait, Mom. You're too restless to wait. [You are. I know you are.] Mom, it's not so bad to be restless. It's good. I get restless too. Mom, I do. Cause I don't want to be with Bruce, or argue with Dad. I don't want to be like us. I want something more. I want what Grandpa had. I want how he painted. Like his girl. I want to be the girl Grandpa painted. More than anything I know I want to be in that picture. Something like that picture. I want to wear that wide headband she's got around her head. And that T-shirt, I want that extra large T-shirt that's so light you can see through it. I want to go running like that in the middle of the night, more than anything I know, faraway from anybody, any town, any teachers, family. Just run up and down, visit the ocean, and the mountains, everything. Yeah. Because I think if I could do that, be some kind of little girl spirit all over again, if I could do that, and not miss all the stuff, everything in my life, the people, the things to do, then I would be happy. I could be happy in a way that I could walk around for sixty years or so until I died, wearing nothing but this white T-shirt and a headband. Except on the headband, I've embroidered:

"Sally's gone." That's right. Sally's gone. And she left her name, so don't try calling after her. She left her name.

The Scene: Sally tells Christopher, her brother, how difficult it is to say what we mean

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SALLY: Chris, everyone says corny stuff in private. In particular, me. Chris, I say things in my head, hopes, stuff like that, that sound just awful when I say them out loud. I've tried it. Doesn't sound at all like it did when I just thought it. It's the same with everybody. The same, I bet. Cause there's some kind of background music inside your head. I don't mean there's music, Chris, but something. Because, if I say in my head, for example, I love you, Christopher, there's a background music. Otherwise how could I say it? And I can get goosebumps on my arms from thinking about you, Christopher. I can. But if I actually said to you, I love you, Christopher, or if I said, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I made what happened to Mom. I never meant what happened to Mom. I don't know how I got so angry to make what happened.

[SALLY: I'm sorry.]

SALLY: If I said that, immediately I would feel phoney. And you too. Cause something's awkward and we'd have to argue right away to make up and get back to normal. And I don't understand how come. How come the longer you stay in this world, the longer you see everything going on, the harder and harder it gets to say what you mean. Or why you have to keep it all in your head. The older you get, the more and more stuff you have to keep in your head, any kind of hopes you ever had about living, all of it, never speaking, and it gets sicker and sicker inside your head, until you can't hold it up anymore, and you're ashamed, and you fall over, get old, and die.

