

**“HOLY SHIT”**

**by KJ Sanchez**

***IN WHICH 6 PEOPLE TRY THEIR BEST TO COLLECT THEIR THOUGHTS IN  
ONE OF THE MOST GORGEOUS LIBRARIES ON EARTH***

**WNPL December**

Prompt - Gabriel Macedo: I'm having a hard time collecting my thoughts after the accident.

*6 people stand in the middle of the reading room of the Peabody Library*

Holy shit.	<b>ONE</b>
I know, right?	<b>TWO</b>
This place is cray-z.	<b>ONE</b>
You've never been here?	<b>THREE</b>
Uh-uh.	<b>ONE</b>
Aren't you like from here?	<b>THREE</b>
Uh-hu	<b>ONE</b>
And you've never been?	<b>THREE</b>
Uh-uh.	<b>ONE</b>

**TWO**

Shouldn't we be whispering or something?

**FOUR**

Shhhhhhh. I've always wanted to do that.

*ONE starts to sing the theme to Ghostbusters.*

**FIVE**

I can't decide if this place makes me want to read every book known to man or feel totally intimidated and figure some schmuck like me could never be a scholar. Or maybe I should just invest in elbow patches or something.

**TWO**

It does make you want to whisper, right? What would happen if I just started screaming motherfucker over and over again?

**ONE**

What would happen if I strung out a rope and swang from one side to the next – I SOOOOO want to swing around from one end to the next, would that be amazing? I mean, it's just begging for it. To me it's a giant jungle gym.

**TWO**

It looks like a giant brain

**THREE**

This is your brain on NOT drugs.

**FIVE**

I want this to be my brain.

**SIX**

I've told you guys how my brain works, right? I think I've told you, I feel like I've told you. It's like..

Every word in my brain is one of these books. Most regular people can just retrieve the word they need, when, um, they're talking, right? Most people can just pull the book right off the shelf, they can just get the word they're looking for.

But that's not the way my brain works.

In my brain, if I'm talking, if I'm having a thought, I can't just get the word, I have to go over to the card catalogue and thumb thru the cards – except instead of getting the right call number, I get the card right *next* to the one I need. Then I can't just go get the book – no, I have to give the – wrong – call number to a very old and very blind librarian, who pushes an old cart covered in cobwebs down the aisle. Eventually she gets to the book correlating to my – already wrong – call number, but instead of grabbing *that* book, she grabs the one right *next* to it. So... say my mind needs the name Aristotle? Well, I grab the call number for Plato and then the old blind librarian gets me PLUTO.

That's... how it works...

I've been... I'm having a hard time collecting my thoughts after the accident.

End of Play