

# WINDSWEPT

*By*  
*Ashley Parks*

# WINDSWEPT

Copyright © 2023 by Ashley Parks

CAUTION: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that performance of **WINDSWEPT** is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of The United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth) and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission of which must be obtained from the Author in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for **WINDSWEPT** are controlled exclusively by Next Stage Press. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance written permission and paying the requisite fee. Inquiries concerning production rights should be addressed to [licensing@nextstagepress.net](mailto:licensing@nextstagepress.net)

## SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce **WINDSWEPT** is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author.

WINDSWEPT

*for Dr. Carlson,  
who believed in my art and helped me hone my craft.*

## WINDSWEPT

CAST: 2 Men and 1 woman

BIANCA ELLIS 28, Writer and a hopeless romantic, single,  
Evan's sister  
EVAN ELLIS 23, Amazon worker, a drug addict. Bianca's  
brother  
ANONYMOUS Mysterious and unknown. Matter of fact. Calls  
Bianca

### TIME

The Present.

### THE PLACE

The living room and surrounding area of Bianca and Evan's one-bedroom apartment. Fairly well kept, aside from some scattered papers on the coffee table and a hoodie or two strewn on a couch or a lounge chair. They have a balcony, located somewhere upstage. The quintessential young adult's apartment.

WINDSWEPT

# WINDSWEPT

## SCENE 1

*LIGHTS UP ON: the edge of center stage. BIANCA, 28, sits on the edge of the stage wrapped in a blanket. She's crying and alone. There are ambulance sirens blaring in the background. She sits here, shrouded in a light that is reminiscent of a dream or something happening in the past for an amount of time that's almost uncomfortable. In the midst of this time and the noise, the sound of an automated voice starts to echo through the space. It's faint at first but grows steadily louder. It says the following: "Adult male, adult female, adolescent female, all declared dead at the scene. One more adult female, in stable condition, generally unharmed. Incident appears to have been a drive by shoot out. No suspects in custody." As the automated voice grows louder and echoes through the space, we see Bianca start to breathe heavier and heavier. She appears as if she's going to have a panic attack. Once we reach the end of the automated voice's line, blackout.*

## SCENE 2

*A significant amount of time has passed. Almost 2 years. Bianca is pacing relentlessly. It's 2 a.m. She looks at her watch and takes a seat on the couch. Her phone is on the coffee table. After a brief second, she gets up and starts to pace again. Suddenly, her phone rings.*

**BIANCA.** *(Lurching for the phone, answering.)* What the fuck, Evan!

**ANONYMOUS.** *(Mysterious, responds on speaker phone.)* It's not Evan.

**BIANCA.** Oh...oh, uh, sorry. Uh, wh—who is this?

**ANONYMOUS.** Are you looking for Evan?

**BIANCA.** Who the hell is this?

## WINDSWEPT

**ANONYMOUS.** Where is Evan?

**BIANCA.** Who are you and why are you asking about my brother?

**ANONYMOUS.** You don't know?

**BIANCA.** Know what?

**ANONYMOUS.** *(Running out of time.)* Your brother was out on the streets tonight. I saw him in a back alley. Recognized him. Took pictures. I can send those now if you want. I saw an exchange. Saw him leave. When he gets home, ask about Nico.

**BIANCA.** *(Frantic.)* Wait, wait, wait, so you did see him leave?

**ANONYMOUS.** Yes. *(A strong sigh of relief from Bianca.)* Sending pictures now. Remember, ask about Nico.

**BIANCA.** When was the last time you— *(The phone line goes dead.)* Shit. *(Bianca tosses her phone across the room in exasperation. She's pacing again. She checks her watch. 2 am. Suddenly, her phone dings. She races to it, examining.)* Goddammit, Evan. *(A knock on the door. Bianca is startled. She recovers a moment. Another knock, more forceful. Bianca takes a second, realizing. A shift. She crosses her arms, pensive. She doesn't make a move toward the door. We hear the voice of EVAN, 23, from behind the door.)*

**EVAN.** *(Slurred)* Open up. *(Bianca doesn't say anything. She stares at the door. Evan, doing a very bad, low and gruff-voiced cop impression, bangs on the door once more.)* Cliffside PD open up. I have a warrant. *(Evan starts cackling at himself, as if he's made the funniest joke of all time. It's not funny. After a beat, his laughter trails off...)*

**BIANCA.** You have a fucking key.

**EVAN.** Welp. I don't know where that is right now.

**BIANCA.** *(Under her breath.)* Unbelievable.

**EVAN.** Open up! *(Evan beats on the door with a vengeance. A reluctant and frustrated Bianca finally goes to open it. Evan stumbles in, high.)*

Why, thank youuuuu.

**BIANCA.** Where have you been?

**EVAN.** Out and about.

**BIANCA.** Out and about where?

**EVAN.** Does it matter? *(Evan trips a bit over the leg of the coffee table.)*

**BIANCA.** It fucking matters, Evan.

## WINDSWEPT

**EVAN.** *(An intoxicated version of pensive.)* You know, I don't need you in my business like that...

**BIANCA.** *(Shouting.)* Then why the fuck am I here?

**EVAN.** To chill. Make good money. Stick together... *(Evan trails off as he wanders in his high stupor. He falls into the couch and throws his head back. He lulls.)* Isn't that what matters? Us, sticking together? *(Bianca looks on, disappointed. Beat.)*

**BIANCA.** Why tonight?

**EVAN.** *(Eyes closed.)* Whatchu talking about?

**BIANCA.** How many did you take?

**EVAN.** Ehhh....

**BIANCA.** *(Dead serious.)* Don't fuck with me. *(A beat.)* How many did you take?

**EVAN.** *(High and unable to grasp the seriousness of the moment.)* Honestly, only like one and a half. I promise. Pinky promise. *(Evan leans toward Bianca over the coffee table, holding out his pinky. She stares, unmoving. He waves it around for a second before chuckling and falling back into the couch.)*

**BIANCA.** What happened? *(Evan doesn't respond, lost in space. Bianca looks on, defeated.)*

**EVAN.** *(Reviving. Drastic switch.)* Doesn't matter. I'm going to bed now.

**BIANCA.** No, the fuck you're not.

**EVAN.** *(Overly self-righteous.)* B, I know you can see now is not the time—

**BIANCA.** *(Snapping.)* Okay, so when is the right time then, hmm?

**EVAN.** Uhhhhhhh... *(Evan starts to lull again. Bianca, heated, grabs a glass of water from the coffee table and flings it in his face. Evan, reviving once more.)* Yo what the fuck, Bianca.

**BIANCA.** What's wrong with you?

**EVAN.** I can ask you the same thing, throwing water in my face and shit...

**BIANCA.** Get over it. *(A beat. The two stare at each other for a beat. A standoff.)* Now tell me what happened. *(A shift. Evan turns rigid, cold, stone faced.)*

## WINDSWEPT

**EVAN.** I'm not dealing with this right now. *(He gets up and starts to walk toward the bedroom.)*

**BIANCA.** Do you ever deal with anything? *(Evan stops, back to Bianca. Without turning around...)*

**EVAN.** You know I do. *(Evan stumbles into the bedroom, slamming the door. BIANCA stares, defeated.)*

**BIANCA.** What's the point...? *(Beat.)*

**EVAN.** *(Bellowing.)* Hey! *(Bianca doesn't respond. She stares at her phone again. Evan bellows louder.)* Bianca, please.

**BIANCA.** *(Feebly.)* Coming...I'm coming. *(She sits for another moment with her phone, staring. After a beat Bianca locks her phone and leaves it on the coffee table. She walks into the bedroom, shutting the door behind her.)*

### SCENE 3

*Back in time, about a few months after the incident in scene one. The reminiscent lighting from scene one washes the stage to help take the audience to this time. Bianca, dressed in business professional, is leaned over the bar area of the kitchen inside of an apartment. She's scribbling away feverishly at some documents on the table. The apartment should be astonishingly well kept, a very purposeful design, fitting of a young up and coming professional. She stops writing and looks at her watch. Visibly annoyed, she finishes writing and then packs up what she has as she prepares to leave. Once she's gathered everything, she heads out of the front door, locking it, before descending some steps and walking across the edge of the stage towards DSL. She moves with purpose, prepared. Just as she reaches a bit past center stage, Evan enters from DSR.*

**EVAN.** B! *(Bianca stops walking abruptly, startled. She turns and then let's out a sigh.)*

**BIANCA.** You're late.



## WINDSWEPT

**EVAN.** I don't think I can go, B.

**BIANCA.** *(Taken aback.)* Wait, are you serious?

**EVAN.** It's all still a little too fresh.

**BIANCA.** I don't think it's something that's ever gonna get old, Ev. *(A beat.)*

**EVAN.** I just can't do it.

**BIANCA.** *(Rolling her eyes.)* Then why'd you come? *(Another beat. The two have not moved any closer to each other. They stand off, one on each side of the stage edge. Evan puts his hands in his pockets. He shrugs.)* I'll be there too, you know. You won't be alone.

**EVAN.** Still.

**BIANCA.** *(Snapping.)* Oh c'mon Evan. It's the least you could do considering I was by myself when... *(She trails off.)* It's fine. I'll take care of it. *(She turns to leave again.)*

**EVAN.** B, wait! *(She stops without turning.)*

**BIANCA.** What?

**EVAN.** What...what all do they know? About what happened.

**BIANCA.** Well, if you came to court once, you might figure it out. *(A beat. She sighs again, relenting.)* They think it could've been gang related. Drugs or something.

**EVAN.** *(Swallowing back some kind of emotion.)* Oh...

**BIANCA.** Yeah.

**EVAN.** But...but that doesn't make sense. No one in the car had anything to do with—

**BIANCA.** They suspect it might've been a mistaken target. A misidentification. You would know all this if—

**EVAN.** If I bothered to come to court, I know. *(A beat.)*

**BIANCA.** They say they've got the guy now too. *(Evan is visibly shaken.)*

**EVAN.** They're arresting someone?

**BIANCA.** They've already arrested him. They say he's probably the one who ordered the hit.

**EVAN.** *(Still shaken.)* Oh...

**BIANCA.** Yep. Now we're... I'm very late so... *(She turns to leave again.)*

**EVAN.** Wait!

## WINDSWEPT

**BIANCA.** *(Exasperated.)* What, Evan?

**EVAN.** Just one more thing. Are they gonna let this guy talk?

**BIANCA.** *(Confused.)* Is that why you won't come? You're afraid to face the guy who did this to us? *(Evan swallows again, hiding.)*

**EVAN.** Yeah, a little.

**BIANCA.** I see.

**EVAN.** So, are they gonna let him talk?

**BIANCA.** *(Still a bit confused.)* No. I think this is just all the official case closing stuff. Sentencing and that whole thing.

**EVAN.** Oh, okay. *(A beat.)*

**BIANCA.** Last call. Are you sure you still don't wanna come? *(A beat.)* I think mom, dad, and Elle would want you to be there. *(Another beat. Evan just looks down without responding. Bianca shakes her head a bit in frustration.)* Okay. *(Bianca exits DSL. Evan watches her go without moving. He walks a bit in that direction and then stops, thinking better of it. He starts to turn, pulling a bottle of pills out of his pocket. He examines them. He continues to examine them as he starts to head up the stairs toward Bianca's apartment. He sits on the top step, pills in hand. He stares at them a bit more before opening the bottle and popping one. He waits for a beat, then fishes out another. He takes it. Another beat, and he takes another. He breathes deeply, as lights fade to black.)*

## SCENE 4

*6 am. Back to present day. Bianca sits hunched over the coffee table, head in her hands. In front of her is a sea of papers strewn about, her pen rests on top of them. The door to the balcony upstage is open. A morning breeze. After a beat, Bianca picks up her pen and writes a few words, throws her pen on the pages again and resumes her previous position. Enter Evan from the bedroom.*

## WINDSWEPT

**EVAN.** Morning. *(Bianca doesn't move or respond.)* Alllllrighty then. *(Evan shudders a bit and moves upstage to shut the open door to the balcony.)*

**BIANCA.** Don't close that.

**EVAN.** It's freezing.

**BIANCA.** It's not.

**EVAN.** Well then, *I'm* freezing.

**BIANCA.** I don't care. Leave it open.

**EVAN.** Why?

**BIANCA.** *(Exasperated.)* I don't know! It helps me think! Just leave it alone. *(Evan backs away from the balcony door, hands up in mock surrender. Bianca resumes her position, head in hands. Evan moves toward her.)*

**EVAN.** Don't you have to head into the office today?

**BIANCA.** I'm calling in.

**EVAN.** An impromptu day off? Not your style. What gives? *(He moves to sit on the couch next to her. She quickly gathers up the pages. Once gathered, she places them under her leg on the seat beside her, furthest from Evan.)* What, I can't see what you're writing about?

**BIANCA.** Don't you have work today?

**EVAN.** *(Relenting. Kicking his feet up.)* You know, I may just call in too.

**BIANCA.** We have to work Ev. This place doesn't pay for itself.

**EVAN.** Then why are you calling in? We split rent, remember? Gotta hold up your side of the bargain too you know. *(He chuckles.)*

**BIANCA.** *(Spicy)* Don't worry about me and my side of the bargain. *(A beat. The two stare at each other for a while. A standoff.)*

**EVAN.** Again, what gives?

**BIANCA.** Where were you last night?

**EVAN.** Oh, c'mon can we please drop this?

**BIANCA.** No.

**EVAN.** Why not?

**BIANCA.** Because I want to see if you'll tell the truth.

**EVAN.** I don't know what you want me to say. *(Bianca sighs in frustration. She thinks for a moment, then reaches for the stack of papers under leg. She shuffles through them and pulls out a page.)*

## WINDSWEPT

**BIANCA.** Here. Read it. Tell me what you think. *(Evan, apprehensive, takes the page from her. He takes a moment to read. After a beat, he looks up.)*

**Evan.** You want me to be honest? *(Bianca nods.)* Okay... it's hot garbage. *(Bianca snatches the paper and playfully pushes Evan's head. They laugh.)*

**BIANCA.** When was last time you ate?

**EVAN.** I dunno. Yesterday.

**BIANCA.** What time? What did you eat?

**EVAN.** You ask a shit ton of questions, you know that?

**BIANCA.** Well excuse me for caring about your wellbeing.

**EVAN.** I mean, I appreciate you, but you don't have to go all overkill. *(A beat. A shift.)*

**BIANCA.** Yeah...yeah I do.

**EVAN.** *(Changing the subject.)* Well, if you really cared about my wellbeing, you wouldn't let me freeze to death. *(He rises and goes to close the balcony door again. He hesitates, looking back for Bianca's protest. There is none. She sits on the couch, arms crossed, thinking.)* Sooo, why are you calling in again? *(Bianca shrugs, not looking at him.)*

**BIANCA.** Just don't feel like it today. A lot on my mind.

**EVAN.** *(Sitting.)* Oh, like what? *(Bianca shoots him a look.)* What, I can't ask a shit ton of questions?

**BIANCA.** You. I'm calling in because of you.

**EVAN.** Why me?

**BIANCA.** I have to watch you. *(Evan sighs.)*

**EVAN.** Well, what if I have work today? You can't watch me while I'm at work.

**BIANCA.** You'd be surprised. *(Bianca steals a pointed glance at her phone.)*

**EVAN.** Oh, so you're on some stalker shit now?

**BIANCA.** Maybe. Seems like I need to be.

**EVAN.** That's not funny, B.

**BIANCA.** It's not meant to be funny, it's real. *(Matter of fact.)* What are you doing today?

**EVAN.** *(Cold. Standing to leave.)* None of your fucking business.

## WINDSWEPT

**BIANCA.** (*Erupting.*) It is my business. Otherwise, I wouldn't fucking be here.

**EVAN.** (*Matching energy.*) Well, if you don't wanna fucking be here then leave.

**BIANCA.** And what happens when you OD and die this time, huh? (*Hurt. Reliving. Collapsing back into herself.*) What the hell am I supposed to do then? (*Bianca collapses back into the couch, reliving a faraway moment. Evan looks on for a beat before walking back into the bedroom. After another beat, he comes out in a beanie, pulling on jacket. He's wearing an Amazon shirt.*)

**EVAN.** I'll be back. (*He doesn't wait for a response. The front door slams.*)

**BIANCA.** Dammit! (*She throws the papers across the room. They fly, catching the wind. She's frustrated. After a beat she goes to gather the papers up again. As she gathers, she begins to read some, she smiles to herself. She finishes gathering, goes to re-open the balcony door, and resumes her place at the coffee table. She starts to write again, after a beat, her phone rings. She picks it up, recognizing the number. Anonymous. She answers, placing him on speaker phone.*) Hello?

**ANONYMOUS.** Me again.

**BIANCA.** What do you want?

**ANONYMOUS.** Where did Evan go?

**BIANCA.** Why do you...what do you want?

**ANONYMOUS.** Have you asked about Nico yet?

**BIANCA.** What? N-no.

**ANONYMOUS.** You should really keep a closer eye on him.

**BIANCA.** Are you watching him?

**ANONYMOUS.** You could say that.

**BIANCA.** (*Hesitant, prodding.*) Are you...are you working with him?

**ANONYMOUS.** Why haven't you asked about Nico?

**BIANCA.** Who the fuck is Nico?

**ANONYMOUS.** Someone you should know.

**BIANCA.** Is he dangerous or something?

**ANONYMOUS.** Something like that. (*A beat.*)

**BIANCA.** (*Sleuthing.*) Why do YOU care about him so much?

## WINDSWEPT

**ANONYMOUS.** Just don't want anybody to get hurt. That's all.

**BIANCA.** Uhuh. *(She pauses, thinking. She asks the next logical question.)* What's...what's your name? *(A long and heavy silence. After this beat...)*

**ANONYMOUS.** *(Running out of time.)* Ask about Nico as soon as possible. He has to tell you. *(Hesitating.)* He...he has to. *(Anonymous hangs up before Bianca can respond. She's dumbfounded. Blackout.)*

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS –  
ORDER A COPY AT [WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.COM](http://WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.COM)***