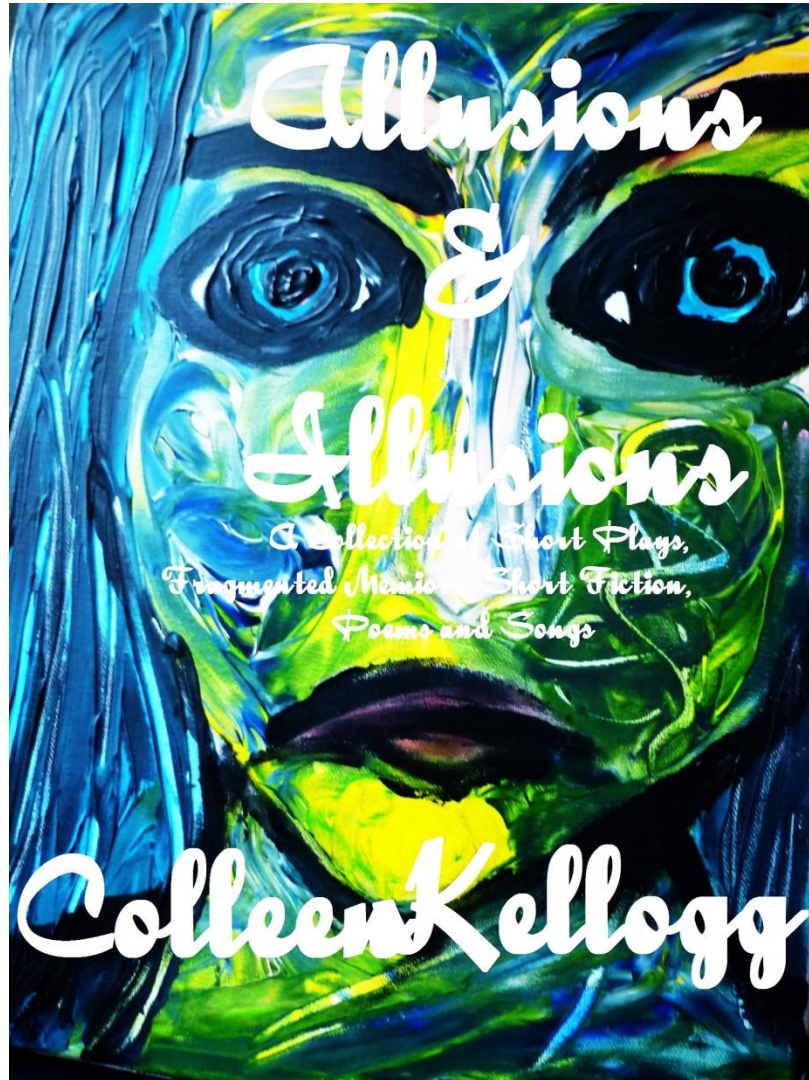


# Allusions and Illusions

A Collection of Plays, Short Fiction,  
Fragmented Memoirs, Poems and Songs

By Colleen Kellogg



Photographs and Paintings by Colleen Kellogg

**Colleen Kellogg is a jazz, blues, folk and pop singer-lyricist, award winning playwright, artist and aspiring screenwriter. She recorded her album “Unrequited” in 2006 and 2008. You can buy her digital album on iTunes, Amazon and Google, or listen to it on Facebook and Reverb Nation. She has written about 1,000 songs and poems combined and is working on creating new albums, memoirs, plays, screenplays and graphic novels. Her plays have been published in magazines and conferences throughout the United States.**



Photo of Colleen Kellogg - 2014

*Allusions and Illusions*  
is dedicated to Ross with Love.

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## Universe

## Allusive Plays

### *American Afterlife*

An Almost Ten-Minute Play

*American Afterlife* by Colleen Kelloggalludes to characters in the plays *Death of a Salesman* by Arthur Miller, and *Glengarry Glen Ross* by David Mamet, as well as F. Scott Fitzgerald's short story "Winter Dreams."

#### Cast of Characters

DEXTER.....a confident, intelligent, and wise, businessman (50)

WILLIE.....a lowly, down on his luck, failed businessman (65)

HOPE..... an angel, supermodel, and receptionist (looks 29)

DAVE....an overly confident, impatient, crooked businessman (50)

SHELLY.....a naïve, loveable, crooked businessman (late-70s)

TIME: Infinity

PLACE: The Abyss. Heaven. Bardo. Limbo.

SETTING: The scene takes place in a waiting room in Heaven or Bardo/the transitional state between death and rebirth.

(LIGHTS UP.)

(Beyond Space and Time.)

(The Abyss. Heaven. Limbo. Bardo. Waiting room with clouds. A line of people dressed in white, filing off stage. A reception desk made out of clouds and warm icicles. Hope, f, ageless, mans the desk.)

(WILLY Loman, m, 65, sits down on a seat made out of clouds. He holds a ticket in his hand with the number 999K on it. He hangs his head in his hands, wiping off tears with his palms.)

(DEXTER Green, looks like a dashing young 50 year old, swings a golf club around, without a golf ball. He raises his hand to his eyes and peers out at the audience.)

DEXTER

(to Willy) Great weather we're having up here, eh? The clouds are as white as snow.

(Willy looks up at Dexter and smiles through his tears.)

(In storms DAVE Moss, wearing a white suit and white fedora hat, while carrying a white briefcase.)

DAVE

(raising hands) I want to be reborn a rich man! STAT! Don't give me any bullshit about it. I got short changed on the last deal, and you know it!

HOPE

Dave? Dave Moss?

DAVE

That was me. I'm thinking Velasco Javier, something. Something rich and foreign.

(Willy rises from his seat.)

WILLY

Now, wait a minute, Hope! I was here long before he was. I've been patiently waiting my turn. Why does he get to --

DAVE

*(flustered, fast-paced)* You know why I get to go first? Because I'm the machine. I AM THE -

(SHELLY Levine, m, late70s, walks by wearing a long white robe, and a red hat with a black feather, a super model angel on each shoulder.)

SHELLY

Now Moss, you know that I'm the Machine, and not you, which is why I get to go first.

HOPE

Let Shelly Levine through. He gets to go first.

(Willy shakes his number and snuffles.)

WILLY

This is not fair! I'm well-liked! I should go first. I've been here long enough.

HOPE

Don't fret Mr. Loman. Your new home should reflect the person you want to become, not the person that you were. You need a loving home that will allow you to balance past Karmic patterns.

DEXTER

*(swinging golf club)* Somewhere in the Alps, where I can go skiing and climb fourteeners.

(Shelly waves to Moss, snidely, and exits with the angels.)

DAVE

That man's a thief! I tell you!

WILLY

Aren't we all?

(Dexter gathers next to Willy and Dave.)

DEXTER

Not all of us have to be thieves. Some of us actually work hard for a living. By the time I was twenty-seven, I was the richest man in my region, owning a large chain of Laundromats. I tell you, work hard and you can achieve greatness.

WILLY

*(sniffling)* I believe that! My brother walked into the jungle a boy, with no money to his name, and then walked out a rich man and owner of a diamond mine.

DAVE

*(waving arms, to Dexter)* Bullshit! No man becomes rich quick, without being a bit dishonest. You never stole a lick?

DEXTER

Not a dime!

DAVE

You lying scumbag!

HOPE

*(smiling)* Now Dave, if you don't watch your tongue, you'll be next.

(Dave pounds fists onto Hope's desk.)

DAVE

*(glowing)* I want to be next! Dammit!

HOPE

*(smiling)* You just may be.

DAVE

Where'd Shelly go? Where'd that lying bastard get to live out his next life? I want to be somewhere warm, sunny, and tropical. And I want to be rich! Filthy rich!

HOPE

Shelly Levine has been reborn into a warm, sunny...desert land. He'll become a vulture, in his next life. If you don't watch your tongue, you'll become a desert rat.

(The Super Model Angels return.)



DAVE

No Freakin' Fair!

HOPE

Angels (*pointing to Dave*)...Take him away.

(The Super Model Angels grab Dave, and start to leave with him.)

DAVE

I said FREAKIN'! Freakin'... Not --

(The Super Model Angels silence Dave's mouth with their hands and exit with him.)

HOPE

It pays to do the right thing.

WILLY

I'll wait over here.

(Willy grabs a chair and places it near the front of the stage. He lets out a big sigh.)

DEXTER

Your next life might not be as bad as you might think. I was a penguin once. Had a lovely penguin mom, penguin wife, kids. It wasn't half bad. I feel like I met my full potential then.

(Willy puts his right foot on the chair.)

HOPE

Feet off the chairs, Loman.

WILLY

(*putting out hand*) What's your name, son?

DEXTER

(*shaking hand*) Dexter Green, at your service. At everyone's service. I've served so many people. Even as a rich man. Who has ever served me?

WILLY

Wouldn't you have people waiting on you, hand and foot?

DEXTER

Life is a strange thing, Mr. Loman. That's your name, right?

WILLY

*(saluting)* That has a ring to it. But you can call me Willy.

DEXTER

Do you ever wish you could redo the same life, but a different way?

WILLY

*(waving 999K number)* Every day. Or, however long, I've been up here for. Even in my old life.

*(Dexter swings the golf club and pears over audience.)*

DEXTER

I thought money would buy happiness.

WILLY

*(resting foot on chair)* Doesn't it?

HOPE

*(pointing with a feather pen)* Feet, Mr. Loman.

*(Willy takes his foot off the chair and kneels on it, instead.)*

WILLY

*(peering out at audience)* Doesn't it? Doesn't money buy happiness?

DEXTER

Not at all. It's lonely being rich. I wish I had love. If I could relive my life, I would reevaluate my priorities. I don't know how, but being a penguin I was so much happier than being a rich entrepreneur. Life just made sense then. Did you ever have love?

WILLY

*(standing up)* I did. I loved Linda. I loved my boys. I loved my whole family. But what's love without money?

DEXTER

Then you missed it. You missed the point. Just like me. It went flying over my head, like a golf ball. I still can't find that golf ball. What's a golf club without a golf ball?

WILLY

It's nice to swing.

DEXTER

In my next life, I want to get it. I want to get the point. I will wait here, in Limbo, or Bardo, or wherever we are, until I figure out just where I'm supposed to be.

HOPE

Willy!

(Willy turns his head back and forth between Hope and Dexter.)

WILLY

Yeah, Hope?

HOPE

It's time.

WILLY

(*Staring at Dexter*) Time for what?

HOPE

For your new life.

WILLY

But I'm not ready. I don't know what I want, anymore.

HOPE

(*putting arm around Willy*) Don't worry. We're placing you with a loving family. They have two boys. You'll be their third. Good morals. Steady income. A house in the country with a vegetable farm. You'll grow up on a ranch, working with your hands.

WILLY

Now that's the life.

(The angels gather Willy and take him off stage.)

(Hope takes a pink golf ball out of her gown and hands it to Dexter. He grasps it with dear life.)

DEXTER

Thanks, Hope. Hope. Hope is a good name.

HOPE

You'll find what you're looking for, when you least expect it.

(Hope heads back over to the reception desk. Dexter follows.)

DEXTER

Say, what are you doing when you get off, tonight?

HOPE

Tonight? Hmm. Well, I'm skiing in the morning. Care to join me? The slopes here are divine.

DEXTER

Sounds like heaven, to me.

HOPE

It really is. You know, if you play your cards right, you could be reborn into the God Realm.

(Dave Moss runs onto stage.)

DAVE

BULLSHIT!!! He gets to be reborn a God, and I'm reborn a desert rat?

HOPE

Fine. Angels. Send him to the Asura Realm.

DAVE

What's that?

HOPE

Jealous Gods.

DAVE

Just as long as I'm a God...

(The angels take him away.)

HOPE

It's been a long day. How about a walk?

DEXTER

Sounds divine. So who were you, in a past life?

HOPE

I was a penguin. Do you not recognize your wife?

DEXTER

*(double take)* Wow...It's been a long time. But I never lost hope.

HOPE

You're such a cornball, Dexter. But you're mine. You will love the next life. I swear.

(They exit.)

*(LIGHTS OUT.)*

(THE END.)

***All-American Woman***

A Ten-Minute Play

***All-American Woman* alludes to the first-wave feminist, playwright and essayist, Judith Sargent Murray, and characters from the short stories *The Birthmark* by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and *The Paradise of Bachelors* and *The Tartarus of Maids* by Herman Melville.**

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SARG (Judith Sargent Murray)....An All-American writer, feminist and badass (47 going on 30)

AYLMER....An obsessive bar tender/failed scientist with Fabio-like hair and features (early 30s)

GEE GEE (Georgiana).....A beautiful, ditzy, self-loathing woman with a birthmark (mid 20s)

MEL.....A well-dressed, chic bachelor, and the voice of Hellen (forever 29)

HELLEN.....A voiceless, pale, young woman, who lives and works in hell (21)

TIME: The Present. Early evening.

PLACE: Swank, underground, All-American dive bar/hipsterscene. Anywhere, U.S.A.

SETTING: A hip, trendy, underground pub. Photos of the first moon landing, presidents from George Washington to current, of female and male soldiers, in uniform, and of baseball and American football players, with an American flag behind them all. Long, L-shaped, rich oak bar, surrounded by red, white and blue stools. Cozy, yet contemporary couches and coffee tables, to the side of the bar. A few small wooden tables with chairs in front of the bar.

(LIGHTS UP.)

(Present day.)

(Swank, underground, All-American dive bar/hipster scene.)

("GEE GEE" Georgiana, f, mid 20s, beautiful, yet clueless, sits on a bar stool gazing at herself in a jeweled compact mirror. She pinches at the birthmark, in the shape of a hand, on her right cheek.)

(AYLMER, m, early 30s, fluffs his long flowing blonde hair and smiles a devilish grin. He fixes Gee Gee a drink from behind the bar.)

AYLMER

(to Gee Gee)Try this!

(Aylmer hands Gee Gee a fizzing drink with smoke coming out of the top. Gee Gee drinks it.)

GEE GEE

(wobbling on stool)I don't know, Aylmer. I feel sort of dizzy.

AYLMER

It's gonna be great! I'll have you fixed up in no time! You'll be the most beautiful woman in America! Just wait! Perfection. Simple. Beauty.

(SARG, f, 47 going on 30, gorgeous and in charge, rushes to the bar, bumping into Gee Gee. She pounds her sequined clutch onto the bar.)

SARG

(flustered)Tequila! Stat! ...Wait! Wait. What am I thinking? That's so un-American. Long day! Saving the world, etcetera, etcetera... Give me a brewskee. From a local brewery. Always local.

AYLMER

Little busy, here.

SARG

This is a bar. You're behind the bar. Is this not your job? Work hard. Or, are you un-American?

GEE GEE

It's okay, Aylmer. I'm fine. I'm still a little woozy from the last drink. *(to Sarg)* Do I know you? Did we go to high school, together?

SARG

*(fixing hair)* I'm forty-seven.

GEE GEE

Wow! That's unbelievable! You look good! Doesn't she look good, Aylmer?

AYLMER

Remarkable! Tell me, what potions do you use?

*(Aylmer hands Sarg a dark beer from the tap. Sarg takes a sip.)*

SARG

*(loud and fast-paced)* Potions? This isn't magic. This takes work. I'm a hard working All-American woman. I go running, every morning, between five and six A.M. I spend my days writing magazine articles, poems, and plays. I'm the head of the P.T.A. I bake apple pie. I take my kids, Fitz and Julia, to baseball practice. I eat hamburgers and hotdogs with bacon. Vegan, of course. I'm animal rights and environmentally conscious. I'm also a badass superhero by night. But don't tell anyone. That's our little secret.

AYLMER

*(reaching his hand out)* But your skin is so soft and shiny.

SARG

*(backing away)* Neutrogena S.P.F. fifteen. Besides, forty-seven is the new thirty.

GEE GEE

That's true Aylmer. I might as well be sixteen.

AYLMER

If only we could get rid of that hideous birthmark!

SARG



*(smiling)*I think it's charming.

GEE GEE

*(glowing)*Thanks... What's your name, stranger? Are those gauges in your ears?

SARG

*(saluting)*Judith Sargent Murray. My parents call me Judith, but you can call me Sarg. And yes these are nine millimeter gauges. What do they call you?

GEE GEE

Georgiana.

SARG

Hmm... How about Gee Gee, instead?

*(MEL, m, forever 29, dressed to impress, storms into the bar holding a cigar, dragging HELLEN, a pale blonde woman, 21, by the hand.)*

MEL

I've just been to hell and back!

AYLMER

Where?

MEL

Hell. You know, frozen pit of despair, sadness, danger, absence of all that is living? Hell.

*(Aylmer pours Mel a drink and hands it to him.)*

AYLMER

Awe... Devil's Dungeon.

SARG

I did a tour there, back in my military days.

AYLMER

Wicked.

GEE GEE

Is that where you got your tattoos? So pretty.

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