



# **BLUE - A Playlet**

By

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## CHARACTERS

SAM/SAMMIE: A chef of indeterminate age.

JORDAN/JOAN: An adult student, 20s - 40s.

KYLE/KYLIE: An adult student, 20s - 40s.

NOTE: Optional names have been provided for the actor and their gender expression and orientation. Likewise, pronoun choices throughout the text have been provided for the actor in determining the sexual orientation of the relationships mentioned. For ease of reading, I have chosen to only use the first name listed here within the text.

## SETTING

An adult cooking class.

## TIME

Present day.

(A large industrial kitchen table stands center, while SAM, a chef, exuberantly flits around helping students in an adult cooking class. Soft chatter is heard. JORDAN, a student, enters.)

SAM

Oh hello, there!

(checks list)

Jordan, right? You're just in time.

JORDAN

Oh great! I was worried I'd be late. Trying to do better about time.

(looks around)

Will I be by myself for the next eight weeks?

SAM

You don't have a partner? Of course, I knew that. Well, let me see...

(checks list)

Oh, it looks like I have someone you can pair with! I'll put you two together. Right-o!

JORDAN

Um...right-o! Heh, I haven't heard that in ages. That's...neat!

(No response. JORDAN quickly recovers.)

JORDAN

So, where do I go? I'm still learning so this is all kind of new.

(SAM directs JORDAN to a kitchen setup.)

Right over here. I have you all set up and -

(KYLE, another student, enters.)

KYLE

So, so sorry I'm late. I just got -

(sees JORDAN and stops dead in their tracks)

Oh my god...hi.

(A stunned silence between them.  
SAM is oblivious.)

JORDAN

Kyle.

SAM

Kyle, hello! Welcome finally.

KYLE

Are you...are you taking this class?

SAM

Oh, faboo! It seems like you know each other! Brilliant. It'll make the time fly by! Lucky I put you two together, huh?

KYLE

Lucky. Um, no one else needs a partner?

JORDAN

I don't bite.

(KYLE gives JORDAN a withering  
look.)

SAM

Everyone already has a partner, and you ARE late.

(wags their finger at KYLE)

Don't worry, since you two know each other, you'll get along like ducks in a pod. Or is it peas? I swear, if my head wasn't attached to my neck, I'd lose it with my keys. Speaking of which...

(looks around then gathers  
themselves)

Never mind, on to the cooking!

(to everyone)

Today, we begin our culinary journey through the cultures of the world! First, to the warm climes of Thailand with a spicy red curry. Follow along! Everything has been set out for you.

(SAM exits. JORDAN and KYLE begin  
cooking.)

JORDAN

God, it's been a long time.

KYLE

Yeah.

JORDAN

Like, what? Five or six years-

KYLE

-Six since you left town.

(off JORDAN's look)

I think.

SAM

(off)

Now start by frying your curry paste in your coconut milk. You want them to dance together. Just let them, as the young people say, "get jiggy with it."

JORDAN

(to themselves)

Do young people do that?

KYLE

I think it's cute.

JORDAN

I didn't say it wasn't.

(off KYLE's look)

I'm just saying...I mean, come on, who talks like that? Donna Reed? Also, "jiggy with it?" That makes me cringe.

(KYLE does not respond. A tense silence.)

KYLE

(under their breath)

Huh, I guess you still do that.

JORDAN

Do what?

KYLE

Nothing.

JORDAN

No seriously. What DO I do?

(KYLE hesitates.)

I want to hear it. Honestly.

KYLE

You get sarcastic and judgy. You're always too cool for everything.

JORDAN

I'm not too cool for anything.

KYLE

Bullshit.

JORDAN

Whoa, I wasn't passing a judgment!

KYLE

It makes you cringe?

JORDAN

Well, "jiggy with it" does kind of-

KYLE

-Judgy.

JORDAN

-How is that judgy? I was being objective!

KYLE

Well, your "objective" is judgy, and YOU wanted to hear what it is you do. Honestly.

(JORDAN takes this in.)

JORDAN

You're right.

KYLE

Whatever, it's fine.

JORDAN

Please don't do that.

KYLE

Do what?

JORDAN

Shut me out like you used to do.

KYLE

What are you talking about?

(changes subject; gestures to  
curry)

Are we doing this right?

JORDAN

Changing the subject.

KYLE

I am not! I just want to know if it's supposed to look like this!

(SAM enters and sees them  
bickering but is oblivious.)

SAM

Yes! Passion! I want to taste your fire! I want to feel your heat!  
Razz my berries.

(SAM exits. KYLE and JORDAN take  
a moment.)

KYLE

We fell back into it again.

JORDAN

Fuck.

KYLE

It's okay.

JORDAN

No, I'm sorry. I guess I don't know why I do that. Get sarcastic  
and shit.

KYLE

You get sarcastic, I shut you out, we fight. It's a pattern for  
both of us. We dated for four years. We know each other.

JORDAN

Well, I hope we're both a little different now.

(KYLE looks at JORDAN a long  
moment, then:)

KYLE

How have you been?

JORDAN

I've been good. I mean, a lot happens in six years.

KYLE

It does.

(beat)

KYLE (Cont.)

How is Cincy? Do you like it there?

JORDAN

It's a pretty cool place. Different than here.

KYLE

I bet. Did you get to...have you liked city life?

JORDAN

Yeah, a bit. Got to explore all the city things.

SAM

(off)

Now's the time to add the rest of your coconut milk and everything else into the pot. Don't be shy! Let them boogie together!

JORDAN

(delicately)

I met someone there. Gave it a go.

KYLE

Oh. I see. How is he/she/they?

JORDAN

He/she/they is/are fine, I think. Actually it, um...it didn't work out. We tried hard, but in the end, we didn't want the same things.

KYLE

Did you want something different? You know, than when we dated?

JORDAN

Well, actually, I wanted to settle in. Look at family, a home and stuff. But he/she/they just wasn't/weren't in the same space.

KYLE

That's...new. Kind of the opposite of us.

JORDAN

Yeah it is. Funny enough, I think about us often.

KYLE

I'm bracing for bad.

JORDAN

No, I learned a lot from it. What's weird is I went out to sow my oats and ended up with the shoe on the other foot. Ironic, right?

KYLE

Very. When did you guys end things?

JORDAN

About a year or so, I think?

KYLE

Ah, that's why you've been back here in town for a while.

JORDAN

Wait, how did you know I was back?

(KYLE knows they've been caught.)

KYLE

Well, my Aunt Linda talked to your mom.

(off JORDAN's look)

They talked on occasion. Aunt Linda's way of keeping up on the "goings-on."

JORDAN

She loved the "goings-on." I never knew how she got all her gossip.

KYLE

She had ears in many places.

JORDAN

Informants, you mean?

KYLE

She'd call them friends.

JORDAN

MI6 couldn't get better intel. Either way, potato potato.

(SAM enters, seemingly out of nowhere. KYLE and JORDAN do not see them.)

SAM

Now, let's call the whole thing off!

(KYLE and JORDAN jump)

That's looking good! Just swell.

(SAM exits. KYLE and JORDAN break out laughing.)

JORDAN

Your Aunt loves that song, doesn't she? I remember she quoted it in her speech at your cousin Brittany's wedding.

KYLE

Shit, I had completely forgotten about that. Brittany looked at me, and I could see the whites of her eyes from across the room.

JORDAN

It was pretty funny. Odd, admittedly, but also kind of sweet?

KYLE

I guess? I just don't think anyone expected her to weave through the crowd waving her blue scarf, singing two whole verses.

JORDAN

She did okay, depending on the key she was in at any given moment.

(KYLE laughs.)

KYLE

She was pretty special.

JORDAN

Did something happen?

KYLE

She passed away. About six months ago.

JORDAN

Oh, shit. Kyle, I'm sorry.

KYLE

It was a little sudden, so -  
(catches themselves)  
Thanks.

(Beat.)

JORDAN

I saw her a year and a half or so ago, now that I think about it.

KYLE

Really?

JORDAN

Yeah, I was visiting Mom. Things weren't going so well in Cincy, so I came back here for a week to kind of clear my head. I went to the supermarket and she saw me. She just screamed, "JORDY!!"

KYLE

Oh, she didn't.

(KYLE buries their face in their hands)

I think she's the only person who ever called you that.

JORDAN

She's the only one I let do that. She made me help her look for curry paste and talked about how she had to get home quick because she had a "Kiki with Kyle."

KYLE

My god.

(KYLE laughs)

You know, I think I remember that day.

JORDAN

Seriously?

KYLE

Well, it's kind of how I ended up in here.

JORDAN

How so?

KYLE

Do you remember that one year I made German Chocolate cake for Christmas?

JORDAN

Oh yeah. I didn't know Germans liked their cake so salty.

(KYLE smacks JORDAN's arm playfully.)

KYLE

Salt and sugar look the same!

JORDAN

Sure don't taste the same.

KYLE

May I finish?

(JORDAN nods, smirking.)

KYLE (Cont.)

Well, Aunt Linda had some of it. A little while ago, she called to chat and it came up, because I still can't cook. And she said, "Oh, that. I threw that salt lick out the window. Killed your Mother's peonies."

JORDAN

Brutal.

KYLE

Right? Then she said, "Darling, I've got you." So, we started doing these "Kikis with Kyle" every couple of weeks to teach me basics, stuff like that. It became our thing. Now I'm here to keep on the tradition. To keep learning.

JORDAN

That's so sweet.

(beat)

Now, do you feel like she helped? Because that cake was SPECTACULAR.

KYLE

You shut it. Anyhow, that day she saw you she had bought everything for curry except curry paste, so she went out to get some. When she came back, shit, she just couldn't stop talking about you.

JORDAN

I was surprised she remembered me. Although I definitely remembered her. Still wearing that blue scarf like a beacon.

KYLE

Totally her signature. Never left home without it. You know, she loved you. And that day, she couldn't stop going on and on about how much you'd grown and how responsible you seemed. I think her exact words were, "I've always been keen on that boy."

JORDAN

She has good taste.

KYLE

(rolling their eyes)

Shouldn't have told you.

JORDAN

I'm glad you did. My charm offensive worked.

KYLE

Not everyone is buying.

JORDAN

I only allow certain people to buy.

KYLE

How discerning.

JORDAN

I'd like to think so.

(Beat.)

KYLE

What brought you here?

JORDAN

To this class? After the breakup I realized I couldn't cook anything except frozen pizza, so I thought I'd learn. Trying to expand my horizons. Maybe get away from a diet of cheese.

KYLE

Looks like we're both learning something new.

JORDAN

Yeah, it does.

(beat, then checks the clock and  
looks into the pot)

Shit, the time is almost up. So weird, I feel like we just started.  
Do you think this curry is ready?

KYLE

(looks at clock)

Oh, damn. That's odd. Um, let me ask the chef. Chef? Chef?

(SAM enters, again out of  
nowhere. KYLE and JORDAN jump.)

JORDAN

(to SAM)

How do you do that?!

(SAM ignores JORDAN, stares deep into the pot, then grabs a spoon to taste.)

SAM

Hmm, pretty good! Nice and spicy. I knew you two would work well together like, like...peas in a pod! Finally got it! Well, it looks like it's time to wrap up.

(SAM grabs to-go containers and hands them to KYLE and JORDAN.)

SAM (Cont.)

(to everyone)

Now there's some containers to take your curry, and you can eat your culinary journey at home! Next week, we're off to the land of lutefisk and oil rigs, Norway!

(SAM exits. KYLE and JORDAN begin packing up the curry and their things.)

KYLE

So, this was nice. Kind of brief, I feel like.

JORDAN

Yeah. But we've got seven more weeks of class together.

KYLE

Right. Well, I'm glad you're back in town. It seems like you're doing well for yourself.

JORDAN

Say that and look in the mirror.

(A beat. They finish packing up their things.)

KYLE

Hey, still drink dry cappuccinos?

(JORDAN nods.)

JORDAN

All foam or go home. Why?

KYLE

Want to grab coffee? I don't have anything planned the rest of the day.

(JORDAN thinks a moment, then:)

JORDAN

Yeah. Yeah, I would.

KYLE

Great! There's a new coffee shop near the gallery. Follow my car?

JORDAN

Wait. You're still working at the art gallery?

KYLE

I'm the director now.

JORDAN

Damn. Well lead the way, captain.

(JORDAN and KYLE take their things and exit. SAM enters, looks inside the empty pot, and smiles.)

SAM

Just right.

(SAM cleans up the station. Just as they finish packing, they pull out a blue scarf from their pocket, and tie it around their neck, looking wistfully at the door. SAM gathers their things and heads out, humming as the lights dim to black and they exit. End of play.)