

The SIBLINGS PLAY

By Ren Dara Santiago

From the perspective of an INFJ.

This play takes place in a Harlem home, but can easily become the home in any city where this cycle of young parenthood is prominent in communities in the struggle class, raising children who carry their siblings and parents with grace and grit.

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Characters.

MARIE. *Rie-rie/Sweet-pea,*
Sister. Age 17. Maternal. Stubborn. Intuitive. ENFP: The Inspirer.

LEON. *Lee/Chookie,*
Big Bro. Age 19. Idealist. Dedicated. Defenseless. INFJ: The Protector.

MARIAN. *Mars/Butchie,*
Baby Bro. Age 13. Perceptive. Compelling. Sensitive. ENTJ: The Executive.

LENORA. *Ma/Moms/Lenny,*
Mother. Age 38. Resolute. Instinctual. Radiating. ESFP: The Performer.

LOGAN. *Pops/Dad/Lo,*
Father. Age 39. Broken. Brilliant. Paranoid. ESTP: The Doer.

Setting.

HARLEM, NEW YORK.

The apartment.

Late Spring into Summer.

Notes from the writer.

Cultural perspective is cultivated by environmental influence rather than being predetermined by race in this family. Work on understanding the rhythm of the language where I come from. They are to be played by people of color, ie: non-white and not white passing. Casting particular ethnicities for the parents in order to break social normativity is encouraged. They could be Afro-Latinx + Asian, Black + Afro-Latinx, Blasian, or Native+Black/Afro-Latinx.

This production is written for a Haitian-American father and Puerto Rican-American mother.

A double back- slash // indicates where the following dialogue should immediately overlap the current dialogue.

A dash words— at the end of a line indicates an interruption.

A dash words— words mid-line indicates a character eating their own words/new idea/correction/I don't know. The same is true for fragmented sentences and premature periods.

They don't often signify a pause or breath.

Parentheticals (words) or ?!?! are unspoken and mental reactions. Which may or may not appear on the actor's face...

The walls in this play should always feel dangerous, like the characters feel safer standing in the center of the room over leaning against the walls that might swallow or birth some unknown demons. Sometimes I'll sit in a room and suddenly there's an invisible threat drawing my attention to a space in front of a wall or behind the couch or through the hallway. Nothing feels solid. Nothing feels solid enough to be impermeable.