

## **Lost in Today Summary**

Have you ever felt like your life didn't matter? Have you ever become so bored with your daily routine that you want a chance to start again? Have you ever wanted to just take a jump off the nearest bridge...? Then you're just like millions of other people trying to put their lives back together post COVID. Meet 'The Man', a person who is fed up with life and ready to take the leap...however, this leap does not end a life. This leap has a magical soft landing into a world of opportunities, challenges, and magical personal reflections where 'The Man' earns the tools to rebuild their life on their terms. Lessons abound for all as the audience is presented with important questions: What would I do with a second chance? Who is really in charge of my life? Is it possible to forgive myself and others? Sometimes we must get lost in today to find ourselves in tomorrow.

Lost In Today

THA 470 Ensemble Spring 2022

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Lost In Today

This play was created by the *THA 470: Ensemble Theater* class at SUNY Buffalo State College in the Spring of 2022.

LOST IN TODAY must always be performed with the ensemble representing all actions of the play with their bodies and voices. There should be no physical set and minimal costumes. The play must always be followed by a kinesthetic workshop with the audience activating the lessons of the play. The actors become the facilitators of the workshop. Both the play and workshop should be 60 minutes.

LOST IN TODAY is a co-production of SUNY Buffalo State's Anne Frank Project and Theater Department. Any unauthorized use of this play is strictly prohibited by law.

ACT IScene 1INTRO:

*There was once a city. There, days were often gloomy. The sky was hidden by gray clouds being pushed by forceful winds. The water of the ocean was roaring underneath the local bridge. The saturation of the city became gray as people carried on with their daily lives. The smell of nature filled the air as if it was about to rain. The trees waved side to side in unison.*

*The Man, The Voice, and a group of people enter.*

*The Man was standing still with a journal wrapped in his arms. Behind The Man stood The Voice. The Man stood there with a very bleak look. The look that makes you feel empty inside and digs a hole in your heart. As The Man stood there, there were people slowly walking by. The people walking around the man began to move in slow motion as they symbolize different hardships.*

*The people begin to hum a song. The Man and The Voice look around frantically.*

*The Man begins to look around, trying to find the source of the music. However, he is unable to locate where it is coming from. After a brief moment, The Man takes a deep breath.*

*The people form a line.*

*The Man starts to interact with each person by taking them out of line one by one and sharing a moment of sadness. He begins to read from his journal. The Voice begins to tell a poem.*

THE MAN

Dear happy self,

THE MAN

All around me is a  
world full of  
struggles

THE VOICE

All around me is a  
world full of  
struggles

## THE VOICE

The illness of people's selflessness and hopelessness/ An absence of frustration and an inadequate amount of happiness/ There is no light in the darkness/ I feel a deep degree of sadness/ I better make a choice/ Before I lose my voice/ I am lost in today/ I am better off being led astray/ I hope to wake from this agony/ Before I am part of this world's tragedy/ All of this emotion, I cannot handle/ This life is a living nightmare/ The world is very dark, full of despair

## THE MAN

I'm sick of this lost world, I wish I could wake up.

## THE VOICE

I'm sick of this lost world, I wish I could wake up

*The man starts to think about his life and now he starts to feel even sadder. He continues with his day.*

*The people leave, and The Man continues walking to his favorite restaurant to have some lunch.*

## THE MAN

All the pain and suffering I have endured. I just don't know how to deal with it. This world is so depressing. I don't feel like I belong here. Perhaps I shouldn't be here. Oh well, at least I can go to the one safe place that somewhat alleviates my anxiety.

*Coffee is the only possible thing at the moment that can cheer him up a little.*

*A series of chairs are moved on stage. The Waitress and a couple are in the restaurant.*

*As The Man enters the restaurant he looks around for a seat away from other people. He chooses a seat away from everyone else where he could be alone and takes a seat. A couple is sitting behind the man already eating and conversing with each other. They filled the space behind him with playful arguing.*

## PERSON 2

Where have you been?

## PERSON 1

I have been trying to find this summer dress. You

will not believe all the obstacles in my journey I had to go through to find it.

*(Person 1 shows Person 2 their dress)*

PERSON 2

It looks horrible! Why would you wear something as hideous as that dress? The dandelion design is horrendous.

*The Man looks at the couple. The Man looks at the couple with a frown on his face, deep in thought. The Man looks at his journal and The Waitress enters. As he is sitting and waiting, The Waitress approaches him right away to take his order. He looks up at her with a quirky face and orders his favorite drink.*

THE MAN

I'll take a coffee.

THE WAITRESS

Sounds good! Coming right up!

*The waitress writes down his order, smiles at him, and walks away. When the waitress walked away the man set his journal on the table and opened it and began to write out his feelings. The couple behind him began to move in slow motion. The Voice pops up from behind the man and begins to talk.*

THE MAN

Dear happy self,

THE MAN

To help manage all the suffering and hardships, there is a safe place I can venture to.

THE VOICE

To help manage all the suffering and hardships, there is a safe place I can venture to.

THE VOICE

A place that is my refuge in the war of life/ The restaurant is my protector/ Within it, I am sheltered from the world's challenges/ There I can express how I truly feel in this journal./ This journal is my escape, my safe haven/ My space to be vulnerable/ Free of the world's harshest living conditions./ Without this journal, I am nothing.