

NOTE

by Allie Fireel

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Cast of Characters

CHARLOTTE: FEMALE/TRANS/NON-BINARY, mid to late 20's. An actor, trying to make it.

JULES: FEMALE, about ten years older than CHARLOTTE. A working and respected director.

SAM: FEMALE/TRANS, Somewhere around JULES age. A stage manager. Good stage managers

DOUG: MALE, a touch younger than CHARLOTTE. An actor. Thinks he DESERVES to make it.

SARAH: (Same gender as Charlotte) About CHARLOTTE'S age. JULES younger sister. A "promising young playwright." She isn't in this play. But sometimes we see her through CHARLOTTE. She was young, and beautiful and really smart but she drank too much and hurt herself in other ways, and then she killed herself. And she left JULES this play to direct.

Scene

A rehearsal space in one New York.

Time

Present

Additional Notes

In the dialogue a / is used to indicate a rapid interruption, either from a another character, or a new thought from the character already speaking. Character names and lines printed side by side are meant to be spoken simultaneously

Parentheses () within a sentence are used to clarify -for the actor- the end of thought. Words in parentheses are not meant to be spoken.

Some words are in BOLD because they have a certain intended stank or emphasis that is important to the meaning of the sentence.

JULES' arc is written to reflect the Kübler-Ross model of the five stages of grief. She in denial scenes 1-5, anger in scene 6-8, bargaining 9-13, and depression 14-beginning of 17. She finally hits acceptance somewhere in 17, during the scene she reads with Charlotte.

Also SARAH is bi-polar. So, you know. That's a whole thing.

Audition

SETTING:

A rehearsal space. It's lived in, well love. Cluttered, like many shared spaces are. Maybe it's a room in a community center, or a private studio that is being rented or loaned.

AT RISE:

A single actor, Charlotte, stands in a spotlight. At times throughout the play the lights in the monologues will help dictate how we're seeing CHARLOTTE. Is she in a rehearsal space? Or onstage? Or is she SARAH, telling JULES why she did what she did?

CHARLOTTE:

I wanted to say this now. When I'm clear. When I can see down the (road). What's coming. When I can explain. If I wait too long, It won't be/ (good enough.) It'll be about how tired I am of trying to be "reasonable" with my booze. Or drugs. Or why I'm... a self harmer.

A lot of people don't know this, but there is this third state in classic bipolar. A "mixed state." You got all the crazy energy and lack of impulse control of mania, and you got the deep mean reds of your ugliest depression. And that's when you're in real danger.

If I wait till then to write this down, it's gonna read real crazy. Like I made this crazy desperate decision, and like, if you'd just been here to help I'd. Be alive.

That's not what this is. This is me making a sane, rational decision, based on years of dealing with monstrous pain. No, monstrous is too... that's a fucking/ (personification). It's medical, so let's talk like it's medical.

I wanna write this now, when I am in control of my faculties, so that later on when I decide to end my life, you will know it was a sane decision, coming from a person with a painful, chronic condition, who reasonably chose to end their pain.

So I'm gonna try to explain it all. This time there won't be any other characters, any magical realism. There won't be any dance or poetry. There won't be any masks, either figurative or, you know. Greek. I'm gonna start you at the/ there's no real beginning or end, that's the hell of it. But I'm gonna start you in a clear moment, this moment.

And of course I wrote it as a script. We've been making plays together since I was a baby pretty much. You and me. So I'm writing it in a form we understand.

(Lights come up further,
breaking CHARLOTTE out of the
half reality. She looks at
note in her hand. Looks into
audience.)

Is this....?

(In the audience, from whence
JULES is running the
auditions.)

JULES:

Yup read the stage directions. That's why they are in the dialogue. Just go for it. Back up a paragraph.

CHARLOTTE:

So, um... "and of course I wrote it as"?

JULES:

Yeah. And. So you're giving... Have you read up on manic depression?

CHARLOTTE:

Just outside. Once I got the sides and I knew that's what was in them.

JULES:

So you're giving me very rational. And that may be the right choice actually, for the beginning of the play. But I want to see the other end. I wanna see it manic. Top speed.

CHARLOTTE:

Like. I mean do want like psycho-motor agitation?

JULES:

You googled this shit out of this.

CHARLOTTE:

Acting teacher always said "Do your homework, kids."

JULES:

Yeah. Go big. Whenever you're ready.

(CHARLOTTE considers this.
Starts again. She does manic.
Nails it. Including
exhibiting psycho-motor
agitation. Cause she googled
it. Do your homework, kids.)

CHARLOTTE:

And of course, of course OF COURSE I wrote it as a script. We've been making plays together since I was a baby pretty much. You and me. Just you and. Yeah. So I'm writing it in a form we understand. She walks down stage, picks a woman in the front row, places her hand on the woman's face, addressing woman as if she is her sister.

(CHARLOTTE follows the instructions,
picking JULES as the audience member.
Gutsy move in an audition, but hey. That's
CHARLOTTE.)

This time. We're gonna ride the rollercoaster together?
Black out. End of scene I.

JULES:

Awesome.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Callback

SETTING:
Rehearsal

AT RISE:

JULES and CHARLOTTE are in the space, sitting on opposite
sides of a table.

Hi. Thanks for coming in.

CHARLOTTE:

Thanks for calling me in.

JULES:

So, initially this is a five week workshop process, that
may or may not then lead to a rehearsal process, and
eventually producing the show. Maybe at a regional theatre,
maybe off, off. off. Like in the Hudson off (Broadway). I
don't know yet.

CHARLOTTE:

Okay.

JULES:

It's a one person show, so it's gonna be a lot of work.

CHARLOTTE:

I am down for a lot of work. This text is, I mean what I've

seen so far-- and it's gonna be really amazing to dig into it. I mean. If you offer me the role.

JULES:

Well, we were pretty impressed by your first read. And you've got some really great new play experience. First, do you have any questions?

CHARLOTTE:

I looked you up on Facebook. I mean, I've heard your name around a little. You know. Small world. But I wanted to read up a little and... uh.

JULES:

Is that a question, Facebook stalker?

CHARLOTTE:

I'm sorry it seemed/(like a good idea)

JULES:

Kid, I Facestalked you too. Your mom's new dog is insanely cute; I mean it is unreasonable. Continue with your question.

CHARLOTTE:

Um. I read that your sister.... uh. Then I Face.. stalked? Her too. It sounds like you guys are going through some. Is she okay?

JULES:

She's doing really well.

CHARLOTTE:

So, I mean. It seems like the parts of the script I've read are sort of dealing with themes of. With the ideas of how. With your sister....

JULES:

It's okay, you can say it.

CHARLOTTE:

I don't know if I'm comfortable/

JULES:

I mean, I'd say "relax, be comfortable" but that probably wouldn't work? So fuck it. Just say it.

CHARLOTTE:

.....

JULES:

My sister tried to kill herself.

CHARLOTTE:

.....

JULES:

Heh. "End of scene."

CHARLOTTE:

So you wrote a play about it? Like, those threads were from like a month ago and so did you find a writer to/ how are you funding this, you like sold someone on the idea, and you're a director so you couldn't have written, Did you just hop online and find a script about...

JULES:

-you can find anything online-

CHARLOTTE:

-and you like, let's get some actors in here so we can.....and Why? Why would? You, oh my God this is some kind of.

JULES:

Get it all out.

CHARLOTTE:

....I was really excited about this call back.

JULES:

Be excited. It's not that big/ I mean that blog made it sound really bad. It's not. She needed a little help, but she had to ask for it in a really dramatic way.

CHARLOTTE:

So... this play is like.... a coping mechanism.

JULES:

Art is how I process. When I got an abortion, I found a way to put it into my work. When my marriage broke up, I put it into my work. When my dad died...

CHARLOTTE:

So when your sister tried to....

JULES:

Seriously, if you're gonna come hang out with us you need to be able to say it.

CHARLOTTE:

.....

JULES:

Should I call you a cab? I'll call you a cab.

CHARLOTTE:

Are we reading something today? Or is this just to see if I'll freak out and leave?

JULES:

We're very impressed by your read and experience.... So?

CHARLOTTE:

... Do I wanna basically play your suicidal sister in a one person show that you're workshopping for five weeks to deal with your feelings?

JULES:

Do you?

CHARLOTTE:

.....

(CHARLOTTE chuckles, then
gets the giggles. It gets a
little weird.)

Yes. Yes I do. End of scene.

(JULES starts laughing too.)

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

It's Only the End of the World

SETTING

The Rehearsal space.

AT RISE:

CHARLOTTE as SARAH is in the spotlight.

CHARLOTTE:

Bipolar is an inexact, misleading, shitty word. It was clearly created by someone who is not bipolar. First off, polar suggests two. That's how poles work. North south, penguins, Santa Claus.

So, mania and depression yeah? No. Between mania and depression, there are a whole lot of stops on the ride. Then between depression and mania is this whole other shit show.

And you go round and round. Mania. Crash. Depression. Then trying to escape that black as fuck place. Deluding your self into thinking "oh my god I'm doing all the right things this time, oh my god I finally beat it, oh my god the world is beautiful, oh shit I'm kind of a god, but not in a megalomaniacal kind of my just that you're completely in control and running at top speed and everything is not only possible but probable and everything is/

BOOM. You crash again.

So let's start there. After the fall.

I put a record on. I actually play like, really peppy, but older stuff.

(Start "Diamonds on the Souls of her Shoes" by Paul Simon. Then, wherever CHARLOTTE is in the monologue, she sings the "line "People say she crazy..." Inserted randomly here.)

A phrase always runs through my head. "It's only the end of

the world again." It's a little "so what," a little..dissociative.
That's the worst place. You're momentarily dispassionate, to tired to feel. But you see it all coming.

At the end of the world you're an alternate universe doppelganger, observing the wreckage of another you.

(Gonna go ahead and stick
this here.)

She was physically forgotten Then she slipped into my pocket With my car keys She said, "You've taken me for granted Because I please you Wearing these diamonds"

(She drops the song and picks
up the thought where she left
off.)

You see the depression, the months spent worthless, the lies you make to cover the missed deadlines at work, the frequent sick days, the cancelled plans with friends.

You don't feel, you see -coming at you- see the future, it's right/(there) once I stood at just the right place on a long street and there were rain clouds all day but then right there I could actually see the rain start in the distance. It was a cold wave of hard drops advancing towards. While I had watched I was untouchable. When it hit I was powerless.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Sam and Jules Prepare

SETTING:

The rehearsal space.

AT RISE:

JULES is contemplating the space, she looks okay, excited actually, but a little bit off.

(SAM enters, big stage manager kit in tow, and maybe she starts setting up the room or the stage manager/director's table. JULES watching SAM, trying to say something. Just as she looks away, SAM looks at her, trying to say something. Eventually-)

BOTH:

Hey/

SAM:

Sorry you were/

JULES:

What were you/

JULES:

You go first.

SAM:

You should maybe talk first.

JULES:

No. You go ahead.

SAM:

I was just gonna say good morning.

JULES:

You're a damn liar.

SAM:

You can't prove anything.

(a stare down, who will talk
first)

Are you okay?

JULES:

Yeah. I'm fine. Are you okay?

SAM:

Jules.

JULES:

Yes, Sam?

SAM:

I want to know if you are okay because you are in here
acting like/

JULES:

Actually, I'm here directing. The actor will be here in a
minute. Rimshot. (Beat.) You wanna see my SDC card?

SAM:

I'm worried about you. You put this together so fast. Is
Sarah even out of the/(hospital)?

JULES:

She's fine. She's gonna be/(fine). You know she's gonna be
fine.

SAM:

No I don't. You won't let any of us go see her, which is.
We've all visited her in psyche before.

JULES:

She's fine. You have nothing to be worried/(about) She's
fine.

SAM:

....Well Jesus now I'm really worried. Is she not allowed
to have visitors this time? You've seen her at least right,
made sure they have her on the right medication because
when she was in that one place upstate/

JULES:

Stop. She's not. In psyche. She's. You know. She hasn't/
(woken up). She had some brain swelling. It's not a big
deal. But they're keeping her in a medically induced....

SAM:

She's in a coma? Jules, that is not a thing that/(you
hide.)

JULES:

Don't say coma. Jesus. Not unless you're going to reveal
that you had her love child, and that Victor... is actually
Dominic with a face transplant... And Susan is plotting
again.

(It gets quiet. SAM is a
little dumbfounded.)

SAM:

...don't do this.

JULES:

It's/(fine)

SAM:

It is clearly not inside the parameters of what we know as fine. This is not even an outlier on the graph charting various states of "fine."

JULES:

Look. I appreciate what you're saying. This is a pretty extreme circumstance but I know what I'm/

SAM:

Jules. You can't brush me off. I've known you for too long. I know what it looks like when you are getting weird. And I'm saying, listen to your oldest friend who is/ (saying you're in bad shape.)

JULES:

Okay. Things aren't totally, 100% fine. It's. worrisome. But. You remember when she drove into that tree. Her face hit the/ (steering wheel). She looked so bad. Her arm was all fucked up. Then those metal pins going straight into her pelvis, keeping it immobile. I freaked out. But you talked me down. You said she's be fine.

And she was totally fine. She's always okay. If it will make you feel better, you can have a second job on this show.

SAM:

I think I can handle choreography for the musical numbers if that's what you mean.

JULES:

Oh my god. Can you imagine?

SAM:

I am. It's glorious.

BOTH:

...Suicide. The Musical.

JULES:

Keep an eye on me. If you're worried. Tell me if I'm getting/ Really. Freaking out.

SAM:

Okay.

JULES:

Permission to move on now?

SAM:

..Permission granted.

BOTH:

At ease. At ease.

(SAM offers JULES a hug.
JULES hugs her long and hard.
Too long. JULES pulls back,
and there is an awkward
moment where they clearly
want to kiss, but won't.
JULES pulls away.)

JULES:

I don't know if this is "the right thing," but I know I have to try to get her script onstage. She wrote it and she left it for me. And she's gonna be fine. And she's gonna wake up, and she's gonna help finish her play... her stupid one person show suicide note play.

(Another brief pause.
CHARLOTTE walks in.)

CHARLOTTE:

Hey guys. I'm so excited to... is everything okay in here?

JULES:

Yeah.

(Smiles.)

It's fine.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

The Depths

SETTING: The rehearsal room.

AT RISE: Charlotte is in the space, in a spot light.

CHARLOTTE:

The next place on the ride is.

The depths.

I'm gonna sit down.

People think depression is sad, but, you know... More.

Maybe sad times two.

She gets out a small, thin, wooden box.

You ever been on your feet all day? For a job, waiting tables? Retail?

When a long shift ends, no when you worked a double. The customers are awful. You're wearing a cute outfit so a bunch of the male customers are...double awful....

You get home, you fall into the couch.. You're stillshift sweat sticky. You want to shower. You want to go to bed. But you can't move. You can't.

That. For a month. Plus sadness, plus... gravity gets so much. Heavier.

She opens the sewing kit, and slowly sets out the articles inside. Sports tape. Gauze. A tiny pair of scissors.

Walgreens off brand triple anti-biotic ointment. A small vintage paring knife with a red handle.

There is deep real knowledge in the depths, that even if I manage to get up, even if I find the strength, so many days I do manage to make it through. But real knowledge that it doesn't matter.

I'm worthless, the world is shit. And everything I've known or loved secretly hates me. Every success was someone's pity or manipulation. Nothing good **Means Anything**.

Only the bad stuff is real.

She stands up, pulls her pants down around her ankles and sits back down. She is wearing her period panties. Cause, laundry?

And that's before you look at the world. Which is awful.
(a pause.)

This is the scariest. During the deep mean reds, I'm terrified someone will find out. Someone will know I can't move. And I know if they find out/ they will think I am even more/(worthless.) They will know **what** I am.

The final horror in the depths is the knowledge that it's my fault. If could just be good enough, these feelings would stop, these feelings/

She losing it, she doesn't want to lose it, this is supposed to be dispassionate so she reaches for the paring knife and neatly slices the upper left portion of her thigh, one, two, three, four times, the lines of blood almost uniform.

And then. She's calm.

Then she can breathe.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

FREEDOM TO TRY

SCENE:

The rehearsal room

AT RISE:

JULES is sad, CHARLOTTE is anxious, and SAM is resolute.
There is a chair in the space, as if one piece of scenery
has been added to the play the characters are working on.

JULES:

Stop.

CHARLOTTE:

Is it me? Am I not, getting it across. I'm not, dynamic
enough.

JULES:

Well you certainly aren't

SAM:

Charlotte you're doing

SAM:

Jules. (Stop) We keep doing the work. Isn't there always
this place in the process where you feel like, it's
insurmountable, like you should quit.

CHARLOTTE:

(SAM's comment stirs her a
little.)

Right. Right. It happens in every play. Even tough
remounts, or like, difficult parts of classics.

CHARLOTTE: I was in this
Bacchae/
SAM: When we updated the

CHARLOTTE: two person show
JULES: This isn't a tough remount

JULES:
it's a responsibility, it's my responsibility/

SAM:
Jules. Let. Charlotte. Talk.

(It takes some coaxing from
SAM, a movement a reassuring
nod?)
.....I was in this two person show --we were communicating
from different planets-- in space-- and we had all this
world building we had to get across, but when the
characters said it, it sounded awful, random information.

JULES:
So what did you do?

CHARLOTTE:
We added a newscaster voice over. He gave news reports, the
kinds of things that would normally have lots of info
dumps.

JULES:
Sam. You had a thought.

SAM:
I keep seeing these tableaux, with another actor joining
her, like in the Bacchae we did. These stage pictures.

CHARLOTTE:

Like, an image of her dad with the belt? or/

JULES:

Another actor? New dialogue? This is **the writer's** play, I can't add/

SAM:

Did/(Sarah) does... **the writer...** She loves your work. She wants you to do that work. Work the material.

JULES:

...No, she just wanted it onstage, she wants her words to/

SAM:

She wanted you to put it onstage. She trusted you. Trust yourself.

JULES:

Another actor? New dialogue?

SAM:

I don't know. Freedom to at least try.

JULES:

(Struggles. She wants to say
yes but)

CHARLOTTE:

If we played with the idea of a second actor, there are some interest movement/(possibilities)

JULES

No. No! This is the script. It's (her script). It's staying (how she wrote it.) I can't change it.
I can't change any of it.

CHARLOTTE:

So...

SAM:

Back it up a couple of lines.. brain chemicals?

JULES:

Just do the whole monologue again.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Psychiatrist Monologue

SETTING:

The rehearsal space.

AT RISE:

CHARLOTTE is in the pool of light, SAM and JULES are in the dark.

CHARLOTTE:

So, the first time I went to a psychiatrist I was in 1st grade. I couldn't behave in school. That's when I started ADHD drugs.

I thought my psychiatrist was cool.

We'd play pool, or he'd let me mess with his dictaphone, which to a kid in the late 90's was a thing of wonder, and an amazing grown up tool. And If I was good the whole time, I'd get a candy bar, right? And I usually went during school hours, so. Bonus right? Anyway, cool guy, I thought.

He asked me once, what it would take, to **make** me behave. And I said, I don't know, maybe if my parents whipped me every day I was bad.

I was just spitballing, right?

Then at school, they gave me this little chart, with the

days of the week on it, and I can't remember if I got smiley faces or stars that first time. Everyday I came home without a smiley face, I got whipped with a belt.

Cause my psychiatrist said it was a good idea.
And people ask me why I don't trust shrinks. It's not trust... I'm scared to go see a shrink. But right now I'm more scared not to.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

BLOW UP

SETTING:

The rehearsal space.

AT RISE:

CHARLOTTE is in the pool of light, SAM and JULES are in the dark.

CHARLOTTE:

There's a phrase that always goes through my head. It's only the end of the world/

(Lights switch to "reality"
look.)

JULES:

Stop. Just. Stop.

SAM:

Maybe we should take five.

JULES:

We just came back from a five.

SAM:

We came back from five 42 minutes ago.

JULES:

It can't have been 42 minutes ago we're working the same

goddam line, and she can't get it right.

CHARLOTTE:

We've been working the same line for 42 minutes.

JULES:

Is that a problem, Charlotte?

SAM:

Jules...

CHARLOTTE:

No, I just, I can't believe we worked the same line for minutes.

JULES:

You were warned this was going to be an arduous process.
So why/(don't we)/

SAM:

Jules. We're taking five. Charlotte, go get a drink of water.

(CHARLOTTE leaves)

Now. What's my job on this show?

JULES:

You're the stage manager.

SAM:

Nope.

JULES:

....

SAM:

....

JULES:

You're here to tell me if it's getting weird. So I'm....?

SAM:

Oh, it's been weird. But now it's **really** weird. You've been doing the same line for 47 minutes. You're yelling at that poor girl.

JULES:

Don't infantilize her. "Poor girl."

SAM:

Well, don't treat her like a child.

JULES:

She's off her game today.

SAM:

That's not the issue here, you being off yours is the issue here.

JULES:

It needs to be right.

SAM:

What does that/ What is 'right' here?

JULES:

It wasn't how she would say it, she used to/ She says that all the time....it wasn't how Sarah would have....

SAM:

Do you want Charlotte to sound exactly like Sarah?

JULES:

I don't..... No?

SAM:

If you do fine, but I think there may be a better way to

get that, than just yelling at Charlotte and giving her unclear directions until she cries. I've got some videos on my phone? I could reach out to a couple of other friends, see what they have?

JULES:

No... I can't tell her to sound like Sarah. Then she'd ask why. And. You know.

SAM:

...I don't actually.

JULES:

I'd have to tell her that Sarah wrote the script. I just don't want to get into all that. Nobody knows but you actually.

SAM:

Hold on. Just (me)? I did not (agree to that). I do not (agree to that). That can't be just my responsibility. (Deep breathe.)

People are gonna figure it out. People have read her work. She's addressed these themes in pretty much all her plays.

JULES:

Nobody else gets to know... if they figure it out they figure it out, but I'm not telling fucking Charlotte, okay?

SAM:

(Calm.) We need to try something different.

(Long pause. JULES
straightens the sheets of
script in front of her which
have become disarrayed.)

SAM:

I wish you let me put that in a binder.

JULES:

Look at it, Sam. Look deep into the maelstrom.

SAM:

It disquiets me so.

JULES:

How's it looking? Really.

SAM:

Yeah it's... well. Well, this is why we have a workshop.

JULES:

I am so fed up with us fucking up her play and I think I won't be able to...

SAM:

...Make a good play?

JULES:

No...

SAM:

Making a good play isn't the goal?

JULES:

It's one of the goals.

SAM:

It's THE goal.

JULES:

This is how I process emotions. You knew that getting/

SAM:

Don't talk to me like I wasn't there to open some of those other shows. I know this is how you handle things, and handling things is, it's not what you're doing right now. Are you seeing someone?

JULES:

....Casey and I were taking a break, then after all this...She left me a message. But I didn't/(call her back)

SAM:

A doctor, Jules. Are you seeing a psychiatrist?

JULES:

That section, in the script, about Sarah and psychiatrists?

SAM:

I'm pretty familiar with the script.

JULES:

Well?

SAM:

Sarah doesn't trust them.

JULES:

Well look where they got her.

(CHARLOTTE enters.)

CHARLOTTE:

Are we back?

SAM:

You have a minute still.

CHARLOTTE:

Uh. Okay. My phone alarm went off. So it's um. I set it for five (minutes.)

JULES:

Okay. Same place.

SAM:

Jules.

JULES:

Same. Place.

CHARLOTTE:

Okay...

(Flips through her script.
Deep breath to get into the
scene and)

A phrase always runs through my head. "It's only the end of
the world again."

It's a little "so what," a little/ There's a
dissociative... At the end of the world you are the Ghost/

JULES:

Stop..... I mean it's just like nothing bad has ever
happened to you. Like, I mean. Nothing huh? Because I need
you to dig into something deep and/

SAM:

Jules.

JULES:

I'm just trying to figure out what I'm working with, cause
if I have to go, like straight Laban because she has
nothing to work with/

SAM:

Stop.

CHARLOTTE:

No. You know what, that's, I am not a kid, and I can stand
up for myself. And Jules you are/ I know that there are
people who are all, into some kind of method acting

masochist

CHARLOTTE:	JULES:	SAM:
bullshit	I am not one of	Listen.
where they	those asshole,	You guise.
torture	Stanishitsky,	Listen.
themselves	cock measuring	

(SAM picks up her binder,
firmly, calmly, angrily, and
slams it down on the table
once, twice, three times. It
is LOUD. JULES and CHARLOTTE
get quiet.)

SAM:
Why don't we call it a day.

JULES:
You don't call rehearsal Sam, I know you think you're my
mother/

(SAM picks up binder sharply,
the threat is clear. JULES
stop.)

SAM:
You wanna try talking to me that way again, it will take me
approximately 47 seconds to take my stuff and leave. You
are loosing your shit. I want to help you but I will not
take abuse, and you are done abusing Charlotte.

JULES:
.....

SAM:
.....

JULES:

(In the corner or the room,
or perhaps at a second table
covered with junk, there is a
battered white cardboard
document box. JULES walks
over and picks it up, and
puts it in front of
CHARLOTTE. JULES is brittle
ice.)

This is a box of rough drafts of Sarah's work. I brought
them for you to read. So you could get to know her better.
Because she wrote the play and Jesus you probably knew that
because how fuckin. obvious. is it but I couldn't say it
out loud and I was going to tell you about it today but you
just kept fucking that line up and I want.

I **want** to want to apologize to you. But I don't. I want to
scream at you, and I want to scream at you, Sam, and I want
to go out and scream at the people on the street and most
of all.

most of all I want to scream at Sarah. At my stupid crazy
addict bipolar selfish idiot sister and I want to just
shake her and yell in her face.

I need to go now.

Mom is taking her off life support Saturday.

I need to go.

SAM:

Jules, can I/

JULES:

I'll be fine. Not/(fine). I'm not gonna walk into traffic
or stab anyone. But I. need to/

(She can't talk anymore. She just points at the door, then starts to walk, she stops to pick up her bag. It is tangled up, or things fall out of it when she picks it up and it just REFUSES to co-operate, she sharply drops it, grabs her keys out of the bags outermost pocket. She tries to talk one more time and Nope. She walks out. There. Is. A. Pause.)

SAM:

Well. Okay. Well. Are you okay?

CHARLOTTE:

I'm/(not). I don't/(think it's okay to say how I feel).

SAM:

Hey. Say whatever. We are past any kind of "it's bad etiquette to shit talk the director." Or anything

CHARLOTTE:

I shoulda run when she offered me this job.

SAM:

Yeah.

CHARLOTTE:

Her sister wrote the play. Dammit. In the callback. I knew it and I convinced myself...

SAM:

Yeah. Is there anything I can help with? You actually did seem distracted today.

CHARLOTTE:

Please don't start in on me, she has been...

SAM:

Losing her shit.

CHARLOTTE:

Yeah. But you just said I was distracted.

SAM:

Both things are (true)/ You're distracted, she's losing her shit. Both things are true.

CHARLOTTE:

Is she gonna be...(okay?)

SAM:

I hope so. I've seen her in bad places before. And frankly, dealing with her family crazy is, to some extent, just part of being her friend.

CHARLOTTE:

So this is normal?

SAM:

I mean. Normal has no baseline with that family. First time I met Jules' family. We were, 20? Thanksgiving dinner. Jules and her mom are yelling at each other, and I'm trying to find somewhere to look, and I see Sarah's jeans, and there is blood soaking through them, just one straight line. I'm staring at it, she sees me staring turns white, stands up so fast she knocks her plate on floor in front of her, and it draws attention to, we're looking at this blood, everybody, is looking at this blood seep through her pants. She's what? Fourteen. She kind of makes this sound? Runs out, Jules follows her.

Cause Sarah has always been Jules' responsibility.

Their Mom and Dad sit down and ignore it. I ate dinner with

them for 47 more minutes waiting for Jules to/ there was a grandfather clock, 47 minutes, before she came back.

CHARLOTTE:

This is not/(Okay) How could she/(Do this to us)

SAM:

Go. No one would blame you. Are you okay though? I know this has been rough.

CHARLOTTE:

No. This has been. *Surreal*. But it's not even the most/(upsetting). I have a whole other, and this is just.

SAM:

You need somebody to talk to? We keep some box wine around. For after a tough rehearsal sometimes. You want a shitty way-too-sweet blush?

CHARLOTTE:

You don't have to/

SAM:

C'mon, a glass of wine, wind down a little bit. You had a shitty day.

CHARLOTTE:

Wine would be really nice...

(CHARLOTTE starts to tear up,
and get's worse fast)

it would be. I'm sorry I'm sorry it's just that..

SAM:

Oh no. Oh honey. Can I give you a hug?

CHARLOTTE:

(Bursts into tears, launches
into Sam.)

SAM:

Oh. Friend. It's okay. It's gonna be okay.

(They take a moment,
CHARLOTTE cries a bit, then
pulls it together.)

CHARLOTTE:

I hate this, I can be tough, all day, but then as soon a
someone is nice to me...

SAM:

Oh, god I'm the same way. I'm like "I'm having a bad day,
please treat me like garbage or I won't make it through."
So I take it that's a yes on the wine?

CHARLOTTE:

No... I... can't have any...

SAM:

It's okay, you don't have to. Oh. Oh. Okay.
You're.

CHARLOTTE:

I found out three weeks ago.

SAM:

Are you gonna keep it?

CHARLOTTE:

I don't know.

SAM:

The guy?

CHARLOTTE:

I met him doing a stupid little play... but he was. Really good. I can't tell if I like him, or just really like watching him onstage, and. This is stupid. Can you please not (tell anyone).

SAM:

Scout's honor.

CHARLOTTE:

I keep notebooks. Journals. I like writing on paper, you know?

SAM:

You write? I mean like, you "write" write?

CHARLOTTE:

I've always written in my diary, like poems. Little descriptions. My feelings. In the last year or two I've been kind of/(writing more).

That doesn't/(matter). Before I got pregnant and we were just having/(fun or sex or fun sex). My morning pages... I'd just get distracted and just write his name a lot. Not like, ALOT a lot. But still. In cursive.

SAM:

...That's awesome. You're great, you know that? So he's cool?

CHARLOTTE:

But I don't think he wants a kid. He is, driven. Like almost a dick driven. But it's cute?

I can't afford a kid here. Not by myself. I think if I told him he'd leave. So, tell this guy and maybe drive him off anyway. Or move home or something. Live with my parents. Or you know. Terminate.

SAM:

A lot of people make it work. They stay here and, and they

work and you know.

CHARLOTTE:

Come on, Sam. You know that's crap. People with nannies make it work. I don't have a trust fund. I work my ass off, I live with six roommates. And I put about five dollars in my savings account every month. Diapers? Baby food. Healthcare?

SAM:

So why are you here?

CHARLOTTE:

The day after the first audition I realized I was super late. And my body already felt weird. My uh... My gums were sore. So I googled "sore gums." First thing that came up. I got the call back the next day. And I said. "Okay. This is it. If you get the part, and you're like 'yes!' then that means you're supposed to stay here."

SAM:

And you got the part.

CHARLOTTE:

Yeah.

SAM:

But you haven't..

CHARLOTTE:

I'm trying to save some money for the procedure... swear to god I might have to run a GoFundMe. and in the meantime. This has been. Awful. And what does that mean? This is what I'm fighting to stay for? Maybe that's why everybody here is so mean, because even the ones who are making it are miserable. Maybe it's all garbage.

SAM:

So you're moving home?

CHARLOTTE:

I don't know who I'd be without... I've been chasing, you know for so long, this dream. Am I'm just chasing out of habit. But I don't know what my life... Means? Without it. And I kind of want kids? But do I really want them or am I just looking for a...(purpose) you know?

I'm waiting till the end of the work shop. Then I'll decide.

SAM:

Come here.

(She motions to give
CHARLOTTE a hug.)

CHARLOTTE:

I told you, don't be nice to me.

SAM:

Right. So you won't fall apart? That ship has sailed.

(CHARLOTTE come in for the
hug, ending up sitting next
to SAM who puts her arm
around CHARLOTTE.)

Goddamit. I really like you and want you to stay here. And if Jules were herself. I mean. She's so great. And I'm trying to get that Jules to come out and play.... You'd love her. You know? I mean. Everybody loves her.

CHARLOTTE:

So you guys used to.....

SAM:

A couple of times. We. Went to college together. We kind of came out together...

CHARLOTTE:

What happened?

SAM:

We were... kids. And her family is/ (crazy.) You end as a caretaker in stead of a/ (girlfriend.). So no more. But I can't let her do this alone...

CHARLOTTE:

Oh no. If you start crying this it's going to get really ugly.

SAM:

Get?

CHARLOTTE:

You know, Sam?

SAM:

What?

CHARLOTTE:

You're pretty great, too.

SAM:

Yeah?

CHARLOTTE:

....You should drink a glass of wine. I'll watch and live vicariously through you.

SAM:

Okay.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ALL APOLOGIES

SETTING:

The rehearsal space.

AT RISE:

CHARLOTTE is waiting. JULES comes in.

JULES:

Hey friend.

CHARLOTTE:

....hey. Sam isn't back from lunch yet.

JULES:

We've still got like fifteen minutes. Today is. Better right? Than the. Than Thursday?

CHARLOTTE:

I don't know what I'm suppose to/

JULES:

/I'm.

(Reaches into pocket, pulls
out sheet of paper. Looks at
it.)

sorry. I am grieving, and I acted inappropriately. I/

CHARLOTTE:

/Apology accepted.

JULES:

Please, let me/ (finish) I'm sorry/

CHARLOTTE:

Did Sam tell you to say that?

JULES:

She, in fact, did. But I was going to apologize any way.
But she gave me a cheat sheet in case I get confused.

(Back to paper.)

I value your contribution to this process, and I hope you
can see past my behavior to....

(off the script now.)

You're great. You're. great. And that's why I cast you. and
you're great, and I should have been up front about just
how fucked up this whole thing is. And maybe I shouldn't be
doing it at all. But.

I'm trying to.

I told Sam already, but we're gonna bring in a second
actor, like you and Sam said, And try changing some things.
I was thinking a guy. A lot of the people Sarah had
problems with were men, so a guy could like...

CHARLOTTE:

He could all the different people she talks about. The
shrink. That guy, Brandon? Your dad.
Oh, and the tableaus/ Sorry. You didn't ask me did you?

JULES:

No, no. It was, implied I think. I wanna try to let you use
your new play skills, and all that devising back ground
and. I want you to be an equal part of this process. You
know Sam even suggested you help pick the guy.

CHARLOTTE:

(She sees what SAM did
there.)

Oh did she?

JULES:

Yeah. I want you in here improv-ing and trying new things.
I have to make this play great.... and I have realized I
can't do it by myself.

CHARLOTTE:

I've been reading her old scripts.

JULES:

I like, threw those at you didn't I? I had meant to, give you context and/

CHARLOTTE:

I read them.

JULES:

Over the weekend?

CHARLOTTE:

She was. Really special I think.

JULES:

She was.... If we do this play right... she will be again.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Psychiatrist Scene

CHARLOTTE:

So I'm desperate enough that I'm seeing a psychiatrist.
I'm trying really hard not to kill myself. You know? And he
says

DOUG:

So you think about hurting yourself?

CHARLOTTE:

And my first reaction to this question is always
(to DOUG)

Don't you?

DOUG:

Think about hurting myself?

CHARLOTTE:

Yes.

DOUG:

No, Sarah, I don't. Most people don't.

CHARLOTTE:

I just can't fathom that.
It's like if you have a shitty job, and there is a door,
just sitting there, and you walk by it everyday. Who
doesn't think about going through it?

DOUG:

And the door is suicide?

CHARLOTTE:

Yeah. You don't think about that. Like every day?

DOUG:

No. I don't.

CHARLOTTE:

I don't think I believe you.

DOUG:

Tell me more about the suicide door.

CHARLOTTE:

It's not really a door. It's the ax. The emergency ax. Like, this building is on fire, and there's an ax, and it says "in case of fire," or "in case of emergency or whatever, break glass." So that's what it is. It's this ax for emergencies.

DOUG:

So, in that metaphor, what is the fire?

CHARLOTTE:

Life? People. Feeling things.

DOUG:

You feel like sometimes there is more than one fire?

CHARLOTTE:

Are you kidding?

(Speeding up, she talks with
desperation.)

There is ALWAYS more than one fire. The whole world is on fire, many parts of it are literally on fire at all times, and so much of that is on you and me because we fund murder all over the world every day with our taxes, but that's not even what I'm talking about. Because at least once a day, the fire goes from this little fire that the whatever, firefighters are measuring, and it gets out of control and starts to burn the whole forest down. and I have to

pretend like it's not. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. The fire metaphor breaks down real fast after you take it past the ax. I'm sorry.

DOUG:

You're sorry about the metaphor?

CHARLOTTE:

Yes.

DOUG:

Why are you/

CHARLOTTE:

(Yelling) Yes I'm sorry about the metaphor, because it means I'm not expressing my self clearly and if I'm not expressing myself clearly what the fuck is the point of even being here.

(She turns a switch, is
quiet.)

I'm sorry I yelled.

DOUG:

It's what I'm here for Sarah. It's safe for you to feel anything here.

Have you had any active thoughts about hurting yourself this week?

CHARLOTTE:

I mean yeah, but not really? Like it flits across.

DOUG:

So, you haven't felt like hurting yourself.

CHARLOTTE:

I haven't. I feel happy. But not like

DOUG:

So I hate to do this, but I'm struggling to motivate this.
I mean I know I'm not like, a super important character
but/

JULES:

No, it's okay. You're here to ask. So what could his
possible motivations be?

DOUG:

Right now I'm just feeling, I have to do a good job,
because a psychiatrist's job is important, right? But how
do I play that.

JULES:

Okay, mine that. Let's talk through it. Why is his job
important.

DOUG:

So he's digging around in peoples' minds and... I mean we
decided he's a good guy and he's doing his best right?
So... he wants to do a good job. He wants to help. He wants
to make her better.

JULES:

Good, but it needs stakes.

CHARLOTTE:

Can I?

JULES:

Sure, it's an open question, anyone chime in.

CHARLOTTE:

This may not be exactly how psychiatrists work, but what's
the worst case scenario for him? What are they talking
about?

DOUG:

Suicide.

JULES:

Yes?

DOUG:

So he's trying to keep her alive. But he's afraid he can't.
And if he can't it means that it's his/ (fault)

(This hits JULES very hard.
We can tell she's about to
start crying, as can
CHARLOTTE and SAM. DOUG isn't
getting it.)

JULES:

Yes. Good. Yes. He's afraid he can't help her enough to
keep her alive. I.
I have started smoking again and I could use a cigarette.
You guys keep working. Do some of the improvs or. I don't
know. I'm gonna smoke.

SAM:

I got it Jules.

(JULES exits.)

Okay, ugh. You wanna do...

DOUG:

(yelling)

What if she gets worse?

(CHARLOTTE can't help it, she
smiles, and starts running in
a circle, DOUG is also
running in a circle also
smiling, but the smiles drop
almost immediately, the
running is hard and a little
feral, DOUG yells,)

Four.

CHARLOTTE:

Something shitty happened while she was walking home.
Three!

DOUG: She got a really shitting phone call and while she
was taking it uhhh somebody screamed some thing uhhh mean
at her? Two!

CHARLOTTE:

A guy yelled that he wanted to fuck he and she looks like a
slut, and the phone call was to say? One!

DOUG:

Her.... favorite English teacher from high school died.
Phone call! GO!

(They stop running, fall into
a scene)

DOUG:

Sarah? Sarah? Are you okay?

CHARLOTTE:

Yes, I'm sorry there's, HEY FUCK YOU,

DOUG:

Did I catch you at a/

CHARLOTTE:

No, it's this fucking city. I can't walk three blocks
without some asshole/(catcalling). But hey. How are you,
it's crazy that you would call me. I was just thinking
about you last week. Our whole crew really.

DOUG:

Hey Sarah. I.... I'm actually calling some of those people,
to tell....Mrs. Frankweiler died. I know you were close, so
I wanted/

CHARLOTTE:

What? What are you/(talking about) what happened, what

happened?

DOUG:

It was this, cancer. She didn't tell anybody until she had to go into the hospital.

CHARLOTTE:

Wait, it was cancer?

DOUG:

Cut To?

CHARLOTTE:

The shrinks office.

(they move into the
psychiatrist office
configuration)

DOUG:

What were you thinking when you heard that.

CHARLOTTE:

There were... coming really fast, three or four (thoughts). I thought, how can the world go on without her? There was a really bright spot, and even if we didn't ever see each other, just knowing she was there, and I thought about the Bell Jar because you never really forget the person who introduces you to Sylvia Plath, and I thought about how she was, the first person I met who was open about, having a mental illness, and how I still wish I was as brave as her.... But when... um. Scott... when Scott said it was cancer. My first thought was. Good for her. She beat/(it)her mental illness tried to... her whole...

(she can't catch her breath)

her whole life it tried to kill her.... and she. would not. let it. She fucking beat it.... fuckin. Cancer! had to come get her because she would not let her mental illness... have her... and I realized, I will never be as strong as her.... and someday... someday mine is gonna come get me...

(Beat. DOUG breaks
character-)

DOUG:
Holy shit, Charlotte... that's really/(amazing)

CHARLOTTE:
(Holds a "wait for it" finger
up, takes a deep breath.)
What if she has an awesome fucking day!

DOUG:
(Sharp exhaled laugh)
HAH!
(They start running in a
circle, they are prepping for
happy this time, so the
running is loose and breezy)

DOUG:
She uh.... met a guy? Four!

CHARLOTTE:
They go to a coffee shop, and it's good third wave coffee
shop but not a pretentious shithole. Three!

DOUG:
And Kate Bush Hounds of Love starts playing halfway through
their conversation. Two.

(FYI Kate Bush is CHARLOTTE'S
favorite. Doug knows this.
CHARLOTTE knows DOUG knows
this.)

CHARLOTTE:
She stops to take her afternoon meds because she has too,
but she's worried he'll freak out, but he's super cool
about it and it turns out.... one!

DOUG:

He's.... diabetic? Coffee Shop! Kate Bush! GO!

Hey, it's cool, you don't need to tell me what it is. None of my business. I'm diabetic. So I uh...know what it's like to have to constantly mess with a thing and... There's nothing worse than meeting someone, and all of a sudden this really personal thing is automatically info that's already on the table.

CHARLOTTE:

It's lamictal.

DOUG:

Oh... okay.

CHARLOTTE:

God, now you think I'm some crazy/

DOUG:

I was... searching through the mental databanks to see if I could remember which one that was so I could sound smart and be sympathetic. That a mood thingie?

CHARLOTTE:

For bipolar.

(Sam starts playing with her phone, she starts "Hounds of Love" and her phone, it's tinny and quiet, she's trying to bluetooth it over to the sound system in the studio)

DOUG:

I bet you're super creative. I mean, that's a cliché right? Or, a stereotype? But I was pretty sure you were super creative anyway. Right? I'm right.

CHARLOTTE:

Maybe.

DOUG:

What do you do?

CHARLOTTE:

I'm a playwright.

DOUG:

I guess we have clichés for a reason.

(CHARLOTTE and DOUG are smiling, then Hounds of Love kicks into the bluetooth speakers, and plays really loud. DOUG'S feeling the moment, so he leans in for a kiss. CHARLOTTE is tempted to go with it but/)

CHARLOTTE:

End of Scene!

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

I DIDN'T CRY/ HARRY POTTER

Setting:

The Rehearsal Space.

At Rise:

CHARLOTTE as SARAH in the pool of light.

CHARLOTTE:

(Notorious B.I.G.'s "10 Crack Commandments" rockets out of CHARLOTTE'S phone. She pulls a necklace out from under her shirt, it's a pill box. She takes a pill. She shuts off her Biggie alarm.)

I didn't cry this morning.

It's the little things, right? I uh. I take drugs every day. In the morning. and with dinner. I put timers in my phone.

They have a song, Biggie's "10 Crack Commandments" My shrink got me doing these work books, Cognitive Behavioral Therapy. CBT. It's like. It's so, straight forward. Techniques. Sometimes it's really obvious stupid things. Pick a happy memory.

Did I ever tell you that Harry Potter saved my life? I was in bad shape. There was a boy. This was back when I blamed everything on boys, back in the stealing wine bottles from the cellar stage. Back in high school.

"But we're not high, we're drunk!" My friend and I use to say that. Later she found Jesus and became a virgin again. Like is there a cream for that, like you put ointment on your/ (hoo ha).

A new Harry Potter book came out. I go to the bookstore to get it at midnight because I loved those books.

Inside the bookstore there are wizards. Kids in cloaks. A guy with a parrot on his shoulder. All hanging out at the book store just waiting. People having wand duels. And I just sat there with my book. Watching.

There was this girl, across the aisle. And we caught each other's eyes, like. I can't always talk to people. But I don't want to be alone.

The perfect in between; you feel a big thing, you look up and you catch someone's eyes. And they are having the same feeling you are, you can just tell from their eyes, their... look.. ... "I recognize you," is what the look says.

She was a Gryffindor. She had a scarf. We never spoke. It was perfect.

I didn't cry this morning. I went for a walk. And got a tiny bit day drunk. And watched a magician do tricks for tourists. The one where the dollar bill ends up in the lemon blows their minds.... this tourist, some kid on a school trip I think, looked up and caught my eyes.... "I recognize you..." I looked over and the magician was looking at my eyes...

"I recognize you."

I looked around, and I recognized everyone. I was on a planet I understood, with people I could/(understand). And I thought. I'm gonna make it. I'm gonna be okay.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Should I Terminate

CHARLOTTE:

Hey. Where's Sam?

JULES:

She's running a minute late. I have keys too.

CHARLOTTE:

So should we start?

JULES:

We can wait. She's only running a few minutes late.

CHARLOTTE:

Okay.

(JULES looks like she has something to say, and starts to say it, CHARLOTTE stops to listen. But JULES doesn't say anything. Now CHARLOTTE is a little scared of what JULES will say. Finally-)

JULES:

How you feeling with it?

CHARLOTTE:

Uh.

JULES:

I know it's been tough. I'm just wondering if it's, you know. Helped you make up your.... mind...

CHARLOTTE:

Oh. You mean.

JULES:

Yeah. Sam told me I hope/

CHARLOTTE:

I told her she could.

JULES:

I also wanted to say. I mean, I'm not pro-life or anything, I had an abortion -and I'm glad- A girl's gotta choose for her self. But I think there's this pressure, especially in this town. To always be willing to sacrifice everything for your career.

CHARLOTTE:

I feel almost guilty for thinking about keeping it. Like Susan B Anthony, and Cleopatra, and Andrea Dworkin are all horribly disappointed in me.

JULES:

And they aren't. Well, maybe Dworkin. But it's okay if you want to have it. That's the whole point.

CHARLOTTE:

Thanks.

JULES:

People forget how precious life is.

CHARLOTTE:

So what are you...?

JULES:

We take so much from, the world. Each other. I've been taking too much lately. Even before Sarah... I don't know. Life is precious. That's all I'm saying.

CHARLOTTE:

Sarah was precious. I'm not sure about my tapeworm.

JULES: Tapeworm?

CHARLOTTE:

It eats half of what I eat, and makes me sick all the time. I clicked on a video on Facebook, and saw this operation where they were pulling this huge tapeworm out of the person, and it was like, fighting because it didn't want to come out of its home, which was this guy's stomach and. Anyway. Tapeworm.

JULES:

Well that's disgusting. And even if the tape worm isn't precious now... people forget. They get caught up. All this extra stuff, career, and. I don't know. Cave man diets. And Soul Cycle. And finding the perfect apartment close to the right part of town. Sorry I'm making a little speech now... life is precious, and your tapeworm could be precious, I mean it could be. Because life is the homeless guy out on the street, and puppies, and actual tapeworms and. And my sister. And.

CHARLOTTE:

Okay. I got it. You don't have to. I got it.

JULES:

Okay, I'm gonna go put a little water on my face and get ready to start. One of these days I'm gonna start rehearsal without crying.

(JULES Exits, SAM enters.)

SAM:

Don't listen to her, okay?

CHARLOTTE:

You were listening.

SAM:

Jules is many things, subtle is not generally one of them. She asked me to come in late, so she could apologize to you again? I knew she was gonna lay something on you.

CHARLOTTE:

Do you think I should terminate?

SAM:

I think you should work on your lines for two hours a night and bring a pencil to rehearsal. The rest is up to you, and only you.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Moon Creatures

SETTING:

Rehearsal space.

AT RISE:

CHARLOTTE and DOUG are in the half light world together.

(Some frantic and loud music
is playing. Loudly. As
CHARLOTTE begins to speak it
gets quite. Periodically
throughout the scene it will
get louder and louder again,
until it makes her lose her
train of thought. She'll
shake it off and continue.)

CHARLOTTE:

She is walking around, maybe in a circle, maybe in a zig
zag. She bounces, she floats, she alights. The male actor is
there too. Likewise bouncing, zig zagging. They are both
light speed, like, barely stop to breathe.

(She stops for a single second
and says
The two best feelings in the
world are)

BOTH

having a great idea, and

DOUG:

Falling in love.

CHARLOTTE:

Falling in love and

BOTH:

Having a great idea.

CHARLOTTE:

Now sometimes these feelings happen at the same time and it is incredible, but you got to be careful because brains are giant big fat liars, and sometimes you think you have fallen in love but

BOTH:

Oh shit.

CHARLOTTE:

it's just the great feeling of having a FUCKING GREAT idea and this person is like standing there -and they're cute right, they are like, whatever it is you like, right and so that's a whole nother set of chemicals you know, fucking dopamine and adrenaline getting involved because brains will rewire themselves convincing you that you actually like some one just because they make you come a bunch, and they are actually just dick bags who like Joy Division, and understand Bauhaus the band is named after Bauhaus the architectural style, and smell like leather and Camel Lights and Oldspice and they can read Howl really well-

DOUG:

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,

CHARLOTTE:

So be careful is what I'm saying.

DOUG:

angel headed hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly
connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night/

CHARLOTTE:

She puts her hand over his mouth like,
Okay hush now.

When I do -get a great idea- I wander around- when I do I
slot these pieces, it's almost like Candy Crush or Tetris,
slotting these floating pieces into place right, little
plot and character points, I just walk around and feel the
rightness of the world, this is what everything should be
like,

So this guy, this cute Allen Ginsberg loving, Pablo Neruda
reading but not in a skeezy trying to pick up way, just he
really likes the poems so I went and said hi because fuck
it I am on some felix felicis shit. FYI this is a real
story now

(to DOUG)

You be Karl now.

DOUG:

His name is Karl. Karl smells like citrus. And the right
kind of sweat. and coffee.

His grandmother had Alzheimer's, and it really fucked his
mom up cause she was always having to like, argue with her
mom about what was real,

CHARLOTTE:

and Karl said,

DOUG:

I thought mom should just agree with her

CHARLOTTE:

And ka-fucking-boom how amazing would that look on stage?

Like, the mom and her mom, but lets just say mother and daughter because that is clearer, the mother and daughter are living through this awful end of life Alzheimer's shit, but then it's intercut with, with, like, with Mother is in the yard, daughter goes out, daughter says,

DOUG:

mom what are you doing,

CHARLOTTE:

mom says,

DOUG:

I saw a moon creature fall from the sky,

CHARLOTTE:

and instead of fighting, the daughter goes with it

DOUG:

what kind of moon creature mom, because some of them are dangerous, but some are friendly and we have to make sure-

CHARLOTTE:

And we're there, in the world where beautiful moon creatures crash here, and then all these characters show up moon creatures - thought dragons, and there's like puppets and circus shit because the daughter and the mom are in this moon creature adventure, but we see it, we see that world the mom is/(seeing) but of course like, the fantasies will also sometimes be sad, and sometimes hilarious, but also loop back into the themes that are getting addressed in the real world scenes, love and death and loss and memory....

(FYI ELI is writing that play too. So hands off everybody.)

Right? just a kaboom. And I'm lost in it like a full body

coke tingle vodka shot explosion.
then Karl's like,

DOUG:

where did you go?

CHARLOTTE:

because I was gone, and I hesitate for just a second, and
fuck it Karl will get it right, he'll understand so/ So I
tell him, the Tetris, the vaseline lens world, falling in
love, the idea he just gave me, and and
And. The moon creatures. I desperately need him to
understand the moon creatures and how they fall-
And he's totally cool, he even says it.

DOUG:

...."Cool."

CHARLOTTE:

Finally she breathes. Cut To. So like.
Cut to the week it falls apart, the relationship with Karl,
but also a, like a week after when the play, when My Mom
and the Moon Creatures- that's the name- My Mom and the
Moon Creatures/
No. No. nonononono. Okay okay.
She takes a super. deep.
breath.
I should go back. To before this. We need to talk about why
I went off my meds.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Work shopping

SETTING:

The Rehearsal space.

AT RISE:

Lights up on CHARLOTTE and SAM during a 15 minute break.
JULES is nowhere to be seen. Doug enters.

DOUG:

Are we back?

(CHARLOTTE looks to SAM, SAM
kind of shrugs.)

SAM:

Yeah?

DOUG:

Is Jules coming back or did she uh....

SAM:

You gonna finish that thought?

DOUG:

No? It sounded **not** mean in my head.. but when I started to
say it out loud...

SAM:

Oh do please share with us.

DOUG:

Did she disappear on us again?

SAM:

I don't know. She's a/

(Interrupted by JULES, who is
at the door now, she looks
about as pathetic and a
sidewalk cigarette butt after
a rainstorm.)

JULES:

We're back, I assume.

SAM:

.....Alright we're back.

(The cast gathers around a
table.)

JULES:

Where were we?

(SAM and CHARLOTTE share a
look.)

DOUG:

Arc? Yeah. We were talking about arc. Maybe it's cause I
came in late in the process, and saw it from the outside
for a minute...But it should follow a full cycle, a swing
a...from the beginning to the, like, the big/(finish). Uh.
The end.

JULES:

The big finish.

DOUG:

So, it ends when she dies, but art with the frame of, "this
is my suicide note," but then go to that spot where she is

just kind of numb, then go into the hard depression.

CHARLOTTE:

The monologue that ends with the cutting?

DOUG:

And you keep going all the way through, following the mania until she gets really really fucking crazy and/

(CHARLOTTE is embarrassed,
she brought DOUG in, SAM is
angry, protective of JULES.)

CHARLOTTE:

Remember not to/

SAM:

Doug don't call her

SAM:

crazy. I think we were pretty clear on that point earlier, Doug. Don't do it again.

DOUG:

Shit. Sorry. I'm trying. But when the ideas are flowing we can't worry about....It's hard to remember to. I'm really grateful for this opportunity. I'm sorry, I'm trying to bring my best/

JULES:

It's fine... So do it. Follow the progression from depressed to manic until the big finish. It's so dumb that... uh. I guess I shouldn't say/(dumb). It is so, counterintuitive for me to get upset about the word crazy. She called her self that all the time. Embraced it. She was Zelda Fitzgerald for Halloween when she was 15, she-

SAM:

You need to take five, get some air.

JULES:

No. I need. 10 minutes. And two cigarettes. And.

(She grabs her cigarettes,
walks to the fridge, gets the
way too sweet blush and
plastic cup. Sam starts to
follow/)

SAM:

Run the new lines with Doug. From the 5th wall. There was a
lot of reaching for lines in there.

(SAM and JULES exit.)

DOUG:

What the fuck is going on between those two? I cannot
figure it out? Are they fucking, or is Jules like vaguely
schizo and/

CHARLOTTE:

Please be quiet, Doug.

DOUG:

Am I wrong here? They ask us what we see, and then get
super picky on how we talk about art, how can I be creative
if/

CHARLOTTE:

Doug, stop. I got you this job, and Yes. You are wrong.
First you're wrong because you're wrong, and we shouldn't
say crazy, or stupid, or bitch, or retard/

DOUG:

I stopped saying bitch
and retard a long time
ago, and I'm sorry but
that way.
crazy is the right word

CHARLOTTE:

Second it's her fucking
sister, and you can't
about her sister

CHARLOTTE:

Doug. Don't say crazy.

DOUG:

...Why'd you bring me here? You said this was gonna be fine, and that/

CHARLOTTE:

I said I thought it was gonna end up okay, that is not the same/

DOUG:

Godfuckingdammit. This is what I get for. This sounded like drama, from the beginning, but the concept for the play is good, and Jules is getting pretty well known but. but I. I only came here to see you. To be with... This isn't close to okay. Jules is fucking batshit/

CHARLOTTE:

Doug!

DOUG:

(Almost a whisper. Aware this
is dangerous territory)

I'm sorry. She's crazy. I hate shit like this. People writing poems about their therapy, or writing a play just to tell us their dad touched them/ I mean get help, but not here. A play is a play because it's a play, not because it's a brave baring of one's soul. I mean yes we bare our souls but. The play doesn't automatically become good because you're talking about something that hurts. This is why I hate hanging out with actors, it's all the offstage drama. Who's fucking which director, and who's having a break up, and which girl accidentally got pregnant, who fucked somebody over for a good part, and I normally just don't give a shit about any of it. But I thought you and I, maybe. I thought it might be worth...

(Beat.)

CHARLOTTE:

You should go apologize to Jules. This. Play. Is a good opportunity for your career. Even if Jules is. Emotional.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

GOING OFF MEDS

SETTING:

The pool of light.

AT RISE:

CHARLOTTE as SARAH.

CHARLOTTE:

So we have to talk about why I went off my meds. And it's not that like I missed the feeling of mania, it's not. That's what movies make it out to be. No. Imagine. Close your eyes. Really. You out there. let's really fuck with the fourth wall. And then fifth wall. Which is a thing. Google it. Close your eyes. Are they closed? Fucking close them.

(DOUG enters.)

DOUG:

There isn't anyone sitting next to you. You are alone. I'm not here. I'm just the voice in your head. Is it your voice? Your mom's voice? The mean voice. Is it your dad or. Your first boyfriend who always/(emotionally abused you.) Hear that voice right now.

(He puts his hands on Charlotte. Maybe his hands are squeezing her shoulders. It's not assault. Not quite. Or if it is, it's the kind that later, you cant decide if it was real, or if you're just being weird and its normal, or it's probably your fault anyway.)

You're not good enough. You will never be good enough. You

don't fit in this world. You know how you know? Because you have to take these drugs to fit. You have to take these drugs to make you a real person. But you're not **really** real. Because the real people don't have to take drugs. Let it sit. You will never. be good enough. You don't belong here.

CHARLOTTE:

But then things change. You learned all this stuff. This stuff to take care of yourself, and like. And like, it works. It works. You learn about hot thoughts you learn about the self reinforcing/ whatever. You learn. You... heal.

And you are doing so good, so good that this voice, your mean voice. It kind of stops being mean. It becomes the voice you always. Needed.

Eyes still closed? Hear that voice right now.

DOUG:

Hey. Hey. I'm sorry. I love you. It was confusing earlier, but we got better didn't we? I helped you get better. Maybe you're good enough. Maybe you are a real person. Maybe you belong. I think you belong. I think maybe people do love you. And you know what? You're enough. You don't need your medication. So, hey. Stop taking it.

CHARLOTTE:

So I went off.

DOUG:

Slowly too. You don't just stop, you can have a seizure or other pretty fucked up reactions.

CHARLOTTE:

I was careful!

I was fine. If I got upset, I used my tools, my CBT, and I'd be okay. Do some yoga or some shit. Go for a hard run. I had months of just, being fine. Normal fine. Real person fine.

And then Karl, and the new play.
And things were really amazing. And I didn't need my tools
at all.

DOUG:

Sucker.

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Sam and Jules Evaluate

SCENE:

The rehearsal space.

AT RISE:

Lights up, SAM and JULES in the space, after a long day.

SAM:

Well?

JULES:

What?

SAM:

Where are we? Where's your head at? What's happening?

JULES:

What if I really fucked up? What if I did this play because I want to keep her to myself. I should have given it away, but she gave me this one last thing, and it isn't perfect but there are these amazing seeds and possibilities in it, and that's how she always was, she was always just around the corner from putting it together, just, we could see it for her, from where we were standing and she never could get to us. And this is the last thing I have, and I'm worried that I directed this because I couldn't give it away.

SAM:

You put your name on the line for this, you told the foundation this was how you were gonna spend the last of their money, and they wanna see what you have made, and we've got a week/

SAM:

and that means you have to

JULES:

I told you I don't know,

and I know it is, cause and effect, I kick her off she commits/ and when people say it isn't they are **lying**. I just need one fucking person to quit lying, and to admit.

SAM:

Okay.

JULES:

What?

SAM:

Okay. It's your fault. You blew it. You took care of her since you were like 6, and one day you made the wrong call, and she killed herself. And that really. sucks.

(Long beat.)

JULES:

Thank you.

SAM:

She called me. Left me a message, about how you fired her. And I didn't call her back, because it's always... the end of the world with Sarah. I thought, "Tomorrow."

JULES:

Sam.

SAM:

Hey, fair's fair. And just because I'm not screaming at people and having a semi-public breakdown... Tell me.

JULES:

It's your fault?

SAM:

Yeah but. and, I kind of feel guilty because of how fast I realized/ It wasn't just. How quickly I realized this reasonable truth/ yeah, it's my fault, but it's your fault too, your mom's fault, it that shit Brandon's fault. And

fucking. Karl. Her first Psychiatrist. There's plenty.
Enough blame to go around.

JULES:

And that's why we have to get her play right. That's why we
have to show people/

SAM:

No.

SAM:

It's not her play/

JULES:

We have/

SAM:

/Jules. It's not her play. It's your play, and that's what
I keep trying/

SAM:

to tell you.

JULES:

Of course, it's her

JULES:

play, what are you even/ why would it be my/

SAM:

Because we're alive. Because you. Are still alive and you.
are making it.

(beat)

You have to be alive to make a play, Jules.

(beat)

Dead people don't get to do theatre.

(Long pause while JULES
struggles to accepts this.)

JULES:

And we're not dead yet.

SAM:

Not yet. Not today.

(They hug. JULES starts to
kiss SAM)

Whoa hey.

JULES:

I love you. And maybe this is a dumb time to whatever. But
if we can get through this together, then who else could we
ever....kiss me back please?

(SAM kisses -slowly- JULES
forehead.)

SAM:

When you're done going through this. Ask me out on a date.
But right now,

JULES:

For now we have to finish this play.

SAM:

Yes.

JULES:

It's almost good. We just need to stick the landing. But
whats the take away? What does it... it doesn't really end.
I mean.

It ends and. She kills/ Does she just die? is that all?

She's just dead and that's how it ends? If she just dies,
how does anything that happened before, matter to the
audience? Dramatically speaking?

We just watch her die, and there's nothing we can do. And
nothing that happened before matters?

SAM:

Stop. Everything that happened before matters.

JULES:

Does it?

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Walking on Razor Blades

SCENE: The rehearsal space.

AT RISE:

Lights up. They're weird. Dim. CHARLOTTE sits alone.

(DOUG comes in.)

DOUG:

Hey, look, I'm sorry about/ maybe we should.

CHARLOTTE:

Don't! Touch me.

(She continues talking to
DOUG, not the audience.)

A homeless woman is sitting in a McDonalds eating maybe her only meal of the day, and she smiles at a little girl sitting nearby, the little girl smiles back and waves, and it makes the homeless woman cry, and.. she smiles. Because they see each other.

And, we have clichés for a reason: it's so beautiful it hurts, and for a second you understand everything.

Psychologists call it a "peak experience."

Think about that feeling....but all day long. For a week. A month.

Your brain stops- because it has the right amount of serotonin, your stops like, 90% of what you see and hear. Mine doesn't. It doesn't stop enough of the things. So there is so much, information. People don't get, but what you don't get is that with that level of input... you can

see right into someone's soul. Everyone's soul. Every person. And you see the world. Really see it and understand how beautiful and how interconnected.

DOUG:

Look, I'm worried about you, this is getting too/

CHARLOTTE:

(SCREAMS.)

I SAID DON'T FUCKING TOUCH ME.

Your brain protects you. YEAH? From all. from all this input. You get maybe once a year, for just a few moments. This peak experience.

When I'm manic, every face I see, for months. It's floating, then it's walking a tight rope, then it's **starting** to hurt but I won't admit it. I'm fixed now. My voice said so, I have Karl, and it's perfect with him, and I wrote this play, and I'm submitting it all over, and then I'm walking on razor blades but I'm lying about them, and every thing is noise. Every piece of light is refracted into rainbows. The colors are exploding/ As long as you are perfectly balanced on the razor you are safe. But the wind always.

(She's become increasingly physically agitated, DOUG is trying to help, but also trying to not set her off.)

DOUG:

Look. I know we're not. But I can't watch you/

CHARLOTTE:

Karl is fucking someone else.

(Finally she turns toward the audience.)

Because we have clichés for a reason. And, Jules, don't freak out, it was really just one of many (reasons) but you kicked me off your play, and. And my play? All those places I sent it? Fellowships, residencies, new play festivals. which.

You plan for rejection you know. You have to send plays out constantly, and on cold submissions, if even 1 out of 30 gets a nibble you are goddamn lucky. So you prepare for the rejection.

I sent my play to like 10 places.... just, starting to send it out. and...I got... offers... at three of the ten places. Like right away. and I just have to decide where to.

(She finally collapses into
DOUG. She's rocking, and her
hands are shaking. She is
trying to implode into the
pit in her stomach, She is
trying to keep from imploding
and the torsion is wrecking
her.)

I'm waiting, for this feeling, of finally being good enough. of finally, knowing that/(I'm good enough.) Because this was my dream, and I wanted it so bad and now it's happened and I'm waiting to feel, like I'm a real person. And that feeling never comes.

I'm trying to figure out what that means. and I picture this little girl who wanted to make stories and how, a lot of... really. bad stuff... happened to her. and what does it mean?! that I used to be this little girl, and now I'm this woman, who gets accepted to prestigious things.....

And I realize it means..

Nothing. Because. Nothing means anything. I can't see souls.

My brain just likes assaulting me.

None. of this means anything. And I will always feel these things. Anytime I think I can escape..... I end up back

here anyway. And I can't.
I can't again. I've gone around so many so times, and I.

DOUG:

She shakes her head for a while. It's not an okay shake/

CHARLOTTE:

Then, she turns it off. Like a switch. Cause this is a play, right? And you'd get real bored watching another hour of that. We're right at 85 pages for this play, and that's probably enough. But imagine you had to sit there forever. And watch this forever...

You'd wanna kill yourself, too? Amiright?

DOUG:

Too soon.

CHARLOTTE:

So Anyway. Maybe I call someone and they talk me down.
Maybe I get out the sewing kit. Maybe I drink myself to sleep.
But once I calm down. Or wake up with a hangover...
It's the end of the world again.
You can see it all.

He lets her go, and she falls, she falls forever she falls from the moon to the earth. She hits the ground and that's it. She's dead.

(DOUG lets her go, she falls.
DOUG disappears. Tight spot
on Charlotte)

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF SCENE)

Charlotte Writes

SETTING:

The rehearsal space.

AT RISE:

CHARLOTTE, DOUG, SAM, and JULES are settling into the space.

SAM:

Alright folks. Last day. Tomorrow is the (viewing). So let's work hard. Jules?

JULES

It's hard to personally see past where I am at just this moment. But I think we've made/(a good play.) I think you should be proud... I. Uh.

We were at a, Sarah and I, at a funeral. Was... 15. She was 9? At a funeral for a, my alcoholic godfather. This woman, she gets up. The officiant was like, anyone want to share something? and this woman got up and she/ we didn't know the words then, but she sings this song that became our favorite.

Sarah's funeral didn't feel real. No, that/ it's not like I was stoic, or disconnected. I was/(sobbing). And I mean I couldn't breathe so I wouldn't have been able to(sing) But I kept thinking maybe it would feel real if I could. If this song was.

(She loses the ability to speak. Sings. I like the song below. But maybe you'll find another song about how beautiful someone is, and how you wish they'd never go away, or the impermanence of life, or memories. And maybe it's normally a happy song but JULES sings it sad and a little slow, just like that woman did when JULES was 15.)

Time it was, And what a time it was It was . . . A time of
innocence A time of confidences Long ago . . . it must be .
. . I have a photograph Preserve your memories They're all
that's left you

(The last note echoes. And, I wanted to say. Sarah probably hung herself. I mean, medically, that makes sense with the induced coma and the brain death. But that information doesn't fit neatly in any of the scenes. But it's important to know.)

CHARLOTTE:

Jules?

JULES:

Yeah.

CHARLOTTE:

I couldn't sleep last night, and I kept thinking about how we can't find the end of this play.... and I've been thinking about... anyway. I've been thinking a lot. The reason we can't find the end of ..You're the end. You doing

this, you trying to get through. That's the end of the play. And I wrote, um, kind using what I know about you, and the box of/(Sarah's scripts), and how much I've gotten to know Sarah. I wrote a scene. And I thought maybe we could read it, but only if you/

JULES:

Let's read the scene.

CHARLOTTE:

Like, some of it's really mean to Sarah, but that's how she talked to herself not what I

JULES:

We need a good end for, our. our play.

(CHARLOTTE opens her bag and
takes out several sheets of
paper.)

CHARLOTTE:

Doug, there's not a part for you in this scene, it's gotta be two women. Jules, I was hoping you'd/

(JULES reaches out, CHARLOTTE
gives her half the pages.
They walk to the playing
space, the lights on the rest
of the stage dim.)

Sarah lies alone in a pool of light. A new actor walks in, Sarah's sister Jules. Sarah says to her-

(As Sarah)

I always see these statuses on Facebook. These cut and paste things. And they say

JULES:

Will one of my friends cut and paste this, to show that no matter how dark it seems, someone is always listening.

CHARLOTTE:

And then there's a suicide prevention hotline number. And it makes me so angry. I don't need your fucking condescension. We don't need you chiming in to make yourself feel better.

JULES:

Why can't they just be someone who cares, Sarah? Why can't they be someone who wants to help?

CHARLOTTE:

One, because people actually are awful. And two. It's very hard to trust people who are trying to help me. I really don't deserve it, so that means they are lying, or they are really stupid.

JULES:

I want to help you. I love you.

CHARLOTTE:

Well, I did say some of those people are really stupid. Some days I'm so grateful. To have you. People that love me.

JULES:

That should be enough!

CHARLOTTE:

No, because on the bad days, that makes it worse. I think about the little girls out there somewhere that are getting abused, and the, moms in you know, Syria, and Rwanda, they watched all their kids die. And Mrs Frankweiler. And I'm/ (not strong like them).....don't belong here.

JULES:

You belong here with me.

CHARLOTTE:

I know you'd do anything for me. But you shouldn't have to.
And, factually, you'll be better off without me.

JULES:

Sarah, that is not. true.

CHARLOTTE:

Agree to disagree.... But I need you to know something.

JULES:

I'm listening.

CHARLOTTE:

I did my best. But everything still hurts. And I'm tired of
hurting. I hope you can forgive me/

JULES:

I forgive you/

CHARLOTTE:

And more importantly I need you to forgive yourself.

JULES:

I'm your big sister. I was supposed to/

CHARLOTTE:

Because you did your best too. You are the only reason I
made it as far as I did. You did your best.

JULES:

No I/

CHARLOTTE:

Say it! Now.

JULES:

.... I did my best.

(A long pause. CHARLOTTE -as
CHARLOTTE- says)

CHARLOTTE:

And the stage directions say we hug, but it's not one of
the stage directions Sarah says out loud, it's just
happens.

(JULES doesn't hesitate- big
hug- CHARLOTTE a little
surprised, but pleased)

Okay.

(They hug. As SARAH again,
CHARLOTTE says-)

I just need you to do one more thing.

JULES:

Anything.

CHARLOTTE:

Put this onstage. I need to believe, that someone maybe
will. I don't know. Understand? I just need someone to
know. And I think it's gonna help you get started on the
road to the rest of your life. And I bet you're gonna drive
Sam, or Kelly, or Mike. Whoever you drag into this? You're
gonna drive them crazy, and you are going to be a wreck,
just. Toast. Peanut butter side down on a dirty kitchen
carpet.

But you need to do it.

Now, go make some theatre.

(They hug one last time.
Jules collapses onto
CHARLOTTE, they stay that
way. JULES sobs silently, and
hyperventilates into
CHARLOTTE. Or be subtle.
Whatever. SAM is maybe
crying a little, everyone is
crying. Even DOUG, who is
srsly not a horrible guy.)

SAM:

Come on man. Let's take five.

(SAM and DOUG exit. JULES is
calming down.)

JULES:

Thank you. Thank you for everything that you/

CHARLOTTE:

No thank you I/

JULES:

I was so shitty for so much of this, I'm so sorry.

CHARLOTTE:

It's okay, you had some stuff you were dealing with.

JULES:

Yes. I had some stuff.

(A beat)

I'm pretty sure this thing is gonna have a longer life.
It's gonna be a smaller production at first for sure, but,
after the word of mouth, and that fucking article about the
workshop, it's gonna happen. The part is yours. And a
writing credit.

CHARLOTTE:

Thank you. That means a lot.

JULES:

Do you know what you're gonna do? About the...

CHARLOTTE:

I. There's.

So it's like a tunnel yeah? This tunnel I'm looking/ it's two tunnels, two tunnels I'm seeing down.

(A pause, she's not getting it across. She turns to the audience, the lights shift and she's in the pool of light again.)

Down the tunnel, one of the tunnels -to the future-I can see my daughter. And she's beautiful, running around with my mom -who will be so disgusting- she's so pro choice, and she's never pushed, but if I come home with a kid she'll be so happy. But there's two tunnels, and the other one is

(gestures to space)

This. That's what I need to do. This is what I see.

Me, creating something with other people, and putting these moments out into the world. How can I walk away from that?

And I know, I know my baby will be beautiful, and I know if I stay here I can create other beautiful things, onstage.

I look down these tunnels, like wormholes.

Both of them will be filled with/(beauty and love.) I want to live them both...

(She stop to think, sees down both tunnels, then closes the tunnels)

And then I think, I'm just imagining possibilities. We look, you know subconsciously, for pieces of a puzzle that fit with our world view... But it's just pattern recognition.

Sarah was right, none of it means anything. And that's really really scary.

But what Sarah couldn't see, or maybe what she could only sometimes see? ..What I wish I could say to her I guess. Is.

If nothing means anything, doesn't that also mean that, there's no, intrinsic value? It's a blank. It can be whatever, we just, assign it value. Whatever we want. So if nothing means anything, then everything can mean? Everything.

Being a mom means what I make/ or being an actor? A writer. It means what I make it mean.

Can't we just make it mean something great?

Is that the answer? Is that enough.... to keep going?

.....or does maybe. That answer only makes sense on a good day?

(BLACK OUT)

(END OF PLAY)