

# **LOST LOVE**

**by**

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## Lost Love

### CHARACTERS:

BARB, the strong silent type, who recently cheated on

JAN, dark night of the soul compulsive collector of commercial knick-knacks

MITZY, ditzzy waterlogged wedding day bride

TITO, streetwise zenwise Hispanic parking valet

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY, rapt with the joyous melancholy of life

GOVERNOR/PIZZA BOY/AUCTIONEER/TV HOST

This play can be done with 5-7 actors. The age of these characters is largely unimportant with the exception of the PIZZA BOY, who should appear to be a very young man.

### TIME:

The near future.

### PLACE:

The suggested open interior of a rural ranch house. Stage right is a bedroom, small and piled with knickknacks, collections, keepsakes, and consumer products. Stage left, the living room. During much of Act One, stage left is an outdoor mountain hilltop.

## LOST LOVE

### ACT I – “The Final One Hundred Years”

*IN THE DARK, howling wind and rain pelting down with great force.  
After a few moments the rain and wind slowly fade out.*

#### SCENE I

*LIGHTS UP STAGE LEFT ON MITZY, soaking wet in her wedding dress,  
clinging to a mountain hilltop at the top of the world. Water and fire and chaos  
below. She looks down. Beat. She looks back up at the audience.*

MITZY

There are many things  
to consider  
when considering  
a wedding cake.

You can go traditional  
three tiers  
vanilla  
buttercream roses  
and a little bride and groom  
perched on the top.

Or you can think about  
a cake with  
perhaps  
rolled fondant  
or royal icing  
or marzipan  
or crystallized flowers  
or even fresh edible flowers.

Marzipan  
is really just  
almond paste.  
The reason it is called marzipan  
and not almond paste  
is that means,  
the title marzipan,  
that it is comprised of  
at least twenty-five percent  
almonds.

*She looks down. Then quickly looks back up.*

Fondant  
is a sweet sugary icing  
made  
with gelatin.

Royal icing is  
Royal icing  
is  
Royal icing is that stuff you see  
dried  
hard  
in a fancy latticework  
on the cake.

They say  
if preserved properly  
the cake will last  
forever.

*She looks down.  
She looks back up.*

HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELP!

*Blackout.*

## *ACT I SCENE II*

*The sound of a gentle rain. Soft blue light washes up on the bedroom, emanating from the television set. A king size bed in a room crammed with knickknacks and decorative jingety-jongs. Fancy stuff bought from around the world. Silly stuff bought because it was on sale. Trivial stuff bought because it was for sale. Comforting stuff bought because the buyer was depressed.*

*From under the bed covers, the panting of a couple making love. The sheets rise and fall to their rhythm as we hear from the TV:*

### **BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY VOICEOVER**

As mankind hurtles through its final one hundred years, many questions arise...

What did we, the human race, do right?  
What did we do wrong?  
If we could go back in time and start all over again,

from the very first ape,  
the very first ape who dared to stand upright,  
what might we change?  
How might we do things differently?

*Just the sound of sex for a time.*

How may we have better used our time and resources  
on this small planet  
this dense sphere of matter  
spinning precariously at one thousand forty-one miles per hour  
at the edge of the Milky Way Galaxy  
at the far end of the universe  
at the far end of time...

*Just the sound of sex for a time. Under the blanket the couple pauses, switches positions, and then resumes sex.*

*The voiceover continues, now accompanied by images which are projected over the lovers and across the back wall of the bedroom: amoebas, stone-age man hunting and gathering, the planets in their orbits, glaciers receding. During this narration the couples' sex becomes increasingly agitated.*

When that very first ape man  
first used  
the first tool  
to help take down a large animal,  
perhaps a mastodon...  
knowing what we know now,  
would another ape man,  
perhaps a man named Thor,  
have turned to this creator,  
this inventor,  
this innovator,  
this first modern ape-man,  
Bagog the Tool User,  
and said,

“No. You mustn't.  
Put that stick down.  
Let that stick remain  
a stick.

The other way...lies madness.”

*JAN breaks away and rolls over.*

JAN

Madness!

*BARB rolls over grabs the remote, snapping off the TV.*

BARB

Why do you have to have that stupid show on? It's depressing.

JAN

Madness is THAT the problem?

BARB

We should get up.

*BARB rolls out of bed and begins putting her clothes on.*

JAN

Madness why?

BARB

There was a lot of stuff we wanted to do today.

JAN

MAD-NESS.

You mean there was a lot of stuff YOU wanted to do today.

BARB

With you.

Things I wanted to do with you.

JAN

Madness with me.

Like what?

BARB

Like go to the flea market.

Look for a new bed.

Feed the ducks down at the pond.

Fun stuff.

JAN

And how will that help?

BARB

Help what?

JAN

Us. The refugees. The planet. Everything.  
How will that help?

BARB

It will help because they are constructive things we can do with our Sunday.

JAN

Is that really any better than doing DE-STRUCTIVE things with our Sunday?

Why don't we take all the stuff we already bought at the flea market and take it outside,  
put a FREE sign on it, take the bed apart and use it for fire wood, and then kill the ducks  
and roast them over the bed fire?

BARB

I hate it when you get like this!

JAN

I hate it that you never get like this!

BARB

We just had sex,  
and it was nice,  
wasn't it?

Can't you just enjoy yourself for one day?

JAN

Oh, we just had sex.  
Is that what we just did?  
And it was nice.  
Is that how it was?  
Thanks for the update.

LOOK EVERYONE,  
JAN AND BARB HAD SEX AGAIN.  
SORT OF.

*(whispers)*

I didn't come—did you?

BARB

Gross. I'm leaving.

JAN

LOOK EVERYBODY

JAN AND BARB *SORT OF* HAD SEX AGAIN  
THE WORLD IS RIGHTED IN ITS ORBIT!

BARB

I'm going out to do things.  
I'm going to enjoy the day whether you want to or not.

JAN

Well, no, I don't.  
Want.  
I'm staying in bed.  
That's MY little way of enjoying myself today.

BARB

Suit yourself.

JAN

Thank you, I will.  
Suit myself.  
Everybody else seems to be busy suiting themselves.

Suiting themselves.  
UN-suiting themselves.  
Suiting themselves and un-suiting themselves.

So maybe I won't.  
Suit myself.  
I don't think I'll suit myself at all today.  
I think I'll just lay here naked and  
watch the television  
prop an ice cold beer between my breasts  
and drink it through a straw like some  
kind of poor white trash character in a  
made for TV movie.

Maybe maybe maybe.  
The world is my oyster.

BARB

Great, Oyster Girl.  
I'll see you later.

*BARB turns and exits.*



JAN  
(calling after her)  
MADNESS!

*JAN collapses back into the bed.  
She grinds herself into the sheets, wailing.  
Lights slowly fade to black.*

*Act I Scene III*

*Lights back up on MITZY at the top of the world.*

MITZY  
Once you leave behind the original form  
the traditional wedding cake  
you've also left behind a certain sort of safety net  
a certain assuredness  
that everything will go well  
that you can expect,  
demand even,  
a reasonably good outcome.

In seeking to improve upon  
an age-old success story,  
in moving out beyond the borders of what  
is known and safe among wedding cakes,  
you tread the icy edge of frosted disaster.  
But with this treachery also comes  
the opportunity for greater reward.  
A certain thrill.  
To know you are Kings of Your Destiny.  
A knowledge  
that perhaps,  
me and Herman  
are the only people in the world  
with this  
wedding  
cake.

Maybe the only two people  
to ever  
have a wedding cake

in this size  
in this shape  
with this many tiers

and that kind of frosting  
and this much royal icing  
in this particular design...  
and our own special touch  
circled delicately around the rim  
a fragrant ridge of low bush blueberries.

And high above it all,  
suspended over the top tier,  
three graceful angels  
sweeping down from the heavens  
a feathery cavalry  
circling in to watch over  
and protect  
our little plastic bride and groom  
on their wedding day

*Pause.*

HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELP!  
I'M UP HERE!  
SOMEBODY!  
HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELP!

*TITO, exhausted and soaking wet in his tuxedo, appears next to her on the hilltop.  
He speaks with a thick accent.*

TITO

I hear you.  
Stop screaming.

MITZY

Oh! Hello!  
It's so good to see someone.  
Who are you?  
Are you in my wedding party?  
I see you're wearing a tuxedo  
but then  
I don't recognize you, so  
you're probably not with  
the wedding party.

I mean, I didn't invite you.

You're not...  
one of those infamous wedding crashers, are you?

Like the ones they made the movie about?

I didn't see the movie  
but I heard about it,  
people kidded me,  
make sure you don't have any of those  
wedding crashers, they said.

You don't look like a wedding crasher.  
Not that you couldn't be.  
I hope you don't take that as an insult  
and I mean  
I'm not just saying this because you're Hispanic  
—you are Hispanic, aren't you?—  
but I don't think you're with the wedding party  
and you don't look like a wedding crasher  
so you must be...  
one of the waiters?

Right?

No. The waiters at our wedding were wearing  
white shirts with maroon vests  
and so...  
you are...

A RESCUER!  
Of some kind?

From FEMA?  
Or the Coast Guard  
or the Navy Seals  
or the Red Cross even?

A very well-dressed rescuer  
come to rescue me?

TITO

NO.

MITZY

Oh.  
That's too bad.  
Because I'd really like to leave now.

*Pause.*

Although I admit  
it would be unusual  
for an emergency rescuer  
of any kind  
to be so nicely dressed.

Not that there's anything wrong with that,  
being a nicely dressed rescue person.  
Quite the contrary!

I believe in being nicely dressed. In general.  
As a general principle.  
Do you know why?

*TITO stares at her blankly.*

Because it makes a person feel better  
at least me  
about oneself  
to know that you're nicely dressed—  
that you look good.

It enhances self-esteem.

And what better time to have that little  
boost in self-esteem  
that comes from knowing that you look good  
than during a tragic rescue scenario?  
Right?

TITO

That's a very good point, really.  
If I ever do become a rescuer,  
like a paramedic or a fireman or something,  
I'll be sure to remember that.

MITZY

Well...  
it was just a thought.

*Pause.*

So you're NOT a rescuer then?

TITO  
STOP ASKING THAT!!!

MITZY  
Geez, sorry...

TITO  
I'm a valet.  
I parked your mother's car three hours ago.  
She was a total fuckin' bitch.

*Blackout.*

ACT I SCENE IV

*Lights up on JAN, now partially dressed, lying propped up on pillows in bed. She lies with a beer on her chest which she sips from a straw. She is drunk.*

*From the television we hear the GOVERNOR speaking to a live audience. As the GOVERNOR speaks, the lights come up to half on TITO and MITZY who cling to their hilltop and scan the horizon for help.*

GOVERNOR  
Today, as I speak,  
there are still many, many, of you out there  
in the cold, wet, darkness,  
waiting desperately for needed assistance.  
And if you can hear me  
—somehow—  
I want to say  
hang in there  
help IS on the way.

*CHEERING from the TV audience.*

And yet we know we're not alone in our struggle.  
We, as citizens of this strong, compassionate, and determined country  
know we can count on support continuing to pour in from all around this land,  
people like you out there watching right now—who have decided to call in today to say  
I am here.  
I care.  
And I want to help.

*SOMBER CHEERING from the TV.*

So I would like to thank you all

and ask you to keep us in your prayers.  
God bless you,  
and God bless THIS GREAT COUNTRY!!!

*LOUD CHEERING and WHOOPING from the TV. Music begins to play as the GOVERNOR'S cheering fades.*

TV HOST

And now let's get back to the music, and remember, the phone lines are still open with plenty of celebrity operators standing by to take your call. I see George Clooney is free—

*JAN flips the channel with the remote and lights go down on TITO and MITZY. BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY documentary narration resumes, again accompanied by images on the bedroom wall: monkeys in lab experiments, a 1920s traffic jam, an old woman perched in a starched white hospital bed who has lost all hope, Egyptian hieroglyphics, Civil War soldiers lined up in trenches.*

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY VOICEOVER

Would another ape man,  
perhaps a man named Thor—

JAN

*(sitting up)*

Oh! This is my favorite!

BROODING FRENCH ARTS FILM GUY VOICEOVER

have turned to this creator,  
this inventor,  
this innovator,  
this first modern ape-man, Bagog the Tool User,  
and said,

*BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY enters the bedroom and speaks from beside the bed.*

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY

No. You mustn't.

JAN

You mustn't.

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY

Put that stick down.

JAN

Put that stick down.

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY

Let that stick  
remain a stick.

JAN

Let that stick remain a stick.

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY

For the other way...lies madness.

JAN

MADNESS.

*BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY sits down on the bed next to JAN and whispers his lines in her ear. She rapturously repeats his words as she continues to watch the TV. Images continue to wash over them: early settlers in a wagon train, Galileo mapping the stars, field hands picking cotton, British soldiers marching in formation, workers building railroads.*

JAN

In failing to use the stick  
to take down the mastodon,  
Thor may have,  
at least temporarily,  
altered the direction of life on the planet,  
and,  
perhaps,  
even enhanced  
the longevity of this race  
called human beings.

*BARB enters the doorway of the bedroom, unnoticed, with a dozen roses. She watches silently, perplexed by whatever it is that JAN is doing. BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY continues to feed JAN the lines.*

JAN

But to what end?  
To make this singular sacrifice  
for the good of the many?  
If those ape-men,  
Thor and Bagog,  
had abandoned the stick  
had failed to take down the mastodon  
their clan may have starved to death  
before the month was out—  
only to be replaced  
by another clan  
who dared  
to use the stick.  
It is important to note  
that the formal idea of months  
did not yet exist.

BARB  
WHAT are you doing?

*JAN and BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY look up, surprised.*

JAN  
Helloooooo!

BARB  
Hi.

*JAN clicks off the TV with the remote. BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY quickly exits.*



JAN

Are those for me?

BARB

Yes.

JAN

What's the occasion?

Is it my birthday?!

Is it Christmas?!

New Years?!

No, you don't give people flowers on New Years. You give them a kiss and some champagne and then some nookie.

Is it New Years?!

Then com' ere and gimme some nookie!

I'm ready now

for some

NOOKIEEEEEEEEEEE!

Valentine's Day?!

Channuka?!

Oh Chanukah Oh Chanukah come light the menorah. Gather round together like we all gathered before. That's not how it goes. You're the Jewish one, you tell me. How does it go?

*Pause.*

I'm soooo drunk.

BARB

No kidding.

At least you put your clothes back on.

JAN

I had to.

The beer was too cold and it made my nipples hurt.

*She squints at BARB. Confused.*

So what holiday is it?!

BARB

It's not. A holiday.

JAN

Oh.

BARB

I just thought...  
I just thought you could use  
something.

I know how much you like things  
pretty things  
little gifts.

I brought you flowers.

*She holds out the flowers to JAN.*

*JAN stares at them a moment.*

*She turns away and picks up the remote and snaps the TV back on. She clicks back to the telethon. We hear music, a sort of rising bluesy jam. She turns up the volume and extends her hand to BARB.*

JAN

Come dance with me, Ma Cherie.

*BARB looks at her skeptically.*

*JAN begins to dance on the bed, and continues to reach out to BARB as she dances.*

Come. Come dance with me.

*BARB stays put.*

*JAN gestures seductively. She turns up the sound even more.*

*JAN continues to dance.*

*Sultry, ecstatic, grievous, she sways, as she begins to sing along with the music.*

Come dance with me.  
Come dance, Ma Cherie.  
Come dance with me and  
show me you love me  
and love me much better  
than you loved me before.

Show me you love me  
show me  
my lover  
that you love me

so lovely  
with  
your lovely love.

Love me much better  
my lovely lover.  
Love me the way that I  
love to be loved.  
Because I  
love to be loved.

I love  
to be loved  
I love  
to be loved  
by you  
my lovely  
lovely lover.

*BARB cannot bear it any more and bashes JAN with the flowers.*

**BARB**  
**I BROUGHT YOU FLOWERS!**

*JAN, arms out wide, does not respond, but continues to circle and sway  
ecstatically to the music.*

*BARB begins bashing JAN repeatedly with the flowers.*

**BARB**  
**I BROUGHT YOU FLOWERS!**  
**I BROUGHT YOU FLOWERS!**  
**I BROUGHT YOU FLOWERS!**

*JAN finally stops dancing.*

*The music continues to blare.*

*BARB, lost in her rage, continues to bash JAN with the flowers, sending petals  
across the bed until only stems remain.*

**I BROUGHT YOU FLOWERS!**  
**I BROUGHT YOU FLOWERS!**  
**I BROUGHT YOU FLOWERS!**

*BARB continues to shout and whip JAN with the stems.*

*JAN mutes the TV.*

*BARB stops and looks up.*

*Pause.*

*BARB holds the stems out to her.*

BARB  
*(sheepishly)*  
I brought you flowers.

*Pause.*

JAN  
Thank you.

*JAN takes the stems. She cheerfully divides them among her beer cans into several bouquets. She stands back and admires the arrangements a moment. Then she notices the flower petals in bed and begins to roll seductively in them, playfully sprinkling them across herself.*

JAN  
*(gesturing provocatively)*  
Come hee-eere.

BARB  
Not now, Jan.

JAN  
Come HEEE-EERE.

BARB  
No. Not now!

*JAN stops.*  
*Pause.*

JAN  
I don't satisfy you sexually.

BARB  
That's not true.

JAN  
I repulse you.

BARB

No.

JAN

I'm no longer important to you.

BARB

It's not that.

It was never that.

*Pause.*

JAN

You should just leave.

I disappoint you.

I don't excite you.

Don't do it for you any more.

Fallen away

fallen apart

fallen down.

Fallen...fallen...fallen.

*She collapses, drunken, her energy gone, back down onto the bed.*

*BARB sits down beside her.*

BARB

You're just drunk.

Tomorrow will be better.

JAN

Do you love me?

BARB

You know I do.

*(looking at the TV)*

What are you watching?

JAN

I don't know that I know that you do.

I don't know that I know what love is any more.

Do you still like it when I wear my tear-drop eye liner?

BARB

Of course. But you're pretty without it, too.

JAN

Am I still your sad, sexy girl?  
Do I still turn you on?  
All that make-up  
if I put it on again  
wilting around my saucy brown eyes  
would you still come and rescue me  
like you did.  
From across the bar  
know that I needed you  
that I was drowning,  
come and save me  
clean me up and  
clean me out  
and  
love me  
like you did.  
Save me from  
everything  
that I need saving from...  
even if now  
it's you.

TELL ME YOU LOVE ME.

BARB

I just told you.

JAN

Say it five times.

SAY YOU LOVE ME FIVE TIMES.

*BARB rises.*

BARB

I'm going out.

JAN

It doesn't matter.  
Words, words, words.

*BARB is at the door of the bedroom.*

I've been studying.  
Studying all the love songs all day long

while I watched the telethon.

BARB

So that's what you're watching.

JAN

This telethon thingee.  
For the victims,  
the evacuees,  
the refugees,  
whatever they're calling them today.

They're raising money for them.  
The pop stars.  
And they mostly play old pop music.  
Pop music for the refugees.  
Because they're people just like us  
the refugees  
just like you and me,  
lying, cheating lesbians falling out of love,  
and the only difference between us and them  
is that they've lost  
their homes.

Because we still have our home, right?  
We just don't know what to put in it.  
All this junk.  
*(looking around)*  
What is all this junk doing in our house?

BARB

*(turning to leave)*  
I've gotta go.

JAN

SOOOO  
there's this bunch of  
old pop stars playing old pop music.  
And all the songs are about love  
BUT

half the songs are about how he'll always love her  
and the other half are about how he no longer loves her.

So how does he know he'll always love her?  
That his love-you-always-and-forever love song won't turn into a

don't-love-you-anymore-I'm-leavin-you love song?

What if he meets someone else that very same night  
after he just told her he'd always love her  
and he says,  
oh, no,  
I've made a mistake!!!  
THIS is that special person  
I am meant to be with,  
right here  
not you—  
I was mistaken!

Or what if he stops in to see her that night  
and he finds that he no longer feels love for her  
and he wants to  
he really does,  
he reaches down deep  
and tries to see her the way he first saw her,  
when he spied her across the green lawn in her white dress at the company picnic  
and he wondered what department she worked in  
and how would he arrange to bump into her  
or find some excuse to do a project together  
if it was at all possible to do without being  
too obvious.

BARB

Are you talking about Aunt Kate and Uncle Bill?

JAN

And he decided that, yes, he would risk being too obvious  
and he did  
risk it  
because he knew his life was changed,  
something in him had just opened so wide  
that he would never be the same again.

But now, tonight, he strains,  
he just can't help it  
he doesn't remember the feeling  
can't find that open space for her to swim inside  
he's not the same person  
his body has changed  
his spirit has moved on  
to a new place  
with a new love



BARB

They broke up because of his gambling problem.

JAN

And that's what happens to everyone.

It just does.

It's the ugly little truth that no one wants to talk about  
because, well,  
there's just so much chocolate to sell.

*She slumps down in the bed, exhausted in her drunkenness.*

Why does he say that?

Sing that?

That he'll love her forever?

How does he know?

Forever is a long time.

How does he know?

*JAN passes out.*

*BARB makes her way back to the bed.*

*She cleans up around JAN.*

*She gets into bed next to JAN.*

*She gently strokes her hair.*

BARB

He doesn't know.

He just knows

that he wants to.

*BARB clicks off the bedside light. She watches the TV in silence. The blue and black light washing over her. She takes the remote from JAN's hand and clicks off the TV. Blackout.*

ACT I SCENE V

*Lights back up on the mountain hilltop.*

TITO

She was all like  
“And you’d better not scratch my new Lexus. I just bought it.”

MITZY

Well, that seems like a reasonable request.

TITO

It wasn’t a request,  
it was  
like  
something else.  
Like a threat.  
The kind of threat  
you make to somebody  
you know  
you can get away with  
threatening.

Tell the guy whose job it is to park cars  
not to screw up parking your car?

You ever told your doctor  
“Make sure not to knick a hole in my colon  
while you’re takin’ out my spleen”?

*Pause.*

MITZY

I’ve never had my spleen out.

TITO

Well, would you?  
If you ever did have your spleen taken out?

*Pause.*

MITZY

Is the colon even NEAR the spleen?

*Pause.*

TITO

HEEEEEELP!  
HEEEEEELP!  
SOMEBODY, SAVE ME!  
HEEEEEEEEEEEEEELP!!!

*Silence.*  
*Only the far away hum of helicopters.*  
*TITO and MITZY peer forlornly into the distance.*

MITZY  
Everybody's off fighting in the war.

TITO  
No one left to help.

*Silence.*  
*Slow fade to black, as day turns to night.*  
*Night turns back to day.*

#### ACT I SCENE VI

*Lights up on JAN watching TV in bed. There is garbage scattered all around her, an empty Chinese food container, a half-eaten box of chocolates, etc. BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY is sitting on the bed next to JAN sharing a gallon of ice cream with her. JAN recites BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY's narration, badly mimicking his accent, while he eats ice cream.*

*As JAN'S documentary narration unfolds, more images wash over the bedroom: the NYSE ticker with busy traders rushing about under it, a bugler playing taps in front of a row of flag-draped coffins, a room full of NASA engineers watching the space shuttle lift off, the flashing lights of Broadway with people bustling in the Manhattan streets, etc.*

JAN  
What has the concept of the month brought us?  
In what way is the idea of a month more useful  
than the passing of a moon?

When did time  
become  
time?

And why is this important in the  
modernization  
and westernization  
of this green and blue planet?

*JAN reaches over and takes a spoonful of ice cream. She pauses for a moment in her narration while she and BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY eat ice cream and ponder this question.*

Without time  
there can be no efficiency of commerce.  
Without an efficiency of commerce  
the average level of individual health and longevity on the planet  
declines.

*BARB enters the bedroom unnoticed and watches as JAN continues her trancelike recitation.*

Yet, averages can be deceiving.  
As the statistician says:

If you put a man's head in an oven  
and his feet in a freezer,

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY  
on average

JAN  
he is comfortable.

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY  
In reality

JAN  
he is dead.

BARB  
Are you still watching that stupid documentary?

*JAN and BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY look up. The documentary slide goes out.*

*BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY puts the ice cream down.*

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY  
(*whispering to JAN as he exits*)  
Excusez-moi.

JAN  
It's you, Honey!  
You're home!  
Home from your big day at the office.

BARB

Is that to say that you didn't go in again today?

*BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY changes his mind, goes back over to the bed, and grabs the ice cream and takes it with him.*

JAN  
No. I didn't go in.

BARB  
Great.

JAN  
I COULDN'T go in.

BARB  
Why not?

JAN  
It just wouldn't be appropriate.

BARB  
WHY NOT?

JAN  
Because I don't work there any more.

BARB  
YOU GOT FIRED?

JAN  
NO.  
I quit.

BARB  
YOU QUIT?!  
YOU QUIT?!  
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, YOU QUIT???

JAN  
I didn't want to work there any more  
so I quit.

BARB  
WHAT?!

JAN

I'm freeing up my life,  
finding my true north,  
realigning my karma,  
contacting my inner self  
awakening my deity,  
following my bliss.  
You know, all that good stuff.

*Looking over at the TV.*

Oh, I love this part!

*JAN clicks the sound back on and speaks along with BROODING FRENCH ART  
FILM GUY VOICEOVER.*

JAN/BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY VOICEOVER

With fires raging in the west, and floods rising in the east, there could be no doubt that  
this devious climate shift was well under way—

*BARB yanks the remote out of her hand and clicks off the TV.  
She spikes the remote on the bed next to JAN.*

BARB

WHAT IN FUCKETY FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT???

ALL THIS FOOLISHNESS  
THIS LYING AROUND THE HOUSE  
QUESTIONING YOUR LIFE  
US  
THE WORLD AND ALL  
EVERYTHING,  
IT WAS OKAY  
IT WAS FINE  
AFTER ALL THAT HAPPENED  
IT WAS FINE  
FOR A FEW WEEKS.

But now we have certain responsibilities,  
you know,  
and if you are going to stay here,  
if we are going to stay here,  
together,  
even just for now,  
well,  
there are certain responsibilities that you have.

JAN

What are those responsibilities?

BARB

You know what they are!

JAN

No. I don't.

I can't remember.

That's why I quit my job.

I've decided that somewhere along the line I lost my way  
and so I've decided to devote myself to a more spiritual life.

BARB

*WHAT SPIRITUAL LIFE?!*

*ALL YOU DO IS WATCH TV!!!*

JAN

I'm watching the Discovery Channel.

I'm DISCOVERING things.

It's amazing what you can learn about the world  
without ever leaving your room.

I'm tuned in now.

I'm "turned on  
and tuned in."

BARB

WELL...

TUNE *THIS* IN:

The responsibilities you share in this household,  
which it seems you no longer have the money for  
are:

paying the mortgage,  
paying the electric bill  
paying the gas bill  
paying the lawn boy  
buying groceries  
paying credit card bills  
paying the water bill  
paying the phone bill  
paying the internet bill  
making car payments  
buying gas for your car

paying car insurance  
paying taxes on your car  
paying taxes on our house  
keeping up our house  
you know,  
a home  
like you said  
with nice things in it  
all these nice things that you love so much  
fun things and nice things and beautiful things  
like your collection of porcelain dolls  
and your pressed flower books  
and your antique photographs.

JAN

*(shrugs)*

All junk.

BARB

And Christmas presents on Christmas.

You love Christmas.

A nice holiday turkey feast on Thanksgiving with friends.

A bottle of your favorite wine to share on cold winter nights.

Snuggling with your girlfriend and watching a movie.

*(pause)*

BILLS!

WE'VE GOT BILLS UP THE YIN-YANG!

THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A RESPONSIBLE MEMBER OF SOCIETY,

YOU HAVE TO PAY YOUR BILLS!

HOW ARE WE GOING TO PAY OUR BILLS???

*Pause.*

JAN

What happens if we don't?

BARB

PAY THE BILLS?!

JAN

Yes.

The electric bill, for example.

Let's stop paying that one first.

Now what happens?

BARB



We're not going to stop paying the electric bill.  
Why are you talking so crazy?

JAN

Why not?  
I vote we stop paying the electric bill.  
What's your vote?

BARB

NO!

JAN

Hmmn.  
Well, let's see...  
that's a one-to-one tie.

This is a toughie,  
but,  
since you cheated on me,  
I win the tie.

BARB

They'll turn off the electricity!  
That's what'll happen, you moron!

JAN

When?

BARB

I don't know when—it doesn't matter!  
You've gone completely crazy.  
When you were partially crazy, I admit  
there was something I liked about it  
something a little sexy  
a little wild  
a little naughty,  
but now,  
you've slipped over the edge  
into bona fide Looney Ville  
and there is  
NOTHING  
attractive about it.

JAN

I think it would take a while.  
Before they shut off the electricity.

I think I could watch TV for a good long time before they finally  
cut the power,  
threw the switch,  
did whatever it is they do  
so that the TV doesn't work any more.

Yes...  
a good long while.  
Just me  
and the TV  
and some Mallomars.

Do you think they throw an actual switch?  
Flip off some kind of switch in a dank dark concrete back room somewhere?

Our switch.  
Our little switch  
amongst a long row of dimly lit, grimy little switches  
each with a piece of masking tape above it  
and that one  
right over there,  
has our names on it,  
"Tyler and Walsh"  
written with this smudged black marker  
by the cranky guy who used to work for the company years ago  
—old what's his name—  
who quit because they wouldn't let him smoke by the back door anymore.

He was the one who wrote our names  
in thick black marker  
over the blue ball point pen of the previous tenant  
"McAllister"  
when we first moved in six years ago.

"Yeah, that one,  
that's the switch to throw"  
says the new guy,  
"those two lesbos haven't paid their bill in months—  
and I'm not homophobic  
don't get the wrong idea  
I got nothing against two women being together like that  
more power to 'em  
two sexy broads getting' it on,  
how can you beat that?"

But if you don't pay your bill—  
like everybody,  
my tolerance has limits  
and the rules are the rules  
and without the rules,  
well, hey, where would we be?"

BARB

OH, MY GOD.  
YOU'RE ON DRUGS AGAIN.

JAN

What about the mortgage?  
I vote we stop paying the mortgage next.

BARB

AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME IT'S ALL MY FAULT.  
BECAUSE I CAUSED YOU ANXIETY, GRIEF, RIGHT?  
AND SO YOU HAD TO GO BACK TO PILLS  
AND IT'S ALL *MY* FAULT.  
OKAY, I UNDERSTAND HOW THIS GAME WORKS NOW.  
WELL, IT'S NOT MY FAULT!!!  
I DID SOMETHING TERRIBLE,  
I KNOW THAT,  
BUT I'M NOT MAKING YOU TAKE DRUGS!!!

JAN

No more holding things together.  
No more worrying about losing things...  
losing you.

This is what freedom feels like.  
And it feels GREAT.

The mortgage is next.  
How long do you think it will be before the bank comes to take away our home?

BARB

WHAT ARE YOU TAKING?!!!

WHERE ARE THEY?!!!

*JAN shakes her head and flops back down onto the bed dreamily.  
BARB grabs hold of her.*

WHERE ARE THEY?!!!

TELL ME!!!

JAN

No drugs required.

*BARB turns and begins searching through the drawers, under the bed, under the mattress.*

JAN

I'm clean as a thistle.  
Listen to me whistle.

*JAN begins to whistle "America the Beautiful" as BARB voraciously ransacks the room.*

BARB

I AM NOT DOING THIS AGAIN.  
NOT AGAIN.

JAN

First they'll turn off the power,  
and then I'll just lie in bed in the dark  
and stare at the blank TV,  
while I wait for the people from the bank to come  
to take the house,  
and move me and the furniture out into the street,  
still sitting in my bed  
out in the street  
in my favorite blue and green PJs.  
right where they cart me out and drop me,  
the bank people, in their suits and ties,  
all official like  
and then I'll just sit there  
in my PJs  
in my bed  
and wait.

And what will happen next?

*BARB pauses to look at her before rushing into the bathroom. From offstage we can hear her begin tearing through the cabinets and closets.*

JAN

*(calling off vaguely to the bathroom)*  
It's probably not the bank people who come, huh?  
Do you think?

I bet they hire somebody.  
Some crew or something.  
Big angly guys with scruffy faces and hard, squinty eyes,  
big bulges on the sides of their waistbands  
where they conceal their illegal hand guns.

BARB

*(thrashing around in the bathroom)*  
GODDAMNIT!!!

JAN

But they're not bad guys after all  
not deep down  
they just had a tough life  
and ended up stuck here somehow  
in this stinky town  
in this stinky job.

They always planned on making it to  
San Diego or Ft. Lauderdale  
or Cape May,  
somewhere the living was easy  
but they never quite made it  
and they don't know why  
and they try not to think about it any more  
how it all slipped away  
because they're still struggling  
and they need this job right now  
so they can eat  
and pay their child support  
and buy lotto tickets  
and so they must do their job  
this job  
moving me out into the street.

I don't resent them for it.

*BARB wanders back into the bedroom, defeated.  
She plops down on the edge of the bed.*

JAN

They look at me  
with a sort of  
curious compassion  
strained through their guarded, steely eyes

compassionate, yes, but  
unflinching  
as they carry me out  
bed and all  
into the street.

And who can blame them?  
These mover guys.  
And although they feel for me  
—as much as these men can still feel anything  
with so much of life  
having been systematically beaten out of them over the years—  
they don't really know me,  
and they've become accustomed to this—  
it's all in a day's work  
blocking it out  
holding it down  
whatever feelings they might have left  
because, it is, after all,  
just their job.

And now they set me down in the street  
and the bed hits the pavement with a  
crunchy, metallic pop  
and rattles a bit.  
I shake for just a moment  
my hands braced against the mattress.  
The bed settles.  
I regain my balance.  
And then  
stillness.

And it's cold.  
And it's quiet.

And I'm sitting in my bed in the middle of the street  
surrounded by all this stuff.

Sofas and lamps and CDs and books and toasters and ironing boards and DVD players.

And after a few moments  
I look over to the house  
what used to be our house  
and I see  
these official-looking people standing outside  
—THESE must be the bank people—

and they are just finishing changing the locks.

BARB  
I'M SORRY.

JAN  
And they look over at me and call out  
“GOOD LUCK”—

BARB  
I'M SORRY.  
I LOVE YOU AND I'M SORRY.

JAN  
And then they head for their red pickup trucks—

BARB  
I'M SORRY!  
HOW MANY TIMES CAN I SAY IT???

JAN  
And their black Chevy Cavaliers—

BARB  
I'M SORRY!

JAN  
And their royal blue Mercury LeSabres—

BARB  
I LOVE YOU AND I'M SORRY!!!  
DO YOU HEAR ME???

JAN  
And then  
they're gone.

BARB  
I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY!

JAN  
And I'm out in the street  
in my bed

alone  
just waiting

to see what will happen next.

BARB

I LOVE YOU AND I'M SORRY THAT I HURT YOU!  
I KNOW  
I HURT YOU!  
IT WAS A TERRIBLE THING TO DO!  
AND I DID IT  
AND IT DOESN'T MATTER WHY I DID IT!  
I'M SORRY!

*JAN is fading further inside herself.  
BARB jumps on the bed and grabs hold of her.*

I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY, MY LITTLE ANGEL,  
MY SWEET, SWEET LITTLE ANGEL  
I AM SO SORRY!!!

JAN

AAAH!

*BARB begins to shake JAN, who continues to scream.*

BARB

I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY!

JAN

AAAH!

BARB

I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY!  
I'M SORRY!

I'M SORRY!



*Finally, they stop.*

*Exhausted.*

*Broken.*

*Crying.*

JAN

*(tiny, far-away)*

I'll just sit out in my bed  
in my pjs  
in the street

and wait.

*BARB rocks JAN.*

BARB

Our bed.  
It's our bed, Angel.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm so, so sorry.  
I'm sorry, my little Angel.

*Slow fade to black.*

*Across the darkness, a projection of the Milky Way.  
A small arrow appears, "YOU ARE HERE."*

*A slow streak of brilliant light across the night sky.*

*Blackout.*

*ACT I SCENE VII*

*Lights back up on the hilltop.*

TITO

What are you talking about?  
*Everybody likes valet parking.*

MITZY

Well, no, not everybody.  
I don't want to be rude,  
disrespectful about your job,  
especially given our situation here,

but,  
not everybody  
including this person  
me  
likes valet parking.

#### TITO

That's crazy.  
Everybody likes valet parking.  
It's like an extra special service  
somebody parking your car  
exceptional service  
for the average man.  
Or woman.  
It's like  
your special day  
today  
when someone is going to  
pay this much attention to  
your luxury  
for the last few feet of your trip  
and they're going to take special care  
of your car  
bring her around back  
feed her some oats and water  
brush down her coat  
until its silky smooth  
while you relax  
inside  
comfortable  
and very pleased  
that you didn't have to get out of your car  
in the rain  
or the wind  
or the snow  
or the sleet  
or the hail  
or the fog  
or the freezing cold  
or the smoggy heat  
and struggle across  
the broiling hot pavement  
sweat trickling down your armpits  
your hair is wilting, losing its shape  
after all that work to make it look  
just right—

and before you even get inside  
for everybody to admire it.

VALET PARKING.  
What's not to like?

*Pause.*

MITZY  
I'd rather not say.

TITO  
Come on now, you must say.  
You just spoke out against my profession  
and I must know why.

MITZY  
I'd rather not say.

TITO  
Why?  
Because you think I'll get angry?  
Because you're afraid of me?

What, do you think I'll kill you or something?

*Pause.*  
*Mitzy looks away.*

I see...

*TITO turns away, closes his eyes, and becomes quiet.*  
*The sound of chaos below. MITZY looks down with concern.*  
*The sky glows in the distance.*

*MITZY squirms in the silence.*

MITZY  
Excuse me?

Excuse me?

Excuse me?

TITO  
*(struggling to remain polite, not opening his eyes)*

Ye-es?

MITZY

Excuse me, am I interrupting something?

TITO

Ye-es.

MITZY

Sorry.

*Silence.*

MITZY

Excuse me?

Excuse me?

Excuse—?

TITO

YEE-EES?

MITZY

Sorry.

What is your name?

If you don't mind my asking?

TITO

*(still keeping his eyes closed)*

Tito Morales.

MITZY

I'm Mitzy Miller.

I was Mitzy Rosenblatt before today.

TITO

Then it's good that you got married.

MITZY

Yes.

I suppose.

*Silence.*

Tito?

Tito?

TITO

Yes.

MITZY

Did I hurt your feelings?

TITO

No.

Yes.

A little.

It's okay.

MITZY

Are you not talking to me any more?

TITO

No.

Yes, I am still talking to you.

Just not at this moment.

At this moment

I am trying to be quiet

because I am practicing my meditation.

MITZY

Oh, okay, I know all about meditation!

Why didn't you just say so?

Oh—because you were meditating!

I LOVE meditation.

I used to do it in yoga class all the time.

Well, sometimes,

once in a while,

you know what I mean.

But I love the way it can really help calm you down during stressful periods.

I read that it even lowers your heart rate and blood pressure.

And, of course, what with all that's happened,

all this death and destruction around us...

You're try to calm yourself,  
of course,  
to bring yourself back to a peaceful place  
in the middle of this...  
"violent storm."

*Pause.*

TITO

*(eyes still closed, trying to meditate)*

No. It's just that I DID feel like killing you.  
That's what made me understand  
that it was time to practice my zazen.

MITZY

Well,  
that was...  
thoughtful  
of you.

TITO

*(gradually opening his eyes)*

My counselor taught me to meditate.  
I have a bad temper.  
Sometimes I punch people.  
Not all the time.  
Just when they say something that hurts my feelings.  
That's what I learned in therapy.  
That I'm really quite sensitive.

*Pause.*

It's okay for a man to be sensitive, you know.

MITZY

Of course.

TITO

Violence is not the answer to everything.

MITZY

I totally agree.

TITO

Just because some people  
are bothering you

harassing you,  
calling you faggot  
and shit  
when you're not even gay,  
well, just because they're calling me these names  
it doesn't mean I should just crush them  
use violence on them,  
beat them,  
shoot them,  
crack their head with a baseball bat.

MITZY

Of course not.

TITO

No, violence is not the answer.  
There are other options available to an individual.  
And sometimes  
what seems like strength  
is not really strength at all,  
just a traditional way of  
masking male insecurity.

MITZY

Uh-huh.

TITO

Because it can often seem easier  
to crush something  
than learn to coexist with it.  
Because then you don't have to contend with  
all of the difficulties that come with this  
trying relationship,  
which can in fact be  
a hidden opportunity  
for real growth.

MITZY

Hmmn.

TITO

Did you know that boys are more sensitive than girls?

MITZY

Uh, no, I didn't.

TITO

If you take a baby away from its mother  
on average  
a baby boy will cry much faster than its female counterpart.

MITZY

*Really.*

TITO

They're much more sensitive.

MITZY

I did not know that.

*Pause.*

TITO

My mother died when I was eight.

MITZY

Oh. I'm terribly sorry.

TITO

It's okay.

I'm sorry about...  
your wedding  
and everything.

MITZY

I really can't think about that right now.

TITO

Of course.

*Pause.*

Maybe everybody is okay.

MITZY

Maybe.

*Long, uncomfortable silence.*

MITZY

It's not you, really.



It's just the pressure.

TITO

Yes, of course.

Who knows whether we will live or die today.  
And countless others...  
our friends and loved ones  
with the grace of God  
perhaps still clinging to rooftops  
waiting to be rescued.

The elderly  
dehydrated  
surrounded by dark, swirling waters  
crying out for their medicine  
clutching at their hearts  
their children and grandchildren  
no way to help  
only to watch over them  
and weep  
and pray for a helicopter  
and offer what little comfort  
there is to offer.

*A somber silence.*

MITZY

Yes, that's all true.  
Of course.

But I was actually referring to the pressure  
of valet parking.

TITO

Oh.

MITZY

That's why I don't like it.  
It has nothing to do with you.  
The whole pressure of the thing just makes me nervous.

TITO

What pressure?  
There's no pressure.

MITZY

Well, yes, yes,  
yes there is.

First of all:  
you have to turn your car over  
to a complete stranger.

TITO

A professional valet.

MITZY

A professional valet, yes.  
But a complete stranger, nonetheless.  
So, from the time you realize  
while pulling up  
that it's going to be valet parking  
until you hand off the keys to the valet  
you have about twelve seconds maybe,  
if that much,  
to scan the inside of your car  
to put away things,  
hide things—

TITO

WHAT things?

MITZY

Any things that you wouldn't want a stranger to see.

TITO

A professional valet.

MITZY

A professional valet, yes.

TITO

But a complete stranger.

MITZY

Exactly—A COMPLETE STRANGER.

TITO

A HISPANIC complete stranger.

MITZY

*I DIDN'T SAY THAT.*

TITO

Who's lower class  
and has probably done some time in the big house, right?

MITZY

I didn't.  
Say that.

TITO

We haven't ALL  
been in jail, you know.

MITZY

ANY complete stranger!  
Any complete stranger  
that you wouldn't want to see certain things,  
certain things that may be hanging around in your car.

EMBARRASSING things like:  
tampons or condoms or sketchy photographs of you in lingerie  
that you foolishly let your ex-boyfriend take when you were drunk.

Or VALUABLE things like:  
money or gold watches or the pearl necklace that your grandmother gave you when you  
visited her in the hospital but that you just decided not to wear at the last minute while  
driving across town because it draws too much attention to your bust line and it really  
isn't that kind of an affair.

Or  
STRANGE things—  
DANGEROUS things—  
things that could land you in jail  
troublesome things that you didn't even know you owned  
—because you DON'T really own them—  
but that might have somehow ended up in you car anyways,  
someone left them there,  
a friend  
or a relative  
or someone who wants to frame you  
to get back at you  
for some perceived slight you did them  
two years ago at a party  
and you didn't even know about it

the slight  
because you really didn't mean anything  
they misunderstood why you were laughing  
you weren't even listening to their conversation  
about how she had just miscarried for the third time  
because that's nothing to laugh about, is it?  
It was something totally unrelated that caused you to laugh—  
the host of the party  
who takes so much pride in being  
just so Mister Perfect  
had frosting in his hair  
that's what was so funny  
not some terrible offense to this other woman  
who thought you were mocking her grief  
and now—she is framing you,  
and she has hidden something in your car to get you into trouble like  
a gun,  
or heroin,  
or a terrorist bomb-making kit.

And so you only have twelve seconds  
before you have to give up your car to this valet  
this PROFESSIONAL VALET  
to find this object and get rid of it,  
scanning the area in the car around you  
as you slowly pull up to the stand  
and there's not really enough time to check everywhere  
nine seconds  
the passenger's seat  
five seconds  
the front floor  
three  
to hide this scary thing  
two  
the glove compartment  
one second  
a quick check of the backseat—ALL CLEAR!  
He opens the door  
—shoot, I didn't get to check the trunk—  
I should make up some excuse  
some reason to check the trunk,  
as he holds out his hand for your keys,  
and you don't want to seem suspicious  
but maybe there's a dead body in there?  
He smiles and hands you your ticket.  
Maybe the smell coming from the trunk will tip him off

and he'll call the cops,  
and then I'm off to prison  
all because of some stupid frosting in some stupid guy's hair!

But I thank the valet  
as I walk away  
in spite of myself  
even though I HATE VALET PARKING  
and I HATE THIS VALET  
and I HATE THE WHOLE WORLD RIGHT NOW,  
but I thank him  
because I don't want to seem rude  
and because I don't want him to key my car or  
take it out joyriding or something  
and...  
because that's all there is left to do.

The worst twelve seconds of my day.

That is, until I have to return to valet parking at the end of the affair  
to pick up my car.

*Pause.*

TITO

They've never actually found a dead body in the trunk of your car, have they?

MITZY

Of course not, that's not the point!  
What I'm trying to tell you—  
(realizing)  
*Ohhhh!*

TITO

(nodding)  
Only found two so far.

MITZY

*OHOOOOOOOOO...*

TITO

(pointing to the sky)  
LOOK!

*TITO starts frantically waving and screaming.*

TITO  
HEY!  
OVER HERE!  
WE'RE OVER HERE!

*MITZY sees the helicopter and joins in.*

MITZY/TITO  
OVER HERE!!!  
WE'RE OVER HERE!!!  
HEEEEEEEELLLP!!!

*The sound of the helicopter grows as it moves in closer to them. When it gets overhead, the wind from the helicopter blows powerfully across TITO and MITZY, who cling to the hilltop. A rope ladder drops from above. TITO helps MITZY onto the ladder and she climbs, swaying back and forth as she fights against the wind. TITO makes his way up after her, and they disappear into the rafters.*

*Lights fade to black.*

*SET CHANGE: A bunch of "NEIGHBORLY STAGE HANDS" enter and give JAN money and then begin carting away the hilltop, as well as all of the junk and furniture from the bedroom, leaving only the TV and the bed.*

*During this "yard sale" the AUCTIONEER comes to the front of the stage and begins auctioning off the world. The stage hands intermittently holler out bids, pay JAN money, and haul off items.*

AUCTIONEER  
Up next, Antarctica.  
Can I have thirty thousand dollars for Antarctica?  
That's right, folks, Antarctica, going for only thirty thousand dollars,  
a veritable bargain.

NEIGHBORLY STAGE HAND  
Thirty!

AUCTIONEER  
I have thirty thousand; do I hear thirty-four-thirty-four-thirty-four?

NEIGHBORLY STAGE HAND  
Thirty-four!

AUCTIONEER  
Yes, I've got thirty-four. Do I hear thirty-six?  
Thirty-six-thirty-six-thirty-six?

Yes, that's all I'm looking for folks, a measly thirty-six for Antarctica.  
Doesn't get any better than this!  
Thirty-six thousand dollars for Antarctica!  
Do I hear thirty-six? Thirty-six? Thirty-six?  
No?  
Thirty-six, Thirty-six, can I get a thirty-five?  
Thirty five-thirty-five-thirty-five?  
Can I get a thirty-five?

*The NEIGHBORLY STAGE HANDS, who having finished their work, are beginning to leave. AUCTIONEER calls out to them as they are leaving.*

C'mon now, folks,  
here we've got Antarctica,  
home to some of the world's richest deposits of coal, natural gas, and offshore oil,  
can I get a lowly thirty-five?  
Thirty-five-thirty-five-thirty-five,  
Going for thirty-four.  
Antarctica, going for thirty-four.  
Going once.  
Going twice.  
SOLD!  
ANTARCTICA  
for thirty-four thousand dollars.

*The sound of an enormous gavel crashing down.*

*As the sound reverberates, the lights fade to a murky, primordial ooze. The sound of bullfrogs, insects, and tropical birds. JAN exits and reenters carrying large plants in pots. She begins placing them around the empty living room and in the bedroom, assisted by the STAGE HANDS.*

*After a few moments we hear the growl of a large wild animal. JAN and STAGE HANDS stop their work and look up. The animal growls louder. The STAGE HANDS run offstage. JAN scurries into the bedroom, jumps in bed, and pulls the covers up tight. She peers out into the darkness as the lights fade to black.*

#### ACT I, SCENE VIII

*Lights up on BARB and JAN standing in the stage left side of their house, where the mountain top was, now just a big empty living room filled with plants. BARB runs around the room in shock.*

BARB

The sofa?!

JAN

Sold.

BARB

The end table?!

JAN

Salvation Army.

BARB

The bookcases?!

JAN

That little farmer lady down the street.

Seems she reads a lot.

She was happy to get all her books off the floor, she said.

BARB

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME HAVE YOU DONE???!!!

JAN

I'm downsizing.

Simplifying.

Getting back to the basics.

I decided you were right,

I'm far too materialistic

working night and day

just so I can buy more cute stuff.

It's just stuff.

It's no wonder you lost interest in me.

I lost interest in me.

And so I've decided I'm really to blame for what happened.

BARB

No, you're not, but—

JAN

I didn't pay attention to our true needs.

To YOUR true needs.

To MY true needs.

So I quit my job

and sold off all our stuff.

Well, most of it.

We're returning to the basics.



We need:  
I decided  
—sorry, you were at work—  
a bed,  
to insure restful sleep,  
and a television,  
to stay connected to our fellow man  
through CNN, the Discovery Channel, and reality TV.

HAPPINESS IS NOT A HOUSE FULL OF STUFF.

BARB

What?

WHAT?

WHAT???!!!

JAN

“If only we had a full sofa for this room.  
That would be just wonderful,  
give us somewhere else to sit  
somewhere big and soft and cushy,  
and then we could entertain our family and friends more comfortably.”  
So we went to the store, and purchased our new sofa,  
and it was really lovely  
and when it was delivered,  
we’re just SO EXCITED.

BARB

We WERE excited! I loved that sofa!

JAN

For about one day.

And then I thought,  
“We have this lovely sofa now,  
but wouldn’t it be really great  
if instead of this ugly little thing here,  
we had a really cute end table to go next to it?  
That would look just so perfect.”

BARB

I KNOW. I WAS THERE. I GET IT.

JAN

So we struggled and saved and tried to get together enough extra money—  
but we weren’t quite making it so instead we just

pulled out one of our seven credit cards  
and we went back to the store and bought an end table,  
and, no, it wasn't one of the ones on sale that we thought we were going to buy,  
but they weren't nearly as cute, right?  
And didn't match as well either,  
and, I mean, it's no wonder they were on sale!

So now we have this cute end table  
to match our lovely new sofa...

“but wouldn't it be super,  
just super-duper”  
I started to think,  
“wouldn't it be just super-duper-pooper-scooper  
if we had...  
one of those  
authentic

JAN/BARB  
CHINESE LAMPS—

BARB  
—I KNOW,  
I ALREADY KNOW THE FUCKIN STORY.  
NOW SHUT UP.

JAN  
—I've always wanted  
to adorn the end table?”  
CHA-CHING CHA-CHING  
and so now we have this great Chinese lamp  
that we bought at the Pottery Barn  
to go on our super cute end table  
that matches our lovely new sofa  
and it illuminates the walls so beautifully!  
So beautifully, in fact,  
that it makes the walls seem...  
well,  
kind of empty...

Like there should be  
a PAINTING  
there!

And what would be just really super duper scrum-dilly-olly-ooper—  
the painting that I really want for that wall,

that I'm completely, hopelessly, in love with,  
is the one I saw at that uptown gallery,  
you know the one, what's it called?  
the one that your friend Stan shows his work at?

BARB  
SIMMA'S!

JAN  
SIMMA'S, that's right!

BARB  
NOW WILL YOU PLEASE STOP!!!  
FOR GOD'S SAKE,  
I KNOW HOW THE STORY GOES!!!

JAN  
And it's by that handsome local Czech painter we love,

BARB  
*(throwing up her hands and walking away)*  
AAAAAAAHH I GIVE UP!!!

*BARB makes her way around the apartment, searches for items to pack. JAN pursues her with the story. BARB occasionally shouts her matching lines over her shoulder as if to say "I KNOW THE FUCKIN STORY."*

JAN  
and it's affordable,  
well, ALMOST affordable,  
and besides,  
we'd be supporting a local artist."  
CHA-CHING CHA-CHING  
we buy it  
we bring it home  
and we LOVE it!

But...  
well...  
it's just that...

JAN/BARB  
IT DOESN'T MATCH THE NEW SOFA.

BARB  
So now we need a NEW, new sofa

the final sofa in this sofa love triangle  
which will match the

JAN/BARB  
NEW PAINTING

JAN  
that is illuminated by the

JAN/BARB  
NEW CHINESE LAMP

JAN  
that adorns the

JAN/BARB  
NEW END TABLE

JAN  
that's next to the old new sofa.

YOU SEE?  
I TOLD YOU I WAS TO BLAME.

*The sound of a helicopter is growing as it approaches from the distance. Barb pauses to look up before disappearing into the bathroom. JAN leans in the entranceway as she attempts to conclude.*

JAN  
Just you  
and me  
and love

and communication

and maybe—or maybe not—I know, we'll talk about it later—  
a family.

And,  
maybe,  
again,  
hopefully,  
someday

trust.

BARB  
(from the bathroom)  
GOOD! GOD!

JAN  
Just you and me.

And our TV.  
And our bed.

And THAT'S IT.

Oh, and a little bit of food.  
And a couple of items of clothing.

And love.

And that's all.

Oh, and the toilet.

And the sink.

And...  
Yes, that's all.

BARB  
SWEET JESUS!!!

JAN  
Oh, and the stove.

But that's all.

I think.

THE BASICS.

*BARB burst out of the bathroom and past JAN into the living room, making her way towards the door. The helicopter, now growing loud, begins to descend from overhead. JAN and BARB stop and look up.*

*BARB tries to shout above the growing raucous, but during her speech she is gradually drowned out by the wind and noise of the descending helicopter.*

BARB

I'M LEAVING!

I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT I DID!

I KNOW I HURT YOU!

AND I KNOW IT WAS WRONG!

IT WASN'T THE PROPER WAY!

TO ADDRESS OUR PROBLEMS!

TO GO OUTSIDE THE RELATIONSHIP!

TO BREAK THE!

THE!

SACRED BOND OF TRUST!

AND

I'M TRULY SORRY!

BUT!

THERE'S NOTHING MORE FOR ME HERE!

AND SO!

GOODBYE!

AND!

PLEASE!

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

I LOVE YOU!

I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU!!!

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU!!!

EVEN!

WHILE!

YOU KNOW!

I DID WHAT I DID!

*The noise from the helicopter is now deafening as lands in the yard.  
Wind rips through the house as the two women fight to keep their balance.*

BARB  
I WISH YOU—

*BARB looks up, battling the wind, and tries again.*

I WISH YOU—

*BARB looks up, frustrated, and then tries again.*

I WISH YOU—

*The helicopter suddenly pulls up and away very quickly.*

*BARB looks up, confused by the sudden quiet, and loses her momentum.*

Nothing but the best.

*Long pause.*

JAN  
WHAAAAAAAAAAT?!

*The doorbell rings.  
BARB, exhausted, sighs and shakes her head.*

BARB  
(to JAN)  
Hold on.  
(to door)

HOLD ON!

(*She trudges to the door, calling over her shoulder to JAN.*)  
That better not be someone else coming over to buy the last of our stuff!  
Because they can't have it! It's my stuff, too, and I'm not giving up  
ONE MORE THING!

JAN  
I have no idea who it is.  
Probably the Mormons,

or what do they call themselves now?  
The Latter Day Saints,  
come to preach at us  
call us dykes  
tell us Jesus doesn't love us  
and then give us free Bibles.

Or the girl scouts  
selling those addictive cookies.  
Hey, I could go for a cookie about now.  
Get a box of those mint chocolate ones, would you?  
What are they called?  
Milanos or something?  
No, Milanos are something totally different,  
I think these ones are called...THIN MINTS!  
That's what they're called!  
I like those,  
see if they have those.

*BARB turns to open the door.*

Or maybe it's a teenager selling those high-priced chocolate bars  
to keep the gang kids off of drugs.  
I'll take one of those, too, I guess,  
but only if they have the dark chocolate with almonds.

*BARB turns to look at JAN.*

JAN  
WHAT?!

BARB  
ARE YOU DONE YET?!

JAN  
I'M NOT FREAKIN' STOPPING YOU!

*BARB turns and throws open the door.  
On the other side stand TITO and MITZY in their tuxedo and wedding dress.*

TITO/MITZY  
HI!

*BARB turns to look at JAN.  
JAN shrugs emphatically, "it wasn't me!"  
Blackout.*



*END OF ACT I*

ACT II – “Welcome to the Jungle”

SCENE I

*Lights up.*

*MITZY and TITO are now huddled together inside the doorway.*

*JAN is in shock.*

*Awkward silence.*

MITZY  
Nice place!

BARB  
Thank you.

MITZY  
I like the...  
sparse look.

BARB  
Thank you.

MITZY  
It's very...

BARB  
Empty?

MITZY  
I think I was going to say  
“organic?”

*BARB shrugs.*

Yes, organic!

Very...  
NATURAL,  
like...  
NATURE!

BARB  
Yes, it's just like...  
being outside.

Jan's on some sort of  
"back to nature kick,"  
aren't you, Jan?  
Part of some movement or other  
I haven't heard of.  
Right, Dear?

*JAN, in a fog, doesn't respond.  
MITZY takes a step towards JAN and speaks loudly.*

MITZY  
I REALLY LOVE YOUR PLANTS.  
WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?

*JAN just stares back at her.*

BARB  
Well, if I'm not mistaken,  
just yesterday they were growing in the back yard.

Jan brought these plants in from the yard  
because...  
because...  
because—WHY, JAN?

*Jan is still staring at the guests.*

Because Jan's a funny girl!  
That's why.  
And sometimes she likes to do funny things!

JAN  
(*muttering*)  
Storm.

BARB  
WHAT'S THAT, DEAR?  
SOMETHING ABOUT A STORM?

*No reply. To guests.*

Something about a storm, I think.

*Another awkward silence.*

MITZY

Did we arrive at a bad time?

BARB

No, no, not at all.

No worse than usual.

*(looking around)*

We were just doing some  
*redecorating* to the old place,  
just a little *renovation project*  
we've got under way here,  
right, Honey?

*JAN takes a few curious steps towards the guests, trying to place exactly who they are and how they got here. She waggles a finger curiously in their faces.*

JAN

*(muttering to herself)*

Aaah. Doodah. Phonalitelite.  
Micksum Yum Call Call.

*Pause.*

BARB

Don't mind her.

She's harmless.

*(then looking again around the living room)*

Well, relatively.

*(turning back to the guests)*

NOOOO, it's not a bad time.

It's great to have you.

Isn't it, Jan?

*(nodding emphatically to JAN)*

GREAT-TO-HAVE-THEM???

*JAN still doesn't answer.*

BARB

*(throwing up her hands)*

WELLLLLL,

you two must be hungry.

*MITZY and TITO nod emphatically with a robotic cheeriness.*

MITZY/TITO

YES THANK YOU!

BARB

Shall we find you something to eat?

MITZY/TITO

YES THANK YOU!

BARB

Oh, but I bet you'd like to get cleaned up first.

MITZY/TITO

YES THANK YOU!

BARB

Oh, hold on.

JAN?

DO-WE-STILL-HAVE-A-BATH-TUB?

*JAN nods slowly.*

Great!

And I bet you'd like to put on some...

*Turning to check with JAN.*

FRESH-CLOTHES?

*JAN nods slowly, but makes a face that signals, "clothes—yes—but maybe not so much—and maybe not so fresh."*

BARB

Great!

JAN...

why don't you help our friends here get cleaned up?

JAN?

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN!!!!

JAN

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?!!!

*Pause.*

BARB

Why don't you show our guests here to the bathroom, where they can clean up and put on some fresh clothes—that is whatever clothes we have left—while I go check to see what there is to eat in the kitchen.

JAN

Of course, of course.

Right this way.

*(leading them off to the bedroom)*

Are you two doing alright?

TITO /MITZY

YES THANK YOU!

JAN

*(trying hard now to play the good hostess)*

Yes, just follow me, I'll get you some towels.

*The three start to exit to the bathroom.*

*JAN halts suddenly.*

*TITO and MITZY stop behind her.*

JAN

On second thought...

just use the ones hanging in the bathroom.

TITO/MITZY

YES THANK YOU!

*BARB sighs and puts her head in her hands.*

*JAN leads TITO and MITZY into the bathroom upstage right.*

*BARB exits through the USL door to the kitchen.*

*TITO comes out of the bathroom with a towel over his shoulder and sits down on the bed to wait for his turn in the shower.*

*After a moment JAN and BARB each return and meet in the living room.*

*They glare at each other a moment silently...waiting.*

*As soon as MITZY turns on the shower in the bathroom, they attack each other in a fierce whisper.*

JAN

I was drunk!

And it's YOUR FAULT!

BARB

I thought you just said it was YOUR fault?!

*Pause.*

JAN

Well...it was a VERY persuasive telethon.

BARB

We can't have them here!

They can't stay.

We don't even have any real food!

What in the heck did you do with all our food???

JAN

I gave it to the soup kitchen.

BARB

Yeah, all but two cans of soup!

JAN

Yes, well, I thought...

they're a soup kitchen

THEY don't need soup.

BARB

Why in the hell did you give everything away???

Now we don't have anything for these poor people.

We don't even have anything for them to eat.

Or clothing.

Or towels.

Or beds

or chairs

or sofas—

you know,

PLACES TO SIT DOWN.

JAN

Or tables

Or end tables

or side tables

or bookcases.

You know, PLACES TO PUT THINGS.

or magazines,

or books,  
or—

BARB

You gave away our books!!!!???

JAN

There was nowhere to put them once I  
gave away the bookcases.

Or paper  
or pens  
or silverware  
or—

BARB

Why in God's name would you get rid of our silverware!?

JAN

Because the old farmer lady wanted it.  
Don't worry, I kept two soup spoons.

I also sold her  
our board games  
and card games  
and chess set  
and wooden carved backgammon board from Mexico  
and your 90s Trivial Pursuit.

You know, THINGS TO PLAY WITH.

BARB

I am so gonna kill you!

JAN

You already killed me!  
Your lava lamp.  
Your purple aloe plant from Taos.  
Your stamp collection.  
Your signed picture of Bill Clinton—

BARB

YOU DIDN'T.

JAN

I DID.



BARB  
(trying to remain quiet)  
YOU. DIDN'T.

JAN  
I. DID.

BARB  
YOUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU  
DIDN'T.

JAN  
II  
DID.

*BARB checks her fury for a moment.  
Then she loses control and leaps on top of JAN with a scream.*

BARB  
YOU HAD NO RIGHT!!!

*They wrestle on the floor.  
TITO turns and listens to the melee from the bedroom.*

BARB	JAN
YOU HAD NO RIGHT!!!	YOU MURDERED ME!!!
YOU HAD NO RIGHT!!!	YOU MURDERED ME!!!
YOU HAD NO RIGHT!!!	YOU MURDERED ME!!!
YOU HAD NO RIGHT!!!	MURDERER!!!
YOU HAD NO RIGHT!!!	BLOODY MURDERER!!!
YOU HAD NO RIGHT!!!	BLOODY BLOODY MURDERER!!!

*BARB manages to flip JAN over and climbs on top of her.*

JAN  
BLOODY BLOO—

*BARB grabs JAN by the throat and begins to throttle her.*

BARB  
MY BILL CLINTON PICTURE!!!  
MY BILL CLINTON PICTURE!!!  
MY AUTOGRAPHED BILL CLINTON PICTURE!!!

*BARB continues to choke JAN, and as they wrestle, they suddenly become aware of MITZY, singing in the shower. They pause to listen.*

MITZY

Down came the rain and  
washed the spider out  
out came the sun and  
dried up all the rain  
and the itsy bitsy spider  
climbed up the spout again.

Down came the rain  
down came the rain  
down came  
the rain...

*Pause.*

*The shower turns off.*

*The sound of MITZY wailing.*

*TITO slowly rises and makes his way to the door.*

*The crying suddenly stops.*

*A moment of silence.*

*TITO sits back down on the bed.*

*The wailing begins again.*

*TITO rises and makes his way to the door.*

*The crying stops.*

*TITO sits back down.*

*The wailing resumes.*

*This time the crying does not stop for a while.*

*TITO rises and reluctantly makes his way over to door and knocks timidly.*

TITO

Mitzy?

Mittzy?

Are you okay?

*The crying abruptly stops.*

*MITZY comes out of the bathroom, back in her dirty wedding dress.*

MITZY

Everyone I know is dead.

*Silence.*

*Then gesturing.*

Oh, I'm sorry. The bathroom's all yours.

TITO

Uh...  
thanks.

*TITO begins to make his way into the bathroom, but then turns around.  
He attempts to wax poetic.*

The thing is...  
The thing to remember here...  
is that sometimes...  
what the world really wants...  
for you...  
for all of us...  
in a situation like this...  
a seeming sort of tragedy—  
well, yes, a tragedy,  
no question  
of...  
unfathomable proportions...  
is...  
to show you that...  
life is really no more than...  
*(huge, vague gesture)*  
That is, if you had to look at it all in the whole sweep of things...  
from birth to death...  
life...  
can be...  
hard...  
cruel...  
unpredictable sometimes...

But just like with the spider  
the sun may yet  
come out again.

*(He nods unconvincingly, gives up, and gestures to the bathroom.)*

Thank you.

*He quickly enters the bathroom and closes the door. We hear the shower turn on.*

*MITZY makes her way into the living room where BARB still lies on top of JAN.  
MITZY studies them a moment.*

MITZY

You two are lesbians.

*BARB and JAN nod.*

*Then, realizing their position, quickly get up and dust themselves off.*

I washed up.

JAN/BARB

GOOD!

BARB

I was going to order a pizza. How does that sound?

MITZY

Great.

I haven't eaten in three days.

I didn't even get to try the food at my wedding.

Cheese and crackers,  
fresh fruit,  
melon wrapped in prosciutto.

Alaskan crab claws,  
scallops wrapped in bacon,  
spinach cheese puffs,  
deep-fried ravioli with marinara sauce.

Chicken piccata with lemon sauce,  
filet mignon with béarnaise sauce,  
and my favorite...  
baked stuffed shrimp.

Can we get shrimp on the pizza?

BARB/JAN

SURE!

MITZY

And mushrooms?

BARB/JAN

SURE!

MITZY

I used to pick mushrooms with my father  
when I was little.  
He was a kind man,  
and he had the prettiest blue eyes.

BARB

Mitzy, he may still be alive, Honey.

*MITZY shakes her head no.*

MITZY

Only Clarissa, who's traveling in Europe this year.  
That's why she couldn't come to the wedding.  
That's what she said, anyways.

If your best friend were getting married  
and you were traveling in Europe  
for a WHOLE YEAR  
don't you think you could adjust your plans  
for just that one little weekend  
to fly back for the wedding?!

*(pause)*

I don't even have her number.

BARB

She'll call looking for you, Honey.

MITZY

Where?  
Oh my God, where will she call me???  
How will she call me???

BARB

Here! Here!  
We'll have the agency forward your calls here!  
Okay?

*(MITZY nods her head, growing teary. BARB rushes over to her and puts her arm around her.)*

Good.  
Everything is going to be okay.

*(MITZY nods.)*

Let's get some food, huh?

*MITZY nods.*

*BARB turns and shouts through the bathroom door to TITO, who is taking a shower.*

BARB

TITO!  
HOW ABOUT!  
SOME PIZZA?!  
I THINK WE COULD ALL!  
USE SOME HOT FOOD!

TITO

*(from the shower)*  
GREAAAAT!  
I LOVE PIZZA!

BARB

HOW ABOUT SHRIMP AND MUSHROOMS?!

*Pause.*

TITO

IS SOMEBODY PREGNANT?

MITZY

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

BARB/JAN

NOOOO!

*BARB and JAN comfort MITZY.*

TITO

OH!  
WELL!  
I'M ACTUALLY A VEGETARIAN!  
HOW ABOUT!  
HALF!  
JUST MUSHROOMS?!

*BARB walks over to get the phone.*

BARB

*(to the women)*  
Okay, how about...

*Following the phone cord behind a plant, BARB finds that it is no longer connected to a phone. She turns and shakes the end of the cord at JAN.*

JAN

*(holding out her cell phone)*

Sorry.

*BARB sighs.*

BARB

*(turning to MITZY)*

Don't worry, I'll call tomorrow and give them our cell phone numbers.

*BARB takes the cell phone and starts dialing.*

BARB

How about half shrimp and mushrooms and half just mushrooms?

MITZY

That sounds good to me.

BARB

Me, too. I'll just eat the shrimp side.

JAN

Me, too.

MITZY

Me, too.

*Pause.*

*They look at each other.*

*BARB flips the phone closed*

MITZY

I WANT THE SHRIMP SIDE!  
YOU SAID I COULD HAVE SHRIMP!  
YOU SAID!  
YOU SAID I COULD HAVE SHRIMP!

BARB/JAN  
OF COURSE!  
OF COURSE!  
OF COURSE!

*Pause. They settle.*

JAN

I really like mushrooms with onions.  
How about that on the other half?

And maybe something else?

BARB

How about peppers?

JAN

How about pineapple?

BARB

How about mushrooms and pineapple?

*(calling out to TITO)*

HOW ABOUT!

MUSHROOMS AND PINEAPPLE?!

*Pause.*

TITO

ARE YOU SURE NO ONE OUT THERE IS PREGNANT?!

MITZY

*(back into tears)*

Ohhhhhhhhhh!

JAN/BARB

NO!!!

*They comfort MITZY.*

JAN

How about hot peppers?

BARB

How about anchovies?

JAN

Oh, that sounds good.

BARB

*(picking up the phone again)*

Okay, so one half shrimp and mushrooms  
and the other half mushrooms, onions, and anchovies.

JAN

Sounds good.



MITZY

Sounds good.

BARB

*(calling back to TITO while dialing)*

HOW ABOUT!

HALF SHRIMP AND MUSHROOMS!

AND HALF!

MUSHROOMS!

ONIONS!

AND ANCHOVIES?!

*Pause.*

TITO

I'M!

A!

VEGE-TARIAN!

MITZY/BARB/JAN

Shoot! Darn! Rats!

*Pause.*

MITZY

Are anchovies really meat?

I mean,

they're so little.

How can they even be an animal?

There's like a zillion of them in a one teeny can.

How could they even have a brain in such a small body?

Isn't that what makes things animals?

Because they have a brain?

*JAN and BARB shrug.*

What kind of animal are they, anyway?

JAN

They're a fish, I think.

Or maybe some kind of eel.

BARB

They're a fish.

And I think eels are fish, too.

I think.

MITZY

And a fish is a kind of animal?

BARB

I think fish are just animals that swim.

JAN

Clams don't swim.

MITZY

They walk around on the sand.

BARB

They're still fish.

JAN

They're SHELLFISH!

BARB

That's right.  
Like lobsters  
and crabs.

MITZY

Is a crab really a fish?  
It doesn't look anything like a fish.

BARB

I think so.  
Google it.

MITZY

Yeah, let's look it up.

JAN

Okay.

*JAN turns to get the computer, but stops abruptly.*

Oops!

BARB

Great! How much did you get for it?

JAN  
Three hundred dollars.

BARB  
THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS?!  
We just paid nine hundred!

Well, give it to me!  
GIVE ME *ALL* THE MONEY!

*JAN pulls a huge wad of money out of her pocket.  
She hesitates.*

JAN  
I was going to give it to the Red Cross.

BARB  
WE *ARE* THE RED CROSS!!!

*JAN forks over the money.*

And don't touch anything else!!!

*Pause.*

MITZY  
So fish are animals that live in water.

JAN  
Yes.

MITZY  
Except for water snakes.  
They're...snakes.

JAN  
Oh, and beavers.

BARB/MITZY  
Right.

JAN  
And what about seals and otters?  
They're not fish either.

BARB/MITZY

Right.

BARB

And whales, too.

JAN/MITZY

Right.

BARB

And dolphins.

JAN/MITZY

Right.

JAN

No, these big water animals are not FISH, they're...?

*Pause.*

BARB

Mammals!

JAN/MITZY

MAMMALS!

JAN

And don't forget about the platypus, of course.

MITZY

Oh, they're so cute!

I've always wanted to see a platypus!

JAN

I saw one once.

MITZY

Really? There are so few left!

Where?

JAN

They have one at the Miami Zoo.

At least they did. Before all the flooding and everything.

Maybe the zoo is not even there any more. Or they moved it inland.

Barb and I went about five years ago when we visited her mother.

MITZY

Was he cute?

JAN

Sooooo cute!

MITZY

I love cute animals.

JAN

Me, too.

I want to get a little poodle but Barb won't let me.

MITZY

Oh, those are sooooo cute!

I love all kinds of little animals.

TITO

*(entering in a purple robe)*

Then why do you eat them?

MITZY

I don't.

I wouldn't eat a cute animal like that.

TITO

Just the ugly ones?

*Long pause.*

MITZY

Yes...I guess so.

BARB

Are you one of those angry vegetarians?

TITO

I'm not angry.

I'm just asking a question.

BARB

Because in my experience,  
people who don't get enough protein  
are grumpy.

TITO

I'm not grumpy.  
I'm just curious.

So, what, you don't eat little baby cows, then?  
Because they're cute.  
You know, veal?

*Pause.*

MITZY

I don't know.

TITO

You don't know if little baby cows are called veal,  
or you don't know if you eat veal,  
or you don't know if little baby cows are cute?

*Pause.*

MITZY

I don't know.

TITO

Am I cute?  
Would you eat me?

JAN

Stop picking on her.

BARB

You're not cute.  
You're hostile.

*Pause.*

TITO

*(bowing)*  
You are right.  
I am hostile.  
I believe this whole ordeal  
has un-centered me.

*(looking down)*

Or wearing this robe

has un-centered me.

*(looking around)*

Or  
there is simply  
no center left.

My most humble apologies.  
Please call me when the pizza comes.

*TITO bows again and exits to the bedroom.  
He sits on the floor in front of the bed and crosses his legs to meditate.*

*In the living room BARB picks up the cell phone to make the call.  
TITO closes his eyes.*

*Lights go to black except for a spotlight on TITO.  
We hear his breath come in and out, a gentle song of water, and lights dance  
around him, like sun through the trees.*

*Gradually, his calm breathing comes under assault from a rising wind and rain.  
Next a cacophony of industrial noise—cars and trucks, conveyor belts, escalators,  
elevators, and metallic presses—enters the fray. Brilliant lightning strikes crash  
nearby, illuminating the empty house, followed by deep rumbles.*

*TITO is now twitching, shaking, deep in battle. His light spirals around him and  
he tries to rein it in. He opens his eyes as he fights to calm the storm.*

*Suddenly the BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY enters with a shout, and  
attacks TITO. They enter into a trancelike dance/fight. One minute they are  
waltzing, the next, kickboxing, the next, tangoing.*

*Over all these sounds and accompanying their dance is:*

#### BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY VOICEOVER

From the time that the world gave birth to time, and time gave birth to the lounge chair, the automobile, the repeating rifle, the cotton gin, the nuclear power plant—man was granted the chance for a more easeful, longer life on this planet, and mankind was granted a one way ticket to his inevitable demise.

Perhaps the kangaroo will survive. Perhaps the water snake will survive. Perhaps the monkey will survive. But with the death of man, time will die. For a time. For an immeasurable time without time.

But eventually a dog, a water buffalo, an amoeba, some animal, out of necessity, will rise up and use a tool to cut food. Will pile these tools in an area. Will build a shelter to protect these tools from the weather, and lock this shelter against those who would steal from him. Will decide it would be better not to share these tools with the others. As they do not share their new tools with him.

*BARB's voice begin to break into the fray, echoing from the distance, as if shouting through a tunnel.*

BARB

(V.O.)

TEEEETOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY VOICEOVER

They will wonder when would be the best time to go hunting with their new tools.

BARB

(V.O.)

TEEEETOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY VOICEOVER

They will mark the passing of the moon, the sun, and the stars, and attempt to quantify these changes.

BARB

(V.O.)

WHAT DO YOU WANT ON YOUR PEEEEEEZZA?

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY VOICEOVER

They will build a dirt path through the forest to travel more safely and more quickly in the dark.

BARB

(V.O.)

TEEEEEEEETOOOOOO!

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY VOICEOVER

They will travel this path with a rock, a spear, a knife, a sword, late at night. Weaving through the darkness of the trees. With threatening shadows all around.

BARB

(V.O.)

PEEEEEEEEEEEZZA!



BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY VOICEOVER

This new race, skating ever forward—the individual, inventively dodging death, in search of personal longevity and success—the tribe, collectively, charging towards its end.

*TITO and BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY land simultaneous strikes with a loud cry. A flash of lightning explodes over the house. Blackout. In the dark, a long, ominous thunder rumble.*

ACT II SCENE II

*The lights come up on TITO and JAN settling into bed. The sound of a heavy rain outside. From the kitchen we can hear BARB washing dishes, and from the bathroom we hear MITZY washing up.*

TITO

This is a really nice bed.

JAN

Oh, right, I know—

“Do you girls mind if I watch you have sex?”

And this opportunity for voyeurism  
is thankfully made possible by the fact that  
we lesbians have sex all night every night  
after every party  
every picnic  
every night club outing—  
lesbians have sex constantly.  
It’s a fact!  
Verified by B Hollywood movies  
and porn sites  
and Maxim Magazine:  
lesbians  
are forever DOING IT.  
They never go to work  
or vacuum dust bunnies out of the corners of their rooms  
or lie in bed puking with the flu,  
they just go to parties  
in slinky dresses  
with cool shaved legs  
and then race home for hot sex.

And because we are lesbians  
and don’t have real feelings  
sure, we don’t mind having our sex  
publicly

inviting you to watch  
since it's not REAL sex anyways  
it's just something fun and kinky  
we do,  
just a trendy game we're playing  
to pass the time  
before we go back to  
screwing boys  
and raising their fat, pasty kids.

NO, YOU CAN'T WATCH.

*Pause.*

TITO

All I said was that you have a really nice bed.

JAN

Because we don't even have sex any more!

TITO

Oh.

JAN

Well, once in the last month.  
For a few minutes.  
We tried.

TITO

Oh.

JAN

She cheated on me.

TITO

Ohhhh.

JAN

It's my fault.  
I took her love for granted.  
I didn't understand her.  
I just thought,  
she's so strong  
so independent  
so capable  
that she could never need

the love of  
someone as little as me.

But now I can really see her.  
And she's not perfect.  
Even in her great strength.

She's a person  
who needs to be loved,  
needs to feel loved and wanted  
even if she is as strong as an iceberg.

Because if you leave a ten ton block of ice out in the hot sun  
it feels neglected  
it longs for the sea  
and so it melts  
and seeks the greater ocean  
to reunite with itself.

And so now  
I see her and love her  
more than ever,

and yet  
I don't know  
that I can ever forgive her.

That's what I'm still doing here.  
Trying to decide whether forgiveness is possible.

I do know that I will never forget this thing  
that she did  
to me.

It broke something in me  
that I thought was already broken  
and now I'm wandering about  
feeling around for clues,  
a baby robin grazed by a passing car,  
broken wing and crushed leg,  
limping along the sidewalk,  
dodging the passing people and cars.  
Poor robin, everyone says,  
all day long.  
And then the night comes  
and everyone goes home.

And the next morning  
the shop owner  
opening his store,  
he notices the bird is gone.  
He looks around by the alley for a body,  
or a picked-over remains.  
Nothing.  
And he wonders,  
what happened to this little bird?  
Did it manage to fly away?  
Or perhaps some animal got it  
in the dark of the night  
with no one left on the street  
to shield it  
from the cruel ways of nature.  
All alone  
limping  
limping  
no chance of escape,  
a shadowy predator,  
closing in,  
poor Robin,  
can't run,  
can't fly,  
nothing to do but wait,  
heart quickening,  
racing, pulsing, tightening,  
as the creature draws near.  
And finally,  
a pounce,  
a paw,  
and darkness.

*Pause.*

I still don't know if I flew away to a new freedom  
or was eaten in the night.

TITO

I understand.

Everything except the part about the block of ice.

JAN

Forget about that.  
Is it wrong that I'm glad she did it with an ugly girl?

Because this girl is ugly,  
it means she didn't choose her over me.  
I didn't lose a competition or something.

Is it wrong that I hate this girl I barely know?

TITO

No feeling is wrong when you are upset.  
But be careful of hate,  
it can sour your heart.

In time you'll have more answers.  
And sleep helps, too.

JAN

I like sleep.

In my dreams  
I don't remember the past  
and I don't worry about the future.

Sometimes I think  
that's all that happiness is.

*TITO nods.*

*BARB enters from the kitchen and MITZY enters from the bathroom and they stand on opposite sides of the bed. MITZY is now wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt.*

BARB

Well, Mitzy, that looks much better.

*MITZY nods.*

BARB

Good.  
Okay, then.

*BARB and JAN hop into bed and they all settle in, crammed closely together.*

BARB

(playing scout den mother)

Is everyone comfortable?

ALL  
Yes.

BARB  
Is everyone warm enough?

ALL  
Yes.

BARB  
Did our visitors get enough soup?

MITZY/TITO  
Yes, thank you.

BARB  
Okay, then goodnight, everyone.

JAN  
Goodnight.

TITO  
Goodnight.

*Pause.*

MITZY  
I think I would feel more comfortable,  
no offense, Tito,  
if I was not next to Tito.

JAN  
Okay.

BARB  
Okay.

TITO  
Fine.

*TITO gets up and circles around the bed and then gets back in on the far side of  
JAN and BARB, who shift over for him. They all settle back in.*

*Pause.*

MITZY

And I guess I would feel more comfortable if Jan and Barb weren't sleeping next to each other.

*Pause.*

BARB

*(forced politeness)*

Fine.

JAN

Fine.

*BARB gets up and moves around MITZY, so now it's TITO, JAN, MITZY, BARB.*

*They resettle.*

*Long pause.*

MITZY

*(meekly)*

Sorry, but...

I'm just not comfortable sleeping *between* Jan and Barb.

JAN/BARB

*(even more strained politeness)*

FINE...

*They all sit up and survey the positions.*

*They are having trouble finding a way to make this work.*

TITO

Wait, wait, I've got it.

*(gesturing to JAN)*

Switch.

*TITO and JAN switch.*

*It's now JAN, TITO, MITZY, BARB.*

*They settle. Pause.*

TITO

Everyone okay now?

ALL

YES.

*They lie back down to bed.*

*Pause.*

MITZY

Umm...

ALL

WHAAAAAT?!

MITZY

It's just that...

Well, I'm back next to Tito again.

BARB/JAN/TITO

Holy crap! I can't believe this! This is ridiculous!

*Pause. They sit up and reconsider.*

*Much puzzlement.*

BARB

Hold on, I think I've got it figured out.

Mitzy, switch with me, Honey.

*BARB and MITZY switch.*

*They resetttle.*

*Everyone sits up, looking around a moment, assessing the lineup.*

*It's now JAN, TITO, BARB, MITZY.*

BARB

Okay...everyone happy now?

MITZY

Yes.

TITO

Yes.

JAN

Yes.

BARB

Great!

*They lie down to sleep.*

*BARB reaches over to switch off the light—but there is no lamp.*

*She stares up at the overhead light.*



BARB

Jaaaaan...

JAN

I've got it! I've got it!

*JAN jumps up, walks across the room, and turns off the switch.  
We hear her stumbling her way back into bed in the dark.*

JAN

Oops. Sorry. Excuse me.

TITO

No problem.

JAN

Oops. Okay. Okay.  
Made it.

MITZY

You guys should really get a little bedside lamp or something.

BARB

That's a GREAT idea, Mitzy.  
Did you hear that, Jan?

JAN

GOODNIGHT, BARB.

BARB

Goodnight, Jan.

*Pause.*

MITZY

Goodnight, Jan.

JAN

Goodnight, Mitzy.

TITO

Goodnight, Jan.

BARB

Goodnight, Tito.

MITZY  
Goodnight, Barb.

*Pause.*

JAN  
Goodnight, Tito.

TITO  
Goodnight, Mitzy.

MITZY  
Goodnight, Tito.

*Pause.*

BARB  
Goodnight, Mitzy.

JAN  
Goodnight, Mitzy.

BARB  
Goodnight, Tito.

TITO  
Goodnight, Barb.

BARB  
Goodnight, Mitzy.

JAN  
Goodnight, Mitzy.

TITO  
Goodnight, Mitzy.

*Pause.*

TITO  
Goodnight, Barb.

BARB  
GOOD NIGHT.

*Silence.*

*After a few moments, the rhythmic sound of snoring.*

*Then we hear MITZY, muttering quietly, at first, in the dark. As she rises in agitation, the others sporadically toss and turn, like sailors trying to rest in their bunks during a tempest.*

MITZY

Thunder boom  
swish swish  
broom broom whisk

water wall wish swish  
move  
run

spreadwater open  
grassy green slide  
slip down wash  
flip cars flop

music  
music  
sweet music  
warm of my life

waving  
inside waving  
walk now  
aisle white apron  
music music  
warm music  
Mama  
Papa  
Mary  
Herman  
Becky  
wink wink  
waves  
walk now  
NO

scream  
scream  
WATER WATER  
RUN RUN

What  
better  
words?

Too late.  
WATERWALL  
SLAM SLIDING  
THUNDER CRAM CRASH  
screaming screaming  
slippy cold field fast  
float boat dress  
slide green hills grab  
ledge hold  
ledge hold  
water rip roar  
legs  
hold  
hold  
ledge hold  
hold on, Mitzy  
suck slap slap  
water legs  
hold  
ledge hold, hold on, Mitzy.

Hold on  
Hold on  
Hold on  
Hold on

*Silence.*

Water  
water  
black  
swirl.

Water  
water  
water  
black  
swirl.

Becky?

Mama?

Mama??

MAAAAAAAAAAAMAAAAA?!!

*The others leap up in bed.  
JAN rushes to turn on the light.  
All circle in the bed trying to comfort her.  
Overlapping speech.*

MITZY  
MAAAAAAAAAAAMA???!!

BARB  
It's okay, Honey! It's okay!

MITZY  
DADDY?!  
DAAAAAADDDDY???!!  
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

BARB  
It's okay.  
It's okay, Honey.  
You're with us now.

TITO  
Okay now, okay, Mitzy.

JAN  
Shhh. Shhh. Alright now.

MITZY  
I'm all alone!

ALL  
No. No.

MITZY  
I'm all alone!

ALL  
No. No, you're not alone.

MITZY  
I'm all alone!

ALL

No. No.

BARB

You've got us now, Honey,  
and we're going to take care of you.

TITO

It's going to be okay now.

JAN

You can stay here with us  
as long as you want.

*BARB begins rocking MITZY.*

You, too, Tito.

*Lights fade slowly leaving a dim spot on BARB rocking MITZY, with JAN and TITO circled close. After a few moments the spot slowly fades to black.*

### ACT II SCENE III

*IN THE DARK the sound of the wind and rain is rising steadily. A great storm is brewing. The earth is under siege from the sky.*

*After a few moments, the doorbell rings.  
Confused rustling in bed.  
The doorbell rings again.*

JAN

I'll get it.

TITO

We'd better come with you.

*JAN flips on the light and walks into the living room and goes to the door, with TITO, and BARB and MITZY following her. Lightning flashes across the dark sky.*

*JAN opens the door.  
A PIZZA BOY stands on the other side, bundled up against the storm and hidden from view by the enormous stack of pizzas he is carrying. He speaks with a slight impediment.*

PIZZA BOY

Good evening, folks.  
Seven pizzas.  
Sixty-six forty-five.  
Just tell me where to set them down.

*Pause.*

You ordered pizzas, right?

JAN

Yeah. Three hours ago.

PIZZA BOY

Well,  
it took a while.  
On account of the weather.

JAN

Well, we don't want them any more. We gave up trying to call you a long time ago.

PIZZA BOY

*(from behind the row of boxes)*

Well, I'm sorry about that folks,  
the phone lines are down,  
and so I couldn't get through to tell you  
about the difficulties.  
The south road is completely washed out  
so I had to drive all the way up through the dunes  
and around the creek.

But I did in fact make it now, and I think, in fact, your pizzas are still warm.  
So that's sixty-six dollars and forty-five cents, please.

JAN

Listen, buster,  
I don't know who the hell you think you are,  
but we're not paying for these stupid pizzas!

We ordered them hours ago and we already ate dinner and we're in bed sleeping and we don't want them anymore, so please just go away.

*JAN tries to close the door on him, but the PIZZA BOY quickly pushes his way inside the doorway.*

PIZZA BOY

I'm afraid I can't do that, Ma'am.

Restaurant policy clearly states that when pizzas are delivered, a full payment is expected at that time, and—

JAN

IT'S BEEN THREE HOURS!  
WE'RE NOT PAYING YOU!

WHAT PART  
DON'T YOU GET???  
US!!!  
NOT PAYING!!!  
YOU!!!

PIZZA BOY

MA'M

I AM GOING TO PLACE THESE PIZZAS DOWN RIGHT HERE...

*He peers out from behind the pizzas, looking for a place to set them down, but cannot find a surface in the empty room.*

RIGHT HERE...

RIGHT...

*He circles the room, peering out, trying to find somewhere to set down the pizzas. Jan tries to drive him towards the door, and as he circles, she pokes and prods at him. TITO, JAN, and MITZY come forward, trying to help usher him towards the door.*

PIZZA BOY

AND THEN I EXPECT  
YOU TO MAKE FULL PAYMENT  
SIXTY-SIX DOLLARS AND  
FORTY-FIVE CENTS  
ONE PLAIN CHEEZE  
ONE SHRIMP AND MUSHROOM  
ONE PINEAPPLE AND ANCHOVIE  
ONE MUSHROOM AND PEPPER  
ONE PEPPER AND ONION  
AND ONE VEGGIE FIESTA  
A GRATUITY IS ENCOURAGED  
BUT NOT REQUIRED  
ALTHOUGH

JAN

WE ARE NOT PAYING FOR  
FOR THESE STINKIN OLD  
COLD PIZZAS  
NOT ONE DAMN CENT  
NADDA  
ZIP ZERO  
NOTHING  
GET OUT  
WE'RE NOT PAYING YOU  
SO JUST LEAVE  
GET



GIVEN THE TROUBLE  
I'VE GONE THROUGH  
TO GET THESE PIZZAS  
TO YOU  
IN THIS AWFUL STORM  
A GRATUTITY WOULD BE—

OUT  
GET  
OUT  
GET  
THE FUCK  
OUT!!!

*JAN shoves him hard and the boxes crash to the ground.*

*All freeze.*

*The PIZZA BOY is revealed:*

*On his face, the grotesque scars of war.  
The sewn up remains of what was once a handsome, young face.  
His left hand is missing. It is on the floor with the pizzas.*

*For a moment, just the sound of the howling wind and rain, as the PIZZA BOY  
awkwardly surveys the mess.*

PIZZA BOY

Gosh, I'm sorry about that, folks.

*He starts to bend over to clean up, but JAN rushes over and beats him to it.*

JAN

No, no, no!  
Let me.  
I'm sorry.  
It was my fault.

PIZZA BOY

No, no, it was my fault.  
I'm afraid I don't have much of a grip any more.

*He shrugs and holds up his arm with a grin.*

First I got the metal kind,  
which worked a lot better  
but it seemed to scare people more.

I'm trying to get back on my feet  
start meeting people again,  
make some money,  
so I switched to this kind.

But it's not good for much.

*Pause. He points to the prosthetic hand on the floor where JAN is kneeling.*

Do you mind?  
Lending me a hand?

Get it?

ALL  
*(laughing nervously)*  
Yes! Yes!

*JAN stops straightening the pizzas and picks up his hand.*

PIZZA BOY  
Could you please do me the favor  
of placing it in my coat pocket?

JAN  
Yes, of course.

*JAN puts the hand inside his pocket.*

PIZZA BOY  
*(with a nod)*  
Thank you.  
And now...  
I'm going to say  
goodnight,  
God bless,  
and please take good care during the storm.

It's going to be a doozy.

*He turns to leave.  
A flurry of overlapping speech.*

BARB  
*(rushing into the bedroom)*  
Hold on!  
Let me get your money!

JAN  
Yes, wait a minute!

PIZZA BOY

*(making his way to the door)*

No, no, no,  
I dropped the pizzas.  
I can't possibly take your money now.

JAN

I knocked them down.  
It was my fault.

BARB

*(rushing back with the wad of cash from earlier)*

I've got the money right here—

JAN

*(grabbing the money from BARB and counting off bills)*

It's my fault, please let us pay.

TITO

Yes, we can just eat it tomorrow—

PIZZA BOY

FOLKS!!!

*ALL fall silent.*

Thank you.  
But there will be no charge for your pizzas this evening.

*Everyone nods quietly.*

JAN

Okay, thank you.

BARB

Thank you.

TITO

Thank you so much, sir.

*The PIZZA BOY starts to recede.*

JAN

What's your name, soldier?

If you don't mind.

PIZZA BOY

Lance.

Sgt. Lance Finnegan, 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division.

*JAN reaches out and touches his arm.  
She touches the stub of his missing hand.*

JAN

Thank you, Sgt. Lance Finnegan.

*She leans in and kisses him on the cheek.*

And you take care of yourself.

LANCE

Thank you, Ma'am. I will.

I'm headed over to my mother's to ride out the storm.

TITO

Goodnight, Sir.

BARB

Goodnight.

*LANCE nods, and then turns and leaves.  
JAN closes the door behind him.*

*Long, somber silence.*

TITO

I'm really hungry.

MITZY

Me, too.

JAN

Me, too.

BARB

Me, too.

*They bend over and begin scooping up pizzas and giving them to their owners.  
"TITO, here's yours," etc.*

MITZY

Can we eat in bed?

BARB

Sure.

MITZY

And can we watch TV?

I haven't seen TV in days.

*The four take the pizzas into the bedroom and hop into bed. The rain and wind can be heard howling outside. JAN clicks on the TV with the remote, and the BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY appears behind them.*

*Images begin to project on the bedroom wall: cities thronging with people, a baby clinging to its mother, a grocery store full of shoppers, rows of cars commuting to work, children playing kickball in the park, soldiers on patrol in a desert town, a tractor making its way through an endless field of corn.*

*As they watch, they munch on their pizza.*

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY

How does one measure a successful life?

Can the life of a single man or woman even be measured?

Or it can it only be said

he was once here

and he is no longer.

And what does it mean to be "here?"

The woolly mammoth failed as a species some many thousands of years ago.

And yet, was this truly a failure?

What purpose did the mammoth fulfill on the planet?

In the universe?

Was, perhaps, the time of the mammoth simply over?

*Characters begin to overlap narration.*

JAN

Tito, can I have one of your pieces?

TITO

Sure. Help yourself. Anyone else?

MITZY

No, thank you.

BARB

I'm good.

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY

Perhaps the mammoth filled its destiny  
and then passed out of existence.  
Perhaps its destiny was no more  
than to love its offspring  
to raise young woolly mammoths happily  
in a world where the woolly mammoth  
could be happy.

When that time had passed,  
when the happiness quotient was on the decline  
for that particular species,  
it slipped into the eternal night of the universe.

Or did it?

BARB

But I can't take this stupid show any more.

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY

And what happens to us when we perish?

MITZY

I thought we were going to watch Saturday Night Live or something.

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY

Do all animals have souls?

TITO

Or Wheel of Fortune.

MITZY

You know, something fun.

*BARB picks up the remote and looks at JAN.*

BROODING FRENCH ART FILM GUY

And to what far off land do these souls travel?

Perhaps the very secret to life is—

JAN

Fine.

*BARB clicks the TV off.  
Blackout.*

*Out of the darkness, once again, rises the gentle image of the Milky Way.  
In small white lettering reappears the arrow and the words, "YOU ARE HERE."*

*The Milky Way slowly fades out.*

*END OF PLAY.*