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Playscripts, Inc.
P.O. Box 237060
New York, NY 10023

Phone/fax: 1-866-NEW-PLAY (639-7529)
Email: questions@playscripts.com
Web: www.playscripts.com

Cast of Characters

MAMA, mid-50s. Stylish and funny. A successful business-woman with an artistic bent—advertising. She has been on prescribed “meds” for the past seven years

JASON, 30-ish. Everyone’s best friend but with *lots* of issues that he hides very well. Gay but not stereotypical

MARTY, 30-ish. Uncomplicated. Straightforward. A waiter. Gay but not stereotypical: a guy’s guy. Has sex, likes sex, talks about sex, and a real romantic. Believes in fate and the possibility of true love

CHRISTINA, 30-ish. Comes from money—old money—so no need or inclination to announce it to the world; she simply wears it well. A documentary filmmaker

ELAINE, 30-ish. The life of the party. Everyone loves her. Smokes a lot, drinks a lot, and looks cool doing it. A phone sex operator

LARRY, 30-ish. Jewish. Jeans-and-sweater type of guy. who looks casual/stylish without trying. A rabid Yankees fan. A documentary filmmaker

GEORGIA, 30-ish. Smart. Quirky. Tries to multitask well but... A waitress. She shops at thrift shops

A WOMAN, mid-50s. Played by the actress portraying MAMA. From the British Isles. She is what she needs to be for whomever she encounters

JIMMY, 30-ish. Played by the actor portraying MARTY. So much like MARTY it’s scary

TV ANNOUNCER

JACK, TV announcer

JAMIE SHERER, TV announcer

JIMMY’S MOTHER’S VOICE

SUBWAY ANNOUNCER

Time

The late 1990s. Spring.

Place

The island of Manhattan (and thereabouts).

Playwright's Note

The day before I began rehearsals for the New York production of this play I went to see the director Anne Bogart speak. She talked about “context” and how art is influenced by the times in which it exists. I started writing *...in the absence of spring...* in 1995. The first complete draft of the play was finished in 1998. The context of the times certainly influenced the play; just as undoubtedly our current climate has transformed it once again. While I have revised the play during the years leading up to the New York production, the basic events and conceit have not changed since 1995; it's just the world around them that continues to.

Acknowledgements

...in the absence of spring... received its world premiere at the Signature Theatre in Arlington, Virginia, Eric Schaeffer—Artistic Director, in November of 2000. It had the following cast:

MAMA/WOMAN Susannah Berryman
JASON Erik Sorensen
MARTY/JIMMY..... Tim Getman
CHRISTINA..... Vanessa Jennings Lock
ELAINE Minda Harden
LARRY Michael Glenn
GEORGIA..... Susan Lynskey

It received its New York premiere at Second Stage, Carole Rothman—Artistic Director, in April of 2002. It had the following cast:

MAMA/WOMAN Sophie Hayden
JASON Trevor Oswalt
MARTY/JIMMY..... Gene Farber
CHRISTINA Lizzy Davis
ELAINE Minda Harden
LARRY Chris Stack
GEORGIA..... Michelle Federer

All production groups performing this play are required to include the following credits on the title page of every program:

Originally presented November 20, 2000 at the
Signature Theatre, Arlington, Virginia.
Eric Schaeffer, Artistic Director.
Ronnie Gunderson, Producing Director.

Premiered in New York City by Second Stage Theatre
New York, April 23rd, 2002
Artistic Director: Carole Rothman
Managing Director: Carol Fishman

...IN THE ABSENCE OF SPRING...

by Joe Calarco

ACT I

(Out of the darkness we hear a news announcement.)

TV ANNOUNCER. *(V.O.:)* Sorry folks, I wish I could say that Spring has finally sprung but it looks like we have another day of snow flurries ahead though if we're lucky we may see a little bit of sun before the day is out. For your most up to date accu-weather forecast stay with New York 1. New York 1—all news all the time.

(Lights up. MAMA rushes in dressed in a typical power suit.)

MAMA. Sorry, sorry, sorry... *(Noticing the room:)* Oh, you've re-decorated. It's lovely. Cozy. Warm. I have to tell you when I first started coming to you I thought, "Just because she's a therapist doesn't mean her office has to look like it came out of a Kafka novel." It was just towering. Clinical. I guess spare *was* in at the time. I just wanted to run out of here screaming, but now? Well, the fireplace makes the whole room. I've never understood why a person would choose to cover up a fireplace with a wall—astonishing, so bravo to you for allowing it to see the light of day once again. Bravo. Yes, bravo, bravo. Civilized that's what it is—civili—I heard a joke today, and I feel it's important that I tell it to you. So. Cinderella is working at the Waldorf and she's polishing some light fixtures on the first floor when suddenly? She has to pee. So she walks into the ladies room, and she sees Hillary Clinton, and Nancy Reagan, chatting with the ghost of Princess Di. And the three of them are standing there sobbing. So Cinderella clears her throat—she didn't want to be rude—and she says, "Girls. What is wrong?" Well, when they see who it is, they run to her and start pleading, "Cinderella, we're so unhappy. Our lives didn't turn out at all the way we'd planned. Please help us." Now her first inclination is to say—"Di the Queen's been on a rampage lately, you're better off dead." But before she can say it, Nancy says, "Your life is so simple here Cinderella. That's what we want. Do you think you can get us jobs working with you here at the Waldorf?" And Cinderella looks at them and says, "Sure I can help you, but you know, Cinderella

only helps those who help themselves. So before you come to work here, Hillary, you gotta get a divorce, Nancy you gotta take a lover, and Di you gotta come in here and haunt that Maggie Thatcher 'cause her tips suck." *(Pause.)* I heard that as I was heading up Broadway to our appointment. There were all these women speeding toward me in their power suits and their sneakers clutching their briefcases, and then suddenly one of the women stopped, and she babbled that joke to me. Babbled. And I couldn't move. I mean she *looked* normal. She looked like me. Except *she* looked so...full of life. And I actually envied her. And I looked around me, and I saw the world differently. In that moment. Yes, I saw the crazy lady babbling in my face. Yes, I saw that the city is frozen over, covered with snow, in the month of May. I saw the homeless man begging for money and the teenager pissing into the sewer. I heard the cars honking and the people screaming. But all that "madness"? Suddenly seemed so magnificent to me. *(She takes a bottle of pills out of her purse.)* I don't want to take these anymore. I don't like what they've done to me. My husband died—was murdered—seven years ago. Today. Seven years. That's an awful long time to be taking— *(Refers to pills.)* And they don't help. They don't make me happy. Hell, at this point I'd settle for them making me feel sad—something—anything. But they just make me numb. So, it's time. There is so much *life* going on out there in the world, and I would like to be more aware of that fact, if you please. I mean like the lady said, "Cinderella only helps those who help themselves." Things need to change. So, it's time. It's time.

(Exits.)

(JASON at a restaurant. A waiter, MARTY, puts two salads on the table.)

JASON. *(A huge sneeze.)*

MARTY. Bless you.

JASON. Thanks.

(MARTY exits. CHRISTINA at a different restaurant. Her cell phone rings.)

CHRISTINA. Hello?

(Back to JASON's restaurant. ELAINE rushes in.)

ELAINE. I have to talk to you.

JASON. No kiss?

(They kiss.)

ELAINE. I have made a monumental decision and I just had to see you first of all people. It's a biggie.

JASON. I ordered the usual. Dijon vinaigrette right?

ELAINE. What's going on in the Middle East?

JASON. What?

ELAINE. Is there like war or something going on that I should know about?

JASON. Elaine—

ELAINE. With my luck I'll go and get killed in the Holy Land.

JASON. What are you talking about?

ELAINE. I'm leaving New York.

(She takes out a map and starts flipping through it.)

JASON. What?

ELAINE. I wouldn't have to turn Jewish, would I?

JASON. What?!

ELAINE. My father will have a heart attack.

JASON. Elaine breathe.

ELAINE. I'm moving to Israel.

JASON. *(Laugh:)* You're adorable.

ELAINE. You can't get much cleaner than that, right? Walking in the footsteps of Jesus. Moses. Mohammed. Abraham, Isaac, and—and—Justin? Jason!

JASON. Jacob.

ELAINE. Whatever.

JASON. You know they make women serve in the army.

ELAINE. What?

JASON. MmHm.

ELAINE. Damn it.

JASON. *(Laughing:)* Elaine...

ELAINE. Damn it. I thought Israel would be perfect.

JASON. Elaine stop.

ELAINE. Name another place. You know a like—clean place.

JASON. Stop this.

ELAINE. Bosnia!

JASON. Elaine.

ELAINE. Oh. Yeah.

(He grabs the map away from her.)

JASON. Give me that.

ELAINE. I'm serious. No more traffic, no more dirt, no more phone sex.

JASON. You are not leaving.

ELAINE. I want you to fuck me, I want you to fuck me, I want you to fuck me. You trying saying that like you mean it, eight hours a shift.

JASON. I can't live in New York without my best friend. It's not possible. So stop it.

ELAINE. I need to get out of here. I'm seeing signs. Like, every-day—big warnings. Visions.

JASON. Hold on. *I'm* having a vision.

ELAINE. What?

JASON. Woman in the corner. Black Donna Karan suit.

ELAINE. Oh my God.

JASON. Fern hanging over her head.

ELAINE. Oh my God. Jason.

JASON. Unexpected earthquake.

ELAINE. Earthquake?

JASON. Barely a tremor.

ELAINE. Okay.

JASON. Nobody else even feels it.

ELAINE. No.

JASON. But it shakes the very foundation of the beam to which the fern is attached.

ELAINE. Got it.

JASON. The fern crashes on her head.

ELAINE. Whoa.

JASON. And you begin laughing so hard that your chair breaks, and in order to break your fall, you grab for the table, but instead you hit the table violently, and your pasta salad goes flying into the air and lands on the bald man's head sitting behind you. The man has some strange allergic reaction to the Dijon vinaigrette. His head begins to blister. The waiter, in a panic being his first day on the job, grabs a towel and rushes to the man to try to clean off his head. Unfortunately, the towel had previously been used to clean the employee bathroom and is covered in Tilex residue. The blisters break open. Pus and blood are pouring off this man's head. Chaos ensues. People start puking everywhere. You, past the point of no return, laughter wreaking havoc throughout your body, your bladder in total revolt...hike up your skirt, squat over the salad bar, and take a long leisurely pee in the marinated eggplant.

(Pause. Laughter.)

ELAINE. You asshole. I'm going to kill you.

(Back to CHRISTINA in a restaurant, on her phone, reading a magazine, eating a salad.)

CHRISTINA. Mom, she's not dead, so I am not going to the memorial service... I would know if she were dead. A sister knows. A twin knows.

(A waitress, GEORGIA, walks by.)

Excuse me? Can I get the check?

GEORGIA. Coming right up.

CHRISTINA. Mom it is possible that she just wanted you to think she was dead. People do choose to disappear. They don't need to be blown out of the sky and evaporate midair over the United Kingdom to have vanished without a trace. People can choose such action... Mom, I have been working on this documentary day and night for almost seven years and I'm telling you, that film proves that there is not one piece of evidence definitively showing that she was on that plane. I would think that might give you a little hope. What have you gotten from the Government? What have you gotten from the airline? Nothing. No body. No belongings. Every other family got bags full of clothes and wallets and snapshots all washed clean of the bloody mess, and we get nothing?

(GEORGIA returns with the check.)

GEORGIA. There you go.

CHRISTINA. Thanks. *(On phone:)* Well, the logical conclusion to me seems to be that we *got* nothing because there was nothing to get because she *wasn't on the plane*. And yet you choose to believe them when they tell you that your daughter is dead without anything to substantiate that claim. I'm sorry I just don't understand that... Because it's not logical. They say she's dead, but where's their proof? All I want is proof! Mom, can we please not do this? Today can be a happy day. We finally finished the film. It's finally finished.

(We see LARRY at a payphone on the street.)

LARRY. I have told you my name ten times. Larry Slotnick.

CHRISTINA. Larry is picking it up from the lab right now.

LARRY. It's a large reel of film.

CHRISTINA. Mom, please come to the screening tonight. It would mean a lot to both of us.

LARRY. Look that film is the master copy, so it's very impor— Look, whoever was driving the cab that I left the film in must have seen it. You can't miss it. It's a huge reel of film.

CHRISTINA. Mom, I'm not doing this to hurt you. I'm doing this to help you. Don't you believe that?

LARRY. No. I don't care about compensation. There are some things you cannot replace. Seven years of research and interviews and editing and hope—... Hope cannot be replaced.

CHRISTINA. Well, I'm sorry you feel that way.

LARRY. No, no. Do you understand that today I was going to put that reel into her hands and say, "Here Babe. It's finally over. I love you." But now that's not possible. So what do I say now? Just what am I supposed to say now?

(He hangs up.)

CHRISTINA. Mother, light as many candles as you want tonight, but I'm sorry, I won't be there. I will wave at the cameras from Sundance and Cannes and when we win the Oscar, I'll send you a crate of oranges.

(She hangs up.)

(Back to ELAINE and JASON.)

JASON. You are not leaving.

ELAINE. Look, the winds are just not right. Stirring up the earth. We're talking ancient, ancient, dust.

JASON. *(Sneeze.)*

ELAINE. See, see, see...

JASON. What?

ELAINE. Dust. Ancient, ancient—

JASON. Wait.

ELAINE. Oh you can barely breathe these days 'cause you're suddenly allergic to snow?

JASON. I get them every year.

ELAINE. It's snowing Jason. It's the end of May and it is *snowing*. We've been frozen over for six months. The longest god-damn winter in history. There can't be any pollen in the air.

JASON. This is definitely a hay fever type of sneeze. No cold. No dust. Just— (*Sneeze.*)

ELAINE. I'm telling you, some angry spirits are coughing up some serious, toxic, mysterious, dust like—...ancient.

JASON. Stop. Breathe.

ELAINE. Hey, a moment's satisfaction would be nice, don't you think? A moment of peace.

(An empty restaurant. LARRY wanders in and sits. GEORGIA enters to clear table.)

GEORGIA. Excuse me. I haven't cleared that table yet.

LARRY. (*He notices the dishes:*) Oh.

GEORGIA. We have lots of *empty* tables.

LARRY. (*He looks around the restaurant:*) Oh.

GEORGIA. A restaurant *full* of empty tables.

LARRY. Yeah.

GEORGIA. Well, ok, then. Can I take your order?

LARRY. Order?

GEORGIA. Yeah. Like food and drink.

LARRY. I need to sit for a minute. I just need to sit.

GEORGIA. Well, we have rules about sitting. If you sit you eat.

LARRY. Meat.

GEORGIA. Yes, that's a start. Burger? Steak?

LARRY. Squirrels.

GEORGIA. Not on the menu.

LARRY. Squirrels don't eat meat right? Just like nuts, right?

GEORGIA. (*She starts clearing the plates up:*) Ok, that's it. I don't need this today, so you can deal with my manager.

LARRY. Please, I need to say this to someone.

GEORGIA. What?!

LARRY. There was a mouse in its teeth. Clenched in the squirrel's teeth.

GEORGIA. Oh my God.

LARRY. I was walking through the park. Trying to think of how I'm gonna break the bad news when I get home. "Hon, the film is gone. Everything we've worked toward, for almost seven years is gone. It sped away up 8th Avenue in the backseat of a cab and then just...vanished into thin air." That should go over great, right? The park was totally empty. Just snow. And then I saw this—thing. I mean, breaking the very laws of nature, but I didn't have my camera, and there was no one else around, so there's no record. But I did see it. I *know* it happened. So, what can it possibly mean?

GEORGIA. A long winter.

LARRY. Huh?

GEORGIA. It's been a—

LARRY. Yes.

GEORGIA. —a long winter. And...hunger is a strong thing.

LARRY. Yes.

GEORGIA. And maybe—to survive—I imagine one would—would go against one's nature—

LARRY. Yes.

GEORGIA. If one had to—was forced—

LARRY. Yes.

GEORGIA. Yeah.

LARRY. Thank you.

GEORGIA. Oh. No.

LARRY. No really. Thank you.

GEORGIA. Thank *you*. Really. You...altered my day. (*She addresses her manager offstage.*) I can see you Jerry, okay? I can see. I know. Jerry, stop shushing me. The place is empty. Desolate. So who could possibly take offense? Nobody is here. Nobody wants— Who would want to? But here, he ventures into this—

LARRY. Oh, please, you don't have to—

GEORGIA. No. No. I'm sorry but— (*Back to JERRY.*) He turns it into something. A place of—of sanctuary. A haven. And you want me to toss 'im out. Well...screw you Jerry! I'm not gonna do it. I'll walk before I throw away the- the singular piece of decency to set foot in here since—

(*LARRY gets up to leave.*)

Hey wait.

LARRY. No. No, really I have to—

GEORGIA. No please.

LARRY. What you're doing, it's—

LARRY.

Really—

Don't do this. I'm not—

I'm not worth it!

GEORGIA.

Please let me do this.

Give me this—this

moment of grace!

(*LARRY leaves.*)

GEORGIA. Don't bother Jerry. (*GEORGIA takes off her apron.*) I know. I know.

(*Back to ELAINE and JASON.*)

ELAINE. It's time Jason. The signs are like all around us.

JASON. What?

ELAINE. This morning, I decide to take a walk through the Park, you know, get some fresh air—commune with nature—do

something healthy for Christ's sake. And I come out at Columbus Circle when—Bam—this car just comes out of nowhere, jumps the curb, and almost mows me down.

(MARTY reenters to refill water glasses.)

JASON. Oh my God—

ELAINE. So I'm lying there. Nobody tries to help.

JASON. Well, what did you expect, really?

MARTY. Common courtesy.

ELAINE. Thank you very much.

(MARTY exits. JASON watches him leave.)

So I hauled my ass up off the ground, left you the message about having to see you, then ran up to Barnes and Noble to be the first one in line when the doors opened. Their map selection. Very impressive. And as I'm walking out I bump into this woman, beautiful tailored suit, really well put together, and I say "Excuse me," you know trying to be polite. And she just looks at me, and she says, "It's time. It's time." And I just thought... "Well, exactly!" So I am outta here.

(JASON is preoccupied staring off at the just departed MARTY.)

Hello?

JASON. What?

ELAINE. I am contemplating my existence here, and you're cruising the waiter.

JASON. Oh no, he just looks like—reminds me of someone...who I used to know.

ELAINE. Look, I'm telling you, that woman? Hit it right on the nose. Bam!

(CHRISTINA is on a park bench reading a magazine. MAMA approaches, sits, and reads her magazine.)

MAMA. Cosmo?

(CHRISTINA holds up her copy of Vogue.)

CHRISTINA. Never.

(MAMA holds up her copy of Vogue.)

MAMA. Good girl.

(The two continue reading. MAMA takes in the surroundings.)

MAMA. What a gorgeous day. Just stunning.

CHRISTINA. Yes. Yes, it is.

MAMA. It has even stopped snowing for a moment. Miraculous.

CHRISTINA. Yes it is. And triumph is in the air.

MAMA. Triumph? Really?

CHRISTINA. Like, light bulbs flashing. Things heading toward me. New thoughts. I'm telling you—Madame Curie, Margaret Mead, umm...

MAMA. Amelia Earhart!

CHRISTINA.

Yes! Yes! Amelia Earhart.

New ideas—inventions—
worlds to conquer. Unforeseen horizons.

MAMA.

Bravo! Yes, Bravo,
Bravo. Can I give you my card?

(She starts rummaging through her purse for her wallet.)

CHRISTINA. Umm...

MAMA. I mean if you're ever in need of an ad agency—

CHRISTINA. Well, actually, hopefully I'll be needing—

MAMA. 'Cause I like you. I do. And I can tell. Now I don't know a thing about you, true, but honey, you have success written all over you. I have a sixth sense about these things.

CHRISTINA. Oh... Okay.

(MAMA continues rummaging through her purse.)

MAMA. Now if only my organizational skills were as well-honed as my intuition I'd be all set.

(She inadvertently drops her purse and its many contents spill out. MAMA's mood alters considerably.)

Damnit. Damnit! God damnit!! Sorry.

CHRISTINA. It's fine. It's fine. Let me just—

MAMA. Sorry. Sorry.

(CHRISTINA starts picking up the contents including a photograph, which she hands to MAMA. MAMA stares at the picture and her mind "drifts.")

CHRISTINA. Well, look at you. Now that's a wedding gown. Nothing like vintage. Vera Wang be damned. If you have a daughter, I envy her.

MAMA. I do, actually.

CHRISTINA. And you snagged a looker of a husband. I hope this sun lasts. I don't mind the snow necessarily. It's the lack of sunlight that's been doing me in.

MAMA. We are now cruising at an altitude of thirty-one thousand feet.

CHRISTINA. What?

MAMA. We have clear skies and are expecting little to no turbulence.

CHRISTINA. Stop that.

MAMA. Our flight attendants will be by shortly to serve you.

CHRISTINA. Listen, stop that.

MAMA. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the rest of your flight.

CHRISTINA. Hey—

MAMA. I case of emergency, emergency, emergency...

(Grief pours out of MAMA.)

CHRISTINA. I have to go. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I have to go.

(She leaves.)

(Back to ELAINE and JASON.)

ELAINE. I'm telling you. Something is going down. Something big. And Jason, I think your little joke. I think that maybe it was like a real vision.

JASON. Oh God—

ELAINE. No, really. I think for some whacked-out universe, type reason, you're being let in on it.

JASON. Stop it.

ELAINE. Come with me.

JASON. What?

ELAINE. Let's get out of here.

JASON. Oh god.

ELAINE. I don't even feel like I exist here anymore. Pinch me. Come on pinch me.

(He does.)

Harder!

(He does.)

Nothin'. Every morning I lie in bed pinching myself and nothin'. And I just get like, "Hello! I'm here, okay? I am here!"

JASON. You're frightening.

ELAINE. Come on, we can find some place pure, you know? Where we just *are*. What we're supposed to be. Where I can be clean again.

JASON. Have you considered therapy?

ELAINE. Fine. Fine. But when you end up as a pillar of salt 'cause you stuck around too long then—

JASON. Jesus—

(MARTY re-enters with the check.)

ELAINE. I'm telling you when Times Square blows up, or the GW Bridge? Triboro. Lincoln Tunnel maybe.

JASON. Eeww! Don't even think about it.

ELAINE. Total chaos. Just like you saw.

JASON. I hate that tunnel. Every time I'm in it I just think, "What if it springs a leak? Or blows up?"

ELAINE. See! See! Tadah! Visions.

MARTY. Drowning would be like the worst type of death for me.

ELAINE. It's not gonna be pretty.

JASON. I mean tunnels are just like—... Like, how is that done? Structurally. I mean, the actual construction...I don't get it— The actual making of a tunnel. That's the one thing in the universe that I just really do not understand.

MARTY. I'm with ya there.

JASON. Tunnels. **MARTY.** Tunnels.

MARTY. And crop circles.

ELAINE. I'm outta here.

(Later that same day. Night. A bedroom. LARRY and CHRISTINA get ready for bed.)

LARRY. The cab company has calls out to all their drivers. Whoever my driver was probably just hasn't noticed it yet. They're gonna find it. They will. Someone'll turn it in. The police said it's only a matter of time.

CHRISTINA. Yeah, yeah, someone will turn it in.

(She gets out of bed and goes into the bathroom.)

LARRY. Yeah. And I'm telling ya babe. Tomorrow morning? Ring a ling a ling. "Hello?" Bases loaded bottom of the ninth. Homerun. Babe, go get ready for bed. It'll be fine.

(CHRISTINA goes into the bathroom.)

We got no problems babe. I got it covered.

(There is a sudden flash of thunder and lightning. Lights up on Jason's apartment. Music is blaring from the stereo. JASON and MARTY are having sex.)

JASON. Oh my God!

MARTY. Yes!

JASON. Oh my—

MARTY. Jesus!

JASON. You are just— !

MARTY. Keep— keep—!

JASON. Wait, wait, wait, wait— *(Sneeze.)*

MARTY. Bless you...

JASON. Thanks. *(Another sneeze.)*

MARTY. Oh God...!

JASON. *(Sneezes.)*

MARTY. Bless you.

JASON. Thanks. *(Sneeze.)*

MARTY. Oh Jesus!...

JASON. *(Sneezes.)*

MARTY. Oh God...!

JASON. *(Three big, quick sneezes.)*

MARTY. Christ all God damn mighty!!

JASON. *(Blows his nose:)* Allergies.

MARTY. Really?

(JASON sneezes.)

MARTY. Allergies?

JASON. Every Spring.

MARTY. Snow?

JASON. Pollen.

MARTY. What?

JASON. One of the great mysteries. *(Sneeze.)*

(A clap of thunder and we hear the familiar sounds of a tape being eaten by the tape player.)

JASON. Shit.

MARTY. What?

JASON. The tape.

MARTY. No. Don't.

JASON. Damnit.

MARTY. Come on.

JASON. God damnit.

MARTY. It's no big deal.

JASON. I've gotta check the tape.

MARTY. Don't worry about it.

JASON. The tape—

MARTY. Oh Jesus—

JASON. Come on—

MARTY. Oh Jesus...

JASON. Just give me a minute.

(JASON gets out of bed and goes to check the tape.)

MARTY. I'm dying. Really. I think I'm gonna like, die, right now.

JASON. Damnit.

MARTY. My heart...beating so fast—

JASON. Ate the whole thing.

MARTY. It won't stop. Oh God I'm dying.

JASON. Damnit.

MARTY. My blood—just like, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...like seriously feeling it—racing through my veins...

JASON. Look at this. Gone. Ruined. A piece of—of...completely ruined.

MARTY. I'm sorry. I'm still so hard. It feels like the skin is gonna rip right off my body. Oh God, I need to jerk off.

JASON. Time to go.

MARTY. Will you watch me?

JASON. What?

MARTY. I want you to see my face when I come.

JASON. Look Marty, I'm just a little— There's this feeling of—inside—and—

MARTY. Shh...shhh...I understand. I do. But there is... *something* here, so—

JASON. I know, I do, but—

MARTY. I just want you to really see me.

JASON. I'm sorry Marty, I wish I—but I can't.

MARTY. Please...If you'll just watch me—if you'll just look at me, I promise I can make it beautiful.

JASON. Beautiful? You're going to talk to me about beautiful? You who—who— Someone's sweat was in that tape. Hours put in to get the perfect mix. It's gone. Ruined. Sweat—toil—a—a day's work. Destroyed. And if you think that I'm going to stand for that—that I'm going to forgive such a blatant disregard for—for— Well if you do, you're wrong. You are totally wrong!

(JASON picks up MARTY's clothes and hands them to him. He grabs the remote control and turns on the TV as MARTY gets dressed.)

TV ANNOUNCER. *(V.O.:)* ...and behind me, you can see the mourners starting to arrive here on the Upper East Side clutching candles. And while the number of mourners doesn't seem to be as high as in past years, friends and family still gather for the annual

midnight memorial service to commemorate the anniversary of the bombing of Flight—

(JASON turns down the volume and heads for the bathroom. There is a flash of lightning and we see GEORGIA enter her apartment as MAMA enters from the kitchen with an apron on and a dishrag in hand. Startled, they both scream upon seeing each other.)

GEORGIA. God Mama! What are you doing here?

(MAMA runs to GEORGIA and starts hugging her and kissing her all over the face.)

MAMA. I love this face, I love this face, I love this face!

GEORGIA. Mama?

MAMA. I—I—didn't want to take the train back to Jersey. I'm cooking!

(She heads for the kitchen.)

GEORGIA. You are just— Are you okay?

MAMA. Time for a change that's all. Onward and upward.

(GEORGIA stares at her mother for a moment, maybe laughs and then hugs her Mother spontaneously.)

Oh honey, that's so sweet.

GEORGIA. It's just your face. I haven't seen your face look so— alive in—in—

MAMA. All for you my love, all for you. Come here, come here.

(She takes GEORGIA over to the window. MAMA scans the night sky.)

There! "Star light start bright first star I see tonight." Come on honey, just like you used to do with Daddy. "I wish I may I wish I might have the wish I wish tonight... "

GEORGIA. Mama, I don't see any—

(Thunder and lightning.)

Oh my God. Wow. The whole next block—like lights out time—

MAMA. Do you have candles? I think we're gonna need candles.

GEORGIA. We'll be fine. And if not spooky slumber party, right?

MAMA. No, no, something's going on out there tonight.

(She continues to stare out the window as GEORGIA starts taking off her coat, scarf, etc. and goes into the bathroom holding her forehead.)

GEORGIA. I know like—whacka doodle out there, huh? I mean I was walking home and it starts snowing again, surprise, surprise, but the flakes are just gorgeous, and I'm trying to get a good look at 'em which isn't easy with all the buildings and the people and the—I mean I started to get a headache, and I thought well, if I look straight up I'll be able to see the flakes clear, you know unencumbered—and suddenly it's like pow, pow, pow, flakes in the eyes, can't see a thing, and Bam, I walk right into a lamppost.

(She walks out of the bathroom applying a Band-Aid to her forehead.)

This cannot be attractive. Mama?

MAMA. I heard the funniest joke today—

(She turns around and sees the Band-Aid.)

Oh my God! What happened?!

GEORGIA. *(Laughing:)* Mama—

MAMA. What happened to you? Did you— Who did— Did you get mugged?!

GEORGIA. I just told you what—

MAMA. That's it. That is it! You are moving back home.

GEORGIA. Mama, what is going on?

MAMA. No more arguments!

GEORGIA. Ok. I'm starting to get a little freaked out.

MAMA. We let you move into the City, no questions asked, and now look what happens.

GEORGIA. Ok—this is—

MAMA. —It's not safe. There are...things happening.

GEORGIA. Oh God—

MAMA. Just look around you.

GEORGIA. I'm not doing this again Mama—

MAMA. But nobody notices. Nobody!

(MAMA shuts down, curls up in a ball. GEORGIA hugs her. Then—)

GEORGIA. No. No. You are not going to do this to me. You are not! I am not going to take care of you. I did it when Daddy died. Not this time. It's my turn. It's my turn!

(She heads out of the room.)

I'm getting ready for bed.

(Flash of lighting and we are back with LARRY and CHRISTINA.)

LARRY. People leave crap in cabs everyday. It's like a common, everyday occurrence.

CHRISTINA. I have a bump on my nose.

LARRY. What?

CHRISTINA. You've never mentioned this bump.

LARRY. Tina.

CHRISTINA. This odd bump.

LARRY. Can we talk, please?

CHRISTINA. See? When I turn profile? There's this bump. This strange bump.

LARRY. We need to talk. I feel like—

CHRISTINA. I've always thought that I had just an average nose. Maybe even a cute nose. Certainly not an odd one. No apparent oddities.

LARRY. Oh.

CHRISTINA. Just a nose. An average nose.

LARRY. It's adorable-

CHRISTINA. But here lies this bump. Suddenly a bump.

LARRY. No—

CHRISTINA. You go your whole life thinking you look one way, and then suddenly one night you look in the bathroom mirror, and there's this picture. This new picture, new to you at least, new to the person looking in the mirror. But maybe not so new to everybody else. That's terrifying when you really think about it.

LARRY. Oh sweets—

CHRISTINA. Your face isn't your face.

LARRY. Oh—

CHRISTINA. Suddenly you have a new face.

LARRY. Babe—

CHRISTINA. How are you supposed to just continue your life once you've discovered this new face?

LARRY. My poor baby—

CHRISTINA. Nothing you thought is true anymore.

LARRY. Shhh...

CHRISTINA. I mean, how can you trust anything you see anymore?

LARRY. Sweets—

CHRISTINA. Okay, stop it.

LARRY. What?

CHRISTINA. Just stop it.

LARRY. Oh Hon—

CHRISTINA. Stop that.

LARRY. What?

CHRISTINA. Hon. Sweets.

LARRY. Oh babe, I'm sor—

CHRISTINA. There, there, there. Babe... Babe.

LARRY. Oh-...I'm—

CHRISTINA. What is that? Babe. Sweets. Hon.

LARRY. Oh...but— Hey, I'm sorry babe—shit.

CHRISTINA. Jesus. Babe. Sweets. Pumpkin for Christ's sake.

LARRY. What?

CHRISTINA. Jesus!

LARRY. Pumpkin?

CHRISTINA. Poopsie.

LARRY. What?

CHRISTINA. Babycakes, sweetie-pie, munchkin!

LARRY. Hey.

CHRISTINA. Prickly... It's just makes me all—

LARRY. Well you should've—

CHRISTINA. My skin all prickly.

LARRY. Prickly?

CHRISTINA. Yeah...prickly.

LARRY. Really?... Hm.

CHRISTINA. What?

LARRY. It's just—

CHRISTINA. Say it.

LARRY. It's diffi...it's not so eas—it's just the sound—...well—
...you know?... Fuck!

CHRISTINA. "Fuck"?

LARRY. What?

CHRISTINA. "Fuck"?

LARRY. *(Laugh.)*

CHRISTINA. What?

LARRY. Well, it's just that, well, you don't...well...

CHRISTINA. Words! Please!

(Pause.)

LARRY. I don't think I've ever heard you say that word.

CHRISTINA. Oh. So you know all the words I use.

LARRY. What?

CHRISTINA. What I say. The words I choose to speak. To communicate with. You know these things?

LARRY. Christ.

CHRISTINA. No, I'd just like to know, how you know these things.

LARRY. Tina...

CHRISTINA. You don't know.

LARRY. Yes I do!

CHRISTINA. Okay, then. Give me the words. Tell me the words I use. I would like to hear what I say.

LARRY. Uhhh...Ummm... Well, you—...Christ!

CHRISTINA. “Christ?” Is that what I say? Well thank you, but I think that perhaps you're wrong. That's what you say. “Christ.” Exclamation point. “I mean” pause pause “Ummm” “uhhhh” pause pause pause. That's what you say. Well, guess what? I don't know what's hidden in the pauses. Probably a whole lotta, “Hey babe, can you stop being such an uptight bitch?” How about, “You know what hon? You've turned into a really lousy lay.” Or maybe just a simple, straightforward, “Sweets, I don't know if I love you anymore!” How's that? Is that close? You don't know.

LARRY. Christ—

CHRISTINA. You don't.

LARRY. Jesus Christ—

CHRISTINA. There is a whole lot that you don't hear.

LARRY. I can't—

CHRISTINA. In between, a whole lot.

LARRY. Christ!

CHRISTINA. Fuck... Fuck, fuck fuck... Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!... Fuck, FUUUUUUCK!!!!

(LARRY goes to look out the window.)

Well. There. There you go. There they are. How about that? Every "fuck" you claim you never heard. Blaaahhh— Splattered on the floor. So...Larry, please look at me.

LARRY. No.

CHRISTINA. No?

LARRY. Yeah.

CHRISTINA. I'm sorry. I—...I didn't—... Really, I didn't—... You won't turn around. Please tell me why.

(Pause.)

LARRY. I have a hard on.

CHRISTINA. There is an inordinate amount of mildew on our shower curtain. It's shocking. It's virtually impossible to tell that the original color was white.

(The characters turn and address the audience.)

MAMA. Dreams.

GEORGIA. A dream.

MARTY. My dream.

ELAINE. Visions.

LARRY. Pictures of the world gone mad.

CHRISTINA. I awake each night. My feet like lead. Banging into the ground. Calling up memories, long at rest.

LARRY. I'm running through the city. Camera over my shoulder. Filming unbelievable, incredible, things.

ELAINE. Mahatma Gandhi and I are sitting by the Ganges doing shots of tequila. Really. Gandhi himself. And after about the third round I said, "Hey Mahatma. I thought tequila was like, well, against all that purity shit." He just sat there for a few minutes contemplating my thesis. And then? He stood up, turned around...and mooned me. Talk about shattering an image.

LARRY. Murder and mayhem. Children starving in the streets. Rats dragging beaten, bloodied, babies down into the sewers. In my head, cutting, splicing, editing like mad. Scoring the whole thing. Writing acceptance speeches. Negotiating three-picture deals. "I have captured the essence of this. This time. This place. This people on celluloid. TADAH!!" I trumpet. And then I discover—I forgot to load the fucking camera.

GEORGIA. I forget his face. It used to be pretty clear. The smile, the blue eyes, the tousled hair. That's what I knew as Daddy. But that picture fades. With each night, each dream. It fades. And now all I see is—is what I think he must have looked like at that moment. All the blood. All the pain. His face in all that pain. So in my dreams I wander, calling out to strangers. My arms full of old photographs. Asking, begging. "What did he feel? Did he know? Was there pain or peace?" And then I wake up to another nightmare. My mother's face. A face I barely recognize. A face that fades and fades just like his. Both of them fading away into nothingness. Just like falling flakes of snow.

JASON. I had a dream. Seven years ago tonight. This very night. I had a—... I had a vision.

CHRISTINA. I remember tree and shrub and bird rushing by as my sister and I race hand in hand down a hill. Faces toward the sky, identical faces deciphering cloud formations in our six-year-old minds.

JASON. I dreamt there was a plane silhouetted against blue sky. Soaring through billowing clouds.

CHRISTINA. Clouds become sheep, balloons, cotton candy, mashed potatoes. All swirling into a mouse, dog, lion. A dragon breathing fire.

JASON. Then? The plane exploded.

CHRISTINA. Sending me falling to the ground, crashing hands first into: Dirt. Grass. Rock. My palms pierced by stone.

JASON. And the sky turned bright, blazing, red. With blood. In my dream there was blood pouring out of the sky.

CHRISTINA. Blood pours down my arms.

JASON. And there I sat straddling a small commuter plane. Totally naked. With a hard on. And then—the bodies of all my friends began falling out of the sky. They were all ripped up. Dismembered. And they were screaming my name, “Jason!” They were begging me to help them. I tried and tried. But with all the blood, I was slipping.

CHRISTINA. Then someone takes hold of my ripped up, bloody, hands and covers them with kisses. I look up and see my sister’s cheeks covered with my bloody fingerprints. I start to cry. Suddenly my sister takes a rock and slams it into her own palm. Cutting her hands to look like mine.

JASON. And they just kept screaming and screaming, “Jason!”

CHRISTINA. As my sister’s screams echo off of Tree and Rock and Sky, she grabs my hands and mixes our blood together. And suddenly? I know what love is.

MARTY. White. All white. Four-poster bed. Down pillows. Billowing curtains overlooking the sea. Waves crashing. Moonlight streaming across a hardwood floor. We dance and dance, pulling each other so close, I can feel his heart beating in back of me. Pounding. Harder and harder and harder.

JASON. And that’s when I woke up. Seven years ago, tonight. This very night. I woke up lying in bed in my flat in London. My stomach and chest covered with cum. A wet dream. A wet dream. Well, it had been a long time—years since—I didn’t even clean up. I just grabbed the phone and rebooked my flight back home. And the

next day? Well, I went to the airport to see them all off, spouting excuses: “Change of plans, guys. Think I’ll stay in Europe a bit longer and travel.” No hugs. No kisses. Just lots of “see you at graduation next week,” and “you owe me a beer asshole.” Then all of them up the ramp. A couple of ’em turned and waved. A few blew kisses. And then Jimmy...Jimmy...Jimmy with his usual “I don’t care. I’m gonna grab your ass and stick my tongue down your throat right here in the middle of the airport so everyone can watch” kiss—ran up the ramp, turned around, brushed the hair out of his eyes like I’d seen a thousand times before. Then that wink. And that smile. And then—...then I turned around and I hopped on the next flight back to the States *(Pause.)* When I landed in New York later that day and heard the news? Well, what do you say? I mean, what do you do when all your friends are dead? Do you just spend the rest of you life wondering—questioning— So like what? Was I supposed to run down the runway screaming, “Get off the plane! Get off the plane! I’ve just had a wet dream!” I mean you can’t change history. It’s done. I mean, how was—how was I supposed to know it was a sign from God?

MAMA. I dream of green. Just green. Just rolling green. Green...green...green...green...

(JASON lies down to sleep. The bed starts spinning as MAMA and CHRISTINA appear in his dream. Voices swirl around him.)

MAMA. *(V.O.:)* What a gorgeous day. Just stunning.

CHRISTINA. *(V.O.:)* Yes. Yes, it is.

MAMA. *(V.O.:)* It has even stopped snowing for a moment. Miraculous.

CHRISTINA. *(V.O.:)* Yes it is. And triumph is in the air.

MAMA. *(V.O.:)* We are now cruising at an altitude of thirty-one thousand feet.

(Tossing and turning, JASON talks in his sleep.)

JASON. No... *(He continues over MAMA’s voiceover.)*

MAMA. *(V.O.:)* We have clear skies and are expecting little to no turbulence. Our flight attendants will be by shortly to serve you. So

sit back, relax, and enjoy the rest of your flight. In case of emergency, please notice the—...

(The sound of something hurtling through the air is heard. JASON tosses in bed. CHRISTINA tosses in bed next to LARRY. GEORGIA sleeps on her apartment floor. ELAINE sleeps at her console at work. MARTY sleeps on the subway. The sound grows deafening. Then: the sound of a huge explosion. The characters awaken, screaming from nightmares.)

ALL. Nooooo!!!!

GEORGIA. Mama?!!

MARTY. What, what, what...?!!

ELAINE. I'm awake, I'm awake, I'm awake...

GEORGIA. Mama?

LARRY. Tina? Tina, you okay?

CHRISTINA. Yeah. Yeah.

LARRY. Nightmare?

CHRISTINA. Yeah. Yeah.

LARRY. God, you're shaking like—

CHRISTINA. This dream was—...so real. It was me and this woman. This woman. I met her earlier today and she was just in my dream.

LARRY. Shhh...

CHRISTINA. I'm fine. *(Kisses him.)* Go back to sleep. I'm fine.

(She goes into the bathroom.)

(GEORGIA on her cell phone, putting on her hat, coat, scarf, etc.)

GEORGIA. Yes, I'd like to report a missing person...well, she's been gone a couple of hours I guess... What do you mean that's not long enough?!... No, no I *guarantee* you, she's missing in the most dangerous sense of the word. This is not her just stepping out for some fresh air...Fine. Fine. Whatever. I'll find her myself. *(She hangs up.)* I can't do this again Mama. I swear, I cannot do this.

(She runs out of the apartment.)

(MARTY on the street at a payphone.)

MARTY. Hello?... Hello?! Is this a live person?... Thank God. I need a phone number. The address is 410 West 45th street... His name is Jason... No. No, I don't know his last name. I know the address. That should be enough. I just had a dream—a horrible dream and I happen to think that maybe something terrible is going to happen to this person.

(JASON notices his underwear is wet.)

JASON. Oh God...oh no...oh please God no...

(He runs into the bathroom.)

MARTY. You call yourself “information”? “Information” my ass. You don't know anything. This is not crazy, no matter what you think. 'Cause something is going down. And when this city falls into chaos and your phone lines are jammed and people start storming your offices for any scrap of *information* about how to get out of this city, or how to get a drop of water to drink, and when your flesh is the only meat they've seen in weeks—when they start feasting on you, I want you to think about me and that little phone number you refused to give me, and then let's hear your definition of what crazy is!

(CHRISTINA exits the bathroom dressed.)

LARRY. Christina, where are you going?

CHRISTINA. Just a walk.

LARRY. Tina, it's almost midnight.

CHRISTINA. I'm just going to get a little air.

LARRY. Tina...Tina, look at me. I'm not stupid. I know where you're going. Let me go with you.

CHRISTINA. What are you talking about?

LARRY. The service. Let me go to the memorial service with you.

CHRISTINA. What? What in the world makes you think that I would be going there? I don't belong there.

LARRY. Tina it's time, okay! Please. Its time to go and light a candle and send up some sort of—prayer, and then we—...

CHRISTINA. So is it a lie?

LARRY. What?

CHRISTINA. The story of the film mistakenly being left in the backseat of a cab. Is that a lie?

LARRY. For God's sake Tina— !

CHRISTINA. No. I would like to know. Is it hidden somewhere? Did you destroy it yourself?

LARRY. Tina come on, you know that—

CHRISTINA. Look why don't you just go and light a candle with my mother, 'cause that's exactly who you sound like right now.

LARRY. Tina!

(She leaves. ELAINE's cell phone rings at work.)

ELAINE. Hello?

JASON. You were right.

ELAINE. Jason? I'm at work, so I can't talk right now—

JASON. I don't know what this—what it means this time.

ELAINE. Jason? My God. Just calm down.

JASON. Last time I knew. I pretended that I didn't. But I knew. I saw the plane explode. I saw my friends dying, screaming out my name. And I did nothing. But this time—I don't know who these people are. I don't know what's going to happen to them. I don't know anything.

ELAINE. Okay I'm coming over. I'm off in a half hour.

JASON. No. I'm supposed to do something. This means something. Don't you see, I'm supposed to do something?

ELAINE. Jason you're scaring me.

JASON. I had a dream. Seven years ago tonight. This very night. A dream that screamed out my name. And God said "Look!" And I

said “No.” And so he ripped open the sky and let blood rain down upon the earth!

ELAINE. Jason, I don’t like this. I’m telling you you’re scaring me.

JASON. Good.

ELAINE. What?

JASON. You were right. Something is going to happen. I know it. So get out of here. As fast as you can. As far away as you can.

ELAINE. Jason please!

JASON. No! You were right. I had a vision.

(A little later. Outside a church. CHRISTINA is on the steps holding a half-melted candle, peeling the wax from her hands. JASON comes out of the church also with a candle in hand.)

JASON. *(sneeze)*

CHRISTINA. Bless you.

JASON. Oh my God... Ummm... Okay, this may sound totally weird. But I had this dream tonight and...well there was a woman in it.

CHRISTINA. Ok.

JASON. And...well, you’re a woman.

CHRISTINA. Yeah.

(She starts to leave. JASON follows.)

JASON. No, I mean you seem familiar—like the woman in the dream—and well, it just seems like—as if I should do, something, maybe.

(He grabs her.)

CHRISTINA. Hey!

JASON. I’m sorry. This isn’t like me. I—I feel like an ass.

(He starts to leave.)

CHRISTINA. I had to get out of there!

JASON. (*He stops:*) Yeah. Me too.

CHRISTINA. I just needed to get some...air.

JASON. Less and less people each year. And I wonder, you know, where is everybody?

CHRISTINA. You'd be surprised.

JASON. It'd be hard to forget such a thing—such an event.

CHRISTINA. Well, just new actions, you know? Ways of remembering.

JASON. Really?

CHRISTINA. Hey, a few years ago a march on Washington. This year selling parts of the plane for some extra cash.

JASON. No.

CHRISTINA. Please, the word “sacred”? The very idea doesn't even exist anymore. And so, why not? Why not sell the charred remains? The scraps of metal covered with the blood of your children. What the hell? Auction off the wreckage. Let's get something tangible for it. Instead of this—this passive—this—

(*JASON sneezes.*)

CHRISTINA. Bless you.

JASON. Oh thanks. Allergies.

CHRISTINA. Really?

JASON. One of the great mysteries.

(*Pause.*)

CHRISTINA. Does it help?

JASON. Excuse me?

CHRISTINA. Coming here. Year after year. Does it help at all?

JASON. Not really.

CHRISTINA. Oh.

JASON. What helps you?

CHRISTINA. Oh! No. I'm—I don't belong here. I'm just sort of visiting.

JASON. Oh?

CHRISTINA. I'm making a film—

JASON. Oh!

CHRISTINA. Made a film.

JASON. Oh.

CHRISTINA. At least I think I made—

JASON. What?

CHRISTINA. I mean, if you put all of yourself into something or someone. Every part. Well, what happens if that something or someone is suddenly gone?

JASON. I don't know.

CHRISTINA. I've had a...a shitty day.

(She starts laughing.)

JASON. I bet my day beats yours.

CHRISTINA. Okay. You're on.

JASON. You first.

CHRISTINA. I had a knockdown drag-out fight with my boyfriend and I think it may be over.

JASON. Oh please. I picked up a waiter at lunch, took him home, fucked him, completely freaked out on him, and then tossed him out of my apartment.

CHRISTINA. *(Laughter:)* My boyfriend left the master of the film we've been working for, oh, about seven years in the backseat of a cab and it seems to have completely disappeared.

JASON. *(Laughter:)* I had this really whacked-out dream and I think that I may be a prophet who can predict catastrophic events and maybe even the end of the world.

CHRISTINA. (*Laughter:*) You win. I had a dream actually but it was only about this woman I met today. I was having a perfectly lovely conversation with her in the park and then she—well—just sort of fell apart on me and then she-

JASON. What?

CHRISTINA. —she started— She started— (*Her laughter fades*) saying things. Things she couldn't—she couldn't possibly know about.

JASON. Oh my God.

CHRISTINA. She couldn't possibly—

JASON. We are now cruising at an altitude of thirty-one thousand feet.

CHRISTINA. What?

JASON. We have clear skies and are expecting little to no turbulence.

CHRISTINA. Oh my God.

JASON. Our flight attendants will be—

CHRISTINA. Who are you?!

JASON. I-I was right see? You were in my dream. I dreamt that—what you just said—about you and her and—and—

CHRISTINA. No.

(*JASON grabs CHRISTINA by the arm.*)

Hey!

JASON. I'm not crazy, I swear but you have to come with me.

CHRISTINA. Let go of me!

JASON. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm trying to help you.

CHRISTINA. Hey!!!

JASON. Hey! I'm supposed to save you! Now stop being difficult.

CHRISTINA. HELP!!!

(JASON clamps his hand over CHRISTINA's mouth. She struggles.)

JASON. Look. You don't understand. I'm a seer okay? I see shit sometimes. OK. Once, but it came true, so I'm batting a thousand here. Now we're going to look for her 'cause I need to save both of you. I think.

(MAMA comes out of church. She is holding a candle.)

MAMA. "Star light star bright first star I see tonight..." *(She sees CHRISTINA.)* Amelia Earhart!

JASON. Amelia what?!

(CHRISTINA knees JASON in the crotch and runs off. MAMA goes to hold JASON and falls on him laughing.)

Aaah... No! No! Come back! Come back!

(A plane flies overhead as the lights fade.)

End of ACT I

ACT II

(Same as the end of ACT I. The plane flies overhead. MAMA is on top of JASON laughing.)

JASON. Come back!... *(To MAMA:)* Okay. I'm going. But you have to stay here and wait 'til I come back. Don't move. Jesus, Jason.

(He runs off after CHRISTINA.)

Hey!!... Hey!!

MAMA. *(Calling off after JASON:)* Hey! Hey! I do have something to say! I do! It's coming again. Bodies fell, fell, from the sky. The fields were drenched with blood. The earth was scorched by fire. This is the order of the day. These are the times. Listen to me. Listen! It's coming again! Wait. You can tell! IT'S COMING AGAIN!

(ELAINE at a bar, smoking, with a drink in hand and her map laid out in front of her. She has a cell phone to her ear. A news report is heard from the TV.)

TV ANNOUNCER ("Jack"). *(V.O.:)* Before we return to our exclusive New York 1 special "Seven Years Later: A Family Remembers," lets hear from Jamie Shearer who was at the memorial service earlier tonight.

TV ANNOUNCER ("Jamie Shearer"). *(V.O.:)* Thanks Jack. Earlier tonight this church was the sight of a moving, fitting, tribute to those lost seven years ago tonight on flight—

ELAINE. Can you turn that down please?! *(Into phone:)* Jason, I've been leaving messages for hours. You call me on my cell as soon as you get this.

(JASON runs into a different bar.)

JASON. Excuse me...excuse me, bartender. I think I saw—ummm a woman—long black leather coat. I think I saw her come in here and— Okay—okay—I'm sorry—I know—I know you're busy. Damnit!

(MARTY runs in.)

(JASON sneezes.)

MARTY. God bless you.

JASON. Oh... Hi.

MARTY. Thank God. I've been looking for you and—I just stopped back to your apartment and you weren't there so—

JASON. You what?

MARTY. I'm not a stalker I'm not. It may look like it, but—... Are you okay?

JASON. Umm...yeah.

MARTY. 'Cause I was worried. I had a—this may sound crazy but—I was on my way home and I fell asleep on the subway and I had this—... Do you believe in dreams?

JASON. What?

MARTY. You know like, warnings.

JASON. Umm...there's someone I'm looking—someone I have to find so I should— There's somewhere else I have to be.

MARTY. Gotcha.

(JASON exits.)

ELAINE. Equatorial Guinea! Equatorial Guinea? Equatorial Guinea. I know—I know—I know this

(CHRISTINA runs in breathless and shaken. She needs a drink.)

CHRISTINA. Give me something...ummm—well—ummm...something very strong.

ELAINE. Hey!

(No response from CHRISTINA.)

O—K— *(To bartender:)* Hey Jim Bob! One more for the— *(Referring to CHRISTINA.)*

(A different bar. LARRY runs in frantic. GEORGIA enters shortly after looking for someone.)

LARRY. Hey Tommy. Has Christina been in here at all tonight? I've been looking for her all over the—

GEORGIA. Do you believe in Hell?

LARRY. It's—... Hi. This is just—I mean, completely weird.

GEORGIA. —not the place itself really but—

LARRY. Sanctuary.

GEORGIA. I remember.

LARRY. Small world, huh?

GEORGIA. Punishment for deeds done on earth. Is that something we need to worry about?

LARRY. Well—you know—I'm not sure. I have to—

(He starts to leave.)

GEORGIA. Please I—

LARRY. I'm not a religious person really so—

GEORGIA. Oh, I'm not either.

LARRY. I mean, I was taught—brought up—

GEORGIA. Me too, but—

LARRY. Bar Mitzvah'd even.

GEORGIA. Oh! Well, then, see, you—

LARRY. But the rules—teachings—well—

GEORGIA. Yes?

LARRY. They didn't really stick. I'm sorry, I really have to find my—

GEORGIA. Please. I mean, you're obviously looking for someone, and on top of that I've just been, like— *(Makes sound of an "explosion")* Kamikaze conversation, no time to think or collect your thoughts, and it is a difficult question, and time is well...required, so if you'd agree to stay, I'd give you that. Time. It's yours.

(JASON returns.)

JASON. Look, about this dream of yours—

MARTY. Hey, I'm sorry about that. It probably just got drummed up from what happened earlier.

JASON. Yeah, I'm sorry about that.

MARTY. Oh no.

JASON. No really, you must think I'm just like—like seriously just— I mean we're talking like “get away from me.”

MARTY. Hey, we've all got...well...stuff.

JASON. *(Laughs:)* Yeah...stuff.

MARTY. Don't you have to be somewhere?

JASON. Yeah, but—it's just the—the space around me feels so...vast tonight. You know?

MARTY. Hey bartender! **LARRY.** Hey Tommy! **ELAINE.** Hey Jim Bob!

MARTY. Two Guinness.

ELAINE. Ya ever hear of Equatorial Guinea?! I know it's here somewhere. Damn. I remember it very distinctly from like the 4th grade. Maybe they like changed the name. Like what they did with Zimbabwe. I mean, all through school, as long as I can remember, it was called...something else. And then one day in like 8th grade, “BAM!” Zimbabwe. And I just thought, “Well, Jesus. Somebody has to go and change all the maps.”

LARRY. All those rivers.

GEORGIA. What?

LARRY. On the news last night they showed all those rivers overflowing. Whole towns just washed away. That's a lot of rain. Forty days and forty nights. And it's farmers. Year in and year out. Now those people really believe. Working the land. Living off the land. Why does it happen to them and not to New York, or LA, or somewhere like that? So I figure that it's gotta just be random nature and that pain and suffering isn't a punishment from God. It's just the way it is.

(GEORGIA takes LARRY's hand and kisses his palm then places it back down on the bar.)

GEORGIA. I got fired today.

LARRY. Excuse me.

MARTY. I don't understand the mentality of cock rings?

JASON. Uhhh...

MARTY. I mean, most of the other paraphernalia I get, but... Well, what's the point? I know it's supposed to be a physical thing. You know, to keep you hard, but—I don't know. I mean, I've never had the problem. You?

JASON. Uhhhh...no.

MARTY. I used to sleep with this guy who said he wore it to make his dick look bigger in 'is jeans. I never noticed. I stopped sleeping with 'im because of it. I mean, he was obsessed with it. That ever happen to you?

JASON. Uhhh...no.

MARTY. I think it's a whole image thing. Nostalgia. Longing for what's gone or for what we never, you know, had. You think?

JASON. I don't know.

MARTY. No, I think that's it. All fuckin' nostalgia freaks.

JASON. Mm.

MARTY. I remember the first time I saw one I thought, "Shit! That guy has a Madonna bracelet wrapped around 'is balls."

JASON. What?

MARTY. I thought it was a Madonna bracelet.

JASON. (*Laughing:*) A Madonna bracelet?

MARTY. Yeah. Madonna bracelets.

JASON. Oh shit...

MARTY. I mean, that's what they look like, don't you think?

JASON. Madonna bracelets...

MARTY. 1982 revisited.

JASON. 1982?

MARTY. Fuckin' nostalgia freaks.

JASON. Really?

MARTY. Time of bad music.

JASON. Huh?

MARTY. *(Singing:)* “Come on Eileen...”

JASON. *(Laughing:)* We used to have the worst jokes about that song in like the eighth grade.

MARTY. *(Singing:)* “Do you really want to hurt me...?”

JASON. Oh shit...

(He joins in with MARTY’s singing.)

MARTY. I miss Culture Club.

JASON. Yeah.

MARTY. *(Singing:)* “In the church of the poison mind...”

JASON. That was my favorite.

MARTY. I can never remember how that song starts.

ELAINE. Tahiti!... Naw. Lichtenstein—stein. Paraguay. Paraguay? Paraguay. That seems like a place. Paraguay.

CHRISTINA. Joseph Mengele lived there.

ELAINE. Excuse me.

CHRISTINA. Joseph Mengele. For years. Hiding away.

ELAINE. I thought it was Brazil. Like in “The Boys From.”

CHRISTINA. Well, later. But Paraguay was first.

ELAINE. Hm.

CHRISTINA. You know they only found his body about ten years ago.

ELAINE. Really?

CHRISTINA. Only ten years of proof. Of scientific fact finally revealing the truth. But before that? I mean, decades of survivors and descendants tossing and turning, not truly knowing. Well, yeah—speculation—probability. But I am sorry, until bones are found, and—and DNA, and tufts of hair. I mean, without these things,

they must have just lain there sleepless. For decades. Thinking that there was an actual possibility that evil still walked the earth.

LARRY. Oh my God.

GEORGIA. What?

LARRY. It was me wasn't it?

GEORGIA. No.

LARRY. It was my fault. I got you all riled up and you went off on your boss and he fired you.

GEORGIA. It wasn't your fault.

LARRY. Nice going Larry.

GEORGIA. I'm telling you, it wasn't you.

LARRY. I am just like poison.

GEORGIA. Stop it.

LARRY. I mean, don't get too close to me.

GEORGIA. I said stop it.

LARRY. Destruction just, like, follows me.

GEORGIA. Oh just shut up!

LARRY. What?

GEORGIA. Shut up. Maybe it's not all about you, okay? People make decisions, you know. All by themselves. It'd be nice if the reality were that we bump and collide into people and that they actually spur us on to some action or choice. But it's not. If we're lucky something sticks—a piece of lint or a stray hair. But that's it. In the end we're on our own. I told that man what I thought, and so he fired me. I did it. Not you, so you are not getting credit for this.

(Pause.)

LARRY. You are wrong.

GEORGIA. Excuse me?

LARRY. If I hadn't walked in there. If we hadn't collided or—or—bumped or whatever, you wouldn't have said a damn thing. I mean, if we don't *need* anybody, why bother? And so what if it is just a piece of lint or a stray hair that you find at the end of the day? You may have decided, "this is it." You may grab your coat and run out the door heading for the George Washington Bridge. People do it everyday. So that strand of hair you so easily dismiss? That insignificant little thing might just remind a person that at least they brushed up against someone today. At least they had some human contact. And maybe that strand of hair caused one less body to be floating in the Hudson tonight!

Was I too harsh?

GEORGIA. *(Laugh.)*

LARRY. I was.

GEORGIA. No. No, really. You're sweet.

LARRY. This is unusual for me. For me to say—I mean, to really say—

MARTY. I miss kissing in cars.

GEORGIA. Me too.

JASON. What?

MARTY. Like in high school.

JASON. Oh yeah. Fully clothed.

MARTY. Exactly. I mean, come on, sometimes it's a struggle just to get on the subway let alone get naked with someone.

JASON. Well, fear is a powerful thing.

CHRISTINA. Don't go there. It would seem—... Well, a place that had harbored such a thing seems...well...

ELAINE. Yes.

(CHRISTINA raises her glass to ELAINE.)

CHRISTINA. Christina.

(ELAINE raises her glass to CHRISTINA.)

ELAINE. Elaine.

MARTY. Me, I miss a good ol' fashioned sweep me away kiss. Give me the electric chair. Hey, Montgomery Clift was no fool.

JASON. MmMm. Montgomery Clift.

MARTY. "A Place In The Sun."

JASON. The best.

MARTY. Walking to his death thinking back on that perfect Liz Taylor kiss. No screaming. No crying. No prayers to God. Just dreaming of Liz in all her early-fifties full-lipped glory. That's the way to go. Hell, I'd gladly fry for an honest to God, absolutely true, soft focus, slow motion, tight shot, love me for the rest of my life, kiss.

LARRY. You wanna maybe, sit down?

GEORGIA. Oh... No. I have to run.

LARRY. Well, let me make sure you get-

GEORGIA. It's just walking, you know? Block after block. Searching. New rituals for a new... I'll get used to it.

LARRY. Yeah.

(The television is heard in all three bars.)

ANNOUNCER ("Jack"). *(V.O.:)* And now we return you to our exclusive New York 1 special. Seven Years Later: A Family Remembers."

A MOTHER. *(V.O.:)* We were on our way to the airport actually to pick him—Jimmy—umm our son up, and the radio was on—had been on—I hadn't been paying attention really. The volume was down. But then a news announcement came on saying that a jet had been lost—had exploded in the skies over the town of—

JASON. Bartender, Can you turn that down please?

GEORGIA. Protecting someone? It can be a...a tiresome thing.

LARRY. Yes. *(Holding his hand out:)* Larry.

GEORGIA. *(She shakes his hand:)* Georgia.

CHRISTINA. So Elaine, what do you do that you can possibly head for Paraguay or Tahiti or wherever?

ELAINE. Oh, this and that.

CHRISTINA. Oh.

ELAINE. Odd...odd jobs.

CHRISTINA. Like what?

ELAINE. Well...

CHRISTINA. I'm sorry...

ELAINE. No—

CHRISTINA. No—

ELAINE. You didn't—

CHRISTINA. Really—

ELAINE. It's not a—

CHRISTINA. I should just—

ELAINE. No—

CHRISTINA. I'll just—

ELAINE. Phone sex!

CHRISTINA. What?

ELAINE. Phone sex. I'm a—a phone sex operator.

CHRISTINA. Really.

ELAINE. Yeah.

CHRISTINA. Really? *(Pause.)* What do you say?

ELAINE. Excuse me?

CHRISTINA. What do you say to...well, the callers.

ELAINE. Oh come on-...

CHRISTINA. No really. I'm intensely curious.

ELAINE. I—... No, I—

CHRISTINA. Please.

ELAINE. Really?

CHRISTINA. Really.

ELAINE. Okay...ummm...this is so weird...Okay...well, first I might say something like, well, like “You wanna fuck me? Don’t ya? You know you wanna fuck me. Come on, fuck me. Please... Please... Please...” *(Pause.)* Something like that.

CHRISTINA. I see.

ELAINE. Yeah.

CHRISTINA. But is it ever—...well you know what I mean. Do you ever get, you know—

ELAINE. No. Never.

CHRISTINA. Well is it ever—is it ever you know like—well just...

ELAINE. No. Never.

CHRISTINA. Well, do you ever get—

ELAINE. No.

CHRISTINA. Never?

ELAINE. Never. I don’t feel a thing.

CHRISTINA. Hm.

ELAINE. Not once.

(Pause.)

CHRISTINA. Me neither.

GEORGIA. Well, I have to go.

LARRY. Yeah. Me too. Thank you.

GEORGIA. Well—

LARRY. No. Really. You have to choose...allow...air to function in certain ways...between two people. So thank you.

(The news comes on each of the TVs in the different bars.)

TV ANNOUNCER (“Jack”). *(V.O.:)* New York 1—Manhattan’s 24 hour news station. New York 1—all news all the time.

(MAMA is still on the steps of the Church clutching a candle pointing frantically at passersby. All the characters see her on the TV screens.)

MAMA. Listen to me! Listen! LISTEN!

GEORGIA. Oh my God.

LARRY. What?

CHRISTINA. Oh no.

ELAINE. Well, I’ll be damned.

JASON. Oh Jesus she waited. *(Laughs.)* She’s actually waiting.

MARTY. What’s up?

GEORGIA. I have to go.

LARRY. Oh. Okay.

GEORGIA. Look...look thanks. Really.

(She kisses him quickly and leaves.)

JASON. I have to go.

MARTY. What?

JASON. I just— Really...I really have to find—

MARTY. Wait a minute. What’s going on?

JASON. I’m sorry. It’s not you. I’m sorry.

(He leaves.)

MAMA. Wait. Wait. It’s coming again! It’s time!!

CHRISTINA. I swear, she just like haunts me.

ELAINE. I know what you mean. She’s like the real deal.

CHRISTINA. What?

ELAINE. She knows something.

CHRISTINA. What?

ELAINE. Well, just look at her. I don't know, it just seems to me like she's the type who'd have all the answers to all the big-ass questions.

CHRISTINA. Thank you.

ELAINE. What?

CHRISTINA. I have to go.

ELAINE. Oh.

CHRISTINA. I do. I really have to go.

(She leaves.)

ELAINE. Hey...

(MARTY notices Jason's keys on the bar.)

MARTY. Shit.

(He grabs the keys and runs out of bar.)

LARRY.

Hey Tommy, let me pay up?

ELAINE.

Hey Jim Bob, let me pay up.

(JASON and CHRISTINA try to grab cabs.)

JASON. Taxi!

CHRISTINA. Taxi!

(A subway station. JASON runs onto the platform, just missing a train.)

JASON. Shit! Shit, shit, shit...

(MARTY runs down into the subway.)

MARTY. Hey... Hey... You forgot your keys.

JASON. Incredible, to the rescue again.

MARTY. Look, I can take a hint. I can just disappear.

JASON. No, I have to find...it's not about you. Look, I had this—you wouldn't believe me even if I told you.

MARTY. Try me.

JASON. Fuck it's cold down here.

MARTY. Take my jacket.

JASON. What?

MARTY. I'm layered.

JASON. No.

MARTY. Really.

JASON. No.

MARTY. No big deal.

JASON. I can't.

MARTY. Really.

JASON. Hey, I could be like some psycho jacket hog.

MARTY. I'll get it back.

JASON. You will?

MARTY. Hey, undeniable things.

JASON. I'm talking, hoarding them.

MARTY. I mean, there is such a thing as chemistry.

JASON. Closets full.

MARTY. Animal scents. Secretions.

JASON. You know friends', strangers', any I can grab a hold of. It's like a fetish. Never returned. Jackets never seen again.

MARTY. I mean, fuck pondering. I just say, "Hey. Take me along." 'Cause some things are just like from—well, like farther back than us. It's in the—well, like in the dust we come from. I mean, there are some things you just know.

JASON. What?

MARTY. I usually, work nights, so—

JASON. What?

MARTY. Days are better for me.

JASON. What?

MARTY. So like maybe breakfast—

JASON. Marty-

MARTY. Though I'm more of a brunch person myself.

JASON. Look—

MARTY. You know, late nights—

JASON. Well, actually—

MARTY. Some times I'm just dragging—

JASON. I'm sorry Marty. I can't do this.

MARTY. What?

JASON. I...I just can't.

MARTY. What are you—...?

JASON. I...I...this...I...ummm...

MARTY. Hey...

JASON. I can't—...ummm...

MARTY. Jas.

JASON. There. See? See? I don't know you. I don't know you.

MARTY. Well, yeah, but we could—

JASON. No. See? "Jas." There it is. There it is.

MARTY. Come on. Let's grab a cup of—

JASON. Jas? You can't call me that. I don't give you permission to call me that.

MARTY. Well, I'm sorry but—

JASON. No. No. *I'm* sorry. I can't. I can't. Not—not shortened names and sharing clothes and—and once-a-week movies and twice-a-week dinners. Spending one night a week. Then two. Then three and—and spare toothbrushes and phone calls just to hear your voice—

MARTY. What are you—

JASON. —Sunday mornings in bed dreaming about our country house—

MARTY. What—

JASON. —Renting U-Hauls and picking out curtains and buying matching dishes—

MARTY. Hey, hey—

JASON. —House warmings, year anniversaries, checking out adoption agencies for Christ's sake— !

MARTY. Can we just—

JASON. —Rolling around on the living room rug, laughing and arguing over who was the first to say “I love you.”

MARTY. JASON!

JASON. Would you swallow my cum?

MARTY. What?

JASON. A year from now, if I came home with beer on my breath and the faint smell of another man's cologne on my skin, would you?

MARTY. I need you to—

JASON. No. I'm asking you. After rings, and commitment ceremonies, and six-month tests, and twelve-month tests. After two hours of “I'd never do that to you” and two hours of “I can't believe you'd think that” and two hours of “Don't you trust me?” and two hours of “I love you.” After all that, would you swallow my cum?

MARTY. Umm... Uhhh...

(He cannot answer.)

JASON. See? Trust? I mean *real* trust. It's become an impossible act. It has ceased to exist. So why bother? We all might just as well spend the rest of our lives alone.

(MARTY leaves JASON standing alone. After a moment, GEORGIA enters the subway. CHRISTINA runs down into the subway and sees JASON.)

JASON. Ah!

CHRISTINA. Ah!

GEORGIA. Ah!

JASON. You!

CHRISTINA. You!

GEORGIA. Oh God.

CHRISTINA. Stay away from me.

JASON. But I need to save you.

CHRISTINA. (*Pointing at GEORGIA.*) What about her? Save her.

GEORGIA. Oh God.

JASON. She doesn't need to be saved. I don't think. Oh my God. Do you?

GEORGIA. Umm...

CHRISTINA. There you go. Have a ball.

JASON. No. No. She wasn't in my dream.

GEORGIA. Exactly. So I'll just be—

CHRISTINA. No. No. You can't leave me alone with—

GEORGIA. I gotta—

CHRISTINA. I'm going with you.

JASON. But I have to save you!!

CHRISTINA. HELP!!!

(*A train pulls up. The doors open and CHRISTINA makes a run for the train. JASON grabs her and tries to pull her off the train. Their struggle makes it impossible for the subway doors to close. An announcement is heard over the subway PA system. MAMA is seen on another train and echoes the announcer.*)

ANNOUNCER. (*V.O.*;) Stand clear of the closing doors please.

JASON. I'm telling you this is for your own good.

CHRISTINA. Let go of me!

GEORGIA. Hey!

CHRISTINA. Help!

ANNOUNCER. (*V.O.:*) Stand clear of the closing doors please.

GEORGIA. Hey let go of her asshole!

JASON. Look, you shouldn't be messing with this.

CHRISTINA. Help!

GEORGIA. You're outta here asshole.

JASON. I'm talking big universe type forces here.

(The three fall on the floor of the subway car. MAMA's voice is suddenly heard over the subway PA system.)

MAMA. We are now cruising at an altitude of thirty-one thousand feet.

CHRISTINA. Oh my God...

MAMA. We have clear skies and are expecting little to no turbulence.

GEORGIA. No...

MAMA. Our flight attendants will be by shortly to serve you.

JASON. Oh no. Oh please no.

MAMA. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the rest of your flight.

(LARRY and ELAINE enter the subway and see the three on the train.)

MAMA. In case of emergency—

LARRY. Hey—

ELAINE. Hey—

MAMA. Emergency—

LARRY. Georgia?

ELAINE. Jason—

MAMA. Emergency—

LARRY. Christina.

ELAINE. Christina?

MAMA. EMERGENCY!!!

(The doors slam shut.)

JASON.

No!

CHRISTINA.

No!

GEORGIA.

No!

(We hear thunderous, earth shattering, explosions. They last for several moments. Silence. Then sirens. A news report is heard.)

TV ANNOUNCER. *(V.O.:)* I'm...I'm sorry ladies and gentlemen—ummm—there's very little we can tell you at this—... Just please, please stay at home. Do not go out onto the streets. We have reports of explosions throughout the entire New York City subway system, but we have very little information at this point. All we can tell you right now is that something's wrong. Something has gone terribly, terribly, wrong.

(Darkness. Subway tunnels. We hear LARRY's voice.)

LARRY. *(Coughing:)* Tina... ?!! *(LARRY is revealed banging on the collapsed subway car.)* Tina, please answer! I know you're in there. Please?!

ELAINE. Help...

(We see ELAINE sitting against a subway wall, trapped by debris.)

LARRY. Hello?! Hello?

ELAINE. Help!

LARRY. Tina?

ELAINE. Hello?... Hello?! Is somebody there?

LARRY. Who is this?

ELAINE. I'm—I can't move—there's all this—I'm trapped—I can't move—

LARRY. Wait.

ELAINE. Can you find me?

LARRY. Who are you?

ELAINE. Please, I'm trapped. Just follow my voice, please?!

LARRY. But—

ELAINE. Please—

LARRY. I can't leave her.

ELAINE. But I'm here. I am!

LARRY. I'm sorry. I can't. I can't.

ELAINE. Hello?... I know you heard me. I know somebody heard me—I know—I know this! I know that I was heard!! So you can't ignore me, 'cause I'm here. I am! I AM HERE!!

LARRY. Tina, please answer!

ELAINE. Talk to me!

LARRY. Babe!

ELAINE. YOU CAN'T DO THIS!!!

LARRY. JUST HOLD ON—

ELAINE. I WONT ALLOW THIS!!

LARRY. I'LL HELP YOU!! I WILL!

ELAINE. I WILL NOT ALLOW THIS!!

LARRY. BABE?!!!

ELAINE. PLEASE TALK TO ME!!

LARRY. TINA?!!

ELAINE. PLEASE!

LARRY. TINAAAAA???!!!

ELAINE. I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME!

(Pause.)

LARRY. What?

ELAINE. Umm...ummm...I—...

LARRY. Jesus...

ELAINE. I—...ummm...

LARRY. TINA?!!!

ELAINE. I want you to—to—...ummm... Oh my God... Oh my God... This is— This is crazy. I gotta—I gotta...

LARRY. Shh... Shh...It's okay. It's okay.

ELAINE. I gotta—

LARRY. Shh... Shh... It's okay. I'll get you some help, okay? It's gonna be okay.

ELAINE. Really?

LARRY. Yes. I promise. I'm going to go find some help.

ELAINE. Thank you. You're very—... Really. You're very—...

LARRY. Actually, I don't think I really am. But thank you.

(LARRY runs off through the tunnels.)

Help! Help!!!

(Inside the subway car. CHRISTINA, GEORGIA and JASON slowly awaken.)

JASON. Hello...?!!!

GEORGIA. Hello...?!!!

CHRISTINA. Hello...?!!

(A WOMAN appears and begins "gardening." The landscape of the subway is transformed into lush green fields. GEORGIA runs off with CHRISTINA following.)

CHRISTINA. Hello...?

JASON. Hey! Hey!

(A photograph falls from the sky and lands next to GEORGIA.)

GEORGIA. Oh my God... Daddy?... Daddy?!!!

(GEORGIA approaches the WOMAN.)

GEORGIA. I—I found—...I found this.

WOMAN. Star light star bright first star I see tonight I wish I may I wish—

GEORGIA. What did you say?

WOMAN. Oh just a little wishing game I play. Most people know it. From childhood, you know? From as far back as most folk can remember.

GEORGIA. I—I feel that I've heard you—know you—in some other place—some other time and place.

WOMAN. Such a simple, little, thing—wishing on stars. There were so many stars that night. The sky was drenched with stars. I was looking up into at all that sky, breathing in that smell of Spring. And then there was a sound—like a huge screaming wind, blowing towards us from the sea. It grew louder and louder. And then—Suddenly— The sky was raining fire. And I thought that the end had come. The things I saw. And felt. The horror. Well, it was like I went mad.

GEORGIA. I have to go.

(She starts to leave)

WOMAN. You look exactly like your father...

(GEORGIA stops dead in her tracks.)

Would you like to sit down darling? You look a bit winded.

(GEORGIA sits.)

It was like I went mad. And I started wandering. And I came here. To this place. And when I found him, well, the horror of it just faded 'cause he looked as if he was just lying there asleep. Dreaming No blood. No pain. Just dreaming.

(GEORGIA holds the photograph out to the WOMAN.)

GEORGIA. Is this the person that you found? Is this what he looked like?

(The WOMAN nods her head "yes.")

WOMAN. I planted. I thought that planting would be the right thing to do.

(GEORGIA buries the picture in the earth. She lets go of something.)

GEORGIA. I feel the need to go—to go back now.

WOMAN. Yes.

(GEORGIA walks off as CHRISTINA runs on.)

CHRISTINA. Wait!... Wait!... Where is everybody?!!

(The WOMAN appears.)

Excuse me? Have you seen a girl—ummm—she just left—I think—

WOMAN. No. No I'm sorry darling.

CHRISTINA. I saw her come this way. We were together before—before this—and well—where is everybody? Where—where... Where the hell am I?!

WOMAN. Just look around you.

CHRISTINA. This is— I don't understand this. I don't under— Is this Westchester?!

WOMAN. (*Laughing:*) Oh no darling...

CHRISTINA. I have to get back. I—I don't belong here. I don't.

(The WOMAN keeps "gardening.")

Excuse me!

WOMAN. What?!

CHRISTINA. Yeah, I was talking to you.

WOMAN. I know.

CHRISTINA. Well?

WOMAN. I don't think I have any answers for you darling.

CHRISTINA. Look, the last person I saw before—whatever this is—happened was this girl. And well I have to get out of here and...well maybe she knows the way back, so which way did she go?

WOMAN. I really don't know.

CHRISTINA. What do you mean you don't know? I saw her. I saw her come this way. I saw her walking away from you—from this spot, and then it was like—well—well it was like she vanished into thin air.

WOMAN. Hm. Where's your proof?

CHRISTINA. What?!

WOMAN. You say you saw someone. What proof do you have?

CHRISTINA. Proof?!

WOMAN. Yes. Where's your proof?

CHRISTINA. I—I—

WOMAN. I want proof.

CHRISTINA. Stop saying that.

WOMAN. It's a reasonable request.

CHRISTINA. But—

WOMAN. So show me.

CHRISTINA. I—

WOMAN. It shouldn't be all that difficult darling.

CHRISTINA. Look, she was just here. I saw her. So if she comes by this way again—

WOMAN. Not her.

CHRISTINA. What?

WOMAN. I wasn't talking about her. I didn't mean her.

CHRISTINA. What?

WOMAN. You won't find *her* here.

CHRISTINA. What are you talking— ?!

WOMAN. Your sister!

(Pause.)

CHRISTINA. What?

WOMAN. You said it yourself. Some people? Just vanish into thin air.

CHRISTINA. No.

WOMAN. Some of them didn't land. Some of them simply vanished into thin air.

(Pause.)

CHRISTINA. You show me.

WOMAN. There ain't nothing to show darling. We searched and searched. Hoping to find every last one. But, well, sometimes God blows you a kiss and you're just gone.

CHRISTINA. *(Laugh:)* Oh this is great. My mother sent you, didn't she?

(The WOMAN goes back to "gardening.")

WOMAN. I really don't have anything for you darling.

CHRISTINA. I've studied it okay. I've heard it all before. Bags of unidentified body parts and bodies being sucked into engines and vaporizing. I don't buy it. Belongings okay? People don't travel without belongings. So where are they? Bring me her blood-spattered suitcase okay? Or a body part—a finger a toe, anything, just—...

(The WOMAN takes a sudden deep breath.)

WOMAN. There she is.

CHRISTINA. Oh Jesus...

WOMAN.
Breathe. Breathe.

CHRISTINA.
Hey... Stop that... Stop it.

WOMAN. Breathe. She's all around you. A particle in every breath.

CHRISTINA. I see what you're trying to do. Well you can forget it. Boo Hoo. BOO HOOOOO!!!! That's all you're going to get out of me.

WOMAN. Start breathing. Then she'll always be inside you.

CHRISTINA. If that girl comes by here again, tell her I'll find my own way back.

(She walks off as JASON runs through the fields searching for CHRISTINA.)

JASON. Hello? Hello?!... Please I need to save you... Please... Hello?... Hello?

(JASON cannot see the WOMAN but hears her voice as if it is coming from all directions.)

WOMAN. Jason?

JASON. Hello?!

WOMAN. Jason.

JASON. Who— ?

WOMAN. Jason.

JASON. Who's there?

WOMAN / JIMMY. Jas, it's me.

JASON. Who?

WOMAN. Remember—

JIMMY. —me?

JASON. Oh my God.

WOMAN / JIMMY. Jas.

JASON. Oh my God.

WOMAN / JIMMY. Jas.

JASON. Oh my God...

JIMMY. Jas, it's really me.

(The WOMAN disappears as JIMMY appears.)

JASON. Jimmy?

JIMMY. Surprise.

JASON. Jimmy?

JIMMY. In the flesh—spiritually speaking.

JASON. But... But you—... How can— ? How... This— This— This can't— It can't—

JIMMY. You look tired.

JASON. (*Laugh:*) Jesus...

JIMMY. You should get out more.

JASON. This is insane... This is—

JIMMY. Have some fun.

JASON. What is happening here?

JIMMY. But that's you all over—

JASON. I'm losing my mind.

JIMMY. Eternally drowning in Judeo-Christian guilt.

JASON. Truly losing my mind.

JIMMY. It's not worth it.

JASON. What?

JIMMY. Kiss me.

JASON. Kiss you? Kiss you? For Christ's sake, I can't even *watch* people kiss anymore.

JIMMY. Jas—

JASON. No— No—I see people somewhere. Anywhere. In a movie theatre or somewhere. Couples kissing. Soft, tender kisses. And it makes me sick. Watching them. Sick.

(*JIMMY moves toward him.*)

JIMMY. It doesn't have to be like—

JASON. No. No. Don't you remember? Don't you? How can you— ... When we would make love—and you would cry when I came because you said at that moment I would get the most beautiful look of pain on my face. And you were right. It hurt. It hurt to be inside you. To feel that much. To look at your face and watch

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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