

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Copyright Protection. This play (the “Play”) is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention.

Reservation of Rights. All rights to this Play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments. Amateur and stock performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Playscripts, Inc. (“Playscripts”). No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from Playscripts. Required royalty fees for performing this Play are specified online at the Playscripts website (www.playscripts.com). Such royalty fees may be subject to change without notice. Although this book may have been obtained for a particular licensed performance, such performance rights, if any, are not transferable. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur and stock performance rights should be addressed to Playscripts (see contact information on opposite page).

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to the author's agent: Bret Adams Ltd., 448 W. 44th St., New York, New York 10036 (phone: 212-765-5630).

Restriction of Alterations. There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the Play, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language, unless directly authorized by Playscripts. The title of the Play shall not be altered.

Author Credit. Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this Play is required to give credit to the author as the sole and exclusive author of the Play. This obligation applies to the title page of every program distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in any instance that the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and of a font size at least 50% as large as the largest letter used in the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the author. The name of the author may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

Publisher Attribution. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with the amateur or stock production of the Play shall include the following notice:

**Produced by special arrangement with Playscripts, Inc.
(www.playscripts.com)**

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying. Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. Except as otherwise permitted by applicable law, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including, without limitation, photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Playscripts.

Statement of Non-affiliation. This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. Playscripts is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, or other permitted purposes.

Permissions for Sound Recordings and Musical Works. This Play may contain directions calling for the performance of a portion, or all, of a musical work, or performance of a sound recording of a musical work. Playscripts has not obtained permissions to perform such works. The producer of this Play is advised to obtain such permissions, if required in the context of the production. The producer is directed to the websites of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov), ASCAP (www.ascap.com), BMI (www.bmi.com), and NMPA (www.nmpa.org) for further information on the need to obtain permissions, and on procedures for obtaining such permissions.

The Rules in Brief

- 1) Do NOT perform this Play without obtaining prior permission from Playscripts, and without paying the required royalty.
- 2) Do NOT photocopy, scan, or otherwise duplicate any part of this book.
- 3) Do NOT alter the text of the Play, change a character's gender, delete any dialogue, or alter any objectionable language, unless explicitly authorized by Playscripts.
- 4) DO provide the required credit to the author and the required attribution to Playscripts in all programs and promotional literature associated with any performance of this Play.

For more details on these and other rules, see the opposite page.

Copyright Basics

This Play is protected by United States and international copyright law. These laws ensure that playwrights are rewarded for creating new and vital dramatic work, and protect them against theft and abuse of their work.

A play is a piece of property, fully owned by the playwright, just like a house or car. You must obtain permission to use this property, and must pay a royalty fee for the privilege—*whether or not you charge an admission fee*. Playscripts collects these required payments on behalf of the author.

Anyone who violates an author's copyright is liable as a copyright infringer under United States and international law. Playscripts and the author are entitled to institute legal action for any such infringement, which can subject the infringer to actual damages, statutory damages, and attorneys' fees. A court may impose statutory damages of up to \$150,000 for willful copyright infringements. U.S. copyright law also provides for possible criminal sanctions. Visit the website of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov) for more information.

THE BOTTOM LINE: If you break copyright law, you are robbing a playwright and opening yourself to expensive legal action. Follow the rules, and when in doubt, ask us.

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

GHOST-BOY: An expelled college student. He's not really a ghost.

THE PREGNANT YOUNG WIFE: His dad's wife

THE COP: An officer of the law. He believes in the goodness of human kind.

GOTH-GIRL: A girl who arranges a kidnapping.

THE PRIEST: A kidnapper. He's not really a priest, but dresses like one.

THE ENTREPRENEUR: A kidnapper. It's his business. A tap dancer. A wildcard.

THE ACTRESS: A child star on her way out. Goth-girl's sister.

Location

A Metropolis.

Time

One Night.

Production Notes

The scene titles, including time and location are written as slides. They may also be spoken. Somehow they should be seen or heard.

The play tracks seven characters through one night. At the beginning of each scene there are descriptions of what the other characters (who are not primary characters in that scene) are doing at that time. These actions can be shown, not shown, or shown in part, depending on the production.

Lines written in italics are the character's fantasies. They are addressed to the audience.

Music Note

This play includes two songs by Spymob, from their album *Sitting Around Keeping Score*. If you have secured performance rights to this play through Playscripts, Inc., then you also have permission to perform these two songs as part of your production.

Acknowledgments

Untold Crimes of Insomniacs was Commissioned by the Guthrie Theater, Joe Dowling Artistic Director. This play was developed with the support of The Playwrights' Center. The original cast was as follows:

GHOST-BOY Tony Clarno
THE PREGNANT YOUNG WIFE Leah Curney
THE COP Matt Amendt
GOTH-GIRL..... Aya Cash
THE PRIEST Jeremy Catterton
THE ENTREPRENEUR Ryan West
THE ACTRESS..... Meghan O'Neill

Director Casey Stangle
Dramaturg..... Michael Bigelow Dixon

UNTOLD CRIMES OF INSOMNIACS

by Janet Allard

Scene 1: Awake in the Metropolis

(Slide: 1:34 A.M. AWAKE IN THE METROPOLIS.)

(The lights rise on each character caught in their repetitive nighttime activity. Isolated, in their separate nocturnal worlds, all seven lie awake. They try to sleep, but their wheels are spinning. They address the audience:)

THE COP. The Cop practices Karate moves. Hoping one day to save someone.

THE ENTREPRENEUR. The Entrepreneur tap-dances.

THE PRIEST. The Priest shines his shoes.

THE ACTRESS. The Actress frees her voice.

GOTH-GIRL. Goth-girl rips holes in her tights, making her clothing her own.

YOUNG WIFE. The Pregnant Young Wife watches late night TV.

GHOST-BOY. Ghost-boy lies awake in bed fighting a battle with himself.

To stay in bed—to make himself sleep. Or to go out there and talk to her. Just for a moment. The urge is too great.

Finally. He gives in.

Scene 2: Ghost-boy and The Pregnant Young Wife

(Slide: 1:36 A.M. The living room. In a suburban townhouse.)

(During the following scene:)

(THE COP practices Karate moves.)

(THE ENTREPRENEUR tap-dances.)

(THE PRIEST shines his shoes.)

(THE ACTRESS frees her voice.)

(GOTH-GIRL rips holes in her tights, making her clothing her own.)

(Note: These actions can be shown or not shown depending on the production.)

(GHOST-BOY enters wearing pajama bottoms and no shirt. He stands in the doorway. He looks like his father.)

GHOST-BOY. Can't sleep?

YOUNG WIFE. You scared me.

GHOST-BOY. He's not home yet?

YOUNG WIFE. What time is it anyway?

GHOST-BOY. Late.

(Pause.)

What are you watching?

YOUNG WIFE. Elk.

GHOST-BOY. Where is he?

YOUNG WIFE. He said golf. Can't play golf in the dark.

GHOST-BOY. Golf means drinking. You have to learn to translate. After golf, they have to drink each other under the table—

YOUNG WIFE. Why are you up?

GHOST-BOY. Did you call him?

YOUNG WIFE. It doesn't ring. He turned it off.

GHOST-BOY. I'm sure he's fine.

YOUNG WIFE. He turned it off.

GHOST-BOY. He probably doesn't want to be bothered.

YOUNG WIFE. This late, what's there to interrupt?

GHOST-BOY. Better not to speculate. Are you worried?

YOUNG WIFE. He said 9 o'clock.

GHOST-BOY. And you believed him?

YOUNG WIFE. It's after one.

GHOST-BOY. That's your problem, you believe what he says. You've got to learn to translate.

YOUNG WIFE. He said 9, 10 at the latest.

GHOST-BOY. When he says that, you've just got to think, then he won't be home till 2.

YOUNG WIFE. But he said—

GHOST-BOY. Can't teach an old dog.

YOUNG WIFE. Where does he go?

GHOST-BOY. I don't know, bars.

YOUNG WIFE. I don't like him to go to bars—

GHOST-BOY. That's your problem. You can't change him.

YOUNG WIFE. Do you know what bar? Where does he go?

GHOST-BOY. He never said. There's a ton of them down there.

(Pause.)

I'm hungry.

Is there anything left over?

YOUNG WIFE. He never said which one?

GHOST-BOY. Do you always cook for him? My mom never did. Well, she did but he never came home to eat it. so she stopped.

YOUNG WIFE. Why are you up?

GHOST-BOY. Can't sleep.

YOUNG WIFE. Why not.

GHOST-BOY. Wondering—

YOUNG WIFE. About him?

GHOST-BOY. About you.

Is he good to you. Besides this? Does he—

YOUNG WIFE. Does he what?

GHOST-BOY. Make you feel—

YOUNG WIFE. What?

GHOST-BOY. Is it security?

YOUNG WIFE. How long are you staying?

GHOST-BOY. Is it that he's stable? Does he make you feel valuable, sexy cuz you're younger than him, does it give you power or comfort? I'm asking. I don't know the answer. What do you see in him? Do you feel small? Tiny? Next to him? Does he treat you like a child? You're missing out, you know. On youth.

YOUNG WIFE. It's him. It's just him.

GHOST-BOY. Have you ever cheated on him?

YOUNG WIFE. No.

GHOST-BOY. You should.

YOUNG WIFE. I'm going out.

GHOST-BOY. So you find him—so say you find him. Then what?

YOUNG WIFE. I'm worried about him—

GHOST-BOY. So you find him tonight. What's that going to change?

Tomorrow and the night after and the night after. And he'll stop for a few weeks if you throw a fit, just to soothe you, but the minute the storm blows over he'll be out again

Did I upset you? I didn't mean to upset you.

YOUNG WIFE. Look—

GHOST-BOY. He'll probably be back soon.

YOUNG WIFE. You don't have to humor me.

GHOST-BOY. Look—I don't know, I don't know. That's the truth. I don't know where he is, or what he's doing. He's probably in love with you. Look at you. Who wouldn't be—

YOUNG WIFE. That's sweet of you to say.

(They sit on the couch not moving. They fantasize: [These fantasies are directed straight out to the audience. The characters expose their inner reality.])

YOUNG WIFE. *He sits next to her on the couch. When he sits next to her on the couch she feels something like panic rush through her body. They watch TV.*

GHOST-BOY. *No words are better than words.*

ENTREPRENEUR. *In the dark, the sound of tap-dancing.*

GHOST-BOY. *She wants to get close to him. Closer than they are. She wants to unbutton his shirt put her hands on his chest.*

YOUNG WIFE. *She puts her hand on his face. She forgives him.*

YOUNG WIFE. *He cries.*

GHOST-BOY. *She puts her hand on his leg.*

YOUNG WIFE. *His heart is racing.*

GHOST-BOY. *Her heart beats faster.*

YOUNG WIFE. *He puts his hand on her knee.*

GHOST-BOY. *She brushes up against his arm.*

YOUNG WIFE. *He kisses her neck first. Then her lips.*

GHOST-BOY. *Her lips on his—*

(Back to reality.)

YOUNG WIFE. What are you thinking about?

GHOST-BOY. Food.

YOUNG WIFE. Food?

GHOST-BOY. Eating.

YOUNG WIFE. What?

GHOST-BOY. My stomach. I'm hungry.

Hungry?

YOUNG WIFE. I'll make you a sandwich.

(Lights out on YOUNG WIFE and GHOST-BOY. Up on THE ACTRESS and GOTH-GIRL. THE ACTRESS screams.)

ACTRESS. NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Scene 3: Goth-girl and The Actress. 1:45 a.m.

(Slide: Left alone in the house. The dead of night.)

(During the following scene:)

(The YOUNG WIFE tries to call her husband's cell phone repeatedly. She makes a sandwich.)

(THE COP takes off his badge and polishes it.)

(GHOST-BOY rolls a cigarette and smokes it. He watches Elk on T.V.)

(THE ENTREPRENEUR tap-dances.)

(THE PRIEST gets dressed in his priest get-up.)

ACTRESS. No!

I Won't!

I said No!

I won't do it!

And you can't make me!

NOOOOOOO!

(GOTH-GIRL stands in her sister's doorway. Stares at her.)

GOTH-GIRL. Freak.

ACTRESS. Look who's talking.

GOTH-GIRL. You're never going to get it.

ACTRESS. You don't even know what I'm auditioning for.

GOTH-GIRL. You're still not going to get it. Doesn't matter if you do this weird vocal voice shit all night.

ACTRESS. Did I invite you into my room?

(GOTH-GIRL mocks her, exits to her room. She lights some incense. THE ACTRESS continues.)

ACTRESS. No!

I won't!

I said NO!

(She reads from the voice book.)

Create a sense of danger by constricting your larynx. You can practice this on all fours, while lying down, or in a full bend over position to keep tension out of the neck and shoulders.

NO!

I won't do it!

(GOTH-GIRL stands in the doorway with her Polaroid camera.)

I DARE YOU TO FORCE ME!

YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

(GOTH-GIRL snaps a shot of her sister in an obscene position.)

GOTH-GIRL. There is no possible way you and I are fucking related.

(THE ACTRESS grabs for the picture. GOTH-GIRL goes into her room, THE ACTRESS follows her, GOTH-GIRL turns her music up loud.)

ACTRESS. If Mom and Dad were here—

GOTH-GIRL. They'd take your side as always.

ACTRESS. Because they're protecting me from you. Because they know I'm always right!

(THE ACTRESS turns Goth-girl's music off.)

ACTRESS. And it STAYS off. Enough of your freak music.

GOTH-GIRL. Get the fuck out of my room.

ACTRESS. And NO MORE INCENSE!

IT'S RUINING MY VOICE! I'M CHOKIN' TO DEATH ON YOUR
FUCKING INCENSE!

HOW CAN YOU LIVE IN THIS CONSTANT FUNK!

GOTH-GIRL. One of us has got to go.

ACTRESS. Why don't you kill yourself, then?

GOTH-GIRL. Why don't you?

ACTRESS. You play up the whole "suicide" thing but I bet you 50
bucks you won't do it.

GOTH-GIRL. You are not my sister.

ACTRESS. I wish you were dead!

GOTH-GIRL. How Dramatic.

ACTRESS. I wish you were never born!

*(THE ACTRESS slams her door. GOTH-GIRL cranks her music all
the way up and dances. Wild. Thrashing. [Song suggestion: Marilyn
Manson: "Beautiful People"] THE ACTRESS vocalizes at the top of
her lungs.)*

ACTRESS.

NO!

I WON'T!

I SAID NO!

I WON'T DO IT!

I DARE YOU TO FORCE ME!

YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!

GOTH-GIRL.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!

Scene 4: Young Wife and Ghost-boy. 2 a.m.

(Slide: Meanwhile: Back on the couch.)

(During this scene:)

(THE ENTREPRENEUR tap-dances.)

(THE COP goes for a walk to the 24-7 Internet café.)

(THE PRIEST sits in his usual seat at the 24-7 Internet café, taking confessions.)

(GHOST-BOY sits on the couch eating a sandwich.)

(The YOUNG WIFE sits next to him. They watch T.V.)

YOUNG WIFE. She's kicking. Do you want to feel?

GHOST-BOY. I wouldn't know how to do that.

YOUNG WIFE. With your hand.

(He puts his hand on her stomach.)

YOUNG WIFE. What do you study? How's college?

GHOST-BOY. That's a mom question.

YOUNG WIFE. I am your mom, technically—

GHOST-BOY. We're the same age. How does that work?

YOUNG WIFE. What break is this? Spring break?

GHOST-BOY. I got kicked out.

That's why I'm home.

YOUNG WIFE. I thought you said.

GHOST-BOY. He'd go apeshit.

YOUNG WIFE. Why?

GHOST-BOY. I didn't do it.

YOUNG WIFE. Why?

GHOST-BOY. They said I raped someone.

(Pause.)

Don't look at me like that.

YOUNG WIFE. Did you?

GHOST-BOY. What did I just say?

YOUNG WIFE. What happened?

GHOST-BOY. I don't have to tell you. Why would I tell you?

YOUNG WIFE. So you did.

GHOST-BOY. No, look. It was confusing.

YOUNG WIFE. So you did?

GHOST-BOY. No.

YOUNG WIFE. You said—

GHOST-BOY. It was confusing. A confusing situation.

YOUNG WIFE. How long are you staying?

GHOST-BOY. I don't remember what happened. It's her word against ours. Me and Christian. She passed out. I don't remember.

YOUNG WIFE. How long are you here for?

GHOST-BOY. It's my house.

YOUNG WIFE. Are you paying rent?

GHOST-BOY. Where else would I go? I don't have anywhere else to go.

YOUNG WIFE. Then you can tell me how long to expect you.

GHOST-BOY. Does it make you uncomfortable? That I'm here?

YOUNG WIFE. No.

GHOST-BOY. It should. Have you ever had sex with someone your age? Our age?

YOUNG WIFE. Our age?

GHOST-BOY. Our age.

YOUNG WIFE. I think of you as younger.

GHOST-BOY. Have you?

YOUNG WIFE. Of course.

GHOST-BOY. I don't believe you.

YOUNG WIFE. Just because you had to rape someone—

GHOST-BOY. I didn't rape her—

YOUNG WIFE. To get a date.

GHOST-BOY. I didn't, I've never even had sex with anyone

YOUNG WIFE. Why'd you come home?

GHOST-BOY. I couldn't do it. I can't do anything.

I wanted her, I wanted her so bad. You try being a 20-year-old fucking virgin.

YOUNG WIFE. Fucking virgin?

GHOST-BOY. I can't even talk right. Do you know how embarrassing that is?

YOUNG WIFE. Maybe you haven't found the right girl.

GHOST-BOY. I didn't fuck her. I wanted to fuck her, but I didn't. I couldn't close the deal. When it came right down to it. I liked her too much.

YOUNG WIFE. It's okay. It'll happen.

GHOST-BOY. I like everyone. I'm not picky.

YOUNG WIFE. Someone you feel safe and comfortable with.

GHOST-BOY. I can see it. I can sell it hard.

YOUNG WIFE. You've got to make it about her.

GHOST-BOY. But I can't close the deal

YOUNG WIFE. You've got to make her feel special, like she's the only one you want to do this with.

GHOST-BOY. I can't sell it. Cuz it's not the truth.

YOUNG WIFE. Like she's the only one.

(He kisses her. She looks at the door.)

YOUNG WIFE. *Outside she hears a car pass.*

She hears his car.

Pull into the driveway.

GHOST-BOY. Your heart's beating so fast.

I've got to tell you—Annie—

YOUNG WIFE. Shhhh. Come.

He shifts into park, turns the key, headlights off.

The car door slams. Metal on metal.

GHOST-BOY. Not his bed.

YOUNG WIFE. Where?

GHOST-BOY. Here.

YOUNG WIFE. The doorknob turns.

The door flies open.

He finds her.

He wants her like he's never wanted her before.

(She inhales sharply. Looks at the door.)

(The door remains closed. There's no one there.)

GHOST-BOY. What?

YOUNG WIFE. It's not him.

GHOST-BOY. No. We're okay.

YOUNG WIFE. I thought—

GHOST-BOY. Don't worry.

YOUNG WIFE. I heard him.

GHOST-BOY. He's not coming home, Annie.

YOUNG WIFE. No?

GHOST-BOY. Not tonight.

(Blackout.)

**Scene 5: The Actress and The Cop /
Ghost-boy and The Priest.
Oh. And Goth-girl.**

(Slide: 2:45 am. In a place that's not really a place at all. The Chat-room.)

(During this scene:)

(The YOUNG WIFE packs her suitcase. THE ENTREPRENEUR watches Fred Astaire movies on TV. He plays with a yoyo.)

COP. Young American.

ACTRESS. Hi Young.

COP. Hi.

PRIEST. We were just discussing our greatest fears.

COP. Is this the confessions room?

GHOST-BOY. I'm afraid of nothing. Hello Father.

PRIEST. My son. You're back.

ACTRESS. Want to go private, Young?

COP. Private? What's that?

ACTRESS. Talk alone.

GHOST-BOY. I was hoping you'd be here. There's something I need to confess.

PRIEST. How long has it been since your last confession?

GHOST-BOY. Let's cut to the chase. I fucked my step-mom.

PRIEST. Are you trying to shock me?

COP. Superstar55 huh? What's your real name?

ACTRESS. I'm an actress.

COP. An actress, huh? Have I seen you in anything?

ACTRESS. You could see me in nothing.

COP. Wow.

ACTRESS. Joke. Or not. So, what are you here to confess?

COP. I'm looking for something real. Are you looking for something real here? What's your real name?

ACTRESS. Francine. Do you always take yourself so seriously?

COP. Francine, do you believe in perfection?

PRIEST. So back to your step-mom.

GHOST-BOY. Is passion really a sin? Will I burn in hell for that?

PRIEST. Depends, Does your father know?

GHOST-BOY. No, he's dead.

PRIEST. I'm sorry to hear that. When did he pass?

GHOST-BOY. I killed him.

PRIEST. Did you my son? How?

GHOST-BOY. A couple weeks ago. With a machete.

PRIEST. A machete? What did he ever do to you?

GHOST-BOY. It's what he didn't do that was the issue. He neglected me, Father.

PRIEST. Now you're feeling sorry for yourself, that's no reason to kill someone. Jesus Christ.

COP. Do you believe that people can be good to one another, Francine?

ACTRESS. I believe I can find the one "special someone." Do you?

COP. That there's some part of us that always stays innocent, no matter what we do?

ACTRESS. Why? What did you do?

COP. Do you believe that a person can be good, even if they do something bad?

ACTRESS. Bad? How bad?

COP. I'm just saying. Hypothetically, can we still be really really good if we do things that are really really bad.

ACTRESS. Honestly?

COP. Yes.

(Beat.)

Hello?

Superstar55?

Where'd you go?

GHOST-BOY. You believe me, don't you?

PRIEST. That's why I'm here. To believe you. Is that what you need?

GHOST-BOY. Yes.

COP. Hello? Are you still there?

ACTRESS. Thinking.

COP. Do you believe that it's possible?

ACTRESS. Yes. I believe in possibility.

COP. Can I meet you?

ACTRESS. Are you a psycho?

COP. Are you?

PRIEST. So, What'd you do with the body?

GHOST-BOY. I cut it into pieces and put it in a trash bag and buried it under a tree.

PRIEST. And how do you feel now?

GHOST-BOY. I miss him.

COP. Do you want to watch the sun rise?

ACTRESS. Sunrise. Romantic.

COP. I do believe in a perfect “someone” Francine.

ACTRESS. Where are you? Who are you?

COP. Right now, who are you imagining?

ACTRESS. Spiderman? Batman?

COP. I know karate.

ACTRESS. Can you break a brick with your head?

COP. I’m looking for a relationship based on trust and understanding. Are you looking for that?

ACTRESS. Let’s watch the sunrise. Wait. How tall are you?

COP. 6’2”.

GHOST-BOY. I can’t stay here anymore. I need to get out of here, go for a walk.

PRIEST. Do you want to meet me? For coffee?

GHOST-BOY. I didn’t kill him. I want to. That’s worse. Living with that feeling.

PRIEST. I forgive you.

GHOST-BOY. You can’t forgive me. You don’t even know me. You’re useless.

PRIEST. Ghost-boy?

GOTH-GIRL. I’m here.

PRIEST. Welcome my child.

GOTH-GIRL. Hey Priest, if you kill yourself, do you really go to hell?

PRIEST. What’s troubling you my child?

GOTH-GIRL. Or if I kill my sister tonight and then repent, you think I’d be forgiven?

PRIEST. Are you serious? If you're serious, maybe I can help.

GOTH-GIRL. How?

PRIEST. Desperation is my business. Are you desperate?

ACTRESS. See you at sunrise.

COP. Where can I find you?

GOTH-GIRL. Can you save me from myself?

Scene 6: Musical interlude

(Slide: A musical interlude: In the metropolis.)

(Song: I Still Live at Home [lyrics by Jon Ostby; music by Spymob].)

(All are on their way to meet someone.)

COP.

I read your name and interests
And I got a funny feeling
Deep inside

ACTRESS.

We had some things in common
You said you'd been out of the whole scene
For a while

COP and ACTRESS.

I guess we're supposed to meet
It said so on a print-out sheet
There's just one thing that you should know
I still live at home.
I still live at home

GHOST-BOY.

It's not so bad a door leads
Right down to my basement bedroom
From outside

ENTREPRENEUR.

Upstairs they don't care when my friends

Drop by for surprise visits
Late at night.

ALL.

I guess we're supposed to meet
It said so on a print-out sheet
There's just one thing that you should know
I still live at home
I still live at home

GOTH-GIRL.

If we went back to my place
I would light incense and candles

GOTH-GIRL and PRIEST.

No one would dare disturb us
We'd feel all alone

ACTRESS.

And if things did get serious
It would be convenient

COP.

To walk right up the stairs
And have you meet my folks

ALL.

I guess we're supposed to meet
It said so on a print-out sheet
There's just one thing that you should know
I still live at home
I still live at home
I still live at home
I still live at home

Scene 7: The Priest and Goth-girl

(The YOUNG WIFE turns the radio on. "Someone To Watch Over Me" plays on the radio. The YOUNG WIFE opens her husband's closet door, she takes out his most expensive suits and with a scissors, shreds them to pieces.)

(GHOST-BOY enters the living room. The door is open and the YOUNG WIFE is gone.)

(GHOST-BOY takes all the liquor out of his father's bar and pours it on the white carpet.)

(GHOST-BOY slams the door over and over again. He sits on the floor and buries his head in his hands.)

(THE ENTREPRENEUR roles dice.)

(THE ACTRESS brushes her hair, puts on her make-up and vocalized her victim screams.)

(THE COP walks back home, whistling.)

(Slide: In a church. 3:00 a.m.)

GOTH-GIRL. So how does it start?

PRIEST. It's your money.

GOTH-GIRL. It's your show. You're the professional.

PRIEST. But you're the star.

GOTH-GIRL. But you're the expert right. I don't know. What do most people do?

PRIEST. Different things. Depending.

GOTH-GIRL. Depending on what?

PRIEST. Like what you're afraid of. What your fantasies are. Why you're doing this in the first place. To satisfy a need, right?

GOTH-GIRL. So how does it start?

PRIEST. It can start with a bag over your head. It can start with a gun in your back, it can start with my hand over your mouth.

GOTH-GIRL. Let's slow down here.

PRIEST. Is this making you nervous?

GOTH-GIRL. I'm just getting used to the idea.

PRIEST. It's all planned out, all your design. You're in control. I won't do anything you don't want me to do. Where does it start?

GOTH-GIRL. Where?

PRIEST. In a stairwell? On the way to your car? In your own house? In the shower? With a crash down the hall, a broken window, an unlocked car door—

GOTH-GIRL. That's like every movie I've seen.

PRIEST. Then use your imagination.

GOTH-GIRL. Look, all I really want is for them to think I'm gone, gone for good.

PRIEST. Them?

GOTH-GIRL. My parents.

PRIEST. Whoa, hold on, are you over 18. I thought you were over eighteen.

GOTH-GIRL. I am.

PRIEST. If you're under 18, your parents need to sign a waiver.

GOTH-GIRL. Can I forge it?

PRIEST. Sure.

GOTH-GIRL. Are you really a priest?

PRIEST. So this isn't about you then, it's about them?

You're doing it for them. For their benefit.

GOTH-GIRL. So they'll realize my value

PRIEST. Why not for you? Why not do something for you—just.

GOTH-GIRL. I just want them to think I'm gone. Really gone.

PRIEST. So let me get this straight, we could feed you champagne on a satin sofa for three days and you'd be pleased. That's what you want us to do.

GOTH-GIRL. Sure.

PRIEST. That's not the name of the game.

That's not something most people who come to me are interested in.

GOTH-GIRL. What are they interested in?

PRIEST. Something a little rougher. More real. They want me to create reality—Duct tape over their mouth, get shoved in a duffle bag, hands tied. They've signed the waiver. They've agreed to it all before, even planned it, but then when it really starts happening, it's real.

GOTH-GIRL. Isn't there something a little off here, just a little sick?

PRIEST. I make a living.

GOTH-GIRL. So you're a businessman.

PRIEST. I'm a priest.

GOTH-GIRL. Seriously.

PRIEST. I provide a physical manifestation of the suffering you seek.

GOTH-GIRL. I don't seek suffering.

PRIEST. And then I take away your sins.

GOTH-GIRL. I don't have any sins.

PRIEST. People want to be punished. Or they will punish themselves. If I do it for them, they will be free. I'm doing you a favor, saving you from the infinite amount of torture that you would inflict on yourself.

GOTH-GIRL. Do you do this for money or kicks?

PRIEST. Everyone thinks they've gotten away with murder, that they should have died at birth, that they have sinned beyond

saving, that they have done horrors to others—people they love for which they will never be forgiven.

GOTH-GIRL. Everyone, you think so?

PRIEST. It's the human condition.

GOTH-GIRL. Personally, I don't like pain.

PRIEST. (*Writes it down:*) No pain. I'll remember that. How about fear? Your heart racing a little. That's different from pain.

GOTH-GIRL. I just want to feel like I'm something worth having.

PRIEST. Something?

GOTH-GIRL. Someone. Worth taking.

PRIEST. Have you ever thought you're here for a different reason? Curiosity, perhaps? To feel something different, to gain—

GOTH-GIRL. What could I gain from being tied up in a bag?

PRIEST. Experience.

GOTH-GIRL. I don't think that's why I'm here.

PRIEST. So why come to me, why not just take a holiday in a Ramada Inn and send your parents a note yourself.

GOTH-GIRL. I hadn't thought of that.

PRIEST. You want to do that? We can call this off.

GOTH-GIRL. No.

PRIEST. No?

GOTH-GIRL. I want to be stolen. Taken

Held for a high price

And I guess I want the rush. A thrill.

PRIEST. A thrill! And to FEEL—

GOTH-GIRL. I want to go through with it. I want the experience.

PRIEST. Good. Sign the waiver.

GOTH-GIRL. Let's get this straight. You do only what I want you to do. I hold the cards here.

PRIEST. You hold the cards.

GOTH-GIRL. This is temporary, right? You're not going to fuck it up and kill me or anything.

PRIEST. Fifteen hundred dollars only gets you so far.

GOTH-GIRL. So, Are you going to be the one?

PRIEST. Do you want me to be the one?

GOTH-GIRL. I do.

PRIEST. Do you trust me? Is that why?

GOTH-GIRL. Can someone find me? save me? In the end?

PRIEST. Wonderful, where?

GOTH-GIRL. On the front doorstep of our house in a duffle bag, my hands tied, duct tape over my mouth, maybe even drugged up, bruises lots of bruises, can you do bruises?

I want to really look like shit.

PRIEST. I'm looking forward to it.

GOTH-GIRL. So am I.

PRIEST. See you tonight.

GOTH-GIRL. God bless.

Scene 8: The Pregnant Young Wife and the Cop

(Slide: On the Cop's front stoop. 3:30 a.m.)

(During this scene:)

(THE PRIEST stands in line for donuts and Earl Gray tea at the Dunkin' Donuts.)

(GHOST-BOY stands in line behind THE PRIEST at Dunkin' Donuts.)

COP. I know you want me to ask you in, Annie, because you are standing on my front stoop with a suitcase, but I'm not going to ask you in this time, Annie.

You know I get important calls in the middle of the night, Annie, I get calls where someone's just been shot—real emergencies, where people are dying here. Are you dying here? When the phone rings alarms go off, I am up and ready for action. This better not be a false alarm Annie.

YOUNG WIFE. I left him. I'm leaving him.

COP. Why?

YOUNG WIFE. I can't go back there. I can't spend another night there.

COP. Okay, let's take things slowly, now, Annie I want you to be rational here—

YOUNG WIFE. He didn't come home again. I can't take it.

COP. Now what really happened? Something else happen?

YOUNG WIFE. No.

COP. What happened tonight? Just the facts.

YOUNG WIFE. He didn't come home.

COP. He doesn't come home a lot of nights Annie

YOUNG WIFE. His son came home. I'm scared of him.

COP. Did he do something to you?

YOUNG WIFE. I miss you.

COP. So you haven't told him that you're leaving, right, you haven't formally communicated that to him, right?

YOUNG WIFE. I miss you. Do you miss me?

COP. Now let's think here, let's take things slowly here Annie, let's not make any sudden moves here, let's think about this—you are a pregnant woman, about to have a child—

YOUNG WIFE. I'm not going back.

COP. Well, that's your prerogative. You can certainly do that. You can certainly not go back.

YOUNG WIFE. I can't go home, I can't spend another night there, it's like my blood has changed from A to B positive.

COP. You're not thinking, Annie.

YOUNG WIFE. Sometimes you can't think—

COP. You have to think—the baby. Do you plan to do that alone?

YOUNG WIFE. No.

COP. No. Right. So. Oh.

YOUNG WIFE. If I have to.

COP. I'm not good with children, Annie, I just need to put that on the table.

YOUNG WIFE. I never said—I wouldn't think—

COP. Look.

YOUNG WIFE. Look.

COP. Look—Maybe we should have a conversation about us, about this. You're not here because you were dying to see me. You're here because you want me to save you. It's not about me Annie, it's about you.

YOUNG WIFE. Maybe we should consummate this

COP. Consummate? Do I look like a doormat, Annie?

YOUNG WIFE. I think it's time, don't you?

COP. You don't want to "consummate" this, Annie, not really.

YOUNG WIFE. How do you know what I want, I'm telling you what I want.

COP. You want to show up on my doorstep in the middle of the night and tell me about how your relationship is falling apart, and shower me with affection and butter me up and flirt and promise and flatter

YOUNG WIFE. We'll fall asleep together, we'll wake up and I'll pack your lunch, I'll meet your parents—

COP. And every time I make you a cup of tea and I think: This is it. This time she really wants me—

YOUNG WIFE. I do want you.

COP. Until you feel desirable again and then you're out the door, back to the fucked up guy you're really in love with. Until he uses *you* like a doormat and you need someone steady and relievable so you show up on my doorstep again and shower me with affection and butter me up and flirt and promise and flatter again until you feel desirable again and you're back out the door again. This is not a friendship. It's a doggydoor. It's sick, Annie, it's crazymaking.

YOUNG WIFE. What's wrong. Is something wrong?

COP. No.

YOUNG WIFE. What's wrong? I know you, I can tell—

COP. I need someone who needs me 24-7. Not someone who wants me sometimes, needs me sometimes to put out a fire someone else started. I am not a fireman.

YOUNG WIFE. What's really going on here?

COP. Nothing.

YOUNG WIFE. Did you meet someone?

COP. I want you to call me, Annie, in a couple of days.

YOUNG WIFE. Is she upstairs?

COP. I care, Annie, I care very much. And I feel like a real "bad guy" here for not letting you in—

YOUNG WIFE. Where'd you meet her?

COP. When I see that you are in a tight spot and you need a place to go—

YOUNG WIFE. Oh, you're so sensitive and considerate—

COP. I hope you can forgive me, but I've made a decision, Annie and that decision is final.

YOUNG WIFE. You are a selfish, phony, preaching son of a bitch.

COP. I am in love with you, Annie, and that is why I can't see you anymore.

YOUNG WIFE. He lets her in. He opens the door. And lets her in.

COP. She falls asleep on his chest. He keeps the peace. He protects her from all harm.

COP. Sometimes there is an empty space within you and it feels like a black hole. But you need to go through that, Annie, you need to experience that empty place in order to allow something new come into it. You need to create a vacuum to be filled.

I need to start anew Annie. And so do you. Okay?

YOUNG WIFE. Okay.

COP. Okay.

(They stand there.)

YOUNG WIFE. He kisses her passionately.

She knows he didn't mean all that.

(They stand in awkward silence.)

COP. Okay.

YOUNG WIFE. Okay.

Scene 9: Dunkin' Donuts.

(Slide: Meanwhile, in line at the Dunkin' Donuts...)

(GHOST-BOY stands in line at the Dunkin' Donuts. GOTH-GIRL stands behind him. He turns around and looks at her.)

GOTH-GIRL. What are you looking at?

GHOST-BOY. Nothin'.

(He gets his donuts and exits, hiding outside the door. She exits. He follows her.)

**Scene 10: The Priest (kidnapper #1)
and the Entrepreneur (kidnapper #2)**

(During this scene: THE ACTRESS continues brushing her hair. Maybe she sings "The Sun'll Come Out Tomorrow." THE COP dozes off in his armchair.)

(GHOST-BOY follows GOTH-GIRL to the graveyard.)

(Slide: 4:05 a.m. In a van.)

PRIEST. What do you think a person is worth, Max?

ENTREPRENEUR. Fifteen hundred dollars.

PRIEST. I'm not talking about the job, I'm talking about the person. What's a person worth?

ENTREPRENEUR. His life?

PRIEST. Yeah, his life

ENTREPRENEUR. Depends on his job. How much cash he'll make in his life.

PRIEST. Is that all it comes down to? Is that all it really comes down to, in the end?

ENTREPRENEUR. That and who needs him.

PRIEST. Needs him for what?

ENTREPRENEUR. Why are you asking me?

PRIEST. How are you useful Max? Who are you useful to?

ENTREPRENEUR. Does your brain always do this? Turn and turn like a hamster on a wheel?

PRIEST. How many days do you think it would take?

ENTREPRENEUR. Turn and turn all day and all night—

PRIEST. Before you're replaced. Forgotten. I want a kid, Max.

ENTREPRENEUR. Does your mouth have to flap when the wheel turns?

PRIEST. People, Max, relationships. Family, that's the only place you become worth anything. You know. Immortal. Don't you think about these things?

ENTREPRENEUR. You forgot the coffee, Max.

PRIEST. You think you're smarter than me, don't you?

ENTREPRENEUR. Just cuz I'm next to you, you think you have to talk to me. Silence, man. Silence. Is golden.

(Pause.)

PRIEST. What time is it?

Why do people do this shit, Man?

ENTREPRENEUR. Because they're sick.

PRIEST. Yeah but we're selling it to them. Their own torture.

ENTREPRENEUR. People pay for chiropractors.

PRIEST. And I don't like that it's a girl.

ENTREPRENEUR. What's wrong with that? Equal rights.

PRIEST. It's not right, Max, this girl didn't even know what I was selling her and she bought it. Max and how come I got to dress up in this priest shit.

ENTREPRENEUR. People trust you, they respect you in that.

PRIEST. I don't think so, Max, I think they think I'm a fucking crackpot.

ENTREPRENEUR. You shouldn't care what people think of you, Max.

PRIEST. I mean, today with this girl, I mean she's no prom queen but she's a nice girl—

Now she wants us to hurt her, she's paying us to hurt her,

Well I don't want to be a part of it.

ENTREPRENEUR. You got a thing for her, huh?

PRIEST. It doesn't make any sense, Max, I sell it, but it doesn't make any sense to me at all. I feel like a fake, Man, I sell people shit they don't even want. Hell, no one wants to be terrorized, abused, tied up and duct taped.

ENTREPRENEUR. Of course they do.

PRIEST. Not really, deep down. People want to respect themselves. Really, deep down that's what they want.

ENTREPRENEUR. That is narrow-minded of you. It assumes we're all healthy right-minded individuals. Which we're not.

PRIEST. You're not. I just want to be normal, Max. Boringly normal. Bland as fucking oatmeal. I want to have a steady job with benefits.

ENTREPRENEUR. You want to work at a bank?

PRIEST. Maybe just a Wal-Mart or something.

Yeah, or maybe I'd go to business school or foreign services and become a diplomat.

ENTREPRENEUR. You want to play a game?

PRIEST. I'm serious here, this is serious.

ENTREPRENEUR. You're whining, you want to get serious? You want to play a game?

(THE ENTREPRENEUR takes out his gun.)

PRIEST. I'm handing in my resignation man, after tonight.

(THE ENTREPRENEUR empties the bullets out of his gun. He puts one bullet back in.)

ENTREPRENEUR.

Six slugs out, then one slug in.

Give her a kiss and give her a spin.

'Round and 'round and 'round she goes,
where she stops, nobody knows.

(THE ENTREPRENEUR puts the gun at his temple.)

PRIEST. I don't want play, man.

ENTREPRENEUR. It's a game. We're just playing a game here.

PRIEST. You know what? You're getting out of control. You're getting to be too much.

(THE ENTREPRENEUR points the gun at THE PRIEST.)

ENTREPRENEUR. Tomato Macky. Macaroni and tomato sauce—

PRIEST. I'm done, Max, I'm through.

ENTREPRENEUR. Goulash. That's what it looks like. Brains.

PRIEST. I'm done. Get that fucking thing out of my face.

ENTREPRENEUR. People look like puppets. When they're dead. You ever see a body

PRIEST. Sure—

ENTREPRENEUR. Puppets! One day SWACK your head goes flying off, you got a bullet through your heart, BLAM, a fence post through the windshield, SMACK. I used to watch my dad sew them together, embalm them, a piece here, a piece there, put back together a face, a leg, a skull, dress them up into their favorite clothes to hide the holes and missing parts,

PRIEST. I don't care about your childhood, Max, I don't want to hear it.

ENTREPRENEUR. He looks me in the eye, square, like I'm staring at you now and says, son, you will never understand the line between the living and the dead.

PRIEST. I don't care what you do, just leave me out of it.

ENTREPRENEUR. I'm your nightmare. I make a living at it. I've got fear to sell you, right here. Going cheap.

PRIEST. You should get a good solid day job. With a 401 K—

ENTREPRENEUR. Loose cannon, man, you are a loose cannon. That's who you are. Can't change it. Try to hide it, suppress it, close it up, shut it out, scare it away with reason. That's your fire. It's burning. Wild. It's wild it's hot and uncontained. Don't pretend,

man. Put it on the line. Don't shut that down man, that'll kill you. You try to live a boring life. You're not cut out for it. Place your bets—

PRIEST. I'm not gonna sit here—

ENTREPRENEUR. —'round and 'round and 'round she goes—

(THE ENTREPRENEUR puts the gun to his temple.)

PRIEST. I want a wife, I want to have a kid, I want to be normal, I want a good health plan with dental. I want to be—

(THE ENTREPRENEUR shoots the gun. BLAM. He smiles. Not dead.)

ENTREPRENEUR. ALIVE!

PRIEST. Fuck you. I'm going for a walk.

(THE PRIEST exits, slamming the van door behind him.)

ENTREPRENEUR. What about the girl!

Scene 11: The Cop's Dream.

(Slide: 4:15 a.m. THE COP dozes off in his armchair. He dreams.)

(The radio plays "Hero" by Enrique Iglesias. THE COP sleeps in his chair, behind him is a single white door. In The Cop's dream: A loud knocking sound comes from the door. THE COP goes to the door, his gun drawn. The door flies open. Behind the door is a BOY in a large hooded sweatshirt. The BOY raises his hands up in surrender. THE COP hands the BOY his gun. He turns around slowly. His back to the boy.)

COP. Do it!

(The BOY fires the gun.)

(THE COP wakes up.)

(He is alone, standing in his room. The radio plays. He polishes his badge. Sits.)

Scene 12: Ghost-boy and Goth-girl

(Slide: In the graveyard. 4:35 a.m. Two meet by chance. The world spins in strange ways.)

(During this scene:)

(The YOUNG WIFE sits at a bus stop with her suitcase. She reads a romance novel.)

(THE PRIEST arrives at the bus stop. He sits next to her and smokes.)

(Lights up on GOTH-GIRL and GHOST-BOY in the graveyard.)

GHOST-BOY. What are you doing? Is that a knife?

GOTH-GIRL. Shit! What the fuck.

GHOST-BOY. Did I scare you?

GOTH-GIRL. I thought you were a fucking Ghost.

GHOST-BOY. What if I am?

GOTH-GIRL. Are you following me? Did you follow me!

GHOST-BOY. What if I am?

GOTH-GIRL. Are you gonna rape me or something? Steal my donuts?

GHOST-BOY. No.

GOTH-GIRL. Why not? You scared of me?

GHOST-BOY. What? You want me to rape you?

GOTH-GIRL. See how sharp this knife is? I'd cut your heart out and eat it.

GHOST-BOY. Go ahead. I don't have a heart anyway. I'm a ghost.

GOTH-GIRL. Liar.

GHOST-BOY. What were you doing? Sacrificing yourself

GOTH-GIRL. What if I was?

GHOST-BOY. I'd stop you.

GOTH-GIRL. I'm cutting myself.

GHOST-BOY. Does that hurt?

GOTH-GIRL. Do you want to try it?

GHOST-BOY. You want a donut? Lemon-filled?

GOTH-GIRL. You want a chocolate frosted?

(He holds out a bag of donuts. She holds out her bag of donuts. They exchange donuts.)

GHOST-BOY. Is this your place?

GOTH-GIRL. It's a public place.

GHOST-BOY. If you climb the fence.

GOTH-GIRL. When did you die, Ghosty?

GHOST-BOY. Hypothetically, tonight.

GOTH-GIRL. Why are you dead?

GHOST-BOY. Long story.

GOTH-GIRL. Tell me.

GHOST-BOY. I don't even know you.

GOTH-GIRL. So it should be easy.

GHOST-BOY. I fucked my step-mom.

GOTH-GIRL. Wow. Oedipal. Tonight?

GHOST-BOY. Yeah, I'm dead meat. Can't go home, I'm just walking around numb. Stupid.

How 'bout you? You dead?

GOTH-GIRL. Not yet. What time is it?

GHOST-BOY. Why? You got somewhere to be?

GOTH-GIRL. Why would I tell you, Oedipus?

GHOST-BOY. Because I asked.

GOTH-GIRL. I've got sister trouble. My sister, she's a bitch. I can't stomach her. She's always been the baby. She doesn't feel any pain, man. She's perfect. Little miss perfection. I'm sick of her.

GHOST-BOY. Can I tell you something else?

GOTH-GIRL. Are you really a ghost? You look pretty solid up close.

GHOST-BOY. I can't feel anything. I'm see-through. Empty. If you touched me your hand would go right through me. I'm full of nothing.

GOTH-GIRL. Maybe you're full of shit.

GHOST-BOY. You think?

GOTH-GIRL. What if I grabbed your balls? Kicked you in the stomach?

GHOST-BOY. Nothing affects me.

GOTH-GIRL. I can affect you.

GHOST-BOY. Try. I'm cold glass, baby. Impermeable.

GOTH-GIRL. How do you know?

(She holds the knife up.)

GOTH-GIRL. Are you scared of your own blood?

GHOST-BOY. Nope. Cold-blooded.

GOTH-GIRL. Are you scared of my blood? Did you ever drink someone's blood?

GHOST-BOY. All the time. No. Never.

GOTH-GIRL. Do you want to drink mine?

GHOST-BOY. Um.

GOTH-GIRL. Um?

GHOST-BOY. Yes.

GOTH-GIRL. It's not like getting a tattoo you know.

GHOST-BOY. I know.

GOTH-GIRL. This is irreversible—

GHOST-BOY. I know.

GOTH-GIRL. You can't wake up from this.

GHOST-BOY. I don't want to.

GOTH-GIRL. Say what I say.

GHOST-BOY. Say what I say.

GOTH-GIRL. 4 a.m. knows all my secrets.

GHOST-BOY. Can I know your secrets?

(She cuts him.)

OW.

GOTH-GIRL. 4 a.m.'s when my dreams die.

GHOST-BOY. 4 a.m.'s when my dreams die.

(She cuts herself so she bleeds.)

GHOST-BOY. Shit, you're serious.

(GOTH-GIRL says the following as GHOST-BOY echoes her:)

GOTH-GIRL. *(GHOST-BOY echoes her:)*

Cut me, change me, rearrange me, your blood is my blood, my blood is your blood, supernaturally, eternally, mix with me internally, change me irreversibly, effect me, infect me, fate me, alter me, lose time, find mine, let me be your landmine, 4 a.m. knows all my secrets, 4 a.m.'s when my dreams die. Drink me.

(She drinks his blood.)

GOTH-GIRL. You're not safe with me.

GHOST-BOY. That's what I like about you.

You're getting blood all over my shirt.

GOTH-GIRL. Take it off. Suck.

(He does.)

(Slide: Time Flies.)

(To the audience:)

ENTREPRENEUR. Lightheaded, they leave their bodies.

PRIEST. And fly together. Invisible. Unseen.

ACTRESS. Over The Metropolis.

GOTH-GIRL. Like Wonder Woman's invisible jet.

COP. They commit crimes to free the world of its fear of evil.

PRIEST. As unpredictable as the weather

YOUNG WIFE. They will never come down

ENTREPRENEUR. They are evil incarnate.

GHOST-BOY. This is greater than love.

GOTH-GIRL. It's lift-off.

GHOST-BOY. One kiss lasts five hours.

They start off at Saturn fly to Jupiter, orbit past Venus run into Mars, stop at Mars for a bite then head back to the big blue sphere.

in no time at all.

Time? What time? Time is for people who need to pass it.

Time is for those who keep track. Time is for...

(Lights rise suddenly on THE ACTRESS and THE ENTREPRENEUR in the Actress' bedroom. [The Kidnapping.] THE ACTRESS screams.)

ACTRESS. OH!

ENTREPRENEUR. Hiya Dollface.

Scene 13: The Kidnapping.

(Slide: Minutes before dawn. In the Actress' bedroom.)

ACTRESS. You're early.

ENTREPRENEUR. You ready to go?

ACTRESS. I didn't hear you come in.

ENTREPRENEUR. Shit, I—

ACTRESS. Shhh. Don't speak. Look at me.

Your face!

Forgive me for staring but

To finally see it!

ENTREPRENEUR. Well I—

ACTRESS. Shhhh. I know we've just met, but I have to confess

That I've never felt what I've felt with you

The ease of the night, the thrill of knowing you're out there

Till now, we've communicated without the nuisance of our mortal coils, we've sent words across space, across time, to speak to each other through our fingers. Typing out

Who. Are. You.

(He smiles.)

ACTRESS. But to see you smile. Is greater. Than anything I've imagined.

ENTREPRENEUR. You're not bad yourself

ACTRESS. Speak to me, let me hear you speak—

ENTREPRENEUR. You're invaluable, doll face, princess darling.

ACTRESS. Go on.

ENTREPRENEUR. I want to steal you away, Out this door

Right now. Come on, let's go.

You are my Ming vase, my Picasso in the louver, Better than an heirloom,

ACTRESS. And now it's finally time for our bodies to meet. In one time, in one place, not just words in space but flesh to flesh, poetry to poetry,

You opened up a whole new part of me, you're what gets me up in the morning

ENTREPRENEUR. I'm not good with words, here.

ACTRESS. Oh no. Am I saying too much too soon? Spilling my heart?

I'm not cheap, do you think I'm cheap?

ENTREPRENEUR. Expensive. Valuable.

ACTRESS. Am I not who you thought I'd be? Do I disappoint you? You'd tell me, wouldn't you, if in the moment of seeing me, your heart sunk?

ENTREPRENEUR. No.

ACTRESS. No?

ENTREPRENEUR. If that door hadn't been unlocked, Princess, I would've broken it down just to get to you. To—

ACTRESS. What if we're not compatible? After all this, what if, I'm not who you imagined?

ENTREPRENEUR. No. I told you you were pretty. How else do you want me to say it? What do you want me to say!

ACTRESS. You're prettier than I ever imagined.

ENTREPRENEUR. You're prettier than I ever imagined.

ACTRESS. This isn't working for me.

ENTREPRENEUR. Aw, come on.

What do you want from me here?

ACTRESS. No. It's me. You're not who I pictured. You're not who I dreamed.

ENTREPRENEUR. What did you picture?

ACTRESS. Smoother. Classier.

(He starts to tap-dance.)

ENTREPRENEUR. I like my customers satisfied.

Don't you tell anyone you saw me do this

Dance with you, you beautiful, valuable, priceless, woman.

(Singing:)

I'm gonna steal you from Night

So Day won't find you,

Try though it might.

I'm gonna steal you from Night.

You make me feel, smooth.

(They dance.)

ACTRESS. You're hands are strong.

ENTREPRENEUR. Not so rough around the edges.

(He pulls her too him.)

ACTRESS. Not so tight—

ENTREPRENEUR. I'm gonna take you, and hold you hostage for a very high price

ACTRESS. I don't need to be taken—

ENTREPRENEUR. Where no one can find you. I'll never bring you back.

ACTRESS. NO!

ENTREPRENEUR. Oh no?

(He smiles.)

ACTRESS. What are you doing?

Get away from me!

No! No!

Get out of here!

(She struggles, he tries to subdue her, she falls to the ground.)

ACTRESS. What do you want?

ENTREPRENEUR. Now we're getting somewhere!

(He comes toward her. She screams.)

ENTREPRENEUR. Do you want to videotape this or anything, before we start?

ACTRESS. GET AWAY FROM ME!

ENTREPRENEUR. Shhhh. You've got some pipes on you.

Keep it down, keep it down.

(She struggles.)

I'm just trying to do a job here.

Wow, you really get into this, don't you.

(She bites him hard.)

OW! Damn it. How bout a little respect.

You're a live one.

Okay.

Man, I tell you, There's got to be better ways of making rent. Dunkin' Donuts is looking like a fine job opportunity after this,

I start to take it personally after a while. All this screaming.

(She bites down hard.)

No biting! No Biting!

(She kicks him in the groin.)

Okay. Now you're getting personal.

(He hits her hard. She runs to the dresser drawer, pulls out a gun.)

ENTREPRENEUR. Whoa hold on!

Hold on!

(Lights up in the Graveyard:)

GOTH-GIRL. Oh!

GHOST-BOY. What?

GOTH-GIRL. What time is it?

GHOST-BOY. One?

GOTH-GIRL. It was one o'clock hours ago.

GHOST-BOY. Sorry, you're right. Two.

GOTH-GIRL. We met at 4.

GHOST-BOY. Then it's 4:05.

GOTH-GIRL. What time is it? I lost track. Shit. I've got to go—

GHOST-BOY. Now?

GOTH-GIRL. They're kidnapping—SHIT. They're supposed to kidnap me but—

GHOST-BOY. I'm kidnapping you.

GOTH-GIRL. They're supposed to take me but—

GHOST-BOY. I'm taking you.

(In the Bedroom: THE ENTREPRENEUR moves toward THE ACTRESS. She shoots him three times. He falls to his knees. He tries to crawl into the closet. She shoots him in the back three more times.)

GOTH-GIRL. Should I call it off? Should I go there?

GHOST-BOY. Call what off? Go where?

GOTH-GIRL. Just say yes or no. Should I stop it?

GHOST-BOY. I don't know what IT is, IT what?

GOTH-GIRL. Just tell me, YES or NO.

(THE COP breaks down the door of the Actress' bedroom.)

COP. Freeze! Police! Drop the gun ma'am. Drop the gun!

ACTRESS. Who the fuck are you?

COP. Francine?

ACTRESS. Who the fuck *are* you?

COP. I came here to pick you up Francine

ACTRESS. You're my date? Then who the fuck was he? You're a cop? You didn't tell me you were a cop? YOU'RE LATE—

COP. I don't have divine intuition, Francine. I came here to watch the sun rise! I didn't expect this—

ACTRESS. Do you think I planned this? Do you think I fucking planned for this to fucking happen?

COP. There's no need to use those words ma'am.

ACTRESS. Franny.

COP. Franny, there is no need for that. We're going to get along better if you cooperate.

ACTRESS. Where the fuck were you when I needed you!

COP. I am not having a conversation with you, Ma'am, I am giving you an order!

ACTRESS. He was fucking strangling me!

COP. I did not witness that, ma'am. Now lower the gun.

ACTRESS. I didn't do it.

COP. This is not the way to begin a lasting relationship, Franny, drop the gun. This is not the way to begin a relationship based on trust and understanding—

ACTRESS. He was trying to kill me!

COP. Do you know this man, Franny, do you "know" him?

ACTRESS. I've never seen him!

COP. He is not related to you in any way, you have absolutely no idea why he would have broken into your house on this particular night!

ACTRESS. You're making me the criminal! I am the victim here! I am the victim.

COP. Be that as it may, ma'am, you just killed someone.

ACTRESS. He strangled me, he choked me, he put a bag over my head!

COP. I'm going to count to five now, Franny.

ACTRESS. I didn't do it. I didn't mean to do it.

COP. And when I reach five, I expect your gun to be safely on the floor. One.

ACTRESS. You are nothing like you advertised yourself to be!

COP. Two.

ACTRESS. You are not understanding, kind or generous! You are not 6'2''

COP. Three.

ACTRESS. You are like every other fucking asshole, insensitive pig!

COP. Four.

ACTRESS. Control freak with a small dick complex!

COP. Four. I'm on four ma'am.

ACTRESS. What about my rights!

COP. We'll get to your rights in a second.

Four and a half. Don't make me get to five.

**Scene 14: Young Wife and The Priest /
The Cop and The Actress /
Ghost-boy and Goth-girl.**

(Slide: Meanwhile: At a bus stop down the road.)

(The YOUNG WIFE sits at the bus stop with her suitcase. She reads a romance novel. THE PRIEST sits beside her. He lights a cigarette.)

YOUNG WIFE. Hi.

PRIEST. Hi.

YOUNG WIFE. Got a cigarette?

PRIEST. You shouldn't smoke.

(She looks at him. He gives her a cigarette.)

YOUNG WIFE. He asks her why she has a suitcase.

PRIEST. She asks him what a priest is doing up so late. Up so early.

YOUNG WIFE. He asks her what a pregnant woman is doing alone at a bus stop.

PRIEST. She wants to confide in him.

YOUNG WIFE. He wants a child.

PRIEST. In her eyes, he's kind, gentle, a priest.

GOTH-GIRL. I'm a horrible person.

GHOST-BOY. I'm horrible too. We'll be horrible together. Me and you. Don't go. Anywhere.

(THE ACTRESS drops the gun.)

(THE COP goes to handcuff her.)

ACTRESS. Listen to me!

COP. I'm listening to you, Franny, okay, I'm listening!

ACTRESS. Get your hands off me.

COP. You have to promise Franny

ACTRESS. Let go of me.

COP. You have to promise. Look me in the eyes. You have to promise that If I let go of you, you are going to stay still and not move.

ACTRESS. You are an asshole!

COP. Okay. Now that doesn't help.

(He handcuffs her.)

ACTRESS. Do you get your kicks this way!

COP. Okay! I am not doing this according to procedure. I have stopped following procedure here. Now, we're just going to sit down here for a minute and breathe.

There is no one here who is going to hurt you or judge you or make you do anything you don't want to do, okay?

ACTRESS. Okay.

COP. Good.

ACTRESS. Good?

COP. We're just going to sit here for a minute and talk.

ACTRESS. I don't want to talk.

COP. Or not talk.

We're just going to sit here for a minute.

I was really looking forward to meeting you here tonight, Franny.

I thought maybe, you'd be the one.

GOTH-GIRL. Tell me the worst thing you ever did.

GHOST-BOY. Why?

GOTH-GIRL. I want to know you in the night, the nocturnal parts of you. The worst of you.

GHOST-BOY. That's what you think.

GOTH-GIRL. Whisper your sins in my ear.

(He does.)

COP. Do you believe that people can be perfect?

ACTRESS. Do you think you could take the cuffs off?

COP. I'm not saying everyone's going to be perfect all of the time, I'm not asking for miracles here. I just want to know that it's possible.

ACTRESS. Are you kidding?

COP. You know who I admire, Franny? Joe Namath.

Now sports, there's a profession. We watch sports, Franny so that at one moment, one singular moment, we can feel excellent, that perfection is possible. That grace is possible. In a single moment. I shot a child today, Franny. He was young. Fourteen years old. And I shot him. Because I got nervous. Because I was afraid. We can't be perfect. We can never be perfect. Except when you're reaching out to catch the ball and it lands in your hands and for one second you have with all beauty and grace made the perfect connection. Just one connection.

ACTRESS. I shot someone today too!

COP. You did, didn't you?

ACTRESS. Because I was nervous, scared.

COP. Because you're not perfect—

ACTRESS. Because no one's perfect. We can never be perfect!

GHOST-BOY. I forgive you.

GOTH-GIRL. I forgive you. For your worst crimes.

GHOST-BOY. I feel like anything's possible with you right now.

(GHOST-BOY and GOTH-GIRL kiss.)

PRIEST. What are you reading?

YOUNG WIFE. Romance. Trash. I don't usually—

YOUNG WIFE. He says he believes in romance.

PRIEST. She asks him if he has kids, if he wants kids, if he thinks he'll ever be a real father.

YOUNG WIFE. Anything's possible, with him.

ACTRESS. Anything's possible. With you.

PRIEST. With her, anything's possible.

YOUNG WIFE. Do you have change for a five?

GOTH-GIRL. Do you feel changed?

GHOST-BOY. Rearranged. Do you?

COP. You know what a winner is, Franny?

ACTRESS. Winners are losers who don't quit. Winners are losers who keep playing.

Are you a winner?

COP. YES!

GOTH-GIRL. YES!

PRIEST. YES!

(THE ACTRESS and THE COP kiss.)

Scene 15: Dawn.

(Slide: DAWN.)

GHOST-BOY. Just one thing. I have to tell you—

I lied. About my step-mom. What I told you, when we met I didn't fuck her, I wanted to, but I couldn't close the deal.

GOTH-GIRL. You lied to me? Why? You don't even know me.

GHOST-BOY. I wanted to impress you?

GOTH-GIRL. Are you lying now? Just so I'll like you more? Think you're a better person?

GHOST-BOY. You make me want to tell the truth.

GOTH-GIRL. Is that the truth? What's the truth?

GHOST-BOY. I'm not a ghost. My name is William.

GOTH-GIRL. William?

YOUNG WIFE. He asks her why she has a suitcase. He's dying to know.

PRIEST. She asks him out for coffee.

(The fantasy cracks abruptly. They address each other directly.)

YOUNG WIFE. Do you want to know why I have a suitcase?

PRIEST. Do you want to get some coffee?

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com