

This document contains rewrites and typo fixes of the original script. In the case of the rewrites, I've included a few of the existing lines that precede and then follow to make it easier to see where it goes. I've also italicized the preferred new text that should be used in all productions.

Pg. 19 of the published script.

NURSE

Oh, they get more religious, or less, or they see life in a different way.

JOY

Huh...

NURSE

(A beat.) Well, maybe it will come later. I guess that's it then. *Hmmm...you haven't had any visitors but I see you've got a car and someone waiting downstairs. A Russell...something, I can't read it...your husband?*

JOY

No, I'm not married.

NURSE

Oh, is it your father? Are your parents here?

JOY

My parents? Not much chance of that.

NURSE

I'm sorry, I didn't...have they passed on?

JOY

We can hope.

NURSE

What?

JOY

Nothing. The person picking me up, Russell, is...Russell is a friend.

NURSE

Oooo, is he your fiancé?

JOY

...this is harder than leaving Saigon... He's a friend.

NURSE

That's fine, "friend" is fine, friend is fine. So, someone will be up in a minute to wheel you down and, well, I guess you just go live your life now! Great advice, huh? "Live your life." Ha-ha! My sense of humor! Ha-ha!

(Nothing at all from JOY.)

OK...take care of yourself, Joy.

Pg. 28 of the published script.

JOY

But I still feel like... I mean, how big of a jerk am I?

DARLA

Party size.

JOY

Hey!

DARLA

Kidding! You just need to meet the right guy, you're still young and pretty.

JOY

Yeah, right...

DARLA

Young-ish...

JOY

Yeah, with a huge scar down my chest. "Come on, hurry guys! Get her while she's warm!" (THEY laugh.)

And now I've got a freshness label.

DARLA

Freshness label?

JOY

Yeah, they don't know exactly, but the longest anyone ever made a transplant last was about thirty years. Average is more like fifteen. But some people get a second one.

DARLA

Well, then that's at least thirty years right there.

JOY

Yeah, yeah.

DARLA

And there are new drugs, new things coming out all the time. You don't know!

JOY

You know, this whole "perky optimism" thing? Who are you and what have you done with Darla?

DARLA

Right? I'm pretty mad at you though.

JOY

Uh oh...

DARLA

You said not to come to the hospital and that was fine, not fine, but fine, still, why didn't call me when you got home? I've wanted to come by forever, you know.

JOY

I know, I'm a terrible, terrible person. I just wasn't up for visitors yet.

DARLA

Be careful, now that Russell's gone, I think I'm your last friend in the world. Ya better be nice to me.

JOY

Ooo, I will, I will...

DARLA

So, you are having a hell of a year! How's this thing going!?

(DARLA reaches out to put her hands on JOY'S chest. JOY pulls back.)

JOY

Hey, hey, hey. You broke it you bought it.

DARLA

(Beat.) Did you get the present from the office?

JOY

I did. And you can't have enough Mylar balloons...

DARLA

I know! (DARLA laughs a bit, JOY does not.) But seriously, you seem sad...sadder than usual. What's up?

Pg. 43 of the published script.

JOY

Darla, no, there isn't, there really isn't! What? Stare out the window some more? Look at my tree? Pass the time? Oh, but you're right, I could do some beautiful graphic to sell more corn, make more money, spend more money, get old and then die...?

DARLA

Maybe you need to go home? Spend some time with your family...?

JOY

HA! (SHE breaks down laughing, pretty hard.)

DARLA

What? Family is... They might help.

JOY

(Recovering from the gales of laughter.) Darla, my parents, my parents were kind of like...I don't know, swinger/hippies? They felt everything and did everything and nothing held them back. Not even me. My father left us when I was six because being a Dad was just "not his thing." My Mom lasted another two years and on my eighth birthday, had the decency to drop me at her sister's on her way out of town.

And do you know what she gave me? To remember her? As she went off to find herself with a new guy, do you know what I got? A hug. A hug is what I got.

DARLA

Oh, kid, I'm so sorry...

JOY

I have no idea if they're alive or dead and I truly do not care. So, all of this heart stuff happens and it makes me realize, I'm asking myself, why? Why am I supposed to live? For what? For who?

And the kicker here is that for me to have all this extra time, for me, "special, special" me to be alive, someone else had to die, fantastic! Some guy who might have had...who might have done something, been in love, maybe HE had a family that loved him, I don't know...he's dead and I'm alive, what is that? But really, come on, what was he going to do, anyway? What was I? Jesus God! I WAS GOOD TO GO! I was good to go...

Now, I...what? (Pause.) OK, good meeting. Thanks for dropping by.

DARLA

Joy—

Pg. 65 of the published script.

JOY

I'm so sorry.

ALICE

Anyway, I gave permission for them to...they call it "*recovering*" and... here we all are.
(Pause.)

JOY

I need to get that cab.

(JOY starts to gather up her things.)

TYPOS IN THE PUBLISHED SCRIPT:

Pg. 12 of the published script. (These are actually lines that were assigned to the wrong characters.)

NURSE

I don't think your doctor has been in. Maybe a floating nurse? We have so many floaters here I can't keep track. Do you want to eat?

JOY

I guess...what's for dinner?

(JOY starts to sit up. NURSE goes to help.)

Don't.

NURSE

OK. And dinner? It's breakfast. Dinner! That's funny. You are confused, sleepyhead. That's funny.

Pg. 49 of the published script.

JOY

(Scrolling.) Oh my gosh... We had almost the same music... that's interesting.
(SAMMY reenters.)

SAMMY

No. No it's not. It's—

ALL

--the RIVER!!

(SHE hands JOY the water.)

ALICE

OK, honey, OK... Sammy did you call your Dad?

Pg. 65 of the published script.

Finally, in the original script, Alice uses the word “harvesting” when describing the removal of Jack’s heart. This is no longer the correct term. The proper phrase now is “recovering.”

I think that these are all good changes. And, if it makes it easier, there is a pdf of the entire corrected script available from Playscripts, Inc. on request.