

The Cherry Hung with Snow

By

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Cast of Characters

<u>LIDDY:</u>	15
<u>WARREN:</u>	15
<u>MARK:</u>	46
<u>CASH (ANDREW):</u>	23
<u>DEAN:</u>	24
<u>MARNIE:</u>	23
<u>DIMITRA:</u>	49

notes on punctuation:

<u>-:</u>	means a person ends the line on their own
<u>-:</u>	means a person is cut off by the next line or action
<u>/:</u>	means the following dialogue is overlapped by the next character's dialogue
<u>:</u>	lines not ending in periods can stay suspended

Scene

The garden behind a rundown apartment building in a suburb of St. Louis; the lobby in a nearby high school; various bedrooms; & others

Time

The distant present

NOTES TOWARDS STAGING

The set for an outdoor garden should fill the stage. The floor of the garden is covered in stone and there is a curved wall of about three or or four feet starting SR that climbs even higher to around five or six feet SL. This retaining wall is built into a hill (sloping above the wall) into which are planted shrubs and flowers. There is a footpath leading into the garden to the right of the wall SR. All of this should give the stage a closed-off, secluded feeling. At the center of the garden is a statue of Dionysus.

Scenes that take place in other locations should be performed in and around the garden. The different locations should be suggested with a piece of furniture each. All this furniture should be able to fit onstage at the same time so that lengthy scene changes can be avoided. The particulars of where the furniture goes and whether or not it is in fact onstage the whole time can be left up to the director and designers, but I suggest: Liddy's bedroom DSL (a bed and a window behind it, which are always on stage); CASH's bedroom USR on the hill (also a bed and window that stay onstage); a table for the restaurant scene with MARK and the scene in DIMITRA's apartment DSR and Marnie's door SR blocking the footpath (that furniture should move on and off as needed).

For costumes, my thought is to have them start clearly in modern and dress and drift, over the course of the play, towards a more classic style so that the final scenes look as if they could be right out of the 1940s.

I recommend the "Romantic" suite from Gadfly for LIDDY's rehearsal piece. Other songs used are "Someone to Watch Over Me" for SCENE XII and "Runaround Sue" for SCENE XIII.

SCENE I.

The lobby outside a high school auditorium. Linoleum floors, cinder block walls, fluorescent lights. LIDDY, 15, sits with her viola. WARREN, also 15, stands, holding his violin. Both are dressed nicely--LIDDY in a slightly-frilly dress under a large man's coat; WARREN in a too-big tie and jacket. WARREN paces; LIDDY watches him lazily out of the corner of her eyes. He bends down to tie his shoes. He notices a scuff on his shoe. He rubs it with his shirt sleeve. He stands up. He checks how his shoe looks in the light. He starts bending down. He stops himself. It's fine. He stands up. He walks a few steps. He notices his shoe again. He bends down and wipes the scuff some more. He stands up. He checks his shoe in the light. Better. LIDDY gives a quiet chuckle. WARREN looks over at her. Beat. He looks away. He looks back at her.

WARREN

I thought the concert went well.

No response.

WARREN (cont'd)

I thought the concert went really well, didn't you?

LIDDY

I guess it did, Warren.

WARREN

Why do you always say my name like that?

LIDDY

Like what?

WARREN

Like I've wronged you somehow.

LIDDY

Sorry.

Pause.

LIDDY (cont'd)

Where's your mom?

WARREN

Late. Where's your mom?

LIDDY

Late.

WARREN
You didn't think the concert went well?

LIDDY
I thought it went fine.

WARREN
The middle section was a little off, but we really brought it back towards the end, didn't you think so?

LIDDY
I wasn't paying attention.

WARREN
To the... music?

LIDDY
I guess not.

Long pause. Very long. WARREN roams up and down the hallway. LIDDY stays seated.

WARREN
Our mothers are very late.

Beat.

WARREN (cont'd)
How are you?

LIDDY raises an eyebrow at him.

WARREN (cont'd)
What?

LIDDY
People only ask "How are you?" so someone will ask it back.

WARREN
That's not why I--

LIDDY
I'm fine.

WARREN
I meant it. I meant "How are you?".

LIDDY
I have nothing to do tomorrow.

WARREN

That's nice.

LIDDY

I always have nothing to do tomorrow.

Beat.

LIDDY (cont'd)

What would you do with a day off?

I bet you'd go to the movies. You'd sit in a movie theater by yourself all day long until you ran out of movies to see and then you'd go home.

Or you'd get drunk and hang out in the children's section of Barnes and Noble.

WARREN gives her a puzzled look.

LIDDY giggles.

WARREN

I'd probably just use a day off to catch up on homework.

Or read important magazines.

I don't read enough magazines.

LIDDY laughs and grabs WARREN's face between her hands.

LIDDY

Gosh you're wonderful!

They stare at each other for a beat. WARREN opens his mouth as if to speak. He hesitates; LIDDY hangs, hands still on WARREN's face. He sneezes. He bolts up and turns away from LIDDY. He mutters an apology as he wipes his nose with his back to her.

LIDDY (cont'd)

Don't you ever want something to happen?

WARREN turns back to her.

WARREN

(puzzled)

Stuff happens all the time.

Pause. Then: Three honks are heard from outside.

WARREN (cont'd)

That's my mom.

We have a system. Three honks means-

LIDDY laughs. WARREN shoots her a pained look and rushes to the door with his violin. He stops before he goes.

WARREN (cont'd)

See ya Monday!

WARREN exits. LIDDY sits in the hallway alone. She looks at her watch. A man, MARK, enters SR.

MARK

Are you L-Liddy?

LIDDY

Yes.

MARK

You were playing the viola.

LIDDY

Yes...

LIDDY stands and wraps her coat, which has slipped off her shoulder, around her, tightly.

MARK

You were very good.

LIDDY

Thank you.

LIDDY slowly picks up her viola.

MARK

I d-don't meant to-
I've been wanting to talk with you-
I didn't want to interrupt--you and your f-friend, but-

LIDDY

I have to--

MARK

I was a friend of your father's.

Oh. LIDDY

MARK
And I was w-wondering if I could take you out? Maybe
sometime this week? For a snack after school one day? I
passed by a nice looking café on my way here.

I don't... LIDDY

Beat. LIDDY's coat slips off her
shoulder.

OK. LIDDY (cont'd)

SCENE II.

The same night. A garden. A statue of Dionysus at center. CASH emerges from behind the statue, where he had been completely hidden, and moves to stand in front of it, perfectly mimicking its posture as if to camouflage himself against it. A voice (DEAN's) calls from offstage: "Cash? Ca-aash?" DEAN comes around the corner of the wall SR, blindfolded and feeling his way along the wall with his hands. He reaches the end of the wall and stumbles into the open area of the garden, his hands outstretched in front of him.

DEAN

CASH?!

CASH jumps off the statue and bolts towards him. He puts his hands over DEAN's mouth, hissing "shhhh"

DEAN reaches up to take his blindfold off. CASH stops him ("Wait!") and puts an open bottle of wine in his hand. As DEAN drinks out of the bottle, CASH stands behind him and slowly unties his blindfold, letting it float to the ground. DEAN, a few steps from the statue now, sees it immediately and spits out his wine laughing.

DEAN (cont'd)

Marnie's gonna be so pissed.

CASH jumps onto the base of the statue and wraps his arm around Dionysus.

CASH

My twin.

DEAN

It's not bad.

CASH

You could do better?

DEAN

Sure.
If I wanted to.
If I had the time.
The money.
The--inclination.
The talent, I suppose.

Noises form the wall. MARNIE is coming the same way DEAN had--one hand guiding her along the wall, the other hand holding her shoes. She is also blindfolded.

MARNIE
(as she turns the corner)

DEAN?

DEAN

Yup?

MARNIE
You couldn't wait five seconds for me?!

DEAN
I told you not to wear those.

MARNIE
Hush you.

She rips off her blindfold. And nearly screams.

MARNIE (cont'd)
For fuck's sake we're fucking here?
Of all the fucking--

CASH
I like your building.

MARNIE
You asshole.

CASH
It's Dionysus' garden.

MARNIE
You drag us all over town and we just end up here I can't fucking believe I fucking let you put a goddamn blindfold--

MARNIE
I could've been killed or
raped or--UGH

CASH
Go home then. I'll make
sure Dean here stays out of
trouble.

CASH drapes his arm over DEAN's shoulder. DEAN laughs. MARNIE stares at the two of them with narrowed eyes for a beat, then turns on her heel and leaves. DEAN runs and heads her off at the pass.

MARNIE (cont'd)
 (quietly, so as to exclude CASH)
 What are we doing here?

DEAN
 I don't know.

MARNIE
 I want to go.

DEAN
 Stay. Please?

He kisses her softly. She relents. CASH humps the statue, MARNIE's back to him. DEAN notices CASH mid-kiss and smiles.

MARNIE
 What?

DEAN takes her shoes out of her hand and puts the wine bottle in their place. Smiling, he moves her hand so the bottle goes to her lips. While she drinks, he kneels down to put her shoes on her feet. MARNIE takes the bottle from her mouth and looks over her shoulder at CASH as DEAN fastens the straps on her shoes.

MARNIE (cont'd)
 What are we fucking doing here?

CASH
 Tsk tsk. You need a little mystery in your life.

CASH climbs up the statue and sits on its shoulders, legs crossed around the statue's neck. He holds his arms out for balance.

CASH (cont'd)
 Did you know that there are these monks who live in the tops of trees? They sit up there for decades. Cross-legged. People come to the base of the tree and ask them questions.

DEAN
 What would they know?
 They've lived up trees
 their whole lives.

MARNIE
 What are we *doing* here

CASH (cont'd)

And there's this one group--this one sect--that self-embalm. Stupid motherfuckers. These monks, for a thousand days, they eat nothing but nuts and seeds until they have absolutely no fat left on their bodies. Then, for another thousand days, they eat bark and roots. They drink this tea that causes them to vomit and makes their flesh so poisonous maggots won't eat it. And then the monk trying to mummify himself locks himself in a tomb, sitting cross-legged until he dies. Every day, the monk in the tomb rings a bell to let the others know he's still alive. Once the bell stops ringing, the other monks seal the tomb and leave him there for a thousand days before they check to see if it worked.

DEAN
That's not true.

MARNIE
That's disgusting.

CASH (cont'd)
Yes it is.

DEAN
Whoever told you that is a liar.

CASH jumps to the ground and shoves DEAN. DEAN shoves him back. Pretty soon, the two are fighting.

CASH
Watch it, tough guy.

CASH is bigger and stronger, but DEAN gets the upper hand. He pins CASH down on the ground. Both are breathing heavily. DEAN's hair is hanging down and CASH blows it out of his face. DEAN smacks CASH's cheek.

DEAN
You need to shave.

CASH reaches his neck up and rubs his unshaven cheek on DEAN's cheek. DEAN leaps off him.

DEAN (cont'd)
Christ.

The two move to opposite ends of the garden, testing the new bruises and cuts on their faces. CASH is laughing; DEAN is scowling.

MARNIE
Are you two done trying to prove who has the bigger cock?

CASH moves to her.

CASH
You wanna check for us?

MARNIE glares at him. CASH turns away and lets out a low whistle.

MARNIE
So-?

CASH
(teasing)
Yeah?

DEAN
...Why are we here.

CASH
Fine.

CASH jumps on the base of the statue.

CASH (cont'd)
(presenting)
I: have a job.

Silence.

CASH (cont'd)
And I'd like to celebrate...

Pause.

DEAN
(mustering interest)
What's the job?

CASH
I thought you guys would be happy for me.

DEAN
We are-

MARNIE
It's just-

What? CASH

What's the job? DEAN

"It's just" what? CASH

Beat.

Is this... well... for real/this time? MARNIE

for good? DEAN

for?--Yes! CASH

Are you-- MARNIE

serious? DEAN

Fuck you yes! This is for real serious. This is--big. CASH

What's the job? DEAN

An architecture firm. In Kansas City. Junior Associate. A try-out-program-trial-thing. CASH

And you're--leaving? DEAN

What do you know about architecture? MARNIE

I'll learn. CASH (cont'd)

I didn't even know you were interested in... DEAN

Cash... There are degrees you need to have to be able to do that. MARNIE

Then I'll get them. CASH (cont'd)

Through charm? MARNIE

You're going--you're moving? DEAN

Two weeks. CASH

Do they know... MARNIE

What? CASH

That you're not--*qualified*...? MARNIE

Fuck that, I am-- CASH

Do they know you don't have the... MARNIE

MARNIE	DEAN
the degrees	whatever
or whatever	You're leaving?

Do you think they would hire me if they didn't? CASH

You're going DEAN

Yes! This is--I can--*go--leave--yes!* CASH
(turning on DEAN)

Beat.

Are they paying you? MARNIE

Sort of. CASH

What are you going to do without money? MARNIE

CASH
Don't be stupid. Nobody actually has money.

MARNIE
People have money.

CASH
Some people are just good
at pretending they do.

MARNIE
I make money.

CASH
Sure sweetheart.

MARNIE
I make money at my *job* for which/I am *actually* qualified.

DEAN
And we are just so darn proud of you.

MARNIE
(turning on DEAN)
You know what? I've really just had enough of you.

DEAN
And I've had enough of you
and your warts
And I'm not talking about
the ones on your feet
Why do you think I always
have my eyes closed when
I'm down--
Want me to do it right
here right now with my eyes
open?
Watch me do it.
I'll keep my eyes open the
whole goddamn time.

MARNIE
Oh you're disgusting, you
know that?
Oh you would have to have
your eyes closed to fuck
me, wouldn't you?

Would that make you feel
big?
Would it?
Such a big boy

CASH
HEY
YOU TWO
stop ruining my fun!
goddammit.

MARNIE storms out.

DEAN
Shit. Marnie!

He goes after her. CASH stops him.

CASH
Aren't you tired of your kid's toys?

DEAN starts going to the wall.

CASH (cont'd)
(singing)
The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah! The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah!

CASH
(singing louder)
*The ants go marching two by two
The little one stops to tie his shoe
And they all go marching down to the ground...*

DEAN
(shouting over CASH)
All right.
I get it.

ALL RIGHT!

CASH turns to DEAN with a big grin on his face. Rapidly, CASH throws his arm around DEAN's shoulders and begins marching him around the garden.

CASH (cont'd)
(exuberantly)
When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah! We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah, hurrah!

CASH
*The men will cheer and the boys will shout
The ladies, they will all turn about*

DEAN
*The men will cheer and the boys will shout
The ladies, they will all turn about
And we'll all feel--*

CASH grabs DEAN's face between his hands and goes to kiss him. At the least moment, DEAN backs away, clumsily. It is unclear if he tripped or moved purposefully.

DEAN
Hey-

CASH
I'm leaving...

DEAN
Even so.

Beat.

DEAN leans into CASH.

Silence. Then:

CASH lets out a whoop of joy.

CASH

Let's you and I go have some fun, boy-o!
Let's you and I go find us some women.
Some real women.

SCENE III.

Later that night. A first-floor bedroom filled with brown boxes. LIDDY lies on top of a perfectly made bed, facing the audience. The window behind the bed opens. CASH climbs through. He almost gets by without making a noise, but at the last moment puts his foot through one of the boxes and swears loudly. LIDDY sits up and turns on the light.

LIDDY

Jesus, Andrew! You scared me half to death.

CASH

Sorry sorry--sorry! Why the fuck is the front door locked?

LIDDY

What?

CASH

The front door is fucking locked-

LIDDY

It's 4 in the morning.

CASH

Thank god your window was open--are you moving out?

LIDDY

Mom's cleaning out the house. It's just boxes.

CASH steps forward so his face is caught in the light. He's bruised. LIDDY starts up.

LIDDY (cont'd)

Were you in a fight?

CASH

Not a real one.

LIDDY

Are you hurt?

CASH

Only my pride.

LIDDY smiles.

CASH (cont'd)

Is Mom home?

LIDDY

No... She's out. With a guy.

LIDDY reaches down and pulls a pack of cigarettes from her the pocket of her coat, which was lying on the floor DS of the bed.

She takes out a cigarette, lights it, and begins smoke. She smokes like a non-smoker--dragging frequently and hardly inhaling.

CASH watches all of this with a bemused smile.

CASH

When did you start smoking?

LIDDY

Everyone at school smokes.

CASH

I doubt everyone at school smokes. And you shouldn't. It's terrible for you.

He takes the cigarette from her but starts smoking it instead of putting it out.

CASH (cont'd)

Who's the guy Mom is out with?

LIDDY shrugs.

LIDDY

All I know about him is his family is the people who put the fruit at the bottom of yogurt. There's a lot of money in it apparently.

LIDDY reaches for the pack and begins to light another cigarette. CASH yanks it out of her hand.

CASH

What's going on with you?

LIDDY

You can't keep coming over like this.

CASH

I know--

LIDDY

Either you've moved out or you're living here.

CASH
I know!

LIDDY
But you have to pick one.

CASH
For Chrissake...

LIDDY
And it isn't fair to Mom for you to--

CASH
I already get all this from her I don't need it from you too! I just wanted to tell you--

LIDDY
What?

CASH
(hesitating)
Or--ask you...

LIDDY
For?

CASH
I needed a razor.

LIDDY
Oh.

Beat.

LIDDY (cont'd)
The front door was locked for a reason.

CASH
I get it. Sorry.

He goes to leave.

LIDDY
It was nice seeing you.

CASH
You too.

LIDDY
I like that you still come over.
I think if you stopped for good I'd really get nervous.

CASH smiles at her

CASH
You'd be just fine without me and you know it.

and heads out the window

LIDDY
Wait!

LIDDY runs out. CASH is left alone.
She returns with a pink razor.

LIDDY (cont'd)
(handing him the razor)
Here. Don't cut yourself.

CASH
(in disbelief)
Is this yours.

She goes to hug him goodbye. CASH
sees her face up close for the
first time. He stops her.

CASH (cont'd)
You've been crying.

LIDDY
I don't cry.

CASH
You've never been a good liar.

LIDDY
No, that family trait missed me somehow.

Beat. CASH chuckles.

He gets another cigarette from the
pack, lights it, drags, and hands
it to LIDDY.

CASH
The recital went okay?

LIDDY waves away the cigarette.
CASH puts it out on the windowsill.

LIDDY
It went fine, Andrew.

CASH
And you've been eating?

Mmhmm.

LIDDY

LIDDY traces her hands over the emerging bruises and cuts on CASH's face.

LIDDY (cont'd)
What were you in a fight over?

CASH
A woman.

LIDDY smiles.

LIDDY
Like jousting knights.
Have you ever been in love?

CASH
Don't start on this; you're too young.

LIDDY
I'm old enough.

CASH
Yeah? Who are you in love with?

LIDDY
The boy whose family puts the fruit at the bottom of yogurt.

CASH
Don't grow up too fast, kiddo. It'll make your bones hurt.

CASH embraces LIDDY.

CASH (cont'd)
Those monks you told me about. The ones who do that self-embalming. They're real, right?

LIDDY
Of course.

CASH
Good, then: Good night, Liddy.

LIDDY
Good night, Andrew.

CASH
Say "hi" to Mom for me. Kiss her and tell her I love her.

I will. LIDDY

And dream big, baby. CASH

CASH
'Cause no one else will do
it for you.

LIDDY
'Cause no one else will do
it for you.

CASH drops out of the window.

SCENE IV.

DEAN fumbles under a mat outside a door looking for a key. It isn't there. Finally, he knocks on the door. No response. He knocks louder. No response. He lets out a whimper like a dog in a crate. No response. He scratches at the door. No response. He howls. MARNIE opens the door. She stares at him. Silence. DEAN sways.

DEAN

Did you move the key?

MARNIE stares at him. Then she opens the door wider and lets him pass by her into the apartment.

LIDDY

It was my teacher's idea, to list all our names like that./I don't know why she...

MARK

And I thought I'd come!

Pause.

MARK (cont'd)

I-I thought it was very good by the way. I thought you were v-very good.

LIDDY shrugs.

MARK (cont'd)

Well, I, uh, I thought it was very good.

LIDDY

Yeah. Thank you.

MARK

How long have you been playing the viola?

LIDDY

A while.

MARK

The concert was--

LIDDY

Yes. Thank you for coming. Why--

MARK

I-I was happy. It was, um, really, um--

LIDDY

That's nice of you to say.
Why did you ask me to--

MARK

You're so much like your father.

MARK

He used to wrinkle his nose like that.

LIDDY

I don't know what that means.

MARK

Sorry, I didn't mean to--

LIDDY

I don't know how that'd be possible

MARK
I'm just n-nervous.
No--

LIDDY
Is there something you
wanted from me?

LIDDY
I can't--give you anything about him. I don't have anything
of his.

MARK

I just want to talk.

LIDDY
You don't want to talk to
me. You want to talk to
Andrew or my mom or--
OK

MARK
I'm sorry.
I know this must be very strange.
(he mops his brow with his napkin)
I'm not sure how-

MARK gestures at the wine glass.
LIDDY passes it to him. He sips it.

MARK (cont'd)

Thanks.

He slides the glass back across the
table towards LIDDY.

MARK (cont'd)
Your father and I were friends. When we were kids and in
school.
And then we grew up.
And then I--we--he--
But we were always friends.
(deep breath)
I've been away for a long time.
I just came back a few days ago and--

LIDDY
Where were you?

MARK
San Francisco. But I grew up here--with my mom--and my dad
lived in--

LIDDY
You--

MARK

(firmly)

Please.

P-please l-let me.

I'm getting to--it's all getting to--
Eight years ago my dad got sick, and I went to take care of
him. I'd say I packed up my life to go--but there wasn't
much. My mother had passed and--remember that old glove
factory by--

LIDDY

The college. Yeah. My brother--Andrew--took night classes
there for a couple years

MARK

Well it had just shut down, and I wasn't doing much in the
way of working since. So I went west.
And San Francisco was nice. During the day I worked at a
bank while the nurse watched my dad. And at night I took
care of him. I slept on a cot next to his bed.

Your father was so good about staying in touch--he was so
sweet about it. He would send me pictures, letters, um,
articles to share--his life, his wife, his children:
you--with me. I would read them at night under the covers
with a flashlight like a little kid. I looked forward to
them--m-more than looked forward.

And when he died they stopped. And when I asked your mother
to keep sending them... to let me know--I wanted so badly to
know--I missed him. And I missed you--you and Andrew who I
had never met! But she, your mother, she doesn't like to--or
doesn't want to. She... can't, or... won't--well, she is who
she is! so I got used to the missing. And the not knowing.
And I kept my job at the bank. And I took care of Dad. And I
learned to love San Francisco and to stop writing to your
mother.

LIDDY

But you came back?

MARK

My, um, my father died. Last month.

LIDDY

Sorry.

MARK

23 days ago.

I buried him and I folded up my cot and I didn't have any
reason to be in San Francisco anymore so I came here. To
you.

My house--where I grew up--here--it's a record store now and I don't know what anyone would want with a record store.

LIDDY

What do you want--from me?

MARK

How did he die?

LIDDY

Un/known causes

MARK

-known causes

I know.

That's what I read but--

LIDDY

I/don't--

MARK

You don't know?

LIDDY

No

MARK

I thought maybe--it's been six years--I thought maybe you might have

LIDDY

No

MARK

Okay.

But the day he--

LIDDY

It was a Sunday morning.

(Long pause)

I went into his room to wake him up. He always made me breakfast on Sundays and I went in to wake him up. My mom was in the shower. I jumped up and down on his back. He was lying on his stomach. I lifted his arm and dropped it. I thought he was pretending. I turned his face over to go and kiss him because that always woke him up. His eyes had rolled back into his head. The whites had turned green. I screamed. I was nine.

Long pause. Finally, slowly:

MARK

I just thought: maybe, I wanted to learn, yes, how it happened, of course, but also, if nothing else, about--what I missed? about the life he had?

LIDDY

Are you--were you--in love with--?

MARK

No.
I just miss him.

LIDDY

I have a recording of him--singing. Would you like to hear it?

MARK smiles.

MARK

Yes.

LIDDY smiles.

LIDDY

(dreamily)

Don't you think!--if this were a novel... or a play... you and I would probably--!

MARK knocks over his water glass.
LIDDY giggles.

SCENE VI.

The hallway of a rundown apartment building. MARNIE sits outside her door, wearing her coat and bag. DIMITRA, pushing 50, comes and opens the door for her.

MARNIE

Thank you.
So much.
Again.

MARNIE goes to enter. DIMITRA blocks the way. She holds out her hand.

DIMITRA

Rent?

MARNIE

(laughs a little too loudly)

Of course! God, of course!
Haha of course
I just--need to--

MARNIE points inside the apartment. DIMITRA moves out of the way. MARNIE goes to enter. DIMITRA stays at the door.

MARNIE (cont'd)

Do you want to come in?

DIMITRA

No.

MARNIE

One second.

MARNIE goes into the apartment. She can be heard rummaging around, slamming things. Doing apartment stuff.

DIMITRA inspects the chipping paint on the doorframe. She clucks disapprovingly to herself.

MARNIE (O.S.)

Can I get you something?
tea?
or coffee?
or a danish?
I've put tea on already--

Just rent.

DIMITRA

MARNIE appears at the door. She's clutching her purse under her arm and trying to write a check.

MARNIE

How much exact--?

DIMITRA

Cash.

MARNIE
(laughing again)

Of course, of course.

The teakettle goes off. MARNIE startles and drops her purse on the ground, spilling its contents. She lets out a noise similar to the teakettle whistling.

MARNIE (cont'd)

Oh for fuck's sake. Fucking cocksucking piece of shit.

DIMITRA looks at her, head cocked.

DIMITRA

What is--"cocksucking"?

MARNIE

Oh. Um. Like:

MARNIE mimes giving a blow job.

MARNIE (cont'd)

But it just means... bad.

DIMITRA

Ah. We have: *malakas*.

MARNIE

Malakas?

DIMITRA mimes jerking off.

DIMITRA

But it just mean bad.

The two women laugh. MARNIE's things have been gathered. She goes to enter.

Rent. DIMITRA (cont'd)

Right of course. MARNIE

She fumbles through her wallet. She sits back on the floor and begins collecting the money she can in bills, coins.

I'm sorry I haven't sooner. MARNIE (cont'd)
It's just been hard

What am I--*Ti ipotithetai... na kanei* with all this all this
me ola afta ta nomismata? DIMITRA

What? MARNIE

Acharistia. DIMITRA

Here. MARNIE

MARNIE hands DIMITRA the money.

All? DIMITRA

Mmhmm! MARNIE

MARNIE goes to enter her apartment.

No. You stay. DIMITRA

MARNIE stops, propping the door open with her body. DIMITRA begins counting.

MARNIE
(rambling)
Did you see the pavement this morning?
Outside?
Did you see someone wrote something?
In the wet cement?
He wrote: "Joe Baxter was here"
"Joe Baxter was here"!

(MORE)

MARNIE (cont'd)

I saw it, and I thought: how lucky, that he knows that.
Because it seemed like enough.

DIMITRA

(angered)

Nai eiste isichi. Chano ton arithmo.

MARNIE

What?

DIMITRA

Shh!

MARNIE

Oh.

MARNIE is quiet while DIMITRA finishes counting. DIMITRA clucks disapprovingly and shakes her head.

DIMITRA

Not enough.

MARNIE

That's all I've got.

MARNIE mimes turning out her pockets. DIMITRA shakes her head.

MARNIE (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

DIMITRA

I need money.

MARNIE

Me too.

DIMITRA

*Aaagh--Acharistia skyla.
Vlepo ta oraia pragmata pou
echeis.
Vlepo na pinete. Kathe
nichta tis endomadas.
Kai den boreis na mou
plirosei?
Chero oti echete chrimata.
Chero oti boreite na me
plirosei.*

MARNIE

I've been having trouble
at--with work
They haven't published
anything of mine
and I can't get paid if I
can't get published
and I can't write if I
can't get paid
and so I'm sorry but
that's all I've got
OK?

MARNIE shrugs and lets out a distressed squeal. DIMITRA shakes her head.

DIMITRA

Cocksucking.

DIMITRA leaves. MARNIE starts after her. The apartment door slams shut behind her. MARNIE tries to stop it before it closes. She turns the knob again. It's locked. She slides to the floor, same position as at top of the scene.

SCENE VII.

LIDDY and MARK sit in her bedroom listening to an old cassette player. They each have one earbud in. After a moment, LIDDY hands MARK her bud and says:

LIDDY

He's this one coming up.

MARK smiles and places the bud in his ear.

LIDDY (cont'd)

Isn't it wonderful?

MARK doesn't hear her because of the headphones. LIDDY goes to repeat herself only louder but stops. She just watches him instead. He seems totally at peace. Sitting just behind MARK, LIDDY traces the outline of his shoulders and arms without touching him. She looks up at his face, stares at it, finally:

LIDDY (cont'd)

I love you.

MARK takes off his headphones and looks at her. Did she say something? LIDDY looks back at him and smiles. Nothing happened. MARK puts the headphones back on. LIDDY smiles and giggles to herself.

SCENE VIII.

CASH is in his bedroom, phone in hand.

CASH

Difficuly? I'm sorry, difficuly with--?

...

I can send you my transcript again if--

...

of course, I'm sure my school will--

...

...

Yes I grad--

...

(firmly)

No. *Look.* I'm sure this is just a mix up. Some kind of mix up.

...

What if I--look, I'm already packed and set to move, and I just need to leave.

What if I come and do something else for you while we sort this whole mess out.

...

Please

...

Anything

...

That's perfect. Thank you. I'm fantastic at--(attempt at lighthearted laugh) sorting mail

...

Two weeks. Great. See you then.

And thank--thank you again.

SCENE IX.

LIDDY stands in CASH's bedroom wearing a backpack. DEAN lingers nearby. As he and LIDDY talk, he scratches lotto tickets with a quarter. Once he sees a ticket is a losing one, he lets it fall to the ground. CASH's bed is perfectly made, though there are a few stacks of clothes and books sitting on it.

DEAN
I didn't know Cash had a sister.

LIDDY
He has two.

DEAN
I didn't know that.

LIDDY
You live here with him?

DEAN
Uh yeah
My bedroom's
(gesturing with his head vaguely)
over there

LIDDY
Is Cash out?

DEAN
I don't know where he is.

LIDDY
Do you know when he'll be back?

DEAN
I don't know where he is...

LIDDY
(sitting down on the bed)
You're his friend?

DEAN
Um, are you going to stay and wait or...

LIDDY
Do you know how long he'll be gone?

DEAN
I don't know where he is.
Maybe if you gave me a message...

LIDDY
 (gesturing at the lotto tickets)
 What are you doing?

DEAN
 Scratching lotto tickets.

LIDDY
 Why?

DEAN
 I don't know where the fuck your brother is

LIDDY
 You know you'll never actually win anything

DEAN
 Yeah...?

LIDDY
 Then why do you do it?

DEAN
 To win money...

LIDDY
 What would you even do with it?

DEAN
 Have it.

LIDDY
 I mean what would you spend it on?

DEAN
 Whatever it is people spend money on
 I don't know...
 Boats
 Or something

LIDDY
 What do you do?

DEAN
 What do I...?

LIDDY
 Do.
 With your time
 When you're not
 (she gestures at the tickets)

DEAN

Nothing
I don't really do anything
with my time

LIDDY

You don't work?

DEAN

I do. I work. At a sporting goods store.
But I'm not ambitious about it
I'm not--upwardly mobile

LIDDY

Sounds exciting.

DEAN

Did you want something...?

LIDDY

Cash...

DEAN

Other than Cash, who's not here right now
Who's--I don't know

LIDDY

What does that mean--"not upwardly mobile"?

DEAN

I--it's a joke.

LIDDY

Oh. I don't think I got it.

DEAN

I just meant--I'm not a careerist
I'm happy with...not being that:
aspirational

LIDDY

Is that dull?

DEAN

What do you do?

LIDDY

I go to high school.
But I'm not aspirational about it.

DEAN

I don't know where Cash is.

LIDDY
You don't have to be rude to me.

DEAN
Sorry, I just--

LIDDY
It's not easy living with him, is it?

DEAN
What?

LIDDY
I know it's not your fault that you don't know where he is.
It's not easy living with him.
I haven't, in years, lived with him, but I remember.

DEAN
What?

LIDDY
You know

DEAN
(scoffing)
How he talks in his sleep?

LIDDY
No. I meant... the messiness, the--late hours
He's not always the most considerate.

DEAN
No.

LIDDY
But he tries

DEAN
He does

LIDDY
And it's the little things

DEAN
Like when he makes you eggs in the morning

LIDDY
But then he disappears

DEAN
For days sometimes

LIDDY
And you wonder if he's coming back

DEAN
If he's forgotten where he lives

LIDDY
If he's forgotten you

DEAN
And then he does--come back

LIDDY
Like nothing happened

DEAN
You wake up

LIDDY
And there he is

DEAN
in the kitchen

LIDDY
making you eggs

Beat.

LIDDY (cont'd)
I should go.

She gets off the bed.

LIDDY (cont'd)
Can you tell him I met a friend of Dad's?
And that he has some questions?

DEAN
Okay

LIDDY
And tell him I miss him
You could tell him that--if it came up.

LIDDY leaves.

DEAN looks at the bed and yanks the
blanket off, sending everything
tumbling onto the floor.

SCENE X.

The garden. The day. MARNIE and DIMITRA sit facing each other.

MARNIE

Thank you for coming. I think this is--I think this will help--I think this is a good idea.

DIMITRA raises an eyebrow.

MARNIE (cont'd)

I've never taught someone English before. Well, I've never taught anyone anything before but: I hope this helps. For now. Until--I pay you. Until I can pay you.

DIMITRA

All.

MARNIE

(a little laugh)

Yes. All. Of course all.

Okay. Did you bring a book or a dictionary or--

DIMITRA pulls out a notebook. First day of school.

MARNIE (cont'd)

Great. Well why don't we start with... why don't we start with...

MARNIE is flipping through an old textbook trying to decide where to start. DIMITRA's eyes can the garden. She notices and points out the statue.

DIMITRA

Dionysus.

MARNIE

(looking up)

Hmm?

DIMITRA

Dionysus.

MARNIE

No: statue.

DIMITRA

Eh?

STA-TUE

MARNIE

DIMITRA

Ach. I know "statue." *That* (pointing): Dionysus. He Greek--hmpgh--*theos*. God.

MARNIE

Oh. Yes. Well. Maybe

Beat.

MARNIE (cont'd)

All right. Are you ready?
I'm sorry--I've never taught...
Why don't you... Why don't you...
(an idea occurs to her)
tell me a story! And I'll correct you. As you go.

DIMITRA raises an eyebrow.

MARNIE (cont'd)

No! Do it. Your English is... it's very good. You just need to remember--verbs. To conjugate them. To--
A story about you or... Dionysus!... or a story--Please. Tell me a story. Okay?

DIMITRA
(half-smile)

Okay. Dionysus.

Beat. She thinks for a moment.
Comes up with her story.

DIMITRA (cont'd)

Dionysus. He come--

MARNIE

He comes...

DIMITRA glares at her.

MARNIE (cont'd)
(steely)

Do you want me to help or not.

DIMITRA makes a point of considering this for a moment, blankly staring at MARNIE, then:

DIMITRA

He comes--to a village.

MARNIE

Dionysus does?

DIMITRA

Ne. He comes to a village. With father, Zeus. And they look for food (she mimes eating) and, uh, bed (she mimes sleeping).

MARNIE

Food and bed. Um... something to eat, somewhere to sleep.

DIMITRA

Something to eat, somewhere to sleep.
But not anybody--

MARNIE

Not anybody...? No one?

DIMITRA

(knowing it's not right)
But not no one?

MARNIE

But no one...

DIMITRA

But no one... hmph. No one give... somewhere to eat... something to sleep. No one in whole village.

MARNIE

No one in the whole village gives them... something to eat or somewhere to sleep.

DIMITRA

Ne. Something to eat, somewhere to sleep. No one in whole village gives. Okay. Good?

MARNIE

Sure.

DIMITRA

Okay: they comes to a house. Man and woman lives there. Man and... hmph

(she holds up her left hand and points
at her wedding ring)

MARNIE

The man and woman are married! Husband and wife.

DIMITRA

Married

MARNIE

You're married.

MARNIE

I've never seen your
husband around the building

DIMITRA

Husband and wife married
and (she imitates "old")

MARNIE (cont'd)

You?

DIMITRA

No. Story.
Husband and wife married and (she imitates "old")

MARNIE

Old!

DIMITRA

Ack. Yes. "Old." I know "old." Mph. And (searching) poor...
like you!

(she cackles)

like me!

(she cackles even more. MARNIE chuckles)

Okay. Husband. Wife. Old. Poor. *They* gives something to eat
or somewhere to sleep. They only.

MARNIE

Something to eat *and* somewhere to sleep. Only the old, poor
husband and wife give them something to eat and somewhere to
sleep.

DIMITRA

Dionysus and Zeus eats the food. Uhh and there is jog--jug
(She struggles to communicate the next
part, as if trying to pull the words out
from herself)*Ochi. Then boro...*

(she gets up to go)

I can't--

MARNIE

No, no: wait. I want to hear the end.
Please.
There's a jug.

DIMITRA

Mmhmm

MARNIE

It's full of... water?

DIMITRA

Mph. No.

MARNIE

Um... milk? Juice? Wine?
 (DIMITRA nods enthusiastically)

Wine!

MARNIE (cont'd)

And they... drink the wine? Dionysus and Zeus?

DIMITRA sits back down.

DIMITRA

Yes. But... there more wine. After

MARNIE

There's more wine?

DIMITRA

There's more wine... *in same jug.*

MARNIE

There's more wine in the same jug.

DIMITRA

(excited)

Ne! Ne! There's more wine in the same jug after...

MARNIE

After they drink it! It fills itself up!

DIMITRA

Akrivos! The husband and wife (she taps her finger to her temple) *know* these are gods.
 And gods give... mmm (she mimes "present")

MARNIE

Food? Baby? Bucket?

DIMITRA

Ochi... Ochi...

DIMITRA (cont'd)

Present! They give present.
 (grinning)

Present I know: *Christogenna.*

MARNIE

Christo...? Christmas?!

DIMITRA

(delighted)

Yes. Gods give present... mmm: to?
 (MARNIE nods)

(MORE)

DIMITRA (cont'd)
to old poor husband and wife. Anything. Present? Anything.

MARNIE
The present can be anything.

DIMITRA
Mm. The old poor husband and wife, they think. What present? Anything?

(she holds up a finger to imitate the couple coming to a realization)
Ah. They say: present? To be together
(DIMITRA holds up her hands in front of her, palms facing, and pulls one away from the other)

MARNIE
Forever.

DIMITRA
Ne. Forever.
(she continues proudly, happily)
The gods make husband and wife to be
(she stretches her arms out over her shoulders)
trees. And always...
(she entwines her fingers above her head)

MARNIE
Their branches...

DIMITRA
Yes.

MARNIE
Forever.

DIMITRA
Yes.

MARNIE
Wow.

Beat.

MARNIE (cont'd)
What were their names? The husband and wife?

DIMITRA
(a small smile)
Him: Philomen. And her: Baucis.

MARNIE
 (returning the smile)
 Where's your Philomen?

DIMITRA
 (cold, suddenly; withdrawing)
 Greece.

MARNIE
 Oh. Sorry. I didn't mean--

DIMITRA
 (holding up a hand to stop her)
Ochi.

MARNIE
 I didn't mean to pry

DIMITRA
 What is pry?

MARNIE
 Uh... Ask a bad question.

DIMITRA
 Mm. Not bad.

MARNIE
 Then... why isn't he here? With you?

DIMITRA
 I come first here. We have only money for one.
 Many years (gestures "ago")...

MARNIE
 A long time ago

DIMITRA
 He follow but before he come...
 (she mimes driving a car)
 accident
 (she smashes her hands together)
 and he is sick for... long time ago?

MARNIE
 Just... "long time"

DIMITRA
 He is sick for long time and so he never come to here

MARNIE
 Oh God. Oh Jesus.
 Did--do--you have any kids?

Kala. DIMITRA

DIMITRA settles herself in her seat
and begins again.

DIMITRA (cont'd)
Dionysus comes to village with Zeus--

MARNIE
(interrupting)
Hey. I, um, I sing these songs at this place downtown.
Tuesday nights. Do you want to come? It's not much but... do
you want to come sometime?

DIMITRA
Ne. Yes.

MARNIE smiles, satisfied.

MARNIE
Okay. Start again.

DIMITRA
Dionysus comes to village with Zeus his father...

Fade to black as DIMITRA finishes
her story.

SCENE XI.

CASH stands over LIDDY's bed holding the cassette player. Headphones are out, so the music plays over the speaker. A choral song. LIDDY enters; she lights up when she sees her brother.

Andrew! LIDDY

(stern)
Where did you get this? CASH

(drawing back)
This is my room. LIDDY

Where did you get this? CASH

This is my room and you don't even live here. LIDDY

Where did you get this? CASH

I'm not sure. LIDDY

How are you not-- CASH

It just--appeared-- LIDDY

Appeared? CASH

In my room one day. Maybe a stork brought it. LIDDY

(sighing)
You shouldn't-- CASH

What? LIDDY

It isn't healthy. I know you were too young/to remember CASH

LIDDY

I wasn't! I wasn't too young! I wasn't and I'm sick of everyone acting like I was

CASH

Fine. Okay. Just--sit down.

LIDDY

No!

CASH

(quietly exasperated)

Sit. Down. I need to talk to you about--

LIDDY

Just because you don't think about Dad

CASH

It's not about that--

LIDDY

Just because you've completely forgotten him

CASH

Stop being a brat.

LIDDY

I am NOT a brat.

CASH

Yes you are you're a selfish little brat

LIDDY rushes at CASH to hit him. he grabs her by both wrists. She tries to wrestle her arms free to hit him. CASH's next few lines, as well as some from LIDDY, can be mostly adlibbed. CASH starts tauntingly but is eventually laughing.

CASH (cont'd)

C'mon just hit me. Why don't you hit me? C'mon! Just go for it! Why aren't you hitting me?

LIDDY's frustrated groans turn to simpers and eventually laughs. Eventually she gives up. She lets her weight go slack in CASH's arms. He laughs. She laughs back. He lets go of her wrists. She stands up straight.

Beat.

LIDDY slaps CASH hard across the face, probably with more force than she planned. A moment of tension, LIDDY stares at CASH waiting for him to react. He holds his hand to his cheek for a while hiding his face. Then he laughs. She doesn't laugh back but a quick sigh of relief. Then:

LIDDY

I thought you weren't coming around here anymore.

CASH

I'm not here. I'm just returning your razor.

LIDDY

Where is it?

CASH

I forgot it

LIDDY

Can I have my tape back? Can I have my tape back please?

LIDDY holds her hand out.

CASH

Do you think about Dad?

No response.

CASH (cont'd)

You shouldn't.

No response.

CASH (cont'd)

Once you've said goodbye to someone-
Are you listening to me?

LIDDY

You don't get to lecture me like this.

CASH stands, quiet, controlled anger.

CASH

I'm sorry, but-

He reaches into the cassette and rips out the ribbon. LIDDY goes to scream, but quickly tamps down her reaction.

CASH (cont'd)
Once you've said goodbye to someone--that's it.

LIDDY
Then: goodbye.

CASH
You bet.

He leaves. The sound of a door
slam. It echoes and reverberates
into something shrill and piercing.
Then the sound of a tape being
rewound quickly. Then it stops.

SCENE XII.

On one part of the stage, MARNIE stands in front of a microphone. She is at piano bar thing—blue lights. On another part, CASH lies on his bed in front of an open window. Through the window, red neon lights from a nearby sign flash into the room. DEAN sits on the foot of his bed reading. A ceiling fan spins above, and an old metal fan oscillates noisily on the bedside table.

Throughout the scene, MARNIE performs "Someone to Watch Over Me" at the same time as the scene with CASH and DEAN plays out. The CASH/DEAN scene should be timed to end as MARNIE finishes her song and their lines/actions should happen during the song roughly about where is indicated below. When they are not speaking, CASH/DEAN should be engaging in lots of non-verbal communication. Thus, this whole scene should take the length of the song (~3:30).

After a bit, DEAN
slams the book
down and stands
in front of the
metal fan waving
his shirt to cool
off.

DEAN

I don't know how you sleep
in here. With those lights.

CASH

We can shut the curtains.

DEAN

Probably better that way.

CASH

I like sleeping with the
windows open. I want it to
be summer always.

DEAN

It is—in Guam.

CASH

Unhelpful.

MARNIE

*There's a saying old, says
that love is blind
Still we're often told,
"seek and ye shall find"
So I'm going to seek a
certain lad
I've had in mind*

*Looking everywhere, haven't
found him yet*

He's the big affair

I cannot forget

*Only man I ever think of
with regret*

I'd like to add

his initial to my monogram

CASH turns away
from DEAN.

DEAN

I like the seasons. It's
how I know things change.
You know, I don't remember
it ever being this warm
this time of year. Somehow
I blame you.

*Tell me, where is the
shepherd for this lost
lamb?*

CASH stirs on the
bed, stretching
himself out and
making a little
noise of
satisfaction.
DEAN goes to shut
the curtains,
CASH grabs his
arm without
getting up from
the bed.

There's a somebody

CASH

It's been a while since you
knocked on my door.

I'm longing

DEAN

When you called...

to see

Beat.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I thought I—a long time
ago. But lately you've been
reappearing in the corners
of my dreams and I—
I can't stop thinking about
you.

*I hope that he turns out to
be
Someone who'll watch over
me*

Beat.

*I'm a little lamb who's
lost in the wood*

DEAN (CONT'D)

When are you leaving? For
Kansas City?

*I know I could
Always be good*

CASH

Soon.
Don't worry—this can be the
last time

*To one
Who'll watch*

DEAN

That's not what I meant
But thank you.

*over me
Won't you tell him*

Beat.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

please

CASH

When?

To put on some speed

DEAN

Now. Later. Ever.

Follow my lead

CASH

I don't believe in doing
anything. I like
possibilities. I like
something better when it's
an 'if' when it's a 'maybe'
when it's a 'promise of a
possibly something' when it
makes my toes tingle and
the hairs on my arm stand
on end.

Oh, how I need

*Someone to
watch
over
me*

DEAN closes the
curtains and the
room goes black.

APPLAUSE

SCENE XIII.

LIDDY and WARREN in LIDDY's bedroom. The ribbons from the cassette still lie littered on the ground LIDDY lies on the bed. WARREN cleans his glasses by blowing on the lenses and wiping them on his shirt. He does this throughout the first few lines of the scene.

LIDDY
Do you believe in an afterlife?

WARREN
No.

Beat.

WARREN (cont'd)
Why?

LIDDY shrugs.

LIDDY
It's an important question. Because if there's an afterlife you have to be good, right? But if not. You can do whatever you want.

WARREN
That's kind of obvious. And you should be good anyways. With or without an afterlife.

LIDDY
(smiling to herself)
OK, Warren.

Beat.

LIDDY (cont'd)
I don't want to die. Though I suppose no one does? Except for people who commit suicide. I think I'd like to drown. If I killed myself. I'd load my pockets with books and walk into a river. Like Virginia Woolf.

WARREN
She put stones in her pockets.

LIDDY
I know but she should have used books.

WARREN
I don't think books are heavy enough to make you sink.

LIDDY
Well if you put enough of them--and you really wanted.

WARREN moves away.

WARREN
This conversation is morbid.

LIDDY gets up on her knees on the bed.

LIDDY
(performing)
"Dearest, I feel certain that I am going mad again. I feel we can't go through another of those terrible times. And I shan't recover this time. I begin to hear voices, and I can't concentrate. So I am doing what seems the best thing to do--"

WARREN
Stop! You have that--memorized?

LIDDY
It's beautiful. When I die I want it to be beautiful. Is that... sentimental? My father drowned. He and my mother were swimming together out on Lake Superior. She went inside to make him a ham sandwich. He decided to stay swimming. But then he got a cramp. He called out her name: Karen! Karen! Again and again But she didn't hear him and there was no one else there so he drowned.

WARREN
I'm sorry.

LIDDY
It's OK. It's not a recent development.

Beat.

WARREN
How... do you know he called out her name if--if there was no one there and your mother didn't hear?

LIDDY
It's an educated guess.

Beat.

LIDDY (cont'd)
Thanks for coming tonight.

WARREN
Of course.

LIDDY
I'm sorry for calling so late.

WARREN
I didn't even think you had my number!

Beat.

WARREN (cont'd)
So...

Beat.

WARREN (cont'd)
I like Virginia Woolf.

LIDDY
I've never read her.

WARREN
Oh. She's--good.

LIDDY
I didn't know you read.

WARREN
Of course I--

LIDDY
It's just. This is going to sound: it's just, you always seemed to me like you might be dyslexic.

WARREN
I am dyslexic.

LIDDY
Oh. I always wondered what made you seem dyslexic to me.

WARREN
Probably the dyslexia...

LIDDY
But you read--Virginia Woolf.

WARREN
I'm not illiterate.

LIDDY narrows her eyes and lights a cigarette.

WARREN (cont'd)
Won't your parents--or, your mom care if you smoke?

LIDDY

She's not here.

WARREN

She lets you stay here by yourself?

LIDDY

It's only for a few hours.

WARREN

Oh. Your brother doesn't watch you?

LIDDY

Not as of late.

WARREN

So you're--you're home alone then?

LIDDY

Mmhmm.

WARREN stands and coughs and wipes his hands on his pants. He sits next to LIDDY on the bed again, closer this time.

WARREN

Are you okay?

LIDDY

I think it's important to decide at a young age what you want read at your funeral, don't you?

WARREN smiles.

LIDDY (cont'd)

What?

WARREN

I do know what I would-- I know-- It's by W.S. Merwin.

WARREN stands on the bed, performs:

WARREN (cont'd)

"I believe in the ordinary day that is here at this moment and is me

I do not see it going its own way but I never saw how it came to me

it extends beyond whatever I may think I know and all that is real to me

it is the present that it bears away where has it gone when
it has gone from me

there is no place I know outside today except for the
unknown all around me

the only presence that appears to stay everything that I
call mine it lent me

even the way that I believe the day for as long as it is
here and is me"

LIDDY smiles.

LIDDY
You memorized that whole thing.

WARREN blushes.

LIDDY (cont'd)
Are you going to be a poet?

WARREN
No...

LIDDY
Oh! But you look so good in glasses.

WARREN
I like poems. They're hard though. You have to read them how
they are--without making them what you want them to be.

Beat.

LIDDY
What are you going to be?

WARREN sits next to her on the bed.

WARREN
I want to do the right thing. Whatever I do--I want it to be
right.

LIDDY reaches up and traces his
cheek with her hand.

LIDDY
Look at you. Do you still play with your action figures in
the bath?

I don't take baths.

WARREN

LIDDY looks out the window. In the distance far away, red neon lights flash.

LIDDY

It's dark outside finally. "You have been entirely patient with me and incredibly good. I want to say that - everybody knows it. Everything has gone from me but the certainty of your goodness."

WARREN

Virginia Woolf?

LIDDY nods. She traces WARREN's cheek again. She takes off his glasses. She looks at him with head cocked. She puts the glasses back on. She buries her head in the pillow offering up her back to WARREN. Gingerly, he puts a hand on it. The lights begin to fade and threaten to go to black, just before they do, however:

SCENE XIV.

Lights come up on each of actor individually as he or she appears on stage; frozen for a moment, and then moves into the action described below. The actors should enter in the order below.

As the actions continue, the light spreads slowly from a small spot on each person, to lighting the whole stage at the same time.

MARK glues pictures into a scrapbook, determined, careful, brow furrowed;

DIMITRA does practice drills in her textbook;

CASH packs his suitcase;

MARNIE sits at a typewriter, staring at it;

WARREN cleans his violin, rosins his bow;

LIDDY practices viola. She starts. She stops. She starts again. She stops

After a few minutes, and one of her stops, LIDDY snaps one of the strings on her viola with her bow. She smiles triumphantly. And the action begins:

SCENE XV.

MARNIE is still at her desk. DEAN comes up behind her, wraps his arms around her, nibbles at her ear.

Dean... MARNIE

Yeah? DEAN

Stop. MARNIE

DEAN kisses her neck.

Why? DEAN

Because I need to do this. MARNIE

DEAN reaches a hand up her shirt.

What is it? DEAN

MARNIE	DEAN
Oh god, I can't do this	You know what story I want to hear?

MARNIE sighs.

Please... DEAN (cont'd)

I need to have this done MARNIE

DEAN
(inhaling deeply through his nose)
I could fall in love with the way your hair smells I could fall in love-- Tell me the story

DEAN
 (speaking between
 kisses)
 How you loved me for so
 long... without even
 realizing it... how you
 wanted me for so long...
 without even realizing
 it... You never thought of
 me like that... you thought
 I was silly for the way I
 flirted...

And then one night. We were
 at a party. I went to get
 you a drink and I never
 came back. So you went to
 find me. You went to yell
 at me. And then you saw
 me...

And I looked so happy,
 right? What was I even
 looking at? Whatever it
 was, it made me so happy
 that I looked as if all
 the details of my face were
 gone--all the lines had
 been smoothed out, right?

Just two dots for eyes
 and an upturned line for
 a smile. Like a cartoon.

Total bliss.

And then you hurt so much
 that you knew you must be
 in love with me.

And you never wanted to
 stop loving me.

I like that story, you know
 that?

You haven't stopped loving
 me, have you? Because I'm
 useless without that, you
 know that?

MARNIE

Not right now...

Dean stop...

one night

drink
 never came back

I saw
 you

All your features erased.

Like a child.
 Total bliss.

Yeah

Yeah.

I'm glad

At this point, DEAN's arms are fully wrapped around MARNIE and under her clothes. MARNIE puts a hand on each of DEAN's hands and slowly peels his arms off of her. She stands so she's facing him, her hands on his, fingers entwining. She raises his hands and their arms above their heads and stares at him. They lock eyes. Two deep breaths and then on the third: DEAN laughs.

DEAN (cont'd)

You're so strange!

Suddenly, a phone begins to ring, and the lights shift to:

SCENE XVI.

CASH has been onstage packing through SCENE XV. His phone is now ringing and he answers it.

CASH

Yes I'm--I'm very excited to--

...

Oh

...

No I didn't--

You don't understand

Just listen-

Just let me--

I didn't!

I didn't I didn't

I *didn't* LIE

...

Please

(talking over someone)

Please please please

I have to come

Please

I *didn't* lie

CASH slams the phone down. He knocks his suitcase onto the floor, sending his clothes spilling out.

Beat.

Then he picks up the phone and dials another number.

SCENE XVII.

The garden. Daytime. LIDDY lounges on the ground making a crown out of flowers. MARK sits nearby.

LIDDY

When it's 80 degrees in March it feels like a gift from God.

MARK

Was he allergic to anything?

LIDDY

But I don't believe in God.

MARK

Or maybe it was something they didn't know he was allergic too...

LIDDY

So I'm not sure how that works.

MARK

Did he eat anything unusual or n-new that night?

LIDDY sits up and turns to MARK.

LIDDY

You believe in God.

MARK

Yes.

LIDDY

You're Catholic.

MARK

Yes.

LIDDY

You had ashes on. The day we went to lunch.

MARK

I think I r-read somewhere that a fatal allergy to m-mangos can emerge, l-late in l-life Maybe he was allergic to m-mangos?

LIDDY

They ran all those tests. They checked for everything. His heart just stopped. It does that sometimes apparently.

MARK

I see.

LIDDY

Do you think it's possible to get to the en of your life and realize you've done everything wrong?

MARK

Yes.

LIDDY

Do you think it could happen to me?

MARK

Yes. But I hope not.

LIDDY

It makes me not want to do anything at all.

MARK

No.

LIDDY

Does it help with my Dad to think--or to know--he's in heaven?

MARK

Yes.

LIDDY

He believed--in the Father the Son and the Holy Ghost.

MARK

It's how I first met him. We sang in the choir together in school.

LIDDY

Oh.

MARK

I suppose that's where you get your m-musical talent.

LIDDY

Talent?

MARK

Sure!

LIDDY

I don't think that's right.
I don't think that's what I am.

MARK

Oh absolutely.

LIDDY sits up straight again. She puffs her chest out and narrows her eyes a bit.

LIDDY

The woman who teaches us orchestra--she tries to tell us music can bring us closer to God, but... In the middle of the recital... I stopped playing. Just stopped. Because I thought if I could just hear the music if only for a moment (It's impossible to really hear it when you're playing it) and I thought if I could hear it I would understand it and-- But then I noticed that the boy across from me kept trying to wipe his nose while he was playing and I kept staring at him waiting to see if he would give up or if it would work but he was just so persistent and I was fixated and all I wanted was just for one moment to listen to the music and I kept obsessing over this boy trying to wipe the snot off his face and-- And I tried to pick it back up, to get back with everyone else, but I couldn't, so I just sat there until it ended sort of miming it and once the concert ended and everyone started applauding, I would've just stood right up and walked off the stage if my legs weren't shaking so much. I told everyone I got sick. They didn't believe me.

MARK

I-I didn't notice. But I don't have a musical b-background. Outside of choir.

LIDDY slumps back down.

LIDDY

What was my dad like in choir?

MARK

He was funny. Was he funny--with you?

LIDDY

I don't know. I don't remember.

MARK

Does your mother ever--or your brother--do they ever-- T-tell you about him?

LIDDY

We never talked about him much after he--after... It didn't come up.

MARK

Sure.

LIDDY

I wish they would tell me I wish I knew something

MARK smiles.

MARK

Here:

He produces a scrapbook.

MARK (cont'd)

I thought you, um, might have q-questions And that you would want to know the things I know like I want to know the things you know It's some pictures I have of your f-father. And newspaper clippings. Little mementos from his life. I m-made after he died. I wanted to, uh, to, uh, to bring it to his funeral, to let people look at it, but I didn't finish it in time. So, here it is. I added a few more things to it. Some things I found.

LIDDY

Thank you.

MARK

I just thought you might want to look at it. For a while.

MARK turns to a specific page.

MARK (cont'd)

This is us. In c-choir.

LIDDY

You've been working on this for six years.

MARK keeps turning the pages.

MARK

The d-day I found out he died, I was trying to think b-back on the time we spent together. All the years of our lives, l-looking back, t-trying to make sense of them... they seemed like cars in an accident on the highway... all crammed and heaped together. And I didn't even know how it all ended?

I made this book of him--all the letters and pictures and things he sent me. And then after, he died and your mother wouldn't--I put in anything I could find. I made this book of him, and I made one for myself too, so that when I die, all the answers will be there, all the information--in one place. It takes a lot of time... I keep finding new things and I keep trying to include m-more people. But we have a lot of slow days at the bank, and my boss doesn't mind if I work on it when there's no one in line. I could m-make one for you if you l-like.

MARK turns the page.

MARK (cont'd)

The, uh, the program. From your recital.

Beat. LIDDY looks at it and smiles.

LIDDY

I have another recital. On Friday. Would you like to come?

MARK smiles.

MARK

Yes. Thank you.

SCENE XVIII.

DIMITRA's apartment.

DIMITRA

Ah! You were wonderful! What you call...?

MARNIE

"Someone to"... "Someone to Watch Over Me."

DIMITRA

"Someone to Watch Over Me."
Sing at me. This song

MARNIE

No. not... not... You really liked it?

DIMITRA

Ne! ne ne.

MARNIE

Ne.

DIMITRA

Yes.

MARNIE

Gosh...
You really liked it? My singing?

DIMITRA

I did.

MARNIE

You should come! Tonight... you should come and sing with me.

DIMITRA

Then xero...

MARNIE

Oh please! Sing one of your Greek songs.

DIMITRA

Ochi. I sing something American now.

MARNIE

Sure!

DIMITRA

And you give me song.

MARNIE

Oh I don't...

DIMITRA

I like your song. They about--hmm--love but.... I not understand all the words but... not good love.

MARNIE

Yes I know a few of those kinds of songs...

DIMITRA

You have boy.

MARNIE

Ne. Well. Kind of.

DIMITRA

(sly smile)

I hear sometime:

(DIMITRA howls.)

MARNIE

Sometimes he forgets his key, outside my door, and so he...

DIMITRA

You love your little dog?

MARNIE

I do. I think so.

DIMITRA

Then why you sing sad song?

MARNIE

I don't know. Maybe I'm sad.

DIMITRA

Me too.

(proudly)

We are sad and poor.

MARNIE laughs.

MARNIE

Well when you put it like that...

Beat.

MARNIE pulls a small green book out of her bag and sets it on her lap. It has an envelope in at as a bookmark. As MARNIE gets the book out of her bag and takes out the envelope, she talks:

MARNIE (cont'd)

I was at the library, and I got some poems. Some Greek poems. I was curious. And here's what I don't get about the Greeks. I guess it's not just the Greeks. I guess a lot of people did it, but I only really know the Greeks now or whatever.

(MARNIE breathes in deeply)

All those poems they dedicated to their girlfriends: "For you, forever" you know?

"I'm writing this so you will last forever"

But there must be so many poems

Buried in the sand somewhere

Or burned up to ashes

Or stuck between pages of a book

That no one knows about

That once said "For you, forever" too

DIMITRA

Sorry. You say again... slower? I not understand.

Pause. Finally MARNIE blurts out:

MARNIE

15 years is a really, really long time to be sad.

DIMITRA

What?

MARNIE

15 years is a really long time to be sad, and I don't want to be sad for 15 more years.

DIMITRA

I not want.

I not choose.

What you saying?

MARNIE

For 15 years you're just sitting here?

Alone in this tiny apartment

Wasting, wasting, wasting away

Being sad and angry all the time

The women raise their voices and begin shouting, not so much even at each other as at the room. They move about the space.

DIMITRA

*Then zitisa na einai
afto to dustuchismeno,
then boron a stamatiso ti
thlipsi moo ee to penthos
moo. Kathe mera gemizee,
mesa moo, kai akoma kee
an chechaso, ya mee-a
stigma, eemai xanagemizee
me thlipsi, opos ee kanata
me to krassee. Eemai
mee-a atermonee pigi tees
thlipsis kai then boro na
to stamatiso then boron
a to stamatisee apo to na
pligonees opos afto.*

MARNIE

Your husband is in Greece.
He's in a different
country. Retarded or
something, doesn't even
know who you are. You
haven't lived for the last
15 years out of, what,
fidelity, to someone who
doesn't even know who you
are? I can't understand
you. I don't know what
you're saying.

MARNIE (cont'd)

(screaming so loudly DIMITRA stops)

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOU ARE SAYING TO ME.

Silence. DIMITRA begins to cry,
quietly; tries to hide it. MARNIE
buries her hands in her face.

MARNIE (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry.

She moves over to DIMITRA who has
sat by now. She kneels down and
holds DIMITRA's hand to her face.

MARNIE (cont'd)

Lypamai. Lypamai, lypamai, lypamai.

DIMITRA

You learn some Greek.

MARNIE nods and stands. She wipes
her eyes. She crosses back to the
book and takes out the envelope,
which she hands to DIMITRA.

MARNIE

Here. It's--for next month. Not all, but... some.
I got a job. It's just a few nights a week.
At the library.
But it's real.
And they advanced me some money so I could--for you.

SCENE XIX.

CASH's bedroom. The clothes are still strewn on the floor. DEAN sits on the bed his back to the audience, CASH kneels next to him on the bed.

I thought last time

DEAN

I know

CASH

You said last time
was the last time

DEAN

I know

CASH

You said you weren't going to call anymore

DEAN

But you're here...

CASH
(tenderly, hopefully)

To say goodbye
I want to--
I'm trying to--
say goodbye
please let me
I thought you were leaving
Aren't you leaving so we can say goodbye

DEAN

CASH gets up and begins throwing
the clothes into his suitcase.

I don't know why you're doing this to me. I don't know what
you want from me.

DEAN (cont'd)

CASH stops picking up clothes. He
stares at DEAN for a moment and
then breaks out of the room. DEAN
spins around to see him go.

Cash!

DEAN (cont'd)

He sits back down on the bed and
puts his head in his hands.

In another part of the stage,
lights up on MARNIE's door as CASH
pounds on it furiously.

SCENE XX.

CASH's room. DEAN is standing now. LIDDY is in the room, wearing her coat, holding the scrapbook.

LIDDY
Are you sure he actually lives here?

DEAN
Uh.

LIDDY
That was a joke.

DEAN
Right.

LIDDY
You don't know where he is.

DEAN
No

LIDDY
Are you okay?

DEAN
What are you here for?

LIDDY
I wanted to show Cash this

DEAN
What is it?

LIDDY
A scrapbook.

LIDDY
Pictures of our father.

DEAN
I don't know where he is.
I'm sorry

DEAN
Wait your father?

LIDDY
Yeah.

DEAN
Do you mind if I--?

Um, sure. LIDDY

Sorry it's just. I've never seen or heard anything. I never knew what... he's dead right? DEAN

Yes. LIDDY

I'm sorry. DEAN

It was a long time ago. LIDDY

I've known Cash a long time and he's never talked about it. DEAN

He doesn't like to For obvious reasons LIDDY

What reasons are those? The obvious ones I mean DEAN

Pause. Very long.

Andrew is the one who... found him. After he... killed himself. LIDDY

Jesus. Ohmygod Jesus. DEAN

You didn't know. LIDDY

How--did he? DEAN

(steadily)
LIDDY
He came home from work one night, late. He parked in the garage like always but he didn't get out. And he didn't turn the car off. Andrew went to leave for school in the morning and: there was Dad.

I didn't know. DEAN

LIDDY

No one did.

My mom wanted to be able to bury him in the Catholic church with my grandparents so we said that he passed away in his sleep. That it was unknown causes. And that's what they wrote in the paper--in the articles and his obituary.

Beat.

LIDDY (cont'd)

I thought you--you seemed like you wanted to--know.

DEAN

It's okay. I just.

(gesturing to the scrapbook)

I guess that's a nice going away gift then.

LIDDY

Going away?

DEAN

Yeah before he leaves tomorrow
For Kansas city--

LIDDY

For what?

DEAN

Shit.
You knew
Shit
Right?

LIDDY

Yeah of course I--

DEAN

Shit.

LIDDY

It's okay.

DEAN

No *shitfuckshit* I'm sorry

LIDDY

I'm gonna go.

LIDDY exits. DEAN calls after her.

DEAN

Wait--shit: *whatsyourname?*-SHIT!

SCENE XXI.

*MARNIE sits on the bench in the garden eyes fixed ahead.
CASH is standing at a distance watching her cautiously.*

CASH

You look beautiful sitting there.
You look positively pre-Raphaelite.

He crosses to her.

CASH (cont'd)

Like a Burne-Jones.

MARNIE looks up at him as if
noticing him for the first time.

MARNIE

Aren't you freezing?

CASH

(shivering)
No, I'm golden, baby.

Beat. MARNIE looks away again.

MARNIE

I wish
somehow
I wish I were angrier

CASH

Why aren't you?

MARNIE shrugs.

MARNIE

There's this joke about this guy
And everywhere he goes he says "it stinks in here! It
stinks! It smells awful!" And finally someone goes up to him
and says "I'm sorry but you know you've got a little piece
of shit in your mustache, right?"

CASH

Okay.
Am I the piece of shit or the mustache...

MARNIE

Why aren't I angrier?

CASH

I don't know.

MARNIE

I thought I would--
 I don't know what I thought
 But I loved him for so long I never considered...
 Well, you know
 But now
 I feel--

(she makes a noise)

What'll I do?

CASH moves towards her gingerly.

CASH

You can get out of here You can get away

MARNIE

Oh no. I'm not going to move. Not now. Not when I can
 finally pay the rent.

Beat.

MARNIE (cont'd)

Is it--love?

CASH

Um, I don't know. No.
 It could've--
 Maybe
 But not
 I--
 Yeah. Yes.

MARNIE laughs. CASH shivers.

MARNIE

(tenderly)

Come here.

CASH sits down carefully next to
 her. MARNIE wraps her coat around
 him.

MARNIE and CASH are now settled in
 a position that should resemble
 Burne-Jones' "Love among the
 Ruins." Lighting and costumes
 should be adjusted within bounds of
 production elements to reflect the
 painting.

MARNIEA

What a wreck.

She looks at the hand holding hers.

MARNIE

You have such small fingernails.

As the lights shift to LIDDY's room, MARNIE gets up and goes, leaving CASH sitting there.

SCENE XXII.

LIDDY is on the floor trying to restring her viola. The scrapbook is on the ground next to her. WARREN enters. LIDDY stands.

You came. LIDDY

WARREN nods.

Thank you. LIDDY (cont'd)

You lost a string. WARREN

A couple days ago. I was being... silly. LIDDY

LIDDY puts the viola down.

Is everything okay? WARREN

I can fix it later. LIDDY

She lies down on the bed. WARREN lies down next to her.

SCENE XXIII.

The garden. Only a bit later. CASH is sitting in the same position.

CASH

DEAN (O.S.)

DEAN storms into the scene, wild. MARNIE follows, her arms wrapped tightly around her. She is angrier than when we last saw her, though she is working to keep it checked.

MARNIE
(blankly)
It's not his fault

DEAN
(finding CASH)
WHAT did you tell her?

MARNIE
He didn't tell me anything

CASH shrugs and smiles. DEAN turns around to MARNIE who has turned her back on the scene.

DEAN
Marnie--

He turns back to CASH.

DEAN (cont'd)
WHAT did you say?

CASH
I told her: don't be upset. What's a good fuck between friends?

DEAN shoves CASH hard enough that he falls to the ground by the statue.

DEAN
Marnie I--

MARNIE
I don't care.

DEAN
Marnie--

CASH

Relax, man.
 Be Zen man,
 Follow the Tao, man.

DEAN

(to CASH, barely contained)

You... YOU... don't you DARE

DEAN rushes towards CASH, grabs him by the shirt collar and throws him back to the ground. DEAN turns back to MARNIE.

DEAN (cont'd)

Marnie...

MARNIE

Don't give me your grief.
 Don't give me your apologies.
 Don't give me the sad story of your life.
 I don't care.
 All I see, when I look at you, is wasted time.
 And for fuck's sake, I don't care.

DEAN

Baby please

MARNIE

I see the time spent waiting for you

DEAN

I don't--it's not that--no.

MARNIE

To change. To grow up. To move on.

MARNIE (cont'd)

And I just don't care anymore.

DEAN

I've been trying to do that for a long time.

MARNIE goes to leave.

DEAN (cont'd)

Where are you going?

MARNIE shrugs and exits. DEAN turns to CASH, defeated, in disbelief.

DEAN (cont'd)

(quietly, pleadingly)

You... why... how... you...

Wait.

CASH

The opening notes of "Last Kiss" by J Frank Wilson and the Cavaliers begin to play as lights come up on the microphone and DIMITRA approaches.

CASH slowly stands, brushes himself off and hobbles towards DEAN.

CASH (cont'd)

Don't go after her.

(with a little laugh)

You two were never very good together, were you?

DEAN

She loved me! And you went and--!

(more agitated)

How could you how could you?!

DIMITRA

(singing)

Oh where, oh where, can my baby be?

The Lord took her away from me

CASH

I know you're upset but--wait Please.

DIMITRA

She's gone to heaven, so I've got to be good So I can see my baby when I leave this world

CASH

What if it was because I didn't know how to say goodbye?
What if it was because I was going to miss you?
What if that was the reason why?
And what if I told you I would stay--for you?

DIMITRA

*We were out on a date in my daddy's car
We hadn't driven very far
There in the road, straight ahead
A car was stalled, the engine was dead
I couldn't stop, so I swerved to the right*

DEAN's face shifts into a mask of rage as DIMITRA sings:

DIMITRA

*I'll never forget the sound that night
The cryin tires, the bustin' glass
The painful scream that I heard last*

You lying little SHIT

DEAN

DEAN rushes to CASH and knocks him onto his back. Hits him. Kicks him. Repeatedly and repeatedly, as DIMITRA continues

DIMITRA

*Oh where, oh where, can my baby be?
The Lord took him away from me
He's gone to heaven, so I've got to be good
So I can see my baby when I leave this world
When I woke up the rain was pourin' down
There were people standing all around
I held him close, I kissed him our last kiss
I found the love that I knew I would miss
But now he's gone
Even though I hold him tight
I lost my love, my life, that night*

The song fades out as DIMITRA sings "Mmm, mmm, mm" (if need be, for pacing or costume/set change needs DIMITRA can sing one more verse of "Oh where, oh where")

SCENE XXIV.

CASH appears at the window. It is locked. He smashes the window. The noise startles LIDDY and WARREN (sleeping on the bed) up.

Andrew-- LIDDY

CASH tumbles into the room.

Liddy... CASH

He notices WARREN on the bed.

Who the fuck is this? CASH (cont'd)

He-- LIDDY

What are you doing here? CASH

He fell asleep. He just fell asleep. LIDDY

CASH moves towards WARREN. LIDDY gets between them. Over the next few lines CASH tries to get at WARREN but LIDDY gets in his way.

Get up. Get out. CASH

You're drunk. WARREN

(to LIDDY)

I'm not going to leave you alone with him

It's fine, Warren. Please just go. LIDDY

Get the fuck out. GET OUT. CASH

WARREN CASH

Look at him he's bleeding (stamping his feet)

what if he hurts you? GETOUTGETOUTGETOUT

GETOUT

LIDDY
It's my brother. You don't
need to portect me against
my brother.

CASH
GEEEEEEEEEEEEET
OUUUUUUUUUUUUT

Andy. Please. LIDDY

You--shut up. CASH

Don't come near her. WARREN

Cash... LIDDY
(whimpering)

CASH has gotten hold of WARREN and
thrown him to the ground. LIDDY
freaks.

get **OUT** LIDDY (cont'd)

WARREN moves towards LIDDY but he
slips on the scrapbook, sending it
skidding towards CASH

The fuck is this? CASH

CASH begins looking through the
pages.

Are you fucking kidding me? CASH (cont'd)

CASH begins ripping the photos and
clippings off the pages.

Stop it! LIDDY

What did I tell you about this shit? CASH

Leave. LIDDY

CASH turns back to WARREN.

CASH

Was this his idea? Do you two look at this together? Does he sympathy fuck you for having a dead dad?

LIDDY

He doesn't have anything to do with this.
This isn't about him.
He doesn't *mean* anything.
You're bleeding. Get out.
Go-clean up
just **GO**

LIDDY is pulling CASH up by his shirt and she throws him towards the door. He stumbles out of the room. She goes to WARREN on the ground.

LIDDY (cont'd)

Warren. Oh God Warren. I'm so sorry.

WARREN stands. He puts himself back together. He glares at LIDDY. She looks back at him in confusion.

WARREN

I don't mean anything.

A moment. LIDDY remembers what she said.

LIDDY

That's not what I meant.

WARREN

That's what you said.

LIDDY

I never mean what I say.

WARREN

What did you *mean*?

LIDDY

Stop it.

WARREN

What do you mean I don't mean anything?

LIDDY

I mean--
You're just--you, Warren.
You're you that's all you are.

WARREN
And that's not enough?

LIDDY
Enough for what?

WARREN
To matter. I--
I'm sorry for being nice to you.

WARREN leaves. LIDDY sits on the bed. She gets up. She begins picking up the glass on the ground.

CASH stumbles in. He holds a bottle of hydrogen peroxide, an ACE bandage, and a box of band-aids.

CASH
I couldn't figured it out.

LIDDY
(glaring)
You're drunk.

CASH
S'not the first time.

CASH slumps to the floor.

CASH
Your friend left.

LIDDY
What happened tonight?

CASH throws his arms out.

CASH (cont'd)
I am become Shiva. Destroyer of worlds.

LIDDY
There is something wrong with you.

CASH
Yes.

LIDDY
There is something very wrong with you.

CASH
I fuck everything up.

It's your gift.

LIDDY

CASH picks up the ripped photos off the floor and looks at them as if noticing them for the first time.

CASH

I ruined your book.
I'm so sorry I ruined your book.
(He starts to weep drunkenly, a
little--should be funny)
It was such a nice book.

LIDDY
(as if talking to an infant)
You didn't. It's not ruined. LIDDY kneels to pick up the bits of paper and photos on the ground and put them back in the book. CASH catches her eye and stares at her.

CASH

I wish I could look at pictures of him.

Beat. LIDDY's anger melts.

CASH (cont'd)

I'm so sorry Liddy.
I'm sorry: I'm leaving in the morning.

LIDDY

I know. Your friend Dean told me.

CASH

I'm sorry.

LIDDY

Please don't go.

CASH

Liddy...

LIDDY moves towards him and begins helping him clean his cuts.

CASH (cont'd)

I have to.

LIDDY

Whose window are you going to go to when you're in Kansas City?

CASH

There's lots of windows in Kansas City; I'll find another one.

Beat.

CASH (cont'd)

Please don't forget me. I'll make you a book of pictures I'll record myself singing for you just don't

LIDDY

Go. Just don't go!

CASH

I have to.

LIDDY

You don't.

CASH

I have a job.

LIDDY

You've quit jobs before.

CASH

This one matters.

LIDDY

Why?

CASH

This one could--be something. I need it to be something

LIDDY

You always get fired.

CASH

I do not/always--

LIDDY

You do!

CASH

Then I'll be back in no time.

LIDDY

I hope so. I hope you're terrible at it and I hope they fire you.

CASH smiles as he cleans his wounds.

LIDDY picks up her jacket off the ground and wraps it around CASH's shoulders.

CASH

Is this mine?

LIDDY

Yes. You left it here. I've been wearing it.
Sorry.

CASH

S'ok. Smells like you now.

SCENE XXV.

LIDDY is in her bedroom putting on makeup. A knock at the door.

Come in! LIDDY

MARK enters.

Hi. Um--hello. MARK

Hello. LIDDY

I just, um, well I came-- MARK

Because of the recital. LIDDY

Yes. I came-- MARK

Sorry. I'm going to be late. I have to get changed. Do you mind? LIDDY

Of course. I mean no. I mean-- MARK

MARK goes to leave.

Oh you can stay. LIDDY

LIDDY starts to unbutton her shirt.

But turn around at least! LIDDY (cont'd)

I'll just-- MARK

As LIDDY gets changed, MARK averts his eyes.

MARK (cont'd)

It's snowing out. I--I noticed it on the drive, um, over here. It was raining and all of the sudden it turned to snow. Nutty weather we're having.

LIDDY slips out of her clothes and quietly puts on a black dress. She steps into heels. She is much taller now.

LIDDY turns her back to MARK and pulls her hair over her shoulder.

LIDDY

Zip me up?

MARK crosses to her. He goes for her zipper. He realizes his hands are still full. He places the flowers on LIDDY's bed.

MARK

I brought you flowers for tonight.

LIDDY turns to look at the flowers on the bed.

LIDDY

They're--darling.

MARK

Darling...

LIDDY pulls the scrapbook out from under her pillow and offers it to him.

LIDDY

Here.

MARK

I, um, I--I want you to have it.
I gave it to you.

LIDDY

I know--

MARK

It's for you.

LIDDY

I don't want it
Sorry

MARK takes the book and holds it in his hands like it's a foreign object, examining it for the first time.

MARK

Oh
Sure
Yeah

LIDDY

I wanted to tell you, I thought you/should know--

MARK

(blurting)

You know, before all this
I was just sick of missing him. Sick of how much that, um,
hurt, I guess
And I still miss him.
I still will.
But it's nice not to have to so much anymore--or in the same
way?
It's nice to have seen his nose again.
You just get tired of missing people.
Or not having them how you want them, I guess
Or not having them at all.
But that's life, I guess. Life is letting go of people.
Sorry--I interrupted. You were--

LIDDY

I was just saying... I'm sorry I didn't have any
information... about what caused it--his death

MARK

Oh.
That's okay.
It's nice that there are still some mysteries in the world I
suppose. Still some unknowns.

LIDDY

(quietly)

I'm going to be late.

MARK

Well. I-I'll see you afterwards?

LIDDY

Mark. My mother is coming (tonight)--and I think it might
make her... sad to see you.

MARK

Oh.

LIDDY

But--

MARK moves to the door anyways and,
one foot out, says:

MARK

(positively cheery)

Well, good luck tonight!

Or b-break a leg?

I don't know what you say. (If t-there's something special)

I've, um, never known what to say--what I'm supposed to say.

LIDDY

Good luck is fine.

MARK

Then: good luck.

MARK gives an oddly formal bow and slips out.

SCENE XXVI.

The garden, almost night. Snow is drifting down slowly. CASH stands on the base of the statue putting the jacket LIDDY gave him around its shoulders. DIMITRA enters carrying a bucket with salt in it. She is no longer wearing a wedding ring.

I help you? DIMITRA

Sorry I-- CASH

CASH turns around and sees DIMITRA. He stops short.

Yes? DIMITRA

What are you doing? CASH

Salt. The snow. I don't want anyone (mimes slipping and falling, hitting your head) having accident DIMITRA

Is this your garden? You live here... CASH

You do not. DIMITRA

No... no I do not. (a little laugh) CASH
You're funny.

Yes. I am very funny. DIMITRA
What are you doing here.

My friend lives here. CASH

You wait for him? DIMITRA

Her and no. I was just... loitering. CASH

DIMITRA points to the statue.

DIMITRA

He will be warm tonight.

CASH

Just a little going away gift. A goodbye present.

DIMITRA

Saying goodbye. It not easy

CASH

For some people.

DIMITRA throws salt at CASH's feet. He moves. She salts where he was standing. She throws salt at his feet again. He moves. She glares at him.

DIMITRA

Excuse me

CASH

Your accent. Where are you from?

DIMITRA and CASH continue the game of her salting at his feet, him moving, and her salting where he was just standing. He is willfully oblivious of her growing displeasure at his presence. They make their way around the garden.

DIMITRA

Greece

CASH

Ah. I suppose I could've guessed that from the statue.

DIMITRA

Mmm.

CASH

Is it warm there--Greece?

DIMITRA

(Mimes "sometimes")

CASH hops up onto the base of the statue--some of the following speech can be directed at Dionysus himself.

CASH

Maybe I should go there. St. Louis... this isn't a real place. The weather is nice for maybe two weeks out of the year--for maybe two weeks out of the year it is tolerable to be here, and the rest of the time? You never know what the fuck you're going to get. I can't imagine anyone ever missing St. Louis.

I mean, snowing this late? It's going to be a cold summer.

DIMITRA

Yes, but it will be summer still.

CASH

I won't miss St. Louis, but I will miss you, old friend.

CASH pats Dionysus' cheek and kisses him on the forehead.

DIMITRA

This goodbye--it very long.

CASH hops off the statue.

CASH

Like you said: it's not always easy.

DIMITRA

(smiling)

For some people...

CASH

I'm damned lucky I'm not one of them then, right?

DIMITRA picks up CASH's bag and hands it to him.

CASH (cont'd)

I've been in this garden so many times before. I never knew it was yours. Sorry--I guess--for that.

He puts his bag on his shoulder. He turns to DIMITRA and holds out his hand.

CASH (cont'd)

I'm Cash, by the way.

DIMITRA

Dimitra.

CASH

Enjoy your cold summer.

DIMITRA

Enjoy your somewhere else.

SCENE XXVI.

The hallway. LIDDY paces nervously, her viola on the ground. WARREN enters. Stop. Silence.

Hi. LIDDY

Hello. WARREN

Hi. LIDDY

You already-- WARREN

Yeah. LIDDY

LIDDY's breath is short.

How are you? LIDDY (cont'd)

WARREN raises an eyebrow.

We should go inside-- WARREN

He goes to push past her.

Please don't look so annoyed with me. LIDDY

Beat.

It's snowing. LIDDY (cont'd)

Yeah. WARREN

It's snowing out. LIDDY

Beat. No one speaks. No one moves.

LIDDY (cont'd)
 Did you ever hear about these monks--these monks that self-embalm? They spend their whole lives wasting away--starving themselves and purifying their bodies and then preserving them--for--for the ever after I suppose. Sometimes I feel like a goddamn Buddhist monk.

WARREN

I don't care about Buddhist monks.

LIDDY

Sometimes I can go days without eating.
 But other times, I feel like I can't keep up
 And I can't stand the taste of coffee. It's so bitter. No
 matter how much sugar I put in it.
 And Warren. Warren. Warren...
 I'm sorry.
 I don't know if that means very much.
 But I wrote our names in the snow--yours and mine. Tonight.
 I wrote our names in the snow because I figured it would
 last long enough.
 I know it's not--grown up--or whatever, but I was happy, so
 I couldn't help myself.
 I haven't been able to help myself from doing a lot of
 things lately.
 And I just wanted to tell you that.

WARREN

Why?

LIDDY

Don't you ever want something to happen?

WARREN

(quietly)
 We're going to be late.

LIDDY

They're not going to start without us.

WARREN

No, I suppose not.

LIDDY

They'll wait.

LIDDY sits on the bench. She looks
 up at WARREN.

LIDDY (cont'd)

I just need a minute.

WARREN sits next to LIDDY.

WARREN

Okay.
 Yeah--okay.
 We can take a minute.

GREEK LESSONS

DIMITRA

Ah. We have: *malakas* (μαλάκας – “jerk-off“)..

DIMITRA

What am I—*Ti ipotithetai...* (τι υποτίθεται – “supposed to do”) *na kanei* with all this all this *me ola afta ta nomismata* (με όλα αυτά τα νομίσματα – “with all of this change“)?

DIMITRA

Acharistia (αχαριστία – “ungrateful“)

DIMITRA

(angered)

Nai eiste isichi. Chano ton arithmo. (ναι ειστε ήσυχοι. χάνω τον αριθμό – „Be quiet. I’m losing count.“)

DIMITRA

Aaagh—Acharistia skyla.
Vlepo ta oraiia pragmata pou echeis.
Vlepo va pinete. Kathe nichta tis evdomadas.
Kai den boreis na mou pliorsei?
Chero oti echete chrimata.
Chero oti boreite na me pliorsei.

Αχαριστία σκύλα. (“Ungrateful bitch“)
Βλέπω τα ωραία πράγματα που έχεις. (“I see the nice things you have.“)
Βλέπω να πίνετε. (“I see you drink. Every night of the week.“)
Και δεν μπορείς να μου πληρώσει; (“And you can’t pay me?“)
Ξέρω ότι έχετε χρήματα. (“I know you have money.“)
Ξέρω ότι μπορείτε να με πληρώσει. (“I know you can pay me.“)

.....

DIMITRA

Ach. I know “statue.” *That* (pointing): Dionysus. He Greek—*hmpgh—theos* (θεός – “god“). God.

DIMITRA

Dionysus and Zeus eats the food. Uhh and there is jog—jug. Mph. (She doesn’t know how to communicate the next part). *Ochi. Then boro.* (Όχι. Δεν μπορώ – “No. I can’t.“) (she gets up to go) I can’t—

DIMITRA

Akrivos (ακριβώς – “exactly”)! The husband and wife (she taps her finger to her temple) *know* these are gods.

DIMITRA

Present! They give present. (grinning) Present I know: *Christogenna* (Χριστούγεννα – “Christmas”).

DIMITRA

(shrugging) His head not... *orthi* (ορθή – “correct”). Not good.

I talk to him on phone (holding up a phone to her ear) sometimes I am sister sometimes mother. He not know me. His head not *orthi*. So I say: I have new life.

DIMITRA

Kala. (καλά – “okay”)

.....

DIMITRA

Then xero (Δεν ξέρω – “I don’t know”)...

DIMITRA

Then zitisa na einai afto to dustuchismeno, then boron a stamatiso ti thlipsi moo ee to penthos moo. Kathe mera gemizee, mesa moo, kai akoma kee an chechaso, ya mee-a stigma, eemai xanagemizei me thlipsi, opos ee kanata me to krassee. Eemai mee-a atermonee pigi tees thlipsis kai then boro na to stamatiso then boron a to stamatisee apo to na pligonees opos afto.

Δεν ζήτησα να είναι αυτό το δυστοχισμένο. Δεν μπορώ να σταματήσω τη θλίψη μου ή το πένθος μου. Κάθε μέρα γεμίζει μέσα μου, και ακόμα κι αν ξεχάσω, για μια στιγμή, είμαι ξαναγεμίζει με θλίψη, όπως η κανάτα με το κρασί. Είμαι μια ατέρμονη πηγή της θλίψης και δεν μπορώ να το σταματήσω δεν μπορώ να το σταματήσει από το να πληγώνεις όπως αυτό (“I didn’t ask to be this unhappy. I can’t stop my grief or my mourning. Every day it fills up inside of me, and even if I forget, for just a moment, I am refilled with grief like the jug with wine. I am a never-ending source of grief and I can’t stop it I can’t stop it from hurting me like this.”)

MARNIE

Lypamai. Lypamai, lypamai, lypamai. (Λυπάμαι. Λυπάμαι, Λυπάμαι, Λυπάμαι – “I’m sorry. I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry”)