

THE HOUSE OF BLUE EMBERS

A Play in One Act

By

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SETTING:

A VAST MINDSCAPE

UPSTAGE LEFT – A BIG COMFORTABLE CHAIR. A TELEVISION REMOTE RESTS ON ONE OF THE ARMS OF THE CHAIR. CLOTHES ARE SCATTERED ABOUT THE AREA. A SODA CAN AND A GLASS REST ON THE FLOOR.

UPSTAGE RIGHT – A SMALL WRITING DESK AND CHAIR. THE SPACE IS CLUTTERED WITH BOOKS AND PAPER. A BRIEF CASE. TWO PICTURE FRAMES CAN BE SEEN RESTING ON THE DESK (ONE CONTAINS A PHOTO OF THEM (PARENTS). THE OTHER, A PICTURE OF HE (THE BOYFRIEND), AS WELL AS A SMALL CARAFE OF WATER AND DRINKING GLASS.

DOWNSTAGE CENTER – A MIRRORED DRESSING TABLE AND CHAIR WITH BACKSIDE FACING AUDIENCE. HALF EMPTIED BOTTLE OF HARD LIQUOR AND A GLASS REST ON TABLE. THEATRE PROPS ARE SCATTERED ABOUT THE AREA. THE MIRROR FRAME ON THE DESK IS HOLLOW (ALLOWING AUDIENCE TO SEE ACTRESS' FACE WHEN SEATED).

TIME:

PRESENT. LATE EVENING, EARLY MORNING.

CAST:

SHE.....AN ACTRESS. UNSEEN THROUGHOUT THE PLAY.

I OF SHE.....PLAINLY ATTRACTIVE, MATURE, INTELLIGENT,
YET A BIT NERVOUS. NEATLY DRESSED IN
BUSINESS ATTIRE AND GLASSES.

II OF SHE.....AWARE OF HER FEMINE POWERS, DRAMATIC
YET SOMEWHAT WORLD WEARY. DRESSED IN
A BEAUTIFUL SLIP AND ROBE.

III OF SHE.....SLOPPILY DRESSED IN A OLD PAIR OF JEANS
AND TOP. A BIT MASCULINE IN MANNER.
CONSTANTLY SURFING CHANNELS WITH
REMOTE.

IN THE DARKNESS II OF SHE CAN BE HEARD MOURNFULLY SINGING “NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU’RE DOWN AND OUT” ACAPPELLA. LIGHTS EERILY COME UP. FIRST ON THE BIG ARM CHAIR, THEN THE SMALL WRITING DESK, AND FINALLY THE DRESSING TABLE. THE ACTORS ENTER SOLO STARTING WITH III OF SHE, THE LAST BEING II OF SHE. THE SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING IS HEARD EACH TIME ONE ENTERS (THEY ALL SEEM STARTLED WITH EACH CLOSING OF THE DOORS). NOW WE ARE READY TO BEGIN. I OF SHE IS AT HER DESK. II OF SHE IS AT HER DRESSING TABLE AND III OF SHE IN HER BIG ARM CHAIR. SOMETIMES ONE OF THEM STOPS WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND CATCHES THE OTHER LOOKING AT THEM. THE SONG HAS COME TO AN END. THE ARE IS FILLED WITH THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT.

I OF SHE

(LOOKING UP FROM WRITING. ADRESSING II OF SHE)

I love the way you sing that song... You want to hear something funny? Hearing your voice just now... Hearing those words... Well... They reminded me of something...

II OF SHE

(ADMIRING HER FACE IN THE MIRROR)

My dear, that song is nothing more than a friendly reminder of the sorry state of human relationships in the world and how pathetic man is when it comes down to interacting with one another.

I OF SHE

No, no, no... no... no... That’s not it. That’s not what I’m talking about. That song... Well, it reminded me of something. Something I thought we had forgotten and yet, just now...

II OF SHE

Let me get this straight. You... Hearing me sing that song just now... and might I add, that this is a song I’ve sang many times before... Somehow miraculously reminded you of something we forgot..?

I OF SHE

Exactly... Time, that's it. It reminded me of a time we all thought we had forgotten. Surely you remember. Saturday..? Saturday nights..! Daddy use to take us downtown on Saturday nights... And there would always be some ole guy who'd had too much to drink. He'd come stumbling down the street just a singing a song... Like the one you just sang.

II OF SHE

Oh my God, you're right. Huh, we haven't thought of those days in years. Momma and daddy were still together then... Oh God, listen to me. Me, who can barely recall where I misplaced yesterday. Oh, those were some good times back then, weren't they? Some damn good times.

*(THEY BOTH ACKNOWLEDGE THE REALIZATION.
III OF SHE AS BEEN SILENTLY WATCHING TELEVISION)*

III OF SHE

Hey, can you two hens keep it down? I'm trying to watch a little TV. Do you mind?

II OF SHE

As a matter of fact...

*(ANOTHER DOOR IS HEARD OPENING AND CLOSING.
THEY LOOK NERVOUS AND CONFUSED. SILENCE.
ALL ATTENTIONS ARE FOCUSED.)*

I OF SHE

Well, that will be her... Do you think she's coming?

III OF SHE

Oh you don't have to worry. She'll be coming soon enough.

I OF SHE

But why did she have to come back right now? We were just starting to remember.

II OF SHE

What do you think I should do?

I OF SHE

You mean, what should we do?

III OF SHE

Nothing.

I OF SHE

Nothing?

II OF SHE

Just let her sit on her fat ass, huh? So is that your idea of good advice?

III OF SHE

Lay off, sister.

II OF SHE

Lay off? Are you telling me this is how it ends?

(II OF SHE SEEMS TO FAINT UNTO THE FLOOR. I AND III OF OF SHE STARE AT HER, THEN GO BACK TO WHAT THEY WERE DOING.)

II OF SHE

I Said... Is this is how it's going to end?

(GETTING UP FROM THE FLOOR. II OF SHE SITS BACK DOWN IN HER CHAIR. SHE OPENS THE LIQUOR BOTTLE ON HER TABLE AND POURS HERSELF A DRINK.)

Well, seeing you two don't feel very much like talking... I propose we make a toast. Here's to the end!

(TAKING A DRINK)

The end.

(TAKING ANOTHER DRINK)

II OF SHE

Cheers... To a life that has not been long.

(LOOKING AT THE OTHERS. I AND III OF SHE TRY TO IGNORE II OF SHE.)

Care to join me?

(I AND III OF SHE KNOW WHERE THIS IS GOING AND TRY TO PAY II OF SHE NO MIND. BUT II OF SHE WON'T LET IT GO.)

You know... I always could hold on to the fact that I thought we would see a new dawn. Now, it just seems like I find myself looking directly into the face of...

III OF SHE

(CLAPPING)

Bravo! Bra—vo! Aren't you the little prima donna... Prancing around here tonight like you own the god damn place.

II OF SHE

I'm so glad you notice...

(PICKING SOMETHING UP FROM OFF THE TABLE, II OF SHE THROWS IT AT III OF SHE IN ANGER.)

Somebody around here got to...

III OF SHE

Hey...! We all know it's definitely not you that's gonna be looking after anything. Now is it? Prancing around here.

(LOOKING AT I OF SHE)

If this bitch had her way, we'd all be drinking out of the same damn bottle of inertia as...

I OF SHE

Ok... Ok... Let's just try and calm down.

II OF SHE

You make me sick. I have tried... But... You know something... You're not even worthy of breathing the same air as me.

I OF SHE

Stop it. Just stop it you two. This is serious. We 're talking about...

II OF SHE

She.

I OF SHE

Yes, She... That will be coming soon...

III OF SHE

To end the life. Our Life.

I OF SHE

She wouldn't do that... Would She? No...

III OF SHE

People with a lot more going for themselves have. Besides, you saw how she looked as she slammed the door. You saw how she looked. It was written all over her face when she walked into the room.

I OF SHE

When she walked into the room that holds the bed.

III OF SHE

Yes, the bed she'll stumble into when she decided to end the life.

I OF SHE

No... No... I don't believe it.

II OF SHE

What do either of you know about faces? Have either of you ever really stopped to study a face, the way I have? Can either of you comprehend what it takes to be a great performer like myself?

(PUTTING A FINGER UP BEFORE FALLING INTO REVERIE.)

Don't answer that... For you have not! Oh, the roles I've played long before tonight. Stay, tell me to stay. No, you have no right to tell me. Neither of you. Oh, to have experienced a great star at work... Ah, to have seen lips quiver to hold back the tears... A brow rising while inside a heart is breaking... A tongue that must speak what even a poisonous pen dare not write. So forgive me if I've decided I'm gonna go. Adieu... Adieu.

III OF SHE

She's absolutely right you know. For once I'll have to agree with you. She's gonna do it. As She said, it was written all over her face.

I OF SHE

But we've talked her out... Talked her down from it.

III OF SHE

Yeah well, something about this time feels different.

(A RED LIGHT SCANS THE STAGE. IT IS PRECEDED BY A BEEPING SOUND. I, II, & III OF SHE ARE IN PAIN. AS THE LIGHT DISAPPEARS THE PAIN EASES.)

I OF SHE

Why won't one of you stop me? Am I not you? Or you? Stop me damn it! I'm not ready just yet. There has to be options that are left. I don't want my name placed on some list.

III OF SHE

Well... Well... Well. So that's it?

II OF SHE

So that's it?

III OF SHE

My... My... My... Funny how the worm doth turn.

II OF SHE

It that what you're worried about? A list..? Your name... Our name on a god damned list?

I OF SHE

Well, go ahead and laugh. But yes, this is serious business. I don't want my... Our name appearing on some list. These are the same types of lists that become giant piles... Then those giant piles become statistics. Statistics that eventually take on numerical percentages, all the while being drained of any human value. Twenty percent of them and eighty percent of those...

III OF SHE

Sweetie, it's over. Who cares?

I OF SHE

I care! Help me.

III OF SHE

My dear... You can't really be serious? How can we help you when you know that you are we and we are you. Can't you get that through your thick head?

II OF SHE

Why the hell aren't we at a party or something?

III OF SHE

(TURNING TO I OF SHE.)

That's a question maybe you should answer. Well..? I don't seem to hear anything?

(I OF SHE IS SILENT.)

Thought not... As I was saying, to the end!

*(I OF SHE OPENS UP THE BRIEF CASE OUT OF DESPERATION
BUT THE CONTENTS COME SPILLING OUT. THE OTHERS
LOOK ON AS I OF SHE PICKS UP THE MESS AND PUTS
EVERYTHING BACK INTO THE BRIEF CASE. THEN,
REMEMBERING THE PICTURES ON THE DESK. I OF SHE
GRABS THE PICTURE OF HE.)*

I OF SHE

Wait... What about him?

II OF SHE

What about him?

III OF SHE

Yes, what about him?

I OF SHE

He likes us, that's what! He likes us and... And he needs us. I think we need him. Who knows... I mean... In time... Well he just might love us.

III OF SHE

Will you get it through your head, it's over. Besides, in case you've forgotten. It wasn't we that got caught in bed with another woman.

I OF SHE

Just for once can we stop pretending to be perfect? You and I both know that we pushed him into the arms of...

III OF SHE

La la la la... I'm not listening. Can you hear me? Because I can't hear you. La la la la...

I OF SHE

Oh you heard me all right. We pushed him away. We... Just like we push away anything and everybody that has tries to get close to us. God, maybe you're right. Maybe we should end it all. Huh, just get it over and be done with it. Stop prolonging this agony. I mean, what good is it doing us? Always being afraid. Always having to do everything for our self. Always having to walk around as if we were nothing more than a piece of ice. Always fluttering by the red hot fire of life as quickly as possible. Never once have we stopped to feel the warmth of the flame. We're cold and I'm tired. I'm so very tired. Why can't we just this one time, stop and allow ourselves to get caught up in the messiness that is the human condition. The messiness of him..? Of people..? Just once, I would love to know if we would actually melt.

II OF SHE

Funny, I normally don't believe a thing you tell me. But baby, tonight, you are on to something. I can feel it... One can almost smell it in the air. Sweet, yet pungent like the smell of the Magnolia's blossoming in spring. I am lying by the riverside. I am filled with a sort of intensity of feeling. It was as if an emotional current had suddenly been turned on and was passing from me to you and then back to me. Oh, sweet mother of God, it feels just like... Well, please don't laugh, but it feels just like I was waiting for the curtain to rise. Oh, I know that might sound superficial, but it's the thing we actors most live for. The faces in the audience hanging on to our every word... As if... As if, we were bringing them food from the gods. And then... And then blessed be... Then comes the applause.

(III OF SHE CLAPS)

I OF SHE

I'm sorry... You do realize this isn't one of her fucking plays. Have either of you heard anything I've been saying? I don't want to die. I want to live. To Live! What's so horribly wrong with that. And to think, all these years I thought you both were looking out for our wellbeing. I guess I was wrong.

(I OF SHE TAKES THE PICTURE OF HE OUT OF THE PICTURE FRAME AND TEARS IT UP.)

Whether you both like it or not, I want to live. I want be able to wake up tomorrow and see the sunlight coming through the bedroom window. I want to be able to go outside and feel the sun on my skin and after the day is done I want to be able to smell the scent of things that have collected underneath my fingernails throughout the day. That is what I want! So forgive me if you feel as if I am asking for too fucking much. Ok!

III OF SHE

So basically, what you're saying is, you want the whole fucking cake?

I OF SHE

No that's not what I am saying.

(I OF SHE PICKS UP THE PICTURE OF THEM.)

III OF SHE

Hey, put that back! They have nothing to do with this. Not now. Not tonight. Not ever!

II OF SHE

Looks like someone just struck a nerve.

III OF SHE

Haven't you said enough already?

II OF SHE

Darling, I haven't even begun to sing... Hell, I don't give a rat's ass what you two nuts do, just as long as you...

*(JUST AS BEFORE A RED LIGHT SCANS THE STAGE.
PRECEDED BY THE BEEPING SOUND. PAIN. THEN AS BEFORE
IT EASES.)*

III OF SHE

Look, for once, can we leave them out of this? Ok?

(II OF SHE IS DRINKING AGAIN.)

II OF SHE

Yes... Let's leave them out of this. Oh, you would just love that wouldn't you? You've always been the one who wanting to run away. Sweep everything under the carpet. Well I've got news for you baby. There is no more room under the carpet, under the bed, or in the damned closet.

III OF SHE

That's not true.

II OF SHE

It most certainly is true.

III OF SHE

I just wanted us to deal with what is going on right here, right now. You know what? You had a brilliant idea the first time. Let's talk about him. What to you say?

I OF SHE

What are we doing? Huh? Why can't you just level with me... With us for once, instead of just charging head first... Always moving without any rhyme or reason. We need to be real with our self for once. After all, we're talking about doing some really fucked up shit here. I mean this is something that can't be erased or cleaned up once it's done. So excuse me for not wanting to crash the party but I'm just not one hundred percent sure we're ready for this.

(II OF SHE FALLS ASLEEP. III OF SHE LOOKS LONG AND HARD AT THEM.)

III OF SHE

Those two don't have anything to do with this.

I OF SHE

Who do you think you're kidding? These two shabby little people brought us... Brought you, into this world or have you forgotten..? Seems we have gone and gotten ourselves so damned educated that we've forgotten babies are born, not manufactured. We can't leave them out of this. Not this time.

III OF SHE

Well look at you, all grown up. Let me hip you to something. Babies aren't born. Babies are very much so manufactured all the way down to the ugly prejudices and short comings of their makers. Those same makers that say I won't have a child of mine acting like that or hanging out with the likes of them. So don't tell me we were born. 'Cause if we had of been, we would be a lot more freer than we are now. So, back down and you back down now because I don't want to hear any more. Do you hear me? Because as far as I'm concerned, this conversation is finished.

I OF SHE

Finished? My God, this is just beginning. Do you even remember what our life was like before?

III OF SHE

Before what?

I OF SHE

Before the big “D”. I bet you can’t even say the word out loud can you. Come on. Be a good little girl and tell mommy the nice big word. Come on. You can do it...

III OF SHE

This conversation is finished.

I OF SHE

How about I spell it for you? Would you like that, huh? Let’s see... D-

III OF SHE

D-I-V-O-R-C-E. There you happy. Did that turn you on. You sick Masochist.

I OF SHE

I’m not sick. You and I both know that was when it all began. There I’ve said it. That was when all our problems began. Hey, you wanna hear something funny? I can’t even remember what our life was like before they split. It wasn’t until she sang that song tonight that I began to remember. I’m telling you, I hadn’t even dreamed out our life back then. That’s some really fucked up shit. I mean it’s almost like our life were divided into two very distinct parts: BD – Before the divorce and AD – After the divorce.

III OF SHE

Haven’t been right since. The truth be told. I can remember everything as if it were yesterday. I mean the fights. The awful fights they were always having. I am descending as their voices are ascending. No matter where we try to hid their voices always found us. Haunt us, like invisible cleavers falling all around us, slicing at our sweetest memories until we are left open like blooded flesh wounds. And I am too young to hold on to the simplest of words... I love you. Sometimes I have to ask myself if it was just a dream of someone who walked away. A story about someone left alone. I wonder...

I OF SHE

Do you hate them?

III OF SHE

No, I only hate what they became. I hate that we became the pawns in their dirty little game. Always trying to turn is against the other.

I OF SHE

I wished someone could have pointed out the warning on the back of the box to them... For adults only.

III OF SHE

It was like we were trapped between two worlds, one no better than the other. What I still can't believe is how well we turned out considering.

I OF SHE

Well I don't know about that. I mean, we don't even possess the social skills that would allow us to get close to people. I can't even tell you what it feels like to cry for someone.

III OF SHE

You're talking about him, aren't you?

I OF SHE

I mean anyone, but yeah especially him.

III OF SHE

He never even knew that he never had a chance. He never know, that's fucked up and I'm tired. So very tired.

(LOOKING OVER AT II OF SHE.)

Did you know she still dreams about them? What's a trip is that they always appear in her dreams not as then but as human size green insects that fold their front legs as if they were praying.

I OF SHE

You mean a praying mantis?

III OF SHE

Yeah, they always appear as praying mantis... And do you know what praying mantises are known for?

I OF SHE

I don't think I want to hear anymore.

III OF SHE

A praying mantis is known to bite the head off of its victim. They fold their front legs up as if they are praying and then... And then... This is the best part.

I OF SHE

Please!

III OF SHE

The reason they bite the heads off... It's so they can eat the insides of their victims. And that is exactly what they did to us. They devoured whatever little bits of red hot emotions they could find still smoldering within us in order to rekindle some trace of themselves because they know they couldn't win. They were like hungry birds devouring our feelings until none were left. No, our home was not a place one could grow small to heal because they were constantly hiding the love we needed in different places every time. And now... Well... They're gone. ... And we are left to bare the weight of all that has to be.

I OF SHE

To think that all these years I thought we were somehow working our way through the divorce. Through the anger.

III OF SHE

(POINTING TO II OF SHE. III OF SHE GOES OVER AND TAKES THE BOTTLE OF LIQUOR BACK TO HER SPACE.)

That's what she'd like us to believe. Our very own Lady of the Camellia's. She never fooled me... Not for a second with all that stage talk.

(III OF SHE TAKES A SMALL BROWN BOTTLE OF PILLS FROM UNDER HER CHAIR. I OF SHE HAVING LOOKED BACK AT THE PICTURE OF THEM DOES NOT SEE III OF SHE TAKE THEM.)

No sir-re. She never fooled me.

I OF SHE

(I OF SHE STARTS LOOKING THROUGH THE PAPERS ON THE DESK.)

Do you remember this letter?

(III OF SHE SHAKES HER HEAD NO.)

We wrote this. We had gotten kicked out of yet another school. We were gonna runaway... Remember?

III OF SHE

Lord knows we should've. Hell, we probably would have been better off. It's amazing the way things can turn out when a person misses their moment. I mean, it's as if you fuck-up everything that has been predestined and life is then left scrambling around just to try and fit you back into its infinite plan. But the divine system has been corrupted and never fully recovers from being short circuited, so that everything after that moment no longer holds the ability to teach us where we have to go. Uncontrolled and tempered by the wisdom of living, we are left alone, moving aimlessly through life.

I OF SHE

The divorce really was a signal that the war had officially begun. We being the casualties.

(II OF SHE SLOWLY COMES BACK AROUND. SHE QUIETLY SINGS A REFRAIN WHILE I OF SHE IS STILL SPEAKING.)

II OF SHE

“If I ever get back on my feet again. I'm going to see my long lost friends. It's mighty strange, without a doubt. Nobody knows you when you're down and out.”

I OF SHE

It's so very hard to belong. To keep up of the appearances. The constant casting of spells to appear ok. Natural. But who are we really?

II OF SHE

You see, that's the problem with people. Everybody wants to belong where they are not supposed to belong. You know in the old days everyone knew their place. There wasn't this blurring of lanes that there is today. Blacks stayed with blacks. The whites stayed with whites. Beautiful people were with beautiful people. Fools stayed with fools and the ugly, well the ugly people stayed with ugly people. I mean really... Unless you were a whore or something along those lines... Well, what I'm trying to say is that one just didn't mix with other circles.

(ONCE AGAIN THE RED LIGHT SCANS THE STAGE. PRECEDED BY THE BEEPING SOUND. PAIN. THEN AS BEFORE IT EASES II OF SHE SEES III OF SHE LOOKING AT THE PILL BOTTLE.)

... And I'll tell you another thing. You think that by taking those pills we will end our problems. Just put them away I tell you. Because they won't work... I mean for instants, let's just say we did get up enough nerve and took those pills, then hours into it we decide we want to live. Better yet, someone comes along and finds us before the deed is done... I don't want to spend the rest of my life going in and out of asylums every time someone finds we're losing it. I won't I tell you. I'm an actress and the only place I belong is on the stage. Paris... London... New York.

I OF SHE

You're right of course. We should think about it. After all, if we take those pills that could be it... The end... And I don't want that, remember?

II OF SHE

Darling of course I'm right. After all... We're our own little self-contained community. Take my advice, life is very much like the craft of acting. The more you practice the better you get at it.

III OF SHE

We have forgotten the beauty of a stolen dream. We've forgotten how to live.

I OF SHE

Hey, what if we take some of the money we've been saving and treat ourselves to a fabulous night on the town. Don't you think that might cheer us up?

19

II OF SHE

Now you're getting the hang of it cookie. To live... To Live... We could get our hair all done up and buy a whole new wardrobe. We could rent the penthouse at the Ritz Carlton for a week and dine at the most expensive restaurants in town. What do you say? Then we can come back here all fat and rested and just wait for the bills to come in.

I OF SHE

Maybe we should take that money and buy a new car. I always wanted to see the Grand Canyon.

III OF SHE

What good is a car if it can't take you far enough away? No, one comes to understand so much about what's important on a night like tonight.

(I OF SHE IS STARTING TO FEEL SLEEPY)

I OF SHE

What are you talking about? Huh? God, suddenly it seems like I can barely keep my eyes open.

II OF SHE

You're just tired dear. I wonder what they'll do when we are gone?

I OF SHE

What are you talking about..?

III OF SHE

We're talking about how we use to want until she had fallen asleep and then we would sneak down stairs and take her car out for a ride. Don't you remember? It was always so dark out.

(I OF SHE CAN BARELY KEEP HER EYES OPEN.)

I OF SHE

We shouldn't have done that...

III OF SHE

Can you hear her calling us home... We use to love driving out on the open roads... Remember?
20

II OF SHE

Yes... We were looking for something or someone whom we could call home.

III OF SHE

We were looking weren't we?

(THE PILLS ARE TAKING THEIR AFFECT ON I OF SHE.)

I OF SHE

I don't understand... Oh God I'm so very tired. So... Tired.

III OF SHE

I know you are. Love, I tried to tell you what I have been feeling. But you kept telling me it was nothing. But if it's nothing then how come I feel it so deep inside. You don't know how many times I wondered what it would be like if you were dead. Oh, I know I shouldn't say such things. But I wonder... Oh my little darling. I wonder...

I OF SHE

I... I don't understand...

(I OF SHE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS. II OF SHE LOOKS ON UNMOVED.)

III OF SHE

Oh God... Oh God...

II OF SHE

It's what we wanted isn't it?

III OF SHE

Oh my god... You knew? You knew?

II OF SHE

Why of course I knew. I mean, who do you think planned this whole thing? Surely you didn't believe you came up with such a brilliant idea. My dear, let's me real. I've never believed in luck or fairytales. I knew if I just left you alone for a few minutes you'd take those pills.

III OF SHE

You knew all along...

(THE PILLS ARE TAKING THEIR AFFECT ON III OF SHE. II OF SHE REINACTS HER FALLING ASLEEP AS III OF SHE LOOKS ON. II OF SHE LETS OUT A LAUGH AND RISES AGAIN.)

II OF SHE

Please forgive me but I'm laughing to keep from crying. Oh, remember how we use to love driving on those open roads?

III OF SHE

Yes... Driving on open roads... We were looking for something...

II OF SHE

Someone!

III OF SHE

You knew... Sometimes I thought I saw light... Of in the distance.

II OF SHE

Off in the distance?

III OF SHE

Right... I use to wonder if it were a house. A house full of love. Maybe a room full of the love that we weren't getting. Oh God, what have I done? What have we done?

II OF SHE

(FALLING BACK INTO REVERIE.)

No use in crying over spilled milk. It had to be done and oh what a life we're going to live now. We will be immortal and for once love will stay. It had to be done. I mean... If I would of had to look for the reflection of our beating heart one more time in the light of the mirror. Well, I tell you I would have gone mad. Just mad. Let's be honest. The joy we once had when acting was gone.

(GOES AND RETRIEVES THE BOTTLE OF LIQUOR AND POURS HERSELF A DRINK.)

And I'll tell you something else. We were wrong to assume they had robbed us of our fire. Oh, now I'll admit that the fire had definitely been but out. That youthful joy that we once possessed... Gone. But in its place, there were the blue embers that cast shadows against the walls of our heart... That's why we shouldn't place so much of the blame on them. I mean... If we are really going to come clean then we have to admit it was we who robbed ourselves. So busy playing the victim that we ourselves forgot to stoke the coals.

(THE RED LIGHT SCANS THE STAGE FOR THE FINAL TIME. PRECEDED BY THE BEEPING SOUND. THIS TIME THERE IS NO PAIN. III OF SHE FALLS UNCONSCIOUS. SILENCE. II OF SHE WALKS OVER TO III OF SHE'S DESK AND TAKES A PEN AND PAPER AND RETURNS TO HER DRESSING TABLE.)

II OF SHE

I guess will be needing a letter after all.

(TAKING A DRINK AND STARTS WRITING.)

I always say it's better late than never...

(ACTING)

Oh, the roles I've played... Ah, to have seen lips quiver to hold back the tears... A brow rising while inside a heart is breaking... A tongue that must speak what even a poisonous pen dare not write.

(II OF SHE PUTS THE PEN DOWN AND FOLDS THE LETTER. SHE RETRIEVES AN ENVELOPE FROM I OF SHE'S DESK AND SEALS THE LETTER INSIDE. LOOKS AROUND.)

Please forgive me if my deciding to go offends thee... Adieu. Adieu.

(II OF SHE RETURNS TO HER DRESSING TABLE AND SITS DOWN LOOKING OUT INTO THE NOTHINGNESS. SILENCE. SHE MUST ACCEPT WHAT SHE HAS DONE. JUST AS IN THE BEGINNING OF THE PLAY, SHE BEGINS TO SING AS THE LIGHTS EERILY GO DOWN. FIRST ON I OF SHE, THEN III OF SHE AND FINALLY ON II OF SHE.

THE END

N O T E S

The set should be bathed in warm lighting do to the fact that the entire piece takes place in the mind of She. A beautiful but faint blue light should be visible simmering on the walls around the characters.

The red light that periodically crosses the stage should appear to be just that. A thin red scanner light..

The blues song II Of She sings –

NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT

Once I lived the life of a millionaire
Spendin' my money, Like I just didn't care
I carried my friends out for a good time
Buying bootleg liquor, champagne and wine

Then I began to fall so low
I didn't have a friend and no place to go
So if I ever get my hand on a dollar again
I'm gonna hold on to it till them eagle's grin

Nobody knows you
When you're down and out
In my pocket not one penny
And my friends, I haven't any

But if I ever get on my feet again
Then I'll meet my long lost friend
It's mighty strange without a doubt
Nobody knows you when you're down and out
I mean when you're down and out

When you're down and out, not one penny
And my friends, I haven't any and I felt so low
Nobody wants me 'round their door

Without a doubt
No man can use you when you're down and out
I mean when you're down and out

Written by Jimmy Cox - 1923