

Tying Up Sandima
a magical fantasy

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CHARACTERS

JEANNE, late thirties, alcoholic and depressed

AMY, early twenties, Jeanne's alter ego, innocent, free-spirited

MRS. FAIRCHILD, late middle age, Jeanne's mother

CARLOS, early twenties, Cuban, Jeanne's first husband

MORGAN, late forties, Jeanne's second husband

LAURIE, teenager, Jeanne's daughter

ONE ACTOR:

JUNIOR, twenties, developmentally disabled man

DR. LEONARD, Jeanne's court appointed psychiatrist

SETTING

Abstracted interiors to suggest a bedroom, kitchen, living room, and various others.

Two areas; a bed stage left, a table and two chairs stage left. Behind is a roll around cart. A bottle of wine and two glasses on it. The back wall may have lighted panels where action takes place. It is useful to suggest another universe.

Sandima may be expressed through lighting effects or may be a performer, but she must be an influence felt by the other characters.

Music is important. Time is fluid.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

CUBAN MUSIC is loud and lively, builds to a high then the volume becomes low, lower, lowest as the lights come up slowly revealing a woman, JEANNE, about forty years old, lying in a heap on the floor. She wears pajamas and is soaking wet.

She moves a little, then a little more, then she lifts her head and looks around. She gets up, falls back down, gets up again.

JEANNE

Hey!

She stumbles, then falls to the floor. Music is loud.

Time passes.

JEANNE (cont'd)

I'm, yeah... I'm, okay, yeah... Hey. Can anybody... hey! Come on! Can anybody hear me?... I'm in here... I'm awake... This is not okay... Please! Help me! Please... God... please... Hello?... Jesus Christ. Is anybody here? (Pause.) I am not a criminal. Would someone please answer me?

The shadows of the OTHER CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY appear in a dim light - then they are gone.

JEANNE (cont'd)

What the hell... Jesus... Jesus... I've really done it this time... All right. So I'll wait.

The music rises a little, then a lot.

JEANNE (cont'd)

Stop that! I can't... stand it... stop, my head, it's...

The music is painfully loud, Jeanne screams a long time.

Time passes. Jeanne is on the floor. A newspaper is on the bed.

She reads to herself aloud.

JEANNE (cont'd)

Jeanne Hubble, thirty-nine, beloved daughter and mother... Oh, thank God, I'm dead!... Jeanne Hubble, thirty-nine, Jesus Christ. She was born in Buffalo, New York, the daughter of Florence and Charles Fairchild. A social worker, she received her bachelor's degree from the University of Miami. Okay, that's a lie. I didn't graduate. Two years, three months, that was it. *She married her first husband, Carlos Garcia, in Miami. He died in...* Hello? Who brought the newspaper? You know, this thing. I don't think this is funny. I'm scared. Is that what you want?

All is dark.

JEANNE (cont'd)

Hey! Hey, cut that out- I don't want to be dead! I want... I don't want this newspaper! Stop it! Stop it now! Please! God, please make it stop!

Time passes. AMY, a younger, vibrant version of Jeanne appears on the bed now and reads from the newspaper. A bright red sash is around her waist.

AMY

Jeanne Hubble, thirty nine, beloved daughter and mother, died yesterday. She was born in Buffalo, New York, the daughter of Florence\ and Charles Fairchild. A social worker, she received her bachelor's degree from the University of Miami.

Amy looks at Jeanne, then at the newspaper photo, then at Jeanne, then goes over and shakes her.

AMY (cont'd)

Hey! Hey, this must be you!

JEANNE

What are you... My God, someone's here! I've been here, I don't know, forever. What the hell is going on?

AMY

What? I don't know what you mean.

JEANNE

I woke up here and... now you're here. Are you, I mean, are we dead?

AMY

Dead?

JEANNE

I don't feel dead. I feel like hell, but I don't feel dead. This is all very strange. You look familiar. Do I know you?

AMY

My name's Amy.

JEANNE

Amy, Amy... I don't know any Amys. I'm Jeanne.

AMY

The newspaper says you died yesterday.

JEANNE

I know! I read it, too! But I don't know what it means.

AMY

Well, I think, you know, it means you're dead.

JEANNE

But I don't remember dying. I remember it was Laurie's birthday and I think we must have had a fight...

CARLOS GARCIA offstage singing a love song. He enters. He wears a bathrobe - he is fresh from the shower - and he carries his clothes which he puts on.

AMY

Who's Laurie?

JEANNE

My daughter.

AMY

Nice name. I wonder if Carlos would like it.

JEANNE

Who's Carlos?

AMY

My husband. He's from Cuba.

JEANNE

Carlos from Cuba?

AMY

He's a chef. And a singer. But one day we're going to have a book store.

JEANNE

My- God.

Amy dances into Carlos's arms.

CARLOS

Hey!

AMY
What do you think of the name Laurie for a girl?

CARLOS
Laurie? Can we give her my mother's name, too?

AMY
Laurie Juanita. I like it. You smell good.

CARLOS
I have to go to work.

AMY
Mm hm.

CARLOS
What are you doing?

AMY
Nothing.

CARLOS
Okay. We can't make love now.

But he moves in a slow dance with her.

AMY
I can't do it.

CARLOS
You are learning.

AMY
I just don't have the Latin rhythm. You have to be born to it-

CARLOS
Just look in my eyes.

AMY
If I look in your eyes, I can't see what I'm doing.

CARLOS
You have to stop thinking about dancing and feel the music. You ever see a baby when the music plays? Nobody has to explain about rhythm. They just move. They just feel. So that's all you has to do. Is remember to feel. *Verdad?* Don't look at the ground. The music is not in your feet. Close your eyes. Put your heart to my heart. And then feel the music. The music is not out there, Jeannie. He touches his heart. The music is in here.

JEANNE
Okay, that's not funny.

AMY
Hey, what's the matter?

JEANNE
I'm not amused by any of this.

AMY
What are you talking about?

JEANNE
Carlos. My husband? Is this some kind of holograph?

AMY
What's a holograph?

JEANNE
This is not happening. And he never looked that good.

AMY
You're just jealous.

JEANNE
Jealous? I'm dead. Remember? And you're a phantom. He's a phantom. We're all phantoms. Would you stop the fucking music already?

CARLOS
I have to go to work.

AMY
What time will you be home?

CARLOS
Late. The restaurant closes at eleven. Then we're playing at the club - remember? You want to come down later? *Te quiero*.

Carlos exits.

JEANNE
Amy was my cat's name. My mother gave it away when I was ten because it made me allergic. You're me. Aren't you. Some... version of me. My husband Carlos-

AMY
He's my husband-

JEANNE
Okay, so he's your husband. You can have him. He broke my heart once, now it's your turn.

AMY
Carlos loves me.

JEANNE

Yeah, well, he's not too bright. I guess that makes you not very bright. Or me, either, for that matter. You know what he does with this? He ties up Sandima. You ever met him?

AMY

Of course I know Sandima. It's part of Carlos' culture. I think it's adorable.

JEANNE

It's superstition!

AMY

It's mythology!

Carlos reenters.

CARLOS

Jeannie! Did you see my car keys?

AMY

I thought they were in your pocket.

CARLOS

San Dimaa must have hidden them again.

He takes the red sash and ties it in a knot.

CARLOS (cont'd)

San Dimas, you are a bad little spirit. Give me the car keys and then I'll let you out.

AMY

Did you look on the kitchen table? Maybe they fell out when we were...

CARLOS

I'll be late-

AMY

Or the bathroom.

JEANNE

Jeanne was predeceased by her first husband, Carlos Garcia, of Miami. She married her second husband, Morgan Hubble, who survives.

Jeanne feels under the mattress and finds the keys.

JEANNE (cont'd)

Hey, lover boy. Carlos. Amy. Catch.

She throws him the keys. He catches them.

CARLOS

(to Amy)
Sorry, love. I have to go to work.

AMY

Wake me up when you come home.

CARLOS

Si.

CARLOS exits.

AMY

How did you find the keys?

JEANNE

They were in the bed. They were always in the bed. You know something, this guy is not what he appears. He's a criminal. He's out making drug deals.

AMY

I don't believe you.

JEANNE

Did you ever notice anything strange about his eyes?

AMY

What, they're brown and beautiful-

JEANNE

The way he stares. The way he loses things-

AMY

Stop it!

AMY grabs the newspaper and begins to read aloud.

AMY (cont'd)

Jeanne Alice Hubble, thirty-nine, beloved daughter and mother-

JEANNE

Don't.

AMY

You want a drink?

JEANNE

A drink?

AMY
Yeah. An alcoholic beverage. You know, Scotch. Something like that.

JEANNE
I gave it up.

AMY
Oh. Well. I guess I shouldn't drink either. I'm pregnant.

JEANNE
No kidding.

AMY
Two months. Here, feel. It's not kicking or anything. Carlos' sister says that doesn't happen until at least five months. Maybe six. We're hoping for a boy.

JEANNE
I think you're going to have a girl.

AMY
Carlos' sister says-

JEANNE
It's a girl.

AMY
I didn't mean to get pregnant. Not now, anyway. I don't know how it happened.

JEANNE
God plants a little seed inside you-

AMY
Well, I know that, but we were careful.

JEANNE
Even on the kitchen table?

LAURIE (O.S.)
Mom?

JEANNE
Laurie?

AMY
Hey, are you all right?

JEANNE
My daughter, I heard my daughter, dear God, don't tell me-

LAURIE (O.S.)
Mom!

JEANNE
Laurie, where are you? God, please, don't do this!

Jeanne opens the newspaper and reads her obituary again, frantically-

JEANNE (cont'd)
...received her B.A. from the University of Miami... She is survived by her mother, a sister, Gloria Helen Prentiss, a brother, Ralph Albert Hubble, a daughter, Laurie Juanita Garcia Hubble...Laurie... it says survived. She... survived.

She looks at AMY.

JEANNE (cont'd)
Why are you here?

AMY
I'm waiting for Carlos-

JEANNE
I'd like you to leave. Right now.

AMY
You don't like me? You leave.

JEANNE
I was here first.

AMY
This is my house!

JEANNE
House? This is your house? This is hell. We're in hell. Your husband is going blind. Did you know that?

AMY
Stop it.

JEANNE
And there's nothing anyone can do. And he's got no skills, all he can do is cook. Who's going to hire a blind chef?

AMY
He's in a band-

JEANNE
Oh, yes, the only Cuban singer in Miami. I want you to listen to me! Whatever cosmic joke is being played, I can at least tell the truth. And the truth is you're married to a guy that is going to ruin your life completely-

AMY
I love him!

JEANNE

He's uneducated! He can't even spell!

AMY

He's Spanish!

JEANNE

He can't spell in Spanish either.

AMY

I don't like you!

JEANNE

I - am - you! How do you like that? I'm what you turn into.

AMY

It's not possible.

JEANNE

Hey, I have - had - a pretty good life. A decent second husband.

AMY

You're married.

JEANNE

To Morgan. He's an accountant.

AMY

So he counts people's money, how interesting.

Morgan enters.

JEANNE

Yes, and not only that, he makes money. A lot. He's refined. Well read. He can identify every one of Mozart's compositions. And Bach - and Chopin-

AMY

Sounds like a real ball of fire.

JEANNE

He's responsible. And he loves Laurie. I mean, what good is it to have a hot Latin lover when he's not around to pay the bills, or pick his daughter up from school.

AMY

That him?

JEANNE

I - yes. I don't remember him being so fat.

AMY

The more to love!

Laurie enters.

LAURIE

Hey, Morgan, Mom home?

MORGAN

Hi, sweetheart. No, she's working late tonight. How was school?

LAURIE

Oh, boring.

MORGAN

How about you and me going out for dinner. Or a movie? Is there anything you'd like to see?

LAURIE

Actually, I'm going to a meeting tonight.

MORGAN

What meeting is that?

LAURIE

Oh, just a forum for kids. You know, speaking out about our feelings, that sort of thing.

MORGAN

Is there something you need to talk about, honey?

LAURIE

No, it's just kind of fun to go. Some of the kids really have problems and, well, I just listen. Actually, don't tell her. Please. Just say I'm studying at Beth's house. You know how she gets.

MORGAN

I know how she gets. Need some money?

LAURIE

Wow, thanks.

MORGAN

What time will you be home?

LAURIE

Oh, about ten.

MORGAN

Do you need a ride?

LAURIE

Mike's picking me up.

MORGAN
Hey, how about a kiss first?

AMY
That horrible man.

JEANNE
What?

AMY
Did you see the way he looked at her? The way he touched her?

JEANNE
He's her father-

AMY
No. No, he's not. He's- you said. I heard you say- he's not going to do this- You know something? You're a creep! Don't you ever, ever come near that girl again, do you hear me? Or I'll kill you!

JEANNE
Amy, stop it!

MORGAN
Jesus! You scared me! I thought you were working late.

JEANNE
Well, here I am. How was your day?

MORGAN
Fine. I had plans to go out.

JEANNE
Out- where?

MORGAN
Bill Matthews from work. We thought we'd go over to the boat show. It's the last day.

JEANNE
Oh, boats! Right. Mind if I tag along?

MORGAN
Actually, it's kind of a working thing. We've got some accounts that are troubling us, we want to talk.

JEANNE
That's all right, then. Do you want some dinner?

MORGAN
I had a late lunch. I was just reading the newspaper before I went out.

JEANNE
Is Laurie here?

MORGAN
She's at Beth's studying. I told her to be home by ten.

JEANNE
Beth.

MORGAN
Her friend.

JEANNE
I don't know any Beth.

MORGAN
She's tall with red hair.

JEANNE
Oh, Beth!

MORGAN
So, I'll just finish reading the newspaper.

JEANNE
Okay.

MORGAN
I thought we agreed you wouldn't drink during the week.

JEANNE
Well, it's just me here. What's the difference?

MORGAN
The difference is we made an agreement.

JEANNE
Well, I think after the day I've had... You want some?

MORGAN
And you've already been drinking. Haven't you.

JEANNE
No, I haven't-

MORGAN
I can smell it on you-

JEANNE
God, I can't believe you noticed. I can't believe you notice anything I do. I came home early, I thought, all right, we'll have a nice dinner-

MORGAN

I'll stay home.

JEANNE

And this is the first I've heard of any boat show!
And who's this Bill Masters-

MORGAN

Matthews, I said I'd stay home-

JEANNE

Where's Laurie?

MORGAN

I just told you, at Beth's house, she'll be home by ten-

JEANNE

I don't like this! I don't like coming home and not finding
my daughter-

MORGAN

All right. All right, we'll have dinner. I'll take you out.

JEANNE

I don't want to go anywhere. I just want to wait for Laurie.

MORGAN

All right, we'll wait. We'll both wait.

JEANNE

Go to the boat show.

MORGAN

I'm not going.

JEANNE

I want you to. I want to be alone. Actually, I'm tired. And
I'm sorry. I shouldn't go on like that. I did have a glass
of wine after work. Sarah and I worked through lunch and
then we grabbed a bite. I had linguini with clam sauce-

MORGAN

Where did you eat?

JEANNE

Oh, that Italian place, you know-

MORGAN

I can't think where you mean. There's not an Italian
restaurant near your office.

JEANNE

We drove. I drove her home and it's on the way there. That's where we ate and I had the glass of wine. So, you're going to the boat show?

MORGAN

I guess so.

JEANNE

Have fun.

AMY

He's lying about everything.

JEANNE

I'm the problem! He can't stand me, how can you blame him?

AMY

He's got... hot eyes!

JEANNE

What are you talking about?

AMY

That's what Carlos would call them. Hot eyes. The way he looks at Laurie, the way he looks at you. It's not friendly.

Laurie reenters.

Hey, Morgan.

MORGAN

What happened to your meeting?

LAURIE

Oh, it got cancelled. Is Mom here?

MORGAN

She's lying down. Difficult day at work. I wouldn't disturb her. I've been meaning to ask you. What do you want for your birthday?

LAURIE

It's funny you should ask.

MORGAN

Why?

LAURIE

There's this demonstration called "Young Women Speak Out" and you have to be fifteen-

MORGAN

Wait a minute, wait a minute, where is this demonstration?

LAURIE
In Washington. We're going on a bus-

MORGAN
We?

LAURIE
It's through the Women's Center. You know, where I do community service. We leave early Saturday morning, we stay in a hostel and come back on Sunday. Please?

MORGAN
And when is this?

LAURIE
On my birthday! That's what's so awesome! I'll be old enough to go! There's going to be thousands of women marching down Pennsylvania Avenue. I'm sure it'll be covered on the news.

MORGAN
And what are we demonstrating..

LAURIE
A woman's right to choose.

MORGAN
I thought women had a right to choose.

LAURIE
Now! But there's constant legislation being introduced to change that. So that's what I want for my birthday. I want to go to Washington and I need you to help convince Mom. Oh, yeah, and I want a hundred dollars. For the trip! And I want to make a donation. And besides, a lot of the girls never have any money. So please help me convince Mom? Because I'm going anyway.

MORGAN
I'll tell you what. Take me out for dinner tonight. And I'll think about it.

LAURIE
What?

MORGAN
A man's go to eat, right?

LAURIE
Well. I guess so. Should we get something for Mom?

MORGAN
She had linguini. She told me.

They exit.

JEANNE

You know how I know I'm dead?

AMY

How?

JEANNE

None of this actually hurts. It's like it's not happening to me. For a moment, it is. And then it's not. It's like it's happening to someone else. How about it?

AMY

I'm pregnant. I can't drink.

JEANNE

One glass. One glass is good for you. Cabernet Sauvignon. Do you know what Elizabeth Barrett Browning said? All one needs for happiness is wine, love and Italy.

AMY

That's life, love and Italy.

JEANNE

Same thing. Cheers!

Carlos reenters. His hand is bandaged.

AMY

Carlos, what happened?

CARLOS

I cut my hand, I was chopping onions and I wasn't careful.

AMY

Let me see- Carlos, you've got to see a doctor.

CARLOS

It's nothing. It's stupid. I was chopping onions for paella and I wasn't watching what I was doing.

AMY

Does it hurt?

CARLOS

I may have to miss work for a few days. Until it heals a little better. Jeannie? One day there will be no more cooking. You know how you've talked about a bookstore? I am going to buy a store. A book store. For us. But you will have to be the brains.

AMY

But, how are we going to do that?

CARLOS

There is someone, a friend, who will loan me the money. Not yet, but soon.

AMY

Who is it?

CARLOS

You don't know him. When the time is right, I will bring him for dinner.

AMY

Dinner! Carlos, I made black beans.

CARLOS

You did that?

AMY

They're on the stove. I may have left them on too long..

CARLOS

Jeannie, you're drinking.

AMY

What? Oh, wine. I made black beans, your sister said to put in some wine, so I poured myself a little.

CARLOS

It's not good for the baby, you should never take that.

AMY

I thought one glass would be all right-

CARLOS

Never. Do you understand me? What you eat, the baby eats. It's very important.

AMY

Okay, okay. Do you want to try them?

CARLOS

The black beans?

AMY

And rice?

CARLOS

You really made black beans and rice?

AMY

I wanted to surprise you. I'm not sure how they'll taste, I might have put in too much garlic.

CARLOS
There is no such thing as too much garlic.

AMY
Well, all right. I'll get you a plate!

Carlos watches her exit, then takes out a large roll of bills and counts them. He hides the money under the bed.

Amy reenters with a plate of food.

AMY (cont'd)
Now, tell the truth. Don't lie.

CARLOS
I'm sure they're delicious.

AMY
I might have burned them a little. They smell kind of funny.

He takes a bite.

AMY (cont'd)
Well?

CARLOS
Fantastic.

AMY
Really?

CARLOS
My sister gave you this recipe?

AMY
I followed it as best I could. I didn't have any green peppers, though, so I used cucumbers.

CARLOS
That's what's different! I like it.

AMY
Would you like some coffee?

CARLOS
Sure. No. I mean, I'll make it.

AMY
You don't like my coffee.

CARLOS
I do, it's just that I like you better. Don't leave.

He kisses her and finds a way to put down the black beans. Jeanne watches. They find their way to the bed. She picks up the plate of food and continues to watch them. She takes a bite; she makes a horrible face.

JEANNE

That must have been love!

SCENE 2

The lights come up. Amy is lying on the bed. Jeanne sits and reads from the newspaper again.

JEANNE

Jeanne Alice Hubble, beloved, yeah, yeah... Born in Buffalo, New York, she was educated in local schools and received her BA at the University of Miami. She is predeceased by her father, uh huh, survived by her mother, a sister... a brother... a daughter... three nieces, and two nephews. Mogan Hubble, her estranged husband also of Buffalo, New York." Oh, great, publish the fact that I can't stay married. She was a special educator in Buffalo schools, but her real love was the theater.

AMY

You were an actress!

JEANNE

I wasn't an actress. Jeanne was responsible for creating 'Sidewalks and Saturdays,' and improvisational theater company for developmentally challenged adults.

AMY

You were an actress!

JEANNE

I was an organizer. I never acted.

AMY

What was 'Sidewalks and Saturdays?'

JEANNE

It was nothing, really.

AMY

Tell me.

Sandima lights up. Junior passes by on a scooter, then comes back the other way. Sandima plays with him.

JEANNE

We'd say, "Okay, it's Saturday and you're walking down a sidewalk." They loved the fact that it was Saturday. And we'd ask, "What do you see?" And, oh, never mind.

AMY

Tell me.

JEANNE

It was a job, you know? Nine to five. Are you hungry? I think I'm hungry.

AMY

Boy, you're slippery.

JEANNE

What do you mean, slippery?

AMY

You keep changing the subject. It's like, whoa. I don't even see it coming. Slippery.

JEANNE

You sound like my therapist. God, lets hope he never finds me up... Are we up?

AMY

What?

JEANNE

Or down. I suppose we could be down. Probably it was all hogwash. Heaven and hell. Who would kill me?

AMY

I don't know. What makes you think you were killed?

JEANNE

I must have died somehow. I didn't, you know, have cancer or anything.

AMY

What about a car accident.

JEANNE

Not likely. I didn't have a license.

AMY

Really? That's funny.

JEANNE

It's not funny. I was taking medication - under a doctor's orders -and I got stopped for having a light out. And you know what? They arrested me for DUI. How would you like that?

AMY

Not very much.

JEANNE

I'm appealing. I want to remember how I died. I think... you know, I think I was choked. My throat hurts. Look at me, is it bruised?

AMY

I don't know.

JEANNE

Would you please look?

AMY

I don't want to.

JEANNE

God, it's not that hard. Maybe there's a mirror...

Jeanne picks up the wine glass and tries to see her reflection.

Junior enters, a wild man on a scooter.

JUNIOR

What do you see, Jeannie, what do you see?

JEANNE/AMY

(looking at each other.)

I see me.

JUNIOR

Wanna play? Wanna play, wanna play, wanna play?

JEANNE

Amy, meet Junior.

AMY

Hi, Junior. What do you want to play?

JUNIOR

Sidewalks and Saturdays, Sidewalks and Saturdays, Sidewalks and Saturdays! Sidewalks and Saturdays!

JEANNE

Okay, Junior, okay. Settle down. You're going to hurt yourself.

JUNIOR

I'm settling! I'm settling!

(to Amy)

You're pretty.

He hugs her tight, then puckers up for a big kiss.

JEANNE
Now, Junior, you know better.

JUNIOR
What's your name?

AMY
Amy.

JUNIOR
Will you marry me?

AMY
I'm already married.

JUNIOR
Darn. Oh, well. Jeannie, let's play, let's play-

JEANNE
Okay, Junior. We'll play.

JEANNE (cont'd)
Okay, you're walking down the sidewalk-

JUNIOR
And it's Saturday!

JEANNE
And it's Saturday... what do you see? What do you see, Junior?

JUNIOR
I see... I don't know!

JEANNE
Maybe you see a cow.

JUNIOR
No.

JEANNE
Maybe you see... a camel!

JUNIOR
Oh, that's stupid.

JEANNE
How about a windmill!

JUNIOR
A windmill! A windmill! What's a windmill?

JEANNE

It has arms that go around and around like at the carnival-

JUNIOR

Okay! Okay! I'm at the carnival! And it's Saturday, and I'm riding the windmill, and I'm way up high-

JEANNE

And what do you see?

JUNIOR

I see... a blue sky... and a big yellow sun... Look, at me, Jeannie, look at me, I'm way up high...

AMY

Be careful!

JUNIOR

What do you see, Jeannie, what do you see?

JEANNE

I see... a beautiful pool of water... and a swing... look, Junior, now you're on it, you're on a swing and you're going to leap into the water-

JUNIOR

Here I come! Here I come!

AMY

Are you guys okay?

Junior notices the red sash and gets it.

JUNIOR

Hey, look at me, I'm a pirate!

He ties it around his head.

AMY

Junior, you mustn't tie up Sandima!

JUNIOR

What?

AMY

Sandima. He's a little spirit. The Cubans believe he lives in red things. Like the sash. And if you tie him up, he can't have fun. But sometimes, he has too much fun. Have you ever lost anything, Junior?

JUNIOR

Once I lost a half an hour!

AMY

What do you mean?

JUNIOR

That's what Mrs. Pritchard said. She was that other teacher who used to pinch me when she got mad. She said, "Junior, you lost a half an hour today!"

AMY

But you can't get time back.

JUNIOR

Why not?

AMY

Well, because, once it's gone it's gone.

JUNIOR

I'm going to tie him up and get back my half hour!

AMY

And what would you do with that half hour?

JUNIOR

Well, I wouldn't give it to Mrs. Pritchard.

AMY

Sometimes it's too late. You have to tie him up right away. Because, you know, he forgets where he puts things after a while.

JUNIOR

I'm going to find that half hour, Sandima! And you're going to help me!

He scooters upstage, twirling the red sash, he throws it in the air and exits. A pocketwatch descends, hangs a moment, then disappears.

AMY

Wow!

JEANNE

He's been one of my clients for, well, years. I don't know what I would do without him- Unconditional love. Probably the only time in my life.

AMY

That's like Carlos.

JEANNE

Oh, please. Look. See this? Drug money. I saw him hide it.

Morgan enters.

AMY
Carlos wouldn't hide anything-

JEANNE
He stashing it away for, God only knows for what.

AMY
It's not his. He would tell me if he had this kind of money-
how much is it?

JEANNE
Ten thousand dollars, more or less.

AMY
Ten thousand... that's a down payment on a house.

JEANNE
I think he's financing his next drug deal. What are you
doing?

AMY
I'm putting it someplace safer. When Carlos brings it up,
I'll tell him. But if you know that money is there, maybe
someone else does.

Amy hides it in the table.

JEANNE
I don't think it's a good idea. Amy, put it back where you
found it. I remember this-

MORGAN
You're up.

JEANNE
I must have fallen asleep. Is Laurie home?

MORGAN
She came home right after you went to bed. Turns out the
meeting was cancelled.

JEANNE
What meeting?

MORGAN
The one with Beth. The homework meeting. So I took her to
dinner and now, well, I guess she's gone to bed. I didn't get
a chance to finish the newspaper so I thought I would do it
now.

JEANNE
You didn't go to the boat show?

MORGAN

Laurie had to eat.

JEANNE

What did you have?

MORGAN

I had a steak. Laurie had a vegetarian dish.

JEANNE

And it was... good?

MORGAN

Did you have company?

JEANNE

What?

MORGAN

I'm just finishing the newspaper. Why don't you go to bed and I'll be up in a little while.

JEANNE

You remember the student I was telling you about? Junior? The one with the heart condition? We were playing "Sidewalks and Saturdays" today and I said, as usual, "It's Saturday and you're walking down a sidewalk. What do you see?" And you know what he said?

MORGAN

No I don't. You see I'm reading the newspaper. I came in and sat down. I answered your questions. And not at any time did I give you a signal like putting down my newspaper. That was a subtle hint that I'm not interested in talking just now. I don't mean to be rude. But I have explained this to you many times before.

Music comes up. Laurie, Junior and Carlos dance in a conga line.

They wind around the stage. Morgan gets up and joins the CONGA LINE.

AMY

Jeanne Alice Hubble, beloved mother and daughter- Jeanne Alice Hubble, beloved mother and daughter- Jeanne Alice Hubble, beloved mother and daughter- Jeanne Alice Hubble, beloved mother and daughter...

JEANNE

Okay, so I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dead.

SCENE TWO

AMY

Jeannie?

JEANNE

God, how long have we been asleep?

AMY

It's hard to tell. Are you all right?

JEANNE

No. I'm cold.

AMY

You're shivering.

JEANNE

I feel terrible. What's the use of being dead if you feel terrible? I thought that was one of the advantages. No more feelings. No memories.

AMY

What are you remembering?

JEANNE

My death. I think I remember my death.

AMY

Okay.

JEANNE

I drowned. It's obvious. I drowned. And I hate drowning.

AMY

Maybe you were taking a bath.

JEANNE

I remember choking and then... Really nothing. Maybe I didn't actually drown. Maybe he just threw my body into the river after it was dead.

AMY

I love to swim. Carlos and I sometimes go to the ocean at night and swim in the nude.

JEANNE

Could you focus for a minute on my murder? It's always sex, sex, sex with you.

AMY

Sorry.

JEANNE

I'm trying to recall what I did the day I was murdered. It's important.

AMY

Why don't we try a little meditation. To clear your mind. I could hypnotize you.

JEANNE

Just what I need. I don't suppose you have a cigarette.

AMY

No.

JEANNE

Me neither. But right now I sure as hell could use one.

AMY

It's bad for your health.

JEANNE

There's no river.

AMY

Excuse me?

JEANNE

The nearest river is two miles away. I got choked and then probably stuffed in the trunk of a car and thrown in the river.

AMY

That's awful.

JEANNE

You have no idea how awful. You're up here floating around fantasizing about Carlos. Do you know what the world is like?

Do you know what people do to each other every day? Babies scalded, old women raped, whole civilizations terrorized? I got off lucky. I could have lived in a third world country and washed my clothes in sewage every day.

AMY

Why would you do that?

JEANNE

Because that's life! And you know what? I don't have to worry about it anymore.

AMY

No more sewage!

JEANNE

Nope. Hm. I'm feeling better all of a sudden. Wow. It was like, I couldn't feel any worse. And then it's gone. Now I just feel like nothing again.

AMY

You're really feeling better?

JEANNE

I am.

AMY

Too bad. I was going to make you some chicken soup.

JEANNE

You could do that, couldn't you. Just like that. Just snap your fingers and there's the chicken soup. Maybe that's all we have to do. Snap our fingers.

AMY

You really think so?

Jeanne snaps her fingers.

Then Amy tries.

Nothing. They try again.

JEANNE

What are you wishing for?

AMY

I'm not telling.

JEANNE

What do you mean, you're not telling. You might be canceling my wish out.

AMY

I got my wish!

JEANNE

You wished for this?

AMY

Why not? I love Latin music. You know what's funny, when Carlos tries to teach me to dance, I feel so awkward, I guess because he's so good at it. But when I'm by myself, everything he says makes sense, and I start to feel it inside me. See what I mean? Come on, dance with me.

JEANNE

You're joking.

AMY

I can't dance alone.

JEANNE

I can't dance. And neither can you, from the look of it.

AMY

Hey, you're being mean. Would you tell Junior he couldn't dance?

JEANNE

Junior can dance.

Music is more insistent.

AMY

Come on, come on, who's going to see us? It's all in the hips. Move your hips.

JEANNE

These hips? Once they start moving, they're dangerous.

AMY

Come on!

JEANNE

Enough. Wow! I was dancing for a minute. We were dancing. Were we dancing?

AMY

We were dancing. Why did you stop?

JEANNE

It's- because it was fun. I don't want to have fun.

AMY

Okay.

JEANNE

Was it fun for you?

AMY

The earth moved.

JEANNE

You really wished for music?

AMY

I wished that you would smile. And you did.

JEANNE

You used up a perfectly good wish on me?

AMY
Yes.

JEANNE
You're okay, kid.

AMY
Let's do it again, Mrs. Garcia.

JEANNE
My name is Hubble.

AMY
Hubble?

JEANNE
Jeanne Hubble. What's wrong with Hubble?

AMY
Nothing. It's just that nobody is named Hubble. Isn't that a rocket ship?

JEANNE
You obviously didn't see *The Way We Were*. Robert Redford played a character named Hubble.

AMY
I hate to tell you this, honey, but that guy you're married to? He ain't no Robert Redford.

JEANNE
Oh, forget about it. He's not real. And neither are you. You're not even... anybody.

AMY
That's a fine thing to say. Suppose I am. Suppose I am somebody. And you're nobody.

JEANNE
That's ridiculous. Look at this... My picture is right... it's right... (Pause.) All right, who switched the newspapers.

Junior enters. He wears roller skates, a crash helmet and a backpack. Attached to him are lots of balloons. He is very excited.

JUNIOR
Jeannie! Wanna play! Wanna play wanna play wanna play?

JEANNE
Junior? Junior, I...

JUNIOR
Wanna play wanna play wanna play?

JEANNE
I can't play right now, Junior.

JUNIOR
I miss you.

JEANNE
Aren't you supposed to be in the art room right now?

JUNIOR
No! I'm not going there. I already made my Porky Pig statue. Now I wanna play.

AMY
What do you want to play, Junior?

JUNIOR
Sidewalks and Saturdays, Sidewalks and Saturdays, Sidewalks and Saturdays... Sidewalks and Saturdays, Sidewalks and Saturdays...

JEANNE
Junior, you need to calm down.

JUNIOR
I love you, Jeannie.

JEANNE
I love you, too. But we can't play until you calm down. Remember your asthma?

Junior nods.
Are you calm?

Morgan enters. The newspaper is completely torn apart. He begins reorganizing it.

MORGAN
(to himself)
I suppose it's too much to ask that I have a few minutes without interruption.

JEANNE
Okay. Let's play. Remember about staying calm? Okay. You're walking down the sidewalk-

JUNIOR
And it's Saturday!

JEANNE

And it's Saturday. What do you see?

JUNIOR

I see... What do I see? What do I see?

Junior crashes into Morgan.

MORGAN

You didn't bring him home.

JEANNE

His respite worker called in sick and I thought just for one night it wouldn't...

MORGAN

You're priceless, you know that? Priceless. How many times and how many ways do I have to say it? I do not want any of those people in my house. I don't want to hear about them, and I certainly don't want to see them.

JUNIOR

Hey, Jeannie, this guy's a bum.

Junior goes up to Morgan and hits him.

MORGAN

Jesus Christ!

JEANNE

Junior, don't- Morgan, I'm sorry. I tried to call you at work but they said you weren't there. Whenever I call they say you aren't there!

MORGAN

For your information, I was picking Laurie up at school. She missed the bus.

JEANNE

Laurie doesn't ride the bus. She hasn't ridden the bus since the seventh grade.

MORGAN

So, now I'm a liar?

Enter Carlos, Mrs. Fairchild and Laurie in a Conga Line.

JEANNE

I'm not calling you a liar. But Morgan, we've been married for four years and I think there's something very wrong. I'm thinking that Laurie and I should move out.

MORGAN

Move out? Why, because I don't want strangers in my house? Because I like to read the paper?

Laurie is deposited behind the bed, hidden from view. Junior joins the dancers.

JEANNE

Morgan, you haven't touched me in months. It's as if- I repulse you.

MORGAN

So what am I now, gay?

JEANNE

Frankly, I hadn't thought of that.

MORGAN

Very funny.

JEANNE

I've made some calls about an apartment.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Yoo hoo!

JEANNE

God, my mother's here.

MORGAN

Jeanne. Jeanne, you and Laurie can't leave. I'm sorry. I'm sorry if I've been distant. I've been under a lot of pressure lately and I... For Christ's sake, I adopted her!

The Conga Line exits, except for Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Sorry if I'm interrupting!

MORGAN

Hello, Mrs. Fairchild.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Goodness, after four years, it's Flo. Isn't it Flo?

MORGAN

Flo.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Am I interrupting?

JEANNE

We're discussing Laurie.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Oh, she's just going through a phase. It'll be over soon. Who's in the mood for ribs? My treat.

MORGAN

Actually, I had a late lunch.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Nonsense, big man like you. How do you expect to *wink wink* if you don't eat?

JEANNE

Mother, for Christ's sake.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Oh, I brought you up to be a prude. That's what happens, every generation reacts to the one before. I was very modern, you know. Laurie takes after me.

MORGAN

She's a wonderful girl. Those small pointy breasts, that cute little ass-

Jeanne shrieks.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

She used to wake up like that. Tch tch. The doctor thought it was her bowels. She used to hold it. A good dose of Castor Oil!

MORGAN

Why don't you ladies go out for ribs? I had a late lunch. Maybe bring me home some. Hm?

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Great idea! JEANNE, remind me. I'm picking some up for Eduardo, anyway.

MORGAN

Who?

JEANNE

The blind man Mother takes care of.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Do you like potato salad?

MORGAN

No, I, um, sure.

JEANNE

I'm just going to bed, Mother. I have a headache all at once.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Nonsense, it's my treat. Well, I'll be. I never knew her to turn down ribs. You should taste Eduardo's black beans. Blind in one eye and can't see out of the other one, he can still whip them up.

AMY

Carlos? It's started! I think- oh, my God!

MRS. FAIRCHILD

What is it, Jeanne?

AMY

Carlos!

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Is it the baby? Oh, my God, Carlos! Where is that boy? Carlos!

JEANNE

What's happening?

AMY

My water broke- and it hurts! Carlos!

JEANNE

Just calm down, calm down. Dear God, not this again.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Where's your hospital bag?

AMY

I haven't packed it yet, I didn't expect this-

MRS. FAIRCHILD

It's a good thing I flew down, where's the telephone?

AMY

It hurts! The Lamaze teacher said it would feel like pressure!

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Yeah, like giving birth to a watermelon, I did it three times-

AMY

I want Carlos!

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Where's the phone? I can't find a damned thing in this mess-

JEANNE

Just breathe. Remember what they taught you in class-

AMY

I don't want to breathe!

Carlos enters, carrying red roses.

CARLOS

Baby! Sweetheart, what's wrong?

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Thank heavens you're here, we've got to get her to the hospital.

AMY

Carlos, Carlos, I can't do it. I can't do this.

CARLOS

What's the matter, it's the most natural thing in the world, our little seed is grown to a flower and now-

AMY

It's coming!

CARLOS

Coming?

AMY

Coming!

CARLOS

Now?

AMY

Aaah!

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Boil some hot water! I'll boil some hot water! What's the hot water for? They're always boiling water!

CARLOS

Listen, Jeannie. You remember what they said in the class if this happened. We have to put you on the bed- Okay, now, I'm going to wash my hands and then I'm going to feel if the baby is there-

AMY

Oh, God!

Carlos exits to wash his hands.

JEANNE

I'm here, I'm going to breathe with you. Come on, You know what to do, now breathe!

Jeanne and Amy and Mrs. Fairchild breathe together. Carlos returns.

CARLOS

Don't worry, everything is going to be all right. I can do this.

AMY

It hurts! Oh, God!

JEANNE

Keep breathing!

Carlos feels between her legs.

CARLOS

The head! I feel the head! Now you need to push, Jeannie. Like you practiced. Lean against me. You ready?

AMY

I'm pushing already!

CARLOS

Push! Push! Push! Push!

JEANNE

Jesus Christ, she's pushing!

CARLOS

Come on, Jeannie, you can do it! I see it- her, him-, it's coming, Dios mios, Jeannie, you are doing it!

Laurie appears between Amy's legs.

CARLOS (cont'd)

It's a miracle! *Mira*, Jeannie, we have made a girl!

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Did I hear the word "girl"?

CARLOS/AMY/JEANNE/MRS.
FAIRCHILD

What a perfect - look at that face - look at that hair! - She's perfect, etc.

CARLOS

My beautiful family!

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Don't forget about me!

CARLOS

Look! She's smiling!

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Only a genius would smile at this age!

CARLOS

Of course she's very, very smart. This is a smart girl. She's got brains just like her mother. Look- My mother, may she rest in peace, gave me this when I was a baby. You see this stone?

JEANNE

Yes.

CARLOS

It is special stone. For people with hot eyes when they look at Laurie, it will protect her.

JEANNE

Protect her from what?

CARLOS

Hot eyes.

JEANNE

You can't put a necklace on a baby, she'll strangle herself.

CARLOS

We will have a pin made with this stone. Look! She's smiling again!

JEANNE

She's got gas.

CARLOS

She is a flower.

JEANNE

Now I think she's about to throw up.

CARLOS

Jeannie, we made a flower!

JEANNE

Carlos, I'm tired. This flower is closing up.

CARLOS

How can your Papi ever go to work with this flower in my arms? I am supposed to watch the rice and instead I want to watch you.

Salud!

JEANNE

BLACK OUT END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

Carlos sings a love song offstage. Amy is asleep. Jeanne sits up in bed and drinks wine. Plenty of empty bottles. Dying roses in some of them. Suddenly Amy wakes.

On the other side of the stage is a desk with files, phone, all the trappings. A man's jacket is on the chair. Another chair nearby. A coat rack with a man's coat.

AMY

Carlos? Oh. I was dreaming, I guess. I wonder what time it is.

JEANNE

Hard to say.

AMY

Can I have some of that?

JEANNE

Help yourself.

They drink.

I don't know what I ever saw in this stuff. Tastes kind of like vinegar.

AMY

I think it tastes good.

They keep drinking.

JEANNE

Where did that come from?

AMY

What?

JEANNE

That desk

AMY

Hm? Oh, that was there.

JEANNE

No, it weren't.

AMY

I'm sure they were.

JEANNE

That's Doctor Leonard's desk.

AMY

Who's Doctor Leonard?

JEANNE

Our psychiatrist, he's our psychiatrist.

AMY

Our psychiatrist?

JEANNE

In a manner of speaking! I do not want to see him.

AMY

I've always wanted to see a psychiatrist. What's it like?

JEANNE

Like? Like? It's like being in a lion's den. He tears me to pieces, no conscience, no remorse!

AMY

Well, doesn't he want to know about your childhood?

JEANNE

Only as it relates to your weaknesses! He's obsessed with my weaknesses! He doesn't have any interest in talking about my accomplishments, how nice I might be to animals, my position on women's rights! He wants to get inside my sick mind and make it sicker!

AMY

So just make stuff up!

JEANNE

You don't think I've tried? He pushes my buttons. He digs up memories. Memories you didn't know you had. Feelings you'd successfully repressed. I worked hard at blocking everything out! Prescriptions, eating disorders, overworking, overachieving, underachieving, I even had an affair with a woman once!

AMY

You did?

JEANNE

God, now I'm telling you.

AMY

What was it like? I always wanted to know.

JEANNE
See? See what he does to me? It's none of your business.

AMY
Was she pretty?

JEANNE
I said, it's none of your business! And besides. I hate women.

AMY
I had a crush on my French teacher.

JEANNE
You did not!

AMY
I used to masturbate and think of her. I was so surprised the first time. I was just about to climax and she just sort of popped into my mind-

JEANNE
Will you shut up?

AMY
She wore White Shoulders perfume. I asked her once. And then I bought some. Used to sprinkle it on my pillow.

JEANNE
I wear Shalimar.

AMY
Miss Dubee. God, she was lovely.

JEANNE
I thought you were all hot on Carlos.

AMY
I wasn't in love with her. Just... extremely attracted. Who did you have an affair with?

JEANNE
Forget it.

AMY
Come on. Who am I going to tell?

JEANNE
You promise?

AMY
Cross my heart.

JEANNE

It was just before I met Morgan. I ran into a girl I knew from high school. Peggy. Peggy Lawson.

AMY

With the teased hair?

JEANNE

It's not teased anymore. Cut short like a man's.

AMY

Peggy?

JEANNE

Only her name's Pete. Can you believe it? She calls herself Pete. Frankly, it suits her. She was a guest lecturer at the University for a semester. Women's studies.

AMY

And you slept with her?

JEANNE

I... just once. Okay, twice. Three if you count... Three. Just three.

AMY

What was it like?

JEANNE

I don't really know. I was drunk. She got me drunk.

AMY

Three times she got you drunk?

JEANNE

It never would have happened otherwise. The first time she invited me over for dinner. She was always tops in Home Ec, so I figured, what the heck. Two bottles of Pinot Noir. You know, it wasn't like making love with a woman.

AMY

What was it like?

JEANNE

She's so masculine. And I barely knew her in high school except to make fun of her.

AMY

Peggy with the teased hair.

JEANNE

She was kind of a slut, you know.

AMY
What's a slut?

JEANNE
Oh, come on, Amy.

AMY
I'm serious. What do you mean when you say "slut"?

JEANNE
Okay. Someone who doesn't think much of themselves. Someone who has sex just because they think it will advance them in some way.

AMY
What happened the second time?

JEANNE
She came over to my apartment the next morning. Uninvited. Just showed up.

AMY
And she got you drunk again?

JEANNE
No! But I was... still drunk. So it happened.

AMY
Was it wonderful?

JEANNE
No! Look, I'm telling you this because you insisted. I happen to prefer men. Penises. Hairy flat chests.

AMY
Peggy's breasts, if I remember them right, were very full. I saw her in the shower, she was rubbing them with soap.

JEANNE
Will you stop?

AMY
What about the third time? How did she get you drunk?

JEANNE
There was no third time.

AMY
Yes there was, you said three times.

JEANNE
You're mistaken.

AMY
 You said, "Just once. Okay, twice. Three if you count...
 Three. Just three."

MRS. FAIRCHILD(O.S.)
 Yoo hoo!

Mrs. Fairchild enters. She looks
 around.

JEANNE
 It only happened twice. Then she went back to Washington.
 D.C. She's from D.C.

AMY
 Did you ever talk to her again?

JEANNE
 Only on the phone.

AMY
 You mean you had phone sex?

JEANNE
 Jesus!

MRS. FAIRCHILD
 Am I late? I couldn't find a parking place and wouldn't you
 know I forgot my handicap plate. Whew! It's hot in here,
 can I open a window? Oh, thank you. Well. You know, Jeannie
 speaks very highly of you. And I think she's making progress
 in her... way. She seems happier. She's put on some weight,
 I've noticed, but, well, she's at that age, too.
 I always had a slim waist and even my mother kept her figure.
 Genes, I guess. Jeannie takes after her father's family. His
 mother completely let go after forty. And his sister, well,
 she's a total disgrace. Fifty pounds over and hasn't seen a
 hairdresser since Eisenhower.

Laurie is lit behind a panel.

LAURIE
 (reads)
 "How I Can Make a Con-tri-bu-tion to So-ci-ety, by Laurie
 Garcia. My name is Laurie Juanita Garcia and I am
 in the fourth grade. I live near my Nana Fairchild who baby-
 sits me a lot because my mom is a single parent.

MRS FAIRCHILD
 I like the way you've got this room decorated. That's a very
 nice painting. Or is it a print? I can never tell. I'm not
 "knowy". I did go to college but I don't think I took it
 seriously. To me it was just fun. That's how I've gotten
 through life. I see it as fun.

Oh, look at me, chomping away and I didn't even offer you any. Dentyne, that's all I ever chew. When my kids were little they had to have that grape bubble gum and I could never stand the smell. Oh, I've chewed the last piece. She takes it out of her mouth and wraps it up in a piece of paper.

LAURIE

"My mom's name is Jeanne and she works with kids who are dev-el-op-ment-al-ly dis-ab-led. I've met them and they are nice even though they can't talk too good."

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Fair is fair. That's what I get for my rudeness. Is there therapy for rudeness? Jeannie thinks I'm rude. She says, "Mother, that's rude," when all I'm doing is answering a question. Sometimes I'm only asking a question. Where's the rudeness there? For example, I asked one of Jeannie's colleagues where she got her dress. I liked it. The material was sunflowers on a pink background. I happen to like sunflowers. Turns out she bought it at the half size store. For all I knew it could have come out of Brigham's Department or one of the chains. Just because someone's big as a ballpark doesn't mean you can't admire something.

LAURIE

"When I grow up I want to be an airline pilot and here's why. My dad was coming back from Cuba where he was born and the plane crashed before he could get here. This was very sad for two reasons. One, he had been away helping his brother who also died. Two, he didn't get to live very long and even though he died without feeling any pain, it still was not great."

MRS. FAIRCHILD

You know who I admire the most? Carlos. Jeannie's ex. Well, she's got two exes now. I never liked the other one. Talk about rude! He'd bury himself in the newspaper or the television and never say a word to anyone. Except Laurie. He had a way with her, I'll give him that. Did Jeannie tell you he's paying her college tuition? So he's not all bad. Homely, though. Now that Carlos was a looker. Still is. Those Latins have great skin. It's from all those centuries in the hot sun. Me, I'm Irish and French. Shrivels up like a prune if I wasn't careful. Well, you've seen Jeannie. She's on the down slope for sure. Laurie's got her father's coloring.

LAURIE

"I hope when I die I am asleep. If I am a pilot I would make sure the engine was checked and everyone had a parachute if they needed it. I don't really like airplanes but I think I can make a con-tri-bu-tion to society in this way."

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Carlos is out in the car. Surprised? It's his favorite hobby. Riding around. And guess what. He likes to hear things! He's out there right now with the window rolled down in this weather listening to, I don't know, the birds and the cars - he can tell you more about engines just from listening, it's enough to drive you crazy. You know he was incarcerated. Ten years! Got mixed up with a bad crowd, but don't try and talk to Jeannie about it. Someone had to sign for him when he was paroled, poor guy. She hates him.

LAURIE

P.S. I forgot to tell you that my grandfather also died in a plane crash so now you see I really have to do it."

MRS. FAIRCHILD

I'm babbling. Just fire away. Ask me anything. I don't know why Jeannie has been so unhappy. God knows I gave her everything I could after her father died. She thinks it's all my fault, doesn't she. Well, I didn't crash that plane into the ocean. You think it was easy raising three children? Looking at them every day and wishing you were looking at your husband? Well, I probably got the best years he had to give. He was an identical twin, you know. His brother developed kidney disease and ran through all their money. Me, I got a life insurance payoff so that worked out. Well, I hope I've been helpful. Carlos is due at the Lighthouse. He gives cooking lessons. And dancing lessons! Sort of a daycare center for blind people. Some of them are so sad to watch. They just can't accept losing their sight. Never mind trying to learn that Braille business. Do you know they've got one guy there who can read with his fingers like it's nobody's business? They tried to teach Carlos but, well, he's not much of a reader. But cook! And dance! It's been very nice meeting you. And you didn't glare once or make any of the noises Jeannie talks about. She starts to walk away. You'd like Carlos.

She exits. Jeanne finds the sash and ties it around her neck.

AMY

What are you doing?

JEANNE

I've had about enough of this. I'm going to make myself perfectly dead.

AMY

You're going to hurt yourself.

JEANNE

That's the idea.

Jeanne pulls it very tight. Laurie enters.

AMY

It's not funny!

LAURIE

Mommy? What are you doing?

JEANNE

I was tying up Sandima because I couldn't find my glasses.

LAURIE

I'm scared. I want to call Nana.

JEANNE

Laurie, honey, when I had lunch I drank some wine. And it didn't mix with the medicine I have to take.

LAURIE

I had a bad dream.

JEANNE

What? Honey, what kind of bad dream?

LAURIE

Papi was on a train and waving and I was trying to run and catch him but I couldn't. He kept waving and waving but I couldn't catch him. He was telling me something-

JEANNE

Sh, it's all right.

LAURIE

-but I couldn't hear because the train was so loud.

JEANNE

He was probably saying, "I love you." Because he does love you.

LAURIE

Even in heaven?

JEANNE

Especially in heaven.

LAURIE

I made him a picture.

JEANNE

When did you do that?

LAURIE

After you turned out the light. I turned it back on because I wanted to make a picture. See? There is the blue sky and the big yellow sun.
And me and Papi walking down the sidewalk.

JEANNE

That's very good, Laurie. Where are you going?

LAURIE

Um... to the ice cream shop! It's Saturday and there's no school and we're going for ice cream.

JEANNE

What's over there? Behind that tree?

LAURIE

Nothing-

JEANNE

Are you sure? Couldn't there be a squirrel, or a chipmunk just about to peak its head out-

LAURIE

It's you. You're back there.

JEANNE

Me?

LAURIE

Father Donnelly says one day we'll all be together again.

JEANNE

Time for bed.

LAURIE

Can I sleep with you?

JEANNE

I guess so. But no more bad dreams.

LAURIE

Don't take the medicine anymore!

JEANNE

I won't.

Morgan enters. He takes Laurie and carries her offstage.

JEANNE (cont'd)

You come back here! You leave her alone! Goddamn you, leave her alone!

AMY

Jeanne! Jeanne, it's all right. It's over. It's not real.

JEANNE

If he touches her, so help me God, I'll kill him!

Dr. Leonard/Junior enters and sits down
in one of the chairs.

JEANNE (cont'd)

I was- This is really messed up. I keep thinking, that is, I keep remembering things, but they don't really make any sense. I think I'm losing my mind. Are you... really here?

AMY

I really am.

JEANNE

Don't leave me. Please. God, please. Don't leave me. Amy, I've got to tell you about Carlos. You know, the money we found, he's going to look for it, he's going to need it. We have to put it back.

AMY

What money? What are you talking about?

JEANNE

Didn't we find some money? Ten thousand dollars?

AMY

Ten thousand dollars? Carlos and I don't have that kind of money.

JEANNE

But we did, he did, we found it, we... I think he needed it that night to pay someone and he couldn't find it-

AMY

You're imagining things. Everything's fine, Laurie's fine-

JEANNE

No! She's not! If we could put the money back-

AMY

Carlos used to tell me that I get upset over nothing. Worry, worry, worry. Take a lesson from Junior. Play. Stop worrying and start playing.

JEANNE

You said used to.

AMY

Used to what?

JEANNE
You said Carlos used to tell you.

AMY
Yes, so-

JEANNE
Where's Carlos?

AMY
What do you mean?

JEANNE
He's not here, none of this is here.

AMY
It was just a manner of speech, of course he's here.
(A beat or two.)
Of course, he's here.

JEANNE
Nobody's here! I guess it would be too much to hope for a television set.

Doctor Leonard picks up the phone and dials.

DR. LEONARD
Jeanne, this is Dr. Leonard. We have an appointment at one o'clock today. It is now one thirty. You are a half an hour late. In one more minute I'll have to refer your case back to the court for further action. That was the deal we made when you got out of the hospital, remember?

AMY
What about the court?

JEANNE
I'm dead. I do not have to answer any of your questions.

AMY
Did you commit a crime?

JEANNE
Crime? Is it a crime to try and protect your own child?

AMY
God, what did we do?

JEANNE
Morgan was molesting Laurie!

Amy throws the sash around her neck and runs over and throws herself down in the chair.

AMY

I'm sorry I'm late, Doctor Leonard.

DR. LEONARD

Fifteen more seconds and I would have talked to your probation officer.

AMY

It won't happen again. I'm sorry.

DR. LEONARD

Do you know why you were referred to me, Jeanne?

AMY

I do.

DR. LEONARD

Tell me.

AMY

Because I'm such a difficult case and you're such a brilliant psychiatrist.

DR. LEONARD

I am brilliant. And difficult doesn't begin to describe you. You have managed to challenge my extraordinary ability for diagnosis. You are a compulsive liar, an alcoholic, there's no question that you have a borderline personality, your sexual orientation is at best confused, and you're an obsessive compulsive with suicidal tendencies

AMY

Other than that, normal enough?

Carlos enters. He looks under the bed for the money he hid. When he can't find it, he looks quickly through the space. Then he exits.

CARLOS

Jeannie!

DR. LEONARD

You think I look forward to these sessions! You wear me out. It's only because of my commitment to medicine that I agreed to take your case.

AMY

I'm sorry, Dr. Leonard - I'm such a mess.

DR. LEONARD

Look. I want you to understand something. This isn't personal. And yet it's very personal. I'm treating you because it's my job. And I take it very seriously. This is life or death. We're dealing with enough mental problems to wipe out a New England village.

AMY

But why me? Whatever did I do to deserve this?

DR. LEONARD

Who knows? The same set of circumstances, the same childhood traumas, another person might be president. Part of it's wiring. You know.

AMY

I think I might be delusional, too.

DR. LEONARD

Oh, great.

AMY

Sometimes I hear people talking to me. Sometimes I even see them. And I know they're not there.

DR. LEONARD

How do you know?

AMY

Because... they can't be there. People I haven't seen in years and they're talking to me like it's the most normal thing in the world.

DR. LEONARD

Hoo boy.

AMY

Sometimes... you're there, Doctor.

DR. LEONARD

Me?

AMY

In my bedroom. Sitting on my bed.

JEANNE

Amy, we've got to help Carlos!

DR. LEONARD

Just sitting?

AMY

In your robe. Do you have a black bathrobe?

JEANNE
Where did you hide it?

DR. LEONARD
Well, navy blue-

AMY
I've seen you in it!

DR. LEONARD
Jesus Christ.

JEANNE
Come on!

AMY
Is that a delusion?

DR. LEONARD
Anyone could have a black bathrobe.

AMY
I thought you said it was navy blue?
(to Jeanne)
Cut it out!

DR. LEONARD
That's enough about my bathrobe!

AMY
(to Jeanne)
Leave me alone!

Jeanne grabs the sash and ties it up.

JEANNE
Come on, Sandima, where is it?

DR. LEONARD
Let's talk about Morgan.

AMY
Oh, him.

DR. LEONARD
Let's talk about the night you broke in.

AMY
I didn't break in.
(To Jeanne.)
Did we break in?

DR. LEONARD

I have the police report on my desk. You were arrested, spent the night in jail-

AMY

I must have lost my key.

DR. LEONARD

He had a restraining order. What were you going to do?

AMY

Nothing. I don't even like Morgan.

DR. LEONARD

Like has nothing to do with it! We're talking about compulsive, pathological behavior. A thirty nine year old woman prowling around in the dark, breaking a window, scaring a man half to death-

JEANNE/AMY

I thought Laurie was in there!

DR. LEONARD

You have this perverted idea that your estranged husband is fixated on your daughter. You have no evidence of this. He married you, adopted Laurie-

JEANNE

I've seen the way he looks at her... He has... hot eyes!

DR. LEONARD

Do you understand that the state of New York considers you dangerous?

AMY

What?

DR. LEONARD

Are you able to contemplate the consequences of your actions?

AMY

Yes. Yes, I am. I can contemplate the, um, difference between my actions-

Laurie enters.

LAURIE

Mom? Are you here?

She sees the sash tied up and unties it. She drops it on the bed.

LAURIE (cont'd)

Poor Sandima! Mom?

She exits.

DR. LEONARD
You're not listening. Try and focus. We're talking about your relationship with Morgan. Are you taking the medication I prescribed?

AMY
Yes.

DR. LEONARD
You have the dosages memorized?

AMY
Yes.

DR. LEONARD
Tell me.

AMY
Ativan, once in the morning and once at night-

DR. LEONARD
That's good-

JEANNE
Tegretol, one-half pill in the morning-

DR. LEONARD
One pill at breakfast, one at lunch and a half at bedtime. Ten milligrams of Elavil-

AMY
That the blue pill?

DR. LEONARD
Tegretol is the blue pill!

AMY
I take them, all right? I have them written down. I take all those goddamned pills!

DR. LEONARD
You will not raise your voice.

AMY
I thought this was therapy!

DR. LEONARD
You will control yourself! Or you will be remanded to the care of the court!

AMY
I'm sorry.

DR. LEONARD
 Good.

AMY
 I just want...

DR. LEONARD
 What do you want?

AMY
 I just want things to be the way they were.

DR. LEONARD
 The way they were when?

JEANNE
 I married Carlos when I was twenty-two.

Morgan enters. He goes to the bed,
 finds it messy - and the sash laid
 across it.

DR. LEONARD
 And which of the two marriages would you characterize as the
 more stable?

AMY
 Stable? What do you mean, stable?

DR. LEONARD
 Predictable. Even keeled. You know, steady as she goes.

AMY
 Morgan has a pot belly.

DR. LEONARD
 You're avoiding.

JEANNE
 And tufts of hair come out of his ears.

AMY
 They come out of yours, too.

DR. LEONARD
 What comes out of what?

AMY
 What- I- don't know.

DR. LEONARD
 You do know what my function is here, Jeanne?

AMY

You're supposed to cure me.

DR. LEONARD

No. I'm supposed to make recommendations to the court as to whether or not you are a threat to society.

AMY

Yes, you told me.

DR. LEONARD

And the phone calls. And the drunken driving. And assaulting an officer. All in twelve hours. You're lucky you didn't take a weapon with you. We would not be having this conversation. The next time you're late, I'm done with you. In fact, you're to be here fifteen minutes early from now on. Let's talk about your father. You were five years old when he died.

AMY

I don't even remember him.

DR. LEONARD

Of course, when relationships end abruptly, there's a sense of violence attached to them.

MORGAN

What are you doing here?

JEANNE

Nothing. I'm trying to find something-

MORGAN

I have a restraining order!

JEANNE

I left something there!

AMY

I never missed him. He was hardly ever around, anyway.

DR. LEONARD

I looked up the newspaper account. I thought there might be something that could shed some light. Help me. Help me to help you.

CARLOS

Jeannie! Jeannie! Where is *San Dimas*?

JEANNE

He's- I- Amy!

MORGAN

Who's Amy?

DR. LEONARD

Are you listening to me?

CARLOS

Dios mio!

MORGAN

I have to ask you to leave my house-

JEANNE

Is Laurie here?

DR. LEONARD

(calls to Jeanne, as Junior)

Hey, Jeannie, wanna play, wanna play, wanna play!

MORGAN

You brought him in here?

Dr. Leonard picks up the sash and begins to tie it in a knot.

DR. LEONARD

Of course, no one could expect a family to fully recover. Your brother and sister moved away after high school.

Mrs. Fairchild enters.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

I know I had my bag with me, now, where could I have put it? Jeannie, yoo hoo! Is anybody home?

Morgan goes to Dr. Leonard's desk and dials a telephone.

DOCTOR LEONARD

Your previous therapist told me you haven't talked to either of them in, what, ten years?

JEANNE

He's gone - Amy, this is the night, I remember now, I hid the money, he couldn't find it and he leaves and it's the last time...

MORGAN

Yes, I'm calling to report a break-in...

DR. LEONARD

I think when death is ambiguous, confusion becomes rampant. In your own way, I realize you're still trying to work this out.

LAURIE

Mom!

DR. LEONARD

Of course, single engine airplane crashes are not unheard of.

Dr. Leonard picks up the red sash and runs his hands along the length.

MORGAN

Morgan Hubble. It's my wife, she's, I don't know, yes...

LAURIE

Mom! Can you hear me? Please!

DR. LEONARD

It's just that the weather was perfect that day. And there was a landing strip not a quarter of a mile from where he crashed.

He begins to tie the sash in a knot.

MORGAN

-I have a restraining order - she's drunk or on pills...
Jeanne Hubble, J-E-A-N-N-E...

DR. LEONARD

-The aviation commission decided it was an error in judgment. But interesting to look at it coldly, dispassionately all these years later- It was clearly suicide.

He pulls the knot tightly. The lights go down fast. Laurie and Carlos are lit behind a panel. Carlos- handcuffed.

LAURIE

Mom!

END OF SCENE.

SCENE TWO

A RED BATHTUB is upstage center. Jeanne and Amy pour water into it.

A soft light on Carlos who sits in one of the chairs, waiting.

Amy and Jeanne, asleep on the bed. The room is a disaster, empty wine bottles on the cart, newspapers on the floor, towels on the bed, garbage pail overflowing.

Jeanne wakes up, very drunk. She nudges Amy - also drunk.

JEANNE

Hey. Miss America.

AMY

What? Oh. Yeah.

JEANNE

You really saw him in his bathrobe?

AMY

What are you talking about?

JEANNE

Dr. Leonard.

AMY

Oh, that. I made it up.

JEANNE

You made it up?

AMY

God, what a creep! And he makes all those weird noises.

JEANNE

It was a dirty trick.

AMY

What was?

JEANNE

Making you talk to him. I'm sorry. I'm the one that screwed up.

AMY

It's okay. I didn't have the slightest idea what he was talking about. Amazing how easy it is to keep the conversation going.

JEANNE

Well, it's not as if he listens to anything I have to say.

Laurie enters.

LAURIE

Mom, I'm home... Mom? Well, Happy Birthday to me.

Laurie exits.

JEANNE

What's that?

AMY
I'm not sure. White and blue pills.

JEANNE
Where did you get them?

AMY
Dr. Leonard, I guess. They're all over the place.

JEANNE
Give those to me.

AMY
No.

JEANNE
I'll get rid of them.

AMY
How?

JEANNE
I'll crush them into powder and just sprinkle them around.

AMY
Then we'll be tracking it all over the place.

JEANNE
Who's going to complain?

AMY
Why not just put them under the pillow.

JEANNE
It's just something I know.

AMY
Here. We'll tie them up with Sandima.

JEANNE
I don't think it's a good idea. You can't tie up Sandima and just leave him.

AMY
Why not?

There is a knocking sound.

JEANNE
Because he won't like it! It's like tying up a child. It's cruel. Carlos never left Sandima tied up. No matter what he did.

AMY
Sandima is not really... you know.

JEANNE
What?

AMY
He's not real.

LAURIE (O.S.)
Mom? Are you in there?

JEANNE
I know he's not real. I'm not a complete moron. But that's no reason to tie him up. What did he ever do to you?

More knocking.

AMY
I'm sorry. You're right.

JEANNE
So what are we going to do with these pills?

LAURIE
Mom, open the door!

AMY
I'll swallow them.

JEANNE
Are you nuts?

LAURIE
Goddamn it, open the door!

More knocking.

AMY
What does it matter? Then we won't have to think about them.

JEANNE
I'd rather tie up Sandima.

AMY
What if we each took half? Maybe we'd feel sick for awhile-

JEANNE
Why did you have to bring those pills here?

AMY
I don't know!

JEANNE

It's just that it's not safe. Laurie could find them. Laurie. Amy, I've got to talk to Carlos about Laurie. I've got to tell him about Morgan.

AMY

I don't want to talk anymore.

JEANNE

Amy, give me those pills. Amy! Stop this!

There is a tussle. Jeanne struggles to open Amy's hands. They are empty.

AMY

See? Just snap. And it all goes away.

CARLOS

Jeannie?

JEANNE

We're not going to do this.

AMY

Leave me alone. I'm fine.

JEANNE

Amy, Carlos is there. Look, he's waiting for you. Honey, it's Carlos. Your husband.

AMY

Carlos is dead.

JEANNE

No, he's not, he's...

AMY

He died in a plane accident! Didn't you know that? So leave me alone!

LAURIE(O.S.)

Mom, please!

JEANNE

Laurie!

Carlos exits.

JEANNE (cont'd)

Carlos! Wait! Please. Wait. Carlos, I need to talk to you.

CARLOS

Jeannie? I was waiting. I thought you weren't coming.

JEANNE
I only have a minute. I need to tell you about Laurie.

CARLOS
She is all right?

JEANNE
Yes. I mean, no. There's this man, I... His name is...

CARLOS
What are you trying to tell me?

JEANNE
I had a thought about something. And I can't...

CARLOS
What is it about Laurie?

JEANNE
This whole thing, you know, this whole idea about you-

CARLOS
What?

JEANNE
I'm going to get you out of there, you're going to come home-

CARLOS
Can you calm down for one minute?

JEANNE
I miss you.

CARLOS
There's something I need to say.

Junior tries to grab a pocket watch. It
teases him. He ties up the sash.

JEANNE
Yes, you-

CARLOS
I am in here. For twenty years. That's what the judge said.
I'm not going to appeal.

JEANNE
Our neighbor - Mr. Hernandez - his nephew got his sentence
reduced from fifteen years to-

CARLOS
Do you know how many guys there are inside here claiming
they're innocent? Do you know how many guys are waiting
on appeals? I'm not innocent. I'm guilty. I want you to

forget about me. I'm dead. Do you understand? I am not the best thinker, but I am practicing now. I am here a long time. You make the papers for divorce and I'll sign. Sometime, in a few months, you need to tell Laurie that I died. We have to make plans now. Forget me. Forget this. You have a daughter-

JEANNE

We have a daughter-

CARLOS

You know how my eyes are. I had an exam. They call it macular degeneration. If I had an operation in the next few years, I might have some sight. But Jeannie, because I'm not a citizen, my lawyer said..

JEANNE

What? What did he say?

CARLOS

It's very likely I'll be deported.

JEANNE

Deported? You mean sent back to Cuba? I don't believe it. You have a wife and a daughter.

CARLOS

I have no rights!

JEANNE

Then what about me? Don't I have any rights? Don't I have the right to say something about the rest of my life - the rest of Laurie's life? I'm not going to divorce you.

CARLOS

Then I will divorce you. Tell her I am dead. Do you understand? And you find a father for her. Someone who will love you and her. Someone not like me.

JEANNE

I'll never do it.

CARLOS

Do you know what happens to men inside here? Do you know what has already happened to me!

JEANNE

Don't for God's sake!

AMY

Jeannie!

CARLOS

If you raise your voice, they'll ask you to leave-

JEANNE

No one has to ask me.

JEANNE gets up.

Okay, so you're dead. And gone. *Hasta la vista.*

CARLOS

I love you, Jeannie.

JEANNE

Yeah, well, look where that got me.

Carlos exits. Junior enters. He grabs Jeanne.

JUNIOR

Jeannie, Jeannie, I found it! I found it!

JEANNE

Leave me alone, Junior-

JUNIOR

I tied up Sandima and I found it!

JEANNE

I don't want you! Get away.

JUNIOR

But, Jeannie-

Hey, you, wake up! I'm not going crazy alone this time. Amy... Amy! I'm not impressed. I said I'm not impressed.

JUNIOR

Jeannie? Jeannie?

JEANNE

What.

JUNIOR

I think you'd better come over here.

JEANNE

I'm not interested... Amy? Junior, let me see her. Amy? Come on, I want to talk to you. Carlos wants to talk to you. You're not leaving me, you're not! God, help me!.. You're still there. Amy! Amy, goddamn it, you're not going to do this! You can't do this!... I'm too late, Junior. I left her alone and she died!

JUNIOR

Too late?

JEANNE

I can't do anything right! I loved her!

JUNIOR

I loved her, too!

JEANNE

It's okay. It's going to be okay. All this will disappear in a minute, right? And then we'll be... where will we be, Junior?

JUNIOR

I'll be right here with you.

JEANNE

I won't lose you?

JUNIOR

Never. And if you do, just tie up Sandima.

JEANNE

Oh, Junior. Sandima's just an idea. He's not real.

JUNIOR

Yes, he is! He's my friend. And I tied him up and got back my half hour.

JEANNE

You... what?

JUNIOR

That's what I was trying to tell you. I found my lost half hour!

A magical effect. Junior exits.

JEANNE

Amy? Oh, my God, Amy?

AMY

What's going on-

JEANNE

You've got to throw it up.

She drags Amy over toward the bathtub
Jeanne gags her. She puts her in the
bathtub.

AMY

It's cold-

JEANNE

You've got to stay awake-

I want Carlos-

AMY

There is a loud hammering. The DOOR bursts open. Laurie enters.

LAURIE

Mom? Mom, what's the matter! Mom, you're going to hurt yourself-

AMY

Happy birthday-

LAURIE

I didn't go to Washington, I changed my mind. Mom? Nana's coming, I called her. She should be here any minute- Don't you know I love you?

MRS. FAIRCHILD (O.S.)

Laurie?

LAURIE

Nana, we're in here!

Amy ends up on the floor in the same posture that we first find Jeanne at the beginning of the play.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (O.S.)

Watch the threshold-

Mrs. Fairchild and Carlos enter.

LAURIE

Mom? We're all here-

MRS. FAIRCHILD

What in the world have you done now?

AMY

I was washing my hair-

CARLOS

Laurie, get me a blanket. *Querida*, I can see I have to take better care of you.

LAURIE

There's pills in the bed, and three empty bottles-

CARLOS

(to Mrs. Fairchild)

Call an ambulance.

AMY

I threw up-

CARLOS

That's good.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Where in the world you'd ever find a phone in a mess like this- Carlos, how's she doing?

CARLOS

She's going to be fine.

(to Laurie)

Do you see *San Dimas* anywhere?

LAURIE

What?

CARLOS

San Dimas. If you tie him up, maybe your Nana can find the phone. You stay awake, young lady. Look in my eyes. Do you hear? Look here.

LAURIE

How do you know about Sandima?

CARLOS

San Dimas is sometimes a bad little spirit. But mostly, he just wants attention.

MRS. FAIRCHILD

You'd think she'd get a maid- *Hello, yes, we have an emergency... My daughter took pills... 424 Terrace... it's brown, I don't know, she must be breathing, her husband is talking to her. Okay. They're coming.*

CARLOS

Can you stand, Jeannie?

MRS. FAIRCHILD

(to Laurie)

Don't you worry, honey, Carlos knows what to do.

MRS. FAIRCHILD (cont'd)

(to Amy)

I love you, kid.

LAURIE

I thought you said his name was Eduardo!

MRS. FAIRCHILD

Laurie-

CARLOS
It's all right. Let her go.

JEANNE
Please... no... Laurie... Laurie!

CARLOS
The music, it's inside, Jeannie.

Carlos picks up Amy and exits. Jeanne is alone on the floor - back to the beginning. The other characters- except Amy - silently dance as a Conga line behind them, then disappear.

The lights come up a little on the stage. Amy enters and kneels down next to Jeanne.

AMY
Do you hear it now, Jeannie?

THE END.