WATER AT NIGHT

A thesis submitted in fulfillment of the requirements

For the degree of Master of Arts in

English

By David Robinette

May 2013
The thesis of David Robinette is approved:

____________________________________  __________________
Dorothy G. Clark, Ph.D.                                           Date

____________________________________  __________________
Dorothy Barresi, MFA                                               Date

____________________________________  __________________
Rick Mitchell, Ph.D., Chair                                       Date

California State University, Northridge
DEDICATION

To my wellspring of strength and courage:

Mary Ada, Bronwyn, & Ursula.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My respect and gratitude goes out to my thesis committee, Dr. Richard Mitchell, Dr. Dorothy Clark, and Professor Barresi. I deeply appreciate the time and constructive criticism they provided that helped me complete my work in its current form. In particular, I would like to thank Dr. Mitchell, whose prowess in playwriting challenged and induced for me a fresh examination of the possibilities of theater.

Additionally, my thanks go out to Mary Robinette and Bronwyn Robinette for their patience and kindness; their always loving support was paramount in the completion of my thesis.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Signature Page</td>
<td>ii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dedication</td>
<td>iii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acknowledgments</td>
<td>iv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abstract</td>
<td>v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poem</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cast of Characters</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water At Night</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scene 1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scene 2</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scene 3</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ABSTRACT

WATER AT NIGHT

By

David Robinette

Masters of Arts in English

In the middle of the night, Mary breaks into the home of her former lover Kirk. Mary’s desire to rekindle a memory of a night they shared together while in college was squelched by his inability to fully recognize her. However, in the dead of the night, what is unearthed, is a secret that Kirk has kept from his wife for many years.

Water At Night examines Mary’s lack of acknowledgement by the men in her life and the personal ramifications of being nothing more than an object. Mary’s incapability to be seen by her father, husband, son, and eventually Kirk has devastating effects as the lights go out.
“Another Weeping Woman”

Pour the unhappiness out
From your too bitter heart,
Which grieving will not sweeten.

Poison grows in this dark.
It is in the water of tears
Its black blooms rise.

The magnificent cause of being,
The imagination, the one reality
In this imagined world

Leaves you
With him for whom no phantasy moves,
And you are pierced by a death.

-Wallace Stevens
Characters

Mary, fifties.
Sadie, fifties.
Kirk, fifties.

Setting
A suburban home in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Time
Present.
ONE:

 Lights up. Night. Living room. There is a wheelchair toward the side of the stage. Couch. Coffee Table. Lamp. Bookcase. A suburban home, not rich, not poor.

 A woman stands over a man sleeping on a couch. After a few moments the man moves. The woman moves closer to his face to get a good look at him. After a few more moments he wakes.

KIRK

What?

MARY

It’s all right; it’s me.

KIRK

Oh my God!

MARY

Kirk, it’s me.

KIRK

I don’t know who... (Yells off stage) Sadie-

He gets up from the couch. She pulls out a gun and points it at him.

MARY

Don’t move. Sit... back... down... now.

He puts his hands in the air.

Pause.

MARY

“Sit... back... down... now.” It sounded so... authoritarian. “Sit... back... down... now.” I didn’t know I had that in me.
She laughs.

MARY
This is not a bank robbery. Put your hands down.

He does.

Beat.

MARY
Was that funny?

KIRK
What?

MARY
You had your hands in the air like you were a bank teller who’s being robbed. And I said, it’s not a bank robbery. Is that funny?

KIRK
Um...I don’t know...

MARY
Be honest.

KIRK
No.

MARY
Yeah, I didn’t think so either. I always wanted to be funny. One could work on that, right? Or do you think it’s organic, you’re either funny or not?

Beat.

KIRK
I think one could work on it.

MARY
That’s promising.

Pause.
KIRK
Um... if you don’t mind...

MARY
No, I don’t mind.

KIRK
Who are you?

MARY
It’s me...

She switches on the lamp.

MARY
It’s me...

He looks at her closely.

MARY
Mary Ada.

KIRK
Mary...

MARY
Ada.

She hugs him.

Pause.

KIRK
It’s been...

MARY
A long time.

KIRK
How are you?
Good. Okay. I’ve been better.

*He looks at the gun.*

MARY

Sorry. I don’t know what I’m doing with this.

*She puts the gun in her purse.*

MARY

It’s not mine. I borrowed it.

*She looks as if she’s about to cry.*

Pause.

MARY

So, how are you?

KIRK

Fine.

MARY

Is Sadie your wife?

KIRK

What?

MARY

You just yelled, “Sadie.”

KIRK

Yes.

*She cries.*

Pause.

KIRK

Are you okay?
MARY
I’m sorry. I’m not usually a crier. I didn’t even cry at my father’s funeral.

Pause.

MARY
Are you in the dog house?

KIRK
Excuse me?

MARY
You’re sleeping on the couch.

KIRK
Oh, no.

MARY
Kids?

KIRK
No.

MARY
Barren?

KIRK
What?

MARY
Your wife?

KIRK
No.

MARY
I wish I were barren.

KIRK
We were just never able to have children.
Do you love her?  

*Beat.*

Of course.

*I don’t think he loves me.*

Who?

My husband. He sleeps. He sleeps a lot. I don’t know when the last time I saw him awake was. If you love someone, you don’t want to sleep, right?

I don’t know.

You don’t know?

No.

Don’t you think if you really, truly, loved someone you would try to do everything possible to stay awake?

Mary...what are you doing here?

*Pause.*

Philosophy class.
KIRK

Philosophy class?

MARY

We took a class on Hegel. I don’t remember much about him. I liked our classmates. They had sweet breath. After class one night a few of us went out together. It was still cold outside. We sat around in a cafe... some had wine... others had coffee. We talked. It was warm in the cafe. I remember the lights gave off a warm yellow tone. Lights really create an atmosphere, don’t you think?

KIRK

I never thought about it before.

MARY

I always think about things like that. While our classmates spoke amongst themselves, you and I looked at each other. We developed our own form of communication. It felt buoyant. As the kids with sweet breath talked elegantly about Hegel, we communicated covertly. And, when everyone left, I asked you, which is really out of character for me, I asked you if you wanted to go for a walk. We walked for hours. The city was so pretty. I felt like the buildings were giant guardians, smiling down on us. It rained, remember?

He nods vaguely.

MARY

We took shelter by Lincoln Center. It was late. The plaza was empty. It was just us. Safe. In the rain. Do you remember?

Beat.

KIRK

Sort of.

MARY

Sort of?

Pause.

MARY

Phenomenology of Spirit.
He looks at her.

MARY

The Hegel class.

Lights rise in the hallway O. S.

SADIE (O.S.)

Kirk is that you?

A woman enters. She is frail and has no hair.

They all look at each other.

Lights out.

TWO:

Lights up.

Five minutes have passed. Mary stares at Sadie.

Silence.

MARY

You’re not what I expected.

SADIE

What?

Sadie coughs.

Pause.

KIRK

We can have some tea. Mary would you like some?
Tea? MARY

Kirk- SADIE

I’ll put some on. KIRK

I don’t think- SADIE

Mary would you like some tea? KIRK

I like tea- MARY

Kirk- SADIE

It’s cold out. It will warm Mary up before she heads out. KIRK

I... MARY

Would you like some? KIRK

Beat. 

I can prepare it. SADIE

Rest. I’ll do it. KIRK

You’re going to the kitchen? MARY
Yes.

To get tea?

It’ll only take a moment.

Beat.

I’m a little nervous.

It’s okay. It’s one of those nights.

Yes, that’s what it is.

Camomile. It’ll calm the nerves.

Pause.

There’s just one thing...Mary?

Yes.

My wife...

Yes.

I want to get you some tea.
Mary.

Kirk.

She doesn’t know you.

Mary.

Your wife?

Kirk.

Yes.

Mary.

He looks at her purse.

Pause.

Mary sets her purse down on the coffee table. He takes her purse.

Kirk.

I’m going to put it over here for right now.

Mary.

It’s not necessary-

Kirk.

We’ll put it over here so it’s not in the way.

He quickly examines the contents in the purse as he puts it on the other side of the room.

Mary.

Okay.

Kirk looks at Sadie.
KIRK
I’ll get the tea.

SADIE
All right.

KIRK
Okay, Mary?

MARY
Okay.

He exits.

Silence.

Mary looks at Sadie intently.

MARY
Are you dying?

Pause.

SADIE
Yes.

Silence.

Kirk reenters.

KIRK
We don’t have any more camomile after all. We only have what your mother gave us.

SADIE
Darjeeling.

KIRK
Yes, Darjeeling. “Champagne of teas.”
Pause.

Cancer?

MARY

Pause.

Mary...we don’t say that word.

KIRK

Yes.

SADIE

Pause.

How does it feel?

MARY

Excuse me?

SADIE

Dying?

MARY

We try not to think in those terms.

KIRK

Dreadful.

SADIE

Don’t say that. I don’t want to hear that.

Pause.

KIRK

I’ll check the water.

He exits.
Sometimes I feel...

What?

Dreadful.

Kirk!

It’s almost ready.

Silence.

Lawrence Welk.

What?

Have you ever watched Lawrence Welk?

When I was a kid.

I loved that show. Everyone seemed so happy. The men in their suits...I love a man in a suit, don’t you? And the dresses...the women were so pretty. It plays on PBS on Mondays. On Monday, I watched Mary Lou Metzger and Tom Netherton sing a duet. They seemed so happy.

She cries.

I’m sorry. I’m not much of a crier. But I can’t seem to stop lately.

Pause.
MARY
Mary Lou Metzger. You remember her?

SADIE
No.

MARY
I felt how she looked once.

SADIE
How’d she look?

MARY
Alive.

Pause.

MARY
Kirk made me feel like that.

SADIE
Like Mary Lou Metzger?

MARY
One time in the rain our bodies were close, real close. He held me in his arms and said, “Can I kiss you?” Just like that, “Can I kiss you?”

Pause.

Kirk reenters with a tray.

KIRK
Here we go.

He serves the tea.

Pause.
SADIE

How come you never told me about Mary?

KIRK

What?

SADIE

Were you high school...?

MARY

College.

SADIE

College?

Sadie looks at Kirk.

MARY

Yes.

SADIE

College sweethearts?

KIRK

No...I wouldn’t say that.

SADIE

Would you say sweethearts, Mary?

MARY

I don’t know.

SADIE

What would you call it?

MARY

A significant moment.

KIRK

We were in Philosophy class together-
MARY
I did something that I had never done before. I unbuttoned my blouse, the two top buttons, and you slipped your hand in and touched me. We kissed in the rain as you cupped my left breast with your right hand.

*Pause.*

MARY
It felt how I always imagined it would feel when I was a little girl-

SADIE
How?

MARY
Romantic.

*Sadie looks at Kirk again.*

MARY
The way you took me in that night.

KIRK
What?

MARY
In that moment...I was everything.

SADIE
In college?

KIRK
I don’t-

MARY
Remember.

KIRK
What?
You said sort of?

MARY

It was a long time ago.

KIRK

Pause.

Sugar.

KIRK

They look at him.

I forgot the sugar.

KIRK

He exits.

Mary cries.

Why are you crying?

SADIE

I’m not sure.

MARY

Kirk reenters with the sugar.

Sadie looks at Kirk.

You sort of remember?

SADIE

What?

KIRK
SADIE
You said you sort of remembered.

KIRK
What do you mean?

SADIE
Mary.

KIRK
Yes.

SADIE
You remember her though?

KIRK
Yes.

SADIE
You do?

KIRK
Yes.

Pause.

SADIE
The night you kissed her?

KIRK
I’ve never been good with details. You know that.

SADIE
What does that mean?

KIRK
It means what it means-

SADIE
But you remember her?
Yes.

That night?

Yes.

When we were in college?

No.

No?

I mean, it was a long time ago.

She’s here now-

Yes-

In our home.

I know.

It’s the middle of the night.

I know.

And, you seem to know her-
KIRK
I don’t know her-

SADIE
You just said?

MARY
What?

KIRK
It was a long time ago for Christ’s sake!

MARY
I’m sorry...I didn’t think coming here all the way through-

Mary stands.

KIRK
Sit, Mary.

MARY
I’m sorry...

KIRK
Sit down.

MARY
I...

KIRK
If you get up, then I think you may do something.

MARY
I’m not-

KIRK
That makes me nervous.

MARY
I’m sorry-

KIRK
KIRK
I might have to do something-

MARY
What?

KIRK
You can understand how all of this might make me feel-

MARY
I was just-

KIRK
This situation is uncomfortable. You can understand: you, here, in our home, in the middle of the night-

MARY
I didn’t mean to-

KIRK
Sit down, Mary.

MARY
I really didn’t-

SADIE
Kirk...?

KIRK
You get what’s going on here?

SADIE
No.

KIRK
She’s in our home-

SADIE
We’ve established that-

KIRK
Uninvited, that’s what’s going on here.
I...

MARY

KIRK

Sit down, Mary.

She sits.

KIRK

I made tea.

SADIE

Kirk...?

KIRK

We’ll have tea, then she’ll go.

He sits. He takes a sip of his tea.

Sadie looks at him, and then Mary.

Silence.

Mary starts shaking.

SADIE

Is something wrong?

MARY

I shouldn't have come here. I should have never left California.

SADIE

California?

MARY

He sleeps.

SADIE

Who?
Sadie-

Mary

Maybe that’s all some of us get.

Sadie

Are you okay?

Mary

My son doesn’t say anything, anything at all.

Sadie

You have a son?

Kirk

Sadie-

Mary

I understand if you want to hit me.

Kirk

No one wants to hit you.

Sadie

Does your husband hit you?

Kirk

Sadie...

Mary

I’m sorry.

Sadie

No one will hit you here.

Pause.

Kirk

Sadie, maybe you should go back to bed. I’ll take care of things.
No.

It’s after 3 am.

I’m okay!

Sadie...?

I’m okay.

Silence.

He exits.

Mary begins deep central breathing to help control her shaking.

I’m sorry.

Mary, please, quit saying sorry. It’s exasperating.

I didn’t mean to cause any friction. Sorry.

Sadie gives Mary a look after “Sorry.”

Pause.

You were in a Philosophy class with Kirk?

Yes.
What semester?

SADIE

It was our last semester.

MARY

Pause.

Kirk reenters with wine.

KIRK

In the spirit of late night-

SADIE

Wine?

KIRK

At this point, Sadie, why not.

SADIE

Yes, why not. In the spirit of Philosophy at Baruch.

Kirk looks at her.

Pause.

KIRK

Wine anyone?

SADIE

I would love some.

KIRK

Sadie...

She looks at him. He gives her a glass of wine.
Mary?

I’m not much of a drinker.

More for me then.

He pours himself a glass.

Pause.

We used to always drink wine with dinner.

Did we?

Especially when we were first married.

He looks at her.

I don’t remember drinking wine.

We used to often.

Well, we used to do a lot of things.

I know.

Beat.
We’re having a glass now.

KIRK

He looks out the window.

How did you get here Mary?

KIRK

The bus.

MARY

All the way from California?

KIRK

Yes.

MARY

That’s a long time.

KIRK

It seemed only seconds.

MARY

I couldn’t imagine being on public transportation for that long sitting with strangers.

MARY

It was an adventure. I thought my life would be like that.

KIRK

Like what?

MARY

An adventure-

KIRK

I guess it always comes down to what you make of it.

Pause.

MARY

You went to Europe.
KIRK
What?

MARY
After graduation.

KIRK
Yes.

*He looks at Sadie.*

MARY
I wanted to travel like that. I’ve never been anywhere. I went to Mount Rushmore one time.

KIRK
Mount Rushmore is somewhere.

MARY
I’m sure life with Kirk is an adventure.

SADIE
It’s turning out to be.

*Kirk looks at Sadie.*

MARY
I never saw you again after that night.

SADIE
The night in the rain?

MARY
A different night.

*Pause.*

SADIE
A different night?
KIRK
What?

MARY
We were going to study for our final?

Kirk looks at Mary.

MARY
The Master-Slave Dialectic...that’s about all I remember.

Pause.

MARY
He worked at a women’s clothing store.

SADIE
I know.

MARY
You know?

SADIE
In the stock room.

MARY
You came by after work.

KIRK
Mary-

MARY
We didn’t get much studying done-

KIRK
I don’t think this is appropriate-

MARY
You were different.
Different?

Yes.

Mary-

How?

The way you kissed me.

What?

Aggressively.

I kissed you aggressively?

You kissed her again?

We did more than kiss.  

Sadie looks at Kirk.

What do you mean?

Are you saying I behaved aggressively?

No-
KIRK
Because I abhor that type of behavior.

SADIE
What are you saying?

Pause.

KIRK
You’re a piece of work. Coming here and accusing me of-

MARY
I’m not accusing.

KIRK
Then what are you doing?

MARY
It was my first time.

KIRK
Why are you here?

MARY
It didn’t feel like the time in the rain.

SADIE
What do you mean?

MARY
He didn’t see me.

KIRK
I have no idea what you’re trying to say.

MARY
I gave myself-

KIRK
This is crazy-
MARY
When you looked at me I wasn’t there.

What are you saying?

MARY
I didn’t feel a part of everything...

KIRK
What?

MARY
I felt like nothing.

Kirk dashes over to her purse and opens it. Kirk pulls out the gun.

MARY
It’s my husband’s-

SADIE
Kirk?

MARY
He sleeps. He’s always sleeping.

KIRK
Why’d you bring a gun into my home, Mary?

MARY
Just in case-

KIRK
In case of what?

MARY
I don’t know-

KIRK
What?
MARY
I was scared-

KIRK
Can you understand that breaking into someone’s home-

MARY
I didn’t break in-

Sadie coughs.

KIRK
In the middle of the night-

MARY
The door was open-

KIRK
I never leave the door open-

MARY
It was unlocked-

SADIE
Kirk-

KIRK
Coming into my home with a gun in the middle of the night, whether or not the door was open-

MARY
I have no more bullets-

KIRK
It’s threatening-

MARY
I’m not threatening.

KIRK
The intention with a gun is to threaten.
MARY
I didn’t think things all the way through.

KIRK
It’s time for you to go.

MARY
I have no where to go-

KIRK
Go home.

MARY
My husband...

KIRK
You can’t come into my home in the middle of the night-

SADIE
Don’t you think he’s worried about you?

MARY
No.

KIRK
Go home to your husband-

MARY
My son...

KIRK
Go home to your husband and son-

MARY
He looks just like you-

Sadie starts coughing.

KIRK
Sadie?

She continues coughing.
Kirk knowingly exits.

MARY

I’m sorry...

Kirk reenters with pills and a glass of water. Sadie eventually gets the pills down.

After a few moments the coughing jag subsides. She catches her breath.

SADIE

Excuse me-

KIRK

Are you all right?

SADIE

It comes on so quickly.

KIRK

I know.

SADIE

I need to rest.

KIRK

Lie down.

She lies down on the couch. Kirk helps her.

MARY

Is she all right?

Pause.

MARY

Will she be all right?

Pause.
I’m sorry.

MARY

Lights out.

THREE:

Lights up.

Mary sits on the couch and puts her head in her hands.

Kirk has the gun tucked in his waistband.

Silence.

KIRK

It’s raining.

Kirk looks out the window.

It’s really coming down.

Pause.

KIRK

I’ll take you to the bus station.

She cries.

MARY

Mary...

It must be difficult.
What?

She looks at Sadie.

Pause.

He pours himself another drink.

When I look at my life...there should be nothing wrong.

Mary...

If you love someone it seems that you would do everything in your power to stay awake.

Pause.

Sometimes I wish I never had my son.

Don’t say that.

Pause.

I never cried at my father’s funeral. I always thought there was something wrong with me.

Pause.

Emotion is complicated.

I never existed to him.

Your father?
MARY
He smelled like whiskey and cigarettes. My husband smells just like him...My son...never says anything to me...nothing at all.

Pause.

MARY
When we walked in the rain? It was like the buildings watched over us.

Pause.

MARY
Do you mind if I sit by the window?

Pause.

KIRK
No, I don’t mind.

She sits on the floor by the window and listens to the rain. She puts her head in her hands again. Kirk watches her.
Silence.

KIRK
You used to wear skirts a lot...1950’s style skirts.

Pause.

MARY
I liked that era.

KIRK
You had a real Cindy Williams thing going on.

MARY
Cindy Williams...? Was that Laverne or Shirley?
Shirley.

I was slimmer back then.

Pause.

You sat across from me.

Yes.

In your skirts.

Yes.

You seemed very...clean.

What does that mean?

You asked questions a lot. I remember you asking a lot of questions.

I tried to be a good student.

Pause.

I liked Cindy Williams.
A grey skirt...fitted white sweater.

The cafe was on Lexington.

Yes.

It was below street level.

It had a warm yellow tone.

It was cold.

Although it was spring semester-

It can be like that.

Everyone was young. You all were very smart.

Our knees touched under the table.

We looked at each other. No one saw.
KIRK
Yes.

*Mary, pause.*

MARY
The others left.

KIRK
It was late.

MARY
Yes.

KIRK
You asked me to walk with you.

MARY
That’s so out of character for me.

*Kirk, pause.*

MARY
I used to watch you in class. There was something about you.

KIRK
You watched me?

MARY
I liked watching your mouth when you spoke.

KIRK
How did I speak?

MARY
Confidently.

KIRK
I guess I felt that way.
I’ve never felt that way.

_Pause._

**KIRK**
You could probably still fit into those tight skirts.

**MARY**
I don’t think so.

**KIRK**
What a guy would do...walk in the rain because of a fitted white sweater.

**MARY**
That’s how you remember it?

_Pause._

**KIRK**
We took shelter.

**MARY**
At Lincoln Center.

**KIRK**
I always liked that area.

**MARY**
I felt safe. I never felt that before. Never. That night, I felt...like I was part of everything, and everything was part of me.

_He sits next to her._

**KIRK**
You have an imagination-

**MARY**
That night at Lincoln Plaza...you looked at me like I’ve never been looked at before.
KIRK
My passions always get away from me.

MARY
I liked to look at you.

KIRK
In your 1950’s skirts...

MARY
I did something I had never done before-

KIRK
You unbuttoned your blouse...You’re blushing.

Beat.

MARY
The rain fell around us.

*She looks at Sadie sleeping on the couch.*

MARY
I didn’t think things all the way through.

KIRK
Mary...

MARY
I want to feel safe, like the time in the rain.

Pause.

MARY
How come I never saw you again?

KIRK
We were young.
I wanted to see you.

MARY

Pause.

He moves like you.

MARY

Who?

KIRK

He acts like them.

MARY

Who?

KIRK

But, he looks like you.

MARY

Sadie rises, gasping, almost as if she’s choking.

Long choking pause.

SADIE

I dreamt that someone was here. Kirk? Kirk? Everything was washed out but this figure. It seemed like a child. A pristine face. I reached for it...to push or pull away... I don’t know... Kirk...I can’t tell. I moved towards it...it moved away... Or, I moved away. It kept happening over-and-over again...This figure was trying to say something. I couldn’t hear what it was saying. Or, I wouldn’t hear what it was saying. I was trying. I kept trying. Kirk? It was telling me things I didn’t want to hear. You walked towards it. I tried to stop you, but I couldn’t. The figure. Kirk! The figure moved in on me, decaying limbs, gnarled fingers wrapping around my neck. You looked at me. You turned and walked away.

She begins coughing again. He goes for her wheel chair.
Kirk!

SADIE

I’m here.

KIRK

Kirk!

SADIE

It’s okay.

KIRK

I dreamt someone was here.

SADIE

Shh.

KIRK

In our home.

SADIE

Shh.

KIRK

He brings the wheel chair to her.

Yes.

SADIE

It’s okay.

KIRK

To destroy me.

SADIE

Shh.

KIRK

He tries to get her to sit in her chair again.
No.

It was a dream.

He gets her to sit in the chair.

KIRK

It was just a dream-

SADIE

There was a figure-

KIRK

Just a dream.

He takes the afghan from the couch and wraps her in it.

SADIE

Telling me things I don’t want to hear.

KIRK

Shh.

SADIE

I don’t want to vanish.

Sadie looks at Mary.

Pause.

SADIE

That’s why she’s here?

KIRK

Sadie-
That’s why she’s here?

No.  

Do you remember her-

Sadie-

Do you remember her?

Pause.

Yes.  

The night in the rain?

Yes.  

Our last semester?

Yes.  

Baruch?

Yes.  

You never saw her again?
No.  

SADIE  

Never?  

MARY  

Kirk...?  

MARY  

Never.  

KIRK  

Pause.  

SADIE  

How many times?  

KIRK  

What?  

SADIE  

How many?  

KIRK  

One time.  

SADIE  

The kiss in the rain?  

MARY  

We kissed at Lincoln Center.  

KIRK  

It was just one night.  

SADIE  

I was in Europe. Waiting.  

KIRK  

Yes.
We made love.

It was an insignificant night-

No.

Why would you do that?

I was young-

We were young-

I was young-

I know.

I gave myself to you-

I wanted to give myself-

To spend the rest of my life-

To feel a part of-

With you.

She looks at Mary with wild eyes.
Forget her-

What?

I don’t want you to recognize her.

But you remember-

Don’t see her-

Now-

I’m sorry-

When he was a child, he used to hold my leg after I tucked him in. He wouldn’t let go. He wanted me to stay with him until he fell asleep. He made me feel like a part of everything.

Kirk-

He looks like you-

I dreamt-

I could see myself in him-

It was just a dream-
Do you remember her?

I never say anything, anything at all.

Sadie...?

As though I’m not there.

Sadie looks at him intently.

Do you remember her?

Kirk looks at her.

Pause.

No.

No?

There’s no one here-

I’m here-

I know-

My boy-

Mary
SADIE
I want to spend our last days together, just two people being-

KIRK
There’s no one here-

SADIE
In the simplest of ways.

KIRK
Okay.

SADIE
I don’t want to vanish.

KIRK
You’re not.

MARY
He stopped looking at me.

SADIE
Kirk...?

MARY
And he began to smell like them.

SADIE
Kirk?

MARY
Whiskey and cigarettes...

SADIE
I saw this figure-

KIRK
It was a dream, nothing but a dream.

SADIE
The figure was small.
Shh.

SADIE

We should’ve had children-

KIRK

Shh.

MARY

I wish I were barren-

SADIE

But, there’s not enough-

KIRK

It’s okay-

SADIE

Time-

KIRK

Shh-

SADIE

I don’t want to vanish.

Kirk wheels Sadie O.S. The lights rise in hallway O.S.

Mary starts shaking.

MARY

I never cry at funerals. I hate the smell of them. My husband. He sleeps, like I’m not even there. My son...

Kirk reenters.
He looked like you.

*Mary*

*Kirk takes the gun from his waistband and puts it back in Mary's purse.*

Mary

But he started acting like them.

*Kirk looks at Mary.*

Mary

I couldn't see myself in him anymore.

*She looks at Kirk.*

Mary

I couldn't take it any longer.

*He stands over Mary.*

Mary

It was like I wasn’t there anymore.

*Pause.*

*Kirk puts her purse on her lap.*

*Pause.*

*He turns off the lamp.*

*She cries.*

*He exits.*

*The light in the hallway turns off.*

*Lights out.*