

Shattered

By

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Time and Place

The time of the play is now. All scenes take place on the beach. Because the play takes place in Hannah's mind, there is no specific time period as the play moves from scene to scene. Aside from Act 2 scenes 3 and 4 it is always day time and always sunny.

Character Breakdown

There are seven characters in *Shattered*. Each of them plays a different age of one person, Hannah Miller. Seventy is the only Hannah living in the present. The rest live in the past.

Ten - a tomboy who is too old for her years.

Twenty - teetering on the fence between childhood and being an adult.

Thirty - pregnant and on top of the world.

Forty - looking at the world from rock bottom.

Fifty - someone who's been given a second chance.

Sixty - someone who is forced to look back on her life.

Seventy - struggling to maintain her dignity as she fights Alzheimer's.

Set Description

All scenes take place on the beach. The stage directions call for a hospital bed in the middle of a beach. The hospital bed faces a large lake. *Shattered* is a very surreal piece; the beach lives in Hannah's head. The symbolism of the way the air smells and the sand feels and the wide-open blue skies does not necessarily need real sand.

ACT ONE

NOTE: In order to achieve a "wave of sound" there are several echoed words and phrases in the following montage. These words and phrases are highlighted. The echo comes right after the highlighted word and not at the end of the sentence.

The play begins in darkness. Through the montage, the lights grows like sunlight, concentrating on SEVENTY who is fitfully sleeping centre stage in a hospital bed.

FIFTY: When I was a child, I spent all **day** at the beach.

TEN: Day

TWENTY: Day

FIFTY: The **sound** of waves -

FORTY: Sound

THIRTY: Sound

SIXTY: Instead of voices

TEN: Instead of seagulls.

TWENTY: **And I stretch...**

FIFTY: And I stretch

SIXTY: And I stretch

TEN & TWENTY: And I stretch out digging my **fingers and toes** deep into the sand.

FIFTY: Fingers and toes

FORTY: Fingers and toes

SIXTY: Right up close to the water

FORTY: So the **waves** will wash over me.

TEN: Waves

TWENTY: Waves

FIFTY: I built sand castles.

SIXTY: I didn't have a shovel or a pail.

THIRTY & FORTY: And I stretch so high...

TEN & FIFTY: Digging into the sand....

ALL: Closing my eyes to the **sky**.

FORTY: Sky

SIXTY: Sky

TWENTY: And all the walls are disappearing.

THIRTY: And **I wish**

TEN: I wish

TWENTY: I wish

FORTY: And **I wish**

TEN: I wish

SIXTY: I wish

ALL: (*this should sound wispy, like water coming into shore*) Wishhhhhhhhhhh.
Wishhhhhhhhhhh. Wishhhhhhhhhhh. Wishhhhhhhhhhh.

The lights change abruptly. A tight spot crashes into SEVENTY, who sits up as if she has been underwater for a long time and is now coming up for air. Hands come out of the darkness to pull SEVENTY back towards her pillows.

NOTE: The light on SEVENTY should be quite tight so the others can grab her without showing their faces.

SEVENTY: *(frantically)* Let go of me!

FORTY: *(quite cold, as a nurse)* Lie down Mrs. Miller.

SEVENTY: Let go!

THIRTY: *(as a nurse)* You have to stay in bed.

SEVENTY: You can't make me!

SEVENTY breaks free and is out of bed like a shot. She is brought up short by FIFTY in her own spotlight.

FIFTY: *(looking out, not at SEVENTY)* Annie have you seen my glasses?

TWENTY: *(from the darkness)* Are they on your head?

FIFTY: You think you're so funny. How do I look in this dress?

FIFTY turns away and moves into the darkness.

SEVENTY: Annie?

Several pairs of hands grab SEVENTY.

SEVENTY: *(struggling)* Let go of me!

FORTY: Now, now Mrs. Miller.

SEVENTY: I want to go home.

THIRTY: You are home.

SEVENTY wrenches away and turns to see SIXTY in a spotlight. SIXTY is pacing.

SIXTY: No she has a daughter. I'm her daughter. This is ridiculous. Of course I can prove it. Her husband called me. I want to see - Will you just get out my way, will you - George can you get those papers out of the car? This is ridiculous.

She turns and exits into the darkness.

SEVENTY: George?

Hands reach for SEVENTY but she evades them. She sees TEN in a spotlight. TEN is also struggling to get free from a hand gripping her shoulder.

TEN: No, No I don't want to! Let me go.

SEVENTY: Let me go. I don't want to dance.

TEN: I don't want to dance.

SEVENTY: Let me go.

TEN: No Ma please!

SEVENTY: Not the closet.

TEN: Not the closet.

SEVENTY: Mama?

TEN: Noooo. Noooo. *(she is dragged out of the light)*

SEVENTY: Nooo, Nooo not the closet. I'll dance; I'll dance with you. What have you done with Annie? Who are you? Where is she? Where is she? What have you done with her? Strangers. Strangers. Get away from me, not the closet. Take me home. I want to go home.

Blackout.

VOICES IN THE DARK: Wishhhhhhhhhhh. Wishhhhhhhhhhh. Wishhhhhhhhhhh.
Wishhhhhhh.

SCENE TWO

The lights come up on a beach. The sun is bright. There is the gentle sound of waves and seagulls.

SEVENTY lies face down cross ways on the bed. TEN is crouched

downstage. TEN is a rough, dirty, scabby kneed, tomboy. She wears pants that have seen better days, and a dirty ill-fitting short-sleeved blouse. (reminiscent of the 40's) She is barefoot.

TEN is playing with an unlit cigarette: pulling it from behind her ear, trying to dangle it from one side of her mouth.

TEN: *(with the cigarette in her mouth)* Oh yeah? Well I don't care what you -

She shifts the cigarette to the other side of her mouth and stands, trying to look extra tough.

TEN: Oh yeah? Well I don't care what you say. When my dad....

SEVENTY groans and rolls up into a ball on the bed. TEN is instantly attentive; she sticks the cigarette back behind her ear and approaches SEVENTY. She begins circling the bed, trying to see if SEVENTY will wake up. She breathes air into SEVENTY'S face. This creates an echo: The voices overlap each other from offstage.

TWENTY: I've basically quit, but my hands won't stop shaking.

THIRTY: I've always wanted a diamond.

FORTY: I did the right thing... I did the right thing....

FIFTY: His name is George, can you believe it?

SIXTY: Hush little baby, don't say a word. Mama's gonna buy -

SEVENTY reacts by brushing her hand in front of her face. TEN blows again, and again there is an echo.

THIRTY: I'm going to call her Annie.

FORTY: Annie you stay quiet for mummy ok?

FIFTY: Annie, have you seen my glasses?

SIXTY: Oh he's a beautiful baby Annie.

SEVENTY slowly wakes up. She lifts her head to come eye to eye with TEN. SEVENTY lets out a yell that sends TEN scrambling

backwards. SEVENTY is wild eyed and violent.

SEVENTY: Get away from me!

TEN: Hey!

SEVENTY: You stay back you just stay away.

TEN: I didn't touch you.

SEVENTY: You're trying to get me, trying to make me go, trying, I won't go, I won't do .. *(she finally takes in her surroundings)* I....won't go....I.....where am I?

SEVENTY calms down and looks around in wonder. She breathes in and is delighted by the air; she exhales joyously. She spreads her arms and embraces the air. The fear and violence seems to drain out of her body in a whoosh.

SEVENTY: Where am I?

TEN: Looks like a beach to me.

TEN crouches and goes back to playing with the cigarette.

SEVENTY: *(with wonderment)* Jesus Christ they did it. They knocked me out and parceled me off to who knows where...*(she laughs and turns around taking everything in)* I knew I should have punched that nurse in the nose. She must have slipped something into the dribble glass. Still. This doesn't seem so bad. *(she takes a deep breath in and enjoys it)* Not so bad at all. It didn't look like this in the brochure. If they had told me there was a beach, maybe I wouldn't have struggled so hard. Maybe. *(To TEN)* Who are you?

TEN: None of your business.

SEVENTY: You shouldn't smoke.

TEN: Do I look like I'm smoking?

SEVENTY: I used to practice talking while keeping a cigarette in the corner of my mouth. It took me months and a lot of wasted cigarettes but *(she laughs)* I can remember....I..... Jesus Christ. *(She seems to realize something and stands stock still. She puts a hand to her head as if she can't believe what's going on inside of it.)* The secret ingredient in my mother's chili was rye and lots of it. Last week I....come on...*(she bangs on her head a couple of times)* Last week I accused my daughter of taking my reading glasses when I

had hidden them behind the dresser, Beethoven was born in 1770, the way to brush your teeth is to take the toothbrush, put toothpaste on the brush, put the brush inside your mouth and move the brush in an up and down motion over the teeth which is much more effective than going side to side even though that's the way I was taught when I was a girl. Goddamn Son of a bitch! *(she jumps up and down with glee at being able to remember)*. You make a toasted tomato sandwich with two pieces of bread, whole wheat lightly toasted, and sliced tomatoes with mustard and salt. My daughter's husband's name is Steven. My grandchildren are Thomas and Robert - Rob to his relatives but Bob to his friends at school. They call me Granny which I hate and they know it and I like this place!!! *(she now takes a good look at her surroundings)* They must have some super human drugs here. They must be experimental I mean, hallucinations are one thing, but this is fantastic this is. My hair'll probably fall out or I'll get an extra nose but who the hell cares? Bed on the beach, no one else crowding into my business - who cares! *(SEVENTY whirls around and has another thought)* How long do I get to stay? You never get to stay long in the experimental places. *(she looks up and down the beach)* Where's a nurse when you need one. *(she calls out)* Hello! Hello? When you don't need one they're like flies on a dead dog. *(she calls out to TEN)* Hey you. How long do I get to stay?

TEN talks with the cigarette in the side of her mouth.

TEN Do I look like I know?

SEVENTY sits on the bed.

SEVENTY: I gotta find that out.

TEN: It's a free country. Stay as long as you want.

SEVENTY: *(she breaths in)* Oh....I used to live by the beach. It was my favourite place. I forgot how good the beach smells. *(she calls out)* Hello!

There is a sudden cacophony of voices.

TWENTY: Ma please.

FORTY: I'm not a bad mother.

SIXTY: I'm her daughter.

SEVENTY whirls around. TEN does not react.

SEVENTY: Did you hear that?

TEN: *(with the cigarette on the side of her mouth)* I didn't hear nothing.

SEVENTY: You shouldn't smoke.

TEN: I'm not smoking it. I'm holding it.

SEVENTY: Why?

TEN: I'm outta matches. You got a light?

SEVENTY: Sorry.

TEN shrugs and turns away.

SEVENTY: What are you doing here?

TEN: None of your business.

SEVENTY: No, why are you at a hospital for demented farts? Are you visiting someone?

TEN: Does this look like a hospital?

SEVENTY: Don't be a smartass.

TEN: Ask a stupid question.....

SEVENTY: *(calling out)* Hello! Hello!

Offstage voices answer back.

SIXTY: Hello, hello!

TWENTY: Hi there.

FORTY: Don't talk to me.

SIXTY: Hello, hello.

THIRTY: Why hello now.

FIFTY: Hello it's been so long.

SIXTY: Hello, hello.

The echoes repeat and swirl around SEVENTY.

SEVENTY: *(looking around)* Jesus Christ. I'm dead aren't I?

TEN: You're not dead. You're just in a place. And you can come here whenever you want.

SEVENTY: Why?

TEN: Because I said so.

SEVENTY stares at TEN. The lights fade to black.

SCENE THREE

The lights come up on an empty stage. Hoots of laughter can be heard from offstage. SEVENTY comes tearing on and hides by the bed. She is panting and laughing.

SEVENTY: Shh. Shh. Shut up you old fart.

TEN enters on the run from stage left, looking behind her as she does. She slows down, thinking that she has escaped.

TEN: Ha!

TEN passes by the bed; SEVENTY leaps up and grabs her.

SEVENTY: Ha! Ha!

TEN: Ah!

SEVENTY: Caught you!

TEN: I thought I lost you by the hot dog stand.

SEVENTY: You never had a chance. That's what you get for smoking. You used up all your oxygen.

TEN: *(flopping to the ground)* Goddamn Son of a bitch.

SEVENTY: Don't swear.

TEN: You do. *(she pulls out a cigarette and lights it)*

SEVENTY: I'm old I can do whatever I want. *(taking the cigarette)* Gimme that.

TEN: Hey! That's mine.

SEVENTY: Mine now.

TEN: It cost me ten cents.

SEVENTY: That's what you get for spending money on bad habits. *(she takes a drag off the cigarette and obviously enjoys it)* A bad bad bad bad habit.

She lies on the ground and takes another puff. TEN takes the cigarette back.

TEN: You're not my mother. You can't tell me what to do.

SEVENTY takes the cigarette back.

TEN: Hey!

SEVENTY takes a big drag, then puts it out on the leg of the bed.

SEVENTY: There. Now neither of us will get cancer.

TEN: *(standing)* You buy me another cigarette.

SEVENTY: Ugh. What I wouldn't give to have cancer. Not that I want cancer but if I had a choice, well I wouldn't want either.

TEN: I'm talking to you.

SEVENTY: But if I had to choose, if I was playing Let Make A Deal and cancer was behind Door Number One and Alzheimer's was behind door Number Two -

TEN gives SEVENTY a push and sends her sprawling.

SEVENTY: Hey!

TEN: I said you owe me a cigarette.

SEVENTY: Or what? What are you gonna do if I don't buy you one? Huh?

TEN: *(giving SEVENTY another push)* I'm not afraid of you. I'll hit you right into tomorrow.

SEVENTY: Come on ...

TEN: Or are you scared to fight? Eh? Are you scared?

SEVENTY: I'm not going to fight you.

TEN makes chicken noises.

SEVENTY: I'm not going....

TEN: Fraidy cat, fraidy cat.

SEVENTY: You can't make me.

TEN: *(louder)* Fraidy cat, Fraidy cat!

SEVENTY: You think so?

TEN: I know so.

SEVENTY: *(getting up)* I'll show you.

They both get into a fighting stance.

SEVENTY: I can beat you with one hand behind my back.

TEN: I'm so scared.

SEVENTY: You should be.

TEN takes a swing. SEVENTY ducks.

SEVENTY: You fight like my grandmother.

TEN: Oh yeah?

SEVENTY: Yeah. Like my little old cripple grandmother.

TEN swings again. SEVENTY ducks but it's not so easy.

TEN: How about now. *(she swings again)* And now?

SEVENTY: Now you're fighting like my great-grandmother.

TEN: I'll show you!

TEN overswings and falls. SEVENTY leaps on TEN.

SEVENTY: Say uncle.

TEN: You owe me a cigarette. They're not cheap.

SEVENTY: You got gypped. Say uncle.

TEN: Never! You old bag! Cow! Bitch!

SEVENTY: I can sit here all day. I got nowhere to go. *(she starts to sing loudly and off key)* "I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair...."

TEN: Ok, uncle, uncle.

SEVENTY: Louder please.

TEN: UNCLE! Get off me.

SEVENTY gets off of TEN.

SEVENTY: I never knew my grandmother.

TEN: Who cares?

SEVENTY: She had a whole bunch of babies and died. I think that's why my mother only had one. I think. If you want one so badly, I'll buy you a cigarette.

TEN: I don't want one now. Jesus Christ. I can't believe you beat up a little kid.

SEVENTY: I can't believe you'd hit an old woman.

TEN: I didn't did I?

SEVENTY: Not for lack of trying.

TEN: Hmpft.

SEVENTY: Where'd you get the mouse?

TEN: Huh?

SEVENTY points to TEN's eye.

TEN: *(touching her eye)* It's nothing.

SEVENTY: It looks sore.

TEN: Usually I win cept when they throw stones and stuff. And when the Peterman brothers gang up on me.

OFFSTAGE VOICES: *(the following is syncopated)* Your mothers a whoore.. She's a tramp you scab-bag! She's slept with the bums who jump off the railway cars. That's why your dad took off and he aint never coming back! I know cause my mom told me so... Told me so...

SEVENTY looks around confused by the voices. TEN doesn't notice; she starts to pick at a scab on her knee.

SEVENTY: Did you hear that?

TEN: Stupid Peterman brothers. One holds me down and the other punches.

SEVENTY: *(distracted)* What?

TEN: The Peterman brothers.

SEVENTY: Oh yes. Brothers. Peterman. The Peterman Brothers used to gang up on me. One would hold me down while the other punched. Do you have any brothers?

TEN: Uh uh. My ma said one kid was enough.

SEVENTY: What time is it?

TEN: Dunno.

SEVENTY: I used to be able to tell the time by the sun. Peterman. *(she grabs her head)* Come on. Thirty days come September, April, June and November. All the rest have thirty-one except for - shouldn't you be in school?

TEN: I can't go.

SEVENTY: Why not?

TEN: *(sitting on the bed)* I just can't. I can't go back.

SEVENTY: You're getting sand on the bed.

TEN: So what.

SEVENTY: Where'd you get those bruises on your arm?

TEN: I fell. You said you weren't going to ask any more questions.

SEVENTY: They look like finger prints.

TEN: So what if they do.

SEVENTY: I used to get these bruises on my shoulder. My mother used to grip me there, hard, especially after she'd been drinking. Got so I'd take one look at the bottles on the table and *(she claps her hands together and shoots one hand out)* Can't get bruises if you're not around.

TEN: I hide under the stairs.

SEVENTY: No, no, you have to get out. Don't box yourself in a corner. You go under the stairs, she comes in after you, there's nowhere to go. Get out, get out. Ten to one she can't run as fast as you.

TEN: That's for sure.

SEVENTY: I used to come to the beach.

TEN: I make sand babies. Do you know how to do that? You take the sand and put it between your hands and then you sing to your baby. I can make twenty or thirty before it gets dark. Then it's ok to go home.

SEVENTY: Sand babies. *(she shakes her head)* What does she drink?

TEN: I don't know. Everything. The red bottles don't bother her so much, they just make her cry. The dark bottles make her dance. The light bottles make her mean. She always throws things after a light bottle.

SEVENTY: My mother threw a whole sink load of dishes at my father because he wanted pork chops one night. We couldn't even afford pork chops. She was always so angry. Never forgive, never forget.

TEN: When my mom was pregnant with me, she burned all of my dad's clothes one night cause he wanted to name me Liza and that was the name of...

During the previous, TWENTY stumbles on stage. She falls to her knees and clutches her stomach. TEN doesn't notice at all.

TWENTY: Please, you have to help me. There's blood all over the floor. I can't stop it.

TEN: And there was no way Ma was gonna put up with that.

On the opposite side of the stage FORTY stumbles on.

FORTY: I came here for help. How dare you take his side.

TWENTY: Please Ma, please come home. I don't know what to do.

FORTY: I am not drunk. *(she stumbles)* Don't you touch me.

TEN: I think Liza a stupid name anyway.

TWENTY: I'm sorry I didn't want the baby. I'm sorry. I take it back.

FORTY: No one is going to take Annie. No one is going to raise her but me. Me.

TWENTY: Please come home.

FORTY: Don't you touch her.

TEN: What's the matter?

TWENTY and FORTY exit. There is a swirl of offstage voices.

TWENTY: I don't know what to do.

THIRTY: Ma please!

FORTY: Please help me.

FIFTY: There's blood all over the floor.

SIXTY: I don't know what to do.

TWENTY: Please help me.

FORTY: Please.

THIRTY: Please.

SIXTY: Please.

SEVENTY stumbles backwards and turns away, holding her head.

TEN: I think Liza a stupid name anyway. What's the matter?

SEVENTY: Nothing. Nothing. I thought I saw...I.....I thought I saw.....(*She turns and looks at the bed*) What's this?

TEN: It's a bed.

SEVENTY: I know it's a bed. I'm not stupid. What's it doing here?

TEN: I...It came with you. It's for you.

SEVENTY: Why would I need a bed? I'm not sick. What do I need a bed for? Do I look like I need to lie down?

TEN: No.

SEVENTY: Are you trying to tell me that I'm sick, that I need to lie down?

TEN: (*she doesn't understand what's going on*) I...

SEVENTY: You're in on this aren't you? You're all in on it. You're trying to put me away.

The lights violently change to the spot. Hands hold SEVENTY.

SEVENTY: You're trying to put me away.

FORTY: *(out of the light)* Mom, you can't stay at home anymore.

SEVENTY: I can too. I'm doing just fine.

FORTY: *(out of the light)* You went outside today in your nightgown. This is third time. You couldn't find your way home.

SEVENTY: I know where I live. Are you calling me stupid?

FORTY: *(out of the light)* Of course not.

A spotlight comes up on TEN. She is waving frantically.

TEN: Hannah! Over here!

SEVENTY: Who's there?

FORTY: *(out of the light)* You can't live on your own. You keep leaving the stove on.

SEVENTY: I don't live alone. Are you stupid?

FORTY: *(out of the light)* Mum, George passed away two years ago.

SEVENTY: No. You're lying. You're a liar.

FORTY: *(out of light)* We're worried about you.

SEVENTY: I know where I live. I know who I am.

FORTY: We want what's best for you.

SEVENTY: You want to put me away. Lock me up. Forget about me.

TEN: Hannah?

SEVENTY: Who's there?

FORTY: Mom?

SEVENTY: Come out where I can see you.

SEVENTY breaks away. Voices swirl around her. All speak at the same time, repeating over and over until SEVENTY cries out.

TEN: Stupid Peterman brothers.

TWENTY: I am in big trouble.

THIRTY: I always wanted a diamond.

FORTY: You have no right to say that to me.

FIFTY: Annie, I'm a grown woman.

SIXTY: Her hands are so cold.

SEVENTY: *(cries out)* No!

The lights change and SEVENTY runs right into TEN'S arms. They sink to the ground. There is a moment of silence and heavy breath. Then there is the sound of gentle waves and seagulls.

FIFTY and SIXTY are there as well, standing behind the bed. FIFTY is amazed, SIXTY is fearful. SEVENTY and TEN pay no attention to FIFTY and SIXTY.

SEVENTY: Where am I? Where am I?

TEN: It's all right. You're safe.

SIXTY: Jesus Christ.

FIFTY: Are you all right?

SIXTY: I'm going to faint.

SEVENTY: What happened?

TEN: You went back. To the other place.

SEVENTY: They want to put me away. I've lived in that house for eighteen years. All my things, all my...my memories, everything. If I leave how will I ever remember. *(she bangs her hand against her forehead)* George is tall. He reads mystery books. He read mystery books. He's an architect. He was an architect. You lied. You said I could stay for as long as I want.

TEN: You can.

SEVENTY: I thought I was safe.

TEN: You are.

SEVENTY: I'm not.

TEN: You're here and nothing can hurt you. See? Here's the beach. There's the hot dog stand. Here I am. Nothing's change.

SEVENTY: *(crawling away)* You can't spend your life at the beach. No one knows that better than I do.

TEN: Where are you going?

SEVENTY: How long do I really have? A day? Five minutes? Ten minutes? What's the point in enjoying this if it's not forever? You don't know what it's likeback there....you don't know....

TEN: But you're here now....isn't that good enough?

SEVENTY: You better go home child. I don't feel so well.

TEN: Are you sure? We could make some sand castles.

SEVENTY: I need to lie down.

TEN: I'll stick around for a while, just in case.

SEVENTY: I need...I need to rest.

SEVENTY lies down on the bed. TEN follows and lovingly places the blanket over her. She brushes the hair from SEVENTY'S face.

TEN: *(singing)* Hush little baby don't say a word. Mama's gonna buy you a mocking bird.

SEVENTY: It's a pull. It's like the tide. One moment I'm enjoying the water. The next I'm drowning.

SIXTY: I'm too old for this.

FIFTY: You're not.

SIXY: I was sitting at home. I closed my eyes for half a second and I could smell the beach. You could have warned me.

FIFTY: And how would I have done that?

SEVENTY: I don't want to drown. *(she falls asleep)*

TEN: Shhhhhhhhh. Shhhhhhhhh.

FIFTY: Steady now. No fleeing.

SIXTY: I wasn't.

TEN: Don't look at me like that.

FIFTY: You're doing fine.

TEN: I'm not. I... can't do it by myself. It's too strong. The thing.

FIFTY: Disease.

SIXTY: Don't say that.

FIFTY: You can't ignore it.

SIXTY: I'm not! I just don't want you to say disease. I'm much more comfortable with "thing." It's a wonderfully general term. Non specific, non descriptive term.

TEN: I thought I could take care of this. She could stay and we could....she likes me the best.

FIFTY: Of course she does.

TEN: I can't keep her here by myself. I can't keep the other place out. I need everybody. You have to help.

SIXTY: No.

TEN: You said you would.

SIXTY: I said I might. I might help. I've changed my mind.

TEN: You can't do that. We've already started.

FIFTY: *(to SIXTY)* She needs our help.

SIXTY: That's easy for you to say. You're in therapy. This is twenty years away for you. It's right in my backyard.

FIFTY: Hannah.

SIXTY: I'm just putting the pieces together. For the first time everything's in place. I can't do it.

TEN: You could do it. But you don't want to.

SIXTY: Couldn't you find anything to wear that didn't have holes?

TEN: You tell me.

SIXTY: I have dust rags that look better than those pants.

TEN: So?

SIXTY: And when was the last time you saw a wash cloth.

TEN: You're just trying to change the subject.

SIXTY: I am not!

FIFTY: *(calm and soothing)* Someone is sleeping.....

SIXTY: Sorry. I'm sorry. It's just...upsetting.

FIFTY: We know.

SIXTY: I don't want to see this; I don't want to end up like... *(she gestures at SEVENTY)* all right? I don't want to know about this. What's the point of getting up in the morning today if ten years down the line....

FIFTY: We know.

SIXTY: I can't deal with this right now. What with Ma in the....

TEN: What's wrong with ma? What did you do to her?

SIXTY: What'd you mean me? I didn't do anything. She -

FIFTY: *(interrupting)* There's nothing wrong with Ma. Don't worry.

TEN: So?

FIFTY: We'll help, won't we?

FIFTY glances at SIXTY. SIXTY gives a small nod.

TEN: You'll get the others?

SIXTY: What about **her**?

There is the sound of growling. The wind rises into a howl

*NOTE: During the following the word "her" refers to FORTY.
They are afraid to talk about her lest she show up.*

FIFTY: I didn't even think...

TEN: No. I don't want....she'll *(referring to SEVENTY)* get upset.

SIXTY: We won't be able to keep **her** from finding out.

FIFTY: Why not? Just keep it low.

SIXTY: It's impossible. *(referring to SEVENTY)* She's incredibly noisy.

As if to prove a point, FORTY is heard crashing about.

FORTY: *(offstage. Sounds drunk)* Hey John....I wanna talk to you....you asshole....I wanna talk to you about your daughter. Your daughter!

The wind howls. SEVENTY moans. TEN rushes to covers her ears.

TEN: *(talking over the wind)* I don't want **her** here.

The wind dies and SEVENTY calms down.

TEN: Everyone else, but not **her**.

SIXTY: Good luck.

FIFTY: Hannah.

SIXTY: *(she gives a big sigh)* We'll do what we can.

TEN: I'm going to go get her another blanket. Stay until I get back?

FIFTY: Of course.

TEN runs offstage. FIFTY turns to SIXTY after she's gone.

FIFTY: Everything's going to be all right.

SIXTY: I'm glad you think so.

FIFTY: I know I'm not supposed to ask...but I haven't seen Ma in years and I wondered –

SIXTY: Don't ask. If you don't ask then maybe you won't get curious and you won't want to find her.

FIFTY: Too late.

SEVENTY murmurs in her sleep.

SEVENTY: No, no. My husband's name is John. John. I would know wouldn't I? I should know.

SIXTY: Oh, it makes me sick to my stomach.

She collapses into FIFTY'S shoulder. FIFTY comforts her.

FIFTY: There, there. There, there.

The lights fade.

SCENE FOUR

The lights come up on SEVENTY is sleeping. TEN and FIFTY enter. FIFTY is staring intently inside a shoebox as TEN follows behind.

FIFTY: I don't remember there being so many pieces.

TEN: I don't even think I got him all. It was a pretty big explosion.

FIFTY: I'm sure you did.

TEN: I put a picture in so God will know what he's supposed to look like.

FIFTY: I should have been an artist.

TEN: My teacher had a fit. You'd think a science teacher would be able to handle a little blood and a few brains. *(she puts the lid on the box)* Every one laughed at me. That's why I can't go back.

FIFTY: It's been a couple of weeks. I'm sure someone else has done something outrageous and no one will remember -

TEN: They laughed at me. Don't you get it?

FIFTY: I do.

TEN: *(looking back at the box)* I didn't mean to blow him up. He didn't mind getting poked and he liked being in class. I just wanted to show him my experiment. I called him George. Everyone in the class called him Snake but I wanted to give him a better name than that. He was my friend I should bury him. I just don't want to put him in the ground.

FIFTY takes off the corsage she's been wearing.

FIFTY: Here, why don't we put this with George. Everyone likes the smell of flowers.

TEN: They look dead.

FIFTY: *(laughing)* They're not in their prime but they're all right. *(she smiles)* I was the most elegant woman at the movies. *(sees TEN staring at her)* What?

TEN: You're weird. *(FIFTY laughs again.)* You laugh too much.

FIFTY: Sorry, sorry. I haven't dated in a long time. I haven't quite got the hang of it. *(she giggles and tries to stifle it)* I keep breaking out in the giggles. I don't know why. It's completely inappropriate I know.

TEN: You must be sniffing the sand.

This just sends FIFTY into a fresh gale of laughter.

FIFTY: Sniffing the sand! Ma always used to accuse me -

TEN: Whenever I look too happy.

FIFTY: *(imitating her mother)* "What are you doing sniffing the sand?" *(she laughs)* Have you ever tried it?

TEN: What?

FIFTY: Sniffing the sand.

TEN: *(completely grossed out)* No!

FIFTY: Doesn't live up to its reputation at all. Too grainy. *(she laughs at the look on TEN's face)* I'm kidding, I'm kidding. Does that mean you don't want the flowers?

TEN: Put them in. I think George is the type of snake who likes flowers, dead or alive.

FIFTY: You look so much like my daughter.

TEN: What does she look like?

FIFTY: She has wavy brown hair and blue eyes and she wrinkles her nose a lot like you're doing right now.

TEN: Is that good or bad?

FIFTY: Very good.

TEN: You like her.

FIFTY: I do. She's a lot smarter than me. She's wants to be engineer; I don't even know what that is.

TEN: I want to be a pilot. But that's never gonna happen.

FIFTY: Why not?

TEN: Did you become a pilot?

FIFTY: Right. Listen. Do you find... the beach, us.... It's pretty weird, don't you think?

TEN: No weirder than every day.

FIFTY: Where'd you get that bruise?

TEN: None of your business.

FIFTY: I like your watch. My father gave me one just like it.

TEN: It's because I'm ten now.

FIFTY: Double digits.

TEN: I'm a grown up.

FIFTY: I kept it for years.

TEN: I'm never taking it off. It's the only thing I have to remind me of.... He said he was coming back. He promised. Ma threw out all his clothes and tore up all their pictures. She keeps talking about how she's gonna stick a knife in his chest if he ever shows up again. Right in his chest. *(she gives a big sigh)*

FIFTY: That's a big sigh.

TEN: It's my beach, it's my rules. I'm not supposed to ask.

FIFTY: I don't think so.

TEN: *(she's silent for a moment and then bursts out)* Does he come back? I gotta know. Is he's gonna come back and make everything all right? Doesn't he know how much I miss him? He knows I miss him right?

FIFTY: He knows.

TEN: Then why don't I hear from him? Why doesn't he call or write or come back?

FIFTY: *(not quite so happy)* He loves you very much.

There is an offstage echo of voices that seems to swirl around the stage. Both FIFTY and TEN lift their heads to listen.

TWENTY: Ma, you have to come home, I don't know what to do.

THIRTY: Thank you mother, but I don't need your help. I'm doing just fine on my own.

FORTY: How dare you call me a bad parent. You're the bad one. You're the disgrace, not me.

SIXTY: You're lying there with tubes everywhere and you still make me feel like I'm ten years old.

TWENTY: I don't know what to do.

THIRTY: I'm doing just fine on my own.

FORTY: You're the disgrace.

SIXTY: Like I'm ten years old.

All the voices talk at the same time. In the middle of the noise TEN stands up and thrusts the shoebox at FIFTY.

TEN: *(yelling above the noise)* Here! Put this behind the bed.

FIFTY: What's happening?

TEN: She's coming back.

TEN rushes to be by the bed. SEVENTY wakes with a violent start as if she is coming up from being under water for a long time. When SEVENTY awakes, the voices should stop.

SEVENTY: *(breathing heavily)* Jesus Christ. Every. Time. One. Of. These days. I'm. Going To. Have A. Heart Attack. *(she breathes)* A heart attack. Wouldn't that be nice. *(she clues into her surroundings and takes another slow breath)* Nine times nine is eighty one, nine times ten is ninety, nine times eleven is ninety nine, nine times twelve is....

TEN: A hundred and -

SEVENTY: Don't help. A hundred and eight. A hundred and goddamn eight. What happened?

TEN: You were asleep.

SEVENTY: I was? I had a terrible dream that I was....no it wasn't a dream. Do I live here now?
Is this the home? The beach is nice. It wasn't in the brochure.

TEN: You -

SEVENTY: Wait. *(holding her head)* My favourite piece in the house is the pembroke table. It's battered and the drawer sticks and the leaves make horrible screeching noises when you pull them out. Just like me. *(she takes a deep breath in)* Oh yes, oh yes of course. I remember. This is real and that is....no it's the other way. *(she breaths in again)* That's lovely. That's absolutely lovely. *(she looks at TEN with a smile)* Hello.

TEN: You remember.

SEVENTY: The sand and the water.... *(she breaths in again)*

TEN: You're safe.

SEVENTY: I'm safe.

TEN: You can stay here as long as you want.

SEVENTY: They must have me on some new drugs.

TEN: You're safe.

SEVENTY: I'm safe. *(she laughs)* You wanna race to the Hotdog stand and back?

TEN: Sure!

FIFTY who has been hanging back until now, steps forward.

FIFTY: Hello.

SEVENTY: Oh. Hello.

FIFTY: Hello. *(she pauses)* I've been looking forward to this. We've been hanging around the edges for a couple of days now, but the child -

TEN: I'm not a child.

FIFTY: Right. Of course not. Haney, thought we should come on out.

SEVENTY: *(to TEN)* Who is she?

FIFTY: I'm very pleased to meet you.

FIFTY holds out her hand which SEVENTY does not take.

SEVENTY: You're getting sand on the bed.

FIFTY: Oops sorry.

SEVENTY: Am I supposed to know you?

FIFTY: Yes, in a manner of speaking. We know each other very well.

SEVENTY: Hmft.

TEN: I can explain.

FIFTY: You look wonderful.

SEVENTY: Compared to what?

TEN: This is Hannah. She's going to be staying here for a while.

SEVENTY: She is? Why? I like that it's just the two of us.

TEN: I asked her to come. With a few others.

SEVENTY: More people? Why?

TEN: *(pulling SEVENTY aside away from FIFTY)* Not too many. They're going to help.

SEVENTY: I'm allergic to people. *(pointing at FIFTY)* Especially her. You see the way she smiles? She's giving me hives.

FIFTY: I don't mean to.

SEVENTY: Are you eavesdropping on our conversation?

FIFTY: Sorry.

TEN: *(pulling SEVENTY farther away)* They're going to help you stay.

SEVENTY: Stay?

TEN: Here on the beach. Not the other place.

SEVENTY: Is she a nurse?

TEN: No.

SEVENTY: Is she going to make me go inside?

TEN: No. I promise.

SEVENTY: *(to FIFTY)* All right. You can stay. You better change clothes though. We like to get dirty here. We build sandcastles. We like to run around and make noise.

TEN: And swear and smoke.

SEVENTY: We don't do that. But we don't have any use for grown ups, is that clear?

FIFTY: Oh yes.

SEVENTY: Good. Now. Last one to the hot dog stand is a rotten egg!

SEVENTY takes off. TEN stops FIFTY from following.

TEN: You stay here and get everyone set up.

FIFTY: But -

SEVENTY: *(offstage)* I'm beating you!

TEN: *(calling out)* Not for long! *(she takes off)*

FIFTY: *(calling out)* Wait!

FIFTY moves to go after her and stops. She looks as if she's going to panic and then sits on the ground in the lotus position.

FIFTY: Everything is going to be fine. *(she breaths in)* Everything is going to be fine. *(she breaths in again)* I don't believe a word but if I keep saying it maybe everything will turn out fine. *(she closes her eyes)* This is all a dream, I'm going to open my eyes and Annie'll be making veggie loaf in my kitchen and Tigs will be on the back of the sofa and I'm actually standing in the hall way with my keys in my hand. *(calling out)* "Honey I'm home!" *(she opens her eyes)* Damn.

As she takes in another breath, it's almost as if she is surrounded by the sound of calm breathing. The sound of deep breaths echo all around her. After listening to the breathing for a moment, FIFTY breaks out into a grin.

FIFTY: I forgot how good this place smells.

SIXTY: *(offstage)* Hello?

FIFTY: *(calling out)* Over here!

SIXTY enters. She's dressed to the hilt of beach attire with several large colourful beach bags, a picnic basket and some chairs.

SIXTY: Whooh, I'm all out of breath. Not enough exercise. They say it's never too late to start but there's never enough time and I can never find the motivation.

FIFTY: Me neither.

SIXTY: I guess the day I drop to the floor because of a heart attack will be a lesson learned. *(she gives nervous laughter)* Not that I would wish a heart attack on myself. *(she gives a nervous laugh and clears her throat)* Or on anyone for that matter. It's just that we're so busy with the house and the store.....

FIFTY: There's a store?

SIXTY: Not a store, **the** store.

FIFTY: The?

SIXTY: Uh huh....

FIFTY: The store I'm thinking of?

SIXTY: I'm not supposed to say.....

FIFTY: The antique store? I'm going to buy the antique store?

SIXTY: Uh huh.

FIFTY: With George?

SIXTY: Uh huh, uh huh.

FIFTY: That's wonderful! *(she jumps up and down and throws her arms around SIXTY)* But I'm not supposed to know that.

SIXTY: I won't tell anyone.

SIXTY looks around and motions FIFTY over to the side.

SIXTY: Come here.

FIFTY: What?

SIXTY: Shhhh. Come here. *(she pulls her wallet out of her purse)* Have a gander at that.

FIFTY: Oh. Is this?

SIXTY: Yep.

FIFTY: Oh he's beautiful. He looks just like Annie. Look at that hair.

SIXTY: He's growing like a weed.

FIFTY: She said she's never having kids. Now I know better. Ha ha. Oh what if I don't remember this? Do you think we will?

SIXTY: I don't know. Where is she?

FIFTY: Racing to the hot dog stand.

SIXTY: Racing? Really? That's a good sign. I don't think I could race to the mail box. Is she really racing?

FIFTY: Look for yourself.

SIXTY: *(gazing offstage)* Maybe this won't be so bad after all. Racing.

THIRTY: *(offstage)* Hello?

FIFTY: Over here!

THIRTY enters. She is very pregnant and is expensively dressed. She looks regal, as if being pregnant has elevated her status in the world. She has the lacquered look of the sixties.

THIRTY: Sorry it took me so long. The baby just won't let me walk any faster.

FIFTY: You are as big as a house.

THIRTY: Excuse me?

FIFTY: *(laughing and hugging THIRTY)* I can't believe it. *(to SIXTY)* Look at her! Do you remember this?

SIXTY: Barely.

THIRTY: I don't think I'm quite as big as a house.

FIFTY: Annie is such a tiny baby; I can't believe she took up so much room.

THIRTY: I haven't put on that much weight.

FIFTY: You look beautiful. You're absolutely glowing.

THIRTY: Thank you. We wanted kids right away and *(she points to her belly)* Ta da! Luck is luck.

FIFTY: You're very lucky.

SIXTY: Did you see Hannah out there? She was right behind me.

THIRTY: I think she fell. Somewhere back there.

SIXTY: Oh for Pete's sake.

FIFTY: I'll go. *(she exits)*

THIRTY: Sorry, I would have picked her up but you know how it is, once I get down, there's no getting back up. I can't believe I'm here.

SIXTY: Do you remember this?

THIRTY: Hardly. I don't think about the past so much. Is there a place for me to sit?

SIXTY: Right over here.

THIRTY: So. Where is she?

SIXTY: Racing to the hotdog stage.

THIRTY: Racing? Really. Where?

SIXTY: *(pointing off)* There. You see?

THIRTY: Hmmmm. This is the most elaborate dream I've ever had. Must be the baby.

SIXTY: You think you're dreaming?

THIRTY: I'm lying on a chaise in the sun room. I closed my eyes, smelled the beach and here I am. It has to be a dream. It's certainly not real. That would be preposterous.

SIXTY: Big word.

THIRTY: Thank you.

SEVENTY and TEN enter. They are arguing.

TEN: Just give it a chance.

SEVENTY: I don't want there to be any others. I don't want "others" on my beach.

TEN: See how it goes for five minutes. If we don't like them, we'll send them away.

SEVENTY: Promise?

TEN: I promise.

THIRTY & SIXTY: Hello.

SEVENTY: *(to THIRTY)* You're as big as a house.

THIRTY: I wish people would stop saying that.

SIXTY runs up and starts shaking SEVENTY'S hand.

SIXTY: It's very nice to meet you. Isn't it wonderful out here. All that sky. And the smell. You've chosen a lovely spot. It's always been my favourite.

SEVENTY: Mine too, until a couple of minutes ago.

SIXTY: Yes well, it's wonderful, that's what it is, just wonderful. This spot brings back so many memories. *(to SEVENTY)* Does it bring back memories?

SEVENTY: What is going on here?

SIXTY: Nothing. We're just enjoying the beach and the sand, and the sunny day...

SEVENTY: *(to TEN)* Get rid of them.

TEN: Five minutes.

THIRTY: My goodness. That sun is just beaming, I forgot how warm it can be. Is there any water anywhere? I just need a teeny sip. If I drink too much I'll be dashing to the bathroom every five seconds.

SIXTY: There's some in the basket. Haney, get the basket will you.

SEVENTY: *(imitating)* Haney get the basket.

TEN: Shut up. You could help.

SEVENTY: This was your idea. Let me know when five minutes are up.

SEVENTY stretches out on the bed purposefully oblivious to what is going on around her.

THIRTY: Now, where did I put my hat? I can't sit out here without a hat.

TEN: I'm out here all the time.

THIRTY: And look at you, you're as leathery as a seat cushion.

FIFTY brings TWENTY on. TWENTY is drunk. She looks like a fifties sweater girl gone bad.

TWENTY: Hello everybody!

THIRTY: For heaven's sake.

SEVENTY: Better and better.

TWENTY: Where's the party?

FIFTY: *(with good humour)* I'm going to sit you in a chair ok? Try not to fall over.

TWENTY: Whatever you say baby.

FIFTY: *(with a laugh)* You got it baby.

TWENTY: Hey I like you.

FIFTY laughs again.

SIXTY: What are you laughing at?

FIFTY: She's funny.

THIRTY: She's a peasant.

FIFTY: She's a diamond in the rough.

TWENTY: That's right. I'm a diamond. I'm a big fat diamond.

TWENTY starts to tip over. FIFTY sets her right.

FIFTY: Watch it darlin' you don't want to tip over.

TWENTY: You don't have anything to drink do you?

FIFTY: Sorry. Not for about ten years.

SIXTY: *(to TWENTY)* You're not going to be sick are you? Make sure you let us know if you're going to throw up. I didn't bring anything to clean up vomit.

FIFTY: Maybe we should walk around a bit first. Up we go. *(she gets TWENTY up)*

TWENTY: Whoo. Can you – get the water to stop – spinning?

FIFTY pulls TWENTY downstage. They have a talk without the others hearing.

FIFTY: *(in a whisper)* I have a favour to ask you.

TWENTY: Sure! Which one of you wants the favour?

FIFTY: Shhh. Me.

TWENTY: Ok. Shhhh.

FIFTY: *(fast)* Will you promise me you won't date John?

TWENTY: Who's John.

FIFTY: Your boss.

TWENTY: *(loudly)* Mr. Roberts?

THIRTY: What about him?

TWENTY: Awwwww he's a treat and a half. I wouldn't mind taking his dictation.

THIRTY: What's the matter with John?

FIFTY: Nothing. Never mind. Why don't we sit down. *(she sits TWENTY down)*

TWENTY: Do you have any smokes? Excuse me, cigarettes, I'm supposed to call'em cigarettes. La-di-da.

TEN: *(pulling a cigarette out of her pocket)* I got one. *(TWENTY reaches for it)* Ten cents.

SIXTY: Haney! What are you doing with that?

TWENTY: Ten cents? That's a steal.

TEN: I'm holding it for the minister.

TWENTY: *(she looks sloppily around for money as she talks to FIFTY)* The ladies at the office call them cigarettes.

SIXTY: You're too young to smoke.

TWENTY: and the ladies are always telling me I'm not one- a lady, I'm not a lady.

TEN: Do I look like I'm smoking it?

TWENTY: So who gives a shit if I say smokes, smokes, smokes. I don't have any money.

TEN: Too bad. *(she goes to put it back in her pocket)*

SIXTY: You give that here.

TEN: Get your own.

TWENTY: Am I right?

FIFTY: You're right.

THIRTY: Vulgar.

TWENTY: That's what I'm saying.

SIXTY: Give it here! *(she claps her hands)* Right now!

TEN: Stick it up your ass.

TWENTY: *(to THIRTY)* Who are you callin' vulgar? Me?

SIXTY: Haney!

THIRTY: Just because you come from a certain background doesn't mean you have to act in a certain way.

TWENTY: You mean a white trash way.

THIRTY: You have Xnay the earingsway around the ild-chay

TEN: Jesus Christ.

FIFTY: Why don't we all sit down.

SIXTY: Give me that cigarette!

TEN: Make me.

THIRTY: John says the words a woman uses speaks volumes about her character.

TWENTY: Bullshit.

SIXTY: Haney.

THIRTY: Hannah.

FIFTY: I think we should sit down.

TEN: What are you gonna do, hit me? Go ahead. GO AHEAD!

SEVENTY puts her fingers in her mouth and gives a huge whistle.

SEVENTY: Out.

TEN: Wait.

SEVENTY: You said I could get rid of them.

FIFTY: We just got off to a bad start.

SEVENTY: Looks all down hill from here.

TEN: They have to stay.

SEVENTY: Why?

FIFTY: Please give us another chance. We're not used to being together like this. We're a bit edgy.

THIRTY: I'm perfectly fine. I'm going to wake up any second now.

FIFTY: Haney maybe you should explain...*(she makes a vague gesture)* all of this.

TEN: Ok. *(she jumps up)* So the reason I -

SIXTY: I think an adult should talk.

SEVENTY: An adult? La-di-da. An adult.

THIRTY: Was it always this hot here?

FIFTY: *(referring to TEN)* It was her idea.

SIXTY: We just want to be clear - we want to be clear about what's going on.

TEN: Go ahead. You'll only screw it up. I know her best.

SIXTY: And you think that I don't? I've known her longer than you. Years longer.

TEN: You're nothing like her.

SEVENTY: Can we please not discuss "her" when "her" is right here beside you.

TEN: *(to SIXTY)* Go ahead. But I'm not helping when you screw it up.

SIXTY: *(clearing her throat)* Well then. The first thing I want to do is thank you all for coming. This is not an easy situation. It's bizarre at best and down right weird at worst. Takes a lot of imagination to wrap your head around it. But here we are. A roomful, a beach full rather, of Hannah Millers. It's a very strange feeling I don't mind telling you to be able to look into your faces and know that I've been on the inside of that face. I don't even feel like me at the moment. But we're here and we're here for you. *(she looks at SEVENTY)* In whatever capacity you need us.

TWENTY starts to snore.

SIXTY: Oh for Pete's sake.

FIFTY: She's passed out.

SIXTY: Some one wake her up.

THIRTY: Leave her. She's less bothersome that way.

SEVENTY: Jesus Christ.

FIFTY: What is it?

TEN: Are you ok?

SEVENTY: I get it.

TEN: You do? That's great.

SEVENTY: This whole thing. Jesus Christ.

THIRTY: You're not supposed to swear in front of an unborn child. They can hear you.

SEVENTY: Where the Jesus godamn hell am I?

TEN: I told you, a safe place.

SEVENTY: Does it bring back memories. The beach. Every day at the goddamn beach. What is this some sort of new age therapy? Help me remember, right? I get it. What did you all go through my things and shit?

TEN: No.

SIXTY: She doesn't understand.

FIFTY: Hannah, we are you.

SEVENTY: Uh huh.

FIFTY: I am Hannah at fifty. (*pointing*) Hannah at sixty. Ten. Thirty. Twenty. We're you.

SIXTY: No need to go through your things, they're our things.

SEVENTY: These are some drugs.

TEN: No drugs. No doctors.

SEVENTY: I know a hallucination when I see one. I knew this was too good to last.

FIFTY: (*approaching her*) Go ahead. Pinch me.

SEVENTY: Don't tempt me.

FIFTY: Go ahead.

TEN: Do it.

SEVENTY: Ok. *(she pinches hard)*

FIFTY: Ow!

SEVENTY& FIFTY: Jesus.

She pokes at FIFTY some more. She gives THIRTY a poke.

THIRTY: Not so hard.

SEVENTY: Solid. Goddamned solid.

THIRTY: Of course I am.

TEN: Do you see? Do you understand?

SEVENTY: Not hallucinations.

TEN: We're real.

SIXTY: Do you understand?

SEVENTY: *(sitting on the bed)* I thought I'd seen everything.

TEN: Do you get it?

SEVENTY: Ten, twenty, thirty....Where's forty?

SIXTY: We..... couldn't find her.

SEVENTY: And I'll bet you looked good and hard. Jesus. *(to TEN)* Why would you do this?

TEN: I thought it was a good idea. Isn't it?

SEVENTY: Oh sure. There's nothing like having your rotten life paraded in front of you.

SIXTY: Hey.

TEN: It's so you don't have to go back. I couldn't keep you here by myself. There was too much pull. But with more people, more memories, you can stay and we can race to the hot dog stand and build sandcastles and everything is going to be just fine.

THIRTY: Excuse me; no one said anything about staying.

TEN: You have to stay.

THIRTY: I'm going to have to wake up some time. I'm about to have a baby.

SIXTY: I have to get back to the store.

TEN: *(to FIFTY)* Hannah?

FIFTY: We're doing the best we can.

THIRTY: One of the office wives is throwing a shower for me.

SIXTY: George and I are going away this weekend.

FIFTY: I don't want Annie to miss me.

TEN: You said you would help. You have to help. You owe her.

THIRTY: We have our own lives to live.

TEN: No you don't.

FIFTY: There's no need to get upset.

TEN: You don't care. You don't care what happens to her.

SIXTY: Of course we care.

TEN: You don't care at all.

THIRTY: Haney.

TEN: Don't touch me.

FIFTY: Haney.

SIXTY: Just calm down, just -

FIFTY, SIXTY, THIRTY, TEN, fall to arguing.

SEVENTY: (*singing*) When the glass is full, Drink up! Drink up! This may be the last time we see this cup. If God wanted us sober, he'd knock the glasses over, so while it is full, we drink up! (*The others stop arguing*) This is just what I need. I feel so much better. I can't believe I didn't think of this before.

FIFTY: I'm sorry. We're sorry. We've never been in the same place like this.

SIXTY: We're not meant to be in the same place.

THIRTY: Exactly.

SEVENTY: Exactly. So go.

TEN: What?

SEVENTY: Leave. Go away. Go back to your lives; you're not doing any good in mine.

TEN: They have to stay - you know they have to -

SEVENTY: Go now. Go back where you came from. Will you let me rot in peace?

TEN: We want to help.

SEVENTY: And you're the worst of them all. You're the one who planned this. You couldn't just leave well enough alone. You couldn't be just a friend. You had to be me.

TEN: But I didn't -

SEVENTY: Get out. Don't come back. Do you hear? I never want to see you again!

TEN stands stunned for a second and then exits on the run.

FIFTY: You didn't have to yell at her. She's only a child.

SEVENTY: She's not a child. You're not fifty. You're not pregnant. None of you are anything.

SIXTY: You think this is easy for us? I have two degrees and I'm just supposed to lose them? I own a business and it's just going to slip away?

FIFTY: Hannah.

SIXTY: I didn't want to come. I didn't want to do this and I feel worse for knowing.

SEVENTY: Get out! *(she turns her back)*

SIXTY: Fine. Easily done. Anyone else? *(she exits)*

FIFTY: All right. *(shaking TWENTY)* Hannah? Wake up.

TWENTY: Huh? Is it time to go?

FIFTY: Time to go.

TWENTY: I was having such a good time.

THIRTY: *(looking around)* The strangest dream I've ever had.

TWENTY and THIRTY exit. SEVENTY does not turn.

FIFTY: *(to SEVENTY)* We won't be far away if you need us. Ok?

FIFTY exits. From the opposite side of the stage FORTY enters.

FORTY: Jesus Christ. I thought they'd never leave.

Blackout.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

SEVENTY in the bed, the light is tight on her face.

SEVENTY: *(singing in a panicked fashion)* Hush little baby don't say a word, Mama's gonna buy you a mocking bird. And if that mocking bird won't sing, Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring. And if that diamond ring is glass Mama's gonna buy you a.... *(a spot light comes up on the other side of the stage on TEN)* And if that diamond ring is glass Mama's gonna buy you a.....what comes next? I can never remember. Ma always used to make up the words. They'd change every time. *(the spot light on TEN goes out)* When is John coming? John. My husband? Oh. He always works so hard. Stop fussing at me! When you pull the sheets so tight I can't breathe. I can't. There are too many people here and there is someone else sleeping in my room. Will you get rid of her, please? Why did you let her in the house? Sold it? What did you do that for? I want to go to the beach. Where did you hide my pail? Where did you hide it? *(singing)* Hush little baby don't say a word, Mama's gonna buy me a mocking bird. And if that mocking bird won't sing Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring. And if that diamond ring is glass, Mama's gonna buy you...

SCENE TWO

Lights snap back to the beach. FORTY is crouched in the sand, smoking a cigarette. There is a gun lying in the sand beside her, hidden under a rag bunny.

SEVENTY wakes violently, taking in a huge gulp of air, as if she has been underwater for a long time.

SEVENTY: Breathe...I....can't..... *(she takes another breath in)*

FORTY: I've been watching you.

SEVENTY: Who's there!

FORTY: I've been watching, from the car, from the edge of the rocks, from the hot dog stand.

SEVENTY: Haney?

FORTY: Watching the little love fest melt down. Everybody so happy to be here, as long as they don't have to do anything.

SEVENTY: I can't breathe. I can't breathe.

FORTY: Everybody looking so brand spanking new in their moments of time.

SEVENTY: Where's Haney? Why isn't she here?

FORTY: Everybody except me. I just keep getting shit on.

SEVENTY: I know you.

FORTY: I'll bet you do. Did you hear what I said? Or has your hearing gone too. Jesus. I hate old people.

SEVENTY: I was trying to breathe.

FORTY: It's getting harder, isn't it?

SEVENTY: Where's Haney?

FORTY: You sent her away.

SEVENTY: I never did.

FORTY: You sent her home. So she went. Crying all the way. Boo hoo hoo.

SEVENTY: I didn't mean it.

FORTY: You were upset.

SEVENTY: They were just so loud. And this is so....I didn't mean for her...I was just...I didn't want to see myself that way. I think.

FORTY: It's hard to remember, isn't it?

SEVENTY: I want her to come back.

FORTY: Too late. You tossed her out like yesterdays garbage.

SEVENTY: Damn. Damn! (*looking up*) What are you doing here. I don't want your help.

\FORTY: (*she laughs*) I don't want to give you any help.

SEVENTY: So don't. Go away.

FORTY: I'm not like them. Sheep. Baaaaah. Go away. Poof, they disappear. You can't make disappear. Uh. Uh. Try it. Come on. You know you want to. (*imitating SEVENTY*) "Go away." Oooooooh yes, whatever you say. (*she laughs a harsh bitter laugh*) Just joking. I'm a big kidder.

SEVENTY: I know.

FORTY: That's the real reason they didn't want me around. Too many laughs. Can't have her. Don't want her. She's no good. She's bad. Can't have any bad memories. They're just a-scared of little old me. They're all sitting in the corner with their jaws clamped shut scared I'm a gonna jump down their throats. Back into their lives. What would happen darlin' if I jumped down your throat? It's an interesting thought don't you think? Maybe I could sit in your throat. Cut off your air. Make you blue. Make you die. Isn't that what you want? To die?

SEVENTY: I don't know why I never became an actress. You have such a flair for the dramatic.

FORTY: We're going to have a little chat.

SEVENTY: I don't want to talk.

FORTY: I told you I'm not a sheep. You can't order me away. If I say we're going to talk then that's what's going to happen.

SEVENTY: Where's Annie?

FORTY: (*muttering under her breath*) Stupid old woman. I hate old crazy people.

SEVENTY: Shouldn't she be with you these days?

FORTY: She's in a safe place.

SEVENTY: In the car. Alone.

FORTY: She's fine.

SEVENTY: In the back seat.

FORTY: She's asleep.

SEVENTY: She knows not to leave the car.

FORTY: She's a smart girl.

SEVENTY: Yes she is.

FORTY: I wonder how long it will be before that goes. I hate this place.

SEVENTY: You didn't have to come.

FORTY: I wouldn't have missed it for the world. I'm the most exciting time of your life, don't you think? Much better than now. I'm here to give you a little thrill. A jolt. A little zing with the zapper. I want to see (*she pokes SEVENTY*) if I can send you back to – what did the brat call it? “The Other Place.” What'll do it? (*she pokes SEVENTY*) Is it a word or a punch, or a certain memory? It's a fascinating experiment. Don't you remember being experimented on? Or have you blocked it out? I used to be really good at that. Organizing memories. Deciding what I should or shouldn't see. But now my control button is broke. Memories at full throttle. Do you remember? Can Hannah stay on the porch all night in the rain because she broke a window? Can Hannah live on dry cereal for three days cause Mammy's on a bender? The horror of it all. You made your bed, go lie in it. Maybe I should do the same to you eh? I could take you and that bed to the desert maybe. Leave you all alone and tell you to lie in it. Die in it.

SEVENTY: I like being alone.

FORTY: You really are alone now aren't you? You don't recognize anyone.

SEVENTY: It must be pretty lonely for you these days.

FORTY: I have Annie.

SEVENTY: Just you and Annie driving around. All alone. Living in the car.

FORTY: Oh come on. Don't you remember life on the open road? No responsibilities, no one to report to.

SEVENTY: Have you seen dad yet?

FORTY: I don't have a father.

SEVENTY: Funny. I seem to remember doing all that driving with a little piece of paper in my pocket.

FORTY: You don't know anything.

SEVENTY: All that searching. Sneaking behind Ma's back.

FORTY: I don't have a father.

SEVENTY: Driving by this beautiful two car garage house with a nice family and a swing in the yard and a dog -

FORTY: Why did you have to choose the beach? I hate the beach.

SEVENTY: I like it. The sun is warm. The air smells wonderful.

FORTY: You could have gone anywhere. You could have gone Tahiti. None of this memory beach crap. I could drag you out of that bed and hold your head underwater. You look pretty light. A bag of bones. Maybe I could just start snapping bones. One at a time.

SEVENTY: Why didn't you bring Annie with you?

FORTY: She's sleeping. I wouldn't bring her anywhere near this place. Or near those freaks. They'd take her away from me so fast.

SEVENTY: They can't do that.

FORTY: She's safe, don't you worry about her.

SEVENTY: I'm her mother. I worry.

TEN: (*offstage voice*) Ricky Peterson you stay away from my sand castle.

SEVENTY: Haney come quick!

SIXTY & FIFTY: George? Where are you?

SEVENTY: Come back!

FORTY: (*putting her hand over SEVENTY'S mouth*) Shut up. We're having none of that. This is just you and me. Understand? You've got a skinny neck. I could give it a quick twist and it'd be over before you know it.

SEVENTY: I like my neck just the way it is.

FORTY: Suit yourself. Ma's dead isn't she.

SEVENTY: Ten years now. Lung cancer.

FORTY: Really? *(she laughs)* Good. I'm glad. *(she laughs)* Aren't you glad?

SEVENTY: No.

FORTY: Was it painful? Was it one of those really long drawn out deaths?

SEVENTY: No.

FORTY: Liar. I bet it was.

SEVENTY: I'm not playing -

FORTY: Do you hate her?

SEVENTY: No.

FORTY: Liar. Do you think she's in heaven?

SEVENTY: I hope so. I have a lot to catch up on.

FORTY: What if she doesn't want to see you?

SEVENTY: Then I won't talk to her.

FORTY: Liar. You can't wait.

SEVENTY: I want to know what she was like, before I was born.

FORTY: Yeah she was a sweet young thing.

SEVENTY: I want to know why she stopped talking to her family.

FORTY: There's nothing to explain. She's always been a monster.

SEVENTY: She was a human being.

FORTY: Liar, liar.

SEVENTY: Don't you want to know what she was like as a child? What it was like to grow up

with out a mother?

FORTY: I know what kind of person she is, now. My own personal monster. She's tried to drag me to hell but I fought. I got away. She wanted me to - *(she tries to light another cigarette with shaking hands)* Goddamn hands. *(she lets out a puff of smoke)* I wonder if this is what heaven is like.

SEVENTY: I thought you were going to Tahiti.

FORTY: If I died today, I'd probably end of here. Wouldn't be so bad, I guess. I could play in the sand and run through the water.

SEVENTY: You're not going to die today.

FORTY: I could run and run and never get tired.

SEVENTY: You're not going to die today.

FORTY: Not if you're sitting there, right? Ha, Ha...wouldn't that be funny?

SEVENTY: What?

FORTY: If I died today, where would you be? Where would you and the rest of them go? You wouldn't exist. Poof.

SEVENTY: You don't die.

FORTY: But what if I did?

SEVENTY: You turn out pretty well, you know. You don't have to beat yourself up so much. You turn out fine, Annie is fine....

FORTY: You turned out fine. I'm up to my earlobes in trouble. The ship sinks pretty fast when people start throwing rocks at you.....Goddamit. He was my last chance. I thought...with Annie there I thought I could actually go up to the front door and...I carried that damn piece of paper around for so long. He got himself a whole new family. I saw him, laughing with fat, healthy children. His wife is very pretty.

SEVENTY: Did you get out of the car?

FORTY: No.

SEVENTY: Neither did I.

FORTY: He knew what he was doing the day he walked out. He was the only smart one in our entire family; wiped the slate clean and never looked back. Just like John. Wiped me clean off his slate, didn't he. I spent all that time....for nothing. Another goddamn secretary. *(she laughs)* John could never fool the truly rich girls. I don't exist anymore. I'm broken.

SEVENTY: You know that's not true.

FORTY: I just wish....wishes they're like shards of glass aren't they. Double edged. Oh so pretty from a distance but up close.....John is just like a shard of glass. Real pretty in the light but up close he'll cut you to shreds. I shouldn't be surprised. My whole life has been about getting cut to shreds. Ma's been slinging glass at me for years. Slicing a bit off here and there and now I'm nothing but pieces.

SIXTY: *(Offstage)* Ma I love you...

TWENTY: *(offstage echo)* Love you...

FIFTY: *(offstage echo)* Love you....

TEN: *(offstage)* My daddy's coming back you'll see...

THIRTY: *(offstage echo)* You'll see....

SIXTY: *(offstage echo)* You'll see....

FORTY: *(To the sky)* SHUT UP.

FIFTY: Should I wear the red dress Annie?

THIRTY: Annie?

SIXTY: Annie?

FORTY: *(to SEVENTY)* You make them stop that. Make them stop.

SEVENTY: I'm not doing anything.

TEN: Annie?

TWENTY: Annie?

FORTY: Make them stop!

SEVENTY: What's the gun for, Hannah?

FORTY: You can see that far away? I'm surprised. I thought eyesight was one of the first things to go. I hid it pretty well.

SEVENTY: Under Annie's doll.

FORTY: It's all I had time to grab.

SEVENTY: Ma says she's too old for dolls.

FORTY: I don't care. I'm going to let her stay a kid as long as she wants. She can be a thirty year old kid. She doesn't have to grow up fast, everything's moving too quickly as is... She sleeps with it.

SEVENTY: Why doesn't she have it now?

FORTY: It smells like her. I wanted it with me.

SEVENTY: What's the gun for?

FORTY: Maybe I should kill you quick. Put you out of your misery. Quick and dirty would you like that? Nice and quick and over. Pop. Who would know? Who would be wiser? That's why **they** didn't want me around. Cause I might do you in. I could take a walk to the hotdog stand and let you mull it over. One shot for you. One for me and it's done.

SEVENTY: Hannah.

FORTY: I bought it yesterday. The money's all gone, I don't have any more ideas, so I have to do something, you see? I have to do something, not try, I can't try anymore, something has got to be done. That's why I came. I bought the gun and I thought out here, on the beach, with you.....

SEVENTY: Annie was in the back seat asleep.

FORTY: It's so bright out here. How do you stand all this light?

SEVENTY: I did the right thing, didn't I?

FORTY: He's not supposed to marry one of them. That's not the way the game is played.

SEVENTY: Hannah, you're going to hurt yourself.

FORTY: Out with the old, in with the new. Rumours. She's starting to drink in the morning, can't have that. Old bottle of scotch, new bottle of scotch. Life is so simple. And she....she..... She treated me like dirt.

SEVENTY: Ma was only trying to help.

FORTY: Why does everybody have to make it so complicated? I lost. I had to leave. I did everything for him. What do I get? What do I have?

TWENTY: (*Offstage voice*) What do I have...

SIXTY: (*Offstage voice*) I had to leave...

TEN: (*offstage voice*) What do I have...

THIRTY: (*Offstage voice*) I had to leave...

FIFTY: (*offstage voice*) What do I have...

SIXTY: (*Offstage voice*) I had to leave...

FORTY: She had no right to say that to me. No right. (*imitating her mother*) You're a bad mother Hannah. You're drinking too much. Talk about calling the kettle black. Talk about.... You're not taking care of Annie. I've been trying to help you for years Hannah. What a crock of shit. She was always trying to get up my nose. Trying to screw up my daughter. I wouldn't let her near Annie, no where near. And when I had nowhere else to go. It was the same old, same old.... drag your daughter down, drag your daughter down. Stamp on everything she has ever been, every thing she has ever wished for.

SEVENTY: Hannah listen to me.

FORTY: I had to leave. She was going to take Annie away. I did the right thing.

SEVENTY: I thought it was the right thing.

FORTY: I had to get away. She and John had this big plan. She went behind my back. I did the right thing. I did right. I took Annie away; it was the only thing to do. I didn't have any other choice. John is the bad parent. My mother is the bad parent. Look what that woman did to me.

SEVENTY: I wasn't a bad mother.

TEN: (*offstage echo*) Bad mother.

TWENTY: (*offstage echo*) Bad mother.

THIRTY: (*offstage echo*) Bad mother.

FIFTY: (*offstage echo*) Bad mother.

SIXTY: (*offstage echo*) Bad mother.

FORTY: I'm a good mother! I take care of my daughter. I feed her and make sure she doesn't wear the same shirt too many days in a row.

SEVENTY: I've thought about that night so many times.

FORTY: I can't think. I have to keep moving. Keep moving. I can't think anymore. Can't get a job. The money is running out.

FIFTY: (*offstage echo*) Running out.

THIRTY: (*offstage echo*) Running out

SIXTY: (*offstage echo*) Running out

FORTY: Don't say that. I can't think about that. Keep moving. Keep driving. Don't let them catch me. Don't think about the money running out.

SEVENTY: It's what I've always been afraid of.

FORTY: I have to do something.

SEVENTY: I'm claustrophobic in the open air.

FORTY: And I'm shaking so badly. I can't stop shaking.

SEVENTY: She doesn't understand.

FORTY: And we have to wash in rest rooms.

SEVENTY: Always driving.

FORTY: At night in the rain.

SEVENTY: And I can't take it anymore.

TWENTY: *(offstage echo)* take it anymore

TEN: *(offstage echo)* take it anymore

THIRTY: *(offstage echo)* take it anymore

FORTY: I have to make a change. I have to do something.

FORTY goes to the rag doll and picks up the gun. There is the sound of thunder and a flash of lightening. A storm approaches.

SEVENTY: What about Annie?

FORTY: What?

SEVENTY: Hannah, what are you going to do about Annie? You just can't leave her in the car.

FORTY: Someone will find her.

SEVENTY: You have to go back. You have to take her doll back. You know she doesn't sleep without it.

FORTY: I left a note on the dashboard.

SEVENTY: That's all you left your daughter? A note?

FORTY: If Ma wants her, she can have her.

SEVENTY: Ma never wanted her.

FORTY: I have to do something.

SEVENTY: I missed. Do you hear me? I missed!

FORTY: Annie is asleep in the back seat.

SEVENTY: I went to the dump.

FORTY: She knows not to leave the car.

SEVENTY: I threw the gun away. Hannah! Listen to me. Listen.

TEN: *(offstage echo)* Listen

SIXTY: *(offstage echo)* Listen

TWENTY: *(offstage echo)* Listen

FORTY: I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

SEVENTY: Give me the gun, Hannah.

FORTY: It's too late, don't you see?

SEVENTY: Give me the gun!

SEVENTY lunges from the bed and grabs FORTY'S hand. FORTY drags SEVENTY to the ground. The two remain locked there.

FORTY: Let go. Let go.

TWENTY: *(offstage echo)* Let go...

FORTY: *(to the sky)* You stay out of this.

THIRTY: *(offstage echo)* Let go...

TEN: *(offstage echo)* Let go...

SEVENTY: It's not too late.

FORTY: *(to the sky)* You can't stop me!

FIFTY: *(offstage echo)* Let go...

SIXTY: *(offstage echo)* Let go...

TEN: *(offstage echo)* Let go...

FORTY: None of you can.

SEVENTY: Give me the gun!

FORTY: No!

TWENTY: *(offstage echo)* Hannah...

FIFTY & THIRTY: *(offstage echo)* Hannah...

SEVENTY: Help me!

TEN: *(offstage echo)* Hannah....

THIRTY: Hannah....

FORTY: Leave me alone!

SEVENTY: Don't take me away, Hannah. Please don't take me away!

FORTY runs off. There is the sound of three shots

SEVENTY: No!

There is a tremendous crash of thunder and flash of lightening.

SCENE THREE

SEVENTY is in the eye of the storm

SEVENTY: Hello?

TEN: *(offstage echo)* Hello?

THIRTY: *(offstage echo)* Hello?

SIXTY: *(offstage echo)* Hello?

There is a Lightning and Thunder crash

SEVENTY: Hannah where are you?

FORTY: *(offstage echo)* Where are you?

FIFTY: *(offstage echo)* Where are you?

TEN: *(offstage echo)* Where are you?

The sound of wind and rain. Thunder and Lightning.

SIXTY: Ma. I love you.

THIRTY: Love you...

TEN: Love you...

FIFTY: I've got a date tonight.

FORTY: Tonight?

THIRTY: Tonight?

SEVENTY: Who's there?

THIRTY: I'm pregnant? With a baby?

FIFTY: Baby.

TEN: Baby.

THIRTY: I'm not supposed to get pregnant.

SIXTY: Get pregnant.

TEN: Get pregnant.

FORTY: She's my daughter. Stay away from her!

Lightening and Thunder crash. SEVENTY tries to keep the sound out as it rises to a howl.

SIXTY: Stay away from her!

FIFTY: Stay away from her!

FORTY: Stay away from her!

TEN: Stay away!

SEVENTY: Stop it! Stop it!

TWENTY runs on stage hooping and hollering. She is holding a scotch bottle. She is shouting to the sky. She scatters the beach chairs.

TWENTY: You don't scare me. You don't scare me! Come on! Take me away. I dare you. Take me away!

Thunder and lightening flash. Blackout. The chaotic sound dies and there is a moment of silence.

SCENE FOUR

Lights come up but not so bright as before. It is night. TWENTY is sitting on the beach drinking out of a Scotch bottle. SEVENTY is hiding behind an overturned chair. FORTY is curled up on the bed, cradling the rag doll. There is the sound of waves softly hitting the beach.

TWENTY: *(singing)* Hush little baby don't say a word. Mama's gonna buy you a mocking bird. And if that mocking bird don't sing, mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring. And if that diamond ring is glass, mama's gonna buy you.....

SEVENTY: Hello? Hello?

TWENTY: You're awake.

SEVENTY: Oh my heavens.

TWENTY: I hope you don't mind. I came back. I wanted to come back and talk to you.

SEVENTY: Oh my.

TWENTY: Are you ok?

SEVENTY: I...I was dreaming. I had this horrible dream. I was underwater and I couldn't get out. I couldn't get air. And this woman kept putting my head underwater and I couldn't think straight. I couldn't think at all and she wouldn't let my head up. I just wanted to

come to the beach.

TWENTY: You're at the beach.

SEVENTY: It was so dark. I couldn't see anything and I couldn't hear straight. These voices speaking at me and it all sounded like it was coming through cotton wool. And I couldn't get the wet off my hands. Everything was sopping and dripping and soggy and I hate having wet hands.

TWENTY: Me too. Makes it harder to play with the sand. Everything sticks.

SEVENTY: It was just so hard to breath. I've never had to fight so hard just to breathe.

TWENTY: You're all right now.

SEVENTY: I thought life was supposed to get easier when you got older. I know it's never been breezy but still....Why is it so dark?

TWENTY: It's night.

SEVENTY: Where am I?

TWENTY: It's the beach. It's Ok. You're safe.

SEVENTY: I don't feel safe. Why don't I feel safe? I should feel better.

TWENTY: Here, have a little of this. *(she passes SEVENTY the bottle)*

SEVENTY: *(as she takes a swig)* What is it?

TWENTY: Scotch.

SEVENTY: *(she spits it out)* Blech!

TWENTY: Pretty good, huh?

SEVENTY: Aagh, it tastes like gout remover.

TWENTY: Want some more?

SEVENTY: No, thank you.

TWENTY: Suit yourself.

SEVENTY: It's so black.

TWENTY: I love coming here at night.

SEVENTY: I've forgotten. What are those whispers?

TWENTY: The waves.

SEVENTY: And the smell. How could I have forgotten the smell?

TWENTY: You should smell it when there are bonfires. Sand and wood and smoke....who's that? *(she gestures back at FORTY)*

SEVENTY: What? Hey! She missed. She missed. *(she starts to laugh and jump up and down.)*
Thata girl! *(She runs over and gives FORTY a hug)*

TWENTY: Missed what?

SEVENTY: Oh..... nothing. Nothing for you to worry about.

TWENTY: She looks like hell.

SEVENTY: Well, I've always been pretty good at looking like hell. *(she gives FORTY another hug)* I'm so glad you missed.

TWENTY: Is she ok?

SEVENTY: She just needs to sleep something off. A little sleep can do wonders.

TWENTY: Maybe I should try it. *(she takes a pull on the bottle)*

SEVENTY: You're drinking scotch.

TWENTY: It's my first time. Usually I'm a beer baby, but tonight was something special.

SEVENTY: I'm hiding.

TWENTY: I'm hiding out.

SEVENTY: From my mother.

TWENTY: That's right.

SEVENTY: Hannah?

TWENTY: You should come and sit over here. I've managed to carve out the exact spot where the water comes up over my toes. Come on. I'm celebrating.

SEVENTY: Usually I'm a beer baby but tonight is something special.

TWENTY: I've made a row of sand babies. They're easy to make. Do you know how?

SEVENTY: I used to.

TWENTY: It's real easy. First, you take really wet sand, make sure it's really wet, and you get a good handful, and then you slowly bring your hands together. Don't squish the baby, don't squish her! Softly together. And then when you've got a bun in the oven, isn't that the funniest thing? After the sand is nice and tight then comes the special part. Do you know what comes next?

SEVENTY: You sing.

TWENTY: That's right. You bring the baby close to your mouth so she can hear, and you sing. Not too close cause you don't want to get sand in your mouth. It doesn't taste very good, believe you me, I know. Do you want to sing to my baby?

TWENTY holds her cupped hand up to SEVENTY

SEVENTY: No, I don't think so.

TWENTY: Come on. It's fun. We'll do it together, Ok? (*singing*) Hush little baby don't say a word Mama's gonna buy you a mocking bird. And if that mocking bird won't sing Mama's gonna buy you...You're not singing. It doesn't matter. I sang well enough for both of us. And then I place her gently in the row. Doesn't it look like a trail? Trail of babies. I used to make them all the time. Hour after hour after hour. My mother brought me here when I was little. Dump me in the sand. And if I was still here when she came back, she'd take me home. It was like a game. Like the time she locked me out of the house in the rain when I broke that window. That was a game too. But I was smart. I was a smart kid. I don't know when I got so stupid. I was always there when she came back. Sometimes she was so mad. Do you know how I tricked her? Shhhhhh It's a secret.

SEVENTY: I won't tell. I swear.

TWENTY: Whenever she left me on the beach, I made rows and rows of sand babies. Away from the water. I packed them hard and tight so they wouldn't fall apart. I put stones in

the middle so those Peterman brothers wouldn't destroy them. It was like a trail, just in case I ever got lost. In case I got lost I could always find my way back to the exact spot where my mother left me. The look on her face... *(she looks at the scotch bottle)* well look at that. I'm almost halfway through this bottle and I haven't thrown up yet. That's why I don't drink too much. Two beers and I'm puking my guts out. That's how I know I've drunk too much. Guess I'm still OK.

SEVENTY: You're not OK. You're drunk.

TWENTY: I know. Look *(she beats her fist against her stomach)* I don't feel a thing. *(she does it again)* Not a goddamn thing.

SEVENTY: You've got sand all in your hair.

TWENTY: Hey, you don't have any smokes do you? Excuse me, cigarettes. The old bags at the office roll their eyes at me when I call them smokes. But they're always rolling their eyes at me. "She's that one. Oh it's her." Gossip, gossip, gossip. I don't quite have what it takes to be a lady. La di da. Anyway, I've basically quit, smoking, I've basically quit but my hands won't stop shaking. See? *(she holds out a hand)*

SEVENTY: I quit smoking a long time ago and my hands still shake. See?

TWENTY: Isn't that the funniest thing.

SEVENTY: Hannah.

TWENTY: You have to help me.

SEVENTY: I thought you were supposed to be helping me.

TWENTY: I don't want to go home. She'll yell at me. She's always yelling. I can't take it any more. I just can't keep out of trouble.

SEVENTY: I've been in trouble all my life.

TWENTY: Well ok! How do you do it?

SEVENTY: Do what?

TWENTY: Keep your head above water. I can't do it. I keep getting a mouthful of sand. That's why I bought the scotch. But it just makes it worse.

SEVENTY: Hannah, why are you here?

TWENTY: Want to know a secret? Shhhhh. It's a big secret.

SEVENTY: I know your secret.

TWENTY: I just got off the phone with the doctor an hour ago. I got off the phone, went straight to the liquor store and kept on walking till I ended up here. I can't go home. I can't go to the office. I can't tell my mother, I can't tell John. John. John. John. Mr. Roberts. Can I get you some more coffee Mr. Roberts? Mail is on your Roberts Mr. Desk! Roberts. Did you know people used to think that if a girl had a very hot bath and drink castor oil at the same time the baby inside her would disappear? Just like that. Poof, disappear. Wouldn't that be great? One hot bath, and poof.

SEVENTY: You're pregnant.

TWENTY: I know, isn't that funny? I'm in big shit.

SEVENTY: It's John's baby.

TWENTY: That's right. John's baby. John's big old baby. My boss' baby. I'm a secretary, he is my boss. I slept with my boss. Shhh. Very hush hush. All the time I'm getting ready: "Don't sleep with him Hannah, unless you're sure he's going to marry you." I mean, I'm putting on lipstick and she's all, "If you can get him to marry you then it's all right. If you're sure he wants to marry you then do whatever you have to. But DON'T get pregnant. You'll be nothing to him with a baby and without a ring on your finger." She slept with her boss a while ago. And she didn't get pregnant. And he married her. It's not working out though. But he's a dentist, which explains everything. Always looking at my teeth.

SEVENTY: John always had a fondness for secretaries.

TWENTY: That's right his name is John. John Philip Arthur Roberts. I have never met anyone with two middle names before. I'm supposed to call him John. Mr. Roberts in the office but outside the office I'm supposed to call him John. Like we're close or something. He's really good looking. He has almost purple eyes. I've never known anyone with almost purple eyes before.

SEVENTY: We had one date.

TWENTY: I don't even know if it was a date. Too late now.

SEVENTY: He asked me to go to this party.

TWENTY: With champagne and everything.

SEVENTY: What a mess.

TWENTY: Second hand dress, second hand hair, second hand shoes, second hand trash. Whoop de do. There was this woman who was wearing a rat and she looked down her nose at me. She was wearing a rat.

SEVENTY: I was so excited to be there and I had six glasses of champagne and I threw up all over John and his almost purple eyes.

TWENTY: Very classy.

SEVENTY: He still slept with me, though.

TWENTY: I want to bury myself in the sand and drink scotch. Maybe it will work. Maybe the baby will disappear.

SEVENTY: If only it were that easy.

TWENTY: I had this dream where I was making sand castles only there wasn't any water, so I slit my wrist and used the blood to try and hold the sand together.

THIRTY: *(offstage)* Hello?

TWENTY: It didn't work very well.

SEVENTY: Hello? Is somebody there?

TWENTY: Everything kept breaking apart. So I'd have to keep building and building.

THIRTY: *(offstage)* Hannah?

SEVENTY: Yes, it's me, us, some of us.

THIRTY enters. She is a bundle of nervous energy.

THIRTY: Hello. *(sees TWENTY)* Oh. *(to SEVENTY)* I've been talking to the others; turns out this isn't a dream.

SEVENTY: I wish.

TWENTY: Tell me about it.

THIRTY: I was talking to them and... I hope you don't mind. I came back. I wanted to – I have some questions.

TWENTY: Come on in and join the party.

THIRTY: I thought you'd be alone.

TWENTY: I wish I could live on the beach. All alone with my feet in the sand. I could stay here forever.

THIRTY: I have to talk to you. I've tried to put this out of my mind but I can't, I can't, I....I made a plan. For the first time in my life, I had a plan and I followed it through and I got him. It took eight years but I got him. I deserve this marriage.

SEVENTY: Why don't you sit down.

THIRTY: What? Yes. I should sit down. My ankles are swollen like balloons.

TWENTY: *(singing to herself)* Hush little baby, don't say a word. Mama's gonna buy you a mocking bird.

THIRTY looks over at her former self. She does not look pleased.

SEVENTY: *(to THIRTY)* Do you remember being her?

THIRTY: Do you?

SEVENTY: A little.

THIRTY: I was nothing.

SEVENTY: You shouldn't try to forget.

THIRTY: I remember what I think I should remember.

SEVENTY: Hannah.

THIRTY: I don't have to remember if I don't want to. It was horrible. Lying on the floor, waiting for the ambulance to come, covered in blood. I was all alone. I...was all alone. And Ma, all she could say was that I had made my bed so I could... Well. I don't want to be here if it happens. It was hard enough the first time. I don't think I can go through it again, I can't. I.... *(she takes a deep breath and wipes her eyes. She then takes a long look at TWENTY)* I really had no fashion sense at all did I. No wonder John didn't want to be

seen in public with me. *(to SEVENTY)* I'm happy with who I am now.

SEVENTY: I believe you.

TWENTY: John told me I was pretty and funny and not like any other girl he had ever ever met.

THIRTY: I'd do anything for John. Anything.

TWENTY: So would I.

SEVENTY: Oh boy.

TWENTY: *(looking up suddenly)* You're pregnant!

THIRTY: I know.

TWENTY: I am too. I just found out. Want a drink to celebrate?

THIRTY: No.

TWENTY: You look awful familiar.

SEVENTY: Hannah...

TWENTY: Right, right, I remember. I remember. It was before I got the phone call; I was supposed to come to the beach.

THIRTY: You're at the beach.

TWENTY: Right, right. *(to THIRTY)* You're pregnant.

THIRTY: *(turning to SEVENTY)* Can we talk in private, please?

TWENTY: Hey watch it. Don't step on the sand babies.

THIRTY: Sand babies. I forgot all about the sand babies. Perfect little rows.

TWENTY starts to laugh. THIRTY looks at her in disgust for a second and then draws SEVENTY aside.

THIRTY: *(to SEVENTY)* I know we're not supposed to do this but it's important.

TWENTY: Sand babies.

SEVENTY: John has a fondness for sleeping with his secretaries.

THIRTY: No that's not it at all.

TWENTY: Why, does he have an ugly secretary?

SEVENTY: Hush Hannah.

TWENTY: I'm so tired.

THIRTY pulls SEVENTY farther away from TWENTY.

THIRTY: They're not true are they? The stories?

SEVENTY: What have you heard?

THIRTY: I have to know if they're true. I want to know, so I can change things. I want to change things so I don't have to go through what you went through.

SEVENTY: I don't think you can change my life around. Things have to go the way they go.

THIRTY: I don't want to be her. I've been worried ever since II know I'm not supposed to know.

SEVENTY: So who told you?

THIRTY: She's got my baby in the back seat of her car. She's ruined everything I've done - Everything gone... It doesn't have to be her way. Just because she didn't love John doesn't mean that -

SEVENTY: Oh she did love John. Very much. That was the problem.

THIRTY: I don't believe that for a second. John and I have a relationship and you just don't divorce someone when you have a relationship. He's going to be a wonderful father.

SEVENTY: He bought flowers and champagne.

THIRTY: I have worked very hard on my marriage. He didn't need to marry me. He wanted to marry me. I have become the person that he wants. So she must have done something. That's why I have to know. I have to know.

FORTY groans in her sleep and turns over.

SEVENTY: Why don't you ask her yourself.

THIRTY approaches FORTY as one would a bomb.

THIRTY: She's here? I thought she wasn't supposed to be here.

SEVENTY: She's stubborn. Family trait.

THIRTY: What is she doing?

SEVENTY: Sleeping. She hasn't slept in weeks.

THIRTY: That's what's going to happen to me? I don't believe it. It's not possible. She looks awful.

SEVENTY: It's been a pretty hard day. *(she strokes FORTY's hair with great affection)*

THIRTY: She looks just like Ma.

SEVENTY: A little.

THIRTY: Oh God. Oh God I can't - I don't believe it. Not my life. Not my – *(she turns away and puts a hand to her mouth as if she's trying to stop from being sick.)*

SEVENTY: Take a deep breath. Get some air darlin'.

THIRTY: *(She takes a breath and turns coldly back.)* I'm never going to look like that. Never. I will never - That is not going to happen to me.

SEVENTY: Ok.

THIRTY: You don't believe me.

SEVENTY: I believe you. You're stubborn too.

THIRTY: I have to sit down.

SEVENTY: Let me help you. *(they move back towards TWENTY)*

THIRTY: Away from her. I can't look at her.

SEVENTY: Of course not.

THIRTY: Things are going so well. Why do they have to get so screwed up?

SEVENTY: (*changing the subject*) I like your ring.

THIRTY: What? (*she looks at her finger and smiles*) Oh. I always wanted a diamond.
Everything according to plan. Ring first, baby second. (*she sighs and looks at her ring*) I love the way it sparkles.

SEVENTY: I was always a sucker for sparkles.

TWENTY: You better watch it girlie. Men love sparkly thing. (*looking at THIRTY*) You're pregnant!

THIRTY: (*with great disappointment*) Oh Hannah.

TWENTY: Me too. I don't want to be. Do you want your baby?

THIRTY: (*with a brittle laugh*) Of course I do.

TWENTY: I did it all wrong. Ring first, baby SECOND. Did you do it right?

THIRTY: I did.

TWENTY: Lucky you. I'm so stupid. I never think. I've always known I shouldn't have kids and I didn't think about that at all.

THIRTY: Why?

TWENTY: Cause I'll turn out just like her. I know it. I'll have a baby and poof – I'll turn into my mother.

THIRTY: Don't say that.

TWENTY: I'll open my mouth and hear her in my throat.

THIRTY: Don't say that!

SEVENTY: Shhhhhhh. Don't worry about it. You'll be fine.

THIRTY: Promise. Promise me I won't turn out like her.

SEVENTY: You'll do just fine.

THIRTY clutches her stomach.

THIRTY: Oh!

SEVENTY: Are you all right?

THIRTY: She kicked!

TWENTY: The baby?

SEVENTY: Where?

THIRTY: Put your hand here.

TWENTY: Helloooooooo little thing.

SEVENTY: I love you Annie.

THIRTY: She's got good legs.

TWENTY: You know it's a girl?

THIRTY: I wanted to know.

TWENTY: My ma always says girls are trouble.

Voices are heard off stage.

FIFTY: Hello? Hello?

THIRTY: Who's that?

SEVENTY: Looks like we're getting crowded again.

FIFTY and SIXTY enter. SIXTY has been crying. She looks extremely distraught. She holds a packet of letters. She sits in a chair and doesn't speak.

FIFTY: Oh. I hope you don't mind. I'm sorry.

TWENTY: Come on in, join the party.

FIFTY: We thought you'd be alone.

SEVENTY: I haven't been alone since I got here. Is Haney with you?

FIFTY: She's been sitting by the hot dog stand.

SEVENTY: All this time? (*calling out*) Haney! Haney! I'm sorry! I can't build a sandcastle without you! Stubborn girl.

FIFTY: Actually, it's probably a good idea if she doesn't come over just quite yet.

SEVENTY: What's the matter?

FIFTY: Ah -

SIXTY: It's Ma.

SEVENTY: Oh no.

SIXTY: She's gone. Gone.

SEVENTY: You've got the letters.

SIXTY: I didn't want to cry. I didn't want to feel anything. But it hurts and I can't help it.

THIRTY: Ma dies?

FIFTY: Cancer.

THIRTY: Oh. Good.

SIXTY: You can't say that.

THIRTY: I can and I do.

TWENTY: I do too. I'm glad she's dead.

SIXTY: You don't say that. You -

FIFTY: It's all right, they don't know.

SEVENTY: *(to THIRTY)* Why don't you two go get Haney? Tell her I want her to come and tell her to stop smoking. She's probably been smoking like a chimney.

THIRTY: Fine. Fine. *(to TWENTY)* Come on.

TWENTY: *(to SIXTY)* Do you think she went to heaven?

SIXTY: I don't know. Is there any scotch left in that bottle?

SEVENTY: Hannah.

SIXTY: I'm not going to drink it. I just want to hold it.

TWENTY: *(she gives the bottle to SIXTY)* Here. *(she pats SIXTY on the cheek)* I'm sorry I said I was glad.

SIXTY: I would have said the same thing.

TWENTY and THIRTY exit.

SEVENTY: Janus gave you the letters.

FIFTY: Is he her third husband?

SIXTY: Fourth.

SEVENTY: He makes toilets. Incredibly loaded.

SIXTY: It's poems and pressed roses. Someone gave her roses. Things she wrote before I was born. Letters from her sisters. Christmas cards. Birthday cards. Everything I sent her for the past ten years. I just don't understand. She read them, she kept them, she read them all so she knew I wanted to see her again. She never said one word. She didn't want anything to do with me. I tried to come back and she wouldn't let me. She didn't want me there. She told the nurses she didn't have any children.

SEVENTY: She could have thrown them out.

SIXTY: Even when she was half dead and breathing on machines I was shaking like a kid. Why didn't she want me?

FORTY groans. FIFTY looks up.

FIFTY: Is that.....?

SEVENTY: Yep.

SIXTY: She's here?

FIFTY: She looks awful.

SIXTY: She looks so young. Not so tough. *(she laughs)* I used to be tough.

FIFTY: Last week I got upset because I broke the heel off a pair of shoes. The heel off a shoe.

SIXTY: I get cranky if I fall asleep on the couch.

FIFTY: Not so tough. I keep that bunny in a box in the hall closet.

SIXTY: Mine's in the office.

SEVENTY: So's mine.

FIFTY: Where you can see it?

FORTY wakes up with a start.

FORTY: Where am I? Where am I?

SEVENTY: You're at the beach.

FORTY: What happened?

SEVENTY: You missed.

FORTY: I did? When?

SEVENTY: A while ago. You've been sleeping.

FORTY: I haven't slept in weeks. I.... I don't feel.....Where did it go?

FIFTY: What?

FORTY: I don't feel sick. Why don't I feel sick anymore? Where's Annie?

SEVENTY: She's fine.

FIFTY: Are you ok?

FORTY: My hands are shaking. *(to FIFTY)* You don't have a cigarette do you?

FIFTY: Not anymore.

FORTY: Not any – *(she looks at all three, realizing who they are)* Not anymore? Really? How old are you?

FIFTY: Fifty.

FORTY: Really. *(she grabs FIFTY's hand)* You have to tell me. Is Annie ok? Is she -

FIFTY: She's great.

FORTY: Jesus Christ. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

FORTY grabs FIFTY in a hug. At first FIFTY goes stiff as if she would rather be hugged by anyone else. But then gives in.

FIFTY: I know where there is a cigarette if you really need one. *(to SEVENTY)* I can find out what's taking them so long.

FORTY: She's great?

FIFTY: Fantastic.

They are about to go when SIXTY puts a hand on FORTY's arm.

SIXTY: If you weren't who you were, I wouldn't be who I am. I'm glad you came.

FORTY looks stunned. She places her own hand over SIXTY's for a moment. FIFTY and FORTY exit.

SEVENTY: That was nice of you.

SIXTY: Hmm. There's a word I don't hear too often.

SEVENTY: Oh come on. I'm a very nice person.

SIXTY: This is turning into a love fest isn't it? I didn't want her here. I didn't want to be here. But I knew I had to come back and talk to you. You're the only one who knows...*(she sighs)* What a waste, all those years....

SEVENTY: I wouldn't change a thing. I couldn't. I know. I'm a stubborn woman from a long line of stubborn women. I'd make all the same mistakes and have the same hurts and all the same wonderful things. *(she laughs)* Jesus Christ. I love my screwed up life.

SIXTY: We're not that screwed up.

SEVENTY: We're so screwed up. We've done so many stupid things and to see it in front of me – oh I love it all. And I'm losing it. I don't want to forget. I don't want to be just a shell. I want to be all the mistakes and the hurts and wonderful things....I want to be Hannah Miller from beginning to end. Does it really scare you? To see me like this?

SIXTY: Come here.

SEVENTY: What?

SIXTY: Come down here. We're gonna make sandbabies. Come on. Sandbabies with rocks in them, so the Peterman brothers break their toes.

They both kneel in the sand.

SEVENTY & SIXTY: When they try to kick them over.

SEVENTY: I'm sorry about Ma. I miss her all the time.

SIXTY: I can't believe how much it hurts. I hadn't seen her in twenty years and yet.... Let's make a castle too. If I'm going to be here I want to make a goddamned castle.

The two of them start in earnest. TEN enters. She is carrying a shoebox. TWENTY, THIRTY, FORTY and FIFTY enter behind at a bit of a distance. They watch but are not a part of what happens.

TEN: Hello? Hello?

SEVENTY: Haney?

When SEVENTY sees TEN she gets up.. SIXTY observes for a moment. Then she gets up and joins the others.

SEVENTY: You came back! You came back!

TEN: Of course I did. Why wouldn't I?

SEVENTY: You should have come sooner. I've had to handle everyone on my own.

TEN: Who?

SEVENTY: Everyone! (*she looks around but doesn't see the others*) Where'd they go? They were here a moment ago. They were supposed to get you from the hot dog stand and....

TEN: And what?

SEVENTY: I don't know. Who cares? It's better when it's just you and me right?

TEN: Right.

SEVENTY: You gotta help me with my tower. I never get it quite right. It looks like it's ready to keep over.

TEN: You never get the sand wet enough. It dries out too quickly.

SEVENTY: I know. I know. What's the shoe box for?

TEN: The burial.

SEVENTY stops what she is doing. She stares at TEN.

SEVENTY: Already? Have I been here that long?

TEN: It's time.

SEVENTY: Does it have to be now? I just got the hang of this place. I just got.... I'm not ready...what about my hair? And this nightgown is about ready for the dust bin.

TEN: Daddy always said you have to finish things. Finish what you started, that's the only way you're ever going to be happy. Tie up the loose ends.

SEVENTY: But I need to talk to my daughter. Why didn't you warn me this was coming up? I have things to say to her. And what about the store? And the grandchildren. Oh my, what they must think of me.

TEN: That's why people get so lost. They don't finish what they started.

SEVENTY: Why didn't you warn me?

TEN: You already said all the right things. Annie knew what to tell Tommy and Robert. She brought them down to the beach. With the shoe box. *(she gives the box to SEVENTY)*

SEVENTY: Did she really? This is the one I gave her for her birthday? Does it have everything in it?

SEVENTY opens the box. She doesn't react to the voices.

TEN: This is the box I buried my science class snake in. There wasn't much left, but I drew a picture of him,

SEVENTY: so God would know what he looked like. I should have been an artist.

TWENTY: *(holding the scotch bottle)* I've always been a beer baby but

THIRTY: *(holding diamond ring)* things are going so well and

FORTY: *(holding the rag bunny)* it smells like her

FIFTY: *(holding the corsage)* the flowers still smell

SIXTY: *(holding the letters)* there are poems and pressed flowers

SEVENTY: What a smell. Sand and old scotch and flowers. *(Smelling the rag bunny)* And babies. Annie you were the best smelling baby in the whole world.

TEN: She took it down to the beach and buried it.

SEVENTY: Oh, I love that girl so much....What if somebody digs it up?

TEN: The sand will keep it safe.

SEVENTY: I....will I be able to come back? To the box, I mean...what if I forget things?

TEN: You won't forget.

SEVENTY: But what if I....

TEN: We'll put it in the moat.

SEVENTY: All right. And we'll mark the tower, and we'll put rocks around it so Ricky Peterson will break another toe if he tries to do anything.

The others now move in on SEVENTY and surround her.

FIFTY: When I was a child I spent all day at the beach.

SIXTY: The sound of the waves.

TWENTY: Instead of voices.

THIRTY: I build sand castles.

TEN: No shovel or pail.

SEVENTY: I'm coming!

THIRTY: Oh how I wish, sh, sh

SEVENTY: George? Annie? John?

SIXTY & TEN: Oh how I wish, sh, sh.

FORTY: Closing my eyes to the sky.

SEVENTY: Annie? Where are you?

SIXTY: How I wish, sh, sh, sh.

SEVENTY: I'm coming home.

TWENTY: Home.

THIRTY: Home.

TEN: I wish.

TWENTY: Oh how I wish.

ALL BUT SEVENTY: Shhhhh, Shhhhh, Shhhhh. Shhhhh, Shhhhh, Shhhhh

The last line is echoed by all to sound like waves coming into the shore. The sound fades into nothing as the lights dim.

THE END