

Dead Movement

By

John Patrick Bray

Characters:

Joe Joe, under 40, a mechanic.

Rachel, under 40, a pastel goth

Patrick, 40, a hipster

Chorus role (four characters): Resident, Bicycle Guy, Private Investigator (PI), Police

Setting:

Location: The lobby of the Rosendale Hotel (not to be confused with the actual Rosendale Hotel in Rosendale, NY). There are a couple of couches, a couple of chairs, a big window (possibly a new addition to the old place), and a door with windows. The latter is important.

Time: The play takes place over the course of one month in the not-too-distant past.

Character Notes:

Resident can be played by a man, a woman, or someone who identifies as non-binary. Do what needs to be done with pronouns. The important thing to keep is the off-stage character Carey's gender/sex – Carey is a woman.

The only character who *needs* to be Caucasian is Joe Joe. The other characters in this play can be played by persons of any race or ethnicity.

Although the play was written for four performers, it can be produced with a cast of seven, with the chorus role divided.

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Scenes from *Dead Movement* were developed with the Athens Playwrights' Workshop in the spring of 2014, and had two subsequent readings with APW in 2015 and 2016. *Dead Movement* was further developed under a Rehearsal Grant from the League of Independent Theater in New York (LITNY) at The Times Square Center with the Rising Sun Performance Company (Akia Squitieri, Artistic Director) in October, 2016.

Dead Movement had a staged-reading at Flicker Bar and Grill as part of The Classic City Fringe Festival on October 3, 2017, directed by Dina Canup.

Dead Movement had its world premiere as part of night of one-acts with Onion Man Productions (Chamblee, GA; James Beck, Artistic Director) on Thursday, September 6, 2018. The production was directed by Gregory Fitzgerald and featured the following cast:

Rachel...Amber Neukum
Joe Joe...Matthew Easter
Patrick...Max Goodhart
Resident...Parris Sarter
Bicycle Guy...Jonathan McCullum
PI...Paul Spadafora
Police Woman...Veronica Burman

And the following team:

Assistant Director: Courtney Loner
Stage Manager: Veronica Burman
Stage Hands: Jeffrey Liu, Matthew Easter, and Jonathan McCullum
Set Design: Gregory Fitzgerald
Set Construction: Gregory Fitzgerald and Jim Nelson
Lighting Design: Kurt Hansen
Sound Design: Gregory Fitzgerald and Courtney Loner
Light and Sound Operation: James Beck
Props: Courtney Loner, Gregory Fitzgerald, and Veronica Burman
Costumes: Courtney Loner and cast

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Jane Kroessig

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Athens Playwrights' Workshop

Fred Galyean

John Terry

Jenica Moore

Charlie Cromer

Lukas Woodyard

Ellen Everitt

Danielle Bienvenue Bray

Playwright's note:

New York's Hudson Valley has many places that feel haunted; the kinds of places that invite you to disappear, to become a ghost yourself. When I worked at a video store in the late 1990s, there was an old hotel across the street that fascinated me. Built circa 1850, it was made of brick, and had a large wooden porch with places to sit. The style echoed the Federalist period, demonstrating symmetry and balance. I met a number of people that lived there: college drop-outs, high school rejects, folks that worked well with their hands but couldn't find jobs, and other late night oddities that would start speaking to you as if you were in on whatever conversations they were having in their heads. I dreamed of living there myself, haunting the halls with the spirits of everyone who ever slept there. All that said, any similarities between persons living or dead is coincidental. The characters in this play are mere shadows dancing on the walls of an old hotel.

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Scene One

In the dark, we hear music. Something New Wave, maybe goth from the late 70s early 80s – think Bauhaus, Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Cure, etc. LIGHTS UP on the ROSENDALE HOTEL lobby. The music becomes diegetic – playing from a small radio on the counter. PATRICK enters carrying a suitcase and a harmonica. He sits in one of the torn couches. It seems to swallow him a bit. He adjusts. JOE JOE enters with purpose, wearing a red t-shirt. Grease-stained. He looks like he was born under a truck. His hand is bandaged, possibly from a terrible burn. He turns off the radio and calls to someone off stage.

JOE JOE. Rachel! Rachel! RACHEL!!!! (*Short pause.*) IT'S GONNA HAPPEN, RACHEL!

RACHEL (*os*). What?!

JOE JOE. Car sales! I'm getting an interview.

RACHEL (*os*). WHAT?!

JOE JOE. INTERVIEW! CAR SALES! THEY'RE LOOKING AT ME!

RACHEL (*os*). I'm on the toilet.

JOE JOE. HUH?!?!?

RACHEL (*os*). TOILET! I'M ON THE TOILET! (*Beat.*) TOI-LET!!!

JOE JOE. I'M GONNA BE A SALESMAN! (*Long beat. He turns to Patrick.*) Lifelong dream. I know it sounds crazy. But I've been working on cars my whole life. You know? Getting to know them inside out. My Dad, he was a car salesman, but he, uh, he had the psoriasis. You know? Couldn't do shit with his hands. Tried. I remember being a kid, throwing a football around with him. The damn ball hit his hands and SPLAT! Flecks of blood everywhere. Just...just *everywhere*. I thought he was the toughest shit ever. But that was just a skin disorder. He wasn't tough. He didn't know cars. Me? I know them. Their smell, and I don't mean that new car smell spray shit, I mean, I know each and every smell of every fluid. Even the ones you think don't smell. They do. Heh. They do! (*Regards hand.*) Look at me! See

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that? You know what *that* is? Now that's tough. That's *tough*. If my old man were here, he'd say that's tough. You know?

PATRICK. Ah. Sorry.

JOE JOE. About what?

PATRICK. Your dad.

JOE JOE. What about him?

PATRICK. You said if he were here.

JOE JOE. (*Beat.*) Oh. *Oh!* Nononono, that old bastard, he's still alive. Can't kill him. Tried. I mean, not really tried, just...you know. No, he's alive, just in Florida now, where all the old farts and homos go. I just mean if he were *here* and not...you know, being all geriatric with a sprayed on tan. You Patrick?

PATRICK. Yeah.

JOE JOE. Joe Joe.

PATRICK. Joe Joe.

JOE JOE. Room 314.

PATRICK. Ah.

JOE JOE. We're across the hall from each other.

PATRICK. Great.

JOE JOE. Don't worry, I'm quiet. I'm really, really quiet. Dead quiet. (*To off-stage Rachel.*) TAKING THE WORLD BY STORM OUT HERE!!!

PATRICK. I wasn't worried.

JOE JOE. And where you from?

PATRICK. Florida.

JOE JOE. Good for you, great place. (*Beat.*) RACHEL!!! NEW GUY'S HERE!!! (*To Patrick.*) See this shirt? (*Indicates name tag.*) Tow-riffic Job, for all your towing and servicing needs. I manage. But not really. It's one guy. And he's hard to manage. But I don't own it. No chance to advance. But in sales? People buy YOU. You know what I'm saying? And I can sell myself real damn good. Plus, I already know the cars. I *know* the cars. So, it's me they're gonna buy. Just me. And the industry is getting better. You know what they say: you wanna know how America is doing economically? Look at the cars. And I'm gonna sell the shit out of cars. Just you wait! I'll be bringing the economy right back one sale at a time. Long as I get a cut from the top. (*To Rachel.*) PINCH IT OFF AND GET OUT HERE!!!

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(No answer. Joe Joe gestures toward the back as if saying "I don't know what she's doing back there." He sees the harmonica.) How about you? Like the party life? Like a musician?

PATRICK. No, I'm...I'm quiet, too.

JOE JOE. Good. What do you play there?

PATRICK. Harmonica.

JOE JOE. You any good?

PATRICK. Just a hobby. Helps me think.

JOE JOE. Okay. *(Beat.)*

PATRICK. I won't play it at night.

JOE JOE. Of course not –

PATRICK. I wouldn't want you to think –

JOE JOE. No, I mean –

PATRICK. I'm not gonna disturb anyone.

JOE JOE. I really didn't mean...say, you want a sandwich? They make those, um...bean burgers across the street. Sprouts and some kind of dressing. Sounds like bullshit, but it's actually kind of good. The girl who works there, Carey, she actually bakes all the bread. The bagels are tough as shit, you'll break a tooth. But the sour dough rolls are the *actual* tits. So, I think you should have something like that, you know? Like a welcome to the Rosendale Hotel kind of thing?

PATRICK. Well, thank you, I already –

JOE JOE. Let me get it for you. I'm about to get one myself.

PATRICK. Very kind of you, but –

JOE JOE. No, you stay here. I'm gonna get it. You need to check in, right? Rachel should be OUT HERE SOON! She'll check you in. She's cool. She's kind of gothy, but, you know. Hot. Like, I don't know. Like you wanna look at her and you don't. Know what I mean? *(Awkward beat.)* Not like Carey. She's really cute, but she's got...hair. You know? Hair under her arms like I got on my back. I don't know if I'm making sense to you or not, I just mean the women here. Goth or hippies. You okay with that? *(Patrick shrugs.)* Good, good. I think...*(trying not to sob)* I think we're going to be best friends, you know? You can play your harmonica and I can...*(really holding it back)* Damn. Not supposed to do this...I'll...I'll get you your sandwich. *(He exits. Patrick watches him go off. A moment passes. He picks up his harmonica and starts playing softly. Something like an old Charlie Patton tune. He isn't bad. He isn't great. It's clearly a hobby. RACHEL enters. She wears*

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black. Her hair is bright pastel purple. She has excellent posture and accusatory eyes. It could be that the vial around her neck has actual human blood. It could be something she picked up at a Hot Topic, but it's doubtful. She listens. She starts to hum to his playing. He looks at her, harmonica still in mouth. He plays an odd note as he watches her. She tries to hum with it. Chuckles.)

RACHEL. So. Patrick?

PATRICK. Yeah.

RACHEL. Room 309D.

PATRICK. Cool. 309D?

RACHEL. Yeah. Oh, it's not like a suite. It's just that 309 was renovated, so we made a 309B, and then that got renovated so we had to turn a closet into a 309C, and with 309D basically we took the community bathroom, knocked down a wall and kept building. Look into my eyes.

PATRICK. Okay.

RACHEL. What is your sign?

PATRICK. Yield.

RACHEL. Mine is "caution: kids at play."

PATRICK. Good. I was worried it would be "stop."

RACHEL. Nah. So. Tell me three things you hate more than anything.

PATRICK. Three things?

RACHEL. Yeah, it's this thing I do.

PATRICK. Talking. Being asked to talk. Not knowing how to talk.

RACHEL. *(Beat.)* Ah.

PATRICK. I also hate being rude on accident.

RACHEL. Nah, it's all good. Here's your key. So, you're going to stay here. Permanently? *(Beat.)* Some folks stay a month, some a week, some a night. Others mean to stay a night and stay a lifetime. What makes you want to stay here...like, for good?

PATRICK. Why not?

RACHEL. That's right! Why not? Hell, that's what Joe Joe and I are doing.

PATRICK. Together?

RACHEL. No, no, we're not together. I mean, once. Twice. *(Beat.)* Six years. But. Not anymore. Different floors. *(She hands him a key.)* Any questions?

PATRICK. The sandwiches across the street. They any good?

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RACHEL. No. The staff like sweats into the food. And when you eat it, you're eating like the sweat of all the hippies that ever like lived here. Because like the sweat gets on the machines and it like stays there. And there's a girl there. She makes everything. She uses the same pans without washing them in between bakes. Like the gluten free angel food cake. She does that first. And then she does the like organic vanilla cake and then like the carob cake. And she does all of this with like these dirty nails that get like cleaner and cleaner each time she kneads. And don't get me started on the sour dough.

PATRICK. I promise I won't.

RACHEL. So. You live here now.

PATRICK. Okay. *(He reaches for the key. She grabs his hand a little more violently than intended.)*

RACHEL. Why here? It isn't like the cheapest, and it isn't like the quietest, and it's all communal and shit. I mean, you know you have to help out with like mopping and stuff, right? *(A long pause.)* I'm fucking with you. But wouldn't that be awesome?

PATRICK. No.

RACHEL. Yeah. But, I mean. No one knows we're here. I don't even know how you found us.

PATRICK. Someone hates you on Yelp. *(Beat.)* Can I go now?

RACHEL. Okay. Yes. Onward and upward and like...the stairs. Go onward and upward on those stairs. *(He starts to. He turns to say something. She looks at him. It's a soulful moment. But then it gets all weird because he isn't saying anything. So he goes up the stairs. Joe Joe enters with a big bag.)*

JOE JOE. Hey! Where is he?

RACHEL. 309D.

JOE JOE. Yeah, but. I got him a...*(He starts to cry.)* I got him this sandwich. I mean, I got him this sandwich. *(He pulls the burger out of the bag.)* You see this sandwich? I got it for him.

RACHEL. Bring it to him.

JOE JOE. No. That would be like presumptuous. I'd have to knock on his door. And interrupt his harmonica playing. And then he'd invite me in. We would eat our sandwiches on his single bed. And we'd talk about something. Or nothing. But we'd sit there and eat and listen to the rain. And the sound of each other chewing.

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And it would be all...you know...and that's something I hate, you KNOW I hate that, you asked me the first day I was here, and I told you I hate that.

RACHEL. Yep.

JOE JOE. I can eat both sandwiches. Bean burgers. Sprouts. Dressing. Sour dough. You want?

RACHEL. No.

JOE JOE. When you say "no" to my sandwich, I feel like you're saying "no" to me.

RACHEL. I am saying "no" to you.

JOE JOE. I mean, but not like, "no" to the sandwiches, I mean "no" to my soul. Are you saying "no" to my soul?

RACHEL. *(Beat.)* Maybe.

JOE JOE. Maybe?...that kind of answer drives me crazy.

RACHEL. You drive yourself crazy. I'm just sitting by with popcorn, watching.

JOE JOE. You enjoy it? Watching me go crazy?

RACHEL. No. But, it's the only thing on, so.

JOE JOE. God. I want to smash your face. I want to pull that vial off your neck and force you to drink whatever's inside it.

RACHEL. Blood.

JOE JOE. Is it...is it really?

RACHEL. Come here. Give me your hand. *(He hands her the uninjured hand.)* No, I mean the other one. *(A moment. He places his bandaged hand on the desktop.)* There you go. *(She starts to unwrap it.)*

JOE JOE. Wait, it's still –

RACHEL. It's fine.

JOE JOE. Pretty fresh and all-

RACHEL. Don't worry.

JOE JOE. Gonna be scarred for life.

RACHEL. Probably. Do you need to be a baby about it? *(Long pause. She removes the bandage. She looks at his hand.)*

JOE JOE. It was Gregory. We were tapping a fuel tank in an old El Dorado. The gas had been syphoned, he said. Don't worry, he said. Nothing's gonna happen he said. *(She removes the vial from her neck. She's not really listening. She removes the stopper.)* I say to him, "Gregory! You syphon out all the gas? It all gone?" He says "Yeah, dumbass." If you can believe it. My own employee. Calls me dumb ass.

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(Tries not to cry.) And so...*(She pours the blood over his wound. He watches.)*
And so...uh...so, I got my hand in the engine, right? Looking around for a...is that sanitary? *(She gives him a look.)* So, I got my hand in. He takes a swing at the spike. Hits the gas tank to make the hole. To make the car ready for parts. And like, there's a spark. I see Gregory running before I see the flames. My hand was stuck in there. Well, not stuck. Just. I didn't move it. It didn't register. It burned off my eyebrows, too. I should be dead. I'm not dead. Rachel...why am I not dead? *(She smears the blood around with her finger during this.)*

RACHEL. Look. It's a happy face.

JOE JOE. A happy face. In my scar...

RACHEL. Yeah, look – eyes, nose, mouth. So. You don't have to feel so freakish. You have something watching over you. *(She puts the bandage back on.)* You can talk to it.

JOE JOE. Like Wilson! In that movie! You see it? Tom Hanks and a volleyball!

RACHEL. I've only ever seen him in *Joe vs. the Volcano*. I liked that one.

JOE JOE. Well, if you want to come up. I have it on VHS. I still have VHS. You know why?

RACHEL. You hate DVDs. It was on your list.

JOE JOE. I hate DVDs!!! *(Long pause.)*

RACHEL. Talk to your arm.

JOE JOE. Okay. *(Patrick comes down the stairs. Without his suitcase. Without his harmonica.)* Glad you're here! You almost missed out on your sandwich.

PATRICK. Ah.

JOE JOE. And, Rachel, she's a healer. Look –*(He pulls the bandage off.)* See! It's better already! *(Patrick looks at them both.)*

PATRICK. I need a second room.

RACHEL. For...what?

PATRICK. *(Beat.)* I have long legs.

JOE JOE. Long legs? How about the rest of her, eh? THAT LONG TOO, EH?!
(Awkward beat.)

RACHEL. When she get here?

PATRICK. No, there's no....Can I get one?

RACHEL. Well...no.

JOE JOE. I meant like...TALL! I like tall...I like tall girls.

PATRICK. How about one of the old 309s?

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RACHEL. There's only one 309, and it's yours.

PATRICK. The other three?

RACHEL. No one can live in them. They're not...you can't...they're not...

PATRICK. They don't have to be livable. I know how that sounds. Just...just a space.

RACHEL. Huh. Wow. That's like dark. You're like dark. Are you dark? Do you carry body parts and shit with you? *(Beat.)*

PATRICK. No. I'm just fooling. I was just feeling left out of this...odd place.

RACHEL. Oh. So, no second room?

PATRICK. No second room. Just joshing.

JOE JOE. Joshing! Who says that anymore? Who says "Joshing" anymore, Rachel? Who?

RACHEL. This guy. And that's too bad.

JOE JOE. Why's that?

RACHEL. Because. People who say "joshing." They're on my list. Number two. *(She exits.)*

JOE JOE. Oh, shit. Wow. Burn! Heh. *(Shoves sandwich at Patrick.)* This shit won't eat itself, homeslice. *(Lights change.)*

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Scene Two

Lights resume. It's late. Patrick sits in the lobby reading a newspaper. A RESIDENT sits across from him holding a bottle. It shouldn't look like a bottle of alcohol. It might be a water bottle. He regards Patrick.

RESIDENT. The last shot should have killed me. I don't know why it didn't. It was straight gin. After a night of gin. Beer. Something that tasted like Booberry Cereal. I get chills when I think about it. Not like the chills of recognition, recognition of, you know, someone is crazy about you, too; or like watching a really good movie and realizing you're watching a classic. When it's new. No. More like the chills you get when you're starting to get sick. It hits the back of your head. Your spine. Your nose. Your nose gets it hardest. Toes, they get it too. You'd put on a blanket, but they're not those kinds of chills. I have the medicine, you know? I have something that could just...make it stop. *(He takes a swig from the bottle. Looks relieved. Patrick regards him.)* It's tea. Just tea. But. I like it this way. It helps the chills to go through the motions. Some can't. I also burn lavender candles. I have a handkerchief with lavender oil. I huff the shit constantly. Sometimes it helps with the chills. *(A train whistle blows.)* Freight comes through at 3:45AM. I've been awake for a half hour. Carey will be getting up soon. She still has a job working as a baker. Kept it through college. She gets to go in just a little later because she has seniority. The early days were tough. And free. We've been clean and sober for twelve years. *(Pause).*

Six years, because there was a night.

Four years, because there was that morning.

Three years, because one afternoon someone said.

Two years, because it rained.

One year, because it didn't.

Three months, because I didn't come home.

Thirty two days, because I met someone and for a moment got lost in her eyes and I thought she might feel the same way but she didn't, and that was my mistake, but she and her friend drove me home, and my God I owe them, and I hope no one took pictures, and I hope it doesn't appear on social media, I fucking hate social media, but I can pull it together and call it a migraine, a migraine is all it is, my eyes hurt in the same way, and if they don't, I can pretend that they do and wear glasses, and

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smoke clove cigarettes and be everything you wanted me to be when we were in college and be everything I wanted to be when I hit my thirties when I wrote the great American novel, the text on writing the great American novel, the movie deal for the great American novel with a well-placed cameo that makes folks know I'm the great American novelist, scholar, actor, and personality, and I'll be on Fallon and be hilarious and hang out with Rusted Root and go to parties with Snoop Dogg and it's 1993 and everyone is still alive and still high and still looking forward to the future which promised no baldness no beer guts just endless chiseled good looks that come from honest places in America, summers of eating strawberries and peaches and knowing no matter what happens next we'd be safe because we've always been safe and to take that away would be a lie. *(Pause.)*

Seven hours. It's been seven hours.

And her breath is getting bad.

(Confidentially) And that's the sign, you know...it's the breath, not the [*tracks on the?*] arms, not the shaking...it's the breath. You can't hide that breath.

And I know.

And she knows.

And it's okay. Because as long as we tell each other, tell ourselves. It isn't real. It isn't still happening. We can keep going.

(Beat.) In twenty four hours. I'll have a day. In twenty four hours...I don't know who I am anymore. I don't know who she is anymore. It's like we...disappeared. Slipped away. You're looking at shells. You're looking at shells. *(He gets up and staggers out the door. Patrick watches him through the door, but he doesn't stand. Just sits and watches. Once he's out of sight, Patrick returns to his paper. Rachel comes down the stairs in some form of sleepwear. Should be cute and antithetical to goth. Pink night gown and bunny slippers. Some make-up. It's clear she has been listening to Resident but decided to wait him out.)*

RACHEL. Up early or late? *(He gives her a look.)* Early or late?

PATRICK. Just...just up. I didn't realize you actually live here. I thought you just worked here.

RACHEL. I'm concierge. I'm super. I'm landlord. I'm...I don't know. I want to create an image of me in your head. I live in the basement next to the boiler. I like lay on a cot that's from the 40s. Very squeaky, bad springs. There's a low ceiling, and something somewhere is always hissing. And when the hissing turns to a rattle, I reach over to my night stand, grab a monkey wrench, and clang it against the

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furnace. I wait. It goes back to hissing. I go back to watching my black and white TV.

PATRICK. You have a black and white TV?

RACHEL. No.

PATRICK. And I just saw you come from upstairs, so.

RACHEL. Yeah, not a basement troll. Would be cool though.

PATRICK. It would be.

RACHEL. You hungry? They open across the street in an hour, but I have, uh...Pop-Tarts.

PATRICK. Thanks. I'll pass.

RACHEL. I never see you eat.

PATRICK. You saw me eat a bean burger yesterday.

RACHEL. No I didn't. I saw you fake it.

PATRICK. Ah.

RACHEL. You fake every burger.

PATRICK. Master of the single entendre. (*Long pause.*) My dad owned a deli in Miami. We had a great motto. "If you ain't endangered, you're on the menu." America. (*Beat.*) He made me work the counter. And me and a buddy, we used to always say shit like "here's your sliced panda," or "sorry, no Dodo today." (*Beat.*) It was funnier if you were there. My dad is crazy about bananas. Always talking about bananas. He used to call us bananas growing up. But. Bananas aren't natural. If you were going to eat a banana, that wasn't all GMO'd, you wouldn't be able to. It's all seeds. No substance. No...foodstuffs.

RACHEL. So, you're from Miami. (*A very long pause. As she speaks, she gets herself a paper plate and a couple of cold pop tarts. She will eventually join Patrick in the chair across from him.*) Ah. You want to like, be mysterious but that ship has sailed. Because now, ooooooh, I know you're from Miami. (*Beat.*) It's not like I'm going to google you. "Guy named Patrick, Deli in Miami." (*A longer pause.*) You're just trying to what...like disappear, right? (*Beat.*) That's cool, though. I used to wish I could do that. Disappear. When I was a kid, I envied the children on the back of milk cartons. It wasn't right. I knew it wasn't right. I knew they were in trouble. I knew they could be hurt. I knew they might have disappeared. I don't think...I don't think I quite understood the concept of death. On one hand, yes, I knew death existed. We lived like right between our relatives north and south, so we had all of the wakes at our house whenever someone died. We lost Poppy in 95,

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and I remember watching my Aunt Mary Elizabeth in the kitchen, clutching a bottle of Old Granddad and weeping. I wanted to feel something, but all I could do was like...watch. I was the creepy kid who just watched everybody. I learned how to be fascinated by grief, and to like keep it at an arm's length. (*Patrick chuckles. Rachel looks like she's about to cry. Nope, it's happening. She looks pissed at herself.*) And for my next trick –(*She grabs Patrick's newspaper and throws it over her face.*) See? I'm gone...I'm finally gone...(*Long pause.*)

PATRICK. Crying in front of people. That one of your three things?

RACHEL. Nah. It's too unpredictable. If I made it one of my like three big things then my psyche would get all dickish and make me cry. All of the time. Who wants to see that? (*Patrick takes the paper off her face. She starts eating her Pop-Tart. Patrick stands up.*) Heading to bed?

PATRICK. A walk. (*A very long pause.*)

RACHEL. What?

PATRICK. Nothing, it's just...can anyone ever truly disappear? (*Rachel shrugs.*) Yeah, I don't know either. It's question I've been wrestling with. For a very long time. (*Beat.*) What changed for you? When was it okay to...I don't know...not disappear?

RACHEL. Ha! You really are morbid. (*Beat.*) I think we all kind of want that, right? So, I went to college in the next town over. And I kind of...hated the scene? That's when I got the job here. Being here, like, kept me away from there and also like kept the owner away from here, which is a good thing. Because he kind of sucks. Town hates him. They want to make this place like an historical landmark so no one can live here, but that's not because this place is that old or fascinating...I heard it was like a WPA project, but I dunno. It's really so they can like kick the owner out. But since I'm here, he's not, we can carry on business as usual. Make sense? (*Beat.*) So, anyway, in college, I was trying really hard to do that...notice me/don't notice me thing we all do. But I was also commuting from here which gave me this extra layer of invisibility. I wondered what people might think of me. You know? Was I secretive? Mysterious? I wore a lot of eye liner, too. To add mystique. But, what I realized is that no one actually really looks at each other. Or if we look at someone it's just to make sure they're looking at us in a way that we want them to look at us? And I find that much more interesting, so I watch people watching people. I watch the watching. It's more fun and it takes the pressure off.

PATRICK. You don't want to be noticed.

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RACHEL. Eh.

PATRICK. The vial of blood around your neck?

RACHEL. Oh, that's common sense, when you have a look that works you keep it. *(Beat.)* I think if I wanted anything, it would be to turn into a cat. And sit right there on the counter. And get head scratches from anyone coming in. Curl up near the bell. Open my eyes with severe disapproval anytime it rings. And just...take it all in. You know? That's my number one on my list. Not being a cat.

PATRICK. Cat woman.

RACHEL. More like...cat cat. Here...*(She reaches into her pocket and takes out costume cat ears – she puts them on her head.)* I was going to wear them coming downstairs. Because this feels like the real me. But I was worried you'd think I wasn't like a grown up.

PATRICK. You worry about what other people think?

RACHEL. Yes. No. I don't know.

PATRICK. I think they're great. They look very natural on you.

RACHEL. Stop.

PATRICK. But, it really doesn't matter what I think. *(A long pause, going from comfortable to slightly awkward, like something should happen.)* Okay. Good night.

RACHEL. Good morning. *(Patrick exits. He looks one way, clearly decides not to go that way, and goes the other. From off stage we hear Joe Joe scream.)*

JOE JOE (os). Fuck you, Carey! I hate your fucking bagels anyway! *(Joe Joe races past the window. The Resident follows after him. Rachel watches, half interested. She eats her Pop-Tart. She goes to the window and continues watching the outside world as if it's a television set. Lights fade.)*

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Scene Three

Lights Resume. It's the next day, late in the evening. Patrick sits in the lobby reading a paper. He looks more comfortable. Rachel enters in goth attire – no pastels. Real Goth. Whatever that means to you. Just realize she is legit, and boy does she know it. A clatter from upstairs. Rachel and Patrick look up, at each other, then up again. Down comes BICYCLE GUY. With his bicycle. He's having trouble on the stairs. He's in full bicycle outside gear, but he's also wearing an ENORMOUS backpack which is really messing with his balance, AND he's holding a suitcase, like he's going to some fancy meeting if he. Could. Just. Get. Down. The. Stairs. To. The. Desk. He makes it.

BICYCLE GUY. Woo! Ha! That was tough. I didn't think I was going to make it. *(To Patrick.)* Did you think I was going to make it? Ha! Whatcha reading there?

(Patrick holds up the paper.) Killer, dude! I love the news! Anything good going on?

PATRICK. A ninety-year old was brutally murdered by her care-giver. *(Pause.)*

BICYCLE GUY. Okay. Rough. A rough day for news.

RACHEL. Jesus. That really happen?

PATRICK. I wouldn't make that up. And it looks like the care-giver had been repeatedly abusing them. So.

RACHEL. Repeatedly? Man. And you know someone noticed. Like something was wrong or abuse was happening. I mean, if it was repeated, if the action was like...predictable. Why would anyone stay silent? I mean...leave it to humanity to like *not* do the right thing.

BICYCLE GUY. The world, man. The world! Heh. I'm going to go out and see a little of *your* world today.

RACHEL. Checking out?

BICYCLE GUY. Yep. All set. Cycling. *(Holds up suitcase.)* Meeting! And *(shows bag)* ready and packed for the next adventure which will take me south to Charlotte. Big meeting there, too. Lots of meetings.

RACHEL. Good.

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PATRICK. It's a little late to check out, isn't it? Didn't you have to pay for the day?

RACHEL. We have an hourly rate.

PATRICK. Ah.

BICYCLE GUY. Yeah. That's why I came here, man! No place else understands my schedule. But you...you get me. You really get me.
(Awkward pause.)

RACHEL. We have complimentary donuts. They've been out since this morning.

BICYCLE GUY. Oh, some other time. I'm on a juice cleanse. You ever try it?

RACHEL. Yeah. But with bacon.

BICYCLE GUY. Bacon cleanse?

RACHEL. Only eating one thing. If I'm gonna do it, it's gotta be bacon.

BICYCLE GUY. Well, that's not a cleanse. I mean, with a cleanse you don't stop eating. I do like tofu bacon every once in a while. With kale. Tofu bacon and kale. It smells amazing! A little musky, but amazing!

RACHEL. Right on.

BICYCLE GUY. So, I'm checking out now, and um...since it's early, I...I'm wondering...I'm going to go see the sunset. You want to come with me? Or...or not...what time do you get off?

RACHEL. Oh. Um.

BICYCLE GUY. We could...

RACHEL. I...um...you're hot.

BICYCLE GUY. Ha! I know!

RACHEL. But...I'm going to say the wrong thing sooner or later. Might as well be now. Have you ever read Proust? He says, "Love is a striking example of how little reality means to us."

BICYCLE GUY. He also says, "A soulmate is an ongoing connection with another individual that the soul picks up again in various times and places over lifetimes."

RACHEL. Okay, let's apply logic. I look like a girl you liked. I'm an atheist, so I don't believe in anything metaphysical beyond this...so, using reason...the other times and places over a lifetime...an earthbound lifetime...I remind you of someone you may have had some connection

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with and now that it's possible that I'm just a quick overnight stop on the way to Charlotte – hard to get to North Carolina from here, but whatever – then I'd have to say you're using Proust to relive some great moment, or play out some fantasy with...I didn't get her name. What's her name?

BICYCLE GUY. Well...she...no, there isn't...Emily.

RACHEL. Go, find Emily. Eat vegetarian. May your piss smell like asparagus, and your co-showers focus on things other than cleaning.

BICYCLE GUY. Oh...am...am I checked out?

RACHEL. You are.

BICYCLE GUY. ...whatever. *(He has a hell of a time getting out the door. Rachel and Patrick both move a couple of times as if they want to help, but don't. He's gone.)*

RACHEL. *(Softly to Bicycle Guy.)* I love you...*(to anyone.)* God, I need to get laid. *(Beat.)* What the hell is wrong with you? Reading a story like that out loud?

PATRICK. It's what I was reading.

RACHEL. What's that on the cover?

PATRICK. Uh...teacher shoots self in classroom?

RACHEL. No, below it.

PATRICK. Oh. Something about a wolf seen in town.

RACHEL. Yeah, I heard it last night. Did you hear it?

PATRICK. No.

RACHEL. *(Beat. Still feeling awkward.)* Do you have “tell me” tattooed on your forehead? Because. I don't know. When I'm tired and not thinking, I just kind of talk on and on and on and on. And, uh....

PATRICK. You apologizing for talking to me?

RACHEL. Not really. It's more like...well, it's kind of like telling someone about a dream. The other person is only interested as long as they had some prominent part in it. You know?

PATRICK. Why do I feel like I've met you before?

RACHEL. Oh, go ride a bike!

PATRICK. Ha.

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RACHEL. I think there's something to that, though. What I said to bicycle guy. We meet everyone more than once, but like, through other people. It's not like a life-backslash-death-backslash-God thing. It's more like a soup. Right? And we're all in the soup, and sometimes you see something and it was like part of something else, and had a connection to something else, which was connected to something else. And it all mixes together, and all has an effect. Which reminds us that we're alive.

PATRICK. Which is why you wear blood.

RACHEL. Yep. And why you wear dead people's clothes and play dead people's songs.

PATRICK. Clothes?

RACHEL. Vintage store?

PATRICK. Thrift shop.

RACHEL. Popping tags.

PATRICK. I don't know the reference.

RACHEL. Doesn't surprise me. You're reading a newspaper. An actual newspaper. Who does that? You're not even doing like the crossword or something. So...

PATRICK. So. Dead people clothes?

RACHEL. Yep. Dead people clothes.

PATRICK. Ah.

RACHEL. So, you look like everyone I ever met. And I could be like the ghost of your ex here to haunt you.

PATRICK. She's alive.

RACHEL. What's that got to do with haunting people? It's soup, man. Listen to the soup. (*Beat.*) Do you really need an extra room?

PATRICK. No, I was just –

RACHEL. Joshing, right. Because...the wolf I heard. It could have been a dog. And the sound...could have been coming from inside. You don't have a dog, do you?

PATRICK. No.

RACHEL. Because I don't think we could just tuck him away or her away in an extra room without being like...I don't know. Someone

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would notice. And if the historical society is right, then the last thing they need is scratches on the door, on the floor. Dog poop.

PATRICK. If I had a dog, it would be housetrained. But no, I don't have a dog. I'm actually allergic. Which is ironic.

RACHEL. Ironic? How so? (*Joe Joe enters, wearing his mechanic's duds but looking really shaky.*)

JOE JOE. I can't...I can't even...I *literally* can't even...

RACHEL. What?

JOE JOE. I got to the bakery just as they were closing, and...and like...and um...Carey, she says...she's says I'm cut off. No more free sandwiches. After all I've done for her car and shit. I'm cut off!

RACHEL. Dude. They're sweat sandwiches.

JOE JOE. But, it's a world of NO! I mean, all around me, a world of NO! PATRICK! HOW DO YOU FUCKING LIVE IN A WORLD OF NO!!!!

RACHEL. Dude. Relax. Sweat sandwiches.

PATRICK. There are other places.

JOE JOE. You know how hard it is to run a garage? How much love goes into the cars? How much...how much work? Blood, sweat, tears, blood!

PATRICK. So. No more sandwiches.

JOE JOE. I'm gonnna get revenge.

RACHEL. You can't get revenge. It's against policy. You get revenge, you know what happens? You get kicked out. The dude that owns this place owns that place.

JOE JOE. I bet he gets free food. Fucking owners.

RACHEL. Yeah, fucking owners. Here we are.

JOE JOE. Here we are. WHAT DO WE DO?!?!?!?

RACHEL. Keep reading the paper. Keep watching YouTube. Complain on social media.

JOE JOE. THERE'S NO SIGNAL HERE! THERE'S SIGNAL ACROSS THE STREET! HOW DO I CHECK MY EMAIL IF I CAN'T EAT AT THE SAME TIME?

RACHEL. We have signal.

JOE JOE. WE NEED TO DO SOMETHING!

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PATRICK. Revenge isn't good, Joe Joe.

JOE JOE. What do you know about revenge? HUH?!

PATRICK. Precious little.

JOE JOE. REVENGE MAKES YOU SEEN! It gives your...your FACE a VOICE! Who doesn't want that, HUH? Who doesn't want to say I AM HERE AND YOU ARE LOOKING AT ME NOW?!

PATRICK. I don't.

JOE JOE. That a fact? *(Long pause.)* THAT A FACT?

PATRICK. Pardon. Got...stuff to check. *(He stands. Joe Joe blocks his way.)*

JOE JOE. You tell me right now if that's a fact.

PATRICK. I don't know how to answer you. I don't know what you want to hear. I don't know what to say. This is on my list.

JOE JOE. Your...your list? *(Joe Joe looks at Rachel.)*

RACHEL. Yeah, it's on his list. He hates being asked if something is a fact.

JOE JOE. Fine. Okay. Fine. It's just. I thought we were friends.

PATRICK. I don't know you well enough to be a friend yet. But maybe we could be. I don't know.

JOE JOE. Right. *(Tries not to sob.)* Right. Not friends yet. It was just a sandwich to you! *(Joe Joe storms out. We hear him scream in the street.)*

RACHEL. He's going to get kicked out.

PATRICK. Don't you get to make those decisions? Who stays, who goes?

RACHEL. Not really.

PATRICK. Huh. I do kind of wish I could do something for him.

RACHEL. Why?

PATRICK. Well. He did get me a sandwich. And. You know. He's important to you, so. You put your blood on him. That means something, right?

RACHEL. Dude. I just did it to do it.

PATRICK. ?

RACHEL. Sorry, but I did. I did it to do it. He's always like...going off, and like...I dunno. He was running around in the street last night getting chased by Carey's boyfriend.

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PATRICK. Shit.

RACHEL. Yeah. The guy lives here. You met him last night. That's Carey's boyfriend. I kind of eavesdropped, but didn't want to, you know, get trapped.

PATRICK. I don't blame you. He was drinking like he lost his country.

RACHEL. (*A genuine chuckle.*) Yeah. I mean, he's okay. He and Joe Joe actually get a long really well, but...he has to put on a show because, you know. Joe Joe Can't Be Talking to His Woman That Way. So, he chases Joe Joe around like a Tom and Jerry cartoon. Doesn't catch him, because...you know, he wouldn't actually do anything about it. Like, what would a dog do if it actually caught a moving tire on a car? (*Beat. Patrick reacts.*) Joe Joe. There was a time when...ah. Storms make for strange bedfellows.

PATRICK. Rachel. Do you....?

RACHEL. Do I...?

PATRICK. Do you want to have sex?

RACHEL. ?!

PATRICK. I'm sorry, I just thought –

RACHEL. What did you think?

PATRICK. I'm sorry –

RACHEL. Because I dress this way I'm like all sexual and said I needed to get laid you think that what –

PATRICK. You can bleed me. (*Long pause.*) That...that kind of stuff never bothered me. I'm lonely too, okay. (*Pause.*)

RACHEL. How do you know I'm lonely? (*Patrick shrugs.*)

PATRICK. I watched a movie last night. This morning. After my walk. *Shakespeare in Love*. It was a VHS in my room. I remember seeing it in the theatre. It was hot. I was sitting next to a girl who got all...she was clearly turned on. I was turned on. We didn't know each other. But we were both breathing heavy. During the hot scenes. And so, we breathe heavy and look at each other. Her ears were like burning. My ears were burning, too. It's a giveaway. So, we sit next to each other, burning and stuff. When we leave, I look at her. She looks at me. And we say nothing. It was cold. Our ears still burning under our hats. I say everything I can with my mind. She moves towards me. I move towards

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her. Then a car honks, she sees some friends. She looks back at me, shrugs a little, leaves. So. I decided from that moment on if I ever thought about something like sex when I'm feeling really lonely, I'll ask. And if the answer is *enthusiastic consent*, then...there we go. If it isn't, I apologize and go back to my paper.

RACHEL. That's your plan?

PATRICK. Yes.

RACHEL. To apologize and go back to your paper?

PATRICK. Yes.

RACHEL. Sounds like a plan.

PATRICK. Okay. (*Beat.*) I am truly sorry for offending you. I hope this too will pass. (*He sits down. He goes back to his paper. A really long time passes. The sun sets.*)

RACHEL. I really thought that you'd go upstairs.

PATRICK. Why?

RACHEL. Because this is awkward.

PATRICK. Oh. Is it?

RACHEL. Yeah. It is.

PATRICK. I didn't mean for it to be.

RACHEL. Well, I mean...YOU should feel awkward. I'm fine. (*A moment. She chuckles.*) Seriously? "I'm looking for someone who is depressed and sexually adventurous." Does that even work?//

PATRICK. //I didn't say that.

RACHEL. //you sort of did.

PATRICK. Oh. Yeah, that's kind of terrible. Okay. I should probably head up-

RACHEL. Were you serious?

PATRICK. About sex?

RACHEL. Bleeding.

PATRICK. Yes.

RACHEL. Why? That lonely?

PATRICK. Yeah.

RACHEL. Don't you work? Have office mates or, I don't know...people you could meet there?

PATRICK. No, I don't have a job.

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RACHEL. You pay in cash.

PATRICK. Yeah.

RACHEL. So...you have a suitcase full of cash. (*Long pause.*) Am I right?

PATRICK. Okay. (*He stands up to leave.*)

RACHEL. Wait! (*He turns around. She stands tall, a decision has been made. She turns to the radio. She turns it on. A song such as "The Weight" by The Band plays.*

She approaches him. She looks at him. He just stands there. She gives him a look as if to say "what?" He looks at her as if to say "what what?" It's like this for a moment. She finally says something.) This is something we can do. (*She takes his hands. They start dancing a little. It's kind of clunky at first. Neither are good. But they find a rhythm. They enjoy it. It's good to be close. It's good to feel. They stop. They look at each other. Close as if they will kiss. They both break and laugh a little. They keep dancing. She speaks.*) I don't like...wanting things. I don't like needing things. It makes me feel...juvenile.

PATRICK. (*Beat.*) Like middle school. Like you need something, but if you ask, it gets weird so you don't ask. I guess that's why I asked. I don't know. (*Beat.*) This is nice.

RACHEL. You really would let me bleed you. Practically a stranger. (*He smiles. He kisses her. A beat. She kisses him back. As they slowly find kisses she puts something metallic on her finger. Long and sharp. She shows it to him. He nods. She opens his shirt. She presses it into him.*) You're really going to let me?

PATRICK. I mean...you've done this before, right?

RACHEL. Well, I mean...sorta?

PATRICK. Sorta?

RACHEL. Joe Joe. I put it and only pressed it on him. It didn't draw any blood. He kind of freaked. This is number three on his list. (*Beat. Struggles.*) God. It's not an act. I'm not an act. It's just. I mean...I think I'm bluffing. (*He guides her hand. It cuts his chest. He takes blood and rubs it on her mouth. He gets more and puts it on her nose. He then dabs a little on her eyelids.*)

PATRICK. Happy face. (*She looks at him. She relaxes.*)

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RACHEL. Happy face.

PATRICK. Let me see your vial. (*She brings it to him. He presses it against his chest. It catches a little. It's not like full but there's definitely a little. He puts the stopper on. Hands it back to her. She chuckles. It's kind of romantic and kind of gross. They kiss. It's tender. Stars come out. Joe Joe appears in the window dragging something heavy. He looks in the window. He reacts...it can't be! He takes in what's going on. He sobs. He's finally broken. They continue to kiss. They dance, they kiss. They dance. There's a sense they could do more, but they don't. The dancing is slow and gentle...albeit, there is human blood involved. Like visible blood. So, it's kind of sweet and, for those not in on the experience, kind of gross.*)

JOE JOE. (*barely audible*) Lights fade on the scene. Lights fade on the scene. Lights fade on the scene. Please...God, please...(*Rachel and Patrick go behind the counter. Joe Joe continues to watch. They're dancing, and kissing. Nothing more, but G-d, it hurts to watch. Joe Joe collapses. He undoes the bandage and looks at his hand, specifically where Rachel drew the "happy face" earlier. He addresses it.*) I'm going to call you Will Will. Okay? You can be my Will Will. A happy faced Will Will. I shouldn't say that too many times. I could get sued. It's an intellectual property thing, you know? Spielberg could come here and cut off my arm. Then, how could I fix anything? Sell anything. But with you? I can keep long sleeves. No one will hear me talking to you. What do you think of that new guy? Yeah, I don't know. You might be right. But, he doesn't seem her type. No, he doesn't. NO. HE DOESN'T. STOP! YOU THINK I CAN'T COMPETE? YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH MY LOOKS?!!! HUH!?! WELL...WELL...YOU'RE JUST A GODDAMN LIMB!!! (*Joe Joe stands up and puts his ear to the door. The song ends. The spell is broken. Rachel turns off the radio.*)

RACHEL. Okay. Okay. Now you need to go upstairs.

PATRICK. Why?

RACHEL. Joe Joe's outside. He watched us and now he's crying. I should tell him something to make him feel better.

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PATRICK. Oh. Okay. Yes. Okay. (*Patrick goes upstairs. Rachel opens the door. Joe Joe regards her. He stands up slowly and enters with a GIANT BAG of bread stuffs – bagels, rolls, etc.*)

JOE JOE. I got my revenge. See this? Dumpster diving. The farmers sometimes get it. The homeless kids. The junkies. The...the Rabbi. I've seen him get them, too. For the community center. But this...this is all I can give you. And you...you did this to me on purpose, didn't you? Tell me...why should I consider sharing this with you now?

RACHEL. Jesus, Joe Joe.

JOE JOE. (*Surprisingly quiet*) You tell me right now...why shouldn't I shove this whole bag down your goddamn throat? (*Joe Joe towers over her. For once, this isn't just one of his explosions. There's real menace in his eyes. He could hit her. He could kill her. A tense moment.*) What makes him so special? He rich?

RACHEL. (*Matter-of-factly*) He has a suitcase full of money. (*Long pause.*)

JOE JOE. Patrick does? (*Beat. Rachel realizes she should not have shared this news.*) Huh. Doesn't need to work. Won't burn his hands. He's bored. He's a bored bored man. There's nothing to him. I thought he was deep but he isn't. He's an over privileged rich kid.

RACHEL. He's forty. (*Beat.*) His birthday is on his license. (*Beat.*) I had to look at his license when I checked him in. (*Beat.*) STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT!

JOE JOE. FORTY! Forty. Oh. Forty, huh? Oh, he's *that* guy. Forty. Irresponsible. Noncontributing nothing. Look at me! I'm not forty. You're not forty. He's forty. He had his chance. It's gone now because he's forty. Forty is the beginning of the end. You see? He's **this** much closer to the end. We're not close. He's close. And here we are here we are here we are. (*Beat.*) So...what, am I supposed to do here?

RACHEL. Be mad at me if you want. But, I mean. It's been over a long time. Don't be like mad at him. You want him to be your friend.

JOE JOE. Not now. How can...how can he be? Don't you remember what's number one on my list?

RACHEL. You...can't be friends with someone...who dances with your girl. Joe Joe...

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JOE JOE. No! NO! I FEEL YOU WATCHING ME, WATCHING ALL OF US! GOD! Everyone in this life gets like this...this chance, this super CHANCE for love, for...for people to like...look at them, and who do I get...YOU...HIM...who do I get?

RACHEL. Joe Joe. Stop. He's just some guy who wants to disappear. He's like us.

JOE JOE. Like us? I don't want to disappear! I look like someone who wants to disappear? HUH! Someone wants to disappear this bad. You know? Maybe we could help him. Maybe he's here as a...what do you call it...a sign. Maybe what I saw tonight, Rachel...*(He gets real close.)*...was just a sign. We all benefit from this. Look at me and tell me I'm wrong. *(She can't look at him. He removes a bagel out of the bag. He hands it to her.)*

RACHEL. This is like...what, symbolic?

JOE JOE. Yeah. Yeah it is. It's a metaphor. That you put in your mouth. Just like all bagels.

RACHEL. I'm not going to – *(He glares at her. Is he...could this get dangerous? She takes it. She attempts to bite it. It's really hard. He watches her. She eventually gets a bite. Chews. Stops. Puts her hand to her mouth. He continues to watch her in suspense. She eventually starts chewing again. He nods in approval. There's a crack of thunder. Rain comes down hard.)*

JOE JOE. I think...I think God just told us it's okay.

RACHEL. What's okay?

JOE JOE. Stay downstairs. For once, just trust me on something. *(Joe Joe exits. Rachel waits. Bicycle Guy runs by the window in the rain. He's covered in mud and having All the Trouble managing his bike and various bags.)*

BICYCLE GUY. Fucking rain! Fucking...RAIIINN!!!!!! *(We hear the muffled sound of talking come from upstairs. A brief struggle. And a thud. Then, an ALARMING thud, clatter, and a couple of voices. Rachel looks concerned. Joe Joe enters carrying the suitcase. He's full of lightning, but he's also crying.)*

JOE JOE. See? See, I can do things. I can do things. I can get revenge. I can do things. Soon, you'll all see. I can do anything and everything.

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RACHEL. Oh, God...

JOE JOE. He went out the window.

RACHEL. Oh, God...

JOE JOE. Three floor drop! BAM! And...I think I killed some bicyclist!

RACHEL. Oh, no! (*She runs out.*)

JOE JOE. What, you want to *do him, too*?! Huh. Two in one special. Two in one special. Oh, God. He wasn't a bad guy. He wasn't...I don't know about the bicycle guy, I hate people that ride bikes they take up too much of the road and we're supposed to be courteous but they never give us an inch, do they? FUCK THE BICYCLE DUDE! (*Beat.*) Shit. Patrick really wasn't, but. I can do things. When you want people to see you, like really see you. You do things. Rachel, look at me. See me. (*He holds up the suitcase.*) You know what he was doing up there?! He was packing Rachel. He was PACKING! He was going to leave you...I would never *leave*...I want to...why can't everyone just...He's probably still lying there! (*Beat.*) I'm not...I'm not...I'M NOT CALLING AN AMBULANCE! (*Beat.*) Should I call an ambulance? (*Sounds of sirens off stage.*) DID YOU CALL AN AMBULANCE? (*Quick beat. He tries to open the suitcase. Has trouble. Basically shakes it open. A bunch of loose money falls out and some kind of bones.*) Actual what-in-the-what?!?! (*He holds up one of the bones. It's not a bone.*) Rawhide. Rawhide. He have a dog? (*The sound of a wolf cry in the distance. Joe Joe reacts.*) See? See?! A sign from the cosmos. You are visible. You. Are. Loved. (*Lights fade.*)

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