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*This play is dedicated to the memory of Jonathon Zablutney.*

## **Cast of Characters**

*(All between 19 and 21 years of age:)*

LEE, low-key and slightly contemplative, at a cross-roads

FLACO, practical with something of a slacker-philosopher air,  
at ease with himself

CORY, spirited. And a bit dramatic, genuinely so. Not camp.

KAYLA, intelligent, warm, dynamic yet tentative at one and  
the same

MONICA, impulsive a bit high-strung, slightly confused, but  
well-meaning

LESLIE, naturally flirtatious, confident with buried insecurity

DANIEL, has been through a lot in life, has a Romantic streak,  
from South America

## **Place**

Luna Park\*: the sky, the cliffs, the ocean, the bandshell, the  
Victorian pool, the rides, the grove, the runner's path, the lem-  
onade & ice cream stand, the other path.

And several interior locations, suggested simply.

## **Time**

*Act I:* Summer. The recent past (before), and the present (after).

*Act II:* Later the same summer. In the moment between time,  
and the present (after).

## **Author's Note**

This play may be performed with six actors. If so, then the ac-  
tor playing CORY also plays DANIEL. Melody to the original  
song featured in the text can be obtained by contacting the  
author, or lyrics may be set by another composer.

\* Luna Park is the name of one of the first amusement parks in the US; it became a prototype for others around the country and abroad (Melbourne, Australia and other cities). It is also the name of a concert venue in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and of restaurants in various metropolitan cities. The central site for this play is imagined, and not based precisely on these existing and pre-existing locations.

## Acknowledgments

This play was commissioned and presented by The International High School of the French-American International School (Lycée Français) in San Francisco, California in November 2005 in a workshop production directed by Martha Stookey with musical arrangements and sound design by David Williamson, and videography by Matthew Perifano. Ben Yalom of foolsFURY Theater Company served as movement consultant.

This workshop production was presented with a cast of seven principals and a seven-member chorus. The cast was comprised of:

LEE .....	Noah Chasnoff
FLACO .....	Jake Guernsey
CORY .....	Julian Watts
KAYLA .....	Liz Wachtler
MONICA .....	Jade Fugini-Laws
LESLIE .....	Isabella Behravan
DANIEL.....	Jenny Polyak
CHORUS .....	George Altshuler, Nick Bauer, Alana Levinson, Henoah Moore, Sophia Schrank, Reilly Steel, Sarah Wiener
Set Design.....	Brad Cooreman
Stage Manager .....	Melissa Van Gelder
Assistant Stage Manager .....	Eli Kahn

# LUNA PARK

## by Caridad Svich

### Prelude

*(Luna park. In ones, twos and threes, three young women and three young men<sup>1</sup> appear. Expansive, classical music plays —perhaps Vaughn Williams’ “Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis.” A dance of gestures and little moves begins: a dance of flirting. Singles become pairs and become singles again. Some pairs are together longer than others. The dancing is alternately stop and start, joyous and fluid, and slow and slightly private in nature. There are occasional solo break-outs, where someone is overcome perhaps by the music or simply the freedom of the moment. The dance as a whole is a dance of a disparate community nevertheless finding commonality on a very hot, summer day. As the dance draws to a natural close, and pairs go off to unseen areas of the park, the figure of LEE emerges.)*

### ACT I

#### One: The sadness of Ricky Martin

*(Images of the amusement park and the sea in the background: digital projections of memory.)*

*(In the present [after].)*

**LEE.** So, we went for a swim.

It was hot.

Sun just bakes here in the summer. You have to swim. Otherwise it’s hell.

The sky was...Azure-deep. Everything was shimmering.

It was a perfect day. We didn’t want to see the end of it.

So, off we went, me and Flaco and Cory, to the park right by the beach.

Luna Park. You’ve heard of it. It’s named after some place in Argentina or Italy.

It’s a destination. People dream of it.

Well, maybe not dream... I mean, who dreams of parks?

---

<sup>1</sup> If played with a cast of seven, then four young men appear instead of three.

But you get what I mean...it's a place to be...

And we were joyous, me and Flaco and Cory.

We had our Morrissey T-shirts on, and we were going to let it rip...

We were every word there is for what's ultimate.

We weren't into miserable-ness. Despite Morrissey.

Cause we didn't think of him that way.

Maybe he was some angst rock n'roll god for some other boys way back when,

but for us, for Flaco and Cory and me, he was...

the perfect embodiment of something pure,

even if he is a racist prick.

I mean, I'd still take Morrissey any day

over Ricky Martin living *la vida loca*.

Cause you know even though he's smiling all the time,

He has sadness in him,

and not an eloquent sadness like Johnny Cash and those ol' country dudes,

But a cheap sadness, which is the worst.

I know, cause it's what I feel sometimes....

Cory and Flaco wanted to head to the cliffs

Right at the park's edge, after the Victorian pool and the kiddie train ride.

There's great diving there. And the best view.

You can see everything: the whole world.

I was trailing. I just wanted it to be night

So we could all cool down, have drinks, and get lost.

Kayla was staring at me from down the way.

I gave her a smile. She waved.

My T-shirt was sticking to me. Morrissey's face clung to my torso.

But I wouldn't take it off. Cause... well, I liked his face...

Cory and Flaco went ahead. They were full of light.

I loved looking at them. There was nothing sad about them ever.

"How do they do that," I'd think.

"How can make themselves be so joyous when everything's a mess really?

How have they figured it all out?"

And then I'd think, "Maybe they haven't.

Maybe they're just pretending like Ricky Martin with his sad smile."

"Hey," Flaco called out "Come on, Lee, what are you waiting for?"

I was distracted. My mind was...

Everything was too beautiful: the sky, the trees, beach...

...

By the time I looked up

There was nothing

except for a great big noise this side of sleep.

*(Projected images in the background fade.)*

## **Two: Please Please Please Let Me Get What I Want<sup>2</sup>**

*(In the recent past [before]. Interior: Lee, Cory and Flaco getting dressed for the park and beach.)*

**CORY.** Ok. Which song?

**LEE.** What'd you mean?

**CORY.** Which one's your favorite?

**LEE.** I don't do that.

**FLACO.** What?

**LEE.** Pick favorites.

**CORY.** You like all songs equally?

**LEE.** That's not what I said. Songs fit a mood. It depends what mood I'm in... Why? You got a favorite?

**CORY.** Sure.

**LEE.** What is it?

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<sup>2</sup> This is the title of a Smiths song. While there are overt references to the 1980s UK band throughout the entire text, the figures in this play are not seeking to recreate time past but rather to re-invent themselves through the appropriation and celebration of another time, culture and music. (i.e. the phenomenon of US Latino youth and their devotion to Morrissey and the Smiths).



**CORY.** What do you care?

**FLACO.** ...Cory doesn't want to say. Do you, Cory?

**LEE.** Are you afraid?

**CORY.** Never. I'm not afraid of anything. It's just...Why should we reveal anything intimate about ourselves? It's better to live in a bubble.

**FLACO.** *(As if quoting:)* Cause Risk is our greatest fear.

**CORY.** You take the words right out of my mouth, Flaco.

**FLACO.** I steal from the best.

**CORY.** Don't steal too much from me, sweet.

**FLACO.** I won't.

**CORY.** Promise?

**FLACO.** Cross my heart.

**CORY.** You're so full of shit.

**FLACO.** You love it.

**CORY.** I know. I'm cursed.

**LEE.** So, what's with the philosophy crap?

**CORY.** What?

**LEE.** "The bubble, risk, fear..."

**CORY.** It's not philosophy. It's reality. We're shaped and formed by deep fears that we apply to every part of our lives.

**LEE.** Says who?

**CORY.** Says me. And I know cause I've been living in a bubble for years.

**FLACO.** That's not true.

**CORY.** I use myself to make a point, but you get what I mean.

**FLACO.** We get your drift, yeah. *(Messes up CORY's hair.)*

**CORY.** Hey. Don't mess. It's taken me two hours to get my hair to do anything.

**FLACO.** It looks better that way.

**CORY.** I hate you.

**FLACO.** You don't mean that.

**CORY.** I want to look good, Flaco. Can I look good, please?

**FLACO.** *(Sings:)* "Please please please let me get what I want."

**CORY.** You got it.

**LEE.** What's that from: "please, please, please...?"

**FLACO.** Don't you recognize it?

**LEE.** No.

**CORY.** It's my favorite song. The Smiths. "Hatful of Hollow".  
*(Sings:)* "So for once in my life/Let me get what I want"

**LEE.** Oh.

**CORY.** Is that all you're going to say?

**LEE.** What?

**CORY.** Oh?

**LEE.** It's just a song. What do you want me to say?

**CORY.** Something extraordinary. Don't you want to be extraordinary in all things?

**LEE.** Not right now.

**CORY.** Rise up, Lee. Abhor mediocrity. Be noticed. Be like Icarus. Dare to risk it all, including your life, so you can touch the sun.

**LEE.** Icarus didn't want that.

**CORY.** Huh?

**LEE.** He wanted to fly. He didn't want to touch the sun.

**CORY.** Do you really want to be like everybody else, Lee? Walking round on auto-pilot not even risking anything cause it's not safe?

Why don't you risk something? Why don't you speak your mind and do something?

**LEE.** About what?

**CORY.** You don't know what your favorite song is; you don't have a firm opinion about anything; you don't even know who it is you love, let alone what you believe in.

**LEE.** What does it matter?

**CORY.** Cause it matters. Cause you and me and Flaco matter. Cause it's not good enough to just miss out on life, while your friends are standing right next to you.

**LEE.** Look, I thought we were going out. Isn't that what we're doing? Aren't we getting ready to go out?

**CORY.** Would you listen to him?

**FLACO.** He's hopeless. I know.

**LEE.** You two are shutting me out now? Is that what this is? Cause of some damn Morrissey song?

**CORY.** Not cause of some song.

**LEE.** You are shutting me out.

**FLACO.** Nobody's doing anything, Lee. Come on. We're friends. We always have been.

**LEE.** But not anymore. Is that what you're saying? I said or didn't say something, I did or didn't do something, I recognized a song or didn't recognize it and suddenly Lee is out of the game, is that right? Listen, if you're messed up, don't take it out on me.

**CORY.** In what way am I messed up? Tell me.

**LEE.** I'm not getting into this.

**CORY.** Afraid to get angry? At least with anger comes passion.

**LEE.** Just quit, all right?

**CORY.** Why?

**LEE.** I don't want to fight. Not now.

**CORY.** Later maybe?

**LEE.** ...What the hell's gotten into you today?

**CORY.** I've always been like this. Haven't you noticed?

**LEE.** I guess not.

**CORY.** Stay sharp. Don't sleep through life.

**LEE.** ...Is this T-shirt all right, Flaco, or should I wear the other?

**FLACO.** The one you got looks all right.

**CORY.** What about mine?

**FLACO.** It's fine.

**CORY.** Not too loud?

**FLACO.** Not a bit.

**CORY.** I like you, Flaco.

**FLACO.** And I like you. We're one big happy...right?

**CORY.** Yeah.

**FLACO.** Lee?

**LEE.** Yeah, yeah...

**FLACO.** Come on, then. Or we'll get there too late.

**LEE.** What'd you mean?

**FLACO.** You don't want to go now?

**LEE.** It's too hot.

**FLACO.** It'll be good. Come on. It's Luna Park, for Chrissakes.

**CORY.** (*Chanting:*) Luna. Luna. Luna!

**LEE.** I'll go. I'll go, all right?! ...One thing, though.

**FLACO.** What's that?

**LEE.** I'm not doing the kiddie rides.

**CORY.** Why not? They're fun.

**FLACO.** ...He's got a crush.

**CORY.** Really? On who? Don't tell me. Monica? Leslie? Kayla? It's Kayla, isn't it?

**LEE.** It's not Kayla.

**CORY.** Then why are you blushing?

**LEE.** I'm not.

**FLACO.** Kayla's got good moves.

**CORY.** Yeah, but I can't see her with Lee...

**LEE.** Why not?

**CORY.** I don't think they'd mesh.

**FLACO.** They already have.

**CORY.** He hasn't even talked to her for real. Have you had a real conversation?

**LEE.** Real enough.

**CORY.** So, what'd she say?

**LEE.** Look, maybe we shouldn't wear the Moz T-shirts.

**CORY.** Morrissey is god. He is It.

**LEE.** In what century?

**CORY.** Moz transcends centuries and you know it. Anyway, you like Kayla, so it doesn't matter.

**LEE.** Is she going to be there?

**CORY.** Everybody's going be there.

**LEE.** ...To Luna, then.

**CORY & FLACO & LEE.** Luna! Luna! Luna!

### Three: Dead Pop Stars

*(Images of the cliffs and the sea and Daniel at the soccer match at Luna Park in the background.*

*After.)*

**KAYLA.** It was so hot. We had to go out. The whole city was out. Monica and Leslie wanted to go to the desert, But I said “Let’s go to Luna.” We always had fun there even if some of the rides were lame. And you could spend the entire day and not feel it, you know... In other places, time doesn’t move. It just stands. And you wait and wait And you do all sorts of stuff and it’s still, like, two o’clock or something. But at Luna, time passes. And there’s so much space. It’s not my favorite place, though. Well, I don’t believe in playing favorites. Cause that’s discrimination, right? I don’t go for that. The world’s full of that already. I don’t want to contribute to the greater advancement of discrimination. But if I had to pick, sure, Luna would up there in my top whatever...

Monica and Leslie and I, we went pretty early in the day. It wasn’t noon yet. You could walk around and not bump into people you didn’t want to bump into. There was a band playing songs by dead pop stars in the old bandshell. They did all the suicide rockers: Joplin, Hendrix, Joy Division, Parsons, Cobain, Hutchence...<sup>3</sup> They didn’t cover the dead plane crash rockers cause they said they belonged to a different category altogether. To them, it was all drugs and rock n’roll. Sad songs, sad stories, and great beautiful faces to go with them. Wasn’t Kurt Cobain beautiful?

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<sup>3</sup> Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Gram Parsons, Kurt Cobain, Michael Hutchence.

Is that too weird to say? Does that make me a necrophiliac or something?

It's true, though.

I think he would've remained beautiful even if he hadn't died young.

Monica and I listened. Leslie looked at the boys running around.

They weren't like men at all, but like little kids all over again.

And they were wearing those *cholo* Morrissey shirts

like they were born in London or something when they've never even been...

Yeah, they were funny. I recognized them from school, from when we used to hang out in large groups and do things. Not like now. Now we float...

A soccer game started on one end of the field; the Moz boys joined in,

While the band slipped in a Ricky Martin song just for kicks cause we know he's not dead —

but in the dustbin of history, sure, that's where he is.

*"Livin' la vida loca."* What a sad song.

Phenomenally sad in that Pop kind of way. But we sang along anyway.

It was hot, and time was passing.

Monica wanted to go on the Shock Drop. Leslie was being a *guapa* with the boys.

The band took a break from their suicide songs, and I headed toward the cliffs.

People were diving and making great big splashes in the ocean blue.

Lee, Cory and Flaco were already on their way.

Cory's shirt was too loud, but so what? Cory was Cory. He'll never change.

I felt a breeze skimming in.

It felt good. You need a breeze on a hot day.

...And then there was nothing,

The last thing I remember was Lee's face.

*(Images in the background fade.)*

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**Four: There is a Light That Never Goes Out**

*(Before. LEE, KAYLA and FLACO at the lemonade & ice cream stand in view of the Shock Drop ride.)*

**LEE.** I should've gotten a beer. You want a beer?

**FLACO.** I'm fine.

**LEE.** A beer is better than a lemonade or ice tea on a hot day.

**KAYLA.** I'm not a beer person.

**LEE.** Why not?

**KAYLA.** No reason.

**LEE.** That's weird.

**KAYLA.** Why?

**LEE.** You gotta have a reason to flat out object to something.

**KAYLA.** I didn't say I objected to beer.

**LEE.** You didn't?

**KAYLA.** You're not listening to me.

**LEE.** Of course I am. I always listen to you, Kayla. Don't I, Flaco?

**FLACO.** What?

**LEE.** Kayla. I listen to her, right?

**FLACO.** Yeah. Sure.

**KAYLA.** But you like Morrissey.

**LEE.** It's just a shirt.

**FLACO.** Every Thursday. Moz night at the club. All the gloom and romance you can stand. You should go.

**KAYLA.** It's boys only.

**LEE.** There's everything. Girls too.

**FLACO.** Yeah, it's not exclusive. If you like the sound, you celebrate it. That's what we do. We just take one night and celebrate. For us, it's Moz, for others it's the Ramones — the rockers, the punks — we



go against things. It's dress up, not dress down, you know. Others got their hip-hop crews and reggaeton to validate themselves with. We got Moz. What matters is being part of something, to have a sense of ownership even if it's just about someone else's music or a certain time in history... Everybody's so isolated, you know. In their own little islands doing their own little things. It's hard to...

**KAYLA.** Get through the bubble.

**FLACO.** Exactly. I mean, what is it? What are we afraid of, right? Losing ourselves?

**LEE.** Are you quoting Cory again?

**FLACO.** This is pure me.

**LEE.** Really?

**FLACO.** Absolutely. You don't think I think things? I think plenty. I do nothing but think. There's so much fear, you know... just to look at someone straight in the eye, and make a little contact is like...

**KAYLA.** Impossible. I know. What we don't say...

**LEE.** Huh?

**KAYLA.** What we don't say to each other, and yet we want to so bad.

**FLACO.** It's fear.

**KAYLA.** All around us. Inside of us.

**FLACO.** I think maybe all of my life I've been afraid.

**LEE.** What are you talking about?

**FLACO.** Not in an obvious way, but little things, you know...can really spook me...I don't let on, but it's there...it's natural; after all, it's part of the human condition. What's that saying? "Fear is what keeps us alive, and what gives us our stories?"

**LEE.** I've never heard that.

**FLACO.** Well, maybe it's not quite like that, but that's the gist of it.

**LEE.** "Fear keeps us alive?"

**FLACO.** Yeah, like, as opposed to sleepwalking through life...

**LEE.** That's one weird saying.

**KAYLA.** There's truth in it, though.

**LEE.** I think of fear differently. Less of a survivalist thing, more of a deep-seated thing.

**KAYLA.** Unknown?

**LEE.** Yeah. Something like that.  
Hey, is that Monica on the Shock Drop?

**KAYLA.** She loves getting her adrenaline pumped.

**LEE.** I never would have figured her to be a Shock Drop type.

**KAYLA.** Why not?

**LEE.** Don't know. She seems kind of...I don't know... muted.

**KAYLA.** Monica's not muted. Are you sure you're thinking about the right Monica?

**LEE.** Yeah...Monica...with the braids.

**KAYLA.** She's relentless.

**FLACO.** Look at her.

**KAYLA.** I know. She's like a kid when she comes here. She hits all the rides.

**LEE.** Hey! Monica!

**KAYLA.** She can't hear you.

**LEE.** So what? (*Toward MONICA:*) Hey!  
Good to shout. Let the air out... See? She's waving.

**KAYLA.** She is not.

**LEE.** She's moving her arm.

**FLACO.** I think she's waving a mosquito away.

**LEE.** What mosquito?

**FLACO.** It's summer, Lee. Mosquitoes thrive in the summer.

**LEE.** I don't attract them.

**KAYLA.** Really?

**LEE.** No. Mosquitoes don't come near me.

**KAYLA.** That's a godsend.

**LEE.** Well, I wouldn't put it that way. But yeah, it's...  
...She looks a little like Ricky Martin.

**KAYLA.** Ricky Martin's a boy.

**LEE.** So? Don't you think she looks...?

**FLACO.** Sure. I can see it.

**LEE.** See? Even Flaco thinks so.

**KAYLA.** You're both completely crazy, drunk from the sun.

**LEE.** I'm just observing...

**KAYLA.** Out of your minds.

**LEE.** You don't have to get worked up about it.

**KAYLA.** I'm not.

**LEE.** You don't look like you're not.

**KAYLA.** What are you: twelve?  
The way you say things...

**LEE.** I just say what I say.

**FLACO.** ...I don't like the Shock Drop. It's too abrupt. I like being on an even keel.

**KAYLA.** Really?

**FLACO.** Yeah. I like flow. You know, going with it, riding it. Flow is good. Leave shock to somebody else.

**KAYLA.** Sometimes, it's good. It wakes you up to yourself and the world. As long as nobody's getting hurt, a little shock can be a good thing.

**FLACO.** Yeah, but then you're all awake and what? You realize how crappy your life is, what you planned to do and still haven't done, what dreams you've let fall by the wayside...it's awful.

**KAYLA.** You can always change what you dream.

**FLACO.** What'd you mean?

**KAYLA.** Change your goals... it's asking for defeat to think you can achieve what you set out to do when you were fourteen or fifteen.

**FLACO.** Why?

**KAYLA.** Cause it's impossible. I mean, what did you want from life when you were fourteen?

... The best of everything, right? Nobody can achieve that.

**FLACO.** Maybe you're right.

**KAYLA.** Of course I'm right. Don't beat yourself up about it. It's not worth it. You get all depressed and then what? You don't even enjoy the day, and it's perfect.

**LEE.** That's what I was going to say.

The day. It's perfect. And you know it's not so bad...

**KAYLA.** You're funny.

**LEE.** Why?

**KAYLA.** Nothing. You just are.

**FLACO.** ...Look at that kid.

**KAYLA.** Where?

**FLACO.** With the earrings.

**KAYLA.** How sweet. What is it about little kids, huh?

**LEE.** They're full of hope.

**KAYLA.** Some, yeah. This one definitely.

**LEE.** Heartbreaker. That's what she's gonna be.

**KAYLA.** I'm not so sure about that.

**LEE.** You don't think so?

**KAYLA.** She's too self-possessed.

**LEE.** That's what I mean: heartbreaker.

**FLACO.** She reminds me of my cousin. Two years old and she already walks around with gold hoop earrings and bare feet like a princess.

**KAYLA.** A Latin goddess.

**FLACO.** Yeah.

**LEE.** ...How 'bout a beer, Flaco?

**FLACO.** I like lemonade. Organic, right?

**KAYLA.** Is it?

**FLACO.** That's what the sign says.

**KAYLA.** They lie.

**FLACO.** It tastes good, whatever it is. You want a sip?

**LEE.** I could use a beer.

**FLACO.** So, get one.

**LEE.** It's better if you go. I'm a little...From the match. You know.

**FLACO.** You get hurt?

**LEE.** No. I'm just...would you?

**FLACO.** ...Here you go, Kayla. Finish my drink for me.

**KAYLA.** Are you sure you don't want anymore?

**FLACO.** Nah. It's super jumbo size. I've had enough. Beer, right?

**LEE.** Uh-huh.

**FLACO.** What kind?

**LEE.** Whatever they've got.

**FLACO.** Rock n' roll, then.

*(FLACO walks away.)*

**KAYLA.** He's a good friend.

**LEE.** Yeah. We've known each other since... Funny how you don't think about things and then...

**KAYLA.** What things?

**LEE.** You meet someone, and then for one reason or another this person ends up being your friend for, like, life. Like you and Monica...

**KAYLA.** I think Leslie and I are closer. We've gone through more stuff together. Lots of late nights, you know, up all hours, talking about things, crying...

**LEE.** Oh.

**KAYLA.** It's good. What? You don't cry with your friends? Don't give me that "men don't cry" crap. I used to pick up my little brother at baseball practice all the time. When they lost a game, believe me...there were tears and plenty of them.

**LEE.** I'm just saying I don't make a habit of it, that's all.

**KAYLA.** I don't either.

**LEE.** I didn't mean...

**KAYLA.** I know. I'm just letting you know.

**LEE.** ...Monica's having fun.

**KAYLA.** Yeah. She goes up and waits two turns and then goes up again. Shock. Rest-rest. Shock. She's got the routine down.

**LEE.** She's going to get sick.

**KAYLA.** She'll stop soon. Then she'll come running over here and order a large soda, down it in one gulp, wait five minutes, and go right back over there again. ...You hurt yourself in the match?

**LEE.** Nah, just...out of practice. I haven't played soccer in a while.

**KAYLA.** You were good at it, too.

**LEE.** In junior high...

**KAYLA.** ...I wonder where Cory is.

**LEE.** Why? You'd rather he be here rather than me?

**KAYLA.** ...I think the heat is getting to you.

**LEE.** What'd you mean?

**KAYLA.** Nothing.

Did you get to hear the band? They were pretty good.

**LEE.** You gotta be kidding me. Give me the surfing safari sounds, the Tex-Mex pastiche, the bad pop songs. It's Luna Park, for God's sake. It's ninety-some degrees. Who wants to listen to Nirvana?

**KAYLA.** I do.

**LEE.** Listen, if Kurt Cobain hadn't died, if he wasn't a gorgeous kid, would you be all swooning to his music?

**KAYLA.** It's the same with you and the Smiths.

**LEE.** It's a completely different thing entirely. Morrissey's not dead.

**KAYLA.** He might as well be.

**LEE.** I can't believe you just said that.

**KAYLA.** The band broke up ages ago.

**LEE.** 1987.

**KAYLA.** Right. And you're still pining away every Thursday night at the club like a little teenager.

Smiths wasn't even your generation.

**LEE.** Look, first of all, I don't pine. Second of all, I go to the club cause it's fun. Like Flaco said. We feel connected to something, and it's our own little mini-rebellion against whatever trend we're supposed to be a part of. We're anti-trend, anti-market, anti-cultural segregation, if you want to get political about it; I mean, we don't get political about it, but it is political in its own way. And third... in the grand scheme of things, appreciating some old pop music, having a little bit of devotion to something that went before you, and is not even part of you and who you are necessarily, but that somehow still speaks through time, is not the end of the world. It's a minor past-time in the millions of pastimes there are out there.

Life is screwed up enough as it is. Might as well get whatever little pleasures you can.

**KAYLA.** And that's all?

**LEE.** Yes. Why? ...What is it with you?

**KAYLA.** With me?

**LEE.** I don't get you at all. One minute you're perfectly laid-back and cool, easy to get on with, and the next... Do you want me to go? Is that it? Cause I can. It's a big ol' park. I can go anywhere.

**KAYLA.** I didn't say anything.

**LEE.** Sorry. I'm sorry. I'm having a weird day. I don't know what's wrong with me.

**KAYLA.** ...Premonition. I woke up this morning, looked out the window and everything was so perfect. Not extraordinary. Just perfect. The sky, the angle of the sun reflected in the water... everything was in harmony. It made me scared somehow. ...I know. It's strange, but...

**LEE.** No, I felt the same thing. Too perfect.

**KAYLA.** Exactly. So, I thought "I don't want to think about it. Let me just go out, distract myself." But I can't stop feeling it's all a bit...

**LEE.** Screwed up.

**KAYLA.** Yeah. Definitely screwed up. Is it weird to feel that?

**LEE.** It's how things are.

**KAYLA.** So, what? We resign ourselves to screwed-up-ness?

**LEE.** What can we do? Protest, march, put a flag up, put a ribbon on a car...Put a sign in a window...Graffiti...slash billboards...throw bricks...fast...keep fasting...and what?...a centimeter of change, of real difference...that's all you get.

**KAYLA.** Sometimes more than that. Look at MLK...

**LEE.** My little cousin knows who 50 Cent is and doesn't even register MLK...



**KAYLA.** That's sad.

**LEE.** It's what it is. Where the hell is Flaco? I'm starting to get beer pangs.

**KAYLA.** You wanna text him?

**LEE.** He doesn't text.

**KAYLA.** Get out.

**LEE.** He doesn't believe in it or something. And he thinks I'm messed up...

**KAYLA.** Maybe we should go, then...

**LEE.** No, it's nice here. Look. They're turning the lights on.

**KAYLA.** Where?

**LEE.** By the Grand Prix.

**KAYLA.** I hate that ride. Lots of lights and noise, but it's still an old-fashioned bumper car ride.

**LEE.** *(Sings:)* "There is a Light and it never goes out/  
There is a Light and it never goes out..."  
"And if a double-decker bus/crashes into us..."

**KAYLA.** What are you singing?

**LEE.** I think that's my favorite song.

**KAYLA.** What is?

**LEE.** "There is a Light That Never Goes Out."

### **Five: Ricky Martin Sleeping**

*(Images of Monica in the Shock Drop ride at the amusement park in the background.*

*After.)*

**MONICA.** I was going for the record that day. Nobody'd done the Shock Drop more than ten times. Certainly not in Luna Park, anyway.

At first it was just routine. I just wanted the thrill of testing myself  
The way I always did. But then I got fierce about it. Like Lance  
Armstrong or something.

I didn't even care if I got sick. I would wear my sickness with pride.  
I took over the ride.

The guy running it knew I was on a quest.

Like when my cousin Marcy took over karaoke night at the Vinyl  
Lounge

And belted out every song in the song bible until she got through  
every one.

Or like when that artist said she wanted to film Ricky Martin  
sleeping

Every night for twelve nights,

and then exhibit the video on a huge plasma screen across from city  
hall

like a shared ritualized something or other...

Can you imagine twelve nights of staring at Ricky Martin in deep  
REM?

I mean, I'm not into him, but if I was...

Anyway, I was on the Shock Drop on my little quest,

And I didn't even know why.

It was like "Today I will kick some Shock Drop ass."

It wasn't logical. I didn't plan it out. I just went on impulse.

I do things like that. You can ask Leslie or Kayla. They know. I just  
go.

And the guy running the ride was really cool.

He respected my quest.

Cause he understood on some spiritual, earth-baby level

That some things are meant to be done.

At first I got sick. And I don't usually get sick

Cause I've got major stamina,

and then it was like I was on some supernatural high.

My body was in this ride,

Being plunged from zero to fifty, and I couldn't even feel it.

I didn't get dizzy or freaked out.

I was above things somehow. Everybody in the park was this gi-  
gantic blur,

And I was pure adrenaline like those drinks at the nutritional store:

Ripped fuel. That was me.

And then everything stopped. Just like that.

The blur crystallized,

And all I could think about was what Ricky Martin would look like sleeping.

*(Images fade.)*

### **Six: How Soon is Now?**

*(Before. LEE, MONICA and FLACO near the bandshell, just as the band has stopped playing.)*

**MONICA.** Why'd they stop?

**FLACO.** Maybe they forgot which song they wanted to play.

**LEE.** They've probably gone through their set-list and are trying to figure out what to dredge up now.

**MONICA.** They're not so bad.

**LEE.** If you like suicide rock.

**MONICA.** Don't call it that.

**FLACO.** Why not? That's what it is.

**MONICA.** Creeps me out.

**LEE.** ...Remember Erika?

**FLACO.** Oh. Right. Sorry.

**MONICA.** It's all right. I don't think about her anymore. I don't mean that as cold as it sounds but you know...you can't obsess about stuff. She wanted to kill herself, she did. She followed through in her own way. There's nothing I could've done or any of us could've...And even if we could've...what would we have done? If somebody has their mind made up... no point going back...no sense staying in the past.

**LEE.** Only now.

**MONICA.** Now. Now. Now. That's right.

**FLACO.** Good to remember, though.

**MONICA.** No, it isn't.

**FLACO.** So people aren't forgotten.

**MONICA.** I don't forget. I didn't say I forgot about her. Erika was my best friend.

**FLACO.** I still can't believe she threw herself off some ride.

**MONICA.** She did not throw herself.

**FLACO.** What'd she do, then?

**MONICA.** Look, let's not talk about it, all right? I didn't come here for that. I came to chill out, have a good time...I wish they'd play something. Come on! Make up your mind! I wish they'd play some INXS.

**LEE.** Why?

**MONICA.** Cause that singer, what was his name... he was sexy.

**FLACO.** Hutcher?

**MONICA.** Hutchence.

**FLACO.** Right, Right. Hutchence.

**MONICA.** He was like Jim Morrison except skinnier.

**LEE.** Are you a Jim Morrison freak?

**MONICA.** No. But sexy's sexy, right?

**LEE.** If you're into that sort of thing. Where'd Kayla go?

**MONICA.** Don't worry. She just went to go get some icees. She'll be back.

**FLACO.** From the Cuban guy? He's the best. How does he do it?

**MONICA.** He's got a special ingredient

**LEE.** I didn't know Kayla liked icees.

**FLACO.** I always get the *guava* when he's here.

**MONICA.** She likes a lot of things. You should talk to her.

**LEE.** I do.

**MONICA.** I mean for real.

**LEE.** What is it with everybody today? I do talk to people. I do talk for real. What? You want me to spill my guts now?

**FLACO.** Don't get dramatic.

**LEE.** I'm not. But first Cory, now you...

**MONICA.** ...The band's re-grouping. Finally...

**LEE.** Maybe they'll play some INXS just for you.

**FLACO.** Want me to call something out?

**MONICA.** No

**FLACO.** What do you want to hear?

**MONICA.** Shh... They're starting up.

*(Music is heard.)*

**LEE.** What's that?

**FLACO.** It sounds familiar.

**LEE.** But what is it?

**FLACO.** Music. Music's music.

**MONICA.** "Love hurts."

**LEE.** Huh?

**MONICA.** That's what they're playing except they're not doing the lyrics.

**FLACO.** What's "Love Hurts?"

**MONICA.** Old song. My mom sings it sometimes. One of those achy-breaky songs.

**FLACO.** I don't know it.

**MONICA.** Of course you do. *(Sings:)* "Love hurts..." Remember?

**FLACO.** Never heard of it.

**MONICA.** The guy who used to sing it...his body disappeared.

**LEE.** Really?

**MONICA.** That's what my mom used to tell me when she'd sing it. "Monica, the man who sang this song...his body got stolen..."

**FLACO.** How'd that happen?

**MONICA.** I don't know. She wouldn't say.  
... It's all so creepy: Erika, this song...the little boy in the news...

**LEE.** Which boy?

**MONICA.** Who got killed. In some little town somewhere. It was on the news. Didn't you hear about it? It's everywhere.

**LEE.** Little kid?

**MONICA.** Five years old or something. Everything's crazy. Everything's so crazy. That's it. I'm leaving.

**FLACO.** Where are you going?

**MONICA.** I gotta go do something. I can't sit around and listen to music while everything's falling apart.

**FLACO.** What's falling apart?

**MONICA.** Everything. Everything. Everything. Can't you see?

**FLACO.** It's just a song, Monica. Look, we'll get them to play INXS or something.

**MONICA.** No.

**FLACO.** Monica...

*(She leaves. Pause.)*

**LEE.** She's intense.

**FLACO.** I shouldn't have brought up the Erika thing.

**LEE.** You didn't on purpose...

**FLACO.** I know, but... I just forgot. Wiped it from my mind.

**LEE.** I'd forgotten too.

**FLACO.** It was a long time ago.

**LEE.** Right around the time of the Madrid thing...

**FLACO.** How many people died in that—?

**LEE.** I don't remember.

*(Pause. Vaguely recognizable instrumental version of "Suicide Blonde" is heard.)*

I think this is an INXS song. She should've waited...

*(Pause.)*

...You like this song?

**FLACO.** I'm whatever...

*(Pause.)*

**LEE.** Wanna play some soccer? There's a match starting up over there.

**FLACO.** Yeah, yeah, let's do that.

### **Seven: Like Violets**

*(Images of the soccer match, DANIEL, and the cliffs and the sea in the background.*

*After.)*

**LESLIE.** I don't always look at the boys. But they were having so much fun

And they were... yummy. So, why not look?

Some were in their rock n' roll T-shirts.

Others were in little raggedy shorts and no tops.

Really buff in a non muscle-man kind of way.

Others were in soccer clothes. You could tell they played on a team somewhere.

They spoke a different language. I could make out bits of words. Latin-sounding.

One of them told me about Luna Park — another one in some other country —

Where the best musicians play. “Like Madison Square Garden.” he said.

Another one told me about a park just like this one, only bigger,  
Where families come and spend their weekends.

They all talked about the sun, and time.

Letting time pass, and how in this park named after a moon —  
luna, luna, luna —  
they felt protected by the sun.

After the match, the boys in the rock n’roll shirts headed for drinks  
by the stand.

Kayla and Lee met up.

She’s sweet on him. I don’t know why.

But I waved them on, anyway, cause I’m her friend.

The unfamiliar boys wanted to explore the park. I went along with  
them.

Most of them came from nervous towns. They knew all about fear,  
How it gets into you, and how it’s a very real thing and not just,  
you know,

Something somebody talks about scientifically on the TV.

They said they lived with dynamite in their lives,

Daily explosions,

And so they lived with the knowledge

that something awful could happen at any moment...

But also how something good can happen too,

And how beautiful that was —

I couldn’t make out all their words, but I listened anyway.

Soon we were at the cliffs. Right below.

The sun was beaming something unreal.

They were bands of boys and girls diving, and others by the pool,  
making noise.

It was a glorious day. I wanted to scream. In a good way.

But I didn’t. I just let one of the boys kiss me.

He was all sweaty from the soccer, and his clothes were sticky.

He spoke his language. He told me things. He had history in his  
eyes.

I touched his chest. He was so strong. But fragile too. He didn’t hide  
from me.



I told him we could sit by the deep end of the pool, splash around if we wanted.

He told me the pool-water smelt like violets,  
and we could pretend like we were in an ancient place.

I looked up. Flaco and Cory were about to dive. They were a picture.

Their legs in position, their arms outstretched.

“How beautiful,” I said.

My boy whispered something in my ear.

I leaned close.

When I looked back up, no one was in sight.

*(Images fade.)*

### **Eight: Write My Tears**

*(Before. Near the cliffs. LESLIE and DANIEL are sitting. LEE enters.)*

**LEE.** Hey, Leslie. You seen Cory around?

**LESLIE.** No...sorry.

**DANIEL.** Hi. I'm Dani.

**LEE.** What?

**DANIEL.** Dani. Daniel.

**LEE.** Oh. Daniel. Right. You beat my ass at soccer.

**DANIEL.** Hey. No war.

**LEE.** No, but I wouldn't mind a rematch sometime. So, you haven't seen him?

**LESLIE.** I thought he was with you. Did you call him?

**LEE.** He's not picking up. Maybe he doesn't have his cell on.

**LESLIE.** Cory without his mobile?

**LEE.** I know. Hard to believe.

**DANIEL.** We could play now. Come on.

**LEE.** What?

**DANIEL.** Get a match going. You and me. A little *futbol*.

**LEE.** I've had enough soccer for one day.

**LESLIE.** You want me to call Kayla and ask if she's seen him?

**LEE.** No, it's all right. I'm sure I'll find him.

**LESLIE.** If I see him...

**LEE.** Yeah, give me a ring, I'll keep my mobile on. (*Walks away.*)

**DANIEL.** Bye, then.

**LEE.** Yeah.

(*LEE exits.*)

**LESLIE.** I wonder where he is.

**DANIEL.** He's a friend of yours?

**LESLIE.** He's closer to Flaco and Lee, but...  
What's that?

**DANIEL.** What?

**LESLIE.** Over there. Like out of the sky from this angle.

**DANIEL.** Maybe it's just a vision of some kind.

**LESLIE.** In the middle of the day?

**DANIEL.** We see what we want.

**LESLIE.** What'd you mean?

**DANIEL.** We see what we want to see.... You wish?

**LESLIE.** You mean like candles on a cake?

**DANIEL.** Or on an eyelash.

**LESLIE.** Sure. We all do. But I don't go around every day wishing for things.

**DANIEL.** Why not?

**LESLIE.** No point.

**DANIEL.** It's good to wish.

**LESLIE.** Well, sometimes I wish I knew what I wanted. Does that count?

**DANIEL.** I've had friends die. Just like that.

People I saw practically every day, people I hung out with, spent time...routine, right? Nothing you'd think about. And then one day — gone. Wiped out. No reason.

Except hatred. There's lots of that. And that's what I've lived with most of my life.

People all around hating cause that's what they know,  
That's how they've been raised.

“Hate that one, he's brown, he talks different.”

“Hate the other, he's white, he talks different. Or he believes in a different God.”

It's hate all the same. Just a fact. No tears. Cause well... what good are they?

I understand that. Not wanting to cry. Not having to.

Cause you're spent and can't anymore. So, you bury things. Deep down.

You push everything into a little corner in your brain and just forget cause it feels good to forget everything;

To play *futbol*. Soccer, like you say.

Be in the moment.

Live for the now, and just get on with things.

...But wishing?

It's always there, kicking about in your system, in the metaphysics of it all...

Cause wishing is elemental. Like breathing almost.

You wish for someone to love you.

You wish for someone to be found.

You wish for silly things, stupid things...

Gadgets, games, music,

**LESLIE.** There's so much wishing around music

**DANIEL.** and then there's

what you wish for

that's totally else...

less tangible things,

impossible things  
that you think just by wishing  
can be possible.

Like I wish I didn't feel pain. Ever. Impossible, right?  
I wish there was a feeling of happiness that could last more than a  
minute.

I wish everything wasn't such a big deal,  
and that we could just talk to each other  
without tensing up  
and thinking about things we don't want to think about.

Bad memories. Yeah. They flood me. I shrug them off.  
That's what I've learnt to do, but it's not what I want.

What I want is  
that they would go away  
and never come back.

I wish my thoughts wouldn't stray all over the place.  
I wish people believed in something and really believed in it  
And not just said they did  
because it looks good in a newspaper headline.

I wish this park was inside me so I could take it with me wherever I  
go,

So I could take you with me...

I wish I could go home,  
and knew what that meant.

I wish that pool over there smelt of violets instead of chlorine  
So we could dip into it and feel the breath of the ancients:  
they could give us their wisdom; we could give them our youth.  
I wish I could look at you without thinking about my whole life...

**LESLIE.** ...Look.

**DANIEL.** Hmm?

**LESLIE.** The divers. Their arms outstretched. Perfect position.

**DANIEL.** They're wishing.

**LESLIE.** How beautiful.

*(The two divers, CORY and FLACO, are seen up near the rocks.  
A loud explosion. Freeze, followed by instant darkness.)*

**Interlude**

*(The park. LEE, KAYLA, FLACO, MONICA, and LESLIE are seen in full view. A mash-up of pop, rock and classical songs is heard. An aggressive dance plays out, a dance of chaos and loss, of bodies longing and failing, of being cut off and held back. Occasional solo break-outs occur, as someone is too enraged or loss-ridden and must lash out through movement and gesture. There should be every effort made that this sequence not seem choreographed and dancerly, but rather have the impression of improvisation within a form. The dance builds and builds as bodies exert themselves, and become fatigued. As bodies fall and disappear from view, the figure of CORY is seen in perfect position, ready for everything.)*

## ACT II

### Nine: Cory dives without his mobile

*(In-between time.)*

**CORY.** I fell.  
I kept falling.  
I was a blue light in a wave of dust  
headed  
straight down;  
but in my mind  
I was flying up  
towards the sun,  
cause that's how it felt  
like I could touch it.  
I am an Icarus for a new age.  
See?

I pretended I was Morrissey. At the height of everything: all fame,  
all glory.

“I got my hand on you, honey, and we're dancing”

Straight into the sea.

It was all Now Now Now.

Cool heat.

Pure Pop songs.

Salt tears.

And falling

This is my war against sadness.

This is my war against mediocrity.

This is my war against hate.

Will you believe me?

Will you remember me?

*The loud explosion repeats, slightly more muted.*

*Kayla starts to sing an original song. She is joined by Leslie*

*And perhaps some of the others, as Cory's image begins to fade.*

**“Was”***[Stanza 1]***KAYLA.***(Begins:)* This was

How was

We were

**LESLIE.** We were

We are

Standing

**KAYLA & OTHERS.** On the beach

We were

Staring

On the cliffs

We were

Slim.

*(Verses alternate between singers now.)**[Stanza 2]*

This was

How was

We are

We are

We were

Standing

On the beach

We were

Waving

On the cliffs

We were one

*[Chorus]*

When we

How all

Ending

How this

How all  
ends

How this  
How all  
begins  
and then  
begins  
again.

*[Chorus reprise with variation]*

When we  
How all  
ending

How all  
We end

How this  
How all  
Begins

Another day  
Ends.

*(All fades into:)*

### **Ten: Five Revolutionary Seconds<sup>4</sup>**

*(Optional scene. Snapshots from the before/after. [This sequence could be pre-recorded.]*

**LEE.** Everything was too beautiful: the sky, the trees, beach...

**KAYLA.** I felt a breeze skimming in.  
It felt good. You need a breeze on a hot day.

**MONICA.** I was pure adrenaline...  
Ripped fuel. That was me.

**LESLIE.** "How beautiful," I said.

---

<sup>4</sup> This scene is optional.



**KAYLA.** ...And then there was nothing,

**LEE.** There was nothing.

**MONICA.** Everything stopped. Just like that.

**LESLIE.** No one was in sight.

**MONICA.** The blur crystallized.

**KAYLA.** And the last thing I remember

**LEE.** By the time I looked up...

**MONICA.** was what Ricky Martin would look like sleeping.

**KAYLA.** ...Lee's face.

**LEE.** Nothing  
except for a great big noise this side of—

### **Eleven: A Day like a Year**

*(Images of chaos at the park, bodies running and falling, and walking too: Flaco endlessly walking in the background. Gray snapshots of a time past.*

*After.)*

**FLACO.** We were about to dive when there was this noise.

Real loud. Like when the Shock Drop is at max.

Except louder, more abrupt.

I stopped. I looked toward the noise.

When I turned back

He was gone. Just like that. Cory was gone.

The air got thick.

There was dust everywhere.

There was this smell. Like burning hair.

There was a huge cloud of smoke, and an extraordinary silence.

You couldn't hear anything for a long time.

I think there's something really beautiful about things when they get hushed like that.

Like you can feel the earth, the expanse of it...and where you fit in...

And then sirens...slowly. And screams.

Some people were walking with great purpose  
Like they wanted to pretend everything was fine  
Other people were covered in blood.

I thought I was going to die cause there was so much smoke,  
But I'm okay. I'm lucky.

That's the word you heard the most that day

"Lucky. I feel lucky."

It's not a word I like. It feels small, puny. Life should be more than  
luck.

Now it's just shock, and wondering why...

Who would do such a thing...?

...Seventy dead, two hundred wounded

I don't want vengeance.

I'm just curious. Cause it can't be just hatred, or evil, or craziness

That makes somebody do something like that...

There has to be a legitimate, explain-able reason why someone  
would think

setting off a bomb is the only solution to solve a problem.

I left the park and started walking.

Each siren that cut the air was followed by absolute silence.

I must've walked miles and miles.

It felt as if I was somewhere else, an unfamiliar place.

Even my language changed. I couldn't really talk to people.

Not cool, you know. There was no flow.

It was all nods, looks, shrugs and hands waving...

But somehow the signs got through...

Rescue workers labored under the yellow glow of arc lights.

I slowly made my way home, far away from the park.

I thought about Cory and how I swore to myself I wouldn't tell  
anybody

He pitched himself off the cliff.

What good would it do to tell anyone now  
that he had said goodbye to the world and all that?

Let them think what they like.

I put on a CD. Morrissey.

The song was "Angel, Angel Down we go together."

**Twelve: Racing**

*(After.)*

**MONICA.** Like nothing  
like running  
like running away  
and not running  
and pretending I'm okay  
and not feeling anything

just running  
moving  
holding my breath  
releasing  
not thinking  
about anything  
but running  
pulsing  
speeding with light

**KAYLA.**

*(Appears.)*

and not telling anyone anything  
because there's nothing

**MONICA.** but more running  
and keeping up  
and catching up

**LESLIE.** *(Appears.)*

and calling  
and seeing if everyone's okay  
are you okay are you okay are you all right  
call me  
yes, let's get together  
let's plan  
let's do

**MONICA.** uh-huh  
okay

sure

**KAYLA.** later

later

later

and then nothing

**MONICA.** but waiting

**KAYLA.** and waiting

**MONICA.** and this is too long to wait

**KAYLA.** so, running

**LESLIE.** moving

and not waiting

anymore

for anything

**MONICA.** but this

**KAYLA.** this

**MONICA.** this

is what I'm here for.

### **Thirteen: Places we go to forget**

*(After. Interior: LEE is resting. FLACO is standing.)*

**FLACO.** We should go to the club.

**LEE.** Why?

**FLACO.** We haven't been.

**LEE.** I need to sleep.

**FLACO.** That's all you've been doing.

**LEE.** Not all...

**FLACO.** Well, I want to go. It's what we do, right?

**LEE.** What we used to do. It was Cory's thing.

**FLACO.** So, we go. We celebrate. For him.

**LEE.** Celebrate what? That everything's screwed up now, even more than before? That we don't know where Cory is, whether he's gone missing or is just plain dead? You may be into the carnival, man, but not me.

**FLACO.** What's that mean?

**LEE.** Day of the Dead and all that. Fucking Mardi Gras.

**FLACO.** Those are two different things. And anyway, what does that have to do with going to the club?

**LEE.** I'm not celebrating. Screw Morrissey and his maudlin crap. He's a damn rock star. He can afford to be bleak and get off on it. Well, listen up: I'm not joining the doom parade. Not anymore.

**FLACO.** Cory would like us to.

**LEE.** Did he send you a message from the deep blue?

**FLACO.** ... we can't live like this. In hiding.

**LEE.** I'm not hiding. I'm just not going out. That's all. I'm not exposing myself to potential misery and disaster. Seventy dead, two hundred wounded. Park blown to bits. And the mayor says "Act like everything's normal." Well, it may be for him safe in his goddamn mansion, but it sure as hell is not. And the sooner we own up to the fact, the better. And if that means I'm scared? Well, then, guess what? I am. I am damn scared and not afraid to say it.

**FLACO.** And you think I'm not?

**LEE.** I don't pretend to know what you're thinking.

**FLACO.** I'm as affected by losing Cory and everything else that happened that day as much as you are, so don't act like you're the lone survivor here. I was there, too. I was right next to him. Not down below, but right fucking there. And when everything started to burn and blow, I had to figure out a way to get out and let me tell you, it wasn't easy. Cause it was chaos, right? Screams and bodies on fire. And rides falling down in great big pieces. And everybody running every which way. And I made it out, yeah. Just like you. But I'm not staying there in mind... I can't. ...I'm going.

**LEE.** Go ahead.

**FLACO.** It's *Viva Hate* night. They're only going to play from that CD. All night. An endless loop.

**LEE.** Endless party.

**FLACO.** It's just moving. It's just dancing.

**LEE.** And the sing-a-longs and the contests and the who's got the best hair tonight...

**FLACO.** You used to like it.

**LEE.** I never liked it. It was a scene. It was fun for a while. I did it. Whatever.

**FLACO.** ...Are you going to see Kayla?

**LEE.** Maybe.

**FLACO.** You should call her.

**LEE.** And say what?

**FLACO.** Just say hey.

**LEE.** Why? Cause we're good together? Cause maybe we're destined and all that crap?...what if we are? ...I haven't talked to her since... and we're not even...we're just connected in some way. It's a good connection. At least I think it is...was...She's got her friends, you know... Screw it. It doesn't feel right.

**FLACO.** And sleeping does?

**LEE.** Yeah. Sleeping feels great. Feels just right. I need it.

I haven't slept in...

Waking up in the middle of the night... every little sound... every siren...

people's faces in my dreams...dazed and bloody...

all that...madness, shock...dust...

What am I supposed to do with all that? Put it away? Forget it all happened?

Seems like that's all everybody wants to do:

Get on, come on, move on,

go to the mall, go to the movies, go to a club,

watch the baseball game, the soccer match,

battle your favorite big-eyed, big-breasted, naked Anime assassin in cyberspace,

be a fan, cheer on, get on board, get high, get laid, spend everything, forget everything,

and don't talk about anything...not really...cause once you have an opinion

then everybody else has to have one and who knows, there could even be an argument.

And we can't have that. We can't afford a damn argument about anything substantial,

Cause then how would we go on? How will we call the anti-terrorist hotline, then?

So we talk about salad or cake...

We go to great lengths to talk about the many ways you can prepare a salad, and how good it is for digestion, and "did you try it with walnuts or fruit?

And wasn't that dressing better than the other one?"

Entire evenings devoted to the global importance of salad.

Or we wax eternal about chocolate cake,

petty indulgences, guilty pleasures, goddamn dessert.

"Was it dark chocolate or white chocolate, mousse or ice cream?

And what was the texture? And how moist was it, and which one is the best one in the city to have?

And where did you have it and why and with whom?

And oh, gotta go there, gotta eat it, gotta fill myself up."

This is what we talk about. Stupid things. Safe things.

Cause salad and cake are common ground. You can pass the time talking about them. There's nothing controversial about salad.

And the best thing is you don't have to get angry. Not even a bit.

Well, I want to get angry. I want to get fucking angry about how the World Bank and the IMF have screwed us all over with privatization and globalization and damned multinational corporate deal-making that leave out the poor and make entire populations random targets for go-mad killjoys seeking their brand of righteous vengeance.

I want to get angry about two hundred wounded and seventy dead in Luna Park

And everywhere else innocents are slaughtered on the left and right side  
of the political, ideological or fanatical profit-making equation.  
I want to get angry about Cory disappearing for no reason  
and everything else that happened that day  
And has been happening and keeps happening;  
And how no one is really doing anything about it except saying  
“Hey, it’s a shame,  
It’s a tragedy, but we got to move on now and not waste time  
mourning.”  
Waste time mourning?  
Since when did mourning have a damn time limit imposed on it?  
Or is it just that it’s not comfortable, not pleasant to talk about what  
happened  
and what keeps happening the world over?  
But we’ve no time for that.  
No. No time for anger. No time for mourning.  
Just salad. Yeah. Cake. Yeah. Morrissey night at the club. Yeah.  
Viva Hate. Viva everything.  
And tell me, once we put all that escapist good after bad,  
who’s to remember? Really remember anything?  
I’m sleeping. I don’t care how long.

**FLACO.** ...You want me to call Kayla for you?

**LEE.** No.

**FLACO.** I’ll text her, then.

**LEE.** Don’t do anything. If I feel like calling her, I will.

**FLACO.** You won’t.

**LEE.** Look, you want me to call her, Flaco? Fine. I’ll call her.

*(LEE picks up his mobile. Pause.)*

**FLACO.** ...Well?

**LEE.** I will.

**FLACO.** Go on.

**LEE.** ...You’re going to stand there and stare at me like that?



**FLACO.** I'm going out.

**LEE.** Then go out.

**FLACO.** ...How's the hair?

**LEE.** Fine. Just fine.

**FLACO.** Are you sure? I spent hours on this thing. I want it to look just right.

**LEE.** You sound just like Cory.

**FLACO.** Well, we did think alike in a way. Why? Does it freak you out?

**LEE.** It's kinda nice.

**FLACO.** So, is it all right?

**LEE.** Hmm?

**FLACO.** The hair!

**LEE.** Killer.

**FLACO.** Rock n'roll, then.

**LEE.** Rock n'roll.

*(FLACO leaves.)*

*LEE waits, mobile phone in hand.*

*Time passes.*

*Finally, he dials. Waits.)*

Hi. Kayla?...Kayla?...This is Lee. ...Lee. ...Yes. Right. Uh-huh...I'm fine. Yeah.

You?...Yeah. I know. Not easy...Really? Leslie and Daniel?...Great. That's great...No. Hadn't heard.....Kayla?...Kayla?... I lost you for a second...No, that's fine...I just thought I'd...Sure. ...Later.

*(Phone off.)*

**Fourteen: Haven't had a dream in a long time**

*(After. Exterior: LEE and KAYLA drinking coffee at a cafe. Silence.)*

**KAYLA.** It's good, isn't it?

**LEE.** It's coffee.

**KAYLA.** Better than usual, though.

**LEE.** Yeah. Not as bitter...What's that —? Charbucks. ...Old joke.

**KAYLA.** ...What have you been doing?

**LEE.** Nothing. I've been sleeping a lot. You?

**KAYLA.** You're like the phone.

**LEE.** What?

**KAYLA.** Like on the phone. When you called.

**LEE.** What does that mean?

**KAYLA.** Means what it means.

**LEE.** Should I go? Maybe I should go...

**KAYLA.** No. It's all right. It's good to see you. I just thought... I mean, when you didn't call or e-mail, I... I don't know what I thought.

**LEE.** I think Cory's dead.

**KAYLA.** A lot of people died that day.

**LEE.** Of people I knew, I mean.

**KAYLA.** Oh. Sorry. ...I'm really sorry.

**LEE.** I haven't had a dream in a long time.  
Everything's blank. Vague. Unknown.  
Fucking joke.

**KAYLA.** He hasn't been—?

**LEE.** Found? No.

And the thing is I saw him, right? He was about to dive. And I thought "Great.

He's not lost. He's just being Cory: flaking out, then popping up at the last minute."

He goddamn loved Moz. He loved all that bleak mopey British shit. When we'd go to the club, it was like he was in heaven. A real fan, you know.

I don't think I've ever been a fan. Of anything. I mean, I like stuff, but...

I'm not devoted enough. Not even about religion.

My parents tried and tried when I was a kid — catechism classes and all that —

but it didn't make a difference. I stopped going to Mass after a while.

I couldn't see the point.

**KAYLA.** You're Catholic?

**LEE.** Former lapsed non-believing believer. Why? What are you?

**KAYLA.** I'm nothing. My parents didn't belong to anything. So, I didn't either.

**LEE.** No structure. That's great.

**KAYLA.** I wouldn't have minded a little bit, even if it was just something to rebel against.

**LEE.** It's good to rebel, isn't it?

**KAYLA.** Feels good. Don't know that it does much good, but...

**LEE.** Of course it does. All those revolutions way back... they were nothing but rebellions that got out of hand. It's apathy that kills. Cause that's what they want. That's what the powers-that-be want: good, dutiful apathetic citizens who feel they can't make a cent of difference, so they can carry on doing what they're doing and live in their ever-growing power bubble. You don't think so?

**KAYLA.** I don't think I can make a judgment about people that I don't know.

**LEE.** But you can form an opinion.

**KAYLA.** So I can have a picture in mind to go with that opinion and have something I can live with? And meanwhile, there are all these other pictures that don't fit, that don't make sense...what am I

supposed to do with them, Lee? Nothing's neat, nothing's simple. Even simple's complex...

**LEE.** Sorry.

**KAYLA.** What are you sorry about?

**LEE.** I don't want to make you upset.

**KAYLA.** We're just talking. Having coffee...

**LEE.** ...So, Leslie and Daniel, eh?

**KAYLA.** Yeah. Can you believe it?

**LEE.** That's huge.

**KAYLA.** Marriage. I know. Weird to think about, really.

**LEE.** Too soon.

**KAYLA.** And they barely know each other.

**LEE.** Crazy.

**KAYLA.** It is what it is.

**LEE.** But you have to admit, though...

**KAYLA.** I wouldn't do it. No. But if it's what Leslie wants... what she thinks she needs...

Who knows? Maybe they do love each other. Maybe Luna Park was the best thing that could've happened. ...

**LEE.** That's morbid.

**KAYLA.** A lot of people are getting married.

**LEE.** A lot of people are getting divorced, too.

**KAYLA.** Yeah, Monica's breaking up with everybody.

**LEE.** I bet.

**KAYLA.** What's that mean?

**LEE.** Monica... It seems like something she would do.

**KAYLA.** Yeah. Well, I'm happy for Leslie. He's a good guy.

**LEE.** He played mean soccer, that's all I know.

**KAYLA.** ...Have you gone back to the park since —?

**LEE.** No.

**KAYLA.** They're starting to rebuild, re-landscape...They're going to put in a Metropolis ride and everything. A city within a city. It's going to take some time, but...they're under way. They showed the plans in the newspaper. Did you see them?

**LEE.** No.

**KAYLA.** It's going to look really beautiful.

*(Pause. He cries.)*

**KAYLA.** Are you all right?

**LEE.** I don't know why I'm crying.

**KAYLA.** It's a good thing.

**LEE.** Yeah?

**KAYLA.** Good to let things out.

*(A good long cry.)*

**LEE.** I'm sorry. I don't usually...

**KAYLA.** It's all right.

*(He cries a bit more, then recovers a bit.)*

**LEE.** ...Must be the coffee.

**KAYLA.** Yeah. It's really bad.

**LEE.** They should give us our money back.

**KAYLA.** Want me ask them?

**LEE.** No. No. It's all right. They're making 8 dollars an hour anyway.

**KAYLA.** It's a tough job, too.

**LEE.** Yeah. People don't realize...

**KAYLA.** Lots of burnt milk and carpal tunnel...

**LEE.** There was this guy as I was coming over here.

**KAYLA.** Hmm?

**LEE.** He was walking along. Suit and tie. Going to work probably. He had this bag in his hand. Foreign brand briefcase. I usually don't notice things like that, but...

Anyway, he was just walking. He seemed like a regular guy.

We get to the corner and we both have to wait.

He reaches into his briefcase and then this look came over his face, panicked, scared.

He looked at me. I didn't say anything. I tried to be as calm as possible. Non-judgmental. I didn't want to make him think any the worse of me

for having a mutually fleeting thought that he might have a bomb in his briefcase.

He reached in and took out a pack of tissues. He had to blow his nose. That's all.

And then the light went green and we went our separate ways.

**KAYLA.** We live in a nervous town. Like any other place...We're all the same.

Just luckier than most.

**LEE.** "Lucky?" I hate that word.

**KAYLA.** Sometimes there are no words...

**LEE.** Yeah. It's better that way.

*(KAYLA takes his hand. Slight pause. He kisses her.)*

### **Fifteen: A small request**

*(After.)*

**MONICA.** I just want to not think.

That's all.

To not think about anything.

Nothing.

Nothing at all.

Mmm-hmm.

Nothing.

**Sixteen: An average life**

*(After. Interior. LESLIE is trying on a wedding dress. KAYLA watches.)*

**KAYLA.** I don't even know why you want a dress.

**LESLIE.** It's the way it's always been done.

**KAYLA.** So?

**LESLIE.** I like tradition. Haven't you always dreamt of wearing a wedding dress?

**KAYLA.** No.

**LESLIE.** Not even when you were a little girl?

**KAYLA.** No.

**LESLIE.** That's strange.

**KAYLA.** What's so strange about it?

**LESLIE.** Cause it's what everybody dreams. It's a common dream. Very, very common.

**KAYLA.** I'm uncommon.

**LESLIE.** I worry about you.

**KAYLA.** Don't.

**LESLIE.** You don't have any focus in your life.

**KAYLA.** Where's this coming from?

**LESLIE.** It's true.

**KAYLA.** I've plenty of focus.

**LESLIE.** You'll end up like Monica.

**KAYLA.** Monica's fine.

**LESLIE.** She's a wreck.

**KAYLA.** She is not a wreck. She's more together than any of us are. She just has her way of her doing things, that's all. What's happening to you, Leslie? What's going on?

**LESLIE.** I have priorities now.

**KAYLA.** Meaning?

**LESLIE.** Plans, goals...I can't live like an adolescent all my life, wasting time, going to the park...

**KAYLA.** You met Daniel in the park.

**LESLIE.** That's different.

**KAYLA.** Why is that different?

**LESLIE.** I don't want to talk about this right now.

**KAYLA.** You brought it up.

**LESLIE.** I'm just saying...

**KAYLA.** You don't like Lee, is that it?

**LESLIE.** I didn't say that.

**KAYLA.** We're friends. There's nothing at stake.

**LESLIE.** Precisely.

**KAYLA.** Look, I'm not planning my whole life around somebody just because I feel I have to.

**LESLIE.** Is that what you think I—?

**KAYLA.** You're getting married. Dress and everything.

**LESLIE.** I love him.

**KAYLA.** Great. Have a great life.

**LESLIE.** Go to hell.

**KAYLA.** ...I'm here, aren't I?

**LESLIE.** No, you're not. You're dreaming about I don't know what...

We don't know what will happen at any given moment.

And we still act like there's all the time in the world.

It may seem petty and small to you to even consider an average life but that's exactly what I want: an average, normal, small little life.



I want to get married, and have a legal, spiritual and emotional bond with someone.

And I'm not some post-feminist chick who needs a man to validate her existence.

That is not what this is about.

I just want to build a life, and not just...go about thinking about what's the latest this, and what's the latest that, and let's go shopping and go to the club and pretend the lie we're living is a good honest lie.

And if you think it's funny or stupid or retro, then...

I'm sorry. I don't want to be extraordinary.

I want to be completely ordinary. In every way.

**KAYLA.** What about Daniel?

**LESLIE.** What about him?

**KAYLA.** You don't even know him really.

**LESLIE.** I know him enough.

**KAYLA.** It seems so much to take on all at once.

**LESLIE.** We love each other. What's to take on?

**KAYLA.** Aren't you even a little bit angry?

**LESLIE.** About what?

**KAYLA.** You almost got killed.

**LESLIE.** We almost *all* got killed.

We lucked out in a way. I know it sounds strange to say that, but...we did, right? I mean, we're all right.

And Dani's healing just fine. He's practically...altogether,

And I'm...except for my ear every once in a while — not hearing things — I'm fine;

So, what have I to get angry about?

I'm supposed to get all guilty cause I'm okay and a lot of people aren't?

I'm not going to do that. I'm not going to burden myself with guilt because I'm alive. You see, cause I'm not good with anger. Never have been.

*(Referring to bow in back of dress:)* Would you fix the bow? I can't...

**KAYLA.** Sure.

**LESLIE.** It was in this vintage shop.

**KAYLA.** It's nice.

**LESLIE.** It is. Isn't it?

**KAYLA.** Yeah.

**LESLIE.** The lady at the shop wanted me to take another one they had. From the 1950s, but I said "No. This one will do."

**KAYLA.** There.

**LESLIE.** Yeah?

**KAYLA.** Perfect.

**LESLIE.** It's not too frou-frou, is it?

**KAYLA.** No. It's nice. Pretty.

**LESLIE.** Yeah?

**KAYLA.** Yeah.

### **Seventeen: Real Wild**

*(After. Exterior. MONICA and DANIEL are drinking coffee at a cafe. He has a crutch next to him.)*

**MONICA.** Canada. That's where I'm going.

**DANIEL.** When?

**MONICA.** Tomorrow, the next day. I'm packing up and heading out...

It's better there. Cleaner, safer...unspoiled.

**DANIEL.** Not all of it.

**MONICA.** Better than here. Gotta be. More civilized, definitely.

**DANIEL.** I guess that means no wedding invite for you.

**MONICA.** No. Sorry. I mean, it's great about you and Leslie... But I can't stick around and do all that chit-chat, hors-d'oeuvres, and

wine and cheese-wedges thing. I'm not good at that, anyway. I always end up complaining about the wine or the cheese being too soft or... I like the ritual of weddings but not the fuss. Why not just pledge yourself to each other and break open a coconut? That's so much simpler and more honest.

Sorry. I don't mean that the way it came out. But you know what I mean, right?

**DANIEL.** No circus.

**MONICA.** Yeah. Exactly.

Although I think you and Leslie should have the best big wedding you can,

Cause why not, right? You're in it, might as well...

**DANIEL.** I don't know what I'm going to do.

I haven't thought about anything. Nothing at all.

**MONICA.** Not even when you were in the hospital?

**DANIEL.** That was a stupid thing. People there with real injuries, real messed-up shit,

and I'm there with a broken leg. Not even from the blast, but from running,

From crazy running to get out of the chaos.

Leslie right next to me and I fall.

...

I haven't even had time to...really think, you know.

Leslie seems so sure...

**MONICA.** And you're not?

**DANIEL.** I'm all over it. I just... I'd like some quiet.

**MONICA.** Yeah, this city's really noisy. Makes it hard to think. You should move out to the country.

**DANIEL.** And do what?

**MONICA.** Plant things. I have a friend who moved out cause she said she wanted to find her little place in this mad, mad world and she's growing all these organic vegetables and being really hippie but in a non-hippie way and she seems really happy.

**DANIEL.** Even now?

**MONICA.** Yeah. I e-mailed her when... and she was shocked. Sure. Stunned. But...really level, you know. That's what I want. That's why Canada... cause it's so big there and there are all these moose and ice ponds and hockey and French and Chinese people — yeah, they have, like, the biggest population of Chinese outside of China.

**DANIEL.** Wild.

**MONICA.** Real wild... and not just “*la vida loca*” but authentic wildness, you know? Out in the prairie, in the middle of nothing. Like Newfoundland, right? Can you imagine living on the tip of a country, just on the edge of a continent?

**DANIEL.** Like me.

**MONICA.** What'd you mean?

**DANIEL.** I'm from one of those “tips,” as you say... another edge...but yes, very much the same. Just hanging on.

**MONICA.** And wishing.

**DANIEL.** I don't do that as much.

**MONICA.** I'm just starting to again...I used to think wishing was, like, for kids, you know. Something you did once and you'd grow out of, but...it feels good to wish. And not in a selfish “give me what I want” way but real, you know. ... Go ahead. Wish something.

**DANIEL.** Now?

**MONICA.** Yeah.

**DANIEL.** What should I wish for?

**MONICA.** That they serve better coffee in this place.

**DANIEL.** I'm not wishing that.

**MONICA.** I guess it's an impossible...

**DANIEL.** Definitely an impossible.

**MONICA.** Well, wish for something else, then...

**DANIEL.** ...Too many wishes.

**MONICA.** So? Do one at a time. I'll wait.

**DANIEL.** What about you?

**MONICA.** I already know what my wish is.

**DANIEL.** Canada?

**MONICA.** Absolutely.

**DANIEL.** You're something else.

**MONICA.** One day everybody will know that.  
...Go on. Do your wishing.

**DANIEL.** I wish...

**MONICA.** Not out loud! That ruins it.  
Just quiet. Inside. Like you're painting a self-portrait or you're  
floating on the sea...  
That's right. Real quiet.  
And I'll think of Canada...And how it'll be...

**DANIEL.** ...Upwards...

**MONICA.** Yeah. Everything's going upwards...

### **Eighteen: Cory floats through the city**

*(This may be pre-recorded.)*

**CORY.** And after  
There was nothing  
But burnt earth  
And tired bodies  
And the endless blue  
And me  
Floating up from out of the sea  
Above everything.  
I had risen up somehow.  
And I could see the whole city...  
I could see everything...

Flaco and Leslie and Monica and Lee.  
And Kayla

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