

A DIM, BARE CORNER

By: Brad Drummer
With original music by: Greg Woodward

(The stage is a set of four platforms, arranged so that the platform on which the piano and synthesizer sit is the apex of a triangle - the three sides formed by the other platforms. Each platform has a different lamp situated upon it. In the spaces between the platforms are many lamps - each different from the other. On platform "A" and "C," simple chairs are the only furniture besides the lamps and their stands. A cushioned chair sits on platform "B."

The only props are: photo albums on platform "C," a cordless phone on platform "A", a trash-can on platform "B," tumbler glasses and a bottle of liquor on the piano, and a gun which is initially on Adam B's person.

All of the lamps should be on dimmers. The platform lamps should each be separately adjustable from the others. All lamps are lit at various levels of intensity as the house opens.

Five minutes before curtain, Adam D walks onto his platform and sits at the piano. He is dressed in a performance tuxedo with the collar button undone and the tie hanging about his neck. He plays a piece that he is writing, stopping once in a while to jot down notes. After a time, he comes to a passage of music that gives him trouble. He repeatedly attempts the musical phrase, becoming more intense with each attempt. When he begins to sound like a broken record - repeating the same bars over and over - the lights go to black. The music stops abruptly. There is a moment's silence before a very loud sound from the synthesizer - reminding one of a gunshot - is heard in the blackness. A roll of tub drums swells then fades, becoming a steady pulse beat before going to silence.)

NOTES:

- The symbols *< >* indicate a music cue for Adam D. The music for these cues is found at the end of the script.

- All characters remain onstage for the entire show.

i.

(The voice of a young girl is heard in the darkness - sounding as if it is coming through a telephone line.)

Tammy:

Uh-huh...(giggles)... No!... all right. It might not sound as good as when I was in the character.

A:

"In the character," huh, where'd you learn that one?

Tammy:

Mrs. Gracewall is always saying that whenever anyone stands up to read in class.

A:

So... get "in the character" and read it to me.

Tammy:

I can't now, Dad.

A:

Why no-o-o-t.

Tammy:

Be-ca-u-se.

A:

(laughing) OK, how about if you get Mommy to help you say it.

Tammy:

OK. Mom - he wants us to do it together.

Jen:

Oh, he does, does he? All right, but I won't be "in the character" either.

(A whispered "1-2-3 Go!" is heard, and lights come up on Adam A. He is dressed in a tuxedo sans the tie or cummerbund, with the shirt half unbuttoned. He is standing, holding the phone to his ear, hungrily listening to every syllable. A spotlight halfway

up the audience's centre aisle reveals Jen & Tammy - Tammy is in her pajamas.)

Tammy/Jen:

Tic-toc
Thump-thump, thump-thump
Tic-toc
Thump-thump, thump-thump
Second by second
Minute by minute
My heart helps me learn
the tics on a clock
Tic-toc
Thump-thump, thump-thump
Learning about time can be fun!

Tammy:

What'd you think?

A:

The crowd goes wild! The judges are making their decisions...
9.8! 9.7! 9.8! And a... 6.6?! Wait! The judge had his card upside
down! (makes "crowd" noise)

Jen:

Where'd you get such a crazy Daddy? You'd better say "bye" now and
start for bed.

Tammy:

(groans) Dad, I gotta' go to bed.

A:

You better listen to your mother. She's sent me to bed on many
occasions - she knows what she's talking about. Listen, if you ever need a
manager for taking that poem on the road -

Tammy:

Dad... (he laughs) I love you. Bye'.

A:

I love you too... (lights go black on Jen and Tammy) Jen? Aw, Jen,
she's such a great kid. The two of you sounded so... right together. "The
poetry readings of Jen and Tammy." (forced laugh) Ah, God do I miss you
both... I know, I know I promised. But, I - (holds receiver against his

chest) SHIT! (again into the phone) I'm sorry, Jen. You're right. So, I saw Randy today... No, no, no, it wasn't like that. We ran into each other at the market. He told me that you were going for your real estate lic- ... You did? Well, that's wonderful! Really! So, you finally did it. That's - I'm so happy for you, Jen. When do you start?... Ha-ha, you'll be owning the place before long. How can a buyer resist that charm. I never could. You always had a way of - I'm sorry. I'm stopping, I'm stopping... I'm doing it again, aren't I?... But I do mean it, Jen. I'm very happy for you... Me? *<1>* (with forced bravado) I'm doing - I mean, lately - fine. Great! Best I've been in months... Really, well, you know what I mean. Pick up the pieces and get on with one's life. After a while, things start to - um - you know - I'm doing great, Jen, honest. I feel like a new man. You'd never know I ever had a problem. (lights begin to fade) You should see for yourself...

(Lights go to black on "A" and come up on "D.")

ii.

(Adam D. is seated at the piano, dressed as he was at the top of the show. There is sheet music scattered about the piano and the platform. He plays until he comes to a passage that dissatisfies him. He tries a few ideas, then jots down some notes. The lights fade as he begins to play again.)

iii.

(Lights up on Adam B. He is dressed in a tux sans the jacket, tie, and cummerbund. His shirt is half unbuttoned. **He is speaking to the audience as if they were one person: his manager, Dave.**)

B:

C'mon, Dave. I know that I've been slipping a little, but, well, I've just been through a divorce... Yeah, it was six months ago, but just last week was the first chance I've had to see my little girl outside of a courtroom. (He goes to the piano for the bottle and pours a drink - offers it to Dave, who declines. So, he keeps it.) Look, Dave, you know what one goes through - you've been divorced. The division of property, the division of money, the division of everything! Who gets the toaster, who gets the bed, who gets the house, who gets the friends. Who tells the relatives, who tells... tries to explain... Damn! (reacts to comment from Dave) I'm not sure you DO know what I'm going through. You wanted your divorce. What's that song you sing, "Ding-Dong, the witch is gone, the wicked witch, the wicked bitch...?" Well, it's only been six months, and it hasn't been easy to forget. Look how long it took you to get used to her being gone... One day? Oh, what the - You wanted your divorce! I didn't! My God, she's not that easy to forget. (lights fade) And the thing is... The frightening truth of it is that even if I wanted to forget, I don't think I could.

iv.

(As lights go to black on Adam B, they come up on Adam C. He is dressed in a T-shirt with an open tux shirt over it, boxers, and black dress socks. He is fairly intoxicated. He is sitting in the chair with a photo album on his lap. His laughter has overlapped the ending of the preceding scene.)

C:

(laughing) Oh - Oh - God, yes! Remember that party?! (looks around) That's right, you left. Everybody's left. (looks at photo and again bursts into hysterical glee) Oh - Oh - God! Now, that was one helck - (pauses as he tries to figure out what is not quite right with what he's spoken) Hel-ck... helck. H-e-e-ck, HECK! (delights in himself as he roars with laughter) Heck! mmmmm - what was - (sees photo) The party! Now, that was one hell of a party! (pause - quizzical grin - turns page) Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes - YES! Ha! Hmm - how did it happen again...? I remember! It was Abe. Abe? Yes, it was Abe. (laughs) Abe was in the living room, red-eyed drunk, being Mickey Mouse conducting Fantasia. I left him performing the hippo ballet to uncork my bladder. I had just gotten my fly up, when the bathroom door bursts open, and in comes Abe, stumbling for the stool. (laughs) Well, he reaches the stool, loses his balance leaning over it, and SPLASH - dunks his head in my unflushed piss-water! (laughs) Ok, Ok, Ok,... WELL, he pulls his drenched head out of the bowl, spitting out toilet water and blinking it from his eyes. It was dripping from his hair, down his face, and he looks up at me. I guess it dawned on him that my urine was dripping from his chin! He went to scream, but nothing came out. He was stuck between a puke and a scream! (laughter - imitates Abe's wide mouthed expression - laughs again) So, there Abe knelt, looking down into a toilet of piss, face stretched taught, mouth opened as wide as he could, trying to scream. But every time he'd try, he'd block it with a retch! He almost passed out from lack of oxygen! We finally lifted him into the shower, still trying to scream, and turned the water on him. Then he threw-up. Then he screamed. Then he threw-up. Then - (side-splitting laughter) Oh, shit. Oh, shit. (gasping for air - looks at photo again) Aw, Eddy, you fucking camera nut, this one is a classic. *<2>* (again imitates Abe's expression) That's the word: "classic." (lights fade) You guys threw me one classic bachelor party!

v.

(Lights up on "D" as soon as lights go to black on "C." He is playing a bright sounding section of his piece. After several bars, he stops to write something down. **He is intensely absorbed by his work, and fails to notice his phone ringing.** Without taking his attention from or stopping the music, he reaches up to the bottle with one hand to pour himself a drink. The phone stops. Lights fade. The music slightly overlaps the next scene.)

vi.

(Lights up on "A." He is still on the phone.)

A:

...Let me tell you about my latest masterpiece, Jen... Yeah, I'm starting to write again. Hey! Why not stop over - say, for supper or something - and I could play it for you? ... But, this is different, Jen. Ok, you don't even have to stay for dinner, you could just stop by for a few minutes to hear my piece... Look, where is it written that divorcees can't be friends. C'mon, I'll behave. It'll just take fifteen minutes. You don't even have to come in the door - you can sit in your car with the windows down, and I'll roll the piano to the front door and serenade you from the doorway... Oh, it's good to hear your laugh again. McDonald's! How about McDonald's? 'Can't get much more harmless than that... No, but if you say yes, I'll have a piano delivered there. It'd just be so good to see you again... You agree? Then it's the Golden Arches? ... But, you just said ... Jen, I told you that I was different - I've even gotten rid of the bar! ... All of it, yeah. Of course I'm sure... Dave? When?... Yeah, well, I mean, sure, I keep a bottle around for guests. You know, to entertain with, but - ... Yes, I know what I said... It's just for special occasions! Look, if it bothers you that much, I'll throw it out right now. **(goes to piano and picks up the bottle - considers "pouring" it out - then places it in the trash-can)** There, I threw it away. (lights fade) OK? It's gone.

vii.

(Lights up on "B" sitting in his chair with an empty glass in his hand.)

B:

... Finito. Empty. (stands and moves towards the piano) You want one? (Dave starts to leave) Now? C'mon Dave. Dave, Dave! (**produces the gun**) I bought a gun, Dave! (After a tense moment, he laughs) Naw, I just like to keep it handy when I'm alone in the house, ya' know? That's what they're there for - to be handy... Well, - I don't know exactly. I guess I just feel more secure knowing its near. Handy. Lately the nights, the empty house, scares me sometimes. You know, I never was afraid of the dark, even as a child. And yet, I don't think that I'm afraid of - the DARK - "boogeymen." I can't really explain it. (**goes to the piano, puts down the gun, and tries to find the bottle**) Maybe it's the emptiness - the shadows. I mean, there's so much void around me that something must exist in it. (**finds the bottle in the trash - looks around the room wondering how it got there**) ... Hmm, what? ... Oh, yeah, yeah, Jen took a lot of the furniture with her, but I replaced most of it... with lamps mainly. (**pours another drink - replaces the bottle on the piano**) My house is a GE dreamland! Yet! I'll walk into a room, turn on all the lights, sit down to watch TV - and out of the corner of my eye, I'll notice it. An empty space. A dim, bare, corner. So, I buy another lamp! I mean look! I have hundreds of lamps in this place! And they're still there. Voids that the furniture won't fill - shadows that the light can't throw back. It's like something found its way inside of my house. Something that creates - nothingness. And it's there all right! *It - is - there.* Hiding in the emptiness, wrapping itself in shadows, watching me. *<3>* I feel it! *<4>* ... So, I bought a gun. (lights fade) A big revolver. *<5>* It'll stop whatever's creeping in my corners.

viii.

(Lights up on "C." He is under his chair looking through the loose photos on the floor.)

C:

Where the - Ah Hah! (crawls to edge of the platform and sits) Yep. Here it is. June 20th. I remember. Oh, my Lord, what a day! What a stupendously, utterly, impossibly perfect day! (he stands and closes his eyes in concentration) I remember...

(Spotlight comes up on Jen halfway down the centre aisle of the house, standing on a removable dais. **Words in { }'s are spoken by both.**)

Jen:

The sun was shining crystal, the sky was Genesis blue. There was a caressing breeze...

C:

...seemingly precisely cued for the appropriate moments. Nature -

Jen:

- was so irresistible that the ceremony was moved from within the church onto the front steps. (They share a laugh.)

C:

The guests -

Jen:

- sat on the grass in their tuxes and gowns.

C:

The orchestra -

Jen:

- played beneath a tree. *<6>*

C:

(He opens his eyes and sees her.) She wore white. *<7>*

{I remember.}

C:

She graced down the front walk, humbling me with her beauty - her eyes, wet, glittering diamonds. She stopped beside me and smiled -

Jen:

- this honest, happy, wonderful smile. I felt like my head was red hot with blood and energy - and it wanted to float away -

C:

- but her eyes anchored me to that spot. The church could have fallen down around us, and still-

Jen:

I would have been unmoved to look away from that face.

C:

The preacher began - *<8>*

Jen:

I didn't notice at first. *<9>*

C:

And when I finally registered that there was someone else on this earth besides Jen and me, he was asking me a question... "I do." *<10>*

{Passion -} oh, the {passion.}

Jen:

The tremolo-heartbeat that those words instilled within my breast. I was on a madly accelerating rocket that knew no limit to speed.

{My whole life was crescendoing towards -}

C:

- the melodious {climax} of her requested reply. The symphony hushed. *<11>* The world listened. And the most beautifully sounded instrument responded:

Jen:

I do. *<12>*

(After a moment's beat, he again closes his eyes, and the lights go to black on Jen.)

C:

(with eyes still closed) Rapturous music swelled from every direction. I wanted to throw back my head and sing pure joy. Her laughter, the orchestra, the birds, the rustling trees, the cheers, my heart! All joined together in perfect harmony to create the most wondrous expression of love as music! (he opens his eyes) I REMEMBER!

(Lights up on "D" as "C" rushes to the piano and begins to furiously write while "D" furiously plays. Gradually, the synthesised orchestra sounds that had been layered into the preceding scene drop out of the music, until it is just the piano. "C" stops writing, searching his brain for the music that is leaving him. "D" comes to the passage of music that has given him problems throughout the show. The frustration mounts in both men until they simultaneously slam their hands down upon the piano keys.)

Both:

That's not it!

ix.

("C" disgustedly leaves the piano, returning to his darkened platform. "D" also moves away from the piano. After a moment, he takes a deep breath, sits back down, and tries to calmly play through the troubled piece of music. He again gets hung-up and pounds down on the keys.)

D:

Remember! (Lights fade on "D.") Please, remember...

x.

(Lights up on "A" sitting in the chair, his head hanging between his knees, still on the phone.)

A:

... I told you already, Jen, I'm feeling great. Jen, please, do we have to talk about this right now? I hardly get the chance to talk with you as it is, and I don't want to waste this chance arguing. So, how about giving an old friend a break and maybe agree to see him at MceeDees? Or, or maybe you'd risk - (A stunned look comes over him.) ... You, you went to the concert? To see me? (his knees buckle) Aw, Jen, that - that must've been the night I was sick. Why didn't you call... *<13>* You did? *<14>* (holds receiver against chest in anguish) The last three shows of the run? All of them? *<15>* Oh, God! SHE CAME TO SEE ME! *<16>* Where was I? *<17>* WHERE!?! *<18>* (He begins to weep. After a time, he realises that he is still holding the phone with Jen on the other end.) Oh, Jen - Jen?! (lights fade) Jen? *<19>*

xi.

(Lights up on "C" sitting on the floor with his back against the chair. He has a photo album on his lap. He is removing the snapshots from the page and reading the backs of them.)

C:

"Ocean City - Beached Sperm Whale." (chuckles fondly - removes another) "First Successful Watermelon Implant in Bikini - September 2006." (another photo) "Tammy Jean Seaks - Thirty Seconds Old - November 3rd 2006." (He pauses over the photo, then picks another - and laughs.) "Tammy's Second Birthday." We had her standing behind her cake to take her picture, when she decided to climb into it for the pose! Ah, what a mess! (He turns the page and finds it empty.) Well, that's it for this one. (stands and staggers around) Where's the -? Is there another one? Has to be - that one only went up to '08. So, where'd you put it, Maestro? (stretches and yawns - lights fade) Maybe it's in the other room.

xii.

(Lights up on "B." He is pouring a drink at the piano's edge.)

B:

Do you know what I mean when I say that people hear everything, but listen to only a small portion of anything? The human species seems to have developed some kind of noise filtering system in their brains that eliminates everything EXCEPT what their particular - "self-programming" chooses to hear. We even have an "automatic response mode" that keeps our attention from being distracted by repetitive inquiries. And it all starts at a very young age. Kids today can be playing a computer game and their mothers will ask - well, for instance, say a mother wants her child to take out the trash. The child HEARS the request, but his filtering system blocks out any real consideration of her words, and in kicks the "automatic response mode" producing, "OK, Mom, in a minute." Eh? (*Picks up the gun and studies it as he speaks*) And we adults do this too; only, we are more complex about it. Our responses are more intricate and ornate, but they are still just filtered reflex! We - don't - *listen* to one another, do we? That's what happened. Damn! I was just hearing Jen, never listening. I was living in a haze... (looks at drink in his hand) ... a red-eyed haze. (throws glass) AH! SHIT! ... I still didn't entirely believe her until the movers came. I was this reflexive, automatic, inattentive, head-up-his-ass soloist whose only concern was for what seemed relevant to him - to ME! For what made it through my "filtering system!" (He notices Dave putting on his coat - **goes back onto his platform with gun in hand.**) Dave... What, are you leaving already? No, no, no, you can't leave now. I said don't leave! (we hear a door slam shut - Dave has fled) OK. OK. ("opens" the door at the edge of the stage to yell at Dave's back) You know, Dave, I just realised something that is almost too funny! For the past - I don't know how long - I've been trying to share something with you; and it seems that, almost to spite me, you exemplify my very point! You've got as good a "I don't give a shit" system as I've seen yet! Did anything I say get through?! YOO-HOO, DAVE, AM I REGISTERING IN THERE AT ALL?! (we hear a car door slam - which throws a bucket of ice on "B's" anger.) ***<20>*** Dave? I'm sorry, Dave. Shit. (lights fade) Hey, Dave, wait -!

xiii.

(Lights up on "A" still on the phone.)

A:

Jen, no, please, don't hang-up. You're right, you're right... Jen, you're RIGHT! I'm ... sorry. But, you've gotta' believe me - I'm more in control now than I've been in years ... Jen, please, ... Jen, ... Can we stop with the bottle? It's gone! (*sees that trash can is empty - looks around wildly - sees bottle on the piano - doesn't know who put it there - he is frightened and bewildered - moves to place it again in the trash*) I just said that it was gone, didn't I? Just because I had a bottle in the house - ... Listen, not being able to perform at the concert does not necessitate my being drunk ... There are other reasons why people can't handle certain situations besides alcohol ... Like fear! Like not knowing if I'm good enough to hold that spotlight! Like not believing in myself anymore! ... Well, gee, thanks a lot, Jen. That's just what I need to bolster my confidence ... Don't give me that! How much guilt and shit do you want to bury me under?! ... Yeh, well, maybe I did fuck-up with the booze; maybe I couldn't deal with it. But neither could you. YOU could deal far less than I! What happened to "... in sickness and in health?" You ran away and left me to face this - this tequila worm eating my guts out BY MYSELF! I'm trying to solve my problem, what are you doing? You say I was your problem - did you try to solve it? NO! You quit! What's going to happen if Tammy gets a serious illness? YOU GONNA' RUN OUT ON HER TOO?! *<21>*

(Jen hangs up on him. The dial tone douses his anger instantly. In numb, emotionally spent twitches, he stares at the phone for several seconds. A wail wells up from the deepest recesses of his heart.)

aaaAAHHH - YOU FUCKING IDIOT! (He collapses into the chair. Through his tears, he looks again at the phone - still clutched in his hand.) No... Maybe... (dials - lights fade) Answer the phone, Jen. Please answer the phone.

xiv.

(Lights up on "D" at the piano, desperately trying to play the music that he once knew. Like a man who refuses to admit that his car won't start when he direly needs it, "D" repeatedly grinds his gears over the same two bars of music. Emotionally raw, he stops playing but tries to hum the tune. *The lights fade, but the humming only falls to the background and slowly builds through the following scenes.*)

xv.

(Lights up on "B" standing a few feet down the aisle in the audience. He is talking to the back of the aisle into two "headlights" that are shining on him as he "blocks" Dave from driving away. **Note: The scenes are progressively shortening causing more and more of a strobe effect.**)

B:

...Dave, look, I know that I've kept you overly long--I'm sorry. I'm sometimes a long-winded bastard who has a tendency to put his foot in his mouth. I apologise. But I'm also a damn good musician. Look...I have a lot of shit to deal with right now. Will you - if you could just reconsider - could you just bear with me a little while longer?... (we hear Dave start his car) Dave, I'm shaping up. I'm in my best performance form. (The headlights sweep over the audience as if Dave is doing a three-point turn.) I'm writing again! (Lights fade as we hear car tires squeal.) You're making a big mistake!

xvi.

(Lights up on "C" taking the bottle from the trash-can while hugging an album against his chest. He trudges to the corner of the piano, taking a swig straight from the bottle. He then sets the bottle upon the piano and steps onto his platform.)

C:

Can't find it. Can't find it anywhere. (Looking down at album) This - is it (drops album and falls heavily to the floor to examine it) 1988. 2000-fucking-eight. Two thousand fu--... That's two years missing. No pictures! That's not right. They must be somewhere! All those photos of my little girl - like when...when we... Where are the pictures! 2008 and then blank pages. (He starts to cry miserably.) I can't remember. If only I had the pictures... But all I have are pictures... (Lights fade. He is crying piteously.) Where'd they go?!

xvii.

(Lights up on "D" leaning against the wall, head bowed, with a shot glass in hand still humming. After a few moments, he gathers his resolve, gulps down the shot, and moves to the piano with a hate-like look in his eyes. He decides that he will get the piece right if it kills him. Viciously, he throws himself to the task. **The music continues through the following scenes.** The lights fade.)

xviii.

(Lights up on "A". He is pacing with the receiver in his hand.)

A:

Damn! (He hangs up the phone - then decides to try again) Answer the phone, Jen... C'mon Jen, I know you're there... Pick up the phone!... ANSWER THE PHONE! Oh God... (Lights quick fade.)

xix.

(Lights up on "B". He is standing at the stage-end of the center aisle gun still in hand - watching Dave pull away.)

B:

You're making a huge mistake!... Dave!... (He moves back up onto the stage and turns once more to the audience to yell out "the door") You're going to miss out on the greatest piece of music since - since - Oh God (Lights quick fade.)

XX.

(Lights up on a hysterical "C".)

C:

Where was I for - two years? Nothing. Where was I? FOR TWO YEARS! Oh, God, no wonder - no wonder - Oh--God. God. God -

ALL:

God, I need a drink!

(All four say the line in unison and move to get the bottle.

As they converge at the corner of the piano, they see each other for the first time. "D" was closest to the bottle and holds it in his hand. Slowly, he turns the empty bottle over.)

A:

It's finished.

D:

It's gone.

B:

Gone.

C:

'Nothing left.

(They back themselves away from the bottle, which "D" replaces on the piano. What follows is a strobe like sequence of the characters and their brief statements. Underlying the entire scene is the sound of the frantically played piano.)

xxi.

A:

(into phone) Jen!

D:

Remember!

B:

Come back!

C:

Oh, God!

A:

Jen!

D:

Remember!

B:

Come back!

C:

God!

A:

Jen!

D:

Please!

B:

Come back!

C:

GOD!!

ALL:

AAAAAHH!

(The lights and sounds have become a whirling, maddening, blur. It climaxes on the third revolution with a final cry from all four, followed by a blinding surge of light from all of the lights on the stage - some of which should be directed towards the audience. Accompanying the brilliant swell of light, is a deafening sound made by the synthesizer - as heard at the top of the show *<22>*. The lights go instantly to black, the echoes linger in the air.)

xxii.

(Lights up on "E" who stands stage center, facing the audience. He is naked except for briefs. Sweat covers his body. The lighting focuses on him with only the spill-over lighting the "rooms" behind him. "E" raises his head and speaks.)

E:

People - "experts" say that suicide is a disorder - a mental disturbance that requires treatment. The churches call it a crime. (laughs in disbelief) A crime?... Maybe, it is a disorder. Maybe, it is a crime. But I never considered myself - "mentally disturbed." And I never thought of myself as a criminal... Maybe, I should have sought counselling - I don't know. How does anyone know? I mean, if a person went to a psychiatrist every time a stressful or painful event occurred in their lives - ! At least two-thirds of the country has to deal with divorce in some fashion in their lifetimes. Everyone eventually must cope with death. Over thirty percent of this nation must handle a drug related problem. Nearly the same percentage can be applied to the number of under employed!... My problems are not so isolated or unusual, are they? So, what warrants a crisis? What's the criteria for going to someone else to help handle your problems?... I - I wasn't thinking about death when I - when I did it. I wasn't seeking a way out of this life... I was seeking a way out of a bad situation; a way out of some frustrating problems. I was in a corner, see? There was nowhere to go... I was scared... and ANGRY, and sad, and lonely, and frustrated, and - and so I tried to get out. (swings gun around as if enemies are all around) The shadows were taking over everything of mine, so I fought back! So I lashed out at everything that was coming down on me! So I took my gun and aimed it at every one of my FUCKING PROBLEMS - (gun is pointing at this temple) PULLED THE TRIGGER - AND I - ... and I was... *I - AM ...* (He starts to cry. **The phone starts ringing. Lights up to dimly reveal the other four watching him.** "D" is playing a haunting tune on the piano.) Oh, Jen, I'm sorry. I didn't mean... There's so much I wish... I'm sorry.

(All of the lights except for the four lamps on the platform dim to black. Adam E. goes to each platform and turns off its light, leaving "D" for last. When he gets to "D," they share a look, and "D" sadly lifts his hands from the keys - ending the song mid-phrase. The final light is turned off, bringing the stage to blackness. The phone rings three times in the darkness, then rings no more.)

FIN