

But ultimately logical reason,
They don't,
Or they can't,
Or they're all dead by then,
Or it's August and they're away,
Then I will forgive them,
Right?

The same way I forgave myself
For yelling at Apple the first time she peed
Before I realized what was going on.

And if...
Again, if I can't,
And everything is entirely for shit
And I can't even find my way to the end of a sentence...
And...you can fill in all the blanks...

That will be fine, too.

DANCING AT LUGHNASA by Brian Friel

MICHAEL reminisces about the lives of his mother and her four sisters as they lived in 1936 in County Donegal, Ireland. Two of the aunts have left home only to die miserably later.

SCENE: The kitchen of their house, where the family spent all its time.

TIME: Lughnasa (loo-na-sa), the feast day of the Irish god Lugh at harvest time. 1956.

MICHAEL: But there is one memory of that Lughnasa time that visits me most often; and what fascinates me about that memory is that it owes nothing to fact. In that memory atmosphere is more real than incident and everything is simultaneously actual and illusory. In that memory, too, the air is nostalgic with the music of the thirties. It drifts in from somewhere far away—a mirage of sound—a dream music that is both heard and imagined; that seems to be both itself and its own

echo; a sound so alluring and so mesmeric that the afternoon is bewitched, maybe haunted, by it. And what is so strange about that memory is that everybody seems to be floating on those sweet sounds, moving rhythmically, languorously, in complete isolation; responding more to the mood of the music than to its beat. When I remember it, I think of it as dancing. Dancing with eyes half closed because to open them would break the spell. Dancing as if language had surrendered to movement—as if this ritual, this wordless ceremony, was now the way to speak, to whisper private and sacred things, to be in touch with some otherness. Dancing as if the very heart of life and all its hopes might be found in those assuaging notes and those hushed rhythms and in those silent and hypnotic movements. Dancing as if language no longer existed because words were no longer necessary... (*Slowly bring up the music. Slowly bring down the lights.*)

DEARLY DEPARTED by David Bottrell and Jessie Jones

When Bud Turpin dies, his entire clan comes to the funeral. His son JUNIOR, in his twenties, is a dreamer, whose last project, running a machine that cleans parking lots, has been a huge bust. His wife Suzanne won't let him forget it. Here Junior talks to his brother Ray-Bud about an affair in which "one thing kinda led to another."

SCENE: In and around the towns of Lula and Timson, somewhere below the Mason-Dixon line. Ray-Bud's home.

TIME: The present. Night.

JUNIOR: Oh god. I don't know, Ray. It just sort of happened. I didn't plan it or anything. I was out in the K-Mart parking lot, giving them a free cleaning, sort of as a sample and she was loading some stuff into the back of her car. And she sort of struck up conversation. She asked me what I was doing. And I told her all about the machine and how it worked and she seemed real interested, you know. And Ray, I felt proud. Here I was sitting on top of this big piece of machinery and I was sort of the master of it, you know. And here was this woman looking up at me, smiling at me, making me feel like I was