

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 my 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

a man. A real man, like Daddy was. I was in business. I was a business man. I had control of my life.

[RAY-BUD: Well, what happened?]

Suzanne showed up! There she was looking all hot and wilted with all them kids hanging off her screaming for a Popsicle. And what did she want to talk about? The car payment. The house payment. Her mother. The kids needing this and needing that. And as she was talking, I watched this woman pack up the last of her stuff and just drive away. And all of a sudden I had this real strong desire to run Suzanne over with the machine.

[RAY-BUD: I can understand that, Junior.]

But see, it got worse. As the weeks went by, and things with the business started going sour, and the bills started piling up, all I could think about was killing Suzanne. Shooting her. Pushing her down the stairs. Sneaking up on her with a baseball bat. Just anything to shut her up.

[RAY-BUD: So what happened with the woman?]

One day, I just looked her up in the phone book. And one thing kinda led to another.

DEARLY DEPARTED by David Bottrell and Jessie Jones

When Bud Turpin dies, radio evangelist, **REVEREND B.H. HOOKER** delivers his eulogy. Here the Reverend does his radio show, including an advertisement for the funeral home.

SCENE: In and around the towns of Lula and Timson, somewhere below the Mason-Dixon line. A radio station.

TIME: The present. A quarter to midnight.

REVEREND: Real good, kids. Well, it's been a busy day and I've been in the car all day today, rushing from place to place, offering comfort and counsel to some of our brothers and sisters in crisis, catharsis and confusion.

As I sat in the various kitchens, offices and hospital rooms I was made aware of all the different kinds of problems we encounter here on this journey called life. And I said to myself, Beverly, what is this

thing we call life. Is it nothing but a collection of problems, disappointments and heartache. Or do we make it that way with our endless wants, needs and desires. And if it is we ourselves who create all this unhappiness, why do we do it? Why don't we realize that the slender and fragile canoe of life can be so easily overturned in the turbulent rapids of the world. Why don't we just relax and take things as they come. And not expect so much. And why do we feel we have to call somebody when we're troubled? Why don't we just keep it to ourselves? Why do we feel the need to unload it on somebody and make them drive all the way out to our house on the hottest day of the year? Why do we cry and moan and bend somebody's ear till they think they're gonna die. Why don't we say to ourselves, before we pick up the phone, "Now is this really a problem or am I just bellyaching again?" Let us remember in these times of confusion, distress, and sorrow, that when it seems you can't go on, you probably can. And when you think to yourself, there's just no answer, you're probably right.

Remember friends, our time here is short. Shorter than any of us can imagine. And if you feel your life is nothing but a pit of unrelenting torture, try to make the most of it. After all, tomorrow is another day.

Alright. Now we got a lot more show for you, so don't go away. We're welcoming a new sponsor to the program tonight. (*reading from his notes*) Depew's Funeral Home. Where they combine a thrifty, no nonsense approach with Christlike sensitivity to answer your funereal needs. Alright, kids. Take us into the commercial.

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN by Ariel Dorfman

Paulina Escobar, around forty, was a victim of torture during the previous regime. Paulina recognizes the voice of her torturer when her husband brings home a stranger, **DR. JORGE MIRANDA**. Miranda stays for the night, during which Paulina ties him up. When he awakes, he's staring into the face of Paulina and a gun. To save his life, he must confess to being her torturer so he does. The question remains: is he telling the truth? Paulina's torturer would incessantly play "Death and the Maiden" while he "worked."