



Personal, final, uncompromised. Knowing, being known. I revere that. Having that is being rich, you can be generous about what's shared—she walks, she talks, she laughs, she lends a sympathetic ear, she kicks off her shoes and dances on the tables, she's everybody's and it don't mean a thing, let them eat cake; knowledge is something else, the undealt card, and while it's held it makes you free-and-easy and nice to know, and when it's gone everything is pain. Every single thing. Every object that meets the eye, a pencil, a tangerine, a travel poster. As if the physical world has been wired up to pass a current back to the part of your brain where imagination glows like a filament in a lobe no bigger than a torch bulb. Pain. (*Pause.*)

## Reckless

Craig Lucas

**Premiere:** The Production Company, New York City, 1983  
**Setting:** Various Springfields in various states  
 It is Christmas Eve. Tom and Rachel Fitzsimmons are in bed, the TV blinking silently and lovely, deep snowdrifts outside.

**Monologue One:** Rachel's monologue opens the play.

**Monologue Two:** Immediately after Rachel's euphoric outpouring, Tom bursts into tears and tells her he's taken out a contract on her life. A hit man is coming to kill her; the whole thing has been staged to look like an accidental shooting during a burglary. At first Rachel doesn't believe him, but when she hears glass break downstairs, she takes Tom's advice and flees. As she stands at a pay phone in bathrobe and slippers, a man named Lloyd Bophtelophthi offers to give her a lift. He ends up inviting her back to his home to share Christmas with him and his deaf, paraplegic wife Pooty. Pooty and Lloyd take charge of Rachel's up-

rooted life, finding her a job at Hands Across the Sea, the slightly suspicious charity group where the two of them work. Lloyd has just gone to chop wood, and Pooty surprises Rachel by answering one of her questions aloud.

I

RACHEL

I think I'm more excited than they are. I really do. I think we just have kids so we can tell them all about Santa Claus and have an excuse to believe it ourselves again. I really do. They are so excited. I remember that feeling so clearly. I didn't think I could ever sleep. And I remember pinching myself and pinching myself to stay awake so I could hear the reindeers' footsteps, you know? I wanted to believe it so badly. I think that was the last year I did . . . Oh god . . . Is it still snowing? Why don't you turn the sound up? Oh, it's coming down like crazy. You can hear it, can't you? When it gets deep like this? It just swallows up all the sound and you feel like you've been wrapped up in the hands of a big, sweet, giant, white . . . monster. Good monster. He's going to carry us away into a dream. My family always had champagne first thing before we opened our presents—I mean in the morning, you know: I always loved that. I felt like such an adult having champagne and I remember saying to my mother the bubbles in the champagne looked like snow if you turned your head upside down. I remember thinking that I wanted to live in Alaska because it always snowed and Santa was up there, so it must always be Christmas if it always snowed . . . You're my Santa Claus. And our two elves. I'm having one of my euphoria attacks. I think I'm going to be terminally happy, you'd better watch out, it's catching. Highly contagious . . . What's the matter? Just sleepy? Can we listen for a second, I won't stay up all night, I promise. (*Switches on TV.*)