

**THEY KNOW NOT: A  
BURLESQUE TRAGEDY  
OF EPIC PROPORTIONS**

by Jennifer Skura Boutell

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*For my little sister, Matthew*

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CAST: 3 WOMEN

CHARLIE        30s + female, a rabbit  
LINDA         50s + female, a turtle  
ANGEL         20s + trans female, a fox

TIME: Summer

PLACE: An inexpensive chain hotel room. Two double beds.

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*This story would not have survived long enough to be on these pages without theatremakers like Ava Davis (Angel), Christie Osterhus (Charlie), Sheri Mann Stewart (Linda) and many other highly skilled performance artists from exceptional tribes including Windmill Arts, Tangent Theatre Co., Some Bodies Theatre Co., Barefoot Theatre, Monk Parrots, D3C, Howl Playwrights, Goddard College, Mixdeity Arts, RoleCall Theater, and AboutFACE.*

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*“It’s funny that pirates were always going around searching for treasure, and they never realized that the real treasure was the fond memories they were creating.”*

–Jack Handey

*“And that no matter what is happening in it—even if what is pictured happening has already happened, or didn't happen, or never happened, or never will happen, you know on some level—and I think you know that you know—something is actually happening.”*

–David Greenspan, *The Myopia, An Epic Burlesque of Tragic Proportion*

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ACT 1  
SCENE 1

*Shockingly loud and fast heavy metal music plays as house and stage lights out. Music stops abruptly as lights up. From outside a hotel room door, the keycard isn't working.*

**CHARLIE.** *(Outside the hotel room.)* COME ON! *(Keycard inserted. Door stays locked.)* OH fuck me! God damn it.

**LINDA.** *(Outside the hotel room.)* It's locked.

**CHARLIE.** *(Outside the hotel room.)* Oh, is it, mom? *(Keycard inserted. Door stays locked.)* AHHH!!!

**LINDA.** *(Outside the hotel room.)* Still locked.

**CHARLIE.** *(Outside the hotel room.)* OH MY GOD. *(Keycard inserted. Door stays locked.)* GODDAMNIT!!!

**LINDA.** *(Outside the hotel room.)* Maybe you need a key.

**CHARLIE.** *(Outside the hotel room.)* This *is* the key but it's a keycard but not a key it's like a key but...it...is...not... *(Keycard inserted. Door stays locked.)* OH FUCK ME! AHHHHHHH!!! *(A moment to calm down.)* Alright, this clearly isn't work— *(Charlie stumbles in as the door opens.)* OH! OH! Oh. Ok, Good. *(Speaking into a smart phone.)* Sorry, yeah, I'm here. No no no. I went straight to the hospital. Hold on... *(Charlie pushes a wheelchair into the middle of the room. It contains Linda in a hospital gown. Linda blinks slowly with equal time between openings and closings. Charlie runs back and forth, carrying*

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*several heavy bags from outside the hotel door to an opposite corner inside the room. Linda notices.)*

**CHARLIE.** *(Into the phone.)* Of course she was. I.C.U. Yeah. So, look you should know... What? Oh. OK. OK! See you soon! *(Hangs up the phone.)* Shit.

**LINDA.** Iiiii...cccccc...uuuuu...

**CHARLIE.** I see you too, mom.

**LINDA.** Need any help?

**CHARLIE.** *(Sarcastic.)* Yeah, can you grab that big one?

**LINDA.** Nope. I can't.

**CHARLIE.** I'm docking your pay.

**LINDA.** You should have gotten a dolly.

**CHARLIE.** They didn't have a dolly.

**LINDA.** Or a man.

**CHARLIE.** Mom! I got it! *(Charlie runs to the bathroom. Linda scratches her forehead in slow motion. The toilet flushes. Charlie leaves the bathroom holding up an empty toilet paper tube. Everyone is sweating.)* No toilet paper.

**LINDA.** It's hot in here.

**CHARLIE.** They said the air should be fixed soon. *(Charlie ping-pongs between the bags, Linda, and the furniture muttering plans to herself.)*

Are you hungry?

**LINDA.** No. *(Thinking.)* Charlie?

**CHARLIE.** *(Distracted.)* Yes?

**LINDA.** Can I walk?

**CHARLIE.** Huh?

**LINDA.** Do my legs work?

**CHARLIE.** I...think...so?

**LINDA.** I need to go to the bathroom.

**CHARLIE.** I'll wheel you over.

**LINDA.** Wheel me?

**CHARLIE.** The wheelchair. From the hospital.

**LINDA.** Wheel me from the hospital?



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**CHARLIE.** The wheelchair. That one.

**LINDA.** What one?

**CHARLIE.** The one you're sitting in.

**LINDA.** This one?

**CHARLIE.** Yes.

**LINDA.** It's from the hospital?

**CHARLIE.** YES.

**LINDA.** They let you take it?

**CHARLIE.** No.

**LINDA.** Charlie?

**CHARLIE.** What?!

**LINDA.** Jesus loves you.

**CHARLIE.** (*Confused.*) What?

**LINDA.** I have to pee. (*Charlie wheels Linda towards the bathroom and helps Linda out of the wheelchair. An I.V. cord dangles from Linda's arm. Charlie shuts the bathroom door and stops to think. She spots the wheelchair and sits in it. More thinking. Just as Charlie lands on a thought, she stands to do it, and there is a knock at the front door. Angel yells something obnoxious from the other side. Charlie laughs and opens the door. Angel wears comfortable clothing and an overly painted face, including long false eyelashes and bright red lipstick. She carries a purse in the crook of her elbow. Charlie and Angel embrace and jump up and down like they've won a game show.*)

**ANGEL.** IT'S YOU!!! IT'S REALLY YOU!! Oh my God. Look at you... You look amazing!! (*Charlie doesn't. Angel notices.*)

**CHARLIE.** You too! Oh my God! Oh I've missed you! How are you?!

**ANGEL.** Amazing! Better than ever. (*Angel isn't. Charlie notices.*)

**CHARLIE.** That's fantastic.

**ANGEL.** (*Touching Charlie's hair.*) Honey, let me do your roots while I'm here. They look...lonely...

**CHARLIE.** Ha! Well. Yeah. My hair misses you too. (*They wait for the other to speak first. Angel is bravest.*)

**ANGEL.** This is kind of... I don't know what else to say...

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**CHARLIE.** Ha! Me neither! Come in! Come in. Come sit. Ah! I have that same purse.

**ANGEL.** (*Sarcastic.*) No! Where'd you get it?

**CHARLIE.** Oh I don't know, thrift store?

**ANGEL.** Really?! I found mine in the hall just right out there!

**CHARLIE.** (*Smiling.*) Idiot. Thank you. (*Charlie quickly checks the hallway, then busies about the room. Angel sits in the wheelchair.*)

**ANGEL.** Well, you certainly come prepared. Coulda used one of these at the club last night!

**CHARLIE.** Well, yeah...

**ANGEL.** I'm kind of surprised you're here.

**CHARLIE.** (*Overlapping Angel.*) Usually it takes at least a month...

**ANGEL.** (*Overlapping Charlie.*) You usually just send a text...

**CHARLIE.** Oh, like you ever call anyone back.

**ANGEL.** Shady bitch! It's been a loooong time. Aren't you glad you answered the phone?

**CHARLIE.** (*Sighing.*) Yeah...well... (*Charlie finds a bottle of pills and takes one.*)

**ANGEL.** (*Interrupting.*) Hello? For me?

**CHARLIE.** Oh, um, it's homeopathic.

**ANGEL.** K, if you run out of those you can have one of mine.

**LINDA.** (*Yelling from the bathroom.*) NURSE, THERE'S NO TOILET PAPER!

**ANGEL.** (*Jumping up; startled.*) AHHHH JESUS CHRIST!!!!!! (*Angel mouths to Charlie "WHAT THE FUCK???!!" Charlie responds by freezing in a silent gesture: "Oops. I forgot," then...*)

**CHARLIE.** (*Answering Linda.*) OK!

**ANGEL.** IS THAT MOM?!

**LINDA.** (*In the bathroom.*) I'M POOPING.

**ANGEL.** That's mom.

**CHARLIE.** (*To Linda.*) I'M LOOKING.

**ANGEL.** (*To Charlie; confused.*) Wait. They let you take her? She's not...better...is she?

**LINDA.** (*Yelling from the bathroom.*) NURSE?!

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**CHARLIE.** (*To Linda.*) I'LL BE RIGHT THERE. (*To Angel.*)  
NO! Of course she's not! I just think she needs— They're *totally*  
understaffed. Or something. No one was paying attention to her.

**ANGEL.** (*To Charlie; realization.*) Oh. My. God.

**CHARLIE.** What?

**ANGEL.** You're insane! Are you going to get arrested? (*Giggling.*) Oh  
shit...this is...wow...

**CHARLIE.** What?! They don't know what they're doing.

**ANGEL.** Who, the *hospital*?!

**CHARLIE.** No no no! She's too smart for them. They don't *understand*  
who they're dealing with!

**LINDA.** (*Yelling from the bathroom.*) THERE'S NO PAPER!

**ANGEL.** (*To Charlie.*) So what?!

**CHARLIE.** She fools them every time. Gets new prescriptions every  
time!

**ANGEL.** The judge will *totally* get it when you say that.

**CHARLIE.** Angel! You know what I mean!

**ANGEL.** I do. You're keeping her away from the good stuff.

**CHARLIE.** (*Fading off staring at the bathroom door.*) Look. I finally  
quit...and I think...I can help...

**ANGEL.** HELP?! Help. Jesus, honey. You're a little late. And  
delusional. "Help," she says. "Help" is a selfish premeditated delusion.  
"Help." Ug.

**CHARLIE.** I'm going to take care of her. From now on.

**ANGEL.** (*Overlapping Charlie.*) Girl. You flew in this morning, and  
picked her up like she's dry-cleaning...

**CHARLIE.** (*Overlapping Angel.*) What? Look, no, of course...Angel...  
come on... I just...we can't trust... We can't just abandon her...

**ANGEL.** (*Laughing.*) What are you doing, you delirious control freak!

**CHARLIE.** (*Opening a drawer to the nightstand and spotting a book.*)  
I'm looking for toilet paper. (*Fact.*) Bible.

**ANGEL.** No thanks, I'm homeopathic.

**LINDA.** NURSE?!

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**CHARLIE.** MOTHER! YOU'RE NOT IN THE HOSPITAL ANYMORE! GIVE ME A FUCKING SECOND WHILE I LOOK FOR SOMETHING TO WIPE WITH!!!

**ANGEL.** You need therapy.

**CHARLIE.** That's what my therapist says. *(Charlie rips a few pages out of the Bible and walks to the bathroom door. Angel is shocked. Charlie looks at the pages and rethinks.)*

**ANGEL.** You need a different chapter? Revelations might be kinda rough.

**CHARLIE.** *(Searching the room.)* AHFFF!!! I was just— I was so scared— You called. I listened. I got all dizzy and... I thought maybe she had...you know...

**ANGEL.** Died.

**CHARLIE.** Yeah. But she wasn't...

**ANGEL.** Dead.

**CHARLIE.** Right. But it sounds like she's...

**ANGEL.** Dying.

**CHARLIE.** Exactly. And right now my life is...well... *(Decides against saying it; changes the subject.)* So I got on a plane. Like in a dream. I couldn't even remember *how* to get back to this... place. I was running, racing to get here...only my legs were made of marshmallows, you know? And I was terrified...when I got to the hospital. Like I'd never have another chance— And I finally, FINALLY get to her room... and I see her and she's, well, like, you know... And after all this time... She turns away from the window and looks right at me and says, *(Doing an impression.)* "That shirt makes you look like a hamster." I don't remember anything after that... *(Charlie finds a towel, opens the bathroom door, and hands in the towel. To Linda.)* It's all I can find, mom, sorry.

**ANGEL.** Jesus. I thought we were going to have *all* the drinks and then pawn the China cabinet...

**CHARLIE.** I quit drinking, Angel. Drugs. Everything. Marcus and I both quit.

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**ANGEL.** (*Genuinely surprised.*) Oh. OK. Huh. Huh. How is Marcus? How's the city?

**CHARLIE.** (*Answering both questions.*) Loud.

**ANGEL.** (*Standing.*) Well, I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do here. I ain't no doctor, and I'm *not* cleaning up after you two mother-may-I each other to death...

**CHARLIE.** (*Snaps.*) I'm not asking you to! No one is asking you to do anything. You can disappear, as usual, I'll figure this out on my own, *as usual*, OK?!

**ANGEL.** *I'm the one who disappears?*

**CHARLIE.** (*Yelling.*) If everything is falling apart, and it is, yeah, I don't expect you to...

**ANGEL.** She was in a hospital Charlie! That's where people fall apart!

**CHARLIE.** I just need...REAL! No more lies! No more pretending! We can't have all THIS shit...and then she just...

**ANGEL.** Dies.

**CHARLIE.** NO! I need to make her... Mom needs to... (*Mutters incoherence to herself.*) No no no... I can't control other people, only myself. (*Inhaling.*) I need to calm down... What do I need? I need to be heard... I can't be heard if I am not calm. If I can't control my—I can't... (*Giving up.*) Oh fuck me.

**ANGEL.** For Christ's sake Charles, let it go.

**CHARLIE.** YOU WERE A BABY! YOU DON'T KNOW! (*Calming down.*) I'm sorry. I'm sorry. (*Charlie laughs.*) I'M REALLY

MAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (*Calming down again; sitting.*) OK. Not good.

Something positive... Yeah... So... Hey! You know what? Mom and I actually had fun going through the drive-thru after I picked her up from I.C.U.?!

**ANGEL.** (*Sincere.*) Well there you go! (*Charlie and Angel laugh together and simultaneously gesture and make a sound effect of cocking a gun and shooting themselves in their own heads. Linda opens the bathroom door.*)

**LINDA.** I think I need my shot.

**CHARLIE.** What shot?

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**LINDA.** (*Waddling in.*) Oh. I don't know. It makes the room stop spinning.

**CHARLIE.** OK mom, let's lie down.

**ANGEL.** (*To Linda.*) Hey Girl! How was the hospital? Get anything good?

**LINDA.** Hello Angel.

**ANGEL.** Your hair looks nice!

**LINDA.** Give it a rest.

**ANGEL.** (*Air quotes to Charlie; sarcastic.*) "Helping..."

**LINDA.** Charlie did it.

**CHARLIE.** What?

**LINDA.** My hair. (*Angel eyes surprise at Charlie while Linda sits.*)

**CHARLIE.** What?! No! I did not.

**ANGEL.** (*Dismissing.*) I didn't mean it anyway. (*Getting a cigarette.*) Sooo what's next? Are we robbing anyone at gunpoint? Driving off a cliff in bad head scarves?

**CHARLIE.** (*Unbuttoning her shirt to cool off; her bra is revealed.*) I— We just need a little time.

**LINDA.** Charlie is taking care of me now.

**ANGEL.** (*Cigarette in mouth.*) Ohhh... is she now? (*Charlie gestures towards Linda and mimes strangling Linda to death. Angel laughs and tries to go through the balcony doors to smoke. They won't open.*)

**CHARLIE.** (*Holding up a fast-food bag.*) You want another burrito, mom?

**LINDA.** I'm diabetic.

**CHARLIE.** We know. You yelled it at the menu before I even rolled down my window.

**LINDA.** Throw it out or there'll be flies. They gave me fruit cups at the hospital and wouldn't throw them away and there's all these little flies and the nurses don't do anything about them so please tell George to *kill* them.

**CHARLIE.** The nurses or the flies?

**LINDA.** (*Confused.*) The— Wait. What? Where's George?

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**CHARLIE.** George? Mom... Um... (*Charlie looks to Angel for help and then goes to the hotel phone.*)

**ANGEL.** Your husband is dead mommy dearest.

**LINDA.** I know. I know! I just...can't always...remember... I'm going to write things down. I saw someone do that.

**ANGEL.** (*Standing to leave.*) That's a good story, mom. (*To Charlie.*) You get *her* purse too or is it under a car in the parking lot?

**CHARLIE.** (*Into the hotel phone.*) Hi. I'm just wondering if you have an ETA on when the air will be fixed? OK, thanks. Wait! We need toilet paper. (*Hanging up.*) They're bringing ice.

**LINDA.** Good. It tingles when I pee.

**CHARLIE.** Noted. (*Opening the mini-fridge.*) Oh. Right. Shit.

**ANGEL.** (*Finding Linda's purse.*) So I take it we're not going to the house?

**CHARLIE.** (*If looks could kill.*) I told you I was never going back there.

**ANGEL.** (*Taking credit cards from Linda's purse.*) Perfect. I'm taking these. If they still work I'll get you some big girl clothes.

**CHARLIE.** (*Confused.*) I have clothes.

**ANGEL.** I was talking to mom.

**LINDA.** NO! Angel! Not my credit cards!

**CHARLIE.** You're leaving?

**LINDA.** Charlie my credit cards!

**CHARLIE.** What?!

**ANGEL.** Calm down! I'll be right back! I swear on a stack of toilet paper.

**CHARLIE.** Wait! OK. Yeah. Bye! (*Angel leaves. The door slams.*) See you in...another four years...

**LINDA.** What did you do?! He's going to— He's—

**CHARLIE.** What.

**LINDA.** (*Confused.*) What?

**CHARLIE.** You asked me what I did.

**LINDA.** You're a secretary.

**CHARLIE.** (*Annoyed.*) OH my God. I have to make a call. (*Linda thinks. Charlie looks for her smart phone.*)

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**LINDA.** Charlie, am I dead?

**CHARLIE.** What?! No! (*Linda holds up her I.V.*)

**LINDA.** Do I need this? It hurts. (*Linda pulls off the tape around the needle.*)

**CHARLIE.** Mom! No. Let me do that. (*It doesn't go well.*) Hold still.

**LINDA.** Ouch!

**CHARLIE.** Mom. Stop moving. (*Palms in the air.*) OK. I can't do this.

**LINDA.** Just rip it off.

**CHARLIE.** You can't just rip it off! The needle...the thing...it's still in! (*They exhale in opposite directions. Charlie zeros in on Linda's arm again and gets close. Linda gets in Charlie's face.*)

**LINDA.** BOO!!!

**CHARLIE.** (*Startled.*) AHH! WHAT THE...?!

**LINDA.** Oh Charlie. Relax. You were never one to just get in the pool you know? You always like to wade... Step by step. Take your time... It's so much easier when you just jump you know— (*Charlie pulls on the bandage.*) OUCH! (*A knock at the door. Charlie places a washcloth over Linda's face.*)

**CHARLIE.** Here. Take a nap. (*Charlie opens the front door to an ice bucket on a rolling cart. There is no one in the hallway.*) Huh. Want some ice mom?

**LINDA.** Yes! Wait. Where are you going to put it?

**CHARLIE.** In... a glass? (*Leery, Linda pulls the washcloth off her face.*)

**LINDA.** OK. But that's where it stays. (*Charlie gets the ice water. Her cell phone rings.*)

**CHARLIE.** (*Answering.*) Hellllo. Hello? Hellll... (*It's disconnected.*) Angel? (*Looking at the phone.*) Nothing... (*Charlie thinks and drinks the ice water. Linda clears her throat. She's thirsty. Charlie has an idea and absentmindedly hands the glass to Linda. Linda's eyes light up with childlike gratitude and she drinks.*)

**CHARLIE.** Shit. I have to call Marcus.

**LINDA.** It's so hot.

**CHARLIE.** Do I want to call Marcus?



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**LINDA.** Is the air on?

**CHARLIE.** I don't wanna call Marcus.

**LINDA.** Is the air gonna come on?

**CHARLIE.** (*Distracted and digging through her purse; to Linda.*) Yes. Shit. Marcus will know.

**LINDA.** The air is coming on?

**CHARLIE.** (*To Linda.*) Yes. (*Still digging.*) Did I use the joint account?

**LINDA.** It's coming on?

**CHARLIE.** Jesus, does it matter if I fucking used it? It's not like he asks me when—

**LINDA.** (*Interrupting.*) Is it on, Charlie? Is the air on?

**CHARLIE.** (*To Linda.*) Yes.

**LINDA.** The air is on?

**CHARLIE.** YES mother! But it's not working! (*More digging.*) Goddamnit. My *wallet's* gone!

**LINDA.** Angel. He does that. (*Coughing from the water.*) I want to watch my shows.

**CHARLIE.** Shit!

**LINDA.** Can I watch my shows?

**CHARLIE.** (*Looking to the front door.*) Mother fucker!

**LINDA.** HELLOOOO?!

**CHARLIE.** WHAT?!

**LINDA.** (*Bursting into tears.*) Stop yelling at me! You're so mean... So mean...so...so...

**CHARLIE.** (*Looking around for a T.V. remote.*) Fuck. Mom! Mom. Mom. I'm sorry. Mom. Yes, you can watch your shows...you can watch...T.V.! Where's the...the television... Wait...there's no... Where's the television...?

**LINDA.** Oh no. Oh no. Feel me. Feel me. (*Charlie puts her hand on Linda's forehead.*)

**CHARLIE.** Oh! Oh God. You're burning up! Um. Ok. Uh. Here! (*Finding pills.*) Here. Here mom. Have some aspirin.

**LINDA.** No no no no... I'll throw up.

**CHARLIE.** No you won't, mom, it's aspirin. We gotta cut your fever.

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**LINDA.** It looks like the one that makes me throw up.

**CHARLIE.** You won't throw up.

**LINDA.** ...I'm not sure if I should.

**CHARLIE.** It's aspirin!

**LINDA.** I think I'm...allergic...

**CHARLIE.** To aspirin? I've seen you drink nail polish remover.

**LINDA.** You take it first.

**CHARLIE.** (*Stops short, realizing.*) You think I'm trying to poison you?!

**LINDA.** You kidnapped me!

**CHARLIE.** What is *WRONG* with you?!

**LINDA.** Well my liver's crapped out which is why I was *IN THE HOSPITAL!*

**CHARLIE.** AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! (*Deep breaths, calming down.*) Mom... I got on a plane *this morning*... I'm here to...help...and...to help...I'm here to... (*Having trouble breathing.*) ...oh God...what is wrong with *me*?! (*Muttering.*) I got this. I can do this... (*Back to Linda.*) Ok. I'm ok. You ok?

**LINDA.** Who? OH! I have a fever. (*Charlie blinks at Linda then hands her the aspirin and a glass of water. Linda swallows the aspirin.*)

Do you remember...when you were two I took you to see my mother in North Carolina. You sound like her when you yell. Do you remember that trip?

**CHARLIE.** I think I've seen pictures...

**LINDA.** We spent every day on the beach, you and me, singing about a tea pot and playing in the waves. God I loved that beach... You had a little red bikini with little yellow ruffles going around your little butt so when you sat in the sand it got all up in your bottoms... haha... You *hated* that! "Itchy mommy! Itchy!" You found a star fish and when I told you what it was called you looked up...thought it had fallen from the sky... Just the two of us... (*Singing.*) I'm a little teapot...short and stout. Here is my handle. (*Not singing.*) Come on honey...

**CHARLIE.** No.

**LINDA.** Just you and me. (*Singing.*) Here is my handle...

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**CHARLIE.** Nope.

**LINDA.** Come on... Don't let me sing alone... I'm dying aren't I?

*(Singing.)* Here is my handle...

**CHARLIE.** *(Singing; disgruntled.)* Here is my handle, here is my...

*(Not singing.)* This is stupid...

**LINDA.** *(Singing.)* When I get all steamed up... *(Not singing.)* You can do it... *(Singing.)* When I get all steamed up...

**CHARLIE.** *(Singing.)* Hear me...

**LINDA.** *(Singing with Charlie.)* ...shout. Just tip me over and...

**CHARLIE.** *(Singing with Linda.)* ...shout. Just tip me over and...  
pour...me...ooouutt...

**LINDA.** *(Interrupting; not singing.)* Praise the Lord! Good job! I had such good boobs then.

**CHARLIE.** What?

**LINDA.** My boobs. They were great. *(Charlie and Linda both look down at their own chests. A loud whirring sound starts and a large gust of air comes up from vents in the floor by the sliding glass doors. The curtains blow.)*

**CHARLIE.** The air is on! *(Standing over the airstream. Her hair blows back.)* Mom. Here mom- *(Getting the wheelchair, then Linda into it.)* Here- Let me help- That's it. Baby steps. Sit here. Let me push- That's better. Yeah. *(Linda sits and slowly leans forward and places her head on the glass of the balcony doors. Charlie does the same. They giggle and enjoy the air blowing forcefully on their faces, sending their hair up high.)*

**LINDA.** I love hotels...

**CHARLIE.** Yeah...

**LINDA.** You get to be who you really are. *(Looking down.)* They should clean out those air vents. *(A wave of shock and disgust hits them both and they inch away from the balcony doors together. Charlie's phone rings.)*

**CHARLIE.** Angel. *(Answering.)* Angel? *(Looks at her phone.)* I keep losing him. Her.

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**LINDA.** Me too. But you know how he is. He doesn't feel things like we do...

**CHARLIE.** Jesus mom! What the fuck?

**LINDA.** What?! They told us he was a— They said he can't feel anything! He's a sociopath! They said!

**CHARLIE.** How do *they* know? Who's *they*?! Doctors? *Your* doctors? I don't buy it. Are sociopaths *born* or do they become that way because they have the SHIT BEAT OUT OF THEM every single day until they learn to stop feeling JUST TO STOP FEELING?!

**LINDA.** (*Eerily calm.*) You know...I've been praying for you all these years... Both of you kids, but especially you...

**CHARLIE.** (*Exasperated.*) Praying? Perfect.

**LINDA.** When I close my eyes... I see you on a boat...

**CHARLIE.** A boat.

**LINDA.** A ship... I see you right at the front of a ship. Arms outstretched. The wind in your hair. Smiling as some handsome young man stands behind you...and lifts you up...

**CHARLIE.** Like the movie?

**LINDA.** (So excited.) Yes! And there's the captain with the jacket and the buttons and he has a HOOK for a hand...

**CHARLIE.** Wait, what?

**LINDA.** Oh...no...that one...that's *George's* favorite.

**CHARLIE.** Was.

**LINDA.** Was. (*The air conditioner goes off.*) I just want you and Angel to be happy, Charlie. That's all I've ever wanted. That's all a mother could want for her own kids... I'm sorry you always get so mad at me...all I ever wanted was to make you happy... (*Charlie waits for an apology. She'll never get one. Charlie stiffens her shoulders and slowly buttons up her shirt. Linda searches for Charlie's gaze and Charlie won't look. Charlie tucks in her shirt, adjusts her clothes. She scratches while thinking—trying to calm herself. Charlie's hands go to her waist, then more scratching, then back to her waist. With eyes closed, Charlie tightens her jaw, chews on her tongue, and begins cracking her knuckles. Charlie stretches her fingers, hands, wrists, shoulders*

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*attempting to thwart her rage from taking over. Charlie bends over to touch her toes, puts her hands in the air, then back down, then back up, then at the waist. She repeats. Charlie stops suddenly, inhales, and stares at the floor for a long time without breathing. Suddenly, she blows out a violent burst and inhales again. Then she breathes in slowly and deliberately—in through the nose -four seconds -then out through the mouth -five seconds. Charlie stops. She promptly turns, and like a prize-fighter, swings violent punches into the bed until she falls forward screaming and sobbing out her muffled guts.)*  
*Lights out as abrupt, shockingly loud and fast heavy metal music plays.*

**SCENE 2**

*Shockingly loud and fast heavy metal music plays and stops abruptly as lights up. An hour later. Charlie is in the middle of a different tantrum, in a different part of the room, talking to herself and furiously tearing up a Bible. Linda sits in bed covered in blood from a wound where the I.V. had been. Linda shouts over the noise.*

**LINDA.** ...IF I CAN ACCEPT HIM AS MY PERSONAL SAVIOR SO CAN YOU— YOU CAN'T— NO. CHARLIE. YOU CAN'T- THE BIBLE IS OUR FRIEND. NO. NO. CHARLIE! NO! *(Charlie's cell phone rings, ending the fury. She answers calmly and out of breath.)*

**CHARLIE.** *(Into the phone.)* Hello? Hi. Yes. *(Listening.)* Well, that depends Marcus... *(Goes to the mini-fridge. Takes out mini-liquor bottles, sets them on the table, and stares. Into the phone.)* Really? *(Listening.)* No no no no, I can't do this now. No way. *(Listening.)* THAT'S BECAUSE YOUR BACK HAIR CLOGS IT UP!!! Yes it does! Yes. Yes it does! *(Listening.)* NO FUCK YOU!!! *(Charlie hangs up.)*

**LINDA.** You should change your meds.

**CHARLIE.** *(To Linda.)* NOT! EVERYONE! IS ON MEDS!

**LINDA.** *(Mumbling.)* You should get some meds.

**CHARLIE.** *(Seeing Linda.)* Oh God! Your I.V. I'm so sorry, mom! I forgot! *(Goes into the bathroom and comes out with a pile of wet towels)*

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*covered in blood.*) I'm going to get more towels. DON'T. MOVE.  
*(Charlie starts to leave with the towels then tosses them back in the bathroom before leaving. Linda sits alone and hums "I'm a Little Tea Pot." Charlie's cell phone rings, Linda picks it up and fumbles with it until it answers.)*

**LINDA.** *(Hesitant; phone to ear.)* ...Hello? *(Listening.)* Who is this?  
*(Listening; cordial.)* Why hello Marvin. *(Listening.)* Marcus.

*(Listening.)* Yes, it's Linda. *(Listening; pleasant.)* Well, I'm all right.  
How are you? *(Listening.)* What news? *(Listening; disappointed.)* Oh.  
*(Listening; angry.)* Oh. *(Listening; pissed.)* Oh... *(Listening.)*

Well. I hope your balls fall off. *(Linda hangs up and sings "I'm a Little Asshole" to the tune of I'm a Little Tea Pot. From outside the hotel room door, a keycard is inserted. The door stays locked.)*

**ANGEL.** *(Outside the hotel room.)* COME ON! *(Keycard inserted. Door stays locked. Outside the hotel room.)* FUCK! *(Keycard inserted. Door stays locked. Outside the hotel room.)* OPEN!! *(Angel stumbles in as the door opens.)* OH! Good. *(Angel kicks the door. It slams shut. Linda pretends to sleep. Angel checks to see Linda is asleep, finds Charlie's purse in the corner, and drops a wallet back inside.)*

**LINDA.** *(Sitting up.)* How did you get in here?

**ANGEL.** *(Startled.)* AHHHHH! *(Seeing the blood.)* AHHHHH! WHAT THE FUCK?! WHY ARE YOU BLEEDING?!

**LINDA.** I'm ok. It stopped.

**ANGEL.** Where's Charlie? Did she stab you? Is it over?

**LINDA.** *(Holding up the I.V. cord.)* I'm unplugged. Charlie's getting towels. Where are the clothes you were supposedly buying for me?

**ANGEL.** Jesus, Lady MacBeth. Wash your hands.

**LINDA.** *(Coughing.)* Well don't let Charlie see you. She'll get mad again and then what? Where are my credit cards?! *(Angel opens and drinks from a mini liquor bottle.)*

**ANGEL.** Oh give it up, Lady. She still hates you. None of this is real.

**LINDA.** When I'm gone you two are going to need each other.

**ANGEL.** You going somewhere? *(Trying to leave.)* Be right back. I gotta get all my stuff.

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**LINDA.** Just like your father. (*Angel violently grabs Linda's face.*)

**ANGEL.** NO. I AM NOT.

**LINDA.** (*Swatting at him, terrified.*) Stop it. Angel. STOP IT!

**ANGEL.** (*Seething.*) DON'T YOU EVER FUCKING SAY THAT AGAIN. (*Angel lets go and starts to leave.*)

**LINDA.** Angel...please don't...do anything...please...

**ANGEL.** Oh, I'm not done with you bitches... (*Angel sings something loud and obnoxious as she lets the door slam behind her.*)

**LINDA.** (*Praying.*) Please Father...forgive me... (*A knock at the door. Linda looks up, confused. Another knock. Linda looks down, confused. Another knock. Linda looks behind, really confused.*)

**CHARLIE.** (*Outside the hotel room.*) Mom! Can you get up? I don't have the key! Open the door!

**LINDA.** (*Slowly creeping towards the door.*) I'm coming! (*Linda makes an attempt to open the door and gets confused and flustered.*)

**CHARLIE.** (*Outside the hotel room.*) Can you open the door?!

**LINDA.** Sorry! I'm trying!

**CHARLIE.** (*Outside the hotel room.*) Push down on the handle!

**LINDA.** Where's the— I can't find the handle!

**CHARLIE.** (*Outside the hotel room.*) Mom. Look down. It's at the bottom.

**LINDA.** OK. Yeah. OK I see it.

**CHARLIE.** Just push down.

**LINDA.** I can't...

**CHARLIE.** Yes you can, mom. Just push.

**LINDA.** OK. I'm pushing...

**CHARLIE.** There you go. I hear it. You got it!

**LINDA.** Yeah! Ok! Yeah! I got it! I got it! (*Charlie pushes while Linda pulls and the door gets opened. They high five.*)

**CHARLIE.** I couldn't sell my soul for a towel. No one is out there. Let's get you cleaned up with...this... I guess. (*Pulling a sheet off of a bed.*)

**LINDA.** Oh I'm between jobs...

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**CHARLIE.** *(Smiling.)* Yeah, me too... *(Charlie tends to Linda's wound while Linda searches Charlie's face, staring.)*

**LINDA.** When was the last time you came to the house?

**CHARLIE.** *You usually tell me.*

**LINDA.** Mr. Thompson came by the other day to say hello.

**CHARLIE.** Oh he did, did he?

**LINDA.** He has two new hips.

**CHARLIE.** Just like you!

**LINDA.** He said the front step looked like it needed replaced because the cement is crumbling and he thought someone should come take a look because I...

**LINDA AND CHARLIE.** ...might fall since I'm all alone... *(Charlie isn't buying what Linda is selling. Linda coughs.)*

**LINDA.** I'm so itchy, Charlie. My skin feels like it's bugs...

**CHARLIE.** Let's fill up the tub. It will probably help...

**LINDA.** *(Coughing.)* When George comes back tell him—

**CHARLIE.** George?

**LINDA.** What about George?

**CHARLIE.** You mean Angel.

**LINDA.** No. Yes. I don't know.

**CHARLIE.** Well, I'm here. They're not.

**LINDA.** Good. George doesn't...

**CHARLIE.** Didn't.

**LINDA.** Didn't. *(Charlie gets Linda to stand.)*

**CHARLIE.** We gotta get you cleaned up, mom... *(They head into the bathroom. The sound of water filling the tub. From outside the front door a Keycard inserted. Door stays locked.)*

**ANGEL.** *(Outside the hotel room.)* JESUS CHRIST! *(Keycard inserted. The door opens.)* OH! Thank you. *(Angel carries in an armload of random items sans bags. The door slams. Angel drops the items in a corner and leaves again. The door slams. Charlie comes out of the bathroom and looks around. She doesn't see anyone and goes back into the bathroom. From outside the front door a Keycard is inserted. Door stays locked.)* GOD DAMN IT! *(Keycard inserted. The*



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*door opens.) AH! Cunt. (Angel kicks the door and continues to bring in the party—sequined ball gown, blonde wig, bottles of alcohol, cowboy hat, etc. The door slams. Charlie leaves the bathroom.)*

**CHARLIE.** Just sit right there, mom. I'll be right ba... *(Charlie sees Angel, and screams.)* AHHHHH!! How did you get in here?! *(Angel hands over a large bottle of alcohol.)*

**ANGEL.** Magic.

**CHARLIE.** Tequila...

**ANGEL.** Don't mess with Texas.

**CHARLIE.** Oh, not now, Angel.

**ANGEL.** Oh, I know, girl.

**CHARLIE.** Angel. I can't.

**ANGEL.** Sure you can! You're not even trying!

**CHARLIE.** Mom's having trouble and I'm here to help.

**ANGEL.** Excuse me, who are you and what did you do with Charlie?

**CHARLIE.** Have you seen her cough? It looks like she's choking to death.

**ANGEL.** Hair ball.

**CHARLIE.** Be nice.

**ANGEL.** Tried it once. Tastes like chicken.

**CHARLIE.** Ok. Well. If you're sticking around there's going to be rules. *(Remembering.)* Fuck! I have to call Marcus back.

**ANGEL.** CHARLES! Let's do your song!!! Come, come, come, come...

**CHARLIE.** *(Shaking her head.)* No. Nope. I don't sing anymore either.

**ANGEL.** *(Shocked; disappointed.)* What. The. Fuck.

**CHARLIE.** Too many bars...wasn't good enough, anyhow...

**ANGEL.** Well *I* sing! I'm good enough! Everyone's *good* enough! I'm good at makin' everyone smile! I'll make you smile! I'll be your *(Clapping to a beat.)* That's right! I'll be your— *(Clapping.)* Here we go... Clap. *(Setting rhythm.)* Clap. Yeah. Clap. Clap with me. Come on, now! *(Charlie can't help but laugh and begins clapping to the beat.)* That's it girl! Hollah! Here we go, here we go, here we go, now! *(Angel dances and sings up-tempo. Charlie is impressed.)*

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She's got her fantasies,  
She's got them in her pocket.  
She's got her man to please  
He crawled in there too,

She wants the skies and seas,  
But they're still in the closet.  
She asked me if I please,  
I said, 'how do you do...'

And Ohhhh, I need something more than this,  
Ohhhhh, more than this I can take.  
And Ohhhhh, I want something more than this,  
Uh. Uh. Uh. More than this I can take...

**LINDA.** (*Interrupting.*) CHARLIE! THE WATER! (*Charlie runs to the bathroom. Linda coughs violently.*)

**CHARLIE.** Shit shit shit! It's fine, mom. No, no, no... It's OK. I'll take care of it. (*Leaving the bathroom and heading out the door.*) Watch her. We really need more towels.

**ANGEL.** (*Holding up a small bag of white powder.*) Will do. (*Charlie exits. The door slams. Charlie knocks. Angel opens the door and hands over the keycard. The door slams again. Angel hums and snorts a few lines of white powder.*)

**LINDA.** (*Inside the bathroom, coughing.*) NURSE!

**ANGEL.** NOPE!

**LINDA.** GEORGE?

**ANGEL.** (*Snorting another line.*) HE SHOT HIS BRAINS OUT! REMEMBER? You probably don't remember... (*Linda cries inside the world's saddest bathroom. Angel continues to snort. From outside the hotel room door, a keycard is inserted and the door opens. Charlie is surprised. Linda's crying stops. Charlie pulls a blanket off a bed and notices Angel.*)

**CHARLIE.** Fuck this place... Oh God. ANGEL. Please don't do that now...? Things'll get weird.

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*Angel stares at Charlie and without breaking her gaze, leans over to snort a line.*

**LINDA.** *(Yelling from the bathroom.)* Did he bring back my cards?!  
*(Charlie sighs and goes into the bathroom. Angel stands up, furious.)*

**ANGEL.** *(Yelling to the bathroom.)* I'M A SHE!!! I'M NOT A HE  
GODDAMNIT!! I'M A FUCKING WOMAN THANK YOU! I AM  
BEYOND TRANSITION, BEYOND TRANSMISSION! A PRINCESS,  
A GODDESS, A BAD ASS MOTHER FUCKING QUEEN OF ALL  
THE QUEENS! *(To the powder.)* And you, are my king. *(Charlie comes  
back and picks up the hotel phone.)*

**CHARLIE.** Hi. Oh. Hello?! Yes, I didn't expect you to ans—  
*(Listening.)* Oh. It's a recording... *(Listening.)* Hi...um...this is Charles  
in room number... *(Angel plays party music on a smartphone and sets it  
in a glass to amplify.)*

**ANGEL.** *(Interrupting.)* AND ANGEL!!!

**CHARLIE.** *(To Angel.)* SHHHH!!! *(To the phone.)* ...um...we need  
some more towels...and toilet paper...and I've noticed there's no...

**ANGEL.** *(Interrupting.)* AND DRUGS!!! CAN YOU BRING MORE  
DRUGS?!!

**CHARLIE.** ...oh my God, I'm sorry...can you send some towels? We  
really need towels. I'm sorry. Towels and toilet paper. Please. Thank  
you. *(Charlie hangs up. Angel puts on her cowboy hat.)*

**ANGEL.** Let's do something.

**CHARLIE.** *(Laughing.)* You're so...

**ANGEL.** Fun...? Happy...? Not boring...? *(Holding up a bag of  
powder.)* Grown up fun. Do it.

**CHARLIE.** No no no no...

**ANGEL.** It's good... Cowboy Coke... Come on...

**CHARLIE.** No. Angel. I told you. No. Not anymore, ok?

**ANGEL.** Sure sure sure... *(Lost in memory.)* New York has the best fire  
don't she?

**CHARLIE.** *(Also lost in memory.)* Yeah... *(Snapping to.)* God it's so  
fucking hard to live in the City anymore. You can't even pretend to be  
an artist... Unless you have a trust fund... You just work your ass off to

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make rent... One day you wake up and your *whole* life is about making rent! Rent!

**ANGEL.** There should be a musical about it...

**CHARLIE.** And, yeah, it's a great place to party. But...you know... It catches up... *You* are gonna need a little help with that one I think.

**ANGEL.** Girl, I don't need any help! "Help" is what they hold over your head when they say, "I love you!" "Help" is what folks do to feel like they're good people. No one knows how to *help*. "Help" is an illusion. (*Pointing to her brains.*) I've got all the help I need right... (*Pointing at the powder.*) ...here.

**CHARLIE.** I've helped you.

**ANGEL.** Oh irony. Do you hear the studio audience laughing?

**CHARLIE.** I was babysitting! You remember? That yellow house we moved to with the scrambled eggs carpet? Not the one on Tiffany Trail...

**ANGEL.** ...that fucking shaggy ass carpet made out of cigarette butts and mom's broken dreams? Ughh...

**CHARLIE.** You cut your hand... How old were you? Seven? You had your friend over from across the alley...

**ANGEL.** Mike...

**CHARLIE.** ...right, and little Mike comes running up to me all out of breath: "Angel fell..." I went running. You were in the side yard...

**ANGEL.** ...where that mutt got stuck under the fence...

**CHARLIE.** ...and you took one look at the blood dripping down your wrist and just— Conk. Passed out in my arms.

**ANGEL.** This cowgirl don't do blood. Nope.

**CHARLIE.** ...it was a lot. I remember I sent Mike to get his mom and his weirdo dad showed up without a shirt and drove us to the emergency room with all the windows down...and I was in the back seat...and you were laying in my lap in all the wind and noise and I remember thinking, "people will think this guy is naked and driving us around..."

**ANGEL.** I always drive naked. Bare back is best! (*Looks at her wrist.*) I still have a scar. Right here. (*Puts the cowboy hat on CHARLIE's head.*)

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Well there you go. You got a story and everything. Cowboy Charlie the Hero. *(To Charlie; pointing to the table.)* You. Fun.

**CHARLIE.** You're doing fine without me.

**ANGEL.** This is a special occasion.

**CHARLIE.** Angel...

**ANGEL.** Charlie! It's just us! Come on. *(Insistent.)* It's weak! Just take the edges off so you can think straight. You need it!

**CHARLIE.** Ugh... I'd probably be nicer to mom...

**ANGEL.** See? Now you have another hero story, Cowboy!

**CHARLIE.** *(Panic.)* Mom!

**ANGEL.** Jesus! She's fine! You party, I'll look... *(Getting up.)* I have to piss... *(Angel heads into the bathroom while Charlie snorts. Home at last. Angel returns, adjusts the music, puts on a blonde wig, and starts to dance.)*

**CHARLIE.** *(Feeling the music.)* Mom ok?

**ANGEL.** Yeah. It's a good bed for her. *(Charlie and Angel dance. Their energy increases in speed and volume as they move to the music and yell to be heard. Angel points to Charlie's bags.)* What's with all the stuff?

**CHARLIE.** I ran away from home. OH! We could go to YOUR place!

**ANGEL.** No no no! You would hate it!

**CHARLIE.** I wouldn't hate it! I love you!

**ANGEL.** It's a car.

**CHARLIE.** *(Cracking up.)* Oh I lived at the bar too for yeeaaaarrrs...!

**ANGEL.** There's some issues with that...! Mom doesn't know really.

**CHARLIE.** I don't have issues!

**ANGEL.** No, no, no, you're...

**CHARLIE.** Well, some but, I'm not the one with BIG issues, not like her!

**ANGEL.** NO, I MEAN THE ISSUES ARE...

**CHARLIE.** NO I DON'T!

**ANGEL.** I DIDN'T SAY— IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S HER.

**CHARLIE.** I AM NOT HER!

**ANGEL.** WHAT?!

**CHARLIE.** TAKE IT BACK!

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**ANGEL.** CALM DOWN, CRAZY PERSON!

**CHARLIE.** I'LL NEVER BE LIKE HER!

**ANGEL.** NEVER! JUST DANCE!

**CHARLIE.** NEVER!

**ANGEL.** NEVER!

**CHARLIE.** *(Dancing on a bed.)* LIGHTS!

**ANGEL.** WHAT?

**CHARLIE.** LIGHTS! LIGHTS! *(Angel goes to the switch by the front door and turns off and on the lights—a sad strobe. Charlie raves.)*

**ANGEL.** GO GIRL. GET STUPID. GO GIRL. GET STUPID...

**CHARLIE.** FASTER!

**ANGEL.** GO GO GO!!! YEAH YEAH YEAH!!!

**CHARLIE.** FASTER!! YEAH!! YEAH!!! *(There is a pounding on the front door. Angel screams, expertly gathers the contraband, and runs to open the balcony doors. She bounces off. They still won't open. The music stops. Charlie tries to hide things while Angel snorts quickly and comically.)* Angel, stop! You're doing too much! OH MY GOD! MOM! *(Running to the bathroom, then running back in.)* ANGEL! Get the door!

**ANGEL.** Let her sleep! Jesus! *(Angel opens the door to an empty hall with a flickering fluorescent light overhead. She bursts into obnoxious laughter and slams the door shut.)*

**CHARLIE.** What?! What is it? *(Goes into the bathroom and screams.)* OH MY GOD. Mom! MOM! Come on. Sit up. There you go. ANGEL HELP ME! Mom. Look at me. Mom! WAKE UP! MOM! *(Angel takes her time and goes into the bathroom, still amused.)* Hold her here. Let's get her to the— Watch her legs. *(They carry Linda wrapped in a blanket out of the bathroom and onto a bed. Linda is barely awake.)*

**LINDA.** Good morning!

**CHARLIE.** *(Panic.)* Mom. Mom. You OK?

**LINDA.** Dandy. How are you? Did you have a nice day at the office dear?

**CHARLIE.** You want some water? Have some water.

**LINDA.** I want a cigarette.

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**CHARLIE.** Ok. I can't. Fuck. Angel. Call an ambulance.

**ANGEL.** *(Overlapping Linda.)* What?! Girl, this is every Saturday night!

**LINDA.** *(Overlapping Angel.)* NOOOO!!!! She is fiiiiinnne...

**CHARLIE.** Jesus Christ. I'll call.

**LINDA.** *(Overlapping Angel.)* Charlie, please!

**ANGEL.** *(Overlapping Linda.)* No, no, no! Don't!

**LINDA.** You can't! Angel has a warrant!

**CHARLIE.** What?

**ANGEL.** I have a warrant out for my arrest.

**CHARLIE.** *(Surprised)* Oh. Why?

**ANGEL.** Mom called the cops on me.

**LINDA.** *(Defensive.)* I had to! I had no choice. Angel was going to kill him! He was turning purple!

**CHARLIE.** Kill...

**ANGEL.** *(Overlapping Linda.)* My dad.

**LINDA.** *(Overlapping Angel.)* George.

**CHARLIE.** George.

**ANGEL.** Yeah...

**CHARLIE.** *(Realization.)* Oh.

**LINDA.** Don't be mad Charlie. *(Charlie wanders the room numbly and dumbly before speaking.)*

**CHARLIE.** No no...I'm not... *(Going blank.)* I'm not mad... Why would I be mad... *(Her mind spinning.)* Mom...you need...clothes. She needs clothes. *(To Angel.)* Didn't you get clothes? I'm not... Clothes... Let's get some clothes... *(Angel gathers a few important things and heads to the door.)*

**ANGEL.** Fuck it. Call them. I'll see you later.

**CHARLIE.** Angel! No! Wait! Please! *(A loud clang and unusual whirring sound comes from the vents by the balcony doors. The air conditioning blows. Charlie, Angel, and Linda simultaneously turn their heads. A strange rattling and the electricity goes out. It's dark.)*

**ANGEL.** Nuh uhh.

**CHARLIE.** Shit.

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**LINDA.** Spunkwater, spunkwater, go away ghost.

**ANGEL.** Aw fuck! Let's go. Let's just fucking go.

**LINDA.** Charlie I'm scared.

**CHARLIE.** Everything's fine, mom.

**ANGEL.** *(At the door.)* The fucking door won't open.

**CHARLIE.** *(At the door.)* What?! Let me see.

**LINDA.** Spunkwater, spunkwater, go away ghost... *(Angel and Charlie try the door. It won't fucking open. Angel tries to open the balcony doors.)*

**ANGEL.** Fuck me, fuck this place!

**LINDA.** Spunkwater, spunkwater, go away ghost... *(Linda repeats "Spunkwater, spunkwater, go away ghost" over and over.)*

**CHARLIE.** What if there's a fire?! That's a fire hazard!! *(Angel stands on a bed and ignites a lighter over her head.)*

**CHARLIE.** WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

**ANGEL.** I'm starting a fire!

**LINDA.** Charlie!

**CHARLIE.** Angel stop it!

**ANGEL.** Just a little one!

**CHARLIE.** Angel don't! Stop it! You're freaking out!

**LINDA.** *I'm* freaking out!

**CHARLIE.** Mom, don't freak out! *(To Angel.)* You're freaking mom out!

**ANGEL.** You're both fucking freaking *me* out!!!

**CHARLIE.** SHUT UP!!!!!! Everyone!!! Calm down! *(Stillness. Heavy breathing.)*

**ANGEL.** Now what?

**CHARLIE.** I don't know.

**ANGEL.** Where's my phone?

**CHARLIE.** Mom, you ok?

**LINDA.** I think so.

**CHARLIE.** Where are you?

**LINDA.** Over here. *(Charlie stubs her toe.)*

**CHARLIE.** OUCH! Shit. Mom?



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**LINDA.** Still here.

**ANGEL.** Marco.

**CHARLIE AND LINDA.** Polo!

**CHARLIE.** What do we do? Where's the phone? (*Angel's face lights up from her smart phone. Charlie picks up the hotel phone.*) The hotel phone's dead. Angel, find the number to the hotel. Call the 800 number...

**ANGEL.** (*Looking at an image on her phone.*) OH! Now wait just a minute! Hello there Teddy Bear...

**CHARLIE.** What! What is it.

**ANGEL.** My new boyfriend.

**CHARLIE.** Angel!

**ANGEL.** Maybe he'll come save us. Ooo, maybe he'll wear a cape. Swwiippe riiiiight...

**CHARLIE.** Mom. You OK?

**LINDA.** SHHHHhhhh... Do you hear that? (*It's quiet while they listen.*)

**CHARLIE.** What... are... we... hearing?

**LINDA.** It's quiet.

**ANGEL.** Genius. Somebody call Mensa.

**CHARLIE.** Jesus, Angel. Ok. Where's *my* phone?

**ANGEL.** DON'T call the cops.

**CHARLIE.** (*Overlapping Linda.*) I know I know... Who *do* we call?

**LINDA.** (*Overlapping Charlie.*) Call George.

**CHARLIE.** What?

**LINDA.** George. Call George.

**CHARLIE.** (*Overlapping Angel.*) Mom.

**ANGEL.** (*Overlapping Charlie.*) Oh God. Here we go...

**LINDA.** I just meant— No... I don't know. I didn't...

**ANGEL.** Spunkwater, spunkwater, go away ghost...

**CHARLIE.** Mom...

**LINDA.** Charlie? I think I need to lie down.

**CHARLIE.** OK. OK mom. Yeah, lay down. Let's get you lying down. I can't see anything. Angel, can you call my phone? I can't find it.

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*(Stubbing another toe.) OUCH! God DAMN it! (Charlie's smart phone rings from beside Linda. She answers.)*

**LINDA.** Hello?

**ANGEL.** Hi there! Is your refrigerator running?

**CHARLIE.** Mom. Here. Hand me the— Mom.

**LINDA.** What? Angel is that you?

**ANGEL.** *(Giggling.)* Candy from a Linda... Here. Thank you.

**CHARLIE.** *(Taking the phone.)* OK, let's see...

**LINDA.** I don't feel so good. *(Charlie gets Linda into a bed.)*

**CHARLIE.** Mom, let's get you...yeah...lie down. There you go...I'm going to look for a...locksmith?...right? Yeah...locksmith...

Locksmith... Lock...smith... *(Linda lays down. Both Charlie and Angel scroll through their phones in silence, only their faces are lit. Charlie's light goes out.)*

**CHARLIE.** Are you fucking kidding me?! My fucking phone just FUCKING DIED!

**ANGEL.** No exit.

**CHARLIE.** AHHH!

**LINDA.** I'm thirsty.

**CHARLIE.** Ok mom. Just a second. What was I doing?

**ANGEL.** Taxes.

**CHARLIE.** I can't think! What are you doing?

**ANGEL.** Swiping lllleeffftt...

**CHARLIE.** Angel! *(Angel shows Charlie a picture on her phone.)*

**ANGEL.** How's his cock? Too big?

**CHARLIE.** OH MY GOD!

**ANGEL.** *(Reading from the phone.)* Bruce. Brucey Bruce. Bruce likes long distance running, strawberry ice cream, and fisting.

**CHARLIE.** *(Sitting on a bed.)* That sounds good... *(Angel raises her eyebrows at Charlie.)*

**ANGEL.** Want me to ask Bruce?

**CHARLIE.** Chocolate chip please...

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A BURLESQUE TRAGEDY OF EPIC PROPORTIONS

**ANGEL.** Oh and here I thought you were getting interesting...  
(*Showing the photo to CHARLIE.*) Brucey Bruce could pick some up and come over?

**CHARLIE.** That, oh my God, *that* is just too big. That is wrong.

**ANGEL.** Oh ya big dyke. (*Swiping.*) What about this guy? He's pretty hot.

**CHARLIE.** Um...

**ANGEL.** Looks just like my dad, right? Like George, right?

**CHARLIE.** (*Swallowing hard.*) Yeah.

**ANGEL.** That's fucked up isn't it?

**CHARLIE.** (*Sad.*) It's... probably normal... (*They look away.*)

**ANGEL.** (*Back to swiping.*) Ohhh... She's cute. Look. (*To Charlie.*) You like her? (*Charlie looks.*)

**CHARLIE.** (*Smiling.*) Yeah. Great hair.

**ANGEL.** Yeah.

**CHARLIE.** You make a lot of... friends this way?

**ANGEL.** Ew. Gross. No. I don't talk to any of them. I just, you know, watch. People. Ug. People suck. (*Spotting a picture.*) EEWW. She's not— Ah, gross. She's got a cave between her legs.

**CHARLIE.** Have you ever wanted to be with a woman?

**ANGEL.** (*Continuing to look at her phone.*) Sometimes.

**CHARLIE** Really? Huh.

**ANGEL.** Only when I'm wasted face.

**CHARLIE.** You know... Marcus and I are getting a divorce.

**ANGEL.** I figured.

**CHARLIE.** I figured you did.

**ANGEL.** His loss.

**CHARLIE.** (*Ashamed.*) I was seeing someone else. Broke it off...but...

**ANGEL.** (*Continuing to look at her phone.*) She kept calling.

**CHARLIE.** Yeah...

**ANGEL.** Any reparations? He owes you money, you know. Cock-sucking tax.

**CHARLIE.** No, no, it's not like that.

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**ANGEL.** Puhlease girl. I know you worked it. (*Finding a beat.*) You know you *jerked* it. (*Dancing.*) If you're messy you might *slurp* it. Don't cha know you gotta *twerk* it. (*Giggling and dancing.*) When you're a nurse you get free *perk*-its. But still you gotta *work* it. *You jerk* it. *You slurp* it. *You twerk* it... Hahahahaha!

**CHARLIE.** You're insane.

**ANGEL.** And *you*, are free! (*Singing.*) Ding dong the itch is dead. The wicked itch. The mean old *ITCH*... (*Not singing.*) What did he have that time?

**CHARLIE.** Poison Ivy.

**ANGEL.** No on his dick.

**CHARLIE.** Poison Ivy.

**ANGEL.** Yeesh...

**CHARLIE.** I just don't want to end up alone...

**ANGEL.** Please, everyone's alone! There is no cavalry.

**CHARLIE.** I know, I just...you needed one... I wish I'd...stayed. I wish I hadn't left you by yourself in that crazy...with those crazy...you needed help...and I just...left...

**ANGEL.** (*Still in his phone; emotionless.*) Uh huh.

**CHARLIE.** (*Earnest.*) I love you.

**ANGEL.** (*Standing.*) Yup. We need a bump.

**CHARLIE.** No no. I'm good. No, no thank you.

**ANGEL.** (*Singing, snorting.*) You're so good, you're so good, you're so good, baby, you're so good... (*Not singing.*) You know what I'm going to be when I grow up?

**CHARLIE.** What?

**ANGEL.** (*Coke-fueled AMAZING idea.*) I was thinking of being a psychologist. Or psychiatrist? I'm really good at listening to people's problems. Don't you think? I mean, I'm really good at that.

**CHARLIE.** (*Sad she has to lie.*) Of course! You can do anything you put your mind to.

**ANGEL.** I can. I'm gonna do it. Will you do my resume? How do I do a resume?

**CHARLIE.** Of course! Yeah, I can help.

THEY KNOW NOT:  
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**ANGEL.** What do you mean?

**CHARLIE.** With your resume. I can help.

**ANGEL.** Oh I see... Jesus thanks, sis.

**CHARLIE.** What?

**ANGEL.** You're right. Who am I kidding?

**CHARLIE.** Honey. Fuck psychiatry. You don't need to *be* something else ok?

**ANGEL.** *(Dismissive.)* Yeah yeah... *(Distracted by her phone again.)*  
*You've been talking to a psychiatrist.*

**CHARLIE.** *(Frustrated.)* ANGEL!!!!

**ANGEL.** *(Violent.)* WHAT!!!!???

**CHARLIE.** *(Afraid to speak, but it needs to be said.)* ...I'm...sorry.

**ANGEL.** *(Taking it in.)* Yeah... I know... *(Linda lets out a faint moan.)*

**CHARLIE.** Shit. Where's mom? *(Angel points a flashlight from her phone at Linda who is under bed covers.)*

**CHARLIE.** Mom? You OK?

**LINDA.** *(Sleepily.)* You kids stop fighting.

**ANGEL.** *(Back at her phone.)* She's gonna pull the car over.

**CHARLIE** Angel... Tell me you forgive me... *(Angel points the flashlight on Charlie's face for inspection. Charlie winces from the light but keeps her eyes on Angel, smiling at the intimacy.)*

**ANGEL.** I'm getting my fucking tweezers. 1987 called and said they needed their eyebrows back. *(Lights out as abrupt, shockingly loud pop music from 1987 plays.)*

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