

BOOGER GIRL

# **BOOGER GIRL**

by Jennifer Skura Boutell

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## BOOGER GIRL

CAST: 2 WOMEN, 1 MAN, 4 ANY

SAM/SAM II	30s-50s, female
NANCY/NANCY II/GIRL 1	30s-50s, female
MAMA/GIRL 2	30s-50s, any
DEAN	30s-60s, male
YOUNG BOY/TAXI DRIVER/ SHOW GIRL/NURSES/ PASSENGERS/WHITE COATS	20s-60s, any
SINGER GUY/ MAN IN CHICKEN SUIT/ AIRPLANE GUY/ SMALLA PAULA/ CARPENTER/DOCTOR/ PASSENGERS/WHITE COATS	20s-60s, any
SUBWAY MOTHER/ FAMOUS MAN/ THE ANGEL OF BLUE/ STALL PERSON/DOCTOR/ CARPENTER/PASSENGERS/ WHITE COATS	20s-60s, any

TIME: 2010

PLACE: An apartment in New York City, various locations throughout the United States of America, the cosmos, and back again.

\*Actors portraying SAM/SAM II and DEAN do not play multiple roles. Gender specificity pertains to the character, not the performer.

\*\*That's All Right, Mama is a royalty free song.

BOOGER GIRL

*for Nancy  
(for all the "Nancys," everywhere)*

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*“I wanted to drown my sorrows,  
but now the damned things have learned to swim.” –Frida Kahlo*

*“We exist somewhere between who we really are  
and how we'd like to be perceived.” –Hilton Als*

*“...like it or not, your story... is my story. And my story... is your story...  
Do you know why we have *The Sunflowers*? It's not because Vincent van  
Gogh suffered. It's because Vincent van Gogh had a brother who loved  
him. Through all the pain, he had a tether, a connection to the world.  
And that... is the focus of the story we need. Connection.”  
–Hannah Gadsby, *Nanette**

*“Have champagne, better for you.” –Sarah Kane, *Blasted**

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ACT 1  
SCENE 1

*In darkness the sounds of travel, then of midtown Manhattan, then the muffled sounds of a televised game show. Lights up. Sam, stands in her kitchen in super hero underwear beneath a baby-shower party banner that says "CONGRATULATIONS NANCY!" She talks on the phone, watches a noisy game show, and hacks crispy fruit with a sizable knife.*

**SAM.** Yeah...sometimes I still wear super hero underwear to boost my confidence... *(Listening.)* Haha...right? Noooo...Haha... Just kidding. They don't even make super hero underwear in my size anymore! Haha... *(Glued to the television.)* ...hold on hold on hold on... *(She finds a remote and raises the volume. The muffled sounds of a televised game show are heard as she quickly answers a question like a contestant.)* "Who is Marilyn Monroe?" *(She's correct.)* Yeess... *(The muffled game show audience applauds. SAM turns down the volume and continues chopping fruit. She places the pieces into a large silver bowl.)* Oh, I know, she's amazing. Nancy will be a great mother... *(Listening.)* Yeah...I can't have kids...emergency surgery when I was younger but she's having twins so I'll just steel one of hers....haha. They're due to be here in about six weeks or so... *(Listening.)* Boys. Yes! She's happy. You know...daughters and mothers...they don't always... Ug! Right?! I'm sorry... What was your name again? *(Listening.)* Right! Like the cheese! *(Listening.)* Oh! You have to go? *(Listening.)* Next caller on your list, right?! Time is money! Dialing for dollars! I just don't have the money right now for a timeshare...wait...what's a timeshare again...? *(Listening.)* Oh yeah...no problem...Yeah, me too! Made my famous fruit salad. It's the only thing I know how to make, ha! How hard can it be to host a baby shower? *(Listening.)* Yeah. No. Ah...what's that? *(Listening.)* Games? *(Listening.)* Ah...no...no Cake... *(Listening.)* Yeah,

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of course...sure sure... Good luck with your— Oh! One more question—  
(*The caller hung up.*) Hello? Hello? (*She hangs up and looks at the time.*) Oh shit!!! The clock's fast...shit... (*Sam turns up the volume on muffled game show sounds as she cleans. She runs off, returns pulling on a shirt, a skirt, and high heeled shoes. Before turning off the television, she amuses herself with a silly answer to another game show question in a deep, mocking, "intellectual" voice.*) "Well, Alex... I am not sure about that, not sure at all... Is it... 'who is your baby mama?'"  
(*Sam looks around at the party preparations. She goes to a table stacked with baby gifts—tidies, organizes, and inspects them—pretending to be a new mother receiving and using the gifts. Sam holds a bundle of diapers to her nose and inhales. She is overcome with tears. Before her emotions overwhelm, she stops herself, takes a short, deep breath, and then recites a familiar affirmation to summon her strength.*) "I am adventurous. I overcome fears by following my dreams." (*She waits. Nothing happens. Then...*) Just one... (*Sam rummages through her purse to find a large safety pin. She opens it with ceremony. It gleams in the light. She lifts her shirt and bra, and stabs the needle into her nipple. A cello plays an echoing note. A bright beam of light washes over her. She shutters with relief. The doorbell buzzes. Sam, and the lights reset. Sam answers the phone surprised.*) Nancy!!! (*She scrambles to hide the evidence and picks up the silver bowl of fruit salad, armed for hosting. She runs to the intercom by the front door, pushes the button, and speaks into the intercom to Nancy.*) Hi! Come up! Come up! Can you make the stairs? Do you need me to come down?... (*A phone rings across the room. Still holding the bowl, Sam, excited, goes to answer it.*) Hello! Hi! I'll be with you in just a minute I'm just letting Nancy— (*Listening.*) Huh? (*Sounds of pulsing lake water washing up on shore, then a large splash. Sam is instantly drained of all expression—shocked and confused like a horror movie scream queen.*) Wait, who— Wait— Who is this? (*Buzzing at the intercom join the sounds of water. Terrified, Sam, is distracted as she tries to listen to the caller.*) How did you get this number? (*More waves, muffled game show noises, and the buzzing of the intercom. Sam tries desperately to focus on the caller over the sounds that increase in volume, frequency, and distortion. Sam can't breathe. Her heart is*



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*pounding.) Hi. Yes. Fine. No. (Sam chokes on her tears and covers her eyes to listen. The sounds evolve into pulsing static.) What do you want? How long? When? (A cacophony of noise reaches a disturbing level. Sam is unheard. She gestures violently, screaming and raving, then hangs up and crumbles to the floor, sobbing, still holding the silver bowl. The sounds transition to a high pitched “beep” that accompanies SMPTE color bars when a television channel goes off the air, or when a person dies in a hospital bed, or when the subway brakes cut through a New York minute...)*

### SCENE 2

*Sounds of the New York City subway. Sam sits with her purse and the bowl of fruit in her lap. Passengers stand like a strap-hangers. The train stops and the doors open. An announcement: “This is an N train to Times Square. Transfer is available for the A, C, E, R, Q, and W. Numbers 1, 2, 3, 7, and the Shuttle to Port Authority for Amtrak and New Jersey transit. Stand clear of the closing—(the following words stand out from the rest of the announcement) SWIM TEAM.” Sam notices. Sounds of water on a shore. Sam notices that too. Young Boy enters with Subway Mother who yells into the baby stroller she is pushing.*

**SUBWAY MOTHER.** ...can’t stand those GODDAM tears girl, you better stop them RIGHT now, you hear me?!

**YOUNG BOY.** She’s just hungry, Ma. *(Subway Mother smacks Young Boy in the face. He’s pained, but used to it. As Subway Mother continues to yell, Young Boy catches Sam’s eyes from several seats away.)*

**SUBWAY MOTHER.** Don’t you disrespect me like you think I don’t know she’s hungry. We’re all hungry today, sir. *(Mocking.)* “She’s hungry, ma. She’s just hungry, maaaa.” *(Yelling.)* We’re AAALLL HUNGRY TO-DAY! GET YOUR ASS UP OFF THIS MOTHER FUCKING BENCH AND PUT YOURSELF TO GOOD USE! Go! Go Now! *(Young Boy stands slowly, holds out his palm, and begrudgingly drags his feet toward Sam.)*

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**YOUNG BOY.** (*Numbly.*) Please-may-I-have-some-money-for-food-my-sister's-just-a-baby-and-my-mama-is-sick.

**SAM.** Oh...um...sure...I'm sorry...here... (*Sam scrounges in her purse for a few coins and places them in the Young Boy's hand. As he walks away she calls out.*) Hey! Hey kid! (*Young Boy turns around. Sam starts giggling.*) Listen. It gets better. There's going to come a day...you'll be high in the sky in, say, what...? What do you want to fly away—

**YOUNG BOY.** (*Interrupting; excited.*) A hot air balloon!

**SAM.** Great! A hot air balloon! What color?

**YOUNG BOY.** (*Eager.*) Blue!

**SAM.** Yeah! A blue hot air balloon! And you'll be way up high...above all the pain...you'll be up there in a glorious blue hot air balloon and from that hot air balloon...you fly so high above her, from that hot air balloon...you'll see it doesn't matter because...she'll just be...haha...that woman...haha...will be dead! Hahaha!

**YOUNG BOY.** (*Rushing at Sam.*) That's my mama, you cunt!! (*Young Boy hits Sam in the face.*)

### SCENE 3

*Sounds of noisy New York Penn Station, including a muffled track announcement: "Capitol Limited service to Washington DC, train 97, track 11 west." Occasional Passengers go by. Singer Guy, a male busker, sounds like Elvis while playing guitar and crooning into an amplified microphone on a stand. Sam, disheveled, watches in awe while waiting for a track announcement. She carries her purse and the silver bowl, and dawns a bleeding cut over a black eye.*

**SINGER GUY.** (*Singing.*)

\*\*Well, that's all right now mama  
That's all right with you

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*A Passenger tosses change into the open guitar case at Singer Guy's feet.*

**SINGER GUY.** *(Speaking.)* Thank you. Thank you very much.

*(Singing.)* That's all right now mama, just anyway you do

That's all right, that's all right

That's all right now mama, anyway you do... *(He points and speaks to*

*Sam, concerned.)* M'am. Ah... M'am. You've got— Your head. It's bleeding. *(Sam turns around and looks behind her. Singer Guy speaks close and loud into the microphone.)* No, you.

**SAM.** *(Pointing to herself.)* Me?

**SINGER GUY.** You taking the train?

**SAM.** *(Mishearing the question; hesitant.)* ...uh...Sam... I'm Sam.

Sam...I...am... *(Sam cocks her head like a confused dog. A muffled track announcement is made: "Capitol Limited service to Washington DC, train 146, track 11 east." Sam snaps to, listens to the announcement, and checks the track list.)*

**SINGER GUY.** *(Still close into the microphone.)* Sam, darlin', did you know your head is bleeding? *(She didn't. Sam feels for the blood, then digs through her purse for a tissue. She wipes her head and looks at the blood. The lights flicker. For a moment Sam, shocked and confused while a faint siren is heard in the distance and red lights flash. Lights reset. Sam, shaken, looks at Singer Guy.)*

**SAM.** Oh! Oh goodness, thanks for letting me know!

**SINGER GUY.** Where you headed, mama?

**SAM.** Dean called— My, um...my mother's husband...he called about...my mother. She's— I've got to get to my mother before she— She's in a coma. I'm trying to get there fast— He says...she's not going to...make it...

**SINGER GUY.** *(Close into the microphone.)* I am so sorry to hear that, Sam. *(They fall in love. Sam takes a step towards Singer Guy... A muffled track announcement: "Keystone service to Philadelphia, train 661, track 14 east." Sam breaks the moment and checks the wall for the track list instead. She leaves. Panicked, she quickly returns to Singer Guy, then leaves again. Divided.)*

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**SAM.** Oh! OH! I have to go! That's my train. Listen.

You're...good...very good... I really enjoyed this time we've had together. So long my love. Farewell. We must depart towards a—

**SINGER GUY.** *(Into the microphone.)* Thanks. Sam. Take care of yourself... *(They exchange an intimate wave. Sam leaves... and returns again.)*

**SAM.** Oh! Here! *(She digs in her purse to add a tip to the guitar case.)* Where's my wallet...? *(Realization.)* Oh God! My money! It's gone! *(Glancing around.)* My money's gone! I don't have anything for you, I'm so sorry!

**SINGER GUY.** *(Shakes his head, plays his guitar, and sings.)* That's all right mama

That's all right with you

That's all right now mama, just anyway you do

That's all right, that's all right

That's all right now mama, anyway you do... *(As Singer Guy plays, Sam runs for her train, trips in her heels and collides violently with a different Passenger who knocks her back as they continue on their way. Sam watches as Passenger leaves, and in a sudden fit, she takes off each of her heels and throws them at Passenger who is out of sight.*

*Passenger reappears in a firm, confrontational stance. Sam, afraid, runs, away in the opposite direction with her purse and bowl.)*

### SCENE 4

*Sounds of a train leaving the station. Famous Man, male, is sleeping in coach class with a book over his face. Sam carries her purse and the large silver bowl. She's without shoes, steps on something sharp, and has difficulty settling as the train rocks back and forth. She finally sits, pauses for a quick, deep breath to calm her nerves, and recites an affirmation.*

**SAM.** "I am love. I am purpose. I was made with divine intention."

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*(She waits. Nothing happens. Then...) One more... (Sam finds her safety pin. She checks no one is looking, exposes the needle, then lifts her shirt and bra. Just as she is about to stab herself, Famous Man farts. Loudly. Sam is startled and drops the pin, losing it. Hunting for the pin.) AH!!*

No! Nononono...

**FAMOUS MAN.** *(Waking.)* Morning.

**SAM.** *(Distracted.)* Hi.

**FAMOUS MAN.** Oh shit...did I do that to your eye?...

**SAM.** Uh...no...no...you were just... *(Giving up on the safety pin.)* Wait. You're— You're in that big movie!!!

**FAMOUS MAN.** Shhh... Not too loud, ok? I don't want people knowing it's me.

**SAM.** *(Giddy.)* Oh! Yes! Ha! Of course! *(Serious.)* No. Of course.

**FAMOUS MAN.** *(Interrupting.)* Did you shave your beard?

**SAM.** *(Confused.)* Um...I never— I don't have...a...

**FAMOUS MAN.** *(Sincere.)* OH! I thought you were Abraham Lincoln.

**SAM.** *(Thinks he's joking.)* Ha ha ha!... *(Famous Man doesn't laugh. Sam stops and clears her throat, brakes the awkwardness to look out the window. Sam sneezes.)*

**FAMOUS MAN.** You know that reminds me. I haven't taken my vitamins today. *(He takes vitamins.)* Where are you headed?

**SAM.** Me? Oh. Far.

**FAMOUS MAN.** *(Serious.)* You're going to need to switch trains. *(He swallows pills and digs through his things.)* You some kind a hippie? I mean...haha... Where're your shoes?

**SAM.** Oh...well...I was just...talking to...Elvis...and—

**FAMOUS MAN.** *(Interrupting and holding out an obscenely large diamond ring.)*...you want this?

**SAM.** Oh my God! *(Famous Man holds the ring up for inspection then forces it on Sam's finger. She is hypnotized.)* Wow. Thanks.

**FAMOUS MAN.** My girlfriend didn't like it. She's dead so it's not weird or anything. Don't dick around with drugs, okay?

*The Passenger who had collided with Sam on the platform walks by. Both Sam and Famous Man slouch down in their seats and attempt to hide their faces—Sam with her bowl, Famous Man with his book.*

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**SAM.** *(In confidence.)* Drugs. Yeah. I understand...I'm going to see my mother...she's um...dying...and...I'm trying to get there as fast as I can...she, um, had a problem too... Pills. *(They nod together.)*

**FAMOUS MAN.** ...don't dick around with drugs...

**SAM.** ...don't dick around...with... *(They lean in to kiss but the bowl gets in the way of any romantic escalations and they give up.)*

**FAMOUS MAN.** How old are you? Never mind. Time is a construct. No! Time is a— No, it's God. God is a construct...a concept. God is a concept. Who said that?

**SAM.** John Lennon.

**FAMOUS MAN.** Jack Lemmon, yes. *(Placing his finger over her lips.)* Shush...shhhhh... Tell me all your secrets, lover. What's with the bowl?

**SAM.** *(Noticing the bowl for the first time.)* What bowl...? Oh! HA! OH WOW. Oh God! Ha! I can't believe I brought this— Well...I'm— My best friend, she is pregnant...and I was throwing her a baby shower...but then I got a call from... Oh, God, Nancy— *(Famous Man takes Sam's bowl.)*

**FAMOUS MAN.** Oh no, uh uh, nope...I'm allergic to fruit... Yeaahhh nooooo we have to throw this out...

**SAM.** What are you doing?

**FAMOUS MAN.** *(Starting to leave with the bowl.)* Babe. It's taking over your life.

**SAM.** Give it back!

**FAMOUS MAN.** You'll thank me later, sweetheart.

**SAM.** I'll tell everyone who you are!! *(Famous Man freezes. Sam yells out.)* "ATTENTION PASSENGERS! WE HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU TODAY..."

**FAMOUS MAN.** *(Abruptly handing over the bowl.)* OKAY, ok, ok, ok! Jesus! You know, all you hippies are the same...such hypocrites...

**SAM.** *(Having a new idea.)* Give me your boots.

**FAMOUS MAN.** What?! I paid for these!

**SAM.** "HEY! IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS??!!..." *(Famous Man hands over kick-ass couture rock-star boots.)*

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**FAMOUS MAN.** I'm calling my agent. (*Famous Man hides under his sunglasses and slinks away. The train whistle blows. Sam wears her new boots and eyes the diamond ring on her finger. Lights out.*)

### SCENE 5

*Sounds of a busy road, squealing breaks, and car horns honking. Lights up. Sam, eyes wide, white-knuckles the back seat of a yellow cab without her silver bowl. Taxi Driver, female, with dress and hair and speaks like Marilyn Monroe, drives, honks, yells out the window, and smokes.*

**TAXI DRIVER.** (*Yelling out the window and honking.*) Fuck you! Yeah, fuck your mother you mother fucker! (*Looking in the rearview at Sam.*) You still want me to hurry? (*Taxi Driver and Sam lean back from the jolt of break-neck speed.*)

**SAM.** Oh oh oooohhh...noooooooo...that's...not...necessary!... (*Taxi Driver slams on the breaks. They are whipped forward.*) Please just... Drive, just, a regular— Please... (*Taxi Driver and Sam rock back again as Taxi Driver takes off quickly.*)

**TAXI DRIVER.** You still want to go to the airport?

**SAM.** Yes. Thank you.

**TAXI DRIVER.** You got it.

**SAM.** (*Suddenly, she remembers...*) AHHHHH! STOPSTOPSTOP THE CAR! (*Taxi Driver slams on the breaks and they whip forward.*)

**TAXI DRIVER.** Damn it!

**SAM.** My fruit salad!!! I left my bowl— I have to go back to the station! Please! I'm sorry! Can you go back?!

**TAXI DRIVER.** Sure! This happens all the time. Don't worry. Don't worry. (*Taxi Driver makes a sharp u-turn. Taxi Driver and Sam lean in the same direction.*)

**SAM.** Please hurry. I have to get to the hospital...please...

**TAXI DRIVER.** Hospital?

**SAM.** Yes. No...I mean airport. I'm sorry. Airport! (*Pointing out the front wind shield.*) Okay okay okay...yeah...right there...yes... Oh thank God, there it is! Ah! Oh no! Go go go go go go go... STOP! He's

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going to CROSS THE ROAD! (*Taxi Driver slams on the breaks. They fall forward. Sam quickly stumbles out. The sounds of a busy road increase in volume, underscoring the following pantomime: Sam runs up to a tall Man In Chicken Suit crossing the road holding Sam's large silver bowl. Sam runs up to him and mimes the story of her journey leading up to the taxi ride. She and Man In Chicken Suit share a laugh, and he hands over the bowl. Sam exaggerates a gesture of wiping her brow. Man In Chicken Suit does the same. They share another laugh, and depart. Sam flops into the back seat with her silver bowl. The music volume returns to normal.*)

**TAXI DRIVER.** Let's go! (*Taxi Driver takes off. They lean back from the velocity and Taxi Driver makes another sharp u-turn. They lean in the same direction.*) I'm going to take the toll road. Okay? It's faster.

**SAM.** (*Looking out the window; lost in thought.*) Yeah...sure...

**TAXI DRIVER.** Miss.

**SAM.** ...yeah...

**TAXI DRIVER.** Are you sick? Do you need the hospital?

**SAM.** (*Surprised.*) Huh?! (*Thinks, then...*) Oh. No. (*A flash of lightening and then thunder. It rains. Taxi Driver turns on the windshield wipers as she smokes and drives. Sam thinks.*)

**TAXI DRIVER.** (*Noticing the weather.*) Everything changes, doesn't it? Everything moves. Everything revolves, everything flies and goes away...

**SAM.** Everything realizes they packed the wrong swimsuit...

**TAXI DRIVER.** (*Snickering.*) You're strange aren't you? I used to think I was the strangest person in the world but then I started driving and see there are so many people in the world, there must be someone just like me who feels the same ways I do. I would imagine her, and imagine that she must be out there thinking of me, too. And maybe she's here, bent over in my back seat. And I am supposed to tell her what I learned. That I am not broken. I can bend like a tree in a storm. You are not broken... (*Sounds of water splash. The lights flicker, and Sam, shocked and confused, holds up her own dripping, blood-soaked hands. A siren is heard in the distance and red lights flash. They increase in*



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*intensity until thunder claps and lightning flashes simultaneously. Lights reset. Sam, shaken, leans forward towards Taxi Driver.)*

**SAM.** May I have one of your cigarettes? *(Lights out.)*

### SCENE 6

*Sounds of a crowded airport and muffled boarding announcements. Passengers walk back and forth. The gate is empty and no one stands behind the desk. Sam runs in with the bowl. She stops, checks the gate number. Gallups in circles, back and forth, out of breath, panicked, and lost. Passenger walks by. Sam stops them, gasping to breath.*

**SAM.** Ah...excuse me...yes...um...is this flight— Jesus! Do you know if... *(Passenger shakes their head “no” and continue.)* No no no...of course not... *(Passenger walks by. Sam stops them, gasping to breath.)* Do you know if— Did this plane board? Or— Did they... *(Discovering.)* Hahaha! Of course! A new gate! Did they change gates?! Do you know if they changed...? *(Passenger gestures “sorry” and leaves.)* ...right...shit...shit shit shit...SHIT! *(Passenger walks by. Sam grabs their shoulders.)* HI! Sorry. Yes. I need— HOLD STILL. Do you know IF... *(Passenger escapes and leaves.)* Oh! OK! I see how it is! You know, she’s only DYING!!! *(Sam mimes something gruesome.)* DEAD! Like dead, DEAD! *(She waves towards someone in the distance.)* Hiiii!! *(Sarcastic, still waving and smiling.)* HELLOOOOO!! Yes! Just keep waving as you walk away! Yes! Thank you! Thanks so much! Thanks for...ruining my life... *(Crying.)* ...you...fucking...MONSTER... *(Sam...just...can’t.)* AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!! Why?!! Why are you still here?!!!! After the lake— YOU know...YOU— After the lake it hit me...shivering and bleeding all over your back seat...Where did I fit in your life?! Huh?! What did you care?! You were already “Goodbye cruel world! See ya next time!” Well...FUCK YOU!!! YOU HEAR ME?! I’M STILL NOT GIVING UP! I AM NOT BROKEN! I WILL NOT STOP! NEVER! I’LL NEVER GIVE UP! YOU HEAR ME??!!!! NEVER!!! *(Silence; she breathes deeply, smiles and yells out, waving again.)* SORRY!

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### SCENE 7

*A cello plays an echoing note. A bright beam of light washes over one side of two airport bathroom stalls, each with doors shut and a pair of legs showing. An empty wheelchair sits outside of them. Stall Person whistles a cheery tune from inside her stall. The lights reset over Sam's stall and her door swings out and open. She sits sloppy while smoking a cigarette and thirstily chugging a bottle of whiskey with her purse on the floor and the bowl in her lap. She has been sobbing and looks it. Sam reaches out to shut the door—it's too far way—she gives up.*

**STALL PERSON.** *(Cheery accent.)* Excuse me. I'm sorry. Do you have any paper? Are you able to pass it under?

**SAM.** *(Surprised.)* Wha? Oh. Shhure...here...

*Sam attempts to pass toilet paper under the door.*

**STALL PERSON.** A little higher? Forgive me, I'm having a bit of trouble reaching. I don't usually try to squeeze in the regular stalls, but I saw your bowl and figured you'd probably be a while. I hope my chair's not in your way. *(Sam sees a sign posted on the door and realizes she's in a stall reserved for the differently abled.)*

**SAM.** Oh...I'm in the— OH! I'm really sorry...

**STALL PERSON.** *(Interrupting; painfully nice.)* That kind of day. My flight was one of the ones that got cancelled.

**SAM.** I...I missed...it too.

**STALL PERSON.** *(Idyllically cheerful.)* I was headed to the mid west to start treatments, but I guess the Lord meant for us to be somewhere else today. *(Stall Person's toilet flushes.)* You taking the bus?

**SAM.** *(Stumbling out of her stall drunk and disheveled.)* ...ouch... Bus?

**STALL PERSON.** From the outage in the terminal...they're transporting all disabled passengers by bus and rebooking them on flights out of the other airport. No charge. Long haul but can't beat the price, this body isn't cheap. *(Sam looks at the wheelchair as she takes a few long drags. She decides to go for it, steals the wheelchair, holds the*

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*cigarette between her teeth, throws her things in the seat, and runs. Sam quickly returns removing the diamond ring from her finger. She holds the ring up under the Stall Person's door.)*

**SAM.** Lady!!!

**STALL PERSON.** Yes!?! OH! OH MY!!

**SAM.** LADYLADYLADY! *(Sighing deeply.)* Take the ring! TAKE ITTAKEITTAKEIT!

**STALL PERSON.** *(Laughing at her good fortune.)* Goodness!! Haha! Again?! This is the second time today!!!

## SCENE 8

*Sounds of bus travel at night, lights snake by the windows. Sam sits in Stall Person's wheelchair head back, mouth open, asleep.*

**BUS DRIVER. (V.O.)** *(Hushed tones.)* Good morning passengers. This is your driver speaking. *(Sam wakes and almost spills the fruit salad out of the bowl in her lap.)* It's currently three nineteen in the a.m. and sixty-two degrees outside. In about twenty minutes or so, the bus will exit the turnpike to stop for gas and a short rest-break at the service platform... *(Sam settles, nodding off again.)* Until then, feel free to continue sleeping... *(Sam sleeps... Sounds of muffled studio audience applause and a game show. Swirling spotlights and blinking bulbs. The familiar "CONGRATULATIONS NANCY!" banner drops in and swings overhead. Nancy, female, appears in spotlight wearing something tight and covered in silver sequins highlighting her perfect pregnant body.)*

**GAME SHOW HOST. (V.O.)** ...She lives in the big city, but originally hails from deep in the heart of smmaallviille where she's been saddled up with Sam since childhood sleep overs, water parks, and talent shoowwss. She's expecting twins and has her own life. Introducing our returning champiioonnn...NNAANNCCYY!! *(Nancy grins and waves.)* Today's contestant is also from smallville and currently lives in the biigg cciity where she once shared a studio apartment with Naannccyyy, until Nancy moved out, bought her own place, launched her own business, fell in love with a surgeon, got married on a private island, got pregnant,

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and continues to hold our longest running championship title to daatte!!! Nancy would never steal a wheelchair and has never had cellulite. Let's meet Nancy's newest challenger...SSAAMM!! (*The spotlight lands on Sam asleep in the wheelchair. She groans, raises an eyebrow and a finger.*) Hello Sam. Tell us what do you do for a living? (*Sam flinches.*) Not much. Laadiieess...you both know the rules of the game. For our audience playing along at home, it doesn't matter. Let's begin. Nancy? **NANCY.** (*Speaking in high, ethereal tones—it's a dream.*) Thank you, Alex. I'll take "Sam's Ambition" for ten thousand.

**GAME SHOW HOST. (V.O.)** All right, Nancy. When you and Sam were fifteen, you were spending the night over at Sam's and in the morning discovered this person was asleep on the bathroom floor laying in their own vomit.

**NANCY.** (*Ringing the buzzer.*) "Who is Sam's Mom?"

**GAME SHOW HOST. (V.O.)** Correct! (*The spotlight briefly swoops over to Sam. She flinches and moans in her sleep.*)

**NANCY.** Okay, Alex. I'll take "Sam's Distractions" for twenty thousand.

**GAME SHOW HOST. (V.O.)** For this part, I will read aloud a riddle containing clues to a four-letter answer that rhymes with the past tense of the sense you utilize along with the object of the riddle. You may ring your buzzer at any time during the recitation: Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the... (*Nancy rings the buzzer early.*)

**NANCY.** "Who is Sam's Step Father?"

**GAME SHOW HOST. (V.O.)** Can you be more specific?!

**NANCY.** Dean!

**GAME SHOW HOST. (V.O.)** Correct!! For extra super additional bonus points can you tell us Dean's...

**NANCY.** (*Interrupting.*) SOCIOPATH!

**GAME SHOW HOST. (V.O.)** ...I was going to ask for Dean's address. We thought we'd bring him on the show but his voice mail is full. Makes sense. We'll give you the points anyhow because you're more amazing than anyone who's breathing. Nancy! You have two billion, four hundred twenty million, seventy-five thousand and eighty dollars.

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Sam, still no points on the board. *(Brief spotlight on Sam. She grunts and squirms with eyes closed.)*

**NANCY.** Ok, great. I'll take "Sam's Coping Skills" for fifty thousand. *(Rings and dings. Nancy jumps and applauds.)*

**GAME SHOW HOST. (V.O.)** Nancy, you've selected the Big Winner Thingy That Makes The Bell Go Off and Disrupt the Monotony. Sam. Nancy. You have ten seconds before sharing your thoughts. To win all the cash and prriizeess...What is Sam's worst habit? *(Singer Guy, dressed as Elvis, and Taxi Driver, dressed as Marilyn, play quiz show time-passing music while Sam and Nancy think. The music stops. Singer Guy and Taxi Driver disappear.)* For ALL of the EVERYTHING, first, let's hear from our returning champion. Nancy.

**NANCY.** *(Suddenly, in spotlight.)* ...This was a tough one, Alex...

**GAME SHOW HOST. (V.O.)** *(Quickly.)* No one cares.

**NANCY.** ...Um...I'm going to go with...drinking too much?

**GAME SHOW HOST. (V.O.)** Right. I see why you would say that. And, Sam? *(The spotlight lands on Sam. Her eyes are open and she struggles to keep her body upright and her head erect enough to speak. Sam finally opens her mouth and all of her teeth fall out.)* No more teeth? Oh, that's too bad, Sam. Today, it looks like Nancy remains theeeee chaaampiiiooon!!! *(Sounds of muffled studio audience applause. Lights blink out and music swells as Nancy, the banner, and the dream disappear. In darkness and silence, Sam's phone rings. A filtered recording: Sam says "hello." Dean says "listen." Footsteps, then clacking and clicking fumbling noises of a phone being held up to breathing machines and heartbeat monitors. Finally, several seconds of the ins and outs of slow, labored, wheezing breathing, Sam snuffles and says, "mama?" Sounds of pulsing lake water washing up on shore, then a large splash.)*

## SCENE 9

*Still in darkness, the "ding" of a flight attendant button then sounds of an airplane in high-speed descent. Lights up. An unconscious Passenger, male, lays in a chair wearing a yellow airplane oxygen*

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*mask. Sam leans forward to throw up. She has an oxygen mask on her head, and holds her purse, and bowl. Airplane Guy, male, sits next to Sam also wearing a mask. Disgusted, he holds out a full sick bag at arm's length. Sam retches but nothing comes out. She sits up, leery.*

**SAM.** Nothing.

**AIRPLANE GUY.** *(Handing over the sick bag.)* Good. Here, take your vomit, love. I don't do music festivals. *(An explosion rattles the cabin. The plane begins to disintegrate around them. Airplane Guy secures his mask. He notices Sam swooning and places her mask over her mouth.)* Here, honey...take deep breaths... There you go... There you go... *(Sam breathes for a while.)* So... Keep going... What happened after all of you got you in the car?

**SAM.** *(Pulls off her mask, disturbed, confused where she is.)* I'm sorry...huh? Wha...what? *(Another explosion. It's difficult to hear. They YELL OVER THE CACOPHONY OF DESTRUCTION. AIRPLANE GUY PULLS OFF HIS MASK.)*

**AIRPLANE GUY.** AT THE LAKE. WHAT HAPPENED AFTER YOU GOT IN THE CAR?

**SAM.** OH MY GOD! I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE LAKE? WHEN DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THE LAKE?! I'M SO SORRY! I HOPE I DIDN'T— OH GOD, I'M SO SORRY I TOLD YOU ABOUT...

**AIRPLANE GUY.** *(INTERRUPTING.)* NO GIRL! IT'S ALL GOOD! YOU HAD A LOT TO DRINK BEFORE WE LOST CABIN PRESSURE. AND HOW DID YOU GET COCAINE PAST SECURITY, LOVE? *(GESTURING.)* DID YOU...YOU KNOW...UP YOUR?... *(Another explosion. The plane shivers violently.)*

**SAM.** OH MY GOD.

**AIRPLANE GUY.** *(POINTING TO PASSENGER.)* OH AND YOU MIGHT OWE MR. BURRITO OVER THERE AN APOLOGY...

**SAM.** MR. BURRITO?

**AIRPLANE GUY.** HIM! HE'S UNCIRCUMCISED! AND BIG AS... *(Mimes holding an erect penis.)* YEAH. WOW. YOU DON'T YOU REMEMBER? *(Sam shakes her head. Airplane guys mimes sucking on...a burrito.)*

