

OUIJA

By

Laura Danilov

OUIJA

© 2020 by Laura Danilov

CAUTION: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that performance of **OUIJA** is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of The United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth) and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission of which must be obtained from the Author in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for **OUIJA** are controlled exclusively by Next Stage Press. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance written permission and paying the requisite fee. Inquiries concerning production rights should be addressed to www.nextstagepress.com

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce **OUIJA** is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author.

OUIJA

Special thank you to those that helped shape this play: The Middle Company, Expansive Theater Workshop and its members, Nancy Swann for some very specific helpful feedback, Lourdes Laifer for her continued support of this play, Mona Z Smith for her continued support and mentorship and Alex & Roman Danilov for their unwavering love and support.

OUIJA

Cast of Characters

ANNIE: F, Early 30s	Naive, immature, needy. Still haunted by the death of her childhood pet turtle, Mikie. She loves to sing, not necessarily good at it. Note: it is very easy for Annie to become whiny. It is important to fight against that.
BARBARA: F, Mid 30s	Her well-crafted façade hides her deep insecurity. Somewhat sarcastic without mocking or malice. She is getting married and wants to resolve some issues with her sister, Annie before she does. At first, she seems like the sister that has it all together.
EILEEN: F, 40s - 50s	Compassionate, wise. Barbara's therapist. Has a soothing voice. (Does not appear on stage until Act 4. During the first three Acts, she is only heard from a cassette tape. Can be doubled by a bridesmaid if the first acts are recorded.)
MOM: F, 60s	Annie and Barbara's mom. Self-absorbed, the opposite of self-aware. Doesn't realize she's being hard on Barbara.
MICHELLE: F, Mid 30s	Sweet, caring, fiercely loyal but can also be vindictive. Barbara's best friend from childhood and Maid of Honor.
LAUREN: F, Mid 30s	Fun-loving and creative. Barbara's friend from college and a bridesmaid.
JULES: F, Mid 30s	Barbara's friend from college and bridesmaid. Big party girl.
NINA: F, 30s	Grounded, peacemaker, especially positive. Barbara's soon to be sister-in-law and a bridesmaid.
STRIPPER/ ENRICO: M, 20s - 30s	A stripper at Barbara's wedding shower – wearing a turtle costume. Enrico is Mom's paid escort to Barbara's wedding. They are the same person.

Settings

ACT 1: Annie's Apartment

ACT 2: Annie's apartment, several months later. Barbara's wedding shower.

ACT 3: The bridal suite at a hotel, moments before Barbara's wedding.

ACT 4: Annie's apartment, a year later.

OUIJA

OUIJA

ACT 1

A living room. On the back wall, facing the audience, there is a giant blown-up faded photo of a turtle with the letters MIKIE written on the top. A table placed against the wall holds snapshots, homemade crafts and candles. Off to the side is an area that can serve as a bedroom in Act 2. ANNIE enters, crossing to the shrine, singing "Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me" over and over because she does not know the rest of the words to the song.

ANNIE. *(Lighting the candles)* Of all the many things in life that don't make sense, losing a loved one in the prime of my life has got to be the worst. I love you, Mikie. Don't ever think that I don't. You'll always be in my soul and through my memories you will live on. And one day, I know I will be with you. Amen. *(She finishes her ritual, grabs a pair of binoculars and peers out the window for her sister. Suddenly the buzzer rings. She crosses to the intercom and speaks into it.)* Hello?

BARBARA. It's me! It's Barbara!

ANNIE. Come on up! *(She unlocks the door, blows out the candles and quickly straightens up, singing "Let there be peace on earth" to herself. After a short while BARBARA knocks and opens the door. She has a light, barely noticeable rash on her neck which she scratches intermittently throughout the scene, getting worse when she is agitated.)*

BARBARA. Hello! It's me!

ANNIE. Hi! Come on in.

BARBARA. O.K. Thanks. *(She enters. The two look at each other awkwardly.)*

BARBARA. It's good to see you.

ANNIE. I'll be right back. *(Annie runs into the other room.)*

BARBARA. O.K. *(She looks around and sees the poster. Scratches her neck.)* Oh my God! *(Annie reenters carrying a huge tray of Muenster cheese and crackers which she promptly puts down.)*

ANNIE. It's so good to see you! *(She gives Barbara an awkward hug.)*

OUIJA

BARBARA. Yeah. You, too. Ooh, that's an awful lot of cheese!

ANNIE. Take off your coat, have a seat.

BARBARA. *(She does.)* Great thanks.

BARBARA & ANNIE. *(Speaking at the same time.)* So, how's everything?

ANNIE. Oh, good.

BARBARA. Good. Me too, good. *(Annie stares at Barbara who uncomfortably looks around the apartment trying not to stare at the pictures of Mikie.)*

ANNIE. It's been so long.

BARBARA. Yeah. I know, it's been what - seven years?

ANNIE. Seven years, three months and nine days.

BARBARA. Yeah.

ANNIE. Why haven't you visited me sooner?

BARBARA. Well, I uh . . . I don't know, I've been busy, I guess.

ANNIE. I mean, I am just right across the street.

BARBARA. Yeah, I know.

ANNIE. Cracker? Cheese?

BARBARA. Sure, thanks.

ANNIE. I know how much you like Muenster cheese.

BARBARA. I don't like Muenster cheese.

ANNIE. Yes, you do.

BARBARA. No, I don't.

ANNIE. I thought you did.

BARBARA. I mean it's O.K., but I don't love it or anything. I don't like it better than Cheddar or Monterey Jack.

ANNIE. What do you mean you don't love it? You used to eat it all the time.

BARBARA. What do you mean all the time? It's cheese. I didn't eat cheese all the time. Who eats cheese all the time?

ANNIE. Oh. Well, remember when Aunt Rita came to visit, and she brought you that Muenster cheese roll from Vermont or somewhere and you said you loved it.

BARBARA. That was ages ago.

ANNIE. Yeah, I know. So, what?

OUIJA

BARBARA. So, I only said I loved it to make her feel good! Why would a thirteen year old love getting a cheese wheel for her birthday, regardless if it's Muenster or cheddar or whatever!

ANNIE. Oh. I don't know. I think that I thought it was kind of a cool gift.

BARBARA. Well, it wasn't.

ANNIE. Oh. Well, I have some Cheddar if you'd prefer that. I don't think I have any Monterey Jack though. I can check if you like.

BARBARA. Annie, I don't care about the cheese. I didn't come here for cheese, I came here to see you, my sister.

ANNIE. Oh, O.K.

BARBARA. *(Takes a piece.)* The Muenster is fine. It's delicious.

ANNIE. Oh. Good. *(Looking out the window.)* I see you got a new doorman.

BARBARA. Yeah, Bernie retired. I think the new guy's name is Simon? Or something.

ANNIE. That's too bad, I know the other guy used to help you with your groceries when you came back from shopping.

BARBARA. Yeah, I'll really miss him. Wait a minute, were you . . . were you watching me? That's kind of weird . . . crosses some boundaries . . .

ANNIE. Would you like some more cheese?

BARBARA. No, I'm fine, thank you.

ANNIE. I have some Cheddar if you want it.

BARBARA. No, I'm fine, thank you.

ANNIE. Oh.

BARBARA. *(Scratching, referring to Mikie.)* Nice picture.

ANNIE. Thanks. He was a great turtle.

BARBARA. *(Scratching.)* Yeah, he was.

ANNIE. A great pet.

BARBARA. *(Scratching.)* Uh-huh.

ANNIE. A soul taken too soon.

BARBARA. So, how's the job going?

ANNIE. Good, thanks.

BARBARA. What is it that you do again?

ANNIE. I work at the petting pond at the aquarium.

BARBARA. Oh, yeah. I remember Mom saying something about that a while back.

OUIJA

ANNIE. How is Mom?

BARBARA. She's good. I talked to her last week.

ANNIE. Oh, good. I talked to her last night.

BARBARA. Did she say anything special?

ANNIE. No. Oh, her strawberries are really doing well. She has tons of them.

BARBARA. Hmmmm.

ANNIE. Remember growing up?

BARBARA. Uh-huh.

ANNIE. She was a great mom. I mean, she still is.

BARBARA. *(Not so sure.)* Yeah . . .

ANNIE. Of course, as a sister, you're a whole different fishpond.

BARBARA. What's that supposed to mean?

ANNIE. I'm kidding. I'm just joking around.

BARBARA. OK.

ANNIE. I understand that an older sister needs to be with her friends and not her pesky little sister. I get it. I got it.

BARBARA. Good.

ANNIE. I just wonder, being grown adults and all, why we couldn't see each other now and then. But hey, you're busy. You don't have time to return my phone calls. I get it. I got it.

BARBARA. Good.

ANNIE. Still, a phone call every once in a while would have been nice.

BARBARA. Yeah, I'm sorry, Annie. It wasn't personal, I've just been busy.

ANNIE. Sure. Yeah, I know.

BARBARA. OK.

ANNIE. I mean, maybe even a text or an email, just to let me know you're OK and that you're thinking of me.

BARBARA. Sure. I'm not really good at the electronics stuff but, still, I'll try to do better.

ANNIE. Or, I don't know . . . a postcard.

BARBARA. A postcard?

ANNIE. Sure.

BARBARA. You mean, like, "Wish you were here" with a picture of the Statue of Liberty or something?

ANNIE. Yeah. I would love getting that kind of postcard from you.

OUIJA

BARBARA. Why would I send you a postcard? We live across the street from each other.

ANNIE. I don't know. I guess it would just make me feel less lonely. Since you are my sister, and I haven't seen you in so long.

BARBARA. You mean, seven years, three months and nine days?

ANNIE. Yeah.

BARBARA. Right.

ANNIE. But, that's why you came over today, right, Barbara? To rekindle our sisterly relationship?

BARBARA. Yes, Annie. I'd like that.

ANNIE. Good. I'd like that too. *(Pause as they awkwardly smile at each other)*

ANNIE. *(In a deep voice)* "When will be the end of the world." *(She looks at Barbara who has no idea what she is saying.)* Ouija! Ouija!

BARBARA. Oh, you mean the little ghost, fortune teller thing with the little pointer thing, right? Yeah, I remember that.

ANNIE. And every time we'd get a different answer.

BARBARA. Well, the world hasn't ended yet.

ANNIE. Not yet. Let's play!

BARBARA. No, Annie . . .

ANNIE. Come on, you always wanted to play when we were kids.

BARBARA. No, I didn't. YOU always wanted to play when we were kids. I only played it because YOU always wanted to.

ANNIE. Oh. So, I want to play now.

BARBARA. No, Annie, that's- we're not kids anymore.

ANNIE. So? There's no age restriction. At least not on the upper end.

BARBARA. What does that mean?

ANNIE. It's age three and above.

BARBARA. Age three? Really? That seems awfully young.

ANNIE. I don't know, maybe it's five or ten. Regardless, there is no limit on the upper end.

BARBARA. How do you know?

ANNIE. I just do. I'll bet you I'm right! How much do you want to bet? A hundred dollars? I'll bet you a hundred dollars that I'm right.

BARBARA. Annie, I'm not going to bet you a hundred dollars.

ANNIE. Fine. *(Rises.)* I'll go get it. Have some more cheese.

OUIJA

BARBARA. Annie! (*Annie exits, singing "Let there be peace on earth".*)

ANNIE. (*From offstage.*) There's some cheddar in the fridge if you want it.

BARBARA. I'm all right! (*Barbara examines the picture, scratching.*)

What are you looking at Mikie? Stop staring at me. How was I supposed to know? I thought you'd like a change in menu. I need help. I need support.

Where's that tape? (*Barbara retrieves an old-fashioned cassette tape recorder out of her purse and presses play. She listens to EILEEN ask questions on the recording and answers them out loud. Throughout the following, her scratching gets worse as she gets more and more agitated.*)

BARBARA. Alright, Eileen. Work your magic words of wisdom.

EILEEN. (*From tape recorder.*) Good morning, Barbara. How are you feeling today?

BARBARA. Not so great, Eileen.

EILEEN. Breathe, Barbara. Just breathe.

BARBARA. (*Trying to take deep breaths.*) I'm feeling anxious, I'm feeling stressed.

EILEEN. Focus on a little white light while you calm yourself.

BARBARA. And I can't stop itching!

EILEEN. (*Pause.*) What are we working on today?

BARBARA. Well, I'm working on seeing my sister for the first time in over seven years and finally telling her what I've been hiding from her all this time.

EILEEN. How do you feel about that?

BARBARA. How do you think I feel? I'm about to tell my sister the secret that's been haunting me my whole life. That's kept us from having a meaningful relationship. Which is entirely my fault –

EILEEN. Barbara, you have to learn to forgive yourself.

BARBARA. I know, I know. I'm such an idiot. What kind of person can't forgive herself?

EILEEN. Barbara, go easy on yourself.

BARBARA. I'll tell you what kind of person. The kind of person who's sister has a shrine to a pet turtle who died when she was five years old. Five years old! A shrine! Over twenty years later. Unbelievable!

EILEEN. What will happen if you don't forgive yourself?

BARBARA. I don't know. I'll have a horrible life.

EILEEN. Barbara, stop ill - prophesying.

OUIJA

BARBARA. Well, what if I ever have a baby? I'll probably end up dropping it on its head or leaving it in a car in the summer with all the windows rolled up on a hot summer's day and bake it to death. That is if I don't poison it first. I'd probably feed it birdseed or wheat germ or something and it will expand in the baby's stomach and die. And if I don't –

EILEEN. Barbara, you need to seek out those that will be a support system for yourself. Those that will not judge you, like Ivan –

BARBARA. Ivan! Oh God! God damn it! *(Annie enters carrying the Ouija board. Barbara immediately shuts off and hides the recorder, trying not to scratch.)*

ANNIE. What's wrong?

BARBARA. Nothing.

ANNIE. Why'd you "God damn it"?

BARBARA. Oh, I just uh, found a hangnail.

ANNIE. Oh, are you O.K.? I have nail clippers if you need them.

BARBARA. No, thanks. I'm fine. I just chewed it off.

ANNIE. Are you sure? I know how much they can sting. *(She goes to take Barbara's hand who pulls it away.)*

BARBARA. No, I'm good, really, I'm fine.

ANNIE. Remember that time when we went to Disneyland, and you got a hang nail and just whined and complained the whole time?

BARBARA. Yeah.

ANNIE. You were so annoying that Mom decided we had to go home early because she couldn't stand it any longer.

BARBARA. Right. I do remember that.

ANNIE. Yeah, that kind of sucked.

BARBARA. It kind of sucked for me too. *(Annie puts the Ouija board down.)*

ANNIE. So, anyway, are you ready to play?

BARBARA. Annie, no.

ANNIE. Come on, it'll be just like old times.

BARBARA. We're not kids anymore.

ANNIE. So, look. *(She holds up the cover of the box).* See? "Ages 8 and up." No age limit on the upper end. You owe me a hundred bucks.

BARBARA. I'm not going to pay you a hundred dollars, Annie.

ANNIE. Fine, then just play Ouija with me and we'll call it even.

OUIJA

BARBARA. Annie.

ANNIE. Please?

BARBARA. Alright, fine. But just for a little while.

ANNIE. Good. Do you remember what we used to say?

BARBARA. Um, I think so. I think it was...

ANNIE. You gotta put both your hands on it, remember?

BARBARA. Oh, yeah. *(They do.)*

BARBARA & ANNIE. Ouija board, all gemmed and pearled, when will be the end of the world? *(Pause while they expectantly stare at the board.)*

ANNIE. Don't push it.

BARBARA. I'm not.

ANNIE. It's moving.

BARBARA. What letter?

ANNIE. It looks like an M.

BARBARA. An M. What kind of time word starts with an M?

ANNIE. I don't know. Maybe it's a million years from now.

BARBARA. Or minutes.

ANNIE. I sure hope not. *(Pause, looking at the board.)*

BARBARA. It's not moving again, is it?

ANNIE. It's moving toward an A.

BARBARA. Hmmmm.

ANNIE. Or an I?

BARBARA. I don't think so. Are you pushing it?

ANNIE. I swear I'm not.

BARBARA. It stopped on nothing. Blank space. What does that mean?

ANNIE. Maybe it takes a while.

BARBARA. Oh. *(They wait for it to move.)*

ANNIE. What could M be?

BARBARA. Maybe it's saying what will end the world, not when.

ANNIE. So, what is it mistletoe, meat-eaters...

BARBARA. Microorganisms...

ANNIE. Marriage.

BARBARA. *(Blurts out.)* I'm getting married.

ANNIE. What? You're getting married? That's wonderful! *(She goes to hug Barbara).*

OUIJA

BARBARA. Stop! Keep your hand on the pointer thing or it'll never spell out anything!

ANNIE. Oh, sorry. Barbara, this is wonderful! Who? What? When? Where?

BARBARA. His name is Ivan. He's an accountant. We're getting married in October. It's going to be a small wedding.

ANNIE. October! That doesn't give me much time!

BARBARA. Annie, don't get too excited about it. You. . .

ANNIE. Don't get too excited! How can I not be! There's so much to be done! I'll need a list of all the bridesmaids, we'll have to set up the shower. Forget I said that, that should be a surprise. There's flowers -- geraniums! I know how much you love geraniums.

BARBARA. I don't love geraniums.

ANNIE. And the cake. Of course, chocolate, your favorite.

BARBARA. Chocolate is not my favorite, Annie.

ANNIE. Where's the wedding going to be? Where's the reception? I wonder if there's a book on being a Maid of Honor and all the things she has to do. Do you think there is one?

BARBARA. Whoa! Hold on a second. Who said anything about you being my Maid of Honor?

ANNIE. But I'm your sister! Of course I'm gonna be your Maid of Honor. Keep your hands on the pointer.

BARBARA. Look, Annie, I already asked Michelle, O.K.? I'm sorry.

ANNIE. Michelle?

BARBARA. Dalven. She's been my best friend since grade school.

ANNIE. Oh, right.

BARBARA. I'm sorry. I already asked her. She's already planning the shower.

ANNIE. Oh, she is?

BARBARA. Yeah.

ANNIE. So, I don't get to be your Maid of Honor? My whole life I was looking forward to being your Maid of Honor.

BARBARA. Your whole life?

ANNIE. Well, yeah. I mean I always thought I'd be your Maid of Honor and you'd be mine. Haven't you always thought that too?

BARBARA. No, Annie, I haven't.

OUIJA

ANNIE. Oh. Well, I guess that's OK, as long as I'm a bridesmaid.

BARBARA. You can't be a bridesmaid.

ANNIE. Why not?

BARBARA. Because I've already asked Jules, Lauren and Ivan's sister, Nina, and I can't have anymore because Ivan is only having three groomsmen and we can't be uneven.

ANNIE. Oh.

BARBARA. Annie, I'm sorry. We haven't talked in so long, what did you expect?

ANNIE. Well, I guess, I expected that I'm your sister and that would mean something, even if we haven't talked in a few years.

BARBARA. You mean, seven years, three months and nine days.

ANNIE. Yeah. Doesn't me being your sister mean something?

BARBARA. It does mean something, it just . . .

ANNIE. What?

BARBARA. It just doesn't mean you can be a bridesmaid at my wedding.

ANNIE. Oh.

BARBARA. As I said before, Ivan and I have three each and we can't be uneven.

ANNIE. Can't Ivan ask anyone else?

BARBARA. He doesn't know anyone else. There's no one else he's close to.

ANNIE. Does he have a brother?

BARBARA. He's the best man.

ANNIE. Oh. *(Long pause as both of them stare expectantly at the pointer.)*
Can I sing at your wedding?

BARBARA. You want me to let you sing at my wedding?

ANNIE. Yeah, please. You know I like to sing. And I'm not that bad.

BARBARA. What're you going to sing, "Let there be peace on earth?"

ANNIE. I could.

BARBARA. No.

ANNIE. But I know other songs as well.

BARBARA. No.

ANNIE. Lots of wedding songs.

BARBARA. How do you know lots of wedding songs?

ANNIE. I don't know, I just picked them up somewhere.

OUIJA

BARBARA. No.

ANNIE. What about Follow Me by John Denver? Haven't you always dreamed of having someone sing Follow Me by John Denver at your wedding?

BARBARA. No, I haven't.

ANNIE. Please?

BARBARA. No. I think it's moving.

ANNIE. If you think the song is so moving, why don't you let me sing it at your wedding?

BARBARA. Not the song, the pointer thing.

ANNIE. Oh. I must've pushed it. Sorry.

BARBARA. That's O.K. *(Pause. During the following, Annie's singing should start softly and build with each attempt.)*

ANNIE. *(Singing.)* "Follow me where I go, what I do, and who I know."

BARBARA. No.

ANNIE. *(Singing.)* "Love me, that's all I ask of you."

BARBARA. Annie, stop it.

ANNIE. *(Annie stands, singing.)* "Ave Maria, Ave Maria"

BARBARA. Annie, shut up.

ANNIE. *(Belting it out.)* "Get me to the church, Get her to the church, For Pete's sake get her to the church on--"

BARBARA. Annie, cut it out! I told you, no. Now get your hands back on this pointer thing or I'm leaving.

ANNIE. *(Singing.)* "Thank you all, but I'm not getting married!"

BARBARA. I'm not joking, I'm out of here.

ANNIE. Fine. I'm sorry. *(She puts her hand back on the pointer.)*

BARBARA. It's O.K.

ANNIE. I was only joking.

BARBARA. Whatever. It's O.K. *(Pause.)*

ANNIE. It's moving.

BARBARA. Are you doing this on purpose?

ANNIE. No, I swear, it's moving on its own.

BARBARA. I.

ANNIE. M.I.

BARBARA. Could be minute.

ANNIE. Or mistletoe.

OUIJA

BARBARA. Or microorganisms.

ANNIE. (*Speaking in a deep, scary voice.*) There's someone in the dark of night that could give us such a fright.

BARBARA. Cut it out, Annie. (*Scratching.*)

ANNIE. Someone happy, someone sad. Someone you have treated bad.

BARBARA. I think it's moving again. K?

ANNIE. Someone who is after you. Someone who knows what you do.

BARBARA. (*Scratching intensifies.*) Quit playing around, Annie.

ANNIE. He is really quite upset with the unhappy fate that he met.

BARBARA. (*More scratching.*) Are you moving the pointer?

ANNIE. No. Disbelief won't free your soul when revenge is this ghost's goal.

BARBARA. An I? You're pushing it, aren't you?

ANNIE. Just reveal and apologize or this ghost's vengeance will materialize.

BARBARA. Annie, stop rhyming or I'll leave. Stop pushing the pointer or I'll kill you.

ANNIE. I'm not pushing it, what's your problem?

BARBARA. (*Scratching gets worse.*) Then, what is it spelling out?

ANNIE. I don't know. It's just a game.

BARBARA. (*Scratching keeps getting worse.*) No, it's spelling out something. It's specifically spelling out M-I-K-I .

ANNIE. E? M-I-K-I-E?

BARBARA. Yes!

ANNIE. Mikie? Why would it spell out Mikie?

BARBARA. Because it knows something.

ANNIE. It knows Mikie? Do you think it's Mikie trying to speak to us from the dead?

BARBARA. I don't know, Annie.

ANNIE. No, why would Mikie be trying to reach us? (*Annie goes over and lights the candles. She begins singing "Let there be peace on earth" and doing the hand movements.*)

ANNIE. I'm here for you Mikie. I'll never forget you.

BARBARA. Annie, I . . . I have something to tell you.

ANNIE. Not now, Mikie is trying to reach me.

BARBARA. Annie, it's important.

OUIJA

ANNIE. (*Singing.*) "Let there be peace on earth."

BARBARA. Annie!

ANNIE. (*Still singing.*) "And let it begin with me."

BARBARA. Annie, I did it.

ANNIE. Did what? (*Resumes singing.*) "Let there be peace on earth."

BARBARA. I –

ANNIE. "And let it begin with me."

BARBARA. I –

ANNIE. What? (*Singing.*) "Let there be peace on earth."

BARBARA. (*Scratching is unbearable.*) I - Oh, just forget it! I gotta go.

ANNIE. "And let it begin with me."

BARBARA. Annie, I'm going to go!

ANNIE. But, Mikie . . . (*Stops singing and gets up to hug Barbara.*) Oh, Ok. Do you have to?

BARBARA. (*Scratching so bad she can hardly contain herself.*) Yeah, I have to.

ANNIE. Well, it was really great to see you.

BARBARA. (*Scratching begins to subside, for now.*) Yeah. You too.

ANNIE. I'm really happy for you, about getting married, even if I don't get to be a bridesmaid.

BARBARA. I'm glad you understand, Annie.

ANNIE. And it was fun playing Ouija with you.

BARBARA. Yeah, it was.

ANNIE. I hope we can see each other again soon. Or, you know, at least a phone call or a postcard?

BARBARA. Yeah, well, maybe you can come to the wedding shower.

ANNIE. Wedding shower?

BARBARA. The one Michelle is planning.

ANNIE. Oh, Ok. Sure. That would be nice.

BARBARA. Good. (*Barbara goes to leave and glances out the window.*) Oh, there's Simon. (*To Annie, taking a piece of cheese.*) Thanks for the cheese. Bye.

ANNIE. Bye. (*Barbara leaves. Annie goes over to the shrine and lights the candles.*) Of all the many things in life that don't make sense, losing a loved one in the prime of my life has got to be the worse. I love you, Mikie. Don't ever think that I don't. You'll always be in my soul and

OUIJA

through my memories you will live on. And one day, I know I will be with you. Amen. *(She sings "Let there be peace on earth" as the lights fade to blackout.)*

END OF ACT 1

OUIJA

ACT 2

Annie's living room. Several months have passed. The room looks the same as ACT 1, only now there are green decorations added for Barbara's wedding shower. Also present are MICHELLE, JULES, LAUREN and NINA. Annie is looking out the window through binoculars. Michelle is annoyed with having to share her Maid of Honor Shower duties with Annie.

ANNIE. *(While looking through binoculars.)* She's coming, right?

MICHELLE. Yes, of course, she's coming.

ANNIE. But why isn't she here yet?

MICHELLE. I don't know. Why don't you just call her up and ask her when she's coming over?

ANNIE. *(Ignoring Michelle's question.)* Wait, someone's coming out of the building. Simon's holding the door open in his usual way.

LAUREN. You're spying on her?

ANNIE. No, it's not her.

JULES. So, you are spying on her.

ANNIE. It's some lady with a labradoodle.

LAUREN. Didn't she tell you she was coming?

ANNIE. I can't remember. I'm too excited.

MICHELLE. Well, she told me, you know, her Maid of Honor, that she was coming.

JULES. Are we gonna just sit here and wait for your sister to show up or is someone gonna go across the street and get her? Let's get on with the party! The stripper's gonna be here in like, any minute now, and she still has to open her presents.

ANNIE. Why isn't she here yet?

JULES. Oh, for Christ's sake.

ANNIE. Wait a minute. There she is. She's leaving her building, saying hello to Simon. She's dressed nicely. Could it be?

LAUREN. What?

ANNIE. Yes. She's crossing the street. She's heading toward my building. She'll probably be ringing my buzzer any minute now. *(The buzzer rings.)* She'll be here any second now. *(The buzzer rings again.)*

OUIJA

JULES. Aren't you going to get it? *(The buzzer rings again.)*

LAUREN. I'll get it. *(Lauren walks toward the intercom.)*

MICHELLE. Annie, put the binoculars down. Barbara is here. Downstairs, in your building.

LAUREN. *(Into intercom.)* Come on up- *(Annie runs to the intercom.)*

ANNIE. *(Into intercom.)* Who is it?

LAUREN. *(Sitting down.)* Fine.

BARBARA. *(Over intercom.)* It's me! It's Barbara!

ANNIE. What took you so long? I almost thought you weren't coming.

BARBARA. Well, I'm here.

ANNIE. Good. I'm glad you came.

BARBARA. Can I come up?

ANNIE. Oh yeah, of course. Come on up! *(To the others.)* She's here. *(Annie opens the door slightly.)*

JULES. Hallelujah! The party can begin.

MICHELLE. I told you she'd come.

ANNIE. Yeah. Now, everybody hide.

JULES. Huh?

ANNIE. We've all got to jump out and yell "surprise!"

MICHELLE. But it isn't a surprise party. She knows we're all here for her wedding shower.

ANNIE. We've still got to jump out and yell "surprise!" Come on, it'll be fun!

JULES. Are you kidding me?

ANNIE. We've got to! Barbara will love it!

LAUREN. Will she really?

NINA. Why not? Everybody loves surprises.

ANNIE. Yeah!

MICHELLE. No! It's not a surprise party. Look, I'm the Maid of Honor. I let you pick the theme of the party because Barbara asked me to let you, but we're not going to jump out and say surprise when it's not a surprise party.

ANNIE. Come on, please!

MICHELLE. No! It's ridiculous and we're not going to do it!

ANNIE. *(Upset.)* I'm sorry, I . . . It's just that Barbara has always wanted a surprise party and I want to make this day really special for her.

OUIJA

NINA. I mean, if Barbara's always wanted a surprise party. . .

MICHELLE. Barbara has never, in the many years I've been her best friend, ever told me she's always wanted a surprise party.

LAUREN. Come on, Michelle. It's not that big of a deal.

JULES. Yeah, we don't mind.

NINA. And we don't want Annie to be upset when Barbara gets here. It's Barbara's wedding shower, we've all got to radiate love and positivity.

MICHELLE. Fine. I thought I was the one planning the wedding shower, but Annie wants to jump out and yell surprise, so fine, we'll jump out and yell surprise.

ANNIE. Yea!

JULES. Ok. Let me just get my glass of wine first. They all hide.

(Barbara knocks and enters.)

BARBARA. Hello! It's me! Sorry it took so long for me to get up here, there was someone using the elevator for a delivery. *(She enters. Her rash has gotten bigger. Now it's a big red blotch on her neck. She notices the decorations but doesn't see anyone, looks at the picture, scratching)* Hello?

EVERYONE. *(Coming out of hiding.)* Surprise!

ANNIE. Surprise, Barbara! *(She gives Barbara a big hug.)*

BARBARA. Oh, wow! I didn't realize it was a surprise party.

ANNIE. *(To the others.)* See, I told you she'd be surprised.

BARBARA. Yeah, I'm especially surprised at the surprise because I already knew about the party.

ANNIE. Great! I know how much you've always wanted a surprise party!

BARBARA. I haven't always wanted a surprise party, but it's fine.

(Michelle gives the other bridesmaid an "I told you so" look as Barbara greets everyone.) Jules!

JULES. Hi. Glad you made it. *(Handing Barbara a glass of wine.)* Happy surprise wedding shower, that you already knew about. *(They clink glasses.)* Here's to you and Ivan spending your life on a tropical island!

BARBARA. That's your life plan, not ours.

JULES. Well, a girl needs every bit of mojo to making something like that happen, you know what I mean?

BARBARA. Sure!

JULES. And here's to whatever crazy schemes you and Ivan are planning for your life together.

OUIJA

BARBARA. Not really any crazy schemes. Just a normal life, hopefully.

JULES. Well, here's to that, then!

BARBARA. Thanks! (*Turning to Lauren.*) Lauren!

LAUREN. (*Hugging Barbara.*) How are you?

BARBARA. I'm good. Is Linda here?

LAUREN. No, she had to work.

BARBARA. Oh, that's a bummer.

LAUREN. Yeah, well, I am happy to NOT have to do everything together every once in a while.

BARBARA. Oh, really?

LAUREN. Yeah, let that be a lesson to you and Ivan for a sustainable relationship – time away from each other.

BARBARA. Ok! I'll have to write that down! Well, I'm glad the Lauren and Jules college constituency is here.

ANNIE. And of course, you know Michelle. You've known each other since you were kids.

MICHELLE. Yes, we have. (*Hugging Barbara.*) Happy wedding shower! I'm so happy for you!

ANNIE. Yeah, I remember you guys would never play with me. You were always too busy with each other, and I had to play with my Barbies all by myself.

MICHELLE. Of course. You were the pesky little sister. We didn't let my little brother play with us either.

BARBARA. But you can play with us now, right guys?

MICHELLE. Yeah.

LAUREN. Sure.

JULES. Yeah, whatever.

MICHELLE. Well, anyway, happy wedding shower! I'm so happy for you!

BARBARA. Are you really?

MICHELLE. Of course, I am! Why do you even ask me that?

BARBARA. Well, I know you've come close a few times. But it will happen for you sometime soon. I know it will.

MICHELLE. Of course it will. Look, it didn't happen with James or Teddy or Francois because it wasn't right with any one of them, so it's

OUIJA

better this way. And regardless of whatever is happening with me, I can be totally happy for you! I AM totally happy for you!

BARBARA. Of course!

JULES. Definitely!

LAUREN. No question!

NINA. We all are! The room is buzzing with love and excitement for you!

BARBARA. *(To Nina, gives her a hug.)* And, Nina.

ANNIE. Ivan's sister.

NINA. That's right. And soon to be yours too.

BARBARA. I take it you guys have met.

NINA. Yep. I am loving getting to know your sister.

BARBARA. *(To Annie.)* Nina is the reason we're all here. We work together at the spa. That's how I met Ivan. *(Cheers and picture taking from the Bridesmaids.)*

JULES. So, shall we get on with the party? Finally?

MICHELLE. Sure.

ANNIE. *(To Barbara.)* Let me take your coat.

BARBARA. O.K.

ANNIE. Have a seat. *(Annie takes Barbara's coat & purse and exits to put them in the bedroom as everyone gets settled. Once Barbara's coat is off, everyone notices the rash but tries not to stare, while Barbara tries not to scratch.)*

BARBARA. O.K.

LAUREN. *(Noticing Barbara's rash.)* Oh, Barbara!

BARBARA. Yeah?

LAUREN. Nothing, it's just . . .

NINA. You look great, Barbara.

BARBARA. Thanks. *(She sits and notices a large platter of cheese on the table.)* Oh. I see you're serving cheese.

LAUREN. Yeah. Annie insisted on it.

MICHELLE. Have a piece.

BARBARA. There's so many different kinds.

NINA. Yeah. Let's see, there's Muenster, Monterey Jack, Romano, Cheddar. . .

LAUREN. Any kind you like, Barbara. Have some.

BARBARA. Ok. *(She takes a small piece.)*

OUIJA

NINA. I'm not sure why Annie wanted to serve so much cheese at your shower, but she seemed to think you'd want it, so, we're serving cheese.

MICHELLE. Lots and lots of cheese.

JULES. Do you even like cheese?

LAUREN. Apparently, Annie does. A lot. *(Barbara shrugs and smiles politely.)*

JULES. Apparently so. *(Annie enters.)*

BARBARA. So, Annie, what are we going to do first?

MICHELLE. Well, I thought you could open your presents now. Since, you know, I am the one who planned the party.

BARBARA. Alright . . .

ANNIE. Or we can play a game.

LAUREN. What kind of game? A wedding shower type of game?

MICHELLE. I thought we'd decided not to play those kind of games.

ANNIE. I can bring out the Ouija board.

MICHELLE. A Ouija board?!?

ANNIE. Barbara, do you want me to get out the Ouija board? We had so much fun playing with it last time.

JULES. That's not really a wedding shower kind of a game, do ya think?

LAUREN. Yeah. It doesn't really seem appropriate.

NINA. Well, if Barbara wants to play it, it is her shower. And it could be fun!

ANNIE. What do you say, Barbara? Want to hear from the dead again? Maybe Mikie will contact us again.

BARBARA. Not particularly. Not right now, anyway.

ANNIE. O.K. Let's open your presents then.

BARBARA. Alright.

MICHELLE. Good. *(To the other Bridesmaids.)* Just what I was thinking we should do! *(To Barbara.)* Who's do you want to open first?

BARBARA. I wanna open Annie's gift first.

MICHELLE. Alright. *(Michelle hands Annie's gift to Barbara. It is beautifully wrapped and decorated in pale green paper and an elaborate bow.)*

LAUREN. What is it I wonder?

ANNIE. She'll just have to open it to find out.

OUIJA

BARBARA. (*Unwrapping the gift slowly and delicately.*) It's such pretty wrapping paper.

JULES. (*Impatiently.*) Too pretty to just rip it open? Maybe you could just rip it open.

BARBARA. (*Still, unwrapping slowly.*) Hey, where's Mom?

ANNIE. Mom? Well, she . . . kind of wasn't invited.

BARBARA. Wasn't invited? Why not?

ANNIE. Well, there's a stripper coming.

BARBARA. Ooooh, a stripper! Wait, so that's why you didn't invite mom?

LAUREN. Well, Annie thought you might be embarrassed to have your mom here with a stripper, so she wasn't invited.

BARBARA. Yeah, you're right, I probably would be. Still, poor Mom.

ANNIE. I'm sure Mom understands.

BARBARA. I hope so. I hope she won't be mad at me for not being invited to my wedding shower.

MICHELLE. Well, it wasn't you who didn't invite her.

BARBARA. I'm not sure that'll make a difference. (*She lifts a large chiseled crystal figure of a cartoon turtle from the box.*)

BARBARA. (*Scratching & trying too hard to sound enthusiastic.*) Wow, this is so nice. Thanks, Annie.

ANNIE. You're welcome.

LAUREN. Wow. That is nice.

NINA. Beautiful.

BARBARA. (*As sweetly as possible.*) Thanks, Annie. It's really great.

MICHELLE. It really is.

LAUREN. Now open my gift next. (*She hands her gift to Barbara.*)

BARBARA. Alright.

LAUREN. You can rip it fast, you know. I don't mind.

BARBARA. O.K., fine. (*Barbara rips the gift open. She takes out a porcelain cookie jar that is shaped like a turtle. Scratching, a bit surprised.*) Hey, this is great! Isn't this great, Annie?

LAUREN. It's a cookie jar. For your kitchen.

BARBARA. I know, thanks.

JULES. As opposed to the cookie jar you keep in your bathroom.

LAUREN. Right.

BARBARA. Did Linda pick this out or . . . ?

OUIJA

LAUREN. Why, don't you like it?

BARBARA. No, of course I do! I love it!

LAUREN. You're welcome.

BARBARA. *(To Annie, scratching.)* I think it would look nice in your kitchen, Annie, if you ever wanted to borrow it.

LAUREN. So, you don't like it.

ANNIE. Uh, no, I couldn't. Lauren picked it out for you.

LAUREN. I guess you don't think it's so great after all.

BARBARA. Sure, I do. I just think Annie would like it more.

ANNIE. I couldn't.

MICHELLE. *(Handing her gift to Barbara.)* Open mine now.

BARBARA. O.K. Should I open it carefully or should I just rip it open?

MICHELLE. Just rip it open.

BARBARA. *(She does.)* Oh great! It's a nightgown. *(She pulls out a flannel with turtles all over it.)* With turtles all over it.

NINA. That looks warm and comfortable.

BARBARA. Yeah.

MICHELLE. It's for those times when you just wanna be cozy with Ivan and nothing else.

BARBARA. That's great. Thank you. *(To Annie.)* Do you like it, Annie?

MICHELLE. You are not going to offer it to Annie to wear, are you?

(Barbara looks at Annie who shakes her head no.) It's for when YOU want to be cozy with Ivan, not Annie!

BARBARA. Of course, I love it. Thanks!

JULES. *(Handing her gift to Barbara.)* Well, my present is definitely not for those times when you just wanna be cozy with Ivan, if you know what I mean.

BARBARA. I think I do. Should I open it carefully or just rip it? *(The buzzer rings.)*

JULES. Just rip it, will ya?

BARBARA. Who could that be?

LAUREN. *(Going to the intercom.)* It's the stripper!

MICHELLE. We can open the rest of the gifts later. The stripper is here! *(She moves the presents out of the way. There is a knock at the door.)*

LAUREN. I'll get it.

BARBARA. I can't believe this. I'm so embarrassed.

OUIJA

JULES. You're embarrassed? He's not even in the room yet.

BARBARA. I know, but still.

MICHELLE. And you wanted us to invite your mom? *(Barbara shrugs. The stripper enters wearing a long trench coat and a hat. He has a portable music player with him.)*

STRIPPER. Hello, Ladies.

ALL. Hello!

STRIPPER. Are you ready to start the show?

ALL. Uh-huh!

JULES. You bet baby!

STRIPPER. Alright! *(He takes off his coat and hat to reveal that he is wearing a turtle costume. Over the costume, he is wearing a suit and tie. Barbara is baffled. Her scratching should get worse throughout. The Stripper starts the music and begins his routine while making croaking sounds, rhythmically, to the music.)* Ooah, Ooah, Ooah, Ooah, Ladies.

BARBARA. I can't believe this.

JULES. Yeah. Isn't he hot?

BARBARA. No, I mean, what's with the turtle costume?

MICHELLE. Well, Annie insisted on the turtle theme for your shower.

LAUREN. I don't know, we thought it'd be cute.

BARBARA. Cute? You thought it would be cute to have a guy dressed as a turtle strip at my wedding shower?

MICHELLE. You asked me to let Annie pick the theme of the shower and she said turtles. So, yeah, we have a guy dressed as a turtle stripping at your wedding shower.

JULES. Why not? You can tell he's got a hot bod underneath it. Besides, everyone else is enjoying it. Right, everyone?

EVERYONE EXCEPT BARBARA. Whoo-hoo! Yeah! We sure are!
(Etc.)

STRIPPER. Ooah, Ooah, Ooah, Ooah.

BARBARA. This is so stupid.

LAUREN. Barbara, Annie worked very hard on this shower. *(Michelle shoots her a look.)* Michelle did too . . .

BARBARA. No, I'm serious, this is ridiculous.

STRIPPER. Ooah, Ooah, Ooah, Ooah.

JULES. Come on, Baby!

OUIJA

STRIPPER. Ooah, Ooah, Ooah, Ooah.

BARBARA. What is that sound he's making? Why is he making that noise?

STRIPPER. Ooah, Ooah. It's the sound of a turtle in heat. Ooah. Ooah.

EVERYONE EXCEPT BARBARA. Woo-hoo! Yeah!

JULES. That's right, Baby!

BARBARA. A turtle in heat? (*Scratching, badly.*) I'm leaving.

ANNIE. No, Barbara, wait.

MICHELLE. Come on, Barbara.

BARBARA. No, this is dumb. I'm going home.

ANNIE. Barbara. . .

NINA. (*To the Stripper.*) Excuse me, can you just stop for a minute, please?

STRIPPER. Sure. He turns off the music.

THE OTHERS. (*Disappointed.*) Awwwww.

BARBARA. Where's my purse?

MICHELLE. Barbara, please stay.

BARBARA. (*Scratching profusely.*) I can't. I'm sorry, this is just too weird for me. Can I get my coat and purse, please?

ANNIE. It's in the bedroom. Do you want me to get it for you?

BARBARA. No, that's OK, I'll get it. (*She exits into the bedroom.*)

JULES. Barbara, don't go.

LAUREN. Will you please stay?

BARBARA. (*From Annie's bedroom.*) I can't believe this. This is awful. Where's that stupid tape recorder? (*She finds her purse & retrieves her old-fashioned cassette tape recorder. As before, she is listening to the questions being said on the recording and answering them out loud. Scratching throughout.*) Come on, Eileen. Help me out here a little.

EILEEN. (*From tape.*) Good morning, Barbara. How are you feeling today?

BARBARA. I'm feeling shitty. I'm feeling terrible—

EILEEN. Breathe, Barbara. Just breathe.

BARBARA. -cause my little sister co-opted my wedding shower and turned it into a full out fun-house of-

EILEEN. Focus on a little white light while you calm yourself.

BARBARA. -of turtle debauchery!

OUIJA

EILEEN. What are we working on today?

BARBARA. I'm working on my life. What else do I ever work on? I'm working on keeping it all together. I can't believe my friends let her make it a turtle theme. How stupid is –

EILEEN. How do you feel about that?

BARBARA. Oh, great. Just great. I love seeing a man in a turtle costume stripping and grinding all over me. That is just so weird! I mean he's a complete stranger. A complete stripper stranger. Dressed as a turtle! Why'd they think I'd like a guy dressed as a turtle stripping at my—

EILEEN. Barbara, you have to learn to forgive yourself.

BARBARA. Forgive myself. How can I? I can't even tell Annie what I did. Oh, God, why did they have to get me a turtle stripper? I can't take it anymore. I have to tell her my secret. I have to tell her that I'm the reason that –

EILEEN. Barbara, go easy on yourself.

BARBARA. *(Scratching getting worse.)* No, I cannot wait any longer. Birdseed, babies, leaving it in a car on a hot summer's day. I have to tell her it was my fault.

EILEEN. What will happen if you don't forgive yourself?

BARBARA. Come on, Barbara, you can do it. You can tell her, it's not that hard.

EILEEN. Barbara, stop ill-prophecying.

BARBARA. Oh, God! I can't stop scratching! I've got to tell her now!

EILEEN. Barbara, you need to seek out those that will be a support system for yourself. Those that will not judge you, like Ivan – *(Barbara turns off the recorder, takes a deep breath and returns into the other room where the music has resumed and the Stripper has continued his routine. The Bridesmaids and Annie are still having a good time, yelling at the Stripper, and taking pictures. Barbara is calm, and, for the moment, not scratching.)*

BARBARA. Hey, Annie?

ANNIE. *(Preoccupied with the stripper.)* Yeah?

BARBARA. Can I talk to you for a minute?

MICHELLE. Are you staying?

BARBARA. I'd like to talk to Annie for a moment.

ANNIE. Can it wait? I really want to see the rest of this.

OUIJA

BARBARA. Come on, Annie, it's important!

STRIPPER. Ooah, Ooah, Ooah! *(To Barbara.)* Come on, Bride-to-Be, why don't you enjoy the show! *(The Stripper approaches Barbara and dances provocatively very close to her. the Bridesmaids whoop and holler.)*

BARBARA. Excuse me, I just want to talk to my sister.

STRIPPER. Your sister's enjoying the show. You should too. *(He continues to do his thing, getting more and more in her space. The dialogue is yelled over the music.)*

JULES. Yeah, come on, Barbara, we're all having fun!

BARBARA. How can I have fun? He's dressed as a turtle!

JULES. It's a real man underneath that thing!

STRIPPER. Oh, yeah. Ooah, ooah!

BARBARA. Annie, if I could just talk to you for a sec.

EVERYONE EXCEPT BARBARA. Come on, Barbara! Enjoy it! Have fun!

ANNIE. Isn't it great, Barbara? By the way, the guy said his name is Mike.

BARBARA. Mike?

ANNIE. Yeah, Mike. You know, like, Mikie?

BARBARA. Like, Mikie? Annie, that's what I have to talk to you about. It's about Mikie.

ANNIE. The stripper, Mikie? Or the turtle, Mikie?

BARBARA. The turtle Mikie. Your pet turtle Mikie. Or at least he used to be.

ANNIE. What about him?

BARBARA. I have to tell you something . . . about his death.

ANNIE. His death? Why are you bringing up his death when there's a stripper here? Why are you bringing this up now?

STRIPPER. Ooah, Ooah, Ooah!

JULES. Yeah, Barbara, you're being a real buzz kill.

BARBARA. I'm sorry, I just really need to talk to Annie.

STRIPPER. Ooah, Ooah, Ooah!

BARBARA. Annie! Annie, I did it.

ANNIE. You did what?

BARBARA. *(Yelling over the music and noise.)* I killed Mikie! *(The music suddenly stops. Everyone is quiet, staring at Barbara.)*

ANNIE. What do you mean you killed Mikie?

OUIJA

BARBARA. Back then, when you were five. It was an accident, but I did it.

ANNIE. What do you mean you did it?

BARBARA. I fed it some birdseed.

ANNIE. Birdseed?

BARBARA. I didn't know that it would expand in its stomach and it would die. I was trying to be nice to it. I thought it could use a change of menu.

ANNIE. A change of menu? You thought it could use a change of menu?

MICHELLE. Maybe we should give them some privacy? *(No one moves.)*

BARBARA. Annie, I was only eight years old.

ANNIE. So, I was only five years old, but even I knew that you don't feed a turtle birdseed.

BARBARA. I'm sorry.

ANNIE. I thought he died of old age.

BARBARA. No, he wasn't that old.

LAUREN. *(To Jules.)* Don't turtles usually live a long time? *(Jules shrugs.)*

ANNIE. Then, why'd you tell me he died of old age?

BARBARA. Annie, you were only five at the time.

ANNIE. So?

BARBARA. Mom thought it would be better to tell you that Mikie died of old age.

ANNIE. Mom knows what really happened too!

BARBARA. Yes.

JULES. Good old mom.

ANNIE. I don't believe this! I went to Grandma's house for one week. You only had to take care of him for one week.

BARBARA. I'm sorry Annie, it was an accident.

ANNIE. I can't believe you never told me.

BARBARA. I'm sorry.

ANNIE. You're a horrible, horrible person.

BARBARA. I know. I'm sorry.

ANNIE. I don't even know what to say.

BARBARA. I understand.

OUIJA

ANNIE. I think, I think maybe everyone should go now.

BARBARA. Annie...

ANNIE. Please go.

BARBARA. Alright. *(Everyone starts gathering the presents, their coats & things from Annie's bedroom, etc., getting ready to leave.)*

LAUREN. Do you want me to help you clean up, Annie?

ANNIE. No, I want to be alone.

MICHELLE. Well, thanks for all your help with the shower, Annie. *(The women say their good-byes to Annie.)*

JULES. We're all gonna go to a bar now, right?

LAUREN. Of course.

STRIPPER. Can I come too?

MICHELLE. Why not?

JULES. As long as you keep that turtle costume on.

LAUREN. Really?

JULES. What can I say, it's doing it for me.

MICHELLE. Are you coming, Barbara?

BARBARA. Yeah, I just need to drop the presents off at my place first.

NINA. We'll wait for you downstairs. *(Everyone but Barbara leaves.)*

BARBARA. I'm sorry, Annie, I really am.

ANNIE. You never told me.

BARBARA. I'm sorry.

ANNIE. I always blamed myself. You and Mom said he died of old age, but I thought that there was something I did wrong. That it was my fault for going away to see Grandma. All this time I was blaming myself and it was you.

BARBARA. You took care of him fine, Annie.

ANNIE. Yeah.

BARBARA. I know how you feel, Annie. I've felt terrible all this time too. I've had all this guilt following me around. I was worried it would affect my marriage. I'm just glad I finally got it all out in the open.

ANNIE. Well, I'm glad you feel better.

BARBARA. Yeah. Well, I guess I'll go. I'll see you at the wedding?

ANNIE. Um, yeah. At the wedding, sure.

BARBARA. You can bring a date.

OUIJA

ANNIE. OK, sure, I'll bring a date. *(Barbara hugs Annie, but she does not hug back.)*

BARBARA. Bye. *(She leaves. Annie goes to the shrine and lights the candles.)*

ANNIE. Of all the many things in life that don't make sense, losing a loved one in the prime of my life has got to be the worse. I love you, Mikie. Don't ever think that I don't. You'll always be in my soul and through my memories you will live on. And one day, I know I will be with you. Amen. *(She sings "Let there be peace on earth.") as the lights fade to blackout.)*

END OF ACT 2

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
ORDER A COPY AT WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.COM***