**Into**

By Dave Carley

Rev. 2020

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Into is inspired by the Julio Cortazar short story “The Southern Thruway”.

This version is about 75 minutes in length. The full-length version of *Into* was first produced at Theatre Passe Muraille in Toronto, in a co-production with Theatre Cognito. The cast and production team was as follows:

BUSINESSMAN – Geoffrey Bowes

URBAN NUN – Marium Carvell

BOY – Michael Waller

LUCY – Gina Wilkinson

Director – Bill Lane

Assistant Director – Jocelyn Hublau

Designer – Glenn Davidson

Sound Design – Jack Nicholsen and Paul Tedeschini

Stage Manager – Janet Gregor

Assistant Stage Manager – Bella Srubiski

Technical – Nathaniel Kennedy and Bill Anderson

The **time** is slightly in the future. The **setting** is a freeway, one hour east of the metropolis.

***Into* is dedicated to the memory of Gina Wilkinson (1960 – 2010).** Wise, talented, beautiful and generous, Gina originated the role of Lucy. Gina had embarked on much-praised career as director in the last years of her life. To honour her, an award was established by the Ontario Arts Foundation. To learn more about The Gina Wilkinson Award for Emerging Female Directors, go to: http://www.ontarioartsfoundation.on.ca/pages/gina-wilkinson-award

**Into**

 *NUN is alone on stage. Holds a mike or is at a stand-up one, as at a comedy club.*

.

NUN: I’m an urban nun.

 I take my God with smoke.

 I like him loud;

 Rumbling like a streetcar,

 Howling drunk,

 Crazy with despair,

 A thorn in the side,

 A kick in the gut.

 Don’t want him leafy:

 Gold leafy, green leafy, palm leafy.

 Don’t want him pastoral;

 Pastoral is death.

 And yeah, yeah, death’s a comfort

 But comfort is false.

 *(A letter appears magically.)*

 So this comes:

 An invitation.

 To an up-north, get-down Nunfest.

 A Retreat for all the remaindered nuns of the world.

 The valiant last two hundred.

 All of us called

 To a fine and quiet place

 Of birds and bugs.

 And birds.

 And bugs.

 And bugs.

 And bugs.

 So many, many bugs.

 *(Long, disgusted sigh.)*

 Nuns alfresco.

 *(Reading.)* “In God’s own perfect nature.”

 I think not.

 If nature’s so perfect, God won’t be there.

 What’s for him to do?

 Relax?

 God’s going to relax?

 Maybe he’s going to lie under a tree

 And daydream some new plagues?

 *(Remembers letter. Shrugs.)*

 But I go.

 If only to remember what my sisters look like.

 Hey – even nuns get nostalgic!

 We get lonely!

 I get lonely!

 I often dig out my convent yearbook

 On a slow Saturday night

 And imagine proms that never were,

 Football games never cheered,

 Clash Days that faded into black and white.

 Novices who slipped on the trip up God’s altar.

 And I’ll curse the sisters who never visit me

 Because of the trough of incorrectness

 In which I wallow.

 *(Sound under grows. Magical. Nature.)*

 We retreat by bus and car,

 Minivan, multivan, mountain bike.

 Some hobble up the northern concessions –

 Barefoot Nuns of Perpetual Atonement –

 Grateful for the gravel,

 The sharper the better.

 And arriving by floatplane?

 You guessed it – the Yankee Techno Nuns.

 We’re met by Sister Katherine.

 Kate the Innocent.

 My convent bunkmate way back when.

 A vestal goofball sap

 With a saran wrap smile.

 Kate welcomes us to the lodge,

 Her arms upraised

 Like a Rio statue.

 *(For just a second NUN raises her arms. Traffic has*

 *been building under her.)*

 Naturally, there’s an orientation cocktail party.

 And yes, the drink requests are just what you’d expect

 From a giggle of Godbrides:

 Virgin Marys.

 Purple Jesuses.

 Rusty Nails.

 But funny thing: the walls of isolation

 Begin tumbling like Jericho.

 We’re so diverse, this last two hundred.

 We’re so international.

 We’re so intercultural.

 Yet we’re also interlinked

 By this umbilical wince of faith.

 It’s a tender bond, fortified with booze.

 So: when Sister Kate gets out her singing nun guitar?

 And warbles “Kumbayeh”?

 Like a Kate Bush with hymen?

 Well, shut up!

 Show some respect!

 A musical cliché chased with Scotch

 Can cure any sister’s blues.

 And: when Sister Kate suggests a little splish-splash?

 Don’t you even think about laughing!

 God’s tilted the world into darkness.

 His moon is warming the lake.

 His sand fleas are urging us off the beach.

 So we strip!

 And we run!

 Carmelites, Ursulines, Josephines, Magdalenes!

 Militants, Pacifists, Militant-Pacifists!

 New Agers, Mainliners, Hardliners, One Liners!

 *(Sounds of rising joy, splashing, happiness.)*

 The chaste – and the chased!

 The dogmatic, the pragmatic, the stigmatic!

 The night is filled with the rustle of shedding habits!

 Falling wimples muffling fleabeach!

 Twittering like a hundred plucked ravens

 We pound over naked sand!

 An army of motoring legs and arms!

 We immerse in the northern waters!

 Two hundred throats – gasp!

 Four hundred nipples – pop!

 It’s a glory of dunking sisters!

 It’s a nubile of nuntits!

 Nuntits! Nunarms! Nunbushes!

 Dark, sacred nunbushes!

 Oh baby baby!

 I float out on my back, past them all.

 I look up at the moon and the stars –

 Stars that might spell “God”

 (If anyone could remember the language)

 And I say, “Things don’t get much better than this.”

 Exactly.

 They start getting worse.

 A lesbian nun-caucus has formed on the raft.

 How do I know it’s a lesbian nun-caucus?

 They’re debating the ancient theology of Anne Murray.

 “Who exactly is Snowbird?”

 I swim in and think about getting up, but they glare.

 They don’t extend the helping hand.

 They know I’m a straight celibate.

 I ask, “Guys, guys! If you’re not doing it – then what does it matter who you’re not doing it with?”

 But the raft is oppressed and unfriendly.

 The raft talks in code.

 Some stars twinkle out.

 On shore, squabbling is erupting over beached habits!

 We’ve existed in such isolation

 It never occurred to us to sew on labels.

 And, in the dark,

 The traditional black,

 The healing white,

 The post-modern blue,

 Even the floatplane chinos of the Yankee Technos –

 It all looks the same!

 *(Some sound up, under, maybe buzzing.)*

 We stand and argue,

 And the local mosquitoes gorge

 On our precious blood.

 More stars fall.

 God sees the little bastards fall.

 And it’s not the kind of falling that excites wishes.

 *(Moment of pause.)*

 Next day, Kate the Innocent announces the morning activities.

 “Silence, some light crafts, non-competitive prayer.”

 Then: a feast of options:

 Seminars run by every faction;

 Exercises in self-affirmation –

 If it’s your faction,

 Exclusion if it’s not.

 The Yankees go up in the plane.

 They’re taping God.

 Close-up.

 For his You Tube channel.

 The advocates of a female deity huddle over their Bibles

 Frantically changing pronouns.

 A cheer goes up as each He falls to a She.

 The Atoners are rolling about a bed of poison ivy,

 Pissing themselves with joy.

 They swell.

 They itch.

 Nearer to their God they scratch.

 *(A magic gong.)*

 Ah! That’ll be the lunch bell.

 The Cardinal has arrived.

 Cardinal A.

 You know who I’m talking about.

 The Big Silk.

 The Grand Old Fart!

 That silken redundant whiff of ecclesiastical flatulence.

 And guess what.

 No one’s going in the dining hall!

 There’s controversy on the lawn!

 The Macro-Feminists are organizing a boycott.

 They’re saying a male Cardinal shouldn’t address a Retreat of female Sisters.

 All this time the Cardinal’s limo is idling.

 His eminence is waiting for a friendly nod.

 Kate the Innocent thinks fast!

 “The Cardinal’s penis has been inactive since 1966!

 Where lies the problem!”

 A leading Macro glares back.

 “The problem, sister, lies not with the dormant dangler.

 The problem stems from what that mini-flesh is connected to:

 One hundred and ninety pounds of suppressed testosterone.”

 A compromise is proposed. By the Canadian nuns.

 The Cardinal is declared an Honorary Woman.

 But his virile driver is locked in the limo

 Where he ogles and plots.

 *(Under – a start to the traffic.)*

 I’ve never actually seen Our Cardinal.

 Our Cardinal lives in Rosedale.

 In a great big mansion.

 On a tiny perfect street.

 I work in Parkdale.

 On a road with aching shoulders.

 I work.

 I WORK!

 *(Struggling to stay under control.)*

 The Cardinal lectures us on Obedience.

 He wants us to obey.

 Well excuse me, Mr. Cardinal:

 What do you know that’s worth obeying!

 How dare you tell me to obey!

 I don’t even have time to OBEY!

 Someone – I don’t know who – throws a bun.

 OK OK, I do know who.

 T’was I.

 All star pitcher, Triple A Convent League.

 I rose to my feet.

 *(Bun appears magically.)*

 I gripped the bun in my hand.

 It burnt my palm like hot salt.

 I wound up.

 OBEY THIS, YOU PIG!

 *(Nun throws – perfect form. Oomph sound from Off.)*

 Nailed him!

 Square in his holy nuts!

 He’s going serious grey.

 The hall goes silent. Then:

 *(Sound of applause.)*

Thank you. Thank you very much.
My first standing O.

And now from every corner of the hall –

A cathartic rain of pumpernickel!

 And - - snowballs made of hashbrowns!

 Honeypots! Raspberry jampots!

 And, from an ancient Carmelite who vaguely remembers a 1965 Tom Jones concert:

 Her immaculate panties!

 The Cardinal “obeys” the laws of bun-bardment.

 He falls!

 The Cardinal “obeys” the laws of gravity.

 He hits the dining hall floor!

 Hard!

 *(Dead silence.)*

 But his death?

 Oh, that was from natural causes, no question.

 We all agreed on that.

 His – virile – driver dragged him off while we watched in silence.

 We’re so diverse this last two hundred.

 Yet our collective awe stills our voices.

 But remember? I don’t like silence.

 I’m an urban nun.

 Silence is pastoral.

 So I throw another bun.

 At the Atoners.

 Easy targets – the poison ivy’s puffed them up like zeppelins.

 When they glare back

 With hate in their itchy-pig eyes,

 I blame the Carmelites, and duck.

 A minute later the dining hall’s filled with missiles.

 Everyone’s beaning everyone who does not share their exact monopoly on grievance.

 Good! I say.

 To hell with this fiction of Nuns in Paradise.

 We’re too intercultural!

 We’re too transglobal!

 We’re all surfing separate waves.

 I run out of there.

 I howl at the moon until it begins to shake.

 God’s shivering behind it.

 He knows how far I can hurl my anger.

 He sees that babel of bunning nuns.

 He knows he could be next.

 *(NUN is now almost completely in the moment.)*

 I’ve got to get out of here!

 I’ve got to get back to the city!

 I drive off.

 Past the dead Cardinal’s limo.

 The Cardinal’s being stuffed in the trunk.

 His driver’s taking his time leaving.

 His driver is a man with a plan.

 His driver is an auto-alchemist.

 The virile worm is changing into silk.

 *(Sound of traffic.)*

 I drive off.

I leave my sisters behind.

 And now: I’m just another human

 Hurtling along this vast, trackless highway.

 Aw hell!

 Brake lights!

 Flashing now.

 Flashing!

 Flashing into the horizon.

 *(Magic start to the jam. The other three characters now appear.)*

BUSINESSMAN: Damn!

LUCY: *(Into her iPhone.)* Shit!

BOY: Fuck not again!

NUN: I’m just a nun, in a jam.

 *(They all look at each other, though they are careful not to get caught. BOY may toss a wrapper out of his car, the first of many, and pop open a beer, also the first of many. LUCY stretches and speaks into her iPhone.)*

LUCY: Addendum 7B. Escape from Montreal. Stuck in traffic with: a youth. White. Surly. And some kind of Nun. *(Seeing BUSINESSMAN.)* And could it be? Could I be this lucky!?

 *(LUCY looks away quickly, as BUSINESSMAN gets out of his car and wanders with his phone. LUCY watches surreptitiously.)*

BUSINESSMAN: I left the boathouse light on. The inside one. Can you get it? I want you to turn the light off so the goddamn boathouse doesn’t get full of bugs and they don’t all stick to the goddamn canoe you made me varnish on my two days off. Please. No, I’m not in Toronto yet, I’m stuck in traffic. You phoned the house. Why’d you phone (the house?) *(Fear.)* Are the kids OK? *(Anger.)* Then why’d you phone home! *(Beginning to notice LUCY, who is* *stuck beside him.)* Even if I wasn’t stuck here I wouldn’t be there yet. Jesus Christ Claire!

*(BUSINESSMAN clicks off cell with a vengeance. NUN is circling about. LUCY has been speaking into her iPhone, capturing key overheard phrases. Soon she will get out of her car, and attempt to get closer to BUSINESSMAN. He punches in another number.)*

 *(Talking in his phone, but also with an eye on LUCY.)* Charlie, I’ve got it: We merge top end literature and Cola. I want you to think about it. Literature, cola and – and - something primary. Something out of the ground. I don’t know. Chrome. What do you mean, you don’t mine chrome? What does chrome do – grow on trees? We’ve got to look good tomorrow, Charlieboy. We’ve got to raise some eyebrows, and merging macaroni and tomato paste ain’t gonna do it. Listen, I’m stuck in traffic; I’ll call you as soon as I get in – I’ve got another – meeting, but I’ll call you first.

*(BUSINESSMAN hangs up. NUN stays in her car. She starts to sing a snippet of “Kumbayeh”, and then slaps herself.)*

NUN: Sister, get a life!

 *(BOY litters with astounding and magical finesse. LUCY, NUN and BUSINESSMAN all watch him; BOY glares back. BUSINESSMAN dials phone again.)*

BUSINESSMAN: Sorry. Claire, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have hung up - on you.

 *(This time BUSINESSMAN has been hung up on. He shakes receiver.)*

 Fuck you!

 *(BOY opens another beer can. BUSINESSMAN, BOY and LUCY have all turned their cars off.)*

 You may as well turn your car off.

NUN: Sorry – were you talking to me?

BUSINESSMAN: We’re not going anywhere.

NUN: It’s an outrage!

BUSINESSMAN: Happens every weekend.

NUN: I never travel. It’s new to me. When I rented my car they didn’t warn me about traffic jams.

 *(LUCY has overheard the last, and laughs, then whispers into her iPhone. NUN glares. BOY drinks loudly. BUSINESSMAN taps in a new number.)*

BUSINESSMAN: OK Charlie: really high-end literature, as high as it gets. And really good cola. But skip the mining thing – we’ll merge with a third world country. One of those itty bitty ones. New Zealand. Wait: nix the cola. Kleenex. High-end Kleenex. Thick stuff with Ralph Lauren patterns. The kind my wife blows her nose in.

 *(Time passes. BUSINESSMAN has wandered to the side of the highway.)*

NUN: *(To herself, aloud.)* How long will this last? Oh I say, how Long, Lord, will this last. *(Getting into it a bit.)* Oh Lord, how long *(Etc.)*

LUCY: - We could be here an hour.

NUN: Huh? An hour? What causes it – an accident?

LUCY: Could be as simple as too many cars.

NUN: It makes no sense.

LUCY: There’s no logic to the behaviour of jams. They form and, when they break up, there’s no logic to that, either.

 *(Time passes. BOY explodes in another burst of litter and tears his earbuds off. BUSINESSMAN has returned.)*

BOY: No way!

BUSINESSMAN: What’d he say?

BOY: No way!

NUN: No way.

BOY: No way! The Rouge has flooded!

BUSINESSMAN: What about the Rouge?

NUN: He says it’s flooding. Is that possible?

BUSINESSMAN: That’s ridiculous. It’s not even a river anymore. There’s been no rain for a month. How does he think a flood happens without rain. Christ! That - is our school system.

 *(BOY gives BUSINESSMAN the finger. Time passes.)*

LUCY: I just heard on my radio that our Prime Minister and the King of Saudi Arabia are meeting at the airport. There’s a motorcade, and that’s what’s causing this.

NUN: Makes more sense than a flood.

BUSINESSMAN: What’d she say?

NUN: There’s a motorcade in the city.

BUSINESSMAN: That’s absurd.

LUCY: Did he say “absurd”? It was on my radio. I heard it clearly. He said absurd? *(Into recorder.)* The absurd just called the absurd absurd. Absurd.

 *(Time passes.)*

BUSINESSMAN: *(Tapping into his phone.)* Charlie – I’m still in traffic. I don’t know what the hell’s going on, but it’s been an hour and we haven’t budged. *(Moving off.)* Start working on the proposal without me.

 *(Time passes. LUCY is snooping around BUSINESSMAN’s car. She sees the NUN see her.)*

LUCY: *(Guiltily, changing subject.)* I don’t mean to pry, but are you a

NUN: - Yes yes, I’m a nun.

LUCY: I thought so. Which order?

NUN: Random. *(No response.)* Sorry. Nun-joke.

LUCY: Oh I got it. I’ve heard it before, that’s all. I was a Catholic. There were nuns in my school. They were always cracking jokes. What makes nuns so funny?

NUN: The absence of men.

LUCY: Then I should be a barrel of laughs.

NUN: *(Laughs.)* Any word on that “absurd” motorcade?

LUCY: Apparently the King of Saudi Arabia doesn’t actually have the time or the inclination to go into the city, so they’re just driving about the top of Toronto. Back and forth. Taking selfies. It’s a particularly huge motorcade, to honour the King’s status.

 *(BUSINESSMAN has returned, and is trying to listen.)*

NUN: You know why he’s here, of course.

LUCY: Is that one of those existential questions? I’m really lousy at them.

NUN: Why The King is in the country. *(So BUSINESSMAN* *can hear.)* He’s a war criminal.

BUSINESSMAN: Are you talking to me?

NUN: The Saudis are committing human rights atrocities and we’re supplying them with everything they need. No one writes about it because the links between the arms suppliers and our media run too deep.

BUSINESSMAN: I know all this. The Saudis are obsessed with weaponry and we’re obsessed with selling it to them. It’s all very intercultural.

NUN: It’s criminal.

BUSINESSMAN: I agree. It should be stopped.

LUCY: - He wants it to end?

NUN: I’m trying to stop it.

BUSINESSMAN: No doubt you are. But it’ll take more than grade school finger-pointing.

NUN: I’m sorry. Your back seat is full of briefcases. So naturally I thought you’d endorse repression.

 *(BOY throws a beer can out his window. The others*

 *all watch and register.)*

LUCY: *(With iPhone.)* What exactly is in your briefcases?

BUSINESSMAN: Kleenex. Cola. Literature.

LUCY: *(Into iPhone.)* Cola, literature. *(Not believing.)* May I see?

BUSINESSMAN: No.

NUN: I should know better than to judge on externals. It just shows how conditioned we are to think businessmen are immoral.

BUSINESSMAN: We are immoral.

LUCY: Ah – a confession! *(To NUN.)* You must like that.

BUSINESSMAN: But you’re immoral too. The difference is I provide jobs.

NUN: This is all somewhat arguable. Yet you know about Saudi Arabia.

BUSINESSMAN: We talk of nothing else. I’m a businessman who merges companies and products and countries and that requires peace. You can’t merge amid chaos.

 *(LUCY gets out of her car and stretches. BUSINESSMAN is clearly distracted. He has picked up his phone and is about to make a call.)*

NUN: Why do you merge? I thought Big was out.

BUSINESSMAN: *(Into phone, distracted, watching LUCY.)* In some areas.

NUN: Remember IBM? Its bigness made it vulnerable.

BUSINESSMAN: That had nothing to do with size*. (Puts phone away discreetly.)* It was a button-down patriarchy. That’s death now. But you know something – I could say the same about The Church.

NUN: You belong?

BUSINESSMAN: Of course not. But I know the Cardinal.

NUN: You know Cardinal A

BUSINESSMAN: - Cardinal A. The Big Silk. He lives on my street. My wife and I are having him over for a barbeque next week. The kids love him. It’s the robes.

LUCY: *(Returning.)* Has anyone heard anything?

NUN: - The Cardinal’s a reactionary pig.

BUSINESSMAN: Perhaps if you sat down with him over a hamburger you’d feel differently.

LUCY: I was very close to our parish priest in Montreal. He wasn’t much for burgers though. Pasta yes. But he was locked in a spiral of despair, and working for the church requires optimism.

NUN: That it does.

 *(Time passes. BOY wanders off. BUSINESSMAN is back on his phone.)*

 Is this damn thing ever going to break up?

 *(LUCY shrugs.)*

 Why do people travel?

LUCY: Beats me.

NUN: Why are you?

LUCY: What I’m doing isn’t travel. It’s flight.

NUN: Oh. Do you want to talk about it?

LUCY: Not really.

 *(BOY bursts back. He has a news-flash.)*

BOY: Someone up ahead said a plane landed on the highway!

BUSINESSMAN: Makes more sense than the river flooding. Marginally.

BOY: It happens all the time. *(Aside.)* Asshole.

NUN: Perhaps the plane landed on the Saudi motorcade and they all skidded into the Rouge. There was massive water displacement and/

LUCY: *(Pulling off her headphones, with a laugh.)* – It says, on the Top 40 station, that the local nuclear plant’s melting down.

BUSINESSMAN: The classical station doesn’t agree. A few minutes ago – just before we found out about the plane squishing the Prime Minister/

BOY: - I never said that!

BUSINESSMAN: - The classical station announced a shortage of mushrooms.

BOY: Oh fuck, that’s bad.

BUSINESSMAN: Edible ones! And now the streets of Toronto are choked with packs of anxious BMWs. Herds of distressed Audi. Desperately seeking shittake.

NUN: So many disasters.

BUSINESSMAN: My traffic app just has one red line right into Toronto.

NUN: Should I check the religious channel?

LUCY: It’ll say locusts.

BUSINESSMAN: Or confirm the flooding.

NUN: Or announce the Rapture.

 *(NUN, LUCY and BUSINESSMAN all laugh. BOY is clearly odd man out.)*

BOY: If we had a TV we’d know for sure.

NUN: What does it matter? We’ve become stuck. We’ll become unstuck.

BUSINESSMAN: Ah – a fatalist.

NUN: Optimist.

LUCY: Depends what you’re heading back to. *(To BUSINESSMAN.)* Wouldn’t you agree?

 *(Suddenly there’s the sound of engines starting, rising.)*

LUCY: What’s that?

BOY: Start your engines!

 *(Everyone rushes to their cars. There is a roar of engines starting; hopeful looks, then absolute quiet.)*

BUSINESSMAN: Damn!/

LUCY: Shit!/

BOY: Fuck!

NUN: It’s God’s will.

 *(NUN rolls her eyes – it’s not what she believes at all. LUCY puts her earbuds back in. BUSINESSMAN gets his phone out. BOY wanders off again, perhaps littering. Time passes.)*

BUSINESSMAN: *(On phone.)* Hi Jackie. Babe, I’m in a jam. About an hour out, but nothing’s happening. Listen: Claire’s suspicious. I just called her – she doesn’t even believe I’m stuck in traffic. She’s been calling the house. Oh – the line’s breaking up – sorry, I can’t hear you. Why don’t you go over to the house, just don’t answer the phone. I’ll be there soon. *(Hangs up.)*

 *(NUN is out of her car. She’s flapping out her clothes.)*

NUN: Everything’s full of goddamn earwigs. I never could see this rural paradise thing.

BUSINESSMAN: Me neither. The cottage is hell. You get out there, you’re trapped. You can’t exit. Your every move is watched. All you can do – is varnish.

LUCY: *(To NUN.)* Why’s everything so damp?

NUN: I don’t know.

BUSINESSMAN: We haven’t had rain in weeks.

NUN: Ironically, the only thing that isn’t damp is my bathing suit. I never used it.

LUCY: You don’t swim?

NUN: Oh, I swim all right. I just didn’t use the suit.

LUCY: Ah.

NUN: I paddled about as God made me.

LUCY: If you don’t mind my asking – was it a romantic thing?

BUSINESSMAN: She’s a Nun for Christ’s sake!

LUCY: She doesn’t have to answer.

NUN: There was a man there, yes.

LUCY: See.

NUN: But he died.

LUCY: That’s awful!

NUN: He was a reactionary pig.

BUSINESSMAN: Another one?

LUCY: *(With iPhone.)* How’d he die?

NUN: Carbohydrates.

 *(And then, the sound of motors starting up again.)*

  *(Running to car.)* OK – here we go!

BUSINESSMAN: Finally!

 *(BOY has also returned to his car. Nothing happens; motor sounds die and everyone is exasperated.)*

 Damn!

LUCY: Shit!

BOY: Fuck!

NUN: Why do you think that happens?

LUCY: Someone gets optimistic and passes it down the line.

BUSINESSMAN: In my business we call it a bull market.

NUN: In mine it’s a second coming.

 *(Time passes.)*

LUCY: It’s so hot.

BUSINESSMAN: They should build showers along here.

LUCY: Another hour and it’ll cool off.

NUN: Another hour!

BUSINESSMAN: I have to be in the city by then!

LUCY: Why the rush? *(Laughs.)*

 *(Motors start again in the distance, and then the four start their own engines. But there is no movement and the engines are cut quickly. There is less reaction.)*

 I’m not falling for it next time.

NUN: You will.

LUCY: No I won’t. I’ll just stay out here and let everyone else make fools of themselves.

NUN: You have no capacity for faith.

LUCY: Faith doesn’t move cars.

 *(Burst of revolting music from BOY’s car. The other three stare at him.)*

BUSINESSMAN: Turn that down!

 *(No response.)*

 Turn it down!

NUN, LUCY &
BUSINESSMAN: TURN IT DOWN!

 *(BOY glares.)*

NUN: *(Sweetly.)* I’d appreciate it, my son.

LUCY: *(To BOY.)* Thank you.

NUN: Do your children play that stuff?

LUCY: They’d hardly be old enough yet.

BUSINESSMAN: How’d you know I have kids?

NUN: Your briefcases are interrupted by booster seats.

BUSINESSMAN: They’re too young for his – stuff. But Claire takes them to violin. A house-full of Suzuki-ites. Can you imagine what that’s like?

LUCY: Especially after a hard day’s merging.

 *(Time passes. NUN sleeps a bit. BUSINESSMAN returns to his car, gets his phone, paces about. He is aware of LUCY. She is eavesdropping, making notes into her iPhone, and will repeat sotto voce key phrases from BUSINESSMAN’s conversation.)*

BUSINESSMAN: *(On cell.)* We haven’t moved in three hours! Babe, it’s beginning to look like we’ll be here right into the night. You still haven’t heard? There are all sorts of rumours out here – plane crashes, meltdowns. I know, it was going to be our night to talk. Jackie: don’t be like that. Please? This is out of my control. And I don’t know what to do. I can’t leave them; I can’t stay. Are the kids better off with me and Claire together and hardly speaking - or with us apart, and fighting over custody? Shit, the line’s breaking up again.

 *(BUSINESSMAN has ended up near LUCY’s car.)*

LUCY: More mergers?

BUSINESSMAN: At this time of night?

LUCY: I doubt multinationals sit around waiting for Monday morning. Your wife, then?

BUSINESSMAN: No.

LUCY: Squash partner.

BUSINESSMAN: I don’t play.

LUCY: Your mistress.

BUSINESSMAN: I have three young children.

LUCY: Is that a denial or a rationalization?

BUSINESSMAN: They’re at the cottage – a hundred miles that way. And I’ve just spent two days with them.

LUCY: So you’ve earned a mistress.

BUSINESSMAN: *(A laugh.)* Are you a private eye?

LUCY: Just independently nosy. I grew up on a little cul de sac in Montreal, where we knew everyone’s business. Now I live in Toronto, in a high-rise. No one knows anything about anybody. I’m in gossip withdrawal. A traffic jam’s a godsend. What’s her exact age?

BUSINESSMAN: Thirty.

LUCY: Hmm.

BUSINESSMAN: What. Is that too old for a mistress?

LUCY: Depends. How old are you?

BUSINESSMAN: Ancient. 34. 36. 37. 41.

LUCY: It’s OK for men to be old.

 *(BOY pops open a beer. Burps loudly, etc.)*

BOY: Parr-teee!

 *(NUN awakens with a start.)*

LUCY: Actually, the older men are, the better.

BUSINESSMAN: Would you like one?

LUCY: I’d love one. I’m dying of thirst.

(*BUSINESSMAN goes to BOY, who is oblivious to his approach – his earphones are on and his music is full blast.)*

BUSINESSMAN: Could I buy a couple?

 *(No answer.)*

 Excuse me!

 *(No answer.)*

 HEY!

 *(BUSINESSMAN touches BOY, who jumps out of his skin.)*

BOY: DON’T SHOOT!

BUSINESSMAN: Can I buy a couple of beers?

BOY: Fuck man – don’t creep up on me like that!

BUSINESSMAN: It was kind of hard not to. Will you sell me some beer?

BOY: How long d’you think we’ll be here?

BUSINESSMAN: Another hour?

BOY: I don’t wanna run out. I ran out last Sunday. It’s no fucking way to spend the night.

BUSINESSMAN: Could two make a difference?

BOY: It might.

BUSINESSMAN: Ten bucks?

BOY: Each?

BUSINESSMAN: Sure.

BOY: Cool.

 *(BOY gives BUSINESSMAN two beers. BUSINESSMAN returns to LUCY. He opens the cans and hands one to her. He is expecting a conversation to ensue. NUN is nearby.*

LUCY: Thank you.

*(LUCY drinks long and cools her forehead with her can. BUSINESSMAN still expects a conversation, but LUCY ignores him. She rolls the can around her body, cooling herself, enjoying his attention and, just when he appears to be giving up, she pours a stream of beer down her front. NUN returns during this.)*

BUSINESSMAN: My kingdom for a shower.

LUCY: Is that what you do with them?

BUSINESSMAN: Who’s “them”.

LUCY: Those with whom you merge.

NUN: Why would he shower with a bunch of businessmen?

LUCY: Come on – do you shower with them?

NUN: Even priests don’t shower in groups.

LUCY: Do you?

NUN: At least not anymore.

BUSINESSMAN: Yes.

NUN: Yes!

LUCY: How many mistresses can fit under a showerhead?

NUN: That is an incredibly weird question.

LUCY: I wasn’t asking you.

 *(NUN moves off a bit. BUSINESSMAN comes close to LUCY.)*

BUSINESSMAN: Look, I can ask you things too. What about you? What do you do with men?

LUCY: Hunt them.

BUSINESSMAN: Oh. *(Moving off.)* I would ask.

 *(Time passes.)*

NUN: An entire night. Such are the dangers of leaving the downtown core.

 *(Time passes. BOY tosses out a crumpled beer can.)*

BOY: I knew I’d run out.

 *(Time passes.)*

BUSINESSMAN: *(On cell.)* Yes I’m still in the jam goddamn it! *(Slams phone down.)* She doesn’t believe me.

 *(Time passes.)*

LUCY: A shower! Thirty-six hours without a shower!

 *(Time passes.)*

NUN: Three days without a cigarette!

BOY: It makes me really mad.

NUN: Come with me.

BOY: Why?

NUN: Some of our neighbours are starting to make me nervous and I need a guard.

BOY: What for?

NUN: An urgency must be satisfied behind yonder bush.

 *(NUN and BOY are exiting.)*

BOY: Is that Shakespeare? I flunked it but I definitely remember the word “yonder”. And there was a bush, now that I think of it.

NUN: Actually, it was a forest.

BOY: Yeah, and the forest moved. Weird. Aliens. Shakespeare really makes me mad.

 *(Time passes. Light back up on BUSINESSMAN and LUCY.)*

BUSINESSMAN: Happy hunting.

LUCY: Joyful merging.

BUSINESSMAN: So you’ve had three days – what kind of game have you bagged so far?

LUCY: What do you mean?

BUSINESSMAN: You say you hunt men, but I haven’t seen you dragging any home to your car yet.

LUCY: First of all, the pickings nearby aren’t very good. Look at that bunch behind us – all they do is eat potato chips.

BUSINESSMAN: They are pretty disgusting. I asked them if they wanted to join our yoga this morning – they just laughed at me.

LUCY: Anyway, I’m not hunting new game. I’m updating my data on the old.

BUSINESSMAN: What’s that mean?

LUCY: You really haven’t seen me before?

BUSINESSMAN: What – before the last three days? No.

LUCY: Never on your street?

BUSINESSMAN: No – why – do you live in Rosedale?

LUCY: Never in the lobby of your office building?

BUSINESSMAN: What is this – where’s the Boy gone?

LUCY: Off somewhere, don’t change the subject. You’ve never seen me at – say – the Art Gallery?

BUSINESSMAN: Paintings bore me.

LUCY: What about sculpture? You like sculpture.

 *(BUSINESSMAN picks up phone. Dials.)*

BUSINESSMAN: Hi Pumpkin. What’re you doing, Pumpkin. Yeah, I can talk to mummy later; I just want to talk with you now. Yeah. So what’ve you been doing…

 *(BUSINESSMAN walks off, rebuffing LUCY. Time passes, a day. Light comes up on BOY. He is looking down at the Cardinal’s corpse in the trunk of His Eminence’s limousine.)*

BOY: This is incredible. I’ve never seen a dead dude before. It’s just like on TV. *(Hands over some cigarettes.)* Wait – don’t close the trunk yet. Two more minutes, please. *(Gets close, reacts to smell.)* Wow. He’s really – *(Reaches* *down and tastes something.)* Strawberry jam?

NUN: *(Off.)* Where are you?!

BOY: Fuck, I gotta go!

 *(BOY exits. Light goes off him, back on traffic jam. Time passes. BUSINESSMAN is on the phone.)*

BUSINESSMAN: Charlie! Where are you! What’s this voice mail shit. Why aren’t you picking up your messages? Get back to me. *(Hangs up.)*

LUCY: Trouble in merger-land?

BUSINESSMAN: It’s my flunkie.

LUCY: Charlie Maxwell.

BSUINESSMAN: He’s been avoiding me. He hasn’t returned my calls in a week. How’d you know his name?

LUCY: I’ve got a file on him.

BUSINESSMAN: A file?

LUCY: Charlie gets around.

BUSINESSMAN: Charlie? Not sexually. Charlie? No way. He does? Where.

LUCY: Your golf club. Wednesday afternoons.

BUSINESSMAN: That’s Ladies’ Day!

LUCY: And Charlie’s there, practicing his stroke. Chipping and putting and begging for a mulligan.

BUSINESSMAN: Do you have a file on me?

LUCY: It’s very thick.

BUSINESSMAN: It is?

LUCY: This is an auspicious coincidence.

BUSINESSMAN: How?

LUCY: There’s a million cars out here and we’re stuck together. I thought I saw you about fifty klicks back, but for some reason I’d thought you cottaged north of the city, not east, so I dismissed it from my mind. Then traffic stopped and I realized my assumptions about your summer life were wrong and

BUSINESSMAN: - You really saw me at the Art Gallery?

LUCY: Many times.

BUSINESSMAN: I - I find the sculptures – in the Moore Gallery – comforting.

LUCY: Comfort is false. You’re there because you’ll connect with someone. I’m there to watch. I’ve searched all over the city for the right place – and finally I found it: the Henry Moore Gallery. It’s safe, there are guards, there are shadows, shapes you can step behind. And on Wednesday nights it’s teeming with heterosexual men. I couldn’t believe my luck when I stumbled on the Moore – the last untapped reservoir of straight men – intelligent straight men – in the city. Throngs of you, all of you stopping in on your way home for a thousand murky reasons.

BUSINESSMAN: Why me?

LUCY: Why not?

BUSINESSMAN: But if it was “teeming”

LUCY: - You were unusually active.

BUSINESSMAN: I was?

 *(LUCY nods.)*

 Oh God.

LUCY: I was grateful.

BUSINESSMAN: You were?

LUCY: My favourite files are on my Moore men. I have affairs with them – on paper. *(Pause.)* I was having a really hot one with you. According to my files, you’re very, very good.

BUSINESSMAN: I am?

LUCY: Exceptionally.

BUSINESSMAN: No shit.

LUCY: So good, in fact, that last week something strange happened. I saw you connecting with all those women and I began wondering if maybe it couldn’t happen to me, too. And not just on paper. So I went back to Montreal. Actually, I was going back for a funeral but that’s the perfect time to rekindle an old love, isn’t it. I’m very good at funerals. I cry well. Men find that attractive. And I was seized with optimism that one soured love, in particular, might uncurdle.

BUSINESSMAN: And did it?

LUCY: No. No chance. I made an absolute fool of myself. I’m susceptible to hope and that’s always the result. So it’s back to the files. It’s better being an academic.

BUSINESSMAN: So – what’s the status of our paper affair – are we still an item?

LUCY: Getting rocky.

BUSINESSMAN: Because of Claire?

LUCY: You promise to leave her – and then the weekend comes and you’re driving up north – east – to be with her.

BUSINESSMAN: Trust me, it’s not her, it’s the kids.

LUCY: It’s all the same to a mistress. My paper affairs always end after three or four months, when I get bored. The real challenge is to create that accurate biography. Because I prize accuracy the stalking becomes very sophisticated. I have to know where you live – that’s easy – what you eat – easy – and where. Easy. Who you usually sleep with – easy. Who you occasionally sleep with – fairly easy. You do leave a trail. But what you really think and feel – and fear? That’s the challenge. Oh god, how much longer will this last?

BUSINESSMAN: *(Still stunned.)* I have no idea.

LUCY: Because I want a shower. I dream of showers. I’ve been dreaming of nothing but, for the last seven days.

BUSINESSMAN: Me too. (Pause.) I haven’t been getting a signal.

LUCY: Me neither.

  *(LUCY and BUSINESSMAN hold up phones. Nothing.*

*Time passes. NUN and BOY return with food. NUN is harrying BOY along.)*

BOY: Check this out! Look at the food she scored!

NUN: Careful!

BOY: She’s fucking – sorry – amazing!

NUN: God is amazing. I simply threaten.

LUCY: *(Helping BOY.)* Now see? We’re not so bad, are we. I bet no one else has food this good.

NUN: One week in a jam and you can scare anything out of anybody.

LUCY: This is your best haul yet.

BUSINESSMAN: *(To BOY.)* The meat goes in your cooler

BOY: - I know I know

BUSINESSMAN: - And the canned goods in her trunk and

 *(LUCY holds up a bag of chips.)*

NUN: Even the Chip-eaters respond to threats from God’s surrogate.

 *(Cheers. Bag is opened, all share.)*

LUCY: Any news?

NUN: The usual gothic rumours. One group says there are riots in the city and they don’t dare let us back in.

BOY: They’re calling in the Marines.

BUSINESSMAN: We don’t have Marines.

BOY: Yes we do.

BUSINESSMAN: No we don’t.

BOY: Yes we do.

BUSINESSMAN: Here in Canada, we don’t have Marines.

BOY: Where there is water there are Marines. And, here in Canada – in case you haven’t noticed – we have lots and lots of water. Therefore we have lots of Marines.

BUSINESSMAN: You – are – very – very – thick.

 *(BUSINESSMAN and BOY glare at each other.)*

LUCY: Where’s the rioting?

NUN: All through the suburbs.

LUCY: But who?

NUN: Disaffected white youths.

BUSINESSMAN: Who told you this?

NUN: Other disaffected white youths.

BUSINESSMAN: It was probably just a ploy to scare food out of you.

BOY: Yeah, well I believe them. I know where they’re coming from. People are really mad now. Me and my friends can’t even go to the mall without somebody making us mad.

BUSINESSMAN: Mad at what?

BOY: If you don’t know, then you don’t know.

BUSINESSMAN: *(Repeats; mystified.)* If I don’t know I don’t know/

BOY: - You don’t know where I’m coming from.

BUSINESSMAN: Fine. I’ll have to wallow in ignorance.

BOY: And it makes me really mad that nobody ever comes around and asks us why we’re mad. Everyone else who’s mad gets studied but not me and my buddies

BUSINESSMAN: *(To NUN, over BOY, of food.)* You did well.

BOY: - I’m still talking! You never let me finish anything. You think you know every fucking – sorry sister – thing. A. We have Marines. B. I’m white. C. I’m – what am I again.

NUN & LUCY: Disaffected.

BOY: So don’t forget that. Treat me with dignity man.

BUSINESSMAN: Oh Jesus. OK. You’re right. Sorry. Thank you very much for helping get all this food.

BOY: That’s all I ask for. A little dignification.

NUN: It’s going to get tougher. There are groups forming up and down the line and some of the units are big, really big. Four cars wide, ten deep. The Chip-eaters are benign in comparison. Some of the new groups have different ways of governing, and a few were reluctant to let us through, at least without paying a toll. Even when I told them I was a nun! Sometimes that made it worse!

BOY: There’s a really cool group five down.

NUN: A terrifying coincidence has a convoy of youths together.

BOY: They’ve been partying all week!

NUN: You be glad you’re here with us.

BOY: And there’s a dead dude!

LUCY: What!

NUN: (With her.) What?!

BOY: Yeah. He’s stuffed in a trunk.

NUN: Where.

BOY: Thataway. In a limo.

NUN: A limo?

BUSINESSMAN: How’d you know he was dead?

BOY: He was wearing a sign. “Hi, I’m dead.” Dough-head.

BUSINESSMAN: You are really getting on my nerves

LUCY: - Please?

BSUINESSMAN: Sorry.

NUN: What colour was the limousine?

BOY: Black.

NUN: Black.

BUSINESSMAN: How’d he die?

BOY: Oh, now you’re all ears.

BUSINESSMAN: I said I was sorry.

BOY: I don’t know how he died. But it looks like somebody kicked the shit out of him.

NUN: You actually saw him?

BOY: Yeah, this cool dude in an old silk dress let me look.

BUSINESSMAN: There was a man in an old silk dress.

BOY: It looked like something you’d wear to a prom.

NUN:  *(Figuring it out, sotto.)* The driver

BOY: - I had to give the guy in the dress some smokes. To let me look. It was worth every butt. The old dead guy’s got bruises all over his head. And he’s covered in seeds.

BUSINESSMAN: Seeds!

BOY: And strawberry jam.

NUN: Raspberry.

BOY: It tasted like strawberry. I thought it was blood at first. Maybe the guy in the dress killed him. You never know. And all these people from the cars nearby are bringing the silk guy food, and calling him, “Your Grace”. That’s so weird.

LUCY: What sort of man would wear a red silk dress – in a traffic jam?

BUSINESSMAN: Cardinal A!

NUN: NO! I mean, no. Don’t be silly. Why would Cardinal A be out on a freeway with a dead man in his trunk?

BUSINESSMAN: I vaguely remember him saying he was going to address a – retreat.

LUCY: Now there’s a coincidence. Weren’t you at a retreat?

NUN: The Cardinal never leaves Rosedale. No, if it’s a Cardinal back there, it’s likely a Quebec one. Yeah. Or or an Oshawa Cardinal. Yeah. The dead guy’s probably his driver. They die all the time, those drivers. Stones hit them. From transports. He’ll be decomposing. I’m decomposing. Is he – I mean, has he been properly wrapped up?

BOY: Like a present?

NUN: I’ve got to go there.

BUSINESSMAN: I’ll come with you.

NUN: No.

BUSINESSMAN: You’ll need a guard.

NUN: No.

BOY: Let’s all go!

NUN: NO!

BUSINESSMAN: Why are you acting so strange?

NUN: It’s a Catholic thing you wouldn’t understand. OK. Where’s my Bible? Figures I’d forget it. I’ll have to wing it.

LUCY: Wing what?

NUN: The burial mass. Look. We don’t need to dwell on this. You’ll all end up getting depressed. I’ll just go there and bury him.

LUCY: Let me come.

NUN: No.

LUCY: I was Catholic.

NUN: No.

LUCY: I’m curious about death.

NUN: No.

LUCY: I can lend dignity to a service.

NUN: No.

LUCY: I know when to cry. I was just at a funeral in Montreal and I’m telling you, I really carried my weight in tears. *(Tears.)* Please, Sister, Please?

NUN: Oh, all right. But no recording devices.

BUSINESSMAN: We need some drink. Do you think your party pals have any alcohol?

BOY: All gone. I asked. But they said there’s a Molson’s transport about ten groups behind us.

BUSINESSMAN: That’ll do. We’ll buy some cases. For us.

BOY: You better not be bullshitting me.

BUSINESSMAN: We can do a purchase when they’re off burying. Ten groups back?

BOY: Man, I can’t carry beer that far!

BUSINESSMAN: We’ll buy light beer.

BOY: So funny I forgot to laugh. I brought all the food back.

 *(BOY goes to his car. LUCY and NUN are leaving.)*

NUN: We won’t be long.

BUSINESSMAN: Do you want to invite the Cardinal back?

NUN: Absolutely not.

BUSINESSMAN: But he’ll be grieving for his driver.

NUN: The church has a glut of drivers. His grief will be fleeting.

 *(LUCY is primping.)*

 Oh for God’s sake Lucy – it’s a funeral, not a dance.

LUCY: I’ve been to many funerals, but never one on an expressway. And never when I smelled this bad.

NUN: The corpse won’t care*. (To BUSINESSMAN.)* And try to make amends. Please. He’s a good kid.

LUCY: I think he’s adorable!

BUSINESSMAN: He’s a menace!

NUN: We had a nice talk when we were out foraging. He’s just trying to find himself.

BUSINESSMAN: There’s nothing to find.

LUCY: He means well.

BUSINESSMAN: He’s a simpleton.

NUN: No, he’s a primitive. It’s not the same thing. He’s almost Rousseau-ian. Without the nature. Actually, he has absolutely no concept of nature.

BUSINESSMAN: His life’s one big parking lot.

LUCY: He’s a suburban savage.

NUN: I kind of like that.

 *(LUCY and BUSINESSMAN look askance.)*

 As a nun. Now come on, Luce. We’ve got some burying to do.

 *(LUCY and NUN exit. BUSINESSMAN goes over to BOY.)*

BUSINESSMAN: I’ll walk west and ask for water at one of the farmhouses. Then I’ll go and buy us beer. Are you OK?

 *(BOY doesn’t answer.)*

 Homesick?

BOY: As if you care.

BUSINESSMAN: Actually – I do – care. And I’m sorry if I’ve been doing – acting – treating you like – you know. You and me and Lucy and the Urban Nun – we’ve got to stick – hang – we’ve got to tough it out together and – well – you know - so, can we be friends?

BOY: Do we have Marines?

BUSINESSMAN: Wherever there’s water.

BOY: And what do Marines do?

BUSINESSMAN: I believe they keep us free.

BOY: OK, we’re friends.

BUSINESSMAN: That’s good. Good. We’re friends. It’s good to be friends. Yup. Buddies. Buddies in a jam. So. So, pal. Uh – where are you from?

 *(No response from BOY.)*

 Pal, I’m trying to do a little bonding here, you know, you, me guy- to-guy stuff. Help me, OK?

BOY: I’m from back thataway.

BUSINESSMAN: Belleville?

BOY: Not exactly. It doesn’t have a name. Over there, where 409 and 412 meet, just past that. I mean, behind the mall past that. Actually, the third mall. Three malls, two McDonalds, one Starbucks. Eight Tims. You make a left at the Petrocan.

BUSINESSMAN: Ah. And where were you headed when this happened.

BOY: Thataway. To visit my brother. Other side of Toronto.

BUSINESSMAN: Mississauga?

BOY: Not exactly. It doesn’t have a name. It’s near where 400 crosses 800. You have to be taken there the first time by somebody who’s already been, or you can’t find it.

BUSINESSMAN: Then how did the first person get there?

BOY: Fuck, that’s right! Somebody had to start things off. Evolution?

BUSINESSMAN: There’s always the Big Bang theory. Did you study it? Of course not. Something collides – atoms or – or

BOY: Neutrons

BUSINESSMAN: - or Neutrons, and a whole suburb is born.

BOY: Or it could be aliens. They just dropped his suburb down on a farm. Anything’s possible with those places. Where my brother lives, all the streets curve the same way and every house is exactly the same. Three times my brother’s gone into the wrong house, sat in the wrong chair and started drinking somebody else’s beer. He says if it was a different brand he’d have known it wasn’t his place, but all three times it was Coors. Weird.

BUSINESSMAN: How old are you?

BOY: Nineteen. I’ll be twenty in four months.

BUSINESSMAN: Where have you been?

BOY: Huh?

BUSINESSMAN: Have you ever traveled?

BOY: What d’ya call this?

BUSINESSMAN: Right. It’s traveling. OK. *(Exiting.)* This has been a good chat. Talk. Rap. I’m going for the beer. I’ll be back in an hour.

BOY: What’m I going to do?

BUSINESSMAN: Guard the cars. There could be looters. Or aliens.

 *(BUSINESSMAN exits. Light up on NUN and LUCY. They are kneeling in front of what appears to be an open car trunk, looking down into it.)*

LUCY: He seems awfully old for a chauffeur.

NUN: The Church has a hard time finding drivers.

LUCY: But you said there was a glut!

NUN: And it takes a unique man to drive a Cardinal. They’re very bossy.

LUCY: The Cardinal is so young. And virile. When I was a Catholic the Cardinals were all musty old coots who had no concept of reality.

NUN: Yes, well, the church is struggling to renew itself. Many of our best Cardinals now are Generation Z. OK, I’m going to start.

LUCY: *(Reaching in and tasting.)* Why’s he covered in poppyseeds?

NUN: The seeds symbolize the life force. Are you going to ask questions all afternoon or can I begin.

LUCY: Should I start crying now?

NUN: Please.

LUCY: Do you want heartfelt sobbing or a subdued weep? I can do both but the weep is more attractive.

NUN: The weep will be fine.

LUCY: I have this lovely Ralph Lauren kleenex the Businessman gave me. I’ll use it to effect.

NUN: Fine.

LUCY: He’s merging Kleenex with New Zealand. Seems like an odd fit to me.

NUN: Lucy! *(Starts.)* Bless me Father for I have sinned. It has been (a few weeks)

LUCY: - That’s not the burial service!

NUN: LUCY!

LUCY: Well it’s not! At a funeral certain proprieties must be observed. It’s bad enough the virile young Cardinal keeps grabbing my behind but now you’re confessing!

NUN: - SHUT UP AND WEEP!

 *(LUCY begins weeping gently.)*

It has been a few weeks since my last confession but there have been mitigating circumstances. These, however, have been my sins: I have – I have – I have thrown objects.

 *(LUCY is weeping well.)*

For that and all my sins I am heartily sorry. Oh Lucy, I’ve made a huge mistake, an epic one. I look at that poor sod all covered in seeds and I know that sure, sure, the pumpernickel didn’t do much more than wound his dignity and, for sure it was the raspberry jam pots that finished him off – but I did throw that first bun.

LUCY: I’m really bad at this metaphysical stuff.

 NUN: I killed that man.

LUCY: I suppose we all kill each other, in a way.

NUN: It felt good killing him.

LUCY: I really don’t understand this new liturgy.

NUN: Killing Cardinals is the logical expression of the powerlessness we feel.

LUCY: Why oh why can’t we go back to the Latin?

NUN: But when morality collides with logic, shouldn’t we keep our buns on the table.

LUCY: Latin is so much easier to not understand.

NUN: Yet as I kneel here and look at him, I still feel disgust, at him, at myself, at the church, at the world. At everyone but God. Maybe even at Him.

LUCY: Or Her. God could be a Her.

NUN: Fuck off.

 *(Pause. LUCY is wounded.)*

 Aw Lucy, how do I make sense of it all? How can it all be balanced?

LUCY: Are you asking me?

NUN: Yes, dammit.

LUCY: I’ve never done a Q and A at a funeral. Of course I’ve never been told to fuck off by a nun, either. OK. Balance. It’s like how can I be with men when I don’t want to be with them, but I do want to be with them. The question becomes: is it enough to keep accurate files?

NUN: I think we should go. I’ll pray for him tonight. The Cardinal’s got a nice bag of groceries for us and I’d like to get back to our cars before dark.

 *(NUN and LUCY are leaving.)*

LUCY: That wasn’t as sad as I thought it would be. I think because we got on to that discussion thing. Ordinarily, I’m a faucet. Aren’t you coming?

NUN: In a second.

 *(LUCY is leaving. NUN looks down at the dead Cardinal once more.)*

 Forgive me. *(Starts to leave, then turns back.)* Forgive me and I’ll forgive you.

 *(Light off LUCY and NUN. BUSINESSMAN returns to jam carrying beer. BOY is eating.)*

BUSINESSMAN: *(Entering.)* Oh you’re gong to be proud of me. The last case. It cost me but *(Sees BOY eating.)* What are you doing! What the fuck are you doing!

 *(BUSINESSMAN jumps BOY.)*

 What the hell are you doing!?

BOY: What’s it look like?

BUSINESSMAN: That’s our food!

BOY: It’s mine, too!

BUSINESSMAN: Put that back! Spit it out!

BOY: Go to hell!

BUSINESSMAN: *(Pinning BOY.)* It’s not your food! Get it? It’s all of our food! It’s everyone’s! We divide it equally! We eat it together! Understand!

BOY: Fuckhead Businessman.

BUSINESSMAN: You know damn well everything we gather is shared equally! If I ever catch you doing this again, you’re outa here, get it? You’re off the freeway. Now get the hell in your car!

BOY: No.

BUSINESSMAN: I’ll call the Marines!

BOY: Oh, I’m scared. You didn’t even know we had them until I told you. What’s their phone number?

BUSINESSMAN: 1-800-Marines.

BOY: Oh.

BUSINESSMAN: You are indescribably stupid.

BOY: Stop saying that! I’m smart! I’m just as smart as anyone! I’m sick of you treating me like that. I’m leaving! That’s final! I’m outa here!

BUSINESSMAN: And where will you go, my disaffected little friend?

BOY: I’m joining the Chipeaters.

BUSINESSMAN: They won’t have you. The Chipeaters hate you. They hate your music, they’re sick of your litter, they can’t stand anyone who’s thin. They don’t want you. No one wants you. Oh – maybe the disaffected white youths – you could try them. You’d have a real blast with them. You could sit around littering and complaining about the size of your dicks.

 *(BOY is gathering together his essential items.)*

BOY: You’ve wanted to get rid of me from the very moment traffic stopped. OK, I’m going. Whose case will you get on now, asshole?

 *(BOY leaves. BUSINESSMAN picks up his phone and punches in a number.)*

BUSINESSMAN: Oh my God, it’s ringing. Hello? Pumpkin? Pumpkin! It’s Daddy. Daddy. What do you mean you’ll “go get Daddy” – I’m Daddy! I’m your Daddy, pumpkin. I’m the Daddy Pumpkin, pumpkin. *(Pause.)* Who are you? Charlie? Charlie! What’re you doing there? Charlie what’s going on! *(Pause.)* He hung up on me!

 *(LUCY and NUN arrive back from funeral. LUCY is busy theorizing, to NUN’s annoyance.)*

LUCY: The more I think of it, you may be on to something. If you had confession at every funeral, the families could unload all their guilt right at the gravesite. And then, you could close out with some happy liturgy, like the Christmas service – you could really send ‘em home smiling. It would certainly make people feel better about death. Though less good about Santa.

NUN: LUCY!

BUSINESSMAN: You’ve got more food!

LUCY: The Cardinal’s got every Catholic for miles fetching him stuff.

BUSINESSMAN: How was the funeral?

LUCY: Avant garde.

NUN: Where’s the Boy?

BUSINESSMAN: Gone.

LUCY: Gone!

BUSINESSMAN: I caught him stealing food.

NUN: He was stealing our food?

BUSINESSMAN: He doesn’t understand the nature of co-ops. I don’t know how to deal with him. Even my three year-old is more rational.

NUN: I’ll talk to him when he gets back.

BUSINESSMAN: He’s not coming back. He’s off to join the Chipeaters.

LUCY: But we need him here!

BUSINESSMAN: Why!? What’s he adding to this?

LUCY: I don’t know. Something.

BUSINESSMAN: He’s useless!

NUN: He adds weight to our numbers.

LUCY: Yes!

NUN: We’re the smallest group for miles.

LUCY: And he’s someone for her to fuss over.

NUN: I don’t fuss! But I do know that we’d better not get into the business of quantifying who adds what value to this unit.

BUSINESSMAN: What’s that supposed to mean?

NUN: It means that the only person actually getting food for us is me, because of my religious connections. Maybe I should go it alone. Maybe I should lock myself in my car and let you guys starve while I eat my Catholic face off.

LUCY: I thought we were friends!

NUN: I’m making a point. I’m going to wait a few hours for the Boy. If he’s not back by tomorrow, we’re going out searching for him. He’s family and I want him home.

 *(NUN moves off, leaving LUCY and BUSINESSMAN. LUCY notices the phone in BUSINESSMAN’s hand and automatically reaches for her iPhone.)*

LUCY: You tried calling someone?

BSUINESSMAN: I got through. First time in three weeks.

LUCY: Five weeks, actually.

BUSINESSMAN: It’s really been five?

LUCY: *(Consulting notepad.)* My last entry was a call you made to Charlie. You told his answering machine that he lacked corporate imagination. So who’d you phone?

BUSINESSMAN: My kids.

LUCY: Time of call.

BUSINESSMAN: Charlie was there.

LUCY: OK, but time of call. *(Throws down pen.)* Aw, what’s the use. My records are already inaccurate. I’m not the academic I once was. I barely listen to the radio for news even. It’s as if we’ve ceased to exist.

BUSINESSMAN: I have – for my kids.

 *(Black on them, lights up on BOY. He is walking through an alien landscape, alone and terrified. He is confused as to directions, stumbles, maybe runs. But then he comes to the crest of the hill and is looking down on the Disaffected White Youths. He is filled with joy.)*

BOY: There they are! My people! Hey! HEY! Hey Hey! Disaffected Dudes! I have come to join you!

 *(Black on him. Light back on BUSINESSMAN and LUCY.)*

LUCY: Look at Nun. She’s so upset about the Boy – she’s praying he’ll come back.

BUSINESSMAN: I over-reacted. I do the same thing with my kids. I hate when I do that. “It really makes me mad.”

LUCY: I can’t bear to think he’s gone.

BUSINESSMAN: Funny. That boy epitomizes everything that makes me despair for this country. He’s ignorant. He’s lazy. He can’t think straight. And – I’m worried sick about him.

LUCY: It was one of the first things I put in your file.

BUSINESSMAN: What.

LUCY: Your conscience.

BUSINESSMAN: Really?

LUCY: Your capacity for feeling.

BUSINESSMAN: Is that what you were thinking – when you saw me at the Gallery?

LUCY: Oh, when I’m there, I’m not thinking.

BUSINESSMAN: Then what are you feeling?

LUCY: Desire.

BUSINESSMAN: What drives you to desire?

LUCY: Despair.

BUSINESSMAN: Despair to desire. Wouldn’t you rather live? Wouldn’t you rather snatch a few months of really living?

LUCY: Those are lines. You’re reverting.

BUSINESSMAN: They’re not lines.

LUCY: They’re in my files! I’ve heard you whispering them from the dark side of a dozen Henry Moores. They won’t work with me. Try something else. Perhaps a sigh about, “The irony of being in mergers but remaining an isolated wanderer.” That’s the one you use on the literary types. Your Ulysses line. Or go one step further into danger. Try the truth.

BUSINESSMAN: OK. I wish I’d taken you home in March.

LUCY: Perhaps – oh – the weekend your wife and kids went skiing? You were already booked.

BUSINESSMAN: Then I wish I’d taken you home one afternoon.

LUCY: What – on a Wednesday, when poor Claire was off golfing and the children were napping with nanny? Not my style.

 *(LUCY leaves. NUN passes through.)*

NUN: No sign of him?

BUSINESSMAN: No. *(At parting LUCY.)* We’ll finish this later.

NUN: I pray he had the sense to stay on the highway. He won’t last a minute if he wanders into those trees.

 *(NUN continues to her car.)*

NUN: I want that Boy back. I want my Boy back. Send him back to me, God!

*(Time passes. BOY has appears behind NUN, bruised and bloodied, his clothes torn.)*

BOY: Sister. Sister?

NUN: I swear I can hear his voice -

BOY: - Sister?

 *(BOY falls into NUN’s arms. She eases him to the ground. Pieta time on the freeway.)*

NUN: What happened to you!?

 *(NUN props BOY up and begins cleaning his wounds.)*

BOY: I don’t understand.

NUN: What.

BOY: I don’t fucking sorry understand.

NUN: *(Calling off.)* LUCY! *(To BOY.)* What don’t you understand?

LUCY: *(Running on, with BUSINESSMAN.)* Oh my God!

BOY: I don’t understand why they hate me.

NUN: Who.

BUSINESSMAN: We don’t hate you, son.

BOY: No. Them. *(Indicates freeway.)* Back as far as you can see they hate me, they all hate me. I went looking for some other group to hang out with. Fine, I think, you guys don’t want me? I’ll go live with the Chipeaters.

NUN: You’d trade us for them?

BOY: I said, “Hey there, Chipeaters, what’s happening?” And they yelled at me to screw off. And it was the same with the Dental Confederation. I said, “Hey Dentists, can I join you?” They told me to wait at the side of the road. They had these chairs set up and old magazines and a fish tank. So I waited and I waited and I waited – until finally I realized it was a trick. A dentist trick. They were going to make me wait there till I rotted. Dentists make me mad.

NUN: Dentists make everyone mad.

BOY: And after that it was just one thing after another. The Timid Zone set off their car alarms at the very sight of me. The next group acted all kind and said they’d form a committee to decide about letting me in.

NUN: United Churchers.

BOY: And every other group turned me away until finally I got to the crest of the hill and there they were. My people.

NUN: The Disaffected White Youths?

BOY: My people. As far as the eye could see. A whole valley-full. Their sweet music crashed up into my eardrums. I could smell hamburger cooking. And there were babes. Disaffected white babes. Not ones like up there with the Bourgeois Confederacy where they won’t speak to you unless you’re taking French fucking immersion. These were real babes, with real tattoos. I stood at the top of the hill and I say, “Hey! Disaffected White Youths! I have come from far way through many alien lands to join you!” And all was silent. Until someone threw something. At first I thought somebody was throwing me a big fucking piece of hash. A classic welcoming gesture. But it was a rock! And then there was another rock, and then another, and they were hitting me, they hurt, they hurt me Sister, and it was like each rock was saying, “Get the hell out goof, we don’t want you.” They didn’t want me! But I know those people. They live on my street! Maybe not exactly my street, but one just like it – and now they’re throwing rocks! Like they hated me! Why do they hate me? What did I do to them? What can I do? Where can I go?

LUCY: You’re staying with us.

BUSINESSMAN: We want you to stay with us.

BOY: Really?

BUSINESSMAN: I had no right to send you away.

BOY: You didn’t?

BUSINESSMAN: You have as much right to this piece of pavement as I do.

BOY: I do?

BUSINESSMAN: You do. *(Sticks hand out.)* Friends again?

BOY: Do we have Marines.

BUSINESSMAN: Yes.

 *(BUSINESSMAN and BOY shake.)*

BOY: Because I want them to blow those disaffected bastards off the planet.

 *(Time passes. BOY falls asleep. The four of them form a perfect tableau, a family portrait.)*

NUN: He’s sleeping.

BUSINESSMAN: Do you think he’s learned anything?

LUCY: I don’t know. But he’s certainly lost something.

BUSINESSMAN: We’re going to have to watch him like a hawk. Keep food inventory.

NUN: I think I can get through to him.

BUSINESSMAN: We’re counting on you.

NUN: I’m sure I can. I just have to find the right words. Leave him to me.

 *(LUCY makes a mild protest.)*

 Shoo! Get lost!

*(LUCY and BUSINESSMAN esit. NUN cradles BOY. Time passes. BOY awakens and NUN begins feeding him.)*

 Listen. I want you to tell me about your family.

 *(BOY says nothing.)*

 You do have a family.

BOY: Yes.

NUN: Well?

BOY: There’s nothing to tell. My mother and me live there. My Dad lives over there. My brother lives thataway.

NUN: Do you do things – as a family?

BOY: No.

NUN: OK. Do you do stuff with your neighbours?

BOY: Why?

NUN: For fun. A street barbeque – stuff like that.

 *(BOY is completely at sea.)*

 No. Did you ever do anything at school? No. You weren’t ever on a team, or the student council? No. Did you ever play in a band?

BOY: Yes?

NUN: You played in a band. Now we’re cooking with gas. And in that band you all had music, right.

BOY: Wrong. Nobody can read it.

NUN: But you had separate parts to play.

BOY: Yes?

NUN: And the separate parts added up to music.

BOY: Wrong. We all play lead guitar. Except for the drummer. He drums. But he got mad and quit.

NUN: Oh lord.

BOY: And the lead vocalist – he sings – he got lost on his way to practice, and ended up in another band. It happens all the time.

NUN: *(Under.)* Oh lord oh Lord *(Etc.)*

BOY: *(Concerned.)* What’s wrong?

 *(Light up on BUSINESSMAN and LUCY.)*

BUSINESSMAN: I wish you had asked me. To go home with you.

LUCY: Why.

BUSINESSMAN: I could trust your motives. I can’t trust mine. I mean, if I ask, I know why I’m asking, and I hate it. But if you’d asked…

LUCY: I wish I’d been brave enough to ask.

BUSINESSMAN: What is happening to me!? I don’t use my phone, I wanted that idiot Boy back, I’m paralyzed with you – I’m really feeling paralyzed

LUCY: - With despair?

BUSINESSMAN: Yes.

LUCY: Then let me show you where that leads.

 *(LUCY and BUSINESSMAN go into clinch. Light fades on them, and up on NUN)*

NUN: Do you remember our conversation about your band?

BOY: Yeah. You were really getting fucked sorry up.

NUN: I have another question. In a band, you all play together and, not only that, you play at the same time, right.

BOY: I guess.

NUN: And the result is, you sound better than if you all just went ahead and played separately, right?

BOY: Not with us. We’re really bad.

 *(NUN groans.)*

 No, we’re supposed to be bad! That’s our appeal! Faster, louder, badder. Actually we never get asked to play.

NUN: Then why the hell do you have a band!?

BOY: So we can get laid. Sorry.

NUN: Quit apologizing to me all the time!

BOY: But you’re a Nun!

NUN: I don’t care if you get laid! I want you to get laid! I want to believe, in fact I pray to the Good Lord that there’s a babe out there covered in tatts who will ring your flipping chimes.

BOY: You do?

NUN: I want you to be happy! I want the whole fucking world to be happy!

BOY: You swore!

NUN: I’m allowed! I’m the goddamn bride of Christ! *(Pause.)* I need a cigarette. Six weeks without a cigarette!

BOY: *(Also patting himself.)* Hey, if we could find a bootlegger, we could split a deck.

NUN: *(Pause.)* That’s it.

BOY: That’s what?

NUN: You’ve got it!

 *(Time passes. A lot of time. In fact, autumn arrives and a few leaves fall. Light up on LUCY and BUSINESSMAN. They are clearly lovers. They record together.)*

NUN: *(Into iPhone.)* The weeks and months have passed. Confederacies – simple and complex – have formed, up and down, right to the horizon.

LUCY: *(Into tape recorder, but to* *BUSINESSMAN.)* And I’m still sitting here dreaming of showers. With you.

BUSINESSMAN: I’m dreaming of a reliable supply of Scotch.

LUCY: White wine for me. Chilled just so.

BUSINESSMAN: I hope this never ends.

LUCY: I hope so too, because when it does, I’ll be in the city – and I’ll be waiting for you to call me. I’ll be wishing I could pick up the phone and call you – but it’s not allowed, is it. Eventually, I’ll give up. I’ll return to the Henry Moores. If I was in the city. But I’m not.

BUSINESSMAN: You’re here, with me. And I’m paralyzed with despair.

LUCY: Show me where that leads.

 *(BUSINESSMAN and LUCY begin making love. Light goes off them. Time is passing – a lot of time again. In fact, it becomes winter. Snowflakes. NUN enters, in winter clothes of a makeshift variety.)*

NUN: It took me four months to save him. It was the greatest challenge of my life. Well, no. Celibacy’s the greatest challenge. But this was a close second. I’m an urban nun. I’d never come face to face with suburban intractability. But I prevailed. The key? Cigarettes. These simple white cylinders transformed a piece of passive disaffection into a constructive member of society, albeit a capitalist. He is no longer Boy. He is a man who deals in smokes. He has been reborn. I call him Lazarus.

 *(BOY appears magically. He has an air of authority.)*

BOY: Actually, my name’s Cody.

NUN: Lazarus Cody.

BOY: As you wish.

BUSINESSMAN: *(Coming on in winter clothes.)* So what’s your plan.

LUCY: *(Arriving.)* I’ve brought the maps.

BOY: We must face the facts. The farmers won’t co-operate anymore. The nearest village is ten kilometres away. It’s ringed by hostile suburbs full of confusing, curvy streets. Anyway, to even get to the concession road I have to pass through the Bourgeois, Mechanical and Hostile Youths. Plus the Dental Confederation, and the United Churchers. Even if I get past all that, and reach the village – there’s no guarantee they’ll give us help. They have problems of their own.

BUSINESSMAN: Then what are you suggesting?

BOY: We strike south. *(Pointing.)* That way.

 *(The others point in the opposite direction.)*

NUN: That way.

BOY: That way.

LUCY: Too risky. You’d have to cross the tracks.

BOY: I’ve been timing the trains. There are safe moments.

LUCY: You have too much faith in the predictable.

BOY: We have no choice.

BUSINESSMAN: Lazarus Cody is right. Our food is nearly gone.

LUCY: We’re in a tight spot.

BOY: Tomorrow, I’ll set out over the tracks. But tonight – we will party.

 *(LUCY is moving off. BUSINESSMAN follows.)*

NUN: *(To BOY.)* I’m so proud of you.

BOY: Yeah, well, I gotta tell you – it’s weird being undisaffected. It

gives you a whole different outlook on life. Everything begins to look possible. This must be what it’s like to be a Marine.

NUN: *(Looking at watch.)* We’ve got a delivery to make.

BOY: *(Pulling out pad.)* The Bingo Nation. Thataway.

 *(BOY points one way. NUN indicates opposite direction.)*

 Really? Man, these straight roads really make me mad. *(Consults* *pad.)* One case of DuMaurier. Hey – aren’t the Bingoites mostly Catholic?

NUN: Affirmative. *(Waving cross.)* We can scare some food out of them, easy.

 *(NUN and BOY exit. Focus on LUCY and BUSINESSMAN.)*

BUSINESSMAN: What’s wrong?

LUCY: I’m worried.

BUSINESSMAN: He seems to know what he’s doing.

LUCY: There are so many trains. And we don’t know what’s on the other side. A lake, a few cottages with tinned food. Some wood he can haul back. Some ice he can fall through. The risks seem so high for such tenuous rewards. And, back here – the hostility is palpable. I hear rumours of fighting down the line – why won’t it spread to us? We’re small and we have no alliances. *(Pause.)* And I’m pregnant.

BUSINESSMAN: I was wondering when you’d tell me.

LUCY: You guessed?

BUSINESSMAN: I’m a businessman. I know the consequences of merging. Plus: I’m an optimist.

*(Time passes. A strum from BOY’s guitar. Alternately, it could be an App. The others watch.)*

BOY: I wrote this for our Union, our small and beleaguered co-op, sandwiched as we are between the Bourgeois Confederacy and the dough-faced Chipeaters. I call it “The Geography of the Mind”.

BUSINESSMAN: That’s ambitious.

BOY: I am infected with ambition now. And I owe it to you, all. Here goes nothing.

 *(BOY sings. The tune is an approximation of “Kumbayeh”.)*

 “My street curves and curves,

 My street curves.

 My street curves and curves,

 My street curves.

 My street curves until

 It hits the curve

 That curves into Northgate Mall.”

 *(Applause. NUN exits for cake.)*

 The curve is a metaphor.

BUSINESSMAN: Ah – the metaphor.

BOY: Metaphors require no explanation.

LUCY: They are fragile; explanations are not.

BOY: Exactly. Far better to slip the meaning ‘neath my listeners’ feet, so it’s a rug that warms their toes, rather than a squeaky floorboard that trips them. That’s another metaphor.

BUSINESSMAN: Save that one.

 *(NUN returns, carrying the birthday cake. They sing the Birthday Song to the tune of “Kumbayeh”.)*

ALL BUT BOY: “Happy birthday to you

 Happy birthday to you…” *(Etc.)*

 *(Noise has started under, and BOY has heard it.)*

BUSINESSMAN: *(Breaking off from song.)* He’s not even listening.

LUCY: - He’s overwhelmed.

NUN: What’s wrong?

BOY: Can you hear something?

 *(More noise. This is different from the sound before of the engines starting. This is a rumble, something vaguely menacing, perhaps.)*

 Can you hear that?

BSUINESSMAN: Yes.

LUCY: What is it?

BOY: I don’t know.

*(BOY has risen above his cake and is looking out. BUSINESSMAN and LUCY look, too. Their arms raise and they point. NUN turns and looks, and there is amazement on her face.)*

BOY: Something’s changing!

LUCY: Look!

BUSINESSMAN: Look up the road there!

BOY: On the horizon!

 *(They are moving back to their cars.)*

BUSINESSMAN: What are they yelling?

LUCY: What’re they saying up there?

NUN: What’s the racket?

BOY: It’s moving! They’re telling us it’s moving! Look ahead – half a kilometre

LUCY: Fifty metres!

BUSNIESSMAN: The Bourgeois Confederacy is moving!

BOY: Get in your cars!

LUCY: Start your engines!

BUSINESSMAN: Let’s go!

NUN: *(Out, to audience. The others have gone to their car positions; NUN alone will still be able to move about the stage.)* We moved slowly at first. But there was a steadiness to the motion that spoke of something new, of something starting – or ending. And the movement forward was matched by a vaulting in our hearts, an exploding in here like I hadn’t felt since I took my Vows, since I walked down that aisle and fell into God's fickle arms.

BOY: *(To LUCY.)* Far out!

LUCY: *(To NUN.)* Hurray!

BUSINESSMAN: We’re moving!

 *(They all cheer.)*

NUN: And I wanted to hug them all hug my little Union, with whom I’d lived so intimately these past months: the boy who’d turned twenty and been reborn, the woman who’d ceased despairing even before my godchild began growing in her, the man who was finding honesty in her arms… I look over at Lucy and I see her smile of resurrecting hope.

LUCY: - A shower, a shower!

NUN: The years of despair are washing off her. And this grin, splitting the face of the father-to-be

BUSINESSMAN: Scotch!

LUCY: White wine!

BOY: Beer!

NUN: And we drive further and faster, and the dreams fly at us like the winter wind. There’s no stopping us now! Nothing is stopping us, we’re moving forward, we’re moving fast now, faster now, faster. And I want to tell them how much I love them all.

 *(They aren’t parallel anymore.)*

 But…

BUSINESSMAN: Lucy?

NUN: We aren’t staying parallel! Lucy’s a length ahead!

BUSINESSMAN: Lucy!

NUN: You can barely see the look of fear when she turns and –

LUCY: William!?

NUN: And now she’s three lengths ahead, speeding with the remnants of the Bourgeois Confederacy!

BOY: HEY!

BUSINESSMAN: Jesus! *(To BOY.)* Hurry! Cody!

BOY: Wait up!

NUN: But he’s falling back! He’s falling back with the Chipeaters!

BOY: Faster!

NUN: We’re splitting apart!

LUCY: Where are you!

NUN: And we are racing now, racing to the city and our group has dissolved a thousand times more easily than it formed; it’s dissipating amid the roaring engines and our surprised cries. And my heart pounds so hard and each pound hurts more than the one before – I know it’s over, it’s really over…

 *(BOY has put on the BUSINESSMAN’s headphones.)*

 There’ll be no more forays down the line threatening up food. No more lovemaking in the car beside me, no more litter or curses from the boy I love, none of the things that have brought me such joy.

 *(BUSINESSMAN is on his phone again.)*

 And you want it to start again, you wish this could stop, you want to go back to how it was

 *(LUCY has begun murmuring into her iPhone NUN is fully back at the mike, as at the start of the play…)*

 Except we’re hurtling -

 Hurtling -

 At a thousand miles an hour

 Towards lights that dazzle

 That dazzle.

 That blind.

 And I don’t understand this urge;

 I don’t understand this race of faceless cars

 On nameless roads

 Where no one knows anything

 Anymore

 About the others.

 Where we only crave isolation

 From each other.

 And I have to ask

 I have to ask this

 I have to ask you

 Who does all this serve?

 Who’s really gaining?

 Who’s really losing?

 Why are we doing it?

 Why are we doing this to ourselves?

 Does anyone know?

 *Sound out.*

 *Black.*

 **The End.**