

## **MARY**

I am so tired of talking about it. Maybe no one gives a shit about what you do! Maybe you're just one more stupid chick, obsessed with her- her obsession.

You don't think you're just a little piece of married ass? Pretty ass, maybe. But just ass. A-S-S.

Call Tin. Call Daniel. Get them both here and have them fight it out. That's what you want. That'll get you off. Two guys beating the shit out of each other over you. Then all you'd have to do is lay back and enjoy. Some prize you are.

## **LAURA**

Do you know what your body, there, does to mine, here?  
From fifteen paces?

Ten?

Five?

Two?

One?

You don't know?

I melt. From the ground up. In waves. If the ocean could feel, it would feel like that. If it was lucky. Before you came here, did you ever see the ocean?

The mountains?

We'll go.

When I was a little girl, I always dreamed of someone like you. Someone new, always wearing new clothes and clean shoes. Your skin was smooth and smelled like something nice I didn't know. Soft eyes, soft hands, nothing broken. And you came and fell in love with me. You told me I made you feel like the luckiest man in the world. You would do anything for me.

Daniel.

Miracles happen out here. I've seen it rain grass and shadows. My mom used to say there's nothing here between us and heaven. The angels twist our arms. Prayers go straight up. Judgment comes straight down. Loving you breaks everything I know.

## **MARY #2**

One time I felt something at my heels. Tiny feet. I was too scared to turn around and look. But it stayed on my heels up the side of the hill and down the other side of the river. I saw the bridge and ran. When I got to the other side I turned around and looked. A tiny girl. She just spread out her arms, fell down, done.

(Silence)

Anyone got a Valium?

Vicodin?

Percocet?

## **LAURA #2**

You're not alive. You're not.

You can't hurt me you're a ghost. You can't hurt me.

Get away from me!

*(Terrified, she starts to pray)*

Oh, Thou from whom can come the dream, and the courage to make the dream come true, hear my prayer that we may hear even at this hour, thy knock upon the door of our hearts. That we may hear and open-open unto Thee O Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

This isn't me.

This isn't here.

This isn't now.

I am not lost.

I am a storm.

This isn't me.

This isn't here,

This isn't now.

I am not lost.

I am a storm.

This isn't me.

This isn't here.

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