

“Moments”

A Workshop Production

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ACT I

Scene I

[All actors enter onstage from varying directions, and settle into their respective positions. Each one is unique in their movement and identity. None openly engage in conversation, but they all acknowledge each other’s presences. After a few moments, Sadie stands up from her chair and approaches the center of the space. At this point, everyone is seated and watching Sadie.]

Sadie: I think I really saw my first girl when I was thirteen. I was in middle school at the time and I didn’t really know anyone that well. I was a shy kid, yknow? I was never the best at talking. Anyways, it was third period and I was sitting in English class and my teacher was writing stuff on the board,

and then I saw her. And the world stood still for a second. Her name was Maggie. She had this fluffy, curly strawberry blonde hair and freckles and I just couldn’t stop looking at her. From that moment on, I could never not look at her seat in English wondering when she would come in. It was like my heart was gonna beat out of my chest. And that had never happened before, I didn’t know what it was or where it was coming from. She was just so exciting. The moment I knew she felt the same way was when she wrote a story about a girl with pink and blue braces— just like mine. And she would tell me all about video games and read to me Edgar Allen Poe. When I held her hand, I felt like *I could do anything*, like I could march right out the front door and show everyone *I was not afraid, I was not afraid to show I was in love*. It was that kind of love you only feel when you’re young like that, when love sparks out of tv shows, braces, and who can kick the highest on the swing set. That young love that’s innocent, unintelligible, but just as true as anything else. Yknow, when you’re thirteen, you haven’t really realized how people can be so different from you. I mean, you grow up with these people all your life, you never think about how people could just not like you, for something you can’t control, something you don’t know how it started but can’t

seem to stop, either. Something *uncontrollable, unstoppable*, irreversible, I-I just had to tell someone. So, I went to someone who knew me better than anyone.

[Benny clears her throat, getting Sadie's attention. Sadie runs over, helping her grandmother up and bringing her chair out for her to sit down in it. Then she runs back and gets her own.]

Sadie: Hey grandma Benny

Benny: Sadie! How's my doll

Sadie: I'm really good how are you feeling

Benny: Fine, just fine. Where's your-

Sadie: Mom's parking the car, she wanted to talk to the nurses real quick.

Benny: Oh good. So tell me, how has school been? I want to hear everything.

Sadie: School's been great actually.

Benny: That's great sweetheart-

Sadie: **[a little too excited]** What was it like when you met grandpa? **[gains composure]** I mean, if you remember.

Benny: Of course I remember, I'm not senile. I could never forget it.

Sadie: How did it happen? Was he romantic?

Benny: Overall or just then?

Sadie: Just then, right then.

Benny: Well right then it wasn't not romantic. Your grandfather was kind of a dumbass.

Sadie: What? What did he do?

Benny: Okay, well we were in high school and my best friend wanted to go to prom with your grandfather, so she asked me to butter him up so he would ask her.

Sadie: Are you serious?

Benny: Very serious, so I did and I talked to him and he was sweet and handsome and one day I just asked him, "You're going to ask Jenny to prom, right?" and then he said, "Actually, I was going to ask you."

Sadie: Wow.

Benny: And so we went together and have been together ever since.

Sadie: That's so romantic.

Benny: **[chuckling]** You could say that. What I'll say is this: love always comes unexpectedly, you can't control it and you can't force it. Just follow your heart, doll.

[They hug.]

Sadie: Thanks, grandma.

Benny: I love you, sweet girl. Now take care of this, I gotta get back to my sweater.

[Benny stands up and Sadie grabs her chair, putting it back in its original position. Once Benny is settled in, Sadie collects herself. By this point, Amanda has come out with her own chair opposite them on stage and has sat down preoccupied with an essay that was just graded.]

[Sadie, to the audience:]

Sadie: So after that, I knew exactly who to talk to, my best friend for life, Amanda. We've been best friends since kindergarten, I mean, she was the best on the monkey bars and I ran the fastest in tag, so, it kinda just clicked. And we've always clicked, we tell each other everything. And she always understands.

[She then pulls her chair over to where Amanda's seated.]

Sadie: Hey Ama-

Amanda: Did you see this? I got an 89 on my Plymouth Rock essay. I feel like if Mr. Brown actually read it, I would be well in the 90s.

Sadie: Yeah, dang, that's so- I mean... so hey I gotta tell you some-

Amanda: Stop. I already know. You're gonna try out for the spelling bee with me, yes!

Sadie: I uh-

Amanda: Y'know I could see it coming, I just didn't know when you were going to say it!

Sadie: I mean, of course, I'll help out, but that's not-

Amanda: Oh c'mon, your grammar skills and my literary skills are assets you have to agree.

Sadie: Amanda, wait wait wait. Slow down.

Amanda: What?

Sadie: **[barely containing her excitement]** ...I've got a secret.

Amanda: **[matching her energy]** So do I!

[They laugh and enjoy that moment together.]

Sadie: Okay, okay, you go first.

Amanda: Okay, so remember when we were playing basketball in gym the other day?

Sadie: Oh yeah, and you went for the 3 point shot.

Amanda: And Brendan tried to block me but Andrew shoved him out of the way?

Sadie: Yeah?

Amanda: Well Andrew just came up to me yesterday at my locker and told me he liked my shoes.

[Beat.]

Sadie: Oh my God, Amanda.

Amanda: I. Know. Can you believe it?

Sadie: And what did you say?

Amanda: Y'know I decided to play it cool, I flipped my hair like this **[flipping her hair somewhat aggressively]** and I said "thanks."

Sadie: **[amazed]** Wow.

Amanda: I know.

Sadie: He definitely likes you.

Amanda: *Definitely* likes me.

Sadie: Y'know I think there's someone who might like me, too.

Amanda: Wait, I know exactly who it is.

Sadie: **[confused]** You do?

Amanda: Yes, you two are so obvious, everyone is already talking about it.

Sadie: Wait actually?

Amanda: Yeah, you and Matthew, duh!

[Beat.]

Sadie: Oh.

Amanda: Well it's gotta be official soon right? He gave you a pat on the shoulder last week, physical contact!

Sadie: No, that was because I saved us from failing the dissection project! No way, not Matthew.

Amanda: Well who else could it be then? As your best friend you're not allowed to keep secrets from me.

Sadie: Okay okay, but you can't tell anyone okay?

[She whispers the name into Amanda's ear.]

[Long beat.]

Amanda: I thought you said you have a crush.

Sadie: I mean, I think I do.

Amanda: Well, how do you think you do?

Sadie: I mean, I can't stop thinking of her, she's got this hair, and the prettiest eyes, and a few days ago, she hugged me.

Amanda: I mean I hug you and it's not like that.

Sadie: No, no it's different.

Amanda: I don't get how it could be different.

Sadie: **[flustered]** I mean I-

Amanda: Look Sadie, I think you're just a bit caught up with something you don't understand and that's fine.

Sadie: Amanda-

Amanda: No, really it's fine, but I just don't think you should go around saying-

Sadie: Amanda I'm pretty sure I'm gay.

[Long beat.]

Amanda: You're sure?

Sadie: As close to sure as I can be.

[Beat.]

Amanda: It's not because of me, is it?

Sadie: What?

Amanda: I mean, you're my best friend but I never thought of you like that.

Sadie: No, no Amanda stop it's not like that.

Amanda: How is it not?

Sadie: Because that's not how it works.

Amanda: Well how do you know how it works?

Sadie: How do you?

Amanda: Look, my parents just don't talk about that kind of thing.

Sadie: Kind of thing? It's just a crush.

Amanda: No, your kind of crush is not the same as mine.

Sadie: Why not?

Amanda: I don't know! But it just isn't! **[Getting up and gathering belongings, grabs school bag]**

Sadie: You're being ridiculous.

Amanda: I think I am being perfectly reasonable.

[Beat.]

Amanda: Talk to me when you've changed your mind.

[Amanda grabs her chair and drags it back to its original position. Sadie, bewildered, does the same. While the scene between Sadie and Amanda is ending, Kenneth and Wendy are stepping forward and pulling up chairs for dinner.]

Scene II

[They sit in silence for a moment. Then Wendy stands and addresses the audience. As this is going on, Kenneth continues as if she is still there speaking to him.]

Wendy: Something just didn't feel right. I never expected it to be so major. I thought maybe Darryl had forgotten to lock up the office again. I'm a real estate agent. Darryl's my coworker and he can be a bit sloppy. So, naturally, I expected maybe he had slipped up again. Maybe, just maybe, my intuition was slightly off and something wasn't entirely incorrect, but rather something was just misplaced or forgotten. Well, I guess you could say something had been misplaced. Kenneth apparently misplaced his big beautiful brain. That big beautiful brain that won me over sixteen years ago. But, apparently, sixteen years is a minor blip of time in Kenneth's life, or at least it has to be if someone is willing to throw that away for some piece of ass that he met God knows where. So, like I said, something was wrong. So, I went to check the office locks. And as I was driving down the road to my work, I saw his truck. There was Kenneth's truck outside of a Motel. Now, I know it could have

been anyone's truck, especially since he was supposed to be at work. And I would have believed this too except for the fact that right on the back of this truck was the Primrose High sticker that our daughter, Amanda had begged him to put on his precious baby. So, out of curiosity, I pulled into the motel's parking lot. And just as I was convincing myself that someone else owned the same truck with the same sticker who had another daughter that went to the same high school, out walked Kenneth and another man. And obviously I was relieved. This must have been a coworker he was meeting, or an errand he was running on his way home. Odd that it was at a motel, but still I had hope. And that was when they kissed. Here I was watching my husband shove his fucking tongue down another man's throat. I almost couldn't believe it. Sixteen years. We have a house. We have a fucking kid. And here he is outside of a motel actively choosing to ruin that. And then I had a choice to make. Was I supposed to confront him? Or was I supposed to pretend to not know what is happening for Amanda? For our life?

[Wendy returns to her seat and settles back into the scene. Kenneth turns and delivers a monologue, out to the

audience, and while this is happening, Wendy is doing the same as he was during her monologue.]

Kenneth: Something just didn't feel right. Growing up, I mean. There'd be times I would be watching movies with my friends and a man would enter the frame that caught my attention. I always thought it was just because of how cool they would look with a girl attached to their hip or with their slicked back hair. I never even thought about the possibility that I could be- **[He pauses. Swallows hard.]** But then I got older. Hit high school and I had thought it would subside. Changing in locker rooms was hard. I kept my eyes glued to the floor. Then I went to college, discovered alcohol. I discovered the joys of drinking to forget. I wanted to forget how I felt about myself and how I felt about my friends. Forgetting was nice. It brought peace. And then I met the Lord. I found the church on my campus. I went three times a week. He gave me mercy. He forgave me. The ultimate way to forgive and forget. But I knew that everytime I stepped outside of those walls, the thought, the impulse would be back. And then I met Wendy. She was the best way to forget. The love I had for her outweighed anything. And for a while, I forgot. We got married. We had a beautiful daughter named Amanda. Life was perfect. And then I met

Trent. Fucking Trent. He came into work, looking for a bathroom. He just had to piss and happened to walk into my office. And come up to my desk. I knew I was fucked right then. No amount of alcohol or Wendy was going to make me forget him. He was beautiful. He is beautiful. I'll admit, I am not proud of what I am doing. But I can't help it. We have been telling our daughter for years that we just do not agree with that lifestyle. So for me to leave my family just to chase it? To look Wendy in the eyes and tell her I was leaving her? And for a bartender? For a man? How could I explain that? How could I justify it? I felt things for this man. And I have no intention of giving those feelings up. Being with Trent just makes sense for me. And I hate that it has taken me so long to realize this, and the fact that I need it to be happy. Besides, Wendy just can't understand...
She just can't...

[Kenneth settles back into the scene and they are both now back and talking to each other.]

Wendy: So how was work?

[Beat.]

Wendy: **[with a twinge of force/sarcasm]** Ken...

Kenneth: **[tuned out of conversation]** Huh, what?

Wendy: I asked about work.

Kenneth: Oh, it was alright, just ran to the office and such.

Wendy: Uh-huh.

Kenneth: **[concerned]** What?

Wendy: **[exasperated]** Nothing.

Kenneth: What Wendy?

Wendy: I said what I said.

Kenneth: No, because you obviously have something on your mind.

Wendy: I don't know what you're talking about Kenny... **[Gets up and grabs dishes]**

Kenneth: Bullshit Wendy.

Wendy: Bullshit? You know what's bullshit, lying to your fucking wife Kenneth.

Kenneth: What are you even talking about?!

Wendy: No I am not doing this right now. **[Wendy moves to leave]**

Kenneth: Really, you're not doing this right now? You're the one who wanted to get into this mess anyway!

Wendy: A mess that *you* caused Kenneth, you. All you. Everything is falling apart right now because of you!

Kenneth: AND I AM TRYING TO FIX IT!

Wendy: Like hell you are. You go off into the city every goddamn day, and you come home and you just... **[Growing weary]** you're not here, Kenny. You're home but, you're never here.

Kenneth: I am right here Wendy, I always have been.

Wendy: Karter is coming into town tomorrow, I just thought you should know.

Kenneth: Why? **[Kenneth moves back to table, away from Wendy]**

Wendy: 'Cause Amanda said that Sadie is going through something right now, and I figured it could help her to talk to someone else who's... confused.

Kenneth: Jesus Wendy-

Wendy: What Kenneth, did you have a better idea?

Kenneth: This is just like you/ Wendy: /Just like me?

Kenneth: You feel the need to just *barge* into other people's business all the fucking time.

Wendy: No, this is different-

Kenneth: Is it really Wendy? Cause it feels like this another one of your attempts to control the lives of the people around you.

Wendy: I just want what's best for Amanda...

Kenneth: Don't act like this is for Amanda. This isn't for anybody other than yourself. You feel shitty for cutting Karter out of your life and you think that this is somehow going to remedy the situation.

Wendy: Oh and you're some sort of saint? Tell me Kenny, who's been the one to show up to every dance recital, and to every swim meet? Who's the one that comes home everyday, tired as all fucking hell, and still finds time to clean the house? Who makes dinner for a family that doesn't even acknowledge your existence. Who gives, and gives, and gives but never takes!

[Beat.]

Kenneth: I love you.

[She moves to leave]

Wendy: It's late, I'm going to bed-

Kenneth: I'll head up with you-

Wendy: No. I just need a minute to myself.

[She is about to leave, but she stops.]

Wendy: I'm gonna take some time to think about who I am and what I need; and for the sake of our family, I urge you to do the same.

[She grabs her chair and drags it back to its spot. Kenneth watches her go. He sits for a moment, reflecting, and then he puts his chair back as well.]

Scene III

[As Kenneth is leaving, we see Karter come forward looking at their phone. They have just gotten off the phone with Wendy.]

Karter: Frankly, I'm surprised she still had my number. The last time we actually spoke to one another was fifteen years ago. I remember it exactly; It was Christmas day and Wendy wanted to have a party at her house that year, and knowing Wendy, it had to be perfect. This was when she was still pregnant with Amanda, so she was already on edge. Didn't help that I was.. *Working* - earlier that day. I arrived with a duffle bag bursting with cherry red lingerie. The family doesn't like that I strip, she thinks that I'm "whoring myself out" and that dancing isn't a "legitimate source of income". If I'm being honest, I couldn't care less what she thinks. I do what I love, and I love to put on a show. And being on stage allows me to express my identity in any way I like. Nevertheless, when I arrived at her house, she decided to do what Wendy does best, and ridicule me. This time, it was about my shoes. I wore these gorgeous black suede pumps, like they were the most stunning pair of heels I ever

owned, and yet Wendy was appalled at the *sight* of them. Well, no, I know she liked the shoes, it was just that they were on *me*. She knew... that I had always struggled with- gender, but in the moment all she saw was her brother. I think I discovered Wendy's "edge" that Christmas... and the only way to find someone's "edge" is to send them over it. She was - just - livid. She began to scream. Used all the classic bigot terms: "confused", "disgrace", "think of the family..." I turned to my parents for some kind of solace and all I could get was a look of disapproval from my dad. Meanwhile my mom was joining in my sister's crusade against me. I knew in that moment of complete humiliation that I will never let *anyone* tell me who or what I am. And I was done. Done with self-loathing, done with the bullshit Wendy seemed *endlessly* generous in offering, done with "confusion". **[as if to Wendy]** I mean *CHRIST* I don't feel at home in my body, but I know who I am, and who I am has nothing to do with Wendy, or Kenneth, or frankly anybody for that matter... So I walked, fucking *walked* out of that house - haven't been back since. **[Beat.]** Well, not until *now*. Until I get a call where *she*, after years and *years* of silence, asks me for help. Help with what? I still don't know.

All I know is that in fifteen years these heels have *never* looked better on me.

[As Karter is finishing their monologue, Wendy pulls two chairs out to form a living room. She is nervously dusting them off and making sure everything is perfect. When Karter finishes, they enter and the scene begins.]

Wendy: It's been awhile.

Karter: Years...

Wendy: **[Beat.]** Well, have a seat.

[Karter sits.]

Wendy: Do you want a cup of coffee?

[Wendy goes to make two cups of coffee]

Karter: I don't drink coffee anymore.

Wendy: Oh, when did this happen?

Karter: Uh, a few months ago, I think.

Wendy: Huh that's weird, it's not like you to give up coffee.

Karter: Well a lot's changed.

Wendy: **[spitefully.]** *Has* it?

[A beat]

Wendy: So, have you found a job yet?

Karter: Wendy I have a job.

Wendy: No Karter, I am sorry but prancing around in high heels and ladies underwear is *not* a job.

Karter: I don't need this. **[They get up to leave. They are stopped by Wendy.]**

Wendy: No Karter, wait, please.

Karter: I don't even know why I came. I knew you didn't change.

Wendy: Karter, I'm sorry. I need you.

Karter: What could you possibly need me for?

Wendy: Well, Amanda. Amanda needs you.

Karter: You mean, the niece I quite literally have never met?

Wendy: Yes. Her best friend, Sadie, she's confused. And so I thought-

Karter: So you asked me to come here to be a fucking counselor. To fix the shit in your family's life, and yet again, avoid the filth in ours.

Wendy: I didn't say that.

Karter: The filth and mess that YOU caused.

Wendy: I was *not* the one who showed up to Christmas in those ridiculous pumps.

Karter: These pumps help pay my bills.

Wendy: I am not doing this with you right now. I called you to see if you could help out Amanda's friend Sadie.

Karter: You called me because you think Sadie will take one look at me, and run the other way. Then suddenly, she will realize she's not gay, right?

Wendy: That is not-

Karter: Wendy, please. I did not come here to argue. I am tired of arguments. I have had too many, especially with you. We clearly do not agree on how I live my life, but it certainly is no business of yours to express judgment on my decisions.

Wendy: Okay.

Karter: So Amanda's friend thinks she's gay?

Wendy: Yeah, she went on some ridiculous tangent about a girl in their class and how she thinks that there's a chance this girl likes her back. Amanda is really messed up over the whole thing.

Karter: I'll talk to her. Sadie.

Wendy: Really? Oh, Karter, that is so wonderful. Look I am so happy you-

Karter: Not for you. I will not talk to her because you asked me to. I will talk to her because she needs someone who knows

how it feels when a woman in this family turns away from them when they're needed most.

Wendy: Karter, I'm sorry

Karter: I'm done talking about it. Just let this girl know I'll meet her tomorrow around 3 at the coffee shop on Main Street.

[Karter goes to leave]

Wendy: But where does this leave us?

Karter: The same place we were before you picked up your phone.

[Karter exits and Wendy grabs their chair, putting it in her spot. As she goes back for the other chair, Karter swipes hers and sits in it himself. Then she sees this, and grabs her own chair bringing it to her spot and then sits down.]

Scene IV

[After a few moments, Trent steps forward, dragging his chair center stage and sits down tired after a long day at work. This is soon followed by Kenneth entering. He looks at Trent for a couple beats. Then he walks into his line of vision.]

Trent: Hey, Stranger.

Kenneth: Hey, you.

Trent: How was your day?

Kenneth: Decent enough. **[Grabbing Trent's hand]** Better now.

Trent: You're fucking corny.

Kenneth: You love it.

Trent: Love is a strong word, wiseass.

Kenneth: I know.

Trent: Aren't you going to ask me about my day now?

Kenneth: Okay, how was your day?

Trent: Exhausting. **[Mocking]** Better now.

Kenneth: Mock me all you want, we both know it's true.

Trent: Whatever. I was just about to head to the motel if you want to meet me there. I need to get out of these damn shoes.

Kenneth: Do you want to go away?

Trent: What?

Kenneth: Like leave the motel, go somewhere tropical. I don't know.

Trent: With what money? I know I make bartending look so lavish, but I promise it is not as rewarding as it seems.

Kenneth: That doesn't matter. We will figure it out.

Trent: Where is this coming from?

Kenneth: What do you mean?

Trent: You have never mentioned this before. And you know I can't really afford to miss work. What's going on?

Kenneth: I just wanted to go somewhere. Get away for a while maybe.

Trent: I don't think that'll work for me.

Kenneth: We can make it work.

Trent: I need to be here. Work the bar.

Kenneth: Trent. Please.

Trent: Kenny, what's going on?

Kenneth: I just can't keep this up.

Trent: Whoa, whoa, keep what up?

Kenneth: It's not fair to you.

Trent: Fair to me. Kenneth what the fuck are you talking about?

Kenneth: Either of you.

Trent: Excuse me?

Kenneth: I'm married.

Trent: What?

Kenneth: I'm married, and I understand if that makes you hate me or tell me to get the fuck out and never see you again. I would understand.

Trent: You're married.

Kenneth: Yes.

Trent: Okay.

Kenneth: And I have a beautiful daughter named Amanda.

Trent: Okay.

Kenneth: And I know keeping it from you was wrong.

Trent: Okay.

Kenneth: And I understand if you hate me now. I would probably hate me too.

Trent: I don't.

Kenneth: I lied and nothing makes that right, but- what?

Trent: I don't hate you.

Kenneth: Why not?

Trent: Kenneth. This has been nothing but wonderful. Why would I hate you for that? Yes, you lied, and that makes this a little more complicated, but I know you. And I know right now you are going through something that I do not understand. And if there is something else I know, it is that you have a lot of decisions to make, and soon. But you approaching those decisions and being honest, is one of the bravest things you could have done in this situation. So no, I will not hate you and make this decision any easier for you. That determination is entirely up to you.

[Kenneth sits for a while. Sometimes looking at Trent, sometimes looking at his ring. Then after a while he takes his ring off and hands it to Trent.]

Kenneth: You make the decision easy. You are considerate, and willing, and kind, and strong, and I love you.

Trent: I thought I told you to stop being fucking corny.

Kenneth: I need to talk to her.

Trent: Yes. You do.

Kenneth: Okay, I will see you tomorrow?

Trent: Yeah, I work the late shift, but if you just want to let yourself into the motel and make yourself comfy while you wait, that's fine.

Kenneth: Alright, I will see you then. **[He kisses Trent's cheek and goes to leave.]**

Trent: Hey, Kenneth!

Kenneth: Yeah?

Trent: What's her name?

Kenneth: Who's?

Trent: Your wife's.

Kenneth: Wendy. **[Beat.]** Why?

Trent: Just wanted to know the name of the competition.

Kenneth: She doesn't stand a chance against you.

Trent: You're corny!

[Laughing, Kenneth goes to leave.]

Trent: Kenny!

Kenneth: Yeah?

Trent: I love you too.

[Kenneth walks away, leaving Trent downstage.]

Trent: Of course he's married. I should have known. He's too new, too fresh. He has a fucking tan line on his ring finger. He

has a fucking kid. And he loves her, I can see it. I can see the love in his eyes. And the regret. He knows he's hurting her and his wife. Wendy. Sounds like a bitch. I have been a lot of things in my life. Poor, queer, a bartender, a receptionist, a stripper, a waiter at Outback, and for awhile there, a male escort. Point is, I'm flexible. So he's in a marriage? Clearly, it's not a very good one if he needs me. I have been a lot of things, but I don't think I'm an experiment. Not this time. When I'm with him, I swear, it feels different. He's not just some guy you meet on Grindr and believe me, I have had plenty of those. Those quick little fixes. They're perfect for when everything is crumbling down around you and all you need is that little fix. That reminder that no matter what you have in life, you still have your beauty and your sexuality. And as long as you have that, nothing else matters. Eventually, that fix stops distracting you from the utter shit your life has become. Eventually, that fix isn't enough. Kenneth isn't my fix. He's confused, yes, but when he sees me he lights up. I almost don't recognize the man I first met a couple months ago. He was dead. Wendy killed him. And then I had to pee and I met him and suddenly he's alive. She's the one that killed him and drove him away. And that's not my

fault. **[Beat.]** Fuck it. Let's see where this goes. Besides, I've never been a homewrecker before.

[With that, Trent grabs his chair and brings it back to his spot. A declaration.]

Scene V

[As Trent leaves, Sadie enters, setting up a seating arrangement for her and Karter on one side of the stage. On the other side of the stage, Wendy has come in either with a chair or not. She is stress cleaning. These are two separate environments and scenes. Karter enters and approaches the table Sadie is sitting at.]

Sadie: **[She stands up]** Thank you for coming, I- I really appreciate you being here.

Karter: Of course, Wendy said that you needed my help.

Sadie: Yeah, I'm Sadie by the way.

Karter: **[Reaches out to shake hand]** Karter, it's nice to meet you Sadie.

Sadie: So Amanda's your niece?

Karter: Yeah she is, I mean technically speaking; I hardly even know her.

Sadie: Oh, well... She had mentioned you once before, and I remembered you going through something similar to what I am going through now. And then Mrs. Anderson said that she could have you meet with me.

Karter: How come?

[A beat]

Sadie: I think- I think I just need someone to talk to.

Karter: Uh, yeah ok. I'm not much of a therapist, but I can try my best.

[There is a small silence between the two]

Karter: So, what is it you wanted to talk about?

Sadie: **[She is a tad nervous and scared]** I- uh... I... **[She is coy and looks away]**

Karter: Look, you have no reason to be nervous. I'm a pretty open book, I'm cool with whatever you wanna talk about.

[A beat]

Sadie: How did you know?

Karter: Excuse me?

Sadie: How did you know you were...

Karter: Non-binary? **[Sadie nods in agreement, Karter lets out a small chuckle]** Well, I knew pretty early on that something about me wasn't right. Like I was living a life that wasn't authentic. It took college, and a pretty bad falling out with my family, to do the whole "know thyself" thing. I cut them off, cut them out, whatever, and *immediately* started

realizing my identity was *vastly* different from how I'd perceived it.

Sadie: So you knew, for a long time?

Karter: If by "long time" you mean entire life, then yes, *long* time. **[They laugh jokingly]**

[We shift our attention to Wendy, she is stress cleaning.]

Kenneth enters.]

Kenneth: Hey, Wendy.

[Wendy ignores him.]

Kenneth: Wendy?

[Wendy still ignores him.]

Kenneth: Wendy.

[She finally looks up.]

Wendy: Kenneth.

Kenneth: Can we talk?

Wendy: I am a little busy right now, if you could not tell.

Kenneth: Yeah, I see that I just thought that we could talk about last-

Wendy: No, Kenneth. I really do not want to have this conversation right now.

Kenneth: Come on, Wendy. You know-

[Amanda comes forward. She just got home.]

Amanda: Hey, I'm back.

[The room is tense.]

Wendy: Hi baby, how was school?

Amanda: It was alright, we had our class spelling bee today and I won. I'm moving on to the school's spelling bee.

Kenneth: That's great 'mandy.

[There is a very tense beat]

Amanda: Is everything okay?

Kenneth: Yeah, honey. Everything is fine. Mom is just picking up the house.

Wendy: **[Keeping eye contact with Kenneth.]** Yeah, sweetie. Everything is fine.

Amanda: Okay... Well, I am going to go study for the spelling bee. **[As she retreats back.]** As if Sadie wasn't enough.

[She is gone.]

Kenneth: **[In a low tone.]** Wendy-

[Shift back to Sadie and Karter.]

Sadie: I think I'm different- I mean I know I'm different. And Amanda doesn't understand how I feel at all. I told her that I

have a crush on this girl at our school and she got really, really upset and left. We haven't talked since then.

Karter: When was this?

Sadie: A few days ago.

Karter: I see.

Sadie: I don't really understand where it came from. One minute we were fine and the next she was storming away. All I did was try to confide in her. That's what best friends do, they confide in each other. So I told her about my crush, and she just freaked out. I mean, she likes a boy, why is it any different?

Karter: It's not, well, it is. But you know how it is girl likes girl and world hates girl.

[Blank stare from Sadie.]

Karter: Oh honey.

[Shift back to Wendy and Kenneth]

Wendy: Kenneth, that's enough. I have too much going on without this right now too. My brother is back in town and you know how Karter is. And Amanda's best friend is saying she's gay, so naturally I am playing damage control. All of it is exhausting. So no, I really do not want to do this with you right now.

Kenneth: Look, I know you have a lot going on, but we cannot leave things the way we did last time.

Wendy: Kenneth, please.

Kenneth: What did you mean when you said everything is falling apart right now because of me?

Wendy: I said not right now.

Kenneth: I know, but I want to know what you meant, I *need*-

Wendy: Kenneth. Stop.

Kenneth: Wendy, please.

Wendy: No. I am not doing this.

[She makes to leave.]

Kenneth: Wendy, do not walk away from this. We cannot just leave it like this. **[She does not stop.]** WENDY!

Wendy: **[whirling around.]** Amanda is upstairs! Our daughter is upstairs. Now, I have said all I want to say to you tonight. I am going to bed. Goodnight.

Kenneth: Stop walking away from me. This needs to be addressed, Wendy! We need to-

Wendy: Don't you *dare* talk about we. There is no we.

Kenneth: What are you-

Wendy: You selfish son of a bitch.

Kenneth: What?

Wendy: We have a family. We have a house, a daughter.

Kenneth: Wendy, I'm not sure-

Wendy: Kenneth, stop pretending. You wanted to talk about this, then let's talk about this. Let's talk about the man at the motel.

Kenneth: What man? What?

Wendy: Stop. Just stop lying. I saw you. I saw you with your tongue down his throat.

Kenneth: Wendy, look-

Wendy: What could you possibly have to say? What excuse could you possibly come up with now? I saw you! I SAW YOU!

[Shift back to Sadie and Karter]

Sadie: So how come Amanda only talked about you once?

Karter: Well, she never knew me. You know how Wendy gets...

Sadie: Yeah, she means well though.

Karter: You're cute. Basically, I start to realize I'm not the same as Wendy, I like heels, I like performing, I like expression however that looks for me, Wendy doesn't like heels at least not on me, Wendy thinks performing is a joke, Wendy doesn't

like expression unless its in a pantsuit and showing off a shack, etc. etc. Then I get pissed, she gets pissed, we don't talk.

Sadie: Wow.

Karter: The point is fuck her. Fuck Amanda. She might be your best friend, but at the end of the day you've got yourself. You know yourself better than anyone and only you are going to know what you like, how you want to express yourself, and how you want to get it. So if she isn't willing to listen to what you have to say, then fuck her.

Sadie: But I can't just-

Karter: You might not be able to right now, but I promise, you will hit a point where you are fed up and done. I chose to walk out of that house on Christmas and it was the best decision I have ever made. Fuck them... Sorry.

[Shift back to Wendy and Kenneth]

Kenneth: Wendy, please, calm down.

Wendy: I SAW YOU WITH YOUR HAND ON ANOTHER MAN'S ASS AND YOU ARE TELLING ME TO CALM DOWN?!

Kenneth: Wendy, please! Amanda!

Wendy: Don't you dare bring her into this. You decide to think of her now? You decide to think of our precious beautiful baby girl now? What about when you're with him? Are you thinking of her then? Are you thinking of her when you go to "work"?

Kenneth: No, Wendy, that is sick.

Wendy: How many times, Kenneth? How many times have you been with him?

Kenneth: Look, I think-

Wendy: HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU FUCKED HIM?

Kenneth: It just happened. I didn't mean for it to. Trent just walked into my office. He was looking for a bathroom. But we just clicked. I fell for him. He was there, and he was a chance to explore a part of myself that I never had let free. It wasn't supposed to be serious. And I don't expect you to understand it. I don't even really understand it. Until now I have only been in love with you.

Wendy: So, what. You were just going to fuck him and then come home and get into bed with me? Just to explore yourself? That is not how the world works Kenneth!

Kenneth: Wendy, you're not listening. It's serious. I think. I think I'm-

Wendy: No. You are just confused. You are a confused, sad man who cannot withstand temptation when an easy piece of trash drifts his way. Jesus Christ, Kenneth. Think with your head. Not your dick.

Kenneth: That's not what this is.

Wendy: Then what is it?

Kenneth: I love him.

[From afar.]

Amanda: Is everything okay out there?

Wendy: **[calling back]** Of course, sweetie! Dad just had a rough day, that's all. **[turning back to Kenneth]** We will finish this later. For now, let's just pull it together and you can help me make dinner. Like old times.

Kenneth: No.

Wendy: What?

Kenneth: I am trying to express how hard this is for me. How confused I am. How lost. And you're throwing it back in my face. I love Trent. But I love you too.

Wendy: That is not how love works.

Kenneth: For me it is. And if you can't see that and hold my hand through it, then why would I stay? We've always taught Amanda to be honest. So why lie?

Wendy: Now hold on.

Kenneth: No. I think I am done.

Wendy: So what does that mean?

[He embraces Wendy.]

Kenneth: It means I'm done. And I am going to go hold his hand.

[Kenneth retreats leaving Wendy alone. While Wendy stands there reflecting, Karter and Sadie grab their chairs and put them back in their places. Then slowly Wendy leaves and returns to her seat.]

Scene VI

[Just a moment after Wendy leaves, Amanda gets up and comes downstage.]

Amanda: Something doesn't feel right. Growing up they bickered, but not like this. I could hear them screaming. Our house is big, but the walls are pretty thin. Something about a whore. Figures. I mean there's that crazy statistic about most marriages only lasting like less than half of the time. But I'm jumping the gun. Divorce seems a little far of a conclusion to pull after one fight. Well, two. In the last week. And when they're not fighting, they're not talking. Maybe divorce isn't too far off. I need to call Sadie. *Sadie*. I can't call Sadie. God, my parents and Sadie. Maybe I just put aside the whole gay thing. I mean, it really isn't that serious right? So she likes girls or whatever, what's so wrong with that? I, personally, don't understand it. But that doesn't mean that we still can't be best friends? And what's more important? My best friend being confused or my parents impending divorce? I could just ignore it. She told me. We've moved past it. Now we just pretend like she never said it and everything is still normal. I need her.

Yeah, we'll come back to it later on, right now my shit is way worse.

[She begins dialing on her phone. We see her waiting for Sadie to pick up, but she never does.]

Scene VII

[Scene begins with Benny in a chair resting. We are in either an assisted living facility or his own house. As we see Amanda waiting for Sadie to pick up the phone, Sadie is creeping around to where Benny is seated. Benny is asleep. Amanda realizes Sadie is not picking up and goes to sit. As she sits, the next scene begins.]

Sadie: Hey Grandma. Grandma?

Benny: **[awakes]** What do ya want? **[Sees Sadie.]** Oh, hey doll. **[They hug.]**

Benny: How's school going?

[Benny rises from her chair and Sadie again brings her chair forward for her and then grabs her own, forming a bench downstage center.]

Sadie: It's okay.

Benny: Still getting straight A's?

Sadie: As much as I can.

Benny: That's my girl, so smart.

Sadie: How have you been feeling?

Benny: Well, I'm just fine, the doctor doesn't seem too worried.

Sadie: Mom seemed pretty worried.

Benny: Your mother tends to worry too much, the pacemaker is doing its job and that's all the doctor is concerned about.

Sadie: That's what I tried telling her but she just doesn't listen sometimes.

Benny: She's strong willed, I'll give you that much.

Sadie: Like grandpa was?

Benny: **[Scoffs]** Your grandpa was a force of nature, he could move a mountain with just a cold shoulder.

Sadie: He had his way, didn't he?

Benny: He sure did, but he was usually right so I never minded.

Sadie: Remember when he drove 45 minutes in a snowstorm to bring us Blue Bunny ice cream?

Benny: So he could put his homemade fudge on it for you grandkids, yes I remember well.

Sadie: He came home and he was so cold, his hands were like ice.

Benny: Eh, but it made you happy, so he wasn't wrong.

[Beat.]

So kid, what's been happening, how's your friends>

Sadie: Oh, well y'know, they get kinda busy sometimes.

Benny: I'm sure you'll find time, you're still young yet.

Sadie: I mean, it's fine that they're busy.

Benny: Soon enough you'll be having sleepovers and parties.

Sadie: Grandma.

Benny: You will, just like your mother did and you'll have a great time.

Sadie: Grandma I don't think that's gonna happen for me.

Benny: Why's that?

Sadie: It's just... complicated, okay?

Benny: Okay I won't press.

[Beat.]

Sadie: Grandma, have you ever, have people judged you before?

Benny: Plenty.

Sadie: How do, I mean how do you... I forgot I had class, I need to-

Benny: Sadie what's the matter doll?

Sadie: I think there's something wrong with me. There's just this big part of me. And it never goes away, as hard as I try and hope that it just disappears in the morning, it's still there. And I thought I was okay and I could be fine with it. It just kept

growing. And now, I just feel everyone watching me all the time, and they're waiting for me to mess up so they can make fun of me and I just... I'm so ashamed. I don't feel normal. I wish it could all just stop and I could feel the way everyone else does. I don't know why I care so much about what they think. I don't know why I care.

Benny: Listen here. I've seen many things in my day and one thing I can tell you for certain is that there is nothing wrong with you. I've seen you grow all these years and you are exactly who you're supposed to be. I'll tell you something, my life hasn't been a straight line. I loved your grandfather and everything we built, but that doesn't mean I couldn't have wanted something else along the way. It took me ten years since your grandfather passed to realize that I wasn't a broken woman for that. I am what I am. And if my eyes still work, you aren't broken either. Now, that heart of yours, doll, you've got the biggest heart I've ever seen, and that's the most important part. If I've learned anything, you have to never stop loving the way you do. It doesn't matter who and it doesn't matter when. When you've got that love, you hold onto it fierce and trust yourself and you'll grow. Maybe not how everyone else does, but it'll be just as beautiful and true as anyone else.

Sadie: But what if I fail? What if trusting myself just ends up getting me nowhere?

Benny: Then you fail. But you did it being yourself. And you are one amazing young woman.

[They hug. Can be for as long as they need. When they pull apart, Benny rises, and Sadie replaces both of their chairs. They sit in their original spots as the next scene begins.]

Scene VIII

[As Sadie is putting their chairs back, Wendy comes forward, with a pile of men's clothing. Trent comes forward shortly after. Wendy sees him and stops.]

Wendy: What're you doing here?

Trent: I'm assuming that's the last of Kenneth's clothes.

Wendy: Yes it is. I'm assuming he sent you to pick it up.

Trent: Yeah.

Wendy: He really can't even be in the same room as me?

Trent: Wendy I-

Wendy: How did you even get in here?

Trent: Amanda let me in.

Wendy: Oh, so you've met my daughter. That's rich.

Trent: She's lovely.

Wendy: Yes. She is.

Trent: I never wanted it to happen like this. I mean, I didn't even know about either of you until a week ago.

Wendy: And that somehow makes it better?

Trent: No it doesn't. But neither was your dismissal of who Kenneth is.

Wendy: What do you know about-

Trent: I know enough to know that he needed someone who could accept him wholeheartedly for who he is.

Wendy: He has no idea who he is.

Trent: I'm so sorry, Wendy.

Wendy: Clearly.

Trent: Kenneth told me about Karter.

Wendy: He has no right to bring my family into his mess.

Trent: Family? Is that what you're calling them now?

Wendy: You have no idea what you're talking about.

Trent: I know that you pushed Karter away for who they are.

But I also know that you were a good person. I can see it. I can see the appeal you once had to Kenneth.

Wendy: I think it is time for you to leave.

Trent: But I can also see that you're scared. You're scared of what you didn't know with Karter and you always thought it was their fault that they left. You hated them for leaving.

Wendy: You have no right.

Trent: And now you're doing the same thing to Kenneth. He couldn't talk to you about these things because you never let him. He was scared, so he left.

Wendy: That is not the same thing. He chose to leave.

Trent: You drove him away. You can't hate someone for chasing them off.

Wendy: I loved him! I *do* love him.

Trent: If you loved him, then he wouldn't be with me. I feel sorry for you, Wendy. You did it again. You ruined not one family, but two.

Wendy: I didn't ruin anything! I have never done anything to deserve this, any of this.

Trent: Maybe that's the issue. Maybe you never did anything worth deserving this.

[Trent grabs the clothes from Wendy and retreats back to his seat, leaving her alone. Wendy stays where we left her, frozen by the thought of Trent's words.]

Scene IX

[After a few moments, Wendy slowly goes back to her seat. Meanwhile Amanda steps forward and sets up a bench downstage center. When that is done, she sits and waits nervously. Sadie enters a couple moments later.]

Amanda: You look a little different.

Sadie: I feel a little different.

Amanda: Look, Sadie. First off, I appreciate you coming. I know you didn't have to. I just wanted to say, I'm sorry. I overreacted. Whatever you want to do, or whoever you want to be with is your business and that shouldn't affect our friendship.

Sadie: But it is a bit more than-

Amanda: And my parents have just been fighting a lot lately and I really needed you, but instead I pushed you away. I think they're done though, Sadie, for real this time. I have never heard them fight like this and all I wanted to do was call you, but I couldn't. So let's just move past it, right? Put it behind us. Okay?

Sadie: I can't believe you.

Amanda: What?

Sadie: Put it behind us? Did you only really reach out because you needed support?

Amanda: That's what friends do.

Sadie: Jesus, Amanda, if your parents weren't fighting, would you have even reached out?

Amanda: I'm sure at some point, yeah. I mean I am sure Andrew would have tried to talk to me again and I need someone to confide in.

Sadie: You're missing the point.

Amanda: I'm not seeing one.

Sadie: This isn't something you can just put behind you! I am not something to move past.

Amanda: No, not you. Just this thing.

Sadie: Amanda, this thing isn't something that can be thrown away. Do you even hear yourself right now?

Amanda: So you're gay? So what! What's there to talk about? We don't have to address it. It's not like it's a defining factor in your personality or who you are.

Sadie: Oh my god! Yes, that's exactly what it is! I cannot believe you!

Amanda: I think you are being so dramatic.

Sadie: I think we're done. I'm done.

Amanda: What? You cannot be serious.

Sadie: This just isn't worth my time anymore.

[Sadie walks away where Benny is waiting for an embrace.]

Benny: Come here, sweetie.

[Sadie embraces her grandmother. While that is happening, Wendy comes out and sits beside Amanda on the bench. At the same time, Kenneth and Trent, holding hands, are walking forward.]

Scene X

[At this point we should have Wendy and Amanda in the middle, Sadie and Benny on one side, and Kenneth and Trent on the other. All in their individual pairings. As Sadie is pulling away from Benny, Karter comes forward and plops their bag of lingerie in between Wendy and Amanda. Wendy, uncomfortable by this, pulls Amanda away from the bench.]

Karter: That's more like it. **[Going over to Sadie.]** This seat is for you.

[Sadie and Benny move over to the bench, and Sadie sits center stage. As this is happening, Kenneth and Trent move center stage with Karter, Benny, and Sadie, while Wendy and Amanda stand off to the side, watching this event.]

Benny: Thank you all for coming. We are here to celebrate a very special young woman on her very special day.

Sadie: Grandma, it's just a birth-

Benny: No doll, this is your *sixteenth* birthday. This is the birthday every girl dreams about. I may be graying, but my

memory is still intact. And if my memory serves me correctly, then the young woman I see in front of me is one of the most kind hearted, warm, and strongest people that I know. You have such a gift for compassion and light and I hope this cruel world never crushes that. You're a fighter, Doll. And you have been through more in the past few weeks than most people will go through in the first couple decades of their life. But despite all that, you have begun to grow into one of the most beautiful young ladies that I have ever seen. Never change, Doll, and happy birthday.

Sadie: Thank you, Grandma.

[Kenneth, Karter, and Benny step off to the side to have a conversation, and Trent sits with Sadie.]

Trent: So your grandma tells me your best friend was a bit of a bitch.

Kenneth: **[From the other side of stage]** Trent-

Trent: Shut up!

Sadie: She wasn't the best when I told her, no. But normally Amanda just takes awhile to warm up to change. So I thought this was the same.

Trent: Ha, she must take after her mother. Look, you're too trusting, kid. Some people just don't like us and there's no amount of warming up to us that'll fix it.

Sadie: I know. It's just that I have to believe that there is good in everyone. Amanda was the best person for me for a very long time. That doesn't make her bad. We just ran out of time, I guess.

Trent: She's not accepting you for who you are though. You can't possibly see good in a person after that.

Sadie: If there isn't a little bit of good in everyone than the world is fucked.

Trent: I hate to break it to you, kid, but the world is fucked. But that's why you find other people you can relate to, because then at least you're not alone as the world goes to shit.

[Shifting attention over to Benny, Karter, and Kenneth.]

Kenneth: She looks happy. She is happy right? I am so sorry for the way Amanda acted. You see, her mother Wendy wasn't exactly the best-

Benny: Kenneth. That's over now. We are here to celebrate Sadie.

Karter: Speaking of... what's her deal? How long has she been-

Benny: Oh her? Honey, she's been gay for as long as I can remember.

Karter: Seeing her, and the people she has, it makes me wonder if maybe I did some things wrong along the way. Like maybe I could have been better, done better.

Benny: There isn't anything wrong with anything you've done. You hear me? Everyone is human. Everyone. And those humans make mistakes. And you are just as human as the rest of us. You did everything you could, with what you could.

Karter: Yeah, sometimes I just wonder how that could have been different. If it would have been better.

Benny: Doll, nothing is better than being who you are. And if that means most of the time you go it alone? Then so be it.

Except for when you're here. You have people here now.

Karter: You're too kind.

Benny: After everything you've done for my girl, it's the least I could do. Now shoo and let me grab my things.

[Benny shoos Kenneth and Karter away and they return to the other two on the bench. Benny then goes and retrieves a cupcake and puts a single candle in it. After she lights it and hands it to Sadie, they all sing. There's now a big family huddle center stage, as Amanda and Wendy look on.]

When the singing commences, Sadie closes her eyes and blows out the candle.]

Blackout.

End of Show.