

RESURRECTION

By

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RESURRECTION

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For the girls

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CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS:

Riley: she/her, 28, living with C-PTSD

Shae: she/her, 38, Riley's sister

Marcus: he/him, 30, Riley's childhood friend

The Man: he/him, 60s-80s, a shadow

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PRELUDE

Darkness. Claude Debussy's Clair de Lune plays. Lights rise on a lake. RILEY appears in the water and dances: an underwater ballet. The music and light begin to change. Riley begins to drown. Lights change.

SCENE 1

A light on Riley in a funeral dress, standing in front of an open casket. THE MAN lies inside. Music: Beethoven's II. Adante Con Moto.

RILEY. Hi. Welcome. I guess. Welcome to my TEDTalk. Just kidding. Um. I'm a little nervous. I guess I'll tell you who I am: Riley. One of the granddaughters. The other one's Shae, she's right over there. Wave and smile, Shae. Or not. Um. When our parents died – I was eight and Shae was almost out of high school, yeah, big age difference, right? But anyway. Dougie took me in. I don't remember much about my parents. I don't remember much about my childhood at all, not in any, um, vivid way, if that makes any sense? A lot of it's just kind of grayed out. Dougie's about all I ever knew. Shae went away to college, and I stayed. And we had the life we had here, in this house. Me and him. *(The Man rises from the casket and puts his hands on Riley's shoulders. She breathes. She breathes.)* He had this presence about him, don't you think? Like he was bigger than the room. Like he was bigger than the world. And when someone like that dies, it leaves this vacuum, no matter who they were or what they were, what they did – there's a vacuum. Space devoid of matter. Like a dark grave. Can you ever really fill it back up? I don't know. I don't know. Would you want to? I ask myself these questions a lot; I don't sleep well. You don't need to know that. Um. You all knew Dougie – what is there to say? He loved to joke! He loved to mess around! Leaving plastic spiders in the coffee canisters. Sneaking up behind you. *(She breathes. She breathes.)* Um, and he loved woodworking, that's another thing I can say about him. He was pretty good at it, unless you count the time he nearly cut his hand off sawing through a beam when he was in one of his moods – he had a temper. God, there was a lot of blood, like a

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horror movie, almost hilarious if it wasn't so... Um. He loved music, Beethoven, which Shae insisted on playing today even though I begged. Anyway. Um. So today we say goodbye to him forever, permanently. Now it doesn't matter what kind of life he led, the good and the bad because he's dead. Dougie was complicated – the life he led was not to be explained in a eulogy. He contained multitudes, as a poet once said. He was legion, as someone else may have put it. Can anyone be just one thing? I don't know. I'm still figuring that out. Or trying to. That's another thing I ask while I can't sleep. It's not so easy as you wish it would be. You think when someone dies, they just stay dead. That's what's supposed to happen but I guess sometimes it doesn't. God. Anyway. *(The Man walks back to the casket and climbs inside.)* “It's not the tool's fault if it cuts you,” he told me once. “Cutting's what it's made for.” There's a lesson in there somewhere. Anyway. Goodbye. *(Riley closes the casket. She lays her hand there and breathes.)*

SCENE TWO

The living room, later that day. The casket is gone. Riley stands in the corner and SHAE approaches.

SHAE. Well I hope you're satisfied with yourself. If you really didn't want to, why not just refuse to do the eulogy?

RILEY. I didn't mess it up on purpose.

SHAE. Everything you do is on purpose, Riley. God, I have a headache. Do you have anything on you? *Not weed.*

RILEY. Then no.

SHAE. Of course you don't.

RILEY. Just run up and grab some Advil from the bathroom, nobody's going to miss you for ten seconds.

SHAE. I'll be fine.

RILEY. Don't be a martyr.

SHAE. God, Riley, I... You know what? Never mind. You're going to be you, and all I can do is control how I respond.

RILEY. Whoa, have you been going to therapy?

SHAE. God, no. Why? Are you?

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RILEY. Well, yeah. Basically everyone I know has a therapist. Except you, apparently.

SHAE. How are you even affording that?

RILEY. I got a promotion. I told you. *(Shae checks her watch.)* What, do you have somewhere more important to be?

SHAE. Well, we're running behind schedule, there are a thousand people here spilling soda and cake all over the hardwood, I feel like I'm having a nervous breakdown and the lawyer doesn't even get here for another two hours. Anything else you want to know?

RILEY. I don't know why you scheduled the stuff with the will today.

SHAE. I'm just trying to wrap things up.

RILEY. Literally nobody wants to wrap all this up more than I do, but there's no reason you've got to try to do everything at once, by yourself.

SHAE. Well, I don't exactly have a lot of options laid out in front of me, do I?

RILEY. I'm here. I can help.

SHAE. Don't worry about it.

RILEY. Martyr.

SHAE. Brat. *(She checks her watch.)*

RILEY. Come on, what's one easy thing that you wish you didn't have to do? I'll do it.

SHAE. The eulogy is all I needed, and you couldn't even do that properly.

RILEY. I could kick everybody out if you want. I'm forceful. I could do that for you.

SHAE. If you're rude to these people, I swear to God.

RILEY. I've known most of these old-timers since I was a kid. Trust me, they don't mind.

SHAE. Don't you dare, Riley, I swear. Today has to be nice. It has to be perfect.

RILEY. Why, though?

SHAE. He was our only family. He was it. And I know he wasn't perfect and you two had issues but –

RILEY. Can we not do this here?

SHAE. Fine. *(She looks at her watch.)*

RILEY. Just let the day happen the way it's going to happen. I promise you'll feel better if you do.

SHAE. It would be a total mess.

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RILEY. Would that be the end of the world?

SHAE. It would be my very worst nightmare.

RILEY. I'm a human paper towel – if things get messy, I'll fix it so fast you won't even notice.

SHAE. You're being... odd.

RILEY. I'm being nice.

SHAE. Exactly.

RILEY. Jerk.

SHAE. I kid. But honestly, why are you being so agreeable?

RILEY. I guess because I'm not the asshole you seem to think I am.

SHAE. Sorry.

RILEY. Don't worry about it. ... Look at them all, making eyes at each other.

SHAE. What are you talking about?

RILEY. Can't you tell they're dying to head back to the old folks' home so they can continue their sexual exploits?

SHAE. Ew, God, what??

RILEY. Seniors get down in those places. It's documented.

SHAE. It is written down somewhere that these specific senior citizens are having intercourse?

RILEY. In nursing homes generally – you should see the stats on VD in those places.

SHAE. Oh, that's not true. You think so? No. Well, if so, I say... Good for them. They're keeping themselves young. I think it's nice.

RILEY. Well just don't think you're immune to their advances, you're definitely going to get your ass pinched by wrinkly old fingers at some point today.

SHAE. Don't be gross.

RILEY. Don't shoot the messenger. (*Shae looks at her watch.*) You really need to relax.

SHAE. Easier said than done, sweetie.

RILEY. Ugh, I hate when you call me that.

SHAE. Do you really? You've never mentioned that before.

RILEY. Ha ha. (*Shae looks at her watch.*) Only thirty seconds have passed in the last thirty seconds, okay? Time isn't speeding up. Take a breath.

SHAE. If you'd had anything to do with arranging this funeral and dealing with the attorney and writing the obituary and all of the other things you haven't even

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acknowledged that I've done over the past three days then you would know how much pressure I've been under and you would back off.

RILEY. Okay. Alright. I'm sorry.

SHAE. God, I feel like I'm going to be sick.

RILEY. Okay, take a deep breath.

SHAE. There are so many people here. I feel like they're all watching this happening to me and I can't stand it.

RILEY. Hey, breathe with me, okay? Just close your eyes for a second and breathe. Try this: in for four beats and out for seven. Try it with me. *(They breathe.)*

SHAE. I think I'm okay.

RILEY. Do you need to go sit down?

SHAE. No. No, I think I'm okay. ... What was that? The breathing thing you were doing?

RILEY. Something I learned in therapy, gasp!

SHAE. I told you, I don't need therapy.

RILEY. Okay. I didn't say you do. Just helping out.

SHAE. Well don't. *(Her phone rings.)* This is the attorney, I've got to –

RILEY. Sure. *(Shae exits. Riley walks around the room, looking at the photographs on the walls, touching things. The Man appears in shadows. MARCUS enters.)*

MARCUS. Hey.

RILEY. Ah!

MARCUS. Oh! Jumpy!

RILEY. Sorry, sorry. Wait, why am I apologizing, I didn't do anything wrong. You should be the one who's sorry.

MARCUS. And I am, deeply.

RILEY. What do you want?

MARCUS. Ha, well, okay. I wanted to offer my condolences, and tell you I enjoyed your eulogy.

RILEY. You enjoyed it.

MARCUS. So to speak.

RILEY. It was the ravings of a lunatic, and I think we both know that.

MARCUS. I don't like to use the word "lunatic."

RILEY. As a certifiable lunatic, I feel it's okay to refer to myself as such.

MARCUS. To each her own, I suppose.

RILEY. How did you know Doug?

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MARCUS. You really don't remember me, do you?

RILEY. Should I?

MARCUS. Marcus? From... your childhood?

RILEY. Marcus...? Oh my God, *Markie Mark*??

MARCUS. You remember the charming nickname. What a relief.

RILEY. Well this is an absolute shock. I'm stunned speechless, or not speechless exactly since I can't seem to stop yammering away. Anyway. Nice to meet you. Or see you. Again. After a hundred years.

MARCUS. It's been closer to twelve, but who's counting?

RILEY. You, apparently.

MARCUS. Precision is important, don't you think?

RILEY. If you're a nerd, I guess.

MARCUS. You haven't changed much.

RILEY. Hey, I'm clearly much funnier and hotter than I was at sixteen.

MARCUS. You'll hear no arguments from me.

RILEY. You flatter. I'm into it.

MARCUS. Good to know. I'll keep it up: I like your dress.

RILEY. It's Shae's – the one I brought has a stain. My sister, do you remember her? She wasn't around much.

MARCUS. Oh, I remember her quite well. Still the same old Shae?

RILEY. I think you'll find her no different.

MARCUS. Yikes.

RILEY. Tell me about it. Hey, do you think all these old folks are banging?

MARCUS. Oh, I know they are. It's documented. I read this article –

RILEY. Yep, yep, read the same one. *Disturbing*.

MARCUS. It's kind of nice to imagine that I'll still want to get it on when I'm knocking on death's door.

RILEY. You make a strong point. Okay, I retract "disturbing."

MARCUS. You're quite convincing.

RILEY. With the right evidence and coming from the right mouth, sure.

MARCUS. And mine is the right mouth?

RILEY. It's the most handsome mouth in front of me, but that's all I've got to go on.

MARCUS. No one's ever told me my mouth is handsome before.

RILEY. Sacrilege.

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MARCUS. You really haven't changed.

RILEY. Yeah, well, neither have you. ... I hope you had a chance to pay your respects.

MARCUS. I'm not really into looking at corpses.

RILEY. Yeah, it's weird, right? Why do people even want open caskets?

MARCUS. Self-obsession?

RILEY. That tracks. Anyway, it turns out once you're dead you're entitled to anything you want.

MARCUS. You know, I've heard the dead mention that that's one of the perks.

RILEY. The dead speak to you. Very cool.

MARCUS. Only when I'm tuned into their frequencies.

RILEY. I can't tell if you seriously think you can communicate with dead people.

MARCUS. Wouldn't you like to know? So do you still live around here, or...?

RILEY. No, no. I got out when I was twenty. Chicago.

MARCUS. No kidding. Me, too.

RILEY. See, I really can't tell if you're messing with me.

MARCUS. I shit thee not. *(He pulls out his driver's license and hands it to Riley.)*

RILEY. This is like six blocks from my apartment.

MARCUS. Seriously? *(Riley pulls out her driver's license and hands it to Marcus.)*
I have chills, look. This is some serious fate shit.

RILEY. Noooooo. No, tell me you don't believe in fate, this was going so well.

MARCUS. Not a fan of destiny, huh?

RILEY. Please tell me you're just joking.

MARCUS. I... am?

RILEY. Oh, God, I'm so embarrassed for you.

MARCUS. I'm very confident in who I am and what I believe in, thank you very much. You have to admit, it's pretty interesting that we meet now in this place where we met then, just so we could learn how close together we really are.

RILEY. That's a long way of saying, "My, what a coincidence!"

MARCUS. I don't believe in coincidences. I believe in synchronicity.

RILEY. Oh my God, so, so embarrassing for you.

MARCUS. It's not religious hoo-ha, if that's what you're thinking. It was originally a proposal of Carl Jung's.

RILEY. *Nerd.*

MARCUS. You know, if you weren't so pretty, I'd almost think you were mean.

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RILEY. Are you flirting with me at a funeral?

MARCUS. Oh, is that not what we've been doing?

RILEY. I was just being polite.

MARCUS. So sorry I misunderstood, I must have been picking up on all the palpable sexual energy in the room. *(Riley laughs in a groan.)*

SHAE. *(Entering.)* What are you doing? I've been looking for you everywhere.

RILEY. I'm literally standing right where you left me.

SHAE. It's time to go, we're already running behind. The hearse has been idling for ten minutes while you've been in here doing whatever you've been doing.

MARCUS. Flirting at a funeral.

SHAE. I'm sorry, who are you?

RILEY. I'll be out in a minute, Shae.

SHAE. *Riley.*

RILEY. Hey, take a breath. None of this matters, okay? We'll get there, we'll bury him, it'll be over. Okay?

SHAE. None of it matters. Ha. I guess you can say that when you're not the one holding all of it together. When you're not the one doing all the work.

RILEY. I'll meet you outside. *(Shae storms out.)* Are you coming to the graveside?

MARCUS. I have to get back, very unfortunately.

RILEY. Oh. Sad. Well. I guess... I'll see you at home?

MARCUS. Do we own a home together now?

RILEY. I meant Chicago, smartass. *(She gets a text.)* Oh my God, she's going to drive me crazier than I already am. I've got to go. This was really nice.

MARCUS. Agreed. Bye, Riley. *(Riley exits. The Man remains. Lights change.)*

SCENE THREE

Shae and Riley in the living room, that evening.

SHAE. This is unbelievable! I mean really, really unbelievable, I mean – I mean this is like a miracle, like an honest to God... I mean, wow. Wow! Did you know he had this kind of money?

RILEY. He didn't tell me stuff like that.

SHAE. And all of it could be ours...!

RILEY. I don't know.

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SHAE. I know it's a lot to consider, that it might be difficult to leave the city for a little while but you may love it here, you never know!

RILEY. Two years, Shae.

SHAE. That's really not that long.

RILEY. Would you do it?

SHAE. Yes.

RILEY. No hesitation.

SHAE. For that kind of money? Yes.

RILEY. You would leave your home, your job, and your friends to move to a city you fled the first chance you got?

SHAE. This place isn't so bad, drama queen.

RILEY. God, he was an asshole.

SHAE. Don't speak ill of the dead. Well? What are you thinking?

RILEY. I don't know.

SHAE. It's an awful lot to say no to.

RILEY. I don't know!

SHAE. It's asking a lot, but you've got to think about it practically, I mean this is "change your life" money. This is "abandon your troubles and move to your own private island" money.

RILEY. I don't think you could buy an island with this.

SHAE. A villa on an island, at least. I know you're going to need some time to think, and I'm sure there are a lot of things to consider, but –

RILEY. I don't think I can do it.

SHAE. You haven't even thought about it.

RILEY. I don't need to.

SHAE. Just like that.

RILEY. I have a life.

SHAE. A life you'd choose over a mild inconvenience that makes us both rich?

RILEY. And what's your sudden obsession with being rich?

SHAE. Some of us are practical.

RILEY. It's not worth it to me.

SHAE. What about what it's worth to me?

RILEY. I'm sorry, okay? I wish I didn't have to say no. I wish I could do this for you.

SHAE. You owe me.

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RILEY. Wow. Okay.

SHAE. All those times I came to your rescue, all those times I picked up the pieces, all those false alarms. You owe me this, and you know it.

RILEY. Um. I know I demanded a lot when I was a *child*. I know it was hard for you, and maybe you're having trouble imagining what it was like for *me* –

SHAE. Okay, stop. Let's just stop.

RILEY. Why aren't you interested in what I have to say?

SHAE. Because it's exhausting. All of the things you have to say are exhausting, and I'm already tired enough as it is. Give me a break. I need some air.

RILEY. Okay. Okay, wait.

SHAE. What, Riley?

RILEY. I'll just... let me think about it some more, okay?

SHAE. I thought you didn't need to think about it.

RILEY. Well, I decided I'm going to.

SHAE. Really?

RILEY. It's worth considering.

SHAE. It's absolutely worth considering, and I'm so glad you get that. Wow, I'm relieved. You nearly gave me a heart attack.

RILEY. That doesn't mean the answer's yes.

SHAE. Sure, sure, I know. It's just one less stressor I have on me right now, and you can't even imagine how much that helps, so thank you for at least thinking about it.

RILEY. Good. I'm glad, then.

SHAE. Okay, well, why don't you go get changed and we can start cleaning up.

RILEY. Oh, I didn't bring a change of clothes.

SHAE. You flew from Chicago with nothing but a dress with a giant stain down the front?

RILEY. My bag's at the hotel.

SHAE. You're not staying here?

RILEY. No.

SHAE. Alright.

RILEY. What?

SHAE. So I guess all this is just my responsibility then.

RILEY. No one's saying that.

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SHAE. You're telling me you're going to scrub the kitchen floor in *my* little black dress?

RILEY. I'll go grab my jeans from the hotel, what's the big deal? It's like ten minutes away.

SHAE. Fine.

RILEY. You're just locked and loaded to be pissed at me tonight, huh?

SHAE. Don't be so dramatic. It's been a long day.

RILEY. In your opinion, I'm always being dramatic.

SHAE. You haven't asked me anything about my life. Anything about what's going on for me. Do you think perhaps that could be the reason I'm acting a bit annoyed?

RILEY. When in the last twelve hours would we have had time to sit down and have a nice chat about work schedules and meal planning?

SHAE. You haven't even said anything about my rings.

RILEY. What about them?

SHAE. I'm not wearing them.

RILEY. Oh. I hadn't noticed.

SHAE. Well you should've.

RILEY. Shae, I'm sorry. What happened?

SHAE. The only thing that ever happens: we stopped being in love.

RILEY. Did he cheat on you? I swear to God, I'll kill him.

SHAE. He didn't. It doesn't matter.

RILEY. Why didn't you tell me?

SHAE. You haven't exactly been easy to get ahold of for the past, oh, two years.

RILEY. Half the time I'm the one who calls you! We talk all the time.

SHAE. Not about anything meaningful.

RILEY. And that's all my fault?

SHAE. It's not mine.

RILEY. You're telling me I'm the reason you never mentioned you're getting a divorce in the half dozen phone calls we've had in the past few months?

SHAE. I knew this is how you would respond.

RILEY. With concern and care?

SHAE. With disregard and lack of empathy.

RILEY. What? How have I been communicating that?

SHAE. It's all over your face.

RILEY. You really think a lot of me.

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SHAE. It's not one hundred percent your fault: I coddled you. Dougie coddled you.

RILEY. I don't want to talk about him.

SHAE. I thought maybe you would bury this silent grudge you have today, but I guess you lack the emotional maturity for that.

RILEY. God, Shae, what the hell is with you? When did I become the villain in your story?

SHAE. I don't know, Riley! I don't know. ... Look, it's been a long day.

RILEY. Sure.

SHAE. You'll be back tomorrow?

RILEY. I'll be back tonight. I'll just grab my things from the hotel.

SHAE. You don't have to do that.

RILEY. It's simpler. And it'll give us a chance to talk. There are some things I've been wanting to tell you.

SHAE. Typical. But sure, why not?

RILEY. What? How is that typical?

SHAE. Never mind. I'm tired. I'm going to bed, we can clean tomorrow.

RILEY. Sure. Okay. *(Shae exits. The Man appears; they dance. He disappears and the music fades. Lights change.)*

SCENE FOUR

The lake, later that evening. Moonlight. The sound of the water. Riley is still, quiet, listening. After a few moments, Marcus enters.

MARCUS. Hey.

RILEY. Ah!

MARCUS. So jumpy.

RILEY. You keep sneaking up on me at very odd times. What are you doing here? Stalking me?

MARCUS. Actually, I'm staying next door. Grandparents' house, remember?

RILEY. Oh, right, right. Also a funeral?

MARCUS. Worse: family reunion.

RILEY. What's the difference?

MARCUS. Family reunions, you're expected to be falsely happy and successful. Funerals you can evade questions by feigning overwhelming sorrow.

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RILEY. That's such a good point. You must be very smart.

MARCUS. Oh, I am: I'm a therapist.

RILEY. Oh, no.

MARCUS. What?

RILEY. I don't need another therapist in my life. I already have two.

MARCUS. Two therapists? Someone's an overachiever.

RILEY. I see one for trauma stuff – EMDR – and one for unpacking all the trauma stuff I kicked up with therapist number one.

MARCUS. EMDR's intense.

RILEY. What can I say, I'm a thrill-seeker.

MARCUS. Hmm. Well, I work at a university, so all my patients are students. Does that change anything?

RILEY. Still counts.

MARCUS. You could fire one of your therapists?

RILEY. Is it really responsible to encourage someone to quit therapy? In your professional opinion.

MARCUS. I'm admittedly being one hundred percent self-serving.

RILEY. Well, I'm not firing my therapists, as I find them essential for my survival, and I don't think I've got space in my life for another understanding ear.

MARCUS. Don't think of me as a therapist then. Think of me as... an astronaut.

RILEY. Your childhood dream! Whatever happened to that plan?

MARCUS. It turns out the idea of swimming through the dark endless vacuum of space kind of scares the living shit out of me, who woulda thunk it?

RILEY. So strange of you.

MARCUS. I know, what a weirdo, right?

RILEY. Even if I squint really hard and try to imagine you in a space suit, you're still going to be a therapist.

MARCUS. So I guess this will be our last conversation, then.

RILEY. I guess so.

MARCUS. Tragic.

RILEY. "Fate."

MARCUS. No, no, don't blame this on kismet, it's done nothing wrong.

RILEY. You only believe things are preordained if they suit your purposes?

MARCUS. Yup. Like I said, I'm a self-serving man.

RILEY. Show me a man who isn't.

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MARCUS. A scathing but possibly fair point.

RILEY. So anything you want to say to me before we have to part ways forever?

MARCUS. Hmm. Well. There is something I've wanted to tell you for twelve years.

RILEY. Ooo, intrigue. Go on, I love to be enticed.

MARCUS. You're very, very pretty.

RILEY. ...That's it?

MARCUS. I can wax poetic if you like. Summers in high school when I'd come to visit and I'd get to see you, those memories are some of my best. If it's unclear, I had a massive crush on you.

RILEY. Oh, really?

MARCUS. I was borderline obsessed.

RILEY. Creepy. Well, I liked you too, if you must know.

MARCUS. You're kidding.

RILEY. Nope.

MARCUS. Damn.

RILEY. That's not a happy face.

MARCUS. Well, I'm heartbroken. If only I'd known, I would have made a move.

RILEY. Why didn't you?

MARCUS. I guess you don't remember how miserably shy I was.

RILEY. Are you kidding? I could never get you to shut up.

MARCUS. Nervous talker.

RILEY. Not so much anymore?

MARCUS. It took years of therapy, but here we are.

RILEY. It took you *years of therapy* to get over your high school crush on me? Wow. I must be an even more powerful witch than I realized.

MARCUS. I more meant it took me a while to get over my crippling anxiety.

RILEY. Aw, hey, I've got anxiety, too. Twinsies.

MARCUS. Look at us, two peas in a pod.

RILEY. Seems it's a family trait – Shae's on the steep slope to full blown panic, if I'm accurately reading the signs.

MARCUS. That's too bad. Has she talked to someone?

RILEY. Oh, no no, she's made it very clear she has no interest in that.

MARCUS. Then that really is too bad.

RILEY. Anyway, it's none of my business. She's made that clear, too.

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MARCUS. Sounds like a complicated relationship.

RILEY. That's one way to put it, Dr. Marcus.

MARCUS. I'm not a doctor.

RILEY. Then what am I doing talking to you?

MARCUS. So sorry to disappoint. What can I do to make amends?

RILEY. Stop being a therapist so I can kiss you.

MARCUS. So you want to kiss me, huh?

RILEY. That was kind of implicit in my request, was it not?

MARCUS. Hmm. This is an interesting ultimatum. On the one hand, my job is kind of, mm, important to me? On the other, I've wanted to kiss you since I was seventeen years old, so I'm at a loss.

RILEY. A true conundrum. Want to sleep on it?

MARCUS. Candidly, I don't think I'll be able to go to sleep if I think about it too much.

RILEY. Wish there was something I could do about that.

MARCUS. Maybe I can let you know what I decide tomorrow about the future of my career and of my handsome mouth.

RILEY. I trust you'll choose wisely.

MARCUS. I think I probably will. Goodnight, Riley Branch.

RILEY. Goodnight Marcus... Markerson?

MARCUS. Wow, you've got a really bad memory.

RILEY. Yeah, no kidding. What's your last name?

MARCUS. I'll tell you tomorrow.

RILEY. Tomorrow, then. *(Marcus exits. Riley alone with the water. Music rises: Clair de Lune. Riley puts her feet in. She breathes. Lights change.)*

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