

Outside, just before the sun comes up
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Two chairs, facing upstage, right by the SR curtain (near the clock).

The mic by one of the chairs, preferably still on its stand, angled for the height of someone sitting in the chair.

AL in the chair. N1 in the house, with the other microphone.

GO

AL crosses to chair, as she does, she says to the booth:

AL: Fade to black, over 60 second, please.

Booth responds with an affirmative. The blackout starts as Amy sits in the chair.

All lines are delivered into a mic.

AL: When I didn't know what else to do, I would sit outside, either in the dark, or just before the dark, or just as the dark was ending. I would sit by myself, but always with enough room for someone to come sit and join me.

N1: And you waited.

AL: And I waited. I thought it made me look aloof, or cool, or just ready to be sat next to. I always wanted someone, usually a certain someone, to find me and sit by me.

N1: But it actually just made you look like you wanted to be alone.

AL: Even when I chose a nice misty morning? I could have sworn that it would look romantic.

N1: Let's see.

AL takes the canned fog and sprays it in an arc around her.

AL: How's it look?

N1: Misty.

AL: Mist-erious?

N1: Mist-efying

AL: Mist-ery loves company.

(Beat.)

AL: When I didn't know what else to do, I would sit outside. I wanted to be found but it just made me look like I wanted to be left alone.

N1: Ain't that the way.

AL: Ain't that the way.

(Beat. We should hopefully be in the dark now.)

N1: You need an ending.

(Beat)

N1: Amy... you need an ending.

(beat)

AL: It'll... find me.

Long beat. Almost too long. If an AM curtains it, the play ends. Otherwise: N1 moves from the audience into the theater. They slowly approach Amy. They lean over Amy and into Amy's microphone, says:

CURTAIN