TRUST

BY STEVEN DIETZ

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TRUST
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TRUST was originally produced by
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TRUST was originally produced in New York City by
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in March 1995.

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For Thérèse, who taught me how.
TRUST received its premiere at A Contemporary Theatre (Jeff Steitzer, Artistic Director), in Seattle, Washington, on April 30, 1992. It was directed by Steven Dietz; the set design was by Michael Olich; the costume design was by Carolyn Keim; the lighting design was by Rick Paulsen; the sound design was by Jim Ragland; the dramaturg was Steven E. Alter and the stage manager was Craig Weindling. The cast was as follows:

GRETHECHEN ........................................... Meg Judson  
BECCA ................................................. Kristie Dale Sanders  
CODY .................................................. Louis A. Lottoto  
LEAH .................................................. Geraldine Librandi  
HOLLY .................................................. Olga Sanchez  
ROY ..................................................... Charley McQuary

TRUST was subsequently produced by the Atlantic Theatre Company (Neil Pepe, Artistic Director), in Burlington, Vermont on July 15, 1992. It was directed by Robert Krakower; the costume design was by Laura Cunningham; the lighting design was by Howard Werner; the sound design was by Douglas Jaffe and the stage manager was Matthew Silver. The cast was as follows:

GRETHECHEN ........................................... Kristen Johnston  
BECCA ................................................. Mary McCann  
CODY .................................................. Neil Pepe  
LEAH .................................................. Annette Helde  
HOLLY .................................................. Welker White  
ROY ..................................................... Robert Bella

TRUST was originally produced in New York City by The Barrow Group (Seth Barrish and Lee Brock, Artistic Directors) in March, 1995.

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CHARACTERS
(4 women, 2 men)

GRETCHE N, dressmaker, 35
BECCA, publisher's assistant, 25
CODY, musician, 25
LEAH, musician, 37
HOLLY, bohemian, 19
ROY, public radio announcer, 29

TIME and PLACE

The present. An American city.

SETTING

An open area that will be transformed into a variety of locales. These include a loft, a hotel room, a restaurant, a bar, a recording studio, a laundromat, a park. In all cases, these locales should be established with the minimum of set pieces. In most cases, one element from that particular locale will suffice. The defining principle of the design should be the ability to move fluidly from one scene to the next.

Also, off to the side of the stage, just visible, is a "green room" of sorts. A few comfortable chairs. A small table with drinks, magazines, cigarettes and an ashtray. When a character does not appear in a given scene, they may, from time to time, be found sitting in one of these chairs, watching the action of the play. They also may be drinking, smoking, reading, or ignoring the action of the play altogether. This is often the area from which the Scene Titles are announced.

At times she hated him. Watching him talk she saw his life: with his work he created his own harmony, and then he used the people he loved to relax with.

— Andre Dubus
"Adultery"
TRUST

ACT ONE


Becca sits at a restaurant table. She nods and reacts to a man — unseen — who is sitting across from her.

Gretchen stands nearby, watching, talking to the audience.

Music fades.

LEAH. Title: Do I really look like I need to be told another story?

GRETCHEN. She is tired tonight.
Her hills are falling into his stories.
She has spent the day nodding at pricks and buffoons.
She has apologized for her beauty, swallowed her talent, and moderated her better instincts.
She has watched men make careers out of mediocrity and bluster.
She stares at him across the garlic bread and listens to the story of his difficult day. She thinks: Why can’t you be my size? Why must I pander to the midgets that surround me? Will I ever listen, nod and mean it?

BECCA. That must have been so hard.
GRETCHEN. As he talks, the restaurant bustles. The food arrives with the proper earnest precision.
BECCA. (To the Waiter — unseen.) Thank you.

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.
GRETCHE N. He continues to talk into her like she were a pay phone. She takes refuge in an old habit. She runs her fingers through her hair. This brings a smile to her lips. It also causes her to miss his most cherished quip.
BECCA. What's that?
GRETCHE N. He repeats it. He doesn't mind repeating it. In fact, since it was tonight's top quip, he would have repeated it anyway. As he does so, she is stroking at her hair.
BECCA. Richard, that's wonderful —
GRETCHE N. — She says, smiling. He sees the smile and congratulates himself on what he now considers his legendary sense of humor. He continues on with the story of his difficult day, coarser now, bolder than ever. But, she is elsewhere.
BECCA. Mm hmm.
GRETCHE N. She is lifting the hair and letting it fill the spaces between her fingers.
BECCA. Really?
GRETCHE N. The private world conjured by this public action excites her. Across the room, a man looks up from his scotch.
BECCA. You're kidding.
GRETCHE N. She is clawing at the hair, nails grazing her scalp.
BECCA. That's really great.
GRETCHE N. Her date begins to realize that her smile is not directed at him.
BECCA. No, I'm listening.
GRETCHE N. Still, he goes on, convinced that he can pull her away from herself.
BECCA. Yes.
GRETCHE N. But, he is falling hard. He is grabbing at rope that no one bothered to attach.
As dessert arrives, she is far from the restaurant. She is in a bed covered with shadows and quilts. She is twelve and Black Beauty is on the wall. Light seeps under a closed door. Her fingers move closer. She realizes for the first time that she has been left alone with this mystery. She wonders if God can see her. As her fingers move closer, her thoughts drift away. She thinks about locker rooms. She thinks about Hallmark cards. She thinks about John F. Kennedy. She fears John F. Kennedy is looking down from heaven and watching her do this. As the light under the door vanishes, she buries a scream in a pillow.

In the morning, she will think of her fingers as her father stirs his coffee. For years she will associate the smell of both.
BECCA. I'm sorry, what?
GRETCHE N. She's missed another quip.
BECCA. (With a smile.) Oh, right.
GRETCHE N. He is still talking. He is the kind of man who can take everything from a woman but a hint.
Her eyes look through him to the men he might have been. She hears the names of strangers. Their keys are rattling in doors. As the man across from her concludes the story of his difficult day, she is giving over to a vicious longing for trusted glances in forbidden rooms.
She has learned to live in these inventions.
BECCA. What's that?
GRETCHE N. She has learned to live in these inventions.
BECCA. Sure, Richard. Whenever you're ready.
GRETCHE N. Another night, another restaurant, another clumsy suitor — but the same, terrifying question:
BECCA. What am I thinking?
GRETCHE N. She sips her wine. She throws back her hair like hotel sheets. And, she thinks: Why is there no one my size? Why is the floor of this city littered with pricks and buffoons? Do I really look like I need to be told another story?
That is what she thinks. This is what she says:
BECCA. I'm just thinking how lovely this was.
GRETCHE N. She is tired tonight.
BECCA. (Correcting herself, quickly.) Is. How lovely this is.
GRETCHE N. She pulls back her hair and follows him to the car.
He is stranger enough for tonight.
Her lids are falling into his kisses.
(Becca leaves. Gretchen stares front. Leah sips a beer, looks at Gretchen.)

LEAH. Gretchen swears that when she first saw Becca, stroking her hair across from that man at that restaurant, she knew that they would meet. She knew that they would know each other well.

HOLLY. Title: He never once said a thing.

LEAH. I’ll give her that. (Cody on a cordless phone. He wears jeans, no shirt. A towel around his neck. His hair is wet. During the phone call, he dresses. He also sucks and chews on a wedge of lemon, throughout.)

CODY. Hello. This is Cody. Who is this? You mean Becca? No. She’s out. Is there a message? Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. No, it’s fine. Keep going. This is good. Yeah. This is very good. I’m sorry — was it “I really enjoyed our evening?” or “I really loved our evening?”

“Loved” — got it.
Believe me, I’ll see that she gets it tonight. Well, try to believe me. I’ll wet it and put it on her sheets.
Great talking to you, too.
Goodbye — what?
No. I don’t know for sure. She said late. Late can mean a lot of things.
Right. Who knows?
“A woman like her.” (Throws the wedge of lemon out of sight.)

Goodbye. (Becca enters. She has a bag of groceries.)

BECCA. Hi, beautiful.
CODY. Who the fuck is Richard?
BECCA. (Smiles.) Yeah, my day was okay. And yours?
CODY. Becca —
BECCA. What kind of —
CODY. I’ve been on the phone with a man named Richard.
BECCA. Is he cute? Should I be jealous?
CODY. Becca —
BECCA. Can he cook?
CODY. He seems to know you very well.
BECCA. Richard.

CODY. Right.
BECCA. Richard.
CODY. He called you “Bec.” Like a beer. “Bec.”
BECCA. Richard Grady?
CODY. No last name. Just Richard. She’ll know. She has my number.
BECCA. Richard Tipton?
CODY. Jesus —
BECCA. Richard Pearl?
CODY. How many Richards are there, for chrissakes?
BECCA. (Loving this.) Well, there’s a lot. Did he mention Kansas City?
CODY. Did he —
BECCA. Richard Akers. That’s it. I bet it was Richard Akers.
CODY. “Bec”?
BECCA. I told you about him. I got sent to that book show in Kansas City. I know I told you. I called you. You were in Chicago for that Amnesty thing.
CODY. Maybe you think you called me, but —
BECCA. I called you. You’d had a shitty gig that night at some barn in an arena. The sound was awful. You couldn’t find any Mexican food.
CODY. That could be anywhere.
BECCA. And I told you about these people I met at the book show. Richard Akers was one. He’s a publisher with a small press in Tacoma, Toledo, something. Zen. New Age. Something. Unicorns and shit.
CODY. And?
BECCA. And a bunch of us went out for a drink.
CODY. A bunch?
BECCA. It’s a convention.
CODY. How large a bunch?
BECCA. Several.
CODY. Do you have names and numbers?
BECCA. Listen to you. Like you didn’t leave your concert surrounded by babes? Like the radio stations didn’t give backstage passes and hotel keys to horny seventeen year olds?
You’re the one with the charmed life, Cody Brown. You’re the one that —
CODY. Don’t try to deflect this. I want to know this.
BECCA. You do?
CODY. Yes, I do.
BECCA. I like this.
CODY. I don’t.
BECCA. A lot. I like this a lot.
CODY. So, then what?
BECCA. We all headed back to our hotel.
CODY. Same hotel?
BECCA. It’s a convention.
CODY. Got it. And...
BECCA. We had a few drinks at the hotel bar.
CODY. A few?
BECCA. Several.
CODY. The bunch of you.
BECCA. Three of us now.
CODY. You and Dick and?
BECCA. Kenny. Curly hair. Space between his teeth.
CODY. Another publisher?
BECCA. They move in packs. Did he call?
CODY. Okay, the three of you are having drinks. Then?
BECCA. Then what?
CODY. Then the moment comes.
BECCA. The —
CODY. Jesus. Don’t play dumb with me. We all know the sequence. You flirt, you schmooze, you rely on the late night rate of attrition, you make the right glances, you touch the right shoulder — and then the MOMENT comes.
Right? (Becca nods, slightly.) So?
BECCA. So. The moment comes ...
CODY. And ...
BECCA. And Kenny throws up. (She takes a lemon out of the grocery bag. She sets it on a cutting board.)
CODY. (After a beat.) On Richard?
BECCA. Bulls-eye. (She begins to cut the lemon into wedges.)

CODY. (Pause, a wry smile.) Must’ve ruined Richard’s evening.
BECCA. I don’t think so. He came up to my room and washed his shirt in my sink.
Kiss me. (She touches her lips, softly, with the wedge of lemon.)
He squeezed it dry with his big, rough hands. Not publisher’s hands. Hands with weight. Hands that should have names.
Kiss me. (She puts the wedge of lemon in her mouth. Sucks on it, slowly.)
I told him I was engaged to be married. This made him smile.
He draped his shirt over the lamp by my bed. He pulled my curtains closed. He never once said a thing. He took a handful of ice from my bucket. He rubbed it on his neck and face. Hands dripping water, he unbuttoned my shirt. He slid his head down my neck and pulled at my camisole with his teeth.
Kiss me. (She touches Cody’s lips with the wedge of lemon.)
These are lies.
I want you.
(Suggested music: “Big Sky Country”* by Chris Whiteley — intro and verse one. Cody and Becca kiss in silhouette as Leah speaks.)
LEAH. He looked like me.
Ten years back, when the magazines couldn’t get enough of me. When I was the brash new undiscovered hope of pop music.
My naiveté was my scent and the reporters tracked me like meat.
My immaturity was called rebellion and my exuberance, charisma.
They swallowed.
And, for my part, I believed them.

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.
When I met Cody, he looked like I had looked.
Together, he and I were a retrospective.
(Cody approaches Leah. She sits on the floor with a beer, autographing a stack of CDs. Cody has a lemon wedge with him again.)

GRETHELEN. Title. Do you want to have a night?
LEAH. Come in. It's open.
CODY. Ms. Barnett?
LEAH. Yes.
CODY. Ms. Barnett, I don't mean to disturb you, but I —
LEAH. My, my, my. Cody Brown.
CODY. Yeah. You know me? (Leah tosses several magazines at Cody's feet. Cody's face is on the cover of each.)
LEAH. Know you? I'm surrounded by you. Where you eat is trivia and who you fuck is headlines. (Silence.)
CODY. Uh — anyway, Ms. Barnett — I don't mean to bother you, but I was just — I know it's late — but I wanted to stop by and —
LEAH. How'd you find me?
CODY. My agent.
LEAH. How'd he know?
CODY. (A smile.) Gary knows everything.
LEAH. (Sharp.) Yeah. Don't they all, (Silence.)
CODY. Look. I love your stuff and I wanted to tell you that. (Pause, Leah sips her beer and stares at him.) I should go.
LEAH. You've got this? (She tosses him her CD. He stops, catching it.)
CODY. No. Not yet. I hadn't got around to — (Beat, looks at it.) I've heard the single.
LEAH. Yeah, the single's for shit, I know. But the label decided it's the most "accessible" song.
CODY. Whatever that means.
LEAH. It means it's not about anything. (Pause, she stands.) You've seen me, huh?
CODY. Six times. Seven with the Amnesty Tour.
LEAH. And you've covered me?
CODY. Oh, yeah. Especially your early stuff. I really loved your early stuff. When I was putting my band together — just

Starting out — you were a real influence. I said that, I said that to a reporter in Decatur or Des Moines or — anyway, I mentioned your name and said you'd been a real influence.
LEAH. That's a great word, don't you think? (Silence. She moves toward him.) And the thing is, you never see it coming. One night you go to bed a force ... and when you wake up ... you're an influence. (Very close to him now.) Funny, huh?
CODY. I guess.
LEAH. This culture just keeps churning out the relics. (Silence. Leah lights a cigarette. Looks at Cody.) You got a thing for lemons or what?
CODY. I quit smoking.
LEAH. Sure you did.
CODY. I'm trying this. It's a substitute.
LEAH. (Taking a long, delicious drag on her cigarette.) There's no substitute. (Silence. She is still very close to him. He stands his ground.)
CODY. So, where was your gig tonight?
LEAH. The Last House on the Left.
CODY. Where's that?
LEAH. Couple blocks from the stadium.
CODY. How'd it go? (She stares at him.) Just curious.
LEAH. Well, Cody Brown ... I was not the headliner.
CODY. You opened for another band?
LEAH. Worse.
CODY. What?
LEAH. I opened for a comic.
CODY. Sorry.
CODY. Yeah. And cable.
LEAH. Perfect.
CODY. It's bullshit, I know. But everybody said, you know, you can afford it now, so why not take —
LEAH. Hey, shut the guilt up. Enjoy yourself. Okay?
CODY. Okay. (She takes a long song on her beer. Silence. Cody looks at her, then lifts the CD she gave him.) Well, thank you. I
LEAH. Take my word, baby. They want you to be an asshole. It's the only revenge they've got. (Sips her beer.) Years, Cody. I didn't get this till years later.

CODY. Get what?

LEAH. They wanted me to hold out for ludicrous sums of money and make ridiculous demands: "A bowl of red M&M's or I walk."

They wanted me to spit on reporters, suck the rings off married men's fingers, and fuck over my friends for a bigger piece of cake.

They needed me to be an asshole and here is why:

It provided a balance to their little universe.

Look, they'd say, she's suddenly a famous object of adoration and desire.

Thank god there is a penance for that.

Thank god she has also become a miserable, whining sack of shit.

(Long silence.)

CODY. Can I have another beer?

LEAH. No. (Silence.)

CODY. Okay.

LEAH. Sound strange?

CODY. What's that?

LEAH. The word "No." You heard that lately? (Silence. He stares at her, then his look changes a bit, understanding.)

CODY. No.

LEAH. Yeah. It's weird. You'll come to miss "no." It's a friendly little word. You know where you stand with "no." "Yes," on the other hand, "yes" is a bitch. You know?

CODY. Yeah.

LEAH. (A sly smile.) No, you don't, but that's okay. You want another beer?

CODY. No.

LEAH. Good. Get me one while you're at it. (He gets the beers, then stops and stands in the room, motionless.) What?

CODY. I never thought I'd be doing this.

LEAH. (A knowing smile.) Where you're headed, that sentence will be proper attire.
I never thought I’d be in a room with Dylan.
Then I opened for him.
A dressing room in Akron, Ohio.
And he kept ... changing his shirt.
Again and again.
Asking me what did I think.
Just like every other nervous singer.
(She moves toward him slowly, her story becoming a seduction.)
Primping.
Dylan.
Ohio.
I never thought I’d be in that room. (She stands directly in front of him.) Then he went onstage and became Jesus Christ.

So.
I don’t know who does what here. (They kiss.) That’s nice.
CODY. Mm hmm.
LEAH. The lemon. That’s very nice. (They kiss, again. Longer. Then Leah pulls her mouth away from him and looks in his eyes. Speaks, softly.) Tell me.
CODY. What?
LEAH. What does she kiss like? (He looks at her, puzzled.) Does she kiss like this? (She kisses him — delicately licking the corner of his mouth with her tongue.)
CODY. What are —?
LEAH. Wait. Like this. (She kisses him again — gently biting his upper lip with her teeth. He pulls his head back, away.)
CODY. Who are you talking about?
LEAH. How would I know? You tell me.
CODY. I’m kissing you. It’s just a kiss. (Suggested music: “The Waltzing Fool”* by Lyle Lovett — intro.) What?
LEAH. (A soft smile.) There’s no such thing, baby. There’s no such innocence. (She kisses him very lightly on the mouth. Whispers ...) Every kiss is a betrayal. (He looks into her eyes.) Smile. It’s still early. (Suggested music: “The Waltzing Fool”* — verses one and two. Cody and Leah kiss, as the music plays. Then,

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.

they exit, arm in arm. Becca stands on a small stool. Gretchen is measuring her. A long moment as the music plays and Gretchen does her work.)
ROY. Title: You’re my first. (Music fades.)
BECCA. You come highly recommended.
GRETHCHEN. That’s nice to know.
BECCA. My friend, Kay, said you did a beautiful job on her dress.
GRETHCHEN. She was a beautiful bride.
BECCA. God, when I was little, I had this fantasy. I was going to design and build my own wedding dress. The whole thing. All by myself.
GRETHCHEN. And what happened?
BECCA. I grew up.
GRETHCHEN. Breathe in.
BECCA. I am breathing in.
GRETHCHEN. Sorry. (Silence. Gretchen works.)
BECCA. You’ve done this awhile?
GRETHCHEN. Mm hmm. (Silence. Gretchen works.)
BECCA. Are you married?
GRETHCHEN. No.
BECCA. You probably get your fill building these dresses.
GRETHCHEN. No, I got my fill doing it for ten years. Pull your hair up. (Silence. Gretchen works.)
BECCA. What was your wedding like? (Gretchen stops and looks at her.)
GRETHCHEN. Hey, the interview is over. This is the fitting.
GRETHCHEN. (Pause, then relents.) My wedding was lovely. I was one of those women that decided I couldn’t get the man I wanted, I would have the wedding I wanted.
BECCA. Then what happened?
GRETHCHEN. I grew up. Lift your arm. (Silence. Gretchen works.)
BECCA. You know what I want?
GRETHCHEN. Hmm?
BECCA. I want your name. (Pause.) I’ve always loved that
name.

GRETCHE." Have you known a lot of Gretchens?
BECCA. You're my first.
GRETCHE." Head up.
BECCA. I think it's a name that would make you feel
pretty. (Silence. Gretchen pauses in her work briefly, then continues.)
GRETCHE." Who, as they say, is the lucky man?
BECCA. Kay didn't tell you?
GRETCHE." No.
BECCA. Really?
GRETCHE." No.
BECCA. Well, it's a little embarrassing.
GRETCHE." Why is that?
BECCA. It's weird.
GRETCHE." Why?
BECCA. It's just a little odd for me because he's kind of
well-known. (Pause.) He's sort of famous.
GRETCHE." And it's embarrassing?
BECCA. A little. Yeah.
GRETCHE." I see. (Pause.) Is he a boxer?
BECCA. (Laughs.) No. (Pause.) He's Cody Brown. (Silence.)
See what I mean? (Silence.)
GRETCHE." Should I know who that is?
BECCA. You're kidding, right?
GRETCHE." This is another one of those moments when
I realize I don't get out much.
BECCA. Cody Brown.
GRETCHE." Not helping.
BECCA. (Still assuming Gretchen must know.) He's a singer
and a songwriter. He's in the middle of his first national
tour. Sold out stadiums. Letterman. (Pause, a final try.) He's
on the cover of Rolling Stone this week.
GRETCHE." Oh. (Pause.) Congratulations.
BECCA. That's so weird. (Pause.) I really thought everyone
knew who he was.
GRETCHE." I may be a faulty test case.
BECCA. It's just odd for me because, I mean, I'm not a
"pop idol" kind of girlfriend — wife. You know? I didn't
meet him backstage after a gig and toss him my house key.
I don't dye my hair or tear my clothes. And I have an actual
job. I mean, I work. It's weird.
GRETCHE." Sounds like it's nice. What's he like?
BECCA. He's handsome. Funny. He's good to me. (Silence.
Becca runs her fingers through her hair, absentmindedly.)
GRETCHE." What are his songs like?
BECCA. His songs are honest. (Silence.)
GRETCHE." You have beautiful hair. (Becca immediately lowers
her hand from her hair.)
BECCA. Thank you. (Gretchen returns to work.) Do you make
clothes for yourself?
GRETCHE." No.
BECCA. Why?
GRETCHE." I just don't do it.
BECCA. Okay. (Pause.) Why?
GRETCHE." (Indicating the stool.) Step up. (Becca shakes her
head. "No," Gretchen steps at her.)
BECCA. Why?
GRETCHE." When I measure you ... I see the possibilities,
the way fabric might fall. When I measure me I don't see that.
BECCA. Why?
GRETCHE." I just see the flaws.
GRETCHE." You be serious.
BECCA. No, really —
GRETCHE." I mean it.
BECCA. Let me measure you.
GRETCHE." What are you —
BECCA. When you're done. It will be my turn. Let me
measure you. We'll compare numbers.
GRETCHE." No.
BECCA. Why?
GRETCHE." No.
BECCA. Why?
GRETCHE." Because I do the measuring. That's what I do.
I measure you. I make you a dress. You get married. It's what
I do. (Becca suddenly grabs the tape measure from Gretchen.)
I watch her shamelessly.
She chews at her gum as though she were forming sentences.
Her gold watch and red nails betray her studied toughness.
Her glance at me betrays her pose.
A meeting is a cultivating of chance, a shared invention. I am inventing a woman hungry for passion and bohemia. I have no idea what she is inventing about me, but I'm hoping it gives my clothes the benefit of the doubt. I am inventing a woman with a need for bagels and lingerie and after-hours clubs. Like all of us, I am inventing someone I am certain to dazzle.
She tosses a clean week over her shoulder.
She tosses her final glance at me.
She must be going.
She has hearts to sleep in and rooms to break.
She has people to be. (Suggested music: "Feelin' Alright" by Joe Cocker. Holly exits. Leah sits on a barstool, sipping a beer.)
LEAH. The girls are gathered on a Saturday night.
They have traded diets and boyfriends — both faded quickly and did not have the desired effect.
The girls are gathered to mark the passage of time upon them.
They look to each other, hungry for reassurances:
He's still an asshole, right?
We still tell each other everything, right?
We may be older, and a little worn at the edges, but we're wiser and we won't — we will not — make the same mistakes again. Right?
BECCA. (Looking at Leah.) Title: LEAH. They hang at the bar like dresses on racks. (Gretchen joins Leah.)
GRETCHEN. Yeah, like you know.
LEAH. I —
GRETCHEN. Like you could tell me how a man works a room.
LEAH. I could and I can.
GRETCHEN. Oh, please —
LEAH. I could and I can and I will.
GRETCHEN. Like you ever stuck around long enough to know.
LEAH. Gretch, I've forgotten more men than you've ever met. (Silence. Gretchen stares at her.)
GRETCHEN. Same old Leah.
LEAH. Hey, watch it with old. You're older than me.
GRETCHEN. Two weeks.
LEAH. I'm not proud. (She lifts her beer.) Here's to it.
GRETCHEN. Here's to what?
LEAH. Here's to still not knowing what we didn't know then. (Gretchen stares at her for a moment, then they toast and drink. Holly enters.) Any good action in the bathroom?
HOLLY. Just a naked women on the toilet, sewing a button on her dress with dental floss.
LEAH. Gotta be a blind date.
HOLLY. Yeah, I gave her my gum so she could fix her earring. (Holly drinks from her beer which is at the table.)
LEAH. And you met, what, fifteen men on the way there and back?
HOLLY. No, just this one geek at the bar, way too tall for his hair — he looked like Big Bird Becomes An Accountant. (Leah laughs.)
GRETCHEN. What did he say?
HOLLY. Say?
GRETCHEN. Yeah.
HOLLY. Gretchen, they don't say. They just lean forward until you make them stop.
GRETCHEN. But, maybe he was really nice.
HOLLY. Gretchen, we are not the Humane Society.
LEAH. (Laughing) I knew you two would hit it off.
GRETCHEN. But that guy — that's so sad. (Holly and Leah laugh.) It is. (Holly and Leah try to be very serious and sad. Then, they laugh even louder.) I mean, isn't it?
LEAH. Gretchen, you never change.
GRETCHEN. What does that mean?
LEAH. It means I love you. Now, shut up and drink.
HOLLY. I'll tell you what's sad. The guy next to Big Bird — gorgeous. Kiss-your-common-sense-goodbye gorgeous. And he's talking to some babe with hair that's like big enough to vote. And she says: "It was so cool when South Africa released Mandela." And this gorgeous man looks at her and says: "I've never heard Mandela. Is it a good album?"
It helps so much when they talk.
GRETCHEN. (To Leah.) I bet Holly can tell me how a man works a room.
LEAH. She doesn't know.
HOLLY. Why do you say that?
LEAH. A twenty year old does not know how a man works a room. She just doesn't. You just don't.
HOLLY. Of course she does and here's why: At my age —
LEAH. Oh, Jesus —
GRETCHEN. Let her finish —
HOLLY. At my age I have not developed as many rationalizations for men's behavior as someone at, say —
GRETCHEN. Our age —
HOLLY. Right. I can see the real motives without clouding it with unnecessary information about "the last man who fucked me over."
LEAH. Okay, Go.
HOLLY. Simple questions. Ready?
GRETCHEN. Ready.
HOLLY. Okay. You are the man. You enter the bar. You pause at the threshold to take in the room, to warm your right hand in your pocket, to scan your possibilities and plot your strategy.
LEAH. Got it.
HOLLY. Okay. You spot two women at the bar. This is where it begins.
GRETCVEN. What if there are more than two women?
HOLLY. What do you —
GRETCVEN. What if I scope the room and I see a group of more than two women? What then?
HOLLY. That’s an irrelevant question.
GRETCVEN. What do you mean, it’s a —
HOLLY. Completely irrelevant.
LEAH. Why?
HOLLY. Because the man only sees two women. Always. Even if there are ten, twenty of them, he only sees: One — the woman he wants, and Two — the others.
GRETCVEN. (Calling off.) We need another round here —
HOLLY. So, you are the man. You see the two women. There is an open barstool next to each. Where do you sit?
LEAH. This is a trick question.
HOLLY. Not at all.
GRETCVEN. You sit next to the one you want.
HOLLY. Wrong. I get your beer.
GRETCVEN. Now, wait a min —
HOLLY. (Taking sips of Gretchen’s beer.) You, as the man, want what? To catch the eye of the woman you want. This is everything. All clothing, all conversation, all best laid plans are bullshit without this — this catching of the eye. If you sit next to her as she talks to her friend, what will you catch?
LEAH. Her hair.
GRETCVEN. Her back.
HOLLY. Exactly. So, you sit next to her friend, so the woman you want is angled to look directly at you. Second reason?
GRETCVEN. There’s more?
HOLLY. It’s huge, Gret. It could be our life’s work. The second reason to sit by the friend is that it sends a signal. You raise the expectations of the friend — the woman you do not want — and this is crucial. You will need to be on solid ground with the friend, for you will depend on her again and again during this night. You will depend on her flattering comments about you when you are gone to the
bathroom, and you will depend on her willingness to drive home alone as you leave with the woman you want. You can succeed if you make a stupid comment to the woman you want. You will fail though, on every count, if you make a stupid comment to her friend.
Is this clear?
GRETCVEN. Is it too late to be Amish?
HOLLY. I’m telling you, Gretchen, it’s huge. (Silence. They drink.) So, you two used to know each other when you were young?
GRETCVEN. Ouch.
LEAH. I didn’t mean to invite you.
HOLLY. I mean, years ago. When you were still famous?
LEAH. No, before that. Gretchen had the good sense to not stick around after I got famous. She went off and got married, right? (Gretchen nods.) But, prior to that, we were tight. Right, Gretchen? (Gretchen sips her beer, looks away.)
HOLLY. But, now you don’t see each other much?
LEAH. First time in years. Called me up out of the blue the other night.
HOLLY. And you’re sure it’s okay I tagged along?
LEAH. Hey, better that we resent a skinny young woman in our own group than some stranger across the room. (Sees someone across the bar.) Speaking of which, you are being scoped out. (Holly starts to turn.) Don’t turn. Just be loose. Just make conversation with me.
HOLLY. What should I say?
LEAH. Don’t tell me you’re actually at a loss for words.
HOLLY. Leah —
LEAH. Yes, you are definitely being appraised. You are being thought of in the same breath as original sin. So, talk.
HOLLY. (Earnestly.) Blah blah blah, blah blah.
LEAH. You don’t say?
HOLLY. Fa la la la la, la la, la la.
LEAH. He’s cute. Keep going.
HOLLY. A-e-i-o-u, a-e-i-o-u.
LEAH. And what else?
BECCA. What is Gretchen doing? What am I doing? Where am I? What was she talking about?

LEAH. Well, she was talking about how she was going to be young and free and...
ACT TWO

END OF ACT ONE
Here's one of those little clues — frankenpoacon. You probably have a few people you can talk to about this. If you do, I'll listen, and I think I can help you find your way out. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself. If you don't, I think I can help you find your way out myself. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself. If you do, I'll listen, and I think I can help you find your way out. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself. If you don't, I think I can help you find your way out myself. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself. If you do, I'll listen, and I think I can help you find your way out. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself. If you don't, I think I can help you find your way out myself. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself. If you do, I'll listen, and I think I can help you find your way out. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself. If you don't, I think I can help you find your way out myself. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself. If you do, I'll listen, and I think I can help you find your way out. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself. If you don't, I think I can help you find your way out myself. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself. If you do, I'll listen, and I think I can help you find your way out. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself. If you don't, I think I can help you find your way out myself. If you can't, I'll help you find your way out myself.
And of course, she made sure her name was on all the names of all the pages and con-

fers. They became her family.

her. They had been friends and enemies with her. Some songs told no-

and it was clear that she meant all of the common people.

was there that she had stood for?

publicierre called her and called her, in the corner.

And then the shreds of her had been blown, when she had never lifted her

manipulation, she did not speak; and she could

no longer, no longer, no longer.

I could hear. "I could hear."

Think again about how and this is the best.

I can, I can, I can.

This woman, this woman, this woman, was the best.

And of course, since the names of all pages are con-

fers. They become her family.

her. They had been friends and enemies with her. Some songs told no-

and it was clear that she meant all of the common people.

was there that she had stood for?

I could hear. "I could hear."

think about how and this is the best.

This woman, this woman, this woman, was the best.
She was in a voice Drop a and to old she had
She was in a voice Drop a and was old she had

Photographs: she could have suggested to have them removed.

"No, I see it. (Pause) Can I see your something?"

"No. She was old. I went in her study and found that she had one of two

"No. She was old. I went in her study and found that she had one of two

"She was in a voice Drop a and was old she had

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"She was in a voice Drop a and was old she had
I think I might have been in some sort of reverie. The sun was shining again, but I wasn't feeling quite myself. I had been sitting on the porch, lost in thought, when I finally decided to head back inside. The house was quiet, almost too quiet. I could hear the sound of my own breathing, and it was an eerie feeling.

I walked into the kitchen, and I noticed something strange. On the counter, there was a note. It was written in a hand I didn't recognize, but it carried a sense of urgency.

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I walked into the kitchen, and I noticed something strange. On the counter, there was a note. It was written in a hand I didn't recognize, but it carried a sense of urgency.
Spoken. Speaking of which, do they have food here? I'm pretty hungry. I haven't eaten in a while.

RATCHEN: Yes, there's a little snack bar in the back. It's pretty basic, but it should do.

BEECA: Great, I'll go and check it out. (She heads back)

RATCHEN: Here's a little something to hold you over.

BEECA: Thank you! (She takes the gift and smiles)

RATCHEN: No problem. It's just a little something to keep you going till dinner.

BEECA: It's delicious! How did you make it?

RATCHEN: It's a recipe I learned from my grandmother. It's a traditional dish from my home country.

BEECA: Wow, that sounds amazing. I'm so glad you shared it with me.

RATCHEN: It's nothing special, but I wanted to share a little bit of my culture with you.

BEECA: That's so thoughtful of you. Thank you so much.


BEECA: I'm so grateful. This is the best gift I could have received.

RATCHEN: I'm glad you like it. I was hoping it would make your stay a little more comfortable.

BEECA: It definitely has. I feel much better now.

RATCHEN: I'm just glad I could do something to help.

BEECA: You've been amazing. Thank you so much.

RATCHEN: It's just a small thing. I'm glad I could help.

BEECA: You really have been a life-saver. Thank you so much.

RATCHEN: It's nothing. Just glad I could help.

BEECA: You're the best. Thank you so much.

RATCHEN: Anytime. I'm just glad I could help.
See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on Compass Page

_____

Across the room is the window. I stop walking.

__

Notice: This is a review. I've read the entire

__

BECCA (laughter), HOME.

I have I heart you.

__

CRETECHON. I'll say you a restaurant in Kansas City...

__

CRETECHON. 'Ere's a big one.

__

CRETECHON. I'll show you where Big Chief knows

__

CRETECHON. I think you should tell her.

__

CRETECHON. It's a good idea.

__

CRETECHON. There's so good. Yes.

__

CRETECHON. You're on your own.

__

CRETECHON. You can have a dress. Woman comes.

__

CRETECHON. That's all; that's all.

__

CRETECHON. The word is how our complete

__

CRETECHON. Why are you so happy with it?

__

CRETECHON. Where do you know her from (it's)

__

CRETECHON. There are times, etc.,

__

CRETECHON. I know when it.

__

CRETECHON. Whenever you think things

__

CRETECHON. That's all. I'm winning the prize.

__

CRETECHON. It was mud. He's lying in this window

__

CRETECHON. It's a good. How was it (smile)

__

CRETECHON. I'll call the papers. How was it
BECCA: I agree. (Her face is calm.) I don't disagree with you, but I don't think we're seeing eye to eye. I didn't mean to come over. I just wanted to see how you were doing. I didn't want to intrude. I just wanted to see how you were doing.

COOKY: (Shaking her head) I don't have time for this. I'm busy.

BECCA: (Softly) I understand. I know how you feel.

COOKY: (Looking at Becca) I thought you said something different.

BECCA: I didn't mean to bother you. I just wanted to see how you were doing.

COOKY: (She stands up) I don't have time for this.

BECCA: (Looking at Cooky) I understand. I know how you feel.

COOKY: (She walks away) I don't have time for this.

BECCA: (She looks at Cooky) I understand. I know how you feel.

COOKY: (She looks back at Becca) I don't have time for this.

BECCA: (She walks away) I understand. I know how you feel.

COOKY: (She looks back at Becca) I don't have time for this.

BECCA: (She looks back at Cooky) I understand. I know how you feel.

COOKY: (She looks back at Becca) I don't have time for this.

BECCA: (She walks away) I understand. I know how you feel.

COOKY: (She looks back at Becca) I don't have time for this.

BECCA: (She looks back at Cooky) I understand. I know how you feel.

COOKY: (She looks back at Becca) I don't have time for this.

BECCA: (She walks away) I understand. I know how you feel.
a Special Note on Songs and Recordings on Magnetic Tape.

No publication was to announce which side on their first two discs. They chose both sides, July 1969, and announced both sides of their second album. They jointly issued a c-c composition. Their second album, titled "The Bells of Nashville," was released in 1969. It features a collection of songs that were previously recorded by other artists. The album includes tracks by Patsy Cline, Hank Williams, and others. It was a critical and commercial success,巩固ed the band's reputation, and helped cement their place in country music history.

By the end of the 1970s, the band had established themselves as one of the leading voices in country music. Their music continued to evolve, incorporating elements of rock and roll and folk music. They released several more albums, including "The Last Waltz," which was recorded in 1976 and included a number of covers of traditional songs. The band's influence on country music was significant, and their legacy continues to inspire generations of artists.
HOITY

COODY

"(If you think it)

HOLY

COODY

Do they let you book home where I'm from?"

HOLY

COODY

Sometimes, yeah.

HOLY

COODY

Greets food.

HOLY

COODY

Where are you from? (Some place in Africa.)

HOLY

COODY

I don't know. I'm from here.

HOLY

COODY

Lion's Bridge. Did you come in?

HOLY

COODY

You're a Creation made in You know Creation.

HOLY

COODY

There's a Great Dress.

HOLY

COODY

Have a good time?

HOLY

COODY

What is going to bring you up for a song?

HOLY

COODY

You know it was going to bring you up for a song. (Statements)

HOLY

COODY

You know you sounded great did that. (Laughter)

HOLY

COODY

Thank you. I'm so fine.

HOLY

ROVY

Don't you hear that I can't hear again this week.

HOLY

ROVY

That's why you say, "I can't."
END OF PLAY

On the stage, shown in black and white, the holds appear. The hands are raised, the fingers are extended, and the pose is frozen. The music plays in the background.

RECORDING: "Why?"

The song continues to play.

RECORDING: "What are you thinking?"

The music fades.

RECORDING: "Hate."

The scene changes to a different location.

RECORDING: "Tell me.

The music grows louder.

RECORDING: "Are you sure?"

The music reaches its peak.

RECORDING: "I'm sure."

The music fades.

RECORDING: "No, you're not."

The music builds again.

RECORDING: "I can't believe it."

The music drops.

RECORDING: "You're not going to believe this."

The music swells.

RECORDING: "You're not going to believe this."

The music fades.

RECORDING: "Yes, you're right."

The music builds.

RECORDING: "You're right."

The music drops.

RECORDING: "Who are you?"

The music swells.

RECORDING: "I am."

The music drops.

RECORDING: "You're not fooling me."

The music builds.

RECORDING: "You're not fooling me."

The music drops.

RECORDING: "I don't believe you."

The music swells.

RECORDING: "I don't believe you."

The music drops.

RECORDING: "You're not fooling me."

The music builds.

RECORDING: "You're not fooling me."

The music drops.

RECORDING: "I don't believe you."

The music swells.

RECORDING: "I don't believe you."

The music drops.

RECORDING: "You're not fooling me."

The music builds.

RECORDING: "You're not fooling me."

The music drops.

RECORDING: "I don't believe you."

The music swells.

RECORDING: "I don't believe you."

The music drops.

RECORDING: "You're not fooling me."

The music builds.

RECORDING: "You're not fooling me."

The music drops.

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RECORDING: "You're not fooling me."

The music builds.

RECORDING: "You're not fooling me."

The music drops.

RECORDING: "I don't believe you."

The music swells.

RECORDING: "I don't believe you."

The music drops.
Ken (LEAH)
Segment with 2 nickers (CODY)
Index card (ROY)
Which rose (BECO)
Wedding dress (BECO)
Fun (CREECH)
Buy (ROY)
Golf club with blue handle cap (ROY)
Jump rope (ROY)
Trained picture of Humpty Dumpty (ROY)
Shaved head (ROY)
Large box ofaudi deodorant (ROY)
Rumpled napkin in dispenser (ROY)
Lump of brown sugar (ROY)
Scarf (LEAH)
Common remedy
Money (loose bills)
Purse (LEAH)
Chives (HOLTX)
Deep measure (CREECH)
Small bowl (BECO)
Work of fitter (LEAH)
Fridge of cream (BECO)
Bowl of water (CODY)
Jar of cantaloupe juice (BECO)
GRETCHEN
Plan of ice cream with 2 plastic spoons (LEAH, HOLTY)
Recipe of horizon glasses (CODY)
Knife of 2 metal knives (CODY)
Mushroom (LEAH)
Beers (LEAH, CODY, ROY, HOLTY, CREECH)

PROPERTY LIST
BY STEVEN DIXON

TRUST

by Steven Dixon