

CHARACTERS:

IRINA ARKIN - KONRAD's mother and TRIG's lover. A passable starlet since childhood on stage and screen. She makes a living as an actor and you'd probably recognize her if you saw her in a cafe; An erstwhile Jessica Rabbit type.

KONRAD ARKIN- Crazy-in-love with NINA. Desperate to please his Mommy, IRINA. A frustrated writer with anarchist leanings, he always carries a gun (except when it's confiscated by his mother). He's too broken to be the genius-bad ass-artist he aspires to, but he has charm and potential.

SORIN - Brother of IRINA; uncle of his ward, KONRAD. Wheelchair bound and dying thru the course of the play, SORIN is the wise fellow that his family ignores.

NINA - KONRAD's longtime neighbor and childhood sweetheart; TRIG's dalliance. No one helps her to grow up and she doesn't quite know how. She is the Seagull, of course.

PAULIE - MASHA's mother and KONRAD's neighbor. She is in love with SORIN. Her husband is a blowhard idiot and her daughter makes her sad. She bakes and eats cake.

MASHA - Deeply infatuated with KONRAD's tormented artistic soul; she settles for a life as MEDDIE's wife. She wears a shirt with the phrase "IN MOURNING FOR MY LIFE". The only one with real talent and soul, she writes songs and accompanies herself on the piano and guitar. She drinks.

TRIG O'RYAN - Lover of IRINA and eventually NINA. TRIG is a best-selling author of the easy-to-digest fiction paperbacks that you'd find in airport bookstores. He used to be a really good writer, now he is a charismatic lech who tries not to think too much about how he's disappointed himself. Everyone wants to sleep with this guy, but no one knows why. Emotional vampire.

MEDDIE - Relentless pursuer of his love, MASHA; KONRAD's neighbor and reluctant friend. He's a martyr and a school teacher. Basically a good guy. He feels sorry for himself. He holds down a lot of jobs.

PLACE:

Sorin's backyard and neighborhood, near the seashore.

TIME:

Act One: Three years ago

Act Two: Now

EPISODE ONE

MUSIC: THE NEW COLOSSUS THEME

Music plays under the intro to the episode ands fade about as scene begins.

Intro:

Welcome to The New Colossus Audio Drama, episode 1.

This is a production of Artist Soapbox and Soapbox Audio Collective with support from the Manbites Dog Theater Fund, the patrons of Artist Soapbox, the Mary Duke Biddle Foundation, Timothy McMackin, and Trailblazer Studios.

The New Colossus is a completely unhinged dark comedy reboot of Anton Chekhov's classic play, THE SEAGULL.

Content Warning:

The New Colossus Audio drama is rated R for content.

Episodes contain: explicit language, lust and sexual situations, gunfire, death, dysfunctional conversations, illness, bad theatre, anti-patriotism, drinking, and arm-wrestling. You'll laugh, you'll cry. We hope you enjoy...The New Colossus.

1 SCENE 1 - EXT - SORIN'S ESTATE NEAR SHORE - TWILIGHT 1

FX: Distant shore sounds and twilight sounds (Sorin's house backs up to the beach and a pier, but isn't quite on it). Small audience buzz. Pre-show music for KONRAD's play. Car driving up.

NINA
She's here!

MASHA
About time.

MEDDIE
Konrad's pissed.

NINA
He'll be fine. She's here now.

MASHA
From the big City. I'll tell him.

MEDDIE
No, I got it.

NINA
Someone tell everyone places.

MEDDIE
I'll do it, Masha. Save your energy
for your music. It's really
special, Masha.

MASHA
Aww, thanks, dude.

MEDDIE
Everyone's gonna love it.

NINA
Meddie, we know. Go!

MEDDIE
What are you doing?

NINA
Welcoming the travelers with open
arms. As my character would.

MEDDIE
Uh-huh.

MASHA
Nina welcoming Irina. Starlet
greeting star. Brilliant. Med,
wanna a swig before you go?

MEDDIE
Nah. I'll see you both on-stage.
Places! Places, everyone. The show
is about to begin.

FX: MASHA drinks from a flask. Car doors open and shut.

MASHA
Who's the dude?

NINA
Holy shit, that's Trig O'Ryan.

MASHA
Who?

NINA

Oh my God I heard they were dating,
but -- oh my God, both of them
here! Gimme that.

FX: NINA drinks from the flask. IRINA and TRIG distant convo.

MASHA

Who's Trig O'Ryan?

NINA

The author. Come on. Hangman's
Knuckles?

MASHA

Uh-uh.

NINA

It's a best-seller.

MASHA

I abhor popular fiction.

NINA

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.

FX: NINA drinks from the flask. IRINA and TRIG distant convo.

MASHA

Why the hell'd she bring him to
this crummy town? It's a fucking
embarrassment.

NINA

I can't perform with him in the
audience!

MASHA

Do it for Konrad. It's really
important to him.

NINA

I know that.

FX: NINA drinks from the flask. IRINA and TRIG distant convo.

MASHA

Easy. Save some for me.

FX: Masha drinks from the flask.

NINA

Irina Arkin. Trig O'Ryan. The
Beauty and The Beast. Oh my god.

MASHA
Pop culture nightmare.

NINA
They're artists.

MASHA
Konrad doesn't think so.

NINA
Don't you have a guitar to plug in
or something?

MEDDIE
(in the distance)
Places, places!

MASHA
If Trig's head is as big as
Irina's, they'll be perfect for
each other. One more to take the
edge off?

NINA
Uh-uh. Get in places, sour puss.
Break a leg.

FX: IRINA and TRIG are very close.

MASHA
Merde.

FX: Footsteps on grass as MASHA exits and they arrive.

NINA
Miss Irina, you made it! So nice to
see you.

IRINA
So nice to be seen! Have we missed
it?

NINA
Oh no, we held the show for you.

IRINA
I wish you hadn't

TRIG
Rini, be nice.

IRINA
I am. To you.

FX: TRIG laughs.

NINA
Follow me, please.

IRINA
Do we have a choice?

TRIG
(tickling IRINA)
Num, num, num.

FX: IRINA laughs. Walking closer to the outdoor theatre.

NINA
Konnie reserved some seats for you
right in front.

IRINA
You mean lawn chairs?

NINA
A blanket, actually. People in the
back need to see.

IRINA
Wonderful. I can't wait to sit on
the ground in Versace for the next
however many hours --

TRIG
We've got the Cristal, Rini. This
is perfect for bubbly under the
stars...

IRINA
I'll be fine as long as I'm with
you, Trig

TRIG
Aw.

NINA
This way. Watch your step.

TRIG
So, this is where you grew up,
Rini?

IRINA
In this very backyard.

TRIG
How quaint.

IRINA
That's one word for it. Why are you
wearing wings, Nancy-Natalie-dear?

NINA
Nina.

IRINA
Right.

NINA
I'm Konrad's -

IRINA
Yes, yes, I know. Why are you
wearing wings, Nina?

TRIG
Love the wings. Fetching.

NINA
It's my costume.

IRINA
Actors never see the audience in
costume, dear. It ruins the
illusion.

TRIG
Wings though. Babe, we gotta get
you some of those. Mmm!

FX: IRINA and TRIG giggle.

NINA
Konrad's all about breaking down
illusions -

IRINA
It reeks of amateurism.

NINA
Oh.

IRINA
You think he'd know that.

TRIG
Easy, tiger.

IRINA
Let's get on with it then.

NINA
Here we are - your seats.

IRINA
Our blanket

MUSIC:

Track: Preshow Piano

Piano plays under the dialogue below, ending before next music cue (Intro) on page 9.

TRIG
This is gonna be fun.

FX: Settling on the blanket. Curtain sliding on metal rod.

KONRAD
(calling from behind the curtain)
Nina! Come on!

IRINA
Konrad! Mommy's here, darling.
Hello!

KONRAD
I know, Mother. That's why we're
finally starting.

FX: TRIG opens the bubbly - Pop! TRIG pours two glasses.
Music fading in? People taking their seats.

TRIG
My lady-

IRINA
Thank you. Mommy loves you, Konrad.
I can't wait to see how you've been
spending all your time. Lord knows
he's not been working an actual job
and getting paid. Is my handsome
brother back there? Sorin?

FX: Low-key sound of SORIN's oxygen/monitor...

SORIN
(behind the curtain)
Irina! I'd come out to say hello,
but my legs don't work.

IRINA
Oh, stop it. I'll see you after.

KONRAD
 (behind the curtain)
 Try to like it, Mother, ok?

NINA
 Miss Irina, Mr. Ohh -- We are happy
 to- Welcome, welcome, travelers --

MEDDIE
 (behind the curtain)
 Nina, come on! Places!

NINA
 Ok, gotta get in my nest! Eeee, so
 exciting!

IRINA
 Eeee!

TRIG
 Eeeee!

NOTE: This is a real home-grown, over-eager, striving-to-be-high-Art kinda play. Lots of jabs at Americana, capitalism, etc.

NINA folds herself into her nest, asleep, wearing large white-feather wings. MASHA plays music. IRINA canoodles with TRIG.

FX: Curtain parts. Audience buzz quiets. Riff on patriotic music with a twist. Fire, rain, wind sounds.

MUSIC:

Track: Act 1 INTRO

A 12 second piano intro before KONRAD says, "Fellow travelers"

KONRAD
 Fellow travelers,

MUSIC:

Track: Act 1 America the Beautiful.

Group singing under the following dialogue. Song completes before the gasp on page 10.

KONRAD (CONT'D)
 let us ponder the world two
 thousand years hence, when the
 America we know today is no more.
 (MORE)

KONRAD (CONT'D)

We are no more. Our descendants are
dust in the wind...memory's
forgotten memory's forgotten
memory.

TRIG

(canoodling, overlapping
above)

TBD

IRINA

(to KONRAD)

Stop. Say that first bit again,
darling. I couldn't hear you. Some
people are so rude.

KONRAD

(again)

Fellow travelers, let us ponder the
world two thousand years hence,
when the America we know today is
no more. We are no more. Our
descendants are dust in the
wind...memory's forgotten memory's
forgotten memory.
We are...no more.

IRINA

Yes. No more.

KONRAD

There is...no more.
America is no more. See!

FX: ALL on stage gasp!

KONRAD (CONT'D)

Lady Liberty surrendered, exhausted
by the demands of a million
grasping consumer hands. Forced to
repel those who clamored for her
protection, Lady Liberty recognized
herself as the false figurehead of
a country rife with broken promises
and corruption. The horror! The
horror! Lady Liberty -- her
resources depleted, her dreams
dashed, Lady Liberty released
herself to a sleep eternal as
dust...into the sea. Farewell.

MUSIC:

Track: Act 1 PIANO 1 UNDER DIALOGUE

Piano begins after KONRAD'S "Farewell" and continues under dialogue until after IRINA'S "Let freedom ring" on page 11.

IRINA

I have no idea what is going on.

TRIG

America fucked everything up. The world ended.

IRINA

Oh.

KONRAD

Boom! The post-apocalyptic era of God-abandoned-USA. And all is quiet for a thousand more years.

IRINA

Boring.

KONRAD

Shhhh. The world is wiped clean of disappointments.

IRINA

If only...

KONRAD

All is quiet, I said! Until one day the world is new again. The birth of a new era. Freedom. Real freedom, at last.

IRINA

(sings)

Let freedom ring...

NOTE: SORIN, MASHA, PAULIE, MEDDIE enter as characters in KONRAD'S play. They are travelers arriving on the shores of the new America. They are singing. KONRAD joins them and THEY sing.

FX: Feet shuffling, wheel-chair, hand-held instruments and singing. Party-favors.

SONG

MUSIC:

Track: Act 1 LIFT MY LAMP

Include the count in. The first verse with lyrics is in the clear. Dialogue comes in at :20 with the oooo--oooos.

ALL
 (singing, except IRINA & TRIG &
 NINA)
 I lift my lamp.
 I lift my lamp.
 I lift my lamp.
 Beside the golden door.

(lyrics from The New Colossus by Emma Lazarus - on the Statue of Liberty)

FX: song continues under the following dialogue. Lots of ooooos.

IRINA
 Who are these people? I thought
 everyone was dead. There's Paulie!
 Hi!

PAULIE
 Hi!

IRINA
 You must be so proud! Masha's music
 is delightful.

PAULIE
 Aw.

SORIN
 There's my sister, looking
 beautiful!

KONRAD
 Keep singing, Uncle.

TRIG
 The Statue of Liberty was
 originally created to celebrate the
 end of slavery.

IRINA
 What about the immigrants?

TRIG
 They came later.

FX: TRIG and IRINA laugh.

FX: Wings unfurling as NINA rises in her nest. Audience ooooo's! Music surges and music under dialogue below.

MUSIC:

Track: Act 1 WING GIRL under dialogue

Piano music begins under the unfurling of wings and continues under dialogue until NINA finishes her speech on pg 15 "The future is ours."

TRIG (CONT'D)
Oh, look, Wing Girl!

NINA
"Not like the brazen giant of Greek
fame,
With conquering limbs astride from
land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset
gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose
flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and
her name
Mother of Exiles."

IRINA
Wing-girl is the post-apocalypse
Statue of Liberty?

TRIG
She's the Mother of Exiles.

IRINA
That's the poem on the Statue of
Liberty, Konrad. It's not yours.

KONRAD
I'm recontextualizing it, Mother.

NINA
"From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild
eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin
cities frame.
"Keep ancient lands, your storied
pomp!" cries she
With silent lips.

FX: Music under TRIG and IRINA

TRIG
That poem was written as a
fundraiser for the statue's
pedestal.

IRINA

Really?

KONRAD

Oh my god, shut up this is a live performance.

TRIG

Emma Lazarus didn't even wanna write it.

IRINA

Life of the artist. Cheers.

FX: Clink glasses.

IRINA (CONT'D)

How do you know all this?

TRIG

I'm not as stupid as I look.

NINA

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming
shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-
tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden
door!"

(lyrics from The New Colossus by Emma Lazarus - on the Statue of Liberty)

IRINA

Konnie, where's all the 'new writing' you've been talking about?

KONRAD

Jesus Christ, just listen.

NINA

Creatures of the land, creatures of
the sea, creatures of the air and
the ether, seek refuge in me. I am
the Mother of Exiles and I bring
you hope. Follow my light. We'll
dream together, we'll build
together. We'll flourish and
thrive. Tired creatures, stifled
creatures, rest in my embrace. Seek
the light I share with you.

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

And at last, by our design, we will
breathe free. New forms, new rules.
Welcome to a glorious new reality.
The future is ours.

FX: NINA begins to sing the "I lift my lamp" song. She and the others continue to sing under the following exchange between KONRAD and IRINA.

MUSIC:

Track: Act 1 I LIFT MY LAMP 2

The first and second verses are in the clear with no dialogue. Dialogue comes in on the 3rd verse at:43 with IRINA "It doesn't make sense." Track plays to completion under dialogue, ending around KONRAD's "Mother!" on pg 17.

IRINA

It doesn't make sense. Everyone was
dead. Now they're living with an
angel-bird as their leader?

TRIG

The song's kinda catchy though.
Care to dance?

IRINA

Konrad, Konrad? --Back to the
drawing board with this piece, I
think. Good effort though. Let's
go.

KONRAD

It's not over!

IRINA

Oh, honey, it is.

KONRAD

You're interrupting my play.

IRINA

I'm tired, darling -

KONRAD

You're ruining the flow -

IRINA

I've seen enough --

KONRAD

Why are you so damn rude?

IRINA

Please. This is how you kids 'do art' these days?

KONRAD

No - I mean yes -

FX: The show music starts to degrade as this fight gets louder and more distracting. Audience members get fidgety/gossipy.

IRINA

Latest and greatest 'cutting edge'-

KONRAD

Let someone else be in the spotlight for just one minute-

IRINA

Trig, all this newness just boggles my mind! I've never experienced such new forms, new rules -

TRIG

It's a new world!

IRINA

Hurrah for a new kind of freedom. Konnie, I wish I had some of that.

KONRAD

That's not what I meant. You're making fun of it. You're sabotaging me.

IRINA

I'm not. I'm helping you. This piece -- what's it called?

TRIG

The New Colossus.

IRINA

Yes. Well, it needs a colossal amount of work. You see that, right?

KONRAD

Broaden your mind --

IRINA

Enough, Konrad. It's time to go.

TRIG
 (sings)
 We're free to be - you and me.

IRINA
 (exiting)
 Excuse me, excuse me. We'll
 talk later, darling. I've had
 a long day. Oh, hi! How are
 you?

TRIG (CONT'D)
 (exiting)
 Pardon me. Thanks. Excuse me.

KONRAD
 Mother!

IRINA
 (exiting)
 Freedom! I like the idea. What a
 brave new world they've created.

KONRAD
 Ahhhh! Goddammit, mother!

FX: KONRAD'S gun out of holster. Gasping.

TRIG
 Gun!

FX: Gasp. Gun shot. Injured seagull sound. Falling bird as...

KONRAD
 (wearily)
 The show's over.

FX: Whump of bird landing on the ground near KONRAD. Dying
 bird sound. It's pretty nasty. Silence, then...

IRINA
 (clapping and laughing
 with TRIG)
 Finally, something interesting!

TRIG
 What an ending! Was that on
 purpose?

IRINA
 Who cares?!

TRIG
 You blew its brains out. How'd you
 do that?

IRINA

Bravo, Konnie! Everyone? What do you think?

TRIG

Wonderful! Bravo!

FX: Audience applause. Murmuring.

IRINA

I don't know about a real gun on stage -

TRIG

Totally worth it for that ending.

IRINA

Absolutely. Ok, dear, bye for now.

FX: TRIG and IRINA exiting, fading.

TRIG

(exiting)

Death and destruction, wow, unexpected.

IRINA

(exiting)

He did salvage it in the end.

MASHA

Alrighty, we're done, people. Go home. No refunds.

FX: Audience leaving.

NINA

Konnie, they totally liked it. They just need to think about it. I did.

MASHA

You have some feathers on your face, Kon.

KONRAD

I don't care.

MEDDIE

I'll get something to clean up the bird.

KONRAD

No, Meddie, leave it.

MEDDIE

Why?

KONRAD

I'm taking it with me.

MEDDIE

What are you gonna do with a dead seagull?

MASHA

Make art.

FX: MEDDIE 'huh.' MASHA'S cellphone gets a text.

MASHA (CONT'D)

Mom, where are you? It's Dad.

PAULIE

I'm talking to Sorin.

MASHA

He says come home.

FX: PAULIE walks/wheels SORIN closer.

PAULIE

Both of us or just you?

MASHA

Both. Where's your phone?

PAULIE

I left it at home. He's gonna be pissed he can't reach me.

SORIN

He's pissed when he can reach you, Paulie.

MASHA

You said it. Bye, peeps.

KONRAD

Hey Mash, could you and your mom push Uncle Sorin up to the house?

MASHA

Sure.

MEDDIE

Aren't you in charge of him? He's your job.

SORIN
I'm right here. What about what I want?

MASHA
It's on the way. Mom won't mind.

PAULIE
I won't?

MASHA
Do either of you mind if we push Sorin's wheelchair up to the house?

No. PAULIE No. SORIN

MASHA
Then let's go.

FX: Exit - MASHA, SORIN (wheelchair), PAULIE

KONRAD
You got a bag or something?

MEDDIE
It had donuts in it.

KONRAD
It'll smell nice at least.

MEDDIE
Why do you want that, dude? That's messed up.

KONRAD
Because I want it because -- like Masha said for art.

MEDDIE
Ok. Well, here.

FX: Opening paper bag. Scooping dead bird into it.

KONRAD
Thanks. Come on, little buddy.

OUTRO: Thanks so much for listening to episode 1 of 6.

The New Colossus was written, directed, and produced by Tamara Kissane.

This audio drama was adapted from Tamara's 2016 stage play produced by Little Green Pig Theatrical Concern and inspired by Anton Chekhov's play, THE SEAGULL written in 1895.

Big thanks to the incredible team who made this audio production possible:

Executive Producer: Aurelia Belfield.

Sound design and editing by Sam Elia.

Original Music by Edith Snow and Skylar Gudasz.

The audio was recorded at Trailblazer Studios by Cameron Fitzpatrick, our audio engineer and production manager Kyma Lassiter with additional support from production assistants Barbette Hunter and Kaley Morrison. This audio drama features the acting talents of Ron Lee McGill as Konrad, Carly P. Jones as Nina, Edith Snow as Irina, John Jimerson as Trig, Skylar Gudasz as Masha, Ryan Ladue as Meddie, Susannah Hough as Paulina and Michael Foley as Sorin. Kyma Lassiter was the anonymous interviewee on the street. Graphic design by Kaley Morrison.

For more information and to become a patron, please visit thenewcolossuspodcast.com. For any questions or just to say hi, email us at thenewcolossuspodcast@gmail.com and check us out on Twitter, Instagram, and Facebook. Links are in the shownotes. Thanks for listening. Stay tuned.

#END OF EPISODE 1#

EPISODE TWO

SEE INTRO AT THE BEGINNING OF EPISODE ONE FOR GENERAL TRIGGER WARNINGS, AND INTRO CREDITS.

2 SCENE 2 - EXT - SORIN ESTATE - AFTERNOON - A FEW DAYS LATER 2

NOTE: KONRAD's impromptu, no frills interview location in his Uncle's backyard.

FX: Distant shore sounds and daytime sounds. TRIG and IRINA laughing or making light conversation (seated in front of the camera). KONRAD plugging in equipment, flipping switches and turning on the camera. The low-key sound of SORIN's oxygen tank or monitor. (SORIN is parked on the periphery.)

KONRAD

Ok. Almost ready. Ok. We're good.
The New Colossus Feedback Sessions.
Konrad Arkin with Irina Arkin and
Trig O'Ryan. We're rolling.
Go ahead.

IRINA

Is it really necessary to video
record this? Just take notes.

KONRAD

It's my thing.

TRIG

Kids document their lives now.

KONRAD

It's feedback on The New Colossus.
It all folds back into my art.

TRIG

They chronicle everything --
coffee, pets, food -- then they
share it with a bunch of strangers
online. It's how they feel seen.

IRINA

Well, I don't feel like being seen.
My hair's not right.

TRIG

Your hair's always right.

IRINA

You're not going to share this with
'the masses,' are you, Konnie?

KONRAD

Can you just do this for me,
Mother?

IRINA

Not if you're gonna give me the
stink-eye for the whole interview.

KONRAD

Tell me what you thought of it.

IRINA

I liked the ending.

KONRAD

That wasn't the ending.

IRINA

Konnie, I don't understand why you
write such nonsense. Audiences
don't want political post-
apocalyptic quagmires, they want to
forget their problems.

KONRAD

I don't want my art to induce
amnesia, Mother. I want my art to
make change.

IRINA

People don't want change. They want
to be entertained. That's what they
pay for.

TRIG

You're making him feel bad.

IRINA

You expect me to treat this like a
masterpiece? "The New Colossus" was
yet another blatant opportunity to
school me on the 'right' way to
make art. We've been down that road
before, Konnie, your petulance
bores me.

TRIG

He's trying to please you. Like we
all are.

IRINA

I know. I know that. Konnie, I didn't mean to offend you but I do know something about this -- I've made my career as an artist --

KONRAD

Ohhhhh, I didn't ask you to be in it!

IRINA

What? -

KONRAD

That's what this is about. 'Irina Arkin' hated my play because she wasn't the star. Even out in the boonies in Uncle's backyard, Mother can't stand the thought that Nina's the one who gets the attention.

TRIG

Konrad, come on man, your mother adores you -

KONRAD

My mother resents my existence. She can't pretend to be 35 when I'm around. The math doesn't work, does it, Mother? And her 'art' is a joke. Irina made her career in sloppy, B-movie, fast food entertainment. There's no art there. It's all shit.

TRIG

Do you know how hard it is

KONRAD

Shut up, Sell Out. You know, Trigger, I read your early stuff. Some of it was really good. What happened?

FX: TRIG laughs.

KONRAD (CONT'D)

Now you write formulaic fucking paperbacks people buy in the airport -- trashy spy thrillers that go down easy with a cocktail and some fucking peanuts. You're a hack.

(MORE)

KONRAD (CONT'D)

You two are meant for each other.
It's disgusting. I'm tired of it.

TRIG

You're really getting worked up.

KONRAD

What did you think of my play?

TRIG

I loved it. I didn't get it, but it
was sincere. Doesn't matter anyway.
It's all about marketing. You don't
need to make good art, you just
need to sell it.

IRINA

Perhaps in publishing -

TRIG

In everything. It's about who's
buying what you're selling.
Nina was a revelation.

IRINA

Mmm. Well, I hope this little
skirmish assists you in your art-
making, Konrad. Your mother
retreats, tail between her legs,
ready to dive back into her
pathetic career.

KONRAD

Mother -

IRINA

If that stupid doctor would figure
out what is wrong with your Uncle,
we could leave!

SORIN

I'm just getting old, honey.

IRINA

(startled)
Oh! Sorin! - Have you been there
this whole time?

SORIN

Yes.

TRIG

I didn't see him either.

SORIN
Happens a lot.

TRIG
Have Konrad put a bell on your
chair.

IRINA
Stop.

TRIG
Or a horn?

IRINA
Brother, you're not old, you're
distinguished. You'll be back to
your chipper self when we get you a
decent doctor. Does this town have
any physicians who practice 21st
century medicine? I've half a mind
to take you back to the City with
me.

SORIN
Not the concrete jungle!

IRINA
Konrad, as soon as we have a
reasonable course of treatment for
your Uncle, Trig and I will return
to the City and leave you in peace.
Are you still recording?

KONRAD
Once it's on, it's on.

IRINA
Wonderful. For your archives then.
If any of this shows up in the
tabloids, you'll hear from my
lawyer. I still pay for all of your
living expenses, my dear, so I
suspect you don't want to go down
that path.

TRIG
Sugar, he's finding his voice. It's
difficult for a young man.

IRINA
(getting up to leave)
Pfft!

FX: NINA enters.

NINA
Here I come!

KONRAD
Hey babe. You next?

NINA
Oh. I'm interrupting -

KONRAD
No-

NINA
You told me to come by when I could
get away -

KONRAD
It's cool -

NINA
Dad and Cindy just left so-

IRINA
Come over here, we're done.

NINA
It's ok, I'll wait -

IRINA
We're done. Come here. Uh, I'm out
of patience with the insecurity of
youth! Nina, you are an actress
now. Embrace your public.

NINA
Oh. Well, hello. Sorry.
(to herself) Silly goose.

IRINA
I didn't introduce you properly
yesterday. This is Trig O'Ryan,
bestselling author, man of the
world, and my paramour. Trig, you
remember Nina?

TRIG
With the wings.

IRINA
One of the neighborhood girls.

TRIG
Nina, your performance. Bravo!

IRINA

An enchanting performance from a budding young star. Nina, tell us, what will you do next? You must have plans to leave this backwater town?

NINA

It's my dream to be onstage or in the movies... or TV, anything, I don't know. It's my dream, anyway.

TRIG

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on..."

NINA

Oh, yes. I've read all your books. I'm pleased to -

IRINA

Nina, you and I are at very different places in our careers -- of course I know nothing about starting from scratch in the City, but I'm happy to connect you with someone -- perhaps my agent -- although he has someone much like you on his roster already - Anyway, you could be in the City in time for pilot season if you pack your bags now. Let me know, dear. If you want to make a run for the brass ring, you can't hide that light under a basket.

KONRAD

(Groan.)

NINA

Thank you. I will. I'm sorry. Silly goose.

IRINA

Yes. Well, goodbye.

FX: IRINA and TRIG walking away.

TRIG

Why does she keep saying silly goose?

IRINA

Because she is one.

KONRAD
Babe, sit so I can get you in the shot.

NINA
Oh, ok.

FX: NINA sits. Kiss, nuzzle.

KONRAD
(kisses her)
Hey, hey, hey, I could eat you up.

NINA
Not on camera, Kon.

KONRAD
Let's celebrate some love!

NINA
It's private.

KONRAD
You ok?

NINA
I don't mind your mom, but Trig -- he's like super famous. I feel unworthy or something.

KONRAD
He's just a guy. He's sleeping with my mom.

NINA
He's really talented, Kon. He's written soooo many books. Like, nail biters, you know? They keep me up at night.

KONRAD
I wouldn't know. I haven't read them.

NINA
Really? Oh. That's ok.

FX: KONRAD steps back behind the camera. Claps.

KONRAD
Let's do this, baby! The New Colossus Feedback Sessions with Konrad Arkin. Still rolling.
(MORE)

KONRAD (CONT'D)

Nina, what did you think of my play?

NINA

It was fine. It's hard to perform. There aren't any real people in it. Or real life situations.

KONRAD

It's a dream play. It's a meditation.

NINA

I know, but not a lot happens -- it's all just talking. There outta be a love story. All good plays have love stories.

KONRAD

Right. Of course.

NINA

I did love my wings and my little nest though. I felt like a real actress. I'm proud of you, Kon.

KONRAD

I'm proud of you too, babe. You're my star.

NOTE: MASHA enters and stands near SORIN. She holds two beers, and a brown bag lunch.

FX: Humming. Footsteps.

MASHA

Hi-dy ho! My turn?

KONRAD

Yep.

MASHA

Hey, Sorin. Mom made you lunch.

FX: Bag lunch crinkling.

SORIN

Yummy. Oooh, there's a note.

MASHA

(Offers a beer to KONRAD)
Beer, Kon?

KONRAD
Nah, I got some.

MASHA
Ok. More for me.

FX: MASHA sitting, beer opening.

SORIN
I'll have one.

MASHA
None for you, S. It'll fuck you up
cuz of your meds.

SORIN
I can't have anything good.

NINA
I gotta go. Dad and Cindy are
taking me out.

MASHA
Fancy pants.

KONRAD
Smooches first!

NINA
Off camera.

KONRAD
Wherever I can get yah, babe.

FX: Smooching. MASHA drinking. SORIN digging in the bag.

MASHA
Well, I'm grossed out.

SORIN
Paulie's cookies! I love these.

MASHA
She knows.

KONRAD
See, Uncle, you can have good
things.

NINA
See yahs.

MASHA
Tootles.

FX: NINA exits. KONRAD returns behind the camera.

KONRAD

Ok! Still rolling...
The New Colossus Feedback Sessions
with Konrad Arkin.
Mash, what did you think of my
play?

MASHA:

I tried to find you after the
(makes gun shooting sound)...where
did you go?

KONRAD

To the pier.

MASHA

I looked there. I didn't see you.

KONRAD

I didn't mean to shoot that bird,
Mash.

MASHA

I know.

SORIN

What'd you mean to shoot?

KONRAD

It was an accident. I shot into the
air - I -

SORIN

You shoot a gun, you're gonna hit
something eventually.(makes a gun
noise)

MASHA

Everyone knows it was an accident,
Kon. It's no big deal.

KONRAD

Yeah. Want another?

MASHA

Serve it up, dude.

FX: Beer being tossed. Beers being opened and sipped.

MASHA (CONT'D)

Ok, my favorite part was the music.
It was simply divine.

KONRAD
You wrote the music.

MASHA
Duh, I know. That was a joke.

KONRAD
You're the only one with real talent, Masha.

MASHA
No. Thanks -

KONRAD
Nina and I have technique, and people say we're nice to look at, but you're just naturally good.

MASHA
No. Thanks. I mean -- You went to school for this stuff - there's no comparison. Um. I mean I liked the music - but I was joking -- I liked other things too that you did.

FX: MASHA drinks some beer.

KONRAD
Like what, for example?

MASHA
For example, your introduction...
"The world is wiped clean of disappointments...and all is quiet for a thousand more years, until one day the world is new again..."
You're a poet, Konrad. When you speak, your voice gets so sad and your eyes and your skin... It's very...moving. Your ideas and your words all resonate in me like -

SORIN
Sounds like you want something other than his words to resonate in you, darling.

SORIN laughs. Hellacious awkward beat.

FX: Distant PAULIE humming.

MASHA
(seeing her mom)
There's my mom! Mom! Come 'ere.
(MORE)

MASHA (CONT'D)

Ask my mom what she thinks, Kon.
Hey, Mom-

FX: PAULIE enters with a plate of cookies (ignoring SORIN).

PAULIE

Hi

MASHA

What did you think of Konrad's
play?

PAULIE

I really liked the music.

MASHA

Mom!

KONRAD

Get in the frame, Paulie.

FX: PAULIE crosses and crouches next to MASHA to be on camera.

PAULIE

Alright. Honestly, I welcome
anything that allows me to spend
some time with my precious child.
It was fun to do something
together.

FX: PAULIE kisses MASHA on the cheek noisily.

PAULIE (CONT'D)

Thank you for that, Konrad.

KONRAD

K.

PAULIE

Take a cookie.

KONRAD

Nah

MASHA

I'll have one.

FX: Cookie crunching.

PAULIE

Konrad, you should concentrate more on writing what you want to write rather than trying to be some great artiste. I didn't recognize a bit of you up there. How's your Uncle?

KONRAD

Fine, I guess. He's right there.

PAULIE

Oh, is he?

SORIN

I know you saw me, Paulie.

PAULIE

Tell him to cut back on the smokes and the hip flask. I know he sneaks. You're supposed to be taking care of him.

SORIN

I can hear you. I want a cookie too.

PAULIE

Be quiet, you old thing. You already got one.

FX: Cellphone rings.

PAULIE (CONT'D)

Masha, your father's checking in.

KONRAD

You need to go?

MASHA

No! Mom, I'm almost done.

FX: PAULIE sends text as she speaks below.

PAULIE

I'll text him. Don't be much longer. It's family night.

MASHA

Since when?

PAULIE

Since your father said.

MASHA
I need more beer.

PAULIE
Konrad, please say something nice
to Masha. It would make her day.

MASHA
Mom-

PAULIE
She really likes you -- She's
always talking about you-

MASHA
On my God, Mom, go.

SORIN
Cookie? Please?

PAULIE
Wheel over here and get one.

SORIN
On my way.

FX: Wheel chair sound. Cookie crunching. Laugh.

PAULIE
Here. Remember Family Night, Mash.
Come home. Bye.

FX: PAULIE exits.

MASHA
(sighs)
Ok.

Beat.

KONRAD
We're still rolling.

MASHA
Why?

KONRAD
Tell me what else you liked!

MASHA
I liked it all. Nina was good. Of
course. Anyway, I was just glad to
be a part of it, I-

FX: MASHA drops or knocks over her beer. Beer sloshing out.

MASHA (CONT'D)
Oh, shit. Sorry. Move your stuff
back. Fuck me.

FX: She uses her shirt and sleeves to wipe up the mess.

SORIN
(laughing)
Beer, beer everywhere and not a
drop to drink.

MASHA
God, it's everywhere.

SORIN
Your mom packed a napkin in here.

FX: Bag rustling.

MASHA
That's too small - I'll use my
shirt - Don't record this, Kon.
Fucking shit. Just pause it.

KONRAD
(overlapping with MASHA's
apologies)
It's cool, Mash. Just kick that
stuff outta the way. It's all
garbage equipment anyway. I don't
need anything else from you. I'm
gonna take this on the road.

FX: KONRAD unplugging camera. Walking across the lawn as he's talking. Walking across gravel to MEDDIE writing/shuffling papers at a picnic table.

KONRAD (CONT'D)
Konrad Arkin on the move. Looking
for another satisfied audience
member from THE NEW COLOSSUS.
Ooooh, look who we got here!

KONRAD finds MEDDIE grading a stack of paperwork and eating day-old bakery products.

MEDDIE
(donut in mouth)
Go away. Not now.

KONRAD approaches MEDDIE with the camera.

KONRAD
Meddie, my man!

MEDDIE
Konrad, I don't have time for your
art project.

KONRAD
Come on, Med.

MEDDIE
I'm busy with real work, then I got
the bakery.

KONRAD
Put that shit down and tell me what
you thought of my play. Look over
here, dude, come on.

MEDDIE
No. Screw off.

KONRAD
Five minutes. Tell me what you
think. It would really -- Oooo-hooo
donuts!

MEDDIE
It's the day-old stuff.

KONRAD
Donut Monster! Nom!

FX: KONRAD grabs a donut from the box.

MEDDIE
Not that one. Mom likes sprinkles.

FX: KONRAD grabs a different donut from the box. MEDDIE grabs
another. They eat while they talk

KONRAD
I like the glaze, baby. Mmm. Come
on. Look into the lens and tell me
what you thought of my play.

MEDDIE
Fine. I thought 'The New Colossus'
was way too weird - not that you'd
write for regular people - but it
was just way too inaccessible for
the average normal person.

(MORE)

MEDDIE (CONT'D)

Mostly, I thought it was an excuse for you and Nina to rub our faces in your artistic juices. "Oh, look, she's his muse! They're in love, la, la, la. Artist power couple!" And, you wanted to piss off your mom, which you did, and she pissed you off too which you both get off on. Right? That's what I thought. Masha's music was superior. Did you interview her?

KONRAD

Yeah.

MEDDIE

What'd she say?

KONRAD

She liked it.

MEDDIE

Of course. She loves your tortured artist routine even though you'd never go for her. You'd never go for her, right?

KONRAD

Nah.

MEDDIE

Maybe I'll start writing poetry when I'm not working or taking care of Mom. You think that would make a difference? She might come around. She'll come around. I'm a catch, right?

KONRAD

Sure, dude. You're a good guy. Some ladies really like that. I just saw her out back if you wanna grab her.

MEDDIE

(rising)

Yeah. Yeah. Let's go.

FX: MEDDIE rises, grabs his paperwork and heads back to the find MASHA. KONRAD follows, still taping. Papers. Footsteps on gravel leading to footsteps on grass. They talk while they walk.

MEDDIE (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, man, you should concentrate on making documentaries. Use your talents for good.

KONRAD

Naw.

MEDDIE

You should.

KONRAD

Stop 'shoulding' on me, man.

MEDDIE

You keep talking about using your art to make change. My school is five blocks away and it's a real hell-hole. Bring your camera and capture some of that. Get some resources in there for the kids. Shit, help me get a raise, man. Teachers in that place are dying.

KONRAD

I know, dude. I'll think about it, it's just not my thing, you know?

MEDDIE

Yeah.

FX: Footsteps stop. THEY have reached the backyard, but MASHA is gone.

MEDDIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Sorin. Where's Masha?

SORIN

You just missed her.

FX: MEDDIE stomps his foot.

MEDDIE

(stomping)

Nuts!

SORIN

You got frosting on your face.

MEDDIE

What?

SORIN

All over.

MEDDIE

Shit! Konrad, you had the camera right on my face and you didn't tell me?

KONRAD

I capture reality man. Can't shy away from it.

MEDDIE

You're so full of shit. (to SORIN)
Sorin, you want a push back to the house?

SORIN

No, go on. I'll have Konrad wheel me back.

KONRAD

Sure, Uncle. Lemme pack up first.

FX: Zippers, unscrewing stuff, tripod, cords, etc. thru the following.

MEDDIE

Alright. Later.

FX: Footsteps. MEDDIE exits.

SORIN

Aren't you going to ask me what I thought of your play?

KONRAD

What did you think of my play?

SORIN

You don't think I have an opinion?
Or is my opinion meaningless
because I'm a sick old man?

KONRAD

No —

SORIN

You all treat me like a piece of furniture to be shifted around periodically until I die. I'm no potted plant, goddammit. I'm still here.

FX: SORIN coughs and shakes a bit.

KONRAD

Easy, Uncle, lay it on me. What'd you think of my play?

SORIN

Konrad, there are two things I wanted in life – to be a published author and to marry someone good...someone good for me. I failed on both counts. I've carried around the idea for my novel for forty years. Almost twice your lifetime. I haven't written down a word of it, but I wrestle with it every day, polishing turns of phrase, dialogue... I have written that goddamn novel in my head hundreds of times. I tell you, nephew, it's a godddamn masterpiece.

KONRAD

Well, it's never too late, Uncle, you –

SORIN

I won't! That's the point, godddammit. I missed my window. I've run out of time. I'm too goddamn tired now, anyway. Konrad, I thought your play was very strange. But the piece had heart, and I really liked that. You expressed yourself. You struggled with big meaningful ideas. Freedom! Rebirth! You put yourself out there. I believe you have potential, nephew. You could make something of yourself – even more so than your mother. Keep going.

KONRAD

Hold up. You liked it? Really?

FX: KONRAD begins re-assembling camera equipment frantically, as SORIN shows signs of increasingly breathlessness, coughing, etc.

SORIN

Yes, goddammit. Must I repeat myself?

KONRAD

Yeah. Yeah, I gotta get that...I need to....ok... Just say exactly what you said, Uncle. Here, look into the camera.

(He's filming.)

The New Colossus Feedback Sessions continued. Konrad Arkin. Sorin Arkin.

Uncle Sorin, what did you think of my play? Here. Look here. Say it. I'll come closer. Uncle, what did you think of my play? Say what you just said before -- we're rolling. We're rolling.

SORIN nods and tries to carry on speaking, but he's not up to the task. He waves off KONRAD who is moving closer with the camera.

SORIN

(coughing)

Later. later.

KONRAD

No, no, no, you can do it! Come on.

SORIN looks at KONRAD helplessly, angrily, and roughly pushes the camera away. SORIN fumbles for his medication, inhaler, flask or whatever. KONRAD looks on.

FX: SORIN trying to unzip side pocket while wheezing.

SORIN

Not - not --

KONRAD

...but you said...I need to get that...Right? I have to get it...

KONRAD is melting down.

SORIN

(coughing)

I liked it. I did. I can't --

FX: IRINA enters. SORIN wheezes.

IRINA

Konnie, Konnie, it's time for - Sorin?! What is going on? Konrad, run up to the house and get his bag.

KONRAD

No, no, this is important.

IRINA

Jesus Christ! You're supposed to have it with you. Just breathe, Brother. It's ok. Konrad! Get that fucking camera out of my --

FX: IRINA knocks the camera away. Camera falls on the ground.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Go! Now!

KONRAD

He's fine! Why are you - why do you-

FX: MEDDIE runs in.

MEDDIE

Hey. I saw from the street -- is this what you need?

IRINA

Thank you, Meddie. Sorin, here, breathe.

FX: Inhaler. SORIN breathes more easily. KONRAD picks up camera.

KONRAD

Ok, you're ok. It's still working. Look at the camera. Uncle, say what you said.

MEDDIE

Konnie-

IRINA

Stop it. I give you one job --

KONRAD

He's not my job. This is my job. THIS is important TO ME. If I don't get it, it's gone --

MEDDIE

Later, Dude. Look at the guy.

KONRAD

He'll forget. It won't be the same.

FX: IRINA releases the wheelchair break and begins wheeling SORIN away.

IRINA
(exiting)
I'm taking him back to the house.

KONRAD
You take everything from me. Now
it's gone. Ahhh

FX: KONRAD takes gun out of holster.

MEDDIE
Shit!

FX: Gun shot. KONRAD yelps in pain. Injured seagull sound.
Falling bird. Whump of bird hitting on the ground near
KONRAD. It's pretty nasty.

MEDDIE (CONT'D)
Gross, man.

OUTRO AND THEME MUSIC PLAYS. SEE END OF EPISODE #1 FOR
CREDITS, ETC.

#END OF EPISODE 2#

EPISODE THREE

SEE INTRO AT THE BEGINNING OF EPISODE ONE FOR GENERAL TRIGGER WARNINGS, AND INTRO CREDITS.

3 SCENE 3 - EXT - SAME DAY - EVENING 3

NOTE: IRINA is smoking outside. PAULIE approaches holding a half dozen chocolate cupcakes.

FX: Distant shore sounds and evening sounds. IRINA smoking. PAULIE approaches.

PAULIE

What are you doing out here?

IRINA

Pretending not to smoke. Was it always this buggy?

PAULIE

Yeah.

IRINA

Mmm. What's shakin', Paulie? Wanna cig?

PAULIE

No thanks. Irina, I know it's late....but...ta-da! Cupcakes! Fresh from the oven.

IRINA

For Sorin?

PAULIE

For you. How's Konrad?

IRINA

Fine.

PAULIE

Masha said he grazed his head -

IRINA

He's sleeping like a baby. Sorin is too. Trig is writing. Everyone's fine.

PAULIE

You could've come over.

IRINA
To do what?

PAULIE
Just sit.

IRINA
I am sitting. Sure you don't want a
cig?

PAULIE
I quit. Scoot over. (She sits.) How
about a cupcake?

IRINA
No.

PAULIE
Why not?

IRINA
I can't.

PAULIE
Shut up. It's tradition. I always
bake these to welcome you back.

IRINA
I can't eat them. Take'em home.

PAULIE
Irina, I made these as a gift for
you.

IRINA
I didn't ask you to make me
anything. I never do.

PAULIE
It's what I do when you come home.

IRINA
This hasn't been my home for 25
years, Paulie. Go eat them
yourself!

PAULIE
Ah! Forget it! I'll just throw them
out!

IRINA
Not here, you won't. Take them
home.

FX: PAULIE and IRINA struggle over the plate.

PAULIE
There's a trash can right over
there -

IRINA
No!

PAULIE
Just take one! You're so
ungrateful!

IRINA
Fine!

FX: IRINA grabs a cupcake, throws it to the ground and stomps
on it furiously.

IRINA (CONT'D)
There! That's what I think of your
cupcake! There!

Pause. IRINA gathers herself.

PAULIE
What is wrong with you?

IRINA
Nothing is wrong with me. You don't
listen. You never listen.
I'm not allowed to eat them.
My agent won't send me out because
I'm fat.

PAULIE
That's ridiculous.

IRINA
Easy for you to say. No one cares
what you look like.

PAULIE
Really?

IRINA
You could eat cupcakes til you
exploded. Who around here would
care?

PAULIE
(She prepares to leave)
Do what you want with the stupid
cupcakes. Shove them up your ass.

IRINA

Take them with you?

PAULIE

Just throw them away, Irina! I don't give a shit. I don't want them either.

IRINA

If they stay here, I'll pick them out of the trash later and eat them.

PAULIE

Ah-ha, you do like my cupcakes!

IRINA

Well, I'm fucking starving and my willpower is erratic. I'm serious, Paulie. My agent isn't going to bend this time, and I need to book something fast. This place bleeds me dry...Konrad...Sorin...the City...

PAULIE

Things will pick up.

IRINA

They always do.

PAULIE

You know it's ridiculous, right?

IRINA

It's the game.

PAULIE

(seductively)

We could split one? No one will know. So tasty...

FX: PAULIE eating cupcake/licking her fingers.

IRINA

You bitch, you're trying to sabotage me!

PAULIE shrugs.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Are you trying to sabotage me?

PAULIE

No. Not really. A little.
There are people who care what I
look like. I care.

IRINA

How many have you eaten today?

PAULIE

Four. Screw you.
You've always thought you were
better than the rest of us.

IRINA

How else could I have survived?

FX: PAULIE sits. Eats more cupcake.

PAULIE

Huh. Well, I think you look fucking
fabulous, Irina.

IRINA

Yeah? Check this out.

NOTE: IRINA laughs and stands and begins undoing her clothes.
IRINA hums a strip tease. Creak of table. Zipper. Snaps.

PAULIE

What are you doing?

FX: Laugh. Clothing shift or bra unlatching.

FX: Blop, blop on the picnic table. Or squish.

IRINA

Meet the twins. Henny. And Penny.

PAULIE

Oh, God. What are those?

IRINA

Cutlets.

PAULIE

What?

IRINA

They plump my boobs.

PAULIE

Wow!

IRINA
Meet my butt pad.

FX: Zipper and flump.

PAULIE
Does it have a name too?

IRINA
Makes my ass look like a peach. You
can touch it.

PAULIE touches the butt pad.

PAULIE
Incredible!

IRINA
My waist-cincher.

FX: Unlatching.

IRINA (CONT'D)
Ah...I can breathe!

PAULIE
You're all trussed up -

IRINA
Mmm-hmm. That's only the tip of the
iceberg, sweetie -

PAULIE
You don't need that stuff -- you're
gorgeous, you're smart-

IRINA
Depends on who you ask.

PAULIE
You're a star.

IRINA
I'm not. I gotta take whatever they
give me.

PAULIE
For now

IRINA
For now

PAULIE

(laughing)

Well, screw it. I'm having another. Want a lick? You probably burned some calories getting out of that mess.

IRINA

Move them closer so I can smell them. Paulie, you really think I look fucking fabulous?

PAULIE

Yes honey, I do.

4

SCENE 4 - INT - SAME DAY - EVENING

4

NOTE: TRIG is seated at a table trying to write. He writes old-school style with a notebook and pen, but he has a laptop on the table for Googling. Sound of a fan.

FX: TRIG writes, mumbles to himself, tears out paper.

TRIG

Ahhhh! Goddamn fucking Jesus christ shitty writers' fucking block! What the fuck, Trig? What. The. Fuck. You've written alotta books, man. Lots. Just put the words on the paper. Just man the fuck up, you fucking baby. (beat) Time to phone a friend.

FX: TRIG dialing cellphone.

TRIG (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Hey babe, Trig here. Yeah it's been awhile. How are yah? Yeah, listen I'm about to duck into a meeting, - yeah a late meeting - but I got a quick question for you about my last book. You haven't? Well, you're probably the only one. It's on the best seller list. You got a copy though right? Oh, fabulous. There's a character in it who reminds me of you. The sexy one, of course. Let's talk after you read it, ok? Ok, well, they're waving me in so, yeah call me after you read it -- yeah, fantastic to hear your voice too -- yeah, I gotta run. Ok.

FX: TRIG hangs up.

TRIG (CONT'D)

She was no fucking help. Trig.
Trigster. Trigstar. Get yourself
together, man.

NOTE: On his laptop, TRIG pulls up a press document for his new book. He begins to read quotes aloud while masturbating.

FX: Zipper. Computer clicking. Clothing shuffle.

TRIG (CONT'D)

Time to unleash the dragon. Ok,
yeah, that's better. Let's see what
the pros say about you. Feel the
love, ok...

FX: Computer tapping.

TRIG (CONT'D)

Here we go, here we go.
New York Time Book Review, "With
Hangman's Knuckles, Trig O'Ryan
proves once again that he can run
with the big boys of suspense:
Patterson, Grisham, King, Silva,
and Baldacci. Occasionally, he even
outpaces them."
John Grisham says, "A searing look
into uncharted human depravity
accompanied by unrelenting twists
and turns that had me on the edge
of my seat. This book is not for
the faint of heart!"
Quote from Stephen King, "Like fine
wine, O'Ryan's writing is improving
with age. The danger of Hangman's
Knuckles is that once you get a
taste of it, you can't put it
down!"
From James Patterson, "Hangman's
Knuckles has a little something for
everyone. It's electric. O'Ryan is
at the top of his game."

TRIG (CONT'D)

See. That's right. Everybody loves
your work. You still got it. Make
the call. Bring it home. Let's
see...

FX: TRIG dialing cellphone.

TRIG (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Hey, sweetie. Yeah. How are yah?
 Good. No, don't come over, I'm not
 in the City, just ah tell me what
 you liked about my last book again,
 would yah? A little writer's block.
 Just need to grease the wheels a
 bit. Ok? Can you help me,
 sweetheart? No, I like it on the
 phone. Yeah, that's good...what
 else...what else...

TRIG has the big O.

5

SCENE 5 - EXT - SAME DAY - EVENING

5

NOTE: KONRAD is conducting 'man on the street' interviews.
 His head is bandaged and his mother doesn't know he's out of
 the house. [NOTE: Other actor responses in brackets.]

FX: Walking, light street noise, field recording.

KONRAD

(approaching random
 people)

Excuse me, do you mind if I ask you
 a few quick questions on camera?
 [Ok] Do you read books? [Yeah] Have
 you ever read anything by Trig
 O'Ryan. [No] No? Have you ever
 heard of him? [No] He writes
 thrillers. Do you like thrillers?
 [Not really]
 Ok, You watch TV? [Yeah] You watch
 the movies? [Sometimes] Have you
 ever heard of an actress named
 Irina Arkin? [No] She's done some
 soap operas, do you watch those?
 [Not really] Well, have you heard
 of the couple Trigina?[Uh] You know
 - Trig O'Ryan and Irina Arkin --
 Trigina? Like their names
 combined? They're a couple - have
 you heard of them? [I don't think
 so] No? That's what I thought. It's
 like they don't exist! They think
 they're hot shit, but no one knows
 their names! HA!
 This is Konrad Arkin. The people
 have spoken. I'm out.

6 SCENE 6 - EXT - LATE MORNING - FEW DAYS LATER

6

FX: Louder gull sounds and ocean waves on a dock. TRIG sandwich eating and humming. Messing with tackle box. NINA walks down the dock.

NINA
Mr. O’Ryan. Good morning.

TRIG
Call me Trig. Mister makes it weird.

NINA
Ok.

TRIG
I saw people fishing on the pier. I thought I’d try my luck. I like fishing.

NINA
Oh.

TRIG
It’s relaxing. Do you fish?

NINA
No. I don’t like them...suffocating...and the hooks...I made this for you.

She holds out a palm-sized paper crane.

TRIG
Thanks. Why?

NINA
It’s a crane. Can you tell?

TRIG
Yeah. Why’d you make it for me?

NINA
I can tell you like it here. I thought this could be a reminder.

TRIG
Is origami your thing?

NINA
I googled it. I don’t think I could make another one. It’s kinda hard.
(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

I don't know how to make things. I don't know how to do much.

TRIG

(hold out sandwich)

You know how to eat. Have some ham sammich...

NINA

No thanks.

TRIG

It's good. Nibble, nibble little mouse...nibble nibble?...

NINA

Ok.

TRIG holds out the sandwich and NINA takes a little bite.

FX: Bite. Chewing.

TRIG

Good, right? Ok. Now what?

NINA

Huh?

TRIG

Keep standing there with your mouth open (makes open-mouth fish face sound) and I'll put a hook in you. Tell me something interesting.

NINA

(Gears herself up, then awkward attempt at coy seduction)

Ok,...so... my dad and step-mom aren't perverts or anything...but sometimes I can hear them having sex. It's just...it's a small house. Our bedrooms are like next to each other. It's a bad design.

TRIG

(laughing)

Really?

NINA

They do it a lot. More than you'd think. It's weird.

TRIG
(laughing)
Why did you tell me that?

NINA
I dunno. You wanna hear more?

TRIG
Are you trying to impress me,
little girl? Are you trying to
pique my interest?

NINA
I dunno - I mean-

TRIG
Well, I'm not impressed. When I
want fake, I'll go back to the
City.

NINA
But it's true. I mean -

TRIG
You practiced this? In your pink
bedroom with the unicorn posters?

NINA
I just -

TRIG
God! Please can I converse with
someone who is not a phony? Just
one real person? I'm so sick of all
the posing and fucking
manipulation.

NINA
I'm real.

TRIG
I thought you were.

NINA
I am. I'm real.

TRIG
(urgently)
Nina, be you. Be who you are. You
don't have to try to impress me or
anyone else. I was - I am - already-

-

NINA

Really?

TRIG

Well, you're just -- you're -- look at you -- now I'm getting tongue-tied-- (laughs)
Me like you.
That's all.

NINA

Me like you too.

TRIG

Tell me something. That you didn't plan. Be real with me.

NINA

I'm dying?

TRIG

(laughs)
What?

NINA

I probably have cancer. I might. My mom did. She died when I was 11. Everyone with boobs gets it here. Meddie's mom has it... Paulie did. They say it's in the water. Or in the building materials. I don't know. Anyway, I'll probably get cancer in the next five years and die before you even come back here! Why are you laughing?

TRIG

I don't know. You surprised me. Does that make you scared?

NINA

It makes me want to leave.

TRIG

What about Irina?

NINA

What about her?
(pause)

TRIG

You're serious? That's a real thing here?

NINA

Mmm-hmm.

TRIG

Aw, come here.

FX: TRIG holds her. Stepping. Snuggling.

TRIG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, honey. That sucks.

(pause)

You're an odd girl. I like you.

(NINA laughs and snuggles)

Why is life so hard for young people?

NINA

We want things we can't get.

They hold each other.

NINA (CONT'D)

You won't be allowed to fish today,
you know. Irina's party is coming.

FX: Quiet sounds of a party that gradually overtakes them and transitions into the next scene.

OUTRO AND THEME MUSIC PLAYS. SEE END OF EPISODE #1 FOR CREDITS, ETC.

#END OF EPISODE 3#

EPISODE FOUR

SEE INTRO AT THE BEGINNING OF EPISODE ONE FOR GENERAL TRIGGER WARNINGS, AND INTRO CREDITS.

7 SCENE 7 - EXT - SAME DAY

7

MUSIC: Party Set-Up

Plays under dialogue below until Irina steps up to the mic on for Scene 7A on page 61.

NOTE: A bustle of activity and piped in muzak. People are setting up an impromptu/ramshackle carnival. KONRAD has a bandage around his head. He carries the shopping bag with a dead seagull in it and his camera held at his side. PAULIE is commanding the troops.

FX: Ocean sounds as before in Sc 1. Crowd bustling and set-up. Party muzak.

PAULIE

All the food over there. We'll need another table for the drinks.

SORIN

Booze, booze, booze and eats! My kinda party.

PAULIE

Masha, Meddie we need more tables. Konrad, would you help?

KONRAD

I guess

PAULIE

Where are those trash bags? Come on, Sorin.

SORIN

Whoo-hoo!

FX: PAULIE walks away wheeling SORIN.

KONRAD

Has anyone seen Nina?

MASHA

How's your head?

KONRAD
It hurts. I'm fine.

MEDDIE
What's in the bag?

KONRAD
A gift for her.

FX: Paper bag crackling.

MEDDIE
(reaches for the bag)
Lemme see

KONRAD
Don't worry about it.

PAULIE
(calls to them)
Less talking, more working,
children.

SORIN
(from a distance)
Irina's coming.

KONRAD
The Queen approacheth.

FX: IRINA footsteps.

IRINA
Hello, hello! What a glorious day!

KONRAD
Where's your boyfriend?

IRINA
Fishing.

KONRAD
For a decent plot?

IRINA
He'll be here shortly.

MEDDIE
There he is. With Nina.

MASHA
Carrying his pole.

MEDDIE
Nina likes fishing?

MASHA
(to the tune of I like big butts)
She likes big fish and she cannot
lie --

FX: MEDDIE and MASHA sing and laugh.

IRINA
Don't be little shits, darlings.

FX: PAULIE approaching with SORIN

PAULIE
(approaching)
Alrighty, Irina, we're all set
pretty much.

FX: TRIG and NINA footsteps.

TRIG
Salutations, friends!

NINA
Hey.

IRINA
Glad you could make it.

SORIN
Sister my sister! Let's get this
party started!

IRINA
Yes! Let's!

IRINA, as MC of the event, takes the stage and speaks into the microphone.

MUSIC: Party set-up from page 60 fades out

FX: Stepping onto a stage. Microphone sounds.

IRINA (CONT'D)
(on mic)
Test, test. Hello! Hello!

FX: Small crowd 'hello!' or cheer.

IRINA (CONT'D)

(on mic)

Welcome, to our Fun, Fun, Fun Day!

FX: Small crowd clapping.

IRINA (CONT'D)

(on mic)

When I was a girl growing up here, we threw so many wild parties -- singing, dancing, playing, laughing. And love affairs, of course! My big brother was a real Don Juan back then. A heartbreaker. (to SORIN) So many people tripping over their tongues for you. You remember, darling?

SORIN

How could I forget?

FX: Crowd laugh.

IRINA

(on mic)

Yes, I'm happy to report that our dear Sorin is much improved! If he follows doctor's orders, he'll be right as rain. Maybe we can even get you out of that chair for some dancing?!

FX: Crowd laugh/whistle.

IRINA (CONT'D)

(on mic)

Sadly, Trig and I will be returning to the City tomorrow. We have enjoyed our visit here so much, but we both have important business elsewhere. Now we can rest easy with the knowledge that Sorin is on the mend and that my lovely boy, Konrad, will continue to care for him. Thank you, Konrad. For those of you who were in attendance at Konrad's play last week -

FX: KONRAD lifts the camera quickly to record this feedback. Paper bag crinkling. Camera shuffles and turns on.

KONRAD

(whisper)

New Colossus Feedback Sessions
continued. Rolling.

IRINA

(on mic)

I'd like to clear up any confusion.
I continue to be very proud of my
Konrad and his "art". My comments
and Konrad's subsequent behavior
were the result of some minor
misunderstandings. We have put that
all firmly behind us. Haven't we,
Konnie? Put the camera down, dear.

KONRAD

(whispering)

Konrad Arkin here at Fun, Fun, Fun
Day.

IRINA

(covering the mic)

Put that godd -- 1, 2, -

KONRAD

(whispering)

We're out.

FX: Camera off. KONRAD tosses his camera into the shopping
bag. Bag crackle.

IRINA

(clears throat, on mic)

Yes. Now, this shindig was not
cheap, so you'd better enjoy it!
Cue the music. Everyone, dance!

FX: Crowd applause. Music and dancing!

MUSIC: Cue the music! Everyone Dance!

This music transitions into the next scene and volume lowers
to accommodate the dialogue.

NOTE: MEDDIE takes MASHA's arm and pulls her over to the
PROVE YOUR STRENGTH table.

MEDDIE

Fancy a game of strength?

MASHA

Fancy getting your ass kicked? I'm arm wrestling champ three years in a row.

MEDDIE

But I've been lifting weights.

MASHA

When?

MEDDIE

At night when my mom can't sleep. I keep her company.

MASHA

Meddie's motto: "Work more, sleep less"

MEDDIE

It's what I gotta do.

MASHA

You need a beer STAT.

MEDDIE

Yeah.

FX: They open beers, drink and ahhh!

MASHA

Alright, buddy. Prove your strength.

FX: Clasp hands. Struggle.

MEDDIE

Every freaking day...

FX: Whump. MEDDIE Wins.

MEDDIE (CONT'D)

One for me.

MASHA

Again.

FX: Clasp hands. Struggle.

MEDDIE

What does your shirt mean? "I'm in mourning for my life."?

MASHA
It means I'm unhappy.

MEDDIE
No shit. You got no reason.

FX: Whump. MASHA wins.

MASHA
One for me! Best of three, come on,
dude, show me what you got.

FX: They reset. They struggle to win. MASHA'S cellphone vibrates. They pause so she can answer the text.

MASHA (CONT'D)
Hold up.

MEDDIE
Your dad?

MASHA
Yeah. Don't worry about it. Again.

FX: They resume the arm-wrestling struggle.

MEDDIE
At least you're not me. In my
situation.

FX: Whump. MASHA wins. They massage their arms.

MASHA
Ahh! Your situation is that you
have been defeated. Haaaaa - the
crowd goes wild.

MEDDIE
I think I pulled a muscle.

MASHA
I can definitely feel the
difference, dude - the weight
lifting is working.

MEDDIE
Oh. Cool. Masha, I was thinking -
if I had more money, would you -

MASHA
Uh-uh. Money doesn't matter to me.
Your mom doesn't. You know I'm not
into you.

MEDDIE

Can I kiss you on the cheek?
According to the rules, the winner
gets a kiss.

MASHA

The winner makes her own rules. No
kisses. Got any weed?

MEDDIE

A little.

MASHA

Let's smoke.

MEDDIE

Ok.

MASHA

Ok.

MEDDIE

Masha, I love you, but Konrad
doesn't love you, and I feel like
there's a chance that you'll come
around to loving me, but Konrad
will never come around to loving
you. So just want think about that.
I might be your one best chance to
get out of your house and be with
someone who'll really cherish you.
And you can keep making your music
cuz I'll pay for your life - I'll
work three jobs if I have to --
and we can be happy. Because I may
not be fireworks and poetry, but I
am a grown-ass man and Konrad will
never be more than a child who can
hardly take care of himself. Masha,
when you wake up to that, I'll
still be here for you and it'll be
like we never had this
conversation. I'll just be happy
that you chose me and we'll go on
like that just really really happy
together.

FX: IRINA interrupts, pulling KONRAD behind her. KONRAD is
carrying the camera and dead seagull in the shopping bag.
Steps. Bag crackling.

IRINA

Masha! Meddie! Vacate the table,
dears. I'm taking on my offspring.

KONRAD

I don't feel like it, mother.

IRINA

Nonsense. The doctor said you're fine. Masha, you look ill. Are you taking care of yourself?

MASHA

No.

IRINA

Honestly, child, I'm almost twice your age and - here stand next to me. Who looks younger?

MEDDIE

You of course, Miss Irina.

MASHA

You do.

IRINA

Of course. I feel things. I take care of myself. I live! You look like a little old crone. I swear, you kids today mope about like you don't have blood in your veins or a damn aspiration to divide between you. Shake your little asses. Take a bite out of life!

MASHA

Ok

IRINA

Life is for the living. Never think about old age or death. That's a rule. Que sera sera etc. Now, snap out of your funk and go have fun.

MASHA

Let's go.

MEDDIE

Later, Kon. Bye, Miss Irina.

FX: MEDDIE and MASHA exit.

MUSIC from Cue the Music, page 63 has faded out completely by now and is replaced by the following:

MUSIC: Irina and Konrad

Music plays thru the scene, accommodating dialogue, completed by IRINA's "All better now" on pg 72.

IRINA

Bye now. Alright, my dear, prove your strength!

FX: IRINA and KONRAD sit and clasp hands.

KONRAD

(laughs)

Sure.

FX: Whump. Whump. Whump. IRINA wins three rounds in short order.

IRINA

Me. Me. Me. You didn't even try. Come on, winner gets a kiss.

FX: KONRAD kisses her cheek and she rises to check his bandage. In the background, the others are playing games, in particular the dart game that pops balloons.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Aw, thank you, dear. Your bandage is slipping. Sit down, I'll fix it. (startles) Oh! I hate that balloon popping game. Trig! Tell them to stop with the balloons.

TRIG

(in the distance)

It's fun!

IRINA

Fun to scare me half to death? (to KONRAD) There, darling. All fixed. You'll hardly have a scar.

KONRAD

Where did you hide my gun, Mother?

IRINA

Sorin and I put it away for awhile, that's all.

KONRAD

It was an accident. I'm a grown man. It's my property.

IRINA

(laughs)

When you were a child, you drove us crazy with your little obsessions.

(MORE)

IRINA (CONT'D)

Traveling to Mars, holding your breath under water, secret societies -- all sorts of things. You'd set your mind to it whatever it was, everything else be damned. Like a dog with a bone gnawing away. We thought it meant you were a genius so we indulged you, then you became so tiresome. Eventually, we'd bark at you, Ruff! Ruff! as a signal to stop the madness. Ruff, Ruff, Konrad! Down boy! Let it go! We were just teasing of course.

KONRAD

I remember. Ruff. Ruff.

IRINA

But you'd keep on, worrying and worrying at whatever you'd fixated on, until finally I'd take the bone away. Just to have a bit of peace. You didn't like that. What a strange boy you were, Konnie.

KONRAD

I'm not obsessed with my gun.

IRINA

I didn't say you were, dear. You can have it back after we've gone.

KONRAD

You and Trig?

IRINA

Yes.

KONRAD

He's a coward. I told him I wanted to fight him, now he's leaving.

IRINA

He's leaving because I said we're leaving. No more accidents, Konnie - - concentrate on getting better and taking care of your Uncle.

KONRAD

When I was a boy it was just you and me. I'd come with you to the set. I'd sing and dance for you.

IRINA

I remember.

KONRAD

I loved that, Mother. You loved it too. You'd put your hand on my cheek so gently before tucking me in at night. Nina doesn't love me anymore and Uncle Sorin will die soon. Then I'll only have you, but you won't be here anymore.

IRINA

There are so many girls in the world, Konrad. Nina isn't special. I'll always love you.

KONRAD

What about Trig?

IRINA

What about him?

KONRAD

How can you tolerate that horrible man?

IRINA

Trig is sublime!

KONRAD

He walks around here like he's some kind of genius, salivating after Nina, and lording it over me. His books make me sick. You both make me sick.

IRINA

You're just jealous. You can't write a decent little play to put on in the backyard, and Trig is a talented author.

KONRAD

I have more talent than the two of you put together.

IRINA

I've seen absolutely no proof of your talent, my dear.

KONRAD

At least I don't screw my way into the spotlight.

(MORE)

KONRAD (CONT'D)

Trig's famous and your career is fading, Mother. Hoping a little of his star power will rub off on you? Better hold on tight.

IRINA

You little shit.

KONRAD

You're nobody!

IRINA

No, you're nobody! No one outside of this neighborhood gives a fuck about you. If you disappeared off the face of this earth, no one would give a good goddamn. You're nobody! I'm going to cut you off, you hear me? Try making it on your own for once, you little freeloader. I won't baby you anymore, you hear me?

FX: People have gradually slowed their game-playing to watch the IRINA/KONRAD meltdown. KONRAD cries.

KONRAD

I can't write anymore, you know. You don't love me. Nina doesn't love me. I'm disappearing! I'm disappearing.

FX: KONRAD cries quietly. IRINA embraces him and wipes his tears.

IRINA

Oh, don't say that. Konnie, Konnie, please don't cry. There's nothing to cry about, darling. Mother is sorry for losing her temper. All will be well. You'll see. He is going away. She will love you again. Everything will be ok. I would never really cut you off, Konnie. How could I? Ok? We're friends again, aren't we?

FX: KONRAD hugs her fiercely. He feels better.

MUSIC: Irina and Konrad -- track completed. No music under the following:

KONRAD

Yes, Mother, yes.

IRINA

Yes, there's no reason for anyone to fight. All better now.

FX: Beat. Someone coughs/shuffles. KONRAD sniffs. People are quiet (party noise has faded).

IRINA (CONT'D)

For goodness sake, what's everyone looking at? What happened to the music? Play that song I like. Play it! I expect to see everyone dancing!

FX: Dancing and party noise resumes.

MUSIC: Play that song I like!

Music is a transition into the next scene and then volume lowers to accommodate dialogue.

KONRAD

Nina, hey.

NINA

Oh, hey, Kon.

KONRAD

I have something for you.

FX: KONRAD offers her the shopping bag with dead seagull.

NINA

Cool. What's in it?

KONRAD

Open it.

FX: Bag crackle. NINA opens bag.

NINA

Eww, is that the dead bird from your play?

KONRAD

(He begins to laugh.)

No, it's another one.

(NINA joins his laughter.)

I tried to blow my brains out, but I flinched and the gun went off and this fucking bird dropped from the sky just like before. Can you believe it? What are the fucking chances I'd shoot two?

NINA

We do live close to the beach.

KONRAD

I want you to have it.

NINA

I don't want that. Give it to Masha -- she'll stuff it and mount it by her bed.

KONRAD

The point is to give it to you.

NINA

That's weird, Kon.

KONRAD

I'm laying it at your feet.

NINA

But I don't get it, ok? I'm straining to find your metaphor, but everything I come up with is just messed up. Stop acting so odd.

KONRAD

My play was a failure.

NINA

No one cares about that anymore. It was a week ago. I'm leaving, you know.

KONRAD

I know.

NINA

I'm going to the City. Do you think I'm ready?

KONRAD

I think they'll chew you up and spit you out and you'll look like this *(makes dying bird sound)*.

FX: KONRAD nudges the dead bird bag.

NINA

Nice.

KONRAD

Nina Beana, don't go. You're my star.

NINA

I can be everybody's star.

KONRAD

No.

NINA

You'll see. You can say 'you knew me when.' I know you're committed to your Uncle and all, but when he dies, you should leave too. This place is no good.

SCENE 7F

FX: NINA and KONRAD dance/fade away. PAULIE and SORIN move into focus (she's pushing his wheelchair).

MUSIC: Play that song I like (on page 72) fades out and is replaced by the following:

MUSIC: Sorin and Paulie

Music continues under this scene until pg 76.

SORIN

Pull over there, Paulie. You're tired of pushing me.

PAULIE

I'll squeeze you into that bit of shade. Whew. You need to get something with a motor.

SORIN

I'll ask Irina.

FX: Wheels. Brake.

SORIN (CONT'D)

Would you like to come out of the sun, young lady? You can sit on my lap.

PAULIE

(laughs)

You know I would, but I can't.

SORIN

Why not?

PAULIE

People would talk.

SORIN
They already talk.

PAULIE
Well not in a way that hurts anyone. May I get you a snack or some water, sir? It seems you have become my responsibility.

SORIN
You love it.

PAULIE
You think so?

SORIN
Paulie. You're good to me. I should have chosen you.

PAULIE
You should've, but you didn't. There were so many others to mess around with.

SORIN
You married that brute, that goddamn idiot. You're a good person! You're good!

PAULIE
Yes, I am! It doesn't make me feel any better that you're figuring this out twenty-five years too late.

SORIN
And now I'm dying. Goddammit.

PAULIE
Take my hand. No one will take notice of two old friends holding hands.

SORIN
Paulina -

PAULIE
Sorin. Maybe later I'll let you give me a spin on your wheelchair.

SORIN
(laughs)
Fat chance.

FX: PAULIE's phone vibrates (it's her husband checking in).

PAULIE
Lemme get that.

SORIN
It's the brute?

FX: PAULIE types in a response.

PAULIE
"All is well?" Yes. (types) All is well, husband. Let's get something to drink.

FX: PAULIE wheels him away and they fade out.

MUSIC: Paulie and Sorin (pg 74) fades out and is replaced by the following:

MUSIC: Trig and Nina

Music plays under scene below until pg 80 when IRINA gets on the microphone.

NOTE: NINA and TRIG sit at the arm wrestling table. NINA is carrying the shopping bag with the dead seagull.

TRIG
(reading)
The "Prove your strength" table.
Shall we give this a whirl, my silly goose?

NINA
Oh. Sure.

FX: They sit. They clasp hands.

NOTE: There's some delicious for-the-first-time-hand-holding. TRIG wins all three matches during their conversation. NINA doesn't put up a fight.

TRIG
You ready?

NINA
Mmm-hmm.

FX: They breathe. Whump.

TRIG
One for me!

NINA

Yay! Mr'O Ry -- Trig, I'm leaving tomorrow too. I'm going to be a real actress.

TRIG

Really? (smells her) You already smell like the real thing.
(They laugh.)

NINA

I'm going to the City too. You might see me - though I'll be traveling coach and you'll be in first class. Do you think I'm ready?

TRIG

You're a big girl. Decide for yourself. Let's go again.

FX: Whump.

TRIG (CONT'D)

Two for me. Ha!

NINA

Will you think of me sometime when you're up in your big penthouse and I'm waiting tables?

TRIG

You bet. Again.

FX: Whump.

TRIG (CONT'D)

And that's three. Were you trying to lose?

NINA

I wasn't trying to win.

TRIG

(laughs)

Nina, I'll always think of you perched in that ridiculous nest in Konrad's play, wearing your wings on a beautiful summer's eve. So young and innocent and serene -- a celestial creature above the daily muck-and-fuck of the rest of us.

(MORE)

TRIG (CONT'D)

I'd love to be you for a few hours,
just to remember what it's like to
be pure. I'm too old now. I've
forgotten.

NINA

You are the perfect amount of old.
You're seasoned.
(They laugh.)

NINA (CONT'D)

Let's trade places then. I'll be
famous and you'll be pure.

TRIG

Wouldn't that be nice? I won. You
owe me a kiss.

NINA

Ok. Mwah.

FX: NINA kisses his cheek, very close to his mouth.

NINA (CONT'D)

You don't like being famous?

TRIG

I like the money. It's a very
hostile life. The constant
pressure to produce. It's all
bullshit, but it's easier just to
go along with it. When you 'get
famous' you become public property.
Everyone owns a piece of you. It's
an absurd, addictive life. I think
you might like it too much.

NINA

I'd do a lot to have that.

TRIG

Yeah?

FX: TRIG nudges the bag. Bag crinkles.

TRIG (CONT'D)

What's in the bag?

NINA

A seagull. Konrad shot it, and he
wants me to have it. Bizarre. I'm
gonna dump it off the dock.

TRIG
That's insane. Can I have it?

NINA
I guess. Why?

TRIG
I don't know, it gets my creative juices flowing. I have a story idea right now.

NINA
Really?

TRIG
A young girl lives near the beach. She's happy and free just like this seagull. Then she meets a man; he destroys her, and then voila...dead seagull.

NINA
He destroys her why?

TRIG
Gives him something to do or maybe it was an accident. I'll jazz it up so it's a thriller.

NINA
What is with you guys and this bird? Take it. Your story needs some work though.

FX: THEY laugh together. TRIG hands her his card.

TRIG
This is my number, silly Nina. Call me when you get settled. Thanks for the bird.

FX: TRIG rises and picks up the shopping bag.

NOTE: IRINA calls to him from the stage, over the microphone.

MUSIC: Trig and Nina is interrupted/cut off abruptly.

IRINA
(on mic)
Paging Trig O'Ryan. Trig O'Ryan, please report to the stage.

TRIG
(calling from the crowd)
On my way, sugar.

IRINA
(on mic)
There's my man. There's my man!
Don't go sneaking off now, baby.
There's no reason to be shy. I've
cooked up a little surprise. I hope
you like it.

TRIG
(calling from the crowd)
You're gorgeous, dollface!

IRINA
(on mic)
Now all of you know, Trig and I
have been lovers (and friends) for
just a little while, but that man
has rocked my world! I've never
laughed more, shared more, come
more than I have since I've been
with him. He's a genius and that's
that. And he likes when I put on a
show.

FX: Crowd oooo and laugh.

IRINA (CONT'D)
(on mic)
Trig and I met in Mexico, in a
little town called Ala Rota. You
remember, T-baby?

TRIG
You bet I do!

IRINA
I was already there working when
Trig blew into town for a...what, a
book event? He swept me off my
feet. All my other potential
liaisons...well, I got rid of them
fast. Because when you taste magic,
there's no going back.

However...we all have our
muses...right, darling?

(MORE)

IRINA (CONT'D)

Mmmm, I wonder what he's doing
these days. Perhaps I'll look him
up...

SONG

MUSIC: CONMIGO IRINA MAIN SONG

NOTE: IRINA sings seductively for TRIG. He's into it.

FX: At the end, they make out passionately and people snap photos with their phones.

MUSIC: REPRISE Conmigo Irina music

After some kissy sounds, reprise comes in. Dialogue continues over reprise. Reprise fades out at the end of the scene.

TRIG

Jesus fucking Christ, Irina.

IRINA

Let's go, lover boy.

FX: TRIG and IRINA exit and the music plays on.

8

SCENE 8 - EXT - SAME EVENING MUCH LATER

8

NOTE: MASHA's sitting alone, drinking leftover beverages from the Fun Day. The feeling of an abandoned carnival grounds at night, with detritus scattered about. Quiet and still.

FX: NINA enters and sits next to MASHA. Quiet insects, birds and ocean.

NINA

Hey.

MASHA

Hey.

NINA

What are you doing?

MASHA

I'm not done with the par-tay.

NINA

It's so quiet. It's nice.

MASHA

Yeah. Want a beer?

NINA

Sure.

FX: Bottles opening or tabs opening. Drinking.

MASHA

Isn't it past your bedtime?

NINA

Couldn't sleep. I'm leaving tomorrow.

MASHA

I heard. Lucky duck.

FX: They drink.

MASHA (CONT'D)

You and I used to play together when we were little. All the time.

NINA

What happened?

MASHA

You got boobs.

NINA

So did you, eventually.

MASHA

Way too late. Last one to puberty's a rotten egg.

NINA

Sorry.

MASHA

For getting boobs? For puberty? What?

NINA

No. I don't know. I'm sorry we stopped playing together.

MASHA

It's ok. I was never very nice to you. Your boobs got revenge.

FX: MASHA and NINA laugh.

NINA

Cheers.

MASHA

Cheers.

FX: They clink beers; they drink.

MASHA (CONT'D)

Can I hold your hand?

NINA

Yeah.

MASHA

Thanks. Cheers.

NINA

Cheers.

FX: They clink beers; they drink.

NINA (CONT'D)

It's hard to grow up here.

MASHA

It's beautiful.

NINA

It's beautiful. Why is it so hard?

MASHA

It would be ok if it weren't for the people.

FX: MASHA and NINA laugh; they continue to hold hands. They drink.

NINA

I'm leaving tomorrow.

MASHA

You said. Running away?

NINA

No, I'm going to 'be somebody'.

MASHA

You already are, dummy. It's good that you're going. Konrad, though...

NINA

He's broken. We can't fix him.

MASHA

I know.

FX: They continue to hold hands. They drink.

MASHA (CONT'D)
I'll probably marry Meddie. I think
I'm going to.

NINA
Now who's running away?

MASHA
I really need someone to love me.
Besides my mom.

NINA
Yeah.

FX: MASHA's phone buzzes; she looks at it.

MASHA
Ahhh. I'm gonna get my ass beat if
I don't get home.

NINA
Really?

MASHA
His house. His rules.

FX: MASHA puts her head on NINA's shoulder and sighs.

MASHA (CONT'D)
I'll go in a minute. This is nice.
(beat)
Nina? I still sleep with the lights
on.

NINA
Me too. We'll be ok.

MASHA
Maybe.

NINA
I don't see why not.

They continue to hold hands.

FX: Fade up of all night sounds + music. Outro.

OUTRO AND THEME MUSIC PLAYS. SEE END OF EPISODE #1 FOR
CREDITS, ETC.

#END OF EPISODE 4#

EPISODE FIVE

SEE INTRO AT THE BEGINNING OF EPISODE ONE FOR GENERAL TRIGGER WARNINGS, AND INTRO CREDITS.

9 SCENE 9 - EXT - SORIN ESTATE - DAY - NEARLY THREE YEARS LATER

MUSIC:

Track: Top of Act II NO BIRD IN THE SKY

MASHA sings "No bird in the sky" accompanying herself on guitar. The first verse is in the clear, with no dialogue overlapping (environmental sounds/set-up sounds should be there though)

Dialogue comes in when she transitions to ooh's at :30. Music continues under dialogue. She ends the song when KONRAD says, "My people. I'm ready. Shut it down, Mash." on page 88.

NOTE: MASHA sings and accompanies herself on stage (clearly performing for KONRAD). She's about 6 months pregnant with her second child. KONRAD is setting up a small stereo system. He plugs in his laptop, and turns on projector. MEDDIE, MASHA, PAULIE and SORIN are watching. SORIN is very ill.

FX: MASHA singing and playing underneath KONRAD plugging stuff in. Usual ocean, birds, outside sounds.

SONG

SORIN

Konrad, are we going to get started anytime soon?

KONRAD

Working on it, Uncle.

SORIN

I'm dying here.

PAULIE

Not in the next 15 minutes.

SORIN

That's a comforting thought.

PAULIE

Relax. Listen to the music. Have a cookie.

SORIN

Mmm. Konrad made popcorn too.

FX: SORIN crunching.

MEDDIE

(to MASHA)

Sounds great, baby. She's still got it, right?

SORIN

How many buns does she have in that oven, Meddie? Looks like a few.

MEDDIE

Only one, thank goodness.

PAULIE

She just recovered from her last pregnancy.

MEDDIE

I know.

PAULIE

And now, again.

MEDDIE

I know. She's...the music helps. Wooo! Masha! Come on. Woo for her.

PAULIE

Wooo, Masha!

SORIN

Wooo!

KONRAD

My people! I'm ready. Shut it down, Mash.

FX: MASHA cuts her song short. ALL applaud.

MASHA

Thank you. That was a song I wrote for someone --

MEDDIE

Wooo! Wooo!

MASHA

Thanks, babe. Ok, and now for the main attraction - the latest episode -- number what?

KONRAD

116!

MASHA

The 116th episode from our very own podcast sensation, Konrad Arkin with The KRad Chronicles!!!

SORIN

More of that! I thought you were making films, Konrad.

KONRAD

I make films, Uncle. I do both.

MEDDIE

You put videos on YouTube, and Tik Tok and everywhere. Name a platform and Konrad's face is on it.

PAULINA

No wonder you're always busy.

MASHA

Audio is the new wave.

KONRAD

I'm riding the wave.

SORIN

We listened to radio plays when I was a kid. Why don't you make one of those? The K-RAD CHRONICLES are just you yammering on like an idiot.

MASHA

He talks about art -

MEDDIE

Pop culture really -

SORIN

He talks about whatever enters his mind. Ever heard of a filter, Konrad?

KONRAD

You listen to the CHRONICLES every week, Uncle. Every week.

SORIN

What else am I going to do?

MASHA

Come on, Konrad. Hit it.

KONRAD

Listen up, my people!

FX: KONRAD taps some keys to play the latest Chronicle over the stereo.

NOTE: His handle is K-Rad, and he refers to his followers as the Radsters or the Rad Militia. His podcast has a standard short intro and outro with music. He uses funny voices as well as sound effects like cha-ching for money, etc. It's bonkers and raw.

FX: Intro music. Light applause from MEDDIE, MASHA, PAULIE, SORIN.

MUSIC: K-RAD CHRONICLES INTRO/OUTRO

Music fades out as K-Rad begins to speak dialogue below.

COMPUTER VOICE

K-Rad Chronicles
Episode 116: The Seagull is back

KONRAD

Hey there, it's K-Rad. Just wanted to say that I appreciate all the ratings and reviews you posted for the K-RAD CHRONICLES. You guys are cool and it's really helped to have the Radsters in my corner over the past couple years. Gracias, etc.

Before we get into it, I got a vital K-Rad update for yahs. You'll never guess what, bitches! Some big fucking agents from the City contacted me this week – thanks to the Rad Militia – all 1 million of you! – they're gonna start paying me for all my self-indulgent shitty commentary and random art philosophizing and maybe even turn this stuff into an online compilation or webseries or soemthing. Maybe something streaming, I don't know.

Anyway, they're calling it "A Compendium of Tortured Artist 2.0." They call me Tortured Artist 2.0– you know, like I'm the 'younger generation' and all that – the geezers think that's funny. Whatever. Anyway, we're still ironing out the

details on how to get the money-money-money from their pockets to my pockets, but it's happening. Anyway, yesterday I signed my soul over to the corporate devils. And I did it with a big fucking smile on my face.

Money is freedom, Radsters, don't forget it. What I'm saying is all this wouldn't have been possible without your support. So thanks for the money! Yeah! And don't forget to rate and review this on all the podcast platforms and share it with your friends. Do it! Everyone should become part of the Rad Militia. Do it! Tell your friends! Boom!

FX: Music transition.

KONRAD (CONT'D)

Anyhow, today I'm not talking about my art per se -- cuz I got something better. Today I'm talking about my heart...Yeah! The Seagull is back in town!

FX: Seagull sound.

KONRAD (CONT'D)

Oh, yes. That's right, Radsters! I'm sure you remember the pretty pretty Seagull from previous K-RAD CHRONICLES. She broke my heart and left me for the big city. To be an actress. It's like every cliché, right? But she's...

I'm sure you can tell I still love her. I could eat her up! Nom, nom, nom! She's my heart and I told her so. I'll always love her.

To be honest, Radsters, I emailed her a lot over the past few years, and she wrote me back like two sentences like, "Hey, I hope you're well. Best regards!" Huh. Not too cool considering that we grew up together and lost our virginity together, right? She refused to see me face to face. I don't know what that was about.

Luckily, we have the internet. And you can't hide from the internet, right? You can't hide, bitches! So I've been keeping tabs on her -- not in a stalker way -- just in the normal occasional internet search way. I mean, she's in the public eye now, so there's a lotta stuff available on her escapades. I barely have to look.

Yo, Seagull has had a rough go these past two years. Mostly cuz of the Hack.

FX: Woman crying. Lots of sound effects in the section below: humping, baby crying, etc.

KONRAD (CONT'D)

Well, she made some bad choices, I mean she needs to own that but the Hack just --You remember that fucker? (*frustration*

sound)

Seagull and the Hack hooked up in a big way right after she moved to the City. She even had his baby. At least everyone assumed it was his baby. Who knows with starlets today? Anyway, the baby died, and he dumped her because he's a prick.

And then the Hack went back to his longtime lover, the Prima Donna! Those geezers probably never even broke up – he's such a spineless asshole, he was probably strumming both chicks at the same time. Anyway, the Hack and Prima Donna are still together today, still going strong in that fucked up way of theirs.

Seagull crashed and burned rather gloriously after all that tragic bullshit. Poor Seagull. She did get a few sweet TV gigs, but her meltdowns are what made her famous. You remember -- all over the tabloids for batshit behavior and some real crazy fucking outfits. Personally I was cheering her on – "Wear that crazy get-up, girl! Give 'em hell! Burn that fucking place down!"

(Laughing, then something like seriousness.) Seriously though, Radsters, before all that mess, like way back when she first left me, she made some good short films – student stuff, you know – some solid web series. Like, I could tell – a lotta people could tell – Seagull had some real talent. Everyone thinks she's a shooting star and she just flamed out, but I think she'll pull it together. I'm rooting for her.

And now she's back in town and I can't lie -- I mean, you know me, right – I hope she's come back to be with me – like before, but better. That's right, that's right! And then we can make some real art together.

For you, Radsters! I'm working on a film right now, Radsters and I'm gonna put her in it. You wait and see. K-Rad is gonna deliver some high art and some good love to you, Militia. You!

I'm a hopeless romantic, but I think it's all gonna work. Wish me luck and don't forgot to rate and review this podcast everywhere and all the time. Tell your friends to subscribe! Rad Militia, tell your friends! I'm out.

MUSIC: K-RAD CHRONICLES INTRO/OUTRO

FX: Outro. Audio ends. Silence except for enviro sounds.

MEDDIE

Wow, K-Rad. That was (sound).

KONRAD

I don't make any of you listen.

SORIN

It's like witnessing a natural disaster.

PAULIE

You can't tear yourself away.

MEDDIE

That's the point.

PAULIE

What happened to your poet, Masha?

MASHA

You know how many people listen to him?

PAULIE

Konrad, we all loved your old stuff, you know, your play.

MEDDIE

The virtual space is everything now, Paulie.

KONRAD

Theatre's for dinosaurs.

PAULIE

Oh -

MEDDIE

(crosses to MASHA)

Your song was great, Masha-love. You're amazing.

MASHA

Thanks, Med.

FX: MEDDIE kisses MASHA. White noise from baby monitor. A few little baby breathing noises and coo-ing. MEDDIE turns up the volume on the baby monitor.

MEDDIE

I think baby is ready for his num-nums. Let's go home.

MASHA

Later, Big Daddy. Bobby's sleeping.

MEDDIE

He'll wake up any minute. Let's go home and feed him num-nums?

MASHA

I put him down for a nap 20 minutes ago. We've got the monitor. I'm not done with my set yet.

FX: Distant car in front driveway. Car doors slamming.

MEDDIE

What if we can't hear him?

MASHA

He's fine, Meddie. Hold it up to your ear.

MEDDIE

We should be there when he wakes up.

MASHA

We paid \$200 for that fucking baby monitor so we could walk all the way across the lawn and still hear Bobby. He's fine. He's sleeping.

MEDDIE

Come on--

MASHA

No! Fuck! That child has been attached to my boobs for twelve fucking months. I'm telling you he's not hungry. He's not even awake. If he wakes up, we'll hear him and you can go pick him up. You are his father. You go home!

PAULIE

Meddie, go home. Bring him back if he cries.

MEDDIE

But she's the mommy.
(To Masha) You're the mommy.

FX: IRINA and TRIG have entered with suitcases.

IRINA

Yoo-hoo, here we are.

TRIG
Greetings from the City!

PAULIE
Well, what a surprise. It's been
awhile.

IRINA
Has it? How are you, brother?

SORIN
I must really be dying if they sent
for you.

IRINA
Stop that. The doctor says you
haven't been taking your
medication.

SORIN
It makes me feel like shit. I want
a smoke and a goddamn whisky, but
Paulie confiscated them. She treats
me like a child.

PAULIE
You act like one.

IRINA
Hush now. I'm here. I'll make sure
you get what you need. Konnie, my
darling, hello.

KONRAD
Hello, Mother. (To TRIG) Hello,
you.

TRIG
Konrad. Good to see you. Bygones
and all that, ok? There's room for
everyone, right?

KONRAD
What?

TRIG
In the world of art. I've always
believed there's room for everyone,
don't you think? The new and the
old.

IRINA

We heard your 'podcast' has been getting lots of attention, Konnie. I'm so happy for you, dear.

TRIG

I heard he has a book in the works -

KONRAD

Not a book.

TRIG

Right, something online. Big stuff. Did I mention that to you?

IRINA

(to TRIG) Did you?
(to KONRAD) Konrad, does that mean you'll be making some real money now, dear?

TRIG

Who are you using?

KONRAD

Huh?

TRIG

Who's pushing your work? You got great buzz.

KONRAD

No one. That's not how it -- have you even listened?

IRINA

Not yet, but of course we will. Audio stuff isn't really our thing. And we've been so busy, busy, busy.

KONRAD

Right.

IRINA

Look at you, Masha! Meddie. We were sorry to miss your wedding. You did receive our gift?

MEDDIE

Yes, thank you.

MASHA

I sent you a note.

IRINA

I'm sure you did. Meddie, I was sorry to hear about your mother. My condolences. But when God closes a door... and everything....Congratulations on your growing family. I'm famished. Shall we lunch?

FX: IRINA, KONRAD, PAULIE, MEDDIE, SORIN exit.

MASHA and TRIG lag behind.

MASHA

Wanna drink, Trigger? I'm pouring.

TRIG

Wine in a box? You bet. So. You're married.

FX: MASHA pouring wine into two glasses.

MASHA

Married with babies. Who woulda thunk?

TRIG

What's the point of that -- for you?

MASHA

You're the writer. Make something up. Put *me* in one of your books. One for you, one for me. Bottoms up.

FX: MASHA takes a drink of wine

TRIG

What? Hey -

FX: TRIG knocks it out of her hand forcefully, unexpectedly. Splash. Cup hits the ground.

MASHA

What the fuck --

TRIG

You're pregnant-

MASHA

No shit.

TRIG
You can't drink -

MASHA
I was gonna have one sip. I miss
the taste.

TRIG
Masha -

MASHA
Are you really gonna get on your
moral high horse with me? We all
know what you did.

TRIG
Here. Take mine. Drink up.

FX: MASHA sips.

MASHA
(laughs)
Thanks. My mom drank a little when
she was pregnant with me. I turned
out ok, right?

FX: TRIG laughs. MASHA sips again, then puts down the glass.

MASHA (CONT'D)
So. You all left and Konrad kept
trying to kill himself and calling
it an accident. He'll never love
me. What's the point of pining
away? Meddie loves me and we're
finally leaving. Meddie got a new
job in another school district.

TRIG
Far?

MASHA
Across the country, far. He'll be
the principal. He'll only need to
work one job now even with another
kid. We need to get away from this
place. It's no good for us.

TRIG
It's beautiful here.

MASHA
Hard to breathe though. I want so
much wine right now.

(MORE)

MASHA (CONT'D)

The minute I push this baby out,
I'm ordering a bottle. Every mom I
know starts drinking at 3 o'clock
just to survive.

FX: KONRAD enters with his camera, tripod, etc. He sets it up
and checks it, watches old footage playing back on screen,
etc.

KONRAD

It's like she sucks all the air out
of whatever room she's in.

MASHA

What'cha doing?

KONRAD

Setting up my camera. Might record,
I don't know, maybe watch old
footage. It's nice out here. I'm
feeling inspired. Good day for
making movies and drinking beer.

MASHA

Think that's a good idea?

KONRAD

Beer's always a good idea.

MASHA

People don't like when you film
them, Konnie, remember?

KONRAD

Stop. Don't treat me like your
child.

MASHA

I'm not.

KONRAD

I liked your song, Masha.

MASHA

You did?

KONRAD

Could I use it for an episode of
the Chronicles? Maybe the outro?
The Rad-Militia would dig it.

MASHA

That song was for you.

KONRAD

Oh.

MASHA

Yeah. Don't bring your camera in the house, Kon. We'll tell them you're not hungry. Let's go, Trig.

TRIG

Rightio.

KONRAD

What are you looking at, Hack?

TRIG

I'm looking at you, Super Star.

KONRAD

Yeah?

TRIG

Don't worry, buddy, selling out gets easier every time you do it.

FX: TRIG and MASHA exit. KONRAD starts setting up equipment in a frenetic kinda way.

KONRAD

HA! (mumbles profanities) Asshole. Alright, let's do it. You wanna come at me? I'll come back at you. Let's do this. We're rolling.

FX: Camera turns on.

KONRAD (CONT'D)

K-Rad Chronicles Bonus Episode #58. The Hack is Back. Hey, hey, it's K-Rad here with a special bonus video clip! Lemme tell you bout the bullshit -....Nina? Is that you?

FX: NINA enters.

NINA

Everyone's inside?

KONRAD

Nina, I came to your house. Why wouldn't you see me?

NINA

Dad and Cindy thought I needed some rest. I have nightmares. Konnie, you don't look young anymore. Are you all grown up?

KONRAD

I don't know.

NINA

It's beautiful in the sunshine. Let's sit together.

KONRAD

Sure. Sit here, ok?

FX: They sit.

NINA

The camera's not on, is it?

KONRAD

Nuh-uh. Nina, I've missed you.

NINA

I listened to your CHRONICLES. I'm the seagull you talk about, right?

KONRAD

Nina -

FX: NINA cries.

NINA

Everyone's taking about your work, Konnie.

KONRAD

I'm sorry. Don't cry. It's not real.

NINA

I'm so happy for you. It's good to be here. Just like old times. It's really happening for us now. You're a writer and I'm an actress. I'm leaving again tonight. My agent is getting me in front of important people tomorrow. I need to be ready.

KONRAD

Nina, listen, I can't stop loving you.

(MORE)

KONRAD (CONT'D)

Ever since you left, I'm dying here. Even with all the stupid attention I never stop thinking about you. I look for you everywhere.

NINA

Why are you saying that to me?
Because I'm your seagull?

KONRAD

Please don't go away again. Please.

NINA notices the camera is on and filming.

NINA

Konnie, the red light's blinking.
You're recording this?

KONRAD

Sort of - I mean

NINA

That's what you want from me?

KONRAD

It's just I love you

NINA

No

KONRAD

Desperately!

FX: NINA laughs with disbelief and grief. She rises to leave.

KONRAD (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

NINA

Home to pack. Goodbye, K-Rad.

FX: Footsteps. NINA starts to exit. KONRAD turns off the camera.

KONRAD

Wait. No. I'm turning it off. See,
it's off. Please stay. I'm sorry.

NINA

What is wrong with you?

KONRAD

I'm sorry. That was a dick move. I meant what I said. I love you.

NINA

What were you going to do with that?

KONRAD

Nothing. Just have it. Maybe use it. I don't know. I wasn't thinking.

NINA

I gotta go.

KONRAD

Nina Beana...Nina Beana
Concertina...please...I'm sorry, ok?
Tweet tweet. What's that? Tweet
tweet. Oh yes. Nina! A little
birdie just whispered in my ear.

NINA

Cut it out. I'm not a kid anymore.

KONRAD

I know. It's just Little Birdie
wants you to know that Konrad Arkin
is very sincerely sorry from the
bottom of his heart. Little Birdie
wants to remind you that Konrad
Arkin has always been a big dick.
But he can be your big dick if
you'll have him. Whaddaya say?

They laugh.

NINA

You're such an idiot.

KONRAD

Seriously, I'm sorry, babe. That
wasn't cool...without your
permission. God, what gets into me?

NINA

Your mother. Is she here?

KONRAD

The doctor told us to send for her.
Said we need to say our goodbyes to
Uncle. Whatever that means.

NINA

How sad.

KONRAD

I guess.

NINA

Konrad, I came here to tell you I'm not your seagull anymore. I don't want your love. I just want to get better. I'm very tired. Ok?

KONRAD

Nina-

NINA

Is he here too?

KONRAD

Trig is inside with Mother.

NINA

Of course, they're together. He wrote that book about me. He made me into his seagull too. What a silly thing to make me! How stupid we all were. Well, that's going to stop.

KONRAD

Ok -

NINA

He laughed at me. I laughed too, but I didn't know what we were laughing about. Me, I guess. And then the baby...and the worry and the grief over losing them...one, then the other. It was his baby. You both made jokes about me sleeping around. You both made slutty Nina jokes, but they weren't funny and they weren't true. It was his baby. There was no one else. I keep saying, 'it' but I had a girl baby. Not an 'it,' a 'she.' She died. He didn't want her anyway. Can you hear me, Konrad? Can you listen without a camera?

KONRAD

I hear you - I'm sorry -

NINA

He didn't want us. I understand why. But I wanted her and she died. It was hard to know what to do after that. My body ached. Everyone was looking at me. I couldn't feed the baby, the baby flew away. My skin hurt. My eyes. Everyone was watching and I was a terrible actress! People took photos. They made jokes. Even you did. It was a blood bath. I felt like I was dying every day. Do you remember when you shot that seagull? My god, you shot two! "Can you believe it?" you said, "Can you believe it?"

KONRAD

Nina, let's sit again. You're tired.

NINA

In a minute. You tried to fuck me over with that camera, Konrad, but I won't let you --

KONRAD

Ok! I said I wouldn't. I mean, I don't use your real name or anything, Nina. No one knows it's you. Seagull could be anyone.

NINA laughs and nods.

NINA

Yeah. I still adore acting, you know. There's nothing like it in the world. I've rested and walked on the beach. I'm myself again. Ooo, Konnie! Yesterday, I had an epiphany. Wanna know what it was?

KONRAD

Yes.

NINA beckons him close.

NINA

It's this: The winner is the last one standing. This business is about survival - who can last the longest without giving up.

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

You just gotta keep going, pound it out, put yourself out there, keep going until you look around and there's no one else. That's why you always get up when you get knocked down. Because some day, you'll be the only one with the strength to get up that one last time. Then you'll be standing there alone. And you've won. To win is to endure. To endure is to win. Your mother knows that. He knows that. When I think of that, I know what to do.

KONRAD

I don't. I'm stuck -- I'm showing my ass online, wanting everyone's approval. My mother. I don't know what to do.

NINA

Kon, you can't make 'em love you, even if it feels like you can. Write what you want and screw 'em if they can't take a joke.

KONRAD

Maybe.

NINA

See, we've both learned something. I must go, my dear. Come see me when I'm a great actress, ok? When I win a Tony or an Oscar or something. You'll see. You can say 'you knew me when.'

(NINA feels faint.)

Oh, my head hurts. I must be hungry.

KONRAD

I'll get you something. They're fixing lunch.

NINA

No! Don't tell them I was here. I'm just another seagull circling. Will you make another CHRONICLE episode about me? "The seagull flies away"...Maybe I am a seagull. It's not so bad. I still love him. I love him more than I love myself.

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

He wrote an entire novel about me.
It means something to be part of
someone's story.

KONRAD

It was a terrible book, Nina.

NINA

Wasn't it lovely before, Kon? Your
beautiful play. "It's a dream. A
meditation," you said. Remember?

NINA performs her monologue for KONRAD (below). It is
beautiful and sad.

NINA (CONT'D)

(KONRAD joins in)

"Creatures of the land, creatures
of the sea, creatures of the air
and the ether, seek refuge in me. I
am the Mother of Exiles and I bring
you hope. Follow my light. We'll
dream together, we'll build
together. We'll flourish and
thrive. Tired creatures, stifled
creatures, rest in my embrace. Seek
the light I share with you. And at
last, by our design, we will
breathe free. New forms, new rules.
Welcome to a glorious new reality.
The future is ours."

They smile at each other.

KONRAD

(softly, sincerely)

Nina, that was....say it again? I'm
gonna turn on the camera - say it
again-

NINA

(laughs)
Good-bye K-Rad.

FX: NINA races off stage as KONRAD races to his camera. He
fumbles with it, drops a piece, then puts it back together
while talking.

NOTE: KONRAD is all thumbs. He cannot detach the camera from
the tripod. He's torn between going after NINA and freeing
the camera. He abandons the camera and runs off after her. In
his haste he presses the play button so we see and hear the
video described below.

KONRAD

Wait. Don't go yet. Shit. Nina! I'm sorry. Forget the camera -- I made something! I want you to hear it. I made something! Listen! Wait! Nina!

SCENE 10

VIDEO

NOTE: We start in the midst of an art piece by KONRAD - literally, mid-sentence. Fyi, the title of this piece is The Waste Land. It will be fairly lengthy because it plays in the background thru most of this scene even though the volume is eventually turned down. This is KONRAD's final piece of art.

MUSIC: WASTELAND

Music underscores all of the dialogue below until page 111 when MASHA turns it down.

Strand 1: Sincere Love Rehearsal

KONRAD:

(sincere)

Listen, listen, listen... I can't stop loving you. I can't stop thinking about you. I look for you everywhere.

Strand 2: Crazy Birdie FX: Tweets.

KONRAD: (CONT'D)

(unhinged)

Konrad Arkin is very sincerely sorry from the bottom of his heart. Konrad Arkin has always been, and is still, a big dick. But he can be your big dick if you'll have him. Whaddaya say?

Strand 3: Excerpts from The Waste Land by T.S. Eliot

KONRAD: (CONT'D)

You know only
A heap of broken images, where the
sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter,
the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of
water. Only

(MORE)

KONRAD: (CONT'D)

There is shadow under this red
rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this
red rock),
And I will show you something
different from either
Your shadow at morning striding
behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to
meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful
of dust.

Strand 4: Revisiting KONRAD/FEVER DREAM

NOTE: These are KONRAD's lines from earlier in the play. A nightmare. A prophecy. A gun spinning on a table like a roulette wheel at different speeds. Roulette wheel spinning, a barker calling "Step right up, Step right up to the Wheel of Fortune!" or roller coasters climbing and falling and sounds of guns cocking or loading. Sad, spare music.

KONRAD: (CONT'D)

That's not what I meant. You're
making fun of it.

IRINA

I'm so tired of it. I'm so tired of
it all.

TRIG

My mother resents my existence.

NINA

What did you think of my play?

MEDDIE

I could eat you up.

MASHA

You're my star.

PAULINA

We're still rolling.

SORIN

What did you like, for example?

NINA

Anything else you liked?

IRINA

It's all part of my process.

MASHA

Tell me what you thought.

MEDDIE

Here. Look here. Say it.

SORIN

We're rolling. We're rolling.

KONRAD

Where did you hide my gun, Mother?

TRIG

I'm a grown man. It's my property.

NINA

It was an accident.

MASHA

I'll only have you, but you won't be here.

SORIN

How can you tolerate that horrible man?

PAULIE

I have more talent than the two of you put together.

IRINA

You're nobody.

KONRAD

I'm disappearing.

MEDDIE

Wish me luck.

KONRAD

I was trying to blow my brains out.

TRIG

What are the chances I'd shoot two?

NINA

I'm laying myself at your feet.

IRINA

They'll chew you up and spit you out and you'll look like -

KONRAD

Failure.

FX: Additional ideas: bombs going off, wind, music

SCENE 11

Once the above sound-video completes, perhaps it can loop and start again under the others' entrance or music can continue will unintelligible KONRAD voice. MEDDIE, TRIG, MASHA, PAULIE (wheeling SORIN), and IRINA enter with food and drinks to eat outside. MASHA is a few steps ahead.

FX: Footsteps.

MASHA

Konrad?

MEDDIE

He's not here.

IRINA

Lord, turn that down. Better yet, turn it off.

MASHA

I got it.

FX: MASHA turns down the music to low volume (or perhaps off entirely)

SORIN

He's working on something.

IRINA

Isn't he always? Ruff, ruff, Konrad.

SORIN

What'd he say? Shadows and dust?

PAULIE

Let's leave it be. I'm sure he'll be back soon.

MEDDIE

We hope you'll move with us, Paulie. And your husband, of course.

FX: Text from PAULIE'S husband.

SORIN

Speak of the devil.

FX: PAULIE sending a text.

PAULIE
Oh. "All is well, dear?" You bet.

TRIG
Congratulations on the job, Meddie.

MEDDIE
Thank you.

MASHA
Meddie and I can't tell if Mom can bear to give up being Sorin's nursemaid. Isn't Konrad supposed to take care of you?

SORIN
Well, he's never around is he?!
Where is he now?

IRINA
Off in a snit somewhere. He's cross that I'm here with Trig.

MASHA
He's probably tracking down Nina.
You know she's in town?

IRINA
Oh, is she?

MASHA
You know she is.

MEDDIE
Poor Nina.

A short uncomfortable silence.

TRIG
Will you be moving West, Paulie?

PAULIE
Perhaps. I still like some things about this place.

MASHA
Someone you mean.

PAULIE
Daughter, life is gathering crumbs of happiness and trying to make a meal out of them. You know that.

MASHA

You 'grown ups' are such shitty
role models. It's fucking
dysfunction junction around here.

IRINA

I'm sure you're doing a stellar job
raising your own children, Masha -

MEDDIE

Play one more song, babe -

IRINA

You're Mother of the Year?

MEDDIE

One more, then we'll go.

MASHA

Fine.

SONG

FX: MASHA turns off KONRAD's video if it's not already off,
then begins singing/playing in the background.

MUSIC:

Track: End of Act II THERE GOES MY LOVE

MASHA sings "There goes my love" accompanying herself on
guitar. The first verse is in the clear, with no dialogue
overlapping (environmental sounds/set-up sounds still there).

Dialogue comes in when she transitions to just guitar at :32.
Music continues under dialogue. Music cuts off at gunshot on
pg 115.

SORIN

Well, I still believe in the boy.
There's something there. He just
needs a clearer goal. He drifts -
his heart pulls him willy nilly. He
gives up too easily.

IRINA

I've never understood his 'art'.

TRIG

It's not art, it's amateur stuff.
He hasn't found his voice. His work
has no shape. The legit industry
folks will never take him
seriously.

MEDDIE

The kids love him.

IRINA

Like they love any flavor of the month.

PAULIE

It's a fickle generation. But I'm glad he's getting some attention anyway.

MASHA

(from the stage)

He's getting a lot of it. He's already almost famous.

MEDDIE

How will it feel to have a famous son, Miss Irina?

IRINA

Much the same, I imagine. I never wanted him to be famous. I just wanted him to step out from under my shadow. Make his own way in the world.

TRIG

You cast a big shadow, my dear.

SORIN

I never wanted to live here. I wanted to live in the City. I wanted to speak beautifully and write beautifully. Marry a good person. I couldn't. I never could. I sold trinkets to the tourists on the boardwalk. I wanted to be a published author, but I never wrote a single word. Not a goddamn one. Youth is wasted on the young. Goddammit.

MEDDIE

Seems like you've had a pretty good life to me. Not too many responsibilities.

PAULIE

Sorin, you made your choices. You lived the life you wanted to live.

SORIN

I want to keep living, goddammit.
That's the point. I know why you're
here, Irina. You came back to say
goodbye to me. Well, I won't just
roll over and die!

IRINA

No one is dying. Calm down.

SORIN

You'll see! You'll see! You'll all
feel the same when it's your turn.
You'll be afraid like me.

FX: Baby crying noise on the baby monitor. MEDDIE holds up
the baby monitor. MASHA ignores him and keeps playing and
singing.

MEDDIE

Masha, Masha!

FX: MASHA sings on.

SORIN

Life. Life.

FX: Gunshot. **MASHA stops playing.** Everyone is silent for
three seconds. Babbling baby noise on the monitor. They all
look up at the sky. Nothing falls.

MEDDIE

No bird.

PAULIE

False alarm?

FX: They laugh.

IRINA

Bless his heart, he has terrible
aim. How'd he get another gun?

SORIN

He's a grown man. He got one.

MASHA

You should check on him.

FX: Masha begins playing quietly.

MUSIC:

Track: End of Act II QUIET THERE GOES MY LOVE

Masha plays and sings until gunshot below stops her.

IRINA

In a minute. I don't have the energy for him right now.

TRIG

(calling out)

Konrad, if you can hear me - put your gun down and join us, bud.

FX: They laugh and relax. Another gunshot. A crash. A scream. MASHA stops playing. MEDDIE, IRINA, TRIG, PAULIE rush off-stage in the direction of the gunshot. The baby monitor makes baby crying sounds.

SORIN

Poor baby. Thunder must've scared him.

MASHA

That wasn't thunder.

SORIN

Doesn't look like a storm. Guess you never know.

MASHA

(sings, no guitar)

FX: Baby continues to cry. Footsteps: MEDDIE walks onstage.

MASHA (CONT'D)

Meddie?

MEDDIE

I'm going home, Masha. You should too.

FX: MEDDIE turns off the baby monitor and exits. MASHA sits silently.

SORIN

I heard that car backfire. Damn hooligans.

MASHA

That doesn't happen anymore. Only in the old days.

SORIN

Motorcycle then. Kids ride their hogs thru town. I always wanted one

--

MASHA
I'm going home now.

FX: MASHA begins packing up.

SORIN
Wheel me up to the house first.
Konrad's always after me to write
down my novel. I'm gonna do it.
I've got my second wind. He won't
believe it.

MASHA
Meddie and I are leaving tonight --

SORIN
It's not too late for me. Not at
all.
Who shoots off fireworks in the
daytime? Incredible.

MASHA
S, I'm saying goodbye --

SORIN
No, no, no --

MASHA
Sorin. I'm afraid - Konrad -

SORIN
No!
(pause)
Now. Don't worry, my dear.

MUSIC:

Track: End of Act II QUIET HUMMING

Masha hums under the dialogue until the end.

SORIN (CONT'D)
You heard your mother, "All is
well." Irina is home. She'll take
care of everything. She always
does.

FX: Footsteps. Breathing. IRINA enters. Her hands are bloody.

SORIN (CONT'D)
Irina? Sister?

IRINA
He always had a terrible aim, I...

FX: She makes a sound of grief and confusion.

SORIN

You'll fix it. You take care of
everything. It's ok. You'll fix it.
All is well. Everything is fine.
All better now. You're home.

FX: Faint seagull sounds. IRINA weeps. Sirens.

OUTRO AND THEME MUSIC PLAYS. SEE END OF EPISODE #1 FOR
CREDITS, ETC.

THE END