

**COMING CLEAN**

**A Play By**

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## CAST OF CHARCTERS

DAVID..... (30's)

ANGELA..... (30's)

## **LOCATION**

Office building

## **TIME**

The present

## **THE SET**

The play can take place on a simple set, but must include a desk, an illusion of a wall upon which several diplomas and a painting are placed. The rest of the stage can be flexible with the inclusion of several chairs and a door but are not essential.

## **SYNOPSIS**

Young business executive David Brown, III finds his life in shambles after his wife files for divorce. Consumed by self-pity and withdrawn from life, David has removed all photographs and vestiges of his previous life with his wife. All that changes the night David is confronted by Angela, a new office cleaning service. She is earthy, crude, confrontational – and seemingly determined to bring about a metaphorical (and perhaps metaphysical) jolt to David’s morose and self-destructive existence. It is only through Angela’s unconventional wisdom and mystical demeanor does David begin to question why she has come, what she wants and ultimately who she is.

## **AUTHOR’S NOTE:**

To the extent practicable, Angela’s Hispanic accent should be moderate to heavy

## COMING CLEAN

### SCENE I

At rise, the office of successful young professional DAVID BROWN, III. He is slumped over the desk passed-out. Despite his good looks and expensive clothes, he's clearly disheveled and exhausted. A muffled stream of expletives (first in English, then in Spanish) as ANGELA enters. She is attractive, earthy, and sexy with a full head of wild curly hair, tight jeans and a tee shirt. She carries a bucket with a duster, mop and various cleaning materials and a small boom box. ANGELA is a cleaning lady and curiously, is not surprised to find someone in the office at this hour. She reaches into her bucket, pulls out a duster and begins to dust around the office as David continues to sleep.

ANGELA

(To audience.)

Shit! Think most people would leave their doors open so I can get inside and do my job.

*(Beat)* Jeez, another one passed-out. Can't wait to hear his story.

(A pause, as she dusts.)

Hmm, a lot a diplomas. Let's see...David Brown III, Columbia University...MBA...gotta' mean...must-be-asleep.

(Chuckles as she turns mariachi on.)

DAVID

(Awakens, weakly raising his voice above the music as he rubs his temples.)

Mind turning that off?

ANGELA

Sure, that better?

DAVID

Hey...who are you? And where's Johnny?

ANGELA

Johnny?

DAVID

Yeah, Johnny. You know...Juan. The kid that usually cleans up. He call in sick or something?

ANGELA

I don't know about any Juan, but the company that used to handle this building...they got fired. I'm the new company for tonight anyway.

(Hands DAVID a business card.)

DAVID

Coming Clean, L.L.C. *(Beat)* Good corporate structure...But can't seem to read the rest. Hey...could you make the print any smaller?

ANGELA

(Grabs card and reads quickly.)

Cleaners of offices, homes, troubled souls, garages, general, refuse removal & disposal.

DAVID

Wait. What was that middle one?

ANGELA

What middle one?

DAVID

(Grabs head in pain again.)

Forget it. *(Beat)* Oh yeah, it would be a good idea to also put your telephone number on the card.

ANGELA

Nah...as I said, all my work is short term...sorta'...special assignment.

DAVID

So, Johnny...Juan won't be coming back?

ANGELA

I guess not.

DAVID

Hm. He's good, Johnny. Your company should hire him.

ANGELA

He a friend of yours or something?

DAVID

Friend? No, he just cleaned my office for Christ sake.

(Awkward pause.)

That didn't come out right. I just meant...

ANGELA

No, I see how it is Senor *Silk Tie*...can't mix with the custodial staff...that wouldn't look right to the partners.

DAVID

That's not it at all.

ANGELA

Still, you seem pretty worried that this Juan guy isn't coming back.

DAVID

You know what lady...Screw you!

ANGELA

(Sassy)

You wish you could dip your chip in this salsa.

(A pause. Looks up and down.)

For one thing, you're not stylish enough. Your tie may be silk, but it doesn't match your suit. You know what? I think maybe you're used to ol' Juan showing up because he was your...connection.

DAVID

Huh? What are you saying?

ANGELA

I'm saying the old crew wasn't fired because they were bad cleaners. They got axed because one of their guys had more than Ajax in his cart.

DAVID

And you know this for a fact?

ANGELA

The way I hear it, he was dealing to half the suites in this building. Maybe it was this Juan. Looks like your Dr. Johnny ain't coming with the pills that keep you working through the long nights?

DAVID

We have coffee for that.

ANGELA

Yeah, maybe. `Sides, you don't seem like a speed freak to me. You'd probably swing the other way...take something to blot everything out...making things a little bit more bearable.

DAVID

Look...let's just drop it. Johnny and I liked to talk baseball. He was a Red Sox fan and I liked the Yankees. We used to razz each other and talk shit about the other guy's team, that's all. I got used to it. I don't think he was dealing drugs...he was a good guy. Enda' story.

ANGELA

Why you say "was?"

DAVID

What?

ANGELA

You say he "*was* an Indian fan, he *was* a good guy." You talkin' about him like he's dead.

DAVID

Well, he doesn't work here anymore, so I guess I'll never see him again.

ANGELA

That's right. I forgot. You can't have a Mexican cleaning guy for a friend.

DAVID

What do you want me to do? Hang out in a bar with him and his amigos... throwing back margaritas and eating...what... enchiladas? Call him up and maybe invite him to a ballgame in our luxury box?

ANGELA

Why not?

DAVID

You said yourself, he's a drug dealer!

ANGELA

I never said that. I said **SOMEBODY** on the crew was.

DAVID

Look, if you think I can just hang out with some...a guy named Johnny or Juan...you have no idea the kind of world I live in.

ANGELA

Hey...I know your world *Silk Tie*. I freekin' *clean* your world. You drop things in the garbage...you think it disappears from this earth, right? Out of sight out of mind? Well somebody takes that garbage, dumps in a barrel, and then takes it out to the dumpster out back. You can't help but notice a few things. Interesting things.

DAVID

Yeah like what?

ANGELA

Like, which executives and vice-presidents hide empty gin bottles at the bottom of their trash cans...a whole bottle every day. And which secretaries have just taken their pregnancy tests by pissing on a plastic stick. And then, there's the guys who get laid on their lunch breaks and just toss the rubber away, or if they can't get laid, they toss out some particularly sick porno magazine.

DAVID

Okay I get your point.

ANGELA

Some people throw away pay stubs with numbers that would make your head spin...or at least mine, anyway. Some throw away letters...like. "Dear John, your ass has been dumped, nice knowing you loser." It gets more personal than that. One woman threw away a diary...a whole damn diary with all her secrets in it. That's her life she's tossin'!

DAVID

So, what does my trash say about me?

(As she empties the garbage can into a plastic trash back – takes an inventory.)

ANGELA

Let's see. Work papers...work papers...half a turkey sandwich...with ketchup?...more work papers. This tells me that you are B-O-R-I-N-G, dude. Not to mention ruining a perfectly good turkey sandwich by putin' ketchup on it.

DAVID

And from one can of garbage you can deduce I'm boring.

ANGELA

Yup. Maybe you should give old Juan a call and hang out some time. `Cuz to me...your life is nothing but paperwork and bad lunches. Least you can get some good Tex-Mex at Pablo's on 36th.

DAVID

Yeah, the sandwich did suck. It used to be paperwork and halfway decent lunches, but they changed the company that filled the vending machines. Maybe those guys were dealing drugs too, huh?

ANGELA

Totally, 'ya want some crack with your crackers?'"

DAVID

Some smack with your snack?

(They giggle.)

ANGELA

See? You ain't so bad *Silk Tie*. You got a sense of humor somewhere under those wrinkled clothes of yours.

DAVID

Well thanks.

(Looks at his watch.)

SHIT! 1:15... I got to get outta' here!

ANGELA

And go where?

DAVID

Home... Westchester... that's on the golf course.

ANGELA

And what's waiting for you there?

DAVID

A nice 4,000 square foot Center Hall Colonial and comfortable four-poster bed.

ANGELA

Like I said, you wish you could...

DAVID

Yea, I know... wish I could... dip my chip... in... in your salsa.

ANGELA

Tell ya' a secret ... I have a talent for sizing people up.

(DAVID stands and makes a feeble attempt at brushing out his wrinkled suit.)

DAVID

Really?

ANGELA

Yup.

DAVID

Need to go back to the garbage for more signs? Or, is this a bit less empirical than your refuse conclusions?

(ANGELA produces a small book from her rear pocket. Flips through the pages. Then, to self.)

ANGELA

Elsewhere...emotion...empanada!...YUMMY...Ah, empirical... Got it. "relying upon or deriving from observation or experiment; empirical methods; empirical conclusion."

DAVID

You carry a dictionary with you?

ANGELA

Yup. Did you know that if you can remember just one new word each day, you could learn the sum total of the English language before you die?

DAVID

Please.

ANGELA

It's true. But, the way I figure it, by the time you hit seventy, you forget two words each day until you die. I just want to break even by the time I'm ready to bite the big one.

DAVID

Look, I gotta' run.

ANGELA

Run?...I'll make ya' bet you can't even walk without falling on your face.

DAVID

More prognostications?

ANGELA

No. Just can recognize someone who is *Shit Faced* and sleepin' one off.

DAVID

So I had a few drinks with a client. Big deal.

ANGELA

And you came back here instead of going home to your comfortable posted (mispronounced) bed.

DAVID

Hey, ya' know I don't need to explain myself to you.

ANGELA

Okay, but lemme' ask you one question...Give you a couple of minutes to get your shit together...`cuz ya' don't look to steady there slick.

DAVID

Don't feel too well either...must have been that turkey sand--

(Queasy, bolts offstage. ANGELA looks into the trash then takes an inventory of the office. Proceeds to desk drawer and pulls out a bottle of Vodka. Then a framed picture.)

ANGELA

(To audience.)

I don't think so.... Figured with his kinda' money though...he'd be drinking' something a bit better than this cheap ass shit.

(Takes a long look at the picture. Then reveals a micro recorder.)

Guess I'll have to go easy on em'. (Beat) Major case of denial. Considerable underlying guilt with associated significant depression. (Beat) Oh yes, shitty taste in Vodka and sandwich meats.

(DAVID returns a bit green around the gills.) Feeling better now? Just tossing the ol' cookies does wonders...though I wouldn't want that head of yours...I got this great cure if you like?

DAVID

For food poisoning?

ANGELA

I think we both know it wasn't that sandwich... don't even think the rats will be chowin' down after it's dumped.

DAVID

(Rubs his temples.)

You're right, probably the three martinis over dinner and two brandies after. So, you said you had this cure.

ANGELA

Si. You'd be surprised what a bit of Reike can do for pain. It really is a miracle. All you have to do is let me lay these hands on you.

DAVID

Lay your hands on me?

ANGELA

You afraid or somethin'?

DAVID

No...go ahead...lay away...

(Moves behind DAVID and proceeds with a series of movements in the air without physical touch.)

I don't feel anything yet.

(Finishes with a feigned smack in the back of DAVID'S head.)

ANGELA

There ya' go! Feel better now?

DAVID

That's strange...hum... my head...I don't feel any....how'd you do that without even touching me?

ANGELA

Oh, I touched you slick. Just built up so much negative stuff around you – too numb to feel it...that's all.

(DAVID continues to rotate neck around and shrugs shoulders.

Angela to the audience.)

You'd think a guy with all these diplomas would understand the placebo effect.

(Back to DAVID.)

So how about it?

DAVID

About what?

ANGELA

The question? You said I could ask you a question before you puked.

DAVID

You know it's ... I really feel good. It's...it's a miracle.

ANGELA

Okay...okay already.

DAVID

Lady, you're in the wrong business...

ANGELA

Angela, my name is Angela, like on the card there. Yup, that's my name and *cleaning up* is my game.

DAVID

Okay...Angela. So ask your question.

ANGELA

Well it's kinda' more of an observation?

DAVID

(Still feeling giddy.)

So observe away.

ANGELA

Well while you had your head in the toilet, I had a chance to look around.

DAVID

And? You didn't like what you see?

ANGELA

It sure beat what you were lookin' at....But it's kinda' like what I don't see.

DAVID

A bit cryptic for a cleaning lady...No offense...so what don't...?

(Retrieves the dictionary from her pocket.)

ANGELA

Hmm. Crackpot...Crawdad...Crybaby...What...what the hell is a crawdad? Ah! Cryptic!...got it.

DAVID

Is that really necessary?

ANGELA

Hey, you're the guy using the five-dollar words here. Remember English is my second language. Cryptic, secret, mysterious. Hey, you think I'm mysterious? Thanks, I try...Kinda' sexy for a woman don't you...

DAVID

(Had enough but stands a bit too quickly.)

Okay, I'm outta' here...

ANGELA

But I'm confused?

DAVID

Join the club.

ANGELA

It's this office. Where are the pictures of your big house in the 'burbs, the wife and kids, photos of family vacations with your heads stuck in those... what do you call those old tourist things in town squares? Those...

(Pantomimes with head and arms in stockades.)

Block...block...blockades...

DAVID

It's stockades. With all due respect, but you open that book again and I'll grab one of those mops and...

ANGELA

Hey, don't even try it... you don't want to see me mad.

DAVID

So, your real question here is simply - I don't have enough things on my walls?

ANGELA

I didn't say that. You got plenty of accomplishments – but nothing personal. Even that painting of the beach...no people...just sand and sea.

DAVID

Okay. Here is the mystery of the missing life. I've been working here five months. Just put up my credentials and I kept the painting from the last guy who was here.

ANGELA

I don't think so.

DAVID

(Relents.)

Okay for Christ sakes! I'm a 35 year-old guy without a family. How strange, call the tabloids!

ANGELA

Oh, I get. You're a gay, huh?

DAVID

Excuse me?

ANGELA

I said you're gay. You know - a salami snacker. You sure as hell don't dress like one, *Mr. Mix-and-Match*, but I do get a prissy vibe--

DAVID

I'm...I'm not gay.

ANGELA

Hey, it's cool with me. To each his own. Actually, I kinda' get down on two dudes doing each other.

(Picks autographed baseball off of the desk.)

Hm...Derrick Jeter...So do you pitch or catch?

DAVID

You're kidding, right?

ANGELA

Don't be shy. Bottom and a sub, right?

DAVID

What?

ANGELA

Powerful executives usually are submissives....Ya' know...need to give up control...balance your shit out--

DAVID

(Has had enough.)

Goodnight Lucy...any more splainin'... tell it to Ricky.

(Stands and as he walks past Angela, she reaches out, gestures but again, doesn't physically touch. He stops in his tracks.)

ANGELA

I don't think you really want to go, do you?

DAVID

You think you have this power to keep me here! I can just leave!

ANGELA

You mean run?

DAVID

It's late...If I want to run...yeah...I'll run. And who the hell are you anyway and...and what are you doing to me?

ANGELA

Angela, Rodriguez-Morales, The Bronx...originally Playa Del Carmen Mexico.

DAVID

(Sarcastically)

Okay Angela Rodriguez Morales, I bet you got those air miles tucked away someplace dry.

ANGELA

And what's that supposed to mean?

DAVID

Oh nothing.

ANGELA

You think I'm some kinda' illegal, right?

DAVID

Well if the wet shoe fits.

ANGELA

(Pulls out her wallet. Opens and closes quickly.)

There smarty pants. Dues paying member – Service Employees International.

DAVID

That doesn't prove anything. Besides I didn't even get a chance to see...

ANGELA

Why do you feel like you wanna' hurt me? I tell you a secret...someone like you really can't. Sticks and stones, *Senor Silk Tie*

DAVID

How's this for a stick?

(DAVID threatens with a mop. Then a wild swing.)

ANGELA

Hey, hold your fire. I told ya'...can't hurt me.

(ANGELA makes a hand gesture as DAVID freezes with the mop overhead.)

DAVID

YOU CRAZY BITCH! What the fuck are you doing here?! And why are you doing this to me?!

ANGELA

First off, put the mop down.

(ANGELA makes her gesture and the mop releases from DAVID'S hands.)

This is the Cadillac of mops, great on marble floors. You bust it, you pay for it.

DAVID

Just answer the damn questions!

ANGELA

So, *Mr. Big and Bad*, is this how you treat women who stand up to you?

DAVID

(Attempts to lunge again. ANGELA freezes him.)

YOU...!

ANGELA

Okay...okay. Back off...calm down and I'll clue you in - not that I have to. Can't do much damage with that pansy-ass swing of yours anyway.

(Pause)

Understand? We're not talking simple shit here.

DAVID

NO! I have no clue what the hell you mean! No...no more of this...this...  
(Attempts to mimic Angela's supernatural gestures.)  
shit...Just talk.

ANGELA

Look, we all have gifts. Mine is the ability to feel people's pain. (*Beat*) You see, ever since, let's call it a death...well...sorta' close to me, I've developed this emp...emp...  
(Reaches for the dictionary and then remembers.)  
Empathy! That's it! This room is filled with emptiness and I can feel it. It is... palatable.  
(Sticks out her tongue, then turns to the audience for approval.)  
Don't have to look that one up - learned it the other night.

DAVID

Palpable?

ANGELA

What?

(Angers a bit.)

Ya' know, you're not making this very easy for me. I'm kinda' new at this and not very patient around people. I told them I wanted to stay away from 2450.

DAVID

What the hell are you talking about. Told who!?

ANGELA

Look, I'd like to help you. I'm here tonight because I think you may need it.

DAVID

(Upset)

I don't need this shit. All I have to do is go out that door.

ANGELA

It's your office and your choice. You're a smart guy...but ya' know, ya' can't leave cuz' something is holding you here. Something has turned your life into these empty walls, and that bottle of cheap Vodka in the right hand drawer there.

DAVID

(Surprised.)

What are you doing in my... Look, I'm tired. You win. I give up...

ANGELA

I'm not here to win. Ultimately, most of us do win in the end. But, not in the way you think. You believe your accomplishments up on these walls are what determine winning in this life? Sorry, it's how we handle ourselves when we are in pain and despair that...

DAVID

Look, if you caught me on a bad night, and seem to be, I'll get over it and move on.

ANGELA

To a new job in six months, with more blank walls? How many more bottles of Vodka? Oh, you're right...you are moving on. But not toward anything, but away from the emptiness. Tell ya' secret...can't keep runnin' from those things that burden you. They become so heavy, you'll be walkin' like you're looking for loose change on the sidewalk.

DAVID

How can you say that to me? You don't know anything about me.

ANGELA

Honestly, I don't think you're capable of understanding the mysteries of life right now. You're too wrapped up in self-pity and guilt to even begin to understand.

DAVID

Mysteries of life? Aren't we getting a bit metaphysical here?

(A pause)

Well...Aren't you going to look it up in that stupid book of yours?

ANGELA

(Chuckles.)

There are unanswerable questions. They're not in any book. Questions like...why are we here?...What is the meaning of life?..

DAVID

Don't forget why is the cable bill so high when there's nothing ever the hell on?

ANGELA

You're incapable of understanding these things.

DAVID

Please. You seem to have found the answers to everything. Thrill me with that mind and vocabulary of yours. Share your wisdom with me.

ANGELA

Judging from the reception so far - I'd say you've been more than a tad resistant...I think not.

DAVID

And that's my fault lady. You came to see me.

ANGELA

Look... I'm sort of new at this helping stuff. Do you really think all that book knowledge...those fancy degrees mean *Dick* in the overall scheme of things? Like we're put in this world to bounce off each other like Lotto balls in that little basket - hoping that we'll hit the right numbers? The odds are ridiculous. Nope. We're here to be drawn to each other to help fill the emptiness (Beat) SHIT!!

(ANGELA feverishly searches her pockets and produces three crumpled Lotto tickets.)

DAVID

What?! What now?

ANGELA

Hey, do you know what today's winning numbers are? Up to ninety-million. I was hoping to recapitalize my business...hire some help...disability insurance and all that. Como se...?...How do you say...Ah! "Got to be in it to win it"

DAVID

Okay, see ya'.

(Starts to leave then ANGELA freezes him.)

ANGELA

I know you spend almost every night here, more often than not drinking from the bottle you have in the right hand drawer. Some nights - like tonight - you go to DANNY'S hoping some imbecile bartender will have the answers. And all that comes out of it is that you drink yourself stupid, come back here and pass out.

DAVID

(Eyes wide)

Jesus!

ANGELA

Then you wake up about three o'clock, go home to your big empty house, shower, change and return to this...this refuge from life and feeling. Sometimes, you even think there's nothing left to live for.

DAVID

How did...

ANGELA

I Know? Is *how* really that important to you?

DAVID

How! HOW - DAMN IT!?

ANGELA

You know, we all need help sometimes...

DAVID

I...I don't give a shit what you have to say. You're some sick...crazy stalker who likes to look through my drawers when I'm not here. Let's see what happens when I get your ass fired.

ANGELA

I'm sure the partners will love to find their new burn the midnight oil superstar is really a drunk.

DAVID

(Approaches reaching for wallet.)

So what do you want money? You're some shakedown artist?

ANGELA

You think I need money? Getting rid of me is the answer to all your problems?

DAVID

Well at least one of them.

ANGELA

So you think I'm a crazy stalker? Maybe I figured everything out about you on my own? Maybe I took a peek at the divorce papers sitting in that pile there.

DAVID

Shut up.

ANGELA

Your wife filing cause you're a drunk...huh? Or are ya' a drunk cause your wife is filing?

DAVID

I said – SHUT UP!

ANGELA

Sorry, David. I can't do that. See, that's the difference between me and someone who just wants to move on and clean the next office. It doesn't have to be...what was that word...metaphysical... know what I mean?

DAVID

I don't know what anything means anymore.

ANGELA

It means a stranger can come into your life and want to help.

DAVID

Look, I didn't ask for your help--

ANGELA

Is that right? You don't need to have a fancy degree to feel the emptiness here.

DAVID

Why is my life of any importance to you? What gives you the right? You're not my friend - you're nobody! Do you understand me!?

ANGELA

David...

DAVID

No! What gives you the right to mess with my head!? To unearth a part of my life that is none of your business!

(Choking-up)

Look, sweetheart. This is my life. I am truly sorry I can't provide you with the *Kodak Moment* you feel is lacking from my décor. Maybe I don't need pictures to remind me how beautiful she was. How wonderful it was just to sleep next...next...The smell of her hair. Her warm caress. (Beat) And maybe I'll never forgive myself for...that...that night.

ANGELA

What night David?

DAVID

It was only that one time.

ANGELA

Come on. Tell me.

DAVID

Ya' never know which argument will be the last one. The one where things are said...and...and...happen...

ANGELA

What?

DAVID

I never meant to hurt her. She fell over backward as I lunged after her. I...I...never hit her...things just got out of hand. (Beat) She hit her head and face on the glass coffee table...and...

ANGELA

You've come this far. What really happened? You can handle it.

DAVID

What have I done...My God, forgive me.

ANGELA

Come on David. *Come Clean!*

DAVID

I'm not a wife beater. She just lost her balance. (Beat) But she still defended me. She lied at the hospital and on the police report and didn't have to.

ANGELA

Why do you think?

DAVID

(Moves toward ANGELA.)

Lisa...I'm so sorry. I...I never meant to hurt you. I love you too much. Please forgive me. I can't go on knowing what I did. Help me...help...

ANGELA

David, Lisa can't help you.

DAVID

So...so what am I supposed to do?

ANGELA

It's not your wife that needs to forgive you.

DAVID

Then who?

ANGELA

You need to forgive yourself and then move on.

DAVID

How can I forgive myself? Nobody has the power to forgive themselves.

ANGELA

You just asked Lisa for forgiveness. It is that what it will take to forgive you?

DAVID

I guess...I...I ...don't know?

ANGELA

I'll ask you again. Why do you think she lied?

DAVID

To keep me out of jail, why else?

ANGELA

(Smugly)

Wrong answer.

DAVID

I don't know what anything means anymore?

ANGELA

It means a stranger can come into your life and may have the power to help you figure out an answer or two.

DAVID

Ok, why then?

ANGELA

You were someone she couldn't live with. But she also knew that you would never forgive yourself if she didn't.

DAVID

Then she still loves me?

ANGELA

I wouldn't go that far *slick*. But she musta' thought there was something worth saving.

(As she gets ready to leave.)

The rest your gonna' have to figure out for yourself. Just remember, it's okay to feel again. To live again. To hold on to those good memories and learn from your mistakes. You'll make it. I have it on good authority. Forgiveness takes time and it's painful. But it's okay. Pain means your alive *Silk Tie...Alive*.

(Takes a final look around. To audience)

Well I guess things are pretty much *Cleaned-up*. Guess it's time to move on.

(Angela exits. Drained, David returns to his desk, brings his hands to his face and starts to sob as the lights begin to fade to black. Moments later, the stage lights rise slightly, and we see David at his desk sobbing, Angela is behind him with her hands just above his shoulders. A soft blue light will illuminate her angelic presence. Unaware, David continues to sob, reaches into his lower desk draw and produces a photograph of his wife. His sobbing becomes intense as he presses the photo to his chest. The stage lights fade again except for the blue spot. Then all lights fade to black.)

BLACKOUT

END OF PLAY