

HALLMARK

By Emily Breeze

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CAST:

LAURA- 24, a little aimless but well-meaning. Has a lot of time on her hands.

CARRIE- Laura's older sister. 27, put together, grounded.

SHARON- Debbie's daughter, early 30's. Shaken and out of her element, but not undone.

JEFF- Carrie and Laura's dad, Debbie's boyfriend. Corporate tech capital d-DAD.

DANY- One of the nurses assigned to Debbie's ward. Gay, hot, harsh.

DEBBIE- Jeff's age-appropriate girlfriend. They live together in New York and she's just tried to kill herself, without any warning signs.

SETTING:

A room in New York Presbyterian. There's a hospital bed behind a curtain, three chairs, a whiteboard, a door to the hallway and all of the necessary medical accoutrement.

SCENE ONE: Dystopia

Laura and Carrie sit on chairs in a private hospital room at New York Presbyterian. The curtain is drawn across the bed. Carrie is on her phone, Laura is bored to tears.

LAURA: Wanna watch vine comps?

CARRIE: It'll drain my data.

LAURA: It's the end of the month.

CARRIE: It's the 17th. This is why we always run out of data- you think the 17th constitutes the end of the month.

Laura rolls her eyes but has no rebuttal.

Dany, a nurse, walks in. Laura perks up. She unsubtly raises her eyebrows at Carrie, who shrugs her off. Dany disappears behind the curtain.

LAURA (mouthing): *That's the one.*

CARRIE (out loud): What?

LAURA (out loud): Nothing. (Mouthed) *Cunt.*

CARRIE: Coward.

LAURA: I'm not a coward I'm just sensitive.

CARRIE: Then do it.

LAURA: No.

CARRIE: Ok.

Dany reappears, writing something on a clipboard, Laura carefully looks nonchalant, but doesn't say anything. Dany walks past them and is mostly out the door.

LAURA: Everythinggood?

Dany pops back in. Carrie buries her head in her phone.

DANY: Sorry?

LAURA: Sorry, I just- asking if everything looked good, doctor-

DANY: Oh I'm not a doctor-

LAURA: Oh, sorry-

DANY: I'm a shift nurse-

LAURA: Got it.

DANY: She's doing ok, her vitals are stable-

LAURA (simultaneous with above): You just looked like you know what you're doing-

DANY: Sorry, what?

LAURA: Oh, sorry, her-

DANY: I do know what I'm doing.

LAURA: Of course.

DANY: Ok.

LAURA: Right. We- we love unions, Carrie teaches science-

DANY: Oh. Cool.

CARRIE: I'm not, I don't belong to a union, yet-

LAURA: But she will, at some point, and my roommate is in equity-

DANY: I don't-

LAURA: Not that they've really done anything for him, he gets to go to the auditions but what the fuck does that mean if you're not actually working, like, more than those 29 hour- but. Nurses! That's a great union.

DANY: Yeah. The dues are steep.

LAURA: Sure-

DANY: And we have to fight for people to respect our time and work-

LAURA: Yes.

DANY: Most of the time I get shit on it's not the union's fault but sometimes it is, when they don't bother to advocate with admin.

LAURA: Oh.

DANY: But. Better than not having them, I guess.

LAURA: Right.

DANY: Especially when most people think you don't know what you're doing.

LAURA: Mmm.

Beat. Dany's about to say something, but she turns and leaves instead.

Silence.

CARRIE: Wow.

LAURA: Shut up.

CARRIE: WOWOWOWOWOW.

LAURA: Shut up I can't I literally can't.

CARRIE: Oh my god you should kill yourself.

LAURA: I don't think I need to I think I'm just gonna... melt-

CARRIE: I shouldn't make suicide jokes-

LAURA: Yeah, boo, poor taste-

CARRIE: But actually though you should kill yourself.

LAURA: Ahhhhhhhhhhhggggghhhhhh

Laura slowly seeps out of her chair onto the ground.

CARRIE: No Laura gross that's hospital-floor.

LAURA: I don't care-

CARRIE: I do, you're gonna get MRSA and then I'm gonna have to tell mom how you got MRSA-

Laura half-spills back up into the chair.

LAURA: Have you talked to mom-

CARRIE: About Debbie?

LAURA: Yeah.

CARRIE: No.

LAURA: Yeah ok good me neither-

CARRIE: I figured-

LAURA: Like, I'm not lying to her-

CARRIE: Right-

LAURA: But like, she would make it, like there's nothing that would be helped by her having that information-

CARRIE: Yes.

LAURA: And I don't trust her to stay out of it.

CARRIE: Right.

LAURA: So.

CARRIE: Makes sense.

LAURA: I texted Rosie-

CARRIE: What did she say?

LAURA: I don't know my phone died and you have the wrong charger-

CARRIE: I have my charger. For my phone.

LAURA: It's a weird charger.

CARRIE: It is the charger that came with the phone.

LAURA: How is it that there's a third type of charger. That doesn't make any sense. iPhone chargers sure yes Apple is an evil monopoly-

CARRIE: You sound like dad-

LAURA: -and then everyone else has a micro USB. That makes sense. Why have a third type of charger, it's asinine.

CARRIE: Do you know what asinine means.

LAURA: Yes.

CARRIE: Define it.

LAURA: It's like, an asinine person is like, a bonehead, like, a dingus.

CARRIE: A dingus-

LAURA: Yeah, I don't know, yes. A dingus. Dingus people making a dingus third charger.

CARRIE: Ok.

LAURA (mocking tone with hands in the Spongebob position): dO yOu KnoW WhAt AsiNIne MeAnS? Yeah, you plorpus I know what asinine means I used it correctly.

CARRIE: Are you anxious?

LAURA: No I'm just perturbed. I'm in withdrawl. Because my stupid fucking phone is dead-

CARRIE: And you just royally fucked it up with HotNurse-

LAURA: And I royally fucked it up with HotNurse-

CARRIE: And it's Sunday-

LAURA: And I have the Sunday Scaries-

CARRIE: And it's fall-

LAURA: Yeah so my seasonal affective disorder is about to go full blown SAD-

CARRIE: So you-

LAURA: So yeah I'm anxious are you not anxious-

CARRIE: No.

LAURA: You're such a fucking Taurus-

CARRIE: I'm not a Taurus, I'm-

LAURA: I know I know when you were born I'm just saying you're not a Cancer you're a Taurus-

CARRIE: Maybe I'm a Cancer but I'm repressed because I'm always having to pick your Pisces ass up off the floors of hospitals after you completely chowder it with the given HotNurse of the week-

LAURA: Bleughhhh chowder-

CARRIE: I like actual chowder-

LAURA: Imagine hospital chowder though-

CARRIE: Oh bleuhghh yeah no-

LAURA: Anyway yes sorry you're probably right I take up too much space for you to be able to fully experience your Cancer feelings, so you've reverted to an earth sign, yes it's one hundred percent my fault-

CARRIE: You are so amazing at that-

LAURA: WHEREAS Rosie, a natural earth sign-

CARRIE: Rosie is an earth sign who's trauma response has reverted her to like an air-

LAURA: Is she- what's her rising?

CARRIE: Uhhhhhhquarius? No-

LAURA: No-

CARRIE: No yeah wait it is-

LAURA: Weird. Ok.

CARRIE: For a second I thought it was sadge-

LAURA: Wait. Sadge.

CARRIE: Sagittarius-

LAURA: Yeah no I know what you meant I just never heard anyone shorten it to sadge like vadge.

CARRIE: Ok well I don't know, how else do you shorten-

LAURA: I don't know I would maybe say Sag? With a hard g? Sadge sounds like-

CARRIE: Okay Jesus who cares-

LAURA: It's like the protagonist in a young adult dystopian novel, who like, has a British accent for some reason and comes from the Intelek tribe who all prize, wait for it-

Long pause. Carrie looks annoyed and-

CARRIE: B-

LAURA: Intellect because wow what a twist and Sadge is the only one who can help them relearn how to trust their hearts and she has a close, very intense female friendship with someone who she consistently betrays because she's put in a series of moral quandaries but-

CARRIE: Oh my gooooooooood-

LAURA: The friendship never goes anywhere because Sadge falls for the tall brooding tragically distant loner named Cooter and they have hot brooding make outs because it's pg-13-

CARRIE: Doesn't she actually lose her virginity in Hunger Games?

LAURA: No they just sleep in the same bed and fake a pregnancy-

CARRIE: Or wait, Divergent?

LAURA: No idea, shh, I'm on a role-

CARRIE: Oh excuse me-

LAURA: She and Cooter tongue fuck, but maybe it cuts away to implied real sex, which they have on some expedition to find the secret crystal that will unlock the ancient technology that will restore empathy to the masses, and then Cooter is tragically shot in the face by enemy troops and Sadge sad-cries and it is her screams that reawaken empathy, and the crystal shatters because the ancient technology was a McGuffin all along-

CARRIE: A McGuffin that was introduced super late into this synopsis-

LAURA: Whatever whatever whatever Sadge and Cooter's embryo -because surprise this is a pro-life pro-nuclear family pro-Americana pseudo white supremacist-

CARRIE: Why are you writing a white supremacist dystopian novel-

LAURA: I'm not I'm just explaining the white supremacist dystopian novel in which Sadge lives, the character you made up-

CARRIE: I never made up a character-

LAURA: Indirectly.

CARRIE: No I literally was just talking about Rosie's chart-

LAURA: I wish Rosie were here she would write a dystopian novel with me-

CARRIE: So you ARE writing the novel-

LAURA: No, I-

CARRIE: HA! Ha.

LAURA: Whatever.

CARRIE: Ha.

Carrie goes back to her phone. Beat.

LAURA: Let's watch vine comps.

CARRIE: No.

LAURA: Whore.

CARRIE (not paying attention, still on her phone): That is pejorative to sex workers-

LAURA: I know, I was using it- ironically...

CARRIE (on "using it"): What, ironically? Uh huh, how so?

LAURA: Like in a. Whatever. Bitch.

CARRIE: Cunt.

LAURA: Monkey-fucker-

CARRIE: Hey!

LAURA: He looked like an actual monkey, Carrie, I have never seen a man so short and so hairy in my whole freaking life-

CARRIE: He was- he's Mediterranean, his mom is from Greece-

LAURA: I would honestly get it if he had dark, like, sexy hair but the boy was blonde. You fucked a blonde monkey.

CARRIE: I dated a very sweet, and yes, very follicle-y gifted man for five months-

LAURA: Uh huh.

CARRIE: But. I didn't have to floss for five months, so. Win-win.

LAURA: You... oh ew. EW.

CARRIE: Well, you know-

LAURA: Bleughhh no ew gross gross gross I hate that I hate that so much-

CARRIE: Don't call me a monkey-fucker if you don't wanna hear about fucking monkeys-

LAURA: I'm gonna go kill myself.

On “gonna”, Sharon enters with a tote bag. She hears Laura’s joke, sees Carrie laughing. They immediately straighten/sober up. Sharon looks very fragile.

LAURA: Hey heyyyy Sharon-

SHARON: Hi.

CARRIE: The nurse was in, uh, earlier, she said everything seemed good, she- everything’s stayed, uh- good.

SHARON: Cool.

Beat.

SHARON: Is there a reason the curtain’s closed?

LAURA: They just, the nurse closed it, the last nurse before the more, uh, recent nurse closed it so we didn’t wanna, I don’t know if it’s- I think you can open it if you want?

SHARON: I’m gonna go sit with her.

LAURA: Ok.

CARRIE: Do you want us to- we can stay, if you- want?

SHARON: I think it’d be helpful for the room to be peaceful.

CARRIE: Sure.

SHARON: So. If you want to stay. You can.

LAURA: Is that- ... ?

Beat.

LAURA: Ok so maybe I’ll head. I’m gonna head back to the, uh, apartment and see if dad needs anything? Do you? Need anything?

CARRIE (on “apartment”): I can come- I’ll come, just and like- yeah, is there anything, like stuff you need?

SHARON: I’ll be fine. I got a book downstairs. In the gift shop-

LAURA: Oh! That’s, that’ll be nice, for you to pass the time, it gets a little quiet if. You’re alone or like, if your phone dies-

SHARON: I was going to read to her. So she knows I’m here-

LAURA: Oh! That’s. I read a thing about that, that that can help-

CARRIE: What book?

SHARON: The Velveteen Rabbit.

CARRIE: Oh, like. Like the kids...?

SHARON: She used to read it to me.

LAURA: That's... wow-

SHARON: It's one of our favorites-

CARRIE: Nice.

LAURA: I always thought it was like, dark?

CARRIE: It's really sweet-

SHARON: It's about being loved.

LAURA: Right yeah, of course-

CARRIE: We should. Head-

LAURA: But isn't there, like, scarlet fever? Or something?

SHARON (on Carrie's "We should"): I'll text you if I think of anything-

LAURA: Sorry-

CARRIE: Great! Ok BYE-

LAURA: Bye!

Carrie pulls Laura out. Sharon doesn't really watch them go, but feels the door close and sighs. She pulls a copy of The Velveteen Rabbit out of her bag, and walks behind the curtain to sit down.

SHARON (from behind the curtain): Hi mom.

SCENE TWO:

The next morning. Carrie enters, sees Sharon washing her hands. She raises a hand to say hi, goes to sit in her chair. Sharon nods.

CARRIE: Last night was ok?

SHARON: Yeah. No change.

CARRIE: Did you get to sleep at all?

SHARON: A little bit.

CARRIE: That's nice.

SHARON: Is- your dad-

CARRIE: He's coming, he's fighting with the insurance person downstairs-

SHARON: Oh.

CARRIE: They aren't- there's like, a HIPPA issue, because they're not, like, married-

SHARON: But she. Changed her will-

CARRIE: There's like a, uh- because that happened in conjunction with the attempt, it was flagged as like a not-in-her-right-mind, uh, thing?

SHARON: Oh. Do they- should I go down there?

CARRIE: I think he didn't wanna bother you unless they really needed you for like, permissions stuff-

SHARON: I don't, I mean I'm here-

CARRIE: Sure, yeah, I think- he wanted to make sure since you flew out you're spending like, time with her and not, worrying about the stupid. Details.

SHARON: That's nice. But like, I wasn't not gonna fly out-

CARRIE: Right. Of course.

SHARON: Like I'm not here to have a good time.

CARRIE: No, I think. None of us want to make it a worse time for you-

SHARON: Ok.

CARRIE: So. Whatever we can do-

SHARON: It's. I appreciate it.

Beat.

Carrie's about to say something, maybe offer Sharon a hug and then-

Laura bursts in.

LAURA: CARRIE SHE'S A SCORPIO. Oh, sorry- Hi Sharon-

CARRIE: Laura-

SHARON: Hi.

CARRIE: Maybe we should-

LAURA: Sorry, I didn't mean to like, interrupt, I didn't-

SHARON: It's ok.

Beat.

SHARON: Well, I should. I need to get some sleep-

CARRIE (simultaneous with Sharon): Like I was saying, whatever we can- oh sorry-

SHARON: Sorry-

CARRIE: Sorry I was just saying. Whatever you need.

SHARON: I think I need some sleep. So. I'm gonna head back to the hotel.

CARRIE: Ok! Well. We'll be here, our dad's gonna be. Here, so.

LAURA: We'll let you know if anything happens-

SHARON: Ok.

LAURA: Or we can just update, like, when the nurses come in? So you know everything's good?

SHARON: Just- if anything-

CARRIE: If anything changes, we'll let you know.

SHARON: Thanks. Ok. I'll be back later.

Sharon moves towards the door, Laura goes in for a hug. They hug, it's a little weird because Sharon has her tote bag, purse, and coat.

LAURA: Hope you get some rest-

CARRIE: Bye-

SHARON: Yep- bye.

Sharon leaves. Beat. Laura walks over to the set of chairs away from the bed to plug in her phone.

LAURA: She is...

CARRIE: I mean-

LAURA: What is it?

CARRIE: It's a tough time-

LAURA: Is it weird? Is that the- yeah, I mean I know it's a tough time but that's what I'm saying though, I would get it if she were like, having a tough time, but she's kind of just-

CARRIE: Yeah I don't. Totally get her-

LAURA: Is she- how old is she is she Gen X?

CARRIE: No, that would- Gen X is like, old-

LAURA: Isn't it like, Dana's Gen X, technically, right?

CARRIE: Yeah but like I think Dana is just barely on the cusp and she's like-

LAURA: I don't know I feel like Sharon didn't grow up with Reese's Puffs.

CARRIE: I don't think that's why she's weird. Also we didn't grow up with Reese's Puffs-

LAURA: No but that's just because mom was like, my point is we grew up adjacent to Reese's Puffs-

CARRIE: That's not- that's-

LAURA: Like, no we didn't have access to Reese's Puffs in our actual home, but when we went to sleepovers, we could get Reese's Puffs, our childhoods existed in proximity to Reese's Puffs-

CARRIE: I don't think Sharon's weirdness is related to Reese's Puffs, I honestly think it has way more to do with the fact that her mom, who she's clearly not close to, just made a very serious suicide attempt and now she has to trade off shifts watching her comatose parent with her comatose parent's boyfriend and his daughters who she had never previously met-

LAURA: Ok. Maybe yes but- wait why do you think they're not close Debbie talked about her all the time-

CARRIE: She lives in Philly and she hasn't been here in two years.

LAURA: But that's like- she's married, she has a kid-

CARRIE: Not for birthdays, or like-

LAURA: Yeah ok that's weird.

CARRIE: Like if you lived in Philly-

LAURA: Ugh I'd kill myself-

CARRIE: Philly's cool!

LAURA: The cool parts of Philly are like, way too hip for me, it's like cool but like ART cool, like paintings. What am I gonna do, go stand around at an art show and be less cool than a painting?

CARRIE: Ok well. My point is that IF you lived in Philly and Dad lived here, you'd come up to visit for like. His birthday. Or father's day, or something, once in two years.

LAURA: Yeah ok you're right.

CARRIE: So. I don't know, clearly Debbie is more invested in the relationship than Sharon is-

LAURA: Mmm oh that's tough-

CARRIE: And my guess is Sharon is feeling guilty that she hasn't been around, and also weird because Debbie transferred the money into her account, which makes her feel like her mom was trying to buy her off-

LAURA: Yeah, but all that stuff was like, I'm sure Sharon knows that was part of the crazy and not like-

CARRIE: Well yeah but it was like, rational, logical, crazy. Which makes it super confusing-

LAURA: Mmm. Yeah. Yeah. Fuck.

Beat.

CARRIE: But also yeah there's something weird about her.

LAURA: RIGHT!? Ok, RIGHT! Yes. There is... it's like something almost mid-level markety or Scientology, or-

CARRIE: Or like, anti-vaxx?

LAURA: Oh fuck maybe yes? Like. She's totally polite but like you mention your flu shot over dinner and she kind of stiffens and is like, "I think everyone is entitled to control over their own bodies and choices".

CARRIE: Yeah she doesn't believe in, like, chemtrails, but she like, is afraid of mercury-

LAURA: Or she just hates autistic people-

CARRIE: Yeah because her only experience is with her friend's kid who is nonverbal and struggling and who her friend is trying to cure which makes it way worse-

LAURA: The kid's name is Kinsley-

CARRIE: Boy or girl-

LAURA: Girl named Kinsley, boy named Jacoby.

CARRIE: They had a crazy gender reveal-

LAURA: Like a giant exploding cake-

CARRIE: Frosting was splattered for miles, and it was hot that day so it was loose and sticky-

LAURA: Oh my god speaking of loose and sticky I totally forgot I came in to tell you-

CARRIE (on sticky): Oh god Laura please no-

LAURA: You can't set me up with a phrase like loose and sticky-

CARRIE: Ok fine whatever what-

LAURA: HotNurse is named Dany and she's a SCORPIO-

CARRIE: Are you stalking this nurse now?

LAURA: No they had like, a birthday chart of all the nurses on the wall with their pictures-

CARRIE: That seems like a weird-

LAURA: Yeah it's a little- whatever she's a SCORPIO.

CARRIE: That's not. Good for you-

LAURA: No it's amazing I love scorpions.

CARRIE: Since when.

LAURA: Since I burned through Libras I'm just following the calendar- listen though, that's why she was like, mean to me. It's her love language-

CARRIE: She responded to you insulting her profession-

LAURA: I was like, trying to flatter her-

CARRIE: You are so misguided, it's like, amazing you've ever fucked anyone-

LAURA: A lot of people like my brand of adorkable... catastrophe, it's like the gay version of manic pixie dream girl-

CARRIE: The gay version of manic pixie dream girl is just the manic pixie dream girl because manic pixie dream girls are hot femmes with alternative hair who keep telling men they don't want to sleep with them and men don't listen-

LAURA: Ok fair-

CARRIE: Regardless-

LAURA: Regardless, HotNurse Dany is a scorio-

CARRIE: Ok-

LAURA: And I think that that is really hot fact and I think that she is even hotter now-

CARRIE: Sure.

Beat. Carrie looks at her phone and responds to a text.

LAURA: Hillary Clinton is a scorpio.

CARRIE: Mmm so was Nana Katie-

LAURA: Oh right. Yeeee. You know what that makes sense though?

CARRIE: Yeah Nana Katie was a cunt-

LAURA: Ok but not all scorpions-

CARRIE: Hashtag not all scorpions-

LAURA: Like, they are water signs, they can be sensitive-

CARRIE: Yeah HotNurse seems really sensitive.

LAURA: Well she's caring! We know that, she chose to be a nurse-

CARRIE: Except that nurses are either super super caring martyrs who maybe are gonna poison you so they get to save you, OR they are the bitchy girls from high school who went to CUNY who trip out on the power and I'm guessing if she's a scorp, she doesn't fit into the martyr category-

LAURA: You got that from a tweet.

CARRIE: Which part.

LAURA: The bitchy girls from high school, someone tweeted that; it was in a buzzfeed round-up.

CARRIE: Maybe. Whatever.

LAURA: Plagiarist.

CARRIE: If Lizzo can steal tweets so can I-

LAURA: OOOOH you think she stole it?

CARRIE: I don't know. I think nothing is original, and the reality is we no all exist on a platform so that two people can have the same thought and neither one owns it, it's owned by the platform.

LAURA: Nothing is original, companies own all of the thoughts we share-

CARRIE: Basically.

LAURA: The planet is on fire.

CARRIE: And it's our fault.

LAURA: And we're all gonna die.

CARRIE: Sooner rather than later.

Beat.

They look over towards the curtain.

Carrie's phone buzzes again.

CARRIE: Fuck.

LAURA: Everything good?

CARRIE: Yeah dad's just- fighting with the. He needs me to go back to the apartment and grab some papers for the-

LAURA: Oh ok-

CARRIE: Are you, good to stay?

LAURA: Yeah, go, go!

CARRIE: Ok. Try not to insult any other staff members, they'll kick us out-

LAURA: Maybe she will have fallen in love with me by the time you get back-

CARRIE: Sure. Maybe. Good luck with that.

LAURA: Have fun on the A it's super delayed apparently.

CARRIE: Great.

Carrie leaves.

Laura watches her go, then stands up and sort of peeks around the curtain without fully looking. She shivers and turns back to the chairs.

LAURA: Well. If we're all gonna die. Might as well make it a show, Debbie.

DEBBIE (from behind the curtain): Fuck yeah.

LAURA: FUCK-

Laura runs, pulls back the curtain. Debbie is in a coma, fully intubated, and restrained.

LAURA: What the fuck-

She finds the bed remote and pushes the button that accidentally moves the bed up. Debbie jiggles.

LAURA: Fuck shit sorry sorry sorry-

Laura finds the nurse call button and presses it like seven times. The light directly above Debbie's bed flashes.

LAURA: Dammit that's-

Laura walks over to the door, watching Debbie to see if she's moving, and opens the door onto Dany entering. They nearly smack.

DANY: Whats-

LAURA: Shit sorry, she's-

Dany nurse-walks over to Debbie, looks at her monitors, checks her over, grabbing hands, checking eyes with a flashlight, checking her drip.

DANY: What happened, she looks stable, is something-

LAURA (after "happened"): She, sorry, I was sitting here and she was-

DANY: Did she seize?

LAURA: No she talked.

DANY: She talked.

LAURA: Yeah I was sitting, the curtain was closed, I said something and she responded-

DANY: She's intubated, she can't talk. Even if she were conscious, which, it seems like she isn't-

LAURA: No I know, she didn't, like get up-

DANY: Well she's restrained-

LAURA: Yeah I know, I didn't. I said something, she responded. Can that happen?

DANY: No.

LAURA: Ok. Well.

Beat. Dany has finished all the serious checks, is looking around generally.

DANY: You said the curtain was closed.

LAURA: Yeah.

DANY: So you didn't see her talk.

LAURA: Yeah.

DANY: Is it. Sometimes when family members are sleep deprived, and stressed-

LAURA: I'm not a family member.

DANY: Oh. Sorry, I thought-

LAURA: My dad is- they were living together, but she's not, I don't even really like, know her all that well? We only, like I've only ever met her ten times before this.

DANY: That's, kind of a lot of times-

LAURA: I don't know, it's like a weird number of times-

DANY: It's a weird number to have counted to-

LAURA: I'm not related to her, really, like I'm here for my dad, and to be like, an extra, pair of hands in case something goes wrong or like, if she suddenly wakes up and talks.

DANY: Sure.

LAURA: I didn't mean to like, panic, I just- it seemed like a crazy-

DANY: Yeah.

LAURA: I don't know, I said something, and she, like, fully responded, so-

DANY: What specifically did she say-

LAURA: I mean. I was saying, like, I was looking at my phone and saw the Giants won last night so I said, "Debbie the Giants won" and she said, "Fuck yeah".

DANY: The Giants lost last night.

LAURA: Well I was- it was a white lie to make her feel better, she's a Giants fan.

DANY: Ok.

LAURA: The point is, she said "Fuck yeah", like that, it wasn't like, loud, but it was. Definitive.

DANY: Sometimes the monitors will have a low vitals alert? It's just a beep. But she seems stable so I don't- the tube goes past the vocal chords, so they can't- the folds don't vibrate.

LAURA: Ok.

DANY: Are you- I know you're not a family member but. Just stress alone can be-

LAURA: Yeah, no I'm fine. Maybe my phone made a weird. Maybe I scrolled past a video while I wasn't looking or. Something.

DANY: Sure.

LAURA: Sorry, I didn't- Thank you for coming in, and uh- checking.

DANY: Well. It's my job.

LAURA: Of course.

DANY: I'm pretty good at it.

LAURA: Yeah I'm sorry, about what I said, uh earlier? I was trying to- I don't know, I didn't mean to imply that nurses don't know what they're. I mean, clearly, you know what- I mean you're like the backbone of the medical industry, and like- honestly a doctor's only come in here like twice in the last three days, and he didn't tell us, he was just like "she's lucky we're an

amazing hospital burburbur” but like- well I’m sure you are an amazing hospital, but he didn’t do anything, actually, is my point, it’s been like, you guys who’ve been doing the whole. Thing.

DANY: Mmm.

LAURA: Sorry.

DANY: It’s fine.

LAURA: My dad calls it foot-in-mouth disease. He does it too, we’re both. Like this-

DANY: That’s a good Dad joke.

LAURA: Yeah he’s good at somethings. Dad jokes. And cooking, he’s a really good cook.

DANY: My dad makes quesadillas and basically nothing else.

LAURA: Oh I love quesadillas.

DANY: They’re fine.

Beat.

LAURA: I like your tattoo-

DANY (Simultaneous with above): I should get back to my rounds-

LAURA: Oh yeah sorry duh-

DANY: No worries.

Dany tugs her sleeve down to cover the tattoo.

DANY: We’re not technically supposed to have visible tattoos but I think the admin is so scared of getting sued that they’re not gonna bother me about it-

LAURA: Yeah it’s basically a hate crime if they do, so-

DANY: Basically. I got it to incite hate crimes, so-

LAURA: I mean tattoos or haircuts, we gotta flag some way.

DANY: So where’s your tattoo? Your hair isn’t all that flaggy, I hate to break it to you-

LAURA: The curse of the femme.

Beat.

DANY: I do have to get back, she seems ok-

LAURA: Oh my god, yeah of course, go-

DANY: But I’m off in an hour.

LAURA: Oh! Cool- I. I have to stay, here, I don’t know when someone’s getting back-

DANY: I'll swing by on my way out. You can show me your tattoo.

LAURA: Yeah! Cool. That's- yeah.

DANY: Those chairs are super uncomfortable, but the chair near the bed stretches out a little bit if you need- you could take a nap. In case she starts, uh. Talking again.

LAURA: Ha! Yeah. Thanks, I- the plug's over here so- I'll be fine. But thanks. Sorry to. Yeah-

DANY: No worries.

Dany leaves.

LAURA: Cool. Coolcoolcoolcoolcool.

Laura walks back to the chairs, picks up her phone, which is plugged in. She looks towards the curtain.

LAURA: You know what's fucked up Debbie?

She waits for Debbie to answer. Debbie doesn't.

LAURA: I don't have a tattoo.

Laura waits for a retort.

It doesn't come.

SCENE THREE

Laura alone with Debbie, Laura scrolling on her phone. She snorts, then looks over to the curtain.

LAURA: Debbie you on Instagram?

No answer.

LAURA: I know my dad thinks it's a trap set by the Russians to steal our faces, but-

No answer.

LAURA: Honestly he's probably right, except I don't foresee Zuck like getting buddy buddy with Putin I feel like it's way more likely he's selling our profiles to China, Russia's a sinking ship and like even the Russian's know it that's why they're all blaaahhhghhh. Ya know?

No answer.

LAURA: My mom's Russian. I. Don't know if you know that? Or not but like, her mom is Russian and we're not the best at dealing with- well no, the problem is that we are the best at dealing with tragedy and depression and the dark expanding void, we are so used to having a dark expanding void that we don't care when it swallows us, we're like "Oh, the void's back".

No answer. Laura goes back to her phone.

LAURA: DebBlum6199 is that you?

No answer.

LAURA: Is it weird if I follow you?

No answer.

LAURA: Well. I requested, so. Whenever this... whatever ends, you'll have one weird follow request from your-

Laura's phone buzzes. Laura stares at it.

LAURA: What the hell Debbie?

From behind the curtain, Debbie laughs.

Laura stands up and goes to walk out of the room, but she stops, turns, walks over and looks behind the curtain.

She turns back to the door.

LAURA: Fuck me.

SCENE FOUR

Carrie, Laura, Jeff standing, Jeff is explaining the health care system.

JEFF: I tried to tell the guy, which, I don't even know his actual role, but he seemed to be filling in? Or something? It was weird, I didn't totally understand- either way, I was telling him, like, this isn't- like, no, we aren't married, but I'm not trying to scam the system in any way, I'm trying to make sure they have the information they need to process her insurance, you know, how could I possibly benefit from making sure the hospital has the right information for her benefits, and you know, so that she's not, I mean, again, theoretically even if I were trying to pull some kind of scam, wouldn't it be the opposite? Like, where are we going with this?

CARRIE: Yeah, it's. Fucked up.

JEFF: And it made me think, about, like, ok, god forbid something like this ever happens- I mean, if I were hit by a car, are they telling me one of you wouldn't be able to access my medical information on my behalf-

LAURA: Well we're immediate family members-

JEFF: Ok well yeah sure, but... I don't know the whole thing just seems screwy and backwards.

CARRIE: Yep.

JEFF: It made me think about, you know, ten years ago, for a gay couple? This same thing would have happened!

CARRIE: Yeah.

JEFF: You don't even think about, you know, how that sort of thing affects- it really just seems nuts.

LAURA: I feel like the real question is why is marriage the standard by which-

JEFF: No that's exactly- that's exactly what I'm saying, like why does it matter, and you know, if we want to talk about the legality of it, she did change, or. You know, she did the whole power of attorney thing, so-

LAURA: Right.

JEFF: I don't know the whole thing just seems like- like, if anyone is getting scammed, it's the consumer, right? She has health insurance! And they're still- I don't know.

CARRIE: Warren twenty twenty.

JEFF: Yeah. Or, you know, Bernie-

LAURA: uuuuuughhhhhh-

JEFF: He's been consistent in-

LAURA: He's been a consistent narcissist-

JEFF: Everyone who seeks the office of the presidency is, at some level, a narcissist-

LAURA: And only women are made out to be terrible people for having that ambition-

JEFF: I'm not against Elizabeth Warren because she's a woman, she has some good ideas-

LAURA: Four years ago you said "If Elizabeth Warren were running I'd vote for her in a heartbeat"-

JEFF: That was pre-Trump getting elected, it's a different-

LAURA: So only a man can defeat Trump?

CARRIE: I'm gonna get a coffee. Do you want anything.

JEFF: I'm good.

LAURA: Chai?

CARRIE: Hot?

JEFF: Actually if they have a sparkling water?

CARRIE: You want a flavor?

JEFF: No.

CARRIE: Ok anything-

LAURA: Vanilla bean scone?

JEFF: If they have the lime seltzer, then that.

CARRIE: Ok text me if there's anything else.

Carrie gets the fuck out.

Beat.

JEFF: I like Elizabeth Warren.

LAURA: Ok.

JEFF: I like that she has some good ideas.

LAURA: She does have good ideas.

JEFF: And I hope she continues to do well.

LAURA: Me too.

Beat. Jeff shifts uncomfortable, uncrossing his legs.

JEFF: Oh, I did want to talk to you-

LAURA: Ok-

JEFF: About something, and, I completely understand if you don't-

LAURA: What's up-

JEFF: Well I was wondering if you might be willing to share some of, uh, your experience when you were having a bad time.

LAURA: Oh.

JEFF: Just because- when they do take her out of the, there's gonna be a mandatory inpatient, thing, and- just any. Advice or perspective you have, if you're willing to share, I'd. It could be very useful to us.

LAURA: I mean. I think the circumstances are maybe like, I don't know, I was in a young adult, thing, so-

JEFF: Sure. Sure.

LAURA: Make sure she has shampoo? And snacks. I don't know about wherever she's going but at our place they let us have snacks from home and I didn't have any because mom didn't know that was a thing and then by the time she could bring me a snack I was already, like, leaving. I left my snacks for another girl who seemed like. She didn't have anyone to bring her extra snacks.

JEFF: That's. That was nice of you.

LAURA: Yeah I mean I don't know what the snack situation is like at these places across the board, but. It's always nice to have an extra something.

JEFF: Yeah. That's. Good to know.

LAURA: Yeah.

Beat.

LAURA: I'm sorry this is all-

JEFF: It's ok-

LAURA: Well. It kinda sucks.

JEFF: Yeah. It sucks.

LAURA: Yeah.

JEFF: But. You know. What else are you gonna do?

LAURA: Huh. Yeah. Cry about it.

JEFF: That's not quite in my wheelhouse.

LAURA: Male cancers are so weird.

JEFF: Male cancers-

LAURA: Like theoretically you're supposed to have all this access to feeling and-

JEFF: Oh this is your heebie-jeebie-

LAURA: -like, almost uncontrollable, but you and Carrie you're both just like these solid, stoic-

JEFF: Carrie's not a man it's not a man problem-

LAURA: Ok I don't know what the deal is then, it's- maybe it's some weird genetic. Thing.

JEFF: That just skipped you, and-

LAURA: Me and Rosie aren't cancers-

JEFF: Oh so it's just a genetic but specifically to cancers-

LAURA: Yeah like some genes get turned on in certain circumstances-

JEFF: Whatever.

LAURA: What's Debbie's sign-

JEFF: I don't know, I don't know any of that-

LAURA: When's her birthday.

JEFF: April. Twenty-Ninth.

LAURA: Oh a TAURUS.

JEFF: What does that-

LAURA: Well I think Carrie is actually misplaced Taurus-

JEFF: Ok-

LAURA: Taurus are like, stubborn but like, steadfast, they love creature comforts, good food, they are very reliable, they have a tendency to only want things to be a certain way and they don't love change-

JEFF: Ok so. Carrie. But not Debbie. Not really at all-

LAURA: Well but that's what I'm saying Carrie should be a Taurus-

JEFF: But doesn't that disprove, the whole- isn't that the whole thing is that you are the thing you are, and if you should be something different the whole system is a bunch of baloney?

LAURA: I mean. It just means there are some unknown depths to Carrie- someone may look at her and see a Taurus on the surface, which also, I mean that all has to do with like, rising signs and moon signs-

JEFF: Oh and the planetary discombobulatory of the vapors and the essences of the candles-

LAURA: It's very systematic and actually scientific-

JEFF: You sound like- what's her- the lady, with the hair from those books- Emma Thompson?

LAURA: Professor Trelawney-

JEFF: That's it! You sound like Professor Trelawney.

LAURA: I would love to be Professor Trelawney at this point in my life.

JEFF: Seems like there's a brand-new solid market for it nowadays.

LAURA: It's oversaturated.

JEFF: Oh I see.

Beat.

LAURA: Maybe Debbie being a Taurus is a good thing.

JEFF: Ok.

LAURA: Like, she's not. She's solid. Difficult to move.

JEFF: Maybe.

LAURA: She's not gonna just, she's not gonna like flail.

JEFF: I don't know. I don't know what- uh.

LAURA: Sorry, I didn't mean like-

JEFF: No, it's ok, I don't uh- wanna be a broken record here but I just. Did not, uh-

LAURA: It's ok Dad, you're- you're allowed to be broken record or a whatever, you can be a melty record next to a radiator or like a scratched- did records get scratched?

JEFF: Yeah. Records got scratched-

LAURA: Yeah! So whatever kinda record or cd or mp3 or other- or a tape? A cassette tape? A tape deck? What's the difference between a cassette tape and a tape deck-

JEFF: They're- a tape deck is the machine you used to play a cassette, they're not the same, it's like the difference between a stereo and a-

LAURA: Sorry, whatever- you can be a radio or a fucking windmill or an embroidered quilt or or whatever, you can be whatever. Sorry. I don't know what I'm trying to. Say.

JEFF: Thanks, sweetie.

LAURA: Yeah. Of course.

Beat.

LAURA: I think she- I think she wants to stay.

JEFF: Yeah. I hope so.

LAURA: I think she has a whack sense of humor but I think she wants to stay-

JEFF: I don't think this was, I mean, it was a pretty serious-

LAURA: Oh my god, no, that's- I'm so sorry, I didn't mean that no no no, sorry, I. I meant like before, she's- she seems funny, like, you had said before that you liked her sense of humor so it was just- I wasn't. Uh.

JEFF: Oh- no, it's uh. I do like her sense of humor.

LAURA: Yeah. She's like. A Prankster.

JEFF: Not, really a prankster? As much as-

LAURA: Sorry yeah-

JEFF: She just has a biting, like, dark-

LAURA: Yeah, like, a sarcastic-

JEFF: Yeah. Good sense of sarcasm.

Beat.

JEFF: I really like that about her.

LAURA: Well. You're funny too, I think it's. It seems like a good. Match.

JEFF: Yeah. I. I thought so.

Beat.

LAURA: I love you dad.

JEFF: I love you too, Laura.

SCENE FIVE

Carrie, Laura, Jeff and Sharon. Sitting. Silently. Sharon is in her chair, Carrie and Laura are on their phones. Jeff is on his phone, he's playing bubble breaker.

JEFF: HEY!

They all look up.

JEFF: I! Sorry- that Polish motherfucker- I beat his high-

CARRIE (after "Sorry"): Is this a bubble breaker thing?

JEFF (to Carrie): Yeah, it's, I've got-

LAURA (after "motherfucker"): You maybe shouldn't say "that Polish motherfucker"-

JEFF: I don't mean it like a- he's just a little punk who happens to be in Poland.

LAURA: Ok. Still doesn't sound great.

JEFF: I beat him.

CARRIE: Congrats.

JEFF: Thank you.

SHARON: Is this- sorry-

CARRIE: He's been playing bubble breaker since we were in high school.

LAURA: It's like his only hobby-

JEFF: Hey! That is not true! I cook, I do other things-

CARRIE: He's a good cook.

LAURA: But he's actually been the world champion in bubble breaker on and off for the last few months-

CARRIE: Which, is kind of crazy?

JEFF: It's awesome. I'm the best in the world.

LAURA: But this kid in Poland keeps one upping him.

SHARON: Oh.

LAURA: It's just like. A weird. Fun fact.

SHARON: Sure.

JEFF: It would- Debbie teases me about it because sometimes I do it when we're watching a movie or something. But then she's on her phone when we're watching the game most of the time, so. It's a joke.

SHARON: She loves football-

JEFF: Yeah! I know I- it always, when they're playing she does this thing where she's on her phone because she says the playbacks take too long and then she misses the actual play, and I'm always like, you know, if you were paying attention, but. It's just a jokey. Thing.

SHARON: When I was a kid they had season tickets to uh, we had season tickets to the Giants. It was funny because my dad isn't a big football. Guy. But everyone assumed he was dragging her along, and then she'd bust out like, yelling in the stands with the gear and. Everything.

JEFF: Yeah, we had. We were meaning to get to a game this season we just hadn't worked out. The schedules.

SHARON: Yeah. Getting out to Metlife from the city is-

JEFF: Yeah! Well she was saying back in the day coming down from Orange County it was a crazy- people would just- I mean you get New Jersey drivers and New York drivers on the road at the same time and-

SHARON: It gets that way in Philly sometimes. You got New Jersey people and Philly people but then it's like-

JEFF: Oh man! Philly is like- the traffic is just-

SHARON: Yeah. It's crazy.

JEFF: I've been driving along ninety-five and seen like, full wrecks and people just keep driving, no one cares, it's just like a-

SHARON: Yeah everyone's just trying to get past where the backup is gonna start-

JEFF: Yeah! Like someone could fly out of a car and onto the road and people would just keep, you know, just pancake central-

CARRIE: Yikes-

JEFF: Sorry, I didn't mean-

SHARON: No I've seen some shit on ninety five.

This is the first time Sharon has sworn in front of the group. There's a momentary respite, maybe a slight chuckle.

LAURA: Sharon what's your sign?

JEFF: Oh man- don't let her- she'll go crazy with this stuff-

SHARON (on "sign"): I'm a Capricorn-

LAURA: Oh YES wow ok-

SHARON: Libra moon, Aries rising.

LAURA: OH MY FUCKING GOD-

JEFF: Oh jeez-

CARRIE: Holy fuck.

LAURA: You're a LIBRA MOON.

SHARON: Yeah, it's a weird. I'm not quite sure how it expresses itself, but sometimes I can be social in the right, circumstances-

CARRIE: But also, Aries rising?

LAURA: Yeah that's like- Oh my god I cannot get over the fact that you're a libra moon-

SHARON: The Aries is funny because most people don't see me as particularly, I don't know, people guess Capricorn, but they don't guess the. Rest.

LAURA: Literally Libra moons are. SO fucking hot.

Small beat.

SHARON: Yeah. I. Don't know.

LAURA: Do you know Debbie's- my dad said she was a Taurus-

SHARON: She's a triple Taurus.

LAURA: FUCK.

CARRIE: Wow.

JEFF: What does that- you know what? I'm not gonna-

Jeff goes back to his bubble breaker.

SHARON: Yeah we did a reading together like, when I was- back before I moved to Philly, her, my brother and me, it was a mother's day present.

LAURA: That's so fucking cool.

SHARON: I found it ongroupon.

LAURA: Shutthefuckup.

SHARON: Yeah! It was uh, in the city- I don't remember the name of the place but I bet there's groupons like, all over.

CARRIE: That's cool!

LAURA: Carrie you me and Rosie have to do that. That's what I want for my birthday.

CARRIE: You just had your birthday.

LAURA: I don't care that's what I want for my next birthday.

CARRIE: What about Christmas we have Christmas in between now and your next birthday.

LAURA: LITERALLY I don't give a fuck I want a sisters reading.

SHARON: Is your- other-

LAURA: She's technically a virgo but we are convinced she's actually like some kind of air or water something-

SHARON: Yeah. Tom is like that, he's technically a Leo, but. There's nothing about him that is in any way Leo-related.

LAURA: What's his rising?

SHARON: Well that's the weird thing, he's a Pisces moon-

LAURA: Love it-

SHARON: But his rising is... Sagittarius? Yeah. Sadge.

CARRIE: HA. SADGE.

LAURA: That's not a- this is not a vindication-

CARRIE: Sorry- we were arguing about, like, Sadge versus Sag-

SHARON: Oh. I say Sadge.

LAURA: Ok FINE I guess I am outvoted-

CARRIE: It makes sense, you shorten to the syllable, not the letter, like-

LAURA: Whateverrrr I just think it sounds like vadge-

CARRIE: Like GIF not JIF.

SHARON: I don't know that my vote really counts, I've never thought about it, I just- I assumed it was Sadge.

CARRIE: No your vote counts. It absolutely counts.

LAURA: Whatever.

Beat. Sharon smiles.

SHARON: She's not super into it, but I think she liked the idea that she's a triple of anything. Like, it's a special. Thing.

Jeff looks over.

JEFF: She's definitely her own. Person.

SHARON: Yeah. She is.

JEFF: That's uh, one of my favorite things, she's- solidly just, herself. Unapologetic.

SHARON: Yeah.

JEFF: So. Maybe I didn't uh- tell her that, enough,-

CARRIE: Dad-

LAURA: No-

SHARON: I'm sure that's not-

JEFF: I mean, you can always tell someone something more, so. I won't make. She's gonna hear it a lot.

LAURA: I'm sure she knows.

SHARON: I don't. Uh. Yeah.

Very awkward silence.

JEFF: Sorry, I didn't mean to-.

SHARON: It's ok.

Sharon stands up and walks toward the door.

SHARON: I'm gonna, um-

She goes to open the door and Dany walks in.

SHARON: Oh, sorry I-

DANY: No, go ahead-

SHARON: I'll be back, I'm gonna. Get some coffee.

Sharon leaves.

DANY: Sorry, just doing rounds-

JEFF: No, please of course, don't let us-

Dany walks briskly to Debbie's bedside. Laura looks very busily at her phone, Carrie stares suspiciously between the two of them.

DANY: She doing ok today?

JEFF: Yep, pretty much the same, we've been here the last- oh I don't know when the last round, whoever was on duty last-

DANY: Gemma-

JEFF: Gemma! Right, she's, she said everything looks normal and they're gonna try to have to doctor come in at some point, uh- tomorrow?

DANY: He'll see her probably mid-morning-

JEFF: Oh great! So, uh, we should, we'll make sure one of us or- we'll be here for that.

DANY: No promises though-

JEFF: No I, yeah, it's- these schedules can be a little- you never know when you're gonna get new information-

DANY: Shift schedules are specific but doctor schedules get rearranged all the time-

JEFF: Yeah, of course, of course-

DANY: Well she looks good. Any more late-night outbursts?

JEFF: Sorry?

Dany looks at Laura.

LAURA: Oh! Hah! No, dad I- my phone made, when I was here the other night, my phone made a noise and because I was, it was late and I was kind of tired and it sounded like Debbie had said something so I rang the call button and, and-

DANY: Dany.

LAURA: Yes sorry, Nurse Dany-

DANY: It's on my tag-

LAURA: Came to check in because I was so worried-

DANY: Or on the board. Next to Gemma-

LAURA: Right and I was freaking out, and she explained that obviously, it couldn't have been Debbie, and so then we figured out it must have been my phone, yadda yadda yadda, whatever-

JEFF: Ok-

LAURA: And then *Dany* mentioned that she'd come back just to double check at the end of her shift to make sure Debbie hadn't disturbed her tube or anything, but I don't know I guess I must have left? Before the end of your shift? Because I didn't see you-

DANY: Yeah I had to end my shift early so I didn't get to come back and check, but the ward nurse should have been in before Gemma's shift-

LAURA: I didn't, uh- notice-

DANY: But no more mysterious talking?

LAURA: No.

DANY: That's good.

Dany notices Debbie's mouth.

DANY: Looks like her lips are getting a little chapped I'll see if we can get you some Vaseline. Or if anyone wants to share their chapstick-

Dany looks around.

DANY: That was a joke.

JEFF: Oh Haha!

It's awkward.

DANY: Let me see if I can get you that Vaseline.

Dany takes her charts and leaves.

JEFF: She's a little. Intense.

CARRIE (*staring directly at Laura*): Yeah well. She's a scorio-

JEFF: No way now how do you know-

Jeff's phone starts to ring.

JEFF: Dammit hold on.

Jeff picks up.

JEFF: Yello! This is Jeff. Sorry, yep Drew, there's just not such good- hold on a second there-

Jeff exits into the hallway.

CARRIE: Ok what the fuck.

LAURA: What.

CARRIE: What do you mean what.

LAURA: WHAT.

CARRIE: What. Was going on.

LAURA: Nothing.

CARRIE: Something.

LAURA: No.

CARRIE: Yes.

LAURA: No!

CARRIE: Whatever. Knucklehead McSpazatron.

LAURA: You're the Knucklehead McSpazatron.

CARRIE: You're a dingus.

LAURA: You're a CHUNGUS. BIG CHUNGUS.

CARRIE (*half-smiling*): Ok.

LAURA (*mocking*): Meeemeemee d'oh-kay.

CARRIE: Are you? I can't.

LAURA: Ok Big Chungus.

CARRIE (*small laugh*): What. Ever.

Laura stands up, doing her Big Chungus walk/dance.

LAURA: BIG CHUNGUS BIG CHUNGUS BIG CHUNGUS BIG CHUNGUSSSSSSSSS.

On her last "Big Chungus" Dany walks in, but Laura has her back turned. Laura pretend-farts on the "Sssss" of the last Big Chungus, in the direction of the now-open door where Dany is standing.

Carrie absolutely dies laughing.

DANY: Ok.

Laura whips around, mortified.

DANY: Just coming back with that Vaseline, didn't mean to interrupt a- ritual.

Carrie has gone purple, started hacking.

LAURA: It's a joke. Thing. I didn't mean to uh- do that, I didn't know you were there, gonna be standing there.

DANY (*to Carrie during above*): You ok?

Carrie waves her off, gets up.

CARRIE: I'm gonna -water-

LAURA: I can get it-

Carrie waves Laura off too and hoots out of the room.

Laura is left staring at Dany.

LAURA: It's Carrie's thing, she invented, uh Big Chungus- I mean it's a meme she didn't invent it but she does this dance with it so we made it up. Uh. Like Christmas last year I think.

DANY: It's funny.

LAURA: It's stupid. I'm really embarrassed I did that.

DANY: I've seen much worse.

LAURA: Probably not from a theoretically healthy person.

DANY: You'd be surprised.

Dany walks over to Debbie and puts on a glove.

DANY: Anyway the definition of theoretically healthy is always a little bit in flux.

LAURA: Yeah I guess.

Beat.

LAURA: My dad and, uh everyone I guess thought Debbie was theoretically healthy. Until she ended up here.

DANY: That's true for most people who end up here.

LAURA: Right.

DANY: She might have even felt theoretically healthy until she didn't.

LAURA: Well she. There was some planning.

DANY: Oh. That's tough.

LAURA: Yeah, like. At least two weeks of conscious planning, legal documents, stockpiling, the whole. Thing.

DANY: That's tough.

LAURA: Yeah. I don't. I get why she wanted to have everything in order, it's just hard to reconcile, or like, I think my dad is having a hard time reconciling how she was able to be so secretive and so responsible and be doing something so catastrophic all at the same time.

DANY: Honestly the hardest part with any illness, doesn't matter why someone's in here, the hardest part from what I see is how it affects relationships. For the most part when people leave, they forget how sick they were or how much pain they were in but they don't really forget what it feels like to have their husband look like that or-

LAURA: They're not married-

DANY: No, I know you said-

LAURA: Sorry, I don't-

DANY: Just a like, example-

LAURA: No, totally. Sorry, I didn't need to. I don't know why I feel the need to correct people about that.

DANY: It's ok.

Dany takes off the glove and leaves the sample tube of Vaseline on the tray next to the bed.

LAURA: Thank you.

DANY: Yep. Tube should be good for the next few days, hopefully she won't need it that long.

LAURA: Ok cool.

Beat.

LAURA: Did you- I didn't mean to be weird earlier but did you uh- end your shift early? Or.

DANY: I had to get home to deal with something.

LAURA: Oh. Sorry, it's not my-

DANY: I would have liked to come back though.

LAURA: Oh- yeah?

DANY: Yeah I like looking for gay tattoos-

LAURA: Oh-

DANY: Plus you've already seen mine so I feel a little exposed here without seeing yours.

LAURA: I mean. Mine's pretty hard to find.

DANY: I think I'd be a pretty terrible nurse if I weren't able to find it.

LAURA: Yeah I already said you were good at your job, so-

DANY: I definitely have something to prove.

Laura moves towards Dany. It's not quite an attempt at a kiss but there's facial proximity. Dany looks at her.

DANY: I finish at seven. I'll swing by if you're still here.

Dany turns and leaves the room. Laura is left, almost melting.

Carrie walks in.

CARRIE: Why didn't you kiss her you Big Chungus.

LAURA: Shut up.

SCENE SIX

Laura, Carrie, and Sharon with her coffee all sitting. It's 6:45pm.

LAURA: It's 6:45-

CARRIE: What-

LAURA: It's just late.

CARRIE: Mmm.

LAURA: Dinner time.

Carrie ignores this.

LAURA *(to Sharon)*: Are you getting hungry?

SHARON: I- what?

Jeff walks back in.

JEFF: Well you'd think they could figure out a way to not screw up a sale just because I'm taking a few personal days but-

LAURA: Oh man-

CARRIE: Ugh I'm sorry dad that sucks-

JEFF: Drew managed to screw the pooch, once again-

LAURA: Was it a big client?

JEFF: Bank of America-

CARRIE: Jesus Christ-

JEFF: It's an ongoing thing, we're not gonna lose the whole sale it's just-

LAURA: Well at least now they know how valuable you are to them? Like you're not, expendable?

JEFF: No, but- that commission bonus isn't gonna show up anytime soon.

LAURA: I'm sorry dad, that's really rough-

JEFF: It's ok.

Beat.

LAURA: I feel like maybe it would be a good time to grab some food? It's almost seven, you didn't have any lunch-

JEFF: I'm a little hungry-

CARRIE: We could order in-

LAURA: Or go out?

CARRIE: Yeah, that's the other option-

LAURA: You ever been to Fish Market? It's actually not that far away it's at the Seaport and it's super good, I feel like- it's like a total Bourdain place, very low key but super yummy-

JEFF: Oh yeah you mentioned-

LAURA: I feel like you would love it. Sharon do you like Cantonese food?

SHARON: I- yeah? I think so?

LAURA: They have this really good fried rice and these noodles-

JEFF: I'm game-

LAURA: Great! Let's go, we should all go-

CARRIE: I'm not actually that hungry right now-

LAURA: That's just the thing where you get into your stubborn stomach and you don't eat but once you start eating you're gonna be hungry again-

CARRIE: I don't- whatever, I'll come-

LAURA: Sharon? You need your coat?

SHARON: I'm- I don't-

LAURA: Here you go-

Laura hands over the coat.

LAURA: Oh you know what though someone should probably stay with Debbie, just in case, so, I can stay-

SHARON: I'll stay, I'm not that-

LAURA: No no, you haven't gotten to, experience the city really, you-

CARRIE: I could also stay, I'm not that hungry-

LAURA: No Carrie you're hungry you just don't know it yet-

CARRIE: Why aren't you hungry-

LAURA: I had a yogurt an hour ago-

CARRIE: That was like six hours ago-

LAURA: Whatever, I don't mind, if you guys can just bring me back a shrimp fried rice-

CARRIE: You're acting cuckoo bananas-

LAURA: You're acting cuckoo bananas-

JEFF: We're all hungry and tired, and we should grab some grub-

LAURA: Yes-

JEFF: We can all go out together, the doctors have my number-

LAURA: Yeah, but-

JEFF: She's stable-

SHARON: She looks ok-

LAURA: But that's the worst time to leave-

CARRIE: Laura!

LAURA: Like, I think we will all feel more reassured if there's someone here. With her. Just for half an hour while you guys get dinner. I want to stay.

CARRIE: You really are being nuts.

Carrie assesses Laura.

CARRIE: Whatever.

JEFF: Ok are we going? Fish Market?

SHARON: I'll go wherever-

CARRIE: It's by the Seaport, it's like two blocks away-

LAURA: I'll call!

Carrie, Jeff, and Sharon start to shuffle out.

LAURA: Not, like, only if I need to. I won't. Have a good time-

CARRIE: You've gotta stop huffing the whiteout markers.

LAURA (*southern accent*): They smell like home.

CARRIE: Ok Britney-

LAURA: Shrimp Fried Rice please-

Carrie leaves. Laura is alone.

Laura bounces a little bit. Looks at her phone. Sees a text from someone, responds quickly.

LAURA: Debbie you ever go to Fish Market?

No response.

LAURA: I guess I don't really know your vibe for restaurants but. It's the kind of place my dad's gonna love. So. Hopefully you'd like it too.

No response.

LAURA: I found out about it through Lydia- we never went when we were together but she found it and texted me about it after we broke up. Which is. Pretty gay.

No response.

LAURA: I don't know how much you now about the gays but. We're pretty good at complicated dramatic wistful friendships with exes, it's like a hallmark of the breed-

DANY: I don't know that I'd say hallmark but it's definitely a common attribute-

Laura spins around, Dany is leaning against the wall, out of her scrubs.

LAURA: What are you obsessed with sneaking up on me when I'm being an idiot?

DANY: Maybe you shouldn't be an idiot with your back to the door-

LAURA: To be fair, I'm an idiot no matter what direction I'm facing so-

DANY: So-

LAURA: I don't know I guess the people who want to hang out with me just have to live with some idiocy?

DANY: I bet a lot of people want to hang out with you.

LAURA: Nooooo- no I mean I do have friends-

DANY: That's good-

LAURA: Not like a huge, cohort, but like-

DANY: A smaller group?

LAURA: Like a good, a normal number, of, uh- friends.

DANY: That's important.

LAURA: Yeah.

DANY: Especially in this city-

LAURA: Right-

DANY: Finding people to hang out with, have a good time-

LAURA: Yeah, if you're alone in this city it gets super depressing really fast-

DANY: Right.

LAURA: Like, the ways you can get isolated here it's just, you feel like you're alone on a glacier and no one would look at you if you dropped dead in the middle of the street.

DANY: Yeah-

LAURA: And then you realize that and you look around and you see, like, homeless people, or even just other people and you realize you've stopped seeing them as human beings, like, if someone else dropped dead right in front of you on the subway, you'd be annoyed that your train is gonna be delayed-

DANY: Mmm-

LAURA: Which, just makes you feel like, why are any of us here, what are we doing in this soul-draining, catastrophe, what just because you can get a job? Aren't there other places to work and live and be that don't make you feel like this? But then it feels like, I don't know, what if the anxiety of this place is the thing that's keeping you here, that like, last-minute, strung-out gahh, like, razor's edge, thing? That you could die and no one would care so you have to claw your way into some kind of notoriety, you have to force people to care, like, by the edge of your fingernails you have to pull yourself up off this ledge and the feeling of knowing you're doing that makes you literally, like, high, this whole thing is just an adrenaline trip and we're all these manic, suicidal junkies, like, ready to- uh-

Laura looks up at Dany, who looks concerned.

LAURA: Sorry, I- uh- sorry.

Laura moves towards Dany quickly, kisses her. Pulls away, backs away.

LAURA: Sorry-

DANY: No, it-

LAURA: Sorry-

DANY: No-

Dany moves towards Laura, kisses her.

Lights shift

Laura pulls Dany in towards her.

They kiss. They're against the wall kissing.

Laura is pulling at Dany.

Dany moves against Laura, Laura pulls Dany in by her hips.

Dany pushes Laura harder against the wall, they start grinding against each other.

A glow manifests behind Debbie's curtain.

The curtain is pulled back.

Debbie stands, but her head is a huge reflective mirror-ball bull head.

Dany and Laura do not notice, Dany is facing the wall kissing Laura's neck, Laura's eyes are closed.

LAURA: Fuck-

Debbie turns and walks towards Laura and Dany.

LAURA: Fuck-

Laura opens her eyes and sees Debbie.

LAURA: FUCK.

There's a huge flash, when lights shift back to their fluorescent glow, Dany is standing, panting slightly, with a small cut on her lip. Laura is holding her at arms-length, still and terrified, looking at the spot where Debbie was. She's not there, the curtain is drawn.

DANY: What the fuck-

LAURA: Stop- shh stop-

DANY: What's-

LAURA: SHH.

They look around.

DANY: There's-

LAURA: She got- I saw-

DANY: Did you, I didn't mean to-

LAURA: No, no- I-

DANY: Are you?

LAURA: I'm fine-

DANY: I didn't mean to like-

LAURA: We shouldn't, uh-

DANY: We could, there's like a coffee place? If you-

LAURA: I need to just-

DANY: Yeah, sure-

LAURA: You should head out-

DANY: I didn't-

LAURA: No I'm good-

DANY: Ok? I-

LAURA: Sorry, you should go-

DANY: Yeah. Sorry-

Dany turns and leaves very abruptly.

Laura closes the door behind her, turns off the lights in the room, and sits, terrified, looking towards the curtain.

Nothing happens.

LAURA: I'm sorry.

No response.

Laura pulls her knees up to her chest and stares at the curtain.

SCENE SEVEN

Maybe 20 minutes later. Laura is still sitting in the mostly-dark, staring at the curtain, still scared but more confused than anything.

LAURA: Are you mad at me?

No response.

LAURA: I'd totally get it if you were.

No response.

LAURA: I'd be. Mad if my- if like, a visitor started fucking in my hospital room.

No response.

LAURA: We weren't fucking. For the record, just like- we were making out. It just. It gets weird with the uh, I mean the boundaries of what is and isn't fucking with lesbians, because like, if it's just stimulation to orgasm, that includes a whole host of things that can happen with clothes on or off, but then you know, does that put too much of a focus on orgasm as being the defining quality of sex like obviously straight people don't cum every time or. I don't honestly know but I can't imagine they do, Jesus Christ of course they don't. The women, like, straight women definitely don't cum most of the time, that's why they're like. That.

No response.

LAURA: We don't need to talk about it.

Beat.

DEBBIE: What do you want to talk about?

Laura looks up.

LAURA: What?

DEBBIE: You want to talk about something.

Laura is silent.

DEBBIE: What do you want to talk about?

LAURA: I. Don't really know you well enough to talk about the things I wanna talk about- and. I don't wanna like. I'm here to support you, so I'm not trying to draw focus.

DEBBIE: No one's looking at me right now. There's no focus to draw.

LAURA: Fair- yeah that's a fair point.

DEBBIE: It's just you and me so. What do you want to talk about?

LAURA: I don't- I don't know what my dad has told you about me-

DEBBIE: He talks about you all the time.

LAURA: Oh god really?

DEBBIE: Yeah he'll bring up a funny thing you said from like, seven years ago, but he'll start laughing so hard he can't get through it.

LAURA: Ah that must get annoying.

DEBBIE: No. It's endearing.

LAURA: Well it's- I guess it's good that you. Take it that way.

DEBBIE: What do you think he hasn't told me. About you.

LAURA: I- it's not anything that you necessarily need to know, and actually. He probably shouldn't have told you if he did, because it's not like, there would maybe be a breach of confidence on his end if he did, so. But I- had a really hard time in high school. And then college. I had two, bad- uh. I had two major depressive episodes basically exactly four years apart, both sophomore years were just- catastrophically bad but the second time, I. I really really wasn't good, I was- I mean I guess by not good I mean bad, I was bad-

It's just stupid because when people say they were like, in a bad place, that usually connotes some kind of, general ennui or morose, like, melancholy? But. Mine wasn't like that.

I was violently depressed. I wanted to burn myself to the ground, my whole life I wanted to just like burn my whole life to the ground. I would make fun of my friends, like, to their faces, I'd refuse to show up places, just not show up to see if anyone would notice or care and of course they did, but it's not like they cared about me, they just would get pissed and like, rightfully so. I'd run on iced tea to see if I'd pass out, I'd drink on an empty stomach, I'd drink an entire fucking bottle of Popoff's on an empty stomach and then take just a few too many Tylenol to see if I could make myself go liver toxic by accident. I really really wanted to get hit by a truck, or impaled by a falling icicle or pushed off a building or murdered by a psychopath, I used to have dreams about being shot in the face and having my whole- the whole back of my head just gone.

There was a night when I drank a handle of Popoff's, by myself, and took Advil instead of Tylenol because it was the first thing I grabbed. I passed out in my room and woke up because I started to throw up, I was throwing up blood and I just thought "finally". I had been feeling like I was throwing up blood the whole time and it finally happened, I had some physical proof, it felt like such. It was such a relief to see it. I felt. Comfortable.

I got- my roommate found me the next morning, she came back to our room and EMS'd me, and I had to do a- there was a whole inpatient thing which. Was super short but fucking sucked and luckily it was the end of the semester so I scraped by and spent the summer at home, with everyone like, paranoid around me as I got better. Carrie still gets- I mean you've seen her she bosses me around all the time because she's afraid that if she doesn't tell me what to do I'll run headfirst into a wall again.

And I'm. I'm telling you this because I haven't felt like I needed to run into a wall recently, but I'm at the four-year mark since the last round and I feel overdue, and I don't know what's gonna happen. The next time. I obviously don't want there to be a next time, but I don't- that doesn't feel like a safe bet, and it scares me to see someone who is like, normal or at least had the appearance of normalcy, or like- I don't know I only met you ten times so what the fuck do I know, I just know that no one, *no one*- saw this coming and I'm afraid the next time it comes for me I won't see it coming either and no matter how long I go, four years or ten years, or- I- it's gonna come for me and I won't be able to say no.

Which is I think what happened. To you. I think it showed up and you couldn't say no.

And it scares me that I know that. I'm really, really scared.

Beat.

DEBBIE: You should be.

LAURA: What?

DEBBIE: You should be fucking terrified.

The lights flicker on.

JEFF: What are you doing sitting in the d- hey!

Jeff, Carrie and Sharon walk in, Sharon's holding Laura's shrimp fried rice in a to go container.

Laura stands up.

LAURA: Hey- sorry I. I was feeling super tired so I took a nap.

JEFF: You ok?

LAURA: Yeah just tired.

CARRIE: You look kinda-

LAURA: Is that the-

Sharon hands over the rice.

SHARON: Oh yeah, it- here you go.

LAURA: Thanks.

SHARON: It was really good.

JEFF: Yeah, great rec, totally a Bourdain place.

LAURA: Cool. I'm- sorry I think I need to. Go home.

CARRIE: Do you want me to-

LAURA: No I'm good, sorry I just. Didn't realize how tired I was until you all left and then just like, passed out, so I'm still like in. Dream. State.

JEFF: Ok. Do you-

Jeff pulls out his wallet.

JEFF: Take a cab or- how much is it to get to Brooklyn-

LAURA: No dad, I'm-

JEFF: No, seriously, you don't want to take the subway late at-

LAURA: It's seven-thirty.

JEFF: Just- here.

He hands her a twenty.

LAURA: Thanks dad, I. I'll see you tomorrow.

JEFF: Ok.

CARRIE: Text me-

LAURA: Yeah.

Laura leaves.

SCENE EIGHT

It's earlier in the morning. Jeff, half asleep in the chair by the bed.

The door opens, Sharon walks in.

JEFF: Hey-

SHARON: Hey.

JEFF: What- oh man. I didn't realize I kinda zoned out there.

SHARON: I mean. You're tired, you must be really tired.

JEFF: Yeah, well. Time has been a little warped.

SHARON: Yeah.

Beat. Sharon doesn't move.

JEFF: Here, do you wanna- I can sit in one of those-

SHARON: No, it's- you should. Uh-

JEFF: The doctors said they'd be in today, at some point, mid-morning to check and then, if they decide, maybe pull the tube to test her breathing. Hopefully.

SHARON: That's good. Yeah. Hopefully that. Happens.

JEFF: I don't know I feel like they tell me a different thing every time I talk to someone else it's like a different, 'Oh, we don't know, it could be that we wait'. Thing. So. Hopefully, but. We'll see.

SHARON: I think I'm gonna leave. Today.

JEFF: Oh.

SHARON: I- the hotel would need me to move rooms, if I stay so.

JEFF: Well you can stay, I mean we have the couch in the- it's a small apartment but of course you're welcome to-

SHARON: No, it's-

JEFF: Or you could, I could go to a hotel and you could have free range of the apartment, I don't-

SHARON: I've been away for a while now and she's getting better so.

JEFF: She'll- I mean I know she'd love to see you when she. Not that you have to, but I know she. Would love to see you.

SHARON: I'll call. Or check in, when she's. Ready for that kind of contact.

JEFF: Do you need-

SHARON: I just really want to go home. And she has. People, she's not alone. So.

JEFF: I- yeah. She's not, I mean, I'm not going anywhere so she won't be on her own.

SHARON: I appreciate you, um. Staying with her.

JEFF: I really. I do care about her. A lot. I don't- I'm not trying to make you uncomfortable here, I'm sorry if that-

SHARON: It's ok. I will uh. I'll reach out when I'm back in Philly.

JEFF: Ok- I'm. Well obviously, if-

Dany walks in.

DANY: Here for vitals-

JEFF: Oh, yeah of-

SHARON (*to Jeff*): Thank you-

JEFF: Yeah, I-

DANY: She looks good.

SHARON: I'll check in.

Sharon turns to go.

JEFF: Sure-

DANY: Did you guys already go through the Vaseline?

JEFF: I- sorry, what?

DANY: I left a tube her yesterday because her lips were chapping-

JEFF: I don't-

DANY: It mighta rolled off and gotten picked up by the cleaning crew. I can get you another one.

JEFF: Thanks.

DANY: Of course.

JEFF: Do you know when the doctors are coming in today? They said mid-morning, but I don't know what that- that's not really a time.

DANY: Her chart says- sorry lemme check-

Dany flips through her chart on the clipboard.

DANY: They postponed it til tomorrow.

JEFF: What does that- does it say why?

DANY: Looks like her lead neurologist is out today and the attending wants him to look at her scans before they make any decisions.

JEFF: Out- like. What-

DANY: I'm not sure.

JEFF: I don't- That doesn't make any sense to me, why would they schedule this on a day he's going to be out?

DANY: Well I think that's why they pushed it.

JEFF: That just doesn't make a lot of sense to me. We've been. I understand waiting because of her, you know, for her benefit but she's been like this for days, we waited over the weekend, a three-day weekend so they could have someone here and now that doesn't. It doesn't even matter? She's been like this for days now. She's been stuck like this for days-

DANY: I understand you're frustrated right now-

JEFF: I'm, I know you're just the. It's not your fault but I don't understand. I don't- why are they just leaving her like this? It can't be good to just leave her, like this and, and every day she's here she gets charged another ten thousand dollars- I mean. Do doctors just mysteriously go out so a patient can sit and wait and wrack up another bill? Because really, really if there's another explanation I'd love to hear it right now.

Laura walks in on "Because".

LAURA: Dad.

JEFF (*to Laura*): I'm- sorry I'm just a little frustrated right now, sweetie, I didn't- they told me they were going to be here today, and now-

DANY: Dany-

JEFF: I'm, yes, sorry, Dany is telling me that that's suddenly not the case?

DANY: It's on my nametag.

JEFF: I'm bad with names, I'm sorry, I didn't-

DANY: It's on the whiteboard.

JEFF: There's two names on the whiteboard, I'm not trying to-

LAURA: Dad stop-

JEFF: I'm not! I'm not trying to be the asshole here, but I feel like I'm being put in a position that- I don't know what to do here, I'm not trying to be the asshole-

DANY: Sir I think you're tired and stressed and that's normal-

JEFF: It's fucking- No. It's not normal. This isn't- none of this is normal, so-

DANY: I can- we can get you some water-

Dany turns to get water, not acknowledging Laura on the way out.

LAURA: Dad stop, you're-

JEFF: I'm sorry! I just don't- I'm sorry. I get. I still get a little heated sometimes.

LAURA: It's. It's fine you just- she's just the nurse.

JEFF: I know. I didn't. I don't know why I do that. I don't, uh- sometimes I can't stop myself and-

Jeff sits down in the chair, exhausted.

JEFF: Debbie is good with me. When I get like this, usually she. She'll tell me to fuck off or she'll make a joke and it doesn't. Things slide off easier, I guess.

Dany comes back with the water.

DANY: I can leave this here.

She puts the water on the tray.

JEFF: Thank you- I. I apologize for getting- you weren't, I'm sorry that wasn't. The right. Reaction. I just.

DANY (*staring at Laura*): I've had worse reactions.

JEFF: Well. I apologize. For mine. So.

DANY: I'll give you a minute.

Dany leaves.

Laura sits, quiet.

JEFF: I'm sorry.

LAURA: It's ok Dad.

JEFF: No, I-

Jeff sighs.

JEFF: Is Carrie here?

LAURA: She said she'd meet me- I don't know, she's on her way.

JEFF: The A was fucked when I was on it earlier.

LAURA: The A is always fucked.

JEFF: Yeah well.

Beat. Jeff looks very tired and very old.

LAURA: Are you-?

JEFF: It's uh. Scary to know that I've um. Missed it twice.

Beat. Jeff looks at Laura. She gets it.

LAURA: That's not-. I don't think that's what happened.

JEFF: I got really, I mean with you, I was very- it shook me up. Quite a bit and this. Has also thrown me. For. A bit of a loop.

LAURA: You didn't miss anything dad-

JEFF: Well, clearly, I-

LAURA: No. You didn't-

JEFF: I mean I like to think that I was being attentive, but obviously, on some level-

LAURA (*on "attentive"*): No- you- no, *Dad*.

Jeff stops.

LAURA: Stop. It doesn't- You're not helping, here, because it's not really about-. You didn't miss anything. With her or with me. Maybe you missed something with Debbie, I guess it's possible, I don't know, but really? Probably not. We lied to you. That's not- it has nothing to do with you, actually, but to the extent that it does have to do with you, you're just nothing- you're with the rest of the world. You didn't miss anything because I didn't tell you anything because you didn't matter to me. At all. I didn't care if I died lying to you. She was happy to die, with you being surprised, because she was *happy to die*. That's what it is. It's being happy to die and nothing else.

Beat.

LAURA: I didn't-.

JEFF: No I'm uh.

LAURA: Dad I'm sorry, I didn't.

JEFF: I appreciate you being. Honest with me. I don't uh- I don't think I totally, uh.

LAURA: I didn't mean to say. All that.

JEFF: No well. Like I said I always appreciate honesty.

Beat.

JEFF: I'm gonna. I need something to eat and I'm gonna get a coffee. Do you want anything?

LAURA: No, I'm fine, I'm. Good.

JEFF: You ok to stay with her while I?

LAURA: Yeah, of course.

JEFF: Ok.

Jeff heads the fuck out.

Laura looks around. She pulls back the curtain. Debbie is intubated, restrained, herself.

LAURA: Any shenanigans this morning?

No response.

LAURA: I shouldn't have maybe said all that. He's sensitive and gets. I think it sinks in I just don't know where it goes.

No response.

LAURA: I was thinking, about what you had said-

Sharon walks in.

LAURA: Hey-

SHARON: Hi, sorry I-

LAURA: No you ok?

SHARON: I was. I got downstairs and I was gonna get a cab but I remembered I still had- they made me go back through the visitor's thing and check in again.

LAURA: That's stupid. Wait where are you going?

SHARON: I'm. Heading home.

LAURA: Oh. Ok.

SHARON: Yeah, I just-

LAURA: I get it.

SHARON: Yeah.

LAURA: Are you flying- or?

SHARON: The train. I just got the one way when-

LAURA: Yeah right I. Forget about the train.

SHARON: It's not- it's actually pretty easy, it's a pretty easy trek.

LAURA: You should. Come back sometime.

SHARON: Yeah I- yeah. That'd be nice.

LAURA: Under. Better circumstances.

SHARON: Yeah. Well. Most circumstances would be-

LAURA: No of course.

SHARON: But. I'll try if I can. Find time.

LAURA: We could- I'd be happy to uh. Show you around. Or obviously, Debbie would-

SHARON: It'd be good to come back and have a nice. Time.

LAURA: Yeah. Well.

SHARON: I appreciate you being here, with her.

LAURA: Oh it's not-

SHARON: I know you don't know her and it's nice of you to spend so much time here.

LAURA: It's for my dad, really I'm. Here for him.

SHARON: Sure.

LAURA: And uh. I don't have a lot going on in my life right now, so.

SHARON: Well. Don't make this your hobby.

LAURA: Oh no I'm going for a career-

SHARON: I heard it's a tough industry. A lot of competition-

LAURA: I'm counting on family connections.

SHARON: Those aren't always a sure bet. In my experience.

Beat.

SHARON: I should-

Sharon takes the copy of the Velveteen Rabbit out of her bag and leaves it on the table.

She looks at Debbie.

SHARON: Bye mom.

She turns to leave.

SHARON: Thanks, again.

LAURA: Yeah.

Sharon looks back at her mom and leaves.

Laura is alone with Debbie again.

LAURA: I don't know what happened there but you fucked up big time.

No response.

LAURA: Not to be indelicate but. When you wake up you're probably gonna wanna work on fixing whatever- was going on with that.

No response.

LAURA: I saw a thing on Instagram that was like- Happy people are all the same, but unhappy people are all unique in their unhappiness.

Carrie walks in on "Instagram" holding two coffee cups, stands by the doorway watching Laura.

LAURA: So. I was thinking about what you said and I- yeah maybe I should be scared maybe there's a part of me that should always be a little bit scared and watching over my shoulder just in case but also? Maybe not. Maybe my brand of unhappiness means that I need to work on not being scared or it means that I should be doing yoga or it means that I can't drink or I have to meal-prep because that's what'll make me feel like I have a handle on my life although- god I hope that's not the answer I fucking hate leftovers and meal-prepping is basically just committing yourself to a life of leftovers for a whole fucking week, it's on-purpose left overs so you save time? I guess? That's not the- I don't know what I'm trying to say, I just saw the thing on Instagram when I went home last night and it made me think. Is all.

No response.

CARRIE: It's Tolstoy you dingus.

Laura jumps.

LAURA: JESUS FUCKing Carrie what the fuck-

CARRIE: I didn't want to interrupt your- whatever I don't know-

LAURA: Ok well. People have to stop fucking sneaking up on me it's rude.

Laura sits in a chair, holding her heart.

CARRIE: Ok so then you don't want a chai latte?

Carrie brandishes a chai latte.

LAURA: No! My dignity is not- uh- fuck it.

Carrie hands over the latte and sits with Laura.

CARRIE: Why are you talking literature with StepMommy Deb?

LAURA (*over the top of the above*): Ah I burnt my-

CARRIE: It's a hot latte.

LAURA: We were having a heart-to-heart.

CARRIE: Yeah well. She's a real good listener right now.

LAURA: Sharon's leaving.

CARRIE: I saw her on my way up.

LAURA: So. I don't know I was talking to her and telling her things I was thinking about to. Fill the space. Sharon was reading to her when she was here and I'm sure as fuck not to about to pick up the Velveteen Rabbit.

CARRIE: Well she-

LAURA: No she left it.

CARRIE: Psychotic.

LAURA: I don't know I like her.

CARRIE: She's fine but like-

LAURA: No it's a horrible choice of book-

CARRIE: Yeah.

LAURA: And like. There's something going on there. But.

CARRIE: Who knows.

They sit, silent.

LAURA: It's a Tolstoy quote?

CARRIE: Yeah.

LAURA: You know where I saw it? On Instagram? In Stephanie Fisher's story-

CARRIE: That tracks.

LAURA: Right? I think she saw it and thought it meant "There's only one way to be happy and it involves marrying the first man who lets you keep a toothbrush in his abandoned bathroom cabinet"

CARRIE: Is his name Brayden?

LAURA: Probably. Or Graylon.

CARRIE: Gribden.

LAURA: Groob.

CARRIE: Greebity-Jeebity, the whistling man.

This sets Laura off.

CARRIE: He walks the streets with his lantern, whistling for all the town's possums to come out and play.

LAURA: No no no I'm gonna pee.

CARRIE: Greebity-Jeebity is coming for you!

Carrie threatens to tickle Laura, she screams.

LAURA: NO! No I really will pee I promise.

CARRIE: Well. Maybe that will give HotNurse a reason to come back and clean up.

LAURA: She's. That's not gonna be a thing.

CARRIE: Is she taken?

LAURA: No. I don't know actually if she- no I just. Think I should focus on other stuff.

CARRIE: Ok well.

LAURA: Besides I don't think she's into PissPlay.

CARRIE: Oh all nurses are into PissPlay.

LAURA: No!

CARRIE: They have to be, it's like half their job.

LAURA: I feel like that would mean they *don't* want it.

CARRIE: No it's a true fact, all nurses are into PissPlay.

LAURA: Wow I've been going to the wrong PissPlay parties I guess.

CARRIE: Do you go to the one in Bushwick or the BedStuy meet up? Because all the nurses go to Bushwick-

LAURA: Shut up-

Beat. They sit, close, smiling.

CARRIE: The actual quote is "Happy families are all alike, each unhappy family is unhappy in it's own way".

LAURA: Mmm. You said Tolstoy?

CARRIE: It's very famously the first line of Anna Karenina.

LAURA: I didn't read it.

CARRIE: You probably shouldn't.

LAURA: Why not?

CARRIE: She's not a great role model.

LAURA: Yeah well.

CARRIE: It's also just fucking boring.

LAURA: Mmm. And wrong.

Carrie looks at Laura.

LAURA: Families aren't happy. That's fucked up.

Carrie laughs.

CARRIE: Communist propaganda-

LAURA: Yeah what Russian looked around and said "Look at all these happy families, they're all the same". Of course they're all the same there could only be a maximum of one fucking happy family in the whole country at a time-

CARRIE: And it's a man and a cow-

LAURA: And the cow isn't so sure-

CARRIE: But no one ever asks if the cow is happy-

LAURA: They just like the taste of her milk and think "she must be happy".

CARRIE: Now that's some fucking literature right there.

LAURA: I'm putting Tolstoy on notice.

CARRIE: Good.

LAURA: It's ok I stole most of that from that ad when we were kids- "blah blah comes from Happy Cows-

BOTH: "Happy Cows come from California".

Beat. Laura leans on Carrie.

CARRIE: All happy cows are alike.

Laura smiles, looks up at Carrie.

CARRIE: What?

LAURA: You're such a Taurus.

End of play.