

Good Diner
Written By Oded Gross

Draft 12 14 23

CONTACT:
Odedgross@sbcglobal.net

This script is copyright protected and may not be reproduced, distributed, or disseminated without the prior written permission of the author.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

HAZEL: 30, Female - A waitress

JOHN: 30-ish, Male - An amnesiac

WOMAN: 30-ish, Female - A mystery

SETTING:

The 90-minute play takes place in the present and is set entirely in a diner called Good Diner, somewhere in America.

SCENE 1

*

We find ourselves inside a diner that looks like it's been around for a few years, though some updates have been made as necessary. There is a jukebox in the corner. There is a counter on one side, behind which leads to a kitchen. On the other side of the diner, there are a number of booth type tables. At each table is a menu holder with menus stuffed in. There's various pictures of the restaurant's history and the restaurant's family hanging on the walls.

*

*

*

Each booth in the restaurant has a window that shows the outside road, and not much else. It is currently night time. Outside one of the windows we can see a sizable neon arrow and sign that displays the name of the restaurant:

*

*

*

*

*

*

Good Diner

*

Currently, the restaurant is empty except for a waitress working on some paperwork behind the counter. The waitress is thirty. Her name is HAZEL ANDERSON.

A WOMAN enters. She looks to be about the same age as Hazel. Maybe a little older. She approaches the counter.

WOMAN

Hello. I wonder if you could help me.

HAZEL

(Excitedly)

Yes, I definitely can!

WOMAN

How definitive.

HAZEL

My horoscope says I should say yes today.

(Then, suddenly)

Though I should tell you the restaurant is closed.

WOMAN

Closed?

HAZEL

Hopefully you didn't come in for food.

WOMAN

Why else would a person come into a restaurant?

HAZEL

Maybe you need to use the rest room.

WOMAN

I don't need to use the rest room.

HAZEL

If you did, my answer would be yes.

(Then)

But if you're looking for food, I'm afraid the chef's not in today. Just me. Had to do a little bookkeeping for our tax extension.

WOMAN

How dreadful.

HAZEL

I know. I'd much rather be home in bed.

WOMAN

But if you weren't here, you couldn't say yes to me.

HAZEL

Which I'm happy to do, so long as you understand the restaurant is closed.

WOMAN

I understand.

HAZEL

(Smiling)

Today is "Do Your Taxes Day".

WOMAN

Of course. I do wonder, however, if the restaurant is closed, why are you wearing your waitress uniform?

HAZEL

Because today is also "Do Your Laundry Day." It's a big day today. Very busy.

*

WOMAN

I apologize for my bad timing.

HAZEL

Your timing is actually impeccable because I am inclined to say yes.

WOMAN

Thank my lucky stars.

HAZEL

Actually, I believe it's my lucky stars you ought to be thanking.

WOMAN

Of course.

HAZEL

"Say yes to life," so said my horoscope, as it will reward me with dividends of happiness for many moons to come.

WOMAN

Who am I to argue with your horoscope?

HAZEL

I don't even normally believe in astrology. But that's only because I'm a Virgo. We tend to be skeptics.

WOMAN

I'm just glad you're inclined to believe in it today.

HAZEL

After yesterday's forecast came true, I am inclined to believe anything it tells me.

WOMAN

Oh?

HAZEL

It said if I confessed my passionate feelings to my heart's true love, those feelings would be returned tenfold.

WOMAN

And did you?

HAZEL

I did!

WOMAN

And were they?

They were! HAZEL

Congratulations. WOMAN

I know! I'm so happy. HAZEL

I can only imagine. WOMAN

I don't remember the last time I was this happy. HAZEL

And today's forecast predicts even more happiness. WOMAN

That makes me even happier! HAZEL

All you need do is say yes. WOMAN

Which I'm fully prepared to do. HAZEL

Wonderful. WOMAN

Provided you don't ask for food. HAZEL

That's not why I'm here. WOMAN *

Good... Though why else would a person come into a restaurant? HAZEL

Well, as it turns out, I was in here the other day and I think I saw an old friend of mine. WOMAN

A boyfriend? HAZEL
(Excited)

I'm not sure. WOMAN

HAZEL

What's your horoscope? Perhaps you're meant for love, as well.

WOMAN

Perhaps you can help me find him.

HAZEL

Find your boyfriend?

WOMAN

That's why I'm here.

HAZEL

I think I can help with that.

WOMAN

Can you?

HAZEL

I know everyone who comes in here.

WOMAN

He was sitting at that booth in the corner.

*

HAZEL

(Suddenly a little nervous)

In the corner?

*

*

WOMAN

Yes.

HAZEL

(Suddenly)

I'm afraid I don't know him.

Beat. The Woman is taken aback at the waitress' sudden shift.

WOMAN

You just said-

HAZEL

I don't know anyone that fits that description.

WOMAN

I haven't described him yet.

HAZEL
(Covering)

What does he look like?

*

WOMAN

He was wearing a green-

HAZEL

I don't know anyone that fits that description.

WOMAN

A green hat. The hat said John Deere.

HAZEL

Never heard of him.

WOMAN

You were waiting on him.

HAZEL

I get so many customers that time of day.

WOMAN

I haven't told you the time of day.

HAZEL

I'm busy as soon as the restaurant opens.

WOMAN

I came in at 5:45 in the morning.

HAZEL

So busy.

WOMAN

Your restaurant doesn't open until 7.

HAZEL
(Weakly)

...I don't know him.

WOMAN

Come now. He was the only one here.

(Then)

You seem to be very nervous suddenly.

HAZEL

(Nervously)

I don't think I'm being nervous. I think I'm being friendly.

WOMAN

You were being friendly the other day with the lone gentleman sitting in that booth.

HAZEL

I'm friendly with all of my customers.

*

WOMAN

Quite frankly, I was surprised to see anyone in here, it being before opening hours. But there you were talking to this fellow you can't remember.

HAZEL

I can't be expected to remember every customer that walks in here.

WOMAN

So I came in as well, hoping to get a bite to eat.

WOMAN

I don't remember you either.

WOMAN

I didn't stay.

HAZEL

Was it because there was no food?

WOMAN

It wasn't because there was no /food.

*

HAZEL

The chef doesn't come in until 6.

WOMAN

(Urgently)

I don't care about the food! It's the man! I must find the man. Will you help me?

HAZEL

I won't. I mean, I can't. He's gone. I do remember him now. He had a green hat. It said John Deere. He's definitely gone. I don't expect I'll ever see that man again.

A MAN with a green John Deere hat enters. He is wearing headphones. He doesn't see the Woman.

*

*

Hello Hazel. JOHN

Hello John, dear! HAZEL

He kisses Hazel.

I got one minute left on my podcast. JOHN *
Last night was wonderful. *

It was. HAZEL

I'll be at my table. JOHN

Very good. HAZEL

John continues his podcast, as he beelines to his booth. Hazel turns back to the woman, trying to act as if nothing happened. *
*

...So, unless there is something else you need, I think you should go. HAZEL

The Woman looks Hazel up and down.

Your name is Hazel? WOMAN

Yes. HAZEL

Interesting. WOMAN

It comes from the English meaning hazelnut. HAZEL

Hazel, I'm going to speak to that gentleman there. WOMAN

Please don't! HAZEL

WOMAN

I promise you, I mean him no harm.

The Woman heads over to where the man is seated. She taps him on the shoulder. He looks at her, screams, then faints, falling from the booth onto the floor.

Hazel rushes to the man's side.

HAZEL

John! John!

(To The Woman)

What did you do to him?

WOMAN

Nothing!

HAZEL

He's not moving.

WOMAN

He just fainted.

HAZEL

Is he all right?

WOMAN

It's only temporary I think.

HAZEL

Did you kill him?

WOMAN

No, that would be permanent.

HAZEL

He can't be dead! I love him!

WOMAN

I don't think he's dead!

John jolts up.

JOHN

Ahh.

HAZEL
He's alive!

John is breathing heavy. He turns to Hazel.

JOHN
Hazel. Hazel.

HAZEL
Oh John! I was in a panic thinking something terrible happened to you.

JOHN
You'll never believe it...

HAZEL
But you're OK. I'm so relieved.

JOHN
I think my memories are starting to come back.

HAZEL
(Frightened)
Oh no!

(Then, unconvincing)
I mean... How wonderful!

JOHN
Images! Dozens of images swirling inside my head.

HAZEL
What did you see?

JOHN
I saw... I saw... I saw-

He finally sees The Woman.

JOHN
You!

He backs away from her.

HAZEL
John, do you know this woman?

JOHN
(Struggling to remember)
I... Do... Not.

HAZEL

It seems like you do from the way you said “you!”

JOHN

It’s confusing. I don’t... I don’t remember.

HAZEL

You just said your memories were coming back.

JOHN

Starting to come back. It’s all still a blur.

HAZEL

Why did you scream?

JOHN

It happened when I looked upon this woman’s face.

HAZEL

(To The Woman)

Why did your face make him scream?

JOHN

I was overwhelmed with a flood of images.

HAZEL

(To The Woman)

How did your face do that?

WOMAN

I’m not entirely sure.

HAZEL

Well maybe it’s best if you get your face out of here.

WOMAN

I need to speak with this man.

HAZEL

Impossible! Unless you can figure out a way to do that without your face here.

JOHN

She could use a phone.

HAZEL

(To John)

John, let me take care of this.

WOMAN

(To Hazel)

I need to speak with him in person.

HAZEL

(To The Woman)

Absolutely not! You nearly killed him just now.

WOMAN

I didn't.

HAZEL

I saw you! You... looked at him and then he nearly died.

WOMAN

He was startled and he fainted. I can hardly be blamed for that.

HAZEL

Who's to blame, if not you?

WOMAN

No one is to blame. It was an accident. I didn't even say anything.

HAZEL

Yes, and he nearly died. Think of all the damage you could do when you open your mouth.

JOHN

Hazel-

HAZEL

(To John)

How are you? Are you OK?

JOHN

I'm fine.

HAZEL

I'm worried.

JOHN

You needn't worry so.

HAZEL

I like to worry.

JOHN

I don't think we need to worry about her.

HAZEL

She looks like she's up to no good.

JOHN

I don't see that.

HAZEL

She looks like a psycho.

WOMAN

I'm not here to cause any trouble.

HAZEL

That's exactly what a psycho would say.

JOHN

Hazel. Let's hear her out.

(Then)

I don't want to be... rude.

Beat.

John gets back to his feet. Hazel stands by his side.

HAZEL

(Reluctantly)

Fine.

JOHN

(To the Woman)

Ms.?

WOMAN

I think I can help you remember everything.

JOHN

Get the fuck out!

Beat. Both women turn to John confused by the sudden outburst.

HAZEL
(To John, delicately)

That was a little rude.

WOMAN
(Agreeing)

That was a little rude.

JOHN

I don't care. I said get out!

WOMAN

Did you hear what I said? I can help you remember everything.

JOHN

I heard. Not interested.

WOMAN

Not interested?

JOHN

I have no interest in remembering everything.

WOMAN

You don't?

HAZEL

You don't?

JOHN
(To Hazel)

I don't. You're all that matters to me now.

*

Hazel beams.

HAZEL

Last night was wonderful, wasn't it?

JOHN

It was.

John and Hazel kiss. The Woman stands there awkwardly. Eventually, the two part.

WOMAN
(To John)

I highly doubt you have no interest. Surely there must be some part of you-

JOHN

None. If that's why you're here, to help me remember, you might as well go.

WOMAN

Actually, it's not why I'm here, though I did think it would be a useful by-product of my presence.

JOHN

It's not useful to me. So unless you're going to tell me why you are here-

WOMAN

Very well. May I sit?

HAZEL

I'd rather you didn't.

JOHN
(Admonishingly)

Hazel.

*

HAZEL

What? You just told her to get the fuck out, but I'm being rude?

*

*

Hazel acquiesces and John gestures for The
Woman to take a seat in the booth. He then sits
opposite her.

*

WOMAN

Thank you.

(Then, to Hazel)

I wonder if you could get me a glass of water.

HAZEL
(Snaps)

What do I look like to you?

WOMAN

A... waitress...

JOHN
(To Hazel)

I could use something, as well.

HAZEL

Anything, my love.

JOHN

Perhaps a snack.

I'll see what I can find.

HAZEL

Hazel starts to head towards the kitchen.

...And a water would be nice.

WOMAN

She exits ignoring the Woman.

Beat.

WOMAN

She clearly cares about you very much.

JOHN

The feeling is mutual.

WOMAN

Is it?

JOHN

She saved my life. I woke up 3 months ago naked in a field. I couldn't remember how I got there. I couldn't remember who I was. I couldn't remember anything about myself.

WOMAN

Only about yourself? Could you remember for example who William Shakespeare was?

JOHN
(Nodding)

Of course. The playwright. He wrote that play.

WOMAN

He wrote many plays.

JOHN

That one famous play.

WOMAN

Many of his plays are famous.

JOHN

The very famous play.

WOMAN

Hamlet?

No. JOHN

Macbeth? WOMAN

No. JOHN

The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.? WOMAN

The play I'm thinking of is a comedy. JOHN

He wrote many comedies. WOMAN

It wasn't very funny. JOHN

You still haven't narrowed it down yet. WOMAN

The point is I can remember William Shakespeare. Which is unusual, as I understand it, for a person with Retrograde Amnesia, which is what the doctors said I had. JOHN

You saw doctors? WOMAN

I did. Thankfully, Hazel was driving by me as I was lying naked in that field. She saw me and took me to a hospital. When the doctors couldn't ultimately figure out how to cure me, Hazel took me to her home. JOHN

I see. WOMAN

She gives me a place to live. She puts clothes on my back. She lets me come here everyday and feeds me. I owe her everything. JOHN

So you give her your heart? WOMAN

JOHN

That's everything, is it not? It's certainly everything I have, so why not?

WOMAN

I should think that would be obvious. It's dangerous to give her something you may have already given to someone else.

JOHN

I don't understand.

WOMAN

You can't remember who you are or what promises you've made. Any moment a woman can walk in here and say, "It's me, honey! Your wife! I found you!"

JOHN

Is that why you're here?

WOMAN

No. But surely you see my point.

JOHN

I hadn't considered it.

WOMAN

It never occurred to you that there might be loved ones looking for you? Loved ones you don't remember.

JOHN

No.

WOMAN

It occurred to Hazel. I'm pretty sure the idea of them finding you frightens her very much.

JOHN

Our love can weather such storms.

WOMAN

Really?

JOHN

There are worse things than another woman coming in here saying she used to be my lover.

WOMAN

Yes, it could be another man.

What? JOHN

You could be gay. WOMAN

I'm not gay. JOHN

You could be. WOMAN

No, I couldn't. JOHN

You say you can't remember anything about your life, I assume that includes your sexuality. WOMAN

I'm not gay. JOHN

You have amnesia. You don't know what you are. Or what you're not. WOMAN

Beat.

You said you were going to tell me why you're here. JOHN

Yes. WOMAN

You can start by telling me who you are. JOHN

That would be a good place to start. Unfortunately, I'm afraid I don't know. WOMAN

You don't know who you are? Do I look like an idiot? JOHN

Why is that so hard to believe? You don't know who you are. WOMAN

You're saying you have amnesia, as well? JOHN

WOMAN

That's exactly what I'm saying. 3 months ago I also woke up naked in a field unable to remember a thing. But no one drove by me offering to help. Offering their heart. I had to beg, borrow and steal just to get a scrap of food to eat, let alone get some clothes on my back. I won't begin to tell you the things I had to do to survive.

JOHN
(Apathetically)

How unfortunate for you.

WOMAN

And then the other day I wandered in here, hoping to get a bite, and I saw you. Can you guess what happened when I looked upon your face?

JOHN

You were startled?

WOMAN

Yes.

JOHN

A flood of images?

WOMAN

Yes.

JOHN

Memories?

WOMAN

Yes.

JOHN

You fainted?

WOMAN

Ye- No.

JOHN

You didn't faint?

WOMAN

I was a little dizzy but, no I didn't faint.

JOHN

Well... I didn't have dinner tonight, so my constitution is a little weak.

WOMAN

After I saw you, I left here in a daze and spent the last few days trying to piece together what I could with the clues I was given.

JOHN

What did you come up with?

WOMAN

Very little. So I came back here hoping I might find some additional answers. When you looked at me and reacted as I did, it confirmed what I already suspected. We are connected.

(Then)

Do you know me?

JOHN

I think I do.

WOMAN

I think I know you, too.

JOHN

But I don't know how.

WOMAN

Yes! Infuriating! I don't know how either. I just know I know you.

JOHN

We could be enemies.

WOMAN

We could be. We could be friends, though. Hell, we could be lovers.

JOHN

I think I'd know if we were lovers.

WOMAN

You could be gay.

JOHN

We could be lovers.

(Then)

So I ask again, is that why you're here? Because you think we were lovers?

WOMAN

No. I'm here to remember. I presumed you wanted to do the same. It's clear being around one another helps. If we stay together, we might be able to remember everything.

JOHN

You presumed incorrectly. I don't want to remember.

WOMAN

Why, in God's name, don't you want to remember your old life?

JOHN

Maybe I don't like my old life.

WOMAN

You don't know your old life.

JOHN

I know this life! It's really good. I have a woman who loves me. Children.

WOMAN

Children? You've known this woman for three months, you already have children? Have you forgotten how babies are made?

JOHN

She has children.

John pulls a menu from the menu holder on the table. He shows the Woman the cover of the menu, which has a photograph of two twin girls. They look to be about three years old each.

*

JOHN

Two twin girls. 3-year-olds. They like me very much. They treat me like a father.

*

WOMAN

You're not their father.

JOHN

Their father was an abusive drunk. I'm the best thing they've got. And I'm the only good man she's been with in God knows how long.

WOMAN

(Facetiously)

Yes, you're a real good man. That much is clear.

(Then, accusatory)

You realize you may have actual children, who might be wondering where their father is, and might be hoping when they find their father he says to them, "My children! I remember you, and I'm so happy for that!" And not, "My children. Sorry, I've already moved on. Found some other kids I like even more."

JOHN

You don't know that I have actual children.

WOMAN

I don't. I don't know anything about you, you're right. And neither do you. But don't you owe it to yourself to find out. Don't you owe it to her? Isn't that what a good man would do?

JOHN

(Pained)

I don't know! I just- I don't want to find out that...

WOMAN

Find out what?

JOHN

Anything. I don't want to remember. And if just being around you will trigger my memories, then it is time for you to go.

WOMAN

Please.

JOHN

Now!

John stands about ready to drag her out if necessary.

WOMAN

(Mocking)

Careful. You didn't have dinner. Mind your constitution.

JOHN

I know where they keep the gun in this place. Don't make me get it.

WOMAN

I'm not here to cause any trouble.

JOHN

Then go.

WOMAN

...Fine.

The Woman stands and heads towards the door, but stops suddenly and turns back to John.

WOMAN

Before I go, can you at least tell me the images you saw when you looked upon my face. Perhaps they might offer me another clue... To help me remember my life.

JOHN

There were so many. Too many to recount. And they're still coming into focus. Most of them are a blur.

WOMAN

Anything. Anything at all. Anything that stuck.

JOHN

(Suddenly)

I saw you.

Beat.

WOMAN

Me?

JOHN

(Nodding)

I'm pretty sure it was you.

(Then)

I presume you saw me, too.

WOMAN

No.

JOHN

Oh.

WOMAN

Did you see anything else?

JOHN

I told you, I saw many things. Most of it unimportant, probably.

WOMAN

Like what?

JOHN

I saw food, I saw grass, I saw computers, photographs, newspapers. I saw people. Many people. You, an older man, perhaps my father. I don't know. I saw so many faces. I don't know who they are. Children, men, women. I saw... Suffering. I saw suffering. I don't want to remember anymore.

WOMAN

You say you saw newspapers?

JOHN

I saw a newspaper. A newspaper clipping.

WOMAN

What did it say?

JOHN

I couldn't see the words. Just the picture.

WOMAN

What is the picture of?

He thinks back.

JOHN

A man. He is on a gurney. He is being wheeled into an ambulance. This can't be important.

The Woman moves closer to him.

WOMAN

I think I saw the same clipping.

John turns to the woman.

JOHN

The man is badly hurt. He looks awful.

The woman nods.

WOMAN

Is there anyone else in the image?

JOHN

There are other people. EMTs I think. They're pushing the gurney.

WOMAN

In the background! Is there anyone else in the background of the image?

JOHN

Why are you asking if you saw the clipping yourself?

WOMAN

I only saw the words. I can't make out the picture. It's still blurry.

JOHN

What did it say, the words?

WOMAN

First tell me is there anyone else in the picture? Perhaps standing in the background? Try to remember.

He closes his eyes and tries to remember.

JOHN

(Something is starting to come into focus)

There is someone. A woman. She's wearing... She's wearing...

John suddenly opens his eyes. He looks to the kitchen. He is confused by what he just saw in his head. He turns back to The Woman.

JOHN

(Then, urgently)

What did the words say?

WOMAN

"Woman Heroically Saves Man From Burning Car". That was the headline. Under the photo, a caption reads: "Charles Maylor gets wheeled into ambulance, as his rescuer, Hazel Anderson looks on."

JOHN

(Stunned)

Hazel. I saw Hazel.

Beat.

Hazel enters with a piece of pie.

HAZEL

Here, my love. Some pie for you.

She sees the Woman

HAZEL

Oh, you're still here?

WOMAN

Hazel, I have a question for you.

HAZEL

I don't want to answer your questions.

WOMAN

But what of your horoscope? Aren't you supposed to say yes, and reap dividends of happiness?

HAZEL

I have enough happiness already. I can afford to say no today.

WOMAN

When you discovered John three months ago, naked in a field, was that the first time you two had ever met?

HAZEL

I told you, I don't want to answer your questions.

JOHN

Please answer it.

Hazel turns to John, confused.

HAZEL

John?

JOHN

Did you know me?

HAZEL

Did I know you?

JOHN

Did you know me prior to three months ago?

HAZEL

No, of course not. What is this about?

JOHN

A memory. This woman helped me unlock a memory.

HAZEL

I thought you didn't want to unlock your memories.

JOHN

I don't.

HAZEL

Now your letting this woman help you?

WOMAN

He's helping me.

HAZEL

Helping you what? Ruin something that's pure? John and I are meant to be. It's destiny. Astrology even says so.

WOMAN

How do you know his astrology says so.
(Accusatory)
Unless you know his astrological sign.

HAZEL

I don't know his astrological sign, obviously. What difference does that make?

WOMAN

Some astrological signs are completely incompatible.

HAZEL

I don't care about that. Because unlike astrology, John and I were written in the stars.

WOMAN

Look, I'm not trying to get in between you and John. I'm just trying to remember. *

HAZEL

Remember what?

WOMAN

Remember everything!

JOHN

(To Hazel)

She has amnesia, as well.

HAZEL

What?

WOMAN

Yes.

HAZEL

(To The Woman)

No! That's John's thing.

WOMAN

It's my thing, too. I also woke up naked in a field 3 months ago unable to remember anything about myself. But you didn't drive past me.

HAZEL

Not sure I would have stopped if I did.

(Then, to John)

Oh John, don't you see. She's fooling you. She's a con artist.

JOHN

I don't think she is.

HAZEL

She's probably heard about you, heard about what's going on with you, and is using the same story to try and connect with you to... Gain your confidence. And then she's going to take you for every penny your worth.

JOHN

I don't have any pennies.

HAZEL

That you know of. Who knows what she's after!

WOMAN

I am after my memories, that's it! John may be happy remembering nothing, but I'm not! I want my memories back. And I think he's the key. And you might be, as well.

HAZEL

Me?

JOHN

We both have the same memory. And you are in it.

Beat. Hazel is shocked by this.

HAZEL

You have a memory of me? Why would you have a memory of me?

WOMAN

That's what we're trying to find out.

HAZEL

What memory?

WOMAN

A newspaper clipping.

JOHN

A man, he's been hurt real badly. He's being wheeled into an ambulance. And you are standing in the background.

HAZEL

It couldn't have been me.

WOMAN

Are you Hazel Anderson?

HAZEL

Yes.

JOHN

The article mentions you by name.

HAZEL

What?

WOMAN

“Charles Maylor gets wheeled into ambulance, as his rescuer, Hazel Anderson looks on.”

Hazel steps back, confused.

HAZEL

I don't know what to tell you.

JOHN

Why don't you tell us what happened.

HAZEL

I don't know what happened. I've never rescued anyone in my life.

WOMAN

You're lying.

HAZEL

(To The Woman)

I'm not!

WOMAN

We both remember the article.

HAZEL

I don't care what you remember. I think I would know if I rescued someone.

(To John)

I promise you, the only person I've ever saved... Was you.

Beat.

HAZEL

Do you believe me?

John looks up at the Woman.

JOHN

Maybe she has amnesia, as well.

HAZEL

I don't have amnesia!

JOHN

Some kind of selective amnesia.

HAZEL

I remember everything. I remember my mother. I remember my father. I remember my children. My memory is good and I promise you I never rescued no...

(To Woman)

What the fuck is his name?

WOMAN

Charles Maylor-

HAZEL

Charles Maylor, thank you!

(To John)

I've never rescued Charles Maylor, who ever he is.

(To The Woman)

I don't know why you think you saw that in some newspaper.

She grabs the newspaper from a stack near the door.

HAZEL

Here. Show me! Show me where you saw it.

WOMAN

It wouldn't be in today's paper.

HAZEL

Here are the headlines:

(She opens to a page)

IRS Scammers On The Prowl.

(Another page)

Local Man Found Guilty Of Lewd Conduct

(Another page)

Woman Rushed to Hospital After Growing Potato In Her Vagina. Nothing about me!

She hands the paper to the Woman.

HAZEL

Go ahead, look!

WOMAN

It wouldn't be in today's paper. It was a memory.

HAZEL

You won't find it in any paper!

(To John)

John, I've never even been in the newspaper. I've done nothing worth writing about, I promise you. You have to believe me.

JOHN

I know what I saw.

Hazel is crestfallen.

HAZEL

You have to believe me!

JOHN

I know what is inside my head! I see you. You're wearing this outfit. You are looking at a man as he is being wheeled into an ambulance.

HAZEL

It's not me.

WOMAN

It mentions you by name.

HAZEL

(To The Woman)

You are lying!

WOMAN

I don't know you. I have no reason to lie.

HAZEL

You're lying to get him back!

WOMAN

I don't know that he's mine to have back. I don't know anything! I don't even know my name!

HAZEL

Well, we can fix that straight away. The same way we solved it for John.

She heads to a coat rack and pulls off a hat. It reads Von Dutch. She puts it on the Woman's head.

HAZEL

From this day forward, we shall call you Dutch.

That's not my name. WOMAN

You don't know that. HAZEL

You are not calling me Dutch. WOMAN

We certainly can't call you Woman, can we? So until you tell me your real name, we shall call you Dutch. HAZEL

I don't know my real name! WOMAN

OK, Dutch! Did you find anything in the paper? HAZEL

It's not in this paper! WOMAN

Of course not, because it's bullshit! It's some story you planted in his head to con him and steal him away. HAZEL

She didn't plant anything in my head. JOHN

John, last night you said you loved me. HAZEL

I do. JOHN

If you love me, then you must trust me. HAZEL

Beat.

...I don't. Not in this moment. JOHN

You think I'm lying? HAZEL

Yes, and I don't know why. JOHN

She starts to cry.

HAZEL

I'm not lying! Please don't think I'm lying!

JOHN

How else do you explain it, Hazel? I know what I saw. I remember you. I wasn't hypnotized, it was a memory. A memory that you are clearly lying about and now I don't know what to believe anymore. I did trust you and you lied!

HAZEL

No, John!

JOHN

Why?

HAZEL

I'm not lying!

JOHN

You are a liar!

HAZEL

No!

JOHN

Yes!

Suddenly the Woman looks up urgently.

WOMAN

No!

The both turn to the Woman who is still holding the newspaper. She's staring at something on the front page.

WOMAN

She's not lying.

JOHN

What do you mean she is not lying?

WOMAN

She hasn't saved Charles Maylor.

JOHN

Then why was it in the newspaper? We both remember it in the newspaper.

Look!
WOMAN

The Woman hands John the newspaper.

JOHN
It wouldn't be in this newspaper. It didn't happen today. It obviously happened more than three months ago.

Just look.
WOMAN

John looks at the paper.

JOHN
It's today's paper. There's nothing-

Close your eyes. And look.
WOMAN

That makes no sense.
JOHN

And try to remember.
WOMAN

John holds the paper up. He closes his eyes and "looks" again. Sure enough, a memory is triggered.

Oh my gosh.
JOHN

Do you see it?
WOMAN

I do.
JOHN

Is it triggering your memory?
WOMAN

JOHN
(Nodding)
It is! I see it! It's... It's coming back. I see the image. It's her, I see it's her!

HAZEL

It's not!

JOHN

I see the words. I see the words now, they're... They're coming into focus. "Woman Heroically Saves Man From Burning Car".

HAZEL

No, John.

JOHN

I can see the caption. "Charles Maylor gets wheeled into ambulance, as his rescuer, Hazel Anderson looks on."

HAZEL

It wasn't me.

WOMAN

Look higher, John.

JOHN

I see... I see... I see... The date.

HAZEL

(Crying)

I don't understand. I haven't rescued anyone from a burning car.

WOMAN

You haven't rescued anyone from a burning car... Yet.

JOHN

(Confused)

The newspaper... It's date is... Tomorrow. How can tomorrow be a memory? What does that mean?

WOMAN

I think it means... We're from the future.

Black Out.

SCENE 2

*

Some time later. The Woman is seated. She's looking a little pale. John sits at a different booth. Hazel is standing by the counter.

HAZEL

Let me understand-

WOMAN

We've been over this.

HAZEL

I'd like to go over it again. It's not every day I find out my boyfriend is from the future.

WOMAN

It's the only logical answer.

HAZEL

Answer to what?

WOMAN

To the question why we would have a memory of something that hasn't occurred yet.

HAZEL

There must be another answer.

WOMAN

I'd love to hear it.

HAZEL

Perhaps it's not a memory. Perhaps it's just a figment of your imagination.

WOMAN

Well, we'll find out, won't we. Because supposedly you're rescuing this imaginary person sometime in the next 24 hours.

HAZEL

I don't even know Charles Maylor! How can this be real?

JOHN

It's real. I know it is. We are from the future. That feels right.

HAZEL

(Rolling her eyes)

So you're from the future, you've come back in time by some means of time travel, and in so doing, you've developed amnesia so you can't answer questions like, "Hey what's the future all about, and where did you park your time machine?" Is that right?

JOHN

...Yes.

HAZEL

That's convenient, wouldn't you say?

WOMAN

Inconvenient, I would say.

HAZEL

A little evidence would be nice. Something to go on. Something to make this story plausible. Do you even know why you've come back?

WOMAN

That is the question, isn't it? Why are we here? What is our purpose?

HAZEL

I take it you don't know. You don't remember.

WOMAN

We may not have to. We can possibly make some assumptions.

HAZEL

Assumptions?

WOMAN

Why do people travel back in time?

HAZEL

I don't know, you're the only ones who have done it.

WOMAN

Usually to stop something bad from happening.

HAZEL

Well, if you're here to save Kennedy, you're too late. And if you're here NOT to save Reagan, you're too late for that, too.

JOHN

Who's president now?

She turns to John, irritated.

HAZEL

I was just joking.

(Skeptically)

Do you really think you're here to save a president?

JOHN

Maybe. I don't know. Why else come back in time if not to save someone. Someone important. *

HAZEL

(Skeptically)

Well, we're in an election cycle. The current president has less than two months left in office. What would be the point in killing him?

WOMAN

Maybe we're here to keep the next president from being elected. Stop a future Hitler.

HAZEL

This is absurd!

JOHN

Is there a candidate that's more like Hitler?

HAZEL

They're both assholes if you ask me. *

WOMAN

That's not helpful.

HAZEL

I don't care!

WOMAN

Maybe you would if you knew what was coming.

HAZEL

Maybe I would if YOU knew what was coming!

WOMAN

We could be here from the future to prevent a genocide.

HAZEL

Assuming you're from the future, you could be here to bet on a pony. You could be here to buy stock in tomorrow's Google. You assume you're saviors but you might be motivated by greed. How am I to know otherwise? I don't know you.

JOHN

But you know me.

She turns to John once again.

HAZEL

Do I, John? Do I?

(Then)

You both seem so surprised and irritated at my resistance at the notions you're suggesting, as if you just told me you're from Detroit. But you told me you're from the future. You tell me I'm going to save someone. You tell me you are going to save the whole country.

*
*

WOMAN

We might save the whole country. We might not.

*

HAZEL

Glad we narrowed that down!

*
*

WOMAN

We don't know what we're here to do! And maybe what we're suggesting is absurd, we just assume, if we've come all this way, it must be for something important!

*
*

The Woman turns away, rubbing her head.

HAZEL

Well, I make no such assumptions about why I'm here. All the important things I've ever done are asleep hopefully, if my mother was able to get them in bed on time. How lucky for you both that you're meant for so much more.

Beat. The woman is still rubbing her head, looking a little peaked.

JOHN

(To the Woman)

Are you OK?

WOMAN

I can't argue anymore. I need to eat.

HAZEL

(Coldly)

The restaurant is closed.

WOMAN

(Weakly)

I haven't eaten in two days. Please.

*

The Woman is really struggling.

HAZEL

(Reluctantly giving in)

Fine. We have food in the kitchen. You can help yourself. I'm not here to serve you.

WOMAN

Thank you.

The Woman exits towards the kitchen.

Beat.

HAZEL

(To John, but not looking at him)

I don't know if I am being made a fool of, if I am the butt of a very long joke, or if I should believe you. I want to believe you. But earlier you said you didn't trust me and now I don't know if I can trust you.

JOHN

I'm sorry for what I said. I'm sorry for not trusting you. And I don't blame you for not believing me. I know it sounds crazy.

HAZEL

Absolutely crazy! You're from the future? How do I know this is not all some scam. You and her working together. Some charade to take advantage of me.

JOHN

It's not a charade.

HAZEL

How do I know?

John goes to her and gently kisses her.

HAZEL

This is not a movie. You can't erase all of my doubts with just one kiss.

JOHN

How many do you need?

HAZEL

A lifetime's worth.

He kisses her again.

JOHN

This is not a charade. I love you! That's real.

She slowly starts to give in.

HAZEL

And you're from the future? Is that real, too?

He nods.

HAZEL

(Skeptically)

And you're here to save the country?

John smiles.

JOHN

Perhaps that is farfetched. Let's hope the country is not in any danger. *

HAZEL

Let's hope. Let's hope she's not a terminator. Let's hope I'm not Sarah Connors. Let's hope you're not Marty McFly and you run into your parents, prevent them from having children and you become erased from existence.

JOHN

Yes. Let's hope for all those things.

HAZEL

Where does that leave us? Why else would you be here?

JOHN

I don't know.

(Then)

I do like the idea of saving someone. Doing something good. Something important. Being brave.

HAZEL

What's wrong with just... Being normal?

JOHN

No one wants to eat a normal sandwich. They want to eat a hero!

(Then, looking towards the kitchen)

I think she's right.

HAZEL

(Spitefully)

Dutch?

JOHN

(Nodding)

We've come all this way. It can't be just for nothing. We have to have a purpose. We have to be here for a reason.

HAZEL

I suppose. I suppose if you're from the future, you've come back for a reason.

He nods. Then:

JOHN

I just hope it's for a good reason.

HAZEL

I'm sure it's for a good reason. You're a good man.

Beat. John seems to be struggling with something.

HAZEL

John?

JOHN

I don't know if I'm a good man.

HAZEL

I beg your pardon.

JOHN

I don't know if I'm a good man.

HAZEL

(Getting frustrated again)

I just expressed to you a concern that this might be a charade. You might be scamming me with your partner, Dutch. You assured me you're not. I believed you. Now you're telling me you might not be a good man? You're just killing me!

JOHN

I'm not scamming you. I'm not working with that woman. And my love for you is real. But-

HAZEL

But what? Do you remember something?

JOHN

No. It's just a feeling.

HAZEL
A feeling?

JOHN
I've had it from the beginning.

HAZEL
What?

JOHN
(Starting to get emotional)
This fear. I'm afraid that if I remember who I am, I'll come to find that... I'm not a good man. I'm afraid I have it in me to be a bad man. That's why I don't want to remember. I don't want to be bad.

Hazel studies the genuine look of fear on John's face, then, sympathetically:

HAZEL
We all have it in us to be bad. And good. You can decide.

JOHN
I'm not sure I know how. I'm afraid I might make the wrong decision.

HAZEL
Decisions made out of fear usually are 'the wrong decision.' I mean, Jesus, I have a kitchen full of food and I all but denied a starving woman something to eat because I'm afraid. Afraid...

JOHN
She might be a terminator?

HAZEL
I'm afraid she might take you away from me. Do you see what fear makes us do? Trade in our humanity. And for what? So that *our* relationship might survive the night? Don't be afraid. It only brings out the worst in us. *
(Then) *
My father used to say, "You either overcome your fears. Or you become them."

Hazel lets that sink in.

HAZEL
I don't care who you were. And it doesn't matter what you've done. It only matters what you do.

JOHN
(With resolve)
I need to find out what I'm here to do.

HAZEL

You will. And you'll see. You are a good man. You will make the right choice.

JOHN

I hope you're right.

She smiles at him.

HAZEL

Well, if I knew your sun sign I would know for sure. You're positive you don't remember your birthday?

JOHN

As far as I'm concerned, I was born the day you found me naked in that field.

HAZEL

(Gleefully)

That was June 21st. That makes you a Cancer, a very compatible partner with Virgo.

JOHN

Am I a good man?

HAZEL

Cancer men are very loyal, empathetic, and perhaps the most heroic of all signs. Does that sound like someone who's bad?

JOHN

No.

HAZEL

They can be ill-tempered and insecure, though, so watch out for that.

JOHN

Noted.

HAZEL

You can read today's horoscope in the paper there. I think it's on the same page as the article about the woman who was growing a potato in her vagina.

He picks up the newspaper.

JOHN

I'm more interested in reading about that.

The Woman returns from the kitchen.

HAZEL
(To The Woman)

How are you feeling?

WOMAN

Better. Thank you.

HAZEL
(Jokingly)

Ready to argue some more?

WOMAN

If we must. What would you have us argue about now?

JOHN

Why does a woman grow a potato in her vagina?

WOMAN

I don't have a position on that.

JOHN
(Reading)

Apparently she planted it last summer.

WOMAN

Doesn't she know potatoes are cool season crops.

HAZEL

How are we supposed to encourage kids to eat more vegetables when stuff like this happens?

*

They all laugh.

WOMAN

Are we all friends now?

HAZEL

For the moment.

WOMAN

And you two? Still in love?

HAZEL

Oh yes. I found out his Sun sign. It turns out we are compatible.

WOMAN
(To John)

Did... Did you remember your birthday?

JOHN

No, no. We're using the day I arrived here as my birthday. June 21st.

HAZEL

Cancer. June 21st through July 22nd

WOMAN

Oh. What's the sign before Cancer because I arrived on June 20th.

HAZEL

Gemini. That explains why we don't get along.

WOMAN

I'm sure it does.

HAZEL

Gemini tend to be very irritable and insensitive.

WOMAN

Yes, well...

(Then)

I guess I do owe you an apology. I know our story is hard to swallow. But I also know I came back here to do something important.

HAZEL

How do you know it's so important? Maybe where you're from people travel to the past all the time, just for laughs.

WOMAN

I don't think anyone's traveled to the past before us. The fact that we can't remember anything suggests that whatever the technology is that got us here, it hasn't been worked out. There's obviously still bugs. We're probably lucky to be alive.

HAZEL

Then why risk using it?

WOMAN

Because we're here to do something important.

(Then, to John)

Don't you think?

John's not paying attention. He's slowly made his way to the other end of the diner.

WOMAN

John?

JOHN
You say you arrived on June 20th?

WOMAN
Yes.

JOHN
We didn't come together?

WOMAN
Apparently not. What are you thinking?

JOHN
Not thinking. Remembering.

John is now standing near the register. He looks down at it.

WOMAN
What do you remember? Do you know something? Do you know our purpose? Do you know why we're here?

JOHN
I know why I'm here.

WOMAN
What do you mean?

JOHN
I don't think you and I are here for the same reasons.

WOMAN
How can you be sure?

He takes a gun from beneath the register and points it at The Woman.

JOHN
Because I'm here to stop you.

Black out.

SCENE 3

*

The Woman is not here. John and Hazel sit across from one another. John still has the gun, though not pointed at Hazel.

HAZEL

How did you know we had a gun there?

JOHN

I accidentally stumbled upon it a few weeks ago looking for some aspirin. Good thing, right?

HAZEL

What are you going to do with her?

JOHN

I think I have to kill her.

HAZEL

Kill her?

JOHN

I think I do.

HAZEL

Why in Heaven's name?

JOHN

I have to stop her.

HAZEL

And that means kill her?

JOHN

How else am I supposed to stop her?

HAZEL

She's handcuffed in the back. You've already stopped her.

JOHN

We can't keep her back there forever.

HAZEL

How long do you need?

JOHN

I don't know. I don't know what she's here to do.

HAZEL

You just know you have to stop her?

JOHN

Yes.

HAZEL

From doing something that you don't know.

JOHN

Yes.

HAZEL

And the fact that you've handcuffed her is not stopping her enough?

JOHN

No. Look, if the thing she came here to do is tomorrow, then wonderful. The good guys win. But what if the thing she came here to do is ten years from now? Am I supposed to keep her back there for ten years?

HAZEL

Why would she come back now if the thing she has to do is ten years from now?

JOHN

I don't know. I just know I have to stop her.

HAZEL

Call the police then. Let them stop her.

JOHN

Call the police? And tell them what? I'm from the future? She's from the future. She came back in time to do something bad, and I came back to stop her. Do you know how crazy that sounds?

HAZEL

Yes, I do!

JOHN

We can't get the police involved. It has to be done by me. This is my reason for being here. This is my purpose.

HAZEL

Don't make it sound so grave.

JOHN

It could be very grave.

HAZEL

How many people go through life not even knowing their purpose, let alone achieving it. The world goes on. Their life isn't meaningless. You don't cease to exist just because you don't achieve your purpose.

JOHN

How do you know that?

She shrugs. He gets up.

JOHN

I have to stop her. You don't have to help.

He cocks the gun.

JOHN

Don't worry. No one will miss her. She's not from this time.

He starts to head back towards the kitchen.

HAZEL

You're not going to kill her in there?

JOHN

Why?

HAZEL

That's my kitchen. We make food in there. The health department just gave me an A rating. What do you think they're going to grade me if they find out you killed a woman in there?

JOHN

I hadn't thought of that.

HAZEL

No, of course not. You're so busy thinking about your purpose, you forgot to consider mine.

JOHN

Where would you have me kill her?

HAZEL

Go outside. Dig a hole. Get her. Put her in the hole. Shoot her in the hole. Fill the hole. This is not that complicated.

JOHN

I've never killed anyone before.

HAZEL
That you know of.

JOHN
Have you?

HAZEL
Killed someone?

He nods.

HAZEL
I'm a waitress. I kill people with kindness.

Beat.

JOHN
I'll go dig a hole.

He heads towards the door.

HAZEL
The shovel's in the back. Your destiny awaits.

John exits.

Hazel waits for him to leave, then grabs a key sitting on the counter and exits towards the kitchen.

A moment later she re-emerges holding a pair of handcuffs. She is followed closely by the Woman, rubbing her wrists.

HAZEL
You need to go.

WOMAN
Go where?

HAZEL
Anywhere but here. He's going to kill you.

WOMAN
Kill me?

HAZEL

He says he has to stop you.

WOMAN

He handcuffed me to a radiator in your kitchen. I was stopped.

HAZEL

He's digging a grave for you right now. As soon as he comes back, he's going to put you in it.

WOMAN

I'd think that's exactly what you want.

HAZEL

I want you out of our lives. I don't want you dead.

WOMAN

You really think John is the type to pull the trigger?

HAZEL

You really want to wait and find out?

(Then)

Please. Go! Now!

*

The Woman considers this. Finally:

WOMAN

No!

(Then)

I can't go. I have been wandering around for so long, lost out there. Lost with so many questions, and finally I am close to finding answers. You want me to go? Absolutely not!

HAZEL

He's going to kill you.

WOMAN

You'll just have to talk him out of it.

HAZEL

I can't.

WOMAN

Of course you can. He's your boyfriend. He'll listen to you.

HAZEL

I've had boyfriends in the past who couldn't care less what I had to say. Especially when they were preparing to do something violent.

WOMAN

I'm not leaving. I'm here for a purpose. I have to see it through.

HAZEL

My God! You people and your purposes! Who gives a shit about your purpose? It's only going to put him in a cell and you in a grave. Do you want to die? Because you don't have much time left.

WOMAN

What?

HAZEL

You don't have much time left.

The Woman puts her hand on her head. A memory has been triggered.

HAZEL

What is it?

*

The woman is swaying.

*

HAZEL

What's going on with you.

*

*

WOMAN

(Lost in thought)

I don't have much time left.

HAZEL

I just said that. Do you understand what I'm saying?

WOMAN

(Still dealing with her memory)

I do.

HAZEL

Then why aren't you leaving? He'll be back any minute.

WOMAN

I'm not afraid of him.

HAZEL

Listen, I don't know what to believe anymore. You're time travelers? You're here to do something important? He's here to stop you? I don't know if that's true. But I know he thinks it's true. And he is going to kill you. That doesn't frighten you?

No. WOMAN

Why not? HAZEL

...I'm already dying. WOMAN *

The Woman sits at the counter.

What? HAZEL

I'm already dying. WOMAN

I have some disease. (Then)

What disease? HAZEL

Something from the future. I don't remember what. WOMAN

Is it... Catchy? HAZEL

I don't think so. WOMAN

But you're definitely dying? HAZEL

There's no cure. WOMAN
(Nodding)

There's nothing they could do? HAZEL

They have medicine that could possibly prolong my life long enough for them to find a cure. WOMAN

Did you take it? HAZEL

WOMAN

No. It would have debilitated me. I would have been living a half-life.

HAZEL

Better that than no life.

WOMAN

There was no guarantee that they'd find a cure in time. I'd just be bed-ridden for months. Maybe years. Wasting away to nothing. I couldn't risk that. I had something important I had to do.

HAZEL

What was that?

WOMAN

I had to come here.

Hazel grabs The Woman by the shoulders.

HAZEL

(Hopeful)

Why? Why did you come here?

The Woman, frustrated, shakes her head.

WOMAN

I don't remember.

HAZEL

No, of course not. We'll save that memory for last.

(Then)

What happens to those that don't take the medicine?

WOMAN

...They're usually dead within six months.

Beat.

HAZEL

Hold on. I want to make sure I understand what you're saying. Because you've been here three months, and it sounds like you're saying you'll be dead within the next three.

WOMAN

That's right.

HAZEL

You don't know who you are, but you know you're dying, and you gave up a chance at life to travel back in time on some untested technology.

WOMAN

Yes.

HAZEL

Why would you do that? That makes no sense!

*

WOMAN

Sometimes we do things that don't make sense.

HAZEL

When? When do we do those things?

WOMAN

...When it's for something important.

Beat.

HAZEL

It better be important. More important than simply screwing up my life, which you have done by the way.

WOMAN

I'm sorry.

HAZEL

We were very happy before you walked through that door.

WOMAN

Me walking out is not going to change things back the way they were.

HAZEL

He was decent. Great with the kids, Maia, Maddie, they both love him.

The Woman looks at the picture of the two three year olds on the cover of the menu.

WOMAN

They look like good kids.

HAZEL

They are. They're angels! Maia is very bright and determined. And Maddie, she's got the biggest heart. And John treats them really well. And he treats me great, too. It's a nice change of pace from all the other men I've dated.

*

(Then)

But now the pace is a little too fast. We're already plotting our first murder. I usually like to travel with someone before I take that next big step.

WOMAN

No one is going to die.

HAZEL

From what you tell me, you're going to die. Within three months.

John returns with a dirty shovel.

JOHN

The hole's dug.

HAZEL

Possibly sooner.

JOHN

(Then, seeing The Woman)

Jesus! You unlocked her?

John drops the shovel and grabs his gun from his belt.

JOHN

Why did you unlock her?

HAZEL

I don't want you to kill her.

JOHN

I have to.

HAZEL

If you kill her... It could have serious repercussions...

JOHN

How?

HAZEL

...On our relationship.

JOHN

What do you mean?

HAZEL

I don't want to date a killer.

JOHN

Just because I kill her doesn't make me a killer.

HAZEL

I think it does.

JOHN

Hazel, don't do this. Please don't do this. Don't give me an ultimatum.

HAZEL

Why? What are you going to do? Are you going to kill me?

JOHN

No. I love you. I would never hurt you. Being with you is the best thing that's ever happened to me.

HAZEL

Good. If you want to stay with me, please don't kill her.

JOHN

Dammit! You gave me an ultimatum!

HAZEL

I have no choice, John. I don't know how they do it when you're from, but in this day and age, you can't go around killing people.

JOHN

I'm the hero! I can kill whoever I want.

HAZEL

John!

JOHN

I mean, whoever I need... In order to save the day. I'm the hero!

WOMAN

You don't know that.

JOHN

(To the Woman)

Yes, I do!

HAZEL

But you don't. You were telling me just earlier you thought you might not be a good man.

JOHN

(Betrayed)

...That was supposed to be private.

*

HAZEL

You said you feared you had it in you to be a bad man.

JOHN

I know what I said! And you said people born under the sign of Cancer were the most heroic of all. *

HAZEL

We don't know you're definitely a Cancer. Also, I might be thinking of Scorpios.

JOHN

You said I could decide... If I was good or if I was bad... I've decided. I'm good. Now you have to decide if you believe me.

WOMAN

She's decided. She doesn't.

JOHN

You stay out of this! You're the reason we're in this mess. If it weren't for you-

WOMAN

If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have come back in time to meet her, the best thing that's ever happened to you. And this is the thanks I get.

JOHN

That's it!

He points his gun at her.

HAZEL

John!

JOHN

(To The Woman)

Outside. We're going to do this right now! Move!

WOMAN

No! If you're going to kill me, you can do it in here.

JOHN

I can't do it in here. She has an A rating!

HAZEL

John!

JOHN

(To Woman)

I'll force you if I have to.

WOMAN

You're going to get rough with me?

HAZEL

Please!

JOHN

(To Hazel)

Hazel! Enough! I have to do this! Don't you understand, she's here to do something awful!

HAZEL

You don't know that!

JOHN

I do. I'm-

WOMAN

The hero. Yes, we got that. But let me ask you, John, if I'm here to stop a future Hitler, like we talked about earlier, and you're here to stop me, are you still the hero?

JOHN

Yes! I mean...

(John is stymied)

Look, one of us is obviously bad, and one of us is obviously good. Between the two of us I think it's pretty obvious that you're the villain.

WOMAN

Why is that obvious?

JOHN

Look at you! Look how you've lived. You said yourself you had to beg, borrow, steal. You stole! Does that sound like something a good person would do?

WOMAN

I don't think it necessarily makes me a bad person. There is no line that divides good and bad with stealing on one side and not stealing on the other. It's not black and white.

JOHN

No? How do you tell the difference then?

WOMAN

Given the choice between doing something altruistic or doing something egoistic, I choose altruism.

*
*

JOHN

Bully for you! I don't know what half those words mean!

*

WOMAN

Look'em up!

JOHN

You look'em up!

WOMAN

I don't have to look them up, I know what they mean!

JOHN

It doesn't matter what you know because here's what I know: I'm good. You're bad. You stole.

WOMAN

That doesn't make me bad!

JOHN

It's probably just the tip of the iceberg with you.

WOMAN

It's not the tip of any iceberg.

JOHN

We both couldn't remember anything about our lives, but your natural inclinations were to beg, borrow and steal. "And other things you had to do to survive." Remember when you said that? It is the tip of the iceberg! What other things I wonder.

WOMAN

Things I had to do survive! I wasn't lucky enough to have a kind person give me a home and clothes and food.

JOHN

Between the two of us, you're the one that's made choices that's hurt other people.

WOMAN

I didn't hurt anyone!

*

JOHN

Tell that to the people you stole from. And did the other things.

WOMAN

And what about you?

JOHN

Who have I hurt?

The Woman gestures to Hazel.

JOHN

I'm not-

(To Hazel)

Am I hurting you?

HAZEL

Well, it's not pleasant...Watching you wave a gun around threatening murder.

JOHN

Justifiable homicide. Think of all the things she's done.

WOMAN

I did what I had to do to survive. Is killing me going to help you survive?

JOHN

You're a villain. Killing you might help us all survive.

WOMAN

I'm not a villain!

JOHN

Look at your natural inclinations.

WOMAN

Look at your inclinations, John. You're pointing a gun to my head. You're willing to shoot me, an unarmed woman, whose done nothing wrong but steal some food... And clothes... And seven hundred dollars from a convenience store. That's it! But I'm the bad guy?

JOHN

You're going to do something far worse.

WOMAN

You don't know what I'm going to do. Jesus, you don't even know if you're supposed to kill me. All you know is your supposed to stop me. Does that mean kill? I don't think that means kill. It could mean anything. How stupid are you going to feel when you remember in 20 minutes, "Fuck I was supposed to stop her and bring her back alive! I was supposed to question her. But she's dead now, how am I supposed to question her?" Have you thought of that? No. You talk about natural inclinations, you're first instinct is to grab a gun and commit murder. I wonder why that is. Perhaps it's because you're the bad guy.

JOHN

Don't call me the bad guy!

WOMAN

Why? Are you going to do bad things?

JOHN

I'm not the bad guy!

WOMAN

I'm not the bad guy either!

HAZEL

None of you need to be the bad guy! Shut the fuck up!

Beat.

HAZEL

Jesus! You both are acting like children.

JOHN

Of course you take her side.

HAZEL

I'm not taking sides. I said you BOTH are acting like children.

JOHN

You're taking her side, and I trusted you.

HAZEL

Good God, your trust is so fragile. Within the last few hours, you trusted me. Then you didn't trust me-

JOHN

Yes. That's true. I trusted you. Then I didn't. But then I did. But THEN you unlocked her so now I don't.

HAZEL

Be that as it may, has it occurred to you, to either of you, that none of you might be the bad guy?

JOHN

If she's here to do something, and I'm here to stop her-

HAZEL

Maybe you're trying to stop her for her own good. Maybe you're trying to save her.

JOHN

Save her?

HAZEL

Maybe...

(Coming up with a story)

Maybe you are lovers and though she is here to do something good, you know that the doing of that good thing results in dire consequences for her, which you can't endure because you care for her, so you came here to stop her. Is that not possible?

John considers this.

JOHN

It's possible.

(Then)

But unlikely.

WOMAN

What is unlikely?

JOHN

That I care for you.

WOMAN

Earlier, when you were flooded with images, you said the first one you saw was me. Why would you see me if you didn't care for me?

JOHN

I don't know why I saw what I saw. And I certainly don't know that you're here to do something good.

HAZEL

That's right, you don't know. You don't know anything. Neither of you. Thankfully, you guys are remembering new things all the time. She just remembered she's dying.

JOHN

What?

WOMAN

Suddenly you care?

HAZEL

If you just be patient, and wait, hopefully it won't be long before all the facts are on the table and we can decide who kills who.

JOHN

You're dying?

*

WOMAN

It's not important.

JOHN

It sounds pretty important.

HAZEL

She's got a fucking disease! You understand? They don't have a cure. If she stayed in her time she might have had a chance. She could have taken some medicine that would have possibly prolonged her life long enough for them to find a cure, but she didn't stay in her time. She came here instead where there is no medicine and there's certainly no cure, so she's definitely fucking dying.

JOHN

You're cursing a lot more than normal.

HAZEL

Why did she do that? Because she has a purpose, a very important purpose, like you John. Unfortunately, neither of you can remember your purpose, time travel being glitchy and all, causing temporary amnesia, so you have to wait. You have to wait! Wait for you both to remember. Can you wait? Do you think you can wait?

JOHN

I feel like you're directing this solely at me.

HAZEL

Because you're the one with the fucking gun! Can you just put the gun down and relax?

JOHN

I'm relaxed. You're the one that's very tense.

HAZEL

I'm tense because I've been living in crazy town tonight. I feel like I'm in a really bad movie.

JOHN

I totally get that. I do.

(Then)

I don't know why you have to say the movie is really bad. I think it's good, aside from that line of dialogue about altruism and egoism. Who the hell knows what that means?

WOMAN

Look it up!

JOHN

You look it up!

HAZEL

The movie is bad because I don't know what kind of movie this is. I thought it was a love story. Maybe a romantic comedy. But then she arrived and suddenly we're in a science fiction. And then you pull a gun and we're in a crime thriller. With every piece of new information, the tone of this story changes and becomes entirely different from where it started and certainly from what I want.

JOHN

What do you want?

HAZEL

At this point I will just settle for some consistency. Can we pick one genre and stick to it? Not change it with every new memory?

Beat.

WOMAN

We can try.

HAZEL

(To John)

And can the genre be one that doesn't involve the use of that gun? Please. Can you just put it away?

John puts the gun in his belt.

Hazel takes a seat away from the two of them.
Long beat.

JOHN

(To The Woman)

So you have a disease?

WOMAN

I'd rather not talk about it.

JOHN

What are supposed to do while we wait?

WOMAN

We can talk about something else.

HAZEL

We don't have to talk at all! There's a jukebox there. Why don't you play some music and just relax.

Beat. Finally The Woman heads towards the jukebox.

Does it take money?
WOMAN

It's free.
HAZEL

The Woman looks at the selection of songs.

Play some Billy Joel.
JOHN

I'll play what I want, thank you.
WOMAN

...I like Billy Joel.
JOHN

(To Hazel)
I'd do anything to play piano like Billy Joel.

HAZEL
(Coldly)
If you would do anything to play piano like Billy Joel, you'd play piano like Billy Joel.

...Fair point.
JOHN

The Woman continues looking through the albums.

WOMAN
It's so strange. I recall most of these artists, but I can barely remember anything about myself.

JOHN
You remember you have a disease.

The Woman ignores him and continues looking at the Jukebox selection.

WOMAN
Madonna. Prince. I love him. The Stones.

Suddenly she sees something curious in the jukebox.

WOMAN
(To Hazel)
Why is your name on some of these tracks?

Hazel looks up.

HAZEL

What's that?

WOMAN

Your name. It's on some of these tracks.

JOHN

(Proudly)

Those are her songs.

WOMAN

Seriously?

JOHN

(Nodding)

She's very talented.

HAZEL

There was a time I wanted to be a singer. So I recorded some songs I wrote.

WOMAN

No kidding.

JOHN

They're really good.

WOMAN

I bet.

HAZEL

Hardly. Nothing ever came of it. I put the CD in the jukebox on the off chance that someone might play it. No one ever does.

WOMAN

I want to play it.

HAZEL

That's really not necessary.

WOMAN

I want to. I'm sure they're excellent.

The Woman looks through the selection of tracks. One of them piques her interest. She selects it.

The song starts to play and we hear the recording of Hazel singing.

HAZEL

(Singing on the Jukebox)

THERE'S NO BUTTER IN YOUR BUTTERFLY
BUT THERE'S A FLY IN MY MARGARINE
I SURE DO THINK THAT'S PRETTY I DON'T KNOW WHY
AND I COULDN'T TELL YOU WHAT THE HELL THAT MEANS

JOHN

(To the Woman)

She's good, right?

Suddenly, the Woman who has been very affected by the song, starts to sing along.

HAZEL

(Singing on the jukebox)

BUTTERFLIES AND MARGARINE
MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER
PLACE
HOW'D WE EVER DO WITHOUT
IS THAT WHAT THIS SONG'S ALL
ABOUT?

WOMAN

(Singing along with Jukebox)

BUTTERFLIES AND MARGARINE
MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER
PLACE
HOW'D WE EVER DO WITHOUT
IS THAT WHAT THIS SONG'S ALL
ABOUT?

Hazel and John stare at the Woman in shock.

HAZEL

How do you know that song?

The Woman ignores the question and just keeps on singing along.

HAZEL

(Singing on the Jukebox)

I DON'T KNOW
I JUST FELT LIKE SINGING 'BOUT
YOUR BUTTERFLY
AND MY
MARGARINE

WOMAN

(Singing along with Jukebox)

I DON'T KNOW
I JUST FELT LIKE SINGING 'BOUT
YOUR BUTTERFLY
AND MY
MARGARINE

Hazel abruptly turns off the jukebox.

HAZEL

How do you know that song?

The Woman is shaking her head. She's not looking at Hazel.

WOMAN
(Struggling to remember)

I've heard it before.

HAZEL

That's impossible.

WOMAN
(Stills struggling)

I've heard it.

HAZEL

Nobody's heard my songs.

WOMAN

I have.

HAZEL

My songs aren't on the radio. They're not streamed or anything like that. They're just shit I put together in my house. They're not popular.

JOHN

They're not popular yet maybe.

Hazel turns to John.

JOHN

Don't you see? If she's heard your songs... I mean, it obviously means they've become popular. They're probably famous... In the future. I told you they're good. I told you! They're probably hits!

HAZEL
(To The Woman)

Is that what it is? Are my songs hits?

The Woman, still not looking at Hazel, is shaking her head.

WOMAN

No.

HAZEL

Then how do you know that song?

The Woman finally turns and stares Hazel
straight in the eyes.

WOMAN

My mother used to sing it to me.

Then, suddenly, the Woman falls to the floor,
unconscious.

*

Black out.

SCENE 4

*

The Woman sits in a booth, her head resting on the table. She is still unconscious. One of her wrists is handcuffed to the side of the booth.

Hazel is sitting at another booth. The handcuff key rests on her table. She does not look happy.

John is pacing across the floor. He is once again holding the gun at his side, though he seems to be in good spirits.

JOHN

What's the title of our movie?

HAZEL
(Coldly)

What movie?

*

JOHN

This movie. This multi-genre movie that is our story?

HAZEL
(Annoyed)

Maybe it's not a movie.

*

(Pointedly)

There's far too much talking.

A slight beat.

*

JOHN

...Maybe it's a play.

*

HAZEL

Oh my God! Whatever it is, I'm over it. Time travel. Amnesia. People falling unconscious all the time. How often do you see someone fall down suddenly unconscious. I don't think I've ever seen that. But in the last few hours I've seen it twice.

*

JOHN

She must be having some kind of memory recall. It's jarring when that happens.

HAZEL
(Rolling her eyes)

Memory recall. What's the point of this "play?" What are we supposed to learn from it?

*

JOHN

I still think it's a love story.

*

*

HAZEL

Do you? Do you love me, John?

JOHN

Of course I do.

HAZEL

If you did, then you wouldn't be so wrapped up in your "purpose." I would be your purpose. *

JOHN

I don't think that's entirely fair.

HAZEL

Fair? What are you, a child? Nothing is fair! Certainly not love! Love is about sacrifice. Nothing fair about that. *

I tell this to my children all the time. Sacrifice! It's such a scary word. No matter how big or how small, we're scared it will feel painful, fateful, or just inconvenient or embarrassing. But the irony is when you're in love, the sacrifices you make rarely feel like acts of sacrifice. They just feel like acts of love. *

JOHN

That seems really high level for three year olds. *

HAZEL

You don't love me, John. Stop saying you do. *

JOHN

I'm willing to do anything to prove it to you. *

HAZEL

(Re: The Woman)

I find that hard to believe considering she is back in handcuffs, and you're still holding that gun.

JOHN

It's a precaution. It could very well be for your own safety.

HAZEL

I don't feel safer when you act this way.

JOHN

When she wakes she might remember everything. She might remember why she's here. And she might be here for something horrible. It's just a precaution. *

Bullshit! HAZEL *

I need to see this through. Once it's done, once she's stopped, I am willing to make any sacrifice you want me to make. JOHN *

It wouldn't be much of a sacrifice then, would it? HAZEL

Beat.

I need to use the restroom. JOHN

John grabs the handcuff key off of Hazel's table.

Keep an eye on her. JOHN

She's not going anywhere. HAZEL

John exits.

Hazel goes behind the counter. She gets a glass and pours some water in it. She takes the glass to the table where The Woman still lies unconscious. She sits across from her.

The Woman starts to stir.

Easy. HAZEL

The Woman starts to sit up.

I brought you some water. You should sip it slowly. HAZEL

The Woman notices the handcuffs around her wrist, chaining her to the table.

Why am I locked up again? WOMAN

John felt it best. HAZEL

WOMAN

Where's the key?

HAZEL

He has it?

(Shaking her head)

He was afraid you'd remember what you're here for...

WOMAN

I do. I remember everything.

Hazel leans in close. Urgent.

*

HAZEL

What did you mean... When you said your mother used to sing you that song?

The Woman looks at Hazel. She grabs Hazel's hand, puts it to her face and starts to cry.

HAZEL

Why are you crying?

WOMAN

Because I haven't seen you in a long time.

Hazel looks hard at The Woman crying before her.

HAZEL

Oh my God.

The Woman nods.

HAZEL

(Getting sucked into the emotion)

It's you? I can't believe it's you.

(Then)

Wait. Which one are you?

WOMAN

Maia.

HAZEL

Maia. Oh my God. Maia!

Hazel is smiling through her tears at Maia. But then:

HAZEL
No, wait a minute.

She stands and backs away from the table.

HAZEL
This... This can't be.

MAIA
It's me.

HAZEL
It's impossible.

MAIA
It's me.

HAZEL
Prove it. Where was I born?

MAIA
You were born about 10 miles south of here. Your parents are Daniel Anderson and Alice *
Good. This is grandma's diner. You help run it. Your father was a police officer. He *
committed suicide when you were 12. These handcuffs, that gun John is holding, they *
were his. Your dad shot himself with that gun. *

Hazel can't believe what she's hearing.

MAIA
You met *my* father at a local Al Anon center. You have a history of being with men who *
need saving. You two never married, but he got you pregnant when you were 27. He was *
not good to you. He had a tendency to talk with his hands and what he had to say wasn't
always very nice. One day he took it too far and you were forced to defend yourself... *
Also with your father's gun. *

HAZEL
(She's heard enough)

OK!

(Then)

How do you know those things? I never told you those things. *

MAIA

You will.

(Then)

It's me, mom. It's me. *

(With an absurd modesty) *

I discovered a way to travel back in time.

Hazel grabs Maia's hands.

HAZEL

Oh sweetie!

They hold each other.

HAZEL

I'm so proud of you.

Hazel looks her daughter up and down.

HAZEL

Look at you. Look how you've grown.

Maia smiles. Hazel points to the photograph on the cover of the menu sitting on the table.

HAZEL

You still have the same smile though.

(Then)

Where's your sister? Why didn't you bring her with you?

Maia's smile fades.

MAIA

What time is it?

HAZEL

I don't have my watch.

MAIA

(Suddenly very worried)

What time is it?

Suddenly there is the sound of a huge crash. It came from outside the diner. Perhaps we can see the wreckage outside one of the windows. Following the crash, a horn continues to blare.

*

*

HAZEL

Jesus! What the hell was that?

Hazel gets up to look out a window.

MAIA

Mom. You have to listen to me.

HAZEL

Oh my God! Someone just crashed their car into that tree.

John returns from the bathroom gun drawn.

JOHN

What the hell was that noise?

HAZEL

Someone was just in a car accident.

*

MAIA

Mom!

*

*

HAZEL

He's not moving.

*

Hazel starts to head towards the door.

MAIA

MOM!

Hazel stops. She looks at Maia. So does John.

MAIA

It's Charles Maylor.

HAZEL

OK. I'm going to save him.

MAIA

No!

HAZEL

Honey, he isn't getting out. The car is on fire and he isn't getting out. I'll be right back.

MAIA

He's a terrible man!

HAZEL

Maia.

She turns to go out.

MAIA

HE KILLS MADDIE!

Hazel stops.

HAZEL

What?

John, meanwhile, at hearing this has put one hand to his head and with the other grabs the side of a table to keep from falling.

JOHN

(To himself)

He kills Maddie. He kills Maddie.

Maia and Hazel both look to John, who is clearly struggling with some kind memory recall. Maia then turns back to her mother, gravely.

MAIA

(To Hazel)

He kills you, too.

HAZEL

When?

MAIA

25 years from now.

HAZEL

25 years!

MAIA

Mom, he's crazy. This is why I came back. To make sure you don't save that man. He's horrible.

HAZEL

25 years-

MAIA

Bad things happen. To Maddie! To you!

HAZEL

I don't understand-

MAIA

Do not save that man!

Hazel looks out the window. A man can be heard screaming in agony. Screaming for help.

HAZEL

It's the middle of the night. If I don't save him, he's going to die.

MAIA

He should die for what he's done! You have to believe me!

Hazel looks at Maia.

HAZEL

I believe you... but...

MAIA

Let him die!

Hazel looks out the window again. From outside, the man screams again.

HAZEL

Jesus. He's being burnt alive.

MAIA

He kills you! He kills Maddie!

The noises outside build. The horn is still blaring, the screams are painful to listen to. Hazel is struggling. Suddenly the noise all stops. Hazel turns to Maia.

HAZEL

I'm sorry. I can't stand here and let a man die. Not when I can help him.

She leaves to save Charles Maylor. Now it's Maia who screams.

MAIA

NO!

Maia looks at John who is still struggling with the sudden recall of memories he's having.

MAIA

(Desperate)

Get up! Hey! Get up! Give me the key! Give me the Goddam key!

*

John doesn't answer her.

MAIA

You son of a bitch! This is what you wanted! This is what you wanted! To stop me from doing what I came here to do. To stop me from saving her. From saving them both!

*

Beat.

*

MAIA

CHARLIE!

*

*

John, AKA Charlie, finally looks up at Maia.
He's breathing heavy.

*

MAIA

You remember, don't you?

Charlie gives a slight nod.

*

MAIA

You remember everything?

*

He nods again.

*

MAIA

He's your father. Charles Maylor. Senior. You came back to save your fucking father. But he's not worth saving! They are! Maddie. Hazel!

*

*

*

He looks at her again, then turns to go.

MAIA

Charlie! He's a horrible man!

*

Charlie stops suddenly.

*

CHARLIE

I know! I hate him for what he's done. He killed Maddie. My Maddie!
(Realizing)
It wasn't you I saw earlier when I was flooded with images. It was her.

*

MAIA

I know. Help me stop him!

*

Charlie doesn't move.

*

MAIA

You were afraid you might be bad? If you do this, you are! If you let this happen, you're just like him! That's what you didn't want to remember, isn't it? That you might be just like him!

*

Charlie turns back to Maia.

*

CHARLIE

I remember. I remember... my birthday.

*

*

MAIA

Who gives a shit?

CHARLIE

I'm a Scorpio.

*

*

MAIA

Just give me the fucking key!

*

CHARLIE

Born November 18th.

*

MAIA

I don't care!

CHARLIE

...14 months from now!

*

*

Charlie let's that sink in.

*

CHARLIE

You understand? I haven't been born yet. I didn't come here to save him. I was just doing what I had to do to survive.

*

Charlie exits.

*

Black out.

SCENE 5

*

Maia still sits handcuffed to the table. She is devastated.

Hazel returns.

HAZEL

Mr. Maylor is in bad shape, but I think he'll be all right. John is with him. The police and an ambulance are on their way.

MAIA

Why did you do that? I told you what happens.

HAZEL

It will be OK.

MAIA

No. It won't. 25 years from now he comes back.

HAZEL

Why are you here now if he doesn't come back for 25 years?

MAIA

Because I knew where he'd be now. Because we wouldn't have to face him; we wouldn't have to fight him or outsmart him. We just had to sit here and do nothing. Why did you go out there?

(Then)

He's a monster! You understand? For the next two and a half decades he does unspeakable things to countless women. And then, he gets it in his head that you and he belong together. The woman who saved his life, it's destiny. When you're not interested... He goes mad. You try to protect yourself. You try to get your father's gun. But he's too fast. He's too strong. He kills you! Maddie's here. That night. Working with you. He kills her, too. He kills you both... with your father's fucking gun!

*

*

*

Maia starts to break down.

MAIA

(Crying)

Why did you save that monster? You should have stayed here. Done nothing. Just let him die.

*

*

HAZEL

If I did that... If I did nothing... then I become the monster.

*

Maia continues to cry.

HAZEL

Listen to me. The future's not written.

MAIA

It is.

*

HAZEL

Just because those things did happen, doesn't mean they'll happen again. Just knowing what we know changes things.

MAIA

I am afraid it won't change anything. I came back to save you from the future. That was my purpose! Now I'm just so scared of what will happen.

*

HAZEL

The future scares me, too. But I don't live in the future. I live in the present. And if someone needs my help, I have to help them. That's my purpose.

Maia continues to break down. Hazel takes her hand.

HAZEL

I want to take you to a hospital. Maybe they can find a cure for this disease you have.

*

*

MAIA

They won't find it in time.

*

*

HAZEL

Not in time to save you maybe. But possibly in time to save her.

*

*

She points to the menu, the picture of young Maia.

*

*

Maia looks at the picture of her and her sister. Then at her mother. She shakes her head.

*

*

MAIA

What would be the point? She ends up alone.

*

*

She continues to cry.

*

On the other side of the stage, Charlie is outside standing over the badly wounded Charles Maylor. The lights of an ambulance and a police car are flashing. Help is near.

*

*

*

*

CHARLIE

(To Charles Maylor Sr.)

The ambulance is close. Police, as well. The good guys are coming. Finally.

(Then)

I am not a good guy. I see that now. As much as I may want to be, I'm... I'm too selfish. Maddie said as much. The day she left me she said I only think of myself. I vowed to prove her wrong. But I would never get the chance.

Or so I thought. Yet here I am. Miracle of miracles! Here I am with a possibility of making things right. Here I am with a chance to bring her back. Here I am with an opportunity to put her first.

(With contempt)

Yet here I am. Saving you!

(Then, shaking his head)

No. Saving ME.

(Then)

I said to myself I would do anything to bring her back. But I would do anything to survive. That's the only thing I would do anything for. What if that's the truth? What if that's MY truth? What if that's my story? I would do anything to save myself.

Does that make me a bad person? If that's my story.

I think it does.

(Calling out)

I don't want to be bad. But I'm afraid. Maddie! Hazel! Help me not be afraid.

Lights rise on the other side of the stage.

HAZEL

Thank you for coming back for me. I still can't believe you did. You sacrificed so much. I can't imagine why.

MAIA

Because I love you. That's what you do for people you love. You taught me that.

Hazel nods.

Across the stage Charlie Maylor Jr nods, as if he can somehow hear what was just said.

He takes out the gun.

BANG! Charlie shoots his father dead.

The light on Charlie goes dark, leaving just Hazel and Maia lit, wondering what the noise was.

Good Diner 87.

The lights slowly fade to black.

*

The end.