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TO AVAYA & OSCAR,

MAY YOU EMBRACE THAT WHICH DEFINES YOU  
AND KNOW THAT LOVE IS ALWAYS WORTH IT.

I LOVE YOU WITH ALL THAT I AM,

-DAD

\* \* \* \* \*

**BRIEF SYNOPSIS:**

Before she goes out to play with the “friend” who bullied her last time, Pastor JACK pulls 12-year old YOUNG DAISY aside to remind her that mistakes don’t define people...there is often good under the bad. Meanwhile, DAISY’s older self appears, feeling equally belittled by her now husband, DIRK. Together, they vent about a shared sense of invisibility.

Meanwhile, singer-songwriter SAM has just finished his final song at a small bar gig in Newport, RI. The audience is begging for an encore, when 24-year old DAISY enters, frantically-looking for her bar-hopping AWOL husband, DIRK. To avoid being rude, she listens to SAM’s encore, where he performs an unfinished song about seeking a new beginning after a recent breakup. Temporarily inspired, DAISY then departs to continue her search. After quickly packing his things to help this stranger, SAM exits the bar and is immediately struck by an out-of-control drunk driver.

Back at home, DIRK ends up stumbling in later than expected, and when she questions him about his whereabouts, he mocks DAISY for not having a job ever since her mother passed away. She confides in her father, JACK, who tells her that, ‘although marriage is tough, commitment is *forever*.’ He suggests applying for a job opening he saw in the church bulletin: a caretaker position over at Franklin Mills, the local Veteran Health Care facility. She does.

When she gets the job, her first case is SAM, who is 8 days removed from the ICU. Upon arrival, SAM shows up with his self-proclaimed ‘book of empty pages,’ a journal he has sworn by since his days as a foster kid. It becomes apparent that SAM’s rapidly-spreading infection could threaten his life, unless his labs qualify for a brand new antibiotic—one with an astronomical price tag.

DAISY develops feelings for SAM, despite knowing it *can’t* happen. Meanwhile, several other characters try to either help the relationship or break it up along the way. It is revealed that DIRK was the drunk-driver who hit SAM. And after several twists and turns, some expected and some unexpected, the book is empty no more. It is now filled with the one-of-a-kind love story of SAM and DAISY, for the new beginning they each were seeking was right in front of them, the moment they decided that their scars didn’t define them. As SAM’s fateful lab qualification results come in, the plot to take them down comes to fruition. In the end, everybody learns a lesson that DAISY learned from her mom:

*Long after life’s gone, love lives on.*

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## APPROXIMATE RUN TIME- 1:52 PLUS INTERMISSION

CAST SIZE: 20 IS OPTIMAL (CAN DOUBLE ROLES W/ AS FEW AS 10 PERFORMERS) IOF/IOM (INCL. NANCY)

PIT ORCHESTRA SIZE: 7 IS OPTIMAL (PROFESSIONAL TRACKS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE AS AN ALTERNATIVE)

**PLUS MINIMAL CHOREOGRAPHY, COSTUMES, & SETS...EASY TO PRODUCE!**

**DAISY:** 2 SOLOS\*4 DUETS\*3 TRIOS\*1 CAMEO-- **180 lines** 24-year old ingénue; pink hair; endearing & sweet. *think Claire Cleary from "Wedding Crashers"*

**SAM:** 3 SOLOS\*2 DUETS\*2 TRIOS\*1 CAMEO-- **124 lines** 23-year old musician; former foster kid; charismatic & charming. *think Ben from "Grey's Anatomy"*

**NANCY:** 3 TRIOS\*1 CAMEO-- **56 lines** 45-year old new center supervisor; crabby chain-smoking female; played by a male; antagonist. *think Frances McDormand*

**DIRK:** 1 SOLO\*1 DUET\*1 TRIO--**34 lines** 26-year old; Daisy's alcoholic husband; perfect exterior/ugly interior. *think Earl from "Waitress"*

**JACK:** 1 SOLO\*1 TRIO\*2 CAMEOS--**63 lines** 55-year old; Daisy's father & Karen's former traditionalist pastor; dynamic. *think Mr. Simon from "That's What I Am"*

**H:** 1 TRIO\*3 CAMEOS-- **67 lines** 35-year old pharmacist; very flamboyant and fervently optimistic; Nancy's nemesis. *think David Rose meets Kurt Hummel*

**KAREN:** 1 TRIO\*2 CAMEOS--**44 lines** 48-year old cranky patient co-founder of FM; dynamic. *think Lucille Bluth from "Arrested Development"*

**AMY:** 4 CAMEOS-- **26 lines** 22-year old outspoken patient; pretty but filter-less; *think Erin from "The Office" meets Olaf from "Frozen"*

**DENISE:** 3 TRIOS--**23 lines** 30-year old custodian; takes pride in being part of Nancy's posse; shameless; the sassier between her and Alice; opt. Jersey accent

**ALICE:** 3 TRIOS--**18 lines** 30-year old custodian; takes pride in being part of Nancy's posse; shameless; the dumber between her and Denise; opt. Jersey accent

**DOCTOR:** 1 CAMEO--**12 (longer) lines** middle-aged; confident & intelligent; male or female—although I lean female; *think Abby Griffin from "The 100"*

**YOUNG DAISY:** 1 DUET\*1 CAMEO--**8 lines** 12-year old who stands up for herself and calls her dad out; *think Max from "Stranger Things"*

**FRANK:** 2 CAMEOS--**10 lines** 40's; incontinent Yooper

**MARY JANE:** 2 CAMEOS--**7 lines** young adult w/ dreads; stoner

**WEMBLEY:** 2 CAMEOS--**8 lines** young adult; blind

**UNCLE JOE:** 2 CAMEOS--**8 lines** middle-aged; funny

**SOPHIA:** 2 CAMEOS--**8 lines** 30's; matronly—bit of a know-it-all

**EMMY:** 2 CAMEOS--**6 lines** young adult; fervent optimist

**TUCKER** middle-aged; CEO-type leader at FM.

CAMEOS: HOT SHIRTLESS NEIGHBOR in 'Head Over Heels' and PATRONS in scene 1-1

# \* THE BOOK OF EMPTY PAGES \*

BRANDON M. ROCKSTROH

\* #1A: OVERTURE \*

## I-I: THREE POOLS OF LIGHT--A Local Bar, Young Daisy's Childhood Home, & Daisy's Adult Home

*It's autumn in Newport, Rhode Island. The stage is black; PATRONS are singing a melody that SAM, a visiting singer-songwriter, has just taught them. They clap with the beat, as SAM interjects positive affirmations. The bar's lights sync with the band, alternating from full blast on the chord hits to black in the silence. This builds into SAM's triumphant guitar solo, showcasing moving colored lights. The song closes with the PATRONS joining back-in for the ending refrain, followed by a very resolute grandiose final chord. The audience erupts in cheers and chants for an encore, before freezing when the lighting switches to stage left, where 12-year old YOUNG DAISY enters with her pastor father, JACK.*

**PATRONS**

OH-OH-OH-OH-OH! (2x)

**SAM**

There you go. Keep it going now!

**PATRONS**

OH-OH-OH-OH-OH! (2x)

**SAM**

Damn, Newport...this one's for you!!

*(instrumental break while the patrons bob their heads and wave their arms, adoring SAM's guitar solo)*

Ok folks, last time...let's get it!

**PATRONS**

OH-OH-OH-OH-OH! (3x)

**SAM**

*(simultaneously offbeat to PATRONS singing)*

Ay! Ay!

OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH!

Thank you so much for coming out. Goodnight!

**PATRONS**

*(cheers evolve into a fading chant, as PATRONS slowly freeze and lighting shifts to sepia to signify a scene from the past)*

Encore, encore, encore!!

**YOUNG DAISY**

Mom, Dad...I'm heading to Zoe's. Be back in a bit!

**JACK**

*(middle-aged and attractive, the Pastor-by-day comes out with an apron on, straight from preparing dinner)*

Ooo sweetheart, wait up for a second. What ever happened with you and Zoe last week anyway?

\*

*#IB: GIVE IT A TRY*

\*

**YOUNG DAISY**

Ugh. Just. I thought I could trust her...with...y'know, personal stuff.

**JACK**

And why can't you?

**YOUNG DAISY**

Well, she just...like told Caden I like him...or whatever. Which I don't *like* like him. Like I *like* him, but...

**JACK**

Sweetheart. Sometimes, people do and say not-nice things because *they're* going through a trial in their own lives.

**YOUNG DAISY**

Yeah, so?

**JACK**

Maybe today could be a new beginning for you guys.

**YOUNG DAISY**

So cuz I'm the pastor's daughter, I have to magically forgive her for acting like a total jerk?

**JACK**

That's not what I'm saying. Look. I just...

WISH YOU COULD SEE, THAT BOTH FRIENDS AND ENEMIES  
DESPITE THEIR CHOICE TO HIDE, THEY'RE STILL GOD'S MASTERPIECE  
SO THE NEXT TIME SHE TRIES TO SPREAD LIES OR...OTHERWISE  
JUST WAIT TO CRITICIZE, & IN NO TIME, SHE'LL APOLOGIZE  
WHYNTCHA GIVE IT A TRY

**YOUNG DAISY**

Ugh, there you go again!

**JACK**

What?!

**YOUNG DAISY**

*(he's blindsided that she didn't receive his advice well; her preteen pain comes out in the form of sarcasm)*

It's always the same with you. You want me to see the good in other people; but you don't even *see* me, Dad!

**JACK**

Oh come on, Daisy; that's not what I s---

**YOUNG DAISY**

Oh-Em-Gee. Can we just drop it?! I don't even wanna go to Zoe's anymore. I'll be in my room.

**JACK**

Daisy!

*(YOUNG DAISY exits stage right, crossing paths with DAISY and DIRK; lights shift from sepia to to present-day colors)*

**DAISY**

It's always the same with you. You want me to support you and your prestigious career. But somehow, supporting *me* is too much to ask?

**DIRK**

Oh come on, Daisy; that's not what I s—

**DAISY**

Dirk. You want me to go to all of your events...be the doting trophy wife on your arm; yet never say a word when you're out drinking for hours again on a...Tuesday night?

**DIRK**

Yeah. That's exactly what I want! Babe, I'm the one who supports this family...can't I get some support in return?

**DAISY**

You're the one who told me *not* to get a job—that it “looks bad for the primetime newscaster” to have a working wife!

**DIRK**

Look. The whole reason we got married so young is because you and your dad wanted it. Gotta ‘fit it in’ before your mom dies. I woulda been perfectly fine waiting. *You* wanted this life, Daisy!

*(starts to put his coat on)*

**DAISY**

Yeah? Well, I didn't realize being married meant being invisible. Where are you going anyway?

**DIRK**

The anchors are all grabbing a quick drink to mark the end of sweeps week.

**DAISY**

On our *anniversary*?!



**DIRK**

Ugh. Forgive me for not being in the mood to celebrate. Be back in a bit.

*(exits as DAISY stares off into the distance, shaking her head, as if to say “unbelievable”)*

\* **#2: INVISIBLY VISIBLE** \***DAISY**

AM I THE ONLY ONE THAT THOUGHT ETERNAL LOVE  
MEANT HAPPILY EVER AFTER?  
AGAIN, IT’S ME AT HOME, ALTHOUGH ALONE IS WHAT I’VE KNOWN  
‘TS LIKE I’M THE JOKE; AND HE, THE LAUGHTER

**YOUNG DAISY**

*(lights come up on YOUNG DAISY on the opposite side of the stage, as she is journaling from her room)*

WHOEVER I BECOME, I HOPE TO BE SIGNIFICANT!

**DAISY & YOUNG DAISY**

JUST ONCE, CAN I BE ENOUGH?  
DO I NEED AN INTERVENTION TO EARN SOME DAMN ATTENTION?  
OR AM I TOO TOUGH TO LOVE?  
TOO STRONG TO BE A ZERO, TOO WEAK TO BE A HERO, INVISIBLY VISIBLE

**YOUNG DAISY**

AM I THE ONLY ONE, OR IS “KNOWN AROUND TOWN” MORE BURDEN THAN A BLESSING?  
YOU’D THINK BEING PASTOR’S KID WOULD MAKE ME, LIKE, SUPER HIP

Well, shocker...it didn’t!

**DAISY**

WHO HAVE I BECOME, BUT INSIGNIFICANT?

**DAISY & YOUNG DAISY**

JUST ONCE, CAN I BE ENOUGH?  
DO I NEED AN INTERVENTION TO EARN SOME DAMN ATTENTION?  
OR AM I TOO TOUGH TO LOVE?  
TOO STRONG TO BE A ZERO, TOO WEAK TO BE A HERO, INVISIBLY VISIBLE

**DAISY**

*(coaching herself out of self-pity and into mindfulness; she exhales mid-sentence, remembering her mom’s advice)*

Alright, alright, *alright*, Daisy...just. “You usually have to wait for that which is worth waiting for.” I will...go check on him. He’s...my husband, for god’s sakes. I love him.

*(the tableau across the stage unfreezes as SAM giggles out of flattery, and gets everybody to sit back down)*

**SAM**

Alright, alright, alright—you guys are way too kind!

*(the sound of people taking their seats is interrupted by a door ding; out of the double-door pops our protagonist)*

**DAISY**

Hi. I...didn't mean to interrupt. Don't mind me; I'm just...searching.

**SAM**

*(he's obviously metaphorical, and she more literal)*

You and me both, missy.

**DAISY**

I don't understand.

**SAM**

Oh nothing. These lovely folks just asked me to play an encore. 'ts...never happened before. What're you trying to find?

**DAISY**

My husband. He's...a regular here. Dirk Belmont?

**SAM**

Uh, I'm not from around here. Anyone know a Dirk?

**PATRON 1**

The news guy? Lucky lady!

**DAISY**

Yeah.

*(her tone articulating the irony)*

Well, thank you anyway. I'm sorry. You're clearly in the middle of--

**SAM**

N-no; it's fine. This is important. 'sides...the only other song I have...isn't even finished, so--

**PATRON 2**

Play it anyway!!

*(trying to be polite, she sits on the edge of the chair at one of the back tables, clearly waiting for her opportunity to exit)*

**SAM**

Look, maybe we should help this nice young lady f--

**DAISY**

N-no; it's fine. This...is important too. Go on.

## SAM

*(pleasantly surprised by her; SAM motions to an imaginary pianist off-stage to start, & he flips his guitar behind his back)*

Well, alright then. But consider yourselves warned. Two, three, four...

\* #3: NEW BEGINNING \*

It's a breakup song. I was "inspired" for a bit and then just...never finished it. Anyway. I'll sing you what I've got so far. Just don't judge me!

EVERY NEW BEGINNING STARTS WITH AN ENDING

IT'S LIKE WINNING BY LOSING, WITHOUT CONTENDING

Here, I wanna say something like, "bad experiences make for better people". So I can tell myself:

TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY AND OPPORTUNITY AWAITS,

LET'S BEGIN AGAIN!

BUT HOW DOES ANYONE REALLY GET PAST THE PAST

IF ALL YOU'VE EVER KNOWN IS 'TWO STEPS BACK?'

I'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD; FOR THE BIGGER MAN GETS THE LAST LAUGH

But if I'm being honest...deep down, I'm afraid I'll just copy and paste my mistakes the next time.

A SECOND CHANCE IS NOTHING, IF NOT FOR CHANGING

DIFFERENT THAN THE SAME THING, OR YOU'RE JUST REARRANGING

FORGIVENESS ISN'T VIRTUOUS IF EVER DISINGENUOUS,

Trust me--

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU WANT

UNLESS TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY, A FORWARD STEP I CHOOSE TO TAKE

IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON

BUT HOW DOES ANYONE REALLY GET PAST THE PAST

IF ALL YOU'VE EVER KNOWN IS 'TWO STEPS BACK?'

I'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD; FOR THE BIGGER MAN GETS THE LAST LAUGH

So it's at this point in the song where I haven't written any more lyrics, but...I've still got something to say. This is ideally where the moral of the story would come in...

*(showing off his quirkier side, he uses a nerdy voice, as if what he's saying is cheesy)*

...something old-fashioned like: new chapters don't erase old ones—they build on them! Who knows. But the melody will go something like this:

DAH-DAHDAH, DAH-DAHDAH, DAH, DAHDAHDAHDAH

LAH-LAHLAH, LAH-LAHLAH, LAH, LAHLAHLAHLAH

C'mon, y'all!

DAH-DAHDAH, DAH-DAHDAH, DAH, DAHDAHDAHDAH

DAH-DAHDAH, DAH-DAHDAH, DAH, DAHDAHDAHDAH, YEAH!!

Y'guys have been awesome; thank you so much for comin' out tonight! Goodnight.

*(cheers & applause overlap his spoken line. After clapping for a moment, DAISY quickly exits out the same front door she came through. The applause naturally transitions into post-concert mode: background music is piped in as people meander about. SAM keeps his eye on the front door, after seeing DAISY exit, he enters hurried-mode, thanking a couple stray patrons who tipped him, putting his guitar in its case, getting his jacket on; & heading for the exit.)*

Wait up!

*(immediately upon exiting, passing headlights are followed by darkness, as we hear the sound of a car crashing into a person. This is followed by the sound of smoke, a nearing ambulance, and shocked onlookers; the car screeches away.)*

### **1-2: THREE POOLS OF LIGHT--Crash Scene/Hospital, Daisy's Bedroom, & Dirk's Truck**

*Broken glass, random car parts, and spinning police lights create the aftermath of a car crash. Low stage lighting and fog add to the blurriness of the moment. SAM'S DOUBLE is lying on on a spinal board stretcher. First-responders are actively attending to SAM's DOUBLE while later; SAM is having an out-of-body experience. Later, DAISY appears while journaling from her kitchen table and DIRK from behind the wheel, while parked in his own driveway.*

### **\* #4: REALITY \***

**SAM**

ONE MOMENT, I'M UP ON STAGE,  
 WRITING THESE SONGS JUST TO TURN THE PAGE  
 IF ONLY PUZZLES COULD PIECE THEMSELVES,  
 THERE'D BE NO BOOKS, JUST SHELVES OF FORMER SELVES

I WANNA GO BACK THERE RIGHT NOW; OH, IF ONLY I KNEW HOW TO REWIND THE TIME

WELCOME TO REALITY, WHERE EVERY LITTLE THING I SEE  
 REMINDS ME OF WHO I USED TO BE,  
 FOR YESTERDAY SEIZED TOMORROW'S DREAMS, YET TODAY IS REALITY

**DOCTOR**

You have a very aggressive case of Osteomyelitis...a bone infection. Your body must be resisting our standard antibiotics, as it appears to be spreading. This puts you at risk for blood poisoning, which...could be fatal. Now, there's a brand-new antibiotic called Teixobactin. But it literally *just* finished trials, so I'll make some calls. But even if it is available, I'm sure it'll cost a fortune, as I see you're currently uninsured, huh?

*(lights up on DAISY, ensuing dialogue overlaps)*

**SAM & DAISY**

Then,

**DAISY**

...all of the sudden...

**SAM**

...out of *all* moments...

**SAM & DAISY**

...it dawned me:

**SAM**

That new beginning I was seeking...

**DAISY**

I keep wanting Dirk to be different...

**SAM**

...had nothing to do with my breakup.

**DAISY**

...but maybe it's *me* that needs to change.

**SAM**

Futures aren't about the past.

**DAISY**

Bad memories don't have to last.

**SAM****DAISY**

It seems to me perhaps the key's easy indeed...

To be at peace and feel relieved, I really need to...

**SAM & DAISY**

...go back to being *me*.

WELCOME TO REALITY, WHERE EVERY LITTLE THING I SEE

REMINDS ME OF WHO I USED TO BE,

THOUGH YESTERDAY SEIZED TOMORROW’S DREAMS, FOR TODAY IS REALITY

**SAM**

IT’S TIME I PRACTICE WHAT I PREACH

**DIRK**

*(still rocking a disheveled version of his work button-up, DIRK takes swigs from his flask while in his parked truck)*

MAYBE FOR A CHANGE, SHE WON’T NAG ME

**DAISY**

MOM, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME...JUST THIS ONCE, GIVE ME BRAVERY

**SAM, DAISY, & DIRK**

*(each of them asks for divine intervention)*

PLEASE, IF A RESTART BUTTON EXISTS MAY THIS BE THE BEGINNING, & NOT THE END

GOD, I COME HERE TODAY TO ASK FOR A GIFT

**SAM**

A MIRACLE, MAYBE,

**DIRK**

HELL, THAT’S WHY...YOU EXIST.

Right?

**DAISY**

I NEED TO FORGIVE HIM

**SAM**

CAN I START OVER NEW?

**DIRK**

JUST...DON’T LET HER FIND OUT

**SAM, DAISY, & DIRK**

A SECOND CHANCE IS ALL I ASK OF...YOU.

**1-3: The Belmont Home (and Jack’s Office, later)**

*In a continuous scene change, DIRK enters the front door.. Later, JACK gives advice on the phone.*

**DAISY**

Oh...thank God, you’re alright.

**DIRK**

Can you *not* patronize me...just once?

**DAISY**

Me wanting my husband to come home safely is “patronizing??” What is the proper answer, Dirk?!

**DIRK**

Oh my GOD.

**DAISY**

Where *are* you, anyway? Do you need a ri---?

*(looks at her phone, as if she heard him hang up)*

Dirk?

*\* #5A: ONLY ANSWER \**

Unbelievable. What’s going *on* with him, anyway?!

ALONE AGAIN WITH MY THOUGHTS; MAMA, I SURE DO MISS YOU  
WHY ARE MISTAKES EASY TO MAKE, BUT YET SO HARD TO UNDO?

*(DIRK enters the room, cracks a beer, and heads for his recliner, before talking down to her)*

HI HON, I’M GLAD YOU’RE HOME!

**DIRK**

Somehow, I doubt that.

**DAISY**

What is that supposed to mean?

**DIRK**

Admit it: I can’t say two words without pissing you off!

**DAISY**

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? IT’S LIKE I GIVE AND GIVE;  
YET YOU STILL DISAPPEAR. OH GREAT--HAVE ANOTHER BEER!  
I’D FORGIVE AND FORGET, IF YOU’D BE SO KIND TO CALL ME BACK  
AND SAY: “HEY BABE, I’LL BE OUT LATE...”

**DIRK**

Unbelievable.

**DAISY**

--THAT’S YOUR ONLY ANSWER!

Who *are* you lately, Dirk? This is not the man I married!

**DIRK**

Yeah? You get a job yet?

Right. So who are *you*, telling me not to go the bar?! I'll spend *my* money however I damn please.

**DAISY**

Dirk, it's not about the money.

**DIRK**

*(sarcastic and condescending, like Sack Lodge from "Wedding Crashers;" he heads to bed, turning his lamp off to sleep)*

Oh, I'm sure it's not. 'Ts about your mom then, I suppose?

**DAISY**

How dare you!

ANOTHER FRIDAY FIGHT NIGHT, WHAT ARE THE ODDS OR CHANCES?

REMEMBER, DAISY, YOU LOVE HIM; WHEN HE DRINKS, HE'S JUST MORE...*CANDID*

*(coaching herself into believing it's just the alcohol talking again, the light bulb goes on to calm herself down)*

Y'KNOW, DIRK, YOU JUST MIGHT BE RIGHT?

**DIRK**

You mean that? C'mere.

**DAISY**

'BOUT TIME I HONOR HER LIFE

*(she joins him on the arm recliner, while he slowly makes advances on her)*

I'LL GO BACK TO WORK, EVEN THOUGH I DON'T FEEL CLOSE TO BEING READY,

I KNOW IT'S WHAT YOU WANT. MOM, I HOPE YOU'RE LOOKING DOWN,

EVEN PROUDER THAN YOU WERE BEFORE, 'CAUSE YOU SHOWED ME...

Get *off* a me!

...SHOWED ME HOW TO FIGHT,

**DIRK**

Classic.

**DAISY**

WHEN IT'S MY ONLY ANSWER

*(DIRK storms off; DAISY suddenly furrows her brows as if she's made a bombshell discovery)*

OR MAYBE IT'S *NOT* THE ANSWER!

MAYBE WAITING AROUND IS WHAT'S BEEN PULLING ME DOWN

LIKE A DOG AT THE POUND, I'LL RUN AWAY & BE FOUND

SO NO MORE LOSING SLEEP, NO MORE LIES OR DECEIT



MY DAD MUST HEAR MY PLEA, FOR HE BELIEVES IN ME

*(DAISY optimistically dials a number on her cell & puts it to her ear, fighting tears. Across the stage, JACK answers)*

DADDY, I'VE CALLED YOU THIS LATE--TO ASK FOR A GIFT

A MIRACLE, MAYBE, BUT THAT'S WHY... WE EXIST,

Right?!

YOU'VE TOLD ME: "FORGIVE HIM." WELL I BELIEVE, NOW, THAT I CAN

BUT I ASK FOR YOUR BLESSING, SO I CAN LEAVE HIM TO SAVE WHO I AM!

**JACK**

Oh sweetie. I'm so sorry you're going through this. You know I'd do anything for you. But honey, this is a commitment you made to *God*. If you leave during the storm, dear...you'll miss the rainbow. Remember, a grudge has no place for husbands or wives, but forgiveness belongs in..."

**DAISY**

"...but forgiveness belongs in all our lives." I know, I know. But what if it's...more than a grudge?

**JACK**

Well, what is it then?

**DAISY**

It's...alcohol. Communication. It's....*money*! He's not the same guy I married, dad.

**JACK**

Ugh money. It's the root of all evil, I swear. Remember, mom's life insurance money is there, if you need it. Mom always said she wanted it to make a difference—

**DAISY**

No, I...couldn't.

**JACK**

Sounds to me like *money* is the problem; not him. Tell ya what, I saw a job posting the other day in the church bulletin...

*(retrieves a ripped piece of paper from his desk and puts his readers on)*

...looks like it's for a, uh, caretaker position down at Franklin Mills. How about I make som—

**DAISY**

No, no. That's okay.

**JACK**

Who knows? Might be worth a call.

**DAISY**

Ok, thanks.

**JACK**

Goodnight, dear.

**DAISY**

*(hangs up, elbows on knees, shaking her head; she speaks under her breath, while Googling, then dialing Franklin Mills)*

Goodnight. Some things never change.

*\* #5B ONLY ANSWER PLAYOFF \**

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IN HAPPILY-EVER-AFTER,  
WHEN MORE AND MORE QUESTIONS ARE MY ONLY ANSWERS

I hope they don't answer.

*(her faces looks surprised; it's clear that someone has picked up on the other end; she achieves peak awkwardness)*

Uh, yeah, hi...my name is Daisy Belmont. I heard you have, umm...that there's a position open...for a caretaker. Yeah. So I just wanted to call and, uh...is that position still open? Oh, ok. Yeah, no...um...tomorrow? Sure. I-I'll be there at 8. Yes, I'll send it...just bring it? Ok, that works. Sounds good. Thank you. Buh-bye.

IF ONLY I HAD THE RIGHT WORDS TO SAY  
IF ONLY TODAY WERE A BRAND NEW DAY...

*\* SCENE CHANGE I.O \**

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**1-4: Nancy's Office & Franklin Mills Commons**

*The next day, DAISY enters Franklin Mills. Not knowing where to go, she stumbles upon NANCY smoking in her office.*

---

**DAISY**

Hello?

**NANCY**

Sorry. What can I, uh...what can I do ya for?

**DAISY**

Oh. I'm just here for a job interview. For a caretaker posi-

**NANCY**

Ohhhh, yeah. Belmont, right?

**DAISY**

That's right. Daisy. Daisy Belmont.

**NANCY**

You related to the newscaster?

**DAISY**

Uh, yes. He's my h--

**NANCY**

*(interrupts her by knocking on the wall, as to summon H from the office next door, before returning to DAISY)*

Hey H...new chickee's here. You can take a seat. Y'look awfully young to be a caretaker.

**DAISY**

Oh. Well, I'm...24.

**H**

Twenty four shades of *adorable*...oh my god, look at you! I'm H.

*(behind the back of his palm)*

Don't mind 'peanut butter and jealous' over here.

**DAISY**

Oh, ok!

**NANCY**

Y'got a resume, kid?

**DAISY**

Mmhmm.

**H**

*(she hands it over, while H takes a seat on top of the desk, facing DAISY)*

Ya know: Franklin Mills was just voted *the* premiere health care facility in all of Rhode Island?!

**DAISY**

That's amazing!

**NANCY**

Our veterans deserve the very best, don't they?

**DAISY**

Of course.

**H**

*(he comes across as genuinely excited about her interest, rather than drilling her with tough-hitting questions)*

So what makes you wanna work at Franklin Mills?

**DAISY**

Well, I've--seen the commercials. I've always loved the "people are redeemable" slogan. And. I guess...I've...been through a lot. So. I think makes me more...understanding? More relatable. Yeah.

**NANCY**

You do know that many of these veterans are never gonna get better; and some will die, right?

**DAISY**

Yeah. So, I guess, not necessarily *relatable*...I dunno. I just feel like I could help them. Sorry if my answer wasn't...

**H**

Honey, wanting to make a difference is the only answer we're looking for. You're doing great.

**NANCY**

*(bored, NANCY is picking a hair out of her mouth during the next line; finally spitting it out mid-line)*

I'm gonna be straight with ya, kid. The board has been on us like stink on doo-doo, about filling this position; huh, H?

*(H confirms with a nod)*

**DAISY**

So...you both oversee Franklin Mills then?

**H**

Sort of, yes. My role is Director of Rehabilitation, and as of yesterday, Nancy is our new Director of Operations!

**NANCY**

Look. The way I see it: y'looking for a job; we're looking for a caretaker. Resume is short; but I think you'd do alright.

**DAISY**

Yeah?!

**H**

Believe it or not, Nancy is not always this...*positive*. So...take it as a compliment. When can you start?!

**DAISY**

Seriously?! Uh...now!

**H**

Oh you're such a doll! Why don't we show her around, huh Nanc?

**NANCY**

I'm gonna tell you right now, kid: they don't call 'em *patients* for nothin'. These people can drive you up a wall.

**H**

Hey, look at that! It's just about 8:15.

**DAISY**

What's at 8:15?

**H**

Oo, Netflix and pill time, baby!! Lemme show you.

**DAISY**

Sounds great! And what were you saying about patience, Nancy?

**NANCY**

Y'gonna need it, kid. They're like caged animals. And H, here, likes to poke.

*(as if she's hungover and H is being overly spunky/loud; PATIENTS loudly filter out from rooms & become louder)*

Eh....HEY!! Sheezus. I got good news and bad news, people. As you know, I'm officially your new Operations Director. Which means we're gonna run a much tighter ship around here, starting tomorrow. No more lolligaggin' to get here, huh? Yousguys wantcha pills? Then, be lined up properly, in *silence*, at 8:15 sharp. 'Zat understood?

**AMY**

And...the good news?

**H**

The good news is... this, here, is our newest caretaker. Daisy.

**NANCY**

Now, don't get smart with 'er, fellas...she's married.

**DAISY**

*(slightly embarrassed, DAISY is surprised NANCY even heard her before, much less blabbered it to the entire facility)*

Oh.

**NANCY**

Yeah, I saw that ring. Alright now, line up.

*(stretching his exam glove all the way to his wrist, flamboyant pharmacist, H, nods; PATIENTS rush to be first in line)*

Remember, now: one at a time. Animals, I swear!

**DAISY**

So what *is* this exactly?

**MARYJANE**

Oh, pinky...this?! 'Ts the best part 'a waking up!

**H**

Pills are in your cup!

**KAREN**

EVERY DAY, THE SAME OLD, SAME OLD....LONG ASS LINE

**FRANK**

OH CHEER UP, WILL YA, KAREN?

**KAREN**

It's Caryn!

**UNCLE JOE**

*(out of the side of his mouth)*

Then stop acting like a Karen.

**NANCY**

POTATO, POTAHTO, WHOEVER YOU ARE

Ts' time to shut your yapper and smile!

**H**

WELCOME TO THE ONE STOP, THE ONE STOP SHOP

**WEMBLEY**

Let's go!

**PATIENTS**

*(group of PATIENTS wait till they get little white pill cups & down them together; WEMBLEY's goes over his shoulder)*

OOOOO, SHOT! THE ONE STOP SHOP!!

**EMMY**

THE ONE THING WE AGREE TOGETHER,

**AMY**

Taking shots makes us feel better!

**PATIENTS**

WE SHOP AT THE ONE STOP SHOP

OOOOO SHOT, THE ONE STOP SHOP!!

**DAISY**

Pardon me for being confused...but, if everybody's recovering from pain and trauma, how is it so happy around here?

**UNCLE JOE**

Huh! New girl's quick!

**TUCKER**

See, at Franklin Mills, people aren't *inventory*. They're *investments*.

**MARY JANE**

Nah. Pretty sure it's the drugs.

**KAREN**

DON'T KID YOURSELF; ALRIGHT, KID? THIS SHIT'S NOT ALL ROSES

**NANCY**

SOME FREE ADVICE: Y'WANNA LAST?

It's the *people* you take in doses!

**WEMBLEY**

AS A MATTER OF FACT, PEOPLE LONG TO BELONG,

**AMY**

That's why I keep saying we should all get along!

**NANCY**

Oh god.

**PATIENTS**

COME SHOP THE ONE STOP SHOP!!

**H**

WHEN DIFFERENT PEOPLE PUT AWAY THEIR DIFFERENCES,

**EMMY**

We're...kinda the same!

**NANCY**

I'm gonna puke.

**PATIENTS**

COME SHOP THE ONE STOP SHOP!!

*(H gets a text on his phone and abruptly leaves; AMY appears under-the-influence)*

**UNCLE JOE**

One more!

**PATIENTS**

COME SHOP THE ONE STOP *SHOP!!*

**NANCY**

*(to DAISY, making sure she doesn't pander to the patients)*

Look.

BLINDFOLDS WON'T HELP THEM SEE

**WEMBLEY**

*Mmmhmm.*

**AMY**

*(bloated, like after Thanksgiving dinner, she references the pill cup)*

I think I had one too many ‘a these.

**NANCY**

UNICORNS, RAINBOWS, GLITTER, AND GLEE; IT’S ALL BULL. SHIT.

The less they dream, the more they accept what’s meant to be.

**DAISY**

*(H rolls in a new patient, with a head-full of bandages and scrapes)*

WHO’S HE?

**AMY**

Is that Brendan Fraser in there or did the mummy just return? Hubba Hubba!

**KAREN**

Heeeeere we go.

**AMY**

Come to mummyyyyyy. Yow!

**NANCY**

Will ya shutcha pie-hole already! ‘Sgusting. You must be...Sam.

**SAM**

Sam, I am.

**H**

I’m H, Director of Rehab.

**NANCY**

Nancy. Operations Director. So what branch did you serve in?

**H**

Oh, Sam’s actually *not* a veteran. Apparently, they’re full again over at Hopkins General.

**KAREN**

Great. So we get their castoffs now, too?!

**AMY**

*(unapologetically dumb)*

I think his cast is still on. Is it not?

**SOPHIA**

Oh, Amy. Whatcha got there, Sam?

**SAM**

Oh, this? I carry it everywhere. When I was growing up, my foster family used to call it my *book of empty pages*.



**MARYJANE**

Yer what?!

**FRANK**

Looks like a diary to me.

**UNCLE JOE**

Everything's diarrhea to you, Frank.

**EMMY**

Gross.

**FRANK**

I said "diary."

**SAM**

Yeah. It's basically a diary. I use it for thoughts, stories, lyrics--

**AMY**

You write songs?!

**SAM**

Uh yeah...I do.

**H**

Impressive!

**KAREN**

Ooo how do I join the fan club?

**H**

I suppose we should start introducing people. Sam, this is Karen--

**KAREN**

Caryn.

**H**

Sorry. Recent...pronunciation change. Caryn's our longest-tenured patient.

**KAREN**

Six years of bedded bliss.

**UNCLE JOE**

They call me Uncle Joe. Please to meetcha.

**SOPHIA**

And I'm Soph--

*(as everyone starts to chime in, NANCY interrupts)*

**NANCY**

Guys, why don't we just let Sam get settled here a minute, huh?

**TUCKER**

Trust me, we get why you're all excited! It's not every day that we get a celebrity in here!

**SAM**

A celebrity?

**FRANK**

Oh yah. Y'been all over da news. Da five. Da nine...

**AMY**

I really should start watching the news.

**SAM**

Well thanks. But I'm no celebrity; other than the whole military thing, I don't see myself as different from any of you.

**WEMBLEY**

*(blind, with oversized sunglasses)*

I don't see myself, period.

**DAISY**

Excuse me.

*(the new person speaking up catches everybody off-guard)*

I have a question.

*\* #7: NOTHING TO LOSE \**

How do you stay...so positive?

**SAM**

Hmm. Years of being the square peg in the round hole, I suppose.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I MADE A POINT TO MASK MY PAIN...TO NOT SHOW WEAKNESS,  
AS I UNDERSTOOD: BRUISES, THEY PASSED; IT'S SCARS THAT STAINED

I WOULD ALWAYS PRAY THAT ONE DAY, THEY'D ALL LOOK AWAY,  
I'D BE OFF ON A TRAIN, GONE WITHOUT A TRACE

BUT I'M DIFFERENT TODAY, YOU MIGHT FEEL THE SAME  
WHEN THERE'S NO CHOICE TO MAKE, FACE THE CHANGE

SURE, TOMORROW'S UNKNOWN; BUT TODAY...WE'RE NOT ALONE.

**H**

Interesting. Suffering *decreases* when the burden is shared.

**KAREN**

*(under her breath)*

Or. This is head trauma at its finest.

**H**

So *hope* shouldn't rely on circumstance.

**SAM**

Nope.

IT RELIES ON YOUR HEART

**H**

I love that!

**SAM**

SURE SOMETHING WILL CHANGE,

BUT IT JUST MIGHT BE YOU

**H**

SO WHY NOT DREAM BIG,

IF THERE'S NOTHING TO LOSE

**SAM & H**

EXCEPT TIME...IT KEEPS GOING AND GOING AND IT'S ALWAYS GONNA GET HERE TOO SOON

**DAISY**

But what if you don't have *enough* time?

**SAM**

I was just thinking how time goes unnoticed, until it's too late? What if time weren't a sentence, but an opportunity?

**DAISY**

That's...quite the viewpoint. Really. But I can't help but wonder--

AND THIS ISN'T ME SAYING, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH

'CAUSE I HAVEN'T A CLUE, I JUST KNOW THAT I STRUGGLE TO FACE MY OWN TRUTH

SO HOW DO YOU JUST...PICK UP THE PIECES & ACCEPT THAT YOU'VE LOST,

IF YOUR FUTURE JUST PAID THE ULTIMATE COST?

*(their back and forth is respectful, rather than confrontational)*

**SAM**

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, I DON'T SEE IT THAT WAY  
PEOPLE DWELL ON TOMORROW & YESTERDAY  
WHEN ALL THAT I WANT...IS TO NOT LOSE TODAY

**H**

I get it now: the diary!

TODAY'S YOUR EMPTY PAGE.

**SAM**

Touche!

IF CONSTANT IS CHANGE,  
LET THE CHANGE BE IN YOU

**H**

MAY WE ALL DREAM BIG  
THERE AIN'T NOTHING TO LOSE!

**SAM, H, & PATIENTS**

EXCEPT TIME...IT KEEPS GOING AND GOING  
AND IT'S ALWAYS GONNA GET HERE TOO SOON

**DAISY**

I think I get it now!

**SAM**

Yeah?!

**DAISY**

WHEN THE DAY IS DONE, HISTORY WILL REPEAT ITSELF,  
EXCEPT WHEN YOU ACCEPT WHAT'S REAL AND STAY TRUE TO YOURSELF

**SAM**

Exactly!

SO THE NEXT TIME THINGS CHANGE,

**DAISY**

WHETHER IT'S ME OR YOU

**SAM**

DON'T FORGET TO DREAM BIG,

**DAISY**

CAUSE YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE

**SAM & DAISY**

‘CEPT TIME...

**SAM**

IT KEEPS GOING AND GOING

**DAISY**

WITHOUT EVER SLOWING

**SAM**

AND I’M SURE IT’S GONNA BE HERE REAL SOON

DON’T LOOK NOW, FOLKS...(IT) MIGHT BE WAITING FOR YOU.

**DAISY**

Ugh, here I am, interrupting a song of yours again...I’m so sorry!

**SAM**

*(SAM takes a beat to understand her reference; he is pleasantly surprised)*

Wait, you *remember* me?

**DAISY**

You remember *me*?

**SAM**

Of course.

**NANCY**

*(cluelessly interrupting their moment)*

Wait. You two know each other?!

**H**

I have to say, Sam...you’re quite the inspiration.

**SAM**

Wow, what a nice thing to say! Thank you. Guess I’m just—

TRYING TO GIVE MYSELF GRACE...

Things are different.

BUT.../M THE SAME

SO COME WHAT MAY; CUZ EITHER WAY, IT’S TIME TO TURN THE PAGE

**AMY**

*(staring at him, virtually drooling, without her eyes leaving him)*

Dear Diary, I think I’m in love...

**DAISY**

That whole idea...it's really profound, y'know that?

**AMY**

Y'ever wonder where the word '*profound*' came from? Like, if you *support* being found, are you *against* being lost?

**MARYJANE**

Good to see the drugs have kicked in.

**NANCY**

Alright, folks—show's over. Back to y'rooms.

*(residual commotion is heard as people disperse; H pulls DAISY aside)*

**H**

Listen, Daisy. I think Sam should be your first patient.

**DAISY**

Yeah?

**H**

I do. You're young and not afraid to speak your mind...he'll relate to that. What do you think?

**NANCY**

Works for me.

**DAISY**

Thank you so much; I won't let you down!

**H**

Oh you couldn't if you tried! Now, let's see what's in his file.

**NANCY**

Sam is a paraplegic...paralyzed from the waist down. Says he could have internal bleeding, bone infection, memory loss, yada yada...anyways. Who knows what his future holds.

**DAISY**

Ugh. That's terrible!

**H**

Daisy, this is *not* an easy job. Part of what we do is help people come to terms with the uncertainty of their own future.

**NANCY**

Sure yer up f' this, kid?

*(DAISY raises her eyebrows and nods, accepting the gravity of the role; NANCY lightly punches her shoulder)*

Alright, then. Do me a favor and fill out this employee paperwork when you get a chance.

**SAM**

So, can I ask your name now?

**NANCY**

Oh. Nancy. Remember? Operat--

**SAM**

No, her.

**NANCY**

Uh, this is...Daisy. She'll be your new caretaker.

**SAM**

It's nice to 'meet' you, caretaker Daisy.

**DAISY**

It's nice to meet you too, Mister...Sam.

**NANCY**

Weeeeee!!!!. now that we got that taken care of, yer room'll be right over there. I'm gonna let yousguys...get to know each other a little bit. I'll be in my office. H, a word?

*(DAISY rolls SAM over to his new room, which he shares with a sleeping KAREN; NANCY speaks softly to H)*

Keep an eye on those two. Not sure I can trust 'em.

**H**

Oh, I'm sure they'll be fine.

*(NANCY and H depart upstage through a hallway; DAISY sighs as she takes a seat in the chair next to SAM)*

**SAM**

Rough day?

**DAISY**

More like a rough *year*.

**SAM**

Yeah? I wanna hear about it. When you're ready, of course.

**DAISY**

Thanks.

**SAM**

And. I promise I have only one rule.

**DAISY**

You have a *rule*?

**SAM**

If I'm gonna be on the listening end, you're gonna have to keep calling me "Mister Sam." It's...standard procedure.

**DAISY**

Sounds like you need some sleep, Mister Sam!

**SAM**

Excuse *me*, Miss...what'joo say your name was again...Lily? Petunia!

**DAISY**

Daisy.

**SAM**

Ah, Carnation. Matches your hair.

**DAISY**

Is that how you remembered me, by the way?

**SAM**

You thought I'd forget?

**DAISY**

Well. They *did* say you have some memory loss issues from the accident.

**SAM**

Guess some things are more memorable than others, huh?

**DAISY**

*(feeling her cheeks heat up, she struggles to hide her flattered face, and instead tries to change the subject)*

So. Tell me about yourself. I mean less...heavy stuff.

**SAM**

Well, I'm...a Capricorn. I saw Meryl Streep at the airport once—that was cool. And I guess, now, I'm *rollin'* with the flow.

**DAISY**

You cope with humor. I like that.

**SAM**

I cope with humor; you cope with beauty. Potato, potahto.

*(they're interrupted by a pop-in from one of the custodial staff)*

**DENISE**

Helloooooooooo. Room service! Kidding. Just makin' my rounds for the afternoon room cleanings. How ya guys doin'?

**DAISY**

Good. Actually, I—should probably get going. Gotta get started on this employee paperwork.



**DENISE**

Right on. Gotta get your write-on. Get it?!

**DAISY**

Yeah, I'm gonna go.

*\* SCENE CHANGE 2.0 \**

---

**1-5: Belmont Home**

*DAISY departs. Meanwhile, DIRK has been waiting for DAISY, who comes in the door while he's on the phone.*

---

**DIRK**

Jesus, Daisy. Where were you?

**DAISY**

Oh my gosh, Dirk—you're never gonna believe what happened!

**DIRK**

What?!

**DAISY**

Are you in a rush or something?

**DIRK**

It's just...my car needed some work done. So I was gonna borrow yours. What's up?

**DAISY**

Ok. Well, I was at my interview, right?

*(the phone rings and DIRK extends his index finger to make DAISY wait; it's the car repairman)*

**DIRK**

Yeah, Earl. You got a time frame yet for the car?

And do you have a loaner I can use in the meantime?

Yeah, lemme know. Thanks.

**DAISY**

Everything ok?

**DIRK**

Yeah. How'd the interview go?

**DAISY**

I got the job!

**DIRK**

You did?! That's great, babe!

**DAISY**

And it's so perfect too, Dirk. I always knew I wanted to work with people. I mean, not like customer service or anything. Just to be able to help people where they're at. And this job...it's everyth---

**DIRK**

Ooo, hang on.

*(phone rangs again and he immediately answers, holding one finger up to DAISY again)*

Hey. One week?!? And you're all out of loaners? Just...forget it. I'll use Daisy's. Yep, bye.

I gotta head out. But congratulations—this is gonna be *good* for us!

*(he kisses her on the forehead before exiting; blackout)*

**1-6: Nancy's Office**

*NANCY commands the loudspeaker. DENISE is summoned to NANCY's office, where their trio friendship with fellow custodian, ALICE, is rekindled. Feet are up on the desk and cigarettes are in-hand.*

**NANCY**

Attention all staff and patients: 12:00 to 1:00 is no longer 'music hour.' Instead, use the silence to quiet your minds before lunch. See you at thirteen-hundred.

*(hangs up the loudspeaker and calls DENISE's cell from her desk phone, making a comment while it rings)*

Ya ever get the feeling that nobody's listening when you talk?

**ALICE**

Oh, every time I'm in bed with my husband.

**DENISE**

What's crackin', cracka?!

**NANCY**

Y' gonna getcher ghetto ass up here, er what?

**DENISE**

Didn't know we were still on. Be right up!

**NANCY**

How many years we' been doing this now?! Same time every week!

**ALICE**

The three amigas!

*(DENISE enters, so her and NANCY hang up their phones; smoker's coughs kick in)*

**DENISE**

Y'better not get a big head now that yer a big wig and all.

**ALICE**

They're called extensions, you idiot.

**DENISE**

Huh?

**NANCY**

Ain't nothin' in this world worth ditchin' y' roots over. Amirite?

**DENISE**

Somebody shoulda told that to Bruce Jenner.

**ALICE**

Hey, y' guys get that email about this year's Christmas bonuses?

**NANCY**

Yeah. Pathetic. Another \$35 bucks I *should* be gettin' from child support.

**DENISE**

Hey, how is that kid 'a yours, anyways?

**NANCY**

Kids doing great.

**ALICE**

Especially for having a deadbeat for a father.

**DENISE**

Y'know, I rarely say this about anybody, but the world is truly a better place with that man in prison!

**NANCY**

Got that right. And now that I got this promotion, I'd do anything to keep this gig. It's about time he doesn't have a 'leg to stand on' at these custody hearings!

**DENISE**

Eh, speaking 'a no-legs-to-stand on, you guys meet that new patient yet?

**ALICE**

Dat hot piece ‘a paralyzed ass, how could we miss ‘em?!

*(a mix of smoker’s cough and laughing)*

**DENISE**

Hey, you the one that hired that new pink-haired chick?

**NANCY**

*(pours herself some coffee while DENISE forcibly burps and wipes food from the corners of her mouth)*

Yeah. Board was all over my ass to get someone in there. Daisy Dukes was the only applicant. Besides, some board members are still pissed I got the job in the first place.

**ALICE**

*(stirs coffee with the toothpick that was already in her mouth, until it drops in the cup; she reaches for it)*

Buuuuncha country club, popped-collar, motherfu—ahhh, that’s hot.

**DENISE**

What have *you* ever done wrong, anyways?

**ALICE**

You mean: what’s she been *caught* for?!

**NANCY**

Sure, I said some things in the past. But who hasn’t? Apparently, my “words didn’t belong in the workplace.” But c’mon, people. It was years ago!

**ALICE**

Have ya’ gotten written-up since then?

**NANCY**

Yeah—for petty little crap. Being late, smokin’, not being “presentable” to patients. Whole thing’s a crock-a-sh...

**DENISE**

*(after pouring the coffee into her flask, to mix with the alcohol in there, she tries to drink it, but spits it in NANCY’s face)*

...Sheezus Christ, that *is* hot!

**NANCY**

Dammit, Denise!!

**ALICE**

Maybe it’s just me; but it seems like the board does whatever the hell they please.

**DENISE**

Them patients do too!

ALICE

Hey. Now that *you're* in charge, I say we do something about it.

NANCY

Yeah, right.

ALICE

I'm serious.

NANCY

What's in it for you guys?

\*

*#8: GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE*

\*

DENISE

Hey, we're only here on work release, honey. If we lose *this* job, we'll just find another.

ALICE

Grab that horn by the bull, baby!

DENISE

You idiot.

NANCY

Actually, maybe you're on to something...

THIS IS OUR CHANCE, FINALLY OUR TIME

WE CAN COMMIT A HARMLESS CRIME

INVENT A NEW TRUTH OR TELL AN OLD LIE

HELL, WE ARE IN CHARGE—UNTIL THEY ALL DIE!

NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE

THIS IS THE TIME TO LET OUR LIGHT SHINE

SO JUST STEP ASIDE, & GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE

NANCY

I CLAWED MY WAY, BACK UP THE FOOD CHAIN.

I PAID MY DUES: NO PAIN, NO GAIN

YOU LEARN WHAT IT TAKES TO PLAY THE GAME

CUZ PAYBACK'S A BITCH WHEN YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF TO BLAME

NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE

THIS IS THE TIME TO LET OUR LIGHT SHINE

SO JUST STEP ASIDE, & GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE

*(short dance break)*

JUST GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE!

**DENISE**

I gotta go take a dump.

**ALICE**

That was fun!

**NANCY**

Yer disgusting, y'know that?

**DENISE**

I learn from the best!

**NANCY**

Get aaaatta here!!

*(blackout)*

\*

*SCENE CHANGE 3.0*

\*

**1-7: Sam's Room**

*The next day, DAISY enters & parts the curtains as SAM wakes, rubs his eyes, yawns, and starts coughing.*

**SAM**

Well, good morning, mis...

**DAISY**

You don't *sound* too good, Mister Sam.

**SAM**

Just...didn't sleep too well.

**DAISY**

Get some rest then. I won't keep you.

*(starts to exit, but he grabs her forearm)*

**SAM**

No, stay. I need my daily fix of...“keeping up with the Carnations.”

**DAISY**

Cute. I'll stop back in a bit.

**SAM**

Hey, can I ask you something? Be honest. Are you avoiding telling me about your stuff because you don't think I'll understand?

**DAISY**

No. It's just that...knowing about *my* unfinished business isn't gonna make *yours* any better.

**SAM**

I'm not asking about mine. Try me.

**DAISY**

Uh...okay.

*(exhales, debating how much to share)*

It's hard to explain. Y'know how magnets repel one another until they're lined up properly? Lately, I feel like my emotions are waiting for my mind to be calm and my heart to be at peace, so *they* can finally reconnect.

*(runs those lines in her brain quickly one more time, before second-guessing herself)*

Wait, that didn't make sense.

**SAM**

No, I gotchoo. What do think is keeping you from being at peace?

**DAISY**

Well. I lost my mom last year. Breast cancer.

**SAM**

Oh Daisy, I'm so sorry.

**DAISY**

Thanks. She didn't mince words...in fact, she was the only one who pushed back when I wanted to get married so young. "You usually have to wait for that which is *worth* waiting for." I had no idea what she meant, so I obviously didn't listen. But, *so* much has changed. Now, she's gone and my marriage is...let's just say: I should have listened more carefully.

**SAM**

Well you know what they say: don't give up, if it's worth fighting for.

**DAISY**

'ts very optimistic advice, coming from mister, "it's time to turn the page."

**SAM**

That's fair. So tell me more about your mom.

**DAISY**

She'd been my dance teacher ever since I was 4. When she got diagnosed, our entire dance troupe died our hair pink. Last month was the anniversary. I re-dye it every year.

**SAM**

I think the world would be surprised to know that such a happy person carries so much burden...you disguise it well.

**DAISY**

It's...not something to be proud of. But thanks, I guess. I should get going.

*(retrieves her sweater and purse and goes to the door, arms folded in front of her; his words halt her)*

**SAM**

For what it's worth, I think you're right on track. By seeking clarity with others, you just...might find clarity for yourself.

**DAISY**

Are you always in songwriter mode?

**SAM**

Guilty.

**DAISY**

I'm gonna get some fresh air. I'll be back by the time the doctor's here. Don't go runnin' away now.

**SAM**

Oh, I won't. But I might be tempted to roll myself down to Mickey D's for a 59¢ vanilla cone, unless you bring me one!!

*(smiling, she exits)*

\*

#9: ONE SMALL STEP

\*

SEARCH FOR AN ANSWER & YOU MIGHT FIND A FRIEND  
FOR CHANCES LEAD TO ANSWERS IN THE END

WHO AM I? THINKING THAT I AM A NO ONE  
WHEN I KNOW I AM A SOMEONE, IT'S HIM!  
BEING INVISIBLE; IT'S NOT WHAT EVERY GIRL DREAMS OF  
BUT ONLY COWARDS BRING THEIR NEEDS UP  
NOT ME. BUT COULD IT BE? COULD I ACTUALLY LEAVE?

WITH ONE SMALL STEP INTO DARKNESS  
ONE BIG LEAP, AND I SKYDIVE  
I'M A DOORMAT NO MORE, IF I RUN FROM YOU  
BUT HEROES, CAN THEY REALLY FLY?  
ONE DAY, YOU'LL BE A MEMORY  
ONE LITTLE PAGE FROM MY WHOLE LIFE  
I KNOW I NO LONGER CAN WAIT FOR YOU  
IT SEEMS ONLY THE LONELY SURVIVE



WHO IS HE? THINKING THAT HE CAN CONTROL ME AS IF THAT ASS HOLE OWNS ME  
 IN FACT. MAYBE I'M AT FAULT FOR GIVING SECOND CHANCES  
 AS IF THEY'VE EVER LANDED  
 NO, I CAN SAY GOODBYE...OR AT LEAST I CAN TRY

WITH ONE SMALL STEP INTO DARKNESS  
 ONE BIG LEAP, AND I SKYDIVE  
 I'M A DOORMAT NO MORE, IF I RUN FROM YOU  
 BUT HEROES, CAN THEY REALLY FLY?  
 ONE DAY, YOU'LL BE A MEMORY  
 ONE LITTLE PAGE FROM MY WHOLE LIFE  
 I KNOW I NO LONGER CAN WAIT FOR YOU  
 IT SEEMS ONLY THE LONELY SURVIVE

STEPPING STONES, PLEASE GUIDE ME WHERE TO GO  
 TO A PLACE WHERE NO ONE THROWS STONES

WITH ONE SMALL STEP INTO DARKNESS  
 ONE BIG LEAP, AND I SKYDIVE  
 I'M A DOORMAT NO MORE, IF I RUN FROM YOU  
 BUT HEROES, CAN THEY REALLY FLY?  
 ONE DAY, YOU'LL BE A MEMORY  
 ONE LITTLE PAGE FROM MY WHOLE LIFE  
 I KNOW I NO LONGER CAN WAIT FOR YOU  
 IT SEEMS ONLY THE LONELY SURVIVE

NO, LOWLY BELOW ME SITS ONLY THE LONELY--WHILE I FLY!

*(DAISY exits while the lights come up on SAM's room; H enters & starts adjusting his blanket as if it's just routine)*

**H**

Morning, Samuel! So guess what? I think I figured out why everybody looks up to you around here.

**SAM**

Oh, H...of course I can count on you to cheer me up!

**H**

All of these patients. They were *somebody* at some point: heroes to their families and communities— standing ovations, honorary national anthems, random people thanking them for their service in the grocery store. Now, they're just patients in a veterans facility in Rhode Island. They're rarely visited. In their own eyes, they've become insignificant.

**SAM**

Wow—I never thought of it that way. Why would they look up to me, if I can't even hold a candle to what they've done?!

**H**

See, that's the cool thing. It's not about what you've done. It's about *who you are*. Being the square peg in the round-hole has helped you not rely on other people for purpose or direction. You genuinely see everything as a blank page.

**SAM**

*(his humility and gratitude are genuine, as are H's compliments)*

I—don't feel worthy of those words. But thank you so much.

**H**

Don't tell anyone; but for Christmas, I got a book of empty pages for all of Franklin Mills—patients and staff!

**SAM**

That's amazing! You sure are one-of-a-kind.

*(a knock on the door interrupts him, the DOCTOR pops her head in)*

**DOCTOR**

Is...now an okay time?

**SAM**

Uh, yeah—absolutely,

**DOCTOR**

Alright then. Let's get these bandages off here.

*(DOCTOR delicately removes them, revealing SAM's full face again)*

There we go.

**H**

As good as new!

**DOCTOR**

Now, as for the prognosis...looks like it's yet another day of both good news and bad news.

*(after a knock, DAISY enters; she struggles to hide her pleasant surprise upon seeing his face once again)*

**DAISY**

Sorry, I'm late. Hi, I'm Daisy. Woah. I mean...Hi.

**DOCTOR**

Dr. Marxx. So as I was saying, the brain scan shows your internal bleeding has mostly stopped and your memory recollection is basically back to normal.

**DAISY**

That's...great!

**DOCTOR**

It is. On the other hand, this bone infection just...keeps spreading. Now, I made some calls. The good news is: that brand new antibiotic, Teixobactin, *is* available. We just need to hope your labs qualify. I've sent them over, so we'll wait and see. The bad news is: it costs \$20,000...and it must be paid *in full* before they'll send the medication.

**SAM**

Oh. Ok then. And without this Teixo--?

**DOCTOR**

I'd hate to speculate. But it's going to be an awfully tough road without it. Now. You've got some things to think about, so I'll leave you to it. Keep that head high, Sam.

**SAM**

Yeah.

**H**

*(seeing how emotional she is, H pulls DAISY aside and speaks softly, before he and DOCTOR depart)*

I love that you care. Seriously, you're a gem. But don't make this personal. Remember, *this* is what we do. You being emotional will only make *him* more emotional, y'understand? Now, I don't want to tell him this, but I'm going to see if the board will take Sam's case pro bono, given the circumstances. For now, go take his mind off all this. He needs you.

**SAM**

Daisy Belmont. Aren't you supposed to be getting paid to cheer me up?!

**DAISY**

I'm just....scared. I just wish I could take away some of your pain.

**SAM**

You *have*! C'mere.

*(they hug for the first time)*

**DAISY**

Thank you. Hey, can I ask you something?

**SAM**

Of course.

**DAISY**

I haven't brought it up because...it might be a sore subject. And now is certainly not the bes--

**SAM**

It's ok. Shoot.

**DAISY**

Why haven't any of your family or friends visited?

**SAM**

Wow.

**DAISY**

Uh oh. I didn't mea--

**SAM**

No, don't feel bad. I just...can't believe I haven't told you yet. What do you wanna know?

**DAISY**

Everything.

**SAM**

Well. I'm an only child. Bounced around a few different foster homes before landing with a nice family in Boston when I was 16. As for my friends...ever since I've been on tour, I guess following each other on Instagram was enough, y'know?

**DAISY**

I'm sorry. At the bar, you mentioned...a breakup. Has she called?

**SAM**

Oh Elizabeth? Nah. She found somebody else. To be honest, though, we weren't as close as everyone thought we were.

**DAISY**

Sounds familiar.

**SAM**

'Oh well'...right?

**DAISY**

I guess. Oo, I almost forgot. I got you something.

**SAM**

Yeah? What's that?

**DAISY**

It may have lost some 'beauty' by now...but it looks like it's...still hangin' on for dear life!

**SAM**

Sounds like *me*!

*(DAISY retrieves & hands him a pint of melting ice cream; he lets out a hearty surprised gasp/laugh; she speaks softly)*

I can't believe you remembered! You're amazing.

**DAISY**

It's not McDonalds. But I figured: if you have to put up with Karen 24/7...

**KAREN**

It's *Caryn!*

**DAISY**

Ohh!!

*(she switches to a whisper and to SAM's amusement, she steals the pint & takes a big messy bite; blackout)*

Give me some 'a that!

\* SCENE CHANGE 4.0 \*

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**1-8: Pastor Jack's Office**

*DAISY knocks on the door of her dad's study.*

---

**JACK**

Hey, sweetheart! To what do I owe the pleasure?

**DAISY**

Do you have a minute to talk?

**JACK**

Of course, take a seat. So your *very first patient* at Franklin Mills was the victim of that hit-and-run?!

**DAISY**

Yeah; can you believe it?

**JACK**

Crazy. How's he doin' anyway?

**DAISY**

Sam? Oh he's a really great guy, dad. Just...needs some help. That's actually part of what I wanted to talk to you about.

**JACK**

Yeah?

**DAISY**

I remember you said Mom wanted her life insurance to "kick-start somebody's future" or something like that. Well, there's this potentially life-saving treatment available to him, but Sam doesn't have the funds to pay for it. And I figu--

**JACK**

You're so much like your mom, y'know that?

**DAISY**

Aww, really?!

**JACK**

You kidding me? She always had a heart for people in need. I look at you and I see her.

**DAISY**

You've never told me that before.

**JACK**

Well, I mean it. Let's pull up the account here and see what's available.

*(crinkles his brows)*

Huh...

**DAISY**

What?

**JACK**

It says the account balance is at zero. Should just be you and me with account access, right?

**DAISY**

Yeah, I think so.

**JACK**

That's weird.

**DAISY**

Actually, when we got married, Dirk and I merged all of our accounts. Let me call 'em quick.

**JACK**

Hey, I wouldn't mention that new patient of yours. You know how Dirk gets about other guys.

**DAISY**

Ugh, you're right. Thank you, daddy.

*(both ignore the unspoken history behind JACK's remark; he shouts as she quickly exits out the door to call DIRK)*

**JACK**

Love you!

\*

*#IOA: TWO-FACED*

\*

**DAISY**

*(there's a fear in her voice, as if she doesn't want to face the truth; DIRK appears onstage, answering her call from afar)*

Dirk, where is my mom's money?!

**DIRK**

Oh, that. I forgot to tell you. We had some credit card debt from the wedding still. I figured we'd just pay that off first, rather than accumulate the interest. We can always pay it back.

**DAISY**

That is NOT your money!!

**DIRK**

*(as anger increases, so does his sarcasm)*

Oh, Daisy. What are *you* doing to pay off our credit card debt, anyway?!

**DAISY**

You're unbelievable.

**DIRK**

Oh, what's there not to believe? That one of us is financially responsible?!

**DAISY**

My dad logging-on to my dead mother's account and seeing it at zero. THAT's unbelievable!

**DIRK**

Of course you got your dad involved. Classic.

**DAISY**

WHY ARE YOU TWO-FACED NOW?

**DIRK**

OH COME ON, MISS HOLIER THAN THOU!

**DAISY**

YOU'VE MANAGED TO MAKE ME FEEL EVEN LESS, SOMEHOW

**DIRK**

I'M NOT THE ONE THROWING BLAME HERE,  
AS IF I'M NOT ENOUGH, YOU NEED DADDY'S EAR!

**DAISY**

YOU WANT ME TO SIT & WATCH OUR FUTURE DISAPPEAR?!

**DIRK**

WELL YOU CAN BE DAMN SURE:

Your priorities—they're clear!

*(blackout)*

---

**1-9: Doctor's Office, Franklin Mills Commons, & Outside Nancy's Office**

*In a continuous scene change, DOCTOR is on the phone.*

---

**DOCTOR**

Okay, but isn't the purpose of charities—to be...charitable?! I—I don't understand how this case doesn't apply. He needs \$20,000 or he'll die. It's as simple as that.

*(the faint sound of an apologetic response is heard on the other end, as she wraps up the conversation & hangs up)*

You've gotta be kidding me.

*(DAISY is pushing SAM onto stage, as they return from a walk, SAM's line overlaps DOCTOR's)*

**SAM**

You've gotta be kidding me. You didn't know that the black-scented marker smells like black licorice?! Didn't anyone ever try to make you smell it and then push it in your face, so you had a big black dot on your nose the rest of the day?!

**DAISY**

Ha, no! Quite frankly, that sounds...inhumane.

**SAM**

Yeah, it definitely was not pleasant.

**DAISY**

Hey, I've been meaning to tell you: I think I know what you should write your next book about.

**SAM**

Zat right? That's a shame cuz...I think I've already got that covered, actually.

**DAISY**

You do?!

**SAM**

Mhmm. I've even got a tagline figured out.

**DAISY**

Impressive!

*(awkward pause, as he nods but doesn't say anything)*

Well...?

**SAM**

Oh, so you wanna know?

**DAISY**

Stop being a tease. Spit it out already!



**SAM**

What will I get in return?

**DAISY**

What do you mean?

**SAM**

This *is* confidential information you're seeking, Missy. 'ts gonna cost ya.

**DAISY**

Ugh. What do you *want*?

**SAM**

A dance.

*(completely taken off-guard, her flattered reaction is instantly revealed by a dropped jaw, grin, and head tilt)*

**DAISY**

Wait, what?!

**SAM**

You heard me. I tell you the premise of my next book and...in return, you dance with me.

**DAISY**

Uh...okay. One dance.

**SAM**

Good.

**DAISY**

So, you gonna tell me now or what?

**SAM**

When I think about what this accident has done to me, there are five words that clearly belong on the cover of my book.

*(closes his eyes and exhales as if he's super emotional; then he sings the famous tune, laughing at the end, then coughing)*

CARNATION-WIDE IS ON YOUR SIDE.

**DAISY**

Ohmygod, I should've known. First of all, if you call me that one more time, I'm done getting you ice cream!

And secondly, you tricked me!

**SAM**

Did not!

**DAISY**

Did, too.

**SAM**

K, maybe a little. But your reaction was too priceless for me to stop. Gotta cut me some slack there. On a serious note, I've been writing quite a bit in my new book. What was your idea?

**DAISY**

Never mind. The moment's passed.

**SAM**

Does that mean I don't get my dance?

**DAISY**

*(after a flattered nasal exhale, she smiles and looks him in the eye)*

A deal's a deal.

**SAM**

Good. Lemme pick a song from your phone.

**DAISY**

Can I trust you this time? You're lucky, you know that?

**SAM**

Oh. I know.

*(while he's scrolling options on her phone, [Henters](#), unnoticed, and is stopped in his tracks when he sees them; he stays)*

I'll have you know: even though I might need a little assistance nowadays, I can still bust a move with the best of 'em.

**DAISY**

We'll see about that, mister.

**SAM**

What about this one? 'Ts called "Peace." Sounds relaxing...

\*

#*IOB PEACE*

\*

**DAISY**

Believe it or not, this was actually my parents' wedding song.

**SAM**

See. Told you: you could trust me.

*(They slow dance, with fervent eye contact. DAISY is slightly bent over, but they make the wheelchair work as he spins/dips her. The dance concludes with DAISY leaning back, ending up in SAM's lap. Their focus alternates between eyes & lips. As their faces converge, DAISY abruptly tilts her head away, in disappointment)*

**DAISY**

*Why?!*

**SAM**

I know. I keep asking myself the same thing. Why didn't I meet you six months ago? Hell...even three weeks ago. Why do you have to be so perfect for me and yet, so...unavailable. Why does this all have to end?

**DAISY**

I should go. I'm sorry.

*(emotional, DAISY exits, locking eyes with H on her way out; NANCY opens her office door and crosses her arms, giving a parental look towards H; dejected, SAM chucks his book across the room, before rolling himself out)*

**NANCY**

We've got a problem.

**H**

Okay...

**NANCY**

Looks like Sam and Daisy have caught feelings for one another.

**H**

Yeah?

**NANCY**

You were supposed to keep an eye on them, weren't you?

**H**

Umm...I guess. But...

**NANCY**

But what, pretty boy?

**H**

I just...I dunno. Can't people just love who they wanna love?

**NANCY**

Oh, H. You know better than that. That's not how the world works. Nor should it! Y'know, if the board knew you were hiding an inappropriate relationship between a staff member and a patient, wuddya think they'd do with you?

**H**

Uh, I-I dunno.

**NANCY**

But you do. I see a person *in charge* of the caretakers who's unwilling to *take charge* of the caretakers. Now, either fire Daisy or I'll go to the board and let 'em handle both 'a yous. You got till the end of your shift tomorrow. Zat understood?

*(H looks her in the eye, shakes his head in disgust, and turns to walk away)*

Good. Now, beat it.

**DENISE**

Oh my God...you're a *genius*!!

**ALICE**

Djoo see his face when you called him out?! Ohhh!

**DENISE**

Say goodbye, little miss sunshine!

**ALICE**

There's a new sheriff in town!

**NANCY**

We're just gettin' started. Franklin Mills is *mine* now!

**DENISE**

*(like loyal minions)*

And if people are gonna show more respect to that cheatin' tramp...

**ALICE**

...the flaming pharmacist...

**NANCY**

...or that crippled know-it-all, they got another thing comin'.

**DENISE**

Damn straight!

**NANCY**

*(she picks up SAM's discarded book, and much like Harry from 'Home Alone,' muses about the doors it could open)*

And look what we have here...the god damn holy grail, ladies!

\* *#IOC 'GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE' REPRISE* \*

HIS LITTLE BOOK OF EMPTY PAGES

MIGHT JUST BECOME SOMEONE'S *RAGE*, IF...

IN THE RIGHT HANDS, WE LET IT REVEAL

THE SECRETIVE FATE THEY BEG TO KEEP SEALED

**NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE**

THIS IS THE TIME TO LET OUR LIGHT SHINE

SO JUST STEP ASIDE, & GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE

*(blackout)*

---

**1-10: TV Studio, Franklin Mills Commons, Belmont Home**

*DIRK is live on-air. Soon, each character receives the spotlight, as they add to the song, from various parts of the stage.*

---

**\* #11 DIFFERENT & THE SAME**

**DIRK**

New tonight, an update from last week's hit and run. Authorities are now saying that they're closely following a lead that they believe will bring them directly to the driver of the truck. For more, we send it to Connie O'Shea. Connie.

*(the bright light on him goes out, as he's off the air; his showy demeanor gives way to a stressed façade on the phone)*

JACK, IT'S ME...I...REALLY NEED TO QUICK GET SOMETHING OFF MY CHEST, AND...

AIN'T IT TRUE YOU PREACHERS...CAN'T CONFESS, OR...

JUST...LET'S MAKE A DEAL, YOU AND ME.

*(jolts his head, squints his eyes, and scrunches his face, like he just came to his senses—really, he just got another call)*

Actually. Y'know what?

NEVERMIND, THIS WAS ALL A MISTAKE...

AS FOR ME AND YOUR DAUGHTER,

Jack...just--

HAVE SOME FAITH

Oo--gotta go. Talk soon. Hey Earl, got it fixed up?

Damn deer is right. Hey, you mind keeping this between us? Daisy has yet to notice.

Happy wife indeed.

EVERY NEW BEGINNING IS LACED WITH SOME LYING

HERE'S TO WINNING BY LOSING, WITHOUT THE CRYING

**H**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...THROW MY LIFE'S WORK DOWN THE TUBE,

OR KICK THEM WHILE THEY'RE DOWN; MUST I HAVE TO CHOOSE?

**NANCY**

*(interrupting the patient-only meeting, over the loudspeaker)*

Attention, staff and patients: it's come to my attention that some members of Franklin Mills are hiding an inappropriate relationship. So I've decided that: until the offenders come forward, you can kiss yer outside privileges goodbye!

**H**

That chick is a hypocrite with a capital H!

**WEMBLEY**

We've gone too long, following other people's orders.

**AMY**

The least we can do is love who we wanna love!

**EMMY**

Franklin Mills, *this* is why they need you!

**DAISY**

DADDY, I NEED YOU; I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ANYMORE

I'M MARRIED TO A STRANGER; AND FALLING FOR A MAN I WAS HIRED TO CARE FOR

**JACK**

What?!

DAISY, YOU HAVE BEEN MY GREATEST PRIDE AND JOY IN LIFE

DON'T GIVE UP JUST YET; YOU ARE HIS WIFE

**PATIENTS**

WE SHALL RISE AS ONE AND STAKE OUR CLAIM

STAND SIDE-BY-SIDE, AS DIFFERENT AND THE SAME

RESIST TEMPTATION TO SIT AND WAIT, BE LOUD FOR LOVE TO SILENCE THE HATE

GO, GO, GO, GO FOR IT (YOU SHOULD GO FOR IT); FOLLOW YOUR HEART

GO, GO, GO, GO FOR IT (YOU SHOULD GO FOR IT); FOLLOW YOUR HEART

**SAM**

THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO SAY WHAT'S REALLY ON MY HEART,

I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SAY OUT LOUD; OK, I'LL START,

THERE'S A BLANK LINE ON THE FIRST PAGE FOR A DEDICATION,

I FINALLY KNOW WHAT WORDS TO WRITE:

I love you, my carnation! I said it!

**SAM & DAISY**

FOR WHAT IS DONE IS DONE: I'M IN LOVE!

I DON'T EVEN WANNA THINK ABOUT TOMORROW; I JUST WANT YOU IN MY ARMS TONIGHT!

**NANCY**

I CAN'T STAND TO BE 'ROUND THIS, IT'S NOT FINE TO BE BLIND IN YOUR MIND!

FOR ME TO GET WHAT'S MINE, IT'S THAT TIME: I MUST LIE TO SURVIVE

**DAISY**

Guys, I'm so proud of all of you--*this* is what it looks like to stand up for what's right! My mom's tombstone reads:

*By existing, we matter. By coexisting, we are seen. By resisting, we survive. And in persisting, we believe.*

Let's do this, Franklin Mills!

*(SAM gives a flattered smile; DAISY shouts; song changes keys, as each of the six groups below sings simultaneously)*

**PATIENTS & JACK**

WE SHALL RISE AS ONE AND STAKE OUR CLAIM  
STAND SIDE-BY-SIDE, AS DIFFERENT AND THE SAME  
RESIST TEMPTATION TO SIT AND WAIT  
BE LOUD FOR LOVE TO SILENCE THE HATE  
GO, GO, GO, (YOU SHOULD) GO FOR IT;  
FOLLOW YOUR HEART

**H & AMY**

TODAY'S THE DAY TO MAKE A CHANGE  
WHEN WRONG BEATS RIGHT, YOU MUST TURN THE PAGE.  
DESPITE THIS TASTE, I KNOW MY PLACE  
REGARDLESS OF BLAME, THE HATE STILL REMAINS  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO  
THROW MY LIFE'S WORK DOWN THE TUBE  
OR KICK 'EM WHILE THEY'RE DOWN;  
MUST I HAVE TO CHOOSE?

**NANCY, DENISE, ALICE**

I CAN'T STAND TO BE AROUND THIS,  
IT'S NOT FINE TO BE BLIND IN YOUR MIND!  
FOR ME TO GET WHAT'S MINE,  
IT'S THAT TIME: I MUST LIE TO SURVIVE!  
THIS LIFE FLIES BY,  
WE'RE NOT GONNA LOSE THIS TIME!

**DIRK**

HERE I COME, LONELINESS  
IT'S ME AGAIN, I'M BACK IN LINE  
IF ONLY I COULD TURN BACK TIME  
I WOULDN'T LIE OR DRINK AND DRIVE  
BUT I AM ALIVE  
GOTTA FIGURE OUT MY LIFE

**KAREN**

WHY AM I SO SAD?  
IT'S NOT EVEN MY PROBLEM  
YET HERE I AM AGAIN  
THE LAST TIME I FELT THIS WAY  
WAS YEARS AGO FOR FRANKLIN  
BEFORE HE PASSED AWAY  
I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO SEE HIS FACE  
JUST ONE MORE WARM EMBRACE,  
MY FAVORITE PLACE

**SAM & DAISY**

SAY GOODBYE TO LONELINESS  
IT'S TIME FOR MY HEART & MIND TO RHYME  
IF ONLY I COULD BE WITH YOU  
IT JUST MIGHT LAST FOR A LIFETIME  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO,  
I CAN'T BREAK HIS/HER HEART IN TWO  
BUT I FEEL THE END IS COMING SOON

**NANCY**

YOU SHOULD WATCH YOUR BACK

**DOCTOR**

LET'S NOT TAKE THINGS FOR GRANTED

**DIRK**

CAN'T AFFORD MORE MISTAKES

**JACK**

LIFE'S A GIFT YOU'VE BEEN HANDED

**KAREN**

WHEN THE WORLD KNOCKS YOU DOWN

**H & AMY**

ALWAYS RISE FOR WHAT'S RIGHT

**ALL**

AND NO MATTER THE COST, MAY WE ALL FIGHT FOR LOVE...

**SAM & DAISY**

...TONIGHT.

*END OF ACT ONE.*



---

**2-1: Franklin Mills Commons**

*The patients are sitting in a semi-circle, chatting and playing cards. AMY is trying to get off the wall phone with her mom.*

---

**AMY**

Mom, I'm so tired of this! I *am* putting myself out there. I go to open mic every third Thursday of the month. I joined the singles bowling league over at Bob and Frankie's. What more do you want me to do?!

Oh, come on. Mom, do you even know what that is?

Wait. *You're* on Tinder?! Oh my GOD!!!

*(forcefully hangs up the phone on the wall and shakes with the 'heebie jeebies'; meanwhile, H enters & slams the door)*

Ilch!

**UNCLE JOE**

Rough day at the ole office there, chief?

**WEMBLEY**

Can't be *that* bad. At least he doesn't need pills to *not* piss his pants, ah?

**FRANK**

Speak for yourself, there, buddy boy!

*(he slightly pulls down bottoms revealing an adult diaper; both laugh; H massages his temples to alleviate a headache)*

**SOPHIA**

H, what's going on?

**H**

I just...people can be so hypocritical.

**EMMY**

You get denied?

**H**

No, I didn't even get a chance to make my case!

*(by now, side banter has slowed to a halt; everybody is listening to H)*

**AMY**

Wuddya mean?

**H**

Well. As you know, *Caryn* is still the board president. And she said all pro bono applications go through Nancy now. But yesterday, she demanded I fire Daisy to keep my own job! It's bullsh--

**WEMBLEY**

"She" meaning...Nancy?

**AMY**

Wait. Who's Caryn?

**FRANK**

She's the head honcho. The big cheese.

**SOPHIA**

Mmmhmm. Her husband was Franklin Mills, himself.

**EMMY**

She married that old guy?

**UNCLE JOE**

What's wrong with old guys?

**TUCKER**

Hey, I've got no problem with gold-diggers.

**SOPHIA**

Oh, she was no gold-digger. He mighta been older, but Franklin was delightful. Kind. Generous. Actually, so was *she* before he died, now that I think about it.

**WEMBLEY**

Is it just me, or wasn't it much happier around here before Nancy got promoted?

**MARYJANE**

You can say that again.

**AMY**

Hey, maybe we can just convince Sam and Daisy to stop having feelings for one another...what?!

*(everybody scoffs; DAISY wheels SAM in, as they return from a walk; H approaches SAM to pull him aside)*

**H**

Sam! What...auspicious timing. Can I talk to you for a second? Listen. I'm gonna be straight with you.

**SAM**

Doesn't seem like your style.

*(laughs out loud and isn't offended whatsoever; instead, he extends the welcome for all the men to come over by SAM)*

**H**

Haha see, I told you he's still got it! Anyway. I think it's time us boys have a little chat. Shall we?

**AMY**

Oh yeah?! Well us girls "finna talk some sauce" over here! C'mon, Daisy.

*(the girls respond with "ooo, you go Amy," "yeah, we are," and the like, as they all congregate around DAISY)*

**MARYJANE**

Let's...go ahead and never say that again, k?

**AMY**

Is that not the phrase?

**SOPHIA**

I'm sorry to burst your bubble, Daisy. Y'seem like a nice kid.

\*

*#13 HEAD OVER HEELS*

\*

But whatever you've got going with "Lieutenant Dan" over there, it's gotta stop.

**DAISY**

Oh no, I'm marr--

**SOPHIA**

I-I-I've said it before and I'll say it again...don't matter how hot the guy is, he's just like aaaaall the rest of 'em.

**FRANK**

Sam, relationships are like diapers. You're either #1, or it's time for a change.

**AMY**

OH WHEN YOU LIKE A BOY, OR WHEN YOU THINK YOU DO  
YOU MUST BE ON YOUR TOES, OR HE'LL BE ALL OVER YOU!

**MARYJANE**

*(very out of character, she imitates a valley girl)*

Trust me, like--so true!

**AMY**

CUZ BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'LL BE HEAD OVER HEELS

**SOPHIA**

*(hunched over and shaking one finger, as she imitates an old man)*

FOR A GUY WHO OWNS THREE OLDSMOBILES!

**H**

OH WHEN YOU LIKE A GIRL, OR WHEN YOU THINK YOU DO

JUST REMEMBER SHE WILL NEED TO “TALK IT OUT”

**FRANK**

Yeah, like we know how!

**WEMBLEY**

BUT DON’T THINK ABOUT IT; SHE’S THE GIRL ‘A YOUR DREAMS

**H**

Then again, maybe it’s time to switch teams! Just sayin’.

**AMY**

OH WHEN YOU LIKE A BOY, OR WHEN YOU THINK YOU DO

JUST REMEMBER HE WILL NEED THE REMOTE CONTROL

**EMMY**

AND THE CAR KEYS TOO!

**MARY JANE**

BUT DON’T THINK ABOUT IT; JUST ROOFIE HIS CUP!

**AMY**

Or make *him* take a #2 with the toilet seat up!

**DAISY**

*(innocent question; not condescending)*

You don’t just...put it down?

**H**

OH WHEN YOU LIKE A GIRL, OR WHEN YOU THINK YOU DO

**UNCLE JOE**

JUST REMEMBER: GETTING READY TAKES AN HOUR OR TWO

**H**

*(facial expression of, “should I feel guilty?”)*

It takes *me* that long too.

**WEMBLEY**

DON’T THINK ABOUT IT. I’D JUST “WATCH” MORE TV

**FRANK**

& PRAY THAT SHE DOESN’T DRIVE

**SAM**

Or you’ll...end up like me?

**FRANK**

Yes!

**AMY**

OH WHEN YOU LIKE A BOY, OR WHEN YOU THINK YOU DO

**SOPHIA**

*(trying to be polite)*

Just know that intellectual conversations are not meant to be!

**AMY**

Fine by me!

**MARYJANE**

BUT DON'T STRESS ABOUT IT. USE MY BROWNIE COOKBOOK!

**AMY**

OOOOO, AND WHEN THAT HOT SHIRTLESS NEIGHBOR MOWS HIS LAWN,

*(an oiled-up shirtless man enters with a toy mower & grass; hip-thrusting into a mowing motion, the ladies swoon)*

GET A DAMN GOOD LOOK!

**MEN**

*(H is biting his lips, while watching the man exit; song is still paused, when the guys backhand-slap H to say "our turn!")*

H. H!

**H**

Sorry.

OH WHEN YOU LIKE A *GIRL*, OR WHEN YOU THINK YOU DO

**FRANK**

BETTER HIDE YOUR WALLET, OR SHE'LL "LOSE" THAT TOO

**AMY**

That is, actually hashtag-true!

**WEMBLEY**

BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'LL BE HEAD OVER HEELS

**UNCLE JOE**

*(getting unnecessarily specific, he works himself up)*

FOR 50 SHADES OF A GIRL WHO SPENT THE LAST \$67 IN YOUR JOINT CHECKING ACCOUNT ON FRICKIN' KOHL'S CASH DEALS...

Sorry.

**MARYJANE**

TRUST ME, ALL GUYS, THEY WANT ONE THING FROM YOU...

**AMY**

Mmm, drugs.

**EMMY**

No! You think with your *head*. They think with their *bed*.

**FRANK**

Yeah, we do!

**SOPHIA**

YOU'RE CHEAP!

**WEMBLEY**

YOU'RE NEEDY!

**KAREN**

*(waking up shortly before audibly building up to a loud sneeze)*

Achoo!!

**ALL**

WHERE THE HELL WERE *YOU*?

OH WHEN YOU LIKE SOMEONE, OR WHEN YOU THINK YOU DO

YOU CAN OVERWHELM THEM WITH YOUR LOVE TOO

**H**

But you do you, boo!

**ALL**

BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'LL BE HEAD OVER HEELS

**FRANK**

And *so what* if they wear diapers. No big deals!

**ALL**

OH WHEN YOU LIKE SOMEONE, OR WHEN YOU THINK YOU DO

**SAM & DAISY**

*(half-joking to each other from opposite sides of the room)*

YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IN, BECAUSE YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE

**AMY**

Hubba-hubba, daddy-doo!

**ALL**

BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'LL BE HEAD OVER HEELS

FOR SOMEONE WHO REAL...

SOMEONE WHO REAL...

SOMEONE WHO REALLY LOVES YOU!

*(applause breaks up the final pose, as people grab their things & disperse to their rooms; H heads towards KAREN)*

**KAREN**

I'd rather have another colonoscopy than be woken up by that again! Sorry to burst your bubble, folks. But love...it stinks. But apparently, you're all too blind to see that.

**WEMBLEY**

Beats being senile.

**2-2: Sam's Room**

*In a continuous scene change, PATIENTS disperse. KAREN wheels herself, until H offers to help, stopping her.*

**H**

Say, uh, Caryn.

**KAREN**

About time somebody said it right.

**H**

*(he is walking on eggshells to start and then slowly gets more confident in what he's saying)*

I've...been wanting to hear more about...Franklin.

**KAREN**

*(to start, she is reluctant to engage with any depth; but that slowly erodes as they converse)*

Yeah. What about 'em?

**H**

Oh, you know how word travels around here. I'm just wondering what's correct and what's legend.

**KAREN**

Whadja hear?

**H**

I heard you moved here to be with him...what, a couple years ago?

**KAREN**

Six.

H

Right. And he died of cancer shortly thereafter?

KAREN

Three and a half months later.

H

What type of cancer?

KAREN

Liver. Never stood a chance.

H

Why did you stay?

KAREN

*(suddenly not crabby, she even gets intentionally humorous, looking out into the distance, while reminiscing)*

Franklin was...my home. We never had kids, so this place is the closest I got to be to him. And *thankfully*, I had chronic issues with my kidney and bladder, so they let me stay.

H

Aw. That's honestly...adorable.

KAREN

My bladder problems?

H

*(smiles and exhales to hold for laughter; as conversation returns, he slowly works up to his main point)*

What was Franklin like?

KAREN

Well, he was much older than me, you know? But he was always a child at heart—he loved like he'd never been hurt...the type-a-guy *everybody* knew...in fact, I can't think of a single enemy.

H

Sounds like he was a good husband.

KAREN

The best.

H

The type-a-guy who would do absolutely anything for you, huh?

KAREN

That's the thing. I didn't even have to ask, and it was done.



**H**

Caryn, I've got a tough question to ask.

**KAREN**

Ok.

**H**

It's about Sam's treatment.

**KAREN**

God dammit, y' hitting me up for money, aren'tcha? Figures. Save your breath. Coupla patients already talked to me.

*(KAREN turns her head the opposite way; H exhales and takes a beat before proceeding)*

**H**

Look, thirty seconds is all I ask for; then I promise never to bring it up again.

*(after a pause, she looks at him like "then, go already!" he blurts out one sentence at a time, formulating as he goes)*

You see them every day, Sam and Daisy...I mean: despite all the barriers, they have that...glow about them. You know as well as anybody: that glow only happens as a result of that special, once-in-a-lifetime love. Now, I'm not a begger; nor am I about to pretend like I know your financial situation—I don't. But I *am* a fighter. Clearly, you are too. Anyway. I just can't stand by and do nothing. It's why I'm here with you, fighting for something that has nothing to do with me.

**KAREN**

*(her tone comes across as defeated rather than defiant)*

Yeah? Well, I'm not interested.

**H**

Okay. I won't bring it up again after today. Thank you for listening. For what it's worth, I think you've got a lot more to offer than people realize. G'night.

*(he departs without a word from KAREN; she rolls over while DAISY wheels SAM in, both giggling as they return;*

*NANCY, exiting her office, sees H leave and then sticks around to 'connect the dots,' she hears their plan)*

**DAISY**

Sam, I have to tell you: I can't remember being this happy—ever! I don't think I've stopped smiling since the moment I first walked into this place.

**SAM**

Really?! Me too! It's the weirdest thing...the doctors keep telling me how bad of a situation I'm in and I keep wanting to say: I literally have never been better!

**DAISY**

You're sweet. So, when will we find out if you qualified?

**SAM**

Supposedly tomorrow. Wuddya say we make a night out of it?

**DAISY**

What do you mean?!

**SAM**

I've finally made use of that book. For real, this time.

**DAISY**

I'll believe that when I see it.

**SAM**

Tomorrow night. You done at 6 again?

*(we see NANCY have an 'a-ha' moment before retreating to her office; SAM continues on without stopping)*

We can celebrate with ice cream. And candles. I'll even find a way to get you flowers! And we can open my results *together*. Oh, and get this: Doctor Marx said they even use different colored forms for positive and negative results, so we'll know right away whether I've qualified. I guess blue is good news and red is...well, let's hope it's not red.

\*

*#14 AND IF YOU WANT*

\*

**DAISY**

Oh Sam, I'm so honored you asked! And just so you know, I'm not exactly sure when or how I'm gonna to talk to Dirk, but I will be filing for divorce.

**SAM**

You sure?!

**DAISY**

I am. "By seeking clarity with my loved ones, I just mind find clarity for myself."

**SAM**

You remembered!

**DAISY**

Of course, I did. I really want tomorrow night to be special. Can we dance again?

**SAM**

Are you kidding me?!

FOR MY WHOLE LIFE, I'VE ALWAYS TRIED  
TO BE KNOWN AS THE GUY WHO'D CHANGE SOMEONE'S LIFE  
YET, I WAS THE ONE WHO NEEDED TO CHANGE  
FOR ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS ON A PAGE

**SAM & DAISY**

CAUGHT IN A WEB OF WHO I THOUGHT I WAS TIL YOU BELIEVED THAT I'M ENOUGH

SO IF YOU WANT, I WILL SIT/STAND BESIDE YOU, AND IF YOU WANT, I WILL BE YOUR REFUGE  
NEVER BEFORE HAS IT FELT SO TRUE TO SAY WITH ALL MY HEART: I *NEED* YOU

**DAISY**

This is so crazy! I know I should feel guilty and ashamed and...tons of other negative things, but I just *can't*.

FOR MY WHOLE LIFE, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN  
KNOWN AS THE GIRL WHO SET FEELINGS ASIDE  
I'D BE THERE FOR OTHERS, WHO WEREN'T THERE FOR ME  
THEN AGAIN, LONELINESS FEEDS ON THE COMP'NY IT KEEPS

**SAM & DAISY**

CAUGHT IN A WEB OF WHO I THOUGHT I WAS TIL YOU BELIEVED THAT I'M ENOUGH

SO IF YOU WANT, I WILL SIT/STAND BESIDE YOU, AND IF YOU WANT, I WILL BE YOUR REFUGE  
NEVER BEFORE HAS IT FELT SO TRUE TO SAY WITH ALL MY HEART: I *LOVE* YOU

*(there is a momentary buildup for what both have been longing for, and then it finally happens: their first kiss)*

**DAISY**

I CAN GIVE YOU NOTHING...

**SAM**

ALL I HAVE IS NOTHING...

**SAM & DAISY**

BUT MY HEART, MY HEART, MY HEART, MY HEART, MY HEART

**2-3: Sam's Room: The Next Morning**

*In a continuous scene change, JACK appears at NANCY's door, looking for DAISY. She is turned the other way, smoking a cigarette. He knocks on the door frame. Caught off guard, she quickly puts it out to greet him.*

**NANCY**

Oh, excuse me. Hi, ugh, Father. What can I do ya for?

*(JACK removes his fedora and nods his head in an old-fashioned sign of gratitude; he politely corrects her)*

**JACK**

Uh, *Pastor*. But, hi. I'm just here to see my daughter. Daisy Belmont.

**NANCY**

Wait, *you're* Daisy's old man?!

**JACK**

One and only.

**NANCY**

Huh, that's just not what I would've...nevermind. Follow me.

*(awkward pause as she starts to guide JACK to SAM's room; he continues to be a polite gentleman)*

Say, yer kid's actually getting along quite well with her new patient, Sam.

**JACK**

So I've heard.

**NANCY**

*(despite her sarcasm, he smiles to receive the 'compliment')*

Everybody just loves her around here. Well. Here we are. Nice, meetin' ya, Father.

**JACK**

Pastor. But, thank you, ma'am.

*(NANCY shakes her head like "I knew that," JACK knocks, about to peer head in when a hearty cough sounds)*

Uh, hello? Daisy?

**KAREN**

She's not here.

**JACK**

Oh, I'm sorry...I'll come back at a different time then.

**KAREN**

You can come in, if you want. They should be back soon...her and Sam just, uh, went for a stroll.

**JACK**

Thank you.

*(he enters and closes the door behind him; KAREN immediately recognizes him and turns positive and personable)*

**KAREN**

PASTOR JACK?!?!

**JACK**

Karen Mills?!

**KAREN**

It's...Caryn now. How *are* you?!

**JACK**

What a pleasant surprise...gimme a hug!

*(leans over the bed for a hearty hug; both are shaking their heads at how delighted they are to run into one another)*

Boy, it's been forever. Y'know, I *still* hear the Mills name come up at church from time to time?

**KAREN**

Is that right? Hey. I was...sorry to hear about your wife awhile back. How've you been holdin' up?

**JACK**

Thank you. I'm—I'm alright. 'Ts been tougher on Daisy than me, actually.

**KAREN**

So Daisy's your daughter, huh?!

**JACK**

One and only.

**KAREN**

You've clearly done well there, Pastor. She's a good kid. Damn good kid. Sam too, for that matter. I'd approve.

**JACK**

Oh. Well. Thank you, Karen. Caryn. I'm sorry.

**KAREN**

You're good. You should stop by tomorrow night. I hear they're meeting in the commons after her shift ends at 6.

**JACK**

Oh, I dunno about that. But thanks. Anyway. How have *you* been?

**KAREN**

Eh, been better.

**JACK**

Ah, I'm sorry, Kare. Car--

**KAREN**

Oh you're good. Wish I could say the same about my kidney.

**JACK**

Oh no.

**KAREN**

Yeah, the prognosis doesn't look good. Worst part, though, is...the guilt I've been feeling lately.

**JACK**

Why is that?

**KAREN**

Well, I don't have any friends here—they all think I'm some stuck-up bitch who married rich. Excuse my French. Truth is: I never cared about Franklin's money. I'd give it all away, if I could just have more time with him.

**JACK**

I believe that.

**KAREN**

Plus, I remember you saying back when Franklin got sick that people who feel the clock ticking tend to want to unburden themselves. I just feel like he would've done so much more with this place. Like *he's* the one who should've lived longer.

**JACK**

Look around, Caryn! You guys single-handedly made this a reality for hundreds of veterans over the years. 'T's amazing!

*(takes a beat in silence; KAREN is too humble to accept a compliment; JACK eventually puts his hand on hers)*

In Susan's final months, I used to have these bouts of uncontrollable weeping...I just felt so helpless. Anyway. She'd put her hand on mine and calmly say, "sweetheart, loong after life's gone, love lives on." It was...everything I needed to hear.

*(pauses to raise his eyebrows as he affirms the truth of her words)*

The love that you shared with Franklin isn't gone just because he is. It's alive as ever!

**KAREN**

You always did have the right thing to say, didn'tcha?

**JACK**

*(he audibly exhales and pats KAREN on the shoulder, as he grabs his fedora and buttons his jacket before leaving)*

It's great seeing you. Really is. Will ya tell Daisy I stopped by?

**KAREN**

I sure will. Take care, Pastor.

**JACK**

You too.

**2-4: Nancy's Office, Sam's Room, & Hallway**

*In a continuous scene change, lights fade on KAREN. NANCY busts out of her office, laughing with her sidekicks.*

\* #15 *NOTHING BUT PERFECT* \*

**ALICE**

Ooooohhh—oh my God, that's terrible!

**DENISE**

It really is the perfect plan, idn't it?!

**NANCY**

Nothing but perfect; right ladies?!

*(starts typing in a phone number on her cell phone; 8 chord progressions sound underneath the following lines)*

Hello, is this Dirk Belmont?

*(a faint male voice can be heard mumbling responses from the other end; NANCY clears her throat to sound more polite)*

I'm calling in regards to your wife, Daisy.

No, she's fine. It's just that the staff here at Franklin Mills are growing increasingly concerned about her...behavior with one of our patients.

I agree. And we've had plenty of discussions about 'professionalism in the work place' and yadda yadda. She just keeps pursuing things. I overheard them talking about meeting up after her shift tomorrow at 6 to "profess their true feelings." Now, I dunno what that means, but if I was you, I'd wanna know. So I figured I'd give ya the courtesy 'heads up.'

*(high-fives between the three girls before NANCY hangs up)*

You bet. Take care.

**DENISE**

'BOUT TIME WE STAND UP FOR OURSELVES IN ALL THAT WE DO

**ALICE**

LET'S GET THEM PATIENTS TO KNOW THAT: WE'RE IN CHARGE OF (YOU)

**NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE**

YOU'VE GOT A GREAT THING GOING: WE GIVE AND YOU GET

BUT YOU HAVE NO IDEA...THE DISRESPECT WE'RE UP AGAINST

YOU JUST WAIT, FOR KARMA COMES TO THOSE WHO...DON'T PAY THEIR DEBT

IT'S TIME WE GET RESPECT 'ROUND HERE:

(CUZ) WE'RE NOTHING...NOTHING BUT PERFECT, YEAH!

*(DENISE hands NANCY a clipboard & file folder; she heads to SAM's room, anxiously looking around the whole walk)*

**NANCY**

Hey, Sam. How are ya?

**SAM**

I'm hanging in there. The pai--

**NANCY**

Listen, I'm gonna cut to the chase. Your test results came in.

**SAM**

I thought they were gonna be sent in the mail.

**NANCY**

Oh, they...did. Dr. Marx had a surgery, so she gave 'em to me to pass along. Anyways. It appears that your prognosis has taken a turn for the worse. I guess you have a dangerous fluid in your bloodstream and yadda yadda.

**SAM**

Maybe that's why I've been so dizzy lately.

**NANCY**

Uh...yeah. That's what the, uh, technicians said too. Anywho....long story short...doesn't look good.

**SAM**

How much time?

**NANCY**

Prolly a couple *days*, at best. Sorry.

**SAM**

I understand. Thanks for coming by.

**NANCY**

Yup. Take care.

*(lights dim on SAM as NANCY awkwardly exits and heads towards the stairs)*

**DENISE**

'BOUT TIME WE STAND UP FOR OURSELVES IN ALL THAT WE DO

**ALICE**

LET'S GET THEM PATIENTS TO KNOW THAT: WE'RE IN CHARGE OF (YOU)

**NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE**

YOU'VE GOT A GREAT THING GOING: WE GIVE AND YOU GET

BUT YOU HAVE NO IDEA...THE DISRESPECT WE'RE UP AGAINST

YOU JUST WAIT, FOR KARMA COMES TO THOSE WHO...DON'T PAY THEIR DEBT

IT'S TIME WE GET RESPECT 'ROUND HERE:

(CUZ) WE'RE NOTHING...NOTHING BUT PERFECT, YEAH!

*(DAISY is turning in her time card by the break room; when NANCY purposely bumps into her, taking her by surprise)*

Hi, Daisy.

**DAISY**

Oh, hi Nancy. How are you?



**NANCY**

I'm good. Hey, I'm sorry to hear about Sam's ex.

**DAISY**

Sam's *ex*?

**NANCY**

*(talking flippantly, with little interest in details)*

You didn't hear? She just stopped by. Apparently had this big tearful apology about leaving him before his accident...blamed it on hormones and yadda yadda. Good news is: he bought it though.

**DAISY**

What do you mean?

**NANCY**

Guess he accepted her apology and now they're back together! Good for him though. Gotta enjoy the time he's got left. I better get a move on it. Have a good night there, kiddo!

*(gives her a condescending shoulder punch, jolting her forward; DAISY's hand cups her mouth; she runs to SAM's room)*

**DENISE**

IF ONLY YOU HAD OPENED UP YOUR MIND TO SEE

**NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE**

THAT WE ARE NOTHING, NOTHING BUT PERFECT

**ALICE**

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT; YOU LOST YOUR CHANCE TO SEE

**NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE**

THAT WE, WE ARE NOTHING, NOTHING BUT PERFECT, YEAH!

**DAISY**

How could you?!

**SAM**

What?!

**DAISY**

Oh, I dunno. Maybe it's the fact that *Nancy*, of all people, had to tell me about your "big news" from tonight. Couldn't you at least be man-enough to tell me yourself?

**SAM**

Daisy, I...I'm sorry, but this all just happened. What was I supposed to do...track you down?

**DAISY**

You know what? Forget it. “Only the lonely survive.” I should’ve known. I’m so stupid!

*(she sobs as she exits, and stops in the commons to sit and cry with her head in her hands; for SAM, it’s the dagger.)*

**SAM**

NOBODY SAID THAT IT’S OVER  
 BUT DEEP DOWN, I KNOW THAT IT IS  
 AFTER ALL THAT WE’VE BEEN THROUGH,  
 I GUESS WE ARE TOO...GOOD TO BE TRUE

**SAM & DAISY**

I HAVE TO LET YOU GO—IT’S THE HARDEST THING I’VE EVER DONE

I WILL BE HERE AND YOU WILL BE THERE  
 THAT IS THE WAY THAT IT’S ALWAYS BEEN  
 AND THAT IS THE WAY THAT IT SHOULD BE  
 ‘CAUSE TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE ARE DIFFERENT AGAIN  
 YOU WILL BE LOVED AGAIN; I NEED TO LET YOU GO

**DAISY**

THERE’S NO MORE HOPE IN MY HEART  
 I DON’T KNOW HOW THERE ONCE WAS  
 I GUESS I BELIEVED IN A DREAM  
 LOOKING BACK, HOW FOOLISH OF ME

**SAM & DAISY**

I HAVE TO LET YOU GO—IT’S THE HARDEST THING I’VE EVER DONE

I WILL BE HERE AND YOU WILL BE THERE  
 THAT IS THE WAY THAT IT’S ALWAYS BEEN  
 AND THAT IS THE WAY THAT IT SHOULD BE  
 ‘CAUSE TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE ARE DIFFERENT AGAIN  
 YOU WILL BE LOVED AGAIN; I NEED TO LET YOU GO

WHY CAN’T I JUST SAY GOODBYE,  
 TURN THE PAGE, AND MOVE ON WITH MY LIFE?

I WILL BE HERE AND YOU WILL BE THERE  
 THAT IS THE WAY THAT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN  
 AND THAT IS THE WAY THAT IT SHOULD BE  
 'CAUSE TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE ARE DIFFERENT AGAIN  
 YOU WILL BE LOVED AGAIN; I NEED TO LET YOU GO

*(blackout)*

\* SCENE CHANGE 5.0 \*

## 2-5: Sam's Room & The Belmont Home

*The next morning, SAM and KAREN are in their room, while DOCTOR and H enter with nervous anticipation.*

**DOCTOR**

Here they aaaaaaare!

**SAM**

*(SAM is dejected and confused, forcing H and DOCTOR to crinkle their eyebrows)*

What?

**H**

Your results. To see if you quali-

**SAM**

No, I know. It's just that...Nancy already delivered them yesterday.

**DOCTOR**

Umm, that can't be. The mailman just delivered them about...10 minutes ago.

**H**

*(everybody's 'wheels' are visibly 'spinning' before the light bulb goes on for all of them simultaneously)*

Oh my *God*.

**H & DOCTOR**

NANCY!

**SAM**

I gotta find Daisy. Do you know where she is?

**H**

Uh, no.

*(looks at his watch)*

Her shift doesn't start for another hour, but she already called in sick.

**SAM**

Can I use your phone quick?

*(lights dim on the room and come up on DAISY's house, where JACK is sitting on her couch; she enters with groceries)*

**JACK**

Where've you been?! I've been looking all over for you.

**DAISY**

What do you mean? I was running errands.

**JACK**

I stopped by Franklin Mills and then I came here. I've been worried sick about you!

**DAISY**

Well, don't be. I'm fine.

**JACK**

The phone rang shortly after I got here.

**DAISY**

Okay...?

**JACK**

I was worried, so I answered.

*(he is direct; meanwhile, DAISY momentarily freezes in disbelief)*

It was Sam.

**DAISY**

Sam?

**JACK**

Yeah. He was quite worked up; couldn't wait to talk to you.

*(brief pause before becoming more informative)*

He said Nancy lied about his test results and that he just got the actual envelope today.

**DAISY**

Wait a minute.

*(wheels are spinning' in her head now, as she brainstorms under her breath)*

Nancy is the one who told me about Elizabeth. I bet she lied about that too! He say anything else?

**JACK**

Just that he loves you.

*(while hearing that takes her breath away, she's mortified; they both get choked up)*

And he hopes you'll still join him tonight.

**DAISY**

I'm so sorry, daddy. I never meant for any of it to happen, I promise.

\*

#17 *YOU'RE NOT ALONE*

**JACK**

Sweetheart, for far too long, I've put my faith above your feelings. That ends today.

I KNOW THAT HISTORY, IT TENDS TO REPEAT  
BUT I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE; NO, I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE  
EXCEPT HOME

**DAISY**

You're not mad? Or disappointed?

**JACK**

Of course not. I know I haven't done a great job of showing it, but your happiness...it's all I've ever wanted.

*(there is a noticeable shift in the music to signify things moving along)*

And just so you know, I'm pretty sure Dirk was the drunk driver that night. I called the detective right away.

**DAISY**

*(shocked at the gravity of the news, but not surprised, given who DIRK is)*

Oh my God!

**JACK**

You were right the whole time, dear. It was *me* who wasn't listening.

WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND; DAISY, I'M SORRY  
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LET YOU DOWN  
BUT I TAKE ALL THE BLAME, YOU POOR THING,  
I'M HERE TO NUMB THE PAIN  
YOUR SMILE WRITES THE BOOK OF *MY* HEART  
SO PLEASE, WILL YOU GRANT ME, A BRAND NEW START?

YOU HAVE LOST, LOST, LOST,  
LOST YOUR FAITH, IN MANY WAYS, ON MANY DAYS  
'CAUSE YOU WERE ON YOUR OWN  
BUT YOU'VE FOUND, FOUND, FOUND,  
FOUND YOUR WAY, YOU'LL BE OKAY, SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY

‘CAUSE WITH *HIM*, YOU’RE NOT ALONE;

I’m so sorry, honey. I should never have doubted you.

**DAISY**

No, you *should* have. I’ve put myself in this position. And now, there’s no way out.

**JACK**

LOOK ALIVE, YOU’LL SURVIVE; DAISY, I LOVE YOU

JUST TAKE THESE KEYS AND NOW GO DRIVE

YOU’VE GOT TIME; DAISY, HE NEEDS YOU

LOVE IS EVERYTHING IN LIFE

TIME FLIES BY, SO FOLLOW YOUR HEART

**JACK & DAISY**

PLEASE, WILL YOU GRANT ME, A BRAND NEW START?

**JACK**

YOU HAVE LOST, LOST, LOST,

LOST YOUR FAITH, IN MANY WAYS, ON MANY DAYS

‘CAUSE YOU WERE ON YOUR OWN

BUT YOU’VE FOUND, FOUND, FOUND,

FOUND YOUR WAY, YOU’LL BE OKAY,

SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY

‘CAUSE WITH HIM, YOU’RE NOT ALONE

**DAISY**

I HAVE LOST, LOST, LOST,

LOST MY FAITH, IN MANY WAYS, ON MANY DAYS

‘CAUSE I WAS ON MY OWN

BUT I’VE FOUND, FOUND, FOUND,

FOUND MY WAY, I’LL BE OKAY

SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY

‘CAUSE WITH HIM, I’M NOT ALONE

*(big hug)*

YOU’RE NOT ALONE!

I’M NOT ALONE!

**JACK**

So get this: when I went to visit you the other day, I ended up running into Karen Mills.

**DAISY**

*Caryn* Mills. She’s insane.

**JACK**

She’s actually delightful. She and Franklin were long-time members at church. Anyway, she asked that I give this to you.

*(hands her an unsealed envelope; there is a letter inside; we see a video of a fading KAREN delivering the message)*

**KAREN**

YOUR DAD TOLD ME YEARS AGO

TOMORROW LEARNS FROM YESTERDAY,

AND WHETHER YOU ARE YOUNG OR OLD  
 ONE TRUTH WILL NEVER CHANGE:  
 “LONG AFTER LIFE’S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON”

It was your mom who taught him that.

LONG AFTER LIFE’S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON

*(the chorus keeps repeating that melody in unison)*

I once read that, “the best love story is when you fall in love with the most unexpected person at the most unexpected time.” Franklin and I founded this place on the very idea that no matter what trouble lies before a person, love is greater than that struggle.

*(DAISY covers her mouth with her hand, as she unfolds the bottom third of the letter, revealing a check; as KAREN retreats upstage, the light on her dims, symbolizing mortality; DAISY’s voice starts overlapping hers)*

**DAISY & KAREN**

So take this check and use it well. I know you will. You deserve happiness, and I’m glad you’ve found it.

**KAREN**

**CHORUS**

Wish your dad well for me. It’s time for me to go be with my husband. And Daisy.... LONG AFTER LIFE’S GONE,  
 LOVE LIVES...

Your mom is proud of you.

...ON.

*(DAISY hugs JACK; blackout)*

**\* SCENE CHANGE 6.0 \***

**2-6: Franklin Mills Commons**

*6pm. SAM has lit candles. He waits in his wheelchair, wearing a tie, with a spotlight on him, on a dimly-lit stage, holding a bouquet of daisies with one carnations in one hand and his book in the other. Ice cream bowls are on the table. DAISY enters and briefly pauses, hanging her head. DIRK stands in the back of the theatre, watching the entire scene.*

**DAISY**

I’m a fool. I’m so sorry.

**SAM**

You’re not a fool. Get over here!

*(they hug; he hands her the flowers; she pulls up a chair next to him and grabs his hand)*

**DAISY**

I missed you.

**SAM**

Gosh, I missed you too.

So I met your dad!! On the phone, at least.

**DAISY**

I heard! Whadja think?

**SAM**

He seems...great.

**DAISY**

He actually kinda gave me his blessing today. Told me he wants me to be happy.

**SAM**

Wow, that's huge!

**DAISY**

Aaaaaand. That's not even the best news of the day...

**SAM**

Wuddya mean?

**DAISY**

Sam, *Caryn*, has decided to pay for your antibiotic!!

**SAM**

WHAT?!

**DAISY**

I know, right?! All we need now is for your labs to qualify.

**SAM**

Well, perfect timing 'cause they just gave me the envelope with the results! But first, this is for you.

*(pulls out his book, but doesn't hand it to her yet)*

**DAISY**

Yeah?!

**SAM**

The truth is: had you not come along, these pages would've stayed empty. Instead, I filled them with our story.

*(DIRK very slowly starts to walk towards the stage, with his anger brewing; he is dimly lit with a follow spot)*

You can read the entire thing when you get time, but here's the dedication.



“My Carnation,

\* #18A THE BOOK \*

From the moment I met you, I’ve done everything in my power *not* to fall in love with you. You were a married woman who was assigned to be my caretaker. It was very possible that I, a broken man, would die under your watch.

Yet, I soon realized that the idea of ‘you and I’ was impossible to ignore. We were like magnets, compelled to be together. I became convinced that no matter what troubles lay before us, nothing was going to stop the inevitable. So no matter what color paper these lab results are, I am better because of you.

*(he looks up at her and says it himself, rather than reading it; they are both teary)*

I *love* you, Daisy Belmont.

**DAISY**

I love *you*!

**SAM**

*(pauses briefly while their noses touch together before speaking)*

Alright. Ready to open these results?

**DAISY**

Let’s do it!

**SAM**

*(reaches for the side pocket of his wheelchair, but then looks around to no avail)*

Ugh. You know what? I was in such a rush to get here, I musta left ‘em in my room. Gimme a sec; be right back.

\* #18B DIRK’S REVENGE \*

**DIRK**

*(SAM exits, meanwhile, stewing from the back of the theatre, DIRK’s anger builds; he takes periodic swigs from his flask)*

I USED TO THINK THAT YOU’RE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD CHANGE MY MIND IF  
I WAS SOMEHOW WRONG AND YOU WERE RIGHT,  
BUT I GUESS I’VE BEEN WRONG THIS WHOLE DAMN TIME  
BEFORE TODAY, I SWEAR: NO MATTER WHAT MISTAKES WERE IN MY PAST  
YOU TOOK ME BACK, NO QUESTIONS ASKED

Funny.

TABLES, THEY TURN, WHEN YOU TURN YOUR BACK  
ONE THING YOU GOT WRONG, THOUGH, STABBING YOUR KNIFE

*(slowly reaches for the pistol from the back of his pants; he raises it towards DAISY)*

WON'T KILL YOUR LITTLE LIE,  
SO I GUESS THIS IS GOODBYE.

*(POW! DAISY's limp body folds to the ground while flowers are strewn about all over the stage.)*

**DIRK**

Oh!!

*(he immediately shrieks of fear and regret at what he has done; he pauses in shock, drops the gun, and runs to her)*

No! No!! NO!!!

\* \* \*

*(During his screams, JACK enters with a stunned look of horror. After standing still for a moment, while DIRK approaches DAISY's lifeless body, JACK's emotions quickly turn to rage and his breathing accelerates. JACK picks up the pistol and shoots DIRK in the back, killing him instantly. DIRK's body falls behind DAISY's. JACK's face returns to shock and he drops to his knees, his shaking hands lowering the gun all the way to the ground.)*

\* \* \*

**SAM**

NO!!! DAISY!!!

\* **#18C LOVE LIVES ON** \*

\* \* \*

*(SAM appears from the hallway, envelope in hand, shrieks in desperation, and throws the envelope into the air to go tend to DAISY. Blue papers fall out and weave through the air like falling leaves. SAM rolls himself over to her, bawling. He purposefully maneuvers himself out of the wheelchair to hold her. Other characters stumble out one by one, including NANCY, who feels awful. After rocking DAISY's body for a couple moments on the ground, SAM sings a cappella.)*

\* \* \*

**SAM**

DAISY, I LOVE YOU. YOU HAVE HELPED ME DEFINE MY LIFE  
OUR LOVE MUST LIVE FOREVER; IT CAN NOT DIE HERE TONIGHT  
I HAVE LEARNED WHAT YOU HAVE TAUGHT  
THAT PART OF LOVE IS PAIN AND LOSS

*(overcome with emotion, he collapses onto her, almost trying to hug life back into her)*

**CHORUS**

AND YOU HAVE TAUGHT US  
LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.  
LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.

**H**

LOVE IS INCONVENIENT, IT CAN SHATTER YOUR HEART

**AMY**

BUT PICK UP THE PIECES, THE PUZZLE'S THERE—YOUR WORK OF ART

**CHORUS**

WE HAVE LEARNED WHAT YOU HAVE TAUGHT: THAT PART OF LOVE IS PAIN & LOSS

**YOUNG DAISY**

*(appearing in white light, as if she's from the past; JACK enters, mid-phrase, to bridge the past to the present)*

YOU WERE RIGHT, MOM!

LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.

**JACK & YOUNG DAISY**

LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.

**CHORUS**

LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.

LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.

**JACK**

I TOOK IT ALL FOR GRANTED, MY TRUE SELF, I'VE ABANDONED

**SAM**

YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE, THROUGH DAISY

**CHORUS**

AND YOU INSPIRED OUR COMMUNITY (UNITY)

*(the entire scene fast forwards to DAISY's funeral. JACK and SAM are isolated from the chaos around them, as lights change, cast members switch positions in slow-motion; a new scene is revealed: DAISY's closed casket is center stage,*

*JACK's supportive hand resides on SAM's shoulder, as he eulogizes her from his wheelchair.*

*Each cast member now holds a light-up candle in their hands; candles randomly go out one-by-one; SAM's is last)*

**SAM**

*(arm in arm, both men are choked up)*

GOD, WE COME HERE TODAY

TO THANK YOU FOR A GIFT

**JACK**

A MIRACLE, MAYBE,

FOR LOVE'S WHY WE EXIST

AND BY EXISTING, WE MATTER  
 BY COEXISTING, WE ARE SEEN  
 BY RESISTING, WE SURVIVE  
 AND IN PERSISTING,  
 WE BELIEVE.

SAM

JACK

SAM

JACK

SAM &amp; JACK

*(SAM's candle is blown out)*

***END OF ACT TWO.***

\*

*#19 Bows*

\*

*(each person sets a daisy or carnation onto the closed casket, which is center stage, before bowing; SAM leaves the book)*

***“THE BOOK OF EMPTY PAGES CERTAINLY MAKES A STATEMENT.”***

***“BRANDON M. ROCKSTROH’S MUSIC SPANS MANY STYLES.”***

***“THE CHARACTER OF NANCY IS OUTSTANDING. SHE IS ‘OUT THERE’ AS A CHIP-ON-THE-SHOULDER PERSON IN THE 1<sup>ST</sup> PLACE, AND THEN TO BE PORTRAYED BY A GUY... WOW.”***

***“THE STORY IS COMPLEX. THE PIECE HAS A SHOCK CLIMAX.”***

***“AN EXTRAORDINARY PREMIERE.”***

*-WARREN GERDS, RENOWNED THEATRE CRITIC*