



*The* **BOOK** *of*  
**EMPTY PAGES**

*Love lives on.*

TO AVAYA LYN & OSCAR RYAN,  
MAY YOU EMBRACE THAT WHICH DEFINES YOU  
AND KNOW THAT LOVE IS ALWAYS WORTH IT.

### **BRIEF SYNOPSIS**

Hammering home his weekly sermon, PASTOR JACK tells his congregation that if they open their minds to the idea that their scars don't define them, they're about to get a whole new appreciation for life.

Meanwhile, local singer-songwriter SAM has just finished his final song at a small bar gig. When the audience begs for an encore, a young woman named DAISY enters the bar, frantically-looking for her bar-hopping husband, DIRK, who is nowhere to be found. To avoid being rude, she listens to SAM 's encore, where he performs an unfinished song about how he's seeking a new beginning after a recent breakup. 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 pickup truck.

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, PASTOR JACK, who tells her that marriage is tough. He suggests applying for a job opening he saw in the church bulletin: a caretaker position over at Franklin Mills, the local Rehab and Recovery Center. She does.

When she gets the job, her first case is a brand new patient, named SAM, who just got out of the hospital, 8 days after being struck by a drunk-driver. Upon arrival, SAM, like every Franklin Mills patient, receives an empty book to use as a journal, a memoir, or a story-telling vehicle. We soon learn that SAM's rapidly-spreading infection calls for amputation of his arm. But to salvage his future in music, he chooses a much riskier alternative: trying to get his hands on an antibiotic that is not quite on the market yet. Unfortunately, it is also extremely expensive and requires pre-qualification.

As fate would have it, SAM and DAISY fall madly in love in the age-old *relationship that can't happen*. Meanwhile, several other characters try to either help the relationship or break it up along the way. We also discover that DIRK was the drunk-driver who hit SAM. 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 test results come in, the plot to take them down comes to fruition.

In the end, everybody learns an important lesson:

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

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**PRINCIPLE ROLES: 6m, 2f*****SAM: 4 solos, 2 duets, 1 cameo***

23-year old singer/songwriter; charismatic and charming; gets in life-threatening car accident; protagonist.

***DAISY: 2 solos, 3 duets, 3 cameos***

24-year old ingénue; fading pink hair; endearing and sweet; in abusive marriage; falls in love with Sam; protagonist.

***NANCY: 2 solos, 1 cameo***

45-year old new center supervisor; crabby chain-smoker; played by a male; antagonist. *think Frances McDormand*

***H: 1 duets, 2 cameos***

35-year old pharmacist; very flamboyant; “Timon” to Amy’s “Pumba.” *think Dave Chappelle meets Chris Colfer*

***AMY: 1 duet, 2 cameos***

45-year old lead caretaker; dumb, overweight w/ glasses; “Pumba” to H’s “Timon.” *think Lyle from ‘...Dannemora’*

***JACK: 1 solo, 2 cameos***

55-year old; Daisy’s father & Larry’s former traditionalist pastor; dynamic. *think Mr. Simon from “That’s What I Am”*

***DIRK: 1 duet, 2 cameos***

28-year old; Daisy’s husband; alcoholic; wears flannels and chews tobacco; antagonist. *think Earl from ‘Waitress.’*

***LARRY: 3 cameos***

78-year old cranky patient at Franklin Mills; which he founded to help wife; dynamic character. *think Jerry Stiller*

**SUPPORTING ROLES: 6f, 5m*****DENISE & ALICE: 3 cameos***

35-year old custodians who are natural complainers and, therefore, gravitate towards comprising Nancy’s posse.

***DOCTOR, FRANK, MARYJANE, SOPHIA, & WEMBLEY: 4 chorus songs***

Doctor & prominent patients: Wembley-blind; MJ-high hippie, Frank & Ruth-blunt grandpa/Hispanic grandma

***SAM’S DOUBLE (#2/15), DAISY’S DOUBLE (#8/15), & HOT SHIRTLESS NEIGHBOR (#13): quick cameos***

*Also referenced, but never seen (even though we hear some of them on the other side of the telephone):*

*ELIZABETH, DAISY’S MOM/JACK’S WIFE, SAM’S parents, DONNIE MILLS, CARLY, INGRID, HELEN, & EARL*

# \* THE BOOK OF EMPTY PAGES \*

BRANDON M. ROCKSTROH

## \* #1: Overture \*

### 1-1: Church/Local Bar

*The very first stanza is a continuation of #1 as PASTOR JACK is preaching on a Sunday morning from a pulpit, with a Bible in his hand, and a large grin on his face, as if he's prophesying future blessings for the congregation members. Immediately following the end of his sermon, on the other side of the stage, audience members at SAM's gig are clamoring for an encore, as the bar's exterior glass door and bell jingles. The mic feeds back and audience talking comes to a halt, as everybody turns to see DAISY barge into the bar, sporting a messy bun of fading-pink hair, no makeup, & sweat pants.*

## \* #2: A New Beginning \*

### JACK

IF YOU CAN DREAM, YOU'RE ON THE CUSP OF BELIEF  
 THAT YOUR SCAR-STAINED PAST JUST MASKS A MASTERPIECE  
 SO JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND OPEN YOUR MIND,  
 IT'S AMAZING THE BEAUTY YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND...IN LIFE.

### PATRONS

*(faint chanting starts after JACK's third line, and crescendos until the ding of the front door steals the collective attention)*

One more song. One more song! One more song!!

### DAISY

Hi, I'm so sorry. I'm just looking for my husband. He's about, I dunno, *this* tall and...he's usually frequenting the bars by himself this time of night...and I just...get worried about him. Anyway, if h--

### SAM

*(visibly 'taken' by her--not cheesy love-at-first-sight; just genuinely intrigued; he is polite)*

Umm, no; we haven't seen him.

### DAISY

I'm sorry. You're clearly in the middle of--

### SAM

N-no-no. You don't need to apologize. My...friends here were just asking for one more song. Thing is: I don't really *have* one more song. So...the best I can do is play one that's "in the works."

**DAISY**

*(after some positive comments are whispered by the PATRONS)*

Oh. Go on, then.

*(trying to be polite, she sits on the edge of the chair at one of the back tables, as if she's ready to go)*

**SAM**

Ok. Well, I just started writing this Tuesday, so...yeah. Anyway. I had a tough breakup recently. She cheated on me after two years together. So, I suppose it's time for a new beginning.

**PATRON**

*(almost like a heckler, but supportive)*

And a drink!

**SAM**

*(laughs at the unexpected break in the seriousness)*

Touche. Well, here goes:

EVERY NEW BEGINNING STARTS WITH AN ENDING  
FOR LOSING'S JUST WINNING MASKED IN LAMENTING

But every time I feel myself about to leave and wish her well, my heart can't let go!

YES, TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY, A FORWARD STEP THAT I SHOULD TAKE  
BUT I'M SO ALONE

AND I DON'T EVEN WANNA THINK ABOUT TOMORROW,  
I JUST WANNA GO BACK TO THAT FIRST NIGHT  
WHEN WE DANCED AND LAUGHED

But.

*(SAM stops himself by closing his eyes, putting one finger in the air as if to say "hold on;" he rests it on his brow, as his face scrunches up. It's clear that his reminiscing was interrupted by a reminder of the pain)*

Then I stop and think, 'what kind of idiot forgives someone this easily?' Truth is.

WHEN BAD THINGS ARE HAPPENING, I FIND MYSELF REFLECTING  
WHAT IF THIS ENDING IS JUST A NEW BEGINNING?

BUT THEN IT'S TIME TO FACE MYSELF, TO SAY GOODBYE AND WISH HER WELL  
IT'S HARD TO LET GO

I KNOW TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY, A FORWARD STEP THAT I SHOULD TAKE  
TO BE ON MY OWN

I DON'T EVEN WANNA THINK ABOUT TOMORROW,  
I JUST WANNA GO BACK TO THAT FIRST NIGHT  
WHEN WE DANCED AND LAUGHED

But, the truth is: even though my emotions are all over the place right now, I believe there are lessons to be learned with every life experience. I just...don't know what this one is yet. Anyway. The bridge here will eventually be the moral of this story and the lesson I must learn. It'll go something like this:

DAH-DAHDAH, DAH-DAHDAH, DAH, DAHDAHDAHDAH  
DAH-DAHDAH, DAH-DAHDAH, DAH, DAHDAHDAHDAH  
DAH-DAHDAH, DAH-DAHDAH, DAH, DAHDAHDAHDAH

Then I want the song to end with one final reflection. Elizabeth. For giving me this new beginning,  
I THANK YOU!

That's all I got so far. Y'guys have been awesome, thank you so much for comin' out tonight! Goodnight.

*(applause overlaps his spoken line. After clapping for a second, DAISY quickly exits out the front door she came through.*

*Applause naturally transitions into post-concert mode: people engage in conversation while some get up to go to the bathroom, grab another drink, or even put a tip in the tip-jar while the bar plays pumped-in background music. 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. Immediately upon leaving, headlights engulf the stage before going pitch black as the vivid sound of a car crashing into a person is heard. After a brief pause of hearing the sound of smoke, a distance ambulance, and concerned onlookers, the car screeches away.)*

## 1-2: Crash Scene/Hospital

*Broken glass, random car parts, and spinning police lights create the aftermath of a car crash. Low stage lighting and fog help mimic the blurriness of the moment. SAM'S DOUBLE is lying on on a spinal board stretcher, as paramedics lift him up to a regular stretcher. The scene quickly transforms into a frantic ER scene with a rolling hospital bed, IV, heartbeat sounds, and doctors everywhere. SAM sings downstage, while his double acts out the aftermath upstage.*

## \* #3: Reality \*

*(he is visibly numb and shaken)*

ONE MOMENT, I'M THERE; NO WORRY OR CARE.

JUST MY FRIENDS AND ME; I'VE NEVER FELT MORE FREE  
 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  
 THE MAN WHO BELIEVED IN HIS DREAMS, WHO NOW DREAMS TO BELIEVE

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED, LYING HERE IN PAIN  
 THE DOCTOR ENTERS THE ROOM, SHE BREAKS THE NEWS  
 AND I, I SURE HOPE THAT I'LL HAVE TIME  
 OH, IF ONLY I KNEW HOW, TO FAST-FORWARD MY LIFE

TO A NEW AND IMPROVED REALITY: THERE, EVERY LITTLE THING I SEE  
 REMINDS ME OF WHO I *WANT* TO BE  
 WITH FREEDOM TO DREAM, TO STAND, AND TO BELIEVE...IN REALITY

GOD, I KNOW...I HAVEN'T GOTTEN TO KNOW YOU

But if only I had...

...ONE MORE CHANCE; I'D MAKE THOSE DREAMS COME TRUE

SO PLEASE, DON'T GIVE UP ON ME JUST YET  
 MAY THIS BE THE BEGINNING, AND NOT THE END

**SAM & DIRK**

*(in a new key, SAM sings above his body-double, who lays on the stretcher; DIRK appears singing in his parked truck)*

GOD, I COME HERE TODAY  
 TO ASK FOR A GIFT

**SAM**

A MIRACLE, MAYBE,

**DIRK**

*(taking swigs from his flask, between lines)*

HELL, THAT'S WHY...YOU EXIST,

**SAM & DIRK**

YOU FORGIVE EVERY SINNER

**SAM**

WELL I BELIEVE, NOW, I CAN TOO

**DIRK**

JUST DON'T LET HER FIND OUT

**SAM & DIRK**

A SECOND CHANCE IS ALL I ASK OF YOU.

**1-3: The Belmont Home (and Jack's House, later)**

*DAISY is a cute 24-year old, who is optimistic, charming, and immediately likeable, even though she is somber after recently losing her mother (to breast cancer, hence her fading dyed-pink hair). To begin the scene, she is laying in bed, when her drunk husband, DIRK, returns home late. Later, her preacher father, JACK, gives her familiar advice.*

**\* #4 Only Answer \***

**DAISY**

ALONE AGAIN WITH MY THOUGHTS

MAMA, I SURE DO MISS YOU

YOU SAID, "LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE,

LOVE LIVES ON," WELL, IT'S...SO TRUE

*(DIRK enters the room, cracks a beer, and heads for his recliner across the room)*

HI HON, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HOME!

**DIRK**

*(talking down to her, he shakes his head and snickers, eventually speaking in a mocked baby voice)*

Ts. Cut the crap and say what you *really* mean... "you left me alone!"

**DAISY**

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

IT'S LIKE I GIVE AND GIVE;

YET YOU JUST DISAPPEAR, AND THINK:

"I WON'T EVEN TELL HER"

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**

*(condescending, as if he's heard enough, he rolls his eyes)*

Just shut up.

**DAISY**

--THAT'S YOUR ONLY ANSWER!

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

**DIRK**

Listen, woman...I am not gonna stand around and take this. Djoo get a job yet?!

*(condescending head shake and open mouth gum chewing; he then stands, points at her with accusatory tone)*

I knew it. 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. Hey, how about you make yourself useful: quit cryin' about your mom every night, and get a job.

Un-be-lievable...

**DAISY**

*(visibly hurt, she holds back tears with sarcasm)*

ANOTHER FRIDAY FIGHT NIGHT

WHAT ARE THE ODDS OR CHANCES?

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

REMEMBER, DAISY, YOU LOVE HIM

EVEN WHEN HIS WORDS ARE...CANDID

*(she sits on the bed, facing away from him, visibly reluctant to be making the attempt she feels she should make)*

HI HON, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND:

YOU WERE RIGHT THIS TIME

*(he turns over from his side of the bed with a disheveled drunken grin & 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.

*(looking up to heaven)*

MOM, I HOPE YOU'RE LOOKING DOWN,  
EVEN PROUDER THAN YOU WERE BEFORE, CUZ YOU SHOWED ME...

Get off<sup>a</sup> me!

*(DIRK rolls his eyes & flicks his wrist towards her while shaking his head, like it's not worth it; he rolls back over to sleep)*

...YOU SHOWED ME HOW TO FIGHT, WHEN IT'S MY ONLY ANSWER

*(her brows become furrowed and her eyes frantically look around, like she's made a bombshell discovery)*

OR MAYBE IT'S *NOT* THE ANSWER

NO MORE WAITING AROUND

NO MORE PULLING ME DOWN

FOR THE LOST SHALL BE FOUND

IT'S TIME FOR ME TO MOVE ON

NO MORE LOSING SLEEP

NO MORE LIES TO BELIEVE

*(DAISY dials a number on her cell & puts it to her ear. We see JACK across the stage, answering with his robe on)*

MY DAD WILL HEAR MY PLEA

AND HE WILL SET ME FREE

*(fighting back optimistic tears)*

DADDY, I'VE CALLED YOU THIS LATE

TO ASK FOR A GIFT

A MIRACLE, MAYBE,

BUT THAT'S WHY... WE EXIST,

Right?

YOU TELL 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 would do anything for you. But this is a commitment you made to God. If you leave during the storm, dear...you'll miss the rainbow.

*(she hangs her head while he pauses; nobody says anything for a beat)*

Plus. You know what I always say. A grudge has no place for husbands or wives, but forgiveness belongs in all our lives.

**DAISY**

*(overlapping his quote, as if she's heard it a million times)*

"...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.

*(quick, goes to get a ripped piece of paper from his desk and puts his readers on)*

Tell ya what: I just saw a job posting in last week's church bulletin...gimme a second here. It's for a, uh, caretaker position down at Franklin Mills. How about I make som--

**DAISY**

*(she is surprised, but intrigued)*

No, no. That's okay.

**JACK**

Who knows? Might be worth a call.

**DAISY**

*(takes a beat to sigh, before giving in)*

Alright. Thanks, daddy.

**JACK**

You're welcome, dear. Get some sleep.

**DAISY**

*(hangs up, elbow on her knee, phone still in hand; she stares out in thought before Googling, then dialing Franklin Mills)*

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)*

Uh, yeah, hi...my name is Daisy Belmont. I heard you have, umm...that there's a position open...a caretaker position. I just wanted to call and, uh...

*(shaking her head, realizing how dumb she sounds)*

...is that position still open?

*(certain this what a bad idea, until she surprisingly starts nodding her head, speaking, and eventually hanging up)*

Oh, ok. Yeah, no...um...tomorrow? Sure. I-I'll be there at 4:30. Yes, I'll send it...email it to your—ok, that works. Sounds good. Alright, thanks; bye.

IF ONLY I HAD THE RIGHT WORDS TO SAY

IF ONLY TODAY WERE A BRAND NEW DAY

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

*Upstairs, we see a large sign that reads "Franklin Mills Recovery & Rehabilitation." DAISY enters the main door, meandering around for any kind of sign on where to go. She eventually stumbles upon NANCY, who is at the end of the hallway, with her nose scrunched up, reading some kind of budget report, smoking a cigarette.*

**DAISY**

Hello?

**NANCY**

*(startled, she quickly puts out her cig, wafts the smoke around, hides the ash tray behind the desk, and coughs deeply)*

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-

*(interrupts her while her scrunched up face and lack of tact; DAISY closes the door behind her)*

**NANCY**

Ohhhh, yeah. Belmont, right?

**DAISY**

That's right. Daisy. Daisy Belmont.

*(extends her hand for an obligatory shake; after a pause, NANCY obliges then motions to the chair in front of the desk)*

**NANCY**

Take a seat. Lemme just, uh, find your application here...

*(looking around her messy desk, she lowers her glasses to the tip of her nose and utters this condescending gem)*

Y'look awfully young to be a caretaker.

**DAISY**

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

*(not the least-bit confrontational; when NANCY can't find the application, DAISY butts in)*

I brought a copy of my res-

**NANCY**

I'll tell ya something, Belmont: for the last 4 years, I worked this same caretaker role you're in applying for. Nobody knows it better than me. Then, three weeks ago, I got called up to the big leagues. Center Director. And so here I am...tryna find the next Nancy, if you know what I mean?

**DAISY**

*(trying not to be rude, she swallows mid-sentence while looking at NANCY's outfit)*

Do I have to wear a...uniform?

**NANCY**

*(the awkwardness continues, as NANCY points to her own outfit, oblivious)*

Nope. Just dress nice, y'know?

**DAISY**

Oh. Well, that's good.

**NANCY**

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

Look, kid, I'm gonna be straight with ya. The boss has been on me like stink on shit, about filling this position, know what I mean? Now. There's obviously gonna be a *big* learning curve with you. But, uh, what the hell...mi's well give it a shot, ah?

**DAISY**

*(rhythmic chanting can be heard in the background, as if it's coming from another room; DAISY is pleasantly confused)*

Oh. I would love that!

**NANCY**

Good, good. Ugh. Ya hear that noise?

**DAISY**

Yeah, what *is* that?

**NANCY**

C'mere, I'll show ya. Beware, they're like caged animals.

*(opens the door as the mumble of background noise immediately comes to the foreground)*

**WEMBLEY**

*(rapping with off-beat "eh's" by other patients, everybody is giddy for pill-time)*

THERE'S NO GROUP PARTY LIKE A RE-HAB PARTY, DO YOU FEEL ME? I'MA SAY IT AGAIN!

THERE'S NO GROUP PARTY LIKE A RE-HAB PARTY, DO YOU FEEL ME? I'MA SAY IT AGAIN!

THERE'S NO GROUP PARTY LIKE A RE-HAB PARTY, DO YOU FEEL ME? JUST WATCH ME NOW.

*(WEMBLEY dances in a very silly seductive manner, as the drum beat switches to a jivey swung Jamaican-style slightly slower beat, with a periodic bass giving it a key; the patients laugh and tease him with, “you’re crazy,” etc.)*

**NANCY**

Eh...hey, HEY!! Sheezus.

*(laughter and off-the-cuff comments slowly die off, as NANCY leads DAISY down the stairs and speaks directly to her)*

See, this is what happens when they don’t get their pills.

*(to all the patients, as their commotion slowly settles)*

Reminds of when my kid used to beg fer breakfast.

**MARY JANE**

Ya didn’t feed yer kid?

**NANCY**

No, I’d look at her and say, “tell yer father to pay his child support, and then you’ll get yer cereal, alright?!” What? That’s fair.

*(groans and negative reactions from the PATIENTS, as NANCY is proud of that story)*

Now. Before yousguys line up, a couple things to be aware of:

*(picking a remnant booger from the edge of her nostril, she inspects it and rolls her fingers, while talking)*

With a new sheriff in town, there’s gonna be some changes. We’ll run a much tighter schedule. At 1:30 sharp, I expect you all lined up properly, in silence, by the time I get down from my lunch. Sooner ya do that, sooner ya get yer pills. ‘zat understood?

**FRANK**

Who’s that?

**NANCY**

Oh, this? This is, uh, Daisy. She’s fillin’ my old caretaker role. And don’t get smart with ‘er, fellas...she’s married.

**DAISY**

*(when NANCY unexpectedly references her ring, she covers it with her other hand, somewhat embarrassed)*

Oh.

**NANCY**

Alright, H...you ready?

*(stretching his second exam glove all the way to his wrist, he nods)*

Go line up!

\*

**#5: One Stop Shop**

\*

*(there’s a rush to get first in line, the drumbeat starts up again as some of them groove to their spots in line)*

Careful, now. One at a time. Jesus Christ. Animals, I swear!

**DAISY**

So what *is* this exactly?

**AMY**

*(not intelligent, AMY holds a clipboard, moderating dosage; H is flamboyant and loves his pharmacist job)*

Oh, sweetheart. This?! This is the best part 'a waking up!

**H**

Pills are in your cup!

**LARRY**

EVERY DAY, THE SAME OLD, SAME OLD

LONG ASS LINES

**AMY**

*(rolling him into line, she's used to this and delightfully tries to ignore it before NANCY cuts her off)*

OH CHEER UP, WILL YA, LARRY?

**NANCY**

Trust me. He just....

SHITS, SWEARS, AND WHINES

*(LARRY is offended til NANCY winks; then she speaks out of the side of her mouth to DAISY, mocking LARRY's wealth)*

LOOK, THIS PLACE IS FILLED WITH ENTITLED JEWS

TAKE 'EM OR LEAVE 'EM, YOU CHOOSE

**H**

THIS IS...THEIR ONE STOP, THE ONE STOP SHOP

**CHORUS**

*(a group of PATIENTS waited till their entire friend group gets their little white pill cups; they all down them together)*

LET'S GO...OOOOO, SHOT! THE ONE STOP SHOP!!

**SOPHIA**

IF EVERYBODY AND THEIR MOTHER

**WEMBLEY**

*(putting his arm around SOPHIA, who is 25-years older than him)*

SAW US LEANING ON EACH OTHER

**CHORUS**

*(beat)* THEY'D STOP AT THE ONE STOP SHOP

OOOOO SHOT, THE ONE STOP SHOP!!

**DAISY**

*(softly to NANCY, H, and AMY)*

Pardon me for being confused. But...if everybody's suffering from pain...and addiction, how is it so happy around here?

**H**

*(belly laughs, then with piercing S's with the first metaphor that comes to his mind; she remains confused)*

Will ya listen to the new kid? I love you already, ya cute little...bag of kittens.

**LARRY**

DON'T KID YOURSELF; ALRIGHT, KID?

THIS SHIT'S NOT ALL ROSES

**AMY**

BUT MOSTA THE TIME, YOU'RE RIGHT,

IF OUR DOOR OPENS, A WORSE ONE CLOSES

**H**

THE BOTTOM LINE IS: THEY NEED TO FEEL

THAT EVERYTHING'LL BE ALRIGHT

SO HENCE...

**CHORUS**

THE ONE STOP. THE ONE STOP SHOP

LET'S GO...OOOOO, SHOT! THE ONE STOP SHOP!!

**WEMBLEY**

*(arms spread wide, recognizing that the metaphor he's discussing is personified by the people in the room)*

Look...

WHEN DIFFERENT PEOPLE PUT AWAY

THEIR DIFFERENCES & LOVE THE SAME

THEY ALL SHOP ...

**CHORUS**

THE ONE STOP SHOP.

ONE MORE...OOOOO, SHOT! THE ONE STOP SHOP!!

**NANCY**

*(rolling her eyes, she sings condescendingly to WEMBLEY, mocking his blindness; then makes a side-comment to DAISY)*

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE TOO BLIND, SWEET PEA

That whole ‘seeing’ thing clearly ain’t meant to be.

**WEMBLEY**

Or maybe I...

...CHOOSE TO SEE THAT *WE BEATS ME*

OR THAT REALITY’S AN OPPORTUNITY

**DAISY**

*(seeing a heavily-bandaged new patient be rolled in)*

Who’s he?

**1-5: Franklin Mills Commons**

*In a continuous scene change, NANCY announces a new change, while the PATIENTS ask about the new guy.*

**AMY**

*(clearly attracted to SAM, despite his head bandages, neck brace, and cuts and scrapes; she bites her teeth together twice)*

Is that Brendan Fraser in there or did the mummy just return? Mmmmmmmmm, come to mummyyyyyy.

**NANCY**

And...you must be Sam.

**SAM**

Sam, I am.

**NANCY**

*(smiles and extends her neck out making a “are you proud of me” face to SOPHIA)*

Your timing is “un perfecto” ...

**SOPHIA**

*(crinkled offended eyebrows, she speaks with zero accent; NANCY ignores her and continues on talking to everybody)*

I...was born in Vermont.

**NANCY**

...cuz today, we begin something new here. The Franklin Mills board has informed me of a new policy. From here on out, every single patient will receive one ‘a these. Go ahead ‘n grab one.

*(the coffee table at the center of the room contains several stacks of journals, clearly ordered in bulk)*

**WEMBLEY**

*(unimpressed)*

Uh, I don’t see anything in mine.

**H**

The empty pages symbolize a, “blank slate.” So during your time here, if you ever feel the urge to...write a letter, draw a picture, share a memory, these...this book is yours to keep.

**AMY**

*(tactless, because she doesn't know any better; she points to the first page of the book)*

Oo and look here. There's even a spot in the front for a dedication; so if you die, we'll know who to get it to.

**FRANK**

'aaaat's comforting.

**SOPHIA**

*(LARRY has fallen asleep in his wheelchair, away from the group, mouth wide open, with drool hanging out)*

Can I dedicate mine to that hottie over there?

**LARRY**

*(shakes awake with a cough, speaks, then resets his saliva situation by opening and closing his mouth several times)*

You all can kiss my aaa...

**AMY**

Aaaaand...that's Larry, for ya.

**H**

Larry is our longest tenured patient.

**LARRY**

Four years in this hell hole.

**H**

And. Our most profane patient.

**LARRY**

Damn straight.

**\* #6: The End \***

**AMY**

*(shows obvious interest in the new patient)*

So how about you, Sam? What's *your* story?

**NANCY**

Guys. I'm sure he's had a loooong d—

**SAM**

There's no happy ending here, I'm afraid.

**DAISY**

You don't know that yet.

**PATIENTS**

C'mon, just tell us! Yeah!

**SAM**

Ok, ok. Just...don't say I didn't warn ya.

NOT LONG AGO, I STOOD BESIDE THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS  
TILL SHE DECIDED, I WASN'T ENOUGH, AND IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE

FORTUNE AND FATE GRABBED MY HAND AND GUIDED ME  
THROUGH A NEW DOOR, TO FACE REALITY

YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT HAS LED ME HERE?  
CHOOSING *ME* OVER ALL THESE YEARS  
SO NOW, WHEN I LOOK IN THE MIRROR,  
I FACE THE TRUTH: THE END IS DRAWING NEAR

**DAISY**

I'm sorry, Sam...but I just don't buy it.

**SAM**

*(very surprised, but intrigued by the comment)*

Buy *what*?

**MARY JANE**

*(sounding somewhat ditzzy, like Venelope from "Wreck It, Ralph")*

Wait, are *you* the victim of that hit and run?

**DAISY**

*(various surprised murmurs and gossip from the PATIENTS, while SAM and DAISY remain in a world with just them)*

Well, first of all...I can't imagine what you must be going through. So please forgive my ignorance. But--

FROM WHAT I HEAR YOU SAY, YOU SIT THERE, CALM AND COOL  
CONTENT BELIEVING YOU SIMPLY DESERVE TO LOSE

WELL, FORTUNE AND FATE WON'T GRAB WHAT YOU WON'T LET THEM TAKE  
YOUR BODY HAS CHANGED, BUT YOUR HEART'S THE SAME!

**SAM**

**DAISY**

*(overlapping the same pre-chorus melody in canon with DAISY, who starts one measure later)*

BUT FORTUNE AND FATE

WON'T LET ME LIVE THE LIFE I DREAMED

MY CHANCES ARE SLIM;

THAT'S ALL I MEAN

BUT FORTUNE AND FATE

ARE TWO EXCUSES NOT TO DREAM

THAT'S ALL I MEAN

I WANNA FIND MY WAY OUT OF HERE

I'LL EVEN FACE MY DARKEST FEARS

BUT WHEN I LOOK IN THE MIRROR

I FACE THE TRUTH:

THE END IS DRAWING NEAR

YOU CAN FIND YOUR WAY OUT OF HERE

JUST CHOOSE TO FACE YOUR DARKEST FEARS

THEN, WHEN YOU LOOK IN THE MIRROR

YOU'LL FACE THE TRUTH:

THE END IS NOT SO CLEAR

**DAISY**

I shouldn't have said anything; it's your life. Besides, here I am, interrupting a song of yours again. I'm sorry.

**SAM**

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

You remember me?

**DAISY**

You remember *me*?

**SAM**

Of course.

*(their eyes are fixated on each other, taking in the moment, before SAM purposefully tries to get back on topic)*

Look--

I'M TRYING MY BEST TO FIND PEACE...TO BE READY FOR THE NEXT STAGE

BUT IF LOVE NO LONGER LIVES IN YOU, IT'S TIME TO TURN THE PAGE?

**DAISY**

*(she doesn't mean for her thoughts to spill out of her mouth, almost under her breath; **song stays unresolved**)*

Easier said than done.

**AMY**

*(she awkwardly tries to transition everybody back to their rooms by humming her overly-white dad jokes)*

Speaking of...pages, perhaps now would be a good time for "er"body" to open up their new books and "turnt" to page one and start writing. Ah?!

**H**

Nooooooooo, no.

*(H wishes AMY never attempted to be hip ever again, while she beats out another employee to roll SAM to his room)*

**AMY**

Hey, move it, lady. I got dibs!

**NANCY**

*(as PATIENTS disperse, she craves control while H rolls LARRY back to his room)*

Don't forget. Dinner's at six sharp. Don't be late!

*(taking a beat to pull DAISY aside, she speaks softer, but equally as blunt)*

Listen, Daisy. Ya gotta cool y' jets a little bit.

**DAISY**

What do you mean?

**NANCY**

Sam just got outta the ICU this morning, after like 8 days. All I'm sayin' is: give the guy a break.

**DAISY**

I'm sorry; I overstepped.

**NANCY**

Hey, good news is: you're not afraid to tell him your opinion. I like that. I think Sam should be your first patient.

**DAISY**

*(didn't expect that)*

Yeah?

**NANCY**

I do. H, what do we need to know from the file?

**H**

*(opens the manila file, puts stylish readers on and speaks directly to DAISY, clarifying big words for NANCY's benefit)*

Let's see here. Sam is a paraplegic...paralyzed from the waist down. He is also dealing with some internal abdominal bleeding, a bone infection in his arm, and some memory loss surrounding the accident itself. With that many issues, the overall prognosis is bleak.

**DAISY**

Ugh. That's terrible!

**H**

*(removes his glasses and sighs, pulling DAISY over to the side, closer to SAM's door)*

Daisy, this is *not* an easy job. Part of what we do is help people come to terms with the fact that they...very well might not survive.

**NANCY**

Sure yer up f' this, kid?

*(DAISY raises her eyebrows and nods, optimistically accepting the gravity of the role)*

Hi Sam. I'm Nancy, the Center Director here at Franklin Mills. Nice to meetcha.

**SAM**

*(keeps his dreamy eyes on DAISY, as she filters into the room, like a puppy who just got reprimanded)*

Likewise.

**NANCY**

Listen, on behalf of the staff here, I'd first like to offer my sincerest condolences. I can't imagine the pai—

**SAM**

So is *now* when I finally get to learn your name? I...didn't mean to interrupt.

**NANCY**

*(visibly offended, she turns to DAISY)*

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

**SAM**

*(he smiles, obviously liking the name; immediately, DAISY's face heats up with a shade of pink; he extends his hand)*

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

**DAISY**

*(nervous, as if she bombed her first impression on everybody, she quickly shakes his hand, then looks back at the floor)*

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

**NANCY**

Well, I'm gonna let you two...get to know each other a little bit. I'll be in my office, if you need me. H. Amy.

*(she mutters to H and AMY as they exit, leaving SAM and DAISY alone with rolled-over LARRY)*

I want yousguys to keep an eye on them two. Don't know if I can trust 'em.

**SAM**

Rough day?

**DAISY**

Rough *year*.

**SAM**

Tell me about it. Sometime.

**DAISY**

Thanks.

**SAM**

Only when you're ready, of course. And under one condition.

**DAISY**

What's that?

**SAM**

If *I'm* gonna be on the listening end, you're gonna have to call me "caretaker Sam." It's...standard procedure, ma'am.

**DAISY**

*(for whatever reason, she finds his stupid humor funnier because of the weight she's been carrying)*

You need some sleep, *Mister* Sam?

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

*(still smiling, she flirtatiously rolls her eyes, as if she's heard that a million times before)*

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 had severe memory loss from the accident.

**SAM**

Hmm. 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.

**SAM**

Well, I just graduated college in May. I'm a Capricorn. *Used* to like long walks on the beach...but guess now, I'll be ROLLIN' IN MY *WHEELCHAIR*.

*(she finds it cute that he breaks out in the Tina Turner song, just to hammer home a stupid punch line)*

**DAISY**

You cope with humor. I *like* that.

**SAM**

*(knows how forward and cheesy he is, but he persists with constant adoring eye contact)*

You cope with beauty. I like *that*.

**DENISE**

*(enters the room, singing her greetings and speaking in a strong Jersey accent; she is tough-looking with tattoos/dreads)*

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

**DAISY**

*(looks at SAM; they speak in higher pitches, obviously feeding off each other's improvisation)*

Good. Sam, here, was just telling me how he wanted to go for a walk...

**SAM**

I was.

**DAISY**

So. We'll...be back in a bit. Take care.

*(DAISY rolls SAM out of the room and out of sight; LARRY is still rolled over)*

**DENISE**

Ahhhh. You's too.

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

*In a continuous scene change, NANCY comes on the loudspeaker immediately after SAM and DAISY's exit. DENISE is then summoned to NANCY's office, where her trio friendship with NANCY and fellow custodian, ALICE, is rekindled. NANCY is visible from her office, putting DENISE on speaker phone, cigarette in-hand. ALICE's legs are up on the desk.*

**NANCY**

Attention all staff and patients: 3:00 to 4:00 is no longer 'music hour.' Instead, use the silence to quiet your minds before dinner. See you at six.

*(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**

Yah! Every time in bed with my husband.

**DENISE**

*(retrieving her phone from her bra, she answers)*

What's crackin', cracka?!

**NANCY**

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

*(smoker's cough kicks in)*

**DENISE**

Didn't know we were still on.

**NANCY**

'Ts 3:00 on Thursday, ain't it?

**DENISE**

Guess I thoughtcha new job would have you on the straight and narrow, by now.

**NANCY**

Hey. No promotion's worth ditchin' yer roots over. Amirite?

**ALICE**

Someone shoulda told that to Jussie Smollett.

*(her and NANCY engage in large, open-mouthed, forced, smoker's laughs)*

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

**NANCY**

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

*(DENISE enters the room and NANCY offers her a swig from her flask, while she sits and lights up with the other two)*

**DENISE**

Frickin' Uncle Sam always takin' his lil cut.

**NANCY**

Eh, speaking of Sam...you guys meet the new patient yet?

**ALICE**

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

**NANCY**

Yeah, well I'd like to shove this hot cigarette *right* up that paralyzed ass for how rude he was to me earlier. Same with his little girlfriend.

**DENISE**

Yeah, they could hardly wait to get outta the room when the 'lowly janitor' came in a minute ago, too.

**ALICE**

Wait, didn't *you* hire her?

**NANCY**

Unfortunately. The board was on me to get someone in here. Daisy Dukes said she had experience. Liar.

*(forcibly burps, as she wipes food from the corners of her mouth)*

**DENISE**

Hey, at least the board will be happy that you filled their 'pretty little liar' quota for the month, ah?!

**NANCY**

*(pours ALICE some new coffee)*

Pfft. A couple 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 Trump-lovin', 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**

*(condescending impression of a previous boss with air quotes)*

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. 'slike 10 years ago!

**ALICE**

Have ya' gotten written-up since then?

**NANCY**

*(says it in a way that indicates she was wrongfully accused)*

Yeah, but...always for petty little crap. Being late. Smokin'. Not being "presentable" to patients. The whole thing's a crock-a-shhh....

**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**

I dunno. Maybe it's just me. But it seems like the board does whatever the hell they please, just cuz they're in charge. Reminds me of my parole officer.

**DENISE**

And don't even get me started on the patients these days.

**NANCY**

They act like they own the place!

**ALICE**

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

**NANCY**

*(surprised they'd want to help)*

What's in it for you guys?

**\* #7: Nothing But Perfect \***

**ALICE**

*(pouring some alcohol into the coffee and holding it up to the light, as if to see how full it is)*

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

**DENISE**

'Strue. What would we even do though?

**NANCY**

I dunno. But I'll tell ya what: it's time *we* start callin' the shots around here.

**DENISE**

*(simultaneously with ALICE's next line)*

Damn right!

**ALICE**

*Mmmhmm.*

**NANCY**

YOU'D THINK I'D GET RESPECT IN MY NEW JOB  
 (BUT) SOMEHOW, SOME WAY, I'M ALWAYS GETTING ROBBED  
 I'VE WORKED THE SAME DAMN JOB YEAR AFTER YEAR  
 YET I'M STILL TREATED LIKE A VOLUNTEER

**DENISE**

IT'S TIME WE STAND UP FOR OURSELVES; WHATEVER WE DO

**ALICE**

FIRST, LET'S GET THE BOSSES TO LISTEN TO OUR POINT OF VIEW...

**ALL**

*(to audience, as if they're talking to the board)*

YOU THINK EVERYTHING'S PERFECT: WE GIVE AND YOU GET

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

YOU CAN'T SEE PAST OUR MISTAKES: BUT IF YOU FORGIVE, WE WILL FORGET

THEN PERHAPS YOU'LL SEE THE TRUTH: WE'RE NOTHING...NOTHING BUT PERFECT, YEAH!

**NANCY**

DON'T GET ME STARTIN' ON THE PATIENTS TOO

ENTITLED PEOPLE ALWAYS NEEDING YOU

'CEPT THEY WON'T LISTEN TO A WORD YOU SAY

UNLESS YOU CAN HELP THEM GET THEIR WAY

**DENISE**

IT'S TIME WE STAND UP FOR OURSELVES; WHATEVER WE DO

**ALICE**

JUST GET THE PATIENTS TO KNOW: WE'RE IN CHARGE OF YOU

**ALL**

YOU THINK EVERYTHING'S PERFECT: WE GIVE AND YOU GET

YOU DON'T THINK WE'RE CAP-ABLE OF THAT MUCH; NO, NOT YET

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!

**NANCY**

WHY CAN'T YOU OPEN UP YOUR MIND AND SEE THAT WE ARE NOTHING, NOTHING BUT PERFECT

OH I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR YOU TO SEE THAT, WE ARE NOTHING, NOTHING BUT PERFECT, YEAH

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

*The next day, DAISY enters and parts the window curtains as SAM wakes up, rubs his eyes, yawns, and stretches.*

**SAM**

Well, good morning, mis...

*(he simultaneously lets out multiple hearty chest coughs; she props his head up on the pillow, then tidies up the room)*

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

Yeah. The doc should be here any minute.

**DAISY**

Well. I won't keep you then.

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

**SAM**

No, stay. I rather enjoy... "keeping up with the Carnations."

**DAISY**

Cute. I'll stop back in a bit.

*(peppy middle-aged DOCTOR enters on opposite side of bed; SAM keeps holding her arm until she finally pulls it away)*

**DOCTOR**

Gooooood morning. I'm Doctor Marx.

**SAM**

*(non-chalant but polite to the DOCTOR, who takes his pulse, while he tries desperately to return his attention to DAISY)*

Hi.

**DOCTOR**

Wrist? And how are we today?

**SAM**

Fine, thank you.

*(to DAISY)*

You had something to tell me the other day.

**DAISY**

I did?

**DOCTOR**

K. Let's check your blood pressure...

**SAM**

*(waits for a moment, then blows past the awkwardness of having somebody else there)*

You said you were having a "rough year." I wanna hear about it.

**DOCTOR**

*(finishes the blood pressure assessment, wraps up the cord, and grabs the thermometer)*

And...open.

**SAM**

Ahh.

**DAISY**

*(embarrassed, she widens her eyes, tightens her jaw, and side-nods to the DOCTOR; she is cute not standoff-ish)*

Well, now is not exactly the best time, is it?

**DOCTOR**

*(DAISY tidies up around the room; the DOCTOR, clearly loving her job, raises her pitch at the end of each statement)*

Okay! Blood pressure looks good. 106 over 72. Resting heart rate is at 84. And temperature is at 98.2. So everything looks great on my end! Now, let's get rid of this bandage here...

*(she slowly peels off the bandage that had been partially covering his head, revealing a couple cuts. SAM winces, as the area is obviously tender. DAISY casually glances over to see his head for the first time uncovered and quickly does a double-take, resulting in a subtle grin, which SAM sees. SAM looks over at her. Embarrassed that he saw her attraction for him, DAISY jerks her head away. The DOCTOR continues to speak, oblivious of the connection)*

Will ya look at that! As good as new.

**SAM**

*(to DAISY, acknowledging that he saw her reaction)*

I thought you said you remember me.

**DOCTOR**

*(unclear as to what SAM is talking about, she follows his eyes towards DAISY, then breaks the awkwardness)*

So. As you know, we ran a bunch of tests in regards to your abdominal bleeding, bone infection, and memory retention.

We should have those results by tomorrow.

**SAM**

Sounds good.

**DOCTOR**

Well, unless you need anything else, I'm gonna get outta your hair.

**SAM**

Thank you, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

Yooooou're very welcome!

*(raises her eyebrows and smiles at DAISY, as she exits)*

Take care.

**SAM**

Can you tell me now?

**DAISY**

*(audibly sighs)*

Knowing about *my* problems isn't gonna make *yours* any better.

**SAM**

Try me.

**DAISY**

*(exhales deeply while deciding how much to share)*

You know how water always evens itself out?

*(he nods)*

I feel like my emotions are waiting for my mind to be calm and my heart to be at peace, so that they can finally even out.

*(runs those lines in her brain quickly one more time, before regretting them)*

That probably sounds stupid.

**SAM**

Not at all. What do you think is keeping you from being at peace?

**DAISY**

*(after a moment, she cocks her head and recollects a memory, pausing intermittently throughout)*

My mother used to always tell me I was making a mistake by getting married so young. That was four years ago. I was 21. She'd say, "you usually have to wait for that which is worth waiting for." I had no idea what it meant at the time, so I obviously didn't listen. But, so much has changed since then. My mom has passed on and my marriage is...let's just say I should have listened more carefully to her advice.

**SAM**

Well. Don't give up on it, if it's worth fighting for.

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

I just know that love can be taken away in an instant.

*(DAISY almost asks something, but he cuts her off, not wanting to overshadow her heartache with his own)*

Can I ask how your mom passed away?

**DAISY**

Breast cancer.

*(almost in a daze, she stares off into the distance, visualizing her memory, she gets less and less articulate, as if sleepy)*

She had been my dance teacher ever since I was 4, so when she got diagnosed, our entire dance troupe decided to dye our hair pink. During the chemo, we used to train with Carly, her assistant. But it was never the same. Mom would miss one week per month during her treatment; she wouldn't let herself miss any more than that. Til her final week.

\*

### *#8: Memories of Old*

\*

*(as the music begins, a dance silhouette of her past appears behind a screen; the silhouette raises her hand like*

*Michelangelo's "Creation of Adam" painting, and begins to slowly re-enact a sensitive dance routine, while explaining)*

It was recital week. Dress rehearsal was at 5pm. Mom called at 4:40 and said she just didn't have the energy. I offered to come over, but she refused. As my coach, she was adamant that I rehearse my routine. Even telling me on the phone, "don't forget to lift your wings." "SUPPORT that rib cage!" "Fly, Daisy, fly!"

*(she ends her dance with a graceful bow as the music momentarily cadences)*

She passed later that night. I was at rehearsal.

I just wish I had one more chance to tell her how I feel.

**SAM**

What would you say?

**DAISY**

*(she closes her eyes, until she takes a beat, then starts to sing)*

Hmm. I guess--

JUST AS THE SUN COMES UP

YOU HAVE BEEN THERE WHEN THE GOING GOT TOUGH

YET, I CAN'T SEEM TO ACCEPT THAT

YOUR TIME ON EARTH IS DONE

YOU ALWAYS SAID YOU'D BE BY MY SIDE

"LONG AFTER LIFE IS GONE,"

BUT I NEED TO KNOW THAT

YOUR LOVE STILL LIVES ON

WATER SEEKS ITS LEVEL, YET MY PEDAL'S TO THE METAL

**DAISY**

I NEED YOU BY MY SIDE TO DRIVE,

FOR ME TO GAIN CONTROL

OR MORE MOMENTS WILL TURN FROM TICKING CLOCKS  
TO MEMORIES OF OLD

**SAM**

*(wanting desperately to comfort her)*

For a woman who clearly has many things to be proud of, I guarantee you stand alone at the top of her list.

**DAISY**

*(exactly what she needs to hear in this moment)*

Thank you for saying that!

**SAM**

*(apprehensive, he asks anyway)*

What about your husband...what if you could say something to him?

**DAISY**

*(music momentarily stops, but then she comes back in with a tone of anger mixed with disappointment)*

So many things. But first--

WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN US?

A BOND THAT ONCE WAS BUILT ON TRUST

NO LONGER BRINGS ME JOY,

BUT JUST DISGUST

IF YOU REALLY WANT ME HERE

THEN DON'T GO DISAPPEAR

JUST LOOK ME IN THE EYES,

AND BE SINCERE

WATER SEEKS ITS LEVEL, YET MY PEDAL'S TO THE METAL

I NEED YOU BY MY SIDE TO DRIVE,

FOR ME TO GAIN CONTROL

OR MORE MOMENTS WILL TURN FROM TICKING CLOCKS

TO MEMORIES OF OLD

I KNOW I'VE TAKEN PART IN BREAKING MY OWN HEART

BUT NOW, THE TIME HAS COME: NEW MEMORIES MUST START

I NEED YOU BY MY SIDE TO DRIVE, FOR ME TO GAIN CONTROL

OR MORE MOMENTS WILL TURN FROM TICKING CLOCKS  
TO MEMORIES OF OLD

**SAM**

Thank you for sharing.

*(she nods; for the first time in SAM's presence, her depression is brought back to the forefront; he doesn't love her any less)*

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 should get going. Gonna grab lunch before my appointment.

*(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 in your relationships with others, you just might find clarity for yourself.

**DAISY**

You sure are a smooth-talker, aren't you?

**SAM**

What can I say? The old man's been teaching me a "damn" thing or two.

**DAISY**

I should be back by the time the Doctor comes. Don't go *runnin'* away now.

**SAM**

*(looks down at his hospital bed)*

Oh, I won't.

*(she exits; after a pause, he shouts extremely loud, as if she'll hear, waking up a gravely LARRY)*

But I just might be tempted to *roll* myself down to Mickey D's for a 59 cent ice cream cone, if you don't bring me one!!

**LARRY**

Will ya shutcha damn mouths already?! Sheezus.

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

*DAISY and DIRK, are diagonally facing upstage. He is dressed like a farmboy, chew in his mouth, with raggedy jeans, scruffy five o'clock shadow, plaid shirt, and a trucker's hat. JACK is kicked back in his chair, with his hands folded behind his head, informally counseling them. The faint sound of a church choir and organ are heard in the background.*

**JACK**

So your very first patient is the victim of that hit and run last Friday?!

**DAISY**

I know, right? Crazy.

**JACK**

They have any leads on the driver yet?

**DAISY**

Not that I've heard.

**JACK**

Ts. Shame. Anyway. How are *you guys*?

**DAISY**

*(some awkward pauses infiltrate the conversation, as the tension is palpable)*

Other than the constant bickering, we're fine.

**JACK**

And you, Dirk? How are things from your perspective?

**DIRK**

*(dull, somewhat monotone voice with a subtle drawl, as he stumbles through what he feels he should say)*

Ehh, works still sucks. Money's still tight. The usual.

**JACK**

What progress, do you feel, is already being made?

**DIRK**

Uhhh. Well, Daisy got that job, so that'll help.

*(during a pause, he pierces his lips and looks at DAISY, who slightly cocks her head, as if to say, "and...?")*

And, umm...my drinking gets the best of me from time to time. S'pose she wants me to add that to the ole list, eh?

**JACK**

Ok. As for the "constant bickering," Daisy mentioned, the Bible says in the Book of James that, "what causes fights..."

**DIRK**

Yeah, I know what the Bible says. It's just that.../know...that she knows that we haven't been doin' so hot, know what I mean? So, it's like...why am I gonna give effort if she's just gonna sit there.

**DAISY**

*(finally, some resistance)*

Sit here?! I've given you everything!

**JACK**

*(interjects before the fight escalates)*

Ok, ok, ok...what...made you two first fall in love?

*(after some awkward silence, DAISY head-nods over to DIRK in a condescending way, as if he should go first)*

**DIRK**

Well...I guess, after dating all throughout high school, we just, uh, decided to...keep 'er goin', y'know?

**DAISY**

That's all you can say?

**DIRK**

Why am I the one on trial here?

**JACK**

*(the peacekeeper in him comes alive, as he does the hand motion for "calm down")*

Look. I think you two just need to get back into a routine. Daisy's new job, Dirk's pressure from work...you're both just a little overwhelmed. And what you're starting to see is that it's rearing its ugly head in your marriage now. Right?

*(reaches back to retrieve a book from the loaded shelf behind him)*

Here. This is a book I've recommended to nearly every couple I've ever counseled. Short, very easy read. It's kind of a reality check on your day-to-day lifestyles. *But* it puts in the perspective of how meeting your spouse's needs can actually give *you* fulfillment. Try it out. Let me know what you think.

**DAISY**

*(takes book and cuddles it up to her chest. DIRK, elbows on knees, is visibly distant from her, as she goes to hug her dad)*

Thank you, Daddy.

**DIRK**

Yeah, thanks Jack. 'preciate it.

**DAISY**

I love you.

**JACK**

Love you too, sweetheart. Dirk. We outta...do some ice fishing again sometime.

**DIRK**

*(hands in pockets, he nods, now doing the "I'm waiting for you, spouse" pose, angled out towards audience)*

We should.

**JACK**

Well. I better be on my way. You two take care. Bye now.

*(immediately once JACK closes the door, DIRK's "real" tone is revealed, as his volume escalates; the organ and choir in the background get louder, as they walk out, through the sanctuary...or theatrically, the house)*

**DIRK**

Claaaaassic.

**DAISY**

What?

**DIRK**

*(mocking whiny tone gives way to hyper-masculine bully tone; as they both start to shout, walking towards separate cars)*

You bringing up the whole, "we don't even have real conversations anymore...all we do is bicker." That's a load 'a bullshit, and you know it.

**DAISY**

*(both are on the verge of shouting, with highly sarcastic rhetoric; they walk towards separate cars)*

You've gotta be kidding me...you're unbelievable, y'know that?

**DIRK**

Oh, and you're miss perfect, arentcha?

**DAISY**

WHY ARE YOU TWO-FACED NOW?

**DIRK**

OH SHUT UP, MISS 'HOLIER THAN THOU'

**DAISY**

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

**DIRK**

I'M NOT THE ONE WHO DRAGGED YOU HERE

AS IF I'M NOT ENOUGH, YOU NEED 'DADDY'S EAR'

**DAISY**

JUST COME HOME TONIGHT AND TRY NOT TO SMELL LIKE BEER!

**DIRK**

WELL YOU CAN BE DAMN SURE I'M NOT COMIN' BACK HERE!

Tell ya that right now!

*(blackout, as we hear the sound of two car doors shutting, and car tires screeching away over gravel)*

*Running late, H comes walking quickly down the hall, on a mission. Out of his peripheral vision, he sees NANCY sitting on LARRY's lap off to his right, about to kiss. They hear his shoes screech the floor as he stops; flustered, they quickly separate and fix their hair and outfits. With eyebrows raised and his jaw about to hit the ground, H shakes his head, as if to say "I don't even wanna know," and walks on. AMY is impatiently waiting for H, alongside the DOCTOR.*

---

**AMY**

Where you been?! I've had kidney stones pass gas quicker'n you.

**H**

*(jiggling his head with his eyes closed, as if he was just unexpectedly grossed out)*

That's...not the phrase. But, it's...whatever.

**AMY**

Where *were* you?

**H**

I don't know whether I should see my shrink right now or go throw up.

**AMY**

Sounds like a *you* problem. Djou bring the lab results?

**H**

Right here.

**AMY**

*(not understanding the big word she's trying to use)*

Good. Sure you're ready there, Tonto?

**H**

I'm *fine*. As the teens say, let's get this bread.

**AMY**

*(after nudging him on the shoulder, she mimics the Blink 182 hit, "What's My Age Again?," while mini-twerking)*

Aww, that's my H again! That's my H again, that's my H again.

**H**

How are you still single?

**DOCTOR**

We ready?

*(they nod; he opens the door; LARRY is rolled over and DAISY is folding towels and eventually settles by the door)*

Hi Sam. How are you feeling?

**SAM**

Can't complain. Lil sore, but...we're getting there.

**H**

*(quips the first word out, noticeably tired of AMY's attempts at intelligent speech)*

Listen, Sam, I'ma be straight with you.

**SAM**

That...doesn't seem like your *style*.

*(He exhales audibly, recognizing his unexpected humor)*

**DAISY**

*(rushing to get there on time, she enters the room, somewhat out of breath)*

Hi, sorry I'm late. What'd I miss?

**AMY**

A really good joke by Sam.

**DOCTOR**

Nothin'. We're just about to begin. Basically, we've got good news and bad news. Good news is: your abdominal bleeding has virtually stopped and your memory recollection is back to normal. Obviously, we will keep monitoring both.

**DAISY**

Great! And the bad news?

**H**

The infection in your arm.

**AMY**

It's called osteomyelitis.

*(everyone looks at AMY, confused that she got the term right; she responds like "duh")*

What? Derek Sheppard. Grey's Anatomy. Hell-ooooo.

**DOCTOR**

*(keeping the circus from becoming a distraction)*

As you know, there's a bone infection in your left *wrist*. However, the latest numbers show your white blood cell count continuing to rise, which means the infection is resisting the antibiotic. On top of that, the results show that the infection has spread to your humerus bone, just past your *elbow*.

**SAM**

*(takes it all in stride, he is somewhat confused)*

Okaaaay...

**H**

What we're most concerned about is the *pace* at which the...osteomyelitis is spreading. At this rate, without intervention, your entire arm will likely be rendered irreparable.

**SAM**

How soon?

**H**

Well, it could be as soon as a matter of days. And...this could eventually be fatal, if it reaches your heart or lungs.

*(audible exhale from SAM, while the DOCTOR pauses for a beat between each sentence)*

**DOCTOR**

Now. To be frank, really the only option we have at this point is...amputation. I know it's a lot to take in right now, but we don't really have an alternative. And the clock is ticking.

Now, I checked my surgery schedule and I actually have an opening as soon as tomor—

**SAM**

*(dejected, he can't bear the thought of amputation and is shaking his head)*

No.

**H**

*(after a momentary pause, she is noticeably serious)*

Sam. This is your *life* we're talking about.

**SAM**

*(he doesn't mean to cut her off, but he is firm on his belief)*

I know. It's just...my music.

**AMY**

Your music?

**SAM**

It's what I do, it's what I think about, it's how I make money...it's what I love. I can't even imagine how life could be worth living without my ability to play piano. Or guitar or cello.

**AMY**

I underst—

**DAISY**

*(unintentionally interrupts, as words burst out of her mouth)*

There must be some other option.

**DOCTOR**

Unfortunately, I'm afr—

**AMY**

There *is*...one other possibility.

**H**

*(H and DOCTOR look at her, like "why are you getting his hopes up, but then H expands upon the door she opened)*

One of the major problems of the pharmaceutical industry is that companies don't think it's worth their money to invest in new antibiotics when other medicine already exists. Even though, existing antibiotics are...clearly not always effective.

**AMY**

*(she gets him off his soap box, by calling his name under her breath; he takes a breath and starts slower)*

H. The point?

**H**

That being said, there is this new antibiotic that sounds like it *could* be effective with this type of infection.

Unfortunately, as far as I know, it's only in stage two of trials, which means it's not yet approved for human treatment.

And even if it *was* available, it would cost a fortune to get a hold of. Teixobactin (*pronounced TAKE-so-back-tin*) is the name; it's specifically designed to combat rapidly-spreading bone infections.

**DAISY**

Is there a way we can check with the makers of this...teixo-whatever, to see if it's available?

**DOCTOR**

Guys, I just think we should be realistic here. At this point, the infection is completely contained within the left arm, which means there is a 100% chance that amputation would eliminate it. Delaying treatment is the equivalent of encouraging the infection to spread.

**SAM**

Please know how thankful I am for your advice. You've all been amazing. It's just that...if there is even a *possibility* of an alternative, it's...worth the risk for me.

**H**

*(after a beat, AMY jumps ahead to show her support, H smiles to show he's on board)*

Okay. I will...do some research and contact the makers of the drug.

**SAM**

Thank you very much. I so appreciate it.

**AMY**

In the meantime, I will look into cost alternatives, since I see here that you are currently uninsured. That correct?

**SAM**

*(embarrassed)*

Yeah.

**DOCTOR**

Okay, we'll be in touch.

**H**

*(pulling DAISY aside softly again)*

Daisy, I love that you care. Seriously. But don't make this personal. Remember, *this* is what we do. You being emotional will only make *him* emotional, y'understand?

*(DAISY nods; barely keeping it together; H, AMY, and DOCTOR depart, leaving SAM and DAISY alone with LARRY)*

Alright. 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. And I wish I could take away some of your pain.

**SAM**

*(raising his eyebrows at how endearing her sympathy is, his eyes well up as he invites her in for a hug)*

You *have*! C'mere.

**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.

**SAM**

*(the mood is still somber)*

That's ok. Shoot.

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

Wow.

**DAISY**

Oh no; I'm so sorry!

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

Everything.

**SAM**

*(mostly unemotional as he states basic facts, as he sees them)*

Well, I'm an only child. My biological parents were teenagers when they had me and never were in the picture. I was raised by my grandma. But she passed away the summer after my senior year. And as for my friends...

*(exhales as he pierces his lips together and slightly shakes his head in disappointment)*

...because I traveled so much as a musician, I'm not really that close with anyone anymore. Kinda just became okay with Instagram friendships, y'know?

**DAISY**

At your gig, you mentioned your breakup. Has she called?

**SAM**

Elizabeth?

*(it's evident that his emotion for her has been replaced by his disdain for how everything turned out; he's over her)*

Naw. She moved on and found somebody else. To be honest, though, I wasn't actually that surprised. Things hadn't been going as well as everyone thought they were.

**DAISY**

Now, *there's* something we have in common!

**SAM**

'Oh well'...right?

**DAISY**

*(surprised he'd give up so easily, she reluctantly agrees)*

I guess.

*(after a noticeable pause, she stands up, determined to take a deep breath and change the mood)*

Oo, I almost forgot. I got something for you for today's walk.

**SAM**

Oh yeah? What's that?

**DAISY**

Well. 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 and hands him the melting ice cream cone; he lets out a hearty surprised gasp/laugh)*

Oh my gosh, you remembered! Thank you.

**DAISY**

Yeah, I figured: if you have to put up with Larry 24/7, the least I could do is reward you with cheap ice cream!

**LARRY**

*(still turned over, basically yelling into his pillow; SAM and DAISY simultaneously widen their eyes and drop their jaws)*

Hey! I heard that, ya hooligans!!

**DAISY**

*(to his amusement, she steals the cone and takes a big messy bite while she starts to stage whisper; they both giggle)*

Hey, gimme summa that!

### **1-10: Franklin Mills Commons & Nearby Hallways**

*In a continuous scene change, AMY is putting time cards in slots outside the break room when H rushes to gossip with her, before SAM & DAISY return from their walk. Finally, after eavesdropping on the gossip, NANCY drops a bomb on AMY.*

**H**

Oh my effin G! Wanna know why I was being weird earlier?

**AMY**

Yeah, what happened?

**H**

You’re never gonna believe what I saw. Larry. And. *Nancy*. K-I-S-S-I-N-G.

*(NANCY appears from her office door at the sound of her name; she listens in to the next couple conversations)*

**AMY**

WHAT?! Shut *up*!

**H**

I know, right? Dis-gusting.

**AMY**

*(rightfully confused, for a change)*

Wait, why is she so against Sam and Daisy then?!

**H**

Well, Daisy *is* married.

**AMY**

True. But how adorable are those two? Each one leaning on the other to help carry their enormous burden. It's both heartbreaking and...*heartwarming*.

*(spots DAISY rolling SAM back from their walk; NANCY pulls out her phone to send a text before retreating to her office)*

Ooo wait...here they come again. Let's hide back here and watch!

**H**

Girl, you *creepy*! I ain't doing that.

**AMY**

*(her phone buzzes from a new text message; she pulls it out of her pocket to check)*

Uh oh. Nancy wants to meet with me in her office in fifteen minutes. Doesn't say why.

**H**

*(raises his eyebrows, like "glad I'm not you right now")*

Good luck with that. Lemme know how it goes.

**AMY**

Will do.

*(they exit in opposite directions; as SAM and DAISY start flirting like Jim and Pam from "The Office")*

**SAM**

I still can't believe 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**

So, guess what? I think I know what you should write your book about.

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

You do?!

**SAM**

Mmhm. I can even sum it up for you in one sentence.

**DAISY**

Impressive!

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

Well...?

**SAM**

Oh, so you wanna know?

**DAISY**

Yeah, dumbo. Spit it out!

**SAM**

Well...what will I get in return?

**DAISY**

*(confused, she furrows her brows, without losing her grin, and shakes her head)*

What are you talking about?

**SAM**

*("it is what it is" facial expression; he grabs his cup of water to drink after his line)*

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

**DAISY**

Well what do you *want*?

*(as DAISY plays the game in return, SAM is as direct as ever)*

**SAM**

A dance.

**DAISY**

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

Wait, what?!

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

Uh...

*(uncomfortably laughs; after not knowing how to respond, she suddenly becomes resolute)*

Okay. One dance.

**SAM**

Good.

**DAISY**

*(dawdling)*

Where will we get music?

**SAM**

I'm sure you have something on your phone...

**DAISY**

Maybe I do, maybe I don't. You gonna tell me or what?

**SAM**

I am.

*(gets really serious after taking a dramatic big breath)*

When I think about what this accident has done to me, I believe there are five words that 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**

*(shaking her head out of annoyance, she still can't help but grin)*

Ugh. I should've known. First of all, if you call me that one more time, I am done getting you ice cream! And secondly, you tricked me!

**SAM**

Did not!

**DAISY**

Did too.

**SAM**

Ok, maybe a little. But your reaction was too priceless for me to stop. Gotta cut me some slack there.

*(she rolls her eyes as he pauses before changing the subject)*

So what was your book idea?

**DAISY**

Nevermind. The moment's passed.

**SAM**

Does that mean I don't get my dance?

**DAISY**

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

A deal's a deal.

**SAM**

Good, lemme see your phone.

**DAISY**

Can I trust you this time?

*(before giving it to him, she asks flirtatiously; he responds with a facial expression that says, "of course")*

You're lucky, you know that?

**SAM**

Oh, I know.

*(scrolling options on her phone; meanwhile, he returns to flirting before settling on one)*

**SAM**

Hey, just so you know: even though I might need a little assistance, I can still bust a move with the best of 'em.

**DAISY**

We'll see about that, mister.

**SAM**

How about this one?

**DAISY**

*(can't help but mini-giggle at the irony)*

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

**SAM**

See, I told you: you could trust me.

**#9B: Peace**

*(The two slow dance, with constant smiles and fervent eye contact throughout. DAISY is slightly bent over, but they make it work with the wheelchair. As SAM takes the lead to spin her, H routinely enters across the room. But upon realizing they were sharing a private moment, he backs up to see, but not be seen. DAISY ends up in his lap as she leans back, so they can see each other--his arms still around her. Their focus alternates between eyes and lips as their faces converge)*

**DAISY**

*(abruptly tilting her head away from him; she audibly exhales and shakes her head in disappointment)*

Ugh. Why?

**SAM**

I know.

*(matching her disappointment and almost coming across as angry, he pauses between each statement)*

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.

**I-II: Outside Nancy's Office**

*In a continuous scene change, DAISY walks past H to exit, their faces reflecting the sadness of the moment. SAM throws his book and exits the opposite way. DENISE/ALICE hide inside NANCY's office, while she waits for AMY outside the office, leaning up against the door frame, smoking a cigarette. She blows smoke on AMY, then puts it out with her foot.*

**NANCY**

Aaaaamy. I've been looking forward to our little chat here.

**AMY**

*(clearly nervous and intimidated by NANCY, her voice is slightly shaky, while NANCY plays up the intimidation)*

Yeah? Everything okay?

**NANCY**

No, it's not. We've got a problem.

**AMY**

Okay...

**NANCY**

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

**AMY**

Yeah?

**NANCY**

And you've known about it.

**AMY**

*(gulps causing an exhale before answering to NANCY's condescending rhetoric)*

Umm...yeah.

**NANCY**

Amy, Amy, Amy. *You* know better than that. Y'know, if the board knew about you hiding an inappropriate relationship between a staff member and a patient, what do you think they'd want me to do with you?

AMY

Uh, I-I-I dunno.

NANCY

Oh, but you *do*. Listen. As the supervisor of all caretakers, this is your job on the line. Either fire Daisy or I'll go to the board and let them handle both of you. You have till the end of your shift tomorrow. Zat understood?

AMY

*(can barely get a word out, she is shaking with fear and breathing heavily)*

Mmhmm.

NANCY

Good. Now, beat it.

DENISE

*(AMY quickly exits while DENISE and ALICE come out from NANCY's office, lauding her intimidation skills)*

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

ALICE

Djoo see her face when you called her out?! Ohhh!

DENISE

*(they start using mocking voices and laughing; NANCY starts walking down to commons as they follow)*

Say goodbye, little miss sunshine!

ALICE

There's a new sheriff in town!

\*

**#10: Give Me What's Mine**

\*

NANCY

Sistas, we're just gettin' started. The time has come for us to perfect our acting skills.

ALICE

*(they drop jaws in excitement, like two kids who just got asked to go to their favorite place)*

Ooo, I like it.

DENISE

Tell us more!

NANCY

From now on, we tell *our* story. *Our* way. And so, whatever details we choose to share, or change, or...not say...oh well.

*(others giggle)*

You see, this time around, it's our story to tell.

**DENISE**

*(owning it)*

Our song to sing.

**ALICE**

Our dance to dance.

**NANCY**

*(begins with a teasy little dance break, showing how excited they are to be meddlers; GIRLS sing background throughout)*

THIS IS OUR CHANCE, FINALLY OUR TIME  
 WE CAN COMMIT A HARMLESS CRIME  
 WE WILL EXPOSE THE TRUTH OF HER LIE  
 HOPING HER MAN JUST PEACEFULLY DIES

**ALL**

THIS IS THE TIME  
 TO LET THE LIGHT SHINE  
 SO STEP OFF CLOUD NINE  
 AND GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE

*(short dance break, while NANCY picks up SAM's discarded book)*

**NANCY**

HIS LITTLE BOOK OF EMPTY PAGES  
 MIGHT JUST BECOME SOMEONE'S *RAGE* IF,  
 IN THE RIGHT HANDS, WE LET IT REVEAL  
 THE UNFORTUNATE FATE IT BEGS TO BE SEALED

**ALL**

THIS IS THE TIME  
 TO LET THE LIGHT SHINE  
 SO STEP OFF CLOUD NINE  
 AND GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE

*(dance break ends abruptly as NANCY sees H leave the break room, one finger on his ear—making a phone call; they hide)*

**H**

Amy, I just saw Sam and Daisy dance together; it was...the most beautiful thing.

*(waits for responses on the other end, which the audience doesn't hear, but instead infers what is said)*

Oh yeah, I forgot. What'd Nancy have to say?!

WHAT? She threatened you?!

Amy, she's just trying to intimidate you--don't give in! Besides, I heard back from the drug company and think we can help them. I'll call a patient only meeting; you and I can touch base beforehand.

Alright, I'll see you there.

*(as H retreats back to the back room, the girls come out from hiding, facing the audience with a renewed sense of purpose)*

**ALL**

THIS IS THE TIME  
TO LET THE LIGHT SHINE  
SO STEP OFF CLOUD NINE  
AND GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE

**I-12: Franklin Mills Commons**

*This song is sung from various parts of the stage, with each character pinpointing their current disposition.*

**\* #11: Different & The Same \***

**DIRK**

*(hits the button on his phone, we hear ringing on the other end for two more lines)*

JACK, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY  
I'VE MADE A BIG MISTAKE  
THE HIT AND RUN, IT WAS ME  
BUT NOW, I NEED IT TO GO AWAY  
WUDDYA SAY WE MAKE A DEAL?  
KEEP THIS BETWEEN YOU AND ME  
AND I'LL GIVE YOU MY WORD--  
I WON'T TOUCH ANOTHER BOTTLE; AND SHE WILL BE SAFE

*(looks at his phone and sees another incoming call)*

Oo. Gotta go. Talk to ya soon.

*(he ditches JACK; there is a mumbled male voice on the other end in between lines)*

Earl? Hey man, thanks for calling me back.

Yeah, dude, long time, no talk. Listen....I, uh, I need a favor.

You still fixin' cars?

Ok sweet. I messed up the front of my truck the other day...

Yup—damn deer. See, the thing is, though, I don't want Daisy to find out, if you know what I mean.

On the down-low, *exactly*. Thanks, bud.

*(hangs up the phone and pours himself a drink)*

EVERY NEW BEGINNING STARTS WITH A LITTLE LYING  
HERE'S TO WINNING BY LOSING, WITHOUT THE CRYING

**LARRY**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO  
THROW MY LIFE'S WORK DOWN THE TUBE?  
OR KEEP MY SECRET SAFE? MUST I HAVE TO CHOOSE?

**H**

*(at the patient-only meeting)*

I know you've all been askin' ...so we go' spill the tea.

**AMY**

*Nancy* has been trying to come between Sam and Daisy.

*(shocked reactions)*

**H**

Mmmhmm. She wants to break them up. And especially after what *we* saw, that chick's a hypocrite with a capital H.

**WEMBLEY**

That's bull. I'm tired of everybody trynna control our lives. *We* should be able to love who we wanna love!

*(strong cheers from PATIENTS)*

**AMY**

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'M SUPPOSED TO BE CARING FOR

**JACK**

What?

DAISY, YOU HAVE BEEN MY GREATEST PRIDE AND JOY IN LIFE  
BUT YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT; YOU ARE HIS WIFE

**PATIENTS**

WE SHALL RISE AS ONE WHEN THEY CALL OUR NAME  
STAND SIDE-BY-SIDE, AS DIFFERENT AND THE SAME  
WE WILL LIFT THEM UP WITH OUR WORDS AND FAITH  
'CAUSE LIVING FOR LOVE BEATS DYING WITH HATE  
GO, GO, GO, GO FOR IT (YOU SHOULD GO FOR IT); YOU WILL BE HERS  
GO, GO, GO, GO FOR IT (YOU SHOULD GO FOR IT); YOU WILL BE HERS

**SAM**

*(writing, for the first time, in the book)*

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 HERE FOR MY OWN DEDICATION,  
I FINALLY KNOW WHAT WORDS TO WRITE: I LOVE YOU, MY CARNATION!

Wow, I said it!

**SAM & DAISY**

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

*(NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE enter upstairs, and are still visibly upset; but it is now clear that a war has begun)*

**DAISY**

I DON'T EVEN WANNA THINK ABOUT TOMORROW

**SAM**

I JUST WANT YOU IN MY ARMS TONIGHT!

**NANCY**

*(flanked by DENISE and ALICE)*

I CAN'T STAND TO BE AROUND THIS, IT'S NOT FINE TO BE BLIND IN YOUR MIND!  
NO MORE JUST STANDING HERE, NO, THIS TIME, WE MUST LIE TO SURVIVE

*(6 chord progressions, while H and AMY give the update with all the PATIENTS in the background)*

**H**

So. Teixobactin is currently transitioning to stage three, so we *will* be able to get our hands on some, *if* your labs qualify.

I've sent them over, so we'll wait and see.

**AMY**

In the mean time, it costs \$20,000, which must be paid *in full* before they send the drug. And because it's so new, insurance providers won't touch it.

**H**

We plan on petitioning the board to take your case pro bono, given your circumstance. But the reality is: it's a longshot.

**SAM**

Hey. Reality is just another *opportunity*.

**DAISY**

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

Let's do this, Franklin Mills!

**PATIENTS**

WE SHALL RISE AS ONE WHEN THEY CALL OUR NAME  
STAND SIDE-BY-SIDE, AS DIFFERENT AND THE SAME  
WE WILL LIFT THEM UP WITH OUR WORDS AND FAITH  
'CAUSE LIVING FOR LOVE BEATS DYING WITH HATE  
GO, GO, GO, (YOU SHOULD) GO FOR IT; YOU WILL BE HERS

**LARRY, & DIRK**

HERE I COME, LONELINESS  
IT'S ME AGAIN, I'M BACK IN LINE  
IF ONLY I COULD TURN BACK TIME  
I GUESS IT'S THIS FOR A LIFETIME  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO  
THROW MY LIFE'S WORK DOWN THE TUBE  
OR KEEP MY SECRET SAFE; MUST I CHOOSE?

**NANCY, DENISE, ALICE**

I CAN'T STAND TO BE AROUND THIS,  
IT'S NOT FINE TO BE BLIND IN YOUR MIND!  
NO MORE JUST STANDING HERE,  
NO, THIS TIME, WE MUST LIE TO SURVIVE!  
THIS LIFE FLIES BY, WE'RE NOT GONNA LOSE THIS TIME!

**SAM & DAISY**

SAY GOODBYE TO LONELINESS  
AND HELLO, LOVE, IT'S ABOUT TIME  
IF ONLY I COULD BE WITH YOU  
IT JUST MIGHT LAST FOR A LIFETIME

*(the music drastically thins out as the main characters collectively sum up where everything stands)*

**NANCY**

YOUR TIME LEFT IS SHORT

**LARRY**

DON'T TAKE NOTHING FOR GRANTED

**DIRK**

MAKE NO MISTAKE,

**JACK**

LIFE'S A GIFT YOU'VE BEEN HANDED

**H**

IF THE LIGHTNESS WERE DARK

**AMY**

OR THE DARKNESS WERE LIGHT,

**ALL**

NO MATTER THE COST, I WOULD STILL FIGHT FOR LOVE...

**SAM & DAISY**

...TONIGHT.

**END OF ACT ONE.**

**2-1: Franklin Mills Commons**

*The patients are sitting in a semi-circle for the next AA-style meeting, chatting with each other. We can hear AMY frantically trying to get off the phone with her mother. She finally does, as H enters the room, clearly stressed.*

**AMY**

Mah! I'm so tired 'a this. I *am* putting myself out there. I go to open mic every third Thursday 'a the month. I joined the 40 and older bowling league over at Bob and Frankie's. What more do you want me to do?!

*(waits a second for her response; the audience can hear a mumbled response on the other end of the line)*

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

Fine. You know what, *Helen*? YOU get on Tinder! Un-be-lievable.

*(forcefully presses her iPhone's red button; meanwhile, H slams the door he enters; people are playing cards in a circle)*

**FRANK**

Rough day at the office there, chief?

**SOPHIA**

*(can hardly contain excitement, as her Rober DeNiro-esque refrained smile turns to the group, laughing at her own joke)*

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

**FRANK**

*(slightly pulls down his hospital bottoms to reveal he's wearing an adult diaper; they both share a laugh)*

Speak for yourself, there, sweetheart!

**MARYJANE**

*(to H)*

So, is everything okay, or...?

**AMY**

Yeah, yeah...we're fine.

*(looks to H for affirmation, but sees he is still emotional; group commotion has slowed mostly to a halt by this point)*

Aren't we?

**H**

I just...

*(massaging his temples, as if to alleviate a headache)*

...people can be so hypocritical.

**AMY**

You get denied?

**H**

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

**AMY**

Wuddya mean?

**H**

I just don't know how one day, I can catch my boss about to suck face with the founder of Franklin Mills. And the very next day, have her tell me it's "inappropriate" to have Franklin Mills associated with any pro bono applications with the governing board. It's bullsh—

**WEMBLEY**

"Shhhhhhhe," meaning...*Nancy?*

**SOPHIA**

And the founder of Franklin Mills, meaning *Larry?!?*

**AMY**

Ooooooo, dawgie! Thaaaaaat's not good.

**FRANK**

Yeah, no shit, Sherlock.

**WEMBLEY**

Wait. *Larry* founded Franklin Mills?!

**H**

*(slowly nodding his head, condescendingly, as he talks, as if everybody knew this was true)*

Yeah. When his wife was sick, Larry *Franklin* and his good friend, Donny Mills, decided that they wanted to invest their retirement money into a rehab and recovery center. Anyway. I shouldn't have said anything.

**SOPHIA**

Y'know what? Ifya ask me, this aaaaaall comes back to the same thing: love is the root of all problems.

*(comments from others like, "that's ridiculous" and "c'mon")*

No, it's true! Have you ever thought about it? Virtually *every* problem we go through in life comes back to love, in one way or another.

**MARYJANE**

Last guy I was with: tried to *sell* me in a drug deal.

**FRANK**

That's why I'm perfectly fine being single.

*(“mmmhmm” and the like from others, followed by momentary awkward silence; then DAISY and SAM enter)*

**MARYJANE**

Daisyyyyyyy! Come on over, buddy ole pal. It's time us girls have a little *chat*.

*(the girls respond with “that sounds like a good plan” and “yeah,” as they all congregate around DAISY)*

**H**

Fine! Then us boys finna have ourselves a lil smack-talking sesh over here! C'maw, Sam.

*(the guys respond with “damn right” and “you bet” and the like; they all congregate stage right around SAM)*

**\* #13: Head Over Heels \***

**SOPHIA**

Listen, I'm sorry to burst your bubble, girl, cuz you seem like a nice kid. But whatever you've got going with...

“Lieutenant Dan” over there, it's gotta stop.

**DAISY**

*(like “you've got the wrong idea”)*

You must be mistaken. I'm marr--

**SOPHIA**

*(cuts her off and talks over her)*

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.

**WEMBLEY**

Listen Sam, if you're trying to sweep that chick off her feet, it ain't gonna happen.

**SAM**

*(confident in his wit, he looks down at his wheelchair and gives the universal physicality for “why not?”)*

She's already swept me off mine.

**AMY**

*(all singers sing with tone that playfully mocks the opposite gender)*

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**

THAT IS BEYOND TRUE!

**AMY**

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

**SOPHIA**

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”

**WEMBLEY**

*(turns to the ladies, like he’s arguing with his wife, making a pun on his own blindness)*

Do I *see* your point? NO!

**FRANK**

JUST 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

**SOPHIA**

AND THE CAR KEYS TOO!

**MARY JANE**

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

**AMY**

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

**DAISY**

*(innocent advice; not condescending)*

You don’t just...put it down?

**H**

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

**FRANK**

JUST REMEMBER: GETTING READY TAKES AN HOUR OR TWO

**H**

*(just realizing it)*

It takes *me* that long too.

**WEMBLEY**

*(using air quotes)*

BUT DON'T THINK ABOUT IT; I JUST... "WATCH" MORE TV

**FRANK**

*(think Robert from "Everybody Loves Raymond" meets Bernie Sanders)*

JUST PRAY THAT SHE DOESN'T DRIVE EVER AGAIN.

**SAM**

*(sitting back and referencing his wheelchair)*

Mmm, preach!

**AMY**

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

**SOPHIA**

*(trying to be polite)*

JUST KNOW THAT...INTELLECTUAL CONVERSATIONS...AREN'T MEANT TO BE

**AMY**

Fine by me!

**MARY JANE**

*(as if she's being covert)*

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

**SOPHIA**

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

*(biting her teeth, as she inappropriately checks out a man 40 years younger than her; other ladies swoon, "ahhh," while an oiled-up shirtless man enters with a toy mower and fake grass; he hip-thrusts into a mowing motion, while song halts)*

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 "we're up!")*

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

**H**

That, actually, is hashtag-true.

**WEMBLEY**

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

**FRANK**

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

Sorry.

*(there is a noticeable pause, as everybody makes him aware of how much he over-reacted)*

**MARY JANE**

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

**AMY**

*(nodding her head confidently, not catching SOPHIA's reference; a messy-hair sleepy LARRY enters mostly unnoticed)*

Mmmhmm. Drugs.

**MARY JANE**

No.

*(shaking her head "where in the hell did you get that?")*

They can be:

RUDE....AND MEAN

**SOPHIA**

Oh, my last husband, at the end...smelt like poo.

**FRANK**

*(offended, he points back at the ladies)*

Listen.

YER CHEAP; YER NEEDY.

**LARRY**

*(trying to add in, like "I'll give you that")*

Ya' sometimes sweet!

**ALL MEN**

WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU?

**ALL**

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

YOU MUST OVERWHELM THEM WITH YOUR LOVE TOO

**H**

Also, hashtag-true.

**ALL**

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

**SOPHIA**

For someone who can't even taste even taste their meals.

**LARRY**

Oh, 'at' me, while you're *at* it!

*(people are confused that LARRY, of all people, knows Twitter lingo)*

**ALL**

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

**SAM & DAISY**

*(talking to their sides, but subconsciously explaining their own position)*

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

**SOPHIA**

*(hearing SAM sing, she overreacts like a cougar, noticing SAM for the first time)*

Hubba-hubba, daddy-doo!

**ALL**

AND 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 and disperse back to their rooms; AMY wheels LARRY)*

**LARRY**

I'd rather have another colonoscopy than to be woken up by that again! Sorry to burst your bubble, folks. But love...it stinks.

*(some chorus members react with "uh" or "you stink!" he responds under his breath, as if to say "not my problem")*

But apparently, you're all too blind to see that.

**WEMBLEY**

*(walking the opposite way as LARRY, he turns to him and speaks; others' residual laughter and chatter dissipates)*

Beats being senile.

---

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

*In a continuous scene change, AMY helps LARRY from the wheelchair to his bed. He sits up facing her, grumpy as usual.*

---

**AMY**

Sooooo. Lare-bear.

**LARRY**

*(he groans back at her, almost like a under-the-breath dog growl; he's annoyed that she's trying to converse)*

Don't call me that.

**AMY**

There's something I don't understand.

**LARRY**

There's a lot you don't understand.

**AMY**

I'd...like to hear more about your late wife...is it Ingrid?

**LARRY**

Yeah. What about her?

**AMY**

Well, all I hear is what travels around Franklin Mills you know. And I'm just wondering what's correct and what's legend.

**LARRY**

So, whadja hear?

**AMY**

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

**LARRY**

Four.

**AMY**

Right. And she died of cancer a couple months later, right?

**LARRY**

Three and a half months later.

**AMY**

What type of cancer?

**LARRY**

Liver. She never stood a chance.

**AMY**

Why'd you stay then?

**LARRY**

*(suddenly not crabby, he even gets intentionally humorous; he looks out into the distance, while reminiscing)*

Ingrid was...my home. We didn't have kids and we were both only children, so this place is the closest I got to be to her. And since I had chronic issues with my intestines and bladder, they let me stay.

**AMY**

Aw. That's honestly...adorable.

**LARRY**

*(quick-witted and cranky)*

My bladder problems?

**AMY**

*(smiles and exhales to hold for laughter; walking on eggshells, she slowly works up to her main point)*

Since you founded this place, couldn't you just...stay as long as you want?

**LARRY**

*(as if he's annoyed with, but understands that there's 'red tape')*

Nah, there's a...governing board that oversees the whole operation.

**AMY**

What was Ingrid like?

**LARRY**

Amazing. Always put others before herself. Loved to bake. She would make the sweetest apple pie you've ever tasted. In fact, I bet I have the recipe somewhere around here still, if you...

**AMY**

Sounds like she was a good wife.

**LARRY**

The best.

**AMY**

And I'm sure she would do absolutely anything for you, huh?

**LARRY**

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

**AMY**

*(more direct)*

I've got a tough question to ask.

**LARRY**

Go ahead.

**AMY**

It's about Sam's treatment.

**LARRY**

*(immediately returns to crabbiness)*

God dammit, you're hitting me up for money, aren'tcha? Shoulda figured. Save your breath, lady. Coupla patients already talked to me.

*(LARRY lays down, turning his body away from her; she pauses between each sentence; he stays silent)*

**AMY**

Larry, you are in here every single day. Sam and Daisy...even amidst terrible circumstances, have that...*glow* about them, lately. And you know, as well as anybody, that glow only happens as a result of that special, once-in-a-lifetime love. Now, I am not a begger. Nor am I about to pretend like I know your financial situation, because I don't. But I *am* a fighter. And I bet you are too. When something is right, you know it deep down inside you. You just do. And if you're anything like me...well, I can't just stand by and not do anything. It's why I'm here, talking to you. I'm fighting for something that has nothing to do with me.

**LARRY**

*(under his breath, into his pillow)*

I'm not interested.

**AMY**

What's that?

**LARRY**

No, thanks.

**AMY**

*(defeated, she gets one more plug in as tears well up in her eyes)*

Ok. I won't bring it up again after today. But I encourage you to think about what Ingrid would do. Cause I'd bet she's a fighter too.

*(pauses to let that last phrase sink in)*

Thanks for talking to me. I think you've got a lot more to offer than people realize. Have a good night.

*(she departs without him saying a word; it appears as though he's sleeping while DAISY rolls SAM in, both giggling; it is clear that they are returning from a walk and we catch them in the middle of a conversation)*

**DAISY**

Sam, I have to tell you: I haven't been this happy since...well, ever! I don't think I've stopped smiling since the moment I first walked into this place.

**SAM**

Me too!

*(NANCY, meanwhile, drops by and listens from the doorway until the song begins)*

It's the weirdest thing...the doctors and 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**

*(as if to say "actually")*

Tomorrow, actually. What do you say we make a night out of it?

**DAISY**

*(confused, but flattered)*

Wuddya mean?

**SAM**

*(visibly head over heels, he unveils a clearly thought-out plan)*

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

**DAISY**

You have?!

**SAM**

I've written in every page. And I wanna share it with you. Tomorrow night. 6pm?

*(intro of song plays for :40; dialogue must be timed out perfectly)*

We can celebrate with ice cream. And candles. I'll even get you flowers!

*(his excitement tones down)*

\*

**#14: And If You Want**

\*

And we can open my results *together*. In fact, get this: one of the Doctor Marx told me that they even use different colored forms for positive and negative results. I guess blue is good news and I've qualified for treatment! And if it's red, well...let's hope it's not red.

**DAISY**

Oh Sam, I'm so honored you asked!

*(resolute)*

And just so you know, I'm not exactly sure when or how I'm gonna to talk to Dirk about all of this, but I'm going to.

**SAM**

*(surprised, but flattered)*

You're gonna tell him off?

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

You remembered?!

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

*(smiles so hard, a giggle escapes)*

I'd love that! Y'know--

**SAM**

FOR MY WHOLE LIFE, I'VE ALWAYS TRIED  
TO BE THAT GUY WHO CHANGED SOMEONE'S LIFE  
YET, I WAS THE ONE WHOSE LIFE NEEDED CHANGE  
TO LIVE OUT MY HEART, NOT JUST SING IT ON STAGE

**SAM & DAISY**

CAUGHT IN A WEB OF WHO I THOUGHT I WAS  
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT I FOUND YOU

AND 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

**DAISY**

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

FOR MY WHOLE LIFE, I ALWAYS TRIED  
TO BE THAT GIRL WHO SET FEELINGS ASIDE  
TO BE THERE FOR OTHERS, EVEN WHEN THEY WEREN'T THERE

FOR ME AND MY NEEDS, BUT DEEP DOWN, I SURE CARED

**SAM & DAISY**

CAUGHT IN A WEB OF WHO I THOUGHT I WAS

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT I FOUND YOU

AND 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)*

**SAM**

I CAN GIVE YOU NOTHING...

**DAISY**

ALL I HAVE IS NOTHING...

**SAM & DAISY**

BUT MY HEART, MY HEART, MY HEART

### **2-3: Sam's Room**

*JACK appears at NANCY's door, looking for DAISY. She is turned the other way, smoking a cigarette. He knocks on the open door. Caught off guard, she quickly puts it out and walks him to SAM'S cracked door, where LARRY is back in bed.*

**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?!

*(still coughing, although it's decreased; he politely smiles and engages in the small talk)*

**JACK**

One and only.

**NANCY**

*(starts to explain why that's so shocking, but stops herself)*

Huh, that's just not what I would've--...nevermind; come on over this way.

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

The kid's actually, uh, filling *my* shoes in this caretaker role.

**JACK**

Zat right?

**NANCY**

Mhmm. She's been taking care of the, uh, victim of that drunk-driving accident. Sam.

**JACK**

That's what I hear.

**NANCY**

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 on the door)*

Uh, hello?

*(slowly opens the door and peers his head around to glance in the room)*

Daisy?

*(after hearing a hearty cough from behind the door, he retreats back into the doorway, not wanting to intrude)*

**LARRY**

She's not here.

**JACK**

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

**LARRY**

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; LARRY immediately recognizes him and turns positive and personable)*

**LARRY**

PASTOR JACK?!?!

**JACK**

Larry Donahue! Wow. It's been forever, my friend. Gimme a hug!

*(leans over the bed for a hearty man-hug; both men are delighted to run into one another)*

Ah, it's good to see you. You know, I *still* hear the Franklin name come up at church from time to time?

**LARRY**

Is that right?! Hey. I was...sorry to hear about your wife a couple years back too. How've you been holdin' up?

**JACK**

I'm fine, thanks. It's been tougher on Daisy than me, actually.

**LARRY**

So Daisy's your daughter, huh?!

**JACK**

One and only.

**LARRY**

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

**JACK**

*(he did not expect that at all; he stumbles to respond, not knowing what to say)*

Oh. Well. Thank you, Larry. Maybe I'll...meet him some day.

**LARRY**

You should stop by tomorrow night. Guess they're meeting in the commons after her shift ends. At...6, I think?

**JACK**

Well. I dunno about that. But thanks. Anyway, how have *you* been?

**LARRY**

Eh, not that good, actually.

**JACK**

Ah, I'm sorry, Larry.

**LARRY**

Kidney is failing and my heart is only functioning at about 35%. Worst part, though, is...the guilt I've been feeling lately.

**JACK**

Why is that?

**LARRY**

I think any person who feels the clock ticking wants to unburden themselves, y'know? And, well...I, uh, recently started having an affair with somebody.

**JACK**

Ingrid's been gone...how long now?

**LARRY**

Four years this August.

**JACK**

*(feeling bad for him)*

Larry. That's not an affair.

**LARRY**

I just feel like I'm cheating on her.

**JACK**

When my wife was sick, I used to have these bouts of uncontrollable weeping. Just the feeling of being completely helpless, y'know? She'd calm me down and say, "sweetheart, loooooong after life's gone, love lives on."

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

The love that you shared with Ingrid isn't gone just because she is. She would want you to be happy. You just have to allow yourself to be.

**LARRY**

*(take a moment to let his words sink in before responding)*

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

**JACK**

*(he audibly exhales and pats LARRY on the shoulder, as he grabs his fedora, before speaking)*

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

**LARRY**

Sure will. Take care, Pastor.

**JACK**

You too.

*(lights fade to black as he buttons his jacket and exits)*

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

*Later that day, AMY & H stop NANCY in the hallway; their decision to use blackmail is their last resort. For NANCY, it is the final straw, to carry out her three-fold plan. DENISE & ALICE serve as "lookout" for each phase of this scene.*

**AMY**

Nancy, we need to talk.

**NANCY**

You're right, Amy. *We do!*

H

Nancy. I saw you kissing Larry.

*(NANCY is taken aback; there is a beat before AMY nervously speaks)*

AMY

For you to tell me to fire Daisy over doing the same thing that you're doing...it's wrong.

NANCY

*(laughing in a condescending manner)*

And what are *you* gonna do about it?

AMY

*(working up the courage to stand up to the bully, she breathes audibly and raises her eyebrows)*

Well. If you don't leave Sam and Daisy alone, we're going to report you to the board.

NANCY

You've gotta be kidding me.

*(sighs as if she's been defeated, she lights a cigarette)*

Of course, the coward is jealous that I got the job and she didn't. 'at's what this is about, isn't it?

H

With all due respect, ma'am, people should be able to love who they want to love. *That's* what this is about.

NANCY

*(overtly mocking him with an annoying voice)*

"With all due respect, ma'am."

*(sighs, takes a puff, and shakes her head)*

Fine. But if either one of you ever tries to use this against me again, I'll fire your asses in two seconds. That understood?

H

Yes, ma'am.

*(H and AMY exit stage right, as NANCY heads towards her office to grab the phone)*

NANCY

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)*

Hi, I am calling in regards to your wife, Daisy.

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

Oh, so you know about him?

Ah, I see...you “know” about him, but you don’t *know* about him.

Mmhmm. I understand. Of course, we’ve already had discussions with her about ‘professionalism in the work place’ and yadda yadda. But, she just keeps pursuing things. In fact, I overheard them today talking about meeting up at the end of her shift tomorrow at 6pm to “profess their true feelings” for one another. Now, I dunno what that means, but I know that if *I* were in your position, I’d wanna know what’s going on. So I figured I’d give you the courtesy heads up.

You’re welcome. Uh huh. Oh, I agree. Ok. Sounds goods. Alright, buh-bye now.

\* \* \*

*(hangs up the phone, grins and cocks her head, as if to say “one down, two to go.” DENISE hands over a clipboard and file folder and she heads over to SAM’s room, anxiously looking around the whole walk.)*

Knock, knock!

**SAM**

Come in.

**NANCY**

Hey Sam. How are ya?

**SAM:**

I’m hanging in there. The pain has mostly subsi-

**NANCY:**

*(eternally rude)*

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

**SAM**

Hmm, I thought they were gonna be sent in the mail.

**NANCY**

Oh, they, uh, did. Dr. Marx had a surgery, so she gave them to me to pass along. Anyway, it appears that your prognosis has taken a turn for the worse. Apparently, you have a dangerous fluid in your bloodstream that is actually preventing blood from reaching various parts of your body. And so...

**SAM**

*(like a kid who just figured something out, he’s borderline excited, despite the content of his words)*

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

**NANCY**

*(has a very difficult time spitting out the bad news, but rolls with unexpected "assist" to her lie)*

Uh...yeah. In fact, that's...that's what the, uh, technicians said too.

*(stretches the edges of her lips to the ground, as if to say "eek")*

Anywho....long story short, um...it doesn't look good.

**SAM**

How much time?

**NANCY**

*(pauses to acknowledge his recognition of her bad news)*

Umm...I would say a couple *days*, at best. I'm sorry.

**SAM**

*(he nods with a clenched jaw, as his eyes well up and he eventually sniffles and responds very slowly)*

Ok. Thank you for coming by.

**NANCY**

You bet. Hang in there. If you need *anything*, the...uh...nursing staff, I'm sure, would be more than happy to help.

\* \* \*

*(lights dim on SAM as NANCY awkwardly exits and heads towards the stairs. Meanwhile, DAISY is turning in her time card by the break room; NANCY purposely bumps into her; DAISY is surprised; NANCY drops some 'bread crumbs'.)*

Hi, Daisy.

**DAISY**

Oh, hi Nancy. How are you?

**NANCY**

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

**DAISY**

*(this statement is about the last thing she expected to hear)*

Sam's ex?

**NANCY**

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

Yeah, didn't you hear? She just stopped by. Apparently had this big tearful apology for 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**

I guess he accepted her apology and now they're back together! Good for him though. Gotta enjoy the time he's got left.

*(DAISY's jaw is on the floor; her face reveals that she is a victim of both sadness and betrayal)*

Well, I better get a move on it. Have a good night there, kiddo!

*(gives her a condescending shoulder punch that jolts her forward, as NANCY exits; DAISY's hand cups her mouth as her focused eyes stare around; we watch her contemplate her next move and then eventually beeline towards SAM's room)*

**DAISY**

*(heartbroken and desperate for answers, she barges in on the verge of crying)*

How could you?!

**SAM**

*(still emotional, his eyes remain welled up; he clearly has no idea what she's talking about)*

What?!

**DAISY**

*(her hurt is speaking)*

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**

*(emotionally spent)*

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. I knew this was a mistake from the start. "Anything that is 'too good to be true' is just that."

*(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.)*

**#15: Different Again**

**SAM**

NOBODY SAID THAT IT'S OVER  
BUT DEEP DOWN, I KNOW THAT IT IS  
AFTER ALL THAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH  
I GUESS, NOW IT'S COMES DOWN TO THIS

**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  
 AND THAT IS THE WAY THAT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN  
 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  
 AND THAT IS THE WAY THAT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN  
 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?  
 I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND

I WILL BE HERE AND YOU WILL BE THERE  
 AND THAT IS THE WAY THAT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN  
 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

*(black out)*

---

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

*The next morning, SAM and LARRY are sitting while the DOCTOR, H, and AMY enter with nervous anticipation.*

---

**AMY**

Well...here they aaaaaare!

**SAM**

*(very confused, he crinkles his eyebrows and cocks his head in denial)*

Wuddya mean?

**AMY**

*(shocked, she speaks in a slightly condescending tone)*

Your results. To see if you quali-

**SAM**

*(both are confused with crinkled eyebrows)*

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

**DOCTOR**

Umm, that can't be. The mailman just delivered them about 20 minutes ago.

**H**

*(everybody's 'wheels' are visibly 'spinning' before H's light bulb goes on)*

Oh my God.

**H & AMY**

NANCY!

**SAM**

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

**AMY**

Uh, no.

*(looks at her watch)*

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

**SAM**

Can I use your phone real quick?

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

**JACK**

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

**DAISY**

*(starts carrying in groceries, she is unintentionally standoff-ish)*

Wuddya mean? I was running errands.

**JACK**

I stopped by Franklin Mills and you weren't there. So I stopped here, and you're not home. I'm worried sick about you!

**DAISY**

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

**JACK**

*(after a pause, he is informative)*

The phone rang while I was here.

**DAISY**

*(wondering why he is bringing up unnecessary information)*

Okay...?

**JACK**

I was worried, so I answered.

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

It was Sam.

**DAISY**

Sam?

**JACK**

Yes. 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, talking almost under her breath as she brainstorms)*

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. And he hopes you'll still join him tonight.

**DAISY**

*(while hearing that takes her breath away, she hangs her head, mortified that her dad now knows everything)*

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

**JACK**

*(starts to get choked up, he dons his proud father smile)*

You remember that sermon where I said that scars only mask your happiness, if you let them?

**\* #16: You're Not Alone \***

**DAISY**

Maybe...?

**JACK**

Sweetheart, all my life, I have never wanted anything more than your happiness.

**DAISY**

Really? You're not mad? Or disappointed?

**JACK**

Quite the opposite. I'm *proud* of you, dear.

**DAISY**

What?!

**JACK**

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;  
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 THE KEYS AND NOW GO DRIVE  
 YOU'VE GOT TIME; DAISY, HE *NEEDS* YOU  
 SINCE YOU LOVE HIM, YOU'LL BE FINE  
 YOUR SMILE WRITES THE BOOK OF MY HEART

**DAISY**

THEN 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 YOU, I'M NOT ALONE

*(they hug; DAISY snuffles; four chord progressions of the main motif play underneath the following mini-monologue)*

**JACK**

I have something to show you. So when I went to visit you the other day, I ended up running into Larry Mills. Not only is he one of the founding members of Franklin Mills.

**DAISY**

Crabby Larry?!

**JACK**

Yeah! He and his wife Ingrid were long-time members at church. He remembers you as a kid. He's...actually a great guy. Anyway. He wanted me to give this to you.

*(hands her an unsealed envelope; there is a letter inside)*

**LARRY**

EVEN THOUGH I'M OLD AND GRAY  
 IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY  
 WHEN I HEAR MY PASTOR SAY  
 WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE IS A WAY

And that--

LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE,  
LOVE LIVES ON

He was right, Daisy.

LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE,  
LOVE LIVES ON

*(we hear the chorus take over that melody in unison, as the music triumphantly builds for six more chord progressions)*

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

*(DAISY's hand covers her mouth, as she sees unfolds the bottom third of the letter, revealing a check)*

So take this check and use it well. I know you will. You deserve happiness, and I'm glad you've found it. Your mom would be proud. Wish your dad well for me. It's about time for me to go be with Ingrid. Now, Daisy...

*(music rushes to an abrupt caesura)*

Go get 'em!

*(one big short final chord, followed by an immediate blackout as she rushes to hug her dad)*

## 2-6: Franklin Mills Commons

*6pm. SAM has lit candles. In a suit, he waits in his wheelchair, with a spotlight on him, on a dimly lit stage, holding a bouquet of daisies and 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 for blaming him. DIRK stands in the back of the theatre, watching the entire scene.*

**DAISY**

*(comes running up the stairs from the audience, slowing her stride to a halt, as she nears the top of them)*

I'm a fool. I'm so sorry.

**SAM**

*(elated to see her)*

You're not a fool. Get over here!

*(she hugs him; he hands her the flowers; she pulls up a chair next to him, leans on his shoulder, and holds his hand)*

**DAISY**

I missed you.

**SAM**

Gosh, I missed you too.

*(pauses to bask in the moment)*

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

**DAISY**

I heard! Whadja think?

**SAM**

He seemed great. *I* was the bumbling idiot who couldn't get a hold of myself!

**DAISY**

Oh, stop; you're fine.

*(surprised to be saying this)*

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 today...

**SAM**

Wuddya mean?

**DAISY**

Sam, *Larry*, of all people, has decided to pay for the antibiotic!!

**SAM**

WHAT?!

**DAISY**

*I know*, right?! This is all...too good to be true.

**SAM**

Actually, it's a perfect segue to...my dedication.

**DAISY**

Yeah?

**SAM**

Well, as you know, this whole book thing has been....difficult for me, to say the least. The last thing I wanted to do was rehash the accident; and not having anybody close enough to dedicate it to just made me...sad. The truth is: had you not come along, these pages would have stayed empty. But instead, I filled them with our story.

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

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

“My Carnation,

Water. No matter what surrounds it...no matter its past, present, or future...no matter who or what gets in its way...it always finds its own level. Although outside forces can do their best to prevent it, nature insists: it *will* happen. It has to.

Daisy, from the moment I met you, I have done everything in my power *not* to fall in love with you. You were a married woman who was assigned to be my caretaker. I was a broken man, who was assigned to die under your watch.

But as moments became memories, 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. We are *water*, destined to find our own level of happiness, which...ended up being each other. No matter what color paper these lab results are, our next reality...is just an opportunity waiting to happen.

*(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)*

Well. You ready to open the results?

**DAISY**

Let’s do it.

**SAM**

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

Ts. You know what? I musta left ‘em in my room. Gimme a sec; I’ll be right back.

\* \* \*

*SAM rolls himself upstage, through a doorway, and out of visibility; we see DAISY get up to bring her flowers to SAM’s room, when DIRK appears from stage left, his silhouette revealing an extended arm with a pistol in its hand. POW! The music stops abruptly. 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 from stage left with a stunned look of horror. After standing there for a moment, crying, while DIRK approaches DAISY's lifeless body, his emotion quickly turns 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**

Ahhhh!!! Daisy!!!

\* \* \*

*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. **Music begins again.** 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, SAM sings a cappella.*

\* \* \*

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

STORIES WILL BE TOLD ON EMPTY PAGES AS LONG AS YOU'RE GONE,  
CUZ YOU HAVE SHOWN ME: LONG AFTER LIFE IS GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.

LIFE IS DEMANDING, SO ENJOY EVERY PART  
FOR IT WILL RESTORE YOUR FAITH AND YOUR HEART

I HAVE LEARNED WHAT YOU HAVE TAUGHT  
THAT PART OF LOVE IS PAIN AND LOSS

STORIES WILL BE TOLD ON EMPTY PAGES AS LONG AS YOU'RE GONE,  
CUZ YOU HAVE SHOWN ME: LONG AFTER LIFE IS GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.

*(the entire scene fast forwards in slow-motion to DAISY's funeral. There is chaos during this next sung-phrase as lights change, cast members switch positions in slow-motion, and a new scene is revealed at the downbeat of the final chorus: DAISY lies on a casket with her arms crossed, JACK's supportive hand resides on SAM's shoulder, as he eulogizes his love from his wheelchair. After adding a black accessory to their hospital attire during this transition, each cast member now holds a light-up candle in their hands, as in a candlelit vigil, while they stand in the same positions that closed Act One)*

I TOOK IT ALL FOR GRANTED, MY TRUE SELF, I'VE ABANDONED  
SO BREATHE YOUR LIFE INTO ME, AND BY YOUR LOVE, RENEW ME

**ALL**

STORIES WILL BE TOLD IN EMPTY BOOKS AS LONG AS YOU'RE GONE,  
CUZ YOU HAVE SHOWN ME: LONG AFTER LIFE IS GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.

**SAM**

AND I LOVE YOU.

**END OF ACT TWO.**

*\* #18: Bows & Exit Music \**

*(each cast member sets a daisy or carnation onto the empty casket that resides in the center of the stage before bowing)*