



\* \* \* \* \*

*THE BOOK OF EMPTY PAGES, INC. IS A REGISTERED NON-STOCK CORPORATION  
& 501C3 NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION  
© 2016*

**THEBOOKOFEMPTYPAGES.COM**



\* \* \* \* \*

TO AVAYA LYN & OSCAR RYAN,

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

I LOVE YOU WITH ALL THAT I AM,

-DAD

**BRIEF SYNOPSIS:**

Before his 8-year old daughter, DAISY, goes out to play with her “friends,” who bullied her last time, PASTOR JACK pulls her aside to remind her that scars don’t define people...there is often good under the bad.

Meanwhile, singer-songwriter SAM has just finished his final song at a small bar gig. The audience is begging for an encore, when 24-year old DAISY enters, 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 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 drunk driver in a 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, but that commitment is forever. He suggests applying for a job opening he saw in the church bulletin: a caretaker position over at Franklin Mills, the local Rehab and Recovery Center. She does.

When she gets the job, her first case is SAM, who is 8 days removed from the ICU. Upon arrival, SAM, like every Franklin Mills patient, receives an empty book to use as a journal, a memoire, 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 the riskier alternative: waiting to see if his labs qualify for a brand new antibiotic—one with an astronomical price tag.

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

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

ACT I**1-1 Daisy's Childhood Home & Local Bar (p. 7)**

#1 Overture (1:15).....Sam, Chorus p. 7

#2 New Beginning (3:45).....Jack & Sam, p. 9

**1-2 Crash Scene/Hospital, Daisy's Bedroom, Dirk's Truck (p. 11)**

#3 Reality (3:50).....Sam, Daisy, Dirk, p. 11

**1-3 Belmont Home & Pastor Jack's House (p. 13)**

#4A Only Answer (3:10).....Daisy, p. 13

#4B Only Answer Playoff (1:00).....Daisy, p. 16

*Scene Change 1.0 (:20).....Instrumental, p. 16*

**1-4 Nancy's Office & Franklin Mills Commons (p. 16)**

#5 One Stop Shop (3:15).....All, p. 18

**1-5 Franklin Mills Commons (p. 21)**

#6 Nothing to Lose (3:45).....Sam & Daisy, p. 23

#7 Onward & Upward (1:45).....H, Sam, Chorus, p. 28

**1-6 Nancy's Office (p. 32)**

*Scene Change 2.0 (:10).....Instrumental, p. 35*

**1-7 Sam's Room (p. 35)**

#8 Memories of Old (3:00).....Daisy, p. 37

*Scene Change 3.0 (:10).....Instrumental, p. 40*

**1-8 Pastor Jack's Office (p. 40)**

#9A "Memories of Old" Reprise (0:45).....Daisy & Dirk, p. 41

**1-9 Sam's Room (p. 43)****1-10 Franklin Mills Commons & Outside the Break Room (p. 47)**

#9B Peace (:30).....Instrumental, p. 52

**1-11 Outside Nancy's Office (p. 52)**

#10 Give Me What's Mine (2:45).....Nancy, Denise, & Alice, p. 54

**1-12 Franklin Mills Commons (p. 56)**

#11 Different & The Same (5:15).....All, p. 56

ACT 2

#12 Entr'acte (1:10).....	Instrumental, p. 60
<b>2-1 Franklin Mills Commons (p. 60)</b>	
#13 Head Over Heels (3:15).....	H, Amy, & Chorus, p. 62
<b>2-2 Sam's Room (p. 66)</b>	
#14 And If You Want (3:45).....	Sam & Daisy, p. 69
<b>2-3 Sam's Room: Next Morning (p. 71)</b>	
<b>2-4 Nancy's Office, Sam's Rom, &amp; Hallway (p. 74)</b>	
#15 Nothing But Perfect (4:00).....	Nancy, Denise, & Alice, p. 75
#16 Different Again (3:45).....	Sam & Daisy, p. 78
<i>Scene Change 4.0 (:10)</i> .....	<i>Instrumental, p. 79</i>
<b>2-5 Sam's Room &amp; Belmont Home (p. 79)</b>	
#17 You're Not Alone (3:00).....	Jack & Daisy, p. 81
<i>Scene Change 5.0 (:10)</i> .....	<i>Instrumental, p. 83</i>
<b>2-6 Franklin Mills Commons (p. 83)</b>	
#18A The Book (:45).....	Instrumental, p. 85
#18B Dirk's Revenge (:20).....	Dirk, p. 85
#18C Love Lives On (3:15).....	Sam, H, Amy, Jack, All, p. 86
#19 Bows & Exit Music (3:27).....	Instrumental, p. 88

SCENE CHANGE MUSICAL THEMES:

*Scene Change 1.0: from "Reality;" abrupt key change of verse 2      Scene Change 2.0: from "Nothing But Perfect;" intro—slide off last chord*  
*Scene Change 3.0: from "New Beginning;" before verse 2      Scene Change 4.0: minor modification of #11      Scene Change 5.0: same as Scene Change 4.0*

APPROXIMATE RUN TIME:

**I:52**

(ACT ONE 1:07, ACT TWO :45)

***CAST SIZE: 16 IS OPTIMAL; MINIMUM 10***

***PIT ORCHESTRA SIZE: 8 IS OPTIMAL; MINIMUM 1***

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

**PRINCIPLE ROLES: 6m, 2f**

***DAISY: 2 solos, 5 duets, 2 cameos-- 190 lines*** 24-year old ingénue with dyed-pink hair; endearing & sweet. *think Claire Cleary from "Wedding Crashers"*

***SAM: 4 solos, 2 duets, 2 cameos-- 164 lines*** 23-year old African-American musician; charismatic & charming. *think Ben Warren from "Grey's Anatomy"*

***NANCY: 2 solos, 1 cameo-- 92 lines*** 45-year old new center supervisor; crabby chain-smoker; played by a male; antagonist. *think Frances McDormand*

***H: 1 solo, 1 duet, 2 cameos-- 79 lines*** 35-year old pharmacist; very flamboyant and a nemesis to Nancy. *think Cameron Tucker meets Kurt Hummel*

***JACK: 1 solo, 2 cameos-- 60 lines*** 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, 1 dance-- 34 lines*** 28-year old; Daisy's husband; alcoholic; wears flannels and chews tobacco; antagonist. *think Earl from "Waitress"*

***LARRY: 3 cameos-- 46 lines*** 78-year old cranky patient at Franklin Mills; which he founded to help wife; dynamic character. *think Jerry Stiller*

***AMY: 1 duet, 2 cameos-- 38 lines*** 22-year old outspoken patient; pretty, but dumb; filter-less; *think Erin from "The Office" or Nicky from "Orange is the New Black"*

**SUPPORTING ROLES: 2m, 5f**

***DENISE & ALICE: 3 songs--29 & 27 lines*** 35-year old custodians; natural complainers and, therefore, gravitate towards comprising Nancy's posse.

***DOCTOR, FRANK, MARYJANE, SOPHIA, & WEMBLEY: 6 songs-- 12-20 lines*** Patients: W-blind; MJ-druggie, F/S-sarcastic

**ENSEMBLE FEATURED ROLES: 3m, 2f**

***YOUNG DAISY (#2/8), SAM'S DOUBLE (#2/16), DAISY'S DOUBLE (#8, 16):*** character doubles/cameo roles in songs

***NEWS ANCHOR (#11), HOT SHIRTLESS NEIGHBOR (#13):*** one-time cameo roles; can easily double as other roles

# \* THE BOOK OF EMPTY PAGES \*

BRANDON M. ROCKSTROH

## #1: Overture

### I-I: Daisy's Childhood Home & Local Bar

*It's autumn in a small town in Pennsylvania. The stage is black as we hear the bar PATRONS singing a melody that SAM, the lead singer of a pop-rock band, has just taught them. They are clapping along as well, as SAM interjects with positive affirmations. The bar's lights mirror the band, who re-enters with staccato chords on the downbeat of each measure, before going black again when the instruments are silent. This builds into SAM's triumphant guitar solo, where the entire stage lights up with moving colored lights. The song closes with the PATRONS joining back in for the ending refrain, followed by a very resolute grandiose final chord. The audience erupts in cheers and chants for an encore, before freezing when the lighting switches to the opposite side of the stage. There, we see an 8-year old girl enter from stage left as if she's about to depart out the one-foot wide door at the middle of the stage; it is extra thick to double as the bar's exit.*

#### PATRONS

OH-OH-OH-OH-OH!

#### SAM

*(intermittently throughout the overture, as he coaches the audience when to sing along; his is confident but not cocky)*

There you go. Keep it going now!

#### CHORUS

OH-OH-OH-OH!

#### SAM

Arright; Ima tell you guys when it's your turn! Til then, let's rock out!

*(guitar solo)*

Here it comes, now...

#### PATRONS

OH-OH-OH-OH-OH!

#### SAM

Thassit!

#### PATRONS

OH-OH-OH-OH!

OH-OH-OH-OH-OH!

**SAM**

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

Thank you so much for coming out. Have a great night!

**PATRONS**

*(cheers evolve into chant, which fades out as the PATRONS slowly freeze and the audience's attention turns to stage left)*

Encore, encore, encore!!

**YOUNG DAISY**

Mom, Dad...I'm going to the neighbors! Be back in a bit!

**JACK**

Ooo sweetheart, wait up for a second.

*(middle-aged and attractive, the Pastor-by-day crouches down to meet his daughter at her level)*

I wanted to talk to you about last time you played with the neighbors...when Tommy lied behind your back.

**YOUNG DAISY**

Yeah...?

**JACK**

Look. Often times, people do and say not-nice things because *they* are going through something tough in their own lives. Perhaps somebody's being mean to *them*, I dunno. My point is: today could be a new beginning for you guys.

**YOUNG DAISY**

What do you mean? *He's* the one who acted like a bully!

**JACK**

I know. It's just that...

IF YOU CAN DREAM, YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO BELIEVE

THAT BENEATH A BULLY'S MASK, OFTEN HIDES A MASTERPIECE

SO THE NEXT TIME HE LIES, JUST OPEN YOUR MIND,

YOU MIGHT SEE GOOD IN HIS EYES, EVEN IF IT'S BURIED INSIDE...JUST GIVE IT A TRY

**YOUNG DAISY**

Ugh, there you go *again*!

**JACK**

What?!

**YOUNG DAISY**

You never take *my* side!

**JACK**

What do you mean?

**YOUNG DAISY**

Nevermind. Just...can I go play outside?

**JACK**

Sh-sure...we'll just talk about this later then. I love you, dear. Have fun!

**DAISY**

*(YOUNG DAISY exits "into" the door, when out pops the older DAISY on the other side, frantically struggling to speak)*

Hi. I...didn't mean to interrupt. I'm just...looking for somebody.

**SAM**

*(comes across more as optimistic rather than cheesy; he is visibly taken by her)*

Well, we're all somebody to *somebody*, know-I'm-sayin? Who you lookin' for?

**DAISY**

My husband; he's...a regular at these bars. Dirk Belmont? Anyway, it's our anniversary and...he said he'd be home early.

**SAM**

Anyone....see...*Dirk* tonight?

**DAISY**

Thank you anyway. I'm sorry; you're clearly in the middle of--

**SAM**

N-no; it's fine. This is important. 'sides...I've never been asked to play an encore before. I'm...not sure what to--

*(one band member mumbles something to SAM, before he quips back)*

That song's not even finished!

**PATRON**

Play it anyway!!

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

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

Uhh, ok. But consider yourselves warned.

It's a breakup song. I started it over a year ago and just...never finished.

EVERY NEW BEGINNING STARTS WITH AN ENDING  
YOU'RE WINNING BY LOSING, WITHOUT PRETENDING

*(this next line is almost rhythmic, but it's mostly delivered as his unfiltered thoughts rationalizing the breakup)*

I used to believe that bad experiences made for better people, in the end. So I'd tell myself..

TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY AND OPPORTUNITY AWAITS,  
LET'S BEGIN AGAIN!

BUT HOW DOES ANYONE REALLY GET PAST THE PAST  
IF ALL YOU'VE EVER KNOWN IS 'TWO STEPS BACK?'  
THEY TAKE THE HIGH ROAD, FOR THE BIGGER MAN GETS THE LAST LAUGH

But as soon as I think I'm ready to move on, I'm afraid I'll just copy and paste my mistakes the next time.

A SECOND CHANCE IS NOTHING, IF NOT FOR CHANGING  
IT MUST BECOME A NEW THING, OR YOU'RE JUST REARRANGING

FORGIVENESS ISN'T VIRTUOUS, IT'S OFTEN DISINGENUOUS,  
SO HEARTACHE LIVES ON  
BUT TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY, A FORWARD STEP THAT I SHOULD TAKE  
I'VE GOT TO MOVE ON

BUT HOW DOES ANYONE REALLY GET PAST THE PAST  
IF ALL YOU'VE EVER KNOWN IS 'TWO STEPS BACK?'  
THEY TAKE THE HIGH ROAD, FOR THE BIGGER MAN GETS THE LAST LAUGH

So it's at this point in the song where I haven't written any more lyrics, but...I've still got something to say. Anyway, I'm sure it'll come to me. And the melody will go something like this:

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

C'mon, y'all!

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

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

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

---

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

*Broken glass, random car parts, and spinning police lights create the aftermath of a car crash. Low stage lighting and fog add to the blurriness of the moment. SAM'S DOUBLE is lying on on a spinal board stretcher, 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, visibly numb, while his DOUBLE acts out the aftermath upstage.*

---

### **#3: Reality**

**SAM:**

ONE MOMENT, I'M UP ON STAGE,  
 ONE LOUSY GOAL, JUST TO TURN A PAGE  
 IF ONLY PUZZLES COULD PIECE THEMSELVES,  
 (IT) WOULDN'T TAKE BIG PICTURES TO SEE OURSELVES

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'LL SEE  
 REMINDS ME OF WHO I USED TO BE,  
 FOR YESTERDAY'S NEEDS & TOMORROW'S DREAMS SEEK TODAY'S IDENTITY

**DOCTOR**

*(a middle-aged woman with a polite "bedside manner" enters, her white coat over her scrubs)*

SAM, YOU'RE BLEEDING INSIDE YOUR HEAD  
 'TSA MIRACLE THAT YOU'RE NOT DEAD,  
 AND I'M AFRAID, THE NEWS GETS WORSE  
 FOR YOU WON'T WALK AGAIN

*(lights up on DAISY, journaling in her bed; across the stage, SAM sings over his DOUBLE; ensuing dialogue overlaps)*

**SAM & DAISY**

Then,

**DAISY**

...all of the sudden...

**SAM**

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

**SAM & DAISY**

...it dawned me:

**SAM**

That new beginning I was seeking...

**DAISY**

I keep wanting Dirk to be different...

**SAM**

...had nothing to do with my breakup.

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

Bad memories don't have to last.

**DAISY**

Futures aren't about the past.

**SAM**

**DAISY**

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

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

**SAM & DAISY**

...go back to being *me*.

**SAM & DAISY:**

WELCOME TO REALITY, WHERE EVERY LITTLE THING I'LL SEE

REMINDS ME OF WHO I USED TO BE,

FOR YESTERDAY'S NEEDS & TOMORROW'S DREAMS SEEK TODAY'S IDENTITY

**SAM, DAISY, & DIRK:**

*(with a plaid shirt, trucker's hat, 5:00 shadow, and chew, DIRK takes swigs from his flask while in his parked truck)*

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

BUT IF ONLY I HAD ONE MORE CHANCE; I'D MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE

SO PLEASE, DON'T GIVE UP ON ME JUST YET

MAY THIS BE THE BEGINNING, AND NOT THE END...THE END

*(all three join in unison to start the next stanza)*

GOD, I COME HERE TODAY TO ASK FOR A GIFT

**SAM**

A MIRACLE, MAYBE,

**DIRK**

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

Right?

**DAISY**

YOU FORGIVE EVERY SINNER

**SAM**

I AM SELFISH, THAT'S THE TRUTH

**DIRK**

JUST...DON'T LET HER FIND OUT

**SAM, DAISY, & DIRK**

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

*(blackout on SAM and DIRK)*

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

*Blackout on SAM & DIRK. In a continuous scene change, DAISY journals about seeking advice from her mother (who passed away due to breast cancer, hence her fading pink hair). Later, DIRK enters & JACK gives advice on the phone.*

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

**DAISY**

ALONE AGAIN WITH MY THOUGHTS

MAMA, I SURE DO MISS YOU

WHY ARE MISTAKES EASY TO MAKE,

BUT YET SO HARD TO UNDO?

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

Oh 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. You get a job yet?!

Figures. 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**

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

WHEN HE DRINKS, HE'S JUST MORE...*CANDID*

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,  
'CAUSE I KNOW IT'S WHAT YOU WANT. MOM, I HOPE YOU'RE LOOKING DOWN,  
EVEN PROUDER THAN YOU WERE BEFORE, 'CAUSE YOU SHOWED ME...

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

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

*(DIRK rolls his eyes & turns over to sleep; DAISY suddenly furrows her brows as if she's made a bombshell discovery)*

OR MAYBE IT'S *NOT* THE ANSWER

MAYBE WAITING AROUND, CONSTANTLY PULLING ME DOWN,  
LIKE THE LOST WHO ARE FOUND, THESE ARE MY CUES TO MOVE ON  
SO NO MORE LOSING SLEEP, NO MORE LIES OR DECEIT  
MY DAD MUST HEAR MY PLEA, FOR HE BELIEVES IN ME

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

DADDY, I'VE CALLED YOU THIS LATE TO ASK FOR A GIFT  
A MIRACLE, MAYBE, BUT THAT'S WHY... WE EXIST,

Right?!

YOU'VE TOLD ME: "FORGIVE HIM?" WELL I BELIEVE, NOW, THAT I CAN  
BUT I ASK FOR YOUR BLESSING, SO I CAN LEAVE HIM TO SAVE WHO I AM

**JACK**

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

**DAISY**

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

**JACK**

Well, what is it then?

**DAISY**

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

**JACK**

Ugh money. It's the root of all evil, I swear. Remember, mom's life insurance money is there, if you need it. Mom always said she wanted the money to help kickstart someone's future. Why not have it be yours?

DAISY

No, I...couldn't.

JACK

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

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

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

\* #4B Only Answer Playoff \*

DAISY

No, no. That's okay.

JACK

Who knows? Might be worth a call.

DAISY

Ok, thanks. G'night.

JACK

Goodnight, dear.

DAISY

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

Will my emotions ever mean something to you?

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IN HAPPILY-EVER-AFTER,

WHEN MORE AND MORE QUESTIONS ARE MY ONLY ANSWERS

I hope they don't answer.

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

Uh, yeah, hi...my name is Daisy Belmont. I heard you have, umm...that there's a position open...for a caretaker. Yeah.

So I just wanted to call and, uh...is that position still open? Oh, ok. Yeah, no...um...tomorrow? Sure. I-I'll be there at

4:30. Yes, I'll send it...email it to your—ok, that works. Sounds good. Thank you. Buh-bye.

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

\* Scene Change 1.0 \*

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

*Blackout. Next day. Upstairs, a large sign reads "Franklin Mills Recovery & Rehabilitation." DAISY enters the main door, not knowing where to go. She eventually stumbles upon NANCY in her office, reading a budget report and smoking.*

**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-

**NANCY**

Ohhhh, yeah. Belmont, right?

**DAISY**

That's right. Daisy. Daisy Belmont.

**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.

*(when NANCY can't find the application, DAISY offers up her resume in the least confrontational tone possible)*

I brought a copy of my res-

**NANCY**

I'll tell ya something, Belmont: for the last couple years, I worked this same caretaker role you're applying for. Yup, nobody knows it better than me. Then, recently I got called up to the big leagues. Center Director. And so I'm, uh, trynna find the next Nancy, if you know what I mean?

**DAISY**

*(she swallows mid-sentence while looking at NANCY's dated outfit; NANCY obliviously answers by pointing to her outfit)*

Mm. Do the caretakers all wear a...uniform?

**NANCY**

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-I would love that!

**\* #5: One Stop Shop \***

**PATIENTS**

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

*(this line repeats quietly until NANCY opens the door, when the background noise immediately comes to the foreground)*

**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 to reveal AMY leading the patients in this giddy chant about pill-time; some do off-beat "eh's")*

**PATIENTS**

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?

**AMY**

Just watch me now!!

*(AMY unintentionally dances poorly as the song switches to a jivey swung Jamaican-style; PATIENTS tease)*

**NANCY**

Eh...hey, HEY!! Sheezus. See, this is what happens when they don't get their pills.

*(back to the PATIENTS)*

Reminds of when my kid used to beg fer breakfast.

**MARYJANE**

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 getcha cereal, alright?!"

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

What? That's fair!

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

Now. Before you guys line up, a couple things to be aware of: 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 getcha 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.

*(when NANCY unexpectedly references her ring; embarrassed, for some reason, DAISY covers up her left hand)*

**DAISY**

Oh.

**NANCY**

Wuddy say, H? You ready?

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

Go line up! Careful, now. One at a time. Animals, I swear!

**DAISY**

So what *is* this exactly?

**AMY**

Oh, sweetheart; this?!

*(AMY, known for her messy-hair; oversized hospital gown, & unfiltered comments, is first in line, as the music halts)*

This is the best part 'a waking up!

**H**

Pills are in your cup!

**LARRY**

**1:24** EVERY DAY, THE SAME OLD, SAME OLD LONG ASS LINE

**SOPHIA**

OH CHEER UP, WILL YA, LARRY?

**AMY**

There's more to life...y'can't just fart, drool, and whine!

**NANCY**

LOOK, THIS PLACE IS FILLED WITH...

...entitled Jews! Take em' or leave 'em...you choose!

*(LARRY is offended that NANCY mocked his wealth, until she winks at him)*

**H**

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

**WEMBLEY**

Let's go!

**PATIENTS**

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

OOOOO, SHOT! THE ONE STOP SHOP!!

**WEMBLEY & AMY**

IF EVERYBODY AND THEIR MOTHER SAW US LEANING ON EACH OTHER

**PATIENTS**

THEY'D STOP AT THE ONE STOP SHOP

OOOOO SHOT, THE ONE STOP SHOP!!

**DAISY**

Pardon me for being confused...

**NANCY**

Mmmmmhmm. And annoyed.

**DAISY**

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

**H**

Dayyyyyumn, gurl. You're quick.

**AMY**

Look-a'-yoo, ya little...junior bacon thoughtful-burger!

**LARRY**

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

**H**

BUT MUCH LIKE THE PILLS HERE, WE RECOMMEND TAKING PEOPLE IN DOSES

**WEMBLEY**

OUR PHILOSOPHY IS: THAT BELONGING TO A TEAM MAKES EVERYBODY PART'A THE DREAM

**NANCY**

Oh god.

**PATIENTS**

SO WE ALL TAKE SHOTS AT THE ONE STOP STOP

**WEMBLEY & AMY**

WHEN DIFFERENT PEOPLE PUT AWAY THEIR DIFFERENCES & LOVE THE SAME

**NANCY**

I'm gonna puke.

**PATIENTS**

THEY SHOP AT THE ONE STOP SHOP!

**WEMBLEY**

One more!

**PATIENTS**

OOOOO, SHOT! THE ONE STOP *SHOP!!*

**NANCY**

*(she sings condescendingly to WEMBLEY, mocking his blindness; then forcefully taking away his pill cup)*

EITHER YOU'RE TOO BLIND TO SEE, OR YOU HAD ONE-TOO-MANY 'A THESE

**WEMBLEY**

Or. Maybe I just--

CHOOSE TO SEE THAT *WE* BEATS *ME*

**WEMBLEY & PATIENTS**

'CAUSE IN COMMUNITY, THERE IS UNITY!

**DAISY**

*(sees a new patient with a head-full of bandages and scrapes being 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 is clearly attracted to SAM, despite his bandages, neck brace, and lacerations. She turns to H and chomps down twice.*

**AMY**

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

**FRANK**

*(perpetually mocking AMY under his breath)*

Heeeeere we go.

**AMY**

Mm, come to mummyyyyy. Yow!

**NANCY**

Will ya shutcha pie-holes already! Disgusting. You must be...Sam.

**SAM**

Sam, I am.

**NANCY**

Hi, I'm Nancy. Center Director. Oo, I almost forgot. Sam, your timing is "un perfecto," huh Soph?...

**SOPHIA**

*(NANCY winks at SOPHIA, who is offended; although Hispanic, she's a lifelong American with no accent)*

I was born in Vermont!

**NANCY**

...guess you could say: today, we begin a new *chapter*.

*(nobody reacts, so she resorts to mockery)*

Oh, come on! All you people ever do is joke. 'cept when *Nancy* makes one off-color remark, nobody says jack shit.

**AMY**

Is that really somebody's last name?

**NANCY**

Look, the board has a new policy. They want every patient to have one 'a these. Go ahead...grab one.

*(the coffee table in the middle contains several stacks of journals; WEMBLEY grabs one, holds it up to the light, confused)*

**WEMBLEY**

Uh, I don't see anything in mine.

**H**

Right. The empty pages symbolize a...blank slate. So during your time here, if you ever feel inspired to...write a letter, draw a picture, share a memory, this book can be your vessel.

**NANCY**

Or your *fairy* tale, huh H?

**AMY**

Oo and look here. There's even a spot here for a dedication! So if we die, y'guys'll know who to get it to. Helpful!

**FRANK**

'aaaat's comforting.

**MARYJANE**

*(LARRY has fallen asleep in his wheelchair, with drool all over; MARYJANE, always high, giggles as she mocks him)*

Eh-eh-eh. Check it. I think I already know the title of that guy's book. *Drool's* out for the summer. Get it?!

**LARRY**

*(awakened by laughter, he speaks, then resets his saliva situation by opening and closing his mouth several times)*

Youuuu all can kiss my aaa...

**H**

Aaaaand that's Larry; our longest tenured patient.

**LARRY**

Four years in this hell hole.

**H**

And. Our most profane patient.

**LARRY**

Damn straight.

**AMY**

*(shows obvious interest in the new patient, but clearly hasn't flirted much, as she is awkward and overt)*

So...Samuel. What's...yer book gonna say?

**NANCY**

Amy, I'd assume now's probably not the best tim--

**SAM**

Oh, it's not a bother. Figured you might be curious...I heard the accident was all over the news. But. I'm just a guy. Last month, I was hung up on my old girlfriend. Now, I'll never walk again. Guess it's time for a new perspective, huh?

**\* #6: Nothing To Lose \***

**AMY**

*(out of the side of her mouth to H, she's trying to talk under her breath, but everybody can hear)*

He can give *me* a new perspective any day, if you know what I mean.

**SOPHIA**

Amy.

**H**

Trust me, they'll stop eventually. How do you...manage to keep it all together?

**SAM**

Beats the alternative, right?

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I MADE A POINT TO MASK MY PAIN TO NOT SHOW WEAKNESS,  
BUT NOW I SEE THAT BRUISES, THEY PASS; IT'S SCARS THAT STAIN

LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT ONE DAY, WHEN LOOKING AWAY,  
MY PLANS WOULD GIVE WAY TO COMPLETE DISARRAY  
BUT NOW THAT I'M HERE, AND YOU MIGHT FEEL THE SAME  
THERE'S NO CHOICE TO MAKE, BUT TO FACE THE CHANGE

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

**H**

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

**LARRY**

Or. This is what happens, kids, when you have severe head trauma.

**H**

Actually, he might be on to something. Hope shouldn't rely on circumstance.

IT RESIDES IN YOUR HEART

**SAM**

SURE, SOMETHING COULD CHANGE, BUT IT JUST MIGHT BE YOU

**H**

MI'SE WELL DREAM BIG, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE

**SAM & H**

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

**SOPHIA**

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

**SAM**

Isn't it funny how time goes unnoticed, until it's too late? What if time weren't a sentence, but an opportunity?

**DAISY**

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

AND THIS ISN'T ME SAYING, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH  
'CAUSE I HAVEN'T A CLUE, I JUST THINK PEOPLE STRUGGLE TO FACE THEIR TRUTH  
SO HOW DO YOU JUST...PICK UP THE PIECES & ACCEPT THAT YOU'VE LOST,  
WHEN YOUR FUTURE JUST PAID THE ULTIMATE COST?

**SAM**

*(his response is just as respectful; this is a discussion rather than an argument)*

WELL, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, I DON'T SEE IT THAT WAY  
FOR ME, IT'S A CHOICE OF LOVE VERSUS HATE

**DAISY**

One more thing--

SCARS MIGHT STAIN; BUT YOUR FUTURE'S UNSCATHED

**NANCY**

You all talk so much about past and future, where's the now?

**H**

TODAY'S THE EMPTY PAGE..

SURE, SOMETHING COULD CHANGE, BUT IT JUST MIGHT BE YOU

**SAM**

I GUESS 'WHY NOT' DREAM BIG? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE

**SAM & H**

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

**DAISY**

I think I know what you're saying.

**SAM**

Yeah?

**DAISY**

WHEN THE DAY IS DONE, HISTORY WILL REPEAT ITSELF,

EXCEPT WHEN YOU ACCEPT WHAT'S REAL AND STAY TRUE TO YOURSELF

**SAM**

Exactly!

SURE, SOMETHING COULD CHANGE, BUT IT JUST MIGHT BE *YOU*.

**DAISY**

SO WHY NOT DREAM BIG, *YOU'VE* GOT NOTHING TO LOSE

**SAM & DAISY**

BUT TIME...

**SAM**

IT KEEPS GOING AND GOING

**DAISY**

WITHOUT EVER SLOWING

**SAM**

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

DON'T LOOK NOW, FOLKS

(IT) MIGHT BE WAITING FOR YOU.

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

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

Wait, you *remember* me?

**DAISY**

You remember *me*?

**SAM**

Of course.

*(their eyes are glued to each other, when NANCY notices SOPHIA has something to say)*

**NANCY**

Looks like you got a, uh, 'pregunta' over here.

**SOPHIA**

I'm just...wondering how you stay so positive? Doesn't seem realistic.

**SAM**

No, you're right. Guess I'm just--

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

I figure if--

FATE TAKES PLACE & LEADS TO HATE, THEN IT'S TIME TO TURN THE PAGE

**AMY**

*(staring at him, virtually drooling, she holds the book close to her chest, without her eyes leaving him)*

Dear Diary, I think I'm in love...

**DAISY**

That's...really profound, y'know that?

**MARYJANE**

*(high as a kite, in her own little imaginary world, but still participating in the reality surrounding her)*

Y’ever wonder where the word ‘*profound*’ came from? Like, if you *support* being found, are you *against* being lost? Cuz...if so...why would you ever get lost in the first place?

**SOPHIA**

Ooookay, honey. That’s enough wisdom for the day.

**WEMBLEY**

I always thought of ‘turning the page’ as: closing out the past. But I guess it also means embracing the future, huh?

**AMY**

Mm, word.

**H**

I think that’s what I like most about your approach, Sam—that resilience is somehow born from pain.

**SAM**

Onward and upward, I guess.

**H**

Interesting. Anyone else remember when your turning point was...where something bad became motivating?

**WEMBLEY**

Finding out I couldn’t play baseball anymore.

**MARYJANE**

The day I got kicked out of my foster home.

**SOPHIA**

I got laid off...a week after my husband filed for divorce.

**AMY**

What about you, H?

**H**

*(pauses, raises his eyebrows, cocks his head, and takes a deep breath before beginning)*

I was 16. I was planning on telling my best friend that I was in love with him.

**NANCY**

Gross.

**H**

I confided in my dad the night before, but I could see it on his face, if I went through with it, he’d never see me the same.

So I didn’t.

**DAISY**

Why was he so against your happiness?

**H**

Ah, he was village president. Wasn't about my happiness; as much as *his* image.

*(pause for him to switch gears)*

Oh well, right? It's fine though. Everybody's got a chip on your shoulder from *someone, somewhere...right?*

\*

**#7: Onward & Upward**

\*

**NANCY**

It's good to be pissed off about something.

WHY DON'T YOU HIT REWIND AND GO BACK IN TIME  
TO THE DARKEST DAY OF YOUR LIFE?

**H**

YOU'D FIND THAT HIDING THERE, BENEATH THE LONELINESS  
*PEACE* WAS THERE THE WHOLE TIME

**SAM**

AND UP FROM THE ASHES, ROSE A SECOND CHANCE

**H & SAM**

A TURN FOR THE WORSE OR A CHIP UPON YOUR SHOULDER:  
YOU'LL THANK THEM WHEN THEY'RE OVER,

**NANCY**

JUST TURN THE PAGE, 'CAUSE RELIVING YOUR PAST  
WILL JUST BRING YOU TWO STEPS BACK...

**H & SAM**

ONWARD & UPWARD

**NANCY**

*(rudely cuts in)*

I think you're out of your mind....

**DAISY**

What do you mean?!

**NANCY**

WELL, FOR ONE, YOU DON'T NEED NOTHING BAD TO HAPPEN  
FOR YOU TO COME OUT ON TOP  
LOOK AT ME, I MAKE MY LUCK, YOU EITHER MOVE ON UP  
OR YOU EAT SOMEONE'S DUST

**H**

BUT ONE PERSON'S DUST

**SAM**

Could be--

ANOTHER'S SECOND CHANCE!

**H, SAM, & PATIENTS**

A TURN FOR THE WORSE, A YOUR SHOULDER:

YOU'LL THANK THEM WHEN THEY'RE OVER,

SO TURN THE PAGE, 'CAUSE RELIVING YOUR PAST

WILL JUST BRING YOU TWO STEPS BACK...ONWARD & UPWARD

**NANCY**

*(things are not going as planned, so she shuts the song down seemingly early)*

Okay, okay...that's enough! I was in the middle of talking, until *somebody* thought they could interrupt me.

**AMY**

I think he was just respo---

**NANCY**

See, there you go again! From now on, I won't tolerate disrespect. Ya hear me?! Now go to yer rooms...I don't wanna see you til dinner.

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

Can you believe them?

**DAISY**

I don't think they meant any--

**NANCY**

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

**DAISY**

Yeah?!

**NANCY**

I do. You're young and not afraid to speak your mind...he'll relate to that. H, tell her what's in 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. Doctors are keeping a close eye, apparently, as he has shown signs of internal bleeding...infection...memory loss. Honestly, who knows what his future holds.

**DAISY**

Ugh. That's terrible!

**H**

Daisy, this is *not* an easy job. Part of what we do is help people come to terms with the 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; NANCY gets in one more dig)*

Alright, then. "Onward and upward"

*(leads DAISY and H over to SAM's room, they enter; AMY is just leaving, and DOCTOR is getting LARRY situated)*

Sam. Looks like we got off on the, uh, wrong foot there a minute ago. Anyways. I want to, uh, officially welcome you to Frankl--

**SAM**

Can I ask your name now?

**NANCY**

Oh. Nancy. Remember? Center Dir--

**SAM**

No, her.

**NANCY**

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

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

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

**NANCY**

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

*(DOCTOR, H, and NANCY depart, leaving SAM and DAISY and a rolled-over LARRY)*

H, c'mere. Keep an eye on those two for me. Not sure I can trust 'em.

**H**

Got it.

**SAM**

Rough day?

**DAISY**

More like a rough *year*.

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

Thanks.

**SAM**

And. Promise I only have one rule.

**DAISY**

You have a *rule*?

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

*(trying desperately to avoid his advances)*

Sounds like you need some sleep, *Mister* Sam?

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

Daisy.

**SAM**

Ah, Carnation. Matches your hair.

**DAISY**

Is that how you remembered me, by the way?

**SAM**

You thought I'd forget?

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

Guess some things are more memorable than others, huh?

**DAISY**

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

So. Tell me about yourself.

**SAM**

I'm...a Capricorn. I once saw Meryl Streep at the airport. Lately, I've been learning how to *roll* with the flow, if you know what I mean.

**DAISY**

You cope with humor. I like that.

**SAM**

*(overdoes the cheesiest possible response in an equally-cheesy tone)*

"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 thinly-veiled 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, DAISY rolls SAM out of the room, when NANCY comes on the loudspeaker. 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: 4:00 to 5:00 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**

*(ALICE is the dumb one; meanwhile, DENISE, still in SAM's room, retrieves her phone from her bra and answers)*

Oh, every time in bed with my husband.

**DENISE**

What's crackin', cracka?!

**NANCY**

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

**DENISE**

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

**NANCY**

'Ts 4:00 on Thursday, ain't it? How many years we' been doing this now?!

**ALICE**

'Member when we were the only three custodians? Rep-re-SENT.

**DENISE**

Guess I thoughtcha new job would have you on the straight and narrow, by now. No?

**NANCY**

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

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

**ALICE**

Somebody shoulda told that to Bruce Jenner.

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

**DENISE**

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

**NANCY**

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

*(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 cutting me off earlier.

**DENISE**

His little girlfriend too! They could hardly wait to get outta the room when the 'lowly janitor' came in a minute ago.

**ALICE**

Wait, didn't *you* hire her?

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

**NANCY**

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

**ALICE**

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

Buuuuncha 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**

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

**ALICE**

Have ya' gotten written-up since then?

**NANCY**

Yeah, 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.

**DENISE**

Reminds me of my parole officer. And don't even get me started on the patients these days.

**NANCY**

They act like they own the place!

**ALICE**

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

**NANCY**

Yeah, right.

*(surprised they'd want to help, as they pour some alcohol into the coffee and hold it up into the light, to see how full it is)*

What's in it for you guys?

**DENISE**

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

**ALICE**

'Strue. What would we even do though?

**NANCY**

No idea. But you guys be my eyes and ears out there. We're bound to catch a break one 'a these days.

**ALICE**

*(simultaneously with DENISE's next line)*

I gotta go take a dump.

**DENISE**

Sounds good.

**NANCY**

Yer disgusting, ya know that?

**ALICE**

I learn from the best!

**NANCY**

Get aaaatta here!!

\*

*Scene Change 2.0*

\*

**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, Mister Sam.

**SAM**

Just...didn't sleep too well.

**DAISY**

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

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

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

Cute. I'll stop back in a bit.

**SAM**

Hey, can I ask you something? Are you afraid I won't understand what you're going through?

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

I'm not asking about *my* problems. Go ahead...try me.

**DAISY**

Alright.

*(pauses to exhale deeply while deciding how much to share, before stumbling into a metaphor)*

It's hard to explain. I kinda think of it like water evening itself out.

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

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

Wait, that didn't make sense.

**SAM**

Actually, it makes total sense. What do think is keeping you from being at peace?

**DAISY**

Not quite sure. My late mother had a big influence on me. She was the only one bold enough to say I was making a mistake by getting married so young. 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. Now, my mom is gone and my marriage is...let's just say: I should have listened more carefully.

**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'd been my dance teacher ever since I was 4. When she got diagnosed, our entire dance troupe died our hair pink.

Three weeks ago was the one-year anniversary, which is why I died it again. I never want to forget how selfless she was, all the way up to her final night.

**SAM**

What happened?

**\* #8: Memories of Old \***

*(the curtain closes and YOUNG DAISY creates a silhouette behind a screen; raising her hand like Michelangelo's*

*"Creation of Adam" painting, YOUNG DAISY slowly re-enacts a sensitive dance routine while DAISY talks)*

**DAISY**

It was Tuesday of recital week. Dress rehearsal was at 5pm. Mom called at 4:40, saying 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. Guess I...just wish I had one more chance to tell her how I feel.

**SAM**

What would you say?

**DAISY**

*(closes her eyes, takes a beat, & sings; YOUNG DAISY dances with her mom's silhouette-played by DAISY'S DOUBLE)*

Huh. That—

YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON IN MY LIFE  
 WHO'S BEEN THERE FOR ME, DAY OR NIGHT  
 DIDN'T MATTER WHAT STORM WE FACED  
 YOU MADE ME THINK I'D BE ALRIGHT  
 YOU SAID YOU'D BE BY MY SIDE  
 "LONG AFTER LIFE IS GONE,"  
 BUT I NEED TO FEEL THAT  
 YOUR LOVE IS LIVING ON

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

**SAM**

*(wanting desperately to comfort her, he says exactly what she's been needing to hear from a confidant)*

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

**DAISY**

Thank you for saying that.

**SAM**

*(the music halts as he reluctantly asks; the silhouettes are now DAISY's DOUBLE and DIRK)*

What about your husband...what would you say to him?

**DAISY**

So many things. Like--

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

*(YOUNG DAISY's silhouette returns, DAISY raises one hand out, as the silhouette also reaches out towards the screen)*

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 so much for sharing. 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 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's here. Don't go runnin' away now.

**SAM**

Oh, I won't.

*(she exits; DENISE is about to enter the room to clean, but DIRK beats her there; so she sits outside and listens)*

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!!

*(SAM hears knock & comments, when DIRK barges in, SAM's face immediately goes pale; he speaks as if he's in a trance)*

You just *can't* stay away from us, huh?!

**DIRK**

Hi. I'm looking for Daisy.

**SAM**

Wait a minute...I remember you.

**DIRK**

Hell's that s'pose ta mean?

**SAM**

You were driving the car that night. I saw you.

**DIRK**

I don't know whatcha think ya saw, boy. But it sure as hell w--

**SAM**

N-n-no, you don't understand. I've been *hoping* to meet the driver. I've lived so much of my life seeking redemption for my own mistakes...for once, I wanted to be able to...offer it to somebody else.

**DIRK**

Look. I'm just here to see Daisy. She around er not?

**SAM**

How do you know Daisy?

**DIRK**

She's my wife. You got a problem with that too, or y' gonna actually tell me where she is?

**SAM**

She just left. Had an appointment.

**DIRK**

Alright.

**SAM**

Tell ya what. You have my word that I won't tell anybody what you did. Daisy included. Just...quit drinking; for her sake.

**DIRK**

You stay the hell away from my wife; you hear me?!

**LARRY**

Will ya shutcha damn mouths already?! Sheezus.

*(unable to accept the selfless gesture, DIRK slams the door upon exiting)*

\*

**Scene Change 3.0**

\*

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

*DAISY is diagonally facing upstage, with an empty chair next to her. JACK, their informal counselor, is kicked back, facing downstage, his hands folded behind his head. The faint sound of an organ-led church choir sounds throughout.*

## \* #9A: “Memories of Old” Reprise \*

**JACK**

Wait. Your *very first patient* at Franklin Mills is the victim of that hit-and-run?!

**DAISY**

Crazy, huh?

**JACK**

That case has been all over the news! They catch who did it yet?

*(she shrugs)*

How’s the guy doin’ anyway?

**DIRK**

*(arrives late, basically on cue to interject, trying to downplay the situation)*

I’m sure he’s fine.

**DAISY**

Actually, he is! That’s part of what I wanted to talk to you guys about at today’s session.

**DIRK**

Hell’s *that* supposed to mean?

**DAISY**

Dirk, here’s something I need to tell you: before I got this job, I confided in my dad about our financial...struggles lately.

**DIRK**

You did WHAT?!

**JACK**

Dirk, *everybody’s* pocketbook has ups and downs. Besides, the Bible says in the book of James, “what causes fights—”

**DIRK**

Yeah, I know what the Bible says. Just didn’t think she’d go blabbin’ to the whole world about *our* business!

**DAISY**

I didn’t!

*(to JACK)*

Anyway. Mom wanted her life insurance to “kick-start somebody’s future.” Maybe, *Sam* could be that opportunity.

**DIRK**

**JACK**

Y’gotta be kidding me.

Paying it forward. I love it! Tell me more.

**DAISY**

Well, there’s a potentially life-saving treatment available to him, but Sam doesn’t have the funds to pay for it. And I figu--

**DIRK**

*(a condescending laugh gives way to belittling rhetoric, as his pacing increases)*

W-w-wait...lemme get this straight. First, instead of coming to *me* about *our* issues, you go cryin' to *him*?? And now, you wanna give money that could really help *us* to some...stranger you just met?! Are y'outta yer mind, woman?!?!

**DAISY**

See, how are we supposed to have a real conversation when all we do is bicker?!

**JACK**

Look. I think you two just need to get back into a routine. Here...

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

This is a book I've recommended to nearly every couple I've ever counseled. Short, very easy read. Talks about how meeting your spouse's needs can actually give *you* fulfillment. Give it a whirl, why dontcha.

**DAISY**

Thank you, Daddy.

**DIRK**

Yeah, thanks Jack. 'preciate it.

**DAISY**

I've gotta get back to work.

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**

You two take care. Bye now.

*(immediately once JACK closes the door, DIRK's "real" tone is revealed, the organ/choir crescendo, as does he)*

**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)*

“How are we supposed to have a real conversation when all we do is bicker.” That’s a load ‘a bullshit & you know it!

**DAISY**

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)*

### **1-9: Sam’s Room**

*In a continuous scene change, AMY is leisurely walking down the hall, out of her peripheral vision, she sees NANCY sitting on LARRY’s lap off to her right, just finishing a kiss. They hear her shoes screech the floor as she stops; flustered, they quickly separate and fix their hair/clothes. LARRY looks mortified, like he wants to apologize, but AMY signals, “I don’t even wanna know,” & walks on. Meanwhile, DOCTOR opens SAM’s door, followed by H; LARRY is rolled over.*

**DOCTOR**

Sam. I’m...Doctor Marx. You were a little *out of it* last time we met, so I figured I’d re-introduce myself. How are you feeling?

**SAM**

Can’t complain. Mostly just sore still.

*(DAISY gives a warning knock before entering the room, somewhat out of breath)*

**DAISY**

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

**DOCTOR**

Actually, we're just about to begin. I'm Doctor Marx.

**DAISY**

Daisy.

**DOCTOR**

So. We've got good news and bad news. Good news is: your brain scan shows that the internal bleeding has virtually stopped. Aaaand your memory recollection is basically back to normal.

**DAISY**

Great! And the bad news?

**DOCTOR**

*(takes a deep breath before starting)*

This...laceration on your wrist...it hasn't been healing properly. Then, when I saw your white blood cell count still rising, I ordered a bone scan. It appears that you have a very aggressive case of Osteomyelitis...a bone infection. To make matters worse, your body is resisting our antibiotic, as the infection has already spread up past your elbow.

*(takes a beat to let it sink in)*

At this rate, without intervention, you *could* lose function in your entire arm.

**SAM**

How long would that take?

**DOCTOR**

Can't say for sure. Frankly, it could be only a matter of days. Delaying treatment would also run the risk of your body becoming overworked, which could lead to septicemia, or blood poisoning. And *that* could be fatal.

**DAISY**

My God!

**DOCTOR**

Realistically-speaking, Sam: the only way to guarantee your survival right now is...amputation. Now, I know it's *a lot* to take in all at once, but we don't really have an alternative. Or much time. Anyway. I went ahead and checked my surgery schedule and I actually had a cancellation for tomor--

**SAM**

*(dejected, he doesn't mean to interrupt, he just can't bear the thought of amputation)*

I can't.

**DOCTOR**

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

**SAM**

I know. It's just...music is *everything* to me. It's what I love, it's how I make money... I can't even imagine how life could be worth living without my ability to write and perform.

**H**

There *is*...one other possibility.

*(gets a scowl from the DOCTOR, because she doesn't want to get his hopes up)*

There's a brand new antibiotic out that supposedly combats bone infections. It's called Teixobactin (*pronounced TAKE-so-back-tin*). But it literally *just* came out, so I don't even know if it's available for human treatment yet. And even if it is, I'm sure it would cost a fortune.

**DOCTOR**

Guys, I think we should be realistic here. There is a one-hundred percent chance that amputation would eliminate the infection. Delaying treatment is the equivalent of encouraging the infection to spread.

**SAM**

Please know how grateful I am for your help. Both of you. But if it's even possible to save my arm, it's worth the risk.

**DOCTOR**

Okay. H will contact the makers of the drug to see if it's available. And *I* will look into cost alternatives, since I see here that you are currently uninsured...correct?

**SAM**

Yeah...

**DOCTOR**

Alright. We'll be in touch. Daisy, right? C'mere for a sec.

*(seeing her emotions get the best of her, she pulls her aside and speaks softly; H follows)*

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; DOCTOR and H depart, leaving SAM and DAISY alone with LARRY)*

**H**

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**

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**

That's ok. Shoot.

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

Wow.

**DAISY**

Uh oh. I didn't mea--

**SAM**

Don't feel bad. I just...can't believe I haven't told you yet. What do you wanna know?

**DAISY**

Everything.

**SAM**

Well. I'm an only child. 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've been on tour, I'm not really that close with anyone anymore. Kinda just became okay with Instagram friendships, y'know?

**DAISY**

At the bar, you mentioned...a 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)*

Nah. She moved on and found somebody else. To be honest, though, I wasn't actually that surprised. We weren't as close as everyone thought we were.

**DAISY**

Sounds like me.

**SAM**

'Oh well'...right?

**DAISY**

I guess.

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

**SAM**

Yeah? What's that?

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

Sounds like *me*! Can't believe you remembered! You're amazing.

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

**DAISY**

Hey, 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**

I heard that, ya hooligans!!

**DAISY**

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

Here, lemme help.

### **1-10: Franklin Mills Commons & Outside the Break Room**

*In a continuous scene change, AMY is waiting by the break room door, while H comes walking up the stairs from outside, wearing an obnoxiously-colored wet raincoat. He removes the raincoat, putting it on a coat-rack, and accepts AMY's gift.*

**AMY**

Non-fat skinny mocha Frappuccino with light ice?

H

Oh my effin G, Amy! You're literally my hero.

AMY

*(flips her hair over her shoulder; it's evident that they do these 'check-ins' regularly)*

Well, thanks. I try!

H

So what's up? Got any new tea to spill?

AMY

You have *no* idea. Guess what I saw?! Nancy. And Larry. K-I-S-S-I-N-lllllaalalalalaa

*(AMY does an obnoxious French kissing imitation, with her tongue all over the outside of her mouth)*

H

WHAT?! *Shut* up!

AMY

I know, right?

H

That would not be good enough for either of them, if that got out.

AMY

Barf emoji.

H

I just wonder why Nancy's so "worried" about Sam and Daisy then.

AMY

She is?

H

Yeah. Told me to "keep an eye on 'em." But if she's gonna be shagging that old...bag 'a bones, pretty sure we all should be able to be with *whomever* we please!

*(NANCY walks out of her office, just in time to hear them talking about SAM & DAISY)*

AMY

True. Hate to say it, but Sam and Daisy sure are cute together, aren't they? Everyone's talking about it.

H

As they should be. Them two are straight goalz. I ship it.

*(they hear NANCY angrily slam her door; H remarks, when AMY spots SAM & DAISY returning from a walk)*

Then again, Daisy *is* married...

**AMY**

Ooo wait...there they are, right now! Let's hide back here and watch!

**H**

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

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

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

**AMY**

Good luck with that. Lemme know how it goes.

**H**

Ugh, I gotta pee. Toodles!

*(shouts back to AMY as he exits; she hides behind the coat rack to watch them flirt like Jim Halpert & Pam Beesly)*

Thanks again for the Frap...you're a lamb!

**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**

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

**SAM**

*(her attempt at making the conversation more sweet and intimate are no match for his fervent flirtatiousness)*

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

**DAISY**

You do?!

**SAM**

Mhmm. 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**

Stop being a tease. Spit it out already!

**SAM**

What will I get in return?

**DAISY**

Wuddya mean?

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

Well, what do you *want*?

**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...okay. One dance.

**SAM**

Good.

**DAISY**

So are you gonna tell me now or what?

**SAM**

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

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

CARNATION-WIDE IS ON YOUR SIDE.

**DAISY**

Ohmygod. I should've known. First of all, if you call me that one more time, I 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.

**DENISE**

*(DENISE and ALICE exit NANCY's office, on a mission, before freezing when they see SAM and DAISY, who don't notice them; DENISE forcefully directs AMY, who's been watching, to leave by whispering; then they both stay & watch)*

Scram!

**SAM**

Seriously though, I *have* been writing in the book. What was your idea?

**DAISY**

Never mind. The moment's passed.

**SAM**

Does that mean I don't get my dance?

**DAISY**

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

A deal's a deal.

**SAM**

Good. Lemme see your phone.

**DAISY**

Sure, can I trust you this time?

You're lucky, you know that?

**SAM**

Oh. I know.

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

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

**DAISY**

We'll see about that, mister.

**SAM**

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

## \* #9B: Peace \*

DAISY

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

SAM

See. Told you you could trust me.

*(They slow dance, with constant smiles & fervent eye contact. DAISY is slightly bent over, but they make the wheelchair work. As SAM takes the lead to spin her, we see H walking to NANCY's office. He pauses & hides when he sees them dancing. Still watching it all unfold, DENISE and ALICE now watch H, before going to tell NANCY. As the dance ends, DAISY leans back & ends up in SAM's lap. Their focus alternates between eyes & lips as their faces converge, when DAISY abruptly tilts her head away from him; audibly exhaling & shaking her head in disappointment)*

DAISY

Why?

SAM

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

DAISY

I should go. I'm sorry.

**I-II: Outside Nancy's Office, Franklin Mills Commons**

*In a continuous scene change, an emotional DAISY quickly exits, locking eyes with H on her way out. Dejected, SAM chucks his book across the room, before rolling himself out. H heads up the stairs, where NANCY is waiting by her office.*

NANCY

You're late.

H

Sorry, I—got delayed. Everything okay?

NANCY

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

H

Okay...

NANCY

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

**H**

Yeah?

**NANCY**

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

**H**

Umm...I guess...yeah, but...

**NANCY**

But what, pretty boy?

**H**

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

**NANCY**

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

**H**

Uh, I-/dunno.

**NANCY**

But you *do*. Listen. You oversee the caretakers; I oversee you. Either fire Daisy or I'll go to the board and let them handle both 'a yous. You have till the end of your shift tomorrow. Zat understood?

**H**

Yep.

**NANCY**

Good. Now, beat it.

**DENISE**

*(AMY quickly exits while DENISE and ALICE coming up the stairs towards NANCY's office, they're quite impressed)*

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

**ALICE**

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

**DENISE**

Say goodbye, little miss sunshine!

**ALICE**

There's a new sheriff in town!

*(NANCY gets dicator-like, much to the delight of DENISE and ALICE)*

**NANCY**

Oh and we're just gettin' started. Franklin Mills is *mine* now.

**DENISE**

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

**ALICE**

...the flaming pharmacist...

**NANCY**

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

**DENISE**

Damn straight!

*#10: Give Me What's Mine*

**NANCY**

Ladies, the time has come for us to perfect our acting skills.

**DENISE**

*(giggling with ALICE)*

Ooo, I like it.

**ALICE**

Tell us more!

**NANCY**

From now on, things get done *our* way. And so, whatever details we choose to share, or change, or...not say...oh well.

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

**DENISE**

Our song to sing.

**ALICE**

Our dance to dance.

*(begins with a teasy little dance, showing how excited they are to meddle; DENISE/ALICE sing background throughout)*

**NANCY**

THIS IS OUR CHANCE, FINALLY OUR TIME

WE CAN COMMIT A HARMLESS CRIME

WE WILL EXPOSE THE TRUTH OF HER LIE

And who knows!

MAYBE HER MAN'LL JUST PEACEFULLY DIE!

**NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE**

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 SECRETIVE FATE THAT BEGS TO KEEP SEALED

**NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE**

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

*(dance break ends abruptly when NANCY sees H leave the break room and pick up the wall phone to call AMY's room)*

**H**

Amy! Girl, you were so right. I just saw Sam and Daisy slow-dance; it was...magical.

Agreed. And get this. Nancy threatened to fire me, if I don't fire Daisy!

But she doesn't know that you told me about her and Larry. Besides. I think she just wants the control she *thought* she'd get as Center Director. Kinda feel bad for her.

Right. Oh, and I got good news from the drug company! I'll call a patient-only meeting; let's touch base beforehand.

Alright. See you there.

*(as H retreats back to the break room, the girls come out from hiding, with a renewed sense of purpose; song changes keys)*

**NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE**

THIS IS THE TIME  
TO LET THE LIGHT SHINE

SO STEP OFF CLOUD NINE  
AND GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE

*(blackout)*

**1-12: Franklin Mills Commons, Belmont Home**

*A recording of the local news begins, before the stage lights ease up on each character's addition to the song, from various parts of the stage. The scene begins with DIRK, sitting in his chair, remote in one hand and a can of beer in the other.*

*While listening to the TV, he gets increasingly desperate and eventually mutes the TV and calls JACK)*

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

**NEWS ANCHOR**

New tonight, an update in the drunk-driving story that's been sweeping the area. Authorities are now saying that they're closely following a lead that they believe will bring them directly to the driver of the truck. For more, we send--"

**DIRK**

JACK, IT'S ME...I...REALLY NEED TO QUICK GET SOMETHING OFF MY CHEST, AND...  
AIN'T IT TRUE YOU PREACHERS...CAN'T CONFESS, OR...  
JUST...LET'S MAKE A DEAL, YOU AND ME.

*(jolts his head, squints his eyes, and scrunches his face, like he just came to his senses)*

Actually. Y'know what?

NEVERMIND, THIS WAS ALL A MISTAKE...

AS FOR ME AND YOUR DAUGHTER,

Jack...just--

HAVE SOME FAITH

*(looks at his phone and sees another incoming call; he ditches JACK; there is a mumbled voice on the other end)*

Oo. I, uh, gotta go. Talk to ya soon.

Earl? Hey man, thanks for calling me back. Listen...I, uh, need a favor. You still fixin' cars?

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

Damn deer is right. See, the thing is, though, Daisy hasn't noticed yet and I'd like to keep it that way; know what I mean?

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

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

EVERY NEW BEGINNING IS LACED WITH SOME 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?

**NANCY**

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

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

**H**

That chick is a hypocrite with a capital H!

**WEMBLEY**

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 WAS HIRED TO CARE FOR

**JACK**

What?!

DAISY, YOU HAVE BEEN MY GREATEST PRIDE AND JOY IN LIFE  
DON'T GIVE UP JUST YET; YOU ARE HIS WIFE

**PATIENTS**

WE SHALL RISE AS ONE AND TAKE OUR PLACE  
LIVE SIDE-BY-SIDE, AS DIFFERENT AND THE SAME  
SO SET THE STAGE AND RAISE A FLAG  
BEING LOUD FOR LOVE WILL SILENCE THE HATE  
GO, GO, GO, GO FOR IT (YOU SHOULD GO FOR IT); FOLLOW YOUR HEART

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

**SAM**

THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO SAY WHAT'S REALLY ON MY HEART,  
I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SAY OUT LOUD; OK, I'LL START,  
THERE'S A BLANK LINE ON THE FIRST PAGE HERE FOR A 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!  
I DON'T EVEN WANNA THINK ABOUT TOMORROW  
I JUST WANT YOU IN MY ARMS TONIGHT!

**NANCY**

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

**H**

*(to SAM, as PATIENTS listen)*

Good news; Teixobactin *is* available. We just need to hope your labs qualify. I've sent them over, so we'll wait and see.

**DOCTOR**

In the mean time, it costs \$20,000, which must be paid *in full* before they send the drug.

**H**

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

**SAM**

You guys are amazing!

**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, JACK, & H**

WE SHALL RISE AS ONE AND TAKE OUR PLACE  
LIVE SIDE-BY-SIDE, AS DIFFERENT AND THE SAME  
SO SET THE STAGE & RAISE A FLAG  
BEING LOUD FOR LOVE WILL SILENCE THE HATE  
GO, GO, GO, (YOU SHOULD) GO FOR IT;

**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

FOLLOW YOUR HEART

**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!

**NANCY**

YOU SHOULD WATCH YOUR BACK

**LARRY**

DON'T TAKE NOTHING FOR GRANTED

**DIRK**

CAN'T AFFORD MORE MISTAKES

**JACK**

LIFE'S A GIFT YOU'VE BEEN HANDED

**AMY**

WHEN THE WORLD KNOCKS YOU DOWN

**H**

YOU MUST RISE FOR WHAT'S RIGHT

**ALL**

SO NO MATTER THE COST, WE WILL ALL FIGHT FOR LOVE...

**SAM & DAISY**

...TONIGHT.

THROW MY LIFE'S WORK DOWN THE TUBE  
OR KEEP MY SECRET SAFE; MUST I CHOOSE?

**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  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO,  
I CAN'T BREAK HIS/HER HEART IN TWO  
YET I KNOW THE END IS COMING SOON

**END OF ACT ONE.**

---

**2-1: Franklin Mills Commons**

*The patients are sitting in a semi-circle, chatting with each other, while they wait for the meeting to start. We can hear AMY frantically trying to get off the wall 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 singles bowling league over at Bob and Frankie's. What more do you want me to do?!

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

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

**FRANK**

Speak for yourself, there, sweetheart!

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

**AMY**

H, what's going on?

**H**

I just...people can be so hypocritical.

**AMY**

You get denied?

**H**

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

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

**AMY**

Wuddya mean?

**H**

I dunno how my boss can be caught suckin' face with the founder of Franklin Mills. Then, the very next day, she tells me it's "inappropriate" to have Franklin Mills associated with any pro bono applications with the governing board. Bullsh—

**WEMBLEY**

"Shhhhhhe," meaning...*Nancy?*

**SOPHIA**

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

**AMY**

Ooooooo, dawgie! Thaaaaaat's not good.

**WEMBLEY**

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

**MARY JANE**

Wait. *Larry* founded Franklin Mills?!

**H**

*(slowly nods his head, condescendingly, as if everybody knew this was true; PATIENTS ad lib throughout)*

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.

**AMY**

I bet *Larry* helped get Nancy promoted!

**FRANK**

No shit, Sherlock.

**WEMBLEY**

H, maybe this is your "onward and upward" moment. To finally stand up for what's right.

**H**

Ugh, I dunno.

**SOPHIA**

Y'know what? If ya ask me, this aaaaaall comes back to the same thing: men can't keep it in their pants!

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

**FRANK**

Not me. Got a built-in cage goin' on down there.

**MARY JANE**

I once was with a guy who tried to *sell* me in a drug deal.

*(while the group ad libs comments, H spots SAM and DAISY returning from their walk)*

**H**

Saaaaam! Come on over, buddy ole pal. Listen. I'ma be straight with you.

**SAM**

Doesn't seem like your style, but ok...

**H**

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

What do you say us boys have a little chat, huh?!

**AMY**

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

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

\*

**#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**

Oh no, I'm marr--

**SOPHIA**

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

**WEMBLEY**

*(references SAM's wheelchair)*

And Sam. Sweeping somebody off their feet...ain't always mutual.

**AMY**

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

**MARY JANE**

Trust me--

SO. 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**

*See, that’s where I bail out.*

**FRANK**

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

**H**

THEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT’S TIME TO...SWITCH TEAMS!

Just sayin’!

**AMY**

OH WHEN YOU LIKE A BOY, OR WHEN YOU THINK YOU DO  
JUST REMEMBER HE WILL NEED THE REMOTE CONTROL

**SOPHIA**

AND THE CAR KEYS TOO!

**MARY JANE**

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

**AMY**

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

**DAISY**

*(innocent question; not condescending)*

You don’t just...put it down?

**H**

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

**FRANK**

JUST REMEMBER: GETTING READY TAKES AN HOUR OR TWO

**H**

*(just realizing it)*

It takes *me* that long too.

**WEMBLEY**

*(playing up his own blindness, his hand mimics clicking a remote for a TV directly in front of him while he looks way left)*

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

**FRANK**

JUST PRAY THAT SHE DOESN'T DRIVE EVER AGAIN.

**SAM**

Mmm, preach!

**AMY**

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

**SOPHIA**

*(trying to be polite)*

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

**AMY**

Fine by me!

**MARY JANE**

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

**AMY**

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

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

GET A DAMN GOOD LOOK!

**MEN**

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

**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)*

Mmm, drugs.

**MARY JANE**

What?! No! They need to focus on--

THEIR HEADS, NOT THEIR BEDS

**SOPHIA**

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

**FRANK**

Listen.

YER CHEAP; YER NEEDY

**LARRY**

*(waking up shortly before and quickly chiming in, as if to concede, "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 their meals.

**LARRY**

Oh, 'at' me, why dontcha!

**ALL**

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

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

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

**AMY***(still can't kick her crush)*

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 to their rooms; H heads towards 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. But apparently, you're all too blind to see that.

**WEMBLEY**

Beats being senile.

**2-2: Sam's Room***In a continuous scene change, LARRY had been wheeling himself, before H offers to help. PATIENT noise has dissipated.***H**

Heyyyy, uh, Lare-bear.

**LARRY**

Don't call me that.

**H**

I've...been wanting to hear more about your late wife...Ingrid, right?

**LARRY**

Yeah. What about her?

**H**

Oh, so much travels around Franklin Mills, you know. I'm just wondering what's correct and what's legend.

**LARRY**

Whadja hear?

**H**

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

**LARRY**

Four.

**H**

Right. And she died of cancer shortly thereafter, right?

**LARRY**

Three and a half months later.

**H**

What type of cancer?

**LARRY**

Liver. Never stood a chance.

**H**

Why'd you stay then?

**LARRY**

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

Ingrid was...my home. We never had kids, 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.

**H**

Aw. That's honestly...adorable.

**LARRY**

My bladder problems?

**H**

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

What was Ingrid like?

**LARRY**

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...

**H**

Sounds like she was a good wife.

**LARRY**

The best.

**H**

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.

**H**

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

**LARRY**

Go ahead.

**H**

It's about Sam's treatment.

**LARRY**

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

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

**H**

Larry, you're in here every single day. Sam and Daisy...despite all the barriers, have that...*glow* about them. Larry, 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 just do. And if you're anything like me...

*(finds inspiration in knowing he's already standing up for more than he did as a teenager)*

I can't just stand by and not do anything. It's why I'm here with you. I'm fighting for something that has nothing to do with me.

**LARRY**

I'm not interested.

**H**

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

*(he departs without LARRY saying a word; he's still rolled over when DAISY rolls SAM in, both giggling after going for a walk; NANCY sees H leave as she pauses to 'connect the dots' in her head, before going back to her office)*

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

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

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

I guess tomorrow. What do you say we make a night out of it?

**DAISY**

Wuddya mean?!

**SAM**

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

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

**DAISY**

Y'sure I can believe you this time?

**SAM**

I've written in every page. And I wanna share it with you. Tomorrow night. 6pm? We can celebrate with ice cream. And candles. I'll even get you flowers!

*(his excitement tones down)*

And we can open my results *together*. In fact, get this: Doctor Marx said they even use different colored forms for positive and negative results, so we'll know right away. I guess blue is good news and I've qualified! And red is...well, let's hope it's not red.

**\* #14: And If You Want \***

**DAISY**

Oh Sam, I'm so honored you asked!

*(resolute)*

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

**SAM**

You sure?!

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

You remembered?!

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

Absolutely.

FOR MY WHOLE LIFE, I'VE ALWAYS TRIED  
TO BE KNOWN AS THE GUY WHO'D CHANGE SOMEONE'S LIFE  
YET, I WAS THE ONE WHO NEEDED TO CHANGE  
FOR ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER WHEN SPOKEN OFFSTAGE

**SAM & DAISY**

CAUGHT IN A WEB OF WHO I THOUGHT I WAS  
GUESS I JUST NEEDED TO FEEL ENOUGH

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

**DAISY**

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

FOR MY WHOLE LIFE, I ALWAYS TRIED  
TO BE KNOWN AS THE GIRL WHO SET FEELINGS ASIDE  
TO BE THERE FOR OTHERS, WHO WEREN'T THERE FOR ME  
BUT LONELINESS FEEDS ON THE COMP'NY IT KEEPS

**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, MY HEART, MY HEART

---

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

*In a continuous scene change, JACK appears at NANCY's door, looking for DAISY. She is turned the other way, smoking a cigarette. He knocks on the door frame. Caught off guard, she quickly puts it out, greets JACK, and walks him to SAM'S cracked door, where LARRY is back in bed. There is palpable awkwardness between them.*

---

**NANCY**

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

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

**JACK**

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

**NANCY**

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

**JACK**

One and only.

**NANCY**

Huh, that's just not what I would've—follow me.

*(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**

So I've heard.

**NANCY**

Yep. Here we are. Nice, meetin' ya, Father.

**JACK**

Pastor. But, thank you, ma'am.

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

Uh, hello? Daisy?

**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 Franklin! 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**

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)*

Oh. Well. Thank you, Larry.

**LARRY**

You should stop by tomorrow night. I think they're meeting in the commons after her shift ends. 6:00, I think?

**JACK**

Oh, 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 remember you saying that people who feel the clock ticking naturally want to unburden themselves. Well, I can relate. I recently started having an affair with somebody.

**JACK**

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

**LARRY**

Four years this August.

**JACK**

*(empathetically)*

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...feeling completely helpless, y'know? She'd comfort me by calmly saying, "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'd want you to be happy. You just have to allow yourself to be.

**LARRY**

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 and buttons his jacket before leaving)*

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

**LARRY**

Sure will. Take care, Pastor.

**JACK**

You too.

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

*In a continuous scene change, lights fade on LARRY & come up on H & AMY, who stop NANCY in the hallway, as a last resort, to blackmail her. For NANCY, it is the final straw, to enact her three-fold plan; DENISE & ALICE back her up.*

**H**

Nancy, we need to talk.

**NANCY**

Oh, if it isn't tweedle-queen and tweedle-dumb. To what do I owe this pleasure?

**AMY**

*(they uncomfortably resort to blackmail, seeing it as their last resort; NANCY furrows her brows, curious as to their angle)*

Nancy. I saw you kissing Larry.

**H**

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

**NANCY**

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**

Y'gotta be kidding me. Aww, is little miss-short-bus jealous that I got Center Director over y'lil boyfriend? Huh?

**H**

Nancy, this has always been about people being able to love who they want to love. Nothing more, nothing less.

**NANCY**

Jesus Christ. Should we all hold hands and pray together now too?!

Fine. But if either one of yous ever tries to use this against me again, yer gone. That understood?

**H**

Yes, ma'am.

NANCY

Now, get outta my sight.

*#15: Nothing But Perfect*

*(feeling victorious, H and AMY exit stage right; NANCY shakes her head and beelines towards her office phone; dials it)*

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.

I agree. And we've had plenty of 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 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 bet. Take care.

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

DENISE

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

ALICE

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

NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE

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

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

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

IT'S TIME WE GET RESPECT 'ROUND HERE:

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

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

NANCY

Hey, Saaaaam. How *are* ya?

**SAM**

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

**NANCY**

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...did. Dr. Marx had a surgery, so she gave them to me to pass along. Anyways. It appears that your prognosis has taken a turn for the worse. You have a dangerous fluid in your bloodstream that, uh...

**SAM**

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

**NANCY**

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

**SAM**

How much time?

**NANCY**

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

**SAM**

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

I understand. Thanks for coming by.

**NANCY**

Yup. Take care.

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

**DENISE**

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

**ALICE**

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

**NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE**

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

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

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

IT'S TIME WE GET RESPECT 'ROUND HERE:

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

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

Hi, Daisy.

**DAISY**

Oh, hi Nancy. How are you?

**NANCY**

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

**DAISY**

Sam's *ex*?

**NANCY**

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

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

**DAISY**

What do you mean?

**NANCY**

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

*(gives her a condescending shoulder punch that jolts her forward; DAISY's hand cups her mouth and runs to SAM's room, gathering emotions before entering; NANCY, DENISE, and ALICE celebrate their victory together)*

**NANCY, DENISE, & ALICE**

IF ONLY YOU HAD OPENED UP YOUR MIND TO SEE THAT WE ARE NOTHING, NOTHING BUT PERFECT  
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT: YOU LOST YOUR CHANCE TO SEE THAT WE, WE ARE NOTHING,  
NOTHING BUT PERFECT, YEAH!

**DAISY**

How could you?!

**SAM**

What?!

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

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

## DAISY

You know what? Forget it. I knew this was a mistake from the start. I'm so stupid!

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

**#16: Different Again**

## SAM

NOBODY SAID THAT IT'S OVER  
 BUT DEEP DOWN, I KNOW THAT IT IS  
 AFTER ALL THAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH,  
 SOME THINGS ARE REALLY TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

## SAM &amp; 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  
 SO 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 &amp; 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  
 SO 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

SO 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)*

**Scene Change 4.0**

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

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

**DOCTOR**

Well...here they aaaaaaare!

**SAM**

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

What's here?

**H**

Your results. To see if you quali-

**SAM**

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 the light bulb goes on for all of them simultaneously)*

Oh my God.

**H & DOCTOR**

NANCY!

**SAM**

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

**H**

Uh, no.

*(looks at his watch)*

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

**SAM**

Can I use your phone real quick?

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

**JACK**

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

**DAISY**

Wuddya mean? I was running errands.

**JACK**

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

**DAISY**

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

**JACK**

The phone rang while I was here.

**DAISY**

Okay...?

**JACK**

I was worried, so I answered.

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

It was Sam.

**DAISY**

Sam?

**JACK**

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's mortified; JACK gets choked up, donning his proud dad smile)*

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

**JACK**

Sweetheart, I know I haven't done a great job of showing it, but the only thing I've *ever* wanted in life is your happiness.

\*

**#17: You're Not Alone**

\*

For far too long, I've put my ideals above your emotions. That ends today.

I KNOW THAT HISTORY, IT TENDS TO REPEAT

BUT I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE; NO I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE

EXCEPT HOME

**DAISY**

You're not mad? Or disappointed?

**JACK**

Of course not. And just so you know, I'm pretty sure Dirk was the drunk driver that night. I've already told the police about my suspicions.

**DAISY**

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

Oh my God!

**JACK**

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

WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND; DAISY, I'M SORRY

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LET YOU DOWN

BUT I TAKE ALL THE BLAME, YOU POOR THING,

I'M HERE TO NUMB THE PAIN

YOUR SMILE WRITES THE BOOK OF *MY* HEART

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

YOU HAVE LOST, LOST, LOST,

LOST YOUR FAITH, IN MANY WAYS, ON MANY DAYS

‘CAUSE YOU WERE ON YOUR OWN  
 BUT YOU’VE FOUND, FOUND, FOUND,  
 FOUND YOUR WAY, YOU’LL BE OKAY, SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY  
 ‘CAUSE WITH *HIM*, YOU’RE NOT ALONE;

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

**DAISY**

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

**JACK**

LOOK ALIVE, YOU’LL SURVIVE; DAISY, I LOVE YOU  
 JUST TAKE THESE KEYS AND NOW GO DRIVE  
 YOU’VE GOT TIME; DAISY, HE NEEDS YOU  
 SINCE YOU LOVE HIM, YOU’LL BE FINE  
 YOUR SMILE WRITES THE BOOK OF MY HEART

**JACK & 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

**JACK**

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

**DAISY**

Crabby Larry?!

**JACK**

He’s actually a great guy. He and his wife were long-time members at church. He wanted me to give this to you.

*(hands her an unsealed envelope; there is a letter inside; we see LARRY singing it from another side of the stage)*

**LARRY**

EVEN THOUGH I’M OLD AND GRAY

IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY  
 WHEN I HEARD 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)*

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 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; meanwhile, LARRY retreats upstage while the light on him dims, symbolizing him facing mortality; DAISY’s voice starts overlapping his)*

**DAISY & LARRY**

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

**DAISY**

Wish your dad well for me. It’s time for me to go be with Ingrid. And Daisy...

*(CHORUS pauses before the word “on,” DAISY finishes the letter, hugs JACK; followed by immediate blackout)*

Your mom is proud of you.

**\* Scene Change 5.0 \***

---

**2-6: Franklin Mills Commons**

*6pm. SAM has lit candles. He waits in his wheelchair, wearing a tie, with a spotlight on him, on a dimly lit stage, holding a bouquet of daisies 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. DIRK stands in the back of the theatre, watching the entire scene.*

**DAISY**

I’m a fool. I’m so sorry.

**SAM**

You’re not a fool. Get over here!

*(he’s elated; she hugs him; he hands her flowers; she pulls up a chair next to him and holds his hand)*

**DAISY**

I missed you.

**SAM**

Gosh, I missed you too.

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

**DAISY**

I heard! Whadja think?

**SAM**

He seems great.

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

Wow, that's huge!

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

Wuddya mean?

**DAISY**

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

**SAM**

WHAT?!

**DAISY**

I *know*, right?! Now, we just gotta hope that your labs qualify.

**SAM**

Well, I brought the results. But first, this is for you.

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

**DAISY**

Yeah?!

**SAM**

Daisy, had you not come along, these pages would have stayed empty. Instead, I filled them with our story.

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

You can read the entire thing when you get time, but I'll read you the dedication.

“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 possibly 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. Like water, we are destined to find our own level of happiness, which...ended up being each other. No matter what color paper these lab results are, I am better because of you.

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

I *love* you, Daisy Belmont.

**DAISY**

I love *you*!

**SAM**

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

Alright. Should we open these results?

**DAISY**

Let’s do it.

**SAM**

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

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

\*

**#18B: Dirk’s Revenge**

\*

**DIRK**

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

I USED TO THINK THAT YOU’RE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD CHANGE MY MIND IF  
I WAS SOMEHOW WRONG AND YOU WERE RIGHT,  
BUT I GUESS I’VE BEEN WRONG THIS WHOLE DAMN TIME

*(spits and stumbles slowly as he walks towards the stage, very visibly unpredictable)*

Seems like just—

YESTERDAY WHEN...NO MATTER WHAT MISTAKES WERE IN MY PAST  
YOU TOOK ME BACK, NO QUESTIONS ASKED

Funny.

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

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

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

**DIRK**

Oh!!

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

No! No!! NO!!!

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

**SAM**

Ahhhh!!! Daisy!!!

**\* #18C: Love Lives On \***

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

**SAM**

DAISY, I LOVE YOU. YOU HAVE HELPED ME DEFINE MY LIFE

OUR LOVE MUST LIVE FOREVER; IT CAN NOT DIE HERE TONIGHT  
 I HAVE LEARNED WHAT YOU HAVE TAUGHT  
 THAT PART OF LOVE IS PAIN AND LOSS

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

**CHORUS**

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

**H**

LOVE IS INCONVENIENT, IT CAN SHATTER YOUR HEART

**AMY**

BUT PICK UP THE PIECES & IT'S STILL THERE—YOUR WORK OF ART

**CHORUS**

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

**YOUNG DAISY**

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

YOU WERE RIGHT, MOM!  
 LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.

**JACK & YOUNG DAISY**

*(grabbing her hand, as if bridging the present to the past)*

LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.

**CHORUS**

LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.  
 LONG AFTER LIFE'S GONE, LOVE LIVES ON.

*(the entire scene fast forwards to DAISY's funeral during the bridge. JACK and SAM are isolated from the chaos around them, as lights change, cast members switch positions in slow-motion, and a new scene is revealed at the downbeat of the final section: DAISY's closed casket is center stage, JACK's supportive hand resides on SAM's shoulder, as he eulogizes her from his wheelchair. After adding a black accessory to their hospital attire, each cast member now holds a light-up candle in their hands, while they stand in the same positions as #1; candles randomly go out one-by-one; SAM's is last)*

**JACK**

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

**SAM**

YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE, THROUGH DAISY

**CHORUS**

AND YOU INSPIRED OUR COMMUNITY--WITH UNITY

**SAM**

GOD, WE COME HERE TODAY, TO THANK YOU FOR A GIFT

**JACK**

A MIRACLE, MAYBE, FOR LOVE'S WHY WE EXIST

**SAM**

MAY WE LEARN TO BE BETTER, FOR SHE'D WANT US TO

**JACK**

SO LOVE WHO YOUR HEART LOVES; CUZ IN THE END, WHO KNOWS BEST?

YOU.

*(SAM's candle is blown out)*

**END OF ACT TWO.**

**#19: Bows & Exit Music**

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

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

“AN EXTRAORDINARY PREMIERE.”

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

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

“THE CHARACTER OF NANCY IS OUTSTANDING.

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

“QUITE A THEATRICAL WALLOP.”

“SOMETHING RARELY EXPERIENCED ON SUCH A SCALE ON A  
PROFESSIONAL STAGE, MUCH LESS IN A HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM. ”