

The Well

By

Lorraine Montez (playbook, lyrics, music)
Tim Huling (music, lyrics)

A musical about depression

2004; 2010; 2016

The Well-V-FINALH-092616

lmontezseattle@comcast.net
206-200-3364

Cast of Characters

<u>DEPRESSION:</u>	Seductive, cruel, manipulative, engaging
<u>MC / PIERRE / MANI:</u>	Sets pace and tone of the musical; plays different characters, including Pierre and Manic Mani
<u>CAROLE:</u>	Jack's wife. Trying to be patient but doesn't fully understand Jack's sudden turn or his current struggles
<u>JACK:</u>	Type A personality; on top of the world - in part thanks to his manic side - until depression hits hard
<u>RACHEL:</u>	Ages from young girl to young woman. Victim of depression; hits with her hormones. A fighter by nature.
<u>LOLA DEVINE:</u>	Blues singer. Victim of depression. Sultry, tortured, looking for validation through the love of a good man. Alcoholic and addict.
<u>EDWARD:</u>	A handsome, charming man who sweeps Lola off her feet.
<u>DOPAMINE PLAYERS:</u>	Players: The Greek chorus and comic relief. Meant to keep audience on its toes and a bit on edge. Also take part in the Suicide Tango. Play several characters: CONSTABLES, CARD GIRL, FIGHT ANNOUNCER, STAGE MANAGER, JACKS FATHER, CAROLE'S MOTHER. RACHAELS' MOTHER, BOB

(MORE)

Cast of Characters (cont'd)

BOB: Played by Dopamine Players.
Ready for the final ending
of his depression, he shoots
himself in beginning of show.

JACK'S FATHER: Played by Dopamine Player.
Comes back from the dead to
"haunt" Jack.

CAROLE'S MOTHER: Played by Dopamine Player.
Talks with Carole over the
phone about her dilemma

RACHEL'S MOTHER: Played by Dopamine Player.
Keeps Rachel from diving into
the well.

STAGE MANAGER: Played by Dopamine Player.
Tells Lola she's needed back
on stage.

CONSTABLES: Played by Dopamine Player.
Arrest Edward and jail him
after Pierre gives them the
go-ahead.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: Played by Dopamine Player.
Calls boxing matches.

CALL GIRL: Played by Dopamine Player.
Holds up Round card in boxing
match.

Scene

A nightclub in Paris, France. A bedroom in a New York City
Apartment. A living room in a Seattle house.

Time

1920s (Paris); 1960s (NYC); Present day (Seattle)

ACT I

Scene 1

SETTING:

A stage divided into three areas with different set pieces. A 1920s DRESSING ROOM in Paris, a 1960s APARTMENT BEDROOM in New York City, and a present day LIVING ROOM in Seattle. Center stage is A SMALL WELL ON WHEELS. The bottom of the stage, all the way across looks like the rim of a well, with a row of bricks from the top part of the well also showing.

AT RISE:

Coming out of the Small Well is DEPRESSION. She is alluring, dangerous, mysterious, with a hint of blue to her skin, as if she's not quite living and not quite dead. She is dressed like a combination of a circus ring master and a la caux le falls performer.

DEPRESSION:

(To audience.)

I am a part of you; you are a part of me. Don't be afraid, come to me.

The MC, with hints of costuming as a Circus Ringmaster and Carney, appears from the audience. Lights come up full - spotlight/special on the MC. Carnival/freak show music begins playing in the background.

MC:

Hurry, hurry, hurry. Come one, come all. See the well, feel the well, dive into the well. Don't be afraid folks, lots of people have done it. Life got you down? No problem! You're just our type. Any volunteers in the audience?

RACHEL in the audience tentatively raises her hand.

That's a good girl, then. Come on down. Experience the well first-hand.

RACHEL steps onto stage.

And what's your name pretty one?

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL:

Rachel.

MC:

Rachel, huh? How old are you, Rachel?

RACHEL:

Thirteen.

MC:

Thirteen? What a wonderful age. And puberty just around the corner. Well, don't be shy now. Step right up and jump on in. Nothing to be afraid of here.

Rachel looks at well and Depression who is beckoning to her; she hesitates.

What seems to be the problem?

(To the audience.)

Let's give her a little encouragement shall we? C'mon folks, give her some applause.

That's it! Now, Rachel, just dive right in. Don't be afraid. It's all for you.

DEPRESSION:

That's right Rachel. Come to me. It's all for you.

RACHEL tentatively touches the side of the well, gasps and decides better of it. She runs offstage. Calling to RACHEL'S back.

No worries, darling. We have all the time in your world. You'll be back. When there's genetics involved, they always come back.

MC:

Anyone else out there want to take a shot? Anyone? How about you, sir. You look like you're ready.

Picks out BOB in audience.

C'mon, you know it's better than what you're feeling now. Go on, give it a try. What have you got to lose?

BOB:

(Looks troubled but eager.)

I'm not sure...I don't know...am I ready?

MC:

He looks like he's had a hard time of it doesn't he? C'mon folks, let's give him some encouragement. We all know he's ready right? Then let's hear some big applause, big cheers now for...what's your name, sir?

BOB:

Bob.

MC:

Let's hear it for Bob, folks.

MC invokes applause from audience. BOB gets up with renewed vigor. Goes to DEPRESSION and she embraces him - gives him a big kiss.

Well, now, looks like Bob's in for one Hell of good time. Go ahead Bob, take your best shot.

BOB:

Well, okay, then. Here it goes.

BOB pulls out a pistol, places it under his chin upstage of the audience and shoots himself in the head, falling into the arms of DEPRESSION, who pushes him down the well.

MC:

Now there's someone who believes in the big bang theory.

Welcome to the Well starts playing softly in the background.

The siren called, you answered. And here you are...in The Well. Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, you get to watch as not one, not two, but THREE lucky people dive head first into the big D. I'm your host for this evening. I'm cursed, I'm loved, I'm enjoyed, I'm feared. I am all people, all faces, and I go by many names -- but you can call me "Life." I am your host for this evening's entertainment. Welcome to a place where time and space have no meaning and anything does happen. Do you feel happy? Yes? She'll take care of that. You're in for one helluva good time tonight. Going down!

Welcome to the Well

Sung by MC and DP

MC:

Welcome to the Well
 Located just this side of hell
 We'll make you laugh,
 We'll make you cry
 Don't worry none,
 'cause you'll all get by

Come on board this fateful ride
 Did you come of your free will?
 Are you sure, can you tell?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MC: (cont'd)
 What's illusion; what's real?
 We'll help you decide in The Well.

DOPAMINE PLAYERS:
 Lay your fear down at our feet,
 We won't judge you right or wrong
 We promise you'll feel right at home
 Don't fear us just 'cause you're all alone

MC:
 You know, she's always in your head
 When you least suspect it she's there
 If you're feeling swell if you're feeling divine,
 It won't last long
 Once she holds your mind

MC, DOPAMINE PLAYERS:
 Come on board this fateful flight
 Enjoy the memories we'll make tonight
 Watch as our three suffer in agony
 As the big D takes hold with glee

MC:
 Are you feeling down yet, feeling low?
 Got no other place to go?
 It's okay, it's all right

MC, DOPAMINE PLAYERS:
 Don't feel all uptight,
 With us by your side there's no end in sight

 Tonight's the night we make history
 Whether you're a first time visitor
 Or we see you frequently

 It's your time
 It's your place
 Welcome to The Well!!

*Music continues to play softly in the background
 as MC talks.*

MC:
 Our first exhibit tonight is a real beauty folks.

Lights up to reveal Lola in frozen silhouette.
 Meet Ms. Lola Devine - living as an expatriate in the
 magic of 1920's Paris. She allows herself to be adored
 by hundreds, but never loved. She's on her way up the
 ladder of fame and fortune and happiness- unless she
 decides she's not.

Lights up to reveal frozen silhouettes.

Ah and here's Jack and Carole. A bitchin' couple living in the far out 60's and so in love. Except that Jack's been living life with his eyes wide shut in the world of the manic mad man. And now that the Big D's got her sites on him, the love train is about to hit some rocky track.

Lights up to reveal frozen silhouette.

Exhibit number three is our very own Rachel, whom you just met. She'll transform from a girl into a young woman right before our very eyes. Little does she know she's got an extra bonus waiting for her when puberty hits - Aunt Flo's a comin'!!

And last but not least, Ladies and Gentleman....if the Greeks can have a chorus so can we...please welcome- the Dopamine Players.. (Comes on stage.) Here to engross, enthrall and entertain. So let's get ready to rumble!!!!!!

MC, DEPRESSION and DPs finish up Welcome to The Well with a big ending.

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IScene 2

AT RISE:

Stage lights remain dark. House lights come up to reveal MC dressed as PIERRE, a performer/host of 1920's Paris cabaret, using a French accent. He is flirting with an audience member. Realizing he is caught, he stands and begins his announcement.

MC/PIERRE:

Bienvenir! Hello to you and welcome. Welcome to Madame Mouselli's, where we bring you the finest entertainment in all of Paris! Where the drink is strong, the women are beautiful, and the men are desperate. And here, at the cabaret, it is a special night indeed. For Venus herself is about to shine her light upon us. The voice of an angel, the face of a goddess, she epitomizes grace and chastity. Madams and Masseurs, I present to you the brightest star in the universe...Mademoiselle Lola Devine!

Spotlight comes up center stage to reveal Lola with her head down. She is draped in a long cape. She stands very demurely, prim and proper. Her head comes up slowly. She makes a graceful hand gesture and the music starts. She drops the cape seductively to reveal a provocative gown. Throughout the song she continues to remove a few pieces of costuming.

Women Rule the World

Sung by Lola Devine

(Spoken:)

Babes will be babes
Birds will be birds
Put them together
And the fun begins, I've heard
Cause we all know
that women rule the world
So let this canary tell you how it goes

(Sung:)

Chicks we rule the world
And cats come following after
Clawing, caterwauling
There's just one thing on their minds
And what do dishes do? W
ith all these chumps and fools?

We take them by the hand
And show them the promised land

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MC/PIERRE: (cont'd)

We take them by the hand
And show them the promised land
That's why women rule the world!"

Woman rule the world
And men come following after
Panting and ranting and raving
With just one thing on their minds

And what do women do?
With all these doggon' fools?

We take them by the hand
And show them the promised land
Show em the promised land
We show em the promised land

History shows it's true
It's not rockin' the cradle that does it, baby,
It's me rockin' you
Baby, it's me rockin' you

So let me rule your world
I'm just a woman who
Wants to rule your world
Let me rule your world

Ohhh Ohhh Ohhh
I wanna rule your world!

During the song, the MC begins dancing, laughing and make provocative gestures in the background as Lola strips down. He picks up her dropped clothing as part of the dance. Song ends and Lola takes her bow and heads to her stage area. Lights come up full to reveal a dressing room; the table has a mirror and holds makeup, brushes, a bottle of whisky, shot glass and pill boxes. Depression is in the dressing room watching Lola enter. Pierre follows her in.

MC/PIERRE:

That was a beautiful show, and you are a beautiful woman, mon ami'. I love you!

He grabs her and tries to kiss her.

LOLA:

Get your slimy lips off me, Pierre. I've told you a hundred times just 'cause I sing 'em that way don't mean I am that way.

(CONTINUED)

MC/PIERRE:

Don't try to fool me. You take your great introduction
I give you too much to heart. I know what you like,
what you want.

*He grabs her from behind and pulls her into him;
she pulls away.*

Huh. You can fool yourself all you want but you are no
virtuous woman oue? This much I know for fact.

*Lola swoons a little. He takes her chin in his
hands and looks deeply in her eyes.*

You've been in my stash again!

LOLA:

No!

MC/PIERRE:

Don't lie to me, darling. I know you too well. How much
of my dope did you steal this time, eh? How much, God
damn it!

*Grabs her wrist, pulls her off the chair and onto
her knees.*

LOLA:

Not much! I swear. Just a little to go with my whisky
before I went on...to calm the nerves, you know?

MC/PIERRE:

How many times do I have to tell you? Eh? I will give
you what you need, when you need it. Now stay out of my
stash you little bitch.

*LOLA shakes her head. He lets go of her and starts
to exit.*

You make me crazy, woman.

Pierreexists.

LOLA:

Bastard.

DEPRESSION:

It's not the men. Not their fault, I mean.

*Depression takes LOLA's chin in her hand.
But then, you already know that.*

LOLA:

I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

DEPRESSION:

Oh sure you do, sweetie. You've known for a long time.
Haven't you.

LOLA:

Stop it.

DEPRESSION:

A long, long time. But I'm always here for you.

LOLA:

I'm lonely.

DEPRESSION:

How can you be lonely when you have so many adoring fans? God, you're never satisfied. That makes you very difficult to live with.

LOLA:

I want to love. I want to be loved. I want a man.

DEPRESSION:

Ugh. Why?

LOLA:

I deserve love.

DEPRESSION:

Wait, what was that? Deserve? You don't deserve anything. You're lucky you've got what you have - very lucky.

LOLA:

I don't care about the fame I just want...

DEPRESSION:

Liar, liar, pants on fire... You could walk away from it any time you want. But you don't.

LOLA:

If I walk away, will you stay behind?

DEPRESSION:

We both know the answer to that question, don't we sweetheart? You don't want me to anyway. You know I'm the big reason you've got that soul in your voice. You'd be nothing without me.

LOLA:

Then I'll make you go away myself.

Pours a drink.

DEPRESSION:

Well, a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do. But don't think you'll get rid of me that easy.

LOLA downs the drink, and another, and another. DEPRESSION sniggers and moves upstage, watching as LOLA slowly passes out on the dressing table. Lights fade to black.

Sounds of DOPAMINE PLAYERS heard offstage as it enters loudly.

DOPAMINE PLAYERS:

DPs, singing, stream into the audience and interact with it before moving onto stage.

All the Answers Lie in Booze

Sung by Dopamine Players

All the answers lie in booze.
It will really lift your mood.
Drink it up, have a great time.
Life's a bitch and then you die.
All the answers lie in booze.

All the answers lie in glug, glug, glug.
All the answers lie in glug, glug, glug.
Chug it down, you'll fill with glee.
At least until the vomit spree.
All the answers lie in glug, glug, glug, glug, glug,
glug, glug, glug, glug

Players march offstage, exiting through various exits, including through audience.

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IScene 3

AT RISE:

Lights up on RACHEL. She is playing with her Barbie and Ken dolls in her living room, by the couch.

MC/RINGMASTER:

kindest patrons! Please turn your attention to the center of the stage, where we proudly present you with "Rachel's Youth," or as I like to call it...

(in a Jersey accent)

Rachel meets Aunt Flo. Drum roll please.

RACHEL:

"Oh, Ken. It's so nice of you to come by and help me with my car." "No problem at all. Happy to be of help." "Would you like to come in and see the house?" "Sure, love to."

She takes the dolls on a tour of the house while continuing to play each of them.

"It's beautiful, and so are you." "Oh, Ken." "Oh, Barbie."

RACHEL makes the dolls kiss amorously. DEPRESSION crawls out of the well.

DEPRESSION:

Oh, Rachel...

Ducks back into well. RACHEL experiences a cramp but doesn't recognize what it is.

RACHEL:

Stops what she is doing, looks around, sees nothing. As she begins playing with the dolls, she experiences another cramp.

"Oh, Ken." "Oh Barbie."

The dolls kiss again. She cramps again, the pain is stronger.

"That feels so....."

DEPRESSION:

She has come up behind RACHEL as above action took place.

Good. Feels so very good, doesn't it sweetie?

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL:

Who are you?

DEPRESSION:

Wow, great question! You are really smart, aren't you?

RACHEL:

Are you a friend of my mom's? You look familiar.

DEPRESSION:

Oh, I've known your family for years.

RACHEL:

My mom's not here anymore.

DEPRESSION:

Oh, I know. Your mom and I were very close right after you were born. Until she went away. But I've come to see you.

RACHEL:

Why me?

DEPRESSION:

Because I want us to be friends, Rachel. I like playing with dolls too. May I join you?

RACHEL:

Well, I don't know. I don't feel...

DEPRESSION:

Don't be embarrassed, Rachel. It's okay with me if you play with your dolls that way. You're just becoming a young woman. And that's bringing all sorts of changes -- like that cramping and the soreness in your breasts. That's your period getting ready to start. And you won't ever have to go through a single one of them for the next 40 years without me.

RACHEL:

Looks down, touches her pants, looks back up at DEPRESSION.

I....I'm bleeding!

DEPRESSION puts her arm around RACHEL, comforting her like a mother.

MC:

(Referring to Depression.)

Isn't she something? So comforting to our little Rachel as she starts her journey into womanhood. She's been around forever and still manages to keep that girlish

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MC: (cont'd)

figure. And you can't argue with her record, ladies and gentlemen. It is impressive. Especially when she can get them at puberty -- they're hers for life!

Puberty

Sung by MC

Little girls, little boys
the time is now
To leave your toys

Come with her
She knows the way
Depression is now here to stay

Little little girls Little little boys
Little little girls Little little boys

Little toys
Leave them be
Instead fall into
The big black D

Musical Interlude

She knows the way
The well is here
To take you in and hold you dear

Come with us
And you will see
She wants you at puberty

Little little girls Little little boys
Little little girls, Little little boys

During his song Rachel and Depression make eye contact, Depression comes to Rachel and dances with her. During the dance, Rachel takes off her "girlish" clothes to reveal a curvy young woman underneath. Depression ties a red scarf around Rachel's waist. Rachel takes her hair down and puts on heels. By the end of the song, she and Depression have danced offstage; MC exits after his song.

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IScene 4

AT RISE: Lights up on MC center stage.

MC/RINGMASTER:

And now, it's time to get acquainted with our third and final exhibit. Hailing from that great state of mind, men don't eat quiche, also known as: you want me to share my feelings? What the hell are feelings?
JAAAAAAAAACCCCKKKK!

Taking Over the World plays briefly as lights up to reveal JACK and CAROLE coming onstage into their bedroom together, arm in arm, snuggling and giggling. Music fades.

CAROLE:

I am so proud of you.

JACK:

Yeah, yeah, okay.

CAROLE:

You don't give yourself enough credit babe. I still can't believe you survived two years working 14 hour days like you did. It was almost like there were two of you! You so deserved to make vice president.

JACK:

Yeah, I sure felt on top of the world.

CAROLE:

Not anymore?

JACK:

Yeah, sure. It's cool.

CAROLE:

(Playful, kind)

You know I can tell when you're lying. You get that little thing going with your right eyebrow. It's a dead giveaway.

JACK:

I guess I should never play poker with you then, huh?

CAROLE:

Mmmm, maybe strip poker?

(CONTINUED)

JACK:

Oh, I like that. How about some Kama Sutra poker?

CAROLE:

Or the Joy of Sex poker?

JACK:

I'll show you a poker.

Jack grabs her, they fall to the bed, giggling.

Depression emerges from the well and watches. A death rattle is heard offstage.

JACK'S FATHER (O/S):

Jack. Help me...

JACK jumps up from the bed, confused; startled.

CAROLE:

Babe? You okay?

JACK:

Yeah, I just thought I heard....something.

CAROLE:

Like what?

JACK:

I thought I heard dad. Probably just somebody walking outside. Stupid.

CAROLE:

Do you want to talk about him?

JACK:

Nothing to say. He's dead. That's life.

CAROLE:

But you haven't cried or gotten mad or...

JACK:

How many times do I have to tell you I don't want to talk about it?

CAROLE:

I know you miss him.

JACK'S FATHER (O/S):

Jack! Help me.....

JACK:

What the hell?

(To Carole)

I've told you I don't want to do this.

CAROLE:

You're going to implode if you don't talk about what happened. He died. It was long and hard and you were the only one there with him for months Jack.

JACK:

I'm done.

CAROLE:

How can you be done when we've never talked about it? You wouldn't let me come help you with him when he was sick, you wouldn't talk about what you were going through then and I can't get you to open up now.

JACK:

I've told you a hundred times, I'm fine.

CAROLE:

I'm your wife, why won't you let me help you?

JACK:

Enough Carole!

CAROLE:

I'm gonna go do the dishes.

She exits.

JACK'S FATHER (O/S):

You didn't help me....Jack

Jack, at first startled, decides he's hearing things and ignores the voice.

DEPRESSION:

Enters.

Hello Jack.

JACK:

Who the hell are you? How did you get in here?

DEPRESSION:

I didn't mean to alarm you.

JACK:

You didn't...I...

(CONTINUED)

DEPRESSION:

I didn't... what?

JACK:

I...

Depression kisses him.

DEPRESSION:

Yes. I and you. From now on.

JACK:

What? Why?

DEPRESSION:

Think of me as a gift. I'm giving myself to you; a little present for how well you're dealing with your father's death.

She kisses him again; this time he pulls away for a moment as if trying to fight her off, then puts his arms around her.

JACK:

You feel wrong.

DEPRESSION:

Don't be afraid, Jack. I'm not a bad girl, really. I'm just misunderstood.

Misunderstood

Sung by Depression

Just because I'm dark and deep
And dangerous to the core
Doesn't mean that you won't sleep
With me right next doorAnd if I put it's only cause
I want you more and moreSo let me in, it's not a sin
And we'll be together evermoreDarling please just listen
To what I have to say
I'm really just a kitten
I'll play with you every dayDon't 'worry about Depression
The thing they say is so bad
The dark side, it's a blast my dear
And I won't ever call you mad

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEPRESSION: (cont'd)

Just because I'm dark and deep
And dangerous to the core
Doesn't meant that you won't sleep
With me right next door

And if I pout it's only 'cause
I want you more and more
So let me in, it's not a sin
And we'll be together evermore

I promise you this
And seal it with a kiss
We'll be together evermore

Carole enters room.

CAROLE:

Jack, look, I'm sorry I brought up your father. What are you doing?

JACK:

What? Oh, nothing! I didn't. I'm not.

Looks around, sees Depression who is now laying on his bed.

I don't know what's going on here she just...

CAROLE:

She who?

Jack looks back and forth from Carole to Depression.

Jack, you okay?

DEPRESSION:

She can't see me or hear me Jack.

CAROLE:

Earth to Jack, are you okay?

DEPRESSION:

She's not my type. Too...happy.

JACK:

I'm...

DEPRESSION:

I can tell you this. Being with her is nothing compared to being with me.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLE:

Jack. I need to tell you something...

DEPRESSION:

I never stop.

CAROLE:

Jack!

JACK:

I'm sorry, babe. I'm just a little weirded out by...everything. What did you want to tell me?

CAROLE:

It will keep. Want to try picking up where we left off?

She goes to him and puts his arms around him - begins kissing his neck and arms.

DEPRESSION:

Go ahead, Jack. It won't bother me. In fact, I'll join in.

Gets up from the bed, talks to him from behind his back as she fondles his back.

See, from this point forward honey I'm the monkey your back.

Jumps on his back.

And I'm going to hurt you so good.

JACK:

(To Depression)

Stop it!

CAROLE:

What the hell Jack?

JACK:

Pulls away from Carole, Depression still on his back.

I'm sorry, babe. I'm tired. Rain check?

CAROLE:

You sure you're okay?

JACK:

Yeah...

CAROLE:

Wanna watch Laugh In?

*As he gets into bed with Carole,
Depression, slides in the bed on the other side
of Jack.)*

CAROLE:

I love you, Jack.

JACK:

I love you too, Carole.

DEPRESSION:

I love you three, Jack.

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IScene 5

AT RISE:

Lights up. Lola enters with MC/PIERRE hot on her heels, laughing obnoxiously. Lola is obviously high. Depression is lounging in the room.

LOLA:

Get the hell away from me you pervert!

MC/PIERRE:

Mon ami! Come to daddy!

LOLA:

Dammit Pierre, no! Don't you understand English you freak? I said no!

MC/PIERRE:

Ah, mon cher. You seem to be forgetting our arrangement. I provide you with the dope and the booze, you keep me entertained. On demand. I just gave you your fix, now I want mine.

Lunges at her, they wrestle briefly, he ends up on the floor, laughing.

LOLA:

Try that again you slimy bastard and I'll gut you!

He laughs, gets up slowly, mock menacingly.
I'm not foolin' around this time, Pierre!

Looks around for something sharp and settles for a large pointed hair clip.

MC/PIERRE:

(Laughs)

I love it when you fight, my Tasmanian devil.

Grabs her arm and twists it behind her back just as Edward enters. He is an attractive man in a suit.

EDWARD:

What's goin' on here?

PIERRE lets LOLA go.

(CONTINUED)

MC/PIERRE:

Another fan, I see. I'm wanted on stage. We'll discuss this later, mon ami, count on it.

To Edward.

Masseur, I hope you enjoyed the show.

EDWARD:

Yes, I did. In fact that's why I've come back stage...

Not remotely interested, Pierre walks off in mid sentence.

DEPRESSION:

Who the hell is he?

LOLA:

Who the hell are you?

EDWARD:

Edward Lincoln James Montgomery at your service, miss
(He bows.)

I wanted tell you how much I enjoyed your performance.
I hope I didn't interrupt any...

LOLA:

Awful fancy name for such a vagabond looking fellow.

EDWARD:

I beg your pardon, Ms. Devine, this suit comes from one
of the finest tailors in New Orleans.

LOLA:

That a fact? You think that makes you bonafide or
something?

EDWARD:

No miss, just someone with fashion sense and the good
fortune to do something about it.

LOLA:

I suppose you're waiting for a thank you?

DEPRESSION:

That's right, get rid of him.

EDWARD:

I don't follow.

LOLA:

You think you saved me from something back there? Like
a knight in shining armor or something. You didn't.

(CONTINUED)

Lola fixes herself a drink, downs it.

EDWARD:

With all due respect, Miss Devine, you look like a woman who can take care of herself.

LOLA:

What exactly do you want Edward Lincoln on and on and on with the name?

EDWARD:

To take you out to dinner this evening.

LOLA:

Oh, well, I've never heard that one before from a stranger right after a show. What makes you think I'd be interested in the likes of you?

EDWARD:

Well, miss, I do not know if you are interested in the likes of me. But dinner would sure help me figure that out.

LOLA:

How unfortunate for you that I don't go out to dinner willy nilly with men I know nothing about.

EDWARD:

Please allow me to rectify that. As I said, my name is Edward Lincoln James Montgomery. So named for my father, and his father before him. I drink in moderation, hunt poorly and am guilty of enjoying the pleasures of a good cigar. I have a passion for two things - jazz and beautiful women. And you are one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen.

LOLA:

Careful, Mr. Montgomery. You know what they say... "those those who flirt in haste oft repent in leisure."

EDWARD:

Why miss, where I come from they just call that tellin' the God's honest truth.

LOLA:

((Laughs.))

And where did you come from, Mr. Montgomery?

EDWARD:

New York City.

(CONTINUED)

LOLA:

That doesn't sound like any New York accent I've ever heard.

EDWARD:

Oh, ah, no . I thought you meant....I'm from New Orleans originally. But I was most recently in New York.

Lola just looks at him.

Where I departed for Paris....and then I came here and saw your show and....

Lola laughs, but says nothing.

I must say, Miss Devine, you are makin' me work awful hard just to get some ...

LOLA:

Why Mr. Montgomery, exactly what is it you think you're gonna get?

EDWARD:

I beg your pardon, that did not come out at all like I meant it. (They laugh, share a moment.) I'm simply askin' for the honor of your company and a chance to get to know you.

LOLA:

You are a funny one, you are. Okay, Mr. Montgomery, let me change. I'll meet you out in front of the club and we'll see what you're made of.

EDWARD:

It'll be my pleasure, Miss Devine.

He stands there, staring at her with a sense of awe and love.

LOLA:

Well, are you gonna go so I can change or stand there ogling me all night?

He comes, takes her hand and kisses it, meets her eyes - they stare for a moment and then Lola has to drop hers. Edward exits. She watches him go, then laughs with delight as she begins to change behind dresser.

DEPRESSION:

You're not actually going with him?

LOLA:

He's sweet. And handsome, doncha think?

DEPRESSION:

If you like that type.

LOLA:

What type?

DEPRESSION:

Never mind.

LOLA

You just don't want me to be happy. My date's waiting.

DEPRESSION:

Hold on there little missy. Doncha want one for the road? To celebrate?

Depression hands pipe to LOLA, who takes it.

LOLA:

Maybe just one.

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IScene 6

AT RISE:

Lights up to reveal Jack and Depression spooning in bed. Depression startles upright - looks around.

DEPRESSION:

Oh crap!

Gets up, runs her hands up and down Jack's body slowly - caressing it as she talks.

DEPRESSION:

Get up, lover. You got company coming.

JACK:

What is it?

DEPRESSION:

It's been great baby but I gotta bug out.

JACK:

Where?

DEPRESSION:

Where/when/how....not important. I don't have any choice. I have to go. My brother's back.

JACK:

Sits up...more awake.

Who?

DEPRESSION:

My little brother, Mani.

MC/MANI:

MC enters as Manic Mani, Depression's little brother. He's dressed like a bratty seven-year-old boy.

DEPRESSION:

So long Jack.

Kisses him, Mani breaks them apart.

(CONTINUED)

MANI:

Hey, whoa! You had your turn sis. Now, make like a storm and blow!!

Mani gestures toward the well. Steaming, Depression walks to it, gets in.

DEPRESSION:

(To both Jack and Mani.)

I'll be back. Soon.

(She slithers down into the well.)

MANI:

Heya Jack, how ya doin'? Remember me, huh, remember me, Jack, huh? I'm Mani- you know me buddy - yeah - we spent all that time together when you were working for that promotion, right? Dude, I was with you day and night. Gotta say, my contributions didn't hurt your performance in the bedroom either. No need to thank me though - I had a great time. That Carole's something else, you know? A little hell cat yesserreeeee. One HOT piece of ass!! Oh Wow!! And then that stuff with your father. Boy did the shit hit the fan on that one, huh? But I was with you 24/7 on that one too, my man. Dude!! Talk about a bumner and a half. And then my stupid sister showed up. She's such a downer! But now I'm back bigger and better than ever!! And it's time to embrace the suck, you know what I mean dude? YEAH! We'll embrace the suck baby! Just like the Marines! Like, get up man. Get up, get up, get up! Let's play!

Jack becomes increasingly more excited through Mani's monologue. By the end he is bouncing up and down on the bed.

JACK:

Yeah! I feel good! Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah....

MANI:

That's it man! I feel good too! Goody good good good good good!!! Hey!! I got an idea. Let's play Marines at war!!!!.

JACK:

Naw! Let's surprise Carole and paint the bedroom!! Yeah! She's a painter, she'll like that!

Jack starts "readying" the bedroom to be painted, but in truth is destroying it. Mani starts playing war; running around the stage and in between audience members, shooting at people. Jack occasionally shoots back at Mani. Mani pretends that one of Jack's shots wounds him. He comes back on stage and does a classic death scene.

(CONTINUED)

MANI:

Starts laughing, gets back up.
Oh man, that was fun!! Dude, the bedroom looks great!

JACK:

Fucking A!!! Let's paint it red!

MANI:

Oh, yeah! Bright red for love!

JACK:

I'll grab the paint.

MANI:

Hey Jack! I got a better idea!

JACK:

What??

MANI:

Let's take over the world!

JACK:

I like it!!!

Taking Over the World
Sung by Jack and Mani

JACK:

I'm taking over the world!

MANI:

Go on you can do it Jack,
You're the man I've your back!

JACK:

This time, I'm gonna win!

MANI:

You're the King, you're one bad ass,
No one has your kinda of class

JACK:

There's nothing that I can't do

JACK:

That's right! I'm no panty waist!
I'm nobody's basket case

MANI:

Jump boy, over the moon!

(CONTINUED)

MANI:

Try and keep up if you can
No one moves like Jack the man

JACK:

Oh, I'm feeling so amazed
And like I'm
In a hazy daze world
So giddy, so happy,
Flying through the air
(spoken)
Do I dare?

MANI:

Just call you king of the world!

JACK:

I'm the King, I'm one bad ass,
No one has my kinda of class

MANI:

You're wicked bitchin' it's true

JACK:

Man this is so outta site!
I'm a rocket burning bright

MANI:

Dude!What a gas this is, it should be us two
Always, so let's kick Her out forever!
And we'll fly

JACK/MANI:

Just like the angels do way up
Groovin' with the angels way up high in the sky

We're taking over the world
Yes we are so check us out
There's no time to mope or pout
This time, were gonna win!
Bad ass boyz and we can dunk it,
Life's a bitch so we say funk it

MANI:

Funk it life,

JACK:

Funk it life,

MANI:

Funk it life

(CONTINUED)

JACK:
Funk it life

MANI:
Funk it life

JACK:
Funk it life

Funk it Funk if Funk if Funk.....!!!!

By the end of the song Mani and Jack are out of control. Carole enters just as song ends and sees the destroyed bedroom and Jack laughing with Mani-whom Carole can't see.

CAROLE:
JACK!!! What the hell is going on?!

JACK:

Looks up at Carole, then Mani, who is frozen like a mannequin.)

I.....was....just....thinking if I could just...I'm under a lot of pressure at work...new job. II think I maybe need something to help calm me down.

CAROLE:
By destroying my painting? You know I've been working on that for months!

JACK:
Look I said I'm sorry what else am I supposed to do?

CAROLE:
How about have a little consideration for my work?

JACK:
Yeah okay fine.

CAROLE:
What's that supposed to mean?

JACK:
Nothing..it's just...

CAROLE:
Just what, Jack, huh? Say it!

JACK:
Fine! It's just a stupid painting!

CAROLE:

Is that how you really feel about what I do?

JACK:

No...look I'm sorry..this isn't me.

CAROLE:

Damn right it isn't. I'm going to make dinner. Clean this up, please.

Exasperated, Carole exits. Jack starts to clean up the room but as he looks around it becomes overwhelming. He sits on the bed, not knowing where to start.

He pulls out a drawer, gets out a joint, lights it and inhales deeply.

Dopamine Players enter stage. They have pieces of 60's type garb accents. Some are carrying joints, some bongos. As they sing, they start to forget words, get hungry and search through pockets for food, trailing off one at time. They hand out Ho-Hos and Twinkies from pockets to audience as they exit.

All the Answers Lie in Pot

Sung by Dopamine Players

All the answers lie in pot....

We like it a whole lot...

Smoke it bake it Steam it, man

I need to go to munchies land....

All the answers.....

Players talk over one another.

I'm hungry,

Me too,

Got any food?

Ho-Ho!

I've got a Ho-Ho!

Yummy Twinkie!

I've got a Twinkie!

Wanna Twinkie?

Wanna Ho-Ho?

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IScene 7

AT RISE:

Lights up to reveal MC and RACHEL, who is seated in her living room.

MC:

(as RINGMASTER)

Everyone, please welcome back that young girl we've watched grow up right before our very eyes...in her first death-defying bout into the abyss of The Well, Rachel!

Misunderstood is playing softly in the background; has a sinister sound to it. She is older now, 17, and studying. DEPRESSION slithers on stage, leans, watches her from afar. Music gets a bit louder. RACHEL suddenly can't concentrate. She stops trying to study. Sighs. Looks around. Grabs her cell phone. She dials a number. Gets no answer. She tries another number. Gets no answer. She is getting clearly more agitated as DEPRESSION continues to enjoy the situation. RACHEL goes to her laptop, types something in, reads something on the screen, slams the screen down.

RACHEL:

Fucking Book Face!

DEPRESSION:

Walks over to Rachel. Taps her on the shoulder.
Hey you.

RACHEL:

Oh shit! You scared me. What do you want?

DEPRESSION:

You know what I want. I want you to play with me.

RACHEL:

Not today, please. Just go away. I'm tired.

DEPRESSION:

Then sleep.

RACHEL:

You know I can't.

(CONTINUED)

DEPRESSION:

I know it's hard. Come here, c'mon.

Smiles reassuringly at her and holds out her arms. RACHEL fidgets for a moment and then goes to her; wraps herself in DEPRESSION'S embrace, puts her head on her shoulder.

With all the violence and hopelessness in the world, no wonder you don't feel good. I know no one understands you. No one loves you, not really. No one but me. I'm always here for you.

Rachel takes comfort in this.

Of course, it's a hard thing, loving you. So you can't really blame anyone for not wanting to be around you, right? You're so moody. There's no use denying you've thought about killing yourself. I know these things. But you're 17. It goes with the territory. Don't worry about it. Just go with the flow. I can't imagine how nasty it is to have to live here in this awful place. War, famine, competition just to survive. Too bad you're not really good enough.

RACHEL:

But everything's okay. My dad loves me, I like school, I like a boy who likes me, I'm pretty.

DEPRESSION:

Are you sure about that last one?

RACHEL:

Well, I have a nice body at least.

DEPRESSION:

Yeah, but what do the boys want with it, really. They want it, not you, right? Well, am I right?

RACHEL:

Maybe. Probably. I don't know.

DEPRESSION:

Not very smart, are you?

RACHEL:

I am smart. You're just...a bitch.

DEPRESSION:

Whoa. You kiss your boyfriend with that mouth?

RACHEL:

Shut up.

DEPRESSION:

I will if you will. You're the one that keeps bringing me to mind, as it were.

RACHEL:

I don't invite you, you just come.

DEPRESSION:

But you let me in.

RACHEL:

What's wrong with me? I can't focus. I'm so angry. I hate myself. I hate life.

DEPRESSION:

So you want to die.

RACHEL:

No.

DEPRESSION:

No? Then what do you want?

RACHEL:

I don't want to live...

DEPRESSION:

Ah-ha, you DO want to die.

RACHEL:

.. .like this. I don't want to live like this anymore. I don't want to live with you around anymore.

DEPRESSION:

Oh yeah. Just what do you think you're going to do about it, then, little missy, hmm?

RACHEL:

I'm going to get rid of you once and for all.

DEPRESSION:

Give it your best shot.

RACHEL:

Okay, I will then.

*Music starts to play underneath the dialogue
~Rachel looks around, finds boxing gloves. Puts them on.*

DEPRESSION:

(Laughs)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEPRESSION: (cont'd)
You're kidding, right?

RACHEL:
Uh-uh

DEPRESSION:
Well, if that's the way you want to play this, it's
your hurt, honey.

*MC hands Depression a pair of boxing gloves. She
puts them on.*

RACHEL:
I'm going to kick your ass.

DEPRESSION:
Okay sweetheart, do your worst.

*Two Dopamine Players dressed in tuxes appear as
boxing announcers. They narrate, as Depression and
Rachel fight to the music, jabbing at each other.
Another of the DPs comes out as the ring girl, She
is holding a sign saying "Round 1 - Rachel vs. the
Bear." As the fight progresses Depression and
Rachel each get in a few good hits on the other.
Just as it looks like Rachel is getting the better
of her opponent, Depression makes an illegal move
which throws Rachel off. Depression decks her.
Music ends.*

ANNOUNCER NO 1:
And the long awaited bout is underway, the top
contender and the champ finally meet.

ANNOUNCER NO. 2:
17 years in the making Jim.

ANNOUNCER NO 1:
There's the bell. And three straight jabs followed by a
cross and the champ is on her heels. I don't think the
champ expected that. The challenger has come out
swinging and she's trying to end this quick.

ANNOUNCER NO. 2:
Could be fatal Jim. You've got to respect the champ's
experience.

ANNOUNCER NO 1:
And another barrage of vicious jabs followed by a cross
and a hook. The champ is losing this first round in
convincing fashion. Oh Wow!!! What is this?

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER NO. 2:

I don't know what happened Jim but the challenger is down.

ANNOUNCER NO 1:

What a sudden counter by the champ. The challenger did not see that coming. The champ is now dancing over her in a celebration of superiority.

ANNOUNCER NO. 2:

An obvious display of disrespect Jim. This fight looks like it's over.

DEPRESSION:

There's something you better get used to girlie. See, I'm the momma bear. Big, strong, and in your face any time I feel like it. What happened here, that was just a little taste of pain. I can make you hurt in ways you never dreamed.

RACHEL:

I should just kill myself, then. Get it over with.

DEPRESSION:

(Laughs)

Oh no, you're not ready for that final disappointment yet. You've got a lot to learn about life, honey.

RACHEL:

Why should you care?

DEPRESSION:

I don't want you dead...yet. You've got so much vitality left in you.

RACHEL:

So, you're telling me you're some kind of psychic vampire?

DEPRESSION:

Heavens no! Not anything of the kind. I'm your companion.

RACHEL:

Liar.

DEPRESSION:

That's enough out of you. Or would you like another go-round, hmm?

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL:

Please just go away. I'm so tired.

DEPRESSION:

Would you like me to run you a Calgone bath?

RACHEL:

No.

DEPRESSION:

How about a little hot chocolate?

RACHEL:

No.

DEPRESSION:

Vodka or Gin, straight up?

RACHEL:

No.

DEPRESSION:

Fine. I'll leave. You've turned into too much of a dullard even for me. But I'll be back

RACHEL:

Yeah, whatever, just go.

Depression walks out with boxing gloves still on, as if exiting a boxing ring. Rocky type music plays in the background as she exits.

I'll Find a Way

Sung by Rachel

You've tried to push me down
 You've tried to take my spirit
 You've tried to steal my life
 For years now and for years to come

But now my eyes are open
 And I see through your slight of hand
 I'm stronger than you think
 I'm not the child you think I am

I'll find a way
 To soar through fog and darkest skies
 I'll find a way
 To run through your thicket of lies

Don't try to push me down
 You don't want this fight, believe me
 Don't try to steal my life
 My future years are mine for living

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL: (cont'd)

But my eyes are open
I know you are here to stay
Because I know your tricks already
I will beat you every time

I'll find a way
To soar through fog and darkest skies
I'll find a way
To run through your thicket of lies

I won't let you keep me down
I won't let you cast your shadow
won't let you chill my heart
won't let you twist my mind

But my eyes are open
I know you're shadow is my own, so
I will shine the brightest light
and cast away your darkest night

I'll find a way
To soar through fog and darkest skies
I'll find a way
To run through your thicket of lies

I'll find a way
To soar through fog and darkest skies
I'll find a way
To run through your thicket of lies
(Sung to the Well Woman)

Say Goodbye!!!

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 8

AT RISE:

DEPRESSION is watching the action from her Well top. Lights come up on MC/RINGMASTER.

MC:

"Love goes by haps; Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps." Gotta love The Bard! But is he right? Is love really much ado about nothing? Three months have passed for our little blue jay and her new beau. Let's check in and see how the romance is shaping up.

LOLA is at her dressing table primping. Edward enters and watches her a moment.

EDWARD:

You look especially beautiful tonight.

LOLA:

Why, thank you Mr. Montgomery. Where are you taking me after my shows tonight?

EDWARD:

Anywhere you'd like.

LOLA:

The Chat Noir Cabaret!

EDWARD:

Your wish is my command.

LOLA:

And yours will be mine later.

EDWARD:

In that case perhaps we should skip the club.

LOLA:

Now, you know as well as I do the show must go on. But I'll be back here just as soon as I sing that last note.

Lola grabs the wallet with her pipe and matches in it.

Now, get on out here, I need to get ready.

EDWARD:

I love you Lola.

(CONTINUED)

LOLA:

Don't say it if you don't mean it.

EDWARD:

Grabs her and kisses her passionately.

I'm serious. I love you with every cell of my being. I know we haven't known each other for long, but I'm yours, if you'll have me.

He pulls out a ring box and opens it.

LOLA:

Oh, Edward.

EDWARD:

I want to marry you right now, today!

LOLA:

But I'm on stage again soon....shouldn't we plan things out? Set a date and...

EDWARD:

You know the thing I love most about you? You're unconventional. Marry me now.

LOLA:

I've got three shows tonight... I don't have anything to wear except my costumes...who's even going to be up to marry us that late?

EDWARD:

I know a priest here. I'll take care of everything.

LOLA:

You are truly my knight in shining armor Edward Lincoln James Montgomery. I love you.

EDWARD:

And I love you. I'll be waiting for you after the last show.

Edward exits. Lola swings around the room once - giddy with excitement - then comes full face with herself in the mirror, pauses a moment seeing an imperfection in her face.

DEPRESSION:

You don't think he really meant that, do you? He's buttering you up for the kill. He's not coming back.

LOLA:

Of course he will! He loves me did you hear?? He loves me. Lola Devine is loved!

DEPRESSION:

Yeah, right.

LOLA:

What's that supposed to mean?

DEPRESSION:

It means we both know you're not good enough. Never have been; never will be.

LOLA:

I have finally found a man that loves me and you are not gonna ruin it! Now I'm gonna go out there and have a good time with my man, you understand?

DEPRESSION:

Right up till he gets tired of what you got to offer between those legs and dumps you.

LOLA:

This one won't. You heard him. He's going to marry me.

DEPRESSION:

They've all told you they love you. But eventually they all leave you. And you end up alone again. I'll start planning the party - just you, me, some dope and a bottle of gin. I love our parties!

LOLA:

(As if trying to talk herself into believing it.)

Not this time....

DEPRESSION:

Okay, go have your fun. But first...how about a little dope to chill it all down. Add a little fun to the night to come?

LOLA:

Yeah...good idea.

Lola pulls out a wallet with everything she needs to get high. As she's in the middle of the act, EDWARD re-enters.

EDWARD:

I came back to....

Sees her in the middle of her ritual, getting ready to get high.

LOLA:

Oh! You startled me.

EDWARD:

You don't need that anymore.

LOLA:

You're right. I just wanted a little to...

EDWARD:

You must promise me something if we're going to be together. The dope...you have to be done with it.

LOLA:

Yeah, okay, sure.

Pierre sneaks up to the door and starts listening in.

EDWARD:

I mean it Lola -- completely done. There's something I need to tell you. I told you I'm from New Orleans, but I never told you what brought me here. My sister Claire. She was the light of my life. She...she came down with cholera. Our doctor said Opium was the only treatment. The cure turned out to be worse than the disease. After she got better the doctor stopped prescribing it, but she didn't stop needing it. She pleaded with me to find her more, but I refused. She snuck out on her own one night. I should have known -- I would've never known, but the dog kept scratching at her door. He never did that. When I realized she wasn't in her room I knew where she was headed. I followed her to Tulane Avenue. I remember it distinctly. Hearing her scream, my heart pounding, and how time itself slowed. When I saw the blood streaming down her neck...he...he murdered her in front of my eyes. He raped her and then he murdered her! I had never fully understood rage until that day. Before I knew it, his knife was in my hand, her blood mixed with his. Only when I heard yells for the police coming from the alley did I realized what I had done. I fled to New York and from there to Paris. I can never undo what I did, Lola. I didn't want to tell you like this and I know it may change everything, but I can't live that again.

LOLA:

You will never have to.

She goes to him, kisses him gently. He holds her.

EDWARD:

And we'll get you into a more respectable club, with better people. I can't imagine this will be too hard to leave behind, will it?

Pierre is outraged at hearing this.

LOLA:

Not as long as I can be with you.

EDWARD:

Good.

Gives her a gentle kiss on the forehead.

STAGE MANAGER:

Enters.

You're on next Miss Devine.

Lola and Edward Exit.

DEPRESSION:

(Mimicking.)

You'll never have to.

Dopamine Players are heard offstage becoming louder as they enter stage from all directions.

All the Answers Lie in Love/Lust/Sex

(Sung by Dopamine Players)

All the answers lie in love, lust, sex!
When you find the one that loves you best,
But choose your romance carefully,
And don't lose your identity
All the answers lie in love, lust, sex!

All the answers lie in love, lust, sex!
Pick the one that fits you best, oh yes,
Choose your lovers carefully
Condoms mean no STDs
All the answers lie in love, lust, sex!

Players exit offstage through various exits, including through audience. Lights out.

Pierre enters stage and grabs two of the Players that are exiting. He whispers in the their ears; the Players get a maniacal look on their faces and give Pierre an affirmative nod before walking off. Pierre smirks and walks off the other way.

BLACKOUT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

44.

END OF SCENE

ACT IScene 9

AT RISE:

Lights up. Carole is working on a painting. The phone rings. She answers it. Spotlight up to reveal one of the Dopamine Players as Carole's mom, who is calling Carole on the phone.

CAROLE:

Hello?

MOM:

Hi hon! It's mom!

Holding a very large Martini in her hand.

CAROLE:

Hi mom. How are you?

MOM:

Can't complain, wouldn't do any good if I did.

(Laughs.)

What are you up to?

CAROLE:

Trying to paint. I can't get the shape right.

MOM:

Why did we spend all that money for you to go to college if you can't paint a shape?

CAROLE:

It's normal - it's a process mom.

MOM:

So how're things goin' besides the painting?

CAROLE:

Good....fine....good. Great.

MOM:

Lemme see if I got that straight. "Good, fine, good, great." That right?

CAROLE:

Yeah.

MOM:

No.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLE:

Yes.

MOM:

No. Carole, stop this. I can tell when you're upset. Talk to me. I'm your mom, that's what I'm here for.

CAROLE:

It's Jack.

MOM:

What did you do to him?

CAROLE:

Nothing. Sorry I brought it up. How's daddy?

MOM:

Daddy's fine. Stop changing the subject. Are you and Jack having problems?

CAROLE:

No. No problems. Did you and daddy have problems?

MOM:

Now, hon, every marriage has its challenges. It's how you choose to handle them that makes the difference

Takes a big gulp of her drink.

Is everything okay in the bedroom?

CAROLE:

What are you talking about?

MOM:

Relations, dear, RELATIONS. And I know it can be hard but it's are part of your wifely duty.

CAROLE:

I am not going to talk with you about my sex life!

MOM:

You've always been so moody - such an artistic type. Everything will be just fine.

Takes another big gulp of drink.

CAROLE:

Things aren't fine just because you say they are, mom.

MOM:

Mind over matter darling

Takes another big drink.

CAROLE:

I feel so helpless. I need to tell you something...

MOM:

You know what always helps me? Watching some Donna Reed.

CAROLE:

Donna Reed can't fix this....

MOM:

Oh honey! Donna reed can fix anything! Why just yesterday I learned that I could fix a clogged drain by...

CAROLE:

Mom! This isn't about plumbing okay? I'm pregnant!

MOM:

Oh my God! Jack must be thrilled!

CAROLE:

He doesn't know.

MOM:

What do you mean he doesn't know? How could you not tell him?

CAROLE:

I tried! He's just...I don't...

MOM

Oh honey, that's just your hormones talking.

CAROLE:

Did your hormones get to you when you were pregnant?

MOM:

Well....no. I had a little nausea but the Vodka helped with that. I'll tell you what. Daddy has some special wine I'll bring over. We'll drink, we'll talk. I'll leave right now.

CAROLE:

What? No! Jack will be home soon.

MOM:

Well, okay dear. But you're thinking way too much. Put that brain to rest. Do you need a new recipe?

CAROLE:

How's a new recipe going to help...

MOM:

Go have a drink. And stop worrying about Jack, hon.
He'll be fine. Just make sure he's got a martini
waiting when he comes through the door, and when you
tell him, do it in a kind voice. Then hand him a
wonderfully well done steak.

CAROLE:

Umm, that's not really...

MOM:

Oh hon.! Got to go. Donna Reed's on! Love you!

Hangs up phone, exits.

Donna Reed is DOA
Sung by Carol

Talks

Gonna tell you a little story
It goes something like this
You want me to be that 50's wife
But momma that's not the way it is, you see...

Sings

I'm a woman of the 60's and I know my mind
Donna Reed is DOA 'cause it's a different time

Rosie may have started things, but the 40's are history
Now it's time to have our day, the modern woman is on
her way

I'm a woman of the 60's and I've burned my bra
I can be both smart and cute - it ain't against the law

Chorus

So I don't serve martinis for dinner
So I don't keep the house up that well
If Donna Reed was here right now
I'd tell her to go to hell

Listen to those uptight men when I come around:

I'm a man from history and I'm the cat's meow
I like my women barefoot 'cause I must retain control
I know where I'm going 'cause I've already sold my soul

Talks

So what if my hair isn't styled
So what if my dress isn't pressed
If that blonde bitch were here right now I'd tell her
You're just a chicken head!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOM: (cont'd)

You can't tell me how to do this do that
You can't tell me his feelings are my fault
You can't tell my sex isn't pleasin'
Or that blame is upon me when I see no rhyme or reason

Chorus

So much for silence and grace
So much for the man of the house
If Donna Reed was here today
I'd punch her in her perfect little mouth!

Stop tryin' to tell me how to run my life
I have a brain you know and I can cope with strife

Just like the rise of the sufferjets
We're roaring loud as the female sex
Get used to it babe 'cause we're here to stay
'Cause Donna Reid is DOA!

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF ACT I)

ACT IIScene 7

AT RISE:

EDWARD is walking toward LOLA's portion of the set with flowers and a ring box in hand. Welcome to the Well can be heard playing softly in the background. The Dopamine Players who were with Pierre earlier enter the stage. Both Players are dressed as French Police.

FRENCH POLICEMAN #1:
Mssr. Montgomery?

EDWARD:
Yes?

FRENCH POLICEMAN #2:
Please come with us.

EDWARD:
Why? I've done nothing wrong.

FRENCH POLICEMAN #1:
That will be up to the magistrate to decide Mssr.

They each reach in to grab an elbow, one on either side of Edward, but he shakes off one of them and punches the other one.

As he's punching one Policeman, the other regains his wits and takes out a cudgel (or night stick) and renders Edward unconscious.

The Players drag Edward off stage.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIScene 11

AT RISE:

Lights up. Rachel is sitting in her space. DEPRESSION is looking at her from her place in the well.

Rachel is hugging herself, rocking back and forth as if trying to fight off depression and having a hard time of it.

Misunderstood instrumental with a tango feel plays softly in the background. The Dopamine Players come out on stage one by one; each individual moving around the stage, each one getting closer to the Well, where Depression is there to meet them. Each one eventually does something that causes them to go into the well.

Rachel gets caught up in the Tango. She is moving within it, trying to get around it and cannot seem to. She too begins to move toward the well, drawn to it no matter how hard she fights against it. As she arrives finally at the mouth of the well, she is teetering at the top of it. Rachel's Mom, who had gone into the well during the first part of the Tango, pops back out, now dressed in a white robe, reappears out of the well.

RACHEL:

*Looks up at mom, gasps.
Mother?!*

RACHEL'S MOTHER:

Fight!!

She pushes Rachel hard back into life and disappears again down the well.

Tango ends. Rachel starts to walk off.

DEPRESSION:

Where do you think you're going? It's time to play.

RACHEL:

Not this time.

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IIScene 12

AT RISE:

Lights up. I'll Find A Way plays as instrumental in the background.

A choreographed vignette plays itself out as Rachel seeks out different treatments for depression. Each time Rachel tries something Depression's presence sabotages it, forcing Rachel on to the next transition.

The music builds as Rachel overcomes each task and her power builds.

Rachel is running; Depression comes up next to her - Rachel starts crying.

Rachel is in doctor's office; Depression is next to her smoking.

She tries Yoga with an instructor (DP), Depression makes her pull a muscle

Rachel just looks at Depression and gives her the finger.

As Rachel becomes more and more determined, the Dopamine Players join her on stage and run through a speedy series of choreography and mime:

A doctor writes a Prescription on a pad then a Pharmacist gives her a bottle of pills.

She jogs in place with weights while a Personal Trainer pushes her on.

A Librarian hands her a book on depression that Rachel reads then discards walking to the Counselor.

Rachel sits and "talks" with a Counselor who takes notes.

Rachel gets into a yoga pose with a yoga instructor.

She sees a Spiritual Healer who clears chakras.

(CONTINUED)

The music crescendos into a "Rocky" type feel as she does a Rocky-type dance of strength and determination.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIScene 13

AT RISE:

Lights up to reveal LOLA entering her dressing room, looking weak and if she's going through withdrawal. Pierre follows her. DEPRESSION is in her room lounging.

MC/PIERRE:

Your performance over the past week has been pure merde!

DEPRESSION:

Yep, like I've been tellin' you all week long....he got what he wanted now he's gone.

LOLA:

(To Pierre)

Leave me alone.

MC/PIERRE:

What's happened to my Tasmanian Devil, eh? Where's your spirit? Your passion, eh?

DEPRESSION:

I knew he wouldn't show back up after he got what he wanted from you. How stupid you are to have ever believed in him!

LOLA:

(To Depression)

Please don't.

PIERRE:

Please don't what?? Where is the Lola I know, eh?

Grabs her by the face, stares into her eyes.
You are sober!

LOLA:

I promised I...

PIERRE:

You practice that routine always when you are high and then you go out on stage sober??? What the fuck were you thinking??

LOLA:

I promised Edward...

(CONTINUED)

DEPRESSION:

You've never kept a promise in your life.

MC/PIERRE:

You have another show; you need to take something.

LOLA:

(To Depression.)

You're wrong.

MC/PIERRE:

I am right! Besides, you look as if you've been run over by a truck, balled up into a little tiny piece of garbage and thrown into the Sienne. Now, let's make you better.

Pierre begins getting out booze, glasses, etc.

LOLA:

Why hasn't he been here? It's been days.

DEPRESSION:

Do the math, sweetie. He isn't here equals he doesn't care.

MC/PIERRE:

You mean lover boy?

LOLA:

He said he'd come for me. He'd be back when he had it all planned. We were going to...

PIERRE:

Forget him! With any luck he skipped town

LOLA:

Have you heard something?

MC/PIERRE:

(Surprised)

What? No, nothing!

(To himself.)

Ears like a hawk.

DEPRESSION:

There aren't many things that would keep such a good looking, single man away from a woman, except maybe another...

Pierre hands her a drink.

LOLA:

(To Depression)

Stop.

MC/PIERRE:

I am not going to stop- you need it, now drink!

DEPRESSION:

Yeah, you know what I'm talking about doncha?

LOLA:

Downs the drink, Pierre hands her another.

(To Depression)

Please....don't do this. Not again.

DEPRESSION:

Another woman.

LOLA:

Stop it.

PIERRE:

No stopping, more drinking.

LOLA downs a third drink.

DEPRESSION:

A younger, smarter, sexier, more talented, vivacious, fun loving, classy...

LOLA:

Puts hands over ears.

Stop it! Stop it!

MC/PIERRE:

Definitely time to move on to something stronger.

He gets out pipe, matches, Opium, etc. makes a ritual out of it.

DEPRESSION:

He's with somebody else. He was only using you - he'd be here otherwise. He'd have been at your shows tonight. He used you and now he's kissing somebody else.

LOLA:

He loves me.

MC/PIERRE:

So you've said.

(CONTINUED)

DEPRESSION:

Then why is he late - who is he with?? He should be here with you. But instead he's out touching her, caressing her, loving her like he should be loving you!

LOLA breaks down and starts crying.

MC/PIERRE:

You are back on in 15 minutes. You only have one more show, oui? Get yourself together.

Hands her the pipe.

LOLA:

I don't think I can go on.

DEPRESSION:

He's not coming back. He lied to you about everything.

MC/PIERRE:

Find a way. This is your life. And if lover boy is gone...well, then, I'm all you've got.

LOLA:

Looks longingly at the pipe, then tries to hand it back to Pierre.

I....can't. I promised Edward...

DEPRESSION:

You mean the guy that's cheating on you?

LOLA:

(To Depression.)

Do you really think...

MC/PIERRE:

PIERRE takes the pipe.

Yes, I do! I think it will calm you right down. Then you will be ready to go out and seduce the audience like you do so well, my lovely songbird.

He grabs a match, lights the pipe, takes a puff. Puts an arm around LOLA as he bends down close to her face and exhales the smoke into it before giving her a light kiss on the mouth and handing her the now lit pipe. Both are frozen in this silhouette as lights fade to half.

Spotlight comes up. We hear WHISTLES offstage as EDWARD runs into the light with the two Dopamine Players in Police uniforms after him. He looks as

(CONTINUED)

if hasn't slept in days and has been beaten more than once, He stops, turns, and takes on both of them, beating one and then another down. After he renders them unconscious, he runs off stage toward Lola's dressing area)

Lights Fade Up on Dressing Area. PIERRE and LOLA come back to life as EDWARD runs in enters and sees what's happening between them. He lunges at PIERRE. LOLA gets between them as Pierre tries to avoid EDWARD's anger.

LOLA:
Edward! Don't!!!

EDWARD:
You bastard!

Edward takes one final lunge toward PIERRE and decks him.
You had me arrested?? Who the hell do you think you are?

LOLA:
Get out Pierre!

PIERRE runs off stage.

EDWARD:
Why?

LOLA:
Because I....

DEPRESSION:
Don't take any crap from him - he's the one that's been MIA all week.

LOLA:
Where have you been?

EDWARD:
It was him! I'm sure of it!

DEPRESSION:
Only if HIM is a brunette with big tits.

LOLA/DEPRESSION:
Who were you with?

EDWARD:
What? I wasn't with anyone! I was arrested and thrown into jail for no reason! It was that bastard, Pierre! I'm sure of it!

(CONTINUED)

DEPRESSION:

Oh, hell no! He's lying.

LOLA:

Pierre wouldn't do that!

EDWARD:

You're going to take his word over mine?

Lola looks helplessly from Edward to Depression and back.

I can't do this.

Starts to leave, Lola grabs onto him.

LOLA:

No, Edward. You're just all balled up- cold feet - perfectly natural for a man to get cold feet right before he gets married. I can change. I will change...I promise, please!

She becomes more desperate as she hangs onto him, crying. Edward peels her off of him, pushes her away.

EDWARD:

Get off me!

He exits. LOLA falls to her knees as she breaks down.

DEPRESSION:

Buck up, kid, we're better off without him. Let's fix you up. Time to make all the pain go away.

Hands LOLA the dope - she reaches for it - her hands stop midway.

C'mon sweetie, I know what you want. I know you.

LOLA:

You don't.... you don't...

You Don't Know Me

(Sung by Lola Devine)

I've been down this road before
Felt the heat from behind the door
I've searched, on way up high
I've searched down, deep down low

I've looked through cloudy skies
Through all the clear ones too
So, let me tell you, Madam
You don't know me, for sho' no ma'am

Cause I've looked between the lines
I've been inside the groove,
I've played my every move,
I've even sung the blues

I've seen it all from here,
Cried myself a million tears
And as I watch my fate,
I feel my fall from grace

I've tried to catch myself,
But I keep caving in,
I just don't care no more
So give me my dope and gin

Then leave me go far away
Just come back another day
'Cause I don't want to know me...
Know me anyway

*Lola gives a final "fuck you" to Depression as
part of her finally ODing herself.*

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IIScene 14

AT RISE:

Lights come up to reveal JACK in bed. MANI is sitting at the end of the bed, looking bored with JACK.

(DEPRESSION enters from the well, gives MANI a triumphant look, and the same "your outta here" sign he gave her when he made her leave. He sticks her tongue out at her, then exits. DEPRESSION gets in bed next to JACK, spooning him. CAROLE walks in.)

CAROLE:

Jack? It's after noon. Hey.

Goes to JACK, tries to shake him awake. DEPRESSION puts her arms and legs over him as if to keep him from moving at all.

C'mon babe. You've got to get up.

JACK & DEPRESSION:

Leave me alone.

CAROLE:

Work called. They have a meeting set up for you in HR tomorrow. They wanted to make sure you'd be in.

No answer

You haven't been in the office for nine days, Jack?

JACK & DEPRESSION:

Fuck the office.

CAROLE:

Oh, that's great, Jack. Thanks for giving me a job and this great promotion now go fuck yourselves.

No answer

Please baby - tell me what's going on? Are you sick?

JACK & DEPRESSION:

I'm fine.

CAROLE:

Because I could make you some chicken soup...or a salad...or a nice juicy steak?

(CONTINUED)

No answer.
Please Jack, what can I do?

JACK:
Nothing.

DEPRESSION:
Triumphantly in CAROLE'S ear.
You can't do anything.

CAROLE:
I hate seeing you like this, babe. Please just let me in?

DEPRESSION:
Oh for God's sake get rid of her Jack!

JACK:
(To Depression)
I can't do that.

CAROLE:
I'll help you. Whatever it is you can...I'll help you.

DEPRESSION:
She can't help, Jack. Now tell her to fuck off!

JACK:
I'm not going to do that! I love...

CAROLE:
I love you too, Jack. That's why I want to help.
Please, let me in.

DEPRESSION:
Sorry, all full up at the inn - no vacancy.

JACK:
(To Depression)
Please, just go away.

CAROLE:
I need to talk to you about something and I was hoping we could just go out for a while and ...

DEPRESSION/JACK:

Jack to Depression; Depression to Carole.
God dammit! Leave me alone!

CAROLE:

Dammit Jack! No. I'm pregnant! Do you hear me? I'm pregnant and I'm not going through this alone!

(Starts to breakdown)

Don't make me go through this alone.

Jack looks at her dumbfounded. A range of emotion plays over his face from shock, to amazement, to fear, to joy. Upon seeing joy, Depression pulls him in hard and holds him visibly tighter.

That's it? That's what I get? You just look at me with that stupid look on your face?? What is wrong with you? Dammit Jack you tell me now - you open up or I'm gone. Do hear me? I'm not raising a baby with you like...

JACK/DEPRESSION:

Depression is now controlling everything he says, every response he makes is a mimic of her.

Like what, huh? Carole? Like what? Like your mother the alcoholic pill addict? Or maybe your father, the rager?

CAROLE:

Don't bring them into this, Jack. This is about us not them!

JACK/DEPRESSION:

You know your problem, Carole?

CAROLE:

No, Jack, what is my problem, huh? Tell me, what is my problem?!

JACK/DEPRESSION:

Everything! You can't let anything go. It's all gotta be a big fucking deal all the time.

CAROLE:

Jack, please, let's not do this. We need to talk about the baby...

DEPRESSION:

You didn't tell her....

JACK:

I didn't tell you....

JACK/DEPRESSION:

to get pregnant!

(CONTINUED)

JACK:

You didn't even ask me.

DEPRESSION:

Good boy!

CAROLE:

I didn't plan this Jack...it just happened...it happens!!

DEPRESSION:

Oh yeah. Just happened.

JACK:

Looks to DEPRESSION, who gives him a nod to say it.

Not the way you control everything!

CAROLE:

Dammit!! What the hell are you saying? I thought I knew you, Jack...I thought....

JACK/DEPRESSION:

I don't give a fuck what you think!

CAROLE:

What is wrong with you? I'm trying to help you but I don't....there's nothing...

JACK/DEPRESSION:

Stop pushing me!

CAROLE:

You're going to talk to me dammit, Jack you're going to talk to me or else!

JACK/DEPRESSION:

Or else what? Huh?
What Carole? What the fuck are you going to do, huh?

The Separation

Carole, Jack and Depression

JACK:

Stop hounding on me,
it's no good can't you see,
I got nothing to give to you girl,

You're asking too much,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK: (cont'd)
Baby, it's never enough,
And I just can't keep up

DEPRESSION:

(Spoken)
Just can't!

JACK:
You know that it's true,
I don't wanna be blue,
But it's all I got left in the world

So back the hell up,
You don't want none of this
I'm as ugly as it gets

DEPRESSION:

(Spoken)
Ugly!

CAROLE:
Are you there?
I can't see you
Are you there?
I'm trying to find you

Where have you gone?
I'm so alone

Where have you gone?
I'm so afraid

JACK:
I'm warning you now, stay away from me girl

So get out of my face

God I can't take it anymore.

DEPRESSION:
It's a dark and evil world.

He hates the whole human race

CAROLE:
I see you there
Deep in your eyes
I see a spark
But I can't get through

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAROLE: (cont'd)

Love's breath is faint
When our worlds collide

I cannot recognize
This man by my side

*Carole sings to Jack, who sings to Depression, who
sings back to Jack.*

(cont'd)

(Chorus)

Why am I always the one that's giving?
Am I always the one not living
All the dreams that I had in mind?

No matter how hard I try to please you,
How deep I try to touch you,
You refuse even to be kind

DEPRESSION/JACK:

Why can't you leave it
alone?
You keep on pounding
it home
Can't you see that
you're killing me?
The world is unjust
and
This whole thing's a
bust
Cause love's just a
big fallacy

CAROL:

Are you there?
I can't see you
Are you there?
I'm trying to find you

Where have you gone?
I'm so alone.

Where have you gone?
I'm so afraid.

(CONTINUED)

DEPRESSION/JACK:

Stop hounding on me,
 it's no good can't you
 see,
 I got nothing to give
 to you girl,
 It's a dark and evil
 world. I hate the
 whole human race.
 So get the hell off of
 my / his case!

JACK/CAROLE:

Why can't you listen
 to what I'm saying?
 Can't you feel all the
 pain I'm feeling?
 Isn't your
 heartbreaking too?
 Why can't you see
 things the way that
 I do?
 You were once so alive
 and so loving
 Now you don't look
 into my eyes

DEPRESSION/JACK:

The world is unjust
 and
 This whole thing's a
 bust
 Cause love's just a
 big fallacy!

Song ends.

CAROLE:

Oh yeah? So our love's just a big lie, huh? I'm not
 doing this anymore.

Carole starts to exit.

JACK:

What are you saying?

CAROLE:

I need time to think. I need space -- away from us --
 away from you. For the baby.

JACK:

Coming out of his fevered depressive state.
 Baby? Oh God. Baby. Please Carole, don't go.

DEPRESSION:

Let her.

CAROLE:

I have to...I don't know what else to do.

(CONTINUED)

JACK:

I'll be better, I promise....I'll...

DEPRESSION/JACK'S FATHER (VO):

The death rattle is heard. Her voice is the voice of Jack's father.

Jack - my son. I'm a husk. You failed me.

JACK:

Distracted looks toward DEPRESSION, then back to CAROLE.

Don't you hear it?

CAROLE:

What? Hey!

JACK:

(Almost opens up, then thinks better of it.)

My dad....nothing. You should go. You're right. You should leave, now.

CAROLE:

I'm sorry....I have to think about more than just us now.

CAROLE exits crying.

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IIScene 15

AT RISE:

Lights up on MC/Pierre, center stage.

MC/PIERRE:

Messeurs and madams, again for your pleasure the Goddess of love herself...

DP member rushes out and interrupts him.

PIERRE:

What are you doing? Go away. I'm doing a show here!

DP:

But this can't wait.

PIERRE:

Now is not the time

Gestures to audience. The DP whispers in Pierre's ear. He pauses for a moment, as if in shock.

PIERRE:

Ladies and Gentlemen it has just come to my attention that the beautiful dove whose song we were about to enjoy has ... left us to join the heavenly choir. Miss Lola Devine is....dead.

(Pauses.) But as Lola always said, "the show must go on!" So, uh (looks offstage, sees no help coming.) Perhaps before we move on - while we prepare for our next number...

Frantically whispers to DP to go get another act ready to go on. DP nods head frantically back and exits.

We should think of (to himself) something to say. Mademoiselle Lola Devine!! She was the goddess of Venus herself...with a voice to rival the most beautiful of sirens, a face to make Helen of Troy envious! She epitomized grace and chastity! The brightest star in the universe!! (Pauses, thinking.) Never has a woman been so strong and so fragile. No one knew here like I did. She was...

Suddenly hit by the realization that she is truly gone.

I loved her.

Realizes what he's said out loud.

(CONTINUED)

Get some performers out here, now!

Pierre exits. Dopamine Players enter. Unsure what to do. They have no real performance planned. They look at each other, then at the audience -- then back at each other. They cue the band, who starts playing Women Rule the World, DPs try and imitate Lola's voice and moves...badly. They end up bumping into each other, getting irritated, pushing each other, getting more irritated, and end up beating each other up as they exit the stage.

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IIScene 16

AT RISE:

Lights up to reveal Jack sitting at the edge of the bed - looking lost. Depression is next to him with her arm around him, as if consoling him.

DEPRESSION:

There, there lover. We're better off without her. We can spend lots more time together now.

Carole enters. Jack sees her, stands up.

(Pouting.)

CAROLE:

I came to get my things.

JACK:

Carole - please...

Approaches her, leaving Depression alone on the bed.

CAROLE:

I love you too much to live with you if you're going to keep shutting me out.

JACK:

I'm not doing it on purpose. I just...can't...talk about...

CAROLE:

I'm your wife. For better or for worse, remember Jack? There's nothing you can't tell me. But your silence is killing me.

DEPRESSION:

Come back to bed Jack.

Jack ignores her.

JACK:

I don't want to lose what we have.

CAROLE:

Then talk to me. Tell me what's going on. If you don't open up, if you let me walk out that door ... If I go, I'm never coming back. So let me in, God dammit!! Don't you know how much I love you? Let me in, Jack!

(CONTINUED)

Carole starts beating on his chest as she's talking, breaks down, starts crying.
Let me in!!

DEPRESSION:

(Warning.)
Don't do it Jack.

JACK:

Looks for a moment at Depression, then turns back to Carole.
I....it's...it's been hard.

DEPRESSION:

Dammit! Shut up!!

JACK:

I could do anything. Dad got sick ... I could do it -- become VP, be a great husband, be there for him. And I did it! I won! I was strong. Like him. Then I lost him. And now I've started seeing him - he's haunting me.

CAROLE:

Everyone has those kind of nightmares when...

JACK:

They're not nightmares.

CAROLE:

Okay, fantasies whatever you want to call them.

JACK:

I see him Carole! Okay? I see him! I hear him! He's here, he's real! Goddammit!

CAROLE:

Don't yell at me! I'm not the enemy here!

Jack collapses onto the bed.
You need help. It's too big for you.

JACK:

I just need you.

CAROLE:

I can't do this for you.

JACK:

Will you stay if I get help?

CAROLE:

You can't do this for me, you have to do it for you.
And I have to do what I need to for me and the baby.

JACK:

So it's over?

DEPRESSION:

Yes!!

CAROLE:

No.

DEPRESSION:

No?

CAROLE:

Yes.

DEPRESSION:

Yes!!

CAROLE:

I don't know.

DEPRESSION:

No! No hope. I hate hope!

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IIScene 17

AT RISE:

*Lights up on RACHEL. Seated as if anticipating.
Depression comes out of the well.*

DEPRESSION:

Oh, Rachel, time to come out and pla.....

RACHEL:

You're late.

DEPRESSION:

Excuse me.

RACHEL:

You heard me.

DEPRESSION:

Don't get snippy with me young...

RACHEL:

Uh uh.

DEPRESSION:

What?

RACHEL:

I said uh-uh. No play today blue lady. But I'll be happy to kick your ass.

DEPRESSION:

Again with this?

RACHEL:

As many times as I have to, as many ways as I need to. Now you going to talk, or are you going to fight, bitch?

DEPRESSION:

I'm going to annihilate you.

RACHEL gives her a look. The two glove up as the MC enters stage. As MC talks, The Ring Girl enters. She is holding a sign that reads "Round II - Rachel vs. the Bear."

MC:

And here we are folks, for Round II of "Rachel vs. the Bear." You two, come to the middle, shake hands, now come out fighting!

(CONTINUED)

Depression PRESSION and RACHEL fight to the music, jabbing at each other. Depression takes a jab, misses

DEPRESSION:

You've gotten faster.

RACHEL:

Surprised?

DEPRESSION:

No.

RACHEL takes a jab a DEPFESSION, misses. Amused.

RACHEL:

You won't find it so funny when I'm done with you.

RACHEL makes 2-3 aggressive moves, the last one of which grazes DEPRESSION.

Didn't see that one coming did ya? That's called Tae Kwon Do. Helps balance the body and the mind.

DEPRESSION:

There no such thing as balance of the mind.

Lunges at RACHEL, who moves as Depression passes.

RACHEL:

That's called meditation. Clears the mind.

DEPRESSION:

Okay, you want to play rough, huh?

Depression goes in for a deadly combination of hits against RACHEL - who is able to fend them off and ultimately break away.

RACHEL:

I got more. I've read books about you

Jabs and almost hits Depression.

I've exercised.

RACHEL jabs again and gets closer to making contact.

And I've found a new relative. Someone I like to call my AUNTIE-depressant!

Rachel comes at Depression with a one-two combination that makes contact. Depression goes to her knees, and then the floor. As Depression tries to get up, RACHEL kicks her.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL:

Stay down!!

DEPRESSION:

(Laughing.)

Fuck you. You'll never beat me. I'm the Mama Bear, remember?

As Rachel talks, she continues to pummel Depression. Reprise of I'll Find a Way plays in the background.

RACHEL:

Support groups,
therapy, medication, sleep,
yoga, meditation, working out,
loving myself - whatever it takes.
Every day for the rest of my life if I have to.
I will fight you!

Most days, I'll win. On the days I don't, we'll be doing this.

Rachel exits, leaving Depression on the floor in a heap.

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE

ACT IIScene 18

AT RISE:

Lights up on MC/RINGMASTER Center Stage. Soft light illuminates all three characters' areas.

MC/RINGMASTER:

Never a dull moment here in The Well. Our Lola gave up the fight, while our Rachel is just starting hers. As for Jack and Carole - well, having kids does funny things to folks. Yessirreee...funny things.

BUT, good, bad, happy, sad, makes no difference to me. LIFE (refers to himself) simply...goes on. And as for the seductive, cruel, manipulative, engaging, beautifully, deadly Ms. D?

Well, anytime you want to dive back in, just look down into The Well. She'll be waiting for you.

Y'all come back now, you here?

So Long from The Well

(Sung by everyone)

So Long the Well
Located just this side of hell
Did we make you laugh?
Did we make you cry?
Don't worry none,
'cause you'll all get by

Did you like your fateful ride?
Will you leave of your free will?
Are you sure, can you tell?
What's illusion; what's real?
We control you mind in The Well.

Lay your fear down at our feet,
We won't judge you right or wrong
You'll feel right at home
Don't fear us just 'cause you're all alone

She's always in your head
When you least suspect it she's there
If you're feeling swell if you're feeling divine,
It won't last long
Once she holds your mind

Did you like your fateful flight?
Take away the memories we made tonight?
Did it cause you pain? Did it cause you glee?
Did you suffer in agony?

(CONTINUED)

Are you still feeling down, feeling low?
Still got no other place to go?
It's okay, it's all right
Don't feel all uptight,

We're always here,
there's no end in sight
Come back any time,
It's your place
We'll be here waiting, in The Well.

BLACKOUT

FIN