

Spring 2020

## this is the knot in my stomach

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# **this is the knot in my stomach**

A Senior Project submitted to

The Division of the Arts

of Bard College

By

Philip Carroll

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## Table of Contents:

- I... Spring - Arriving to our group/Role Division/Deciding the story/Our proposal
- II... Summer - Research/Discovering/Writing then rewriting then rewriting then rewriting th-
- III... Fall - Rehearsing/Informing the play/Midway performance/More (re)writing
- IV... Winter - Crunch time/Performing the play/Reflections/Emotions
- V... *this is the knot in my stomach* script
- VI... Appendix
- VII... Works Cited/Anything else I forgot (I don't think I forgot anything)

Spring:

I began thinking about what I wanted to do for my senior project seriously towards the beginning of my second semester junior year. Like many Bard students, senior project is, of course, something I at times passively considered, but serious thought had not truly been given to the subject. The one thing I did know was that I wanted to be a part of the Senior Project Festival for several reasons: first, I felt that a 25 minute performance in the Old Gym would not have been a satisfying farewell to my college career. Don't get me wrong, I love the Old Gym and have cherished the space, but I have made so many shows there in my college career that it would not have felt like the professional experience I was hoping for my senior project to be. Naturally, Luma was the right choice for what I was after. Second, and more importantly, no matter where my senior project would be occurring I knew I wanted to collaborate with at least one other person. My sophomore year I attended a writing workshop in which the creator of "The Onion" came to campus and lectured about satirical writing. One of the nuggets of wisdom I gathered from his lecture was the notion of the "third idea," which is to say, "the best idea is the idea we have together. I propose a joke and you build off of that joke and then I build off of your joke. That last one, the one we needed each other to make, is the best one." Of course he was talking specifically in terms of writing for satire a la "The Onion," but I connected with this philosophy and felt it could be applied to theater with great success as well. Knowing I wanted to collaborate, and knowing I wanted my project to verge on a professional experience, pursuing a spot in the festival was an easy decision to make.

Luckily for me, I had already had some discussions with theater makers who I had worked with before and trusted immensely. In the Fall of 2018, Violet Savage and I co-directed

an adaptation of *Dracula* by Hamilton Deane and John L. Balderston, which we were able to perform in the Old Gym. I admired Violet's ability to keep a rehearsal both fun and productive, specifically for the actors. It seemed that at nearly every rehearsal Violet heard ideas from the actors and, no matter how silly they were, helped explore them and use those ideas to flesh out the characters. During this process, Violet and I became familiar with the way we each liked to work, and, after what we both felt was a successful rehearsal experience and show, had some discussions about joining for a senior project. At that time I don't believe either of us were completely sure what roles we wanted to have, but (if I remember correctly) we knew that we wanted the text to be original in some way. Violet studied abroad in Rome the following semester, but we were able to remain in contact enough to occasionally discuss our options.

Come March, we began more deliberate discussions regarding the content of our show. We discussed several ideas, some more fleshed out than the rest. We came to no conclusions concerning the themes or ideas of the show, but we were able to settle on what roles we wanted to play. I knew I wanted to write and Violet knew she wanted to act. This left an obvious hole in our senior project: the role of the director. Of course either one (or both) of us could have done it, but we both had an inkling that it needed to be someone else, and we both had a specific person in mind.

I approached Macey Downs to gauge her interest in a potential three-person senior project a couple of days after Violet and I spoke. Macey, like Violet, was someone I had experience working with both in and out of the classroom. I had been working with her for months on Ella Bennett's senior project as an actor, and I felt Macey did a fantastic job of giving

me the tools I needed to discover the character through myself. I knew she would be the perfect addition.

Quickly we learned that Macey had already been approached by Cheyenne Conti, which, for a moment, was fairly awkward. We certainly didn't want to pry Macey away from Cheyenne, but we did need a director and we had our hearts set on Macey. The idea of a four-person senior project was foreign to all of us, but it was something we thought maybe we should consider, especially since Cheyenne wanted to act. At the time, Cheyenne was the person of the three that I knew the least. We had been in one show together (*Little Shop of Horrors*) and one class. I was fond of her moderation piece, and thought her performances both in class and in shows were consistently strong, so I supported her inclusion. The idea of a four-person senior project was something we were all at least slightly wary of, simply because, as far as we knew, it had never been done, and one had to assume there was a reason for this. My point of view was fairly simple: SPROJs traditionally have more than four people in them anyway, so, if anything, having four seniors would ensure the commitment of everyone in the group. After lots of deliberation on whether we wanted to form this mega-group to no avail, we decided the best way to see if we should all work together is to try and come up with an idea for what our play would even be about. If we could come up with something we're all passionate about, then it would be worth pursuing. We considered adapting myths, adapting/modernizing other plays, writing a play that took place in space, it was all over the place.

We went home for Spring Break with this uncertainty still lingering over us. Knowing our proposal would be due soon, the pressure was really on, and we still weren't even certain who we'd be working with the following year.

One sleepless night an idea came to me. As I stared around my room, looking at the posters and pictures and other decorations of things I no longer cared for, I thought about how much I had changed since beginning school. I was a completely different person with a completely variant set of interests and ideas. I thought about how my high school self may not even recognize my college self. We change so much, especially in the first 20-or-so years of our lives and all of it kind of leads up to the moment we were approaching. Senior year of college is the last year of any form of safety net for most students. As I laid in bed, head in a panic, I attempted to communicate my ideas over text to my would-be group members. This was, naturally, something we could all relate to and ideas began pouring out of all of us. At this point, it became clear that a self-contained four-person group would be the best way to go for this project. If we wanted to pursue these feelings to the best of our abilities, we wanted only seniors in our group, as we could best relate to the aforementioned experience. How many characters I would be writing into the play remained a mystery, but we knew who would be performing them. Although we learned all of this that night, we still did not know the theatrical form these feelings would take. But we had our starting point.

As the deadline for proposals grew close, we decided to zero in on memory and how it impacts the self. How do our memories shape who we are as individuals and how do our perspectives change our memories? Is memory unreliable and, if so, how do we reckon with that? How would one experience life if they had no memory, no perspective, no point of reference for the sensations they experience in the present? We certainly didn't know the answers to these questions, but we did know this was something worth investigating. I find it essential for myself to be learning while creating theater. Daniel Fish said at Zocalo this semester



“If I know how to do something then it wouldn’t be worth doing,” a sentiment in which I find wisdom.

We knew we would learn not only about memory and the brain’s ability to process and store information, but we would learn how to conduct ourselves in each of our respective roles. Furthermore, we’d learn about ourselves as individuals, and each other. We had set a course for a journey that would require us to conduct countless hours of research to understand the subject well enough to begin producing work about it. Basing our work in research in this way not only added a distinct level of realism and relatability to our piece from the very beginning, but it also helped me, a man, write for two female actors and a female director. I knew this would be a challenge, especially since our piece was so related to perspective. I had several ways of remedying this problem, the first of which was building a piece reliant on research in this way. This meant not only science research, but personal research; writing about our own memories, interviewing friends and family, even understanding how and why celebrities such as Brian Williams may misremember events. Fortunately for us, there was a specific formula we could follow designed by Caryl Churchill and her company called the Joint Stock Method.

Summer:

It was our Advisor's (Jonathan Rosenberg) idea to first pursue this method. None of us had ever heard of using interviews and intensive research like this to create a play before, let alone this company, so learning a model existed for us to follow was tremendously helpful. We left for the summer with one specific goal: to have a working script by the time we arrived on campus for senior year. The script would change once we got into the rehearsal room, but we wanted to have something for Cheyenne and Violet to work with rather than having to build from scratch. Of course, this responsibility fell mostly on my lap, but the whole group would be supplying me with tremendous support in the form of research and interviews.

We started with writing about our own personal memories. Before Summer break, Lynn Hawley, my previous advisor, and I had a conversation in which we discussed my senior project. She mentioned to me that memories are intrinsically connected to the senses; the smell of your grandmother's cooking, a song that reminds you of high school, etc. This would be the basis of our interviews. We came up with interview questions that relied on the five senses and answered them ourselves. We expanded on this by making "memory playlists" full of memory-triggering songs. We noticed how each other's answers to the interview questions and even each other's playlists all triggered memories for ourselves - different ones, of course, and often completely unrelated, but from this we noticed how connected our experiences in some ways were. This trend continued when we began interviewing other folks. We interviewed friends, family, partners, co-workers and more to see how they perceived their memories and how we reacted to what they shared and the trend continued. It began to become clear that the more specific the answer, the more we could relate to it. August Wilson has a theory that "universality lies in the

specific.” If we wanted to make a play that the audience would be able to see themselves in, this was something we could rely on.

I had the privilege of attending the Powerhouse Training Program last Summer, which completely reshaped my perspective on playwriting and myself as an artist. As if that weren’t enough of a blessing, Macey was also going to study directing at Powerhouse, which meant we would have the opportunity to work on our play in such an inspiring environment. Here I learned the importance of writing for writing’s sake. I did tons of writing that never saw the light of day, and most of it was just because I wanted to, not for my senior project or any one thing in particular. I wrote about two friends driving in a car after not seeing each other for a long time. I didn’t realize that I was writing one of the most important scenes for my project at the time, but it found its way into the play and, for a while, was the final scene. Whether I knew it or not, I was consistently making progress on this project, in some way or some form.

I went through six drafts in this time, and made some discoveries that were essential to the play. Brooke Berman, my playwriting professor from the previous semester, always said in class that “you write the play to discover the play,” or, in other words, you don’t need to know what you’re writing when you begin writing it. You learn along the way. While I never doubted the truth of this sentiment, I began to understand it first hand. As I said above, I completed six drafts while studying at Powerhouse and all of them were essential to my understanding of what I was writing about. By the sixth draft, I understood the play and the characters and I knew what they were going through. My first draft featured two actors, each playing several characters throughout, and nearly all of the dialogue was taken directly from the interviews we had conducted. Most importantly, it didn’t have a conventional plot or even relationship for the

audience to follow. Obviously this was nothing like the play we would go on to perform in February. As I wrote more and more I realized that, to understand how memories impact us, we needed to narrow in on how memories impact one person. This breakthrough came around the fourth draft, and I began writing about two characters and how their friendship evolved and changed over time. Most of the dialogue was still from the interviews, but that would change over time. For reference, several pages of my first draft will be included in the appendix.

My team remained essential during the rewriting process. Macey was always accessible, and most of the rewriting I did was with her by my side. We discussed the characters, different directions we could take the play in, problems/struggles we foresaw, what we wanted to do once we were in the rehearsal room, etc. All the while, Cheyenne and Violet were reading my drafts and giving me notes, doing free writes, conducting interviews and more. All of us working in such close proximity to the play for such a long time really made it feel like it was ours, and that none of us had any explicit ownership. The play would be wildly different without any one of us.

At Powerhouse, Macey and I also got to perform our play in front of an audience as a workshop. We elected to do a staged reading, as the script changes were too frequent to expect either of the performers to learn lines. Besides, this Summer was about the script, all the other stuff would come later. The best part about that specific opportunity was that it meant we could try our Joint Stock method with actors in the room for the first time. None of the changes we made to the script with these actors were “final” as we knew we’d rather leave that level of control over the script to Violet and Cheyenne, but we were able to work on what it was like to run a rehearsal in that way. We did lots of improvising with the text. We asked the actors to read the first few sentences of their monologues and then improvise the rest, or gave them a subject to

talk about and then they ran with it. Pulling text from the actors made both the script and their performances feel more real, and seeing how effective it was gave us a format from which we could approach the following semester. We learned what worked and what didn't. The presentation at Powerhouse was incredibly successful, and we knew what we needed to do come the Fall semester. We had a script the actors could work with, and we had rehearsal techniques that worked for us. These two things, coupled with Cheyenne and Violet's distinct understanding of the script before we even arrived for senior year, gave us confidence as we approached our rehearsal process.

Powerhouse was over, the draft I needed was complete, and I spent the last few weeks of my Summer rereading interviews and listening to music. I knew my writing wasn't done, but I didn't want to continue without working with everyone else. At the same time, I didn't want the spirit of the play to leave my body. I saw some friends from high school during this time, and I realized how much the play had become part of my lived experience, despite writing for two female actors. Seeing these old friends made me realize how much we've changed and how much we don't know about each other, something I found quite sad. I began to truly trust myself; this is something I know about. I have the authority to write about this. Any doubts in my mind erased during this time and I, individually, entered the Fall semester confident and ready to work.

Fall:

The first thing we did when we arrived for the Fall semester was hold a table read. Our whole group met in the conference room and we heard the play out loud twice, with Cheyenne and Violet switching characters. Casting was still very much in the air, and we didn't decide anything after this meeting. We considered the idea of the two of them switching roles every night, but we quickly decided against it. Hearing the text out loud in their voices for the first time felt encouraging to me, especially after spending a few weeks apart from it. I knew what I needed to work on, mostly the character "2," whom Violet would play. The show was written from 1's perspective and, as a result, this character was developed much further than 2. I still didn't know what 2 wanted or their thoughts on the themes of the play. They felt pretty oblivious to it all in that draft, something I knew I had to change.

We really began to dive into this idea of memories and the perspective from which we see them. We got together one afternoon and watched an episode of Netflix's show "The Mind Explained" that dived into memory and how the brain stores information. For the vast majority of the population, memory is incredibly unreliable. So much so, in fact, that one person's memory of a specific situation could be entirely different from another person's - memory is intrinsically tied to perspective.

When we met with Jonathan to discuss this revelation, he supported us by recommending several sources to which we could refer. First, he recommended we watch a film entitled *Rashomon*, a drama about how several individuals remember one specific situation. Besides really enjoying the film, we also learned an important lesson: the differences in our character's perspectives can be extreme. In *Rashomon*, the characters have seemingly no common ground

between their understanding of the events outside of the time and place they occurred. Seeing how well it worked for this film meant we could confidently attempt to do the same and trust that the audience would understand that what we are watching is indeed the same event.

He also encouraged us to listen to an episode of Malcolm Gladwell's Podcast "Revisionist History" entitled "Free Brian Williams." In the podcast, Gladwell attempts to prove that Brian Williams did not "lie" about the story he told on live television, but that he actually believed he was on that helicopter while it was happening because of the way memory works. Gladwell argues that "lapses in memory do not have to be lapses in character." We found the podcast interesting and appreciated the more intellectual approach it took to the subject. At first that is all we saw it as, good context. But, as we learned more about our play, we learned that Gladwell's argument would go on to inspire the final scene.

A New York Times article entitled "How to End a Friendship" was another reference point Jonathan provided for us. The writer of the article details the way a close friend of hers ended their friendship over a phone call. While not exactly the same, this article heavily inspired the three phone call scenes that exist in our play, and helped provide context for what it feels like to be on the other end of that phone call; the "dumpee" of the ending friendship.

Lastly, Jonathan mentioned to us an improv game we could play in rehearsals inspired by the film he recommended. The game, also called "Rashomon" essentially revolved around performing a scene from the different perspectives of each character in the scene, all while (ideally) keeping the lines the same. We tried this and quickly learned, again, that subtle does not work for an exercise like this. It became clear whose perspective we were watching from when the choices were bigger and the actions more obvious. Still, we felt we wanted an approach that

was more informed than this. It worked in movies and theater that way, sure, but is that how it worked in real life?

We knew the best way to investigate this was to go back to the interview method that had been so helpful to us thus far. We sought out friends willing to answer some questions and asked them to recall a story to the best of their ability. The story didn't have to be crazy or even important, just something that they felt they could recall accurately. We then asked someone else who felt they could recall the same event (usually we asked two people who we knew would be able to talk about the specific event) to do so and the findings were consistent with the movie and our improv game. Cheyenne conducted an interview that involved a story that took place in a car, which was similar to a scene we had in our play. I knew somehow they were connected but I wasn't exactly sure how, yet. The revised version of that scene would end up being inspired by that interview, which I will include in the appendix of this paper.

With all of this research and information stuffed into such a short period of time, it sometimes was easy to forget that we were working on a play rather than a psychological study. All of this enlightened for us how much our play was about given circumstance. The scenes were mostly memories and the script didn't give the actors much context to work with. It was up to them to figure out how everything connected and what the significance of each scene was. I began thinking of the script as a road map, a way to get from Point A to Point B in these character's respective relationship. There are certain turns and stops and exits you need to make on the way, but ultimately it was up to the driver to get where you needed to go. I wanted to leave Cheyenne and Violet room to discover their characters. One of my biggest fears throughout the rehearsal process was that I, as the writer, would be seen as the person with all the answers



when, in reality, that was not true. If anything, my three groupmates know the play and its characters far more intimately than I do. Much of this is because they did their due diligence on the given circumstance. It was an arduous task at times, but for weeks of rehearsal we talked about each scene and what the driving force for each was. We studied the characters' tactics, wants, and how well their relationship stood at that time. I trusted Violet and Cheyenne so much that we decided to leave several scenes up to improv in the final script. The decision was an easy one, truthfully. Two of the improvised sections were in scenes that take place in the "present," when the relationship between the characters was most uncertain. I felt that leaving the scene to them to improvise mirrored that uncertainty in a way that was really dynamic on stage. The dialogue that came out of those scenes was better than anything I could have written, and I commend Violet and Cheyenne for their willingness to try so many things for me. I often shouted instructions at the actors as they improvised, encouraging them to try different things or alter the situation slightly. This relationship yielded some of my favorite moments of the show. Once we completed everything in the script, and had a working vocabulary around these improvised sections, we set out to fill the world of our characters' lives with backstory.

We accomplished this by completing a full timeline of events in the characters' relationship. By this time we had decided on casting. There was no "aha" moment or anything like that, we simply made the decision based on what we were seeing in rehearsal that most interested us. The timeline started from when they first met (when I, Cheyenne's character, moved to Vermont from North Carolina) to when the play ends, we fleshed out not only what happens in the play but everything in between, providing us with all the context we would need to accurately portray the development of their relationship. While this was mostly for the actors,

this also provided me with what I needed to do one final rewrite. The script did not change much on this rewrite, but I felt this final comb through helped their relationship feel as alive as possible. We needed these characters to feel like real people, and this helped tremendously. With that draft complete, the script was done (or so we thought) and we began preparing for midways.

We felt our midway performance went very well. We were excited to be sharing it with people for the first time, and asking some fellow students questions afterwards helped us realize what was clear or unclear about the story. We also got excellent feedback from the department, the most notable being a suggestion to cut Violet's monologue. At the time, both 1 and 2 had their own monologues, and, in our minds, they helped tell the audience whose perspective we are watching. Deciding whether or not to cut the monologue was a tough choice, because, what would we do instead? An obvious answer never really came to us. We went home for break with lots to consider and lots of fine tuning to do, but we also felt really great about the spot we were in. We wanted the play to be as strong and as clear as possible, so we decided to come back early for the spring semester to give us a few days to get back into the play and really focus on all the decisions we had to make.

Winter:

The first thing on the docket was to decide what to do with Violet's monologue. Most of this long weekend was just us trying different options on our feet to see what worked and why. I, unfortunately, cannot remember all of the options we tried. We knew we had to get rid of the monologue but there needed to be something in its place, something felt off about having nothing in between those scenes. The car scene was a stark transition and it needed some kind of buffer for it to work. Jonathan first made the suggestion to us to play with the length of the pauses throughout the script, so this was something we decided to try in this spot, right after the final third of the phone call scene, before the car scene. It worked to tremendous effect. The pregnant pause signified the passing of time along with the uncomfortability of the whole situation, grounded by some tremendous acting from Cheyenne. We applied this same advice onto the ending of the second snow scene, the actual ending of the show, and also were very satisfied with the results. It gave Violet her own chance on stage in the same way that Cheyenne had hers at the beginning. After these discoveries, along with even more character work and relationship work, we were smooth sailing to the finish line. Or, at least we thought.

A couple weeks into the semester Jonathan came to a rehearsal to see us run the show. On the whole he quite liked it, but the ending of the car scene, he felt, was too easy for the characters. He thought that it perhaps needed to feel like a more definitive ending to the relationship rather than hinting at the possibility of them becoming friends again. That was not the intention of the scene, but it could not be ignored that he was taking that away from it. We were unsure what to do for quite some time. There wasn't much time left before we moved into Luma, and making changes to the ending felt drastic at this point. We wondered if we were

stuck. We knew we had to do something but we weren't quite sure what. We also knew Jonathan was onto something, but still, we didn't want to lose the original intention of the scene - the characters don't have a future together, but they will forever have their past.

We got into the rehearsal room and started brainstorming. After a couple hours of talking and not being able to decide anything, we thought it best to get on our feet and get back to some improv games, something we had been relying on throughout the entire process. Some things worked better than others, and eventually, I asked Cheyenne and Violet to come up with a secret handshake, and they did. On the fly, they touched pointer fingers and said "E.T. phone home." It was tremendously weird, but it cliqued for me. It truly felt like a handshake little kids would come up with. We put it into a short scene at the beginning, and allowed it to happen again in the "grapes scene," a section I also allowed the actors to improvise. Lastly, we would use this setup for the final time, the end of the car scene, but 2 does not reciprocate. This had the recognition of their past that we wanted atop the feeling of finality for their relationship. With the ending rewritten, and the move into tech upon us, my work as playwright was complete.

Watching the show take life in the space was amazing. The Fisher Center creative team did a gorgeous job of adding all the technical elements, and the snow added so much to our piece. Macey did a truly fabulous job of getting exactly what we wanted out of each tech rehearsal. Usually tech is a terrible time for everyone, and maybe it was for the rest of my group, but I genuinely enjoyed being there and watching our piece grow. The shows were equally mesmerizing, and I couldn't help but feel a tremendous sense of pride for us, both individually and as a unit. Violet and Cheyenne's performances were nuanced and informed, and Macey's direction was subtle, allowing the play to breathe, yet always mindful and guiding. After all the

work we did for such a long time, my relationship with the piece was one that didn't require validation. It was certainly nice to hear people compliment the piece and our work on it, but it didn't feel needed in any way. It was important for me to have an experience like that. Not needing validation is important, I feel, so I hope to maintain this level of confidence throughout my career.

Looking back on our play and our process, as crazy as it may be to say, I don't think I would change anything. We did exactly what we set out to do: build a piece as a team, with everyone's hands getting dirty throughout every step of the process, all while remaining respectful of each other's roles. I truly have very little to self-reflect on because we did everything as a team. I've always thought of playwriting as a solitary act; one person sits in a room and writes until the play is done, and that's it. This process was anything but that. I was writing in the room, on my feet, coming up with lines and scenarios for my actors in real time. My process had energy, and, even when I was sitting and writing, I was always in direct contact with my team. They supported me at each step of the way. Our mutual dedication and trust resulted in a 30 minute play of which I am tremendously proud. Working with Macey, Violet and Cheyenne was a genuine privilege and a pleasure. Each of them is incredibly smart, spirited, driven, and, above all else, fantastic friends. The four of us made a piece about how friendships come and go. I hope ours doesn't go anytime soon.

**this is the knot in my stomach**  
**a memory play**

By Philip Carroll

*I is alone on stage.*

1

I can feel it still, very tangibly. I spent a lot of time on boats as a kid. We had this small lake just adjacent to our backyard and my dad always rowed me around it for fun. We'd spend a lot of time out there. Me and my dad would talk. It was like our own little world. Every time we went out onto the water I'd always ask him to let me row but he never let me. I began to wonder why. One time, when I am feeling especially driven, I go out into the backyard and see our dinghy floating, tied to the dock. I run over to it and jump in, untying it as quickly as possible and pushing off of the dock. I feel like a pirate, hijacking a boat. It feels good, at first. The boat begins to float further out into the lake. Our house gets smaller, slightly. I realize, pretty quickly, I'm not strong enough to row. I just float there. I get scared, and I panic. I develop this overwhelming fear of what's in the water below me. I don't remember any of this, actually. I think it's just one of those things I've heard so many times I kind of formed it in my head. I can feel it, though. The knot in my stomach. I feel alone. I feel truly lost, scared. I feel helpless. My father came and rescued me. He tells this story a lot now. And he always ends it with "the craziest part was, she wasn't even moving or trying to help herself! If not for the ebb and flow of the water she wouldn't have moved at all!" That's the punchline. It usually gets a laugh.

*1 and 2 meeting each other again for the first time. 2 is working.  
They do not realize each other at first. 1 notices 2 first.*

1

Oh, my gosh, hi! How are you?

*2 ponders 1 for a moment*

2

Hi! Yes, hi! How're you?

1

I'm good, yeah, I'm good. But how about you?

2

Also good, I mean, you know how it is. Just summer job and such.

1

Yeah, of course.

2

Can I get you anything?

*Actors may improvise around this awkward interaction. No matter what, it must include a beat in which 2 pays for a portion of, if not all of, 1's order. In the original production, 2 worked at an ice cream shop and 1 tried to pay with a credit card, but they did not meet the "card minimum" of the shop.*

2

Yeah, well, I'd love to chat more but my boss is an asshole and always gets mad when we socialize too much

1

Damn that sucks

2

Yah it does.

1

But maybe I'll see you around?

2

Yeah, see you around.

1

Would you want to like do anything, while I'm home?

2

Oh, um, yeah maybe. I mean I'm busy, but.

1

Yeah of course.

2

Um, I was thinking about Eli's party tonight.

1

Oh Eli's having a party?



2  
Yeah

1  
Oh, those are always fun.

2  
Yeah

1  
Yeah, maybe I'll see you there. When is it?

2  
Just text him about it.

1  
Yeah, ok, See you then.

2  
See you.

*Transition memory. 1 revisits the last time they spoke to 2 (1/3)*

2  
Hello

1  
I want to talk to you

2  
Ok

1  
About last night

2  
Ok

*New memory. 1 and 2 throw rocks at a tire swing.*

2

There it is.

1

I can't see it.

2

They're there. Every time I go on the swing they attack me.

1

My sister is allergic.

2

Are you?

1

I don't know. I've never been stung.

2

I'm not allergic.

1

That's good.

2

You ready?

1

...yeah

*They count down from 3. 2 leads the counting. 2 throws the rock and misses the target. 1 does not.*

2

Darn.

1

You missed.

2  
You didn't even throw!

1  
I wasn't ready!

2  
We counted down!

1  
You counted down! I wasn't ready.

2  
When are you going to be ready?

1  
I'm getting ready right now!

2  
Ok, fine, get ready then.

1  
I'm trying to!

*Beat. I breathes.*

2  
Ok, let's get ready.

1  
Ok.

2  
I'm gonna count.

1  
Ok.

*2 begins counting. 1 joins in. They throw and hit the target.  
Moment of tension. Nothing happens.*

1

You're sure there's one in there?

2

Yes! I get stung every time I use the swingset!

1

Do you need my help with this?

2

Yes. I can't do it myself. We need to do this now because I want people to be able to use the swingset at my birthday party. I wanna play the game where you jump through the tire swing and I had a really good plan and it is gonna be really fun but I can't do it without getting stung.

1

Ok.

2

One more try.

*They count down from 3 again. They throw rocks. Moment.*

*New memory. 1 and 2 make a secret handshake. This can last as long as it wants to, but it must begin with the two of them touching their pointer fingers and quoting the line "ET phone home."*

*New memory. 1 and 2 are hiding.*

2

This will work

1

I don't know

2

It will. Trust me. The teachers never look over here.

1  
They're going to notice we're not back.

2  
Who cares?

1  
Yeah

2  
See, they're rounding everyone else up but they don't even realize where we are. Once everyone else is inside, it'll be eternal recess for us.

1  
That does sound fun.

2  
Ok, I'm gonna go get a better look. You stay here and wait for the signal.

*2 stealthily moves from one part of the stage to another. They have trained for this. 1 waits there for a few moments, watching attentively. 2 waits a few more moments and starts making hand signs to 1.*

1  
Um, what's the signal?

2  
(Hand signs)

1  
Is that the signal?

2  
(2 furiously says "no" with hand signs. They re-emphasize what they originally said)

1  
Just tell me what you want me to do!

2

*(makes a "hush" motion towards 1)*

*They wait a few more moments. 2 gives 1 the signal. They do not respond. 2 gives 1 the signal again. This time is more exaggerated. They do not respond. 2 stares at 1. After a moment:*

1

Is that the signal?

*New memory. 1 and 2 lay on opposite sides of the stage. They talk on the phone.*

1

I want to wear a skirt tomorrow

2

I don't want to wear a skirt tomorrow

1

Why not?

2

I want to wear my new pants tomorrow

1

Well I want to wear my new skirt tomorrow

2

I want to wear my new pants tomorrow

1

I want to wear my new skirt tomorrow

2

I want to wear my new pants tomorrow

1

I want to wear my new skirt tomorrow

2  
I want to wear my new pants tomorrow

1  
I want to wear my new skirt tomorrow

2  
I want to wear my new pants tomorrow

1  
Well I want to wear my new skirt tomorrow

2  
Fine, I'll wear a skirt tomorrow.

1  
Yay thank you!

2  
But then can we wear a blue shirt?

1  
I don't want to wear a blue shirt

*Transition memory. 1 revisits the last time they spoke to 2 (2/3)*

1  
Thank you so much for understanding, honestly. Did you get home ok?

2  
Yeah I did

1  
Yeah I was worried about you because of the storm and everything so when I saw your text I felt relieved

2  
Yeah I'm completely good.

*New memory. 1 straightens 2's hair with a flat iron. This can go on for a few moments. Eventually:*

2

*(grabbing their neck)* Shit!

1

Oh shit. Did I burn you? Did I burn you?

2

Owwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww

1

Oh shit I burned you didn't I?

*New Memory. 1 and 2 get ready for the beach. At some point, the two find a time to do their secret handshake again.*

1

Do you think that lifeguard will be there?

2

Which lifeguard?

1

*The* lifeguard.

2

Yes, they're always working on weekends.

1

*(taking a deep breath)*

Oh my god ok.

2

What, do you have a crush?

1



Uh, yes. Are you kidding me? They're so hot. They've got such great teeth. And their eyebrows my god.

2

I don't know they're just not my type.

*I reacts with disbelief. They both continue to get ready.*

1

Well we're gonna fall in love and get married and raise a family of Olympic swimmers so its fine.

*I eats a grape.*

1

Do you want a grape? They're frozen.

2

You freeze your grapes?

1

Not always, but sometimes yeah.

2

That seems weird.

1

No it's good

2

I don't know...

1

No I swear try it!

2

Why do you want me to try it so bad?

1

Cause you'll like it! Come on, just do it.

*2 eats it. They hate it.*

2

Oh god! Ugh! It's like a human finger!

1

*(laughs)*

2

My god this is the worst thing I've ever experienced!

1

*(laughs)*

2

You like these?

1

Yeah they're good!

2

No, it was psychologically similar to eating a human finger. It was horrendous.

1

*(laughs)* I like them! They're refreshing and good in the summer!

2

I can feel the grape in my mouth, still. I can feel myself biting down on it, and it feels like I'm physically repulsed by the whole sensation of it.

1

Ok, ok. I won't make you eat another. All I'm saying is on a hot day, you're sweaty, you're smelly, all you need is to be refreshed, a frozen grape can really do the trick. Maybe you'd like it more with a different kind of grape. I'll have different ones tomorrow.

2

Please, don't. Never do. You know, I've always thought that like, if it came to it, I could eat a person but that grape literally just changed my whole apocalypse plan.

1

Ok, wait, you should be thanking me for dissuading your cannibalism. That's honestly dark.

2

Yeah I doubt I can handle the real thing-

1

If you couldn't handle the grape.

*They laugh. A lot.*

*New memory. 2 puts makeup on 1's neck.*

2

Just tell your mom it was a flat iron burn.

*New memory. 1 and 2 lay in the grass and look at clouds. They can point to show each other what they see, if they'd like.*

*New memory. 1 and 2 lay in the snow*

2

Don't move!

1

AAHHHH it's so cold!

2

Just do it!

1

I want to stop

2

Keep going!

I need to stop 1

12 more seconds! 2

*They wait for 12 seconds*

Time! 2

*1 shoots up, shivering. 2 plays it cool, but is definitely cold*

I have hypothermia 1

Come warm up 2

I have hypothermia 1

You can't get hypothermia that fast 2

I have frostbite 1

Alright, come warm up. 2

*They huddle for warmth*

That was not fun 1

But it got your heart pumping, right? 2

*1 checks their heart*

1

No

*2 laughs*

1

I think it's frozen

*Beat*

1

Can we go inside?

2

Go inside? On the first snow of the year? What's wrong with you?

1

I have hypothermia

2

I was laying there too and I'm fine

1

You're a crazy person

2

What else should we do?

1

Nothing

2

What do you normally do on weekends

1

Usually just hang out with my friends

2

But what do you like, *do*

1

I don't really know

*Beat*

1

Hey, so, do you remember that guy Ethan I was telling you about?

2

Yeah of course.

1

Well, he's been like, asking to hang out all day...

2

Ok

1

And, I mean, I don't want to, like, leave you

2

I know-

1

But I just need something to go my way. If he was anybody else I wouldn't.

2

No it's ok

1

Are you sure?

2

Totally, yes.

1

You understand?

2

Absolutely

1

Take my key to go inside.

2

I'll wait outside. I like the cold.

1

You sure?

2

Yeah

1

His room is like, literally 2 minutes away so I'll be like right here.

2

Yeah

1

If you need anything just let me know.

2

Ok, cool. Thanks. Have fun.

1

You too!

*Transition memory. 1 revisits the last time they spoke to 2 (3/3)*

1

Good, well, honestly, it was great seeing you.

2

*(no response at first, then:)* Yeah it was.

1

What are you up to today?

2

Not much.

1

Yeah, me neither.

2

Wait, do you mind if I put you on hold for a sec? I gotta answer someone really quick.

1

Yeah, sure thing go ahead.

*2 never resumes the call. Eventually, 1 realizes this and hangs up. They sit in silence for a long time. 2 walks and sits at the edge of the stage. 1 joins them, eventually.*

*2 drives 1. At some point they arrive at 1's home and continue to talk.*

1

I'm so tired

2

Don't worry, you'll be home soon. Are you feeling ok? Do you want to lie down?

1

Um...

2

Are you feeling ok?

1

I just want to lie down

2

*(trying to appease)* There's a lever, on the side of...



*I searches but can't find it*

1

*(while searching)* I can't...

2

You can go to the back seat.

1

No it's fine I don't want to be a burden

2

It's no burden.

1

No it's fine

2

Are you going to be sick?

1

No I'm totally ok.

2

Well if anything changes let me know.

*Beat*

1

Is this your car? This is a nice car

2

Thanks

1

How long have you had this?

2

Just a few weeks, actually.

1

What happened to your old one?

2

Nothing I just could afford a new one

1

But that car was awesome!

2

It started getting really old and like the engine started to go these past few years though

1

Poor sad car.

*I begins laughing. A chuckle at first, but slowly it grows and it becomes hard for them to hold it in.*

2

Why are you laughing?

1

*(laughs)*

2

*(also kind of laughing)* what's so funny?

1

Nothing, nothing... *(laughs)*

2

Come on, what is it?

1

Nothing... *(laughs)*

2

Jesus Christ, come on, what is it?

1

Nothing!

*Beat. 2 is dissatisfied but does not care to pursue 1's secret anymore.*

1

Look out!

*2, terrified, slams on the breaks. 1 holds back laughter.*

2

What? What did you see?

1

...

2

What the hell did you see?

*1 bursts into laughter. 2 fumes with anger*

2

That was a fucking joke?

1

Do you remember the last time I was in your car?

*2 thinks for a moment*

2

What does that-

1

Yes you do, come on. Don't you remember, we went to Weezer's, and-

*2 remembers*

2

Oh my god!

1

*(laughs)*

2

Why are you laughing that is fucked up! That's a fucked up thing to do that was not funny.

1

*(laughing)* yes it was!

2

*(also kind of laughing)* that's a fucked up thing to think is funny.

1

Oh come on, no one got hurt, it's fine.

2

Either of us could have. Could have hurt my car too.

1

Come on, cars don't matter.

2

When you spend thousands of dollars on one they do.

1

You didn't think that was funny?

2

You're fucked up.

1

You thought it was funny last time.

2

That wasn't a joke, you know that, right? Someone almost got hit.

1

No one got hit.

2

Yeah, well, the guy on the bike almost did.

1

Almost, though, almost.

2

You didn't think it was funny at the time.

1

What are you talking about, yes I did! You couldn't see your own face is the problem otherwise you would have thought so too.

2

You're the only person I know that thinks a near hit and run, well not a hit and run because I wouldn't run, but a hit... - you're the only person who'd find that funny. That was not funny.

1

Bec-

2

Besides, why would you think that was a good thing to just spring onto someone like, while I'm going out of my way to drive you home. You know, I'm actually doing you a fucking favor

1

I'm sorry-

2

I could have stayed at the party but you were the one who got too drunk and had to leave immediately and because I felt, for some reason, I had some semblance of responsibility to your well being

1

I'm not normally like this-

2

And because you haven't grown the fuck up I had to drive you

*Pause*

2

I mean, Jesus, that is not how you get people to like you. Ruining their nights and then causing them to crash their car - that is not how you get people to like you. Do you know that?

1

You don't like me?

*Beat*

2

I don't really know.

1

Oh.

2

I don't really know you.

*Beat*

1

The turn's coming up-

2

Yeah, I know where you live.

*Beat*

1

So you liked the party then?

2

I did

1

You thought it was fun?

2  
I did

1  
Yeah, me too.

2  
Oh yeah?

1  
Yeah

2  
That's good.

*Beat*

1  
I'm sorry for, um, laughing at your distress.

2  
That's ok.

*Beat*

2  
I really don't care.

1  
ok

*Pause*

1  
So how did you-

2  
Just, shut up for the rest of the ride, please.

1

Ok

2

Can you do that for me?

1

ok

2

We're like 2 minutes away from your house just... 2 minutes, please.

1

ok

*Beat*

1

I swear you thought it was funny.

2

I don't care.

*Beat. 1 steps out of the car*

1

Well I'll see you around

2

Yeah see you

*Beat*

1

ET Phone home

*She turns and points her finger to 2.*

*2 turns to 1, looks at her finger, and turns away again.*

*Beat*



1  
Here

*1 hands 2 money*

2  
What's this?

1  
For the ice cream.

2  
Oh. You didn't have to-

1  
I wanted to. Have a good night.

2  
You too.

*1 leaves the car. Transition into a memory, now from 2's perspective. 1 lays in the snow. Before 12 seconds has passed, 2 joins her.*

2  
Time!

1  
I have hypothermia

2  
Come warm up

1  
There's 1000 things happening to me right now and none of them are good

2  
Like what

1

I have hypothermia

2

I'll help you

1

I have frostbite

2

I'll help you

1

... I have hypothermia

2

Odds are you go lick that flag pole over there?

*A game of "odds are" is improvised. If they get different numbers so be it. If they get the same, I must talk their way out of it.*

2

Uggghh what do people do around here?

1

Well, when we're not licking flagpoles, there's usually things to do but everything is closed down because of the storm. It's insane you made it here.

2

My car can handle anything.

*2 looks at 1.*

*Filling the silence:*

2

Besides, I wasn't gonna let distance stop us from our first snow celebrations

*Beat*

2

Are you warm yet? I'm fine.

*1 has completely left the stage. 2 is alone.*

*2 looks for 1. They're nowhere to be found.*

*2 explores the space. They kick the snow. They just think.*

*Blackout.*

*For a while. Then:*

*End of play*

Appendix:

Interview Question:

QUESTIONS:

How old are you? 80

What is a memory you have from the past year?

What are the qualities of this memory/what does it look like? What do you see?

What is your earliest memory?

What are the qualities of this memory/what does it look like? What do you see?

Which of the 5 senses do you experience when you think of a memory?

What is a song that triggers a specific memory for you?

What is a memory you have about...

Being cold?

Something loud?

Something dark?

Of a sports game?

Summer?

Of a taste?

About the internet?

About technology?

*(etc.—pick and choose what is most interesting to you)*

What's a memory you have that you're ashamed of?

What's a particularly vivid memory you have?

What's a particularly vague memory you have?

What's a memory you have when you think of \_\_\_\_?

Describe a time...

you got something you wanted?

You felt powerful?

You felt embarrassed?  
*(viewpoints inspired questions)*

## First Draft

By Philip Carroll

*The stage is completely dark for a few moments. Eventually, a spotlight turns on downstage center. After a few moments, an actor (1) walks into the light.*

1

I remember the smell, mostly, first and foremost. If I think about the chatter and sound then I remember that but it isn't first. But it was a particular sound, because it was inside and it was echoey- really echoey. Like you could feel it reverberating in your chest. I didn't remember that until now but that sensation was so specific when it happened. I don't think that was my first memory, though. My first memory is my fourth birthday. I walked out of my room and I saw my mom and I said "Am I four?" and she said "you're 4!" But that's all I remember so that's why I don't normally tell people that. Also 4 seems late for your first memory, right? So yeah I just tell people something else.

*Light goes down. After a few moments, a different actor (2) walks into a different spotlight.*

2

Hahaha no way! No, no, listen you'll never believe what just happened to me! O- ok- no, listen- Please calm down. Ok. Can I go now? Okay, so, I did it... I spoke to them... what do you mean "who" you are my confidant I spoke to you about this for like 3 hours... I don't care if you were fucked up or... at Eric's... Yes I remember it. I literally wasn't drunk... It, went ok I think... No, should we have?.. Well I, I thought it was good... Yeah, maybe we didn't like make any plans right then and there because of course not you know it was a social event that would be in- it would be inappropriate... No I just let them go and enjoy their night. I'm not a lingerer you know I did what I set out to do and I got out of there... We talked about like stuff... all kinds of stuff i don't know. I'm happy about it I don't know why you're trying to get me to feel otherwise but I don't appreciate it... because you're my confidant! That's your job! I...

*1 walks into the spotlight (maybe) or maybe full lights come up. Either way, 1 interrupts 2 and seemingly completely ends their train of thought.*

1

So do you wanna do anything tonight?

2

Yeah, yeah I would. Do you have anything in mind?

1

Not really. You?

2

No, but I do wanna do something.

1

We can go ice skating

2

I don't know if I'd like that.

1

Camping?

2

In the winter?

1

Can you pitch a tent?

2

We're not camping. It's going to snow.

1

So let's stay up all night and watch the snow fall. We can drive to an abandoned parking lot 15 miles from both our houses and get snowed in there so we can't leave.

2

And we'll be cold-

1

We'll be cold.

2

Should we bring blankets?

1

Maybe we can bring blankets.

2

Or should we bring 1 blanket.

1

Bring 1 blanket and then we can decide if we want to use it or not. Because sometimes if you're cold-

2

It's ok to be cold when it snows.

1

And we'll sit in the back seat of my 2008 Ford Explorer and just watch the snow fall down and the fog fill the air.

2

Snowflakes will cover the sun roof. We'll see their details. I'll have a dream about it in 3 years.

1

I had a nightmare once. My house burned down and I went to the top of the driveway and I looked into my bedroom window. I remember every single crack in the wood, and every single everything and it was like all ingrained into my mind very clearly. Like I still remember the smell, I still remember literally everything about it, I remember that the air was really really dry despite all the hoses and stuff being around. I dunno, I just remember every single little detail from like—looking down from what used to be my dining room was just like a pit into the basement, and you could see that stuff in the basement wasn't as burnt, that's actually where we saved a lot of our stuff.

2

What things did you save?

1

Some clothes, some stuff.

2

Do you remember what stuff?

1

I don't.

*Lights change. Both actors share a blanket.*

2

I have class at 8 tomorrow.

1

Today, technically.

2

It's so foggy.

1

It's kind of creepy honestly. Do you think it's creepy?

2

Fog? No, I don't. It's always foggy where I'm from.

1

Where are you from?

2

Northwestern Washington. Like as far north and as far west as you can go.

1

It's foggy there a lot?

2

It's the foggiest place in the US. Fun fact.

1

No kidding. What's the town called?

2



Cape Disappointment.

1

What?

2

Cape Disappointment.

1

Cape Disappointment? What do you mean Cape Disappointment? That sounds like something Batman gets.

2

That's really the name. It's called that because of all the fog. The person who discovered it from afar couldn't actually find the river's entrance due to the fog so he was disappointed. Therefore.

1

Cape Disappointment. Wow. Do you miss it?

2

Do I "mist" it?

1

No - miss - do you miss it?

2

I know you said miss I was just making a bad joke... but yeah I do miss it kind of. Of course I mean that's normal. But I'm not like debilitated by missing it.

1

Yeah same.

2

You're from around here though, right?

1

Yeah I'm not far.

2

So can't you just go home whenever?

1

I could. Yeah. And I guess I do go home often. But it still feels like I'm away. I feel disrupted kind of.

2

What do you mean?

1

Just like- I don't know. Like I got so used to waking up at 6:00 everyday and taking the bus and seeing the same things every morning and seeing the same people and the same building it became so identifiable to me. I just think I feel uprooted but I liked being rooted.

2

But you can't be in high school forever.

1

It's not about high school. But yeah I know.

2

What's it about?

1

I don't really know. What are you going to do about tomorrow?

2

Be tired, I guess.

1

I was really hoping class would be canceled.

2

Me too.

1

At least it's cold.

2

I guess so.

*Beat*

2

You know, there's like this phenomenon for kids from my area that all of their first memories involve fog. So like most people can't even see their first memories because they're all just like "damn, I can't see."

1

That's kinda sad.

2

It is kind of I guess.

1

So what is your first memory?

2

Mine is definitely fog heavy. My first memory is from when I was 5, which is crazy late I think. We took my dog on a boat and it was just super foggy and that's really it. Maybe I do have memories from before 5, I probably should, but I don't have any age attached to them.

1

Yeah.

*Beat. Actor 2 looks up and notices a single snowflake on the sun roof.*

2

There's one.

*Actor 1 looks up and notices it too.*

1

I like that one.

2

What does it remind you of?

1

I don't know. Does it remind you of anything?

2

I guess not. It is pretty though.

1

Maybe it's like when people see things in clouds. Do you see anything?

2

Hm. I don't know, it just, it just looks like a snowflake to me. Do you think that all snowflakes are actually unique?

1

That's what people say.

2

But how would they know? No one has seen every snowflake ever.

1

I like it.

2

But do you believe it?

1

I do.

*End of Play*

Cheyenne - shared memory interviews w Brittany and Aurora on 9/24/19

**Aurora's interview:**

C: So tell me about this shared memory with Brittany.

A: So a few weeks ago, maybe like one week ago um Brittany and Cheyenne- no, Cheyenne had texted me earlier and said "so what if we go to Holy Cow?" and I thought that was a really good idea because I was really in the mood for ice cream. It was winding, the week was winding down, I was thinking soft serve was a really good idea.

C: Wasn't it a Tuesday?

A: Hey this is MY memory this is how I remember it!

C: Sorry sorry

A: So I um so I go I drive to campus to pick them up in Robbins and um it's nighttime, it's completely dark out at this point, it's about 9pm and I pick them up, we are, I start telling a story I don't remember what it was. And then all of the sudden as I'm pulling out onto Annandale Road, I take a left from Robbins onto Annandale Road, I, the street looks clear, I cross the street with my car, Brittany gasps and she says "STOP" and so I slam the brakes and then I see this girl on a bike driving right towards me and I'm like, my heart starts pounding and I'm like oh shit **this is about to be, not a hit and run because I wouldn't run, but a hit.** And so I slam the brakes, if anyone had been behind me they would've rear-ended me for sure, I slam the brakes and I ended up being in the middle of the road, she keeps driving but she's going like 10 miles an hour so. So she bumps into my car and I roll down the window as she's bumping into my car and I stick my head out of the window and the first thing that happens is she drives up to my window and she's like "I'm so sorry" and she's giggling and I'm like this is a crime this isn't a laughing matter. And I'm like "are you okay?" and she's like "Yeah I'm fine" and I'm like "is your bike okay?" and she was like "yeah" and I looked at it and it was fine, and I was about to unstrap my seatbelt and then she just started riding off and I was like oh my god what do I do? So I started driving up really slowly on the road because I was going to turn around like on the Olin road and follow her because it didn't feel right that she was driving away. And then I asked Brittany and Cheyenne to look in the back mirror to see if she was like dying or something, even though she tapped the hood of the car literally, and they said she was fine. And I said "should I report it to the police?" and they were like "What?! No! Why would you do that??" and I was freaking out and then I pulled over on the side of the road and called my dad on speaker phone. And I called on the house phone because I knew he was gonna be watching a show because it was past 9pm and my parents always watch a show past 9pm. And I called him on the bluetooth speaker and he answered frantically because I think he always worries when his kids call the house phone because that always means crisis I think, so he was like "hello??" And I was like "Hi it's Aurora, everything's fine but" and I told him the story I just said and he said "oh well that's fine, the only reason you should call is if there is some kind of injury, and there wasn't" and I was like oh okay and he was like "if the police were called they'd be like 'why did you call me?'" and I was like

okay and I kept going through it with him because I was like what if, what if this is illegal like this is a hit and run. But I was like how do I find her, I don't even know barely what she looks like, I was lost. I was on the run. So then he was like "no it's fine but it's good that you checked with me to make sure". And I was like "okay bye" so then I was like okay let's go to Holy Cow cause this night couldn't get any worse. And as I drove I kept being like "do you think I could go to jail for this??" and Brittany and Cheyenne were like "no" and so then we went to Holy Cow and it looked closed, but online it had said 10pm and I trust the internet. So we pulled in and someone, I think it was Cheyenne went up to the window and it was closed and it had closed like 6 minutes before because they changed the schedule for like fall or something and that was really heartbreaking. Sooo we drove, we were like where else can we go because we really want ice cream. So we drove to McDonalds because, we were gonna not get it because Cheyenne thought that their ice cream is chalky, but I convinced him that was just a machine problem because I've had that problem where the ice cream comes out like icy, but I was like that's not typical I've gotten hundreds of McDonalds cones in my life literally and it's only been like that once. So we went and we drove all the way there listening to Lana Del Ray so we got there and we were all really really excited and we go inside and their ice cream machine is broken. Which was really heartbreaking. And then we all ordered fries even though I think none of us wanted fries. I was kind of repulsed by them, but I wanted them because I had already paid for the ice cream and he had offered me something else. But as I was driving back I really regretted not getting a soft drink. And then we drove all the way back on the back roads, I was really on alert for bikes. And then I dropped them off and we were like let's do Holy Cow another night. And then I went home and I told the story to Gus and Bridie and, but I started it like "I hit someone". And then I watched an episode of Curb Your Enthusiasm with them and then I went to bed. And that was the night.

### **Brittany's interview:**

C: Okay tell me about the shared memory with Aurora.

B: Okay so um I don't like ice cream but we were going to Holy Cow-

C: What do you mean you don't like ice cream??

B: I don't like ice cream!

C: What the fuck

B: BUT, soft serve can get it. With chocolate sprinkles. So we were gonna go get Holy Cow, Aurora was driving, I was - I would like the record to show that I got shotgun and Cheyenne did not get shot gun. Just jot that down. So we're pulling out of the Robbins like parking lot area, LabCorps is nowhere to be found so we think okay we're in the clear, we got this. And then out of literally the darkness, like, the Mist from Stephen King style, this bitch comes out of NOWHERE I swear she manifested, and she's on a bike and like Aurora's car is in the middle of the road about to turn out onto like Annandale and she sees this person like come out of

nowhere. Like literally the face just appeared in the light and I was like “BIUERBIEURG” and then she, Aurora slammed on the brakes just in time and the bike just kept going, like bitch is you blind? Check your prescription okay?? And the bike just rammed into Aurora’s car and it was really scary at first, and then *really* funny like two seconds after and um oh and then Aurora started freaking out and rolled down the window and was like “oh my god oh my god I’m so sorry are you okay??” and she was like “I’m so sorry uhhh uhhh gotta go bye!” and then she drove away and Aurora continued to freak out, said she was going to jail for a hit and run. Uh so we pulled over so that Aurora could call her dad and her dad was pretty much like “uh you’re dumb, you’re not going to jail”. And then Aurora said “I googled ‘is jail really that bad’ earlier today!”. Um and then we proceeded to go to Holy Cow and it was closed and it’s all because of that bitch on the bike’s fault.

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