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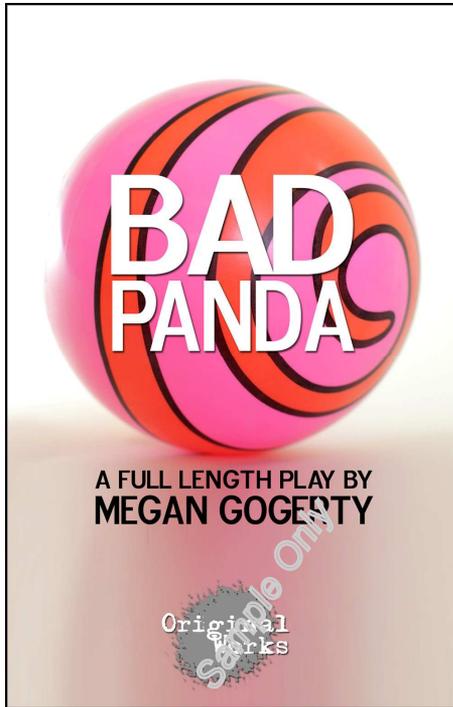
Where All Good Rabbits Go

© Karina Cochran

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BAD PANDA by Megan Gogerty

Synopsis: They're the last two pandas on earth. It's mating season. One of them falls in love with a crocodile. Who is gay. And then the baby comes. In this sweet celebration of non-traditional families, Gwo Gwo the panda must balance his newfound desire for Chester the crocodile with his obligations to his prescribed panda mate, Marion. The animals eat, mate, splash around in identity politics, wrestle with the ambivalence of parenthood, and love one another as only families can.

Cast Size: 2 Males, 1 Female

WHERE ALL GOOD RABBITS GO
by Karina Cochran

Sample Only

Where All Good Rabbits Go was first produced at Carnegie Mellon University on November 18, 2015. It was directed by Alex J. Frantz. The cast was as follows:

Julia: Hanna Berggren

Walter: Clay Singer

Dorn: John Way

Where All Good Rabbits Go was first professionally produced by FaultLine Theater in San Francisco, CA on February 10, 2018. It was directed by Cole Ferraiuolo. The cast was as follows:

Julia: Charlie D. Gray

Walter: Ed Berkeley

Dorn: Derek Jones

CHARACTERS

JULIA

A sweet woman with a past in fashion design. She experiences stress, anxiety and heartbreak throughout the play as she watches her husband turn into a rabbit.

(Female, age 20-30s)

WALTER

Julia's husband. A grounded, hard working young farmer who turns into a rabbit throughout the course of the play. This change makes him less grounded and more manic, before becoming completely helpless.

(Male, age 20-30s)

DORN

Julia's brother. An awkward, but kind doctor. He tries his best to help Julia and Walter, but often struggles with displays of emotional affection.

(Male, age 30-40s)

DANCING RABBITS

An ensemble of 3+ who are highlighted in a dream sequence. May be used in scene transitions or throughout the play as well, at the directors discretion. They also may play the part of The Collector.

These characters may also be portrayed through video, if the production calls for a small cast.

(3+, any age, any gender)

(...) indicates a pause

NOTES on the RABBIT

The rabbit in this story should ideally be a real rabbit. Though this may seem like a daunting task, it can be done! I have attached a document to the end of this play titled, *The Care and Keeping of Walter* that can be used as a guide to help you put a live rabbit on stage.

Where All Good Rabbits Go

SCENE 1

(JULIA is wearing a fabulous dress. She adjusts it in the mirror.)

JULIA: We're going to be late.

...

Like somewhere between fashionably late and rude.
You almost done?

WALTER (O.S): Mmmm hummm.

JULIA: Is it okay to bring half a bottle of wine to dinner?

WALTER (O.S): Mmmm hummm.

JULIA: I don't know about these things. My family didn't have formal dinner parties. We're more of a fast food family. Always rushing. Always hurrying. It's no way to live.

...

Maybe we can just bring some produce. An avocado and a tomato. We'll make the guacamole once we get there.

...

Walter? Honey? You okay?

WALTER: Let's go.

JULIA: What is it?

WALTER: Nothing.

JULIA: There's a panic in your face.

WALTER: I'm fine.

JULIA: I don't believe you.

WALTER: That dress looks good.

JULIA: Don't change the subject.

WALTER: Really, Julia, it's not a big deal.

JULIA: Then tell me.

WALTER: We're going to be late. We should get going.

(JULIA grabs his arm and stares into his eyes.)

JULIA: What is it?

WALTER: Let's just talk about it after dinner.

JULIA: No. Now.

WALTER: I want to have a nice relaxing dinner with our friends.

JULIA: Well, I won't be able to relax the whole night just wondering what's going on.

Please. What is it?

(WALTER turns around, pulls up his shirt, and reveals a full bunny tail. She gasps and stares at it for a long time, unable to fully process what she is seeing.)

WALTER: Honey?

JULIA: Maybe it's something else!

WALTER: What else could it be?

JULIA: A fungus?

WALTER: It's hair.

JULIA: Did you try to pull it off?

WALTER: Of course.

JULIA: Well?

WALTER: It won't budge. Not even a little.

...

It's a tail.

JULIA: Or maybe it's something else.

WALTER: You think so?

JULIA: We just don't know.

WALTER: I guess, maybe it could be something else.

JULIA: I saw a show once about a woman who thought she was transforming, but she just had this really abnormal hair growth.

WALTER: Yeah?

JULIA: Of course! Hair grows in weird places on the body all the time!

WALTER: Did it look like this?

JULIA: I don't remember.

WALTER: It feels attached.

JULIA: But still...

WALTER: It feels fluffy.

JULIA: It's all that crawling around in the dirt you do.

WALTER: I don't crawl around in the dirt.

JULIA: Yes you do, that's what farmers do, they crawl around in the dirt. It's giving you a fungus.

WALTER: I've never gotten a fungus from farming before.

JULIA: Well it was bound to happen sometime.

WALTER: This isn't a fungus, Julia.

JULIA: Well it can't be a tail. I mean, it can't be, right?

...

You're too young.

WALTER: It's not impossible.

JULIA: But statistically—

WALTER: Statistically the chance is small.

JULIA: Percentage wise.

WALTER: Percentages would say it's unlikely.

JULIA: We must consider the statistics.

WALTER: But there's always a chance. Even if it seems slim.

JULIA: This is not happening. It has to be something else. It just has to be.

WALTER: Yeah. It's probably nothing. I'm probably overreacting.

(They sit down together and hold hands.)

JULIA: Should I call my brother?

WALTER: Let's just keep this between us for now.

JULIA: What's the point of having a doctor in the family if you can't call on them in times like this?

WALTER: I don't want your brother looking up my ass.

JULIA: It's not up your ass, it's right above it.

WALTER: I don't know.

JULIA: Won't you feel relieved, just to know what's going on? I mean, it's probably nothing.

WALTER: But what if it's not nothing? What if it's a big BIG something? The biggest something there can be.

JULIA: I don't know.

WALTER: I don't want him looking up my ass.

JULIA: You can't dislike a person just because they play golf.

WALTER: It's not about the golf. He's weird.

JULIA: We're weird.

WALTER: He's a different kind of weird.

JULIA: He can help us. Please, let him look at it.

WALTER: I just want to go to dinner.

I want to have a nice, relaxing dinner with our friends.

I want them to joke about how we're always late.

I want them to joke about how we didn't bring anything except some loose produce and a half-drunk bottle of wine.

And then we'll talk in a meaningless way about our jobs and local events and every mutual friend we have together.

And then you and I will leave and we'll fall asleep next to each other, and it will be another perfect and forgettable day.

That's what I want. That's what I need, right now.

Okay?

JULIA: Okay.

I love you.

WALTER: I love you too.

Sample Only

SCENE 2

(WALTER and JULIA sit at a table eating full plates of food. They talk to invisible friends.)

WALTER: Yes, we've been married a little over three years.

JULIA: And we dated only eight months before we got married.

WALTER: We felt this rush. This hurry.

JULIA: I don't know why.

WALTER: We met in the spring.

JULIA: At the farmer's market.

WALTER: It was the very beginning of the season. Still a little cold.

JULIA: He had just started working at the Lettuce Farm.

...

Pass the guacamole, will you?

(She takes some and adds it to her plate.)

WALTER: It was about a year and a half after my father had completed his Rabbit Transformation.

JULIA: And I'd just graduated with my degree in fashion design. So we were both in these new places in our lives. On our own.

WALTER: She used to wear this ridiculous green bonnet.

JULIA: I thought it was going to become a “thing.” I know, insanity.

WALTER: But she seemed confident. A real character.

JULIA: Now I had noticed Walter before, but never talked to him.

But once he smiled at me, real calm and cool like. I think I blushed.

WALTER: You did.

JULIA: I did!

WALTER: And then one day—

JULIA: One chilly April morning.

(They go back in time and reenact the scene.)

WALTER: Hi.

JULIA: Oh, hi.

WALTER: Nice bonnet.

JULIA: Thanks.

WALTER: I don't see many folks in bonnets these days.

JULIA: I guess you don't read Vogue.

WALTER: Oh. No I don't.

JULIA: I was kidding. That was a joke. I don't read Vogue.

I mean I do, but that's not the point.

WALTER: It looks like it might be hard to see under there.

JULIA: Yeah. The sides sort of block everything except what is directly in front of you.

WALTER: Oh. Bummer.

JULIA: But maybe that's a good thing? Maybe I should only be looking at what's directly in front of me.

WALTER: Sure, who needs peripheral vision anyway?

JULIA: Yeah, fuck peripheral vision!

WALTER: Yeah, fuck it!

...

Sorry, did you want to buy something?

JULIA: Oh, yes. I have a question.

WALTER: Sure.

JULIA: I read that there's some kind of lettuce that is supposed to make you invincible, or something like that?

WALTER: Well, it's all really healthy.

JULIA: But isn't there one that is special?

WALTER: You must be thinking of kale.

JULIA: Oh yes, this one, right?

WALTER: And our hands touched.

(They return to the present moment.)

JULIA: Oh, doesn't it sound so lame now? "Our hands touched." As if we are the only people in the world with hands.

WALTER: But that's the truth, Julia. When you are falling for someone, your hands carry this extra power. This extra awareness. And you think: my hands are the best, most important hands in the whole world, because they get to touch you, the one I love.

(WALTER holds her hand. JULIA just barely keeps her shit together.)

JULIA: Is there any wine left in that bottle?

SCENE 3

(JULIA and WALTER sit holding hands in their living room. DORN wears a doctors coat, holds a clip board and paces around the room.)

DORN: Well it certainly looks like a tail.

JULIA: So it *is* a tail.

DORN: Let's just evaluate the symptoms.

WALTER: You just said it looked like a tail.

DORN: But we don't know for sure. A doctor has to look at every possible angle of a condition.

JULIA: What sort of angles?

DORN: A human may feel a strong craving deep in the pit of their stomach. This could be hormones, or a vitamin deficiency, or it could be a sign that they are suddenly about to transform into a rabbit.

WALTER: But you just said it looked like a tail.

DORN: It could still be an abnormal hair growth. We don't know yet.

JULIA: So you're saying it *is* an abnormal hair growth.

DORN: Let's not jump to conclusions.

JULIA: You're family, Dorn. Family has to tell the truth!

DORN: I'm trying to figure out what that truth is, Julia.

JULIA: Well quit putting on your stupid doctor voice and talk to me like my brother.

DORN: It's not a doctor voice. It's my voice. I'm a doctor.

JULIA: Well I don't like the way it sounds.

DORN: Maybe you just don't like what I'm saying.

WALTER: Please. Can we just get through this?

JULIA: Fine. I'm sorry.

WALTER: Go ahead, Dorn.

(DORN looks at a clipheard.)

DORN: Have you noticed any labored breathing anytime in the past few months?

WALTER: Breathing? I don't know. Do I breathe weird?

JULIA: He breathes constantly!

WALTER: Everyone does that, Julia.

DORN: Well we're more concerned with a nasal obstruction. So let's just check no. Next, behavioral issues. Any sudden twitching motions?

WALTER: No.

JULIA: I haven't noticed anything like that.

WALTER: Maybe in my sleep.

DORN: That's perfectly normal.

WALTER: Okay. Fine. Let's check no for that too.

JULIA: This seems good. This seems really good.

DORN: Alright. Next, any hopping?

JULIA: Hopping?

DORN: Rabbits hop.

JULIA: Wouldn't that be a later stage in the transformation?

DORN: Yes, but the urge can start sooner. The desire to hop.

JULIA: Well, Walter?

WALTER: ...

JULIA: Walter?

WALTER: I think I need to be alone.

JULIA: Please, answer the question.

WALTER: Am I allowed to be alone for a minute?

DORN: Maybe you two need some time.

JULIA: No wait.

DORN: This can be overwhelming. I understand.

JULIA: Hold on!

WALTER: I need some air.

JULIA: Stop. Walter, just answer the question. I want to tackle this. I want to be strong and face the problem. Please.

WALTER: Well, yesterday I hopped. I hopped all the way from the bedroom to the kitchen. I don't know why I did it. I just...wanted to.

(A pause.)

JULIA: So. It's real.

DORN: It appears so.

JULIA: Oh god.

DORN: We still need to run tests to determine 100%.

WALTER: Don't even bother.

JULIA: But the tests. The tests might come back differently. Right?

WALTER: Julia, you know they won't.

DORN: I can't give my official word until the test comes back positive.

WALTER: Fine. You know what, run whatever tests you need. Blood test, tail test. I don't care. But could I please just be alone with my thoughts for a singular damn second?!

(WALTER exits.)

JULIA: Oh my god, Dorn. I can't breathe.

DORN: This is...I don't know what to say.

JULIA: What do we do now?

DORN: There are a lot of options for us to consider.

JULIA: Then fix it! Fix this. You went to med school didn't you? Tell me how to fix this.

DORN: It just depends how far the transformation has moved into his bloodstream. Sometimes a rabbit trait is isolated to one spot. In that case, we can cut it out and it usually goes away.

JULIA: So if we just cut off Walter's tail he might get better?

DORN: Maybe, but I doubt it.

JULIA: Why?

DORN: Starting with a full tail is an aggressive sign. It's near the spine. Easier access to his brain. Plus, he's already hopping. That's not looking good.

JULIA: Well, shit Dorn. What options do we have?

DORN: There are various techniques. You can starve it out if it's in the stomach. Smoke it out if it's the lungs. Scare it out if it's in the nervous system.

JULIA: So we can fix it?

DORN: These remedies are a coin toss. Sometimes the rabbit traits can go away for a decade, sometimes a month, but sometimes it doesn't work at all.

JULIA: But will it work for Walter? That's all I need to know. Will it work for *him*?

DORN: We'll find out. The tests will help me find out. But for now we have to wait.

JULIA: Wait? Yes, wait.

DORN: I'm sorry I haven't seen you in a while. You know how things get busy. The days seem to slip away from me. Tuesday turns into Wednesday and (whew!) where do they go? It's like the days are running and I'm just trying to catch them.

(The sound of muffled crying from WALTER comes from the other room. DORN looks up at JULIA. They both appear startled and nervous. DORN stands.)

DORN: I'll call you tomorrow.

(DORN leaves.)

JULIA: Walter? Walter!

Come talk to me.

Please—

(WALTER enters. They hug each other.)

JULIA: I can't believe this is real. I can't believe this is our lives.

WALTER: I know.

JULIA: I close my eyes. I reopen them. I close my eyes. I reopen them. It's all real.

WALTER: I always had some sense this might happen. An intuition about it. Some kind of rush to my life.

JULIA: It can take years. It can take a long time.

WALTER: It *can*.

JULIA: When your father transformed, what was it like?

WALTER: It was so sudden. He just went to work one day and poof! A rabbit. Just right there at his desk. It made the Year of Grief that much harder.

JULIA: Oh, the Year of Grief. What was that like?

WALTER: Strange at first. Having my father there at the house as a rabbit. But after awhile there was routine. We would feed him and he would sit next to us silently. You could still feel his presence in a small way. We became comfortable with him as a rabbit.

JULIA: That must have made it that much harder when the Rabbit Collectors took him away.

WALTER: It was. He's there now at the Sacred Green Space.

JULIA: The Sacred Green Space.

WALTER: Where only the rabbits go, and no one else is allowed to enter.

No one.

(JULIA hugs and kisses WALTER with passion.)

JULIA: Oh, Walter. This hair. This face. This skin. I want to tape you together and sew you up. I want to keep you perfect, just like this.

WALTER: It's just a body.

JULIA: What is more important than a body?

WALTER: Passion. Connection. Memory.

JULIA: If only you could build a body out of memory. If only you could touch memory with your hands.

WALTER: I know.

JULIA: Does your personality change?

WALTER: I think so.

JULIA: But how? How soon?

WALTER: Gradually, every day. Just a little.

JULIA: I never paid attention when people talked about this. The Transformation. The turning into rabbits. The leaving your old life behind. I never wanted to acknowledge it, because acknowledging it somehow made it real.

But it turns out it's real anyway. Whether you acknowledge it or not.

WALTER: When I was a kid I ate a bunch of carrots once when no one was looking. I just grabbed them and shoved them in my mouth.

JULIA: Walter, you know that's bad luck!

WALTER: I was just so curious. I had to try. They tasted really good.

JULIA: I can't believe you never told me that.

WALTER: Maybe I was already transforming. Even back then, just a little. Just the tiniest bit. Maybe that's why I've always felt this rush to my life.

JULIA: Well, slow down Walter. Please, slow down.

SCENE 4

(JULIA & WALTER in bed. WALTER sits up and screams.)

JULIA: What is it? What is it?

WALTER: It hurts.

JULIA: Where?

WALTER: All over. My head. My arms. My stomach.

JULIA: Aw honey. They're growing pains.

WALTER: It won't let up.

JULIA: Walter, there's hair all over the bed. Look, little tiny pieces of hair.

WALTER: I'm trying to will it to stop.

JULIA: That probably just makes it hurt more.

(She starts rubbing his shoulders. WALTER screams again and stands up.)

WALTER: Don't touch me.

JULIA: I'm sorry!

WALTER: It's just--
I don't want to be touched right now.

JULIA: Okay.

What can I do, then?

WALTER: Nothing.

JULIA: Show me where it hurts.

WALTER: Don't talk to me like I'm a kid.

JULIA: I'm not. I'm being sympathetic.

WALTER: Well it makes me feel worse.

(JULIA turns and faces away from him. He groans. She has some water by her bedside that she gives to him.)

JULIA: Here. Drink some water.

(He drinks and flinches.)

JULIA: Better?

WALTER: Not really.

JULIA: God, I wish I could just feel what you feel.

WALTER: No you don't.

JULIA: I'm saying at least we would be in this together.

WALTER: We can't be in this together. It's something we can't do together, because it's happening to me.

JULIA: What I feel right now is the lack of feeling. The lack of pain. The lack of transforming. All I feel is lack.

WALTER: I don't want to hear how sad you are about how little pain you're in.

JULIA: I'm sorry. I just want to know how you feel.

WALTER: And I don't want you to know how I feel.

JULIA: Then what do you want, Walter? Do you want me to leave you alone?

WALTER: No.

JULIA: Is this how you want us to remember our lives? Us fighting?

WALTER: No.

JULIA: What do people do in times like this? Is there a manual? Is there some sort of list? Do you want to travel the world and go skydiving? Do you want to fuck a bunch of redheads? What do you want?

WALTER: I just don't want to hurt.

JULIA: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm not being fair.

WALTER: This isn't something we can prepare for. We don't know what it will be like until it happens.

JULIA: I know.

WALTER: This is really hard. This has been really hard,
Julia.

JULIA: What are you thinking about?

WALTER: Little things.

JULIA: Like what?

WALTER: Rabbits can't wear wedding rings.

JULIA: Sure they can...
And you're not a rabbit yet.
We can get through this.

WALTER: But that's the point. We can't. Even if we can,
we can't, because I'll be gone.

JULIA: Gone. Such a small word, for such a big mean-
ing.

WALTER: I think it might help if you rubbed my shoul-
ders.

JULIA: Are you sure?

WALTER: Just a little.

(She rubs his shoulders.)

SCENE 5

(JULIA is vacuuming in pajamas. A knock at the door. She answers it, and DORN enters, holding a dish wrapped in foil.)

DORN: I made you this casserole.

JULIA: What?

DORN: I made you this casserole.

JULIA: Why?

DORN: It's a common gesture of sympathy.

JULIA: Who are you Betty Crocker?

DORN: *(obviously)* Uh, no.

JULIA: I'm sorry, Dorn. It's not you. It's just that my house is a mess.

DORN: Oh, everyone always says that, but it's never really that bad. People are just sensitive.

JULIA: No really. It's a mess. Walter shit all over the floor.

DORN: What?

JULIA: Look!

(She holds up a plastic baggie filled with poop.)

DORN: Oh.

JULIA: I knew his body would change, that's one thing, but everything else has changed too. And look at all the hair. Fur. He really has more and more hair every single day.

DORN: Every day?

JULIA: Is that normal?

DORN: It could be a side effect of something else...or...I don't want to worry you.

JULIA: It's too late for that, just tell me what to expect.

(They sit down together.)

DORN: Okay. He's going to start eating a lot, shedding constantly. And lots of energy. I mean a lot of energy.

JULIA: Most of that is already happening.

DORN: And sometimes rabbits, now this is at a later stage in the transformation, but you need to know-

JULIA: What?

DORN: Well, to fully digest their food they have to...re-digest.

JULIA: What?

DORN: They have to eat their own—

JULIA: Wait, no...they have to eat their poop?

DORN: It's a rabbit trait.

JULIA: I can't do this.

I can't watch my husband eat his own poop.

DORN: We have to.

JULIA: Dammit, Dorn! Why don't people tell you about this? All people talk about is the heartbreak, the pain, but they don't talk about how gross it can be too. How they fall apart in front of you. The smells and the sadness. The trying to help them while holding your breath.

DORN: I know. And there is something else too.

JULIA: What else? What else could there possibly be?

DORN: Now the studies aren't clear on this, but I've personally noticed my transformation patients have a sharp increase in...

(He does a strange unrecognizable hand motion.)

JULIA: What?

DORN: Uhm they seem to be a little bit more...

(He does the hand motion again. She is still lost.)

DORN: ...their libido greatly increases.

JULIA: Oh...OH.

DORN: Like I said, there is no statistic on this. But I have found it to be almost universally so.

JULIA: Well at least there's one perk!

(DORN hands her the casserole.)

DORN: I'm sorry. Do you want this?

JULIA: Sure.

DORN: You'll eat it won't you?

JULIA: I'll eat it, but it makes me sad.

(She opens the foil and picks at it. They pick at the casserole together.)

DORN: Where's Walter?

JULIA: He went to the farm.

DORN: Have him come to my office and talk to me.

JULIA: He won't.

DORN: Why not?

JULIA: You act...cold.

DORN: How am I cold? I brought a casserole.

JULIA: You talk to him like it's your job.

DORN: It is my job.

JULIA: There's a level of formality in your voice.

DORN: I have to talk to my patients like that. If I don't, I get upset. I get too invested.

JULIA: Walter is family. You're already invested.

DORN: It's just how I cope.

You see the patient. They're a person. They're a human.

They look up at you with these begging eyes. Always begging.

This "save me save me save me."

And sometimes you can. And it's good. And the family sends you a card that says "thank you." And sometimes you can't, and it's awful. So you send their family a card that says "sympathy." And that's that.

It all gets to be a bit too much after a while.

JULIA: I can't imagine having to deal with that every day.

DORN: Have you talked to Mom?

JULIA: You know her. Smile and drink a martini and pretend everything's fine.

DORN: That's her way.

JULIA: It's not mine.

...

What do you think it's like in the Sacred Green Space?

DORN: I like to imagine that all the rabbits sit around and just eat cake together.

JULIA: That sounds nice.

DORN: It's more of a dream I return to.

JULIA: I like cake.

DORN: What do you think happens?

JULIA: Nothingness, dullness. Just chewing on hay and staring into oblivion.

DORN: How bleak. Hey, it's past noon and you're still in your pajamas.

JULIA: I don't see the point of changing now.

DORN: You always wear the weirdest outfits.

JULIA: They're not weird. They're fashion forward.

DORN: I remember you left the house one time wearing a kids jumper, a leather jacket, and bowling shoes.

JULIA: Well we can't all become doctors.

DORN: I'm only joking. I'm glad you're a fashion designer. I brag about it to people.

JULIA: Change your clothes, change your life. When you wear a dramatic dress you don't have to talk. Your clothes talk for you. But lately I haven't cared about any of that. I can't seem to get anything done.

DORN: You should get dressed up and go out. You and Walter. It will be good for you. It will be good for you to do something fun.

(JULIA imagines going out on a date with WALTER, and how nice it would be. Then she thinks about how WALTER might shit on the floor of the restaurant, or what if they see someone they know, but don't know well enough to talk about WALTER's illness with? This makes JULIA feel tired.)

JULIA: It is very sad. It is very sad to watch your husband turn into a rabbit.

DORN: Yes it is.

JULIA: Thanks for the casserole.

(DORN begins to exit.)

JULIA: Wait! Use this.

(JULIA hands him a lint roller. He uses it and hands it back, then leaves.)

(WALTER enters. He has more fur on his body and is holding a box of dirt. He hops into the room.)

WALTER: I saw Dorn outside.

JULIA: He brought a casserole. He wants to help prolong your life.

WALTER: With the casserole?

JULIA: Maybe.

WALTER: I think I'm ready to quit things.

JULIA: I think I'm ready to cling to things.
So what's with the dirt?

WALTER: I went to the farm, packed up all my stuff, and left.

JULIA: Oh. I'm sorry.

WALTER: I loved being a farmer.

JULIA: Then keep being one.

WALTER: It's a balance of importance now. Thinking of time in spoonfuls instead of cups.
I'd rather be here with you.

JULIA: But you can still be a farmer.

WALTER: In a way, I guess.
I liked taking a seed and putting it in the ground and watching that seed make many, many different things that people could eat.

I liked seed metaphors, like how watching a seed grow up through the concrete was similar to the resilience of the human spirit.

I liked picking dirt out from underneath my fingernails at the end of the day.

I liked how some plants complimented each other and made the other grow stronger when you planted them next to each other, like tomatoes and basil.

I liked how those foods seemed to taste the best together as well. Like these two plants wanted to be together until the end.

I liked working so hard with my body that I never had to worry about sleeping well at night.

I liked sneaking a bite of the snap peas during the summer harvest. So fresh and crisp.

I liked having purple-stained fingers after a day of berry picking.

I liked the view of the rolling hills. The big sky. The animals that would sneak by. The wind cooling you on a hot day. The birds in the spring. The crisp air of the fall. The cycle. The seasons.

I liked it when people said, “you only need a doctor once in your life, but you need a farmer everyday.” Because everyone has to eat.

JULIA: Yes. They do.

WALTER: If you don't eat you...

JULIA: Turn into a rabbit.

WALTER: So everyone has to eat.

(They stare at the dirt.)

JULIA: Our first date was in the dirt.

WALTER: It wasn't a real date. It was more of an accidental date.

JULIA: Those are the best kind.

(They go back in time over the dirt.)

WALTER: This is where I work.

JULIA: It's beautiful out here. The air smells like...honey.

(They inhale.)

WALTER: It's the flowers. It's pretty great.

JULIA: It's so cool that you work in the dirt.

WALTER: Is it?

JULIA: Well, that you work with plants. With your hands. That you make things grow. You make life!

WALTER: I don't think of it as working *in* the dirt as much as working *with* the dirt.

JULIA: Like nature is your co-worker.

WALTER: Yeah.

JULIA: That's so real. I sit in a room. I'm not real.

WALTER: You're real.

JULIA: How do you know?

WALTER: You look real.

JULIA: Maybe I'm just a mirage.

WALTER: You sound real.

JULIA: Well people hear what they want to hear.

(WALTER goes up to her and touches her.)

WALTER: You feel real.

(They break away.)

JULIA: Is it hard to grow lettuce?

WALTER: Not at all. It's one of the easiest things to grow. Not like root vegetables. Root vegetables take months.

JULIA: Let me try some.

(He picks a leaf of lettuce off a plant and hands it to her.)

WALTER: The Native Americans thought eating lettuce prevented smallpox.

JULIA: Boy were they in for a shock!

WALTER: Hey, it's not funny. It's sad.

JULIA: I know. I think it's sad.

WALTER: Okay. Good. Because it is.

JULIA: I know. I'm sad.

WALTER: Cool.

(JULIA chews the lettuce.)

WALTER: So do you like the taste? I think it's sort of bitter.

JULIA: I'm feeling a little light-headed. Can you get drunk off lettuce?

WALTER: Maybe you need to sit down.

JULIA: It's all this chewing. It's making me feel loopy.

(She sits down.)

WALTER: Chewing is hard on the jaw.

JULIA: Chewing is so trashy.

WALTER: Yeah, classy people never chew. They just make a juice out of everything and drink it through a straw.

JULIA: I'm glad we're not classy.

WALTER: We're wild!

JULIA: Ya, we're wild! We live in dirt! Here eat this.

(She feeds him some lettuce.)

WALTER: Oh I think I'm getting tipsy.

JULIA: I'm going to have to cut you off.

(They kiss.)

WALTER: I think I really like you.

JULIA: I like you too.

WALTER: I know we haven't known each other for that long, but I think I'm like 35% in love with you.

JULIA: Really?

WALTER: Yeah. So, if you don't feel the same way I will be like 65% okay. But I also will be sad. Maybe like 45% sad.

JULIA: The number just increased.

WALTER: Oh. Damn.

(They kiss again.)

JULIA: I love dirt. I love lettuce.

(They kiss some more.)

WALTER: I love percentage increases.

(They return to the present.)

JULIA: I love you.

WALTER: I want to plant something in this dirt. I want to watch a seed grow, and get dirt under my fingernails. I know it's not the same as a farm, but I think it will help. It will help me cope.

JULIA: I like that. What are you going to plant?

(Lights shine on WALTER. An otherworldly sound is heard. Rabbit ears are placed on his head.)

WALTER: I'm going to plant carrots.

END OF SAMPLE