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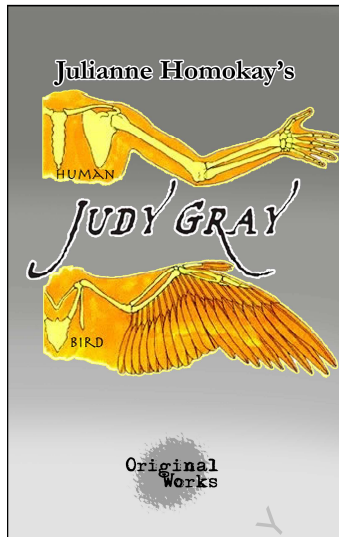
IceSPEAK

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Trade Edition, 2014

ISBN 978-1-934962-17-6

*Also Available From
Original Works Publishing*



JUDY GRAY by Julianne Homokay

Synopsis: Judy wants to fly. Judy has wanted to fly as long as she can remember. So, as a vengeful response to her well-meaning yet domineering father, Judy steals his golf clubs and builds her dream wings out of them. Adolescence soon interferes with her goal. Egged on by her Girls in Gray, the relentless inner voices that seek to drive teen-aged girls to destruction, Judy loses sight of herself and lets her attraction to her feather pusher, Birdman, lead her into addiction and promiscuity. In this sense, quirky Judy, with her thick glasses and command of geometry theorems, becomes an Everygirl who must figure out how to grow up in a household that refuses to allow her the room to grow.

Cast Size: 2 Males, 8 Females

IceSPEAK

by Jeanette D. Farr

SAMPLE ONLY

IceSPEAK was first presented at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas in April 2000. It was directed by Nate Bynum.

The cast was as follows:

BEE-BEE—Barbara Ann Rollins

CHAZ—John Lysaught

SHECKY—Levi Fackrell

SAMPLE ONLY

CHARACTERS:

BEE-BEE - 27, A fighter.

CHAZ: 27, A tortured soul.

SHECKY: - 40's, A would-be record producer. Waiting to sign the great new talent if only he could find her.

SETTING: Someplace cold. Real cold. In the wild where it's easy to create... but will kill ya if you stay there too long.

PRODUCTION NOTE: The scenes should run continuously with no blackouts unless specified - There may be music in between or underneath scenes. (Preferably not canned) A small band on stage would not be out of sync here. Whatever rhythm it takes to tell the story.

“It’s what you learn after you know it all that counts.”
-John Wooden

“A man doesn’t know what he knows
until he knows what he doesn’t know.”
-Thomas Carlyle

“That which does not kill us, makes us stronger.”
-Nietzsche

IceSPEAK

(The play opens to some heavy guitar playing. It's grotesque. It gets louder. There is feedback. Then silence. Crickets chirping. A snowstorm increasing to a blizzard – sound of a crowd becoming restless as if before a concert.)

BEE-BEE: I'm gonna be a rock star.
A mother-fucking rock star.
And one day I will tell the whole wide fucking world.
What I got to say.
I'm gonna get out of this dump.
And be a mother-fucking rock star.
And no one. No one is gonna stop me.

CHAZ: So I says to her, I says...
“How's about you come home with me?”
And you know what she says? She says...

BEE-BEE: “I don't think so.”

CHAZ: Just like that.
“I don't think so.”
So we ended up fucking anyways.

BEE-BEE: Let's go! One, Two... One, two, three four!

CHAZ: I take her home and I make my way in.
And we fuck like there's no tomorrow

(Sound riff – a guitar chord)

CHAZ: I'm no poet - OK?
I haven't written anything in years - OK?
But somethin'.

Somethin' about this girl.
Makes me hard to write.
Write a letter. A letter to a man.
I haven't spoken to him in years.

BEE-BEE: No one's gonna stop me.

(A CHEERING CROWD RISES)

CHAZ: It's not that it's hard to write songs.
B-flat, G, D-minor seven.
I can do that.
Some of the greatest hits had the simplest of chords.
But she ain't one of them.

BEE-BEE: *(Sings with shades of Janis Joplin, blues-ey with great soul and emotion)*

Chicken pot pies
Tellin' lies
Someone else's bed.
I'm outta here
I'm outta here
Write that down in that little black book of yours.

CHAZ: Every time she played for me
She played for me that first night
A few days after that first night
And it was like... soul-sharing, you know?
Like, I told her stuff - she just played...
Played me like a guitar.

BEE-BEE: A fucking rock star.

CHAZ: One night- when there was about a million stars out.

BEE-BEE: There's always a million stars out.

(CROWD CHEERS)

CHAZ: She played a new song
I couldn't help it.
I cried.

BEE-BEE: But I'm gonna be one of the few.
One of the few who...
Get out of this dump.

CHAZ: She didn't see it, you know. But that doesn't
mean it wasn't there - it wasn't real.

BEE-BEE: And make it.
Make 'em hear me
Make 'em laugh.
Make 'em feel.
Make 'em cry...

CHAZ: Shit, Man! I never cried in front of no woman
before.

BEE-BEE: A mother-fucking rock star!

(SHECKY shares his "first time")

SHECKY: I just went in there to get out of the cold.

CHAZ: (*Chuckles a bit*) "I don't think so."

SHECKY: And when I was driving...
Well I was driving...
Thinking...
And... Brainstorming.
And I go into this place-

BEE-BEE: Get out of this dump.

SHECKY: This place... like heaven on a silver platter. I never would've found her.

CHAZ: If I only kept walking.

SHECKY: If I only kept driving. Whew! Man! If I only kept driving.

CHAZ: If I only...

SHECKY: And I see her...

I HEAR her.

And she's sweatin' up a storm.

CHAZ: It must've been twenty below out there
Not uncommon for that time of year you know
But she was... hot.

SHECKY: Gosh - I mean.

There was sweat

Beads of sweat

CHAZ: Not like "hot" you know. Like what people say –
"She's Hot.

But it was five below and she was wearin' next to nothing.

SHECKY: Beads of sweat

On her brow

CHAZ: And the heat was radiating offa her like nothin'
could, you know? It would melt an entire iceberg if she
were this close to it.

SHECKY: Like she just shoveled an entire sidewalk -

All by herself.

CHAZ: I take her home.

SHECKY: It's nearly five below out there
And she's workin' that stage, ya know.

CHAZ: Or she took me.
I told her some story
I told her she had to play for me.

SHECKY: And everyone is right there.
I'm right there-

CHAZ: I wormed my way in.

SHECKY: In the palm of her hand.
Pretty darn unbelievable, If ya ask me.

CHAZ: Like a worm in an old piece of wood.

BEE-BEE: Get out of this dump.

CHAZ: It's been nine months.

SHECKY: It was only... a minute.

CHAZ: Nine months of her bed.

SHECKY: A minute.

CHAZ: Her smell.

SHECKY: One minute.

CHAZ: Her taste.
I can still taste her, sometimes.

SHECKY: It seemed like a minute.
My eyes were on her.
Only for a minute... or two.
But I heard.

BEE-BEE: Make them hear me...

SHECKY: And I saw.

BEE-BEE: Make them listen.

SHECKY: It was...
Well... Magic.

BEE-BEE: If you listen, listen really hard.
You can hear it.

CHAZ: Still taste her.
Still feel...her.

BEE-BEE: And it's for me, nobody but me.

(BEE-BEE approaches a microphone as if ready for a concert)

BEE-BEE: Not for anyone else.
Cause when you're a rockstar.
Nothing else matters.
It's letting go.
For nobody but you.
And the crowd-
They want a piece of you.
All reaching up-
As if you are some...
Some rock and roll messiah-
Preaching the truth-
And it's smart.
Like all the heroes.

CHAZ: Don't go out there.

SHECKY: Come on Becky.

CHAZ: Bee-Bee.

SHECKY: Play one for us.

CHAZ: I won't let you go.

SHECKY: Some hero...

BEE-BEE: To all the heroes of our time
I say a little prayer-
Those who shared their music.
But died before their time.
I say a prayer for them.

CHAZ: Don't GO THERE!

BEE-BEE: Often fame is a matter of dying at the right
time.
But not for me.
It's all.
All for me.

(BEE-BEE once again approaches the microphone)

CHAZ: I was... everything
What I could be anyway
Inspiration, soul-

BEE-BEE: Here's a little song you might have heard be-
fore.

CHAZ: She and I-
Bee-Bee and Me-

BEE-BEE: About a guy I knew.

CHAZ: And *I*.

BEE-BEE: He was...

CHAZ: We had soul

BEE-BEE: Some hero

CHAZ: I was... her hero

(CHEERING CROWD rises - then fades.)

BEE-BEE: *(sings)* Met a guy on a night like this
We laughed some and felt some
Heroes aren't made for free

SHECKY: Things can change

CHAZ: Until one night
Found another woman
She wasn't as good of a player
Nobody could be better than Bee-Bee.
Nobody.

BEE-BEE: *(sings an angry song)*
Whadaya take me for?
Whadaya take me for?
I'm not who you think I am...
Whadaya take me for?
Whadaya take me for?
It's not what you think it is.

(SHECKY gives her his hand and helps her out off of the stage)

CHAZ: Jealousy is a wicked thing.
It's green, and ugly, and really complicates things
It sets people off - moves them apart.
(To BEE-BEE) Damn! Man! Fucking Christ!
Am I talking to the fucking wall here?

(LIGHT CHANGE into CHAZ's home.)

BEE-BEE: I left you some left-overs in the fridge.

CHAZ: But...

BEE-BEE: There's some more in the freezer, too.

CHAZ: It's cold out there. Near freezing.

BEE-BEE: I put the date on them.

CHAZ: Lake's frozen over.

BEE-BEE: That way you know when things'll get spoiled.

CHAZ: Where you gonna go, huh?

BEE-BEE: Plenty of chicken pot pies.

CHAZ: You know they use the whole chicken in those things. They say it's real chicken and they aren't lying. But they use everything - all the parts. The feet, the beaks... the tongue. I didn't know chickens had tongues...

BEE-BEE: Everything else... I think... is taken care. Of.

CHAZ: *(Rubbing his head - As if it's the only thing left to say)* Fuck.

BEE-BEE: There's aspirin in the utility drawer.

CHAZ: That's not what...

BEE-BEE: What.

CHAZ: I didn't know we had a utility drawer.

BEE-BEE: Nails, hammer, tacks, extension cord, tape, Christmas tree lightbulb, spark plugs, twine, string, twine, more twine, extra buttons, pen batteries - Double A, Couple of C's, lint, dust, lint, crumbs, food crumbs. Pot pie crumbs. Leftover crumbs. Roach food, roach droppings, dead roach.

CHAZ: Wanna smoke up before...

BEE-BEE: I've smoked up before.

CHAZ: No. Before you...

BEE-BEE: Before...

CHAZ:
You go?

BEE-BEE:
No.

BEE-BEE: That stuff kills brain cells, you know.

CHAZ: Plenty on the road, I'm sure.

BEE-BEE: Lays you out.

CHAZ: You'll still drop me a postcard or something, right?

BEE-BEE: Makes you dumb.

(BEE-BEE checks her face in a small hand mirror)

CHAZ: You need a ride somewhere?

BEE-BEE: No.

CHAZ: You just gonna walk?

BEE-BEE: No.

CHAZ: I mean, 'cause it's near freezing...

BEE-BEE: Someone's meeting me across the lake.

CHAZ: Hmm. *(Pause)* Sure lookin' at yourself a long time.

(PAUSE)

CHAZ: See something interesting?

BEE-BEE: I don't wanna start anything.

CHAZ: What's the big deal?

You're leaving me.

You're just leaving me.

That's all. Doesn't mean
you have to punish yourself-
Walking in the cold.

In the snow.

Across that lake.

I'm the one

That should be punished, right?

You want me to walk with ya?

BEE-BEE: No.

CHAZ: It's really no big deal. I'll put on my snow boots and walk you to the road.

BEE-BEE: I'll know when I see the headlights.

CHAZ: Headlights.

BEE-BEE: The headlights.

CHAZ: Come on - the least I can do-

(HE grabs her guitar case- THEY struggle)

BEE-BEE: Forget it, Charlie!

CHAZ: You just gonna carry all of that?

Your luggage

Your guitar case

Your mirror?

BEE-BEE: I can MANAGE

(The mirror slips out of her hands and falls to the floor)

CHAZ: There you go - Look - See? See what happens?

(BEE-BEE picks up the mirror)

BEE-BEE: It's fine.

CHAZ: Ha! Guess you can't go then... at least for seven years.

BEE-BEE: It didn't break, Charlie.

(SHE hands him the mirror - SHE takes the guitar and looks out the window - A LONG PAUSE)

CHAZ: What are you waitin' for?

BEE-BEE: The headlights.

CHAZ: You all tuned up?

BEE-BEE: I can fend for myself.

CHAZ: Come on - Give it here. At least while you're waitin'.

BEE-BEE: It doesn't need tunin!

(SHE opens her guitar case)

BEE-BEE: Well, maybe fine-tunin'.

CHAZ: Pretty.

BEE-BEE: What?

CHAZ: The...

BEE-BEE: Not me. Don't say "me" - I mean "you" don't you say it.

CHAZ: The guitar.

BEE-BEE: Good. For a minute there I thought...

CHAZ: I know.

BEE-BEE: Fucking line out of your mouth is what I fuckin' thought you were going to fuckin' say.

CHAZ: Would that have been so wro-?

BEE-BEE: Followed by a fucking cliché'.

(SCENE FREEZES for a moment)

CHAZ: Guitar has curves
Just like a woman.
You play things right.
You get a mighty beautiful sound.
You touch the strings and wood
With sweaty, dirty hands.
Let it seep in - I mean really seep in
It starts to break down
The wood, the strings, and playing, well...
It makes the fingers turn green.

(BACK into CHAZ's home)

BEE-BEE: Play something? What do you mean - PLAY something.

(CHAZ studies his fingers)

CHAZ: I just-

BEE-BEE: You what. What. Say something. SAY something.

(HE doesn't)

BEE-BEE: For once - You can't. Because you know you fucked up. You know you had something good.

CHAZ: I know.

BEE-BEE: Someone to take care of things, to take care of YOU. Someone who will listen to your philosophical bullshit.

CHAZ: I don't need someone to-

BEE-BEE: (*Mocking him*) "Did you know you can tell how old a tree is by how many rings it has?"

CHAZ: Bee-Bee.

BEE-BEE: Yeah - Chaz. I did. "Do you know that no two snowflakes are alike?"

CHAZ: It's true, but-

BEE-BEE: Yeah - Chaz, I did.

I did.

I did know that...

I knew it all..

Even before it came out of your mouth.

CHAZ: Did you know that eight percent of the world is made up of ice?

(*BEE-BEE stops*)

BEE-BEE: No. Now that one I didn't know.

CHAZ: It's true.

BEE-BEE: Really. Only eight percent.

(*HER sarcasm rings through like an alarm clock*)

BEE-BEE: Pretty....cool.

Talk about wood

and the snow

and the trees

and think it sounds poetic?

It ain't poetry, man.

CHAZ: If you'll just hear me out-

BEE-BEE: Maybe I fell for that nine months ago... No. Come to think of it. I didn't even fall for it nine months ago.

CHAZ: You don't wanna go out there.

BEE-BEE: No - I don't think I even fell for it nine months ago.

CHAZ: All right.

BEE-BEE: Shecky's real keen, you know. No bullshit.

CHAZ: He just wants something.

BEE-BEE: Wants to make me a star, Charlie.

CHAZ: He's ballin' you.

BEE-BEE: Base.

CHAZ: It's true, isn't it?

BEE-BEE: No. We don't BALL. BALLIN' is not something we do.

CHAZ: You must do something, right?

BEE-BEE: (*Looking out the window*) Headlights. Mother-fucking headlights.

CHAZ: I mean - why would he find you so interesting? Shit! That's not how I wanted it to come out - I mean-

BEE-BEE: We sit around. We talk. We drink. Well I drink. He drinks tea.

CHAZ: Tea?

BEE-BEE: TEA! I have gin and tonic, and...

CHAZ: Never used to be into the hard stuff.

BEE-BEE: Let me talk-
And we talk.

We brainstorm.

That's a free-flowin' of ideas, Charlie - in case I'm goin' too fast for you.

CHAZ: I figured it out.

BEE-BEE: I tell him about my songs - he finds places for me to play.

CHAZ: You can play here.

BEE-BEE: Not my style, Punchy. We can only take this so far, you know? You've heard everything I got to say. He hasn't. The people haven't.

CHAZ: Drunks and lonely hearts? Those people? They just want some background music -

BEE-BEE: Wrong again, Charlie. I got me a record.

CHAZ: A record. Real cutting edge.

BEE-BEE: Fine - A demo. Tracks. Just ready to burn.

CHAZ: How did you manage that?

BEE-BEE: He's taking care of it.

CHAZ: Can't find you enough places to play?

BEE-BEE: Shecky has a vision, you know? He's smart. Pretty soon everyone's gonna hear me.

CHAZ: You're gonna be what – a star?

BEE-BEE: A rock-star...

CHAZ: Some vision.

BEE-BEE: You know I can't create art if I don't have a venue to do it in, Charlie? This place. This place is... cold. It's – (*SHE goes to him*) You see this? (*SHE shows her arm to CHAZ*) THAT's a sign of cold. That tells me I better run. I'm outta here. Gone. Nothing in the world has ever made me do that.

CHAZ: Extreme temperature change can often cause the hair to stand on end and create...

BEE-BEE: Are you for real?

CHAZ: What do you want me to say?

BEE-BEE: You can't explain this with some scientific digital reaction to a temperature change, Charlie. It's good. The excitement of something good.

CHAZ: You being a star?

BEE-BEE: Yeah. That's it. That's entirely it.

CHAZ: You're selling out.

BEE-BEE: MY songs. Not yours.

CHAZ: Poetry, huh?

BEE-BEE: It's still for me.

CHAZ: He still wants something.

BEE-BEE: Everybody wants something from somebody, isn't that right? Isn't it?

CHAZ: I don't know.

BEE-BEE: Come on. All you got there is a few chicken scratchings.

CHAZ: Chickens.

BEE-BEE: It isn't finished yet. *(Pause)* Is it?

CHAZ: *(Quietly)* No.

BEE-BEE: You want me to play, dontcha.

CHAZ: I want...

BEE-BEE: Then you can finish your letter.

CHAZ: You play so good, baby. It... I can. I can finish it.

BEE-BEE: I've written songs – a whole slew of songs without you. Created art without you-

CHAZ: Let's hear a round of applause.

BEE-BEE: Breathed life into the dull and boring.

CHAZ: I know the people around here aren't...

BEE-BEE: I made my record -

CHAZ: what you're used to.

BEE-BEE: - without you. *(Pause)* Write that letter, Charlie. You won't regret it.

CHAZ: I'LL FINISH IT. I just need a little more time.

BEE-BEE: Nine months.

CHAZ: Come on Bee-Bee

BEE-BEE: One thing. Nine months.

CHAZ: One thing. And you're gone.

(PAUSE)

BEE-BEE: Call him.

CHAZ: You know I can't... He doesn't have a phone. He doesn't have anything.

BEE-BEE: He doesn't even know where you are. A father not even knowing where his own son is? It's absurd.

CHAZ: Just stay with me.

BEE-BEE: I... I can't.

CHAZ: You can play a song or two. Just tonight. Stay for tonight. *(Pause - stroking the guitar)* I'll even fine tune it for you.

BEE-BEE: Fuck you, Charlie. Fuck you like you fucked that girl. Fuck you for fucking me, all right?

CHAZ: Now who's base.

BEE-BEE: You fucked up. There's no other way to put it.

CHAZ: How many other ways can I say it?

BEE-BEE: And if you need me-

CHAZ: I'm sorry.

BEE-BEE: ... to write that letter, then...

CHAZ: Just play.

BEE-BEE: Then you're not as smart as I ever gave you credit for.

(SHE starts to leave)

CHAZ: You're gonna freeze, Bee-Bee. You'll get up on that stage and freeze!

(BEE-BEE stops)

CHAZ: You'll try to open your mouth and nothing will come out. 'Cause you'll be thinking that life is better here, Bee-Bee. You'll remember. Then god help you in front of all those people. They'll tear you up. You'll be...

BEE-BEE: I'm gone.

CHAZ: Nine months. One thing.

(SHE leaves - SOUND: Door slam. CHAZ sits down to write a letter)

CHAZ: Dear Pop. Pop. No. Dear Pop. I know it's been... It's been a long time and... and... I'm sorry it's been such a long time, but... Dear... Pop. It's your son. Charlie. I always wondered why you named me Charlie when everyone calls me Chaz. I. Dear, Leon. Can I call you Leon? Do you mind if I call you Leon? I think we're both adults... so... Dear... Fuck. Dear Pop – There's something I've always wanted to tell you. Tell you. Wanted to... Dear Pop - I- I wish you could meet Bee-Bee. She's. Well, we're not... DEAR POP - I - Can I call you Pop? Can I still call you Pop? After all these years -

(The door opens and the wind scatters the papers. CHAZ gets an obvious chill. HE crumples up the paper he is working on and goes for the door. SOUND: ICE BREAKING.)

SHECKY: Fifteen minutes.

CHAZ: That's why I was late.

SHECKY: Fifteen minutes.

CHAZ: If only...

SHECKY: I was only late by about fifteen minutes.

“It's a Wonderful Life”

I mean.

If it wasn't for Jimmy Stewart and

“It's a Wonderful Life”

I wouldn't be late.

It's Jimmy's favorite movie, you know.

Not Jimmy in the movie - but my Jimmy.

My son - they play it every G.D. Christmas.
And three months before Christmas
And three months AFTER Christmas!
At first I thought it had a pretty good message-

CHAZ: Things can change.

SHECKY: A good Christmas story - But only at Christmas-

BEE-BEE: I'm gonna be a rockstar.

CHAZ: Suddenly. Before you know it.
Things can change.

SHECKY: It was his favorite part.
He doesn't know any better.
He doesn't know.
When Jimmy Stewart's brother falls through the ice.
THAT's his favorite part.
Not ZuZu's petals. Not Uncle Billy.
And that cockamamie crow-
But the falling through the ice!
And the suicide.
Well- almost suicide.
Where Jimmy wants to end it all?

BEE-BEE:
Make them laugh.

CHAZ:
Things can change.

SHECKY: She'll be looking for the headlights.
That's how it was supposed to happen.
THAT was the plan.

CHAZ: It didn't seem like she was gone that long.

BEE-BEE: Make them feel.

SHECKY: I'm late.
Suicide in a Christmas story.
That's why I'm late.

BEE-BEE: Make 'em cry.

CHAZ: Suddenly.
In a matter of moments.
You can be fine and soul-sharing.
But suddenly it's cold
Frozen over.
And if it's weak.
And the pressure is too much.
Before you know it.

BEE-BEE/SHECKY/CHAZ: Things change in one heart-beat.

(BEE-BEE lets out a sudden gasp as if someone has just slapped her in the face. BLACKOUT. Only BEE-BEE and CHAZ remain. Controlled breathing sounds.)

BEE-BEE: No. NO. NO! So. So. Sssss-ooooooooo. In Out.
In. Out. In. Out. In. Out.

CHAZ: You know when you drink something cold.
Real cold?
And you get that brain-freeze?
It's not that your brain freezes.
But it's really the roof of your mouth.
It gets so cold.
Man - you can't even think.

BEE-BEE: A.B.C.D.E.F.G. 1.2.3. 123.

CHAZ: It was cold. I told her.
Near freezing.

BEE-BEE: Fro-Free-Freezin' Oh-OH-VER.

CHAZ: I tried to find her
Go after her.
She wasn't gone for that long.

BEE-BEE: Someone huh-huh hear me.

SHECKY: My boy was yelling it so loud.
I was standing right there-
But he was yelling.

CHAZ: At first I could hear nothing but snow falling.

SHECKY: "Look at the snow, Daddy!"
"Look at the snow!"

BEE-BEE: Someone's gonna hear me.
In. Out, Innnn. Owwwwwt.
Hear that I fell through.
In. Owwwwwt.

SHECKY: I kept telling him I had to go.
He's seen the movie about a million times before.
I've seen it with him about a million times-
He wouldn't let me go.

BEE-BEE: Hold on. Hold on. Hold on.
Don't let go.
Innn. Owwwwt.
Someone's gonna hear meeee.

CHAZ: I looked... to see if I could see her.
There was nothing but snow for miles around.

BEE-BEE: An inch. An inch.
Give me an inch.
I don't need a mile.
Below the ice.
Just. W-w-w- One bubble.

HAZ: It gets mighty cold.
A little early for this time of year.
I don't think it was planned. I mean... expected.

SHECKY: "Look at the snow, Daddy!" He said.
"Look at the snow!"
Loud - So G.D. loud!
It was all I could do... to...

HAZ: Too much snow.
Snow. Blind. Snow.
Snow hitting face.
Snow hitting me.
The lake was frozen over.
I get to the ice.
Nothing left but her guitar.
Like a fish outta water.

BEE-BEE: Can fish live in this?
A fish outta water. Outta ice.
Cold. Cold fish.

HAZ: Bee-Bee wouldn't just leave it.
Give it up. Not for me.
It made me imagine what happened.
What happened to make her go...

BEE-BEE: Innn. Owwwwt. Someonezz. Cominnnn.
Whazzzz. Commminnn.
Outta ice.
I'M OUTTA ICE.

(SHECKY enters. The sound of two people drinking. A lazy jukebox. We are in a bar.)

SHECKY: You should try it crushed.

BEE-BEE: Excuse me?

SHECKY: Crushed ice in your drink.

BEE-BEE: Yeah. Whatever. Geez. Winner. I'm a fucking winner tonight, boys. Can't I get a little ice in my drink here?

SHECKY: It always makes things taste better.

BEE-BEE: Yeah? And what are you drinkin'?

SHECKY: Oh. That's just what I heard.

BEE-BEE: You shouldn't recommend something if you haven't tried it yourself.

SHECKY: I heard you play. Is that enough to say that you're good?

BEE-BEE: Amateur night.

SHECKY: Nothing amateur about it.

BEE-BEE: Well, since not too many people get out this way I stand a pretty good chance of winning. But not too much of bein' seen.

SHECKY: I saw you.

BEE-BEE: Oh yeah. And who're...

SHECKY: Shecky. (*HE pats his coat pocket*) I'm... uh... all outta cards. I'm getting more... I need to call them and find out what the hold up...

BEE-BEE: Yeah. You do that.

SHECKY: I'm a producer. Well - an agent. A manager, really.

BEE-BEE: Well, what are you?

SHECKY: All three. But I search for new talent. You have a name?

BEE-BEE: Forget it.

SHECKY: What.

BEE-BEE: Look, man. I already have somebody waitin' for me in my bed at home. Just gettin' a little warmed up before I go out into that blizzard out there. So if you don't mind.

SHECKY: Look. I got kids.

(*HE shows her pictures in his wallet*)

SHECKY: AND a wife.

BEE-BEE: But no cards, hm?

SHECKY: I need to call them...

BEE-BEE: Here's a dime. They might be worried, Sheck-eee.

SHECKY: Kinda a funny name, huh. No, I don't need to call my wife. They know where I am. That I look for talent. The printers I mean... I need to call *them*.

BEE-BEE: ...Find out what happened. Yeah. You told me.

(SHECKY gets ready to put his wallet away and Bee-Bee glances over. SHE grabs his arm)

BEE-BEE: Wait – What's...

SHECKY: Huh? Oh. Uh. That's... Jimmy.

BEE-BEE: Oh. *(Not knowing what to say)* Cute kid.

SHECKY: Smart too - I mean. Takes after his Daddy.

BEE-BEE: Yeah - whatever

SHECKY: No need to worry about me. I'm not looking for anything...

BEE-BEE: Except for talent?

SHECKY: Ha. That's funny. Well, yes, actually...

BEE-BEE: *(Facing out)* CAN I GET SOME ICE HERE?

SHECKY: I like your music. LOOK. I haven't had anything but tea tonight...

BEE-BEE: Tea?

SHECKY: And something happened to me when you played. It.... Well... It made me feel warm. There's a G.D. blizzard going on outside and I came in here 'cause I was frozen to the bone....

BEE-BEE: G.D.?

SHECKY: And I saw you up there and...

BEE-BEE: Why don't you just say it?

SHECKY: I promised my wife.

BEE-BEE: Uh - huh.

SHECKY: Doesn't want Jimmy to pick up any bad habits - She doesn't even like it when I say "gosh darn". She says the only reason why people swear is that they can't think of anything else to say.

BEE-BEE: (*Thawing out a bit*) You're sure not at a loss for words....

SHECKY: I can't help it - I mean. It wasn't 'til you played I felt warm from my toes on up to my head. How do you explain that?

(PAUSE)

BEE-BEE: Rebecca.

SHECKY: Not a Becky?

BEE-BEE: Bee-Bee.

SHECKY: Unique.

BEE-BEE: Figure you gotta make it your own, you know. Be somebody. Bee-Bee. I guess I took it to an extreme.

SHECKY: Well. Bee-Bee. I think you're somebody.

BEE-BEE: Oh yeah?

SHECKY: And I'm willing to bank on it.

BEE-BEE: Look. Writing songs is just a hobby of mine, really. I don't think...

SHECKY: Wait! Stop! Before you say it - Hear me out. I think all you need to do is get the heck out of this dump. Voice like yours. Words like yours. I think you could make it. Be a rock star.

BEE-BEE: A rock star.

SHECKY: That is - If that's what you want to be.

BEE-BEE: A mother-fucking rockstar.

SHECKY: Well yes... There you go. You're smart, Bee-Bee. I mean I can tell you are smart and you act a little tougher just to keep the locals away from you - I can see that - and that's smart, believe me. But you don't need to stay around here and impress those people. You're better than that.

BEE-BEE: Get me outta this dump, huh?

SHECKY: I heard you sing, Bee-Bee. We talk. We brainstorm. We figure out a way to get you a...

BEE-BEE: A gig.

SHECKY: A demo.

BEE-BEE: Yeah?

SHECKY: Then a contract. A rockstar's contract.

BEE-BEE: A rock star, huh? What is it going to take to get a rock star some... what did you call it? Some G.D. ice here, huh?

SHECKY: Get this winner some G.D. ice here! See - I get you results already, Bee-Bee. Someone's coming.

BEE-BEE: Somemmmmmmonnnnnzzzzzz, Cominnnnn.
Gimmmmmmeeeeeee my eyesssss.
Crrrrusshhhh'd eyesssss.

(LIGHTS resume. SHECKY exits)

CHAZ: Ice. Like glass.
Slick and smooth.
Like her.
I thought she would be gone. She was waiting for the headlights. But then I saw, and I heard.

BEE-BEE: Just. W-w-w One bubble.

CHAZ: Ever so faintly a – a sort of tapping and then
It was like a heartbeat. A sort of heartbeat behind stone.
Things echo in the cold.
When I say you could hear the snow you really could.

BEE-BEE: Fro-Free-Freezin' Oh-oh-VER.

CHAZ: She wouldn't speak.
That doesn't mean she wasn't in there
That it wasn't real.

BEE-BEE: Please... see me.

CHAZ: Her eyes were the first thing I saw.
Hands up as if she were reaching for something.
All of this in a split second of time.

BEE-BEE: Trouble. One bubble.
Share it with the fish.
Innnn. Owwwwwt.
One Fish. Two Fish. Red Fish. Blue Fish.
Someonezzzz. Cominnn .

CHAZ: I reached out to her. I told her to hold on. Hold on.

BEE-BEE: Innn. Owwwwwt. Innnnn.....

CHAZ: Hold it. Hold your breath.

(LIGHTS UP to BEE-BEE smoking a joint. SHE holds it in)

CHAZ: One. Two. Three.

(BEE-BEE coughs it out)

BEE-BEE: I can't.

CHAZ: You'll get used to it.

BEE-BEE: Oh. I will, huh. Will I get used to you, too?

CHAZ: Do you wanna get used to me?

BEE-BEE: I think I could get used to you.

(CHAZ picks up BEE-Bee's guitar and continues to tune it)

CHAZ: Almost tuned up. I got one of those natural ears. I mean. I can hear something and tell you exactly what note it is.

BEE-BEE: That so.

CHAZ: How long have you played?

BEE-BEE: Not long.

CHAZ: Gonna be famous someday?

BEE-BEE: I doubt it.

CHAZ: Then I can say, "I knew her when"...

BEE-BEE: You think so....

CHAZ: No - you got something. I can tell.

BEE-BEE: Oh yeah?

CHAZ: Something behind your eyes. *(Pause)* You don't say much, do you.

BEE-BEE: What? Oh. No. I'm having a great time. Really. I think when people are comfortable with each other they don't have to speak. It's funny how comfortable I feel with you. Kind of warm. Maybe it's because you were so helpless... out there... in the snow. All alone. Like a fish outta water or something.

CHAZ: I didn't think I'd ever see you again.

BEE-BEE: I was a little mean.

CHAZ: “I don’t think so.”

BEE-BEE: Now you’re just being kind.

CHAZ: No. That’s what you said to me... When I asked you to come home with me.

BEE-BEE: *(With a smile)* “I don’t think so.” *(Pause)* Geez, Bee-Bee. Real cool. But I came anyway.

CHAZ: It was a cold night.

BEE-BEE: Too much snow. It’s hard to live where everything is dead nine months out of the year. Don’t get me wrong. I like it here. Quiet. Helps me think. Be free. Feel... creative. You gotta be IN TOWN for the action.

CHAZ: So is that why you perform here? Because of the “action”?

BEE-BEE: I’m not looking for any of that, you know. I just wanna play my songs. I suppose it’s probably the same reason why you stay here, live how you do...

CHAZ: And how’s that?

BEE-BEE: Simple. Don’t need all the things in life to make you happy. *(Pause)* It’s good, in case you are wondering.

CHAZ: How can you tell that from looking at me?

BEE-BEE: I come from a long line of fortune-tellers who would read minds at carnivals. I decided to venture off the beaten path and write songs.

CHAZ: Really?

BEE-BEE: That...And you're the only person I know who still has a record player.

CHAZ: (*Noticing player*) Oh. Well - I like the crackle.

BEE-BEE: The crackle? Is that a technical term?

CHAZ: (*Suddenly embarrassed*) It's just a relic I can't get rid of.

BEE-BEE: Everyone's gotta have music.

CHAZ: It was my Pop's. I don't have many records.

BEE-BEE: Hey, it's cool. While my dad watched re-runs of Ed Sullivan on TV., I was playing records just to get that much closer to the real thing.

CHAZ: Sounds a little old fashioned.

BEE-BEE: Call me an old fashioned girl, I guess. (*Pause*) So, do you wanna fuck or what?

CHAZ: Not yet.

BEE-BEE: Hmmm.. not yet.

CHAZ: I just wanna get to know you first.

BEE-BEE: You're not for real.

CHAZ: What?

BEE-BEE: Don't play dumb.

CHAZ: I'm not.

BEE-BEE: You know, Charlie?

CHAZ: Chaz.

BEE-BEE: Chaz. Before my daddy passed on he looked me in the eye and told me I'd know when I would find someone just like him. *(Pause)* I think that really fucked me up, you know?

CHAZ: You were a Daddy's girl?

BEE-BEE: Yep. Unfortunately, he was a sonofabitch.

CHAZ: Oh.

BEE-BEE: But he came from good stock, you know. I think that's gotta stand for somethin'. Oh God. Did I just say "came from good stock".

CHAZ: Yeah. You did.

BEE-BEE: Fucking genetics. Talkin' his talk. You can't ever escape it. I turned out just like him.

CHAZ: A sonofabitch?

BEE-BEE: Guess that was a bit harsh. He wasn't all that bad. Didn't touch me or nothin'. But liked to pick my brain a little too much. Wanted me to be smarter than him for whatever the reason. I guess that's all you can hope for - your kids being a little bit smarter than you.

CHAZ: And mom?

BEE-BEE: Left. Sometimes I don't blame her. I didn't know her. I think he went the extra mile to make sure the parental influence stuck. He would start in with the lessons - I would make up songs in my head. It was the only way I knew to... to really tell him what I felt... in my head. He would get so pissed 'cause he always thought I was day-dreaming - But in fact... I was trying to speak to him. "Rebecca!" He'd say "WAKE UP!" with some gesture that would get MY attention. He couldn't help it - that was the thing. Pickin' my brain. He started off as Dr. Suess then turned into Nietzsche. A little fucking hard to handle at five, you know?

CHAZ: Nietzsche?

BEE-BEE: Sorry. Uh... I do that. I didn't mean to be intimidating.

CHAZ: I don't think...

BEE-BEE: Everyone is smart in some way. You just have to... develop... It. (*Suddenly uncomfortable*) Nope. Can't ever escape it.

CHAZ: What did he die from?

BEE-BEE: What?

CHAZ: Your Father - you said he passed on.

BEE-BEE: Curious. Nothing wrong in that, I suppose. Blood clot. In the brain. Hmmmm. Poetic justice? (*Pause*) Ah shit. Nobody deserves that.

CHAZ: It's a way of grieving, I guess.

BEE-BEE: Grieving.

CHAZ: For the loss.

BEE-BEE: Sometimes people grieve more when someone's alive than after they're dead. *(Pause)* Hey, I owe you a song. That's what I owe you is a song, right? I don't just take rides from people who ask, but you said you needed to do something while I played my guitar...

CHAZ: Well, yeah... but.

BEE-BEE: That's what flipped me out 'cause I thought you were some kind of pervert or something. But when you told me that you heard me playing and wanted to write a letter while I played my music... it well... it touched me and...

(CHAZ kisses her. She appears surprised at first, but then melts.)

BEE-BEE: *(With incredible urgency)* You promise me something - ok? Just as long as you promise me you won't pick my brain too much. I'm not gonna let that happen to me - not again, got it? You want something from me and me from you - that's all. But you're not going to teach me anything I don't already know. Nothing against you. But the music I play - It's for me. Nobody else. Got it? And I'm gonna play that song for you - but only 'cause I want to. That clear?

CHAZ: Sure.

BEE-BEE: There's gotta be something of me still left. I'll tell you anything you wanna know - but you gotta promise me that, will ya. Will ya, Charlie? *(Pause)* I've left you speechless. It's your turn. What's your story, Charlie? You have a father you're ashamed of?

(CHAZ tunes the guitar too tightly and a string breaks)

CHAZ: Shit. Uh... Chaz. People. You can call me...
(Disconnected from the scene) WHAT'S MY NAME
BEE-BEE. WHAT'S MY NAME?

BEE-BEE: What?

CHAZ: Jesus, Bee-Bee. I'm sorry.

BEE-BEE: It's ok.

CHAZ: No - it's not ok. *(Disconnected again)* WHAT
THE FUCK DO I DO?

BEE-BEE: I can get another string... I think.

CHAZ: Just look what I did. *(Disconnected again)* GET
YOU WARM. NEED TO GET YOU WARM.
BREATHE *(Their lips connect again)* Someone falls
through the ... you need to get them warm. WAKE UP!

BEE-BEE: I can still play. Here. Give it here.

*(SHE takes the guitar from CHAZ. She goes into a spot-
light. SOUND of a restless crowd slowly rising. BEE-
BEE moves forward. HER face is troubled. SHE opens
her mouth and nothing.)*

CHAZ: My blood ran cold.

BEE-BEE: Don't let me go!

CHAZ: Nothing I could do.
The lake was frozen over.
Over her.
She didn't understand

How could she understand what I was saying?
Through a bubble.
Under the ice.
She wasn't saying...
Anything.
Just staring.
But it doesn't mean she wasn't still there.
It was more like a bubble. Just a bubble in her brain.

BEE-BEE: No. I feel.

CHAZ: I scraped the ice.
With my bare hands.
Bloody hands.
Scraping.
Nothing left but her guitar.
And her. Under the ice.
Headlights.
I can see her. Trapped.
Frozen over.
Through a bubble.

BEE-BEE: Pulling. Scraping.
On the surface.

CHAZ: And there I was with my bloody hands.
But I couldn't feel it through all of the snow.
Through the snowstorm and the blood.
Snow hitting me.
Hitting my face.

BEE-BEE: Spitting snow. Floating.
I Emmmmmm. Waarrrrm.

CHAZ: There was something.
Something behind her eyes to let me know.

She wanted something.
Something from me.

BEE-BEE: Lifting. Separate.
One side. Brainstorm.

CHAZ: I smash it with whatever.
I can to smash it.
Smashing slush.
Smashing ice.
Smashing guitar.

(The GUITAR is lifted out of BEE-BEE's hands and remains suspended high above the scene. The stage is illuminated with strong bright light)

BEE-BEE: No! I can still play-

(A drumroll. SHECKY in a spotlight. He takes on the persona of Ed Sullivan)

SHECKY: We have a really big shew. A big shew tonight.

CHAZ: No Bee-Bee.
I won't let you go!
Innnn. Owwwwt.
Innnn. Owwwwt.
Oh, God.
WAKE UP!

SHECKY: A new talent. Direct from the snowball state.

(HE looks at BEE-BEE, her face is troubled as she tries to speak.)

SHECKY: Nothing to be nervous about. Go on!

CHAZ: She was cold.

SHECKY: She must be asleep ladies and gents.
Asleep for a really big shew....

(THE crowd becomes belligerent)

CHAZ: Her eyes were open. But nothing there.
There wasn't enough air
Maybe a bubble
A bubble of air
A bubble in her brain.

BEE-BEE: Am I asleep?
Asleep with the fishes?

SHECKY: Help me by putting your hands together and
give a big round of applause for....

*(SOUND of crickets chirping. Then sound of a snow-
storm)*

BEE-BEE: Drifting away.
I um. Drifft. Fffft. Fffft.
Drifft. Awayyyyy.

SHECKY: So long, sweetheart.

(SOUND: Ice breaking)

CHAZ: No more breath.
I can't breathe.
I couldn't breathe.
I didn't let go.

I know I didn't let go.
I wouldn't let go.
I couldn't let go.
I just couldn't breathe, that's all.

BEE-BEE: No Charlie.

CHAZ: This can't be happening.

BEE-BEE: It's not real.

CHAZ: My whole body numb.
I didn't even feel it.
When I lifted her out.

BEE-BEE: One side. No feel.
I no feel.
I NO FEEL.

CHAZ: When someone has a lot of adrenaline.
When they take charge of a situation.
They can have super-human strength.
All the time when I lifted her out
The only thing I could think was-

BEE-BEE: I NO FEEL!

CHAZ: What's happening?

BEE-BEE: I NO FEEL.

(SHECKY returns as Ed Sullivan, holding a record. HE puts it on a player)

SHECKY: A new talent. Just came out with a new record.

END OF SAMPLE