

Day Without Night  
(FINAL DRAFT)

by

Carter Simonson

Address  
Phone  
E-mail

CHARACTERS:

TRISH

IMAN

THOMAS

EVERETT

LOCATION:

A HOUSE IN A QUIET SUBURB

## SCENE ONE

*The living room of a house in what could be any suburb. From the wood paneling on the floor and the soft amber lighting, it is ostensibly meant to invoke a homey atmosphere, but has an uncanny quality to it that no one can place. There is a sofa on the left-hand side, surrounded by garbage, a reclining chair on the right-hand, and a glass coffee table separating the two, a statue of a figure mid-run with blood caked onto the base placed in the center. The entrance to the kitchen is behind the furniture on the left-hand side, with a bookshelf next to said entrance. The hallway to the bedrooms is furthest left and to the front, passing the coat rack and the front door. On the upper-right hand portion of the stage lies a window, jammed shut.*

*Lying on the couch is TRISH, crying her eyes out in unimaginable grief. She is wearing unwashed clothes, and her hair is greasy and fading. The blonde dye combining with her natural brunette colors to form a light brown combination. She is clutching the body of EVERETT, who lies face-up with said face bashed to a pulp. She holds onto him like a security blanket, or a lifeline. His body, outside of mild discoloration, shows no overt signs of rot or rigor mortis, as if it is suspended in time.*

*Her crying continues for a few more seconds until the door opens. IMAN steps in, hanging her lab coat on the coat hook, holding a letter in her hands. She is Trish's age, but carries herself with the air and mentality of someone older, a seemingly reassuring quality in every word and action.*

*Noticing Trish, she puts her bag down and walks over to the couch, putting the letter down on the table. She gently puts Everett down, sits down on the couch, and picks her up, looking at her face-to-face. Iman grabs a tissue from her pants pocket and wipes the tears and snot from her face before embracing her, allowing Trish to cry until she gets it out of her system. Unbeknownst to Iman, Trish's hand latches onto a part of her hair.*

IMAN

It's okay.

(Beat.)

It's okay.

*When Trish stops sobbing, Iman walks into the kitchen to pour her a glass of water. Getting up, she feels Trish's hand tugging on her hair.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Trish? Could you let go?

*No response.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

I can't help you if you don't let go.

*Iman resorts to prying Trish's fingers from her hair one by one. It is something of a struggle for Iman, Trish having a stronger-than-expected grip. Eventually prying her hair free, she gets up and enters the kitchen.*

*Turning the faucet on, the pipes sputter and gurgle before the faucet is turned off. She walks back into the living room and sits next to Trish. She slowly pours the water into Trish's mouth. While much of it is swallowed, a trace amount dribbles at the edge of her mouth. Iman pulls another tissue and dabs the edges of her lips.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Do you need any more?

*Beat. Iman puts the half-full glass on the coffee table.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Let me know if you want more.

*Trish does not respond. Iman walks behind the sofa and hoists Trish up from under her arms.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Let's see here.

*She checks her body for any signs of mess or injury. None are seen.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

You're doing better now. Fever's down too.

*(Beat)*

And you can't grab my hair like that. I mean it. I can't help you if I can't move.

*Iman gently sets Trish back in her resting place before setting Everett back onto the couch. Stepping back, she momentarily looks at both Everett's body and the statue with a perturbed expression before returning to the coat rack, taking her shoes off, grabbing her bag and sitting in the recliner. She takes her bra off from under her shirt, and places it on top of the recliner.*

*Reaching into the bag, she pulls out papers and charts from work and reviews them, alternating between reading them and looking at Trish, who periodically sniffles.*

*A few seconds later, the front door opens again. THOMAS, the third and final living housemate steps in, carrying an armful of groceries while wearing a black overcoat. He keeps himself close to the vest emotionally, with a face and demeanor one wouldn't think too strongly about one way or the other.*

THOMAS

Hi.

*Whatever sounds Trish makes stops as soon as he opens his mouth. Thomas walks into the kitchen, puts the bags down, and walks back over to the rack to hang his coat, revealing his dress shirt, pants and tie. He gently takes off his shoes before grabbing the grocery bags.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm late.

IMAN

Nothing to apologize for.

THOMAS

Did you get my message?

IMAN

Message?

*Thomas walks back into the kitchen, returning with a black garbage bag. He kneels down around the couch and begins picking up the trash.*

THOMAS

I said you two should have dinner without me. Did you?

IMAN

We didn't.

(Beat.)

Do you need any help with that?

*Thomas stops and looks at Iman before resuming his tidying up.*

THOMAS

No thanks. Can she drink?

IMAN

She's better at it.

THOMAS

I'd ask about solid food, but you didn't get to it.

*Iman puts her papers down and gets up from the chair.*

IMAN

Want me to put them away?

THOMAS

If you want.

*Iman walks into the kitchen.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

They didn't have the milk you liked.

IMAN

(O.S.)

The almond?

THOMAS

All out.

IMAN

(O.S.)

I'll try and look for it tomorrow. Normal milk is-

(Beat.)

Weird. On my body.

THOMAS

Weird.

IMAN

It just is.

THOMAS

Weird how?

IMAN

Just doesn't sit right. And almond milk-

THOMAS

Sits right.

*The rustling of the bags stops.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(Beat.)

Iman?

*Iman walks back into the living room, holding three submarine sandwiches.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

They were giving them out at work. I stole the extras.

IMAN

What's in them?

THOMAS

No clue, I figured they might be lunch for us tomorrow.

*Iman puts two down on the table and unwraps the one in her hands, she takes the top half of the loaf off to look at the ingredients.*

IMAN

Salami, swiss, lettuce, tomato,

(Beat.)

Thousand island?

*Thomas shrugs his shoulders. Iman unwraps one of the other sandwiches right as Thomas picks up the last bit of trash around the sofa.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Chicken parmesan...congealed.

*She unwraps the other one, again removing the top part of the loaf to get a better look at the ingredients.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Ham.

THOMAS

And?

IMAN

Just ham.

*Thomas walks over to Iman and peers over her shoulder, as if to confirm that there is a sub sandwich which consists solely of ham.*

THOMAS

Just ham. Have you checked the breads? Maybe the spread is dried.

*Iman picks up the top part of the loaf again and rubs her fingers all over the inside, as if to confirm his suspicions.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

No...

*Putting the top part of the loaf back on, Iman turns the sandwich over, taking the bottom half off. Still ham.*

IMAN

Nothing.

THOMAS

(Puzzled)

Just ham. A multinational talent company spent however much on a set of sandwiches and requested one with just ham.

IMAN

Does it bother you?

THOMAS

I'm trying to wonder who would eat a plain ham sandwich.

IMAN

Can't question it now if they're not having it.

*Iman brushes one of the wrappers off of the coffee table. Thomas catches it in mid-air, and resets it on the table. He notices the letter and holds it up.*

THOMAS

(Beat)

Trying to have this lost in the shuffle?

IMAN

I didn't get around to reading it.

THOMAS

Or were you trying to make more garbage? Imagine if this were on the floor, the floor I just cleaned.

IMAN

How clean can it really be?

*Thomas gestures around the floor before pointing to the garbage bag. He holds the letter up to his face and begins to read.*

THOMAS

Dear Thomas, Trish and Iman. I'm writing this letter to see how you are doing. I'm coming down in two weeks because I've received word from the neighbors that there may be some signs of distress and disrepair. Everett hasn't gotten back to me, and I hope he didn't hurt himself-

*Thomas angrily crumples the letter and throws it in the garbage bag.*



THOMAS (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to keep peace and order. He doesn't think I can do that?

IMAN

The floors do get dusty fast.

THOMAS

I try to make them not as dusty as they could be. I sweep up, I do each dish that goes in the sink, I fix up anything that's out of place, I-

IMAN

Polish the trophy?

*A tense beat follows.*

THOMAS

I'm trying. Nothing seems to stick.

*Thomas is now pensive, thinking about just how the statue became bloodied.*

IMAN

Food?

THOMAS

(Snapped out.)

Come again?

IMAN

Sandwiches? Food?

THOMAS

Right.

*Thomas and Iman walk to opposite sides of the couch, and gently lift Everett off the couch, placing him on the ground. Thomas adjusts Trish to face forward as they flank her left and right sides.*

IMAN

Trish? Do you want to try the ham?

THOMAS

Really?

IMAN

It's simple enough.

(To Trish)

Are you hungry? Do you want some?

*No response. Trish grabs the all-ham sandwich, breaks off a small piece and puts it into Trish's mouth. She chews and swallows.*

THOMAS

Progress.

*Trish breaks off more pieces of the sandwich, feeding them to Trish, until she spits out one chewed-up piece onto Thomas's face.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(Sighing.)

She's probably set.

*Thomas gets up to go into the kitchen. Iman takes the chicken parmesan sandwich and unwraps it as Trish rests her head on Iman's shoulder. Thomas shortly walks out with a roll of paper towels, wiping the spat-out chunk of his face.*

IMAN

(Beat.)

I'm sorry.

THOMAS

Nothing to be sorry about. Would've been fine with either. You didn't even want to heat it up? Is the microwave busted again?

IMAN

Not about the sandwich, the...

*Beat.*

*Thomas takes the bit of paper towel, puts it in the garbage bag and ties it up. He walks out the front door to throw it out as more garbage begins to fall around the couch like snowflakes. He returns a few seconds later, closing the door. He resumes his spot, grabbing the final sandwich, beginning to eat as the light begins to flicker from how it was during this scene to what it will be in the next.*

**END SCENE**

## SCENE TWO

*Trish is standing up off the couch, with Iman by her side. She is slowly guiding her towards the other side of the room. Trish's steps are staggered and unsteady. Thomas stands behind them, attempting to fix the wobbly bookshelf. He tries to drill in a screw, but fumbles with the drill. Despite his best efforts, more trash surrounds the couch and surrounding areas. The ambient noises of the house seem a little louder than usual. Everett's body continues to lie on the couch.*

IMAN

We're gonna turn.

*Trish turns to look at her as she walks before looking back down. They turn at the table, Trish wobbling slightly before almost falling down on her bottom. Iman catches her before she fully falls.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

On three. One, two...

*Thomas shoots too far, drilling a hole into the bookshelf.*

THOMAS

Fucking...Dammit!

*Thomas angrily kicks the bookshelf before attempting to recollect himself. Beat. Iman lifts Trish from her armpits back onto her feet.*

IMAN

Keep walking?

*Trish takes more steps, this time steadier than before. They eventually make it to the other side of the room and turn around, facing Thomas. His frustrated expression breaks into a not entirely convincing smile.*

THOMAS

Good job!

*Trish takes a small step back into Iman's arms.*

IMAN

Great job! You feeling good?

*Trish hesitantly nods in the affirmative.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Can you try walking by yourself to Thomas?

*Trish's attention is divided between looking down at her feet and looking up at an expectant Thomas. She slowly walks towards him. After three steps, she looks at the statue, followed by Everett's body and freezes up.*

THOMAS

(Beat)

Trish?

*She suddenly starts to fall on her face, being caught at the last minute by Iman, who centers her right back up.*

IMAN

Are you alright? What happened?

*Trish does not respond, instead looking down at the floor.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Trish.

*Thomas walks over towards the two and takes Iman's spot, holding her shoulders.*

THOMAS

Are you okay?

*Trish attempts too wriggle free from Thomas's grip, and is not responsive towards his questions.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Can you say something?

*Trish looks away from the two of them, instead gazing towards the window.*

IMAN

Fresh air?

*Beat. She still looks out the window.*

THOMAS

It is pretty stuffy.

IMAN

So? Open it.

THOMAS

I can't.

IMAN

Why not?

THOMAS

It's jammed. Has been ever since we got here.

*Beat. Iman walks over towards where the window is and attempts to open it to no avail.*

IMAN

Jammed. With what?

THOMAS

Don't know, just that it's jammed.

IMAN

(Beat)

Are all the other windows jammed?

THOMAS

Just this one.

*Beat. Iman has a perturbed look on her face.*

IMAN

Has he said anything about it?

THOMAS

The landlord?

IMAN

Yes.

THOMAS

I remind myself to bring it up, then I keep forgetting.

IMAN

And Everett?

THOMAS

Tried to no avail. I'll see what I can do after the bookshelf.

IMAN

Give up on the bookshelf.

THOMAS

You're the one who told me to fix it. Now you want me to give up?

IMAN

The bookshelf is a pet peeve, not a fire hazard waiting to happen.

*Thomas puts his face in his hands and loudly sighs before looking back up at Iman, hands covering his mouth.*

THOMAS

(Through cupped hands)

Okay. I'll try my best. And I'll bring it up with him if it doesn't work. Happy?

IMAN

When's he coming by again?

THOMAS

Week and a half.

(Beat)

I think.

IMAN

I thought it was two weeks.

THOMAS

I could've sworn it was sooner.

IMAN

Sooner the better. We need to talk to him about the-

*Beat. Iman looks at Everett's body.*

THOMAS

I'm sure he'll understand.

*Iman moves towards Thomas at the opposite side of the window. As Thomas and Iman continue to discuss their problems, Trish's attention is locked onto Everett. While they continue to talk, Trish slowly and gracefully walks over towards Everett's body and sits down next to his head, her attention squarely focused on him.*

IMAN

How else are we going to stay here without his share?

THOMAS

They like you at the lab, right?

IMAN

Yes.

THOMAS

How soon do assistants move up?

IMAN

It varies.

THOMAS

Between?

IMAN  
Under a month and over a year.

THOMAS  
And it's been-  
(Beat)  
Two months? Two-and-a-half?

IMAN  
Four.

THOMAS  
It has not been four months.

IMAN  
I don't know why time is so hard for you to grasp.

THOMAS  
For me to grasp?

IMAN  
I swear it's been four months.

THOMAS  
No it hasn't.

IMAN  
That's beside the point, I'm still an assistant.

THOMAS  
What make you think it won't work out if they like you?

IMAN  
There's better people. People who don't get frustrated or  
attack themselves.

THOMAS  
(Beat)  
When you say "attack yourself", do you mean like  
(With hesitance)  
Physically?

IMAN  
No! No. Not...no. No. Like being too hard on myself. Being  
too frustrated.

THOMAS  
You're not frustrated, it's just circumstantial.

IMAN  
How about you?

THOMAS  
What about me?

IMAN

You and work.

(Beat)

Any progress?

THOMAS

With here or at the agency?

IMAN

I was more talking about the agency.

THOMAS

It's sort of the same thing, just a matter of finding the right person. The right people. Trying to learn the skills myself.

IMAN

And how's that going?

THOMAS

Touch and go. Don't have the money for a renovation now, do we?

IMAN

And we have...however long it takes before he-

*A lengthy beat. Thomas and Iman look down at their feet.*

THOMAS

Comes down.

*They continue to look down for a few seconds. Trish lifts Everett's head before dropping it back onto the sofa. As soon as it hits the cushion, a loud "CLANG" is heard from the pipes, jolting Thomas and Iman.*

IMAN

More time could kill us.

THOMAS

We just need to take it one thing at a time.

*Thomas turns to look at where he last saw Trish, but cannot see her. Confused, he looks around, seeing her on the couch, momentarily making eye contact with him before looking back down on Everett. This also catches Iman's attention.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

How did you-

*Thomas walks over to her with a stunned expression on his face.*



THOMAS (CONT'D)

That's great!

*Thomas gives her a hug. She squirms until he lets go, eliciting a confused reaction from him. She continues to look at Everett's body as Iman walks over, standing behind her and the couch.*

IMAN

You did that all by yourself?

*Trish is more receptive towards Iman's platitudes, earning an envious look from Thomas. This continues until Trish looks at the window, her gaze transfixed.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

*Trish again looks down at Everett's body, and again at the window.*

TRISH

(In a dry, staggered tone)

Open.

*Thomas and Iman are taken aback by Trish speaking.*

THOMAS

(Nervously)

That's what we're trying to figure out.

*Trish puts her hand on Everett's chest and looks at the window.*

TRISH

Open.

IMAN

You want him outside?

*Trish ignores Iman, instead looking out the window.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

(Whispering to Thomas)

Can you help me move him?

*Thomas gets up while Iman walks over to where his feet are. They prepare to lift up Everett, until Trish throws herself on his body.*

THOMAS

Trish?

IMAN

Don't you want him outside?

*Trish does not respond. After a few attempts at trying to carry Everett with Trish's body on top, Trish strikes Thomas in the face. Thomas prepares to hit her back before coming to his senses.*

THOMAS

That's not good. You can't do that again, you understand?

*Trish looks at him with a scornful look before cradling Everett. Thomas and Iman give up, and let his body rest on the sofa.*

IMAN

I thought that's what you wanted us to do, Trish. Open the window and let him out.

TRISH

Open.

(Looking at Everett)

Open.

*Iman and Thomas stare at her with puzzled expressions. Iman walks over towards where the window is and unsuccessfully attempts to pry it open.*

*Giving up, she looks at Thomas and Trish, the former still standing over the latter.*

THOMAS

Open.

(Beat)

Open.

*A troubled Iman steps away from the window. Trish lies down on the sofa next to Everett, and drifts into a deep sleep. Thomas, checking that she's fully asleep, steps away from the sofa, moves towards the reclining chair and sits down, seemingly lost in thought along with Iman.*

*After a few moments of this, he snaps back to his senses.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The rum.

IMAN

The what?

THOMAS

The rum. Remember, the bottle of rum he had on the first day here?

IMAN

What about it?

THOMAS

Does he still have it?

IMAN

I have no clue.

*Beat. Thomas gets up and walks into the kitchen area. The sound of him rummaging through cabinets is heard.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

You're not even a drinker, why now?

*The sound of rummaging stops. Thomas walks back into the living room with the half-empty bottle of rum in one hand, and two glasses in another.*

THOMAS

Because I'm in the mood for rum, he's not around to bash our faces in for taking some, and it makes me feel warm and prickly and cuddly and painless inside. Just wish I had some ice.

*Thomas sits down on the reclining chair, puts the bottle and glasses on the coffee table, and pours the rum into both glasses.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

If you'd like to join me, then by all means go right ahead.

*Thomas quickly gulps down his glass, and offers the other one to Iman.*

IMAN

Don't wanna play the drinking game?

THOMAS

Drinking game?

IMAN

The one we played when we-

*Beat. Iman sighs and walks behind Thomas and the recliner.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Never mind.

*Thomas puts the glass down on the table, and looks at Trish, Everett and the statue.*

THOMAS

Found it with the cleaning supplies, label's ripped off.

(Beat)

Smart guy. Shithead, but smart.

IMAN

That couldn't have been the only reason why.

THOMAS

Why what?

*Iman again looks at the statue.*

IMAN

Unless it was all one big pissing contest.

THOMAS

He was gonna hurt us and you know it.

IMAN

He never laid a finger on any of us.

THOMAS

That's what you think. Have you ever seen him alone? I have  
What he said about us, what he said to me, what he wanted to  
do to me-

IMAN

The worst thing he did was be lazy and steal from the Home  
Depot.

THOMAS

That's just what he wanted you to think. I've heard stories  
about him. Horror stories.

IMAN

By jilted friends.

THOMAS

By good friends turned jilted because of him!

IMAN

Who are they? Name some. Right now.

*Thomas cannot name anyone off the top of his head.*

THOMAS

They'll come to me! You know I'm bad with names.

IMAN

He treated us with respect while you were barely around. The second he challenges you, you-

*Beat. Iman tries to find the words to say, but is unable to do so.*

THOMAS

You heard what he said. You saw what he did. I shouldn't have to keep explaining myself to you, Iman.

*Iman turns away from Thomas.*

IMAN

Whatever you say, Thomas. Whatever you say.

THOMAS

I don't get why you defend him. I don't get why I try to keep the house together and I get nothing from it!

*Right on cue, a light bulb explodes, managing to miss everyone. Another beat as silence falls over the living room. Thomas gets up and walks away from Iman into the kitchen, all the while looking down at the ground.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

Now I have to get the fucking broom, and another light bulb, and another bag for the garbage.

*He re-enters the living room, sweeping up the light bulb shards. When he is done, he props the broom against the wall and turns back around to Iman, who looks at him.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(Beat)

What?...

(With more vulnerability)

Iman...

*Iman sits down on the recliner, burying her face in her hands. Thomas walks back over and kneels down next to her.*

IMAN

What are we gonna do?

THOMAS

About him?

IMAN

About everything: him, the house, money-

*Beat. She picks her head up to look at a slumbering Trish.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

She can't live like this.

*They stare at Trish and Everett, pondering what to do.*

THOMAS

Make them leave. I don't care how.

IMAN

Me?

THOMAS

Us, if it'll make you feel better.

IMAN

Are you sure?

THOMAS

Positive.

*Thomas downs his glass.*

IMAN

Can I try something?

THOMAS

What?

IMAN

Let me talk to her, soon.

THOMAS

She won't listen, you know that.

IMAN

I have something in mind.

THOMAS

And if it doesn't work?

*Beat. They look at each other with uncertain expressions. Iman opens her mouth and is about to say something before deciding not to.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What?

*Iman gets up and looks out the window.*

IMAN

I can't stay here anymore. Neither of us can. You're deluding yourself if you think you can, and I don't want to hear it.

THOMAS

You think so?

*Thomas gets up off the couch.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You can go out there and suddenly everything's fine? All this, fine?

IMAN

Then what's your plan?

THOMAS

Cleaning up. As much as we can.

IMAN

How much can you do? What are you going to do?

THOMAS

You're asking me all these questions when you want to leave on an impulse.

IMAN

It's not an impulse.

*Thomas walks up behind Iman. More garbage begins to fall, this time in a broader area in the living room.*

THOMAS

Where else are you gonna go? Told me you can't go home. This is home for me.

*Iman looks away from the window. The lights flicker from what they were in this scene to what they will be in the next. The panels on the bookshelves fall on their sides in a zig-zag formation.*

*END SCENE*

## SCENE THREE

*The morning. Trish is sleeping on the couch, while Everett's body is nowhere to be found. Thomas and Iman stand on the opposite side of the coffee table, waiting for her to wake up. They have pensive, uncertain looks on their faces.*

*Trish slowly awakens. When her eyes are fully open, and she cannot see Everett anywhere, her face changes into one of panic and anxiety as she begins hyperventilating. Thomas and Iman move onto the couch, flanking her on both sides, gently holding her down.*

*The lights have gotten sicklier, more trash is on the floor, and noises are heard throughout the house, consisting of both normal sounds and more abnormal ones mixed together.*

THOMAS

It's okay, Trish. It's okay.

IMAN

Deep breaths.

*Iman starts to breathe deeply, acting as a guide for Trish, who follows her lead and calms down, while not getting rid of the fearful look.*

THOMAS

Trish, we need to talk to you. We both took the day off. Is that alright?

IMAN

It's just the three of us, we had to put Everett away for now.

*Trish gives an angry glare at Iman.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

We understand that you'd be upset, but it'd be best if he wasn't around for this.

THOMAS

Can you listen to us?

*Trish hesitantly nods "Yes". She looks out the window. Thomas forcibly moves her head to look at Iman. She reacts by biting his palm. He winces before moving his hands to where her teeth can't reach.*



THOMAS (CONT'D)

You can't. Even then, you won't get anything by leaving. That world isn't yours and it never will be. It doesn't belong to any of us.

IMAN

We understand that you've been through a lot over the last few weeks. Moreso than Thomas and I. But this is something that we need to talk to you about.

(Beat.)

We understand that you really liked Everett, loved him even. But the truth is he didn't-

(Beat.)

He wasn't willing to cooperate, wasn't willing to be friendly or helpful. And what happened next was unfortunate, but we couldn't have done anything else.

(Beat.)

You can't live like this, you can't be this vegetable while Thomas and I work. Do you need help with anything? Finding a job? Needing to talk to someone else? We can help, you just have to take the first steps and let us know.

*Trish's face is forlorn.*

THOMAS

What's done is done. Both of us wish things worked out differently, but none of us can take it back. The landlord's coming in a week.

IMAN

A week-and-a-half.

THOMAS

At some point, what are we supposed to tell him? "Sorry we don't have enough money, one of us died and spends all day on the sofa with the girl that looks homeless?" Is that what you want me to say?

(Beat.)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Do you want me to talk about that night moment by moment? Or should we be smart and-

TRISH

Caked on.

*A beat. Thomas's face turns into one of disdain. He is about to say something before being interrupted by Iman.*

IMAN

You saw what happened. What are you trying to say?

*Iman moves over and grabs Trish's face before making her stand up. The latter remains silent.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

You think you can still play dumb? You can talk, you lying-

*Iman's face twists in frustration as she tries to find the right words to say.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Do you want to play games? Is that your plan? To stop us from moving on? Holding us back, an anchor on the furniture.

*Iman lets go of Trish's face.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Dead weight. You and him, dead weight. Standing there playing infant while we have to manage everything! We should mount you two on the wall, you cowering with his fist raised, realizing every mistake you've ever made and still lying to yourself about everything.

*A beat. The former's face morphs from anger to shame as even Thomas looks shocked at the words coming from Iman.*

TRISH

You liked him.

*The ambient noises in the house stop. Trish slowly moves towards the window. When she gets to it, she stares outside with expectant eyes and tries to open the window. She is unsuccessful. She pulls it up and bangs on it with increasing intensity before giving up and beginning to weep. Slowly, then almost gushingly so. Iman walks over and hugs Trish.*

IMAN

Trish...Trish...

*Iman pulls her into her gaze as her hands slowly creep up to her neck.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Trish...Trish...

*When her hands reach her neck, she begins to strangle Trish with all her might. Trish weakly attempts to fight back and gasp for help. Thomas runs over, but before he can intervene, Iman puts her mouth over Trish's and bites her tongue off, blood gushing from her mouth, Trish's screams muffled.*

*Iman pulls her mouth away and spits the tongue at Thomas, staining his shirt. Trish collapses to the floor, blood oozing from her mouth onto it and Thomas holds her back, attempting to calm her down.*

*The house reacts with a burst of cacophonous noise, ceasing only when Iman spits the tongue out.*

THOMAS

Iman!?

*Iman's fighting dies down.*

IMAN

Leave her.

*Iman walks away, followed by Thomas behind her. Trish crawls on the floor, grabbing her tongue. She screams and throws it at them down the hall, Iman turns around and prepares to retaliate, before being pulled away by Thomas. Trish continues to scream at no one in particular as the lights change again. One of the pipes from the floor bursts out, now jutting from the stage.*

*END SCENE*

## SCENE FOUR

*The dead of night, later. Trish lies in a burlap sack on the couch, attempting to writhe her way out of it. Thomas is standing over her, attempting to restrain her.*

*The coffee table has been moved in order to make way for Everett, now lying face down on the floor with a blanket covering him. Iman is pouring gasoline over him, before sitting back down on the chair with a methodical expression.*

*The lights are now nauseatingly disgusting in color and intensity. The floor is absolutely covered in trash, and the sounds have gotten to the point where the abnormal noises overpower the normal.*

THOMAS

(To Iman)

Don't worry, the floor won't burn.

IMAN

Wood won't burn?

THOMAS

I burnt some garbage when you weren't here, didn't have to use the extinguisher.

*Iman clutches the extinguisher.*

IMAN

I don't believe you.

THOMAS

I think she's starting to calm down.

*Trish shows no obvious signs of calming down. Iman walks over, releases the opening of the bag, and pulls Trish's head out by her hair. Trish calms down.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I didn't want to say anything.

IMAN

We're getting rid of Everett. We wanted to spare you the image.

THOMAS

You're next if you look. You do want to live, do you?

*Trish's gaze is locked onto the body.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I understand what happened, but animals have ways of answering yes or no. You're telling us you're incapable of responses even animals can produce?

*Iman walks over and tries to set Trish's head down. The latter rebels.*

IMAN

Please. Do not. Mess up. The couch, Trish.

*Iman manages to overpower Trish, and forces her to look up at her and Thomas.*

THOMAS

Trish? We need to tell you something. That is not the man you loved. That is a body of a monster, stiff and rotting from the inside and out. Please be reasonable before we have to punish you again.

*Beat. Trish spits in his face. Thomas wipes it off.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(Sighing.)

Right.

*Thomas goes to the edge of the sofa and picks up his can of gasoline. He is stopped by Iman before he can pour it on Trish.*

IMAN

Let me try.

THOMAS

You may have a worse memory than I do, but I won't stop you.

*Iman leans in front of Trish with a clearly put-on sympathetic face. Trish replies with an angry, guttural sound.*

IMAN

We've had our problems. I'll admit to rashness in a few places, and I apologize. I deeply do. But we have to get rid of him, and this is the best possible way.

*Beat. Trish attempts to slowly remove herself from the sack. Iman forces her back down on the couch.*

THOMAS

Wait. Let her go.

IMAN

What?

Let her go. THOMAS

We agreed- IMAN

Please. THOMAS

*Thomas reluctantly steps away from Trish, who wriggles her way out of the sack. Once it is off her, she gets up and moves towards Everett. She removes the blanket and picks up his head, gazing into the bloodied mess. She puts his head back down, causing a small but audible "Thunk" to reverberate throughout the house. She rests the blanket back over him.*

*She gets up and turns around towards Thomas and Iman, moving towards the latter. Iman initially steps back, before freezing in place as Trish feels the outside of her pocket. Iman takes her hand and holds it.*

What do you need? IMAN

*Iman lets go of her hand, which still hovers over the pocket.*

What's in there? THOMAS

Nothing, you can't- IMAN

Let her. THOMAS

*Iman turns to Thomas with a fearful expression.*

It's just your wallet in there, right? THOMAS (CONT'D)

Just my wallet. IMAN  
(Beat. With hesitation.)

What harm can a wallet do? THOMAS

*Iman raises her hand over the opening of her pocket before suddenly being stopped by Trish, the former's hand going limp. Iman retracts her hand and with a fluid motion, Trish pulls her wallet out, turning away from her to systematically go through each thing.*

*Crumpled dollar bills, credit and business cards and other errata are dropped to the floor.*

IMAN

Find it?

*Trish picks up the dollar bills, tearing them up. Iman lunges towards her. Iman attempts to wrestle the remaining bills away from Trish, but is unsuccessful. Iman grabs Trish's shoulders and turns her around.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Listen to me, this has gone on far enough! You are going to put everything back to where it is, and you're going to owe me what you ruined, and Thomas and I are going to-

*She is interrupted by a sharp slap to the face from Trish. Iman is backed up against the wall by Trish, who holds her hands over the same pocket, this time with a much tighter grip. Iman's face goes pale. Thomas moves towards them, only to be stopped when Trish looks at him with bloodlust in her eyes. He slowly steps back.*

THOMAS

(To Iman)

You gave her your wallet.

IMAN

Yes.

THOMAS

(Beat)

What else do you-

*Thomas's response is interrupted as he realizes what else Iman could be carrying with her. As Trish prepares to enter said pocket, her hand is stopped by Iman.*

IMAN

There's nothing in there. Believe me.

*Trish continues to keep eye contact with Iman, the former's steely gaze contrasting with the latter's increasingly weakening one.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

You've been through my wallet. We both know there's nothing else in there. Sit down.

*Trish ignores Iman. The latter starts walking forwards towards the front of the stage, forcing the former to walk backwards.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

For the last time, you dumb, insolent corpse fucker, sit down before we-

*Trish screams and using the remainder of her strength, pins Iman to the floor by her throat. Thomas attempts to intervene, but is met with a scratch to the face by her free hand. Iman looks at the ravenous Trish with a terrified face as she continues to scream her gurgled, guttural scream.*

THOMAS

Just let her go through!

IMAN

(Strained)

There's nothing!

THOMAS

You said there's nothing. Stop fighting over nothing.

IMAN

She's not-

*Trish's grip on her throat tightens.*

THOMAS

Let her go through the damn pocket!

*Iman is struggling to breathe and move, but musters up enough energy to nod. Trish holds onto her throat with one hand, rummaging through her pocket with the other. She pulls her hand out to reveal her tongue, dried and discolored, with a necklace string tied around it, almost like a trophy.*

*Trish steps away from Iman in order to look at her tongue. She makes her way towards the coffee table, and while looking at her reflection, begins to readjust her hair and her clothes, topped off with her putting her tongue around her neck. Iman and Thomas are staring at her with dumbfounded expressions.*

*Having decided she is presentable enough, Trish moves away from the coffee table and moves to the center of the living room next to Everett. She removes the tongue from around her neck, snaps the string off, and puts it back into her mouth in a vain attempt to trigger feelings in said area. It doesn't work. She takes it back out of her mouth.*

*She kneels down on the floor and clears an area of garbage, creating a small hardwood oasis. She puts the tongue on the ground and looks at Thomas.*



THOMAS (CONT'D)

Trish, no. We're not-

*Iman grabs his can of gas and hands it to Trish. He attempts to stop this, but is unsuccessful. Trish, with deliberation, pours gasoline over her tongue. When she soaks it enough, she stands back up and looks at Thomas.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You're not doing-

*Trish shoves him to the ground and forcibly goes through his pockets and finds the lighter. He tries to pull it back only to be met with a deep bite on the hand. He pulls away, as Trish walks back over towards the tongue. Kneeling down, she lights it on fire. The house lights slowly dim to the where they were in Scene One before fading out.*

*She stands back up as they stare at the small fire in the living room. Thomas and Iman are transfixed. Trish takes the can and steps away from them, dousing herself in gasoline. Thomas and Iman don't notice.*

*Dropping the can, she walks towards the window, opening it without an issue. She steps back from the window as she grabs the lighter and struggles to flick it on. Iman and Thomas continue to stare at the fire. When it goes out...*

**END SCENE**

## SCENE FIVE

*Lights up on the morning following the previous scene. Burn marks dot not only where the tongue was burned, but where both Trish and Everett were burned, the coffee table placed over the latter spot. The house is in a state of normalcy, with the lights and noises back to what they were in Scene One, the pipe back in place under the floor.*

*Thomas and Iman stand on opposite corners of the stage, picking up various pieces of garbage. It is clear that the tension and stress have gotten to them as both of their movements are tense and fiercely internal.*

IMAN

The extinguisher's empty.

THOMAS

Is it now?

IMAN

You said the floor wouldn't burn.

THOMAS

That's what I thought, that's what I saw before, it just didn't come to pass when we needed it to.

(Beat.)

Thanks for the help.

*No response from Iman. They resume their collecting. This continues for a few seconds until Iman slows down her picking, eventually stopping altogether and sitting down on the floor. Thomas, lost in his chore, doesn't notice.*

IMAN

When's the landlord supposed to be here?

THOMAS

Five days from now.

IMAN

I thought it was a week.

THOMAS

I'm not even getting into this argument again. I told him that they left and we need two more people.

IMAN

(Beat)

I want to leave.

*Thomas stops his work to look at Iman.*

THOMAS

What?

IMAN

I can't stay here anymore. The pipes, the garbage, the dirt-

THOMAS

Listen, we're fixing all that. The pipes aren't clogged, we're working on the garbage, and the dirt is-

(Beat)

Dirt's turned to dust. Swept-up dust.

IMAN

I'm making enough money at the lab for a place of my own.

THOMAS

I'm happy for you, truly.

*Beat. Thomas resumes his collecting.*

IMAN

But?

THOMAS

But what?

IMAN

I'm expecting a caveat.

THOMAS

I just -

(Beat)

I'm just not as lucky with money at the moment as you are. Haven't been promoted yet.

IMAN

So?

THOMAS

What are we gonna do if they're two more people without jobs? You can't leave. At least not right now.

IMAN

Why not?

THOMAS

I need a place to stay too.

IMAN

Question.

THOMAS

I'm listening.

IMAN

Have you thought about leaving.

*Thomas looks down at his bag.*

THOMAS

It's charming.

IMAN

(Disbelievingly)

Charming.

THOMAS

Being here, it's charming. It's almost like the house is a part of me.

IMAN

(Beat)

Charming?

THOMAS

In an odd sort of way, yes. I love you and the atmosphere and the clanging pipes and the shelf that never seems to stay in place no matter how hard I try. I also liked the two of them warts and all.

IMAN

You're joking.

THOMAS

I wish.

IMAN

Even after all that you said.

THOMAS

Loved them. Weird to say, I know. But I did.

IMAN

You're not making sense. You love them now? Even though you thought they were good-for-nothing monsters.

THOMAS

Loved ones can be monsters too.

(Beat)

Did I ever tell you about my uncle?

IMAN

No.

THOMAS

Richard, Uncle Richard. Loved him to death. Took me out for ice cream and video games growing up. He knew what was going on at home and tried to do his best to get me out of it. I thought he was the coolest person alive.

(Beat)

He kept dead prostitutes in his downstairs freezer. Cut off the head of one and violated the eye socket. All the times I was with him, the basement was off-limits.

(Beat)

I remember I was at his house for the weekend. Friday was pizza and movie night. And Saturday started with pancakes and a trip to the pier. But the pancakes came first. He was over the stove when the cops kicked the door down. Hauled him out right then and there. They brought me in for evaluation. I was there for three hours until my parents picked me up. They made him burn the pancakes while they were putting handcuffs on him. I feel I might have been more receptive to their questions if I ate.

(Beat)

He's still the biggest male influence in my life. But mint chocolate chip and light gun games don't cancel out serial murder.

*An especially lengthy beat. Iman ties her trash bag.*

IMAN

It's full. Could you hand me another?

*Thomas walks over to the coffee table, grabs a bag from the roll and tosses it towards Iman.*

THOMAS

Right, just have to focus on this.

*They resume their picking up of garbage.*

IMAN

Thomas?

THOMAS

Yes?

IMAN

Could we,

(Beat)

Throw a party? Like old times. Like how we started.

THOMAS

A going away party?

IMAN

Not necessarily. Just us, together, enjoying each other's company.

THOMAS

While you want to leave.

IMAN

Don't look at it as a goodbye, look at it as a-

(Beat)

New beginning. A fresh start.

THOMAS

Bit of an odd thing to throw a house party with two people.

IMAN

This isn't most houses.

THOMAS

Could you even consider it a party?

IMAN

I've seen the parties of one you used to throw. You're telling me you're opposed to two?

THOMAS

I'm not saying no, I'm just saying we have more immediate concerns. Like the sofa. We should really look into getting a new sofa. This is starting to get lumpy, don't you think?

IMAN

Never lose your knack for deflection.

*Iman puts her bag down and walks over to the coffee table, picking up the runner's statue, still caked with blood. A provoked Thomas walks over to try and snatch it from her, but she pulls it away just in time.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Mind if I take this?

THOMAS

It's not yours.

IMAN

I'm aware of that, maybe just to get it off your hands.

*Thomas takes it from her.*

THOMAS

It's staying with me.

IMAN

Need some help getting it off?

*Iman walks into the kitchen before returning with a spray bottle of cleaner and a roll of paper towels.*

THOMAS

I've tried that before, it doesn't work.

IMAN

Let me try.

*She takes the statue, spritzes the area stained with blood and wipes off as much as possible. She makes more progress than Thomas ever did.*

THOMAS

How did you do that?

IMAN

I wanted it gone, so it just decided to-

(Beat)

Go away.

*Iman looks at the stain still on Thomas's shirt.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

How's that working for you?

(Beat.)

Have I told you that I never liked them?

THOMAS

You didn't need to tell me.

IMAN

I wanted them gone from the first time I saw them. They were nightmares waiting to happen and you know it. Fucking each other dead and alive only solidified that. And having to take care of her while she chose, she willingly chose not to get better or become productive, but spend all day on that couch crying like a child. How did you think I felt? Did you think I enjoyed any of it? And now you're defending them. Even after all that you did, now's the time you come around. You didn't help. You didn't improve anything, and now you're their biggest cheerleader even after she wanted me dead!

THOMAS

I'm not crying persecution like you are!

IMAN

It's not persecution, it's danger. Danger towards you, and danger towards me.

*Iman looks down at the trash on the floor and resumes cleaning.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

We've still got a ways to go with all this.

*Thomas looks at her for a few seconds, before walking over towards the window, unsuccessfully attempting to pry it open. Looking up, Iman walks over and brushes him aside, now trying to open it. She manages to only move it up a few centimeters.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Progress.

THOMAS

Remind me to mention that to the landlord, this is ridiculous.

IMAN

(Beat)

We'll cross that bridge when we get there.

*Iman walks over to her side of the room, resuming her cleaning as Thomas looks out the window.*

*END SCENE*



## SCENE SIX

*Thomas is sitting cross-legged in front of the couch, adjusting his and Iman's wine glasses until they're the perfect distance apart. Iman enters from the kitchen, digging through the cork with the opener. She walks over to the couch and prepares to sit down.*

*Throughout this scene, the house should slowly transition from what it resembled in Scene One to what it resembled in Scene Four.*

THOMAS

I wouldn't sit there.

IMAN

Why not?

THOMAS

You don't know what could be on there. Flu virus, toxoplasmosis...

*Iman rolls her eyes and sits down on the couch next to Thomas.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You know they spent every waking moment on that.  
(Beat)

Odd question.

IMAN

Go ahead.

THOMAS

Do you regret what happened?

IMAN

No.

THOMAS

Just "No"?

*Iman yanks the cork out and pours the wine into both glasses before putting the bottle down and the opener in her pocket. They grab their respective glasses.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You don't think you would have done anything different?

IMAN

What could we have done? I'd prefer not to talk about it.

*They clink said glasses.*

THOMAS

What did you call this again? A new start?

IMAN

A new beginning.

THOMAS

Very particular phrasing.

IMAN

The roommates, the promo- my promotion.

THOMAS

The moving out...

IMAN

Like I said, not right now, but in the future.

(Beat)

You should think about moving out too.

THOMAS

Again, money, a thing I don't have nearly enough of at the moment.

IMAN

Don't they like you at the-

(Beat)

Something creatives?

THOMAS

Smith Creatives.

IMAN

Talent agency, right, right. They don't like you there?

THOMAS

They do, it's just-

(Beat)

Finicky.

IMAN

Finicky.

THOMAS

It's kind of like the lab where it's under a month to move up, or over a year. And that's if they like you.

IMAN

Wouldn't you make more than I do even now?

THOMAS

I wouldn't.

IMAN

How do you know that?

THOMAS

It'd be tacky for me to speculate, but I just know. I also just feel-

(Beat)

Comfortable.

IMAN

Right now?

THOMAS

Being here, with you, right now. It'll be like one happy family when the new people move in.

*Iman finishes her glass of wine and puts it down on the table.*

IMAN

I genuinely don't know what to tell you.

THOMAS

You don't feel that way? Even after all we're doing together?

*Iman looks down at the ground while Thomas finishes his glass. Her face perks up, having found a way to change the conversation.*

IMAN

Do you remember that drinking game we played when we all moved in?

THOMAS

Drinking game?

IMAN

The Russian one?

THOMAS

The Russian drinking game. No, I don't remember.

IMAN

We counted to three in Russian while we poured liquor in each other's mouths.

THOMAS

Oh, yeah. You almost choked during that. You really want to play it again?

IMAN

Yes, you don't?

THOMAS

Would it work with wine? I remember we played it with his rum, right?

IMAN

Did we run out of rum?

THOMAS

I used it for the last little bit of gas we needed. Unless you're hiding something.

IMAN

I wish. Let's pretend it's rum.

THOMAS

But it'll feel and taste like wine. Why are you so insistent about this?

IMAN

Because I want to kill the past.

*Thomas grabs the wine bottle.*

THOMAS

Okay, how do you want to count it off? "Gold, frankincense and myrrh?"

IMAN

How we counted it last time.

THOMAS

How did we count it last time?

IMAN

Odin...

THOMAS

Odin...

IMAN

Dva...

THOMAS

Dva...

IMAN

Tri.

THOMAS

Tri.

(Beat)

Odin, Dva, Tri, I think I got it.

IMAN

Great.

*Thomas gets up and stands parallel to the coffee table. Iman gets on her knees in front of Thomas and opens her mouth.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Me first.

*Thomas hesitates.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

THOMAS

Do we have to do this? It seems base.

IMAN

I want to do this. What's one last night of debasement if it means the past is officially past?

THOMAS

Sickening.

IMAN

Compared to them?

*Iman stops talking and leaves her mouth open. Thomas quickly pours it into her mouth.*

THOMAS

OdinDvaTri.

*Thomas stops pouring. Iman gets back up.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Feeling better? Got it out of your system?

*Iman grabs the bottle from his hands.*

IMAN

Your turn.

THOMAS

Do I have to?

IMAN

Don't you want to get it out of your system?

*Thomas hesitantly gets down on his knees and slowly opens his mouth.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Try not to choke. Ready?

*Thomas nods in the affirmative. As she is about to pour the wine, she suddenly stops. She moves back and forth between being ready to pour and pulling the bottle away, culminating in her looking away from Thomas, who gradually grows more uncomfortable as time passes.*

THOMAS

Is something wrong?

*Iman does not reply.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Iman? Ima-

IMAN

I was debating how to do this.

THOMAS

And?

IMAN

Open your mouth as wide as possible.

*Thomas obliges. Iman walks back up to Thomas and begins to pour the wine into his mouth. What starts as unsteady splashes becomes a steady stream.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Odin...

*The amount of wine poured increases as the bottle inches closer towards his mouth. Thomas continues to obligingly swallow.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Dva...

*Iman holds the bottle closer towards his mouth as the amount of wine increases. Thomas increasingly struggles, waiting for her to say "Tri". She then jams the bottle into his mouth, forcibly making him swallow as much as possible while he resists. He fights back and is able to knock the bottle out of her hands, making him cough and choke once he's able to breathe.*

*As he continues to recover his bearings, Iman goes into the kitchen, and pours a glass of water. The pipes make their most abnormal sounds to date.*

*She walks back, the water in the glass stained beyond recognition and stands over Thomas, wordlessly offering him the glass. Without breaking eye contact she more gently pours it into his mouth, a small amount dribbling against the side of his lips, which she dabs with her shirt.*

*After a few seconds, he spits the remaining liquid in his mouth onto Iman, before sitting up and crossing his legs. Iman glowers at him.*

THOMAS

Wild night. The last wild night before the new beginning, is that what you said?

(Beat)

What would you call this "New beginnings" thing at this point? A motto? A philosophy? Is that why you're leaving? So you have one new beginning after another? Make it to the second act! See how it ends!

*Iman pours the remaining liquid in the wine bottle over his head. After a beat processing what happened, he fixes his hair.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The ship has sailed if you wanted to burn me too.

*Iman slaps Thomas.*

IMAN

You're no better than they were. They owned it while you were masking it. Throw another temper tantrum, kill me now, be who you are, an insolent child!

*Thomas bolts up and stares at her.*

THOMAS

Insolent child?! And what does that make you? The mother who spoiled too much and punished too late? The sister who started shit before playing innocent?

*Thomas moves in closer towards her.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The son who got in trouble for roughhousing? Or the father who wishes he could leave his snot-nosed shithead family getting a pack of cigarettes?

*Thomas grabs her and gently brushes her face with his hands.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Who are you, Iman?

IMAN

Someone finished with this.

THOMAS

I just want to know who you are, who are you?

*With his hands on both cheeks, he kisses her before moving his hands over her eyes. As the kiss deepens, he applies increasingly more pressure onto both of her eyes, effectively gouging them out. She screams in pain and drops the bottle. The sudden cry causes him to let go of her. The house begins to rumble as the pipe juts out of its place again.*

*As they struggle to collect their bearings, Iman manages to locate and pick up the statue from the floor. Thomas trips on the pipe and falls with a loud yelp, causing Iman to locate where he is. She throws the statue at him, hitting him in the head.*

*Disoriented, he is tackled to the ground by Iman. Grabbing the statue, she begins to beat him with the base as he turns his head, leading her to strike his ears and skull to the point of permanent deafness and his collapse from shock. The cacophonous noise, which returned when Thomas blinded Iman, ceases here. The house continues to fall apart as she picks herself up and limps towards the window, finally being able to open it. She sticks her head out, taking several deep breaths, and turning her head upwards towards the night sky.*

*END SCENE*



## SCENE SEVEN

*The next morning. The living room is reduced to a pile of rubble. Thomas lies buried underneath a pile, the sun shining on his face. His eyes flutter open as he tries to pull himself out of the rubble. We see that he only has one arm, and can only get his upper torso free. Realizing this, he lies exhausted on the pile, gazing up at the sky.*

*A few seconds later, Iman staggers in from stage-right, bloodied stumps where here eyes used to be. She is feeling her way around the area. Thomas perks his head up.*

THOMAS

Iman! Iman!

IMAN

Thomas?

*She walks over to him, stepping on his free hand in the process, and sits down next to him.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

They've postponed.

THOMAS

What?

IMAN

(Beat)

Wait. Can you read lips?

THOMAS

A little. Now's the time to learn.

(Beat)

New beginnings and such.

IMAN

Are you hungry?

THOMAS

Little bit.

*Iman gets on her knees and sifts through the rubble, eventually discovering Thomas's severed arm, covered in soot.*

IMAN

Found something.

*Iman takes a bite out of the side.*

THOMAS

Did you find anything?

*Iman makes her way back to Thomas. He sees his arm, and his expression is one of annoyance more than anything else. She continues to eat his arm like a corn on the cob before swallowing.*

IMAN

Want some?

THOMAS

(Beat)

Sure.

*Iman tears off a piece and feeds it to him.*

IMAN

How is it?

THOMAS

Fine. Wouldn't eat the whole thing, but it's fine. I'll get my own breakfast soon enough.

*A beat as she continues to eat.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Do you still want to move?

IMAN

Not sure it's even a choice now, but yes. I still want to move.

THOMAS

Shame.

(Beat)

I'm sorry.

IMAN

Why?

THOMAS

For everything. How I acted, what I did.

IMAN

Nothing to be sorry for.

THOMAS

Bullshit.

IMAN

You just acted naturally. Give it enough time and it would've played out exactly as it happened with any combination. This is just one combination.

*Thomas looks down at his trapped body. Iman, her hunger satiated, places his arm in his free hand.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Just in case.

THOMAS

Thanks.

*Iman pulls herself up and takes two hesitant steps before tripping on something.*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You alright?

IMAN

Yeah.

*She feels around for what tripped her, and notices that it's loose. She pulls out the runner statue, completely bloodless and pristine.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

Huh. Guess that did the trick.

THOMAS

What?

*Iman walks back over to where Thomas is.*

IMAN

Stick out your arm.

*He obliges. Feeling along the length of his arm, she stops a few inches past his limit and puts the statue on the spot.*

IMAN (CONT'D)

If nothing else, I can say that living with you was unlike anything I've experienced.

THOMAS

(Disappointed)

Likewise.

*Iman gets up.*

IMAN

I'm going to pack up. You need any help there?

(Beat)

Thomas?

*Thomas doesn't respond. After a few seconds, Iman makes her way through the rubble and exits stage-left, leaving Thomas alone. He reaches towards the statue, but is unable to grasp it. Giving up, he looks up at the sky before closing his eyes. Instead of trash, snowflakes begin to fall. Thomas takes a deep breath.*

*LIGHTS OUT*

*END OF PLAY*