"V is for Violin" - an Original Playscript

Brittany Taylor

University of Arkansas, Fayetteville
“V is for Violin” an Original Playscript
“V is for Violin” – an Original Playscript

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Drama

by

Brittany Taylor
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Professor Clinessha Dillon Sibley
Thesis Director

Professor Robert A. Ford
Committee Member
Dr. Les Wade
Committee Member
Abstract

“V is for Violin” – An Original Playscript documents the work and process of Brittany Taylors full-length play as apart of her thesis requirements. It includes a copy of the final script, documentation of thesis production, a synopsis of the thesis play, a narrative essay documenting the playwriting experience, a list of completed works, a history of workshops and productions, as well as a professional playwriting essay.
Acknowledgements

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Dedication

“V is for Violin” – An Original Playscript is dedicated to Brittany Taylors parents Chet and Jeanie. Without them, she wouldn’t be alive.
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I. "V is for Violin, Final Script

V IS FOR VIOLIN

A Play in Two Acts

by

Brittany Kay Taylor
Cast of Characters

Kevin: A man in his 20’s.
Trista: A woman in her 20’s.
Nathan: A man in his 30’s+.

Scene
Kevin and Tristas home.

Time
The present.
ACT I

SCENE 1

August. KEVIN and TRISTAS home. There are moving boxes in the living room. TRISTA searches through one of the boxes. KEVIN enters carrying his suitcases.

KEVIN

You find them?

TRISTA

No.

KEVIN

I can get some at a convenient store.

TRISTA

I know I put them in here.

KEVIN

Don’t worry about it.

TRISTA

(KEVIN sees some travel food that TRISTA is packing and begins to eat it.)

How do we already have so much crap?

KEVIN

I don’t know.

TRISTA

Is it bad that I want to throw everything away and just start over?

KEVIN

I probably wouldn’t notice.

TRISTA

You wouldn’t miss this?

TRISTA

(Trista pulls a trinket from the box.)

Hey! Don’t eat that!
KEVIN
I’m just looking.

TRISTA
If you’re hungry, get something from the fridge.

KEVIN
Are you sure they’re not--- ?

TRISTA
Ha!

(TRISTA finds a pair of sunglasses.)

KEVIN
There we go!

TRISTA
That’s for your trip! Stop.

KEVIN
Agh. This kind?

TRISTA
What “Agh. This kind.”?

KEVIN
This might as well be packaged tree bark.

TRISTA
It doesn’t melt.

(TRISTA gives KEVIN a look. KEVIN changes his mind.)

KEVIN
---Mmm. I love this kind.

TRISTA
That’s your snack pack. You have to be patient.

KEVIN
For me and what army?

TRISTA
For you. To last... You’re welcome.

KEVIN
Thank you.
KEVIN puts the snack pack in the bag.

TRISTA

What time is it now?

KEVIN

Trista, band-aids?

TRISTA

Yes.

KEVIN

They’ll have a first aid kit.

TRISTA

On you? At all times?

KEVIN

I just wanted some extra chap stick.

TRISTA

I heard. You know, I read somewhere that the water buffalo has a tongue like a cat. Like a rough tongue. And there was this guy who was trying to escape this water buffalo, and so he climbed up a tree. But the trees aren’t very tall there and the water buffalo licked the skin off the guy’s leg. Like the skin. Like he licked the whole skin off.

KEVIN

You read that?

TRISTA

You don’t believe me?

KEVIN

I thought water buffaloes were like cows. Why would they lick a man’s leg off?

TRISTA

You know what else I read?

KEVIN

What else did you read?

TRISTA

Hippos carry many diseases. Including anthrax.

KEVIN

Anthrax?
Anthrax. Look it up.

(Kevin holds up the Band-Aids.)

Kevin
And this is supposed to help me with that? Do you have any anti-anthrax---

Trista
All I’m saying is that while that man was in the tree getting his leg licked off by a water buffalo, he probably was wishing he had a wife who had given him some Band-Aids.

Kevin
You really think I’m going to get attacked by an African swamp cow?

Yes.

Kevin
You don’t think I could take it?

Maybe.

Kevin
I think I could.

How?

Kevin
I would just say, “Uh, excuse me? Mr. Water buffalo, there’s no need for beef here.”

You could take me...

Kevin
You’re going to try to lick my leg off?

(beat)

You could take me with you.

Kevin
You didn’t leave any room in my suitcase.

(beat)

Trista
I know.

You mean it? (beat)

Come on. Let’s go.

KEVIN

I can’t go now!

TRISTA

Yes you can. We’ll tell them you’re a nurse.

KEVIN

Not if I don’t show up for work.

TRISTA

They can wait. What’s 8 more weeks?

KEVIN

A lot. And I have to unpack.

TRISTA

It’s not going anywhere... African Sunrise. Sleeping in a tent. Not sleeping in a tent. It’ll be just like Jumanji.

KEVIN

Jumanji?

TRISTA

C’mon.

KEVIN

TRISTA

I don’t know what kind of Jumanji you’re /watching, but---

KEVIN

/Who’s going to protect me from those mosquitos?

TRISTA

I packed you some bug spray.

KEVIN

Hop in?

(beat)

TRISTA

Tempting.
C’mon.

I’ll keep my shoes white for now.

Okay.

This is a big opportunity! You don’t need me. You probably won’t even want to come back.

(KEVIN begins to say something. He stops.)

What was that?

Nothing.

You hesitated!

No, no, it’s not like that.

You don’t want to come back?

No. It’s--- I---.

What?

I mean, I’m really grateful for the opportunity but... C’mon.

What?

Starving kids in Africa? It is an actual cliche.

Well, thirsty kids.
KEVIN

Thirsty kids. Yeah. And I’m happy to help. And the experience will be great, but... I want to find something that hasn’t already been said.

TRISTA

When are they supposed to get here?

KEVIN

Are you trying to get rid of me?

TRISTA

Yes.

KEVIN

You are?

TRISTA

I want you to go. I just don’t want you to leave.

KEVIN

It’s just 8 weeks.

TRISTA

And the other side of the world.

KEVIN

You can say goodbye to me now and get it over with.

TRISTA

Goodbye.

KEVIN

Goodbye...

TRISTA

Goodbye.

KEVIN

Goodbye.

TRISTA

We need to take a picture!

KEVIN

What? No.
TRISTA

Please.

(TRISTA goes to KEVINS camera bag.)

KEVIN

I don’t want to set up my camera. Just use your phone.

TRISTA

No, you need to pose with it.

KEVIN

Trista.

TRISTA

Yes, please. For me.

(TRISTA hands KEVIN his camera. KEVIN poses.)

KEVIN

How does this look?

TRISTA


KEVIN

Hashtag, shoot me.

TRISTA

Hashtag, just did. You wanna show me your guns?

(KEVIN rolls his eyes and flexes his muscles.)

TRISTA

Thank you.

KEVIN

That stays in your phone.

TRISTA

What?

KEVIN

I’m serious.

TRISTA

You son of a--- Mother--- Teresa.
That’s me.

(TRISTA continues to hold up her phone.)

Alright, now a video.

What?

It’s recording.

Oh. Uh. Hi! Trista! I ...uh, miss you a lot.

How much?

A whole, whole lot.

Do you want to leave me?

Nope. But I carry you with me. Yeah? (KEVIN places his hand over his heart.)

Are you excited about being awesome?

I’m excited.

Are you going to change the world?

I figured it needed a tune up from last time.

Blow me some kisses. (KEVIN does so.)

Now show me a little nipple.
What?

Just a little nip.

I can’t get to it.

At least try to make some cleavage.

You’re ridiculous.

Now tell me you love me.

I love you.

You know what I was listening to earlier?

What?

(Trista begins to play “Aint to Proud to Beg” by the Temptations on her phone. She lip-syncs and dances along.)

Oh, you’re funny. You’re funny.

Am I?

You are.

What about you? Let me see your dance moves?

What dance moves?

Your dance moves!
KEVIN

You mean these dance move?

(TR  Kevin begins to dance.)

TRISTA

Mm hmm. Mm hm! Yeah!

KEVIN

You like those?

TRISTA

Yeah I do.

(They kiss. It intensifies.)

They’re gunna be here!

KEVIN

I know.

(TR  Kevin carries  TRISTA to the couch and takes off his shirt. They kiss.  Kevin draws back too look at TRISTA.)

(beat)

TRISTA

What? .... What?

KEVIN

You tell me.

(TRISTA kisses him. There’s a knock at the door.)

NATHAN

Knock, knock!

(TRISTA kisses  KEVIN again.)

KEVIN

It’s time.

TRISTA

Africa’s not going anywhere.

KEVIN

Yeah, but my plane is.
Take me with you.

(beat)

Knock, Knock! Anybody home?

Coming!

(TRISTA goes to the door while KEVIN puts his shirt back on. She opens the door.)

Sorry, Kevin was just...

Trying to get my suitcase closed.

We were just putting some things in last minute.

I can tell.
Hi, I’m Nathan.

Hi. Trista.

Nice to meet you.

Nathan’s is our head photographer. He’s over all the media.

I’ve heard great things.

We’re excited Kevin could fill in for us.

We couldn’t believe how well it worked out.
You still getting settled in?
KEVIN

Working on it.

Is there anything I can carry?
NATHAN

I think I can handle it.
KEVIN

I’ll get this. (NATHAN grabs a suitcase.)
NATHAN

Oh good, traveling light.
KEVIN

I tried.

Rookies always pack the whole house with them.
NATHAN

It’s probably their wife.
TRISTA

Lucky them.
NATHAN

Well, it was a tight squeeze but we fit her in there. She really wanted to come.
KEVIN

Oh!

Be careful. Precious cargo.
KEVIN

As long as she’s not pregnant so she can go through the x-rays at customs.
NATHAN

No.
KEVIN

(beat)

Have fun.
TRISTA
So, if you’re wife’s in here. Who is this?

Oh, she’s just my sugar mama.

Not true.

I’m just her trophy boy with a hobby.

I hate it when he says that.

(KEVIN finishes closing up his carry on.)

She picked a good one, huh?

Well in that case, there’s room in my suitcase.

Take care of him for me, okay?

I’ll do what I can.

Hey Nathan, I’ll be right out.

It was nice meeting you, Trista.

Bye.

(KEVIN exits.)

He’s nice.

Now that I think about it, I think it was the lion that has a sharp tongue like a cat.
Not the water buffalo?

It makes more sense that way.

And did the lion eat him?

No.

Good.

Just his leg.

That’s not so bad.

Until he bled to death in the tree.

Oh. Okay.

Watch out for lions.

And tigers, and bears...

Oh my!

You have nothing to worry about, I have Band-Aids.

And you can do anything.

We’ll see... I’ll carry you with me, yeah?
Goodbye again.

Goodbye again.

Goodbye.

Love you.

(KEVIN exits. TRISTA is alone.)

END SCENE

ACT I

SCENE 2

October. 8 weeks later. TRISTA enters the kitchen wearing a dress. She hurries to the kitchen and begins to put candles on a cake. The sound of the door being unlocked. NATHAN enters carrying a suitcase.

NATHAN
Honey! I’m home! ...Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to scare you. I just---

TRISTA
Where’s Kevin?

(TRISTA covers the cake and sets it aside.)

NATHAN
The car. He’s just--- Here’s your keys back. I---

TRISTA
You’re here early.

NATHAN
Yeah, we got ahead of schedule. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to---. I should have let---.

(KEVIN enters carrying his carry on.)

KEVIN
Hey.
(TRISTA runs to KEVIN. They kiss.)

TRISTA
Hey.

NATHAN
Wow.

KEVIN
Thanks Nathan, for carrying the luggage.

NATHAN
Not a problem. Not a problem. Where do you want it to go?

KEVIN
Right there’s fine.

TRISTA
You’re skinny.

KEVIN
Really?

TRISTA
You feel smaller.

KEVIN
You look beautiful.

TRISTA
Thanks, Nathan.

NATHAN
Oh, my pleasure. He did good work.

KEVIN
I had a good mentor.

(truncate)

NATHAN
Oh my god. It smells so good in here. Is that a cake?

TRISTA
Oh, it’s...
NATHAN
Man. I just have a litter box to come home to. No cat. The cat got ran over.

KEVIN
I thought you said it ran away?

NATHAN
I changed my mind. I’d like to think it didn’t have a choice. Well--

KEVIN
Yeah.

NATHAN
I’m sure you two have some catching up to do. About the trip. Kevin, took some great shots.

TRISTA
I know he did.

NATHAN
Right. Okay then. I’ll get out of your way. It was fun, man.

KEVIN
Thanks. I’ll see you around.

NATHAN
Around, great... You take care now.

TRISTA
Bye.

KEVIN
Bye.

(NATHAN exits.)

KEVIN
He’s---.

TRISTA
Nice.

KEVIN
He does well in Africa. And behind a camera.

(TRISTA kisses Kevin.)
Hey.

Hey.

Welcome home.

You too. I mean---

Oh. You’re tired.

Maybe a little bit.

You wanna? ...You wanna just sit down? You can tell me about it. Do you need to charge your phone?

It’s fine.

I didn’t know you would be here so soon.

Yeah.

(KEVIN and TRISTA kiss. )

How does it feel?

Wow.

So tell me about it.

It was great.

Yeah?
Yeah. It was. It was great.

KEVIN

I can’t believe you’re here.

TRISTA

In the flesh.

KEVIN

I saved all you emails. I even printed them out.

TRISTA

Our transatlantic romance.

KEVIN

I know you probably got busy towards the end...

TRISTA

I missed you.

KEVIN

I’ve been going crazy.

TRISTA

Yeah?

KEVIN

A little.

TRISTA

Hi.

KEVIN

Hi. You’re wearing a dress.

TRISTA

Special occasion.

KEVIN

Thanks.

TRISTA

I made dinner reservations...
We don’t have to go if you don’t want to---

KEVIN

No, sure.
TRISTA
I bet you’re starving.
There’s this new place called ‘Every Restaurant Here.’ I thought we could spend this week finding our new favorite place.

KEVIN
Yeah.

TRISTA
Yeah?
Do you need to take a nap? How long was your flight?

KEVIN
Right now I’m happy just being here. Being right... here.

(KEVIN nuzzles into TRISTA. )
Just me and you for a while. Okay?

TRISTA
Okay.
So..?

KEVIN
Mm hmm.

TRISTA
Did you get to save the world?

KEVIN
Almost.

TRISTA
Good.

KEVIN
I didn’t get attacked by a lion.

TRISTA
That’s good.

KEVIN
It was good. A lot of wells were built.

TRISTA
Yeah.
KEVIN
And the people were so--... “happy” isn’t the word for it, but it’s in there.

TRISTA
When do I get to see the pictures?
KEVIN
As soon as I clean them up.

TRISTA
Or now?
KEVIN
Or later.

TRISTA
You take any winners?
KEVIN
I hope so... The house looks good.

TRISTA
It’s coming together. I want to put something on that wall though.

KEVIN
Yeah?

TRISTA
Maybe a picture...
KEVIN
Yeah. How’s work been? How are you?

TRISTA
It’s good. It’s great actually. I love it.

KEVIN
Yeah?

TRISTA
Yeah. It’s nice to finally have a real job instead of doing clinical rotations.

KEVIN
Good.

TRISTA
That’ll be great.

I think you’ll really like them... You feel so skinny.

Do I?

Yes. That’s not fair.

What?

You need to gain it back. I can’t have a husband who is better at being a woman than I am.

I would make a beautiful woman, huh?

You need to gain it back. I can’t have a husband who is better at being a woman than I am.

I love you.

I love you too.

I made you’re favorite cake.

Yeah?

With homemade icing.

Thank you.
And another special ingredient....

I can’t wait.  

I’ll let you have a slice before dinner if you want.  

You’ll let me?  

I’ll let you.  

Are you... That lady? The cake lady?  

Who?  

Who got her head cut off.  

Marie Antoinette? Yeah.  
...Let Kevin eat cake.  

Wait.  

What?  

That’s so much sugar.  

It is.  

...When I already have a cavity from your kisses.  

Shut up.  

(TRISTA tries to get up. )
No, wait. Come here.

What?

I want to try for a root canal.

(KEVIN kisses TRISTA. )

Wait just a second.

Trista.

(TRISTA gets the cake.)

I just want to show it to you.

Can we save it for later?

(TRISTA is holding the cake. She hesitates. It’s too late now. She sets the cake in front of KEVIN.)

Sure, I just. There...

Did you write this?

(TRISTA sings: )

...Happy Fathers Day to you.

Wait, what?

Happy Fathers day--

It’s not Fathers day.

Surprise!
Trista.
Are you serious? Baby, are you serious? You’re serious.
Trista, oh my god!

I didn’t know how to tell you.

Trista...
Really? You’re...?

Yes. Yeah.

Oh my god.

I know!

Wait a second. Wait a second.
No.... No. This is a trick.

No! It’s not!

(KEVIN goes to wrap his arms around TRISTA)

You can’t do that! You had me for a /second!

Kevin! No it’s not. It’s not a joke.

I don’t believe you!

No! Kevin, I---
It’s real.

True blue?
True blue.

But I’ve been gone?

I wanted you to go.

Wait. How long have you /known?

/I didn’t stop taking the birth control.

Are you sure? How do you know?

I peed on a stick.

Wait, but wait. When did you find out?

I wanted to tell you.

But, when did you---?

8 weeks.... plus a few days.

Wait, what?

Yeah.

So you knew before I left?

I didn’t want you to worry about me. I wanted you to go.
TRISTA
Where was I?

TRISTA
Getting a job offer.

KEVIN
You should have told me.

TRISTA
But then you wouldn’t have gone.

KEVIN
So?
You’ve been here alone.

TRISTA
I’m sorry!

KEVIN
No, Hey. It’s okay. Hey, I’m sorry. I, I just---. I just, I just, I can’t believe it.

TRISTA
Are you happy?

KEVIN
Am I happy? Am I happy? Of course I’m happy. I’m happy! I... You! You’re... You’re---

TRISTA
Us. We.

KEVIN
You’re pregnant.

TRISTA
I am. I’m pregnant.

KEVIN
I can’t---.

TRISTA
I’m pregnant.

KEVIN
What?

TRISTA
I know. I know! I know!

There’s a human in there!

There is. We’re having a baby human.

Oh my god, /Trista. This is great.

I know!

Look what you did!

Look what you did!

There’s a baby in there! Holy shit!

Holy shit!

Are you laughing or are you crying?

Both. I waited so long. I thought the cake was a good idea.

It was a good idea.

That’s why I was acting so stupid. It went a lot differently in my head. Because I’ve been---I’ve just been. I missed you.

I know. Hey, Hey. We’re having a baby.

Say it again.
We’re having a baby.

Say it again.

We’re having a baby. We’re having a baby.

We’re having a baby!

Who knows?

You do...

You didn’t tell anyone?

I had to tell you first.

Trista!

It’s okay. It’s okay! I’ve been busy with the house, and work... I wanted to wait.

You’ve been alone.

It’s okay. It’s not real until you say it, I wanted to wait. We’re having a baby.

We’re having a baby.

I can’t even tell.

(KEVIN lays his head on her stomach.)

I should have---
It’s okay.

TRISTA

It was all happening so fast.

KEVIN

Come on. Let’s set this cake on fire.

TRISTA

Okay.

TRISTA

This is a special occasion.

KEVIN

(KEVIN lights the cake.

TRISTA

You’re going to be a daddy.

KEVIN

You’re going to be a mommy!

(Beat. KEVIN continues to light the cake.)

TRISTA

Happy fathers day /to me. Happy father day to me...

(KEVIN watches Kevin light the cake.)

TRISTA

I didn’t know how else to tell you!
Did you like the cake idea?

KEVIN

I love the cake idea.

TRISTA

It didn’t really go according to plans.

KEVIN

It’s perfect.

TRISTA

You sure?

KEVIN

Perfect.

TRISTA
It looks pretty.

You want to make a wish?  

Together?  

You got yours?  

Yeah.  

1, 2...  

Lights begin to fade out. KEVIN blows out the candle scene. 

END SCENE.

ACT I
SCENE 3

Two weeks later. TRISTA, enters, wearing scrubs. KEVIN pretends to be asleep on the couch. TRISTA sits on the edge of the couch watching KEVIN, assuming he’s asleep. She nudges him with her feet.

Oh. Good morning.

Good afternoon.

Right.  

I made you breakfast anyway.  

(TRISTA tries to cuddle with Kevin on the couch.)  

Thank you.
TRISTA
Am I crushing your arm?

KEVIN
A little bit, hold on.

TRISTA
Our appointments today.

KEVIN
Right.

TRISTA
So don’t sleep through it.  
How long is jet lag supposed to last?

KEVIN
I think I’m just out of sync.

TRISTA
For two weeks?

KEVIN
No more naps.

TRISTA
I don’t like you falling asleep on the couch.

(TRISTA gets up. Morning sickness.)

KEVIN
You going to work?

TRISTA
In a minute.

(TRISTA hands KEVIN the newspaper (or computer.))

KEVIN
By the way, look.

What?

TRISTA
It’s that lady I told you about. The one that was going to go up to Barnes and Noble and tear up those books?
KEVIN

Oh.

TRISTA

They only got her mug shot.

KEVIN

Huh.

TRISTA

It would have been cool if you were able to cover it.

KEVIN

She’s only increasing the sales of the book.

TRISTA

I think it would make for some interesting shots to see all the torn pages between the rows of books...

KEVIN

Barnes and Noble could probably use the help. One day paper is going to be extinct.

(KEVIN reads. TRISTA continues to try to swallow down her morning sickness.)

TRISTA

How are things going down at the homeless shelter?

Good.

TRISTA

Have you figured out your angle yet?

KEVIN

Just about.

TRISTA

You’re spending a lot of time there.

KEVIN

I like it.

TRISTA

I’d still like to see your pictures from---
I’m working on those today.

Okay. Can you sit up for a second?

Yeah.

I really need to go ahead and request medical leave.

Okay.

I can’t wait till the last second. Especially when I just started... Not to mention that we’re going to the OBGYN two buildings down.

Right. I know.

Which means we need to talk about what we’re going to do financially.

You’re right.

I’ll work until I start knocking things over, but I want to be able to spend time with---

Of course.

Have you heard anything back?

Not yet.

Okay. Maybe you can put in some more applications? If not, a girl I work with is about to get married.

Groan.
TRISTA
I know you don’t like to do engagements, but---

KEVIN
It’s something. I know.

TRISTA
She’s really sweet. There is a business to be had with wedding pictures. There’s engagement photos for the actual engagement, then engagement photos where you wear nice clothes and sit around in the grass, then save the date, then the actual invitation, then bridal photos, then the actual wedding. I don’t know if someone can be officially engaged until they have an album of engagement photos. I saw someone who had a professional photographer shoot the live birthing of their child, in a birthing pool.

KEVIN
I’d rather die.

TRISTA
It’s not very flattering. Anyway, just engagement pictures...

KEVIN
As long as they want to wear matching outfits and stand on railroad tracks... You can give her my number. Show her my portfolio if you want...

TRISTA
...So when do you think I should---?

KEVIN
Tell them today.

TRISTA
Yeah?

(KEVIN phone begins to ring on the kitchen counter. He gets up.)

KEVIN
Yeah. And I’ll get on it.

TRISTA
Okay. Thank you.

(KEVIN silences his phone.)

Your breakfast/lunch is getting cold.
Thanks.

Who was it?

Ah, Nathan.

Nathan, Nathan?

Yeah.

What does he want?

I don’t know. Probably some follow up.

Answer it.

It just went to voice mail.

Have you talked to him at all since you’ve been back?

Some.

Okay. I’m gunna be late.

(KEVIN notices TRISTA.)

How are you feeling?

Okay.
Go. I’ll clean up. I’ll do everything.

TRISTA

Take a break from the shelter today, okay?

KEVIN

Don’t worry.

TRISTA

Don’t go back to sleep either.

KEVIN

I’ll drink some coffee.

KEVIN

And sleep in a real bed tonight.

TRISTA

You don’t want to be late. I’ll take care of everything.

KEVIN

Thank you. The appointments at 3:30. I’ll just walk over there after work and meet you there.

TRISTA

Sounds good.

KEVIN

And then maybe we get done we can go shopping for some baby things?

KEVIN

Already?

TRISTA

There are things that I need. Besides, I want to start looking at things for the nursery.

KEVIN

No, right. That’s fine.

TRISTA

I miss you.

KEVIN

I’ll miss you too. Have a good day.

TRISTA
K. Love you.

Love you. Bye.

(KEVIN waits for TRISTA to leave. After a moment he bags up the uneaten food.)

END SCENE.

ACT I
SCENE 4

Later that evening. TRISTA is back home, still wearing her scrubs. KEVINS camera bag is on the coffee table. She tentatively decides to open it and look at the pictures. After a while, there’s a knock on the door.

TRISTA

Just a second!

(TRISTA goes to the door to find NATHAN.)

Oh, Nathan.

Trista. Hi.

Can I help you?

Ah, yeah. Is Kevin here?

No. He’s out.

Oh. I tried calling him. I talked to him earlier, but---

Would you like to come in?

No. Well---. That’s fine. I’ll just.
I’m sure he’ll be back any second.

Sure. Thanks.

Can I get you anything?

I, I’m sorry to barge in on you like this. I didn’t mean to----.

Please. It’s nice to have company. Water?

Water’s fine.

Do you know if he still has his phone on him? Or.

I wouldn’t know. I haven’t seen him since this morning. But probably. He likes to turn it off when he’s working.

He has a new project?

He’s been spending a lot of time at the homeless shelter.

Oh.

I just called down there. They’re wrapping up for the evening. They said I just missed him. He shouldn’t be there much longer.

What kind of project is he doing there?

I don’t know yet. So what did you need him for?

Ah...
You can sit down.

Thanks.

I have this new wine I’ve been dying to try. I’d love for you to have some and tell me what you think.

Oh, sure.
So I’m sure Kevin’s told you all about his trip.

Yeah. He did.

What’d you think?

I’m proud of him. Still hasn’t gotten his sleep back on schedule but...

Really?

Here you go.

(TRISTA gives NATHAN a glass of wine.)

Jesus first miracle. Thank you.

What?

Turning water into wine.

I bought it. I just discovered the Co-op on Washington.

Pricey.
Worth it

It’s good.

Thank you. So what did you need Kevin for?

I just wanted to stop by, say “Hi.” See how he’s doing. I’m leaving in the morning so...

Oh. Another trip?

Uruguay.

Fun.

That is nice. ...Did /he, uh---

/So. Did----? Oh, go ahead.

No you’re fine. I---

Did you like Kevin’s pictures?

Yes. Yes, I did.

Did he show you all of them?

Of course...

Did he like the ones they chose for the website?
TRISTA
They posted them already?

NATHAN
They went up yesterday.

TRISTA
Really?

NATHAN
You haven’t seen them yet?

TRISTA
Not the ones... not the ones on the website.

NATHAN
Do you have your computer?

TRISTA
Yeah, let me...

(TRISTA exits. )

NATHAN
Alrighty.

(NATHAN pulls up the images.)

You don’t want to wait so Kevin can show you?

TRISTA
I’ll act surprised.
Of course, I’ve already seen them. I just want to know which ones they chose.

NATHAN
There you go.

(TRISTA looks at the pictures.)

Yeah.

TRISTA
Is that?

NATHAN
The first thing you see when you go to the website. The bastard.
Really?  

Beginners luck.  

It looks great.  

It does.  

Wow.  

(beat)  

Let me pull up the rest from our trip...  

These are all so good. Oh, I love it... And that one.  

That one’s mine.  

Really?  

Yeah.  

I love that one.  

Thanks.  

It’s great.... Oh my god. They’re so happy. Look!

(TrISTA files through the pictures. NATHAN watches her. TrISTA “oohs” and “awws.”)  

Oh. That’s a really good one too... They’re dancing!  

NATHAN
And singing.

TRISTA
It’s just so nice to see the final product.

NATHAN
You should have been there... To see it. I mean, you could have come too, if you wanted.

TRISTA
That would have been fun... I like this one.

NATHAN
Yeah. He was a character.

TRISTA
Oh... That’s great... They’re so happy.

NATHAN
Yeah.

TRISTA
You did that.

NATHAN
I was there.

TRISTA
You were a part of it.

(TRISTA looks at NATHAN. Pause. )

Go to the next one ...Oh wow, how old is he?

NATHAN
You ready for this?

TRISTA
Am I?

NATHAN
98.

TRISTA
No way.

NATHAN
Yes way.

You took this one?  TRISTA

I did.  NATHAN

It’s amazing.  TRISTA

Thank you.  NATHAN

Did you get to talk to him?  TRISTA

We had an interpreter. But between the language barrier and the fact that he’s deaf, we didn’t get too chatty.  NATHAN

Don’t tell Kevin, but I think this is one of my favorites.  TRISTA

Did Kevin tell you about him?  NATHAN

Well that one’s your picture, right?  TRISTA

Right.... This guys seen everything. A century of events catalogued by one human heart... and then he gets to see his village get clean drinking water for the first time... To stand there in front of him was...  NATHAN

I can’t imagine.  TRISTA

An honor... Not that you can’t appreciate the picture, but---  NATHAN

No. I get it.  TRISTA

Being there is... something else.  NATHAN
You know the most amazing thing I have ever stood in front of?

What?

Don’t laugh.

Promise.

The Tree of Life at Disney World.

Really?

I said don’t laugh.

It wasn’t a joking laugh, it was a surprised laugh.

It’s not like I didn’t know it existed. It’s on every other post card in Orlando. But we were just zip-a-dee-do-da, walking along and there it was... And I just-.-. It took me by surprise.

Sure.

The Tree of Life made me cry.

(NATHAN smiles.)

Have you seen it?

No.

Then you can’t laugh at me.
Okay.

Go see it.

I will.

You never took a family vacation to Disney World?

It’s on the bucket list.

Good... He kind of looks like The Tree of Life because he’s so wrinkly.

He kinda does.

That’s probably what made me think of it.

Probably. I’m glad it made you cry.

Okay.

No really.

(beat)

Did he make you cry?

I wish he did... That’s the last one.

Thank you... For showing me.

You’re welcome.

(beat)
What do you think?

Me?

Yeah.

I’m proud. It shows what’s possible.
...It is tempting, though, to photograph the pain, to expose the ugly, because it’s the reality. It’s powerful. People take notice.

You both saw that?

It’s everywhere.
Of course, our mission is to restore life, not only by supplying water but by renewing how these people are perceived by the rest of the world.
But it doesn’t tell the whole story, we’re are used to seeing smiling faces on advertisements. Take my photos for instance, no ones going to be like “Who’s that photographer?!”

Why not?

Because, while this might be inviting, it’s not challenging.
I’m proud of what I do and what I’ve built. I love my job. But, if the right moment presented it’s self, I would throw it all away for a picture someone would remember, something they couldn’t ignore... It just hasn’t happened yet.

(beat)
That’s a secret.

I wont tell... and I’ll remember these.

You’re kind.

The Tree of life...
Nathan.

Yeah.  

TRISTA

Did Kevin do okay?

NATHAN

On the trip?

TRISTA

Yeah.

NATHAN

He was great. He was great to work with.

TRISTA

Good.

NATHAN

He does good work.

TRISTA

He does.

NATHAN

So you like the ones they chose?

TRISTA

Of course.

NATHAN

What did you think of his other pictures?

NATHAN

I like all of his work, but I’m biased.

TRISTA

Sure.

NATHAN

I think you got the best ones for the website.

TRISTA

(NATHAN starts to say something. He stops. TRISTA smiles. NATHAN looks around.)

What?
Oh, I just keep waiting for him to be here.

Yeah... me too.

(beat)

How’s he been?

Oh, good. Still getting adjusted. But that’s normal, right?

(beat)

...Your asking?

He says “first world problems” a lot. Drives me nuts.

Make him give you a quarter.

Then he’ll keep saying it and put it toward the water crisis. I don’t know. I mean, he comes home to a foreign house from a foreign country. He still can’t figure out where the silverware is. I---. You know, he’s different... he---.

(beat)

You know moving is the 3rd most stressful life event?

No.

After death and divorce.

Those Double D’s.

What?
Death and divorce.

Oh.

They both start with...

Yeah. No I get it now.

You know what really got me when I came home after my first trip overseas?

What?

Dog food commercials.

Dog food?

I couldn’t watch them.

Why?

The way we treat animals here is unheard of. We have our dogs shampooed and pampered when they would be happy to drink out of a toilet. Meanwhile, most of the world lives on less than a dollar a day.

Oh.

But what gets me, is that these commercials are borderline romantic! There’s the soft music playing in the background. The owner comes home, the dog comes running in, it’s all slow motion. “Your faithful companion has always been there for you...” And the dog starts licking the guys face, and the guy’s like loving it. “Why don’t you say “I love you” back, with one of our premium doggie dishes. Cue: rolling in the grass together and laughing soundlessly. It’s ridiculous.
Oh no! You’re right.

I have to turn off the TV and count to 10.

I’ve never noticed.

That dog is not your friend. If it ran out of food for long enough, it would eat you.... I’m sorry, you don’t have any dogs do you?

No. I love them, but they make me sneeze.

First world problem.

No! It’s not! That is not a /first world problem!

Yes it is. No listen to me--- People don’t keep dogs in their houses.

Don’t people like sleep with goats for warmth? ... Nevermind.

You want a quarter?

(NATHAN pulls out his wallet.)

No. I don’t want your quarter.

I have a dollar.

Keep your money.

But now I get to say it three more times.
Now I really don’t want it.

For the wine then. NATHAN

Oh, so I’m getting paid to do miracles? TRISTA

You’re not having any? NATHAN

No. Not me. TRISTA

Oh. NATHAN

Well, why not? A sip wouldn’t hurt. TRISTA

(TRISTA pours herself a little bit of wine and takes a sip.)

NATHAN What I meant was, sometimes when you come home, all the things that used to be familiar make you realize everything you’ve taken for granted.

TRISTA Except there’s nothing familiar. Except for this couch.

NATHAN There’s you.

(NATHAN drinks.)

TRISTA You want some more?

NATHAN No. I probably shouldn’t. Take it away.

TRISTA Me too. I already feel guilty. (TRISTA gets up and puts the glasses away.)

And keep your money. (NATHAN takes his dollar.)

I haven’t been paid in dollar bills since college. I was a waitress. (beat)
So I’m not being paranoid then?

I’m no expert.

...But if you realize that you take something for granted, wouldn’t that make you care about it more?

I still turn off the TV and count to 10.

Right.

But that doesn’t mean---

You think you could talk to him? I’m just worried that----. Maybe you could talk to him?

(The sound of KEVIN coming home. KEVIN enters.)

Hey!

Nathan?

Nathan just came over to /talk.

Hey, man.

I figured you’d be home soon.

Can I help you?

Sorry, you weren’t answering your calls. I thought I’d just swing by.
I still have to run a few errands, so.

Hey. "KEVIN"

It’s fine. "TRISTA"

(TRISTA exits to her bedroom.)

You think you can just show up at my house? "KEVIN"

I leave in the morning. "NATHAN"

This is none of your business. "KEVIN"

Hold on. "NATHAN"

You need to go. "KEVIN"

Kevin. "NATHAN"

I told you. I’m not having this conversation with you. "KEVIN"

Do you know what you have? "NATHAN"

My wife is in the next room. "KEVIN"

So? That picture is brilliant. "NATHAN"

What did you say to her? "KEVIN"

She doesn’t know anything. "NATHAN"
You need to go.

KEVIN

You haven’t told her?

NATHAN

Bye, Nathan.

KEVIN

Wait, will you just listen to me?

NATHAN

(TRISTA reenters with her purse and keys.)

Okay.

TRISTA

(beat)

Is everything okay?

KEVIN

Everything’s fine.

TRISTA

What?

KEVIN

It’s not important.

NATHAN

Kevin.

KEVIN

Nathan wanted me to go to Uruguay with them. I told him I can’t, because you’re having a baby.

TRISTA

Oh. Really?

NATHAN

...We did offer it to him.

TRISTA

But...

KEVIN
I told them no.

Okay, I? TRISTA

Congratulations by the way. NATHAN

Yeah. TRISTA

You must be really exited! Wow! NATHAN

Thank you. We are.... Thank you. I’ll be back.

(TRISTA exits.)

What the hell? NATHAN

What? KEVIN

We offered you the job weeks ago. NATHAN

And? KEVIN

You didn’t say anything about having a kid? NATHAN

Why is this important to you? KEVIN

You’re lying to her. NATHAN

What do you want from me? KEVIN

(beat) NATHAN
Why haven’t you told anyone?

KEVIN

It wasn’t my job.

NATHAN

Why didn’t you tell me?

NATHAN

Do you have a copy of it?

KEVIN

Yeah.

NATHAN

What are you going to do with it?

KEVIN

What does it matter to you?

NATHAN

What does it matter to me? What does it--- it’s, it’s... Are you kidding me? Who cares about me? Who cares about you. You have to do something with it. You can’t just let it sit there.

KEVIN

It’s not your picture.

NATHAN

What are you doing right now? I thought we were friends? I’m trying to help you.

KEVIN

I took a picture I shouldn’t have taken. I’m sorry you saw it.

NATHAN

I talked to my friend at the New York Times. Kevin. They would all give their left nut to publish that picture.

KEVIN

You what?

NATHAN

I didn’t show it to them.

KEVIN

This is not your picture.
NATHAN
I didn’t say it was mine.

KEVIN
Who’s do they think it is?

NATHAN
They want to publish.

KEVIN
They haven’t seen it.

NATHAN
You don’t have to see it. You could be the shittiest photographer in the world working with a Motorola phone and that picture is still worth something.

KEVIN
There are a thousand pictures like it. And worse.

NATHAN
Not like this one. You know that. You know that! ...The New York Times. How can you not know what a gold mine you just stepped on?

KEVIN
He said he would publish it?

NATHAN
He wants to see it.

KEVIN
You didn’t send it to him?

NATHAN
No.

KEVIN
Why were you going through my camera card?

NATHAN
I always check the recovery files before we override them... I just told him what the image was. (beat)

KEVIN
They want it.
When?

NATHAN
Now. As soon as possible. 5 hours ago.
You publish this and whatever you want to say to the world, people will listen. You’re just a photographer. What more could you want?

(beat)

What happened?

KEVIN

What do you mean?

NATHAN
To the girl... the kid in the picture. It was a girl right?
Did you help her?
...It’s okay, Kevin. I understand. I’ve been there too.
... Look, it’s not our job to, we can’t do everything ourselves. Our job is to tell the story.

KEVIN
I scared the bird away.

NATHAN
Okay. Okay good.

KEVIN
I waited, for a long time, for the bird to leave, for the mother to come back...

NATHAN
Okay. Okay. That’s okay.

(beat)
That would have happened whether you were there or not.

KEVIN
But I was there.

NATHAN
Right, you were. For a good reason.... That girl, okay, she probably died. But she doesn’t have to die in vain.

(beat)
If you want, I could publish it for you. I could publish it under my name.

KEVIN
What?
I can do it for you.

You can’t just take credit for it.

I believe in that picture. If I was there I would have done the same thing, only it would have been on the front page of the New York before I was back in the states. People need to know what’s going on. That picture---

Isn’t yours.

It has to come out.

I’m not ready.

Then when?

You need to go.

You can’t do nothing.

I already did.

Then publish it. That way a thousand people other will do something. You did your job. Well.

Good night, Nathan.

Okay. Okay, fine.

(NATHAN begins to exit.)

You have a copy.
NATHAN
You’re right. I do.

KEVIN
Delete it.

NATHAN
Publish. Or let me.

KEVIN
You wouldn’t.

(beat)

NATHAN
You need to realize what you have and appreciate it, or one day you’re going to turn around and someone will have stolen it from you. And that person isn’t going to be as nice as me.

(NATHAN takes out a camera card and sets it on the table.)

It’s in the recovery file.

END OF SCENE

ACT I
SCENE 4

Later that evening. KEVIN is alone. He sits at his computer holding the the recovery file. TRISTA enters carrying a bag, she begins to take out items and fold them. KEVIN slams the computer shut.

TRISTA
Hey.

KEVIN
What do you got there?

TRISTA
One of the girls I work with... my friend said I could have a bunch of her old baby clothes. I didn’t mean to stay out so late, but we got to talking. We’re going to get together for coffee sometime this week.
Good.

Yeah.

That was nice.

TRISTA

At first I felt weird taking her things, but everyone at work was so supportive.

KEVIN

Oh yeah, how did it go today?

TRISTA

Asking for leave, or my appointment?

KEVIN

Oh, shit.

TRISTA

Yeah.

KEVIN

Trista, I.

(TRISTA holds up her hand to silence KEVIN. TRISTA continues to fold the clothes.)

KEVIN

I talked to my boss, he was great. Everyone was so understanding, considering. The medical leave is fantastic. I could make a career from popping out babies.

TRISTA

One at a time. ...And the...

KEVIN

It was good. He wanted to do a sonogram, I didn’t let him because I wanted you to be there. But he listened to the heartbeat... Apparently he or she’s chugging along in there.

TRISTA

Did you set up another appointment?

KEVIN

Tomorrow.

TRISTA
Good. ... 

TRISTA

Look! I got a pair of Thanksgiving pants.

(TRISTA holds up a pair of maternity pants.)

The nice thing about getting to wear scrubs everyday. I could be packing a bomb in here and no one would even notice.

(TRISTA inspects her stomach.)

I’m like a little kangaroo. You can tell a lot better after I’ve eaten. Eating food really accentuates the baby.

(TRISTA throws a onesie at KEVIN.)

C’mon. Come help me sort through these. Isn’t it cute? It’s so little!

(KEVIN looks at it. It says “Spoiled Rotten”)

KEVIN

*Spoiled Rotten?

TRISTA

*What?

*If the onsie isn’t legible from the audience.

KEVIN

It doesn’t make sense.

TRISTA

What do you mean?

KEVIN

Things become spoiled when you neglect them, not when you give them too much.

TRISTA freezes.

TRISTA

Oh my god.

KEVIN

What?

TRISTA
Kevin.

*What?

TRISTA

*Daddy’s Little Squirt.

(TRISTA holds up a shirt that says “Daddy’s Little Squirt” with a picture of a sperm.)

KEVIN

*If the onesie isn’t legible from the audience.

TRISTA

She would die if she knew this got in here. Someone had to give this to her as a joke.

KEVIN

Inappropriate.

TRISTA

Biologically correct... I’m going to use it.

KEVIN

No, you’re not.

TRISTA

Yeah, get a little matching bow or bow tie.

(beat)

So do you think it’s a boy or a girl?

KEVIN

What?

TRISTA

A boy or a girl. You can’t pretend like you haven’t thought about it. I wouldn’t mind a girl, but look at all this blue.

KEVIN

I don’t care. As long as it’s healthy.

TRISTA

That’s what everyone says. What do you want? Deep down?
KEVIN
That’s a terrible thing to say. What if it’s not what I wanted?

TRISTA
I’ll tell you mine.

KEVIN
Don’t.

TRISTA
I’ll whisper it in your ear so it’s like I never said it.

Trista.

TRISTA
Okay. Okay. Are you ready?

KEVIN
What?

(TRISTA whispers in KEVINS ear.)

TRISTA
So?

KEVIN
Yeah?

TRISTA
C’mon.

KEVIN
It’s supposed to be like you never said it.

(TRISTA wraps her arms around KEVIN.)

TRISTA
But I said it.
How was your time at the shelter?
I know you went. I called down there.

KEVIN
I’m sorry.

TRISTA
The good thing is is that I don’t have to worry about you having an affair. You’re terrible at covering up your rendezvous.

I just meant to stop by.

Did you get any good pictures?

Yeah.

Then why did you leave your camera?

I’ve just been back for two weeks, okay?

I just want to know what’s going on. So you’re just volunteering then?

Yes. And I’ve put in all the applications.

Okay... So, are you making any friends there?

Yeah.

Like who?

Somebody donated a bunch of DVD’s of America’s Next Top Model. So far they’ve watched 5 seasons straight and they gamble on it. My buddy, Captain, won five dollars today because some girl couldn’t keep her eyes open.

Did you and Nathan get to talk much?

Yeah.
How was that?

Fine. **KEVIN**

So you turned down a job? **TRISTA**

Yeah. **KEVIN**

Did you want to take it? **TRISTA**

No.
I still need to show you my pictures don’t I? **KEVIN**

Can you? **TRISTA**

They just put them on the website. **KEVIN**

Really? **TRISTA**

You wanna pull it up? **KEVIN**

Can we use your computer? **TRISTA**

Internet’s spotty. **KEVIN**

That’s because your picking up wi-fi from the McDonalds /down the road... **TRISTA**

/It’s not a McDonalds. **KEVIN**

The password is on the router. Mine’s almost out of battery. **TRISTA**

**KEVIN**
Just get the charger.  
(TRISTA picks up the computer before KEVIN can get it.)

It might be completely out.

TRISTA

First wo---

(TRISTA gives him a look.)

---ere you the one who...

KEVIN

TRISTA

Mm hm?

KEVIN

...stole my heart?

TRISTA

We’re good.

KEVIN

Here.

(TRISTA gives him the computer.)

TRISTA

I can’t believe I’m finally getting to see them!

(KEVIN hands her the laptop.)

TRISTA

Who took that?

TRISTA

That’s mine.

KEVIN

TRISTA

Really? That one’s yours? That’s the main page.

KEVIN

TRISTA

Yeah.

TRISTA

Way to go.

(beat)

She’s beautiful.
Isn’t she? 9 years old.

KEVIN

And that missing tooth.

TRISTA

That’s my favorite part.

KEVIN

Her eyes are glowing... You didn’t edit that in?

TRISTA

Nope.

KEVIN

Have you ever known joy like that?

TRISTA

Every time I look at you.

KEVIN

Shut up... I think my eyes shined like that on our wedding day. Our photographer just wasn’t as good as you.

TRISTA

Our photographer was shit.

KEVIN

She’s my cousin. She needed the money.

TRISTA

We got better pictures of our wedding from Google maps.

KEVIN

That’s not true.

TRISTA

She had a 3-inch lens and she still managed to get her finger into the shot.

KEVIN

That can happen.

TRISTA

If you’re holding the camera like a Neanderthal.
TRISTA
I’ll never live it down.

KEVIN
At least we still have the pictures from our honeymoon.

TRISTA
She did a good job with those.

KEVIN
Funny.

TRISTA
Show me the rest.

KEVIN
K.

(TRISTA looks through them.)

TRISTA
These are great.

KEVIN
You like them?

TRISTA
It shows a whole new personality in your photography.

KEVIN
Mimicking the aesthetic.

TRISTA
I like this one. This one yours?

KEVIN
Mm hmm.

TRISTA
I wish you didn’t hide these from me.

KEVIN
I’m glad you like them.

TRISTA
Who is that?
KEVIN
That’s the great patriarch of one of the villages. Nathan took that one.

TRISTA
He did?

KEVIN
Yeah, he was pretty impressed by that guy. I think he was 90? His village practically worshipped him.

TRISTA
He kinda reminds me of the Tree of Life.

KEVIN
What?

TRISTA
I don’t know.

KEVIN
From Disneyland?

TRISTA
Yeah. A little bit.

KEVIN
Because it’s supposed to be set in Africa at Epcot?

TRISTA
Probably... It’s in Animal Kingdom,---.

(KEVIN watches TRISTA as she looks at the photographs.)

KEVIN
That’s the last one.

TRISTA
Thank you.

KEVIN
How do these make you feel? What’s your overall reaction?

TRISTA
I’m proud.

KEVIN
No. Not about me. Just the pictures, how does it make you feel?

TRISTA
Happy.

KEVIN
Happy?

TRISTA
Yeah. Like this one reminds me of a picture of me and my brother playing in the sprinkler when we were little.

KEVIN
They’re not playing.

TRISTA
What are they doing then?

KEVIN
They’re celebrating. They’ve never had clean drinking water.

TRISTA
What you want me to say?

KEVIN
No, I’m sorry. You answered the question.

TRISTA
If I saw this, and I was one of the donors, I would be really happy and satisfied that I helped be apart of this. I would probably do it again, and tell my friends. I would.

KEVIN
Good. No, that’s good. I’m glad. That’s what I was supposed to do.

(KEVIN takes out the camera card NATHAN gave him.)

TRISTA
What are you doing?

KEVIN
Hold on. (KEVIN opens the recovery file on his computer.)

TRISTA
What about this?

Oh.
Yeah.

So that’s?

That’s where they used to draw their water. And they had to walk miles to get there.

They drink that?

They don’t have another choice. It hasn’t rained in years.

Do they boil it?

It’s too expensive, takes too much time and wood. They just pour it through layers of cloth. See this one? It’s just a pit they dug in the ground. A boy fell in. They weren’t able to retrieve his body, but they kept drawing water because it was their only source.

Oh.

This girl. We found her hiding in the fields. She had been raped on her way to draw water. That’s her reaction to seeing us.

How did you know she was...?

Too ashamed to go back home. It’s the women’s job to get the water. She could have been at school. Those gas cans weigh about 40 pounds. There are 20 year olds that can’t even stand up straight. They spend half their lives getting water that’s going to literally kill them; that’s full of E. Coli, Salmonella, Schistomasa, Cholera Vibros, Hepatitis A... And you know how they die? Diarrhea. Their body rejects the very thing that they need most to survive.

Kevin. Kevin. Okay.

I’m just telling you.
It’s not my fault.

This is really happening.

You don’t have to take it out on me.

Okay.

It’s not my fault.

I didn’t say it was.

You helped a lot of people.

(beat)
Maybe we can go back. On a medical mission. There are vaccinations that can...

That’s not sustainable.

You’re right. Thank you for showing me.

(beat)
There’s another one.

Another what?

Picture. Nathan wants me to publish.

What? Which one? Publish it where?

TRISTA
He didn’t want to use it for the website?

KEVIN
Because it’s not a happy picture. The company wanted us to photograph people, not guilt propaganda.

TRISTA
So wait a second? The New York Times? How do you know that they would---

KEVIN
Nathan, talk to them. They want it.

TRISTA
Kevin! This is...! So is that why he was here? Which picture is it?
(beat)

KEVIN
Hold on.

TRISTA
This is great! Why didn’t you---
(beat)

Can I see it?

KEVIN
Here.

(KEVIN shows TRISTA the picture.)

TRISTA
You took this?

KEVIN
Yes.

TRISTA
You were there?

KEVIN
Yes.

TRISTA
What happened?
(beat)

KEVIN

I’m publishing it.

(KEVIN and TRISTA look at one another. They both look away. They want to say something. They can’t.)

END OF SCENE
END OF ACT I

ACT II
SCENE 1

December. The table is set for lunch. There are “It’s a Boy” Decorations around the house. Trista pulls up a video on her phone.

TRISTA V.O

It’s recording.

KEVIN V.O

Oh. Uh. Hi! Trista! I ...uh, miss you a lot.

How much?

TRISTA V.O

A whole, whole lot.

Do you want to leave me?

KEVIN V.O

Nope. But I carry you with me. Yeah?

Are you excited about being awesome?

KEVIN V.O

I’m excited.

Are you going to change the world?

KEVIN V.O

I figured it needed a tune up from last time.
Blow me some kisses.  
Now show me a little nipple.

TRISTA V.O

What?

KEVIN V.O

Just a little nip.

TRISTA V.O

I can’t get to it.

KEVIN V.O

At least try to make some cleavage.

TRISTA V.O

You’re ridiculous.

KEVIN V.O

Now tell me you love me.

TRISTA V.O

I love you.  
(...)

KEVIN V.O

It’s recording.

TRISTA V.O

Oh. Uh. Hi! Trista! I ...uh, miss you a lot.

KEVIN V.O

How much?  
(There’s a knock on the door. TRISTA opens the door to find NATHAN.)

TRISTA V.O

You made it!

NATHAN

Hi. Wow. Good to see you.

TRISTA

Come in, come in. Kevin’s on his way.
NATHAN

Oh.
Decorative.

TRISTA

Oh, I didn’t have the heart to take it down. Some of those balloons over there are giving up though.

I like it. So how are---

TRISTA

Tell me about you. You just got home?

Yes.

TRISTA

How was it?

NATHAN

You want to hear a great story?

Yes.

NATHAN

Okay good, because I’ve been waiting to tell someone.

TRISTA

Do you want anything to eat while---?

I can wait.
Smells good.

TRISTA

What’s your story?

NATHAN

We were at one of our last locations, and it was particularly rocky area, so it took us 3 times before we were able to find a place that worked. Meanwhile, the village had virtually stopped going to draw water.

(TRISTA grabs a bite to eat.)
TRISTA
No, no. Keep talking. I just want to eat everything.

NATHAN
No, go right ahead.

TRISTA
I can’t keep any junk food in the house. I could eat an entire bag of chips, including the bag.

(TRISTA motions for him to continue.)

NATHAN
So they had stopped going to gather their own water, which was practically mud anyway. Of course we had water for them, but they wanted their new water. And we’re getting worried because it’s taking days. These people are defying the laws of biology on the edge of hope... and we finally get water. Normally this is when I get all of my great shots. Because there’s singing, and dancing and celebrating. The kids always go first and their culture is all about sharing. There’s always a great shot to be had of the mothers watching their children. Not this time. It was 18 piglets on a one tit. And they kept drinking and drinking and drinking. To the point that we became worried again because their stomachs, you can imagine, have never been stretched.

TRISTA
Oh, I think I can imagine.

NATHAN
I bet you can.

TRISTA
No, go on. I’m sorry to interrupt.

NATHAN
Because the last time I saw you, you were....

TRISTA
We’ve definitely made our debut.

(beat)
So the piglets, they were drinking.

NATHAN
Drinking piglets.

TRISTA
You know, that’s actually very appropriate.
NATHAN

What?

TRISTA

Pigs are the only animals, other than humans, that eat until they physically hurt. So you can say that someone eats like a pig, but you can’t technically tell someone they sweat like a pig because--

NATHAN

Pigs don’t sweat.

TRISTA

They wallow in the mud. Speaking of pigs, let me text my beloved husband and make sure he’s on his way. What time is your appointment?

NATHAN

It can wait.

TRISTA

Kevin?

NATHAN

My appointment. I’m just getting my teeth cleaned.

TRISTA

No. You won’t be able to reschedule it this time of year. Trust me.

How’s work?

NATHAN

TRISTA

It’s so good. They actually hired someone new because of my maternity leave so I’ve only been working half time, which is not ideal.

(TRISTA begins to call KEVIN. She holds the phone to her ear.)

But pigs are actually very similar to humans. If you eat their skin undercooked, you can get all kinds of crazy parasites that you would get if you were a cannibal, in fact---

TRISTA transitions into leaving a message.

Hey Kevin. This is Trista. Nathan is here. We’re about to have lunch without you. And just so you know, humans, apparently taste a lot like pork.

TRISTA hangs up.

He won’t even listen to it. But it’s more disruptive if I leave a voice message.
Shit. Shit..

What?

I said that... that pigs.

Oh.. Oh!

Oh my gosh.

You said he won’t even listen to it.

I always say something wrong. Half the time I don’t even know what it is.

It’s okay.
You didn’t do anything wrong.

We were talking about the pigs...

I know.
(beat)
I know. He probably won’t listen to it.

That will probably be the one thing that he listens to. Why did I have to say that? I could have said anything, or nothing.

Just be honest with him.

You know you can get a heart transplant from a pig. The first guy to do it was Jewish. He had to get approval from his rabbi. That’s much more interesting.

That is.
I don’t want to talk about pigs.

So the kids were drinking and drinking.

Right.

Until they were just sloshed.

Okay.

And then the adults drank. But no singing and dancing, they were just laid out like frat boys. Which, I can’t take a picture of. We were in Rwanda. That’s exactly the opposite of what we’re trying to do. So we just hang out, like, what a bummer, right? And then one little boy gets up, and starts to wobble around.

Sloshed.

Right. And he starts yelling “ahnananana!” I don’t understand him. And he starts kind of hobble running off, and the other kids chase after him. And they’re all just kind of hopping along like little stick figures, and so I follow them. And I notice that their going to their old well. So I follow them for like, 2-3 miles. Luckily this one isn’t too far away. My interpreter is there and he won’t tell me anything. He just smiles with all his teeth. They make it there, and the little boy starts peeing in the well. Then all the little boys start peeing in the well. I take a picture of it, knowing no ones ever going to see it or understand it. So cute, they got attention. Then the little girls try to pee in the well, which is dangerous. And the adults have come along, so I’m like “good, we had our laugh.” Some of the men start peeing in the well. One guy looks back at me, like “Hey!” “You’re a grown man. I’m not going to take your picture.” It was funny.

That is funny.

I guess it’s kinda a potty joke, but.

It was a relief.
I see what you did there.

TRISTA

When’s your next big adventure?

NATHAN

Well, we’ll campaign right up to Christmas day. Then New Years is our other big event fund-raiser. That’s when my holidays begin. Then starting in March I will train the guy who will take my place. Then May will be a new start.

TRISTA

What?

NATHAN

Yeah.

TRISTA

Really?

NATHAN

I know.

TRISTA

Why?

NATHAN

My whole life has been...

(NATHAN sets his hands out in different places to signify he’s traveled all over.)

But I’m ready for life to be:

(NATHAN stacks one hand on top of the other.)

I understand.

TRISTA

NATHAN

I’m not complaining. I’ve been apart of many life times, I just, I just want to build something with roots.

TRISTA

Tree of life.
NATHAN

Tree of life.

(beat)

NATHAN

It looks good on you, by the way. Motherhood.

TRISTA

Oh. Thanks.

NATHAN

How far along are you?

TRISTA

About 23 weeks.

NATHAN

Wow----.

TRISTA

4 months to go.

NATHAN

So when I first met you, you were---

TRISTA

I was already pregnant.
Sorry for all the baby things. I know it’s an obstacle course.

NATHAN

It’s fine. So you’ve been okay? How’s Kevin.

TRISTA

Busy.

NATHAN

I wanted to apologize.

TRISTA

For what?

NATHAN

I’m really the one who pushed him to publish.

TRISTA

He made his choice.
NATHAN
Still I didn’t know that it would...

TRISTA
Become an internet sensation?

NATHAN
Right.

TRISTA
I honestly don’t know what’s more depressing about humanity, that there are still people are dying in Africa because of lack of food or water, or there are now people commenting on the internet when they have no brain. How do you fight it and win?

NATHAN
Sure.

TRISTA
But a lot of people worship him too. I never thought I’d be married to a celebrity.

NATHAN
Do people ever ask him for his autograph.

TRISTA
No. Just selfies. A lot of selfies. I don’t go out as much now that the baby is on display. People can be mean.

NATHAN
Did something happen? (TRISTA gets up and pulls a shoe box from the trash. She hands it to Nathan. There’s a dismembered baby doll inside.)

People are mean.

NATHAN
Do you know who did this?

TRISTA
Don’t--- It’s fine.

NATHAN
It’s not.
I block it out.

But they know where you live.

I’m at work. Or Kevin’s here.

So how is he---?

You should see him, he’s should have been a politician. Someone will be yelling right in his face and he’ll just straighten their collar. And he’s great on all his interviews. He’s really respected everywhere he goes, people have been really generous... He still spends most of his time at the homeless shelter. It’s hard on him. I can’t imagine. I just can’t wait till the baby gets here. I think that’ll help make the world a little bit... smaller, again.

I’ll talk to him.

...Thank you.

When’s the due date?

April 23rd.

Oh, you know what they say about April babies?

No.

Yeah, I don’t either. Have you decided on a name yet?

We’re waiting...

When did you find out?
(NATHAN points to the decorations.)

TRISTA
About 2 weeks ago. He was shy at first, so it took us a while to find out.

NATHAN
He’s a lucky kid.

TRISTA
It’s probably silly that I still have---

NATHAN
It’s a special occasion.

TRISTA
Thanks, Uncle Nathan

NATHAN
Me?

TRISTA
Yeah.

NATHAN
Ah, well. I mean, I’ve never been much at sports but I’m sure I could throw him a ball.

TRISTA
I’m sure he’d love that.

NATHAN
Or teach him about the Mbendjele Yaka Pygmies.

TRISTA
The what?

NATHAN
It’s a tribe in Africa. They believe that Europe is the afterlife.

TRISTA
Good luck teaching him how to pronounce it.

NATHAN
Mbendjele Yaka Pygmies.

TRISTA
Moo boo boo Yucka Piggies.
NATHAN

Mbendjele Yaka Pygmies.

TRISTA

Mmmm yeah Pocahontas.

NATHAN

Close.

TRISTA

How do you say “My belly button is on fire”?

NATHAN

What?

TRISTA

“My belly button is on fire.”

NATHAN

I don’t know the language. That’s just the name of the tribe.

TRISTA

Too bad.

NATHAN

I could probably say it in Swahili. “My” is “yangu” fire is “moto.” Yangu moto. But I don’t know if there’s a word for belly button.

TRISTA

There’s not?

NATHAN

You could say ‘stomach fastener.’ Tumbo Kifungo. The best I would probably be able to translate is “My stomach fastener is with fire.”

TRISTA

They probably just say it like this: “Ahhh!”

NATHAN

You wouldn’t be able to pronounce it anyway.

TRISTA

Say it.

NATHAN
Tumbo yangu kifungo ni pamja na moto.

TRISTA

Mmm juh, piggies.

NATHAN

Pygmie.

TRISTA

Pig you.

(NATHAN and TRISTA repeat “Mbendjele Yaka Pygmies” as many times and as many ways as they need to with some (if any) general ad lib. TRISTA freezes. She touches her stomach.)

What?

(TRISTA motions for NATHAN to “hold on”)

Are you okay?

(TRISTA exhales.)

TRISTA

I should be able to tell if he starts moving soon. It’s supposed to start out just as a flutter, but I can’t tell if it’s from me laughing or from the baby. TRISTA touches her stomach again. I can’t tell if it’s really him or if it’s wishful thinking.

(beat)

NATHAN

Can I---?

(NATHAN places his hand on TRISTAs stomach. )

TRISTA

Anything?

Baby...? Are you there? It’s okay.

NATHAN

Mbendjele Yaka Pygmies, Baby.

TRISTA

Mbendjele Yaka Pygmies!

(TRISTA laughs. The baby moves. )

Did I---?
No! He---!

Oh my god! Hi baby. Hi. Mbenjele Yaka Pygmies! Mbenjele Yaka Pygmies!* *this can still sound like jibberish.

Mbenjele.

I’m having a baby.

You’re having a baby. He was laughing with you.

He loves me.

(KEVIN enters.)

Hey everybody!

Kevin.

Sorry I’m late. Hey. (KEVIN walks over to TRISTA. He kisses her, she’s surprised.)

Where have you been?

On the phone.

Oh. What have you two kids been up to?

We’ve... we’ve just been catching up.
Yeah? (KEVIN hugs TRISTA from behind and kisses her on the cheek. She’s surprised.)

Nathan. How are you?

I’m good.

Good to see you, buddy.

Thanks.

You’re lookin’ good. You jogging out there on the tundra?

Ah, no.

So what’d I miss?

Nathan just got back on Thursday.

Anything exciting happen?

Just another successful go around.

This guys passport looks like an over achieving Boy Scout. Doesn’t it? You have it on you?

I generally keep it in my...

Show Trista.

Look at this. (NATHAN pulls out his passport.)
TRISTA

Wow.

NATHAN

It’s about time I retire it.

TRISTA

How many trips have you been on?

NATHAN

We go on about 3 major trips a year and a few maintenance trips. That’s 4-5 trips a year. At least 50.

KEVIN

He’s a world traveler.

NATHAN

Every continent. Almost 100 countries. Some countries are smaller than Rhode Island, so it’s not that hard to do.

KEVIN

How long you gunna be at home base?

(KEVIN phone rings.)

Hold on I gotta take this.

(KEVIN answers.)

Hey. What can I do for you? Who told you? Thank you, thank you. No we haven’t publicly announced it. I was gunna give you a call... I was. What’s it for? Oh, we don’t know if it was a boy or a girl.

TRISTA

Who are you talking to?

KEVIN

You can’t tell from the picture.

(beat)

I know what he said, but we don’t know for sure.

TRISTA

It’s a boy.

KEVIN

It’s not like I can go back and check. There’s no way to tell by the positions it’s in.
TRISTA
He’s showing off his glory.

KEVIN
Okay, well the next time I take a picture of a kid, I’ll make sure I get a good look at their genitals... Yeah, then I’ll really be famous, right? I’ve always wanted to work out of my basement. I never said it was a girl, people just assumed because it generates more sympathy. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Okay. Okay, but I need to let you know. No, yeah, just email it to me. Okay. Okay bye.

(KEVIN hangs up.)
Sorry.

(beat)

I, uh. Yeah. Yeah!

TRISTA
What?

KEVIN
Well, I just got a call, earlier today, and... I found out that I have been nominated for a Pulitzer.

TRISTA
No.

KEVIN
Yes.

TRISTA
Really?

KEVIN
It’s official. The Pulitzer Prize in Photography.

TRISTA
Kevin.

(TRISTA hugs KEVIN.)
Oh, my god. That’s amazing. Kevin.

KEVIN
So I’m sorry I’m late...

TRISTA
This is great!

NATHAN
Congratulations man.

Yeah, it’s. It’s something.

I don’t know how to react. This is---.

Yeah. They’re gunna fly us up to New York of the Ceremony. They’ll put us in some fancy hotel over Times Square...

Wow!

This is it. Okay? This is what I’ve been waiting for. Some kind of break. I’m not just an Internet shit show. This, this means something. This isn’t opinion, this is history. It’s...

You made it.

We made it...

When is it?

Three months.

I’ll be huge.

Will you be able to fly?

We might have to take an OBGYN on the plane.

You’re a nurse, you can’t deliver yourself?

My job is to down, set, hut.
KEVIN
Okay.

TRISTA
I’ll have to wear a maternity dress to the ceremony.

KEVIN
You’ll be the bell of the ball.

TRISTA
I’m already starting to get kankles.

(KEVIN kisses the tips of his fingers like the thought is delicious.)
Can we take one of those carriage rides around Central Park?

KEVIN
I don’t think you can do that anymore. Animal Cruelty.

TRISTA
Oh.

NATHAN
It’s not illegal yet, but they’re not meant to be in the city. Their hearts explode from the conditions.

TRISTA
Oh.

NATHAN
We fly out of New York a lot.

TRISTA
You’ll have to tell us where to visit.

KEVIN
Nathan. I’m glad you’re here.

(KEVIN goes to get a bottle of wine.)

NATHAN
Thanks.

KEVIN
I can’t imagine anyone better to celebrate with right now. You’re the one who encouraged me to publish. And it’s made my life hell, but... This deserves a toast.
(TRISTA joins him.)

TRISTA

Here.

KEVIN

Another reason why I’m glad you’re here. My pregnant wife is not fully able to appreciate this moment.

TRISTA

I can have juice.

KEVIN

Close enough.

(KEVIN hands NATHAN a glass.)

If it wasn’t for this guy, none of this would be happening. I would have buried that picture in the ground, who knows what good it would do there. Yeah?

NATHAN

Cheers.

KEVIN

...But you knew what this picture would mean, which is why you were willing carry the fame and the fury on my behalf. And my wife here, who has been so patient and so kind, all the while, carrying my child. It’s more than I could ever ask for. So thank you. Here’s to getting what we could never deserve. Cheers.

Cheers.

TRISTA

NATHAN

Cheers.

TRISTA

What happens if you win?

KEVIN

I like piña coladas.

TRISTA

Are we going to have to keep the bottle nearby?

KEVIN

I’ll get it. Nathan?
Why not?  
NATHAN

You’re the prophet.  
KEVIN

I’m happy for you.  
NATHAN

Thanks. How’s your juice?  
KEVIN

Delicious.  
TRISTA

What do you wanna do today?  
KEVIN

Me?  
TRISTA

Yeah.  
KEVIN

I made lunch.  
TRISTA

To celebrate.  
KEVIN

My choice?  
TRISTA

Sure. There’s this place downtown that we could---  
KEVIN

Can we work on the nursery?  
TRISTA

What?  
KEVIN

It’ll be fun.  
TRISTA

KEVIN
You want to work on the nursery?

TRISTA
We’ve been putting it off. What better way to start the next chapter?

KEVIN
Sure. Of course. Why not?
It’s about time I get you in there and put you to work. You think I can have this baby all by myself?

TRISTA
I have all the stuff. We can pick out a color to paint.

KEVIN
Nathan, how good are you with a paintbrush?

NATHAN
Well, I don’t know how I should---.

TRISTA
We can’t paint today.

KEVIN
Sure we can. Let’s knock it out of the park.

TRISTA
We can try.

NATHAN
I’ll let you guys have your fun.

KEVIN
Where you going?

NATHAN
It’s about time I head out.

KEVIN
We’re celebrating.

NATHAN
This is your day. You have fun.

TRISTA
You want something to eat?
NATHAN
I have to get my teeth cleaned.

KEVIN
That’s too bad. We could use the help.

NATHAN
Well, I won’t be able to reschedule this time of year.

TRISTA
You can stay.

NATHAN
Another time maybe.

KEVIN
Fair enough. I’m sorry I missed earlier, I----

NATHAN
You have a good excuse.

TRISTA
Are you sure?

NATHAN
Another time.

TRISTA
Thank you.

NATHAN
Sure thing.

TRISTA
We’ll plan this again.

NATHAN

KEVIN
Careful driving.

TRISTA
Bye!

(NATHAN exits.)
Hey.

Hi. 

TRISTA

There he is.

KEVIN

Here I am.

TRISTA

You did it.

KEVIN

I guess.

TRISTA

How does it feel?

KEVIN

I’m invincible.

TRISTA

Good.

(TRISTA touches her stomach. KEVIN phone rings.)

KEVIN

Oh, sorry.
I’ll just let it go to voice mail.

TRISTA

You ready?

KEVIN

You wanna eat lunch?

TRISTA

Are you going to be on your phone all day?

KEVIN

Silenced.

(TRISTA holds out her hand.)

You want it?
TRISTA
Someone has to document this momentous occasion.

KEVIN
It’s not enough to treasure it in our hearts?

TRISTA
You changed the password.

(Kevin takes the phone, types in the password, and gives it to Trista. She looks at him.)

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TRISTA
So when’s the big day?

KEVIN
The ceremony? April 19th, I think...

TRISTA
That’s...

(Kevins phone vibrates.)

four months.

I’ll get it later.

TRISTA
We can pick out a color.

KEVIN
What about lunch---

TRISTA
Grab it. We can make a picnic.

(If the set provides, Trista exits to the nursery. She goes through Kevin’s phone and deletes the voicemail. Kevin follows. Trista gets dozens of grey paint samples.)

What do you think?

KEVIN
I think we should do grey.
Okay, but which one?

I wanted to get grey because blue is too obvious and it’s a nice gender neutral, not like yellow. What do you think?

Honestly?

Yeah.

I think, “Holy shit. That’s a lot of grey.”

Which one do you like?

Ah, this one! Smoky Chimney.

I think I like this shade, because it’s not too dark. This one has a nice silvery sheen that makes it kinda modern looking. But I still really like this chalky textured one. It’s more astute.

Astute. How many shades of grey are there?

I don’t know. 50?

Mmm.

Which one?

Astute.

Astute it is. This is what I want to do:

(TRISTA pulls up a picture on her phone.)
Okay, so look at this. I got these fantastic Alphabet prints. I’m putting them in frames so we can hang them over the crib.

KEVIN
You’re going to do all 26?

TRISTA
I’m half way done.

(TRISTA shows him a picture on her phone.)

See?

KEVIN
Okay.

TRISTA
So the grey wall really makes the colors pop.

KEVIN
That actually looks pretty good.

TRISTA
Yeah? Okay. And this is my favorite part. So what ever we name the baby, let’s say for instance it’s Kevin Junior...

KEVIN
Nope.

TRISTA
What?

KEVIN
Not going to name him after me.

TRISTA
Well technically he will be named “after” you because you’ve already been named.

(KEVIN playfully pushes TRISTA.)

KEVIN
Oh, you’re really funny. Why don’t you hand me the those and I’ll put them into frames.

TRISTA
What about Kevin the II?

KEVIN
After I become King, I’ll consider it.

TRISTA
Kevin the sequel?

KEVIN
How about nothing with “Kevin” in it.

TRISTA
So hypothetically, if his name was...

(TRISTA holds up the picture frame with “K is for Kangaroo” in it.)

“Kangaroo” we would paint this frame blue, or whatever color, and it would stand out from the rest of the Alphabet.

KEVIN
Very nice.
When did you get so into interior decorating?

TRISTA
Recently. I close my eyes and I can still see baby things.

(KEVIN kisses TRISTA.)

KEVIN
It looks good.

TRISTA
Yeah?

KEVIN
Yeah.

TRISTA
I’m just ready for him to be home.

(TRISTA begins to put the pictures in frames as well. She hands a picture from the stack to KEVIN. )

And be careful. They’re silk screen. They’re not just regular prints.

KEVIN
How much did these cost?
TRISTA
Not too much. I was gunna get the frames plated in gold, but decided against it. Do you get paid to win a Pulitzer?

KEVIN
You get “awarded.” It’s more about the honor.

TRISTA
Have you come up with your name ideas?

KEVIN
What were you thinking?

TRISTA
You first.

KEVIN
Not Kangaroo.

TRISTA
No.

KEVIN
Einstein? That hasn't been used in a while.

TRISTA
That’s because it’s a German last name. And who want’s to live up to that. You want to name him Gandhi, Adolf, or Judas?

TRISTA
We could name him Jude!

KEVIN
“Hey Jude,

TRISTA
Don't make it bad!

KEVIN and TRISTA
Take a sad song and make it better.

KEVIN
Better, better, better, better, better, better, wow!

TRISTA
So it's basically decided then. We're going to name him Jude.

KEVIN
No. No, No. No, no, no, no. Not Jude.
TRISTA

Why not!?

KEVIN

Don't like it.

TRISTA

We could name him Jew.

KEVIN

Jew? Just Jew?

TRISTA

What names did you have in mind?

KEVIN

It’s whatever you want.

(TRISTA holds up the “T is for Turtle” picture.)

TRISTA

What about Timmy? Tiny Tim?

(She hands the picture to KEVIN for him to put into a frame.)

KEVIN

Good thing we weren’t on W yet, what is that? Walrus?

TRISTA

You wouldn’t want to name our first born Walrus?

KEVIN

Do you want to give birth to a Walrus?

TRISTA

You make a suggestion then! I’m tired of just calling him ‘the baby.’

KEVIN

Zetus the fetus?

TRISTA

No.

(KEVIN takes the ‘U is for Unicorn’ picture.)
KEVIN
I think girl names would be easier to come up with. I can't think of any good boy's names.

TRISTA
Okay, what would you name her if she was a girl?
KEVIN holds up the picture in the frame.

KEVIN
Princess Unicorn, obviously. Hand me the next one.

TRISTA
Actually...

KEVIN
What?

TRISTA
I have a book of names that we can look at. What about Triton?

KEVIN
Trista and Triton. That's a trippy tongue twister. Trista, Triton... We only have a couple more. Just give me the next one.

TRISTA
I can finish these. If you want you can---

KEVIN
We're almost done.
No, I got it.
What about David?

KEVIN
Who's David?

TRISTA
As a name....

KEVIN
Wil you hand me the next picture?

TRISTA
I think we should work on the----

(KEVIN takes the next card. The next letter is "V is for Vulture.")
V is for Vulture?

TRISTA

V should be for Violin.
Here, give it back.

KEVIN

It’s okay.

(KEVIN continues to put the photo in the frame.)

KEVIN

TRISTA

Kevin, please.

KEVIN

It’s going on in the frame.

TRISTA

I don’t want it.

(KEVIN doesn’t stop.)

I’ll get another one. Stop.

(TRISTA takes the frame from KEVIN as he’s putting the picture in the frame. The glass cuts his hand.)

KEVIN


TRISTA

Sorry. Is it bleeding?
Is it bad? Here I have a----

(TRISTA grabs a towel.)

KEVIN

It’s not like you can shelter me.

TRISTA

I’m not trying to shelter you.

KEVIN

It’s not like I haven’t already been eaten alive, okay?

TRISTA

I don’t want it.

KEVIN

I want to move on. Okay? I’m here. Let’s work on the nursery.
TRISTA

Kevin.

KEVIN

That bird is about to win me a Pulitzer Prize. I can’t spend the rest of my life avoiding the best---

TRISTA

I don’t want a vulture in my room over my baby! ... I don’t!

KEVIN

Fine.

(KEVIN stops.)

Fine.

I’m sorry.

TRISTA

How bad is it?

KEVIN

It’s fine.

TRISTA

Can I look at it? I have some---

KEVIN

Just give me a minute. Okay? I’m not going to bleed to death. TRISTA gets an ice pack and sets it in front of KEVIN. She cleans up any blood and sets the frames out of the way.

(beat)

TRISTA

When we’re in New York, I want to see a Broadway show.

KEVIN

Okay.

TRISTA

I’ve never seen a Broadway show. I don’t care if I like it or not, I just want to see one.

KEVIN

Okay. And I’ll find you a carriage.

TRISTA

And then we’ll ride of into the sunset and never look back, right?
Right.

TRISTA

Tomorrow’s our next appointment.

KEVIN

Right.

TRISTA

And you’ll meet me at the hospital.

KEVIN

2:00 right?

TRISTA

I can pick you up this time, if---

KEVIN

I won’t miss it.

TRISTA

Okay. It’s gunna get better. We’ll be a family soon. We’ll take care of each other. You wanna see if he kicks?

KEVIN

I’m still bleeding. Hold on.

(TRISTA takes KEVIN’s hand that isn’t bleeding and sets it on her stomach.)

END SCENE

ACT II

SCENE 2

The next day. KEVIN is home trying to take off his bandage. He winces. There’s a knock on the door. His phone vibrates. He stops it. He continues to try to take off his bandage. There’s a knock at the door. He ignores it. Another knock.

KEVIN

Go away.
(The knocking continues.)

NATHAN
Are you going to let me in? Or should I talk to this reporter?

(KEVIN opens the door. NATHAN enters.)

Hey!

KEVIN
What are you doing here?

NATHAN
So I guess they announced your nomination, huh?

KEVIN
Did you say anything to them?

NATHAN
To them, I’m the Pizza boy. What did you do to your hand?

KEVIN
I donated blood.

NATHAN
Out of your palm?

KEVIN
Can I help you?

NATHAN
You have a second?

KEVIN
Now’s not really a good time.

NATHAN
Well, I got you something...

(beat)
I don’t know, it’s... Consider it a “happy nomination/early Christmas present”
Um, here.

(KEVIN receives a picture from NATHAN.)

KEVIN
Oh.
I just, I liked that picture of us.

KEVIN

We look happy don’t we?

NATHAN

So does she.

(beat)

Our new web site cover model, thanks to you.

We look like a couple that’s gone to adopt their new child. Not that---.

KEVIN

I get it.

NATHAN

You’re not my type.

KEVIN

Thanks. And thanks?

NATHAN

What do you give the guy who has everything, huh?

KEVIN

Sure.

NATHAN

Is Trista here?

KEVIN

No.

NATHAN

I stopped by the shelter first.

KEVIN

We’ll thanks for stopping by.

NATHAN

How are you doing? With all this?

KEVIN

It is what it is.

(KEVINS phone begins to vibrate.)
NATHAN
Times magazine trying to name you as person of the year?

KEVIN
Not quite.

(KEVIN silences his phone.)

We’ll it’s been good seeing you. Thanks for the picture.

NATHAN
Well, maybe we can meet up sometime, when you’re not busy taking phone calls or doing interviews.

KEVIN
Right.

(NATHAN sets down an envelope.)

NATHAN
I think you should keep this.

(beat)

I’ll go.

KEVIN
Where did you get that?

NATHAN
You’re about to start a family.

KEVIN
It’s not your decision what I do with---- You think you can just /show up to my house?

NATHAN
What is this about? Why are you doing this? How do you even have this kind of money? (beat)
The people who blame you for----, they don’t know any better. But this certainly won’t change their mind about you.

KEVIN
It’s not for show.

NATHAN
Their opinion doesn’t matter.

KEVIN
I didn’t do this as some publicity stunt.
A Pulitzer Prize nominee drops off a giant check and you don’t think anyone will notice? It’s the first thing I heard when I walked through the door this morning.

KEVIN
Nathan, I appreciate you caring so much. Just---

NATHAN
Do you know how much our sponsorship has gone up since your photograph? Through the roof. People know you took that picture with us. That’s not a secret. We couldn’t be doing better. Okay? A lot of wells will be built. A lot of lives will be saved. And that’s thanks to you. So thank you.

KEVIN
Thanks.

(KEVINS phone continues to vibrate.)

You can answer it.

NATHAN
You need to go, Nathan.

KEVIN
You’re right, it probably won’t... You keep it. Buy yourself a... date.

NATHAN
Look, I know this has probably been hard on you. Maybe I pushed you to publish it prematurely...

KEVIN
It’s fine.

NATHAN
Then why are you spending all your time at a homeless shelter?

KEVIN
This isn’t your business.

NATHAN
If you really believed in the picture, the good that it’s done, you wouldn’t worry about what some people think. They pass the blame because they’re not willing to recognize /their own responsibility.
KEVIN
Why would I be a photographer if I didn’t care what people thought? I do care. That’s why this Pulitzer is going to be really nice.

NATHAN
Then why are you miserable?

KEVIN
I’m not!

NATHAN
I would have done the same thing you know.

KEVIN
You would have liked to.

NATHAN
And I would have been really proud, because I believe in that picture.

KEVIN
So I should just believe in the picture, huh?

I think so.

NATHAN
And that’ll make me feel better? If I just decide to think differently?

You should be happy for---

NATHAN
Good idea, I’ll try that next.

KEVIN
Not happy that---. But happy /because----

NATHAN
Nathan, I’m going to say this as nicely as I possibly can: I want you to leave me alone. You can’t keep ...stalking me. You can’t keep---

KEVIN
I’m just trying to help.

NATHAN
I didn’t ask for it.
(KEVINS phone begins to ring again.)

NATHAN

Maybe someone else did.

(beat)

God, will you just answer your phone? You obviously don’t want to talk to me.

KEVIN

She set you up to this?

NATHAN

Is that her?

(beat)

Has she been calling you this whole time? Answer your phone.
The phone stops vibrating. KEVIN doesn’t answer.
What are you doing?

KEVIN

This is none of your business!

NATHAN

You know what your problem is?

KEVIN

Excuse me?

NATHAN

You don’t know how to appreciate what you have.

KEVIN

If you want to tell me how to live my life, you’re going to need to get in line.

NATHAN

I want to help you...

KEVIN

Because you appreciate my life so much?

NATHAN

I’m your friend.

KEVIN

My friend?

NATHAN
You have a wife that loves you. You are so talented. You have had unbelievable success while you’re practically still a child.

KEVIN

Ha.

NATHAN

It’s pathetic to watch you suffer under the weight of your own fortune.

KEVIN

The weight of my own fortune.

NATHAN

It is. I would do anything to be you. To have what you have. Do you realize what you have? Why wasn’t it me who took that picture? You know how many trips I’ve been on? You know how long I’ve waited to see something like that? To have an excuse to break out of the Sesame Street broadcast I put on? But I wasn’t. You were. You were there. You took the picture. You pressed the button. And the whole world bows down. I would do anything to have your life. I swear to God I would live it better.

KEVIN

Is that what you say when you’re trying to sleep with my wife?

(NATHAN grabs KEVINS hurt hand. They struggle
KEVIN pushes him off.)

NATHAN

I don’t want your wife! I don’t want your picture! I want my own!
And for whatever reason it’s not available to me. But do you know how miserable it is to watch you throw away everything you have?

(NATHAN begins to leave. Kevin throws the check at him.)

KEVIN

There. You win. You’d live my life better. What else do you want?

NATHAN

I want to be happy for you.

KEVIN

And you want to know why? Because ever since I have come back, this child has made a mockery of what I've done. There he is, growing inside of this woman who keeps asking me what's wrong.
NATHAN
You can’t be serious...

KEVIN
How am I supposed to raise a kid? Huh? I can't even pick up a starving child that weighs less than a bag of groceries and deliver them to safety!

NATHAN
Kevin.

KEVIN
You want my life? That doctor is going to pull that child into this world and I don't know if I will be able to bring myself to look at it.

You did you’re job.

KEVIN
As a photographer. I’m a human being. ...And I can’t out run what I’ve done. I don’t know how. So there. That’s my life for you.

(beat)

I’m sorry.

KEVIN
I know.

(beat)

KEVINS phone begins to ring.

Just---.

KEVIN
No, I’ll just go. Okay? I’ll just go now.

Answer the phone.  

(NATHAN takes the phone from KEVIN he pushes the answer button. KEVIN gestures ‘what am I supposed to say?’)

Hey Trista, this is Nathan. I’m sorry, I’ve kept Kevin---
(beat)
No, he’s okay. He’s right here. He’s---

(beat)
Okay. Okay. We’ll be right there. Yeah. Do you want to stay on the phone with me? Okay. Well just hang tight, and we’ll be there in a second. Okay. Bye.

(NATHAN hangs up the phone.)
We need to go. I’m driving.

KEVIN
What’s going on?

NATHAN
C’mon. Do you have everything you need? Wallet? ID?

KEVIN
What happened?

(beat)
KEVIN heads to the door. NATHAN follows.
END SCENE.

ACT II
SCENE 3

Four days later. KEVIN and TRISTAS house. KEVIN is doing laundry in the living room. TRISTA enters, she is no longer pregnant.

KEVIN
You’re up.

TRISTA
Yeah.

KEVIN
You want more water?

TRISTA
I can get it.

KEVIN
No. I got it... Here.
You want to sit down?
How are you feeling?
Better? At least?

I don’t think I’ll ever have to sleep again.

Yeah.

I wish I could. I’m all sleeped out.

You want to take some---?

(KEVIN goes to the prescription medicine.)

Yes.

(TRISTA holds out her hand. KEVIN gives her a pill.)

You want something to eat with that?

(KEVIN shakes her head. She goes to sit on the couch.)

You need to drink more water.

You take such good care of me.

We’re going to get you feeling better.

Hush little baby, don’t say a word. Mama’s gunna buy you a mocking bird.

Drink that.

My mom used to sing that to me. When I was sick. Even when I was like 17.

C’mon, you haven’t had enough water.
And if that mocking bird don’t sing. Mama’s gunna buy you a... what is it? Do you know?

Diamond ring.

(KEVIN)

TRISTA holds up her hand and admires her wedding ring.

You got me this. Very pretty.

I did.

(beat)

TRISTA

And if that diamond ring don’t shine...

Hey...

What? For better or for worse, huh?

Right.

Uh oh. I found the loophole. Scape goat.

Trista, hey.

(beat)

TRISTA

Yeah.

TRISTA

KEVIN

Let’s get you feeling better. Okay?

TRISTA

Okay.

TRISTA

We’ll get through this.

TRISTA
Together?

Yeah.

Hmm.

Do you want anything else?

No, I just got everything I wanted.

I can’t give you any more pain killers... Let’s get you something to eat. I don’t want you to tear up your stomach.

We got crackers?
And bread. I can make you a piece of toast.
Looking around for something else to eat.
I don’t want to give you anything acidic.

Crackers.

Yeah, good idea.

There you go.

Mmm. I love this kind.

We should do this more often.

You want to eat that?

I’ll let you have some peace and quiet. You want to watch a movie? I can get you....
No.

Okay. Okay. KEVIN

(KEVIN begins to exit.)

My mom got me a plane ticket. TRISTA

What? KEVIN

To go home. TRISTA

We can do that. KEVIN

Just one. For me. TRISTA

Is that what you want? KEVIN

Where were you? TRISTA
They wanted to wait till you were there so they could tell us together. But I already knew.

I’m sorry. KEVIN

Okay. TRISTA

I am, KEVIN

Okay. TRISTA

I’m here. I’m here now. Let’s do this together. KEVIN

More water? TRISTA
KEVIN
You want to drink the rest of it?

TRISTA
More water, please.

(KEVIN refills the glass and gives it to TRISTA.)

Thank you.

(They sit in silence for a long time. KEVIN tries to touch her.)

TRISTA
Don’t.

KEVIN
I’m sorry.

TRISTA
I don’t want your sympathy.

(beat)

KEVIN
What can I do?
I tried. I---.

(beat)

TRISTA
We’ll get you feeling better.

I don’t want to feel better.

(beat)

TRISTA
This meant something to me. It meant something.
I don’t want any more water!

KEVIN
We can get through this.

TRISTA
Why isn’t your heart broken?

KEVIN
What do you mean?

(beat)
Trista, it is? How could it not be broken? It’s been broken. We’ve been broken. I didn’t know how to fix it.

(TRISTA almost kisses KEVIN.)

TRISTA

I don’t hate you. But it feels like it.

KEVIN

Don’t hate me. Trista, don’t hate me. I’ll make this right. I fucked up, okay? I’ll make this up to you.

TRISTA

You’re not sad.

KEVIN

What?

TRISTA

What is it?

KEVIN

I’m sad.

TRISTA

For me?

KEVIN

For us.

TRISTA

You didn’t lose anything. You didn’t care. You never showed up.

KEVIN

I care now. I’ve always cared. I just, I didn’t--- It’s going to get better now.

TRISTA

What?
It’s not going to be better.

KEVIN

I’ll make this up to you.

(TRISTA begins to exit.)

KEVIN
Trista, wait.

I can’t. I can’t.

This is my fault. Okay? I’m sorry. Look, I haven’t been here like I needed to. I’m here now. Okay? I’m here. We’ll get through this.

Don’t touch me. Why weren’t you there?

I’m sorry.

Don’t apologize. Tell me. Why weren’t you there? Why weren’t you there? I called you. I texted you. I waited for you. I kept telling myself that everything was fine and you never showed up. So don’t tell me that everything is fine! Everything is not fine. Everything is not going to be better. I’ve been waiting for months for things to get better. I thought the baby was going to make everything better. But apparently you didn’t even care /enough to---

I did care.

Don’t lie to me!

I didn’t deserve this, /Trista.

What?

This is my fault. I didn’t want this to happen.

Your fault? What do you mean your fault? Like, like Karma? (beat)

Trista.

TRISTA
Because of the picture?
You think this is your fault? Am I wrong?

Please.

Am I wrong?

No.

You think that this fixes /things?

It’s not/ like that.

Like this is some kind of punishment?

I’ve tried everything. I’ve tried. I don’t know what else to do.

You know what? Fuck the kids in Africa. No, I’m being serious, Kevin. Fuck them. It’s not your fault. They’re dying, so what? We’re all dying. I’m dying.

Will you look at me? What about me? You couldn’t even stay with me. I asked you to. Everything, everything about me is dying. My dreams, the life I wanted to have, the one thing that was mine. He was mine. And you left me.

I’m here. I’m here now. Please... Trista, please.

He was mine.

I know.

No... I can’t.

(TRISTA exits. KEVIN is left alone.)

END OF SCENE
ACT II,
SCENE 4

Spring. Night. KEVIN and TRISTA’s home. TRISTA is in the Nursery (or living room) wearing scrubs. She’s packing baby things into boxes on her own. KEVIN enters the living room carrying a suitcase. TRISTA freezes.

KEVIN
Hi.

TRISTA
Hi. I didn’t think you would be home.

Yeah...

TRISTA
I’m just...

(TRISTA points.)

KEVIN
Right, no, I know. You find the spare key okay?

Yeah.

(beat)

KEVIN
How’s your family?

(beat)

TRISTA
They’re good. We’re good.

KEVIN
Good. I’m glad.

TRISTA
You don’t have to go, I can... I can just...

(beat)

KEVIN
I’ll... (KEVIN goes to put up his suitcase.)

TRISTA

Can I see it?

KEVIN

Yeah. (KEVIN gets his suitcase and opens it. He takes out the Pulitzer Prize Trophy. He hands it to TRISTA.)

TRISTA

It’s beautiful... Congratulations.

KEVIN

Thank you.

TRISTA

You did it. (beat) Is it everything you thought it would be?

KEVIN

I came home early. (TRISTA hands KEVIN back the trophy.)

TRISTA

Did you see any Broadway shows?

KEVIN

No. (beat)

Good.

TRISTA

Is there any way I can help?

KEVIN

You can fold those.* (This line can be changed to “You can wrap those up” ect. to fit the context of the props.)

TRISTA

Sure. You know, if you want any of the furniture even... It’s all---
TRISTA
It’s nice to have an excuse to start over.

(beat)

KEVIN
You’re back at work?

TRISTA
Yep.

KEVIN
That was nice of them to---

TRISTA
I just took my maternity leave early so I wouldn’t have to apply for jobs elsewhere.

KEVIN
Well, that worked out.

TRISTA
Yeah. I’m on a list of willing transfers though, so who knows where I’ll end up. Can you pass me that?

KEVIN
This?

TRISTA
Yeah.

TRISTA
Those can go in there.

KEVIN
This?

TRISTA
Yeah. It’s almost full.

(They pack in silence.)

KEVIN
It’s full.

TRISTA
There’s another box.
Okay.

Those stay separated.

Sorry.

Alright.

(Trista picks up a box and exits. Kevin is left alone. Trista reenters.)

Need help?

It’s not that heavy.

You just left these here?

I didn’t want to move them.

(beat)

Trista, I---. Can I just---?

What?

I. I never told you what happened.

It’s okay.

But I should have---/

I should have asked. I was more concerned about moving forward.

(beat)
KEVIN
Right.... Do you have any smaller boxes for...?

TRISTA
I only brought in what you see.

KEVIN
I think I have a....

(KEVIN gets a small box and begins to pack it.)

Here.

(beat)

TRISTA
You know you can tell me, if you think you...

Is it okay if I---?

KEVIN
Is it okay if I---?

TRISTA
It’s okay.

KEVIN
Now?

TRISTA
Just-----.

KEVIN
I didn’t know what to expect. They tried to prep me the best they could. But I was stupid, I just had this idea that we’d be, I don’t know... heros, I guess. We only went to the villages that were better off. They at least had water, even if it wasn’t safe. Less damage control that way. But people would know that we were coming and they would find us. “Please come, Please come. Please come.” That’s all they would say, over and over. “Please come, please come.” And we’d have to tell them “No, we’re sorry. We can’t.” And that’s when I started to realize that what I was seeing was mild compared to what must have been going on... 20, 30 miles away. One woman carried her granddaughter on foot, and her feet were just falling apart. “Please, Please.” We weren’t medically affiliated. There was nothing we could do.

I... I found myself rationing food. Not even thinking about it. I just couldn’t eat it all. Then my extra food turned into hoarding gallons of water. And I got really good at hiding it when we traveled. Toward the end of the trip, we heard about a village not too far away - they were afraid it had died out.
I said I was going to take some landscape pictures and I stole a jeep. And... it was bad. I showed up in my jeep. And, it was bad. I started giving out my rations, and before I know it, I was surrounded. I didn’t speak their language. They were climbing into my jeep, pulling on me to come to their home. Their faces... I--- Within minutes, everything that I had stored up was gone.

All I wanted to do was help, and they were begging me to, and I couldn’t. It’s like that moment when you realize you’ve been under water for too long, and if you don’t make it to the surface, you’ll drown. I had to pull them off my jeep. I could have run one of them over, I don’t know. I’m in the jeep. I’m driving away. And I realize I didn’t take one picture. Not one. And I saw her. She was screaming. Like the sky was ripping open. She was out there in the middle of nowhere, trying to crawl. She would stop, and put her hands on her knees and try to stand up but she was too weak, and she’d collapse to the ground.

And there was the vulture. Patient, waiting,... knowing. And I thought... “it’s beautiful.”

She was still trying to get away. And she saw me. I took the picture. And drove away. I knew what I had. I didn’t save her... but I didn’t want to.

This box is full.

TRISTA
Thank you... There’s that one over there.

(TRISTA points to another box.)

Okay.

KEVIN

Well---.

TRISTA

I’m not proud of---....

KEVIN

I know.

TRISTA

I’m not proud of any of it.

(The trophy can still be seen. They continue to pack.)

I’m sorry.

(KEVIN nods. They continue to pack.)

TRISTA

I thought about not having the baby...
KEVIN

What?

TRISTA
While you were gone. I didn’t consider it. I just thought---. It was all happening so fast. I didn’t know what you would think.

KEVIN

It’s scary.

TRISTA
It is. It’s really scary.

I wanted the baby. I always wanted the baby.

KEVIN

I know you did.

TRISTA
I would never---

KEVIN

I know.

TRISTA
Can you tape those up?

(TRISTA hands him some tape. He tapes it up. She hands him a marker.)

TRISTA
Here.

KEVIN

What do you want me to label it?

TRISTA
Donations.

KEVIN

You just---?

TRISTA
I’m not up to having a garage sale.

KEVIN

Are you sure?
Fine. You can put garage sale on it. (beat)

TRISTA

I think you should keep them.

KEVIN

What for?

TRISTA

I don’t know. (beat)

KEVIN

The future?

TRISTA

Label it however you want. As long as it gets into boxes.

(KEVIN doesn’t know what to write.)

And here. Here’s another one. (TRISTA slides him another box.)

KEVIN

Okay. Thanks. (KEVIN holds the marker.)

TRISTA

You label it?

KEVIN

I don’t know.

TRISTA

I don’t think he would miss them. ‘He,’ ‘it,’ ‘the baby,’ if we gave them away. Just put “Baby things.” Okay? Then you can take them out.

KEVIN

Okay. (KEVIN writes.)

I... I’ve always liked the name Jonathan.

TRISTA

Yeah?
Jonathan.

(KEVIN nods.)

END OF PLAY
II. Documentation of Production

UNIVERSITY THEATRE PATRONS

SUPER ANGELS........................................Betty Byhorder, Ornilla and Susan Hall, Barbara Shadlin, Trike Theatre

ANGELS.................................................Mike & Terry Johnson

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For more information on how to become a patron of the Department of Drama, please call (479) 575-3645, email us at theatre@uark.edu or visit our website at http://theatre.uark.edu.

Coming Soon to the University Theatre...

Godspell
Music by Stephen Schwartz, Book by John-Michael Tebelak
Directed by: Brandyn Smith
October 18th-October 22nd

Kin
By Bethsheva Doran
Directed by: Amy Hirstberg
November 2nd-November 16th

Staff for the Production

Stage Manager.............................................Dominique Bonilla
Assistant Stage Manager..................................Ashley Davis
Scenic Designer.............................................Michael Rhea
Associate Scenic Designer.................................Joseph Parley
Lighting Designer...........................................Emily Clarkson
Associate Lighting Designer...............................Kenny Ritch
Costume Design............................................Valerie Lane
Props Master.............................................Priscilla White
Wardrobe Crew............................................Lauren Holmes
Props Crew............................................Anna Kay-Williams
Light Board Operator...................................Ashley Davis

Special Thanks To...
Sarinda Billings, Ashley Cohea, Bob Ford, Amy Hirstberg, Shawn Irish, Michael Landman & Laura Sheikus

Staff for the Department of Theatre

Chair of Drama.........................................Michael J. Rhea
Vice-Chair of Drama.................................Patricia J. Martin
Drama Business Manager............................Jenny Hoff
Ticket Office Manager..............................Rachel Washington
Publicity Manager.....................................Stephanie Frazzetti
Publicist..................................................Heidi Winfrey

Drama Faculty......................................Mackenzie Dwyer, Amy Hitz, Kate Frank, Helen Ford, D. Andrew Gibbs, Morgan Hicks, Shawn Irish, Bryon Karpinski, Michael Landman, Valerie Lane, Gail Lebovich, Patricia J. Martin, Jenny McInroy, Michael J. Rhea, Claire Smiley, Les Wold, estava Williamson

This play is inspired by Kevin Carter’s 1993 award winning photograph taken in South Africa.

CAST

Kevin..................................................Grant Hockenbrough
Trista..................................................Maggie Harrington
Nathan................................................Zachary Chance Stolz

TIME PERIOD:
The Present.

The use of photographic and recording equipment during this performance is forbidden by law. As a courtesy to other patrons, PLEASE TURN OFF CELLPHONES AND OTHER DEVICES during the performance.
Meet the Cast

Grant Hockenbrough
Maggie Harrington
Emily Sailer
Zachary Chance Stoitz

Dear Studio 404 Patron,

First of all, welcome to the Kimpel Hall – Studio 404 opening production of the 2014-15 Studio Series season under the newly named Department of Theatre! You may be wondering why we decided to change the name from Department of Drama to the Department of Theatre. The short answer is quite simple. We are a department made up of scholars and artist who "make theatre," to use the training our students receive is rooted in the principles and technique and one needs to know in order to sustain a life creating high quality, imaginative, and engaging theatre. We believe that the subtle name change more closely reflects who we are and what we do.

2014-15 is an exciting year for us as we continue to make changes in an effort to grow our season subscriptions and University Theatre & Studio Series Patrons as well as make it easier for you to find us on campus. I hope you saw the "Sandwich Board" signs guiding you to our Studio 404 front in Kimpel Hall – we knew many of you knew your way around, but some of you may be attending for the first time and we wanted you to feel welcome as you maneuver through our beautiful campus.

I am also pleased to report that between 2013 and 2014, the number of patrons who support University Theatre has grown by 25% and the net increase in revenue by 65%! Not only will your contribution continue to allow us to produce theatre at the highest level, it will also enable us to attract more students by offering them experience and training using state-of-the-art technology. In an ever changing technological world, it is more important today than it has ever been to give the students at the University of Arkansas a leg up on the competition by providing outstanding training – your generous gift helps to make that a reality for us.

I hope you receive state funding that supports some of our production costs, by no means does that cover the expenses associated with providing the highest calibre training possible.

As chair of this fine department, it is my desire that each of you will become a member of our theatre family by subscribing to either our Main Stage Series presented at the University Theatre or our Studio Series here in Kimpel Hall – Studio 404. Both will provide you an outstanding live theatre experience at an incredible value. I would also like to consider supporting our exceptionally talented students by contributing to our University Theatre Patron Program by becoming a Friend ($50-$99), Patron ($100-$199), Grand Patron ($200-$495), Angel ($500-$999) or Super Angel ($1000+)

I hope you enjoy this evening’s (or all six) performance.

Best,

Howard Temko (Director) is a 37-year NBA`家都知道 C`Dramaturgical and Music Director of Fie, Sweden. He has been a resident of the United States since 2008. He received his BFA from the University of Minnesota and his MFA in Costume Design from Penn State University. Previous U of A Design credits include "Some Like It Hot, "Fiddler on the Roof," and "The Fantasticks." He has also designed costumes for productions at Indiana University, Northwestern University, and the University of Wisconsin.

Ashley Davis (Set, Stage Manager), a senior nursing major in the college of Arts and Sciences, played the lead role of "The Fantasticks" and "Fiddler on the Roof." She also designed costumes for "Some Like It Hot" and "The Fantasticks." She is currently working on her MFA in Costume Design from the University of Minnesota.

Emily Clark (Lighting Designer) has received her bachelor's degree in lighting design from the University of Arizona. She has been a resident of the United States since 2008. She received her BFA from the University of Minnesota and her MFA in Costume Design from Penn State University. Previous U of A Design credits include "Some Like It Hot," "Fiddler on the Roof," and "The Fantasticks." She is currently working on her MFA in Costume Design from the University of Minnesota.

Priscilla White (Props/Escapes Designer) is a Senior Theatre Major from Fentonville, AR. She has appeared on stage in "The Fantasticks," "Fiddler on the Roof," and "The Fantasticks." She is currently working on her MFA in Costume Design from the University of Minnesota.
Photographer: Ashley Cohea, Used with permission
III. Synopsis

*V is for Violin* is a full-length play and fictional story inspired by the 1994 Pulitzer Prize winning photograph taken by Kevin Carter. It tells the story of a man who is guilt ridden after taking a picture of a starving child he left to die. While his photograph brings him the fame and recognition he’s always dreamed of, Kevin struggles to leave behind the past and return to the life he’s neglected.
IV. Narrative Essay of Production Experience

As an MFA playwriting candidate, I was given the incredible opportunity to witness a fully-realized production of one of my full-length works on the University Theatre stage. For this enlightening academic opportunity I chose *V is for Violin*. In this narrative essay I will discuss the genesis of the idea for the script, the evolution of the play, the research conducted, how I hoped the play would affect it’s audience, as well as how I was able to incorporate the things I learned during the process of this thesis production and apply them to *V is for Violins’* second production.

*V is for Violin* was the first play I ever wrote. I created the entire first draft on April 4th, 2010 during a 12-hour period. I was 19 years old and still a student at Abilene Christian University, where I was working on my BFA in Musical Theatre. It was an Easter Sunday, and I took the holiday off from school to be home with my family, yet spent the entire day devising my very first full-length play. It was this play that eventually assisted my acceptance into the University of Arkansas Playwriting Department and eventually developed into my thesis project. But, at the time, I had never considered, or had any interest in playwriting whatsoever. The seed was planted for this play while I was at church a few months prior and saw an image that haunted my conscience. It was the picture of the 1994 Pulitzer Prize winning photograph taken by Kevin Carter of a starved and dangerously malnourished Sudanese child being stalked by a vulture. I learned about the image, and how Kevin Carter, the photographer, eventually committed suicide not long after receiving the Pulitzer.

There were many things that resonated with me about that story. One was that Kevin Carter died at the age of 33 in direct response to the overwhelming personal guilt
that he felt from his inability to cause any effective change for good in the world. Because of the things that he had witnessed and experienced in his life, he believed that there was more evil than good, not only in the world, but also in himself. As a Christian, I believe in the story of Christ, who allowed himself to die at the age of 33, not because he was overwhelmed by the depravity of the world, but in order to overcome it. I saw many parallels between the lives of these two men. One story ended in desolation and the other ended in redemption.

A second thing that resonated with me was that Kevin Carter was accused by the world of being another vulture on the scene, someone who used the image of the child for his own sadistic purposes. One could argue that the media and popular culture that circulated the idea that Kevin was a villain, became a vulture to him. The situation seemed to live in a room of glass mirrors where the victim and the vulture seemed to go on and on without end. And despite what a sad situation it caused, all of the parties involved, (the vulture, Kevin, and the media) we’re only doing their job. This created a complex ethical and moral question regarding who was to blame or deserving of guilt.

A third thing that resonated with me about the story of the life of Kevin Carter is that it reminded me of a story my dad once told me about a young man, who despite the odds being against him, was able to make it into college and become the star of the football team. This young man ended up scoring the winning touchdown of the most important game of his career, and later that night, escaped from the parties and celebrations to drive back to the field, sit under the goal post, and question where true happiness comes from. He had made an incredible accomplishment and still was not happy. The moral of this story is that many people chase happiness in life by trying to
acquire material wealth or status, but few are fortunate enough to achieve their goals just
to realize how empty it still is. In the life of Kevin Carter, he achieved the greatest award
he possibly could in photography, and yet it wasn’t enough to save him from taking his
own life. In fact, I personally believe that it was the realization of the emptiness of
success might have been the very thing that led him to believe that nothing could save
him from his guilt or pain.

The thing that struck me most about the story of Kevin Carter is the picture itself.
It’s easy to see why it was striking enough to win a Pulitzer. I was absolutely haunted by
the image. It was enough to compel me to muse on the concepts previously mentioned as
I tried to digest the image into resolution within my conscience. But I could not. It never
sat well with me. I could never reconcile my personal responsibility I felt in response to
the image. I wanted to be brave enough to confront the reality presented in the image, but
didn’t know how I could make peace with it in my own life. That’s what led me to write
V is for Violin. I not only wanted to work through my own questions but I also wanted to
be an activist by telling the story. Because I was studying Musical Theatre at the time, it
seemed only natural to convert my questions and ideas into a script.

As I wrote the play, the themes and ideas I struggled with played key roles in the
text. Because of my correlation between Kevin Carter and Christ, the appeasement and
the role of guilt plays a key role in the story. I also choose to create a redemptive and
hopeful ending through confession and reconciliation. In addition to this, there are also
religious themes through out the text, such as living water and the tree of life. In response
to the parallels between the vulture and the victim, it was important to me that the
character of Kevin was constantly preyed upon by the people in his life; who not only
asked him to respond appropriately to the child he left behind to die, but the child that he had given life through conception. His unborn child was used as an opportunity to showcase Kevin’s guilt and his inability to move forward. In response to the story of the football player, there are many times in *V is for Violin* where the characters receive something that they want, but it doesn’t truly bring them happiness. As far as my own personal response to the picture, I didn’t feel led to make a difference by going overseas myself. Instead I used my love of story telling. I wrote *V is for Violin* in hopes that people would have new insight and compassion to the events taking place in the world, struggle through the same thoughts and ideas that I did, and in turn, choose their own method of response. I feel that, personally, it was an act of bravery that led me to confront the questions I had, rather than remaining comfortable and unaffected. Because of this, I made it difficult for the characters to confront these issues as well, but ultimately chose to do so with a great amount of bravery. I hope the audience responds with bravery to the ideas presented in this play.

Another theme that was important to me as I developed the play was the relationship between Kevin and his wife Trista. Because they are still in the early stages of their relationship, and in some ways, adulthood, they are not able to fully express and confront their feelings to one another throughout the play. They instead want to turn their “vultures” into “violins.” It was important that I layered the play with subtle references that would highlight their often child-like innocence and how that innocence is confronted and affected throughout the play. One of the tools I used was the reference to animals, because animals and animal sounds are often a fundamental learning tool for children. In the play there are references and often times a fascination with vultures,
lions, tigers, horses, bears, kangaroos, turtles, pigs, hippos, and water buffalo. Another thing that is often fundamental for child development is building blocks. Both at the beginning and end of the play, there are moving boxes, like building blocks for adults. These are two things that are fundamental in a child’s development; also serve to play a role in the development both in Kevin and Trista relationship, as well as their individual growth. Even the title it’s self “V is for Violin” is used as a reflection of their youth.

The first draft of V is for Violin was awful. I wrote it before I received any actual training in playwriting. It was in desperate need of improvement before it could be audience ready. The playwriting department at the University of Arkansas gave me the tools I needed to effectively develop the script into the product that it is today. After receiving feedback on two separate occasions from readings during the play reading class at the graduate level, work-shopping it during two staged readings, as well as being under the insightful instruction and guidance of Bob Ford, V is for Violin evolved from a play with 12 characters to only 3, from multiple settings to just 1, with much stronger dialogue, arc, character development, and focused plot. There were times that I felt V is for Violin was the “unfixable play.” This feeling primarily came from the difficulty to keep the main character in action. I wanted people to follow and root for the story of the protagonist Kevin. Yet the character of Kevin was dealing with internal, rather than external, conflicts such guilt, as well as suffering from elements of PTSD. These things made a challenge to keep the story focused around him. Instead, I felt more of a connection with the supporting character, Trista. I often fell into the trap of writing the story from her perspective. The opportunities and education I received at the University of Arkansas were fundamental in assisting me in learning how to best develop the story.
Another key role in the evolution of the play was through research. Initially, the primary focus of my research was the on life of Kevin Carter. Surprisingly, as I continued to work on my play, I had to make a difficult choice to distance my story from the life of Kevin Carter. *V is for Violin* is a fictional story inspired by his life, but is not based on his life. By distancing myself from the true story, I was able to free myself of to developing the story I wanted to tell.

Another thing that inspired and informed my writing through research was Charity: Water. Charity: Water is a non-profit organization which I choose to be a model for the non profit organization I used in the play. It was a wonderful source of information about the water crisis, which is also significant to the plot. I also learned the process it takes to be nominated and receive a Pulitzer Prize, the characteristics Post Traumatic Shock Disorder, facts about pregnancy and child loss, as well as the ethics of photography.

Something I discovered while writing this play is how playwriting can open up your world to discover things that you would otherwise might never explore. If someone were to open up the history on my computer while I was researching this play, they could have easily been lead to believe that I was pregnant, depressed, and considering occupational photography. Because of the resources available to me, I didn’t find all of my information on the Internet. During this process I was able to interview and ask questions to doctors, as well as students and professors in the fields of photography and journalism.

There are many things that I hoped the audience would learn or experience in response to the show. As I mentioned earlier, I hoped that the audience would be brave in
their response to what’s going on in the world and outside of their comfort zone. Beyond intellectual understanding, I also believe that theatre is a great opportunity for emotional growth. Theatre can be a place where someone can actively engage their hearts, an oasis from the monotony of the day-to-day, and hopefully have be exercised enough in empathy and understanding that they are better able to engage in life. What I never expected, however, is how this play would directly affect me.

I prayed a lot about this thesis production. I wanted it to make a difference. Or, in reality, I wanted to be affirmed in my ability to make a difference through playwriting. But the production came and went with limited fanfare and much less gratification than I had hoped for. I didn’t know what I was expecting, exactly. I think people were very impressed and pleased with the show. But “impressed and pleased” are the consolation prizes to “moved, enlightened, or inspired.” While my family was in town to see the show, I asked my dad what he felt the overall message of the play was. He said that he got the impression that it was about “trusting the people you love with the things that are difficult to say, because that is ultimately what’s going to bring healing.” I was really pleased that he walked away with that, because it was exactly what I was going for. Then, two weeks after the play had ended, he called me and told me that he had been thinking a lot about my play, and there were things that he wanted to confess to me and ask forgiveness for. That was one of the most healing experiences of my life. I literally felt like there cement walls were broken off my heart and fell away, walls I didn’t even know where there. My relationship with my dad was restored and now couldn’t possibly be better. I never expected my work to bless and affect me so directly. I couldn’t ask for a better response to my work. Knowing that that kind of change is possible as a result of
my writing, was one of the most affirming things to me as a writer. If my work can affect others the way it’s affected me, then I can die happy knowing I lived a full and fulfilled life.

*V is for Violin* continues to inform and motivate my life for the better, even in the simplest ways. I was recently in New York to work on a production on another one of my plays. It was there that I saw many horse-drawn carriages by a busy intersection outside central park. In *V is for Violin*, I briefly mention how that is considered animal cruelty, because many horses die prematurely from unfit conditions. I personally had no stance on it before, but seeing those horses filled me with compassion. I went and signed an online treaty to help protect horses used for horse drawn carriages. As seemingly insignificant and small that is, possibility that my work might open people’s eyes in similar ways is deeply gratifying to me.

I was extremely fortunate to have two productions of my thesis play during my 3rd year as an MFA candidate. The first was at the University of Arkansas. The second was at Abilene Christian University, where I completed my undergraduate training. The first production was not as smooth as I might have hoped for, but it was fundamental as my development as a playwright and helped prepare me for my second production.

For the production at the University of Arkansas, I initially was under the impression that I was being given the opportunity to have a full production as a chance to further develop my work. I had never had the opportunity to see my work go from the page to a fully realized production. There were many sections of the script that I was anxious to work on because I was nervous about how it would translate once it was on its feet. I was in for a big surprise when rehearsals began and I was asked by the director of
my play to never speak during the rehearsal process. I was only allowed to talk to her separately during breaks or after the rehearsal had ended. Unfortunately, I did not have the opportunity to rework those sections that I knew needed more development, and I feel like the performance suffered overall because of it. This was not the director’s fault. She had enough rehearsal time to put on the show as if it was a completed work. She wanted to give me the opportunity to witness how my play would be interpreted without my input and didn’t want to many voices in the room. The next thesis production, Kill/Shot, was able to take this into consideration and added two weeks of rehearsal time to their process.

What was most difficult about not being permitted to speak during the rehearsal process was not that I wasn’t allowed to have an input of my ideas, or able to develop my script in the ways I felt were crucial for a best possible production, but because it was my first production. I was sitting on a volcanoes amount of nerves and energy in response to a situation I had never been in before. For many reasons, this added a lot of tension to the rehearsal room. After about a week and a half of rehearsal, the director and I, as well as each of our mentors, decided it best that I stop going to the rehearsals until the final run-throughs. This was extremely difficult for me. My mantra at the time was “This is a test, and I’m going to pass it.” I’m grateful that I was able to maintain that spirit, and in turn learned a lot from the process that was critical in helping me in the second production.

A key lesson I learned during this time is that playwriting involves much more than your creative talent or your ability to write plays, it’s also how you deal and work with people, or under certain limitations. It also taught me how to best process and control my emotions in the beginning stages of a production. Playwriting is both
exhilarating and terrifying at it’s best. But it’s important for a playwright to trust the creative team that is handling his or her work. It also taught me to contact and be in relationship with the director in advance so you can better anticipate what the rehearsal process will be like. In the future, when I have a work that has never been performed and I know that it needs time for development during the rehearsal process, I will try to make sure that time is allotted, or do the best I can to work out the kinks on my own time.

I was able to incorporate all of these things as *V is for Violin* began its second production. I was grateful for the opportunity to learn the things I did at the University of Arkansas while I was in a safe environment. I was much more level-headed and had a better idea of what to anticipate, I was in communication with the director months in advance and we talked daily about the script, I was also able to make crucial changes in the script from what I had witnessed during the first production at the University of Arkansas, all of these things dramatically improved the outcome of the second performance at Abilene Christian University.

Playwriting takes an incredible amount of courage. Playwrights are the god and creators of their own universe, which they carefully build and prepare from the most precious spaces of their hearts. They must then turn that world over to be ruled by other people. It’s always a fear and a possibility that your work could be misinterpreted, or misrepresented. I was extremely fortunate to see *V is for Violin* told both beautifully and uniquely in two separate productions. It was very affirming to me that despite their differences, the heart of the story was conveyed. In the first production at the University of Arkansas, there were still flaws in the script; there were sections that the actors and director cut out, the actors were not completely off book and often paraphrased or
accidentally skipped their lines, there were even a copious amount of profanity added that I
did not intend, but overall the essence of the story I care about was told. There will be
many productions that I will never see or oversee at all, and I understand that they will
take liberties in ways that I may not approve of, but if the heart of the story is strong, I
believe that it will still come across. Though my first experience in witnessing the
production may not have been ideal, very few productions come together without a host
of mishaps. The challenges of live theatre are also what makes it worth it. I’m confident
that my first experience with the production of my work will help me rise to the occasion
in many productions to come.

The second production at Abilene Christian was very different. The style of
acting and training is very different there, the story was told with an entirely different
level of intensity and stakes. Not only that, but because it was at a conservative Christian
university, any extreme language/profanity was removed. Other changes in the
production were that there were improvements in the script, the cut sections were
included, the actors were fully memorized, there was a phenomenally beautiful set
created rather than the stock furniture used in the first production, and overall it was a
much more quality, high-caliber production since it was chosen to be apart of their main
stage series instead of a studio production. There were times that the actors comfort on
stage limited their potential. I felt that the characters’ excitement level in learning that
they were going to have a baby had the equivalent intensity of someone learning they
won a DVD player in a raffle. But, the story was still told beautifully.

While the story of *V is for Violin* shined bright in both productions, it was
incredible to notice the different themes that were highlighted in the separate productions.
In the first production, two themes that seemed to rise to the surface were the power of guilt, and that it’s necessary to confront and expose your pain in order to find healing. The main character, Kevin, seemed to truly learn the importance of, as well as fight for, his relationship with Trista. In the second production, a theme that really resonated was the moral responsibility and weight that people feel in response to suffering in the world. It seemed to suggest that before you can save the world you must first protect and heal what is closest to you. The main character, Kevin, seemed to truly experience a full arch and find personal healing in the last moments of the play.

In terms of audience feedback, the number one thing I heard from both productions was “I’m sorry I wasn’t able to make it to your show.” At the University of Arkansas, the thesis production of *V is for Violin* had one weekend of performances that were shared with a second thesis production, it was also on the same weekend as Bikes, Blues and Barbeque, one of the largest bike rallies in the country where few citizens are brave enough to venture out of their homes amongst the motors and exhaust, it was also the tech weekend of the University of Arkansas main stage musical, which kept a large portion of the department from being able to attend. In addition to this, just hours before the last production, a pipe burst in the building right in front of the entrance to the show, which caused for the show to be rescheduled. Most of my friends were planning to attend the last show, but were unable to once it was rescheduled. Similarly, with the second production at the Abilene Christian University, there was a huge snow storm that kept many of my friends and family from being able to attend. The show went from being completely sold out almost every night, to having about 1/4th of the capacity in attendance. There’s no business like show business.
However, despite this, the feedback was very strong. At the University of Arkansas, opening night was the strongest performance by far. The audience was very engaged, and I feel like they were very impressed and moved by the script. I was able to receive a lot of general positive feedback on the first performance. I was extremely pleased with the production and very proud that that was the performance that I shared with family and friends. The remaining performances felt much weaker, with much lower energy, less audience engagement, and actors were holding for laughs that did not come. I didn’t receive as much feedback for the remaining performances as patrons seemed to slink away from the theatre without making eye contact, which is actually plenty of feedback. Overall, I felt very detached from the experience. It was a very surreal experience to see the show that I worked on for almost 4 years fully realized. All my previous involvements for a production of a play was as an actor, which is an incredible bonding opportunity and the sense of accomplishment is shared. As a playwright I felt a little isolated and excluded from the magic.

In *V is for Violins* second production, I was able to receive a lot of positive feedback and overall and it was an incredible experience. I was received on campus like a celebrity, I got to lead chapel, students were anxious discuss and share their responses to the script. The audience sat on the edge of their seat throughout, and laughed and cried. I sat giggling in the audience among a sea of sniffles feeling powerful to evoke such emotion. During the talk back people were anxious to share their thoughts and ideas. Some people contacted me to tell me that they and their friends couldn’t go to sleep because they wanted to discuss the play for hours. My overall impression of the experience was “This is a real play! This is a real play!” I was deeply gratified. When I
came back to school and people asked me how it went, it was hard for me not to burst into tears from pure happiness.

The main thing that people wanted to discuss during the talk-backs was the fact that the character of Kevin said “It’s beautiful” when he saw the child being stalked by the vulture before he took a picture of the scene. It did not sit well with people. It made Kevin seem villainous just when they really began to fully connect with him and understand him. My intent in that is to show the “ugly” of humanity, that Kevin was not fully justified in what he did. It also shows his eye for aesthetic and the recognition that he could use the picture to gain power. Originally the line was “[I thought] if I could turn it into a picture, I could make it go away.” Which would make Kevin more likeable and fully forgivable. But it would excuse his reason for guilt, which is what the play is about. While I don’t like that people disagree with Kevin and are caused to like him less in that admission, especially in the final moments of the play, I hope the more they wrestle with the truth of what he says and come to understand it.

Despite any mishaps, both productions of my thesis work exceeded my expectations. I always say that if a script becomes exactly how I imagined it, that I should be disappointed. I always want my expectations to be exceeded. I understand that my insights and my recourses are limited, and I want to trust in the talent and the hearts of other artists to bring my words to life in a way that transcends what I could have ever imagined. I am deeply grateful for the opportunity to have my thesis work receive a full production from the University of Arkansas. It was an incredible learning and growing experience for me.
V. Completed work

V is for Violin –
A full-length play about a photographer who struggles with the guilt of a child he left behind to die after taking a photograph that would earn him immediate success.

The Dress
A 10 minute play about a girl with terminal cancer who chooses a dress for the opportunity of a lifetime.

Aerobic Endeavors:
A one-act and one-person show about an obese woman who tries to win her family, and her own moral, back.

Molly Goes to Middle School
A one-act and one-person show about Molly, who asks God to help her during her first day of middle school, and is sent an unlikely angel: Beyoncé.

Works in Progress:

Buffalo Gal
A musical parody about a girl who is born part buffalo, and must achieve her dream of becoming a saloon girl.

Paint
A full-length comedy about a girl who pretends to be in love with her gay neighbor to get back at her ex-boyfriend who is engaged to her ex-best friend

Miracle Child
A full length play about a new mother who travels back to her small home-town, is confronted with the memory of the sexual abuse from her father in the past, and must decide to prosecute and tear what’s left of her family apart, or let a criminal go free.

Slim Chances
An intern and budding fashion designer is required by her work to receive therapy after she’s accused of anorexia. In order to keep working at her job, she relies on the help of her estranged and OCD sister who is certified in counseling.
V. Works Produced

Staged Readings:
V is for Violin, University of Arkansas, 2014
V is for Violin, University of Arkansas, 2015

Productions:
V is for Violin, University of Arkansas, 2015
VI. Professional Resume

Brittany Taylor

Education

MFA. University of Arkansas. Playwriting.

BFA. Abilene Christian University. Musical Theatre

Playwriting Experience

• 10-min finalist KCACTF for Jars 2012
• V is for Violin. Staged Reading. University of Arkansas. 2014
• V is for Violin. Studio Production. University of Arkansas 2015
• V is for Violin. Studio Production. Abilene Christian
  University 2015

Performance Experience

• Dorothy. Thoroughly Modern Millie. Arts Center of the
  Ozarks 2013
• Molly Goes to Middle School. Wrote, directed, and
  performed. University of Arkansas. 2014

Other Experience

• Box Office Manager. University of Arkansas. 2012—2015

Affiliations/Memberships

• Member. Dramatist Guild 2012--present