

JAMES. I'm speechless.

*(Theresa grins.)*

THERESA. Whew!

MARTY. That was great.

LAUREN. *(To Theresa.)*

Sorry.

THERESA. No! You were awesome.

LAUREN. *(To Marty.)*

He was starting to make me feel really bad.

*(Theresa gives James a high five.)*

THERESA. That was so crazy, man! You totally reminded me of him!

*(James beams. Schultz watches all of this, expressionless. Blackout.)*

IV

*Breaktime.*

*Marty is alone in the room, standing in front of the mirrors, looking at her reflection and fussing a little with the Band-Aid on her forehead. After a while Schultz enters. He looks at her.*

SCHULTZ. What happened?

MARTY. Oh. God. Yeah. It's ... I fell out of bed. Two nights ago.

If you can believe it.

SCHULTZ. Why?

MARTY. ... Why what?

SCHULTZ. Why did you fall out of bed?

MARTY. Oh. Um ... I don't know. I'm not sure what happened. I just woke up and I was on the floor. It's happened to me a bunch

of times in the past couple of years.

SCHULTZ. Are you a restless sleeper?

MARTY. Um —

SCHULTZ. Do you talk a lot? Wake up screaming?

MARTY. Well, James says I do. And the other week / I —

SCHULTZ. Night terrors.

MARTY. What?

SCHULTZ. You probably have night terrors.

*(Marty smiles.)*

SCHULTZ. It's a real thing, Marty.

MARTY. What is it?

SCHULTZ. Becky used to get them. They're uh ... they're different from dreams because they're just ... they're just fear. And they can make you have these like, these little seizures. And sometimes you fall out of bed.

MARTY. Huh.

SCHULTZ. Were you abused as a child?

MARTY. I'm sorry?

SCHULTZ. Were you abused as a child?

MARTY. ... No. Um. No. I don't think so.

SCHULTZ. Okay. 'Cause it's a common symptom among abuse survivors.

MARTY. Huh.

*(Pause.)*

SCHULTZ. Night terrors.

MARTY. Huh. Yeah. Maybe. I don't know what it was.

SCHULTZ. It was night terrors.

MARTY. Yeah.

SCHULTZ. Becky went on medications for ... she went on some kind of epilepsy medication. It helped her.

MARTY. Huh.

*(Pause.)*

MARTY. And it's a real —

SCHULTZ. It's a real thing. It's a real thing. Look it up online.

SCHULTZ + MARTY

MARTY. Okay. Yeah. Thanks.

(Silence.)

MARTY. How're you doing, Schultz? Are you okay?

(Pause.)

SCHULTZ. Uh ... I don't know.

(Pause.)

How are you?

(James suddenly enters, exuberant, with a water bottle.)

JAMES. I hooped.

I hooped for over a minute.

MARTY. ... Wow.

Great.

JAMES. Now Theresa is giving Lauren a massage. In the parking lot. It's hilarious. You guys should go take a look.

(Marty and Schultz both attempt to smile.)

MARTY. ... That's great.

(James suddenly grabs Marty in his arms and gives her a kiss. It's a little awkward. Marty smiles at Schultz, embarrassed.)

(Blackout.)

V

The entire group is sitting in a circle.

MARTY. When I go to India ... I'm going to bring my purple shawl.

LAUREN. Wait. I've played this before. Isn't it California? "When I go to California?" We played this in fifth grade.

MARTY. This time we're playing it with India.

When I go to India I will bring my purple shawl. Schultz?

SCHULTZ. I don't understand / what —

LAUREN. Say what she said and then add something.

(After a pause.)

"When I go to India I'm gonna bring my purple shawl and a," like, another object. Then the next person lists all the other things and adds on something new.

SCHULTZ. Ah ... when I go to India I'm gonna bring my purple shawl and ah ...

(A long silence.)

MARTY. Whatever you want.

(Another long silence.)

SCHULTZ. Phillips head screwdriver.

MARTY. Okay.

LAUREN. When I go to India I'm gonna bring a purple shawl and a Phillips head screwdriver and a ... a toothbrush.

MARTY. Theresa! Quick! And get creative!

THERESA. When I go to India I'm going to bring a purple shawl and a Phillips head screwdriver and a toothbrush and ... a tiny velvet cape.

LAUREN. What?

THERESA. Sorry. Just a cape. A velvet cape.

MARTY. Good! Keep going! James!

JAMES. When I go to India I'm gonna bring a ... a ... a purple