

(again)

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(again)

Character

WOMAN: F, 80s

WOMAN is dressed in house clothes. Maybe an old cotton dress and a wool sweater that she knitted herself. And thick socks. She knitted those, too.

Setting

The living room of her apartment, where she loved her husband and raised two kids.

Time

The present.

Casting

The best woman for the role has taken any path (whether biological or otherwise) to gender identification.

Synopsis

An old woman awakens to some startling news on her old television set.

(WOMAN sits in front of a box shaped like a classic, thick television.)

WOMAN

Oh my God.

Oh my God.

(She moves closer to the box.)

Oh my fucking God.

(She puts her hand flat on the dark space that should be a TV screen.)

Is this real?

Is this *real*?

(She reaches inside and waves her hand around.)

A-ha!

This isn't real!

(She removes her hand and analyzes it closely.)

(She looks at the television again.)

But I'm seeing it.

With my own eyes.

There's nothing wrong with my eyes.

(She slaps the top of the box with one hand.)

(Like she's trying to get a clearer picture.)

(She looks again.)

WOMAN cont.

Stefan!

(She slaps the top of the box again.)

Stefan!

*(She slaps the top of the box repeatedly,
with both hands.)*

No!

No!

No!

No!

No!

Not today.

Not this year.

Not this century.

Stefan!!

(She freezes.)

OK

OK

Think

Think

What did my mother do?

She packed.

WOMAN cont.

One suitcase. Something I can carry.

It's important – my mother said it's very important – that I can carry it.

So I can run.

(She throws open a closet door.)

This suitcase has wheels.

My mother's suitcase didn't have –

It was shit.

It was heavy.

My hands were bleeding.

*(She pushes the suitcase back and forth,
trying out the wheels.)*

This is nice.

A little stiff.

Stefan can put some oil on the –

Stefan!!

(She throws the suitcase on a bed.)

(She unzips it.)

(She opens drawers.)

(She fills the suitcase.)

(She zips the suitcase.)

(She goes to the door.)

(She tries the door knob.)

(It's locked from the inside.)

WOMAN cont.

The keys.

I need the keys.

Stefan!!!

Where the FUCK are you?

(She pounds on the door.)

Why aren't you listening to me?!

Stefan!!!!

Why aren't you –

(Lights OUT)

(SFX: bombs fall from the sky.)

(SFX: tanks fire on buildings.)

(SFX: guns shoot at people.)

(Lights UP)

(WOMAN sits in front of a box shaped like a classic, thick television.)

(She hugs herself.)

(She rocks back and forth.)

God.

Oh God.

WOMAN cont.

Not today.

Not this year.

Not this fucking century!

(WOMAN runs to the exit and pulls on the knob.)

(She pounds on the door with her fists.)

We have to go!

We have to go *now!*

They're gonna kill us!

They're gonna fucking *kill* –

(Lights OUT)

(SFX: a young girl sobs in 1941.)

(SFX: an old woman weeps in 2022.)

(END OF PLAY)

Inspired by the headline:

***MANY ELDERLY UKRAINIANS WITH DEMENTIA WAKE UP TO
A NEW WAR, DAY AFTER DAY***

Olga B. described how her grandmother, who has dementia, begins every morning: turning on the TV to see the news of war with Russia – then packing to evacuate.

“She’s been in this never-ending loop for 41 days straight,” Dr. B. wrote on Twitter. “Grandpa’s keeping the keys in a safe place.”

Reported by the New York Times
April 20, 2022