

**(again)**

**by Katarzyna Müller**

**muller.kathy@comcast.net**

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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