

SLEEP/WAKE - SIDE 2 - ALICE, HENRY

It is.
People are so embarrassed to be optimistic.
It's like, "cool" to pretend everything sucks and we're all gonna die.

ALICE
Everything does suck and we are all gonna die.

HENRY
Maybe.
But maybe...something better.
Maybe something better is happening right now in, like, some other version of reality
that we just can't see.
And everything's good over there.

Beat.

Don't say that's stupid.

ALICE
No, it isn't.
I think there are other realities.

HENRY
Yeah?

ALICE
Sure.
Dreaming?
That's like a whole other...world.

HENRY
Even though it's not real?

ALICE
Who says it's not?

Beat.

START

HENRY
Y'know, it's funny. My dad used to sleepwalk.

ALICE
He did?

HENRY
Yeah.

Except not really.

I'd, uh, wake up late at night. And hear yelling and glass breaking and shit.

And I'd go into the kitchen and be like "Mom, what's going on?"

Cause she'd be, like, bleeding and shit.

And she'd be like, "Oh, it's nothing, your dad was sleepwalking and he knocked over some stuff."

Like, "I was yelling to wake him up."

Except you never do that.

I learned later on you're never s'posed to wake a sleepwalker.

Beat.

ALICE

Where is he now?

HENRY

(shrugs)

No one ever woke him up.

Beat.

ALICE

And your mom?

HENRY

She's fine.

I guess.

I don't know.

Beat.

HENRY

How's...your mom?

ALICE

She's

She's really lovely, actually

HENRY

Yeah?

ALICE

Yeah.

HENRY

And your dad?

ALICE
Also
You know
He's great.

HENRY
Good family.
Good life.

ALICE
Yeah.

HENRY
You don't sound very happy about that.

ALICE
I am happy.
I'm very grateful.

HENRY
I don't mean you have to be grateful and shit.
You just don't sound
All that happy about it

ALICE
I am happy.
They're great.
I mean honestly,
My family's good.
My life is good.
There's like
Nothing wrong.
There's nothing wrong.

HENRY
...

ALICE
...

HENRY
...

ALICE
...

HENRY

So you never take those...
Itty bitty reality trips?

Beat.

ALICE

What do you mean?

HENRY

Well.

If we're both in one reality right now,
then I shut my eyes and fall asleep and have a dream
and that's a different reality
and you do the same thing
that's already (*counts*) one, two, THREE different realities.
Which means there are probably a million billion other ones out there too.
And at least one of those has gotta be better than the one we're in right now.
Statistically, it has to be.
I mean, we kind of have to believe that.
Otherwise we'd just give up.
Right?

Beat.

ALICE

I, uh.

I used to do this thing.

I would call it "zap!"

I don't really know how to explain it.

It was like a little trick I could do.

Kind of like dislocating your shoulder and popping it back in.

But instead of my shoulder it was like...reality.

I didn't have to close my eyes or anything.

I could just sort of...pop out.

And be outside my body and myself and for just a sec it'd be like, whoa.

What even am I.

I don't know if I'm anything at all.

And I would do it just for fun.

But then, uh

I guess I didn't even realize it

But one day

I just...couldn't pop it back in.

And then I look around and it's like...something must be wrong with me, something has
to be wrong with me, because, other people are popped in. I mean, I look around and I

look at you and I look at myself and I can see that we're different people, I can see that I'm someone else to you and I guess you're someone else to me, but what's the actual difference between us, because it feels like, sometimes like I'm in a...video game or something. Like there are all these avatars and this fake background and we're all just—like I'm this character in this video game and someone's playing me. And I'm just walking around all day sort of not-all-the-way-popped-in. And sometimes it's ok, because it feels like I never have to do anything or choose anything or be anything because I'm not even [] Everything...just...happens in reality. But then there are other times where I'm like, Ok, I've been watching this game for, forever now Like I've been lying on the couch for like 17 years now, so, When am I gonna get to play? When am I gonna play the game?

END

*Forever passes in a beat.
ALICE and HENRY sit, looking-not-looking at each other.
A lightbulb in the center of the room flickers.*

*Enter MIRIAM.
Slowly and with intention.
The lights move with her.*

*She makes her way to the whiteboard.
She erases everything.*

Everything is still.

Blackout.