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See Rock City & Other Destinations Scenic Route

Book and Lyrics by
Adam Mathias

Music by
Brad Alexander

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

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SEE ROCK CITY & OTHER DESTINATIONS was originally developed and produced at Barrington Stage, Pittsfield, MA, Julianne Boyd, Artistic Director, and William Finn, Artistic Producer, Musical Theatre Lab in August 2008. The performance was directed by Kevin Del Aguila and music directed by Vadim Feichtner, with sets by Brian Prather, costumes by Mark Mariani, lighting by David F. Segal. The Production Stage Manager was Wesley Apfel. The cast was as follows:

JESS/CUTTER..... Benjamin Schrader
DODI/LILY.....Gwen Hollander
EVAN/RICK..... Wesley Taylor
LAUREN/JUDY..... Cassie Wooley
GRAMPY/CARNEY.....John Jellison
DEMPSEY/TOUR GUIDE..... David Rossmer
CLAIRE/KATE..... Jill Abramovitz

The Off Broadway premiere of ***SEE ROCK CITY & OTHER DESTINATIONS*** was developed and produced by Transport Group Theatre Company, Jack Cummings, III, Artistic Director; Lori Fineman, Executive Director, at The Duke Theatre on 42nd Street in New York City, July and August 2010. The performance was directed by Jack Cummings III and music directed by Justin Hatchimonji, with sets and costumes by Dane Laffrey, lighting by R. Lee Kennedy and orchestrations by Justin Hatchimonji. The Stage Manager was Theresa Flanagan; the Production Manager, Wendy Patten. The cast was as follows:

JESS/CUTTER..... Bryce Ryness
DODI/LILY..... Mamie Parris
EVAN/RICK..... Stanley Bahorek
LAUREN/JUDY..... Sally Wilfert
GRAMPY/CARNEY..... Ryan Hilliard
DEMPSEY/TOUR GUIDE.....Jonathan Hammond
CLAIRE/KATE..... Donna Lynne Champlin

From August 15 through August 21 the role of **JESS/CUTTER** was played by Nicholas Belton.

CHARACTERS

JESS – A twenty-something traveler. He's been on the road as long as he can remember.

DODI – A small-town Carolina waitress. She's never left the state.

EVAN – A twenty-something loner. No money, no girlfriend, no job...but he hasn't given up hope.

LAUREN – A thirty-year-old teacher from Fredericksburg. She's single.

GRAMPY – Lauren's beloved grandfather. He suffered a stroke a few years ago that left him unable to walk or speak.

DEMPSEY – A thirty-something professional. He's a divorce lawyer, but he hates it, if that makes it any better.

LILY – Judy and Claire's younger sister. She just wants her sisters to get along.

JUDY – Lily and Claire's sister. She's emotional.

CLAIRE – Lily and Judy's sister. She just wants to get this over with.

CUTTER – A prep-school teen. He's the "bad kid."

RICK – A prep-school teen. He's Cutter's best friend.

KATE – A bride. She's not ready...or is she?

TOUR GUIDE – A tour guide. He's determined to give Kate a little push.

WAITER

SUBWAY CONDUCTOR

FREAK SHOW BARKER

CARNEY

CHARACTER TRACKS

Man 1 Jess, Waiter, Cutter
Man 2 Evan, Rick
Man 3 Grampy, Subway Conductor/Barker/Carney
Man 4 Dempsey, Tour Guide
Woman 1 Dodi, Lily
Woman 2 Lauren, Judy
Woman 3 Claire, Kate

STAGE DIRECTIONS

Transport Group Theatre Company's original off-Broadway production, as directed by Jack Cummings III, incorporated spoken stage directions into the play. Each destination was "narrated" by a different actor. While this approach is not required, we find it adds to the unity of the various stories and reveals interesting connections. Spoken stage directions have been printed in **bold**. The scenes are assigned as follows:

Rock City - **CLAIRE/KATE**
33.39 N, 104.53 W - **DEMPSEY/TOUR GUIDE**
The Alamo - **DODI/LILY**
Glacier Bay - **GRAMPY**
Coney Island - **LAUREN/JUDY**
Niagara Falls - **JESS/CUTTER**
Finale - **CLAIRE/KATE**

EDITOR'S NOTE

The *Scenic Route* edition of *See Rock City & Other Destinations* is a school version of the original musical that has been adapted to be more community-friendly. Most of the original script remains unchanged with the exception of the Coney Island scene/songs. Much of the language in the Coney Island segment has been changed to suit more youthful audiences and performers. The original version contains a glossary of suggested terms that can be substituted in lieu of curse words; the "Scenic Route" edition applies these changes, making this musical an ideal choice for schools and other youth-based performing groups.

SONG LIST

Rock City

JESS, DODI

1. Rock City JESS
2. I Can Tell DODI & JESS
3. Mile After Mile DODI & JESS

33.39 N, 104.53 W – 10:34 p.m.

EVAN

4. We Are Not Alone EVAN

The Alamo

LAUREN, GRAMPY, DEMPSEY

5. All There Is To Say LAUREN
6. Grampy's Song GRAMPY

33.39 N, 104.53 W – 2:15 a.m.

EVAN

7. We Are Not Alone (reprise) EVAN

Glacier Bay

LILY, JUDY, CLAIRE, WAITER

8. Three Fair Queens LILY, CLAIRE & JUDY

33.39 N, 104.53 W – 4:06 a.m.

EVAN

9. Here EVAN

Coney Island

CUTTER, RICK, CONDUCTOR, BARKER, CARNEY

10. Q Train to Coney Island CUTTER & RICK
11. You Are My... CUTTER & RICK
12. Dark Ride CUTTER & RICK

Niagara Falls

KATE, TOUR GUIDE, ENSEMBLE

14. Niagara Falls—the Tour TOUR GUIDE, KATE & COMPANY
15. What Am I Afraid Of? KATE
16. Some People Do/Finale TOUR GUIDE, KATE & COMPANY

0. OVERTURE

(The company enters, arriving at and en route to various destinations.)

DODI. It's not what I expected.

RICK. It's not too late.

DODI. Is it what you expected?

RICK. If we turn back now we could still make first period.

TOUR GUIDE. The tour's about to begin.

JESS. You ever feel like...there's gotta be someplace...

EVAN. They are coming.

JESS. ...someplace you belong?

EVAN. They are coming here.

Tonight. I'm sure of it.

LAUREN. And, here we are...again.

CUTTER. What are you afraid of?

DODI. I want to see it.

DEMPSEY. It's hard not to feel patriotic.

KATE. I want to see it. I think.

CARNEY. Stay in the car.

Don't get out.

JUDY. All right.

CARNEY. No matter what.

JUDY. I'm ready now.

TOUR GUIDE. It's now or never.

DODI. So where you headed?

LAUREN. Did you hear the voice?

CLAIRE. Did you really think this was a good idea?

TOUR GUIDE. Wait until you see the view.

Amazing...

(The company disperses leaving only JESS and DODI.)

Rock City

(Late at night, in a diner, somewhere in the Carolinas, JESS, a twenty-something traveler sits, studying a large highway map of the East Coast. He is the diner's only customer. His waitress, DODI, watches him from the counter. She wears a nametag that reads "Hi, I'm Dodi!")

(After a moment, she comes to his table.)

DODI. You haven't finished your dinner.

JESS. Oh, there's nothing wrong with it.

DODI. I know there's nothing wrong with it, but you haven't finished it.

JESS. No. Guess I'm not that hungry.

DODI. *(overlapping)* 'Cause you looked hungry when you came in.

JESS. It was a big portion.

DODI. Not really.

(She waits. He looks up at her, then puts the map away and eats.)

You want some pie?

(Mouth full, he shakes his head, no.)

It's good. Maybe to take with you. It's good.

(He doesn't respond.)

So, where you headed this time of night?

(He stares at her – can he tell her? Will she think he's crazy?)

What brings you through? Cause nobody's headed here, I can tell you that. Everyone's going somewhere. So where *you* headed?

JESS. Rock City.

DODI. Rock City? As in "See Rock City," Rock City?

JESS. That's the one.

DODI. Really?

(He nods.)

Why?

JESS. I saw the signs.

DODI. Sure, everyone's seen the signs – they're all over round here – if there's a barn, there's a "See Rock City" sign painted on its roof. What, you mean you *just now* saw the signs?

JESS. Just now.

DODI. Today.

(DODI waits for him to elaborate. Embarrassed, he looks down at his plate.)

DODI. All-righty, then. You have a good night.

(She turns to go – he suddenly speaks up.)

1. ROCK CITY

JESS.

BEEN A LIFETIME DRIVING –
NEVER KNEW WHERE
I WAS HEADING.
BEEN TRAVELING
A LONELY ROAD.

(She turns back, intrigued.)

TILL TODAY, I'M DRIVING,
AND I SEE THEM
BY THE ROADSIDE;
WHERE SILENTLY,
THEY SPEAK TO ME...

EACH BARN DECLARING A CLEAR DESTINATION
SPELLS OUT A MESSAGE I CAN'T IGNORE.
OUT THERE IT WAITS FOR ME,
JUST OFF I-24:

I'VE GOT TO SEE ROCK CITY,
ANSWER TO EVERY PRAYER.
COME ON AND SEE ROCK CITY!

JESS. (*cont.*)

YOU CAN BE HAPPY THERE!
EACH ROOF RECOMMENDS
THE PLACE MY JOURNEY ENDS:
ROCK CITY!

SO I STOP AT A GASWAY,
BUY A ROAD-MAP
AND SOME JERKY,
AND THEN I'M OFF –
MY END IN SIGHT.

SO INSTEAD OF NOWHERE,
THERE IS SOMEWHERE
I AM HEADING.
I'LL SEE MY GOAL
BY MORNING'S LIGHT.

WITH EVERY BARN THAT I PASS I'M PERSUADED;
AT EVERY ROOFTOP MY ROUTE REALIGNS.
I'M DONE WITH MARKING TIME
NOW THAT I'VE SEEN THE SIGNS:

THEY SAY TO "SEE ROCK CITY!"
IN LETTERS TEN FEET HIGH.
I'VE GOT TO SEE ROCK CITY!
WON'T LET THE CHANCE GO BY.
CAN'T YOU FEEL THE THRILL?
JUST FOUR MORE HOURS TILL:
ROCK CITY...

NOW AFTER YEARS ON THE HIGHWAY,
I THINK I FINALLY SEE
WHERE I'M MEANT TO BE.

I'VE GOT TO SEE ROCK CITY.
I CAN'T RESIST ITS CALL.
YOU'VE GOT TO SEE ROCK CITY
YOU'VE GOT TO SEE IT ALL.
NO MORE MOVING ON
AFTER THIS NIGHT IS THROUGH,
FOR IN THE EARLY DAWN
ROCK CITY WAITS FOR YOU.

JESS. *(cont.)*

ROCK CITY!

I-24 OFF I-59,

EXIT ONE-SEVEN-EIGHT PAST THE GEORGIA LINE,

GO LEFT AT THE LIGHT AND YOU'LL SEE THE SIGN:

ROCK CITY!

DODI. Huh.

JESS. *(mortified)* God. I mean –

DODI. Wait right here.

(She exits suddenly. He gathers his things to leave.)

JESS. Brilliant. Traumatize the wait staff.

(DODI returns, a duffle bag slung over her arm and a to-go container in her hand.)

DODI. I'm ready.

JESS. What?

DODI. *(She is probably not as confident as she seems, but refuses to give in to the urge to turn back.)*

To see Rock City. That's what you said, right? So let's go.

(She is heading out the door; he is fumbling with his money.)

Don't worry about the tip. Oh, and I brought pie.

(He leaves some money and follows her out the door.)

(Somewhere along I-57 in his compact car – JESS in the driver's seat, DODI in the passenger's seat. They feign comfortability in silence.)

DODI. *(cheerily)* I'm Dodi.

JESS. Yeah. I know. You're still wearing your nametag.

DODI. *(reading her nametag)* "Hi!"

JESS. I'm Jess.

DODI. Oh, Okay.

(The silence returns.)

I don't usually get into cars with strangers, but well, you made such a sales pitch – and I got a feeling about you – a good feeling – and if I had to pour another cup of coffee I was just gonna kill somebody. I mean, not really. Just in my head, I mean. You ever kill somebody in your head? It's not very satisfying. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

JESS. You want a candy bar? There's one on the floor here somewhere.

DODI. No. No thanks. I think I'll wait for pie.

JESS. You want me to turn around? Take you back?

DODI. No! No. I want to see it.

JESS. No one's going to miss you? Wonder where you are?

DODI. I guess we'll see, won't we.

(Yet another awkward silence. DODI pops open the glove compartment and starts sifting through its contents.)

JESS. What are you doing?

DODI. I'm going through your glove compartment. You can tell a lot about a person from the contents of their glove compartment.

JESS. You can?

DODI. I can.

JESS. What can you tell?

2. I CAN TELL

DODI.

I CAN TELL...YOU LIKE COLLECTING THINGS:
PARKING TICKETS, MATCHBOOKS...DAY-OLD ONION RINGS.

(spoken)

You're going to be needing this receipt?

(She holds up a crumpled scrap of paper.)

JESS. Maybe... So, that's it?

DODI. *(continuing her search)* No...

I CAN TELL...YOU LIKE TO BE PREPARED:
FLASHLIGHT, CONDOMS...

(spoken)

Okay, now I'm scared.

(She pulls out a condom package.)

How old is this? It looks like it was made in 1984.

(He snatches it out of her hand.)

Oh look:

(She pulls a book out of the glove compartment.)

1984.

LITTLE THINGS TEND TO SAY A LOT:

A SEWING KIT.

A BAG OF POT.

I CAN TELL THAT THE THINGS YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW
ABOUT YOU
AREN'T TRUE.

(She finds a photograph.)

(spoken)

Who's this? Your parents? They look sweet.

JESS. They were.

DODI. Oh.

(DODI returns the contents of the glove compartment. An awkward silence.)

JESS. (*trying to rekindle the conversation*) There's something
you should know about *me*.

DODI. Oh?

JESS. I'm a psychic.

DODI. Is that so?

JESS. I don't even need a glove box.

DODI. Alright, let's hear.

JESS.

I CAN TELL YOU'RE A BALLERINA.

DODI. Ha!

JESS.

I CAN TELL YOU CAN ROLLER-SKATE.

DODI. No way!

JESS.

I CAN TELL THAT YOU'VE NEVER LEFT THE STATE.

DODI. (*spoken*) Well, *that's* true.

JESS. *What?*

DODI. I've never left the state.

JESS. Never? So you've never seen New Orleans? Niagara
Falls?

DODI. Nope.

JESS. Wow.

DODI. So, is that the best you can do, Mr. Mind-reader?

JESS. No. Um...

I CAN TELL YOU'RE A PEOPLE PERSON.

I CAN TELL IT WILL TAKE YOU FAR.

HELL, IT ALREADY GOT YOU TO MY CAR.

DODI & JESS.

AIN'T IT ODD, THOUGH WE'VE ONLY MET,
HOW MUCH OF YOU

I CLEARLY GET.

DIDN'T KNOW YOU BEFORE AND YET SOMEHOW

I KNOW

YOU NOW.

DODI.

I CAN TELL...YOU HAVE A CROOKED SMILE.

JESS.

NO, I DON'T.

DODI.

SURE YOU DO. IT KINDA FITS YOUR STYLE.

JESS. (*teasing her*)

I TAKE IT BACK – CAUSE YOU SUCK WITH PEOPLE.
YOU SHOULD HEAR HALF THE THINGS YOU SAY!
BUT I GUESS I'LL FORGIVE YOU ANYWAY.

DODI & JESS.

TWO HOURS IN AND WE'RE GOING STRONG.

JESS.

YOU GOT ME PEGGED.

DODI.

YOU GOT ME WRONG.

DODI & JESS.

WHO'D HAVE GUESSED WE WOULD GET ALONG SO FAST?
I JUST HOPE
IT WILL LAST.

I CAN TELL YOU SECRETS NO ONE KNOWS.

DODI.

ONCE I WORE SHOULDER PADS.

JESS.

I HAVE ELEVEN TOES.

DODI & JESS.

THOUGH IT'S TRUE THAT WE'RE PERFECT STRANGERS
STILL I FEEL THAT I KNOW YOU WELL
THEN AGAIN, YOU MIGHT TRY TO KILL ME –
WHO CAN TELL?

(*A brief silence – not so awkward anymore.*)

DODI. So...Rock City.

JESS. Rock City.

DODI. What exactly *is* Rock City?

JESS. Well, it's a... It's...

I don't know.

DODI. But you said –

JESS. I saw the signs.

DODI. Oh.

JESS. You ever feel like...there's gotta be *someplace...someplace* you belong?

(He looks at her. She doesn't respond.)

Look. State line.

DODI. I think this calls for pie.

(She climbs halfway into the backseat to retrieve the pie.)

JESS. *(to himself)* I could get used to this.

DODI. *(pie container in hand, not having heard him)* What?

JESS. Did you bring forks?

(She reveals plastic forks, opens the container and digs in.)

DODI. Oh. This is good. Here.

(She loads another fork and feeds a bite to him.)

JESS. Mmm.

DODI. I know.

(She is about to take another bite when something runs in front of the car. He stops the car suddenly, hitting the creature. They sit, stunned.)

JESS. I think we hit something.

DODI. Ya think?

JESS. Should we check?

DODI. It might be hurt.

JESS. Right.

(Finally, they work up the nerve to get out of the car. The only light comes from the stars and the car's headlights. In the darkness they find a large lump of an animal curled up in front of the fender.)

DODI. Oh my god.

JESS. Is it dead? Did I kill it?

DODI. I can't tell.

JESS. What do we do? Well, don't touch it. Dodi!

(DODI carefully goes up to the creature and gives it a gentle nudge. It wakes suddenly and runs off, frightening the bejesus out of DODI and JESS. She jumps to his arms.)

DODI. Oh God!

JESS. Holy Jesus!

(after the shock wears off)

You saved it.

DODI. What?

JESS. It was dead and you touched it.

DODI. *(embarrassed)* It was not. I did not. I'm going back to the car.

(She goes to the car, then returns.)

I'm leaving it the pie.

(She leaves the pie container by the side of the road, and then returns to the passenger seat.)

JESS. *(quietly)* You saved it.

DODI. *(from the car)* Are we going, or not?

(He returns to the car and they drive.)

(Early in the morning, they have arrived at the entrance to Rock City. DODI sleeps in the passenger seat, while JESS surveys the area.)

(getting out of the car) Are we there? Why didn't you wake me? Is this it?

JESS. This is where it starts.

DODI. It's not what I expected. Is it what you expected?

JESS. I don't know what I expected.

DODI. I don't get it. How is this "Rock City?"

JESS. Maybe further up...

(They enter the park and begin to climb.)

(having reached a half-way vantage point...)

DODI. Oh, I get it. Rock. City. It's like a city of...

JESS. Yeah.

DODI. Where the rocks are like buildings...with streets and...

JESS. Yeah.

DODI. That's stupid. Besides, they're more like boulders than rocks. ...Oh. I guess there's already someplace called "Boulder City."

JESS. Come on.

(They reach the summit.)

DODI. Oh. Wow. It's beautiful. Have you ever –

(finding a plaque)

Look at this. Look – look. See seven states from this spot. Georgia, Alabama...South Carolina...Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?

(JESS had been hoping to find answers, a destination, a meaning, something, anything...but all he sees is:)

JESS. The highways go on forever.

DODI. *(having not heard him)* What?

(He shakes his head, never mind – he can't take his eyes off the unending highways.)

Isn't it amazing. You can see everything. Everything...

3. MILE AFTER MILE**DODI.**

WIDE, WIDE,
 TOUCHING FOREVER,
 REACHING INTO ETERNITY.
 BOUNDLESS –
 NO LIMITATIONS,
 NO RESERVATIONS.
 I CAN SEE
 MILE AFTER MILE –
 ENDLESS SKY,
 ENDLESS VARIATION.
 NO END IN SIGHT –
 LIFE IS ALL AROUND,
 AND I FEEL I'VE FOUND
 HOME.

JESS.

WHY CAN'T I SEE WHAT SHE CAN SEE?
 GOOD LORD, WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?
 I FOOLED MYSELF TO THINK THAT I'D BE "ARRIVING."
 SHE SEES LIFE AROUND EVERY BEND;
 I SEE HIGHWAYS THAT NEVER END.
 GUESS THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME
 BUT MORE DRIVING.
 DRIVING
 MILE AFTER MILE –
 ENDLESS SKY,
 ENDLESS VARIATION.
 NO END IN SIGHT –
 I AM WAND'RING BLIND
 AND I'LL NEVER FIND

JESS.

A PLACE WHERE I CAN LAY MY HEAD,
 JUST FREEWAYS AND PIKES INSTEAD.
 THE HEADLIGHTS BLAZE
 AND THE TRAFFIC IS THRONGING.
 JUST ME AND MY CRAPPY CAR –
 DAYS ARE LONG AND THE ROAD GOES
 FAR.
 SO TO HELL WITH FINDING A SENSE
 OF BELONGING.
 LONGING

MILE AFTER MILE –
 ENDLESS SKY,
 ENDLESS VARIATION.
 NO END IN SIGHT –
 AND FOREVER MORE
 I'LL BE TRAV'LING FOR

DODI.

GEORGIA,
 SOUTH CAROLINA,
 NORTH CAROLINA, TENNESSEE.
 VIRGINIA,
 AND ALABAMA,
 EVEN KENTUCKY.
 LIVING FREE.
 I CAN SEE

MILE AFTER MILE –
 ENDLESS SKY,
 ENDLESS VARIATION.
 NO END IN SIGHT –
 AND FOREVER MORE
 I'LL BE LOOKING FOR

BOTH.

MILE AFTER MILE –
 AND I FLY
 TO THE VAST HORIZON WITH
 NO END IN SIGHT –
 EVERY BOUNDARY GONE,
 EVERY LINE WITHDRAWN,
 I KEEP GOING ON...
 FOREVER.

DODI. I am going to miss this. When I go back.**JESS.** Back?**DODI.** I have to do a double shift tomorrow. To make up for the day off.**JESS.** I thought...maybe...*(He can't work up the nerve to ask her...)***DODI.** *(not hearing him)* What?**JESS.** Nothing.**DODI.** I can see my house from here.*(They scan the horizon as the lights fade.)*

33.39 N, 104.53 W – 10:34 p.m.

(A vast, empty field at night – in the distance, perhaps, the lights of a military base. EVAN enters carrying a small stool, a pair of binoculars, assorted gadgets, and a video camera on a tripod. He sets up his stool and video camera, and then turns the camera on illuminating himself in its light.)

EVAN. *(to the camera)* July 5th, 2010*... Just outside Walker Air Force Base, Roswell, New Mexico. Time: Ten thirty-four. Skies: clear. Full moon, bright as can be. The fields themselves seem to be glowing. It was on a night like this, sixty-three* years ago, this very month, that first contact was made. My name: Evan Mann. And I am about to make a major discovery. You see, I've been tracking, for a while now, several...signs – indicators – of extraterrestrial life. Yes, UFOs. But these indicators – heightened static electricity, altered animal patterns, erratic barometer readings – all point to this date, this location – wait!

(He thinks he hears something and looks through his binoculars. He was mistaken.)

Not yet.

They are coming. They are coming here. Tonight. I'm sure of it.

4. WE ARE NOT ALONE

WORLDS

FAR FROM HERE

SEND THE MESSAGE: WE ARE NOT ALONE.

STRANGE

FREQUENCIES

KEEP REPEATING: WE ARE NOT ALONE.

I

GUARANTEE:

THERE CAN BE

NO DOUBT.

*Years can be adjusted to current or upcoming year.

EVAN. (*cont.*)

YOU
CAN'T IGNORE
THERE IS MORE
THAN JUST ONE PLANET CAPABLE OF HAVING LIFE
WHICH MEANS:
WE'RE NOT ALONE.

July 8th, 1947 the United States Military issues a press release that a "flying disc" – their language – has been recovered from this very field only some days before. A flying disc. Later they rescinded – took it back – claimed it was a "weather balloon." Weather balloon, my ankle. That was a flying saucer, a UFO, an alien encounter. The real deal. And you know what they say: lightning always strikes twice!

SOON
THEY'LL ARRIVE;
I WILL TELL THEM: "YOU ARE NOT ALONE."
THEY'LL
SPEAK TO ME
PROBABLY A LANGUAGE YET UNKNOWN.

(*He stands to address the imaginary aliens.*)

"I
COME IN PEACE –
WELL – WAIT IN PEACE,"
I'LL SAY.
THEY'LL
NOD TO ME
KNOWINGLY
AND I'LL HAVE CAUGHT IT ALL ON FILM TO
SHOW THE WORLD AND MY EX-GIRLFRIEND
I WAS RIGHT AND WE ARE NOT ALONE.

(*to the camera*)

I know what you're thinking. I don't mind.
CALL ME CRAZY!
YOU WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST.
I SWEAR I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE.

(He looks through the binoculars.)

EVAN. *(cont.)*

– IT DOESN'T FAZE ME.

IF IT'S CRAZY

THINKING THERE'S MORE TO LIFE

THAN ONLY WHAT IS HERE ON EARTH,

FINE: I'M CRAZY!

(forgetting the camera)

I BELIEVE THE FUTURE LIES

FAR BEYOND THESE LONELY SKIES –

I BELIEVE IT MORE AND MORE EACH DAY!

FROM ANOTHER GALAXY

I HAVE HEARD THEM CALL TO ME;

THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY!

NOW,

PRESENTLY,

ANY MOMENT THEY'LL MAKE THEMSELVES SHOWN.

JUST

WAIT AND SEE

ANY SECOND THEY'LL BE HERE;

OUT OF NOWHERE THEY'LL APPEAR.

DON'T YOU FEAR, CAUSE WE ARE NOT A

LOCALIZED PHENOMENON AND

FINALLY YOU'LL SEE: WE'RE NOT ALONE!

ALONE!

ALONE!

(EVAN spots someone entering the far side of the field.)

Hey! Hey! Find your own coordinates. These are taken.

(He goes off to get rid of the interloper.)

(blackout)

The Alamo

(A weekday afternoon at The Alamo. A lawyer in his thirties, DEMPSEY, sits on a park bench facing the fort. LAUREN enters, pushing her GRAMPY in his wheelchair. She regards the fort, while her GRAMPY feebly looks for someone he is expecting.)

(DEMPSEY notices them enter.)

LAUREN. And, here we are...again. Every year it looks smaller.

(GRAMPY mumbles something completely indiscernible, but LAUREN appears to understand.)

Yes, Grampy, you look smaller, too. But surrounded by all this...development.

(GRAMPY mumbles.)

How can you say it's the same? None of these chains had even been thought of when you first...

(GRAMPY again.)

The Starbucks.

(lovingly)

Of course you wouldn't be able to see them. What with your eyesight the way it is. I could probably have taken you to the local Jiffy-Lube and told you *that* was the Alamo...and we could have skipped this year all together. I remember – when we were little – when it wasn't a shopping mall... Ha! I “remember the Alamo.”

(GRAMPY asks her a question.)

No, I don't see her. ...I never do. As if I could.

(GRAMPY grumbles angrily at her.)

What's that supposed to mean? Don't start. We're not having this conversation again. I believe... I *believe*... This isn't about me – it's *your* anniversary.

(GRAMPY begins to become exasperated at not being able to fully communicate with her. LAUREN attempts to calm him down.)

Now don't get yourself upset. I know, I know...

5. ALL THERE IS TO SAY

LAUREN. (*cont.*)

I HEAR YOU, GRAMPY,
 BELIEVE ME, I HEAR.
 YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY,
 I'M GETTING THE MESSAGE LOUD AND CLEAR.
 YOU DON'T HAVE TO GRUMBLE;
 YOU DON'T NEED TO SHOUT.
 I KNOW EVERY SENTENCE YOU'RE TRYING TO GET OUT:
 YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME I'M LONELY.
 YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME I'M SAD.
 YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME I'M MISSING OUT
 ON THE THINGS YOU HAD.
 BUT I'M OKAY IN MY SINGLE BED
 AND I'M OKAY WITH THE NOVELS THAT I'VE READ.
 AND I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY...
 AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO SAY.

(*She feels she has made her point...until GRAMPY sticks out his tongue and gives her a raspberry: "Pfft."*)

YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME I'M STUBBORN;
 YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME I'M "BLIND".
 YOU'RE GONNA SAY I PROTEST TOO MUCH,
 BUT I DO NOTHING OF THE KIND.
 CAUSE I WON'T MISS WHAT I'VE NEVER KNOWN,
 AND I ENJOY EATING DINNER ON MY OWN.
 NO MAN USING UP THE MINUTES ON MY PHONE
 OR TURNING MY HAIR TO GREY,
 SO DON'T MAKE A BIG DISPLAY...
 THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO SAY.

I mean it, Grampy. Case closed. Don't give me that look!

(*stamping her foot childishly*)

I am a *grown woman*!
 YES, I KNOW EVERY LOOK ON YOUR FACE
 EVERY GESTURE AND EVERY SIGN
 AND I KNOW YOU WANT ME TO BE A BRIDE
 BUT I CANNOT FORCE WHAT I'VE NEVER FELT INSIDE
 AND BELIEVE ME, GRAMPY, I'VE TRIED...

LAUREN. *(cont.)*

YOU'RE GONNA CALL ME A YOUNGSTER!
 YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME TO WAIT!
 YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME TO NOT GIVE UP
 THAT EVEN THIRTY'S NOT TOO LATE.
 BUT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR FAR TOO LONG,
 AND I'VE BEEN LISTENING BUT I NEVER HEARD THE SONG.
 AND I DON'T NEED VOICES FROM THE SKY
 OR KNIGHTS ON HORSES, BANNERS FLYING HIGH,
 SO DON'T LET IT CAUSE YOU ANY MORE DISMAY:
 I WON'T HAVE WHAT YOU AND GRAMM HAD – HAVE –
 AND THAT'S OKAY.

I need you to hear me, Grampy:

I'M GONNA BE OKAY.

(GRAMPY relents, giving her a kind and understanding look.)

AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO SAY.

(GRAMPY begins to cough. LAUREN digs around in her purse.)

Oh, now don't get over-excited. There's a handkerchief here somewhere. I'm sure she'll show up.

(DEMPSEY jumps up to offer his handkerchief.)

DEMPSEY. Here. I have a...handkerchief?

(LAUREN looks up at him. He stands there holding out his handkerchief. She laughs quietly at the sight of his grand gesture, then takes the handkerchief.)

LAUREN. Here, Grampy, don't contaminate the national treasure.

(She talks to DEMPSEY absentmindedly.)

He gets excited. He's an old man. Well –

DEMPSEY. Yes.

LAUREN. Obviously. He's my grandfather. My "Grampy."

DEMPSEY. You're lucky.

LAUREN. Yes. I am.

DEMPSEY. (*shouting at him*) You're feeling better now, Grampy?

LAUREN. Oh, he doesn't need you to –

DEMPSEY. Oh.

LAUREN. Thank you.

(**GRAMPY** *says something.*)

He wants to know your name.

DEMPSEY. Dempsey.

LAUREN. We don't know him, Grampy. His name is Dempsey.
Dempsey.

(**GRAMPY** *responds. She laughs.*)

DEMPSEY. What. What did he say?

LAUREN. He said, "What kind of a name is Dempsey."

DEMPSEY. It's Irish.

LAUREN. I don't think that's what he meant.

DEMPSEY. Probably not. Well, it was nice to –

(**GRAMPY** *grabs DEMPSEY's arm as he attempts to leave.*)

LAUREN. Grampy, what are you –

(**GRAMPY** *says something.*)

Grampy, he's a perfect stranger.

(**GRAMPY** *again.*)

He wants you to stay.

(**GRAMPY**, *more persistent this time.*)

He wants you to meet her.

DEMPSEY. Who?

LAUREN. My grandmother. She's not actually coming. She's dead. She's been dead for... They met here. When they were kids. "Young adults." And they came back every year since. Until, well, a few years ago... But he still insists on coming. Every year. To see her. And to listen for the voice.

DEMPSEY. The voice?

LAUREN. Oh, did I not mention the voice? It all sounds so much more rational without the voice.

DEMPSEY. Well, you better tell me. He's not letting go.

LAUREN. It sounds crazy, but...the first time they met – sixty-some years ago, right on this spot – my grandparents heard...*claim* they heard this "voice." Singing.

DEMPSEY. Well, what did it say?

LAUREN. "This is the one you will love forever."

DEMPSEY. Wow.

LAUREN. Yeah.

DEMPSEY. That's really –

LAUREN. Crazy.

DEMPSEY. (*overlapping "Crazy"*) Romantic. They were together their whole lives. Sixty-some years – that's fantastic.

LAUREN. It can be somewhat intimidating actually.

DEMPSEY. Yeah, I can imagine.

(**GRAMPY** drops **DEMPSEY's** arm.)

LAUREN. He's seen her now. She's coming over. Now they'll talk.

DEMPSEY. Maybe we should give them some privacy.

(**DEMPSEY** crosses to the bench, then looks back at

LAUREN. She considers her options, figures what's-the-harm and joins him.)

(*Lights shift to GRAMPY as he spots his wife.*)

GRAMPY. There you are...I see you.

6. GRAMPY'S SONG

LOOK AT MY SMILING GIRL;

YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT.

I CAN STILL SEE YOU STANDING NEAR THE LANDING

LOOKING LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE.

I REMEMBER...I REMEMBER...YOU.

I KNEW RIGHT FROM THE START

THAT WE WERE MEANT TO BE.

ON THAT FIRST DAY I TOLD YOU I WOULD HOLD YOU

AND I'D NEVER SET YOU FREE.

I REMEMBER...DO YOU REMEMBER...ME?

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