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Samuel French Acting Edition

Kingdom Come

by Jenny Rachel Weiner

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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KINGDOM COME had its world premiere produced in New York City by Roundabout Theatre Company (Todd Haines, Artistic Director; Harold Wolpert, Managing Director; Julia C. Levy, Executive Director; Sydney Beers, General Manager) as part of Roundabout Underground at the Harold and Miriam Steinberg Center for Theatre on November 3, 2016. The cast was as follows:

SAMANTHA CARLIN	Carmen M. Herlihy
DELORES AQUENDO	Socorro Santiago
LAYNE FALCONE	Crystal Finn
SUZ MILLER	Stephanie Styles
DOMINICK AQUENDO	Alex Hernandez

CHARACTERS

SAMANTHA CARLIN – (F, thirties) Samantha has mousy hair so thin you can see her scalp. The bed Samantha lives in is raised and has large guardrails that protect her from falling out. Samantha weighs approximately 600 pounds and is mostly confined to her bed. It takes most of the effort she has to move from one room to another, so she usually doesn't – she shits into a pan, pees into a catheter, is scrubbed down to get clean, and eats when food is brought to her. She has been this way since she was eighteen. Before that, Samantha wheeled herself around in a wheelchair. Before that she walked, but her knees hurt. Also plays **KINGDOMCOME42**.

DELORES AQUENDO – (F, forty-nine) Samantha's health aide. She was hired by Samantha's mom. She's been working for Samantha for about a year. Originally from Colombia. She is obsessed with her son.

LAYNE FALCONE – (F, thirty-three) Layne [Lay-nee] is lonely and suffers from anxiety. Layne is an office assistant at an insurance company. She wears nude stockings every day and neutral skirt-suits from Ross Dress For Less. Layne is the kind of girl nobody sees. Layne lives alone. She cooks alone. She sleeps alone. She prays alone. She sings alone. She thinks alone. Also plays **DELAYEDFLIGHT82**.

SUZ MILLER – (F, twenty-three) Layne's coworker at Hensher Insurance Agency. Suz is a ditz and a party girl, but somewhere underneath all the rhinestones and eye shadow is a good heart. She's bubbly like champagne, but like the really shitty kind from the corner deli. Also plays **SYDLOVES4545** and **WANNAPLAYWIDME88**.

DOMINICK AQUENDO – (M, thirties) A hot, simple, seemingly vapid Latino man. He is Delores' son. He knows how to use his looks to get what he wants. He's an "actor/model" in LA, but is actually a busboy at a bakery. Also plays **SOCCERCOACH983**, **SPRINGSTEINLOVENJ**, and **YOGADAD123**.

SETTING

A city thirty miles south of Las Vegas: Carson City, Nevada.
Later, Los Angeles

TIME

Present Day

AUTHOR'S NOTES

The Internet in this play begins as a literal projection of what the characters see on their screen, but becomes highly theatrical once Layne and Samantha meet. It's important that the actors don't pretend to type or see computer screens once they enter into their world; they are transported when they shift to their alternate personas – they speak how one would speak aloud, not exact pronunciations of the lingo they type, but we should see their online conversations projected in some way. The “real world” is naturalistic and the online world hyper-naturalistic – a kind of poetry jutting up against the mundane.

PROJECTIONS NOTE:

Everything that happens on the Internet is intended to be projected, and the chats should all be spoken aloud, unless indicated. As the women become more entrenched in their fantasy world, you can feel free to play with how realistic the projections are and how much of the actual text we see.

SPECIAL THANKS:

I'd like to thank Cusi Cram, Matthew Maguire, Mark Bly, and Elliot Fox at Fordham University/Primary Stages who gave me the confidence and room to write this play. To my generous friends and colleagues who read drafts and gave feedback along the way. To Todd Haimes, Julia Levy, Robyn Goodman, Josh Fiedler, and my hero Jill Rafson for giving me a forever theatre home. To my inimitable director and friend Kip Fagan: you seriously rock. And to my family, who gives me the courage, strength, and chutzpah to follow my dreams.

Scene One

(Lights up on SAMANTHA and DELORES watching a game show.)

(SAMANTHA is in bed, and DELORES is propped up against its side. SAMANTHA's bed is raised and has large guardrails that protect her from falling out. SAMANTHA weighs approximately 600 pounds and is mostly confined to this spot.)

(The screen illuminates SAMANTHA's face.)

*(We hear an opening theme song.)**

ANNOUNCER. Theresa Dioluca!

SAMANTHA & DELORES. Come on down!

ANNOUNCER. Heather Catarucci!

SAMANTHA & DELORES. Come on down!

ANNOUNCER. Frank Cohen-Weinberg!

SAMANTHA & DELORES. Come on down!

ANNOUNCER. And here's your host!

...

ANNOUNCER, SAMANTHA & DELORES. DREW CAREY!

(SAMANTHA and DELORES watch the show.)

DELORES. You know...

The Price Is Right shoots in LA.

Maybe someday we can go together.

That's where my Dominick lives.

SAMANTHA. *(Lighthearted.)* Yeah, you told me.

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I don't have Alzheimer's I'm just fat, Delores.

DELORES. How should I know if you hear me when I talk?

SAMANTHA. (*In The Price Is Right announcer voice.*) Ladies and Gentlemen, here we have Delores Aquendo from Bogota, Colombia!

Give her a round of applause!

(**DELORES** *cheers.*)

She's forty-nine, though she looks thirty-five.

DELORES. Bless you.

SAMANTHA. She enjoys Salsa music and complaining about the temperature!

DELORES. I'm going through changes! It's not my fault!

SAMANTHA. She has a son named Dom.

Who's an actor in LA.

And also is a busboy.

DELORES. Employee of the Month THIS MONTH!

SAMANTHA. She loves Ruby Tuesday's never-ending salad bar.

Let's hear it one more time for Delores!

(*They both cheer.*)

DELORES. What would I do without you?

(**SAMANTHA** *smiles.*)

SAMANTHA. Hey didja get my scratchies?

DELORES. Oh, yes!

(**DELORES** *pulls out a handful of scratch-off lottery tickets. She pulls out two quarters. They scratch.*)

Ugh. I'm bad luck I think.

(*She spits three times over her shoulder.*)

Anything?

SAMANTHA. Five bucks!

(*She shows* **DELORES** *the winning card.*)

DELORES. Look at you! Twice in one week!

SAMANTHA. I'm rich!

DELORES. I can't wait to tell your mama how lucky you've been. Maybe I'll get a raise.

SAMANTHA. Don't involve her.

DELORES. Why? She'll be so happy!

SAMANTHA. How could you tell with all the botox?

DELORES. Enough, you.

SAMANTHA. What? It always looks like she has to take a shit.

(She pulls her face back so she looks like she has botox.)

"Be right back!"

DELORES. *(Laughing.)* Stop it!

(More serious.)

Your face will stick that way!

(SAMANTHA laughs and then starts to cough.)

(DELORES brings a glass of water and a straw to her lips.)

SAMANTHA. *(Hoarse.)* I hate her.

(DELORES touches SAMANTHA's hair.)

DELORES. Lemme do something with this.

SAMANTHA. Why?

DELORES. You'll look so pretty. Just like Jennifer Lopez!

SAMANTHA. I don't think that's a realistic goal.

DELORES. Why don't we do a makeover! Wouldn't that be fun?

SAMANTHA. Fun for who?

DELORES. Come on. Let's make you up!

SAMANTHA. You're gonna have to work pretty hard.

DELORES. Tsk. Shh. What do I always say about you have to love yourself.

What do I *always* say.

I listen to Deepak Chopra. I know.

SAMANTHA. Fine.

DELORES. Yay!

SAMANTHA. (*Rhetorical.*) What else am I doing?

DELORES. Let me do some Reiki on you first.

SAMANTHA. Aw, man.

DELORES. You'll feel muy bien.

SAMANTHA. *Judge Judy's* up next.

DELORES. She won't mind.

(DELORES *begins to practice Reiki on SAMANTHA*
as the lights come down.)

Scene Two

(LAYNE sits on the floor underneath her desk.)

(It's after hours at work; most of the lights are off, except for a few fluorescents.)

(SUZ appears – she's wearing “going out” clothes: A mini-skirt, a belly shirt, and four-inch stilettos.)

(She has lipstick smeared on her face.)

(She might be a little drunk.)

(She is curling her eyelashes as she enters.)

(LAYNE has headphones in; she's listening to a guided meditation.)

LAYNE. I choose to release the fears I have projected onto my body.

I am willing to see my body with love.

I release my ego's fear now.

I choose to see my body as love.

I choose to release my fears.

I am ready to see love.

I am innocent.

I am love.

SUZ. You know those things they barely work.

LAYNE. *(Caught off guard.)* Oh sorry? I didn't –

SUZ. I tried once I did a whole month of that crap with the meditation and the raw vegan cheez and those patches? You know the patches you put on your uterus?

LAYNE. No.

SUZ. Really?

(Beat.)

Anyway, for a whole month I was Buddhist – doctor's orders – and at the end I was just hungry and needed a shower.

LAYNE. Oh um I don't know.

SUZ. The things we stress about *we* create. Money? Self-afflicting. Government? For the birds! My dad was in the army and we traveled everywhere and I got to *see*, you know, I got to see the country. And it's not pretty. So don't look, Layne.

LAYNE. Okay.

SUZ. Mr. Hensher doesn't like when we listen to music at our desks by the way.

So.

Don't do it.

Consider this your warning.

LAYNE. But it's after hours.

SUZ. I'm just GIVING YOU A TIP.

It's like really, really nice of me.

(SUZ takes a picture of herself with a duck face right in the middle of their conversation.)

LAYNE. What are you doing?

SUZ. Snapchatting what does it look like?

LAYNE. Is that a game?

SUZ. Oh God. You really are like a sad old lady.

LAYNE. I'm thirty-three.

SUZ. Like a little sad old bird with a broken leg. And like an eye that's moving in a million directions. You're a sad bird who can't fly. Poor thing.

What are you still doing here anyway? It's like 10:00 at night. Ohmygod are you homeless. Do you *live* at Hensher? That's why you always wear the same grey suit everyday! I knew it!

LAYNE. I'm not homeless, Suz! I just missed the last JAC. I'll take a cab or something.

SUZ. "Jump Around Carson" is the lamest name I've *ever* heard for an *official bus system*. GOD GET ME OUT OF THIS HELL HOLE!

LAYNE. Do you want to try my meditations?

SUZ. NO!

(“Jump Around” by House of Pain starts playing on SUZ’s phone as she begins jumping around spastically. Her dancing is bad but also a little sexy. She sings. After a few lines:)*

LAYNE. I know this one!

SUZ. *(To LAYNE.)* COME ON!

(LAYNE starts singing and dancing too. Her dancing is terrible.)

SUZ. *(Laughing.)* You do look like a weird old bird!

(SUZ starts filming LAYNE. LAYNE really plays up the bird dancing.)

This is so funny. Everyone’s gonna love it.

LAYNE. Everyone? Who are you showing it to?

SUZ. I sent it to the whole office.

LAYNE. Suz!

(SUZ turns off the music.)

SUZ. Don’t worry. This will give you some real street cred around here. Believe me.

LAYNE. Okay.

SUZ. That was cool. You’re not as lame as I thought.

(LAYNE squawks.)

Nevermind.

Who takes the bus in Carson City anyway?

LAYNE. I don’t drive.

I used to, but.

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Then I watched this *very graphic* documentary about airbags and now I can't be in a car without seeing my disfigured, mangled body.

Um.

Are you gonna write me up for being here late or whatever?

SUZ. Me? No no no no no. I am just *supposed* to tell if I see anything.

Me and Rob are like kinda close, so.

LAYNE. Cool.

SUZ. He's fifty-six.

LAYNE. Huh.

SUZ. I'm twenty-three.

LAYNE. Oh, *I* don't care.

SUZ. Do you care about *anything*?

LAYNE. Sure.

SUZ. What?!

LAYNE. (*She seems genuinely scared.*) I don't know?

SUZ. I'm sorry, I'm being a bitch.

Something really intense just happened.

(*She waits for LAYNE to ask what it is. She doesn't.*)

(*SUZ cozies up to LAYNE.*)

I just had the worst fight with Rob in his office.

I was hysterical.

LAYNE. Oh. I'm sorry –

SUZ. Do you have a boyfriend?

LAYNE. Nope.

SUZ. Why?

LAYNE. Oh uh I don't know.

SUZ. When was your last relationship?

LAYNE. Um. I can't remember.

SUZ. I'm *sure* I have someone I could set you up with.

Hmm.

Lemme think lemme think lemme think.

(She takes a long time, really thinking about it.)

I don't, I'm sorry.

LAYNE. It's okay.

SUZ. Everyone I know is online. I mean it's the only way to date now. Three of my friends just got married and they all met their husbands on Tinder, happn, and Bumble.

LAYNE. Oh.

SUZ. Wanna go to the bar down the street and get blackout with me?

LAYNE. I don't think so.

SUZ. Why not? It'll be fun.

(She goes to reach.) I think I have an extra tube top in my bag.

LAYNE. No, that's okay!

SUZ. Don't you want to bond?

We see each other every day and I barely know anything about you.

LAYNE. There's not much to know.

SUZ. I really feel like we could be friends.

I've always sort of had that instinct.

And an actual psychic once told me that *I'm* sort of psychic, so. Trust me.

Come ouuuuuutttt.

LAYNE. That's really sweet, Suz. But I'm just not a going out person.

SUZ. It seems like you're very sad.

LAYNE. I'm not.

SUZ. You look like you're about to cry.

I literally *can't* cry. I have dry eye syndrome.

(Beat.)

Life moves pretty fast, Layne. If you don't turn around and look sometimes, you're definitely not gonna see it.

LAYNE. Are you quoting Ferris Bueller?

SUZ. No.

LAYNE. Okay.

Goodnight, Suz.

SUZ. Goodnight Elaine.

LAYNE. That's not my name.

Scene Three

(SAMANTHA sits up in bed.)

(She browses the Internet.)

(She logs onto her OkCupid profile, which has a picture of a beautiful Latino man.)

(She adds to the profile:)

SAMANTHA: “yo ladies! Dom here. was just awarded Employee of the Month at my bakery. dreams do come true ;)”

(DELORES walks in with SAMANTHA’s dinner, chipper.)

(SAMANTHA quickly shuts her computer.)

DELORES. Sammy! Dinner!

SAMANTHA. Ooh, yay!

DELORES. Are you watching the YouTube?

I have to show you a video of this funny boy from *Ellen*.
Dom sent it to me.

He met Ellen once, did I ever tell you that?

SAMANTHA. You did.

DELORES. She told him he was handsome.

Can you believe it? My own son!

He was there seeing Three Eyes Blind. That’s his favorite band.

Let’s put on the video.

It’ll make you laugh I know it.

SAMANTHA. I’m starving can I have my food now?

(DELORES hesitantly hands SAMANTHA her food.)

(It’s something healthy, like grilled chicken and broccoli.)

I DON’T WANT THIS SHIT, Delores! Fuck!

DELORES. Oh, come on Sammy, please.

Just try it.

SAMANTHA. I asked for a Coney Island dog, a large fry, and a Coke. You know I need it or I get a headache!

DELORES. I'm trying to help you!

SAMANTHA. I don't need your help!

DELORES. *(Under her breath.)* Eso es pura mierda.

SAMANTHA. I TOLD YOU NOT TO DO THAT.

DELORES. Shh, shh. It's okay. I'm sorry.

(DELORES goes into the kitchen and grabs a greasy fast food bag.)

(She hands it to SAMANTHA.)

SAMANTHA. Thank you.

(SAMANTHA devours her food.)

(Beat.)

DELORES. *(About the YouTube video.)* It's still loading.

SAMANTHA. *(With her mouth full.)* Fine.

DELORES. Scootch –

(DELORES sits on the guardrail and props SAMANTHA's computer onto SAMANTHA's belly. She finds the YouTube video. SAMANTHA eats her dinner while DELORES sips out of a plastic cup with a scrunchy straw. Lights dim on SAMANTHA and DELORES.)

(Lights up on LAYNE in her apartment. She's making an online dating profile for LayneF82.)

(She types:)

LAYNE: Hey, I'm Layne.

I'm thirty-three years old and I like to cook.

My biggest fear is being forced to jump out of a window.

(LAYNE deletes that sentence.)

(She fixes her hair.)

(Wipes underneath her eyes.)

(Then she brings up the camera on her computer.)

(She takes a selfie – duck lips and seductive eyes, reminiscent of the photo SUZ took earlier.)

(Flash!)

(It's horrible.)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING LAYNE?!

(LAYNE types into the search bar:)

(Hot But Sweet Girl.)

(Thousands of pictures come up.)

(LAYNE scrolls through the photos. She comes upon a girl who she finds suitable. She drags the picture into the photo section of her new profile, replacing the picture of her real face.)

(She changes the occupation on her profile to Stewardess and the name of her profile to DelayedFlight82.)

(She types:)

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Hey, I'm Courtney.

My favorite thing to do is bungee jump. I've been six times. I'm obsessed.

My dream is to go to every country in the world. And learn how to speak at least six languages before I die. I'm getting close.

I want to know what it feels like to sing in front of millions of people.

I want to shave my head and not care what anybody thinks and wear long dangly earrings that brush up against my shoulders when I dance.

I'm kind. I listen.

I have a freckle next to my belly button that looks like a heart.

I can't listen to Judy Garland without weeping. My dad and I used to sing "For Me and My Gal" every night before bed.

The six things I couldn't live without: family, friends, love, music, movies, peanut butter.

The thing I'm most embarrassed to admit is that I'm on this site.

[Lights dim on LAYNE.]

[Lights back up on SAMANTHA, alone.]

[She gets an alert.]

[Two New Messages!]

[She opens them up.]

SYDLOVES4545:

From **SYDLOVES4545**

Sent at 7:04 a.m.

Hey Dom! I'm Sydney. You might not guess from looking at my pictures, but I also still sleep with a stuffed animal! His name is Rhino and he has been sown up probably about fifty times. I think it's really sweet that you still have Mr. Ted. Most guys who look like you definitely wouldn't admit that lol. Let me know if you wanna go out sometime. You prolly won't respond since most guys on here don't lol. But if you want more pics I can send them. – Sydney

[SAMANTHA responds:]

KINGDOMCOME42:

From **kingDOMcome42**

Sent at 8:24 p.m.

Hey Sydney! thank u so much for your message! u seem amazing n I would be lucky 2 have someone like u in my life. It's rude not 2 respond and women like you don't deserve it. i'm sorry on behalf of all men. Ur putting urself out there n that's amazing. Nvr change. I'm actually going to be out of the

country doing AIDS work in Africa for the next six months, so we probably can't ever meet. Give Rhino a squeeze 4 me! Off to the gym! Peace n' Love – Dom

WANNAPLAYWIDME88:

From **WANNAPLAYWIDME88**

Sent at 1:33 p.m.

Hey big boi ur hawt I think we could get dirty and play lemme know if u wanna try i have lots of ideas 4 us lol

KINGDOMCOME42:

From **kingDOMcome42**

Sent at 8:26 p.m.

thnx but I don't go for girls like you. I think u should give yourself more respect and think of yourself higher than you do. u don't need to degrade urself to have men respect you or think ur beautiful. Just be u. It's enough. God bless u. Off to the gym. Peace! – Dom

[We move back to LAYNE.]

[She sends a message to SoccerCoach983.]

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: heya coach!

[SoccerCoach983 signs off.]

LAYNE. Must have clicked something.

[She sends a message to SpringsteenloveNJ.]

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Hello there. Have you ever seen Bruce live? He's AWESOME!

SPRINGSTEENLOVENJ: yeah i have 203 times actually u?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Just once in the 80's.

[SpringsteenloveNJ signs off.]

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: hello?

[She sends a message to yogadad123.]

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Om!

YOGADAD123: I wanna spin you around like spaghetti on a fork and then stuff you in my mouth.

[LAYNE hits the Block button.]

[She shudders.]

[She sees kingDOMcome42's profile.]

[SAMANTHA gets a notification.]

[“DelayedFlight82 wants to chat.”]

[She accepts.]

[Lights up on both SAMANTHA and LAYNE for the first time.]

[We enter into a different kind of space now – the world of the Internet – pure fantasy and projection. The women speak their chat aloud while the words, a specific speak only suitable for the screen, are also projected for the audience to see.]

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Hey!

KINGDOMCOME42: hey you.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: How are you?

KINGDOMCOME42: doin pretty well cutie, u?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: I'm at the airport, bored. Trying to figure out what to eat.

KINGDOMCOME42: well what r u in the mood for?

DELAYEDFLIGHT77: Maybe Chinese? Or Mexican?

KINGDOMCOME42: both fine choices

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Thank you!!!!

[LAYNE winces at her response.]

KINGDOMCOME42: what r u doing there?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: I have a layover. I'm a stewardess.

KINGDOMCOME42: rnt u supposed 2 say flight attendant nowadays?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Oh, yeah! You're right. PC!

KINGDOMCOME42: lol. got other pix?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: I don't know how to work this thing!
Let me take a look.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Check now? I think I fixed it.

KINGDOMCOME42: oh i see them. cool. brb.

[SAMANTHA browses LAYNE's pictures.]

[They all look vaguely like the same person.]

KINGDOMCOME42: your name's Courtney?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Yep. And you're Dom?

KINGDOMCOME42: short for dominick, after my Grandpa.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: That's a great name. You're really cute.

KINGDOMCOME42: aw thanks. That's really nice. u seem pretty cool yourself.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Really?

KINGDOMCOME42: ur beautiful. any guy wud b lucky 2 have u

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Thank you.

KINGDOMCOME42: my pleasure. so ur a flight attendant. always on the move I guess?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: It's a really cool job, actually. I get to meet a lot of people

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: I get to travel the world which is awesome and my passion.

KINGDOMCOME42: have u always wanted to travel?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Ever since I was a little girl. I followed my dream.

KINGDOMCOME42: that's really inspiring.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: thanks. So you're a pastry chef?

KINGDOMCOME42: yeah

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: COOL

[All-caps was accidental.]

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: where do you live?

KINGDOMCOME42: L.A.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: oh that's weird, aren't we matched by location?

KINGDOMCOME42: we must just be a rly good match ;)

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: "Meant to be" HAHA

KINGDOMCOME42: where do u live?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Carson City, Nevada

KINGDOMCOME42: my mom lives in carson!

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: crazy!!!!

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: r u at work?

KINGDOMCOME42: I just got home.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: me 2.

KINGDOMCOME42: u live at the airport?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Oh, I mean sort of it feels like home I guess.

KINGDOMCOME42: totally. that's how I feel about my bakery.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Sweets are my total weakness.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: I would be a million pounds if I were a pastry chef.

KINGDOMCOME42: o yeah tell me about it. i hit the gym every day to avoid that lol.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: I wanna try your cupcakes! Red velvet are my absolute favorite.

KINGDOMCOME42: mine too!

KINGDOMCOME42: my mom used 2 get me this cake w/ red velvet and funfetti sprinkles

KINGDOMCOME42: she would serve it at my birthday party every yr

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: I never had any birthday parties.

KINGDOMCOME42: how come?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Dad worked a lot. We didn't have a lot of \$\$.

KINGDOMCOME42: what about ur mom?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: She died when we were little

KINGDOMCOME42: o i'm sorry

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: It's ok – do you have a girlfriend?

KINGDOMCOME42: nope.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: that's crazy. how come?

KINGDOMCOME42: dunno. most girls I meet r phony.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: me too lol

KINGDOMCOME42: you probably meet all kinds of people.

KINGDOMCOME42: y don't u have n e one? your gorgeous.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: Thanks I'm shy I guess.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: What does your screenname mean?

KINGDOMCOME42: well my name is dom so that's part of it

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: totally

KINGDOMCOME42: and i just rly love that verse in the bible u kno

KINGDOMCOME42: whats waiting 4 us

KINGDOMCOME42: the next world

KINGDOMCOME42: its something 2 look 4wrld 2 i guess

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: that's beautiful

KINGDOMCOME42: thnx

KINGDOMCOME42: i'm glad u messaged me

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: me too.

KINGDOMCOME42: where did u travel today, DelayedFlight?

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: lol. Fiji

KINGDOMCOME42: that's amazing. i've always wanted 2 go there, actually.

KINGDOMCOME42: i hear the beaches are incredible.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: they are. the sand is so soft, you want to wear it like a coat.

DELAYEDFLIGHT82: maybe you can come with me someday.

[SAMANTHA smiles.]

[So does LAYNE.]

KINGDOMCOME42: i'd like that.

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