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THE SPINS

by Sara Crawford

CHARACTERS

LYNN – 27-year-old female, dark hair, depressed

DREAM LYNN – 20-something female, Lynn when she is dreaming, blonde

GUITARIST – male, late 20s to early 30s

MELISSA – 27-year-old female, Lynn’s best friend from high school, business woman

RILEY – late 20s male, Lynn’s older brother

KEENAN – late 20s male, Lynn’s ex-boyfriend

Notes from the playwright:

In this play, there are essentially two worlds (the dream world and reality) that exist on the same plane and eventually merge together.

For the instrumental musical pieces, music may be used, or local musicians may compose their own pieces to use for a production. While there is only one guitarist on stage (the Guitarist), there may be other musicians (a second guitar, bass player, percussionist, etc.) off-stage to provide additional instrumentation if preferred.

Scene One.

(Lights up on LYNN's apartment)

(There is a bedroom/living area, a kitchen, and a small patio. There's a piano in her bedroom, and there are several empty liquor bottles sitting on it.)

(LYNN, a 27-year-old with dark hair, sits on her bed. She looks awful, like she hasn't left the house in a week, and she's drinking vodka straight out of the bottle.)

(RILEY, Lynn's older brother, KEENAN, Lynn's ex-boyfriend, and MELISSA, Lynn's best friend are all onstage, out of the light.)

LYNN

I've got the spins, man. It's bad. But in my dreams, I can still hear you playing. (A guitar starts playing from off-stage.) In my dreams, I'm not myself. (DREAM LYNN enters. She's blonde. She looks very happy. She's almost dancing.) But I still have the spins. (DREAM LYNN starts spinning around.) It gets worse and worse and worse until the whole world is spinning...it feels like I'm drowning. Is this how you felt? In the Mississippi River? I can't breathe, and it's like I'm burning from inside of my lungs. And then this overwhelming fear seeps in...and I get all of these flashes...

(Lights up on RILEY)

RILEY

You can't have any secrets with the piano...

(Lights up on MELISSA)

MELISSA

I'm just...exactly where I want to be.

(Lights up on KEENAN)

KEENAN

Living with her is like being in prison.

LYNN

I can see them so clearly...(DREAM LYNN stops spinning and looks at KEENAN, RILEY, and MELISSA) They're inches away from me, but I can't touch them. For a second, I feel like I can breathe again...the world stops spinning...and then, out of nowhere. It's over. (Lights off of RILEY, KEENAN, and MELISSA. They exit. The guitar stops.) I'm dead. Just like that. I can't hear anything, I can't see anything. It's just black. (GUITARIST, a man in his late 20s, enters and picks up DREAM LYNN as if she is an object.) And then someone touches me. I try to open my eyes, half expecting to see some kind of god...But I can't open my eyes. I'm suddenly in your arms. And then I hear it...

(It looks as though DREAM LYNN is now the guitar and GUITARIST is playing her, they're almost dancing together. The guitar music plays again.)

LYNN (continued)

The music. But it's coming from me. It explodes out of me, vibrating from every part of me, my entire body...and suddenly, I realize that I'm not a person anymore. I am your guitar. (DREAM LYNN and LYNN both look so incredibly happy.) And then there's relief and love and music and everything all at once! I am music. I'm so happy that I want to wrap my arms around every single person, but I don't have arms...so instead I fall into you...(The music fades as GUITARIST lets go of DREAM LYNN.) And then it stops. I try to look for you, but you're gone. I'm already spinning into another dream, I can feel it...And I know I won't remember this when I wake up...(LYNN lies down on her bed, sleeping.)

(GUITARIST and DREAM LYNN exit. LYNN is sleeping.)

(There is a loud knock on the door. LYNN starts to wake up.)

MELISSA

(Offstage)

LYNN! LYNN! Are you here?

(MELISSA comes inside.)

LYNN

(Drunk)

Huh? Oh, shit.

MELISSA

Lynn, I am so pissed off at you right now!!

LYNN

Oh God, is it the 10th?

MELISSA

You're damn right it is! Don't you have a calendar? Or a phone?? I've been trying to call you for a week to remind you that I was coming into town today and to see if you were still willing to pick me up! I figured you might have just lost your phone or something.

LYNN

Uh...it's broken.

MELISSA

So before I left California, my boss was like, "Oh, Melissa, are you sure you don't want to rent a car when you're in Atlanta?" and I said, "Hey! Atlanta is my home town! My best friend Lynn said she would pick me up from the airport! And I'm going to stay with her in my old apartment,

and it'll be great! Just like old times!" And I was pretty excited about the plan. You know, save my company some money, and we all know how much I hate driving in Atlanta!

LYNN

I'm sorry, Melissa.

MELISSA

So, I give you the benefit of the doubt and wait around at the airport for over an hour! And finally, I end up renting some car...some hideous bright blue Toyota Camry that smells like fucking tangerines are being shoved in my face—

LYNN

I just totally forgot what day it was—

MELISSA

I even called your mother to make sure you weren't dead, and she's worried sick about you by the way, AND she says—

LYNN

Wait, wait, wait. You called my mom?

MELISSA

Yes! Apparently she hasn't been able to get in touch with you, either!

LYNN

Jesus.

MELISSA

And I suggest you call her. She said she was trying to get in touch with you to make plans to come see you for your birthday and—

LYNN

It's not my birthday.

(LYNN lights a cigarette.)

MELISSA

Well, not today but tomorrow and—

LYNN

I'm not having a birthday this year. I can't turn 27. Don't you know what happens when you turn 27?

MELISSA

Oh, Lynn, really, don't smoke in your bedroom. That's gross. Come on, we'll go out to the patio.

LYNN

Fine. I'm bringing my blanket, though.

(LYNN drags her blanket out to the patio. She grabs the bottle of vodka. MELISSA walks with her.)

LYNN

(A little more relaxed...and drunk)
So, Melissa, holy shit! It's been a while!

MELISSA

Are you drunk?

LYNN

Not really. I was just listening to...and then I had this dream...

MELISSA

So what the hell happened?

LYNN

Um...I threw my phone against the wall and it broke.

MELISSA

Why did you do that?

LYNN

I was upset, you know. I'm sorry...I forgot to pick you up. I mean, I'm...I'm not good to drive anyway.

MELISSA

Clearly. (Pause) Don't you even care that I'm here?

LYNN

Sure, I do.

MELISSA

Well, you could be a little more enthusiastic.

LYNN

(Mockingly)
Hey! Wow! Great! Oh my God! It's Melissa!! (Pause) Is that better?

MELISSA

Don't be a smart ass. What is going on? Oh, and I noticed you're now using your piano as a trash can for empty liquor bottles. I'm sure your brother would just love that.

LYNN

I'm sorry I forgot to pick you up! Why are you being such a bitch?

MELISSA

It's not about that! You have to get it together. I mean, I come back, you forget to pick me up, the apartment is a mess, and you don't even want to have a birthday!? I mean, what are you even doing with your life!? Are you still working at the bar?

LYNN

I took a break.

MELISSA

How are you paying rent?

LYNN

I have money saved.

MELISSA

What about school? Are you going back? And when are you going to start playing piano again?

LYNN

Melissa, seriously. That was, like, three questions in a row. I mean, how are you? How are things with Becca? And your job?

MELISSA

My job is great! I'm really stoked about the conference tomorrow and Thursday. And if all goes well, I may be getting a promotion soon, so that's really great. Things with Becca are... good... except she wants to have a baby and I just don't know if I'm ready for that.

LYNN

Well, I should probably tell you—

MELISSA

Okay, so I have the conference tomorrow and Thursday, but I was thinking this weekend, we could go to the aquarium! I haven't been since they opened it, and I promised Becca I would get her a little stuffed otter or something.

LYNN

Yeah, she would—

MELISSA

I mean, not a real stuffed otter, you know, one of those little plush doll things, obviously. She would kill me if I brought home a real one. (She laughs to herself.)

LYNN

Yeah, I know...but—

MELISSA

Oh, and I was thinking we could go out for drinks tomorrow for your birthday maybe at that old Mexican place we always used to hang out at, you know? That will be fun, right?

LYNN

I'm not doing anything. My birthday is cancelled. I have to tell you—

MELISSA

Don't you think getting out of the apartment might make you feel better? I don't know how you still stay here, honestly.

LYNN

This is a great apartment. You used to love living here.

MELISSA

Yeah, it was fine when we were 23 and just out of college...well, I was just out of college, anyway. But I mean, don't you think it's time you moved? Especially, after everything.

LYNN

I'm not moving. I like it here. And anyway—

MELISSA

Well, hey, I can go get a hotel room. I do have the company credit card. And you could stay with me in the hotel and get away for a few days! It'll be like a little vacation and—

LYNN

I don't want to go anywhere.

MELISSA

Why not!?

LYNN

Melissa! Keenan left.

MELISSA

Oh my God! Why didn't you tell me? What happened?

LYNN

I don't want to talk about it. I just thought you should know.

MELISSA

Well, you're definitely going to have to get out of the apartment now! I mean—

LYNN

I'm not going anywhere. If I don't leave the apartment, it's not really my birthday. It's just any other day. I don't have to be 27.

MELISSA

What is your deal with turning 27? I did it, and I'm fine.

LYNN

Yeah, but you're not a musician. (Pause) And anyway, the bed still smells like him.

MELISSA

Oh, God, it's really bad isn't it?

(LYNN finishes off her vodka and searches the kitchen.)

LYNN

Shit.

MELISSA

What?

LYNN

I'm out of vodka.

MELISSA

(Pointing to all of the other alcohol in her kitchen)

So, I'm guessing you don't want the whiskey or beer or tequila, then?

LYNN

It's not the same.

(LYNN goes back to her bed.)

LYNN

I'm going back to sleep.

MELISSA

What do you mean you're going back to sleep?

LYNN

(Being a smartass)

Well, I'm going to lie down in my bed and close my eyes and then drift off into the world of the subconscious!

MELISSA

It's 3:00 in the afternoon!

LYNN

I was having this really great dream...

MELISSA

I just got here, and you're going back to sleep!?

LYNN

I can't remember what I was doing...but I woke up with this really great feeling...

MELISSA

Alright, fine. You're not much fun when you're this plastered anyway.

LYNN

I know he was there...and his guitar...

MELISSA

I have to go run some errands anyway to get some things for the conference. So you sleep it off, but I'll be back in a few hours, but then you're getting up, and we're going to do something fun, okay?

LYNN

Alright...We'll have the fun...

MELISSA

I'll see you later, then. (She starts to leave.)

LYNN

(Halfway sitting up)

Hey, Melissa...Can you get me some more vodka while you're out? (MELISSA sighs and leaves. The guitar music starts up again.) His guitar...that's what it was...in my dreams...and...(she passes out.)

(DREAM LYNN enters, looking for something. GUITARIST enters, playing his guitar. DREAM LYNN looks at him as if she has found what she was looking for. She watches him play.)

DREAM LYNN

You're perfect!

GUITARIST

Thanks. (Pause) I'm dead, though.

DREAM LYNN

(Laughing)

I know. (Pause) What was it like? Drowning?

GUITARIST

It felt like burning. (Pause) Fire and water are really the same, if you think about it.

DREAM LYNN
That sounds horrible. I can't imagine.

GUITARIST
It was only horrible for a few moments.

DREAM LYNN
What happened then?

GUITARIST
I got all of these...flashes.

DREAM LYNN
Like a montage?

GUITARIST
Yes...no...not really. More like...images...and then sounds...and people...my mother playing her piano...my last girlfriend waking up next to me...a song I once heard...

DREAM LYNN
Was it that song?

GUITARIST
That was one of them, yes. (He looks at her piano.)

DREAM LYNN
That was the first song I really ever listened to.

GUITARIST
Really?

DREAM LYNN
Yeah. Of course, I had heard tons of songs before that, but that song was the first one that actually caught me. It took hold of me, you know?

GUITARIST
(Smiling)
I do.

DREAM LYNN
I wish I could stay here forever.

GUITARIST
Why?

DREAM LYNN

I feel like I'm flying.

GUITARIST

Wow, your piano looks exactly like the one my mother used to have when I was a kid.

DREAM LYNN

Really?

GUITARIST

Yes! She used to play me lullabies at night. Sometimes she would sing to me. She was so tiny, but her voice was just...power...like a waterfall inside of a soda bottle. (Pause) Why don't you play?

DREAM LYNN

My piano?

GUITARIST

We could play together.

DREAM LYNN

Wow...you want me to jam with you?

GUITARIST

Sure. If you want to.

DREAM LYNN

I haven't played in a very long time. I don't even know if I remember how.

GUITARIST

It's not something you can forget. You're a wonderful pianist.

DREAM LYNN

It's not really even my piano. It was given to me.

GUITARIST

Doesn't that make it yours then?

DREAM LYNN

No, I don't think so.

GUITARIST

Don't you think Riley would be disappointed?

DREAM LYNN
You know my brother?

GUITARIST
You could say that.

DREAM LYNN
You've seen him?

GUITARIST
Something like that.

DREAM LYNN
I miss him so much.

GUITARIST
He's worried about you.

(DREAM LYNN listens to GUITARIST playing the song for a moment.)

DREAM LYNN
You know, he showed me that song. When I was 15.

(DREAM LYNN suddenly appears to be talking on the phone. RILEY, LYNN's brother, enters, holding a vinyl record. They appear to be teenagers.)

RILEY
Lynn! What are you doing?

DREAM LYNN
I'm talking to my boyfriend, stupid!

RILEY
Well, hang up. You have to listen to this album!

DREAM LYNN
No! We're having an intimate conversation!

RILEY
No, you're not! You've just been sitting on the phone not saying anything for 20 minutes!

DREAM LYNN
How do you know?

RILEY
I was listening on the other line!

DREAM LYNN

You ass face! (She tries to hit him. He laughs. He grabs the phone.)

RILEY

Hey, she'll call you back. (He hangs up the phone.)

DREAM LYNN

What are you doing?! I was talking to him!

(RILEY starts "the record." GUITARIST continues to play the song.)

RILEY

Shh! Listen!!

(DREAM LYNN tries to stay angry, but then she gets over it as she falls in love with the song.)

DREAM LYNN

Where did you hear this?

RILEY

Dad showed me.

DREAM LYNN

Riley! It's the most beautiful thing I've ever heard.

RILEY

I know! He really means it. Everything he's playing and singing...It's like dying and being reborn all at the same time...like burning alive and rising from the ashes...

DREAM LYNN

It's incredible.

RILEY

Look, you have to do this when you're listening to this album. (He lies down on the floor.)

DREAM LYNN

What are you doing?

RILEY

Just do it! (She sighs and lies down next to him.)

DREAM LYNN

Okay...

RILEY

Alright, now close your eyes...and just listen. Don't say anything. Don't even breathe. Just listen to it. And you have to listen to the whole thing. (He sits up briefly.) And you have to always listen to it on vinyl! CDs are not even the same. (He lies back down.)

(They do this for a moment.)

DREAM LYNN

Wow...I see what you—

RILEY

Shh!! No talking!

DREAM LYNN

(Whispering)
Sorry!

(Beat.)

RILEY

(Sitting up)
Are you really dating that stupid football player guy?

DREAM LYNN

(Sitting up)
I thought we weren't talking!

RILEY

I didn't even think you liked football players.

(The song begins to fade out.)

DREAM LYNN

What's wrong with Clayton?

RILEY

He's so...stupid. And I always see him with like 8 girls. He's a player.

DREAM LYNN

Well, maybe he actually likes me!

RILEY

Lynn, are you serious? You're a freshman! He's a junior. And I have Spanish class with him, and I hear him talking about other girls all of the time.

DREAM LYNN

No, you don't! You're just saying that!

RILEY

No, I'm not.

DREAM LYNN

You just don't want your little sister going out with your friends!

RILEY

That idiot's not my friend! (He pulls out a flask and starts drinking.) Do you want some?

DREAM LYNN

No! Where did you get that?

RILEY

From a friend.

DREAM LYNN

Riley, I don't think you should—

RILEY

Well, look, you can't tell Mom and Dad, okay?

DREAM LYNN

I don't know—

RILEY

You can't tell them! They'd kill me if they found out.

(Beat.)

DREAM LYNN

Alright, fine.

RILEY

Thanks. (Pause) You know, the best thing about it is you can get someone drunk, and they can't lie to you.

DREAM LYNN

Really?

RILEY

Yeah. You know how everyone bullshits?

DREAM LYNN

I guess so...

RILEY

Well, when people drink...they tell you their secrets.

DREAM LYNN

Do you have any secrets, Riley?

RILEY

I don't believe in secrets.

DREAM LYNN

You don't have any?

RILEY

Nope. Lynn, I tell you everything. I told you about when I started smoking. I told you about how I paid Steven to write my history paper for me. I told you about when I had sex for the first time last week—

DREAM LYNN

Ewww, don't remind me! That's gross.

RILEY

Well, it was important.

DREAM LYNN

Don't you think there's some things you just shouldn't tell people, though? Especially your sister?

RILEY

No, I don't. If you're really close with someone, you should tell them everything.

DREAM LYNN

I guess so.

RILEY

You're probably too young to get it, but you will someday.

DREAM LYNN

You're only two years older than me, stupid!

RILEY

Yeah, but I'm a lot more mature.

DREAM LYNN

No, you're not.

RILEY

Yes, I am!

DREAM LYNN

No, you're not!

RILEY

Yes, I am, dork. (Pause) Lynn...I saw Clayton making out with Christina yesterday.

(Beat.)

DREAM LYNN

You did?

RILEY

Yeah, I'm sorry. I told you he's an idiot.

DREAM LYNN

I really thought he liked me.

RILEY

I'm sorry. I had to tell you. No secrets, you know?

(She looks like she is about to cry.)

RILEY (continued)

Forget about him.

DREAM LYNN

I'm sorry. I don't mean to be a baby. (She suddenly grabs RILEY's flask and takes a sip.)

RILEY

What are you doing? I thought you didn't want to—

(She spits it out.)

DREAM LYNN

That tastes like burning!

RILEY

You can't drink it like water! Try taking smaller sips.

DREAM LYNN

(Taking a smaller sip)

It still burns.

RILEY

You'll get used to it.

DREAM LYNN

I guess.

(Beat.)

DREAM LYNN

I can't believe I thought Clayton really liked me. I'm so stupid.

RILEY

You're not stupid. (He grabs her shoulders.) See, Lynn? That's why the truth is so important. You have to promise me right now you won't let anyone bullshit you, okay?

DREAM LYNN

I promise.

RILEY

And you won't keep secrets from me?

DREAM LYNN

No secrets.

(They hug. When they let go of each other, they appear to be their real ages.)

RILEY

See, you got over Clayton. You'll be okay.

DREAM LYNN

I was 15.

RILEY

You seem like you're okay, though. You look happy. I like the blonde hair.

DREAM LYNN

Oh, me? I am happy. I'm great, actually! (Pause) Riley, do you remember what happened after that? When we drove around all night listening to *Dark Side of the Moon*? And then you took me to get ice cream, and you even let me smoke a cigarette with you?

RILEY

Yeah, I remember that.

DREAM LYNN

You showed me so much good music, Riley. You showed me how to really listen to it, you know?

RILEY

I showed you too many things.

DREAM LYNN

You showed me music.

RILEY

Don't end up like me, Lynn.

DREAM LYNN

What are you talking about? You're fine. I'm fine.

(RILEY starts to exit.)

DREAM LYNN

Where are you going?

RILEY

I'll see you again. Sometime. (He looks over at the piano) Take care of my piano. (He leaves.)

(She turns to GUITARIST)

DREAM LYNN

What is Riley talking about? Ending up like him?

GUITARIST

You don't remember?

DREAM LYNN

Remember what?

GUITARIST

Oh, before...I thought you understood...when I told you I was dead...

DREAM LYNN

I do. That makes sense. What does that have to do with Riley?

GUITARIST

Lynn...your brother is dead.

DREAM LYNN

He...what?

LYNN

(Mumbling from the bed)

Shut up...she doesn't know...I don't want to dream about that...

GUITARIST

I thought you knew. It happened two years ago.

LYNN

Don't believe him...

DREAM LYNN

I don't know what you're...I have to go...

GUITARIST

You can't go anywhere.

DREAM LYNN

I have class. I'll be late.

GUITARIST

You aren't in school.

DREAM LYNN

Yes, I am. I just started back...

GUITARIST

I think you're confused.

DREAM LYNN

Who are you to tell me what's real and what isn't anyway? You don't know me. I know you. You're the muse that plays on my record player, the sounds that send me sailing away...my brother showed me your album...that's who you are. You're a musician. I have heard everything inside of you in your music, but you don't know anything about me.

GUITARIST

I know that you're lost. I'm trying to help you.

DREAM LYNN

Well, I don't need your help. I have to go to class.

(She turns away from him, walking to the other side of the stage. On her way to wherever she is going, she bumps into KEENAN, who is sitting, writing in his journal, smoking a cigarette.)

KEENAN

Ow!

DREAM LYNN

Oh, I'm so sorry...I didn't see you...I didn't mean to...sorry.

KEENAN

It's okay. Hey, you're in my statistics class!

DREAM LYNN

Yeah...

KEENAN

You sit in the back.

DREAM LYNN

Yeah...hey, can I bum one of those?

KEENAN

Sure. (He hands her a cigarette. She lights it.)

DREAM LYNN

Thanks. I feel so old in that class.

KEENAN

How old are you?

DREAM LYNN

25.

KEENAN

Really? I thought you were younger. I'm 26.

DREAM LYNN

Yeah, you know. Getting a whole late start on this college thing.

KEENAN

Yeah, I've been in college off and on for way too long. What's your major?

DREAM LYNN

Music, I guess.

KEENAN

You guess?

DREAM LYNN

I haven't really auditioned yet. I'm just taking core classes.

KEENAN

What do you play?

Piano, or at least I did.

DREAM LYNN

Why don't you play anymore?

KEENAN

It's kind of personal.

DREAM LYNN

I see.

KEENAN

What's your major?

DREAM LYNN

Psychology...this week.

KEENAN

You switched?

DREAM LYNN

Oh, yeah. First, it was English. Then history. Then education. Now this. (He pauses to take a drag from his cigarette.) I really think this is what I want to do though. My father is a therapist. He spends his life just figuring people out. It's fascinating.

KEENAN

I can see what you mean. (Pause) So what are you writing?

DREAM LYNN

It's just my journal. Nothing important.

KEENAN

Do you write a lot?

DREAM LYNN

Pretty much everyday. It's the only place I can really tell the truth.

KEENAN

Well, that's too bad. You know you should try telling the truth to an actual person. It's fun.

DREAM LYNN

Actually, it's funny you should say that.

KEENAN

Why?

DREAM LYNN

KEENAN

Well, there's this experiment I've been wanting to try out on someone. A stranger.

DREAM LYNN

Okay?

KEENAN

I was thinking it might be fun to approach someone I don't know and tell them all of my secrets. Complete honesty.

DREAM LYNN

(Smiling)

I don't believe in secrets.

KEENAN

Do you want to try?

DREAM LYNN

You mean, tell you my secrets?

KEENAN

Yeah, I'll say one, and then you can say one. And we can go back and forth. And the only rules are we can't lie, and we can't judge each other.

(Beat.)

DREAM LYNN

That sounds fair. It's like...cutting out all of the small talk bullshit before you really get to know someone. I like it.

KEENAN

Exactly. Complete honesty. And it can't be stupid shit. It has to be real.

DREAM LYNN

Alright. So, you go first.

(He thinks.)

KEENAN

I've never smoked pot before.

(She laughs a little.)

DREAM LYNN

You're not missing much. (She thinks. She looks at her cigarette.) This is the first cigarette I've smoked since I was 15.

KEENAN

Really? I'm such a bad influence.

DREAM LYNN

That's not a secret.

KEENAN

Sorry. (He thinks.) Oh...Yesterday, my roommate walked in on me...you know... (he makes a masturbation gesture.)

(She laughs.)

DREAM LYNN

That's rough! (She thinks.) I never want to have children. Babies actually really creep me out.

KEENAN

I hate dogs.

DREAM LYNN

Sometimes, I sneak vodka into class with me.

(Beat.)

KEENAN

When I was growing up, I hated Arizona. But now that I'm here, I'm really homesick.

(Beat.)

DREAM LYNN

I have my brother's piano now, but I don't even want to touch it. I don't think I'm going to play again.

(Beat.)

KEENAN

I used to cut myself when I was a teenager.

(Beat.)

DREAM LYNN

(As if realizing this for the first time)
My brother is dead...Riley...He died.

(They look at each other. They don't know what to say.)

KEENAN

Thanks.

(Beat.)

DREAM LYNN

(Trying to lighten the mood)
How'd that experiment work out for you?

KEENAN

Pretty well. I'm sorry about your brother. That must be hard.

DREAM LYNN

It's alright. I mean...it's not. But...it will be. I guess. (Pause.) I'm sorry. (She takes a sip out of a water bottle.) I don't really know what to say, now.

(Beat.)

KEENAN

(Looking at her drink)
Is that...

DREAM LYNN

(Laughing a little)
It's vodka. I'm almost out. You want a sip?

KEENAN

That's okay. (Pause) We could ditch class and go grab a drink, though. Are you hungry?

LYNN

(Mumbling from the bed)
What? Stop it.

DREAM LYNN

Yeah, I could eat something.

KEENAN

Cool. (Pause) You haven't told me your name.

DREAM LYNN

It's Lynn.

KEENAN

I'm Keenan. (They shake hands.)

DREAM LYNN

Nice to meet you. (They smile at each other.)

(LYNN suddenly sits up from her bed.)

LYNN

(to GUITARIST)

Wait, what is going on here?

GUITARIST

What?

LYNN

This is not what's supposed to happen. This is not why I'm sleeping.

GUITARIST

Why are you sleeping?

LYNN

It was okay when it was just you...and your guitar...and maybe even Riley... But this? This is just mean.

DREAM LYNN

What? He's really cute. And he already knows my secrets.

LYNN

Yeah, yeah, that's what you think now but it's going to end very badly.

KEENAN

(to DREAM LYNN)

Are you okay?

DREAM LYNN

Yeah, I'm fine.

LYNN

No, you have to end this. Now. I don't want to relive it.

DREAM LYNN

But...I like him.

LYNN

I know...but just listen to me, please?

DREAM LYNN

But I really want to go get a drink with him...There's just something about him. I want to know all of his stories, his favorite bands, his—

KEENAN

You ready?

(DREAM LYNN looks over at LYNN and then back at KEENAN.)

DREAM LYNN

Yeah, let's go.

(DREAM LYNN and KEENAN exit together.)

LYNN

Great. This is just great. When I'm awake, I do everything I possibly can to keep myself from replaying our relationship in my head and now it's here.

GUITARIST

Well, maybe you need to deal with it.

LYNN

You're really starting to irritate me. Why don't you just play your music and shut up?

GUITARIST

Why don't you play your piano, Lynn? I know you want to. I can hear the melodies in your head.

LYNN

There's nothing in my head...At least nothing that I want to be there. I'm trying to drown it all out. You're not helping. Not anymore.

(GUITARIST plays a distinct melody on his guitar.)

GUITARIST

See?

LYNN

Stop it! How do you know that song? I've never played it before. It's just an idea I had...a melody I hum sometimes...it's not even a song.

GUITARIST

But you know it. It could be a song. It's beautiful. Play it!

LYNN

I can't.

GUITARIST

You know how much you love my music? How you listen to it all of the time?

LYNN

Yes...

GUITARIST

You could be like me...for someone else...You can't just let those songs sit there inside of you.

LYNN

You don't know what you're talking about. I'm nothing like you! Your songs are beautiful and haunting and everything all at once! I'm just some girl who used to know a few notes.

GUITARIST

But it's so much more than that. Riley wants you to play, too...

(DREAM LYNN and KEENAN enter. They are laughing and drinking together. LYNN watches them for a moment.)

LYNN

I want to wake up. I don't want to sleep anymore!

GUITARIST

So wake up.

(LYNN goes back to her bed. She gets distracted, sits on her bed, and watches DREAM LYNN and KEENAN. They are drinking.)

DREAM LYNN

Okay, so...favorite...Beatles album?

KEENAN

Rubber Soul.

DREAM LYNN

Really? What about *Sargent Pepper's*?

KEENAN

That one's good, too.

DREAM LYNN

Good? It tells a story. It's like a dream.

KEENAN

So I take it that's your favorite, then?

DREAM LYNN

Definitely.

KEENAN

Favorite holiday?

DREAM LYNN

Halloween.

KEENAN

Mine, too!

DREAM LYNN

Ever been arrested?

KEENAN

No...fortunately. You?

DREAM LYNN

Once. A DUI.

KEENAN

Ouch.

DREAM LYNN

I don't drink and drive anymore. (Going into the kitchen) Do you want another beer?

KEENAN

Sure. This is a nice place.

DREAM LYNN

Thanks.

KEENAN

How long have you been living here?

DREAM LYNN

A few years. First with my brother. Then my best friend came and lived with us when she graduated from college. Then it was just me and Riley when she got married. (Pause.) It's just me now. (Hands him the beer) Here.

KEENAN

Thanks. (He looks at the piano.) That is a really nice piano. Is this your brother's?

DREAM LYNN

Yeah.

KEENAN

Will you...play me something? (Pause) You don't have to. I know you said it made you uncomfortable.

DREAM LYNN

I...well, there is this melody that's been in my head ever since I met you...

KEENAN

What song?

DREAM LYNN

I don't know. Something I came up with. I haven't played since he...since...

KEENAN

It's okay. You don't have to play. I was just interested.

(DREAM LYNN takes a deep breath and sits at the piano. She closes her eyes and then plays a song. KEENAN listens intently. She stops in the middle.)

DREAM LYNN

That's all I have so far...it was just an idea...probably—

(KEENAN interrupts her as he kisses her.)

(LYNN watches from her bed.)

LYNN

Please wake up. Please wake up.

(KEENAN exits. MELISSA enters.)

(We transition into another memory. LYNN watches. MELISSA and DREAM LYNN are suddenly 18. DREAM LYNN is drinking out of a plastic cup.)

MELISSA

Lynn! Don't drink it all! That's all we have left.

DREAM LYNN

Okay, okay. (She hands her the cup.)

MELISSA

Hey, where'd you get this anyway?

DREAM LYNN

Riley gave it to me. A graduation present.

MELISSA

Man, I hope we're not hung-over tomorrow.

DREAM LYNN

Just wear sunglasses.

MELISSA

Sunglasses don't really go with the cap and gown.

DREAM LYNN

Since when do lesbians care about fashion?

MELISSA

Shut up! (Pause.) Hey, play me that song! The one Riley taught you!

DREAM LYNN

I can't play piano right now! We'll wake my parents.

MELISSA

(Loudly)
No, we won't!

DREAM LYNN

Shhh!

MELISSA

(Drunkenly doing what DREAM LYNN does)
Oh! Shh! (She laughs, even though it's not that funny.)

DREAM LYNN

Hey, Mel?

MELISSA

What?

DREAM LYNN

What's being gay like?

MELISSA

(Laughs)
I don't know, what's being straight like?

DREAM LYNN

It pretty much sucks. Everyone lies.

MELISSA

Yeah, I do feel like there is less lying in lesb-ian-ism...(drunkenly can't say the word) lesbiamism?...lesbi—

DREAM LYNN

No, girls lie, too.

MELISSA

I don't lie!

DREAM LYNN

Shut up! You do, too!

MELISSA

Not about important things.

DREAM LYNN

Mel, no one even knows you're gay except me! And Alisha, I guess.

MELISSA

Well, I don't lie to you at least. And besides, I'm going to come out soon. I'm just waiting for a good time. Like, you know, after church. "Hey, Mom and Dad, that was a great service! I love Jesus! Oh, and I also love pussy, is that a problem?" (They laugh.)

(Beat)

DREAM LYNN

I don't believe we made it, man!

MELISSA

We're graduating tomorrow!

DREAM LYNN

I know!

MELISSA

Aren't you excited about college?

DREAM LYNN

Oh. Yeah.

MELISSA

What? What's wrong?

DREAM LYNN

Yeah, I'm not going.

MELISSA

What? Why?

DREAM LYNN

Well, Riley wants to get an apartment with me. I think I'm just gonna stay here and work for a while.

MELISSA

Wait, are you being serious?

DREAM LYNN

I'm just not ready.

MELISSA

What? But who's going to come partying with me? Who's going to make sure I do all of my homework and go to class? Who am I going to have horror movie marathons with and who's going to play me beautiful songs on piano and make me mix CDs all of the time and—(DREAM LYNN kisses MELISSA. MELISSA immediately pulls away.) Whoa! What are you doing?

DREAM LYNN

What?

MELISSA

Um...

DREAM LYNN

But you like girls...

MELISSA

But you don't!

DREAM LYNN

I just thought it would be fun. (She pauses, embarrassed.) Sorry. I don't know. I mean...I've never...kissed anyone and I'm 18 years old...and I'm starting to think there's...something wrong with me...because I don't...

MELISSA

I mean...you're my best friend. You don't...have...feelings for—

DREAM LYNN

No! It's really not...a thing...see...I don't have feeling for anyone...except...music. I know that sounds weird. I just thought—

MELISSA

Lynn, it's okay. It's not a big deal. You're like my sister. I love you, okay?

DREAM LYNN

I love you, too.

MELISSA

Hey, we'll always be here for each other, right?

DREAM LYNN

Right.

LYNN

(To GUITARIST)

Do we have to replay every embarrassing and painful memory I have?

GUITARIST

I'm not doing anything.-

LYNN

Yes, you are. None of this was happening before you showed up. I was just dreaming about the circus and dancing bears and it didn't mean anything. And then you...I just listened to your CD too many times.

MELISSA

It wasn't his idea. I wanted you to remember.

LYNN

I want to wake up! This is enough. (She rushes back to her bed.) Wake up! Wake up!

MELISSA

So wake up.

(MELISSA walks to the door and starts knocking on it.)

LYNN/MELISSA

Wake up, Lynn, wake up!

(GUITARIST and DREAM LYNN exit.)

MELISSA

Lynn, wake up! (She knocks again at the door.)

(LYNN "wakes up" and goes to the door. She lets MELISSA in.)

LYNN

Hey...

(MELISSA comes in with bags from the grocery store. She pulls out a party hat and puts it on LYNN's head.)

MELISSA

Happy almost birthday!

LYNN

What did I tell you? Seriously. It's not my birthday.

(MELISSA walks over to the piano and starts cleaning it off.)

MELISSA

So, what do you want to do?

LYNN

Did you get me anymore vodka?

MELISSA

(Sighing)
It's in the kitchen.

LYNN

Sweet! (She goes to the kitchen, grabs the vodka, and starts drinking it straight out of the bottle.)
Oh, this is the best kind.

MELISSA

Don't you think you should take it easy there, Lynn?

LYNN

It's my almost birthday!

MELISSA

That's true. So, when are you going to come out to California and see me and Becca? She misses you.

LYNN

I'm sure she does.

MELISSA

What do you mean by that?

LYNN

Nothing. I don't know, I'll try to come soon.

MELISSA

Do you...not like Becca?

LYNN

No, she's great. How could I not like her? She makes pottery for underprivileged children...she has a PhD...You know. She's just the best person ever.

MELISSA

Oh my God, you don't like my wife.

LYNN

It's not that I don't like her—

MELISSA

I can't believe this. You were in our wedding!

LYNN

You know, you aren't technically married.

MELISSA

Why don't you like her?

LYNN

Look, I never said that.

MELISSA

No, really. Is she too "manly" for you? Is she not "cool" enough? Does she not like "good" music?

LYNN

Melissa, please, you're being overdramatic.

MELISSA

I want you to like her! You're my best friend. And I'm going to spend the rest of my life with her.

LYNN

Things have just been really different...since you left...and got married. I just miss you is all.

(Beat.)

MELISSA

Lynn, why don't you move to California with us? I mean, what's holding you here? You're not in school. You quit your job. Your parents don't live here anymore...

LYNN

I like my apartment.

MELISSA

You would love California. Maybe you could enroll in school out there...or join a band!

LYNN

I like it here. (She goes to the bed, vodka in hand and lights a cigarette. MELISSA sighs and waves the smoke away.)

MELISSA

Well...I got you a present. For your birthday. Do you want to open it now?

LYNN

Sure. (MELISSA hands her a gift bag. She pulls a book out of it.) Sheet music?

MELISSA

There are some really great songs in there. And look, in the back, it has blank sheets where you can write your own compositions and things. And look, I even cleaned off your piano for you. It's perfect!

LYNN

I can't play. I don't play anymore.

MELISSA

Don't you think that might help?

LYNN

No. It won't help! Do you realize that I'm going to be 27, tomorrow?

MELISSA

Yeah, that's sort of what the birthday present was about.

LYNN

Janis Joplin...Jimi Hendrix...Kurt Cobain...Jim Morrison. Don't you know about them?

MELISSA

They're musicians?

LYNN

They all died when they were 27.

MELISSA

So?

LYNN

(She chugs some vodka)
I just know that's when I'm supposed to die.

MELISSA

Would you shut up about that?

LYNN

(She chugs some more vodka.)

That's when...Riley...he was 27, too...I don't want to...

MELISSA

(She goes to sit next to her on the bed)

Lynn...I think you should stop. I shouldn't have bought you any vodka. (She tries to take her vodka away. LYNN holds on to it.)

LYNN

Don't!

MELISSA

You need to get a hold of yourself.

LYNN

I just miss everyone so much...my parents are gone...and you...and Riley...and Keenan...and I—(She starts crying. She breaks down.)

MELISSA

(Hugging her)

Hey...It's okay...It's alright. (Pause) Do you want to listen to something? (LYNN nods. MELISSA shuffles through LYNN's CDs.)

LYNN

(Pointing at one)

Can we listen to the one that's on the record player? CDs just aren't the same.

MELISSA

Sure. (MELISSA puts the record on. GUITARIST enters and starts playing.)

LYNN

I love this song.

(Lights dim as MELISSA embraces LYNN and GUITARIST continues to play as we transition into the next scene.)

Scene Two.

(LYNN is sleeping. DREAM LYNN sits at the piano, RILEY stands next to her, drinking out of his flask. GUITARIST sits in the corner, watching, holding his guitar but not playing it.)

(Spotlight on the GUITARIST)

(DREAM LYNN plays what sounds like the end of a song.)

RILEY

That sounds pretty good, Lynn. You wrote that?

DREAM LYNN

Yeah...it's the first song I've actually written... What do you think? I messed up a couple of parts.

RILEY

It's really good. I only have one suggestion for you.

DREAM LYNN

What's that?

RILEY

You're so tense. You don't believe in yourself.

DREAM LYNN

Yes, I do.

RILEY

No, I can see it. When you're playing the song, you're thinking too much. You're worrying about what the next note is and where your fingers are going and if you're keeping a good rhythm.

DREAM LYNN

Aren't you supposed to worry about those things?

RILEY

Sure. It's important to get the technique down. But, see, you know this song. You know where your fingers go, you know the notes, you know the rhythm. So now, you just have to feel it. You have to mean it. It has to be the truth. Coming from you.

DREAM LYNN

I see.

RILEY

You know how we say no secrets, right?

DREAM LYNN

Yeah.

RILEY

Well, you can't have any secrets with the piano, either. When you sit down at the piano, that's the most honest time in your life.

DREAM LYNN

Alright...(She closes her eyes and plays a section of the song again. It's much better this time.)

RILEY

That's great! See, that's what I mean! (He takes a sip from his flask.)

DREAM LYNN

Thanks! (Pause.) Riley, I think I'm going to try the whole college thing soon.

RILEY

Why?

DREAM LYNN

Well, I'm almost 20 years old. I just feel like...it'd be a good experience. I could study music.

RILEY

But you're already a good pianist.

(Beat.)

DREAM LYNN

Why didn't you go to college, Riley?

RILEY

I just wanted to play.

DREAM LYNN

You could have studied music.

RILEY

I don't need a degree to be a musician. It's just not for me. Look, we're doing fine. We both have jobs, we pay our bills, we play music together! I mean, you should go to college if you want to. But look at me! I just joined a band, I'm teaching lessons, I'm making a living doing this. And I never got a degree.

DREAM LYNN

I guess that's true.

RILEY

I think I'm going to let you play my piano from now on. You sound good playing it. And your little "keyboard" is a piece of shit.

DREAM LYNN

What's wrong with my keyboard?

RILEY

It only has three octaves! You can't really play it. Plus an electric keyboard just feels dead compared to a real piano. You turn the power off and the keys don't do anything. You can press all of them over and over, and all you hear is empty space. But listen to this! (He plays a chord on the piano.) That just sounds so full. It fills the entire room. You almost can't even breathe. (He pauses and takes a sip out of his flask.) Hey, when I die, I want you to have this piano.

DREAM LYNN

Riley, don't be stupid. You aren't going to die.

RILEY

I'm going to die sometime.

DREAM LYNN

I don't want to think about it. This will always be your piano.

RILEY

Everyone dies, Lynn. The piano is the only way I'll live on.

DREAM LYNN

What do you mean?

RILEY

(Playing another chord)
Listen. This is a living, breathing thing, this piano. I'm giving it life. My life. My body can't go on forever but this can. (He gets up and puts a record on the record player. GUITARIST starts playing.) It's just like this album. He has been dead for years. Drowned in the Mississippi River. But this song is still alive. The sounds are alive. It's not some empty shell of a recording that someone captured years ago. It's something else. It's all of his pain and longing and heartbreak...it's all of mine...it's his fucking soul...and it's all there. That is what lives on.

(They listen for a moment. The music fades.)

(LYNN wakes up. She sits up in her bed and watches them.)

DREAM LYNN

Riley, are you happy?

RILEY

Yeah...I couldn't be happier.

DREAM LYNN

But don't you want...I don't know...a girlfriend or something? Isn't that what most people want?

RILEY

(A little sad)

That's just not something I'm interested in.

DREAM LYNN

Did something happen?

RILEY

No.

DREAM LYNN

I thought you didn't keep secrets from me.

RILEY

I don't.

DREAM LYNN

Have you ever been in love?

RILEY

Love is overrated.

DREAM LYNN

Oh. Why do you say that?

RILEY

It just is. (Pause) Once. With Kristin.

DREAM LYNN

I never met her.

RILEY

I never told you about her, I guess. We didn't date. She was one of my students last year. (He laughs.) She was really awful at the piano. I mean, horrible. Couldn't even play "Chopsticks."

(Beat.)

DREAM LYNN

So what happened?

(RILEY takes a sip out of his flask. He sits down at the piano next to DREAM LYNN and plays a song filled with loss and longing.)

LYNN

He didn't even have to explain. I never really knew the story, but when he played me that song, I just knew. We had our own language.

DREAM LYNN

(To LYNN)

Is he really dead?

LYNN

I don't want to think about it.

DREAM LYNN

Is he? (RILEY smiles at her and exits.) Wait! Wait, come back!

LYNN

He can't.

DREAM LYNN

What happened? I don't remember.

LYNN

I don't want to tell you. I don't want to think about it! I don't want...(She looks at GUITARIST) Something else, something else. I want to dream about something else.

GUITARIST

You can dream about whatever you want to.

LYNN

Anything? I don't know. (She looks around her apartment.) Melissa...I should wake up. How long have I been sleeping this time? When did she leave?

GUITARIST

Maybe she's still here. You're sleeping.

(KEENAN enters, laughing, wine glasses in his hand. He gives one to DREAM LYNN.)

LYNN

Keenan...(She sits next to the GUITARIST) Play me a song.

(GUITARIST starts playing.)

DREAM LYNN

(Taking the wine glass from KEENAN)
Thanks! (Pause) So, have you ever heard this album?

KEENAN

No...I don't think so.

DREAM LYNN

Riley showed it to me...when we were younger. It's my favorite. (Pause) What's yours?

KEENAN

My favorite album?'

DREAM LYNN

Yeah.

(He thinks for a moment.)

KEENAN

Led Zeppelin. *Physical Graffiti*.

DREAM LYNN

(Laughing a little)
Really? That's a great album.

KEENAN

My mom gave it to me. On vinyl!

DREAM LYNN

That is the only way to listen to music!

KEENAN

I know! CDs just aren't the same! So when I was 12, my mom said she was getting rid of a bunch of records and I should look through them. I didn't take any except for that one. But then I put it on, and I just couldn't stop listening to it. Over and over. Every track was like...a different world.

DREAM LYNN

Do you miss your parents? They're back in Arizona, right?

KEENAN

Yeah. I really miss them. (He pauses to take a sip of his wine). Have you ever been to Arizona?

DREAM LYNN

No. I've been to California, though.

KEENAN

Oh, California's great. What part?

DREAM LYNN

San Francisco. For my best friend's wedding...commitment ceremony...whatever.

KEENAN

Yeah?

LYNN

(To KEENAN)

You seemed so interested in me.

KEENAN

I've never been to a wedding. Was it nice?

LYNN

(Walking towards KEENAN)

What happened?

DREAM LYNN

Oh...it was really nice...

LYNN

I didn't change...why did you?

KEENAN

What happened? Was it just weird?

DREAM LYNN

No...the actual wedding was nice....

LYNN

I just want one more moment with you...

(MELISSA enters. It's the day of her wedding. DREAM LYNN stands up to talk to her.
LYNN stands next to KEENAN.)

MELISSA

What do you think?

DREAM LYNN

You look beautiful...I don't know what to say.

LYNN

It was different. I knew we would never have the same friendship after that.

DREAM LYNN

Melissa...are you happy? With Becca?

MELISSA

I really am...She just loves me. I come home from work, and I obsessively clean the living room. I break out the vacuum cleaner, and she just smiles. She doesn't care! I can be as dorky and obsessive as I want to be, and she smiles and looks at me like I'm the best thing that's ever happened to her...and she just kisses me. And she's always so excited to see me or spend time with me...we've been living together for almost a year...you'd think that would have worn off at some point, but it really hasn't...I feel like I have a home, again. I mean, my family hasn't exactly been there for me since they found out about me...but with Becca, none of that matters. I'm just...exactly where I want to be.

LYNN

She just looked so...content. It was so simple, really.

MELISSA

It's a shame Riley couldn't make it.

DREAM LYNN

Yeah, I know. He feels awful about it.

(RILEY enters and sits down at LYNN's piano, playing along with the GUITARIST.)

MELISSA

Oh, I completely understand. His band is going to be famous! I can't believe they finally got a gig opening for one of the biggest bands to come out of Georgia! I'm sorry you're missing it.

DREAM LYNN

What are you talking about? It's not like Riley isn't going to have other big gigs. I couldn't miss this.

LYNN

But I didn't know...

MELISSA

Well, I'm glad you're here. I couldn't do this without you. (Pause) Hey, Lynn. Thank you.

DREAM LYNN

For what?

MELISSA

Just everything. For always being there for me. For taking me in and letting me stay with you and Riley after college. For being here now. Just everything.

DREAM LYNN

(Quietly)
It's no problem.

(MELISSA smiles at her and touches her on the shoulder.)

LYNN

And in that moment, nothing seemed out of place. Until the next morning...(RILEY stops playing. GUITARIST transitions into a different song.) Oh, this is my favorite song!

KEENAN

What happened the next morning?

LYNN

Shh, just listen...this is the best song.

KEENAN

I'm sorry. I'm not trying to interrogate you...I just...you're fascinating. I want to figure out how you operate. (Pause) Do you want to dance?

LYNN

(She smiles)
No one has ever wanted to dance with me to this album before.

KEENAN

Why not? It's beautiful.

(They start dancing.)

(MELISSA exits. LYNN is dancing with KEENAN. DREAM LYNN is looking at RILEY, who is now drinking out of his flask.)

LYNN

The next morning...that's when I found out about Riley.

(RILEY gets up from the piano, flask in hand, drinking, stumbling. GUITARIST continues to play.)

LYNN

He came home to our apartment the night before...the night of Melissa and Becca's wedding. So...I wasn't here...He had already been drinking. He was nervous about the big gig. The other guys in his band said he played the best show they had ever seen. I mean, that's what he did. He made a living playing piano. And he was happy. And he was on the brink of something big... (Pause) It was an accident. He just overdid it, that's all. It was never a problem. He wasn't a violent person when he drank. He could still be...responsible. We wrote songs together... (RILEY passes out on the floor.) When they found his body the next morning, they said that he

drank so much, he just stopped breathing...and then his heart stopped. And there was no one there to...he could have been saved...but he was alone. (Pause.) When they found him, he had this album on the record player. I couldn't stand that. And almost every night after that, I dreamed that I was lying down beside him...just listening ...like we used to do.... (DREAM LYNN lies down next to RILEY. They listen to GUITARIST play.)

(KEENAN grabs LYNN's hand.)

KEENAN

I'm so sorry, Lynn.

(She embraces him like she's never going to see him again.)

LYNN

Let's just keep dancing, alright?

KEENAN

Okay.

(GUITARIST continues to play as DREAM LYNN lies next to RILEY and KEENAN and LYNN dance.)

Scene Three.

(LYNN is sleeping. DREAM LYNN is onstage with the GUITARIST.)

How long have I been sleeping?
DREAM LYNN

I don't know.
GUITARIST

What day is it? Did I sleep through my birthday?
DREAM LYNN

I don't know.
GUITARIST

What time is it there?
DREAM LYNN

I don't know.
GUITARIST

Do you know anything?
DREAM LYNN

(He plays the melody in DREAM LYNN's head on the guitar.)

Stop!
DREAM LYNN

Wouldn't that sound so much better on piano?
GUITARIST

I can't play. End of story.
DREAM LYNN

I can help you structure it into a song, if you want. I have this idea for a great bridge section.
GUITARIST

No, no, no!
DREAM LYNN

(LYNN wakes up.)

LYNN

Would you just leave us alone, already?

GUITARIST

Fine. (He starts to leave.)

DREAM LYNN

Don't go!

GUITARIST

Clearly, you don't want my help.

LYNN

I had a dream about you....

GUITARIST

You've had lots of dreams about me.

LYNN

No, earlier...It was...something happened. It was the answer to everything. I was happy again. What was it? (She looks at DREAM LYNN) You remember... You were there.

DREAM LYNN

I don't know. (She looks around.) Where's Riley?

GUITARIST

In the Mississippi River. With me.

LYNN

Where's Keenan?

DREAM LYNN

He's gone.

LYNN

I want him to come back.

GUITARIST

I thought you didn't want to remember.

LYNN

I don't want to remember. I want him to come back. How long has he been gone?

DREAM LYNN

I don't know.

LYNN

What time is it?

DREAM LYNN

I don't know.

LYNN

Where's Melissa?

GUITARIST

I don't know.

LYNN

I need more vodka. (She goes to get her bottle.) Riley's flask...where is it? What did I do with it?

GUITARIST

Look under the bed.

(LYNN looks under the bed. She grabs the flask. She finds something else. She pulls a journal out from underneath the bed.)

LYNN

What's this?

GUITARIST

Isn't it yours?

LYNN

No.

DREAM LYNN

Is it...Keenan's?

(LYNN takes a sip out of the flask.)

(LYNN opens the journal. She reads one page and closes it.)

LYNN

It's Keenan's.

DREAM LYNN

You can't read it.

LYNN

He left. Don't you want to know the truth?

DREAM LYNN

It feels like something sacred. Some kind of invasion.

LYNN

This is all he left us with. I respected his privacy when I trusted him. But now he's gone, and I want to know why. (Pause.) No secrets. (LYNN opens the journal. KEENAN enters. He is writing in his journal.) February 18th...

LYNN/KEENAN

"I've been thinking lately that I want to switch my major."

KEENAN

"I've been thinking a lot about biology lately. I met a girl on campus. She was talking to me about it, how all life is similar, how we're all just made up of these little cells...I was enthralled...Her name's Rose."

(DREAM LYNN kisses KEENAN.)

DREAM LYNN

What are you writing about?

KEENAN

I'm thinking I might change my major.

DREAM LYNN

But I thought you liked psychology...trying to figure everyone out.

KEENAN

(A little disappointed)

I knew you were going to say that.

DREAM LYNN

Well, what do you want to study?

KEENAN

I don't know. I think I want to be a scientist.

DREAM LYNN

That's a bit of a drastic change.

LYNN/KEENAN

(Reading)

“It’s getting to a point where I can predict what Lynn’s going to say. There are no more surprises.”

KEENAN

I just think it’d be fun. I think biology is interesting...how we’re all made up of cells.

DREAM LYNN

What brought all of this on?

KEENAN

Nothing...I read a book about it...

(DREAM LYNN kisses him.)

DREAM LYNN

Well, whatever you want to do. (Pause.) I love you.

KEENAN

I love you, too.

LYNN

(To GUITARIST)

I was so naïve.

GUITARIST

You loved him.

LYNN

I just thought that he...

DREAM LYNN

What else does it say? The journal?

(GUITARIST starts playing.)

LYNN

“May 17th...”

DREAM LYNN

Hey, babe! I was thinking we could go out to dinner tonight.

KEENAN

Next door?

DREAM LYNN

Yeah, is that okay?

LYNN/KEENAN

“Everyday is the same.”

KEENAN

“We go to the same restaurants, we listen to the same music. We drink exactly the same thing. The apartment looks exactly the same. I don’t know if I can handle it anymore.”

LYNN/KEENAN

“Living with her is like being in prison.”

KEENAN

Well, actually, I have this big paper that’s due tomorrow...I was going to get together with some people, and we were all going to work on it.

DREAM LYNN

Oh...okay...

KEENAN

Yeah...but I’ll be home later. I promise.

(He looks at her.)

LYNN/KEENAN

(Reading)

“Tonight, I went over to Rose’s place...”

DREAM LYNN

Stop. Don’t read that.

LYNN

You don’t want to know?

DREAM LYNN

Just stop reading. I can change it. I can make it different.

(LYNN and DREAM LYNN look at each other.)

GUITARIST

Should I play a different song?

LYNN

No...no, don’t. (She looks back down at the journal.) “July 27th.”

(DREAM LYNN and KEENAN are sitting together, but they aren’t talking. KEENAN writes in his journal. DREAM LYNN is listening to GUITARIST.)

LYNN/KEENAN

(Reading)

“I haven’t called Rose in a few weeks.”

KEENAN

“She’s really superficial. She doesn’t have very many levels. Classes are going okay. I’ve never taken summer classes before, but it gets me out of the house. I don’t really like biology classes. I think I might change to theatre. I saw a play the other night. It was the most brilliant thing I’ve seen in a long time. It really changed my perspective on things. Maybe I could direct plays...”
(KEENAN looks really annoyed.)

LYNN/KEENAN

“Every...single...day. We listen to this fucking album. I understand...it’s her last connection to Riley...but Jesus Christ.” (KEENAN gets up and turns the record player off. GUITARIST stops playing.)

DREAM LYNN

Why did you do that?

KEENAN

Can’t we listen to something else for once?

DREAM LYNN

I thought you liked that album.

KEENAN

I do. But don’t you ever want to hear something different? Don’t you ever want to do anything different?

DREAM LYNN

I’m sorry...I just—

KEENAN

I know, I know, Riley, and that’s your favorite album and whatever.

DREAM LYNN

You know, when I listen to that album, I feel like he’s only playing those songs for me.

KEENAN

Millions of people have heard that recording.

DREAM LYNN

But it isn’t just a “recording.” It’s alive!

KEENAN

No, it’s not. It’s dead, just like he is. It’s just a bunch of sounds.

You're so different now.

DREAM LYNN

Why don't you play the piano?

KEENAN

I don't really play anymore.

DREAM LYNN

Why not?

KEENAN

Where is this coming from?

DREAM LYNN

You and the piano...that's what made me fall in love with you. You don't play anymore.

KEENAN

Are you saying you're...not in love with me anymore?

DREAM LYNN

(Beat.)

I think I want to change my major.

KEENAN

But you just changed your major.

DREAM LYNN

I know...I just think—

KEENAN

Do you still love me?

DREAM LYNN

Yes.

KEENAN

LYNN
"No."

I just...need to get some air. (He leaves.)

KEENAN

(DREAM LYNN goes on to the patio and lights a cigarette.)

DREAM LYNN

I wait for him to come back. I count the time in cigarette butts. I don't want to lose hope. I remember Melissa on her wedding day. The way Becca looked at her. He used to look at me like that. He doesn't anymore. Everything's spinning and I can't get it to stop.

GUITARIST

"Your head to the ground and the world spinning round forever."

LYNN

I thought he was going to be like you. Playing only for me. Never looking at anyone else.

GUITARIST

The songs were just for you.

LYNN

No. He was right. You don't even know me.

GUITARIST

But I do. This is how I live on, remember? And Riley...

DREAM LYNN

(Looking at LYNN)

What happens next? Is he going to come home?

LYNN

Not tonight.

DREAM LYNN

Where is he? He's with her isn't he?

LYNN

Does it really matter? (Pause) You knew how he was. He changes all the time. You knew that. From the first day. He told you.

DREAM LYNN

I thought it would be different. I was 25. I couldn't love anyone.

GUITARIST

Except for me.

DREAM LYNN

Something magic happened when I met Keenan. I loved him. He wasn't music, and I loved him. I thought it would make him love me, too.

LYNN

It was like a dream.

DREAM LYNN

I didn't even know him really.

LYNN

Didn't know him at all.

DREAM LYNN

Are we going to be okay?

LYNN

I don't know.

DREAM LYNN

It's because he told me his secrets. We told each other our secrets when we first met. I thought that would hold us together like glue.

LYNN

He's not like Riley. He's not music.

DREAM LYNN

Maybe it isn't over. What happens next?

LYNN

Do you really want to know?

DREAM LYNN

Maybe he'll come back...maybe I can fix things. I know, I can dye my hair a different color or something! I can...start wearing brighter colors...listen to more Led Zeppelin. Be different.

LYNN

It's not going to help. You can't fix it.

DREAM LYNN

It's not over. He'll come back.

LYNN

He will. It'll last about another month. You'll try to change things. He won't notice. (Reading)
"August 5th."

(KEENAN enters.)

DREAM LYNN

Keenan, what if we painted the apartment a different color?

LYNN/KEENAN

“The only time I like being here is when she is at work. I start my acting class next week, and I can’t wait.” “August 13th.”

DREAM LYNN

Keenan...next week is our anniversary. Do you want to go out?

KEENAN

Sure.

DREAM LYNN

I was thinking that maybe we could—

LYNN/KEENAN

“I don’t even hear her when she’s talking to me anymore. And she’s always fucking drinking. She’s going to end up like her brother.”

DREAM LYNN

(To LYNN)

Please stop reading...

LYNN

“August 28th”

DREAM LYNN

Stop!!

LYNN

But it’s too late...I’ve already seen the last page.

KEENAN/LYNN/DREAM LYNN

This is the end.

(KEENAN exits.)

(GUITARIST plays the song from the beginning.)

(LYNN takes a sip out of RILEY’s flask.)

LYNN

That song...that song...I remember now. (She looks at DREAM LYNN.) You were his guitar. I was music. (LYNN chugs whatever is left in the flask and then puts it down. She grabs her bottle of vodka and drinks and drinks and drinks.) I’ve got the spins again...I’ve got it bad...(She stumbles towards the bed....) I want to be the song...I want...(She passes out. GUITARIST continues playing.)

(DREAM LYNN approaches GUITARIST.)

DREAM LYNN
This is it. The Mississippi River. Isn't it?

GUITARIST
Maybe.

(MELISSA enters.)

MELISSA
Lynn! Oh my God, Lynn, are you okay? Lynn, wake up! Say something! (MELISSA tries to wake LYNN up. After a while, she carries LYNN out of her apartment.)

(KEENAN enters.)

DREAM LYNN
You're back!

KEENAN
No, I'm not.

DREAM LYNN
Are you dead, too?

KEENAN
No, I'm back in Arizona.

DREAM LYNN
Aren't you sick of this song?

KEENAN
I can't stay in one place for too long. Don't take it personally.

DREAM LYNN
I just wanted things to stop spinning.

KEENAN
But that's what the world does.

DREAM LYNN
I like things the way they are.

KEENAN
No, you don't.

DREAM LYNN

The songs. I like the songs.

GUITARIST

I never left you.

KEENAN

You're trapped, too. Why don't you leave?

DREAM LYNN

This is the only place that will stay still. (Pause.) I miss you, Keenan.

KEENAN

I know.

DREAM LYNN

Do you want to come with me?

KEENAN

Where?

DREAM LYNN

To the river. The Mississippi. I'm drowning, you see.

KEENAN

No, you aren't.

DREAM LYNN

I'm not breathing anymore.

KEENAN

It wouldn't have worked between us.

DREAM LYNN

Why not?

KEENAN

I never stop spinning.

DREAM LYNN

Spinning, spinning, spinning. (She looks at GUITARIST.) That's all I know.

GUITARIST

The songs are for you.

KEENAN

You have your own songs.

DREAM LYNN

I know.

KEENAN

You should play them.

DREAM LYNN

I have to go, now, Keenan.

KEENAN

I'll see you next time. (He looks at her for a moment.) I'm sorry.

DREAM LYNN

Goodbye. (He exits. She turns to GUITARIST.) Alright, I'm ready.

GUITARIST

For what?

DREAM LYNN

I'm dead. I'm supposed to be the song, now. Like before.

GUITARIST

Why did you drink so much?

DREAM LYNN

I'm supposed to be your guitar.

GUITARIST

I think you're supposed to live.

DREAM LYNN

But I want to go with you...to the river.

GUITARIST

You aren't supposed to, though. Not yet.

DREAM LYNN

Are you...are you going to leave, too?

GUITARIST

I'll never leave, Lynn.

DREAM LYNN

But it's too late...I killed myself.

(RILEY enters.)

RILEY

Turn around.

DREAM LYNN

See? You're here. I know I'm dead. This is okay, though, because I'm going to become music! And then we can just listen to music together...forever! Have you met Janis or Kurt Cobain? Look, Riley, now we're forever 27, too...Or is it not like that?

RILEY

You have to wake up, Lynn.

DREAM LYNN

But I...drank too much.

RILEY

No, Melissa took you to the hospital. They pumped your stomach. You're fine. You just have to wake up.

DREAM LYNN

But...I don't want to go back there, Riley...I want to stay here with you! And Hendrix and Jim Morrison...

RILEY

I don't want you to end up like me. I stopped you from doing so many things. You were on the right track...What about Mom and Dad?

DREAM LYNN

They'll be okay...Look, all it is back there is just sadness...There's not enough liquor in the world to take the edge off. And everyone who understands is gone...Please, just let me stay here with you...

GUITARIST

What about Melissa? What about the piano?

DREAM LYNN

I can't play anymore...Don't go, Riley...

RILEY

You have to wake up.

(GUITARIST and RILEY start to exit.)

DREAM LYNN

(To GUITARIST)

Wait! Wait, don't go...

RILEY

There's only one thing that can keep me here.

DREAM LYNN

Wait!

(She sits down at the piano and starts playing something. She doesn't make it very far.)

GUITARIST

Lynn, don't you understand? The songs were for you. I was playing for you all along, singing for you, all of the words, every sound, you, you, you. So that you could keep them. So that you could listen to them and sing them and hold them and keep me alive. You can't become my guitar by dying. The only reason we're still here is because of this. (He starts to play a song. RILEY sits beside her and plays along with him.) This. (DREAM LYNN plays piano with RILEY.) But if no one plays our songs, we just stop. The music is forgotten and so are we. The records stop spinning.

DREAM LYNN

Spinning, spinning...

(DREAM LYNN continues to play piano with RILEY. GUITARIST continues to play.)

(MELISSA and LYNN enter.)

MELISSA

I should probably tell you. I called your parents last night. They're driving down to see you. They should be here in a few hours.

LYNN

Oh, okay.

(Beat.)

MELISSA

What were you thinking? Why did you drink that much? I mean, were you trying to—

LYNN

I'm sorry, Melissa. I really am. I don't know what to say.

MELISSA

I mean, if I hadn't come back and found you, I just...

LYNN

Thank you...for saving me. (She looks at DREAM LYNN.) There's a song that's been in my head...

(DREAM LYNN starts to play the melody that has been in LYNN's head. RILEY stops playing and lets her play.)

DREAM LYNN

It's my song! I'm playing it...

GUITARIST

I knew you could. It's beautiful.

DREAM LYNN

I was right all along. It's just...you. I love you. And everyone else that I've loved...it's because of you...

GUITARIST

I will never leave you.

DREAM LYNN

I know. (Pause.) I don't want to go...I don't...I don't want to go with you. To the Mississippi River. I don't...I don't want to burn anymore.

GUITARIST

You don't have to.

LYNN

Melissa, can I...play you a song?

MELISSA

Of course...

(LYNN sits down and starts playing with DREAM LYNN. RILEY smiles and touches LYNN on the shoulder before he walks offstage. DREAM LYNN stands up and walks over to GUITARIST. He picks her up and plays her. Guitar starts playing with the piano, and all of the sudden she is his guitar.)

MELISSA

It's beautiful...

LYNN

It's my song.

MELISSA

What's it called?

LYNN

“Spinning.”

(Lights fade as LYNN continues to play.)

Performance rights must be secured before production. For contact information, please visit [the information page for The Spins](#)