

Who's Afraid of Deepak Chopra?  
(Whose Afraid of Healing)

by  
Tyla Abercrombie

(A Dark Comedy About Depression, Love & Body Dysmorphia)

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**ACT ONE - SCENE I**

Lights up on a loft style apartment. We see the bedroom, the bathroom and the kitchen. The kitchen is small but the bathroom is the smallest of the four rooms - it's all very cute and quaint but tiny with rather high ceilings. The loft is modestly furnished, in the sense that there is nothing missing, but also nothing needed. It is a pleasant lived-in space with just enough light. Barely. Exquisite art, sculptures, paintings, pottery and drawings decorate the space. An Artist lives here. In the bedroom Wolf and Griselda are asleep. On the night stand closest to Wolf, are a pack of cigarettes, a Zippo lighter, an ink pen, journal and interestingly enough, an old digital clock with time ticking away in a glare of red. Night catches up to early day. We hear a set of three clicks, before melodic, Hindu, instrumental music, serenely escapes from the IPOD docking station on the night stand nearest Griselda's side of the bed.

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\*

GRISELDA  
(shifting)

--

\*  
\*

Wolf sits up, eyes still shut, breaths in several deep breaths, lays back down.

They are both still. A reflection of a wonderful calm before an awful storm.

Then a *click*, The old school digital clock on the night stand beside Wolf's side of the bed, buzzes and honks an obnoxious sound. It's got all the extravagance of a three alarm fire. Very loud and very desperate.

Wolf shifts beneath the covers.

THE ALARM SCREAMS LOUDER

Griselda, turns away pulling a pillow over her head.

THE ALARM BECOMES UNBEARABLE

GRISELDA

Turn it off!

-- \*  
WOLF \*  
GRISELDA \*  
Wolf! Turn it off, already. I'm up! \*  
He smacks it.  
SILENCE.  
WOLF \*  
That was only 30 seconds. \*  
GRISELDA  
31 seconds.  
WOLF \*  
I win again. \*  
GRISELDA  
Whatever.  
She Slings the covers back. \*  
GRISELDA (CONT'D)  
Royalty or Domestic?  
WOLF \*  
Let's make love again like last night, but even better this \*  
morning. \*

GRISELDA  
Ah, yeah. No. Royalty or Domestic?  
The action doesn't freeze but clearly  
they are not having this moment  
together - in fact, she doesn't even  
know it's happening. Griselda moves  
about preparing for her morning. Wolf - \*  
the writer - the poet - raptured by \*  
writers block is unblocked for a \*  
moment, springs from the bed. He is \*  
himself - inside himself - while his \*  
"live self" is still hidden under the \*  
covers. (Think movement, Isolation in \*  
hip hop & Spoken Word) \*

Wolf paces, panics, he speaks in a  
rapid fire. He attempts to light a  
cigarette with a lighter that will \*  
never catch fire. He thinks, he speaks. \*  
It's poetry that he will one day pen \*  
down - but not today. \*

He does not break the fourth wall but rather performs like the fourth wall is an audience, a friend, his stronger self.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WOLF

Do I love this woman anymore or is this just that point? You know that point? That point you say you'll never get to, but of course you always do because life just keeps repeating itself over and over and over again and where you think you're so different you're really just like the last mutha fucka that thought the same thing, the same way, probably the same fucking day, for all you know. That point! That point you get to, that you watched your parents get to, where it's just too easy and too comfortable and too safe to let this irritating, love of your life, once upon a long fucking time ago-go. And start over with somebody new, and learn all of their shitty little, shitty ways and have them think your shitty little shitty ways are cute, until it turns into something that they'd just as soon kill you for or have you killed over. That point. Is this that point?

Do I love this woman or just like her a whole lot. Maybe not a whole lot but just more than I like most people... or maybe I just like that she like me a whole lot or at least a lot more than she like a lot of other people.

\*  
\*

Is this that fucking point?!

The crossroad? Or the cul-de-sac? Where you turn around and go back the same fucking way you came, pretending you see something that's different, less mundane, less repetitive, less like this. Yes. Different! When really that tree is still just a tree and that red door, on that brick house is still just a red door on a brick fucking house and the people inside are not just strangers but more strange --- That point where Royalty or Domestic, just means whose making the fucking coffee and who gets the shower first. And my only question, my conundrum - is what's wrong with just saying that? You want the shower first, or would you rather make the fucking coffee? She's cute, it's innocent - but I hate it.

\*  
\*  
\*

He slides back onto the bed.

GRISELDA

Wolf?

WOLF

Royalty.

GRISELDA

Tea?

She exits

Coffee. WOLF

Tea's/ better GRISELDA

I like/ coffee. WOLF \*

Tea. GRISELDA

I'm royalty. WOLF

You're a pain in the ass is what you are. Get dressed. GRISELDA

She crosses into the bathroom, closes the door. Flushes. Reappears. \*

Exit to the living room.

Reluctantly, he climbs out of bed, enters the bathroom -

Stands in front of toilet. His gaze fixated.

--

Why do you do that? WOLF

What? GRISELDA

Raise the lid after. WOLF

You're not going to sit down to pee are you? GRISELDA

No. WOLF

Then that's why I do it. GRISELDA \*

But I can do it myself. WOLF

GRISELDA

You let it down when you're done. I raise it up when I'm done. No big deal. Can it not be a big deal?

WOLF

It's not a big deal. It's weird that's all.

GRISELDA

It's not weird. Different maybe but so what? Why do you care about a toilet top? \*

WOLF

I don't.

GRISELDA

Okay then.

WOLF

I just wish you wouldn't that's all. \*

GRISELDA

I thought you didn't care.

WOLF

I don't.

GRISELDA

Either you do or you don't. Which is it?

WOLF

It's not a big deal.

GRISELDA

Fine. I'll stop. It's just habit that's all. But, I'll stop. Okay? - \*

WOLF

Thanks -

GRISELDA

Now, can we kill this conversation. \*

Wolf turns on the shower. \*

Crosses back into the bedroom and sits on what has some how, unofficially become her side of the bed. He's missed it. \*

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

(shouting from the kitchen)

Wolf! I'm going out after work with Honza and Milan. We're going to Bin 36 for the Tuesday Mini Bin class. Wolf? Can you hear me?

Yeah.

GRISELDA  
You mind? I'd invite you but it's really just going to be us girls. --. Wolf?

Yeah.

GRISELDA  
You mind? Wolf?

Yeah!

WOLF  
She crosses from the kitchen to the bedroom.

GRISELDA  
You mind? Really? Why? What's the big deal?

Mind what?

GRISELDA  
Me going?

WOLF  
No, I don't mind. Go.

GRISELDA  
So you don't mind?

WOLF  
No.

GRISELDA  
Really?

WOLF  
No, of course not. Why would I mind?

GRISELDA  
Did you even hear a word I said?

WOLF  
Yeah.

\*



GRISELDA  
What'd I say?

WOLF  
---

GRISELDA  
What did I say?

WOLF  
Don't do /that

GRISELDA  
No. What did I say, Wolf?

WOLF  
--  
You're going out.

\*  
\*

GRISELDA  
Where? With who?

WOLF  
(thinks)  
Friends.

\*  
\*

GRISELDA  
Shelia and Abby?

WOLF  
Right. Shelia and Abby.

GRISELDA  
Wrong. Honza and Milan.

WOLF  
Sorta the same thing.

GRISELDA  
Not funny. I don't pick on your friends. Don't pick on mine.

WOLF  
I don't have any friends.

GRISELDA  
You have friends. You just avoid them.

WOLF  
--

GRISELDA  
Hello. Where'd you go? What are you thinking about?

\*

WOLF  
(A moment)  
I don't know -

GRISELDA  
You don't know?

WOLF  
I'm sorry I didn't hear you. \*

GRISELDA  
So you weren't listening? \*

WOLF  
No.

GRISELDA  
No, what? \*

WOLF  
What?

GRISELDA  
No. You didn't hear me? Or no, you weren't listening.

WOLF  
I... I could hear you... I was listening, I just didn't hear you. \*

GRISELDA  
(softening)  
I always hear you. Are you aware of that, Wolf? I always listen and I always hear. Even when I'm ignoring you. I'm always listening and I always hear you. \*

WOLF  
-- Sorry. \*

GRISELDA  
(surrendering)  
Take your shower. You're not going to make me late. \*

She exits. Returns. \*

GRISELDA  
Wolf? You okay? \*

WOLF  
Yeah. \*

GRISELDA  
Are we okay? \*

WOLF

You still love me?

GRISELDA

Do I need to answer that? I'll answer that if you really need me to answer that.

WOLF

Is that a yes?

GRISELDA

That didn't sound like yes to you? Never mind. Yes. Of course -

WOLF

Can we change the alarm?

GRISELDA

No./

WOLF

It's/ ridiculous -

GRISELDA

It helps me. I keep telling you that.

WOLF

Can we put it on your side of the bed-

GRISELDA

It is on my side of the bed. You sleep on my side of the bed.

WOLF

Can I have my side, back? \*

GRISELDA

Wolf - we've done this. Come on. This side is better for me right now. I sleep more soundly on my right side. You know that. \*

WOLF

I want you to sleep soundly, I just want to wake up peacefully-

GRISELDA

The clock goes off like that, I pop right up, turn it off and my day is /started. \*

WOLF

You never pop right up. You never turn it off. I turn it off. For four years I've been turning that damn thing off. And it's so loud. \*

GRISELDA  
I like it loud.

WOLF  
Please.

GRISELDA  
No.

WOLF  
You're not hearing me.

GRISELDA  
Wrong. I'm disagreeing, which mean's, I'm doing both \*  
listening and hearing. (BEAT) You'd tell me right... if we  
weren't? If we weren't okay? Right? \*

WOLF  
Yeah. Of course-

GRISELDA  
Cause I'd never forgive you if you didn't just tell me. And \*  
tell me in advance. Before it's all too broken to fix. You'd  
tell me before we were too broken/right? \*

WOLF  
You want to fool around?

SILENCE

She crosses to him, holds him tight,  
kisses him passionately, then pulls  
away. He doesn't want to let go. He  
doesn't let go.

GRISELDA  
Okay. No. Let go, Wolf. Let go! Shit! ---  
I'm making the tea. I can't be late.

She exits.

WOLF  
*Coffee.* \*

GRISELDA  
Tea's better for you. Oatmeal?

WOLF  
Bacon and eggs. Scrambled with chee -

GRISELDA

Oatmeal it is, Your Majesty. Who really needs to get his cute  
ass in the shower. \*

She exits. \*

The Sun makes its slow rise and the  
room is swept through with the color of  
tangerine and yellow. It's a beautiful  
morning. \*

Wolf in captured in the glow. \*

He takes the pen and pad from the night  
stand. He tries to write. Stops.  
Thinks. Pen in hand, he poetically  
speaks his thoughts. \*

Doesn't write. \*

WOLF \*

---

I like this side of the bed. You can see the sun rising. I  
feel like I'm watching the birth of the earth when I watch  
the sun sneak up into the sky. Life feels real then. Right.  
And promising. (*Closes his eyes*) She turns her back to the  
sun - never watches. She hugs her body into mine and breathes  
into my neck - her tiny, thin, delicate fingers, braid  
themselves between mine and she's happy. Seems happy anyway.  
Happy to never see the sun - says she feels it - She doesn't  
need to stare at it - besides "It's the same every day," she  
says. "A little higher, a little lower, a little brighter,  
maybe, but it's still just the sun"- \*

GRISELDA

Are you daydreaming, Wolf. Don't be forever, Wolf. Are you in  
there yet? \*

WOLF

(He sits)

Give me back this side of the bed, my bed. She holds on to  
it, will even fight me for it - wrestle me for it. That leads  
to love making. It always leads to love making. I do love  
her. I think. I do. Of course I do. She knows I do. She knows  
I'll surrender to love, and making love to her. It's an  
unfair advantage. She knows. \*

---

(*He lets the sun warm his face as if he's drinking in the  
sunlight. Eyes closed*) \*

Sometimes, I try to enter into the route of her minds eye... \*

but if I dare to look her in the eyes and watch the sun rays burst around her beautiful face, she gets angry. Flares her nostrils, sighs heavy. Pouts. Frowns. Until she wins - again. Until I believe what she perceives, that I'm being selfish. Me? Selfish? Am I being selfish, Mother? *(He opens his eyes. Writes... then stops)* She sleeps with her arm around me scooped in behind me, nestling me like a small child, protecting me, to please me. To please herself. What kind of relationship is this? The we of us becoming one. I just want to watch the sun - catch it sneaking through my bedroom window. I think that would make me happy-

\*  
\*  
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\*

GRISELDA  
(from the kitchen)  
Oatmeal's not good, cold?!

He crosses to the bathroom. Shuts the door.

In the kitchen Griselda has made Tea and oatmeal. Her computer open, she checks emails and eats until her mobile alarm rings. She turns it off.

\*  
\*  
\*

GRISELDA  
Shit!

\*

The bedroom ALARM screams

\*

She rushes to the bedroom, shuts it off. Knocks on the bathroom door

\*  
\*

GRISELDA (CONT'D)  
Wolf! What the fuck! I'm gonna be late. Wolf, baby, come on.

She rushes about grabbing clothes, undies, shoes. Things.

GRISELDA  
Wolf! Baby, you have to come out of there.

\*

He exits. Wrapped in a towel.

GRISELDA  
What were you doing in there? -

\*

WOLF  
Masterbating -

GRISELDA  
You're going to go/ blind -

WOLF  
You could help /me.

\*

GRISELDA  
You're not going to make me late.

WOLF  
I didn't /finish.

GRISELDA  
Oversexed.

WOLF  
Under-served-

GRISELDA  
What?!

WOLF  
Not... really, usually, no... but - now... Yes. \*

GRISELDA  
I'm not playing with your penis.

WOLF  
It's more enticing if you use better adjectives.

GRISELDA  
You're the writer not me. \*

WOLF  
Just a - \*

GRISELDA  
I'm not giving you a hand job. Move. \*

WOLF  
I was happy to give myself one but that alarm - \*

GRISELDA  
We are street side in two minutes.

WOLF  
I'll catch the next /train.

GRISELDA  
(stern but gentle) \*

No! You can't. You're getting out of this apartment. This is the fifth job in less than a year, Wolf. So just hurry up. \*

Okay. \*

WOLF  
I'm not good at this job.

GRISELDA  
You're a writer, Wolf. And you're writing. Just stay with it.

WOLF

That's not writing.

GRISELDA

It is writing. People like McDonald's. What's wrong with writing copy for McDonald's? I'd do it if I knew how to write.

WOLF

Yeah right. \*

GRISELDA

I would. Count your blessings sometimes, Wolf. It's a blessing baby, really it is - \*

WOLF

It's a curse. Commercial copy is a curse to a writer. A real writer. \*

GRISELDA

That's bullshit. \*

WOLF

You're a dancer. Why aren't you dancing.

GRISELDA

Don't do that. That's different and you know it. I support who you are. I'm proud of who you are. Don't try to hurt me.

WOLF

I'm not. I'm just saying - You're a great dancer -

GRISELDA

Stop!

WOLF

You /are

GRISELDA

I was. Alright! Don't say it if you're not going to say it correctly. I was! I was a professionally trained, highly skilled dancer that was one piece of clothing away from being a stripper. A fucking stripper! Now you stop it! Just fucking stop it! You don't want to write. Don't fucking write but we don't talk about me being a dancer anymore. I mean it! And you promised - \*

WOLF

Okay. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I promised. You're right. I shouldn't have said that. I apologize. Don't be mad at me. \*

\*



He reaches for her but she's gone. She rushes into the bathroom, leaving the door ajar. We sort of see her preparing, brush her teeth, jump in shower, Quickly in and out -

Mean while... Wolf crosses to the kitchen. Dumps the tea, is throwing out the oatmeal when --

Griselda enters. \*

Busted! \*

Silence.

WOLF

---  
I didn't... that was fast. You want...

GRISELDA

No.

WOLF

---  
Sorry.

GRISELDA

You don't appreciate me.

WOLF

I don't appreciate oatmeal.

She goes back into the bedroom. Frustrated and a bit overwhelmed. She sits on his side of the bed. Near tears- \*

GRISELDA

(covering)  
Tell me when you're ready, Wolf. But I need you to hurry up. We have to catch that 8:10 train. \*

She regroups. \*

Choosing his clothes, she tosses them to him. He puts them on in the order they arrive. Slacks, a sock, a shoe, another shoe, undershirt, dress shirt. The last item is underwear. He pockets them. \*

She waits. \*

GRISELDA \*  
Please hurry, Wolf. \*

WOLF \*  
I'm /hurrying. \*

GRISELDA \*  
I forgot to tell you, last night but... that person whose \*  
name I'm not allowed to mention, that's currently married to \*  
your father... sent a really beautiful email, saying how much \*  
they miss you. Also... that ah, they're finally going to read \*  
your mother's Will. Monday morning at 9:30 AM. They'd really \*  
like you to be there. (BEAT) \*

GRISELDA  
Did you hear me?

WOLF  
Yeah. I'll request the morning off.

GRISELDA  
Sorry I didn't tell you last night. I...

WOLF  
No. Today's.... Just as...

Silence. He sits. \*

GRISELDA (CONT'D) \*  
We should go./

WOLF  
Yeah, I'm ready.

Griselda enters living room. \*

GRISELDA \*  
How can you be ready if you're sitting?  
Wolf?

WOLF  
I'm waiting on you.

GRISELDA \*  
You're waiting - ? Do you want me to go with you, Monday?

WOLF \*  
You don't have to...

GRISELDA  
I know I don't have to, Wolf. Do you want me to?

WOLF \*  
Yeah. I guess so. If you want to.

GRISELDA

---  
Fine. Whatever. Go by yourself. If you're ready let's go. \*

She exits. \*

The him that's inside of him jumps up, \*  
does 10 push ups, 15 jumping jacks and \*  
a cart wheel (cart wheel optional). \*

He fights the wind like a prize fighter \*  
then runs in place all while thinking \*  
out loud - \*

WOLF \*

I'm ready to go. My heart is pumpin baby! Just what do you \*  
want me to do? You want me to jump? Just tell me how high. \*  
I'm ready. I'm past ready. I'm was born ready. When the time \*  
is right I'm going to show you just how fucking ready I am. \*  
And look out. Cause that's when the shit's going to hit the \*  
fan. The man. THE MAN, at my job that hates me can kiss my \*  
ass as he falls, tumbles, drops to the bottom of the food \*  
chain. The train, that train, I got to catch to be on time in \*  
my life time, will wait for me. I'm ready GODDAMNIT! I'm \*  
ready. I'm hurrying. I'm hungry. No! I'm starving. I'm so \*  
fierce, I've grown fangs. I'm ready to bite down and chew up \*  
everything in sight. I'm all that and then some. I'm \*  
lightning and fire. I'm the calm and the storm. I'm the top \*  
and the bottom. I'm in and I'm out. I'm waiting for the gun \*  
to sound off then I'm going to kick up dirt till it makes a \*  
mountain. Life ain't ready for the likes of me. I'm so GOD- \*  
DAMN ready - \*

He sits back into himself. \*

The Bedroom ALARM screams again. \*

Griselda returns. \*

GRISELDA \*

Wolf! What the fuck?!

She exits. He turns back to the alarm. \*  
Listens. Exits. \*

She comes back in goes into the \*  
bedroom, smacks the alarm clock. It \*  
falls silent. \*

Exits.

BLACK OUT

Kyle Abercrombie

ACT ONE - SCENE II

An hour or so later. We hear the door buzzer. Three times it buzzes then stops. Safe to assume the visitor has departed. Moments later the keys are heard. The door unlocks. Wolf enters. He peeks around the corner. He checks each room. Satisfied, he steps outside of the apartment, returns with his cup of coffee and a carry-out bag. He closes the door and locks it. Standing there he's paralyzed, almost amazed at himself, but the him - that is the him - inside of him - steps forward. Sets down the bag and coffee. The writer, the poet is moving, pacing, thinking, creating on the fly while trying hard to light a cigarette that will never be lite with another lighter, that will never catch fire.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As he speaks he prepares.

\*

WOLF

Look at this shit. I'm standing here stuck like some dope inside myself, not even really knowing who the hell I am anymore. I mean, am I this guy that sneaks the shit he likes behind his girlfriends back because he tells himself it easier then listening to her shit when really it's just easy - to be the man she'd rather you be - rather than you be the man that you are.

\*

I like, coffee. Fuck tea. I don't like tea, not for all the fucking tea in China, am I ever going to like tea. Fuck all of its healing properties, and anti-oxidant, mind clearing, heart pumping, blood warming, medicinal bullshit, power. I like coffee, Java, that black tar shit that wakes me up in the morning, and keeps me ticking through the day. I like my coffee doubled down with everything, the stronger the better, the blacker the sweeter. No sugar, no cream, just piping hot, steaming, black coffee. Coffee that will scorch five layers of skin from the tip of your tongue and if you breath it in to deep it will disintegrate your nose hairs. I like it hot! I'm that guy.

\*

I don't want no Oatmeal. I like bacon an eggs, scramble, soft, with a little bit of cheese. Make that bacon pork, not turkey and make it crispy not soft. In-fact, give me my three eggs and four strips of bacon, cause sevens my lucky number - and don't fuck with the yoke. I like the yoke. Fuck egg whites. If That's going to kill me, then hello death, what took your ass so long. Punk! I don't give a DAMN!

\*

\*  
\*

But that guy... That suppose to be me guy - That guy there...  
Who in the fuck is that guy there? Always avoiding an  
argument - which really shouldn't even be an argument -  
since he knows what the fuck he likes. And that's why she  
chose his ass, right? Because he *knows* what he *likes*, right?  
Wrong! That guy. She chose that guy because she knew he'd be  
that guy, this guy, with just enough training, or breaking,  
or fucking, or loving, or bitching or loving, or smiling or  
crying or all of it - She knew. They all know. Women know all  
the shit that we don't, because they make the other half of  
the shit up and the code they use to design their share of  
the rules is more fantastic then DNA. This guy. She knew he  
was this guy. She knew! She could see it in him; her mother  
taught her how to spot them - HIM. And her father, poor sap,  
without trying, probably while lying, showed her how they  
would act, how we would act - how men would re-act. She knew  
it. She knew that I was that guy when I was running around  
planning on being this guy. Fuck! That guy, that suppose to  
be me guy - He's... I'm... we're... handicapped.

By now Wolf has puts his food on a  
plate, poured his coffee into a mug.  
His favorite mug. He's stuffed the  
containers into the trash, careful to  
hide them from plain sight. Crosses to  
the bedroom, digs around in the closet  
for a medical boot. The kind used for  
people who no longer need a cast but  
still need the security of a moon boot.  
He takes crutches from the closet and  
hobbles to the couch where he has sat  
his meal. He eats.

Time continues made obvious by light,  
followed by a KNOCK on the door.

Wolf hesitates.

Another KNOCK

WOLF

(Mouth full of food)  
Who is it?

TED

Goldie Locs?

Wolf hops to the door. TED, the  
downstairs neighbor, a transplant from  
the sixties but very much super casual  
2014. They greet with dap and a fist  
kiss into an explosion.

WOLF Woo-YAH! TED Woo-YAH! \*

WOLF What's up, Man?

TED You the Man with the plan/

WOLF Come on in. Taking a break? How's the painting coming?

TED I'm stuck, Wolfman. \*

WOLF Stuck? Want a beer? \*

TED It's early. Painters block - \*

WOLF Beer? \*

TED Yeah, I'll have one. My feelings are numb. No inspiration \*

WOLF Paint an abstract.

Gets two beers from the refrigerator

TED Aww man, you got to feel that shit too. \*

WOLF Painters block, Huh? \*

TED I need a muse. Something to inspire me.

WOLF Yeah. I guess that makes sense.

TED I ain't trying to make sense, dude. I'm trying to make art. Inspired art.

WOLF I feel/ you -

TED Do you/

WOLF

I don't know - maybe - /not really -

\*

TED

Art, man. Something, free-flowing and real. Ethereal and surreal and infinite -  
Shit so fantastical, the only touch you can possess is in your minds eye, but you feel it all through the molecules that make up your body. You know what I'm saying, Wolfman -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WOLF

--

TED

Some shit you can't explain. Like -  
You see this -  
one dimensional thing with your eyes, right? But you hear it in your ears - calling to you like music - talking to you like nobody or nothing has ever spoken to you-  
Talking to nobody else - just you - but in God like whispers, man  
And it's got a sound, right? A sound so genuine and beautiful and pleasant  
It goes beyond the music of spheres  
And it ain't got nothing to do with crazy. It's just speaking love to you. You know?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WOLF

Okay/-

\*

TED

(on a tangent)

See just forget normal, right -  
This is art you can taste on the tip of your tongue and it's better than the best thing you ever tasted in your *life*. It's the apex of your best salty, sweet experience. It's the Zenith of everything you've ever had inside your mouth. You know?  
That's my shit. Art you got to breath in and drink down, baby...  
cause it smells like all things great in the universe of your mind, body and soul.  
This work of art that swells in the back of your throat and taste so good you want to reach into the cavern of your own damn mouth and caress it.  
Hold on to it and let it make love to your fingertips so that you remember it right there on the edge of your extremities, all the mutha-fuckin time, Right -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WOLF

Sure,/man.



TED  
Like your mothers art. She was brilliant, right? Undeniably  
brilliant! You don't win the Genius Award if you're not  
profound... prolific. And I'm not just saying that because I  
too am a recipient/ Wolfman.

WOLF  
Course/ not.  
I'm speaking homage to your mother. The quintessential artist  
of her time in every evolution of the word AR-Teest. Right?

WOLF  
Right-

TED  
Cool. So right now, on this, you and me are of one mind. Yes?

WOLF  
Yes-

TED  
So - you can understand when I say, I'm talking ART that is  
SO amazing - you wanna squeeze this piece of art in your hand  
so tight it becomes one with you - imbedded inside of your  
flesh -  
It's the marrow of your bones - the blood in your arteries.  
Man.  
Its life the way you envisioned it before you were born.

WOLF  
Can you do that? Envision before you're born? /I didn't know  
you could do that-

TED  
You ain't listen -

WOLF  
Yeah, I /am-

TED  
The only way to share it... the only real way to share it, is  
to let a *mutha-fucka* use his human eyes to look at it cause  
they ain't gonna never really get it!  
Not like you get it.  
Cause that piece of art, man, that art that gives you finite  
peace - was made for you.  
And it could have been painted or drawn or sculpted in Moscow  
or France or right here in this room, baby.  
Hell, it might have taken 40 years for that one meeting of  
art and body to intersect in the same moment, at the same  
time, in the same space  
But when it happens, baby. Wolfman -  
The shit be like, BANG!!! To the gozilianth power! You know?

WOLF  
Yeah. Maybe. Not really /really-

TED  
it belongs to you, Wolfman, that's what I'm saying. That's what the average observer doesn't understand. That creation...that work of art belongs to you. Whoever you are. Cause you belong to it... and you know it...like that (snaps). And that's why you buy it.

WOLF  
Right

TED  
Art is deep, man. I'm talking to you about metaphysical shit.

WOLF  
I get it.

TED  
See, It can be hanging in the Guggenheim or the Uffizi in Florence, Italy - but it belongs to you and you own it cause you love it like nobody has ever loved it. You ever love something like that?

WOLF  
(thinks)  
No. Well, maybe/my mother, Zellie -

TED  
I'm not talking admiring it. You can't' admire it, or envy it, or appreciate it. You just fucking love it! You love the life into it and you love the life out of it. You are a piece of "It" because you are the *absent abstract* in the artist mind when it was created. You finish creation by loving it - so god damn much. Unconditionally. Without doubt.  
---

WOLF  
---  
That's deep-

TED  
That's inspired. That's my shit. That's how I create. And I ain't feeling inspired like that right about now, you know? So I'm stuck. Like a writer. Like you - but I'm a painter - so I got painters block. You know whatimsayin'?

WOLF  
Sure. Yeah. I don't know that I'm a writer anymore, but yeah, definitely. I know what you're saying what you mean, I don't know if I know what the hell you just said, but I know what you mean. I think.

TED

Gotta call bullshit when I hear it, Wolfman. If you are your mothers son and I believe you are - no way she didn't sprinkle some of that gift, inside you. You are an artist, period. Your preferred artistry is the written word. Embrace that shit.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WOLF

Yeah. Maybe. Not so much now, you know?

\*  
\*

TED

You a writer, man. What you doing now, is just what you doing now, but you are what you are. And you a writer bro. A writer of beautiful prose. I can say that shit and not feel no type of way cause I've read your shit and I know beautiful prose when I read beautiful pros. You just got to trust the magic. I trust the magic.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WOLF

I guess so.

\*

TED

(Pops a pill, Ecstasy)

Want one?

\*

WOLF

Is that the magic you trusting?

\*

TED

Occasionally. Yes.

\*  
\*

WOLF

(introspective)

Trust the magic.

\*  
\*  
\*

Wolf takes the pill.

TED

Exactly.

WOLF

I got to learn how to do that.

TED

Yoga, man. - (He passes Wolf a joint)  
And this shit -  
Mutha fucka will help you.  
If you let it.

WOLF

Is this what helped you with that speech you just spit out?

\*

TED

That wasn't a speech, that was truth, this helps me speak the truth. And so too does this. (Pulls out a vaporizer pen takes a puff) It's medicinal.

\*  
\*

WOLF

And what's this rag weed?

\*  
\*

TED

Naw, naw. It's good. Different. But good. More your size, (hold up vape pen) this my size.

\*  
\*  
\*

They sit and smoke.

Lights gradually create a psychedelic glow about the room and time walks by uninterrupted.

WOLF

(introspective)

Mutha fucka will help me.

TED

Every time.

WOLF

Mutha fucka will help me - push the tree.

TED

It'll help you push whatever you got to push, Wolfman.

WOLF

Naw, I think I'm hearing you now. Listen to me. See this what I'm feeling. It don't matter if you want to do the shit in your life - if you got to do it - whatever it is - then do it. If your mission, your assignment in life is greater than the task at hand - forget about the simplicity or, or ...the stupidity of the task - and just push the tree - until it's time to do what you came to do - what you been put on this earth to achieve. Pass the time peacefully - until you get to that peaceful place.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TED

Cool-

Except... sometimes -

You got to be a mutha fuckin' radical too. Sometimes you got to be a revolutionary and do your shit. I mean a tree is a tree. That shit stubborn like a mutha fucka. It's got hundred, thousand year old roots and shit. A tree gonna be a tree. It ain't bout to move. You got to cut that shit down or dig it up. You can only spend so much time pushing a mutha fuckin' tree. Then you got to bounce. Let it stand there. Hell. Let the bastard that planted it, stand there and watch it. Go plant your own tree.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Let somebody come through and push your muhtafuckin' tree,  
till they find peace. That's what I want. I want somebody  
pushing my tree - leave my mark on the world till the next  
Savant comes through and adds to it.

WOLF

Savant?

TED

That's right. I think therefore I am.

WOLF

I wouldn't have thought of that but/

TED

I am -

WOLF

... and I will always remember you as such.

TED

Thank you.

WOLF

My pleasure.

TED

Greatly appreciated.

WOLF

Back to it-

TED

To it we shall return-

WOLF

Pushing the tree. You got to remember that's just the task at  
hand. It is going to end. Then you can move onward and upward  
to the bigger /picture.

TED

Yeah, but what if time is cut short? Then what? You been  
pushing a muthafuckin tree thinking about tomorrow and your  
shit ended today. Now what? You wasted your time doing  
something you knew was stupid. Can't do that, Wolfman. Time  
is precious. You can't be wasting it - pushing trees.  
Especially if it ain't your tree.

WOLF

It's an exercise in patience, man ...and faith.

TED

Patience in what? And Who? That's the question for you,  
Wolfman.

WOLF

That is a very good question.

TED

Check it out. If you were brilliant? Let's just say you were brilliant. And you spent your whole life working on something that you knew you would never get credit for - like - if you were a scientist-

WOLF

A savant?

TED

A savant.

WOLF

Like you?

TED

Exactly. May I?

WOLF

Continue.

TED

If you were a brilliant scientist. A savant. And you knew that you were on the interface of discovering the cure for all cancers - but then God... provided you believe in God or whatever you call the manifestation of a spirit voice, came to you and told you that you would never be recognized for that discovery. And that you would die in obscurity, at best with a couple of hundred people condescending to worship you - but for the most part, you are going to die in destitution. But that in about ten years - after your death - some half-wit will come along, who understands all the things you wrote - because they're smart enough - not quite a savant but smart enough - and you been publishing shit on the net and what not. He - or she - to be fair - comes along and adds the last ingredient. Then *bang!* They become rich and famous for the cure of all cancers and you are never even mentioned... Maybe you get a mention on the back page of some self published book - in a used book store somewhere - in the bottom of a clearance bin - in the countryside of Transylvania some damn where - but basically... you're never mentioned. Here's the question, Wolfman. Would you continue the work or would you say fuck it, and do something else? And... and that something else doesn't come with any promises either, but at least you got a chance at it being something big and you being respected for it.

WOLF

---

Would I die before or after they become rich and famous?

TED  
After. Naw. Before. \*

WOLF  
---  
I'd continue the work. Either way. I'd continue the work. \*

TED  
For real? Zero recognition? \*

WOLF  
Yeah. Definitely. I mean - if I can only do one leg of the race and somebody else comes along and does the other half and we change the world - who cares if we get notoriety for it. \*

TED  
They will, you wont - that's definite.

WOLF  
Okay. So... they get the recognition. I don't. So what. I still changed the world. I see it like this. If God told me my child would be a genius but as soon as I got Griselda pregnant - \*

TED  
Griselda's pregnant?

WOLF  
What? No. That's not the point. If God told me - I believe in God, by the way. If God told me, whoever I got pregnant - more than likely, Griselda - would have a genius baby, my baby, that would discover the cure for all the cancers - but that I would die right after the orgasm and Griselda would never know that it was my baby. Like, maybe if she was having an affair or something and not know who the baby's daddy was so she just raised it as the other guys baby, cause I died. The question then is, would I not fuck her and just keep my seeds so that I can live, especially if she's cheating on me - \*

TED  
What makes you think she's cheating?

WOLF  
I don't think she's cheating. Man, that's not the point, you losing the point. This was your question. Stay focused. \*

TED  
Right, right. Continue. \*

WOLF \*  
Point is - I'd still get her pregnant. I'd still let my \*  
genius baby be born and raised by another man, never knowing \*  
that I was his daddy, because he would have served a greater \*  
good. I would have served a greater good and nobody has to \*  
know but me. And God. Then, my life would be worth living.  
-- \*  
Yeah. Then my life would be worth living. \*

TED \*  
Wow. That's honorable, Man. Real fucking honorable. It's pot \*  
logic but it's pretty fucking honorable. \*

WOLF \*  
I'm an honorable guy. \*

TED \*  
That from Godfather? Is that a Godfather quote? \*

WOLF \*  
Maybe. I don't think so. Even if it is, I'm still an \*  
honorable guy. \*

TED \*  
I can admit it. You're a better man than me, Charlie Brown. \*

WOLF \*  
Pot logic. I like that.

TED \*  
Shit that's perfectly logical...

WOLF \*  
When you're stoned on pot. \*

They laugh \*

WOLF \*  
I am a better man than you.

TED \*  
Many are.

WOLF \*  
I need to write this shit down cause when I'm sober I'm going \*  
to forget how brilliant I am right now.

TED \*  
Never, man. Never. Brilliance can't be forgotten. It's like \*  
trying to forget your name. Either you know your name or you \*  
don't. Either you brilliant or you ain't, but you're not \*  
going to forget your name - cause that ain't something a \*  
brilliant mutha-fucka would do. \*



WOLF

Exactly... What's my name?

\*

They erupt into laughter.

\*

Then...

\*

Quiet. Each drifting into their own private high.

\*

In Wolf's high, we hear a series of announcements, ended with applause. CNN news tag is heard. Followed by -

\*

V/O

Breaking News out of Washington, DC. President Obama will hold a press conference in a matter of minutes to congratulate and acknowledge the extraordinary work of 3 x Pulitzer Prize winning author, Renowned scientist, economist, humanitarian, and United States Ambassador to the United Nations, Mr. Wolfgang Massey, who has, just moments ago, brought an end to the war in Afghanistan and negotiated peace throughout the Middle East. Just last week Mr. Massey was in the news for discovering the long awaited cure for HIV and AIDS. He's a brilliant man. Every century has it's one profoundly great hero, the image we want our children to replicate. It seems that Mr. Wolfgang Massey, author of New York Times best seller, My Life Could Be Worth Living, is ours. Back to you, Larry -

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

CNN, music fades and gives way to a rump shaking song and Ted's vision burst on the scene. It's a scantily clad Griselda shaking it up like a natural born, "high class" stripper. Just as it getting good. The phone rings and the psychedelic haze along with Griselda, vanishes.

\*

\*

They look at each other.

Guilty.

TED

Is that yours or mine?

WOLF

I don't have one. Well I do have one, but I never really use it./ I record writing ideas mostly-

\*

\*

TED

No cell phone?

\*

\*

WOLF  
Zellie insisted I have /one.

TED  
How can you exist without it?

WOLF  
I have one. I just forget /about it.

The phone continues to ring. Ted searches for it.

TED  
It's my second brain. I sleep with it, man. Sometimes I feel it vibrating, when it ain't vibrating, and hear it ring before it rings. That's how connected I am to it.

Just as he finds the phone. It stops.

TED (CONT'D)  
Damn! Now that's going to bother me all day.

WOLF  
All day? Just call em' back? You want another beer?

TED  
Private, can't. Now, why would somebody call me on a private line. I don't do private. Anybody that knows me, knows I don't do private.

WOLF  
Maybe it was a wrong number.

TED  
Maybe.  
But maybe it wasn't. See what I mean? It's going to bother me all day.

WOLF  
Beer?

TED  
It's a bit early for all the vices we've indulged in, Wolfman. Think I'll slow down. Coast into the afternoon. For you. (Gives him another pill) For later. Anyway, it's been real. I got to go. Work to do.

WOLF  
You feeling inspired?

TED  
Still blocked. But what the fuck, something could come to me. I need to be in front of my canvas.

WOLF

Makes sense, I'm mean - right.

TED

Later, Dude. Knock if you need me.

WOLF

Thanks for the pick-me-up.

\*

TED

Any time. Any time. Lot's more where that came from. Key word. Moderation.

\*

\*

WOLF

Thanks.

\*

\*

They give dap, fist kiss into an explosion.

\*

\*

\*

TED

Woo-YAH!

WOLF

WOO-YAH!

\*

Ted exits.

Wolf crosses to the kitchen with his crutches just as Griselda enters.

ACT ONE - SCENE III

They see each other.

They say nothing.

She's carrying take-out food and a cup  
of coffee. \*

Wolf steps outside of himself again.

They hold each other hostage with their  
gaze. \*

The inner Wolf steps outside of he who  
is frozen eye to eye with Zellie. \*

Instead he paces. Plots. Stresses. \*

WOLF

Now, I could explain why I'm home at 11:30 in the morning  
after just leaving three hours ago. And if I were talking to  
me, it would make perfectly good sense to somebody like me,  
but I'm not on a collision course with someone like me. It's  
Zellie. And she's never going to understand this. In fact,  
she's going to have a volcanic eruption, maybe this time, her  
anger will propel itself through the ceiling, blow down the  
walls and abandon me all together. Maybe she'll put me out...  
or worse stop loving me all together. And if there's one  
thing I know I need, it's Zellie's love for me. It's the only  
thing I've got that I can see. Feel. Count on. If I was the  
me inside of me - I'd be that guy that wouldn't even think of  
explaining. I'd continue with my day. Period. But I'm not  
that guy inside of me. Am I? I'm this guy, thinking real hard  
about the truth and how exactly to tell this great big lie. \*

They stare at each other some more.

She surrenders. \*

She hands him the food and a 32 ounce  
coffee

GRISELDA

Here. For you.

She sets her bags and disappears into  
the bedroom. Inside the Styrofoam  
container he finds A LOT of scrambled  
eggs with cheese an a mound of bacon. \*

Griselda returns. She is now dressed in  
a hospital gown and toe socks. \*

WOLF  
(holding the items)  
I'm not hungry.

GRISELDA  
Then don't eat.

WOLF  
Pretty big cup of coffee -

GRISELDA  
Don't drink it. \*  
I just wanted you to have what you wanted. I don't care what  
you do with it.

WOLF  
You're probably wondering why I'm not a work.

GRISELDA  
No, I'm not. You're here. You live here. I don't care why \*  
you're here.

WOLF  
What happened?

GRISELDA  
What makes you think something happened? I never said any \*  
thing happened. I just wanted to come home. Why does some \*  
thing have to happen for me to come home. You're here. I'm

WOLF  
I wanted coffee a while ago-

GRISELDA  
Well I brought you coffee now! \*

WOLF  
Okay. Thank/you. \*

GRISELDA  
I thought I'd bring you what you wanted for breakfast this  
morning because now, I really don't see why you shouldn't  
have all the bad shit in the world if that's what you want.  
No big deal.

WOLF  
Scrambled eggs, bacon and coffee can hardly be accused of \*  
being "All the bad shit" in the world.

GRISELDA  
It's apple pie and ice cream, Wolf. \*

WOLF

Is that a hospital gown?

GRISELDA

It's a robe.

WOLF

It's a gown. It's a hospital gown. You've been to the hospital?

GRISELDA

No.

Well, yes - not today, but-

\*

WOLF

But what? I didn't know you went to the hospital. Why? What's wrong? Are you okay?

GRISELDA

You know, I'd rather not talk about it before noon. Okay. Can we just stop talking until noon?

WOLF

Okay.

I'm just concerned that's all.

It's going to be a long wait.

I don't know if I can act normal.

\*

GRISELDA

You're in a boot and you walk around on crutches. Is your leg, ankle or foot broken?

\*

\*

WOLF

Okay.

GRISELDA

Okay.

He stares at her.

He continues to stare.

WOLF

Zellie/

GRISELDA

Zellie, Zellie, Zellie, nothing! Yes, it's a hospital gown!

So what. I didn't get it from the hospital today, yesterday

or last week. I stole it. Weeks ago. So what!

\*

\*

WOLF

Okay.

GRISELDA

--

WOLF

--

GRISELDA

I stole it. I stole it because - I just did.

WOLF

Why?

GRISELDA

I don't know, why. Can you please stop harassing me!

\*

WOLF

Sorry.

\*

\*

GRISELDA

I had my annual check up. My Gyny thought she felt something so she sent me for a mammogram. Okay. I stole it.

\*

\*

\*

WOLF

So you're not hurt? You're okay? You just liked/it.

GRISELDA

I don't know, Wolf. I don't know if I'm okay. Do you? Are you okay?

WOLF

--

GRISELDA

Exactly. I don't know why I needed it. I just did.

---

I like the way it feels. I felt I should have it. So I took it.

WOLF

---

GRISELDA

They have hundreds of them. Thousands. They won't miss it an I'm not taking it back so forget it.

\*

WOLF

I guess I'm just wondering why it makes you feel good.

GRISELDA

I didn't say it made me feel good. I said I like the way it felt.

I know you want a better answer then that and maybe you deserve a better answer then that but that's the answer.

I *don't* know. I wanted it. I took it. It feels right. I don't have an answer - that makes it normal. At least not one that will make any sense to anybody that isn't me and walking around inside my head - where every unreasonable thing I do makes perfectly good sense every single fucking time. That is until somebody walks in and says "Griselda, why did you do that?" Then I realize. Maybe it wasn't such a good thing. Okay? Maybe.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WOLF

Okay.

--

Whatever it is, it's okay.

\*  
\*  
\*

GRISELDA

I walked in this room. The waiting room before the mammogram, where every woman there had on these robes, gowns, whatever, and they were all clinging to their purses. And I don't mean holding them casually, they were clinging to them. Their purses tucked under their right breast and it felt surreal, somehow symbolic. I felt a sisterhood that was frightening and freeing. Crazy, I know but true. It was like - know matter what we had going on in our lives, no matter the pending results of this test - this big dooms day test, that we women must have, we were all alike in that room, for that moment, dressed in hospital gowns and clinging to our purses. And for a *moment*... I felt normal.

\*

I didn't even want to keep mine. I left it. I mean they gave us lockers with keys attached to this *gia*-normous, florescent key chain, so that you couldn't somehow forget you had this awkward shaped, metal mass with a little key dangling from one end of it, and it wouldn't even let you remove the key from the locker once the locker was open, but just incase you found a way, just in case your mind went blank and you somehow snatched it out of the lock and mistakenly was about to leave with it, you couldn't. Yet everybody had their purses. Like they were expecting a fire or something and didn't want to have to rush out without every thing that was in those purses. They clung to them like it was some sort of security blanket and seeing that, I turned around went back to my locker and got mine. I sat there with a bunch of strangers dressed a like from the waist up and a holding on to my purse and gigantic key ring and I felt okay. I felt fine. I didn't feel like anything was wrong with me. I felt like everybody else. With my big hair and my weird clothing combination, I felt- normal - and unafraid of my thoughts and safe in my own head. Happy. I felt happy. Rather they did or not and they didn't. They were afraid. Most of them were afraid - but I wasn't. I felt fine. And this robe just seemed to represent me feeling fine at that time so I took it. A keepsake. (Beat) That's it.

\*

WOLF

I understand.



GRISELDA

Really. Really, Wolf. You understand that. You shouldn't. I shouldn't-

WOLF

But I do. I understand/you -

GRISELDA

Everyday I feel sick, Wolf. I feel crazy, a little off kilter. Like your boot. You wear it because you feel handicapped. Well, I never understood that until I put on this robe and then I got it. I wasn't sick but I felt like a patient. I feel like a patient now. If I were in a hospital I'd wear a gown. Well, I'm not sick but I feel sick so I think I should wear this gown. It's symbolic that's all. It's nothing. Forget about it.

WOLF

I don't think it's crazy.

GRISELDA

That only proves that you're crazy -

WOLF

Maybe.

You got your test back, is that it? Are you okay?

GRISELDA

I'm fine, Wolf. My breast are fine. The knobs still work.

WOLF

I love you, Zellie.

GRISELDA

----  
I know, Wolf.

WOLF

I just want you to be happy.

GRISELDA

---  
I know, Wolf.  
I am happy.  
I just don't feel my best. Not sick just not --- proud. Self assured. Calm... satisfied --- I don't know. I feel like I'm... like I'm... Grieving. Like my brain is on fire all the time.

WOLF

-

GRISELDA

Am I losing you?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WOLF  
I ....think I understand.

GRISELDA  
No. Wolf. Am I losing you? Us. Me. You. Us? \*

WOLF  
Oh. No! No, of course not, babe. No. \*

GRISELDA  
Why don't I believe you. \*  
-- \*  
Anyway... I'm losing me. I'm losing me. \*

WOLF  
We're okay/ I think we just- \*

GRISELDA  
I got fired. \*

WOLF  
What?

GRISELDA  
I got *fired*-

WOLF  
Today?

GRISELDA  
No, yesterday, Wolf. Of course today. I got fired *today* --  
because I was late.

WOLF  
I'm sorry.

GRISELDA  
It's not your fault.

WOLF  
I made you late. I'm sorry.

GRISELDA  
You didn't make me late, Wolf. I made me late. Not today. I  
wasn't late today. I've been late other days, many times and  
they had nothing to do with you. Today I was on time and they  
fired me.  
What kind of shit is that? I wasn't expecting that. I feel  
ambushed. Those *mutha*-fuckers. \*

She crosses to the kitchen, fills the  
tea pot places it on the stove.

WOLF

You'll find another job. It's not that big of a deal.

GRISELDA

Right. Exactly. But still - I took the longest walk of my life back to the desk that was no longer mine and packed my shit like somebody being evicted and I guess in a way that exactly what was happening. I was being evicted from my job. Security waiting around at reception making fake conversation just to be sure I left without causing a scene as if their presence wasn't scene enough. But I thought, you know what Zellie? It's not that big of a deal. I was looking for a job when I found this job and I'll find another one. Whatever! And you know what? That's bullshit, Wolf! It's not whatever. It's not all right. It's wrong. It's all wrong! I need that job. I was good at that job. They could have given me a warning or something. Some kind of sign that I was going to be fire first thing this morning. Last night even, before I did all that over-time, they could have said "Don't bother, Zellie. You're going to be fired first thing tomorrow morning." But no!

They let me work my ass off proving how much I loved that job and fired me today for something as stupid as being late-several times- several fucking days ago.

I hadn't even taken off my coat.

Somebody had stuck a post-it note on my monitor that said, "Go to human resources"

I didn't think anything of it. I just went up there, all happy go lucky - fresh cup of tea brewing in my favorite mug in one hand, the mail in the other. Perfectly content to have my fucking job and they took it from me. Just like that.

They took my joy.

That was my job! And I was good at that job!

The job that housed all of my plans, that took care of all of my responsibilities. My rent, my insurance, my designer dress in Saks shopping cart, my spa day, my mothers birthday present, my money-

They took it and there was nothing I could do about it. All that time rushing this morning, not making love, not getting five extra minutes of sleep, not washing my hair - to be fired one hour later. Just fired. So, you know what crossed my mind? You know what I realized? I realized you were right.

WOLF

About/what?

GRISELDA

You were right. Here I am trying to keep you healthy and alive by insisting you eat fucking oatmeal and drink goddamn tea, instead of drinking coffee and eating eggs fried in butter and covered in cheese and bacon chopped off the hip of some poor, viciously, slaughtered pig and life can be snatched away from you just like that.

All that denial, all of that planning, all of that doing things right and just like that a selfish, bitch can post a note on your computer saying "Go to human resources" and it's done. Over. You're fired -  
Or dead.

\*

She sobs. She stumps her feet on the floor, several times. Almost like a tantrum but it isn't. This is how they call Ted.

\*

\*

\*

\*

WOLF

Come on, Baby. Just Don't cry. Just try and relax. I'll fix your tea. Come on. Sit down.

\*

She stumps floor again. The room rattles. She plops on the couch.

\*

\*

GRISELDA

Can you please use the boot.

Wolf stumps the floor with the foot incased in the boot, then hobbles to the kitchen preparing her tea.

\*

\*

\*

WOLF

Not that this is going to make you feel any better but - I got fired too - last week though - I -

GRISELDA

I know that already, Wolf.

WOLF

Yeah?

GRISELDA

Yeah.

WOLF

How?

GRISELDA

You forgot to turn in your ID. They called. Said you had to mail it back before you got your last check. You're a security risk.

WOLF

You didn't tell me.

GRISELDA

You didn't tell me.

WOLF

I didn't want to upset you.

GRISELDA

Whatever -

WOLF

I'm sorry. I'll find another job.

GRISELDA

I don't care. I told you. And stop saying you're sorry.

He holds up the food.

WOLF

You want this I'm not going to eat it?

GRISELDA

Throw it away, Wolf. Put it in a box and mail it to my ex-fucking office.

He brings her tea and sits next to her. After a cautionary moment he places his arm around her and she weeps.

A knock at the door.

WOLF

It's open.

Another knock

WOLF (CONT'D)

It's open, man. Come in.

Know one enters. Griselda and Wolf look at each other. Wolf goes to the door. Opens it. \*

WOLF (CONT'D)

Ted, man, I told you it's open - Oh, hello.

Beautiful, Rebecca Lynn stands there smiling. \*

REBECCA LYNN \*

Hi.

WOLF

Hi.

REBECCA LYNN \*

I heard you but I didn't think it was right for me to just walk in.

WOLF

----

REBECCA LYNN \*  
(noticing Griselda)

Hi.

GRISELDA  
We're not buying anything we're both fired - go away.

REBECCA LYNN \*  
No. I'm here to see, Ted.

GRISELDA  
Ted?

WOLF  
He lives downstairs.

REBECCA LYNN \*  
Right. I know. He left a note on the door saying he was going  
to run some errands. That I should wait upstairs with (checks  
note) Wolf? \*

WOLF  
Yeah. I'm Wolf.  
--  
Come on in. I'm Wolf, this is - my girlfriend, Griselda.

REBECCA LYNN \*  
Cool. Hi.

GRISELDA  
We just did this.

REBECCA LYNN \*  
Right.

WOLF  
Can I offer you something to/drink? \*

GRISELDA  
We don't have anything.  
Sorry -

Wolf looks at Griselda but doesn't  
move.

REBECCA LYNN \*  
That's okay. I don't want anything anyway. Thanks, though. \*

Silence. Rebecca Lynn looks around.  
Still standing. \*

REBECCA LYNN \*  
Nice artwork. May I? \*

WOLF  
Yeah. Of course. Sit. Please.

\*  
\*

She takes a seat. Wolf closes the door.

More silence

GRISELDA  
So how do you know, Ted?

REBECCA LYNN  
Modeling. I'm the figure model for a couple of the classes  
Ted comes to.

\*

WOLF  
Ted's in a class. I didn't know that. He never /mentioned it -

REBECCA LYNN  
No. He's not in the class. He's far to good for that. Have  
you seen his work? Oh my God. He's a Mac Arthur Fellow/He's  
awe-/some-

\*  
\*  
\*

GRISELDA  
And you know, Ted, how?

REBECCA LYNN  
He teaches at the Art Institute. He teaches a couple of  
classes every now and again. Well, he fills in for the actual  
instructor. Everybody loves him. He's sooo good. So laid  
back, you know? Makes you feel like you can do anything. Like  
you're just so special. A savant(She and Wolf laugh) that's  
what he calls himself.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Griselda turns to glare at Wolf

\*

GRISELDA  
Why is that funny?

\*  
\*

Wolf awkwardly walks to the couch and  
sits next to Griselda. Rebecca Lynn  
sits in a chair across from them.

\*  
\*  
\*

WOLF  
So you're a figure model? As in nude?

\*  
\*

GRISELDA  
Yes, Wolf. She models nude. You going to take up painting  
now?

\*  
\*

WOLF  
I thought it wasn't my fault?

REBECCA LYNN \*  
Grrrrr(She laughs) \*  
No fighting.  
You guys have,(points to herself) com-pa-me.

GRISELDA \*  
Well, I'm not in the mood for com-pa-nee. You. So, I hope awe- \*  
som, Ted - is not going to be long. You want to call/ him. \*

WOLF  
You're being mean, Zellie -

GRISELDA \*  
No I'm not - (to Rebecca Lynn) I've had a really bad day. I \*  
apologize. Move in if you want to. (To Wolf) Happy.

REBECCA LYNN \*  
(trying to lighten the mood) \*  
Wow. And it's only half past noon. Hope it gets better. It's \*  
gotta get better. (She chuckles) Right. \*

GRISELDA  
----

WOLF  
----

REBECCA LYNN \*  
So -  
What happened?

GRISELDA  
Excuse me -

REBECCA LYNN \*  
Were you guys in a car accident or something?

WOLF GRISELDA  
We don't own a car. No. Why would you ask that?

REBECCA LYNN \*  
Oh- \*  
I don't know - I mean - I just... he's in a bionic boot or \*  
something that just screams "something really bad happened"  
and um - isn't that - a hospital gown? I mean, maybe not - it \*  
just - sort of -looks like one, but yeah I could... (her \*  
words trail off) - \*

They hadn't even considered there  
appearance, appearing - less than \*  
normal.

GRISELDA  
----



WOLF

----

GRISELDA

So you really don't want anything? I think we have something to drink. Don't /we honey?

\*  
\*

WOLF

Yeah, I think so. I'll get it.

Wolf, makes haste to the kitchen.

\*

REBECCA LYNN

No. I'm fine - (she looks at them they glare at her and she understands. Shut up, now!)  
Okay. I'll take whatever you have. Only - it has to be sugar free -  
I'm training for the marathon.

\*  
\*

WOLF

Really? Nice.

GRISELDA

(under her breath)  
Oh God, just shoot me.

\*

REBECCA LYNN

Excuse me -

\*

GRISELDA

Nothing. Marathon?

REBECCA LYNN

Yeah. I'm excited. Doing pretty good too. I already ran a half marathon. Now, I'm going for the gold. Not like Olympic gold I just want to finish.  
26.2 miles. Long way.

\*  
\*

GRISELDA

Wolf's uncle ran a marathon.

\*

WOLF

Wha...?

REBECCA LYNN

The Chicago Marathon>

\*  
\*

WOLF/GRISELDA

No/yeah.

\*  
\*

REBECCA LYNN

Really./ Cool -

\*

GRISELDA

Drop dead right after he crossed the finish line.

Kenny Town? REBECCA LYNN \*

Who? Wha? /No - GRISELDA \*

You're related Luke /Roach - REBECCA LYNN \*

No. His uncle Victor. GRISELDA \*

Oh. Sorry. I didn't read about/him. REBECCA LYNN \*

Yeah. Well. It happened. He did all of that training and dropped dead just like that - I read somewhere that your mind will carry you only as far as you tell it to. So right after he crossed the finish line he dropped dead - Didn't even get to celebrate. GRISELDA \*

That's a sad story. REBECCA LYNN \*

Sad but true. Isn't it, Wolf? GRISELDA \*

- WOLF \*

Anyway, point is you should think about something else when you're running the marathon. Have another goal on your mind otherwise, you never know. You would have denied yourself sugar for nothing. GRISELDA \*

Wolf, balancing on one crutch, brings Rebecca Lynn a cup of tea. And the Wolf that's been quiet but screaming inside of himself, has to say something - which sounds like nothing - because it's inside his imploding breast bone. WOLF \*

Here you go. Tea. No sugar. REBECCA LYNN \*

Great. Thank you. GRISELDA \*

You sure you don't want a little bit of sugar? Stevia? Agava? GRISELDA \*

REBECCA LYNN \*  
No. Thank you. \*

A knock at the door.  
Griselda rushes to the door. Opens it.

GRISELDA \*  
Hi, Ted. Rebecca Lynn is here waiting for you.

TED \*  
Griselda. Zellie. Hey. What are you doing home?

GRISELDA  
I live here.

TED \*  
Right. I mean, why aren't you at work?

He enters.

GRISELDA  
We're entertaining your guest.

TED \*  
Right. RE-LY Sorry, I'm had to run out. I'm sure you've met everybody.

REBECCA LYNN \*  
Yeah. Definitely. \*

TED \*  
Well, we'll just get out of your hair. Thanks for looking after RE-LY for me. Preciate it. Griselda - good seeing you - as always. Hospital gown. Different. Makes a bit of a statement. \*

GRISELDA  
Yeah, what does it say, Ted.

TED \*  
It says (treading lightly) Sometimes... Different is good. \*

GRISELDA \*  
Is that what it says? \*

TED \*  
We should go. Leave my friends... and neighbors, to it. \*  
Whatever "it" is. RE-LY \*

GRISELDA \*  
I thought your name was Rebecca- \*

REBECCA LYNN \*  
It is/but - \*

TED \*  
That's right. Rebecca Lynn. R. E. L.Y. It's just a thing. I \*  
think it's cute. \*

GRISELDA \*  
It's corny - \*

REBECCA LYNN \*  
I like it - \*

GRISELDA \*  
You would- \*

WOLF \*  
Zellie. \*

GRISELDA \*  
Sorry. \*

WOLF \*  
I think it's nice. What should we call you- \*

GRISELDA \*  
We don't have to call her anything be/cause - \*

TED \*  
We're leaving. \*

GRISELDA \*  
Yeah, leave us, Ted. \*

Rebecca Lynn hands tea to Wolf \*

REBECCA LYNN \*  
Bye. Thanks for the tea, sort of. I didn't finish. \*

WOLF \*  
Nice meeting /yo - \*

Griselda closes the door.

GRISELDA \*  
That was embarrassing. \*

WOLF \*  
What? \*

GRISELDA \*  
The way you stared at her. I'm embarrassed. I'm so \*

WOLF \*  
I didn't stare at her. \*

GRISELDA  
You made love to her with your eyes. I saw you/Wolf. \*

WOLF  
No - \*

GRISELDA  
Yes. I can't believe you. I knew it. You don't love me any  
more. This is the worst day ever - \*

WOLF  
What are you talking about. You're upset - about your job. \*

GRISELDA  
I saw the way you looked at her. I don't mean to be insecure  
but I am. I'm so insecure right now. You have no idea - \*

WOLF  
How could I not love you? You love me/ don't you? \*

GRISELDA  
That's no reason to love somebody, Wolf. Because they love  
you. You have to love them in addition - not because.  
Sometimes I just want to hate you! \*

WOLF  
Don't say that. I love you - In addition. I do. \*

GRISELDA  
Whatever. \*

WOLF  
I didn't stare. I wasn't staring. If I stared it was  
unintentional - but I know I didn't. I wouldn't. \*

GRISELDA  
I don't care about anything. Anymore. I just want to go to  
sleep - \*

She crosses into the bedroom slams the  
door.

GRISELDA (CONT'D)  
FOR-EVER! \*

Wolf frantically stumps the floor with  
his big boot. \*

Crosses to the bedroom. Knocks. Presses  
himself against the door.

WOLF  
Griselda. Zellie, come on. Come on, okay. Cut it out. Don't  
do this. Okay, I'm sorry. \*

I did stare - a little. I did. Not because I don't love you. Zellie. She's a pretty woman. So are you but she surprised me that's all. I wasn't lusting after her. I was just surprised to see a beautiful woman -

Griselda snatches open the door. Wolf almost fall into the bedroom. She sort of catches him.

GRISELDA

What does that mean? What does that mean, Wolf. I'm not beautiful-

WOLF

Of course you are -

Griselda slams the door closed again.

WOLF (CONT'D)

I was surprised to see a woman at at the door, asking for me, and you caught me. I didn't mean to embarrass you -

She opens the door startling him.  
Crosses into the living room.

GRISELDA

You know what? I figured it out. Just now. I figured it out. You think she's pretty - and she is - I'm sure a lot of men thinks she's pretty - because she is - but she's just like me. She's just like every other woman. Once she get's to know all of your shit. How you snore. Can't cook. Turn the clothes pink every time you do the laundry. Keep losing your jobs, refuse to live up to all of your fucking brilliant potential - She just turns into another me or whoever. We are all the same. We have the same expectations, maybe not at the same time but eventually - eventually she's going to want a man to be a man. More specifically she's going to want her man to be "The Man" the man, she thought he was. The man that made her feel safe and loved and beautiful and powerful and *necessary* in his life. And what men never realize is we get just as disappointed as they do. That their beauty fades just as quickly as ours, and a bald head (he rubs his head) and fat belly (sucks in his stomach. He is neither bald nor fat) is no more attractive then bad hair days and a fat ass. And you know what else someone needs to shed light on for you men - we lust after other men too. Not necessarily better looking men or even more intelligent men, just a man. We want to escape into some other mans arms just long enough to forget all of the shit that drives us crazy. Take a vacation in the arms of a man that just wants to love us and treat us like a princess during stolen moments together and then wash him off and come home with a enough breath left to breath in all of your shit - one more day. We want that. We even do that.

But you know what you don't know - while you're thinking and plotting your fucking escape? She is just me, Goddamnit - and I am her and she's going to be less pretty when she has to ask you "*What's wrong*"!... For the gozillionth time - only to hear you say in that sad, lost, little boy voice "*nothing*." When she's tired of being your... When she's just tired because she can't get through the walls you've built up around yourself and she can't tell if you love her or just staying with her because you don't love yourself enough to leave. When she can't leave because she loves you so much, but she's growing more and more confused and there's no *resolve* - just a vicious circle. I promise you she going to turn into me because I was most definitely her in your eyes - one day a long fucking time ago. (*She slings the cup of tea that Rebecca Lynn didn't drink, against the wall*) so FUCK YOU, Wolf! Marathon that!

She crosses back to the bedroom and slams the door.

Wolf, stunned, stumps the floor really hard this time.

He paces.

A knock at the door. It's Ted.

He enters.

TED

---

WOLF

She got fired today.  
And she caught me staring at your girl.

TED

RE'LY's not my girl.

WOLF

What?

TED

RE'LY's not my girl, she my muse.

WOLF

What the fuck are you talking about, Ted?

TED

Rebecca Lynn. She's not my girl, she's my muse. She inspires me. I look at her and everything goes - on. She's pretty fucking /amazing -

WOLF  
Yeah, okay. Stay with me Ted. She's freaking out in there. I think it's about her job. It might be about me losing my job. \*

TED  
Again? \*

WOLF  
Not helpful, Ted- \*

TED  
Sorry- \*

WOLF  
It might be about... all of it. I don't know. I think somewhere in what she just said... she might be planning to leave me - \*

TED  
What did she say? \*

WOLF  
Ah... I don't know. It was so much. It was just... a lot for me to process. So... I'm sorry to interrupt your inspiration but you're needed. \*

Wolf crosses to the bedroom door.  
Knocks. \*

WOLF (CONT'D)  
Zellie. The doctors here. Zellie.

Ted takes a seat in the chair.

WOLF  
Zellie, Please. Come out. Don't be angry. I said I was sorry-

As is her habit, she suddenly slings opens the door. She is much calmer. \*

GRISELDA  
Stop apologizing, Honey. (To Ted) Hello. Again.

TED  
Sorry to hear about your job, Zellie.

She quickly looks back at Wolf.

WOLF  
- \*

GRISELDA  
Can I tell my story, please?



She takes a seat on the couch. Wolf walks over and sits beside her.

TED

Wait. Am I the relationship doctor or the personal therapist?

GRISELDA  
Personal therapist.

WOLF  
Relationship doctor.

She glares at Wolf. \*

WOLF  
Personal Therapist.

Silence

GRISELDA  
You can't sit in on my session, Wolf.

WOLF  
Right. Right. Okay. I'll go in the kitchen.

GRISELDA  
No. You can hear everything from the kitchen.

TED  
RE'LY is downstairs. You can wait with/her. \*

No.

WOLF

No.

GRISELDA

O-kay.

TED

I'll go for a walk.

WOLF

He takes the boot off. Puts on his sneakers.

GRISELDA  
Give me 30 minutes, babe, then come back. Okay?

Okay.

WOLF

I love you, Wolf. \*

GRISELDA

I love you.

WOLF

He exits. She stands suddenly.

He re-enters. She's sit.

WOLF (CONT'D)

Too. In addition. Not, because.

GRISELDA

Of course, babe. I know that.

\*

\*

ACT ONE - SCENE IV

He exits. They wait.

GRISELDA

---

TED

---

No sign of Wolf returning. She stands. \*

GRISELDA

You dirty, lying, snake in the grass, sonofabitch, bastard! \*

TED

Are you talking to me or me as Wolf?

GRISELDA

I'm talking to you as you. Where in the hell did you get, Rebecca Lynn the marathon runner from? \*

TED

Why do you care, you said you won't leave/ Wolf.

GRISELDA

Wolf needs me. Obviously you /don't. \*

TED

Wolf needs me. He's got a lot shit on his mind. He's a heavy dude. \*

GRISELDA

He's depressed. I would think you could recognize that by now. He just lost his mother. \*

TED

He lost his mother four years ago. \*

GRISELDA

Oh I'm sorry, Ted. He has a heart, something I know you were born without. He loved his mother. \*

TED

I love my mother. \*

GRISELDA

You have one? Really? You weren't just dropped on the face of the earth as a gift from, God? \*

TED

You think it's you he talks about in our sessions, don't you? It's not. He's got a lot of other shit he's dealing with. \*

GRISELDA  
He doesn't need you, Ted. He needs me to keep him from going over the edge. To hold on until he gets his grip again - and what do you mean he's got other shit he's dealing with? Like what? His foot?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TED  
I can't tell you that. It's confidential.

GRISELDA  
You're not a real doctor, Ted. And there's nothing wrong with Wolf's foot. It's symbolic.

\*

TED  
I know it's suppose to be symbolic. But maybe it's not. I've done some research.

\*

GRISELDA  
Research?

TED  
You sound surprised.

\*  
\*

GRISELDA  
No, I'm surprised about Rebecca Lynn, who you've yet to explain. You sneaky fuck!

\*  
\*  
\*

TED  
Why are you in a hospital gown?

GRISELDA  
Don't change the subject.

TED  
I'm not changing the subject. I don't want to talk about, Wolf or RE'LY. Why are you in a hospital /gown?

\*  
\*

GRISELDA  
None of your business - and what wrong with, Wolf - Is he okay?

\*  
\*

TED  
Tell me why you're wearing that thing?

\*

GRISELDA  
It's a fashion statement. Should I be worried?

\*  
\*

TED  
It's private. Doctor, patient confidentiality.

\*

GRISELDA  
I'm going to privately-patiently-confidentially, kick your ass, if you don't tell me what's wrong with, Wolf. Ted.

\*  
\*

TED  
Don't threaten me, Zellie. \*

GRISELDA  
--- \*

TED  
I think he may have BIIDs. \*

GRISELDA  
What? Oh my God! What? \*

TED  
I think he might have Biid's. \*

GRISELDA  
Wha - wha- What's Biid's.... What do you mean you think? Did he tell you he has it - When did he see a doctor - oh my God - what is it - is it terminal? \*

TED  
Body integrity identity disorder. \*

GRISELDA  
What? \*

TED  
Biid's. Wait. I have it here. (He searches his ALL of his pockets, finally, pulls out a sheet of paper) B-I-I-D, no 's'. BODY INTEGRITY IDENTITY DISORDER. BIID. Yeah, that's it. \*

GRISELDA  
I heard you- \*

TED  
(reading)  
A psychological disorder in which an otherwise *healthy* individual feels that they are meant to be *disabled*. Now, don't ask me anymore. I've told you too much already - \*

GRISELDA  
Wolf thinks he has that? \*

TED  
I think he does. I told you, I did some research. Explain's why he's walking around in that boot and hopping around with crutches all the time. Two years he's been doing that. \*

GRISELDA  
So that's *your* diagnosis? \*

TED  
Yeah. \*

GRISELDA \*  
You're not a doctor. \*

TED \*  
-- Technically no. \*

GRISELDA \*  
BIID's? \*

TED \*  
No "s" BIID. B-I-I-D. BIID's is something different. \*

GRISELDA \*  
You really have taken your quackery too far. He doesn't have BIID's, BIID. That's not even a real thing. \*

TED \*  
It is a real thing. You don't even know what it is. How can you say it's not a real thing. Better yet, how can you say he doesn't have it. \*

GRISELDA \*  
I do know what it is. You just shocked me that's all. Body Integrity Identity Disorder. You're ridiculous. \*

TED \*  
I think Wolf has it. \*

GRISELDA \*  
He doesn't want to have his leg *amputated*, Ted. He doesn't *dislike* his limbs. That's what BIID is. \*

TED \*  
There's more to it then that. (Reads from paper) Sufferers may pretend that they are an amputee, both in public and in private. \*

GRISELDA \*  
People that suffer from BIID try to injure themselves, Ted. Wolf has never tried to injure himself. \*

TED \*  
Yet. \*

GRISELDA \*  
How dare you - \*

TED \*  
(reads) \*  
Sufferers are generally ashamed of their thoughts and may try to hide them from others, including therapists and health care professionals. \*

GRISELDA  
You're not a health-care-professional! Have you lost your  
mind?

TED  
You know an awful lot about it, Zellie. You must have thought  
he had it too. You researched it.

GRISELDA  
I did not.

TED  
Then how do you know so much about it?

GRISELDA  
(she thinks)  
Because I'm smart. I was a dancer Ted. I know about every  
body identiy issue there is.

TED  
You're still a dancer -

GRISELDA  
Whatever! He doesn't have BIID and that's that. I hope you  
didn't say something stupid to him.

TED  
I don't want to talk about Wolf, anyway. I want to talk about  
us. You and me.

GRISELDA  
There is no "you and me." This thing we have. Had. Is over.  
I was going to tell you that at lunch today but you didn't  
answer your phone and I got fired so shit went a muck. Not to  
mention Miss *Rebecca Lynn*, downstairs, who seems dumb as a  
door knob if you ask me -

TED  
Nobody's asking/ you -

GRISELDA  
Don't even talk to me. You and your novice diagnosis can just  
get out-

TED  
You can't just ask me about another man, then tell me it's  
over, like I don't have feelings. You can be really  
insensitive, when you want to be, Zellie. Being a bitch isn't  
very attractive on you.

GRISELDA  
What did you call/me -

TED  
And BIID is a real thing. You shouldn't make light of a potential mental illness. Even if Wolf doesn't have it, which I think he does. It's still not a laughing matter.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GRISELDA  
Insensitive? What about Rebecca Lynn? What do you call that?

\*

TED  
A muse.

GRISELDA  
What?!

TED  
She's a muse.

GRISELDA  
Shut up. A muse.

TED  
Yeah. That's right. She's my muse.

Now this is the be all end all in BS.  
She needs a minute to process this.

\*  
\*

GRISELDA  
And what am I?

TED  
Honestly? You mean a great deal to me, Zellie. More than I ever thought you would.

\*  
\*

GRISELDA  
Oh... Just... kill yourself, Ted.

\*

TED  
I mean it. You/are -

GRISELDA  
This is crazy. I love, Wolf. You know that. I've always been honest with you about that. You were just my escape.

\*

TED  
Oh, I can be your *escape* but Rebecca Lynn can't be my muse? So the pot can call the kettle black, but it doesn't feel so good when the kettle calls the pot/a hypacrite -

\*  
\*  
\*

GRISELDA  
Don't even try it. I needed to feel needed, desired physically and nothing else. You gave me that. Thank you. Wolf, needs me for something... totally different. To lose himself

\*  
\*  
\*



TED \*  
Wolf needs /to - \*

GRISELDA \*  
I'm shelter for him. When we make love he drowns himself \*  
inside of me. Even if it's rough sex- \*

TED \*  
I don't want to hear this. I'm leaving. I can't - no- I won't \*  
treat you anymore, Zellie. \*

GRISELDA \*  
You're not a real doctor Ted. You're symbolic. You're our \*  
symbolic therapist. The neighbor, EX - friend - that listens \*  
really well and occasionally gives really good advice. But \*  
that's it! You're not a real doctor. \*

TED \*  
I know I'm not a real doctor. I'm a painter! An \*  
extraordinary, very successful painter! A fucking visual \*  
artist at the top of his game. A Savant! And I've been a good \*  
shoulder for you to cry on, Zellie. And I'm a damn good \*  
friend- \*

GRISELDA \*  
And a/ liar- \*  
And I'm a real person, damn it! Stop talking at me like I \*  
don't have feelings. (BEAT) I care about you, Zellie. I mean \*  
I care about Wolf too but with you it's different. I love \*  
you. I'm in love with you. Tell me you didn't know that. \*

GRISELDA \*  
Oh, God. I'm not listening to you anymore. I don't want to \*  
hear this. \*

TED \*  
Why are you afraid of love, Zellie. Real love? \*

GRISELDA \*  
I'm not afraid of love. Real love. I have real love for Wolf. \*  
/He - \*

TED \*  
That's not love. You two don't have love. You have fear. You \*  
nurture fear together. \*

GRISELDA \*  
Fear? Fear of what? You sound ridiculous. \*

TED \*  
Wolf's afraid he'll never live up to what his mother was. \*  
He's so afraid of failing as a writer, he's stopped writing, \*  
for Christ sake. \*

He's let his career go into the toilet because he thinks he's got to fill his mothers shoes. He telling himself he's got to walk around in his mothers stilettos. She'd kick his ass if she knew he was walking around pretending to be handicap. He so fucking talented and he's letting a little fear shut him down. You gotta lean into that shit, Zellie. He needs to lean into his fears.

GRISELDA

Oh, that's great. Really great, Ted. And what's your diagnosis of me?

TED

You?

GRISELDA

Yeah. Me.

TED

You really want to know?

GRISELDA

Yeah. Dime store doctor, quasi quack, I really want to know.

TED

I don't want to hurt you, Zellie.

GRISELDA

---

He calmly - Sincerely, shares.

TED

Okay. I think you're afraid of letting Wolf fall on his face. You're afraid he's going to fall face first into traffic or onto the pavement from the 25th floor of some high rise building.

GRISELDA

Ted -

TED

Because then... you'll think you're a failure too. But you can't stop Wolf from hurting himself if he's determined to do it, Zellie. He's only take you with him. He's taking you with him. Look at you. You're walking around in a hospital gown. The best thing you can do for him, is get him the help he needs -

GRISELDA

Oh, so now I'm a failure. This coming from the shallow, pot head painter with his *muse* sitting downstairs waiting to get fucked. And I'm the failure.



It wasn't what you wanted, so you quit. Okay. Then how do you explain, Wolf, Zellie? Why went you *quit*, Wolf?

\*  
\*

GRISELDA

Because I love him.  
Because I believe in him.  
Because he needs me.

\*  
\*

TED

No he doesn't.

GRISELDA

--  
What do you mean. Why would you say that like that. What has he told you?

\*  
\*

TED

I don't want talk about Wolf /Zellie

GRISELDA

Then I don't need to here anything you have to say.

\*

TED

You can't tune -

\*

GRISELDA

Fuzzy wuzzy was a bear, fuzzy wuzzy lost hair, /fuzzy wuzzy wasn't fuzzy -

\*  
\*

TED

I never asked to be your fake relationship doctor or your symbolic therapist, you guys forced me into it. I was just being a damn good listener and friend. Not to mention you're my landlords. Now, my heart's been chewed up and spit out. My expression of love, trampled on. You could care less and I feel guilty because Wolf's a good guy -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GRISELDA

You can't love anyone, Ted. As is painfully clear with Miss 1/2 Marathon downstairs. What? Did you forget about her? While you're professing your love for me -

\*  
\*  
\*

TED

Rebecca Lynn inspires me. She's inspirational. I can't love her. I don't love her. I can only use her for inspiration. She's not meant for me to love. That's some other man's assignment -

\*

GRISELDA

Oh my God! Did you just say that? I can't believe that fell out of your face. You just made me need a shower for all the insides of me your filth touched. Does she know that? I'm willing to bet she doesn't know that.

\*  
\*  
\*

I'm willing to bet that feather brain down there thinks you are racing down the proverbial path of love toward /her - \*

TED

No way, no. She doesn't need that from me and she's not a feather brain. In fact, she's pretty damn smart and not nearly as angry as you are - \*

GRISELDA

Now that's novel. I never heard anybody call their "Fluffer" smart. \*

TED

That wasn't necessary- \*

GRISELDA

Let's ask her. Call her up here, freakin' narcissist. You men are really twisted. You think she just wants to be your muse? Your fucking inspiration? How long does she get to inspire you, Ted? A day, a week, just long enough to finish what ever the hell you're working on? Does she get any credit for that work? Inspiring you? How much is that worth in dollars, Ted? Do you tell her when she no longer inspires you or do ghost her? I'm sure you front loaded her with all your kindness and attentiveness, and charm. Until she asks you to be the man you claim to be and then you run off like a scared little boy who never faced his childhood traumas. \*

TED

Hey. What's going on? Why are we talking about her? You're deflecting. I know this side of you, Zellie. You and me that's what we should be discussing? I'm here, Zellie. I standing before you professing my love for you and you can't deny me that even if you deny yourself. I'm not ghosting you. You, not me. You, are in a relationship with another man. And you tell me all the time that you love him - \*

GRISELDA

Exactly!

TED

So why do you care about who I am inspired by. I desire to be happy. RE'LY makes me happy - \*

GRISELDA

You know what? It's nothing to me. As a matter of fact, I don't care. This session is over. Especially now that I know you think I'm a big fat failure. Wolf will be back any minute so you should leave. Go be inspired. \*

TED

Wolf will never be the man you want him to be. He'll never make you completely happy - \*

GRISELDA

He makes me very happy if you must know. That's exactly why I won't leave him for the likes of you-

TED

You're enabler-

GRISELDA

I should never have opened my life up to you. What was I thinking? And you call yourself a friend? A real friend would have seen my weakness as vulnerability and said, no. No, Zellie! You are just a weak bird and because I'm your friend, I won't take ADVANTAGE of your vulnerability.

TED

I didn't strong arm you. In fact I'm the submissive one. You did everything to me. I was only in charge of the safe word.

--

Touche'

GRISELDA

I really want to kick your teeth in.

TED

And you could maybe grow from some anger management counseling, /Zellie.

She smacks him.

He grabs her and kisses her. She pushes him away and smacks him. After a moment. They kiss each other even harder. Not violently. With hungry passion.

Wolf Enters

He sees them, they see him.

Busted!

BLACK OUT

**ACT TWO - SCENE 1 (OR NOT... JUST KEEP GOING)**

Griselda is locked in the bedroom and now cowers in the furthest corner of the room.

Wolf stands upstage in front of the door as Ted lingers just beneath the couch.

They stalk each other as warriors might. Each unsure of the other. It begins as a sort of shared text - as poetry might be.

Rhythmic

WOLF

There comes a time in every man's life/ when

TED

What I should have done and what I have done, has simultaneously arrive on a collision course / and

WOLF

reason is impossible as every man's reality unfolds into a duality, And he must-

TED

Look himself in the face or-

WOLF

Kick himself in the ass -

TED

Either way, ass kicking is /the principle-

WOLF

Is the principle, subject, noun and verb and you who I called friend is no more then a turn coat, a Judas, a split tongue chameleon, a gadfly. And she - you - in there are no more then a Harlot, a Jezebel, an impudent, shameless, morally unrestrained woman.

GRISELDA

You're not an easy person to love, Wolf -

TED

I should leave and let you two talk about this.

GRISELDA

I told you to leave ages ago. I told him to leave, Wolf. I was telling him just as you walked in, I swear -

TED  
She was. That's true - \*

WOLF  
Is that how you tell people to leave, Harlot?! With their  
tongues down their throat? \*

TED  
That's a terrible thing to say- \*

WOLF  
Betrayal. I have lived long enough to know the sting of  
betrayal and I should trust you? Her? My betrayers. We, you  
and I must live this moment to it's completion. Who then is  
the stronger man- \*

TED  
Stronger? \*

WOLF  
Death's at your door step, Ted. Who then will prove to be the  
stronger man?- \*

TED  
I don't want to fight you, Wolfman - \*

WOLF  
Pity. I want to kill you. You've robbed me. You've stolen  
food from my mouth. Snatched breath from my lungs - \*

TED  
Are you serious, man? What are you saying? Did you take  
another one of those pills? \*

WOLF  
Yes. Yes. I did take another one of those pills. And I thank  
you for it. It has given me a clarity of mind. Clarity of  
heart. Unleashed my inner beast. I am clearer and hungrier  
then ever before. I want to eat your heart and stump on your  
brain. Mutha-fucka will help you - Isn't that what you said? \*

TED  
I'm not going to fight you, Wolfman. Okay. Well, I'll fight  
you back, but I'm not for this kill me, you, stuff. \*

WOLF  
I want to ripe off your head and shit down your neck. \*

TED  
Not gonna happen- \*

WOLF  
I want to peel away your skin with a paring knife - \*



TED \*  
Ouch - \*

WOLF \*  
Feed your eyes to vultures- \*

TED \*  
You really should be writing this down- \*

WOLF \*  
I want to bury you alive and just when you're almost dead,  
unbury you, let you breath air, then bury you again. \*

TED \*  
Yeah, ecstasy is not your drug of choice, Wolfman - \*

GRISELDA \*  
(from the bedroom) \*  
You been feeding him drugs, Ted?! What the fuck! What is  
wrong with you?! \*

TED \*  
I didn't feed him anything! He's a grown man, Zellie. I'm not  
his enabler. He took them - \*

WOLF \*  
No. I enjoyed them, Zellie. What do you think of that. I  
fucking enjoyed them - \*

GRISELDA \*  
You're trying to turn him into a drug addict, Ted - \*

TED \*  
He's had mostly medicinal maruajuna - \*

WOLF \*  
And two pills of ecstasy. \*

TED \*  
That's not how you say it - but okay.  
Listen, Wolfman. I'm sorry. This is fucked up. I can admit  
that but it's not worth killing over, Right? Nothing is worth  
killing over - \*

WOLF \*  
You've already killed me, Ted. You have only now to wrestle  
with death. You and Zellie killed me with that /kiss.

GRISELDA \*  
Wolf, please!

WOLF \*  
I'm listening now, Zellie. I'm listening and hearing. I'm  
doing both! \*

GRISELDA

Wolf! I'm sorry.

WOLF

(singing)

I can't hear you -

TED

I'm trying to leave, Wolfman. Okay. I'm leaving. Be cool.  
Let's all just be cool. Let that shit wear off. We'll give it  
a couple days, then we can all talk. You, me and Zel-

Wolf lunges at Ted, they fight  
feverishly. Turning over furniture. Ted  
avoids as much as he can until they  
fight as they must. Each with his own  
theme music. We can hear Zellie rooting  
for Wolf from the bedroom. At the  
fights end, the final round is more  
like a child's wrestling match, Each  
holding the other in a head lock, until  
they fall free of each other.  
Exhausted, Wolf and Ted unwillingly  
surrender. Ted crawls, stumbles, barely  
walks, to the front door.

TED

I deserve that. I do. I relent, man. Touche'. I think you  
might've broke my jaw. Ah! God that hurts. Shit.

GRISELDA

Wolf! Are you okay? Wolf?

TED

Zelli-.

Wolf tries to move toward him, but  
can't. Not really. He's hurt.

GRISELDA

Fuck off, Ted. Please!

WOLF

You two deserve each other.

TED

Sorry, man. Really. (Exiting) I think my tooth is loose -

--

Silence.

GRISELDA  
Wolf? If I come out can we talk about this like rational  
adults. Like two people that care about each other. \*

Wolf crawls to the bedroom door. He is  
deceptively calm. \*

WOLF  
Open the door, Zellie.

GRISELDA  
Yeah? Can I, Wolf? Can I open the door? \*

Then...

WOLF  
Open this damn door, Zellie. \*

He shakes the knob.

GRISELDA  
No - Wolf. Go away. \*

WOLF  
Open this fucking door or I'm gonna fucking kick it down! \*

GRISELDA  
-- \*

WOLF  
OPEN IT! \*

He shakes the knob, frantically. Kicks  
and pounds the door. Griselda runs to  
the other side of the room.

GRISELDA  
I'm not going to open the door so you can attack me. So you  
can eat my heart. I'll call the police - \*

WOLF  
You'll call the police? I should call the police and have you  
put out on the street. Call the police. Call em'! I dare you. \*

GRISELDA  
I'm calling -

WOLF  
Did you fuck him in my bed? That's my bed. I share my bed  
with you and you FUCK somebody else in it. \*

He see's her purse. Searches it, pulls  
out her cell phone.

GRISELDA \*  
I calling the police, Wolf. \*

WOLF \*  
Really? How? How are you calling them, Zellie - \*

He pulls his cell phone from his pocket  
and calls her number.

GRISELDA \*  
I'm dialing right now, you better go blow off some steam. \*  
Take a walk. I'm calling. I'm dialing, Wolf. I don't want you \*  
to go to jail - \*

WOLF \*  
-- \*

GRISELDA \*  
Wolf! \*

The ring that is the ring that tells  
Zellie it's Wolf calling screams \*  
through the apartment. \*

Griselda searches the room while Wolf  
leans against the door. \*

**(Choose any song that speaks to the  
moment and the idea of how she sees  
Wolf - for my pleasure I pick Lauryn  
Hill's - Ex-Factor. This could Sound  
Engineer composed, classical music,  
Jazz - Thelonius Monk or Coltrane)** \*

Griselda ringtone - Lauryn Hill - Ex-Factor \*

*It could all be so simple but you'd rather make it hard \**  
*Loving you is like a battle \**  
*And we both end up with scars \**  
*Tell me who I have to be \**  
*To get some reciprocity \**  
*See, no one loves you more than me \**  
*And no one ever will. \**

WOLF \*  
Are the police on their way? I can't hear you. (He hangs up \*  
and dials again. Louder). \*



WOLF  
He's abandoned you, Zellie. You see that right? That's the kind of guy you cheat on me with. Someone that would abandon you. \*

GRISELDA  
I know that.

WOLF  
You know that? You know that, now? Or you knew that from the start. \*

GRISELDA  
I never wanted him to be with me forever. It wasn't for forever, Wolf.

WOLF  
How long? \*

GRISELDA  
It wasn't for forever- \*

WOLF  
How long? How long have you been fucking him in my house? \*

GRISELDA  
It wasn't - \*

WOLF  
HOW LONG?! \*

GRISELDA  
About a months... Maybe three. \*

WOLF  
Three months.  
You've been making a fool of me for three months.  
Both of you. Just laughing at me. \*

GRISELDA  
No. Can I come out? I want to look a you. I need to look at you. \*

WOLF  
I'm going to be sick. He rushes into the kitchen. \*

(He throws up everything or so it seems until nothing is left)

GRISELDA  
Wolf! Wolf, are you okay? What's happening? Wolf!

She opens the door. Peeks out. Rushes to him. Rubs his hair. As if he's a child. Her child.

GRISELDA

Baby. You okay. Oh, Wolf - I'm sorry, baby - I am. Forgive me, please - It's going to be okay, Wolf - We can get through this - I know we can. I love you. I do. I love you.

\*  
\*  
\*

She get a glass of water Wolf crawls to the bedroom. He stands in front of the bedroom door. On her return their eyes meet. He shuts the bedroom door. His look is wild.

\*  
\*

GRISELDA

Wolf, stop it. I'm not going to run from -

He lunges at her. She avoids him quickly. He bounces off the couch onto the floor.

\*

WOLF

Ah! Shit! I thought you weren't going to run-

\*

GRISELDA

I'm didn't run. I moved.

She bolts for the front door. Wolf goes over the back of he couch, twisting his ankle but reaching the door before her. She throws the water in his face and moves away.

\*  
\*  
\*

GRISELDA

You need to cool off!

\*

She drops the glass and grabs his bionic boot. Slams it on the floor several times then hold it up against him for protection.

WOLF

I think I broke my ankle.

GRISELDA

I'm not falling for that. That's the oldest trick in the book.

WOLF

No. Zellie, really. I think it's broke, sprained at least. Shit! It hurts. Fuck!

\*

GRISELDA

---

WOLF

Okay. I'm done. I done - It's over. And what are you calling him for he's not going to come back up here.

\*

GRISELDA

I want you to let me out of here, Wolf. I don't think this is good for us to try to talk while you're so angry.

\*

WOLF

I'm not angry, Zellie! Shit! I'm hurt. How can you not see that.

\*

GRISELDA

You could be faking. I don't know.

\*

WOLF

You don't know? You don't know?! How could you not know. I love you.

\*

GRISELDA

No. I - I meant your foot - your ankle. I can't tell if your ankle's hurt -

\*

\*

WOLF

Why then? (Shooting pain in his ankle. He winces.)

\*

She crosses to him with the boot.

GRISELDA

Here. Put this on. Let me do it.

She's helps him without hearing him.

WOLF

Do I love *this* woman anymore or is this just that point? You know that point. That point you say you'll never get to but of course you always do because life just keep repeating itself over and over and over again and where you think you're so different you're really just like the last mutha fucka that thought the same thing, the same way, probably the same fucking day, for all you know. That point! That point you get to, that you watched your parents get to, where it's just too easy and too comfortable and too safe to let this irritating, love of your life - love of your life - go.

\*

\*

GRISELDA

Is that better?

\*

WOLF

No.



GRISELDA  
I mean your foot.

WOLF  
I know what you mean -

GRISELDA  
I knew what you meant.

He kisses her. She kisses him. It's  
tender and beautiful. They attempt to  
make passionate love, very quickly,  
which is a bit awkward with the boot  
and the hospital gown, his throw up  
breath. They abort the idea and just  
hold on tight to each other. \*

A knock at the door.

Silence \*

Another knock. \*

WOLF  
Ted, go away.

TED  
I heard the knock. I thought-

GRISELDA  
False alarm, Ted. Go away. You're fired anyway.

TED  
You can't fire somebody that works for free.

WOLF  
Fuck off, Ted.

Silence

GRISELDA  
I think that did it.

WOLF  
Zellie. I don't think I can get over this.

GRISELDA  
Why? Why not? I've gotten over things that you've done. I've  
forgiven you and loved you still. Loved you more. Why can't  
you do that for me? \*

WOLF  
I don't know.

GRISELDA

No. No. You are not backing out of this with "I don't know."  
I deserve more than that, Wolf. Talk to me. We've been  
through a lot of shit together and most of it was on you but  
I rode it out with you and I did nothing. I said nothing.

WOLF

Maybe you should have. Maybe you should have told me to fuck  
off! Or get it together or get out! Maybe you should have,  
left. It's not my fault that you stuck in there with me. I  
appreciate it. I'm grateful for it. What more do you want.  
Sleeping with another man for three months is not like losing  
a job here and there-

GRISELDA

No not here and there. All the time. All the fucking time,  
you lose your job or check out from the planet and crawl into  
the shell of "Wolf's Jaded World" and I lay beside you or  
stand beside you. I feed you. I hold on to you. I let you lye  
there as long as you need with your head beneath the covers  
and I go out and pay the bills and I look past all of your  
too sensitive emotions and your fear of success and I say  
nothing. Nothing. I just love you through it. Okay, so I'm  
not perfect. I can't live for you and me all the time. Okay  
so sometimes I can't be the girlfriend - that's yet to be  
asked to become the wife - Be the friend - the confidant...  
Be the mother of a 35 year old man - fix the knobs on the  
kitchen sink - cook your meals - change the light bulbs -  
clean the house - empty the trash - guard against all harm  
that might come your way, when you're at your most  
vulnerable, and still have a stable thought in my mind. I  
need to get lost too, Wolf.

WOLF

Obviously.

GRISELDA

Don't do that. I fucked him. That's it. Off and on for three  
months. I did. I did that. Not in this apartment. Not in this  
bed. Not while you were home. Not while you were sleeping.  
Maybe...only when you were checked out. When you wouldn't  
talk to me. Or touch me. I don't love him. I don't think  
about him all day and wonder if today's the day he swallow's  
a hand full of pills. I don't care if he's happy. I don't  
want to make him happy. He was for me, Wolf. An irrelevant  
piece of ass for me. Something to lose myself in and not  
think. That's all. Why is that so hard to understand.

WOLF

I make good love to you. Why would you need another man for  
that. Okay, I've had some bad days. I've lost my jobs. I've  
slipped a bit but are you telling me I'm wrong to be pissed  
that you've been sleeping with my friend? Our neighbor? I've  
told that man some of my darkest secrets.





REBECCA LYNN \*

Hi.

GRISELDA

Are you serious.

REBECCA LYNN \*

It's not me, really. It's -

Ted pops from behind her. Wolf tries to get up but the pain sits him back down.

TED \*

I knew you'd never open the door for me so -

WOLF

This is really your lucky day.

TED

I just feel I'm apart of this and I should get to have my say. It's only fair.

WOLF \*

Fair. You slept with my girlfriend, Ted. You drank my beer, ate food out of my refrigerator, called yourself friend - and still you betrayed me. And you think this should be fair. \*

TED

You have a valid point. I'm just trying to prove a different very valid point to Zellie. I know you and me are finished as friends. I can appreciate that. But Zellie, I think you should hear me out. I think you owe me that much.

GRISELDA

I don't owe you anything. Get over it and while you're at it get out.

TED

I'm not in.

GRISELDA

Right. (She tries to close the door but he stops it.)

TED \*

RE'LY has something to say to you and I just want you to hear her out.

GRISELDA

Don't bother-

TED

Tell her how you feel about me.

REBECCA LYNN \*

Are you serious?

TED

Tell Zellie how you feel about me. How we feel about each other. She doesn't believe me.

REBECCA LYNN \*

How do you feel about /me?

GRISELDA

Are you crazy?

WOLF \*

Hand me my crutches, Zellie.

TED

Oh, are we doing the "broke leg" thing still? Really?

GRISELDA

Leave him alone.

TED

I will not leave him alone. Just like I will not leave you alone - with him - anymore. Wolf, your foot's not broken, you're not handicap. You don't need those crutches. As your symbolic doctor/ex-friend, Wolfman, you just need to man the fuck up. \*

GRISELDA \*

And you're such a man, Ted -

TED \*

You use to feel that way-

GRISELDA

Don't -

REBECCA LYNN \*

What's/happening - \*

TED

Why are you wearing that hospital gown, Zellie?

GRISELDA

Because I don't feel good, Ted.

TED

You see what you're doing, Wolf? Do you see what you're doing to/her-

GRISELDA \*

He's not doing any more to me then you're doing to Rebecca Lynn. \*

REBECCA LYNN \*  
What is he doing to /me? \*

TED \*  
I'm his therapist. I can - \*

GRISELDA  
You're not a fucking/therapist.

TED \*  
Wolfman, man to man, artist to artist, talent to talent, I'm \*  
telling you to get it together. How can any woman take you \*  
serious when you're a perfectly healthy being, behaving like \*  
a school boy and pretending to need crutches.

GRISELDA  
His foot is really hurt.

TED \*  
Right. Okay and I suppose you're wearing that hospital gown \*  
to keep him from feeling alone in his sickness. Great. I'll \*  
play along too. Play along, RE'LY, Wolf is handicap. The \*  
ankle he broke *two years ago*, walking alone a *perfectly* \*  
*smooth* sidewalk, hasn't healed yet. Two years! Still hasn't \*  
heeled. What are you pretending to have Zellie, dressed up in \*  
your hospital gown? And Let's say you... RE'LY, you're... \*  
schizophrenic. And me? I'm the doctor. Okay, we're all \*  
playing along. Feel better, Wolf? We've been sleeping \*  
together for 3 months. \*

GRISELDA \*  
If I didn't hate you before I do now. \*

TED \*  
I'm leaning into the issue. Facing the fire. I may not be the \*  
best guy but I'm not a bad guy either. \*

WOLF \*  
Been dusting off your halo, have you? \*

TED \*  
So the two of you can see normal behavior. People making \*  
choices. I want Rebecca Lynn to just tell you how she feels \*  
about me. I wont say a word. \*

REBECCA LYNN \*  
Are you asking me if I'm in love with you? Yes, I think I am. \*  
Is that what this is about? \*

TED  
(completely stunned)  
Wha... What?

WOLF  
(turning to face them)  
What?

GRISELDA

You love him? Really? That's beautiful. Ted? Are you in love with her too. Come on in, Rebecca Lynn. Have a seat. Ted's got something he wants to tell you. Tell her, Ted.

\*  
\*

WOLF

There is no end to the hurt you're willing to unleash. Rebecca Lynn, run. You're too good for any of us. Run and don't look back.

\*

GRISELDA

No. Come in. Go ahead, Ted. Tell her how you feel.

TED

(the game is no longer fun)  
Stop it, Zellie.

WOLF

Yeah, Zellie, don't take it out on/her.

\*

GRISELDA

You "stop it" Ted and I'm not taking anything out on her, Wolf. I'm looking out for her. Being men, you'd never understand that.

TED

What are you saying? You're - not in love with me. You can't be. You're kidding me aren't you. She's kidding. Be serious. Tell her the truth.

\*  
\*

REBECCA LYNN

That is the truth. Why would I lie. That's not what this is about?

\*  
\*  
\*

TED

--

\*  
\*

GRISELDA

I've never seen you speechless.

\*  
\*

REBECCA LYNN

I think maybe I should leave.

\*  
\*  
\*

GRISELDA

No don't.

WOLF

Are you two purposely trying to hurt her?

\*

GRISELDA

No - No - Wolf. That's not what I'm doing. I told Ted earlier that Rebecca Lynn/was

\*  
\*



TED  
You were just being jealous-

GRISELDA  
In your dreams.

WOLF  
Rebecca Lynn, I'm sorry that you've been drawn into this - \*

REBECCA LYNN  
Just what have I been drawn into? \*

GRISELDA  
Oh, nothing, except something the whole fucking world probably already knew except Ted. He's too busy finding "a muse" to "inspire" him to notice that ass that suppose to be his face. \*

REBECCA LYNN  
I didn't know there was something going on between the two of you. \*

WOLF  
Three months. Two snakes in the grass. Frolicking. \*

TED  
Snakes don't frolic. RE'LY...We have an understanding. I thought we had an understanding. I'm a painter, you're a model - \*

GRISELDA  
I can't believe that line ever/worked.

TED  
We were working together because we're good together. I thought you understood that. I mean... I like you. I like you a lot... You're smart, you're beautiful. You inspire me tremendously - \*

GRISELDA  
Did you make that clear before or after you -

TED/WOLF/REBECCA LYNN  
Shut up! \*

WOLF  
I'm starting to agree with Ted. You sound pretty jealous - \*

GRISELDA  
I'm helping her. I just want her to see him for who he really is. (to Ted) I'm saving her from your bullshit! \*

TED

Oh are you saving her like you've been saving Wolf for the past 2 years. So now *she's* your next big failure?

\*

Silence lingers and swells. Everyone can feel that somehow this was a fantastic below the belt belly kick. Griselda deflates, withers then retreats. She sits.

\*

TED

Griselda, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. You know I didn't mean that.

REBECCA LYNN

Griselda?

\*

GRISELDA

(trying to fake away the hurt)

Screw you, Ted.

\*

TED

-

\*

WOLF

-

\*

REBECCA LYNN

-

\*

\*

GRISELDA

I promise you, Wolf. I'm not jealous. I've hurt you. I didn't mean to hurt you.

\*

TED

M.E., Wolf, this is gonna be a real shit thing to say and I don't expect either of you to forgive me but... Zellie - for the last time - I'm in love with you. I want a life with you. Let's you and me just take off. Start over some place new. I promise I won't burden you like, Wolf.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

WOLF

Fuck you, Ted!

\*

GRISELDA

For the last time, Ted. Wolf's not a burden to me and I'm not interested in being your fair weather inspiration.

\*

\*

WOLF

M.E. I'm sorry for this.

\*

\*

Rebecca Lynn keeps it together. She tries to wring the dampness from her hands.

\*

\*

\*

REBECCA LYNN

It doesn't matter. (Tries to laugh)  
Whatever.

GRISELDA/WOLF/TED

Whatever?

REBECCA LYNN

Yeah, Whatever. I mean I still think you're a really awesome  
guy - and I don't think this was the right way to tell me  
that it's just been fun and games for you but... Whatever.  
I mean, nobody wants to hear that they're just an inspiration  
- a stand-in, while you pine over your best friends, girl  
friend but - I wouldn't want to be with a guy that would do  
that kinda thing anyway. So...

WOLF

We're not best friends.

GRISELDA

They're not best friends.

REBECCA LYNN

Oh, be quiet - all of you - just shut up! - Like I said, it's  
cool - whatever - life goes on. It's not the end of the  
world.

WOLF

What the fuck are you saying?

TED

Hey, Man. Come on -

WOLF

If I have to tell you to shut up in my house one more time,  
Ted, I'm gonna push you down a flight of stair. I don't care  
about you - I care that she's not affected. I want her to be  
affected. Why are you not affected?

REBECCA LYNN

I don't know what you/mean-

WOLF

You know what I mean. You're smarter then most people give  
you credit for. You don't care that he's using you? That  
you're just his muse? They've been screwing each other three  
months, right under our noses. How can you say, whatever?-

REBECCA LYNN

Because life's bigger than both of them. My God you guys are  
older than me but not as old as my parents and you act like  
life is over because some asshole doesn't know how to love  
you or treat you. Count your blessings.

WOLF

You don't just get over loving some one with "Whatever". I don't think you love him. You can't! Not really.

GRISELDA

Wolf? Leave her alone.

WOLF

(To Rebecca Lynn) What is wrong with you? Who do you think you're fooling? "Whatever." I don't believe you. "It's not the end of the world." It can be. Did you know that? It can be the end of the world. Maybe it is for some people. Maybe it should be.

They all watch him curiously. This might just be the straw that broke the camels back. He's somebody else but not himself. Somebody neither of them have ever really *seen*.

WOLF (CONT'D)

If you cared you'd be affected. When you've been in love with someone, or loved by someone, that gives you the air you need in your lungs to breath. When everything that matters in life has less importance if they aren't there, side by side with you crystallizing moments - that you might otherwise have walked right through with no memory of them at all. When you love somebody that able to bring just a little more light into everything that makes your life shine. What's a life lived alone? It's a slow dying with no one caring, nobody remembering how much you meant to their lives and them to yours. How many colors do you really see in a day if you live life alone? Nobody by your side to draw your attention to that beautiful thing you would never have seen if they weren't there? Somebody to call your name and be able to make music out of it. To say "You need to see this and feel that." That one person in your life that gets you - and believes in you -that you don't even realize how wonderful your life was until they're gone. Just gone. No warning, no second to think, no chance to go back, no ability to stop time and hold on a little longer, a little tighter. In the blink of an eye you go from loving and being loved to an abysmal longing that unearths an insatiable feeling of missing... missing out on everything you know matters but now it doesn't seem to matter at all. Life stops with love. Life stops when love takes leave and forgets your name. Life stops mattering and it should stop mattering if only for a minute... nothing even matters. Everything is just arrested... broken... and I just want to die. What the fuck is wrong with you. What the fuck. I'm so sad, Zellie. I can't breath. I...(He has finally begin to mourn the loss of his best friend, confidant, inspiration, champion, his mother.)

GRISELDA  
(she embraces him)  
Wolf. It's okay. It's okay.

Silence

Griselda and wolf sit on the couch. \*  
Griselda embracing him - Rocking with \*  
him and gripping for dear life. She has \*  
known this moment to be approaching but  
it has taken 2 years to arrive.

Ted lingers upstage of them.

REBECCA LYNN \*

Can I use your... (she crosses into the bedroom)

Silence

RE'LY Exits to the bedroom and sits. \*

TED

Zellie-  
--  
Wolf -  
--  
Yeah.

Ted crosses to the bedroom.

TED (CONT'D) \*

RE'LY I'm sorry. \*

REBECCA LYNN \*

Rebecca Lynn. \*

TED \*

Rebecca Lynn. \*

Silence.

Ted, exits.

Griselda goes into the bedroom - Sits \*  
beside REBECCA LYNN \*

REBECCA LYNN \*

Is Wolf okay.

GRISELDA

--  
No.

REBECCA LYNN \*

Are you?

GRISELDA

Are you?

REBECCA LYNN \*

I will be. Thank for asking.

GRISELDA \*

It's not really any of my business - but you don't have to let anyone treat you like that, Rebecca Lynn. You're beautiful. A lot of men are going to want to make you their "inspiration."

REBECCA LYNN \*

Until today, Ted has only treated me like a protege'. I'm going to miss that. I mean, yeah, I model in some of the Art classes for extra cash but - I study Art History, Theory, and Criticism at the School of the Art Institute - which engages the history of art and design across the globe as informed by contemporary theories and practices - Sorry, you probably know what that means.

GRISELDA \*

(Nope. She didn't)

-- \*

REBECCA LYNN \*

He's introduced me to some of the most amazing people - taken me to extraordinary place. He was good for me. Wasn't good for me to fall in love with him, I know that - but he's been good to me. I'm not a victim.

GRISELDA \*

Of course not.

REBECCA LYNN \*

I'm gonna miss the sex too.

GRISELDA \*

(clears her throat)

Right. \*

Griselda begins to cry.

GRISELDA \*

What I did. I was wrong. It was mean.

REBECCA LYNN \*

Yeah. \*

GRISELDA \*

-- \*

REBECCA LYNN  
Better I find out now, right? Instead of five years down the road.

GRISELDA  
It wouldn't have went on for five years - but yeah. I get your point.

REBECCA LYNN  
I'm not upset with you. I understand why you lashed out at me.

GRISELDA  
You think so?

REBECCA LYNN  
Yeah. It's hard being a the strong person all the time. The bigger person - the one that forgives first - ask for less - loves the hardest - and feels the most... But nobody seems to hear you when you talk.

GRISELDA  
People don't appreciate the delicate - I do. You seem delicate.

REBECCA LYNN  
I'm okay. Really I am.

GRISELDA  
I think... I think maybe- Maybe I'm not so strong. Maybe I'm just scared.

REBECCA LYNN  
Scared of what?

GRISELDA  
I don't know - myself - for Wolf - us - life.

REBECCA LYNN  
--

GRISELDA  
--

REBECCA LYNN  
You ever listen to Deepok Chopra.

GRISELDA  
(laughs)  
No. Definitely not.

REBECCA LYNN  
No?

GRISELDA

No. Between him, Oprah and Suzie Orman. They'd probably tell me to move to Colorado and get an assisted suicide.

REBECCA LYNN

I know that's meant to be funny. But I don't think it is.

GRISELDA

No. I guess it's not.

REBECCA LYNN

Thing is... when I'm feeling down or - afraid - I listen to his - "Deepak Chopra's "Soul of healing affirmations" and I know self help books - and all that stuff - gets old and repetitive but... He makes it so easy. He says things like um'. "A. *Is for Acceptance - Today I will accept myself-just as I am. Today - I will remind myself-that I am a beautiful person.*"

Rebecca Lynn watches Griselda a moment to see if her words are landing. They are. She speaks them with the kindness and gentleness of a loving friend - they drift off her tongue in a meditative, relaxing reverb and touch within like the tenderness of a mothers hug. They are-an overwhelming gift.

*Or um'.... "C. Is for compassion. I will see a stranger today through the eyes of compassion. I will remind myself that this stranger has parents and people who love them, just like me. I will remind myself that this stranger has moments of joy, just like me I will remind myself that this stranger has moments of anguish and suffering, just like me. Through the eyes of compassion I will know this stranger not as a stranger anymore but as a living soul. Just-like-me.*

GRISELDA

That's beautiful.

REBECCA LYNN

It is. And it's just about the simplest way to heal yourself with daily affirmations. That's what I love about it. You're not afraid of healing are you?

GRISELDA

--

REBECCA LYNN

Well... You know what some philosopher said years and years ago?



GRISELDA

No.

REBECCA LYNN

The first step to solving a problem is admitting you have one. (They share in a laugh)  
Here - Put your number in my phone (hands Griselda her mobile) I'm going to send you a playlist. Promise me you'll listen. You promise?

GRISELDA

I'll listen.

REBECCA LYNN

No you have to promise.

GRISELDA

(laughs)

I promise.

REBECCA LYNN

---

GRISELDA

I will. I promise. I'll listen. Thank you.  
For being so nice - In spite of.

REBECCA LYNN

Of course. It's okay. I'll get over Ted - eventually. My mother says I'm too fickle for anything to last too long anyway. I love them all. I usually just fall out of love with them, first. At least now I know how it feels.

GRISELDA

Yeah.

REBECCA LYNN

Can I be honest? It's just... and please don't take this the wrong way but... Wolf... he so nice... but he made me feel so sad. I mean, I love Ted, I do. He's a great guy and a really brilliant Artist. He's funny and unpredictable and he's a really good lover...

GRISELDA

Yeah, okay...

REBECCA LYNN

No. I mean - *really* good. So *sweet* and *gentle* and yet he can be really *passionate* - and *unpredictable* -

GRISELDA

Right. Yep. Got it. You can stop. I mean... I think I get the picture.

REBECCA LYNN

Right. Anyway... I love him - but I didn't think he was in love with me - *only*. I mean, I hoped - one day - maybe... but after what Wolf said tonight. I don't really want to be with anyone that doesn't want to be with me. Wolf made me see that- just now. He makes being loved or being in love sound like it should be something great. A little frightening, but great. I want someone to love me who will stop... and let nothing else matter, if we lost each other. Not forever. But for a time. That's how love should feel. It should stop time when you meet and it should stop time when you part. That sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

GRISELDA

Wolf is --. He's been that way for a long time. Ever since his mother died four years ago. They were pretty close, she and Wolf. Very close. I barley squeezed in between them. She adored him - her only son - and he adored her. Championed ever thing he did. I think it was her love that gave him inspiration to meet the world head on, not mine. She was fearless and that's what she taught him to do and it's how he was when I met him five years ago. Fearless - poetic - beautiful. You think Ted is good, She was an amazing, a sculptor, visual artist, activist. She owned this building. That's how we met Ted. This was her place we moved in it after she died. But you name it. She did it. And she didn't just do it. She did it well, very well. She was like one of those renaissance women with her hand and mind and power and money in everything. And she just knew Wolf would be the next great writer of our time. And she told him that, made him believe that level of greatness existed inside of him. Anything she read of his, she called it "brilliant!" An it was. He's is brilliant. My brilliant, sensitive, beautiful writer. He use to believe it too. But... she got sick. Suddenly - unexpectedly. She was gone inside of four months. We barely got her settled into the hospital before it was all over. That fast. It's hard to watch someone you love deteriorate so rapidly. First their body, then their spirit, the their mind. It was awful.

His parents filed for divorce before she got sick, I mean they've been living apart for years. He's a doctors and she's this sought after artist. They were rarely ever in the same state - so it's no surprise they'd get divorced but Wolf didn't know... He still hasn't forgiven his father. Wont even talk to him. Her death really broke him. An I've been picking up the pieces ever since. I know the old Wolf is in there. I know he'll come back to himself one day. I just... have be patient.

Wolf is still seated on the couch. He has found his cigarettes. Searched his pockets for a lighter and come up empty. He let's the cigarette hang from his lips as he writes in his journal. Griselda stares out at him. Rebecca Lynn knows it's time she left.

\*  
\*

REBECCA LYNN

\*

I should go.

GRISELDA

Thanks again.

\*

REBECCA LYNN

\*

I'll send you the play list. And remember you promised. Can't be afraid of a little healing.

\*  
\*

They enter the living area and go unnoticed by Wolf. He is completely engaged in his pen to paper.

GRISELDA

I'm not. Who's afraid of Deepak Chopra?

\*

REBECCA LYNN

\*

You are. But you shouldn't be. I won't say it'll change your life but you will learn from it.  
(They hug)Bye, Wolf.

\*

He stops writing.

WOLF

Yeah. Good luck on the Marathon. I'll/watch on tv. See if I see you.

GRISELDA

Yeah. Good luck.

REBECCA LYNN

\*

Cool. Thanks.

-- (Awkward pause. They look at each other. Nothing)  
Okay. Bye.

\*

She exits. Griselda closes the door behind her.

Silence lingers.

Griselda goes to the closet digs deep inside, in fact we lose her whole form for a minute. She emerges with a tub full of lighters. At least a 100. She crosses to Wolf and sets the basket down, heavy, in front of him. He looks to her.

GRISELDA

I keep hiding your lighters because I don't want you to smoke. I've been steeling them from you for the past 2 years and pretending not to know that you're smoking again. I can smell it on you - even when you think you've totally washed it away. Your mother died of lung cancer, so I hide your lighters and I steel two or three cigarettes every time you open a pack And I also really love kissing you but I don't like the taste of cigarettes on your tongue.

\*  
\*  
\*

WOLF

(looks in the tub)  
That's a lot of lighters.

GRISELDA

Will you quit smoking for me?

\*

WOLF

No. But I will try to quit smoking for me.

GRISELDA

Thank you.

WOLF

I'm very upset with you.

GRISELDA

I know. I deserve it and I'm sorry. Very.

\*

WOLF

What if I can't forgive you?

GRISELDA

We'll cross that bridge when we get to it.

WOLF

Ted's probably going to need to move. His lease is up next month.

GRISELDA

I think that's a good idea. He's got plenty of money.

\*

WOLF

He owns a place in New York, I think.

\*  
\*

GRISELDA

He'll be fine.

\*  
\*

WOLF

Yeah.

\*  
\*

GRISELDA

You have to go and see your father and hear your mothers Will. It's time to start healing.

\*  
\*

WOLF

I agree.

GRISELDA

I'll go with you to the reading on Monday, if you want me too but you will have to ask me to go. I won't assume anymore and I won't invite myself.

SILENCE

WOLF

Will you go with me? I want you too. \*

GRISELDA

(Anything for you. Relieved he wants her with him)

Yes. Of course.

WOLF

Will you stop trying to save me ... I know it hasn't been easy for you and I'm sorry for that but you have to let me save myself? Can you do that.

SILENCE

GRISELDA

Yes. It won't be easy to break a bad habit. But will. \*

WOLF

I miss watching you dance. I miss how happy it made you.

GRISELDA

I miss reading your short stories and poems and articles and rants. I love your writing. \*

WOLF

Will you dance for me?

This is truly painful for Griselda. She misses dancing so much but she's afraid to be average when she was so talented.

GRISELDA

I'll dance with you, if that's okay.

WOLF

I'll take it.

--

We should probably see a real couples therapist... and maybe I should talk to... a grief counselor. \*

GRISELDA

Do you want to stay a couple.





## EXTRA INFO

**Body integrity identity disorder (BIID, also referred to as amputee identity disorder)[1] is a psychological disorder in which an otherwise healthy individual feels that they are meant to be disabled.[2][3][4][5] "Transability", an almost identical disorder, is medically recognized by the American Psychiatric Association's DSM-5, but BIID is not. BIID is related to xenomelia, "the dysphoric feeling that one or more limbs of one's body do not belong to one's self".[6]**

BIID is typically accompanied by the desire to amputate one or more healthy limbs. It also includes the desire for other forms of disability, as in the case of a woman who intentionally blinded herself.[2] BIID can be associated with apotemnophilia, sexual arousal based on the image of one's self as an amputee. The cause of BIID is unknown. One hypothesis states that it results from a neurological failing of the brain's inner body mapping function (located in the right parietal lobe) to incorporate the affected limb in its understanding of the body's physical form.[citation needed]

**Sufferers of BIID are uncomfortable with a part of their body, such as a limb, and feel confident that removing or disabling this part of their body will relieve their discomfort. Sufferers may have intense feelings of envy toward amputees. They may pretend that they are an amputee, both in public and in private. Sufferers experience the above symptoms as being strange and unnatural. They may try to injure themselves to require the amputation of that limb. They are generally ashamed of their thoughts and may try to hide them from others, including therapists and health care professionals.[citation needed]**

The majority of BIID sufferers are white middle-aged males, although this discrepancy may not be nearly as large as previously thought.[7] The most common[clarification needed] request is an above-the-knee amputation of the left leg, but it may also involve the arms, manifest itself as a need for paralysis, or even involve the senses, such as hearing or vision.

A sexual motivation for being or looking like an amputee is called apotemnophilia.[8][9] In addition, apotemnophilia should not be mistaken for acrotomophilia, which describes a person who is sexually attracted to other people who are already missing limbs.[10] However, many of the people who experience one also experience the other.[11]

Ethical considerations[edit]

The idea of medically amputating a BIID sufferer's undesired limb is highly controversial. Some support amputation for patients with BIID that cannot be treated through



