

INTERLOCUS

SCENE 1

Midday. A city street. A rainstorm. Controlled chaos. Disconnected people and things. Time passes. SAMANTHA enters crossing the street. She carries an instrument in its case. Something occurs to her. A small blink of lightning--but no thunder. SAMANTHA stops in the middle of the crosswalk. Everything stops around her. She gets out her instrument and begins to play and hum a song. At this point in the story, her song is not complete and SAMANTHA is trying to figure it out. Throughout the following monologue, she strums, hums, and quietly tries to figure out the song. After a beat, on another part of the stage is an empty cathedral. We hear the rain from the storm on this side of the stage, pouring on the roof. Candlelight and shadows. There is a labyrinth. A quiet knock on the door. A slightly louder knock. A frantic, quick, aggressive knock. The door opens seemingly its own. CRAIG stumbles in and talks to his own perception of God. SAMANTHA and CRAIG are in different scenes at the same time.

CRAIG. God damn, it's one helluva storm out there. Oh shit, sorry... Shoot darn, it's one helluva storm out there. Thanks for letting me in, or being open, or whatever. *(He sets up a spot to sleep with whatever he has in his backpack while he talks.)* Y'know, I was sitting outside this little café today and I thought of you. Really. I started the day off with a 7 mile walk and when I finally got to this little pit stop just outside of town, I sat down to rest on a bench. While I was sitting there in the rain. I figured it wasn't so bad, it was almost comforting. Spring rain, y'know. But then the mist turned into a downpour, fucking Oregon. After walking 7 miles? I just wanted to rest! So, I ran inside to a bathroom, which smelled like shit, but at least it was dry, and tried to take a nap. After oh, I don't know, fifteen minutes, I wake up to a loud banging on the bathroom door, someone shouting at me to "get the fuck out." I managed to get away with only a few bruises. At this point, the rain had lightened up. So I said "look on the bright side, Craig. All is well." Bright side only lasted so long though, because something like one mile later, the rain turned back into a downpour. Wet and hungry, I make it to southeast where I can lay under a bridge. It's so nice to live in a city where there's all these bridges. Another bright side thing. Anyway, after about an hour, I get back up to look for food, and end up outside a local coffee shop that's closing soon. Maybe they'll toss some of their leftover pastries my way. At this point, I look like a cat that just took a bath against its will and ran out of the bathroom when it was over, so I can't go inside. But I think, "What the heck, maybe they're nice people." So I sit down

on the curb and wait a while. An hour passes and I'm just about to give up and go sit outside a fast food place when this little kid and their dad come out of the cafe with a box that they can't close because it's full of pastries and snacks. The good shit, you know, like jerky and nut bars and protein crackers, but also pastries and a cup of hot water. The kid just looks at me for a moment, then smiles and holds out the box. I look up at the adult with the kid and they smile a little and nod, and I accept the box. Then he just waves and leaves. I almost gave up, I almost left, but then that happened. That's why I thought of you. *(He approaches a labyrinth with reverence. SAMANTHA puts away her instrument and a distant, roll of thunder is heard. Craig moves through the Labyrinth. SAMANTHA exits. Memories play. A woman's Laughter. Happiness. A storm. Thunder. Car wheels screech. A crash. Sirens. A heart monitor. The sounds fade. CRAIG, at the center of the labyrinth, breaks down. The rain outside gets louder. Time passes.)*

SCENE 2

The same night. A club called "Stars." It is crowded and chaotic. A chant for "shots!" Cheering. Chaos increases. Another chant for "shots!" Cheering. Chaos increases. Another round of shots. Cheering. SAMANTHA and ETHAN pull out of the crowd.

SAMANTHA. *(simultaneously)* STOP!

ETHAN. *(simultaneously)* STOP! *(A lighting flash. Everything freezes. SAMANTHA and ETHAN are the only ones who can move. At first they don't notice each other, and then when they do, it is startling, exciting, and scary.)*

ETHAN & SAMANTHA. HEY! WHO ARE YOU?

SAMANTHA. Who are you?

ETHAN. Who are you?

SAMANTHA. I asked you first.

ETHAN. We asked at the same time. *(They enter in a sort of dance of caution and investigation, each one trying to see, understand, or get closer to the other, but also trying to stay away, protect against, and hide from the other.)*

ETHAN & SAMANTHA. How did you—

SAMANTHA. —step out of time?

ETHAN. —get here?

SAMANTHA. I—

ETHAN. You—

SAMANTHA. —haven't—

ETHAN. —are—

SAMANTHA. —ever—

ETHAN. –the first–

SAMANTHA. –met someone who– *(they both stop interrupting each other)*

SAMANTHA. Samantha.

ETHAN. Ethan. *(They silently agree upon a small truce in movement. A few beats.)*

SAMANTHA. I've never met someone else who could do this.

ETHAN. Me neither. *(Another few beats.)*

SAMANTHA. This is my space.

ETHAN. Apparently it's not.

SAMANTHA. Well it can't be both our space. *(Beat.)*

ETHAN. I've been able to since I was six.

SAMANTHA. Damn.

ETHAN. What?

SAMANTHA. Since I was eight.

ETHAN. So technically, it's my space.

SAMANTHA. Shut up, no it's not. It's both our space. *(Beat.)* I'm just used to being here alone.

ETHAN. Me too.

SAMANTHA. I don't know what to do.

ETHAN. Neither do I.

SAMANTHA. You could go back.

ETHAN. *You* could go back. *(Beat.)*

SAMANTHA. I always thought I was the only one.

ETHAN. Me too.

SAMANTHA. I come to these places to be around people...

ETHAN. I come here to feel connected...

SAMANTHA. ...but I find myself often stepping out because...

SAMANTHA & ETHAN. ...I actually end up feeling *disconnected*. *(Beat.)*

SAMANTHA. What do you want to be connected to?

ETHAN. Anything. To someone else. The bigger picture. You?

SAMANTHA. I don't know. *(Beat. Somewhere else, we see lights up on CRAIG. He is reading a very important letter, something he's been holding onto for some time; he is unaware of ETHAN and SAMANTHA. They are in different scenes at the same time.)*

ETHAN. At least when I'm outside of time, I feel connected to the universe or whatever.

SAMANTHA. Interlocus.

ETHAN. Huh?

SAMANTHA. What we can do, it's called Interlocus. It means "between space." *(CRAIG looks up, as if to God, for help.)*

ETHAN. I didn't know it had a name.

SAMANTHA. You into theories about time travel?

ETHAN. I studied philosophy in college. Does that count?

SAMANTHA. Eh.

ETHAN. Did you go to college?

SAMANTHA. Yeah, I studied visual arts.

ETHAN. Paint? (*CRAIG shakes his head and paces. SAMANTHA also shakes her head in response to ETHAN.*) Acrylic? (*Shakes her head.*) Lisa Frank? (*She scowls at him.*)

SAMANTHA. Pottery.

ETHAN. Pottery, of course. (*Beat. CRAIG stops and looks at the letter again.*) Have you ever seen that movie where they... you know... (*he makes a hand motion like the scene from "Ghost" with Patrick Swayze and Demi Moore, maybe he hums "Unchained Melody" for a moment.*)

SAMANTHA. *Why does everyone ask me that?* Yes, I've seen the only movie that has a weird sexual pottery scene in it with Whoopi Goldberg. I'm pretty sure if you googled "weird sexual pottery scene, it would pull that up. God. (*They laugh. CRAIG decides and puts it in the envelope.*)

ETHAN. Thirty minutes the limit for you?

SAMANTHA. Five.

ETHAN. No shit.

SAMANTHA. Yes shit.

ETHAN. Well, I'm glad I met you.

SAMANTHA. Why? So you could picture yourself making pottery with me?

ETHAN. I guess for the first time in a long time... I felt – connected.

SAMANTHA. Oh. Well, you're welcome. (*CRAIG holds the letter close to his heart and lights go down on him. A thunder clap. Everyone unfreezes. It is crowded and chaotic. A chant for "shots!" Cheering. ETHAN and SAMANTHA separate. She forgets and disappears in the crowd. ETHAN looks for her. Time passes.*)

SCENE 3

A week later. A city street. Controlled chaos. No one is connected. Time passes. SAMANTHA crosses the street, distracted. She carries an instrument. ETHAN comes from the other direction, listening to music. SAMANTHA doesn't notice him. A strong gust of wind. Her hat blows on the ground. ETHAN sees it and picks it up. SAMANTHA goes after it. During the following conversation, a walk-sign counts down.

ETHAN. This yours?

SAMANTHA. Yes, thank you!

ETHAN. (*recognizing her*) Hey!