

Remember The Way...

Or,

*The Last Bacchanal for the Dead Poets of Windy Hill High
School*

*A Perpetual Work in Progress
(In other words, a new play in one act)*

Characters (To be played by a diverse group of young actors)

SKIP - Male, 20s. The leader of the pack. The grand philosopher. Arguably, the most pretentious, but passionate and wild. He is determined to keep the group together, even though their spot is being taken away. The most attached to the spot. The most attached to the friends. Big questions, no answers.

CARLA - Female, 20s. The wild child. The actress. Cigarettes and sex. She seeks adventure. Provocative, daring, wants someone to sweep her off her feet and drive off into the sunset on a motorcycle, but she wants to drive. Maybe she's a little confused about what she wants entirely - she just knows she doesn't have it yet.

RORY - Male, 20s. The realist. Quiet and thoughtful, but never moody - just practical.

WILLA - Female, 20s. The sweet one. Really just good. Really modest. Probably the only member of the group that will be able to buy a house one day. She doesn't lack ambition but possesses contentment. A dreamer. A glass half full type. Relentlessly positive. A dreamer.

MEHR - Female, 20s. The real poet. The playwright. In other words, she wrote this play.

JOE - Male, 20s. The one of these is not like the other. Once upon a time, he was Carla's black knight in leather. Now, he's an accountant in wool. The type of person who would wear a sweater vest over khakis. He's changed. He "understands" adulthood.

Setting: The middle of the woods.

In darkness. A voiceover. (Note- if the genders of the characters are changed, feel free to edit the descriptions in MEHR's line. There can also be some degree of changes made to fit interpretations of the various characters— however, such character changes must be approved by the playwright.)

MEHR

Okay, let's start with the characters. This part should be easy. (Clears throat) SKIP - Male, 20s. The leader of the pack. The grand philosopher. Arguably, the most pretentious, but passionate and wild. He is determined to keep the group together, even though their spot is being taken away. The most attached to the spot. The most attached to the friends. Big questions, no answers. CARLA - Female, 20s. The wild child. The actress. Cigarettes and sex. She seeks adventure. Provocative, daring, wants someone to sweep her off her feet and drive off into the sunset on a

motorcycle, but she wants to drive. Maybe she's a little confused about what she wants entirely - she just knows she doesn't have it yet. RORY - Male, 20s. The realist. Quiet and thoughtful, but never moody - just practical. WILLA - Female, 20s. The sweet one. Really just good. Really modest. Probably the only member of our little group that will be able to buy a house one day. She doesn't lack ambition but possesses contentment. A dreamer. A glass half full type. Relentlessly positive. A dreamer. MEHR - Female, 20s. The real poet. The playwright. In other words, she wrote this play. JOE - Male, 20s. The one of these is not like the other. Once upon a time, he was Carla's black knight in leather. Now, he's an accountant in wool. The type of person who would wear a sweater vest over khakis. He's changed. He "understands" adulthood. Setting: Between worlds. But literally, the middle of the woods. Characters begin in darkness, with Skip carrying a lantern (of course) even though this definitely takes place after iPhones with ashlights were invented.

SKIP

I think I see the spot.

MEHR

Actors enter.

(They do, or at least, SKIP, leading the pack, enters with RORY, WILLA, CARLA, and MEHR following behind. They are still in darkness - the only light on stage is SKIP's lantern.)

RORY

Are you sure we went the right way?

SKIP

Don't worry, Hansel, I remembered the breadcrumbs.

RORY

You do realize in the end of that story the kids are eaten by an evil witch, right?

CARLA

Hey! Don't talk about Skip's mother that way!

SKIP

Very funny, Carla.

WILLA

We're here!

MEHR

Lights up!

Lights up. We see five of the six friends standing in a clump around or within a circle of stones in the middle of the woods where a bonfire might be lit. SKIP strikes a match and lights a fire in the pit, and the play begins.

CARLA

Ugh, the spot. It's been so long since I've been to the spot.

MEHR

Spot. Spot, spot spot. Spotspotspotspot. Ha! What an odd word. What a benign descriptor for this beautiful picture. What a...

WILLA

You and your rhymes. You live and breathe on words. If we were in the desert, throats parched, we'd all beg for water - and you, my dear Mehr, would beg for a dictionary.

MEHR

What can I say? I can no other answer make —

RORY

— But thanks, and thanks, and ever thanks.

All laugh.

MEHR

How do you always manage to pluck the words right from the tip of my tongue?

RORY

Maybe because those aren't your words, but the Bard's.

WILLA

We used to say you'd be the new Bard, the Bardess.

CARLA

Oh, remember that?

MEHR

I remember. Still working on it. I'm actually working on a new manuscript.

CARLA

Oh, do tell.

MEHR

It's called, "A Wannabe Poet Named Mehr Searches for Inspiration at a Four Year Liberal Arts College (semicolon) Surrounded by the Most Vapid and Lackluster Intellectuals in America and Beyond." It's a work in progress.

**read the semicolon.*

RORY

Aren't we all.

CARLA

Does it need that semicolon?

SKIP

Don't worry, Mehr. Tonight we aren't thinking about deadlines, lifelines, beelines — we're going to light a fire and pray at this altar we christened in our sweet, innocent youth—

CARLA

Innocent? Skip, let's be honest—

SKIP

Naive then. We are going to remember the bacchanalian ragers we once had between these trees, around this carefully set pit of stones which by some miracle still stands, and we are going to make one last bought of memories before the Armageddon.

WILLA

I wouldn't exactly call the construction of a new office park and mall Armageddon.

SKIP

Willa. It is the end of days. I hear the hooves of the four horsemen. It is corporate America rising up to steal the land the poets have claimed!

CARLA

Let's keep our panties on, or they'll call us dramatic—

SKIP

Dramatic? I'm pragmatic! I'm taking these destructions in stride. If they want to bulldoze my woods and build a new Forever 21 and some cubicles, so be it. There are plenty of woods I haven't explored yet.

RORY

But still, those new woods will be investigated individually - alone. So we will take this last night, and celebrate this home one last time - till the sun rises and we must clear out for the orange vests.

CARLA

Ugh. Orange. What an unsightly color. Fitting for an unsightly endeavor.

WILLA

I like orange. Sunrise. Sunset.

MEHR

Guess the musical!

RORY

Fiddler on the Roof!

CARLA

Fiddler on the roof? I hardly know her!

MEHR

Dirty mind!

CARLA

Only fitting for my dirty hands.

RORY

I hope you're not the one cooking.

SKIP

We'll leave that to Willa, resident housewife.

MEHR

How 1950s of you.

SKIP

She's domestic! What can I say?

CARLA

Misogyny, sodomy, entropy — New Years Resolution.

It's July. RORY

Never too late! MEHR

Wait. WILLA

What? CARLA

Is the resolution to do more or less of those things? WILLA

Player's choice. CARLA

Carla, you never make any sense. WILLA

SKIP

You always make entirely too much sense! Where's the suspense! The enigma! The secret... I'm trying to figure out a secret.

MEHR

And what is that secret?

SKIP

Why are we here?

WILLA

In the woods? You sent out a Facebook invitation.

SKIP

No, Willa, not here, literally. Here, metaphysically.

RORY

You and every philosopher since the Phoenicians.

SKIP

But I am determined to be the one to solve the mystery.

Or die trying. CARLA

That too. SKIP

Well, in the meantime, what's the plan, oh wise philosopher? CARLA

Drinking? RORY

Sex. CARLA

Reading. MEHR

Smoking. CARLA

WILLA

Love.

MEHR AND RORY

Paying taxes.

SKIP

All of the above?

CARLA

Oh, the specific! Come on, you remember drama club! What is your objective? Specify!

SKIP

Can't my objective be universal?

ALL (EXCEPT SKIP)

Every character wants to be understood.

CARLA

Too easy.

SKIP

Fine then. Until I find the answer, I'll take my useless philosophy degree and go back to school to find something that will actually put change in my pocket, or at least pay my rent on my shitty studio apartment.

RORY

In Brooklyn?

SKIP

In Queens.

All shudder.

WILLA

It could be worse.

SKIP

How?

RORY

You could be across the turnpike, like Joe.

SKIP

In Jersey? I'd rather go six feet under!

RORY

America's real armpit.

MEHR

Spoiled. Sensationalist. Anarchist! Philosophy degree from a college with no name. Quite the resume you've got.

SKIP

As long as I can put a crust of stale bread on the table—

RORY

— If you can afford a table at all—

SKIP

I'll still be smiling into my Aristotle.

CARLA

Ah, the Poetics.

MEHR

I propose a new title. The pathetics.

RORY

Is that your new screenplay about us?

MEHR

Yup. So bad, it's Direct to DVD.

CARLA

Only fitting for a lot like us!

All laugh. JOE enters.

JOE

Hey, um, hey guys. Sorry it took me so long - I forgot the way.

MEHR

Joe enters! Beat change!

All laugh.

WILLA

Joe! I missed you! (Attacks him in an overzealous bear hug).

RORY

Joe! Wearing the ugliest sweater I have ever seen!

CARLA

Joe! Skip, you didn't tell me you invited dear old Joe. Joe. Wow. You're here. Hm.

SKIP

(Following a slight awkward pause) Joe! You're here, so now the real festivities may begin!

JOE

Festivities? I thought we were just sharing beers...

CARLA

You always did have the worst taste. It's ne dining tonight at Chez Spot.

MEHR

We're pouring rosé.

RORY

And eventually, gin and tonics.

WILLA

And the menu is white table cloth.

SKIP

This restaurant is a naturalistic setting.

CARLA

We even have developed our own perfume. Eau de Eucalyptus and Firewood.

RORY

Oh, I detect notes of oak and... construction equipment gasoline?

SKIP

I give it 5 stars. I would give it 6 if the Times would let me, but they never print glowing reviews.

WILLA

Our first Michelin star!

CARLA

Without even cooking a bite!

All collapse in laughter except for JOE.

JOE

Uh, aha. I, um, I don't get it.

They stare at him blankly.

CARLA

Well, there's nothing to get.

Silence. Uncomfortable, awful silence.

SKIP

Sorry, Joe. We don't mean to be so bawdy. You know old habits die hard.

MEHR

With Bruce Willis!

RORY

My favorite bald white guy.

CARLA

Besides, of course, Stephen Sondheim

All cross themselves.

JOE

Oh, sorry, I haven't watched much TV since I've been in school.

Again, they stare at him blankly.

SKIP

Joe, my dear friend, my pal. What has gotten into you?

RORY

Too much wool clogging your ears?

MEHR

I knew those sweater vests I saw on your instagram were dulling your senses...

SKIP

But how could you forget about our blessed father?

MEHR

The creator of the greatest stories?

SKIP

All of our memories? Stuck together, sophomore year in a high school production of Sweeney Todd...

WILLA

I forgot to tell you, I played Dot last year in Sunday at school.

MEHR

I saw the photos, you looked magnificent, darling.

WILLA

Thank you dear. But it would have been better with the love of you.

RORY

We wouldn't have even met had it not been for our old pal Steve.

SKIP

We would be mere tumbleweeds on the great, barren, cinder block expanse of Windy Hill High School.

MEHR

Just a lonely blip on the binary code of time.

RORY

Nonbinary! This the 21st century!

MEHR

Good catch, dear friend, I'd never intended to o end...

WILLA

The Bardess, back at it!

JOE

Oh, right, now I remember, high school theatre...

SKIP

Do you recall when Mr. Sandville failed Mehr on her incredible essay on the barbaric practices of football and how it leads to serious brain damage in players—

RORY

— Ah, so ahead of her time—

SKIP

So we snuck into the computer lab and printed it in the school newspapers that week!

WILLA

Oh, yeah, that was your idea, Joe!

JOE

Yeah, yeah I guess it was.

SKIP

You were such a rebel!

MEHR

A vigilante.

Like Arrow!

WILLA

Or Dexter!

MEHR

Or someone more impressive!

RORY

Or someone I recognize!

JOE

Now you dress in corduroy. I hardly recognize the argyle-wearing accountant in front of me.

SKIP

Still the same old Joe under all of those layers of khaki, I can tell.

WILLA

SKIP

What sort of raucous adventures do you have planned for us, old Joe my boy?

JOE

Oh, guys, really...

RORY

Wait. Let me guess. Let's streak through the Kroger naked!

SKIP

Let's light a bonfire on the football field with our old yearbooks!

CARLA

Let's drive up and down main street singing the Unabomber's Manifesto to the tune of Greensleeves!

WILLA

Let's write letters to our old hookups and put them in their mailboxes— on three!

MEHR

Let's key Ms. Abernathy's car as retribution for when she suspended me after she caught me smoking with Danny Moskowitz!

JOE

Guys!

WILLA

Can we carve hearts in? Sort of a bittersweet punishment.

JOE

Guys...

MEHR

We don't want it to look too nice. That old bat is going to feel my wrath!
But perhaps in the form of keyed hearts on her mint green Prius.

RORY

Of course Ms. Abernathy drives a mint green Prius.

JOE

GUYS!

SKIP

What?

JOE

Guys, I... I really just thought we were going to knock back some beers and chat. I didn't think we were going to be up to the old tricks.

SKIP

Oh.

JOE

Yeah. To tell you the truth, I thought we'd all... grown out of that.

Silence.

CARLA

Huh. Grown out of it.

JOE

Yeah.

SKIP

Oh no.

CARLA

So, what? We're just a bunch of children to you, is that it?

WILLA

Carla.

CARLA

No, I want to know! You think you're so much better than us because you have a degree in business?

RORY

C'mon, guys, let's not start o the evening with another infamous Carla-vs-Joe battle.

JOE

Yeah, Carla, don't be childish.

CARLA

Oh, look at me, I'm Joe Parrish! I used to be a cool, individual person, and now, I'm just your average carbon copy from the Northeast Coastal Elite! I

know how to use Excel! I can le my own taxes without TurboTax! I wear socks with the same argyle print as my J. Crew sweater! I'm so much better than all of my friends, they're just a bunch of... liberal arts majors!

MEHR

Carla. Uncalled for.

CARLA

I want to hear what Joe has to say to that. Joe?

Silence.

Well?

JOE

Fine, Carla. You know what? I will tell you what I think. I think you all are the most pretentious people I've ever met. I think you're all stuck in high school. I think I might've accidentally stumbled into an alternate universe in which people talk like Shakespearean characters. I think that you all are a little out of fucking touch with reality.

CARLA

Lay it on us. I dare you. Expose us, oh wise Mr. Wall Street. Start with me!
Better yet, save me for last. Start with Mehr!

SKIP

Carla, we don't want to do this.

WILLA

Carla, please don't goad him on—

CARLA

No! I want to hear it. I give you full permission. Mehr, write this down, this could be great material for your next play.

MEHR

Carla, stop this.

CARLA

Don't you fucking tell me what to do! Tell us what you think of us. I want to hear all of your dirty little secrets. All the rotten things you used to whisper in my ear.

JOE

Carla!

CARLA

Do it! I fucking dare you.

Silence.

I knew you wouldn't. Wuss.

JOE

(Deep breath) All right. You want the honest truth? Fine. Mehr, your rhymes are not charming or interesting. You're not going to pay your rent making obscure references and and self-deprecating jokes about your writing career. You want to make money? Put pen to paper and actually write something for once, for fucks sake.

MEHR

The creative process doesn't always work like that—

JOE

Don't tell me about the creative process! Cut the shit. You know what's the actual creative process? Doing some real work for once in your life instead

of complaining all the time. And Rory! Why are you always ruining everything? Either you're killing a joke or blending in with the wall. I dare you to come up with an original and even remotely useful contribution to the conversation. I fucking dare you.

RORY

Thanks, Joe. How about this? You're being a dickhead. Shut the fuck up. Is that useful enough?

JOE

I'm not done yet. I'm just getting started. Willa! Stop pretending like everything's okay when it's not! You're so relentlessly positive you're like a fucking robot. How about you try being a real person.

WILLA

I— I, um...

JOE

Can't even retaliate. Figures. And Skip. Why did you even bring us here? We haven't spoken in four fucking years. You're just an insecure fake philosopher who has run out of people to annoy with your impossible to understand soliloquies, so now you're recycling. None of us even care

about this stupid fucking spot! None of you even care about anything but yourselves!

SKIP

Wow. Okay.

MEHR

Nice one, Joe. Why don't you kick his dog in the face too while you're at it.

CARLA

No, I think this is great! Go on. You haven't gotten to me yet.

JOE

And you, Carla. God. You used to be so cool. When I was 17, I thought you were so fucking cool because you didn't give a shit about anyone but yourself, and that's neat when you're a child, but we're adults now and you're still so ridiculously jaded. You're 22! Get the fuck over yourself. You're never going to find someone because no one is good enough for the great Carla. You only want people who destroy you. You're such a masochist. Wake up! You're not in high school anymore. There are no Queen Bees in high school.

CARLA

How insulting. I was never a queen bee.

JOE

No, you're right. Because at least people have respect for Queen Bees. Even if they don't like them.

CARLA

Fuck. You. People respect me. People may not like me. But they respect me.

JOE

No, they don't. And you want to know how I know? Because when we were in high school, you gave it up so easily to me that I never had any respect for you!

Silence.

MEHR

Woah.

CARLA

Huh. So that's what you think of me.

RORY

Maybe we should all just... cool it. Okay?

Silence.

SKIP

All right. Fine. Let's just go. This was a stupid idea anyways.

WILLA

Wait.

RORY

Skip, c'mon —

SKIP

No! You're right, Joe. You're absolutely right. We're all garbage. We all put up ridiculous facades to hide the fact that all five of us are extremely fucking insecure. You're right! I'm not a philosopher. I'm a faux-losopher. You know, maybe we don't actually know each other very well. Maybe we wouldn't even be friends if we had met this year instead of in high school, when there were kind of no other options for companionship.

WILLA

Don't say that!

SKIP

Why not? It's true! We've all changed so much. Even the spot is changing. Maybe our friendship lives and dies here. In these woods.

Silence. WILLA wimpers.

MEHR

Willa, don't cry.

SKIP

I'm sorry.

RORY

Willa! *(giving her a hug)*

WILLA

I just, I knew this would happen! This place is too important to us for them to just tear it down!

SKIP

Aw, Willa! You said so yourself, the construction of a new mall and some office buildings isn't the end of the world.

WILLA

But what if it's the end of us? Guys, maybe we have changed over the past few years, and maybe we're different people, and maybe we all have new friends and different degrees and maybe Joe does wear argyle now, but we still had 3 amazing years of friendship in high school. We still had some incredible times right here.

Kneeling, touching the ground, as though it's sacred.

I just can't imagine a world without the spot in it.

RORY

Well, if this were one of Mehr's cheesy memory plays, I'd say "there will always be a spot— in our hearts..."

SKIP

But, you're right, Willa. We all have to accept that by tomorrow at dawn, there will be no more spot.

CARLA

(under her breath) The orange vests are coming, the orange vests are coming!

All laugh lightly.

WILLA

What if no more spot means no more us?

Silence.

CARLA

No. That is so not going to happen. Mehr, you're the playwright. Figure out a new ending to this scene, because our story does not end tonight at 11:30 in the middle of the woods when I'm not wearing a beautiful red dress and riding off on the back of someone's motorcycle.

RORY

Well, Mehr?

MEHR

Okay. Okay. The conflict? Our spot is going away and apparently, none of the main characters believe their friendship is strong enough to last without a physical manifestation of the aforementioned friendship. The protagonists: the friends. The antagonist? Some critics may argue it's Joe—

JOE

Hey!

MEHR

— But I would argue that his surprising and rather out-of-the-blue tirade is the product of an inexperienced writer jumping the gun a little on the climax with what seems to be an attack on the friends but is really just this character's insecurities realizing themselves in the form of hurting others.

JOE

I— what?

CARLA

Relax, Mehr, on the analytical dialogue. If you're not careful, this play will be too meta to be enjoyed.

MEHR

Right. Sorry. In any case, the logical conclusion would be for the friends to agree to stay in better touch, perhaps one friend would bring up the idea of finding a new spot, but that could never work, because the real problem is the characters' lack of confidence in the durability of their friendship. We could add in some really cheesy dialogue for extra avor about how this fight has brought us closer together as friends, or we can agree that that's added in rehearsal and send the script in to the publisher, skipping over the dramatic denouement, and just go grab beers at Sandy's.

SKIP

I vote option 2.

RORY

Seconded.

JOE

Do I even get a vote?

MEHR

Contrary to your belief demonstrated by your lengthy and overdramatized monologue of hatred at us, you are a part of this group, Joe. We're friends. We always will be friends. Even though you have a degree in business.

WILLA

You can't get rid of us that easily.

JOE

I really am sorry guys. Mehr kinda stole my thunder by exposing my insecurities in her plot breakdown, but I guess I just feel a little out of touch with you. I mean, you guys have so much fun! I stare at spreadsheets all day.

WILLA

Well... we know how to fix that.

CARLA

Alcohol!

MEHR

And intense political debates!

RORY

While drunk!

SKIP

So let's get moving! We're probably the only people who even drink at Sandy's any more after the rat they found last summer.

MEHR

What can we say? We're artists! We're cheapskates!

CARLA

We live life on the edge!

RORY

We'll never be able to afford healthcare!

SKIP

Or find a job with benefits!

RORY

Except for maybe Willa and Joe.

MEHR

And when all of our livers fail due to excessive alcohol abuse, they will take care of us.

CARLA

In our ripe old age of 35.

WILLA

Only the good die young.

MEHR

And the better live long enough to take care of them.

JOE

(laughing) It's a deal.

WILLA

Guys.

MEHR

Yes, Willa?

WILLA

I'm really happy we don't need the spot to stay friends.

MEHR

Of course, Willa-armadilla. We got your back.

CARLA

Just like we expect you to have ours when we're old and poor.

All laugh.

SKIP

C'mon, lets roll out. Sandy's closes at 2am, but if we get there before she ips the sign she won't kick us out till sunrise!

They all gather their stuff, CARLA and JOE a little more slowly than the others. CARLA senses that JOE wants to talk. He does, but is nervous to approach her. As everyone starts to drift off, he catches her arm.

JOE

(To CARLA) Hey, hold up.

(To the group, exiting) We'll catch up with you guys in a bit!

All of them hoot and holler in a suggestive way as they exit.

Can we talk for a second?

CARLA

Why not? After all, I'm apparently a masochist, as you so eloquently pointed out earlier.

JOE

Look, about that—

CARLA

It's fine. I get it.

JOE

Get what?

CARLA

You've changed. You're probably going to marry some beautiful, blonde, southern belle-trophy-wife and raise three beautiful Aryan good old' Christian kids on a farm in Kentucky and summer in Florida and winter in Vermont. You want to make sure I won't be hung up on you. Well here's some good news! I won't be.

She starts to walk away.

JOE

Okay first of all, I'm Jewish—

(he catches her wrist)

(she eyes him, and slowly approaches him)

And second of all? I wanted to say I'm sorry.

CARLA

Sorry for what?

JOE

For how shitty I've always been. Carla. You always go for the worst guys. And that wholly includes me. I wish you knew how much better you deserved than the pieces of shit you date.

CARLA

Huh.

JOE

If I could give you the moon, it still wouldn't be enough to repay you for all the crap I've put you through. But I'm going to do my damn best and try.

CARLA

Why?

JOE

What?

CARLA

Why now? Why are you being so nice all of the sudden?

JOE

Because I grew up. Because I stopped being a little shit and got my act together. Because I cleaned up. Because it's the right thing to do.

CARLA

That's all?

JOE

I don't know... and maybe because... maybe I... maybe I want a second chance?

CARLA

A second chance?

JOE

A do-over. A hard reset. Turn back the clocks. Daylight savings time.

CARLA

(Sighs) It's been four years, Joe. And I've changed too. I don't know if this is a good idea...

JOE

I don't deserve it. Believe me, I know. But maybe I could, one day.

Pause. CARLA mulls this over.

Look, I can't be your motorcycle riding black knight anymore. I can't smoke cigarettes behind the math building with you anymore. I can't egg our English teacher's house with you anymore. But I could buy you coffee some time. Or take you out to dinner. Or mow your lawn— for free. It's the least I could do.

Again, a pause as CARLA considers this. JOE is about to give up, when—

CARLA
Coffee. Tuesday.

JOE
(Shocked, but delighted, and somewhat relieved) Really?

CARLA
I'll give it a shot. Not saying it's going anywhere, but I'll try on your argyle sweater for size.

JOE

I'll take it.

CARLA

Okay. Not a yes, or a no, or even a maybe. But a possibility.

JOE

A possibility. That's all I need.

CARLA

Good. Because that's all you're gonna get. That's all we're ever going to get, really.

JOE

Possibility is enough for me.

MEHR

(As a voiceover) Pause. The two of them are caught between worlds- the past, the future, unclear of what the present is or what the future holds. Their past, thick between them like soup, simmers, but slowly fades. They've grown, they understand each other now— which is to say that they understand that they never will quite understand each other. They've

matured enough to learn that try as we might, we cannot make the people we love do exactly what we want, and that is a part of love in and of itself. As they stand, suspended in time in this one quiet moment, they make the mutual agreement to move forward, unbound by weight of past mistakes.

CARLA

We should really catch up with the others.

JOE

Yeah.

They start to exit. CARLA stops suddenly.

CARLA

Thank you.

JOE

For what?

CARLA

For endless possibilities.

They exit upstage together.

MEHR

(Voiceover) Or at least, that's how it should happen. Possibility. That's good for now. Curtain.

Bump to black.

CURTAIN