

Three Story

An exploration of life, told in three unique stages

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Act 1: "21 and Up"8:00pm

EXTERIOR - ODDJOB ENTRANCE

*It's 8pm on a Friday and fans of popular local punk rock band, The Dongle Incident, have already begun forming a line outside 1337 Mission Street. A black velvet rope lines the facade of a seedy, neon-lit speakeasy as a stoic bouncer, SENECA, protects the entrance. She reasons with eager fans.*

SENECA

We'll be open soon-we're just a little behind tonight. It's this new girl; she's always late.

8:05pm

*A shadowy figure in a black and white pin-striped trench coat (PAULY SLICK) walks up and down the outside of the growing line, whispering hard-to-turn-down offers to curious show goers. Meanwhile, two groupies with matching Dongle Incident lunch boxes (BARBIE and VIOLET) gush about the sexy voice of the lead singer, MIKEY.*

8:10pm

*One by one, random objects are carried into the bar. First, an obnoxiously tall ladder...then some plants...someone buried in a ball of lights. These items may be tied to actual projects where these things might be useful.*

8:15pm

*Arriving fashionably late, dressed in velvet and smoking American Spirits, The Dongle Incident pulls up in a black SUV and parks in the middle of the one-way alley street. Like clockwork, they take out a few instruments and saunter up to the front of the line. Cocky Mikey leads the pack.*

SENECA

Hey, I don't care what the name of your band is or how many Modafinil-fueled hours you drove to play our little neck of the woods. You can't park there.

MIKEY

*(putting his cigarette out on the bottom of his Bob Dylan boot)*

Alright, sweetheart—we'll move it.

*Mikey tosses a ring of keys to the guitarist, instructing him to move the van. Shrugging, Seneca unclips a section of the velvet rope, as three of the four members of the band suavely enter the bar.*

8:20pm

*Annoyed by the band's apparent arrogance and the idea of having to wait outside of his go-to watering hole, ADAM, an attractive 30-something bar regular pushes up to the front of the line and approaches Seneca.*

ADAM

*(kindly but sternly)*

Hey, are you going to let us in soon? You were supposed to open fifteen minutes ago.

SENECA

Soon enough!

*Ignoring Adam, Seneca pulls out a clipboard with the schedule and script on it. Intrusively looking over her shoulder, Adam carries on.*

ADAM

*(shyly)*

Ahem...Is...is Flo working tonight?

*Adam awkwardly smooths his slick-backed hair as far as his palm can go before Seneca angrily retorts.*

SENECA

*(rolling eyes)*

Ugh, Flo! She's the reason I'm not letting anyone in. She was supposed to be here almost an hour ago. I'm so sick and tired of her bullshit. I'm not sure why they hired her to begin with, to be honest—clumsy as all hell. Keeps breaking all the champagne glasses....

(*experiencing a change of heart*)  
 You know what? Fuck it. If Flo wants to do a shit job, I will too. Go ahead in; you'll just need to order at the bar.

*Seneca lets about fifteen more people in from the line, instructing others they'll need to wait just a bit longer.*

SENECA  
 (*obviously annoyed*)  
 Cocktail service will begin...well, once our cocktail server decides she wants to get here!

INTERIOR - BAR

8:25pm

*Inside, a nervous bar manager, PHIL, paces back and forth with a finger in her ear, as she tries to make a phone call. After three failed attempts, she leaves a message.*

PHIL  
 (*timidly*)  
 Hey, Flo. This is Phil. (*Looking at watch*)  
 It's...uh....8:28. You were on call for 8 tonight, so I'm just...uh...wondering where you are. If you could call me back when you get this, or just...uh...you know...try to show up as soon as you can, that would be great. (*Slowly and awkwardly*) Again, this is Phil. Okay, thanks, bye!

EXTERIOR - BAR ENTRANCE

8:30pm

*FLO, a classically beautiful but incredibly frazzled 20-something, races up to the bar on a trendy yellow bicycle. She clumsily hops off and walks up to Seneca, tripping on her shoelaces. Heavily panting to catch her breath, she finally speaks.*

FLO  
 Fuck! You will not believe the shit I just went through to get here!

SENECA  
 (*rolling her eyes*)  
 I can only imagi-

First...!

FLO

*Flo carries on, without any concern as to how late she now is. As she tells a wild, highly unpredictable story, she grows more animated and excited. She's speaking a million miles a second, only stopping to catch her breath. Intrigued patrons in line listen in.*

INTERIOR - BAR

*Inside, the band begins to set up their gear and sound check, which Mikey uses as an opportunity to make misguided attempts at connecting with the crowd. He shares overly intimate anecdotes about his colorful sex life in between incomprehensible blabbering aimed at testing the microphone. He may periodically ask for volunteers to do weird things, like pick up his drink, take a photo, or hold a light up to his face to enhance his "good side."*

8:35pm

*Phil can be seen in the background, still trying to get ahold of Flo. After one final failed call, she walks up to JAMIE, Flo's androgynous, overly pierced queer co-worker, cutting lemon wedges at the end of one side of the bar. Hoping to find some common ground over frustration with Flo's tardiness and general apathy, Phil starts nit-picking Flo's recent performance at work. Jamie is sympathetic to Phil but doesn't like gossip and instead tries to focus the conversation onto Phil.*

JAMIE

(apologetically)

I heard you were staying on a friend's couch?...

*Phil is forthcoming but clearly a bit sad about her home life. She speaks to Jamie calmly and slowly,*

*as a teacher would to a bright, young student.*

PHIL

Word travels fast, huh? Well, y'know-you live with someone for long enough, the things you once loved about them become the things you end up resenting them for. It's not their fault. And it's not yours either, really. It's human nature. Over time, as you figure out what you want in life and who you really are, that might not always align with other people in you life. I think the trick is, instead of completely

*About halfway into Phil's monologue, Jamie loses interest and goes to take someone's order at the bar. Phil doesn't seem to notice until the very end, when she turns to Jamie's empty lemon station and lets out a disappointing sigh. Seconds later, she snaps back to reality and remembers that the opening of her bar is being held up by a cocktail server.*

PHIL

*(audibly asking herself)*

Where the hell is-?

*Before she can say her name, Flo has already made a grand entrance, beelining for the bar while tying a black apron to her waist.*

FLO

I'm here! I'm here!

*Phil wants to yell at Flo, but she has a certain positive energy about her that makes it hard for anyone to be mad at her for too long. Instead, Phil grabs a menu from the bar and gets Flo up to speed on the specials for the night.*

PHIL

Alright, so a couple things for tonight...we're expecting a decent crowd since The Dongle Incident is playing and I guess they're hot shit or something...unfortunately, Katrina had to head home early-her new tattoo got infected and she can't raise her arm high enough to carry a serving tray, so it's just you and Jamie on the floor....Oh! Also, we're running low on maraschino cherries, so take it easy on the Shirley Temples. Think you can handle it?

Got it!

FLO

*Flo grabs an empty check booklet and puts a pen behind her ear as Mikey approaches from behind, kissing Flo on the cheek.*

MIKEY  
Hey, babe! I didn't know you worked here.

PHIL  
(*giving up*)  
Of course you two know each other!

Phil finds something to do on the other side of the bar. Flo ignores Phil and focuses her attention on Mikey. It's clear the two have some sort of romantic history.

FLO  
Yeah, I'm just helping out on the weekends since I'm still taking night classes at city college. I probably won't be here very long though, since I'm also volunteering at SPCA in the mornings and, let's face it, I have no place working somewhere that involves balancing breakable items on slippery trays. I really need the work though.

MIKEY  
(*distracted by the other band members getting back to their instruments*)  
Listen, I gotta finish setting up our gear, but what are you doing after this? Some cats want us to play an after-hours thing at Harriet's new digs when we're done here.

FLO  
That sounds great! I'm supposed to be here until a little past 2, but who knows? Maybe I'll get fired before the end of the night.

8:45pm

*After patiently waiting in line for almost an hour, CHRIS STONE, a smart and good looking early 20's man with coke bottle glasses and brand new white Vans slip-ons is finally shown into the bar and seated at a dimly-lit booth.*

Meanwhile, *Flo* serves an *Old Fashioned* to *Adam* at the opposite end of the bar. She knows his order by heart and often uses her keen memory and knowledge of rye whiskeys to her advantage in order to flirt her way to a nice tip.

8:55pm

As *Flo* heads back towards the bar, *Chris* gets up to use the restroom. Distracted by *Mikey's* unusual interludes between songs, she walks right into *Chris*, drenching his prized *Beck* t-shirt. *Flo* immediately apologizes profusely, before recognizing it's her old friend from childhood. The two look into each others eyes for what seems like a little too long.

FLO

(beaming)

Chris!

CHRIS

(shining back)

Hey kid! Do you have a towel?

FLO

(snapping out of her daze)

Oh! Yes! Be right back!

*Flo* grabs two clean bar towels, hands one to *Chris*, and starts helping him dry his shirt with the other.

FLO

What are you doing here?

CHRIS

I heard *The Dungle Incident* was in town and I've been meaning to see them play live for awhile, so thought I'd make the drive. This is a cool spot! I didn't know you worked here.

FLO

(reasoning with herself)

Yeah, that's what everyone says. Mostly because I can't keep a job long enough to tell anybody. I'm really trying my damndest, but it seems like there's always some invisible force of nature that comes in, grabs ahold of my life and just completely takes it in another direction.



CHRIS

I know what you mean.

FLO

Oh yeah? I thought you always had your shit together. At least, that's how it seemed in high school. While the rest of us were struggling to keep our part-time jobs collecting carts in the grocery store's parking lot, you were already publishing your first novel.

CHRIS

*Graphic* novel. And it's not like *The Tale of Tetris* Tom was any New York Times bestseller or anything. And hey! Don't sell yourself short! You were practically already composing music before most of us even knew how to read. Speaking of, have you made anything recently?

FLO

(ashamed)

Ummm...recently? Well, there was the piece I did for my sister's wedding, but, as far as anything I'm proud of...not really. It's been pretty hard finding time when I've been so busy just trying to survive living in the city. Can you believe that \$900 a month won't even get you a window? A window! I mean, a window is pretty much like removing a part of a building, so you'd think it would be even cheaper. The more you remove, the less you pay.

CHRIS

I'm not entirely sure that's how it works.

FLO

I know. I'm just sick of smelling like mezcal and self-pity every night. Speaking of, I should probably get back to work. I'm already on thin ice tonight and-

CHRIS

You definitely do not belong on any ice! I still will never forget the time you fell into that fishing hole in-

FLO

Hey! You know it was a metaphor. And that hole was practically invisible! (pause) Thank you for getting me out of it. You've saved my life more ways than you think.

(curiously)

Are you here with Steph?

CHRIS

Nah, we broke up.

FLO

...I'm sorry.

CHRIS

Don't be. We weren't very compatible. Anyway, she met some dude at a burner party we went to together and decided to move to New York with him to start some alpaca sock company, so...

FLO

(vulnerably)

Did you ever think about what it would have been like if we had dated?

CHRIS

Of course I did. It's not hard to think about. I mean, we spent so much time together as kids, we certainly get along...we like a lot of the same things...I think you're quite possibly the most beautiful, albeit clumsy, person I've ever met.

FLO

(smiling)

Hey! (pause) I think you're pretty great too. Listen, I should get back to work, but what are you doing after this?

CHRIS

I have to head home tonight, unfortunately. I have an early meeting with a possible illustrator for my next comic. But, I'd love to come back here and visit you.

FLO

Well, who knows where I'll be when that happens but...hey, I know this is gonna sound kinda crazy but...

CHRIS

What is it?

FLO

I just...I just don't know if I'll ever meet another person who cares about me the way that you do and-

CHRIS

-I find that hard to believe.

FLO

Anyway, what I'm trying to say is...if I'm still here when I'm thirty and haven't found someone like you...we should...we should, I dunno...get married or

CHRIS

(laughing)

You've never believed in marriage, Flo!

FLO

Yeah, I know. But maybe I will when I'm thirty. That's still nine years from now. Pretty much an eternity!

Ok, deal.

CHRIS

Flo and Chris shake hands and hug, before Flo returns to the bar to serve more patrons. Chris disappears to L2.

9pm

Note: At 9pm, the rooftop and L2 (except for vignettes) secretly open to help with flow and prevent overcrowding the bar.

9:05pm

INTERIOR - GALLERY

After tipping off some patrons about a backstage area, the groupies lead a small group of bar patrons through a secret door on one end of the bar, which opens up to an oddly-located hallway art gallery. Baroque music plays on a gramophone, as JAY, Flo's mom, over-excitedly welcomes the group into the space and attempts to sell them a number of strange items hanging on the walls (framed socks, food and other trinkets from Flo's childhood, each displayed with its own price/description tag).

9:10pm

INTERIOR - BAR

Flo sneaks a shot of Jaegermeister to Mikey onstage, who still hasn't finished setting up. The other members of the band tune their instruments, while Flo and Mikey begin having a flirtatious conversation. The instruments quiet during an important exchange.

FLO

So when do you get back from tour?

MIKEY

Who knows? Could be weeks. Could be months.

FLO

Really? I thought the whole point of a tour was that you had a set of pre-planned shows booked across a stretch of time and space. Do you at least think you'll make it back in time for my birthday?

MIKEY

When is that again?

FLO

Oh, c'mon! June 8th. I've reminded you more than a dozen times. I booked a really nice Airbnb in Santa Cruz. Bernie will be there! I remember you really liking him.

MIKEY

(distracted by something)

Bernie's the dog, right?

FLO

Bernie's my housemate, Mikey! I don't even have a dog. I feel like you're not paying any attention to me.

MIKEY

(matter-of-factly)

You're not wrong! I've just got like four more pedals to hook up and I feel like it's this sound engineer's first night or something—keeps getting my levels wrong. How 'bout this? Once I get everything set up, I'll dedicate a song to you.

FLO

(lighting up)

Yeah? Ok. I'll keep an ear out.

Flo walks off to take care of some customers, as Mikey continues to try to unsnarl a messy ball of audio cables.

INTERIOR - FRONT OF L2

A mysterious sideshow character lures a small group of people upstairs to try their luck at winning something that could allow them to completely change the course of the night. Note that only the front section of L2 is visible and vignettes remain silent until 10pm.

EXTERIOR - BACKYARD

Another group of people are led upstairs, where Flo's dad, MATT, welcomes them to his backyard. A telescope is set out in front of the tents, which he eagerly instructs willing participants to look into so they can see the stars. Upon looking into the telescope, participants are surprised to find a black image with white text instead that reads "You are made of stars." Eventually, Matt climbs into one of the tents.

9:15pm

INTERIOR - BAR

Eager for attention, Flo opens two beers at the bar, then goes to find Adam, the slightly older bar regular who has a crush on her. She sits on his table and drinks a beer with him.

FLO

This one's on me!

ADAM

(surprised)

Oh-uh, really? Thanks, Flo.

They cheers.

FLO

Do you ever wonder if you're actually the only person in life, and everyone else is just an actor, planted there to put you through a series of missions aimed at cutting to the core of what really matters to you most in life?

ADAM

(looking around)

You mean like The Truman Show?

FLO

Kinda. I dunno. I just feel so disconnected from the rest of society that I sometimes get the sense that we exist in two separate worlds. Or like, maybe I'm the actor, and everyone else is watching my every move, wondering when I'm gonna spill a drink on them

ADAM

Alright, now you're just not making any sense, Flo. And as that Shakespeare guy said once, "All the world's a stage," so when it comes down to it, you're not any more an actor than anyone else in this bar. I think maybe you're just a little young, but in a few years when-

FLO

Fuck you! How old are you?

ADAM

Thirty-six.

FLO

Oh. You look good for your age.

ADAM

Hey, I'm not that old!

FLO

(giggles)

I know. I just can't even imagine what I'll be doing when I'm thirty-six.

ADAM

Well...what do you want to be doing now? Cause I'm pretty sure it's not mopping up vomit in a bathroom stall or flirting with lonely thirty-six year old bar regulars.

FLO

Hmm. I guess I haven't really thought about it. I mean, I have. At great lengths. I just don't think I'm in a place in my life where I can *decide* what I'm doing in life. I'm really just trying to pay my rent on time, feed my cat, and try not to get arrested or killed.

ADAM

Well, you can't always control how your life is affected by outside factors. But, if you want something badly enough...

(leaning in with an eyebrow raised,  
almost too suggestively)

...you can usually find a way to make it happen.

FLO

(trying to break the awkward sexual  
tension)

Hey, wanna see a trick?

ADAM

I've seen them all, Flo!

FLO

No, you haven't! I just learned this one.

Flo reaches into her back pocket and pulls out a deck of cards. She shuffles the deck and cuts it a couple times, before fanning it out facedown in front of Adam.

FLO

Here. Pick a card.

Adam takes a second to decide, before grabbing for a card.

FLO

(covering her eyes)

Now...don't show me. Just commit it to memory, then put it back in the deck. Oh, shuffle it too, please.

Flo hands the deck to Adam, then pulls out her phone to send a text while Adam shuffles the deck.

ADAM

(handing deck to Flo)

Ok--there you go!

FLO

Thanks. Alright. I'm going to begin flipping over cards, starting from the top of the deck. Please, don't do anything obvious if you see your card at any point.

Flo takes the deck in her hand and starts slowly turning cards over, one by one, and setting them face up on the table. In between every few cards, she may say things like "Hmmm" or "Interesting." After flipping over Adam's card, she flips over a couple more, before stopping.

FLO

Adam, can I ask you something?

ADAM

(amused)

Sure, Flo!

FLO

Are you a betting man?

ADAM

...Sometimes. I wouldn't say that I have a punch card to the Bellagio or anything, but--

FLO

So, if I were to bet you a drink that the next card I turn over is yours, would you shake on it?

Delighted by the idea that he'll likely win the bet since his card has already been flipped over, Adam quickly agrees.

ADAM

Sure.

FLO

Great.

Flo and Adam shake hands, then Flo quickly breaks, setting down the deck of cards and flipping Adam's card from face up to face down, tricking Adam.

ADAM

Ah. That's a good one Flo.

FLO

Thanks! I'll have a Shirley Temple.

Now a bit smug, Flo goes back to work.

#### EXTERIOR - ROOF

Chris Stone frantically moves around the perimeter of the roof, looking for Flo. After a few minutes, he approaches a couple camping tents set up on astroturf at one end of the roof (Flo's backyard from childhood). A steadily moving light can be seen inside one of the tents, which he assumes is Flo reading a book with a flashlight. He stands there for a moment watching, before reflecting on some moments he and Flo shared growing up. He speaks as if he's talking to Flo, though he knows she can't hear him. This may be paired with projections on the tents.

9:20pm

INTERIOR - GALLERY / L2



Another group of people are led into the gallery by the Groupies, as the sideshow character selects a second group to offer a special opportunity to upstairs. These mobile vignettes may repeat as necessary to help break up flow of people.

9:30pm

It's been an hour since the Dongle Incident started setting up their gear and Mikey, now more drunk and trying to bide time asks the audience if anyone has any special acts they'd like to perform. Adam, eager to impress Flo, raises his hand. Mikey hesitates for a few moments, before inviting Adam up to the stage.

Note: If other audience members raise their hands (and we are good on time), Mikey may call them up before Adam.

MIKEY

Uh...yeah, sure—come on up.

ADAM

(taking out a folded up piece of paper from his pocket)

Ahem...

*Like the calming babble of a brook*

*on a sweet summer's day*

*or the energized focus*

*I strive to slip into*

*as I otherwise wither away*

*thread by thread*

*into the ether*

*you trickle through my subconscious*

*down into my core*

*where only the most emotionally rewarding*

*memories of yesteryear*

*race by volumes of unintelligible pages  
 from books I no longer wish to read again  
 My adoration for you...flows...  
 like a rhyme passing through the diaphragm  
 of a beatboxer  
 before becoming an electrical current  
 pulsating through a microphone cable  
 finally reaching my lips and-*

MIKEY

(grabbing microphone from Adam)

Alright—thank you, Robert Frost, for that beautiful collection of...slightly creepy words. I wish we could hear all of it, but looks like we're finally ready to start.

Defeated, Adam goes back to his seat, while Mikey gets the show started.

MIKEY

Thank you all for your patience while we've worked on getting set up. We're the Dongle Incident and we're really excited to play for you tonight...I wrote this first song while going through a pretty rough patch, and have a really special...

(looking in the direction of Flo, who is standing behind Barbie at the bar)

...person to thank for helping get me through it and keeping me positive. She made a dark period all the much brighter, and I can't wait to share more sunrises with her soon...Barbie, this one goes out to you, baby.

Realizing the song isn't about her, Flo sets down her tray and storms up to the stage to confront Mikey.

FLO

(yelling)

What the fuck, Mikey! I thought you said you were going to dedicate a song to me. Who the fuck is Barbie?!

(to Barbie now)

I'm sorry—who the fuck are you? And what kind of name is Barbie? Were you born without any nipples or something? And why are you carrying a lunch box? This is a bar, not an elementary school cafeteria!

(to Mikey)

You know what? Fuck it—I'm done! You're an untalented asshole with a shitty memory and the stupidest band name; and who the hell takes an entire hour to set up a microphone? Ugh—what am I even doing here? Fuck it! I quit!

Throwing her apron on the ground, Flo storms out of the bar (to L2), taking Adam with her. Mikey, saving face, decides to bail on his band and exits out the front door as Barbie races behind him.

10:00

ACT II: "EXPLORATIONS OF MIND AND  
BODY"

The following scenes will be happening simultaneously on L2 between 10pm - 12am on loop, offering small groups of attendees the opportunity to be brought deeper into Flo's story through different intimate experiences. They'll only be able to access each individual vignette with a key (A.R.G.) or be led in by a character (Paul Slick). Each attendee should be given the opportunity to participate in at least one vignette over the course of the night, while some guests may end up getting through multiple. The stories presented in the vignettes provide additional color to the story of Flo, but are not required for understanding the overall story. Flo will float between the vignettes, occasionally popping in to play her role, while Chris Stone will trail behind looking for her, always a minute too late.

Flo's Kitchen

A kitsch, vintage kitchen with yellow details representing Flo's kitchen from childhood provides guests with a place to gather as they wait to be pulled into experiences. Flo's parents (JAY and MATT) run a repeating loop of interactions, emphasizing and introducing the surrealism of the floor. They may repeat phrases and actions in a glitchy, slow-motion way. Jay will express worry for Flo, foreshadowing the risqué experiences she is having in the vignettes, while Matt will assure her that she is alright.

Flo's role: Flo will pop in to listen to her parents talk about her, answering their questions, responding to their dialogue, but they won't hear her. She eventually gets frustrated and leaves.

Chris's role: Parents are happy to see him, say he just missed Flo but he should sit down and stay for a bit. He wants to leave and chase her but stays out of politeness. There could be something revealed about Flo's past here, either by him or the parents, while they talk.

Puppet show

A mid-2000s teenager's bedroom, littered with band posters (The Cure, etc.) is the backdrop for this vignette. A miniature bed is on one corner of the room, where an androgynous, emo marionette (RASCAL) sits and watches reruns of TRL (Total Request Live) on a boxy

television. They comment on the show and sometimes dances/drums to the music. A gothic cloud in a lacy dress (NIMBUS) operates Nimbus' strings from above. Projections of storm clouds can be seen on Nimbus' large white hat.

#### RASCAL

Man, today sucks. First, Britney beats My Chemical Romance for best video of the week, then Thrice decides to come out with a new single that sounds more like a hyena in heat than an angsty rock anthem. I thought getting suspended from school would be a lot more fun than this.

(looking out window)

At least it's nice and shitty out today, so I don't have to feel bad about never wanting to leave my room again. Ugh!

(to audience)

Have any of you ever been suspended from school before?...It sucks, right? There's nothing to do aside from watching reruns of TRL and posting overhead selfies of my new haircut to Myspace....Maybe I'll get ahead of the curve and start planning my funeral....I can't decide if I want to go with "In Keeping Secrets of Silent Earth" or "Highway to Hell" for the song that plays during the photo slideshow. What do you think? Hmm...I guess I probably have enough photos of me to play them both. I wonder who would even show up to say goodbye to me. Nobody in school likes me...well, except for that one kid in biology class who keeps trying to get our Tamagotchis to have sex. But my parents don't understand me, that's for damn sure. Like, my mom keeps sewing back together the thumb holes I cut into the Jack Skellington hoodie I got from Hot Topic for Christmas; and my dad keeps asking what happens after you blink 182 times. Why won't anyone understand me? I just want to fit in.

Nimbus clicks "play" on a small speaker and an emo song about fitting in plays while Rascal dances to it.

#### Orgy

Flo and her free-spirited new polyamorous friend, Violet, sit closely next to one another in a small, warmly lit room lined with small pillows. There is obvious sexual tension between the two of them but Flo is uncertain how to approach and instead constantly tries to change the subject.

#### VIOLET

You have really pretty eyes!

FLO  
 Uh....thanks! My mom gave them to me.  
 (obviously a little uncomfortable)  
 Did you know that the only cells that survive from the time  
 you're born until death are in your eyes?

VIOLET  
 (putting a piece of Flo's hair behind her  
 ear)  
 Um...no. I did not know-

FLO  
 Oh! And that dolphins sleep with one eye open.

VIOLET  
 Heh-I had an ex who did that.

FLO  
 What about-

VIOLET  
 Flo, you don't need to list off a bunch of random eye facts  
 to impress me. I already really like you.  
 (putting her palm on Flo's cheek)  
 You're really warm.

FLO  
 (trying to change the subject)  
 Did you know that snakes have two sets of eyes? One to see  
 and the other to detect heat and-

BENZINE  
 (busting into room)  
 Molly's really good tonight!

FLO  
 (looking at Violet, then back at Benzine)

Who's Molly?

VIOLET  
 Benzine! I thought I asked you to knock when the door's  
 closed.

BENZINE  
 Sorry-I thought that was more like...a suggestion?

VIOLET  
 (rolling eyes)  
 Flo, do you mind if Benzine joins us?

FLO  
 (still a little uncomfortable)  
 Joins us? Ummm....no, not at all.

VIOLET

Great. Hey Bennie, why don't you come and sit on the other side of Flo?

Benzine obeys. They all look at each other awkwardly for a moment.

FLO

(to Benzine)

So, Violet tells me you two are in an open relationship?

BENZINE

Uh, yeah...to an extent.

VIOLET

It's not an "anything goes" fuck fest sort of thing, but more of an effort to have constant open and honest communication about how we feel about each other (looking at Flo)...and other people.

FLO

So you don't ever feel any jealousy?

VIOLET

Sure we do. We're only human after all. But we don't hide from it, like so many monogamous people do. We understand that all feelings are valid and worth leaning into, however hard it may be sometimes.

BENZINE

Have you ever been with a couple, Flo?

FLO

Nope! Can't say that I have....Well, there was that one time I got wine drunk with my housemate and her boyfriend while binge watching the Fresh Prince of Bel Air, but....that didn't get very far. We *did* end up finishing the whole first season...

VIOLET

Well, (putting hand on leg), if you're up for it, I'd love to show you a few things.

FLO

(nervous)

Like what?

A burlesque dancer suddenly bursts in with a small speaker, setting it on one side of the room, before sauntering down the catwalk to where the three are sitting.

VIOLET

Well, how do you feel about spooning?

I guess...

FLO

Before she can finish her sentence, the dancer opens up a small box (rebrand lunch box from Act I), and hands each person a spoon, including audience members.

FLO

I just...I don't really understand, because it seems to me that spooning doesn't really lead to anything else.

VIOLET

Well that's because nothing else was on the table.

Barbie grabs Flo by the hand and leads her out of the room, before reaching under the table and setting a box on top. She opens it, pulls out a twister mat and sets it on the floor. She takes the spinner in her hand, which is labelled with sex positions on top of the colors: The doggy train, rusty trombone, etc. As she spins to different sex positions, Benzine and Violet remove one article of clothing for each spin, handing it to the dancer who then puts the items herself. About halfway into this, Chris Stone walks in looking for Flo and gets swept up into an awkward game of sex position twister.

### Acid trip

INTERIOR - LED DOME

Note: The below scene will be pre-recorded and played back on headphones given to guests just before entering the dome.

Dubstep, fire poofers, and voices of excited burners can be faintly heard in the background, followed by the sound of FLO and her trip guide, AGAPE, entering the LED dome.

FLO

(nervously)

I've just...I've never done it before, and-



AGAPE

(positively)

It's ok! Just relax. You don't have to take it if you don't want to. Here, lie down over here—there are more pillows to prop yourself up with. Let me see if I can drown out this dubstep with something a little more relaxing.

Sound of button clicking. Bobby's "Loading Phase" begins to play over the quieting dubstep; you can hear Agape's voice traveling around the space through this.

AGAPE

I just sometimes get the feeling that Burning Man was specifically made for this, y'know? And like, we'd be doing Larry Harvey a disservice by not tripping balls right now.

Both women laugh. Flo's is a little bit more uneasy.

FLO

Yeah. I mean, I get the appeal for sure. And the idea of all of these incredible lights becoming even more luminous is something my current mind can't visualize but would love to understand the world in which that's possible.

AGAPE

So...what's the hangup?

FLO

(pause)

I'm worried that...I dunno—you're gonna think I'm weird.

AGAPE

(insistent)

No, tell me!

FLO

Well...I spent a lot of time alone as a kid, which resulted in me spending a lot of time...in my head. I used to construct these kind of waking dream worlds so vivid that I would often forget what was real and what was simply a figment of my imagination. I began to prefer the dream world to my real life, which left me with a kind of numbness to the banality of reality, paired with a deep sadness that the world in my head could only be visualized, and not felt. Now that I'm an adult, I don't spend as much time fantasizing about being a winged princess with x-ray vision, flying across grassy expanses on my way to have consensual sex with Jonathan Taylor Thomas (Lion King era, mind you), but I do still overthink things and can sometimes have a hard time shaking out of my daze to focus on—I dunno—actual work things or spending time with the people I care about. I

guess what I'm getting at is that I know how powerful the mind is, and I'm a little afraid that I might cause some sort of, like, valve or something to break, turning me into either a psychopath or a potato.

()

AGAPE

(teasing)

What about a phycho potato?!

FLO

Hey! I'm being serious. I've spent the last twenty-four years in this head. You don't want to know what's in here!

AGAPE

It's ok. You don't have to tell me. One of the cool things about minds is that we get to keep as much as we want locked up inside of them, only sharing our brilliance with whomever we choose, in whatever form we'd like it to take. *(pause)* I know you probably have a lot of shit locked up there that you're afraid others might judge you for, and I think it's beautiful that your mind is such a colorful playground for your thoughts. But, if you think you're going to take LSD and then all of a sudden have schizophrenia or something, I mean...it's not impossible, but, highly unlikely. And, I know that we don't know each other very well yet, but I think you have a lot of really cool things to share with the world, and nobody's going to experience any of it if you keep it all locked up inside your head.

FLO

You're right. Ok. I'm ready. Fuck. No. Yes. Ok. Let's do this.

AGAPE

Haha, you sure?

FLO

Uh....yes! I think so.

AGAPE

Ok, sweet! *(sound of ruffling and opening up tin)*. So, you're either going to love or hate the taste of Altoids after this. Lift up your tongue. Keep this under there until it dissolves.

FLO

*(talking with tongue still sticking out)*

Does it make you higher if you dissolve it under your tongue instead of on top?

AGAPE

I don't know actually. I guess it's just the way I've always been shown.

FLO

Do you do it often?

AGAPE

No, not really. Just when I feel like I have something complicated I need to work through...or when I'm on the playa. For every trip, though, I find it's really helpful to set an intention. You don't need to put a lot of thought into coming up with one, but once you have it, you should hold onto it. And any time you feel even the slightest bit of discomfort or anxiety, just remember your intention and breathe.

The song ends and all that can be heard is Flo breathing, first lightly through her nose, then more deeply and audibly through her mouth. Her nerves seem to be calming. After about 30 seconds, John Maus' "Hey Moon" begins to play and Flo begins to narrate her experience.

FLO

I must have counted a million breaths before I started to feel a funny lightness inside my belly and a sharp, prickly feeling on my forehead. Worried I might be getting sick, I quickly opened my eyes and

#### Time-out

Time-out is a small room hidden under the kitchen counter, which represents Flo's hiding place from childhood. Periodically, Jay and Matt send audience members into time-out, where they'll find some of Flo's mementos and a pair of headphones that allow them to hear glimpses into Flo's private observances on life. A small whiteboard, marker, and polaroid camera may be in the room.

FLO (V.O.)

I wish I could meet people slower. It seems like every time someone goes in for a handshake or a hug, instead of looking into their eyes and repeating their name in my head, I begin to worry about whether or not I'll shake their hand well...or wonder if I'm holding their embrace for a socially appropriate length of time. What if they go in for a hug and I hold out my hand? Are my palms sweaty? Is it obvious whether or not I'm attracted to this person? If I could slow down time for anything, it would probably be for that first

interaction. I wish I could remember how I felt about the first boy I fell in love with on the day we met. Did I know then that we'd fall in love? Did he have a good handshake? I wonder what was going through my head the first time I met my parents. I'd like to think it was a beautiful moment of mutual unconditional love, but I was probably just thinking "Who decorated this heinous room and what's this weird long cable attached to my belly button?" It would be unusual to take a picture of myself with every person I meet as I meet them, but it sure would be handy. I could carry around a little whiteboard and a marker, then have each person I meet write their name on the board, along with the date and location of our interaction. That way, if they became famous, I'd also have documented proof of their autograph. Are autographs still a thing? Were they ever?

Whip-cracking act

[Check in with Ben and Zach]

ACT III: A MASTERPIECE, REMEMBERED

EXTERIOR - ROOF

11:45pm

The faint sound of a string quartet tuning their instruments lures a number of audience members upstairs. Small candles line the stairwells and twinkling strings of lights hang above, seemingly from the night sky. Warm lights on the ground illuminate four musicians, who begin playing "Rooftop Sonata (8 min)," as characters from the past, now dressed in white, elegantly and slowly move across the stage in a synchronized and then partnered dance, finally ending up dispersed at different corners of the roof. After the song finishes and the musicians take a bow, ELLIE gets onstage and approaches the microphone.

ELLIE

Thank you all so much for coming. What you just heard was an original piece of music by a very special person. I'd like to welcome to the stage, the composer of "Rooftop Sonata," Flo.

A more poised, smiling Flo gracefully makes her way to the stage and up to the microphone. Ellie exits.

FLO

Thank you, Ellie. I'm extremely grateful to have been given the opportunity to write and share my piece tonight. I...had no idea I'd ever be in front of you like this right now, and will admit I'm quite nervous...

As Flo speaks about her inspiration for "Rooftop Sonata," she briefly mentions each person who impacted her life in the last decade. When called, each character (bolded below) walks up to the stage and forms a line behind Flo.

FLO

Growing up, my parents (Jay/Matt) always believed in me and wanted me to forge whatever path felt the truest to who I

was. But when I told them I was moving to the city without money, a job, or really any sort of plan at nineteen, they weren't thrilled. They knew that the little voice inside of me (P.S.)

At the end of her speech, Flo and the cast take a bow. Crew may join for final bow.

END