## WANDA (VAL) / CARLA

## MALE VO

Ladies and gentlemen, coming to the stage right now from Last Horizons Hospice...give it up for the fantastic Wanda Mitchell!!!

(VAL walks out as Wanda, holding a microphone, ready to perform a standup comedy routine. Soundtrack of crowd applauding/responding/laughing plays throughout her set.)

## WANDA

(to the audience)

Hello, hi. Are we doing okay out there? Yeah? So who out here is proud of their adult child? ...who still lives at home?

(a few whoops and claps, some chuckles)

Me too! My daughter is a journalist! And by that I mean she fills diaries with her feelings. But it sounds more impressive the first way.

(Crowd chuckles.)

Yeah, she's always

(She acts out writing furiously.)

Processing. I found one of her journals once, on the kitchen table. I didn't read it! I would never. Instead I wrote in it. Just turned to the last blank page and wrote, "I feel the same way."

(Crowd laughs.)

Just those mysterious five words...waiting...

(Crowd laughs.)

It's gonna freak her out: you know what freaks me out? Dried flowers. All crispy, decaying. Depressing! A friend told me her boyfriend was such a romantic, he gave her twelve dried roses. Ugh! I'd be like, "you got me dried flowers? Here's some dried condoms."

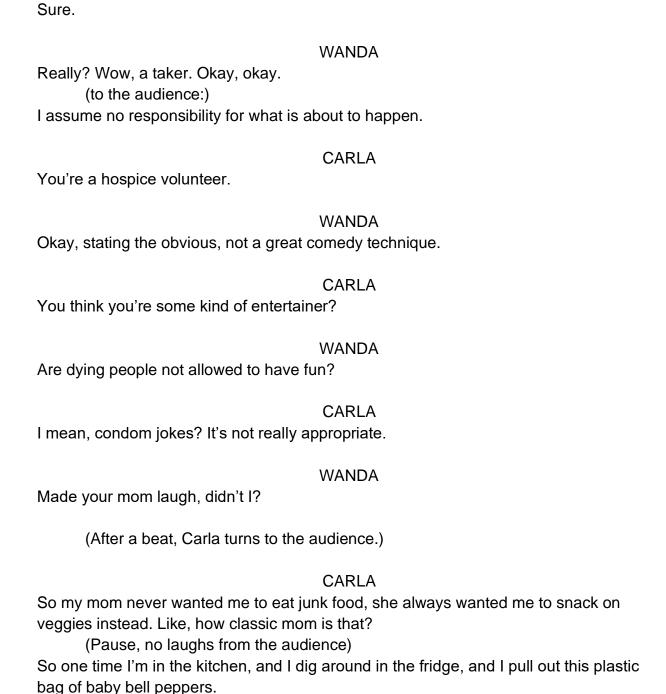
(The crowd laughs. Then CARLA heckles WANDA from the audience.)

CARLA

You're not that funny.

**WANDA** 

Hello! So nice to meet you. You want to come up here?



And my mom yells from the dining room, I think she was grouchy because she'd just

She'd heard the plastic bag and me crunch into a pepper and thought I was breaking

into the chips! And I walk in and I show her and she laughed about that.

gotten cancer, she's like "NO CHIPS, CARLA!"

(Pause)

CARLA

(No laughs from the audience)	
I'm surethat reallylifted her spirits.	WANDA (gently)
(Vivian heckles Carla from the audience.)	
It's really dead out here.	VIVIAN
What??	CARLA
You're killing me. But not in a good way	VIVIAN y.
See how it feels?	WANDA (to Carla)
Not in the right way.	VIVIAN
Look, comedy is all about timing.	WANDA (to Carla)
We weren't living in a sitcom.	CARLA (to Wanda)
It was just a matter of timing. I couldn't	WANDA stop your mom from dying, you know that.
She doesn't know.	VIVIAN
	WANDA

She didn't choose me over you. She chose human connection without the weightiness of context. To let go of who she most fiercely loved. She couldn't bear to see your unlined face and wonder what she would miss.

Wanda was presence with no past. Wanda was now. She could leave Wanda. But she couldn't leave you. So she pretended she already had.

Everyone has to go in their own way.

(Carla take this in for a beat. Then Vivian starts throwing wadded up paper at Carla.)