

When Love is  
Not Enough



Gordon Blitz

Cast:

Elle-Overweight sixty-year-old female nurse.

Patrick-Tall seventy-year-old male, husband of Elle, attorney turned author.

Corey-Thin sixty-year-old gay male, married to Noah

Noah -Tall seventy-year-old gay male audiologist

Brian-Medium build thirty-year-old male Certified Dementia Practitioner.\*

Jackson-Muscular twenty-year-old male straight college student.\*

\*These two characters could be played by the same actor.

SCENE 1

*A garden in Sunrise Memory Care with a bench. A frustrated ELLE is wandering around in search of her husband, PATRICK. When she spots a forlorn looking man, COREY, she addresses him.*

ELLE

Have you seen my husband, Patrick? I never go to his room. We usually meet at the exact spot where you are standing. His attendant, Felice, always brings him out here at ten, my appointed time. Are you new here?

COREY

I don't work here, and I don't know where your husband is.

ELLE

What are you doing here?

*COREY ignores ELLE and sits on the bench.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

I haven't seen you here before. Are you visiting your wife?

COREY

It's my husband. I transferred him from the Culver City Senior Care a year ago. It was January 2010, the beginning of a new decade. His dementia had gotten worse and they suggested this place. I think it was just an excuse because they couldn't or didn't want to handle him.

ELLE

Oh, sorry. My mistake.

COREY

That's okay. I'm used to it. This marriage thing is still new to some people. Hard to believe it's only been temporarily legal for the last three years. God, it's hard for me to believe it's 2011 already. We thought it was a big deal becoming parents in 1995, but getting married seemed to change our relationship. My name is Corey.

ELLE

I'm Elle.

COREY

Anyway, that place in Culver City was as bad as a snake pit. Thank goodness I found this facility . . . You're making me nervous standing over there.

*ELLE sits beside COREY on the bench.*

COREY (CONT'D)

Thank goodness I found this place. When I went to his room, the attendant stopped me and said they were cleaning him up and to wait here. I think there were some changes because of the holiday and a different staff.

ELLE

It's beautiful out here.

*ELLE's mobile phone rings and she gets up from the bench, not even saying 'excuse me' to COREY. He looks disgusted by her rudeness. She begins talking on her phone as if it was a private conversation.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

I know. That nurse is new. Just try to understand. Really? I don't believe that.

*As she finishes, she sits down by COREY.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

It's a shitty disease, isn't it? I wonder if Patrick will ever recognize me. He thinks I'm some strange woman when I visit him

COREY

Same with Noah.

ELLE

You know if I had Alzheimer's, maybe this wouldn't be a bad place to live. Anyway, it's better for Patrick. At least he has a community around him of other people stricken with the same illness. At home, he was having a difficult time. He was retired and just sat in front of the television all day. No other human contact except for me.

COREY

I haven't seen you here before. It's usually pretty quiet here in the morning. Noah doesn't talk much, and sometimes I just enjoy the peace and quiet.

ELLE

I work. I just changed my schedule so I can visit in the mornings. I would go crazy if I didn't have my nursing job. I retired when Patrick got sick, and I took care of him, but now that he's a resident here, I went back to the hospital. I had Patrick admitted here in 2009. I needed an escape.

COREY

I know. Noah was the breadwinner. He had a successful hearing aid practice, so I didn't need to work. I'm still kinda' surprised we haven't met before since Noah's been here since 2010.

*The sound of a dog barking. ELLE pantomimes petting the dog*

ELLE

This guy reminds me of our dog, Guppy. According to Patrick's doctor, Guppy was the first to identify Patrick's dementia. Every time Patrick urinated, Guppy would bark. Apparently, they can "sniff out" Alzheimer's disease by smelling the odor changes in urine caused by the illness.

COREY

We had a cat. I think they are so stuck up. But I will admit that our cat, Candy, was a life saver at keeping Noah company when I was out doing errands and needing a break. When I came home, Candy would be on Noah's lap. You know, before Noah got sick, he wouldn't allow us to have any pets. He was a real germaphobe, but with dementia, it's like he forgot to be afraid of germs.

ELLE

I know what you mean about a pet as a godsend. I would watch Patrick, and it looked like he and Guppy were communicating. That it was easier for Patrick to talk to Guppy rather than struggling to find the right words for *our* conversations. Unfortunately, Guppy died of old age. He was thirteen years old. After Guppy was gone, Patrick went further downhill.

COREY

I get it. I sometimes would bring Candy here, and Noah's whole attitude would change. The people who run this place said usually pets aren't allowed, but they made an exception for Candy. At first, Candy really helped Noah adjust to this place, but recently Noah no longer connected with her, so I stopped bringing her here.

*COREY stops and holds his stomach. ELLE ignores COREY's distress. Her phone rings again. ELLE looks angry as she answers.*

ELLE

I can't really talk right now. I'm visiting Patrick. No, no. I understand. What if we just go over this during your break later today when my shift starts? I'm not being rude. I do want to listen to your complaints. I'll set aside an hour for you. Goodbye.

*Dog barks.*

COREY

But it seems like this little fellow is a community dog. He's got a big responsibility taking care of all the residents. Look, he's running off as though it was his cue to go on a rescue mission to save one of the patients.

ELLE

What kind of work do you do?

COREY

Oh, I did lots of volunteering, especially in the 80s when AIDS was decimating my community. I ran rap groups at the Gay and Lesbian Center for guys who were HIV-positive. Then in the 90s, I got involved with the city of West Hollywood. So, I kept busy. Of course, now Noah consumes all of my time.

*ELLE stops to check her sugars by pricking her finger. When COREY sees that, he shows concern.*

COREY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

ELLE

I'm diabetic, and I felt like my sugars were crashing. I guess I didn't eat before I came here. I had no idea I would be waiting this long.

COREY

That's probably why my stomach is acting up. My doctor said I need to eat every two hours. I had colon cancer years ago.

*Indecipherable music plays in the background. Distracts both COREY and ELLE.*

COREY (CONT'D)

Oh, I loved this song. I couldn't believe that it was banned from being played after 9/11. As if the line about leaving on a jet plane and not knowing when you were coming back would be so insensitive to the survivors of 9/11.

ELLE

Yes. Mary Travers' voice is so rich. I just found out that a very young John Denver wrote the song before he became famous. Music has been a big part of our lives. Patrick used to write music reviews.

COREY

Something about the song really bothered Noah. If it ever came on the radio, he insisted we change to another station.

ELLE

Patrick loved their music; we used their "Wedding Song" (*There is Love*) when we got married. We've been married forty years.

COREY

Same for us. I like to say we were illegal for thirty-eight, and two years legal. We got married in 2008 during those few months when it was legal before Prop. 8 put a halt to same-sex weddings. What a cruel joke that two years later, Noah would end up here. I couldn't believe how quickly things got worse after his diagnosis.

ELLE

With Patrick, his descent was crazy fast. I just hadn't seen the signs of Alzheimer's when he started struggling with words. He'd be in the middle of a

sentence, and then just stop talking. And he'd get so angry when he lost things and forgot their names. But the doctor said that even if he'd gotten diagnosed earlier, there wasn't any effective treatment. It wouldn't have made any difference.

*A smiling Patrick and Noah enter, holding hands and looking lovingly into each other's eyes. They kiss. ELLE gasps.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

Patrick!

*ELLE runs offstage distraught. And COREY remains immobilized on the bench looking horrified.*

COREY

Noah?

*Lights dim.*

SCENE 2

*Lights come up as a hazy blue. PATRICK is sitting at a breakfast table as the Certified Dementia Practitioner (CDP), Brian, enters the stage with NOAH by his side.*

BRIAN

Hey, everybody, we have a new resident today. His name is Noah. Let's welcome him. And we should welcome in the new year, 2010, and a new decade!

*BRIAN leads NOAH to the table where PATRICK is sitting.*

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Noah, this is Patrick. Since Patrick has been here for over a year, he can show you around. Why don't you sit with him. Breakfast is being served.

*PATRICK smiles as NOAH tentatively sits at the same table.*

PATRICK

Hi.

NOAH

Hi.

*Music begins playing in the background. PATRICK begins to talk-sing.*



PATRICK

I am.

NOAH

I said.

PATRICK

I am.

NOAH

I cried.

BRIAN

Oh, hey! You guys both know the lyrics to the Neal Diamond song! Patrick here is a real expert in music. And Noah, I heard you're a real opera buff. We're starting a choir group this afternoon. I want both of you to join.

*After BRIAN leaves, NOAH and PATRICK eat their cereal. After a few bites NOAH starts hiccupping, PATRICK laughs.*

NOAH

Not funny. I . . .

*NOAH can't complete the sentence because of his hiccups.*

PATRICK

Pull your tongue. No, that's wrong. Hold your breath.

NOAH

Scare me.

PATRICK

Why?

*NOAH continues to hiccup until PATRICK gets up from his seat and screams.*

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Boo!

*Hiccups continue so an angry PATRICK puts a glass of water up to NOAH's lips and helps NOAH drink. PATRICK holds NOAH's face as NOAH drinks. The hiccups stop. NOAH kisses PATRICK on the cheek. Both are startled by the sign of affection and move away from one another.*

NOAH

No more hiccups.

*The music from La Boheme is heard--Musetta's Waltz. NOAH looks mesmerized by the melody and hums along.*

PATRICK

Did Della Reese sing this?

NOAH

No it's Maria Callas. Opera.

PATRICK

No, it's the song "Don't You Know."

NOAH

Can you dance?

PATRICK

It's too slow.

NOAH

Come on.

*NOAH takes PATRICK in his arms and they slow dance. NOAH keeps humming while PATRICK keeps repeating "Don't You Know." Lights dim and when they come up, NOAH is in bed and PATRICK is on the floor with a pillow and blanket. BRIAN enters.*

BRIAN

What are you guys doing? Patrick, you can't be in Noah's room. You have your own room.

PATRICK

But I want to stay here.

NOAH

Yes. I like having him here. I keep seeing these children at the foot of my bed, and Patrick protects me from them. And I don't even mind that he doesn't like opera.

PATRICK

Please let me.

BRIAN

But there are rules. Patrick, aren't you uncomfortable on the floor?

PATRICK

No. I don't mind.

BRIAN

I guess it's okay for one night. I'm going to turn off the light.

PATRICK

No. Leave it on. We're not ready to go to sleep yet.

BRIAN

You are impossible! I'll give you a half hour, then I'm coming back here, and if you aren't asleep, I'm going to take Noah back to his own room.

*Once BRIAN leaves, PATRICK gets up from the floor and jumps on the bed with NOAH. He starts tickling NOAH.*

NOAH

Stop it.

PATRICK

Make me.

*NOAH throws his pillow at PATRICK, and a pillow fight ensues. After that, they both start yawning. PATRICK feels NOAH's beard and holds his hand.*

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You feel just like me. Hairy face, not smooth. And no long fingers.

NOAH

I don't know what you mean.

PATRICK

Like that strange woman who visits me and says she's my wife. She's always touching me. I don't have a wife.

NOAH

I don't have a wife either. You have nice ears.

PATRICK

I do?

NOAH

I bet you can hear very well. I can test you.

*NOAH kisses PATRICK's right ear. PATRICK giggles and then moans.*

PATRICK

That feels good. Can I kiss your ear?

*NOAH doesn't respond. Instead he takes PATRICK's hand and puts it on NOAH's ear. Both snuggle and fall asleep. BRIAN enters the room and sees them sleeping in the same bed. He walks toward the bed and is about to separate them, but they are locked in each other's arms. He backs away and turns off the light and closes the door.*

BRIAN

Good night, fellas.

*The stage darkens. BRIAN is on stage standing by the door and looks into NOAH's room.*

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Noah, it's bedtime.

Hey, I made an exception last night. You're not supposed to be sleeping in the same room, and now you're in the same bed. I'm sorry, I can't allow that.

NOAH

Please. We won't make any noise.

*BRIAN grunts in exasperation.*

BRIAN

All right! I give up with you guys! Okay, just one more night, then you have to stay in your own room. Have we got a deal?

PATRICK AND COREY

Yes!

*Lights dim. It's now morning, and suddenly there is a loud noise. BRIAN runs into the room and turns the light on, finding that PATRICK has fallen off the bed.*

PATRICK

Ow!

NOAH

Help! He's hurt.

PATRICK

Ow! Ow! Ow!

*BRIAN goes over to PATRICK to assess the damage.*

BRIAN

C'mon, guys, I thought we had a deal that I'd let you sleep together in the same bed as long as you didn't cause any trouble. What happened last night?

NOAH

He hit his head.

*BRIAN sees a bump forming on the back of PATRICK's head. BRIAN notices that the end table by the bed has moved. PATRICK is quiet and having trouble talking.*

BRIAN

Patrick, it looks like you hit the end table. I'm sorry. I should have moved it away. You must have had a nightmare and were acting out.

NOAH

He woke me up. Almost hit me but I moved away. I tried to hold him so he wouldn't get hurt. Sorry, sorry!

BRIAN

It's not your fault, Noah. This happens with Patrick. His dreams are very real to him. That's why I'm always concerned when you two guys sleep together.

NOAH

He's going to be okay.

BRIAN

Yes. Don't worry, but I need to have a nurse look at his head.

*BRIAN begins lifting PATRICK from the floor and NOAH helps.*

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Thanks, Noah. Why don't you go to the breakfast room and I'll bring Patrick there soon.

NOAH

No. I want to go with Patrick.

*NOAH stands in front of the bedroom door, blocking BRIAN and PATRICK.*

BRIAN

Come on, Noah. It's better that I just take Patrick to the nurse alone. I promise we won't be long, and I'll

bring Patrick back so he can sit with you when he eats breakfast.

NOAH

I don't want to go there alone. I always go with Patrick.

BRIAN

Please Noah, move away from the door.

NOAH

I won't!

*BRIAN grunts in exasperation.*

BRIAN

Okay! You can come with me.

*Lights dim, and when they come up, NOAH and PATRICK are in bed kissing. It is early morning.*

PATRICK

I like you, especially the scratchy part over there.

*PATRICK points to the area above NOAH's mouth.*

NOAH

Yes. I like you, too. Do you want to play a game?

PATRICK

Yes.

NOAH

Close your eyes and guess what you're touching.

PATRICK

I used to play this. Helped me write and describe things.

*NOAH takes PATRICK's hand and puts it on NOAH's chest.*

NOAH

Feels like?

PATRICK

I don't know. Am I touching myself? That's what my front feels like. You're so hairy.

*NOAH giggles, then he takes PATRICK's hand and puts it on NOAH's genitals.*

NOAH

That feels good.

PATRICK

What is that?

*NOAH puts his hands onto PATRICK's genitals and PATRICK moans.*

NOAH

See. Good feeling.

PATRICK

So strange. New and different. Who are you?

NOAH

I'm your friend, Noah.

PATRICK

Hold me.

NOAH

No, *you* hold me.

*After holding each other, they begin playing and wrestling like children until a knocking on the door interrupts them. BRIAN shouts through the door.*

BRIAN

You have visitors who are waiting for you in the garden. I would take you there, but my shift is ending and I have an appointment. I'm trusting you guys to clean up and go out to the garden. See you guys tomorrow.

*PATRICK and NOAH get up out of bed, get dressed, and leave the bedroom and walk hand in hand toward the garden. A smiling PATRICK and NOAH enter, holding hands and looking lovingly into each other's eyes. They kiss. ELLE gasps.*

ELLE

Patrick!

*ELLE runs offstage distraught. And COREY remains immobilized on the bench looking horrified.*

COREY

Noah?

*Lights dim.*

SCENE 3

*Lights are clear and bright. ELLE and BRIAN are in the garden area of Sunrise Memory Care. BRIAN is sitting on the bench while ELLE stands.*

BRIAN

I prefer meeting people here in the garden rather than in my office. Surprisingly, it is more private and quieter . . . no interruptions. And, of course, the atmosphere is . . .

ELLE

Enough with the chit chat! I'm livid! Do you know what it was like to find my husband, Patrick, holding hands with another resident and *kissing* him? How did this happen? And for those few seconds I saw Patrick's eyes. It was like this man was his lover! Patrick is *straight*! I feel like taking him out of this place right now! Damn you!

BRIAN

I'm sorry. What would you have expected me to do? Sometimes the libido of people in the throes of Alzheimer's gets out of control. Haven't you noticed how happy Patrick has been? Isn't that a good thing?

ELLE

Are you kidding? Patrick doesn't even know who I am! Never shows any affection, and then he dares to shove this in my face! It's as if our marriage doesn't exist! I've become invisible!

BRIAN

I'm glad we're having this discussion because according to the front desk, Patrick hasn't been having any visitors. You were seeing him like five days a week.

ELLE

I can't bear to look at him after what I saw! I want to speak to your boss or whoever runs this place! And keep Patrick separate from that other man! I can't even say his name!



BRIAN

It's Noah. I just found out that he is married to Corey.

ELLE

You're running some sort of sick soap opera! You know, when I admitted Patrick two years ago, I thought he would get better care that I could give him at home. That it would help our relationship. I would no longer be a caretaker or treat him like a child because that was going to be *your* job! I could return to being intimate with him. Enjoy our relationship. Like what we had for the last forty years. This is what I hoped for. Now he's slapped me in the face!

BRIAN

He doesn't know what he's doing. You can't blame him.

ELLE

You know, he was a writer, and when he had the early signs of the dementia, he started writing music reviews. It gave him a purpose and somehow that part of his brain was functioning. He would write about the atmosphere, tone and overall experience of music.

BRIAN

Music is the first sense we learn and the last that leaves us.

ELLE

Funny! Here I am, this fat old woman feeling so small! Patrick has sucked the life out of me!

BRIAN

You're a nurse. You should understand this disease. Give Patrick a break.

ELLE

That's your advice? Fuck you! Right now, I'm going home. And eat a whole carton of ice cream. I don't care if I *do* go into diabetic shock.

*As ELLE turns and walks out of the garden, she collapses. BRIAN immediately calls 911. While they wait, Elle revives herself and begins mumbling.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

Where is Joni Mitchell? Her music brought us together. Patrick used to tell me that he could drink a whole case of me just like in Joni's song. I'm so thirsty! But if I drank a whole case of Patrick, it would quench my thirst with poison! Patrick used to be so romantic, and my savior too!

SCENE 4

*Hazy blue lights come up. ELLE and PATRICK are sitting on a bench at home switching between holding hands and putting their arms around each other.*

ELLE

Well, that was an unforgettable birthday. First, getting the singing waiter to do "Both Sides Now", and then you getting on your knee and singing "A Case of You." It was like you were proposing marriage to me all over again. I thought I would be upset turning forty, but you make me want to celebrate every day!

PATRICK

You're not going to leave out the best part.

ELLE

Oh, God! You mean when those guys starting calling me "fatso", and you scared them? Not only did you tell them off, but you were so brave. Going right up to them, threatening that you would hurt those guys. Talk about standing up for me!

PATRICK

You deserve it. You're a saint. My goodness, allowing me to quit my job as an attorney and to start writing. Something I was always passionate about. You saved me! You're my Superwoman!

ELLE

Yeah, tell that to my parents. I don't know which is worse in their heads -- the fact that I support us, the fact that I'm not giving them grandchildren or me being fat? But look, I'm happy to help you. And you had that big settlement, and with my promotion at work; why not do your writing if that's your dream.

PATRICK

Now I just need to complete that novel and get it published.

ELLE

And you're so good about submitting your short stories. Getting your name out there. What are you up to in total submissions?

PATRICK

I just reached 500. Of course, most of them are rejects.

ELLE

It doesn't matter. All you need is *one* publisher to like your work.

PATRICK

You know, there is one other part of your birthday present that I haven't given you.

*PATRICK winks and starts removing his clothes.*

ELLE

Oh, my god! I can't believe you're going to strip for me.

PATRICK

I love you, Eleanor. I think you're swell just like the song by The Beatles.

ELLE

That's "Eleanor Rigby". It's The Turtles that had the hit, "Eleanor."

PATRICK

No, you're wrong. *I'm* the music maven.

ELLE

Okay. Whatever you say.

*ELLE gets up from the bench and grabs PATRICK around the waist and starts to kiss him only to be stopped by PATRICK pushing her away, causing her to stumble.*

PATRICK

Don't say that! You know I'm right about music!

ELLE

What is wrong with you, Patrick?

*PATRICK stares off; his eyes look vacant.*

PATRICK

I don't know.

*Lights dim, and when they come up, ELLE is alone on stage, cleaning up -- organizing papers on PATRICK's desk. Stacking envelopes. When he enters the stage, he has a towel around his neck and he's sweating and out of breath, but smiling as if the running he has just completed rejuvenated him. But when he sees ELLE holding unopened letters, his demeanor changes.*

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing? I told you not to touch anything of mine! Get out of here!

ELLE

Please, Patrick, let's not fight. I was just trying to help out. You keep telling me you can't find anything, and you get distracted from your writing.

PATRICK

But now I won't be able to find anything! And what have you done with my . . .

*PATRICK gets frustrated unable to complete his sentence.*

ELLE

What are you looking for?

PATRICK

You know, that . . . *thing*. Oh shit! I can't remember what that thing is!

ELLE

Don't worry. You'll think of it later. But I do want to ask you about all these unopened envelopes. I noticed that they're from publishers. Shouldn't you open them? Maybe they're about your submissions.

PATRICK

They're probably all rejection letters. I am *so* tired of this. I don't even care anymore.

ELLE

Please, Patrick. We should at least open them. Maybe they have advice that could be helpful. And if you're lucky, they would want to publish your novel. Why don't you take a shower, and then we'll go through these letters. We'll make this a project for the two of us.

PATRICK

Stop telling me what to do! And don't treat me like a child! Who do you think you are?!

ELLE

It's me, Patrick. Your wife, Elle.

*Lights dim*

SCENE 5

*Lights change from hazy blue to bright. COREY is sitting on the bench in the garden area of Sunrise Memory Care with BRIAN.*

COREY

I'm in shock! I don't know what to do! This was supposed to be a safe place for Noah, and then this thing with another man happened! And to add to my anxiety, I just found out that our son, Franklin, is missing in action in Afghanistan.

BRIAN

I'm sorry, and I understand about you being in shock.

COREY

I just feel like the universe is shitting on me. No matter what I do, Noah has no idea who I am! He doesn't even know we have a son! It's like he's become this totally different person! I feel lost! Can you explain to me how he got involved with this other man? I need some clarity, or I'm just going to spiral!

BRIAN

The disease is just taking its course. And remember how agitated Noah used to be? Well, remember, we've now cut down on the dosage, and he's doing really well. And did you realize what a good dancer he is?

COREY

Really?

BRIAN

We've started this new dance program, and we've found that music combined with dance movement therapy has been helping dementia patients. The swaying to the beat and tapping their toes helps the residents express their emotions physically. It's been a blessing for Noah. And we can't discount the fact that Noah's improvement has something to do with his making friends with Patrick.

COREY

Friends? But they were kissing each other! And this wasn't just a regular kiss! They were *going* at each other! What was that all about?

BRIAN

Have you thought about a support group?

COREY

Oh, god! Like when I ran raps at the Center for guys living with AIDS? I got so burnt out doing that. I don't think I could take going to a group myself. Even after I got diagnosed with colon cancer, my doctor wanted me to try a support group. I went to one session and never went back.

BRIAN

I still think you should try again. Maybe it just wasn't the right one.

COREY

You know, Noah took care of me. He doesn't even remember that! And with me taking care of *him* these last few years before I admitted him, the man is *clueless*! Hard to believe we survived AIDS, and I survived cancer, and it's going to be Alzheimer's that destroys us! It's already decimated our marriage.

BRIAN

I see you're struggling. Is there anything I can do? I want to help.

COREY

Just turn back time! That's the only thing that I want! Back to when we made love for the first time.

SCENE 6

*Lights become hazy blue. It's COREY's apartment, and NOAH is looking at the sparse furnishings. COREY is sitting on his bed. NOAH looks askance at a beanbag realizing that this is the only place to sit.*

COREY

I know this place is really small, but it only costs \$100 a month. Why don't you try to sit on the beanbag?"

*As NOAH tries to get comfortable, COREY tries holding back his laughter. Finally NOAH finds a semi-comfortable position. NOAH glances around the room.*

COREY (CONT'D)

I'm so surprised that you called me. I meet lots of guys working at the record store, and they all say, 'I'll call you.' And then they never do. I know you like opera, but you made it seem like you might be open to expanding your musical taste.

*NOAH nervously taps his foot.*

COREY (CONT'D)

I see you staring at the cover of the Led Zeppelin record. You must have heard "Whole Lotta Love". It's a bitchin' song! Give it a chance!

*COREY plays the album until NOAH frowns.*

COREY (CONT'D)

Okay, I can see that doesn't work for you. Let's see. What about "Bridge Over Troubled Water," or, wait a minute! How about "To Love Somebody" by the Bee Gees. I see you as a romantic, especially since you like opera. And this song is all about not knowing what it's like to love somebody like you.

*NOAH remains stone faced until COREY turns off the record player.*

NOAH

I didn't realize that a rock singer could have a lilting and soaring tenor range. They're using their voices to go through the emotions of anger and passion and everything in between.

COREY

So does that mean you like it?

NOAH

It wasn't bad. I wouldn't say it was the greatest thing I've ever heard, but I *will* say I had a few goose bumps which I rarely get, even at the opera.

COREY

Why don't you smile? You look so uncomfortable!  
Why don't you sit on the bed beside me. I'm not going to bite.

*NOAH remains stationary on the beanbag until COREY came towards him, bends down and kisses him. COREY uses his strength to pull NOAH up and is surprised at how pliable he has become. They proceed to make love. Lights dim. When the lights come up, NOAH and COREY are sitting up together in bed.*

NOAH

Who put together the surprise birthday party for me?  
Why was my friend, Oliver, dressed up in drag as Joan Sutherland? And everyone was laughing.

COREY

Because you love Joan Sutherland. Didn't you think it was hysterical.

NOAH

I guess so.

COREY

The hardest part was deciding who to invite. I wasn't sure if you wanted your patients from your Hearing Clinic to be there. But I figured since you won that award for Best Audiologist, your patients would want to celebrate your accomplishment.

NOAH

There were so many people. I didn't even know all of them! Who were all those people? Where did you get them all?

*COREY looks confused by NOAH's comment.*

COREY

What's the matter with you? They are our friends and your patients. I suppose it must have been pretty



overwhelming getting all that feedback. I was even thinking of having some of the kids you fitted hearing aids for in South Central. Your new medication really seems to be working. I remember when you hated giving hearing tests to children. You worried about the germs.

NOAH

I guess so.

COREY

That's okay. I know you didn't sleep much last night.

NOAH

I'm kinda' tired. I felt like I was on display having to entertain all those people.

COREY

What are you talking about? What do you mean by "all those people"?

NOAH

I don't know. Stop questioning me! And you know, I'm not going to do any more hearing tests. Let the other guys handle them.

COREY

But I thought you loved it. That even though the practice has grown, you still wanted to be part of the day-to-day stuff.

NOAH

It's too much for me!

*COREY frowns and expresses surprise realizing something is wrong with NOAH. Lights dim.*

SCENE 7

*Lights are clear and bright. COREY and ELLE are sitting on a bench in a museum.*

COREY

It's lovely here today with the poinsettias, snapdragons and violas in full bloom. It almost makes me feel better. I'm glad we agreed to meet. At first, I thought seeing you might just bring back what happened between our respective partners. I wanted to blame you for what your husband did. Noah and I

had a monogamous relationship for forty years. I trusted him. I've been so distraught. Then I realized I had no one else who would understand what was going on, so I called you.

ELLE

Maybe this was a bad idea. I blamed you for this mess. That you knew what was going on all the time.

COREY

That is such bullshit. Can't we at least talk about this?

ELLE

I really don't want to talk about it. I just don't see how this is going to help. I feel like I have no options; that I just have to accept it. I can't! I haven't been back to Sunrise. I don't know how to face Patrick. I don't trust myself *or* my temper.

COREY

Me, too. After you left that day, I stayed for a while, but it just became so painful to look at them. I wanted to ask you about when you knew something was wrong with Patrick's mind. Did you have any warning?

ELLE

By the time I knew there was a problem, it was too late. I think the neurologist we went to was just protecting himself, not wanting us to sue for malpractice. Even though they diagnosed him with MCI -- mild cognitive impairment -- I believe it was full-blown Alzheimer's because of how quickly his condition worsened. Patrick had found a way to hide his short-term memory loss. But when I saw these sheets of paper on his desk with his name and address written over and over again, I knew something was wrong. I normally wouldn't have even looked at his desk. You know Patrick was a writer and very protective of his work. He would get angry if he found me snooping around, trying to read what he'd written unless he showed it to me. But these notes were very different. And he used to have beautiful handwriting, and these notes were sloppy -- a combination of script and printing; almost illegible.

*Guitar strumming is heard and interrupts ELLE.*

COREY

Did you want to move?

ELLE

No, I like this song and the singer too. It's so different from Dusty Springfield's version. I love Dusty with her *blue-eyed soul*, but this girl has a lilting voice. Reminds me of Eva Cassidy. I'd like to stay and listen unless you're in a rush.

COREY

No, I don't have any plans. Did you know that Dusty Springfield was a lesbian?

ELLE

Yes. I knew. Just like Leslie Gore. I used to sing in a choir, so I have a big vocabulary of music trivia. And of course, Patrick used to test my music knowledge all the time.

COREY

How rare to find another music aficionado. Because of Noah, I can identify Dusty as being mezzo-soprano!

*The music ends.*

ELLE

Did you have trouble getting Noah to admit something was wrong. I had so much trouble with Patrick. Getting him to go to a neurologist was such a challenge. He kept telling me, "Nothing is wrong; I'm just getting old and having senior moments." I should have suspected. I am in the medical profession. The one blessing was that he had long-term medical insurance. It was reasonably priced because he'd taken out a policy when he was in his early 30s.

COREY

Yes, it's costing us a fortune, but at least we have savings that we've invested conservatively. We weren't too badly impacted by the 2008 crash. And with Noah, we went to doctors right away and decided we would fight the disease and not let it get the better of him. Yet it didn't seem to matter. When he got the MCI five years ago, we foolishly thought

maybe it wouldn't be a precursor to Alzheimer's. And because it was a slow decline, we thought we had beaten it. But then one day, it was like he'd vanished; that's why he's at Sunrise. It was just too much for me to handle on my own.

ELLE

You guys adopted a child?

COREY

Yes, and now he's missing in action. Just another thing for me to worry about.

*COREY's face squirms and he holds his stomach.*

ELLE

What's wrong?

COREY

It's my stomach acting up. You know I went to management to complain about Noah and Patrick fondling each other, but it was a useless conversation. I don't know what I expected them to do. I thought about finding another nursing home. Have you considered moving your husband someplace else?

ELLE

God, I don't know what to do! And you know what the worst part about this whole thing? It's the first time I've seen Patrick happy in ages. I wanted to wipe that grin off his face when he saw me looking at him while he was kissing your husband.

COREY

Do you ever think about the fact that Patrick wasn't involved with another *woman*? Almost like a blessing that your rival wasn't a woman -- that it was a *man*? You know that's one of the things that gets me angry. I think it would be easier for me to accept if it was a woman Noah was kissing. The cheating wouldn't be so bad because I wouldn't be competing with another man. Am I making any sense?

ELLE

No, you aren't making any sense. It wasn't a fucking blessing! I'm done!

*ELLE gets up from the bench and walks away.*

COREY

Come on! Don't do that! I have no one else to talk to. No one is going to understand what's going on.

ELLE

This talking doesn't make it any easier for me. It's so hard to rationalize this. And how do I get to *not* think that Patrick was closeted? Are you able to compartmentalize? When people tell me that it's the disease, and that Patrick doesn't know what he's doing; I have so much trouble buying that.

COREY

I think I had learned to accept Noah not recognizing me, but I'm struggling with this new development. You know, since I was a counselor back in the 1990s, you'd think I would know better.

ELLE

Well, I'm getting a headache. I think we should call it a day. I've enjoyed the music and getting to know you a little bit. I guess you could say we are in this together. But I'm still not sure I want to do this again.

COREY

It's been really helpful. Just having someone to talk to. Now that we have each other's phone numbers, we can plan another playdate.

*ELLE looks at COREY in disgust.*

ELLE

You've got to be kidding! Are you suggesting Patrick and Noah are our children and that they should have a playdate? What kind of sick humor is that?

COREY

I was just trying to lighten things up a bit. I'm sorry. I can't do anything right.

*ELLE leaves without saying goodbye and COREY starts to cry.*

SCENE 8

*ELLE is sitting in a chair in her bedroom with a younger man, JACKSON, who is sitting on the bed.*

ELLE

This is very new for me. I'm not sure what to do. Plus, I feel like we're on the clock and that makes me nervous.

*JACKSON is trembling.*

JACKSON

Believe it or not, it's scary for me too. You are one of my first clients. And don't worry about the time. I'm really flexible. If we go over the allotted four hours, that's okay. My goal is to make you happy. Whatever you want to do. No pressure.

ELLE

I'm not even sure why I'm doing this. My friend, Greg, said it would help me feel better about myself and help me cope with what's happening with my husband.

JACKSON

I have to be honest with you. I feel so guilty doing this, especially if my parents ever found out. They're really strict Catholics, and they would kill me if they knew I was having sex, let alone getting paid for it.

ELLE

I feel guilty, too. I guess we're in the same situation, sort of.

JACKSON

Why don't you come sit by me on the bed?

*ELLE tentatively sits by JACKSON. He puts his arm around her.*

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Would it be okay if I kiss you?

*ELLE tries to let JACKSON kiss her but she stops.*

ELLE

I can't do this.

JACKSON

You know I can see you're in pain, and I want to help you. And you know in some ways you're helping me, especially when I see other clients. Because I need this money for school, I want to learn all the ways I can pleasure a woman.

*JACKSON starts taking off his clothes and after he is naked, he turns to ELLE.*

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Do you want me to help you take off your dress?

*ELLE doesn't respond. She lets JACKSON take off her dress but when he tries to remove her bra, she pushes his hands away.*

ELLE

I'm not ready. But thank you for this evening. Having a man interested in me means a lot. I know I haven't used my whole four hours but it doesn't matter. Let's just call it a night.

*JACKSON looks disappointed. But his demeanor changes when ELLE smiles.*

JACKSON

You are a very lovely woman, and a good soul.

*JACKSON starts putting his clothes back on.*

ELLE

Why don't you stay. I don't want to be alone. Just knowing you are here is a comfort. I have a futon for you to sleep on. But we aren't going to be having sex. My goodness, I'm old enough to be your mother.

*ELLE brings out the futon and places it by her bed. Before she goes to her bed, JACKSON kisses her on the forehead.*

JACKSON

Are you sure you're going to be okay?

ELLE

Yes, but I think I'm going to have trouble going to sleep. I was so worked up about tonight. Can we talk a little bit? Oh, before I forget, here is the money I owe you.

*ELLE hands an envelope to JACKSON.*

JACKSON

Thank you, even though I feel like I don't deserve it since we didn't do anything. But it's going to come in handy for my books.

*ELLE goes and sits up in bed.*

ELLE

You're welcome. But really let's talk.

JACKSON

Sure. I really don't know anything about you. Are you married? Do you have children? What's your profession?

ELLE

Married, but my husband doesn't recognize me after forty years of marriage, and he fell in love with a man. I'm childless, overweight and diabetic. Oh, and I'm a nurse.

JACKSON

If your husband has a boyfriend, does that mean he's gay?

ELLE

Who knows? I'm been racking my brain. Thinking if there were any signs of him being some kind of closeted gay man.

JACKSON

Now don't be offended, but did you have a good sex life with him?

ELLE

Most of the marriage. It was only when the dementia kicked in that we stopped having sex. I think it just became too difficult for Patrick. You know, I was thinking of something like a sign.

*ELLE starts laughing.*

JACKSON

What's so funny?



ELLE

I think Patrick had a thing for fat women. Now I'm wondering if I was a *fag hag*. I know that's a politically incorrect term.

JACKSON

Is that something like a BFF between a straight woman and gay man?

*ELLE starts laughing again.*

ELLE

I just remembered that we went to a nude beach near Barcelona, and I wouldn't go in the water, not with this blubber. The beach was gay, and Patrick stayed in the water for hours. Playing water polo and other water sports.

JACKSON

That sounds pretty innocent to me.

ELLE

I know. I'm desperate to figure out how Patrick could be attracted to a man. He was so *straight*. I swear, he had no fashion sense. His hair was always messy. Definitely not gay.

JACKSON

You're thinking about stereotypes.

ELLE

Are you telling me that just because Patrick is the furthest thing from having gay characteristics, that he really *could* be gay?

JACKSON

I didn't say that.

ELLE

I think it's time for bed before you say something to upset me. Good night.

*After a few seconds, ELLE gets up from the bed to kiss JACKSON on the lips. Lights dim and when they come up, ELLE is waking up alone in bed.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

Jackson, where are you?

*ELLE gets out of bed and finds a note on the futon. She begins reading it out loud.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

Dear Elle. Thank you for last night. I hope I brought a little joy into your life. I'm sorry that I didn't stay to wake up with you and say goodbye. You looked so peaceful that I didn't want to wake you. I have a class I needed to get to anyway. Bless you.

*ELLE smiles after reading the note and then stares at the audience and begins brushing her hair and putting on makeup as if she were in front of a mirror. Her smile has turned to rage.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

You really thought having sex with someone other than your husband would help you? That you would feel better about yourself? A man that you paid for! Did he make you love your body and not feel ashamed?

*Lights dim.*

SCENE 9

*COREY is making his bed, then walks toward the audience and begins combing his hair as if it were a mirror. When he is done, he pulls out a letter and begins reading.*

COREY

I know I should be saying this to you in person, Noah. Giving you a letter would be a chicken shit way of telling you how I feel. Anyway this will be a practice run: Dear Noah. I couldn't think of any other way to express what has been going on since the last time I visited Sunrise. You know that for the last forty years I have been faithful. I don't think we ever needed to talk about it. And to put it in musical perspective since that somehow does a better job of communicating; the song by the Bee Gees, "To Love Somebody", is how I've felt. That the way I love you can't be explained. Maybe incomprehensible. So, when I saw you holding another man, the lyrics to "To Love Somebody" took on a different meaning. You wouldn't understand how I felt when you were kissing Patrick and holding him. I couldn't keep track of my feelings -- anger, jealousy, abhorrence, and devastation were all fighting with each another. I've been afraid that I was going to bleed out my

emotions. You have gored me like a bull. And the saddest part of all this is that you don't know who I am, or what we've been through. And our son, Franklin, is missing and may be dead, and I can't share that agony with you.

*When COREY is finished, he walks out of his bedroom and goes and finds NOAH hovering around the bench in the garden of Sunrise.*

COREY (CONT'D)

Hi Noah, why don't you sit down? I want to talk to you. My god, we haven't seen each other in two weeks. It's the longest time we've ever been apart.

*NOAH sits on the bench with COREY and stares into space.*

COREY (CONT'D)

Come on, Noah. Look at me. I love you. Just look at my eyes. You don't have to say anything. Just let me know that you understand. I'm your husband and your lover.

*Music begins playing. COREY begins humming "Bridge Over Troubled Waters." When NOAH recognizes the song; he begins humming.*

COREY (CONT'D)

Why don't we dance?

*NOAH obeys, and COREY puts his arm around NOAH's waist and they begin dancing. As they twirl around the stage, they start from simple dance steps and progress to Rumba, Cha Cha, Foxtrot, and Swing. Periodically they stop to kiss, tickle and hug one another followed by more dancing. After working up a sweat and becoming out of breath, they sit down on the bench.*

COREY (CONT'D)

I'm exhausted. My goodness, where did you learn how to dance like that?

NOAH

Here.

COREY

Oh, that's right. The brochure for this place said there was a dance instructor. I can't remember the last time we went out dancing. Didn't we use to do country line dancing at Oil Can Harry's?

NOAH

The incense burns! Brilliant sacred torches, shining all around. Here is the minister; give me your right hand.

*NOAH reaches out and holds COREY.*

COREY

Those are the words from the Mad Scene in *Lucia di Lammermoor* where she stabs her husband to death on their wedding night.

*NOAH sings a few verses in Italian.*

NOAH

I love you.

*COREY squeezes NOAH's hand*

COREY

Oh my love. I love you so much.

*NOAH kisses COREY*

NOAH

Patrick, my friend, Patrick. Kiss me. Hold me, Patrick.

*COREY jumps away from NOAH, keels over and holds his stomach.*

COREY

No!

*Lights dim.*

SCENE 10

*ELLE is sitting in garden at Sunrise, when BRIAN enters.*

BRIAN

I am happy to see that you're visiting Patrick. Recently he's been asking about the woman who comes to see him every morning and what happened to her. This is an important milestone. The fact that he remembers you; this is a good thing. I've seen some of residents have periods of lucidity. It could last minutes or hours.

ELLE

I don't want to get my hopes up. Honestly, I don't miss coming here. It's been nice to have a break. Maybe I'll have a better attitude about this mess.

BRIAN

Okay. I'm going to get Patrick and bring him out here.

*After Brian exits, ELLE checks her sugars and is satisfied by the reading. She hears music and starts repeating the lyrics.*

ELLE

A time to weep and a time to laugh; A time to mourn and a time to dance. A time to cast away stones,

*PATRICK enters the garden. PATRICK walks around the garden as he speaks.*

PATRICK

And a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing.

ELLE

Patrick! You remember "Turn, Turn, Turn" by The Byrds. We saw them perform at the Whisky A-Go-Go on our first date.

PATRICK

Going to a Go-Go.

ELLE

Yes, you were so excited about going to The Whisky because one of your favorite songs was, "Going to A-Go-Go." I think you were disappointed that The Miracles weren't the performers.

PATRICK

Smokey Robinson and the Miracles.

ELLE

You look good. I'm sorry I haven't been visiting. I've been busy at work. You know how it is in nursing. There is always a crisis. And I hate when my boss calls me Eleanor even after I've told her millions of times that I only go by Elle.

PATRICK

I know Eleanor.

*ELLE sheds happy tears.*

ELLE

Yes, Patrick. That's me. Eleanor, your wife. You can call me whatever you want just as long as you remember me!

PATRICK

You're my pride. You're my joy.

*ELLE gets up from the bench and walks over to PATRICK and snuggles with him.*

ELLE

It's so nice.

*ELLE cranes her neck and begins kissing PATRICK. Both are passionately embracing one another and kissing, and then ELLE starts wailing. She backs away from PATRICK. Blood is trickling from her mouth. She screams.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

Ow! Ow! You bit me!

PATRICK

Stop screaming!

*Elle continues screaming and calls out.*

ELLE

Brian!

BRIAN rushes into the garden.

ELLE (CONT'D)

He bit me so hard. It feels like my tongue is on fire. He's like an animal.

*PATRICK comes toward ELLE.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

Get him away from me.

BRIAN

Yes. I'll take him back to his room. But what about you? Do you want me to take you to the Emergency Room?

ELLE

No. I think I'll be able to stop the bleeding once I get home. But I feel a little shaky now. I better sit down and wait awhile. You go ahead. I'll be fine.

*BRIAN leads PATRICK out of the garden.*

BRIAN

Look, once I get Patrick settled, I'll come back to see if you need any help.

*ELLE pulls a handkerchief out of her purse and presses it against her tongue. She begins shivering. BRIAN reenters the garden.*

ELLE

I can't believe this happened! I thought he was doing so well. We were actually having a conversation. He knew who I was. Then he attacked me! I'm surprised he didn't bite my tongue off! God, it's throbbing!

BRIAN

Let me take a look. Unfortunately, I have some experience with this.

*BRIAN has ELLE stick out her tongue.*

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I can see the wound. But at least the bleeding seems to have stopped. Gargling when you get home is going to help. But if it doesn't get better, you need to get it taken care of.

ELLE

Thank you, but this was a mistake coming here. And you said he was doing better since he's with his so-called friend. I'm done with him! I've tried.

*ELLE gets up from the bench and walks away. Lights dim.*

SCENE 11

*The breakfast room at Sunrise. NOAH and PATRICK sitting at their table just about to be eating their cereal.*

NOAH

Good morning. Can you name all the morning songs?

PATRICK

“Angel of the Morning”, “Morning Has Broken”,  
“Chelsea Morning.”

NOAH

“Touch Me in the Morning”, “Good Morning, Good  
Morning.”

PATRICK

The Beatles, from Sgt. Pepper.

NOAH

I'm hungry.

PATRICK

Look at my hand.

*PATRICK gets up from his chair and puts his hand up to NOAH's face.*

NOAH

What should I see?

PATRICK

It's got these lines. I don't know what they mean.

NOAH

Long life?

*PATRICK uses his hands to cover NOAH's eyes.*

NOAH (CONT'D)

I can't see anything.

PATRICK

But after I kiss you. You can see.

NOAH

You're crazy, but I like you anyway. Now I'm going  
to eat.

*PATRICK sits back in his chair as NOAH begins quickly eating his cereal. He suddenly starts choking. PATRICK jumps up from his seat and pulls on NOAH but unable to help him. He begins shouting.*

PATRICK

Brian! Something is wrong with my friend!

*BRIAN rushes into the breakfast room.*



BRIAN

What happened to Noah?

PATRICK

He was eating, and then he put his hands around his throat!

*BRIAN sees how NOAH is choking and tries various maneuvers to unlock the trapped food. PATRICK is hovering around NOAH and shouts,*

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Help! Help! Help!

*BRIAN continues trying to save NOAH, but after a minute realizes it is futile. He calls 911. Lights dim.*

SCENE 12

*COREY is in his bedroom listening to music through headphones, unable to hear the phone ringing until he removes the headphones and answers the phone.*

COREY

Hi Brian, what do you want?

*BRIAN is on the other side of the stage.*

BRIAN

Noah had an accident this morning when he was having breakfast. The oatmeal went down the wrong pipe. We did everything we could. Unfortunately, he couldn't breathe. Corey, Noah died this morning. I am *so* sorry. We tried calling you multiple times today, but you never answered. Since we couldn't reach you, we notified Noah's doctor and the funeral home that you listed when Noah was admitted. So that's where Noah's body is right now. Not sure you can go to the funeral parlor to see Noah at this hour. It might be too late. Unfortunately, you'll have to wait until morning

COREY

Why do I have to see Noah's body? He's dead! It's not him! It's not like I'm identifying his body like in an episode of *Law and Order*.

BRIAN

Sometimes people need closure; saying goodbye even if it's just the dead body. I think it can help with

the grieving process. It helps the bereaved test the reality that the death has really occurred.

COREY

I don't want to see him! Goodbye.

*After finishing the phone call, NOAH goes back to listening to music on his headphones. But within seconds, he throws the headphones off and faces the audience.*

COREY (CONT'D)

Fuck you, Noah! You want to see me cry, don't you? Should I be thinking maybe this is a relief? You won't be suffering anymore. And now that you're dead, I guess the fact that you had an affair doesn't matter. Who knows, maybe this Patrick is more your type than me? Did you think I wanted you to die so I wouldn't have to watch your mind disintegrate? Damn you! I can't even cry!

*COREY goes to bed but after tossing and turning, gets up.*

COREY (CONT'D)

You won't even let me sleep! You know if something happens to our son, Franklin, you won't be around to comfort me. And don't expect a celebration of life. I'm not doing it! Let one of your friends arrange a funeral, too.

*Lights dim.*

### SCENE 13

*ELLE is in bed and the phone rings. BRIAN is on the other side of the stage*

ELLE

What do you want, Brian? I told you I didn't care that Noah had died. At least I won't need to see them together. His death eliminates *that* problem. But since you told me, I'm relieved. Call me heartless, but at least I don't have to deal with Noah's husband, Corey. I think he blames Patrick for the affair. I swear to God it was Noah that made Patrick gay!

BRIAN

I wasn't sure I should call you back, but I'm worried about Patrick. He doesn't really know what has happened. I mean, he was upset about the commotion before the EMTs arrived. We had all the residents go

back to their rooms before Noah was pronounced dead and carried away. I was concerned about Patrick because Noah had been sharing his bed with him for the last six months. We decided to give him Seroquel to insure that he gets a good night's sleep. It helps with insomnia and is a quick tranquilizer. They're planning a memorial service. It is not only for the residents, but also for the staff at Sunrise. Anyway, I thought you should know.

ELLE

After that incident with Patrick biting me, can you expect me to visit him again? This is part of your job! That's why we're paying for your services so that I don't have to deal with him. I'm sorry. There is nothing I can do to help. Goodbye!

*After ELLE hangs up the phone, lights dim and only BRIAN's side of the stage is lit. After ELLE's call ends, the phone rings.*

BRIAN

Yes, Margaret. I know administration is concerned about what happened. I racked my brain about this. Why did it take so long for the EMTs to arrive? Do we need better training? But right now, I can't believe Noah is gone. You know I wonder if we haven't been treating the residents with enough empathy. We go through the protocols, but something is missing. And I think that's why I'm feeling devastated by his death.

*BRIAN starts crying.*

BRIAN (CONT'D)

We have the issue with how Patrick will handle the loss. And there's the contemptuous atmosphere created for Noah and Patrick by how they impacted their respective spouses. And, of course, I've tried to explain this to Patrick, but he is confused. And Margaret, no matter how many times I try to tell myself it's not my fault, I still want to take the blame.

*PATRICK's screaming echoes.*

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Margaret, I've got to go. Something is going on with Patrick.

*BRIAN runs off stage. Lights dim. Lights go up on ELLE in her bedroom. The phone is ringing. BRIAN is on the other side of the stage.*

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Please, come here. Something is going on with your husband. We thought he was coping well. We're trying to sedate him because he has gotten violent. He keeps asking about Noah. During the sing-along after lunch, the piano director wanted to acknowledge Noah, and said, "I know we've lost one of our best singers. In honor of Noah, we're going to sing one of his favorite songs, 'Your Song' by Elton John. He would sing it with Patrick." Hearing the lyrics set Patrick off. We tried to take him back to his room, but he wouldn't go, and he kept hitting the attendant. I knew he had slept in Noah's room the previous night, and I figured that's where Patrick wanted to be. He won't stop screaming and crying. It's gotten so bad that he's lost his voice. I don't know if there's anything you can do. Maybe just seeing your face might calm him down.

ELLE

I've told you before! Handle it yourself!

*A crashing sound interrupts the call. BRIAN goes offstage. ELLE hears him.*

BRIAN

Oh no! It looks like Patrick is trying to hurt himself!

*Lights dim. When they come up, on one side of the stage PATRICK is in bed in NOAH's room. BRIAN is trying to calm PATRICK. On the other side of the stage, COREY is sitting on the garden bench. ELLE enters.*

ELLE

Where's Patrick?

COREY

I've killed him! I'm the one who killed Noah! It's my fault! I should have been here for him. I should have been taking care of him at home. This would never have happened. And he's been dead for twenty-four hours, and I've only been thinking about myself! That he abandoned me!

*COREY pauses and sobs. ELLE moves toward him trying to show empathy, but as she gets closer, backs away from him*

COREY (CONT'D)

My friends kept telling me that Noah didn't realize what he was doing. That I shouldn't blame him. I never listened to them, and now it's too late! It was only when I saw his room that I realized how much I'm going to miss him. That I never got to say goodbye. My pride, jealousy, anger -- all those fucked up emotions destroyed our forty years together! I've been so stupid to obsess about what happened between him and Patrick. And when I tried to pick up Noah's belongings, your husband stopped me. I was afraid he was going to hit me when I tried to take our wedding picture. And when I went into the closet to get Noah's slippers, Patrick screamed at me! I loved those slippers! His feet were so large; it was impossible to find anything in his size. And he would wear them even though they were shredded and smelly. I would put baking soda in them to get rid of the odor.

*ELLE breaks down into tears and holds COREY. BRIAN comes onto the stage.*

BRIAN

Elle, please come with me. We need your help with Patrick. We're trying to get the room ready for a new resident, but Patrick won't move. He urinated on the floor just like a dog marking his territory.

*ELLE separate from COREY.*

ELLE

Corey, once I get him to leave the room, you'll have a chance to get Noah's things. And we'll talk later. I don't want to say I understand what you're going through, but the best I can do is listen.

ELLE and BRIAN run toward NOAH's room.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Am I going to be safe with Patrick?

BRIAN

I'll be there with you the whole time, and I'll have one of my staff outside the door. Nothing is going to happen. I just need you to convince him to leave the

room. And I don't want to have him admitted to some kind of locked ward. That isn't going to do him any good.

*BRIAN and ELLE enter the room.*

ELLE

Hi, Patrick. It's Elle. I wanted to see you. I know you are hurting. I think I can help if you let me.

*PATRICK is sitting on the bed, leaning against the headboard, with his legs crossed, hugging a pillow.*

PATRICK

Do I know you?

ELLE

Yes, I'm Elle. I'm your wife.

PATRICK

I didn't know I was married. But Elle, can you help me find Noah? He always comes to my bed every night. I am waiting for him. They told me he wasn't coming back. I don't believe them. Can you wait with me?

ELLE

Yes. I'll wait with you. Can I lay next to you in bed while we wait for Noah?

BRIAN

I think this bed is a little small. You know I have a larger suite where you guys will be much more comfortable. Patrick, why don't you go with Elle?

PATRICK

No, I want Noah! If we go to another room, how will he find us? I'm staying!

*PATRICK grips the bed linens.*

ELLE

I have an idea, Patrick. Brian will wait here, and when Noah shows up, he'll bring him to us.

*BRIAN tries to help PATRICK off the bed, but he refuses to let go of the sheets.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

Let's check out this other room. If we don't like it, we can come right back. And maybe you'll like being in bed with me. I know it's different from Noah, but it will be fun. And we can sing as we walk. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

PATRICK

Wouldn't It, Wouldn't It?

ELLE

Yes, just like the song by The Beach Boys, "Wouldn't it Be Nice?"

*As though PATRICK had been hypnotized by her words, he lets ELLE move him off the bed. As they held hands and walk out of the room, both smile. ELLE sings a few lines from "Both Sides Now", with PATRICK reading them.*

ELLE (CONT'D)

Tears and fears and feeling proud.

PATRICK

Tears and fears and feeling proud.

ELLE

To say I love you right out loud.

PATRICK

To say I love you right out loud.

THE END

Music takes on a significant role in this play. Below are the songs referred to. By listening to them, we can discover the impact these songs have on the lives and memories of the characters.

Song List:

Leaving On a Jet Plane - Peter, Paul and Mary  
I Am, I Said - Neil Diamond  
Don't You Know - Della Reese  
Both Sides Now - Joni Mitchell  
A Case of You - Joni Mitchell  
You Don't Have to Say You Love Me - Dusty Springfield  
To Love Somebody - The Bee Gees  
Bridge Over Troubled Waters - Simon and Garfunkel  
Turn, Turn, Turn - The Byrds  
Going To a Go-Go - The Miracles  
Angel of the Morning - Merrilee Rush  
Touch Me in the Morning - Diana Ross  
Good Morning, Good Morning - The Beatles  
Chelsea Morning - Joni Mitchell  
Morning Has Broken - Cat Stevens  
Wouldn't It Be Nice - The Beach Boys  
Eleanor Rigby - The Beatles  
Eleanor - The Turtles