

I've seen you laugh and cry and clap for...

He wants to say "shit" - stops himself.

...Sorry.

...Not sorry.

(trying to recover)

Thank you for coming to see..."Janice and the Bones."

...

You're terrified.

...

...Me too.

...

I want an award.

(as if talking to the crib)

That's why the last scene isn't...

I want to be sober long enough to tell the truth so I can go back to drinking.

...The black plague would open and close on the same night.

...Don't laugh.

It's how I lie.

...

My characters...talk to me.

...anything worthwhile...my body wrote.

I'm never there...when it matters.

...

Janice wakes up...

Removes her shirt and steps towards the crib to nurse her baby and -

She remembers her child died.

She's the actress but...

(softly)

Meggy.

...

I wrote a woman.

Oh my god...I...

...

(with relief)

...Thank god I'm pathetic.

(as if explaining)

It's easier to lie when you don't think you're pathetic.

(like it's urgent, sudden, gesturing to the
crib)

Something needs to fucking...

...

It's your fault.

It's - it's mine.

(he slowly turns his attention to the wings)

No.

No.

Something hits him.

(to the backstage)

It's your fault.

It's your fault.

It's your fucking...

(as if the end of a sentence he said to
himself)

...Don't you?

A beat - he absorbs it.

*JACK steps out of the light into the wings, no
longer visible.*

*A loud smack is heard - like skin on skin.
He returns to the stage.*

(towards the wings, like all has been
solved)

Okay?