

SHADOW PLAY - EXCERPT FOR SIDES

By

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INT - CAFE IN SAN DIEGO. MARCH 19, 1997. DAY.

ADDIE (in her late 40s or 50s) sits with Cassie (in her 20s or 30s), finishing up their lunch. Cassie takes a bite, takes a drink of water. Addie's stares off into the distance with a bored/dull expression.

CASSIE
You like Thai food?

ADDIE
It's all right. It's good to try everything, I suppose. While we're around.

CASSIE
How 'bout music? Groups we'd both know, I mean. Were you into the Beatles, before the..? Or, wait, the Stones? Mick Jagger? Keith Richards?

ADDIE
They're all right.

CASSIE
Cool.

ADDIE
A good boy-band.

CASSIE
(laughs)
I've never heard them called that before.

WAITER approaches.

ADDIE
I watch the news, Cassie. I know how people talk these days.

CASSIE
Us "young folks," you mean?
(laughs) I'm thirty years old, mom.

ADDIE
(without humor)
I know that.

WAITER
You guys ready for dessert?

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Not quite yet. Thanks.

He nods, leaves. Addie pulls on her sweater, starts buttoning it.

ADDIE

I should be getting back. I told Do I'd help with the preparations.

CASSIE

I was a little nervous, when you called. I'd thought about it, you know. The idea of meeting you again. I tracked down your brother a few years ago. He told me you were dead. Or he thought you were.

ADDIE

Cassie --

CASSIE

I know. It's nothing personal. For you. For me, it was like -- I knew Maggie wasn't my real mother. So I thought about you a lot. I even dreamed about you, one time. You had red hair. You were like a crazy woman. (laughs) In your - group - do you think much about dreams? Are they like, spiritual?

ADDIE

(shakes her head)

Do says they're an illusion. A reflection of God's light on the mind. But the mind's not really there. So they're really just a distraction. A shadow play. I don't expect you to understand.

CASSIE

No, I get it. Kind of. (beat) Can I ask you something?

ADDIE

Can I stop you?

CASSIE

Why'd you give me up? Why not keep me, and raise me yourself?

(CONTINUED)

ADDIE

(shrugs)

Why not just abort you, if we're going there? I'd met your father once, at a party. It sounds cliché, I know, but I honestly couldn't remember what he looked like. I couldn't picture raising you with him, or without him. I was looking for something, Cassie. Can you understand?

CASSIE

I missed you.

ADDIE

(irritably)

We're just vessels, Cassie. Souls come and go. We're here to grow, then move on. Or we're supposed to. We get tangled in the illusion sometimes.

MAGGIE

The illusion.

ADDIE

Like dreams. The shadow play. "Mothers." "Daughters." My own mother used to call me and guilt-trip me, back when I first joined the Group. "Are you all right? Are you coming home? Your father's sick. He needs you, Addie." Well I needed something too. (looks at her watch) I can't stay much longer. Do gets impatient when I'm late.