

JAKE AND MR. WESTLAKE

JAKE: Yeah. Anything, like, who is this person and why did they decide to commit suicide in my mailbox.

MR. WESTLAKE: You're asking a bit much of a piece of paper aren't you?

JAKE: I don't have anything else to go on. I mean, I think about who it might be. It's not anyone I know. I don't know anyone who... I mean... I mean my sister spent a couple of years wearing nothing but black, listened to country music all day and hated everybody in sight, but I know for a fact she would never kill herself. At least I don't think so.

MR. WESTLAKE: Why do you want to find out about the person in the note?

JAKE: I don't know. I've just been thinking about her, that's all.

MR. WESTLAKE: Her?

JAKE: I imagine it's a girl. I don't know why. Maybe Moe swayed me with the stationery argument.

MR. WESTLAKE: Pardon?

JAKE: Never mind. I read this letter and I see a girl.

MR. WESTLAKE: *(reading the note)* Dear Mom: This is a lie. This is all a lie. Everything. Now and before and forever.

JAKE: *(In his own world)* And I wonder who she is. What she looks like, where she lives.

MR. WESTLAKE: *(reading the note)* I can't go on and I can't go on lying so this is the only way I can think of to make things right.

JAKE: I wonder if her mother knew.

MR. WESTLAKE: *(reading the note)* I've tried mom. I've tried so hard.

JAKE AND MR. WESTLAKE

JAKE: I wonder if there's a body somewhere...

MR. WESTLAKE: *(reading the note)* I know you won't understand...

JAKE: ...and if her mother found her.

MR. WESTLAKE: *(reading the note)*...and I know you'll be hurt.

JAKE: Did she expect to find her daughter this way?

MR. WESTLAKE: *(reading the note)* But killing myself is the one act I won't be able to lie about.

JAKE: Or did she have no idea. Not a clue.

MR. WESTLAKE: *(reading the note)* I love you. Sincerely. M.

JAKE: I wonder how she feels now. Especially since I have the note.

MR. WESTLAKE: How do you feel, Jake?

JAKE: I'm fine. I told you...

MR. WESTLAKE: You feel fine about all of this?

JAKE: This isn't about me. This is about some girl who...

MR. WESTLAKE: You don't know it's a girl.

JAKE: Ok, ok, I imagine it's a girl.

MR. WESTLAKE: What do you think that means?

JAKE: I don't want to talk about me.

MR. WESTLAKE: You're taking this note very seriously.

JAKE: I'm not...

MR. WESTLAKE: You're not sleeping, you're creating fantasies...

JAKE: That's not what I said, you're twisting my words.

JAKE AND MR. WESTLAKE

MR. WESTLAKE: How are your parents, Jake?

JAKE: They're fine.

MR. WESTLAKE: Karen?

JAKE: Fine.

MR. WESTLAKE: How's Ken?

JAKE: What do you mean, "How's Ken?" Ken is fine. He's just fine.

MR. WESTLAKE: Jake.

JAKE: I'm fine. Everybody's fine. I never asked you to pry into my life, I was just looking for an opinion.

MR. WESTLAKE: All right.

JAKE: What do you mean by that?

MR. WESTLAKE: Nothing.

JAKE: Sure. Right. I don't think this is going to work. Can I have my note back?

MR. WESTLAKE: We should talk about this.

JAKE: Can I have my note? *(he takes the note)* Thanks.

JAKE walks downstage and addresses the audience.

JAKE: I am fine. There's nothing wrong with me. I am 100% A-ok. I don't know why he was talking to me like that. I'm not the one who tried to kill themselves.

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PO Box 1064, Crystal Beach, ON, Canada L0S 1B0
Tel 1-866-245-9138 / Fax 1-877-245-9138
Email folk@theatrefolk.com / Web www.theatrefolk.com

To learn more about Theatrefolk,
visit us on the World Wide Web

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WWW.THEATREFOLK.COM

EMAIL: TFOLK@THEATREFOLK.COM