**Moving, Death and Divorce**

**Scene 1 J**

In one of these boxes is the secret of my married past. I don’t want to let it out, because it shames me to think that I do miss a little who we were together before I discovered we were nothing…I don’t want you to know that sometimes I miss that fully developed narcissistic personality which I sometimes feel bordered on sociopath. I don’t want you to know the way I struggled to understand him and his multiple addictions and spent too much energy doing it. But I guess I do want you to know that after 17 years of having someone by your side, you just miss them being by your side. Just moving along with you. And when they’re gone and everyone else that used to be around seems to go with them, I do want you to know what a horrible, terrible, empty feeling that is…

**Scene 2** **Monica**

I guess this particular fly by is by the tower and it does this 90 degree turn by the tower and I guess this is in memorial or memory of someone who had just passed away and he had just done that and he made the landing and my parents walk out to him, and my poppa asked my dad if he wanted to go up for a ride, but he said, no, let’s pack it in and my poppa opened up the backseat to let his friend out.  His friend said, that was a perfect flight and evidently my poppa tripped over the landing gear, the wheel, he tripped and hit his head so hard on the asphalt uhm apparently he was just gone. And an ambulance came and they gave him three shots of adrenaline to the heart and he was just gone like that and he died in my dad’s arms. **J**

We stood outside my new school’s front door lined up on the brick path and I kept feeling like everyone was staring at me and pointing. I thought I heard someone behind me say “She’s pretty,” and I felt certain that would be one more reason for nobody to like me.

When I was in the second grade and we moved, I asked my mom to make sure I got the nicest teacher. I got Mrs. Osperstein, who wore her hair tall over her head, too tall even to be called a beehive I think, wrapped up in a black net covered with flowers or butterflies. She wore a bright pink lipstick, which was so distracting it almost distracted you from the brown mole hanging off her top lip, but not quite. She wasn’t mean, though I didn’t find her particularly nice either. She was nothing compared to my first grade teacher, Mrs. Rosenburg, at my old school, who had soft brown hair, wispy around her pink cheeks and sweet smile.

I don’t know what my mom had told the new school about me or about wanting the nicest teacher. Maybe she mentioned the divorce and that I might be a little sensitive right now due to the trauma of it all. I don’t know, but maybe if she did, maybe they thought it would be good to put me with a bunch of other traumatized, disturbed kids and I think, now, that must’ve been why they did it.

**Scene 3 Melissa**

Well, I would say that death has probably influenced me the most in my life, although moving would probably be second. But death has impacted me a lot due to the fact that my mother died when I was a child and she died in front of me and she took a bottle of pills in front of me and then we went to sleep because I was too young to realize what had just happened. I woke up in my grandmother’s bed and then was later told that my mother died. And I don’t remember the last like 4 months after that, my next memory occurs when I’m about 5 and a half, so I don’t know what happened, but apparently it was traumatic enough that I blacked it out.

 **J**

I don’t know whether it was night or day, I don’t know what she wore or where she left her car, I don’t know if she left a note or if she decided right then to do it or if she planned it ahead of time, I don’t know.

All I can see is her face, reddened and wrinkled from the sun, and her white blonde hair tied back, and somehow her white sweatshirt with the crew neck, with her white tank top underneath it and her little muscular arms and her little blue skirt. I can see her vitamin water, a yellow one in one hand, her racquet in the other. I can see her dog and her face and her tired. Her tired and her thirsty. And I can hear her sometimes gravelly, voice. But I cannot see her climbing over the rail and jumping off. And I cannot think of what she thought when she did. And I cannot think of her children except that I still see her daughter’s face from when my children and my dog met her children, two of them, and her, and their dog at the dog park. But I cannot think of any of it, except to roll it back in time, to change it, to make it not true.

**Scene 4: The logisitics**

**Kory:**Where did she leave her car?

**J:** I heard the Presidio.

**Kory:** The Presidio?

**J:** That’s kind of far isn’t it?

**Kory:** I wonder if she was running.

**J:** She ran six miles a day.

**Kory:** I wonder what she was wearing.

**J:** All I can see is her white crew neck sweatshirt and her

royal blue tennis skirt. But if she was running, was she

wearing running clothes?

**Kory:** So I guess she was coming from the city.

**J:** Seems like it.

**Kory:** But from the Presidio it’s like she ran right into it.

**J:** Seems like she would’ve had a chance to change her

mind along the way.

**Kory:** Unless, she didn’t decide until she got there.

**Clarisse:** (*Running*) I was always a runner. I loved to run so fast and

so hard, loved it like nothing else. So when I left the

session, the one Jim and I had finally met for, I ran. All

along the Presidio I ran. I had parked my car there and

thought what a beautiful day, why not run over the bridge

and back. Because I was always a runner and I loved to

run fast and hard. Only when I got to the bridge I decided

not to run over it. Instead, I climbed up the railing and over

it and jumped off.

My run hadn’t felt very good that day. It hadn’t been easy

to run fast and hard. I guess I was tired.

**Scene 5: The facts**

**K:** You know it’s not an easy way to go.

**J:** What happens?

**Kory:** The impact of the water rips your internal organs from your body, or fractures your skull, or floods your lungs with water and you drown. But some people, nothing happens to.

**J:** What do you mean?

**Kory:** That guy who jumped and nothing happened made a documentary about the whole thing. He’s a big advocate for the barriers because he regretted it from the moment he left the railing.

**J:** That would be horrible.

**Kory:** I bet she regretted it.

**J:** You think so?

**Kory:** I bet she would take it back if she could.

**J:** But if she wasn’t in her right mind, maybe not.

 **J**

And I’ve heard that when people finally make the decision to do it, they appear to be the happiest they’ve ever been, “*I’m really great*,” because they feel so good about their decision, so relieved, so ready to let go of the problems and the suffering and the despair and the anger and move on that you’d never know they were planning to jump off a bridge, or that they’re about to go hang themselves, or asphyxiate themselves in their garage, the same garage they cleaned out last week, or that they are going to blow their brains out. But when they go to do it, do they still look that happy way, or is that moment when all the despair and anguish comes rushing back in at them a crescendo of all that heat rising to the surface, an itch gone raw, a big oozing wound, (**SLAM**,) exploding before the end.

**Scene 6: What happened?**

**Kory:** She said Jim left her.

**J:** Well, I think he did.

**Kory:** But did he leave her or the whole family cause she seemed to think he abandoned all of them.

**J:** That’s the strange part. Maybe she thought if he left her he wasn’t going to be in the kids’ lives.

**Kory:** But now he is.

**J:** Did she leave a note?

**Kory:** I think they would’ve said.

**J:** I think they should’ve if she did.

**Kory:** It would be so nice to know, just about anything.

**J:** Somebody knows.

**Kory:** Somebody was the last person to see her.

**J:** Right around 2 p.m.

 **J**

My grandfather tried it. Slit his wrists. He was bi-polar and on Lithium. He sang a lot when he was up, cried a lot when he was down, but I don’t know what made him try it. My grandmother found him and the ambulance came and took him to a mental institution. My grandma told my mom how embarrassed he would be if people found out he had tried. “He’ll be so ashamed,” she said. I don’t think he would be ashamed, just sorry it didn’t work and maybe it was my grandma who was ashamed.