

ROSE

I'm in the basement. I'm dreaming, but the noise is real.

Rose stumbles across the stage. Man becomes Phillip but the shift is subtle.

PHILLIP

Rose, what's wrong? You woke me up. Are you ok?

...

Where have you been?

ROSE

Pintop, where else?

PHILLIP

Ah! That's a-ok/

ROSE

Phillip, dear, do you think it's worse to be on the inside looking out or the outside looking in?

PHILLIP

I don't know, what does that mean?

ROSE

You're in the same place, it's only a matter of perspective.

...

When you're on the inside looking out, you're full of yearning, but oppressed by circumstance. When you're on the outside looking in, you're full of regret, but given the freedom of knowing.

PHILLIP

That's really interesting, sweetie.

ROSE

So which is worse?

PHILLIP

Inside-out, I suppose.

ROSE

Which one are you?

PHILLIP

Neither. I'm inside-in. I'm happy where I am.

ROSE
In Pintop?

PHILLIP
Yes, in Pintop. With you, in Pintop.

...
Which one are you?

ROSE
I don't know. I'm both, I think. I'm inside-out-outside-in.

PHILLIP
Oh.

ROSE
Does it ever change?

PHILLIP
Does what ever change?

ROSE
Pintop.

PHILLIP
Sure it does. People move in and out. You changed it by coming here.

ROSE
Was Pintop different without me?

PHILLIP
Well, the stores, restaurants, movie theaters, they were all the same. Honestly, it kind of feels like you've always been here. I can't imagine Pintop without you.

ROSE
Why did you want to come back?

PHILLIP
It's home.

ROSE
Why did you take me with you?

PHILLIP
You're home.

ROSE

Is it better to live in a constant state of wanting?

PHILLIP

Rather than what?

ROSE

Having.

PHILLIP

I don't think so.

ROSE

Is inadequacy inevitable?

PHILLIP

Probably not.

ROSE

Do you think hope is a kind of ignorance?

PHILLIP

It's unlikely.

ROSE

Is it ever better to know?

PHILLIP

Know what?

ROSE

Everything.

PHILLIP

I don't think I'd want to know everything.

ROSE

Neither would I.

PHILLIP

Rose, please tell me what's wrong.

ROSE

I can't, dear.

PHILLIP

Why not?

ROSE

I don't know how.

PHILLIP

Is it Mason's lying?

ROSE

I don't think so.

PHILLIP

The party?

ROSE

Probably not.

PHILLIP

Is it me?

ROSE

It's unlikely.

PHILLIP

What can I do to help?

ROSE

You can change.

PHILLIP

You want me to change?

ROSE

I want something to change.

...

It's not your fault. It's not anybody's fault.

PHILLIP

Then what is it?

ROSE
I'm pent up.

PHILLIP
Pent up?

ROSE
Pent up in Pintop.

PHILLIP
I see.

...
Well, you know...

He starts to sing. It's to the tune of "Every Rose Has Its Thorn" by Poison.

PHILLIP
*Every Rose has her HAWthorne...
Just like every Phillip, has his Rose
Just like...
Every cowboy sings/*

ROSE
Phillip, shhh.

PHILLIP
I couldn't think of anything/

ROSE
Listen.

Music plays, quietly. It could be Every Rose Has Its Thorn, or something else slow and romantic in sound but not necessarily in lyrics.

Rose approaches Phillip. She starts to dance. It's the same as she did with Man, but less sensual. She takes off Phillip's shirt. He laughs.

PHILLIP
What are you doing?

She slaps him. She laughs.

Phillip stands still, stunned.

PHILLIP

What are you/

ROSE

Dance with me.

They continue to dance. It's awkward. Phillip doesn't know how.

PHILLIP

I guess I should have taken those lessons after all!

It gets more intense, Rose moves faster and faster.

PHILLIP

Whoa!

...

I'm a-ok.

Phillip hums.

Rose slaps him again. She doesn't laugh. They stop dancing.

PHILLIP

This is a little much for me, baby. Come on, it's time to go to bed. Goodnight, Rose.

Phillip turns to go to bed as before. He begins to walk up the stairs, which have appeared from somewhere.

Rose follows him. They both exit. Several beats. Maybe some noises echo.

ROSE

(offstage)

It's repetition, it's the cycle.

...

But this has never happened before.

...

This has never happened before.