

# STIMULATE

## CHARACTERS

**MOM** ..... 44

**DAD** ..... 47

**STACY** ..... 17

## SETTING

The family living room.

## TIME

Present day.

## STIMULATE

*(Lights up on STACY and MOM in a very traditional living room. STACY is moving mechanically around the room. She has no purpose, no reason, no trajectory. She might as well be a ticking clock, for all the involvement she has in the room. Her clothing is obviously new and expensive, but she's not wearing shoes. MOM sits in a chair.)*

MOM

I think I did a good job. You'll see—you'll like the color. Oxblood is the color for this season—that's what everyone is saying. I was concerned about the sleeves. You just hate bulky fabric. But they're so cute.

*(STACY gets close to exiting the stage.)*

MOM

'Oup, no you don't.

*(MOM pops up and directs STACY back into the room. All MOM has to do is turn STACY, and she has a new direction. MOM goes back to sitting in the chair.)*

MOM

You gotta stay in here for a little bit. I don't want to have to track you down. Anyway, she—the sales girl—suggested the pistachio, but with your skin tone, I knew we'd have to go darker.

*(hearing something)*

Uh-oh. There's your dad. Great. Ready? Ofcourse, you're ready. Am I ready? I look okay? Hm, it's a little tight, but nothing can be done now.

*(DAD enters through the front door, carrying brown paper bags.)*

DAD

It's dark in here.

MOM

I drew the curtains.

*(Beat.)*

Need any help?

DAD

They didn't have sea bass.

MOM

They didn't? I called them this morning specifically for the sea bass.

They ran out. DAD

So you went somewhere else. MOM

I got the filet instead. DAD

She doesn't like meat. MOM

We had steak two weeks before the accident and she loved it. DAD

But we haven't given her red meat in months. MOM

And today I thought we'd change that. DAD

What if she won't eat... MOM

It's the best thing on their menu—it's delicious and she'll love it. DAD  
*(unloading his bags)*

I just hope you're right. MOM

Don't worry. DAD

Because she can't be hungry. MOM

I'll make her a grilled cheese, if she wants. DAD

A sandwich? MOM

Or pasta. Or salad. Anything. DAD

MOM  
*(grabbing a pill bottle)*

I'm going to give it to her now.

DAD

Should we practice what we're going to say?

MOM

Let's just play it by ear.

DAD

I don't want to get in the middle of this and not know how to explain to her what's going on. She deserves our preparation. How about we start off with something like, "It's not anybody's fault. We both still care about you and each other. You'll always have a family—"

MOM

I can't wait any longer.

DAD

Can I just pee first?

MOM

Sure.

*(MOM walks over to STACY and gently puts a pill in her mouth. STACY doesn't notice and continues to move aimlessly.)*

DAD

Thanks, I can't go now.

MOM

You think it's not going to work? The doctor said the tolerance is likely going to be permanent at some point.

DAD

Yes, I recall what he said.

MOM

If only we hadn't used it as much.

DAD

It's going to work.

MOM

I look okay?

DAD

You do.

MOM

Louboutins, cream soda—

DAD

The shoes? Again?

MOM

She adores them. I feel like I'm forgetting something.

DAD

I want to say something real quick. Before she's with us.

MOM

Not now.

DAD

Listen. You can't stimulate without me.

*(Beat.)*

Do you understand? I won't be around. The Resaphedrine will be here with Stacy. But I'm prepared to have my lawyer put it in the settlement if you won't control yourself—

MOM

Control myself? I'm not some addict around alcohol.

DAD

I never said you were. But I am concerned about you being here all alone.

MOM

I won't be alone.

DAD

Yes, you will. Grasp that. Truly. And it'll be tempting to stimulate, so you have someone to talk to. We don't know how much time she has left, and it's not fair to me—

MOM

That may not true.

DAD

God dammit. It is. He said we can't keep going along like this—

*(STACY stops moving. She looks around.)*

Mom? I'm hungry. STACY

Oh, baby! I know. MOM

Hey there kiddo! DAD

Come here. We've got a great dinner for you. MOM

Hey daddy. It's smells yummy in here. Cream soda? Awesome. STACY

And filet mignon. Medium rare, just her old man. Potatoes au gratin. Creamed spinach. DAD

*(STACY begins to eat.)*

I feel like I haven't eaten in days. STACY

I bought you some shoes today. See the red bottoms? MOM

Pretty. STACY

You can have some wine, too, if you want. DAD

Real wine? STACY

They're Louboutins! MOM

Oh. Neat. STACY  
*(uninterested)*

*(MOM makes a worried glance towards DAD.)*

MOM

They're very expensive shoes.

STACY

Whatever.

DAD

How's your steak? Can you remember that time we went out for steaks after your soccer game?

MOM

Stace, we spent hours looking at his shoes online—

STACY

Nope. I don't remember that.

MOM

Heels are your favorite...

DAD

So, you're starting to figure out that your memories are a little fractured?

MOM

We don't have to talk about this yet.

DAD

No time like the present to get this over with.

STACY

Hm, yeah, I can't remember what happened on Vampire Diaries. Did Klaus ever get the stake? Did I not watch the finale?

*(Beat.)*

And where are we? Who's house is this?

MOM

Okay, baby, real quick. A little over a year ago, you were in a car accident. At the emergency room, you almost died—

DAD

You did die.

MOM

Right, you died. But then you got up and started walking around. So, long story short, and many tests later, you're not alive, but you're obviously not deceased. Oddly enough you were not the first case. There are about twenty-one known instances in the world. Anyway the FDA released a trial drug that causes brain stimulation. It's mostly for your senses. Memories have been harder to pin point. I mean, they're still working on it—

DAD

Point is, Skittle—there's nothing wrong with you. Memories are spotty and you can't sleep, but that's it. Other than that, you're perfectly normal. No big deal at all.

STACY

Okay. Can I borrow the car?

MOM

Um, I don't think that would be a good idea.

STACY

Why not?

DAD

Your mom and I need to tell you something.

STACY

We can do that later. I want to go see my friends.

MOM

Stace, we've been waiting to hang out with you for a long time. Just the family.

STACY

I want to talk to Karen.

MOM

Babe, Karen's off at college.

STACY

And Billy?

MOM

Bobby? I think... he's in a new relationship.

STACY

That's impossible. We had promise rings.

MOM

Try to understand. It's been hell on Earth for not only us—

STACY

I'm going to go to his house.

DAD

No you aren't.



That isn't fair. STACY

Life isn't fucking fair. DAD

Where's my phone? STACY

You don't have a phone— MOM

What? STACY

Well, you never used it. That data plan was expensive. DAD

You can use mine. MOM  
*(acknowledging a glance from DAD)*  
After we chat.

I don't wanna use your stupid phone. STACY

Stacy— DAD

Can you even text on that thing? STACY

Well, yeah, it works. MOM  
*(to DAD)*  
Can't we get her a phone?

No, we're not doing that. DAD

Because you never get me anything I want. STACY

Look at the shoes. MOM

STACY

I don't even know what those are.

MOM

I bought your new clothes.

STACY

I hate them.

MOM

Listen, we can watch tv together. I'll make popcorn. With butter. I have True Blood on DVD. You always wanted to watch it, and now you're old enough.

STACY

That's right. I'm eighteen now. You can't make me do anything.

DAD

Now you hear me, young lady. You are not in charge here. You are going to stay right in that chair. And finish this meal that we got for you. It's our turn to talk. It's our turn god dammit.

STACY

Fine.

MOM

*(overly emotional)*

Oh Stace, don't act like this.

STACY

This food tastes weird.

MOM

Oh no, she's going—Already?

DAD

Shit. Stace!

STACY

Hm?

DAD

Stay with us for a moment.

MOM

Focus Stacy! You can do this.

*(STACY is rising up out of her chair.)*

DAD

Stacy, we have to tell you something.

MOM

Sometimes in life, things happen that you never could have predicted—

STACY

I'm just going to...

*(STACY starts to walk.)*

DAD

Stacy, we're getting a divorce! I'm moving out. I moved out. I won't be around anymore.

*(STACY turns around to face her parents.)*

STACY

Okay, daddy.

*(STACY goes back to walking. She's almost gone.)*

MOM

No! Stacy! Give me a hug goodbye. I forgot to get my hug.

*(MOM wraps her arms around STACY and forces STACY's arms to embrace her.)*

MOM

I'm sorry. I forgot. I love you, baby.

STACY

Duh, mom.

*(STACY walks. She is the clock again. MOM is in shock. Or inconsolable.)*

*(Beat. DAD goes over to the steak and starts eating. MOM looks over.)*

DAD

Come on. Let's not waste it.

*(MOM ignores him and goes back to sitting in her chair.)*

END