

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP ON:

A childhood bedroom: a too-small twin bed, a door with a kid's jacket hung on the back, and a closet doorframe with pencil lines up one side.

ERIN opens the door and tosses a massive backpack and a guitar against the bed.

Erin collapses back into the bed.

ERIN

(sniffs)

Oh ew!

(smells the sheet)

God, when was the last time were these washed?

(pauses, sniffs her own armpit)

Oh... yeah ok.

Without sitting up, Erin grabs an old stuffed animal from off the bed and holds it above her.

ERIN

Didn't think I'd be back here, huh? Yeah... didn't think I'd ever see you again, either Mr... Bear? Mr. Fluffy? Oh man, what even was your name?

She drops the stuffed bear onto her face with an exasperated sigh.

The closet door bursts open and LITTLE ERIN, leaps out wielding an old wrapping paper tube like a sword.

LITTLE ERIN

HI-YAA! Freeze, intruder!

Little Erin attacks Erin with the wrapping paper tube, Erin doesn't react at all.

Little Erin continues her assault until the tube is crumpled and broken.

ERIN

You done?

Little Erin jumps onto the bed beside Erin.

LITTLE ERIN

You're not fun.

Little Erin picks the stuffed animal off of Erin's face and looms over Erin.

ERIN

What do you want?

LITTLE ERIN

You smell bad.

ERIN

Leave me alone. I just wanna sleep.

Little Erin jumps up and down on the bed, and Erin rolls away to avoid her.

LITTLE ERIN

Not on my bed! You need a bath! You smell bad!

ERIN

It's my bed now. Go away.

LITTLE ERIN

Meanie!

(sees the guitar)

Whoah! Are you a rockstar?

ERIN

You're not real. I'm ignoring you.

Erin covers her head with the pillow.

Little Erin jumps off the bed, she picks up the guitar and improvises a nonsense song that is as enthusiastic as it is grating.

LITTLE ERIN

I'm gonna play music when I grow up, too! I'm gonna make up songs and everyone will sing them and it'll make them smile!

(enthusiastic strumming, sings:)

I'm gonna be a rockstaaar! YEAH! YEAH! A rockstaaaar! YEAAAHH!

Erin tightens the pillow around her ears. It's no use, the kid is too loud.

ERIN

Would you stop doing that?!

Little Erin stops abruptly.

ERIN

I'm not a rockstar, okay? We're done with that dream! I'm done. It's gotten me absolutely nowhere except two weeks of sleeping at a bus stop!

Little Erin stares at her quietly for a beat. She puts the guitar on the bed beside Erin.

LITTLE ERIN

Can you play a song for me?

ERIN

What? No.

LITTLE ERIN

Please? It doesn't have to be a good song!

(jumps on the bed, grabs the bear)

Mr. Fluzzle can help you sing, he has a very good singing voice!

ERIN

I'm not singing with you or the bear.

Little Erin drapes herself over Erin's shoulders, invading her personal space as much as possible.

LITTLE ERIN

Pleaaaaasee?

ERIN

No.

LITTLE ERIN

(even more dramatically)

Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaasee?

ERIN

No!

LITTLE ERIN

(the most overdramatic a child can be)

Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaasee?

ERIN

If I play a song for you will you leave me alone?

Little Erin thinks for a moment, then nods.

ERIN

You promise?

LITTLE ERIN

I promise.

Erin picks up the guitar like it might bite her.
She plays one chord.

ERIN

(deadpan singing)

I want to sleep and I hate my life. La la la la. Yeah.

LITTLE ERIN

That was a really bad song.

ERIN

Yeah well now you see why I'm homeless. And you promised to leave me alone now, so!

She stands, carrying Little Erin with her and marches her to the closet door.

LITTLE ERIN

No! Let me go! That song was bad on purpose! You're mean, and stinky, and boring and I don't wanna be anything like you when I grow up!

Erin parts the hanging jackets, drops Little Erin inside, and closes the jackets like a curtain, blocking Little Erin from view.

ERIN

Well too bad!

(to herself, fuming)

God, I really don't remember being that annoying.

Little Erin stealthily enters from the opposite side of the stage and hops onto the bed.

ERIN

(turns, sees Little Erin)

HOLY S- GAHHH!

LITTLE ERIN

(laughs)

You almost said a bad word!

Little Erin picks up the guitar and starts plucking at it quietly.

ERIN

Why won't you just leave me alone!

(beat)

What are you doing?

Little Erin keeps playing.

LITTLE ERIN

You don't wanna play music with me, so I'll just do it by myself!

There's a mark on the door at exactly Erin's height, and one at Little Erin's height.

Erin touches the mark at Little Erin's height.

Little Erin's song plays a little bit louder. It's actual chords now. Shaky, but definitely a song.

Erin sits down on the bed beside Little Erin. She hums along to Little Erin's tune.

ERIN

(hesitant at first, sings:)

It's bubbles in a soda can, the flutter of adrenaline, the joy in the smiles that light up when you'd walk in. I wish I was you, hope I can be you, pray I can dream like you still.

Erin finishes her song, Little Erin sets down the guitar. She takes Erin's hand and they walk together to the closet door, pausing a moment by their height marks. Little Erin gives Erin a big hug - then skips off into the closet.

ERIN

Thanks, kid.

Erin sits back on the bed, picks up her guitar, and gently plays a bright melody.