

## Side A - Start

## Scene

*(Living room)*

WALL. IS NOT SO BAD TO BE FLOATED AWAY BABY

VOICE. From the moment I got here, you knew they were my parents.

WALL. ERROR OF OMISSION?

VOICE. So how did you do it? How did you get me to come back here?

WALL. IS NOT WALL.

VOICE. Oh really.

WALL. ALL THINGS THEY COME BACK TO WHERE THEY ARE FROM

VOICE. And what am I supposed to do with that? Now that I know?

WALL. OH SMALL ONE  
IS NOT FOR WALL TO SAY

VOICE. Then who?

*(GABE enters from the bedroom.)*

GABE. So what do you want? To be left alone? Is that it?

VOICE. No.

GABE. Then why does it feel like ever since we've moved in here, I come into the room and it's like I don't even exist for you?

VOICE. Welcome to my world.

GABE. I make you feel like that?

VOICE. No -

GABE. I make you feel like you're nothing?

VOICE. I didn't say that. You're great! You're so great with me.

GABE. Then what is it? What do you want?

I thought I knew. I thought it was me and here and this.

But evidently that was wrong. So you need to tell me.

'Cause I can deal with your moods, I can deal with your insecurities, but I can't deal with not knowing. I just can't.

*(beat)*

VOICE. You love me, right?

GABE. Of course.

VOICE. And how do you know that?

GABE. Because I do. Because I always have.

VOICE. See, that. I've never felt that.

GABE. What do you mean?

VOICE. I am lucky. I am so lucky. But sometimes this doesn't feel like my life, sometimes it feels like I'm living this checklist.

GABE. Checklist?

VOICE. I get a job, I get a boyfriend, we move in together, I have what most people would kill to have. But I look at you and I don't know if I feel what I should. I don't know that I feel for you what you feel for me.

GABE. And what do I feel for you?

VOICE. Love.

GABE. *(question)* For me.

VOICE. For anyone!

GABE. So what: you don't like me? Is that it?

VOICE. What? No: I like you. I like you a lot.

GABE. But you don't love me.

VOICE. I'm not sure I would know what that even feels like. Or whether there's anything I can do about it.

GABE. And when were you going to tell me? When we got engaged? When we got married?

VOICE. You wanted to know. This is it. This is me.

See? Now you're mad.

GABE. I'm not mad. *(thinks)* No. Wait. I am mad.

I can be mad, right? 'Cause this is kind of shitty to tell someone this late in the game.

VOICE. I just didn't want to hurt your feelings...like I'm hurting them right now. I just wanted to give you what you needed.

GABE. I need to be with someone who loves me back. That's what I need. Which is actually pretty simple.

VOICE. No, it's not.

GABE. Okay.

*(GABE grabs his jacket.)*

GABE. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to get in my car and I'm going to drive to my parents' house –

VOICE. And what?

GABE. I don't know. You don't know. And I don't either. And that seems kind of fair, doesn't it?

VOICE. Gabe.

GABE. And just remember: I don't need you to do anything for me. I want you, I like you, I usually love you, but I don't need you.

*(GABE exits. VOICE sits there for a moment. Then she rips up the papers in her hands.)*

WALL. EY!

EY NOW!

WHAT YOU DO THAT FOR, UH?

VOICE. This is my story. It's mine to do with as I want, right? You can send it down, but you can't force me to read it.

WALL. BUT IS STORY

IS STORY YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW

VOICE. And maybe that was a mistake. Because the only thing this has done is basically confirm what I've always known: that I'm just some loveless lonesome who'll feel this way for the rest of her life.

WALL. YOU THINK WALL MAKE BIG SHOW

JUST TO SAY YOU DO NOT HAVE THE LOVE  
INSIDE YOU?

YOU THINK THAT IS POINT OF STORY?

VOICE. Isn't it?

WALL. UNLESS YOU FINISH

HOW CAN YOU KNOW?

VOICE. I'm not sure it would make a difference.

WALL. IF YOU DO NOT WANT TO READ

OKAY

BUT NO ONE THEY BECOME BEST TYPE PERSON

UNLESS THEY KNOW ALL ABOUT WHAT IT IS  
THEY COME FROM

AND YOU?

YOU ARE NO DIFFERENT

*(The wall sends a page down. VOICE accepts it.)*

## Side B - Start

VOICE. What is this?

WALL. EH?

VOICE. What are you?

WALL. ME?

I AM WALL. I AM WALL OF TRUTH  
WHICH MAKE ME  
SO AWESOME SO AWESOME SO AWESOME  
(YAY)

VOICE. Oh boy.

WALL. MAYBE YOU WONDER

WHAT IS WALL?

WHY IS WALL HERE?

IS WALL A HE?

MAYBE IS WOMAN

WHO KNOWS!

WALL KNOW

BECAUSE WALL KNOW ALL

VOICE. Okay then why doesn't he hear you?

WALL. YOU MEAN HOT STUFF?

VOICE. Yes.

WALL. IF YOU HEAR WALL, YOU MUST BE SPECIAL  
TYPE PERSON

IS NOT EVERY DAY SOMEONE THEY HEAR WALL.

VOICE. I am a copy editor. Of safety manuals.

I am about as unspecial as they come.

So what're you doing in my living room?

WALL. WALL IS EVERYWHERE

YOU ARE IN BED?

YOU ARE ON TOILET?

I SEE ALL

(I CLOSE MY EYES IF YOU ARE ON TOILET,  
THOUGH)

(I AM RESPECTFUL WALL)

I AM MOST IMPORTANT CHARACTER IN STORY

VOICE. Wait, "story?"

WALL. YES: STORY.

VOICE. What story are you referring to?

*(The WALL sends down a paper.)*

VOICE. This is your story? The hat guy?

WALL. FOR SURE

VOICE. Just one more page, okay?

WALL. OKAY!

*(VOICE begins to read the paper. HETCHMAN appears again in his chair. VOICE picks up the paper.)*

VOICE. "Hetchman's thoughts remained so muddled by the disappearance of his hat, that even when his best friend and next door neighbor Meckel entered, Hetchman could only hear - "

*(MECKEL enters in a perfectly MECKEL-like hat.)*

End

MECKEL. Hat hat hat? Hat hat hat. Hatman. Hatman.

HETCHMAN. Uh?

*(MECKEL nudges HETCHMAN.)*

MECKEL. Hetchman. Hetchman.

HETCHMAN. Oh. Ey, Meckel.

*(MECKEL looks at HETCHMAN. Something is different.)*

MECKEL. You get hair cut?

HETCHMAN. No.

MECKEL. You get sunburn?

HETCHMAN. No.

MECKEL. You sure? 'Cause there's something different about you -

HETCHMAN. My hat!

MECKEL. Oh yeah.

HETCHMAN. Is gone!

MECKEL. Is gone?!

HETCHMAN. Is poofed!

*And then you will come home?*

Whatsyourface?

*Whatsyourface!*

Hat?

Hat!

*(No one responds. MECKEL hangs up.)*

## Side C - Start

### Scene

*(Living room)*

*(VOICE finishes with the paper and adds it to an increasingly thick pile.)*

VOICE. So they just forgot her name.

WALL. IS DIFFICULT TO KEEP NAME WHEN NO ONE  
SAY IT FOR SO LONG

VOICE. Why didn't she leave sooner?

WALL. YOU ARE WIFE

YOU ARE HUSBAND

YOU HAVE WIFE OR HUSBAND ROLE

IS HARD TO SEE DIFFERENT LIFE, IS ALL

VOICE. But at least she gets a hat, right?

WALL. ALL IN DUE TIME, SMALL ONE

WALL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPEN HERE LONG  
TIME AGO

VOICE. Here? They lived here?

WALL. UH HUH

IS HETCHMAN FAMILY HOME

I AM HETCHMAN FAMILY WALL. I KNOW ALL

VOICE. So what's her name?

WALL. EH?

VOICE. If you know everything.

*(The wall dithers.)*

WALL. WALL TELL YOU LATER

OKAY?

OKAY!

NEXT PAGE

VOICE. "And late that night, after Meckel tiptoed out of Hetchman's home and back into his own cozy abode, the ground outside of Hetchman's door began to shake - "

*(The ground begins to shake. The rumbling sound from earlier is now louder, more present.)*

VOICE. "An inhuman voice hit the air. The voice of the golem." *(stops)* Golem? *(reads)* "But for the big stupid among us –" Gee, thanks. "For the big stupid among us who are ignorant of supercool golem ways, a golem is a creature of muck and mud who is sent to our world for many different human purposes. See: 'shoemaker golem' or 'moneyfinder golem.'"

*(Lights up on a patch of ground. The ground opens. Something made of mud is lifted out: a GOLEM. The GOLEM yawns, stretches, grows, scratches itself. The mud stiffens into hard dirt as the GOLEM forms.)*

VOICE. "The golem rose out of the ground, and Hetchman soon found himself with an unexpected visitor."

*(Lights up on HETCHMAN asleep in his easy chair. Suddenly, the GOLEM is behind him. HETCHMAN yawns, looks at the GOLEM, scratches himself, stops. What the fuck, a GOLEM?)*

*(HETCHMAN shrinks into his chair, hoping the GOLEM will not notice him. The GOLEM smells HETCHMAN, eats a cheeto off of him. HETCHMAN winces as spit dribbles onto his head. If only he had his hat.)*

VOICE. "Hetchman would later claim ignorance of the golem's intentions, unaware of the ways in which the monster would forever upend his well-established routine, but the discovery of the power of –"

*(Fastforward to HETCHMAN with the bag of cheetos. He tries to control/train the GOLEM.)*

HETCHMAN. Cheeto!

*(HETCHMAN feeds the GOLEM a cheeto. The GOLEM is excited.)*

VOICE. "– helped to keep the unruly golem at bay, though it remained to be seen what kind of golem this golem was."

End

HETCHMAN. Is cheeto for you.

Is cheeto for me.

*(HETCHMAN feeds the GOLEM another cheeto. The GOLEM nibbles on the cheeto and HETCHMAN's hand, too.)*

HETCHMAN. Ey! Ey now!

*(HETCHMAN finds his water spritzer. Throughout the scene, HETCHMAN alternatively feeds cheetos, threatens to squirt the GOLEM.)*

*(HETCHMAN feeds the GOLEM. The GOLEM, in return, feeds HETCHMAN.)*

HETCHMAN. Why thank you!

*(HETCHMAN pulls out one last cheeto. HETCHMAN and the GOLEM both consider it.)*

HETCHMAN. Is last cheeto

I am big fan of cheeto.

*(Both wait, then finally –)*

HETCHMAN. Okay, golem, you eat last cheeto.

*(The GOLEM eats the cheeto right out of HETCHMAN's hand, then devours the bag.)*

*(The GOLEM suddenly smells something. He begins to search around the room, excited.)*

HETCHMAN. Hat? Hat. You find hat for me?

*(The GOLEM descends into the basement.)*

HETCHMAN. Golem? Ey, golem! You see hat back there?

*(The GOLEM re-enters with something.)*

HETCHMAN. Whatchu got there, uh?

*(The GOLEM holds up a jar, sniffs it.)*

HETCHMAN. You lemme see, and me, I will make you something even better than jar, okay?

*(HETCHMAN gets his hands on the jar.)*