

# A MATTER OF (LIMITED) TIME

by Dennis Bush

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# A MATTER OF (LIMITED) TIME

*A One Act Ensemble Drama*

**by Dennis Bush**

**SYNOPSIS:** We make assumptions about people, based on what we think we know. We talk about other people, using only limited details and perspective. We make decisions consciously or unconsciously that, quite literally, change the lives of people we're supposed to love and care about. *A Matter of (Limited) Time*, examines the lives of seven people, and explores the emotional and physical challenges they face.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(7 either; gender flexible)*

KJ (m/f).....	Nearly 18; has suffered a devastating loss. <i>(47 lines)</i>
LANE (m/f).....	Nearly 19; learns that he was adopted; struggles with the life changes caused by that information. <i>(40 lines)</i>
MORGAN (m/f).....	Early to mid-20's; a twin. <i>(30 lines)</i>
CASEY (m/f).....	Early 20's; until recently, has been sitting under the kitchen table, crying; looking for answers to explain it. <i>(24 lines)</i>
KRIS (m/f).....	Early to mid-20's; strives for perfection and control. <i>(16 lines)</i>
Q (m/f).....	Mid-20's; explores and explains brain research. <i>(24 lines)</i>
TYLER (m/f).....	Late teens; struggling with abuse by one parent and complicit non-intervention by the other parent. <i>(39 lines)</i>

**CASTING NOTE:** Ideally, KJ and Tyler would be played by male actors.

**DURATION:** 40 minutes.

**TIME:** Present day.

### SET

Can be presented with a very simple set. A bare stage works, and a few cubes may be added.

### SPOUND EFFECTS

- Insistent ticking of a clock's second hand

### DIRECTOR'S NOTE

Directors are encouraged to be creative with casting and staging, and to avoid literal use of inferred props or to group actors together so it appears that conversations are happening in places where a character may be speaking directly to the audience.

### PREMIERE PRODUCTION

*A Matter of (Limited) Time* had a process workshop in New York, in July 2018, followed by the world premiere run in Phoenix, AZ, in September 2018, with the cast as follows.

KJ.....	Ryan Bernardino
TYLER.....	Ben Collison
Q.....	Kaveh Moasser
LANE.....	Andrew Urban
KRIS.....	Rylee Garvey
CASEY.....	Matt Maurer
MORGAN.....	Avery Sanowski

Director ..... Dennis Bush

**DEDICATION**

The playwright offers special thanks to Carolina Quintero, Meggy Lykins, Dan Foster, David Foster, Logan Umbanhowar, Monika Rzezniczek, Emily O'Brien, Nick Petrovich, and Joe Pascale for their kind assistance and inspiration, during the creation of *A Matter of (Limited) Time*.

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**AT RISE:** *In the darkness, SFX: an insistent ticking of a clock's second hand. The lights rise on actors scattered around the playing space. ALL are laying down – some on cubes, some on the floor. As the sound of the ticking continues, the actors sit up, as if being reanimated (as opposed to waking up from sleep).*

**KJ:** When you wake up and you're the only one in the house – because your mom is already at work and your dad is buried in the backyard – does anybody even know you're awake?

**LANE:** When you first meet somebody, you don't know if you're going to like him. Or *her*. Or *anyone*.

**MORGAN:** When parents have more than one child, they like one of them better.

**CASEY:** When people find you sitting under a table and crying, they think they know something.

**KRIS:** When you're the first one at the gym, you're definitely off to a great start.

**Q:** When I have a question about something, I always find the answer.

**TYLER:** When you try to forget something – really try to forget it – you realize that forgetting isn't really possible.

**LANE:** And you don't know if anyone's going to like you.

**CASEY:** And, even if you actually know something, it doesn't mean you have to talk about it.

**KRIS:** And if you get to the gym before the manager and you have to wait for him to open up, so you can work out, you're setting the example. You *are* the example.

**CASEY:** And, if you do talk about something, just because you talk about it doesn't mean you know anything about it. It doesn't mean you know anything at all.

**KRIS:** I got to the gym six minutes before the manager, this morning. I was standing right in front of the entrance, so anybody driving by could see that I was there before the manager or any of the gym employees arrived. So they'd know. I could've brought a chair – you know, like a lawn chair or one of those fold-up chairs you can take to a parade or to sit in the park and watch fireworks. When they're setting off fireworks. I mean, clearly, I'm not sitting in a fold-up chair in the park waiting for fireworks when no one is setting off fireworks. That would be a waste of time.

**KJ:** Does anybody know?

*A beat.*

**KJ:** It depends if anybody is around. Like a friend, I guess, or a neighbor, but unless I tell somebody – like my mom or somebody – that I'm awake, nobody would know. And nobody would know for a pretty long time. Maybe even a really long time.

*A beat.*

**KJ:** Time is relative. *Everything* is relative, but time is especially relative. Especially when it's a relative. When it *relates* to a relative. Time can't be *a relative*. It can be *relative*, but it can't *be* a relative. Time has rules.

**KRIS:** Six minutes is a long time. If you're a fruit fly. A fruit fly's life span is only forty to fifty days. So, six minutes would seem like a long time. If you were a fruit fly. And the lifespan of a *mayfly* – which is different than a *fruit fly* – is only twenty-four hours. Just as a point of fact, you should know that you don't have to have fruit to have fruit flies and it doesn't have to be May to have mayflies. (*Back on track.*) And Mayflies live their whole lives in twenty-four hours. That's it. And a gastrotrich! A gastrotrich is a microorganism that lives in marine environments. They grow to be a maximum of three millimeters long and have a life span of three days. It's like a long weekend – followed immediately by death.

**KJ:** My dad was cremated. His *body* was cremated. The ashes were in a container, when we brought them home. An *urn*. But that got broken. When your mom says don't play ball in the house, you should listen to her. Things can get broken. And your dad... (*Clarifying.*) Your dad's *ashes* can get all over the carpet. We had to use the vacuum to get them all out of the carpet. That's when we buried the ashes in the backyard. Except we didn't bury them as deep as we thought we did. Not as deep as we *should have*. Because the neighbors' cats started using that part of our backyard like it was a litter box. So, we buried the ashes deeper. A lot deeper. (*A tangent, but it needs to be said.*) The neighbors have like eight cats, and they let them roam around outside – which means they

don't really love their cats – because indoor cats live twice as long as outdoor cats. And indoor cats don't treat people's cremins like they're a litter box. (*A tangent.*) Cremins sound a little like craisins – the raisins made with cranberries – except they're not. The cremins, I mean. Not the craisins.

**KRIS:** People think I'm crazy for getting to the gym even before it's open, but you don't get to be an example by waiting. You don't get to be an example by letting some late bird get the worm. The early bird gets the worm and the early bird gets to the gym at least five minutes before the manager opens the gym and turns on the lights. And, just as a point of fact, as the manager nudged me away from the door, so he could unlock it, I casually said, "Six minutes." And I didn't say it under my breath like a snide comment. I said it loudly enough so that he'd know it was important... so he was aware that time was ticking... and so he'd know that he'd gotten there six minutes after I did.

**Q:** If I put *your* brain in *my* head, would *I* be *you*?

*A beat.*

**Q:** If you put *my* brain in *your* head, would *you* be *me*?

*A beat.*

**Q:** Someone decided to call the brain *the brain*. (*Clarifying.*) Someone's *brain* decided to call the brain *the brain*. (*Taking it a step farther.*) Someone's *brain* decided to call *itself* the brain. (*The final realization.*) The brain named itself.

*A beat.*

**Q:** Let that sink in. (*Clarifying, with an edge.*) Into your *brain!*

*A beat.*

**Q:** If I have a question about something, I'll pretty much always end up with a hundred more questions about it, before I find an answer to the question I started with, in the first place. Like, how long does a

person's brain keep working, if they die from something that doesn't involve their brain? Like when a person has a heart attack or something like that? How long does the person's brain keep working, if they have a heart attack and die?

**MORGAN:** I was born twenty-seven minutes after my sister. We're twins. You probably figured that out, without me telling you. But it doesn't hurt to be clear. To articulate something for clarity's sake. Twenty-seven minutes doesn't seem like a long time, relatively speaking. It's only ten minutes longer than the average time between when twins are born. But it was long enough that my dad left the delivery room after my sister was born. He went to get a sandwich. He was hungry, I guess. But he could've waited. *(With increased intensity.)* He could've waited for me and he didn't. *(Backtracking.)* When I was little, I thought twins were born at the same time. The exact same time. I guess I didn't think about the logistics of two babies coming out at the exact same time. But, anyway, we didn't. We weren't born at the same time. We were twenty-seven minutes apart. *(Simply.)* And I wasn't worth waiting for.

**KRIS:** My roommate used to go to the gym with me. But she was never ready to leave when I was ready to leave. And, when I'm ready to leave, I leave. I don't wait. I'll wait for the manager to arrive and let me in, but I won't wait for my roommate to get it together so she can ride with me. I have boundaries.

**TYLER:** When my mom comes home from work, she waits in the driveway, before coming into the house. She just sits in the driveway. Sometimes for fifteen or twenty minutes. Sometimes longer. Just sitting in the car in the driveway. Sometimes, she cries. Other times, she listens to the radio. And, while she sits in the car in the driveway, my dad hits me. And, then, my mom comes in the house and acts like she just got home from work... like she hasn't been sitting in the car in the driveway... like nothing was happening to me in the house, while she was sitting in the car in the driveway.

**KRIS:** Having boundaries ensures that I treat everybody equally. *Equitably.* I'm not somebody who acts different with strangers than I do with friends. And that includes my roommate, who is somewhere between a stranger and a friend. It depends on the day, and whether she left a half-eaten banana on the kitchen table.

(*Acknowledging her surprise and disgust.*) I know! I was shocked that it was something that could happen to anyone – *anywhere* – much less to *me* on my own kitchen table. But it did and it does. It *does* and it *did*. And it was obviously hers. Strangers don't have access to our apartment to just come in and leave a half-eaten banana on the kitchen table. And, when I discovered it... the half-eaten banana... laying there, looking up at me like an awkward smile, I acknowledged that there'd been a shift in my relationship with my roommate. It's not that she was dead to me. Not completely. (*A beat.*) She's just a *little* dead to me.

**MORGAN:** When parents have more than one child, they like one of them – or some of them – better than the others. That's true for all parents, whether they admit it or not. So, it has to be true with twins. *Especially* twins. (*A fact.*) We're different people, so our parents are going to like one of us more than the other. Maybe not both parents and maybe not all the time, but it definitely happens. And *like* doesn't mean *love*, though they're usually connected, at least on some level. My mom would say, "I love both my twins equally." People say things they want to believe... Things they want to be true. But most of the time, they're not very good at pretending, and you can see how they really feel. (*A quick beat.*) My father didn't even try to pretend. He knew I was in there waiting to be born. He knew my mom was having twins. I wasn't a surprise. I just wasn't worth waiting for.

**LANE:** When you first meet somebody, you don't know if you're going to like him. Or *her*. Or *anyone*. And you don't know if anyone's going to like you. That takes time. And I don't mean you *like them* in any kind of romantic way. I'm just talking about somebody you'd choose to spend more time with. Or get to know. Or care about. You've already decided whether or not you like me. I get that. I understand it. And, if you're like most people, it's hard to change your opinion of somebody, once you've made up your mind about him. Or *her*. Or *them*. It's hard to walk back that decision – that instinctive *yes* or *no*, that snap-judgement *like* or *don't like*. It almost requires going back in time. And we can't do that. Not yet, at least. And, even if we could – go back in time, I mean – how many of us would actually change our mind and like somebody we didn't like or not like somebody we initially liked?

**CASEY:** I sat under the table in the kitchen. And I cried. I was so sad.

Part of me knew it was all just in my head, but knowing that didn't make me any less sad.

**KJ:** My dad and I played catch in the backyard. He'd toss the ball. And, sometimes, I'd catch it – in a glove that was too big for my hand. And, sometimes, I let the ball hit the ground beside me. Or behind me. Because, those times, I didn't even try to catch it. I didn't even lift the glove. I'd watch the ball leave my dad's hand and fly across the yard and I'd let the ball fall to the ground. I didn't want to. I didn't do it on purpose. It was like the message to lift my glove never got from my brain to my hand. And my dad never got mad – which is amazing, when you think about it. He'd just run over to me and pick up the ball, and he'd say, "It's okay. Don't sweat it. It happens." And he'd run back to the other side of the yard and toss the ball to me, again. When stuff like that happens with other people, they yell at me. But not my dad. Never my dad.

**TYLER:** While my mom sits in the car in the driveway, my dad hits me. It's been going on for a while. For years. He started hitting me places where you couldn't see the bruises, when I had my clothes on. And, if I got a scrape or a mark on my face, he'd say I was clumsy. That's what he said, when he shoved me down the stairs and I got a big cut under my eye.

**KJ:** "It's okay. Don't sweat it." And he'd run back to the other side of the yard and toss the ball to me, again.

**TYLER:** And my mom never said anything, when she saw the marks.

**KJ:** *(Remembering the moment, softly.)* It's okay. Don't sweat it.

**CASEY:** And, even if you know something, it doesn't mean you have to talk about it. And, if you do talk about something, just because you talk about it doesn't mean you know anything about it. It doesn't mean you know anything at all.

**TYLER:** She had to notice the marks. How could she not notice them?

**KJ:** *(Softly.)* Don't sweat it.

**TYLER:** She'd act like she just got home from work... like nothing was happening to me in the house, while she was sitting in the car in the driveway.

**KJ:** *(Softly.)* It happens.

**TYLER:** And she never said anything.

**CASEY:** Just because you talk about something doesn't mean you know anything about it.

**KJ:** I'd watch the ball leave my dad's hand and fly across the yard and I'd let the ball fall to the ground. I didn't want to. I didn't do it on purpose. It was like the message to lift my glove never got from my brain to my hand. And my dad never got mad – which is amazing, when you think about it.

**TYLER:** She never said anything.

**KJ:** Other people would yell at me. But not my dad.

**TYLER:** It was like nothing happened.

**CASEY:** I sat under the table in my kitchen and cried. I was so sad. When people find you sitting under a table and crying, they think they know something.

**KJ:** When people blame you for something, you can see it in their eyes, when they look at you.

*A beat.*

**KJ:** So, look away. Don't make eye contact.

**CASEY:** Part of me knew it was all just in my head, but knowing that didn't make me any less sad.

**KJ:** When it happened... *(A quick beat, correcting himself.)* After it happened. *(Another correction.)* A few days after it happened...

**ALL:** *(Except KJ and TYLER.)* Tick tock.

**KJ:** I wanted to ask why?

**TYLER:** I wanted to know why?

**KJ:** I mean, I *should've wanted* to ask why.

**TYLER:** I tried to understand.

**KJ:** But I didn't.

**TYLER:** I couldn't.

**KJ:** It didn't occur to me to ask why.

**TYLER:** I couldn't understand.

**KJ:** Not then.

**TYLER:** Not ever.

**KJ:** Not at the time it was happening. Or right after it happened. Not even a few days after it happened.

**MORGAN:** It was our first date. We went to a great restaurant. I was nervous, but it wasn't nerves. *(Trying to explain.)* I wasn't feeling

right... I wasn't feeling *good*. We'd ordered. Expensive stuff. Like first-date-let's-do-this-right kind of stuff. We were talking. More than small talk but not too intense. Just nice. We were comfortable talking, but I still wasn't feeling right. The server brought the food to our table and we said, "Thank you," And, before I knew what was happening, I was throwing up. Right at the table. *All over* the table. Some of it got on my date. There was screaming. It could've been me. Or my date. Or both of us. Or the people at the next table. Some got on them, too. (*A beat.*) It's hard to get a second date after that.

**KJ:** Not then.

**TYLER:** Not ever.

**MORGAN:** But we're still texting, so that's something, right?

**Q:** Theories start with questions. One thing leads to something else. (*A beat.*) Scientists pretty much always thought that we formed memories in two specific stages. First, we'd form short-term memories and, after that, the long-term memories would form. But there's new research that says we form two copies of every memory at the same time. So, right now, you're forming two copies of the memory of this moment. And the one after that.

**ALL:** Two copies of every memory.

**Q:** One gets sent to the hippocampus, which is kind of like short-term-memory headquarters. (*A quick beat.*) *Headquarters.* Get it? (*A quick beat, resuming the lecture.*) The other copy – the one that doesn't go to the hippocampus – gets sent to the cortex, which is where we keep our long-term memories. I know that "hippocampus" sounds like where hippos go to college. The hippo campus. And I'm sorry I said that, because now we all have two copies of that memory. Two copies of the image of hippos going to college at the hippo campus. Two copies. (*A quick beat.*) Except, if the link between your hippocampus and your cortex is blocked or damaged, you can't form long-term memories. Because only the memories in the cortex become long-term memories – they become short-term memories that develop into long-term memories. And, if the copy of the short-term memories that's supposed to go to your cortex can't get there, you can't develop long-term memories.

**TYLER:** And when you try to forget – because remembering feels like a weight around your neck... around your *head*, you realize that forgetting isn't really possible. (*Begins to cry.*) That it stays with you.

(Wiping the tears from his cheeks, continuing with purpose.) And you wonder if you could forget it, if you understood why it happened. But that's not an option. Because you don't understand. You *can't* understand – because you didn't ask why, and – even if you did ask why, you probably wouldn't understand... (Tears flow more freely.) Because sitting in a car in the driveway, while somebody you love is getting beaten up inside the house and, then, coming inside like nothing happened... that's just not something I can understand. (Angrily, through tears.) Not then. Not *ever*. Because there's no way you couldn't have known. There's no way. Not with the bruises. Not with the scratches and scrapes. Not with the tears in my eyes. There's no way you couldn't have known.

A beat.

**Q:** It's a theory.

A beat.

**Q:** I mean, there's solid research that's been tested and retested. So, there's proof. But undeniable proof isn't always undeniable, depending on your interest in having it be true or just a theory.

**MORGAN:** If your first date involves screaming and getting vomited on, every date after that is going to be way better, right?

**LANE:** And, even if we could go back in time – how many of us would actually change our mind and *like* somebody we *didn't like* or *not like* somebody we *liked*?

**MORGAN:** It's not humanly possible to vomit on a first *and* second date, is it? It seems like the human brain and body would have some kind of way to stop that from happening. Like an override function, so that, even if I felt like I was going to throw up, it wouldn't be possible to actually do it on the second date, since I've already done it on the first date.

**LANE:** But are we too busy deciding if we like someone to actually get acquainted? If we know – *right away* – whether we like or don't like someone, what's the point in continuing the conversation?

**MORGAN:** Even if your second date is with a different person – which would make it your first date with that person. But, if your first date

with that person is your second date ever, the chances of vomiting on them are pretty slim. And I was counting on that, when the opportunity for another first date came up.

**Q:** The brain knows it's a brain, but the heart doesn't know it's a heart, because it's a heart, so it doesn't have the brain's ability to know.

**LANE:** Is it some kind of pheromone thing? Or an unspoken connection that happens in our brain without a conscious input?

**Q:** So, the heart can't really feel, because feeling is something that the brain generates based on responses to certain stimuli.

**LANE:** Or are we just making the like-or-don't-like decision based on emotional baggage we have from previous relationships or interactions. In which case, we're not really liking or not liking the person we're meeting, we're liking or not liking somebody we've already met or already know.

**Q:** But how does that explain how our brain can be telling us one thing, but our heart seems to be sending a completely different message.

**MORGAN:** I call it an opportunity because it wasn't something I was actively pursuing – which I know is what you're supposed to do, when you're trying to put yourself out in the dating world.

**Q:** Like when your mind – your brain – tells you that somebody is bad news and that starting a relationship with them would be stupid and wrong, but your heart is saying, "Oh, yeah, this one is the one. This one is *special*. Falling in love is definitely the right thing to do."

**MORGAN:** Because, otherwise, you're just waiting around for something to happen, for somebody to ask you out, for an opportunity to arise.

**LANE:** So there's never any new interactions that are pure and objective, because they're all impacted by every other interaction we've ever had.

**MORGAN:** And, if you're waiting for an opportunity to arise, you're being passive. And, when you're passive, you put your needs – *your happiness* – in the hands of other people. And that's dangerous. It's weak.

**Q:** Unless the message from your brain that feels like it's from your brain and the one from your heart – which feels like it's actually from the heart, but is really just a different kind of message from your brain – is the original angel-on-one-side-and-devil-on-the-other-side argument that helps us to sort out our impulses. And what if

one impulse is stronger or weaker than the other? Like how some people are stronger or weaker than other people.

**MORGAN:** Can something that's weak be worse than something that's dangerous? Or is something that's weak inherently dangerous?

**LANE:** Strong people can be more dangerous than weak people, if it comes down to the possibility of physical harm, but weakness can make people do bad things, like manipulate somebody into doing something they wouldn't normally do, or don't think about doing until they get manipulated into thinking they should do it – or that it was their idea in the first place, even though it wasn't.

**MORGAN:** Which is what I was thinking, when I got a message asking me on a date.

**Q:** Unless I'm totally reading something into it, when, really, it's just electrical impulses that are completely disconnected from emotions or feelings.

**MORGAN:** So, I said, "Sure." I thought about saying, "Yes! – with an exclamation point," to indicate enthusiasm, or, "Yeah," like I was answering in the affirmative but it wasn't a big deal. But I thought that might make me seem like I dated a lot and that this was just one more. And I didn't want *that* to be the message. So, I settled on, "Sure." But, then, I wondered if the amount of time that passed between the offer and my response might have been a message in itself. *No message* can be a message.

**CASEY:** I cried a lot of places but, for some reason, I felt like I was supposed to sit under the kitchen table and cry. I was *compelled* to sit under the table and cry. It felt safe somehow, like there was a roof over my head, and that allowed me to cry without holding anything back. In my head, I knew that there was already a roof over my head – an actual *roof* – but being under the table, which was under a roof, seemed like the ultimate measure of safety. And, in my head, I knew that at least part of the sadness was all in my head, but knowing that didn't make me feel any less sad and didn't make me want to stop sitting under the table. And it definitely didn't make me feel any less like crying.

**MORGAN:** So, when the response to my response arrived, I was trying to decide whether the time between my response and the new message was a message, I probably let too much time pass before actually reading the message.

**CASEY:** I tried to make an appointment with my doctor, but the person who answers the phone – the receptionist or office manager or whatever – didn't understand what I was trying to explain. Or didn't care enough to try to understand what I was trying to explain. Or I wasn't explaining it very well or very clearly, because she said, "So, you want to make an appointment to talk about sitting under your kitchen table and crying?"

**MORGAN:** It said, "I'm out of town, but I don't want to wait to meet you. The clock is ticking, after all."

**CASEY:** And I said, "Sure," which I'm pretty sure sounded a little flippant. I mean, if I'm being honest, I'm definitely sure that saying, "Sure," sounded flippant, especially the way I said it. But I wasn't being flippant. I was just frustrated from trying to explain that I didn't know why I was crying or why I was feeling so sad – which is what was making me cry, and that I was also curious about why a person who's feeling sad would be compelled to sit under the kitchen table and cry. And all she got out of my whole explanation – which was actually more articulate than I'm being right now – was that I wanted to come in and talk to the doctor about sitting under my kitchen table and crying. Which, I guess, is essentially what I wanted to do, but the way she said it sounded so flippant. She had a tone. And I don't appreciate it when people get a tone with me.

**MORGAN:** And I wondered what clock was ticking? Was it an actual, literal clock on the wall wherever he was? Was it a metaphorical clock? Was it some kind of biological clock reference? And, other than the fact that clocks tick, why was this particular clock ticking and why did the clock-ticking reference need to be part of the message?

**CASEY:** When I finally had my appointment – two and a half weeks later, which was the earliest appointment they had for somebody who wanted to talk about sitting under the kitchen table and crying – my doctor said, "Crying under the table for no reason. That's a new one."

**MORGAN:** So, instead of offering an actual response to the first part of the message, I obsessed about the second part and said...

**ALL:** Tick tock.

**MORGAN:** I didn't say...

**ALL:** Tick tock.

**MORGAN:** I typed it.

**ALL:** Tick tock.

**MORGAN:** On my phone. The conversation was taking place on a dating app on my phone. You can send messages to people on it. Which is what we were doing.

**CASEY:** And what I wanted to say was, "That's not very helpful." Because, when he asked me what was wrong, I explained that I was crying under the table because I was very sad. And, I told him that, even though I knew that at least part of the sadness was all in my head, knowing that didn't make me feel any less sad and didn't make me want to stop sitting under the table. And it definitely didn't make me feel any less like crying." And I told the nurse the same thing, when she asked me the same question, while she was taking my blood pressure. So, the nurse or doctor or both of them should've been able to come up with more than just, "Crying under the table for no reason. That's a new one."

**MORGAN:** And he answered...

**ALL:** Tick tock??

**MORGAN:** With two question marks. Like one for the tick and one for the tock. Except they were both after the tock. So, it felt like there was an extra up-glide at the end...

**ALL:** Tick TOCK??

**MORGAN:** Like there was some inferred judgment or mocking going on. Like...

**ALL:** *(With exaggerated mocking laughter)* Tick TOCK??

**MORGAN:** So, I typed N-V-M. You know, like, "never mind." Except, instead of N-V-M, I typed B-C-N," which doesn't mean never mind.

**ALL:** *(Except MORGAN)* BCN??

**MORGAN:** It's the airport code for Barcelona. Except I didn't know that at the time. *(A quick beat)* And he answered...

**ALL:** BCN??

**MORGAN:** With two question marks, which made me think that, either he was mocking my "BCN" with the same intensity as the "Tick tock," or he just had a thing for extra question marks. So, I said, "I meant N-V-M, like never mind, not B-C-N." And he replied, "Are you in Barcelona??" with two question marks, which pretty much cleared up the question about his having a thing for extra question marks. So, I said, "No, I'm not. I've never been to Barcelona." And

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