

**Anna**

***Note: The filmmaker and heartthrob references will be updated during rehearsals.***

Patrick: Don't think, just one image—the best night of your life, what are you doing?

Anna: Um, the final pose of my solo show, I'm at the Joyce, it's sold out—

Patrick: Joyce?

Anna: Joyce, theatre, New York, famous.

Patrick: OK.

Anna: This is so self-indulgent.

Patrick: It's OK, whatever. Dream night.

Anna: OK. My final pose, everyone's standing, I can see the first few rows of people and tears are coming down their faces.

Patrick: Aw. OK, and then...what then? Everyone's cheering, standing ovation, sold out at the Joyce, then what? It's the best night of your life, you get offstage and what next?

Anna: Uh...

Patrick: Don't think about it!

Anna: Uh, there's a huge party—

Patrick: OK.

Anna: Everyone's there, big-time producers, Isadora Duncan's there—

Patrick: Who's this?

Anna: Oh my God, most famous dancer ever, she made modern dance, tore through her life, lovers, she's dead now—

Patrick: Oh.

Anna: Yeah, died in a car when her scarf—one of those long-flowing scarves—got wrapped around the spokes of the back tire, this is like 1927—and she was yanked right out—

Patrick: Oh my God.

Anna: I know.

Patrick: OK, no, happy happy, best night of your life, best night, no one's dying—

Anna: Right, OK well anyway Isadora Duncan's there, in spirit anyways, maybe Martha Graham's there in spirit—

Patrick: Who's this?

Anna: Martha Graham?!

Patrick: Famous dancer. OK all the famous dancers are there, in spirit, alive whatever.

Anna: Yeah, and my mom's there, my family, my friends—

Patrick: OK, yeah, champagne, you're the toast of the town, the country, the world—and then what?

Anna: Then...I don't know, Robert Rodriguez walks in. *(Or insert current edgy filmmaker.)*

Patrick: Robert Rodriguez? The filmmaker?

Anna: Yeah.

Patrick: Robert Rodriguez.

Anna: Yeah, he introduces himself and says he was so moved that he needs to create a role for me in his next movie—a silent one, of course. Ah! And it's opposite Johnny Depp! *(Or insert current, potentially strange heartthrob.)*

Patrick: Oh my god.

Anna: And then Johnny steps out from the shadows! Says he loved my show.

Patrick: OK, OK, so you go home with both of them.

Anna: No, no, we go out, a bunch of us, Robert, Johnny, all my close friends, we go out to some private club—

Patrick: Greek food?

Anna: Yea, Greek food. And there's probably drugs, like peyote or something I've never tried before, and we just have a blast you know, get to know each other—

Patrick: Jesus—OK, and then?

Anna: Then, uh I go home, you know—

Patrick: But Johnny Depp comes.

Anna: No, I turn him down, him and Robert. I'm already in love.

Patrick: What? With who?

Anna: My boyfriend.