

ALL THE THINGS YOU DON'T KNOW

By Milena Berestko

CHARACTERS

DOCTOR  
GIRL/CINDY  
SAND  
LIQUID  
GINNY

SCENE 5

(Two men bring The Girl on the hospital stretcher. They pass her to doctor. In the back, beside the hospital stretcher, we can see the three Priests with clasped hands, praying. One of them has blood on the hands, the second one has his arms hang freely by his sides, and the third one has his hands covered in white cloth. A doctor speaks looking at the girl).

DOCTOR

We have an emergency case. Young woman, about 20 years old, unconscious, deep cuts on the wrists.

(Pause)

DOCTOR

(Looking towards the girl)

Why would such a charming lady shorten her life?

(The sentence is repeated, becoming less and less audible until it cannot be heard anymore)

(Pause)

(The girl is in a desert with red sand. She walks, then runs, and then falls but quickly stands up, and walks again).

GIRL

You die slowly when you find yourself thinking about changing the unchangeable.

You die slowly when you find yourself regretting the moments from the past.

You die slowly when you focus too much on the future than on the presence.

You die slowly when the things that once brought you hope and happiness brings pain.

You die slowly when you find yourself neutral to the evil happening.

You die slowly when you count on living, but do not cherish it.

You are dead when you think that your life is worthless.

SAND

You die slowly when you find yourself regretting the moments from the past that you cannot change.

GIRL

Am I alive?

SAND

I cannot say, but you may listen and find out on your own. Clear your soul, and you will know no doubt about life. You die slowly when you count on living and not cherish it.

GIRL

Should I confess...?

SAND

People decide to succumb in their values. There was a man once that spoke to me; he was humble, he knew that after all the conflicts this world would bring, and I am the only one indestructible, even when you can feel the grains passing through your fingers. And hence he realized that the only sense this life possess is to be, but once human loses his life, he doesn't know he dies. So isn't it mystical to live, even while being dead?

GIRL

How many centuries did you see?

SAND

I exist since the Earth was created and I have to tell you that life will never get easier.

GIRL

It will. We live, and we struggle, and then we learn. We are getting stronger. One day we will all die, and that would be the end, but we will die knowing.

SAND

Life never gets easier. How can you possibly prove that there is nothing after death when I am being killed every single day, and yet I am still alive?

GIRL

You don't really die if you have no soul.

SAND

I have a million souls.

GIRL

I kill myself every day: regretting, escaping problems and I have only one life. I already gave away some parts of it while making mistakes. One of them I can fix. I won't miss my mother. She has a part of my heart I need to gain back.

SAND

The rest of your life already belongs to me, mixed with million souls.

GIRL

Then being part of you means being nothing. Is there any border so I can experience my own sorrows?

SAND

No. And that is the struggle of humanity.

GIRL

It is insane! Can I have my own jar... coffin?! Not to lie with all the villains of the world and not with those I hate?

SAND

Dust has no sins. It just is. People are people; no matter what individuals did, it all lies on the shoulders of humankind and not a particular person.

GIRL

There must be a way for me to be separated from them.

SAND

We all became one piece, destroyable in its form but not a texture.

GIRL

I don't want to die then!

SAND

Didn't you already?

GIRL

NO! I am living here. I am cherishing what I have. Don't let me become a part of sand. Part of something that has not one, but a million souls, a million sins-

SAND

And good choices: scholars, artists, prisoners, and children. There is no difference. We are all one, bloody dust.

GIRL

Preserve my life, and prevent death.

(She falls to her knees and weeps)

(The voices are heard, there is many of them. They are overlapping, begging, laughter, sobbing and anger is audible).

I want to be distinguished from all mortals. I want to be remembered and visited!

(The sandstorm begins, the girl covers her face with the cloth she was wearing, she starts to choke, but later the storm becomes a powder).

I want to live or die just once! I want to feel the meaning of end, to feel the value of time, but to have my part in the world.

(Rapid flash of an image: the nurse in the room carries the morphine and prepares the needles; we hear the sound of a syringe tossed on the metal container).

(The sand becomes water; Girl starts to float on it).

LIQUID

Did you die?

GIRL

I guess.

(Pause)

I have my body, am I alive...

(Pause)

I feel the waves. I hear the sound of the water moving.

(A woman figure appears on the coast, she holds a small child in her hands. The girl does not notice her. She walks into the water before the Girl. We no longer see Girl but a woman- Ginny - with a child. The child- Cindy- is pulling her legs up).

GINNY

Don't be scared. It is just water.

CINDY

But it's cold, and it's moving.

GINNY

It is moving because of the waves; it is in motion the same as we are.

(Pause)

Would you like to lay on it? I will show you how.

CINDY

I could.

(Ginny teaches Cindy how to float and smiles gently)

CINDY

It feels like flying!

(She closes her eyes)

GINNY

Are you sleeping?

(Cindy pretends to be asleep. Ginny sings a lullaby and strokes Cindy's head)

GINNY

A loving mother living in the ocean raised a child who feared the waves  
She could not change the childish phobia hence wept upon it for many days  
Mother sailed away waiting for her child to come after her  
But her little girl didn't follow  
A Mother didn't hesitate  
Daughter begged the ocean to change her mother's fate  
Mother was a guest, not a prisoner of waves  
A Girl swam to her dearest Mother as the ocean connected them back together.

(Ginny squishes her nose, and Cindy wakes up)

(Pause)

(Ginny walks away)

CINDY/GIRL

I am wondering, how many souls create water?

(Cindy fades away into ocean waves)

LIQUID

It doesn't contain any souls but memories of all humankind

(She floats on the water, moves her arms making small waves)

GIRL

Show me my memories.

LIQUID

I know what you want to see. She appears in most of them. And for your surprise, they all contain happy moments.

You need her. You cannot erase your most valuable lessons and feelings.

GIRL

My mother taught me how to swim, but I learned how to drown on my own.

(She dives into the water and takes gulps of it).

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Doctor Schuman, Intensive Care Unit

11:27am

11:30 am 1. Antidepressants - no response, rapid heartbeat and shallow breath.

11:41 am 2. Morphine- lucid interval.

12:06pm 3. No medicine - problems with breathing, partial bodily response, impulses; muscular contractions in arms, moving hands in circles.

12:21 pm 4. Morphine; increased dose. Momentarily stopped breathing; choking, conscious.