

The Information She Carried

written by
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The Information She Carried

Cast of Characters

Sharon North

Conspiracy theorist, early thirties. Beautiful and fragile.

Billy Shepherd

Quiet man, late twenties.

Christa Chapman

A shadowy woman, early thirties.

Adam Weishaupt

Construction worker, thirties.

Roxy Borman

Twenties, pretty, a bit spoiled. Billy's blind date.

Mark Engle

Roxy's roommate, late twenties, leftover fratboy.

Lois

Roxy and Mark's roommate, early thirties.

Corinne

Billy's date in 2001. Mid-twenties, stunning. Played by the actor playing Lois.

Colonel Jacob Ruppert

Owner of the Yankees in 1920. Played by the actor playing Mark.

PLACE & TIME

Primarily the apartment of Roxy, Mark and Lois in December 2002 and a bar in New York City in January 2003, along with other locations in Massachusetts, New York and Illinois in 2001, 2002 and 2003.

"Make a hole with a gun perpendicular
To the name of this town in a desk-top globe
Exit wound in a foreign nation
Showing the home of the one this was written for
My apartment looks upside down from there
Water spirals the wrong way out the sink
And her voice is a backwards record
It's like a whirlpool, it never ends ...

They don't need me here, and I know you're there
Where the world goes by like the humid air
And it sticks like a broken record
Everything sticks until it goes away
And the truth is, we don't know anything"

- "Ana Ng" They Might Be Giants

"d.c. sleeps alone tonight"

- "The District Sleeps Alone Tonight" The Postal Service

ACT I

Lights up on SHARON, passionately speaking directly to the audience.

SHARON

You have been lied to! If you cannot accept that one little fact, cannot even conceive that you could be lied to by those in positions of power and importance, well, it's not worth listening to anything else I have to say. But please, understand: wanting to believe something is true is not the same as it actually being true. You have been lied to, given something called "history," and told it was the same as the past. As truth. History is not the past, it is the past with spin, the past covered over with lies. This man,

(SHE holds up a dollar bill.)

you think you know him, what he did, cherry trees and Valley Forge, but you don't know he was impersonated, do you?

(SHE holds up a picture.)

This man impersonated Washington. With George's full knowledge. Washington served his new country as the leader of their army, but after that he wanted to go back home. Yet he was called up into service for the constitutional convention, and then again home, and again, no, because now he's elected president. And then it's all President's Day sales and your six year old in a powdered wig at some parent's night. History. The lie you tell each other every day. But I will show you the right way!

(SHE is quieter, simpler now.)

Is this what you were expecting? A ranting, raving ... no. No, I'm here to speak truth. There shouldn't be anything crazy about that. A voice crying out in the wilderness is nice, but useless when everybody lives in the city. Very simply: this Impostor was a Freemason in Bavaria in the 1770s, and in a better world, his story would end there anonymously. The Freemasons are a necessary nuisance, a secret society that became more of a boys club than a sinister cabal. But the Impostor loved to read, and to study, and, most of all, he loved power. He studied the so-called Mystery Cults of Ancient Greece and took whatever he learned and convinced a group of three thousand Freemasons to follow him. A bloodless coup. He was the leader of the perfectibilists, the Illuminati. But when Frederick the Great didn't like what was going on, he banished them, cast them out, and they fled, most to France, but one to America. This man. Taken in by Founding Fathers, Masons who admired him, he took over from a president who wasn't interested in being president. And sometimes, he impersonated him. Not all the time, just when it mattered most. He subverted this country's ideas from the beginning. He was the first big lie this country ever told. You have been lied to, ladies and

SHARON (CONT'D)

gentlemen. They have been doing it for a long, long time.

(Lights down on HER and up on the
Boston apartment belonging to Roxy,
Mark, and Lois. ROXY enters with BILLY.)

ROXY

Did you see that hole coming? I sure didn't, I'll tell you that. Pothole right out of nowhere. I can still feel the car shaking from it. I'm sure I've hit a pothole that bad before, but I can't remember when.

BILLY

Sorry.

ROXY

It's not your fault. We couldn't see it. But besides being, you know, jarring, that's really kind of dangerous, don't you think? A hole in the road, out of the blue, who'd be expecting that? Especially at night. If it's pitch black, and it nearly was, how are we supposed to see a dark hole in the middle of a dark street? You understand what I'm saying?

BILLY

Yeah.

ROXY

I've been thinking about it on the way back here, and you'd figure with all the technology we have, there'd be something they could do when they're building a road to get rid of that problem. I mean, I know you can't prevent potholes. Holes happen, they just do. Heavy cars, or, or people leaving their chains on too long, or whatever. What I'm saying is they should make sure that when big gaping holes are made in the road, there'd be some way to warn people that they, you know, that they exist. That's a good idea, right?

BILLY

Sure.

ROXY

So what I'm thinking is, I guess I understand why the *top* level of the street has to be black. People, not *me* but most people, won't wanna change *that*, but why not have the, uh, the, what do you call it, the asphalt underneath it, why not have that be something bright and reflective. Orange, or pink, or neon green. That way, you're driving at night, you see that your headlights are hitting something orange or pink or neon green, and you turn the wheel. You get out of the way. Makes sense to me. I can't believe someone hasn't thought of that already. Can I get you something to drink, Billy?

BILLY

Please.

ROXY

Do you prefer Bill or Billy? I don't think I asked you that.

BILLY

Either's fine.

(SHE starts to go, but stops.)

ROXY

Or William. Or Willie, I guess, but that sounds a little strange. Wow, you can get a lot from that one little name.

BILLY

Yeah.

ROXY

What would you like, Billy? I think I'm just gonna have a soda. What would you like?

BILLY

That's fine.

ROXY

I'll be right back.

(SHE exits. BILLY checks HIS watch.
ROXY returns with two sodas.)

ROXY (CONT'D)

Here we go.

(SHE brings them to BILLY and sits
next to HIM. THEY open the sodas.)

BILLY

Thanks.

ROXY

No problem whatsoever.

(SHE takes a sip as BILLY does.)

Will. That's another nickname you can get from William. That's what, five or six isn't it?

BILLY

Five.

ROXY

Five nicknames. That's not bad at all. Beats mine by a long shot, doesn't it? You've got Roxanne and Roxy, and ... well that's about it, isn't it? Nowhere near your name.

BILLY

No.

ROXY

You know, I am so glad that Mark gave you my number. I had a lot of fun with you tonight.

BILLY

Good.

ROXY

So, Billy, what are your plans for New Year's Eve?

BILLY

Not sure yet.

ROXY

Well you better hurry up, it's ... hey, it's tomorrow isn't it? Or today, actually, since we're past midnight. Can you believe it? Another year gone. Goodbye 2002. It feels like every year I live, that year goes by quicker than the one before. Like we're just going faster and faster towards the future. You ever have that feeling, Billy?

BILLY

I wish.

ROXY

I like it. Makes me happy. You know if you don't have plans, we're all going out. Me and Mark and Lois. Lois, she's our other roommate. Have you ever met her?

BILLY

Once.

ROXY

She's great, Lois. We're going to this party at one of our favorite bars. I'm sure we could find some room for you.

BILLY

I don't know.

ROXY

It really wouldn't be any trouble. We'd have fun. I mean you know me, you work with Mark, you've met Lois. There's gonna be a really good band there. I don't wanna push you or anything, I just think you'd have a lot of fun. Why don't you give me a call during the day tomorrow, today, and tell me if your other plans worked out or fell through or what, and then we'll work from there, okay?

BILLY

Okay

ROXY

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Good. Mark was right about you. You're a really good listener, Billy.

BILLY

Thanks.

ROXY

No thanks necessary. It's the truth. You always, when I talk to you, I always feel like you're really listening and thinking about everything I'm saying. Taking me seriously. It's really a great quality, and don't thank me, because I don't need to be thanked for that. You do, and I thank you very much for being you and for being that way.

BILLY

You're welcome.

ROXY

Almost made going over the pothole worthwhile just so we could talk about it. Almost.

CHRISTA

Ms. North?

(Lights down on ROXY and BILLY and up on a dimly lit bar. SHARON is sitting there, idly playing with the chain of her necklace. A woman, CHRISTA, is standing at her table.)

CHRISTA

You are Ms. North, aren't you?

(SHARON holds up a finger and makes a call on HER cell phone.)

SHARON

She's been here five minutes, eyeing me. Making sure I am who she thinks I am, I'm guessing. 5'4", early thirties, brown hair and eyes, goes by

(SHE puts HER hand over the phone.)

What name will you be using?

CHRISTA

Christa.

(A pause. This hits SHARON a bit but SHE tries not to show it.)

SHARON

(Hand off the phone)

Bad dresser, no sense of style. Bad skin. I'm sure she'll

SHARON (CONT'D)

be no problem.

(SHE hangs up the phone.)
Voicemail, just in case you are.

CHRISTA

Okay.

SHARON

Christa?

CHRISTA

Yes. Christa Chapman.

(SHE puts out HER hand. SHARON will
not shake it. SHE drops HER hand.)

I bet.

SHARON

What do you do?

CHRISTA

(Laughing a bit at this)

What do I ... what?

SHARON

When you're not doing this.

CHRISTA

What does it matter?

SHARON

I'm just--

CHRISTA

I'm someone who make trades.

SHARON

Yes, but usually?

CHRISTA

My name is Christa. I make trades. That's who I am today.
That's all you're getting.

(Pause)

You have it?

SHARON

Not with me.

CHRISTA

But you do have it. Still.

SHARON

Yes.

CHRISTA

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Show me.

(SHARON gets a picture from her bag. SHE hands it to CHRISTA who looks it over, then hands it back.)

SHARON

Good enough?

CHRISTA

I ... yes.

SHARON

So, hand it over.

CHRISTA

(Taking Sharon's phone)

I need to make a call.

SHARON

If you're lying to me about this ...

CHRISTA

(Dialing)

What?

SHARON

I'll--

CHRISTA

What will you do?

SHARON

Destroy it. Have it destroyed.

CHRISTA

Why on Earth would you do that?

(SHARON just stares at HER.)

CHRISTA (CONT'D)

Okay.

(On the phone)

All right, we're good.

(SHE hangs up the phone.)

It's on its way.

SHARON

It?

CHRISTA

What you want.

SHARON

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Need.

CHRISTA

Whatever. How was Baltimore?

SHARON

I wasn't--

CHRISTA

You were safe, but we can still trace payphones. Baltimore. Charm City. Were you charmed?

SHARON

I'm sure.

(Light change. The Boston apartment as we left it. MARK enters.)

MARK

Hey, Rox. Hey, Billy.

BILLY

Hi.

(MARK starts going through ROXY's purse that SHE's left out.)

ROXY

Anything I can help you with, roomie?

MARK

I need to borrow your keys.

ROXY

Why?

MARK

I wanna look at the baseball again.

ROXY

You plan on asking me first?

MARK

Sorry. Roxy, may I please borrow your keys so I can open the safe and look at the baseball?

ROXY

(To BILLY)

It's not just any baseball. Piece of memorabilia my father asked me to hold onto.

BILLY
Oh yeah? What is it?

ROXY
It's, um, I'm blanking. Mark, you know.

MARK
Chapman death ball. Cause of the only fatality in major league history.

BILLY
Wow.

ROXY
Yeah, it's morbid, but kinda cool.

MARK
So can I borrow the keys pretty please?

ROXY
Lois has them.

MARK
She does.

ROXY
She, yeah, she borrowed my car so I gave her my key chain. You'll have to wait to look it at it 'til she gets back.

MARK
Okay.
(HE exits, and then HE enters again
just as quickly.)
When's she getting back?

ROXY
Lois? I have no idea. How 'bout I let you know when she comes in.

MARK
That'll work.

ROXY
Okay, I'll do that then.

MARK
Okay.

(HE leaves.)

ROXY
Sorry about that. So, where were we?

BILLY
It's getting late. I should maybe get going.

ROXY
Really? You're sure?

BILLY
With New Year's tomorrow and all that.

ROXY
No, I know. I just figured--

(But SHE'S cut off when MARK, SHARON,
and ADAM enter.)

SHARON
You have another key, right?

ROXY
I don't think we've met.

MARK
Roxy, they broke in to steal the baseball.

ADAM
You let us in.

ROXY
Mark, is this some kid of joke?

SHARON
(Brandishing her gun)
No. We're here to steal the baseball

ROXY
Oh. No. No, just the one key. Sorry.

(SHARON looks around, thinks.)

ROXY (CONT'D)
Um, if you need money--

SHARON
There's no other way to open that safe?

ROXY
If there was, I'd tell you.

SHARON
Really? Why? Lois, that's your roommate, right?

MARK
Yeah.