The Mountains Are Calling... A Play in 5 Stages By Lana Sage

The Mountains Are Calling...

We are at the foot of The Mountain, a forest, a journey to something that has no end other than what might be. Lights out on The World. Stars appear. The Family appears from their respective bases: a weathered cabin at the foot of the woods, a makeshift guest room of a lifeless house, the garden of a 'poor'-person's most elaborate HOA-monitored home, and a secluded lakeside beach. As The Memory and The Now intermingle, interlooping, The Family leaves behind their respective containers: a Beer Bottle, a Cash Jar, a compost Bucket, and a Mason Jar. They begin to traverse The Mountain. The center of everything.

The Dad Look to the stars DedeBee. They can tell you so much—

The Brother

Do that for me Man. While I'm gone—

The Stepmom
If you just give me your hand Amanda. You can do this if—

The Mom Let in Amanda. It's alright to just give in—

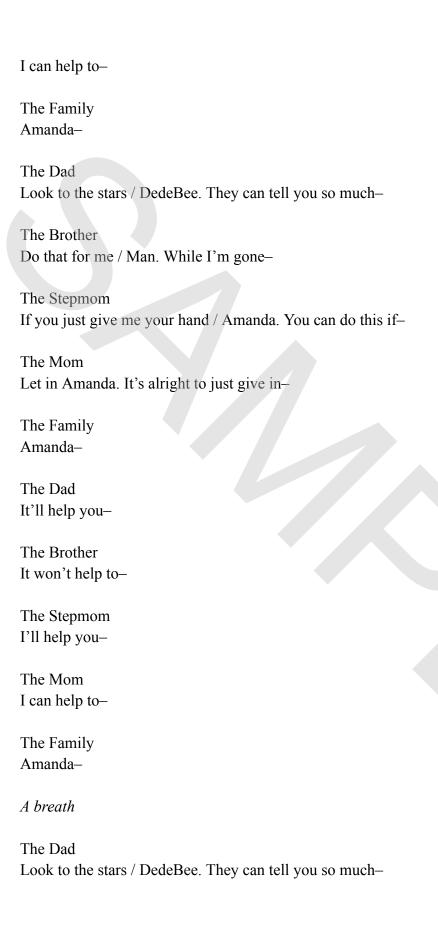
The Family Amanda—

The Dad It'll help you—

The Brother
It won't help to—

The Stepmom I'll help you—

The Mom



The Brother Do that for me / Man. While I'm gone-The Mom Let in Amanda. It's alright to just give in-The Stepmom If you just give me your hand / Amanda. You can do this if-The Dad It'll help / you-The Brother It won't help / to-The Stepmom I'll help / you-The Mom I can help / to-The Dad Look to the stars / DedeBee. They can tell you so much-The Brother Do that for me / Man. While I'm gone-The Mom Let in Amanda. It's alright to just give in-The Stepmom If you just give me your hand / Amanda. You can do this if-Amanda, 19, stops at the foot of The Mountain, before The Family. She clasps a Necklace around her neck. A breath

Amanda

The Mountains

The stars grow bright, there's so much sound there's no sound. We are at the culmination of the end, at least in some way.

The Family Amanda—

Lights out on The Family.

The Denial

Lights up on The Dad, 47ish. We are on the porch of a weathered cabin at the foot of the woods. Amanda, 19, picks up The Dad's Bottle but then holds, as if waiting for something to break. The Dad holds his hand out for his Bottle.

Amanda

I'm sorry but I just can't get behind this whole thing

The Dad

What 'Whole Thing'

Amanda

You

The Dad

What about me? Is something wrong?

A pause

The Dad (continued)

De... I'm right here. What's wrong?

The Memory dilutes The Now. Amanda, 19 but 18ish, hands The Dad his Bottle.

Amanda

What's wrong is you wearing something other than a flannel

The Dad

I'm sure I didn't only / wear flannel when you were growing up

Amanda

Nope. No-in my memory you only wore red and brown flannel. Every single / day. Like a cartoon character or something

The Dad

Maybe your memory is wrong. Think about / it, like that-

Amanda

Doubtful

The Dad

You know like that one things that happens—

Amanda

What thing?

The Dad

You know. The thing. That / thing when-

Amanda

Oh right. The / thing. Right.

The Dad

When your memory remembers something wrong

Amanda

So you said

The Dad

No but there's a name for it

Amanda

Ya. Remembering something / wrong

The Dad

No... There's a name for it I know it

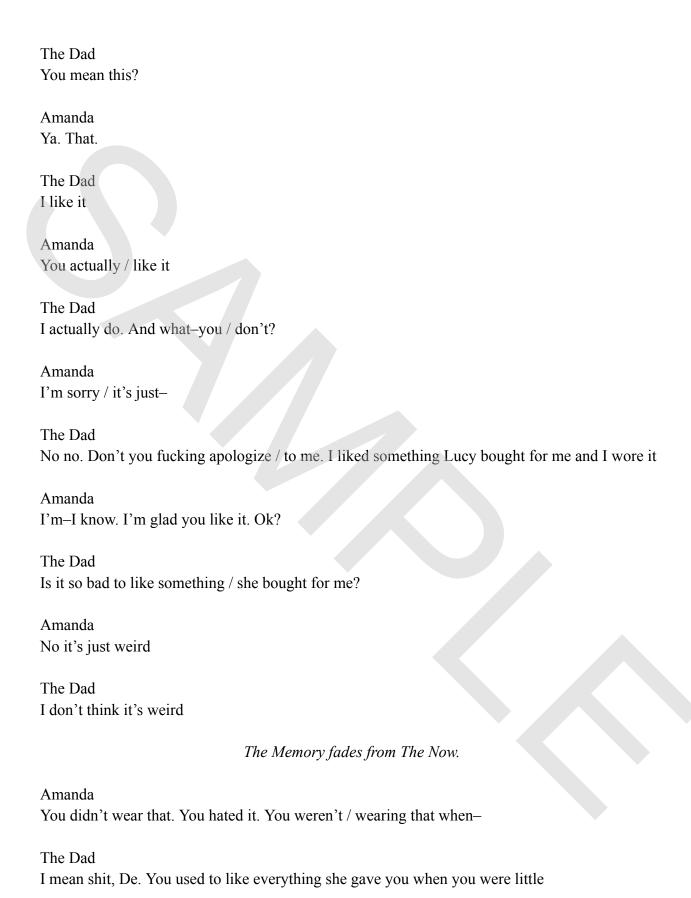
Amanda

Ok Dad

| The Dad I'm sure of it |
|--|
| Amanda You're sure of a lot of things |
| The Dad And I'm right about all those things I'm sure of |
| AmandaFor example? |
| The Dad There's a name for this thing— |
| Amanda This phenomenon— |
| The Dad Ya-Cause he was in prison or something and we all thought he-But he wasn't actually-everyone was wrong-because years later he actually Yaknow He didn't actually You know-why don't you just look it up for me |
| Amanda There's no service |
| The Dad You didn't even try |
| Amanda Didn't need to. There's no / service. |
| The Dad But how can you know there's no / service if you didn't even fucking check |
| Amanda Because that's just how service works, Dad. When there's high / elevation the signals don't— |
| The Dad |

| Ya ya ya high elevation and all that liberal arts bullshit |
|---|
| Amanda Dad– |
| The Dad No. No, I get it. I know that I didn't get a big ol fancy fucking degree / like you or anything— Amanda Dad I didn't— |
| The Dad |
| Like I'm not some high and mighty / honors fucker who couldn't get laid in high school- |
| Amanda |
| Don't worry about that stuff-I didn't even submit my- |
| The Dad |
| But that doesn't mean that I don't / know things |
| Amanda It's just physics, / Dad. The natural world |
| The Dad |
| I can know physic-ologist / shit |
| Amanda |
| Physicist. / Physics. |
| |
| The Dad |
| You see, there's a clear difference between book smarts and street smarts |
| Amanda So the saying goes— |
| The Dad You Starling are book smart—you poor thing wasting money / on a degree life can teach you for free |
| Amanda |

| I'm not even going to college |
|--|
| The Dad Your brother, the little shit, is street smart—I'll give him that |
| Amanda |
| Ok fine— |
| The Dad And I am one smart ass man |
| Amanda |
| Ok smartass— The Dad |
| Don't you go smarting me— |
| Amanda I know / I was joking |
| The Dad You know that |
| Amanda I do |
| The Dad Good? |
| Amanda Good |
| The Dad Good. |
| A beat |
| Amanda But why the flowery shirt? |



Amanda

I did ya / but you weren't wearing that

The Dad

So what's so wrong about it.

The Memory dilutes The Now. Amanda, 19 but 18ish, comes to.

Amanda

I don't know, Dad

The Dad

Ok. So it's settled. I like my shirt. And nothing's wrong

Amanda

But something is / wrong

The Dad

You mean my / shirt

Amanda

It's not just / the shirt

The Dad

But you're making it about the shirt. It's just a / shirt. Move on

Amanda

It's just not like you

The Dad

What isn't

Amanda

The... Siding with Lucy / I guess.

The Dad

You're wrong there, Bright Star. It's not like you to agree with your mother

Amanda

Stepmom

The Dad

If you're gonna be all specific and shit then just call her Goose again. It was never real anyway, right / De? Isn't that what you said?

Amanda

You're getting all mumbly again

The Dad

I'm just stating facts. You know I thought it was a good idea

Amanda

It was—it was a good idea but / I'm not four anymore

The Dad

But you act like we traumatized you / or something

Amanda

I mean it didn't kind of / traumatized after Mom

The Dad

We did nothing wrong

Amanda

I saw her on / the floor

The Dad

I don't know what you think / you saw-

Amanda

I saw her. And Gat and you took her away. And Lucy / stayed with me. All night.

The Dad

None of that happened, De. You're remembering / it wrong

Amanda

I'm remembering just fine.

The Dad

| You were too young to remember it correctly | |
|---|----|
| Amanda Dad– | |
| The Dad Goose was there. You have that right. And she's still here. | |
| A beat | |
| The Dad (continued) You've stayed with her. Right, / Amanda— | |
| The Mom Amanda— | |
| Amanda I–I'm sorry– | |
| The Dad What did I say about apologizing? We are not / gonna apologize— | |
| Amanda We're not gonna apologize for what / we don't yet know— | |
| The Dad For things we don't know yet that's right | |
| The Memory fades from The Now. A flicker. Lights out on The Dad. Amanda, 19, stands, bracin A flicker. Lights up on The Dad. | g. |
| The Dad (continued) Just an old light, DedeBee. See? It's ok. We're ok | |
| Amanda Are you? | |
| The Dad I'm here aren't I | |
| ו ווו ווכוכ מוכוו נו | |

| Amanda Are you |
|---|
| The Dad You're being real strange today, De. Real strange |
| The Memory dilutes The Now. Amanda, 19 but 18ish, comes to. |
| Amanda I'm I'm trying not to say sorry |
| The Dad You're doing / fine, Starling |
| Amanda It's a lot. You know? |
| The Dad De What is it? |
| Amanda The You know. All the I don't know- |
| The Dad You don't |
| Amanda Can we change the subject |
| The Dad What do you want to talk about? |
| Amanda I don't / know can we just talk— |
| The Dad No. No more of that 'I don't know' bullshit. You do know. You're just letting the 'I don't knows' control you |

Amanda

The Dad

You know when I get lost in the 'I don't knows,' I look to the stars

Amanda

That only works for directions

The Dad

You're wrong there, Bright Star, The stars can tell so much more than that. If you let em

Amanda

Ya

The Dad

They always seem to know all the right shit, you know?

Amanda

I do

The Dad

Like... shit. Of course they know the way, the greats, the campfire stories. That much is obvious. They tell you math and—and all the sciency shit you talk about. You get it. That right there—the stars? That's a fucking degree. Right there. All in the stars. A fucking degree. And how do you know that?

Amanda

Someone once told me

The Dad

I bet that person was one smartass man

Amanda

Sure

The Dad

You gonna sit or what

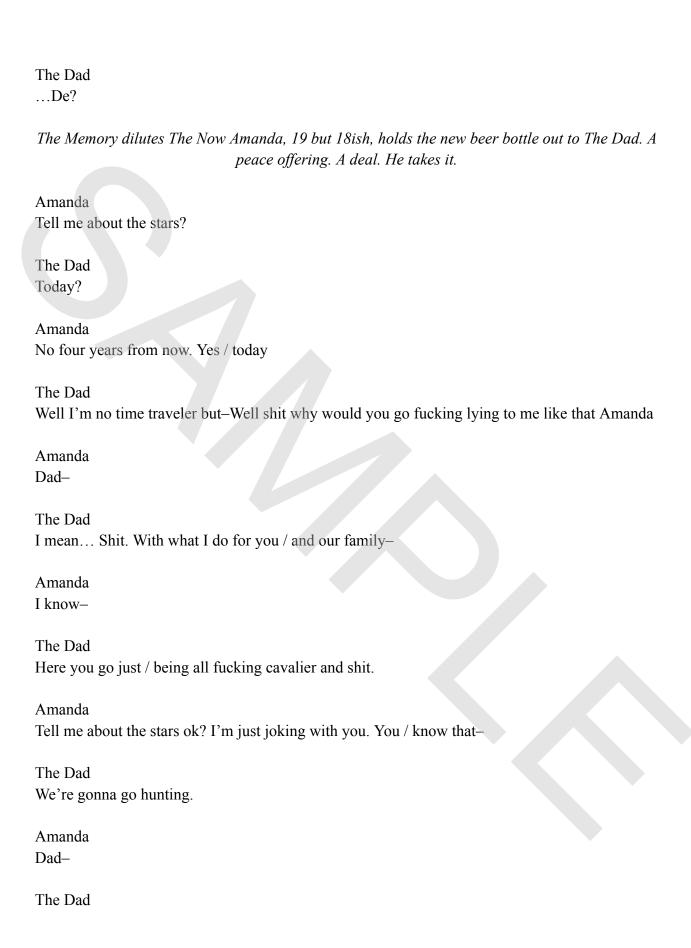
Amanda

I didn't know if I was welcome

| The Dad What? |
|---|
| Amanda I kind of feel like I'm intruding or something |
| The Dad You? Never. The stars are welcome, so my Bright Star is welcome. |
| Amanda You sure? |
| The Dad I'm always sure, DedeBee. You know that. Just get me another bottle before you do, will ya? |
| Amanda [exiting to the cabin] Ya. Sure. One sec |
| The Beer Bottle falls with The Memory. It clanks and breaks against the other bottles at his feet. The contents spill out. |
| The Dad Welcome to The Mountain, DedeBee |
| Amanda [offstage] What's that? |
| The Dad Be careful of elevation. Never hike alone. Welcome to The Mountain, / DedeBee |
| Amanda [offstage] Are you mumbling again? |
| The Dad Be careful of— |
| Amanda [offstage] You need to clean / up in here a bit |

| The Dad Don't you go telling me / what to do— |
|---|
| Amanda [entering with a new bottle] I'm just giving you a hard time. No need to act like I'm / Gat or whatever |
| The Dad Oh. Hi De |
| The Memory might fade from The Now, but Amanda, 19, comes to, stopping in her tracks. The Memory dilutes The Now. |
| Amanda Hi Dad |
| The Dad You're here |
| Amanda Ya |
| The Dad It's you |
| A breath |
| Amanda Who else would it be |
| A pause |
| The Dad Who knows these days. |
| A pause |

Amanda Dad?



No don't you "Dad" me with all your—No you're not gonna do that. Not with me. You can do that with your brother. You can do that with Goose. But you can't—You will not do that with me. Do you hear me?

Amanda

I–

The Dad

Did you hear me.

Amanda

Yes.

The Dad

Good. We're going hunting. Now.

Amanda, 19, is a bystander to The Memory from when she was 18ish. The Dad wobbles as he grabs his crossbow.

Amanda

Are you sure you're safe / to hold a literal weapon right now

The Dad

DedeBee. I know you worry. But I know my crossbow. I know myself. I know what I'm doing.

The Dad

There's no need to worry about your old man. You're too young to worry. My mind and eyes are as clear as the sky above my head. See?

Amanda

I see it now

The Dad

Damn. You see the sky tonight, Starling? Fucking gorgeous 'innit?

Amanda

Ya. Gorgeous.

The Dad

As clear as the sky above my very head

| Amanda |
|---|
| I know Dad. |
| The Dad lumbers to The Mountain. Amanda, 19, doesn't follow, but she stays as close to The Memory from when she was 18ish as it will allow her. |
| The Dad |
| Shit. Beautiful night for hunting. Clear skies |
| Amanda |
| And the stars? What about the stars |
| The Dad Thou'll show up the way. |
| They'll show us the way |
| A beat |
| The Dad (continued) Bright Star. De. |
| The Mom's hand is seen. She holds her hand out to Amanda. Open. |
| |
| The Mom Amanda— |
| The Dad |
| Shhh |
| Amanda |
| What do you see |
| The Dad |
| Just shhhh |
| The Dad crosses over The Mountain, crossbow aimed and ready. He takes slow lunges forward. |

The Family (besides The Dad) Amanda—

The crossbow clicks. Lights out on The Dad.