INSIDE OUT

A musical

Book & Lyrics by Josh Wellman · Music by Herbert Draesel

Excerpt: Act I, Scene 2

ACT I, SCENE 2

BECCA goes to work at a table of plastic Blessed Virgin Marys.

BECCA

(sings)

VIRGINS.
GETCHUR VIRGINS.
BUY A VIRGIN MARY.
A BLESSED VIRGIN MARY,
TO MAKE YOUR CONVENTION COMPLETE.
SHE COMES REPLETE
WITH WELL-CRAFTED HANDS...
AND STICKY FEET.
YOU CAN STICK HER ON YOUR DASHBOARD.

BUY A VIRGIN!
I KNOW YOU'VE GOT THE URGE INSIDE YOU!
BUY ONE!
BUY TWO!
HEY, YOU...
BUY ONE.

SOMEONE!

MR. WIMPLE

Becca, honey, how's it going?

BECCA

It's not.

MR. WIMPLE

Not one?

BECCA

Not one.

WIMPLE

That's no good. Emily's already sold out of "Meditations on Eucharistic Purity in the Twenty-First Century Church."

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BECCA

Emily isn't selling plastic knick-knacks at a theology conference.

(there is a toilet flush)

Outside the men's room.

WIMPLE

Listen to me... there are important distributors here. This is my chance to go national. How will it look if the books sell and the secondary merchandise - the stuff I actually make - doesn't?

BECCA

I guess-

WIMPLE

(interrupting)

Exactly. If you want to keep your job, I suggest you find a way to sell some Virgins. Got it?

(he stares at her for a second... a toilet flushes)

Thought so.

(he leaves)

BECCA

GETCHUR PLASTIC VIRGIN MARY ICON NOW.
SHE WILL LOOK GOOD ON YOUR DASHBOARD.
SHE WILL MAKE YOUR FRIENDS GO, "WOW!"
NO CATH'LIC CAR TRAVELS FAR IF IT LACKS HER SMILING FACE.
SO STEP ON UP, STEP ON UP TO DRIVE WITH GRACE.

A WOMAN

Pardon me, do you see the ladies' room?

BECCA

Waaay over there.

WOMAN

Oh.

(pauses, looks at MARYS)

What are these?

BECCA

Plastic stick-on Virgin Mary icons. Would you like one?

WOMAN

Oh. No thank you, I have twelve. Of course, none of them are plastic. These are like little, holy Barbie dolls.
Little, plastic, tacky, ugly Barbie dolls. Pardon me. Nature calls!

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BECCA

Well, you should answer.

(a toilet flushes; she sings)

GETCHUR PLASTIC VIRGIN MARY ICON HERE.
SHE MAY BRING YOU TONS OF BLESSINGS.
SHE MAY EVEN SHED A TEAR.
NO CATH'LIC HOME, ANYWHERE, IS COMPLETE WITHOUT ONE OF THESE.
SO STEP ON UP, STEP ON UP AND BUY ONE. PLEASE!
PLEASE!

PEOPLE

(variously)

No thank you. I'm okay. It's made of plastic.

ANOTHER WOMAN

THE DISPLAY OVER THERE
HAS A VIRGIN WITH REAL HAIR.
THE REST OF HER IS CERAMIC.
AND HER LOOK IS MORE DYNAMIC.

BECCA

GETCHUR PLASTIC VIRGIN MARY ICON, QUICK!

MEN

NO, THANKS.

BECCA

IT'LL FEED YOU WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY.

WOMEN

PARDON ME.

BECCA

IT'LL HEAL YOU WHEN YOU'RE SICK.

ALL PEOPLE

EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!

BECCA

NO CATH'LIC LIFE CAN BE FREE FROM STRIFE TILL PLASTIC MARY IS THERE.
SO STEP ON UP TO SCHLEP ON UP TO YOU-KNOW-WHERE.

ALL

TOO EXPENSIVE,
TOO TACKY.

(in counterpoint to BECCA's lines below)

TOO UGLY.
TOO STICKY!

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BECCA

PLEASE, SOMEONE BUY ONE!
COME ON!
JUST ONE!

(a toilet flushes… silence for a moment, she speaks)

Oh! Goddammit! I need a sign!!!

Suddenly, there is thunder, the music of harps, a trumpet fanfare, and a CHOIR OF ANGELS sings:

CHOIR OF ANGELS

AHH!
AHH!
AHH!

MARY descends from on high in a gilded swing. She steps off the swing and plops a giant, red, leather-bound book onto the table with a resounding "THUD!" She walks over to BECCA.

MARY

These things are absolutely hideous. Do you have five dozen?

BECCA

Um… yes.

MARY

I'll take them. They'll make perfect gag gifts for Christmas. Be a darling and bring me that chair, please.

BECCA

Of course…

(brings a chair)

May I ask… who are you?

MARY

I'm Peter Pan, flyin' in on a swing in a dress, who do you *think* I am? I'm the Virgin Mary, the Blessed Mother, Regina, the Holy Queen enthroned above, whatever! Enthroned on that stupid swing. It hurts my *tuckus*. The last time I got to sit down in a real, live chair, Golda Meir was still in power.

(sits)

BECCA

You can't be serious.

MARY

You callin' the Mother of God a liar?!

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BECCA looks around at the angels, the swing, etc. She shrieks and falls prostrate on the ground.

BECCA

O Holy Mother, please forgive me for whatever it is! I know I'm probably hallucinating you because I haven't had lunch, but if not – please forgive my wicked soul for whatever brought you here. Oh, no! I said, "Goddammit!"

MARY

Get off the floor and get me a glass of water, dear.

BECCA scrambles to her feet.

BECCA

Certainly, Holy Mother! Except… I'm sorry… I don't have a glass.

MARY extends her hand and a glass appears in it.

MARY

Here.

(notices it already has water in it)

Oh. There's water in it already. Never mind.

BECCA

That was so cool!

(pause)

May I ask, Holy Mother… Why are You here? Why would You visit an ordinary, boring girl like me? Am I… chosen?

MARY

(takes a long, appraising look, then:)

No, I'm here for my health. Of course you're chosen!

BECCA

Oh, Holy Mother, it's such a magnificent honor, and forgive me for questioning You, but... I'm not chosen to be a martyr or something, am I? Or like a prophet, because I'm not sure I'd be very good at –

MARY

Silence, I'm not here to answer your questions. I'm here to sing.

snaps her fingers and we're in song land - music, spotlight, etc.; she hands BECCA the glass

Here, make yourself useful.

(sings)

SOME ANGELS AND I
WERE LOOKING DOWN FROM ON HIGH,
AND WE REALIZED,
"OH, THIS BECCA GIRL'S A MESS!"

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SO GOD SENT ME DOWN TO GUIDE YOU
TOWARD THE BECCA DOWN INSIDE YOU;
THE BECCA NOT CONTENT TO TRY FOR LESS.

BECCA

(speaks)

You want me to do more? Am I not striving hard enough? I'll strive more! I'll do better!

MARY

Shh, here comes the good part!

(sings)

POSSIBILITIES
SPRING UP AROUND YOU,
REACHING UP TO THE SKY.
POSSIBILITIES
ARE ALL AROUND YOU,
YET YOU PASS THEM ALL BY!

YOU BOLDLY TRAIPSE ON,
CONVINCED YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT PATH.
AND LEAVING GRAPES ON
THE VINE - EXCEPT GRAPES OF WRATH.
THOSE ONES YOU SEE.
THOSE ONES YOU PICK,
WHILE THE SWEETER GRAPES
ROT ON THE VINE!
STOP AND LOOK -
DON'T SIMPLY FOLLOW THE PATH!

POSSIBILITIES
BURST THROUGH THE SOIL
OF THE GARDEN OF LIFE!
POSSIBILITIES...
THAT'S THE ONLY THING
WITH WHICH YOUR FUTURE IS RIFE!

STOP WORKING HERE.
THAT'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO FIRST.
THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR,
AND NO, YOUR BUBBLE WON'T BURST.
OPEN YOUR MIND,
THAT IS THE TRICK!
THOUGH IT'S EASIER SAID
THAN IT'S DONE.
LET'S LOOK IN YOUR BOOK,
AND SEE WHAT IT SAYS TO DO!

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BECCA

(speaks)

What's “my book?”

MARY

Like I’m gonna tell you.

(reads)

Now, let’s see…. Hummina-hummina-hummina… yatta, yatta, yatta… etcetera, etcetera and *HMM!* An age-old generality should do the trick.

(sings)

AT THE SUNRISE,
AND SUNSET,
SIMPLY LOOK FOR OPTIONS YOU HAVE OVERLOOKED BEFORE.
BREAK WITH TRADITION,
AND INHIBITION;
LET YOURSELF IMAGINE SOMETHING MORE!

A WORLD OF...

(speaks)

Sing with me, dear!

BOTH

(sing)

POSSIBILITIES.
A LITANY OF OPTIONS
THAT THE FUTURE PROCLAIMS.
POSSIBILITIES!

MARY

MORE THAN CAN
BE LISTED BY TWO VIRGINAL DAMES!

WORK UP THE STRENGTH
TO DO WHAT I RECOMMEND.
THEN THINK AT LENGTH
ABOUT HOW YOU'D LIKE TO SPEND
WHAT'S LEFT OF LIFE.

BECCA

WHAT'S *LEFT* OF LIFE?

MARY

DON’T WORRY YOUR HEAD,
THERE'S PLENTY MORE!
FOR,
THERE ARE MANY PATHS FOR YOU TO TREAD.

BECCA

NOT JUST ONE TO FOLLOW TILL I'M DEAD!

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MARY

DON'T LET CHOICES FILL YOU UP WITH DREAD!
DON'T LET FREEDOM PUT YOU ILL-AT-EASE:
EMBRACE A WORLD OF...

(speaks)

Sing it with me, dear.

BOTH

(sing)

POSSIBILITIES!

BECCA

Oh, no! It's Mr. Wimple!

MARY

Talk to him. He can't see me.

WIMPLE enters

WIMPLE

How many have you sold now?

BECCA

(hesitates)

Well, someone expressed an interest in five dozen. But she hasn't paid yet.

WIMPLE

So you've sold nothing.

MARY

Quit now, dear, or forever hold your nose.

WIMPLE

That is unacceptable! Absolutely unaccep-

BECCA

Then you try. Um, sir.

WIMPLE

What?

BECCA

Then *you* try to sell them. They're junk and I...

(pause)

I qu...

(pause)

MARY

Oy vey, just say it!

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BECCA

I quit!

WIMPLE

You what?

BECCA

(frazzled)

Yes.

(pause)

Bye.

MARY

Bravo!!!

MARY waves her hand... WIMPLE, the convention, etc disappear... she swipes a plastic BVM as the table rolls past

BECCA

I can't believe I just did that. I can't believe I'm talking to the Virgin Mary.

MARY

You were splendid!

BECCA

So what now?

MARY

Now? I believe you have a dinner date you can be early for, now.

BECCA

I mean, what next?

MARY

Bah! All these questions!

(sings)

JUST ENJOY THE MOMENT, TILL IT'S PASSED.
TRY TO LOOK A LITTLE LESS AGHAST.
TIMES LIKE THESE, THEY RARELY EVER LAST.
WHAT COMES NEXT COULD HAPPEN VERY FAST.

BUT, WE BOTH HAVE HAD OUR FILL O' THESE!

(tosses away plastic BVM)

LOOK! A WORLD OF...

(climbs on her gilded swing and starts to glide away)

POSSIBILITIES!
POSSIBILITIES!
POSSIBILITIES!

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BECCA

Did that just *happen*?! I mean, am I crazy? It felt real. And… Wow. I think the Blessed Virgin just told me to lighten up. Or something. I mean, does this stuff *happen*? Well… say it did. How crazy is that? Say it did for a moment…

(sings)

SO… MARY.
I GUESS THIS MEANS I'M NOT JUST ORDINARY.
I GUESS THIS MEANS AMAZING THINGS
AWAIT ME IF I DARE TO SEEK THEM.
ALL MY PLANS... I HAVE TO TWEAK THEM.
OR THROW THEM OUT, STACK THEM, AND STRIKE A MATCH!
I WANT TO MAKE THE HOLY MOTHER PROUD,
BY STANDING OUT ABOVE THE CROWD.
RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW, I'M STARTING FROM SCRATCH!

OH, MARY!
MY LIFE STOPPED BEING BORING; NOW IT'S SCARY!
I WONDER WHAT SHE WANTS OF ME...
SHOULD I GO OUT AND HAVE SOME FUN, NOW?
OR RUN OFF TO BE A NUN, NOW,
AND LIVE A LIFE WORTHY OF ANY SAINT?
I'LL BE THE PATRON SAINT OF LONELY CHICKS!
OR GET INVOLVED IN POLITICS!
OR CHANGE THE WORLD WITH PRAYER OR PAINT...

SO I'LL SAY GOODBYE TO "NORMAL;"
CAUSE THAT ISN'T REAL.
AND SINCE IT'S NOT,
THEN NEITHER ARE THE THINGS I USED TO FEEL!
I WON'T LIVE A NORMAL-PERSON LIFE,
OR DRIVE A NORMAL-PERSON CAR.
NO GIANT PLASTIC HOUSE,
NO CUL-DE-SAC, NO SWIMMING POOL, NO BAR.

I'LL STILL MARRY SAM.
THAT MUCH I KNOW.
HE'S PART OF WHO I AM,
LIKE MY SPLIT ENDS OR BIG TOE.

OH, MARY.
I WONDER IF THE LOAD'S TOO MUCH TO CARRY.
BUT CLEARLY THERE'S A REASON WHY
YOU CHOSE TO VISIT ME, AND NOT SOME
PERSONALITY WHO'S GOT SOME
SURE-FOOTED ROAD AND A MAP OF WHERE TO GO.
SO MAYBE I'LL
DO SOME WANDERING AND SEARCHING.
PLEASE EXCUSE A LITTLE LURCHING.
MAYBE I'M CRAZY,

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AND YOU DIDN'T COME AT ALL.
BUT I WANT TO BELIEVE YOU CAME. HOW
WILL MY LIFE EVER BE THE SAME, NOW?
WELL, THE BEST THAT I CAN DO IS FIND THE RIGHT WAY
TO ANSWER
YOUR CALL!

(She speaks:)

Holy shit!

(There's a huge clap of thunder, she looks skyward.)

Sorry!

Big, brassy button as she slumps into a sitting position on the floor.

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