

Becca Audition Side

BECCA

You'd think people would know more after they're dead, but you'd be wrong. Nobody can even agree on where we are or why we were alive in the first place.

Meanwhile, we wander around, looking for someone with answers. You don't need to ask anyone who they are, you just know, and they know you, too. The people who don't look you in the eyes are the suicides.

And all around us are these tiny flickers of color, all different; shiny specks floating like baby fireflies.

There's a "here" and there's "back there". If you walk closer and concentrate, you can see your past in sort of in a shade. If you keep walking you reach yesterday and the day before that, and that, as far back as you want to go.

Most people don't like to go backwards. I do. I want to remember who killed me.

(SHE looks in a direction where suddenly LIGHTS RISE)