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Contradictionary Lies: A Play Not About Kurt Cobain

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CONTRADICTIONARY LIES: A PLAY NOT ABOUT KURT COBAIN

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Master of Arts in English

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submitted in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree

MASTER OF FINE ARTS IN CREATIVE WRITING

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and

CLEVELAND STATE UNIVERSITY

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We hereby approve this thesis

For

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Candidate for the MASTER OF FINE ARTS IN CREATIVE WRITING degree

For the department of

English, the Northeast Ohio MFA Program

And

CLEVELAND STATE UNIVERSITY'S

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April 19, 2018

CONTRADICTIONARY LIES: A PLAY NOT ABOUT KURT COBAIN

KATIE WALLACE

ABSTRACT

Contradictory Lies: A Play Not About Kurt Cobain is a one-act play that follows failed rocker Jimbo as he deals with aging, his divorce, and disappointment. As he and his estranged wife Kelly divvy up their belongings and ultimately their memories, Jimbo is visited by his guardian angel, the ghost of dead rock star Kurt Cobain. Part dark comedy, part docudrama, this play shows how closely man emulates their heroes, and how in the void of depression, music serves an escape.

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CHARACTERS AND SETTING

Characters : (Double Casting Recommended for everyone except KELLY, JIMBO, KURT and COURTNEY)

KELLY 30's, *kind of a bitch, but undercover cool*

JIMBO *her soon to be ex-husband, 30s, old grunge/punk dude*

KURT COBAIN 27, *lead singer/guitarist for Nirvana; grunge's prodigal son*

COURTNEY LOVE 25, *lead singer/guitarist for Hole; KURT's wife; a beautiful disaster*

DAVE GROHL 20's *drummer for Nirvana; KURT's frienemy*

KRIST NOVESELIC 20's *bassist for Nirvana; KURT's best friend*

LYNN HIRSCHBERG 30's *a journalist*

OTHER JOURNALIST *another reporter (a stand in for many others)*

PAT SMEAR: 30's *guitarist for the Germs, sometimes rhythm guitarist for Nirvana*

KATHLEEN HANNA 20's *lead singer for Bikini Kill; original riot grrrl*

Time Both the past and the present, but mostly the 1990's.

Place: The play takes place in various locations. Some are apartments, homes, or hotel rooms. Some are backstage or onstage. Some are not specified. The attic scenes all happen in the present, while the rest are in the past. The places are far less important than the people in them. The stage is more or less a blank space with a projection screen hanging above. The action should be as realistic as possible.

At Rise: *The attic of an old home, the kind that was supposed to store the memories of a happy family. Instead, it stores the remnants of a failed marriage. A projection screen shows an attic with the usual stuff in and out of boxes: holiday decorations, boxes of junk, etc. KELLY enters, carrying a box, and finds JIMBO seated on the floor. His coat is still on, and he roots through an old box. They startle each other.*

JIMBO: Jesus!

KELLY: *(nearly dropping the box)* Oh my God!

JIMBO: I didn't hear you.

KELLY: You scared me.

JIMBO: Well...

KELLY: You're here... *(Setting the box down)* In the attic.

JIMBO: It's my attic too.

KELLY: *Was* your attic. *(a beat)* I didn't know you were coming.

JIMBO: Well you said I should...

KELLY: No, yeah, I know... it's just...

JIMBO: You said this weekend. It's the weekend.

KELLY: I know, I just thought you'd call first or...something.

JIMBO: I tried calling. You didn't answer.

KELLY: I didn't hear it.

JIMBO: You never hear it...you never answer.

KELLY: I've been running up and downstairs all day. The phone is the least of my worries.

JIMBO: Most people keep their phone on them.

KELLY: And have you cross-referenced the increasing number of cellular customers with the increasing number of people diagnosed with cancer each year?

JIMBO: Why do you do that?

KELLY: Do what?

JIMBO: Make everything harder.

KELLY: Well, sorry I don't live in la-la land where everything is fantastic all the time. The facts are the facts. Cell phones are bad for you. I don't have pockets. I am not putting a mini cancer machine in my bra and tripling my chances of getting breast cancer like Aunt Dorothy.

JIMBO: *(mumbling)* Here we go...

KELLY: What was that?

JIMBO: Pulling the Aunt Dorothy card.

KELLY: Aunt Dorothy died a terrible death!

JIMBO: I know she did. And that's awful. It's just...

KELLY: What?

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: Nothing.

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: Well?

JIMBO: Well, what?

KELLY: Are you gonna just sit there all broody, or are you gonna help me go through this stuff?

JIMBO: What does it look like I'm doing?

KELLY: It looks like you're staring at me.

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: When you get irritated, your left eye twitches.

KELLY: What?

JIMBO: Your eye. It twitches. When you're irritated.

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: It's cute.

KELLY: Don't.

JIMBO: Don't what?

KELLY: You know what.

A few beats pass. They are quiet. KELLY pulls her hair back in a ponytail. JIMBO takes his coat off. He returns his attention to the box before him and KELLY joins him. They pull out various stacks of CD's, as KURT COBAIN enters and takes a crate of records. They don't see him, though he looks over their shoulders watching them. He exits with the crate.

JIMBO: I don't know the last time I listened to an actual CD.

KELLY: Me neither. *(a beat)* Maybe we should rip some of these to the laptop.

JIMBO: Do computers even have a disk drive anymore?

KELLY: Mine does.

JIMBO sorts through the cases, putting his in a pile and hers in a separate one. He stops and stares at one and begins to laugh.

KELLY: What?

JIMBO: Hanson? Seriously, Kel?

KELLY: What? 'Mmm Bop' was catchy.

JIMBO: It was awful. I'm pretty sure there's a room in Hell where you're forced to listen to 'Mmm Bop' on repeat for centuries.

KELLY: Don't act like you don't know the words.

JIMBO: I don't.

KELLY: The chorus at least. You're white and were alive and thriving when this song was on the radio. You know that you know it. Don't lie.

JIMBO: Shut up.

KELLY: And how dare you make fun of my music. You and your depressing Seattle Sound crap.

JIMBO: Excuse me?

KELLY snatches his stack of CD's.

KELLY: Sound Garden. REM. Pearl Jam. Nirvana.

JIMBO: All excellent bands.

KELLY: All depressing music, if you can even call it that.

JIMBO: Are you actually saying Hanson is better than Nirvana?

KELLY: No. Just different. Hanson is happy, upbeat. Promises on the horizon. Nirvana is just...sad and angry.

JIMBO: Have you even listened to them?

KELLY: I've heard enough. *(imitating "Smells Like Teen Spirit")* Yaddah yaddah! Yaddah yaddah!

JIMBO: He says "a denial".

KELLY: Which you're clearly in.

JIMBO: What...at least it's real. Certainly, more real than 'Mmm Bop'. What does that even mean?

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: That's the problem, isn't it?

JIMBO: What do you mean?

KELLY: With us. I'm like Hanson. And you're like Nirvana. We don't mix.

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: Does George like Hanson?

KELLY: Don't.

JIMBO: Why not? You started it.

KELLY: I...

JIMBO: You, what? You're sorry?

KELLY: I'm..I. am sor...

JIMBO: Isn't it a little late for that?

KELLY: You wouldn't understand.

JIMBO: Wouldn't I? My wife cheated on me.

KELLY: You weren't exactly innocent either.

JIMBO: Oh, don't turn this on me!

In his anger, JIMBO kicks over a stack of CD's.

KELLY: Stop it!

JIMBO: Stop what? *(He picks up another stack and starts throwing them between each line)* Stop having feelings? Stop being hurt? Stop being pissed off that some loser stole my wife from me? Am I supposed to be happy that George ruined my life?

KELLY: *(blurts out)*...our life was ruined long before George!

JIMBO: *(He pauses his destruction, wounded slightly)* What the hell does that mean?

KELLY: You know what it means. Now will you stop?

JIMBO stares at her and slowly continues to smash CD's. Throughout this exchange his destruction builds with his intensity, and he stomps around childishly; an adult hissy fit.

JIMBO: What was it, Kel? I what...I didn't make enough money for you? I don't know how that was the issue when I worked two jobs to keep you happy. Two!

KELLY: Stop it, Jim!

JIMBO: I was a good boy! I know I had a checkered past, but I overcame a lot of
shit for you. Rehab. Counseling. I fucking changed for you!

KELLY: That's enough!

JIMBO: It was my looks, wasn't it? I wasn't attractive enough! My dick wasn't big
enough!

KELLY: I said stop it!

JIMBO: Or maybe your cunt was just that used up!

KELLY has had enough, she slaps him.

JIMBO:

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: *(seething)* Ask me again why it's over.

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: Aren't you gonna say something?

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: Say something, damnit!

JIMBO: *(a beat)* There's something cathartic about throwing things.

Fadeout.

Scene Two: KURT COBAIN and KRIST NOVESELIC sit on a couch in KRIST's apartment, with a TV in front of them. The screen behind them projects an episode of the Late Show. The two are high on acid.

KURT: *(laughs uncontrollably)*

KRIST: Wow.

KURT: The Late Show. What a rip off. *(Shouts at the tv)* You'll never be Johnny Carson!

KRIST: *(scoffs)* Arsenio Hall.

KURT: Arsenio...

KRIST: What kind of name is Arsenio?

KURT: Ar-sen-ee-oh.

KRIST: Arsenio. Arsenio. Arsenio. Arsenio.

KURT: Arrrrr-seeeeen-eeeeeee-oooooooo

KRIST: Arson. Noyo.

KURT: Arse-enine.

KRIST: Arsonist. Noyoist.

KURT: Arse-hole.

KRIST: I bet he got beat up in school.

KURT: You two'd have something in common, then.

KRIST: Shut up Arsen-a-hole.

The two laugh wildly.

KURT: Names are weird. What kind of name is Noveselic?

KRIST: Eastern European. My Busha always called me Kristoff. *(in his best Eastern European accent)* Kristoff Noveselic. Kristoff. Noveselic.

KURT: Cobain is Irish. *(in his best Irish accent)* Kurt Cobain. Come for yer pot o' gold or a pint of bold.

The two laugh some more. Noticing the tv.

KRIST: Ha! Paul Revere and the Raiders.

KURT: Look how fucking stupid!

KRIST: Dancing around...

KURT: ...with those moustaches.

KRIST: ...trying to be comical and goofy.

The two laugh so hard they're nearly in tears.

KURT: Can you imagine our band playing on a show like this?

KRIST: Yeah. (*Mimicking an announcer*) Ladies and gentlemen, from Aberdeen, Washington, Nirvana!

KURT: They'd probably just say Seattle.

KRIST: Why?

KURT: Cuz' no one's ever heard of Aberdeen.

KRIST: Fair point.

The two stare for a beat, letting the drugs carry them.

KURT: It's kind of fucked up though.

KRIST: Yeah?

KURT: Like... this is what America wants?

KRIST: What?

KURT: These clowns.

KRIST: I dunno. They aren't so bad.

KURT: What?(*a beat*) Do you have any Paul Revere and the Raiders albums? I bet you do.

KRIST: Maybe...

KRIST crosses and drags several large crates of records across the floor, including the one from the previous scene. KURT starts digging through them.

KURT: You don't organize your records?

KRIST: Does this look like a record store to you?

KURT: Come on, records are the holiest of objects. They should be placed on a pedestal.

KRIST: Right up there next to vagina, then?

KURT: I resent that remark.

KRIST: *(laughs)*

KURT: I'm a feminist.

KRIST: You're a fag.

KURT: So? Besides, takes one to know one. *(He finds what he's looking for)* Ah ha! Midnight Ride. Alias Pink Puzz. Generic Rock and Roll. Jesus, man, how many of these albums do you have?

KRIST: Shut up ,dude.

KURT: Fuck these costume wearing losers.

He takes a record from its sleeve and dramatically smashes it on the ground.

KRIST: What the fuck, dude?!

KURT: Oh, come on. I'm doing you a favor.

He takes another record from its sleeve and smashes it.

KRIST: Goddamnit!

KURT smashes another record.

KRIST: Come on, I'm not playing. That's my personal property!

KURT smashes record.

KRIST: You're such a dick.

KURT pulls the last Raiders album out of its sleeve and taunts KRIST with it.

KURT: *(He laughs)* Your mom likes the Raiders, dude.

KURT offers KRIST the record. A beat. He reluctantly accepts it. Another beat.

KRIST: My mom does like the Raiders.

He smiles and smashes it on the ground.

KURT: How'd it feel?

KRIST: Strangely...liberating.

KURT: Got any more mom records?

They begin sorting through the records, pulling out ones they can smash.

KRIST: The Eagles. The Carpenters. Yes. Joni Mitchell.

KURT: What in the fuck do you own these for?

KRIST: The ladies like the softer tunes, man.

KURT: By ladies, you mean your mom and grandma, right?

KRIST: Shut up.

KURT stands and chucks records at the floor.

KURT: Fuck this top 40 trash!

KRIST joins him.

KRIST: I've been needing to clear more space in the living room anyway.

The two feverishly smash records, laughing and jumping around like two children jumping on the bed. When they finish, they collapse to the floor, exhausted.

KURT: ...you all right, buddy?

KRIST: Yeah.

KURT: How do you feel?

KRIST: Cleansed and revitalized.

KURT: *(a beat)* There's something cathartic about throwing things.

Fadeout. In the darkness, the stage is cleared of the debris.

Scene Three: *Some time later. KELLY sits, smoking, peering out of a small attic window. JIMBO enters wearing a pair of ridiculous wide-leg pants. He carries two garbage bags filled with clothes and sets them down.*

JIMBO: Thought you quit.

KELLY: *(without looking at him)* Guess not.

JIMBO: Got another one of those?

He crosses to join her. She hands him the cigarette she's been smoking and takes in his appearance. She chuckles.

JIMBO: Nice, huh?

KELLY: I thought I threw those out.

JIMBO: You did. *(He hits the cigarette and passes it back to her)* And when you weren't looking, I dug them out of the trash and stashed them in my secret spot.

KELLY: Your secret spot?

JIMBO: Sure. Every man has one.

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: I'm still mad at you, you know.

JIMBO: *You're mad at me? (Scoffs)* That's rich.

KELLY takes a long drag. JIMBO snatches the cigarette from her.

KELLY: Hey! *(a long beat)* You acted like an asshole. Said some foul shit to me. *(a beat)* And you destroyed my Hanson CD.

JIMBO: I'm sorry for the asshole part. The CD, I did you a favor.

KELLY: You're such a dick.

JIMBO: Good thing you're a dick-a-holic then, huh?

KELLY: *(ignoring his comment)* So this secret spot of yours...

JIMBO: Uh-huh...

KELLY: What else is in it?

JIMBO: Oh, you know...stuff I found in my dad's attic...a sword, old newspaper clippings, old museum artifacts...you know he used to be a curator.

KELLY: No way. I thought I knew everything about your folks.

JIMBO: ... and there's a Spanish map behind a painting that reads, 'Ye intruders beware...crushing death and grief ...soaked with blood, of the trespassing thief.' Old One-eyed Willie...

KELLY: You're quoting the Goonies right now, aren't you?

JIMBO smiles wide.

KELLY: Ugh...you get on my nerves.

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: You know...I found yours too.

KELLY: My what?

JIMBO: Your 90's clothes.

KELLY: What? I did not keep...

JIMBO: You did.

KELLY: I did?

JIMBO: Wanna see?

KELLY: Oh, Lord. Why not? But then we really need to get this stuff sorted out.

JIMBO: Yes, ma'am.

KELLY puts out the cigarette as JIMBO drags the bag of clothes over. They root through it, pulling out various articles of clothing.

JIMBO: Look at these flared jeans.

KELLY: They were cute back then.

JIMBO: I think they still are.

KELLY: You would.

JIMBO: *(pulling out a tattoo choker)* Oh, look at this. *(He puts it on)*

KELLY: What are you doing?

JIMBO: Getting my sexy on, girl!

KELLY: Those are actually back in style now.

JIMBO: Really?

KELLY: *(she nods)*...with the younger crowd. I saw a 20 something model in a magazine with one on.

JIMBO: You make us sound so old.

KELLY: Well, compared to our 90's selves, we're ancient.

JIMBO: Nah. Just misunderstood.

KELLY: God, you sound like my father.

JIMBO: You know what Freud says...

KELLY: Gross, Jim! *(She punches him playfully, and he catches her arm. Their eyes lock, and they share a moment)*

JIMBO: *(KELLY yanks her arm away, as JIMBO clears his throat)* So, what else is in here?

KELLY stares at him for a beat.

JIMBO: What?

KELLY: Why are you like that?

JIMBO: Like what?

KELLY: Like the way you are.

JIMBO: And what way is that?

KELLY: *(sincere and soft)* I don't know.

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: What do you want?

KELLY: I don't know that either.

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

COURTNEY LOVE enters and steals a garbage bag of clothes. She exits with it. JIMBO and KELLY are oblivious to her.

JIMBO: Well I know...that I'm starving. And we aren't gonna get much done on an empty stomach.

KELLY: Okay.

JIMBO: Pizza?

KELLY: Sure.

JIMBO: Pepperoni? Extra Cheese?

KELLY: Absolutely.

Fadeout.

Scene Four: *KURT COBAIN, DAVE GROHL, and KRIST NOVOSELIC are having a party. PAT SMEAR is there too, as are other random people. A mix tape with songs by the Meat Puppets, the Vaselines, the Melvins plays in the background. The projection screen shows an image of a house party.*

KURT: This new Meat Puppets record is great.

DAVE: Yeah, it's not bad.

KURT: Not bad? Grohl, the brothers meat are like the second coming of Christ.

PAT: They're cute.

DAVE: (laughs) Adorable.

KURT: Assholes.

KRIST: They're really nice guys too. (*Everyone laughs at him.*)

KRIST: What?

KURT: You're a really nice guy.

KRIST: Well I try, so...

PAT: We should start jamming together.

DAVE: Hell yeah, Pat. That's a great idea.

KRIST: That would be pretty rad.

KURT: Let's do it.

PAT: When do you guys have free time?

DAVE: Well we have a tour coming up in a few weeks. But after that we're kind of wide open.

KURT: For now. Unless the soul sucking record companies force us to do shit with MTV or something.

KRIST: They have been harping on us to make another music video.

KURT: God, I fucking hate those things.

KRIST: Me too.

PAT: I'm glad we never had to make one. With the Germs. Darby would've never been about that.

DAVE: I think they're kind of fun. *(They all laugh, except DAVE).*

Just then COURTNEY LOVE enters. She carries the garbage bag filled with clothes and personal belongings from the previous scene.

DAVE: Here comes trouble.

PAT: (to KURT) Be careful, man. That girl really is trouble.

KURT: She's not that bad. You just gotta give her a chance.

DAVE: Said Sid Vicious about Nancy Spungen.

KURT: Whatever.

DAVE GROHL, KRIST NOVOSELIC, and PAT SMEAR exit as COURTNEY LOVE comes over. She is upset and has obviously been crying.

COURTNEY: I know I wasn't invited, but I didn't know where else to go.

KURT: You're always welcome here.

COURTNEY: I don't think Dave likes me very much.

KURT: Eh...he's just... protective.

COURTNEY: That's sweet.

KURT: Yeah... Kinda. Not really.

COURTNEY: I'm sorry I'm such a mess.

KURT: You're okay.

COURTNEY: I was supposed to go stay with Michael.

KURT: Michael?

COURTNEY: Stipe. From R.E.M.

KURT: Yeah, I know him.

COURTNEY: But his cat got sick or something so he's all pre-occupied with that.

KURT: It happens.

COURTNEY: He's such a fucking asshole.

KURT: Who? Michael Stipe?

COURTNEY: My boyfriend.

KURT: Michael Stipe is your boyfriend?

COURTNEY: No. Some asshole is my boyfriend.

KURT: I didn't know you had one.

COURTNEY: Well I don't anymore. Asshole kicked me out.

KURT: You guys were living together? Sounds serious.

COURTNEY: Not really. Just convenient.

KURT: Ouch.

COURTNEY: I don't know why people constantly treat me like this.

KURT: Well, nobody dies a virgin. Life fucks us all.

She laughs, as he eyes her bag of stuff.

KURT: What is all that anyway?

COURTNEY: Clothes, mostly.

KURT: Let me see.

COURTNEY: My clothes?

KURT: Why not?

She hands him the bag and he starts to root through it.

COURTNEY: So I was wondering if like maybe I could crash here for the night or something.

KURT: If you play your cards right... He holds up a mini skirt.

COURTNEY: What are you doing?

KURT: *(In his best girl voice)* Oh, no. This won't do at all.

She laughs. He tosses the skirt to the side and pulls out a Sonic Youth t-shirt.

KURT: And this is mine now...

COURTNEY: *(She tries to snatch it back from him)* No!

She tackles him and they wrestle for a bit. She pins him and kisses him. He wriggles free and returns to the bag, pretending as if nothing happened.

KURT: *(Pulling out sexy lingerie)* Oooh. What do we have here?

COURTNEY: *(Embarrassed)* Put it back.

KURT takes his shirt off and puts the lingerie on over his head.

COURTNEY: What are you doing?

KURT: Getting sexy.

She laughs as he offers her his hand and helps her up.

KURT: Come on, let's go get a drink.

COURTNEY: *(indicating his new ensemble)* Like that?

KURT: Absolutely.

They exit.

Fadeout

Scene Five: *JIMBO's mancave, which is really the basement of the house. It is half packed, but there's a guitar and amp, a weight bench, a stack of playboys probably, and boxes scattered about. He holds an old poster, one of Kurt Cobain, and he goes to put it in a box. He stops for a beat, then rummages through another box, pulls out some tape, and hangs the poster on the wall.*

JIMBO: Sup' dude?

He puts the tape back in the box and pulls out a decorative tin. He checks to see if KELLY is nearby. When the coast is clear, he sits against the wall, opens the tin, and pulls out a joint. He lights it, and smokes while he speaks.

JIMBO: *(talking to the poster from the floor)* Man, we've seen some good times in here, haven't we? *(He remembers, smokes)* Monday night football... Band practices...that time Marty got pissed we took his song off the set list and he broke Bubba's kick drum...and then the band broke up...again! *(he chuckles, smokes)* Idiots, man. All the *Star Wars* marathons before waiting in line all night for tickets to the new ones... That time I thought I was gonna be an MMA fighter and I worked out non-stop until I fucked my

back up. *(he chuckles, smokes)* When things were good and me and Kelly couldn't keep our hands off each other, and we did it in every corner of the house, including in here. *(He's sad for a beat. He hits the joint hard)* Man, this sucks.

Just then the lights shift, colorful, a dreamlike-quality. KURT COBAIN manifests.

KURT: *(to JIMBO)* What the hell are you doing?

JIMBO: Wait...what? How are you here...?*(He looks at the posters, then at them)*

KURT: Don't worry about that.

JIMBO: How can I not? *(Gesturing to the posters)* Did you come out of it or...or something?

KURT: Relax, man. And I'm still on the poster, so obviously not. Posters are paper. Not portals.

JIMBO: *(annoyed, sarcastic)* Thank you, Kurt Cobain.

KURT: You're welcome, Jimbo.

JIMBO: You're dead. You know that, right?

KURT: And your annoyance is making me wish I could kill myself again.

JIMBO: Are you a ghost?

KURT: I'm pretty sure my ghost would have something more interesting and bad ass to do than haunt you. No offence.

JIMBO: Fair enough. Then why are you here? What are you?

KURT: Look man, it's your brain, not mine. And you don't have much time, so listen... What do you want?

JIMBO: What do you mean? You came to me.

KURT: But it's your daydream.

JIMBO: What?

KURT: With your wife, jack ass. What do you want with Kelly? You keep wallowing and it's pathetic.

JIMBO: She fucking cheated on me! With the mail dude.

KURT: The mailman? (*he laughs*) That actually happens?

JIMBO: (*scoffs*)Thanks a lot, dude.

KURT: But seriously, Jim. What's so hard about letting go?

JIMBO: I still love her, man.

KURT: Then do something about it.

JIMBO: Like what?

KURT: Tell her how you feel.

JIMBO: She's cold, man. Words can't melt that ice.

KURT: Then show her.

JIMBO: How? And no offense, but it's not like you and Courtney Love were the poster children for happy relationships.

KURT: *(defensive)* We did alright. If it wasn't for the dope, we'd have been a couple people envied.

JIMBO: ...

KURT: Do you want help, or not? I mean why else would you force me to be here.

JIMBO: Yeah...I do. And you were not forced...I don't think...

KURT: Then show her, man.

JIMBO: How? She hates me.

KURT: Memories are a powerful thing. This house is full of 'em. Make her remember.

JIMBO: Make her remember.

KURT: Make her remember.

JIMBO: Make her remember.

Lights down, then they change back to normal as KURT exits.

JIMBO: *(disoriented)* Make her remember. Make her remember...

KELLY: *(from offstage)* Jim! Pizza's here!

JIMBO: Coming! I left money for it on the counter! *(He rises to exit and looks at the joint he had been smoking.)* Man, I gotta quit smoking this stuff.

He exits. Fadeout.

Scene Six: *KURT COBAIN and DAVE GROHL are backstage at an L7 show, and the screen tells us this (Backstage: L7, May 1991). "Pretend that We're Dead" plays softly in the background.*

DAVE: I've always liked this band.

KURT: Yeah. They're alright.

DAVE: Alright? Dude, they're tougher than we are.

KURT: Yeah. Donita Sparks could kick my ass for sure.

KURT takes out a bottle of cough syrup and drinks deeply from it.

DAVE: *(sarcastically)* Gotta cough, huh?

KURT: *(Fakes a cough dramatically)* Want some?

DAVE: I'll stick to the beer. Thanks.

KURT: Your loss. *(He shrugs and takes another swig)* So when's our next gig?

DAVE: In two weeks. At Jabberjaw.

KURT: That place reminds me of Pee Wee's Playhouse for some reason.

DAVE: You know, I could see that. It's so...colorful.

KURT: It's fucking weird.

Just then COURTNEY LOVE enters. She is obviously intoxicated.

DAVE: Speaking of weird...

COURTNEY stumbles over to them and plops down on the ground.

COURTNEY: Hey Davey!

DAVE: *(Correcting her)* It's Dave.

COURTNEY: Whatever. *(She punches KURT in the arm, flirting)* Pixie Meat.

KURT: *(playfully)* Drunk slut.

COURTNEY: Momma's boy.

KURT: Daddy issues damsel.

COURTNEY: Loser.

KURT: Junkie.

COURTNEY: *(Somewhat offended)* Mediocre musician.

KURT: Mediocre? *(he lunges at her, tackling her to the ground in a playful wrestling move)* I'll show you mediocre...

DAVE GROHL, annoyed, rises to exit.

DAVE: Your foreplay is nauseating.

He exits, while the two continue to tousele on the floor for a few beats.

KURT: Say uncle!

COURTNEY: Never!

KURT: I can stay like this all night...

COURTNEY fights with him, but he's too strong. Defeated, she caves.

COURTNEY: Fine. Uncle.

KURT lets her go, and the two sit up out of breath.

KURT: You're lucky you didn't make me spill my beverage.

COURTNEY: Whatcha drinking?

KURT: *(Holds up the cough syrup bottle)* Nectar of the gods.

COURTNEY: *(Delighted by this, but playing it cool)* No fucking way.

KURT: I know. It's lame or whatever...

COURTNEY doesn't respond, rummaging in her purse.

KURT: Well...don't knock it until you try it.

COURTNEY: *(finds what she's looking for, pulls out her own bottle triumphantly)*
See?

KURT: *(shocked and amused)* Really?

COURTNEY: *(mocking him)* Well, don't knock it until you try it.

KURT: This is unreal.

COURTNEY: It's meant to be.

The two laugh and cheers to serendipity and swig on their bottles.

KURT: I have a feeling this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

COURTNEY: *(nods and swigs from the bottle again)* I like you, Pixie Meat.

KURT: I'd like if you stopped calling me that.

COURTNEY: Not gonna happen.

The two sit in not-so-awkward silence for a beat.

KURT: What kind of cough syrup is that?

COURTNEY: It's got codeine in it. Supposed to help numb the throat and relieve pain. *(She laughs)* It gets the job done.

KURT: Mine's hycomine. *(a little bummed, a little bewildered, to himself)* She not only has cough syrup, hers is better than mine.

COURTNEY: *(Offering him some. He trades her bottles and drinks)* So my band just got done recording our first real album.

KURT: Right on.

COURTNEY: Kim Gordon from Sonic Youth produced it for us.

KURT: *(slightly jealous)* I love Sonic Youth.

COURTNEY: How's your new record coming?

KURT: Good. *(He takes a swig)* It's good.

COURTNEY: *(She swaps bottles with him again)* So you guys are in L.A. now, right?

KURT: Yeah. For a few months anyway. The studios here. Gigs are here. Made more sense than to drive it all the time.

COURTNEY: Where are you guys staying?

KURT: The infamous Oakwood apartments.

COURTNEY: Toluca Lake, huh?

KURT: Yep.

COURTNEY: I live a few blocks from there.

KURT: Oh yeah?

COURTNEY: Yep.

KURT: Well maybe I'll run into you then.

COURTNEY: You definitely should.

COURTNEY pulls out a bar napkin and a tube of red lipstick. She makes KURT turn around so she can use his back as a table. She writes her number on the napkin.

COURTNEY: This is my number. Make sure you keep it, and use it sometime.

KURT: I will. For sure.

*KURT stares at the napkin, then at COURTNEY. He smiles.
Lights dim.*

Scene Seven: *KURT and COURTNEY stay on-stage while JIMBO and KELLY enter with a pizza. The projection screen should be blank or project a packed up living room. KURT and COURTNEY are unseen by them. They drink their cough syrup, and laugh quietly, occasionally commenting on JIMBO and KELLY, as if they're watching a film.*

COURTNEY: What's their deal?

KURT: Dude lost his wife. I think he wants her back or something.

COURTNEY: How'd he lose her?

KURT: Mailman.

COURTNEY: No shit! *(She laughs)*

KURT: Ssshhh. Keep your voice down.

COURTNEY: Why? It's not like they can hear us.

KURT: Not unless we want them to. Or he wants us to...I don't know how it works. But still. You're annoying when you're loud.

COURTNEY: So are you! Why are we here then, anyway?

KURT: Christopher Cross, the biographer guy, said we're like characters in a play.

COURTNEY: So, are we? Characters?

KURT: I dunno. It appears that way...

COURTNEY: (*giggles*) Man, how much cough syrup have you had?

KURT: Not enough... (*he takes a swig of cough syrup*) We drank cough syrup on our first date, you remember?

COURTNEY: I know, sugar. That's when I knew you were the one for me.

KURT: Ssshhh...I have a feeling this part is gonna get good.

COURTNEY: (*whispering loudly*) Okay!

They quiet down as KELLY and JIMBO eat the pizza and talk.

JIMBO: Good pizza. Manicotti's?

KELLY: No. A new place. Aces.

JIMBO: Oh.

A beat. They eat in silence.

JIMBO: Have you eaten there before?

KELLY: Yeah. Once.

JIMBO: With George?

KELLY: Here we go with this again...

JIMBO: I'm just saying...

KELLY: You think I'm tacky enough to take George somewhere, then share that same experience with you?

JIMBO: I mean, you slept with him. I'd say we shared that experience.

COURTNEY: *(to herself)* Ooooooh....

KURT: *(to COURTNEY)* Shut up, you.

KELLY: It's just pizza, Jim.

JIMBO: Yeah, well it was my pizza.

KELLY: You never even had Aces before.

JIMBO: You know what I mean.

KELLY: Okay. You wanna do this? Let's do it. Speaking of pizza...

JIMBO: *(takes a bite with sass)* ...

KELLY: What about that summer you and Pauline Richards worked at the stadium together?

JIMBO: What about it? I told you Pauline was just a friend.

KELLY: I heard pizza and nachos weren't the only things you two were handling together.

JIMBO: Are you serious right now?

KURT: *(to COURTNEY)* We don't fight like this, do we?

COURTNEY: Sometimes. Ours aren't as boring though.

KURT: Yeah. That pizza would've been on the floor or against a wall a long time ago.

COURTNEY: We'd be smacking each other by now.

Getting turned on.

KURT: Having a food fight or something...

COURTNEY: Rolling around...

KURT: You'd try to pin me to the floor...

COURTNEY: I'd make you eat my crust...

The two are super aroused. They get up in a hurry, steal the rest of the pizza, and exit.

KELLY: What, you're gonna deny hooking up with Pauline Richards under the bleachers?

JIMBO: Oh, my god, we didn't do anything! And that was in college, before I even met you.

KELLY: No, it was when we had already started dating and I lived in the all girl's dorm, remember! And what does that have to do with anything!?

JIMBO: I'm just illustrating the fact that you sleeping with the mailman while we were MARRIED is not at all the same as me being rumored to have made out with a co-worker in college when we were barely dating. And that's all that was with Pauline anyway was rumors, because she was gay.

KELLY: George was not a mailman. He worked at the post office. There's a difference.

JIMBO: Big difference! (*a beat*) Wait a second...Worked? What did he get fired?

KELLY: Oh, uhh...

JIMBO: You said he was...he worked...past tense...

KELLY:

JIMBO: What did the guy flake on you or something?

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: *(a beat)* When's the last time you saw old Georgie?

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: You're not even with him, are you?

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: *(aggravated)* Kelly...

KELLY: I never was, okay? I mean we...Just the one time. I mean we hung out, but we only slept together once. And he was never my...

JIMBO: Why didn't you tell me?

KELLY: I...

JIMBO: I left you because I thought you were having an affair.

KELLY: I mean, I did cheat...

JIMBO: But why? If it wasn't an ongoing relationship...if you weren't choosing him over me... why did you do that?

KELLY: It was...convenient.

JIMBO:

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: I gotta get some air.

JIMBO exits. Fadeout.

Scene Eight: *KURT and COURTNEY re-enter with the stolen pizza.*

KURT: *(eating a slice)* It is good pizza, though.

COURTNEY: Her arguments were valid, you know.

KURT: Not if the poor guy didn't do anything.

COURTNEY: Come on, the guy always does something.

KURT: Not true.

COURTNEY: Yeah right?! Like you and that bitch Kathleen Hanna.

KURT: Kat was just a friend. You know that.

COURTNEY: *(imitating, mockingly)* Ooo, look at me! I'm, Kathleen Hanna. I'm
so progressive and feminist with my shitty riot girl band. *(she*
laughs) I'd rather go deaf than listen to Bikini Kill.

KURT: I'm sure she feels the same about Hole.

COURTNEY: What did you say?

KURT: Nothing.

COURTNEY lobs a piece of pizza at KURT. It hits him in the chest. He grabs a piece of pizza and playfully lunges at her, tackling her to the ground. He rubs pizza in her face. They tussle, and she gets on top of him. They kiss. It is both sexy and awkward.

COURTNEY: You think they'll make up?

KURT: Who?

COURTNEY: The pizza people.

KURT: I don't know.

Fadeout. In the darkness, KURT COBAIN and KATHLEEN HANNA enter. They

Take down the posters from a few scenes ago, and place them offstage. They clean up any pizza mess. Maybe KURT changes his shirt.

Scene Nine: *They re-enter and sit, with the wall behind them. The space is transformed to the exterior of an abortion clinic. (This can be a sheet, another flat, or the actual wall. It doesn't matter, but it will be painted on in this scene.) They are sharing a bottle of Canadian Club, passing it back and forth between them, and they are obviously drunk. The projection screen may show abortion clinic signage as well.*

KATHLEEN: You know, that place is actually pro-life.

KURT: An ironic abortion clinic?

KATHLEEN: Yeah. *(She swigs from the bottle)* Absurd, right?

KURT: Wild, Kat. Wild.

KATHLEEN: I know a girl that went there. She said they give out Jesus pamphlets and tell you to keep the kid, or else you'll go to hell.

KURT: Life is hell, Ms. Hanna. *(She hands him the bottle, he takes a swig and winces at its bitterness)* Oh, the irony.

KATHLEEN: Tell me about it. And it's really sad, because these girls are already scared and completely fucked, and then these self-righteous morons add insult to injury.

KURT: *(He hands her the bottle. She drinks)* Somebody should do something about it.

He opens his backpack and pulls out a can of black spray paint.

KATHLEEN: *(laughing)* Oh, that's brilliant.

KURT: *(trading her the paint for the bottle)* Ladies first. I'll watch out for you.

KATHLEEN HANNA crosses to the wall behind them while KURT keeps an eye out for passersby. She spray-paints the words "Fake Abortion Clinic Everyone". They laugh at her creation. KURT produces another can of spray paint. Red this time. He crosses to join her and paints in six foot letters the words "God Is King".

KATHLEEN: You always have to one up me.

KURT: *(Chuckling)* Well, Jesus is Lord, dear.

He exits as KATHLEEN HANNA crosses to address the audience.

KATHLEEN: Later that night we went back to Kurt's apartment. We were drunk out of our minds. While he was sleeping, I wrote "Kurt Smells Like Teen Spirit" in black sharpie on his wall. At the time, Kurt was dating Tobi Vail, the drummer of my band. She wore Teen Spirit deodorant, and kind of marked him with her scent that way. *(She laughs)* I never would've thought that joke would live on in infamy as the title of Nirvana's most popular song. *(a beat)* I loved Kurt like a brother. But only like a brother. I don't know why Courtney felt threatened by me. But she did. She was like that with a lot of people though, so I didn't really take it personally. I just thought Kurt could do better. I think the world thought Kurt could do better.

She smiles. Lights dim.

Scene Ten: *KATHLEEN HANNA remains on stage. COURTNEY LOVE enters with a bag of candy. The screen reads "Backstage, Lollapalooza, 1995."*

COURTNEY: Ugh. I can't believe Kurt was even friends with you.

KATHLEEN: Well, I can't believe he married you.

COURTNEY: Shut up little girl, and have some candy!

*COURTNEY rushes KATHLEEN and dumps the bag of candy on her head.
KATHLEEN is angry, but keeps her cool.*

KATHLEEN: Miss Love, I challenge you to a feminist debate in any University in America. Put your money where your mouth is. Though who knows where your mouth has been...

COURTNEY: What? And it's Mrs. Cobain (*She hisses like a cat*) Pussy...

KATHLEEN: You are a fucking caricature of yourself.

COURTNEY: And you're a cunt.

KATHLEEN: (*she scoffs*) How you wound me with your words! Cunt is actually a compliment. It's the most powerful organ in the female body; it brings forth life, and can stretch ten times its size and then virtually...

COURTNEY: We get it. You're a feminist weirdo who is far too obsessed with pussy to be straight.

KATHLEEN: Then why are you so threatened by me?

COURTNEY: Threatened? Threatened!? You don't even exist to me!

KATHLEEN: That's why you throw candy at me and are at my throat every chance you get, right? Because I'm non-existent.

COURTNEY: I treat you like shit, dear, because you are shit. And you obviously want to fuck Kurt. But you can't, because he's mine.

KATHLEEN: If I wanted Kurt, I could have had him, sweetheart. Long before he even knew who you were.

COURTNEY becomes enraged by this and lunges at KATHLEEN who runs offstage.

COURTNEY: *(shouting)* Just fucking die already!

COURTNEY chases her. She exits. Fadeout.

Scene Eleven: *JIMBO is alone on-stage. He smokes a joint, deep in thought. KURT enters.*

KURT: You alright?

JIMBO: You again.

KURT: Looks like it.

JIMBO: I don't get it.

KURT: Get what?

JIMBO: Why you keep showing up.

KURT: Look, it's your mind, fella.

JIMBO: I know, it's just...you're not a ghost, right?

KURT: Well from what I can tell, it's like this. You aren't religious or anything, so you don't pray. You don't have Jesus or Mary or whatever to turn to, because you don't believe in them. So somehow, you've started leaning on me.

JIMBO: So... you're God?

KURT: Ha! Absolutely, not.

JIMBO: So, you're not God, but God is real?

KURT: I'm Kurt Cobain. A dead rock star whose life was a fucking shit show. And for some reason, you see parallels in your own life and mine, so you've conjured some incarnation of me to turn to when you're stressed.

JIMBO: That's crazy.

KURT: Hey man, I don't judge.

JIMBO: Our lives are not similar at all.

KURT: Aren't they?

JIMBO: I'm not a rock star. I don't do drugs.

KURT: You were in a band. You used to shoot dope. *(he grabs the joint from JIMBO and hits it)*

JIMBO: Okay. *(So, I was at risk of having a similar life to you. But not anymore. That was years ago.*

KURT: *(grabbing the joint from him again)* Two years ago. Not even. And what do you call this, then?

JIMBO: Oh, you're one of those people...

KURT: Back in my day pot was totally a drug. What, it's not now?

JIMBO: Forget it...

KURT: The point is, we share lady troubles, man.

JIMBO: Yeah right! My wife is NOTHING like Courtney Love.

KURT: Well, excuse me...and I thought that chick wasn't your wife anymore.

JIMBO: Ouch.

KURT: Doesn't feel so nice, does it?

JIMBO: ...

KURT: Look, Courtney was, is... a special woman. I'll give you that. Hell, she was even a piece of shit sometimes, but at least she was honest. To a fucking fault, but she was always honest.

JIMBO: So, what, are you saying Kelly is lying?

KURT: How should I know? I'm just saying you guys need to communicate.

JIMBO: I thought you said I have to make her remember.

KURT: And you've done a shit job of that so far, haven't you?

JIMBO: ...

KURT: Get her talking. The memories will come if you talk enough. Trust me.

JIMBO looks at the ground contemplating.

JIMBO: How do I do that?

When he looks up KURT is gone.

JIMBO: How do I get her to talk to me? Well, damn.

Fadeout.

Scene Twelve: *The attic. KELLY is working diligently. JIMBO enters and startles her.*

KELLY: Geeze. You have to stop doing that.

JIMBO: Doing what, entering the room?

KELLY: I thought you left.

JIMBO: Sorry to disappoint you.

KELLY: I didn't say...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: Are you gonna be shitty the rest of the night?

JIMBO: Can we...talk, or something.

KELLY: Sure. As long as we don't talk about us.

JIMBO: Why can't we talk about us?

KELLY: Because.

JIMBO: Like that's an answer.

KELLY: Because when we do it ends badly.

JIMBO: Okay, then not about us.

KELLY: Okay. *(a beat. She rises and hands him a box)* I found these magazines of yours. Lots of Rolling Stone and stuff.

JIMBO: Perfect.

KELLY: What?

JIMBO: Nothing. You know, Kurt Cobain hated interviews.

KELLY: Which one is he?

JIMBO: Lead singer of Nirvana. The blonde one.

KELLY: The cute one, with the obnoxious wife?

JIMBO: Yeah. That's the one. *(he opens a magazine and flips to an article)*
But yeah, he hated interviews. Refused to do them for quite some time. Here, listen to this...

Lights dim and go into the next scene. JIMBO and KELLY should still be on-stage,

but in the background, unnoticeable.

Scene Thirteen: *KURT COBAIN sits on his bed. He is wearing striped pajamas, and his big toenail is painted red. He is surrounded by several teddy bears for comfort. He looks gaunt and frail, as he hasn't eaten in weeks. Behind him on the screen the words "Rolling Stone Interview, April 16, 1992" are projected on the screen.*

KURT: *(Sitting up, playing with a teddy bear)* There are a lot of things about Rolling Stone I've never agreed with. But it's just so old school to fight amongst your peers or people that are dealing with rock and roll, whether or not they're dealing with it in the same context that you would like to. *(He looks at the audience, speaking to them earnestly)* There are a lot of political articles in there that I've been thankful for, so it's really stupid to attack something that you're not 100% opposed to. If there's a glimmer of hope in anything, you should support it. *(A beat. He takes out a cigarette and lights it)* I don't blame the average 17-year-old-punk-rock-kid for calling me a sellout. I understand that. Maybe when they grow up a little bit, they'll realize there's more things to life than living out your rock and roll identity so righteously. *(A beat. He inhales deeply and blows smoke rings)* All I need is a break, and my stress will be over with. I'm going to get healthy and start over.

KURT exits, Lights come back up on the next scene.

Scene Fourteen: *The attic. JIMBO and KELLY with the magazines.*

KELLY: So, he really felt like that? That he was a sellout or disappointment?

JIMBO: Yeah, he did.

KELLY: That's really sad.

JIMBO: That's ultimately why he killed himself, I think.

KELLY: Oh, yeah, I remember that. It was all over the news.

JIMBO: Yep. I cried that day.

KELLY: Price of fame, I guess.

JIMBO: People tried to say his wife did it, but I don't think so. I think they really loved each other.

KELLY: Yeah? Even though she was a hot mess?

JIMBO: Yeah, but she was his hot mess.

A beat. They are quiet. JIMBO sifts through the box and pulls out another magazine.

JIMBO: This Courtney Love article in Vanity Fair was super controversial. It kind of captured her personality, which I thought was cool, but the author made all these crazy claims about her being a junkie and doing heroin while she was pregnant and stuff.

KELLY: That's awful.

Lights dim and go into the next scene. Again, they remain on stage unnoticed behind the action.

Scene Fifteen: *There are two chairs and an end table in between them, with an ashtray atop it. The words "Courtney Love: Vanity Fair Interview, September 1992" are projected on the screen. LYNN HIRSCHBERG enters. For several beats, the stage is empty. Finally, she addresses the audience.*

HIRSCHBERG: *(dismayed)* Courtney Love is late. She's nearly always late, and not just ten, fifteen minutes late, but usually more like an hour past the time she's said she'll be someplace. *(She begins to pace)* She's late for band rehearsals, she was late when she used to strip, she was even an hour late for a meeting with a record-company executive who wanted to sign her band, Hole. Courtney assumes that people will wait. She assumes that they will forgive her as they stare at the clock and stare at the door and wonder where the hell she is. *(A beat, she sits in one of the chairs)* And they do forgive her. Until they can't stand it anymore and then they get mad, fed up, and move on. But by that time Courtney is gone—she's off keeping someone else waiting.

COURTNEY LOVE enters, tripping over her own heels. There is an air of Entitlement about her and she is unapologetic about her tardiness, lack of grace and lack of poise. She plops down in the chair without saying anything and rummages through her purse. HIRSCHBERG changes the subject. An effort to save face in front of COURTNEY.

HIRSCHBERG: Madonna's new company, Maverick, was the first to be interested in signing Courtney Love to a major record deal.

COURTNEY: *(without looking up, still rummaging)* They don't know what I am. For them, I'm a visual, period. *(She finds what she's looking for, red lipstick and a mirror, and applies another coat while talking)* Madonna's interest in me was kind of like Dracula's interest in his

latest victim. *(She blots with a tissue, throws the make-up back in her purse and pulls out a crumpled pack of cigarettes)*

HIRSCHBERG: But Courtney, who is nothing if not shrewd, knew that one offer could spur other offers. Besides, she had another ace to play: by late '91 she was dating Kurt Cobain. When Hole went to England, she wasn't shy about either Madonna's interest or her new boyfriend.

COURTNEY: The British tabloids called me leggy and stunning *(She lights a cigarette)* The best article was about Madonna. It had a really big picture of me as a blonde and a really small picture of her as a brunette. I cut that one out. *(She laughs)* I heard a rumor that Madonna and I were shooting heroin together. *(She blows smoke dramatically)* I've heard I had live sex onstage and that I'm H.I.V.-positive. *(She laughs harder this time)*

HIRSCHBERG: None of these statements is true, although the live-sex thing is a very persistent rumor.

COURTNEY: Now...*(she balances her cigarette on the edge of the ashtray)* I get a chance to prove myself. And if I do, I do. If I don't—hey, I married a rich man! *(She drags for dramatic effect. She's joking and, then*

again, she isn't. Changing the subject) You know, I just can't find makeup that stays on in the summer.

COURTNEY stamps out her cigarette, rummages through her purse, and exits. Lights fade, HIRSCHBERG exits, lights come back up on next scene.

Scene Sixteen: *Back in the attic. JIMBO and KELLY still going through boxes.*

KELLY: Damn, that Courtney sounds like a real piece of work.

JIMBO: *(shrugs)* Kurt says she wasn't so bad.

KELLY: Kurt says? Like you talk to him or something?

JIMBO: *(nervous)* Oh, umm. I mean what he says in interviews. What I've read.

KELLY: So, she was only a nightmare in public?

JIMBO: Kinda... I guess. Kurt saw something in her for sure. She pursued him from what I understand. It was kind of adorable...

Lights fade into next scene.

Scene Seventeen: Lights up on *COURTNEY LOVE*, who is sitting on a bed in her bedroom. She is calling *DAVE GROHL*, putting together a gift for *KURT*.

COURTNEY: Hello? *(a beat)* Is Dave there? *(She plugs her other ear with her finger in an effort to hear better)* Dave Grohl? Is he there? *(a beat)* Well can I talk to him? *(a beat)* Courtney Love. Who is *this*? Jesus fucking Christ. *(a beat. She lights a cigarette. As she does this, DAVE GROHL enters downstage, holding a cordless phone, on the other end of the conversation).*

DAVE: Hello?

COURTNEY: Dave?

DAVE: Yeah?

COURTNEY: It's Courtney. Courtney Love.

DAVE: Yeah? What do you want?

COURTNEY: Are you having a party, Dave?

DAVE: Every day's a party.

COURTNEY: Why wasn't I invited?

DAVE: What do you want?

COURTNEY: I want information.

DAVE: Then go to a library.

COURTNEY: About Kurt.

DAVE: Why?

COURTNEY: Because he's cute. And he like, doesn't know that he's cute.

DAVE: *(he groans, unsure if he should tell her this)* Well he's newly single so...

COURTNEY: Really?

DAVE: Yep.

COURTNEY: What does he like?

DAVE: What do you mean?

COURTNEY: Like if I wanted to give him a present...

DAVE: I don't really have time for this.

COURTNEY: Please! I'll like buy you a drink or something next time.

DAVE: You don't even buy your own drinks.

COURTNEY: Please, Dave. I'm desperate.

DAVE: I don't know, man. He likes weird shit. Like baby dolls. Dead things. Creepy things and shit.

COURTNEY: What about seashells?

DAVE: *(obviously annoyed)* I don't know. I mean, he'd probably find some way to use them in an art project or something, so I wouldn't say he's anti-seashell.

COURTNEY: Good.

DAVE: Look, I gotta go.

COURTNEY: Well, thanks. And fuck you for not inviting me.

DAVE: Whatever. *(He hangs up and exits the stage)*

COURTNEY hangs up and puts her cigarette out in an overflowing ashtray. She hits play on a boom box on a nightstand next to her bed, and chords from Nirvana's Bleach album comes pouring out. She attempts to sing along, messing up the words. As she does this, she takes a heart-shaped box, leftover from Valentine's Day chocolates and fills it with seashells and dried flowers. She rises, and crosses to her dresser where

she rummages through a top drawer filled with junk. She pulls out a tiny baby doll figurine and a miniature tea cup. She puts all of these belongings in the box, then sprays it with perfume. She takes a pad of paper from the night stand, and begins to write, reading aloud as she does so.

COURTNEY: Dear Pixie Meat. Get it? I call you that because you love the Pixies, and you're tiny. Anyway, here's a little something to let you know that out of everyone in your shitty band, I hate you the least. Let's hang out sometime. XOXO Courtney Love.

COURTNEY folds the letter, kisses it, and holds it to her chest.

Fadeout. Lights back up on the attic.

Scene Eighteen: *JIMBO and KELLY still in the attic.*

KELLY: Isn't there a song about a heart box?

JIMBO: Sure is. Heart-shaped Box. Off the In Utero album. See, you know more than you think, Kel.

KELLY: I just remember the weird ass video. Creeped me out.

JIMBO laughs

KELLY: So, that song was about Courtney?

JIMBO: Yep.

KELLY: And the video was weird like that?

JIMBO: Well the song was inspired by that story, not necessarily about her per se.
You know how art is...

KELLY: Yeah, weird.

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: You know what we need? A drink.

KELLY: There's a bottle of scotch in the kitchen.

JIMBO: Since when do you drink scotch?

KELLY: I don't...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: George...

KELLY: Don't. I told you, he was a mistake.

JIMBO: No, you never told me that. The word mistake never came...

KELLY: Well he was, okay? Now do you want to get the damn booze, or not?

JIMBO: *(a beat)* Definitely.

JIMBO exits and leaves KELLY alone.

Scene Nineteen: *KELLY rises and begins moving boxes around. She hums to herself as she works. She finds an old trunk, opens it, and finds her wedding dress.*

KELLY: Well I'll be damned. *(She pauses, filled with a mixture of nostalgia and loss. She picks up the dress and hugs it)* How did everything turn out like this? It wasn't supposed to... he wasn't supposed to... I wasn't... fuck. *(a beat. She holds the dress up, eyeing it closely for imperfections)* Might as well. Before I sell it. *(She takes her clothes off and steps into the dress. It's a little small, so she can't zip it up. She wears it anyway)* God, it feels like a lifetime ago since I was the girl who wore this dress. A lifetime ago since I was happy. Loved. I mean, really loved. *(a beat)* Then he had to go get into that shit. That poison... that tore our life apart. *(a beat. She puts the veil on over her face)* He reneged on his promises... he didn't cherish me or have and hold me. Hell, he only cherished the drugs and himself over all of it. *(She begins to cry)* And then he got better... for me, and it just wasn't the same. He wasn't the same. All I saw was the addict. The monster inside of him, waiting to come back out. I couldn't see him any other way. *(She pulls the veil tight over her face and sobs into it)* He wants to save this so bad... to save us... but I don't know if I can. He'll never forgive me when he finds what I did. I'm worse than he is.

Fadeout.

Scene Twenty: *JIMBO is in the kitchen finding the scotch, some glasses and some ice. The glasses are packed so he has to dig for them. KURT appears.*

KURT: You doing alright?

JIMBO: Alright as I can, I guess.

KURT: She's not coming around?

JIMBO: I don't know. Every time it feels like we have some sort of breakthrough, she shuts down completely. It's like she retreats into someplace I can't see. And then, to top it all off, she tells me this George...

KURT: George?

JIMBO: The mailman.

KURT: (*Chuckles*) Oh yeah...right, George the mailman.

JIMBO: Shut up dude.

KURT: What about him? Georgie Porgie?

JIMBO: She tells me they were never really together. Just a fling. A fling that ended our marriage. And she didn't even try to save it. She never explained. She just...I don't know.

KURT: There's gotta be more to it.

JIMBO: ...

KURT: You gotta talk it out, man. Even if you don't want to.

JIMBO is quiet for a few beats. He finds the glasses.

JIMBO: You're right. I'm just scared.

KURT: Of what?

JIMBO: Of losing her.

KURT: ...

JIMBO: Can I ask you something?

KURT: I guess.

JIMBO: Why'd you do it?

KURT: Do what?

JIMBO: Kill yourself.

KURT: *(a long beat, he sighs)* Sometimes things are so broken, that there's no way to fix them. I felt that way about every aspect of my life. My marriage. My career. My soul. I figured it was better to burn out than fade away. Go out on my own terms. End my own hell.

JIMBO: Damn, dude. That's deep.

KURT: The freest I ever felt was when my soul left my body.

JIMBO: That's some dark shit, Kurt.

KURT: I'm a figment of your imagination. So, who's really the dark one

buddy?

Fadeout.

Scene Twenty- One: *Lights up on the attic sometime later. JIMBO wears an old top hat, while KELLY is still in her wedding dress. They both are visibly drunk, and sip scotch from glasses.*

KELLY: *(laughing)* Do you remember that Econ professor? Dr. Zeep? But everyone called him Dr. Creep?

JIMBO: *(laughing with her)* No, no. The ladies called him Dr. Creep. His lady called him Dr. Cheap!

KELLY: I miss those days. Everything was so much simpler.

JIMBO: Yeah. Your biggest worry was what was the campus cafeteria serving for lunch and when was beer o'clock.

KELLY: Pretty much. Life was still all shiny and new back then. Thoughts of marriage and kids, and the dog in the yard, and the house with the picket fence. The American Dream seemed real.

JIMBO: It was just some vision force-fed to you by society, Kel. Your parents' America didn't have to be yours. That was the beauty of it.

KELLY: But all I ever wanted was what my parents had.

JIMBO: You were always too good for that simple kind of life.

KELLY: Yeah, it was simple all right. And I still managed to screw it up.

Gave up my hopes of a career to get married.

JIMBO: Kelly...

KELLY: Couldn't stay married.

JIMBO: That was your choice, though.

KELLY: Like hell it was! *(she slams the scotch in her glass and proceeds to rip him a new one)* When you put that ring on my finger, I was marrying my best friend. The first straight guy I'd ever met that could name all the Golden Girls. The guy that would sneak gummy worms into the movie theater for me in those huge pockets of his wide leg pants. The guy that would give me his jacket when I was cold, and could look up and point out every constellation in the evening sky, even if he was freezing himself, because I had his jacket. The guy that made me feel like no one else mattered but us.

JIMBO: I never stopped being that guy.

KELLY: Maybe not. But there came a point when you found something that was more important than me. The drugs, Jim...

JIMBO: Damn it, Kelly! What do you want from me? I went to rehab. I got

clean. I've got 20 months under my belt, Kel. Four months shy of two years. I go to meetings. I know I fucked, up okay. I know nothing can change that, but how many times do I have to say I'm sorry? When will you stop seeing my mistakes and just see me for the man you fell in love with?

KELLY: I don't know that I'll ever be able to do that.

JIMBO: Why the hell not? Because of George?

KELLY: No! George meant nothing. I told you already...

JIMBO: Then why? Tell me right now why you can't forgive me?

KELLY: You don't want to do this, Jim.

JIMBO: Don't I? I mean, we're letting it all hang out, aren't we? Dredging up all the past. Slashing all the scars wide open. What, it's fine that you can totally shit on me and all my fuck ups, but you can't even admit to yours? What a crock of shit! How dare you pretend to be the fucking victim here, the martyr...

KELLY: *(shouting over him)* I had an abortion! *(a beat)* YOUR, abortion! Are You happy now?!

JIMBO: *(quiet)* You were pregnant?

KELLY: I was.

JIMBO: When?

KELLY: I found out when you went to rehab.

JIMBO: Before George.

KELLY: Yeah. George was just a ploy to push you away. Because I knew
you'd never forgive me. I can't even forgive myself. I don't expect
you to.

JIMBO: Just tell me why.

KELLY: Why what?

JIMBO: Why'd you do it? Why'd you kill our baby? To hurt me?

KELLY: Not at all. (*a beat*) I couldn't stand knowing that I may have to have
this child by myself. That addiction is a life-long battle, and I
couldn't count on you to pay the fucking light bill, much less take
care of our child.

JIMBO: I was getting help, Kelly.

KELLY: I know, but it wasn't enough.

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: All I ever wanted was to be a dad.

KELLY: I know...

JIMBO: Because mine was such a fuck up.

KELLY: I...

JIMBO: I wanted to be the kind of dad mine never was.

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: You took that from me.

KELLY: No offence, but you were already off to a hell of a start when I
found out I was pregnant, Jim.

JIMBO: I don't even know who you are anymore.

KELLY: Maybe you never did.

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: Say something, Jim.

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: There's nothing left to say.

KELLY: Then fucking fight with me! Something!

JIMBO: ...

KELLY: ...

JIMBO: *(Near whisper)* You know, sometimes things are so broken, that there's no way to fix them. *(a beat)* I hope you have a nice life, Kelly. I really mean that. *(He turns to leave)*

KELLY: That's it? What about your stuff?

JIMBO: You can keep it. Give it to Goodwill. Doesn't matter anymore.

KELLY: You're just gonna walk away?

JIMBO: That's exactly what I'm gonna do.

JIMBO exits. KELLY is left sitting there in her dress. She cries. Lights dim, she exits.

Scene Twenty-Two: *JIMBO is alone on-stage with a gun. He examines it closely.*

JIMBO: Gun. Noun. A weapon incorporating a metal tube from which bullets, shells, or other missiles are propelled by explosive force, typically making a characteristic loud, sharp noise. *(A long beat)*
How many lives have ended at the end of one of these? How many stories ended?

KURT enters.

KURT: Yours doesn't have to.

JIMBO: You gotta be kidding me.

KURT: I'm not laughing.

JIMBO: You know, you've got a lot of nerve coming here considering...

KURT: Considering that I'm a figment of *your* imagination and you obviously don't want to do this, so that's why you're seeing me right now?

JIMBO: No, considering that you and your gun splattered brains are the literal poster child of suicide.

KURT: That wasn't my choice.

JIMBO: What? Killing yourself?

KURT: I never wanted to be a poster child of anything.

JIMBO: Yeah, well, you were.

KURT: If I could go back, I wouldn't have done it.

JIMBO: Excuse me?

KURT: Offed myself. I wouldn't have gone out like that.

JIMBO: What happened to being free? I thought you said...

KURT: Sure. For that second, I was. But look at what I missed, man. My kid is an adult. Who never knew me.

JIMBO: At least your wife had your kid...

KURT: So she did you wrong. I get that. Fucking sucks. But last time I checked, that chick wasn't the last woman on earth.

JIMBO: Yeah, but for a long time she felt like it.

KURT: But she's not, Jim.

JIMBO: ...

KURT: You're pissed at her, yeah?

JIMBO: Obviously.

KURT: You want to hurt her the worst way possible, right?

JIMBO: I'm sitting here, with a gun.

KURT: Killing yourself will only add to her sob story.

JIMBO: I don't follow.

KURT: You're the fuck up, in her eyes. All of this...the marriage, the abortion, the mailman...it's all your fault. Killing yourself is the cherry on top of her tragic tale of martyrdom. Don't be predictable, man.

JIMBO: She just hurt me so bad.

KURT: Think of the worst moment in your life.

JIMBO: What?

KURT: The absolute rock bottom, most shit show moment you've ever experienced.

JIMBO: Okay...I'm not sure what you're trying to prove here...

KURT: Was it involving Kelly?

JIMBO: No.

KURT: And did you kill yourself then?

JIMBO: ...

KURT: So why do it now? Over this?

JIMBO: ...

KURT: Over her.

JIMBO: Damn, dude. You're right.

KURT: I know. You know how I know? 'Cuz I've been there. I did it, and that's all I ended up being to Courtney. The thing she resented. I made her the tragic widow, and in that, she won. She beat me.

JIMBO: ...

KURT: You wanna get back at that bitch?

JIMBO: (*nods*)

KURT: Do better.

JIMBO: Do better.

KURT: Yep. Go back. Finish school. Get a good job. Meet a nice girl. Settle
 down. Be everything she told you you'd never be.

JIMBO: Isn't it too late for that?

KURT: It's never too late.

JIMBO: (*hands KURT the gun*)

KURT: Feel better?

JIMBO: I don't know. Not really. Maybe?

KURT: That's a start.
He turns to exit.

JIMBO: You're leaving? But what if I need you again?

KURT: I'm just a mental breakdown away.

JIMBO: (*scoffs*) Thanks...

KURT: No seriously, though. They say the greats live on through their
 music or whatever, right?

JIMBO nods.

KURT: Then spin that record, DJ.

KURT exits.

Blackout.

End of Play.