

— Excerpt from *Picture This*, with highlighted multimedia indications/hyperlinks —
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PT 1 Amtrak New Order Music video plays. **BLAIR** begins at the end of the video.

BLAIR

Mark as unread. Mark as unread. Mark as unread.

(Speaking to the phone she puts in her pocket)

Bye bitch.

(pause)

VERONICA

My therapist said I had an internet addiction.

BLAIR

Which I do.

VERONICA

My phone might as well be my hand.

BLAIR

Sometimes I pick up a dinner plate and my wrist seizes.

VERONICA

That's called carpal tunnel.

BLAIR

It's fine.

VERONICA

It's fine?

Okay then.

VERONICA & BLAIR

What do I know?

VERONICA

Work is what I know. I don't live that other kind of life.

BLAIR

If I have a good time occasionally,

VERONICA

Not working constantly,

BLAIR

I start to hate myself.

VERONICA

Well, that's a sad state of affairs I know inside and out.

BLAIR

Can I keep going? On my email? I'm almost done.

OK. You're indicating that I'm being rude. I'll stop.

(to the audience)

In the play I usually avoid writing, a child enters:

(**BLAIR** speaks as **ADARA-CHILD** while **VERONICA** speaks as **MOM** and **DAD**.)

ADARA-CHILD

Mama needs. Mama needs. Mama needs.

MOM

I *do* have needs.

ADARA-CHILD

Everyone having a good time?

DAD

Thank you, sweetie, but don't worry about us.

ADARA-CHILD

Can I clear that for you? Take that for you? Wash that for you?

MOM

I'm gonna hit the ceiling.

ADARA-CHILD

Mommy?

MOM

Are you happy?

DAD

Of course she's happy.

ADARA-CHILD

Good morning! I love you!

DAD

I love you more.

ADARA-CHILD

No, I love you the most!

MOM

Are you OK?

ADARA-CHILD

I love you!

MOM

You can always let me know if you're not OK.

ADARA-CHILD

Mommy, I love you the most! Daddy, I love you the most!

MOM

See? I think she's not OK.

DAD

We love you, sweetheart.

ADARA-CHILD

OK OK OK love you.

MOM

Come here for a hug.

BLAIR

The child exits and I stop writing the play.

PT 2 Stuck In A Car Wash video plays during **BLAIR/VERONICA/ADARA** movement.

BLAIR

My mom died

VERONICA

Almost four years ago.

PT 3 TJ Maxx Shopping Cart and suitcase choreography movement section begin.

BLAIR

Almost every night I dream about her.
Most nights I remember the dreams.
Each one goes something like this: my mom leaves without a trace.
I search for her. I find her and she's not even sorry.
Some nights she acts callous, dismissive, accusatory.
Like our family dysfunction is my fault.

VERONICA

No matter how many years later these dreams let me hate her and therefore let *me* leave *her*.

BLAIR

I get to leave. *I* get to say f*** you, too.
But then I wake up.

(PT 3 TJ Maxx Shopping Cart video ends.)

She left.
She didn't do anything wrong and I miss her.
I miss her.
I miss her.
I miss her.
I miss you.
I miss you.
I miss you.
I love you.

PT 4 It's A Bitch video plays.

BLAIR

So anyway, I have a name. I hardly believe it sometimes.
It's a hard name to pronounce.

ADARA

(opening suitcase with wooden letters spelling her name)
Adara

BLAIR

I wish I was better at some things
like anyone, anywhere.

ADARA

Adayra

BLAIR

Making breakfast for dinner, taking out the trash

ADARA

Adaaaah-ra

BLAIR

Thinking about the last year of my life. Whenever that is.

ADARA

Adeera

BLAIR

I dream of my sofa.

ADARA

Adora

BLAIR

I dream of a bottomless bag of chips.

ADARA

Adarfa.

BLAIR

A.D.A.R.A.

BLAIR & ADARA

Adara.

BLAIR

Wants to eat all of the snacks all of the time.

VERONICA

(interrupting)

The problem with losing weight . . .

BLAIR

Go on.

VERONICA

. . . the problem with losing weight and getting thin is that it doesn't make your life better. I wanted it to make my life better. You lose the weight and it's like, What's next? What about now? I'm waiting. I'm waiting. I'm waiting.

PT 6 Family History video plays.

— End of excerpt —