

(ANYA is sitting on a wooden stool in the middle of a stage; she is wearing a black top with a floral skirt that falls right before her knees. A warm YELLOW LIGHT is on her from right above her. Halfway through her monologue, ANYA will get up and slowly start laying the set for the next scene, which takes place in a Bingham suite common room; she will place a rug, two lamps, slide in a sofa and end the monologue lying on her back on the rug, looking right above her.)

ANYA: It was unkind. And I didn't know what I was going to say when I signed up for this and I don't know now but – the way he did it, I know in the very least, (she slows down, as if recalling each memory) was definitely unkind. And he used to talk about the kindness of strangers – me on his arms, striding, beaming with love – but everyone turned out to be so awfully right and wrong about him at the same time. He wasn't even kind to me. I wish we'd rather been strangers. (pause) Sorry I'm not trying to be confusing, yeah? We're all talking about the beautiful – replaceable – tragedy of the freshman who hung himself on a 7th floor Bingham suite over what? An acid trip and light intimacy issues at best? You all knew him. One of you wrote the YDN article about it, one of you sat at the vigil. One of you met him on Edgewood one night and bumped a cigarette off of him, one of you probably danced with him at Radio. (pause to put set together) We danced at Radio once, even though we both knew it wasn't my scene. It really, (laughs) really wasn't my scene. But no, I repeated all of that to assure you that this is not about confusing you. The writer is not a farce and the actors here are only witnesses. Oh, we were...just witnesses and so, so young. I think that's what it really meant for us to be young – not eight 17-year-olds drinking the same bottle of vodka from a brown paper bag in a parking lot – but these sexy, impulsive, depressed teenagers at the cusp of adulthood, no parent in sight and no adult who cared. And still just witnesses. We were strutting through Yale University in barely-there dresses and hairpins turned into bowties, making out in some attic of some house on some familiar street until there was an explosion. That explosion of people falling in love, or to drugs or imploding one and within themselves – I don't even know what I'm getting to here and. (pause) And I think that's what drove him crazy, yeah?

(LIGHT off)