



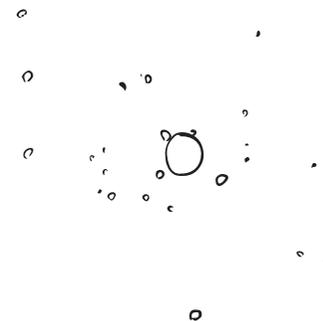
# LYDIA'S FUNERAL VIDEO

*a solo play*

*by*  
**SAM CHANSE**



**KAYA PRESS**  
LOS ANGELES  
NEW YORK





*Cast of*  
**CHARACTERS**

*Lydia Clark-Lin*

A career bank clerk who secretly haunts standup comedy open mics. Late twenties; mixed Asian/European.

*Bubbly*

A figure in Lydia's dreams. Speaks slowly and strangely, with a childlike yet authoritative voice; no sense of humor at all. Represented by Lydia's hand(s), then light globules.

*Bernadette Tayag*

A celebrity abortion doctor, founder of Family Planning Mobile Services (FPMS), and Lydia's childhood friend. Early thirties; Filipina American.

*Cynthia Clark-Lin*

A TV reporter with Greater Halifax News, and Lydia's semi-estranged mother. Late fifties, looks young forties; white.

*Kimmie*

Lydia's sweet, ebullient banking co-worker. She means well.

*Gin*

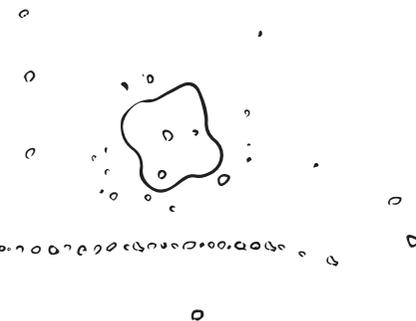
The co-creator of Lydia's developing embryo, I.T. geek, and someone else's fiancé; 30s.

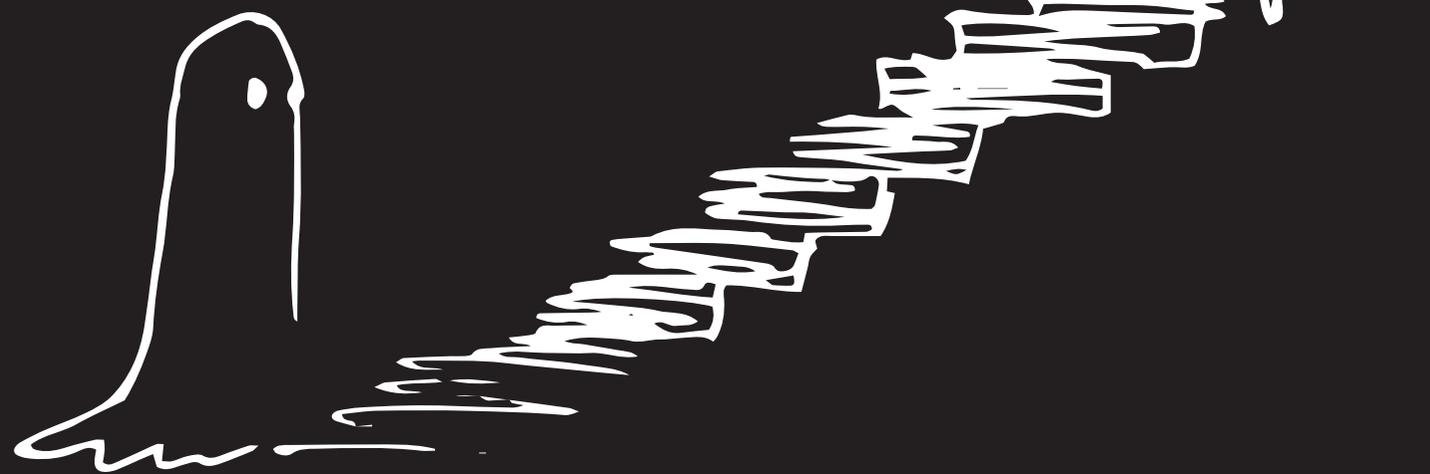
*Host*

A host at a weekly comedy open mic.

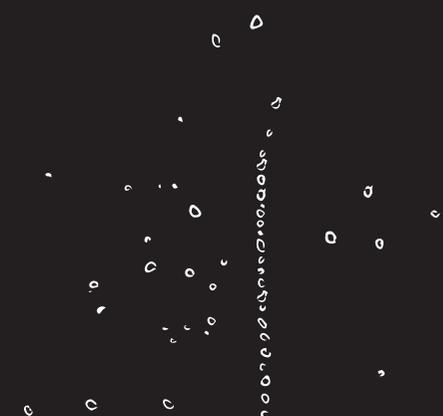
*Lindsey Gough*

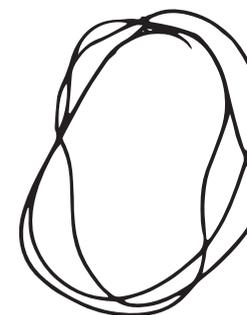
Co-chair of a citizens' activist group; late 60s.





**ACT ONE**  
*The not-so-distant future,  
 Days 3 - 8.*





SCENE 1

*Lydia's San Francisco apartment,  
the not-so-distant future, Day 3.*

The voice of a somewhat panicked Lydia emerges from the unlit stage.

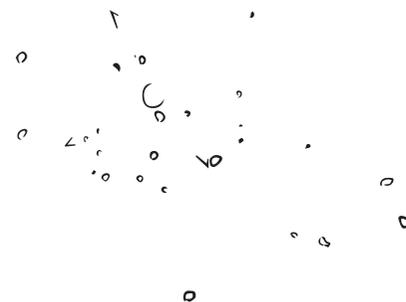
Maybe the apocalypse will come tomorrow.

As the lights rise, Lydia is revealed moving about the stage, adjusting furniture in relation to an unseen camera that she glances at occasionally, and grumbling to herself.

Why am I doing this? I can't believe I'm doing this...(searching on a remote control) power button, power button...where is power button... technology hard...

She grumbles, but goes along anyway.

As if she has no choice.





ACT ONE

(fumbling) Okay, Lydia. Video camera, on.

Sitting down on the couch, she points the remote at an unseen camera.

The lights bump up.

A moment passes as she confronts the camera.

She's clearly not in the habit of addressing these things, but she's giving it a shot, why not? She's adventurous. Sort of.

Hello.

Welcome to *Lydia's Funeral Video*.

I'm Lydia. Lydia Clark-Lin. Talking to you, ...

(to herself) To no one in particular, because I have to do this.

She looks back into the camera.

I'm here against my will.

I will explain what I just said.

Three nights ago, I have this dream. In the dream, I'm standing in this... desert, and then, from across a vast distance, I see this...bubble?...thing floating towards me.

We hear the sound of three bubbles popping, ominously: *blp, blp, blp.*

Reliving the dream, Lydia tenses at the sound.

And as it draws nearer and nearer, this strange suspended bubble, the earth shudders, the air crackles, and a voice says,

Lydia raises her hand to act out the part of the Bubble now hovering before her, and we hear the sound of a single bubble popping: *blp.*

Lydia speaks as BUBBLY, her hand moving in sync with its words.

LYDIA, IT'S ME.

(suddenly suspicious) And I say, "Who's 'me'? And how do you know my name?"

(explaining, to the camera) And then I realize what's going on. "This is a dream, Lydia, you're talking to yourself, of course you know your own name."

And the bubble says:

Again, Lydia's hand moves in sync with Bubbly's words:

I AM THE EMBRYO GROWING INSIDE YOU.

I say, "Embryo? Isn't that, like, a fetus, thing?"

YES.

"Oh."

Relieved, it's been a misunderstanding.

"But I'm not pregnant."

And it replies:

YES, YOU ARE.



She is refusing, as usual, to accept responsibility.

A bubble appears, and she feels threatened.

What does a bubble signify? So fragile and insubstantial, yet so energized, buoyed up by its own lightness of being.

She doesn't relate.

She grumbles.

She resists.

She questions.

