

Transcript for *The Three Memories of James*
by Tom Murray

YOUNG — Top Left

MID — Top Right

OLDER — Bottom

MID— Good morning James.

YOUNG—Morning James.

MID—James.

YOUNG—James.

MID—James. Wake up.

OLDER— I was awake.

YOUNG— We could hear you snoring.

OLDER—I don't snore. You should listen to yourself some time.

MID— We were worried about you.

OLDER—I'm allowed a lie in. At my age.

MID—You're not that old.

OLDER—Older than you...And I don't even look like my younger self anymore.

MID— In the eyes you do.

OLDER— If only they could see like they used to.

YOUNG— Enough. Every morning the same. The feeling sorry for yourselves talk. I'm telling you something for nothing. No way am I ending up like you two. Things are not predestined. I don't care what you say.

OLDER— Memories are memories kid.

YOUNG— Stop calling me kid, pops! You said the other day that memories are unreliable.

MID—You did, pops.

OLDER— I meant that they are incomplete. Partial.

YOUNG— So unreliable?

OLDER-- Other memories. Other spaces.

MID—Do you think?

OLDER—I shouldn't have said anything.

YOUNG—And where are they then? James? He's away in a wee world of his own again.

MID— Can you hear something?

OLDER—My ears going the same way as my eyes.

MID-- Maybe if we all shush for a minute.

YOUNG—It would be good to meet.

MID—Or not.

YOUNG-- You know, face to...

MID—How many times James?

OLDER— They're gone.

MID— See what you've done. There might be more of us.

YOUNG—Why can't we meet?

OLDER—You know why.

YOUNG—Because you're the ancient, you get to make up the rules.

ELDER— James, back me up here.

MID— It would be good to meet.

YOUNG— Exactly.

OLDER—James!!

MID—I know. But I'm fed up on my own.

ELDER—You`re not on your own.

MID-- We are one. He`s right. We shouldn`t be separated like this.

YOUNG— Let`s do it then.

OLDER—No.

YOUNG—You`re outvoted.

OLDER-- We each have our own space. For a reason. If we meet we...It`s not good.

YOUNG—How do you know that if we`ve never met? And don`t say `the wisdom of age.` You don`t know for sure.

MID— Is it worse than this? Every day I wake and...What do I do James? Do I ever get out of this rut?

OLDER—I can`t tell you.

YOUNG—Just tell him. You might like being the miserable old soul but he...I...don`t.

OLDER— Memories are memories. We each have our place. And we can`t meet. We would dissolve into each other. If one memory seeps into another.

YOING—You can`t know for sure.

OLDER—It`s not worth the risk.

MID—So you don`t know?

OLDER-- We will meet when it is the right time.

YOUNG— I hate my older self. I want to meet. Dissolve into...Just a scary story to keep you king of the memories. The wise one that`s seen and heard everything. But won`t tell us anything. Tell us something eh?! I dare you. You can`t eh? Your brains gone. Got the dementia blues. Jealous that I`m living, gathering friends and the memories that you can`t remember any more. You`re a lonely old soul that I won`t become.

OLDER— I remember.

YOUNG— I'll never be lonely. Or get myself in a rut.

OLDER-- They`re not your friends.

YOUNG— You remember nothing.

OLDER— I remember your little gang only tolerate you to laugh at you. You`re their dancing fool.

YOUNG— I am not.

MID— James!

OLDER— And you sense it don`t you?

YOUNG— I sense nothing because there`s nothing to sense. It`s not true.

MID— It is. I remember hearing them laugh at me.

YOUNG— Ganging up on me now.

OLDER— I can remember crying.

MID— Yes.

YOUNG— They`re my friends. And I would never cry. You`re not supposed to say anything.

Your own damn rule. How many times have I asked you what happens to me? And nothing.

Now, you say that. Why something bad? I am popular. Tell me it`s not true.

OLDER— It`s not true. You`re right I get confused these days. Forget everything I said.

YOUNG— Now it`s my memory.

OLDER— That is why we have the rule. Did you hear that?

MID— What can you hear?

OLDER— Nothing.

MID— Are you okay?

OLDER—You can't see me old like this Ann. Don't come in.

YOUNG—Who's Ann?

MID—Is she there?

YOUNG—She's another memory.

OLDER—It's nothing.

MID— Let her in.

OLDER—No.

YOUNG—Why is she a separate memory? Why outside your space? Who is she? We must meet now. I have to meet her.

MID— You will meet her soon enough.

YOUNG— When? Tell me. The rule is broken now.

MID—Don't James.

YOUNG—He's said her name now. She is already a memory of mine.

MID—We must keep to our spaces.

YOUNG—But you said...

OLDER— Today is the day...

MID-- No good will come of it.

OLDER—I can hear her voice.

YOUNG— Tell me. Please. I didn't mean about the dementia.

MID— You must gather that memory yourself.

OLDER—You'll be looking for an Anne, not the love of your life.

YOUNG— She's the love of my life. It's okay I'll know her when we meet. This is good this sharing. We do not have to keep to our spaces.

OLDER—And what if the love of your life...?

MID---I don` t want to go there.

YOUNG—What? Tell me. No, don` t. Is it bad? Don` t tell me.

OLDER— I am alone.

YOUNG—It`s not predestined. I can decide my own memories.

OLDER— You make us.

YOUNG—Does she leave me? I wouldn` t leave her if she was the love of my life. I woudn` t do that. Once I love it will be forever.

MID—My heart is breaking again.

YOUNG-- Your heart will not break.

OLDER— There are many now. They are getting louder. I am too old to hold them all. This is how we survive. How I decided to survive. We must keep to our own space. I have punched a hole in mine. I am sorry. You should not know what is to come. They are coming through. They are too painful.

YOUNG—Keep them at bay. My fault I shouldn` t have... If I make other memories will they stop? Good memories. I will make good memories. You will not be in pain. Things are not decided.

MID— You have to go.

OLDER—It is too late.

MID—It is not too late. I loved her.

YOUNG— Give me time to make other memories. Hold them back.

MID— Go.

YOUNG— Will you both be okay?

ELDER— Concern for his elders. I knew I wasn't that bad when young. Go.

MID— Go.

OLDER—I'm waiting by the clock in Princes Street Gardens.

MID—It was a beautiful day that day.

OLDER—She's smiling.

MID—Until it started to rain.

OLDER—The both of us running, laughing, under the one umbrella.

MID—If it had rained earlier that day I wouldn't have sat on that bench.

OLDER— A last minute decision to go out.

MID— Sometimes I think it would have been better to stay indoors. I hate myself for thinking that.

OLDER—She would have died in another's arms.

MID—That memory darkens all.

OLDER-- You have to go James. Do something. Get out of your rut. Maybe things aren't pre-destined. If you both can...

MID— Or I banish it to another space and become you.

OLDER— I will hold back the memories. Go. (*Mid's space goes dark.*) You cannot come in

Ann. Please.