

# Lady Lay

by

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Characters.

MariAnne. A woman in her early 40's.

Various characters who might be played by two men and two women.

Staging.

A bare stage. Furniture and objects descend from the ceiling as required. Some land on the stage, others remain suspended. Once there, they stay where they are. So that by the end of the play the stage is filled by furniture and objects, standing or hanging in mid-air.

Or these objects might be whisked or tossed in from the wings, as they are referred to or requested.

References to the great man's words are in the cursive style, simply to point them out for the actors, and are not meant to indicate a particular mood or emphasis.

## SAMPLE SCENE

(MARIANNE gets into bed.)

MARIANNE

November 9th, 1989. 157 days of life with Dylan. November 9th, 10pm. Drifting off to sleep with "Lay, Lady Lay." On the streets outside rumors are spreading . . .

(Scrambled sounds of jubilant shouting and cheering comes up on the radio.)

East crossing into West. Crowds mass and shout . . . freedom.

(She sits up and with all the strength of her soul and lungs shouts from her bed.)

*Freeeeedom!*

(She collapses back in the bed, exhausted, but happy)

(weakly) The Berlin wall breaks and falls.

(A section of the Berlin wall falls on to the stage.)

Resistance in my body breaks down, too. Caught a fever. For two weeks, I lay in my bed.

(She lies back flat in her bed.)

Listening to the revolution on the radio. Listening to Dylan. Drifting in and out of consciousness. It was heaven. One morning, after a week or so, I woke up . . .

(She looks up from her sheets. A man in a long black coat descends from above and sits on the foot of her bed.)

. . .and Dylan was sitting on the end of my bed.

(She sits up, unable to believe her eyes. He is facing away from her, out.)

He was wearing a long black coat, like in the song. I said. Mr. Dylan, is that you?

DYLAN

Mr. who? Call me, Zimmi, call me Bob.

MARIANNE

I said. How are you . . . Bob?

DYLAN

"Guess I'm doin' fine."

MARIANNE

That's a song of yours. I know that line. I know them all. All your songs.

DYLAN

Oh yeah? That's a lot of songs. You gotta favorite?

MARIANNE

There are so many. "Lay, Lady, Lay," " Hurricane," " Knockin'--

DYLAN

The old standards, the catchy stuff.

MARIANNE

"You Gotta Serve Someone."

DYLAN

My religious period.

MARIANNE

All your songs are a religion to me. But my true, deep favorite . . .

DYLAN

Go on . . .

MARIANNE

"Desolation Row".

DYLAN

*No.* You kidding me?

MARIANNE

I know it by heart. All the words.

DYLAN

That's a lot of words.

(They share a laugh.)

MARIANNE

I play it once a day.

DYLAN

Only once?

(They laugh.)

Hey, well, thank you, Lady. Lady Lay. You get better.

(He ascends out of view.)

MARIANNE

I fell into a deep, long sleep. Woke up . . . better!

(She moves toward her office but stops, looking at it from a distance.)

Back in the office. I walked down my hall. I sat at my desk. The paperwork had piled up.

(A pile of paperwork descends onto her desk.)

I watched it.

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**TO READ THE WHOLE PLAY AND FOR ANY OTHER INQUIRIES, PLEASE CONTACT [info@lydiastryk.com](mailto:info@lydiastryk.com).**