

Theater 150  
*Breadcrumbs*  
by Jennifer Haley  
directed by Jessica Kubzansky

SIDE 1 – BETH and ALIDA

*ALIDA's apartment. Small and spare. BETH stands in the doorway, an enormous bag over her shoulder, clutching a manilla folder. ALIDA faces her in combat stance.*

ALIDA Who let you in?

BETH The door was open.

ALIDA I don't leave my door open.

BETH I came up the stairs, and the door was –

ALIDA Who let you up?

BETH You buzzed me.

ALIDA I did not.

BETH Someone buzzed me. I pushed the bell, and there was a buzz.

ALIDA It wasn't me.

BETH I'm sorry.

ALIDA Get out.

BETH Okay. It's just. You left this at the clinic.

*She proffers the manilla folder.*

ALIDA I've been looking for that.

BETH It was on the counter. By the Q-tips.

ALIDA I don't remember taking it with me.

BETH Is it a new story?

ALIDA Did you read it?

BETH No, no. Of course not. We respect our patients' privacy.

ALIDA Uh huh.

*ALIDA reaches for the folder. BETH hands it to her. Clings to the door.*

BETH I read one of your other stories. All last night. I found it at the bookstore. I couldn't believe it. I went to the bookstore, looked up your name, and there they were. All your books. That must be amazing. To see your name on all these stories that other people read. "Fractured fairy tales for the literati." That's what it said on the inside cover. I don't know if

I count as literati. I got my degree at the community college. But I loved the story about the girl stuck in the dungeon of a high rise castle. It reminded me of a temp job where I worked on catastrophic claims for a workers compensation insurance company, and I had to have a security badge to get into this windowless basement room, and all day long I went through files of people who like got their hands chopped off in machinery or were shot by disgruntled co-workers –

ALIDA How did you find me?

BETH Your address was on your chart.

ALIDA So was my phone number.

BETH You're on my way home.

ALIDA Does the clinic know you're here?

BETH Sure.

ALIDA Perhaps I should let them know you came by.

BETH No! Please. I mean. I thought I'd –

ALIDA Before I call them, I think you should –

BETH Go. Right. Except I also found these. Downstairs by the mailbox.

*BETH produces a bundle of envelopes from her bottomless bag. Fans?*

ALIDA I don't have fans.

BETH But these are from people -

ALIDA Football players have fans. Rock stars have fans. I have individuals who appreciate my work.

BETH Isn't that –

ALIDA And they are irrelevant to me because I write only for myself.

*ALIDA grabs the envelopes from BETH and chunks them in the trash.*