

Welcome to Hear/Now, a season of audio theater from Keen Company!

We're an award-winning nonprofit theater in New York City, championing identification and connection through stories about the decisive moments that change us.

I'm Jonathan Silverstein, the Artistic Director, and it's my pleasure to welcome you to *1993 by finkle*, the 1st production in our season of audio theater.

Join us in embracing the virtual Off-Broadway experience. Take a moment to find your seat, silence any distractions, and lower your house lights.

It's time to settle in for a night at the theater, and enjoy *1993*...

## EPISODE SEVEN TRANSCRIPT

### NARRATOR (FINKLE)

Previously on 1993...

*Music playing lightly in the background  
(Radio static)*

### STEVEN

I like your apartment.

*(Radio static)*

### STEVEN

And this poster --

### BYRON

It's not a *poster* darling. It's *oil*.

*(Radio static)*

### BYRON

**My** method of safest sex is simply to wrap my partner entirely in -- *saran wrap*.

*Radio static and then the channel changes*

### LOREENA

...That's what I'm gonna call you from now on Babyface.... babyface ....

*(Radio static)*

### LOREENA

Do you know I'm the oldest person at work? Fucking food prep Windows on the World same shit job I got in 19-fucking-80!

### LOREENA

I quit, I'm never walking back into that building as long as I live or as long as it stands,

*Radio static and then the channel changes*

### LOREENA

But I didn't tell him, the cabbie – what I saw. I didn't tell him anything. I was –

*Radio static and then the channel changes*

### BYRON

You know what? I just hit my limit.

*(pause)*

Just now.

I've let you take advantage but starting now that is going to change.

*(Radio static)*

**BYRON**

I want you out of my apartment not because you broke my heart  
But because I believe now you have no heart.

*LOREENA*

*but like I was saying at the heart of it, this points to a sickness*

**BYRON cont.**

I believe that *you* are a **sickness**.  
Now.

*LOREENA*

*in us you know?*

**BYRON cont.**

Give. Me. My. Key.

*LOREENA*

*We are sick.*

**STEVEN**

It's right here. In my pocket. Come and get it.

*(Radio static)*

**BYRON**

I'm not afraid of you.

*(Radio static)*

**STEVEN**

Maybe you should be....

*Radio static and channel changes one last time*

♪ 1993 ♪

*(Theme Music Plays)*

**FINKLE**

And now, Episode 7; The Last Lonely Nights of Loreena- Tribulation

*An answering machine beeps on*

## **JUDY THE LANDLORD**

Loreena.

Hi. This is Judy.

Your landlord for 512 East 5th Street.

Are you there?

If you're there, pick up.

Alright you're not there.

You haven't paid the rent since ...April..

It's now August honey.

You've been a good tenant for the last 22 years so I've been turning a blind eye but uh, I got a problem kid.

My grandsons have decided I no longer have the *faculties* to run the business I built with my own two hands and are taking me to court.

My lawyer, advises me that I'm going to lose.

Lose everything Loreena, the business, my home, my *life*.

Everything.

I suppose this was inevitable.

I'm 93 years old.

There's a chance I'll kick it in the middle of this message.

Those boys are snakes in the grass.

I took them to the theatre.

I took them to the art museums.

I took them to rallies.

I took them to where my parents god rest their souls settled not too far from 512 so they'd know their history.

I taught them about charity and kindness.

you know what they say to me now?

they say

Granma we just wanna make *money*.

***Money.***

I say - I like money too.

Money puts food on the table.

But money isn't everything.

And they just laugh at me.

They don't listen to me.

They plan to kick all of you out of your apartments.

I just left dear Byron a message about this too.

He didn't pick up either.  
He's behind a month on his rent, which is very out of character.  
I don't know what's happening over there.  
If I were younger, I'd come down and see for myself.  
But uh, it takes me half the day to get across the room to the toilet, so...

They want to renovate all the apartments and by *renovate* I mean They want to make it look like it's nicer but in fact do nothing to improve anything.  
That's what they did to the apartment across the hall - 2b. Those kids, there are two of them in there you know! I don't know if they are a couple or what but living in an apartment just like you and they are paying 10 times what you're paying.  
and that's just the beginning!

Who will these people be who can afford that rent?  
What will they care about?  
What will they stand for?

These boys, the spawn of my spawn, will throw you onto the street if you don't pay the rent you owe for the last four months in the next five days.  
That's the best I could do for you honey.

You got five days.  
I'm sorry.  
Goodbye.

*Click and Dial tone*

**LOREENA**

Fuck you Judy!!

*Sound of Loreena bashing the answering machine, destroying it.*

Could this year get any worse?!  
FUCK YOU!  
I know I haven't paid the rent in months, don't you think I would if I could??  
I DON'T HAVE A FUCKING JOB!!  
Fuck this capitalists system..  
Fuck it! I'm going to squat here, try to move me out.  
Come and get me motherfuckers come and get me!  
No one is coming to get me.  
No one is kicking me out of this apartment.  
They'll have to drag me out.

I'll kick and scream all the way  
All the way to FUCKING Bellevue!  
And then what will happen to me.  
I'll die.  
I'll die there and they'll bury me in an unmarked grave  
In fucking City Cemetery!

*Items being broken and shattered*

**LOREENA**

I love this shithole.  
I fucking love you you shithooooole  
I don't want to leave here.  
I've lived here all my adult life.  
Since *19-fucking-71*.

Alright alright alright alright  
I gotta figure this out  
I gotta pay for four months rent in five days.

Item shatters on the ground.  
*(Long Pause)*  
I need to sell Ma's fur coat.

*A bell jangles as a door opens and closes.*

**BORIS**

Loreena!

**LOREENA**

Do I know you?

**BORIS**

*(with a thick accent)* I am Boris. We meet at Byron's one time or maybe two times at party there.

**LOREENA**

That would have been ages ago.

**BORIS**

I have good memory for *beautiful* woman.

**LOREENA**

Then how'd you remember me?

**BORIS**

I don't like this talk. You are *beautiful* woman.

You come to sell me fur coat?

let me see.

**LOREENA**

Yes.

**BORIS**

Let me see.

This is nice piece.

*BORIS touches and inspects the fur coat.*

**LOREENA**

It was my Mother's...

From London.

Fox fur.

**BORIS**

You should keep.

It's going to be cold winter.

**LOREENA**

I have a winter coat -its fine.

**BORIS**

But beautiful woman should have beautiful coat

**LOREENA**

I need to sell it.

**BORIS**

How much you want?

**LOREENA**

\$1000.

**BORIS**

Bullshit.  
Goodbye.

**LOREENA**

\$750.

**BORIS**

There's door.

**LOREENA**

\$650.

**BORIS**

\$150.

**LOREENA**

Look, I wouldn't be here if I wasn't strapped for cash.

**BORIS**

Yes I understand this. This is concept of pawnshop.

*(dark, eerie music starts playing in the background)*

Tell me something. How is Byron?

**LOREENA**

Byron? I don't know. I haven't seen him that much this summer.

**BORIS**

Yes this is strange no?  
He always call for 4<sup>th</sup> of July party but this year, no call!

**LOREENA**

I didn't even notice, I've been –

**BORIS**

And then strange thing a young man come in with something of Byron's to sell. Something of value.

**LOREENA**

What'd he look like?



**BORIS**

Young man. He had a – sweet round face but something in eyes was not so sweet.

**LOREENA**

*Babyface. Babyface. Babyface. Babyface.*

**BORIS**

I did not get name.  
I ask him where he get  
And he said a “friend”.  
I said I think I know this “friend”  
And he said I don’t think so.  
I tell him I give him next to nothing for it.  
And he curse me and leave.  
Who is Babyface?

**LOREENA**

He’s – he and Byron are –

**BORIS**

I think this boy steal from Byron.  
So I call Byron.  
But has not returned my call.  
Or stopped by.  
This is strange.  
Maybe I have all wrong.  
But maybe I don’t.  
Maybe Byron is – **sick**.

**LOREENA**

I’ll check on him. I’ll stop by.

**BORIS**

Good. Ok. And then we find out.

*(pause)*

**LOREENA**

You’ve gotta a good soul you know that?

**BORIS**

What is this talk.

**LOREENA**

No. Just then I saw your soul man, that's all.  
And it's *good*. (*Flirty*)  
You're a good person.

**BORIS**

I will not pay more than \$150.

**LOREENA**

Oh come on man!

**BORIS**

Why you call me man.  
Call me Boris.  
My name is Boris.

**LOREENA**

Boris.  
Look.  
Boris.  
This is hard for me. Ok?  
I've never asked anyone for anything.  
But I'm in a bad spot right now.  
Really bad.  
I've had -or maybe I'm still having -a nervous breakdown.

**BORIS**

(*quietly*) I could smell on breath.

**LOREENA**

Please buy this coat and pay me a decent amount.

**BORIS**

I take you to AA meeting with me.

**LOREENA**

What? No. I don't –

**BORIS**

I am recovering alcoholic I will help you.

**LOREENA**

*I'm not –*

**BORIS**

. There is meeting at little church on e7th, 50 E 7th at 6:45pm. If you agree to come to meeting with me tomorrow night I give you a good price.

**LOREENA**

Ok fine. Ok.

What's a good price?

The phone rings.

**BORIS**

Hold on.

Hello.

No. no. no. no. I said no Joseph.

I said no. Hold on.

Loreena wander in store for minute, I need to -

**LOREENA**

\$500.

**BORIS**

I can't negotiate while on phone.

Go. Wander.

Maybe you see something you want to buy.

**LOREENA**

I'm not here to buy anything -

**BORIS**

Ok just minute. Joseph. No. No. No, No... I said no Joseph ...

*Loreena walks away to wandering around the shop. Boris's voice gets quieter but still present.*

*Loreena picks up a few different items and then continue walking.*

*Music slowly builds beneath.*

*Gasp*

**LOREENA**

Wait a minute!

*We hear Loreena pushing items away on a shelf.  
Then grabbing something.*

**LOREENA**

Giga's radio! *(tearfully)*  
It's the exact same one.  
Boris! You're gonna have to throw this into the deal too.

*Radio switches on, static. Channels switch, static, music, static then Lorena Bobbit interview plays*

*Lorena: "and-and I went back into the bedroom... I-I took the sheets off and (choking up) and I cut him"*

*Interviewer: "... irresistible impulse is at the heart of this case. That is whether or not the jury believes that uh Lorena Bobbit had an irresistible impulse to do what she did"*

*water splashing in tub or sink*

*Lorena: "I-I..."*

*Interviewer: "did he scream out? did he say anything or did he reach for the knife? Do you remember?"*

*Lorena: (weakly) "no, no everything was just fast..."*

*LOREENA hums to herself.*

*Interviewer: "he described it as a silent scream, he didn't say anything..."*

**LOREENA**

*(suddenly remembering)* Oh fuck! Byron.

*Knock on Byron's door.*

**LOREENA**

Byron?  
*(louder)* Byron are you there?

*Silence.*

**LOREENA**

I got a key, you gave me a while back for emergencies.  
I'm just gonna use it now ok honey?  
Just in case?

I'm gonna unlock the door.  
Ok?

*Door creaks open*

**LOREENA**  
Hello?  
Byron?  
Babyface?

*Silence.*

**LOREENA**  
Where is everything?  
It's practically empty in here.  
But some of his stuff is here.  
The bed.  
A table.  
Where are all the paintings?  
What the fuck is going on here.  
Maybe Byron moved out.  
Why would Byron move out?  
And if he did, wouldn't I have known it?  
And what about Babyface... Did he and Babyface move out together?  
But I've been so out of it the last couple months maybe they knocked on my door and I didn't hear it.  
Or I ignored it.  
Or I was passed out.  
Most likely I was passed out.  
Clothes....  
If Byron's clothes are gone, then *he* is really gone.

*Footsteps walking to the closet.*

*Door opens, light switches on and hangers clank against each other.*

**LOREENA**  
Ok. Most of his clothes are here.  
Maybe a few things missing but it's such a mess in here how would I ever know for sure?  
He has such beautiful things.  
Oh fuck this just shimmers.

*(beads shake against each other)*

Look at that.  
I should try this on.  
No I shouldn't.  
Why not.

**Sound of LOREENA changing into Byron's clothing.**

**LOREENA**

Maybe Byron has some cash lying around and I could borrow it.  
I'll pay him back.  
He'll understand, if he were here right now he would give me whatever I need  
oh, This looks good on me.  
It shimmers.  
I'm gonna look around for some cash or something ok?  
I'm sure it's ok with you.  
Where would you keep your cash?  
Maybe in a box or suitcase of something?

*Loreena scavenges through Byron's closet.*

**LOREENA**

What is this?

*Taps on the wall echo*

**LOREENA**

A false wall.  
I bet this is where Byron keeps his pot of gold.

*Taps again on the hollow wall. Loreena struggles but moves the false wall out of the way.*

**LOREENA**

It's fucking dark in here.  
Is there a light switch?

*Loreena digs in the closet and hits something solid.*

**LOREENA**

Oh hello.  
What is this?

*Suspenseful strings begin in the background*

I need some light in here.

*Footsteps walking back through the apartment  
Matches rattle in the box.*

**LOREENA**

Aha!

*Walking back into the closet.  
Match strikes as the strings crescendo*

**LOREENA**

Oh fuck.

Oh fuck!

*(starts hyperventilating)*

**BYRON!**

**BYRON!**

*Loreena's screams echo as the music starts. Song is eeries and dream-like.*

♪ Starting to Think I'm Going Crazy ♪

IM GONNA DO MY HAIR UP  
FIX A STRONG DRINK  
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE I'M ON THE BRINK  
STARTING TO THINK IM GOING CRAZY EVERYTHING IN MY LIFE IS GETTING HAZY  
GONNA DANCE IT ALL OUT  
MAKE A FRESH START  
NEED TO FLY  
CUZ IM LONELY AT HEART

STARTING TO THINK I'M GOING CRAZY  
EVERYTHING IN MY LIFE IS GETTING HAZY  
SOMETIMES I NEED TO ESCAPE  
LEAVE BREAD-CRUMBS ON THE PATH I TAKE  
BUT A WIND JUST BLEW THEM ALL AWAY

HERE IT COMES  
THEY PULL ME IN  
ALL THE PULP AND ALL THE SIN

STARTING TO THINK I'M GOING CRAZY  
EVERYTHING IN MY LIFE IS GETTING HAZY YEA

STARTING TO THINK I'M GOING CRAZY  
GOING CRAZY  
STARTING TO THINK I'M GOING CRAZY  
♪ STARTING TO THINK I'M GOING CRAZY♪

*Door opens.  
Sequins and beads jangle on Loreena's dress.*

**LOREENA**

What the fuck are you doing here?

**BORIS**

I come to get you for meeting.

**LOREENA**

I told you I'd be there you didn't have to come to my apartment!

**BORIS**

I like this outfit you are wearing.

**LOREENA**

Oh my god, I forgot I was – this is Byron's.

**BORIS**

So you went to see Byron?

**LOREENA**

Oh. Yea. Yea. He's fine.  
He apologized for – He wanted me to tell you.  
He's been – out at Fire Island Pines.  
I just happened to catch him.

**BORIS**

Let's go up and see. I want to talk to him about sweet face boy.

**LOREENA**

They – left already. They were just here for three hours or something. Real quick trip to pick up some things they needed that's all. Yea they're gone.

**BORIS**



Ok. As long as *you* say Byron is ok. Ok.

**LOREENA**

Yea-- he's ok. He's great.  
Should we get to that meeting?

**BORIS**

Your place is --shithole.  
Why don't you clean your dishes?  
And when is last time you swept in here.  
Where is your broom?

**LOREENA**

Don't worry about that man, I don't want to be late.

**BORIS**

I'm going to sweep ok. Very fast and then we go to meeting.

**LOREENA**

You don't have to - ok.

*Broom sweeping the floor melds with the ticking of the clock.  
Background sounds morph into quiet sounds of the city.  
Faint voices talk in the background*

**LOREENA**

(her voice inside her head) Everyone's so *fucking* earnest here.  
Fuck this I'm leaving.  
No just stay man, it's fine. This is the price you pay for getting the cash and Giga's radio  
This was the deal so I'll just finish out this meeting and then I'll go down to the Bar and have a  
shot to celebrate.  
I'll have to shake Boris though.  
He's gonna be hard to shake.  
Fuck you Boris.  
*Fuck you.*

I can't believe I lied to him about Byron's body.  
Why the fuck did I do that?  
And I made up some bullshit story about Fire Island Pines  
What's wrong with me that I can't just tell him the fucking truth.  
Cuz he would have made it into a thing.

He would have wanted to go up and see and I couldn't take that man.  
I couldn't go back up there  
The way he was wrapped up  
*Fuck*  
The look on his face.  
His eyes were fucking open man (*chocking up*)  
His eyes were fucking open.  
Poor sweet good Byron.  
Murdered.  
I can't do it.  
(*crying*)  
I don't have to do it.  
Someone will find him up there eventually.  
They'll come to find out why he hasn't paid the rent and then they'll knock down the door and  
come in and they'll find him.  
But he's behind that false wall so maybe they won't find him.  
Maybe they *won't* find him and they'll renovate the apartment and his body will just fester in  
the walls for the rest of time.  
*Fuck* that's bleak.  
He'll haunt me.  
Fucking just call the Police.  
Call from a fucking payphone an anonymous tip and that'll be that.  
But they'll fucking come and find me.  
They'll come and question me  
They'll say your fingerprints are all over the apartment.  
I touched the saran wrap.  
I left my fucking clothes up there  
I'm still wearing the dress I tried on.  
I'll have to go up and get all my shit  
I'll have to go up and clean up everything like I wasn't there.  
But I'm not fucking guilty!  
I'm guilty of waiting.  
The second I found his body I should have called 911.  
Right there in his apartment.  
That was the right thing to do  
but why me! why do I have to be the one, why does it have to be me?  
I need to tell Boris,  
Fuck that I don't want this motherfucker up in my fucking business.  
But I could tell him  
He'd know what to do.  
He'd help me.  
I could do that.

If I could get the words out.

**BORIS**

*(Outloud)* Loreena.

**LOREENA**

Hmmm?

**BORIS**

It's your turn. Do you want to speak or pass?

*Ominous music plays and fades out*

This has been Episode 7 of 1993 by finkle.

Directed by Jonathan Silverstein.

All voices, music, sound, noise, and silence created and compiled by finkle.

Publishing Assistance by Garrett Schultz.

This performance is part of Keen Company's Hear/Now Season of Audio Theater, led by Artistic Director Jonathan Silverstein.

The Season's Audio Consultant is Garrett Schultz.

The Hear/Now theme is composed by Billy Recce.

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Thank you for listening. I look forward to joining you at the virtual theater again soon!