

Start

Katrin¹
Side #6

KATRIN

You know, my grandfather used to tell me that when your soul cracks open—music comes out. He was a violinist. Played the saddest songs.

(Lloyd makes a sad song on the kazoo for her.)

My grandfather was such an unhappy man. My mother married a man just like him. She looked at me when I was seventeen, hair in the same damn perfect curls she spent an hour on each morning and told me, “Sarah, we come from a long line of weak women.” She didn’t say it to inspire me. Only to affirm the truth. To excuse not having left my father.

(Beat. She laughs.)

We had this book on our shelf, from the 19th century.

“Rules for Conjugal and Domestic Happiness.” It ended with “Do not expect too much.”

I took the name Katrin from a spinster in it.

(She moves her body with the music.)

Huh. The body understands music, I think.

Hips know where the next beat is. Or the next bomb.

LLOYD

You know what my body knows?

Lloyd burps.

KATRIN

I haven’t slept much... not in three days.

LLOYD

The world’s an alarm clock.

KATRIN

A wake up call. But not an incessant ring. It’s a kind of music. Isn’t it?

The funny thing is... I can feel it in my body, but music is like... this language my brain can’t understand. I’m dumb to music. There I said it. I, Sarah, am dumb to music! I can only listen.

I’m told there’s these things—these correspondent notes. Notes that call to each other. Notes that want to complete each other.

I don’t know how the notes fit.

I want to know how they fit. What’s the next note, Lloyd? HOW DOES IT FIT?

(She pounds the piano keys with her fists.)

Is it broken yet?

LLOYD

The piano?

KATRIN

The window.

She jerks her hand back in pain. Beat.

Stop