

THE FINAL MILE TO PROVIDENCE PART I

PROLOGUE

LIGHTS UP: KYLE, a man of thirty-two years, is discovered onstage with ROSEMARY, a woman of thirty-three. KYLE is painting the wall.

KYLE:

Providence. God's guidance. Wisdom provided by God. I don't really believe in God as a sentient, omnipotent being. Just an idea. An embodiment of Reason. Providence. Wisdom and guidance provided by Reason. Synonymous with Fate. The force that predetermines events. Inevitability. Destiny. A road already laid out before you that you cannot deviate from. The road to Providence. This road has many milestones. Life is the journey from one milestone to the next. A journey down a long, often winding road that leads to—the horizon. Providence.

A Moment of Silence.

ROSEMARY:

Breathe.

KYLE:

I've almost finished it. I started it a month ago. I had a vision. Well, not really 'vision'—insight. A broadening of perception. I had a dream. The subconscious mind processing what the conscious mind has yet to comprehend for lack of wisdom.

ROSEMARY:

How long has it been?

KYLE:

I haven't painted or drawn in...ten years.

ROSEMARY:

Why so long?

A Moment of Silence.

KYLE:

It took a while for me to get inspired.

ROSEMARY:

You're wasting your time.

KYLE:
That's what he used to tell me.

ROSEMARY:
Who's 'he'?

KYLE:
My brother.

ROSEMARY:
Were you?

KYLE:
Only time will tell.

ROSEMARY:
Some truths are not meant to be told. He said that, too.

KYLE:
He sure did.

ROSEMARY:
What do you think that means?

KYLE:
It means a couple of things.

ROSEMARY:
What's your truth?

KYLE:
My life is my truth.

ROSEMARY:
Then your life wasn't meant to be told.

KYLE:
I don't think that's what he meant.

ROSEMARY:
Then it's your insight that's come into question. There's something that you weren't meant to learn.

KYLE:
Those early visions.

ROSEMARY:
Insights.

KYLE:
My perception.

ROSEMARY:
How did these early insights come to you?

KYLE:
They just come to me. I'm not one to question how or why. I just take what's given to me and use it.

ROSEMARY:
How did you use it?

A Moment of Silence.

No, let me ask this instead: 'How did these insights, these truths, affect your life'?

A Moment of Silence.

I want the truth.

KYLE:
My life became about reflecting these truths on canvas. My art. My life.

ROSEMARY:
How did these truths affect your life? What do you have to show for that life?

KYLE:
They call them starving artists for a reason.

ROSEMARY:
What did he do with his life? Your brother?

KYLE:
He's a lawyer.

ROSEMARY:
Successful.

KYLE:
He has his moments.

ROSEMARY:

He likes the bottom line.

KYLE:

And that's his life. His truth. A kind of contradiction. Lawyers and truths.

ROSEMARY:

Why couldn't you be more like your brother?

KYLE:

I like the truth. There were some truths he wouldn't face.

ROSEMARY:

Can you handle the truth?

A Moment of Silence.

Was he right about you?

KYLE:

I'm still searching for the truth. Maybe I'm still wasting my time. But now, I'm close.

ROSEMARY:

Close to what?

KYLE:

Providence.

A Moment of Silence.

ROSEMARY:

What's wrong?

KYLE:

My mama told me about Providence.

ROSEMARY:

Where did she learn about Providence?

KYLE:

A rather odd man. He came into her life as though that was his purpose.

ROSEMARY:

To teach her about Providence?

KYLE:

And pass it along.

ROSEMARY:
Pass it along to whom?

KYLE:
Their children.

A Moment of Silence.

Pause.

My brother and myself.

ROSEMARY:
Daddy pass you some Providence?

KYLE:
Father. There's a difference.

ROSEMARY:
What?

KYLE:
Daddy would've stuck around to teach me more lessons. Father vanished.

ROSEMARY:
Really?

KYLE:
Disappeared from our lives.

ROSEMARY:
What happened to him?

KYLE:
We didn't care. We didn't want to be bothered by it.

ROSEMARY:
Why not?

KYLE:
The bottom line is that father is a deadbeat.

Pause.

But I got curious. I had to know the truth about what happened to him. And now, I know.

ROSEMARY:

Why not share the discovery? With the rest of you family.

KYLE:

Because some truths are better left untold. Besides, my brother's trying to start a family of his own. He's getting married. In a week. Myra Hilson.

ROSEMARY:

Who is she?

KYLE:

A mutual acquaintance.

ROSEMARY:

The whole truth, please.

Pause.

KYLE:

We used to date, me and her. But, my truth got in the way.

ROSEMARY:

So, what happened?

KYLE:

So she left me. For my brother. Bottom line.

ROSEMARY:

How does that make you feel?

A Moment of Silence.

Are you bitter?

A Moment of Silence.

Do you resent that your brother is living the life meant for you?

KYLE:

No. She wasn't satisfied with my truth. My life. The life she offered...wasn't interesting.

ROSEMARY:

You thought she was boring?

KYLE:

That's not what I said.

ROSEMARY:

You weren't interested in picket fences and two-point-five children?

KYLE:

I wasn't.

A Moment of Silence.

It happens. Not everyone finds someone with common interests. My brother's got what she's looking for.

ROSEMARY:

Your brother was more of a man than you.

Pause.

KYLE:

If that's how she felt, it's okay.

ROSEMARY:

Is it? Why?

KYLE:

My mama always said that my brother's all that I got. In the end. The bond between brothers is stronger even than that of lovers. Bros before ho's. That's what they say.

ROSEMARY:

Is that a fitting expression? Did you think of her as a 'ho'?

KYLE:

I did not.

ROSEMARY:

You think that was the problem?

A Moment of Silence.

What is it?

KYLE:

The bond of brothers is strong. I don't know about sisters. Never had one before.

ROSEMARY:

I'd say you were lucky.

KYLE:

I was always curious about what that would've been like.

ROSEMARY:

Would you want to protect her? Would you look after her?

A Moment of Silence.

KYLE:

I had a dream, like I said. More like a fever dream.

ROSEMARY:

That's definitely more interesting.

KYLE:

A dream that started ten years ago. I lived that nightmare for a while. Eight months, actually. Until I woke up. That nightmare's name was Rosemary.

ROSEMARY:

Was she stimulating enough for you?

KYLE:

Rosemary wanted to be seen. I saw her. She wanted to be loved. I tried to.

ROSEMARY:

That's interesting.

KYLE:

I still wonder if I should have bothered. Time will tell. The pieces may yet fall into place. Rosemary had kids.

ROSEMARY:

Uh-oh.

KYLE:

Three of them. Sonia. Kaya. Nicole. They lived the nightmare, too. Sonia was the eldest. She had an artistic spirit. They all did. Music was her art. She joined an orchestra at one point. Violin. She broke it over the conductor's head. That brought that to an end.

ROSEMARY:

Sounds like a darling.

KYLE:

Kaya's in the middle.

Pause.

ROSEMARY:

Is there something about her that disturbs you?

KYLE:

She has fire in her. But it got so that it was too hot for her to hold.

ROSEMARY:

That's curious. More fire than the other one?

KYLE:

Definitely.

A Moment of Silence.

Then there's Nicole.

ROSEMARY:

There's something about this one, too. What is it?

KYLE:

She went off to find some truths of her own.

A Moment of Silence.

They all had different fathers.

ROSEMARY:

Speaking of ho's.

KYLE:

That's not nice.

ROSEMARY:

But I'm sure it's stimulating.

A Moment of Silence.

How long has this been going on?

KYLE:

I've been painting since I started having the dreams. It exorcises the demons.

ROSEMARY:

You have a lot of demons?

KYLE:
Plenty.

ROSEMARY:
What were these dreams?

KYLE:
Visions.

ROSEMARY:
Visions?

KYLE:
Visions of things to come.

ROSEMARY:
Now you can see the future?

KYLE:
Do I sound crazy? Would you prefer I talk about ghosts?

ROSEMARY:
Now you sound crazy.

KYLE:
You want crazy? It's June. It's usually my favorite time of year. You know, summer. But you wouldn't know that if you took a look outside. It's snowing. We just got hit by a goddamn blizzard. In the middle of June!

ROSEMARY:
That is wild.

KYLE:
Strong winds. Little to no visibility. Four feet of snow in as many hours. Cold as all hell when it's supposed to be warm. An icy breeze. Bitter. Hostile. Angry.

ROSEMARY:
It snowed just like this ten years ago. You remember that one? What happened then?

A Moment of Silence. They both observe the painting.

There's no escape from this. You're trapped now. There is no peace. You're stuck. Feel that? You can barely breathe. You're drowning. Drowning in misery. In agony. You're stuck in this world. No escape.