

# After Sam

By Ella Rockoff

## CHARACTER:

Morgan Blumberg (16) an outgoing, smart, and athletic junior in high school.

Eliza Blumberg (49) a stern, sometimes difficult, family therapist.

Jack Blumberg (52) a kind, goofy, english professor.

Sam Blumberg (16) a quiet, sensitive, and kind junior in high school.

Mrs. Katz (67) a congregation member that comes to comfort the Blumberg family

## SETTING:

The blumberg family lives in Lewiston, Maine. The play takes place entirely in the living room

of their nice two story house.

## SCENE ONE

*Lights go up. MORGAN is standing downstage center, in front of three chairs.*

MORGAN: I can't get that day out of my head. It will forever be the worst day of my life. I don't even remember all the things I said to him. Sam skipped last period and went home without telling me which meant I had to take the bus. I hate the bus. I was so pissed at him. The whole bus ride home I made up this big speech that I was going to scream at him. As soon as I got in the house I yelled his name. I stormed up the stairs to his room. I was fuming. But then... then I opened his bedroom door. My stomach dropped. I saw him... just lying there. I had never seen a dead person before. I heard that they're supposed to look peaceful. I don't think Sam looked peaceful. He looked angry. I was angry. I was so angry at him. Not for skipping school. That didn't matter to me anymore. I was angry at him for leaving me. For not talking to me, telling me. I am still so angry.

*Lights down.*

SCENE  
TWO

*Lights come up. There are three low sitting chairs in the center of the stage. MORGAN is sitting on a normal chair. She is dressed in black, with a white ribbon pinned over her heart. It's obvious that she's been crying a lot. Jack is sitting on the couch, there's a white ribbon pinned on the label of his coat jacket. He doesn't look well, either. The two are both quiet for some time, before MORGAN breaks the silence.*

MORGAN: why are we doing this. We literally only go to synagogue on high holidays.

JACK: You went to Jewish summer camp, too.

MORGAN: yeah dad, for one summer.

JACK: You still went. It counts.

MORGAN: *begging*  
dad!

JACK: your mother wants to.

MORGAN: why? She isn't even sad anymore.

JACK: she is. She'll always be sad. We'll all always be sad.

MORGAN: if she's sad then why is she acting like she's okay.

JACK: she's mourning.

MORGAN: no, she's not. She's fine.

JACK: morgan just... fine. She's coping.

MORGAN: those are the same.

JACK: morgan... just give it a rest.

*ELIZA walks in, the two fall silent. She is also wearing all black with a white ribbon pinned over her heart.*

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ELIZA: There were a lot of people from school at the service today.

MORGAN: [*coldly*] I know. I saw.

ELIZA: did you say hi to anyone? I saw Alice was there.

MORGAN: [*sharply*] no, I didn't. I was a little busy mourning my brother who killed himself.

*ELIZA takes in a sharp breath*

JACK: morgan...

MORGAN: what? Am I wrong?

*The doorbell rings*

ELIZA: [*sharply*] I'll get it. Get in the chairs. I think it's the first guest.

*JACK and MORGAN slowly move to the chairs as ELIZA audibly greets the guest offstage.*

ELIZA: hi Mrs. Katz, thank you so much for being here.

MRS. KATZ: oh Eliza! Always. Also, the door is supposed to be unlocked, so guests can come in without disturbing your family.

ELIZA: oh, well... [*there is a click noise*] there we go! Unlocked. We're in here.

*ELIZA and MRS. KATZ enter. MRS. KATZ goes straight to the couch, sits down, and pulls out her knitting. ELIZA makes her way to the third chair. MORGAN is in between ELIZA and JACK. It's silent for a few seconds, the three look very uncomfortable.*

MORGAN: I'm gonna get water

MRS. KATZ: I'll get it for you, sweetie.

*MRS. KATZ stands up and walks off stage*

MORGAN: uhhhh... okay

*MRS. KATZ returns with a glass of water, hands it to MORGAN, and sits back down without saying a word.*

MORGAN: thank  
you

*MRS. KATZ nods her head and smiles at her, and goes back to her knitting.*

JACK: The University said I can take a month-long paid hiatus.

ELIZA: that's nice.

MORGAN: when are you going back to work, mom?

ELIZA: next week.

MORGAN: that's so soon.

ELIZA: I have patients that I need to see.

MORGAN: dad has students he needs to teach. He's taking time off.

JACK: [*JACK sighs then stands up*] I'm going to the bathroom.

*He exits. ELIZA and MORGAN watch him leave before continuing.*

ELIZA: dad is also getting paid. And dad can also assign work online. I can't meet with patients

online.

MORGAN: Skype.

ELIZA: Morgan it doesn't work that way and you know it.

MORGAN: do you even miss him?

*ELIZA is shocked. Before she can respond, JACK enters. He sits. The sound of a door opening is heard. The three are silent. MRS. KATZ stands and begins walking towards the door. Lights go down.*

SCENE  
THREE

*Lights go up. ELIZA is standing in front of three chairs.*

ELIZA: Morgan called me in the middle of a session, which she never does, so I picked up. I couldn't even understand her at first. She was crying so hard. She kept repeating something. It

took me a few seconds before I realized what she was saying. "Sam is dead, he's dead. He died.

He did it. He's dead." I froze. I always knew Sam was different than other kids. Not like that, he just felt more emotions. He was sensitive. I loved him with my whole life. I knew he was depressed, and I did the best I could to help him. I took him to my best colleagues and got him

on any anti depressant I could. I did everything I could. I thought he was doing better. He told

me he was doing better. I should've known he wasn't. It's a mom's job to protect her kids. I did

what I could, but it wasn't enough.

Lights  
down.

SCENE  
FOUR

*The lights go halfway up. It is later in the night. ELIZA is sitting on the couch in the same clothes she wore that day the clothes she wore that day, she has a drink in her hand. She's been crying, she is still sniffing. Morgan groggily walks onstage holding an empty glass with a cup in her hand, she bumps into a piece of furniture, startling ELIZA who quickly realizes someone else is there and tries to wipe her tears.*

MORGAN: ow! Jeez... [*Notices ELIZA*] mom? What are you doing?

ELIZA: just sitting. Thinking. What are you doing? It's 2 am.

MORGAN: I can't sleep and I need more water.

ELIZA: ah. Well, carry on.

MORGAN: uh huh.

*It is tense. MORGAN starts walking, then ELIZA speaks*

ELIZA: do you really think I don't miss him?

MORGAN: what?

ELIZA: earlier. You asked me if I even missed him. Do you really think I don't?

MORGAN: [*visibly uncomfortable*] I don't know... I mean... you don't seem



sad.

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ELIZA: I am sad. I'm just trying to move on.

MORGAN: It's been a week, mom. A week since he died. A week since I walked into his room

and found him lying on the floor in a pool of blood. A week since you lost your son.

Forever. He isn't coming back. He can't. We're never going to see him again.

He's

out of our lives forever. You're not a mom of two anymore. I'm an only child. An

only fucking child. I don't have a twin anymore. And you want to move on. How

can you move on? How can you all of the sudden be okay? How can you go back to

listening to strangers meaningless problems when your son just fucking killed

himself. How can you wake up? How can you get out of bed in the morning? I

can't

do that. Dad hasn't smiled once since it happened. And you're okay. Dad says

that

you're just coping. that this is your way of mourning. But it's not. You're

okay.

You shouldn't be okay. Dad isn't okay. I'm not okay. I'm not okay at all. I need

my

mom, I don't need someone who is pretending that their son's death is just

another

tuesday.

ELIZA: Morgan...

*MORGAN runs off of the stage, dropping the glass. It breaks. ELIZA looks at it, slowly gets up and walks over to the shards. She bends down and starts to pick up the broken glass. She begins to cry as the lights slowly fade.*

SCENE  
FOUR

*Lights up on JACK. He is standing in front of three chairs.*

JACK: The day the twins were born was the best day of my life. It's the day my life really got a

purpose. I loved them with everything I had. The day I got that call from Morgan wasn't the

worst day of life. Every day after has been the worst day of my life. When you have a horrible

day, a day so bad you don't want to get out of bed, you don't think there can be a worse day. But

you're wrong. When you lose half of what gives your life a purpose, every day after is worse

than the one before. I don't know what to do with anything anymore. I have Morgan and I have

Eliza, But I feel broken. Empty. Something feels like its missing. Because something is. Sam.

Sam.

*Lights  
down.*

SCENE  
FIVE

*It's the early the next morning. ELIZA is asleep on the couch. The broken glass is on the coffee table. JACK walks in. he goes straight to ELIZA and wakes her up. lights go up*

JACK: Liza... wake up.

ELIZA: [groggily sits up] what? huh? where am i?

JACK: you fell asleep on the couch.

ELIZA: oh. uh.

*JACK notices the broken  
glass*

JACK: what happened?

ELIZA: what?

JACK: the broken glass..

ELIZA: oh..  
Morgan

JACK: what?

ELIZA: Morgan dropped the glass. It broke.

JACK: when? last  
night?

ELIZA: yeah. She came in last night to get water.

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JACK:  
oh?

ELIZA: we talked.

JACK: and?

ELIZA: she thinks that I don't miss him.

JACK: I know.

ELIZA: How can I not miss him? How can she think that I don't wish he wasn't dead?

JACK: she's fifteen. This is her first time losing someone she loves.

ELIZA: the things she said to me last night... I just... I can't believe that she would think that.

*ELIZA begins to cry, JACK pulls her into a hug. MORGAN  
walks in.*

MORGAN: uhhhh

*ELIZA quickly backs away from JACK and wipes her tears. JACK turns towards  
MORGAN,*

*blocking ELIZA from her*

*sightline.*

JACK: Morgy, honey, what do you need?

MORGAN: I just... it's 8:20 and the first guest is supposed to come at 8:30.

ELIZA: oh right. Okay. I'll go change and I'll be down.

*ELIZA and MORGAN do an awkward shuffle, ELIZA exits the stage. JACK and MORGAN are standing alone in awkward silence.*

MORGAN: why was she  
crying

JACK: she misses Sam.

MORGAN: oh.  
Right.

JACK: you know Morgan, this is hard for her too. It's hard for all of  
us.

MORGAN: she blames me.

JACK: what?

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MORGAN: she blames me. She blames me for not stopping him.

JACK: she doesn't blame you, Morgy. She blames herself.

MORGAN: how do you know that. She doesn't act like  
it.

JACK: [*shouting*] MORGAN!  
ENOUGH!

*MORGAN looks shocked. ELIZA enters but the two don't see her, she hides behind the doorway.*

MORGAN: NO, DAD. It's not enough. It will never be enough. When she got home that day,

the first thing she said to me was "why didn't you stop him." HOW was I supposed

to stop him? How was I supposed to know? I don't think Sam would've told me he

was planning to blow his brains out on our way to school.

JACK: Morgan...

MORGAN: No, dad. How was I supposed to stop him? HOW?!?!? She's the therapist! She's the

one who fixes everyone else's problems. Why the hell didn't SHE stop him?

JACK: No one could have known. Not me, not you, and not your mom. She tried to help him the

best she could. She did.

MORGAN: But why didn't she try harder??

*JACK pulls MORGAN into a hug. ELIZA enters awkwardly. She's heard everything.*

ELIZA: [*clears throat*] The first guest is here.

*The three sit down silently as MRS. KATZ walks in and sits down on the couch. It is silent for a while. Then ELIZA speaks.*

ELIZA: I tried, Morgan. I tried so hard. I didn't want this. No one ever wants this. No one wants

to bury their son when they could've helped him. And I do miss him. I miss him a lot.  
I

miss him when I look at you because I see him in your face. I miss him when I look  
at

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your dad because I see him in his eyes. I miss Sam, Morgan. I miss him so goddamn  
much. I miss him every second of every day. Please, don't ever think I don't.

*The room is silent again. MORGAN slowly gets up and goes to hug ELIZA.  
Lights fade.*

SCENE  
SIX

*Lights go up. SAM is standing in front of three chairs.*

SAM: I knew Morgan was gonna be mad when I left. But if I told her she would want to come home with me. And I knew she couldn't do that. I spent my whole life in her shadow. Sure, I did better in school, but she was always happier. She always had more friends than me. I love her. So much. She was my best friend. I thought about it a lot. Dying, that is. How I was gonna die.

When I was gonna die. I don't know why I chose that day. It just felt right. Well, not right, but, I

just needed it to be that day. I couldn't go another day living the way I was living. I was so sad

all of the time. Mom tried to help. And for a while, it was working. But then one day I woke up

and... and everything just seemed gray. I wasn't seeing in color anymore. Nothing made me happy. I was miserable. Everything was dark, and lonely, and empty. I felt empty.

*Lights*



*down.*