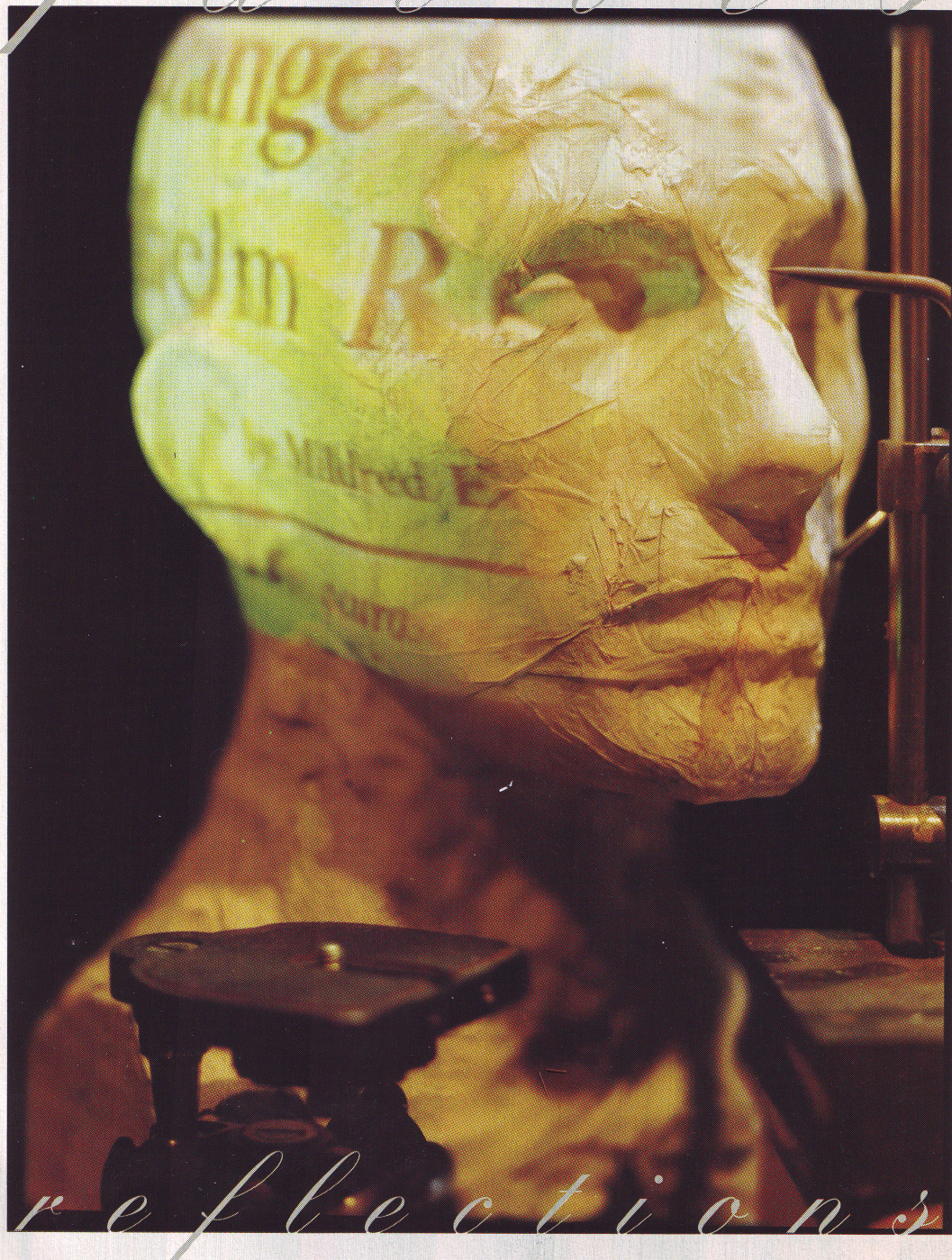


Lafeu: They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors, escencing ourselves into seeming knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

William Shakespeare. All's Well that Ends Well.



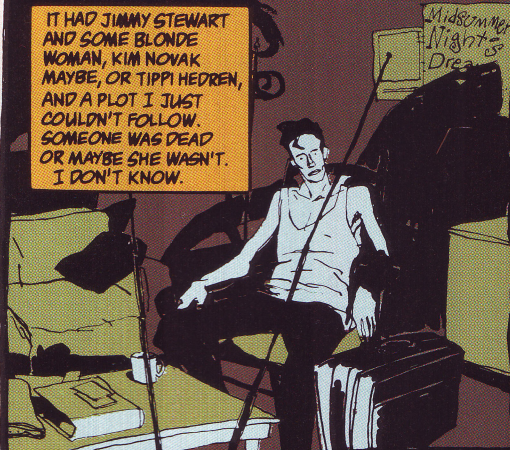
I know the story, you see. I'm writing it all down for you. So it'll be remembered.

Rustichello of Pisa.

IT WAS GETTING LATE, AND I WAS LOSING IT FAST.

THERE WAS AN OLD MOVIE ON TV, BUT I WAS TOO TIRED AND TOO NERVOUS TO CONCENTRATE PROPERLY.

IT HAD JIMMY STEWART AND SOME BLONDE WOMAN, KIM NOVAK MAYBE, OR TIPPI HEDREN, AND A PLOT I JUST COULDN'T FOLLOW. SOMEONE WAS DEAD OR MAYBE SHE WASN'T. I DON'T KNOW.



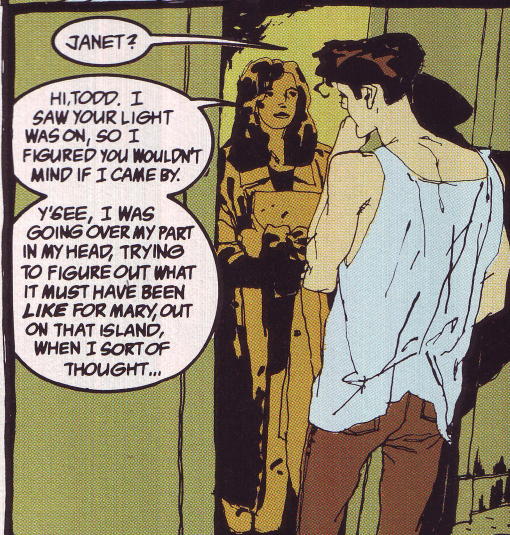
I TOOK A SIP OF COFFEE, BUT IT HAD GONE COLD, AND I WAS TRYING TO DECIDE WHETHER TO SEE IF THERE WAS ANY LEFT IN THE POT, OR JUST FORGET IT AND GO TO BED, WHEN SOMEBODY KNOCKED AT THE DOOR.



JANET?

HI, TODD. I SAW YOUR LIGHT WAS ON, SO I FIGURED YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I CAME BY.

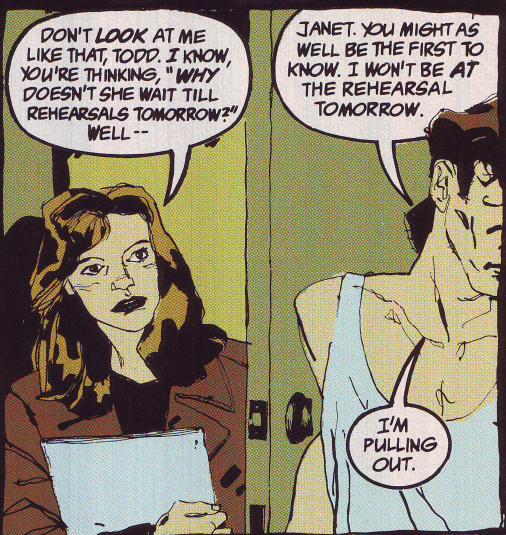
Y'SEE, I WAS GOING OVER MY PART IN MY HEAD, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT MUST HAVE BEEN LIKE FOR MARY, OUT ON THAT ISLAND, WHEN I SORT OF THOUGHT...



DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, TODD. I KNOW, YOU'RE THINKING, "WHY DOESN'T SHE WAIT TILL REHEARSALS TOMORROW?" WELL --

JANET, YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW. I WON'T BE AT THE REHEARSAL TOMORROW.

I'M PULLING OUT.

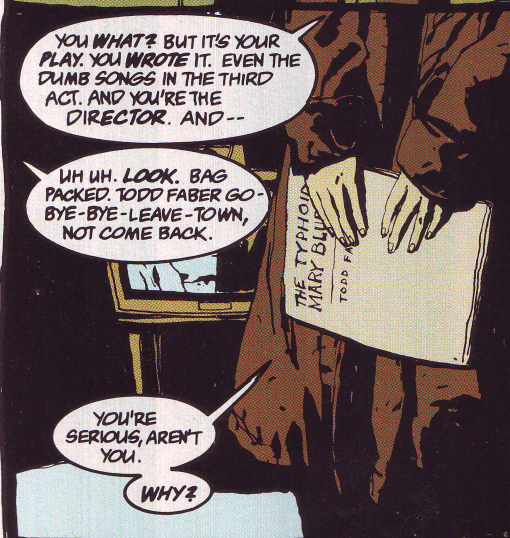


YOU WHAT? BUT IT'S YOUR PLAY. YOU WROTE IT. EVEN THE DUMB SONGS IN THE THIRD ACT. AND YOU'RE THE DIRECTOR. AND --

UH UH. LOOK. BAG PACKED. TODD FABER GO-BYE-BYE-LEAVE-TOWN, NOT COME BACK.

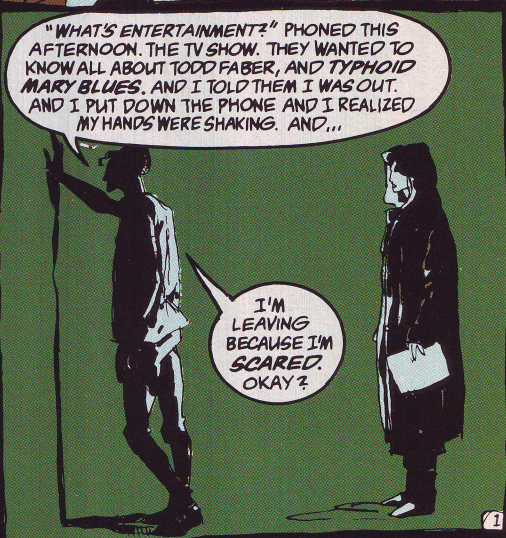
YOU'RE SERIOUS, AREN'T YOU.

WHY?



"WHAT'S ENTERTAINMENT?" PHONED THIS AFTERNOON. THE TV SHOW. THEY WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT TODD FABER, AND TYPHOID MARY BLUES. AND I TOLD THEM I WAS OUT. AND I PUT DOWN THE PHONE AND I REALIZED MY HANDS WERE SHAKING. AND...

I'M LEAVING BECAUSE I'M SCARED. OKAY?



BUT IT'S *YOUR* PLAY.
WE OPEN NEXT WEEK.
I MEAN, IT'S OFF-
BROADWAY. BUT IT'S
NOT AS IF IT'S OFF-
OFF. OR EVEN OFF-
OFF-OFF.

JANET, I DON'T WANT
TO TALK NOW. I'VE WRITTEN
A LETTER THAT'LL BE READ
TO EVERYONE AT THE
REHEARSAL TOMORROW,
TELLING THEM WHAT I'VE
DONE AND WHY.



WHAT IS IT YOU'RE
AFRAID OF? *FAILING?*
OR *SUCCESSING?*

GOODNIGHT,
JANET.



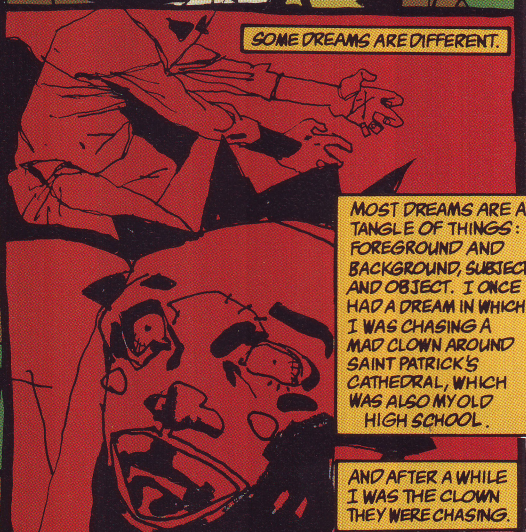
"GOODBYE, TODD."

I GAVE UP ON THE MOVIE,
AND WENT TO BED. EVENTUALLY
I GOT TO SLEEP.



EVENTUALLY.

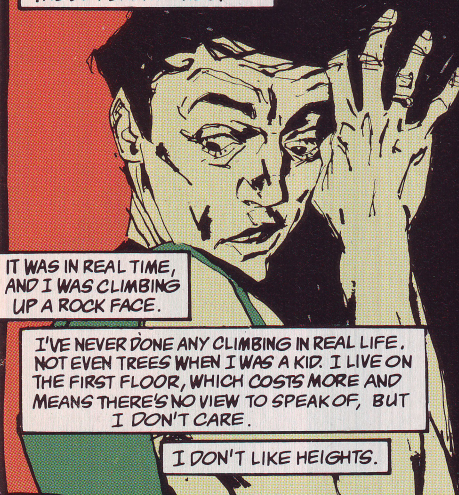
SOME DREAMS ARE DIFFERENT.



MOST DREAMS ARE A
TANGLE OF THINGS:
FOREGROUND AND
BACKGROUND, SUBJECT
AND OBJECT. I ONCE
HAD A DREAM IN WHICH
I WAS CHASING A
MAD CLOWN AROUND
SAINT PATRICK'S
CATHEDRAL, WHICH
WAS ALSO MY OLD
HIGH SCHOOL.

AND AFTER A WHILE
I WAS THE CLOWN
THEY WERE CHASING.

THIS DREAM WAS ONE OF
THE DIFFERENT ONES.

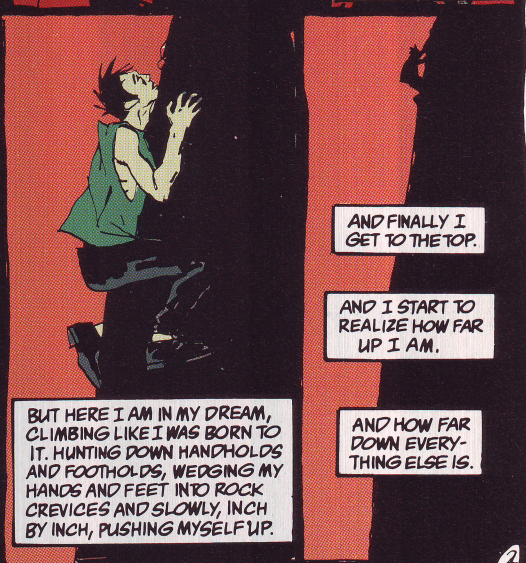


IT WAS IN REAL TIME,
AND I WAS CLIMBING
UP A ROCK FACE.

I'VE NEVER DONE ANY CLIMBING IN REAL LIFE.
NOT EVEN TREES WHEN I WAS A KID. I LIVE ON
THE FIRST FLOOR, WHICH COSTS MORE AND
MEANS THERE'S NO VIEW TO SPEAK OF, BUT
I DON'T CARE.

I DON'T LIKE HEIGHTS.

BUT HERE I AM IN MY DREAM,
CLIMBING LIKE I WAS BORN TO
IT. HUNTING DOWN HANDHOLDS
AND FOOTHOLDS, WEDGING MY
HANDS AND FEET INTO ROCK
CREVICES AND SLOWLY, INCH
BY INCH, PUSHING MYSELF UP.



AND FINALLY I
GET TO THE TOP.

AND I START TO
REALIZE HOW FAR
UP I AM.

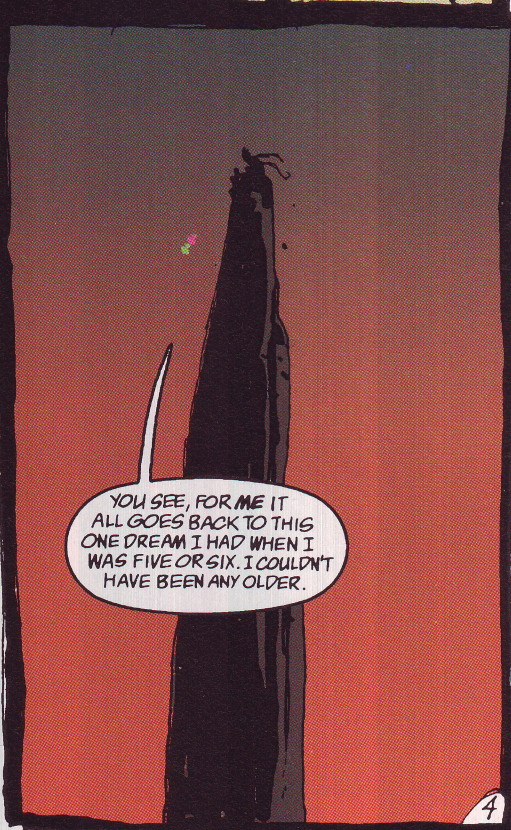
AND HOW FAR
DOWN EVERY-
THING ELSE IS.



AND THEN I REALIZE
THAT I'M NOT ALONE.

FEAR OF FALLING



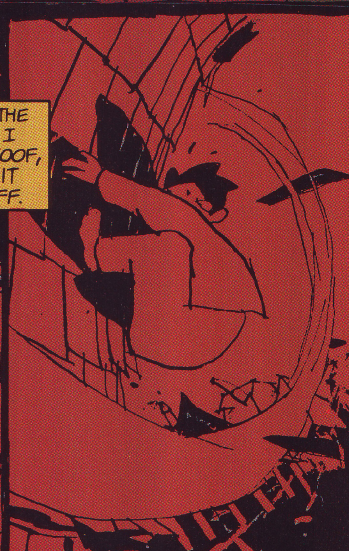




"I REMEMBER I WAS TRAPPED IN THIS HOUSE FULL OF WITCHES. AND I COULDN'T GET OUT."



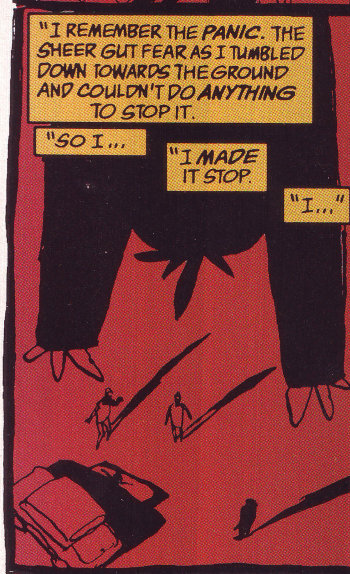
"AND FINALLY I GOT TO THE TOP OF THE HOUSE, AND I CLIMBED OUT ONTO THE ROOF, AND SUDDENLY, SLOWLY, IT TILTED AND THREW ME OFF."



"I COULD SEE THE GROUND COMING UP BELOW ME. AND I KNEW THAT IF I HIT THE GROUND I'D DIE. I KNEW THAT."



"IT DIDN'T MATTER IF IT WAS A DREAM OR NOT. I'D STILL BE KILLED, JUST AS HARD AS IF IT WERE REAL LIFE. WORSE, MAYBE."



"I REMEMBER THE PANIC. THE SHEER GUT FEAR AS I TUMBLED DOWN TOWARDS THE GROUND AND COULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO STOP IT."

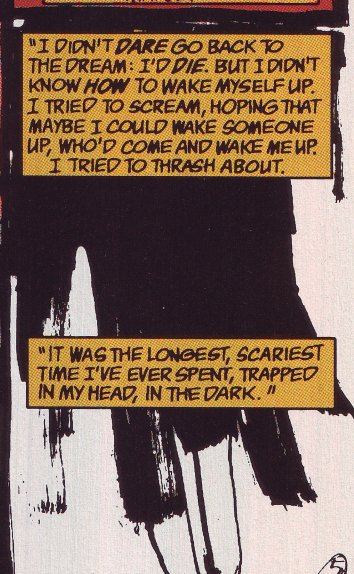
"SO I..."

"I MADE IT STOP."

"I..."



"I DIDN'T WAKE MYSELF UP. BUT I PULLED OUT OF THE DREAM. AND I WAS JUST TRAPPED INSIDE A SLEEPING BODY."



"I DIDN'T DARE GO BACK TO THE DREAM: I'D DIE. BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO WAKE MYSELF UP. I TRIED TO SCREAM, HOPING THAT MAYBE I COULD WAKE SOMEONE UP, WHO'D COME AND WAKE ME UP. I TRIED TO THRASH ABOUT."

"IT WAS THE LONGEST, SCARIEST TIME I'VE EVER SPENT, TRAPPED IN MY HEAD, IN THE DARK."

AND EVENTUALLY, SOMEHOW, I DID MANAGE TO OPEN MY EYES. I WAS SOAKED IN SWEAT, AND I STARTED CRYING, PARTLY BECAUSE I HADN'T DIED AND PARTLY BECAUSE I WAS ALIVE.

EVER SINCE THEN, I'VE BEEN... A LITTLE SCARED OF HIGH PLACES.

I see.

AND THEN THE RAVEN SPOKE TO ME. AND I THOUGHT, BIRDS CAN'T TALK. AND I THOUGHT, MAYBE THEY CAN, IN DREAMS. THAT WAS WHEN I **KNEW** I WAS DREAMING.

YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY, AREN'T YOU?

I'M NOT RUNNING AWAY. IT'S JUST... I DON'T KNOW.

IT'S ALL GETTING TO BE TOO MUCH FOR ME.

I FEEL I'M OUT OF MY DEPTH. I'M SCARED. I'M SCARED I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING **STUPID**.

And if you do something stupid, what then?


AREN'T YOU SCARED OF FALLING?

It is sometimes a mistake to climb; it is always a mistake never even to make the attempt.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? THAT I OUGHT TO GO BACK TO THE SHOW? NOT WALK OUT? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?

YOU'RE JUST A DREAM. LISTEN, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND.

If you do not climb you will not fall. This is true. But is it that bad to fall, that hard to fall?

A man with dark, spiky hair and a dark coat is shown from the chest up, reaching his right arm out towards a crow perched on a branch in the upper right. The background is a solid orange-brown color. The man's expression is serious and focused.

Sometimes you
wake, and some-
times, yes, you
die.

A close-up, high-contrast black and white illustration of a man's face. He has long, dark hair and a slight, enigmatic smile. A third eye is visible on his forehead, surrounded by a circular pattern. The background is a solid orange-brown color.

But there is a
third alternative





NO.

PLEASE
NO.



WHEN IT'S REALLY HAPPENING, IT'S NOT LIKE THE ROADRUNNER CARTOONS. THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE A ME-SIZED HOLE IN THE DESERT FLOOR.

I'M JUST GOING TO HIT THE HARD ROCK FROM A GREAT HEIGHT AND THAT WILL BE THAT.

AND I'M ABOUT TO TRY TO WAKE MYSELF UP, WHEN...

"But there is a third alternative..."

AND I STAYED WITH IT. AND I DIDN'T WAKE UP. AND I DIDN'T DIE.



HI, EVERYONE. LOOK, GUYS,
THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO
TELL YOU. IT'S ABOUT TODD...

WHAT
ABOUT TODD,
JANET?

YES, JANET.
WHAT ABOUT
TODD?

TODD,
I THOUGHT...

CAN WE
TALK ABOUT IT
LATER?

OKAY, NOW, EVERYBODY.
CAN WE TAKE THIS FROM THE
SCENE IN THE BASEMENT?
THAT'S ACT 2 SCENE 4.

I NEED GOD, SAPPHO,
THE HANGED MAN, THE
SLAVE OF THE LAMP, AND
TYPHOID MARY ON
STAGE.

EVERYONE ELSE, GO
OVER YOUR LINES, OR
PRACTICE PRETENDING
NOT TO READ YOUR
NOTICES.

YES?

YOU SEEM
DIFFERENT
TODAY.

I MET SOMEONE WHO
CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT
A LOT OF THINGS.

I'D LIKE TO
MEET HER.

IT'S A HE. AND I
DON'T EVEN THINK HE
EXISTS. HE'S JUST A
LITTLE VOICE IN THE
BACK OF MY HEAD,
SAYING...

AND SOMETIMES,
WHEN YOU FALL,
YOU FLY.

SOMETIMES YOU
WAKE UP.

SOMETIMES
THE FALL KILLS
YOU.

OKAY,
EVERYBODY!
LET'S TAKE IT FROM
THE TOP.

FIN