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# **Rinse, Repeat**

By

**DOMENICA FERAUD**

**Dramatic Publishing Company**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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“*Rinse, Repeat* was originally presented at The Romulus Linney Courtyard Theatre at The Pershing Square Signature Center in New York City in July 2019.”

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CAST:

RACHEL..... Domenica Feraud  
PETER..... Michael Hayden  
JOAN..... Florencia Lozano  
BRODY ..... Jake Ryan Lozano  
BRENDA ..... Portia

PRODUCTION:

Director ..... Kate Hopkins  
Scenic Design..... Brittany Vasta  
Costume Design..... Nicole Slaven  
Lighting Design ..... Oona Curley  
Sound Design/Original Compositions ..... Ien DeNio  
Stage Manager ..... Yetti Steinman  
General Manager..... Cheryl Dennis  
Consulting Producers ..... Daniel Abeles, John Gould Rubin

# Rinse, Repeat

## CHARACTERS

RACHEL (w): The recovering addict, 21, Hispanic.

JOAN (w): Her mother, 49, Hispanic.

PETER (m): Her father, 55, white.

BRODY (m): Her brother, 18, Hispanic.

BRENDA (w): Her therapist, 45, Black.

## CHARACTER NOTES

The actresses playing Joan and Rachel should never feel any pressure to maintain a certain weight in order to play these roles.

The stage directions in this play are realistic and must be included, as they are as vital as the dialogue. They must travel in real time. Explore them.



# Rinse, Repeat

## SCENE 1

*(Lights up on the following:*

*Friday. Five p.m. Kitchen.*

*The room is spotlessly clean, save for one plate in the sink. As close to perfection as a kitchen can get, down to the high-tech espresso machine and blender.*

*RACHEL stands in the middle of the room, a small suitcase at her side. Eyes getting reacquainted with every surface.*

*Her thin frame is hidden in leggings and a baggy sweatshirt.)*

RACHEL. Hello?

*(She waits for a response. Nothing.)*

RACHEL *(cont'd)*. Dad? Are you home?

*(She starts moving toward the counter when we hear the sound of heels clicking.)*

JOAN *(offstage)*. Peter, did you put your plate in the dishwasher? I told you to make sure everything's—

*(JOAN enters, immaculately dressed. Still in the process of putting in her pearl earrings.*

*She stops in her tracks when she sees RACHEL.*

*The two women stare at each other. No one says a word.)*



PETER (*offstage*). I really doubt she's going to care about one lousy—

(*PETER enters, almost crashing into JOAN.*)

PETER (*cont'd*). Hey! You're here!

(*He pulls RACHEL into an enthusiastic hug.*)

RACHEL. Hi, Dad!

(*They pull apart. PETER clocks in to the tension surrounding him. He squeezes RACHEL's shoulder before stepping back, letting the women have their moment.*)

RACHEL (*cont'd*). Mom.

JOAN. *Hola cariño*. Can I hug you? Would that be all right?

(*RACHEL slowly starts walking toward her mother, who pulls her into a tight hug, which she eventually reciprocates.*)

JOAN (*cont'd*). My beautiful baby. (*Laughing; relieved.*) It's so good to have you home!

RACHEL. I missed you.

JOAN. Oh, sweetheart, you have no idea.

(*Eventually, JOAN breaks the embrace. Takes the time to really look at RACHEL.*)

JOAN (*cont'd*). You look wonderful! Doesn't she look wonderful?!

PETER. Terrific.

JOAN. So healthy, darling. Really.

(*Beat.*)

PETER. Traffic wasn't too bad, was it?

RACHEL. Nope. Easy.

PETER. Sorry I couldn't pick you up. I had to meet this proposal deadline—

RACHEL. The Uber driver was pretty cool. He had me download his album on Spotify.

*(A moment of awkward laughter.)*

PETER. We've made sure there won't be any work this weekend. Right, Joan?

JOAN. Right. Everything's been put on hold.

RACHEL. You didn't have to do that!

PETER. Are you kidding?! We're so happy to have you home!

*(BRODY enters.)*

BRODY. Hey.

RACHEL. Hi!

*(Beat.)*

PETER. Well. Aren't you going to give your sister a hug?

*(BRODY does as he's told. He pats RACHEL twice on the back and breaks the embrace almost immediately.)*

BRODY. Welcome back.

RACHEL. Thanks, bro. So! How was your—

BRODY. Mom? I'm gonna go see Gillian.

JOAN. OK, hon.

BRODY. Her mom made lasagna, so I'm just gonna eat there.

PETER. It's your sister's first night home.

BRODY. Then I'll eat fast.

PETER. We went over this, Brody.

JOAN. Babe, come on. You'll be around tomorrow, right sweetie?

BRODY. Yeah, Dad. Why are you making such a big deal out of this?

PETER. Your sister was counting on you to be here.

RACHEL. I'm OK! He doesn't have to—

PETER. Tonight's important, Brody.

*(Beat.)*

BRODY. Fine. Later.

*(BRODY exits.)*

RACHEL. Gillian's his girlfriend, right?

PETER. They're inseparable. Trying to soak up every minute before he heads off to Indiana.

JOAN. He's totally whipped. It's very cute.

RACHEL. And you guys like her?

JOAN. Love. She's a sweetheart.

RACHEL. Good! Good for Brody.

*(Beat.)*

RACHEL *(cont'd)*. So! What's on the menu for tonight? Anything special?

PETER. I pulled up your *abuela's* recipe for ... *puré de papa*? Am I saying that right?

JOAN. You never say it right, darling.

PETER. I at least get points for trying, don't I?

RACHEL. Can I help?

PETER. Absolutely!

RACHEL. OK if I unpack first?

PETER. Of course! Need help with your bag?

RACHEL. I've got it!

*(She picks up her suitcase and starts to exit.)*

PETER. Rach?

RACHEL. ... Yeah?

PETER. Just ... make sure to take it easy. OK? We don't want you overexerting yourself.

RACHEL. Will do!

*(RACHEL exits.)*

*JOAN walks to the door; eyes on the empty space her daughter just was.)*

PETER *(eventually)*. Well??

JOAN. I can't believe it.

PETER. I told you she's been doing great.

JOAN. I know. I just—

PETER. Didn't believe me?

JOAN. Babe. Not now, OK?

PETER. What am I doing?

JOAN. Could I have a second, please?

*(Beat.)*

JOAN *(cont'd)*. You did tell me. I just didn't expect her to be doing that great. To be—she seemed so ... happy. To be here.

PETER. Why wouldn't she be happy to be here? She's been begging Brenda to let her come back for a while.

JOAN. She probably could have, weeks ago.

PETER. Brenda didn't think she was ready weeks ago.

JOAN. You sure they weren't trying to funnel more money out of us?

PETER. Joan.

JOAN. I'm kidding. Lighten up.

PETER. This isn't a done deal. It's a trial weekend. And if we slip up even a little—

JOAN. Peter, I get it. Believe me. But do you think you could let me celebrate what just happened here? For a moment?

*(JOAN reaches out and takes PETER's hand in hers.)*

PETER. Glad to have her home?

JOAN. "Glad" doesn't even begin to—she's back where she belongs.

*(Lights out.)*

## SCENE 2

*(Six p.m. Kitchen.)*

*PETER is cooking. Chopping vegetables and boiling potatoes.*

*RACHEL enters. She lingers in the corner of the room, unnoticed.*

*After a beat, she steps forward.)*

RACHEL. Hey!

PETER. I was wondering where you went!

RACHEL. Sorry. I started going through some of the books Mom got me and I guess I lost track of time.

PETER. You sure you weren't avoiding your old man?

RACHEL. As if! Come on—gimme a task. What can I do?

PETER. Wanna mash the potatoes? I'm running behind, and you know how your mom hates eating late ...

*(RACHEL looks at the pile of steamed potatoes. The milk and butter that have just been added.)*

RACHEL. Sure!

*(She starts mashing the potatoes.)*

PETER. So. Any idea what you'd like to do this weekend?

RACHEL. No clue! I'm not used to all this freedom.

PETER. Have you called your friends? I'm sure Lily's dying to see you.

RACHEL. I'd rather soak up my time with you guys while I have it.

PETER. Invite her over! That girl's practically family by now.

*(Beat.)*

RACHEL. Can you believe Brody has a girlfriend?

PETER. I really can't.

RACHEL. What's she like??

PETER. Terrific! Beautiful, intelligent, completely charming ... not quite sure what she sees in him, to be honest.

RACHEL. Dad!

PETER. But I think she's good for him. He seems to finally be maturing ...

RACHEL. They make a cute couple. (*By way of explanation.*)

I stalked her pretty thoroughly on Instagram.

PETER. Your mom's a big fan.

RACHEL. Which is shocking, by the way.

PETER. What's the key to Mom's heart?

RACHEL. Don't tell me. Aspiring lawyer?

PETER. Bingo. Straight A's at Wesleyan.

RACHEL. ... She's in college?

PETER. You know your brother. High-school girls were never going to cut it.

RACHEL. She's just so ... she looks like a kid. I would have guessed she was like fifteen. Tops.

PETER. Blessed with good genetics. Her mother's the same way. You'd think she was a teenager from behind.

(*Beat.*)

PETER (*cont'd*). What about you? Any young men out there for me to interrogate?

RACHEL. That's one thing you definitely don't have to worry about.

PETER. I find that hard to believe.

RACHEL. Guys weren't that into me before. There was like a second in the middle there, but I wasn't very good about maintaining that, so ...

PETER. Well. You look great now.

RACHEL. ... Mom seemed relieved. When she saw me.

PETER. ... I don't think she knew what to expect.

RACHEL. Yeah. Things were pretty different, the last time we ... Do you think—now that she knows I'm OK—she might start coming to therapy?

PETER. She wanted to be there, Rach. So much. It was just

...

RACHEL. No, I know. And she was great! Called Tuesdays and Thursdays during visiting hours, like clockwork.

PETER. I hope you know how proud we are. I know this hasn't been easy ...

RACHEL. What about you? Any new projects on the horizon?

PETER. Now that you mention it ...

RACHEL. For real?!

PETER. Nothing's confirmed yet. Just in talks to design this property out in Bridgeport that could be really special.

RACHEL. That's amazing!

PETER. Let's hope this one actually pans out, huh?

RACHEL. Well ... it's not like you have to worry.

PETER. Because I'm so enormously talented?

RACHEL. Well, that. Obviously. I just mean ... because of Mom.

PETER. What about your mother?

RACHEL. Just that you could retire, like, tomorrow, and we'd be fine. Which is nice! No need to stress, 'cause things are good either way!

PETER. I've had a pretty solid career too, you know.

RACHEL. Dad, of course! An amazing one!

*(Beat.)*

RACHEL *(cont'd)*. On my way over here, I asked the driver to take the longer route so I could check in on the Mason house.

PETER. Oh yeah?

RACHEL. Prettiest place for miles.



PETER. I just ... it's been a while since I got to build something new. I miss it! That's all.

RACHEL. Of course. Well ... this lull? It'll be over very soon.

*(PETER squeezes her hand. He goes to taste the potatoes.)*

PETER. Would you try these? I'm not sure I added enough butter.

*(He offers her the spoon. She stares at it. Takes the tiniest bite she can get away with.)*

RACHEL. They're perfect!

*(She passes the spoon back to him. He tries them again.)*

PETER. I know what they're missing! *(He pulls heavy cream out of the fridge.)* I forgot the *crema de leche*!

RACHEL. You can just say cream, Dad.

*(She watches him pour in the entire container of cream.)*

RACHEL *(cont'd)*. I think I'm gonna go read.

PETER. OK, sweetie.

RACHEL. Dinner's at seven?

PETER. Yup.

RACHEL. OK! See you then!

*(RACHEL exits; PETER watches her go. After a beat, he continues cooking.*

*Lights fade.)*

**SCENE 3**

*(Saturday. One a.m. RACHEL's bedroom.*

*RACHEL lies asleep in bed, buried under the covers.*

*BRENDA knocks on the door.)*

BRENDA *(offstage)*. Rachel?

*(BRENDA enters.)*

BRENDA *(cont'd)*. Come on. Time to check your vitals.

RACHEL. It's still dark outside.

BRENDA. Sorry, doll. You know the drill.

RACHEL. I just thought maybe I'd earned a break? After today?

*(BRENDA takes a seat opposite RACHEL and pulls out her notebook.)*

BRENDA. First visits are usually pretty hard.

RACHEL. Oh, so this is normal? Kids fucking up so bad their parents can't bear to be in the same room as them?

BRENDA. None of this is your fault. You never know. She might change her mind.

RACHEL. Do you think ... Would it be possible for me to transition to being a day patient?

BRENDA. ...

RACHEL. I'm doing better. Right? Finally ditched the wheelchair.

BRENDA. Rachel.

RACHEL. She wants to be with me, she just can't stand this place, and frankly? I don't blame her.