



TIN: the party

by
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CHARACTERS

MARTIN
A VOICE
THE DIRECTOR
MR. WRIGHT and MRS. WRIGHT
PIERRE
THE CLOWN
YAMAKAZE and SMYTHE
THE FIRST LADY and THE SECOND LADY
HEATHER
and
A GIRL
GULLY
WAITER
TEACHER
A MASK and A RED MASK
and
THE CHORUS OF CLOWNS

ACT IScene 1

(A street, busy with the sounds of people and cars.)

A GIRL

Welcome to Toronto.

MARTIN

No, thanks.

A GIRL

Welcome to the city that---

MARTIN

I live here.

A GIRL

Then you know.

(The girl stands closer, kisses Tin lightly on a cheek, suddenly slaps the other cheek and runs off in the opposite direction.)

(An old man walks slowly by, looking at the audience, humming an indistinct song.)

GULLY

Gully keeps the tally. Down in Stoneman's Alley.

Don't you hear it? Don't you worry. Just the cops or ambulance. Can you spare some change for a cup of coffee, mister?

Yeah, well, I understand bud, yeah. Have a nice day, eh?

Run back home to your poodle and wife...and tulips, yeah. Been there, done that, man. Hi. Hi there. How's it going?

Gully keeps the tally. Down in Stoneman's Alley.

Scene 2

(A small round table, three chairs, two empty cups, a vase with a flower, a seated couple.)

HEATHER

Breaking slowly never stopped the pain.

MARTIN

I always preferred a quick lunch to break the chain.

HEATHER

The chain of time?

MARTIN

No, the day's burdens.

HEATHER

(with a laugh)

Why do you always bring rain to my front door?

MARTIN

Some bring war, some bring whiskey....

HEATHER

Not fair! You flipped it. You hid the rhyme.

MARTIN

I like surprises. They divide the day. How are your parents?

HEATHER

We rarely talk, these days. They miss you. You know, they seemed to take possession of you immediately.

MARTIN

There's no accounting for taste. Especially with accountants. I think your parents actually became breathing numbers eventually, like mad hatters or chubby butchers. Numbers are funny creatures, living in their own world. New things irritate them. If something doesn't fit into their world, they just give it a name and quickly move on, not wanting to lose any of their sweet momentum. They're very settled and self-righteous. Numbers think that they've reduced the world to pure and perfect forms and fundamentals: the essence of existence.

(whispering)

And they have!

HEATHER

Will the war be over soon, like they say?
Or will we have to send some boys over again?

MARTIN

The war never stopped to catch its breath. Just the uniforms changed.
Anyone who wants to can add up the dead...every single, living day.
No, the historical war lives on. You always were such a naïve and tender girl.
Very sweet. A little of that goes a long way in an untender and tiring world.
I should run. Good-bye, Heat. Take care.

HEATHER

Good-bye, Tin. Thanks for the coffee. I see you're still wearing Rose's ring.
She told me once that your great flaw was time, so I'll leave you with a little
present. It's a small hourglass with green sand. See?

MARTIN

Oh, okay, thanks. Be good.

(As Tin leaves he pays the waiter standing by the exit.)

MARTIN

I think the lady is mad.

WAITER

Yes, sir. They all are, sir. Some are lovers and some are just waiting for love to
come around.

MARTIN

Well, a little anger is a very good thing. There's lots to be mad at in the world.
Bye-bye.

WAITER

There was a phone call for you, sir, but then she just hung up. She described you
well.

MARTIN

That's okay. Wrong numbers happen all the time. I'm sure it wasn't for me.

(The Director enters as Tin exits.)

THE DIRECTOR

A couple of ex-spouses meet again after all those years. They fell in love and
then they fell out of love again and then nobody is ever the same again.

HEATHER

Good-bye, my love, you left so long ago
in the confusion of that darkest night.
I knew I couldn't keep you, forever and a day.
Only pretty, old maids should ever dare to marry.

A baby would have changed everything, of course,
but Nature has no logic, no heart.
My search, my trip, my body---I'll just sail on,
as best as I can. Again.
This cocoon of a day is dead anyway.

I'm just a Friday cook, a Sunday book.
Just one man! With a sense of humour, and smart!
An artist man! A craftsman. A bunch of nerves.
That's all I need, one simple little man.
I don't ask for much.
And fun, God, let him be fun...and cute!
Fun and cute...and half-rich.
My holiday job is clear: I'll have to drug him!
With my hands and my words,
and the magic of my stolen soul.
Let the stupid world beware!

Scene 3

(A street, very busy with cars, as Tin stares at a small car
turned upside down in its parking spot.)

MR. WRIGHT

How's it hanging, Martin?

MARTIN

Who the hell taught you English? An American?

MR. WRIGHT

Ahh...I'm not really sure.

MARTIN

Mr. American TV?

MR. WRIGHT

Well, better than Canadian TV, which only exists to make British TV look
good...and French TV only exists to steal another handy, little English word.

MARTIN

English is the biggest thief I ever met.

(Some light drums beat whenever "a voice" speaks. A lady in a white veil appears. Her face is never seen by the audience.)

A VOICE

Bricks and boards eat languages. Languages eat time. Everything eats time. Even time eats time. So, partiamo.

MR. WRIGHT

Anyway, I'm throwing a dinner party tonight at 8:30. Why don't you come?

MARTIN

Sorry, but like everyone else, I'm a busy man. And don't come begging to me to join your party when some very good friend bows out at the last minute with some pretty, polite excuse. I don't play second fiddle, Mr. Wright, you know very well that I play lead guitar.

(A red apple thrown from a slow, passing car misses Tin as he ducks needlessly. It smashes through a windowpane behind him. Mr. Wright stares at Tin. Tin shrugs it off.)

MR. WRIGHT

What the....?

MARTIN

I think that that was one of those Zen apples.

MR. WRIGHT

Well, anyway, the last minute is better than no minute. Your famous, lawyer ex-brother-in-law will be there.

MARTIN

He's not my ex. I never divorced him. His sister's death was hard on him too.

MR. WRIGHT

Sorry. By the way, thanks for helping my son out with his school project. He seemed so eager. Very into it. Thanks, Martin.

MARTIN

My pleasure. I just gave them a little talk on the Golden Rule. But nobody there could answer that particular riddle to my complete satisfaction.

MR. WRIGHT

It seems simple enough.

MARTIN

It is. We went through some variations, but---

(It turns dark. Explosions in the background. Then two soldiers in the semi-darkness.)

YAMAKAZE

Wow! If I'd have known then what I know now! Man, I never would have come here. Lies, lies, and then some more lies to continue the new line of thinking!

SMYTHE

Hey, don't even bother trying to tell me! I volunteered. Imagine my surprise!

YAMAKAZE

Are those our bombs or theirs?

SMYTHE

Not mine. Three more weeks and I am out of here. My little mama always told me that when it's time to go, kid, you better be good and ready, kid.

YAMAKAZE

Whoever they are, man, I hope they go away and pick another weak point to attack. What am I doing here, man?

SMYTHE

Everybody knows what you're doing here, man.

(It turns black and then the lights come on.)

MR. WRIGHT

I do unto others before they do unto me. And my wife does unto others as fashion dictates. And my brother-in-law does unto others, as they pay him.

MARTIN

A very strange nice thing happened there. As I was about to leave, two of the young girls in his class gave me a flower. A single, thorny red rose.

MR. WRIGHT

You always were a lucky man. In my next life, I want to come back as you. A lucky soul. A free man. It's awful to have a friend like you, Martin.

MARTIN

If I remember correctly, you were born free too. And you'll die free, too.

And in the middle, we're as free as any soldier, or angel, or blade of grass. You and I carry different crosses, different treasures. Besides, Mr. Wright, you couldn't handle my daily bread: the shifting emptiness of freedom, the hungry desires of poverty, and the beauties of simplicity.

MR. WRIGHT

It's not as easy as it looks. You were born under a double star, you just can't see it cause you're too close to the light. And I know what your Golden Rule is, Martin my man. You know I'd come to your party!

MARTIN

That's not fair, trying to snooker a friend.

MR. WRIGHT

That's why they call the game "Snooker". 8:30 sharp, not casual! I must...insist.

MARTIN

Sorry, I don't gamble. Have fun!

MR. WRIGHT

You know me, I always do.

MARTIN

Yeah, I know ya. Okay, 8:30. Since you insist. Will it be a good party or will it be a very good party? Maybe I'll be in a party mood by then.

MR. WRIGHT

That depends on the people. Hey! So, what was my son's answer to your puzzle?

MARTIN

He had quite a few tries at it. In the end, he said, "Do unto some...and do unto others...." I liked his attitude. He's got a certain Dada-ness as someone once explained to me a long time ago.

MR. WRIGHT

I blame the mother, myself. Later!

MARTIN

Just a sec. Help me with my car.

MR. WRIGHT

Hey, this suit costs more than your whole, damn car!

MARTIN

Hey, what ever happened to cows and horses....

MR. WRIGHT

They became cars and trucks.

MARTIN

At least, the cows had souls.

MR. WRIGHT

The cars have people inside them.

MARTIN

Lucky cars.

MR. WRIGHT

Lucky people.

(The two men try to lift the car slowly as some passer-by stops and helps, and then they slowly roll the small car and put it back on its wheels.)

MR. WRIGHT

Later!

MARTIN

Later, better, wetter!

MR. WRIGHT

Who the hell taught you English?

MARTIN

Well, personally, I blame my friends. But my slippery friends just turn around and blame their friends, so it's hard to find the first person. The guilty party so to speak.

MR. WRIGHT

8:30, down and dirty.

Scene 4

(Party sounds in the background. Light, indistinct music.)

MARTIN

(aside)

A man alone, in the storm, facing the winds of change, the darkness of ignorant fears. Friendly candles and distant stars mark the way. Eyes blink and hearts beat on like good, little school children:

faithful and resolute to the end. Love is proof, babies are flags,
homes burn brightly, the city grows up (and falls back down).
Rare beauties flow like a narrow, wild river. Flowers fade and suns return.
But there is only one sun, one flower, one day, one love. One hope.

MRS. WRIGHT

Do I have the girl for you....

MARTIN

Is she a good girl or is she---?

MRS. WRIGHT

They're all good girls for the right guy.

MARTIN

Yeah, sure. And they think so too. Please don't play god, Mrs. Wright, you can only kick people out of the garden, you can't drag them back in. And I'm perfectly able to make my own mischief. Getting to a kiss is half the fun, Mrs. Wright.

MRS. WRIGHT

Just a little fanning for the fire, my dear Martin. I like to have my fun too. You have to respect the other side, honey. Women have some powerful, ineffable weapons, my dear.

MARTIN

Hmm, appropriate words with this war twisting and turning and rationing threatening our heavy Toronto tables.

MRS. WRIGHT

Don't kid yourself. This war doesn't need us (and neither does Toronto). I think that every gentleman should first be gentle with himself or what is the use? You worry me a bit, Martin.

MARTIN

You are, as ever, a gracious hostess. But I'll tell you a terrible secret about men. One that you can pass on to all your warmest women friends as we softly dinner our way through the world. Men...are always...in love...too. Maybe even more than women.

MRS. WRIGHT

There's nothing...more than women.

MR. WRIGHT

Hey, the entertainment is almost ready, you two better get ready.

MARTIN

Mr. Wright, I'm looking for the right word to describe your wife. The word "polite" is just not quite accurate enough. Not powerful enough.

MR. WRIGHT

My boy, you've come to the right man. The word you're trying to bite off is "political". My wife is very, very political (in the nicest sense of the word, of course). When I think about a bit, it wasn't that we got married. It was more like: she married me.

MRS. WRIGHT

You two shouldn't mess with me. I'm a modern woman and I'm living on the edge. You should always strictly bear in mind that women...are God's gift to the planet.

MARTIN AND MR. WRIGHT

Ooooooooooow!

MRS. WRIGHT

And men...like you...are God's gift to the planet too. Let's go before all the good champagne is gone.

THE CLOWN

Ladies and Gentlemen, the professional novel killed the amateur letter and the corporate movies are killing the literate book. But I've come to you tonight to talk about something even more sinister and evolutionary.

Scene 5

(Party sounds in the background.)

THE CLOWN

I have here in my magic bag some important smiles,
some broken dreams, some daring souls, some false facades.
If you, sir, would kindly take it and let our stuffed sitters each pick a mask blindly,
then you can have the last mask left over.

I can tell most of your fortunes by your faces,
but I wouldn't dare confront your public clothes.
No, no, no, I wouldn't want another war to break out here.
And where did I get this deep gift of insight?
I'm not sure, but probably from years and years of parties just like this one.
A clown is just some funny paint that covers up
what we don't want the children to see.

(Darkness fills the stage as the clown ends his speech. The clown steps forward into a sudden soft spotlight. A lady dressed in a bright white, hooded cloak walks slowly, randomly around.)

THE CLOWN

(aside)

Masks are eternal emotions, easy emotions, little curtains, little lies.

Our masks are happy abstractions and sad abbreviations.
It would be a poor, poor world without our masks.
We'd have to tell everyone the truth, our whole truth,
and there wouldn't be enough time left over to eat or breathe,
or watch football or gossip, or....

(The normal light fills the stage.)

For instance, you sir, what do you do for a living?

MARTIN

I sell things.

THE CLOWN

(handing out a big business card that turns magically into a hundred-dollar bill)

Aah, a business clown! What would we be without all the middle-class, mortgaged middlemen? Well-fed and well-bed. The new aristocrats. The economic heart of a modern, thriving democracy. God works in mysterious ways. Hmmm, I wonder if that makes the rich, the new clergy? Holding all the nice, big buildings. And you my diamond madam?

A MASK

I do a lot of charity work for---

THE CLOWN

(handing her out a huge "Get Out Of Jail Free" card)

Yes, yes, some clowns love their uniforms. You, the red mask?

A RED MASK

I teach.

THE CLOWN

(handing her out a big book and then other props to others)

Yes, I see. A clown with a book as her shield. Very handy. And tonight we also have some clowns with rubber knives. Clowns with caviar. Clowns with baby clowns. Clowns with little guitars. Little clowns with big, big hammers. Clowns

with red stains, and short clowns...with stilts. Champagne clowns? Legal clowns and paper clowns. Government clowns? Killing clowns? Sexual clowns? Clowns laughing at all the other clowns and clowns laughing at only themselves. (And clowns all alone never laughing at nothing, at no time.) The great clown race is a parade sometimes and sometimes it is very, very still and static. A moment, captured and frozen.... But, clowns are not real, ladies and gentlemen. Clowns are more like dreams, gentleladies and men. And dreams are just the stories that we tell ourselves. At the end of the day. When we are finally all alone. A dream...is not what you associate it with. That is just you. A dream is just a dream. A rose is not a symbol. A rose is a rose is a rose. The symbols are you. And the winner tonight is---

(A little clown runs in and hits Tin in the chest with a pie, and then runs out.)

THE CLOWN

Hmmm, I've never seen that clown before in my life.

Scene 6

YAMAKAZE

Do you know what I hate, man?

SMYTHE

Pizza with not enough cheese?

YAMAKAZE

(answers with just a look)

SMYTHE

Cold pizza on a lonely Saturday night?

YAMAKAZE

Is food all you ever think about? I hate it... when I don't know...what's going on... and I have to trust some loud idiot with a medal on...that some other loud-idiot-with-a-medal-on gave him.

SMYTHE

Aaah, a recipe for disaster. Everything is food, you know.

THE DIRECTOR

The real beauty of a war is that all the actors think that they're right and all sides are so sure that they will win. It's black and white. The truth can be so liberating. And yet so secure. Usually ladies don't fight the wars, but they've started their fair share. The real horror of war--- Well, only the losers ever learn to face the horror. But winners like us, well, we don't have to face nothing, right?

Scene 7

(A lady in a bright white veil appears.)

A VOICE

I love my love.

In the beginning, just the two of us on some dirty, concrete stairs or walking together on concrete sidewalks.

(A train whistle blows.)

Welcome to devastation.

You can never be sure, of course, but you can sure try to be as sure as possible. We can all sure try harder. A little bit more. A little bit closer.

Some just overdo it. They're drunk on food and drugs and boredom and emptiness or drunk on no food and no boredom. I love me love.

(Two ladies at the party.)

THE FIRST LADY

His wife died a year ago today. It was a long, long death. Long and painful. I never knew her well, but that's her brother over there. And Mrs. Wright was her very, very best friend.

THE SECOND LADY

Today? Exactly today? Well, I knew her too. It didn't seem like such a great love affair at the time, but, now that I think on it, I think they were just hiding their secret little love from the fickle old world. And laughing and singing. Enjoying their precious privacy, but protecting it too. Loitering with intent, if you know what I mean. She had a certain style. Very dark and European.

THE FIRST LADY

Oh, I know what you mean....

THE SECOND LADY

She said to me once, "I married my wine."

THE FIRST LADY

Is that right-- What about him, over there in the yellow, plaid shirt?

THE SECOND LADY

Him? Oh, he's always fooling around, insincere, fickle, and cheap too, but it's okay, he only ever fooled around with his own wife.

THE FIRST LADY

Really?

THE SECOND LADY

Oh yes, but that's okay too, Because she wasn't really there anymore. She had left a long time ago, figuratively speaking.

THE FIRST LADY

Really?

THE SECOND LADY

Yes, really. For a very long time. Finally, of course, she skated right out of town with some former hockey player. She ended up in Vancouver or San Francisco. West Coast trash with nowhere else to go.

THE FIRST LADY

Oh, I know what you mean, dear....

A VOICE

One. Not a party. Two. A party. Greasy words, words, words. Party birds, birds, birds.

The eternal inferno.

Ironing his shirts. Cleaning the over-spilt milk from the old gas stove. Morning caffè lattes with buttery croissants. We were a painting. (You can dream one too, if you like.)

Why do we need words? So much time is lost with long words, as wasted as a pair of old, ripped blue jeans. Dogs know, cats yes. Velcro sentences. Hot information. Words are walls. Stories are mazes. Talk is cheap, cheap, cheap. Action is satisfaction. Talking about it is not doing it. Those are two completely different sounds.

THE FIRST LADY

Really?

THE SECOND LADY

Hell, yes, but I forgave him for that a long time ago.

THE FIRST LADY

Well, no gentlemen ever left a real lady, that's for sure. What about that good-looking suit?

THE SECOND LADY

That? That is your worst nightmare, hon.

THE FIRST LADY

Really? Tell me more!

THE SECOND LADY

Well, this Pierre guy sells things. But without any receipts. (If you know what I mean.) He has anything and everything. I know him well.

THE FIRST LADY

A criminal?

THE SECOND LADY

Hon, they're all criminals here.

THE FIRST LADY

A drug-lord?

THE SECOND LADY

No, not exactly. He doesn't believe in drugs or even cops.

THE FIRST LADY

Well, that's okay. I'd give him a passing mark.

THE SECOND LADY

Well, yes, but he thinks that booze and TV and cars are drugs too.

THE FIRST LADY

You are kidding!

THE SECOND LADY

And that politicians and even teachers are cops too.

THE FIRST LADY

We are not cops, we are educators.

THE SECOND LADY

Of course. I know what you mean. But he's a criminal, my dear. Just another trouble-maker. Loads of money. It's a pretty poor soul who measures things in coins. No vision. No other values. Lazy. Coins are an easy way to measure in a hard-to-understand world like this. Just never mind about him. He'll end up in the back of the class, again. Those that don't know how to play, have to fight.

THE FIRST LADY

The next time around, I'm going to follow my desires more closely. Yes. When I returned from Paris all those years ago, I never forgot Paris. It stayed in me and still affects me every day in some nice way. Like a touch of heaven. I always wanted to be a writer, you know.

THE SECOND LADY

Oh? Pornography or propaganda?

A VOICE

Exploring everything. Surprised by anything. Real or surreal experiences?

(in a deep low voice)

Don't let the girls kiss you. You kiss the girls.

(a soft laugh)

Kiss, like it makes thunder. Thunder Odin himself. If it ain't love, it ain't art. Over, under, light my thunder. Life is a Blitzkrieg. (Kiss the light.)

Scene 8

(At the back of the stage, somebody with a big, red paint brush and a white bucket of black paint starts painting on the pure white wall behind the actors and finishes a huge painting of a party by the end of this scene.)

THE CHORUS OF CLOWNS

(strumming and drumming on little guitars (not ukuleles))

(A) (A)
We're sleepy sailors. We're sleepy sailors.

(A) (A)
We're sleepy sailors. We're sleepy sailors.

(A) (D) (A)
We're sleepy sailors trying to stay a-float,

(A) (E) (A)
just getting thirsty on a sinking boat.

(ah ooh mamam, ah ooh mamam)

(A) (D) (A)
We're scurvy sailors rotting as we float,

(A) (E) (A)
just getting dirty on this sinking boat.

(ah ooh mamam, ah ooh mamam)

(A) (D)
Can you tell me, Captain?

(A) (E) (A)
Where are all the girls we saw?

(A) (D)
Can you tell me, Captain?

(A) (E) (A)
Where are all those ports of call?
(ah ooh mamam, ah ooh mamam)

We're captured convicts trying to catch the wind.
 The more we pray, the more we count on sin.
 (ah ooh mamam, ah ooh mamam)
 We made this mast to try and make this trip
 and keep a look-out for the mother-ship.
 (and keep a look-out for the mother)

Someone call the Captain.
 The stars above just aren't the same.
 Someone call the Captain.
 We only have ourselves to blame.

We run, they run, I run, you run for more,
 the fleeting beauty of a foreign shore.
 (ah ooh mamam, ah ooh mamam)
 This bony boat with its sails of skin:
 My only hopes are dreams of where I've been.
 (ah ooh mamam, ah ooh mamam)

We're sleepy sailors....ah ooh mamam
 We're sleepy sailors...ah ooh mamam....ah ooh mamam....ah ooh....

MARTIN

I know those words, in that song. Those are my wife's words. They're from her diary.

MR. WRIGHT

Really? You sure?

MARTIN

Hey, Mr. Clown. Where did you get that song?

THE CLOWN

You know how things go. I stole it somewhere. Without a program, you can't tell the thieves from the liars in Hogtown. Me, I can't see the value of lying. But stealing, I can see a lot of value in that. Although some clowns believe that stealing is lying....

MRS. WRIGHT

Relax, Martin. Let it go. It'll be all right. Okay, dessert and coffee for anyone brave enough to ignore the doctors and defy Hollywood.

MR. WRIGHT

How about: Don't do unto others et cetera?

MARTIN

On our wedding day, she said to me, "Do unto me as you do unto yourself."

MR. WRIGHT

A lie for a lie and a truth for a truth. You are such a liberal, Martin. You'll never get ahead in this world. You can't change the world. You can't even put a dent in it---

MARTIN

Please, everyone's a liberal to themselves. We're just conservatives to the others around us.

MR. WRIGHT

Okay, okay, let's clear all these damn clowns out of here and bring in the band. I want some real music, maestro!

Scene 9

(Some light classical music in the background.)

MR. WRIGHT

So you think that you're a hunted man?

MARTIN

I don't really mind. You know, it all depends on who is hunting you. Lots of strange things seem to happen to me. Only atheists like you believe in coincidence. I see roses everywhere. I see the number 11 here and there. The colour red shows up in odd places. Like a red carrot on someone's plate on a table near mine or a red cat in some nearby window. Strange women come up to me in the street and stare into my eyes or wink or give me a piece of paper and move on. A teenager talks politely to me. A clerk gives me the proper forms. I order a hot dog and get a sausage. I got a huge tax refund this year I didn't really deserve. Her words and her paintings show up in cafés and stores, or as graffiti, or in my email. I receive strange packages.

PIERRE

(interrupting)

I heard about your upside-down car. That is odd. Very odd. Personally, I think cars are an architectural crime. A virus our wounded city can't seem to shake.

MR. WRIGHT

You should buy one one day, Pierre. How can you do business without a car? Martin, I'd like to introduce---

MARTIN

We've met already, before. A long time ago.

PIERRE

It's been years, Tin.

MARTIN

And some bastard keeps phoning in fast food deliveries to my home. Pre-paid. Often, I get some funny, foreign foods, and I don't even know how to eat them. Last Friday, somebody shows up at my front door with some Japanese movies and sake and some sort of soup with noodles and meat and complimentary wooden chopsticks. I now know how to pronounce miso.

MR. WRIGHT

I liked her a lot. Your wife always did have a sense of humour.

MARTIN

And I know for sure, for sure, that something is waiting for me when I get home tonight.

(The light classical music in the background fades away.)

MARTIN

And she had such a furious grasp on life.

MR. WRIGHT

Furious and red.

MARTIN

And brief.

(Pierre moves away from their conversation.)

MARTIN

I'll never forget the day I met that guy in high school. He has to own a piece of everybody he meets. He told me he likes to feel his heft in the world. That is the biggest devil you will ever have to face today.

MR. WRIGHT

Pierre? Big deal, it happens to me every day. You hate him for some particular reason?

MARTIN

Everybody knows what's good...what's clean...what they should be doing right now...what tomorrow will bring...what real food is.... Everybody knows everything. It's genetic. You can't fight your chemistry.

(Tin smiles softly, absently.)

MARTIN

Off the top of my head, I can't think of anyone that I have ever hated.

MR. WRIGHT

Yeah, well, you're still young.

(A lady appears all covered in black surrounded by many others all dressed in black.)

A VOICE

Love. First of all, yourself. Then someone else. Hate yourself first. Then some stranger.

I loved my loved.

Love goes round and around itself, in love. Life looks at itself like a miracle. The world wore me down, but in the end, at last, I held it up high and bore it all, all the good things in life.

Scene 10

(A lady stands quietly. All covered up in white.)

PIERRE

Let's do some business, Tin. I'll bank you and you manage the operation.

MARTIN

Doing what?

PIERRE

Whatever. It doesn't matter. Whatever turns you on. Fifty-fifty. Half for my financing and half for your managing. But, you know, I always insist that business gets done. Every hour.

MARTIN

No, thanks.

PIERRE

Why not?

MARTIN

Like everybody else in this country, I have more money than I need.

PIERRE

Your loss. But the offer stands. Anytime. Anywhere. Just give me a number. There'll be a bank account waiting. We have to do something, anything, Tin, or we're just spinning our wheels.

MARTIN

I'll take care of my own wheels, thanks.

THE DIRECTOR

Dreams fighting with memories. They search for the permanent truth, the absolute beauty, the happy moment, but they're just drunk on love and hungry with hope. Their bodies lie in the present, the floating world, but they can't see, they can only look backwards and relive their past. But that's not really thinking, that's just remembering.

(Tin and the Clown sit on the floor together.)

MARTIN

What's it like afterwards? You know, after you die, what happens?

THE CLOWN

Nothing. Everything is transparent. Everyone can see you and everything you do or feel or wish.

MARTIN

So?

THE CLOWN

So.... You have to be good.

(aside)

And at the other end of town, everything is transparent too. You can see everything they do or imagine or....

(A lady in white walks across the stage loudly.)

A VOICE

I love my love. Come wit me and, honey, be my love. Something to do, mon amour. Sweets to the sweet. I love my time.

Send an SOS, hombre. Say it. Wink it. Eros. Amor.

I see no...no way out. Tell me everything. We love our love.

(A young Tin and a young Pierre.)

TEACHER

So that all circles are the same. They all have the same properties.

PIERRE

They can't all be the same.

TEACHER

Pardon me?

PIERRE

But, look at them. Take a look around you. All those circles have a different radius. And a different circumference. And also a different area. They're obviously different sizes.

TEACHER

Are you finished?

MARTIN

Well, if you have the radius, you don't need any of that other info. The radius will give you all the info you need. It's the key. All circles of the same radius are the same.

TEACHER

Are you two finished, now?

MARTIN

Actually, if you make the radius a parameter, then yes, all circles are the same.

PIERRE

I'll give you a buck for every digit of Pi you give me.

TEACHER

Are you bribing me, now?

PIERRE

You, him, anybody. I don't care. Without peeking, eh? You are the teacher, right?

TEACHER

You. To the principal's office. Now. And you too.

A VOICE

He asked me. On our first day. I said why. He said x. I answered 3.14159 2 65 35 89 79 3. He smiled.

(in a deep low voice)

Come with me, little wifey.

MARTIN

Don't...torch his car.

PIERRE

Yeah.

MARTIN

He's going to know.

PIERRE

I want him to know. Fear has never helped us in the past. Okay, okay, so you make a strong counter-argument. Fine. I'll torch him instead.

MARTIN

Okay, okay. Torch his car.

Scene 11

YAMAKAZE

Do you know what I'm going to do when I get back home?

SMYTHE

Order ten large pizzas?

YAMAKAZE

I'm going to find the cutest girl I can, marry her, and take my chances in the great baby lottery. I'm sick. I'm sick of this.

SMYTHE

My mama used to say that home is where you are, kid. So be very careful! Home is forever. What you wore yesterday is what you'll be wearing today. What you eat today is you tomorrow. People don't really change. Plants and animals too.

YAMAKAZE

Then again, ugly girls do try harder.

SMYTHE

Hey, if it weren't for ugly apples, there wouldn't be very many apple pies around. They're all cute when they're hiding. They're all good when you don't really know them.

YAMAKAZE

Then again, a pretty girl would make me try harder.

SMYTHE

Carpe pizzam, man. Carpe pizzam.

YAMAKAZE

Pretty is as pretty does.

SMYTHE

A good woman---is a pretty woman.

YAMAKAZE

What about men?

SMYTHE

What about men?

YAMAKAZE

I love a machine in my hand. I feel so...so territorial.

SMYTHE

Who's gonna bite my tomato, that's what I want to know.

A VOICE

My love is a tree. His voice. Coffee breaks. Words filling the space between us. Touching. Kissing. Sailing. The wind in the trees (sometimes) and a lifetime filled with presents (sometimes).

A handful of pleasures. My dark eyes. Clothes. Music. The sounds around us. Ears. Whoever had the bright idea of inventing ears? Hard to believe.

I love playing the Yes-No game.

He carried me boldly and me coldly in the moonlight. I love me love. A light and a light.

Scene 12

MARTIN

...out of nowhere like a puritan punishment correcting an over-loaded ship....

The End

THE DIRECTOR

Quick and fading. Last night's dreams. Morning again. Light and food. Words and symbols. The real living in the unreal. Rational words and irrational things, together. You can feel Nature's power. It's transcendental. Ideas remain imaginary. The infinite is natural and necessary.

Hope is an echo. Smile. Share. Work. Feel the world.

Clouds in love.

You got a free invitation to this party. Then it's over, so don't complain. Go home.
And thanks for coming. Thank you all very much.

(The stage turns into darkness.)

A VOICE

Oh, Gee! So many questions. Hola!
My, my, my. How can you fly so low?
Do you see? Do you know? Andiamo.
Use your wings or loose them. Again and again.

Is it nine o'clock yet? Get your ya-ya's out.

We wore nothing, but the world.
We wore. Nothing.

(The stage lights up and nobody is on stage.)

A VOICE

Who invented dinner? A food god or a food devil? Eve without forbidden fruit is
not Eve.

Stand in the wind and the rain and the darkness. Pickle your time and place. We
lived by the day. Even took turns waking up first.

You need a witness or it doesn't count. Measure your measure and pleasure
your pleasure. And stand by for justice.

Some people think fast. Thinking is natural. Infinite.

Feeling. On the beach and into the water. Weave after weave after weave.