

END OF PLAY

LOOP ONE

AMANDA: It all seems very amicable.

SIBYL: It is, thank you.

AMANDA: I don't wish to depress you, but Victor isn't going to divorce me either.

ELYOT *[looking up sharply]*: What!

AMANDA: I believe I asked you once before this morning, never to speak to me again!

ELYOT: I only said "What." It was a general exclamation denoting extreme satisfaction.

AMANDA *[politely to SIBYL]*: Do sit down, won't you?

SIBYL: I'm afraid I must be going now. I'm catching the Golden Arrow; it leaves at twelve.

ELYOT *[coaxingly]*: You have time for a little coffee surely?

SIBYL: No, I really must go!

ELYOT: I shan't be seeing you again for such a long time.

AMANDA *[brightly]*: Living apart? How wise!

ELYOT *[ignoring her]*: Please, Sibyl, do stay!

SIBYL *[looking at Amanda with a glint in her eye]*: Very well, just for a little.

AMANDA: Sit down, Victor, darling. *[They all sit down in silence. Amanda smiles sweetly at Sibyl and holds up the coffee pot and milk jug]* Half and half?

SIBYL: Yes, please.

AMANDA *[sociably]*: What would one do without one's morning coffee? That's what I often ask myself.

ELYOT: Is it? And what do you always answer?

AMANDA: *[withering him with a look]*: Victor, sugar for Sibyl. *[To Sibyl]* It should be absurd for me to call you anything but Sibyl, wouldn't it?

SIBYL: *[not to be outdone]*: Of course; I shall call you Mandy. *[Amanda represses a shudder]*.

ELYOT: Oh God! We're off again. What weather.

SIBYL: Thank you.

VICTOR: What's the time?

ELYOT: If the clock's still going after last night, it's (actual time here).

AMANDA: *[handing Victor a cup of coffee]*: Here, Victor dear.

VICTOR: Thanks.

AMANDA: Sibyl, sugar for Victor.

ELYOT: I should like some coffee, please.

[Amanda pours some out for him, and hands it to him in silence.]

AMANDA *[to Victor]*: Brioche?

VICTOR *[jumping]*: What?

AMANDA: Would you like a brioche?

VICTOR: No, thank you.

ELYOT: I would. And some butter, and some jam.

[He helps himself.]

AMANDA *[to Sibyl]*: Have you ever been to Brioni?

SIBYL: No. It's in the Adriatic, isn't it?

VICTOR: The Baltic, I think.

SIBYL: I made sure it was in the Adriatic.

AMANDA: I had an aunt who went there once.

ELYOT *[with his mouth full]*: I once had an aunt who went to Tasmania.
[Amanda looks at him stonily. He sticks out his tongue at her, and she looks away hurriedly.]
 VICTOR: Funny how the South of France has become so fashionable in the summer, isn't it?
 SIBYL: Yes, awfully funny.
 ELYOT: I've been laughing about it for months.
 AMANDA: Personally, I think it's a bit too hot, although of course one can lie in the water all day.
 SIBYL: Yes, the bathing is really divine!
 VICTOR: A friend of mine has a house right on the edge of Cape Ferrat.
 SIBYL: Really?
 VICTOR: Yes, right on the edge.
 AMANDA: That must be marvelous!
 VICTOR: Yes, he seems to like it very much.
[The conversation languishes slightly.]
 AMANDA *[with great vivacity]*: Do you know, I really think I love traveling more than anything else in the world! It always gives me such a tremendous feeling of adventure. First of all, the excitement of packing, and getting your passport visa'd and everything, then the thrill of actually starting, and trundling along on trains and ships, and then the most thrilling thing of all, arriving at strange places, and seeing strange people, and eating strange foods--
 ELYOT: And making strange noises afterwards.
[Amanda chokes violently. Victor jumps up and tries to offer assistance, but she waves him away, and continues to choke.]
 VICTOR *[to Elyot]*: That was a damned fool thing to do.
 ELYOT: How did I know she was going to choke?
 VICTOR *[to Amanda]*: Here, drink some coffee.
 AMANDA *[breathlessly gasping]*: Leave me alone. I'll be all right in a minute.
 VICTOR *[to Elyot]*: You waste too much time trying to be funny.
 SIBYL *[up in arms]*: It's no use talking to Elyot like that; it wasn't his fault.
 VICTOR: Of course it was his fault entirely, making rotten stupid jokes--
 SIBYL: I thought what Elyot said was funny.
 VICTOR: Well, all I can say is, you must have a very warped sense of humor.
 SIBYL: That's better than having none at all.
 VICTOR: I fail to see what humor there is in incessant trivial flippancy.
 SIBYL: You couldn't be flippant if you tried until you were blue in the face.
 VICTOR: I shouldn't dream of trying.
 SIBYL: It must be very sad not to be able to see any fun in anything.
[Amanda stops choking, and looks at Elyot. He winks at her again, and she smiles.]
 VICTOR: Fun! I should like you to tell me what fun there is in--
 SIBYL: I pity you, I really do. I've been pitying you ever since we left Deauville.
 VICTOR: I'm sure it's very nice of you, but quite unnecessary.
 SIBYL: And I pity you more than ever now.
 VICTOR: Why now particularly?
 SIBYL: If you don't see why, I'm certainly not going to tell you.

LOOP TWO

AMANDA: It all seems very amicable.
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ELYOT *[looking up sharply]*: What!

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ELYOT: I only said "What." It was a general exclamation denoting extreme satisfaction.

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AMANDA *[brightly]*: Living apart? How wise!

ELYOT *[ignoring her]*: Please, Sibyl, do stay!

SIBYL *[looking at Amanda with a glint in her eye]*: Very well, just for a little.

AMANDA: Sit down, Victor, darling. *[They all sit down in silence. Amanda smiles sweetly at Sibyl and holds up the coffee pot and milk jug]* Half and half?

SIBYL: Yes, please.

AMANDA *[sociably]*: What would one do without one's morning coffee? That's what I often ask myself.

ELYOT: Is it? And what do you always answer?

AMANDA *[withering him with a look]*: Victor, sugar for Sibyl. *[To Sibyl]* It should be absurd for me to call you anything but Sibyl, wouldn't it?

SIBYL *[not to be outdone]*: Of course; I shall call you Mandy. *[Amanda represses a shudder]*.

ELYOT: Oh God! We're off again. What weather.

SIBYL: Thank you.

VICTOR: What's the time?

ELYOT: If the clock's still going after last night, it's *(actual time here)*.

AMANDA *[handing Victor a cup of coffee]*: Here, Victor dear.

VICTOR: Thanks.

AMANDA: Sibyl, sugar for Victor.

ELYOT: I should like some coffee, please.

[Amanda pours some out for him, and hands it to him in silence.]

AMANDA *[to Victor]*: Brioche?

VICTOR *[jumping]*: What?

AMANDA: Would you like a brioche?

VICTOR: No, thank you.

ELYOT: I would. And some butter, and some jam.

[He helps himself.]

AMANDA *[to Sibyl]*: Have you ever been to Brioni?

SIBYL: No. It's in the Adriatic, isn't it?

VICTOR: The Baltic, I think.

SIBYL: I made sure it was in the Adriatic.

AMANDA: I had an aunt who went there once.

ELYOT *[with his mouth full]*: I once had an aunt who went to Tasmania.

[Amanda looks at him stonily. He sticks out his tongue at her, and she looks away hurriedly.]

VICTOR: Funny how the South of France has become so fashionable in the summer, isn't it?

SIBYL: Yes, awfully funny.

ELYOT: I've been laughing about it for months.

AMANDA: Personally, I think it's a bit too hot, although of course one can lie in the water all day.

SIBYL: Yes, the bathing is really divine!

VICTOR: A friend of mine has a house right on the edge of Cape Ferrat.

SIBYL: Really?

VICTOR: Yes, right on the edge.

AMANDA: That must be marvelous!

VICTOR: Yes, he seems to like it very much.

[The conversation languishes slightly.]

AMANDA *[with great vivacity]*: Do you know, I really think I love traveling more than anything else in the world! It always gives me such a tremendous feeling of adventure. First of all, the excitement of packing, and getting your passport visa'd and everything, then the thrill of actually starting, and trundling along on trains and ships, and then the most thrilling thing of all, arriving at strange places, and seeing strange people, and eating strange foods--

ELYOT: And making strange noises afterwards.

[Amanda chokes violently. Victor jumps up and tries to offer assistance, but she waves him away, and continues to choke.]

VICTOR *[to Elyot]*: That was a damned fool thing to do.

ELYOT: How did I know she was going to choke?

VICTOR *[to Amanda]*: Here, drink some coffee.

AMANDA *[breathlessly gasping]*: Leave me alone. I'll be all right in a minute.

VICTOR *[to Elyot]*: You waste too much time trying to be funny.

SIBYL *[up in arms]*: It's no use talking to Elyot like that; it wasn't his fault.

VICTOR: Of course it was his fault entirely, making rotten stupid jokes--

SIBYL: I thought what Elyot said was funny.

VICTOR: Well, all I can say is, you must have a very warped sense of humor.

SIBYL: That's better than having none at all.

VICTOR: I fail to see what humor there is in incessant trivial flippancy.

SIBYL: You couldn't be flippant if you tried until you were blue in the face.

VICTOR: I shouldn't dream of trying.

SIBYL: It must be very sad not to be able to see any fun in anything.

[Amanda stops choking, and looks at Elyot. He winks at her again, and she smiles.]

VICTOR: Fun! I should like you to tell me what fun there is in--

SIBYL: I pity you, I really do. I've been pitying you ever since we left Deauville.

VICTOR: I'm sure it's very nice of you, but quite unnecessary.

SIBYL: And I pity you more than ever now.

VICTOR: Why now particularly?

SIBYL: If you don't see why, I'm certainly not going to tell you.

VICTOR: I see no reason for you to try to pick a quarrel with me. I've tried my best to be pleasant to you, and comfort you.

SIBYL: You weren't very comforting when I lost my trunk.

VICTOR: I have little patience with people who go about losing luggage.

SIBYL: I don't go about losing luggage. It's the first time I've lost anything in my life.

VICTOR: I find that hard to believe.

SIBYL: Anyhow, if you'd tipped the porter enough, everything would have been all right. Small economies never pay; it's absolutely no use--

VICTOR: Oh, for God's sake be quiet!

[Amanda lifts her hand as though she were going to interfere, but Elyot grabs her wrist. They look at each other for a moment, she lets her hand rest in his].

SIBYL *[rising from the table]*: How dare you speak to me like that!

VICTOR *[also rising]*: Because you've been irritating me for days.
SIBYL *[outraged]*: Oh!
VICTOR *[coming down to her]*: You're one of the most completely idiotic women I've ever met.
SIBYL: And you're certainly the rudest man I've ever met!
VICTOR: Well, then, we're quits, aren't we?

LOOP THREE

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VICTOR *[coming down to her]*: You're one of the most completely idiotic women I've ever met.

SIBYL: And you're certainly the rudest man I've ever met!

VICTOR: Well, then, we're quits, aren't we?

SIBYL *[shrilly]*: One thing, you'll get your deserts all right.

VICTOR: What do you mean by that?

SIBYL: You know perfectly well what I mean. And it'll serve you right for being weak-minded enough to allow that woman to get round you so easily.

VICTOR: What about you? Letting that unprincipled roué persuade you to take him back again!

[Amanda and Elyot are laughing silently. Elyot blows her a lingering kiss across the table.]

SIBYL: He's nothing of the sort, he's just been victimized, as you were victimized.

VICTOR: Victimized! What damned nonsense!

SIBYL *[furiously]*: It isn't damned nonsense! You're very fond of swearing and blustering and threatening, but when it comes to the point you're as weak as water. Why, a blind cat could see what you've let yourself in for.

VICTOR *[equally furious]*: Stop making those insinuations.

SIBYL: I'm not insinuating anything. When I think of all the things you said about her, it makes me laugh, it does really; to see how completely she's got you again.

VICTOR: You can obviously speak with great authority, having had the intelligence to marry a drunkard.

SIBYL: So that's what she's been telling you. I might have known it! I suppose she said he struck her, too!

VICTOR: Yes, she did, and I'm quite sure it's perfectly true.

SIBYL: I expect she omitted to tell you that she drank fourteen glasses of brandy last night straight off; and that the reason their first marriage was broken up was that she used to come home at all hours of the night, screaming and hiccupping.

VICTOR: If he told you that, he's a filthy liar.

SIBYL: He isn't--he isn't!

VICTOR: And if you believe it, you're a silly scatterbrained little fool.

SIBYL *[screaming]*: How dare you speak to me like that! How dare you! I've never been so insulted in my life! How dare you!

[Amanda and Elyot rise quietly, and go, hand in hand, towards the front door.]

VICTOR *[completely giving way]*: It's a tremendous relief to me to have an excuse to insult you. I've had to listen to your weeping and wailings for days. You've clacked at me, and sniveled at me until you've nearly driven me insane, and I controlled my nerves and continued to try to help you and look after you, because I was sorry for you.

I always thought you were stupid from the first, but I must say I never realized that you were a malicious little vixen as well!

SIBYL *[shrieking]*: Stop it! Stop it! You insufferable great brute!

[She slaps his face hard, and he takes her by the shoulders and shakes her like a rat, as Amanda and Elyot go smilingly out of the door, with their suitcases, and--]

CURTAIN CALL

Q AND A I

EDDIE

Any questions? *(Silence)*. What did you think?

VANESSA

I liked it.

BERT

Mmmm....

EDDIE

Did you learn anything? *(Silence)*. What was your experience?

ROZANNE

It was fun.

BERT/VANESSA

Uh....

BERT

I was very embarrassed most of the time.

VANESSA

I was uncomfortable.

EDDIE

What do you think it was about?

VANESSA

Oh.

EDDIE

What were you expectations? (*Loud crash*). Did you have a good time?

ROZANNE

Sometimes yes, sometimes no.

BERT

It was, it was a lot of work to be there. I wasn't sure what the relationship was at first. Are we friends, co-workers, enemies...?

EDDIE

's interesting. Were there any moments that made you feel uncomfortable?

YOSHI

I was uncomfortable physically and I felt chilly.

VANESSA

Well, yeah, I, well, yeah, yeah.

EDDIE

Could you elaborate on that?

VANESSA

Oh.

EDDIE

Can you describe a moment or in some way convey what it was? (*Silence.*) What was your favorite part?

ROZANNE/VANESSA

Oh, the the - with the thing, oh yeah, etc.

EDDIE

Why was that satisfying? (*Silence*). Was there anything that surprised you?

ROZANNE

Yep. Oh, yeah.

EDDIE

Could you describe it?

VANESSA

It was a, it was really shocking initially. Uh, I I didn't think it would be so *shocking*, but it was.

ROZANNE*

...*shocking*....

EDDIE

Was there anything that you really hated? (*Silence*). Was there anything you feel you missed out on?

YOSHI

Well, I spent most of the time concentrating very hard on not coughing.

VANESSA

It was um the whole situation was very odd. Um. Very odd. Very odd.

YOSHI

And the whole thing with the glasses.

EDDIE

Can you say more about that?

YOSHI

You know, I can think of color. A color or a smell or - So, I mean, I can do that. I mean, I can say "cotton candy." I mean, that- that's one. I can say, "neon." I can say, um, "shrill." Um- "acrimony." Um- "manipulation." "Style." With a capital "S". Um- "acrobatics." Uh- and I guess, "mis-guided passion."

ROZANNE

It's it's just pretty.

EDDIE

If you closed your eyes, what moments would you remember?

THEATER OF IMAGES

VANESSA

You represent something. You are someone. You are something. You are no longer someone, you are something. You are a society of sorts. You are an order because of your kind of dress, the position of your bodies. The direction of your glares. You also form an order with the seating arrangement. You are dressed up. With your dress you observe an order. You dress up. You are putting on a masquerade so as to partake in a masquerade. You partake. You watch. You stare. By watching you become rigid. You are something that watches. You are no longer someone. You are something. You are no longer alone with yourselves. You are no longer left to your own devices. Now you are with it. You are the reason why. You are an audience. That is a relief. You can partake.

You become aware you are sitting. You become aware of your tongue. You become aware of your sex organs. You become aware of your sweaty palms. You become aware of the beauty of your heart. Try not to blink your eyelids. Try not to swallow anymore.

Try not to move your tongue. Try not to hear anything. Try no to smell anything. Try not to sweat. Try not to shift in your seat. Try not to breath.

Why, you are breathing. Why, you are salivating. Why, you are smelling. Why, you are listening. Why, you are blinking your eye lids. Why, how terribly self conscious you are. Don't blink. Don't salivate. Don't bat your eyelashes. Don't inhale. Don't exhale. Don't shift in your seat. Don't listen to us. Don't smell. Don't swallow. Hold your breath. Swallow. Salivate. Blink. Listen. Breathe.

You are now aware of your presence.⁽¹³⁾

BERT (*voice-over - repeated 3 x's*)

They met me in the day of success; and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which title, before, these Weird Sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with "Hail, King that shallot be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that the mightiest not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is premed's thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'⁽²⁰⁾

Q AND A II

YOSHI

"manipulation." "Style." With a capital "S". Um- "acrobatics." Uh-...silence, whistling, sighing, faster pulse, heavier breathing, tension in the pit of the stomach, sexual arousal, and - I guess misguided passion.

ROZANNE

It's - it's just pretty.

EDDIE

What did you think?

VANESSA

I liked it.

BERT

Mmmm....

EDDIE

Did you learn anything? (*Silence*). What was your experience?

ROZANNE

It was fun.

BERT/VANESSA

Uh....

BERT

I was very embarrassed most of the time.

VANESSA

I was uncomfortable.

EDDIE

What is it that makes an actor interesting?

ROZANNE

Teeth. Like her front teeth look like her smile went back to her ears. And her front teeth were like this big and I really liked it. And uh-- um--she--her eyes looked really huge and like they were pointing upwards. Her role reminded me of a Dr. Seuss character. Because the way she smiled and like her teeth were really huge and I'm near sighted and so um-- I think that helps my creativity, I guess. Because, uh, otherwise, everything is so--you know.

EDDIE

Where were you sitting?

ROZANNE

In the balcony.

YOSHI

I was so far away, I couldn't hear anything that was going on except for an occasional line. And I wanted to get up and come over just to listen, you know. Uh--so I missed that a lot. And I was uncomfortable physically. I was chilly and the--the chair got harder and harder. And I was desperate for a cup of coffee.

VANESSA

I really do like sitting down front. On the stage if you let me. The closer the better. I wanna feel the vibes. I wanna feel the heat off the actors. It's like being close to the drums. You know how--when you can feel the vibe. You can feel that off an actor.

EDDIE

What were your expectations? (*Silence*.) Was there anything you really liked?

BERT

I love the magic. It's just magic because it's--it's lights and it's--it's movement and it'--- it's--in another time and space than I am. I mean I'm there but--you know, it's sort of watching fantasy ge--happen in front of

your eyes or--or unfold--um - And the bigger--I mean, the bigger the show, the bolder the show, the brighter the show, the more I love it. Um- cause, I just- I like everything really big.

EDDIE

Who is the audience? (*Silence.*) What do you feel when you are sitting in an audience?

ROZANNE

You're in-number one, you're--it's a live performance. Number two, in a room full of people. And three, you don't know half of them. Most of them. So--you know, you're already in clothes you might not like, wear on a normal basis. Might feel constricted. It's the end of the day. It was the end of the d-- a long day for me. I had my husband with me so I had to entertain his--whatever--was going on with him. And the cigarette smoke was the last thing I could handle.

EDDIE

What is the actor doing? (*Silence.*) If you could ask an actor anything, what would it be?

YOSHI

Well, do-- do they mi-- do they mind doing the-- you know, over and over again.

BERT

Well, do-- do they mi-- do they mind doing the-- you know, over and over again.

VANESSA

Well, do-- do they mi-- do they mind doing the-- you know, over and over again.

ROZANNE

Well, do-- do they mi-- do they mind doing the-- you know, over and over again.

EDDIE

Who is the actor secretly addressing? ⁽⁶⁾ Audiences clearly play a role but what kind of role? And what kind of audience? ⁽²⁾ Is the audience a group of individual spectators each dreaming the action in a dark room? Is the audience a number of people who are each potential rescuers to the drowning of a civilization? Or is the audience a group of people wanting the relaxation of an entertainment - to be comfortably purged, fascinated, amused? Must the audience like the actor, be an active participant in the performance? The baffling question for the actor is "who is the audience?" To whom does the actor personally dedicate his or her performance? ⁽¹⁵⁾ Who is the actor secretly addressing? ⁽⁶⁾

RESTORATION

EDDIE

(Music & procession begin.)

If we are honest
theatre is itself an absurdity
but if we are honest
we can't put on theatre
neither can we if we are honest
write a play
or act one
if we are honest
we can't do anything
but do away with ourselves
but as we don't do away with ourselves
because we don't want to do away with ourselves
at least until today and not up till now
since then we have not done away with ourselves till today and up till now
we keep giving the theatre another try
we write for the theatre
we perform in the theatre
even though that is the absurdest thing possible
and the most mendacious
How can an actor play the part of a king
when he doesn't have the faintest idea what a king is
how can an actress play the part of a stable lass
when she doesn't have the faintest idea what a stable lass is
Representation is mendacity
and represented mendacity is what we love
that's how we present it
mendacious

and that's how it's received
mendacious
The writer is mendacious
the actors are mendacious
and the audience is mendacious too
and the sum total is one single absurdity
to say nothing of the fact
that we are dealing with a perversity
dating back for millennia
the theatre is a millennial perversity
which humanity is besotted with
and so deeply besotted because
it is so deeply besotted with its mendacity
and nowhere else in this humanity
is mendacity greater and more fascinating
than in the theatre.⁽³⁾

Q AND A III

EDDIE

Could you elaborate on that?

VANESSA

Very odd...Very odd. But oh it was a very odd situation. Because, um - it can be a million different things. There's no right answer. You know. And that's - that's one of the things I like about it. But then when you go - something is always unexpected. It's live, it's human people, it's three dimensional. You can't say it's going to be this way or it's going to that way. You know? You know you get a surprise all the time, whether it's negative or positive. Hopefully positive. But you just - you marvel at how the ballet - how well they do something. You know, how - its so precise. Or you say, "God, that really sucked." But anyway it makes you pay attention. You're not an island to yourself. You are part of the audience and you are part of the play. Because, without the play - without you there is no play. Without the play, there is no you. So, it just - sort of makes a circle. It's live. Unexpected. It's odd... Or ... You can do something which would look ridiculous, like somebody gets punched in the, in the stomach and out comes a, a red cloth, for example. And you kind of go, "Oh, okay. I'm sposed to see blood. So I'll I'll buy that, into that with my imagination. So you actually get more involved because it's more artificial. You know what I mean? It is an extreme event. Its not an habitual daily event. It is an extreme athletic event.

MELODRAMA

YOSHI

Snow.

You don't need to demonstrate than an object is heavy, but in your imagination it weighs a lot. ⁽¹⁷⁾

Anything that increases your energy will help your acting. ⁽¹⁷⁾

ROZANNE

(Sigh.)

YOSHI

More snow.

ROZANNE

(Scream.)

BERT

(Evil laughter.)

YOSHI

Actors always enjoy themselves on stage. Even when they are murdering each other, or in desolate grief, actors enjoy that situation. ⁽¹⁷⁾

EDDIE

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack *(or other such noises.)*

BERT

Dug-a-dug-a-dug-a-dug-a-dug-a-dug-a-dug-a-dug-a-dug-a-dug.
Wwwwwwwhhhhhh *(blow). (or other such noises.)*

YOSHI

Actors always... ⁽¹⁷⁾

EDDIE

Why was that satisfying?

ROZANNE

Its....Its difficult. Its more difficult. I'm learning that's not necessarily a bad thing....the effort. The effort to go. To get there. Like if you have to get through a snowstorm someday to get there every - body really feels more together because you all got through a snowstorm to get there. I like that. I like that fact that its a little bit difficult I mean. Some go cause they wanna be shocked, to be angered, challenged. All of the heavier emotions - I 'spose! Ya know, blah, blah surprise. But for me it's it's just pretty.

BERT

The most authentic endings are the ones which are already revolving towards another beginning. ⁽²¹⁾

Q AND A IV

EDDIE

Which brings me to my next question. When does it begin?

YOSHI

Yeah, it's like a snowball. Is that, you kind, all of us know that what we have to is, you know, you can start with anything. You put something on the stage you start with an idea. But then you start to intensify it. Like...storing chemicals, or something. Something starts to happen in the room. The wonderful thing is it's about the presence 'in the room.' And the play doesn't make any sense unless it's actually happening. There's something happening. All the good ideas in the world, uh, don't don't mean anything unless there's something, some quality, that's generated. And I have a theory that's never been proved but I think you cannot disguise the rehearsal process, uh, from the performance. What I mean is: something that one feels in performance; the politics in the room; the values; how, how people are, uh, interacting; the quality of relationships; the quality of attention in the room, uh, is evident on the stage in performance. You can't can't hide behind any, you can't hide behind a bad rehearsal process. So that in a way, everybody's responsibility comes to create a, a, a beautiful quality of concentration and, dare I use this word, artfulness, in the room. And I think one thing that I learned by being in the room is that was very important that I contributed as well and that my presence was, was felt. Immensely. Um.

EDDIE

What is the actor doing?

MURDER MYSTERY

EDDIE

Scene: The drawing room of Cobblestone Court, the Hailsham-Brown's home in Kent. It is a charming and comfortable room with french windows down right opening on to the garden. Double doors upcenter lead to the entrance hall where the foot of the staircase can be seen. A door upleft gives access to the library....It is a stormy evening in March. The family Hailsham is summoned to the drawing room. ⁽²⁴⁾

VANESSA

Enter Ms. Scarlet Hailsham Brown, in a cloud of perfume. Recently divorced, late twenties or forties, irritated at being late for a dinner engagement.

YOSHI

Enter Ned Hailsham Brown, nephew of the dowager. Bored.

VANESSA/YOSHI

Dismisses.

ROZANNE

Enter Mrs. Hailsham-Brown, grumbling. (*Grumbles*)

VANESSA

Turns.

YOSHI

Turns.

VANESSA

Sits.

VANESSA

Dirty look.

ROZANNE

Dirty look. (*Gong.*)

EDDIE

Enters.

VANESSA

Follows.

ROZANNE

Sits.

YOSHI

More gin.

EDDIE

Exits.

VANESSA/YOSHI/ROZANNE

Uncomfortable pause.

(Thunder, thunder, thunder).

BERT

I'm sorry for the intrusion. My name is Inspector Cedric Eaton-Hogge of Scotland Yard.

VANESSA

Goes for cigarette. Trembling.

YOSHI

Drifts absently.

ROZANNE

No reaction.

EDDIE

Re-enters.

BERT

You're probably wondering why I've asked you all here.

VANESSA

Seductively pulls on cigarette. Crosses.

EDDIE

Crosses to kitchen.

YOSHI

More gin.

ROZANNE

Cane, cane, cane.

YOSHI

Stops.

VANESSA

Stops.

BERT

Stop!!!! No one may leave this room.

VANESSA/YOSHI

Escapes.

BERT

That goes for you too Miss Scarlet. I'm afraid you are all potential suspects or witnesses to a crime.

VANESSA/YOSHI/ROZANNE

(Grumbling).

BERT

Cccccooooocckkk!!!!!!!

EDDIE

Take.

YOSHI

Take.

ROZANNE

Take.

VANESSA

Take.

BERT

You must try to be comfortable being uncomfortable.⁽¹⁵⁾ Please sit down.

VANESSA

Take.

ROZANNE

Take.

YOSHI

Take.

EDDIE

Take.

EDDIE

Sweeping counter-clockwise cross to chaise in five, four, three, two, hold for the dowager...

VANESSA/YOSHI

Holding.

EDDIE

.....one.

BERT

I realize that this is a very odd situation. Someone in this room has committed a monstrous crime of mis-guided passion.

VANESSA

Straightens.

YOSHI

Bristles.

ROZANNE

Gasps.

BERT

It is my job to ascertain who may have perpetrated this crime and who may have witnessed it. For what we witness, we also do. ⁽⁶⁾

VANESSA/YOSHI/ROZANNE/EDDIE

Listening.

BERT

It pains me to inform you in this way, Miss Scarlet, but it seems your sister is dead.

VANESSA

Lurches to feet, knees weaken, drops back, visibly shaken.

BERT

Where were you at 7:30 this evening?

VANESSA

Rising furtively, gathers composure, looks about defensively, regains her polish, fabricates convincing alibi, while forming serpentine like pattern across the floor. Implicates butler.

BERT

You need to be very clear about exactly what kind of story you are telling. ⁽¹⁷⁾

VANESSA

Returns smugly to chaise.

BERT

To act means to feign, to simulate, to represent, to impersonate. ⁽¹⁴⁾

VANESSA

Sits.

BERT

What about you? You mincing, prancing, poncey, squiffy, whifting, Nancy boy. Where were you at 7:30 this evening?

YOSHI

Stung. Feigning wide-eyed innocence, he desperately attempts to regain his feet, composure and dignity. Quickly mustering courage and wit and struggling through gin induced fog, he attempts to vindicate self while shamelessly flirting with Inspector Hogge.

BERT

That's Eaton-Hogge.

YOSHI

Sorry.

BERT

Be that as it may, how do you account for THIS KEY - (*thunder, thunder, thunder*) which I found on your dressing table?

YOSHI

Key! My key! My diary! Oh no, Inspector, please don't read my diary.

BERT

As a matter of fact, I have read your diary and it's a cracking bore. Nevertheless, I'm taking it down to the station house as evidence.

YOSHI

Defeated, humiliated and confused, he drags himself back to chaise in an abject manner.

ROZANNE

(*Grumbles on cross upstage and whacks the inspector with her purse.*)

BERT

Thank you. Now did anyone find anything out of the ordinary this evening...a letter... or a letter or.....

(*Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo....9 cuckoos total*)

VANESSA

Light bulb. Pulling crumpled missive from sleek clutch. Relinquishes it to Eaton-Hogge.

BERT
Cedric.

VANESSA
Sorry.

BERT
Ahhh. Indeed. Thank you all very much...that's all for now...you may go. ...thank you...don't leave town.

ROZANNE
Cane, cane, cane.

BERT
Not you Miss Scarlet. (*Curtain closes*). Please sit down.

VANESSA
Pours herself seductively....

BERT
Shhhhh.

Shakespeare wrote that an actor's nature is unnatural and horrible. He described it in one word: monstrous. What is horrible about the actor is not the lie, for he does not lie. It is not deceit, for he does not deceive. The actor is doing something forbidden: he is playing with his humanness and making a sport of it.⁽⁷⁾ In order to save the theatre the theatre must be destroyed. All actors must die of the plague, they make art impossible.⁽⁸⁾ (*Scream. Blackout.*)

Q AND A V

EDDIE

If you could ask an actor anything, what would it be?

BERT

You know, how do you feel about operating in an atmosphere where, where you're given latitude as opposed to always being told what to do? You know, you waited all this time to grow up and do what the hell you wanted to do in your life and now all of a sudden, even in your job space, you're being told where to move, how far to move and when to do it. But now you're given a little bit of latitude, can you control or are you going to go off the deep end can you control the latitude that you're given? Or are you going to take advantage of everything? I'm sure that in many cases, in many situations it gets well out of hand. Which can be dangerous.

CLASSICS IN CONTEXT

EDDIE

's interesting. What is it that makes an actor interesting?

ROZANNE

Teeth. For a very short while upon her teeth, her looks, nor to a great extent upon how skillfully she does what she has to do. For longer, perhaps, on the magnetism of her speech. But ultimately it seems to rest upon something that she is. Other qualities may attract an audience, but it is by this that she will hold them. ⁽¹¹⁾

EDDIE

Where were you sitting?

ROZANNE

In the balcony.

YOSHI

I was so far away, I couldn't hear anything that was going on except for an occasional line. And I wanted to get up and come over just to listen, you know.

EDDIE

Who is the audience?

BERT/VANESSA

(start at same time)

BERT

The audience - - is not so much a mere congregation of people as a body of thought and desire. It does not exist before the play but it is initiated or precipitated by it; it is not an entity to begin with but a consciousness constructed. The audience is what happens when, performing the signs and passwords of a play, something postulates itself and

unfolds in response. That is a matter of subjectivity but also of historical process, subjectivity underwritten or, in the Freudian sense, overdetermined. ⁽⁴⁾

YOSHI

The mind of an audience - its state of being, its capacity for experience - is far, very far ahead of what it sees on the stage. Someday an audience is going to rise to its feet, en masse, during a performance and say, "Who do you think we are? What kind of people do you take us for?" I hope I am in the theater that night. ⁽⁹⁾

VANESSA

Well, yeah, I, well, yeah, yeah.

EDDIE

Can you elaborate on that?

VANESSA

The pleasure of resemblance and repetition produces both psychic assurance and political fetishization. Representation reproduces the Other as the Same. Performance, insofar as it can be defined as representation without reproduction, can be seen as a model for another representational economy, one in which the reproduction of the Other as the Same is not assured. ⁽¹⁸⁾

EDDIE

's interesting.

BERT

What we are looking for is what is looking. ⁽¹⁹⁾

YOSHI

All drama is a political event. ⁽¹⁰⁾

EDDIE

My next....

ROZANNE

Drama is a postlapsarian form born of the fall. ⁽⁴⁾

BERT

And what we witness, we also do. ⁽⁶⁾

EDDIE

I....

VANESSA

When distance disappears then art does to. ⁽⁵⁾

BERT

Yes, all these things; but inevitably, if he or she has it, the ability to interest people sexually. ⁽¹⁶⁾

EDDIE

Did you have a good time? (*Silence.*) Did you learn anything?

YOSHI

The gods it is I ask to release me from this watch
A year's length now, spending my nights like a dog...⁽¹⁾

BERT

Which is another way of speaking of the originary breach, the splitting, which seems to
be the necessary condition of theater...⁽⁴⁾

VANESSA

As social groupings are less and less defined by religion, traditional mythic forms are in
flux, disappearing and being reincarnated. The spectators are more and more....⁽¹²⁾

ROZANNE

The actor may try to deny it, but in her most religious inwardness she knows that
somebody is watching.⁽⁴⁾

YOSHI

Watching on my elbow on the roof of the sons of Atreus.⁽¹⁾

BERT

--where we are often watching not only the others ... but what --at the forgotten
threshold of desire ...⁽⁴⁾

VANESSA

--individuated in relation to the myth as corporate truth or group model and belief is
often a matter of intellectual conviction.⁽¹²⁾

EDDIE

Did you have a good time?

BACKWARDS FARCE

(Stage Manager's Voice: Ladies and gentlemen, this is places for the top of act I, places for the top of act I please).

(Stage Manager's Voice: Could I have Eddie on headset please?)

EDDIE

I'm on headset. Places backstage.

(Somewhere in here Rozanne and Yoshi run these lines).

ELYOT *[hotly]*: You've got your nasty little feet dug into the ground, and you don't intend to budge an inch, do you?

SIBYL *[with spirit]*: No, I do not.

ELYOT: If there's one thing in the world that infuriates me, it's sheer wanton stubbornness. I should like to cut off your head with a meat axe.

SIBYL: How dare you talk to me like that, on our honeymoon night.

ELYOT: Damn our honeymoon night. Damn it, damn it, damn it!

SIBYL *[bursting into tears]*: Oh, Elli, Elli--

ELYOT: Stop crying. Will you or will you not come away with me to Paris?

SIBYL: I've never been so miserable in my life. You're hateful and beastly. Mother was perfectly right. She said you had shifty eyes.

ELYOT: Well, she can't talk. Hers are so close together, you couldn't put a needle between them.

SIBYL: You don't love me a little bit. I wish I were dead.

ELYOT: Will you or will you not come to Paris?

SIBYL: No, no I won't.

ELYOT: Oh, my God! *[He stamps indoors.]*

SIBYL *[following him, wailing]*: Oh, Elli, Elli, Elli--

EDDIE

Standby. Standby. Going off headset.

(Overture begins).

Back on headset.

(Stage Manager's Voice: Eddie, could you check the stage right door please.)

ROZANNE

How did that go?

YOSHI

I think they are with us.

(Stage Manager's Voice: Standby for the racquet stage left please.)

EDDIE

Off headset.

(Stage Manager's Voice: Could I have Eddie on headset please.)

(Laughs).

ROZANNE

They are good tonight.

YOSHI

Laughers.

(Stage Manager's Voice: Could I have Eddie on headset please.)

EDDIE

More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear
How easy is a bush supposed to a bear! ^(20.1)

(Stage Manager's Voice: Could I have Eddie on headset please)

(Curtain closes).

INTERMISSION

Q AND A VI

EDDIE

Any questions? *(Silence)*. What did you think?

VANESSA

I liked it.

BERT

Mmmm....

EDDIE

Did you learn anything? *(Silence)*. What was your experience?

ROZANNE

It was fun.

BERT/VANESSA

Uh....

BERT

I was very embarrassed most of the time.

VANESSA

I was uncomfortable physically. I was chilly.

EDDIE

What do you think it was about?

VANESSA

Oh.

EDDIE

What were your expectations? (*Loud crash.*) Did you have a good time?

ROZANNE

Sometimes yes, sometimes no.

BERT

It was, it was a lot of work to be there. I wasn't sure what the relationship was at first. Are we friends, co-workers, enemies...?

EDDIE

's interesting. Were there any moments that made you feel uncomfortable?

YOSHI

It's always uncomfortable.

VANESSA

Well, yeah, I, well, yeah, yeah.

EDDIE

Could you elaborate on that?

VANESSA

Oh.

EDDIE

Can you describe a moment or in some way convey what it was? (*Silence*). What was your favorite part?

ROZANNE/VANESSA

Oh, the the - with the thing, remember, oh yeah, etc.

EDDIE

Why was that satisfying?

HONEY

Why don't we dance, I'd love some dancing.

EDDIE

Was there anything that surprised you?

NICK

Honey...

HONEY

I would! I'd love some dancing.

EDDIE

Could you describe it?

NICK

Honey...

HONEY

I want some! I want some dancing!

NICK

Honey...

(Beat.)

VANESSA

It was a, it was really shocking initially. Uh, I I didn't think it would be so *shocking*.

ROZANNE*

...shocking....

GEORGE

All right...! For heaven's sake...we'll have some dancing.

EDDIE

Was there anything that you really hated?

HONEY *(All sweetness again) (To Martha)*

Oh, I'm so glad...I just love dancing. Don't you?

EDDIE

Was there anything you feel you missed out on?

MARTHA *(With a glance at Nick)*

Yeah....yeah, that's not a bad idea.

NICK *(Genuinely nervous)*

Gee.

GEORGE

Gee.

HONEY

I dance like the wind.

MARTHA *(Without comment)*

Yeah?

EDDIE

Can you say more about that?

GEORGE *(Picking a record)*

Martha had her daguerreotype in the paper once...oh' bout twenty-five years ago...Seems she took second prize in one o' them seven-day dancin' contest things...biceps all bulging, holding up her partner.

MARTHA

Will you put a record on and shut up?

GEORGE

Certainly, love. *(To all)* How are we going to work this? Mixed doubles?

(Music).

MARTHA

Well, you certainly don't think I'm going to dance with you, do you?

GEORGE *(Considers it)*

Noooooo...not with him around...that's for sure. And not with twinkle-toes here, either.

HONEY

I'll dance with anyone....I'll dance by myself.

NICK

Honey...

HONEY

I dance like the wind.

GEORGE

All right, kiddies...choose up and hit the sack.

EDDIE

If you closed your eyes, what moments would you remember?

THE EMOTIONAL SCENE WITH VIOLENCE

(Music starts...Second movement, Beethoven's 7th Symphony)

HONEY *(Up, dancing by herself)*

De, de de da da, da-da de, da da-da de da...wonderful.....!

NICK

Honey...

MARTHA

All right, George...cut that out!

HONEY

Dum, de de da da, da-da de, dum de da da da...Wheeee...!

MARTHA

Cut it out, George!

GEORGE (*Pretending not to hear*)

What, Martha? What?

NICK

Honey...

MARTHA (*As George turns up the volume*)

CUT IT OUT, GEORGE!

GEORGE

WHAT?

MARTHA (*Gets up, moves quickly, threateningly, to George*)

All right, you son of a bitch....

GEORGE (*Record off, at once. Quietly*)

What did you say, love?

MARTHA

You son of a...

HONEY (*In an arrested posture*)

You stopped! Why did you stop?

NICK

Honey...

HONEY (*To Nick, snapping*)

Stop that!

GEORGE

I thought it was fitting, Martha.

MARTHA

Oh you did, hunh?

HONEY

You're always at me when I'm having a good time.

NICK (*Trying to remain civil*)

I'm sorry. Honey.

HONEY

Just...leave me alone!

GEORGE

Well, why don't you choose, Martha? (*Move away from the phonograph...leaves it to Martha*) Martha's going to run things...the little lady's going to lead the band.

HONEY

I like to dance and you don't want me to.

NICK

I like you to dance.

HONEY

Just...leave me alone. (*She sits....takes a drink*)

GEORGE

Martha's going to put on some rhythm she understands....Sacre du Printemps, maybe. (*Moves...sits by Honey*). Hi, sexy.

HONEY (*A little giggle-scream*)

Oooooohhhhh!

GEORGE (*Laughs mockingly*)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Choose it, Martha....do your stuff!

MARTHA (*Concentrating on the machine*)

You're damn right!

(*Music*).

GEORGE (*To Honey*)

You want to dance with me, angel-tits?

NICK

What did you call my wife?

GEORGE (*Derisively*)

Oh boy!

HONEY (*Petulantly*)

No! If I can't do my interpretive dance, I don't want to dance with anyone. I'll just sit here and....(*Shrugs...drinks*)

MARTHA (*Record on...a jazzy slow pop tune*)

O.K. stuff, let's go. (*Grabs NICK*)

NICK

Hm? Oh...hi.

MARTHA

Hi. (*They dance, close together, slowly*)

HONEY (*Pouting*)

We'll just sit here and watch.

GEORGE
That's right!

MARTHA *(To Nick)*
Hey, you are strong, aren't you?

NICK
Unh-hunh.

MARTHA
I like that

NICK
Unh-hunh.

HONEY
They're dancing like the they've danced before.

GEORGE
It's a familiar dance...they both know it....

MARTHA
Don't be shy.

NICK
I'm...not....

GEORGE *(To Honey)*
It's a very old ritual, monkey-nipples...old as they come.

HONEY
I...I don't know what you mean. *(Nick and Martha move apart now, and dance on either side of where George and Honey are sitting; they face each other, and while their feet move but little, their bodies undulate congruently...It is as if they were pressed together)*

MARTHA
I like the way you move.

NICK
I like the way you move, too.

GEORGE *(To Honey)*
They like the way they move.

HONEY *(Not entirely with it)*
That's nice.

MARTHA *(To Nick)*
I'm surprised George didn't give you his side of things.

GEORGE (*To Honey*)
Aren't they cute?

NICK
Well, he didn't

MARTHA
That surprises me. (*Perhaps Martha's statements are more or less in time to the music*)

NICK
Does it?

MARTHA
Yeah...he usually does...when he gets the chance.

NICK
Well, what do you know.

MARTHA
It's really a very sad story.

GEORGE
You have ugly talents, Martha.

NICK
Is it?

MARTHA
It would make you weep.

GEORGE
Hideous gifts.

NICK
Is that so?

GEORGE
Don't encourage her.

MARTHA
Encourage me.

NICK
Go on. (*They may undulate toward each other and then move back*).

GEORGE
I warn you...don't encourage her.

MARTHA

He warns you...don't encourage me.

NICK

I heard him...tell me more.

MARTHA (*Consciously making rhymed speech*)

Well, Georgie-boy had lots of big ambitions

In spite of something funny in his past...

GEORGE (*Quietly warning*)

Martha...

MARTHA

Which Georgie-boy here turned into a novel...

His first attempt and also his last...

Hey! I rhymed! I rhymed!

GEORGE

I warn you, Martha.

NICK

Yeah....you rhymed. Go on, go on.

MARTHA

But Daddy took a look at Georgie's novel....

GEORGE

You're looking for a punch in the mouth...You know that, Martha.

MARTHA

Do tell!...and he was very shocked by what he read.

NICK

He was?

MARTHA

Yes....he was....A novel all about a naughty boy-child.

GEORGE (*Rising*)

I will not tolerate this!

NICK (*Offhand, to George*)

Oh, can it.

MARTHA

....ha, ha!

naughty boychild

who...uh...who killed his mother and his father dead.

GEORGE
STOP IT, MARTHA!

MARTHA
And Daddy said...Look here, I will not let you publish such a thing...

GEORGE (*Rushes to phonograph...rips the record off*)
That's it! The dancing's over. That's it. Go on now!

NICK
What do you think you're doing, hunh?

HONEY (*Happily*)
Violence! Violence!

MARTHA (*Loud: a pronouncement*)
And Daddy said...Look here, kid, you don't think for a second I'm going to let you publish this crap, do you?...You publish that goddam book and you're out...on your ass!

GEORGE
DESIST! DESIST!

MARTHA
Ha, ha, ha, HA!

NICK (*Laughing*)
De...sist!

HONEY
Oh, violence...violence!

MARTHA
If you respect your position here, young man, young...whippersnapper, you'll just withdraw that manuscript....

GEORGE
I will not be made mock of!

NICK
He will not be made mock of, for Christ's sake. (*Laughs*)
(*Honey joins in the laughter, not knowing exactly why*)

GEORGE
I will not! (*All three are laughing at him*)
(*Infuriated*) THE GAME IS OVER!

MARTHA (*Pushing on*)
Imagine such a thing! A book about a boy who murders his mother and kills his father, and pretends it's all an accident!

HONEY (*Beside herself with glee*)
An accident!

NICK (*Remembering something related*)
Hey...wait a minute...

MARTHA (*Her own voice now*)
And you want to know the clincher? You want to know what big brave Georgie said to Daddy?

GEORGE
NO! NO! NO! NO!

NICK
Wait a minute now...

MARTHA
Georgie said...but Daddy...I mean...ha, ha, ha....but Sir, it isn't a novel at all (*Other voice*) Not a novel? (*Mimicking George's voice*) No, sir...it isn't a novel at all...

GEORGE (*Advancing on her*)
You will not say this!

NICK (*Sensing the danger*)
Hey.

MARTHA
The hell I won't. Keep away from me, you bastard! (*Backs off a little...uses George's voice again*) No, Sir, this isn't a novel at all...this is the truth...this really happened....To ME!

GEORGE (*On her*)
I'LL KILL YOU! (*Grabs her by the throat. They struggle*)

NICK
HEY! (*Comes between them*)

HONEY (*Wildly*)
VIOLENCE! VIOLENCE! (*George, Martha, and Nick struggle...yells, etc.*)

MARTHA
IT HAPPENED! TO ME! TO ME!

GEORGE
YOU SATANIC BITCH!

NICK
STOP THAT! STOP THAT!

HONEY

VIOLENCE! VIOLENCE! *(The other three struggle. George's hands are on Martha's throat. Nick grabs him, tears him from Martha, throw him on the floor. George, on the floor; Nick over him; Martha to one side, her hand on her throat)*

Q AND A VII THE CONFESSION

I've become extremely interested in the relationship between the audience and the actors on the stage. You can look at it historically, the history of audiences in the history of the world, you can look at it in terms of this country; what is the role of the audience in this country at the turn of this century?

I believe theater is a form of active culture. That participating in the theater is an act of leaning forward as opposed to leaning back. For me, the most thrilling experiences in the theater have always been ones where I've felt like I've had a role to play in this room, where something is asked of me as an audience member and I have to meet the actors halfway. Because it's about that, being in the room together, this notion of breathing common air, and that the relationship between the audience and the actor is a circular one.

Theater is not a descriptive art form, it is a poetic medium where you do the least on stage so that the imagination is released in the audience. So, just hints are given and what that does is, that asks something of an audience, it asks you to participate emotionally, intellectually, spiritually in every way.

So that every beeper that goes off, or every cough or shuffling, every, uh, anything becomes part of the experience, and the generosity of the audience will allow the actors to do more.

And that, the vital link between the actor and the audience is something which is now, in our culture, suffering. So I decided to create a project in which we really together investigated this vital and creative link in an attempt to strengthen the lifeblood between the actors and the audience, starting with the notion that being an audience is a creative act...

THE INTERVIEW

EDDIE

Why do you go?

VANESSA

I go to the theater because for me, it's the sense that anything can happen. Anything can happen.

ROZANNE

I've been going to the theater alone since I was a little girl. My family didn't like the theater. But they always made sure I had a ticket .

YOSHI

I believe theater is another way to exist.

BERT

I go because life is unbearable.

EDDIE

I go because it's other worldly and it's festive and I like the way people smell, and I like what they wear and it's a lot better than seeing a play on television.

VANESSA

Just the being still or the or the quiet movement or whatever or just the listening of the audience not knowing exactly what was going to happen, and you're sitting there, because it's so real.

YOSHI

So, theater is, uh, I go, really, to be entertained to, uh, lose what I do the rest of my time and to smile, or to gasp, or uh, to kind of vicariously live a different life.

ROZANNE

As I've gotten older-- I look at life a lot differently and maybe it's a little bit more fragile now. So I look for the touch of emotion. I don't want to go to the theatre and have it be heavy. I don't want to be transcended into deep thought. I basically want to be entertained. I want to sit there and eat the icing off of the cake. But I don't really want the cake.

BERT

Oh, that's almost intangible. That's again, something deep in me that it answers. I think probably I like getting away from reality. A little. I grew up Bohemian and reading and getting away, being a loner, which I've always been. I think maybe I gravitated to the theatre as a way of getting out of myself.

EDDIE

I've always liked the mystery. I was one of the fortunate ones. Now most theaters don't have curtains. But when we went 50 years ago, they all had curtains, so you never knew what was behind until the curtain went up. So you really got a feeling of mystery.

VANESSA

My parents gave us a subscription. My wife, really loves the theater and it's a planned entertainment instead of an off the cuff thing to do. It's nice.

ROZANNE

The art of the theater is an art of feeling. The subject matter of the theater is the beating of the human heart. And the human heart is very old. ⁽⁹⁾

BERT

Think of this moment. All that has ever been is in this moment; all that will ever be is in this moment. This is drama; this is theater -- to be aware of the Now. ⁽⁹⁾

YOSHI

It's always been important to go on the stage. The stage is something special. The way you behave must be different. Theater is not a private place, it's a special place and it's a forum. What's important once in this forum is to ask a question. ⁽²²⁾

EDDIE

But as I see it, our theater is in a rut, it's so damn conventional. The modern stage is nothing but a old prejudice, nothing but a sad and dreary routine. ⁽²³⁾

VANESSA

The theater remains the form most depended upon, fascinated with, drawn, quartered by and fixated upon the body, it's vulnerabilities, pain and disappearance. ^(4.1)

AUDIENCE BALLET

