

JINX

by Sean Edward Lewis

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PART ONE:

Caligula

Scene 1

CAL:

[WITH PACE]

i'm alive. i'm not dead. this morning - even though i felt dead
i wasn't. that proves it right there. me. standing before you
proves it. and if i'm not dead, what am i?

i was in line getting ready to approach the counter - and i felt a
tap on my shoulder ... this too is *the point of the trick* ...
an unexpected tap on the shoulder. it freezes you and you drop -
an interruption drops you from you

[AFFECTS A LOW GRAVELING VOICE]

b l - i i - nd si - ded
lord i feel like a rabbit
lord i feel like a ghost

one time, a few years back, i put my head down and said
"come hell or high water"

well hell has come and now i'm raising my hand screaming

[MAKES GESTURE]

uncle!

uncle!

uncle!

ha ha ha

every time i do that, i love looking into the faces of those
with whom i speak.

hi.
no-where in the history of human endeavor has a call for a new
thing been so vital. a new thing.
ha ha ha
uncle! uncle! uncle!
ha ha ha

DRUSI: [LOW GENTLE VOICE] [PRE-RECORDED VO PROJECTED IN SPACE]
[DISTANT SINGING. MULTIPLE VOICES]

Cal Cal Cal
Cal Cal Cal
Cal Cal Cal
CAL listen, listen baby, we have to choose our spots

CAL: our spots?

DRUSI: yes. our spots. we have to be careful
around here because of you know who

CAL: you know who

DRUSI: you know who

CAL: i like your spots DRUSI

DRUSI: [WARM. INTIMATE]
Oh CAL
when i found you
Oh CAL
does it have to be like this?
always furtive and clothed and in full view
[BREAKS OFF LOOKING TOWARDS HORIZON]
when are we going to find our romantic life. ours
when are we going to be able to have white sheets
and pose for each other in bed

CAL: on white sheets

DRUSI: on white sheets

CAL: i wanna pose for you DRUSI on white sheets

Scene 2

[CAL IS ALONE. SOUNDS OF STREET. EMPTY AND BREEZY]

CAL: today i want to celebrate myself. you know he wrote that thing
not a 1/2 mile from this very spot. i wanna do that - what he said
why?
no reason.
just because.
not because i earned it.
not because i deserve it.
just because.

[PAUSE]

look at me for a second.
all eyes on me for a second.
i promise this will be worth it.
my elbows - see their shape

[MAKES GESTURE]

the pointedness - the particular pointedness of my elbows -
that is inherited. i don't earn my elbows.
my elbows are my elbows because they are my elbows.

Scene 3

[ALONE STILL. PLAYS WITH VCR-CARY GRANT IN TOWEL]

CAL: i have a Cary Grant body just more hairy
my pop told me the truth
(the one with the blood in him)
"whatever you want"
she tells me
"whatever you want"

[GOES INTO ROUTINE. QUOTING LINES FROM MOVIES THAT RUN AS A LOOP IN
HIS HEAD]

"thank you lord Vader"
"echo station 5 seven we're on our way"
"rogue group use your harpoons and tow cables"
"no! no! this one goes here that one goes there"

[CONVERSATIONAL. A BBC RADIO VOICE]

i dreamt about Philip Seymour Hoffman last night
he laid down like he was going to stay and then
he left just as suddenly and put a wrap around his
head and some sunglasses on and got in a mini-van
full of Indian people and waved as they drove off.

[WALKING]

and when i got out of bed i started crying right away.
maybe i should of done something about it.

[DRUSI HAS APPEARED. POSSIBLY PROJECTED]

DRUSI: did you run the errands i asked you to run? sometimes i feel
like i'm talking to myself when i'm talking to you. or not
that i'm not talking to you but that you're not there.
i see you, then the light changes and parts of you disappear.
there you are and in the next moment i look again and you have
no forehead.

[CAL REPEATS DRUSI'S VOICE AT TIMES] [NOT MOCKING]
[OVERLAPPING VOICES]

where's your forehead Cal?
Cal? where'd it go? Cal?

CAL CAL your forehead
oh CAL oh CAL
CAL your forehead
oh your forehead

[ADORATION OF THE MAJI]
[CAL'S FOREHEAD IS RED]
[RED LION]
[TIME PASSES]

CAL: oh god i feel better now

DRUSI: someone said you went away. that's all someone said
you went away so i needed to come and see for myself.
only parts of you have left. that's the truth.
the best parts of you are gone. you need to adjust

to living with only the worst parts of yourself.

[TIME PASSES]

[CAL TRIES TO MAKE PHONE CALLS] [HE FAILS] [HE IS STUNNED]

CAL: i can learn to live with less

DRUSI: you have a truncated personality.
the frontal lobe of the brain is housed in the forehead.
the frontal lobe contains and or controls certain aspects
of the emotions and of the personality.

[CROSS-FADING/OVERLAPPING/LAYERS]

...we'll see what we can do about recovering your forehead.
i can't trust anybody in your condition.

CAL: my forehead is right here

DRUSI: you don't see what i see

CAL: come closer. smack it again. let your hands tell you.
if i don't have a forehead what's turning red?

DRUSI: the red is just memory of something that was there.
face it CAL - you are fucked. the home of the delicate
part of the personality has gone
has gone
has gone
is gone

CAL: i'm gonna go empty this
and walk back there
the others are over in this place
meanwhile i see
the thing that is being said
my hands
are my hands steady
[HOLDING UP HANDS]
it's the pilot's test
can i fly
tell me the truth
can i fly
[PROLONGED]
remember how it used to be Drusi

Drusi

DRUSI [VO]: i love when you speak to yourself

CAL: i love you too baby

DRUSI: squeeze me

CAL: will you squeeze me

DRUSI/CAL: [OVERLAPPING]
mmm mmm mmm

CAL: thanks

DRUSI: we're calling you back baby
we're calling back your brain
or at least your lost frontal lobe

[SOUND CUE. SCORED. HEARD FOR FIRST TIME]

CAL: jesus dear jesus i could do this forever

[CAL PUTS DVD OF PREPARED VIDEO-LINDA WHITE VID-IN PLAYER ON TOP OF
TV] [DIALOGUE ON TAPE DECK PRE-RECORDED] [CAL PLAYS BENEATH DVD]
[CAL EXITS EVENTUALLY] [ALL EXIT TO PASTEL ROOM]
[AUDIENCE ALONE WHILE DVD AND TAPE PLAY]

DRUSI: you have no more delicacy
so you like being hit
but what i'm hoping at least is that it will come back
it's rare but there are cases
when it happens
... well ...

CAL: otherwise what? i'm fine
Drusi my brain is at least. stop saying that

DRUSI: your brain is not fine

CAL: that's a horrible thing to say to someone.

DRUSI: not if it's true

[PAUSE]

let's just change the subject. we have work to do.
get on the telephone. do the best you can.
try ... [RELUCTANTLY]
not to yell at people
we're here to ... [DELICATELY]
connect with people
and then do the thing

CAL: i can be delicate
i can do the thing

DRUSI: we'll see ...

Scene 4

[CAL ALONE]
[HE STARTS MAKING PHONE CALLS BABY BLUE ROOM AT LAPTOP]
[HE TAKES ON A VOICE. TRYING AS HARD AS POSSIBLE TO BE 'DELICATE' IN THE PARTICULAR WAY
DRUSI SEEMS TO HAVE DIRECTED HIM TO BE]

CAL: hi hi yes hello
is the manager in?
who's speaking?
he knows me just say it's CAL calling
hmm yes CAL
thank you
[MUTTERING]
put me on hold you
gate keep O.F.F. tramp play that card with me
play it
wield it
you've power over me we'll see
[INTERRUPTING HIMSELF]
yes yes hi Mr. ? ?
Mr.
Reynolds
is your first name Burt?
ha ha
my god ya he's my favorite
[PUTTING HAND OVER RECEIVER]
the longest yard
and the bandit
i still get pleasure outta that one

outta playing it back
oh that Sally Field gives me pleasure
reminds me of my mother bending over and giving me toast
in bed when i would stay home from school sick

[GOES INTO HIS 'ROUTINE' WITH MEMORIZED LINES FROM MOVIES]
[CAL BREAKS OFF]
[CAL GOES TO KITCHEN][OVERLY LIT]
[WASHES HANDS. TAKES OFF SHIRT. GIVES SELF
A TOWEL BATH WIPING FACE AND NECK]
[LIVE FEED HAND HELD FOLLOWS]

"WHAT'S IN THERE?"
"ONLY WHAT YOU TAKE WITH YOU"
"YOU MUST UN-LEARN WHAT YOU HAVE LEARNED"
"THERE IS NO TRY"
"DO OR DO NOT DO"
"IF YOU LEAVE NOW HELP THEM YOU COULD"

[SWITCHING GEARS]
[LIGHTS CHANGE]
[HE MOVES INTO PASTEL WITH TOWEL AND NO SHIRT. LIVE FEED FOLLOWS]

"I KNOW BAD LUCK WHEN I FEELS IT"
"HE CAN'T JINX ME"
"I'M TIRED OF LOAFIN AROUND WITH A BUNCH OF BUMS"
"YOU IS WHITE AND I SAY NO'S"
"I AINT DRINKIN WITH NO WHITE TRASH"
"THIS AINT NO PIPE-DREAM"
"ANOTHER GUY ALL DIALED UP"
"HERE'S MY KEY"
"I SHANT BE COMING BACK"
"LIMEY WHAT LIMEY"
"SAILING BACK TO HOME SWEET HOME"
"BOAR OFFICER"
"IT'S ABOUT A FRIEND IN THE LONLINESS"
*"GO AHEAD GET PARALYZED. I'D BE HAPPY
TO SEE ONE BUM IN THIS JOINT ACT NATURAL"*
"KILL YOUR PIPE-DREAMS"
"NOW IT'S YOUR TURN"
"I'LL BE IN GOOD SHAPE TOMORROW"

[NOW CLOTHED]
[WITHOUT ANY TENSION]
[COMING DOWN]
[TO A FAR OFF SELF]
gonna scream at me
i'll scream at you
i'll scream back

[DRUSI HAS APPEARED]
[EVENTUALLY CAL NOTICES HER]
[TIME PASES]

CAL: you can't get caught up
you can love
see me in the picture
[POINTING TO LAPTOP]
see me
do you see me
say something

[SILENCE]

i'm cracked jack
[WITH ACCENT]
give me a Coors

i want you to walk around naked and in heels
like a Patty Smith fucking whack
i wanna whack
and i want you naked in heels

DRUSI [VO]: let people, when you speak to them on that
let people tell their own story. give them space to do that

CAL [VO]: i'm fucking horny right now. for you
is that appropriate for a guy to say in this setting? to un-ravel
in this setting. it's like almost that a light went on. he stood in
there and stood in there. it's about you. he shook him. he was
fooled

DRUSI: he was playing tendencies

Scene 5

[PASTEL ROOM MICHEL ON P.A. LIVE FEED PROJECTOR AS BIG AS POSSIBLE IN WHITE ROOM STARTS MID
POINT OF ITALICIZED SPEECH] [MICHEL LOOKS DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA]

MICHEL: *I'LL BE THE FIRST ON THE FIELD EVERY DAY*
FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

*I GIVE MY WORD TO YOU
THAT WE WILL WORK EVERY MOMENT
AND FIGHT TO OUR LAST GASP
WORKING TO COME BACK STRONGER
AND TO LEARN FROM THIS AND
NOT REPEAT THE SAME MISTAKES
AND I WILL LEAD THE MARCH
AND CARRY THE FLAG
AND WITHOUT FALTERING WALK FORWARD
INTO WHATEVER OBSTACLE IS THROWN OUR WAY
WE WILL BE BACK
WE WILL PERSEVERE
SO HELP ME GOD*

[MICHEL MAKES ENTRANCE TO WHITE ROOM WITH AUDIENCE] [HE WALKS THE AISLE TO FRONT OF STORE] [HE IS THE OFFICE I.T. GUY—"MR FIX-IT" "FETCH IT"] [HE IS CHECKING THINGS. MAKING SURE THE ROOM IS IN ORDER FOR THE EVENING' S WORK] [AN INTERNAL DIALOGUE MICHEL HAS EVERY EVENING ABOUT HIS ACHES AND PAINS] [CAL IS AT LAPTOP ON TELEPHONE TRYING TO WORK]

MICHEL:

oh my cartilage
i do
i have pain in my cartilage
regenerate me
BHP
FRAUD
FRAUD against the government
whistle blows stand up like TEBOW
FRAUD-USA
[STARTS SINGING]
FRAUD-USA
FRAAUD-USA
USA - A A A

CAL:

"OH WHAT THE HELL 'S THE DIFFERENCE"

*"WHO CARES"
"WELL WHAT ABOUT IT"*

MICHEL: ... OK here goes Cali
go Cali go ...

CAL: *"WHAT IF THEY DO CALL YOU A PIMP"
"I WORRY ABOUT YOU WHEN YOU PLAY DEAD LIKE THAT"
"PIE-EYED"
"THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE WAY"
"I HAD TO KILL HER"*

[AT LAPTOP] [TRYING TO WORK] [TRYING TO MAKE CALLS]

she imagined me sleeping in central park and kept saying
"well, you know me, me and my imagination"

[MOVIE LINE GAME]

*"MINISTER SONS ARE SONS OF GUNS"
"WISE TO ME A NO GOOD TRAMP"
"I'LL STAKE YOU, I'LL BET ON YOU"
"I'M NO GOOD AND I NEVER WILL BE"
"NOTHING BUT DEATH CAN STOP ME LOVIN YOU"
"PICKED UP A NAIL FROM SOME TART"
"LITTLE MONKEY FACE BUY ME A DRINK"
"YOU'RE TARTS AND WHAT THE HELL OF IT"
"CONVERT TO DEATH"*

[LETTING MOVIE GAME DROP]

i wanna light up
and just spray out
who's the paranoid one
twice my love we've stumbled
can you tell me what's wrong
the eye rhymes with the thigh
try and make your way to the surface
i'm gonna shove dirt up my butt
in a good way i can say fuck
a good way fuck
a go away fuck
a rain deer fucking blindfolded

DRUSI [VO]: what are you doing? what are you doing there? show me.

CAL: i'm modeling myself after [MOUTHING WORDS] T*E*B*O*W

MICHEL: too late guy. way too late guy. sorry guy

CAL: oh well don't tell anyone Drusi. OK?

MICHEL: that's impossible now. too late. ya. that's what that means.

CAL: i can be inspired

MICHEL: i'll give you that

[CAL LOCKS HIMSELF IN BATHROOM] [TIME PASSES] [MICHEL FINALLY NOTICES AND APPROACHES DOOR] [CAL IS HOLED UP]

MICHEL: you think we're gonna come in there
and help you
what?
i can't hear you the way that you're acting
i can't hear you
what? yes.
yes. i promise

[MICHEL CLOAKS HIS LIPS AND WHISPERS TO AN UNSEEN DRUSI]

listen hon
listen listen
he's holed up hon
hon he's holed up
i've seen him do this before
ah fuck
CAL! CAL!
stop this shit!
now come outta there and let's talk this over
now come out

[CAL COMES OUT EVENTUALLY]

[CAL AND MICHEL STAND ALONE - WHITE ROOM DIRECTLY IN VIEW OF AUDIENCE]
[THEY EXCHANGE STIFF SLAPS] [THERE IS A SCUFFLE]
[EVENTUALLY MICHEL PLACES CAL IN CORNER ON TABLE AND WITH A STERN WARNING. THE WARNING OF A FRIEND. ALMOST FAMILIAL]
[SUDDENLY ALL IS WIPED AWAY FROM MICHEL'S FACE AND PERSON]
[MICHEL ADJUSTS LIGHTS AND SPEAKS TO AUDIENCE]

MICHEL: [AT FIRST INAUDIBLY ONLY MOVING LIPS]
i'm sure... i'm sure... two words

T E B O W T E B O W

i'm sure... oh yes... i am sure. do you hear me?

Scene 6

[DRUSI VOICEOVER] [CAL AT TIMES REPEATS HER WORDS PROJECTED IN SPACE]
[CAL IS SITTING IN FAR CORNER OF WHITE ROOM WHERE MICHEL PLACED HIM] [CHAINED]

DRUSI [VO]: [SINGING. TO A CRESCENDO. ROLLING STEADY BUILD]
CAL CAL CAL
CAL CAL CAL
oh hon that's CAL
in the corner CAL
CAL in the corner
CAL CAL CAL
i'll do anything you want
anything
CAL CAL CAL

[CAL SITS IN DARK WITH AUDIENCE]
[A DIAL TONE IS HEARD PLAYING OVER SPEAKERS IN ROOM WITH AUDIENCE]
[DIAL TONES MORPHS INTO RECORDED SPORTS RADIO WITH CAL'S VOICE IN
DIALOG WITH SPORTS RADIO DJ AND WITH COMMERCIALS]
[BUILDS AND STOPS] [JERKS AND STARTS AGAIN]

[MICHEL WALKS ABOUT]
[TAKES INVENTORY OF DAMAGE THAT MIGHT HAVE OCCURRED FROM SCUFFLE]
[HE SINGS BARELY AUDIBLE]

DRUSI [VO]: my career
i'm in here
oh there's men in here
[HIGHER PITCH]
my career
my career
[BUILDING]
i'm in here
[A MOVER AND A SHAKER] [THE BOSS]
OK we have to line up the conference with Irvine - get them
on the phone later - demand to know what the fuck
what the fuck
Irvine
fuck Irvine
OK Irvine i agree

PART TWO: *DRUSILLA*

[A DIFFERENT PLACE OR ATMOSPHERE FROM PART ONE. AS THOUGH ALL HAS BLOWN THROUGH AND SETTLED. FAMILIAR BUT CHANGED] [MARKED SHIFTS IN TEMPO/TENOR/PITCH]

Scene 1

CAL: i'm a meal
 i'm a treading person
 the type yes the type
 you can
 say it
 i can
 say it
 i can't
 no
 yes
 no
 yes
 i would take her hand under the covers each night.
 we would fall asleep that way
 like going for a walk. or stepping off a platform together
 we would just lie in bed today
 today is that kind of day
 lie in bed
 yes
 i'm in bed too
 ok. we're both in bed
 in bed
 you want to disappear too
 don't you
 lie lie lie triple triple

 my face is frozen. but actually it is something deeper.
 i'm afraid something deeper.
 i don't love you but i want to pluck your eyebrows out
 until you cry
 until you cry
 i'm lying i love you i do i do
 i would leave you
 and kid you

you
only tell the bread
yes the bread
stuff the thing
leave it on the
can you imagine
will it be frosted
... and the life
his pin-ups
the clips or the broken clips
either way the clips
either way yes the clips
would i would
lie to you
or lie to me
either way you
come on now
come on back
drown the cat
tell the dog no! plain no! (he'll understand)
look at the big blue thing sticking out there
the blue thing is out there sticking out (oh god)
mmm the crime

[CAL HAS CRAWLED THROUGH BACK WINDOW OF BABY BLUE ROOM
AND SHUT IT BEHIND HIM DISAPPEARING]
[ON MIC]

the blue on my fingers that was rubbed out of your sweet red
5 cranberry apples
i'm not afraid to write that
i love these girls
and i love you more
i don't remember
did i say something last night
i do keep crying
the way we drive up to your house
and how the windows look from the outside
i turn pink because i see they're singing inside
and we look at each other
and we kiss each other
it's cold but we are warm (together)
with each other sitting there
with the car running

[CAL OPENS AND PLACES FACE IN WINDOW]
[LIVE FEED***CLOSE-UP***]

i don't know how i'll get out of here in time
no panic
just

[QUICKLY CLOSING WINDOW SHUT DISAPPEARING AGAIN]

Scene 2

MICHEL: [SEATED ON STEP LADDER IN WHITE ROOM WITH AUDIENCE]
[CONVERSATIONAL HE SPEAKS TO AUDIENCE]
[AS THOUGH TRYING TO TEACH SOMEONE A SECOND LANGUAGE WITH GREAT PATIENCE]

what did you finish?
what did you do?
why are you so shaken?
what's wrong?
whose problem?
whose?
did you say what i thought you said?
anyway anyway

CAL: [CUBBY PASTEL AT GATE. SEATED. SMOKING. SMALL TABLE.
LOOKS DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA. LIVE FEED]
[A SECRET INTERVIEW WITHIN A DOCUMENTARY]

the last words of a father. of a father whose liver was red.
a mass of it. red. she was killed in her own home. a darling until
she died. stockings were her favorite. always brushing her teeth.
teeth and stockings that's all you'd see as she approached. now the
daughter and the dad are dead, how did i know them? how did we
meet? it's not that clear. not now. before it was clear - and at
that time, I told someone. but i can't remember what i said now -
maybe they'd remember if you could find them? the ones i told. for
me it's all past.

i'm talking about you. i'm talking to you about you.
you and i in the desert. remember you and i there

do you like the way i look in my pants? do my pants look good?

[CLOSE-UP LIVE FEED ON CAL. HIS LEGS AND BODY]

DRUSI [VO]: why do you ask me directly? you should look away when you ask that
divert your eyes too...horse for horse for horse for you for you
for you

CAL: for horse. for you
i play the ventriloquist with myself
you can barely invisibly see my lips move
but they are and i am
and i i am talking

DRUSI [VO]: i'm not lying i'm going to the country for a while
i am a fraud
rape in the back of a truck rape lying down in the shell camper
in the back of a truck

MICHEL: [AT LAPTOP TYPING WHAT HE SAYS]
rape rape i'm being raped in a shell camper

Scene 3

MICHEL: [STILL ON LAPTOP]
i wonder what you feel
the one that's so true it's impossible to identify
the elusive one that sits there
then bounces away when you turn to it directly
the light does that terrible trick
it's there it's there it's just hidden
on the periphery

DRUSI [VO]: the point is i can't pee here again so i'm going to leave
i'm going to walk out on you

CAL: [CARRIES TAPE RECORDER]
ohh ohh
how does that feel?
grist twice!
yes
are you a professional woman?
do you care to answer?
do you see
ya bitch i see

DIRT 3 IS A GAME YOU'LL NEVER PLAY
DIRT 3 IS A GAME YOU'LL NEVER PLAY
do you hear
yes i hear
you have hat-ears
haters?
hat-ears
haters?
hat-ears
hat-ears
hat-ears
hat-ears
you want a sweet
bite my muscles sweet
bite
bite my muscles sweetie
my muscles live in an abstract dream
the pregnant pause of my pure muscles

DRUSI [VO]: i think i'll just watch and feel and think of pure things

MICHEL: abstract is never pure. tap water is more pure

DRUSI: sure muscles
how pure are they

CAL: my muscles are the purest

DRUSI: are you sure muscles. can you speak muscles

CAL: sure. all eyes are on my pure muscles

Scene 4

MICHEL: [AT LAPTOP. TYPING WHAT HE SPEAKS. MAKING A REPORT]
12 bricks. a clicking sound precludes death. marble sounds also.
it's a clicking and the sound of marbles rolling on the table.

[PAUSE] [INTO MIRROR WHITE ROOM WITH AUDIENCE]

i am in fashion
how could i not be

Scene 5

[WHITE ROOM] [LIGHTS FULL HOUSE LIGHTS / OVERHEAD FLOURESCENT]
[ALL ARE TOGETHER] [CAL IS SWEEPING OR DOING OTHER MUNDANE TASKS]
[MICHEL FOLLOWS WONDERING WHY CAL IS DOING WHAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE HIS JOB]
[MICHEL MIGHT REPEAT PHRASES] [ATMOSPHERE IS FLAT. STILL]
[CAL DESCRIBES A PROCESS]

CAL: everything is like carrying a glass bowl across a room that contains all your hopes and dreams. and each time as you walk you are full of what the bowl contains. and each time - seemingly unexpectedly you drop the bowl and watch it shatter to pieces on the ground. point of the trick - of fooling yourself - the self that records and remembers - in this moment, the falling point - the point of the trick point is as the bowl falls...

in this moment you are aimless

[SOUND CUE***SATURATED***PUNK SUBLIME***]
[SPEAKING OVER LOUD MUSIC - ALMOST SHOUTING]

it's a lot easier with the ladies when you are on TV

COLM: [WALKS CAL TO LAPTOP AND SITS HIM DOWN. STANDS OVER HIM]
ya well that's life buddy. you're not on TV. you're here. so get your shit off the celebrity gossip page and get your hands out of your pants and pick up the phone. as a matter of fact - for all i care - keep your hand down there - but make sure some calls happen - ok? make some calls. one at a time. he's on TV because he can sing, he has hair, and he is young. you're not. ok? you're not.

CAL: i'm not what?

COLM: you're not on TV

CAL: neither are you.

COLM: neither are you. [PAUSE] ok let's both agree we both are not on TV ok? let's agree to that?

CAL: agreed.

COLM: agreed. [SPEAKING OVER SHOULDER AS HE WALKS AWAY] get to work.

CAL: [MUTTERING] bite my ass fuck shit head

COLM: [BACK AT STATION. BACK OF WHITE ROOM. WRITING IN SMALL NOTEBOOK] [AS TECHNICAL NOTES FOR FUTURE REFERENCE]
you are right. it was the tears of a boy there.
my heart' s opinion stunned me. to make known. to act upon.

MICHEL: [FIXING SELF AND STANDING ALMOST TOO CLOSE TO COLM]
[HE WHISPERS TRYING TO NOT LET ANYONE ELSE IN ROOM HEAR HIM]

i see a future. a new one. [TO CEILING. TO DRUSI] i love you
but don't call me John here. i'm not John. i'm not John.

Sc. 6

[BACK AT HIS WORK STATION. PLAYS WITH PICTURE IN SMALL FRAME AT HIS DESK]
[PLAYFUL. A BIT]

CAL: he noticed me.
she noticed me.
did you notice?
did you read the notice?
did you care to notice?
patience honey. don't squeeze the trigger till you are happy
who am i talking to?
what?
who am i talking to?
i see right through you now
can i just concentrate on my work?
can i just concentrate on my work?
ellipsis won't wash Harold!
ellipsis won't wash Harold!

MICHEL: [AS THROUGH A PEEP-HOLE SPYING IN ON CAL] [*"HEY LOOK AT THIS GUY"*]

it is never attractive when a man begs.
if a woman begs... well
that can be hot.

COLM: it usually is hot.

MICHEL: a begging woman. we like to look at that. it is within nature
ah natural you my begging queen you

[WITH SPANISH ACCENT]
natural natural

[CUT TO MICHEL AT LAPTOP]

CAL: i melt in the shower like a gwey piece of moldy soapy poop
moldy soapy soup? moldy soapy poop

rin tin tin to watch a girl grin

[TRYING TO CHEER HIMSELF UP] [LIGHTS CHANGE] [PROJECTION.
BACKDROP. DRUSI APPEARS]

grin
grin
on your knees in sin
grin

i'm dying to see you in leotards, little red pink ones
that snap back when you pull them
honored to meet you
honored to meet you
pleased to make your acquaintance. so pleased
i've been flooded with... oh... requests lately
my cousin called last week, the one from Tampa, crying
crying? crying. again? again. she knows she is the prize
she's not going to bring you cupcakes and butter your bread
she is the cupcake

[REGGIE IS BECOMING EXTREMELY AGITATED. A PANIC-ATTACK]
[MICHEL NOTICES AND GOES TO CAL TRYING TO HELP]

MICHEL: cross your hands over you chest and count backwards from 20 real
fast

[HE DOES]

again real fast again

now breathe again again breathe again

[LOOKING AROUND] [LOOKS TO COLM FOR ASSISTANCE. COLM SHRUGS]

are there any brown paper bags around here?

CAL: no. and i'm not breathing into a bag anyway. not today

[CAL HAS DISAPPEARED]

[MICHEL AND COLM ARE IN PASTEL ROOM AT TABLE]

[MIC AND LIVE FEED]

[BREAK ROOM TALK]

MICHEL: she's a beautiful bird my boy

COLM: where do you put the beak? hardy har

MICHEL: hardy har

COLM: where do you put the beak?
hardy har

MICHEL: hardy har
you likey my beaky

COLM: i likey your beaky

MICHEL: my beaky baby

COLM: baby baby beaky beaky

MICHEL: beaky baby

Scene 10

[CAL IS IN BACKYARD]

CAL: because you put your face - your own face - your own face - its features on theirs - their glowing little orb faces - obscured in the distance

[CUT TO THE BOYS IN BREAK ROOM. PASTEL AT TABLE]

COLM: hi John!

MICHEL: don't call me John here.

COLM: John here.

MICHEL: don't.

COLM: don't. ok ... you got it

[PAUSE]

don't ask.

MICHEL: don't ask.

COLM: don't ask [PAUSE] don't ask.

MICHEL: don't ask.

COLM: don't ask. midget.

MICHEL: midget?

COLM: don't ask a midget.

MICHEL: [BREAK ROOM BANTER] i wanna suck your midget.

COLM: [PLAYING ALONG] i wanna rip your midget ears off and put them inside my trousers.

[CAL ALONE IN BACKYARD]

CAL: *he eats her dead ass. literally burning his nose in her dead ass - the lass of her ass vanished to ether she goes*

she sat around eating Twizzlers and masturbating
not understanding how she
you know
where is my romantic life
what happened to my promised romantic life
sound sleep and working

[CUT TO MICHEL]

MICHEL: greeks know love

COLM: i love greeks

MICHEL: me too [PAUSE] greeks are always sweaty and hairy

COLM: when they're hot they're hot

MICHEL: exactly. when they're hot they're hot
[UNDER BREATH. BARELY AUDIBLE SINGING]
i like greek
i like greek
i like greek
fleshy-sweaty-juicy

everybody wants to play Cary Grant

CAL: *he eats her dead ass*
he eats her dead ass

COLM: no they don't

MICHEL: yes they do

[BLACKOUT BUT FOR COLOR FIELD BACK WINDOW PROJECTION]

[TIME PASSES]

[THE END]