

SANDY PAUL

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ACT 1

[sandy paul is alone in a white room]

[one chair sits in an otherwise empty place]

[two doors lead into the room. each door is on a different wall]

SANDY PAUL: what happened
isn't it time we spoke of it
they're here. i want to keep pretending
what's all the fuss
this oh this always this
you see our lives
(ended here)
go in the back room find my box of tools
bring me the box here

[disappears through door to back of storefront and returns with metal box]

[whispering loudly to himself as he returns]

it's not always about love. if it's not sexualized what is it
this is more like chickens coming home
a bold ball play a soprano

[singing softly]

go down towards the water
go down towards the water
we're going to talk in here
we're going to talk in here
try and find
common ground
this storefront sits on a secret vault built by the
Roosevelt's back in the 30's straight after Max Beckmann
made his visit and brought his entourage

some beautiful blondes too

this vault houses a secret rail leading from underneath this storefront directly to Washington D.C. and the White House.

you don't believe me? that's OK.

i just shrug it off.

i just shrug it off.

shrug

shrug

this door leads down to the rail

we might have a visitor later

ignore this door for a while.

the door behind me. this door.

ha ha oh jesus ha ahh ha ha

it is a normal door.

normal door *[points]*

door to the secret rail that leads to the White House *[points]*

[into mirror]

i was told to come here and wait.

that someone will come and that we are to speak.

yes. i work for the government.

yes. i am a highly trained. a professional.

yes. i am here on a mission.

yes.

the folks on the other side of that door

at the end of the rail

behind that door down there

it's a secret arm

a wing i work for

yes

i like my JOB. my JOB JOB

part of being high level is that you have to deal with a high level of ambiguity. what do i mean?

you have no idea what's going on

how is that possible anymore

not to know what the fuck is going on

all the changes

stop acting so secretive

i'm not acting secretive

stop acting so secretive

i'm not acting secretive

ahh. i hate waiting.
those (civilians/fucks) in the district are,
not quite, just a little bit off.
translation: they're fucking us.
it's you and me and the secret rail. nothing else

operative Sandy Paul
my name is Sandy Paul
Sandy Paul Sandy Paul how are you
Sandy Paul here are your directives

[reads directives]

"go to the storefront. make a base camp. hold tight Sandy Paul. hold tight."
hold tight to what? i am a dick.

"remember. this isn't the olden days. things have changed.
maybe you haven't accounted for the changes?"

well here goes

"you are no longer who you think you are Sandy Paul. those days are gone.
when you look in the mirror your eyes deceive you."

don't worry Sandy Paul

"you have not been completely cut-off."

completely. what does that mean? completely.

"you are still on the payroll back in the district. but Sandy Paul. but Sandy
Paul. Paul all is not well. Sandy haven't you noticed?"

[stops reading directives]

you can't keep me here for ever.

i'm not under suspicion.

this isn't that type of thing.

go away Sandy Paul.

Sandy Paul i can't trust you.

i didn't murder anybody.

nobody said anything about being killed.

(3) things that are important to me now;

1) the love of my family

2) the respect of my fellow countrymen

3) my legacy

Sandy Paul's legacy, a broken pile Sandy carries behind Paul
fellow Americans i am here,
and should directives come,
and should i be called upon to do heinous things,

ill will do them.
of course Auschwitz comes up whenever anybody in government says that.
let me clean the air, I've never done anything close to Auschwitz.

my name is Sandy Paul

one time a girl came in here.
i thought we weren't going to sexualize it?
is that a directive?
it was chewed on at the morning meeting back in the district.
was she there? was this her idea?

[Sandy Paul enters into a strange trance]
no no i give up no holy shit
no I'm forgiven no holy shit
no when i start to talk about her holy shit no
Sandy Paul get a hold of yourself Sandy
Paul i don't have to suffer anymore
how's that
you're just going to side step suffering
how's that

[variations on a theme]
a drug corridor
a muddy floor
silver waters silver skies
a white room turned silver
crimson as the sea of my childhood
he talks about bees and the C's (that's why)
he has been inflicted (with the disease)
general kings, followers, rabbi's, wondrous nights

i'm not going to stand here and tell you everything that i feel
everything is in my heart standing here
i am standing here
and I'm not going to do it

Sandy Sandy
Sandy Paul Sandy Paul
ahh
even though you work for the government
you are still not a responsible person Sandy
you don't just get that kind of respect (you don't)
with a government JOB, Paul, S.P.

fart in my eye
fart in the (try)
fart in the sky

be little me
be little me

that's why they left you out here alone, no one to report to,
waiting for the secret train to come from behind that door
for the next directives, and the visitor

skyscrapers are tall
skyscrapers from which you fall (Sandy Paul)
the mythological reference here is Oedipus x 3 (when he took a pee)

shy-girl (NO)
no mention of her (you promised)
but she *is* a big part of this

[communication comes from the other side of the rail]
"ya, Anderson. ya, i can hear you. good. you're on the way? good.
i'll be here Anderson (STOP) no worries we won't talk about her.
good. good. and Anderson. when you get here with the fresh set of
directives, there is a possibility i will get to leave?"

[confession of a man imprisoned]
this started out as something novel. a storefront and all these
possibilities. things slowly changed. now it's just novel novel.
it's existence. Sandy Paul can't leave until the underground rail from
the district gets here and the man comes from behind that door with a
fresh set of directives. yes. that's all. things have changed. yes.
i'm Sandy Paul. ya baby ya baby. I'm Sandy Paul

i don't give a fuck Sandy Paul. i don't give a fuck Sandy
it always comes down to this. i'm cold Paul.
can't you see my shaking? i never shook like this.
this is what happens when real work hits (you shiver)
real work = shivering.
the best thing about working alone is obvious (no people)
Sandy. Paul go back there into my drawer and get my stuff.
bring it out here. spread it out, on the floor, so we can see it.
but it's just you Sandy, it's just you. OK.
when i say we i mean we. i mean we not we we but we.
the new directives are going to clean all this up.
this will be better. there is light for Sandy Paul.

*[a knock is heard from side door the leads to the secret rail]
[Sandy Paul is startled and pretends the knock did not occur]
[the knock repeats. it is steady and without hint of threat or foreboding]
[this time Sandy Paul acts as though the knock occurred. he goes to the door]
[time passes. he opens the door][Anderson enters. he is unshaven, but
otherwise professionally dressed][Sandy Paul and Anderson have an old
relationship. they have shared memories from adolescence]*

ANDERSON: sit down.
sit down.
listen.

SANDY PAUL: Anderson, am i going to die here? or,
are you going to help me?

ANDERSON: Sandy Paul sit.
Sandy Paul sit.

[Sandy Paul sits]

[pause]

SANDY PAUL: how was the train rail ride?

ANDERSON: each of us goes through a similar process.

SANDY PAUL: i want you dead.

ANDERSON: where is the bathroom in here? i can't remember if it was this
way or that way.

SANDY PAUL: through here

[Sandy Paul and Anderson disappear through door to back of the store]

[time passes]

[a live feed is on Anderson while he is in the toilet]

*[the feed is projected in the main room on a monitor that sits at edge of
white room facing audience]*

[after some time Sandy Paul returns to white room resuming seated position]

[at times Sandy Paul seems to watch monitor like a television]

ANDERSON: *[Anderson is in the bathroom. he looks directly into the camera mostly]*

So, Anderson ... are you going to boss Sandy Paul around?
tell him what he needs to do?

[pause]

[Anderson reaches into his pockets]

i have glue sticks in my pockets. why? where did these ...
oh ya, my daughter, she asked if i would help here do her craft
assignment. and she handed me this stick, and i put it in my pocket

[Anderson is looking into the camera. he is pretending to be an astronaut]

hi sweetie! daddy will be home soon.
look sweetie look. i have your stick!

[holds the glue stick to camera]

[pause]

[still life with glue stick]

[time passes]

be good honey. I'm circling the planets like old-McDonald

*[Anderson starts to sing in a sweet falsetto. a familiar tone,
as though he has sung this way to his daughter many times.
and in a tone he knows she loves hearing him sing]*

ANDERSON:

old-McDonald had a farm
ee i ee i oo
and on that farm he had a

*[Anderson suddenly and unexpectedly goes blank. he has forgotten the words
to a song he has sung a hundred times before. the shock of this
startles him. he begins to cry, but continues to sing, through the tears]*

[making up words]

... and on that farm he had 10 fish
ee i ee i oo
the fish were dead and in a basket
ee i ee i oo
and those succulent fish were covered in salt
ee i ee i oo
and the man who carried the fish looked up to the skyscrapers

and said, dear heaven, i have 10 fish, help me feed the multitudes

[Anderson pretends he is his little girl]

"then what happened daddy?"
"then what happened?"

[Anderson pretends to be an astronaut in space speaking into a camera]

you'll have to tune in next week sweetie to get that answer
and now back to space sweetie
back to space, your dad is in space
see me now i'm in space
my arms are heavy
and the gravity is zero (0) out here
the new frontier
ohh ohh out here

[Anderson switches off camera, cutting feed]

[static comes over monitor in the white room monitor playing loudly]

[lights go black but for the glow on monitor]

[time passes]

[lights up full on Sandy Paul alone in white room]

SANDY PAUL:

i already know what's going to happen.
Anderson and i are going to talk.
then he is going to leave.
when that happens i'll still be here (right where i started)

[pause]

it's not a return
we have not moved
i haven't anyway

[singing]

i don't know what or why
each morning when i wake i die
no more this time
i just won't open my eyes
this time
and i'll sink into azure skies
this time
i'd rather wait there then open my eyes
each time i die
this time
this time
i just wont open my eyes

ANDERSON:

[Anderson has switched live feed back on]

[looks directly into the camera mostly]

at least i'm not sweaty.

my grandmother gave a blow job to J. Paul Getty.
on a vacation once (3) of my best friends died suddenly in a car
accident. i just got (3) new best friends (that's all).
best friends are the best. one is silver but the other's gold

[singing]
make new friends
but keep the old
one is silver and the other's gold
make new friends
but keep the old
one is silver and the other's gold

*[Anderson makes his way to the front of the store.
he continues to sing, muttering under his breath while he moves.
the camera moves with him]*

[Sandy Paul is in a strange reverie]

ANDERSON: Sandy Paul? what do you do here by yourself?

SANDY PAUL: i follow the directives.

ANDERSON: in-between that i mean. that can't take all your time?

SANDY PAUL: it does. it does! it does take *all* my time.

ANDERSON: OK

SANDY PAUL: sometimes i get motion sickness in here
my belly is weak
and it goes to my head
and my head's not that strong either

ANDERSON: be cool. be good to yourself SANDY PAUL. you're out here all alone
doing the very best you can, but your family's back there

[pointing towards the door which leads down to the secret rail]
go under, down these steps, take the rail out of here,
you know what you find on the other side?
do you want to know? what if i was to say it was a duplicate?
an exact duplicate of this. that this is all there was there.

SANDY PAUL: this is not all there was there

ANDERSON: i've been there recently on the other side of the rail. you haven't.

SANDY PAUL: but the cost. my silver face. the buttons that are everywhere
(including the ones I've lost and that i can not find).
i'm not so sure anymore. we could try.
this is not all there was there
let me answer your question, specifically. in the 20's ...

ANDERSON: in the 20's
what?
finish your thought

SANDY PAUL: wait

ANDERSON: go back further. it's not too late to go back

SANDY PAUL: wait

ANDERSON: finish your thought. *[pause]* finish!
damn it's good. it's good that we do this.
it's good we try and speak to each other.

ANDERSON: i have friends but it's still good that you and i try to speak

SANDY PAUL: I know. maybe i need friends
[pause]

ANDERSON: don't make yourself a target.

SANDY PAUL: i know. they hit spots i can't see.

ANDERSON: entire parts of my face are in shadows.
so when i go down there *[points to door leading to secret rail]*
when i take those, and ride that rail, and reach the other side
and walk out into that air there, well
it's that i am looking through a tunnel,
[Anderson makes horse blinders with his hands over his eyes and face]
and this tunnel forces
me to to turn my head directly to see the person who addresses me.
even my wife.
and my baby
most of the time they are not in my sight
i have no continuity.
[pause]

... hey S.P. hey
I'm still carrying around that pistol.

[remembering]

you remember the pistol we took from Blankettee?
the old sheep guy who was that scary old fuck that all
the kids were frightened of who lived on the hill by
himself? you remember? Blankettee
and we took his fucking pistol!
Blankettee's pistol! blanketty blank
well, i still have it.
the only answer i have is to threaten people and myself with it.
but i'm scared of guns so i don't pick it up.
but i love the idea of force.
of forcing people (and myself)
to do what i wish them (or myself) to do.

SANDY PAUL: you brought a pistol?

ANDERSON: yes i did
yes i did Sandy Paul
i came here to kill you S.P.
[Anderson takes out pistol]
they said i had to kill you
they said it didn't matter
kill Sandy Paul no matter what Sandy Paul. Sorry.
S.P.? did you hear me? I said sorry.

ANDERSON: ... no matter what. i remember bees knees S. P's.
it's bees knees if you please
farmer's pants
baby blue stripped overalls and summer camp
(horny horny horny)
i'm so hot i keep getting stung by bees
please Sandy Paul forgive me(s)
this is a blind spot
the minute i pull the pistol it's blind
none of it is witnessed
there is no record Sandy
not here Paul

[pause]

Paul you're not here. come here Paul come here. OK buddy OK.
you're hungry? OK buddy be still.
what? shh! Paul. Sandy is gone!
[Sandy Paul becomes very restless]
Sandy is not coming back.
Sandy wasn't supposed to be here in the first place.

no one loves Sandy anymore.
it's just me and you Paul.
i can't lie to you anymore Paul, forget him.
no memory will help you.
the *only* thing that will help you Paul is to forget.
to never
cut Sandy away
discard Sandy
into the place where retrieval is impossible.
the place of no return. throw him there.

[pause]

I'll help you. together we'll do it.

SANDY PAUL : you just need Sandy? Paul's OK?

ANDERSON : yes

SANDY PAUL : who's to say taking Sandy won't mean that Paul goes too?

ANDERSON : that is a possibility. it's possible that taking Sandy will mean Paul goes too. but we will be as careful as humanly possible. what more could be asked of us?

[Sandy Paul starts to sing]

[after a time Anderson joins in]

[the two sing together in great harmony]

SANDY PAUL : Sandy and Paul go together
Sandy and Paul have played in all kinds of weather
Sandy and Paul have a ball
Sandy and Paul have a ball
la la la la la la
la la la
[repeats]

ACT 2

[a flashback to another time]

[a shared waking daydream between Anderson and Sandy Paul]

SANDY PAUL: shy? shy? I'm not shy. I'm not!

ANDERSON: yes you are

SANDY PAUL: i'm not

ANDERSON: yes you are. you most definitely are. you are.

SANDY PAUL: i am?

ANDERSON: yes, but being shy is nothing to be ashamed of. as a matter of fact, shyness could be mistook for modesty, which is a very attractive virtue.

SANDY PAUL: *[pause]* I've never thought of it like that. hmm. ya.
[pause] modesty is a virtue?

ANDERSON: i think so

SANDY PAUL: OK. i accept being modest, but i don't like it when people walk around calling me shy. I'm not shy. I'm modest.

ANDERSON: *[looking around]* people ... walking ... around here?

SANDY PAUL: you'd be surprised. from time to time, if the mood is right, in all fairness, who am i to say, heavens to Betsy! I just peed a little in my pants. heavens to Betsy!

[both look to Sandy Paul's pants]

ANDERSON: i can't see anything SP.

SANDY PAUL: well it's there. i can feel it.

ANDERSON: a little pee never hurt me

SANDY PAUL: tell my girlfriend that

[pause]

ANDERSON: you have a girlfriend?

SANDY PAUL: remarkably. it's a level playing field. there's the huddle and then there's life. this is the huddle. out there is life.

ANDERSON: will we get to meet her?

SANDY PAUL: no. i don't want my family back there *[points to door leading to secret rail]* on the other side of the rail to know.

ANDERSON: i wouldn't say anything

SANDY PAUL: that's besides the point. if you were to know, the odds of them finding out increases (10) fold. you know how they say that a woman's pleasure's (10) fold to that of the man? well it's the same thing.

ANDERSON: but you've told me already. just now. i know now. so what's the harm of meeting her?
[Anderson looks around with anticipation]
what's the harm?

SANDY PAUL: shit you're right shit.
i am such a dumb fucking shit head.
shit! why'd i tell you?

ANDERSON: don't worry. i won't say anything.

SANDY PAUL: don't worry. i won't say anything.

ANDERSON: i won't

SANDY PAUL: i won't
[pause]

ANDERSON: OK. you win. you win. i'll quit trying. you win.

SANDY PAUL: if i was to introduce you that would make things that much more intense

ANDERSON: you're right. i don't wish to meet her anymore.
please don't let me see her.

ACT 3

[lights and mood returns to where left off in act 1]

[Sandy Paul is alone once again in white room]

[there is no indication as to where Anderson is]

SANDY PAUL: *[practicing an act he has been working on alone at the outpost]*
[half singing]
i can't feel what i want to feel
i can't do what i want to do
what i used to feel
where did it go
the day you left my world went black

[pause]

awww! fuck this
OK OK this is hard to say
baby
can you hear me
baby
do you care
baby
it's what we tell ourselves
right baby
we have to control the dialog
in our heads baby
baby in our heads

ANDERSON: *[door opens to back of store. Anderson appears]*
[standing in doorway]
who are you talking to?
SP? Sandy? what is it?
how can I help you? for god's sake, you know why I'm here?
my experience frightens me.
i want to abandon my daughter. to the polar bears.
under freezing waters. she'll freeze!
my daughter my daughter swims with polar bears.

SANDY PAUL: that's crazy talk Anderson. what's wrong with you?

ANDERSON: *[entering into white room with Sandy Paul]*
No SP. i won't lie to you.
they told me to come here and kill you,
but all i want to do is run away.
when i look into my daughter's face,

i see a demon whose wrecking everything.
you can't talk about that to people.
they'll look at you with scared-frightened-eyes if you do.
am i talking crazy Paul? Paul am i? SP?

[Sandy Paul and Anderson sit for a long time without speaking]

ANDERSON:

[breaking the silence that is growing between them]
when my wife got pregnant we felt like most do,
we felt blessed. look at us, we're going to have a baby!
us! that was short lived.
i kept getting promoted now.
i spend my time going from outpost to outpost
delivering "new directives" - or, as is the case here,
shutting down a site.

[Anderson looks around as if seeing the place for the first time]

it will be a sad day to see this girl go. this old girl.
they don't make them like this anymore.
it's good to stand in her one last time though.

Oh Paul, do you remember before? When we both we're in training?
That's when i met Susan. You know, she had a crush on you.

[pause]

Let me say something. She'd have my hide if she knew I told you this,
But she tried to get me to agree to inviting you

[pause]

over, but I never

[trails off]

Not much has held together really except the baby.

She's not a baby anymore.

What is she?

Like ten? I don't know. I pretend to know, but I don't.

No I don't smoke crack, Sandy.

No. Once in a hotel, but that was not this.

I can't even look at that without crying.

I can't look at crack without crying.

Crack makes me cry.

But a lot makes me cry.

I usually don't show it.

I'll cry veiled tears when I ride the rail.

[looks towards door that leads to secret rail]

did I tell Sandy my thief's life dream? hmm?
a thief's life dream,
a thief's life, a thief's life
is the life for me
steal away thief, steal away, it's okay
take it, take it, don't pay for it (or earn it)
take it
take it thief, take it, keep going you'll make it
no one will see
that's a thief's dream, not to be seen
dipping your thief's hand into life's can
go thief go, don't let up
go thief go, don't let up

[trails off]

[picks up steam again]

well, what do i hold onto?

[stops. looks at Sandy Paul with a sudden curiosity]

well, are you going to speak?
am i just to prattle on?
the society, oh gentle friend, my time is fractured.
PRATTLE PUSS
even though I'd rather drown my daughter in freezing water
than kill you ... oh gentle friend
PRATTLE PUSS. i won't do it. i won't do what i want
instead i'll do what is expected of me
and return to her and cry without letting on that i am
and keep visions to myself
a thief's dream
PRATTLE PUSS
who drowns his demon daughter in freezing waters (with polar bears)

[pause]

ANDERSON: you've done good work out here SP.
it will be reported by me.
i'll put it in.
why not before i forget, let me write it down now.

[takes out pad from pocket and speaks as he writes]
Sandy Paul, very good work at the Brooklyn Roosevelt Outpost.
Well done, Sandy Paul! Well done!

[looking at Sandy Paul directly]
so, do you have anything to say?
[silence]
do you want some tablets. the ones i always bring
[winks]
i have some
[silence]

[half singing]
i'm tough. i'm the toughest of the tough
and i have the right stuff
i'll live to see the day your day is blackened
WOW WOW i'm tough
this is a baby's picnic
OH mention babies to weaken me
nothing nothing can weaken me
only freedom beckons, but i won't look at her
lying dark face, fuck you freedom!

Sandy! would you fucking say something?!
[trails off]

i've tried replacement capsules. the feeders,
ahh i am feddered, lips ah lips, sips come on man,
night is where my baby is, my other baby,
not the demon i want to kill, she's with her mother.

[pause]

ANDERSON: fuck you Sandy Paul!
right on. this has totally flipped.

[pause]

[Anderson walks about room taking stock]
i should of shaved this morning.
why did i forget? oh that's right.
my daughter was anxious to get in the bath, so i said,
"ah fuck it!" ... and i was even lathered up.

[Anderson rubs his face and looks at himself in the mirror]
i had lather on my face this morning

i was ready to go
and i just stopped
i broke off
from what i was doing
what was i doing

[Anderson takes out his revolver]
[time passes]

*[Anderson taps Sandy Paul on the shoulder and the two men
walk into the back room shutting the door behind them]*
[pause]

[a loud and startling gun shot rings out from back room]
*[a loud thump follows the gun shot as a sack of grain hitting
the floor might sound]*
[Anderson enters main room]
[pause]
[Anderson exits side door that leads to the underground rail]

BLACKOUT

THE END

[NOTES]