

COP PIECE [ep2] UNDERCOVER MIME

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PROLOGUE

mercy, how did I get so fucking fat. i'm jonesing for a cigarette (not now ok ok) my headaches are coming back (all over again). generally I am angry and I am riddled with envy and lust (dog gone it) where did I put my fucking cigarettes. i'm just going to smoke. forget this. my life no more. there used to be a cat around here. i'll put the union in a little bit (ok). number one. I am fortunate to be in the position I am. let me tell you about it. things are not ordinarily this broken up but we all go through periods, they can't be skirted. excuse me for a moment. that's enough. that's enough. everything has gone missing in here. my stuff. where has all my stuff gone. forget it, we're in NYC for god's sake not SF and i'm a police officer (as if that makes any fucking diff). you wanna know what makes a cop tic (hey what makes a dic tic). this is me ordinarily wouldn't be so straight forward (NO NO NO SF) we got (sorry about that you know business) got to keep the lights on anyway that's right

she's in 11 different flicks right now all playing at different houses throughout the city. the last one I saw her in was really great it had all this exposition back story. she was a small town SF girl trying to make it big in the big city (trying to make it big). put yourself in her position (mother father) mom what are you looking at. (why am I always playing your mother). we're not playing mom i'm a cop and people have to listen to me or i'll shoot them (you don't have your gun anymore). not my official gun the one I carried on duty but I have a gun mom. i'm getting ill mom (i always said take care of yourself). don't say it (NO NO NO). what is most important to you (not to die in the arms of a stranger). don't fucking say it (do you remember on Halloween when you were little and your dad and I dressed up like hobos. I have a sock drawer full of pictures). everything is making me sleepy (dress yourself). what do you desire. what do you carry around. my wristwatch SF Barry Bonds owes me money the system we are creating hips dope kindergarten my apple Adam underline this sheepish(ness) punk under a spell two tons of dynamite (blam blam)

she is pretty she is a pussy that's why I like her. she likes all of it. not other things. bicycles riding by the water hang let lead hang observe her have fun kid have fun this doesn't last you're a cop (sort of) what happens when you're not. what happens when you take the uni off. I needed to go undercover get on the inside. my name is René René and I studied with the legend Jacques Rimbodeé in Paris. the first thing they taught us at the academy when being groomed for this type of undercover mime work is have an answer for everything. it doesn't have to be the best answer or the only answer but have a reason people always have a reason for things even if they lie about it or can't tell you what it is. it's there. i'm in this storefront now because the economy is tough (everyone knows that) see how that explains things. ok. here we go. Mr. Carmine across the street said we could stay here so long as we put sheets up in the windows. he said he didn't want to see me miming and he didn't want his customers to see me miming either. he said mimes are bad for business. deal I said deal. anything else I said. you are so kind Carmine. then he told me about the cops who were here for a while on stakeout. some fucking psycho detective named Samuel and this real nice beat cop named David who had fake kids which sounds really beautiful somehow. I looked him right in the eyes as René René and he told me about me. I never felt so powerful in all my life to fill someone so completely. that's some type of grand feeling boy. Mr. Carmine said they left some of their equipment and if I didn't mind I could watch over the equipment. I asked, I said, Mr. Carmine, why do you keep a live feed. shh shh you stupid fucking mime shhh I hate it when mimes talk. I keep a live feed going because it's a hidden camera. allows me to keep an eye an extra eye on my employees make sure they're not eating pepperonis behind my back. you get it. now get the fuck out of my site you dirty fucking mime, stay in the storefront, watch over the equipment, clean up once in a while, do whatever it is you mimes do behind curtains and closed doors, I could care less. but let me repeat myself René René. me or my customers so much as glimpse you or any of your mime friends all white faced making god knows what gestures and you're out. do I make myself clear.

very clear Carmine. very clear. there I am beat cop David undercover as René René and the old man knows nothing. WOW. I will be grateful Carmine and don't you worry nobody will see me. I'm undercover mime. I've burrowed in this time. like a mole. you'll never get me out. I love this room. this room has good energy. it's an alive room. I love miming. back in Paris at the academy Jacques would often say to me in an almost inaudible whisper René René you have the gift. René René you have the gift. what will you do with it René René. what will you do. Jacques showed me many things. let me show you some of them. eventually I had to leave Paris and France and Jacques. I am like Jason Bourne I travel the world taking different identities. no one knows the real me. things are not easy for a mime here. let me show you how I feel not by telling you with my mouth. but by using my whole body silently.

I had a dream. I was a mime vampire. maybe then I'll get a movie deal. then I would start shoving tubes up my ass and flying jet airplanes like John Travolta. everybody wants to be dead. everybody wants me to kill them. all my mime pieces are about this. death. me killing other people out of pity. he's a mime. he's deadly. kill me mime. put your mime face in mine. breathe on me mime. breathe mime breathe on me. etc etc etc. I give people what they want. you want a pissed off mime vampire who talks shit all the time fine here you go. miming came about as a result of the black death. the plague. people started painting themselves white wearing tight black clothing and not talking. in those days mimes could often be mistook for ghouls. a ghoul is someone who, usually with a wheeled cart, usually accompanied by one or two other ghouls, picks up bodies left for rot and puts these bodies and sometimes the only nearly dead, into large pits with other bodies. I know it's gross. miming is also related to the contemporary Japanese dance form Butoh. Butoh. Butoh. Butoh is an atomic orgy of death. Butoh and mime are sisters. sometimes in my free flow work I'll mime and I'll Butoh until I can't anymore.

mostly I wish to be on TV. to see my face projected towards millions. this is my aim. my true desire. monitors everywhere with my face. enlarge my face. flat screen my face. pixelated to death my face. make me calm. turn upwards towards me. make me a castle please. if a little boy sneaks up to you and says, hi, what are you doing, and says his prayers to you, oh life is a joy. the point of my work is that I mime, audience or no audience, many hours a day. it is a great sacrifice to give yourself over to her. to the mime. I cannot suffer interruptions of any kind. OK. well. you can sleep here René René and there is a fridge on the other side of the storefront, help yourself. this room, the kitchen we call it, has a boiler plate thing-a-ma-jig for tea or soup. we like to keep it simple. I'm a mime. the world, the universe is an inner image to be explored through silence and gesture.

I call my mime darling. oh darling protect me oh darling protect me from the mountain all our love. protect me oh darling. leaves on the trees are mysterious (you are not). every leaf on every tree has personality (you have no personality). you are beautiful (I love you). I saw Cleopatra this morning. I will tell her how I feel. I will stand as Gold so she can see me do my best miming. cast me out dark night seducer of my dreams. make the night day and the day night. I wonder what the policemen were like who were here before. there seems to be a residual presence that my inner image is picking up on. I feel an urge to mime about this image. please help me. I'm a mime. I have no money. my jar is empty. the policemen, what were they like. what made them do what they did and act the way they acted. why were they looking at Carmine's. I want to know everything.

ACT ONE

***PERFUME aka CLEO & René
THE EGYPTIAN PRINCESS AND THE FRENCH MIME...***

[...A BONNIE AND CLYDE LIKE COUPLE HAVE BEEN ON THE ROAD FOR A WHILE AND ARE NOW HOLED UP IN AN ABANDONED BROOKLYN STOREFRONT. THIS PAIR DEALS IN BLACK MARKET PERFUMES AND OTHER SUNDRIES, SEEKING PORT TOWNS AND BUSY CITY CENTERS TO TURN A QUICK BUCK AND DISAPPEAR BEFORE THE LOCAL NARCS SNIFF THEM OUT. NOW THE HEAT IS COMING DOWN ON THEM. THE DOGS HAVE BEEN LET LOOSE AND ARE HOT ON THEIR TAILS. THE OWNER OF THE STOREFRONT, CARMINE NATORO, HAS AGREED TO LET THEM HIDE OUT FOR A FEW DAYS, OR UNTIL THE DOGS LOSE THE SCENT. NATORO, BEING FROM NAPLES, HAS A LONG HISTORY OF UNDERWORLD ACTIVITY, DATING BACK TO THE OLD COUNTRY]

[CLEO AND René BOTH RECORD CONSTANTLY][CLEO WRITES][René RECORDS HIS VOICE INTO A DEVICE THAT HE OCCASIONALLY PLAYS BACK][CLEO DRESSES FAUX EGYPTIAN][René DRESSES IN A MIX OF BAD FRENCH NOIR CRIMINAL AND MIME][THEY ARE PENNY-ANTE TWO-BIT CROOKS][THEY ARE ON THE RUN]

CLEO: perfumes by **DESERT ROSE FRAGRANCES.** scents so sizzling your skin will literally boil, and so will his! (or hers). at **DESERT ROSE** everyone is under the canopy! **DESERT ROSE** scents down upon whomever stands beneath it. the mist will stir your essence. the essence of **DESERT ROSE** is essence, and the calling forth of other essences. **DESERT ROSE, DESERT ROSE,** bring your essence into the light. **DESERT ROSE** magic, a flick of the wrist, don't make me do it. send me higher, I'm on fire. into the **DESERT ROSE,** I will never look back. my scent and yours and you, IS the domain of **DESERT ROSE**

[René BEGINS A LITTLE ROUTINE THEY BOTH ARE FAMILIAR WITH. A BURLESQUE NUMBER. VAUDEVILLIAN CAMP]

René: bring that closer so I can smell it. I can't smell it from over here.

[CLEO WALKS TO René. PAUSE. René PUTS HIS FACE INTO CLEO'S CROTCH. SHE LETS HIM. SHE THEN TURNS AROUND, FACES THE MIRROR, WITH HER BACK TO René, AND CONTINUES PRACTICING THE DESERT ROSE MANTRA]

CLEO: Desert Rose Desert Rose Desert Rose... smell the fire...

[SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT WARNING CLEO TURNS AND SLAPS René TWICE ACROSS THE FACE][SHARP][FIRM]

[PAUSE]

[THE TWO LOOK AT ONE OTHER FOR SOME TIME]

[A WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE ABANDONED STOREFRONT]
[René STANDS AND PUTS A CASSETTE TAPE IN THE BOOM BOX THAT IS ON THE FLOOR]
[CLEO WATCHES HIM INTENTLY]

René: that hurt

[MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY]
[FOR A TIME NEITHER SPEAKS]
[THEY ENTER ANOTHER ROUTINE]
[THE ROUTINE OF A COUPLE ON THE RUN, IN A STRANGE PLACE, TRYING TO FIND THEIR WAY HOME]
[THEY ARE IN AND OUT OF THE KITCHEN] [TEA IS MADE]
[MUSIC CONTINUES TO PLAY]
[SILENTLY AND SWEETLY THEY MAKE UP]

CLEO: make hate while you can, the day will come when you can't
dear hate, so sweet
sweet(ness) poison alone can possess
I am full up with you

do do do do do do do do
do do do do do do do do
do do do do do do do do

[TALKING TO HERSELF]

I'll see you any time. but not right now
anytime?
but not right now. later
OK. later.

René: her shit is in my mouth
her shit is all over
and later
it got blended in
in such a way that everyone forgot about it

CLEO: this is an ASS PIECE

René: ASS PIECE
ding dong

CLEO: ding dong
[CLEO PRETENDS THEY JUST MET]

"hmm? OK. "
"tell me about yourself"
"is that so"
"you call yourself René?"
"what kind of a name is that?"
"French?"
"OK OK don't get defensive. it's French. you're French. fine."
"well, René. we seem to have quite an opportunity here, to go
far, if we're lucky"
"to make a name for ourselves"
"that is the aim anyway"
"I love it. since I was little, a girl, I've dreamed of this"
"do you mind? I'm going to get comfortable"
"get me a rag from the kitchen"
"do you mind?"

René: so be it.

[HE GOES TO KITCHEN AND RETRIEVES A RAG FOR CLEO]
[HE RETURNS AND GIVES CLEO THE RAG]
[TIME PASSES]

things are the way they are.
I didn't make them that way.

CLEO: no René no

René: we're on the run and it's only dumb luck that we ran into Mr.
Natoro across the street when you went in for a slice at the
pizzeria, and he took a liking to you, and out of the kindness of
his heart, decided to let us hole up here, in this flea trap, for
a while, at least long enough for the dogs to lose our scent.

[TIME PASSES]

the first thing I do in the morning is cry when something bad
happens to someone else. does that increase or decrease the odds
of something bad happening to me, when something bad happens to
someone else?

CLEO: "I don't think of the future"

René: "no"

CLEO: "modeling has always been a goal of mine"

can I talk for a minute, René?
what do you desire?

René: [RECORDS HIMSELF]
her tip toes make me see.
only cheese can be served cold these days.
people kiss in different ways.

CLEO: Japanese kiss differently than Americans do.

René: how's that?

CLEO: with their tongues. less mouth.

René: show me

CLEO: OK. come here

[CLEO SHOWS René THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE WAY JAPANESE AND
AMERICANS KISS]

René: leave me on a tree
leave it up to me
stare out at the sea
pray for tranquility

CLEO: [THIS IS ACCOMPANIED BY A SLIDE SHOW PRESENTATION]
[MANY OF THEM ARE PICTURES OF CLEO TAKEN BY René]

before you know it she'll start copulating [SLIDES]
then she'll want money [SLIDES]
she'll put tattoos on her body. mornings won't ever be the same
[SLIDES]
she'll never look you in the face again. you'll be filled with
regret. [SLIDES]
you'll try and bridge a new type of relationship, seeking solace
in the fact that you didn't decide how things will be [SLIDES]
you're not GOD [SLIDES]
you are only who you are. whatever that is [SLIDES]

René: I want power
I want flesh
dice
vomit
paper bag lunches

vinyl

CLEO: par-cheesy (extra-sleazy)
René do you remember that girl in high school you went down on
and had sex with, without a rubber, that cocaine bitch, in that
hotel room, with your friends passed out, splayed out, on the
floor?

René: no

CLEO: I killed her. time honored her and I killed her.
time and me (he he)

René: get over it, CLEO. you weren't a bitch. ya, CLEO, you did some
cocaine. too much sometimes. but I would never say you were a
bitch. never. certainly not a cocaine bitch. that's horrible.

[PAUSE]

CLEO: remember the other things you were going to do?
going out and doing that and feeling good as you did.
meanwhile, CLEO's back at the apartment, eating apple pie

René: stuffing her face

CLEO: taking shits twice an hour
CLEO's ASS PIECE
a piece about CLEO's ass

René: cool water on your armpits

CLEO: I'm not here to socialize, René

René: me neither. maybe that's why we like each other.

CLEO: maybe

René: fuck you, CLEO

CLEO: fuck you, René

René: I don't want to talk to you

CLEO: I don't want to talk to you

René: CLEO go!

CLEO: René away!

René: liars like you don't act frightened.
pretend with someone else

CLEO: I will. I will pretend with someone else.
Pretending with you fucking sucks.
[PAUSE]
I love pornography, René. let's start there.
maybe with that love, we can start something

my skin, not the skin you see
my skin, that which makes up me
is inside out. my skin is inside out

we're done. I have to go now.
[GENTLY]
piss on me, René?

René: OK. Do you care that we are going to be on camera?
[PAUSE]
all these stores [GESTURES]
no matter how old,
have cameras.
people are going to see us.
are you OK with that, CLEO?

CLEO: yes, René, yes, I'm OK with that.

[CLEO PUTS A TAPE IN THE BOOM BOX ON THE FLOOR. MUSIC BEGINS
PLAYING]
[THEY EXIT INTO THE BACK ROOM]
[A LIVE FEED SHOWS René PISSING ON CLEO]
[THEY RETURN AND GO ABOUT ROUTINE OF SETTING UP PERFUME SHOP AS
THOUGH NOTHING HAS HAPPENED]

[TIME PASSES]

ACT TWO

''let the dogs in''

CLEO: when I was 19 four of my teeth were knocked out in an accident I had. [DISPLAYS HER TEETH OPENING HER MOUTH WIDE]
my boy at the time was a maniac. he didn't mean to hit me. my cousins were always around growing up. this is a tight spot. nimble nimble in the morning I tremble. I have question mark (?) in me. [SHE LOOKS INSIDE HERSELF] do you know what the question mark is?

nope

nope

nope

that's not it. keep guessing.

nope

I'm not alive anymore. I'm dead. pound away. sure I feel and bleed and get wet

but I'm dead. the question is, do you care?

try me

do you care

of course Cleopatra's dead

what else could be said

900 years x 3 have passed

we know that's a long time

but not forever

[René LETS OUT A SMALL 1/2 MUFFLED SCREAM OR CRY]

CLEO: why do you do that?

René: what?

CLEO: the little yell?

René: the little yell?

[CLEO DOES IT]

[SILENCE]

[René DOES IT]

[SILENCE]

CLEO: OK. I can see why.

[TIME PASSES]

[CLEO LOOKS INTO THE MIRROR]

gypsies have fun. gypsies are always on the run. beautiful men make love to gypsies.

if Johnny Depp we're to walk in here right now looking like a gypsy and fuck me good, what would I be most scared of? probably right after when he lit a cigarette and there was that awkward pause, but I imagine he would be so romantic.

[CLEO PRETENDS SHE IS JOHNNY DEPP TALKING TO HERSELF AFTER THEY HAVE HAD SEX]

sweet sweet girl this is really out of sight, this little getaway you have

he would softly stroke my neck and who's the mime asleep over there?

oh nobody nobody don't pay attention to him

he's funny looking

ya I know

is he nice?

he can be.

should I go before he wakes?

no... yes... I mean... oh Johnny oh Johnny...

[CLEO STARTS TO KISS HER IMAGINARY JOHNNY DEPP]

you smell so good

my parents were very careful with me

ya ya

and is living in France, what's it like?

oh like anywhere else I guess

why, what brings you to Brooklyn?

oh you know, the usual, gypsy shit. need to wander, find a beautiful whose soft ear I can whisper sweetly into

[CLEO WHISPERS SWEETLY IN HER EAR]

that tickles

your laugh is like a fresh stream that cools and heals me dear

CLEO

[René SLOWLY AWAKENS ON THE COT OPPOSITE CLEO. HE HAS WATCHED HER FOR SOME TIME SILENTLY AND WITHOUT DRAWING ATTENTION TO HIMSELF]

René: who are you talking to CLEO?

CLEO: [TURNING TO René SEEMINGLY WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF SURPRISE OF EMBARRASSMENT]

you really want to know?

René: yes

CLEO: Johnny Depp

René: what did he say?

[PAUSE]

did you get his autograph? we could sell it if you did.

CLEO: you could say he signed his name

[CLEO DANCES A MIME DANCE SILENTLY]

[CLEO PLAYS SOME MUSIC AFTER A TIME]

[TIME PASSES]

[CLEO TAKES René's HANDS AND THEY BEGIN TO DANCE TOGETHER IN THE CORNER]

[PRIVATE. A MILLION MILES AWAY, AS THE SAYING GOES, FROM ANYWHERE.]

[INFINITY]

[CLEO LAYS DOWN]

[René SITS OPPOSITE]

[CLEO PRETENDS TO FALL ASLEEP]

[René APPLIES HEAVY MIME FACE MAKE-UP] [René STANDS IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR]

[TIME PASSES]

[René SUDDENLY AND HASTILY REMOVES MUCH OF THE MAKE-UP HE HAS JUST APPLIED]

[THIS LEAVES René IN A PECULIAR NAKEDNESS]

René: the summer
when I was a boy
wax man
how do you go from surfer to mime
explain that Johnny Jack
Leo Carrillo if breaking off scraping the outside rock
you don't surf anymore wax man
I don't because it interferes with my miming
you expect me to believe that
why can't you just be a mime and then surf in-between
getting away from it all might be good for you
maybe you're right. I could learn
I'm not saying that. not so quick wax man. I'm just saying if you
hadn't been so stupid to let it go

all together you could of had a pretty unique combo going.
they might of played real nicely off one another,
surfer / mime.
it would actually be pretty cool.
but you're not. I mean you didn't.
all you got is your mime and by itself, well, you know

[René LOOKS AT CLEO FOR SOME TIME. SHE LIES IN THE COT PRETENDING
TO BE ASLEEP]

think about it. if she knew you as a surfer and a mime
she would be so hot for you
how do you expect her to maintain some type of normal
attention
to a mime
no wonder she talks to Johnny Depp
do you blame her

René: I love bushy haired women

[PAUSE]

carry me down onto your belly
all the way down lonely man's park
in a wad
I wasn't even born in 1963
don't be nice to me

CLEO: I only want your desire
[ALMOST RANTING]
pure pure desire

René: sit down, CLEO. please. sit down, please.

CLEO: I'm not interested in that

René: I was hurt

CLEO: OK. I'm listening.

René: burned 18a interior Pollack
frosted
nothing is left
teach me
mother

CLEO: hate birthed me
teach me, I will be good
I promise
I'm not a man of my word

René: that sound you make
the crackling from the cheeks

CLEO: pelvic bones
oh my face
oh oh what a disgrace
oh oh what a taste
you're done

[INCREASINGLY ANGRY AND VIOLENT]
sign your name on your way out

René: CLEO what are you talking about?

CLEO: leave the rest of us
condemned
to our own silences

René: this is over the top sweetheart

CLEO: shut the fuck up.
you should not be heard from,
from now on
[COMMANDING René]
only whisper
in my ear
call me dear

René: [MUMBLING]
again shame I am a cowering fool

CLEO: eventually they will carry you away into snow
bleeding

René: I remember now, there was blood
when you did what you did
I was not ever the same
I do blame you

CLEO: save it.
[GIVING René THE WORDS]
I just want her...

René: I just want her

CLEO: so I can feel better

René: so I can feel better

CLEO: René's face is shaped like a cricket

René: René's face is shaped like a cricket

CLEO: how much money do we have left?

René: how much money do we have left?
[THE DREAM BREAKS]
how much? we're broke, CLEO.
why would you ask? this is it
[René SHOWS HER SOME SPARE CHANGE HE HAS DUG OUT FROM HIS POCKETS]
it's you and me and the dogs
this is what people come to see

let's let the dogs in
if we stand still enough maybe they'll run by
but if we start to be eaten hold my hand
but do not look at me
I'm sure my face will take on a coward's expression
and I wish for you not to see me
with your last eyes that way
with the dogs biting and tearing us apart

[VOICEOVER AMPLIFIED IN SPACE]

this is America not some shit hole
god I yearn for this day
my family was Mormon
and if you knew what we had to do
to get where we had to go
you'd take 2 or 3 wives too

CLEO: you don't have 2 or 3 wives. you're not even married.
what are talking about? shut your mouth.

René: my ancestors killed natives
Mormons wide open country
and rolling wheat grass
hills upon hills and on each hill another wife
little girl transform my strife
CLEO and René are alchemical

CLEO: we have to stop and dig a hole to bury our shit
a shit hole
CLEO's gonna shit first

René: when you pull up that dress...

CLEO: to shit
René starts to shiver

René: my aches melt away
there is a great relief

CLEO: Mormon Relief. do you know there aren't more than 7 or 8 Mormons
in all of France?
do you know that, René? what is a French Mormon?

René: my bones folded over into gentle sticks
you have the sticks now
you carry them, be gentle
CLEO smiles and I feel better
looking into the mirror
\$7 sunset 3 sweet Mormon girls smile back at me

CLEO: oh baby
Miami is waiting

René: cocaine and lots of

CLEO: wink wink
oh baby
Miami is waiting

René: cocaine and lots of

CLEO: wink wink

René: Mormon women are powerful

their autonomous innermost thoughts
Mormon beauty makes my lust
in my gums
in my teeth

CLEO: 3 men each wanting their cock sucked 1 girl
does she suck all 3
2 out of 3
only 1
who'S the 1st if more than 1
what is she thinking

[END OF VOICEOVER]

ACT THREE *PERFUMAS [LATIN] = THROUGH SMOKE*

René: tell me

CLEO: Dear CLEOPATRA,
What are you thinking?
Before I came to Brooklyn I lived in Egypt and I had great skin
and I smelled good all the time.
Ever since I have been in Brooklyn it's difficult to smell good.
Even with perfume. Sometimes the perfume makes it worse.
Richard Burton is my favorite actor.
[CLEO LOOKS AT RENÉ]
But sometimes in life we have to just settle for what's in front
of us.
I want to go back to Egypt and live in my sand dune with all the
eunuchs around me, the boys in white shimmering golden robes.
I want to go back to Egypt...

**[CLEO PRETENDS TO BE SADE. THEN KOJAK. THEN CLEOPATRA. THEN HUNTER
S. THOMPSON]**

CLEO: I was sixteen and I went on a drive with Amy. How I miss Reagan.
Reagan was a better President than Obama. And Nancy was more
interesting than Michele.
"My name is Michele Obama and the president is my man."
"My husband."

René: I loved Nancy Reagan too.
and I really love Santa Barbara.

In France people love Nancy Reagan oddly enough.

- CLEO:** Who gives a fuck René!
[CLEO PRETENDS TO BE René AND SPEAKS LIKE HIM]
[SHE PUTS ON A BAD FRENCH ACCENT]
"My name is, not really, but I like to pretend that it is.
Don't I smell like cheese. Can't you see the Seine reflected in
my eyes?"
10 hours a day for six months mostly wishing for relief.
- René:** her toes, your toes little girl
...night time comes
- CLEO:** "cut it"
not interested
the subject is dead. too late.
it happens. you try and try and try
and your efforts are no good
what more can be said
- CLEO:** "René go away, go back to France!"
we've known each other since before and all the stuff, you know
stop trying to obscure it, say what's on your mind.
your heart is broken
- René:** your heart is broken
- CLEO:** no no, my name is René, and MY heart is broken.
say that.
- René:** hi, my name is CLEO and my heart is broken.
you say that.
- CLEO:** my name is CLEO and my heart is broken.
- René:** ...and I don't know where to put my put my pain, I don't know
where to turn. I have to realize I might not ever know.
- CLEO:** I've been distracted and I am trying not to make excuses.
it's hard not to. but I was, well, you have to understand
- René:** I have to understand, I have to come to terms with the past I've
had with her, my past with CLEO

CLEO: **ASS** ص **PERFUMES** ص **EGYPT**

[THIS IS A CIRCLE]
[SLIDES ARE USED TO ILLUSTRATE THE CIRCULARITY]
[CLEO GOES INTO A DEMONSTRATION, SHE IS AN EXPERT ON PERFUMES AND EGYPTIAN HISTORY WITH FRAGRANCES]

CLEO: "this isn't Egypt"
 criminals filling in the bottles with colored liquids
 the laboratory
 my utter disgust and boredom
 me on vacation
 me in my favorite dress
 me having my nails done
 me with another boyfriend

René: I hate when she shows that

CLEO: me
 enveloping new ideas within a trajectory of love

René: bring that closer so I can smell it. I can't smell it from over here.

CLEO: [WALKS TO René] [STOPS. TURNS AROUND]
 SIGNATURE SCENT

René: I just want to bury my goddamned nose way up there. there's no other way to say it

CLEO: I am who I really am
 I am who I really am
 I can do anything

René: I can do anything

[PAUSE]

CLEO: no you can't

[THIS IS A PIECE ABOUT POSSIBILITY]

DESERT ROSE PERFUME explore the possibility

[THEY ARE SETTING UP THE PERFUME STORE AND DISPLAY CASE FOR THEIR BLACK-MARKET PERFUMES]

René: a bottle crashed on the floor
there is gas rising
perfume fumes ! smoke ! (ssss) !

CLEO: René is scared of the smoke. he is superstitious.

[THE PERFUME SHOP TAKES ON THE QUALITIES OF AN OPIUM DEN]

[René PRETENDS]

[HE IS A FRENCH MIME]

René: I am Ben-ja-min I drift and drift and daydream
glass colored waters shimmering
so many reflections
the prophets are here who smolders a white death from the excess
this too is a place for the dying

CLEO: I thought mimes didn't talk?

René: they don't usually

CLEO: why are you talking?

René: lay out the governor's bed. he's coming later. and he's going to want to lie down. make sure you scent his bed with Philly's Rose (the horse) in case he goes into one of his, fits. OK?

René: PER FUMAS [LATIN] = THROUGH SMOKE

CLEO: hot rose come out come on this is more, ever so much more than we ever could have imagined. I am a victim of my desire. I'm going to fucking collapse from this shit. I am burning

DESERT ROSE

explore time and space and distance

10 steps is 10 steps is 10 steps

praise please praise

[SHE GOES INTO THE DESERT ROSE MANTRA]

perfumes by **DESERT ROSE FRAGRANCES**. scents so sizzling your skin will literally boil, and so will his! (or hers). at **DESERT ROSE** everyone is under the canopy! **DESERT ROSE** scents down upon whomever stands beneath it. the mist will stir your essence. the essence of **DESERT ROSE** is essence, and the calling forth of

other essences. DESERT ROSE, DESERT ROSE, bring your essence into the light. DESERT ROSE magic, a flick of the wrist, don't make me do it. send me higher, I'm on fire. into the DESERT ROSE, I will never look back. my scent and yours and you IS the domain of DESERT ROSE

[TIME PASSES]

if bottles were diamonds and you and I were on a ship and the sky was full of bright starlight

René: my mom told me when I was very little that I would be a beautiful man. is she right
look at me. am I a beautiful man

CLEO: _____
HOT ROSE

René: OK. let's go now. we have to go.
I want you to be careful

CLEO: I will

[THEY KISS SWEETLY]

I wish there was something else
light it
save it
light it

René: I will

CLEO: I've got to get rid of all the fucking shit

René: that hurts when you say that

CLEO: why are you French mime types so sensitive? I act like a baby because I am a baby, a baby French mime crying silently all the time [SHE HAS PUT ON A BABY VOICE] I've been able up to now to handle it, this I cannot handle

René: you're kidding. stop. stop this. make it full. you're hurting me now

CLEO: it's almost over. remember to whisper
[RENÉ WHISPERS IN CLEO'S EAR]
OK ... go ahead say it. soft. Ya Ya. NO NO.
I don't believe them. you're worth more than that.
I can be wrong, I admit. there's no time,
I put my foot down, I draw the line with my foot.
I cross the line I draw with my foot.

René: so what. walk over it

CLEO: but when you walk over it you won't be able to avoid the fumes,
from the perfume...

[PAUSE]

Hi! Come on in! Welcome to ... DESERT ROSE

René: Yes, we know, it's hot in here.
Hi. My name is René and this is CLEO and we sell perfume.
Desert Rose!
Welcome.
And how are you today?

CLEO: Welcome to DESERT ROSE

[TIME PASSES]

we are special,
we are carried in an open air tram
high high up
and the wind is blowing

René: I love magic mountain

CLEO: it is magic and it is a mountain

René: I love magic mountain

CLEO: shhhh!
[WHISPERING]
a few years ago I had an accident, I don't want to talk about it
don't make me

René: OK, then shut up.

CLEO: good. after the thing, and all the rest, I lost my way some, and
I decided to drift.
I never planned on going into fragrances and perfumes

René: who ever does? can you imagine?

CLEO: spit and feelings
I'm in heaven when I'm with you

René: it's nice
super smooth

CLEO: spit again see how spit affects everything

[TIME PASSES]

Simon says you're the best
Simon says the world is your pleasure chest
Simon says for a dime you can make that call
Simon says if they answer
you'll fall
from a tree
Simon says
Simon says
you have to play with me

René: leave me alone, CLEO.
let me practice my winking

CLEO: put your shorts on
and then I want you to take them off
can you do that for me
fella smack me where

René: what

CLEO: what

René: why

CLEO: why

René: yes yes I will so what

CLEO: I'm glad to hear you say that

René: this is not going to solve our problem, our problem is not going to just go away

CLEO: go away go away René
please please
you are causing me trouble
if you are French what is your last name?

René: René René

CLEO: René René? René is your first name and your last name? that's what you are telling me?
let me see your driver's license.

Rene: [LOOKS FOR WALLET FOR A LONG TIME]
[THIS BRINGS THINGS NEARLY TO A HALT]

CLEO: forget it. it's OK. I believe you.

René: you believe me?

CLEO: I believe you René René.

René: that's good. I thought you were going to ask me to go, and I thought, where would I go? we are in this thing together and dogs are chasing our scent,
this very instant ...
[BOTH STOP AND LOOK OUT TOWARDS THE STREET]
[DOGS ARE HEARD BARKING]
if I was to leave I might as well put a chain around my neck and jump in the east river, because René René would be dead.
that's not what you want is it? René René dead?

CLEO: Yes.

René: [René GOES INTO A VERY SAD SILENT MIME ROUTINE]
[THE ROUTINE SOFTENS CLEO AND SHE CRIES]

CLEO: no sweetie, sweet René
I don't want you dead.
I was playing

[TIME PASSES]

CLEO: why don't you have your shorts on?
I want to see you put them on.
and then take them off.
wink wink

René: you are bitter.
I would prefer to take your shorts off first

CLEO: that can be arranged. and yes, I have a strong flavor.
when you taste me you know it. you'll wiggle.
I leave my mark. you don't get a pass without a strong taste of
me. and after a while, after getting used to it, you start to
miss it, it begins to slip away. the sharp edges get rounded ever
so slightly, to not cut quite so much, and then, you start
chasing her

THE END

[NOTES]

circus, clowns, harlequins, face makeup, show within a show, traveling with their
wares and their bit.

Fellini, Picasso, Manet (woman w/bottles) more to come ...]

{I would include small note to actor/reader about the particular shifts
in this piece between text that is uncapitalized, no punctuation and
sections that are more formally written}