KURUKULLA

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KURUKULLA

A full-length play
By Zhao Binghao
CAST OF CHARACTERS

WOMAN, 35, Chinese, a dancer

MAN, 35, American, a writer

YOUNG WOMAN, 25

YOUNG MAN, 25

MARRIAGE OFFICIANT, IMMIGRATION OFFICER, 30-50,
can be played by the same actor

About the title:

In Tibetan Buddhism, Kurukulla is one of the 21 taras, a
deity in charge of the activity of magnetizing, love and
lust. She always appears in red color, with three eyes, four arms,
always showing up in half rage half joy. She is good at dancing.

Notes

1. Dashes (-) always indicate the unnoticeable short pause within
   a sentence.

2. Ellipses (…) often substitute the unspoken part in a sentence.
Lights on the WOMAN, in total black, who is swaying to the music. The MAN sees her and then approaches to her. He is leaning against the wall and observing; then he drinks up the wine in the glass. She notices he’s looking, so she stops. He walks up to her. Their eyes meet.

He reaches out his hand.

Pause.

WOMAN
I don’t dance.
I mean I used to dance, but not any more.

MAN
You were swaying...
You were practically dancing already.
(a beat)
Shall we?

WOMAN
No, thanks.

Pause.

MAN
Okay... Then...
(he sits down)
Sorry for your loss.

WOMAN
Thanks.
Dan was a good person, a wonderful friend.

MAN
He was.
But I mean that you don’t dance is a loss, of not getting a chance to have fun at your “good friend’s” memorial service. Look how happy they are.

WOMAN
Tell me, what’s this “dancing on the floor” all about? Is it sarcasm or something?
MAN
Nah... He talked me into the corner, and he forced me to make the choice between "a costume funeral" or this...
For god’s sake, I look stupid in that Kitty Suit. I mean, if I wore that, you probably wouldn’t be talking to me.

WOMAN
Oh no, I’m allergic to cat’s hair.

Pause.

MAN
This is nice -

WOMAN
Nice?

MAN
No mom crying - No spouse or mistress waiting desperately for the lawyer to announce the will. It’s no more than an opportunity of friends getting together and celebrating - the rebirth of life.
No one has to be sad.

WOMAN
But they have to be drunk.

MAN
That’s necessary because - if not, we don’t dare to flirt - here. I mean, I wouldn’t dare.

WOMAN
Flirt? You and me?

MAN
Why not?

WOMAN
You called it flirting, while I call it moth to a flame.

MAN
Hmm, hot.

WOMAN
Yeah... Light me a cigarette with your... Please.

(a beat)
You know what you should do?

(he leans forward to listen)
You should compliment my dangly earrings for a bit and I will accidentally touch your arm, your biceps, and “whoa” out. Then you break eye contact just long enough to glance down at my lips when I cue you subtly to kiss me. We might dance; we might drink shots; we might then go to your place or a hotel room; we might even enjoy it.

(a beat)
But very soon, at least one of us would be gone or be forgotten -
That’s why I stopped dancing - or flirting.

MAN
You are professional.

WOMAN
Just experienced. I’ve been there.

MAN
So I guess... I can...

He intends to leave.

WOMAN
Oh yeah.

She’s waving him away.

A beat.

MAN
No, I’m not going.

WOMAN
We can talk. Sure we can talk.

A beat.

MAN
Dan died of um - Brain tumor.

WOMAN
Did he suffer?

MAN
No - I mean, yes, he did have headaches quite often, but hey, it’s Dan. He was seriously stoned when he died. Sometimes I thought he might have died from laughing too hard.
WOMAN
Happy, like you said - the rebirth from a joint.

MAN
How did you know him?

WOMAN
Well – we lived together, a long time ago. I also knew one of his friends. A dickhead.

MAN
I know every friend of Dan’s. No one is a dickhead.

WOMAN
Of course you say that, you are his friend.

MAN
Do I look like a dickhead?

WOMAN
You seem nice. But every man seems nice at first, and then – they turn.

MAN
There might be some exceptions.

WOMAN
Might be. Might be.

- How are you holding up?

WOMAN
(slyly, perhaps smiling)
Sad.

Pause.

MAN
What are you sad about?

WOMAN
First, my friend died.

MAN
That’s not the reason.
WOMAN
That’s my reason No.1. The second is - You know what, I hesitated if I should come - You maybe know...

MAN
I don’t know. Tell me.

WOMAN
Let’s say, I had a history with one of his friends. I thought it might be a little weird to come back here.

MAN
History, it is interesting.

WOMAN
Oh no, it’s not interesting. More like a silly, hormonal, shameless kind.

MAN
I like that kind of history. Cousins having meaningless sex, retarded children being born in the end -

WOMAN
No, we were not cousins. He is...

MAN
A dickhead?

WOMAN
Yes. And...

MAN
American?

WOMAN
Very. How do you know?

MAN
I know your Asian fellows.

MAN
Where are you from?

WOMAN
China.

MAN
Ah, the mysterious country.
A beat.

MAN
But I feel I’ve seen you someplace before.

WOMAN
Maybe. Maybe - That’s the reason I don’t go there anymore.

MAN
Why’d you come back from that pile of plates?

WOMAN
I asked the same question before I got on the plane.

MAN
What was your answer then?

WOMAN
Curiosity.

(a beat)
To see if Dan has left me anything.

MAN
Forget it, he was a cheap man.

WOMAN
But he - was a generous friend.
And he should have left something to his ex-wife anyway.

MAN
Ex-wife huh?

WOMAN
Yes, I married him years ago.

MAN
Okay.

WOMAN
Not a happy story. But me and Dan - we had our fun time together.

MAN
Sex?
WOMAN

No.
Consolations.
We licked each other’s wounds.

YOUNG MAN and WOMAN walk across the stage. They are laughing, which somehow interrupts MAN and WOMAN’s conversation.

WOMAN

I can’t believe that several years have passed.

(A beat)
Some of those people used to be my “friends” you know, but not any more. I’m tired of catching up. All those old days coming up, stuffing your head and – forcing you to think who you are now and who you used to be. Sometimes I just stood there and listened to people talking and talking – not real listen, but counting the freckles on their cheeks, and nodding blankly. Like this...

MAN

Very polite.

WOMAN

“Are you okay, Honey?”

(she nods)
I am fine.

“You look great.” But the unspoken part is “Considering your age...”

(she nods)
Thanks. I would say.
They are nice people, but um...

MAN

Come on, you are young enough. In fact, yes, some day, you will be old and wrinkled and ugly; and “when thought has seared your forehead with its lines, and passion branded your lips with its hideous fires, you will feel it, you will feel it terribly. But now, wherever you go, you charm the world...” You have a wonderfully beautiful face I say... Just don’t frown.

He touches her forehead softly.

A beat.

WOMAN

Isn’t it from some book?
MAN
Damn it, you’ve read it.

WOMAN
I’ve read it.
And the lines - So lame.

MAN
But at least they make sense.

WOMAN
You are just trying to get laid.

MAN
I’m serious.

WOMAN
You are just flirting with me.

MAN
I am not just flirting with you.

WOMAN
Then what is it?

MAN
You know, it’s just one man sees one woman who gets bored at a funeral, and tries to show his kindness and be friend with her, and...

WOMAN
Lead her into bed?

MAN
I wouldn’t say immediately, but...

WOMAN
Eventually...

MAN
Well, eventually, if she insists...

WOMAN
I’ve so passed the age of getting hit on.

MAN
Why not? A single man cannot sleep with a single woman?

A beat.
WOMAN
Oh, about that. I shouldn’t have hidden this - circular golden thing.

Pause. She shows her ring.

MAN
You are re-married.

(a beat)
So... A married woman cannot have an affair with a single man?

WOMAN
I’m not saying I don’t want to. I’m not some moral idol. It’s just - I mean at my desk or on the subway I day-dreamed of powerful, angry men who needed me to ease their pain. While in bed with meek strangers I thought only of quick orgasm and - escape.

MAN
Escape?

WOMAN
Yep.

MAN
Did you escape from anyone before?

Pause. Meanwhile:

Pause.

YOUNG WOMAN
Fuck you!

YOUNG MAN
Don’t you walk away like that! Don’t you dare!

A plate is thrown against the wall and it breaks into pieces. She leaves.

Silence.

WOMAN
No. Just a couple of strangers. No one important.

Music.
MAN
Last dance.

WOMAN
Hmmm...

MAN
You know you want to dance.

WOMAN
I might need more alcohol to be again shameless.

He begs.

WOMAN
Nah...

MAN
Just one dance, please.
   (a beat)
For history.

They dance. Pause.

On the dancing floor.

Who is he?

MAN (CONT’D)
Who?

WOMAN
The master of your magic ring. Sauron, you little hobbit.

He is a man in China.

MAN
What does he do?

WOMAN
He makes money, like everyone else, an investment banker.

MAN
You like his money?

WOMAN
Why not? No one doesn’t. Even you - what do you do?
I write poems.

She laughs.

What’s so funny about that?

Nothing. That’s just something you and your kind do — drowning in your imaginations and not caring about the real world. While other people, they have to stand on their feet.

You stand on your husband’s tiny feet.

What’s wrong with that?

Why did you marry him, for his tiny feet and tiny penis?

How did you know? You had sex with him?

I know because I know. But I need you to know why you married him. Is he boring?

He has a normal sized penis, not very over-weight for his age. No, I won’t say he is boring. He’s just very into his work. Sense of responsibilities, people call it. He has a giant heart, and you know what? He loves me.

And that’s important because...

Because I am old enough to handle that word.

We are about the same age I suppose.

But you are single and you don’t seem able to understand...

I have a steady girlfriend.
She looks surprised but soon pulls herself together.

WOMAN
You have a steady girlfriend.

MAN
Two years.

WOMAN
How old is she?

MAN
Why do you care?

Music stops here.

WOMAN
I care because I care. I care about other women who are younger than me being with a-holes and wasting their time.

MAN
What’s the difference between a dickhead and an a-hole?

WOMAN
Dickheads don’t take relationship seriously, while a-holes—they date young girls and flirt with other women at a funeral.

MAN
Why do you think she is younger than you?

WOMAN
Is she?

MAN
She is 23. She’s turning 24 next week. And soon she will be 25. Perfect age for falling in love.

WOMAN
And dying to get married for god-know what reasons.

MAN
But the prefect relationship is to be separate from time to time.

WOMAN
Does she know that?
Parents don’t tell their baby girl how they made her, do they?

Her name?

Tracy. Painter.

Tracy Painter. That’s a weird family name she has. I wonder what kind of job she would do. Where is she?

She is not here. Probably drawing her erotica at home. You know that kind of little monster with a huge dick kind of thing. She likes drawing that.

Based on you?

No.

Then how do you call it, her hobby?

I call it dirty mind with a pure heart.

How does your “dirty mind with a pure heart” think your flirting with a married woman?

She might think it’s natural and very honorable. How does your “normal-sized-penis banker” think?

He hates it. Of course he hates it. But I am in a strange country.

So you can take a break from your god-damn marriage.

(a beat)

You are not heading anywhere, are you? What you gonna do after?
She nuzzles his ear.

WOMAN (seductively)
Hmmmm... I’m going to take a shower... and then...
Leaving for the airport.

MAN
So - you are going back.

WOMAN
I am. I don’t have a permit to stay.

MAN
Where is your luggage?

WOMAN
Just my carry-on.
She lights another cigarette.

MAN
You should quit smoking.
She blows smoke in his face.

WOMAN
Why?

MAN
Why? Cancer, heart problems, hypertension...
Impotency. No, you don’t have to worry about that. Or do you?

WOMAN (smiles)
No, I don’t. You?

MAN
I know how to please my woman.

WOMAN
Your girl.

MAN
My woman.

WOMAN
You love her?
She’s totally lovable and unleavable.

That’s not “I love her”.
What’s she like?

She’s tall, thin... young... comparing to you...

Fuck off.

She’s a teary talk show while you are a foreign film.

You are saying I’m old, fat and boring.

Yeah, all true. But I’m also saying you are unique.

You just met me -
   (she checks his watch)
Ten minutes ago.

Ten minutes of intense conversation. Subconscious exchange. Spiritual communication, which is strong enough to get over the history.

CUT TO:

The YOUNG MAN and the YOUNG WOMAN approach.

In the same house. Ten years ago.

She holds his waist from the back. She’s teaching him how to dance and mumbling “One, two, three... One, two, three... One, two, three...”

You are quite a dancer.

He touches her hand.
YOUNG WOMAN

I am a dancer.

YOUNG MAN CONT’D

You should dance at my wedding. Everyone should dance at my wedding, except me.

(a beat)

I didn’t know he would recommend you. How did you know him?

YOUNG WOMAN

He’s a good friend.

YOUNG MAN

Really? I’m his friend. You are his friend. So I guess I’m your friend.

YOUNG WOMAN

You are a job.

She lets him go. A beat.

YOUNG MAN

You liked my performance last night? My song?

YOUNG WOMAN

I liked the costume.

YOUNG MAN

You were looking at me. You were staring, for god’s sake.

YOUNG WOMAN

Everyone was staring. Your fly was open.

He checks it subconsciously.

YOUNG MAN

You expect me to feel embarrassed and walk away.

YOUNG WOMAN

Will you?

YOUNG MAN

No. I won’t. I’m shameless.

YOUNG WOMAN

You’re able to do crueler things.

YOUNG MAN

Why’s every man chasing after you?
Because I am unique.
And men are stupid.

Stupidly attractive.

Attractively obsessive.

We are two attractive human beings.

A beat.

First time in New York?

Two years. But yeah, the first two years.

Lucky guess.

From my accent?

You have a lovely accent.

So do you.

You speak great English. How did you learn it?

From the men I’ve been with.

You’ve been with a lot of men?

They were my jobs, just like you.

Are you flirting with me?
YOUNG WOMAN
I’m teaching you how to dance.

YOUNG MAN
May I invite you to dance sometime?

She smiles. A beat.

YOUNG WOMAN
Here, hold my waist, like this. One, two, three...

YOUNG MAN
You have a boyfriend?

YOUNG WOMAN
I don’t. Do you?

YOUNG MAN
No, I don’t have a boyfriend, either.

YOUNG WOMAN
But I’m going to have a husband.

YOUNG MAN
Really? Who’s he?

YOUNG WOMAN
Dan.

YOUNG MAN
Lucky bastard. You must look hot wearing a fake penis. That’s something he looks forward to on his wedding night.

YOUNG WOMAN
Don’t be ridiculous.

YOUNG MAN
Everything’s ridiculous in little people’s world.

YOUNG WOMAN
Little people need hope.

YOUNG MAN
Tell me what is your reason, health insurance? Tax deduction? Money? Or... Green/
YOUNG WOMAN
(interrupts him)

Green. Good color.

YOUNG MAN

It says betrayal.

YOUNG WOMAN

That too.

YOUNG MAN

And strangeness, militarism, envy...

YOUNG WOMAN

It says hope.

YOUNG MAN

Hope never exists. Once you know, this is a frustrating place as well. However, the dream, or hope as you insist, disguises as a minstrel, a gorgeous dancer, a plump maid who cooks, but it’s actually possessed by a demon.

He turns her around.

YOUNG MAN

Come here.

YOUNG WOMAN

Where?

YOUNG MAN

Here.

They kiss. Pause.

YOUNG WOMAN

You are taken.

YOUNG MAN

So are you.

YOUNG WOMAN

I am possessed.

She packs her stuff.

YOUNG MAN

I’ve got to see you.
Class dismissed.

Will I see you again?

No.

Will you come to my wedding?

No. But you will have to come to my wedding. You are the witness.

To see you marry my best friend?

Are you jealous?

I am. I’ll be wondering why this witch is able to take the man of my life.

There’s nothing you can do, is there?

A beat.

No.

He kisses her. She doesn’t resist this time.

A beat.

Then she pushes him away.

You’ve ruined me.

You will survive.

You’re marrying my man.
YOUNG WOMAN

So?

YOUNG MAN

He’s not going to satisfy your desire.

YOUNG WOMAN

Being his wife is my desire.

YOUNG MAN

Don’t marry him.

YOUNG WOMAN

Have to.

YOUNG MAN

Will you two sleep in the same bed?

YOUNG WOMAN

Sometimes, when they come to watch us.

YOUNG MAN

Do you two want babies?

YOUNG WOMAN

He does.

YOUNG MAN

He can use his own womb. What about you? Do you want babies?

YOUNG WOMAN

Not now.

YOUNG MAN

Why not?

YOUNG WOMAN

I smoke.

YOUNG MAN

Well then, don’t quit.

A beat.

YOUNG WOMAN

I should go for my next student.

YOUNG MAN

Please don’t kiss your next student.
She goes to leave, but turns back.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hey...

She moves close to him.

YOUNG MAN

What?

He thought she was going to kiss him.

YOUNG WOMAN

Your pants.

He checks. His fly is open. He zips it up.

CUT TO:

MAN

So tell me, what’s the feeling of attending your ex-husband’s funeral?

WOMAN

Pretty weird.

MAN

Weird because?

WOMAN

It feels like you close a door, but it’s not fully closed. Sometimes breezes and smells of fresh grass come out of it.

MAN

I know that feeling.

WOMAN

How?

MAN

From my first marriage.

WOMAN

You left her?

MAN

No, I killed her.
WOMAN
You are a terrible joker.

MAN
I left her for another woman. Why did you leave?

WOMAN
Problems with a man.

MAN
Dan?

WOMAN
No.

MAN
A boyfriend?

WOMAN
Kind of.

MAN
And you left him, just like that?

WOMAN
Just like, “Sorry, goodbye.”

MAN
Supposing you still love him?

WOMAN
No.

(a beat)
Don’t be clever.

MAN
Was there anyone - you - you know... ??

She thinks.

WOMAN
No.

Same time, in the dark:

YOUNG MAN
Do you love me?
No...

Yes.

Yes.

No.

A beat.

Not even Dan?

I loved Dan, but not in that way.

Under what circumstances, a woman would like to marry a man that she doesn’t love?

Maybe he was rich.

He didn’t have a penny.

Maybe he had a fantastic apartment.

He lived in a shit hole.

Pause.

Maybe there’s something she’s longing for... There must be something. Marriage is never without conditions.

(a beat)

Is it too hard for you to believe?

No. It would be hard for the old me, but...
You know, I once went to a wedding which I could tell the bride didn’t love the groom, at all.

How could you tell?

At the altar, she looked back, at a man standing behind her, and I saw a drop of tear.
WOMAN
Tear, huh?

MAN
She was very nervous, and couldn’t quite understand what the officiant was saying...

WOMAN
Or her English wasn’t good enough.

Pause.

CUT TO:

MARRIAGE OFFICIANT
... Speak now or forever hold your peace. Now, you repeat. I, take you, to be my husband.

YOUNG WOMAN
I take, you, my husband.

MARRIAGE OFFICIANT
To have and hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer...

YOUNG WOMAN
Wait, wait, wait... To have, forward day, better or worse, be richer and poor.

MARRIAGE OFFICIANT
Okay... in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish; from this day forward until death do us part.

YOUNG WOMAN
Sick... Sick... in hell. Love, to cherish.... From this day, I’m dead. Death. A... A part.

A BEAT.

MARRIAGE OFFICIANT
Okay. By the authority vested in me by the State of New York, I now pronounce you are husband and wife. Now you two may kiss.

Long pause.

CUT BACK TO:
MAN
Does it remind you of anything?

WOMAN
No... Just some sad story and that’s it.

MAN
I read it from Dan’s journal.

WOMAN
He kept a journal?

MAN
I edited for him, as his last wish.

WOMAN
What’s the title?

MAN
Kurukulla.

WOMAN
And?

MAN
Goddess of love.

WOMAN
That sounds familiar.

MAN
Oh yeah? It’s fictional.

WOMAN
His journal is fictional?

MAN
No one tells the truth in their diaries.

WOMAN
But every fiction based in truth. The writers steal the words, the thoughts, the passions and made up a bit, exaggerate a bit, combine with truths and half truths. And believe that’s their original.

CUT TO:

The YOUNG MAN is smoking.
YOUNG MAN
You are gorgeous.
I can’t believe I’m sleeping with a married lady. I’m such a grown-up.

She takes a drag.

YOUNG MAN CONT’D
The groom’s gonna kiss the smelly bride.

YOUNG WOMAN
He’s not gonna use his tongue.

YOUNG MAN
He has to, people watch.

YOUNG WOMAN
Whatever, the husband should love every fact of the wife.

YOUNG MAN
As long as the wife is loyal.

YOUNG WOMAN
You don’t know.

YOUNG MAN
I don’t?

YOUNG WOMAN
He knows I’m sleeping with a man. He knows it’s you.

YOUNG MAN
Bummer.

YOUNG WOMAN
Aren’t you upset?

YOUNG MAN
Upset about what?

YOUNG WOMAN
That Karin maybe knows?

YOUNG MAN
She’s not very smart.

YOUNG WOMAN
Is that the reason you married her?
YOUNG MAN
I married her because she doesn’t need me.
(a beat)
We are trying to have a baby.

YOUNG WOMAN
Congratulations.

YOUNG MAN
You can’t cry. It’s your big day.

YOUNG WOMAN
Tell me why I’m doing this.

YOUNG MAN
You are doing this because you wanna stay.

YOUNG WOMAN
What am I staying for?

YOUNG MAN
Being away from your hell.

YOUNG WOMAN
It’s not paradise here.

He helps her stand up.

YOUNG MAN
I will see you out and you will say your words and ten minutes later you will have me again in the cellar. And then we can dance on the floor, deal?

She smiles out of tears.

YOUNG WOMAN
I don’t dance anymore.

YOUNG MAN
Fine, no dance, we will eat. We will eat your filet mignon with hands. Time is up.

Pause.

YOUNG WOMAN
Am I a whore?

YOUNG MAN
What?
YOUNG WOMAN
Say I am a whore.

A beat.

YOUNG MAN
I am a whore.

YOUNG WOMAN
Say I am a whore!

YOUNG MAN
I am a whore!!

YOUNG WOMAN
I’m horrible – I’m a horrible human being.

YOUNG MAN
You know you are making a scene here?

YOUNG WOMAN
I am the bride. I’m supposed to be looked at.

YOUNG MAN
You can call it off if you want.

YOUNG WOMAN
Look at my dress.

YOUNG MAN
What’s wrong with it?

YOUNG WOMAN
Look at my dress!

YOUNG MAN
I’m looking!

YOUNG WOMAN
I am ugly.

YOUNG MAN
You look great in that dress.

YOUNG WOMAN
(choking with sobs)
You know who – gave – this dress to me – last night? Dan’s mother. She gave it to me and helped me put it on – And – And she said – “I – I wish you lifelong happiness...”
Crazy old bitch.

A beat.

Do you want to call it off?

Pause.

No.

You know if you want, you can.

No.

Just tell me what you want.

I want you to walk me down there and give my hand to Dan. I want you to be there. That is something you can do.

He looks at her.

Okay.

Long silence.

He holds her hand and not let her go.

I filed the divorce paper this morning.

What?

I said I filed the divorce paper this morning. Now, go get married.

The music continues and comes stronger. She hesitates.
Soon she gets rid of him and goes
to the altar.

Lights off.

CUT TO:

MAN
Bad timing. There’s no such things as misfortunes or regrets
or compassions, all you can blame is the timing. When is your
flight?

She checks her watch.

WOMAN
Soon.

MAN
See? Bad timing. But you can change that.

WOMAN
Why?

MAN
Because I remember now, I know you from before.

WOMAN
Really?

MAN
From your dancing.

WOMAN
My dancing. I danced with you?

MAN
Don’t play games.

WOMAN
I’m winning.

MAN
You danced on me.

WOMAN
Like a stripper?

MAN
You danced but you didn’t strip.
WOMAN
Hmmm... I danced but I didn’t strip.

MAN
It was my bachelor party and you were the “lady”. I wanted to touch you and you slapped my hand and said “I’m engaged”. You gave me a lap dance and then you left. I jumped on the stage and I sang <Because the night> while you storming out.

WOMAN
You sang a Patti Smith?

MAN
I sang a Bruce Springsteen.

WOMAN
That’s from your fantasy, isn’t it?

MAN
Don’t try to stay clear by “I don’t remember” or “maybe it’s from your fantasy”. I do remember.

WOMAN
Look at your funny face.

MAN
I can’t see my funny face.

WOMAN
In your head, does every Asian woman end up in a strip club?

MAN
Only the beautiful ones.

WOMAN
What did I wear that night?

MAN
You were dressing like... a princess, in a pink bikini.

WOMAN
A princess should have worn a gown.

MAN
Fine, a sluttish princess was who you were. You were like in an Ambercrobie & Fitch commercial. The whole night I was thinking nothing but to touch you, hug you and made love to you.
WOMAN
Wake up, Pervie Perverson.
You are totally making this up.

MAN
Don’t tell me that dance didn’t happen.

WOMAN
There was some dance. But not in a place like that.

MAN
I believe what I saw, what I felt and what I touched.

WOMAN
Well don’t. Memories are tricky. People tend to remember the positive while forget the rest. However, all the bad things are real, so damn real.

MAN
I blame the pink bikini.

WOMAN
I was not wearing a pink bikini. I never had a pink bikini.

MAN
I was pretty wasted and I wanted to kiss you.

CUT TO:

YOUNG WOMAN
Are you about to kiss me?

CUT BACK TO:

WOMAN
No, you didn’t.

MAN
I kissed you on your mouth. Then we started seeing each other. And we had sex, quite often.

WOMAN
How often?

MAN
Once after lunch and once before dinner.

WOMAN
Before your wife came back from work?
Before shit happened.

Confrontations.

Embarrassments.

I sound like a dirty woman.

I do owe you.

Where’s the apology?

I apologize. But I don’t regret.

Why not?

Why regret if there was no other way? You might think I was sick and pathetic.

I do.

Fine. I was. But I do remember you cooked for me, when the sun was high, and I was sitting with my rejected manuscripts, my love stories and my lonely soul. Then you came in, when my wife was out for work, like a living deity, a powerful spirit... I couldn’t help, neither could you.

She tries to deny, but seems powerless.

No.

Yes. Then you disappeared. Just like that, “Sorry, goodbye.”
WOMAN
You idealized it.

MAN
I didn’t. I’ve been retelling the same story over a decade. Every detail is accurate.

WOMAN
Accurate?

MAN
I have to be accurate, I write poems and the only thing you need to persist in poetry is accuracy.

WOMAN
It’s getting late.

MAN
No, it isn’t. Come on, you nagged your husband for thousands of times, “Let me go, let me go”, now you are here...

WOMAN
I need to...

MAN
(interrupts her)
You are in Moscow.

WOMAN
What?

MAN
New York is your Moscow.
(a beat)
“Olga, Olga, to sell the house, to make an end of everything here, and off to Moscow.”

WOMAN
Hmmm...

MAN
You know what? If you go to the airport now, eating your midnight snack there and thinking what the hell is the matter with yourself. And ten years from now, your rich banker husband asks why you are so sad and you won’t be able to answer. You might kill him for your depression and you will spend the rest of your life in prison. And the only reason is now, you don’t want to spend a night with me.
(a beat)
So... are you coming? The room is exactly the same.

He kisses on her lips, just a bit.

WOMAN
I hate the room.

CUT TO:

Lights on Young Woman and the Immigration Officer. They are doing an interview.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
(he speaks really fast)
Thank you for your patience, Mrs... Something, I can never pronounce this name. Before we can process your application, we need to make sure your marriage is real and legitimate. I will ask questions, and you will answer these questions honestly based in your knowledge. Some of them may be personal and uncomfortable, you may choose not to answer. For further investigating the credibility of your marriage, this interview will be monitored. Do you have any questions so far?

A beat. She is thinking.

YOUNG WOMAN
... I...

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
(ignores her and continues)
This conversation is only between you and the Immigration Office of United States and only for legal use, in other words it won’t be leaked to any third party. So don’t worry, okay?

YOUNG WOMAN
Okay.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Now I need you to double check the information on this paper, and sign here, here, and here.

She signs without looking.
IMMIGRATION OFFICER CONT’D
Now look at the camera. Here. You don’t have to smile since it’s not photo booth in a night club and you are not drunk.

A flash.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Perfect. Are you ready?

YOUNG WOMAN
(she takes a deep breath)
Yes.

CUT BACK TO:

On their way to the room upstairs.

MAN
Questions. Opinions. Thoughts.
Questions.
(a beat)
Tell me, did you have a second thought?

WOMAN
Did I have a second thought?
Did I have a second thought?

A beat.

CUT TO:

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
How long have you been together?

YOUNG WOMAN
Six months.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
What is the color of your spouse’s pajama?

YOUNG WOMAN
Sorry?

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
You heard me, what’s the color of your spouse’s pajamas?

YOUNG WOMAN
Violet.
IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Saucy. What’s the color of the walls?

YOUNG WOMAN
Yellow.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Does he have any birth marks?

YOUNG WOMAN
I’m... not sure.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

YOUNG WOMAN
Uhh...

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Do you and your husband have sex on a regular basis?

YOUNG WOMAN
Y... Yes.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Have you two been sleeping in the same bed?

YOUNG WOMAN
Yes.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
How do you like America so far?

YOUNG WOMAN
Very much.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
It’s a great nation, isn’t it? Why did you leave your home country?

YOUNG WOMAN
I... um...

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
What’s wrong? Hard to start?

YOUNG WOMAN
That’s...
Pause.

When she’s ready to answer:

YOUNG WOMAN CONT’D
I um...

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Thank you for your cooperation. You may leave now.

She goes to leave.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER CONT’D
Mrs...

(He covers the camera with his hand)
I’ve been doing this for 10 years now and I know what’s going on here. You think you and your worm fellows can invade and ruin our country, I tell you I won’t let this happen. I’m watching you.

(he uncovers the camera)
Have a great day.

She loses control completely.

YOUNG WOMAN
You motherfucker...

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
(shocked)
Pardon me?

YOUNG WOMAN
(under her breath)
You little fucker. You fuckin’ asshole. What the fuck... What the f... I come in here, dress up all nicely... you don’t know me, you have no idea what my life is like... And you ask fuckin’ questions. You have the balls and indecency to ask all these questions. I gave these to you, you check, and you make your phone calls, look suspicious... Shame on you...

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Lady.

She goes to leave but turns back again.
YOUNG WOMAN
Don’t you dare call me lady! Shame on you...
(to the camera)
Shame on you too! You fuck fuckin’ asshole. What’s wrong?
(to the officer)
And you fuckin’ ask about my life and call me lady? You suck my dick, that’s what is wrong. Shame on you. Shame on all of you!

Their lights go off.

CUT TO:

In the room upstairs.

MAN
Welcome back to the castle, your ladyship.

She hesitates to enter.

MAN CONT’D
What?

WOMAN
If I enter this door, everyone will call me a cheater.

MAN
I won’t.

WOMAN
Of course you won’t, you are a cheater.

MAN
Who am I cheating on?

WOMAN
Tracy Painter.

MAN
Crap.
(a beat)
You know what, I don’t care.

WOMAN
Then call her. Tell her.

MAN
Tell her what?
WOMAN
Tell her you are about to have sex with other woman.

MAN
Okay.

He takes out his phone and dials.

MAN (CONT’D)
Hello? Hi...

WOMAN
You are just faking it.

MAN
Someone is talking, hear it? Hello, Tracy. Listen, I just
want you to know that I am about to have sex with a mid-aged
sad angry woman...

She hits him and tries to stop him.

WOMAN
Stop. Hey!

MAN
... That I met at Dan’s funeral tonight. I’m going to have
sex with her. She wants me to get you permission first.

Some swearing words can be heard
from the phone.

MAN (CONT’D)
She wants to talk to you.

He hands over the cell.

WOMAN
Who in hell did you call?

MAN
My Aunt Lucy - It’s pretty late...

WOMAN
No wonder she is pissed.

She hangs up his cell.
Right, it’s her time of looking at a Hugh Grant picture and masturbating.

That’s just disgusting.

No, Uncle John is disgusting. He used to look like Hugh Grant.

What does he look like now?

No, he died a couple of years ago, when they were 55, 56... 57 perhaps. Car crash. They were both in the car, and the car lost control. Uncle John turns the wheel to the left railing, and crashes his side. She survived but he died... After 20 years of marriage, Aunt Lucy found that she didn’t even have a picture of her husband. She masturbates and cries into sleep each night.

I’m sorry.

Oh, yeah? You should be.

He laughs.

Oh god, you were lying. You are a terrible terrible...

Terrible terrible... but cute...

Hysterical man.

Are you coming or not?

Oh fuck me.

I will.
They enter.

WOMAN
So what’s up with Aunt Lucy? Is she real?

MAN
Oh yeah, dear, she is real. But she has been single for her whole life, so maybe I didn’t lie about the masturbation part.

WOMAN
You know what? Men are just so arrogant, self-centered... and all you guys thinking about is sex, and... and ass, breasts... measurements, and that’s all.

MAN
And the orgasm.

WOMAN
Yeah?
Orgasm is a trap, but masturbation is a bliss.

MAN
Really? You know men?

WOMAN
I married two of you people.
I - know - men.

CUT TO:

The Young Man puts down his suitcase.

YOUNG WOMAN
Welcome back to the castle.

YOUNG MAN
I’m sorry.

YOUNG WOMAN
Why apologize?

YOUNG MAN
I’m late.

YOUNG WOMAN
How’s work?
YOUNG MAN
Sucks.

YOUNG WOMAN
How’s Karin?

YOUNG MAN
Awful.

YOUNG WOMAN
Are you hungry? I can make you something to eat.

YOUNG MAN
I’m not hungry. Please sit down. I need to talk to you.

About what?

YOUNG MAN
I’m late for a reason. Please sit down.

YOUNG WOMAN
I’d rather stand.

Why?

YOUNG WOMAN
Then I’m ready to run any minute. Are you hungry?

YOUNG MAN
You told me to meet her.

YOUNG WOMAN
Did she sign?

YOUNG MAN
I was obligated to her.

YOUNG WOMAN
(She looks into his eyes)
You slept with her, did you not?

He avoided her eyes. A beat.

YOUNG MAN
Yes I did.
YOUNG WOMAN
You still have feelings for her.

YOUNG MAN
It’s more complicated than that. I cared about her. I knew her so well.

But you don’t know me?

Do I?

Mind a piece of cake?

YOUNG MAN
I’m not hungry for god’s sake!!
(a beat)
We shared a long history, me and Karin, five years. But so will we.
(he kissed her hand, her arm)
So will we.
Please forgive me.
Allow me to give us five years.

YOUNG WOMAN
I don’t have the time.

She gets rid of him.

YOUNG MAN
Why in such a hurry? Where to?

To Moscow.

He smiles. He thinks she’s forgiven him. They kiss.

YOUNG WOMAN
My palate hurts.

YOUNG MAN
Take some vitamins.
YOUNG WOMAN
I hurt my palate today with a turkey special. The sandwich guy over-toasted my bread. I didn’t notice. It was so dry and hard but I ate it up anyway.

YOUNG MAN
You eat too fast.

YOUNG WOMAN
Because I was thinking about you while I was eating it. I didn’t feel the pain but I do now.

YOUNG MAN
I don’t know what to say.

YOUNG WOMAN
You don’t have to say anything.

(a beat)
I slept with someone else too, you know?

With whom?

YOUNG MAN
With that immigration officer.

YOUNG WOMAN
He asked?

He didn’t. But I slept with him anyway. Thought that would help with my application.

(a beat)
Are you mad?

YOUNG MAN
I’m... um - shocked.

You are mad.

YOUNG MAN
I’m terrified.

Why?

YOUNG MAN
Because that sounds like something you’d do.
YOUNG WOMAN
Don’t you want to know all the details?

YOUNG MAN
No.

He tries to leave but she stops him.

YOUNG WOMAN
I went to his place, waiting for him downstairs. He ripped off my top and kissed my neck. He bit my nipples and he panted. Like this... MMMMMMMM... I bit him too! Don’t you want know more?!

YOUNG MAN
No...

He tries to escape.

YOUNG WOMAN
He fucked me. He fucked me hard with his big fat dick.

YOUNG MAN
Shut up!

YOUNG WOMAN
He came on my face.

YOUNG MAN
Shut the fuck up, you slutt!

YOUNG WOMAN
I begged him to come again. And... I came too!!!!!!!

He slaps her.

Long silence.

He can’t stop crying.

YOUNG MAN
I’m sorry. I’m sorry.

YOUNG WOMAN
Me, too.
YOUNG MAN

Now, please go.

She leaves. At the door,

YOUNG WOMAN

I didn’t have sex with him, not with anyone. Now, you owe me, you damn prick.

CUT BACK TO:

MAN

What am I thinking? Of course you know men. You know men so well that you are even very happy with your marriage.

WOMAN

I am.

MAN

Then why are you here?

A beat.

WOMAN

I am here, to fuck you.

MAN

To fuck me?

WOMAN

And to give back this dress to Dan.

She takes out a red dress.

MAN

Wow... Last time I saw it, it was...

WOMAN

Yeah.

MAN

Put it on.

WOMAN

What? Why?

MAN

I wanna see.
WOMAN
You saw it before.

MAN
I want to see you again in that dress. To see that woman whom I missed.

WOMAN
Oh no.

MAN
Come on.

She puts the dress on.

WOMAN
Fine -
You know what? I did try it on from time to time when my husband was not home... And now I am an old bitch in her daughter’s dress. Do I look old?

MAN
You look great.

WOMAN
I think I look old in this dress.

MAN
Oh, yeah, you look old. But you look great.

She throws her clothes to his face.

WOMAN
I am old.

MAN
You are exactly the same woman I fell in love with.

WOMAN
Thanks. Your turn.

MAN
My turn of what?

WOMAN
Taking off your clothes. Let me see you naked. It’s the game. Do your job.
He sighs, and takes off his clothes.

WOMAN (CONT’D)
Oh my god, you look fat.

MAN
I don’t look fat.

WOMAN
Oh I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. Come here...

He sits down before her and she puts her arms around his waist.

WOMAN
Jesus Christ, can’t close my arms.

MAN
Fuck you.

WOMAN
(she’s laughing)
I’m sorry, seriously. I am laughing, not at you. I promise.

MAN
I only put on several pounds.

WOMAN
See? It’s not that bad. It’s not like I can’t recognize you anymore.

They start kissing, and slid under the blanket.

MAN
(while he’s kissing her)
Your body is different.

WOMAN
I didn’t change.

MAN
It feels different.

He sees the scar on her stomach.

MAN
What is it?
WOMAN

What?

MAN

Your...

WOMAN

Oh, it’s a scar.

MAN

Does it hurt?

WOMAN

Not anymore.

He kisses her scar.

MAN

What happened?

(a beat)

Wait... Did you... Were you... ? You’ve got a child, haven’t you?

WOMAN

A daughter.

MAN

How old is she?

WOMAN

9. Why?

MAN

Oh you know why! Fuck, fuck!!

The other corner:

YOUNG WOMAN

I am pregnant.

MAN

I promise to god whatever you’ve done I would forgive you, for anything... Because we were stupid, and young...

YOUNG WOMAN

Where is your purse? Where is your fuckin’ purse?!

I am pregnant.
WOMAN What are you doing? What happened?

YOUNG MAN You know you want to dance with me.

MAN I swear to god, don’t try to mess with me. You’ve been hiding her away from me, my own daughter, I would... I swear to god, I would...

He finds her purse.

WOMAN Hey!

MAN Just shut up!

He doesn’t dare. It takes him a while to open it up. A beat.

MAN (CONT’D) She is... She is... She doesn’t...

WOMAN That’s Lisa. Well, not exactly my daughter. My husband’s daughter, from his first marriage, but we get along.

MAN She is pure Chinese.

WOMAN Her parents are both Chinese.

(a beat) What? You think you have a nine-year-old?

MAN I...

WOMAN You want to apologize? I’m waiting.

MAN I want to apologize for whatever I have done.

(a beat) What’s that scar about?

WOMAN Car accident. What was it in your mind? C-section?
MAN
...Yeah! No... Car accident was... it was... Better.

WOMAN
Better?

MAN
Were you... ? You know...

WOMAN
Pregnant?

MAN
Yes?

WOMAN
Yes. No. Yes.

MAN
Which!?

WOMAN
For a while. I miscarried.

MAN
I am so sorry.

WOMAN
Don’t be. I was not ready to be a mother.

He kisses her hand, her neck, her cheek.

MAN
Sometimes I do want a baby. A boy.

WOMAN
You are still a boy.

MAN
No, I’m not. I am 35.

WOMAN
You are 35 but you are still a boy.

MAN
Okay, crazy mama.
WOMAN
Go to sleep, mommy’s boy.

MAN
Tell me a happy story then.

A beat.

WOMAN
Okay.

(she clears throat)
It was a long time ago. A young girl came to a strange country to... Dance, yes, that was her dream. She had a pair of red shoes, which she inherited from her dead mother. She spun, and spun, and spun and wishing the world would spin with her, while she was wrong. Then she met a man... He broke her heart. So she fled again, without a trace. She stopped dancing since then.

MAN
I said a happy story.

WOMAN
It is a happy story.

MAN
How is she now? Is she happy?

WOMAN
(thinking)
She is happy.
Of course she is happy.
She is happy.

MAN
What was the man like?

WOMAN
You know exactly what he was like.

MAN
Actually I don’t. Refresh me. Memories start getting twisted from 35.

A beat.
WOMAN
He was a great fuck. He was light; heavy; he was glassy; woody, like a chair; he was Santorini; he was Prussian Blue; Sailfish...

MAN
What the f...

WOMAN
He was a great lover. He was a good friend.

Silence.

MAN
Why did you come back?

WOMAN
You want me to say I came back for you, don’t you?

MAN
Well...

WOMAN
No. Nah uh...

She sees her finger without a ring on.

WOMAN CONT’D
Shit. Where is my ring?

She looks everywhere for her ring.

MAN
What kind of wife loses her ring?

WOMAN
The separated kind.

MAN
You are separated?

WOMAN
Didn’t I tell you? But I shouldn’t have lost it.

MAN
So you just accidentally showed up here and told me you were re-married, and accidentally had sex with me.
WOMAN
Almost.

MAN
Fine, almost had sex with me - and again accidentally forgot to tell me you’ve separated.

WOMAN
Well, I shouldn’t have done that, either. But hey, I am in a foreign country.

MAN
So I can just travel to other country and have sex with the local women and that is not called betrayal to my wife.

WOMAN
You don’t have a wife.

MAN
I have a wife in training.
(a beat)
Look – I proposed last month.

WOMAN
Tracy the dirty mind with a pure heart?

MAN
No, my Aunt Lucy. What do you think? Of course Tracy.

WOMAN
(a beat)
Oh... Oh.
(another)
Congratulations.

MAN
You are upset.

WOMAN
Why am I upset? I shouldn’t be upset. I am not upset.

MAN
I didn’t know whether you were coming back or not. But I was thinking of your face when I put the ring on her finger. To tell you the truth, I didn’t look up when I did that.

WOMAN
Oh man man man! Why on earth my parents want me to find one of you guys?
I was thinking of your face when I proposed.” “Oh I love you.” “Sorry, I am not a marriage material.” “Hey, I am a man, I have a penis.”

MAN
Why didn’t you call? You loved me, didn’t you?

Pause.

WOMAN
I um... you know what? When two people are really in love, they make each other miserable... Though sometimes I do miss the miseries there.

He suddenly kneels down.

WOMAN
Shit, what are you doing?

MAN
I know I should have said this 10 years ago, but... “Would you marry me and torture me?”

WOMAN
Fuck - You are proposing to me -
(she checks the ring)
With my own ring.

MAN
Is that a yes?

WOMAN
No.
God NO!

He stands up. She gets her ring back from him and puts it back on.

A beat.

MAN
I have - I - I realized something that I didn’t know when I was editing Dan’s journal. He wrote on the front page - “the same solitude.” Can you believe that? Dan, the one who slept with whole West Village all of a sudden became pathetic and whiny and dying in his cold bed with only his college mate holding his hand... Life is funny, isn’t it?
So funny.
Where is it?

Where is what?

His journal.

You can’t read that. It’s his privacy.

You read it.

I am his friend.

I am his wife.

Ex-wife.

She stares at him.

Come on, I might stay if I see something good and entertaining.

That’s very convincing.

(a beat)

Okay.

(he finds it, clears his throat)

The homo version of Kama Sutra.
There is a lot of filthy stuff here, which part do you think will turn you on?

Does his “Love Bible” contain anything about adultery, or betrayl?

His whole life was about adultery and betrayl.

A beat.
MAN CONT’D
Okay. “Jan. 5th: I was with a guy tonight, at Q’s. He followed me for a while, I was very nervous, and couldn’t assure if I can get an erection. “ Dirty huh?

WOMAN
Continue, please.

MAN (CONT’D)
“I wanted to find someone to fill the emptiness inside me. He was cute. He followed me into the bathroom but he didn’t kiss me. The only thing he wanted to do was to suck me off and got me to cum in his mouth, which I did. That was when I noticed he had a wedding ring on. I realized I’d seen that face somewhere, on TV. He was a book writer or something who brought his wife to a show talking about family values. They seemed happy. I saw him again when he checked out his coat but he ignored me. I felt bad and weird. Bad for me, but also for his wife. I wondered if he went home and kissed her, she could smell me on him. And I wondered if the kids were waiting for him in bedroom wanting to say good night to their dad, but he was late ‘cause he was sucking me off at a bar.”

Pause.

MAN
How are you feeling? Guilty?

A beat.

WOMAN
No.
Yeah.
Maybe. Anything else? Anything about me?

MAN
You are pretty nasty here, an evil bitch I’m quoting here, are you sure you wanna hear?

She grabs the journal.

WOMAN
I think I was really lovely in his mind.

She starts reading.
“Christmas Eve -
She woke me up in the middle of night by pulling my hair and saying to me, Dan, I am so in love with you.
What’s the matter? I asked.
I just couldn’t sleep, you know?
Do you want me to get up? I said.
No... I just want you to know, I love you. And thank you for building a home for me.
No, you did that for me. She stopped me from rubbing my eyes, don’t do that, she said.
Okay, go back to sleep, crazy mama.
The second morning she was gone and I know she would not come back.”

A beat. She gives the journal back.

End of the story.
I guess people are supposed to be alone.

That’s why the days of intersection are so beautiful.

Silence.

You know what? I never told you what my love was like.

The erotica painter?

No.

Your ex-wife, what was her name, Catherine... Karin...

No. The woman whom I was deeply in love with.

I’m not interested in that woman.

She wore red dress, and red shoes.

She is too old for the red, she usually wears black now.
MAN
So that’s my fault I suppose.

WOMAN
You love to think in that way, don’t you? You love to imagine you are responsible for ruining her relationships with other men.

MAN
I mean, that’s the story people love to hear, don’t you think? The writer creates the characters full of flaws and they make mistakes, but they get to come back and fix the situation.

WOMAN
Or they just let it go.

MAN
But they can’t let it go.

WOMAN
When it comes to my story, well - My character has forgotten everything.

MAN
Don’t say that.

WOMAN
Of course I have, if not, I wouldn’t be here. The story was just drunken fools doing stupid things, and when they were sober, they left the mess behind.

MAN
No, one of the drunken fools was very clear in mind. She even had a plan - to leave. (she tries to shut his mouth) No, I have to say. I need to say.

WOMAN
I know exactly how she left. (a beat) It was a morning... She woke up early, and she packed... and She left.

MAN
What time exactly?

WOMAN
9 maybe.
It was 6 am, Christmas Day. That morning, I got up, half awake, and saw her wearing a stupid ginger woolen hat, like from a cartoon movie. And she stood in the door way, silently and despondently.

What about you?

I... I might be still in my earlier medieval-handsome-knight killing-evil-dragon-saving-the-princess” dream. I didn’t know what had happened so I just asked... “What are you doing?” ... And she said, “I’m going to visit my uncle in Maine for Christmas.” But she didn’t have an uncle in Maine.

I don’t have an uncle in Maine.

Then she said...

I have been packing since last weekend. I think I can leave some of my stuff in his place. We don’t have enough space for all three of us.

And I said “okay”.

Do you want me to wake up Dan?

She hesitated.

A beat.

No. Let him sleep. He had a tough day.

How long will you stay there?

A week, or two.
YOUNG MAN
Do you mind I go back to my dream. I was about to behead the
dragon.

YOUNG WOMAN
I’m sorry I woke you up.

MAN
Nahh... That was dumb. I shouldn’t have said that. I
shouldn’t have slept at all.

The Young Man intends to leave. A
beat.

YOUNG WOMAN
Hey, do you want to come with me?

MAN
She asked in an insanely serious tone. But I didn’t notice.
“Do you want to come with me.” For the first time, I made the
wrong choice.

YOUNG MAN
I think I will stay here.
(a beat)
Are you okay, honey?

YOUNG WOMAN
I am fine.

Silence.

MAN
I saw her through the window, trying so hard to close the
trunk of her old Camry filled with big boxes. I waved. She
waved back. Then I heard the engine started. She drove away.
10 years later, she came back, with a golden circular thing
on her finger. I thought if I talked fast, and made stupid
jokes, and stayed charming, she wouldn’t notice, and perhaps
she would again dance with me.

She hugged him.

MAN CONT’D
I thought I could end it, and then I realized... I need her
to stay. And marry her, have babies with her, and die with
her. That is end of the story.
WOMAN

Over?

MAN

All over.

Silence.

WOMAN

Oh shit, what time is it?

She tries to take a glance at his watch.

MAN

What are you doing? I will tell you what time it is.

(a beat)

Nine thirty.

WOMAN

Nine thirty sharp?

MAN


WOMAN

Shit.

She picks up her clothes piece by piece from the ground.

MAN

You don’t have to go until 10:15. You know what, you will be fine. They just keep you waiting at the airport, and force you to shop there. Your flight may be delayed. It won’t arrive for another four hours maybe. Maybe the engine is not working well.

WOMAN

Then I will die in an air crash, so what?

MAN

You are 35, you are old.

WOMAN

Fuck you!
MAN
And soon you will be forty, and fat. If your “normal size penis” husband cannot handle that, I am here to tolerate you and your golden years!

WOMAN
Thanks. But um...

MAN
You can leave him.

WOMAN
I kind of have already.

MAN
You don’t need him.

WOMAN
I don’t need anybody.

MAN
Fine... But...

He goes to hug her, and then begins to hum <Someone Like you>.

MAN (CONT’D)
“Never mind, I’ll find someone like you; I wish nothing but the best for you, too.

She interrupts.

WOMAN
C’mon.

MAN
“Old friend, why are you so shy? Ain’t like you to hold back or hide from the light...”

WOMAN
I’m not...

MAN
“I had hoped you’d see my face that you’d be reminded...”

WOMAN
Oh yeah?
“That for me, it isn’t over yet...”

A beat.

I hate that song. Sounds like a suicide note.

That’s right. We will commit suicide together, when we are really really old. But before that, I will make you tea every morning. We are a couple, so the sex...

Straight couples don’t have sex.

Okay, but we can shower together. I’ll rub your back and tease your rough bumpy skin, and you will laugh because of bad hearing. We will raise a dog, and edit our journals together as I did for Dan, and read it loud to mourn for our youths. We can travel, to your hometown, eat Chinese food, though they only call it “food” there. Then, in the very end, we die. We’ll share the tombstone, which will read “the same solitude”.

Romantic. Have you been practicing your speech lately? That sounds really pre-planned.

Oh god, you are such a mood-killer.

Don’t tell me you threw that speech into Tracy’s face as well.

She cried at least!

What a girl!
MAN
Tracy... Tracy will end up with someone of her own age. She
will go through everything what we have been through, and
will understand in the very end that love is the hardest
thing in the world.

WOMAN
Hmm...

They hug.

WOMAN (CONT’D)
You are still a dickhead.

MAN
A lovely one.

WOMAN
And I should be going now.

Silence.

MAN
Still?

WOMAN
Uh-huh.

MAN
Okay.

They go back to the room.

WOMAN
Could you please check my stuff? I don’t want to leave
anything here. I need to use the bathroom.

MAN
Everything? Is your bag big enough to put me in?

WOMAN
Ha ha, funny, ha ha!

She goes to the bathroom and makes
a phone call there.
MAN
What if I say I always love you... I love you no matter whether you are leaving or not... I didn’t propose to Tracy. I thought about it but I couldn’t... I don’t think I can control myself if one day I get Alzheimer and call her “bitch” but still remember your name... It’s a bit cruel don’t you think? ... I was a coward I guess, but still I can make you tea...

WOMAN
Oh good! You are up. Listen, I know it might be inappropriate to ask you to pick me up from the airport, you know... Since you’ve signed the divorcing paper... But um, I really hate cabs... You know why, they smell like piss... No, no... I need my stuff... okay, I forgot that you are a jerk. Have fun with that little pussy!

(She hangs up the cell, she sighs.)

She hears the word “tea”.

MAN
(he grabs the red dress)
Your dress.

WOMAN
Leave it here. Hang it on the wall.

They did, and both looking at it.

A beat.

WOMAN (CONT’D)
It’s a beautiful dress.

MAN
That’s a beautiful woman. Where is she?

WOMAN
She’s – dead.

(a beat)
Were you saying anything just now? Sorry I was on the phone.

MAN
I said... I said “do you want some tea”?

WOMAN
Dajeeling?

MAN
Yes, sure.
WOMAN
I’d love to have some Dajeeling.

MAN
What about your flight?

WOMAN
Just a tea.

He leaves to make the tea. The
doorbell buzzes.

She goes to open the door.

MAN
(off-stage)
Who is it?

The Woman is pulling something from
the doorway.

WOMAN
I guess... It is... Dan.

He comes out and sees a
ridiculously large blue enamel jar
on the table, with a note saying
“enjoy me”, and with a big smiley
face on the side. It’s Dan’s ashes.

MAN
Well, guess who can’t wait to join the party?

WOMAN
This is a weird three-way, you know that?

Long silence.

WOMAN CONT’D
Do you know his favorite song?

MAN
Do I know his favorite song? Of course I know his favorite
song, he’s my best friend.

WOMAN
Then what’s it?
His favorite song is... it’s something Britney... Britney Spears... You know that bitchy, kind-of noisy club music, about jiz in the pants that song... That one is his favorite...

You absolutely know nothing about your best friend, do you?

Okay, what is his favorite song?

It is... I think I can find it... Here.

She finds it and plays it.

<Famous Blue Raincoat>.

Music.

Oh yeah, Leonard C.

He um... He played this song earlier that night... You probably don’t remember... He was faking a rusty... really low voice... like a real rock star... He moved to the edge of the stage, almost out of the light... singing, and swaying... and sometimes blew kisses to his same drunken audience... like... “honey, I love you, honey.”

She sings.

“Honey, let’s dance.”

(a beat)

Come on, we had a deal. That’s the cruel thing you should do.

She has his hand. They dance.

I’m a lousy dancer.

(a beat)

You are gonna miss your plane.
WOMAN

It shall wait, I guess.
It shall wait.

The music continues, and so does their dance. Maybe the Young Man and Young Woman go to join them. They dance into a circle.

FIN.