

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 female 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.

MAN

- 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.

WOMAN

No, a pile of plates.

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:

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.

MAN (CONT'D)
Who is he?

WOMAN
Who?

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

WOMAN
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?

MAN

I write poems.

She laughs.

MAN CONT'D

What's so funny about that?

WOMAN

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.

MAN

You stand on your husband's tiny feet.

WOMAN

What's wrong with that?

MAN

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

WOMAN

How did you know? You had sex with him?

MAN

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

WOMAN

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.

MAN

And that's important because...

WOMAN

Because I am old enough to handle that word.

MAN

We are about the same age I suppose.

WOMAN

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

MAN

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?

MAN

Parents don't tell their baby girl how they made her, do they?

WOMAN

Her name?

MAN

Tracy. Painter.

WOMAN

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

MAN

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.

WOMAN

Based on you?

MAN

No.

WOMAN

Then how do you call it, her hobby?

MAN

I call it dirty mind with a pure heart.

WOMAN

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

MAN

She might think it's natural and very honorable. How does your "normal-sized-penis banker" think?

WOMAN

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

MAN

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)

Hmmm... 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?

MAN

She's totally lovable and unleavable.

WOMAN

That's not "I love her".
What's she like?

MAN

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

WOMAN

Fuck off.

MAN

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

WOMAN

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

MAN

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

WOMAN

You just met me -

(she checks his watch)

Ten minutes ago.

MAN

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..."

YOUNG MAN

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 crueller things.

YOUNG MAN

Why's every man chasing after you?

YOUNG WOMAN
Because I am unique.
And men are stupid.

YOUNG MAN
Stupidly attractive.

YOUNG WOMAN
Attractively obsessive.

YOUNG MAN
We are two attractive human beings.

A beat.

YOUNG MAN
First time in New York?

YOUNG WOMAN
Two years. But yeah, the first two years.

YOUNG MAN
Lucky guess.

YOUNG WOMAN
From my accent?

YOUNG MAN
You have a lovely accent.

YOUNG WOMAN
So do you.

YOUNG MAN
You speak great English. How did you learn it?

YOUNG WOMAN
From the men I've been with.

YOUNG MAN
You've been with a lot of men?

YOUNG WOMAN
They were my jobs, just like you.

YOUNG MAN
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.

YOUNG WOMAN
Class dismissed.

YOUNG MAN
Will I see you again?

YOUNG WOMAN
No.

YOUNG MAN
Will you come to my wedding?

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

YOUNG MAN
To see you marry my best friend?

YOUNG WOMAN
Are you jealous?

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

YOUNG WOMAN
There's nothing you can do, is there?

A beat.

YOUNG MAN
No.

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

A beat.

Then she pushes him away.

YOUNG MAN
You've ruined me.

YOUNG WOMAN
You will survive.

YOUNG MAN
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?

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..."

YOUNG MAN

Crazy old bitch.

A beat.

YOUNG MAN

Do you want to call it off?

Pause.

YOUNG WOMAN

No.

YOUNG MAN

You know if you want, you can.

YOUNG WOMAN

No.

YOUNG MAN

Just tell me what you want.

YOUNG WOMAN

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.

YOUNG MAN

Okay.

Long silence.

He holds her hand and not let her go.

YOUNG MAN

I filed the divorce paper this morning.

YOUNG WOMAN

What?

YOUNG MAN

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 Ambergrobie & 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?

MAN

Before shit happened.

WOMAN

Confrontations.

MAN

Embarrassments.

WOMAN

I sound like a dirty woman.

MAN

I do owe you.

WOMAN

Where's the apology?

MAN

I apologize. But I don't regret.

WOMAN

Why not?

MAN

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

WOMAN

I do.

MAN

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.

WOMAN

No.

MAN

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

No? Neck? Chest? Back? Ass?

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.

MAN

Right, it's her time of looking at a Hugh Grant picture and masturbating.

WOMAN

That's just disgusting.

MAN

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

WOMAN

What does he look like now?

MAN

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.

WOMAN

I'm sorry.

MAN

Oh, yeah? You should be.

He laughs.

WOMAN

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

MAN

Terrible terrible... but cute...

WOMAN

Hysterical man.

MAN

Are you coming or not?

WOMAN

(to herself)

Oh fuck me.

MAN

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?

Sucks.

YOUNG MAN

How's Karin?

YOUNG WOMAN

Awful.

YOUNG MAN

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

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm not hungry. Please sit down. I need to talk to you.

YOUNG MAN

About what?

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm late for a reason. Please sit down.

YOUNG MAN

I'd rather stand.

YOUNG WOMAN

Why?

YOUNG MAN

Then I'm ready to run any minute. Are you hungry?

YOUNG WOMAN

You told me to meet her.

YOUNG MAN

Did she sign?

YOUNG WOMAN

I was obligated to her.

YOUNG MAN

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

He avoided her eyes. A beat.

YOUNG WOMAN

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.

YOUNG WOMAN

But you don't know me?

YOUNG MAN

Do I?

YOUNG WOMAN

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?

YOUNG WOMAN

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?

YOUNG MAN

With whom?

YOUNG WOMAN

With that immigration officer.

YOUNG MAN

He asked?

YOUNG WOMAN

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.

YOUNG WOMAN

You are mad.

YOUNG MAN

I'm terrified.

YOUNG WOMAN

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... MMMMMMMMMMMM...
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
I am pregnant.

MAN
Where is your purse? Where is your fuckin' purse?!

YOUNG WOMAN
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?

WOMAN

So funny.
Where is it?

MAN

Where is what?

WOMAN

His journal.

MAN

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

WOMAN

You read it.

MAN

I am his friend.

WOMAN

I am his wife.

MAN

Ex-wife.

She stares at him.

WOMAN

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

MAN

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?

WOMAN

Does his "Love Bible" contain anything about adultery, or betrayal?

MAN

His whole life was about adultery and betrayal.

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.

WOMAN CONT'D

"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.

WOMAN CONT'D

End of the story.

I guess people are supposed to be alone.

MAN

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

Silence.

MAN CONT'D

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

WOMAN

The erotica painter?

MAN

No.

WOMAN

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

MAN

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

WOMAN

I'm not interested in that woman.

MAN

She wore red dress, and red shoes.

WOMAN

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.

MAN

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.

WOMAN

What about you?

MAN

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.

YOUNG WOMAN

I don't have an uncle in Maine.

MAN

Then she said...

YOUNG WOMAN

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.

MAN

And I said "okay".

YOUNG MAN

Do you want me to wake up Dan?

MAN

She hesitated.

A beat.

YOUNG WOMAN

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

YOUNG MAN

How long will you stay there?

YOUNG WOMAN

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

Okay, 9:39. Now 9:40.

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?

MAN

"That for me, it isn't over yet..."

A beat.

WOMAN

I hate that song. Sounds like a suicide note.

MAN

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...

WOMAN

Straight couples don't have sex.

MAN

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".

A beat.

WOMAN

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

MAN

Oh god, you are such a mood-killer.

WOMAN

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

MAN

She cried at least!

WOMAN

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?

MAN

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...

WOMAN

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

MAN

Okay, what is his favorite song?

WOMAN

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

She finds it and plays it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

<Famous Blue Raincoat>.

Music.

MAN

Oh yeah, Leonard C.

WOMAN

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.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

"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.

MAN

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.

*