Limonade Tous les Jours

by CHARLES L. MEE

[Outdoors.

A hundred slender young chestnut trees. Late spring.

Blue, blue sky.

A café table.

Ya Ya, a young French woman, sits at the café table.

Andrew, an American man in his fifties, enters, looking out of place, a video camera in his hand.]

YA YA
Are you Andrew?

ANDREW
Oh, well, yes, I am.

YA YA
I am Ya Ya, I am a friend of your friend you were going to meet but he cannot come because for some reason.
ANDREW
Ah.

YA YA
You will have a limonade or a coffee with me?

ANDREW
Oh, yes, certainly,
thank you very much.

YA YA
Pascal sends his apologies but
you know?
it can't be done
so
he will hope to be in touch with you tomorrow.

ANDREW
And you are: Ya Ya, did you say?

YA YA
Yes.

ANDREW
Ya Ya, right.
I'm happy to meet you.

[as he sits]

And you and Pascal:
you are a couple?

YA YA
Oh, no, he's much too old for me.

ANDREW
Of course.
YA YA
I think he's forty.

ANDREW
Ah.

YA YA
You can understand.

ANDREW
Of course.

YA YA
I mean, not that I have anything against older men
quite the opposite in a way
only I was married to an older man
and he took such a patriarchal position
and then I
I found I liked it
I invited it
so we had almost a sado masochistic relationship
which I found I just loved
he had other lovers
he treated me like dirt
he wanted always to handcuff me to the bed
and it seems I not only fell into a sort of dependent role
but I had sought it all along
so now
I'm trying to go straight
you know
grow up
have a relationship with another grownup person
as a grownup person
if I have any relationship at all
and at the moment I don't have one at all
and don't want one
because I'm still recovering
and you?
ANDREW
Oh, yes, well, I am recovering, too.

YA YA
From a love?

ANDREW
Right. Of course. What else?
I came to Paris to forget.

YA YA
I don't know.
Maybe this is not the place to forget about love.

ANDREW
Right. Well. But now it's too late. Because, here I am.

[as they talk a Vietnamese waiter
brings a limonade to them and leaves again
without speaking]

YA YA
Or else maybe it’s a nice place to remember how it is to be alone
and to be starting out in a new world
where anything could be possible again
where you don't know what might happen next.

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
Because when you come to the end
you need to get back on the horse.

ANDREW
Right.
YA YA
I have moved into a new place
which I love.
Of course, I am very lonely
because after you live with someone
you are used to not being alone
even if you hate him and he is disgusting
and picks nothing up from the floor
so that even when you get out of bed in the morning
you slide on a pile of magazines and fall to the floor
and hit your head on the edge of the bed.
But my new place,
it is all mine.
Very simple.
I have a fireplace
a shaded lamp
a box of stationery
a lounge with a mess of cushions of all sizes
a very simple bed in a separate room
and of course my coffee table
made from an old pheasant trap.
Do you know what a pheasant trap is?

ANDREW
No.

YA YA
No, neither do I.
It looks like a large
what would you say?
a foot locker
two foot lockers together
but made of wood
with little bars, like a wooden bird cage
where you can keep your pheasants
I don’t know why
maybe to keep them there
until you set them loose so you can shoot them
I don’t know.
And then that delicious feeling of being alone
when you are alone in your new home
and lonely
that feeling that feels sometimes like soaring freedom
at other times like retribution almost,
do you know?
you are being punished for what you did wrong
or didn’t do quite right
and sometimes it is a heavy crushing feeling
that makes you want to hit your head against the wall.

So you are looking for a young woman
half your age?

ANDREW
No, no, not at all.
I am not looking for a woman of any sort
because, frankly, I'd like nothing so much as to have a little rest.

YA YA
And then?

ANDREW
Well, and then, if I ever do recover,
I am going to look for a woman my own age
because my wife
my former wife
was ten years younger than I am
and I came to think, finally,
that it might have been the difference in our ages
for her to somehow know in her bones
just where I was in my life
biologically almost
but certainly emotionally
what I was thinking about
how I felt
and for me, too,
she being younger and at a different stage of life
you would think ten years would not make such a difference
but somehow, we felt as though we were from two different generations. 
So now, if I am looking for anyone, 
I am looking for someone my own age 
or older 
so that I can just relax 
and feel I am with a friend.

YA YA
I understand, yes. 
And probably part of the problem was 
you're a little bit of a stuffed shirt.

ANDREW
I am?

YA YA
Just a little around the edges. 
I like a stuffed shirt 
but many people find it boring.

ANDREW
They do?

YA YA
Just a little bit. 
I find it a little bit relaxing 
because I don't feel so threatened. 
With most men you know what they want 
they are like animals with their appetites 
they have only one thing on their mind 
and you always know what it is 
so you have to be all the time vigilant 
and if they are exciting 
well, that makes it harder to stay vigilant 
but if a man is a little bit boring 
then you can let down your guard and relax 
because you know at least you yourself are not going to make trouble.
ANDREW
Oh, good. Good.

YA YA
So.
We can have dinner.

ANDREW
What?

YA YA
We can have dinner together.
Because
I'm starving.
Everyone here, they wait until nine o'clock to have the dinner,
so I am always hungry
is that what you say?

ANDREW
Hungry?

YA YA
Dinner?

ANDREW
Oh. Yes.

YA YA
Do you want?

ANDREW
Yes, yes, of course.

YA YA
And then you will come to hear me sing?

ANDREW
How do you mean?
YA YA
I am a singer.
I sing in the nightclub
to make my living.
So
after dinner
we can go to my nightclub
and I will sing for you.

ANDREW
Oh, oh, well: wonderful.

[The lights sweep to darkness.
Music: the first few bars of an intro to a song.
A spotlight.
Dim, smoky light.
A microphone.
Ya Ya steps up to the microphone and sings.

YA YA
If the sky should fall into the sea
and the stars fade all around me
all because what we have known, dear
I will sing a hymn to love

we have lived and reigned we two alone
in a world that seemed our very own
with its memory ever grateful
just for you I'll sing a hymn to love

I remember each embrace
the smile that lights your face
and my heart begins to sing
your arms---------
your eyes---------
and my heart begins to sing

If one day we had to say goodbye
and our love should fade away and die
in my heart you will remain, dear
and I'll sing a hymn to love.

etc.

[When she finishes the song,
 she turns,
 steps out of her dress,
 and gets into bed with Andrew.

The lights go to darkness
and rise to bright morning light in a single cue.

The bed is now in the midst of the 100 trees.
And the trees have moved just a little.

As they talk, she is getting dressed quickly.
And he follows her lead, more slowly and uncertainly.]

YA YA
Well, you see, this was a mistake.

ANDREW
What?

YA YA
I don't mean to say I didn't have a wonderful time.
In fact, with you, the sex:
I'll say no more.
Because I like to be kissed
what do you say?
all over

I had a wonderful time.
I'll say no more.
But, to be honest, this was not a good idea
except for the kissing
or unless one thinks it was not serious.
If one thinks it was just an escapade

ANDREW
An escapade.

YA YA
A fling.

ANDREW
A fling. Yes.

YA YA
And then, too, not just the kissing
let's be honest
but still
I'm not ready even for a fling.

ANDREW
No, of course not.
Well, I don't think I am either.

YA YA
You liked making love with me?

ANDREW
Yes, I did. I certainly did.

YA YA
So, that's no good.
We are damaged goods
both of us.
With the experiences we have had
we can't be with anyone just now.

ANDREW
No.
YA YA
The point is: we can't trust anyone.

ANDREW
So.

YA YA
This is crazy.

ANDREW
You could find yourself suddenly in a relationship with someone all over again

YA YA
and you don't know anything about him

ANDREW
so you are just falling into the old patterns

YA YA
because you are doomed
to repeat who you are over and over again

ANDREW
because probably

YA YA
you don't know who you are.

ANDREW
Right.

[silence]

YA YA
So, forget about it.
I am going to take you somewhere
and drop you off.
Where do you want to go?

ANDREW
Well, I don't know.

YA YA
It seems you are a little bit helpless.

ANDREW
Well, I just arrived, you know,
and then
well
things happened so
I don't actually know quite where I am.

YA YA
How does this happen?
You think I am promiscuous?

ANDREW
No. Certainly not.

YA YA
Do you think I just sleep with any man the moment I meet him?

ANDREW
Certainly not.

YA YA
Why not?

ANDREW
I don't know.
It's not the sense I have of you.
I mean I even thought possibly
for you
there was something about me in particular.
YA YA
You did.

ANDREW
Well, yes.

YA YA
And you?

ANDREW
And me?

YA YA
Are you just sleeping with everyone and spreading death by virus wherever you go?

ANDREW
No, certainly not. I've been...
I haven't been interested in any sort of intimacy of any kind since I separated from my wife.

YA YA
You've been celibataire?

ANDREW
Celibataire?

YA YA
You speak no French at all?

ANDREW
Almost none.

YA YA
And then why did you come to Paris?

ANDREW
I didn't think about speaking French.
YA YA
This is a French speaking town.

ANDREW
Yes, I suppose it is.

YA YA
Because you are from America
you expect everybody to speak English?

ANDREW
I didn't think about it.
Probably I do.

YA YA
This is the trouble with Americans
they don't need to think about anything any more.
Is English the only language you speak?

ANDREW
And a little bit of Greek
some Serbo-Croatian
Sanskrit
you know, the usual,
German, high and low German,
Italian, old Italian and modern Italian
Arabic
a couple of tongue-clicking languages
and Creole.

YA YA
So, nothing but English.

ANDREW
Right.

So you could say: here is a stupid person,
parochial and arrogant.
Or else you could say:
here is a wonderful person
stepping out into the unknown
taking a chance
not afraid.

YA YA
And yet
the man I loved
would say to me from time to time
don’t you think you should go home now for a while
to visit with your parents
because he didn’t think where he and I lived was our home
and because he wanted to have a fling
and even to have his fling in the bed we slept in

because he, too, was not afraid of anything

and sometimes I would come home—because it was home to me—
and he would be there with a mistress
and I was expected to make conversation with her
and I did because—what did she know?
she must have been as confused as I was—
and sometimes he would even expect me to take his mistress out for a walk
because he was expecting another lover
and so his mistress—is this what you say,
these days still: his mistress?—

ANDREW
Yes. You could.

YA YA
his mistress and I would go for a long walk
and sit in a café drinking coffee
while my husband was making love with someone else
who could do this now that you think back on it?—
why would I live like that?
but the one thing that is for sure is
if I am so untrustworthy a person
so unable to look out for myself
for sure I don’t want to get mixed up with another man before I know what I am doing and what just happened if it wasn’t that?

ANDREW
I understand.
Absolutely.
And I myself: in the same way I married a person because I fell in love but I don’t know with whom or what. She was very beautiful and smart and quirky and she seemed stable not a crazy person because I had had some hot romances before but with women who were crazy because I like a passionate person

YA YA
Of course.

ANDREW
and it turned out I was always falling in love with crazy people who would fly off the handle and curse and scream and throw things

YA YA
I do that myself.

ANDREW
and, of course, sometimes it must have been my fault because, partly, I was cool and rational in a way that would drive any normal person crazy

YA YA
Right.

ANDREW
but also I think I chose people who were erratic and unpredictable because I was so rational and I wanted someone who would take a sudden turn
you know and take me to some surprising place
and then only later did I discover that people who did that
are often crazy people

YA YA
Oh , yes.

ANDREW
they take these unexpected turns all the time

YA YA
Yes.

ANDREW
and you don't always appreciate it
you wake up in the morning
and find a note on the pillow saying
"I'm going to see Ulu, going to see Ulu,
going to see Ulu Skrebenski"
and you don't know whether it's a poem of a kind
or she is just feeling really light-hearted
or she is already drinking at seven o'clock in the morning

and then when we stayed in a hotel
and she ripped up the pillow cases so we could take turns
ty ing one another to the bedposts

and she had her period so she made sure she got blood on her fingers
and reached back up behind the headboard of the bed
and streaked the wall with blood

or sometimes when she was just happy
she would throw dishes
dish after dish against the wall
just because she felt a little bit abandoned

YA YA
Oh.
ANDREW
You'd like to do that.

YA YA
Well. Yes.

ANDREW
Unh-hunh.

So when I found a stable person at last who was also sexy
I thought: ok, at last, I've found a person I can marry
and that was the fatal thought, I think,
"I've found a person"
which is to say, I'd found a kind of person
a category of person I felt good with

YA YA
Ah.

ANDREW
not always sitting on the edge of my chair
wondering what might happen next
someone I could just feel
OK, this is going to be a quiet evening at home
and so I married her

YA YA
Oh.

ANDREW
and it's still not clear to me if my mistake was thinking categorically
or, on the other hand,
if the mistake was just that the category was wrong:
stability

YA YA
Yes.
ANDREW
or if the mistake was just thinking at all
instead of following my instincts
because I think sometimes I think too much
and not always very clearly or intelligently
and I’d be better off just to say:
oh, right, good, okay, hot, go for it

YA YA
Right.

ANDREW
and live life moment to moment
without thinking about the consequences
weighing and balancing
trying to use a lot of forethought
because that kind of thing always puts you living in the future
which we can’t predict
and know nothing about
and simultaneously takes us out of the present
where we are living
and might know something about it if we only paid attention.

So, as you can see,
I don’t think I’m a person
who ought to be getting involved with anyone else either.

YA YA
Right.

ANDREW
I mean, my intentions are not so clear either.

YA YA
Right.

ANDREW
And it’s no good to be involved with someone
whose intentions are not clear.
YA YA
No.

ANDREW
Although, I have to say,

if we were involved with one another

I don’t think I’d ever tell you you ought to go home.

[silence]

YA YA
So
we are saying goodbye.

ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
So, I’ll drop you off
at Pascal's
so you don’t get lost.

ANDREW
Pascal's?

YA YA
Your friend you were going to meet.

ANDREW
Right, of course. Pascal.
Good.
Thank you.
And maybe on the way
we could take a walk in the park
just so
parting from each other
it isn’t so abrupt
so even it almost seems so rude
so catastrophic

YA YA
OK. Yes. We could do that.

ANDREW
Just have another limonade or a coffee
and then say goodbye.

YA YA
OK. Good. Yes. We could do that.

[Music.
Charles Trenet, the French Sinatra, sings.

A video is projected, filling the whole rear wall
and spilling over onto the proscenium arch or side walls:
a hand-held movie—
we see Ya Ya, in a cafe;
and then we see Andrew in a cafe,
close-ups of her, then of him,
back and forth
as, obviously, they have passed the video camera back and forth,
little bits of things—the waiter, and other tables,
and, disconcertingly, all of it done extremely amateurishly:
a bit of a shoulder, a foot on the sidewalk,
the corner of a café table with an arm,
the camera moving so quickly that the person is a blur,
pictures of the two of them together
where Andrew has held out the camera with one hand, unsteadily,
and tried to point it back at them both,
getting bits of them together here and there
on the Bateau Mouche on the Seine,
at a flea market, walking in the streets—
panning up on a building into the sky
and then staying on the sky for a long time—
increasingly relaxed and enjoying themselves—
in scenic spots.
At the end of the movie,
Ya Ya and Andrew are in a very expensive restaurant, 
white linen table cloths.

There are a dozen beautifully set tables 
amidst the 100 trees.

And the trees have moved just a little.

The video camera is on the table.]

YA YA
The thing is
when I was a girl
my father was dying of alcoholism
and my mother took me away from him
and married another man
and I grew up without my father
missing him
so that when he died
I ran away from home
and I lived in a car parked next to his grave
and mourned for him and missed him

but when you think this might be an explanation for things
that happened later in my life
you can always think of one or two or three big reasons for anything you
do
and then probably you have a hundred little reasons
you can’t even remember them all
but they come back to you
in different clusters
so that finally you have so many explanations for things
you can’t know any more what is true
and your own inner self
like the inner selves of everyone else
just remains a mystery
Sometimes a woman will want the love of an older man
she is captivated by an older man
she wants to be a daddy’s girl
this is so common
you might almost consider it normal
even though it’s wrong

One time when I was nineteen years old
riding home in a cab with an older man
I found myself begging him to kiss me

ANDREW
When you were nineteen.

YA YA
Yes,
and he
he thought I was too young to know what it was I wanted

ANDREW
Well....

YA YA
and so I became so jealous
the next thing I knew I was in a rage
accusing him of wanting to get rid of me
so that he could go off to sleep with his other lovers

ANDREW
Oh, that was....

YA YA
of course he denied it
and said he had no other lovers
and then I knew he wanted me
you know, because he lied
and this is how you tell about a man
if he lies to you then he wants you
ANDREW
Really?

YA YA
Oh, yes.
So I said to him:
I need a friend, I need a lover
because autonomy it takes such a toll on me
it exhausts me and exasperates me
and I feel I’ve been looking all my life
now I have no doubt of it
I have been looking for a master

I said to him:
I don’t know what I’ll do if you won’t have me
which of course just aroused him.

ANDREW
Yes, well, of course.

YA YA
He said, again, but the difference in our ages
and I put my fingers to his lips
and I said don’t you know
there are a thousand thousand young girls
who dream of being the plaything of an older man.
It is their secret and their ugly desire
that they can expiate only by fulfilling it.

You see how wrong this is?

He slapped me, then,
so that I put my hand to my cheek
and felt it burn
and felt my love for him burst into flame
and I knew
this relationship is all wrong
[The Vietnamese waiter again.]

WAITER
Madame?

YA YA
What will you have?

ANDREW
I'll just have a salad.

YA YA
And then?

ANDREW
I don't think anything else.
You go ahead.
I'll just have a salad.

YA YA
You can't have just a salad.

ANDREW
It's all I want.

YA YA
No, no, no.
That's no good.
You can't go through life having just a salad.

ANDREW
Why not?
Sometimes that's all I have. I like it.

YA YA
Not here, I don't think.
Not in France.
ANDREW
Why not?

YA YA
That's the rule in France.

ANDREW
It's a rule?

YA YA
Of course, look on the menu. At the bottom, do you see? "No salad as a meal." That's all. It's not right.

Monsieur, il aurait le steak frites.

Et moi, le canard confit. Merci.

WAITER
Merci, Madame.

Et du vin?

YA YA

WAITER
Un bouteille?

YA YA
Oui, ca va?

WAITER
Oui, ca va bien. Merci, Madame.

[he leaves]
YA YA
So.
He said he would drop me at home...

ANDREW
This is the man who slapped you?

YA YA
Yes.

ANDREW
The man in the taxi still.

YA YA
I said to him: it's you I want to go home with
you only want to drop me off
so that you can go to your lovers
the ones you love
but they don't love you
and they will leave you
I know you're going to sleep with them
and kiss them, even kiss them on the mouth
and who's going to kiss me?

ANDREW
You said this.

YA YA
Yes.
And then I said to him:
Why don't you want me
at least for your daughter?

ANDREW
You said this?

YA YA
I should have been your daughter, I said,
your friend, your lover
everything, everything
there’s no one in the world for me but you
I could feel the muscles trembling in his arms

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
and I could see
even in the darkness in the back seat of the cab
I could see that he was pale
because he knew it was all wrong, too

ANDREW
Really.

YA YA
and then he leaned his head down to me
and kissed me slowly on my cheek

ANDREW
My God.

YA YA
I struggled and leaned back
so that I didn’t know whether I was resisting him or yielding
and he kissed me on my eyes, my hair,
under the ear just where it makes you shudder
and at last he kissed me on my hot mouth
I gave my lips to him
what could I do?

ANDREW
Oh.
Well.

YA YA
and then at once he pulled back away from me
and said
please
I'm a poor dazzled man
completely swept away by you
don't tempt me any more

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
and I said you ae
someone who is everything all at once to me
someone who if he goes away
leaves a widow and an orphan and a friendless person
because you are a miracle to me

ANDREW
Oh.

YA YA
and I could see a tear come from the corner of his eye

ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
he couldn't help himself

ANDREW
No.

YA YA
I put my arms around his neck
and I asked him if I had hurt him somehow
if I had made him unhappy

and he held me in his arms
and he said to me
oh, please, don't give me time to be ashamed of what I'm doing
I'm keeping you
I can't do anything but keep you

ANDREW
Men are terrible.

YA YA
Women, too.

ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
You see I don't have the problem with men
what I have a problem with is the older man

If I am to be with a man
OK
I like sex
this is OK
I am not against it

ANDREW
I see.

[The Vietnamese waiter again,
putting things down.]

YA YA
but to be the child
no
I don’t think so
I don’t like to give up the control

ANDREW
No.
YA YA
why should it be I give up the control?
no thank you

ANDREW
Of course.

YA YA
you want to touch me?
not there
no, not there
why?
I don’t like it
you want to touch me?
touch me here
touch me here
I’m not against the touching
I’m against where the touching is
who controls this

ANDREW
Right. Of course.
And yet, even so,
not necessarily in the context you describe,
because of course that was
I mean, a person does not want to repeat that
necessarily
or even at all
not at all
but possibly in a different context,
if you don’t give up the control
then how can you be surprised?

YA YA
Surprised?

ANDREW
Yes.
YA YA
I have to be surprised all the time?

ANDREW
Not all the time
but sometimes
it could be fun
don’t you like to be surprised?

YA YA
No.
I don’t think so.
No.

ANDREW
About anything?

YA YA
No.

ANDREW
A surprise party?

YA YA
That’s the worst.
All these people.
If I wanted to see them I would call them.
Suddenly they are there
and I would never have them all at once
I would have this person and that person
but not together
and not today.
Not this evening
I am just getting into bed to read a book
and suddenly here are all these people?
No, thank you.
ANDREW
Or: here's a present!
Do you like a present for a surprise?

YA YA
That's different.

ANDREW
How is it different?

YA YA
Because I always like a present.

ANDREW
It's a surprise.

YA YA
I can't help it.

ANDREW
And if you never give yourself up to another person
how can you I don't know
how can you love someone.
because isn't that what it is?
to reach that moment
we all long for
having put ourselves completely in the hands of another human being
when we are completely defenseless
feeling the excitement and danger of that
and the pleasure when it turns out we have been safe after all
when we have been most helpless.

YA YA
Helpless.

ANDREW
Yes.
YA YA
I don't think so.

ANDREW
You don't want to be helpless.

YA YA
No. No, thank you.

ANDREW
You don't want that moment when you don't know where you are any more
you've just lost yourself in some other place
you can't get to in any other way
you don't know where your body is
that moment of you know I think that's what they mean when they say ecstasy

YA YA
I don't need that moment.

Because what does this mean?
It means the man will want to kiss you and lick you
up one side and down the other
and turn you over
and have his way with you
upside down and backwards
and in the armpit
and the small of your back
and put his hands everywhere
and his tongue
and fingers fingers all over the place
and you are supposed to love it
it makes me feel creepy
the only worse thing is sticky

[The Vietnamese waiter again, refilling the glasses.]
ANDREW
Sticky?

YA YA
I don't like to feel sticky.

ANDREW
For a man, too,
he has to surrender.

YA YA
He never does.

ANDREW
He should.

YA YA
He never does.

ANDREW
In just the way you say about your home
you surrender to it
you give yourself up
and live in it
that's the pleasure of it.

YA YA
I never see the man who wants to give up.
I see the man who wants to have it his way
who tries to have it his way
and if he doesn't have it his way
he sulks
he gets gloomy
he doesn't speak to you
and then he yells at you
and then he tells you not to yell at him
and then he tries to explain to you
how you were wrong
or even he will explain to you
if he is very devious
how he was wrong
so that if you will only agree
then he will have his way
and this is what you call giving up?
I don't think so.

ANDREW
No, well, this was not what I meant.

YA YA
With a woman
it is unconditional surrender
nothing else will be accepted
and the man he will work at her and work at her
until he gets it
or
if he doesn't
he will dump her
and try it with someone else
this is how it is to be a man.

Especially: an older man.
Why?
I don't know.

[The Vietnamese waiter again.]

ANDREW
You know:
don't think I want to be your father
I mean, I am somebody's father
and that's enough fathering for me

YA YA
You are a father?
ANDREW
Of course I am.

[he takes out his wallet to show pictures to her]

I have a boy and a girl
no longer a boy and a girl

YA YA
And you haven't mentioned this?

ANDREW
a young man and a young woman
both grown up
with their own lives

If I had my way I would see more of them all the time
but they are gone, you know
to their own lives
one of them in California, one in Texas
Texas!
you have to let them go whether you want to or not
if they didn't leave home you would have failed
everyone knows that
so I have done my fathering

YA YA
They are older than I am.

ANDREW
Yes. Yes they are.
At least probably my son is older than you are I don't know.

YA YA
I can't have a son older than I am.

ANDREW
No, of course not.
I mean, was I suggesting you should be his mother?
Was I ever suggesting that?
No. No.
Frankly, I don't need to be committing incest either.
I mean with someone young enough to be my daughter.
I don't know how this came about.
Probably because I wasn't thinking
I was just following my instincts
which clearly are all wrong!
I mean, from my point of view:
I certainly don’t want to be anybody else's father.

YA YA
No. No.
And yet, the point is:
you have a family.

ANDREW
Yes?

YA YA
You have a family and a history and a whole
apparatus!
a whole life
more past than future in your life really
and I am a young woman
I need a fresh start in life
a new adventure
where anything is possible
even if I don't want some things
to not have the possibility of them
to have those possibilities shut down already
by definition
this is a death sentence

ANDREW
Yes. Yes. I understand.
I see.
I understand completely.
I apologize.
I don’t know what I was thinking.
I was being selfish.
I was taken by you
smitten, you know
or even more, or worse
I thought: oh, my god
what a chance in life
that’s only normal
but I tried not to
because I understand I am much too old for you
and then, I was only trying to be a human being
I mean, to be honest about it
that I find you a wonderful person

YA YA
Thank you.

ANDREW
what am I supposed to do
say you are a disgusting person?

YA YA
That’s very considerate,
because I have some feeling myself
and if you had said that
it might have been difficult for me.

ANDREW
no, you are lovely
you are adorable
but, in fact,
that has nothing to do with me
because I am saying that at the same time I am saying goodbye
because if I feel any true feeling for you
for example, if in fact what I feel is really love
which I think it may be
then that alone makes me want to step back
and let you be free to find a life with a younger man
because I wish for your happiness above all
YA YA
Right.

ANDREW
I am not necessarily looking for someone who would wear nothing but a slip, a slip and nothing else to the opening night of a play or someone who wants to lift up her skirt and have sex in the middle of the afternoon in front of that diner on the coast road near Malibu you know just before the road up into that canyon whatever the name of that canyon is. Plus it is not as though I don't have health issues after all the next thing you know I will probably have a heart attack or a stroke I will be sitting in a chair leaning over sideways drooling my left arm dangling by my side

YA YA
Oh my god.

ANDREW
and you are still a child well, not a child a grown woman but a person with a whole life ahead of you do you think I want to marry you and then live with you by my side making me feel wretched that you are still young while I am falling apart in front of my own eyes? I'll be farting and shitting in my pants and all of your friends will be out at discoteques!
YA YA
Now here you should slow down
because my friends are not so stupid that they are always at the discoteque
and sometimes I, too, read a book
you don't need to think
I cannot enjoy an evening by the fire.

ANDREW
Of course. Of course.

YA YA
But what do you think,
do you think I want to be with your friends
and they are looking at me and thinking
look at this little bimbo he got for himself
she is a brainless piece of ass
she must fuck like a fire truck

[The Vietnamese waiter again.
Andrew looks at the waiter;
he is uncomfortable to be having this conversation
with the waiter present.]

all the women your age
looking at me with contempt
what is it with her:
she is not a liberated woman?
she is a candy doll
do you think they will speak to me?
no

ANDREW
Well.

YA YA
I will go to a dinner party with you
no one will speak to me
because they will know that you and I
we are wrong!
wrong!

ANDREW
I don’t know....

YA YA
and who could be more hostile
than your liberal friends
with all their tolerant ideas
except for me
every pent up wish they have to be intolerant
finally
could be dumped on top of me

ANDREW
I don’t think....

YA YA
because I would be wrong
this much we know
and you!
you would be double wrong
all wrong
and we have all known for years how wrong you are
and this would be frankly
humiliating to me

ANDREW
No.

YA YA
So, what will I do?
You think I can introduce you to my friends?
And they are going to think
he must be amazingly rich
she fucks this old hulk
what kind of slut has she turned out to be?
ANDREW
Oh, I don’t....

YA YA
And then what would happen if it turned out that I did love you
which I don’t
so then when I’m thirty or thirty-five
I would watch you die?
what?
you would get weaker and weaker
and I would weep and weep
what is the point of that?
and then I am a widow at thirty-five
and never able to have another relationship with another man
as long as I live
anyway what does it matter
because by then you would be impotent for most of the years I know you
anyway
even beyond the help of any drugs and suction pumps
and so what do I have in the end?

ANDREW3
Plus, anyway, in the meanwhile,
from my point of view,
I should be with an older person who will understand
what the other person is feeling
without even talking about it
oh, you miss your children, oh yes so do I
and so forth
you share this feeling
without having to explain anything
feelings you would never understand
because you are still someone else’s child who is missed
not someone who is missing you
and so forth

YA YA
Yes, I understand.
ANDREW
And then the fears of mortality
or simply the regret of having not so many years ahead
on the good days no fear at all
just the relishing of each day
because finally one has learned to relish them
and knows they are few and precious

YA YA
Yes.

ANDREW
whereas you, you are just starting out,
you are oriented to the future
not the past or the present

YA YA
This is true.

ANDREW
and so what do you know of relishing a day

YA YA [disagreeing]
Well, I don't know about that.

ANDREW
or feeling you are losing your powers

YA YA
This is true.

ANDREW
it's a subtle thing perhaps
but one can feel it
as a sea change

YA YA
Yes.
ANDREW
so what would we have in common, you and I
we would live in different emotional landscapes
it would be like taking a walk in the woods with a dog
the man is going from sight to sight
oh, there is a beautiful flower, look at the color, the delicacy
look at the sunlight through the leaves falling onto the ground
the fading light, how beautiful
and his dog is going oh, my god, here's an amazing smell
oh, over there, over there, there's another incredible smell
my god, let's sniff that up
so the man and the dog are on a walk together in the woods
but they are walking in two entirely different worlds
the man sensing nothing that the dog senses
and the dog oblivious to all that the man is seeing

YA YA
And I am the dog in this.

ANDREW
It was just an example.

YA YA
Still, you immediately cast me in the role of the dog.
This is the thing women object to, you know,
and perhaps you can see why.

[The Vietnamese waiter brings the check.]

ANDREW
I was trying to make an example.

YA YA
But you can see how a woman might object to being a dog.

ANDREW
Yes, yes, of course.
I apologize.
YA YA
Fine. OK.
Then you be the dog.

ANDREW
OK I am the dog then
A woman takes a walk in the woods with her dog.

YA YA
OK.

Come on. I'll take you for a walk.

ANDREW [looking at his watch]
Probably I should get on over to Pascal's.

YA YA
I'll drop you there.

ANDREW
OK.

[Street music: an accordion player.

Another video:
this time we see Ya Ya, terrifically happy,
running toward the camera in the Tuilleries or the Luxembourg Gardens;
but the video is made in such super-extreme slow motion,
like the video installations of Bill Viola,
that we can see a thousand emotions flicker across her face
within this happiness are also anxiety, terror, disgust—
whatever the camera catches.

When the video ends,
Ya Ya and Andrew are sitting on a park bench.
Andrew has a sailboat in his hands, 
of the kind that is sailed on the Luxembourg pond, 
and he is fixing its rigging.

Again, the bench is set amidst the 100 trees, 
which have moved again just a little.]

YA YA
Do you shop?

ANDREW
You mean, for groceries?

YA YA
I mean for things you don't need. 
For dresses or lingerie.

ANDREW
Oh, no.

YA YA
Oh, well, you need to do that.

ANDREW
Why is that?

YA YA
Otherwise, how do you let your imagination run free? 
You see a dress, you think: 
oh, I can see her in that 
she moves toward me 
the breeze ruffles the skirt 
it is silk 
it is so sheer 
I see the shape of her leg 
I see even the contour between her legs 
I can think: OK, now, how would I get her into bed? 
I take her to a cafe 
and then I am thinking
we are in bed making love
I smell her perfume
and so, yes, the next thing
you go to a perfume shop
you get some perfume
you give it to her
she puts it on
it fills your senses
you don't know where you are any more
you are in heaven
the world has disappeared
and you are living in eternity with love

ANDREW
I don't know
it seems wrong to me.

YA YA
How can love be wrong?

ANDREW
But really a fantasy of sex
of seeing a woman as a sexual creature
or even object

YA YA
So?

ANDREW
Well, I don't know.
I mean, also
you are a whole person.

YA YA
Of course I am a whole person.

ANDREW
And not just an object of desire.
YA YA
Yes, of course.
I am a person.
But also I hope I am a desirable person.

ANDREW
Also, frankly,
I don’t think I am going to discover myself
and set my imagination free
by becoming a sort of reckless consumer
sort of find myself by shopping.

YA YA
How will you do it?

ANDREW
I don’t know.
I will go to museums.

YA YA
Are things there for sale?

ANDREW
Of course not.

YA YA
So you can look
but you can't touch
you can't have
you can see these things as part of someone else’s life
but not part of your own life
that’s the real art
when it becomes yours
you take it into your own life
and it transforms your life
how you feel
how you live.
Of course, if I could afford it
I would buy what?
Andy Warhol.
But if I can't
I buy a skirt

ANDREW
It seems wrong to me
that's all I'm saying.

YA YA
You know, where I've lived, in my country
in my lifetime
I've seen much worse.
And just because you buy a skirt
and live during your life
doesn't mean you can't do the right thing and be a voyeur too
and look at Picasso all you want.
I like to look at Picasso.
How is your home?

ANDREW
My home?

YA YA
Yes. How is it?

ANDREW
Well. It's fine.

YA YA
What is it
some orange crates with a lot of books in them
a mattress on the floor
you need a lot of pillows in a home, you know,
and rugs with many kinds of red and yellow and blue
little designs that make you dizzy
and some mirrors
and a nice big couch with inlaid wood of little scenes of hunters
and some velvet
and gold leaf on the frames
pictures on the walls
and puppets from India
and a Zulu fighting stick
do you know those fighting sticks
all painted with bright designs
and you can hit someone in the head with it
and break their skull
do you like to make a home?

ANDREW
Well, I don't know.
Do you?

YA YA
Yes. I love to make a home.
A place to live in
to have it fill your dreams
to feel soft and you can drift in its arms forever
that’s it: a home
where you live
and then, after you have lived there for many many years
you can look at it and say
I have had a life here on earth.
I had a place.
I was not a mosquito who floated over a swamp here and there
and don’t know where I’ve been or what I’m doing here
but this was my place
for as long as I was blessed to have it.

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
You buy things for your home
or not always buy them
friends can give them to you
or you find them on the street
it doesn’t need a million dollars
you get the beautiful things from the world
and bring them to your home.
Acquiring things:
this is a good thing to do
like a squirrel
like a rat
it's OK
people can do this, too
and they like it
you could do it
You and I
we could have a whole relationship
based on shopping.

ANDREW
We could?

YA YA
Of course we could.

ANDREW
I am maybe more of a Buddhist
you know, I like a bare floor
and even just a mat on the floor
and a few books
a cup of tea
I don't buy things
I never have

YA YA
Maybe you're just a cheapskate

ANDREW
Maybe I am.

YA YA
Or maybe you have a philosophy.

ANDREW
I thought I did.
YA YA
That’s an interesting thing to me.

[A rack of clothes amidst the trees. They are shopping for a dress. She steps right out of her dress and lets it fall to the floor, puts on something from the store, looks at herself in it, steps out of that dress, tries on another, and so forth, so that a succession of dresses just falls to the floor like autumn leaves as she goes from dress to dress and they talk. Each time she sheds a dress, however, it stops him in mid-sentence; he can’t speak or concentrate for a moment, and then he resumes.

The Vietnamese waiter is in attendance; he is the shopkeeper, and occasionally he will stoop down and pick up a dress very delicately and tentatively.]

ANDREW
It seems to me, the trouble always begins with love. People always say the trouble is differentness or even hatred or prejudice or some such bad thing that is the root of all troubles but really it’s love that always disrupts everything.

Once you’ve set love loose in the world anything can happen if human beings give free rein to love—and, if they don’t, you can hardly call it love—
YA YA
How is this?

ANDREW
Very nice. Very nice. I like it.

[she takes his faint praise for condemnation
and immediately slips out of it]

And love pays no attention to what is useful or considerate
then we throw the world into turmoil with every breath we take
not just love of another person
but love of the earth
love of trees
love of the country
of little green farms
and fenced-off tracts of wild quince with great pink flowers
the blue air chill but full of the new and subtle warmth of spring

YA YA
How is this?

ANDREW
I don’t know about the color.

YA YA
You don't know about the color?

ANDREW
I don’t know.

[she lets it slip to the floor]

all these things we cherish and covet
and protect from the intrusions of others
love of one’s own country
of one’s own friends
of the familiar ways our friends have
their manners and the way that they are dressed
and then
love of wine

[Ya Ya through this is putting on dresses and letting them slip off,
he stopping each time she does,
and then resuming when she is buttoning another dress
or fixing the straps on her shoulders]

love of pleasure
of a picnic in the woods
and sweet red peppers with a pinch of thyme
love of music
love of riches, of speed, of power
all the things that we desire
and even love of sorrow
love of tears
love of heartache
love of anguish
love of exhaustion of sleep of solace
love of warmth, love of pain
love of lasting longer than we think we can
love of loud noises and of cheering
of marching steps
of martial music
of causing death

with all these kinds of love
what need is there of hatred?

Hatred is just the kerosene put on the fire.

This must be why there’s nothing to be done about it.
You cannot eradicate the human heart itself.

Because it’s not the worst in us that leads us into trouble
it’s the best.
[silence]

YA YA
Do you think you could....

[she has a button snagged in her hair,
or can't button a button at the back of her dress;
he stops talking and gives full attention to the button
for several minutes:
this is several minutes of complete silence,
the only such silence in the play,
while, in a perfectly tender and solicitous way,
with no agenda other than helping her—
nothing flirtatious or lascivious about it—
he helps her.
At the end she stands back.
He looks at her.

ANDREW
Oh, that's beautiful.

[The Vietnamese waiter, a castrato, steps forward
and sings a heartbreaking aria,
Handel's "Pena tiranna" from Amadigi
Handel's "Pena tiranna" from Amadigi
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Handel's "Pena tiranna" from Amadigi
Handel's "Pena tiranna" from Amadigi
Handel's "Pena tiranna" from Amadigi
And, while he sings,
Andrew picks Ya Ya up in his arms
and lifts her high above his head
so that she is a flying angel

and they dance

her dress flows out in the breeze of their movement

and the dance is almost entirely
his lifting her into the air so that she flies

the castrato might put several park chairs in a row as he sings
and Andrew lifts her as her toe touches first one, then another, then another
of the chairs
as she flies to a bench
and flies from there again
to touch the ground lightly
and be picked up in his embrace.

At last, her dress drops to the ground
and Andrew puts her down into a bathtub
as the aria ends
and then he joins her in the tub
amidst the 100 trees.]

YA YA
What I had in mind was
I would come to Paris and make a life
because I grew up in the country
so I made my hair red
and tied it in a fountain on the top of my head

ANDREW
Right.
YA YA
and I didn't know what I had in mind
I came to the Sorbonne
and there I was
a young person going from day to day
testing of what I did
of singing
of the clothes I wore
of where I was living
that's all

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
thinking of some friends I made
of the bookshop I meant to go to
the book I meant to pick up there

ANDREW
Your mind just drifting.

YA YA
and of the little basket I might buy to keep ribbon in
there was a room in a little hotel in Provence
where I once stayed
with its faded yellow walls
and the shutters opening out onto the interior courtyard

ANDREW
It's like a dream.

YA YA
the white arum lilies, purple irises,
a hundred little tulips with pointed cups,
and pittosporums whose scene paralyzes the will
I thought I would have pittosporums in my Paris apartment
ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
and then I met this man in a cafe
who was very intelligent
and not at all handsome
because I thought if he is handsome I cannot trust him

ANDREW
You can't trust a handsome man.

YA YA
No.

and I guess I thought
if he is ugly I can trust him
which was my first mistake
and then he had a book that he was reading
which of course, for a student
is right away a good thing
and he was an editor at a publishing house
very distinguished, a literary person already
I was so flattered
and I could see he just licked me up with his eyes
so I liked that even though I knew it was wrong

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
and pretty soon
in this world I was carrying around in my head
he would drift in and out
and sometimes I thought he was living there
and I was living with him
so that my thoughts of my world took form around him
and it seemed quite natural
so that I never made a decision
I just moved into my life all the time I was thinking
I am a young woman
just trying on my own life

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
seeing what it is to have a life in a big, beautiful city

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
I couldn't possibly think of having a life that involves another person
as a couple

ANDREW
No.

YA YA
it has nothing to do with my life that I am living
and yet, how can I not,
what if I should let the choices of my life slip past me
so that I have no life at all
and so I married him

ANDREW
Oh.

YA YA
is this the way people get married these days?
I don't think so.

ANDREW
I don't know.
YA YA
Other people think about it so much more
and so much more clearly

ANDREW
Well....

YA YA
but there I was
and I didn't know at all how I had gotten there
and then it turned out
he was a prick.

ANDREW
Ah.

YA YA
Who knew?

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
Well, it may be everyone knew but me
men are pricks

ANDREW
You mean....

YA YA
It seems to me all men
this is how it seems to me now
of course I know this is wrong
I try not to make a sweeping judgment
but how else can I judge?
In my experiences this is how it is
and I look through the brown-colored glasses that I have
and this is how I see men.
ANDREW
Oh.

YA YA
You know what it is with a man?
They are there, they are there, they are there
all the time they are pursuing you
and then,
once they have you
they are gone.
You turn around
all of a sudden they are gone.
You can't count on a man
because
just when finally you decide OK I can count on him
that is the moment
he just disappears
and you never see him again.
And what you have left is just a big dearth.
Is that what you say?

ANDREW
A dearth?

YA YA
Yes.

ANDREW
Yes. You could.

[silence for a moment]

When I met my wife for the first time
she was riding a bicycle
a friend of mine introduced us
we said hello
nothing special
until she said she was on her way somewhere
and she turned around
and got onto her bicycle
it was a boy's bike
and as she got on
and swung her leg around over the seat
to sit on the bike
she was wearing blue jeans
a little bit tight
and I saw her back
her hands and arms and shoulders as she took hold of the handlebar
and the small of her back
and her butt
and I thought then that
I wanted to marry her.

YA YA
Because of her butt?

ANDREW
Yes.

What I always had in mind was a real friend
so we would share feelings
and be coming from the same place
this is such a complicated thing
because people come from different places
I mean to begin with if they are a man and a woman
their lives have been so different
and then if they are different ages

YA YA
Even generations.

ANDREW
Even generations
how can you bridge such a gap

YA YA
then they come from different countries
ANDREW
and one from this town, one from that

YA YA
different families

ANDREW
one had brothers the other sisters whatever
the thousands and millions of minuscule things
that make us so different from one another

and if it is hard for just anyone
you can imagine how hard it is for someone who comes from Serbia
and someone who comes from Montenegro

YA YA
how can two people then ever share the same feeling exactly

ANDREW
and without effort

YA YA
with comfort even

ANDREW
easily

YA YA
so that they can relax together

ANDREW
and feel
there is someone in the world who really understands me

YA YA
really knows who I am in the deepest sense
ANDREW
where we both look at a piece of beach and say:
oh, how beautiful

YA YA
or—at the same moment we both feel:
what an ugly place

ANDREW
so that these two people can go arm in arm through life
knowing they have someone who will always be there for them
because they know exactly how it is for you

YA YA
even sometimes they are there already before you've gotten there

ANDREW
so
you face some trouble?
no problem
I know exactly how you feel
and we will come through this together.

YA YA
Right.

ANDREW
Do you think this can never happen?
That two people can never really know one another?
Or really feel the same?
This is just a romantic wish
no one ever feels it
it's just not possible
that's the tragedy of life
we are all alone.

YA YA
I don't know.
ANDREW
No. Neither do I.

[MC Solaar sings French rap music.

Another slow motion video:
this time amidst the carnival entertainments in the Tuilleries
emerging from a scary tunnel ride—
again the slow motion so extreme
that we see a thousand expressions in one:
this time it is not the anxiety that pops up through the happiness
but vice versa,
the relief and pleasure and exhilaration
that pops up through the terror of the tunnel ride.

They are in a café amidst the 100 trees.

They are having dessert.]

ANDREW
You'll have a limonade?

YA YA
Yes, bien sur.

[he looks around for a waiter]

You see,
we've had a good time together.
This has been a nice little romance after all.

ANDREW
Yes. Yes, it certainly has.

YA YA
We were afraid to have a fling
I won't speak for you,
I was afraid
but it turns out it was OK.
ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
And I hope, when you go back home, you will keep me in a good place in your heart.

ANDREW
Yes, I will. I certainly will.

YA YA
You know, in France, this is how it is you have a lovely time you hold your life with a light touch and it’s not a tragedy.

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
All we did was talk about how we can't get together and all the time we got together anyway.

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
Because we liked it.

ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
We thought we are too damaged we can’t do this because of our histories
they hold us in a grip and
we can't go on
but then we do.

ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
We don't go on to be together, of course,
because still
when we are just being quiet and considerate with each other
still we know
it's not right for us
because we are grownups.

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
Because we are different in age.

ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
And because we still do have our histories
they don't go away all at once
a person cannot suddenly
all over again become a different person.

ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
And because you are still a little boring.

ANDREW
I know.
YA YA
And you have some ways of being I don't know
I won't say I don't have some ways of being that aren't wrong
but with me
these ways of being are passing things
because I am young
and maybe I don't know any better
Or anyway I will learn
because I will see what these bad ways of being get me into
and I won't like it
and I will have other ways of being

ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
But you,
I don't mean to say:
after all, you are a nice person, I think

ANDREW
Thank you.

YA YA
and I think you still have the capacity to learn

ANDREW
I hope so!

YA YA
and nothing is to be said against a person
who is so considerate
a real gentleman I think

ANDREW
Thank you.

YA YA
but still
with you, you have some ways of being that you have
because they are so old
and you haven't gotten over them
and even if I wouldn't care
because I would love you
you know
I would see right through your ways of being to you yourself
and say, well, so what
he's a little stupid
but he's a nice guy underneath it all
even so, after I would do all that
still the things I think are fun
you think are silly
and what you find interesting
to me is just incredibly tedious

ANDREW
That could be.

YA YA
So finally you would bore me to tears
I wouldn't be able to stand it
I would be feeling guilty about it
because here you would still be
being considerate and supportive and generous and loving
and I would just want to hit you in the face with a frying pan
so it would be wrong
it would be bad
that would be no fun for you.

ANDREW
No.

YA YA
So, if we have had our little fling
and you go back to America
and I go back to my life
maybe we think of each other
ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
and we think of each other in a way of warmth
and affection

ANDREW
Yes. I know I will.

YA YA
and I think
OK maybe a man is not such a bad thing
and I could have a life with another man

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
and you could think maybe a woman is not such an evil species
and you will find someone
or you will have your old friend
because an old friend is a good thing
and when you get to be your age
probably this is more important than anything else.

ANDREW
A friend?

YA YA
Yes. And solace
and, you know, getting ready to calm down
to enjoy being in the twilight of your life
wallowing in that a little bit so you don't miss it
and you don't have some frantic bimbo
trying all the time to get you out of the house

ANDREW
Right.
YA YA
You can have your grandchildren.
And they will play around your feet
next to the dog
and you will doze off in the afternoon sunlight coming through the window
I think this will be good for you

ANDREW
You do.

YA YA
And me, I am at the beginning
I want some excitement, you know,
I am going to want to travel quite a lot
and maybe even have sex with a lot of guys
who knows?
or maybe not
because I am not so wild
or just looking for the thrills
but to be free to be with whoever it is I want
to have the adventures
it's a little bit, you know,
with each person
you enter into their world
you live in their world for a while
it is like a trip to the moon

ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
to step into their lives for a while
it is to have another entire life for yourself

ANDREW
Yes, it certainly is.

YA YA
and a person wants these things
to have many lives in one life
not a thousand lives maybe
because then you don't notice any one of them
but to have some lives
since you won't have another chance if you only have one life yourself

ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
Or you might say
why can't you find all people in one person?

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
This is what a man I once knew used to say
I was interested in him
in a romantic way
and I tried to seduce him
I have to admit it
and he was in love with another woman
and I said to him
how can you just be faithful to her
isn't this a little boring
because if you would be with me, too,
then it's another whole world for you to live in before you die

ANDREW
Yes.

YA YA
and he said
yes, but,
with this woman I love
I find all the women of the world in one woman
and I thought
oh, yes, well, this could be what people want
and they never find it.

ANDREW
Right.

YA YA
So
you are leaving.
You wish I would drop you at Pascal's?

ANDREW
I can find my own way.
Thanks.

YA YA
I'll say goodbye then.

Probably I won't ever see you again.
Probably not
not for a million years.

ANDREW
Right.
Well.

Goodbye then.

[Do they shake hands or kiss goodbye?

The lights sweep at once to darkness.
Music: the first few bars of an intro to a song.
A spotlight.
Dim, smoky light.
A microphone.
Ya Ya steps up to the microphone and sings.]
A French cabaret love song
A French cabaret love song
A French cabaret love song
A French cabaret love song
A French cabaret love song
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A French cabaret love song
A French cabaret love song
A French cabaret love song

[At the end of her song, she turns, and Andrew is standing there with his hand out to her. She takes his hand.]

YA YA
Oh.

[Silence.]

ANDREW
How time flies.

[Silence.]

YA YA
Yes.

[He leads her back into the darkness as the lights fade to black.]

Charles Mee’s work has been made possible by the support of Richard B. Fisher and Jeanne Donovan Fisher.