

BAZAAR GODARD

by Sean Lewis

Natasha Vanbraun: Dawn Saito
Maria Marques: Yuki Wakamaki
Ivan Johnson: Sean Lewis
Henry Dickson: Dylan Latimer
Beatrice: Elisa Matula
Texas Cheerleader aka Seductress: Alex Kueas
The Spy, The Voice: Leon Rothenberg
The Mole: John Morena
The Cook: Forrest Gillespie

ACT I: The Return (or down the rabbit hole)

Scene One: *A Buffet*

We are in a church basement. There is a side buffet. Players and guests mill about in numerous directions. Some play dress up. Some put on make-up. There are full-length mirrors and various groupings. Some work the buffet while guests and players alike enjoy food and drinks.

Scene Two: *The Gun Fight*

Without warning a gunfight occurs on the sidewalk outside the windows of the basement.

Silence

A man enters the room through the window. He is carrying a small suitcase. He imagines himself a bank robber and he calls himself Ivan Johnson.

Voice: Who are you?

Man: Ivan Johnson.

Voice: Who do work for?

Man: Figaro Pravda

Scene Three: *Ensemble Dance Sequence #1*

(Announcement of Figaro Pravda is a code or key. A summoning. Music of John Maus "The Whole Worlds Coming Apart")

Scene Four: *Beatrice*

B: You're Tired, sir? You'd like to sleep, sir? If you're tired, you can rest, sir. The bedroom's here. I am checking to see if the Bible's here.

J: Do you believe in all that?

B: I'll put the tranquilizers in the bathroom. I'm very well, thank you very much. Will you take a bath?

J: Yes, I must think.

B: I'll help you sir. I'll take your tie, sir. I'll bathe you, if you like, sir

J: I'm a big boy, sweetie. I can find my own dames. Clear off!

Spy: (concealed): be polite to the ladies, Mister Johnson.

J: Bloody hell, now what?

Spy: Don't you fancy this kid?

J: How about your sister, mister? (Johnson Kills Spy)

J: I'm getting rusty. What's the game? Are you on narcotics?

B: No, it's just normal.

J: Everything is "normal" in this hole. Sit in the chair. (Johnson takes photographs of seductress)

J: (aside) Her name was Beatrice. She said she was a seductress, third class. I was struck by her sad, yet hard face. Somethings not in orbit in this Galaxy. (We see photo of seductress or a series projected onto wall)

J: Hold this up. (Johnson shoots. We see a photo showing a hole in each breast is projected onto wall)

J: Not bad for a veteran of The Pakistanian Campaign.

B: Just what I was thinking about you.

J: Go play your record somewhere else, I've heard it before.

(Beatrice leaves bedroom. Ivan Johnson is alone. He opens suitcase and takes out photos with notes and scribbling.)

Scene Five: *Kissing Your Feet*

Voice: Mister Johnson, Miss Natasha Vonbraun calls for you.

J: Just a moment please. (Johnson put things away in his suitcase)

Voice: She's on her way up.

N: Got a light?

J: I've traveled 9000 Kilometers to give it to you.

(She takes light and with unlit cigarette places in her pocket or bra)

N: Do you see me?

J: Yes, I see you.

N: Do you see me?

J: Yes I see you?

Maria: (who shadows Natasha pops up out of tub) It's always about love. It's a piece about love.

N: A piece of love.

M: This is where the intelligentsia is.

J: Buck breaks.

N: Handsome feast.

M: Meditations on cowardice

J: I am a coward

N: He is a coward

M: He is.

J: He is but I am not. It's almost like heaven right now. Do I know I believe? Yes I know I believe.

N: In some ways I am pretending. But I can admit it.

M: Sinister Bank Robber Blinded By Desire Folded Over.

J: (aside) I love you JM. Why not. Why not say it. (Conversation all night with LS) Say it. Say it directly. My longest dream is this.

N: If

J: My longest dream is this

M: If

J: To say it directly. She's playing with her hair for me, and those lips, do you see those lips? I want to touch you. Every part of you.

M: Maniacal maniac

J: Fella's this one can dance
See see sea
Serpent chambers
Or a cauldron
Either way you are going to pay for it

M: Mop face. Bellow sallow. Finicky.

J: To be thought of that way. To be thought of at all, anymore. Bakeries.
Faking it.

M: Embedded underneath these words is its real message

N: A girlfriend

J: A game of bingo

N: Swinging hips

J: Lipstick

N: Chewing gum

J: Tonsils

N: Erasers

J: Drinking fountain

N: Youthful Exuberance

J: Lying all the time

N: Breath

J: Cancer

N: Fighting

J: Dimes and Telephones

N: Markers

J: Sanctuary

N: Verifiable Dread

J: Daunting Careful

N: Trees

J: Birds

N: Rocks

J: Violence

Voice: A Microphone

J: Jockey Doll

M: Bangkok is a flower that flew and is blue

J: many many heartaches have since played out, my love, and cans of pickles left to some are forgetting.

N: blames are games for lames

M: Jessie James

J: pinnacle flight tonight blips on and on and on

N: what is it? can you answer me? will you in your well answer me?

M: oh well

J: driven for days with O'Hara and Agnes

N: say hello sweetie

M: how sweet he says how sweet

J: unimaginable to mortals so now with eternity on my side

N: there is nothing to worry about

M: nothing

J: why didn't you come out and say that in the first place

N: what fun is that

B: kissing your feet

M: don't be a cheat

B: arranging a beat

M: pulling off a great feat

B: finding all the excuses to use the word neat

M: calling upon the seventh armies fleet

J: you are a pussy machine

you are an erratic spastic ass grinder

you are doves that were swallowed and regurgitated

and thrown up on the breakfast table

B: kissing your feet

M: don't be a cheat

B: I can't say it clear enough

M: so be unclear and maybe that will communicate

B: say what you mean

M: I want to live a true life

B: exclamation point

J: your pussy is a continent with its own civil defense system

what is your pussy doing right now

what was your pussy doing ten minutes ago

in a million years a metaphor lives

a beautiful young woman lying on top of a piano burped

and I smiled when I heard her

Voice: because she was so fucking hot

J: and it was our secret

N:

met

with

kids

looking out

different windows

gentle gentle

time take cake

find

that

window

M:

Stare back stare back stare back
Straight
Stare back
Sometimes
Dust
Other times

Scene Five A: *Seaweed*

B: Bring a magazine for her to read. She is going to ask for something the moment you walk in. Put it under your arm so you don't forget.

J: Can we talk?

N: Sit down

J: It's always in a girl's eye

N: I, this, I, pretends

J: Then we sit.

N: The range is great

J: Leaning. With hands on the surface

N: My back hurts. Seaweed.

J: Lazy

N: Lazy

J: Long

N: Long

Scene Five B: *Minnesota Wander*

B: #2 A re start. **Minnesota Wander**

J: can I find a worm
 is a pestilence happening that would alarm the ages

N: ant worms for baby

J: believe stories heard on ferry wheels

N: let up on it cry baby story

J: left over for day dreams and sanctuary
N: *on your face about trunk dop slod cantik for asp ner*
J: try again to make sin look baudy
N: don't try and be friends
J: we are contemporaries
N: Golden Bee Sin
J: and forever
 what a droopy wise girl
 stand still I need something
N: *parsimony left over on a crape of a julsion*
J: the greenbelts under moccasin gulch
 poppy seed cake lingering mouth
N: Japanese fairy tales curbed
J: Junkies prodded. I was hit by a title wave banquet.
[Beatrice sings]

ACT II: ROOM OF MIRRORS

Scene: *Money and Women*

The Mole:

Occupied
Occupied
Occupied
Occupied
Free

The Spy: Sit there and answer when you're spoken to

J: I haven't done anything

The Spy: Newcomers must be interrogated

The Voice: What is your name ?

J: Ivan Johnson

V: Where were you born ?

J: Nueva York

V: How old are you ?

J: I don't know... thirty-nine.

V: What make and model is your car ?

J: Ford Galaxy

V: What do you love above all ?

J: Money and women

V: You seem afraid

J: I'm not afraid

V: What are you doing here?

J: An article for Figaro-Pravda

V: You seem to be afraid

J: I'm not afraid, not the way you think. Anyway, you wouldn't understand.

V: Rest assured that my decisions...always have in view.....the ultimate good. I shall now ask you some test questions...as a control measure. You have come from the Outskirts of Greenpoint near muscle flats. What were your feelings...when you passed through galactic space?

J: The silence of infinite space appalled me.

V: What is the privilege of the dead ?

J: To die no more

V: Do you know what illuminates the night?

J: Poetry

V: What is your religion?

J: I believe in the inspirations of conscience

B: La conscience

V: Do you make any distinction between the mystery.....of the laws of knowledge...and the laws of love?

J: In my opinion, there is no mystery of love

V: You are not telling the truth

J: I don't understand

V: You are hiding certain things.

J: I admit I might have reasons to lie...but how can you differentiate between lies and truth?

V: Your ideas are strange. Some years ago, in the Age of Ideas, yours would have been thought sublime. Look at yourself. Men of your type will soon be extinct. You'll be something worse than dead. You'll become a legend. Are you not afraid of death?

Johnson : Yes, I'm afraid of death...but for a humble secret agent that's a fact of life, like whiskey
And I've drunk that all my life.

V: You are hiding certain things...but I do not yet know what they are. For the time being, you are free. I should like you to visit...the Control Complex

The Mole:

Free

Occupied

Free

Free

Occupied

Occupied

Occupied

Occupied

ACT III: Falling In Love Again... (marlene deitrich sings)

Scene 1: A Frog

TC (Texas Cheerleader): Useless? Oh Ya! How bout this? A one, a two, a one two three four-

(The Texas Cheerleader/ Seductress #2 solo dance number while everyone watches)

M: A lover's heart is shaped differently. A lover's heart is like a frog's lung, or whatever that part is that balloons expanding like a big air bubble. The only difference is that a lover's heart is full of warm blood, while a frog's ballooning chin is for air.

N: deal it baby deal it deal it

J: skip it

N: skip it

J: along
I'm in love anyway
Anyway
I'm in love

J: I live in Greenpoint, on the outskirts of muscle flats
a predictable barrier thrown up for your protection
I would migrate
I would migrate
I would apply systematic love
ordinarily
ordinarily

N: Flimsy card

J: Drop the cane

N: *Unattached to each other*

Dropped Free

A man and a woman

Useless

J: *Unattached to each other*

Dropped Free

A man and a woman

Useless

Scene 2: *Smell It*

N:

castle
up into
nobody knows
nobody knows
ache and a baby
rocket ship landing outside the window
why not
elsewhere

perfect
or your girlfriends nose
don't fly into a baker's office complaining of sore feet
if you can help it
down

J:

waves portraying soldiers in their sleep
ankles
snoring at the moon
wishing
soap under spells melody
silks from the orient across her shoulder
shown to everyone in the square minutes before
a man
little girls glued paper and had sticky fingers in their short-pants
make breakfast for yourself
birds at night
giving away your blankets
the time you went gets you from here
Jupiter
she smiled so nicely
corrupt charred beef
canker sore toes
bloody nose
rubber bands
frozen sky
lay out the fruit

N: smell it. I feel like I have been a slave.
My friends.
How will I free myself from life?
Who's to blame?

J: Is there enough blame to go around?

M: My name is Maria Marques. I came from Mexico City, Mexico three years ago and have been living ever since in this place. I was an orphan. But now I am home. Now I am happy because I have found my mother. (she indicates Natasha who notices and makes funny face to Ivan) Mommy I love you. Don't mind me though. I will not bother you. Maybe you are my father? (Ivan makes a funny face. They return, as if nothing has happened, to their conversation)

N: Understand me. Don't fight me.

J: I will. What do you want to say?
The smell of a shopping mall? Wet dirt?

N: XR 75

J: Sour apples, cells dividing too quickly. Is there something I can do?

N: Believe me this time

J: Why this time?

N: Believe me this time

J: I wish to live better with other people
I keep staring at the girls
Asses

M: Pervert(ed)

J: Now hear this
Now her tits
Dragons pelt

N: Dragons pelt?
I am in love
I am in love anyway
Anyway
I am in love

M: Flesh

N: Scraping

M: wanting death

N: dying

M: refusing to die

N: and choosing love

M: this is a lovely story.

N: this is a love story.

M: I love you because I feel that you know my story

N: Do you see me?

M: Yes, I see you.

N: Do you see me?

M: Yes, I see you.

Scene 4: Pretty Sphinx

J: who is she? Who is this girl?
Standing

next to you

N: She just showed up one day
on my doorstep
You don't mind, do you?

J: No. I don't mind.

N: Got a light?

J: I've traveled 9,000,000 Kilometers to give it to you

(he hands her a light and she places it along with an unlit cigarette in her pocket or bra)

N: I am Natasha. Natasha VonBraun.

J: Yes. I know.

N: How do you know?

J: You are Natasha VonBraun?

N: Yes I am very well, thank you so very much. You have come from Greenpoint Mr. Johnson?

J: Yes.

N: Everything to your satisfaction?

J: Yes.

N: I have been ordered to stay in your service during your stay

J: Who ordered you?

N: I'd rather not say (she gestures to Maria who thinks she is her mother)
Mr. Johnson, what's it like in Muscle Flats?

J: You've never been?

N: No.

J: Are you often ordered to stay with strangers?

N: Yes. It's my job.

J: Sometimes it must be nice.

N: Why?

J: You never have love affairs?

N: what?

J: Has no one ever fallen in love with you?

N: In love? What's that?

J: You've finished taking me for an ass? Or are you just beginning?

N: I don't understand what you are talking about.

J: Princess, I don't understand what you are talking about either.

J: (an aside) Yes it's always like that. You never understand anything and one night you end it in death.

J: You don't want me to court you?

N: What?

J: You really don't know what it means?

(she nods yes)

J: (an aside): Her smile and her small pointed teeth reminded me of the old vampire films

M/B: Pretty Sphinx

Pretty Sphinx

Pretty Sphinx

Pretty Sphinx

ACT IV: The Labrynthe and the Minotaur

Scene One: *Dickson Dies*

Johnson: Is this the Red Star Hotel?

The Mole: Yes, I'm very well...

Johnson: Is Mister Dickson in?

The Moll: He's out

Johnson: I'll wait

B: Have you money, sir? You can wait here, sir, if you're tired.

Johnson: Henry! (disheveled and broken Henry enters also in trench coat and fedora) Henry, it's me! We've got plenty to talk about.

Dickson: Where's my key?

The Moll: Where's my rent, Mister Dickson?

[Johnson hands Dickson a stack of bills, Dickson lays a bill in front of the Moll]

The Moll: His key... and a beer [Seductress brings Dickson his key and a beer]

B: And me?

The Moll: Why don't you hurry up and commit suicide? (Dickson and Johnson leave to go to his room)

Dickson: You come from the outskirts?

Johnson: Why did he ask if you'd commit suicide?

Dickson: There's quite a few...There's quite a few who do. Can't manage to adapt to this place. It's the method the Chinese invented...about thirty years ago in Pekingville. Dissuasion is their strong point.

Johnson: What about those who won't adapt, or commit suicide?

Dickson: Those... they're executed. But one can hide, you know. There aren't many left.

Johnson: Dick Tracy, is he dead? [Dickson nods yes]And Guy Léclair ? [Dickson nods yes] Why didn't we hear from them, or from you, Henry?

Dickson: I'm sorry. These things happen

Johnson: And what's Alpha 60?

Dickson: A giant computer, like they used to have in big business

Johnson: Nueva York... IBM...

Dickson: Olivciti... General Electric... General Tokyorama...Alpha 60 is one hundred and fifty light years more powerful...

Johnson: I see. People have become slaves to probabilities

Dickson: Their ideal here, in Alphaville...is a technocracy, like that of termites and ants

Johnson: I don't understand

Dickson: Probably one hundred and fifty light years ago...
One hundred and fifty, two hundred.....there were artists in the ant society. Artists, novelists, musicians, painters...Today, nothing at all. Nothing, like that here..

Johnson: You know Natasha? Who is she really? We'll get out together, you'll be O.K. But first you must tell me who she...[knock at door]

Dickson : It's a terrible secret, but...Enter, Madame la Marquise, My cloak, Madame Récamier. Thank you, Madame Pompadour, Madame Bovary, Marie Antoinette...Madame La Fayette [Madame and Dickson frolic on bed. Dickson spontaneously starts to choke]

Seductress: You're great Darling you're wonderful

Dickson: I love you! I love...[Dickson gasps in pain, then collapses & slides off bed] conscience...Alpha 60... make... self-destruct...Tenderness...Save those who weep [Dickson points to object under pillow, then dies]

Scene 2: (intermezzi) *We Are Totally Alone Here*

Voice: The Central Memory, is thus named, because of the primordial rôle that it plays in the logic-organization of Alpha 60. But no one has lived in the past, and no one will live in the future. The present is the form of all life. This quality cannot be changed by any means. Time is like a circle which turns endlessly. The descending arc is the past. The arc that climbs is the future. Everything has been said...provided words do not change their meanings...and meanings their words. Is it not obvious that someone who customarily lives in a state of suffering requires a different sort of religion from a person habitually living in a state of well-being? Before us, nothing existed here. No one. We are totally alone here. We are unique, dreadfully unique. The meaning of words...and of expressions is no longer grasped. An isolated word, or a detail of a design can be understood. But the meaning of the whole escapes. Once we know the number one, we believe that we know the number two, because one plus one equals two. We forget that first we must know the meaning of plus. The acts of men carried over from past centuries will gradually destroy them logically. I, Alpha 60, am merely the logical means of this destruction.

Scene 3: *Mother and Daughter Have a Talk (A Meditation on Death)*

N: I am not your mother. I don't mind you pretending I am, and I would never embarrass you, in front of strangers, but ...

M: ahhhh! Maria screams as though something terrible was about to happen in a very high pitch)

N: What is it? Maria? What's wrong? Is it something I said?

M: (Maria stops just as suddenly and addresses the audience) All my life they have said "Maria Maria but why Maria? Why do you say such things? Why do you say I am your mamma?" In Mexico as a child I would sing to myself when I was scared. Or lonely. Walking the streets late at night. (Maria Sings) But this time when I came to Nueva York everything was different and I knew this to be true.

Scene 4: *Who Are You?*

The Spy:

HE WALKS INTO THE BORDELLO

JAPANESE

STRANGE SISTERS

NATASHA

(Ivan and Natasha regard each other for a long time before speaking)

J: Who are you?

N: Who are you?

(Ivan Johnson pulls out his revolver and moves to the unknown out the window from which he came)

N: No! Mister Johnson No! No. (she takes Johnson by the hand and leads him to the bed. She takes off all of his clothes and her dress and they lay down on the mattress.)

[Beatrice Sings Song From Band of Outsiders when Anna Karina is on the train]

Scene 5: *Ivan Pursues Natasha*

B:

A TENDER FANTASY

THEY HAVE DREAMT TOGETHER

(Half dressed, with revolver still in hand, Ivan pursues Natasha)

N: Do you see me?

J: Yes, I see you.

N: Do you see me?

J: Yes, I see you. Who are you?

N: I am Natasha Vonbraun. But you can call me Anna if you like. Do you think I am beautiful? Would you like to go dancing? Have you seen the city? This is not all of my life. Sometimes when the days are not so ... so... so... (Singing)

[Henry Confesses]

Confessions of Henry'

the radiance of my mind
what is the new?
[seeing someone]
your kinged again, ride on, but stay
turn your back on us, my friends, lie to me (you know what that means)
you have built a monastery that you can live in, marble on your toes
(put your hand away)
fly fly
this is your kiss, on the cheek
on the meek apple
bottoms
a man who denied everything was pure
but the apple man woke up finally after a long winter
and what he said was not encouraging
"you are destined to go *into the service* of your fellow man"
darkened harmonics sifted

[addressing her as she approaches]

you let me be for a minute darling
you let me be for a minute darling

[playing a game with himself / maybe like tossing jacks on the floor]

let up
piled on
let up
piled on

traffic lights, lit up
on fire for your sister!
on fire for you sister [directly to her]

what is it you need
friends

pull off maniac stilt/mice/dice throw for friends
some say yes. some say no.
leave everything out
the mind says so

fun isn't for fucking

mood men drown under a courageous friend

you can be my friend now [a declaration]
I write for you
my heart is open, is yours?
my heart is friendly
(anger is in my toes)

let go all the kites in the dune done door place please
whore please place more
whores place more emphasis there please
(if you wish)

I wish
I wish
I wish
a kite
a kite

I wish
I wish
I wish

more now is for you

this is so most men

puffing

told dune grind

care more sought carpets

oriental asians with sticks pinged up on the dresser shouting over glory!

I fall through!
I fall through!
I fall through!

lay down in the pack with your feet in the air little boy
dreams towards the clouds
all is expanding
all is due
to you
little boy

her eyes
her eyes
what happened to her eyes?! where did they go?!

[calming himself]

sit in the room with the cooler in the wall
cry to the woman who sits opposite you, and, in the middle of the night when
you are visited by the saints, cry
and then run into the dark night

[suddenly and soberly]
I just want to be gentle and liked
I feel like I am dying

I am becoming stiff as stone
immobile

Scene 6: *Make Me Some Coffee!*

B: A LOVERS DIALOGUE

J: What if you rub everybody? You're here by yourself, besides her of course, but besides her, you're here by yourself, do you know that?

N: Yes, Mr. Johnson, I can see that. I know that. Besides, what makes a girl happy? Do you know that? Do you know how to make a girl happy?

J: Well maybe. Sure I do. But why don't you do something? What's wrong with you?

M:

**SEE IT
AGAIN
FOR THE FIRST TIME
SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL
TENDER
SAVOIR**

J: God damn it. Will you make me some coffee, please? (Maria moves to make coffee) No, not you, her (Natasha does not move or seem to be even listening). We're going to get down to brass tacks this time. I shouldn't talk to you, to all of you, because, because, I want to tell you what is in my heart.

B: I want to tell what's in my heart too.

Dickerson: I want to tell what's in my heart too.

Texas Cheerleader: I want to tell what's in my heart too.

Voice: I Want to tell what's in my heart too.

M: I want to tell what's in my heart too.

N: I want to tell what's in my heart too. (Long pause)

Go ahead tell us sweetie. Did I say us?

M: When I was a baby nearly unformed, more like clay than anything tangible (Maria makes baby sounds)

N: Oh forget that baby nonsense

J: Ya, forget all that baby nonsense. What about now? Tell us about now?

M: See See Me I am beautiful, almost turning to light. I can dip down and pull a magic candy out of my pussy if you want to taste it.

(Ivan and Natasha do not respond)

J: Cranked, cranked, way up.

N: Some of us have been orphaned.

J: I came here to take you away. Do you want to leave with me?

N: Yes Yes Yes

J: Do you know what this is?

N: What's that?

J: This.

N: No. I know what that is, it's sensuality.

J: No, sensuality is a consequence. It cannot exist without love.

N:

So what is love, then? Your voice, your eyes, your hands, your lips. Our silences, our words ... Light that goes, light that returns. A single smile between us. In quest of knowledge, I watched night create day, while we seemed unchanged.

B:

O beloved of all, beloved of one alone, your mouth silently promised to be happy. Away, away, says hate. Closer, closer says love. A caress leads us from our infancy. Increasingly I see the human form as a lover's dialogue. The heart has but one mouth. Everything ordered by chance. All words without aforethought. Sentiments adrift. Men roam the city. A glance, a word. Because I love you, everything moves. We must advance to live. Aim straight ahead toward those you love. I went towards you, endlessly towards the light. If you smile, it is to enfold me all the better. The rays of your arms pierce the mist.

Scene 7: *Rice Balls*

N: For 12 years I lay down. On a typical workday there are 3 or 4. Did I say 34? Each time I remember. I seem to have awakened on the other side of my own history. Where was I? I believe in innocence. I love the way men smell. I can dip down and pull a magic candy from my pussy if you want to taste it. I can stuff seven rice balls in my mouth.

M: I can stuff eight rice balls into my mouth. The type with fish inside.
[IVAN JOHNSON ENTERS]

J: Get otta here! Get otta here! (To nobody in particular)

Scene 8: *A Silent Film About Betrayal*

B: A MELODRAMA OF A WAILING COUPLE AND A CHILD.

J: I can run. I can run so fast that no one will ever catch me.

(Ivan French kisses Natasha then Maria separately. Then Natasha and Maria French kiss.)

J: I will never betray where I came from. Ever Ever Ever Ever Ever
Can't you see? I am a coward.

N: He is a coward.

M: He is

J: He is, but I am not. Can't you see us here (referring to Natasha, Maria, and himself) This is your answer! Her and me. Together against the world, against fate. Against the wind. Against the tides.

(All three scream separately and all three then run and jump on the bed)

M: Get behind me and close your eyes. Both of you.

Scene 9: *This is a Reverie*

N:

I woke up on the other side of my life
You are a stranger to me
Anna Anna
My name is Anna
MY name is Natasha
Careful careful if you run through the air careful
Can you pass me the soap
Who is this man anyway
Who is this Alpha Man anyway
Logic (with French accent)
Logic "
Logic "

N&B: I will be turned off without warning

N:

When I was a girl my heart was a pomegranate
I would open my heart and give each one of the seeds away

I like the way my fingers would be stained
I liked how my lover's eyes would turn to glass

(Natasha giggles and plays with her hair and kisses Maria in a frenzy. She stops as though called from afar. Stillness. We see Natasha's dream. We see her beautiful beautiful dream. **This is a reverie.** Natasha and Maria are in each other's arms with great tenderness.)

N:

I would be your mother Maria. I would be. I'll pretend. If you want me to. When I close my eyes. I woke up on the other side. Past my own life looking backwards. For so long I only looked forwards. Now I look backwards. I think love is very near not caring. This wind has blown through my house and I am walking away.

ACT V: Don Quixote and the Sublime Memory

Scene One: *Air Mattress*

(Ivan Enters)

J: Can I help you with that? (Natasha is working on deflating the mattress)

M: No. No. Mommy. Mommy. (Screams) It's that strange man again. Mommy!

N: Yes. Of course. Of course I could use the help.

(Ivan pulls a chair up to where Natasha works on the bed and sits and watches her work. Maria comes and stands next to Ivan. They both look at Natasha work. Natasha takes air completely out of air mattress while they look on. Natasha is very happy and filled with a **strange joy**. She pauses to dance around bed in front of Ivan and Maria referencing Anna Karina in "My Life to Live" dancing around the pool table)

Scene Two: *Ensemble Tableau*

Scene Three: *The Land of the Rising Sun*

J: I want to help you. Lay down. (Ivan gestures Natasha onto the deflated mattress to lie down)

N: What do you want me to say?

M: Don't just be clever.

J: I came back to say. To say it directly. And to you. (Ivan begins inflating mattress. Natasha's speech is projected over the sound of the inflating mattress)

N: These are words I do not understand. Conscience.

J: You've really no idea what this is?

N: It reminds me of something. I don't know what. The naked truth, I know it well. Despair has no wings, nor does love. No face, they do not speak. I don't look at them. I don't speak to them. But I am as alive as my love and my despair.

J: And this, Dying is not dying. And this, the Beguiler Beguiled.

N: I'm becoming afraid. Since you've come I no longer understand what is happening. Nearly everyday words disappear.

J: Which words?

N: Redbreast, Weeping, Autumn Light,

M: Tenderness, too.

B: _____ , _____

D: _____

Voice: _____

N: Mister Johnson, when I am with you, I'm afraid.

J: What are you afraid of?

N: I'm afraid because I know that word without ever having seen it or read it

J: Which word?

N: Le Conscience.

J: La Conscience. Where were you born?

N: Here.

J: You're lying. I must know the truth. Where were you born?

N: Here.

J: No in tokyorama. The land of the rising sun.

M: Tokyoram. The land of the rising sun. (Maria says this in Japanese and does a beautiful dance around the bed also referring to Anna in "My Life to Live." Ivan and Natasha simply look on.) Nueva York. It used to be called

poetry. It holds secrets. HMMM HMMMM HMMMM Of the streets and life. I am as alive as my love and my despair. How can we all recover? How can we see? Can you see me?

N: Yes, I see you.

Scene 4: *Tiger Time*

VOICE: Do you accept our proposal? Answer silently, with yes or no.

J: I will never betray never never never never never ... (trailing off)

Voice: The present is terrifying, because it is irreversible, and because it is of iron. Time is the substance of which I am made. Time is a river, which carries me along, but I am time. It's a tiger, tearing me apart, but I am the tiger.

J: Look at her and me, there's your answer. We're happiness, and we're heading towards it.

Voice: It is our misfortune that the world is reality And I, it is my misfortune that I am myself.

J: Natasha, Natasha, quick Natasha, think of the word love.

B: Not all the inhabitants died, but they were all stricken. Those not asphyxiated by the absence of light, sped about crazily, like ants.

J: Don't look back.

N: Do you think they're all dead?

J: Not yet. They may recover. They may be happy, like Florence, Like Angoulême City, like Tokyorama. You can't go back.

N: Have I slept for long?

J: No, just the space of an instant.

N: Where are we? In Greenpoint yet?

J: Not yet.

N: You're looking at me with an odd face.

J: Yes.

N: You're waiting for me to say something.

J: Yes.

N: I don't know what to say. They're words I don't know, I wasn't taught them. Help me.

J: Impossible, Princess. You must get there yourself, then you'll be saved. If you don't, you're as lost as the dead ...

N: Je vous aime

(blackout)

FIN