

COP PIECE ep2 UNDERCOVER MIME 10.04.10

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prologue

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

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

she is pretty she is a pussy that's why i like her. she likes all of it. not other things.
bicycles riding by the water hang let lead hang observe her have fun kid have fun this
doesn't last your a cop (sort of) what happens when your not. what happens when you take
the uni off. i needed to go undercover get on the inside. my name is Rene' Rene' and I
studied with the legend Jacques Rimbodee' in Paris. the first thing they taught us at the
academy when being groomed for this type of undercover mime work is have an answer for
everything. it doesn't have to be the best answer or the only answer but have a reason
people always have a reason for things even if they lie about it or can't tell you what it
is. it's there. i'm in this storefront now because the economy is tough (everyone knows
that) see how that explains things. ok. here we go. Mr. carmine across the street said we
could stay here so long as we put sheets up in the windows. he said he didn't want to see
me miming and he didn't want his customers to see my miming either. he said are bad for

business. deal i said deal anything else i said. you are so kind carmine. then he told me about the cops who were here for a while on stakeout. some fucking psycho detective named Samuel and this real nice beat cop named David who had fake kids which sounds really beautiful somehow. I looked him right in the eyes as Rene' Rene' and he told me about me. I never felt so powerful in all my life to full someone so completely. that's some type of grand feeling boy. Mr. Carmine said they left some of their equipment and if I didn't mind I could watch over the equipment. I asked, I said, Mr. Carmine, why do you keep a live feed. shh shh you stupid fucking mime shhh I hate it when mimes talk. I keep a live feed going because it's a hidden camera. allows me to keep an eye an extra eye on my employees make sure they're not eating pepperonis behind my back. you get it. now get the fuck out of my site you dirty fucking mime, stay in the storefront, watch over the equipment, clean up once in a while, do what ever it is you mime's do behind curtains and closed doors, I could care less. but let me repeat myself Rene' Rene'. me or my customers so much as glimpse you or any of your mime friends all white faced making god knows what gestures and your out. do I make myself clear.

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

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

mostly I wish to be on TV. to see my face projected towards millions. this is my aim. my true desire. monitors everywhere with my face. enlarge my face. flat screen my face.

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

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

ACT ONE *PERFUME aka CLEO & Rene'* the Egyptian Princess and the French Mime ...

... a Bonnie and Clyde like couple have been on the road for a while, and are now holed up in an abandoned Brooklyn storefront. This pair deals in black market perfumes and other sundries, seeking port towns and busy city centers to turn a quick buck and disappear before the local narks sniff them out. Now the heat is coming down on them. The dogs have been let loose and are hot on their tails. The owner of the storefront, Carmine Natoro, has agreed to let them hideout for a few days, or until the dogs lose the scent. Natoro being from Naples, has a long history of underworld activity, dating back to the old country.

[CLEO and Rene' both record constantly]

[CLEO writes] [Rene' records his voice into a device that he occasionally plays back]

[CLEO dresses faux Egyptian] [Rene' dresses a mix of bad french noir criminal and a mime]

[They are penny-ante two-bit crooks] [They are on the run]

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

[Rene' begins a *little routine* they both are familiar with. a burlesque number. vaudevillian camp]

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

[CLEO walks to Rene. Pause. Rene puts his face into Cleo's crotch. She lets him. She then turns around, faces the

mirror, with her back to Rene', and continues practicing the *Desert Rose* mantra]

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

[suddenly and without warning CLEO turns and slaps Rene' twice across the face]

[Sharp][Firm]

[Pause]

[the pair look at one other for sometime]

[a wind blows through the abandoned storefront]

[Rene' stands and puts a cassette tape in the boom box that is on the floor]

[CLEO watches him intently]

Rene': that hurt

[music begins to play]

[for a time neither speak]

[they enter a another routine]

[the routine of a couple on the run, in a strange place, trying to find their way home]

[They are in and out of the kitchen][tea is made]

[music continues to play]

[silently and sweetly they make-up]

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

do do do do do do do do do

do do do do do do do do do

do do do do do do do do do

[talking to herself]

I'll see you anytime. but not right now
anytime?

but not right now. later

OK. later.

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

CLEO: this is an ASS PIECE

Rene': ASS PIECE
ding dong

CLEO: ding dong
[CLEO pretends they just met]

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

Rene': so be it.

[he goes to kitchen and retrieves a rag for CLEO]
 [he returns and gives CLEO the rag]
 [time passes]

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

CLEO: no Rene' no

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

[time passes]

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

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

Rene': "no"

CLEO: "modeling has always been a goal of mine"
 can I talk for a minute, Rene'?
 what do you desire?

Rene': [records himself]

her tip toes make me see.
 only cheese can be served cold these days.
 people kiss in different ways.

CLEO: Japanese kiss differently than American's do.

Rene: how's that?

CLEO: with their tongues. less mouth.

Rene': show me

CLEO: OK. come here

[CLEO shows Rene' the difference between the way Japanese and American's kiss]

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

CLEO: [this is accompanied by a slide show presentation]
[many of them are pictures of CLEO taken by Rene']

before you know it she'll start copulating [slides]
then she'll want money [slides]
she'll put tattoos on her body. morning's won't ever be the same [slides]
she'll never look you in the face again. you'll be filled with regret. [slides]

CLEO: you'll try and bridge a new type of relationship, seeking solace in the fact that you didn't decide
how things will be [slides]
you're not GOD [slides]
you are only who you are. whatever that is [slides]

Rene': I want power
I want flesh
dice
vomit
paper bag lunches
vinyl

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

Rene': No

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

Rene': Get over it, CLEO. You weren't a bitch. Ya, CLEO, you did some cocaine.
Too much sometimes. But I would never say you were a bitch.
Never. Certainly not a cocaine bitch. That's horrible.

[pause]

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

Rene': stuffing her face

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

Rene': cool water on your arm pits

CLEO: I'm not here to socialize, Rene'

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

CLEO: maybe

Rene': fuck you, CLEO

CLEO: fuck you, Rene'

Rene': I don't want to talk to you

CLEO: I don't want to talk to you

Rene': CLEO go!

CLEO: Rene' away!

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

CLEO: I will. I will pretend with someone else.
Pretending with you fucking sucks.
[Pause]
I love pornography, Rene'. lets start there.
maybe with that love, we can start something

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

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

Rene': OK. Do you care that we are going to be on camera?
[pause]
All these stores [gestures]
no matter how old,

have cameras.
 People are going to see us.
 Are you OK with that, CLEO?

CLEO: Yes, Rene', yes, I'm OK with that.

[CLEO puts a tape in the boom box on the floor. Music begins playing]
 [they exit into the back room]
 [a live feed shows Rene' pissing on CLEO]
 [they return and go about routine of setting up perfume shop as though nothing has happened]

[time passes]

ACT TWO *"let the dogs in"*

C: when i was 19 four of my teeth we're knocked out in an accident i had

[displays her teeth opening her mouth wide]

C: my boy at the time was a maniac. he didn't mean to hit me. my cousins we're always around growing up. this is a tight spot. nimble nimble in the morning' i tremble. I have question mark (?) in me [she looks inside herself]
 do you know what the question mark is?

C: nope
 nope
 nope
 that's not it. keep guessing.
 nope
 i'm not alive anymore. i'm dead. pound away. sure i feel and bleed and get wet
 but i'm dead. the question is, do you care?
 try me
 do you care
 of course Cleopatra's dead
 what else could be said
 900 years x 3 have passed
 we know that's a long time
 but not forever

[Rene' let out a small 1/2 muffled scream or cry]

C: why do you do that?

R: what?

C: the little yell?

R: the little yell?

[Cleo does it]
 [silence]
 [Rene' does it]
 [silence]

C: OK. I can see why.

[time passes]
 [Cleo looks into the mirror]

Gypsies have fun. Gypsies are always on the run. Beautiful men make love to gypsies. If Johnny Depp we're to walk in here right now looking like a gypsy and fuck me good, what would I be most scared of? probably right after when he lit a cigarette and there was that awkward pause, but I imagine he would be so romantic

[Cleo pretends she is Johnny Depp talking to herself after they have had sex]

C: Sweet Sweet girl this is really out of site, this little get away you have. he would softly stroke my neck and whose the mime asleep over there. oh nobody nobody don't pay attention to him. he's funny looking. ya i know. is he nice? he can be. should i go before he wakes?
 no ... yes ... i mean ... oh johnny oh johnny ...

[Cleo starts to kiss her imaginary Johnny Depp]

C: you smell so good
 my parents were very careful with me
 ya ya
 and is living in France, what's it like?
 oh like anywhere else i guess
 why, what brings you to Brooklyn?
 oh you know, the usual, gypsy shit. need to wander, find a beautiful whose soft ear i can
 whisper sweetly into

[Cleo whispers sweetly in her ear]

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

[Rene' slowly awakens on the cot opposite Cleo. He has watched her for sometime silently and without drawing attention to himself]

R: who are you talking to Cleo?

[turning to Rene' seemingly without the slightest bit of surprise or embarrassment]

C: you really want to know?

R: yes

C: Johnny Depp

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R: what did he say?

[pause]

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

C: you could say he signed his name

[Cleo dances a mime dance silently]

[Cleo plays some music after a time]

[time passes]

[Cleo takes Rene' hands and they begin to dance together in the corner]

[private. a million miles away, as the saying goes, from anywhere.]\

[infinity]

[Cleo lays down]

[Rene' sits opposite]

[Cleo pretends to fall asleep]

[Rene' applies heavy mime face make-up][Rene' stands in front of the mirror]

[time passes][Rene' suddenly and hastily removes much of the make-up he has just applied]

[this leaves Rene' in a peculiar nakedness]

R: the summer

when i was a boy

wax man

how do you go from surfer to mime

explain that johnny jack

Leo Carrillo if breaking off scraping the outside rock

you don't surf anymore wax man

i don't because it interferes with my miming

you expect me to believe that

why cant you just be a mime and then surf in-between. getting away from it all might be good

for you

maybe you're right. i could learn

i'm not saying that. not so quick wax man. i'm just saying if you hadn't been so stupid to let it go

all together you could of had a pretty unique combo going. they might of played real nicely off

one another, surfer / mime. it would actually be pretty cool. but your not. i mean you didn't.

all you got is your mime and by itself, well, you know

[Rene' looks at CLEO for sometime. she lays in the cot pretending to be asleep]

Think about it. if she knew you as a surfer and a mime

she would be so hot for you

how do you expect her to maintain some type of normal

attention

to a mime

no wonder she talks to johnny Depp

do you blame her

Rene': I love bushy haired women

[pause]

- Rene':** carry me down onto your belly
all the way down lonely man's park
in a wad
I wasn't even born in 1963
don't be nice to me
- CLEO:** I only want your desire [almost ranting]
pure pure desire
- Rene':** sit down, CLEO. Please. Sit down, please.
- CLEO:** I'm not interested in that
- Rene':** I was hurt
- CLEO:** OK. I'm listening.
- Rene':** burned 18a interior pollack
frosted
nothing is left
teach me
mother
- CLEO:** hate birthed me
teach me, I will be good
I promise
I'm not a man of my word
- Rene':** that sound you make
the crackling from the cheeks
- CLEO:** pelvic bones
oh my face
oh oh what a disgrace
oh oh what a taste
you're done
- [increasingly angry and violent]
- sign your name on your way out
- Rene':** CLEO what are you talking about?
- CLEO:** leave the rest of us
condemned
to our own silences
- Rene':** this is over the top sweetheart
- CLEO:** shut the fuck up.
you should not be heard from,

CLEO: for now on
[commanding Rene']
only whisper
in my ear
call me dear

Rene': [mumbling]
again shame I am a cowering fool

CLEO: eventually they will carry you away into snow
bleeding

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

CLEO: save it.
[giving Rene's the words]
I just want her ...

Rene': I just want her

CLEO: so I can feel better

Rene': so I can feel better

CLEO: Rene's face is shaped like a cricket

Rene': Rene's face is shaped like a cricket

CLEO: how much money do we have left?

Rene': how much money do we have left?
[the dream breaks]
how much? We're broke, CLEO.
Why would you ask? This is it
[Rene' shows her some spare change he has dug out from his pockets]
It's you and me and the dogs
This is what people come to see

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

[VO] AMPLIFIED IN SPACE

- RENE':** *this is America not some shit hole
god I yearn for this day
my family was Mormon
and if you knew what we had to do
to get where we had to go
you'd take 2 or 3 wives too*
- CLEO:** *you don't have 2 or 3 wives. You're not even married.
What are talking about? Shut your mouth.*
- Rene':** *my ancestors killed natives
Mormons wide open country
and rolling wheat grass
hills upon hills and on each hill another wife
little girl transform my strife
CLEO and Rene' are alchemical*
- CLEO:** *we have to stop and dig a hole to bury our shit
a shit hole
CLEO's gonna shit first*
- Rene':** *when you pull up that dress ...*
- CLEO:** *to shit
Rene's starts to shiver.*
- Rene':** *my aches melt away
there is a great relief*
- CLEO:** *Mormon Relief. Do you know there aren't more than 7 or 8 Mormons in all of France?
Do you know that, Rene'? What is a French Mormon?*
- Rene':** *my bones folded over into gentle sticks
you have the sticks now
you carry them, be gentle
CLEO smiles and I feel better
looking into the mirror
\$7 sunset 3 sweet Mormon girls smile back at me*
- CLEO:** *oh baby
Miami is waiting*
- Rene':** *cocaine and lots of*
- CLEO:** *wink wink
oh baby
Miami is waiting*

Rene': *cocaine and lots of*

CLEO: *wink wink*

Rene': *Mormon women are powerful.
Their autonomous innermost thoughts
Mormon beauty makes my lust
In my gums
in my teeth*

CLEO: *3 men each wanting their cock sucked 1 girl*

*does she suck all 3
2 out of 3
only 1
whose the 1st if more than 1
what is she thinking*

END [VO]

ACT THREE *perfumas [Latin] = through smoke*

Rene': tell me

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

[CLEO pretends to be Sade. Then Kojak. Then CLEOpatra. Then Hunter S. Thompson]

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

Rene': I loved Nancy Reagan too.
And I really love Santa Barbara.
In France people love Nancy Reagan oddly enough

CLEO: Who gives a fuck Rene'!
[CLEO pretends to be Rene' and speaks like him]

[she puts on a bad French accent]

"My name is Rene', not really, but I like to pretend that it is.

Don't I smell like cheese. Can't you see the Seine reflected in my eyes?"

10 hours a day for six months mostly wishing for relief

Rene': her toes, your toes little girl

...night time comes

CLEO: "cut it"

not interested

the subject is dead. too late.

it happens. you try and try and try

and your efforts are no good

what more can be said

CLEO: "Rene' Rene' go away, go back to France!"

we've known each other since before and all the stuff, you know

stop trying to obscure it, say what's on your mind.

your heart is broken

Rene': your heart is broken

CLEO: No No, my name is Rene', and MY heart is broken.

Say that.

Rene': Hi, my name is CLEO and my heart is broken.

You say that.

CLEO: My name is CLEO and my heart is broken.

Rene': ... and I don't know where to put my put my pain, I don't know where to turn.

I have to realize I might not ever know.

CLEO: I've been distracted and I am trying not to make excuses.

it's hard not to. but I was, well, you have to understand

Rene': I have to understand, I have to come to terms with the past I've had with her,

my past with CLEO

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

[this is a circle]

[slides are used to illustrate the circularity]

[CLEO goes into a demonstration, she is an expert on perfumes and Egyptian history with fragrances]

CLEO: "this isn't Egypt"

criminals filling in the bottles with colored liquids

the laboratory

my utter disgust and boredom

me on vacation

me in my favorite dress

CLEO: me having my nails done
me with another boyfriend

Rene': I hate when she shows that

CLEO: me
enveloping new ideas within a trajectory of love

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

CLEO: [walks to Rene'] [stops. Turns around]
SIGNATURE SCENT

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

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

Rene': I can do anything

[pause]

CLEO: no you can't

[this is a piece about possibility]

CLEO: *DESERT ROSE PERFUME explore the possibility*

[they are setting up the perfume store and display case for their black-market perfumes]

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

CLEO: Rene' is scarred of the smoke. He is superstitious.

[the perfume shop takes on the qualities of an opium den]
[Rene's pretends]
[he is a french mime]

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

CLEO: I thought mimes didn't talk?

Rene': they don't usually.
CLEO: why are you talking?

- Rene':** lay out the governor's bed. he's coming later. and he's going to want to lie down. make sure you scent his bed with Philly's *Rose* (the horse) in case he goes into one of his, fits. OK?
- Rene':** *PER FUMAS [LATIN] = THROUGH SMOKE*
- CLEO:** hot rose come out come on this is more, ever so much more than we ever could have imagined. I am a victim of my desire. I'm going to fucking collapse from this shit. I am burning *DESERT ROSE* explore explore
time and space and distance
10 steps is 10 steps is 10 steps
praise please praise
[she goes into the *DESERT ROSE* mantra]
- CLEO:** perfumes by *DESERT ROSE FRAGRANCES*. scents so sizzling your skin will literally boil, and so will his! (or hers). at *DESERT ROSE* everyone is under the canopy! *DESERT ROSE* scents down upon whomever stands beneath it. The mist will stir your essence. the essence of *DESERT ROSE* is essence, and the calling forth of other essences. *DESERT ROSE*, *DESERT ROSE*, bring your essence into the light. *DESERT ROSE* magic, a flick of the wrist, don't make *me* do it. send me higher, I'm on fire. into the *DESERT ROSE*, I will never look back. my scent and yours and you IS the domain of *DESERT ROSE*
- [time passes]
- CLEO:** if bottles were diamonds and you and I were on a ship and the sky was full of bright starlight
- Rene':** my mom told me when I was very little that I would be a beautiful man. is she right
look at me. am I a beautiful man
- CLEO:** _____
HOT ROSE

- Rene':** OK. lets go now. we have to go.
I want you to be careful
- CLEO:** I will
- [they kiss sweetly]
- I wish there was something else
light it
save it
light it
- Rene':** I will
- CLEO:** I've got to get rid of all the fucking shit
- Rene':** that hurts when you say that

CLEO: why are you French mime types so sensitive? I act like a baby because i am a baby, a baby french mime crying silently all the time [she has put on a baby voice] I've been able up to now to handle it, this I cannot handle

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

CLEO: it's almost over. remember to whisper
[Rene' whispers in CLEO's ear]
OK ... go ahead say it. Soft. Ya Ya. NO NO.
I don't believe them. You're you're worth more than that.
I can be wrong, I admit. There's no time,
I put my foot down, I draw the line with my foot.
I cross the line I draw with my foot.

Rene: so what. walk over it

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

[Pause]

Hi! Come on in! welcome to ... *DESERT ROSE*

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

CLEO: Welcome to *DESERT ROSE*

[time passes]

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

Rene': I love magic mountain

CLEO: it is magic and it is a mountain

Rene': I love magic mountain

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

Rene': OK, then shut up.

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

Rene': who ever does? can you imagine?

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

Rene': it's nice
super smooth

CLEO: spit again see how spit affects everything

[time passes]

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

Rene': leave me alone, CLEO.
let me practice my winking

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

Rene': what

CLEO: what

Rene': why

CLEO: why

Rene': yes yes I will so what

CLEO: I'm glad to hear you say that

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

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

Rene': Rene' Rene'

CLEO: Rene' Rene'? Rene' is your first name and your last name? that's what you are telling me?
Let me see your drivers license.

Rene: [looks for wallet for a long time]
[this brings things nearly to a halt]

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

Rene': You believe me?

CLEO: I believe you Rene' Rene'.

Rene': That's good. I thought you we're going to ask me to go, and I thought,
Where would I go? We are in this thing together and dogs are chasing our scent,
this very instant ...
[both stop and look out towards the street]
[dogs are heard barking]
If I was to leave I might as well put a chain around my neck
and jump in the east river, because Rene' Rene' would be dead.
That's not what you want is it? Rene' Rene' dead?

CLEO: Yes.

Rene': [Rene's goes into a very sad silent mime routine]
[the routine softens CLEO and she cries]

CLEO: No sweetie, sweet Rene'
I don't want you dead.
I was playing

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

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

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

[notes, thoughts, etc:
circus, clowns, harlequins, face makeup, show within a show, traveling with their wares and their bit.
Fellini, Picasso, Manet (woman w/bottles) more to come ...]