

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION  
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SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION was first produced at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Lincoln Center Theater (Gregory Mosher, Director; Bernard Gersten, Executive Producer), in New York City, on May 19, 1990. It was directed by Jerry Zaks; the set design was by Tony Walton; the costume design was by William Ivey Long; the lighting design was by Paul Gallo and the sound design was by Aural Fixation. The cast was as follows:

OUIA	Stockard Channing
FLAN	John Cunningham
GEOFFREY	Sam Stoneburner
PAUL	James McDaniel
HUSTLER	David Eigenberg
KITTY	Kelly Bishop
LARKIN	Peter Maloney
DETECTIVE	Brian Evers
TESS	Robin Morse
WOODY	Gus Rogerson
BEN	Anthony Rapp
DR. FINE	Stephen Pearlman
DOUG	Evan Handler
POLICEMAN/DOORMAN	Philip LeStrange
TRENT	John Cameron Mitchell
RICK	Paul McCrane
ELIZABETH	Mari Nelson

Between August 1, 1990 and October 28, 1990, the part of OUIA was played by Kelly Bishop and then Swoosie Kurtz. The part of PAUL was played by Gregory Simmons and then Courtney B. Vance.

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION moved to the Vivian Beaumont Theater, Lincoln Center Theater, on November 8, 1990. In this production, the part of OUIA was played by Stockard Channing; the part of PAUL was played by Courtney B. Vance and the part of RICK was played by Robert Duncan McNeill.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The question actors get is, How did you learn all those lines?

The question writers get is, How long did it take you to write this?

How long did it take to write *Six Degrees*?

Let me backtrack.

In 1967, I wrote a play, finished except for one salient detail. I couldn't figure out a way to begin the damned thing. It began sort of on page ten in what was obviously the second scene and went along to its conclusion. But how to begin it?

I knew what the beginning needed to be, musically — sort of a poem. No, it had to be a declaration of sorts. No, it had to — what? what? I was dry.

My father had died the summer before. Going through boxes of his stuff, I found he had saved notebooks I'd sent him in lieu of letters, from school, from the Air Force. And one from 1965. Travelling. I began reading about events I had no memory of writing. They were simply acts of writing like memos dashed off. An entry marked Rome. In 1965, hitching from Paris to Egypt, I ducked off the main road out of Rome to escape a drenching rain. I stayed in this building which turned out to be the Etruscan Museum, stayed a few hours. The rain subsided; I went back out to the road and resumed my hitch. In my notebook during the squall I had written a long riff — "If I could have been born anybody — my pick of a Kennedy or a Frank Sinatra or a Ford or the King of Greece — out of that whole hat of births I still would've picked to be an Etruscan."

I put down the notebook. The section I had written two years before ended at exactly the point where my new unbeginnable play started. I joined the two sections together. You can't imagine the weirdness of seeing that join — of feeling the play which even had a name: *Muzeeka* — to see it suddenly exist and breathe. But what frightened me was that I had been writing this play unawares. *Muzeeka* did not require my waking participation to complete writing in New York what I had started in Rome two years before.

What alarmed me in addition to my lack of memory was my carelessness in not taking care. Suppose I hadn't found it or lost it? What would have happened to the play? This long monologue became the very reason for the play. What spooked luck drew me to finding what I needed when I needed it? I don't trust luck. Theolonius Monk says, "There are mistakes and then there are good mistakes." I realized if I was going to be a writer, I must first trust this unknown work process that goes on within and realize *my* job as a writer now becomes protecting it. Okay — I'll start by writing every day — overheard — dreams — fights — rages — jokes — laughter — events — then go over it — searching it out for patterns. If I have nothing to write, write down passages from books I'm reading. Don't throw anything you've written away — cut brutally when you're working, but keep everything because this is the great fact. We are all strangers to ourselves. From palm readers to analysts, we try to find the way to decipher our dreams. Don't try to sort it out — make stones — make clay — a writer is a sculptor who has to make his own rock. I understand now why it's not playwrite but playwright — wright as in wheelwright — boat wright — wright refers to the craft and the craft is the method we use to make a new map to the unconscious.

A writer learns his or her life as a writer is entrusted to work being done in a room, a studio, an atelier not at the top of a stair but hidden somewhere within the mind. Why the hell is the place that is most truly us the place that is most inaccessible? And a writer grows to hate that room and

its gnawing presence and its inaccessibility. A writer's life becomes a history of the trek of how he or she returns to that room down a path as trustworthy as mercury. The writer strews the path with booze or drugs or lies and resentments and fear of abandonment and despair and jealousy and self-loathing and hatred that we have lost the way to that path which is most us. Because the inhabitants of that room demand attention when they are ready or else they will drive us mad. You didn't try hard enough to find me. You didn't structure your life in the right way to hear us when we called. But you have to go on living. This is not Dostoevsky. This is not Byron.

I heard about an event in 1983. Read about it in the papers. Forgot the event. Or thought so. Six years later in 1989 I was breaking my back trying to solve a play and also working on a film script that I liked but that would also pull double duty of paying to support my playwrighting habit. Overwhelmed? My plate was very filled.

And of course that's when the knocking started. *Six Degrees of Separation* — title and all — announced it was ready and must be collected and everything else put aside. Now! The workshop had spent the past six years collecting data, reworking, inventing, finding a style of narrative. Luckily the call didn't come during an appendectomy or wartime invasion or a loved one's emergency or a parachute jump. It came when I was in proximity to my pen.

Which I picked up. Because you cannot say to that knocking: Later. Or not right now. It's perverse, that unconscious. It only shows up at the most inappropriate time, when it's not been asked for. I wrote the play. I showed it to the people at Lincoln Center. It went into production.

So this preface is some sort of homage to the unconscious. *Six Degrees* is done. Back to conscious living. Back to writing everyday, trying to charm my way back down that mercury path, find the map to that room once more. And keeping the hope alive that it will exist once more. The search

drives you crazy. The waiting. The trust. Plays and novels about writers never work. How do you watch somebody do this? Now about actors.

No, the people are right. How do actors learn all those lines?

How long did it take to write *Six Degrees*?

The actual writing happened quickly.

But how long did it take to write?

51 years.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

Armed with a lot of preparation, I wrote *Six Degrees Of Separation* very quickly. (The question actors get asked is, How do you remember the lines? The question playwrights get is, How long did it take you to write it? The answer on this one from a playwright born in 1938 about a play written in 1989 is 51 years.) I immediately brought *Six Degrees* to Lincoln Center Theater which had produced the 1986 revival of *House of Blue Leaves*. Gregory Mosher and Bernard Gersten, the director and executive producer of Lincoln Center Theater, read it and put the play into immediate production, making it a rarity in today's theater: no workshop, no readings and seventeen actors. Lincoln Center reassembled most of the *Blue Leaves* design staff. Jerry Zaks, who'd directed *Blue Leaves*, would direct. We began auditions in October and saw an average of fifty actors for thirteen of the roles. We used that time of casting to discuss the play, to understand the rhythm of the play, to hear what the play wanted to be. All I knew about the play was that it had to go like the wind.

Jerry Zaks felt it crucial to translate that speed into stage terms. *Six Degrees* would open at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater which is a thrust stage, meaning the audience sits three quarters of the way around the stage. Meaning it's ideal for a play that addresses the audience in a very intimate, friendly fashion.

It's also a long way for entrances and exits and pulse-killing scene changes. Jerry met the challenge. He and Tony Walton devised a production scheme whereby the actors (except Paul, the Hustler, and the Doorman) would sit in the front row for the course of the performance, appearing and vanishing, handing up, holding up and receiving props and costumes as needed.

When anyone speaks on the phone, he or she simply steps into a special light that lasts for the length of the conversation. No one mimes handling a phone. They just talk. A click signifies the call's termination.

Tony Walton designed a deceptively simple set: a bright red carpeted disc, two red sofas, and, hanging over the stage, a framed double-sided Kandinsky which slowly revolved before the play began and when it was over. He encased the back wall, made of black scrim, in a gilt picture frame and then divided that into two levels. The openings on either level were framed in gold. When actors appeared in the upper level doors, the set would give the feeling they floated in the dark. The geometric interplay between the circle of the bright red disc and the rectangle of the back wall caused a palpable tension.

We would only see through the black scrim once: when Ouisa goes down the hall and opens the door.

Paul Gallo's lights would define the different locations and changes of time. William Ivey Long would costume the actors in vivid stained glass colors.

Rehearsals began. Oh boy. We had made one casting error which rectified itself after two days but left us stranded with sixteen actors and no lead. Every actress we wanted was working. Or busy. Or out of town. We kept rehearsing. We went into our second week of rehearsal with no lead. Peter Maloney's wife, Kristin Griffith, filled in. Steven Beckler, the stage manager, filled in. One morning we read in the papers that a play starring Stockard Channing expected to open on Broadway would instead terminate its run in San Diego. Stockard had been nominated for a Tony for her work in *House of Blue Leaves*. We sent her the script. Stockard, the exemplar trouper, closed in San Diego on a Sunday and came to us on Tuesday and we didn't miss a beat. Has any other actress been scheduled to open in New York at a certain time and indeed did, however in another play?

Our original ten week run got extended. Magazines did stories on people hopefully waiting in line for ticket cancellations. Stockard left temporarily to honor a movie commitment made when we were on a limited run. Swoosie Kurtz, who'd won the Tony for *Blue Leaves* and had been shooting a pilot during our rehearsal panic, came in and was brilliant for nine weeks. James McDaniel left to go into a TV series. Courtney B. Vance succeeded happily into the part and would remain with it when Swoosie left at the end of October to do her TV series and Stockard would return for a now indefinite run upstairs at the Vivian Beaumont Theater.

The experience has been remarkably happy. I wrote this play for a specific theater and they did it. It's a wonderful thing for a playwright in 1990 to belong to a theater.

What else to say?

*Six Degrees of Separation* is performed without an intermission and takes approximately ninety minutes to perform.

**Note:** Page 14: Pepe le Moko is the lead character in an epically romantic 1938 movie called *Algiers* starring Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr.

Pepe le Moko is a pre-existential Algerian gangster/fugitive who longs for Paris but is safe from the law only as long as he stays confined in the enclosed smoky world of the Casbah. Should Pepe stay in his safe glamorous hermetically sealed universe or should he risk death and follow Hedy Lamarr out of the Casbah to Paris and love?

La Passionaria was the fiery peasant woman who became a legendary leader of the rebels in the Spanish Civil War 1936-1937.

# SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION

*New York City. 1990.*

*A painting revolves slowly high over the stage. The painting is by Kandinsky. He has painted on either side of the canvas in two different styles. One side is geometric and somber. The other side is wild and vivid. The painting stops its revolve and opts for the geometric side.*

*A couple runs on stage, in elegant silk bathrobes, very agitated.*

*Flanders Kittredge is 44. Louisa Kittredge is 43. They are very attractive. They speak to us.*

OUISA. Tell them!

FLAN. I am shaking.

OUISA. You have to do *something!*

FLAN. It's awful.

OUISA. Is anything gone?

FLAN. How can I look? I'm shaking.

OUISA. *(To us.)* Did he take anything?

FLAN. Would you concentrate on yourself?

OUISA. I want to know if anything's gone?

FLAN. *(To us.)* We came in the room.

OUISA. I went in first. You didn't see what I saw.

FLAN. Calm down.

OUISA. We could have been killed.

FLAN. The silver Victorian inkwell.

OUISA. How can you think of *things?* We could have been murdered. *(An actor appears for a moment holding up, as if at an auction, an ornate Victorian inkwell capped by a silver beaver.)*

FLAN. There's the inkwell. Silver beaver. Why?

OUISA. Slashed — our throats slashed. *(Another actor appears for a moment holding up a framed portrait of a dog, say, a pug.)*

FLAN. *(To us.)* And there's the watercolor. Our dog.

OUISA. Go to bed at night happy and then murdered. Would we have woken up?

FLAN. Now I lay me down to sleep — the most terrifying words — just think of it —

OUISA. I pray the Lord my soul to keep —

FLAN. The nightmare part — If I should die before I wake —

OUISA. If I should die — I pray the Lord my soul to take —

FLAN and OUISA. Oh.

OUISA. It's awful.

FLAN. We're alive. *(They run to each other and embrace. Flan stops, frightened suddenly, listening.)* Hello? *(He holds her.)* Hello!

OUISA. *(Whispers.)* You don't call out Hello unless —

FLAN. I think we'd tell if someone else were here.

OUISA. We didn't all night. Oh, it was awful awful awful awful. *(They pull off their robes and are dressed for dinner.)*

FLAN. *(To us.)* We were having a wonderful evening last night.

OUISA. *(To us.)* A friend we hadn't seen for many years came by for dinner.

FLAN. *(Portentously.)* A friend from South Africa —

OUISA. Don't say it so portentously.

FLAN. *(Bright.)* A friend from South Africa.

OUISA. Don't be ga-ga.

FLAN. *(To us.)* I'm an art dealer. Private sales. Purchases.

OUISA. *(To us.)* We knew our friend from South Africa

FLAN. *(To us.)* through our children when they all lived in New York.

OUISA. *(To us.)* They had gone back to South Africa.

FLAN. *(To us.)* He was here in New York briefly on business and asked us to ask him for dinner.

OUISA. *(To us.)* He's King Midas rich. Literally. Gold mines.

FLAN. *(To us.)* Seventy thousand workers in just one gold mine.

OUIA. (To us.) But he is always short of cash because his government won't let its people —

FLAN. (To us.) its white people —

OUIA. (To us.) — its white people take out any money. So it's like taking in a War Baby.

FLAN. (To us.) When he called it was like a bolt from the blue as I had a deal coming up and was short by

OUIA. (To us.) two million.

FLAN. The figure is superfluous.

OUIA. I hate when you use the word "superfluous." (To us.) I mean, he needed two million and we hadn't seen Geoffrey in a long time and while Geoffrey might not have the price of a dinner he easily might have two million dollars.

FLAN. (To us.) The currents last night were very churny.

OUIA. (To us.) We weren't sucking up. We like Geoffrey.

FLAN. (To us.) It's that awful thing of having truly rich folk for friends.

OUIA. (To us.) Face it. The money does get in the —

FLAN. (To us.) Only if you let it. The fact of the money shouldn't get in —

OUIA. (To us.) Having a rich friend is like drowning and your friend makes life boats. But the friend gets very touchy if you say one word: life boat. Well, that's two words. We were afraid our South African friend might say "You only love me for my life boats?" But we *like* Geoffrey.

FLAN. (To us.) It wasn't a life-threatening evening.

OUIA. (To us.) Rich people can do something for you even if you're not sure what it is you want them to do.

FLAN. (To us.) Hardly a life boat evening —

OUIA. (To us. *Sing-song.*) Portentous.

FLAN. (To us.) But when he called and asked us to take him for dinner, he made a sudden pattern in life's little tea leaves because who wants to go to banks? Geoffrey called and our tempests settled into showers and life was manageable. What more can you want? (*Geoffrey is there, an elegant, impeccably British South African, older than Ouisa and Flan. Flan passes drinks.*)

GEOFFREY. Listen. (*They do.*) It always amazes me when

New York is so quiet.

OUISA. With the kids away, we get used to a lower noise quotient.

FLAN. Geoffrey, you have to move out of South Africa. You'll be killed. Why do you stay in South Africa?

GEOFFREY. One has to stay there to educate the black workers and we'll know we've been successful when they kill us.

FLAN. Planning the revolution that will destroy you.

OUISA. Putting your life on the line.

GEOFFREY. You don't think of it like that. I wish you'd come visit.

OUISA. But we'd visit you and sit in your gorgeous house planning trips into the townships demanding to see the poorest of the poor. "Are you sure they're the worst off? I mean, we've come all this way. We don't want to see people just mildly victimized by apartheid. We demand shock." It doesn't seem right sitting on the East Side talking about revolution.

FLAN. Only small murky cafes for Pepe le Moko here.

OUISA. No. La Passionaria. I will come to South Africa and build barricades and lean against them, singing.

FLAN. And the people would follow.

OUISA. "Follow Follow Follow." What's that song?

FLAN. The way Gorbachev cheered on the striking coal miners in the Ukraine — yes, you must strike — it is your role in history to dismantle this system. Russia and Poland — you can't believe the developments in the world — *The Fantasticks*, "Follow Follow Follow."

OUISA. China.

FLAN and OUISA. (*Despair.*) Oh.

GEOFFREY. Oy vay China. As my grandmother would say. (*They all laugh.*) Our role in history. And we offer ourselves up to it.

FLAN. That is your role in history. Not our role.

OUISA. A role in history. To say that so easily.

FLAN. (*To Geoffrey.*) Do you want another drink before we go out?

OUISA. The phrase — striking coal miners — I see all these

very striking coal miners modelling the fall fashions —  
GEOFFREY. Where should we?  
FLAN. There's good Szechuan. And Hunan.  
OUIA. The sign painter screwed up the sign. Instead of  
The Hunan Wok, he painted The Human Wok.  
GEOFFREY. God! The restaurants! New York has become  
the Florence of the sixteenth century. Genius on every corner.  
OUIA. I don't think genius has kissed the Human Wok.  
GEOFFREY. The new Italian looked cheery.  
FLAN and OUIA. Good.  
FLAN. We made reservations.  
OUIA. They wrap ravioli up like salt water taffy.  
FLAN. Six on a plate for a few hundred dollars.  
GEOFFREY. You have to come to South Africa so I can pay  
you back. I'll take you on my plane into the Okavango  
Swamps —  
OUIA. Did you hear — to take back to Johannesburg. Out  
in East Hampton  
FLAN. last weekend  
OUIA. a guy goes into one of the better food stores —  
FLAN. Dean and DeLuca —  
OUIA. one of the Dean and DeLuca look alike. Gets a  
pack of cigarettes and an ice cream bar. Goes up front. Sees  
there's a line at the register. Slaps down two twenty dollar  
bills and goes out. (*Ouisa and Flan laugh. Geoffrey doesn't get it.*)  
FLAN. We sent it to the *Times*. (*Pause.*)  
OUIA. They have the joke page of things around New  
York. (*Pause.*)  
FLAN. They send you a bottle of champagne. (*They all laugh  
brightly.*)  
OUIA. (*To us.*) We weren't auditioning but I kept thinking  
Two million dollars two million dollars.  
FLAN. (*To us.*) It's like when people say 'Don't think about  
elephants' and all you can think about is elephants elephants  
elephants.  
OUIA. (*To us.*) Two million dollars two million dollars.  
(*They laugh brightly. The doorbell rings. To Flan.*) What ever you  
do, don't think about elephants. (*Ouisa goes.*)

GEOFFREY. Elephants?

FLAN. Louisa is a dada manifesto.

GEOFFREY. Tell me about the Cezanne?

FLAN. Mid-period. Landscape of a dark green forest. In the far distance you see the sunlight. One of his first uses of a pale color being forced to carry the weight of the picture. The experiment that would pay off in the apples. A burst of color asked to carry so much. The Japanese don't like anything about it except it's a Cezanne — *(A young black man — Paul — enters, supported by the Doorman. Paul is in his early twenties, very handsome, very preppy. He has been beaten badly. Ouisa follows at a loss. The Doorman helps Paul to the sofa and stands at the door warily.)*

PAUL. I'm so sorry to bother you, but I've been hurt and I've lost everything and I didn't know where to go. Your children — I'm a friend of —

OUISA. *(To us)*. And he mentioned our daughter's name.

FLAN. *(To us)*. And the school where they went.

OUISA. *(To Flan)*. Harvard. You can say Harvard.

FLAN. *(To us)*. We don't want to get into libel.

PAUL. I was mugged. Out there. In Central Park. By the statue of that Alaskan husky. I was standing there trying to figure out why there is a statue of a dog who saved lives in the Yukon in Central Park and I was standing there trying to puzzle it out when —

OUISA. Are you okay?

PAUL. They took my money and my brief case. I said my thesis is in there —

FLAN. His shirt's bleeding.

OUISA. His shirt is not bleeding. *He's* bleeding.

PAUL. *(A wave of nausea)*. I get this way around blood.

FLAN. Not on the rug.

PAUL. I don't mind the money. But in this age of mechanical reproduction they managed to get the only copy of my thesis.

FLAN. Eddie, get the doctor —

PAUL. No! I'll survive.

FLAN. You'll be fine. *(Flan helps Paul out of the room. The*

*Doorman goes.)*

OUISA. *(To us.)* We bathed him. We did First Aid.

GEOFFREY. *(Leaving.)* It's been wonderful seeing you —

OUISA. *(Very cheery.)* No no no! Stay! *(To us.)* Two million dollars two million dollars —

GEOFFREY. My time is so short — before I leave America, I really should see —

FLAN. *(Calling from the hall.)* Where are the bandages!?! —

OUISA. The Red Cross advises: Press edges of the wound firmly together, wash area with water —

GEOFFREY. May I use your phone?

OUISA. You darling old poop — just sit back — this'll only take a mo — *(Calling.)* Flan, go into Woody's room and get him a clean shirt. Geoffrey, have you seen the new book on Cezanne? *(To us.)* I ran down the hall to get the book on Cezanne, got the gauze from my bathroom, gave the Cezanne to Flan who wanted the gauze, gave the gauze to Geoffrey who wanted Cezanne. Two million dollars two million dollars — *(Flan comes back in the room.)*

FLAN. He's going to be fine.

OUISA. *(To us.)* And peace was restored. *(Paul enters, slightly recovered, wearing a clean pink shirt. He winces as he pulls on his blazer.)*

PAUL. Your children said you were kind. All the kids were sitting around the dorm one night dishing the shit out of their parents. But your kids were silent and said No, not our parents. Not Flan and Ouisa. Not the Kittredges. The Kittredges are kind. So after the muggers left, I looked up and saw these Fifth Avenue apartments. Mrs. Onassis lives there. I know the Babcocks live over there. The Auchinclosses live there. But you lived here. I came here.

OUISA. Can you believe what the kids said?

FLAN. *(To us.)* We mentioned our kids' names.

OUISA. We can mention our kids' names. Our children are not going to sue us for using their names.

PAUL. But your kids — I love them. Talbot and Woody mean the world to me.

FLAN. He lets you call him Woody? Nobody's called him

Woody in years.

PAUL. They described this apartment in detail. The Kandinsky! — that's a double. One painted on either side.

FLAN. We flip it around for variety.

PAUL. It's wonderful.

FLAN. (*The lights go down, isolating only Flan in a pool of light. To us.*) Wassily Kandinsky. Born 1866 Moscow. Blue Rider Exhibition 1914. He said "It is clear that the choice of object that is one of the elements in the harmony of form must be decided only by a corresponding vibration in the human soul." Died 1944 France. (*The lights return to normal.*)

PAUL. It's the way they said it would be.

OUISA. (*To us.*) Geoffrey had been silent up to now.

GEOFFREY. Did you bitch your parents?

PAUL. As a matter of fact. No. Your kids and I ... we both liked our parents ... loved our — Look, am I getting in the way? I burst in here, hysterical. Blood. I didn't mean to —

FLAN and OUISA. No!

OUISA. Tell us about our children.

FLAN. (*To us.*) Three. Two at Harvard. Another girl at Groton.

OUISA. How is Harvard?

PAUL. Well, fine. It's just there. Everyone's in a constant state of luxurious despair and constant discovery and paralysis.

OUISA. (*To us.*) We asked him where home was.

FLAN. (*To us.*) Out West, he said.

PAUL. Although I've lived all over. My folks are divorced. He's remarried. He's doing a movie.

OUISA. He's in the movies?

PAUL. He's directing this one but he does act.

FLAN. What's he directing?

PAUL. *Cats.*

OUISA. Someone is directing a film of *Cats*?

FLAN. Don't be snooty.

PAUL. You've seen it? T.S. Eliot —

FLAN. Well, yes. Years ago.

OUISA. A benefit for some disease or school —

FLAN. Surely they can't make the movie of *Cats*.  
OUIA. Of course they can.  
PAUL. They're going to try. My father'll be here auditioning —  
OUIA. Cats?  
PAUL. He's going to use people.  
OUIA. What a courageous stand!  
PAUL. They thought of lots of ways to go. Animation.  
FLAN. Animation would be nice.  
PAUL. But he found a better way. As a matter of fact, he turned it down at first. He went to tell the producers — as a courtesy — all the reasons why you couldn't make a movie of *Cats* and in going through all the reasons why you couldn't make a movie of *Cats*, he suddenly saw how you could make a movie of *Cats* —  
OUIA. Eureka in the bathtub. How wonderful.  
FLAN. May we ask who —  
OUIA. (*To us.*) And it was here we pulled up — ever so slightly — pulled up closer —  
FLAN. (*To us.*) And he told us.  
OUIA. (*To us.*) He named the greatest black star in movies. Sidney —  
FLAN. Don't say it. We're trying to keep this abstract. Plus libel laws.  
OUIA. Sidney Poitier! There. I don't care. We have to have truth. (*To us.*) He started out as a lawyer and is terrified of libel. I'm not. (*Paul steps forward. The lights go down, isolating him in a pool of light.*)  
PAUL. (*To us.*) Sidney Poitier, the future Jackie Robinson of films, was born the twenty fourth of February 1927 in Miami during a visit his parents made to Florida — legally? — to sell tomatoes they had grown on their farm in the Bahamas. He grew up on Cat Island, "so poor they didn't even own dirt" he has said. Neglected, by his family, my father would sit on the shore, and, as he told me many times, "conjure up the kind of worlds that were on the other side and what I'd do in them." He arrived in New York City from the Bahamas in the winter of 1943 at age fifteen and a half and lived in the

pay toilet of the bus station across from the old Madison Square Garden at Fiftieth and Eighth Avenue. He moved to the roof of the Brill building, commonly known as Tin Pan Alley. Washed dishes at the Turf restaurant for \$4.11 a night. He taught himself to read by reading the newspaper. In the black newspaper, the theater page was opposite the want ad page. Among his 42 films are (*Takes a deep breath, then rapidly recites the titles.*) *No Way Out* 1950 / *Cry the Beloved Country* 1952 / *Blackboard Jungle* 1955 / *The Defiant Ones* 1958 / *Raisin in the Sun* 1961 / *Lilies of the Field* 1963 / *In the Heat of the Night* 1967 / *To Sir With Love* 1967 / *Shoot to Kill* 1988 and, of course, *Guess Who's Coming To Dinner*. He won the Oscar for *Lilies of the Field* and was twice named top male box-office star in the country. My father made no films from 1977 to 1987 but worked as director and author. Dad said to me once, "I still don't fully understand how all that came about in the sequence it came about." (*The lights return to normal. Paul returns to the sofa.*) Dad's not in till tomorrow at the Sherry. I came down from Cambridge. Thought I'd stay at some fleabag for adventure. Orwell. Down and Out. I really don't know New York. I know Rome and Paris and Los Angeles a lot better.

OUISA. We're going out to dinner. You'll come.

PAUL. Out to dinner?

FLAN. Out to dinner.

PAUL. But why go out to dinner?

OUISA. Because we have reservations and oh my god what time is it? Have we lost the reservations and we don't have a damn thing in the house and it's sixteenth-century Florence and there's genius on every block.

GEOFFREY. Don't mock. (*She kisses Geoffrey.*)

PAUL. You must have something in the fridge.

FLAN. A frozen steak from the Ice Age.

PAUL. Why spend a hundred dollars on a bowl of rice? Let me into the kitchen. Cooking calms me. What I'd like to do is calm down, pay back your kids —

OUISA. (*To us.*) He mentioned our kids' names —

FLAN. (*To us.*) Two. Two at Harvard. A daughter at Groton.

PAUL. Who've been wonderful to me.  
OUIA. They've never mentioned you.  
FLAN. What are they supposed to say? We've become friends with the son of Sidney Poitier, barrier breaker of the fifties and sixties?  
GEOFFREY. Your father means a great deal in South Africa.  
OUIA. *(To us.)* Even Geoffrey was touched.  
PAUL. I'm glad of that. Dad and I went to Russia once to a film festival and he was truly amazed how much his presence meant —  
OUIA. Oh no! Tell us stories of movie stars tying up their children and being cruel.  
PAUL. I wish.  
GEOFFREY. You wish?  
PAUL. If I wanted to write a book about him. I really couldn't. No one would want to read it. He's decent. I admire him.  
OUIA. He's married to an actress who was in one of — she's white? Am I right?  
PAUL. *(Painful territory.)* That is not my mother. That is his second wife. He met Joanna making *The Lost Man*. He left my mother who had stuck by him in the lean years. I had just been born. *The Lost Man* is the only film of my father's I can't bring myself to see.  
OUIA. Oh, I'm sorry. We didn't mean to —  
PAUL. *(Bright.)* No! We're all good friends now. His kids from that marriage. Us — the old kids. I'd love to get in that kitchen.  
FLAN. *(To Ouisa.)* What should we do?  
OUIA. It's Geoffrey's only night in New York.  
GEOFFREY. I vote — stay in.  
OUIA, FLAN and PAUL. Good! *(Paul goes off to the kitchen.)*  
OUIA. *(To us.)* We moved into the kitchen.  
FLAN. *(To us.)* We watched him cook.  
OUIA. *(To us.)* We watched him cook and chop.  
FLAN. *(To us.)* He sort of did wizardry —  
OUIA. *(To us.)* An old jar of sun dried tomatoes —  
FLAN. *(To us.)* Left overs — tuna fish — olives — onions

— (*Paul returns with three dishes heaped with food.*)

PAUL. Here's dinner. All ready.

OUISA. Shall we move into the dining room?

PAUL. No, let's stay in here. It's nice in here. (*They sit and take the dishes.*)

OUISA. Have you declared your major yet?

PAUL. You're like all parents. What's your major?

FLAN. Geoffrey, Harvard has all those great titles the students give courses.

OUISA. The Holocaust and Ethics —

FLAN. Krauts and Doubts. (*They eat. Surprise. It's delicious.*)

GEOFFREY. This is the best pasta I've ever —

PAUL. My father insisted we learn to cook.

FLAN. Isn't he from Jamaica? There's a taste of —

GEOFFREY. The islands.

PAUL. Yes. Before he made it, he ran four restaurants in Harlem. You have good buds!

GEOFFREY. See? Good buds. I've never been complimented on my buds —

PAUL. (*To Geoffrey.*) You're from —

GEOFFREY. Johannesburg. (*Pause. Paul studies Geoffrey. Then.*)

PAUL. My dad took me to a movie shot in South Africa. The camera moved from this vile rioting in the streets to a villa where people picked at lunch on a terrace, the only riot the flowers and the birds — gorgeous plumage and petals. And I didn't understand. And Dad said to me, "You meet these young blacks who are having a terrible time. They've had a totally inadequate education and yet in '76 — the year of the Soweto riots — they took on a tremendous political responsibility. It just makes you wonder at the maturity that is in them. It makes you realize that the 'crummy childhood' theory, that everything can be blamed in a Freudian fashion on the fact that you've had a bad upbringing, just doesn't hold water." Is everything okay?

FLAN, OUISA and GEOFFREY. (*While eating.*) Mmmmmmm ... yes.

GEOFFREY. What about being black in America?

PAUL. My problem is I've never felt American. I grew up

in Switzerland. Boarding school. Villa Rosey. (*Pronounced Ro-zay.*)

OUISA. There is a boarding school in Switzerland that takes you at age eighteen months.

PAUL. That's not me. I've never felt people liked me for my connections. Movie star kid problems. None of those. May I?

FLAN. Oh, please. (*Paul pours a brandy.*)

PAUL. But I never knew I was black in that racist way till I was sixteen and came back here. Very protected. White servants. After the divorce we moved to Switzerland. My mother, brother and I. I don't feel American. I don't even feel black. I suppose that's very lucky for me even though Freud says there's no such thing as luck. Just what you make.

OUISA. Does Freud say that? I think we're lucky having this dinner. Isn't this the finest time? A toast to you.

GEOFFREY. To *Cats!*

FLAN. Blunt question. What's he like?

OUISA. Let's not be star fuckers.

FLAN. I'm not a star fucker.

PAUL. My father, being an actor, has no real identity. You say to him, Pop, what's new? And he says, "I got an interesting script today. I was asked to play a lumberjack up in the Yukon. Now, I've been trained as a Preacher, but my church fell apart. My wife says we have to get money to get through this winter. And I sign up as part of this team where all my beliefs are challenged. But I hold firm. In spite of prejudice because I want to get back to you. Out of this forest, back to the church...." And my father is in tears and I say Pop, this is not a real event, this is some script that was sent to you. And my father says, "I'm trying it out to see how it fits on me." But he has no life — he has no memory — only the scripts producers send him in the mail through his agents. That's his past.

OUISA. (*To us.*) I just loved the kid so much. I wanted to reach out to him.

FLAN. (*To us.*) And then we asked him what his thesis was on.

GEOFFREY. The one that was stolen. Please?

PAUL. Well ... (*He takes a deep breath.*) A substitute teacher out on Long Island was dropped from his job for fighting with a student. A few weeks later, the teacher returned to the classroom, shot the student unsuccessfully, held the class hostage and then shot himself. Successfully. This fact caught my eye: last sentence. *Times*. A neighbor described him as a nice boy. Always reading *Catcher In the Rye*.

The nitwit — Chapman — who shot John Lennon said he did it because he wanted to draw the attention of the world to *Catcher In the Rye* and the reading of that book would be his defense.

And young Hinckley, the whiz kid who shot Reagan and his press secretary, said if you want my defense all you have to do is read *Catcher in the Rye*. It seemed to be time to read it again.

FLAN. I haven't read it in years. (*Ouisa shushes Flan.*)

PAUL. I borrowed a copy from a young friend of mine because I wanted to see what she had underlined and I read this book to find out why this touching, beautiful, sensitive story published in July 1951 had turned into this manifesto of hate.

I started reading. It's exactly as I remembered. Everybody's a phoney. Page two: "My brother's in Hollywood being a prostitute." Page three: "What a phony slob his father was." Page nine: "People never notice anything."

Then on page twenty-two my hair stood up. Remember Holden Caulfield — the definitive sensitive youth — wearing his red hunter's cap. "A deer hunter hat? Like hell it is. I sort of closed one eye like I was taking aim at it. This is a people shooting hat. I shoot people in this hat."

Hmmm, I said. This book is preparing people for bigger moments in their lives than I ever dreamed of. Then on page eighty-nine, "I'd rather push a guy out the window or chop his head off with an ax than sock him in the jaw. I hate fist fights ... what scares me most is the other guy's face ..."

I finished the book. It's a touching story, comic because the boy wants to do so much and can't do anything. Hates all

phoniness and only lies to others. Wants everyone to like him, is only hateful, and is completely self-involved. In other words, a pretty accurate picture of a male adolescent.

And what alarms me about that book — not the book so much as the aura about it — is this: the book is primarily about paralysis. The boy can't function. And at the end before he can run away and start a new life, it starts to rain and he folds.

Now there's nothing wrong in writing about emotional and intellectual paralysis. It may indeed, thanks to Chekhov and Samuel Beckett, be the great modern theme.

The extraordinary last lines of *Waiting For Godot* — "Let's go." "Yes, let's go." Stage directions: They do not move.

But the aura around this book of Salinger's — which perhaps should be read by everyone *but* young men — is this: It mirrors like a fun house mirror and amplifies like a distorted speaker one of the great tragedies of our times — the death of the imagination.

Because what else is paralysis?

The imagination has been so debased that imagination — being imaginative — rather than being the linchpin of our existence now stands as a synonym for something outside ourselves like science fiction or some new use for tangerine slices on raw pork chops — what an imaginative summer recipe — and *Star Wars*! So imaginative and *Star Trek* — so imaginative! And *Lord of the Rings* — all those dwarfs — so imaginative —

The imagination has moved out of the realm of being our link, our most personal link, with our inner lives and the world outside that world — this world we share. What is schizophrenia but a horrifying state where what's in here doesn't match up with what's out there?

Why has imagination become a synonym for style?

I believe that the imagination is the passport we create to take us into the real world.

I believe the imagination is another phrase for what is most uniquely *us*.

Jung says the greatest sin is to be unconscious.

Our boy Holden says "what scares me most is the other guy's face — it wouldn't be so bad if you could both be blindfolded" — most of the time the faces we face are not the other guys' but our own faces. And it's the worst kind of yellowness to be so scared of yourself you put blindfolds on rather than deal with yourself.

To face ourselves.

That's the hard thing.

The imagination.

That's God's gift to make the act of self-examination bearable.  
(Pause. Paul looks at Ouisa. Then.)

OUISA. Well, indeed.

FLAN. I hope your muggers read every word.

OUISA. Darling. (She laughs.)

GEOFFREY. (Hands.) I'm going to buy a copy of *Catcher in the Rye* at the airport and read it.

OUISA. Cover to cover.

PAUL. I'll test you. I should be going.

FLAN. Where will you stay?

OUISA. Not some flea bag.

PAUL. I get into the Sherry tomorrow morning. It's not so far off. I can walk around. I don't think they'll mug me twice in one evening.

OUISA. You'll stay here tonight.

PAUL. No! I have to be there at seven.

OUISA. We'll get you up.

PAUL. I have to be at the hotel at seven sharp or Dad will have a fit.

OUISA. Up at six fifteen which is any moment now and we have that wedding in Roxbury —

FLAN. There's an alarm in that room.

PAUL. If it's any problem —

FLAN. It's only a problem if you leave.

PAUL. Six fifteen? I'll tip toe out.

FLAN. And we want to be in *Cats*.

OUISA. Flan!

PAUL. It's done.

GEOFFREY. I'll fly back. With my wife.  
OUIA. Pushy. Both of you.  
PAUL. He's not. Dad said I could be in charge of the extras. You'd just be extras. That's all I can promise.  
FLAN. In cat suits?  
PAUL. No. You can be humans.  
FLAN. That's very important. It has to be in our contracts. We are humans.  
GEOFFREY. We haven't got any business done tonight.  
FLAN. Forget it. It was only an evening at home.  
OUIA. Whatever you do, don't think about elephants.  
PAUL. Did I intrude?  
FLAN and OUIA. No!  
PAUL. I'm sorry — oh Christ —  
GEOFFREY. *(To Flan.)* There's all ways of doing business. Flanders, walk me to the elevator.  
OUIA. Love to Diana. *(To us.)* We embraced. And Flan and Geoffrey left — *(Flan and Geoffrey go. Pause. Paul and Ouisa look at each other. Then:)*  
PAUL. Let me clean up —  
OUIA. No! Leave it for —  
PAUL. Nobody comes in on Sunday.  
OUIA. Yvonne will be in on Tuesday.  
PAUL. You'll have every bug in Christendom — *(They both reach for the dishes.)*  
OUIA. Let me — *(Paul takes the dishes.)*  
PAUL. No. You watch. It gives me a thrill to be looked at. *(Pause. Paul goes off.)*  
OUIA. *(To us.)* He washed up. *(Flan returns.)*  
FLAN. He's in.  
OUIA. He's in?  
FLAN. He's in for two million.  
OUIA. Two million!  
FLAN. He says the Cezanne is a great investment. We should get it for six million and sell it to the Tokyo bunch for ten.  
OUIA. Happy days! Oh god! *(Paul returns.)*  
PAUL. Two million dollars?

OUISA. Figure it out. He doesn't have the price of a dinner but he can cough up two million dollars and the Japs will go ten! Break all those dishes! Two million! Go to ten! And we put up nothing?

FLAN. He sold that Hockney print I know he bought for a hundred bucks fifteen years ago for thirty four thousand dollars. Sotheby took their cut, sure, but still — Two million! Wildest dreams. Paul, I should give you a commission.

PAUL. Your kids said you were an art dealer. But you don't have a gallery. I don't understand —

FLAN. People want to sell privately. Not go through a gallery.

OUISA. A divorce. Taxes. Publicity.

FLAN. People come to me looking for a certain school of painting.

OUISA. A modern. Impressionist. Renaissance.

FLAN. But don't want museums to know where it is.

OUISA. Japanese.

FLAN. I've got Japanese looking for a Cezanne. I have a syndicate that will buy the painting. There is a great second level Cezanne coming up for sale in a very messy divorce.

OUISA. Wife doesn't want hubby to know she owns a Cezanne.

FLAN. I needed an extra two million. Geoffrey called. Invited him here for dinner.

OUISA. Tonight was a very nervous very casual very big thing.

PAUL. I couldn't tell —

OUISA. All the better.

PAUL. I'm glad I helped —

OUISA. You were wonderful!

PAUL. I'm so pleased I was wonderful. All this and a pink shirt.

OUISA. Keep it. Look at the time.

PAUL. It's going to be time for me to get up.

FLAN. Then we'll say our good nights now.

PAUL. Oh Christ. Regretfully. I'll tip toe. (*Flan takes out his wallet.*)

FLAN. Take fifty dollars.

OUISA. Give him fifty dollars.

PAUL. Don't need it.

OUISA. Suppose your father's plane is late?

FLAN. A strike. Air controllers.

OUISA. Walking around money. I wouldn't want my kids to be stuck in the street without a nickel.

FLAN. And you saved us a fortune. Do you know what our bill would've been at that little Eye-tie store front?

OUISA. And we picked up two million dollars. One billionth of a percent commission is —

FLAN. Fifty dollars. *(Flan hands him the money. Paul hesitates, then takes it.)*

PAUL. But I'll get it back to you tomorrow. I want my father to meet you.

OUISA. We'd love to. Bring him up for dinner.

PAUL. Could I?

FLAN. You see how easy it is.

OUISA. Sure. If Paul does the cooking.

FLAN, OUISA and PAUL. Goodnight. *(They all laugh. Flan points Paul to his room.)* Second door on the right. *(Paul goes. Flan and Ouisa are handed their bathrobes. They put them on, getting ready for bed.)*

FLAN. I want to get on my knees and thank God — money —

OUISA. Who said when artists dream they dream of money? I must be such an artist. Bravo. Bravo.

FLAN. I don't want to lose our life here. I don't want all the debt to pile up and crush us.

OUISA. It won't. We're safe.

FLAN. For a while. We almost lost it. If I didn't get this money, Ouis, I would've lost the Cezanne. It would've gone. I had no where to get it.

OUISA. Why don't you tell me how much these things mean? You wait till the last minute —

FLAN. I don't want to worry you.

OUISA. Not worry me? I'm your partner. *(They embrace.)*

FLAN. There is a God.

OUIZA. And his name is —

FLAN. Geoffrey?

OUIZA. Sidney! *(They kiss. Flan goes. Ouisa curls up on the sofa. To us.)* I dreamt of Sidney Poitier and his rise to acclaim. I dreamt that Sidney Poitier sat at the edge of my bed and I asked him what troubled him. Sidney? What troubles you? Is it right to make a movie of *Cats*? *(Paul as Sidney Poitier in dinner clothes appears.)*

PAUL/SIDNEY. I'll tell you why I have to make a movie of *Cats*. I know what *Cats* is, Louisa. May I call you Louisa? I have no illusions about the merits of *Cats*. But the world has been too heavy with all the right-to-lifers. Protect the lives of the unborn. Constitutional amendments. Marches! When does life begin? Or the converse. The end of life. The right to die. Why is life at this point in the twentieth century so focussed on the very beginning of life and the very end of life? What about the eighty years we have to live between those two inexorable book ends?

OUIZA. And you can get all that into *Cats*?

PAUL/SIDNEY. I'm going to try.

OUIZA. Thank you. Thank you. You shall. *(Darkness. Then Flan appears.)*

FLAN. *(To us.)* This is what I dreamt. I didn't dream so much as realize this. I felt so close to the paintings. I wasn't just selling like pieces of meat. I remembered why I loved paintings in the first place — what had got me into this — and I thought — dreamed — remembered — how easy it is for a painter to lose a painting. He can paint and paint — work on a canvas for months and one day he loses it — just loses the structure — loses the sense of it — you lose the painting.

When the kids were little, we went to a parents' meeting at their school and I asked the teacher why all her students were geniuses in the second grade? Look at the first grade. Blotches of green and black. Look at third grade. Camouflage. But the second grade — your grade. Matisse everyone. You've made my child a Matisse. Let me study with you. Let me into the second grade! What is your secret? And this is what she said: "Secret? I don't have any secret. I just know when to

take their drawings away from them.”

I dreamt of color. I dreamt of our son's pink shirt. I dreamt of pinks and yellows and the new van Gogh that The Museum of Modern Art got and the “Trises” that sold for 53.9 million and wishing a van Gogh was mine, I looked at my English hand-lasted shoes and thought of van Gogh's tragic shoes. I remembered me as I was. A painter losing a painting. But a South African awaiting revolution came to dinner. We were safe. (*Darkness. Ouisa appears.*)

OUISA. (*To us.*) And it was six a.m. and I woke up so happy looking at my clean kitchen, all the more memorable because the previous evening had left no traces and the paper was at the front door and I sat in the kitchen happily doing the cross word puzzle in ink. Everybody does it in ink. I never met one person who didn't say they did it in ink. And I'm doing the puzzle and I see the time and it's nearly seven and Paul had to meet his father and I didn't want him to be late and was he healthy after his stabbing?

I went down the hall to the room where we had put him. The hall is eighteen feet long. I stopped in front of the door. Paul? (*She calls into the darkness.*)

PAUL. (*Moaning.*) Yes Yes

OUISA. Paul??

PAUL. (*Moaning.*) Yes Yes

OUISA. Are you all right? I opened the door and turned on the light. (*She screams.*) Flan!!! (*Behind the scrim, Paul, startled, sits up in bed. A naked guy stands up on the bed.*)

HUSTLER. What the fuck is going on here. Who the fuck are you?! (*Lights fade behind the scrim.*)

OUISA. Flan!

FLAN. What is it?! (*Flan appears from the dark, tying his robe around him. The Hustler, naked but for white socks, comes into the living room.*)

HUSTLER. (*Cheery.*) Hey! How ya doin'?

FLAN. Oh my God!

OUISA. (*A scream.*) Ahhh! (*The Hustler stretches out on the sofa.*)

HUSTLER. I gotta get some sleep — (*Paul runs in the room*

*pulling on his clothes.)*

PAUL. I can explain. *(Paul tosses the hustler's clothes onto the sofa.)*

OUISA. You went out after we went to sleep and picked up this thing?

PAUL. I am so sorry.

FLAN. You brought this thing into our house! Thing! Thing! Get out! Get out of my house! *(Flan tips the sofa, hurling the sleeping Hustler onto the floor. The Hustler leaps at Flan threateningly.)*

OUISA. Stop it! He might have a gun!

HUSTLER. Yeah, I might have a gun. I might have a knife!

OUISA. He has a gun! He has a knife! *(The Hustler chases Ouisa around the room.)*

PAUL. I can explain!

FLAN. Give me my fifty dollars.

PAUL. I spent it.

OUISA. Get out!

FLAN. Take your clothes. Go back to sleep in the gutter. *(He flings the clothes into the hall. The Hustler viciously grabs Flan by the lapels of his robe.)*

HUSTLER. Fuck you! *(The Hustler throws Flan back, picks up his clothes and leaves. Flan catches his breath. Ouisa is terrified.)*

PAUL. Please. Don't tell my father. I don't want him to know. I haven't told him. He doesn't know. I got so lonely. I got so afraid. My dad coming. I had the money. I went out after you went to sleep and I brought him back. I couldn't be alone. You had so much. I couldn't be alone. I was so afraid.

OUISA. Just go.

PAUL. I'm so sorry. *(Paul goes. Flan and Ouisa straighten out the pillows on the sofa. They are exhausted.)*

OUISA. *(To us.)* And that's that.

FLAN. I am shaking.

OUISA. You have to do something.

FLAN. It's awful.

OUISA. Is anything gone?

FLAN. How can I look? I'm shaking.

OUISA. *(To us.)* Did he take anything?

FLAN. Would you concentrate on yourself?  
OUIA. I want to know if anything's gone?  
FLAN. Calm down.  
OUIA. We could have been killed.  
FLAN. The silver Victorian inkwell.  
OUIA. How can you think of *things*? We could have been murdered. (*An actor appears for a moment holding up as if at an auction an ornate Victorian inkwell capped by a silver beaver.*)  
FLAN. There's the inkwell. Silver beaver. Why?  
OUIA. Slashed — our throats slashed. (*Another actor appears for a moment holding up a framed portrait of a dog, say, a pug.*)  
FLAN. (*To us.*) And there's the watercolor. Our dog.  
OUIA. Go to bed at night happy and then murdered. Would we have woken up?  
FLAN. We're alive. (*They run to each other and embrace.*)  
OUIA. We called our kids.  
FLAN. No answer. (*The phone rings. They clutch each other.*)  
OUIA. It's him! (*Flan goes to the phone.*) Don't pick it up! (*Flan does. Geoffrey appears.*)  
GEOFFREY. Flanders. I'm at the airport. Look, I've been thinking. Those Japs really want the Cezanne. They'll pay. You can depend on me for an additional overcall of two-fifty.  
FLAN. Two hundred and fifty thousand?  
GEOFFREY. And I was thinking for South Africa. What about a black American film festival? With this Spike Lee you have now and of course get Poitier down to be the president of the jury and I know Cosby and I love this Eddie Murphy and my wife went fishing in Norway with Diana Ross and her new Norwegian husband. And also they must have some new blacks —  
FLAN. Yes. It sounds a wonderful idea.  
GEOFFREY. I'll call him at the Sherry —  
FLAN. No! We'll call!  
GEOFFREY. They're calling my plane — And again last night —  
FLAN. No need to thank. See you shortly.  
GEOFFREY. The banks.  
FLAN. My lawyer.

GEOFFREY. Exactly.

FLAN. Safe trip. (*Geoffrey goes. Another couple in their forties, Kitty and Larkin, appear. Ouisa and Flan take off their robes and are dressed for day.*)

OUISA. Do we have a story to tell you!

KITTY. Do we have a story to tell you!

OUISA. (*To us.*) Our two and their son are at Harvard together. (*Kitty and Larkin are pleased about this.*)

FLAN. Let me tell you our story.

LARKIN. When did your story happen?

FLAN. Last night. We are still zonked.

KITTY. We win. Our story happened Friday night. So we go first.

LARKIN. We're going to be in the movies.

KITTY. We are going to be in the movie of *Cats*. (*Ouisa and Flan look at each other.*)

OUISA. You tell your story first.

LARKIN. Friday night we were home, the doorbell rang —

KITTY. I am not impressed but it was the son of —

OUISA and FLAN. (*To us.*) You got it.

KITTY. The kid was mugged. We had to go out. We left him. He was so charming. His father was taking the red eye. He couldn't get into the hotel till seven a.m. He stayed with us. (*She is very pleased.*)

LARKIN. In the middle of the night, we heard somebody screaming Burglar! Burglar! We came out in the hall. Paul is chasing this naked blonde thief down the corridor. The blonde thief runs out, the alarm goes off. The kid saved our lives.

FLAN. That was no burglar.

OUISA. You had another house guest. (*Kitty and Larkin laugh.*)

LARKIN. We feel so guilty. Paul could've been killed by that intruder. He was very understanding —

OUISA. Was anything missing from your house?

LARKIN. Nothing.

FLAN. Did you give him money?

KITTY. Twenty-five dollars until his father arrived.

FLAN. *(To us.)* We told them our story.  
KITTY and LARKIN. Oh.  
OUIA. Have you talked to your kids?  
KITTY. Can't get through. *(The lights isolate Ouisa as she makes a phone call.)*  
OUIA. Sherry Netherlands. I'd like —  
LARKIN. *(To us.)* She gave the name.  
KITTY. Sidney Poitier must be registered. *(The doorbell rings. Flan goes.)*  
OUIA. No! I'm not a fan. This is not a fan call. We know he's there. His son is a friend of — *(Click. The Sherry's hung up.)*  
LARKIN. He must be there under another name. *(Another phone call.)*  
OUIA. Hi. Celebrity Service? I'm not sure how you work.  
KITTY. Greta Garbo used the name Harriet Brown.  
OUIA. You track down celebrities? Am I right?  
LARKIN. Everybody must have known she was Greta Garbo.  
OUIA. I'm trying to find out how one would get in touch with — No, I'm not a press agent — No, I'm not with anyone — My husband. Flanders Kittredge? *(Click. The lights return to normal.)* Celebrity Service doesn't give out information over the phone.  
LARKIN. Try the public library.  
KITTY. Try *Who's Who*. *(Flan returns carrying an elaborate arrangement of flowers. Flan reads the card.)*  
FLAN. "To thank you for a wonderful time. Paul Poitier." *(Flan reaches into the bouquet. He takes out a pot of jam.)* A pot of jam?  
LARKIN. A pot of jam. *(They back off as if it might explode.)*  
KITTY. I think we should call the police. *(A detective appears.)*  
DETECTIVE. What are the charges? *(Ouisa, Flan, Kitty and Larkin are each isolated in a pool of light.)*  
OUIA. *(To us.)* He came into our house.  
FLAN. *(To us.)* He cooked us dinner.  
OUIA. *(To us.)* He told us the story of *Catcher In The Rye*.  
FLAN. *(To us.)* He said he was the son of Sidney Poitier.  
DETECTIVE. Was he?

OUIA. (To us.) We don't know.  
FLAN. (To us.) We gave him fifty dollars.  
KITTY. (To us.) We gave him twenty five.  
LARKIN. Shhhh!  
OUIA. (To us.) He picked up a hustler.  
FLAN. (To us.) He left.  
KITTY. (To us.) He chased the burglar out of our house.  
OUIA. (To us.) He didn't steal anything.  
LARKIN. (To us.) We looked and looked.  
KITTY. (To us.) Top to bottom. Nothing gone. (*The Detective closes his notebook.*)  
OUIA. Granted this does not seem major now.  
DETECTIVE. Look. We're very busy.  
FLAN. You can't chuck us out.  
DETECTIVE. Come up with charges. Then I'll do something. (*The Detective goes.*)  
OUIA. (To us.) Our kids came down from Harvard. (*Their children, Woody and Tess, and Kitty and Larkin's boy, Ben, enter, groaning.*)  
FLAN. — the details he knew — how would he know about the painting? Although I think it's a very fine Kandinsky.  
OUIA. And none of you know this fellow? He has this wild quality — yet, a real elegance and a real concern and a real consideration.  
TESS. Well, Mom, you should have let him stay. You should have divorced all your children and just let this dreamboat stay. Plus he sent you flowers.  
FLAN. And jam.  
THE KIDS. Oooooo.  
OUIA. I wish I knew how to get hold of his father. Just to see if there is any truth in it.  
LARKIN. Who knows Sidney Poitier so we could just call him up and ask him?  
KITTY. I have a friend who does theatrical law. I bet he —  
LARKIN. What friend?  
KITTY. (*Pause; a pleasant thought.*) Oh, it's nobody.  
LARKIN. I want to know.

KITTY. (*Screams.*) Nobody!

LARKIN. Whatever's going on anywhere, I do not want to know. I don't want to know. I don't want to know ...

KITTY. (*Overlapping.*) Nobody. Nobody. Nobody ...

BEN. Dad. Mom. Please. For once. Please? (*Ben, Kitty, Larkin go in anguish.*)

FLAN. Tess, when you see your little sister, don't tell her that he and the, uh, hustler, used her bed.

TESS. You put him in that bed. I'm not going to get involved with any conspiracy.

FLAN. It's not a conspiracy. It's a family. (*Tess and Flan growl at each other. Darkness. Ouisa, alone, stretches out on the sofa. Paul appears, wearing the pink shirt.*)

PAUL. The imagination. That's our out. Our imagination teaches us our limits and then how to grow beyond those limits. The imagination says listen to me. I am your darkest voice. I am your 4 a.m. voice. I am the voice that wakes you up and says this is what I'm afraid of. Do not listen to me at your peril. The imagination is the noon voice that sees clearly and says yes, this is what I want for my life. It's there to sort out your nightmare, to show you the exit from the maze of your nightmare, to transform the nightmare into dreams that become your bedrock. If we don't listen to that voice, it dies. It shrivels. It vanishes. (*Paul takes out a switchblade and opens it.*) The imagination is not our escape. On the contrary, the imagination is the place we are all trying to get to. (*Paul lifts his shirt and stabs himself. Ouisa sits up and screams. Paul is gone. The phone rings.*)

DETECTIVE. I got a call that might interest you. (*Dr. Fine appears, a very earnest professional man in his 50s.*)

DR. FINE. (*To us.*) I was seeing a patient. I'm an obstetrician at New York Hospital. The nurse opened my office door and said there's a friend of your son's here ... (*Paul appears.*) I treated the kid. He was more scared than hurt. A knife wound, a few bruises.

PAUL. I don't know how to thank you, sir. My father is coming here. (*The four parents appear.*)

FLAN and OUISA and KITTY and LARKIN. He's making a

film of *Cats*.

DR. FINE *(To us.)* And he told me the name of a matinee idol of my youth. Somebody who had really forged ahead and made new paths for blacks just by the strength of his own talent. Strangely, I had identified with him, before I started medical school. I mean, I'm a Jew. My grandparents were killed in the war. I had this sense of self-hatred, of fear. And this kid's father – the bravery of his films – had given me a direction, a confidence. Simple as that. We're always paying off debts. Then my beeper went off. A patient in her tenth month of labor. Her water finally broke. I gave him the keys. *(Paul catches the keys.)*

PAUL. Doug told me all about your brownstone. How you got it at great price because there had been a murder in it and for a while people thought it had a curse but you were a scientific man and were courageous!

DR. FINE. *(To us.)* Well, yes! Courageous! I ran off to the delivery room. Twins! Two boys. I thought of my son. I dialed my boy at Dartmouth. Amazingly, he was in his room. Doing *what* I hate to ask. *(Doug, 20, appears. To Doug.)* So you accuse me of having no interest in your life, not doing for friends, being a rotten father. Well, you should be very happy.

DOUG. The son of who? Dad, I never heard of him. Dad, as usual, you are a real cretin. You gave him the keys? You gave a complete stranger who happens to mention my name the keys to our house? Dad, sometimes it is so obvious to me why Mom left. I am so embarrassed to know you. You gave the keys to a stranger who shows up at your office? Mother told me you beat her! Mom told me you were a rotten lover and drank so much your body smelled of cheap white wine. Mom said sleeping with you was sleeping with a salad made of bad dressing. Why you had to bring me into the world!

DR. FINE. There are two sides to every story —

DOUG. You're an idiot! You're an idiot! *(Doug goes into the dark, screaming.)*

DR. FINE. *(To us.)* I went home — courageously — with a policeman. *(Paul appears wearing a silk robe, carrying a snifter of brandy. To Policeman.)* Arrest him!

PAUL. Pardon?

DR. FINE. Breaking and entering.

PAUL. Breaking and entering?

DR. FINE. You're an imposter.

PAUL. Officer, your honor, your eminence, Dr. Fine *gave* me the keys to his brownstone. Isn't that so?

DR. FINE. My son doesn't know you.

PAUL. This man gave me the keys to the house. Isn't that so?

POLICEMAN. (*Screams.*) Did you give him the key to the house?

DR. FINE. Yes! But under false pretenses. This fucking black kid crack addict comes into my office lying —

PAUL. I have taken this much brandy but can pour the rest back into the bottle. And I've used electricity listening to the music, but I think you'll find that nothing's taken from the house. (*Paul goes.*)

DR. FINE. I want you to arrest this fraud. (*The Policeman walks away. Doug returns.*)

DOUG. A cretin! A creep! No wonder mother left you! (*Doug goes. Pause.*)

DR. FINE. (*To us.*) Two sides. Every story. (*Ouisa holds up a book.*)

OUISA. I went down to the Strand Book Store. "Eight Miles of Used Books." I got Sidney Poitier's autobiography. (*Reads.*) "Back in New York with Juanita and the children, I began to become aware that our marriage, while working on some levels, was falling apart in other fundamental areas."

FLAN. There's a picture of him and his four — daughters. No sons. Four daughters. The book's called *This Life*.

DR. FINE. Published by Knopf.

KITTY. 1980.

LARKIN. Out of print.

KITTY. Oh dear.

OUISA. This kid bulldozing his way into our lives.

LARKIN. We let him in our lives. I run a foundation. You're a dealer. You're a doctor. You'd think we'd be satisfied with our achievements.

FLAN. Agatha Christie would ask, what do we all have in common?

OUISA. It seems the common thread linking us all is an overwhelming need to be in the movie of *Cats*.

KITTY. Our kids. Struggling through their lives.

LARKIN. I don't want to know anything about the spillover of their lives.

OUISA. All we have in common is our children went to boarding school together.

FLAN. *(To Dr. Fine.)* How come we never met?

DR. FINE. His mother had custody. I lived out West. After he graduated from high school, she moved West. I moved East.

LARKIN. I think we should drop it right here.

KITTY. Are you afraid Ben is mixed up in this fraud?

LARKIN. I don't want to know too much about my kid.

KITTY. You think Ben is hiding things from us? I tell you, I'm getting to the bottom of this. My son has no involvements with any black frauds. Doctor, you said something about crack?

LARKIN. I don't want to know.

DR. FINE. It just leaped out of my mouth. No proof. Oh dear god, no proof.

FLAN. We'll take a vote. Do we pursue this to the end no matter what we find out about our kids?

OUISA. I vote yes.

DR. FINE. I trust Doug. Yes.

LARKIN. No.

KITTY. Yes.

FLAN. Yes. *(Kitty looks through the Poitier autobiography.)*

KITTY. Listen to the last page. "... making it better for our children. Protecting them. From what? The truth is what we were protecting those little people from ... there is a lot to worry about and I'd better start telling the little bastards - start worrying!" The end. *(Kitty closes the book in dismay. All the children, Tess, Woody, Ben, Doug, enter, groaning.)*

FLAN. It's obvious. It's somebody you went to high school with, since you each go to different colleges.

OUISA. He knows the details about our lives.

FLAN. Who in your high school, part of your gang, has become homosexual or is deep into drugs?

TESS. That's like about fifteen people.

LARKIN. I don't want to know.

TESS. I find it really insulting that you would assume that it has to be a guy. This movie star's son could have had a relationship with a girl in high school —

BEN. That's your problem in a nut shell. You're so limited.

TESS. That's why I'm going to Afghanistan. To climb mountains.

OUISA. You are not climbing mountains.

FLAN. We have not invested all this money in you to scale the face of K-2.

TESS. Is that all I am? An investment?

OUISA. All right. Track down everybody in your high school class. Male. Female. Whatever. Not just homosexuals. Drug addicts. The kid might be a drug dealer.

DOUG. Why do you look at me when you say that? Do you think I'm an addict? A drug pusher? I really resent the accusations.

DR. FINE. No one is accusing you of anything.

LARKIN. I don't want to know. I don't want to know. I don't want to know.

FLAN. Nobody is accusing anyone of anything. I'm asking you to go on a detective search and find out from your high school class if anyone has met a black kid pretending to be a movie star's son.

BEN. He promised you parts in *Cats*?

OUISA. It wasn't just that. It was fun.

TESS. You went to *Cats*. You said it was an all time low in a lifetime of theater going.

OUISA. Film is a different medium.

TESS. You said Aeschylus did not invent theater to have it end up a bunch of chorus kids wondering which of them will go to Kitty Kat Heaven.

OUISA. I don't remember saying that.

FLAN. No, I think that was *Starlight Express* —

TESS. Well, maybe he'll make a movie of *Starlight Express* and you can all be on roller skates!

DOUG. This is so humiliating.

BEN. This is so pathetic.

TESS. This is so racist.

OUISA. This is *not* racist!

DOUG. How can I get in touch with anybody in high school? I've outgrown them.

KITTY. How can you outgrow them? You graduated a year ago!

OUISA. Here is a copy of your yearbook. I want you to get the phone numbers of everybody in your class. You all went to the same boarding school. You can phone from here.

DR. FINE. You can charge it to my phone.

OUISA. Call everyone in your class and ask them if they know —

DOUG. Never!

TESS. This is the KGB.

DR. FINE. You're on the phone all the time. Now I ask you to make calls all over the country and you become reticent.

TESS. This is the entire McCarthy period.

WOODY. I just want to get one thing straight.

FLAN. Finally, we hear from the peanut gallery.

WOODY. You gave him my pink shirt? You gave a complete stranger my pink shirt? That pink shirt was a Christmas present from *you*. I treasured that shirt. I loved that shirt. My collar size has grown a full size from weight lifting. And you saw my arms had grown, you saw my neck had grown. And you bought me that shirt for my new body. I loved that shirt. The first shirt for my new body. And you gave that shirt away. I can't believe it. I hate it here. I hate this house. I hate you.

DOUG. You never do anything for me.

TESS. You've never done anything but tried to block me.

BEN. I'm only this pathetic extension of your eighth rate personality.

DOUG. Social Darwinism pushed beyond all limits.

WOODY. You gave away my pink shirt?

TESS. You want me to be everything you weren't.

DOUG. You said drugs and looked at me. *(The parents leave, speechless, defeated. The kids look through their high school yearbook. Tess spots a face.)*

TESS. Trent Conway.

ALL THE KIDS. Trent Conway. *(Trent Conway appears.)*

TESS. Trent Conway. Look at those beady eyes staring out at me. Trent Conway. He's at MIT. *(To us.)* So I went to MIT. He was there in his computer room and I just pressed him and pressed him and pressed him. I had a tape recorder strapped to me. *(Darkness.)*

TRENT'S VOICE TAPED. Yes, I knew Paul.

TESS'S VOICE TAPED. But what happened between you?

TRENT'S VOICE TAPED. It was.... It was ... *(The lights come up slowly. Paul and Trent appear. Rain. Distant thunder. Jazz playing somewhere off. Paul is dressed in a bright orange tee-shirt, torn jeans and white high-top sneakers.)*

TRENT. This is the way you must speak. Hear my accent. Hear my voice. Never say you're going horse back riding. You say You're going riding. And don't say couch. Say sofa. And you say Bodd-ill. It's bottle. Say bottle of beer.

PAUL. Bodd-ill a bee-ya.

TRENT. Bottle of beer. *(Paul sits on the sofa. He pulls out a thick address book from under him.)*

PAUL. What's this?

TRENT. My address book.

PAUL. All these names. Addresses. Tell me about these people. *(Trent sits beside him.)*

TRENT. I want you to come to bed with me.

PAUL. *(Fierce.)* Tell me about these people, man!

TRENT. I just want to look at you. Sorry. *(Paul is hypnotized by the address book.)*

PAUL. Are these all rich people?

TRENT. No. Hand to mouth on a higher plateau.

PAUL. I think it must be very hard to be with rich people. You have to have money. You have to give them presents.

TRENT. Not at all. Rich people do something nice for you, you give them a pot of jam.

PAUL. That's what pots of jam are for?

TRENT. Orange. Grapefruit. Strawberry. But fancy. They have entire stores filled with fancy pots of jam wrapped in cloth. English. Or French.

PAUL. I'll tell you what I'll do. I pick a name. You tell me about them. Where they live. Secrets. And for each name you get a piece of clothing.

TRENT. All right.

PAUL. Kittredge. Talbot and Woodrow.

TRENT. Talbot, called Tess, was anorexic and was in a hospital for a while. *(Paul takes off a shoe and kicks it to Trent.)*

PAUL. Their parents.

TRENT. Ouisa and Flan, for Flanders; Kittredge. Rhode Island, I believe. Newport, but not along the ocean. The street behind the ocean. He's an art dealer. They have a Kandinsky.

PAUL. A Kan - what - ski?

TRENT. Kandinsky. A double-sided Kandinsky. *(Paul kicks off his other shoe. Trent catches it joyously.)* I feel like Scheherazade! *(He embraces Paul with fierce tenderness.)* I don't want you to leave me, Paul. I'll go through my address book and tell you about family after family. You'll never not fit in again. We'll give you a new identity. I'll make you the most eagerly sought after young man in the East. And then I'll come into one of these homes one day — and you'll be there and I'll be presented to you. And I'll pretend to meet you for the first time and our friendship will be witnessed by my friends, my parents' friends. If it all happens under their noses, they can't judge me. They can't disparage you. I'll make you a guest in their houses. Ask me another name. I'd like to try for the shirt. *(Paul kisses Trent.)*

PAUL. That's enough for today. *(Paul takes his shoes and the address book and goes. Trent turns to Tess.)*

TRENT. Paul stayed with me for three months. We went through the address book letter by letter. Paul vanished by the L's. He took the address book with him. Well, he's already been in all your houses. Maybe I will meet him again. I sure would like to.

TESS. His past? His real name?

TRENT. I don't know anything about him. It was a rainy

night in Boston. He was in a doorway. That's all.

TESS. He took stuff from you?

TRENT. Besides the address book? He took my stereo and sport jacket and my word processor and my laser printer. And my skis. And my TV.

TESS. Will you press charges?

TRENT. No.

TESS. It's a felony.

TRENT. Why do they want to find him?

TESS. They say to help him. If there's a crime, the cops will get involved.

TRENT. Look, we must keep in touch. We were friends for a brief bit in school. I mean we were really good friends.

TESS. Won't you press charges?

TRENT. Please. *(They go. Ouisa appears.)*

OUISA. *(To us.)* Tess played me the tapes.

TESS'S VOICE TAPED. Won't you press charges?

TRENT'S VOICE TAPED. Please.

OUISA. *(To us.)* Can you believe it? Paul learned all that in three months. Three months! Who would have thought it? Trent Conway, the Henry Higgins of our time. Paul looked at those names and said I am Columbus. I am Magellan. I will sail into this new world. I read somewhere that everybody on this planet is separated by only six other people. Six degrees of separation. Between us and everybody else on this planet. The President of the United States. A gondolier in Venice. Fill in the names. I find that A) tremendously comforting that we're so close and B) like Chinese water torture that we're so close. Because you have to find the right six people to make the connection. It's not just big names. It's *anyone*. A native in a rain forest. A Tierra del Fuegan. An Eskimo. I am bound to everyone on this planet by a trail of six people. It's a profound thought. How Paul found us. How to find the man whose son he pretends to be. Or perhaps *is* his son, although I doubt it. How every person is a new door, opening up into other worlds. Six degrees of separation between me and everyone else on this planet. But to find the right six people. *(Flan*

*appears.*)

FLAN. *(To us.)* We didn't hear for a while. We went about our lives. *(The Doorman appears.)*

OUISA. *(To us.)* And then one day our doorman whom we tip very well at Christmas and any time he does something nice for us - our doorman spit at my husband, J. Flanders Kittredge. I mean, spit at him. *(The Doorman spits at Flan.)*

DOORMAN. Your son! I know all about your son.

FLAN. What about my son?

DOORMAN. Not the little shit who lives here. The other son. The secret son. The Negro son you deny. *(The Doorman spits at Flan again.)*

FLAN. The Negro son?

DOORMAN. The black son you make live in Central Park.

OUISA. *(To us.)* The next chapter. Rick and Elizabeth and Paul sit on the grass in Central Park. *(Rick, Elizabeth and Paul run on laughing in Central Park. Rick, a nice young guy in his mid twenties, plays the guitar energetically. He and Paul and Elizabeth, a beautiful girl in her mid twenties, are having a great time singing a cheery song, say James Taylor's "Shower the People,"\* until Rick hits the wrong chord. They try to break down the harmony. Rick can't for the life of him find the right chord. The three of them laugh. Paul is wearing the pink shirt.)*

PAUL. Tell me about yourselves.

RICK. We're here from Utah.

PAUL. Do they have any black people in Utah?

RICK. Maybe two. Yes, the Mormons brought in two.

ELIZABETH. We came to be actors.

RICK. She won the all-state competition for comedy and drama.

PAUL. My gosh!

ELIZABETH. "The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven."

RICK. And we study and we wait tables.

ELIZABETH. Because you have to have technique.

\* See Special Note on copyright page.

PAUL. Like the painters. Cezanne looked for the rules behind the spontaneity of Impressionism.

RICK. Cez — That's a painter?

ELIZABETH. We don't know anything about painting.

PAUL. My dad loves painting. He has a Kandinsky but he loves Cezanne the most. He lives up there.

RICK. What? *(They face out front and look up.)*

PAUL. He lives up there. Count six windows over. John Flanders Kittredge. His chums call him Flan. I was the child of Flan's hippie days. His radical days. He went down South as a freedom marcher, to register black voters — his friends were killed. Met my mother. Registered her and married her in a fit of sentimental righteousness and knocked her up with me and came back here and abandoned her. Went to Harvard. He's now a fancy art dealer. Lives up there. Count six windows over. Won't see me. The new wife — the white wife — The Louisa Kittredge Call Me Ouisa Wife — the mother of the new children wife —

RICK. Your brothers and sisters?

PAUL. *(Bitter.)* They go to Andover and Exeter and Harvard and Yale. The awful thing is my father started out good. My mother says there is a good man inside J. Flanders Kittredge.

ELIZABETH. He'll see you if he was that good. He can't forget you entirely.

PAUL. I call him. He hangs up.

RICK. Go to his office —

PAUL. He doesn't have an office. He works out of there. They won't even let me in the elevator.

RICK. Dress up as a messenger.

ELIZABETH. Say you have a masterpiece for him. "I got the Mona Lisa waitin' out in the truck."

PAUL. I don't want to embarrass him. Look, this is so fucking tacky. *(Pause.)* You love each other?

ELIZABETH. A lot. *(Rick and Elizabeth touch each other's hands.)*

PAUL. I hope we can meet again. *(Paul turns to go.)*

RICK. Where do you live?

PAUL. Live? I'm home.

ELIZABETH. You're not out on the streets?

PAUL. You're such assholes. Where would I live?

RICK. Stay with us.

ELIZABETH. We just have a railroad flat in a tenement —

RICK. It's over a roller disco. The last of the roller discos but it's quiet by five a.m. and a great narrow space —

ELIZABETH. A railroad loft and we could give you a corner. The tub's in the kitchen but there's light in the morning —

RICK. *(To us.)* And he did! *(The light changes to the loft.)*

PAUL. This is the way you must speak. Hear my accent. Hear my voice. Never say you're going horse back riding. You say you're going riding. And don't say couch. Say sofa. And you say bodd-ill. It's bottle. Say bottle of beer.

RICK. Bodd-ill a bee-ya.

PAUL. Bottle of beer. And never be afraid of rich people. You know what they love? A fancy pot of jam. That's all. Get yourself a patron. That's what you need. You shouldn't be waiting tables. You're going to wake up one day and the temporary job you picked up to stay alive is going to be your full-time life. *(Elizabeth embraces Paul gratefully. Rick joins the embrace.)*

You've given me courage. I'm going to try and see him right now. *(Paul goes. Rick and Elizabeth lay on their backs and dream.)*

RICK. I'll tell you all the parts I want to do. Vanya in *Uncle Vanya*.

ELIZABETH. Masha in *Three Sisters*. No, Irina first. The young one who yearns for love. Then Masha who loves. Then the oldest one, Olga, who never knows love.

RICK. I'd like a shot at Laertes. I think it's a much better part. *(Elizabeth gazes in a mirror.)*

ELIZABETH. Do you think it'll hurt me?

RICK. What'll hurt you?

ELIZABETH. My resemblance to Liv Ullmann. *(Paul runs in.)*

PAUL. HE WROTE ME! I WROTE HIM AND HE WROTE ME BACK!!! He's going to give me a thousand dollars! And that's just for starters! He sold a Cezanne to the Japanese and made millions and he can give me money without her know-

ing it.

ELIZABETH. I knew it!

PAUL. I'm moving out of here!

ELIZABETH. You can't!

RICK. No!

PAUL. But I am going to give you the money to put on a showcase of any play you want and you'll be in it and agents will come see you and you'll be seen and you'll be started. And when you win your Oscars — both of you — you'll look in the camera and thank me. —

ELIZABETH. *(To us.)* I want to thank Paul Kittredge.

RICK. *(To us.)* Thanks, Paul!

PAUL. One hitch. I'm going to meet him in Maine. He's up there visiting his parents in Dark Harbor. My grandparents whom I've never met. He's finally going to tell my grandparents about me. He's going to make up for lost time. He's going to give me money. I can go back home. Get my momma that beauty parlor she's wanted all her life. One problem. How am I going to get to Maine? The wife checks all the bills. He has to account for the money. She handles the purse strings. Where the hell am I going to get two hundred and fifty dollars to get to Maine?

ELIZABETH. How long would you need it for?

PAUL. I'll be gone a week. But I could wire it back to you.

RICK. *(Quiet.)* We could lend it to him for a week.

ELIZABETH. *(Quiet.)* We can't. If something happens —

RICK. *(Quiet.)* You're like his stepmother. These women holding on to all the purse strings.

ELIZABETH. No. We worked too hard to save that. I'm sorry. I'll meet you both after work. If your father loves you, he'll get you the ticket up there. *(She goes.)*

RICK. *(To us.)* We stopped by the bank. I withdrew the money. He took it.

PAUL. Let's celebrate! *(Rick and Paul run off. Elizabeth appears.)*

ELIZABETH. *(To us.)* I went to a money machine to get twenty dollars and I couldn't get anything. The machine devoured my card. I called up the emergency number and the

voice said my account was closed. They had withdrawn all the money and closed the account. I went to that apartment on Fifth Avenue. I told the doorman: I want my money. I work tables. I work hard. I saved. I'm here trying to get to meet people. I am stranded. Who do I know to go to? "The quality of mercy is not strained?" Fuck you, quality of mercy. (*She goes. Rick appears.*)

RICK. (*Brightly; to us.*) He told me he had some of his own money and he wanted to treat me. We went to a store that rented tuxedos and we dressed to the nines. We went to the Rainbow Room. We danced. High over New York City. I swear. He stood up and held out my chair and we danced and there was a stir. Nothing like this ever happened in Utah. And we danced. And I'll tell you nothing like that must have ever happened at the Rainbow Room because we were asked to leave. I tell you. It was so funny. And we walked out and walked home and I knew Elizabeth was waiting for me and I would have to explain about the money and calm her down because we'll get it back but I forgot because we took a carriage ride in the park and he asked me if he could fuck me and I had never done anything like that and he did and it was fantastic. It was the greatest night I ever had and before we got home he kissed me on the mouth and he vanished. (*Pause. His brightness fades.*)

Later I realized he had no money of his own. He had spent my money — our money — on that night at the Rainbow Room. (*With desperation.*) How am I going to face Elizabeth? What have I done? What did I let him do to me? I wanted experience. I came here to have experience. But I didn't come here to do this or lose that or be this or do this to Elizabeth. I didn't come here to be this. My father said I was a fool and I can't have him be right. What have I done? (*He goes into the dark. Larkin and Kitty appear.*)

LARKIN. (*To us.*) Kitty and I were at a roller disco two clients opened.

KITTY. (*To us.*) And it was Valentine's Day

LARKIN. (*To us.*) and we came out and we saw a body on the street.

KITTY. (To us.) My legs were still shaky from the roller skating which I have not done in I hate to tell you how many years and we knew the body had just landed there in that clump

LARKIN. (To us.) because the blood seeping out had not reached the gutter yet.

KITTY. (To us.) You could see the blood just oozing out slowly towards the curb.

LARKIN. (To us.) The boy had jumped from above.

KITTY. (To us.) The next day we walked through the park by Gracie Mansion

LARKIN. (To us.) and it was cold and we saw police putting a jacket on a man sitting on a bench.

KITTY. (To us.) Only we got closer and it wasn't a sweater.

LARKIN. (To us.) It was a body bag. A homeless person had frozen during the night.

KITTY. Was it that cold?

LARKIN. Sometimes there are periods where you see death everywhere. (Darkness. They go. Ouisa and Flan appear with the Detective and Elizabeth. Quisa and Flan wear their silk bathrobes.)

DETECTIVE. This young girl came forward with the story. She told me the black kid was your son, lived here. It all seemed to come into place. What I'm saying is she'll press charges.

ELIZABETH. I want him dead. He took all our money. He took my life. Rick's dead! You bet your life I'll press charges.

OUISA. We haven't seen him since that night.

DETECTIVE. Find him. We have a case.

FLAN. I'll release it to the papers. I have friends. I can call the *Times*.

OUISA. (To us.) Which is what happened.

FLAN. (To us.) The paper of note — the *Times* — ran a story on so-called smart sophisticated tough New Yorkers being boondoggled by a confidence man now wanted by the police. Who says New Yorkers don't have a heart? They promised it would either run in the Living section or the Home section. (Kitty, Larkin and Dr. Fine appear.)

KITTY. (To us.) The story ran.

DR. FINE. (To us.) In the B section front page.

DETECTIVE. (To us.) Smart New Yorkers.

LARKIN. (To us.) We never heard from Sidney Poitier.

OUISA. (To us.) Six degrees. Six degrees. (They all go except for Ouisa and Flan, who take off their robes. He wears a dress shirt and tuxedo trousers; no bow tie. She wears a beautiful black evening gown. To us.) We are bidding tonight on an Henri Matisse.

FLAN. (To us.) We will go as high as —

OUISA. Don't tell all the family secrets —

FLAN. (To us.) Well over 25 million.

OUISA. (To us.) Out of which he will keep —

FLAN. (To us.) I'll have to give most of it away, but the good part is it gives me a credibility in this new market. I mean, a David Fucking Hockney print sold for a hundred bucks fifteen years ago went for thirty-four thousand dollars! A print! A flower. You know Geoffrey. Our South African —

OUISA. (To us.) — it's a black-tie auction — Sotheby's —

FLAN. I know we'll get it.

OUISA. (Taps his wrist watch noting the time.) Flan —

FLAN. I know the Matisse will be mine — for a few hours. Then off to Tokyo. Or Saudi. (Flan leaves as Ouisa phones Tess. Each is in a pool of light facing front.)

OUISA. (To Tess.) I'm totally dolled up. The black. Have you seen it? I have to tell you the sign I saw today. Cruelty-free cosmetics. A store was selling cruelty-free cosmetics.

TESS. Mother, that is such a beautiful thing. Do you realize the agony cosmetic companies put rabbits through to test eye shadow?

OUISA. Dearest, I know that. I'm only talking about the phrase. Cruelty-free cosmetics should take away all evidence of time and cellulite and —

TESS. Mother, I'm getting married.

OUISA. I thought you were going to Afghanistan.

TESS. I am going to get married and then go to Afghanistan.

OUISA. One country at a time. You are not getting married.

TESS. Immediately so deeply negative —

OUISA. I know everyone you know and you are not marry-

ing any of them.

TESS. The arrogance that you would assume you know everyone I know. The way you say it: I know everyone you know —

OUISA. Unless you met them in the last two days — you can't hold a secret. *(The other line rings.)* Wait — I'm putting you on hold —

TESS. No one ever calls on that number.

OUISA. Wait. Hold on.

TESS. Mother!

OUISA. Hello? *(Paul appears, in a pool of light. He is frightened. He wears a black tee-shirt, black jeans and black high-top sneakers. Ouisa and Paul face front for the entire phone call.)*

PAUL. Hello.

OUISA. Paul?

PAUL. I saw the story in the paper. I didn't know the boy killed himself. He gave me the money.

OUISA. Let me put you on hold. I'm talking to my child —

PAUL. If you put me on hold, I'll be gone and you'll never hear from me again. *(Ouisa pauses. Tess fades into black.)*

OUISA. You have to turn yourself in. The boy committed suicide. You stole the money. The girl is pressing charges. They're going to get you. Why not turn yourself in and you can get off easier. You can strike a bargain. Learn when you're trapped. You're so brilliant. You have such promise. You need help.

PAUL. Would you help me?

OUISA. What would you want me to do?

PAUL. Stay with you.

OUISA. That's impossible.

PAUL. Why?

OUISA. My husband feels you betrayed him.

PAUL. Do you?

OUISA. You were lunatic! And picking that drek off the street. Are you suicidal? Do you have AIDS? Are you infected?

PAUL. I do not have it. It's a miracle. But I don't. Do you feel I betrayed you? If you do, I'll hang up and never bother

you again —

OUIA. Where have you been?

PAUL. Travelling.

OUIA. (*Stern.*) You're not in trouble? I mean, more trouble?

PAUL. No, I only visited you. I didn't like the first people so much. They went out and just left me alone. I didn't like the doctor. He was too eager to please. And he left me alone. But you. You and your husband. We all stayed together.

OUIA. What did you want from us?

PAUL. Everlasting friendship.

OUIA. Nobody has that.

PAUL. You do.

OUIA. What do you think we are?

PAUL. You're going to tell me secrets? You're not what you appear to be? You have no secrets. Trent Conway told me what your kids have told him over the years.

OUIA. What have the kids told him about us?

PAUL. I don't tell that. I save that for blackmail.

OUIA. (*Angry.*) Then perhaps I'd better hang up.

PAUL. (*Panic.*) No! I went to a museum! I liked Toulouse-Lautrec!

OUIA. (*Firm.*) As well you should.

PAUL. I read *The Andy Warhol Diaries*.

OUIA. Ahh, you've become an aesthete.

PAUL. Are you laughing at me?

OUIA. No. I read them too.

PAUL. I read *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, by Irving Stone, about Michelangelo painting the Sistine Chapel.

OUIA. You're ahead of me there.

PAUL. Have you seen the Sistine Chapel?

OUIA. Oh yes. Even gone to the top of it in a rickety elevator to watch the men clean it.

PAUL. You've been to the top of the Sistine Chapel?

OUIA. (*Laughing.*) Absolutely. Stood right under the hand of God touching the hand of man. The workman said "Hit it. Hit it. It's only a fresco." I did. I slapped God's hand.

PAUL. You did?

OUIISA. And you know what they clean it with? All this technology. Q-tips and water.

PAUL. No!

OUIISA. Clean away the years of grime and soot and paint-overs. Q-tips and water changing the history of Western art. Vivid colors.

PAUL. Take me to see it?

OUIISA. Take you to see it? Paul, they think you might have murdered someone! You stole money! (*Flan appears, his bow tie tied, needing help with his studs.*)

FLAN. Honey, could you give me a hand with —

OUIISA. (*Mouths to Flan.*) It's Paul. (*Flan goes to the other phone.*)

FLAN. I'll call that detective. (*The other line rings. Tess appears in her pool of light.*)

TESS. Dad! We were cut off. I'm getting marr —

FLAN. Darling, could you call back —

TESS. I'm getting married and going to Afghanistan —

FLAN. We cannot talk about this now —

TESS. I'm going to ruin my life and get married and throw away everything you want me to be because it's the only way to hurt you! (*Tess fades. The Detective appears in his pool of light.*)

FLAN. I've got that kid on the line.

DETECTIVE. Find out where he is. (*The Detective goes.*)

FLAN. (*Mouths to Ouisa.*) Find out where he is.

PAUL. Who's there?

OUIISA. Look, why don't you come here. Where are you?

PAUL. I come there and you'll have the cops waiting.

OUIISA. You have to trust us.

PAUL. Why?

OUIISA. Because — we like you.

FLAN. (*Mouths.*) Where is he?

PAUL. Who's there?

OUIISA. It's —

FLAN. I'm not here.

OUIISA. It's Flan.

PAUL. Are you in tonight? I could come and make a feast for you.

OUIISA. We're going out now. But you could be here when we come back.

FLAN. Are you nuts! Tell a crook we're going out. The house is empty.

PAUL. Where are you going?

OUIISA. To Sotheby's. *(Flan steps into her pool of light.)*

FLAN. The key's under the mat!

PAUL. Hi! Can I come to Sotheby's? *(Flan steps out of the pool of light.)*

OUIISA. Hi.

PAUL. I said hi to Flan.

OUIISA. Paul says hi.

FLAN. Hi.

OUIISA. Sotheby's.

PAUL. That's wonderful! I'll come!

OUIISA. You can't.

PAUL. Why? I was helpful last time —

FLAN. Thank him — he was very help — *(Flan steps into Quisa's pool of light.)* Paul? You were helpful getting me this contract —

PAUL. Really! I was thinking maybe that's what I should do is what you do — in art but making money out of art and meeting people and not working in an office —

FLAN. You only see the glam side of it. There's a whole grotty side that —

PAUL. I could learn the grotty —

FLAN. You have to have art history. You have to have language. You have to have economics —

PAUL. I'm fast. I could do it. Do your kids want to —

FLAN. No, it's not really a profession you hand down from generation to gen — what the hell am I talking career counselling to you! You embarrassed me in my building! You stole money. There is a warrant out for your arrest! *(Ouisa pushes her way back into her pool of light.)*

OUIISA. Don't hang up! PAUL? Are you there? PAUL? *(To*

*Flan.*) You made him hang up —

PAUL. I'm here.

OUIA. You are! Who are you? What's your real name?

PAUL. If you let me stay with you, I'll tell you. That night was the happiest night I ever had.

OUIA. *(To Flan.)* It was the happiest night he ever had.

FLAN. Oh please. I am not a bullshitter but never bullshit a bullshitter. *(Flan goes.)*

OUIA. Why?

PAUL. You let me use all the parts of myself that night —

OUIA. It was magical. That Salinger stuff —

PAUL. Graduation speech at Groton two years ago.

OUIA. Your cooking —

PAUL. Other people's recipes. Did you see Donald Barthleme's obituary? He said collage was the art form of the twentieth century.

OUIA. Everything is somebody else's —

PAUL. Not your children. Not your life.

OUIA. Yes. You got me there. That is mine. It is no one else's.

PAUL. You don't sound happy.

OUIA. There's so much you don't know. You are so smart and so stupid —

PAUL. *(Furious.)* Never say I'm stupid —

OUIA. *(Firm.)* Have some flexibility! You're stupid not to recognize what you could be.

PAUL. What could I be?

OUIA. So much.

PAUL. With you behind me?

OUIA. Perhaps. You liked that night? I've thought since that you spent all your time laughing at us.

PAUL. No.

OUIA. That you had brought that awful hustling thing back to show us your contempt —

PAUL. I was so happy. I wanted to add sex to it. Don't you do that?

OUIA. *(Pause.)* No.

PAUL. I'll tell you my name.  
OUIA. Please?  
PAUL. It's Paul Poitier-Kittredge. It's a hyphenated name.  
OUIA. *(Pause.)* Paul, you need help. Go to the police. Turn yourself in. You'll be over it all the sooner. You can start.  
PAUL. Start what?  
OUIA. Your life.  
PAUL. Will you help me?  
OUIA. *(Pause.)* I will help you. But you have to go to the police and go to jail and —  
PAUL. Will you send me books and Polaroids of you and cassettes? And letters?  
OUIA. Yes.  
PAUL. Will you visit me?  
OUIA. I will visit you.  
PAUL. And when you do, you'll wear your best clothes and knock em dead?  
OUIA. I'll knock em dead. But you've got to be careful in prison. You have to use condoms.  
PAUL. I won't have sex in prison. I only have sex when I'm happy.  
OUIA. Go to the police.  
PAUL. Will you take me?  
OUIA. I'll give you the name of the detective to see —  
PAUL. I'll be treated with care if you take me to the police. If they don't know you're special, they kill you.  
OUIA. I don't think they kill you.  
PAUL. Mrs. Louisa Kittredge, I am black.  
OUIA. I will deliver you to them with kindness and affection.  
PAUL. And I'll plead guilty and go to prison and serve a few months.  
OUIA. A few months tops.  
PAUL. Then I'll come out and work for you and learn —  
OUIA. We'll work that out.  
PAUL. I want to know now.

OUISA. Yes. You'll work for us.  
PAUL. Learn all the trade. Not just the grotty part.  
OUISA. Top to bottom.  
PAUL. And live with you.  
OUISA. No.  
PAUL. Your kids are away.  
OUISA. You should have your own place.  
PAUL. You'll help me find a place?  
OUISA. We'll help you find a place.  
PAUL. I have no furniture.  
OUISA. We'll help you out.  
PAUL. I made a list of things I liked in the museum. Philadelphia Chippendale.  
OUISA. (*Bursts out laughing.*) Believe it or not, we have two Philadelphia Chippendale chairs —  
PAUL. I'd rather have one nice piece than a room full of junk.  
OUISA. Quality. Always. You'll have all that. Philadelphia Chippendale.  
PAUL. All I have to do is go to the police.  
OUISA. Make it all history. Put it behind you.  
PAUL. Tonight.  
OUISA. It can't be tonight. I will take you tomorrow. We have an auction tonight at Sotheby's —  
PAUL. Bring me?  
OUISA. I can't. It's black tie.  
PAUL. I have black tie from a time I went to the Rainbow Room. Have you ever been to the Rainbow Room?  
OUISA. Yes.  
PAUL. What time do you have to be there?  
OUISA. Eight o'clock.  
PAUL. It's five thirty now. You could come get me now and take me to the police tonight and then go to Sotheby's —  
OUISA. We're going to drinks before at the Ritz.  
PAUL. Japanese?  
OUISA. Germans.  
PAUL. You're just like my father.

OUISA. Which father?

PAUL. Sidney! *(Pause.)*

OUISA. Paul. He's not your father. And Flanders is not your father. *(Flan comes in, fully dressed.)*

FLAN. Oh fuck. We have drinks with the Japanese at six-fifteen — Get off that fucking phone. Is it that kid? Get him out of our life! Get off that phone or I'll rip it out of the wall! *(Ouisa looks at Flan.)*

OUISA. *(To Paul.)* Paul, I made a mistake. It is not the Germans. We will come right now and get you. Where are you? Tell me? I'll take you to the police. They will treat you with dignity.

PAUL. I'm in the lobby of the Waverly movie theater on Sixth Avenue and Third Street.

OUISA. We'll be there in half an hour.

PAUL. I'll give you fifteen minutes grace time.

OUISA. We'll be there. Paul. We love you.

PAUL. Ouisa. I love you. Ouisa Kittredge. Hey? Bring a pink shirt.

OUISA. We'll have a wonderful life. *(Paul goes into the dark. The lights return to normal.)* We can skip the shmoozing. Pick the boy up, take him to the police and be at Sotheby's before eight. *(The Detective appears in a pool of light.)*

FLAN. He's at the Waverly theater. Sixth Avenue and Third Street. The lobby.

OUISA. We promised we would bring him to you. He's special. Remember that he's special. Honor our promise. *(The Detective nods and goes. To us.)* We go. Traffic on Fifth Avenue.

FLAN. *(To us.)* We get there. I run into the theater. No one.

OUISA. *(To us.)* A young man. Black. Have you seen him?

FLAN. *(To us.)* The girl in the Box Office said the police were there, had arrested a young man. Dragged him kicking, screaming into a squad car. He was a kid waiting for his family. We could never get through or find out.

OUISA. *(To us.)* We weren't family.

FLAN. *(To us.)* That detective was transferred.

OUIA. (To us.) And we didn't know Paul's name.  
We called the precinct.  
Another precinct had made the arrest.  
Why? Were there other charges?  
We couldn't find out.

We weren't family.  
We didn't know Paul's name.

We called the District Attorney's office.  
We weren't family.  
We didn't know Paul's name.

I called the Criminal Courts.  
I wasn't family.  
I didn't know Paul's name.

FLAN. Why does it mean so much to you?

OUIA. He wanted to be us. Everything we are in the world, this paltry thing — our life — he wanted it. He stabbed himself to get in here. He envied us. We're not enough to be envied.

FLAN. Like the papers said. We have hearts.

OUIA. Having a heart is not the point. We were hardly taken in. We believed him — for a few hours. He did more for us in a few hours than our children ever did. He wanted to be your child. Don't let that go. He sat out in that park and said that man is my father. He's in trouble and we don't know how to help him.

FLAN. Help him? He could've killed me. And you.

OUIA. You were attracted to him —

FLAN. Cut me out of that pathology! You are on your own —

OUIA. Attracted by youth and his talent and the embarrassing prospect of being in the movie version of *Cats*. Did you put that in your *Times* piece? And we turn him into an anecdote to dine out on. Or dine in on. But it was an experience. I will not turn him into an anecdote. How do we fit what happened to us into life without turning it into an an-

ecdote with no teeth and a punch line you'll mouth over and over years to come. "Tell the story about the imposter who came into our lives —" "That reminds me of the time this boy — ". And we become these human juke boxes spilling out these anecdotes. But it was an experience. How do we keep the experience?

FLAN. *(To us.)* That's why I love paintings. Cezanne. The problems he brought up are the problems painters are still dealing with. Color. Structure. Those are problems.

OUIA. There is color in my life, but I'm not aware of any structure.

FLAN. *(To us.)* Cezanne would leave blank spaces in his canvasses if he couldn't account for the brush stroke, give a reason for the color.

OUIA. Then I am a collage of unaccounted-for brush strokes. I am all random. God, Flan, how much of your life can you account for?

FLAN. Are you drunk? The Cezanne sale went through. We are rich. Geoffrey's rich. Tonight there's a Matisse we'll get and next month there's a Bonnard and after that — *(She considers him.)*

OUIA. These are the times I would take a knife and dig out your heart. Answer me? How much of your —

FLAN. — life can I account for! *All!* I am a gambler! *(Pause.)*

OUIA. We're a terrible match. *(To us.)* Time passes. I read today that a young man committed suicide in Riker's Island Prison. Tied a shirt around his neck and hanged himself. Was it the pink shirt? This burst of color? The pink shirt. Was it Paul? Who are you? We never found out who you are?

FLAN. I'm sure it's not him. He'll be back. We haven't heard the last of him. The imagination. He'll find a way. *(To us.)* We have to go. An auction. I'll get the elevator. *(Flan goes. The lights come down on to Ouisa.)*

OUIA. *(To us with a sense of loss.)* But if it was the pink shirt. Pink. A burst of pink. The Sistine Chapel. They've cleaned it and it's all these colors.

FLAN'S VOICE. Darling — *(Ouisa starts to go. Paul appears*

*in a pool of light, wearing the pink shirt.)*

PAUL. The Kandinsky. It's painted on two sides. *(He glows for a moment and is gone. She considers. She smiles. The Kandinsky begins its slow revolve.)*

**THE END**

## PROPERTY LIST

Drink trolley with:

3 wine glasses

brandy snifter

bottle of white wine in cooler

decanter of brandy

napkin

Silver beaver inkwell

Wine glass, 1/3 full

Watercolor of dog

Address book (TRENT)

Yearbook

Autobiography of Sidney Poitier, *This Life*

Snifter of brandy

3 bowls of pasta salad

3 silverware rollups

Guitar (RICK)

Basket of flowers with jam and card

Letter to Paul (PAUL)

Knife

Keys

Wallet with \$50.00 (FLANDERS)

Notebook and pen (DETECTIVE)

## COSTUME PLOT

### OUISA

- 1) Teal blue silk robe with cream lapels and cuffs  
(this robe must have an exact double)
  
- 2) 2-piece peach suit  
Matching peach shoes  
Gold earrings  
Wedding band and engagement ring  
Watch  
Hose
  
- 3) Purple day dress  
Black belt with gold buckle  
Gold necklace  
Matching gold bracelet  
Black hose  
Black suede sling-back shoes  
Gold earrings (same as #2)
  
- 4) Black evening gown  
Black silk chiffon shawl  
Diamond stud earrings  
Silver evening wristwatch  
Black hose (same as #3)  
Black shoes (same as #3)

### FLAN

- 1) Navy blue silk robe with small red and white pattern  
(this robe must have an exact double)
  
- 2) 2-piece blue silk double-breasted suit  
White shirt  
Red print tie

Black belt  
Black executive-length socks  
Black loafers  
Watch  
Wedding band

3) Bright blue silk shirt  
Red tie with white ovals design  
Gray linen trousers  
Black nailhead belt  
Black socks  
Black loafers

4) 2-piece black silk tuxedo  
White formal shirt  
Black bow tie  
Black cummerbund  
White formal suspenders  
Cufflinks and studs  
Black socks  
Black shoes

## PAUL

1) Navy blue blazer  
Tan chinos  
White button-down shirt with thin blue stripe, blood  
stained below left ribcage  
Navy and red stripe tie  
Navy and red belt with leather trim  
Yellow socks  
Dark brown loafers  
Watch  
Glasses  
Pink button-down Oxford shirt

- 2) 2-piece black tuxedo  
Formal shirt with rigged furnishings  
Black pre-tied bow tie  
Cummerbund  
Black socks  
Black shoes
- 3) Tan chinos (same as #1)  
Pink button-down Oxford shirt (same as #1)  
Navy and red belt with leather trim (same as #1)  
Navy blue blazer  
Gauze pad with tape
- 4) Same as #3 but without blazer
- 5) Same as #4  
Add: black velvet smoking jacket, sized to fit  
DR. FINE
- 6) Medium blue tank top  
Blue jeans with many pockets and detail  
New white Nike high-top shoes  
White tube socks
- 7) Tan chinos (same as #1)  
Pink button-down Oxford shirt (same as #1)  
Dark brown loafers (same as #1)  
White tube socks  
(In this scene the look is more disheveled  
than before)
- 8) Black tank top  
Black jeans  
Black shoes  
Black shoes (same as #2)

## **GEOFFREY**

2-piece grey double-breasted suit  
White shirt with French cuffs  
Cufflinks  
Black and gold suspenders  
Black executive-length socks with small design  
Black shoes  
Maroon tie with small gold flecks  
Tie bar  
Maroon and tan pocket silk  
Wedding band

## **LARKIN**

Brown tweed sport jacket  
Medium brown slacks  
Blue and white tab-collar shirt  
Teal tie with small oval pattern  
Brown belt  
Tan socks  
Dark brown suede shoes  
Wedding band

## **DR. FINE**

2-piece dark grey suit  
Blue shirt  
Tie bar  
Black belt  
Black socks  
Black wing-tip shoes

## **DETECTIVE**

2-piece medium tan suit  
Cream short-sleeve shirt with brown stripes  
Brown paisley tie  
Black belt

Black socks  
Black loafers

### **KITTY**

Teal green linen jacket  
Matching teal green shell top  
Black skirt  
Black hose  
Black pumps  
Gold chain necklace  
Small gold earrings  
Wedding bands

### **DOORMAN**

2-piece uniform with maroon and gold trim  
White shirt  
Black tie  
Black belt  
Black socks  
Black duty shoes

### **POLICEMEN**

Regulation N.Y. P.D uniform, consisting of:  
Medium blue shirt with shoulder pads  
Precinct numbers (#19) on collar of shirt  
Black clip-on tie  
Navy polyester jacket with gold N.Y.P.D buttons  
and shoulder patch  
Police badge, leather badge holder, 2 citations  
and name plate (Walsh) pinned to jacket  
Navy polyester trousers  
Navy police hat with hat device  
Belt  
Gun holster  
Black socks  
Black duty shoes

## **ELIZABETH**

Blue denim jeans jacket  
White cotton camisole  
White cotton puffed-sleeved blouse with light blue buttons  
Blue and white sash  
Black multi-colored floral sheer skirt  
Black lace-edged leggings  
Lace trimmed white Orlon ankle socks  
Chinese slippers  
Blue and white scarf (tied in her hair)  
Broadway show buttons  
Rhinestone pins  
Small drop earrings

## **RICK**

- 1) Blue jeans  
White T-shirt  
Tube socks  
Old Nike sneakers  
Old green plaid shirt
  
- 2) Same as #1  
Replace: red plaid shirt for green one

## **TESS**

Black men's tuxedo jacket with black brocade detail  
Long-sleeve black and white striped shirt  
Black wool mini skirt  
Thick black belt  
Black tights  
Low black boots  
Small gold bell earrings  
Large watch  
Woven tie-on bracelets  
Antique brooch

## **BEN**

Blue jeans  
White button-down shirt with green stripes  
Light green hand-knit pullover  
Thick green socks  
Black low-top Keds  
Glasses

## **WOODY**

White with blue stripes shirt, wrinkled  
Tan chinos (distressed)  
Patched maroon sweater  
Old L.L. Bean boots  
Tube socks

## **DOUG**

Dark-green linen double-breasted jacket  
Cranberry sweater with white band at collar and cuffs  
Dusky light-green trousers  
Green socks  
Brown and light brown saddle bucks  
Glasses

## **HUSTLER**

Old distressed tube socks

## **TRENT**

Blue and green plaid button-down shirt with pens in pocket  
Light green T-shirt  
Tan chinos  
Black belt  
Topsider shoes  
Digital watch

## **SOUND EFFECTS**

Door bell

Telephone ring

Telephone hang up