GREEN, GREEN

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SONGS

THE WEDDING

WITH LOVE AND PASSION

LOVE PRETTY LOVE

EVERYBODY, BABY, LOVES THE MIDDLE CLASS

LITTLE PLEASURES

GREEN, GREEN

WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER

I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD GIVE UP TRYING

PSYCHIATRISTS

ONE PERSONALITY

STAY AWAY FROM WEAK MEN

DIVORCED

OUR LOVE WAS MURDERED IN ITS SEVENTH YEAR

WHAT WILL YOU DREAM?

BE BRAVE/WHEN YOU TOUCH ME

WE ARE IN A GARDEN

MONDAY MORNING

DO YOU LOVE ME
(Abstract set, different levels. Stage has a piano, two chairs, a table, a podium, and spots of light. Go to separate sides of stage when you come on. She puts on wedding garb and veil and picks up her flowers off chair and he puts on jacket off piano. They go to separate sides of stage. He to stage right; she to stage left.)

SHE

(Solemnly)

It's time to get married.

HE

(Surprised)

Already?

SHE

(Matter of Fact voice)

It's not wise to rush, of course, but neither is it good to linger. (afterthought) Yes, I would say it's time.

HE

(He sighs and looks around, pause.)

I can't think of any reason why you're not right.

SHE

That settles it, then.

(She looks at him penetratingly for several seconds before she starts to speak. The song: Wedding Parties. Start wedding march.)

SHE

Wedding parties are premature affairs.
The arriving guests bring gifts of air.
They form a line and snicker in hallways.
Men interwine in modulating chatter. Blatters full, they peek around the corner to inquire in dire whispering voices, "Where's the can for our clan?"

SHE

The guests "oo" and "Ah" at the three-tiered plastic cake, seen at an angle through double-bubbled doors.

HE

The wedding party arrives: First the flowers, then the bride. The groom a little way behind finds himself holding up the show. (They put on wedding garb.)

SHE

A wedding is an oversimplification.

HE

Marriage is a myth perpetuated by neglect and bad habits and people besides the participants.

SHE

If I don't plan any children, how can it be a childrearing institution?

HE

There ought to be some better way.

SHE

There ought to be another way.

HE

There can be another way.

SHE

There is another way.
HE

Any version of a perversion might be a diversion.

SHE

Give me a marriage where the woman's boss and I won't toss.

HE

A menage a trois might be no faux pas. (Or a threensome might be a glesome.)

SHE

Although polyandry's dandy, monogamy is all right for some people.

HE

I won't say I'm not gay; it might be a better way.

SHE

I don't know what's wrong with living with yourself.

HE

Could polygamy be for me? Or some exotic Polynesian-style family tree?

SHE

Could I take some drug as a family substitute?

HE

Marital tedium is one of the chief causes of over-population.

BOTH

Maybe we should just be friends. (They pose together, center stage as though being photographed — they cut the cake, kiss on the cheek, throw the flowers. Pop! Flash! The camera goes off.)
(The mother enters from behind audience; Jewish mother style - low comedy. She rushes out of her seat in the audience to take his wedding picture. She adores him. She thinks of him as her baby, her darling. As she is snapping his wedding picture, she is saying:)

**THE MOTHER**

Isn't he darling my first child?

Moma's dear,

You know it's against God's will that you have married her.

She's not your type.

I can tell you won't be happy with her.

Don't you know I tell you this only because I love you?

**HE**

Have a piece of wedding cake! (He feeds the cake in her mouth as she backs away. It falls to the floor. She takes some cake and gives it to him to throw over his left shoulder.)

**SHE**

Throwing wedding cake over your left shoulder is for good luck.

**HE**

We need all the luck we can get.

(The music begins for the next song.)

**HE**

The band is striking up.

**SHE**

(Turns on him surprised.)

Are you unhappy already?
HE

(He almost cutting her off in bitchy tone) May I have this dance? (They waltz. He is looking over her shoulder during this waltz at all the other people.)

HE

What a beautiful complexion!
I love red on the right person.
A graceful dancer over there!

(He brings in chair from stage right; she brings in table from stage left. They stop dancing and take off their wedding garb.)

(He sings the song "WITH LOVE AND PASSION").

(He's seated at table and pantomimes that he's eating - she brings food in, glass, plate, fork, and then turns her back as if she were in the kitchen.)

HE

With love and passion
with passion I burn
with that bitter emotion,
romantic devotion,
to worship always afar, afar,

Oh, save me a supper of mutton and butter.
Oh, save me a luncheon of pure beefsteak.
But always that inner center heart-splinter
that sits with me softly to tea, to tea
that sits with me softly to tea.

Oh, I think I shall cry,
I think I shall die.
I think I shall butter my bread,
I wish I were dead.

(He sings: LOVE PRETTY LOVE)

(She puts away the food and wedding garb as he sings and she redresses offstage - 2 minutes to redress.)
HE

Love, pretty love,
if you stay locked up
I shall be happy!
and to content you
I will offer sureties of respectability,
majriage and honest labor.

Love, pretty love,
I shall be a monk for your sake
and go to the movies and see fine romances.

(She re-enters. Dialogue again.)

SHE

Do you realize we are becoming respectable?

HE

(Apprehensive)

I know it, but I still don't belong. I feel like a fresh
fish in sea water.

SHE

(Tongue-and-cheek)

You belong to several churches, the Wednesday Great Thinkers'
Club, and a yoga group. And with belonging has come some
acceptance, the first step to happiness.

HE

(He's cynical)

Society is an illusion.

SHE

Marriage means settling down and having friends and observing
the mores of our community.
HE

(Glumly) I know it. But to me the mores of society are fake.

SHE

(Seductively) With our income we can afford to join the middle class.

HE

(Grim smile) I don't like the middle class.

(Sung by both - they both rock dance while singing this song)

SHE

(Repeat 4 times) How can you say that? Everybody, baby, loves the middle class.

HE

What's a little prejudice?

SHE

It's a whole lot better than the lower class
it's a whole lot better than the lazy class
it's a whole lot better than the dirty class
it's a whole lot better than the upper class
it's a whole lot better than the egg-head class.

HE

Come along to Sunday School.

SHE

(Repeat 4 times) Come on, everybody watch the TV show.

HE

You'll be sleepin pretty soon.

SHE

(Repeat 4 times) Movin up to heaven, baby, pretty smooth.
(He dances with chair and moves it up into stage position for him to sit on and her to sit upon his lap for the next song.)

HE

(Dialogue again) Everything goes along smooth for awhile. But I don't think respectability can make me happy for long. (He goes to chair and sits down.)

SHE

(Happily) Happiness is found in little things in life, like odd-colored pebbles in a stream or in things that are warm and comfortable. (In wonderment) It isn't necessary to explore all of life and the world's bizarre possibilities. (Down stage - Song sung by SHE called: "LITTLE PLEASURES". She is to step between his legs and sits down on his knee and puts her arms around his neck and touches him.)

SHE

Little pleasures - there can be happiness in little pleasures; a walk through the neighborhood, little vacations; the downtown museum can bring - more joy than overturning the system and shocking everyone.

Little pleasures - there can be happiness in little pleasures: going to the movies together, raising a garden, sleeping late on Sundays, having friends over for dinner.

These are more fun than fighting the way things are, being broken by the system, being lost and an outcast.

(She get up off his knee and moves center right on stage.)

Little pleasures - there can be happiness in little pleasures. Yes, I know there is more in you than in others. Yes, I know the state of things wounds and hurts you. But I want you to be happy and calm with music and friends, with music and friends.
(Blackout) (He gets fish bowl and pink rag off the piano and sits on the floor cleaning the fish bowl as the lights come up.)

SHE

(She goes down on the floor with him.) Could you stop cleaning the fish bowl please? (Sm. pause) Could you?

HE

(Irritated) Why? What on earth for?

SHE

(Puts her arms around his neck.) So we could go back to bed for awhile.

HE

(Pushes her away) (Bitchy voice)

It's the middle of the morning, and I'm not ready to go to bed again. I just got up, some other time.

SHE

(Puts her arms back around his neck) (Demanding)

Well, when?

HE

(Childish ploy of becoming timid and embarrassed, pushes her away)

Go away, leave me alone, can't you see I'm cleaning the fish bowl. (Sm. pause scolding) You don't want the fish to die, do you?

SHE

(Puts her arms around his neck again) The hell with the fish!
HE
(Annoyed, pushes her away harder) Go on. Go somewhere else.

SHE
(Hands on hips and turns into him) We could try something new.

HE
(Mocking voice, looks at her) Haven't you heard that women aren't supposed to be the aggressive ones? I just can't do things on demand.

SHE
(Voice and manner very strained, holding onto him again) I thought you were in season. You are with everyone else.

HE
(Standing his ground, not wanting to give her an inch) Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! (Pointing to his back) You can rub my back, cleaning the fish bowl is hard work.

SHE
(Annoyed, hands go on hips) I don't want to rub your back!

HE
(Bitchy) You're always making sexual demands on me.

SHE
(Loudly) So what's wrong with that?
(He goes back to cleaning his fish bowl ignoring her)
SHE

(Begs him now, turns around and puts arms around his neck again.)

Please.

HE

(Firmly pushing her away) No!

SHE

(She sits down beside him on the floor. She blows in his ear, tickles him. He shrugs her off and she coaxing says:)

Please (pause) Come on. It's fun!

HE

(Very bitchy pushing her away) The fish are dying.

(She gradually gets angrier and gets up. He's still seated. She sings the song: "GREEN-GREEN". She walks behind him stage left to stage right.) (In a brassy voice)

SHE

I thought that doing it with a bloody Englishman would really be wow!
And I thought a German would be oin, zwe, drei, ein, zwe, drei, oops! (waltzes)
With a Korean, uh!
and with a Japanese and with a Japanese
and with a Japanese mo-ich-i-do-moik-ka-i. (hands to eyes)
With an Asian Indian, it's I feel a fever coming on. (hand to forehead - very melodramatic) (heavy chest tone)
With the Jews if they're young; they're a legend; if they're old; they're a myth.
And with a Negro; and with a Negro; and with a Negro, it's black can be beautiful!
(she looks down at him)
But with the average American male it's play with yourself.
(They circle each other in a boxing ring effect.)

SHE

(Dialogue again. Hands on hips. Tense voice.) It's time we got to the bottom of this. It's time we fought some of our problems out. (Sm. pause and matter of fact voice) Why don't you change?

HE

(Bitche voice) In all respects, or just 25?

SHE

(Not really hearing him, holding up one finger) Forgetting sex for the moment: Why don't you fight your own battles?

HE

(Not really hearing her, sharply cutting her off) That's not a big a problem as your putting me down in front of people. How can I have any self respect if you embarrass me in front of others?

SHE

You're too sensitive. Don't blame me for something you do to me too. Not only do you put me down in front of other people but you treat me like a child besides. How do you think that makes me feel?

HE

(Sputtering in anger) My Mother never like you anyway!
SHE

(Sticking out her tongue) Your Mother just didn't want to
give you up.

HE

(Yelling) You never loved me. You only wanted to use me.

SHE

You're full of contradictions!

HE

You're full of restrictions. (Sm. pause) You never let me
off the leash.

SHE

The leash you speak about is in your mind. On the contrary,
you are no doubt unfaithful and hide your other relationships
from me. (Almost a whisper) Your men friends call the house
late at night for you all the time.

HE (Angry)

So what if my men friends call. Your old boyfriends come over
when I'm not home - haven't you told them you're married yet?
(Pause) My mother warned me about marrying you. Besides
everything else that's wrong with this marriage, you want me
to mother you and I can't. And you're too damned dependent
on me.

SHE

(softly whimsical) So why didn't you marry your mother?
(Still being whimsical) My mother warned me about marrying
you. She said you were too handsome. That I should find a man that had been married at least 3 times and was a politician.

**HE (Still angry)**

My mother at least can cook. You can't; the cake fell when the Delson's came over and it looked horrible.

**SHE**

(Angry) Soooooooooo what if the cake fell? The ceiling could fall and you wouldn't do anything about it.

**HE**

(Yells at her - points upwards) The ceiling with your black and yellow mural on it! You could be sure I wouldn't do anything about it.

(End of fight and scene. Separate from each other, she left and he stage right. Arms crossed in front of them, they sing the song: "WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER").

**BOTH**

(Glaring at each other)

We were made for each other, You know and I know too we were made for each other. (Walk towards each other slowly)

**HE**

While I won't admit to wanting you, nevertheless I won't go out on you.

**SHE**

(Saucy voice) I've got the freedom to run all over town and
that doesn't even make you feel put down.

HE

You don't mind if I lie a little.

SHE

You don't care if I'm unfair.

HE

Without you the house would be covered with grime.

SHE

Without you my disordered life would be a crime.

BOTH

(Close together now)

We were made for each other,
You know and I know too
we were made for each other.

HE

You know I don't know how to be angry. I can't stand up and
be nasty.

(Back off from each other again)

SHE

You put up with my angry tantrums well and never tell me to
go to hell.

HE

You defend yourself with attacks on me, and I feel guilty
practically on cue.
SHE

Isn't it nice the way you never berate me but tactfully, tacitly underrate me?

BOTH

(Together again)

We were made for each other.
You know and I know too — we were made for each other.

(Back off from each other once again)

HE

I'm no good for children and luckily you hate them.

SHE

You know how to make me feel wanted when you don't really want me at all.

HE

I need a good sense of humor to live with you and luckily I've got it.

BOTH

We both know how to sympathize and sympathy is what we need.

(They are together again.)

BOTH

We were made for each other.
You know and I know too — we were made for each other.
SHE

(Dialogue again. She is almost to the point of fatigue. She's mothering him some.)

"I know you're a dumb-dumb, but that's ok. (They move closer down stage.) We don't get anywhere fighting, because we don't know the art of fighting fair. Maybe you need a psychiatrist like I've had for years. Even though you have many problems, you should never give up on yourself. You can change with help.

HE

It's difficult and I'm not sure that's really for me.

SHE

But we can't give up growing.

HE

(Hopeless feeling) I guess I'll have to keep trying.

SHE

You shouldn't ever give up trying to become you.

HE

(Hopeless feeling) I'm a procrastinator when it comes to trying to be myself, and I get discouraged easily when the same problems keep returning.

SHE

(In a sympathetic manner) I get discouraged some times too. But in my mind I always think of how the sun is going to shine and what a beautiful day it's going to be tomorrow.
(Drained) I guess I shouldn't give up either.

(She sings: "I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD GIVE UP TRYING" and pantomimes this as she moves around the stage.)

I don't think you should give up trying, never can tell when you might pull through. Maybe if you'd just give up lying; got'ta hope for the better, got'ta plan for the future, got'ta think about tomorrow, or you won't pull through.

I don't think you should give up trying; never can tell when you might pull through; or maybe if you'd just give up lying.

It may be that way. It may be this way.

It may be around the corner but it won't be down the middle.

I don't think you should give up trying; never can tell when you might pull through. but it won't be down the middle when you break through.

HE

(Dialogue again. He uses body language to show doubt.)

Just a minute. You know I've gone to lots of psychiatrists. They all say different things. If they can't agree, then how am I to get my head together?

SHE

You haven't had a solid relationship with any of your psychiatrists like I have. (Pause) My psychiatrist's name is Stan.

(She sings the song: "STANLEY").
SHE

Stanley! Stanley - (turns from him)
the captan of my life he was.
He pushed this child through the grades at school.
I know what he said is the way it is.
He untied my infant apron strings
and I learned to walk alone.
Stanley! - thank you.

(He cuts her off before she can sing it again.)

HE

(He's down stage center.)

That's not the case with me at all.
My psychiatrists
my psychiatrists'-
long years I have devoted to my psychiatrists,
my psychiatrists.

One was free and tested my knee
One was a crip;
he was quite a trip.

One was very concerned and fat
One was dumb.
I liked him like that.

One was a bird. He was quite an absurd turd.
One was a fink, my mother's shrink.

One was an old geezer - quite a squeezer.
One drove a brand new racing car.
One could care less if I were hairless.
One was learning to be himself.
One was deaf and talked to himself.

My psychiatrists, my psychiatrists:
Clinical and medical with team approach.
Psychoanalytical with themes libidinal.
Groggly, Taylor and Snively Smith,
T.J. Bloom and Goldberg and Fisk.
Jungian and Freudian and Marathon.
Fromman, Adlerian would carry on.
One was existential. Providential.
Free associational with velvet couch or endemical biochemical. Groggely, Taylor and Snively Smith, T.J. Bloom and Goldberg and Fisk.

My psychiatrists, my psychiatrists, long years I have devoted to my psychiatrists, my psychiatrists. But what I am and what I'm going to be I owe to dear old Mommy and possibly to me, quite possible to me, just possibly to me.

SHE

(Dialogue again. She finds hidden "muscle men" magazines hidden inside piano - shows them off to audience down stage center. She is questioning him.)

How come you don't leave the "Muscle Men" magazines out?

(Sm. pause) Why are you hiding these?

HE

(Matter-of-fact voice) People would wonder about me.

SHE

(With positive attitude) No they wouldn't! A lot of men buy "Muscle Men" magazines, just like they buy "Playboy", "Argos" and "Time".

HE

(Being bitchy) Name some.

SHE

The point is there is something wrong with someone's personality if he is chronically unhappy and bitchy, if he doesn't feel accepted when he is, and if he can't communicate with women and goes around hiding.
HE

You expect me to change my personality?

SHE

(Puts magazines on table) (Very calmly) YES!

HE

(Avoiding her eyes, sharp voice) No Way! There is no way anyone can change his personality.

(He sings the song: "ONE PERSONALITY")

(They are separated on stage again. She on side with back to audience and hands on hips.)

HE  (Standing)

I've got one personality predictably that's me.
I've got one personality predictably that's me.

You could narrow it.
You can broaden it.
You can harrow it.
You can sodden it,

but it still would be one personality that predictably is me.

You can stretch it
if you can catch it,
or confuse it
if you choose
or refine it,
or redefine it.
You can't defy it -
that one personality that predictably is me,
that one personality that predictably is me.

(She sings back to him. She makes a parody of it. She moves towards the center to sing and he moves front downstage with his back half way to audience.)
SHE

You've got one personality
Predictably that's thee
You've got one perversonality.

Predictably that's thee.
Who could narrow it?
Who could broaden it?
Who could harrow it?
Who could sodden it more? -
But it still would be that one personality
that predictably is thee.
Who could stretch it?
Who could catch it?
It's confusing to the brain.
I'd refine it,
if you could find it,
and redesign it,
that one perversonality
that predictably is thee,
that one perversonality
that predictably is thee.

HE

(Dialogue again. Matter-of-fact attitude.) I would like to
interrupt at this point. I have written an essay entitled
"Women". (She brings in a lectern and perhaps a glass of
water. He takes out his oversize glasses out of his pocket
and puts them on. He takes out his speech, written on a
long roll of butcher paper and places it on the lectern, and
takes a drink of water. Prepared to listen, she sits primly
in a straight-back chair. He delivers his speech in a loud,
slow rhetorical style - like a politician.)

HE

My personal problem with women is that I am never sure they
are there. (He turns to see where she is; she is talking to
pianist and he waits for her to bring chair and sit down
before he starts.)
HE

I'm afraid their minds are off playing jack straws. (He nods politely to her and laughs condescendingly.) It is especially horrible when I experience one of them as a marionette of her own creation with a real woman off stage pulling the strings.

But to move on to a more dispassionate and objective view of women. Women are needy, dependent creatures. (He holds up his hand in a disarming gesture.) This is not their fault. They have been kept ignorant in the name of protection. They have been named slaves in the name of woman's duty. They have had their potentials stolen from them under the guise of making life easier for them. And any strengths they have developed have been called bitchy, sly, or manipulative. A man is torn between anger at their overpowering needs and vapid dependency and compassion at their weakness and vulnerability.

SHE

(She claps politely while he coughs and has another drink of water.)

I, too, have written short essay. (She takes her place behind the lectern. He sits down. She reaches into her bosom, takes out a rolled piece of paper, shakes it out straight, unfolds it on the lectern.)
"Men" (With emphasis, reading in a rapid-fire scholarly way.)
As a general rule, men are arrogant, rigid, unreasonable, and self-deceiving. It is one of the amazing features of their psychology that they expect women to find these personal characteristics irresistible. Such paradoxes are not uncommon in the relations of the sexes. For example, a man expects his wife or mistress to lean on his manly breast at the same time she is lifting him out of the mud, a difficult posture to hold. Also, he expects her to give up her all to make him feel comfortable, and to accept, instead of praise or gratitude, further subordination, while maintaining the proper sense of shame for being a woman. This would be like paying a construction worker by asking him to kiss the foreman while the foreman beat him. To fill the void of her suppressed soul, a man expects a woman to cook and clean for him rather than murder him, which would be a more reasonable action to expect. And lastly, no matter how ugly a man is in his heart, no matter how malformed or fat a man is, he expects a woman to respond to him as a Prince Charming if he feeds her.
My advise to all women is - (She sings her lament: "STAY AWAY FROM WEAK MEN").

SHE
(Uses body and hand movements with this song.)
Stay away from weak men for they pull all your strings, manipulating you like a marionette, spreading you very thin
upon the hardened sun-bleached earth,
twisted around bushes,
curved around stones,
sapping all your energies
stopping nowhere,
just ending.

BOTH

(Standing and speaking in loud voices.) It's time for a divorce!

(As they sing the following song, either together or in alternation, they completely clear the stage as though they were dividing up their household goods with animosity. They may pantomime the removal of other objects, such as pictures from imaginary walls.)

SHE

(In sad mood, looks at audience.) Marriage was a form of ripping away one's false faces and shields!

HE

Divorce is a form of going back into loneliness.

(The song: "DIVORCE", sung by both.)

Tonight collectors come to repossess the past. They take a red dress worn in spring, fresh paint from the furniture, the sun is summer over green, green leaves.

They peel the surface off of walls, (Pantomime as though collecting household goods, clear lectern and table and chairs away to left and right side of stage.)

replace each painting leave but corners and debris.
The ceilings fall and yet one misses most the floor. Tonight collectors come to repossess the past. Outside an agency is sent to vandalize. Now street signs bear strange names and nothing can be confirmed. Miserable cubicles with duplicate iron doors replace the houses on the street.

(They might move downstage center, perhaps pantomime this song which is to be sung in a rock-boogie style. They dance rock style and pantomime. The song: "OUR LOVE WAS MURDERED IN ITS SEVENTH YEAR").

BOTH

Our love was murdered in its seventh year.

HE

You met the gunman at a clever front.

SHE

I met the gunman at a clever front.

HE

Tip-top Promoters, where his hackneyed pitch was: "Find the future, pack the past."

BOTH

Our love was murdered in its seventh year.

HE

I met the gunman at a tear-soaked bar.

SHE

You met the gunman at a tear-soaked bar, where you were conned on cheap nobility: "If not for you, for her," he swore.
BOTH

Our love was murdered in its seventh year. The gunman waited on the balcony.

HE

I handed him the cash.

SHE

And I, the note that told him where the rifle lay.

BOTH

Our love was murdered in its seventh year.

HE

The Daily News reported the event.

BOTH

Star witnesses were quite inaccurate. The jurors still are hesitant.

(Dialogue again. She is more sympathetic as a character, some feeling for one another because they went through this together.)

SHE

I know you'll never change. But you will always be a part of me and I a small part of you.

(She sings: "WHAT WILL YOU DREAM". Sympathy song. She goes and stands between his legs, holds on to him, touches his face with her fingertips, etc. Soft lights on them.)

SHE

What will you dream when you are old and gray?
Will you dream of all the lies you told?
Will you dream of a fearful world?
What will you dream
when you are old and gray?
Will you dream of faceless people?
Will you remember all their names?
Will you dream of all the young loves?
Will you be able to recount the 2 or 3 who loved you at once?
Will you dream of how many times you said: "I love you" to
the darling ones?
Will you dream of eternal love?
Will you dream of a crumpled child with a crumpled dress who
loved you?
Will you be tired of yourself when you are old and gray?

(Each is separately spotlighted. The words of each represent
a separate train of thought. He and She are not speaking
directly to one another but are voicing their inner feelings
about one another.)

HE

(Two separate spotlights) Where will you go? What will you
do?

SHE

(She does not answer at first.) I am going into myself and
when I come out, I know I'll still love you. But I hope
I'll have grown through this experience with you.

(They slowly move away from one another during the following
song: "BE BRAVE/WHEN YOU TOUCH ME"; sung by both.)

HE
Be brave. Be beautiful. Be kind.

SHE
When you touch me, I feel the want of you.
HE

You will be away a long time on a coast of clear sand.

SHE

Lust is a color. When you press against me, I want to melt into you.

HE

The sun is warmer there. The sheen of the sea hardly darkens with the moon.

SHE

I move away from you for various reasons, but it's me who doesn't look back.

HE

(Sings to her) Each morning there will be flowers for your dresser. It will be childhood again, but for a long time.

SHE

Then I come home only evenings – a night or two because I suspect you won't be there, and you aren't.

HE

If you remember me, think of a child who had a beautiful shell he couldn't touch, a furious child who saw the shell gleam from deep inside a box.

SHE

Slowly I travel down the roadway. The sun goes down. It blinds me. I wait for the sun to settle before I go.

(Dialogue again.)
HE

(Tense and tired voice) We have had our moments of not being alone. (Sm. pause) Maybe (sm. pause) that's all one can ask.

SHE (more desperate)

I always felt alone with you. (Sm. pause) You've always seemed to close me out (sm. pause) in one way or another.

HE

When you were here with me, (sm. pause) I still felt lonely.

SHE

Some men can't make love. (Sm. pause) Some men can't communicate in words. (Sm. pause) Either type of man makes me feel even more alone.

(Sung by both: "WE ARE IN A GARDEN". Spotlight is on one at a time.)

We are in a garden covered up with leaves.
"Where are you?" I whisper through the leaves,
"I am here. I'm alone. No one answers; no one moves. (repeat)

SHE

We are with our families covered in our fears.
"Where are you?" I whisper in my mind.
"I am here - I'm alone." No one answers; no one hears. (repeat)

BOTH

We are in society covered up with roles.
"Where are you?" I dare not ask, at all.
"I am here. I'm alone." No one cares; no one answers. (repeat)

(Spotlight off him, on her, open wide; she is thinking of him and recollecting past memories in her mind as she sings: "MONDAY MORNING".)
(Each line is louder than the one before.)

Monday morning I was dreaming, and I dreamed you were here.
And I dreamed that I was reaching
I was reaching for you here.
Did you feel my fingers touch you?
In my dreams I felt you here.

(Dialogue again.)

SHE

(Smiling) Are you happy that I set you free? Is swinging singles or gay lib or communes an improvement? How free is free, love?

HE

(Serious) I don't know yet. You were not the cause of my unhappiness.

(She goes to back of stage while he sings this song the first time around. Then she returns to sing her two liner of song: "DO YOU LOVE ME?" Both repeat this song together. Each strikes match to candle; when they sing, house lights are low.)

HE

Alone at night I think of a joke, laughing in my mind.
Not even the moon hears I am struck by the stillness of furniture, the remoteness of walls.
"Do you love me?" is a question that can never be answered.
but that question would be easier if you were here.

SHE

"Do you love me?" is a question that can never be answered,
but the question would be easier to hear if you were here.

(Blow out candles and turn from audience. Go back to piano.
Blackout. House lights up for bowing.)
SHE
I wouldn't say that. He didn't read them when I put them on the coffee table for him to read. But I saved them all in a box that I put away at the top of the hall closet. One afternoon he got them down and read them all at once.

HE
Oh, no! (He says too loudly.)

SHE
Aren't we supposed to be keeping our voices down? Diane, I mean. Walt and I weren't getting along very well by that time. His favorite game was to make out a check for me in the morning and stop payment on it before I could get to the bank. Never tell someone you are marrying them for their money.

HE
I'll remember that.

SHE
Why did Diane leave her husband?

HE
She isn't ready to settle down and have children. (sentimentally:) She is a child herself. You should see her in her pink baby doll nightie.

SHE
I think I'll skip that if possible.
HE

Her husband wants a family.

SHE

Does Diane's husband know where she is?

HE

Now, that's a good question. Does Walt know where you are?

SHE

He's naming you as correspondent. (She smiles.) No pun intended.

Scene 2

(He and She are seated at opposite ends of the stage reading furiously about V.D. She is smoking.)

SHE

What in the hell does tertiary mean?

HE

Third, third stage. That's when you get sores all over the body and your brain is affected.

SHE

Oh, God!

HE

Nobody's to the third stage yet.

SHE

Why isn't that sweet Diane out here helping us understand this dread disease that she says we all have?
HE

She doesn't say you have it. She says I have it. I say you might have it and she is helping. She has the library's only simplified text on syphilis.

SHE

You mean the one in large letters with illustrations of cute bunny rabbits humping one another.

HE

Don't be cruel. She's locked herself in her room because she thinks I'm the one who gave it to her.

SHE

(being nasty) How did she find out she had syphi-poo? Does she get a health check once a month?

HE

She's very insecure. She imagines I sleep around, and then she becomes hysterical, and the only way to calm her down is to have her get a test. It's perfectly harmless. I usually go down with her and hold her hand. This time she went alone and the test was positive she said. She's very upset. (Pause) Can you see when the mailman goes by? Our test results ought to be in the mail this morning. (They read some more.)

SHE

If you gave me syphilis, it will be the last time I'll ever be friendly, "for old time's sake," with an ex-husband.

(Without looking up.)
HE

Did you tell Richard?

SHE

Yes, I told Richard. He is angrier than his mother was when she found out he was going out with an older woman. (Pause)

Do you sleep around?

HE

(abstractedly) With an infrequency bordering on the pathologic-al. (Pause) I can't figure out how long it takes to get from the infection to the second stage.

SHE

I can't understand how a disease this complex was ever such a success in life! Oh, there's the mailman. You go. (While He exits and re-enters, She takes a long drag on her cigarette and then snuffs it out in an ashtray. He is shuffling through a large stack of mail as he enters. Finding her letter first, he says:)

HE

Here's yours.

(She hurriedly rips her letter open and reads it. He still hasn't found his letter after going through the whole stack two times. In anger he throws the letters in the air and then looks for his letter on the floor. While reading her letter, at first she smiles, then she puts one hand on her hip in disgust.)
SHE

I couldn't have given the disease to Richard, because I don't have it. Why in the hell did I tell him! Why do I always have to be so honest with everyone?

(He now has found his letter. While still on his knees, he rips it open and reads it. She relaxes and sits down. His face gives nothing away. He lets the hand with letter fall limply to his side. He is not cheered by the news.)

HE

I don't have it either.

SHE

(Sitting up and incredulous) You mean Diane's been sleeping around!
SCENE III

(She is standing with arms crossed, downstage center, facing the audience. He is behind her to her left, his back to the audience. When he speaks, he turns only his head toward her.)

SHE

I'm only living here because I haven't anywhere else to go.

HE

That's not true. You had a marriage proposal just last week.

SHE

What if I traveled? What if I went to college?

HE

You can do anything you want. Ways can be found.

SHE

I've felt irritable here, ill at ease.

HE

Is that why you threw the glass ashtray at my last lover?

SHE

I need to mend in a place where my past isn't around.

(She sings this song.)

There's no one I'm leaving you for anymore.
I want just want to know who I am and no sham.
I must search for me.
I don't know why.
I must travel on.
I'm a gypsy.
There's no one I'm leaving you for anymore.
I need to be lost in the crowd and be free.
There's no one I'm leaving you for anymore.
SCENE IV

LETTERS

HE

(writing): Are you settled in college? You seem a long way off. I gave a sedate party last Saturday night. Everything was going fine until all sorts of people I didn't know started arriving. It seems that Diane -- just to spite me for kicking her out -- invited all the occupants of the sleaziest bar in town to my house for free liquor. Do you remember the white rug in the living room? I too will remember it fondly. Do I you remember the deluxe electric shaver my parents gave me for Christmas? I can't find it anywhere. One other thing -- you've probably forgotten all about it, but do you remember the gold wedding band you gave me?

(They sing "Some Reason To Forget").

HE

1. On my wedding ring was an inscription.

SHE

There's some reason now to forget it.

HE

How could I forget it?
"As the seasons canter by, laughing and loving."
There's some reason now to forget it.

BOTH

There's some reason now to forget it.
There's some reason now to forget it.
HE

2. Lost my wedding ring. Somebody stole it.

SHE

There's some reason now to forget it.

HE

Probably hocked and sold it. "As the seasons canter by, laughing and loving, laughing and loving."

SHE

There's some reason now to forget it.

BOTH

There's some reason now to forget it. There's some reason now to forget it.

HE

3. Life plays jokes on you. Life plays jokes on me.

SHE

There's no reason now to regret it.

HE

How can I regret it? "As the seasons canter by, laughing and blushing, laughing and blushing."

SHE

There's no reason now to regret it.

BOTH

There's no reason now to regret it. There's no reason now to regret it.
Dear Whiskers,

Out of Oxford, England is a very old stone pub, and beside it is a river with lush green plants and a garden, and a hill behind. It has an aviary with those funny, beautifully colored peacocks. I've been going there with Christopher, but today I went alone. This afternoon the mist was heavy. (She sings.)

When did I stop hating you?
Was it just now?
This afternoon everything drained from me upon the hill.
It was like the scattering of seeds and there was no one there but me, and there was nothing left to share.
Ah! The moment passing by so quickly with only a flash flood of tears, then silence.

HE

Dear Mouse,

I have sworn off wild parties. I did make friends with Sam and Laverne, however. They are much quieter than a party and do not steal things. Also, since the bedroom is at the end of the duplex, away from the landlady's apartment, we do not make enough noise to bother her. I have been learning a lot from this couple and developing tastes I never knew I had. You may also remember the landlady mentioning her son, John. He was on his way through to Phoenix, and his mother had him drop in to inspect the apartment. We had a nice talk. He
doesn't like his mother any better than I do. He has a lover named Bill, who also dropped in. I have been learning a lot lately and developing tastes I never knew I had. Do you remember the $50 that the landlady overcharged me on the deposit. I feel that I have received more than my money's worth back from her family.

SHE

Dear Cat Face,

I spent New Year's Eve in the Darby discotheque -- a warm and fun place -- dancing the evening away with two Englishmen.

Jon, is studying to be a doctor and a novelist. What a warm bedside manner he has!

Stuart, for the most part, is a nice host if only he could get over his macho role playing.

Gee, it's good to be free of entanglements and to be playing the field.

Happy twelvemonth!

(They sing "It's So Nice Not To Be In Love").

SHE

It's so nice not to be in love.
(If I fall again, give me a shove.)
You don't have to think up ways to please or to set him reeling in your new chemise.
It's so nice not to be in love.
You don't hurt. You don't fall apart when your hopes quite suddenly depart.
You don't wait. You don't play a role
and you fin'ly have some balanced self-control.

You can hate his mother or his dad.
You can have another comely lad.
You can have a personality
that does not depend on domesticity.

HE

I fall in love too often.
I fall in love too soon.
High overhead by the dozen,
each affair like an empty balloon.

SHE

It's so nice not to be in love.
When I fell, what was I thinking of?
You can have bad habits if you choose
and account for nothing that you chance to lose.
It's so nice not to be in love.
You don't lie. Appearances don't count.
In the bank you secret an amount.
Promises do not break your heart
and the ones who make them are not very smart.
It's so nice not to be in love.
You don't curse the many saints above.
You aren't angry when you go to bed.
And you do not wish that he or you were dead.

HE

I fall in love with the milkman.
I fall in love with plain Jane.
If I knew how, I would stop it.
Falling in love is a pain.

SHE

It's so nice not to be in love.
Dear Mouse,

One must certainly give the gay life credit for excitement and glamour: For instance, have you ever had sex on top of a car or been to a motorcycle rally where everyone is wearing pink rather than black leather jackets? I also feel that until you have roamed through the steamy corridors of gay baths you haven't lived. Some of the people you meet are unbelievable. Like Otis, who had fresh strawberries flown in for his lover every morning. Or like the trucker I met who used his CB to look for willing buffalo. --- Of course, I generally prefer quieter types like Unamuno scholars. I went through a roommate period which was disastrous. One "roommate" seemed to alternate between practicing his gymnastic routine down the hallway and playing his steel guitar at ear-splitting decibels. Another fellow cried for a solid hour at least once a day out of unrequited affection, not mine luckily.

My last fling, and I hope it is my last fling, was with an immigrant from Amarillo.

(He sings "Cotton-Picking Texan").

Never get mixed up
with a cotton-pikin Texan
cause they say whatcha
doin fella? Hey:
looking innocent as April
and as warm as July
and they put their arms
around you or they
slap you on the thigh
And what they mean is
"Go to hell -- ain't I beautiful!"
There may be excitement and glamour, but there is also disillusionment. You used to talk about my lying. It is nothing compared with the game playing and lying found in the gay whirl.

HE

I was sick almost all of last month. How about re-marrying me so at least I'll have someone to look after me when I can't make it to the refrigerator.

SHE

No Way, you must have rocks in your head.

(She sings "This Man").

Deliberately

First verse

This man you loved for so many years
One day he asks you to marry him again.
You both laugh because you know this marriage would not be possible again.
This man you loved for so many years.
You start to see only as a friend.
You start to wonder why you loved so strongly this man at all.

Second verse (Sung by He.)

This girl you've known for so many years.
One day you ask her to marry you again.
You both laugh because you know this marriage would not be possible again.

SHE

Dear Frisk,

Sorry to hear about your troubles although they serve you right.

Sex here is handled with white gloves on to the wrist and
waistcoats buttoned at all times.

So it seems.

My studies here are going well and are nearly complete. There is still time for fun. Let me give you one illustration.

Coming back late last night from the University I stopped in at Tiffney's where people of all nationalities come to dance. I had decided to pretend I couldn't speak, so that body and sign language would have to be used.

One man who approached me was an Arab. His sign language was perfect -- such hip movements -- but too hot for me to handle.

An English illustrator approached me and we danced until 3 A.M. when Tiffney's closed their doors. We had missed the last metro home, by about three hours, but we managed to find a cabbie to take us to the East End, where we located a Bed and Breakfast Room which had five beds in it with huge windows facing the side street. One of the windows wouldn't close which left us freezing so we took the bedding off of all five beds and piled it on ourselves in one bed and fell off to sleep.

The next morning the proprietor almost dropped the breakfast tray, seeing the room in such disorder and all the beds unmade.

Can I come home?

HE

Of course.
(She rushes in, arms wide for an embrace. She has on a sophisticated hat and coat, and she carries an elegant handbag. Their embrace is a warm one, although not sexual. After the initial hug, they look one another over, still embracing at the waist and moving in a whirl.)

HE

You look very chic, very sophisticated, very liberated.

SHE

(acting) I know. I know. I've seen so many great plays it shows in my lingerie. The bon mots fall from my lips like ripe plums, and no man has seen me in the same dress more than once -- nor more than once in any dress, for that matter.

HE

It's good to have you back. Home is where the heart is. The cliches drop from my mouth like ripe olives. From your letters I think all you learned was how to dance every dance in England and on the continent.

(She sings.)

Studying is serious but so is the dance. I studied in England and I studied in France. Occasionally Italians would invite me to Rome. I felt right at home like a metranome.

I learned to do the wamba.

HE

I think you were happy!
SHE

I learned make-up.
I learned costume.
I learned the stage.
I could do a tender passion or do a rage.
Sometimes though my learning left my teachers in debt.
They'd say strike the set.
I'd set a match to it.
Better I was at dancing
I find it just entrancing!
It does not need financing!
I learned to dance the wamba.
I learned to dance the shuffle,
arabic twist, the samba, the mambo
What a way to be!
discothequing across the sea.

SCENE VI

(They are watching the sunset. She has a cocktail; he has a cup of tea. They are on the ground. She leans against him, his arm around her. They face the audience. Long pause. The lights shift slightly to red.)

HE

Do you remember throwing that ashtray at Ron Penn? (He laughs) The expression on his face was priceless!

(She doesn't react at first, then puts her hand on his.)

HE

What are you thinking about?

SHE

Nothing. I was just enjoying the sunset. It's beautiful out here this time of day. (Pause)

HE

Do you think children ever grow-up?

SHE

(laughingly) Sometimes but the child is still sitting there laughing.

HE

In need of protection?

SHE

Sometimes.

(They sing—they are both thinking rather than singing to each other.)
BOTH

Green, green, that's how we were.
Green as the mountains that are covered with spring.
Green, green, that's how we were in those
wonderful, wonderful
greeniest of green apple days.

SHE

(to him) Do you love me?

HE

(to her) Yes, I love you. Many ways do I love you.

SHE

Do you?

HE

Yes.

SHE

Now that question is much easier to bear because you're here.
(The music ends. He kisses her softly and musses her hair.
They both continue to watch the sunset. The stage darkens.)

END