

Solitaire (eng.)

See also Solitaire (fr.)

Summary

[to be written)

Cast

Chilpo
Badolic
Mike

Solitaire texte Acte I seulement :

ACT I

The scene is a bare room with walls of riveted steel plates. It is grey. There are no windows, but there is a cot in one corner. Stage right there is a steel door of formidable proportions. In the bottom of it is a small door like a dog or cat entrance. The stage remains empty for a moment, and silent. Suddenly, without warning, bolts and chains sound on a steel surface. The heavy door swings slowly, slowly open, grating and grinding as it does so, and admitting a raw, redorange light to the cold grey scene.

Thrown by hands that we do not see, a being falls into a huddled heap in the middle of the cell. He lies as he falls, an indistinguishable, formless mass. The door closes as slowly and relentlessly as it had opened. It clangs shut. We hear the sound of bolts and chains. The mass remains motionless on the stage throughout a musical interlude which begins at this point.

(Suggested progression! Three movements or parts and a conclusion. Part I, Violence, signalled by the clanging of the door. Part I subsides to Part II, which consists of naive childhood reminiscences. Part III is the gay and romantic music of adolescence and early manhood. Finally, the concluding section reiterates the initial violence and trailsoff at the end into a soft passage.)

(The musical interlude may well be accompanied by appropriate changes in the lighting effects on the stage.)

As the music ends we are aware that there is a throbbing sound of constant rhythm which will remain throughout the play until the end. It approximates the rate of the normal human pulse, but in nature it resembles more the vague noise of an interminable machine or pump in a distant part of an ocean liner. The sound should never intrude. It should remain at an almost subliminal level.

The MAN awakens. He looks about him bewildered and henumbed. He rises slowly as if in a dream. He goes to the three walls in succession, feeling them, almost caressing them. Once at least he presses himself against the wall, the side of his head against it, his arms outspread. Hopeless, dejected, he returns to the center of the stage. He sits down tailor-fashion, facing the audience. He is dazed.

All at once he jumps up. He starts searching feverishly for a way to escape. He becomes increasingly frantic. He beats the walls, tries to force the door. Suddenly he starts to shout

(He listens)

Let me out, will you? Let me out! . . I haven't done anything! ... I'll pay you! ...
I'll reward you!

(He continues louder and louder until he reaches an hysterical pitch)

Let me out! ... Guard!... You devils! ... Fiends! ... That's what you are! ... All
of you! ... Let me out! ... LET ME OUT OF HERE!

(He collapses and begins to cry. After crying and sobbing for a time he suddenly starts, he is alert, as if he had heard something. He gets up slyly. He goes to the wall. Raps and listens ...raps and listens there is no answer. He tries the procedure several times but to no avail. He studies the wall so that he may find a possible means of loosening something)

MAN (dejected)

Steel! Rivets! Not a chance!

(He listens again as if he had heard something. He rushes to a wall. Raps again. No answer. His hands fall to his sides. He appears beaten. Without warning there is a grating and scraping at the door. The MAN starts in anticipation. The small cat door opens. A plate of food slides under. The small door bangs shut and clicks. All this before the MAN can recover from his surprise. Suddenly, when he realizes what has happened, he is down on his knees, clawing at the small door. In the process he knocks his plate of food across the stage. He shouts again)

MAN

Guard! ... Guard! ... In Heaven's name! ... Guard! ... For Christ's sake! Let me out of here!

(He claws at the small door again)

You lousy bastards! ... You ass-holes! ... You cocksuckers! ... You turds, you rotten turds!

(He slides down to the floor again and sobs for a time. Finally beaten, he goes on all fours, like a monkey, picking up the pieces he has strewn across the floor of his cage. Like a monkey, too, he stops, scratches himself, makes doleful faces at the audience)

MAN (Feebly, as if in a desert)

Water! ... Water! ...

(He apparently finds some spilled water. He laps it from the floor. Finally he lies down completely and sobs, pounding the floor weakly, the rebellion of his fist slows to a halt, as does the sobbing. He lies still for a moment, then pulls himself slowly to a sitting position. He crosses his legs tailor-fashion again)

MAN (musing)

That's odd

(He looks down at his clothes, seeming to be aware of them for the first time)

I don't seem to know who I am! ... Who am I?

(He puts his hand under his chin to think harder)

What is my name? ... Edward?... Joel?... Buff?... Sam?... Fritz?... ... No ... None of these sound exactly right somehow Maybe it was a name like a quality! Candor PatiOnce.... Ready Wit.... Persistence.... Hm! . . Wonder what all this garbage is around here, looks as though somebody had spilled something a (He gets up to examine the room, stops, strokes his face, muses) Maybe it was something more dignified like Morris, Hazlitt or Mansfield Why, there's...a dish! That must have been my food that ... Say, I wonder where I am ...

Hello! ... Hey! ... Anybody there?

(Silence)

Funny!

(He sees the small door at floor level, tries it)

Wonder what that's forEvidently I'm in a jail or a prisonWonder why
....Must have done something wrong Suppose I spilled my food all over
like that?

(Sits down in the middle of the room again, muses for a moment, starts
to play with some minute objects on the floor)

Hm! Piece of a beetSay! Little beet juice and I can write my name

(He stops, defeated)

But I don't know what my name is!

(He discards the piece of beet, muses some more)

Wonder what it is I did ...Must have rapped me pretty hard on the head to
knock out my memory like thatStill....

(Looking around)

It isn't too hadSeems rather large and airy ... not too cold ... cot ...
blankets.

(Looks for windows)

No windows ... but there's a light up thereNothing to read, anyway
....Maybe I'm someone importantWould they put me in such a large place
if I weren't?Maybe the only place they could put me off to one side
....Walls are awfully bareSay! I wonder ... maybe I was an artist! Seems to
me I could almost think of some design to paint on the walls.

(Looks at the floor where he had been writing with beet juice)

Why ... I've got a *better* idea!... might as well kid myself a little.

(He picks up the dish)

Still a little juice left here ... I could....

(Goes to wall stage right rear)

... draw a window here.

(He executes a rough window as he speaks, stands back and admires it)

Not bad!

(Goes to stage left)

And another window here!

(He executes a similar window in a beet juice sketch)

Funny what a man can do with his imaginationNo light comes through ... no view....

(He peers out the window he has just made)

... and yet I can almost see sunlight streaming in ... a golden afternoon

(Coming to himself)

Wonder what time it iswhat is it? Some words that come back to me, quoted from somebody or other ... about "The ills of men stem from just one thing! not knowing how to remain at rest, in a room"Maybe I'm a scholar -- or a writer

(He stares at the space between the two windows)

Something missing hereThe two windows are asking for a door

(He stops before he has finished)

What's the matter with me? I may be here for just a short while ...Of course I'm not sure just how long I've been here, but maybe just a little while longer they'll let me

(He reconsiders. Then, in realization of the truth)

No ... I don't quite remember ... it's all too vague ... but I know I'm here for a long time ... perhaps for life ... perhaps forever.

(He sits down on his cot, makes a mechanical move for a cigarette)

Damn! They could at least have left me some cigarettes!

(He is impatient, and starts to become frantic again. He controls himself)

No, it would have been worse ... I'd have had to ration myself, smoking halves, thirds and quarters ... No ... It's better this way

(Slowly a horrifying realization dawns on him)

So you suppose this isn't a prison at all? Perhaps I'm insane! That would explain this cell too, and all the things I don't have. No way to kill myself here

(Buries his head in his hands)

God knows what I may have done -- what horrible crimes! murder, perhaps even rape ... perhaps a child, a little girl ... No... what difference does it make? And I have my imaginary view

(Laughs)

Maybe I'd better finish the doorSomeone might want to come in!

(Goes to the door and finishes the outline. He puts a few grotesque curlicues around the frame -a la Steinberg -steps back to admire his handiwork. He is quite pleased with himself ... until he realizes that, this work finished, there is no other occupation left for him. His hands drop to his sides. He goes to his cot. He sits down. He gets up. He walks to center stage. He sits down tailor-fashion facing the audience)

If only I could figure out who I am or what I am ... I could at least have some memories! .. . I must have had friends ... someone I talked with or drank with or philosophized with. Maybe we told jokes

(He holds his hand over his forehead, straining to visualize what some hypothetical friend could have looked like)

I can almost imagine someone ... not too tall, thinning hair, one brown eye and one blue -- the left one brown and the right one blue -- meticulously dressed ... and a slight limp ... Glasses? ... Yes, glasses with heavy horn rims that go straight back over the ears

(As he has spoken, beginning with "one brown eye and one blue" the door has opened and a man has stepped in. He fits the description given by the prisoner. Past him, the outside is nothing complete darkness [black velours])

VISITOR

Chilpo?

(The prisoner turns. He is stunned. He remains silent. The VISITOR stands for some moments)

VISITOR(smiling warmly)

I presume that you wish me to enter.

(He turns and closes the door behind him)

After all, you were kind enough to provide me with an entrance

(CHILPO gets up and approaches him with a sort of wonderment and examines him as one might a horse one was going to buy)

CHILPO

... Not too tall ... thinning hair, one brown eye and one blue...,

(Looks closer)

. . the left one brown, the right one blue . . well-dressed... glasses with heavy rims
... Let me see you walk

VISITOR(slightly annoyed)

Yes, that was a miserable thing to wish on me, Chilpo.

(Hewalks with a limp. Smiles at CHILPO)

Why did you wish something like that on me?

Why did you want me to limp? . . Well, are you satisfied? ... In any case, you can't very easily reject me ... I'm here.

CHILPO (suddenly realizing his social obligation)

Oh, don't go! Please stay here with me!

(He approaches him and touches him)

You are real, aren't you? I mean, I'm not losing my mind, am I?

VISITOR

No, I'm real . . I'm the friend you were just describing when I came in. Don't you remember?

CHILPO

Then I really did have a friend? I can remember?

(Excitedly)

Who am I, then? Where did I come from? What am I doing here?

VISITOR(waving his hand to stop the flow of questions)

Those are things we all want to know. As for whether you really had a friend ... I don't know. You have one now.

CHILPO

But my memory? Surely I'm not just

VISITOR

Yes you are, Chilpo. You have created me just as any man creates a friend out of a person he has never known before. You've just pushed things a little further. You've invented the person you didn't know.

CHILPO

But that's preposterous! It's

VISITOR (interrupting CHILPO)

I'd better introduce myself to you. My name is Badolic.

(CHILPO recovers himself and smiles apologetically)

CHILPO

I'm sorry!

(He shakes BADOLIC'S hand)

I haven't been too polite, have I?

BADOLIC

Well, it wasn't exactly pleasant being looked over like a horse

CHILPO (laughing)

At least I didn't pull your mouth open to see how many teeth you had!

BADOLIC

If you'd like to see, I'd be glad to show them to you ... but I have halitosis.

CHILPO (laughs)

No, but really, you must admit it was a rather peculiar circumstance Here I've been worrying about myself, wondering where I come from, who I am, and so forth ... I don't know a thing about you! Come on over and sit down here on my cot. Sorry that's all the hospitality I have to offer you.

BADOLIC (sitting down)

Good to get off that cursed leg!But really I haven't much to tell

CHILPO

Oh, I don't want -- don't *expect* any romantic tales of adventure. I suppose you're just an ordinary guy

BADOLIC

No, no ... you don't understand

CHILPO

I can't

(BADOLIC gets up and continues despite the attempted interruption)

BADOLIC

... that's not the point. I'm afraid I'm not the ordinary sort of fellow exactly

CHILPO (impatient)

Look, I don't know what the trouble is here. But suppose I ask questions and you give me the answers.

BADOLIC (weighing the proposition)

All right. It seems like a sound proposal Proceed.

(He sits back to give the up-coming first question full consideration)

CHILPO

Raise your right hand.

BADOLIC (thunderstruck)

You're not going to do that, are you? You can't mean

CHILPO (angrily)

Do you have anything to hide?

BADOLIC (intimidated)

Why-uh-no! ... No ... No, I don't ... I

CHILPO (severe)

All right, then. What objection do you have?

BADOLIC (whimpering)

It all seems so fruitless, that's all, so completely, utterly

CHILPO (interrupting brutally)

Raise your right hand.

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So help you God?

BADOLIC(dazed)

God?What's that?

CHILPO(enraged)

"What's that?" "Who's that" is what you mean?

BADOLIC(pleased)

Oh, it's a person, then!

CHILPO(impatient)

Look, just swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth

(Silence)

CHILPO (enraged and exasperated, shouting)

WELL?

BADOLIC(blankly)

With nobody's help?

(CHILPO sits down and reasons as with a child)

CHILPO

OK, OK ... God created man in his own image, see? God isn't a personPeople are like God

(He stops, confused himself, realizing that he has failed)

DAMN!

(He is defeated again. He buries his head in his arms.

BADOLIC puts his hand on CHILPO'S shoulder sympathetically and almost tenderly tries to help)

BADOLIC

CHILPO (looking at BADOLIC in happy wonder)

I'd never thought of that!

(He rises in a happy trance then turns eagerly to the cot again)

Badolic ... tell me....

BADOLIC

The whole truth -- as much as I can, anyway ...

CHILPO

Naturally, naturally!Let's see ... your name we know ...

BADOLIC (with satisfaction)

Badolic.

CHILPO

Age?

BADOLIC (coily evasive -- but not effeminate)

How old do you *think* I am?

(He takes out a pack of cigarettes)

CHILPO

I'd say

(He appraises BADOLIC)

BADOLIC (interrupting)

Have one?

CHILPO (taking the cigarette)

Thanks.

BADOLIC

A diplomat! (Then expansively) I'm forty-three.

CHILPO (whistling admiringly)

You're well-preserved, then.

BADOLIC

That may well be

CHILPO

Address?

BADOLIC

Oh, I say! Can't we cut out this silly game? You know very well I live nowhere, that I've done nothing, that I'm just a

CHILPO(angrily)

... a figment of my imagination?

BADOLIC (defensively)

Well

CHILPO(railing)

A figment of my imagination, are you? Then I can just make you disappear ... like that(

(He snaps his fingers scornfully -- but suddenly is
terror-stricken)

No! No!

(But BADOLIC is still there)

BADOLIC

I'm sorry, old man! But if you really want, I can go away

(He rises and starts for the door, passing CHILPO)

CHILPO

No, no! No, no!

(BADOLIC turns)

Please stay with me! ... I'm isolated here! ... Please stay!

(BADOLIC hesitates a moment. Then he returns with an air of complicity)

BADOLIC

You know what I have here?

(He taps his pocket and winks)

CHILPO(with disbelief)

No!

BADOLIC

Yes, indeed!

(He pulls a flask from his pocket)

Haig and Haig -- and this bottle's really pinched.

(He points out the crescent-shaped cross-section of the hip-flask)

Don't you have any glasses around here?

CHILPO

Huh?

BADOLIC

Oh, I'm sorry!well, we can share the bottle anyway. Here! You take the first nip!

CHILPO(warmly, looking at his friend)

Thanks!

(He takes a good gulp, wipes his mouth with his sleeve, and hands the flask to BADOLIC)

BADOLIC

Thank you!

(He holds the flask up)

And here's to Chilpo, my more than friend ... my inspirer!

(He takes his gulp, removes a handkerchief from his pocket, and wipes his lips carefully. He replaces his handkerchief)

And now perhaps we're in a better position to determine your identity.

(He assumes the role of the proficient investigator)

You say you regained -- or simply gained (since you don't remember whether you were ever conscious before or not) -you gained consciousness here, in this rather commodious and not disagreeable cell, with no idea as to what had transpired prior to your arrival.

CHILPO

That's right.

(He takes another drink from the flask)

BADOLIC

Further., you remember having at first been exceedingly disturbed and angry at your predicament, to such a point that indeed you beat upon the walls in rather a frenzy.

(He takes a drink from the flask)

CHILPO

Like a kid with a temper tantrum.

BADOLIC(repeating)

"Like a kid with a temper tantrum" •...Then, having received food through the

(Indicates the mess in the room)

CHILPO(abashed)

Don't know what I thought I was doing. Might have known I'd have to pick it up and eat it off the floorSay we could pour a little into my dish!

(CHILPO looks for his dish for a moment, picks it up from the floor)

BADOLIC

It's not very clean!

CHILPO(rubs it off with his sleeve)

There! Now it's OKBesides, alcohol will kill the germs.

BADOLIC

So I've heardThink you'll be able to hold it steady?

CHILPO

Whadya mean?

BADOLIC

Nothing . . you'll just have to remember a tray isn't exactly a shot-glass is all ... surface tension ... and all that sort of thing.

(He pours some whiskey into the dish)

Now ... have you looked into your pockets?

CHILPO

whoa! That's enough! No! Just a second.

(He sips carefully, protruding his lips cautiously to prevent the precious liquid from spilling. He puts the dish carefully down. He stands up. He starts to go through his pockets)

BADOLIC(sitting on the cot)

They usually take away all sharp objects, but generally they leave something

CHILPO

No ... no....

(As he advances from pocket to pocket he digs hand into back pockets, rocks back on heels)

BADOLIC

Not even a handkerchief? A note signed by someone? No wallet I suppose.

CHILPO

Nope. Nothing like that ... nope ... not a damn thing.

BADOLIC

Watch pocket?

CHILPO

Which pocket?

BADOLIC

Watch pocket!

CHILPO

Oh! ... Yeah....

(Roots down into his watch pocket, turns it inside out. He laughs a little, then proceeds to pull each one of his pockets inside out. Both men have begun to show signs of inebriation)

Look at that! They're so empty they don't even have holes in 'em!

BADOLIC(taking another drink)

How about tags?

CHILPO

Tags?

BADOLIC

(CHILPO tries with much contortion to look at the back of his shirt collar. No success)

CHILPO

Here! Wouldja tryan shee wha' kin' uva tag I got here?

(BADOLIC rises unsteadily, seems to seize CHILPO more to keep from falling than to examine the garment, but he looks anyway)

BADOLIC

Nothing here!

CHILPO (feeling inside his pants waist)

Nothing here either.

(He reaches down the front of the pants, holds them out and peers down. He giggles)

I think there's shomethin' here, but that isn't gonna do either of ush any good right now!

(He steadies himself on the cot, buckles his belt.
BADOLIC sits down)

BADOLIC's speech has become thick too. He drinks once more from his bottle)

BADOLIC

Want shome more in your glash -- I mean your diss -

(Giggles)

CHILPO(sitting down)

Yeah.

(He picks up his dish. BADOLIC pours precariously)

Careful ... Carefull ... Mushn't shpill!

BADOLIC

CHILPO

Ya mean I should drink outta my shoe -- my sholi -- shlip -shlipper, like champagne?

BADOLIC

No! No! I mean for identif ... for identi ... for marks!

(He takes another sip)

CHILPO

Oh, yeah!

(He pulls his foot up to his knee as if it were someone else's. It slips and falls to the floor. He tries again. The foot slips and falls again. He tries a third time. Same result)

Hey, my ole buddy, my ole pal ... Buddy! My buddy, Baddyl

BADOLIC

Whassa matter?

CHILPO

Hold this thing for me, will ya? Iss tryin' to get away!

(BADOLIC seizes the foot as CHILPO raises it. It slips from his hand, lands on his toe)

BADOLIC (leaping up in pain)

Ouch! Why, you I

(He circles around like a stalking tiger to surprise the offending and treacherous prey. He seizes it again)

CHILPO

There! Now hold it!

(He unties his shoe, pulls it off, and waves it triumphantly)

There! We did it!

We got it, ole buddy, ole buddy Baddy! We got it! Thish desherves a drink.

BADOLIC(raising his flask)

Here's to the battle of the shoe!

CHILPO(holding his dish carefully)

To the battle of the shoe!

(They drink. CHILPO, no longer so skillful, allows some of the whiskey to trickle out of the side of his dish. It runs down his neck)

CHILPO

Hey! What the hell! Can' seem to hold my likker here... Hey! get it? Can' hold my likker! Shee? Shpilled! (Giggles) Can' hold it!

BADOLIC

Wudja fine?

CHILPO

Wudja mean, "Wudja fine"?

BADOLIC

Jus' wha' I said! "Wudja fine." When I say "Wudja fine" I mean "Wudja fine." Wudja think I meant?

CHILPO(trying to apply logic)

Now look! You said "Wudja fine" Jus' outta the clear blue sky, jus' like that! "Wudja fine." Wutchu think I'm gonna fine? Whadda my lookin,' for?

BADOLIC

I mean wudja fine 'n yer shoe?

CHILPO(angrily)

My shoe! Whaddyu think I fine in my shoe! My foot!

(He points to his foot)

BADOLIC

Doesn't yer shoe have a name in it?

CHILPO (as light dawns)

O' coursh there's a name in it!

(He takes up his shoe to look in it but puts it back down)

Wudja think?

(Repeats action)

Think I'm crazy or somethin'?

(Repeats action)

"Wudja fine"? Wha' kinda question izzat, anyway? Huh? Wha' kinda question?

(Repeats action but keeps shoe in hand)

BADOLIC

C'mon lesh look 'n'shee!

CHILPO(belligerent)

Well, I'm gonna look! Don' rush me! I'm gonna look!

(He looks belligerently at BADOLIC as he brings his shoe closer to his face. BADOLIC tries to see too. CHILPO moves distrustfully away. He examines the inside carefully. His hand falls to his side The shoe drops. Hopelessly)

Nothin'.

(BADOLIC gets up, picks up the shoe and looks in it after having first avoided the audience suspiciously and likewise CHILPO)

BADOLIC(incredulous)

CHILPO

Nothin'.

BADOLIC(proposing a new attack)

All right, sho we can't fin' any -- anything that showsh who y tare

(Suddenly and slyly)

Watcher firs' mem'ry ash a chil'?

CHILPO(turning accusingly to BADOLIC)

Yer drunk!

BADOLIC(fuddled)

Huh? I shed watcher firs' mem'ry ash a chil'?

CHILPO

Yer drunk!

BADOLIC

Thass not anythin'! Yer drunk, too!

CHILPO(a little belligerent)

I don' want any drunks aroun' here!

BADOLIC

But I'm yer only

CHILPO

Gwan out an' shober up! Then ya kin come back again.

BADOLIC

But....

CHILPO

BADOLIC(reluctantly)

All righ'. F'you shay sho

(He weaves unsteadily toward the door. Without warning, CHILPO spins around, seizes him from behind and appears at first to intend to wrestle him to the ground, but then ...picks-up his belt from the floor and begins to wield it as a whip. He forces Badolic to trot the round of the cell as if it were a circus ring, with himself as the malevolent ring master, shouting commands in a voice grown hoarse.)

GHILPO

Giddyap! Giddyap! Step it up, there! Head up! Shake out that mane! Faster! Faster! Into a trot! Trot! Now pick it up to a gallop! Come on! Stretch it out! Wait! Stop! Now bend your forelegs! Down! On your knees! Shit! Where's that blue ribbon form, eh? etc.

(Badolilc beseechingly sings out in periodic protest the name of his tormentor "Chii-i-ilpo!...Chi-i-ilpo!" Then, finally exhausted and broken, he makes it to the door and exit.)

CHILPO

Iss gettin' darker in here... Am I that drunk? ... Damn Badolic and his Scotch anyway

(He fumbles on the floor, finds cigarettes and matches and lights up)

Good fella t'bring cigarettes, though

(As he puffs, the lights become even lower)

It is gettin' darker hereMaybe I've only been here for one day. Seems like foreverGood fella, Badolicwonder what he does when he leaves? Nice t'have a frien'... Nice t'have a fr...

(He drowns off. We are conscious of the incessant throbbing. As it becomes darker, the paint which made the windows and door is seen to be phosphorescent. It glows. Suddenly CHILPO snaps out of his slumber as someone sleeping in a sitting position does when his head rolls too far)

CHILPO

What?Oh! For a second I thought someone was thereMusta dropped offOof! That stuff Badolic gave me was strong!(muses) Gee, she was nice! Not really prettybut attractiveMust have been sort of- a dreamor seemed to me she had sort of a... horse-facefreckles....not much of a figureblind in one eye

(All of the above reflections in sort of a twilight daze. The lights are down now. CHILPO is lit by a blue light which simulates complete darkness. He puts on his shoe. Musing)

It would be nicelong hairwonder why they turn the lights out here

(He gets up and walks aimlessly, going to the far window,
looking vaguely out)

Seems to me they'd either leave 'em off or leave 'em on What the Hell!

(He walks back to his cot for a cigarette, lights it)

Don't have anything to read anyway . ..Maybe they won't turn 'em on again -- or
maybe they're trying to confuse me in some way.

(He walks to the near window, stares out for a few
moments. Suddenly his attention is caught by something)

I really must be drunk!

(He dashes for the door and tries to open it, but can't)

What! There's no door here. It's all a

(He dashes back to the window, strains to look out)

CHILPO

Nothing! Pitch black But these cigarettes

(Sees the bottle by the cot)

... this liquor

(He goes to his cot, sits, rubs his head)

Oh, God! ... I don't know! ... Darling ... darling! ... darling!

(As he keeps his head in his hands, the door opens slowly. Framed with
the black door-way appears a woman, beautifully gowned as though
returning home from a fashionable evening out. She is much as CHILPO
described her... at any rate, long-faced, thin, long-haired)

GIRL (tenderly)

What's the matter, Chilpo?

(She advances into the room, like a model showing a gown)

You didn't think I'd come ?

(CHILPO, incredulous, is afraid to look. He raises his head and turns slowly to the sound of her voice. He is thunderstruck. The lights come up)

CHILPO

You!

(He gets up)

GIRL (nods and speaks gently)

Just as you wanted me

(He has gotten up from his cot and moves toward her wonderingly. She chides him with gentle affection)

. ..But why flat-chested, Chilpo? Why didn't you let me be more feminine, with a more voluptuous figure? That's what men likes! Big-boned and horse-faced! Tsk-tsk! ... And one-eyed!

CHILPO

I'm not sorry. You're beautiful ... You're tall ... and you're natural ... What's your name?

GIRL

It's odd ... that you should be able to bring me into existence ... and still not know my name!

CHILPO

Does anyone really know *by* name the one he loves?

(He hesitates a moment, goes to the bed, straightens the covers suggestively)

GIRL (disconcerted, following him to protest)

Chilpo, I can't stay tonight. I have to go on ... I'd like to, but

CHILPO (tenderly)

That's all right ... I understand. Can you come tomorrow ... any time ... even for just a short visit like this?

GIRL

I'd love to. It can be longer tomorrow.

CHILPO

Wonderful! (He takes her hand) But... but what is your name?

GIRL

Michelangelo.

(CHILPO starts to laugh. GIRL checks him)

GIRL

No kidding! But you can call me Mike.

CHILPO

Mike

MIKE

And you know? I like nicknames for other people, too, particularly the ones I like. (Coquette) I'm going to call you ... Piggy.

CHILPO(aghast)

PIGGY! For God's sake, why?

MIKE

Short for Pygmalion, silly! Bye, now!

(She gives him a quick friendly kiss on the cheek and leaves rapidly. Black-out, curtain and end of throbbing)