

Death of a composer, 11

*Party is going on full blast next door we can hear them  
interior kitchen*

## **Part 1, Fall of Man.**

Fallen already

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J: Hey Cris who's that girl that just walked in? the one you were talking to?

C: who? Sandra Ann? (Ms Chhiocchi)

J: she's cute, she seems happy, not boring, like so many women in the city, how do you know her?

C: **Met her in school, she's from Europe, we were flatmates in the village, she's a little unstable right now, she was going to get** married today but she cancelled the wedding last night, tonight was gonna be her wedding night.

J: Who was she going to marry? Let me guess a lawyer...or investment banker ...and she got tired of him cause he was so boring? A little late to realize that at the altar.

C: she's a smart girl, straight a student, jumped classes and stuff, now she's a lawyer uptown making six figures, she works like a dog and money is not a problem there I can tell you that, and her father, some kind of composer or something, died recently, shot himself, think he left her a nice little sum too.

J: Wow, but you don't know anything about the fiancée though? I mean she's cute, he couldn't have been that bad...

C: never met him, but she told me about him over lunch like a year ago, She talked about him like it was a game of chess to her...she told me frankly that she had been treating him like shit but she still kind of liked him and didn't want to be without him..... told me bout some kind of play, where he would jump over a whip, you know, like you would teach a dog to jump... He ran twice and got whipped both times but the third time he pulled the whip out of her hands and broke it in a thousand pieces and left, she got very upset talking about it.....

J: What, that sounds crazy, is it really true?

C: supposedly.

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*cuts from the city*

Love

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J: gee that pastrami looks really nice Cris...

C: got it from Katz, thought i'd make you a hot pastrami sandwich.

J: that's very kind of her, she knows he's always hungry, it's not a stroll in the park to be the chairman of the board of the foundation for the struggling artists in New York.

C: It's only love, he knows that.

*J takes a bite, crs pulls out a beer.*

J: Hey Cris, you know I shouldn't drink any alcohol right now, I was out yesterday and was hurting big time all day, do have any diet coke or juice of something?

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*C goes back to the micro and puts in a little package.*

C: My God, I feel sorry for the girl that ends up with such a picky guy.

J: I'm sure you would get happy if you'd end up with a nice guy like me, and I don't think it's bad for you that I don't mind if you call me your friend sometimes and your boyfriend other times....huh?... What is it with pastrami that makes it so good, I mean it's meat but how do they make it so tender and juicy? What is it you're making now? That smells god awful ...like crap!

C: it's some shitty stinking crap that Joe wanted for his bitchdog.

J: You should wash your mouth Cris! But why the heck should you cook some stinking shit for Joe on a midsummer's eve that pesters the whole house like if it was some kind of a trash dump, he can do that himself, and what's wrong with his bitch anyway. She sick or what?

C: Yes, the bitch is sick, she's been getting with the mutt around the corner and got knocked up, Joe doesn't like it and wants it to be taken care of, since he's doing the party I just thought I'd help him out.

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J: I mean, you must admit that that girl, Ms pinocchi or whatever her name was, is pretty Cris, don't you? I mean her whole style.....apart from that strange strange old woolen scarf on top of everything just distorting the image of someone with taste.....she pretty sexy though, I saw her dancing for a little bit, she was showing it off, everything she had Cris, almost a little too much maybe, for a woman her age..... There is something with a woman who has a rich chest, something quite fascinating don't you think, girls are just as fascinated by breasts as boys, admit it.

C: well anyone even vaguely acquainted with the subject can see right away that in her case it is all fake, botox and silicon.

J: How do you know? Isn't that like gay people say that they can tell if someone is gay or not, and even if he's straight they can tell that he's really gay but hasn't come out of the closet yet?

C: I don't understand you Jon.

J: fake or not, I think you're just a little bit envious, I would be, I saw her delights jumping significantly up and down when she was dancing out there. You have a good rack too Cris, they're not so big but they're....stylish!... elegant. I like em.

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C: you want take a spin with me later?

J: yes of course I would like to

C: promise?

J: Promise? When I say I'm gonna do something, then I do it!..... Thank you for a good meal, it was truly very good.

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*puts the top on the bottle.*

*Secretary: Miss Chioccis office.....can I help you? She's not in, can I take a message?*

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Enter sandwoman

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Ms: I'll be back in a little while, just go on without me for a little bit!

*Ms enters.*

*J hides the bottle and rises up honorly.*

Ms: Wow this party is really happening, it's so good to see you again Cris.

*C makes signs that J is present.*

J: Ms Pinocchi I do believe.

Ms: Ms Chiocchi, but today im Sandra, Sandra Ann, and you?

J: Jon, just Jon, a one syllable name, like Cris here, it's a pleasure ms, may I complement you on your astonishing appearance this evening? Inhales...You are wearing allure I believe?

*Ms hits J in the face with her handkerchief*

Ms: you are curious, curiosity killed the cat.

J: I always loved the smell of allure.

Ms: That's very peculiar of him. So he's an expert in perfumes?  
Well let me then tell him that he is a quite handsome and polite man.

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*Cris and ms C giggling.*

*J curious, polite approaches.  
Split screen.*

J: What kind of bitches brew on a midsummer's night are you witches stirring up here? Something that can be used in fortunetelling? Something that can give you a glance of future happiness or despair?

Ms: if one would ever be able to see into the future and make a plan one would be very lucky don't you think?.....do you salsa Mr.?

J: Mr. Smith, Jon Smith... yes I did when I was in Havana but only severely intoxicated..... and only after I have taken Cris here for a spin, first....

Ms: Well you can dance with her later, correct, Cris? Won't you let me borrow Jon? For old times sakes?

C: It's not appropriate to say no if a woman asks for a dance. Go and dance! and be grateful for the honor.

J: but he doesn't want any person to get hurt or sad because he is unable to fulfill what he has committed to. Maybe we should just stay here and converse so that no controversy may arise and no one take offense of anything said or done.

Ms: Maybe he is putting himself on too high horses as to his own significance on the matter?

J: He just don't want any of the parties to be disappointed because one party did not act accordingly.

Ms: I wasn't brought up to think that way, if I want to dance, I dance and if I do, I want to dance with someone who knows how to lead so I don't look stupid, you said you knew your salsa so therefore I asked you.

J: Then I should not hesitate to comply with her demands, at your service miss!

Ms: Don't make it sound like I am giving the orders, I am just a stranger here and of no influence but tonight is midsummer's eve and we should all have a god time and forget about tomorrow. Come on, let's dance Jon. Don't worry Cris I'm not gonna take your boyfriend away from you, it's simply not my style.

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*A/Cuts from party*

*B/J gives her his hand and leads her out into the living room where the party's at.*

*C/Cuts of the big city, rush hour grand central*

*D/a dead man lying on the floor (in a pool of blood)*

*Chris, alone, music in the background, humming along takes away the dishes after Jon, does the dishes, crushes in rage and agony the plates on the floor in a sudden outburst. Picks up broken plate. Leaves the kitchen goes into the bathroom. Screams suddenly into the mirror, puts on some makeup in agony. Goes to the door, stands there listens.*

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Chris goes to sleep.

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*Bedroom interior. J comes in solo.*

J: Yes, she is crazy! I never saw a white girl that could move her hips like that, she's quite obviously a little bit off the wall, she knew her salsa that's for sure, there is something familiar with her, I think I've seen her before somewhere but I can't figure out where...

C: I told you she's a little bit unstable cause of the circumstances...tonight was going to be her wedding night....maybe you should stay away...and by the way.....you wouldn't know her, she's been here the last four years, when you were on your big journey or whatever it was, think her family's from Hungary.....you wanna dance with me now?

J: You're not mad at me for dancing with her I hope.

C: Not at all! Not for such a little thing! Sandra Ann is an overwhelmingly interesting person and I know I'm pretty uninteresting.

J: You're a very reasonable person Cris...and you would totally make a great wife.....

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*Ms comes in, unpleasantly surprised, forcefully humoristic.*

Ms: Just a charming cavalier.....abandon your partner like that.

J: on the contrary Ms, as you see I just hurried back to the one I abandoned!

Ms: Do you know that you are a good dancer!

J: I must leave that to the observer.

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*Ms pulls out a t shirt hanging on a chair that says Mt Ranier.*

Ms: Why don't you wear this tonight Jon?

J: I can't wear a tee on midsummer's eve....

Ms: Put it on.

J: Well then I'd have to ask you to leave the room for a minute.

Ms: You shy? To change a tee? Go out then and come back! Or stay and I'll turn my back.

J: With your permission ms.

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*J goes to the bathroom.*

Ms: Who's that guy, you dating him?

C: We're friends

Ms: Have you slept with him?

C: Well, you know, maybe.... a couple of times, I like him but he's a musician, you know how they are....you've had a boyfriend yourself, and....

Ms: Yes we were engaged to be married, he was catholic so we didn't have sex for ten months cause the priest said it was a sin, lots of steaddinners we had.....I didn't love him.

C:.....i'm so sorry for you Sandra Ann, you'll see that everything is going to be alright though....you'll find someone ...much better....that you love... some day....im so tired, I'm sorry, I think I have to rest for a little bit ...I'm so tired.

-----  
*C climbs up in the loft, falls asleep upstairs.  
J enters in the new tee.*

Just friends

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Ms: that's much better, very funny t-shirt, mt Rainier where is that?

J: in the pacific northwest, the toughest endurance climb in the contiguous USA.

Ms: is it yours?

J: I got it when I was doing my first year as a mountainguide up there.

Ms: it looks good on you!

*J Sits down at the table.*

J: you're flattering me.

Ms: flattering him?

J: My natural modesty forbids me to assume that you just hand out words to be polite to strangers like me, so I allowed myself to think that you exaggerated, a kind of encouragement for which I do believe the word flattery to be correct.

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Ms: I Like you ....you talk funny....Where did you learn to talk like that? you must have read a lot of old books...

J: That too, and a lot of other things, I've been to a lot of places.

Ms: But you were born around here right?

J: I was born in Europe

Ms: Me too.

J: yes, I know....i mean I could hear that....i haven't been there in many years....i left very...abruptly.....can't talk about it ...

Ms: but you can today, today it's midsummer's eve and we can say and do things we otherwise cannot.

J: No I can't right now, I really cannot. Some other day maybe..

Ms: Another day, that's a joke. What's wrong with now? Come on, tell me!

J: There isn't anything wrong really, it's just a little strange.....don't like to talk about it.

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*Secretary: Miss Chioccis office.....can I help you? She's not in, can I take a message? JR? are you a client with us sir?*  
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Ms: You dating Chris?

J: we're friends

Ms: Friends? What kind of friends? Do you sleep with her?

J: Just friends.

*Pause in which they observe eachother.*  
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the party

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*In the midst of the party.*

Ms: Why don't we sit down and relax.

J: I have a hard time doing that in your presence for some reason, I start to speak funny and call you ms.

Ms: But if I command you?

J: Then I'd obey.

Ms: Ok, let's get out of this terrible noise so we can talk....

*Ms and J enter Cris apt., Ms stis down in sofa under Cris' bed. J stands up.*

Ms: Sit down then!- but wait, can you get me something to drink first?

J: don't know exactly what they have out there, it was all covered with ice, but I think it's just all beer.

Ms: What do you mean just? I prefer beer to wine.

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*J exits to get a bottle. Ms climbs up to check on C.*  
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The trap

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*J enters as Ms is on the ladder, J gets an opener in the kitchen and serves her.*  
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*Ms sits in the sofa under the bed in which C sleeps*

Ms: Thank you. You're not going to have one yourself?

J: I'm not partial to beer, but if it's an order!

Ms: An order?.....no, but I think that as a gentleman you should consider keeping your lady company.

J: You are absolutely correct Madame, I always aim to please.

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*J goes out to get another beer.*  
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*Inside Js home talking to the camera, homevideostyle:*

*J: Your work was up there with Stravinsky's, you wrote things that were humanly impossible to interpret it's so sad that you're dead, o sad*

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*J enters with another bottle.*

Ms: so let's drink to the future, no, to our future..... now!

*J hesitant.*

Ms: I think this here man IS a little shy!

*J on his knees, jokingly, parody, raising his glass.*

J: Here is to love and its' ability to conquer all.

Ms: Bravo! – now come here, kiss my foot and it shall be accomplished.

*J hesitant, but afterwards bravely sitting down kissing her foot gently.*

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Ms: Brilliant! You should have been an actor! Not only a good dancer, an excellent kisser.

J: I think you might be playing with fire ms, maybe you don't but I have a terrible fear of fire.

Ms: Why?

J: I tend to get attached very easily and it's always counterproductive.

Ms: What do you mean?

J: well, you must know that you are a very attractive and interesting woman, charismatic and above all sexy, I can already feel that I'm am very attracted to you and might want to kiss you again, maybe on the mouth this time, maybe hold you around your waist, maybe kiss your.....

Ms: Well I must say.... So, would that be so impossible? no one would see us... You afraid of Cris?

J: No...she's sleeping

Ms: Yes you are, let's go and see if she really is.

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*Ms climbs up to C, standing on the ladder.*

Sleeptalking

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Ms: Christine! You sleeping?

*C in her sleep slowly:*

C: you're not telling the truth and the house is going to be under water soon.

Ms: That one knows how to sleep!

C: One double espresso, two grilled chicken a stella and two glasses of malbec.....yes I'll make you coffee, soon, soon...what a day.....

Ms: *Takes her by the nose.* Wake up!

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J: I don't think you should disturb someone who's sleeping!

Ms: What!

J: Someone who's been working all day might be tired when night falls. And sleep is to be respected....

Ms: That's a beautiful thought, and it honors him....thank you, come let's go for a walk!

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*Ms comes down, gives him her hand.*

The walk

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J: You and I Ms?

Ms: With me!

*J terrified.*

J: We can't do that, absolutely not!

Ms: I can't read your thoughts but is it possible you think I meant something else.....?

J: I don't know you well enough to say I can't say you didn't .

Ms: What?

J: I'm too old for you.

Ms: you're not, a man is never as attractive as you are right now, girls love men with authority, men with experience that can teach them what to do and what not to do.

J: When my mistress says that I am young I do believe her though I know she lies, that she might think me some untutored youth, unlearned in the worlds false subtelties....shakespeare sonnet number 138

Ms: Maybe ten years ago you would have been, but not anymore.

J: You're too young, I have all the answers already, it's horrible I've done all my mistakes, not doing them again.

Ms: I think higher of you than you do of yourself! Come let's try! –come!

*Ms. looks him in the eyes for a long time.*

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Dreams

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J: Do you know that you are a just a little bit strange?

Ms: When I was much younger than I am now, God I wasn't even legal, I dated one of my fathers friends, **huge age difference**, but we liked eachother, I gave myself to him and he treated me like a woman.... liked to ride him in the mornings.....fucker snatched my hymen, I was in Berlin visiting my moms friend, she was 5 months pregnant. At one point he had been the furer for the whole neo nazi movement in eastern germany. He had a big swastika tatoood across his chest, and one on his back, he had it removed so now he was left with these huge scars. Have you ever seen the film american history x?

J: Yes

Ms: Well, he wrote the book that the film based on. He had turned legit, been pardoned by the state and went out to schools telling the kids to stay out of the movement. Anyway, my moms friend was almost like an aunt to me, she used to take care of me when I was a baby, I hadnt seen her since she met this guy, this was the first morning after my arrival and she was out to get breakfast or something. I see him in my door opening, he's a tall and very attractive man, blues eyes, blond, at that point my body is yearning for a man, I had been making out with some boys in my class but needed more than they could offer. He just went straight for it, came up to my bed, stroked my hair, kissed me, touched me, I was trembling already, he opened and put his big thing inside of me very me quickly and effectively, it hurt and felt so good at the same time as I came in his almost violent embrace. He handed me a towel and went back into his wives bed. Fucker natched my hymen like fox would snatch a chikcen in a chickenfarm...anyway. She got pissed of her mind when she found out, big mess, she called my mom and sent me home, threw him out of the house, and who do you think called me a week later?

J: Youre kidding.

Ms Sure did, hed moved to Stockholm, had a nice apartment with a grand view so I moved in with him...a little strange maybe, the whole thing.....but iwas ok with it.... we had fun and did a lot of crazy things together for a couple of years, till he started to become boring and selfish and I couldn't stand him anymore, he got fat and started smoking cigars..ooooo..... I can't stand the smell of cigars...wanted me to stay home all the time, watch TV, crap.....last night I dreamt that I was with him and my father and Dave, in a printshop...making the invites to the wedding, dad was furious cause there had been a misprint....Dave....and Mike were just standing there...and then this boat, like a cruiseliner shows up from nowhere and rams the little print shop, divides it in two.

J: I have a dream that comes back to me all the time, I dream about this girl, don't know her name, I've seen her only once, she doesn't say anything, just looks at me and wants to say something, I see in her eyes that she wants to tell me that she loves me but she can't, she doesn't have the words, she just looks at me and lowers her head and walks away, I see her all over, in parks, houses...same girl....

Ms: Wow, that's sort of sad Jon, who is that girl? ..... and here we are talking about dreams Come on! Just a little walk! To Tompkins square.

J: According to our tradition we must sleep on nine midsummer flowers tonight, and our dreams will come true...

Ms: your eyes are wet Jon....

J: It must be some allergic reaction, maybe something I ate.

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Ms: You're a good man Jon, I like you, you're honest too, you look like you don't play any games...*takes out a handkerchief and dries his eyes..my instinct tells me to hold you and comfort you.....comes closer.....*You're shaking, what's the matter, *feels his biceps* ..you're a strong man Jon....

## Games

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*Ms. comes closer.*

J: well Ms.

Ms: Yes, monsieur Jon.

J: Please....I'm just a man Ms.

Ms: You can call me Sandra Ann, Can you please sit still, put your arm around my waist and kiss me again.

J: Ms Chiocci, listen to me, I feel too strongly about you, it would be different had that not been the case, like with Cris, we can play around but with you I can't.

Ms: Jon for me there is no tomorrow, I've already lost it, come on.

J: maybe for you there is not but I dare to say that for me there is or I would like to think there is, I've quite successfully been staying out of trouble for many years now....I mustn't get into any again...and Cris...I know she would like to make me love her but she can't....she will get very sad.

Ms: it's midsummer's eve Jon, time for innocent games and things that are forbidden

J: Yes, I know sometimes I get so tired of myself, I can't play anymore...can't play any games anymore, where are the times of just rolling around in the grass with someone you like, laughing, everything's so tied up and dead serious always.

Ms: When a man plays as hard to get as you do, it spurs in a woman a desire to conquer...now I want you to hold me even more..

*J wants to hold her head and kiss her*

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*Ms. hits him.*

Ms: Stop it!

J: I'm sorry..

Ms: You can't do that

J: Your last sentence made me think that it was something you would not object to and since I felt like it would be a pleasant thing to do for both parties involved I did.

Ms: Well yes but you can't just assume things even if it would, I want to decide for myself you know, if I want to kiss you I will, not the other way around, that's not the way its supposed to be.

J: I'm sorry ms, didn't mean to offend you in any way.

Ms: You talk funny.

J: Sometimes, sometimes not.

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*dialogue over cameratravel over dead man*  
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Question # 1, love

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Ms: Have you ever loved someone?

J: have loved only once, a girl a could I not have, a girl with a heart of gold.

Ms: Who was that?

J: I cannot tell you.

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*Homevideo from J's room, talking to camera.*

*J: I loved your music, it was so complete, like life itself.*

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*Secretary: Miss Chiocci's office.....can I help you? She's not in, can I take a message? JR? JR, she's not in ok.....she's very busy.....ok....ok?*

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Ms: What's the big deal?

J: Well, first of all it's utterly embarrassing, secondly it's just ridiculous and you will think of me as pathetic. It was the story I didn't want to tell you earlier. She was much younger than you are know, I met her only once..... it changed my life....do you believe in love at first sight?

Ms: That's something you see in films....

J: Well this was like a film. It was love at first sight....We never spoke. I didn't even get to know her name. She took my hand, that's all I remember. It changed my life, very strange thing, her eyes, something about her, blue eyes, borderline green, like yours...her natural appearance undestroyed, the look on her eyes that nothing was impossible.....suddenly I feel my heart pounding, like if my whole body is pounding deeply with every stroke....it's hard for me to stand up..

I'm sweating and realize im being told a secret by this person who is not even half my age, perfect stranger. Shes a fucking kid for Christ sake, but still she tells me the secret of life, shes telling me that the only thing that matters is to love all and everything. In a very silent and modest hello I get this information and to me it turns my whole world upside down. I understand that I have not loved since I was a kid myself..... **that what I was living was not a life in love.** I went home kissed my own kids goodbye, wrote their mother a short note thanking her for everything for giving them life, took my computer went to the airport and jumped on the first plane out.....

Ms: why did you leave, you should have snagged her, she sounds like she was the love of your life?

J: She was too young.....

Ms: you did nothing wrong Jon, you fell in love, everyone does, don't be so hard on yourself.

J: Im Christian ms Chiocchi! some Muslims think it was ok for Muhammad to marry a kid, some think it was wrong, that's what the Shiits and the Sunnis are fighting about...

Ms: You are very romantic, it sounds almost like a movie when you tell it like that.

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*Pause, big city...*

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*naked bodies....*

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*dead man*

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Ms: you have kids?

J: I do

Ms: Don't you miss them

*J deeply painful, very motivated.*

J: I don't cry very often Ms but when I do it's when I think of them, he was 8 and she was 3. They were the reason for me to rise in the morning, They are my own flesh and blood, lost somewhere I don't know....I haven't seen them in 10 years. Now he is 18 and she is 13.

The Queen

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MS: what did you do all these years?

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J: I wandered about and found no place until I got myself a house out side Phnom Penh on the rice field property of the king. One day in the middle of the monsoon this big fat Escalade pulls up, the driver steps out in the middle of the rain, opens the passenger door and a very elegant woman comes out, all dressed in

white, a couple of years older than I am, just happens to be one of the Kings wives, a queen. I invite her in, make her a cup of tea, she looks around, my house is clean but simple, I don't own much but I'm not poor.....she asks me where I come from....i tell her I'm from Europe...that I try to write music but that im not very good at it...so she says she studied in Oxford and that we had met 15 years earlier when I played at her sisters wedding in London.....and I did....i played one gig in London and it was a filmdirector friend, he flew me over with the whole band, put us up at this fancy hotel....she says she wants to hire me....I tell her I would love to be at her service....she leaves and I think no more about it....

...a few days later the Escalade pulls up again outside my door...It's her, she brings food, all kinds of delicacies, we eat, she brings a bottle of wine, we laugh, she's fun, well educated in all kinds of literature ...she's standing by my kitchen sink and tells me she's so horny she wants to me to take her from behind against the countertop....I think she's joking...so I get a little embarrassed and try to laugh about it....saying that we should try to keep it on a professional level....she gets clearly disappointed....im surprised....she leaves abruptly, tells me she has to go....excuses herself....a month passes and the escalade pulls up again...

Ms: And?

J: She wants to come in, I show her in, she has brought some beautiful taro cookies she made herself, I make us a cup of tea, suddenly she pulls me into the bedroom throws me down on the bed and she kisses me and.... I kiss her back, she says she wants to sit on me and that if I would let her, I would get obsessed. She takes off my clothes, then her own, on top of me under the mosquito net...in the humid heat... she is wild and beautiful, totally free..... and from then on I couldn't laugh about it anymore.....

...as she left I realized was lost, lost in another mans' woman. I found myself waiting for her, wanting desperately for her to come back.....and she did....sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the middle of the night...went on for years unill she told him that she was in love with me, that she didn't love him, never had. He locked her up in the castle and put her under 24 hour surveillance, he moved from the palace in Phnom Penh to Han Thime just to check on her..... sometimes when she had successfully shaken off her tail, we managed to meet in secret places, cafes and markets in the city....there was a tempelruin nearby.....

....I would call her, let one signal go through and then hang up, my number was private, she had a separate simcard for her phone hidden in the car, so if she could talk she would put that card in her phone, call me back, let one signal go through, that would be the signal that I could call, I would call her back again and speak to her, it was crazy. She could have left him and never have had to work ever in her life...yet she chose to stay, she couldn't leave all this wealth for a guy that she loved cause she would lose too much in the process.....

....she sent a messenger one day, he told me there was a contract out on me so I left my house that evening and stayed around the area in teahouses waiting for her call, started to sleep with a gun under my pillow...that was it, no msgs anymore, for months, a year, I waited, devastated.....finally I realized I would never see her again....and I never did.

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Ms: What did you do?

J: I went to Saigon, my economy was bad, got a job as a bar pianist at the caravelle.

Ms: you're quite an amazing person Jon, a true lover at heart it seems, so rare these days, you seem to get along with women pretty well...

J: I'm afraid you might be right.

Ms: what do mean afraid?

J: Ms, for someone for whom a kiss is not just a kiss but a matter of life and death.....life itself becomes dangerous and he himself becomes vulnerable...

Ms: it's not a bad thing...

J: when a woman discovers how good love can be she usually gets afraid.

Ms: im not afraid of anything.

J: it always works that way...I am yet to be proven wrong.....my assumption is correct Ms., believe me....i'm sorry I'm bothering you with my painful memories of the past (boring and utterly pathetic stories from the past).... I hereby ask for your permission to leave....

*J stands up*

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Attempting to leave

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Ms; You're leaving already, on midsummer's eve?

J: to join the singles out there, whose only pursuit is the love they will never find is not very appealing to me unfortunately..... and my mood is a little downhearted so I think it might be appropriate.

Ms: take the keys to my car and drive me to the westside, I want to see the sunrise!

J: .....it might not be so jolly....

Ms: no one should be sad on midsummer's eve, let's go

J: I don't know, there is an end to everything and even if we enjoy the sunset together I fear it might not make things better since after the sunset I'll be double miserable.

Ms: it will cheer you up.

J: maybe for a moment then I'll crash....and then there is Cristine, as you might understand I don't love her, never had, she is kind to me and when she wakes up maybe you can be kind to her and explain that I went home rather early because I was not feelin so well.

Ms: you can't tell me what to do Jon, if I want to go to the west side and see the sunrise I can, and if I want you to come I can make you come cause im so charming and my charm gets me anything I want in life....

J: Your charm and beauty is as astonishing as ....ever... but believe me you wouldn't like to be the object of my affection, you would have to come many times on a daily basis and hear how wonderfully beautiful you are.....and a woman like you would tire of if.....your friends.....people out there are wondering where you are.....you haven't really been very social have you? Maybe you should..  
-----

#### Mocking love

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*Incuts of party getting crazy.*  
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Ms: so you have a problem with the singles? people that want to take care of themselves? You shouldn't Jon, who are you to judge them? They are my friends, and since I cancelled my wedding last night, I'm one of them, I love them to death and they love me. Let them come and you'll see!

J: Maybe they don't love you, maybe they just adore you because you're so beautiful and have a heart of gold. They're singing, listen to them, that song.....they're laughing, im the survivor.

Ms: What is it they're singing?

J: Im a survivor, a survivor...They're mocking us because we have something they don't, something called love. Something they hate but still want more than anything else....listen...the time has come..for us to see... who will survive...they want you back Ms...

Ms: they would never mock me for talking to another person...

J: They get envious, they think you might have found love Ms...the lonesome people are a pack, a miserable one and a pack miserable or not, is always a group of cowards that in the battle against which, one must always flee.

Ms: Flee? Where? into your arms? Come on hold me tight!

J: ....it might be dangerous though ms....one thing might lead to another....

C: just lock the door....cris is sleeping...

J: if you insist... I will....  
-----

#### The plunge

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*J goes to the door, locks it, pulls out a gun from his jacket.*

J: .... I'll block the door and I'll shoot anyone who tries to break in.  
-----

*Cuts from home video....*

*It so sad so sad I loved your work, I loved your work*  
-----

*Secretary: Ms Chiccis office, can I help you?. JR, ok JR, you know she's not in at the moment and I don't think you can expect ms Chiocci to call you back, she is busy, very busy, you hear?*  
-----

*Camera travels into the party, living room, where singles make out and dance to heavy club music.....I m the survivor....*  
-----

*We see naked limbs, like Hiroshima mon amour, partly during dialogue.  
He whispers: you' re that girl.*  
-----

## **Part 2: Man Fallen**

### **Plans**

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J: the brew you two were boiling...did it give you a glance of the future?

Ms: My life is a mess right now Jon, there is no sense of direction whatsoever  
Tonight was going to be my wedding night and here I am with a perfect stranger.

J: I'll marry you....maybe that's the purpose of all this...

Ms: I can't marry you just because I didn't marry him.....I have to find someone that I love that's what I have to do....

J: I'd take you to the pacific northwest, to the big trees and the fresh air, have you never been there?

Ms: I love Seattle, it's such a beautiful place.

J: Just so God beautiful there, so green and lush and the weather not too hot, not too cold.

Ms: That's nice but what would we do out there?

J: We'll start a guide service and take rich people up Rainier

Ms: Like a mountain guide?

J: Yes, it's just the perfect lifestyle, you're outdoors in Gods beautiful nature. You meet new people, good people, from all over the world, never a boring moment, always new challenges, new adventures, helping people to achieve their goals, you have to be responsible and you make good money. It's just a great way of living

Ms: yes it's sound good, and what would I do?

J:....you'll be the captainesse of the enterprise....take care of the garden while im on the mountain, teach the little ones to read and write...play music.....we would make it fly baby....you would be the boss and we'd have other people do the boring stuff, clients will come and lay their gifts before you, scared of having to let go of their treasures, I'll up their invoices and you'll sweeten them with your smile.....

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### **timetables**

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*j sits up, gets his computer from his bag.*

J: let's go honey, the flights are like 139 or something with jetblue, it's cheap, sometimes the have em for like 79.....79 dollar for a 6 hour flight.....here's one at 10.40, we'll get there an hour later....

Ms: cause of the time difference?

J: Yeah, what do you say, you wanna go?

Ms: sounds fun..... I should have been on a plane to Rome now.....staying at five star hotels all over the place...with Dave...but..... I guess I could, now, but no..... well, yes.

*J books the tickets on the pc.*

J: Done, we have two tickets to Seattle for tomorrow, 10.40, we gotta leave around 9.

-----  
*More naked limbs. Hands on a stomach. Camera travel over hills, part of dialogue under which.*

Separation #1, say that you love me

---

Ms: you have to give me some time Jon, I like you a lot, it's just so complicated, just broke up with someone, he was my first boyfriend, I mean, we met in high school...I can't just jump into you arms. I'd rather he find someone first because I want to keep him as a friend, I revere his friendship, he knows me so well.....God, sometimes I think he knows me better than I know myself.....I loved him once and now I don't.....I don't love anybody, I don't want to love anyone, it's too early for me to get involved with someone new. He and everybody else will think im a freaking slut and I won't let them.

J: What am I for you then? A whore? You just want to use me? Even if I wouldn't like to be without you because Im in love, It leaves me pretty worthless don't you think? I don't hesitate to share anything with someone I care about. Be my guest, take whatever you want, I won't ask for anything in return, a few words here and there.....but as an experiment..... Say that you love me... Try it! ...you wouldn't lie here if you didn't at least like me a little bit, would you? I mean it might even be so that you like me more than just a little bit considering that you come soon as I touch you and if you like me more than just a little bit you mightlike me a lot and if you like me a lot, you might even love me a little bit, you just said my name when you came as if you did.....try! Say it! Kiss me and say : I love you jon, it might make you feel good, it's a healing thing to say that you love someone!

Ms: I can't Jon, im not ready for that yet, it's too big for me, I'm too young, I don't understand what youre talking about.....it's too much for me Jon, I can't handle it, I cant handle you , cant handle all this love, it stands in my way, I like I t cause it makes me feel good but I don't want it, I like when you touch me and I like to listen to your stories but you must realize that I need to make my own experiences....this is my life you're trying to .....manipulate.....

J: But I won't stand in your way, I promise, I will encourage all you want, always, I know you would be miserable if I stood in you way. I love you. I want you to reach your highest potential, nothing less, im good at that, trust me, im insanely good at that, trust me! if we can stay friends you'll make more experiences than you'd ever thought possible or even dreamt of.

Ms: I can't, they wouldn't be mine if you make them happen, I need to make them myself.

J: What does it matter whose they are? You will have a rich life, a different one from your peers, they will be envious of you, you just think that due to intoxication you might have lost your mind. Come on, cant you please say that you love me. What would I be to you if you didn't, some little toy? your little lovemaking machine that you turn on and off? don't you see that when I'm with you, I want more, I want to hold you again. I don't want to go anywhere else, I want to stay with you , I want to taste you when I go to sleep, wake up with you and look into your beautiful eyes when you open them in the morning. Dearest sweetest Sandra Ann, give me some courage Ms, say that you love me .....

*silence*

...I should have seen it....but Ive been blinded...by your beauty...ive fallen a fool for someone who just wanted to have everything yet leave nothing in return. Im so tired of myself.....

... there must be something wrong with me. Its always like this. Why? Why is love so hard to find?...I get so tired of myself....I just wanna fucking kill myself...Living like this is just too painful.

-----  
*J gets up takes on his clothes.*

Ms: you're spoiling me Jon, you're too good to me...but.... You make me feel so good ....you're right...but I just need to be free right now, or I'll die from suffocation, im still young, there are lots of things for me to discover....

Question #2: icewoman

---

J: how can a woman who is only capable of loving make love to someone and still feel absolutely nothing?

-----  
*Ms desperate.*

Ms: My God Mr. Latin lover, Cris told me you were a romantic and I must say you really are....

J: Im a little sensitive maybe but I know it too well and must tell myself to constrain my feelings.

Ms: You're amazing Jon, not long ago we hardly knew eachother - and now you want to go to Seattle and start a business with me....

J: I'm sorry...I know it sounds a little strange when you say it like that....

Ms: How can you think it would ever work out?

J: It's just a matter of being a little considerate and focused....but...I guess im just trying to say that I would really like to see you again....you just think I'm talking....

Ms: Your plans seem fairly well founded in facts .....but for this great enterprise you'll need a big capital.....do you have that?  
-----

The capital

---

*Ms. Gets dressed.*

J: Me! Of course! I have my guiding license for both the US and Europe, my linguistic skills. That's capital as good as any.

Ms: But for that kind of an asset you cant buy a ticket out of here...

J: That is correct, that's why Im hoping to team up with a longtime companion, someone who also would be able to contribute....

Ms: I thought you just said you were going to take care of me....

J: I will if you become my partner!

Ms: I can't be that person, you'll have to get the money yourself, I'm not putting any of my money on you....you've never had a regular job....

J: Boring....things remain the way they've always remained.  
-----

Ms: But Jon, **I don't feel that you respect my need to be alone right now....** .....no one must know about this, take me away from myself (*Crying*) I am sorry if I've hurt your feelings Jon, can't you just look at it as something that happened once, something that will never happen again....you make me feels so good Jon.....but...I don't want you, I don't want anyone....I need my space right now, I cancelled my wedding for Christ sake...

J: I told you about this earlier, do you understand now what I was talking about?

Ms: And you want to tie me up so I can't breathe, suffocate, I need my own private space. I can't be yours! .....Still I want your body! .....Be close to someone! .....Feels like I'm falling.

J: what are you afraid of? Fall and I'll catch you.

*Ms gets dressed*

Ms: What kind of terrible force pulled me towards you? Can't describe it....something magnetic almost, electric, some kind of connection, was it the weak to the strong? The falling to the rising? Or could it have been love? This, love? I know how it feels to be in love and it doesn't feel like this, I know....Do you know what love is? I don't think you do, you talk as if you did but I don't think you do

J: Me? I don't think you'll ever find anyone who is so well reflected on the matter as this one....

Ms: Well reflected, you speak so funny. Maybe you just want my body, a strong carrier of your genes, someone who is still fertile, you want healthy kids....right?

*J goes up pulls out a bottle of champagne from the fridge.*  
-----

J:...I am the king and whatever I want I will have. I see in your eyes that you desire me, I feel it in your body when I touch you, you're trembling with it in a way you probably never been....come here sweet little girl and cheer with me that these two planets have crossed eachothers path...

*J opens the bottle of champagne*

The thief

---

Ms: Where did you get that?

J: from the cooler....

Ms: That's my present to Christine.

J: she'll be happy to see someone made use of it...

Ms. Thief! Waz going on with me, I'm I so intoxicated I've lost everything, have I been sleepwalking? Midsummer's night! The night of innocent games....

J: Innocent...hmm!

-----  
*Ms. goes back n forth.*

Ms: Is there any person on this earth right now, as confused as me? I hate my job, I dumped my fiancée...we were getting married today and I didn't...I didn't love him...but I do. Can't you just let me go, I have to be alone, no, don't leave, I like you, but forget about what just happened, we had sex, that's all.....I don't love you....I don't love anyone....I hate myself....I need to at least be on speaking terms with myself before I can ever love anyone else....don't you understand? I just wanted to be close to someone....to be touched by someone.....

J: I was under the impression that you liked me.....

Ms: I do but not more than I like any of my other friends...I'm not ready to get involved with anyone right now...jon

J: so you lied, you projected a sense of affection towards me that was nothing but superficial....

Ms: I don't think I did, I think I've been pretty honest with you from the start, our bodies played with one another but that's all it was fun but nothing more...

J: So you don't have any feelings for me...

Ms: I needed it Jon, ive been so frustrated physically...damn it, I havn't had sex in 10 months...I fucked it up, two weeks ago I realized it wasn't going to be forever, I cancelled it.....Jon, I was fed up with steak dinners, I wanted some real meat.... I needed to feel someone, it just happened to be you....no offense.....

-----  
Ms Chiocchis confession

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J: no offense taken, you just needed someone to fuck for a little bit.....and I just happened to be in your way.....easy...but, I don't think it was so long since you fucked someone.....your pussy tasted rubber.

*Pics big city threat...*

Pause:

Ms: ive been miserable lately....you wouldn't be able to understand.....pause

J: try me

Ms: I got infatuated with this shady guy I met at a party two weeks ago.....he was playing the trumpet.. he was very handsome...we kissed...for hours we kissed...he sent me an email....we met..we made love..... I fell in love Jon....i've never felt anything like that before.....we connected...he made me realize I was never in love with Dave.... that I had... never loved before... He was a good man....but .....he was a musician...and you know how those are....they can't be trusted... He didn't have a paycheck.....he'd never had a regular job either...like you Jon....his name was also Jon by the way.....I saw him this morning...

J: you're playing with fire ms chiocci...

Ms: I know, I hope some day you might be able to excuse me

J: I already did, Ms, I know how to forgive, like Jesus would forgive his worst enemies I forgive mine....I do it easily, it's not difficult, I forgive you.....I loved you from the first time I laid my eyes on you, in my book you're the queen.

Ms: then you must be the king, how sweet..

-----  
*Ms comes closer to J.*

J: and a queen must have anything she desires, your beauty and elegance will bring in the business and I'd take care of it, up the invoices and spoil you with flowers and any girls best friend, which if I'm not misinformed would be..... diamonds...

*Ms lovingly.*

Ms: No one needs to take care of me, nowadays people take care of themselves.

J: I don't understand this, can't you see were stronger together than by ourselves?

Ms I do appreciate your companionship..... Would you like to be my friend?

J: can't you see we can't be friends, can't you see there is something far bigger than that at play here, you want to reduce this to just a friendship? Listen Ms, here is the simple truth: You're a woman, women know nothing about friendship because women are only capable of love, and the ones they don't love, they hate. You hate me! Just say it out loud, you hate me!

*J gets upset.*

*Ms a little sad in defense.*

Separation #2, sex and the city land

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Ms: Just because I had sex with you doesn't mean that I hate you Jon, and what about Christine shouldn't you care a little bit about her? you can't just turn your back on her like that after having sex once with someone you hardly know, someone who was going to get married the very same day....someone who is weary and confused....you can't do that...that's horrible....she's got feelings too don't you think...I can't be with you Jon, I have a job I hate passionately, it makes my life miserable 24/7 and I don't even know how to flip an egg. I got to get up in the mornings, you don't, I run the marathon Jon, you don't. You have kids Jon, I don't. We're not compatible, and some day im going to want kids too Jon, who's gonna take care of me then? I want to be a mom! I've told you already.

-----  
J: Ms you're not very kind to me, are you aware of that? I don't treat you as you treat me. I have feelings for you that you don't share, and that's fine, but don't hit someone who is already lying down....in my humiliation over your lack of feelings towards me I do realize that there is no mercy but in the Lord.

Ms: the Lord? What are you talking about? I'm too young for a man like you, when I'm your age, you'd be sitting in a freaking wheelchair, why don't you get yourself a woman your own age?

J: ..... people my age are either married and miserable being so, extremely boring, or have slept with everyone I know.....

-----  
Ms: Jon you mustn't love me! I can't respond to it....i'm too self-absorbed right now....when my honeymoon is over I'm going back to work and then you won't see me at all..... I don't want a relationship.....and even if I would, it wouldn't have been able to be with you because you are crazy...

J: It's sad to once again see that a pretty girl carries nothing but fear....fear of loving someone that might be a little less organized compared to ....people who never allowed themselves to ever feel anything for anything....people who quite probably have never loved someone.... the cruel and selfish people that live far from decency. I who thought you were a person filled with love and compassion....I see that in your eyes...why don't you let it come out.....It's better to love than to be where you are now, open your heart, let love in, don be afraid of it, it will conquer all fear, if you have love you can do anything, don't believe what you see on TV, I've met the ladies in sex and the city land en masse and they're the most miserable women you'll ever meet. Did you know that the average age for the first time carrier is 46 years up on the upper east side?

Ms: that's gross.

J: They have fantastic carriers and make tons of money but they've never been happy and they never will. A woman's purpose on earth is and has always been to nurture love and build relationships and dependencies, without women there is no future, you are the future, you owe to the world to give it some. Men take and terminate, you create and love.... And... as for time..... there is no good timing for love. It always comes when you least need it and it's always wrong because it's not respected as a force of significance to our society. I mean, there should be stipulations saying that people in love should be able to be left in peace so that they could grow their love and make it profound enough to build the basis of a family, love is looked down on by society, one should learn about love in school, one should learn about the power and the possibilities that come with love, its rights and obligations.

-----  
Ms: You're boring me Jon, I'm sorry, you're sounding like a politician...I'm not gonna let go of my money, love isn't everything and I'm too young to think those thoughts.

J: you're not, not any more, you're not a little girl anymore, you're a woman and all you're capable is love. You're good at what you do, yes, but as a woman your prime purpose on earth is to secure the future generations, you can be best at this and you can be best at that but you will never be fulfilled as a woman here on planet earth if you don't realize that.

Ms: but I have other things on my agenda Jon, I've had my job as a corporate lawyer for two years now, you've had yours for decades, I want to travel and see the world, you've been all over and you own nothing, not even a real job, when you go to bed you don't know what you next day is going to be like. You're just full of shit Jon, talk, talk, talk

J: but I don't get up in the morning to make my mortgage like so many others or talk bad about people and hate every living moment of my life, cause of a job that I hate, like you do.

Ms: but you're a hopeless romantic, I'm not!

-----  
The romantic

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J: there are worse things to be a romantic, I could be a corporate lawyer for one, someone who defends cases against innocent people being thrown into bankruptcy because they've been told by the lawyers client to put all their money into stocks that lose their value by pure fraud.....

...Miss Chiocchi, you are a wonderful person, anyone that wouldn't agree is insane, we've had a couple of drinks maybe, maybe I enjoy your company more than you enjoy mine but you cannot deny that what you've just experienced was an act of love, or can you? Was it only desire and lust? Don't you think that there was some love involved, on both ends?

As opposed to probably the major part of the men that you'll ever meet I've always had a hard time not loving the person I make love to so if you just wanted to get laid, maybe you shouldn't have come to me, but then again, it wouldn't have been the fuck of your life....

I try to play cool and make you repel off my skin but all I really want to do is to roll up in a ball by your side, fall into your embrace and ask you to be kind to me if only for a minute.....I don't think it's fair that just because I did my magic as sat on me a little while ago and made you come like you've never come making you spray these walls with your gushing juices that you should think that I don't love you....i'm the one who loves somebody here, you're the one who is emotionally crippled, or at least lets put it this way...I can't make your heart feel something it wont....you win I loose.

-----  
Ms: maybe there was love, maybe there wasn't, I just know that ive been attracted to you in a very strange way that I haven't been attracted to anyone before.

J: so you think there would be a chance in this world that you would come to love me?....a woman with eyes filled with compassion and love, a woman who would be the best mother in the world, a woman whose body looks like it could have been made by the gods of the Olympus....someone whose skin is softer than a summers wind...whose smell is sweeter than all honies...that it would be possible for the woman of my dreams to see me as a man of hers?

*They make love against the kitchen sink.*

Ms: I like you Jon, I feel lonely and need to feel close to someone some times too, thereby this misunderstanding.....I don't want to hurt you Jon, you're a handsome man and the most sexually competent person I've ever had the pleasure of being close to....but I don't know you....maybe we could hang out and ill start to love you.....I can't just you know, love someone just like that, it takes a little bit more for me...

J: My god you're so hot Ms, smart, charming when you want to, it's my good damn duty as a man to love you, (*holds her waist*) you're like a hot and spicy wine toddy and your kisses are like....

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**Part 3, the proposition**

How then?

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Ms: stop it.....(*intercourse ends*) you won't get me like that....you scare me Jon, your words scare me, wine toddy, ha...

*J comes out of her.*

J: I try to be reassuring and show you my best, I listen to your every breath, every word that comes out of your mouth is my law, I talk about the future like women often like men to do....I tell you I'll take care of you....what more shall I do?

Ms: I don't know, I just hate this feeling of being trapped...suffocated...it makes me want to run away...I want to run away from you but I can't because there is some strange attraction keeping me put...

J: so come with me!

Ms: No....yes... run, we are going to, God, I hate my life.... It's just I'm so tired....God I'm tired...pour me a glass will you.

*J pours a glass, Ms C looks at the watch.*

Ms: yes we'll run alright.....but first we have to talk about some stuff...when was the plane leaving?...

J: 10.40

Ms:....so...there is still some time...

*Drinks the glass wants another one.*

J: don't drink so fiercely, you're almost suicidal....you're not gonna be able to stand upright if you go on like that....

Ms : What does it matter?

J: it matters a lot, I care about you and don't want you to get hurt...it's too easy to flee that way and it doesn't lead anywhere, what was it you were going to say to me?

Ms : I'll come with you but im gonna tell you the conditions, maybe you won't lik'em....so now you'll have to let me speak cause you've been speaking all the time....now you've told me your story now it's time for me to tell you mine, so that we can start this journey knowing eachother a little bit better.

J: sounds like a good idea....i'm often accused for talking too much...bullshit....but think twice so you don't reveal any secrets you will regret having told afterwards.....

Ms: you're my friend are you not?

Ms Chiocchis lack of love

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J: yes as much as any man can be to a woman in your league ....as much I would like to think of myself as a friend I know that I can't be one because I know too well how much more I would like to make you come in my arms than to just sit and talk and convince myself that im happy with that.....i might be generalizing here but any man that would pretend to think otherwise I would call a liar or simply insane.....and as such not worthy of being nor friend nor boyfriend.....so maybe you shouldn't trust any man, in that sense.....

Ms: I know but I still trust you to be my friend.....so I tell you this in trust..... I was raised by my grandmother really, my father worked all the time and my mother didn't care about us.... my grandmother had 7 kids. When she fell ill with polio, pregnant with the 5th one, my grandfather didn't want to take care of them because he thought that was women's chores....my grandma had to move back to her fathers farm where she wasn't welcome anymore. It made her hate men, grandma taught me that men were unreliable and could not be of any other use than being taken advantage of.....I was taught to never be dependent of any man ever....she'd beat me up if I didn't do my homework or if I slept too long on the weekends. The day she died I swore on my her grave never to be dependent on anyone.

My dad was this geek walking around with socks in his sandals, he was a slave under my mother, she did what she wanted with him....he was happy as long as she gave him food and kept the house free of rodents and critters.....he didn't like them.....

His father had made it across the ocean and he was lucky cause the rest of his family were killed by the Germans. If you think of me as cruel, think of all the cruelty that these people came from, don't you think that affects the offspring of generations to come? Trust me there is nothing that I want more than to be able to feel things the way you do, but I can't, I was taught not to, it puts obstacles in the way for survival and success as a consequence, but I'm still young. I can learn anything. I can smell the wonderful world of emotions when im with you....although they sit further in than yours do....

J: a lady shouldn't drink so much...

Ms: My mother raised me a feminist...we didn't have much but she bought me all the Pippi Longstocking books.....you know the girl that who could lift a horse, lived alone in a big house with the horse and the

monkey, mr nilsson....she had a coffin of goldcoins in the basement and a father that lived in Africa...sailed the seven seas...that one....anyway.... my mother was impartial to marriage as an institution. So when my dad proposed to her, she told him she would never be his wife but that she would consider taking him as a lover....He said that he would have difficulties having the love of his life be disgraced like that and she told him she didn't care about what other people thought and because he was so infatuated he agreed to be her lover instead...For this he was rejected by his family and his friends and hardly ever stepped outside the four walls of his house...

....I was born unwanted by my mother I have learned, she wanted a boy, she cried when the nurse said I was a girl, not of joy I can tell you that....so I was going to be schooled in my mothers thinking that a girl could do anything that a boy could do....she wanted a nature child, a hippie child....she grew her hairy legs and armpits and wanted to go to America so we moved to California, to Topanga and she dressed me in boys clothes, I was taught to take care of horses, saddle up and go hunting in the mountains, even butcher the animals....it was horrible, scary.....

we were hippies right, like a comune...she was good at getting people to do things she told them to...so she actually made the men do women's' chores and the women do men's chores.....resulting in a total riot almost breaking the community ....finally my father must have woken up from this bewitchment or whatever it was, he managed to set things straight and make the people happy again...not long after the two of them got married, secretly. She got a job as a nurse for retarded people, my dad didn't make much money then but they were able to put me through school. My dad had always been facinated with gymnasts and the way they could control their bodies so he wanted me to be one.... he put me in the gym team. There was no happiness in my life, just work, studies and endless practices. I was never taught to enjoy life or in any way express myself. There was a neighbor, the music teacher in school. Their kids also went to gym practice but do you know who always took us all to practice in spite of the fact he was working all the time?

-----  
J: your father

Betrayal

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Ms: Do you know what my mother did meanwhile?

J: She banged the neighbor?

Ms: Yup.

J: She must have broken his heart.

Ms: she sure did, he was never himself again, I've never seen anyone so sad ever in my life.

J: so what happened?

Ms: she stayed with him though she loved the other one, my dad wasn't rich but he made more money than a music teacher, and an idiot she was not... soon after he got a job in Paris and moved us out there, back to Europe.....things weren't really good ever again after that story with the neighbor, my mum started getting sick, she would have terrible cramps, she'd hide down in the basement, brain tumor it was, dad couldn't do anything, she faded away fast, in 4 months she was gone. I was taught by my mother to suck the juice out of a man.....just as with granma I don't think she ever liked them very much either....

J: and you seem to deeply despise men yourself.....

Ms: Maybe that's oversimplifyng things, but yes, most of the time nowadays, when I was a little girl I didn't, it started when I became a woman as the weakness started to come around full moon and nature took possession of me...Lord almighty, if only that fire could ever disappear.

-----  
*J n Ms half naked*

J: So you despise me too?

Ms: I don't despise you Jon, but I don't love you, I like you....more or less..some things I like about you and some things I don't..

J: So what do you think we should do?

Ms: Travel!

J: and make ourselves miserable? You don't love me.

Ms: Well I like you, maybe we can start dating, hang a couple of days a week, as long as I don't feel suffocated and then.....die...

## Back to dating

---

J: Start dating, after this? Die? That's so lame, so much better to start a guiding service!

-----  
Ms: (*without hearing j*) the northwest where the air is clean, people are nice...where it's not too cold, not too hot....where the corn is sweet and the blackberries ripe...

J: The northwest is a humid shitwhole with pretentious and pretend to be liberal white people in ergonomic sandals that try to put on a false attitude to care about things and other people, it's easy to be like that when there are no black or latin people around....everyone is talking about how they love the outdoors, how they love to climb mountains....even if they don't...but it's nice for getting money off them....they know nothing and are willing to pay big for a little knowledge....plenty of honeymooners want to climb the mountain....they come to basecamp, sign on a climb, pay and before they've even started the climb they've broken up....no refunding of the money, just let them go home and let new people in...it's easy...doubles the profit.

Ms: why? Why do they break up?

J: when they're outside their miserable work routine as slaves to the mortgage they just don't get along any more...but still pay their climbing fees...so others take their places, break up and that's the way it goes, cause there is always a surplus of love although it doesn't always last so long...

Ms: so you don't want to die with me?

J: I don't want to die! I like to be alive and I was taught suicide to be a crime against humanity....and the holy grace that gave us life....we should love eachother instead....seems so much more constructive don't you think....

Ms; you believe in God? You?

J: I've been spiritually grounded since I was a child, my grandma took me to church every Sunday and I still go....sometimes....shit I was gonna go tomorrow.....the gospel of John.....when john the baptizer gets beheaded.....damn.....Cris is gonna get furious.....fuck....well....yeah...I even sing in the church choir.....anyway....i'm a little crazy about you ms so if you will excuse me, for your own sake maybe you should let me go to sleep....I can't stand this constant rejection....it's just so utterly humiliating...I can't stand it any more.....

Ms: Jon don't leave me, I'll miss you, you'll make a whole in my heart if you leave me like this....come lie with me one more time....don't be angry with me....I know im insufficient in every sense of the word, unworthy of any attention of yours, but I think you owe me some more before you leave....

-----  
J: *puts a hundred dollar bill on the table.*

J: here take this, I don't want to owe anyone anything.

*Ms furious.*

Ms: A looser is a looser

J: and a whore is a whore.

-----  
*Ms cools down fast, seemingly unaffected by the humiliation.  
Ms & J unite on the sofa again.*

## Separation #3, the blame game

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Ms: you seduced me Jon, I came here to be with my friends and look at me, here I am, all weary....I don't know what to do....I always know what to do...

J: you seduced me Ms, you grabbed my hand and pulled me down.....and here we are..... you knew Cris would get sad....very sad.....

Ms: Why don't we just elope, get married and divorce...like the climbers...

J: that would be a waste of time and since you told me about your mom I must say that I doubt that you'd make such a good party, in my family we don't have any man haters, the women in my family love and respect their men.

Ms: and that's what I get for trying to make you understand who I really am....for giving away a secret...

J: telling secrets, I told you, you should be careful with that shit...you shouldn't drink because then you talk...and talk you shouldn't do!..... shit! im such a fool! why do I do this? you don't love me, I know that.  
-----

Ms: what do you want me to do? Cry, go to Seattle with you? A loser? let you fool me to go to rainier with you for three weeks and then start hating you after two days, cause I'm stuck? What do you want? This is getting embarrassing. Jon, I see that you're crying, I see that you're suffering but I can't do anything about it. I don't love you it's as simple as that. We let our bodies play with eachother ok, nothing more. Maybe it gave you something maybe it gave me something, we don't know, but I know I don't have time for love, I have a job, you don't, I gotta get up in the mornings, you don't. I have an office on lex and 42 nd, you don't and mr Simpson, mr Thatcher and mr Bartlett are going to get really upset if I don't come back after my honeymoon.....Christ I have three weeks..... my secretary is going to get worried, people will talk....

J:.... just help me out a little bit I don't know what to do here, I'm lost. Where am I? What do you want me to do?

Ms: I don't fucking know, it's none of my business, I don't answer to you, you're not my father, he's dead, he killed himself at least that's what they say.... there were some doubts whether it was suicide or not ....

J: I've been frightened and raging but is there no salvation? No way out of this?

Ms: stay here and be cool, don't worry, no one knows anything but me.  
-----

### Final Rejection

---

J: impossible, I can't live like this anymore, wandering aimlessly about, trying to write music that no one wants to nor listen nor play, it's unbearable. In ten years you've been living life to the max, maybe you've made partner by then making your 7, 8 figures, but you're still not happy, you want love but no one wants you cause you've hurt and been hurt so many times your heart has become harder than rock.....you've been banging too many bankers you've gotten tired of them cause they're all the same. Do I have to wait till then for you to understand that you can't beat good love, that time is precious and love is rare?

Ms: Listen Jon...no one knows about anything and I'm not going to tell anyone, I don't care, you get it? I don't care, I have other things on my mind.

J: but it's going to happen again and again like it has for the last ten years, I can't stand it all I want is you, I want nothing else.

Ms: if it happens again then so be it, shit happens.

J: and the consequences?

Ms: I don't know what you mean, the consequence is that we leave this room and never meet again. Consequence is that I am not for you. I make my own decision, you can't tell me to go anywhere cause I have to decide that myself. You can't have me. I don't love you, understand? You go to Rainier and open your guideservice but im not coming!

And you got to before you get too old. You should try to find some stability in life, not depending on anybody, you gotta find happiness within and cut all this romantic crap..... then you can write a book about everything.....if you don't blame me for all the shit you've had to take...

J: I'll go if you come with me.

Ms: are you deaf?.....I'd love to come Jon, but I don't think I can... it's more than enough in one day to skip ones wedding, don't' you think?

J: ...I can't go and I can't stay. Give me some help ms, I need some baring here, i've gotten lost, no map, no compass, please help me...do you like me at all?...I thought you did, even be it just little bit...God.... I'm so tired of myself, I can't stand myself, there must be something wrong with me...tell me what to do cause I can't think any more, put me in motion, I cannot think any more, I can't do anything about things..... i've used all my thoughts, you sucked the juice out of me, can't see anything, tell me what to do ms...

Ms: You're sweet, I do like you Jon, it's not that I don't, but don't be sad, love isn't all there is to life. I'll tell you what to do, you have to get lucky, get yourself a life that's what you have to do, you just walk out that door and don't look back.  
-----

J: can I taste you one more time before I do?

Ms: you're crazy I wouldn't mind but I think it would be too much for you, you have proven that you cannot handle it, you get emotional, you tell me that you love me and all kinds of pathetic bullshit, no wait, I'll tell you what you're gonna do, you re gonna stay here and I'm gonna I get my stuff and leave.

J: please don't order me like a slave Ms., can you be a little bit friendly to me, please.

Ms: What do you mean? an order is always unfriendly, and a fact is a fact, it doesn't matter how you phrase it. I'm tired of this constant nagging of yours, it's getting on my nerves, I'm gonna go and play with my friends...I'm missing out on my wedding night here...cant believe how much time ive waisted on you already...

-----  
*Ms leaves to go next door. Slams the door. C wakes up.*

J's confession to his girl friend

---

C: my God, what was that? Gee, I've been sleeping for hours. What happened?

J: the party got a little bit crazy, didn't you hear anything, you been sleeping that hard?

C: sleeping like a log.

-----  
*J' sitting totally apathetic. C gets dressed.*

J: you look like you're going to church or something.

C: you know I like to do that sometimes.

J: what is it about today?

C: think it's from the gospel of john, when john the baptizer gets beheaded.

J: o yes I forgot, sounds like it could be a long one...I would have liked to come, shit Im so tired, so tired.....

C: what have you been doing all night? your face is almost green.

J: I've been talking to that girl.....I knew her father.....

C: that's interesting.... Maybe you've discovered that she is not a very kind person.

J: maybe you don't know her.

C: well?

J: it's strange thinking about it.

C: what?

J: everything.

-----  
*C looks around. There are spots and clothes on the sofa.*

C: you been.... talking... a lot, I see.

J: I guess.

C: what have you been talking about?

J: everything and nothing..

C: did you kiss her?

J: yes.

C: is that so, you couldn't help it I guess?

J: no I couldn't

C: fuck you Jon, you mess with my friend at my party, that's ugly Jon.

-----  
sacrifice speaks

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J: you're not jealous of her?

C: I don't know her that well, if it had been Anna or Jenny I'd tear your eyes out of your head. But I still think it's awful....

J: are you mad at her?

C: no, but mad at you, fucker, I've been trying to tell you that I love you and you've been playing so fucking hard to get and this and that and you see this girl and just get it on like that, that's pretty awful I think.

J: I couldn't help myself

C: you're just like all of them, just go to were their penises point, I don't want to do what we've been doing anymore Jon, you're just the worst, how could you do that, in my house? I can't stand you Jon, you've been treating me like shit ever since I met you, you don't know how to treat a woman that's for sure, and that girl I mean come on she's half your age for Christs sakes, she too young for you, it's pathetic, disgusting.....I'm tired of this godforsaken city, my lease is up next month I've been thinking about it, I'm out of here.

J: where are you going?

C: well I was hoping that we might hang for a while, maybe I could make you love me. You said you need someone to marry to get papers...

J: it's taken me 10 years to get here I'm no leaving yet even if I admit sometimes to thinking about getting out of here, but you know how it is in the city.....you're miserable if you stay and you're miserable if you don't, it's hard to find a job anywhere, it's tough, and I won't pump gas...

C: you'd better start pumping gas if you wanna get the papers cause I ain't gonna marry a loser that can't pay his part of the rent, you'll empty my account and fuck up my credit,...try the firedepartment or a policedepartment, or something, you'll get a pension and we'll get insurance...

J: there is still some juice left in me Cris, I can do better than that, I'm not ready to die for a wife yet, I have bigger perspectives.

C: perspectives, yes but you'd have some duties too dude.

J: Don't piss me off talking about duties, I know what I have to do and there is time enough to elaborate on that, get your stuff and let's go to church.

-----  
C: so you changed your mind?

J: When I say im gonna do something, I do it.

C: so you asked about her father. Who was he?

-----  
*C moves towards the bathroom, holding back her tears.*

J: one of the greatest of the 20th century, up there with Stravinsky

C: my God he must have left her a lot of money.

*C goes into the bathroom with constrained hysteria*

-----  
*C against the bathroom mirror.*

C: Fuck you Jon!

-----  
the curse

---

*Ms comes in. J sittinh down in sofa, Ms stands by entrancedoor.*

J: be silent, Cris is in the bathroom, she sad.

Ms: any suspicions?

J: I told her I kissed you, that I couldn't help my self.

Ms: you look tired, your face is green.

J: I'm tired, I need some cold water, its the unbearable light of the sun.

Ms: the revealer of truth.

J: yes truth is being revealed as we speak, please come with me, let's just go somewhere close, Miami...it's midsummersday, I'll tell you about how we celebrate midsummersday in my country, I don't want to be alone on midsummersday, there is dancing, music.... flowers, escape, let's escape.....

Ms: ok, but then we'll have to go now, before she comes out of there, not later, so get dressed, well just leave everything, all the old stuff, just leave and start a new life.

J: you changed your mind? You want to now?

-----  
*J gets ready puts on his jacket takes his computer from underneath the couch*

Ms: you're not bringing that thing, you're sick.

J: why? It's my life, my whole life is in this computer.

Ms: you don't need it anymore, you're gonna get yourself a new one.

J: it's my only friend, it's the only thing I need, just as you're the only thing I want.

Ms: you gotta let go of it, and be quiet so she doesn't hear us.

J: can't leave it here someone might steal it better then to destroy it.

Ms: ok, give it to me!

J: yes, but don't destroy it, not the harddrive at least...

Ms: give it to me, they're not gonna let you on the plane with that you hear? There are new restrictions, airport security...

J: But she's my dear Lucille, my sole companion, we've spent so much time together.

-----  
*J hands her the computer.*

Ms: stop it, don't be pathetic you don't need it, you're going to get yourself a life ok!...you should have learned to stay away from these technical things, they just steal your life, they are given importance when they really are useless.

J: then I'm useless too, kill me, just kill me too I damned the day that I first met you, I damned the day that I was born.

-----  
*Ms kills the computer furiously.*

Ms: you can swear as much as you like, your mac is history, get lost!

-----  
devil in disguise

---

J: no I don't want to go yet, why did you destroy my computer? you're a woman, you shouldn't destroy you should create. I'm not leaving this time, you don't think I can take the heat, I can. Next time you might be the one in love....You despise me cause I am weak right now.... so here you come out of nowhere when my guard is low, opening up, making me think you like me, falling down being cut open on your heart of rock. I would like to see your heart cut open like mine is now, I would slice it and eat it for breakfast, drink from your scull, cut off your breasts and bathe my feet in the blood.

You think I'm weak cause my heart longs for you ever since the first time I laid my eyes on you...because I want you to carry my child? I don't know you, I hardly know your name, you could be Helen, Paris, ms Hollywood, but you're just a little spoilt brat, a papas girl who thinks she can have it all and probably will... until in a few years when she looks like shit because she's been putting out so much bad stuff that she is lost beyond salvation.

I was a fool to think you could be of any good, you seem to be kind, empathetic and compassionate but you are the most coldhearted woman I've ever met. You have everything you need to be miserable for the rest of your life so go on, get miserable, you should have married but you couldn't cause you wouldn't let go of what you had, you never will but if you ever do, that person will throw you to the vultures just as you've done to so many.

Ms: Bravo, that's more like it, a little balls, someone who doesn't take shit, someone who cant stand being spat at, that's the kind of guy I like!

-----  
*Enter Cris from bathroom*

J: this woman's is evil, she just trashed my computer, my life.

C: What is going on here? what have you two been doing , it looks like shit here and you're making a lot of noise.

J: Cris you are a woman and my friend, this person claims to be a woman but she is really the devil in disguise.

Ms: You two seem to like each other a lot, that's great, we can talk more about that but I got to go visit the restroom first.

-----  
*Ms exit into bathroom.*

## **Part 4 : dooms day**

Everyone is happy

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J: you gotta to listen to me.

C: I don't understand a thing, where are you two going, what are you up to, why is your computer lying in a thousand pieces?

J: I'll tell you everything, it's crazy.

C: I don't know if I want to know.

J: you have to listen.

C: if it's about you making out with her im not interested, I couldn't care less, a little mistake in the heat of the night but if you're trying to escape with her im gonna do what I can to stop it.

J: listen it's not about that, it's just that I can't stand myself, I have to go, leave, I've lost it, I don't want to be a burden on anyone's shoulders.

C: and?

J: maybe you want to come with me, I'm gonna open a guiding service in the pacific northwest, I would take people up ranier ms here would be my assistant and maybe you can be hers...is that good?...we'll all go, no one has to stay in the city.

-----  
C: hm hm.

J: you've never been traveling much Cris, we'd go to Asia, I'll show you around Hong Kong , go to the temples in Bangkok, check in at miss Lois in Saigon, I'll show you around, Khartoum, Potosi, Bolivia, Madrid, have heard about the Guernica? The Picasso, it's almost as big as a house Cris, I'll take you to the great lakes and Colorado, we'll write it off as expenses, we'd travel across the country in a van, go to Niagara falls, the capitol even, visit the white house, the grand canyon, go to Graceland, look at Elvis things, I'll show you around Hollywood, iv'e been all those places Cris, the pacific north west mt Ranier, you, and me.... and Sandra Ann...

-----  
*Ms listens from bathroom.*

J: ...and there you'll be taking care of the guests and Sandra Ann will invite them in, Sandra Ann will write out the invoices and I'll up them significantly, climbers are always shy when they're going to pay their bills but she'll make them confident that theyre doing the right thing and Cris you will be the empress of the kitchen, not cook yourself of course, just walk around and oversee everything, one day you'll snag yourself a rich fellow, an Englishman..they are so easily snagged..and well get rich and build a house in Gigue Harbor, it rains a lot there but some day the sun will shine on us too...and if it doesn't work out we can always come back here or go somewhere else.....Cambodia...

C: Jon, do you really believe that stuff yourself?

J: if I believe it myself, of course, do you think im just talking?

C: yes, aren't you?

J: I don't know, I don't believe in anything anymore, I studied the vedas for five years and all I learnt was that anything you desire you will not have, I believe they're right, I believe in imperfection...

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elope

---

*Ms enters.*

*C towards ms.*

C: so you were going to elope were you?

Ms: elope I don't know, well you heard about the project didn't you, I don't think it sounded totally off the wall I must say, it's quite doable.

C: but you think that I'd like to join you after you two've been fucking, while I've been sleeping.

Ms: We haven't done anything of what you are talking about, listen, we're discussing a business proposal here. You should be a little more grateful.

C: grateful?

Ms: yes...

C: listen to that one.

Ms: you'd better listen cause it's not your money at play here. Jon is paying for everything and he's inviting you to come along, so...

C: I've had enough self-respect that .....

Ms: ...you've always been suspicious of others.

C:...that I've never stolen other people's property and I've never borrowed a single penny of anyone. You, come and tell me I owe anyone anything....come on do it!

Ms: No, you've been getting by mingling with fine folks instead...

C: yea, like he would be one of them, an obnoxious big-time loser?

Ms: says someone who never finished college (Law school).....

-----

mercy in the Lord

---

C: yeah, so maybe you did, but look at you, you've lost it Ms Chiocci, you should come with me to church it would do you some good to remind you of what one can and what one cannot do...

Ms: don't believe in that shit only stupid people do, you go!

C: yes, I'll do that and I will bring home some forgiveness enough for both of you cause if you surrender to the Lord there is forgiveness for all.

J: also for those who hardly know how to read?

C: I was raised to think that there was mercy only in heaven and that even if you're being one to whom all is being given, you should be aware of that fact.

J: if I only could have some of your faith.

C: that is something you have or you don't, if you don't have it you can't get it. It's like with acting, either you have it or you don't.

J: so who gets it?

C: it's the big secret of the divine, you don't get it by selling real estate or slaving at a firm, it's not inherited, the ones that are willing to sacrifice and not afraid of losing, get faith.

J: in that case I should get some, im putting all my money on this.

C: its easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for an asshole like you to get into the kingdom of heaven. Im sorry Jon, it's just the way it is. I aint coming with you, you are crazy to think I would. Im leaving now.

*C exits..*

-----  
*J on the floor midst the remains of his computer.*

Ms: what a bitch, and all that for a computer?

J: it's gone...no backup.....my 13<sup>th</sup> symphony....no numbers ones and zeroes anymore, no life...no way out of this.

Ms. No way out.

J: if you were the one who loved me, what would you do in my place?

Ms: in your case, a man, in love, a dreamer a hopeless romantic, victim to his emotions....hm let me think.... I don't know....yes I do know.

J: like this?

*Takes the gun from under the sofa, puts it in his mouth.*

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Solution

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Ms: ....I cant help you Jon, Im sorry. You have your life I have mine. People don't just meet like we did and that's it, it's too easy, it doesn't happen. I can't tell you I haven't enjoyed our little encounter, but ...in a year or two I'll make partner....seven figures....and then there is my pro bono asylum cases. There is no place for us Jon. You sound so sad, depressed or something, take these....(*pulls out some pills*) ....they'll make you feel a little less, like you behave normal or whatever....

I got so miserable these two last weeks, my fathers suicide...he didn't have any reason to kill himself....no one knows why he did, it came as a shock....and on top of that realizing I didn't love Dave anymore, so sad. I mean, we really broke up for no reason at all, we loved each other, I still love him...but I wasn't in love with him....big difference....you can't marry someone you're not in love with right?....I'm a lawyer, my job is to lie Jon, I lied to him and said I was staying with frineds when I was having sex with someone else....couldn't live with that....it was was terminal, I couldn't.

....wouldn't be able to live a lie like that for the rest of my life....Im only getting married once Jon..... it felt like we were sort of done in a way, it might have been the worst mistake in my life, but I had to do it, I had to leave him...I cried so much Jon....every morning I woke up crying and every night I'd cry myself to sleep....he asked me what it was....and I told him I was ok....my mom insisted I'd go to the doctor....and he gave me some...I didn't want to take them but Lord am I glad I did, I wouldn't be able to get up in the morning if I hadn't....it's a decent alternative, less bloodshed... ..here! take some! try it out! I have tons, one pill in the morning and one in the evening.

J: I couldn't do that, I'm a man, only women would do it that way, I can't do that. I will take those pills no more than Goring would let himself be hung...Can you imagine Jon walking around like a zombiie? Everyday passing one after the other completely the same, living the life of a living dead, never happy, never sad, always safe cause of the pills. I've been banging women on the upper east side that take these and they can't have an orgasm, no matter how long you pump em or eat em... what kind of life is that? I'd rather be dead already.

-----  
Ms: To me it sounds like you're bipolar Jon, there is something manic about you for sure...but there are remedies, this is one , ok, trust me everyone is doing it, you'd be surprised how many of the people you know are doing it.

J: Ms Chicocchi, maybe im depressed, decompressed, maybe I ran out of air 10 years ago, but you inspire Ms, Sandra Ann, you fill my lungs with air again, I wouldn't have been ranting soo much had you not....or maybe I've been under water for 10 years and just now surfaced, maybe meanwhile my lungs have become gills and I've become a fish and can't handle oxygen anymore, maybe I'm just grasping for air, like a child drawing his first breath, or maybe I'm just hurting cause you beat me so hard, but Ms. Sandra Ann let me tell you ,I'd rather shoot myself like your dad did, than take those pills..... did you ever get to know your dad? Did you ever love him? did you ever know about his music?

Ms: sure I did, I loved him alright, even if I hated him too, he was never there for me when I needed him, always working. He was more like a kid than a man, didn't care about his appearance, only shaved when she told him to, it was revolting the way he was under her spell, sickening it was to see how worthless a man could be.

J's confession to his love interest

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J: and now im like him, a half man, a man in love with someone he can't have, someone who does not love him back, some one who for a fact hates him, a man with no spine or balls...god I'm so tired...good lord tell me what to do...im so tired of myself...it's always like this...

Pause, silence

...I was one of your fathers greatest admirers, I have all his scores, all his recordings, I hung at all the places where he hung, just to get to know him from a distance at first, I approached him one day and we started to share some ideas, I brought him scores for him to look at. I was flattered when he used an oboe melody from my 12th symphony's second movement in the adagio movement of his 4th symphony.....he changed it just a little bit and it became so much better..(*J hums the melody*).instead of (*hums the new melody*) He was kind to me but I knew all my life I could never be as good as him.....and I know that he thought so too..... that I would be a second class prostitute at the studios in Hollywood if I got lucky.....and I came to understand that he was right.... his 8th symphony is a masterpiece that would make any composer give up and resign.....I was at the first performance, in Stockholm, Esa Pekka, in -97, it was magic...I just wanted to die....I met him in the foyer afterwards.... shared with him my admiration for the perfection of his piece.....you were there.....it was you...he introduced me to you, you gave me your hand....it was you...you looked me in the eye and..... I knew that I loved you from that moment, that you were the love of my life.....that I would never love anyone else....

-----  
*Pause dead body...*

-----  
*Clip to homevideo  
Its so sad, so sad...*

-----  
*Under shots of dead man...police car, blue light, rain*

Ms: You're him? The one that suddenly disappeared and never came back? I remember that...he told me about it.... I remember, I remember that evening too, I was happy, I had won the county tournament in bars, he took me along.... first performance....afterwards in the foyer we were talking to someone.....several people....the conductor....the concert master..... the police came to our house to ask questions..... there was a funeral.....many people....we were there...a widow, a mother...dressed in black.... crying...your children by an empty coffin....(thinkin for a while)

I suddenly feel a little sorry for you Jon but will keep myself from feeling anything more for you, yes I feel sorry for you now (*changes sentiment*) and I'm sure that you're right, that in the eyes of my father you were just a looser trying to get by writing shitty jingles, I would feel so bad about myself for being such a looser I'd seek professional advice right away if he told me to.

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J: so let's pretend that you are him and I am you and I do whatever you say cause I am so miserable and lonely and tragic, rejected, pathetic, sorryassed and stupid I have no right to exist anymore. Let's pretend that you are a hypnotist that tells his patient to grab the broom and he grabs it and then he tells the patient to sweep the floor and he sweeps it.

Ms: but then he must be sleeping.

J: I'm already sleeping, the whole room is like smoke to me...and you are like a fireplace, dressed in black, with a hat, your eyes glow like charcoal when the flames are out, and your face is like a summers day and it's warm and cozy.... and peaceful... a soft wind moves the mosquitonet, you are in my house, we rest.... I open your hiding... and taste your gold....

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*Ms: Grabs his hand slowly, and gives him the box of Prozac.*

Ms: Here is the broom, go now while there still is time, to Tompkins square and.....

*J sleepwalking.*

J: .....our tickets....79 dollars.....got you the windowseat....10.40 am.....thank you Ms....Sandra, Sandra Ann.... I'm goin to the pacific northwest now....to the big trees....and the fresh air.....

Ms: there is no mercy but in the lord.

J: there is no mercy but in the lord.

Ms: my father was a great composer and I might still have some years before gravity takes it's toll... This will be the best for you .....you will leave this house now and never come back, you will forget about this midsummer's eve.....you will forget about me...

*Ms opens the door for him.*

*J exits, gun in one hand box of prozac in one.*

End credits.