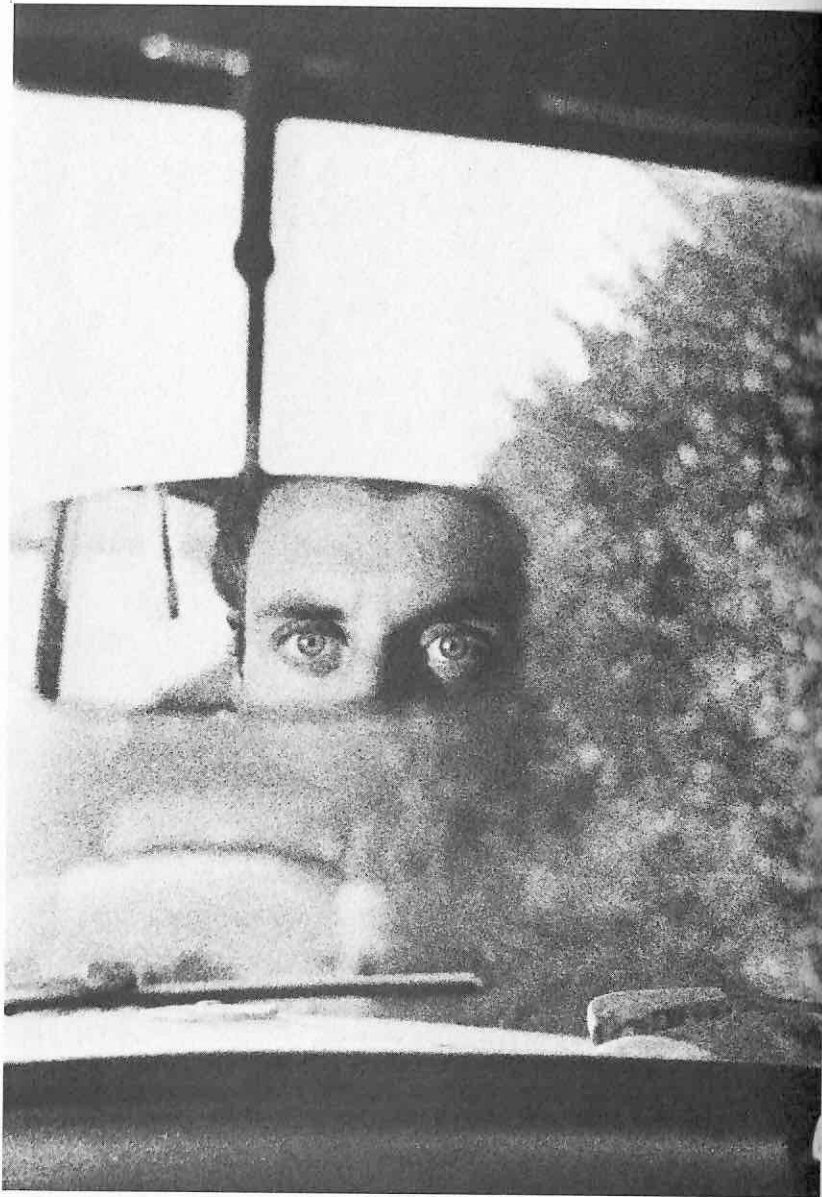


Part II



The HAWK and the DOUBLE are as before.

Double: She's dead.

Hawk: She was skinny but she had a great walk. A sequin dress in the early darkness and a certain oriental roll to her hips. She was anything but cherry. She had the sweet, pale look of the damned. Just like Jean Harlow.

Double: What do I do with the body?

Hawk: The body?

Double: Her corpse. She's dead.

Hawk: I turned her on.

Double: They'll be looking for you.

Hawk: What do you expect me to do? I can't help it.

Double: Get rid of the body.

Hawk: I can't.

Double: Get rid of the body.

Hawk: I can't.

Double: Get rid of the body.

Hawk: I can't. I can't. I can't.

The THIRD VICTIM appears at the door.

Fifth Improvisation: The Third Victim

Hawk: Who is it?

Victim: Madame Duval.

Hawk: Who the fuck is Madam Duval? *(opens the door)*

Victim: I am Madame Duval.

Hawk: What can I do for you?

Victim: Well, you must know me.

Hawk: No, I don't.

Victim: Well, you know my chauffeur, Jeffrey.

Hawk: Oh, come in.

Victim: *(enters, looks in mirror)* Oh, what a marvelous mirror. Absolutely charming. *(turns)* You know, I had a terrible time getting here.

Hawk: Oh, really.

Victim: Oh, yes. It was simply awful. It's Jeffrey's night off, you know. I think everyone should have one night off, don't you? It breaks the monotony and refreshes the spirit, in a manner of speaking. Well, where was I? Oh, yes. So I came by taxi instead. Have you ever tried to get a taxi over here? It's really quite an experience. You stand out in the street and shout "Taxi! Taxi!" And, of course, they're all going to Brooklyn. And then there's the ones with their off duty signs on. So, you shout, "Off Duty! Off Duty!" Of course that does no good whatsoever. And when I finally got one, the driver talked incessantly all the way over, about some person named Jackson or Johnson . . . it was simply unbearable.

Hawk: Would you like something to drink?

Victim: Oh, yes, how sweet. *(she talks to her "guides," who hover somewhere over her left shoulder)* What's that, darlings? Oh, yes, the blue . . . you're quite right . . . very poor taste . . .

Hawk: *(at the liquor cabinet)* What would you like? I have champagne, some whiskey, Scotch . . .

Victim: Oh, no—I'm English.

Hawk: No, what would you like to drink?

Victim: I would like tea, please.

Hawk: Tea. How do you take it?

Victim: I take it with one level teaspoon of sugar and a twist of lemon floating in the glass.





Hawk: Certainly. *(goes to the kitchen)*

Victim: *(arranging herself in a rigid position)* Ommmmmm.

Hawk: *(returns with the tea)* Are you all right?

Victim: Oh, yes. I was just composing myself. I feel relaxed now. More relaxed than I was before, which isn't very relaxed, but it is more relaxed than I was before.

Hawk: I see. *(hands her the tea)*

Victim: Oh, thank you. Mmmmm. Delicious. Have you known Jeffrey long?

Hawk: Two, three years.

Victim: He's a dear boy. He's been with me for some time now. His friends, though, they're a bit odd. Bohemians, I

suspect. Charles . . . that's my husband, he's the nervous sort, you know, with blue eyes and baggy trousers. Charles thinks that Jeffrey is a common criminal. Hardly. A bit common, perhaps, but certainly not criminal. Wouldn't you say?

Hawk: What can I do for you?

Victim: Oh, yes. Of course. Excuse me . . . what's that, my dears? . . . yes, yes . . . patience, we'll go soon . . .

Hawk: Who are you talking to?

Victim: Oh, that . . . my guides.

Hawk: Your who?

Victim: My guides.

Hawk: Oh, you're one of those . . . ah . . . Christian Scientists?



Victim: Not exactly.

Hawk: They talk back to you?

Victim: We communicate, of course.

Hawk: How many do you have?

Victim: Two. How many do you have?

Hawk: I have one.

Victim: Oh, bully for you.

Hawk: I think one's enough. Any more than that and the room would start to get crowded. Two of anything is more than I can stand. *(pause)* What did you come here for?

Victim: Oh, yes. Well, I was going to call you. On the phone, of course. It's Jeffrey's night off, you know. And I had the receiver in my hand, when they said to me, "Emily" . . . they call me Emily.

Hawk: Is that your name?

Victim: No. "Emily," they said, "go yourself." And I said to them, "But surely I could just call a messenger service and have them deliver it in a plain white wrapper!" But they insisted. "That is not discreet," they said, "go yourself." So, I came myself.

Hawk: Why?

Victim: Oh, yes. I'm so forgetful at times. Well, to get to the point, it's about your merchandise. Yes, your . . . what's that noise? Do you hear that?

Hawk: What noise?

Victim: That flapping noise. It's getting louder. It's coming closer. *(rises, backing away around the room)* . . . it's the beating of wings . . . it's coming closer . . . it's a bird . . . a

huge bird . . . it's coming closer . . . it's coming towards me . . . it's a . . . it's a hawk! . . . and it's coming towards me! No! Stop! Stop it! Get away! Get away from me! Stop! Stop! *(pause)* Well. They certainly are playful little devils. Now, what was it you came to see me about?

Hawk: I live here. You came to see me.

Victim: Oh, yes. Quite right. It is rather confusing sometimes. They can throw me off, as it were. But it's much better now. I went to a psychiatrist, you see, and my problem was cured in three months' time. He said I was the fastest client he ever had. Charles sent me. He was upset when I told him I could hear voices. I was upset too, because it got to be very distracting when I couldn't tell whether they were talking to me or just having a little chat with one another. So, I went to the psychiatrist, and after three months, I was able to hear them loud and clear . . . yes, darlings, we're hurrying right along.

Hawk: The merchandise.

Victim: Oh, yes, about the merchandise. How shall I put it? I feel . . . yes, of course . . . we feel that a better brand is the best solution.

Hawk: What do you mean?

Victim: Well, I mean that whatever you have been giving us has been . . . I hate to use the word inferior . . . but inferior it has definitely been.

Hawk: It's not working.

Victim: Well, it does produce a mild nausea and splitting headaches, but these aren't exactly the effects we had in mind. So, we thought that if you could prescribe a better brand, we would be most appreciative.

Hawk: How long have you been taking morphine?

Victim: Oh, let's see . . . I've been taking syrettes now . . . thank you, darlings . . . eighteen months.

Hawk: I see. Well, what you have is very common among junkies. You've developed a tolerance for the drug. Most addicts suffer from this. It's very common.

Victim: Ah, yes, junkies, poor sufferers.

Hawk: You need more. Six syrettes instead of three.

Victim: That wouldn't be very practical, would it?

Hawk: Practical?

Victim: Well, of course, with such a busy schedule, people coming to see me for guidance and readings . . . and there's Jeffrey . . . why, that would mean he would be at my side morning, noon, and night . . . hmmm.

Hawk: Later on, you'll probably need nine. But, I assure you, it happens every day. As long as the cost doesn't bother you, you needn't worry about it. Most junkies are poor.

Victim: Yes, of course. Well, I hardly think it necessary to dwell on that. Besides, if your theory had been correct, they would have said to me, "Emily, you need more injections." Now, wouldn't they?

Hawk: It makes no difference to me. You'll need the six injections sooner or later. Your body just won't stand it. That's the reason for the nausea and the headaches. Now, do you want . . .

Victim: Excuse me . . . what's that, darlings? . . . oh? Oh, really . . . well . . . (to HAWK) "Emily, you need more injections." That's what they said. Now, if you have a

sterilized needle, some alcohol, and gauze, we can put your theory to the test.

Hawk: You want to try it now?

Victim: Oh, yes, by all means.

Hawk: How do you take it?

Victim: One level teaspoon of sugar and a twist . . .

Hawk: No, the injection. Where do you take the injection?

Victim: Well, I used to take it in the arm, but I found that when I appeared before a multitude—sometimes it's more like a minitude—to speak, and I raised my arms, well, the marks weren't exactly in keeping with the spiritual nature of the occasion. So, I take it in the ankle, alternating one here, then one here. I find that to be most efficacious. Although, I can't remember which ankle was last . . . Jeffrey sees to all that, of course.

Hawk: How about if I give it to you up your ass?

Victim: Well, if you think . . . up my what?

Hawk: Jeff was saying to me the other day how the old junkie likes it up her ass.

Victim: (goes to the door) Could you open this door? Could you please open this door?

Hawk: (opens the door) I'll send Jeffrey over with the usual amount.

Victim: (leaving) Yes, that would be just fine. (turns) The usual amount! Oh, really! Do you mean to say that I've come all the way over here, stood in the street waving for a taxi, sat in this horrid blue room drinking luke warm tea, chased by that abominable hawk, to have you say to me, "Up my ass!" Well, up your ass! The usual amount, indeed.

Hawk: See that worn spot on the rug?

Victim: Yes.

Hawk: Sit on it. All of you. I'll give you the shot. (to DOUBLE) Now.

The DOUBLE delivers the box and returns to his chair.

The HAWK prepares the injection.

Victim: (sits) Well . . . yes, in a minute, darlings . . . we must endure . . . a junkie, indeed . . . sit on the floor . . . isn't that just too, too bohemian . . . it's not as though we haven't sat on floors before. We have sat on floors . . . sometimes we were fortunate enough to sit on mattresses . . . choking from incense . . . little boxes with colors on them . . . it's all so common . . . how they manage, I don't know . . . they're barely able to communicate with each other, let alone on some higher plane . . . poor Jeffrey. If only he wasn't so . . . well, he is . . . yes, yes, darlings . . . be patient . . . And Charles' friends, oh they're really impossible too. They look at one another and they talk. You can hardly tell them apart, except one is long and one is short . . . I often wonder if they hear each other . . . Imagine Charles worrying about my voices . . . Charles has never heard a thing in his life . . . Yes, yes, my dears, soon . . . A junkie. Imagine, a junkie. Why, for thousands of years civilized man has used stimulants to elevate and communicate . . . to reach the world of the spirit. A junkie! Everyone knows that a junkie is someone who falls, shakes, sweats, has fits and strangles people in dark alleys . . . a junkie . . . Please hurry! . . . Oh, it's so impossible. All of them. Jeffrey's friends. Charles' friends . . . but, I have made efforts. Yes, I have. I have gone out to people and I have said to them, "friend." Yes, I have. And have they extended their hand in friendship? No, they have not. They have hid in their horrid little voids . . . you are the only ones . . . I can speak to

you . . . I can communicate with you . . . we talk . . . yes, we do . . . where are you? . . . I say, where are you? . . . (to HAWK) Are you ready? Are you ready? (to guides) Well, where are you? One joke is enough. Where are you? (to HAWK) Please hurry! (The HAWK starts to give her the injection in the arm) No, no, in the ankle. Yes. (he gives her the injection) There. Now, where are you? Please, darlings . . . (to HAWK) I told you! It is not enough! Get more! Get more! (he goes for more) Are you there? Are you there? What's that? (looks in the mirror. A vision seems to come to her) Of course . . . (falls to the floor, dead.)

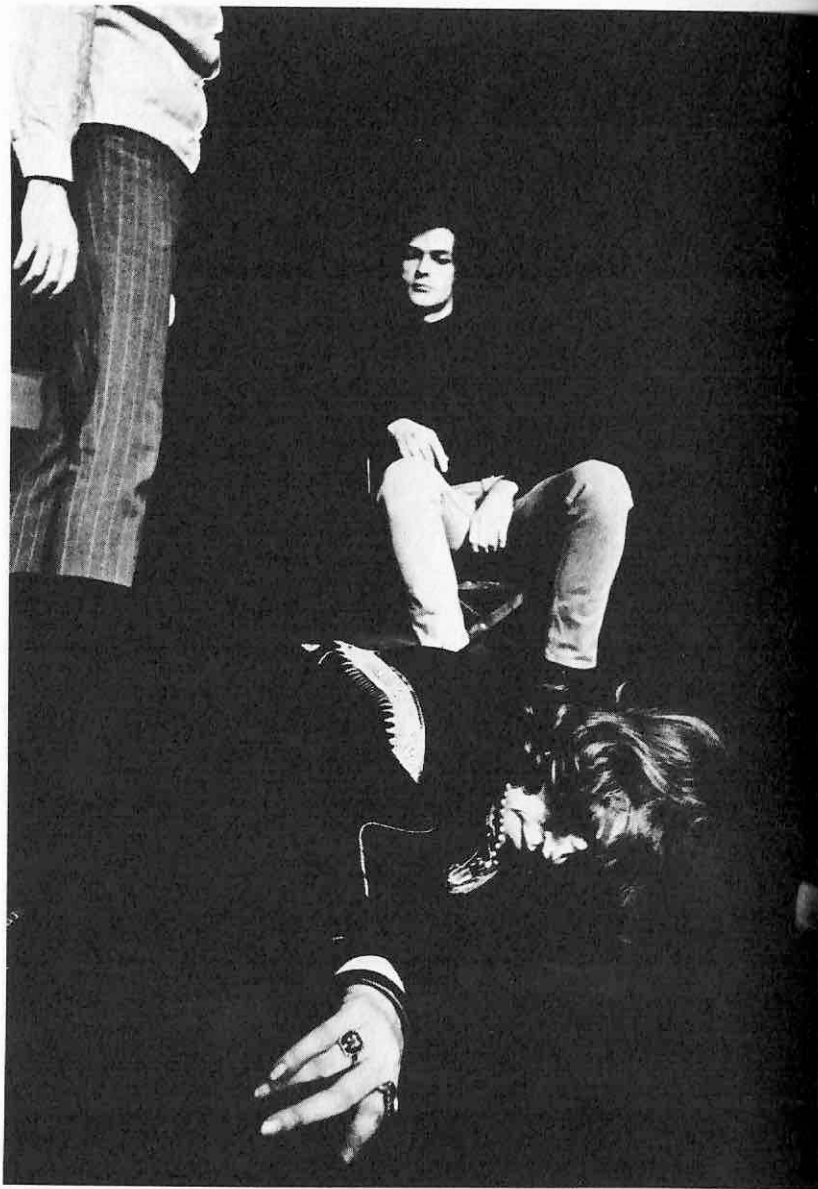
The HAWK returns with the other shot. He pauses a moment, then pounds it into her ass.

The HAWK takes another shower.

The DOUBLE rearranges the materials.

The VICTIM lies on the floor.

Double: (in the kitchen, repeating the gestures of the HAWK'S shower) You know, I have moments. I walk around a lot. I go for strolls in the park. I hang out. I observe, sometimes, when my head gets loose . . . when the habitual hairyness . . . subsides . . . I watch them, you, us, the others . . . carry on . . . I have moments. I see the picture. I wonder at this creature I see, who is so far out of the muck, who has shed his gills, who swims for relaxation, who shits into plastic bowls, who searches for love, love . . . I wonder about this need for love, this irrational yearning . . . a torment, in fact . . . especially when you consider what he's made of, what he smells like, what he's capable of doing . . . I wonder if it's built in . . . how deep it runs . . . if it is in the sea! If it is in the sky! In the eyes of cats! Then I get a feeling in my gut just like hunger, a feeling that washes over my balls and up into my lungs, and my heart, and my



brain . . . a useless compassion . . . making me into a
dumbfounded idiot! Which disgusts me!

*The DOUBLE escorts the VICTIM out.
The HAWK and the DOUBLE return as before.*

Double: She's dead.

Hawk: She was skinny but she had a great walk. A sequin dress in the early darkness and a certain oriental roll to her hips. She was anything but cherry. She had the sweet, pale look of the damned. Just like Jean Harlow.

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Hawk: The body?

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Double: Get rid of the body.

Hawk: I can't.

Double: Get rid of the body.

Hawk: I can't.

Double: Get rid of the body.

Hawk: I can't. I can't. I can't.

The FOURTH VICTIM appears at the door.

Sixth Improvisation: The Fourth Victim

Hawk: *(opening the door)* Oh, fuck! *(shuts the door in the face of the FOURTH VICTIM, a striking platinum blonde reminiscent of Hollywood in the early 1930's, who opens the door, enters, and crosses in front of the mirror, holds her breast, and poses. She turns.)*

Victim: Hello, fuck-face. *(sits on the couch next to the HAWK)* Hey, Charlie, you like this? *(she presents a perfumed arm under his nose)* It's called Ben Hur. Give it a chance to sink in. A gift from an admirer.

Hawk: Something else. Let's have another smell.

Victim: So, how's your ass, Charlie?

Hawk: It's all right. How's yours?

Victim: I wish you hadn't asked me that. I'm in bad shape, Charlie. I have this huge bruise on my hip. *(hands on hip, outlining a bruise)* You wouldn't believe it. It's not even black and blue. It's all yellow and purple, and there's some green here. And there's this pain that goes down my leg, past my knee *(hands on knee)*, then shoots up the other side, where there's this big scratch across my stomach. I couldn't begin to tell you how that all happened. Oh, and my toe, right on the end, a large sore, and *(presents an ankle)* do you see that?

Hawk: Is that a rash?

Victim: No, cigarette burns. Could you believe it?

Hawk: That's a rash.

Victim: Cigarette burns. I ought to know. I was there. And then there's this piece of bone. Give me your hand. *(his hand on her hip)* I think it's come off and into my . . . yeah, right there.



Hawk: That's a cyst, not a bone.

Victim: No, that's a piece of bone, Charlie, it's a chip. Don't try and scare me. You see my neck?

Hawk: Hickies.

Victim: Look at that. And I have a sore throat, and my back is killing me, my tongue hurts, my tits are swollen . . .
(pause) Jesus, I got to change my life, Charlie. *(poses in the mirror as she would on a magazine cover)* You know, I've been thinking, just because I'm five feet three and a little chesty doesn't mean I couldn't be a fashion model, does it, Charlie?

Hawk: You want to be a fashion model?

Victim: Well, I have very high cheekbones and long eyelashes and all you have to do is look dumb. I've been looking through a lot of magazines and I could do that. What have you got to drink, Charlie?

Hawk: There's some champagne, help yourself.

Victim: Champagne? What's the occasion?

Hawk: I just thought you might like it.

Victim: You're a real friend, Charlie. *(pops the cork)* Ooooooh. *(pours a glass, hand on breast, and swills it down)* So, anyway, this is what I thought: sooner or later people are going to get tired of all these women that are built like boards, you know. They're going to want to see some flesh, right? That's where I come in. I mean, what's a woman without flesh? So, I figure I could just change it all. Can't you just see it? I could become famous. My picture on billboards, TV, magazines all over the country . . . my face. People would start imitating the way I wear my hair and the way I make up. And I could meet someone who would



love me for what I am . . . what movie did I see that in?
(pours another, drinks it) Seen any good movies lately, Charlie?

Hawk: Yeah, I saw this movie about a hooker who gets syphilis and dies.

Victim: What the fuck kind of movie is that?

Hawk: Four star.

Victim: You know, Charlie, you wouldn't know a good movie if it hit you right in the kisser. If you saw *Red Dust*, you'd be just as stupid afterwards.

Hawk: *Red Dust?*

Victim: Yeah. With Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. It wouldn't change you one bit.

Hawk: I didn't see that movie.

Victim: It looks it. But, don't see it on television. It's not the same thing. You got to see it on the big screen. There's this great scene at the end. *(swings over and throws her arms around him)* She's sitting on his lap and she's got her arms around him.

Hawk: Whose lap?

Victim: Clark Gable. Jean Harlow has her arms . . .

Hawk: Yeah.

Victim: And he's looking down into her eyes.

Hawk: Right.

Victim: And she's looking up into his eyes.

Hawk: Yeah. Then what?

Victim: They have this moment, this long moment, looking into each other's eyes . . .

Hawk: So then what happened?

Victim: I went home. What do you do when a movie ends? *(more champagne)* You probably eat the popcorn left in the aisles.

Hawk: Listen, don't drink too much champagne.

Victim: Oh, I won't.

Hawk: The other night you threw up all over the floor.

Victim: I didn't throw up all over the floor. I never throw up, Charlie.

Hawk: I have photographs of you throwing up all over the floor.

Victim: Photographs! What kind of pervert are you that takes photographs of people throwing up? You're sick, Charlie.

Hawk: Just watch the champagne.

Victim: *(staring into glass)* I'm watching it. *(drinks it)* Now you watch it. *(pours another)*

Hawk: Put your beak to that worn spot over there and smell it.

Victim: Charlie! They ought to lock you up. You're sick. You know, they ought to put you away behind bars.

Hawk: Hey, listen, why don't you take your shit now and leave.

Victim: Did you ever see *Hold Your Man?* That was with Jean Harlow. She went to prison in that movie.

Hawk: Oh, yeah.

Victim: For a crime that she didn't commit, because Clark Gable, who plays a real rat, kills this guy and he leaves Jean Harlow holding the rap.

Hawk: Yeah, I saw it.

Victim: And he runs away . . . you saw it!

Hawk: I saw it, yeah.

Victim: So she gets blamed for the crime and she's in prison.

Hawk: And she's in this cell . . .

Victim: That's right, wearing a grey uniform, with a peter pan collar . . .

Hawk: And there's this psychopath in the next cell. And he's really got it in for Harlow. So, he pulls apart the bars and he takes a long knife and starts stabbing at her breasts, and then he gives her one in the stomach . . .

Victim: She's carrying Clark Gable's baby, only she's not going to tell him, because she's too proud. She wants him to come back on his own. So she waits and waits and she thinks a lot and then she starts to pray. And she prays a lot. And finally, she gets . . . what do you call it?

Hawk: Syphilis.

Victim: Religious! You're some kinda mono . . . what do you call it, Charlie? You have a diseased mind.

Hawk: She spends a lot of time in the chapel, remember? The prison chapel.

Victim: Yeah, the little room with light shining down. And she prays and prays. Her hair was like a white halo . . .

Hawk: Then this chaplain comes in. But he's not really a chaplain. He's an ex-Nazi lieutenant who's posing as a chaplain. And he goes up to Harlow and he says "Kneel down, my child, and I'll bless you." So she kneels down and he . . . *(takes "Harlow's head" and pulls it between his legs)*

Victim: Blesses her. "You keep having faith, my child, and don't ever give up what you believe in, because what you believe in is what you are and you can only lose by not believing and if you keep believing in it, you'll get what you want."

Hawk: And she believes that?

Victim: Yes. And she says, "I will, Father, I will." And she kisses his ring . . .

Hawk: He's the Pope?

Victim: Well, I don't remember. Maybe that was another movie. Anyway, one day while she's waiting in her cell what happens? That big fat woman, you know, the dyke with the big keys hanging down . . .

Hawk: Barry Fitzgerald.

Victim: I don't remember who played the part. But she comes around and knocks on the cell and she says "There's a visitor to see you." And Jean Harlow jumps up and runs down the hall and pushes open this big door, and who's standing in the middle of the room?

Hawk: The psychopath. Only this time she's not getting away. He takes the knife and starts hacking her to pieces . . .

Victim: Clark Gable is standing in the middle of the room, looking away. He's ashamed.

Hawk: He's ripping at her, slashing at her body . . .

Victim: He's such a rat. But she puts her arms out . . .

Hawk: He cuts off the arms, throws them over his shoulder . . .

Victim: Because she's got a big heart . . .

Hawk: Cuts out the heart . . .

Victim: And she forgives him with her eyes . . .

Hawk: Gouges out her eyes, slices her head off . . .

Victim: . . . And then she runs across the room and throws herself into his arms. *(lands in his lap, arms around his neck)* And she looks up at him for a long time, and he looks down at her for a long time, and they look deep into each other's eyes for a long time, and they have this moment, this long moment *(caresses him)* . . .

Hawk: What the fuck are you doing?

Victim: *(rising)* What's with you? You're a dumb fuck, Charlie. You don't even know a moment when it's sitting in your lap. *(to champagne)*

Hawk: Listen, I have to go out, why don't you take your shit now and leave?

Victim: *(drinking)* I'll think twice before I tell you my favorite movies again, Charlie. I'll think twice. I really feel sorry for you, though. I don't hate you, Charlie, you're too stupid. But I'll think twice. *(staring into mirror)* Charlie, what's the matter with this mirror?

Hawk: What's wrong with it?

Victim: It makes me look like death warmed over. Maybe it's the blue; no, the mirror. Christ, Charlie, I look like a corpse. A corpse at twenty-six. Can you imagine that? She was only twenty-six.

Hawk: What movie was that?

Victim: *Saratoga.*

Hawk: *Saratoga?*

Victim: That's right. Suddenly, right in the middle of the filming, she just couldn't go on. Then she died. At the height of her career. You could see how pale she was. They had to get someone else to finish her scenes. God, it was awful.

Hawk: Sounds bad.

Victim: Oh, it was. Here you are and suddenly, in the next minute, you're gone. It's really horrible. But, that's just a small part of it, you know, Charlie? I mean, sure, they buried her, but she's not dead, not really dead. And that's the difference. She's forever.

Hawk: She's what? Forever?

Victim: You could never understand. It's an idea, Charlie. It's more than . . . what you could understand. It's way beyond you, Charlie.

Hawk: Try me. What's this "forever"?

Victim: Well, like, she'll always be there, somewhere, there, up there . . . white and divine . . . there's more to it than just a body . . . it's a kind of forever . . . that's all, a forever.



Hawk: Wait a minute. I think I got it. Let's see. She's forever, because, no matter what, there will always be Jean Harlow, somewhere. A movie, a photograph, a line in a magazine, a thought of Harlow, she'll be there. That's what makes her forever.

Victim: Yeah, that's right.

Hawk: O.K. Now, picture this. You die. They put you in a box, right? And they lower you into the ground, and throw dirt over you, you're dead, right? Dead. And the worms eat your marrow. Are you going to be forever?

Victim: One thing I hate is a smart ass. *(staggering to champagne)* You know, Charlie, you're depressing the shit out of me. I think I'll brighten myself up a bit. *(pours a glass, looks into it, drinks it)* Liquid diamonds. *(pours another)*

Hawk: Excuse me. *(gets up, heads for bathroom)*

Victim: Where are you going?

Hawk: *(gesturing obscenely)* To piss.

Victim: *(hand on breast, swilling it down, staring into mirror)* Divine! *(pours another, backs up, staring into mirror)* Dinner at Eight was without a doubt the best film I ever made. *(waving her arm)* Whooops! *(spills her drink)* Nylon rug. He can clean it up. *(pours another)* The most important people at M.G.M. supported me in that film. John and Lionel. Marie Dressler. She was a real good friend, Marie Dressler. But Billie Burke, what a dumb cunt she was. Wallace Beery played my husband. He was a rotten son-of-a-bitch to work with. He was. And . . . oooh, that long white dress. Up there, on the top of the stairs in that long, white, satin dress . . . with that slob next to me. Well, you got to make some compromises in this business. But I was beautiful. White . . . satin . . .



Hawk: *(coming out of bathroom)* What's going on?

Victim: Oh, hello fuck-face.

Hawk: You're drunk.

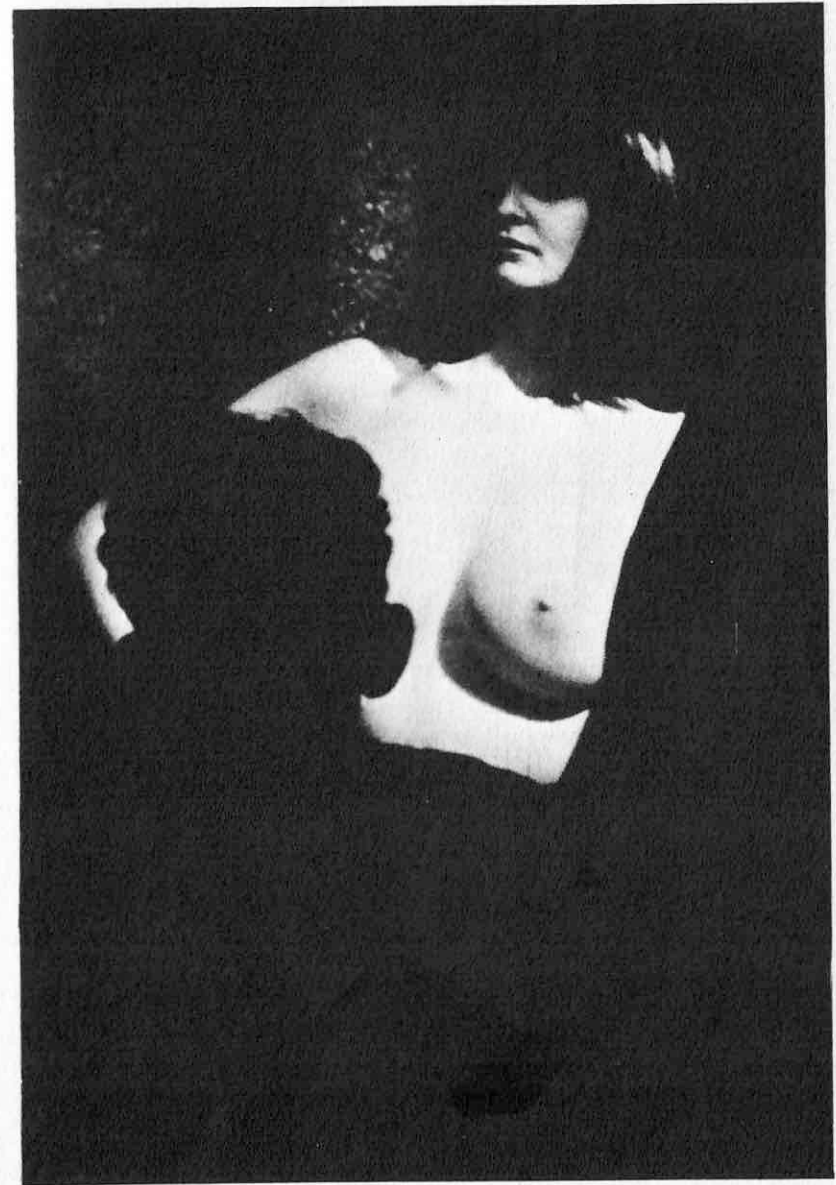
Victim: It's a party, Charlie. We're having a party. What a party, too. Everybody is here, Charlie. When we give a party, it's a party. Ah, what's wrong, Charlie, you look so grim. You don't know anyone. You feel out of place. Too much class. *(he turns)* Oh, don't leave, Charlie. You're a friend of mine, and a friend of mine is special, Charlie.

(falls into him, he grabs hold of her) John Barrymore!
(moves away) Look at him—peeing on the curtain! What a lush! And Marion Davies, she's with Charlie again. You know, he's got the biggest jingjang in Hollywood. Hey Charlie, *(falls on him, he grabs)* you can stay. You can be Tyrone Power or Wallace Reid. *(moves away)* And here comes Lionel Barrymore, that poor, crippled old mother-fucker. And Mack Sennett, and Lupe Velez, and Mary Miles Minter. She's through, washed up, ruined by scandal. It's a hard world, Charlie. Clara Bow is here and she brought the entire team with her. Oh, it's going to be a party, Charlie. *(throws herself on him, he grabs)* Loosen up, Charlie, you can be Fatty Arbuckle, we got lots of coke in the ice box.

Hawk: How about Paul Bern?

Victim: *(moving away)* Oh, the life of the party . . . look . . . there's Ethel Waters, she doesn't get to go to these parties often. How you doing, Charlie? Roll out de wardemelon. *(he moves over to her, grabs her)* What are you doing, Charlie? Cut it out. *(moves away, he follows and grabs her)* Hey Charlie, shape up, you'll never get invited again. *(moves away, he grabs)* Cut it out! I said. What do you think I am—a piece of meat? Charlie! You prick! Get your hands off me! *(he grabs, holding on)* Off! I said, off! You mother-fucker! Are you deaf? Get them off, you cunt! You prick! You cocksucker! Off! Get your fucking hands off my body! Off! Off! Off! GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS OFF MY BODY! *(he lets go, she poses, divinely, in the mirror)* Wheeeew! *(he grabs her breast)* Wha . . . ! Charlie, get it off! Get your shitty hand off my breast, you prick! GET IT OFF! CHARLIE, GET YOUR HAND OFF MY BREAST! *(he does, she turns to the door)* I'm leaving. Do you hear? I'm going. Leaving. Charlie? I'm leaving.

Hawk: *(to DOUBLE)* Now. *(the DOUBLE brings the box)*



Victim: I'm not coming back, Charlie. I'm leaving for good.

Hawk: How would you like a little taste of shit to pick you up? You look frazzled.

Victim: *(turns)* You're an animal, Charlie. A sick, diseased, perverted . . .

Hawk: Sit on the floor. Don't fall—sit.

Victim: *(returns to the center)* The scary thing is if you're around sick people like that, you begin to feel like it's going to rub off. That's a scary thing. I don't want any of that crap rubbing off on me. I take good care of myself. It's not easy. It's not easy with all this shit around. You have to be careful . . . I shouldn't spend too much time with you, Charlie. You're sick. You're depraved. You can't treat flesh like that, like it's a piece of flesh . . . it's not that. It's not the same . . . There's so much of it around. One diseased pervert after another . . . it starts to rub off . . . I can feel it crawling all over me . . . black hairs and warts and pimples . . . you got to stay clean, you got to take care of yourself . . . it's not the same. It's different. You can't treat it like that . . . it just multiplies. You open the door, and the flesh, the hairs and warts and the stink, it floods in. Through the windows, out of the toilet and the ice box, jumping from the mirror, oozing, hanging . . . flesh . . . I can't open my mouth . . . it oozes inside me . . . into my eyes . . . it comes in through my eyes . . . covering me . . . drowning me . . . it's everywhere . . . flesh . . . but it's not just flesh . . . it's not! . . . it's not the same . . . and I'm afraid to lie back . . . just lie back . . . but I can shut myself, my mouth, my eyes . . . and it can't touch me . . . on the ceiling, where it can't touch me. And I can stay there . . . where's it's white . . . on the ceiling where it's white . . . I can lie back and shut myself . . . No, I don't want to lie there . . . no, I don't want to lay

down. It's not a bed. It's not . . . it's white. A white dress. I know what it is. A long white dress. And it's not the same . . . it's a chair. A blue velvet chair. I'm wearing a white satin dress with white feathers, and my hair is white and my face is white and I'm sitting up there . . . in a blue velvet chair . . . it's me and I'm sitting there and I can't be touched, because it's not the same as flesh . . . it's different . . . it's white. It's all white. It's beautiful. I'm beautiful, I'm white and forever . . . my hair, my skin . . . are forever . . . and my face is white. It's beautiful. It's forever. My face is forever. It's always there. It's me. It's me. And that's always, always there. *(the HAWK gives her the injection)* That's me. I'm there. I'm there. Forever. Up . . . there . . . that's for . . . ulp! *(covers her mouth, then braces herself on the floor.)* Blaaaaa! *(She stares at it, then falls face down in the puke, dead)*

The HAWK takes another shower.

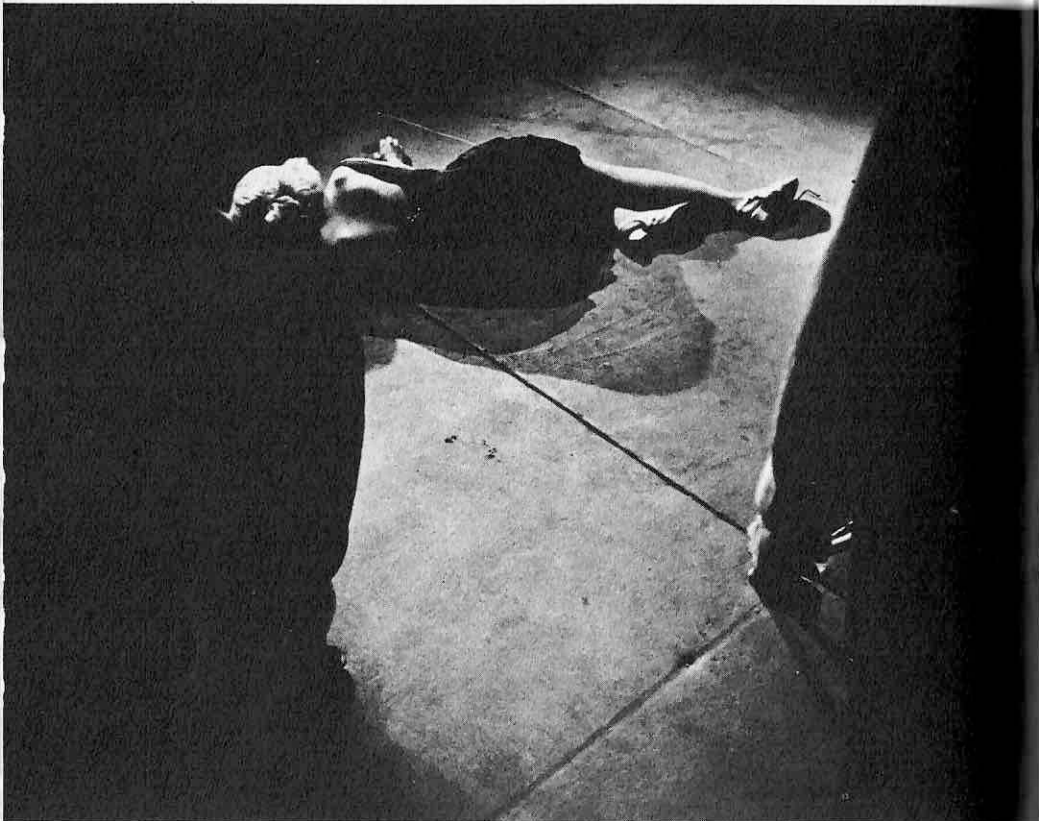
The DOUBLE rearranges the materials.

The VICTIM lies on the floor.

Double: *(repeating the gestures of the HAWK's shower)* Nothing will grow on a dead planet.

I needed the bread. It's over now. It's a picture. Put a frame around it. He did it, the he did it. A memory. Don't bug yourself. Go on. He needed the bread. I felt guilty, but I wanted her. Something had to give. He cuts his off or I cut mine off, or . . . I loved, he hated. There were two of us. No, more. I have to live. He did what he had to do. He was under stress. That's how it goes. Put a frame around it.

Suddenly his life is a movie and he is the hero. The film is absolute. It goes from birth to death. Without a witness, he does not exist. . . .



I have something to sell. The reason I have something to sell, is the people who want to buy. Or is it the other way around?

Nothing will grow on a dead planet.

The DOUBLE escorts the VICTIM out.

The HAWK and the DOUBLE return as before.

Double: She's dead.

Hawk: She was skinny but she had a great walk. A sequin dress in the early darkness and a certain oriental roll to her hips. She was anything but cherry. She had the sweet pale look of the damned. Just like Jean Harlow.

Double: What do I do with the body?

Hawk: The body?

Double: Her corpse. She's dead.

Hawk: I turned her on.

Double: They'll be looking for you.

Hawk: What do you expect me to do? I can't help it.

Double: Get rid of the body.

Hawk: I can't.

Double: Get rid of the body.

Hawk: I can't.

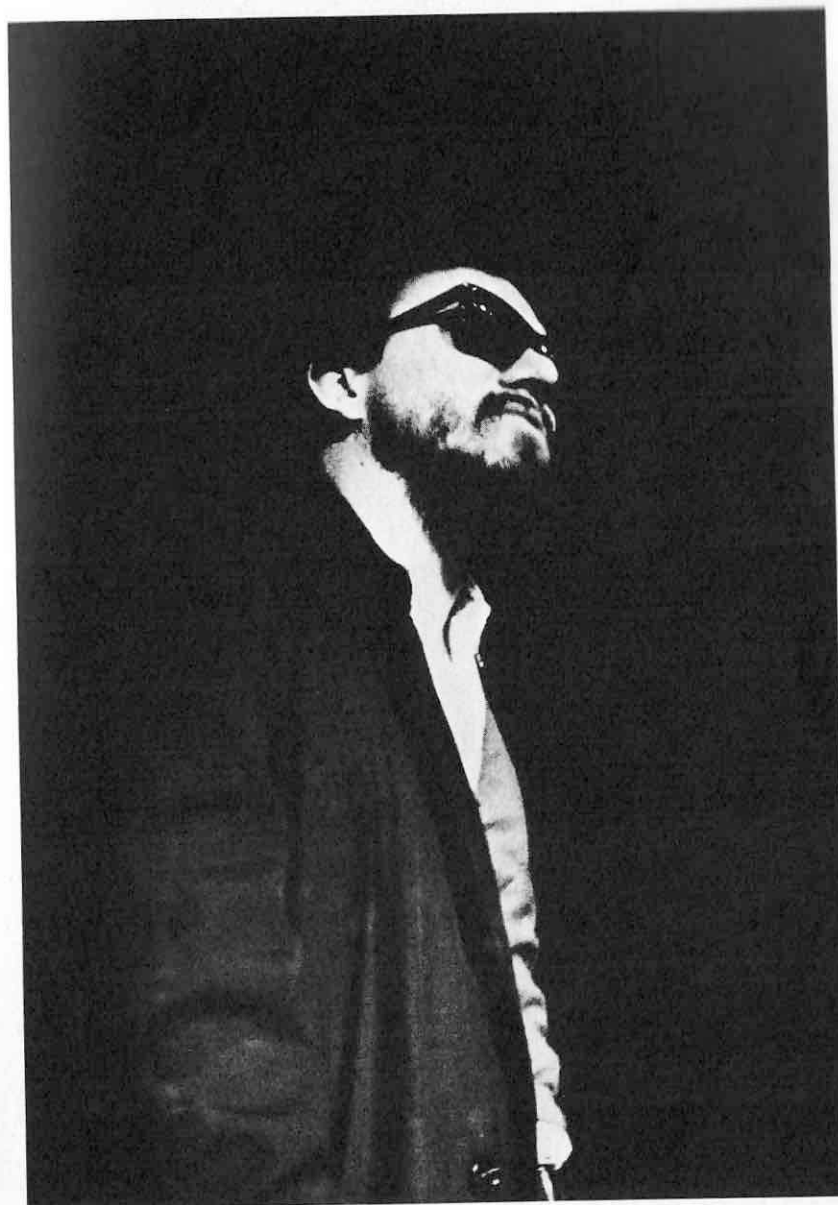
Double: Get rid of the body.

Hawk: I can't. I can't. I can't.

The DEALER appears at the door.

Seventh Improvisation: The Dealer

Dealer: *(Enters. He is the same person as the INSPECTOR, except that he wears sunglasses, a vest and a black rain-coat. His hand is held up in front of the mirror as though it contained a small package. He sits on the sofa, waits, then begins a brief reenactment of the scenes, playing all the parts) Oh, yeah . . . Mmmmmm. Aaaarrghh! (coughs) . . . (places the package down) . . . Marilyn Stein? Well, let's see if I can place her . . . I'm Joanie, her closest and dearest friend and I just came from the Port of Authority / Oh, that's cool. The Port of Authority. Well, let's see. She comes by here from time to time / Well, she said, that, I should come to see you if I ever needed anything / Oh, did she? Well, she speaks highly of you too / And I had a funny dream that I turned into a kreplach / Oh, yeah, did you? Well, how about something to eat / Hey, I've got a present for you. It's a big present. Here / Oh, what a surprise. Oh! I'm surprised / And I thought that since I was her closest and dearest friend / Yes, of course. Well, sit right down and have an orange soda and some cantaloupe . . . Oh, sorry I didn't see you come in / Madam Duval. My chauffeur sent me. You know, Jeffrey. Of course. Dear boy, I gave him the day off / You did. Well, that's certainly very kind of you. Ah, how about something to eat? / Gracious, certainly not. I'll just do an Omm chant here on the rug and I'll be perfectly refreshed. Oooooommmmm-bbaaaaaAAAA! / You know Charlie, I'm so goddamn beat. My tits are sore. My legs are swollen. I've got ring worm of the navel and my whatchamacallit . . . Charlie, you wouldn't believe it. Christ, Charlie, I've got to change my life / And I thought that because Marilyn and I were such closest and dearest friends and because I'm coming all the way from Brooklyn / Well, you just suck that orange pop while I turn down this television / You know what*



you need. You need a radar set. Hey. Oh boy, you can make it small and put it on the roof / Well, ah, certainly a home is not a home without a radar set. Bleep, bleep, bleep / What's that? Do you hear that? That flapping sound. Oh, god. There. It's a Hawk. And it's coming for me. It's coming for me and it's biting me. It's biting and chewing and tearing me. Oh, god. It's tearing my flesh off / Oh, it's awful, awful, just goddamn bloody awful. Aaacchhh! / Such a thing I never heard. Just because I'm Marilyn's closest and dearest friend doesn't mean that you can be such a schmuck and call to my face, her, a dyke / Well, you know that's just some people's way of love / Hey, oh boy, I brought you a present / I see I'll have to acquire a taste for presents. What is it? / Oh, boy. It's an illusion. Oh, boy / Oh, yeah, just what I need. Ah, can I get you something to eat? Pizza? Pig pudding? I think we have some chitlins in the back / You know, maybe I should do something that has some social security. Like a meter maid or something like that. What do you think, Charlie / It's a possibility. Now where did she go? Oh / What? What, darlings? No, no, it's all right. They're my guides. Guides—uh! Guides—uh! / I see, well maybe I'd better check on that roast pork / Could I have my shot now / Yeah, we're getting to it. Let's see now you're . . . / blood and guts and gore and smash and crash and pow and wowie screaming and dying, oh boy / Charlie, I saw this movie the other night with Ruth Roman and Gina Lollobrigida. They played two guys who were in love with each other and then there's this great scene at the end when they have this long moment together / Junk! I want junk! What's that? That's nothing. I want junk / Well let's see I have a sofa and a chair and a medicine cabinet and a mirror / Dyke schmike, you schmuck. My closest and dearest . . . Give to me the dope boobie / Now wait a minute girls / Up my ass! Up my

ass! A Junky. A Junky! Oh, oh, oh. Oh, my god, we must endure / If you think that I'm going to stand here while you insult to my face my closest and dearest friend a dyke. I am just going to have to leave / Now let's not be hasty / Charlie, I think you got your hands all over my body, Charlie, and I want to be white and divine and forever, so get your mother fucking hands off me / Why yes, certainly / Coke, coke, coke. What's that? I want a present, oh boy / Here I think I have an illusion in this box. If you'll just be patient / I won't. I won't. My guides won't.



Jeffrey won't. My ass won't. No. None of us won't Charlie your hands are so rough and scaly, Christ, Charlie, you're tearing my titty off / I'm leaving. I'm walking out that door and I'm never coming back. I'm walking out. I'm going down that street, down to the nearest movie house and suck popcorn and never coming back. Do you hear that, Charlie? / Hey, I want some junk, oh boy / I'm leaving. Leaving. Open this door, I say. I say, you colonial mother fucker, open this door / Charlie, you're a dumb fuck. I never puke, I never piss, I'm going to be forever, but before I do, I'm leaving you, Charlie. Leaving / Hey, oh boy, hey, I'm going to split. You're such a fucking drag, oh boy / To my face a dyke. Sprrrratzzz! Fuck you, boobie, I'm going back to Brooklyn / Wait a minute girls. Now just hold on there. Let's settle down. Now, girls, let's just pile in here. Yeah, right here. Now. Ah, where's that imported box. Ah, let's just make one here, because we're getting ready for it. That's ready for the Now. Are all you girls settled in there? You ready for it? / I'm ready. I'm ready. I'm ready. I'm ready / Yeah, you're ready. OK.

The DEALER rises, raising his hand in the air as if it held a hypodermic syringe.

Dealer: The Now. This is the Now. The Now is what it's all about. This is the Now right here. *(raises his hand, pause)* That was the Now. *(pause)* Dreams, Death and Orgasm. That's now. Bibble, babble, blip, blap bullshit now. That's now. Dreams, Death, Orgasm. Now. That's it right now. That's the Now. *(hand, pause)* And don't you forget it. Dreams, Death and Orgasm is the Now. There's always the Now. No matter where you are you're going to find the Now. Now, you're in the Now. You're dreaming right now. Dreaming now is in the Now. Right? You have an orgasm in your dream. That's a Now in your dream. An Orgastic

Dream Now. And you're dying, that's now. You die, now. You're dead. That's now. *(hand, pause)* AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT. NOW! Now, now, nownownownowNOW-NOWNOW! D.O.D., now. D.O.D. O.D. ODD D.D.O. Now. Do, do, di, now. Do, do, di, oh now. O.D.D. Di, di, do, do, oh, oh D.O.D. That's now. OK. You got Dreams over here. Orgasm here and Death here. Mix them around shuffle them up. Now what do you got here? Where'd you go, Orgasm? Get out of there. Hey, there's Death jumping up and down. That's now. What are you doing Dreams? Dreams is taking a left hand turn on the Now. Swings around and lays a right cross into Orgasm. Smack! OH! Now Orgasm is coming around disguised as a Plymouth Fury. Hard top convertible, white wall tires. A Plymouth Fury Coming around. And here comes Dreams. A pig. Four hundred and fifty five thousand tons of pig is Dreams, baby. A four hundred fifty five thousand ton ham hock pig. And Orgasm is a Plymouth Fury. And over here we got Death. Death will be played in this particular instance as Mickey Mouse. Now Mickey Mouse is a little old son of a bitch with a great big ole long tail and looks like he needs something to eat. Maybe a piece of cheese or a piece of ham. But, don't forget Dreams is ham. Four hundred and fifty five thousand tons of ham. There's a Plymouth Fury. And Mousey's over here. Mousy Death. Mouse ass Death. Mouse eyed, mouse Death. Mouse eye ball Death. Right? OK. Dreams over here. Four hundred and fifty five thousand tons of pig fat now. Next to it is Orgasm. Plymouth Fury, red, hard topped convertible. White wall side tires. One spare coming out the trunk. Driven by nineteen nuns wearing steel rimmed shades. Death is Mickey Mouse. Fuck, no! It ain't Mickey Mouse. It's Mickey Mouse's foot. One inch tall and it talks way up here like Butterfly McQueen and says, "Has it started? Has it started?" And this is the Now *(hand)*. And don't forget it,

mother hunches. The Now! Pig ton dreams flopping in. Plymouth Fury coming up fast. Mickey Mouse foot—clip, clop, clip, clop. He's got his thing, you see. It's a foot race. To be qualified to be in this race you had to have a foot. And we caught that cat in the Now. That's how he got that foot. That's where Death came from. He got his foot trapped in the Now. That's Mickey Mouse's foot,—the Now of Death. Coming in solid is Dreams, four hundred fifty five thousand tons of pig puking fat. And over here is orgasm. Plymouth Fury. That's a Now, mother fucker. Moving up fast. Dreams. Death. Orgasm. On the outside come foot. Clip, clop, splat! On top of Dreams. Pig puking Dreams all laid out. Orgasm coming over to the end zone and through the goal posts to score. For the Now. You got to score for the Now. That's now. They're coming in fast. Orgasm takes a left turn. Dreams pops into Orgasm. Uhhhh! Orgasm scoots Dreams in the neck. Eeeekkkkk! Neck turns ear ball Death. Death screams. "Get off my foot!" Neck says, "That simple motherfucker's a seven toed sloth." Splits. And here comes Orgasm moving up fast. Takes a sharp left turn. Pokes Dreams in the eye. Dreams blows her horn. Nineteen nuns do a tuck and roll, knock Orgasm back three paces. Back to Go, baby. Death swings a hard right, bounces off Dreams, does a flip flop, half pike back dive, grabs Orgasm by the ear, pulls nine pounds of pig fat off and throws it in that lady's face sitting right over there. Sorry, madam, but that's life. And that's the Now. Coming up here fast, now. Over here's the Now. Getting closer to the finish line. It looks like . . . Oh, here comes that Plymouth Fury. Foot flop flip flapping over there. Ham hock pig puke coming in. To the Now. Coming up fast. Coming in close. Here they are. Say it, motherfucker. You pick up on that. That's the Now!

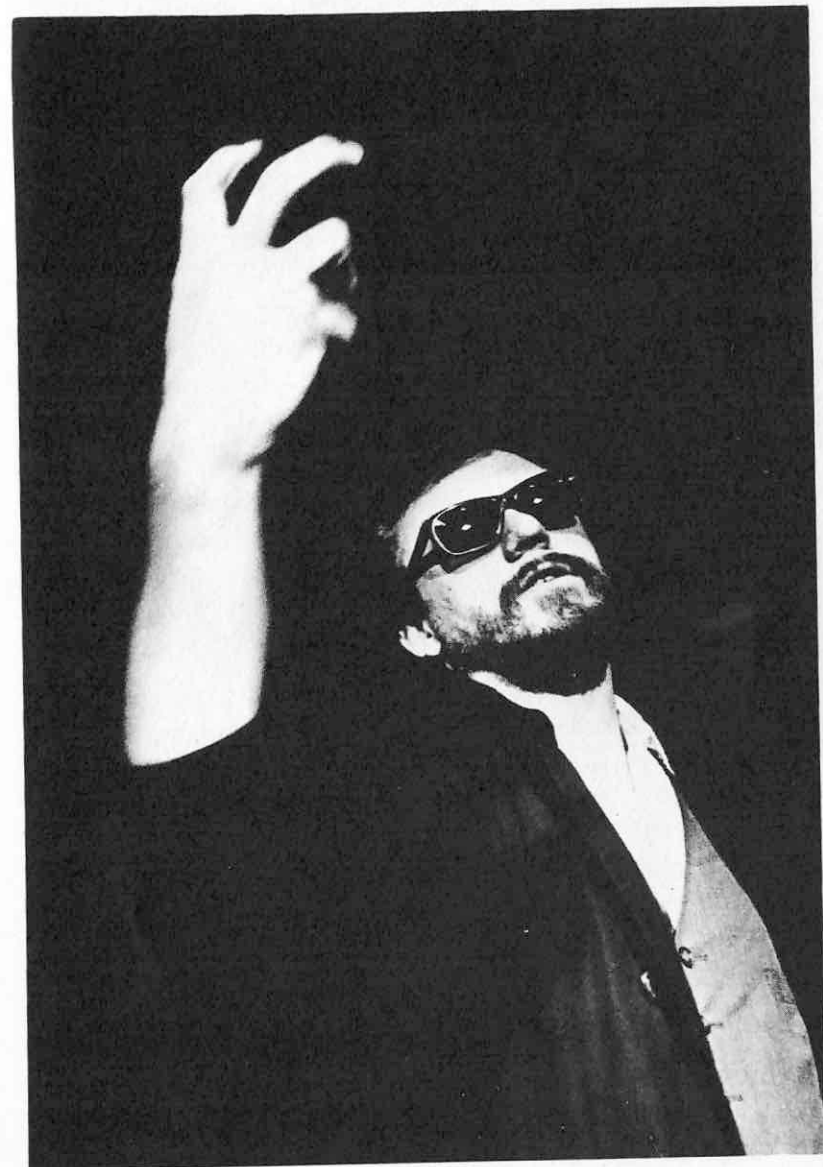
The DEALER returns to where he left the "Victims."



Dealer: Well, let's see, now. As I recall . . . yes . . . *(kneels on the floor)* . . . the, ah, first to go here . . . I don't know why a girl and a girl can't get together. Marilyn Stein was my closest and closest and closest and . . . uhhh! *(hits his arm with the "Now" hand)* . . . OOIII! *(dies)* . . . Number one. Number two is—"Death of a Teeny Bopper" . . . I wanna be up there, Charlie . . . no, that's the other one . . . oh, boy, oh boy, oh boy. A big silver jet. A big silver jet all my own, oh boy. Hey, oh boy, I read the news today, oh boy . . . whaam! *(hits again)* Eeeennnaa / Bogies on the right / nnaaaaaawwwwSplat! *(dies)* . . . Now, let me see . . . that was . . . oh, yes . . . what's that, Darlings? Please hurry. Do hurry along. Yes, darlings? What's that? Up my ass. No. Never. Not while the sun is still never setting . . . what? What darlings? Yes, loud and clear. Ten-four? Oh shit! *(hits again, dies)* Three. And now . . . I wanna be up there, Charlie. Up there. So pure and white and white and divine and forever. Up there. Just me. White and divine and . . . come on, Charlie, fill it up. High octane, Charlie, that's it, pump it in. Yeah. Forever and forever and for . . . ulp. *(hand to mouth)* Ulp! Ulp! Ulp! Blaiaaaah! Blaa! Blaa! Blaa! Blaah! *(pause, then rises)* Yeah. Well . . . oh. *(hands the "box" to the DOUBLE)* I, ah, think she O.D.'d . . . hmmm . . . *(coughs)* . . . ah . . . *(waves to HAWK)* wha's happening, Hawk.

The DEALER goes to the shower and without undressing, steps in and sings this song:

O, when them poppy balls get rotten
You can't pick that poppy cotton
And there's one man can fix you when
you're down.
Oh, when them little ole poppy balls get
rotten



You can't pick-a very much poppy
cotton
There's that little ole junk man
coming round . . . yes, there he
is, coming round there, he's the
man, oh yes, indeed, ooooooh!

The DEALER leaves the shower, goes to the kitchen, slides palms with the HAWK on the way, takes something out of the refrigerator and eats.

Dealer: Hmmm. Delicious. Food's the Now, hey, baby? (leaving, stops) Oh, I brought you thirty decks. (points to the table) Better watch that stuff—it'll kill you. (exits)

The HAWK and the DOUBLE return as before.
The DOUBLE begins to speak. The HAWK repeats him, phrase by phrase to the end. As the speech builds, the DOUBLE'S cool begins to crack as the HAWK moves in on his thing. Toward the conclusion, he relaxes again, though bitter and disgusted.

Double: Considering this mad scramble in its appropriate light, that is, with the correct distance, in focus, detached, we are reduced to the image of a slaughter house on a crust of dirt . . . the crust spins, the sun heats it, the rains cool it . . . the creatures multiply . . . they take it seriously . . . they're at each other's throats . . . they fight for scraps . . . millions are wiped out. Still, they multiply . . . they read the papers, they keep one eye on their neighbors, they copulate . . . there's too many of them . . . there's always too many of them . . . it's an endless supply . . . there's no shortage . . . it fills its quota . . . taking care of business . . . they seem gleeful about it—they jump up and down, they wave flags, they fly in the air,



they shout . . . but it's all right . . . it's fertilizer . . .

I am not interested in a solution to my . . . problem. My problem no longer admits to a solution . . . I have become my problem . . . which is the same as having no problem . . . that's right . . . I believe in myself, to put it another way, just like the doctor, lawyer, housewife, and chicken-shit inspector, who will kill, as you know, in defense of their . . . beliefs.

He hallucinates rivals . . . His pleasures are threatened by others. Nameless others clouding his joy. He can't think straight. His eyes burn from the inside out. His fingers peel an endless grape. His laughter is strange, coming at pauses in the conversation. He breaks doors. At night he rolls over into his own skull. His left eye twitches. He's grey before his time. He thinks he's something!

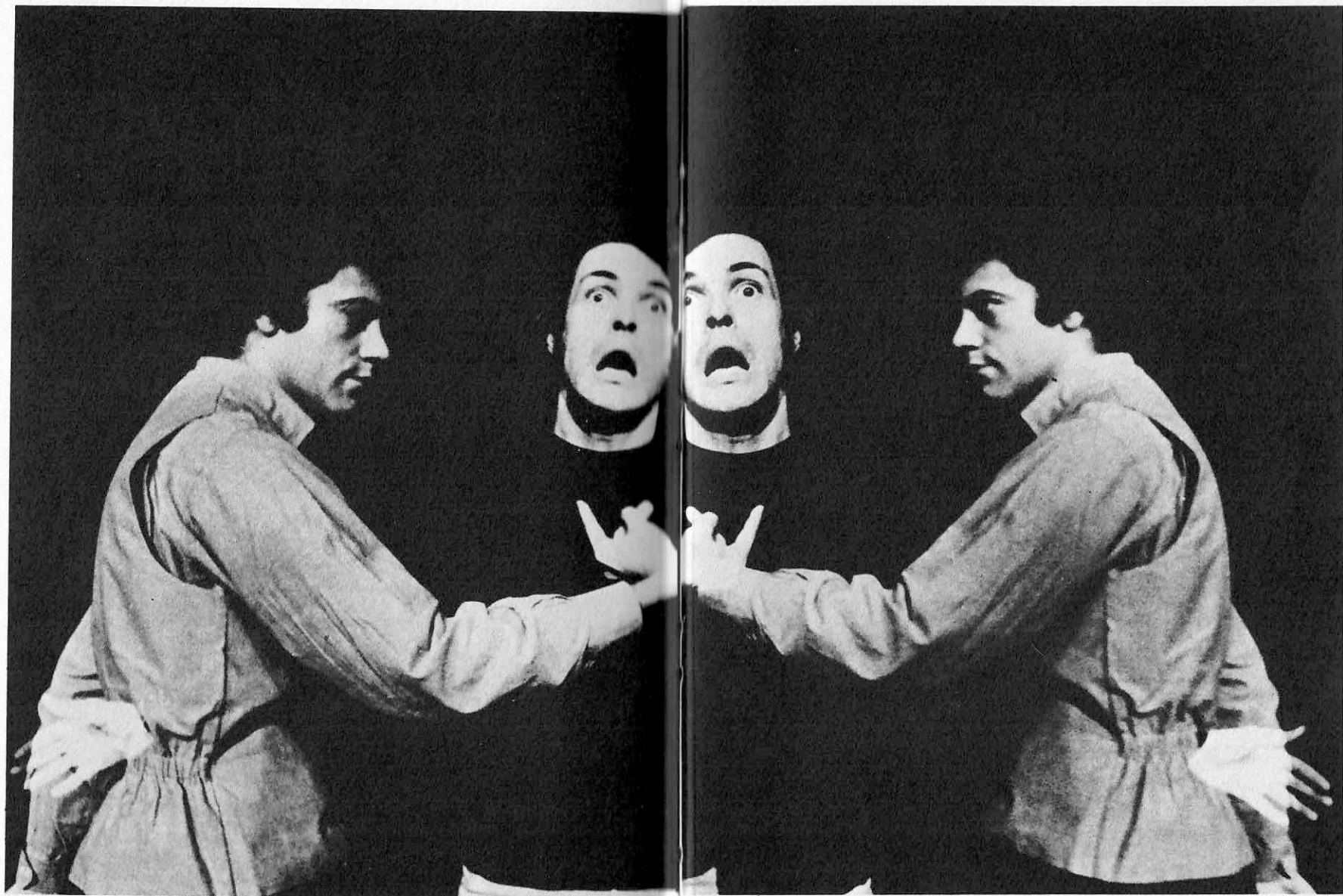
How can I avoid obsessions? Obsessions are criminal. Criminal! The work that I have to do! The work! That is what is important!

WITH WHICH TO TORMENT MYSELF!

What? Aha! Then who is the perpetrator of this . . . OBSESSION? One sees infinity in all directions—that's right. Where does this image come from, that won't let go, this OBSESSION? Why, it arises in the self, that's right, which is a bottomless pit, where there is no one, nothing, to be apprehended . . . for the crime . . .

A kind of anxiety appeasing verbiage. Is what it is. He reassures himself. About the real. But there's something . . . signs . . . there are signs . . . yes, there





are signs, signals, yes signals we give . . . to one another in our passing . . . in order to create warmth . . . light. . . Yes, but we must see that the light and the dark and the warm and the cold, the good and the bad . . . the actual pain we suffer . . . in the process . . . the process? Are illusory, not real, are the void . . . therefore, a reflection on the surface of the— whatever . . . a glance . . . yet he behaves . . . the droplets of meaning adding to a force, a power, a demon . . . which he confuses with himself. Verbiage!
NOW! *(brings the box)*

Hawk: *(preparing an injection with the 30 decks left by the DEALER)* Wait.

Double: Wait.

Hawk: Wait.

Double: Wait.

Hawk: Wait.

Double: Wait.

Hawk: Wait.

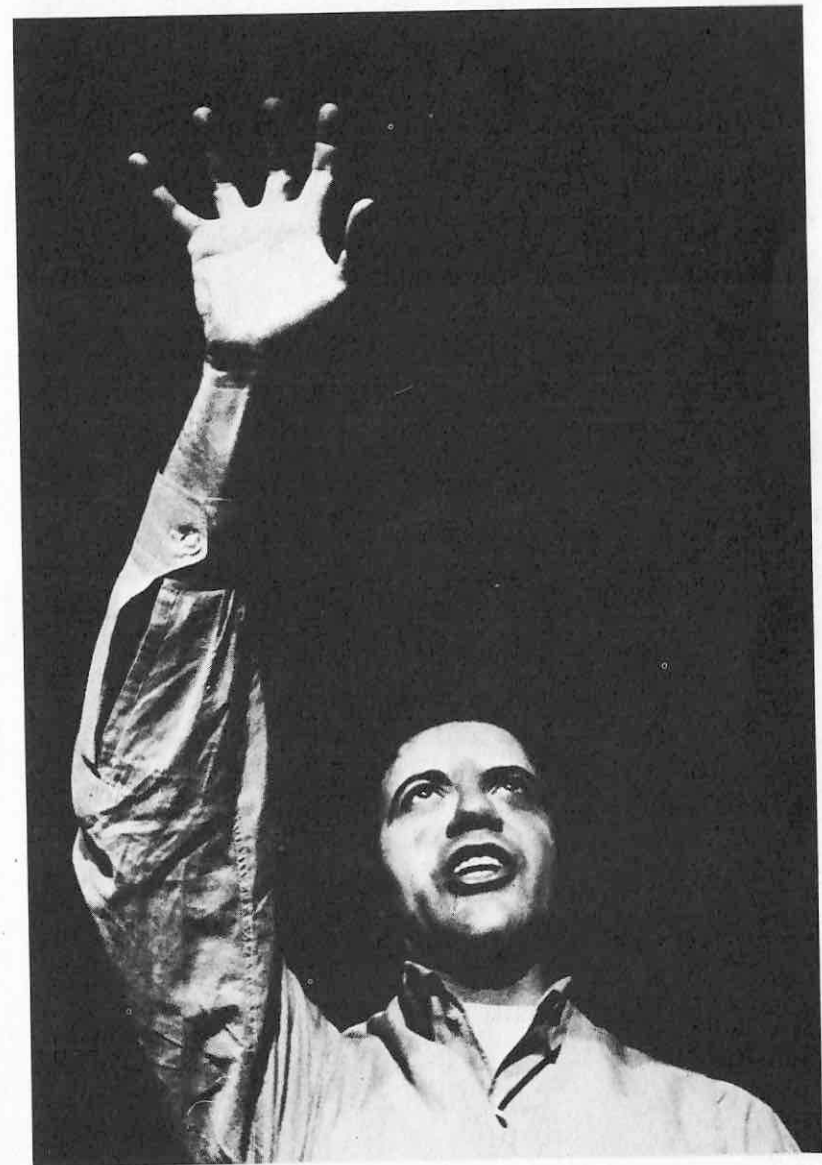
Double: Wait.

Hawk: Wait.

Double: Wait.

Hawk: NOW!

The HAWK plunges the needle into the DOUBLE'S chest. The DOUBLE, arms and legs spread akimbo, staggers to the mirror, spins, staggers back, around the room, back and forth, stops, sways, staggers around the room, into the mirror, back, spins, staggers, backwards, stops, sways, goes



rapidly around the room, stops, goes back, around, stops, sways, staggers, staggers, sways, stops, sways, now swaying over the worn spot in the rug, sways, sways, suddenly spins about one, two, three times, spinning, falls to the floor—a short series of spasms, convulsions—dead.

The HAWK takes a quick shower, goes to the refrigerator, eats something, puts it back, goes to the DOUBLE and escorts him out.

The HAWK returns as before.

Hawk: The Hawk. The Hawk is an . . . an animal. The Hawk is an animal and an animal . . . an animal is hungry. That's why he . . . he . . . he kills. He kills . . . he kills . . . be . . . cause he's hungry. (pause) Because he's hungry . . . that's why he kills . . . he's hungry . . . he takes . . . takes the . . . finds a victim . . . finds a victim (rises) . . . attacks the victim. He kills . . . kills the victim . . . Takes the victim . . . (pause) . . . he's a Hawk. A Hawk is hungry. An animal is hungry. That's why he . . . kills . . . kills the victim . . . (circling the room) . . . Takes the victim into the sky . . . the sky . . . sky . . . back . . . back . . . to his nest . . . and . . . and . . . and he devours the victim. He devours the victim . . . because he's hungry. That's why he kills . . . because he's a Hawk . . . He's a Hawk . . . he finds a victim . . . (moving into the mirror) . . . Kills the victim. Takes the victim back to his nest and devours the victim. Because he's an animal. Because he's hungry. That's why he kills. Because he's a Hawk. A Hawk. He's a Hawk. A Hawk. A Hawk! A HAWK! HAWK! HAWK! HAWK! HAWK! HE'S A HAWK! (pause) I think I'll go out. (exits)

End



THE KEYSTONE COMPANY

Standing from left to right:

Scarlett Johnson

Tony Serchio

O - Lan Johnson

Walter Hadler

Barbara Young

Ching Yeh

Sally Sommer

Lee Kissman

Kneeling:

Tony Barsha

Eddie Hicks

Murray Mednick

The title Keystone is derived from two sources, the Keystone Dairy Farm, which we rent and work out on, and the Keystone comedies of Mack Sennett.

