

# HOLY DAY

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## Characters

Cal – mid-late 30s, talkative, nickname: Callie

Tim – mid-late 30s, quiet but not when he's with Callie, nickname: Timmy

Hannah/Air Stewardess/Audio Guide/Jane Eyre – can be played/spoken by one actress.

## Setting:

As Daft Punk would have it: around the world. Countries are never directly mentioned.

## Note:

No one nags.

It would be ideal if both characters were onstage almost all of the time, when it makes sense, to smoothly transition between scenes. These transitions should be part of the trajectory of their travelling journey.

A slash (/) indicates that the next character should begin speaking. A hyphen (-) means the character's line is interrupted by the next character's line or that the speaker switches thought midway and interrupts her/himself. Square brackets

around text indicate where the rest of the line was going if the speaker had not been interrupted. As a rule, there should not be any air between lines, mimicking the way we speak in real life. On p.64-66, Tim's lines in bold are also spoken by Hannah, this is the only time this happens in the play.

I – AFRICA

Scene 1: Arrival

*Tim and Cal sit on the airplane. Tim is reading “The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo”. Cal is reading the Lonely Planet guide. She makes barely articulated sounds as she reads.*

Cal: *(to herself)* Mm. *(Beat)* Ugh. *(Beat)* Mm.

Tim: Wha-?

Cal: Ah-

Tim: Huh?

Cal: *(a laugh sound)*

*He puts the book down.*

Tim: What?

Cal: What?

Tim: What's going on?

Cal: Oh... Nothing really.

*Tim picks up his book again, continues reading. She continues reading. A beat or two.*

Cal: Mm. *(Beat)* Mmmm.

Tim: What?

Cal: *(Smiling into book)* Nothing.

Tim: What is it?

Cal: *(Smiling into book)* Wow, nothing. Oh my god!

Tim: What is it-?

Cal: *(Laughing and reading aloud)* “Do not, as the tourist office states, ‘make affections in public’”! You better remember that, OK?

Tim: I’ll try.

*They go back to reading silently. Cal eventually puts her book down and turns to Tim and smiles. She watches him for a long moment as he reads. He pretends not to notice and eventually:*

Tim: What Cal?

Cal: Nothing sweet. Nothing.

Tim: Are you giving me some of your sweet nothings?

Cal: Maybe I am.

Tim: I like it when you give me those.

*She slides her hand under his airplane blanket.*

Cal: Maybe I can give you something else.

Tim: *(Turned on)* Ohhhhh....

Cal: Keep reading.

Tim: Oh. Kay.

*She begins to jerk him off under the blanket. He tilts his head back against his seat and closes his eyes.*

Cal: Keep reading!

*He pretends to read. She looks straight ahead pretending at nothing, while jerking him off.*

Cal: You said you want to read four books in four weeks, you gotta keep going if you want to make your vacation deadline.

Tim: Mmm. Four books in four weeks.

Cal: Ahhh. Four countries in four weeks. *(Beat)* How is it? Your book.

Tim:                   Excellent.

Cal:                   Good. Could it be better?

Tim:                   The pacing is slightly off. It could be a little slower.

*She slows down.*

Cal:                   How about now?

Tim:                   A little bit... harder.

Cal:                   The book you mean.

Tim:                   The *book* could be harder.

Cal:                   Ok. How about this?

Tim:                   Better. Definitely better.

*She jerks him off for some time, gets tired, shakes her hand out,  
switches hands.*



Tim: *(coming)* Mmmmm-

Cal: Shhhhhh...

*There is a scratchy, staticky announcement over the plane speakers – totally incomprehensible, with a strange accent.*

Air Hostess (V/0): Misha goinga da stillnox water break apart seats still heshkanickoff landing and take away spiraling stax and flubst.

*Cal and Tim look at each other bemused. The voice continues as Cal and Tim stand, each picking up a suitcase from their side, moving seamlessly to the next scene.*

Air Hostess (V/0): We want to thank you for choosing to fly- *(loud static for a deafening moment)* Without stutterpox und the temperature on the ground is a sunny 30 degree Celsius, and the local time is 16 hundred hours so remember to wear a hat and hold onto your wallets at all times because no one.... *(a pause)* is ever safe. Remain startlex creeshad stix and stax and earwax until darklesparks und cabin crosscheck and secure. Thank you.

Scene 2: Check in

*Cal and Tim stand at a sad hotel lobby desk festooned with dying money plants. Cal rings the bell on the desk. They wait. She rings it again. Tim notices an envelope with their names on it sitting on the desk. He opens it.*

Tim: (Reads) Please be welcome my guests. I am very sorry I could not be attend for your arrival? I am at the wedding of my cousin. Here is the key for open your door. (Takes out a key) Please be enjoy yourself and drinking tea from the teapot. Tomorrow you must be coming to the wedding for dancing-

Cal: So we're supposed to just check ourselves in?

*Tim shrugs.*

Cal: Not very welcoming.

Tim: He left a note, he please be welcomed us.

Cal: Yeah.

Tim: What?

Cal: I'm just. I guess, I thought we would arrive and they would put leis on us and sing us some kind of welcome song-

Tim: We're not in Hawaii, Callie.

Cal: I just imagined it would be different. The cab driver didn't even respond to my "Salam Alaykum." And then he took us to that shiesty hotel – I mean, I know the guidebook says they might rip you off but I didn't think they would *actually* rip us off – and now we get here and there's not even a glass of water.

Tim: *(Moving towards her)* You're just tired.

Cal: Don't tell me I'm just tired. I know I'm just tired. I just thought it would be different.

Tim: What did you want, Cal? The honeymoon suite? You said you wanted an intrepid vaca-

Cal: We said-

Tim: OK. We said we wanted an intrepid vacation, no cell phones, off the map, something *real*, no chocolates on the pillow and heart shaped beds-

Cal: Mmmmm. Chocolates. (*Beat*) I know, I know. I meant it. I just thought it would be different.

Tim: I wonder where this room is.

*Tim goes to exit.*

Tim: Are you coming?

*Cal sits slumped on her suitcase.*

Cal: Why don't you leave the bags here with me and come back when you've found the room?

Tim: But... it'll be quicker if we just take them up now.

Cal: Please.

*Tim pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket and looks at his list.*

Tim: But we have all this stuff to do today. We've got the city markets and that colonial hotel restaurant and the safari museum and that ancient temple with the engravings-

Cal: Can't we just relaaaaax-

Tim: And I wanted to go to that foreigner's jail-

Cal: Really?

Tim: Ok, well, there's the baby elephants? You wanted to see the baby elephants.

Cal: Yeah, I do. But there's no hurry.

Tim: But we won't get everything done.

Cal: There's nothing to get done. We're on vacation.

Tim: I thought you wanted to sightsee? *(Beat)* Ok. So you don't want to see the baby elephants? *(Baby voice)* The little itty bitty witty elephants-

Cal:                   *(Laughing)* We'll see the elephants! We'll see the elephants!  
Relax. Reelax-

Tim:                   Ok, I'll relax. *(Beat. He's not.)* I'm super relaxed.

*Beat. They stare at each other – standoff.*

Tim:                   Are we finished being relaxed now?

Cal:                   *(amused)* Tim.

Tim:                   *(Let's get cracking)* I'm ready to go – what do you want to do?

Cal:                   I thought we were going to wander around... and I dunno, get  
some iced tea.

*Pause.*

Tim:                   Ok. I s'pose. I just. Ok.

*He crumples up the piece of paper and puts it in the trash.*

Cal: *(Teasing)* Was that your itinerary?

Tim: No.

Cal: It so was.

Tim: Stay here with the bags. I'll go find the room.

*Tim exits with his suitcase. Cal fishes the "itinerary" out of the trash and reads it lovingly.*

Cal: 11:00-11:30 check in. 12:00-1:00 walk to city markets. 1:00-2:00 browse city markets slash eat lunch. Street food safe, question mark? 2:30 take shuttle to ancient temple where met H. *(To herself)* H? *(reading)* slash if no time go straight to baby elephants-

Tim: *(From off)* Cal? Found it!

*Cal folds the itinerary, puts in her pocket and exits with her suitcase.*

Scene 3: The Hotel Room

*Tim is asleep alone in the hotel room. The blinds shift slightly in the wind. He stirs and sits up. Something like Neko Case's version of "Deep Red Bells" is playing softly.*

Tim: Cal?

*The room creaks.*

Tim: Cal?

*A low woman's voice from off.*

Woman: She's not here.

Tim: What?

Woman: She left.

Tim: Where did she go?

Woman: Where did she go?



Tim: What? Cal?

Woman: She's not here.

Tim: Where is she?

Woman: She's not here.

Tim: What?

Woman: You can't hold onto things.

Tim: What?

Woman: You can't hold onto things.

Tim: Yes, I can. Anyway, I'm asleep.

Woman: Are you?

Tim: Yep, I'm asleep. Yep, I'm asleep. I'm going to wake up now.

Woman: Wake up then.

Tim: Ok, I will. *(Beat)* Cal?

Woman: She's gone.

Tim: Where would she go?

Woman: Where would she go?

Tim: I'm asleep.

Woman: Sshhhhh. Go back to sleep.

Tim: I'm already asleep.

*Long pause.*

Tim: Hannah? *(Beat.)* Hannah, is that you?

Woman: Sshhhhhh.

*Tim lies back down.*

Tim: I'm going to wake up any moment.

Woman: Sshhhhhh. Go back to sleep.

Scene 4: Awake

*Bright, brilliant day – Cal is lying next to Tim in bed. She wakes up and starts to move out of bed. Tim grabs hold of her extremely tightly.*

Cal: *(Laughing)* Timmy! Timmy! Let go.

Tim: *(Muffled, into her back)* No.

Cal: Let go!

Tim: Was I having nightmares?

Cal: You were talking in your sleep.

Tim: Really? What did I say?

Cal: I don't know. You said (*deliberately garbling words*) like "schmonthing schmonthing god is on the radio?" I wish I could remember what you were saying but I was half-a-... oh, oh, and you said someone's name.

Tim: Who?

Cal: Um. Can't. Remember. Oh. Anna?

Tim: Hannah?

Cal: No. Anna. Who's Hannah?

Tim: (*Shrugs*) What are we going to do today?

Cal: What do you want to do?

Tim: What do you want to do?

Cal: Let's go to that wedding.

Tim: Another wedding?

Cal: Like we go to so many.

Tim: It won't be as good as ours.

Cal: That's true. *(Pause)* We could... Do you want to [do you own thing]...? I mean [you can do your own thing]... do you feel like [spending the day apart]...? Doesn't matter.

Tim: What? Say it...

Cal: Do you want to [spend the day without me]...? I just get the feeling that maybe you want to spend the day alone?

Tim: Why would you think that?

Cal: Because you were talking about going to that jail and honestly, I can't bear to see those emaciated Americans locked up forever but I know you want to see it... But if you want, why don't you?

Tim: Do you want to spend the day alone?

Cal: Do you?

Tim: Do you?

Cal: I asked you.

Tim: We're here together.

Cal: I know but it doesn't mean we always have to be together. We spent the whole day yesterday and we're going to spend the rest of our lives- And you can go and do the things you want to do. If that's what you *want* to do.

Tim: I want to spend the day with you.

Cal: Ok.

*She grins at him and gets up to leave the bed, he yanks her back and holds her tightly from behind.*

Cal: You're suffocating me.

Tim: *(Muffled, into her back)* I know.

Cal: Go back to sleep.

Tim: I'm awake.

Cal: I know, but if you want, go back to sleep for a bit and I'll go get us some breakfast.

Tim: Ok.

*She pulls on a loose dress and exits. Tim waits for a moment until she's gone and then gets up and begins searching through his bag, finds his passport, pulls it out, a scrap of a photo drops out – relief. He picks the photo up and looks at it for a long moment. Tim tucks the photo carefully back into the passport.*

#### Scene 5: The Dance

*Thudding African drums. Cal enters laughing and sweating, pulling Tim by the hand. They stop and watch the dancers dance – guttural music and the sound of bodies slapping the earth can be heard. Cal is mesmerized.*

Cal: Aren't they beautiful?

Tim:                    (*Nods*)

Cal:                    God, they're beautiful.

Tim:                    Who? The men or the women?

Cal:                    All of them. I think I'm in love with all of them. Look at how they propel themselves. Look at the way the women are clapping and grinning – it's almost like they have sparks flying off their fingertips. Like joy is coming out of them-

Tim:                    I hate to say this but I think you're right.

*She kicks him playfully, he laughs.*

Cal:                    (*Still watching the dancers, not looking at Tim*) I think I want you to kiss me.

Tim:                    Now? They'll see.

Cal:                    I don't care. I want them to see.



Tim: What about all that modesty stuff, no “making affections” blah  
blah blah-

Cal: They’re asking you to kiss me-

Tim: What?

Cal: They’re jumping for us. They can’t jump like that and not  
expect to see something in return-

Tim: Oh they’ll get something in return, that’s why they do it.

Cal: No no no- We have to give them more than that.

Tim: Why? What they want is our money-

Cal: No. Yes. I mean. Of course, they want that but they want  
something more than that. What they’re doing isn’t about  
fucking money. Look at it. It can’t be bought what they’re giving  
us. It’s their wedding. And we have to give something back. We  
don’t have a song or a prayer or a dance for them – we don’t  
have something to give them except our lack of decorum,  
which is what they expect anyway. So fucking kiss me.

*He kisses her for a long moment, it becomes passionate, goes on for some time. The dancing and music suddenly stops.*

Cal: Oh no. Oh no. Oh no. *(To dancers, loudly)* Was that? Sorry.

Tim: They look... are they angry? They're watching us Cal.

Cal: I know. I don't know what to. They're just staring.

Tim: I think. I think they want us to do it again.

*He moves in to kiss her. Blackout.*

## II - THE SUBCONTINENT

### Scene 1: Arrival

*Tim and Cal sit on a plane. Tim has a black eye. Cal takes Tim's hand and squeezes it tightly, closing her eyes as the plane descends.*

### Scene 2: Another Mediocre Hotel

*Tim is off in the bathroom, showering.*

Cal: Where are they? *(Beat)* Babe?

Tim: *(From off)* Where are what?

*Cal is rummaging through his bag.*

Cal: I can't... I don't know how you can find anything in here. *(To self)* I did not just say that. Oh my god, my mom says that.

Tim: *(Off)* What?

Cal: Nothing. I just saw my entire future spin out. Back pocket?

Tim: *(Off)* What are you looking for?

Cal: Our passports, can't find them, Timmy.

Tim: *(Doing Mother voice)* If I have to/ come in there and find them-

Cal: *(Doing Mother voice)* If I have come in there and find them-

*Cal pulls out a passport wallet of sorts, opens it, success!*

Cal: Ah-ha!

*As she does this, the photo flutters out of Tim's passport wallet and falls onto the ground. She picks it up and looks at it.*

Cal: A-ha. *(Beat)* A-ha. A-ha. A-ha.

*Tim enters in a towel.*

Tim: Find it?

*He sees her holding the photo.*

Tim: That's mine.

Cal: Really? *(Beat)* I was hoping it belonged to someone else.

*She looks at him expectant. Tim starts to get dressed. Long silence.*

Tim: It's nothing.

Cal: Nothing? Who is *this*?

*Beat. Beat. Beat.*

Tim: She's... It doesn't matter.

Cal: But you carry her photo around.

Tim: She was my friend-

Cal: She was *just* a friend?

Tim: No.

Cal: No.

Tim: I can't explain it.

Cal: I feel sick.

Tim: Don't. It's. Nothing.

Cal: Nothing? I don't know her. I've never seen her before. You keep it with your valuable... with our passp-[orts]...

Tim: Cal.

Cal: I don't know her. YOU CARRY HER WITH OUR PASSPORTS-

Tim: Don't yell at me. This is not fair, Cal. Just because I have a photo of a woman that I carry with me who is not my wife doesn't mean anything- Ok, that sounded stupid but it doesn't change anything-

Cal: What? What? *(Sitting down on bed)* Hang on... *(Beat)* We're married, aren't we? *(Beat)* Who is she?

*Tim prises the photo from her hand, stands there holding it helplessly. Puts it in his pocket.*

Cal: Do you love her?

Tim: *(Beat)* No.

Cal: Oh god oh god oh god... Tell me I'm not crazy, Tim, something  
Tim, anything-

Tim: It doesn't matter Cal-

Cal: Of course it matters. Do you love that fucking photo woman?  
She's not even that pretty-

Tim: Yes- No. Not like you. Not like you! *(Beat)* She's gone Cal, she's  
gone.

Cal: What do you mean, she's gone?

*Pause.*

Cal: What do you mean, she's gone? Gone where? Where did she  
go?

Tim: I lost her.

Cal: What? Lost her-

Tim: I mean, she's... lost.

*He sinks down onto the bed. Silence.*

Cal:                    (*Blank*) I'm very sorry for your loss. (*Small voice*) But why do you have to carry- [her around with you]?

Tim:                    It was a long time ago.

Cal:                    When?

Tim:                    That summer abroad, I met her in Europe, in Greece-

Cal:                    Who is she?

Tim:                    She... is a part of myself that I don't want back but she's a part of myself that I need to have a constant reminder of. She is just a- she was a person Cal. A person that I lov-[ed]. A person who was sick. She had an accident. She was sick. She was... Her mind was not- and she had an accident.

*He starts to break, she takes him in her arms and comforts him.*



Cal: We're supposed to know these things. I'm supposed to know everything.

Tim: You're the one who says everyone has secrets better kept-.  
*(Beat)* It was better, it was a relief. That way we could just be Cal and Tim. *(Beat)* Can we stay just that? Not knowing is better, I need us to just be the two of us-

Cal: I don't know. I can't unknow.

*She stands up.*

Tim: Where are you going?

Cal: I think I might have a day... on my own.

Tim: What?!

Cal: I'm just going to have a day on my own.

Tim: Don't.

Cal: I'm just going to go for a walk.

Tim: You don't want me to come?

Cal: No.

Tim: You don't want me to?

Cal: See you later.

Tim: I love you.

*Cal hesitates, then leaves. Tim takes the photo of out his pocket and looks at it for a long time.*

Tim: *(To photo)* I'm sorry.

Scene 3: A Day with Koh

*Tim enters, it is night, Cal is sitting by the window, we don't know this yet but she's high and everything is wondrous, so this scene should have a strange energy that's markedly different from the last.*

Tim: Hi. You still not hungry? The dinner was good- They're doing a buffet thing.

*Cal doesn't take her eyes from the window.*

Tim: What are you doing?

Cal: He hasn't moved for hours. He just keeps sitting there.

Tim: Who?

Cal: That boy who followed me home.

Tim: What boy?

Cal: Well he thinks he's a man but really he's a boy. He must be all of 18. At first he wanted pens so I gave him all my pens. And then he started following me everywhere. He makes these chirping noises like a little bird? With his hand outstretched. I was weaving through this market and he just kept hanging on, following me around, chirping and I couldn't breathe and he was pulling at my skirt and I couldn't breathe, and he became like this black speck in the corner of my vision so finally, I

stopped him and I said: you can walk with me but we walk as friends. For some reason that stopped him chirping. So we walked and he led me places. He tells me stories. I'm not always sure what he's saying. But they seem to be funny stories and when he grins, it's lopsided – he smiles sideways, his jaw is wonky and for some reason that makes everything seem completely hilarious.

Tim: You spent all day with him?

Cal: We had lunch together. The way he ate. I've never seen someone *so* happy to see food. I was there picking at the noodles – no appetite – and he was cramming it all into his mouth. And when he finished, I pushed my plate over to him and he thought this was so shocking and hilarious and stupid and he covered his mouth and laughed. And I said, “go on.” And he giggled and giggled and giggled... (*deadpan*) and then he devoured the whole thing.

Tim: Probably more than he eats in a week-

Cal: And then we walked around and everyone else seemed to be having a siesta or something because the streets were empty

and he kept pointing at things, explaining who the different gods were – painted in orange and gold and blue above the doorframes. He would point at one, and I would say, “what’s that one do?” and he’d answer: strong or warrior or jealous. One word answers but his English was good and then we got to this incredible building, crumbling with these twisted columns and a tiny blue god smudged on its side and he pointed at it and said, “Lies.” At first I didn’t understand what he meant but then I worked it out. It’s the god of truth. It can see through lies. So I brought one at this antique shop next door.

Tim: Bought.

Cal: What?

Tim: Bought not brought. People always mix them up.

Cal: Peee-pull.

*Cal pulls an ugly blue god-statue out of her backpack.*

Tim: Oh that is... Are you going to take that home?

Cal: I've been talking to the god since I got home. Asking it questions. The weird thing is, it just keeps giving me the same answers.

*She picks up the god like a puppet. Cal does the deep and strange gravelly voice of the god throughout, her responses are quick, right off the back of her questions.*

Cal: *(To god)* Does he love me?

God: Lies.

Cal: Does he love her?

God: Lies.

Cal: Will he be faithful to me?

God: Lies.

Tim: Cal. Stop. It's not funny-

Cal: Does he touch her the same way he touches me?

God: Lies.

Cal: Will we make it?

Tim: } Cal.

} *simultaneous*

God: } Lies.

Cal: It's reassuring in a way. That everything is a lie. Don't you think?

Tim: I haven't lied. I didn't lie to you-

God: Lies.

Tim: Stop it! Why are you doing this? Stop. Were you drinking?

Cal: Drinking, no? Well we had some tea at Koh's house-

Tim: You *went* to his house?!

Cal: Oh yeah, I forgot that part. I keep forgetting bits of the story. It's so weird... that never happens, I don't usually forget to tell you the important bits. *(Beat)* Koh took me to his house and I met his family – they all sleep in one room and there's a *lot* of them.

Tim: *(Sarcastic)* What a day you had-

Cal: Don't be jealous. Koh will probably invite you to his house too if you want-

Tim: Why would I be jealous? Should I be jealous?

God: Lies.

Cal: *(Giggling)* And then we drank some tea and smoked this huge snaking pipe and they asked to look at my things and I showed them my notebook and my shoes and my wedding ring-

Tim: What?!

Cal: And they wanted to have them all. I said, "no" about he notebook and the shoes and-



Tim: Where's your ring?

*Pause. Cal looks at her empty finger.*

Cal: I don't know. *(Pause)* Oh, it's by the sink. *(Beat)* And I showed them my credit cards and they liked those-

Tim: I bet they did.

Cal: So I gave them my credit cards.

Tim: You gave them your credit cards?!

Cal: And then, this was completely ingenious, really *(giggling)*... they melted them down and made jewelry out of them. So crafty.

*Cal holds up a necklace strung with little plastic blue and gold pieces made from credit cards.*

Tim: They gave you that?

Cal: No. I brought it... *bought* it.

*Cal giggles hysterically.*

Cal: I bought them back. It seemed to make perfect sense. Did it make sense?

God: Lies.

Cal: *(To god)* You should really stop that!

Tim: I can't believe this.

Cal: Oh and they kept asking about you. Husband? Husband? Husband? They were obsessed. Do I have a husband?

God: Lies.

Cal: Stop it! *(Beat)* And they wanted to know all about what you do. How big our house was. I said we didn't have one. They thought that was really weird. And I told them I was a teacher and they all went *(high happy noises)* mm mm mm. And then I told them you were a doctor and they went deathly silent. Like

they were afraid. Everyone had been laughing up until that point. It seems like everyone around the world feels the same way about doctors.

Tim: Oh they do?

Cal: *(She giggles)*...they said something about how doctors are the gatekeepers of life – of course they didn't use those words exactly and then the oldest one said something like, who would want to be a doctor?-

Tim: *(annoyed)* Ok, ok-

Cal: *(barreling on)* And I agreed and we all laughed. *(Suddenly vehement)* I mean, really, who wants to be the one ushering people in and out of existence, up to their elbows in blood and guts, cutting things out and reaching inside people. Ugh.

*Cal falls onto the bed, passing out.*

Tim: Cal! Cal?!

*Tim runs over to her. Finally, she cracks one eye open.*

Cal: I'm awake. [*sic*] I just think at this point that not being might be better.

Tim: We need to talk about this, Cal. I wasn't trying to lie to you. We need to talk... You can't just go off and... I didn't even know you were with some guy... you could have been kidnapped or killed-

Cal: There's nothing to talk about. I had a lovely day. And now I have a lovely necklace.

*She giggles and rolls over, goes to sleep. Tim watches her, then gingerly picks up the god and stares at it. He tries to move one of its arms, the arm breaks off.*

Tim: Shit.

*He cradles the god.*

Tim: (*Softly to god*) He would never invite me over to his house. (*To Cal*) I don't make friends the way you do.

*He pulls the god into his chest and stares out the window.*

#### Scene 4: The Temple

*Cal and Tim hold small tin baskets and throw coins in a metal drum in front of them, one at a time. The ting! of the coins punctuates the scene.*

Tim: Is this how you're supposed to do it?

*Cal doesn't answer, she is concentrating on throwing the coins.*

Tim: Is this how you're supposed to do it?

Cal: *(Whispering)* Yes.

Tim: I don't know if we're doing it right.

Cal: *(Whispering)* I don't know, they said to just throw the coins.

Tim: Why are you whispering?

Cal: It's a holy place.

*Tim throws a coin, Cal throws a coin.*

Tim: *(Whispering)* Are we supposed to say something or feel something?

*Cal closes her eyes and continues throwing coins.*

Tim: I don't really feel anything-

Cal: Shhhhhhh!

Tim: I feel. I feel. It's actually just making me sad throwing money away like this. Like it's nothing. *(Throws coin)* One grande latte. *(Another coin)* One double shot espresso. *(Another coin)* One strawberry decaf soy frapuccino. I mean who do you think collects the coins later?

Cal: Tim.

Tim: *(Throws coin)* There goes our first born's tuition. *(Throws coin)* There goes our second born's piano lessons. *(Throws coin)* Our dignity. *(Throws coin)*

Cal: Tim... really- *(she starts to laugh)*

Tim: Our pride. *(Throws coin)* Our health insurance. We're getting fleeced. Gone. All gone. I'm out of coins. *(Beat)* You want me to go buy you some more?

*Cal puts her hands together in prayer, her laughter turns into crying, tears running silently her cheeks.*

Tim: Cal. Cal, are you?

*Pause.*

Cal: No. Nothing. I just wanted to feel something. Just something.

Tim: And... Did you?

Cal: Nothing.

*Pause.*

Cal: Did you ever visit her? When she...? In the hospital?

Tim: Of course.

Cal: How often?

Tim: I don't know. A lot.

Cal: How much is a lot?

Tim: Once a week.

Cal: How was she?

Tim: Pretty terrible. Unrecognizable.

Cal: I hate myself for thinking this. But I keep wondering if you-  
[loved her] as much?

Tim: As much as what?

Cal: Come on. Do you? As much as you-[love me]... with her.



*Hannah appears. She is there watching. Tim sees or imagines he does.*

Tim: You can't quantify-

Cal: Yes you can.

Tim: You can't measure it. It's not like cups of flour or miles in a marathon or a plot of earth-

Cal: Not *quantify* measure but like, a feeling that's *more* or *less* – a gut feeling-

Tim: It's not fair to compare two- [people]

Cal: Why do you have to be so logical all the time? It's so annoying-

Tim: Me? You're the one asking for some kind of mathematical-

Cal: You could just lie-                      Hannah: You could just lie.

Tim: Lie, I don't need to lie-

Cal: You could say: of course. Way more than. Immense quantities of love. Mountains of fountains of chocolate saucy sweet delicious endless love-

Tim: Chocolate saucy?

Cal: You know what I mean. You could just tell me it's... OK.

Tim: It's OK.

Cal: No it's not.

Tim: It is.

Cal: It's not the same when I have to prompt you to say it-

Tim: We can't go round and round with this. (*trying to lighten things*) How much do you love me? Because-

Hannah & Tim: I love you to the moon and back.

*Beat as Cal considers this.*

Cal: To Pluto?

Tim: To Pluto and into the infinite void of the universe, a love that is bigger than an immensity of cosmic emptiness-

Cal: You love me the size of nothing?

Tim: I love you beyond the infinite vast bottomless universe but better because unlike the universe you have a cute bottom-

*Cal grins against her will. A beat.*

Cal: But what if it's not enough?

Tim: It's more than enough. It's bigger than the enoughness of enough-

Cal: What if love is not enough?

Tim: I don't know what you mean.

Cal: It's just a feeling. Love is just a feeling. It doesn't bind us-

Tim: I don't get it.

Cal: Because you're logical.

Tim: No I just don't worry like you do. Now... tell me how much you love me-

*The scene shifts seamlessly into the past. Cal disappears.*

Hannah: I love you to the moon and back.

Tim: But do you- No it's stupid.

Hannah: Do I what?

Tim: Do you love me as much as I love you?

Hannah: I don't know.

Tim: What do you mean, you don't know?

Hannah: Well how much do you love me?

Tim: I asked you!

Hannah: Tell me.

*A moment, he relents.*

Tim: I love you so much that when I think about it, it's like my whole self is bursting with this want that is too great to fit or carry inside this body- I want you- I love you at a cellular level, at the level of atoms- like my atoms are pulsing just to be with you, near you to, to share space with you... you know that when we touch each other, our atoms are actually moving away from each other.

Hannah: You're in love with atoms.

Tim: I'm in love with you. So when we're doing this (*he reaches out his hand*), even though it feels like I'm touching your skin, I'm not actually touching you because the weak atomic force means we're repelling each other. That's kind of what it feels like. Like I want to be touching you all the time – but my atoms are moving away even while I'm touching you- so it's never

enough. I can never have enough of you. That's how much I love you-

Hannah: I think you're just talking chemistry-

Tim: It's physics. But sure- you can't separate the body from... But it's more than that. If I closed my eyes and you came into the room but you were deathly silent, my skin would goosepimple. I would know you were here. But it wouldn't just be because I was turned on. (Which I would be.) It would be because some space behind my ribs is reaching towards you... you know people say all the time "I love you with all my heart," they say that because the blood that's pumping through your body is altered when you love someone. It starts to move differently. It's like it's forever trying to break the surface to get at the thing it loves. But it can't. Ever. Love is life. It's like a life force reaching for another life force-

Hannah: Are you high?

Tim: A little bit.

Hannah: I knew it. We have to stop smoking so much. Nothing you're saying has any scientific basis-

Tim: I'm not that high. Science is not an exact... science. Anyway, being high just lets me say the things I'm always thinking-

Hannah: Well where did Mr Logic go?

Tim: He's in my pants.

Hannah: Of course he is. Does he want to come out?

Tim: Of course he does.

*Tim laughs and laughs.*

### III - THE COLD AND BLIGHTY ISLANDS

#### Scene 1: Arrival

*Tim and Cal sit on a train hurtling through the countryside.*

*Flashes of light illuminate them in squares through the window.*

*Tim is sleeping, Cal watches him as he mutters in his sleep. She*

*reaches out and touches his face. Her hand moves down and grips his neck for a moment. She lets go and looks out the window.*

## Scene 2: National Portrait Gallery

*Cal is standing in front of a painting wearing earphones. The sound of the BBC style British Audio Guide she is listening to fades up, underscored by trilling organ music.*

Audio Guide: ... And the small lapdog sitting upon the woman's lap represents fidelity. The dog gazes upwards at his owner, drawing our eyes to the top corner of the painting where fruit trees are in bloom – showing the budding love between the couple. To the right, a courtier enters the scene to pay his respects. To the left your husband enters.

*Tim enters and stands behind Cal, looking at the painting. The Audio Guide continues for Cal, unheard by Tim.*

Audio Guide: For a moment you found yourself drawn far, far away from him, from this world, transported to another place and time. You may be thinking: why is he here?



Cal: Why are you here?

Tim: Who's this one by?

Cal: Shhhh.

Audio Guide: Why is he interrupting your reverie? Doesn't he know that you like to look at the art alone?

Tim: I think I prefer the contemporary stuff-

Cal: Ok, I'll meet you over there-

Tim: Aren't you bored by this renaissance stuff? It's so flat.

Audio Guide: Actually, this renaissance art has a groundbreaking dimensionality for its time.

Cal: Actually, this renaissance art has a groundbreaking dimensionality for its time.

Tim: Ok, well I'm going over to the contemporary photography.

*Cal ignores him.*

Tim: *(Loudly to be heard)* PHOTOGRAPHY.

Audio Guide: Your husband has no understanding of beauty.

Cal: That's not fair.

Tim: What's not fair? You like renaissance art. I'm going to look at photos.

Audio Guide: Only a person of limited artistic appreciation would choose to look at the photography. Photographs are flat.

Cal: Photographs are flat.

Tim: No they're not.

Audio Guide: Of course, he likes looking at photographs.

Cal: *(To Audio Guide)* What are you trying to say?

Tim: Nothing. They're just not flat.

Audio Guide: He keeps his photographs all to himself.

Cal: *(To Audio Guide)* Shut up.

Tim: What...? Listen, I said I was sorry. You know that I love you, right? And you also know that I'm an idiot, right? *(She doesn't respond)* Ok, I'll meet you later.

*Tim leaves.*

Cal: Oh, Timmy! Come-[back]...

Audio Guide: Don't bother. He's gone now.

Cal: Stop it!

*Cal pulls off the earphones. A breath to calm down. She puts the earphones back on. Presses play.*

Audio Guide: Note the couple's entwined hands and the heavy jewelry of her rings binding them together in marriage. *(Beat)* This is the way

it will always be. Small misunderstandings and differences. The glorious shackles of love. Bound to each other for life.

Scene 3: On the Edge

*Cal and Tim stand at the edge of a blustery cliff face. Wind blowing around.*

Cal: Do you think it's always this grey here?

Tim: Yep. All year round. And windy and... *(holds out hand)*. Oh, shit, is that rain?

Cal: I don't know how Colin lives here.

Tim: No choice.

Cal: Everyone has a choice.

Tim: Not really. We're just lucky, we weren't born on this small miserable island.

Cal: I s'pose. I think he has an alcohol problem.

Tim: So? The entire Irish race has an alcohol problem.

Cal: Does that include you?

Tim: I don't have an alcohol problem.

Cal: Well he's your cousin. And you're part Irish.

Tim: You know that I don't have an alcohol problem-

Cal: I just think you probably should have told me before we got married-

Tim: What?! That my Irish cousin drinks a keg of Guinness everyday.  
What would that have changed?

Cal: I just think you should have told me. *(Pause. Stares out across cliff face.)* Oh my god. I'm having a vision.

Tim: What?

Cal: I'm seeing all the miserable Irish wives who were married to drunkards throwing themselves off this cliff face.

Tim: That's not a vision. You read it in the tourist guide-

Cal: I can see all their grey petticoats flying up around their ears.  
*(Beat)* I want to look over the edge-

Tim: No, Cal-

Cal: Hold my hand, I'm going to lean over the edge-

Tim: It's really windy up here-

Cal: I trust you. You're strong enough. Come on! I need to see it-

*She puts out her hand to him, he doesn't take it.*

Cal: What, you can't hold my weight?! Really?

*Her takes her hand. She shifts her way towards the edge in tiny steps. She gradually leans over the edge as Tim counterbalances her.*

Cal: (At view) Ohhhhhhhhh!

*All of Tim's strength is being used to hold Cal. They yell to each other to be heard over the wind.*

Cal: There's this fog rolling in over the sea. Isn't it incredible?

Tim: I don't know, I can't see anything.

*Beat. The wind grows louder, drowning out their voices.*

Cal: Let go.

Tim: What?!

Cal: I said, don't let go.

Tim: What?!

Cal: Just let go.

Tim: I can't hear-

Cal: You can't hold onto things.

Tim: I can't what-?

*The wind grows louder.*

Cal: I know you want to. *(Suddenly furious)* I know you want to let go, Tim. Just let go. Go on. You know you want to.

Tim: *(Shaking his head)* Cal!

Cal: Just let go, Tim. Let go!

*Tim and Cal continue to shout but the wind has become so impossibly loud that their mouths are moving, but the words are being whipped away.*

*Then.*

*Suddenly!*

*Tim lets go of Cal's arm.*

*She falls.*

*A flash of light as she disappears into space.*

*Blackout for a long moment.*



*Lights up. Tim is sitting alone in milky white hospital light. We hear a woman's voice softly at first out of the dimness; the voice should move around the stage so that it is coming from one direction and then another. Woman should also speak any of Tim's text that is in **bold**, so that her voice overlaps with his. The overlapping doesn't have to be exact, it's more important the dialogue sounds natural.*

Hannah: Tim? Timmy? Tim?

*Tim turns to the voice.*

Hannah: I'm so glad you're here. /I have to tell you-

Tim: I did go to visit her in the hospital but only once.

**"Tim,"** she said, **"I have to tell you about my vision."**

*(Tim to Hannah)* Really?

*(flirtatious)* **"Timmy. You know, don't you? I know you know."**

*(Tim to Hannah)* Know what?

**"Well obviously, you were Anthony and I was Cleopatra. It was all in yellow and red when I saw it."**

Hannah: We were lovers in a past life. We lived in a pyramid and we used to, you know, do it on a stone slab under the hot sun for hours.

Tim: Really?

Hannah: We made love constantly.

Tim: Oh. *(Beat)* Well... How was I...? I mean, was it good?

Hannah: -well you were short, and my skin was painted gold but you were strong, I mean, you were a Roman warrior.

Tim: Really, what else? *(Short pause.)* What else, sweet? *(Pause.)*  
I stared at the back of her head... beneath her soft brown hair that she was pulling out in clumps was her skull and beneath that was her brain... soft, malleable...where some button had been pressed so that things were travelling at weird speeds and all in the wrong direction.

*A high pitch ringing buzzes softly underneath and grows throughout the following.*

Tim: *(To us)* And I remembered kissing her on the head, before, when her whole being made sense and it was whole and so I thought, why not, and I leaned over slowly the way you approach an animal and-

Hannah: *(Snaps. Yelling)* Get off me you filthy thing. You are a thing. You are a disgusting thing-

Tim: **You are nothing.** *(As Tim)* Hannah- *(Beat. To us)* I thought if I could just reach into her brain for a moment and press that button to release her back to me. And then-

*The ringing stops.*

Tim: *(calm)* **Tim, you know this is not really me, don't you? I love you.**

Hannah: I'm so sorry, Tim. Maybe one day they'll let-

Tim: **Let me come back to you.** *(Beat. To her)* Who?

Hannah: You know who. *(Beat)* But once you've killed them all, we'll be-

Tim:                   **-good as new.** *(Beat)* That was the last time I saw her. They let her out a few months later, highly medicated. She didn't want to see me. She was **embarrassed**, she said. And then not long after that she was riding her motorbike along this stretch of highway and... well, that's another story-

*Lights back up. Tim is holding Cal's arm as before, she leans over the edge of the cliff.*

Cal:                   Ohhhhhhhhh!

*Tim pulls Cal back towards him, they both fall over laughing hysterically.*

Cal:                   Fucking amazing. Oh my god on my god oh my... You can't tell where the sea starts and the sky ends, it's just this rolling fog... I want to do it again.

Tim:                   *(affectionate)* You're an idiot-

Cal:                   You're an idiot-

*She kisses him and looks at him for a long moment.*

Tim: What?

Cal: Nothing. *(Beat)* Let's take those things now.

Tim: I don't want to-

Cal: Come on, your cousin said they were gonna be *(doing British accent)* "Massive. Totally fucking massive."

Tim: We're out in the middle of nowhere and you want to take *(whispers)* shrooms?

Cal: No one can hear you Timmy. There aren't any republican doctors around who are gonna disbar you.

Tim: Doctors don't get disbarred.

Cal: You know what I mean. We're on vacation. When the fuck else are we gonna take them?

*Cal pulls out a plastic bag of ziplocked shrooms and dangles them in front of Tim.*

Cal: Just half each. It'll be fun.

Tim: I thought you didn't like taking drugs.

Cal: *(shrugs)* We're on holiday.

Tim: I promised I wouldn't-

Cal: Promised who? *(Beat)* Promised who?! Oh-

Tim: I didn't want to-[bring it up]-

Cal: Let's not, I'm having fun, let's not go over it- [again]... *(Stares at him. Touches his face gently.)* C'mon. She's gone, baby. It's just you and me here.

*Cal pops a shroom in her mouth. Passes the bag to him. He hesitates, then opens the bag and puts one in his mouth.*

Cal: Swallow.

*He pretends to swallow.*

Cal: *(heading off)* Ok, let's go that way... Maybe we'll find Jane Eyre?

Tim: You and Jane Eyre.

*Tim spits out the shroom behind Cal's back and follows her off.*

Scene 4: Tripping on the Moors

*Cal and Tim are lost on the windswept moors, they look cold and wet and disheveled and Cal is tripping on shrooms.*

Tim: You wanted to visit the moors.

Cal: I let you hold you the map.

*Tim holds up the useless rain soaked map.*

Tim: Map? I need a compass. This is just endless heather. There's no path. There's not even any power lines to follow.

*It starts to drizzle.*

Tim: Great.

Cal: It's pretty out here.

Tim: I don't know why you wanted to do this. Did you think Jane Eyre's ghost was going to lead you through the mud?

Cal: I don't mind the mud or the rain.

*Cal starts jumping up and down in a strange tai chi-cum jumping jacks motion.*

Tim: What are you doing?

Cal: I can see! I can really see for miles. Is that a- That's a-  
[farmhouse]-

*Cal falls, twisting her ankle.*

Cal: Ouch ouch ow ow ow ow.



Tim: Jesus. Are you ok?

Cal: Twisted. Just twisted my ankle.

Tim: Great.

Cal: Our bodies. Are. So weird.

Tim: Let me look at it.

*Tim examines her ankle.*

Cal: Ow ow ow stop.

Tim: No fucking idea where we are.

Cal: *(tripped out)* Where we are is where we are-

Tim: Where we are is lost-

Cal: But don't you get it...? You can't be lost when you don't know where you are in the first place. Travelling is just a state of lost... And anyway, isn't that a farmhouse over there?

Tim: Where?

Cal: That red speck way in the distance?

Tim: It could be.

Cal: *(Tries to walk)* Well let's walk to it ow ow ow *(she stops, in pain)*.

Tim: Stay here. I'll go. Maybe they have an SUV or something, we can drive back to get you.

*Cal sits.*

Cal: Maybe they have a mule or a horse. You could ride it back and pick me up.

Tim: What?

Cal: Mr Rochester has a horse. Ask him to saddle it up.

Tim: I think the walk is going to be further than it looks.

Cal: If you hurry you can make it back before nightfall.

Tim: Can you wait here without me?

Cal: I'll never be alone with you in my heart, my love, my one and only.

Tim: Ok, Cal. Listen. I could carry you but not. No. You just sit on this log. 'Kay. Sweet?

Cal: Frog on the log. Frog on the log. *(She groans slightly)* I can't move.

Tim: Good. Don't move. Don't move. I'll be back soon.

*He leaves. Cal sits, the wind howls around and there is a sense of time passing. A cloaked figure slowly appears on a rock, sitting with her back to Cal.*

Cal: Jane?

*Long pause. The figure doesn't move.*

Cal: Jane. Did you ever feel lonely out here?

*Cal takes a battered copy of Jane Eyre of her backpack and reads in a dramatic British accent.*

Cal: "I did not like to walk at this hour alone with Mr. Rochester in the shadowy orchard; but I could not find a reason to allege for leaving him."

*Tim appears on the other side of the stage. He is sitting in a farmhouse with cup of steaming cider.*

Tim: My wife's out there. In the rain. We should go back and get her. I thought you might have a car?

Cal: *(Reading from a later section)* "I have known you, Mr. Rochester; and it strikes me with terror and anguish to feel I absolutely must be torn from you forever. I see the necessity of departure; and it is like looking on the necessity of death."  
*(Stops reading)* The thing is, Jane.

Tim: Thanks for the cider. *(He sips)* Ahhhh.

Cal: I feel the least alone out here than I've ever felt. Like that still puddle of mud is me and I am that puddle of mud. Jane? Do you know what I mean?

Tim: I suppose it could wait a minute. It's stopped raining. We've been together a lot... it's hard to be alone when you're always together. It's hard to be alone even when you're alone. All the places we stay in, you can feel the others- We're sleeping in the same beds they slept in, you can feel the groove their bodies have worn in the mattresses, you can feel the absence of their love.

Tim: } We just got married. We're very happy-  
} *Simultaneous*

Cal: } We just got married. We're very happy, Jane.

*A voice in the distance across the moors echoes her words: "Jane, Jane, Jane."*

Tim: The thing is it's not her or me, or her *and* me, or me and *someone* else, well... It's just, there's all these ghosts in those

motel rooms, sitting alone, drinking alone, alone and together,  
together alone.

Cal: } You know what I mean, Jane.

} *simultaneous.*

Tim: } You know what I mean.

*Again a voice in the distance echoes, "Jane. Jane. Jane."*

Tim: I couldn't tell her this. She wouldn't see that it wasn't her... No,  
she would see it but it would be worse if we both knew.

Cal: Jane-

*Cal slowly hobbles towards the cloaked figure and reaches out  
towards it as the lights fade out.*

#### IV - SOUTH AMERICA (THE BEACH)

##### Scene 1: Arrival

*Tim and Cal sit on a plane, not touching. Cal takes the armrest and squeezes it, bracing her body and closing her eyes as the plane descends.*

## Scene 2: The Drinking Game

*Cal and Tim play a drinking game at the beachfront restaurant. Extremely loud rambunctious laughter punctuates the game from off.*

Cal: German.

*They both drink.*

Tim: French.

*Tim drinks.*

Cal: Really. Who-

Tim: We said we weren't going to say-

Cal: Ok ok ok.

Tim: Chilean.

Cal: I wish. Swedish.

*They both drink.*

Cal: You have not.

Tim: Made out with.

Cal: That's not the rules. Double drink.

*He drinks.*

Tim: English.

*She drinks. Loud laughter from off.*

Cal: There goes our loud friend again.

*She looks off.*



Tim: Don't look at him or he'll come over and start talking to us about his llama ranch again. Come on. It's your turn.

Cal: Ok, ok! Irish.

*She drinks.*

Cal: Oh oh oh, I've got one: Welsh.

*She drinks. He doesn't.*

Tim: Jesus. Is there anyone in the British Isles you haven't done?

Cal: Yep. Scottish. *(Beat)* Scottish!

*Neither of them drink.*

Cal: What about that Rowena?

Tim: She was from Detroit.

Cal: She had a Scottish accent.

Tim: How do you know?

Cal: I met her at that New Year's Eve in Morro Bay. She sounded Scottish.

Tim: Nope, she was from Detroit. Her parents were from Wales or something so for some reason she had this accent.

Cal: That's so pretentious.

Tim: Not if you're brought up that way, that's how you sound.

Cal: If you're brought up in the woods by wolves and they only speak to you in Scottish. *(Doing silly Scottish accent)* Oh come here wee Timmy, I'm from Detroit. Let me lift up your kilty and give you a go-

Tim: If you want to start with that then we can talk about Darragh.

*Beat. Sulk.*

Cal: Ok. Fine. It's your turn.

Tim: Tunisian.

Cal: *(As he drinks, she doesn't)* I don't even know where that is-

Tim: Spanish.

*Neither of them drink.*

Cal: What no tasty tapas for you?

Tim: Italian.

*He drinks. He drinks again.*

Cal: What was that about? Two of them?

Tim: Yep.

*He begins to laugh.*

Cal: No, you didn't.

Tim: Not technically. But they were roommates.

Cal: Ah. Gross. I don't want to know this. Is it my turn yet? It's my turn. Let me have a turn-

Tim: No, it's still my turn.

Cal: *(Jumping in)* Australian.

*She drinks her whole drink slowly and carefully in one long go.  
He shakes his head.*

Tim: We only know one of those. It wasn't-

Cal: No! And we said no names.

Tim: Oh my god, it was him-

Cal: We said no-

Tim: It was that squirrely little guy who worked at Bar Toto-

Cal: Who said it was a he?

Tim: Ohhhhh. I want to hear about this.

Cal: Shut up.

Tim: Oh, so it's fine for you-

Cal: New Zealand.

*He drinks three shots in a row. Loud annoying laughter again from off.*

Cal: You little slut.

Tim: That's how I learned to do that thing that you like.

Cal: From a Kiwi? Who knew? I'm drunk.

Tim: You can't stop now.

Cal: If I keep going, I might find out you have syphilis.

Tim: You are one for one with me lady.

Cal: How do you know?

Tim: I've been counting.

Cal: Rain man.

Tim: We still have a whole jug of sangria-

Cal: We still have the rest of our lives to get through-

Tim: What's that supposed to mean? You suggested the game? You made up the rules. I thought this turned you on.

Cal: I don't know. *(Beat)* Now I wish I didn't know.

Tim: You wish you didn't know? I didn't want to know you were banging Swedish cock.

Cal: This is so ridiculous. You already knew about Sven.

Tim: We said no names. And I can't believe that was actually his name. I mean, really, so fucking cliché. *(Doing a bad Swedish accent)* My name is Sven and I eat Swedish fish-

Cal: Ok. It's bedtime for me. The room is a little spinny. And Timmy is turning into nasty nelly-

Tim: Oh c'mon babe. It doesn't matter. I know it doesn't matter.

Cal: It doesn't mean anything.

Tim: Exactly it doesn't mean anything-

Cal: Doesn't it-?

Tim: C'mon. We're just playing.

*She starts to get up.*

Tim: Don't go to bed, I'm not ready to go to bed. I want to stay up.  
We can stay up now. We're married. We're big kids-

Cal: Ok. Fine. My go then. *(Pause)* Oh, I've got one. Greece.

*The temperature in the room has changed. No one drinks. Loud laughter again from off.*

Cal:                   *(Staring him down, monotone)* Greece. Greece. Greece. Greece.  
Greece. Greece. Greece. Greece. Greece. Greece. Greece. Greece.  
Greece. /Greece. Greece. Greece. *(Getting louder)* Greece.  
Greece. Greece-

Tim:                   Cal stop- She wasn't Greek-

Cal:                   *(Talking through him, upset)* Greece. Greece. Greece. Greece.  
Greece. Greece. Greece. Greece. Please. Please. Please. Greece.  
Greece. Greece. Sleaze. *(She stands up)* GREECE.

*Pause.*

Tim:                   Cal.

*She looks at him for a long moment and leaves.*

Scene 3: Where did you go?

*Tim is in bed. Cal enters. The room is half-dark and shadows  
flicker appear on the walls.*



Cal:                   Baby?

*Tim doesn't answer.*

Cal:                   Are you awake?

*She sits on the bed, tentatively touches his foot.*

Tim:                   *(Sleepy)* Where did you go? Did you go for a moonlight  
wander?

Cal:                   Mmmm hmmm.

Tim:                   Was it eventful?

Cal:                   No. Just a little walk.

Tim:                   Where to?

Cal:                   To the beach.

Tim:                   Where to?

Cal: To the bar.

Tim: Were you alone?

Cal: Yes.

Tim: Were you alone?

Cal: Yep.

Tim: Were you alone?

Cal: I had a drink with our loud friend.

Tim: Why is your hair wet?

Cal: I went for a swim.

Tim: That's why your hair's wet. Why is your hair wet?

Cal: I had a shower.

Tim: Why did you have a shower?

Cal: I fucked him.

Tim: What?

Cal: We were in his hut and he closed the door and I leant against it and we stood there, his hand up against the door, not touching my body but inches from it. I was terrified all of a sudden. Not of him touching me but because there was something at the end of the bed, it was writhing and hunching and its hackles were up and it was slavering. It was big and grey and ugly and transparent but it was taking murderous shape, it was salivating. And I had to stay completely still because I didn't want the beast to see me. And he was touching me the whole time and my breath was right up in my throat, I was so scared, Tim. And when our loud friend pulled my underwear aside, he didn't even bother to take them off, and pushed himself inside me, my back was against the door and, all the time, I watched that beast... it could have pounced at any moment-

*Beat.*

Tim: How did he fuck you?

Cal: He bent me over the chair and he was nosing his cock towards my asshole, trying to jam his way in and I said: "more wetness"-

Tim: You say that to me-

Cal: And he spit into his hand and rubbed it on himself and then stretched me wide open – I've never cum so fast. The whole time I was watching the beast and it was making me seasick, the feeling of its big hound eyes and its teeth silently bared and growling-

Tim: How did he fuck you?

Cal: It was sweet and gentle, and surprising, we were in the shower and he was soaping my breasts and then he was on his knees, his small feet neatly folded underneath him like a geisha, I'll never forget, kissing my legs and licking my clit and I came on his face-

Tim: How did he fuck you?

*Beat.*

Cal: Missionary. On the bed. My head kept hitting the headboard, the more I hurt my head the more I liked it. I thought: there'll be a lump tomorrow and I hoped the beast didn't wake up. It had fallen asleep-

Tim: How did he fuck you?

Cal: He didn't. I just got down on my knees and pulled down his swim shorts and his cock was damp and musty smelling like the ocean and seaweed and coconuts and I put it in my mouth. It was small and he came very quickly, making strange snorting noises. And the dog-

Tim: What dog?

Cal: The beast. When he turned on the light there was nothing there-

Tim: Come here.

Cal: Are you hard?

Tim: Yes.

Cal: Good.

*She moves towards him and they kiss desperately, hard. The lights flicker. The shape of an animal appears for a moment at the end of the bed then disappears.*

#### Scene 4: The Morning After

*Cal and Tim are waking up in bed. From the next room, there is the sound of retching: a man throwing up.*

Cal: *(Calling off)* Good morning to you too!

Tim: Every morning.

Cal: You know he's the one on the beach reading that book-

Tim: How do you know it's not the other guy?

Cal: It's something about the way he throws up. The orange one doesn't sound like he would spew like that.

*They listen to more throwing up.*

Tim: Yeah, you might be right-

Cal: Plus, the orange one eats stuff. And he doesn't. He just picks at his food and the orange one is always like, "sweetie, you need to eat something-"

Tim: I heard them arguing last night-

Cal: I didn't hear anything.

Tim: You were out.

Cal: What were they saying?

Tim: It was really weird, the orange one kept saying, (*doing whiny tone*) "how do you think that makes my fucking ego feel? How do you think that makes my ego feel? How do you think I feel? You don't even think about how I feel."

Cal: What?!

Tim: And his boyfriend-

*More vomiting sounds from off.*

Tim: *(Dropping volume a notch)* Spewy face was like, I don't give a fuck about your fucking ego-

Cal: Jesus-

Tim: And I almost said, out loud: I agree. I mean, it's not your job to protect someone else's ego.

Cal: I suppose. But you don't really know. I mean, maybe he meant, he'd embarrassed him in front of everyone. Or that he was flirting with someone else at the bar or something and he was-  
[hurt]

Tim: It's just a weird way to say it then. That's not your ego. That's your pride-



*More throwing up.*

Cal: Ugh. Enough. My ego hurts.

Tim: Hungover?

Cal: Mmmm.

*Tim touches Cal's head.*

Tim: You have a bump on your head.

Cal: Clumsy Cal.

Tim: Clumsy Cal.

*They begin to kiss passionately to the sound of more spewing.*

*The sound of a roaring from off – a crowd cheers. They stop.*

Cal: What is that?

*Tim goes to the window.*

Tim: Looks like there's some sport event thing happening. All these people are cheering and...

Cal: What?

Tim: Waving their fists?

Cal: They're so into soccer-

Tim: It looks like they... I can't tell if they. It looks like they have guns-

#### Scene 5: The Surgical Anatomy of Hernia

*Night: the sound of explosions in the distance, mariachi music blares – Tim and Cal are asleep. Tim sits up in bed, groaning loudly in pain. (This scene should begin quietly and reach insane fever pitch.)*

Cal: *(Waking)* Why are you making so much noise?

*He grabs his side, moaning louder, like a cow giving birth.*

Cal: Sweetheart, what's the matter? What's the matter? What is it?

Tim: My gut. There's something, there's ahhhhhhhh. I hurt. I hurt-

Cal: Where? Where?

Tim: *(Points)* Here-ish. And here. Everywhere-ahhhhhhhh.

Cal: Oh shit, oh god, oh god, I'll call the signora-

Tim: Ahhhhhhh-

Cal: We need to get you to a doctor.

Tim: Ahhhhhhhhh. I am a doctor.

*Cal picks up the decrepit looking phone, the receiver comes apart in her hands.*

Cal: What the fuck is this, a prop? *(pressing buttons and speaking into phone)* Hello? Hello?

Tim: I don't need a doctor. I know what it is. I don't need someone to tell me what it is.

Cal: You need a doctor.

Tim: It has to be... *(He examines himself with medical precision)* It feels like it is. It's a hernia. *(Tripping with pain)* Oh god, oh god, it's ok, I can fix it.

Cal: *(Speaking into defunct phone)* Hopitale hopitale...

*Cal throws the phone down and opens the door, yelling out.*

Cal: Emergencia! Hopitale. My husband. My husband is-

Tim: No no no. I'm not going to some godforsaken hospital with rusty knives where they'll give me hepatitis and botch up my stomach... Ahhhh. Give me my Swiss army knife, I can fix it...

Cal: You can't fix it! You can't!

*Tim gets up and stumbles across the room.*

Tim:                   *(Yelling)* Get me my Swiss army knife! My kingdom for a Swiss  
army knife!

*Cal goes to him and tries to get him back to bed.*

Cal:                   Get back- Lie back down. TIMOTHY, GET BACK IN BED!

*Tim picks up his Swiss army knife and fumbles with it, flicks the  
knife open. Fireworks in the distance, flashes of light illuminate  
the dark room.*

Tim:                   I'm going to cut it out myself.

*Tim holds knife above his head and readies himself to plunge the  
knife into his body.*

Cal:                   *(Yelling)* What are you?! What are you doing-

Tim:                   I'll slice it out-

Cal:                   -YOU'RE NOT BEING. You're not making any-[sense]. You can't  
operate on yourself.

*But before he can plunge the knife in Tim passes out, body slumped on the ground. Fireworks flash, Cal runs to his body. Silence.*

#### Scene 6: Hopitale

*Hannah stands in a green hospital suit, washing the blood off her hands at a white sink – we can't see her face. She sings snatches of The Mamas and the Papas' "Dream a Little Dream" to herself quietly and washes her hands repeatedly. Cal sits by Tim's bedside on the other side of the stage and sings too.*

Hannah and Cal: Stars shining up above you  
Night da da seem to whisper I love you  
Birds singing in the sycamore tree  
Dream a little dream of me

*Hannah hums to herself, as the music sung by Mama Cass fades in. Lights illuminate Tim lying vertical, the bed tipped up to face the audience. He is wearing a green hospital gown, which is pinned open to reveal his bloody organs, which are in the process of being operated on by disembodied hands.*

Tim: They strung me up and gutted me. They slit me from throat to gills and disemboweled me. This is for what you do to your people, they said. This is for what you do to your delivery boys and your doorman and your dog walker, they said. I don't have a dog walker, I said. That didn't stop them. This is for what you do to your women, they said. Then they threw what was left of me to the beasts to slobber over and feast on. And Cal just sat by in the plaza and sang a sweet song and ate cream puffs and held hands with the signora. *(To the hands)* Wait. No. No. Stop.

*Hannah exits, laughing softly to herself; Tim watches her leave.*

#### Scene 7: Checkmate

*Cal and Tim are playing chess in the hotel. Tim's arm is bandaged. In the background, the TV plays a live telecast of the coup. The words "Vivo Jah" keep repeating.*

Tim: Checkmate.

*Tim is pleased as punch – victory dance of some kind. There is cheering in the distance. He stops and they both turn to the window, holding their breath. The cheering fades.*

Cal: Arrgghhh. I can't stand this. I'm done with it-

Tim: We just have to wait. They said the flights will be back up tomorrow-

Cal: I hate waiting. I'm bad at patience. That's why I live in New York. *(Beat)* I can't believe you beat me. That's it. I'm done. I'm leaving-

Tim: You can't- *(at television)* Isn't it weird how they make all their demands while smoking cigars- Do you think they're his cigars?

Cal: Whose?

Tim: The Vice Presidents? I like his wallpaper-

Cal: They're kind of handsome. Maybe I'll run away with one of the campesinos-



Tim: What are you gonna do, leave me here and join the rebellion, disappear with the signora and the rest of the peasants in the middle of the night-?

Cal: No, it won't happen like that-

Tim: Oh won't it. How *will* it happen then?

Cal: I don't know. More likely, the slow drag of time, the collapsing of my face, the nagging, you always winning at chess, our sagging bodies-

Tim: Stop it-

Cal: Well how do you think it'll happen-?

Tim: It won't happen because we'll love each other forever and ever until our rotting corpses are buried next to each other and our entwined hands turn into skeletons and dust-

Cal: (*sarcastic*) So romantic. (*Beat*) Isn't it weird that we're going to die. Don't you ever think it's weird? Like do you ever think

about what it's going to be like the second just before you die  
when you know you're going to die?

*Tim considers this for a pause.*

Tim: No.

Cal: I wish I could ask someone what it's like.

*Cal opens the door. Hannah appears in the shadows.*

Cal: The sun's setting. Oh look!

Tim: What?

Cal: An iguana-

*They all watch the iguana.*

Cal: I can't compete with you-

Tim: What?

Cal: With her, I mean.

Tim: You don't have to-

Cal: This was supposed to be *our* vacation.

Tim: It is. *(Beat)* I'm gonna go out and wait for the sea turtles. You wanna come?

Cal: In a minute.

*Tim goes. Hannah is shivering, she comes out of the shadows.*

Hannah: My fingers are cold- Do your hands get cold?

Cal: All the time-

Hannah: I used to put them in his mouth to warm them up and he would blow on them. Can I put them in your mouth?

Cal: I'm not thinking about you. *(She does this)* Deep breath in. Deep breath out. Exhaling all thoughts.

Hannah: It's humid here, there's so many geckos, you can hear them at night running up the walls.... It's humid but I'm cold all the time-

Cal: I'm not afraid of you- How can I be afraid of someone that doesn't exist?

Hannah: Oh, I exist. I exist. I exist. I'm as real as the radio... We know each other, you and I-

Cal: We do?

Hannah: Because we both love him- But he doesn't belong to you-

Cal: What do you mean?

Hannah: He doesn't belong to me-

Cal: This is *our* vacation. And we're going home tomorrow. And we'll forget all about you.

Hannah: Travelling *is* exhausting. I'm always on the move.

Tim: *(from off)* Cal. Cal. Sea turtles-

Cal: The signora taught me this prayer. I've been saying it over and over-

Hannah & Cal: Gracias por mi marido, aunque nunca lo voy a entender.

Cal: Thank you for my husband, I hope he is the only one I have-

Hannah: Are you sure it's not, thank you for my husband, I hope I will have many more?

Cal: Maybe. I forget how it goes-

*They laugh.*

Hannah: Well no matter what happens...

Cal: In the end?

Hannah: In the end...

*Tim enters.*

Tim: You have to see this. Who are you talking to?

Cal: No one. Just praying.

Tim: Praying? C'mon. The turtles are huge and ancient- They're paddling their legs to dig these enormous holes in the sand where they're going to lay their eggs- Let's go look at them-

*Cal goes to Tim and kisses him for a long moment. Hannah watches from the shadows.*

Tim: What was that for?

Cal: Because you're an idiot. But you're my idiot.

Tim: You're my idiot. C'mon.

*They leave. Hannah watches them go.*

Scene 9: Home

*Cal and Tim are sitting on a plane. Tim is still reading The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo, Cal is dozing.*

Air hostess (V/O): *(Statically, incomprehensible as in the opening)* Ladies and gentleman shmickle seatbelt sign sin tan whyck schmoth night night simple keeeel home farkle off down down down landing. Thank you.

*(Beat)*

Air hostess (V/O): Ladies and gentleman shmickle seatbelt sign sin tan whyck schmoth night night simple keeeel home farkle off down down down landing. Thank you.

*Cal wakes and looks at Tim, waiting for him to put his seatbelt on, he sighs and finally does.*

Cal: I don't know why they don't make people wear their seatbelts for the whole flight. If the airplane dropped for even a second we'd go flying up and hit the ceiling. I mean, you have to wear them in cars-

Tim: Mm.

*Tim keeps reading.*

Cal: How's your book?

Tim: OK.

Cal: We're going to be home soon. I can't wait.

*Tim leans over and kisses her on the cheek.*

Tim: Me too.

Cal: I don't like the landing bit. You have to hold my hand.

Tim: Sure.

Cal: If we crash, it'll be OK, because we had good lives. And we already had our holiday. So it's OK, right? And we loved each other, right?



Tim: We won't crash.

*He takes her hand. She squeezes it, looks at him for a moment  
and looks away. The plane begins its descent.  
Blackout.*