

Singing Down the Drain

(An old man and woman are standing next to each other, like at a party, but there are no other signs of activity. The two stand, uncomfortably, in puzzled silence, while music plays softly in the background, the music to Singing in the Rain, without words. Then the man speaks.)

He: I don't know who you are, but let's sing...

She: (She perks up.)

(They sing, he leads, she follows, then she leads and he follows, then they harmonize. This pattern, or the reverse, follows in almost all their singing.)

He: (singing)

I'm happy again, I'm laughing at clouds, so dark up above, the sun's in my heart, and I'm ready for love. Let the stormy clouds chase everyone from the place. Come on with the rain, I've a smile on my face. I walk down the lane with a happy refrain, just singin', singin' in the rain.

She: (singing)

I'm happy again, I'm laughing at clouds, so dark up above, the sun's in my heart, and I'm ready for love. Let the stormy clouds chase everyone from the place. Come on with the rain, I've a smile on my face. I walk down the lane with a happy refrain, just singin', singin' in the rain.

(Jamie Cullem)

(They smile at each other, and then he adds a chorus)

He: (singing)

I walk down the lane with a happy refrain, just singin', singin' down the drain.

She: (laughing) Why would you say that?

He: What?

She: Down the drain... singing down the drain.

He: Oh, is that what I said. (Smiling) I'm old. It's just how I feel, I guess.

She: I'm old, too. It's not so bad as that.

He: Not when I'm singing, it isn't. Let's sing some more.

She: Let's.

He: (singing, as she joins in)

I wonder, wonder who, who wrote the Book Of Love? Tell me, tell me, tell me, oh, who wrote the Book Of Love? I've got to know the answer. Was it someone from above? Oh, I wonder, wonder who, badoo-oooh, who, who wrote the Book Of Love? I love you darlin', baby, you know I do, but I've got to see this Book of Love, find out why it's true, Oh, I wonder, wonder who, badoo-oooh, who, who wrote the Book Of Love? Chapter one says to love her, you love her with all your heart. Chapter two, you tell her you're never, never, never, never, ever gonna part. In chapter three, remember the meaning of romance. In chapter four, you break up, but you give her just one more chance. Oh, I wonder, wonder who, badoo-oooh, who, who wrote the Book Of Love? Baby, baby, baby, I love you, yes I do. Well it says so in this Book Of Love, ours is the one that's true. Oh, I wonder, wonder who, badoo-oooh, who, who wrote the Book Of Love? I wonder who, yeah, who wrote the Book Of Love?

(Warren Davis, George Malone, Charles Patrick)

(They fall back to silence and stillness.)

He: You look familiar. Do I know you?

She: I don't know. Do I know you?

He: I don't know.

(They stand in silence for a little.)

She: (She begins singing, this time. He joins her.)

The falling leaves drift by the window, the autumn leaves of red and gold. I see your lips, the summer kisses, the sunburned hands, I used to hold. Since you went away, the days grow long, and soon I'll hear ol' winter's song. But I miss you most of all my darling, when autumn leaves start to fall. Since you went away, the days grow long, and soon I'll hear ol' winter's song, but I miss you most of all, my darling, when autumn leaves start to fall.

(Joseph Kosma, Jacque Prevert, Johnny Mercer)

She: That was fun. You're fun, whoever you are.

He: You can call me the Fun Master.

She: I don't think so.

He: How about something more recent?

She: I don't think I know anything more recent.

He: What is recent, anyway.

She: You know, something that was popular in the last few years.

He: Yes, but what last few years? What would they be?

She: I'm not sure. Something recent, I imagine.

He: Probably.

She: Certainment. (She says with a flourish.)

He: Are you French?

She: Frenchlike, Frenchant, Frenchistic.

He: (He begins singing, softly at first, and then louder and stronger, until the two are belting out Frere Jacques

Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques, dormez vous, dormez vous? Sonnez les matines, sonnez les matines, ding ding dong, ding ding dong. Are you sleeping, are you sleeping? Brother John, Brother John? Morning bells are ringing, morning bells are ringing, ding ding dong, ding

ding dong. Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques, dormez vous, dormez vous? Sonnez les matines, sonnez les matines, ding ding dong, ding ding dong.

(Author Unknown)

She: Mr. Jack. Mr. John, I presume.

He: A duck by any other name is a duck.

She: Mr. Duck, then. I'll call you Ducky.

He: I think you look more like a Ducky than I do.

She: If you could see yourself.

He: If you could see yourself now.

She: What's that from?

He: Actually, I think it's "If you could see me now."

She: If you could BE me now.

He: If you could be HERE now.

She: HERE we go again.

He: There YOU go again.

She: *If you went away. Ne me quittez pas.*

He: French?

She: Going away is the same in every language.

He: Except the French are more languid in their misery.

She: *Languid in their misery*, I like that. Sing that.

He: (He sings, half-heartedly.)

Drowning in the lap of luxury, languid in my misery.

She: That's beautiful! You have a good voice.

He: So do you. This is a good room to sing in.

She: (singing)

All I want is a room somewhere, far away from the cold night air, with one enormous chair. Oh, wouldn't it be lovely? Lots of chocolate for me to eat, lots of coal makin' lots of heat. Warm face, warm hands, warm feet. Oh, wouldn't it be lovely? Oh, so lovely sittin' absobloominlutely still. I would never budge 'till spring crept over the window sill. Someone's head restin' on my knee, warm an' tender as he can be, who takes good care of me. Oh, wouldn't it be lovely? Lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely.

He: (singing)

I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts. There they are, standing in a row. Big ones, small ones, some as big as your head. Give 'em a twist, a flick of the wrist, that's what the showman said. Now that I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts, everybody knows they'll make me rich. There stands me wife, the idle of me life, singing a rolly bowly ball, a penny a pitch, singing a rolly bowly ball, a penny a pitch, rolly bowly ball, a rolly bowly ball, singing rolly bowly ball, a penny a pitch, I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts.

She: (reciting)

Shades of night are falling and I'm lonely, standing on the corner feeling blue. Sweethearts out for fun, pass me by, one by one. Guess I'll wind up like I always do, with only...

He and She: (singing)

...me and my shadow, strolling down the avenue. Oh, me and my shadow, not a soul to tell our troubles to. And when it's twelve o'clock, we climb the stairs. We never knock 'cause nobody's there. Just me and my shadow. All alone and feeling blue.

He: It's twilight time.

She: (singing)

Heavenly shades of night are falling, it's twilight time. Out of the mist your voice is calling,

it's twilight time. When purple colored curtains mark the end of the day, I hear you, my, dear at twilight time. Deepening shadows gather splendor, as day is done. Fingers of night will soon surrender the setting sun. I count the moments darling, till you're here with me, together at last at twilight time. Here in the after-glow of day, we keep our rendezvous beneath the blue. Here in the sweet and same old way, I fall in love again as I did then. Deep in the dark, your kiss will thrill me, like days of old, lighting the spark of love that fills me with dreams untold. Each day I pray for evening just to be with you, together at last at twilight time, together at last at twilight time.

He: Seriously, do I know you? You look familiar.

She: You look like someone I know, but I can't place the face.

He: Tell me who you are, and I'll see if it rings any bells.

She: Just a bell at twilight time?

He: A little tintinnabulation, for old time sake.

She: Does the name Ruby Begonia rings any bells?

He: Stella was a belle of the South. Stella! Stella!

She: Stella Maris was a star of the sea.

He: Stella at twilight.

She: We're going around in circles.

He: Running around in social circles is like standing still.

She: What circles? Maybe we know the same people.

He: I've been running it around in my head, but damned if I know.

She: Round and round she goes. Where she stops, nobody knows.

He: (singing) *Nobody knows the trouble I've seen.* Including me.

She: I can't remember anything or anyone of any importance.

He: I remember songs.

She: Me too.

He: Only if I hear them in my head.

She: It's called involuntary memory.

He: Is that like involuntary loss of memory?

She: It might be the same thing, I think.

He: What is that?

She: Thinking?

He: Yeah.

She: It's all the crap in my head that comes out my mouth.

He: How about involuntary speaking?

She: Like diarrhea of the mouth.

He: Like a blubbering fool.

She: A babbling brook.

He: That seems like a name.

She: Babs Brook.

He: Is that you?

She: I don't think so.

He: Like stream of consciousness.

She: More like a flood zone with no banks.

He: *He* might be my name.

She: *She* could be mine.

He: What if my name was *I*?

She: Hey, that's my name, too.

He: I know.

She: I know.

He: *I* is right.

She: *I* is my name, for sure.

He: (singing)

I and I, strolling down the avenue.

She: *I*'s right. I mean, *I* is right.

He: (singing)

*I am what I am, and that's all that I am. I'm Pop I, the sailor man.
Get it, Pop I, the sailor man*

She: If you're Pop *I*, the sailor man, then I'm Mom *I*, the sailor woman.

He: Do we have any little *I*'s running around?

She: They'd be big *I*'s by now, going by how we look.

He: How about if I call you Sal, for Sally?

She: How about if I call you Pal, for Pally?

He: Pally Schmally.

She: Sally Shmally.

He: Pally and Sally Shmally.

She: We're getting nowhere fast.

He: Or we're getting somewhere slowly. How come
I can't remember my own damn name.

She: It's like speed-dialing, you don't need to know your
own name. You just dial it up automatically.

Ring, ring, telephone rings.

He and She: (singing)

*Ring, ring, telephone rings. Somebody said, "Baby won't you do it?" I been wondering where
you been. Now and then, I think about you and me. No use
thinkin' 'bout things we can't recall. It don't matter now at all. Just come on home: Baby
we'll laugh and sing, we'll make love, we'll let the telephone ring. 'Ring, ring, doorbell ring'.
Baby come on in, got James Taylor on the stereo. I'm glad you've come around, I've been
feelin' down. Just talkin' to Tony and Mario. You know they make good conversation, still it
ain't no consolation, cause I got love, baby, I'll give you some, and if somebody comes, we'll
let the doorbell ring. Said 'Ring, ring, golden ring, around the sun, around your pretty finger'.
'Ring, ring, voices ring, with a happy tune, anybody can be a singer'. The sun come up across
the city, I swear you never looked so doggone pretty. Hand in hand, we'll stand upon the sand
with the preacher man, let the wedding bells ring. Oh-ohhh, hand in hand. we'll stand upon
the sand with the preacher man. Let the wedding bells ring....*

(Eddie Reeves and Alex Harvey)

He: Anybody can be a singer, with a happy tune.

She: Even a couple of nameless nobodies like us.

He: What if we don't have names?

She: So far we don't need any names.

He: I like names. Except the ones I don't like.

She: (singing)

He called me baby, baby, all night long. Used to hold and kiss me until dawn. Then one day I woke, and he was gone. Now there's no more baby, baby, all night long.

(Harlan Howard)

He: (singing)

I say I'll move the mountains. And I'll move the mountains, if she wants them out of the way. Crazy she calls me. Sure, I'm crazy. Crazy in love, I say.

(Rod Stewart)

She: Who sang that?

He: Some English guy, I can't remember who.

She: (singing)

I remember you. You're the one who made my dreams come true, a few kisses ago.

He joins in and they sing together.

I remember you. You're the one who said I love you too, didn't you know? I remember, too, a distant bell, and stars that fell, like rain out of the blue. When my life is through, and the angels ask me to recall, the thrill of them all, then I will tell them I remember you.

(Victor Schertzinger, Johnny Mercer)

They both repeat the last line, softly, together, looking at each other, gently, lovingly.

He: When my life is through. It's getting too close.

She: And the angels ask me to recall. Too close.

He: I used to think every good thing had to be followed by a bad thing.
Now, the inevitable is the bad thing I always anticipated.

She: There's nothing more to anticipate.

He: It's inevitable.

She: It does mean we don't have to think of some bad thing coming.

He: We should only think of good things. The bad things take care of themselves anyway.

She: (singing)

Well, I was feeling so bad, I asked my family doctor just what I had. I said, "Doctor, Doctor, Mister MD, can you tell me what's ailing me?" He said, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, all you really need is good lovin', good lovin'," so come on baby, squeeze me tight, don't you want you're baby to be all right. I said, baby, now it's for sure. I've got the fever, you got the cure. I said, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, all you need, all you really need is that good, good lovin', yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,"

(John Jackson)

He: Yeah. But.

She: But what?

He: Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, I know, but....

She: But that's not all she wrote.

He: Right. As good as she was, she didn't just write music.

She: What about the rest of the story?

He: What happens when we stop singing?

She: Why do we have to stop singing? My throat's fine.
You're in fine fettle. There's no reason for us to stop.

He: No reason, perhaps, but I'm just thinking.

She: (singing)

*Try to remember the kind of September, when life was slow and oh, so mellow.
Try to remember the kind of September, when grass was green and grain was yellow.
Try to remember the kind of September, when you were a tender and callow fellow.
Try to remember, and if you remember, then follow, follow, follow, follow, follow.*

*Deep in December, it's nice to remember, although you know the snow will follow.
Deep in December, it's nice to remember, without a hurt the heart is hollow.
Deep in December, it's nice to remember, the fire of September that made us mellow.
Deep in December, our hearts should remember, and follow.*

He: Yeah, remember. If only. Maybe if I sing my memories, they will come back to me.

She: We do pretty good with these songs.

He: Yes, but they're only approximations of what we know.

She: Isn't that good enough?

He: Good enough. What does that mean? Good enough.

She: I suppose it means that the good part of it reaches the feeling of satisfaction, but only barely, or enough to satisfy, for the moment, but it can't sustain anything for very long.

He: Ah, life. Good enough for the moment, but it doesn't last.

She: But good enough is good enough. There's no need for more if it's enough.

He: *Good enough* sounds like *eat what's set before you and shut up*.

She: Sing your troubles away.

He: You mean dream your troubles away. (singing)

When skies are cloudy and grey, they're only grey for a day, so wrap your troubles in dreams, and dream your troubles away. Your castles may tumble, that's Fate after all, life's really funny that way. No use to grumble, just smile as they fall, weren't you King for a day? Just remember that sunshine always follows the rain, so wrap your troubles in dreams, and dream your troubles away.

(Harry Barris, Ted Koehler, Billy Moll)

She: Sunshine always follows the rain.

He: And rain always follows the sunshine.

She: Just a while ago, you were singing in the rain.

He: Who are you?

She: I could ask you the same question.

He: I still can't place your face.

She: It's right here in the front. In the back, there's only hair.

He: I see you. But I can't remember who you are.

She: Maybe you don't *know* who I am. I can't remember who you are, either.

He: We're a couple of ones, aren't we?

She: Ones for the ages!

He: Ones for the ageless.

She: I feel ageless in my empty mind, but these songs we sing age us, don't they?

He: Look at us. We're old. There's no denying the truth.

She: If the truth is only what's visible.

He: And audible.

She: Sing me another one. Maybe I can place you by your repertoire.

He: Pick a topic, and I'll sing it.

She: Memory.

He: (singing)

Thanks for the memory of candlelight and wine, castles on the Rhine, the Parthenon, and moments on the Hudson River Line. How lovely it was! Thanks for the memory of rainy afternoons, swingy Harlem tunes and motor trips and burning lips and burning toast and prunes. How lovely it was! Many's the time that we feasted, and many's the time that we fasted. Oh, well, it was swell while it lasted. We did have fun and no harm done.

And thanks for the memory of sunburns at the shore, nights in Singapore, You might have been a headache but you never were a bore. So thank you so much. Thanks for the memory of sentimental verse, nothing in my purse and chuckles when the preacher said "For better or for worse". How lovely it was. Thanks for the memory of lingerie with lace, Pilsner by the case, and how I jumped the day you trumped my one-and-only ace. How lovely it was!

We said goodbye with a highball. Then I got as "high" as a steeple. But we were intelligent people. No tears, no fuss, hooray for us. So, thanks for the memory, and strictly entre-nous, darling how are you? And how are all the little dreams that never did come true? Aw'fly glad I met you, cheerio, and toodle-oo, and thank you so much.

Leo Robin & Ralph Rainger

She: We were married? Are we married?

He: (singing)

Love and Marriage go together like a horse and carriage.

She: Horse and carriage? What century are we living in?

He: It's just a song.

She: But it's music. We love music. We're musical. We love to sing.
What is it about singing?

He: It's beautiful sound coming out of my body. It makes me feel good and it makes me feel whole. No matter what I sing.

She: I like hearing you sing.

He: Me too. You sound great.

She: We sing well together.

He: That's a good thing. Pick another subject.

She: What about *time*.

He: (singing)

Time is on my side, yes it is. Time is on my side, yes it is. Now you always say that you want to be free, but you'll come running back (said you would baby). You'll come running back (I said so many times before). You'll come running back to me. Oh, time is on my side, yes it is. Time is on my side, yes it is. You're searching for good times, but just wait and see. You'll come running back (I won't have to worry no more). You'll come running back (spend the rest of my life with you, baby). You'll come running back to me. Go ahead, go ahead and light up the town, and baby, do everything your heart desires. Remember, I'll always be around. And I know, I know, like I told you so many times before. You're gonna come back, baby. 'Cause I know you're gonna come back knocking yeah, knocking right on my door. Yes, yes! Well, time is on my side, yes it is. Time is on my side, yes it is. Oh, time, time, time is on my side, yes it is. I said, time, time, time is on my side, yes it is. Oh, time, time, time is on my side. Yeah, time, time, time is on my side.

Jerry Ragovoy

She: Time is on your side? You're dreaming.
Time is on nobody's side, especially not us.

He: OK, your turn. How about *love*?

She: *Every* song is about love. Be more specific?

He: How about love in a bottle?

She: I know what you mean.

I took my troubles down to Madame Rue. You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth. She's got a pad down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine, sellin' little bottles of Love Potion Number Nine. I told her that I was a flop with chicks. I've been this way since 1956. She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign. She said, "What you need is Love Potion Number Nine". She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink. She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink". It smelled like turpentine, it looked like Indian ink. I held my nose, I closed my eyes, I took a drink. I didn't know if it was day or night. I started kissin' everything in sight. But when I kissed a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine, he broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine. I held my nose, I closed my eyes, I took a drink. I didn't know if it was day or night. I started kissin' everything in sight, but when I kissed a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine, he broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine, Love Potion Number Nine, Love Potion Number Nine, Love Potion Number Nine.

(Leiber and Stoller)

He: Oh, man, that's the greatest song ever written.

She: Really?

He: Among others.

She: Every song sounds like the best song ever written.

He: Living in the moment.

She: What else have we got?

He: We've got our memories.

She: What memories. We can't remember who we are.

He: But we are who we are, we're not lost, we don't need to remember what's right in front of us.

She: Great rationalization.

He: What's the alternative.

She: We could try to remember. Oops. (She realizes what she's said.)

He: I think we already did that one. But I think we already did every song.
It seems like we've been doing this for fifty years.

She: A hundred years.

He: Forever.

She: And a day.

He: Or just a day.

She: But what a day.

He: (Begins singing softly. She joins in.)

*Day-o, Day-ay-ay-o. Daylight come and me wan' go home. Day, me say day,
me say day, me say day. Me say day, me say day-ay-ay-o. Daylight come and me wan' go
home. Work all night on a drink a' rum. Daylight come and me wan' go home. Stack
banana till the mornin' come. Daylight come and me wan' go home. Come, Mister tally
man, tally me banana. Daylight come and me wan' go home. Come, Mister tally man,
tally me banana. Daylight come and me wan' go home. It's six foot, seven foot, eight foot
BUNCH! Daylight come and me wan' go home. Six foot, seven foot, eight foot BUNCH!
Daylight come and me wan' go home. Day, me say day-ay-ay-o. Daylight come and me
wan' go home. Day, me say day, me say day, me say day... Daylight come and me wan' go
home. A beautiful bunch a' ripe banana. Daylight come and me wan' go home. Hide the
deadly black tarantula. Daylight come and me wan' go home.*

(traditional)

He: Me wanna go home. Where's home?

She: (singing)

*Love, oh love, oh careless love. Love, love, oh careless love, you have caused me to weep,
you have caused me to moan, you have caused me to lose my happy home. Don't never drive
a stranger from your door. Don't never drive a stranger from your door. It may be your best
friend knockin' on your door. Then it may be your brother, you will never know. Careless
love, look how you carry me down. Careless love, look how you carry me down. You caused
me to lose my mother, and she's layin' in six feet of ground. Careless love, I can't let you carry*

me down. Careless love, you drove me through the rain and snow. Careless love, you drove me through the rain and snow. You have robbed me out of my silver and out of all my gold. I'll be damned if I let you rob me out of my soul. You've worried my mother until she died. You've caused my father to lose his mind. Now damn you, I'm goin' to shoot you and shoot you four five times and stand over you until you finish dyin', love, oh love, oh careless love.

He: Where did that come from?

She: Where does any song come from?

He: I think they come from something we say or do. But that one seems to have come out of the blue.

She: There's your answer. It came out of the blue.

He: It feels like that's where we came from.

She: I don't mind that. In fact, I kind of like it.
I can't remember anything else anyway.

He: We came out of the blue. OK. I can live with that.
(He begins singing, and she joins in.)

Blue moon, you saw me standin' alone, without a dream in my heart, without a love of my own. Blue moon, you knew just what I was there for. You heard me sayin' a prayer for, someone I really could care for. And then there suddenly appeared before me, the only one my arms will hold. I heard somebody whisper, "please adore me", and when I looked, the moon had turned to gold. Blue moon, now I'm no longer alone, without a dream in my heart, without a love of my own. And then there suddenly appeared before me, the only one my arms will ever hold. I heard somebody whisper, "please adore me", and when I looked, the moon had turned to gold. Blue moon, now I'm no longer alone, without a dream in my heart, without a love of my own. Blue moon, now I'm no longer alone, without a dream in my heart, without a love of my own.

(Lorenz Hart & Richard Rodgers)

She: I don't think I'm without a love of my own. I got the moon. I've got a dream in my heart. I've got you.

He: I got you babe.

She: (singing)

They say we're young and we don't know. We won't find out until we grow [he:] Well I don't know if all that's true, 'cause you got me, and baby I got you [he:] babe [she:] I got you babe, I got you babe. [she:] They say our love won't pay the rent Before it's earned, our money's all been spent [he:] I guess that's so, we don't have a pot, but at least I'm sure of all the things we got [he:] Babe [both:] I got you babe, I got you babe. [he:] I got flowers in the spring I got you to wear my ring [she:] And when I'm sad, you're a clown. And if I get scared, you're always around. [she:] So let them say your hair's too long, 'cause I don't care, with you I can't go wrong. [he:] Then put your little hand in mine, there ain't no hill or mountain we can't climb [he:] babe [both:] I got you babe, I got you babe. [he:] I got you to hold my hand. [she:] I got you to understand. [he:] I got you to walk with me. [she:] I got you to talk with me. [he:] I got you to kiss goodnight. [she:] I got you to hold me tight. [he:] I got you, I won't let go. [she:] I got you to love me so. [both:] I got you babe, I got you babe, I got you babe, I got you babe.

He: Those were the good old days.

She: Maybe these are the good old days.

He: The Good Old Days, that's us.

She: Doris Day and Dennis Day, "The Good Old Days."

He: Owen McNulty and Doris Kappelhoff.

She: Who?

He: Their real names.

She: So even famous people can't remember their names.

He: And eventually, nobody remembers them, either.

She: I remember you.

He: That's because I'm standing right in front of you.

She: Where'd you get the ukulele?

He: I don't know. It was just here.

She: Out of the blue. Just like us.

He: (Singing and playing the ukulele.)

*Blue moon of Kentucky, keep on shining. Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue.
Blue moon of Kentucky, keep on shining. Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue.
It was on one moonlight night, stars shining bright. Whisper on high. Love said goodbye.
Blue moon of Kentucky, keep on shining. Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue.*

(Patsy Cline)

She: Love comes, love goes, love is beautiful, love is sad, music is always.

He: I don't know that song.

She: I just made it up.

He: How can you do that?

She: Out of the blue, just like me and you.

He: You did it again.

She: Music is contagious.

He: Are we sick with music?

She: Is laughter a disease? Is love a disease? Is music a disease?

He: I feel good.

She: I feel good.

He: (Singing)

Whoa-oo-oo! I feel good, I knew that I would, now. I feel good, I knew that I would, now. So good, so good, I got you. Whoa! I feel nice, like sugar and spice. I feel nice, like sugar and spice. So nice, so nice, I got you. When I hold you in my arms, I know that I can't do no wrong, and when I hold you in my arms, my love won't do you no harm, and I feel nice, like sugar and spice. I feel nice, like sugar and spice.

She: (Singing)

So nice, so nice, I got you. When I hold you in my arms, I know that I can't do no wrong, and when I hold you in my arms, my love can't do me no harm, and I feel nice, like sugar and spice. I feel nice, like sugar and spice. So nice, so nice, I got you. Whoa! I feel good, I knew that I would, now. I feel good, I knew that I would. So good, so good, I got you. So good, so good, I got you. HEY!!

(James Brown)

He: So when are we going to hold each other in our arms?

She: Haven't we already done that a million times?

He: Either that or never.

She: What does it feel like?

He: Right now, it feels like never, but when I think about it, it feels like a million times.

She: Never, a million times, what's the difference?

He: Never is full of desire, a million times is full of sweet satisfaction.

She: Which one do you prefer?

He: I like them both. Desire is about getting the sweet satisfaction, and satisfaction is about getting the desire.

She: (Singing)

Never know how much I love you. Never know how much I care. When you put your arms around me, I get a fever that's so hard to bear. You give me fever when you kiss me, fever

when you hold me tight, fever in the morning, fever all through the night. Sun lights up the daytime, moon lights up the night, I light up when you call my name, and you know I'm gonna treat you right. You give me fever when you kiss me, fever when you hold me tight, fever in the morning, fever all through the night

He: (Singing)

Ev'rybody's got the fever. That is something you all know. Fever isn't such a new thing. Fever started long ago Romeo loved Juliet. Juliet, she felt the same. When he put his arms around her, he said 'Julie, baby, you're my flame. Thou givest fever, when we kisseth, fever with the flaming youth. Fever, I'm afire. Fever, yea I burn, forsooth'. Captain Smith and Pocahantas had a very mad affair. When her daddy tried to kill him, he said 'daddy, o don't you dare. He gives me fever with his kisses, fever when he holds me tight. Fever, I'm his misses. Oh daddy, won't you treat him right?'

He and She: (Both singing)

Now you've listened to my story. Here's the point that I have made. Chicks were born to give you fever. Be it Fahrenheit or centigrade. They give you fever when you kiss them, fever if you live and learn, fever till you sizzle, what a lovely way to burn, what a lovely way to burn, what a lovely way to burn.

(Otis Blackwell & Eddie Cooley)

He: This never gets old.

She: What? Sex?

He: No. Singing.

Scene II

(This scene takes place in the same way at the first scene, with two people standing next to each other. They appear not to know each other, like strangers at a bus stop, at a party, or in a museum, looking at a painting. These are the same two people, a man and a woman, perhaps in their sixties or seventies, and they sense a familiarity or even an attraction between them, but without recognition as to who they are to each other, other than that sense of connection.)

He: (shuffling uncomfortably, but curious about the other.)
That's a funny thing to say.

She: Pardon me?

He: What you just said. It's funny.

She: I didn't say anything. Maybe you caught me humming to myself.
I do that, sometimes.

He: I like to hum too.

She: What did you think I said?

He: I can't remember, now.

She: Must not have been much.

He: It's my memory. Not much good, these days.

She: Mine either. I can't remember yesterday.

He: I don't know who you are, but let's sing. (He begins singing.)

*Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away. Now it looks as though they're here to stay.
Oh, I believe in yesterday. Suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be, there's a shadow
hanging over me. Oh, yesterday came suddenly. Why she had to go I don't know, she
wouldn't say. I said something wrong, now I long for yesterday.*

She joins in.

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play. Now I need a place to hide away. Oh, I believe in yesterday. Why she had to go I don't know, she wouldn't say. I said something wrong, now I long for yesterday. Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play. Now I need a place to hide away. Oh, I believe in yesterday. Mm-mm-mm-mm-mm-mm-mm.

(Paul McCartney)

She: You're a good singer. It's fun to sing with you.

He: Didn't we do this ... yesterday? (He smiles.)

She: Maybe we did, but I don't long for yesterday. (She smiles.)
I can't remember yesterday. How can I long for it?

He: Having you near, makes yesterday seem like ancient history.

She: We are ancient history, in case you hadn't noticed.

He: Only on the surface.

She: Dig a little deeper. Old is old.

He: (singing)

Seems like old times, having you to walk with. Seems like old times, having you to talk with. And it's still a thrill just to have my arms around you. Still the thrill that it was the day I found you. Seems like old times, dinner dates and flowers. Just like old times, staying up for hours. Making dreams come true, doing things we used to do. Seems like old times being here with you.

She: (singing)

Seems like old times, dinner dates and flowers. Just like old times, staying up for hours. Making dreams come true, doing things we used to do. Seems like old times being here with you.

(Both sing)

Being here with you. Being here with you.

(Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb)

She: (singing)

Ev'ry night I sit here by my window ... window, starin' at the lonely avenue ... avenue, watchin' lovers holdin' hands 'n' laughin' ... laughin', and thinkin' 'bout the things we used to do. Thinkin' of things ... like a walk in the park, things ... like a kiss in the dark, things ... like a sailboat ride. Yeah-yeah ... What about the night we cried? Things like a lover's vow. Things that we don't do now. Thinkin' 'bout the things we used to do. Memories are all I have to cling to ... cling to, and heartaches are the friends I'm talkin' to ... talkin' to, when I'm not thinkin' of-a just how much I love you ... love you. Well, I'm-a thinkin' 'bout the things we used to do.

He: (singing)

Thinkin' of things ... like a walk in the park. Things ... like a kiss in the dark. Things ... like a sailboat ride. Yeah-yeah ... What about the night we cried? Things like a lover's vow. Things that we don't do now. Thinkin' 'bout the things we used to do. I still can hear the jukebox softly playin' ... playin', and the face I see each day belongs to you ... belongs to you. Though there's not a single sound and there's nobody else around, well, it's-a just me thinkin' of the things we used to do.

He and She: (singing)

Thinkin' of things ... like a walk in the park, things ... like a kiss in the dark, things ... like a sailboat ride. Yeah-yeah ... What about the night we cried? Things like a lover's vow. Things that we don't do now. Thinkin' 'bout the things we used to do. And the heartaches are the friends I'm talkin' to ... Ya got me thinkin' 'bout the things we used to do ... Starin' at the lonely avenue ...

He: Why is that song so great? I love that song?

She: I think it's the slide, the jump and slide, in the middle of the lines.

He: It's so joyful in the middle of so much sadness.

She: The jump of life and the slide toward oblivion.

He: So cheerful.

She: Facts are facts.

He: It's why the Blues are not about the blues.

She: It's why Gospel music is not about the gospel.

He: It's the damned music. It's the jump of life.

She: You're preaching to the choir.

He: And the choir sings back.

She: Sing on, brother, sing on.