

Let's Spend Some Time Together

(Antoine Beck and James Call, are seated, side by side, in overstuffed arm-chairs. There is a light from the lamp between them. Newspapers are scattered about.)

Scene One

Call: Descartes is a philosopher, and astronomy is a science.

Beck: Hamlet is a great tragedy, Shakespeare is the author of Hamlet.

Call: English Literature is important, but Harvard's more important.

Beck: Latin's an ancient language, and TV is a recent invention.

Call: : Having read an interesting book, I need another book to read.

Beck: This man has an extraordinary gift. This man is remarkable.

Call: The Missouri is a river that flows into the Mississippi.

Beck: Caracas... Caracas is the capitol of Venezuela.

Scene Two

Beck: I went to work every day. I worked very hard. I finished my work.

Call: I dine with my friend every day. Children will often spill their soup.

Beck: We discuss the international news. Children can be quite clumsy.

Call: Before I read my book, the orchestra will play *Suwanee River*.

Beck: The orchestra has just begun. I will listen, until I am tired.

Call: The President examined the situation with scrupulous care.

Beck: The army has beaten the rebels. I've seen a documentary.

Call: The singer is going to sing a long aria. The Barber...

Beck:of Seville. I have seen photographs of the entire production.

Call: Children seldom love the opera. Children do love architecture.

Scene Three

Call: The Empire State Building was once the tallest building in New York.

Beck: Large buildings have many rooms. This room would be a good room to dance in.

Call: This would be a good room to play any musical instrument in.

Beck: I have taken many photographs of cathedrals and monuments.

Call: I've been to visit a great many large buildings, in many cities.

Beck: The Smithsonian has a very large stuffed animal collection.

Call: Very few books have been as celebrated as *The Essays* by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Beck: The King died of old age. Long live the King, They say he was gravely ill.

Call: This would be a good room in which to play the saxophone, or trumpet.

Beck: Some musicians perform difficult compositions from memory.

Call: Some people work very hard to understand many difficult things.

Beck: I am going to telephone Mary, at the earliest hour.

Call: Some children are insolent and vulgar, and their parents forgive them.

Beck: I'm going to ask Mary to go with me, to New York, tomorrow.

Call: There are many large buildings in New York. The city is full of them.

Beck: I have no doubt that this man has been to New York City, many times.

Call: I believe I truly understand this man, I met him in New York.

Beck: This room could be almost anywhere. This room could be a restaurant.

Call: He has an excellent memory and remembers for a long time.

Beck: He reads something, and he remembers even the smallest details.

Call: In my family, everyone gets together for every Christmas.

Beck: Every family is happy when all its members get along.

Call: *Situation critical! The cabinet's been ordered to stand by.*

Beck: The newspaper says that children have become involved in the fighting.

Call: When left alone, children are often bored and restless. Ah! Stravinsky!

Beck: Stravinsky has composed all the finest music that we hear today.

Call: Stravinsky is a better composer than most other composers.

Beck: He's one of the finest composers, with many fine compositions.

Call: And now he's dead. One should only buy the music that one desires.

Beck: A respected composer, I hear he was very old, when he died.

Scene Four

Call: No one else can adequately understand the depths of my problems.

Beck: We must search the grottos beneath the ruins of our past miseries.

Call: I am coming to a regrettable end with no sign of relief.

Beck: He made his fortune, and now he collects his memories like medals.

Call: I once wandered my domain, discussing the natural flow of events.

Beck: The greatest constructions of the past centuries have been neglected.

Call: Many formerly beloved structures are now seafood restaurants.

Beck: Events in my life were dwellings, constructed, one after another.

Call: What poets describe eventually become monuments to time.

Beck: The finest artistry is erected in the endless void of space.

Call: Time was, when the fabric of the old empires was not yet threadbare.

Beck: Our greatness begins beneath vision and continues past memory.

Call: Many well-made, secure structures have been shaken to their foundations.

Beck: In earthquakes, most structures do not withstand the godlike turmoil.

Call: In such devastation, children are found wandering in the rubble.

Beck: Children of the world would like to claim some ground for posterity.

Call: They have claims of their own, but monuments are dedicated to men.

Beck: Men give their lives that other men may see their handiwork and praise it.

Call: The visitors pause to witness the continuity in the stone.

Beck: The guide led us to the interior of the crumbling pyramid.

Call: Somehow, the ancient march of time continues on, beyond the spirit.

Beck: To see the essentials of a man's life torn from him, we pity him.

Call: Some of our most important decisions will live on in infamy

Beck: I read he always smoked a cigar, before making grave decisions.

Call: Top government advisors go to the conference room to confer.

Beck: Celebrated performers of great skill are brought in to entertain.

Call: All those gathered can hear the music filtering through the corridors.

Beck: There's always an orchestra, waiting in an anteroom, day and night.

Call: The first notes of the composer were met with scorn from the audience.

Beck: Now visitors pause at his grave and mark the occasion with poems.

Scene Five

Call: : You do not have to wait until the last minute to do what you want.

Beck: In past centuries, women and children were taught to act on instinct.

Call: In past centuries, everything of any value was done by hand.

Beck: When you're asleep, you don't know how old you are or what age you live in.

Call: I woke from my nap at the same time the train arrived at the station.

Beck: The subconscious treasures, that we don't comprehend, are buried within.

Call: They are symbolized by the objects we possess in our conscious lives.

Beck: Reception of interior thoughts is directly proportional...

Call: ...To the amount of air we are able to inhale through our skin.

Beck: When one has penetrated the subconscious for the very first time.

Call: It's as if one has broken into a great Gothic cathedral.

Beck: And, in pious sanctity, caught God on his knees, praying to Mankind.

Call: I'd like to get everything into a computer and then see what.

Beck: One must finally demolish that empty chateau, the conscious mind.

Call: And give it all to the secret police, the dictator unconscious?

Beck: No one knows everything, except some unknown, almighty, know-it-all.

Call: The Cathedral of Notre Dame was begun, in Paris, over 800 years ago.

Beck: We waited almost that long for the talking pictures to come along.

Call: During the war, the whole world went to the movies, just like always.

Beck: A good historian would be able to make some sense out of that.

Call: If you desire to enrich your life, you should read interesting books.

Beck: I repeat the tried and true maxims. They always make sense, in the end.

Scene Six

Call: I'm finished. I'm done. I'm kaput. I've just about had it. It's over.

Beck: What man among us can honestly declare when his time is complete?

Call: Which one of us can measure the true effect of our words on the wind?

Beck: When we speak together of these things, I wonder what I am to think.

Call: There's tradition in our phrases, but what is the proof of what we say?

Beck: Even when I know what I'm thinking, I wonder what I have to say.

Call: What are the conclusions we can trust when there are so many answers?

Beck: Even in our greatest city, all we hear are questions and answers.

Call: Are there any calls? I've been waiting, for a message, for a long time.

Beck: Is life what the dead imagine? What artist is his own creation?

Call: Where are the solutions to the questions we pose by our ignorance?

Beck: New York is the oldest memory that our fantasy can recall.

Call: Who is in charge here? Who is the one in charge? Is this the Institute?

Beck: Some windows are like walls. Some windows, like doors. Some walls are only walls.

Call: We came for music and dance, to pose the meaning of the inexact.

Beck: We are not trained philosophers, Decartes is a philosopher.

The End