

Singing Down the Drain

Steve Brooks

Act One

(An old man and woman stand next to each other, center stage. They appear to not know each other, like strangers at a bus stop, a party, or in a museum, looking at a painting. They sense a feeling of familiarity or even an attraction between them, but without recognition as to who they are to each other, other than the sense of connection. They 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: That's a terrific song.

She: It is. It's great.

He: Have you been here before?

She: It's very familiar. What about you?

He: You seem kind of familiar, but I don't want to presume.

She: Presume away. You seem sort of familiar to me, too.

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

(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. Those who play these characters might, according to their skills, sing with each other in whatever way that works.)

He: (singing along with the music)

*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.*

She: (singing)

*Let the stormy clouds chase everyone from the place.
Come on with the rain, I've a smile on my face.*

Both: (singing)

*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)

Just singin', singin' in the rain.

She: (laughing and singing)

Just singin', singin' down the drain.

He: What?

She: Down the drain... singing down the drain. We're old. At least, I am. I don't want to presume.

He: Presume all you want. Let's sing, some more. (singing)

*I wonder, wonder who, oh, who wrote the Book Of Love?
Tell me, tell me, tell me, I've got to know the answer. Is it someone
from above? Oh, I wonder, wonder who, who, who wrote the Book Of Love?*

She: (singing)

*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, you
remember the meaning of romance. In chapter four, you break up, but you
give her just one more chance. Oh, I wonder, wonder who, I do, who, who wrote
the Book Of Love?*

He: (singing)

*Well, it says so in this Book Of Love, ours is the one that's true.
I wonder, wonder who, who wrote the Book Of Love?*

Both: (singing)

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. 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 so familiar to me. 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.*

Both: (singing)

*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: You're fun, whoever you are.

He: You can call me Mr. Fun.

She: I don't think so.

He: How about something more recent?

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

He: What's recent mean, exactly?

She: I don't know, something in the last few years.

He: What last few years?

She: I'm not sure. Something recent.

He: Probably.

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

He: Are you French?

She: I don't know, maybe. Peut-être.

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?

Both: (singing)

Sonnez les matines, sonnez les matines, 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: Are you Jacques.

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

She: I'll call you Ducky.

He: You look more Ducky than I do.

She: If you could see yourself.

He: If you could see yourself now.

She: (singing)

If you could see me now.

He: Here we go.

She: (singing)

*If you go away, on this summer day, then you might as well take
the sun away. If you go away, if you go away, ne me quitte pas.*

He: (singing)

*But if you stay, I'll make you a day like no day has been or will be again.
We'll sail on the sun, we'll ride on the rain, we'll talk to the trees that
worship the wind, and if you go, I'll understand.*

She: (singing)

*Leave me just enough love to fill up my hand. If you go away, if you go away,
if you go away, ne me quitte pas, as I know you must, there'll be nothing left
in the world to trust, just an empty room filled with empty space, like the
empty look I see on your face.*

He: (singing)

*Can I tell you now, as you turn to go, I'll be dying slowly 'til your next hello.
If you go away, if you go away, ne me quitte pas. But if you stay, I'll make you
a night, like no night has been or will be again. I'll sail on your smile,
I'll ride on your touch, I'll talk to your eyes, that I love so much.*

She: (singing)

*But if you go, I won't cry, the good's gone from goodbye.
If you go away, if you go away, ne me quitte pas.*

(Jacques Brel)

He: Going away at this age is final.

She: (singing)

Ne me quittez pas.

He: It's not that simple. This the final goodbye.

She: Something good happens... followed by something bad. Sometimes.

He: Now it's inevitable that something bad will happen. We don't have to imagine something bad happening. Something bad is inevitable.

She: (singing)

Ne me quittez pas.

He: Ah, French goodbyes.

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: 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.

He: (singing)

Warm face, warm hands, warm feet. Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

She: (singing)

Oh, so lovely, sittin' absobloominlutely still.

He: (singing)

*I would never budge 'till spring crept over the windowsill. Someone's head
restin' on my knee, warm an' tender as she can be, who takes good care of me.*

Both: (singing)

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely? Lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely.

(Lerner and Loewe)

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.*

She: (singing)

*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.*

He: (singing)

*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, I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts.*

(Fred Heatherton)

She: It's getting darker.

He: It's getting dark.

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.*

(Billy Rose and Dave Dreyer)

He: It's getting darker... 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.*

He: (singing)

*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.*

Both: (singing)

*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.*

(Buck Ram, Morty Nevins, Al Nevins, Artie Dunn)

He: Seriously, do I know you?

She: You look like someone I know.

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

She: Does the name Ruby Begonia ring any bells?

He: (He proclaims.)

Stella! Stella!

She: (reciting)

Are you talking to me?

He: I'm talking to you.

She: But I can't remember who I'm talking to.

He: I remember songs.

She: Me, too.

He: I hear them in my head, they come to me.

She: It's all the stuff in your head that comes outta your mouth.

He: But my head seems empty.

She: Until I start talking

He: Involuntary speaking.

She: Diarrhea of the mouth.

He: A pair of blubbering fools.

She: Babbling brooks.

He: Streams of consciousness.

She: A flood zone with no banks.

He: I feel dizzy with all this thinking.

She: Who does?

He: (singing)

*I'm Popeye the Sailor Man. I'm Popeye the Sailor Man. I'm strong
to the "finich" 'cause I eats me spinach, I'm Popeye the Sailor Man.*

(Sammy Lerner)

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

He: We're getting nowhere fast.

She: Or else we're getting somewhere slowly.

He: 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.

He: (singing)

*Ring, ring, telephone rings. Somebody said, "Baby won't you do it?"
I been wondering where you been.*

She: (singing)

*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.*

He: (singing)

*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.*

Both: (singing)

*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: So what if we don't have names. *Badges? We don't need no stinking badges.*

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: (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)

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

*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.*

He: "When my life is through." Too close.

She: "And the angels ask me to recall." Way too close.

He: Now, the inevitable is the bad thing I always anticipated.

She: There's nothing more to anticipate.

He: It's inevitable.

She: At least we don't have to think of some bad thing coming.

He: We should think of good things. Bad things take care of themselves.

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.
All you really need is good lovin', good lovin'."*

He: (singing)

*So come on baby, squeeze me tight, don't you want your 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'...*

Both: (singing)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah!"

(John Jackson)

He: Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast...

She: (reciting)

*Music has charms to sooth a savage breast, to soften rocks,
or bend a knotted oak.*

(William Congreve)

She: That's not all she wrote.

He: What happens when we stop singing?

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

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

She: Stop thinking.

He: I'm thinking of love.

She: Love makes the world go round.

He: It's not love, it's money that makes the world go round.

He: (singing)

*Money makes the world go around, the world go around, the world go around.
Money makes the world go around, it makes the world go 'round.*

She: (singing)

*A mark, a yen, a buck, or pound, a buck or a pound, a buck or a pound,
is all that makes the world go around, that clinking clanking sound
can make the world go 'round.*

Both: (singing)

*Money money money money money money money money money money
money money money money money money money money money.*

(Kander and Ebb)

He: It's love, not money that makes the world go around.

She: Nothing makes the world go around. It goes around all by itself.

He: If you go around by yourself, you end up alone.

She: It's no problem for the world. It's humans who get upset about being alone. And there's six billion of us.

He: Six? I thought it was four.

She: That was a long time ago.

He: It could be ten by now.

She: It's hard to be alone on this planet.

He: (singing)

*All alone am I, ever since your goodbye.
All alone, with just the beat of my heart.*

He: (singing)

*People all around, but I don't hear a sound.
Just the lonely beating of my heart.*

She: (singing)

No use in holding other hands, for I'd be holding only emptiness.

He: (singing)

No use in kissing other lips, for I'd be thinking just of your caress.

She: (singing)

All alone am I ever since your goodbye. All alone with just the beat of my heart.

Both: (singing)

People all around, but I don't hear a sound. Just the lonely beating of my heart.

(Brenda Lee)

He: What if my heart stops beating?

She: What if? You mean *when*.

He: What happens when my heart stops beating?

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.*

He: (singing)

*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.*

Both: (singing)

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: Maybe if I sing my memories, they'll come back to me.

She: We do good with songs. I mean we do well with songs.

He: And good, too.

She: That's good enough.

He: What does that mean? Good enough.

She: It means the good part reaches the feeling of satisfaction, but only barely, or enough to satisfy, for the moment, but it can't be sustained for very long.

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

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

He: *Good enough* sounds like *not enough*.

She: (singing)

Sing your troubles away, or is it dream your troubles away?

He: (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.

She: (singing)

No use to grumble, just smile as they fall, weren't you King for a day? Just remember that sunshine always follows the rain...

Both: (singing)

So wrap your troubles in dreams, and dream your troubles away.

(Harry Barris, Ted Koehler, Billy Moll)

He: Sunshine always follows the rain.

She: And rain always follows the sunshine.

He: I still can't place your face.

She: It's right here. But, in the back, there's only gray 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: I feel ageless in my empty mind.

She: We're old.

He: There's no denying the truth.

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

He: And audible.

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

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

She: How about *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.

She: (singing)

*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.*

He: (singing)

We said goodbye with a highball. Then I got as "high" as a steeple.

She: (singing)

*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?*

Both: (singing)

*And how are all the little dreams that never did come true?
Aw'f'ly glad I met you, cheerio, and toodle-oo, and thank you so much.*

(Leo Robin, Ralph Rainger) She: Are we married?

He: (singing)

Love and Marriage... go together like a horse and carriage.

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

He: It's just a song.

She: But it's music. We love music. We're musical. We love to sing.

He: What is singing, anyway?

She: It's beautiful sound coming out of my body.

He: I like hearing you sing.

She: We sing well together.

He: That's a good thing.

She: What about the time?

He: (singing)

Time... is on my side, yes it is. Time... is on my side, yes it is. 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.

She: (singing)

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 know you're gonna come back knocking, yeah, knocking right on my door. Yes, yes!

Both: (singing)

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. Yeah, time, time, time is on my side.

Jerry Ragovoy

She: Time is on nobody's side, especially not us.

He: Know any songs about *love*?

She: *Every* song is about love.

He: (singing)

I took my troubles down to Madame Rue.

She: (singing)

You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.

He: (singing)

She's got a pad down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine...

She: (singing)

... sellin' little bottles of Love Potion Number Nine.

He: (singing)

*I told her that I was a flop with chicks.
I've been this way since 1956.*

She: (singing)

She looked at my palm, and she made a magic sign.

He: (singing)

She said, "What you need is... Love Potion Number Nine,"

She: (singing)

She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink.

He: (singing)

She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink."

She: (singing)

It smelled like turpentine, it looked like Indian ink.

He: (singing)

I held my nose, I closed my eyes, I took a drink.

She: (singing)

*I didn't know if it was day or night.
I started kissin' everything in sight.*

Both: (singing)

*But when I kissed a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine,
he broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine.*

(Leiber and Stoller)

He: That's the greatest song ever.

She: Every song seems like the best song ever written when we're singing it.

He: Living in the moment.

She: Where else have we got to go?

He: We've got our memories.

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

He: We don't need to remember what's right in front of us.

She: We could try to remember.

(She realizes what she's said.)

He: Didn't we already sing that one?

She: I think we already sang every song.

He: It's like we've been doing this for fifty years.

She: A hundred years... forever.

He: And a day.

She: What a day.

He: (Begins singing softly)

Day-o, Day-ay-ay-o.

Both: (singing)

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 my happy 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.

He: (singing)

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.

She: (singing)

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.

He: (singing)

I'll be damned if I let you rob me out of my soul. You worried my mother until she died. You caused my father to lose his mind.

Both: (singing)

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.

(Traditional)

He: Where did that come from?

She: Where does any song come from?

He: They come from something we say or do.

She: They seemed to come out of the blue.

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

She: We came out of the blue.

He: I can live with that.

She: Me too.

He: (singing)

*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.*

She: (singing)

*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.*

Both: (singing)

*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: (half singing)

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: (singing)

I got you, babe.

She: (singing)

*They say we're young and we don't know,
we won't find out until we're grown.*

He: (singing)

*Well I don't know if all that's true, 'cause you got me,
and baby I got you... babe.*

Both: (singing)

I got you babe, I got you babe.

She: (singing)

*They say our love won't pay the rent.
Before it's earned, our money's all been spent.*

He: (singing)

*I guess that's so, we don't have a pot,
but at least I'm sure of all the things we got... babe.*

Both: (singing)

I got you babe, I got you babe.

He: (singing)

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.
So let them say your hair's too long, 'cause I don't care, with you I can't go wrong.*

He: (singing)

Then put your little hand in mine, there ain't no hill or mountain we can't climb, babe.

Both: (singing)

I got you babe, I got you babe.

He: (singing)

I got you to hold my hand.

She: (singing)

I got you to understand.

He: (singing)

I got you to walk with me.

She: (singing)

I got you to talk with me.

He: (singing)

I got you to kiss goodnight.

She: (singing)

I got you to hold me tight.

He: (singing)

I got you, I won't let go.

She: (singing)

I got you to love me so.

Both: (singing)

I got you babe, I got you babe, I got you babe, I got you babe, I got you babe.
(Sonny and Cher)

She: Where'd you get the ukulele?

He: I don't know, but I have it now.

He: (Singing and playing the ukulele.)

*Blue moon of Kentucky, keep on shining.
Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue.*

She: (singing)

*Blue moon of Kentucky, keep on shining.
Shine on the one that's gone and left me blue.*

Both: (singing)

*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: (half singing) Love comes, love goes, love is beautiful, love is sad.

He: I don't know that song.

She: I made it up.

He: How do you do that?

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

He: You did it again.

She: Music is contagious.

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.*

She: (Singing)

*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.*

He: (Singing)

*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.*

Both: (Singing)

So good, so good, I got you. HEY!!

(James Brown)

He: Are we going to hold each other in our arms?

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

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

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

He: (as if reciting)

Never is full of desire - a million times is full of sweet satisfaction.

She: 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.*

She: (singing)

*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.'*

She: (singing)

*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: (singing)

*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...*

Both: (singing)

*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: Sex?

He: Singing.

She: Sex gets old.

He: And then it gets young again.

(The scene fades to black.)

Act Two

(Act Two takes place the same way as Act One.)

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.

She: What did you think I said?

He: I can't remember.

She: Must not have been much.

He: My memory's not much good, these days.

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

He: (singing)

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away.

She: (She brightens when he starts singing, and begins singing as well.)

Now it looks as though they're here to stay. Oh, I believe in yesterday.

He: (singing)

*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: (singing)

*Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play. Now I need a place
to hide away. Oh, I believe in yesterday.*

He: (singing)

*Why she had to go, I don't know, she wouldn't say. I said something wrong,
now I long for yesterday.*

He: (singing)

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play. Now I need a place to hide away.

Both: (singing)

Oh, I believe in yesterday.

(Paul McCartney)

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

She: (She smiles.) Maybe we did, but I don't long for yesterday.
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.

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. Making dreams come true, doing things we used to do. Seems like old times 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.

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?

She: (singing)

Things like a lover's vow. Things that we don't do now. Thinkin' 'bout the things we used to do.

Both: (singing)

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.

(Robbie Williams)

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 happy in the middle of sadness.

She: (as if reciting)

The jump of life and the slide toward oblivion.

He: That's cheerful.

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

He: You're right. It's the music. It's the jump of life.

She: (as if reciting)

*Well my mama she didn't 'low me, just to stay out all night long, oh Lord.
Well my mama didn't 'low me, just to stay out all night long. I didn't care
what she didn't 'low, I would boogie-woogie anyhow.*

He: (as if reciting)

*When I first came to town, people, I was walkin' down Hastings Street.
Everybody was talkin' about the Henry Swing Club. I decided I drop in there
that night. When I got there, I say, "Yes, people," they was really havin' a ball!
Yes, I know. Boogie Chillen!"*

She: (as if reciting)

One night I was layin' down, I heard mama 'n papa talkin'...

He: (as if reciting)

*I heard papa tell mama, let that boy boogie-woogie. It's in him, and it
got to come out. And I felt so good, went on boogie'n just the same.*

Both: (as if reciting)

And I felt so good, went on boogie'n just the same.

(John Lee Hooker and Bernard Bessman)

She: Boogie down.

He: (as if reciting)

*We weren't born to stand still, ain't a question of will, gotta move, it's a fact,
you were born to react, you weren't made to behave, like you will in the grave.*

She: (as if reciting)

Where music is played, oh the soul will be swayed, and your feet they will move,

as if only to prove that it wasn't by chance we were destined to dance.

He: (as if reciting)

We were born to boogie, we were born to boogie, it ain't a puzzle, cos we're blood and muscle from the day of creation, we were the dance sensation. Come on and shake yer bootie, cos we were born to boogie. Anyone can get it, cos we're born kinetic.

She: (as if reciting)

Your feet and your hands, oh your toes and your glands, your eyes and your chin, your face and your skin, oh your brawn and your brains, your balls and your chains, we were born to boogie, we were born to boogie.

He: (as if reciting)

We were born to boogie, we're all born to, we came up from the ocean in full locomotion, and when we hit the ground, we just danced around, because they say, it's in the DNA, we were born to boogie, we were born to boogie, we were born to boogie.

Both: (as if reciting)

WE'RE-ALL-BORN-TO-BOOGIE!

(Elton John and Lee Hall)

She: Do you like to dance?

He: Dancing and singing are divine walking and talking.

She: Dancing is right for being alive. We can dance and sing all the way to the graveyard.

He: (singing and doing a little dance, half-reciting)

*Little Jesse was a gambler, night and day, he used crooked cards and dice.
Sinful guy, goodhearted, but he had no soul. His heart was hard and cold like ice.*

She: (singing)

Jesse was a wild reckless gambler, won a gang of change, although many gambler's heart he left in pain. Began to spend and lose his money, began to be blue, sad, and all alone. His heart had even turned to stone.

He: (as if reciting)

*What broke Jesse's heart, while he was blue and all alone, sweet Lorena
had packed up and gone. Police walked up and shot my friend Jesse down.
"Boys, I got to die today."*

She: (as if reciting)

*He had a gang of crapshooters and gamblers at his bedside. Here are
the words he had to say: "Guess I ought to know, how I wants to go."*

He: (reciting)

How you wanna go Jesse?

He: (reciting)

*I want nine men going to the graveyard, and eight men comin' back.
I want a gang of gamblers gathered 'round my coffin-side, crooked card
printed on my hearse.*

She: (reciting)

*Don't say crap-shooters never grieve over me,
my life has been a doggone curse.*

He: (reciting)

*Send poker players to the graveyard, dig my grave with the ace
of spades, I want twelve polices in my funeral march, high sheriff,
playin' blackjack, leadin' the parade.*

She: (reciting)

*I want the judge and solicitor who jailed me 14 times.
Put a pair of dice in my shoes.*

He: (reciting)

Then what?

She: (reciting)

*He wanted 22 women outta the Hampton Hotel, 26 offa South Bell,
29 women outta North Atlanta, knowin' little Jesse didn't pass out so swell.*

He: (reciting)

*His head was achin', heart was thumpin',
Little Jesse went to hell a-bouncin' and a-jumpin.'*

She: (reciting)

*Folks don't be standin' around ole Jesse cryin.'
He wants everybody to do the Charleston whilst he's dyin.'*

Both: (singing)

*One foot up, toenail dragging, throw my buddy Jesse in the hoodoo wagon.
Come here mama, with that can of booze, dyin' crapshooter's leavin' the world,
dyin' crapshooter's goin' down slow, with the dyin' crapshooter's blues.*

(Blind Willie McTell)

She: That was nice, the way you were moving your feet.

He: Do you want to dance?

She: Hold my hand.

He: (singing)

*Do you want to dance and hold my hand? Tell me baby,
I'm your lover man. Oh baby, do you want to dance?*

Both: (singing)

*Do you, do you, do you, do you want to dance? Do you, do you, do you,
do you want to dance? Do you, do you, do you, do you want to dance?*

(Bobby Freeman)

She: Yes.

He: Why didn't you say so?

(They start to dance. As they do, they begin to see how compatible they are. It's a pleasant surprise, oddly familiar.)

She: Have we done this before?

He: It feels like we have.

She: You're so familiar to me.

He: It's like we know what the other one's going to do, before they do it.

She: What kind of dancing should we do? I can't think of any.

He: I don't know what they're called. I just like to dance.

She: How about this?

(She starts to do the twist, and starts singing.)

*Come on baby, let's do the twist. Come on baby, let's do the twist.
Take me by my little hand and go like this: Ee-oh, twist, baby, baby
twist, ooh-yeah, just like this.*

He: (singing)

*Come on, little miss, and do the twist. My daddy is sleepin', and
mama ain't around. Yeah daddy is sleepin', and mama ain't around.
Oooh-yeah, just like this. Come on, little miss, and do the twist.*

She: (singing)

*Yeah, you should see my little Sis. You should see my, my little Sis.
She really knows how to rock. She knows how to twist. Come on
and twist, yeah baby, twist. Oooh-yeah, just like this.*

He: (singing)

*Come on little miss, and do the twist. Yeah, rock on, now.
Yeah, twist on, now. Twist.*

(Chubby Checker)

She: What's that dance called?

He: I don't know. Something in the song, probably.

She: They should name the dance something catchy.

He: Something that's easy to remember.

He: It should be easy as pie

She: I'm hungry.

He: Where's the food?

She: What kind of party is this anyway, with no food?

He: We don't need food, we got each other.

She: (singing)

*Is it worth the waiting for, if we live 'til eighty-four? All we ever get
is gruel! Every day we say our prayer. Will they change the bill of fare?
Still we get the same old gruel! There is not a crust, not a crumb
can we find, can we beg, can we borrow, or cadge.*

He: (singing)

*But there's nothing to stop us from getting a thrill, when
we all close our eyes and imagine: food, glorious food!*

Both: (singing)

*Food, glorious food! We're anxious to try it. Three banquets a day –
our favorite diet! What is it we dream about? What brings on a sigh?
Piled pie and cream, about six feet high! Food, glorious food!
Food, glorious food! That's all that we live for, food, magical food,
beautiful food, glorious food.*

(Lionel Bart)

(The scene goes dark.)

Act Three

(Act Three is the same as Act Two, the same as Act One.)

He: I'm not hungry anymore. What happened?

She: There are lots of ways to get fed.

He: Eating is the most popular.

She: It's only the most common.

He: What else is there?

She: I like music.

He: I like to sing.

She: I bet you have a good voice.

He: I haven't sung in a while.

She: It's like riding a bicycle.

He: (singing)

*Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do. I'm half-crazy, all for the love
of you. It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage,
but you'll look sweet, upon the seat, of a bicycle built for two.*

(Harry Dacre)

He: You have a good voice.

She: Why don't we sing together?

He: What can we sing? I can't remember any song to save my soul.

She: I can't remember anything, until I start doing it.

He: Doing what?

She: (singing)

Singing, "do wah diddy, diddy dum diddy do."

He: (singing)

There she was, just a-walkin' down the street...

Both: (singing)

Singin' "Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do."

He: (singing)

Snappin' her fingers and shufflin' her feet...

Both: (singing)

Singin' "Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do."

He: (singing)

*She looked good... looked good, she looked fine, looked fine,
she looked good, she looked fine, and I nearly lost my mind.*

She: (singing)

Before I knew it, he was walkin' next to me...

Both: (singing)

Singin' "Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do".

He: (singing)

Holdin' my hand just as natural as can be...

Both: (singing)

Singin' "Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do."

He: (singing)

We walked on, walked on...

She: (singing)

...to my door, my door.

He: (singing)

We walked on...

She: (singing)

...to my door, then we kissed a little more.

He: (singing)

*Whoa-oh, I knew we was falling in love. Yes I did,
and so I told her all the things I'd been dreamin' of.*

Both: (singing)

*Now we're together nearly every single day, singin' "Do wah diddy diddy
dum diddy do". We're so happy, and that's how we're gonna stay, singin'
"Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do". Well I'm hers.*

She (singing):

I'm his.

He (singing):

She's mine.

She (singing):

He's mine.

He (singing):

I'm hers.

She (singing):

He's mine.

Both (singing):

*Wedding bells are gonna chime. Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do.
We'll sing it. Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do, oh yeah, oh, oh yeah.
Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do.*

(Jeff Barry and Ellie Greenwich)

He: We sound alike.

She: We do.

He: We're different.

She: We are, you and me, me and you.

He: (singing)

*You, you, you, I'm in love with you, you, you. I could be so true, true, true,
to someone like you, you, you. Do, do, do, what you oughta do, do, do.
Take me in you arms, please do. Let me cling to you, you, you.*

She: (singing)

*We were meant for each other, sure as heavens above. We were meant
for each other, to have, to hold and to love. You, you, you, there's no one
like you, you, you.*

Both: (singing)

You could make my dreams come true, if you say you love me too.

(Olias and Rothenberg)

She: I have a funny feeling I've been here before.

He: Where?

She: Here.

He: This is here.

She: Here is always here.

He: And this is always this.

She: It's comforting.

He: It's reliable.

She: In a storm.

He: Or when the sun is shining.

She: (singing)

*Here comes the sun, here comes the sun, and I say it's all right.
Little darling, it's been a long, cold, lonely winter.*

He: (singing)

*Little darling, it feels like years since it's been here. Here comes the sun,
here comes the sun, and I say it's all right. Little darling, the smiles
returning to the faces.*

She: (singing)

*Little darling, it seems like years since it's been here. Here comes
the sun, here comes the sun, and I say it's all right.*

Both: (singing)

*Sun, sun, sun, here it comes... Sun, sun, sun, here it comes... Sun, sun, sun,
here it comes... Sun, sun, sun, here it comes... Sun, sun, sun, here it comes...*

He: (singing)

*Little darling, I feel that ice is slowly melting. Little darling,
it seems like years since it's been clear.*

She: (singing)

*Here comes the sun, here comes the sun,
and I say it's all right. It's all right.*

(Lennon and McCartney)

He: We're old, and we sing about the sun.

She: The what?

He: The sun.

She: The sun is old.

He: The sun is always sunny.

She: Nobody complains about the sun.

He: Unless they live in the desert.

She: Dead people don't complain.

He: Ghosts complain.

She: What have they got to complain about?

He: They're dead.

She: Well, they're in the minority, if they complain about it.

He: Vampires and ghouls complain.

She: Bad skin.

He: My skin is old and wrinkly. My skin sags.

She: My boobs hang down.

He: My balls hang down.

She: (singing)

*Hang down your head, Tom Dooley. Hang down your head and cry.
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley. Poor boy, you're bound to die.*

He: (singing)

*I met her on the mountain. There I took her life. Met her on the mountain.
Stabbed her with my knife. Hadn't a-been for Grayson, I'd a-been in Tennessee.
This time tomorrow, reckon where I'll be, down in some lonesome valley,
hangin' from a white oak tree.*

Both: (singing)

*Hang down your head, Tom Dooley. Hang down your head and cry.
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley. Poor boy, you're bound to die.
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley. Hang down your head and cry.
Poor boy, you're bound to die. Poor boy, you're bound to die.
Poor boy, you're bound to die...*

(Thomas C. Land)

He: I like hanging out with you.

She: It doesn't matter that I don't know who you are.

He: I don't know who you are, either.

He: I like hanging out with you.

She: It doesn't matter that I don't know who you are.

He: Where are we going with this?

She: (reciting)

*I will arise and go now, and to to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made,
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.*

*And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;*

*There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.*

*I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds to the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.*

(W.B. Yeats)

He: (reciting)

*Do not go gentle into that good night, old age should burn and rage at close
of day; rage, rage against the dying of the light. Though wise men at their end
know dark is right, because their words had forked no lightning they do not go
gentle into that good night.*

*Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright their frail deeds might have danced
in a green bay, rage, rage against the dying of the light. Wild men who caught and
sang the sun in flight, and learn, too late, they grieved it on its way, do not go
gentle into that good night.*

*Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight, blind eyes could blaze like
meteors and be gay, rage, rage against the dying of the light. And you, my father,
there on the sad height, curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray. Do not
go gentle into that good night, rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

(Dylan Thomas)

She: (reciting)

*Because I could not stop for death, he kindly stopped for me;
the carriage held but just ourselves and immortality. We slowly drove,
he knew no haste, and I had put away my labor, and my leisure too,
for his civility. We passed the school, where children strove at recess,
in the ring; we passed the fields of gazing grain, we passed the setting sun.*

*Or rather, he passed us; the dews grew quivering and chill, for only gossamer
my gown, my tippet only tulle. We paused before a house that seemed a swelling
of the ground; the roof was scarcely visible, the cornice but a mound,
since then 'tis centuries, and yet each feels shorter than the day I first*

surmised the horses' heads were toward eternity.

(Emily Dickinson)

He: (reciting)

Death sets a thing significant the eye had hurried by, except
a perished creature entreat us tenderly to ponder little workmanships
in crayon or in wool, with 'this was her last finger did,' industrious,
until the thimble weighed too heavy, the stitches stopped themselves,
and then 't was put among the dust upon the closet shelves.

A book I have, a friend gave, whose pencil, here and there, had notched
the place that pleased him - at rest his fingers are. Now, when I read, I read
not, for interrupting tears obliterate the etchings too costly for repairs.

(Emily Dickinson)

She: (reciting)

I died for beauty, but was scarce adjusted in the tomb,
when one who died for truth was lain in an adjoining room.

He: (reciting)

He questioned softly why I failed? 'For beauty,' I replied.
'And I for truth, the two are one, we brethren are,' he said.

She: (reciting)

And so, as kinsmen met a night, we talked between the rooms,
until the mass had reached our lips, and covered up our names.

(Emily Dickinson)

He: (reciting)

*"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," - that is all ye
know on earth, and all ye need to know.*

(John Keats)

She: What about love?

He: What about love?

She: (singing)

*I know... I know... something about love. You've gotta want it bad.
If that guy's got into your blood, go out and get him. If you want him
to be the very part of you that makes you want to breathe, here's the thing
to do... tell him that you're never gonna leave him, tell him that you're
always gonna love him, tell him, tell him, tell him, tell him right now.*

He: (singing)

*I know something about love. You gotta show it and make her see the moon
up above. Reach out and get it, if you want her to make your heart sing out,
and if you want her to only think of you... tell her that you're never gonna
leave her, tell her that you're always gonna love her, tell her, tell her,
tell her, tell her right now.*

She: You said *her*.

He: What?

She: What?

He: I can't remember.

She: It's always been that way.

He: Ever since the world began.

She: (singing)

*Ever since the world began it's been that way, for man and woman were
created to make love their destiny, then why should true love be so complicated?*

He: (singing)

*Oh, I know something about love. You gotta take it and show him what
the world is made of, one kiss will prove it, if you want him to be always*

*by your side, take his hand tonight and swallow your foolish pride and...
tell him that you're never gonna leave him, tell him that you're always
gonna love him...*

Both: (singing)

Tell him, tell him, tell him, tell him right now.

(Bert Russell)

She: What about marriage?

He: (reciting)

Let me not to the marriage of true minds...

She: (reciting)

Admit impediments...

He: (reciting)

Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds...

She: (reciting)

Or bends with the remover to remove...

He: (reciting)

O no! It is an ever-fixed mark that looks on tempests...

She: (reciting)

And is never shaken...

He: (reciting)

It is the star to every wandering bark...

She: (reciting)

Whose worth's unknown...

He: (reciting)

Although his height be taken...

She: (reciting)

Love's not time's fool...

He: (reciting)

though rosy lips and cheeks...

She: (reciting)

Within his bending sickle's compass come...

He: (reciting)

Love alters not...

She: (reciting)

With his brief hours and weeks...

She: (reciting)

But bears it out...

He: (reciting)

Even to the edge of doom...

She: (reciting)

If this be error...

He: (reciting)

And upon me proved...

She: (reciting)

I never writ...

He: (reciting)

nor no man ever loved.

(William Shakespeare)

(They smile at each other, without singing or talking.)

He: I love you.

She: Hopefully, I love you, too.

(They kiss, gently and softly.)

(The scene fades to black)

Act Five

(The scene is the same as the previous scenes.
The same man and woman are seated next to each other.)

He: You seem familiar.

She: You, too.

He: What's going on?

She: I don't know.

He: I think I ought to be unhappy about this, but I feel like singing.

She: Is that why we're here?

He: Who knows?

She: (as if reciting)

I don't know what to think. And if I knew what to think, I wouldn't know

*what to say. And if I knew what to say, I wouldn't know what to do.
And, if I knew what to do, I wouldn't know what to think.*

He: What's that from? Who said that?

She: I think you did.

He: It does sound familiar.

She: Are we going to die?

He: As sure as we were born.

She: I not so sure about that, either.

He: Just look at us. We're here, aren't we?
You have to be born to be here.

She: That was a long time ago.

He: We're old. Are we going to die soon?

She: Sooner than ever, I bet.

He: This is hopeless.

She: What about singing?

He: Singing is for fools.

She: (singing as if reciting) *Love is for fools.* I love to sing.

He: I do too. *Here I go, breaking all the rules.*

She: *It's so easy to fall in love.*

He: *It seems so easy.*

She: *Where you're concerned, my heart has learned.*

Both: *It's so easy to fall in love.*

He: We sound like song lyrics.

She: Are we real?

He: I feel like a singer who doesn't have a life.

She: Isn't this a life?

He: You mean not being about to remember who I am?

She: Maybe we're dead.

He: Or worse. I mean being alive but not remembering.

She: What's so bad about that?

He: Not being alive, but remembering everything, would be worse.

She: Something's missing.

He: What?

She: Sing to me.

He: I can't. It's not coming out. There's nothing there.

She: What if we made up the music?

He: But I can't remember anything.

She: Isn't that the place where everything new comes from?

He: I think everything new is simply regurgitating the past.

She: Is that a song?

He: It's a pretty bad one, if it is.

She: I want to sing, but I can't think of anything to sing.

He: We could make noises like animals.

She: What's an animal?

He: You can't remember what animals are?

She: I was just kidding. But, I can't remember what they sing.

He: I think birds 'sing,' so to speak, but animals just make noises.

She: Let's make noises like animals who are learning how to sing.

He: How can we do that?

She: This is a sad state of affairs.

He: *Between the sun and the rosebush, your voice is stolen.*

She: What's that?

He: It just came to me.

She: It sounds like singing without the music.

He: *So beautiful and can't sing. You go out the backdoor and sit in the backyard. So beautiful and can't sing. Between the sun and the rosebush, your voice is stolen. So beautiful and can't sing.*

She: It sounds like music without the singing.

He: *I am that one who breathes, whose heart holds the limbs in embrace, unbroken by thought.*

She: *All at once, in moving, I am still.*

He: *In momentary everything, there are no contradictions, in momentary everything, the essential is revealed.*

She: *In timelessness, nothing is unwelcome.*

He: *In stillness, nothing is out of place.*

She: *In peace, there is no chaos.*

He: *Delight engulfs confusion.*

She: *Joy walks among the catastrophe.*

He: *Life is a dance of opposites, in the room of no difference.*

She: *This is how a full heart coincides with a heart that is full.*

He: *With too much energy, it's hard to be still.
Energy in the body screams its way forward.*

She: *The mind races for words to match the energy.
The body wants to be drunk in love or death.*

He: *Letters home from the front tend to poetry.
I wake up in full battle dress, with a naked heart at peace.*

She: *This is the trick, that art become more of life
and not merely a lovely way to contain the urgency.*

He: *What is life but the presence of the moment of being itself?*

She: *What is the moment of art that is not the moment of life?*

He: *I want you to be mine, and I want to be yours, I want us to merge
into one, and every time I say that, I want us to laugh at our little ruse.*

She: *I want us to walk down Paris boulevards and forget who we are and what
we're doing and where we're going, and then we can laugh at our little ruse.*

She: *I want you to be here, because you are part of me and I am part of you.*

He: *And the hardest laugh is to laugh alone at our little ruse.*

She: *Being so far apart for so long a time, learning all we can
about the perfect and the imperfect in the world...*

He: *Where learning to be without is a greater ruse
than any we could play together, or on each other.*

She: *Knowing the ruse of life and loving the ruse in its face.*

He: The eternal ruse of realities and the ruse of all the rest.

*She: I lean toward the sun. I longed for this meeting, let's be honest.
But why? Do I need a name for the love that gives me this grace?*

He: I don't need to know her name to know she is none other than who I am.

She: It takes only a little fear to stay away from this love.

(They look at each other, smile, and begin to sing.)

Both: (singing)

*There's nothing you can do that can't be done. Nothing you can sing
that can't be sung. Nothing you can say, but you can learn how to play
the game. It's easy. Nothing you can make that can't be made.*

*No one you can save that can't be saved. Nothing you can do,
but you can learn how to be you in time. It's easy. All you need
is love. All you need is love. All you need is love, love.*

*Love is all you need. All you need is love. All you need is love.
All you need is love, love. Love is all you need. Nothing you can
know that isn't known. Nothing you can see that isn't shown.
Nowhere you can be that isn't where you're meant to be.
It's easy. All you need is love.*

(John Lennon and Paul McCartney)

He: (Turns to the audience and invites them to join in.)

All together, now!

She:

Everyone.

All:

All you need is love.

Both:

Everybody!

All:

*All you need is love, love. Love is all you need. Love is all you need.
Love is all you need, Love is all you need. Love is all you need. Yesterday.
Love is all you need. Love is all you need. Love is all you need. (Repeat)*

THE END