

The Anatomy of My Becoming



part one:

Reality

by dr. temi rose

Introduction

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there lived a little girl with a dream or seven million gazillion dreams or none at all and she was sad or she was happy or she was desolate and she lived in a forest, on a beach, in the clouds, in an apartment, in a ghetto, in love. She agonized over whether or not she would have a real life. She thought pages of logic about whether there was even such a thing as real. *What is my real life?* she asked herself. No answer came but lots of adventures. These adventures made up the reality of her life. Or so she thinks. But, every one of these adventures involves at least one someone else who was actively really living too. Some times were so extraordinary because so many livings were happening in a relatively small space/time. Some times were so wondrous because they were happening alone. If a tree falls and no one is there is not answerable because someone is always there. Our world is carpeted with consciousness.

Purpose and Themes

Art is interesting not just from the outside, not just from the product sense of it. Art is a fantastically various mistress, a rigorous discipline, an ancient and venerable tao leading us on a journey as sacred as that of a nun or a housewife. With grand egomaniacal aplomb, auteur-like, I have decided that all my characters are aesthetes, that everyone in my universe of thought will care about what is beautiful, what is true, what is good. If that world, in which everyone is interested in the sacred, is unusual or unlikely, it is not any more unlikely than the world described by the news, pornography or my own mother. Where in the world is the real world? An interesting koan, don't you think?

Ok, so this play is the first in a series of three **Romantic Comedies** that make up a trilogy of plays which are called, in the aggregate, *the anatomy of my becoming*. Part one is called *reality*. Part two is called *once upon a time in times square*. And part three is called *string theory*. They are all romantic comedies.

What would it be like to live without fire? What was it like right before they invented fire? Was everyone trying to figure it out? Were people complaining because they were cold all the time and it was dark at night and people were pissing on each other when they had to get up in the middle of the night and they couldn't see where they were going? And was there a general dissatisfaction with the redundancy of cold food? Every day, every meal, nothing hot. Every night, dark, at the mercy of the moon. Cold, ice age barely receding. Very cold. Where the fuck is fire? Who is going to invent it? When are they going to invent it? We *need* it.

Characters

This play requires two performers. *Buddy*, *Norm* and *Frank* played by one, *Lorraine* by another. The female voice is the foil. The focus of the play is [a] man trying to make something of himself. It is possible to have three different actors play the three different male characters. If all the male characters are played by one actor, the character of *Buddy*, essentially, the “true” character, will be more self-conscious when he is speaking to the audience than when he speaks as someone else i.e. there is more freedom in portraying someone else than in being one's *self*. *Buddy's* building project is complete at the end of the play.

All of the characters have a movement style, a dance, a body language, particular to their character. The exaggerated physicalizing of their meanings, allows another level of emotionality to be portrayed and should be used consciously, purposefully, with the awareness of the inner lives that differentiate these people.

Lorraine is somewhat manic, is always on her way to the next task or chore. She is effortlessly sexy. (27-45)

Buddy is orderly and methodical, masculine and gentle. (27-45)

Norm messes everything up (but this is not necessarily detrimental) and he's very depressed. (27-45)

Frank stalks, searches, hunts, and he examines and instructs. (27-45)

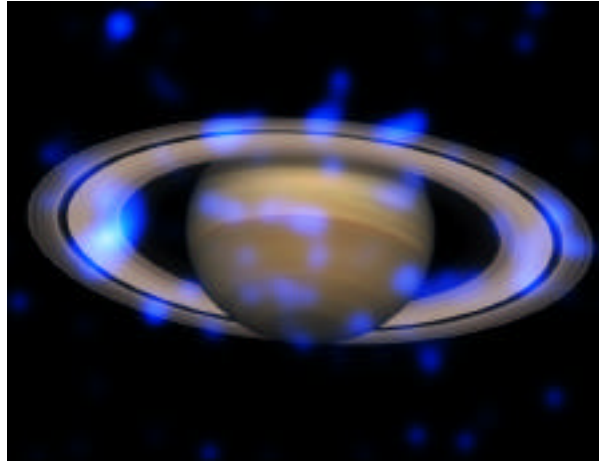
Those are the characters' macro movements. Within the text, there are suggestions for dances, there can be more than are in the text.

Place/Time

The play takes place in a large American city at the dawning of the 21st century. It's a Saturday. The main character, *Buddy*, is putting together some kind of furniture that comes in pieces. His wife, *Lorraine*, has a variety of errands and purposes that keep

her busy. Norm, the neighbor and Lorraine's brother-drops by in the morning. Frank, a policeman, comes to call in the afternoon. The characters can be any ethnicity. They are all mature individuals between the ages of 28 and 50.

The play begins at early in the morning, in semi-darkness. The area where the audience sits, is Lorraine's primary playing area. The men remain onstage. Lorraine comes onstage to be with Buddy and/or to speak to the audience with more authority. Lorraine and Buddy speak to each other whenever they want to, there are no restrictions. The play ends at night, under the stars.



Scene One: Dawn: The Tower

Lorraine is in the audience area, reading her Tarot cards. She is looking at the card, the Tower. Perhaps music is playing quietly in the background (Mozart, or Wyndham Hill)

LORRAINE

Humpty Dumpty, all the kings men couldn't put him together again. Down he fell and shattered. No fix. Why didn't "the shrub" look surprised when "daylight" told him the towers had come down? Did he already know? Was he trying to figure it out? Didn't he care? CEOs aren't in the building that early; just secretaries, admin assistants, data entry clerks and janitors. Disposable populations, like New Orleans. Irrelevant people. He doesn't have one single ball, that asshole. I would never, ever fuck him. Can you imagine his orgasm (*she shudders*)? He's the biggest mama's boy I've ever seen. The weird part is that it's all real. His lies became our reality, that is so like a tyrant. Tyrants force their reality on you. I know all about tyrants, my father was a tyrant. Tyrants make a show of their masculinity because they have none. Science was supposed to crush tyranny with the truth. But, instead, scientists are the biggest power asskissers of all. People only know what they know how to know. It's so much harder to investigate, examine, find out, experiment, converse, argue meaningfully. All this money poured into math and science, and all we have are engineers. No inventors. The powerful manipulate and destroy, the weak suck it up. Science was supposed to figure

out new hows based on the possibilities inherent in the world as it IS. Even tyrants used to have personalities. Now we have cookie cutter tyrants, mass-produced perverts. Bland, bland, bland, BLUCH.

Buddy has been taking pieces of furniture out of a huge box and stacking/placing them around the room. He is preparing to put together some kind of furniture. He might look at the directions and/or contemplate a piece (of the puzzle) as he gets organized. He's probably drinking a morning beverage.

BUDDY

Well. *All's well that ends well*: The ironic beginning of, what is bound to be, my *comedy of errors*.

During the following, Lorraine finishes reading her cards and begins to clean. She puts on brightly colored plastic gloves. She scrubs and wipes, polishes and mops. She uses water and vinegar in a spray bottle, or water and lemon oil, something naturally fragrant, not a chemical stew. She is dressed scantily, works hard, sweats.

LORRAINE

What if heaven is now and no one is noticing it?

Buddy contemplates the telephone, which will do occasionally during the course of the day/play

BUDDY

They won't call today. It's Saturday. Maybe they'll never call. No, they'll call. They always call. If they call, when they call... If he calls and says, yes, you can; and then she calls and says she'll do the design, then it'll come together. If he doesn't call... they always call. If he calls and says, no way, my idea evaporates like a dream, a notion that the world refuses to manifest. But maybe it's time. Maybe it's my time, my perfect time. A vision shared, a goal pursued becomes reality. I can't think about it anymore. He'll call. When she calls, I'll know.

LORRAINE

Why am I always trying to be a better person? Why can't I be satisfied just to go to work, come home, fuck my husband, love my children? What is this longing? I have everything I ever wanted. The bounty of my table is truly astounding. The extravagance of my existence, my magnificent children, smiles of an eternal summer night. Why is this not enough for me? What am I looking for?

BUDDY (*he has picked up a newspaper and is reading it*)

Rats on a fucking treadmill. Pigeons waddling through a behaviorist's maze, searching for a goddamned pellet. Not pour moi, the prechewed food of predetermined paths and roles. Ever since "the vacuum cleaner" was outed, I see all politicians in drag, in my mind's eye, every time I see a picture of a politician, automatically red lipstick, boobs and high heels. And wigs. I can't help myself. My government is now colorfully populated with female impersonators. (*he laughs, puts down the paper and goes back to working on his project*)

LORRAINE

There are a lot of really successful artists whose mothers ended up in asylums. That makes sense to me, I can see myself in an insane asylum. And my children are very talented. But I refuse to end up in a cage. Since I was a little girl, I've kept my real thoughts to myself. That way, I won't get hauled off and lobotomized. Now, the question is whether my symptoms - rage, panic, despair, and that ever-present dash of paranoia - are they from being shut up inside myself? Or is my *fear* of being shut up *causing* all the rest? Causality, determining the possibility of causality, is the central question posed by scientific methodology. Simultaneity is not the same as causality. Simultaneity proves synchronicity, not causality. We know very little about causality. Co-existence can be mutual influence. And in a non-linear world, you *could* make a case for influence being the same as causality. Because we hang out together does not mean we cause each other. Or does it?

BUDDY (*Buddy is looking at the newspaper. He alternates between checking out the paper, checking the directions and making his piles*)

Informational? What the hell is that? Informational. A bunch of lists without a story, without taking the responsibility to make meaning in case that meaning might offend – somebody. It takes courage to tell stories. Even telling lies takes more balls than making lists.

LORRAINE

The tower is supposed to be scary. I'm not scared. I get that card all the time. It means it's time to change perspective.

BUDDY

Everyone's imagination is captured, jailed by the same stories. Surely, in an infinite universe, there are infinite ways to tell stories? (*he can't figure out what a piece is*)
What the hell is this? (*he puts that piece aside. This piece will recurrently be the piece no one knows what to do with, and is, at the end of the play, in the final moments, the piece they must fit into the project*)

LORRAINE

When I can't express something, it's because I can't let myself fully imagine it. Expression requires imagination. Self-expression is an act of creative imagination. Or not. Or a regurgitation. Ok. Self-expression can be A: a reaction. B: a regurgitation. Or C: an act of creative imagination. Or D: all of the above. You have ten seconds to respond... tick, tick, tick, tick... DING!

BUDDY

We are magnificent. We write symphonies. We play baseball. Hell, we invented baseball. And we fuck, not the way animals do it, we added so many dimensions to the basic geometry – just my opinion, of course. My dad used to say that opinions are as common as assholes, everybody's got one. But those aren't genuine, individual opinions, those are chips off available dogmas.

LORRAINE

I don't mean to speak disparagingly of the mentally retarded, but why can't we purge ourselves of these maggots who feed off the body politic? Why don't we annihilate their reputations, bring them down with a great sweep of the righteous media broom? Georgie, the junior shrub must have some seriously decomposing skeletons dangling in his closet.

BUDDY

And the chain gang side kick he rented from his father, *his* closet...

LORRAINE

... is probably a walk-in closet with as many skeletons as Imelda had shoes.

BUDDY

Rows of horrors ... a huge morgue of a closet.

LORRAINE

Best not to think of it. Too disturbing. Why don't we stop them?

BUDDY

They kill their opposition; people are scared.

LORRAINE

Americans aren't interested in dying for the truth; we want to see the next installment of our favorite tv shows.

BUDDY

These guys play a rough game.

LORRAINE

They're democratically challenged. They shouldn't be winning.

BUDDY

They play by older, more primitive, old testament, dog eat dog, Cain kill Abel rules.

LORRAINE

Abraham without a conscience, without a god to say, *hey don't kill your son, don't annihilate your future for me (suddenly screams) STOP*, let Isaac live! *(pause)* The good guys are supposed to be stronger than the bad guys. The new is supposed to be better than the old.

BUDDY *(throwing down the newspaper)*

Mental farts. I refuse to be a dildo. *(he uses his hands and body to illustrate:)* Future. Past. And me. In between. Sunk between razor thin slices of a madly rushing stream of consciousness externalized and rushing back to me as events that, if I only knew how to translate their movements, would provide a reflection of my state of mind. My mind studying itself: monkey mind looks in a mirror, sees monkey? No, he sees himself. He has no idea that, to me, he's a monkey.

LORRAINE

Cultural consciousness, amorphous, inchoate knowings that are noticeable as trends in diagnoses like depression, PMS, penal dysfunction, breast cancer. These are not just individual tragedies, these are symptoms of cultural dysfunction. *(she uses her hands to illustrate the opposing choices)* Liposuction – exercise? Fake boobs – real breasts?

BUDDY

Wilde was right, we *must* be earnest, anything else is unacceptable.

LORRAINE

In the war between capitalism and democracy, capitalism is winning because capitalists capitalize on our jealousy and our greed.

BUDDY

Democracy is losing because it requires cooperation, it's too complicated. When you can buy happiness, why bother working for it?

LORRAINE

Bluch. Facelifting ignorance doesn't make it beautiful or true.

BUDDY

These guys are worse than hyenas: hyenas at least eat their prey.

LORRAINE

Oh my god! That's it: We should make them eat their dead. That would be the perfect punishment. In public. Make them eat their victims - raw. Don't let them stop until they've eaten every bit of every person whose life they destroyed. That's perfect. Every bite.

BUDDY

The only thing for being sad is to learn something, it's the only thing that never fails.
George Bernard Shaw. Maybe that's how he got so smart, maybe he was really, really sad.

LORRAINE

But what if what you learn makes you even sadder?

BUDDY

We need a Prometheus to bring a new fire, someone to show us how to spark a co-agentic fire of intimacy so warming that we can gather around together and recreate community. (*Buddy has been barefoot, he starts to put on his shoes and socks... puts his socks on his hands to make puppets. His puppets speak to one another*)

Left hand (LH): My reality exists.

Right hand (RH): As long as I give witness to it.

LH: It's ok to be wrong.

RH: I don't need to be right all the time.

LH: I can live my values.

RH: I can conquer my need to conquer the world.

LH: I refuse to be a victim.

RH: ...of my own absurdly venomous, menacing reactions to a world gone mad.

LH: I'm not normal.

RH: Conform!

LH: I want to go beyond normal.

RH: Think only what you're supposed to think!

LH: Normal is a fiction, normal never existed, it's a number not a reality.

RH: You have to think exactly the way I do.

LH: Wallow in materialism if you want to but I prefer to avoid your power trip.

RH: Abandon yourself to the fever of commercially induced excess.

RH sock attacks LH sock, they battle and then Buddy puts them on his feet.

LORRAINE

What if there's no name for what you are?

Pause while Buddy tries to figure out a piece, he refers to the instructions.

BUDDY

Nomenclature. *(pause)* What is this?

LORRAINE

If you don't know your name, and you're lost, how do you know if someone is calling you?

BUDDY

(to himself because he is getting frustrated with the furniture) Patience. (he imitates drill sergeants and conductors as he refers to them) Drill sergeants die of heart

attacks. Conductors hardly ever die of heart attacks. (*sings*) Listen to the music.
(*pause*) I'm going around in circles. This (*the directions*) doesn't make any sense.

LORRAINE

I like going around in circles. (*she dances, spins, in circles*) It matches the movement of the universe. (*she stops abruptly*) Am I alone in this generation? (*she dances again, maybe while cleaning*) How can we not comprehend the importance of moving in elliptical, eccentric orbits, the fundamental dance of the world we inhabit? Surfers and skateboarders are my heroes. They study locomotion, they know that every straight line is part of a loop. (*she's dizzy, stops spinning and gets morbid*) Too much sadness leaks through the ceiling of my imagination. There are no answers, questions hurtle into infinity at the speed of sound.

BUDDY

Comets burn out from the heat of their own velocity.

LORRAINE

Temperamental geniuses lie at the bottom of this lake. I'm sorry now I ever read a book. What good are ideas anyway? (*she exits*)

BUDDY

(*Buddy's building and getting somewhere*) Necessity is not the *mother* of invention. Necessity is the *father* of invention. That is so obvious. Mothers nurture, they satisfy need. Necessity doesn't nurture. Necessity *is* the need. Necessity drives, desires, initiates. *Then* you need a mother. Mother Courage. The two-part mother of invention - faith and hope. (*proud of his accomplishment, he takes a break and looks through the telescope at the sky*) Can't see much in the daytime. Where are we going to go when the sun dies? We can't get along with each other. How are we going to get along with creatures from other planets, creatures who fuck through their sight organs?
(*realization:*) I guess that wouldn't be that big of a stretch – we're already a nation of voyeurs. We'll be the laughing stock of the galaxy, I swear to god. We better blow ourselves up right now. Everyone who isn't me, is a rude infidel and deserves to die.

(he slams his hand down on part of the structure, which immediately collapses) Oh. Ok. Shit. (Buddy sits down to re-read the directions. There is knocking on the side door. Buddy looks up to see who it is) Great. Just what I need. Norm. (Buddy takes a big breath, sighing, he exits to answer the door)



Scene Two: Morning: Norm

Norm enters. He is the epitome of disheveled. He creates chaos wherever he goes. While he talks, he absentmindedly moves all the piles around haphazardly. He is oblivious to his physical life. Since Norm is talking to Buddy, there may be additional pauses to indicate when Norm is listening to Buddy.

NORM

(indicating the pile of collapsed project on the floor) What is that? What are you trying to make? You want me to help you? You always screw these things up. You should let me help you. *(pause)* I keep wondering if there was anything I could have done differently. I hate feeling that fate controls my life. But it's worse thinking I ruined it myself. *(the following confusion of pronouns is intentional)* She invited me over. I was lonely. What can I say? She'll never forgive me. We haven't had sex in years. God. Do you know what that's like? No, probably not. My sister is – well, you know, you married her. You can't imagine how lost I was. She invited me over. I felt like I was being brought out of a dark, dank cave into sunshine and laughter. But the

evil machine of my desperately empty existence sucked me back. I went home. To save my marriage. What a joke. To save my family. To be strong for my daughter. It was vanity, everything is vanity. Now, they're all dumping me and no one trusts me. My daughter hates me. I'm utterly castrated. At last, I'm the cog in her machine. Silent, broke, impotent. She's going to get everything. This was her plan from the beginning. No, I'm not kidding. She's not a woman. She's a human calculator. She's going to get everything. Hurray for the victor in the war between the sexes. Maybe I can learn to love the machine. Maybe I can learn to enjoy the embrace of steel. Was that the blue pill or the red pill? (*he pretends to pop a pill, becomes Titania seeing Bottom as an Ass and falling deeply in love*) Oh my darling! You are so true, so pure, so glorious. I love, love, love you. I can live without sex. I can live without affection. I can even live without money. What is sex anyway but a series of humiliations? What is money anyway but a trap? Oh to sit for hours with no other company than the roar and tear of your machine arms, so comforting after the insanity of carbon-based interpersonal relationships.

Norm looks through the telescope outside at the neighbors and then turns it inside to look at Buddy's project.

I wonder when I look at the world, how I got so small. I melted, into myself, surrounded by hugeness: overwhelmed by towering cities, international corporations, global economy, global warming, save the whales. There are only 24 hours in a day and I'm gone for most of them making money for people who despise me. I am an impediment. (*sings*) *All you need is love .. ???* All they need is my money. *You stay far, far away from me.* That's what they think, I know. One mistake and Norm is anathema, verboten, disgusting, useless.

I had a bad dream. You want to hear it? I was standing in one of those magnificent offices that make you think of Ayn Rand, Machiavelli, Nosferatu and the end of time. Acres of new steel and concrete filled with male and female TS Elliots. The walking wounded. The hollow people. Quiet desperation, echoing in the corridors of absolutely no power at all. And we were standing above it, looking down, then, plunging down a million stories, falling into paleolithic times and wrestled to the ground. Dirt and mud

and brutality and hair, lots of hair. Very hairy people, punching me, grinding me down like glass from sand. Until everything unique in me was gone, I became a smooth, unblemished field of hate. Huge vines grew out from me, vines with vicious thorns, blood for sap. Then I woke up.

You know those bugs that skim over the surface of the water? I want to be like them. Superficial, Jesus bugs. Walking on water. I'm sick of diving into the muck, punching me, at the bottom. I want to skim over the surface, glide. Extend long legs, balance on a luminous liquid. *(pause)* The lessons I've learned? Let me see. Since we're all returning from the stardust from which we were made, since it's inevitable that everything ends, we might as well never fall in love with a place or a time because it won't last. It can't last. Skim over the surface. Keep a bird's eye view. Hurt less because you feel less. And who needs feelings anyway? That song is so bogus *(sings)* *feelings, nothing more than feelings... la, la, la feelings...*

(as he's leaving) I think I could love again, at least one more time. But lightly. Very lightly. But who will have me, broken? And broke. I am the incredible shrinking man. My kid used to adore me. Now she thinks I'm a turd. *(he exits)*

LORRAINE

(she has entered quietly into the audience space and is exercising on a mat, perhaps yoga) The republicans developed a virus. They hacked my world. Seeking to destroy a working democracy, with a sham theocracy, an ideological chimera. An unblemished, devout mask to cover a virulent, leprous thievery, a greed that is the basis of their every waking thought and action. My beautiful democracy is so sick, suffering from a structural flu, a meaning-destroying hypocrisy worm infecting every nook and cranny of freedom's precious infant consciousness. My heart is breaking for my child. My brother used to be sane, more or less. I can barely talk to him now. Breathe in *(she does)*. Then out *(she does)*. My democracy was not just a beautiful dream, it was a practical way of creating intelligent people. He's suffering now, he doesn't remember how arrogant he used to be. How he alienated us. How he thought he was superior to everyone because he had money. How he loved money more than people. Now he

can't understand why everyone is mad at him. He's so stupid. I know everyone thinks that about their brothers but he's such an asshole. He missed the whole point of his intelligence. Knowledge is a cooperative venture. That's why you always witness a dimming of intelligence when there's a resurgence of tyranny. False knowledge accrues like pus, wherever there is more competition than cooperation. Oh, my brother, you scream so loud, you demand so much, you scare away the good spirits who would seek to help you. Stop defacing yourself. Let us touch you. Softly. Hear us. Enter the world of interpersonal, biofeedback. I know how you feel - like breasts in a mammogram machine. The embrace of steel. Breathe out, let it go.



Scene Three: High Noon: Hunger

BUDDY

What if everyone is representing a god - or a goddess? (*he will pantomime each in turn*) And we don't know it. We act certain ways, we think we're free, but we're really acting out the will of the gods – or goddesses. You've seen a lot of guys who represent Mars, *the god of war*. Apollo, *the musician-mathematician*. Pandora with her *secret box*. Coyote, *the trickster*. Artemis, *goddess of the hunt*. Jupiter, *god of partee!* Athena, *goddess of cross-dressing*. So where's the god of building when you need him? If I were a good husband, the provider-father (who's the god of that?)...(*he can't imitate these because he doesn't know what they would look like, he can't even imagine it*) I am calling you, god of *putting it all together*. God of good husbandry?

Shit. The god of hunting is always available when you don't need him.

LORRAINE (*she comes onstage*)

If you're the hunter then I'm the prey.

BUDDY

You could be the hunter.

LORRAINE (*ironic*)

Yes, that's so much better.

BUDDY

Seeds. Stars. Everybody is a genius, everybody has a new beginning inside.

LORRAINE

Why new? Why can't we take care of it if it's old? (*she casually plays with the pieces of furniture which are lying around in various phases of chaos or order. Perhaps she even puts something together*)

BUDDY

I don't know. Maybe we need to make the old new again before we can appreciate it?
Everything in pieces. (*sings*) *I dream of genie...*

LORRAINE

Really?

BUDDY

To help me explore my genius. To find my new beginning. Never mind, I'm delirious.
My words are flotsam, gibberish.

LORRAINE

Passive aggressiveness is a form of self sabotage. Emotional terrorism.

BUDDY

Am I doing that?

LORRAINE

I don't know. You always feel you have to justify yourself. Where does that leave the rest of us?

BUDDY

I know. I am perpetually standing at the gates and Peter is asking me: *is this the most YOU, you could have been?* And I don't know. Adrift. Shipwrecked.

LORRAINE

Stop it.

BUDDY

I can't help it.

LORRAINE

Don't lean on me.

BUDDY

Why not?

LORRAINE

I like it too much. It feels too good. Absolute power corrupts absolutely. Absolutism is cancer, pathological. Diversity is healthy, ecological. Be yourself.

BUDDY

I'm hungry. You want to eat?

LORRAINE

Not yet. I'm going to take a shower (*she exits*)

First, Buddy prepares a shake, using a blender, then he puts together a sandwich. He's competent in the kitchen and enjoys it

BUDDY

You do what you have to do. I lean on her because she's strong, she pushes me back and I think I'm standing on my own. I don't think so. Life sucks you into its process, we become blended, ground down, spun, woven into a fabric. Norm is right, we have

no idea how big or how small we are. My kid wrote a paper last night. He asked me to check it over. He spelled earthquake wrong. He wrote earthquack. I love that. Mother earth duck. Quacking. All of her baby ducks waddling behind her (*of course he pantomimed that*). I try to live in the moment. (*the phone rings but it stops ringing before he gets to it*)

My refrigerator is enormous. How much food do we need cold, ready, waiting? (*he hears Lorraine calling him*) Yeah? No. What? No, I can't hear you. Don't talk to me from up there, I can't hear you. She what? Aargh. I can't hear you.

It's a question of fellowship. I'm an anachronism, I believe in friendship, loyalty, things like that. Doesn't matter, though, because no one else does, so I'm just as isolated as if I were a misanthrope. (*pause*) My vanities have matured but I haven't outgrown my ego. I hate my world, it's not the world I thought it was going to be. Norm is depressed because the wife he hates, hates him more. I get depressed because the wife I love, loves me and it's not a magic bullet, it solves practically nothing at all. So much for happily ever after. What a joke. We need a new set of fairy tales that begin with happily ever after. We had no idea what to expect. It's like being eaten alive. Everyone who works for a living, has a reserve seat at the continuous holocaust of hate. Everyone who loves work, who wants to mold the world with their own hands, takes it up the ass, without K-Y jelly; a pounding like you wouldn't believe. Maybe S & M is psychological catharsis? Like those creepy movies where the powerful maniac keeps the hard working geeks prisoners, steals their inventions, then uses them for world domination. Who doesn't get broken? I want to think not everyone gets broken. But everyone gets broken. We all shop at the company store.

Lorraine enters in a towel, smoking a joint. She shares Buddy's shake, and/or gets a drink of her own. During the following, often the two are talking while they are eating or drinking (or, in Lorraine's case, smoking)... therefore the scene is played comedically even though what the characters are saying may not sound funny at all, they might be saying it with their mouths full

or burping or making fun of the eroticism of eating scenes – as in Tom Jones et. al.)

LORRAINE

It is no longer necessary to live life. Life no longer matters. We have eradicated the importance of lived reality. Only the pose matters (*she makes some typical femme poses*) Imagine how loving we could be, how creative, how comprehensive our knowledge could be if we were able to listen to each other. We'd have to live totally differently than we do now. It's unimaginable. We're addicted to self-indulgence. Narcissism, solipsism, and onanism are so much more efficient time-management-wise than relationship, and co-created meaning-making.

BUDDY (*he takes a bite of his sandwich*)

Reality bites.

LORRAINE

A nasty gash in my thigh, burning steel poured into the caverns of my bones.

BUDDY

The weight breaks the back of my spirit sailing.

LORRAINE

Reality sucks.

BUDDY

Craps.

LORRAINE

Farts.

BUDDY

Fucks.

LORRAINE

Sins.

BUDDY

Sings.

LORRAINE

Swims.

BUDDY

Flies.

LORRAINE

Dies.

BUDDY

Reality is just the process, the ritual we perform while we're awake.

LORRAINE

I can only be inside time. I'm not limitless. Time is... a measure of sensation.

BUDDY

Sensate beings. Sensational. Sensational, sensate beings. Unruly.

LORRAINE

We're supposed to be unruly.

BUDDY

Don't tell the kids.

LORRAINE

I already did.

BUDDY

Oh well.

LORRAINE

We're supposed to be unruly. It's not supposed to be easy to rule us. (*sings the tune for we shall not be moved*) *We shall not, we shall not be ruled.*

BUDDY AND LORRAINE (*sing*)

Just like a tree, standing by the wa-a-ter. We shall not be ruled.

LORRAINE

We prefer to be inspired.

Lights change – surreal effect, isolating the speakers.

LORRAINE

Distress me. Make me feel my hate. Perverted, unloved, misguided, determined to repeat my wrongs until someone else turns them into rights. I will drown in my unknowing. I will walk into the sea and drown into grace. Is that how Virginia Wolf felt when she walked into the sea? Her suicide note said she thought England would not be able to stand up to the fascists. How could she have so little faith in people? Aristos. It's the same here. The rich and mighty don't give a fuck about anybody else. Tyranny is fine if you're the tyrant. She probably never had a serious conversation with a working class person.

BUDDY

Death Valley. Blackout. Synchronicity. I love you. I can't fix anything. Will the stars come out tonight? My heart is broken, continuously and I replace my dreams with purposes and goals, an experience in incremental futility.

LORRAINE

Breathe. In. Out.

Lights go back to "normal."

LORRAINE

I believe in fairies.

BUDDY

I believe that everything that exists has a soul, a spiritual or an etheric organization. Some of those organizations, people personify as angels or fairies.

LORRAINE

So many of our friends are dead. We don't appear to be a violent society.

BUDDY

But we are. Oh we are.

LORRAINE

We have good looking armor.

BUDDY

What if Norm said, “Speak to me, damn it. Forgive me. We walk in sympathy to the time of our becoming. I can only be who I am. I am not limitless.”?

Lorraine laughs. Buddy looks sad.

LORRAINE

I love that you think he has that ability. I don't. And she would have to be able to hear him. I think she's too angry.

BUDDY

But if they can't hear each other –

LORRAINE

It's over, once she got her fake boobs, it was over. Neither one of them is being remotely real.

BUDDY

Americans have a death wish. Subconscious guilt for their wealth or something.

LORRAINE

Fake boobs are the exact opposite of real boobs. Boobs symbolize nurturing, generous humanity. Fake boobs symbolize alienation, greed, the victory of the superficial over the deeply felt. There is no short cut on the path with a heart.

BUDDY

I think the days of naiveté are over. We are now as corrupt as any other country in the world.

LORRAINE

My shrink says I have to let myself feel sick before I can get well. As long as I avoid being wrong, I'll never be right. I've done therapy, diets, exercise, and I'm still crazy, Norm has not spent one minute trying to figure himself out. He's hopeless. God, but sometimes I want to feel beautiful and lucky, even if I'm not.

BUDDY

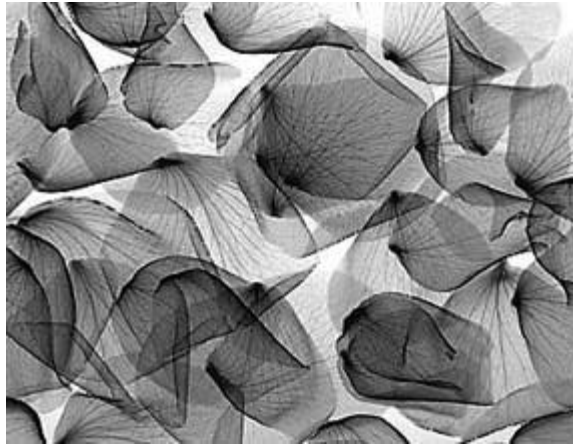
You're beautiful, baby.

LORRAINE

Thank you. *(she kisses him, open-mouthed on the lips. There is a moment where they look at each other then she exits)*

BUDDY *(sings)*

The evening breeze, caress the trees, tenderly. Do you ever think how much our lives revolve around electricity? I must be getting old. Who am I kidding? I was born old, older than time, older than death. *(there's a knock on the front door)* Now what?



Scene Four: Afternoon: Frank

Frank, the policeman, enters, business like, friendly, efficient. He has identification, a notebook, a gun. Again, pauses can be added when Frank is listening to Buddy.

FRANK

I didn't mean to interrupt your lunch. No. No, thank you. I'll take a cup of coffee though. Yeah. I can't seem to kick the habit. Gotta have some vices, right? So, I guess you heard about it? Yeah, last night. You didn't hear anything? Well, I don't like to say. I don't like to put ideas in your head. *(drinking the coffee)* Thanks, this is good. You made this? I can't make coffee. *(pause)* Well, we don't know too much. We did find the body. Yeah, bad. A young woman, probably about 16. Any young women

working here? A maid? A babysitter? No? Your wife does all the housework herself, hunh? You help her? Well, good for you. I'm no good around the house. I can't do shit. This is the only thing I can do. That's what they tell me, all thumbs. When I try to help, they tell me to go watch football, what can you do? *(pause)* Well, no, we're not sure what happened exactly. Raped and murdered. Behind your house. Over there, in that woody area. Some kids found her body this morning. We don't know anything much yet, who she is or how she got there. You have any bad feelings about any of your neighbor kids? No? *(pause)* We're checking on that. Or she might have answered one of those internet ads. A lot of young women are making extra money these days, you know, times are tight. Online dating it's called but it's more like online prostitution. Some girls do it for extra money. You and your wife have any visitors? No? *(he notices the furniture in pieces, while he talks he moves things around and perhaps puts a few things together)* What's this? What are you making? Man, you do everything around here. Not me, one big thumb, like I said. The last time my wife bought me some entertainment center thing, I paid my daughter to put it together for me. Women can do anything these days, have you noticed? Well, except protect themselves from assholes. That never seems to change does it? You got a daughter? *(pause)* Maybe it's like what they say about the economy, the spreading gap between the rich and the poor, maybe the gap is spreading between the liberated women who can handle themselves and the poor kids who are just as degraded and victimized as ever. *(pause)* Don't ask me. Perverts. Who knows what drives them? I'd like to be able to build something, be creative like you, make something, see progress. The thing about crime, it's like a barbershop, the hair just keeps growing, the customers keep on coming, the job is never done. But you don't really get anywhere. I would just once like to feel I made a little bit of peace, you know? Nice work if you can get it, nice dream. *(he picks up a roach that Lorraine has left)* Whoa, what's this? *(pause)* Your wife? *(pause)* Oh, I see. Can I see the permit? *(he goes to read a framed document on the wall)* You don't see a lot of these. That's ok. I'm not against it, when it comes to crime, it's not any worse than alcohol. Maybe it even prevents some. Calms people down.

Frank listens to Buddy for awhile. While he listens, he idly works on the furniture, putting a few pieces together without really paying attention to what he's doing.

FRANK

Epilepsy, hunh? Have you ever seen her - ? *(pause)* Do your kids have it? *(pause)* How old are your kids? *(pause)* Was your daughter home last night? *(pause)* Oh. She goes there? *(pause)* Yeah, I heard of it, of course. You miss her? *(pause)* Is it expensive?

You know what I think? Women complain that they can't find any good men out there. And, no doubt the world is filled with assholes. In my book, there are two types of assholes, aggressives and passive-aggressives. The punk pervs like this asshole are aggressives, they like to break things, rules, people. They get their thrills making a mess, crashing boundaries, destroying people face to face. The passive-aggressives – they *use* rules to destroy people. They create structures that crush people they will never have the balls to meet face to face. Loving men are everywhere, but women can't see them. Their romance novels and fairy tales have them looking for assholes with a heart of gold. Right: that'll happen. *(looking through the telescope)* What can you see from here? I'd be tempted to spy on my neighbors? *(pause)* No? Stars, hunh? *(pause)* There's two types of criminals but only one type of crime. It's all theft: rape, murder, it's all taking what doesn't belong to you. Stealing beauty, stealing life, stealing what we can't find and don't know how to earn. We'd steal the stars if we could get our hands on them.

I think it's drugs; the violence in america, it's all about drugs. And that's all about money, of course. This guy was probably taking one of these new speeds. Probably been taking it since his balls dropped. Parents, teachers want the kids to focus, achieve the american dream. Hell, in my day the american dream was freedom and responsibility, courage and the kind of democracy that requires participation but nothing is more important today than getting your hands on a lot of money and then throwing it away. Everyone's acting as if it's the end of the world, as if there's no tomorrow. Remember when you heard about the Japanese kids killing themselves over

their exams? Now we've got a whole generation drugged out of their minds for the sake of grades. Hey, if you can be president with shitty grades, what's the point? You know, these behavior modification therapies kill a kid's spirit more efficiently than a beating ever did. Society creates its own enemies. No doubt, a little bit of love would go a long way. When we find this guy, I guarantee that he'll be as dead inside, his soul raped. He's the messenger. Someone gave him the news and he's passing it on: life sucks and there's no reason to respect it or take care of it. We have no idea what we're fucking with here.

Referring to the pieces of furniture that he's been fiddling with.

Everything comes in pieces. Everything.

Does your wife smoke around your kids? Well, be careful. You can't be too careful. I remember when I was a kid, roses really smelled liked something. I got my wife a dozen roses when we were dating, oh my god, this was years ago. They made her whole place smell enchanted. We had a neighbor when I was a kid, she grew roses. Biking by her house in the summer, wow, sometimes you'd pass out from the perfume in the air. I got my wife some roses for our anniversary. Nothing. No smell. I'd come into the living room. It was like a movie of roses. Beautiful, but it was creepy, empty, roses without a soul. That always gets me about tv and movies, you know? No smell. That's what makes things real. Ever been to a smell-o-rama? *(pause)* It'd probably be all fake smells anyway; smells have to be real. We take depressed, lonely teenagers and turn them into psychotic murderers. We take the perfume out of roses. We have no idea what the fuck we're doing.



Scene Five: Dusk: Distress

Lorraine is in her street clothes, in the audience space.

LORRAINE

Why didn't she scream? Did she scream and I slept through it? My backyard. Those pathetic woods have been the butt of jokes for years: the tiniest woods ever, those woods are too small for mice to play in, those woods are too small for robin hood to piss in, those woods are too small to get lost in, those woods are too small for squirrels to mate in, but those woods are big enough to die in. If I had heard her scream, I don't know, would I have run out there? Would I have called the police? Yes, absolutely. But would I go out there and help her? I don't know. Maybe with Buddy. We don't have a gun. Do we need a gun? I don't want a gun. Did she scream? He must have threatened her somehow. My dad used threats to silence me. You can't move. You can't fight. You just freeze and try to survive.

One minute I'm standing here speaking to you. The next minute I wake up on the floor. You might see me shudder, lose control. I never see myself that way. I'm inside myself pulsing, life radiant, fireworks singing irresistible, vibrant meaning. Then crash, I'm awake and everything hurts. A really short party with a really bad hangover. I hear her screaming. Damn it, I hear her screaming now; I want to run and help her but I didn't hear her then and now it's too late to help her. Fuck. I'm always late. I hate that about myself; I can't seem to get the hang of time. My backyard. Me asleep, oblivious. Too small for a bird to shit in but just right for a child to die in. Fuck this

world and all the people in it. No one gives a shit about anybody else. Hey, asshole!
You have some nerve killing a girl in my backyard. Fuck you. My backyard? My
backyard.

The following is overlapping dialogue: they do not wait for the other to complete their statement before starting their own.

BUDDY (*entering, he looks at his project*)

Sometimes I need to feel beautiful. I need time to slow down so I can feel how
incredibly lucky I am, how incredibly beautiful the world is. How perfectly I fit inside
it. Spinning, whirling, galaxies

LORRAINE

...bleeding new worlds into being. When Sylvia Plath was breathing in the gas, on her
knees her head in the oven (where no doubt she had recently baked a roast) was she
tense? Was she crying? Did her mind suddenly clear? Did the fog dissolve? Did she
feel relieved to die? Did she feel anything? Or did she slide from pained mystification
to unconsciousness to death? Was she happily ever after? I want her to be happily ever
after. I want Anne Sexton and Nietzsche and everyone else who couldn't stand the
pain, anymore (my mother) I want them to be happily ever after.

BUDDY

Everyone feels like they could blow away any second, dissolve into the infinite.
Walking a tightrope trying to balance while this moment pulls this way and the next
moment pulls that way, and the wind blowing every way.

LORRAINE

We live in a country, in an age, where it's a virtue to go shopping and a sin for a
woman to have grey hair. Look at us: we're a nation of Marie Antoinettes, eating cake,
watching other people die on tv, making ourselves feel better by believing in a god
who only punishes the bad people. But secretly... secretly we know we are the bad
people and soon god will punish us too.

BUDDY

But we are beautiful and we are strong.

LORRAINE

It's all fake. It's all bought. Fake boobs are armor that makes us weaker.

BUDDY

Yours are real.

LORRAINE

You know, eastern religion is no different than western religion: men on top.

BUDDY (*trying to make a joke*)

Aw, you said you liked that position. (*she doesn't laugh*) Yeah, but easterners think that hierarchies are part of the wayward distractions of the material world keeping us from knowing who we really are.

LORRAINE

But that's crap. Who we are can't be separated from our bodies. That's just more naked emperor crap. Your body doesn't matter: I can starve you, rape you, send you to war for my church and it doesn't matter because you're not really your body. Your body is nothing. Nothing to them maybe. I love your body. We *are* our bodies. We inhabit our bodies. What else can we be?

BUDDY

We inhabit the earth too.

LORRAINE

Yes, perfect. And we treat it just as shitty.

BUDDY

But if we're our bodies, how do you explain the difference between who we are and who we were?

LORRAINE

What are you talking about?

BUDDY

We don't have the same bodies we did when we met. So, are we the same people now that we were then?

LORRAINE

Yes. No. I don't know. Is this a trick question?

BUDDY

I don't know. I'm trying to make you feel better. I'm just saying. *(pause)* Why didn't you tell me?

LORRAINE

About what? *(pause)* I forgot.

BUDDY

No, you didn't.

LORRAINE

I tried to tell you but you wouldn't hear me.

BUDDY

You were upstairs, I was down here, I couldn't hear you.

LORRAINE

I didn't want to talk about it then. When I came down, I just wanted to forget about it. It made me feel crazy. Guilty, like we should have known, done something. I wanted to pretend it didn't happen. I want to pretend that there is no such thing as sin, that temptations are good for us, that they lead us not to evil but to experience who we really are. I wanted – I wanted to have sex.

BUDDY

Wow, I completely missed that.

LORRAINE

I know.

BUDDY

Sorry.

LORRAINE

That's ok.

BUDDY

Surreptitiously, love manifests through the fog of my unknowing.

LORRAINE

Whatever that means.

BUDDY

Is it too late?

LORRAINE

I had this dream last week. I was sixteen or something, still a virgin. I see a boy I like and I approach him, then a bunch of weird thugs, like from old movies, in black leather jackets, they light me on fire. And I'm not moving. I'm standing in the fire, wondering what I should do. And there's fog, lots of fog. And then suddenly, I'm free and I'm slicing the guys in leather jackets, I'm slicing them up like baloney or something and putting them on wax paper, the slices. I told that dream to my shrink and you know what she said? She asked me if I wanted to take a class on masturbation.

BUDDY

Wow.

LORRAINE

I think I need a new shrink.

They sit in silence for a minute.

BUDDY

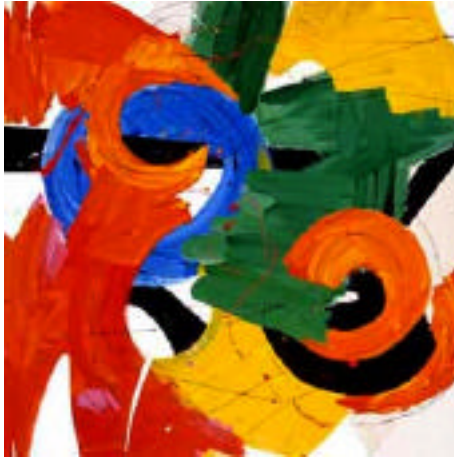
Is it too late?

Then Lorraine stands, takes Buddy's hand to lead him upstairs.

LORRAINE (*quietly, firmly*)

It's never too late.

The sky grows darker and night arrives, the stars come out.



Scene Six: Night: Bring us Fire

Buddy enters in the dark, wearing very little or nothing at all. The only light is ambient from outside and the moon. If he's naked when he enters, he is clothed by the time the lights come up.

BUDDY

What was it like to live without electricity? What was it like right before Edison got the systems designed, rolled out? An idea whose time had come, brilliant people everywhere racing to *get 'er done*. Waiting for the gift. Hungry children anticipating dinner, complaining because it's taking too long. Every day, unappeased appetites. Every night, cold, dark, pathetic, stinky gaslight. Where is the new light? Who's going to get it for us? When is it coming? We want it now. We *need* it. Now.

Buddy looks through his telescope, out an imaginary window, over the audience so that he is looking at the balcony if there is one, at the night sky. Perhaps the audience sees projections of the telescopic images.

And Edison? What was he doing? He wasn't inventing a hearing aid. He was deaf, the greatest living inventor-genius, poet, mystic, he got letters all the time, from deaf people pleading for him to invent a hearing aid. But no: he had no intention to hear. Why? Because he wanted to hear himself think. Because he didn't want to hear the stupid things that people say. People talking to him distracted him from listening to the universe. He was a lot like Einstein that way. He understood that the universe is intelligent and that the role of the inventor is to imagine the world as it is. To see through dogma and bad habits of perception, to perceive intelligence, to design with the cooperation of the intelligence inherent in, embedded in, grounded in ... everything.

Genius literally means the seed that creates more life. Evil genius (of course) means death and more death. Genius is love. Evil genius is hate. And maybe you can't love people if you can hear them. Maybe you have to shut them out so you don't waste energy hating them for how selfish and vile they are. Polar ice is melting, our world is getting warmer but we're colder, and meaner, and stupider. We're more demanding, less inventive, less poetic and more pathetic. *(sings) And she's buying a stairway to heaven.* Come and get it! Step right up and buy your piece of heaven, your peace of mind, right here! New bodies! New minds, grace! Get yourself a new life! Loans are available. Take these pills to be smart! Take these pills to be beautiful. Alice never had it so good; she only got bigger and smaller; *You* can be happier! Never mind the deformed babies that might result, the cancers. Never mind that your depression might turn into psychosis; you always wanted to know what it would feel like to machine gun your co-workers. Take these pills and you can forget who you are, have a new life, a better life. You don't need to live your own life, what's the point of that? You only have to create, at worst, the required, at best, the desired, poses. Who can listen to that and invent fire? Edison could've invented the greatest hearing aid ever. He could've ended his isolation. But he wanted to stay inside the miracle and to do that *(directly to the audience)* he couldn't listen to you.

Lorraine is in the audience area, taking care of her house or garden plants (not her pot plants!)

LORRAINE

Women are prisoners of consumer consciousness. We have to make ourselves appealing so we can sell ourselves to the highest bidder. Our bodies are not our own. That's the illusion, the mystification, the bullshit we believe. But it's not real.

Buddy turns on the lights. He examines his project which is partway done. During this scene he finishes his project.

BUDDY

Don't kid yourself: men are exactly the same. Our bodies belong to the military industrial complex, to our lovers, to our jobs...worst case: to our mothers and fathers. You know why we can't open windows in office buildings any more? People jump out and kill themselves. Insurance companies won't insure an office building if the windows open. *(he jumps out an imaginary window and)* Divided we fa-a-a-l-l-lll. *(falls for a long time and then dies imaginatively when he hits the ground)*

You want to know something Edison said? Ok, here: I can quote the whole thing I think. I do not believe that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed by a certain amount of primitive intelligence; look at the thousand ways in which atoms of hydrogen combine with those of other elements...do you mean to say that they do this without intelligence?

LORRAINE

We cooperate to make war. Just think about how much cooperation is required, even between enemies. There is so much agreement there. We could choose to cooperate to save lives, to help each other.

BUDDY

Just say no to neon food, fake boobs, gas guzzling cars.

LORRAINE

Weirder things have happened.

BUDDY

We could create the least bloody revolution ever if we could changed our point of view. Can you imagine what it felt like to be Edison the first time the Pearl Street power station lit new york? *(he sings the song downtown at least up until “ happy again” ... Lorraine can sing along at any time, dancing is also encourage...lyrics are at the end of the play)* He couldn't hear but he could see. He made the best movies too. He fought for fiction over documentaries.

The key is his handicap. Everybody is ashamed that they're not perfect. But our handicaps are our greatest gifts. Edison invented the phonograph and he couldn't hear. You know how he listened to his invention? With his teeth. He put his teeth on that big horn thing and his head would vibrate and that's how he heard the music. And it's not like other people weren't trying to make a phonograph but his was the best because the sound was the most realistic, the most authentic. How great is that? Never mind what people think. We have to listen any way we can. Listen with your heart, with your soul, with your teeth if you have to. Let's have a reality show of the insanely beautiful and creative things people do.

LORRAINE

I don't know, Buddy, some of us have a lot of pain and sorrow we're dealing with, we like to see people who are more fucked up than we are. Amazing people make us feel inferior.

BUDDY

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves.

LORRAINE

No one wants to be who they really are, it's too complicated. We want to be loved, to blend in. Loving ourselves is about hiding what we hate about ourselves.

BUDDY

You can't hide from yourself.

LORRAINE

Don't be silly, of course you can. We can't imagine what we could be without going insane with grief at the loss of what we will never become. We lie to ourselves, we pretend that we can be something else. That's why we buy stuff. We're pretending. It's fantasy.

BUDDY

But it's our faults that are our greatest gifts.

LORRAINE

But our faults are used against us, we're ridiculed, manipulated.

BUDDY

Right, and then we hide the very things that would be the basis of our greatest contribution.

LORRAINE

But you can't give something if no one wants to receive it. If everyone tells you that you're worthless, you're not going to think you have anything to offer. You see the man's part, the yang part, the going out part, the extending yourself to give to everyone else. But you forget about the yin part, the folding in part. You know Edison's first wife died of grief at like 30 or something? His children from his first marriage were incredibly unhappy. He was never at home. He never let himself fold in. He was always out there, yanging it up. His second wife was stronger but she was really unhappy and lonely. She was more disciplined and patient and when he got too old to be working all the time, he finally came home, when he had spent all his creativity on everybody else, then he was hers.

BUDDY

The other principle.

LORRAINE

What's that?

BUDDY

The mother is *the other*. It's the dark side of the moon, the part we never see, the part we ignore. The part we can't live without. The part we adore.

LORRAINE

You're a poet, don't_cha know it?

BUDDY

And the earth (*as Dr. Seuss*) this one is my other mother. (*finding one more piece*)
Where the fuck does this go?

LORRAINE

You talkin' to me?

BUDDY

Yeah, nobody else here I can see.

LORRAINE

I'm no good at this stuff.

BUDDY

You never know until you try.

LORRAINE

I'll probably stick it in my eye.

BUDDY

Oh, go ahead, give it a shot.

LORRAINE

Or not.

BUDDY

One last piece, but where does it go?

LORRAINE

Up your ---

BUDDY (*quickly interrupting*)

No, no, no...

LORRAINE

Over here?

BUDDY

That, I tried.

LORRAINE

Like this? Or this?

BUDDY

Could be. I don't know.

LORRAINE

No way. I quit. (*giving up, she puts it down randomly and it's in the right place but she walks away and doesn't notice. Buddy realizes*)

BUDDY

Uh, you did it.

LORRAINE

I did?

BUDDY

Oh, yes, you did. Come here and see. Look, it's done.

LORRAINE

It took all day.

BUDDY

But, we did it, (*he reaches for her*) and, oh, my darling, dearest, it was fun.

They kiss a happily ever after kiss.

Blackout

Downtown by Tony Hatch

When you're alone and life is making you
lonely
You can always go-downtown
When you're got worries all the noise and the
hurry
Seems to help I know-downtown
Just listen to the music of the traffic in the city
Linger on the sidewalk where the neon signs
are pretty
How can you lose?

The lights are much brighter there
You can forget all your troubles forget all your
cares
So go downtown
Things'll be great when you're-downtown
No finer place for sure-downtown
Everything's waiting for you
Downtown

Don't hang around and let your problems
surround you
There are movie shows-downtown
Maybe you know some little places to go
To where they never close-downtown

Just listen to the rhythm of a gentle bossa nova
You'll be dancing with 'em too before the night
is over
Happy again

The lights are much brighter there
You can forget all your troubles forget all your
cares

So go downtown
Where all the lights are bright-downtown
Waiting for you tonight-downtown
You're gonna be alright now
Downtown

And you may find somebody kind to help and
understand you
Someone who is just like you and needs a
gentle hand to guide them along

So maybe I'll see you there
We can forget all our troubles forget all our
cares
So go downtown
Things'll be great when you're-downtown
Don't wait a minute more
Downtown-everything's waiting for you
Downtown (everything's waiting for you)
Downtown etc., etc.

Hey look at me ooo ooo 'cause I'm lookin' good
'm shinin' like a supermodel feelin' like I
should
Look at me I'm beautiful on the inside and out
Look at me ooo ooo I'm lookin' good
Look look lookin good good good