**A Short Play**

**About**

**Globalization**

written by

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*“Short Play” was developed with The Workhaus Collective, Kitchen Dog (Dallas), The Tokyo Festival for the Arts, The Playwright Center’s Core Writer program (Minneapolis), and during residencies at The MacDowell Colony and The Atlantic Center for the Arts (with Paula Vogel).*

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Characters

Ethel youthful, but exact age unknown. Sarcastic, passionate,

protean—in on the joke.

Mark early to mid 20’s. A straight arrow, brave, a little too

trusting.

*The action takes place in small rooms across the Southwestern US, Mexico, and Costa Rica—or, perhaps, in the same small room at an undisclosed location.*

The play begins in darkness.

ETHEL

How did they build those pyramids?

(Lights. An ugly interrogation room. Tight—

badly painted, barely lit. ETHEL and MARK.)

(ETHEL wears the uniform of the Mexican

Municipal Police.)

(MARK wears a plain shirt and nice slacks. His black

tie is undone. He wears a leather shoulder holster—

it’s empty.)

MARK

I’m sorry?

ETHEL

Cholula: “The Man-Made Mountain”. Made by who? Chichen Itza. Ooh—that’s nice: Chichen Itza.

MARK

I’m sorry, I don’t—

ETHEL

“Chichen Itza”. Teotihucan. What sounds! Maybe you’re one those world travelers—hiking through the jungles with your big plastic water bottle—“Macchu Piccu”—

MARK

They told me outside you could—

ETHEL

Zig-zagging up the mountains in a rental Jeep—“Lost Cities of Mystery”. What’s the big mystery? The US Capital Mall looks exactly the same. How did they build that—there’s the question.

(enjoying the sound)

Chihuahua. So delicious in the tongue: “Chihuahua”.

(smiles woodenly, playing)

“Welcome to Chihuahua State”.

MARK

Maybe it’s a language thing—I can’t seem to follow your—

ETHEL

“Language thing”?

MARK

Maybe I can’t understand you because—

ETHEL

Which language are we speaking?

MARK

English. We’re speaking English.

ETHEL

Why are you so confused?

MARK

I am not—Look . . . are you people letting me out of here or what?

(Beat)

ETHEL

I don’t think we are.

MARK

I’m a Special Agent of the FBI.

ETHEL

So you say. We don’t believe you.

MARK

I showed you my credentials.

ETHEL

I don’t see any credentials—

MARK

C’mon! they just took my badge out to the—

ETHEL

(slowly, carefully)

Hablas Espanola?

MARK

(taking a beat)

All you have to do is make a few—

ETHEL

We are making a few. Be patient. Please.

(beat)

Alors, if you’re so special—where’s your partner?

MARK

Partner?

ETHEL

I am not so high up on the food chain, but even my peonic brain can’t accept sending such a Special Agent to our wild little border town without any partner.

(small beat of satisfaction)

So we’re making the calls. FBI. USCIS. Department of Homeland Security. We may even call El Presidente Roosevelt if it comes to that.

(Beat.)

MARK

You’re an odd woman.

ETHEL

You’re not an FBI Agent.

(Beat)

MARK

Roosevelt isn’t the president.

ETHEL

Can you tell me that with one hundred percent certainty?

(Beat)

MARK

Yes, I can.

ETHEL

Then we’ll just wait.

(Beat)

MARK

OK. All right. I’m not here—I haven’t come down in any official capacity.

ETHEL

Keep talking, Gringo. ‘Splain yourself. We might even understand each other before the sun goes down.

MARK

You can make your calls, you . . . actually, actually, I’d rather you didn’t. Make any calls. The bureau knows I’m on a leave of absence. They know. The leave is official. It’s all— “Family Leave”—they just don’t know exactly . . . why. Or where. And between you and me—one law enforcement professional to another—I’d really rather they didn’t—know.

ETHEL

”Between . . . you—and me”. Law. Keep talking.

MARK

I took a leave of absence from the FBI.

ETHEL

You just said that.

MARK

Because my sister . . .

ETHEL

Go on, your seester. Go on. Chichen Itza.

MARK

My sister is a journalist.

ETHEL

A real journalist, or a journalist on a leave of absence.

MARK

I’m starting to think maybe you’re not a police officer.

ETHEL

You and I are just killing time here, my friend. The real powers are outside these walls, swirling around like star gods of the south: Phone calls, emails, text-messages, Faxes—for all we know they’re sending out smoke signals with fire pits and blankets. Eventually, one of the four hundred will come through that door and tell us both what to do. We’re not making any decisions. We barely understand how the decisions will get made.

MARK

No—that’s completely inaccurate.

ETHEL

Mais oui, it is one hundred percent accurate.

MARK

I report to a Deputy Director—

ETHEL

Theoretically.

MARK

He—

ETHEL

–or she—

MARK

–he—reports to an Assistant Director—who, in turn, reports to The Director, who reports to The Attorney General, who reports to The President.

ETHEL

Which language are we speaking now.

MARK

You just asked me to—

ETHEL

Who does The President report to?

MARK

We have—in America, there’s what we call a separation of powers—

ETHEL

(loves that)

“Seperation of Powers”. Macchu Picchu.

MARK

But on some level, nobody. On some level, he’s making decisions. There you are. Inside the President’s head. That’s where the decisions are being made.

ETHEL

All the way up a chain.

MARK

All the way up a chain.

ETHEL

On one end of the chain—The President. On the other end—your little seester.

MARK

She’s my older sister. She looks younger, but she—she’s one of those people—you know—she’s almost thirty, but she looks like a high school—

ETHEL

So big seester, she forced this “official” leave of—

MARK

No, she’s a journalist.

ETHEL

(a confused beat)

That’s not really an answer, is it?

MARK

My sister has no power to force me to do anything.

ETHEL

Interesting thought. So she asked you to—

MARK

No, no, no, she—why are you making this so complicated?

(forcing a beat)

My sister came down here to write a story.

ETHEL

Ah! the crusading journalist. The brave FBI Agent—I salute your ancestors. What was this story to be about, I wonder?

MARK

The maquila, the maquilladoras.

ETHEL

The—

MARK

The women. The girls. Who work in the industrial plants.

ETHEL

“Industrial Plants?”

MARK

The industrial plants along the border with El Paso. Across the Rio Grande.

ETHEL

An American says across the Rio Grande chills go up and down your spine. “Across The Rio Grande!” What kind of “plants”?

MARK

Assembly plants. Owned by huge corporations.

ETHEL

What goes on in these assembly plants “owned by huge corporations”?

MARK

Well, I . . . assume . . . things are assembled. Products. For export.

ETHEL

I see. And your seeseter, she came down to write a story about products—for export?

MARK

No, not about the plants themselves. About the women. The girls. The workers. Someone’s been killing them. Someone’s been murdering them for over a decade.

ETHEL

You don’t say.

MARK

Since the early 90’s. Raping, killing these young women, dumping their soft bodies in the desert—clues are followed, suspects found, arrests made—still the women are killed, raped—the bodies dumped. 300. As many as 400 still missing. Four hundred women—

ETHEL

You know I am an officer of the Municipal Police.

MARK

Yes, of course, we—

ETHEL

A crime of this magnitude—perhaps I have some awareness of it in my day

to day life.

MARK

Of course—I’m not saying—look, most of the companies here are US owned—

ETHEL

“US Owned”? How can anything be “Owned”—by the US or anyone else?

MARK

(overlapping)

US owned, so it’s not—

ETHEL

We have contractors, we have sub-contractors—sub-sub-contractors—

MARK ETHEL

It’s not just Mexico, we—we have a --sub-sub-sub-contractors, sub-sub responsibility to—to try and at least sub-sub-contractors, sub-sub-sub-sub —if not to do something—then at sub-contactors—

least—to understand—to try at least

to understand exactly what—

ETHEL

“Understand”—OK!

(steps back, smiling)

You want to—these women we are talking about—they make hardly enough money to buy rice and beans and a few diapers. Many have to resort to what you might call other means of employment—

MARK

You’re telling me 300 women were killed because they’re prostitutes? 400 more —vanished—

ETHEL

I’m telling you you’re in a border down—Gringo. There is drinking, gambling, subcontracting—a wicked and pervasive lawlessness. There is also, and maybe they know this up North, one of the largest drug cartels in all of Mexico--

MARK

(after a beat)

Yes—we—we’re aware of the Juarez Cartel.

ETHEL

So here there is a lot of death: Men. Women. Cattle.

MARK

Why don’t you leave?

ETHEL

“I want to live in America—boom! boom! America”!

(switching)

So your sister came down to solve the mystery? A mystery we have been trying to solve for over a decade? A skinny little gringa with her journalism degree and her high heels—

MARK

She majored in theatre . . . she wears boots . . . she’s . . .

ETHEL

Fan-tastic. She sounds very hot. Put her in a short skirt I’ll take her out to dinner.

MARK

She went into journalism after. Because she—the theatre thing wasn’t enough for her.

ETHEL

Wasn’t—

MARK

Enough. Wasn’t . . . enough. She’s had—she’s 26 and she’s had three or four lives already—it’s like, it’s like she keeps looking for something that will kick her ass, that will just—and I want to say, I’ve always wanted to say: You’re so lucky, why do you always have to keep pushing—I mean, I love you, you’re my big sister, OK—maybe I like, “worship” you, whatever—fine, you’re amazing—but why do you always have to push it.

ETHEL

(carefully)

And what did your sister “push” this time?

MARK

She came down here with a camera—some kind of—some tech guy in El Paso outfitted her with this . . . video . . . thing. She pretended to be one of these workers, these women, these girls—she pretended to be one of them—she got herself a job at one of those industrial plants and then . . . she just waited. Waited for them to do . . . whatever it is they’re doing. So she could get it all on film. She waited like bait—with only this tech guy in El

Paso knowing where she was or what she was doing. Like you said—a mystery for ten years but she was going to solve it. With her skinny little legs and her biker boots. With her arrogance and her beauty and her iron will . . .

ETHEL

I think I see at long last . . .

MARK

She wrote me. She didn’t exactly trust the techie guy in El Paso—so she wrote me. I came down right away, I . . . I can’t find her. I can’t find her anywhere. She’s gone.

ETHEL

And this “techie guy” in El Paso?

MARK

No idea.

ETHEL

“No idea” . . . did you think by chance to check the Internet?

MARK

For . . ?

ETHEL

What she filmed. With her “video . . . thing”. She must have filmed something.

MARK

Right . . . right . . . but where would I look?

ETHEL

I don’t know . . . type in “Stupid Gringa”—see what comes up.

MARK

That’s not funny. My sister might be dead.

ETHEL

Your sister is almost certainly dead. As for this video she made—

(she holds a disc—a sudden slight of hand)

–this video she made is somewhere halfway around the world.

MARK

You know something? If you people know something—

ETHEL

Here’s what I know: Her techie guy sold the video and disappeared with the money. How do I know? I don’t. But I do. You know? You could probably buy the whole thing on Ebay. Make a nice birthday present.

MARK

(carefully)

Is that it? Is that it in your hand?

ETHEL

(as if she just noticed it)

This? Oh, no, no, this—what do you call it—“unsolicited mix tape”. The boys here—well, even some of the girls. They’re always trying to catch my attention. Frivolity. But there was one song on this I thought might interest you—

She cocks her head. “Come Sail Away” from Styx streams through unseen speakers.

MARK

What—what is . . . why would you pick that song? Officer? Why would you play me this particular song?

ETHEL

Technology—what is that cute little word: “Cookies”. So much is known. So much is easy to know. Something so intimate as a song—a song between a brother and a sister—their favorite song—a song with history, a song of memory. For this particular brother and sister . . . a piece of their mutual heart—

MARK

Listen: Why are you playing me—

ETHEL

A few keys, a few clicks, a few “cookies”—and suddenly there is nothing. There is nothing intimate.

MARK

That’s enough. Just—stop this—stop. I want to see someone at the consulate, at the, the embassy—I want to see someone who I can, who will—

ETHEL

I thought you wanted to find out what happened to your sister.

(beat)

Cause we can do that for you. If that really is what you want.

(Beat)

MARK

You really aren’t a police officer, are you?

(Beat)

ETHEL

No, my friend, I’m afraid I am not.

BLACKOUT. A silence.

A mechanical humming. The sound of ice cubes

into a glass. A shot poured.

MAN’S VOICE

Where’d you get this?

WOMAN’S VOICE

Just watch.

MAN’S VOICE

C’mon—a hint—

WOMAN’S VOICE

Just watch, will you—

And the video is projected. Quite clear, a square

image.

The camera looks through the windshield of a car

from the back seat—night. Headlights pick out a dirt

road in the darkness ahead. The silhouette of a big,

beautiful house.

The Driver and the Passenger in the front seat are

seen only as shadows. But their breathing, and

the breathing of several others, can be heard.

The car pulls into the long driveway.

MAN’S VOICE

Is that, is that Texas, or, or, New Mexico—

WOMAN’S VOICE

You are the most annoying man to buy gifts for in the whole world—just be quiet and watch it—

Onscreen, the car stops. Idles in the shadow of the

big house.

On the porch, ROARKE, his back to the camera.

Someone nods to him and he turns, standing,

gesturing expansively—

ROARKE

Well, there ya are! Come on in!

ETHEL

(unseen)

How much do you remember?

Lights shift—the VIDEO winks into DARKNESS.

Another small room. ETHEL looks like a completely

different woman. Her clothes, her hair—everything

about her has changed.

MARK sits at a small table. He wears a hospital

gown. A bandage covers the top of his head. Two

metal posts stick up out of the bandage.

His right hand is shackled into the table at the wrist.

Next to him an IV pouch hangs on a mobile stand.

The IV needle stuck into his right arm.

MARK

I don’t . . .

ETHEL

This is only a preliminary conversation.

MARK

I’m not sure I . . .

ETHEL

This is only a preliminary conversation. We have to start somewhere.

MARK

If, if—

ETHEL

Do you remember your first name?

MARK

Mar—Mar—Mar—

ETHEL

Calm down. Your first name.

MARK

I have a first name, yes.

ETHEL

What is it?

MARK

I don’t understand.

ETHEL

I’m interested in your first name.

MARK

F. Something with an F. An “I”.

ETHEL

Go on. F, I—

MARK

And a “B”. Maybe—“Frisbee”.

ETHEL

That will do for now. Hello, Frisbee.

MARK

Hey.

ETHEL

What’s your last name, Frisbee?

MARK

My—my—my—

ETHEL

OK. OK. We’ll go more slowly. OK? Obviously the treatment is—we’ll take it one step at a time.

(she takes a beat)

How ‘bout you just tell me anything you can remember.

(no response)

Anything at all.

MARK

My father is rotting.

ETHEL

“Rotting”—like a fruit?

MARK

In his chair. He’s sitting in his chair, and he hasn’t—it seems like he hasn’t bathed in a long while—

ETHEL

Seems?

MARK

He smells. Unshaven. Gray and white stubble. Jaw slack.

ETHEL

An old man?

MARK

Maybe fifty—fifty five.

ETHEL

Not so old . . .

(makes a note)

Is that all?

MARK

My father comes home from work and eats and falls into his chair and goes to sleep. He can’t bear to be alive. My sister comes home from school—

ETHEL

I’m sorry?

MARK

My sister—

An electric current runs through the shackle, into his wrist.

ETHEL

I thought your sister was gone.

MARK

Gone?

ETHEL

Do you remember how you came to be here?

MARK

I came about my sister.

ETHEL

What about her?

MARK

She’s brave. She’s very brave. She was trying to, to—she’s gone.

ETHEL

Where did she go?

MARK

Macchu Picchu. Chichen Itza.

ETHEL

What does that mean?

MARK

The lost cities of mystery. The—the—

ETHEL

The Aliens?

MARK

The Aliens. The Aliens took my sister when we were both very young.

ETHEL

Yes, yes.

MARK

They took her away.

ETHEL

And the FBI doesn’t understand how important it is for you to find her—

MARK

Frisbee.

ETHEL

To prove the Aliens exist so you can find out the truth.

MARK

Are you helping me?

ETHEL

Of course.

MARK

How? Where are we?

ETHEL

Where do you think we are?

MARK

Chichen Itzu?

ETHEL

No. We’re not in Mexcio.

MARK

I didn’t like Mexico.

ETHEL

When did you go to Mexico?

MARK

I went to find my sister—

In the middle of the sentence, more electricity through

the wrist shackle.

ETHEL

She was gone a long time before you came to Mexico.

MARK

“Went”.

ETHEL

Went.

MARK

Before I went to Mexico.

ETHEL

That’s when they fired you. The Bureau fired you because you were spending too much time looking for your sister—

MARK

Frisbee.

ETHEL

I want to help you, Agent Mulder.

MARK

“Mulder”? is that my name?

ETHEL

We’re all here to help you.

MARK

I can’t remember.

ETHEL

Tell me exactly what you remember.

MARK

All of it? Everything?

ETHEL

As far back as you can go.

MARK

There was no bandage. On my head.

ETHEL

Good.

MARK

This—this—

He gestures up at the IV—imitates someone

jabbing it into his arm.

ETHEL

Good.

MARK

There was a song.

ETHEL

Leave that for now.

MARK

I remember a song.

ETHEL

For now. Leave the song. Go on.

MARK

(pushes against this—then:)

MARK

I think I was . . . sick . . . I remember . . . my bed. Lots . . . lights.

ETHEL

They got hold of you? The Aliens? You were abducted?

MARK

No, no, I was here, I—

A shock through the shackle.

ETHEL

I thought you said you remembered your father.

MARK

I remembered . . . remembering my father. . .

ETHEL

What does that mean?

MARK

I’m in my bed, having this . . . fever, or, illness—

ETHEL

You were abducted?

MARK

No, no—I—

A shock through the shackle.

No—

A shock through the shackle.

ETHEL

Go on. You were abducted, and while they left you alone, you got sick, and while you were sick you had this memory of your Father?

(beat)

Go on.

MARK

I’m trying to say I’m not in the memory—

ETHEL

Is this when you were abducted?

MARK

No, no, I was here, I was—

ETHEL

Abducted?

MARK

It was you, it was you, it was (you)—

A shock through the shackle.

ETHEL

Go on. You were abducted, and while the Aliens left you alone, you got sick, and while you were sick you had this memory of (your Father)?

MARK

(overlapping)

I remember thinking about my father, because, because I couldn’t stop, when I had to go to the bathroom, or, or clean myself—my whole life I was afraid I would become like him, weak, weak—so it hurt me—

ETHEL

They hurt you?

MARK

No, no, I—

ETHEL

It’s OK if they hurt you. It’s OK to cry.

MARK

I was here, I was—

A shock through the shackle.

ETHEL

Do you know where you are?

MARK

Mexico.

A shock through the shackle.

ETHEL

How do you (know)—

MARK

Mexico.

ETHEL

You sleep, you wake, you shit yourself. The lights go on, they go off—

MARK

The lights are too bright—

ETHEL

How do you know (where you are)—

MARK

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME!

ETHEL

WE’RE TRYING TO HELP YOU! Jesus, Mulder! I mean, you come down here, you go rambling through these ancient ruins, flipping out over your daughter—

MARK

–my sister—

ETHEL

We find you half-naked in the desert—no, ID, no—

MARK

My sister is beautiful and angry and—

ETHEL

SHE’S GONE! Those bastards took her, and the FBI knows, The Justice Department knows, the whole government knows and NOBODY CARES!!! Except us.

(she watches him a moment)

Are you done, Mulder—is that what it is? Have they broken you down completely? You’ve got to give me something to work with here.

(Beat)

MARK

(sings)

“I’m

sailing away”—

ETHEL

(softening)

Fox, listen. Please. You need. It is crucial that you forget that song. I wish I could explain it better, but all I can say right now is forgetting that song is the only way you’ll ever recover.

(Beat)

MARK (sings)

“I’m

sailing away--”

A shock through the shackle.

MARK (cont’d)

“Set an open course

for the virgin sea--”

A shock through the shackle.

MARK (cont’d)

“Cause I’ve

got to be free—

A shock through the shackle.

MARK (cont’d)

(barely breathing)

Free . . . fra . . the life . . . fra . .

ETHEL

I think we’re done for now. I’ll come back in an hour.

Instead of a blackout, a very, very bright PULSE

of light—POW.

MARK

alone at the table. In his hospital gown.

The IV feeding into his arm. He stares ahead. His

mouth moves—we can’t hear any of it.

A metallic CLICK and the lights fall BLACK—

a very loud SOUND and they come back, very

bright—

MARK

(moves his mouth.)

This repeats: CLICK, DARKNESS, SOUND,

LIGHT—

MARK

(moves his mouth.)

CLICK, DARKNESS, SOUND, LIGHT.

MARK

(moves his mouth—)

CLICK, DARKNESS, SOUND, LIGHT.

MARK

(stops—looks around. Yanks the IV

out of his arm. Bleeds.)

A SIREN throbs. The lights flash RED.

A WOMAN kicks in the door. Is it ETHEL? it’s

hard to say. She has red hair and wears a tailored

suit. She carries a gun.

WOMAN

Mulder!

She rushes to MARK, shaking him.

WOMAN (cont’d)

Mulder!

Sound of VOICES, SCUFFLE, off.

WOMAN (cont’d)

Oh, God . . . my God, what’ve they done to you . . .

She holsters the gun.

WOMAN (cont’d)

Can you walk? Can you . . . there isn’t much time . . .

MARK

Ha . . . heh . . . .

WOMAN

All right . . . all right . . . .

She gets under his arm, lifting him—that’s when she notices the shackle. Carefully, she reaches for the gun.

WOMAN (cont’d)

Watch out—

She shoots the shackle.

WOMAN (cont’d)

That’s bound to draw some attention—we’ve got to get out of here. Help me . . . try . . . Mulder—Fox—try. Was there another way? In or out? Have you seen another way? A door? DAMMIT, FOX—a door!

MARK

looks around dumbly—finally points, off.

She drags him toward the door.

The VOICES, the frantic SCUFFLING, draw nearer.

WOMAN (cont’d)

I don’t know who you pissed off this time, Fox, but we’ve got to put you in deep cover. We’ve got to hide you away . . . Jesus God . . . you’ve got to disappear . . .

They are off.

Sudden silence.

BLACKOUT. A breath.

A mechanical humming. The sound of ice cubes

into a glass. A shot poured.

And the video is projected. Streaming, quite clear,

a square image.

A living room. Yellow walls. Lots of shadows.

Lamps—no overhead light.

ROARKE

smiling, holds a highball glass. It’s

almost as if he’s aware of the camera. Jacket and

slacks—not a suit. His cowboy hat on the coffee

table.

When he speaks, his voice sounds like it’s coming

through a filter.

ROARKE

Don’t be afraid, now . . . ain’t no reason for nobody to be afraid here . . .

Sense of other bodies in the room, though they

can’t be seen.

ROARKE (cont’d)

You need a drink, there? Have somebody get you a drink. You can have a Coca-Cola—nobody here wants to get you drunk—that’s against the law!

LAUGHTER in the room.

GIRL’S VOICE

I . . . sure . . . I’ll have a Coke.

ROARKE

Maybe a little rum?

GIRL’S VOICE

Sure . . . a little . . . .

She turns, showing more of the room. It seems the

camera might be at chest level.

Two other MEN in the room, on the couch against

the wall. Someone else hands her the drink.

WOMAN’S VOICE

There you go sweetheart.

ROARKE

See, this ain’t work—it ain’t work at all. It’s more like a party, right?

GIRL’S VOICE

I—I guess . . .

ROARKE

Don’t like to hear your voice tremble like that, sweetheart . . .

He reaches a hand toward her. Lifts the camera.

ROARKE (cont’d)

This is pretty.

GIRL’S VOICE

My Mother made it for me . . .

WOMAN’S VOICE

Show’s off your neck real nice, dear.

ROARKE

Don’t know if I’ve ever seen anything like it . . .. like some Aztec amulet or somethin’ . . . say your Mother made it . . . well . . . what do you think, Mr Portay?

ROARKE shows the amulet to a nervous-looking

MAN in a very nice suit—

PORTER

Por—uhm—Porter. It’s . . . uhm . . . Port—Porter. It’s a very nice, very nice necklace, young lady.

ROARKE

Mr Portay here come all the way from Quebec, Canada—isn’t that right, Mr Portay? You French, or somethin’?

PORTER

I’m—uh—

(nervous laugh)

I was born in Maine. My father, my father was, uh, from Nice. His father—well, you could keep on going like that forever, I suppose.

GIRL’S VOICE

Not forever.

PORTER

(beat)

No—that’s correct. Not forever. He lets the amulet drop—

ROARKE

OK—you have officially lost me, here. Why don’t we have a toast and get this little party goin’? Etta hook you up with your gin and tonic, Mr Portay—

PORTER

It’s, uh, actually, it’s a little—

ROARKE

To Partnership. Chin-chin and all that.

PORTER

Partnership, yes.

GIRL’S VOICE

“Chin-chin”—that’s funny . . . chin-chin . . .

The GIRL raises her glass—the other glasses come

toward her, clinking faintly.

ROARKE

(over this)

Remember to look each other in the eye! seven years of bad sex!

Loud LAUGHTER all around.

MISSES

(unseen)

Frisbee! Frisbee!

And the VIDEO winks out.

Lights. A bedroom. MISSES sits at the vanity in her

dressing gown. Once again, it’s difficult to say—it

might be ETHEL, it might not.

MISSES (cont’d)

Frisbee! Where is he . . ?

MARK enters, in a very tight suit. A hat. He seems

smaller somehow, though he doesn’t stoop.

MARK

I’m here, Misses.

MISSES

Are we all packed yet?

MARK

The car’s loaded up and ready.

MISSES

What time is my plane?

MARK

Eleven o’clock.

MISSES

Time for a little snack?

(Beat)

MISSES (cont’d)

I asked you a question, Frisbee.

MARK

Yes, Misses.

MISSES

Meaning . . . .

MARK

There’s probably time for a snack. If you’re ready.

MISSES

Do I look ready?

MARK

It depends.

MISSES

Don’t get smart with me.

MARK

I think you know what I meant.

MISSES

Am I hearing things, cause I’d swear you’re getting smart with me all over again.

MARK

No, ma’am.

MISSES

And contradicting me.

MARK

No, ma’am.

MISSES

Then make your meaning plain.

MARK

Depending on the snack depends on whether you’re ready for the snack or not. Ma’am. Which affects how much time it will take when we don’t have all that much time before the flight. Ma’am.

MISSES

I’m still detecting a faint note of insolence, Frisbee.

MARK

I honestly don’t know what to do about that, ma’am.

MISSES

I’ll bet you don’t. Well, I’ll just get myself ready and we’ll have our snack and go.

MARK

Yes, ma’am.

She goes behind a changing screen in the corner.

MISSES

The car is ready?

MARK

Yes, ma’am.

MISSES

The tickets?

MARK

Waiting at the airport.

MISSES

Hotel?

MARK

Executive suite.

MISSES

Will they—

MARK

(overlapping)

They’ll be picking us up when the flight gets in.

MISSES

And my first meeting?

MARK

First is the presentation. Then dinner. No meetings tonight.

MISSES

How nice . . . maybe I’ll go dancing. Is there dancing?

MARK

I’m sure there is.

MISSES

Would you go dancing with me?

MARK

Are you making fun, ma’am.

MISSES

Maybe a little.

MARK

I thought so.

(Beat. She dresses.)

MISSES

Are you happy here, Frisbee?

(Beat)

MISSES (cont’d)

Are you—

MARK

Right now this is where I need to be.

MISSES

That doesn’t answer my question.

MARK

No.

MISSES

And what does that mean, anyway—you “need to be” here?

MARK

This is where I need to be. Things have happened.

MISSES

Are you saying you have a Dark Past, Frisbee? I was assured—

MARK

No, ma’am, not “dark”. But everybody has a past.

MISSES

I suppose that’s true.

MARK

I did some traveling—maybe went somewhere I shouldn’t have, saw some—I can stop at any time, ma’am.

(Beat)

MISSES

No, I’m curious now.

MARK

Things got very complicated. I was in trouble. Some friends helped me out. It was decided I should get away, lay low for a while. Try to scrape things back together. In a few years maybe . . . well, we’ll see.

MISSES

Are you saying you might leave me, Frisbee?

MARK

I don’t know, ma’am.

MISSES

Cause I wouldn’t like that.

MARK

No, I don’t suppose you would. Ma’am.

MISSES

But you have “plans”?

MARK

Not, really, ma’am. But you asked. So.

MISSES

You’re right—I’m being unfair. I did ask.

She comes around the screen. She wears all leather,

very tight. An enormous strap-on dildo.

MISSES (cont’d)

I’m ready for my snack, now, Frisbee.

MARK

Yes, ma’am.

BLACKOUT. In the darkness, sound of an

AIRPLANE landing. AIRPORT—TRAFFIC.

A soundscape that takes them all the way to

their hotel room—stopping abruptly with lights.

MARK (cont’d)

(singing, very softly)

“I’m

sailing away . . . ”

He unpacks her suitcase. Her briefcase lies nearby.

MARK (cont’d)

“Set an open course

for the virgin sea—

cause I’ve got to be free—

free to save the life

that’s ahead of me--”

MISSES enters. Dressed now in a very expensive suit.

MARK

(hands her the briefcase.)

MISSES

The presentation?

MARK

Inside.

MISSES

Good.

MARK

I’ll have everything unpacked so you can change before dinner.

MISSES

Wonderful.

She starts off, turns.

MISSES (cont’d)

Was that you—singing?

(Beat)

MISSES (cont’d)

Frisbee . . .

MARK

I can’t help it, ma’am . . .

MISSES

No, it’s fine, it’s . . . I’m—surprised you have such a nice voice.

MARK

Oh. Well. Thank you, ma’am.

MISSES

You’re welcome.

Again, she starts off—hesitates.

MISSES (cont’d)

Do you watch television, Frisbee?

MARK

Mostly PBS and the Discovery Channel.

MISSES

You don’t like those Reality Shows?

MARK

They’re OK.

MISSES

Have you seen the “American Idol”?

MARK

I don’t . . . think so . . .

She takes a beat, walks slowly around him,

appraising. She smiles.

MISSES

It could be a lot of fun.

MARK

You want a snack before the presentation?

MISSES

No, no, no. I have some friends—a dear friend, really, involved with that program. I might be able to get you an audition. A real audition, with the people that matter.

MARK

Oh, no, no, I’m—I’m not a professional—

MISSES

You’re not allowed to be—have you really never seen the show?

MARK

No, ma’am.

MISSES

Well, look, there’s a thousand channels on that television, I’m sure it’s on somewhere.

MARK

I need to have your clothes ready for—

MISSES

You’ll have time for both now, don’t fret. Let me have my fun.

MARK

Yes, ma’am.

MISSES

You’ll have seen it by the time I get back and we’ll talk. Now, sing. Go on—I want to think of you back here, singing in that pretty little voice of yours—it’ll calm me down.

(Beat)

MARK

“I’m

sailing away

set an open course

for the virgin sea--”

She exits as he goes on. BLACKOUT.

A soft mechanical whirr in the darkness as the

video is projected.

Several PEOPLE are crowded around the camera.

From above a very bright light—it’s difficult to

make things out through the glare.

Three FACES lean over. They wear surgical masks

and caps, turning their faces into strange ovals. When

they speak, their voices are distorted.

ROARKE

Don’t she look like a little slice of sunshine—

PORTER

Please, Mr Roarke—

ROARKE

All laid out like the buffet of Heaven. Nothin’ on but that necklace—makes her look like a princess—don’t it? Like an Aztec Queen—

PORTER

The doctor’s not happy about the necklace as it is, Mr Roarke. Just let him work. A rubber-gloved HAND comes toward the camera.

ROARKE

Whoa, whoa—whatcha doin’, there, Doc—you don’t really need to cover her up, do you? It’s just us boys here—

PORTER

Please, can you just—

ROARKE

I’ll “please” you, you little homosexual faggot. I don’t care how far up the food chain you’re barkin’—this is my little corner of the sky, and I got—I got certain “objectives” of my own. Of a deeply personal and philosophical nature.

PORTER

Can we just . . . uhm . . . I have a plane. So let’s . . . fine. Let’s just get started, Doctor, and we’ll see how it goes. If you need to . . . let’s just get started. Please. If we could all . . .uh, uh—please.

The gloved HAND reaches down, grabbing, and the

angle is all askew—and then the camera is flung

away, hitting something, maybe a wall—it’s hard

to tell—

ROARKE

(off-screen)

Oh, come on, Doc!

PORTER

(off-screen)

Just. All right. Let’s just—get going. All right. Leave it. It’s a compromise. All right?

ROARKE

(off-screen)

Fuck . . .

When the image comes back, the camera’s in

the corner of a parquet floor, looking up and

across the room at three pairs of LEGS in plain

khakis. Sneakers. A glimpse of the metal

table.

No talking—a feeling of focus, a vague sound of

movement—maybe some faint muttering from PORTER, then—

ROARKE

Woe-wee shit! will you look at that!

Sound of THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

And the VIDEO winks out.

Lights—bright and hot. A soundstage. A HOT

GIRL stands center, with a remote microphone.

HOT GIRL

. . . cause that’s what it’s all about here. So get ready, cause from now on, you, the Audience, are in control! We’re down to the top eleven—only one of them can become the next—AMERICAN IDOL!

APPLAUSE.

HOT GIRL (cont’d)

We’ve got a big show, so let’s get to it! First up, the mystery man from the Southwest who goes only by the name of—Frisbee!

APPLAUSE. The VIDEO whirs to life. MARK

addresses the camera solemnly.

MARK

I just want to thank Misses—I want to thank my benefactor, and all my new friends, and of course God, without Whom nothing is possible. And I want—and I want to say, very seriously, that this song is a message—and people out there will hear the message, and some of them will understand and will know that I am here.

End VIDEO. APPLAUSE. A swirling techno

introduction in the darkness, and then a spot on

MARK, posing with his microphone—he wears

a tight, netted muscle shirt and tight black pants.

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

The music begins. Slower than it needs to be, he’s

doing it as even more of a power ballad than it is.

MARK

(sings)

I’m

sailing away,

set an open course for the virgin sea

for I’ve got to be free,

free to face the life that’s ahead of me

On board, I’m the captain,

so climb aboard

We’ll search for tomorrow

on every shore

And I’ll try, oh lord, I’ll try

to carry on . . . .

MARK (cont’d)

I

look to the sea,

reflections in the waves

spark my memory

Some happy,

some sad

I think of childhood friends and the dreams we had—

We live happily forever,

so the story goes

But somehow we missed out

on that pot of gold

But we’ll try

best that we can

to carry on . . .

And the BAND KICKS IN, passionate and

driving—MARK works the music, dancing.

And the lights work with him.

More APPLAUSE.

MARK (cont’d)

A gathering of angels appeared above my head

They sang to me this song of hope, and this is what they said

They said

“Come sail away, come sail away

Come sail away with me

--Everybody!—

The AUDIENCE sings along.

MARK (cont’d)

Come sail away, come sail away

Come sail away with me—

--You all know what comes next—

The AUDIENCE sings with him:

MARK (cont’d)

I thought that they were angels, but to my surprise

We climbed aboard their starship and headed for the skies

Singing come sail away, come sail away

Come sail away with me

--C’mon!—

Come sail away, come sail away

Come sail away with me

He leads the AUDIENCE through it a few times--

then stops abruptly—signaling for the music and

singing to stop.

A breath.

The lone, tinkling piano returns.

MARK (cont’d)

(sings, very softly)

I’m

sailing

away . . . . . . .

He finishes softly with the piano.

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

BLACKOUT.

LINDSEY

(in darkness)

I can’t believe this is happening.

Lights. A backstage dressing room. She is

alone. Long black hair, slender. Fashionably

dressed. Girlish, but her age is hard to place.

MARK (off)

I got your note.

LINDSEY

You must get a hundred notes.

MARK (off)

Not like yours.

She says nothing to that.

A moment, and he enters, wearing blue jeans and

a tight white t-shirt.

MARK

(big smile)

Besides, Leo said you were hot.

LINDSEY

“Leo”?

MARK

The guy you gave the note to—looks like a Rhino on steroids.

LINDSEY

(laughs at herself)

I’m sorry—I’m just—this just doesn’t seem real to me.

MARK

Sit, sit, don’t be so nervous.

LINDSEY

“Don’t be so nervous”!?!

MARK

You want a drink or something? I have some beer, water—I can send out for anything you like.

LINDSEY

I guess I could have a beer.

MARK

Cool.

He brings her a bottle of beer.

LINDSEY

Oh my God—Frisbee’s bringing me a beer!! Oh, my God!

He gets down on one knee and offers it up to her.

LINDSEY (cont’d)

Don’t make fun of me!

MARK

I’m just playing. I want you to relax, and talk to me.

LINDSEY

There is no way I am going to relax—

MARK

OK—but we can talk anyway, can’t we? Lindsey?

LINDSEY

OK. Yes.

MARK

Good. So what do you do?

LINDSEY

I’m a nanny.

MARK

Do you like the job?

LINDSEY

It’s OK. I have a room, and they treat me OK—and all the meals and such. It’s not really a lot of pay, and this is the first day off I’ve had in a while. It is hard work—long days and such. But I like having a job.

MARK

Have you ever thought about getting a better job—going to school for something?

LINDSEY

I have to—I have a lot of—

(she takes a breath)

--a lot of—hospital bills to pay off first. Before I can do anything. Not that—that’s not

why I wanted to see you—

MARK

I didn’t think it was.

(he has her note)

Your note said: “I get the message”. What message did you get from me, Lindsey?

LINDSEY

(can’t say it)

MARK (cont’d)

It’s OK. I want you to tell the truth. Otherwise, why are we here?

(Beat)

LINDSEY

Well, you know, when you were on American Idol, and, and, on the album, when you do the cover of “Come Sail Away”—

MARK

(sings)

“I’m

sailing

away”—

LINDSEY

You always say that song is, it’s like a message. And that some, some people will, will “get it”. The first . . . the first time I heard you sing that song, I felt, I felt—

MARK

Tell me.

LINDSEY

I was in the laundry room, folding, I don’t know, socks, and when I heard that song, I almost fainted, it, it hit me so hard—it, it just hit me—

MARK

Well. That’s. Wow. That’s a very flattering thing to hear. As an artist. And you, you are a very beautiful woman Lindsey. But I must tell you, honestly, there are a many—

LINDSEY

Then I started to remember things.

(Beat)

LINDSEY (cont’d)

As the song went on. And now every time I play it. Sometimes—sometimes even when I’m not playing it.

(Beat)

MARK

What kinds of things do you remember, Lindsey.

(Beat)

MARK (cont’d)

Lindsey, please. I am your friend.

Beat.

LINDSEY

Awful things.

MARK

When you hear my song you remember awful things?

LINDSEY

I know, I know, it’s bad—I should—I need to—

MARK

Sit down. Take my hand. Go on, it’s not radioactive. Now look at me.

LINDSEY

I can’t.

MARK

Look at me, Lindsey.

LINDSEY

I must be red—I must be turning all kinds of red.

MARK

You’re fine. You’re beautiful.

LINDSEY

(reacts to this)

MARK

Now look at me. Hold my hand. And tell me what terrible things you remember.

LINDSEY

Things—things were done to me.

MARK

Go on. Hold my hand.

LINDSEY

I think . . . God, I’ve never said this out loud. I think I’m one of those people—

MARK

One of which people?

LINDSEY

I think maybe I was . . . abducted.

MARK

Ah, one of those people . . .

(beat)

Try to tell me exactly what happened.

LINDSEY

I don’t know what happened.

MARK

Where were you—how did it start?

LINDSEY

That’s just it—I can’t remember. I can’t remember anything before it happened. I have snapshots in my mind—a few scenes with my family—but nothing until I woke up in the hospital. I guess they found me wandering in the desert. I was traveling and . . . got lost somehow . . . maybe went somewhere I shouldn’t have, or saw . . .

MARK

Go on. Please. I’ve got you.

LINDSEY

I heard your song and the first thing I remembered was the light. I sort of, fainted, I guess, into, onto the towels, and when I looked up, it was like I was back, back . . . wherever it was I—

MARK

Back where—exactly?

LINDSEY

--and I was looking up into a bright light, a light above my head—and I was, I was naked, I was completely naked in front, in front of them, my back was cold from the table, the metal table—

MARK

You were on a metal table—

LINDSEY

I think, I think maybe I was supposed to be unconscious, or—I couldn’t feel anything when they, when they started . . . cutting into me. I could barely see or hear, but I was awake, I was—

MARK

Did you see anyone? hear anyone?

LINDSEY

There were faces gathered around. But something was wrong with them, they, they weren’t human, they weren’t people, they were, they were—

MARK

They were something else.

LINDSEY

They were Aliens. They had to be. They couldn’t be human. Those couldn’t be human faces looking down on me like that. Doing those things to me.

MARK

Doing—doing what things to you?

LINDSEY

hesitates. Lifts up her shirt. Takes his hand and lays it on her.

MARK (cont’d)

My God . . .

He moves back a little to see—she has a long scar

running from under her left breast down past the

waistline of her jeans.

LINDSEY

It. It goes down further.

MARK

What is it?

LINDSEY

I don’t . . . I remember the cutting, but . . .

MARK

But you woke up in a hospital—what did they say it was?

LINDSEY

The hospital said it was nothing.

MARK

How could it be nothing?

LINDSEY

That’s what they said. And, and—I didn’t—I don’t have any insurance or a doctor of my own, so how could I—

MARK

Do you remember maybe the name of the hospital?

LINDSEY

No, I don’t remember that either, I— oh, this must sound so STUPID—

MARK

It does not sound stupid in the least bit. Can you remember anything at all?

LINDSEY

No. No. They—they were very nice to me at the hospital, and they, they helped me find my job—

MARK

The nanny job? The job you have now?

(SHE nods)

It’s not a very good job, is it, Lindsey?

LINDSEY

Uhm . . .

MARK

It’s OK. Just tell the truth.

LINDSEY

I don’t want to be hurt.

MARK

Hold tight to my hand. Look me straight in the eye. No one is ever going to hurt you again.

LINDSEY

(reacts to this with hysterical relief)

MARK

Now, tell me, these people you work for—do they mistreat you?

LINDSEY

They . . . uh . . . . they pretty much do whatever they want. Pretty much . . . I feel sad forn those children . . .

MARK

holds her closer. Kisses the top of her head.

He struggles with himself not to break.

MARK

Well, you can’t go back there, now, can you?

LINDSEY

Where—I have to go back—

MARK

No, no. I think you’re going to stay here with me for a while.

LINDSEY

I don’t—I—I—

MARK

Isn’t that why you sent me the note? So I could help you?

(Beat)

LINDSEY

Yes. Maybe. Yes.

He leans closer.

MARK

I’ll tell you a secret . . .. that’s why I say the song is a message. So people will come to me for help.

LINDSEY

But how can I just—

MARK

Because I said so.

He reaches, gently, for her shirt, exposing the scar.

He bends down and kisses it.

She lays a hand on the back of his head, closing her

eyes. He keeps kissing her.

BLACKOUT.

The sound of a HOSE, rushing water. The VIDEO

sizzles to life. The camera is still on the parquet

floor.

Maybe bits of furniture can be glimpsed—the metal

table-legs . . .

A WORKER, sexless in a full body uniform, hoses

down the floor.

ROARKE’S VOICE

You got ten more minutes, Boy, or I swear to Christ you won’t get lunch OR dinner. This ain’t no fuckin’ Summer Camp . . .

A metal door SLAMS, off.

WORKER

(mutters)

Fuck you . . .

But the WORKER keeps working.

The water hits the camera and it moves, covered

in water.

WORKER (cont’d)

What the fuck?

The WORKER shambles toward the camera. Lifts

it up. Just then the camera shorts out and the image

vanishes, replaced by PALE WHITENESS—

WORKER (cont’d, off-screen)

Cheap piece of shit. But you never know . . .

Sound of a ZIPPER as WORKER opens a pocket

and stashes the necklace.

WORKER (cont’d, as above)

Even shit’s worth something . . .

Turns up the HOSE. The SOUND overwhelms

us and the camera sizzles out, finally dead.

MUSIC. Lights. A dressing room on the road—

similar to the previous one.

MARK sits on the couch, casually, but expensively

dressed, smiling for the camera.

WOMAN’S VOICE

We’re back with the recording industry’s latest superstar, the man known only as “Frisbee”—

(friendly laugh)

Well, let’s get it out of the way: “Frisbee”. Is that a first name, a last name, a nickname—

MARK

It is my name.

WOMAN’S VOICE

Indeed it is.

MARK

And it will serve, as they say.

WOMAN’S VOICE

But surely you won’t be surprised to learn your fans want to know more.

MARK

I’m curious about them as well—we’ll all just have to take what we can get.

WOMAN’S VOICE

True, true. But my viewers do expect a certain—private glimpse—can’t you tell us anything that’s not already in the tabloids?

MARK

Depends on which tabloids you mean. I can tell you I am not the clone of an alien baby— you can take a DNA sample off that teacup if you like.

WOMAN’S VOICE

(laugh)

I don’t think we’ll need to go that far—but I’ll keep the option open—

They laugh pleasantly.

WOMAN’S VOICE

What kind of upbringing did you have? Did you grow up around artists, entertainers?

MARK

(only a moment’s hesitation)

I had a very traditional upbringing, actually.

WOMAN’S VOICE

American?

MARK

I consider myself more a citizen of the world.

WOMAN’S VOICE

Is that what it says on your passport?

MARK laughs.

MARK

You certainly are persistent.

WOMAN’S VOICE

(playing)

That’s why they pay me the big bucks.

MARK

Indeed.

(beat)

My passport is, of course, American—

(stumbling)

—I have traveled, I was traveling—very, very dangerous people—

(recovers)

This is a long story. With me things are very complicated. But I was born, I was born, born in El Paso, Texas, just over the border. Across the Rio Grande!

WOMAN’S VOICE

(slight hesitation)

And your parents?

MARK

Fruit. My father. Foot, foot—

WOMAN’S VOICE

I’m sorry?

MARK

(jumping back)

My parents were migrant workers who settled in El Paso. But there was much traveling—I was raised by a large and loving extended family.

WOMAN’S VOICE

Do you still see them?

MARK

See them? I saw some things—maybe, maybe I saw “Them”—

(clears his throat)

Now is time, as my manager says, to “strike while the iron is hot”. Soon I hope I won’t be so busy, and I will have more time with my family and friends.

WOMAN’S VOICE

So you’d call yourself Mexican-American?

MARK

I’d call myself a citizen of our beautiful planet Earth.

WOMAN’S VOICE

I’m not the only one who’s persistent.

MARK

And I also get paid the big bucks.

They laugh.

WOMAN’S VOICE

Do you really think it’s possible in this world of information technology for a man as famous as yourself to keep his private life private?

MARK

I am sure of it.

WOMAN’S VOICE

Really?

MARK

Technology can be used in so many different ways. For good—for good. Perhaps I have no family at all in El Paso—perhaps I’m Burmese and just playing with you—

WOMAN’S VOICE

Don’t you think your fans would object to being lied to?

MARK

In my music, in my voice, whether I am doing my own song, or a classic—or even a brand new classic—my fans can hear the truth about who I am. The rest is—

LINDSEY (off)

Hello!

MARK

Ah! here comes my biggest secret.

LINDSEY enters.

LINDSEY

Oh—is this today, Friz—that’s right . . . I’m sorry . . .

MARK

No, no, come in, come in—

(to the camera)

Do you mind?

WOMAN’S VOICE

Of course not. Welcome Lindsey.

LINDSEY hesitates.

LINDSEY

All right.

She comes and sits beside him. They sit very

close, holding hands.

WOMAN’S VOICE

You do realize when you married one of your fans you broke hearts and raised hopes all over the world—

MARK

Lindsey is more than just a fan—we’re connected on a very deep level.

WOMAN’S VOICE

Would you say the same, Lindsey?

LINDSEY

Sometimes it’s very difficult to understand—but everything that happens in your life happens for a reason. And if some of the things that have happened to me had not happened just the way they did, I would never have met the love of my life. So yes, the connection is very, very deep.

WOMAN’S VOICE

What about the stories floating around the Internet that your connection is based on the fact that you were both abducted by Aliens—

They laugh pleasantly.

MARK

Yes. And the reason our wedding was such a big secret, is because we held it on Atlantis, and you can’t tell just anyone where Atlantis is these days.

They laugh.

WOMAN’S VOICE

So these are just rumors, Lindsey.

LINDSEY

As you said—many hopes, many broken hearts. And some people, when their hearts are broken, they lash out—I understand their disappointment, and forgive them—Frisbee is quite a catch.

WOMAN’S VOICE

So you call him “Frisbee” as well?

LINDSEY

That’s his name.

(sly smile)

I have a few other names for him—but those I won’t share.

WOMAN’S VOICE

But the reports of The Wedding Serenade—those aren’t just rumors, are they? Can you share some of those memories with our viewers?

MARK

Of course—we’re happy to share our joy—but it won’t be as exciting as Alien Babies.

WOMAN’S VOICE

We’ll see. How did it happen Lindsey—was the serenade planned?

LINDSEY

It was not just a serenade—we sang to each other.

WOMAN’S VOICE

Really? You both sang?

LINDSEY

There’s a song we both love—I won’t say which one, because it’s very private, and because Friz singing this song brought us together. I sang it at the wedding to him to honor him and to celebrate our future together.

MARK

Which left me out in the cold to pick something new.

WOMAN’S VOICE

What song did you pick to sing, Frisbee?

MARK

Well . . . maybe that’s private as well.

WOMAN’S VOICE

C’mon, for the fans—we’ve just a few minutes left . . .

LINDSEY

It’s all right, darling.

MARK

Well . . .

WOMAN’S VOICE

Why don’t you sing to her, just like you did at The Wedding, and

forget all about the cameras, and the crew—forget we’re even here.

MARK

Now you really are earning those big bucks—we can give that a try.

Darling—

He takes LINDSEY’s hand. They move to an

open area in front of the couch.

They dance very slowly, romantically.

When MARK begins to sing, RECORDED MUSIC

joins him—very subtly at first.

MARK

(sings)

I see trees of green

red roses too--

I see ’em bloom

for me and for you--

And I think to myself....

What a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue

clouds of white--

Bright blessed days

dark sacred nights—

And I think to myself .....

What a wonderful world.

The MUSIC builds toward the bridge.

WOMAN’S VOICE

I’m Ethel Amine, with Frisbee and Lindsey at Rain

Forest Ranch in Costa Rica—Happy

Valentine’s Day, and Goodnight—

MAN’S VOICE

Cue credits—

MARK

(sings)

The colors of a rainbow.

so pretty in the sky

Are also on the faces

of people going by . . . .

MAN’S VOICE

Go credits--

MARK continues the SONG as he and LINDSEY

dance and the lights softly fade . . .

End of Play.