

beer

a one act play by charles valenza

final draft
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charles valenza
12 douglas rd
green brook, n.j.
201/968-3937

a note from the playwright

Beer is a modern dithyramb. The play is to be performed while using the liberating effects of beer. It is a celebration while under mild intoxication. Under these conditions we can expect at worst drunken actors that won't remember their lines, at best a play which is under control and exhilarated to the point of newness, and exciting improvisation by actors both under the influence of the character and the beer.

Beer

Scene one The present

Scene two Three years later

for bob

the scene

A table and chairs with a hanging lamp above. Empty beer cans and bottles everywhere.

the characters

Simon

both twenty years young

Jazz

scene one

(Jazz and Simon are seated at the table drinking beer)

SIMON

Your parents hassled you about drinking beer?

JAZZ

Yea, they did. I couldn't believe it.

SIMON

So, what did they say?

JAZZ

Well, we were sitting there watching T.V. and this A.A. advertisement comes on the tube and right at that same moment Tim and my brother come rolling on through the room carrying three sixpacks. Better timing there could not have been. Need I say more?

SIMON

Say no more. Speaking of beer, at Charlie Browns last night I met Someone we knew in grade school. I went up to the bar and the bartender says to me, "Are you Simon Bernstein?" and I say, "Yea, what's it to ya buddy?!!" I thought he might have been getting a little anti-Semitic, ya know? (They both laugh) I'm about to beat the shit out of this cocksucker. No really, I just was my usual self and very politely said yes, I mean anyway this dude was big. So he introduces himself and says he's Jimmy Burke.

4

JAZZ

He moved out in the fifth grade, that was years ago. He married Mary Miller in the second grade, it was a beautiful ceremony, I remember it well!

SIMON

Didn't last though did it?

JAZZ

They never do. Wait a minute, you should know, you went out with Mary in high school. Did you ever marry Mary, Simon?

SIMON

That's not funny Jazz.

JAZZ

I'm sorry. Didn't realize she still held a tender spot in your heart.
(He doodles a picture)

SIMON

It's alright, it's over now. Ah... but what fond memories. She's mad at me you know.

JAZZ

Oh yea, why's that?

SIMON

You have to understand that Mary thinks the first person you go to bed with is the person you marry. If that doesn't happen you have to be mad at them.

JAZZ

Oh I see, what a dumb question for me to ask.

SIMON

Of course, what other way can it go?

JAZZ

That's screwed up.

SIMON

That's her karma, it's just too bad, I'd like to be friends with her.

(They have some beer)

So your parents think you've become an alcoholic do they. Perhaps they're correct. Give me that beer you drunken bum. I notice you've taken to drawing with paper and pen. An obvious sign that you've been poisoned by that fatal glass of beer, let me see that. Hum... are you done?

JAZZ

No, give me that back, How dare you disturb genius. (He draws)

There fini.

SIMON

Wow.... what are you going to do with this?

JAZZ

It will get left around and someone will throw it out.

SIMON

You don't keep things like this? My lord, no pride in ones work.
Can I have it?

JAZZ

Sure it's yours. It's just a doodle.

SIMON

Fine, I'm keeping this, it's a Jazz original. Someday people will
offer me hundreds of dollars for it. You know what I'm going to
do then?

JAZZ

Refuse the money.

SIMON

That's right, until they offer me even more money, and more and more
and then

JAZZ

You're going to sell it.

SIMON

You got it Jazz. I maybe foolish, but I'm not stupid.

JAZZ

This picture will mean nothing to you?

SIMON

NO, nothing. Anyway I'll always be able to come back here and get you to draw me another one. (They look at each other and take a hit of beer) I'll never sell it.

JAZZ

Fine Simon it's all yours.

SIMON

You put two suns in it and one looks like it contains the moon.

JAZZ

One is the sun the Earth goes around and the other is Arcturus, okay? I forgot the birds.

SIMON

Leave the fucken birds out, put in a spaceship, yea, right there.

JAZZ

What kind?

SIMON

You're an artist. Draw me the starship that will take us to Arcturs.

JAZZ

Sounds good to me. We're still going right?

SIMON

Oh yea. You know what picture you did that I still think about?

SIMON

The one with the girl walking down the street, the city street, and it's raining out, and it's night. She looks like she's running, she's dressed in a black cape. But the thing about it was how you painted her through the raindrop on the window pane and you could still tell that she was beautiful even though the whole scene melted together in that raindrop. The rest of the picture was so clear. You could see the glass, the window with all the other raindrop on it, the stars in the night sky and the girl melting away down the window pane. (He leans back in his chair and thinks aloud) She was someone you loved wasn't she? She was someone leaving you for the last time. The rain was like your teardrops. You were looking at her through the tears that you cried for her as you watched her run away.

JAZZ

I'm glad you liked the painting Simon.

(They pause and drink)

SIMON

So your parents think you're becoming an alcoholic do they?

JAZZ

My mother starts up about how she does everything in moderation. So I told my mother that she takes moderation to an extreme. My father didn't think that was too funny.

SIMON

Taking moderation to an extreme. (Laughing) (Pause) I should hope he didn't think it was terribly funny, makes no sense at all young man.

7
(They laugh and have some beer)

JAZZ

What the hell else is there to do around here, I ask you. I mean when you come home from school for vacation and there's no work ones creative talents must go somewhere.

SIMON

I'll drink to that. (They have some beer)

JAZZ

And when someone works all day long after work what else is there to do?

SIMON

I'll drink to that too. (They have some beer) And then again when you're going to school what... I mean what the hell else is there to do period. (They have some beer and laugh) I have this friend at school who worked on the Alaska pipe line.

JAZZ

Is he from Alaska?

SIMON

No he's from Connecticut.

JAZZ

I thought they had to hire Alaskans first?

SIMON

Well they did but, his father was a big V.P. of one of the companies

10

that supplied the whole thing so got the job. Anyway he's up there and he's one of the only kids our age there and the rest of the workers are these grizzly creatures. His roommate has two teeth, one here and one here and he, he would wake up in the middle of the night, three four maybe six times and take hits off this bottle of Seagrams he's got under his bunk. Alcoholic isn't the word. So Bob was telling me how one time him and "two teeth" and this other guy were playing cards. Now "two teeth", picture this, has got two bottles of Seagrams to his left and three sixpacks to his right. Now this other fellow starts saying about how he's been drinking too much since he's been up there. "Two teeth" with the bottle in his hand almost gone takes a hit and says, dead dead serious now, "I like to take a drink now and then."

JAZZ

Holy shit that's great.

SIMON

As if he were this high society slush, "I have a drink socially now and then sha sha, ta ta..."

JAZZ

I can see it I can just see it. (They have some beer) God you know drinks were going for eight bills a throw in Anchorage everyone was making so damn much money it was instant inflation.

SIMON

Bob bought a condominium and is now taking a tour of the world.

JAZZ

Shit.

SIMON

So Jazz, where's Valerie tonight?

JAZZ

She's out with her girl friend at the Old Straw Hat, kills my evening that's where I've been going to meet girls while I'm home.

SIMON

Tough break Jazz. (Laughs)

JAZZ

So how did you end up with Debbie tonight?

SIMON

I was over at Karen's New Years Eve, after I left your brother's party...

JAZZ

How was my brother's party?

SIMON

Flimsy, all these jocks in green and gold hero jackets showed up, it gave me the willies. I felt very very old. By the time those guy leave high school I'll be doing my grad work on how Black holes in space don't really exist. So I go over to Karen's and there's a bunch of people over there and I'm sitting in the den watching Citizen Kane on the tube. People are walking in and out and as they would I would say, "Citizen Kane, great flick," and of course they would walk right back out again. Jazz you ever seen Citizen Kane?

JAZZ

No I haven't.

SIMON

Oh well you really should Jazz, real good flick. Well the movie is over and I'm talking to Karen and I mention that there's a party over at Cathy's. She can't go being hostess and all but, Debbie's sitting on the other side of the table and tells me that she would. Now then, we're driving through Westfield trying desperately to find Cathy's.

JAZZ

Desperately?

SIMON

Desperately. I can't find the place to save my bird and it's raining out. So I start talking about the rain and how one of the most comforting things in my life is lying in bed at night and listening to the rain on the roof. We pass a jewelery store and I start talking about my earring and I ask her if she wants a beer from the back seat, she says no, and I continue talking in this inane fashion for the interest or disinterest of whom ever may be in the passenger seat. After a couple minutes more of that she decides to have a beer. Then she finally says something, she asks if anyone ever calls me a fag because of the earring.

JAZZ

Do they?

12

SIMON

In Kisko's they do, but back in Colorado no one gives a shit. Suzy really likes it.

JAZZ

At my school they would call you a faggot, a queer, and a homosexual.

SIMON

At any rate, we never find Cathy's so we head back to Karen's. When we get there I ask her for a New Year's kiss. I'm figuring on a little peck and then trucking right on into the the house. (He laughs) We kissed and she got loose, I mean she got loose as a goose, I didn't believe it. So I thought the least I could do is take her out tonight. She's only fifteen, nice girl though, easy enough to get along with.

JAZZ

I'd say so.

SIMON

Well, some people make it difficult.

JAZZ

Some people work real hard at it.

SIMON

Hey what happened between you and Linda anyway?

JAZZ

I don't want to talk about it.

SIMON

Okay we won't talk about it.

JAZZ

No I really don't want to.

SIMON

Fine.

JAZZ

I mean she really treated me like shit over the Thanksgiving break.
Did you know she had been engaged?

SIMON

Ah no. Listen I've got to take a piss.

JAZZ

So do I come on.

(On tape the following dialogue and the sound of their piss ringing
on forever)

It's against my better judgement to piss with a guy who wears an earring.

SIMON

Some asshole down at Kisko's asked me where the costume party was,
jerk-off. You should see the looks you get in truck stops in Kanas.
(The sound of piss continues) A friend of mine once told me....
(tinkle... tinkle... tinkle....)

JAZZ

What?

SIMON

You don't buy beer...(Tinkle... tinkle... tinkle...) You rent it!

JAZZ

(Tinkle.... tinkle.... tinkle....) Yea!

(Tinkle.... tinkle... stop tinkle... tinkle... stop)

(They enter) I saw her Thanksgiving at the football game and we decided that since I had to go to my grandmother's for dinner that night I would come home early so I could see her. I got back from Newark at seven. Do you think that's early.

SIMON

I'd say that's very early.

JAZZ

I think so too. So I call her and she gets on the phone and says, "Sorry babe, but I'm going out, you called too late, try again tomorrow."

SIMON

Oh Jazz you love it.

JAZZ

Yea right.

SIMON

Man you're a masochist taking a beating like that.

JAZZ

You think that's good listen to this. She asks me to go shopping with her the next day

SIMON

You mean you called her back?

JAZZ

Yea. We want shopping for a birthday present for some other guy.

SIMON

Jazz I think you love the punishment.

JAZZ

Bull shit.

SIMON

Look at what everyone of the girls you go out with does to you.

JAZZ

I wish you could have met Marilyn she was the best, well close to it at least.

SIMON

You missed Suzy when she came out here.

JAZZ

Someday maybe, it never seems to last though.

SIMON

Do you still write that girl, where does she live, England?

JAZZ

No, senseless. So when do we leave for Arcturus?

SIMON

Nineteen eighty-five.

JAZZ

How are we getting there?

SIMON

The British Interplanetary Society is thinking about building a starship. They say it maybe ready by nineteen Eighty-five.

JAZZ

How big is it going to be?

SIMON

Well I figure big enough for a crew of four hundred.

JAZZ

Where are they going to build something that big?

SIMON

Out in space of course.

JAZZ

Oh of course. Do you know what it's going to look like?

SIMON

As a matter of fact I do. You got a pen?

JAZZ

Have I got a pen?

SIMON

Well it's going to look something like this. God I'm really embarrassed drawing in front of you.

JAZZ

Just do it.

SIMON

You see these things here will spin forming an artificial gravitational field. This thing here is the propulsion unit which will work on a deuteronium reactor. Once it's fired we can take an eight light year journey.

JAZZ

Eight light years, that's a long time.

SIMON

No it's a long way. A light year isn't time.

JAZZ

Oh. Is that how far Arcturus is?

SIMON

No Arcturus is thirty-two light years.

JAZZ

Thirty-two? Why do we only have enough for eight?

SIMON

Because they're not planning to go to Arcturus.

JAZZ

Oh. Well where do they plan to go?

SIMON

Alphacentauri.

JAZZ

Well then we can't get to Arcturus.

SIMON

Sure we can.

JAZZ

How?

SIMON

Hyjack the starship of course.

JAZZ

Oh right. Why didn't I think of that?

SIMON

You see by the time there will be shuttles between the earth and the moon. We procure one of those and tell the captain to make a left.

JAZZ

Thirty-two light years huh?

SIMON

Yep.

JAZZ

We can't last that long can we.

SIMON

No. But think of all the exciting adventures we'll have along the way.

JAZZ

As long as it's that far I say we bring along our best bets as far as girls go.

SIMON

A girl won't make it through a light year. I say we load up this whole rear compartment back here with beer!!

JAZZ

Sounds good to me! (They toast and drink)

SIMON

So what have you done this past year?

JAZZ

Mainly living and painting. Summer in Paris was great. Blew every penny I had there, learned alot, had alot of fun. Came back and started school. It's alot of work but I really like it. Now I'm already worried about after school and becoming poor. That's about it.

SIMON

I've meant to write you but, it just would amount to telling you what I'm doing and then tring to explain why what I'm telling you happenad happened, so I'd end up trying to write a book about two years in Colorado, so I said screw it. Anyway I lost your address.

JAZZ

Don't worry about it I'm not hurt.

SIMON

You'd best not be, you never wrote me, how come?

JAZZ

I lost your address.

SIMON

Cool. You know I've always felt we have sort of a cosmic bond between us. Do you agree?

JAZZ

Definitely. (They toast and have some beer) Simon, this may sound trite but I don't mean it to, why do you want to make your life looking at stars? I know if someone asked me why art it might be a hard question for me to anwser, but anyway can you tell me?

SIMON

It's most likly the same anwser but when you tell anybody you want to star gaze for the rest of your life professionally the anwser isn't as obvious. You see when you look at the universe that's all that there is, it's everything, and it is everything to me. Somewhere out there is the anwser. All that space is somewhere nobody has been, and I'm exploring, and my imagination goes wild, my head spins thinking about it. If I'm good enough and can make myself useful somehow, show people what I see, prahaps I can do it for the rest of my life.

JAZZ

You're right the anwser's very much the same. I can go places too, where no one else has been, and back down here picking apart life I guess I'm looking for the same anwser you are, and my usefulness in this world as an artist is the same as yours, to show people the things I see that maybe they didn't have time for. Simon, we have to get real good at it, because only the best, only those who don't cheat and are very honest about will be chosen.

SIMON

Do you believe that? Do you believe that's true, truth?

JAZZ

No. I only pray it is.

SIMON

I'll drink to that, to the best. (They drink)

JAZZ

Do you think there are other beings out there?

SIMON

Lots. We're most likely in the galactic boon-docks but, someday we're going to meet them.

JAZZ

How?

SIMON

You can rule out interstellar travel, it would be fun but just too long, the human race would be gone by the time they find someone or simply go that far. Radio communications are a possibility but two way dialogue would take about eight years for the first two messages. That's after we locate them and disregarding the fact that they won't speak any human tongue. Personally I believe we should try for a cosmic mental link-up. If we could get the cosmic brain waves going we could get in touch with the whole universe.

JAZZ

I just recieved this metal picture of the whole universe crystalizing together. That would be great touch tone service to the entire universe.

SIMON

We won't be alone anymore.

JAZZ

I'll drink to that. (They do) I know what I want to ask you, what the hell is a black hole?

SIMON

Personally I'm not so certain they exist, I'm not so easily lead like many of the members of my classes. There maybe radio wave holes, light wave holes, ultraviolet holes but no black holes, I recently stated my opinion on this in my theory class, my peers thought I was an asshole, but my teacher seem to think my doubt was very healthy, no one really knows. The current belief goes something like this, It's a place in space where a star has burnt out. Now what happens is this star makes a very very small heavy ball that's spinning very fast and prahaps they think it pushes through or streches the fabric of the universe, like a pea that weights three tons on a sheet of rubber. Now it seems these holes suck in anything that goes near them, including light, that's why the name black hole. Now where that hole, if it does exist, goes to we can only guess, maybe to another part of the universe, or maybe to another universe altogether.

JAZZ

What if you went in one?

SIMON

You'd be sucked in at the speed of light, you would expand to the point where you would be everywhere you had traveled at the speed of light at the same time. We don't know where you would end up.

JAZZ

I don't understand but, the pictures I get are great. When I go outside on a clear night and I see all those stars I think about where I am and how small I am. Then I try to imagine the entire universe and I can't. I can't imagine it being endless and I can't imagine it ever having an end because there must be something after that, and even

if there isn't then what is the universe contained in? One night I was out with Marilyn in this field and I was thinking about it, I had just been making love to her and the stars, and I thought that maybe we're all just living and dying in the mind of God.

SIMON

God, what do you mean God. Why does there have to be a God?

JAZZ

Simon I can't believe you're saying that.

SIMON

What do you mean?

JAZZ

You see all the stars in the universe, you know how mind blowing huge it is and it doesn't make you think that something had to put it there?

SIMON

Jazz, why can't it just be there because is?

JAZZ

I don't know I just can't imagine it just being there for no good reason. All those stars just happened to be there? I'm an artist, I can just look around down here on earth and I've got all the proof I need. We live in the garden of eden except that we happen to be here. It's too unreal, everything except what we make is designed to well, it's all a too perfect combination of function and form, look at a god damn tree! Alright it may just be here to be here, I'll give you that, but it didn't just happen. I don't believe in any organized religion or

or any form of anything that says that God says you should live this way or that way, that's alot of shit. I look and walk and love and question, but when I stare at the stars I know.

SIMON

We know how all that stuff out there was made, it's all the same stuff, one electron, one proton, building blocks of the universe. We even know how long ago the solar system was made.

JAZZ

Aproximately four and a half eons ago, I know. What made it build?

SIMON

How did you know that?

JAZZ

I read too you know. What made it build?

SIMON

An energy force.

JAZZ

Same old lame anwser all these scientific folks give. And where did all that energy and all those atoms come from?

SIMON

You know what it is?

JAZZ

No. What?

SIMON

I refuse to use the word God. Sometimes words don't mean a damn thing, and other times they mean so many things they don't mean a damn thing.!

JAZZ

You're right, and in the case of the word god both are true. Alright, call it what you will, an energy force, but something must be.

SIMON

you say the word God and people think of this superperson watching over their lives.

JAZZ

God isn't anything like that... at least I don't think he's anything like that.

SIMON

Alright then there's no God. We have no definition for the word.

JAZZ

I say he's not like that and all of a sudden that leads us to the conclusion that there is no God?

SIMON

Well if he doesn't rule what the fuck does he do. What's the sense in having him if he doesn't do a damn thing?

JAZZ

He just is can't it just be? (Pause) It started... it doesn't have to rule... it's just living it all, it's just living and it made it happen, it may not make any judgement at all, it's living everything.

SIMON

But why try to justify it... the universe just is.

JAZZ

Something made it happen.

SIMON

I guess.

JAZZ

It happened sometime or always.

SIMON

Good point we know nothing about time.

JAZZ

Something way back when did something and for lack of a better word lets call that something God.

SIMON

(Pause) I like that. In fact that's really good Jazz. You see more than me sometimes.

JAZZ

Bullshit.

SIMON

Alright unfounded statement. Say what you said again.

JAZZ

Something did something and for lack of a better word I will call that something God.. Whatever started it is now living through it all.

SIMON

It's obviously living out all it's possibilities. I really like that. If we had some more beer I'd drink to that. I've got to get going. I guess this is it for awhile.

JAZZ

Have a good year or whatever, okay?

SIMON

Really good Jazz, you too okay?. Till next time.

(Simon exits. Jazz looks around and decides to forget the mess. Shuts off the lamp and exits after a moment of thought)

end scene one

30
before we're called again

When the story's over
When all is said and done
When the novel's finished
Down will come the stars and sun
The picture's filled with teardrops
The fame that never came
It all now seems quite foolish
Seeing it all again
Yet we can have a glass or two
And sit here just the same
And I'm sure that's all I really want
Before we're called again
And from a different angle
Like once upon a dream
I'm watching me sitting here
Is this really where I've been?
I have no need of questions
It's my fears that make me mad
When I think of what I did
And then of what I had
Yet we can have a glass or two
And sit here just the same
And I'm sure that's all I really want
Before we're called again
I have no definitions
And time does not exist
Before I make my exit
I'm sure that's what I'd wish
To come back here and have a beer
And sit with you and talk
And I'm sure that's all I'd really want
Before we're called again

scene two

JAZZ

Let me get this stright, they take one of your calls and they make another person from it that looks exactly like you.

SIMON

Only it won't have a navel.

JAZZ

No belly button.

SIMON

No it's not born.

JAZZ

What's it called again?

SIMON

Cloning, making a clone.

JAZZ

Have they ever done it?

SIMON

With a frog.

JAZZ

How about a person?

SIMON

No not yet. Can you imagine what a heavy trip that would be?

JAZZ

Yea I guess. Is it a whole person the same size and age as you or is it just a baby?

SIMON

It's a baby. When it gets to be ten it will look like you at ten. Fifteen, ect. If you had it done now it would be exactly twenty-four years behind you.

JAZZ

Right, but I can't have it done now.

SIMON

Right, I guess you can't. (They smile and have some beer)

JAZZ

Making a clone sounds awful lonely anyhow. How do they do it?

SIMON

Chemicals. Every cell has both genetic factors contained in it's DNA composition, every cell contains what is needed to form a complete new organism. Imagine if you will, you have a clone at age twenty, then at age forty your clone has a clone. Being of exactly the same physical make-up you would all have this incredible cosmic closeness. It would be something that would go beyond empathy. Astonishing.

SIMON

It's one of the stranger things that has happened to me... I take that back, it's the strangest thing that has ever happened to me. It's down right insanity is what it is.

JAZZ

I'll drink to that. (They do)

SIMON

How many people get a chance like this? Only you and me Jazz, only you and me. Hey what's it like.

JAZZ

I don't know I haven't been there yet.

SIMON

Oh shit Jazz, there you go getting ripped off again. Do you realize the novel I could write, it would most likely be the first one I would make any money from.

JAZZ

If I had been there I couldn't be sitting here.

SIMON

You know what I think, I think this is all alot a shit. I'm just sitting in your parent's house talking to myself.

JAZZ

Suit yourself.

SIMON

It's only my imagination. I'm sitting here alone drinking beer. It's the beer, it has to be, the beer and the fact that I'm a writer and I've just lost one of the best friends I've ever had.

JAZZ

If you say so.

SIMON

Yea, I'm just sittin' here with a beer.

JAZZ

Okay but, if we could get off this I think it would be alot more fun. You're spoiling it, treat it like a dream and it's a dream and when you wake up it will be to tomorrows alarm and you most likely won't remember a thing. Treat it like it's real and it's real, it's something for you and I. Lend yourself to it, you and I, we're sitting here talking, drinking beer, like so many times before, drinking a whole lot of beer. Simon do it for me, you're not sure if this is what people like to call "real" or not anyway. So if you're not sure let yourself go. Do it for me, it might be real for me. You're never going to ever be sure, not tonight, not never. You told me the same thing before I went in to see that fortune teller.

SIMON

Was that fortune teller right about anything?

JAZZ

No.

SIMON

Ah ha!

JAZZ

So that's a bad example.

SIMON

What did she tell you?

JAZZ

Ah.. let's see, she said, "You're a good guy, you don't like to be pushed around but, you're a good guy. You've been disappointed in love...."

SIMON

Good guess on her part, who hasn't?

JAZZ

Right. "You won't have anymore disapointments," she was wrong there..."You'll make alot of money in manufacturing, you'll have two houses..." wronge again..."That will be two dollars." There she was right.

SIMON

Did you pay her?

JAZZ

Yea, I did. Had to, what else could I do. I was a sucker.
There I said it, are you satisfied now?

SIMON

See Jazz there you go being used again. (They laugh and drink)
Hey Jazz if you don't mind my asking, what happened?

JAZZ

I was in my car and...It was strange, I don't know if I wanted
it to happen or if I just knew it was going to happen, I wasn't
afraid, I either made it come or knew it was around the next turn,
I guess that's something I'll never know for sure. At any rate
I had never planned on a very long stay down here.

SIMON

That ain't for me. Let them keep me alive forever. I want every
piece of scientific knowledge that they have to be at hand.

JAZZ

I wanted to take one of those little jets...

SIMON

...I know you already told me.... out over the desert and stright
down.

JAZZ

Right.

SIMON

Didn't get to do it huh?

JAZZ

Fraid not.

SIMON

I think I want to be kept in a glass dome right on the top of the continental divide, where I would be stretched out facing the whole universe. They could keep me alive there forever.

JAZZ

You're nuts.

SIMON

Nonsense. I'm making a case for all those people who want to spend billions of dollars to have the masses stay alive indefinitely. However, I don't want the masses to stay alive forever, just me. No kidding. I would want it that way. I don't know what comes after, even you claim you don't know what comes after so stop looking at me like that.

JAZZ

Take it from one who know, when you gotta' go, you gotta' go.

SIMON

You don't know that yet, I don't know that yet.

JAZZ

Come on.

SIMON

I don't I'm still naive, I still don't believe I'm sitting here talking with you. The amazing thing is watching that beer disappear and I ain't drinking it. Is this your envelope?

JAZZ

Yea that's mine. You can spill it out, small personal articles so as to speak, the stuff they took from me at the hospital.

SIMON

Okay we'll check out the deceased's possessions to see if we can't unravel the mystery.

JAZZ

Listen I'll give you a hint, it's all part of fate, you were supposed to come over here when you heard the news, my mother let's you in, you give her your condolences, she asks you to look through my things with tears in her eyes...

SIMON

Don't laugh(Laughing) it really choked me up Jazz, I was really sad for awhile, and your mother and I were getting into this self pity trip that was really moving.

(They laugh and have some beer) Okay, we've done all that, so what comes next?

JAZZ

Look through my possessions dummy, what would you do if I wasn't here? God, you call yourself a writer?

SIMON

Alright alright, (He looks at the wallet extrinsicly) Pretty boring Jazz.

JAZZ

It's not a moon rock asshole it's my wallet, no wonder the human race knows so little, and you call yourself a scientist? (Pulls the wallet away from him and removes a cord on which is written his will)

SIMON

Wait a minute, I think I've found something here, a long search now seems to be bearing the fruits of labor: What is this here Jazz?

JAZZ

It's my will.

SIMON

No not that, this.

JAZZ

It's... my earring.

SIMON

You got your ear pierced, after all that shit you gave me?

JAZZ

Well I thought it would look good.

JAZZ

(Simon examines his ear) Simon that's enough.

SIMON

No it's not, not after you called me a fag.

JAZZ

I didn't call you a fag.

SIMON

Don't you try to weasel out of this one Jazz,

JAZZ

What I said was that all the guys at my school that wear earrings get called fags.

SIMON

There you see I told you. You called me a fag.

JAZZ

Would you read my will please before it's too late.

SIMON

It's already too late, your dead. Okay, okay calm down I'll read it.. (Sits back and takes along preparation) By the by, can I have that earring it's very nice.

JAZZ

Yes, now would you read the will?

SIMON

MY word I do believe we're angered. Alright alright here we go.
Upon my death and the finding of this will I do request the following;
That my body be given to science and that there be no burial and
no funeral. Hummm... Well as long as you're doing that maybe I
can see if they'll keep it aside.

JAZZ

What for?

SIMON

For when it comes the time that I need spear parts, what else?
Just kidding Jazz. I don't know, your old lady ain't going to
take too kind to this.

JAZZ

It's what I want.

SIMON

I think you're being really dum.

JAZZ

How's that?

SIMON

Well at my death I want mourning, tears, and broken lives. I
wanta' go down fighting (Getting carried away) I want the sun at
high noon, I want the street to be dusty and as the dust settles
everyone hides in the saloone. The church bell rings once,

SIMON

rings twice, rings three times, and a fourth....

JAZZ

Alright it rings twelve times already.... would you please die!

SIMON

(calmly) Jazz please. (Back into the story) The shots cry out in anguish....

JAZZ

In anguish?

SIMON

In anguish. I lay dead in the street defeated for the first time. My black haired Senoretta takes me in her arms and kisses my blood stained lips for the last time. (He picks up his beer takes a hit and wipes imaginary sweat from his brow) See what you're missing? Everyone cries for you it's great! It's every American boy's dream!

JAZZ

God.

SIMON

Heavy shit.

JAZZ

Yea. I'm glad you're better at science fiction.

SIMON

Jazz you're the one that didn't give me a chance. There was alot of stuff that went inbetween those church bells ringing that I cut out because you were getting impatience. You're right if I wrote a western it would never be put into print. Ah Jazz, speaking of prints who gets all your art work, it don't say here.

JAZZ

Simon I don't believe you, you've got real balls, no respect for the dead.

SIMON

Hey listen you're dead, what the hell are you going to do with it? I mean I ask you?

JAZZ

First he wants my body then he wants my very soul.

SIMON

Not true, I don't want your body anymore, they've got this new way of eliminating ageing in the very cells of your body, we're all going to live to be eight hundred as soon as they perfect it. Holly shit Jazz, it looks like you got ripped off again.

JAZZ

Living that long, I guess, was not part of my fate, but as long as you're going to have to, you can have what ever paintings you want.

JAZZ

Living that long sounds like a real drag come to think of it.
But I'm honoured that you would want one of my paintings to
keep with you on your monotonous journey of eight hundred years.

SIMON

Listen now that you're dead your stuff will be worth alot of
money. No, now all kidding aside why else would I want one.
I'm sorry no shit now, I just want that one with the silouette
looking through the raindrop on the window. I think it's your
best, it's beautiful. I rarely use that word but the picture is...

JAZZ

Painting...

SIMON

That painting is beautiful.

JAZZ

It's yours.

SIMON

I'll drink to that. Will you tell me who she was now?

JAZZ

She was a girl I met in Paris.

SIMON

Wow... This is regular movie stuff. I didn't think the place existed nevermind all that shit about falling in love there. Hell I'm driving around New Jersey in a volkswagon and you're in a grotto on the left bank..., or was it the right?

JAZZ

You were right the first time it was the left.

SIMON

Good I like the left bank much better its so much more... How do you say romantic?

JAZZ

Just the way you said it.

SIMON

I mean in french Jazz. Nevermind, how do you say, I love you?

JAZZ

There's an obvious answer to that I won't say. Simon take french, fly to Paris, fall in love and then write that movie.

SIMON

Come on how do you say it?

JAZZ

Je t'aime.

SIMON

What woman could resist? I ask you.

JAZZ

It's a very sexy language.

SIMON

No wonder that picture is so incredible. On the left bank of Paris an American studying art meets a french girl of very little money whos one goal in life is to play the violin in the symphony orchestra. They meet in a sidewalk cafe...

JAZZ

(Dryly) Where else.

SIMON

Both living lonely nights, sacrificing and working to one day become great artists.

JAZZ

I think I've seen this movie before.

SIMON

Little do they know that their art, the very essence that brought them together, would also be the cause of their parting.

JAZZ

Don't change a word, where's MGM?

SIMON

That was just the way it happened, am I right?

JAZZ

A bit melodramatic, but that's about it.

SIMON

Really?

JAZZ

Yes.

SIMON

Did she study violin?

JAZZ

No, but I like violin, stick with that.

SIMON

What did she do ?

JAZZ

She wanted to be a dancer.

SIMON

Yea? I think I like the bit about the violin better.

JAZZ

Anything you say.

SIMON

Stick with Sci-fi ?

(Jazz nods)

SIMON

I'd best. (Laughs) I just get my grins doing that, I guess everybody want to be and do some of the things they can't. (Pause) Was it as good as the painting says it was?

JAZZ

Yes it was. (Pause) I hope I still can paint.

SIMON

I'll drink to that. (They do)

JAZZ

Are you still going to met me at Arcturus?

SIMON

How can I say? (He takes a drink and pauses) No. Definitely. I will Definitely meet you at Arcturus, I don't know when but I'll be there. If I can meet you here I can sure as hell meet you there. I've got to alleviate myself here Jazz, nature calls, you know what I mean?

JAZZ

So do I.

(They exit to the bathroom. Tape on, the sound of piss is heard)

SIMON

Well you piss like you exist.

JAZZ

Yea.

SIMON

Remember that little doddle, as you called it, the one you gave to me?

JAZZ

Yea.

SIMON

(Tinkle tinkle...) Draw me another one.

JAZZ

I can't do it.

SIMON

I knew it, you don't exist. (Tinkle tinkle... tinkle... stop)

JAZZ

I can't draw for you anymore.

(Simon enters without Jazz)

SIMON

(He looks around the room and recovers) It was real fine coming down here and having some beer with you Jazz, nothin' I could

SIMON

have wanted more. (He starts to clear away the bottles) I've got to get going. I guess this is it for awhile. Have a good life Jazz, real good.

(Simon shuts off the light and exits)

The End