

Unidentified Human Remains and The True Nature of Love

de
BRAD FRASER

The Characters:

David
Candy
Bernie
Kane
Robert
Jerri
Benita

The Setting:

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Various locations.

Production note:

During the course of the action, none of the actors should leave the stage unless absolutely necessary. The play is written with a secondary score used to create a background to the main action, as indicated in the stage directions. Intermission, if desired, is indicated on p. 138.

Seminario Multidisciplinario
José Emilio González
SMJEG
Facultad de Humanidades
UPR-RP

12/nov/08

1180180

EVT

Blackness. Pools of light appear on each character.

David: Skin.

Candy: Blood.

Bernie: Breasts.

Kane: Hair.

Robert: Feet.

Jerri: Hands.

A light on Benita.

Benita: The case of the headless boyfriend. That's a good one. This girl and her boyfriend are driving to their high school prom. They're all dressed up and everything — but they're late — right? So they're taking this back road — and all of a sudden they run out of gas. The guy tells the girl to wait in the car. He's going to go back and get help. She doesn't want to but she's in her high heels and everything so she says she'll wait. But she's scared.

Jerri: Alone.

Benita: So the guy tells her to get into the back seat and cover herself with a blanket and not to come up until he knocks on the window to get in.

Robert: Dark.

Benita: She locks herself in and does what he said — and she waits and waits and waits for him. Then, a

long time later, she hears this sound. She thinks it's him. Knocking for her. So she peeks out from under the blanket and can't see anything. But the sound's still there and it's like this tapping.

Kane: Wet.

Benita: But she can't see where it's coming from. So she hides back under the blanket and stays there all night. Crying.

Bernie: Dying.

Benita: Finally, in the morning there's a knock on the window. She looks out. There's a cop there saying, "Step out of the car and come with us Miss."

Candy: Why?

Benita: He tells her not to turn around. She walks to the cop car but she can't stand it any longer and she turns around and looks.

David: Loud. No!

Benita: Her boyfriend's hanging from a tree above the car. He's been skinned and his head's been cut off. The tapping she heard was the sound of his blood dripping on the roof of the car all night. They had to put her in a nuthouse for the rest of her life. My mother told me that story. She said it happened to a friend of hers when they were girls.

David: When I think of skin I think of Candy.

Candy: The sun.

David: Lying back. Little blonde hairs sticking out of the skin around her navel. I think of Bernie.

Bernie: He's back.

David: When we were camping. So hot that day. The brown of his skin made the hair on his chest blond. I think of Dana. Candy.

Candy: Flesh.

David: Bernie.

Bernie: Come.

David: Dana.

Candy: Blood.

David: Jesus!

Benita sings softly as lights rise on the apartment.

Benita: Lavender blue dilly dilly
Lavender green
When I am king dilly dilly...

David steps into the apartment.

David: Honey! I'm homo.

Candy rushes to him.

Candy: Darling!

They fake kiss.

David: I feel like I just fucked a football team.

Candy: Good money?

David: A hundred. Not bad. If you like serving food.
Going out?

Candy: No. I've got this book to review. *Teach Me How
to Love* by Linda Carlyle.

David: Tell tell.

Candy: It's about a poor American girl who moves to New
York and makes it big in the fashion industry.

David: Original!

Candy: How do you drag out the phrase "It's shit" to three
paragraphs?

David: You'll find a way.

David moves to his room to change.

Candy: Where are you off to?

David: Out and about.

Bernie alone.

Bernie: My bro'.

Candy: Bernie called. It's on the machine.

David: Turn it on wouldya.



Lenore Zann as Candy, Brent Carver as David. Crow's Theatre, Toronto.
Photo: Michael Cooper.

Candy turns on the answering machine. We hear Bernie.

Bernie: *On machine.* Hi big guy. Just called to see what you're up to after work. I'm at the office. Gimme a call.

David: What time is it?

Candy: Just after midnight.

David: Call him tomorrow. You wanna come to Flashback with me? We can wear all our tightest things.

Candy: Too tired. Did you see the paper today?

David: Nope.

Candy: They found another girl.

The other characters are isolated.

Benita: Mutilated.

Jerri: Bleeding.

Kane: Cut.

Bernie: Dead.

David: Where?

Candy: The ravine on Eighty-Second.

David: Jeez.

Candy: That's two this month.

David enters from the bedroom, changed. He presents himself to Candy with a flourish.

David: Well?

Candy: Stunning. Fabulous.

David: I have a blind date with destiny.

Candy: Be careful.

David: Always am. You eat today?

Candy: A bit.

David: Eat something.

Candy: I will.

David: Later.

Candy: Ciao.

Kane: *Alone.* I can't remember the name of the show, but I remember him. He was the best. Then he came to work here.

The restaurant. Kane is eating his dinner. David is doing his cash out.

Kane: Good night?

David: Three hours, seven bottles of wine, four courses, and they leave me 10 percent on the total. Fucking peasants!

Kane: Bogus huh?

David: You don't look Californian.

Kane: Huh?

David: Don't tell me, you were born after — let's say — 1970, right?

Kane: Right.

David: Poor thing. You missed Expo.

Kane: In Vancouver?

David: No. Montreal. The real Expo.

Kane: Oh. Right.

David finishes his cash. He starts to leave.

Kane: I remember you. From this show.

David: No you don't.

Kane: You played this rebellious kid. Named Toby.

David: You've confused yourself.

Kane: You're David McMillan — right?

David: Discovered again.

Kane: Do you still do — you know — TV stuff?

David: It's called acting. And no — I don't.

Kane: Why not?

David: I find being a waiter more artistically satisfying.

Kane: You don't do it at all?

David: No. I drink a great deal and sleep around. It pays better. I've got tables to set.

David exits. The characters speak individually from the darkness.

Candy: Food.

Jerri: I don't even know her and I can't stop thinking about her.

Candy: I'd barf.

Jerri: Her hair.

The answering machine clicks on. David is heard.

David: Hi. Neither Candy or I are here right now, but then, neither are you. Perhaps if you were we would be too.

Bernie: *On machine.* Ha ha. Real funny. It's Bernie still trying to reach you. Call me.

Jerri: Alone.

Candy: I need to go out more.

David: It's the same. Everything's the same. I go to the club — the music's the same. The faces are all the

same. The price of drinks is the same. Russ says he's slept with everyone worth sleeping with. Rod says he hates this fucking town. Sal wishes he were in Toronto. Murray talks about all the people we never see out anymore. I play pinball and drink more beer.

Candy: There's this spot on the futon. It looks like grease or something. I hate finding spots on the futon.

Jerri: Her hair.

Kane: His face.

Bernie: David.

David: Later I walk home.

Jerri: Empty.

David: Pissed to the tits. Some car follows me down Jasper Avenue. I give up in front of a Mac's store and stop — get into the car.

Benita: Mutilated.

David: He drives for a while then pulls into the parking lot by the parliament buildings and sucks me off. I shoot into his mouth and he swallows it.

Benita: Sings. Lavender blue dilly dilly. . .

David enters the apartment.

Candy: There's a spot on the futon.

David: I'm fuckin' bushed.

Candy: Get lucky?

David: Got blown. What kinda spot?

Candy: I dunno. Look.

David: I'd guess either pizza or Vaseline.

Candy: Where'd it come from?

David: How should I know. Mebbe someone broke in when we weren't home and rubbed pizza on our futon. Who cares? We'll get it cleaned.

Candy: I hate it.

David: I worry about you darling — you need to get out more — sleep around a bit.

Candy: With the men in this town?

David: Now now. Edmonton has some fine men.

The other men are isolated.

Bernie: Fire.

Kane: Dark.

Robert: Cold.

Candy: I need someone who'll hang around for my orgasm.

David: Then stop dating straight men.

Candy: Maybe I'd have better luck with women.

David: I dunno, Candy, I can't see you as a dyke.

Candy: Please. I'd be a lesbian.

David: I'm starving. Any old food hanging around?

Candy: Don't be stupid.

David: How 'bout a medium Rose Bowl pizza with pepperoni, green peppers, and anchovies?

Candy: I'd sooner drink piss. See you in the morning.

David: If I haven't wasted away by then.

Candy: You'll live.

Candy waves at him and exits to her bedroom. David switches on the TV and stares at it blankly.

Robert alone.

Robert: Evelyn had this thing about feet. The first time I met her she said it was my feet that attracted her. I should've known then that things wouldn't work out.

The apartment. David alone.

David: *Staring at the TV.* The dream. I buy this baby on sale at K-Mart. Only it doesn't have any arms or legs — just little flipper things and nubs where

its limbs should be. Its head's covered with purple booga things and its jaw doesn't close right. Sometimes its stomach bursts open and these slimy clockwork guts fall out. It can talk — sort of — but all it ever says is "I love you David. I love you."

There is a knock at the door.

David: Yes?

Bernie: It's me, Bernie.

Bernie enters. His face is covered with blood and he is very drunk. He practically falls into David's arms.

David: Bernie.

Bernie: Hey pal.

David examines Bernie's face.

David: How's it goin'?

Bernie: Good, but there's blood all over my face.

David: Just a minute.

David gets a cloth to wipe Bernie's face as they speak.

Bernie: Not interrupting anything/am I?

David: Never.

Bernie: How are you?

David: Great. You reek.

Bernie: Beer or Scotch?

David: Scotch.

Bernie: Good. I hate it when I smell like beer.

David: I know exactly what you mean. No class. What happened?

Bernie: Jealous husband.

David: Bernie.

Bernie: Came home early. Sucker got me right in the nose. Why didn't you call me back?

David: 'cuz I hate your fucking guts.

Bernie: Good. I thought you were avoiding me. Gotta crash.

David: Want me to call Linda?

Bernie: No! I'll call her in the morning.

David: Sure.

Bernie: You mean a lot to me, David.

David: Bernie, what a lovely thing to say. Want me to suck your cock?

Bernie: Ha ha. Good-night, David.

Bernie exits to the bedroom.

David: Good-night, Bernie.

The others speak from dim light.

Kane: Too hot.

Jerri: Can't sleep.

Robert: Alone.

Benita's place.

Benita: What about this one? This guy and his girlfriend are parked in a lovers' lane necking and petting when a special report comes on the radio and says that there's an escaped killer in the neighbourhood and everyone should stay inside and lock their doors and windows because the guy's crazy and he's got a hook where his hand used to be. Well, of course the girl's real scared and wants to leave right away, but the guy's got a bone on and doesn't want to stop until the girl gets good and mad and says if he won't drive her home she'll get out and walk. So he gets pissed off and slams the car into gear and tears off, real abrupt, calling the girl a chicken and all that. When they get to her place he hops out of the car and goes around to open her door for her. Then all of a sudden this big guy screams, turns white, and faints. The girl thinks "What the hell?" and gets out. When she closes the door she sees a bloody hook hanging from the door handle. That's a good one.

The apartment. Bernie and David are sleeping. David is undressed and under the covers. Bernie is dressed and on top of the covers. David awakes to answer the phone.

David: Hello? Hi. Yeah. Sure. Hang on. *Shakes Bernie.*
It's your wife.

Bernie: My wife?

Bernie grabs the phone from David.

Bernie: Linda. Honey. Sorry! Yeah. I should've called.
David and I got too drunk —

David: Hey.

Bernie: Didn't want to drive. I'll be home soon. Yeah. Me
you too.

Bernie hangs up.

David: David and I got too drunk?

Bernie: C'mon.

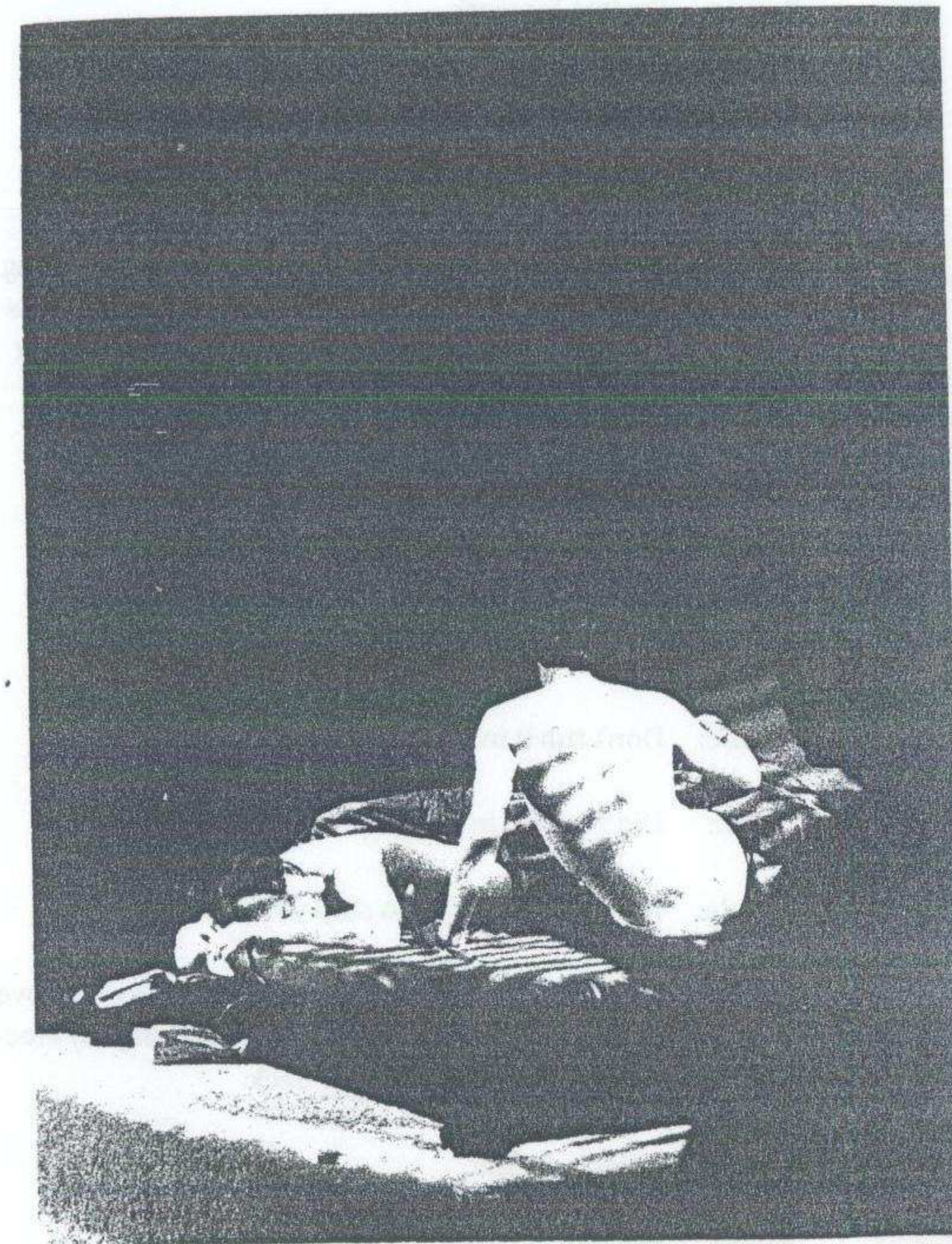
David: I won't be an easy excuse for you.

Bernie: David —

David: Keep it up and I'm gonna start demanding sexual
favours in return.

Bernie: You wish. Shit!

David: What?



Kenneth Byrans as Bernie, Dougray Scott as David, The Traverse Theatre Company, Edinburgh. Photo: Sean Hudson.

Bernie: I'm late for work.

David: See how God punishes you for lying.

Robert alone.

Robert: It's like this white ball of flame that starts building at the back of your head. It's hot and it makes this kind of vibration, like someone screaming — but there's no sound.

David: Call in sick.

Bernie: Could.

David: Of course you could. You work for the city.

Bernie: Don't rub it in.

David: Did you shit in my mouth while I was sleeping?

Bernie: It was the only way to stop your snoring.

David: You should talk. At least I didn't throw my arm over your shoulder every five minutes and dig my erection into the small of your back.

Bernie: I didn't do that.

David: You did.

Pause.

Bernie: Ha ha. Gotta piss.

Bernie exits the bedroom, nearly running into Candy, who is dressed for the gym.

Bernie: Heya Candy.

Pause.

Bernie: Quiet this morning. Not feeling well...?

Candy: Fuck off!

Candy pulls away from Bernie as David enters.

David: Candy?

Candy exits quickly.

Bernie: Sure hates my guts.

David: Dana was her best friend.

Bernie: She killed herself. I didn't do it.

David: I know.

Bernie: Why does Candy blame me?

David: Let it go.

The gym. Candy is working out. Jerri is watching her.

Jerri: You look great.

Candy: Thanks.

Jerri: I watch you.

Candy finishes her set.

Candy: I know.

Jerri extends her hand to Candy.

Jerri: Jerri.

Candy shakes Jerri's hand.

Candy: Candy.

Jerri: I think we're in the same aerobics class too. You're amazing.

Candy: I like to keep in shape.

Jerri: Can I spot you?

Candy: Sure.

The apartment.

Bernie: Christ, you smoke a lot.

David: You cheat on your wife.

Bernie: Hey!

David: Sounded like a criticism to me.

Bernie: You see the paper? They identified that girl they found in the ravine.

Benita alone.

Benita: Cold eyes.

Bernie: Sally Wilson. Sixteen. Sexual assault and mutilation. Details are being withheld.

David: I'm sure it's never as bad as we imagine.

Bernie: You think it's wrong? The way I fool around on Linda.

David: None of my business.

Bernie: It just kinda happens.

David: I can relate to that.

Bernie: I know.

David: Difference is — I didn't get married.

Bernie: I did.

David: I know.

The gym.

Jerri: Thighs?

Candy: Thighs are hard. It's diet as much as exercise.

Jerri: Jiggly underarms?

Candy: Tricep extensions. Dips.

Jerri: Breasts?

Candy: Bench press. Flyes.

Jerri: You do all this stuff?

Candy: Four times a week.

— Jerri: You must be very hard.

Candy: I'm working on it.

The apartment.

Bernie: That whole time you were in Toronto — I missed you.

David: Bernie, are you trying to get real with me before we've even cleaned the snot out of our eyes?

Bernie: Naw.

David: Something on your mind?

Bernie: Why's everything so hard?

David: I don't know.

Bernie: It seems like — no matter how hard you work — no matter what you do — it's never enough.

David: Bernie, it's 10 A.M. You got something smaller on your mind?

Bernie: No.

The bar. Robert is working. Candy enters.

Robert: Hey gorgeous — the usual?

Candy: Soda water — double lime.

Robert gives her the drink.

Candy: Thanks guy.

Robert: My pleasure.

Candy: Pretty slow.

Robert: Yeah, but we'll be packed with secretaries in another hour. Want a chicken wing?

Candy: No thanks.

Robert: They're free. Happy hour.

Candy: No.

Robert: You — uh — you ever drink anything besides soda water?

Candy: *Smiles at him.* Occasionally.

The apartment. David and Bernie.

Bernie: Let's go up to LaRonde and drink daiquiris all afternoon.

David: I'm trying to cut back.

Level
Bernie: On LaRonde?

David: On daiquiris.

Bernie: You're getting boring, David.

David: It's my age.

The bar. Candy and Robert.

Candy: Why do you ask?

Robert: Because I'd like to take you out sometime.

Candy: I hardly know you.

Robert: You will if we go out.

Candy: You could be some kind of sicko.

Robert: You see me here every day.

Candy: It's always the ones that seem the most normal that turn out to be axe murderers.

Robert: I'm no axe murderer.

Candy: Promise?

Robert: Promise.

Candy: I'm free Thursday.

The answering machine clicks on.

Jerri: *On machine.* Hi Candy, this is Jerri. The person from the gym. I got your number from the membership list. I hope you don't mind. I thought I'd call and see what time you're coming to work out tomorrow. We can have coffee or something. I'll call back.

The restaurant. David is doing his cash. Kane is eating.

Kane: Good night?

David: Rang eight fifty.

Kane: All done?

David: Yep.

Kane: Got plans?

David: Not really.

Kane: Wanna go for a beer or something?

David: With you?

Kane: If you want.

David: Sure.

Bernie alone. Candy alone.

Bernie: The graveyard.

Candy: Dana.

Bernie: I took him there when the acid kicked in. The headstone kind of glowed in the dark. I heard him breathing and thought he might understand.

Candy: Dana.

A bar. Rock videos are playing. David and Kane are drinking beer.

David: So if you're so loaded how come you work as a bus pig.

Kane: Nothing else to do. Besides, I'm not loaded. My dad is.

Bernie: I thought he might understand.

Kane: This video's real cool.

David: You ever wonder where all the smoke from those things goes?

Kane: No.

David: I hate to think what it's doing to the ozone layer.

Kane: You're gay huh?

David: Not professionally.

Kane: Gay's cool.

David: I'm glad you approve.

Kane: How old are you anyway?

David: Thirty in a few months.

Kane: Really? You don't look older than 27.

David: Thanks.

Kane: You're in great shape for your age.

David: It's the Geritol.

Kane: Wanna go for a pizza or something?

David: Why not?

Jerri alone.

Jerri: I cook for myself. A lot of people don't like to, but I don't mind. I usually cook up a week's meals in advance then freeze them. It's cheaper than eating out every night.

Kane's car. David and Kane.

David: Thanks for the ride.

Kane: No problem.

David: Wanna come in?

Kane: To your apartment?

David: For a beer or whatever.

Kane: My dad doesn't like it when I stay out too late.

David: How old did you say you were?

Kane: Eighteen.

David: And you've still got a curfew?

Kane: His house — his rules — you know?

David: No. But I'll take your word for it. Tomorrow.

- Kane: You bet.

Robert alone.

- Robert: She's the one.

Kane alone.

Kane: I was given this car and its insurance when I turned 16. I got a Visa card when I was 17. My dad owns a Mercedes and a '62 Corvette convertible. We have a kidney-shaped pool and a Winnebago. Sometimes I dream I have worms in my scrotum.

The apartment. Candy and David.

Candy: This bartender wants to take me out.

Robert alone.

Robert: Control it.

David: Hold out for a brain surgeon.

Candy: He's hot.

David: You're so shallow.

Candy: It's either him or the lesbian I met at the gym.

David: Take the bartender. Mixed marriages seldom work.

Candy: I'm half tempted.

David: The lesbot? Darling, one doesn't seriously discuss changing their sexual orientation at 30 — people lose respect.

Candy: I need some tenderness in my life.

David: Pick the lesbian.

Candy: I want more than just sex.

- David: That's why God invented the movies.

Candy: The bartender's quite nice.

David: Candy, you're talking about a date, not a lifetime commitment.

Candy: Don't you ever wish you had a lover?

David: I have many lovers.

Candy: Not lover lovers.

David: Pul-lease!

Candy: Everybody needs somebody.

David: Need I remind you there was a time that you and I were lovers.

Candy: That was different.

David: We had nothing but sex in common.

Candy: Don't you ever see someone and it's like this thing goes off in your head and you just want to be with them all the time?

David: No.

Candy: Deep down you want someone to be special for you.

David: I'm quite capable of being special for myself. What you're talking about doesn't exist, Candy.

Candy: What about my parents?

David: Your parents are the Munsters in normal clothes.

Candy: You're wrong, David. It's love. Two people going completely gaga over each other.

David: You watched too much '60s television.

Candy: David, you need to be loved.

David: I have my friends.

Candy: It's not the same.

David: Are you saying my relationships with you and Bernie are invalid?

Candy: Bernie? Right. He's psycho.

David: Candy...?

X Candy: I saw the blood on the face cloth.

David: He was in a fight.

Candy: That's healthy?

David: Let's not discuss this. You've always hated him.

Candy: Because he's weird, David. Weird.

David: Drop it.

Candy: Do you love him?

Brief pause.

David: He's my friend.

Candy: Do you love me?

Pause.

David: That's not the right word.

Candy: You love me.

David: There's no such thing.

Candy: I know you love me.

David: Then why do you have to ask.

Pause.

Candy: I'm going to bed.

David: Good-night.

Candy exits.

Robert, Kane, and Bernie alone.

Robert: Some men have it.

Bernie: Some men control it.

Kane: Some men understand.

The gym. Candy and Jerri.

Jerri: I hope you don't mind me phoning like that. It's kinda forward — I know — but sometimes if you don't make the first move with people nothing happens.

Candy: I don't mind.

Jerri: It's not really like me really. It's just — I haven't been here very long and I don't know anyone.

David alone.

David: Love.

Candy: It's all right.

Jerri: So, do you want to go out or something sometime?

Candy: Sure.

David: Bullshit.

Jerri: When?

Candy: Well — uh — whenever.

Jerri: Should I call you?

Candy: Sure.

Jerri: Why don't I give you my number then you can call me too — if you want.

Candy: Why not?

Jerri: Great.

The bar. David and Kane are playing a video game.

Kane: It's the patterns.

David: Patterns. Gotcha.

Kane: Just like last time. The spaceships always come out of the left, then the right, then straight up the centre. All you gotta do is shoot them. Just watch me.

Jerri alone.

Jerri: This time.

David: You ever read, Kane?

Kane: Sometimes. Not much. See those things — those wavy things — don't get caught between them or you're toast.

David: Toast?

Kane: Dead.

Jerri: Please.

David: Where's your mother?

Kane: Hawaii.

David: They divorced?

Kane: Naw. She just likes to tan a lot. Your parents here?

David: They're both still out in Beverly.

Kane: Beverly?! You're from Beverly and you're a homo?

David: Yeah. You got a girlfriend?

Kane: I did for a while, but we broke up when she went to university.

David: Why?

Kane: Because — because she went to university.

David: Of course.

Bernie enters the bar.

Bernie: There you are.

David: Bernie! Grab a seat. Have a beer.

Bernie: I dropped by the restaurant. They said you were probably here.

Kane: Bonus stage. Stay centre and keep firing.

David: Bernie, this is Kane. Kane, my brother Bernie.

Kane: Hi. Your brother? You don't look like brothers.

David: Jesus, Kane, you don't have to be related to someone to be their brother. *To Bernie.* Right?

Bernie: Right.

A loud beep from the machine. All three look at it.

Kane: Shit! I'm dead.

Bernie: Lucky.

Robert's place. Candy is drinking white wine.

Candy: Do you like macrame?

Robert: Someone made it for me.

Candy: Love the chicken bones.

Robert: Was dinner okay?

Candy: Fine.

Robert: You didn't eat much.

Candy: It was lovely.

Robert: So you review books.

Candy: Yes.

Robert: How is it?

Candy: *Shrugs.* Okay. I don't read most of them. They're generally drek.

Robert: Is that fair?

Candy: Probably not.

Robert: You're a very interesting woman.

Long pause. Candy turns and looks at Robert.

Robert: What?

Candy: Nothing.

Candy picks up a trophy and looks at it.

Candy: What's this?

Robert: Fly-fishing trophy.

Candy: How butch.

Robert: Would you like to go sometime?

Candy: No. I loathe the outdoors. Too many bugs.

Robert: Oh. *Pause.* I'll put some more music on.

Robert puts on something soft and romantic.

Robert: More wine?

Kane alone.

Kane: It's the patterns.

Candy: I'm fine.

Robert: Would you like to smoke a joint?

Candy: No.

Robert: Oh — uh — would you —

Candy: *Cutting him off.* Do you want to fuck me?

Pause.

Robert: Sure.

Candy: Not right now though.

Robert: It's late.

Candy: I'll go.

Robert: Wait.

Candy: I shot your little game down and blew it. Sorry. The soft and romantic thing doesn't really work for me.

Candy exits.

Robert: Shit.

The bar. Kane and Bernie watch David playing the video game.

Kane: Left. Left!

There is a loud beep from the machine.

David: Damn! Killed again.

Bernie: You're not doing that badly.

David: Sure. He has two million, four hundred thousand — I have a hundred and sixty.

Kane: You're catching on.

David: I think my attention span's too well developed for this.

Candy at the apartment.

Candy: Why did I do that?

Bernie: I'm outa here.

David: Already?

Bernie: Things to do.

David: Keep your nose in one piece this time.

Bernie: Later.

Bernie exits.

Kane: He gay?

David: No.

The apartment. Candy turns on the answering machine.

Jerri: / *On machine.* Hi Candy. It's me. Jerri. Just calling sometime like I said I would. Wanted to see if you're still interested in getting together for whatever. You've got my number. Why don't you give me a call?

Candy turns off the machine.

Candy: No way.

Pause.

Candy: Well — maybe.

Pause.

Candy: No way.

Jerri alone.

Jerri: Please.

Kane and David at the bar, no longer playing video games.

Kane: Another jug?

David: You trying to get me drunk and take advantage of me?

Kane: Should I?

Candy at the apartment.

Candy: No way.

David: What do you think?

Jerri alone.

Jerri: She'll call.

Kane: What was it like, being on TV?

David: Okay. Good money.

Kane: You were famous.

David: One doesn't get famous on Canadian television.

Kane: I always wanted to see you on another show.

David: I did try. Even moved to Toronto for a while.

Kane: Why'd you come back here?

David: This is home.

Kane: You miss it?

David: Toronto?

Kane: TV.

A short pause.

David: No.

The apartment. Candy picks up the phone and dials.

Candy: Hello. Jerri. It's me. Candy.

Jerri alone.

Jerri: Yes!

Kane and David at the bar. The lights come up.

Kane: Jeez — they're closing all ready.

David: Sure are.

Kane: Now what?

David: Isn't it after your curfew?

Kane: He's out of town.

David: You feeling adventurous?

Kane: Adventurous how?

David: I could take you for an adventure right now.

Kane: Like on TV?

David: Better.

Kane: What?

David: C'mon.

Kane: Where?

David takes Kane's hand and leads him out of the bar.

David: Trust me.

Candy, Jerri, and Robert in isolation.

Candy: Oh boy.

Jerri: Thank you.

Robert: Shit!

Benita's place.

Benita: *Alone.* What about the one about the baby-sitter and the extension phone? The baby-sitter's baby sitting alone on a stormy night when the phone rings. It's some guy and he says, "I've killed once and I'm going to kill again." She hangs up and freaks out. Locks all the doors and windows. Then the phone rings again —

Benita is interrupted by a knock at the door.

Benita: *Quickly.* Anyway, the guy was upstairs on the extension the whole time. He killed all the kids. Yes?

David: *Off.* It's me.

Benita opens the door. David and Kane enter. Benita kisses David.

Benita: Honey, how are ya?

David: Drunk. You?

Benita: Can't bitch.

David: You're — uh — not busy are you?

Benita: It's fine.

David: Meet my newest friend. Kane.

Benita: This is a first.

Kane falls onto the bed.

David: Also my drunkest friend.

Benita: Charmed.

Kane: I'm not drunk.

Benita: You want me to read him.

Kane: Whadaya mean, "read me."

David: She's psychic.

Kane: Right.

Benita: I'm sensitive. I see stuff in people.

Kane: What stuff?

David: Relax.

Benita: *To David.* You sure you want me to do this?

David: He's up for it. To Kane. Right?

Benita: Looking good, Davey.

Kane: Davey?

David: She's the only one who gets away with that.

As they speak Benita gets a small baggy of white powder from a drawer. She cuts the powder into lines on a mirror.

David: Kane's my bus boy.

Kane: He's famous.

Benita: Why don't you dump this waiter shit and come work with me?

David: Little long in the tooth for that, Benita.

Kane: What's she doing?

Benita offers David a line.

Benita: Davey?

David: No thanks.

Benita: Not in the market anymore?

David: I'm clean.

Bernie alone.

Bernie: I'm clean.

Benita: Good.

Benita takes the mirror to Kane.

Benita: This is for you.

Kane: Is that coke?

Benita: It'll loosen you up.

Kane: I don't wanna be loose.

David: It's okay.

Kane: David ... ?

David: We'll find out what's inside you.

Kane: There's nothing inside me.

David: It's okay.

Kane: She gonna read you too?

Benita: Can't. He's got a block.

Kane: Mebbe I've got a block too.

Benita: Fat chance.

Kane: Hey, how old are you anyway?

David: Just one snort.

Kane: I will if you will.

Short pause.

David: All right.

David sniffs a line. Kane sniffs a line.

Kane: That was coke, wasn't it?

Benita: Junk.

Kane: Heroin?! I don't do heroin!

David puts his arms around Kane.

David: It's okay.

Kane: Feel sick.

David: It'll pass.

Kane: I don't like it.

David: I won't let anything bad happen to you.

Kane gets a rush and lies back on the bed.

Kane: Oh.

Benita: Where did you get him?

David: He followed me home.

Kane: Dad . . . ?

Benita: He's very cute.

Benita touches Kane. David takes her hand away.

David: Do it.

Short pause. Benita lays her hands on Kane's forehead and sings quietly to herself.

Benita: Lavender blue dilly dilly
Lavender green
When I am king dilly dilly
You shall be queen . . .

Kane moans softly. Benita closes her eyes. All other characters are seen in dim light.

Candy: Dana.

Jerri: The wind.

Candy: I found her body.

Bernie: I drive.

Candy: She didn't leave a note.

Robert: The night.

Candy: She would've left a note.

Jerri: The dark.

Candy: She would've left a note!

Benita draws quickly away from Kane. She is agitated.

David: Well . . . ?

Kane: Feels nice.

Benita: Give me a minute.

Kane: Dolphins.

Benita: Swimming pool.

Kane: Whales singing.

Benita: Cars. Credit cards. Video. Pink and blue. Men and women. Men. A man. Older. Glasses. Moustache. You.

David: Me?

Benita: But smaller. Video.

David: The show.

Benita: Your face superimposed over the man's. Your voice. Your hands. Loneliness. Fear.

Short pause. Benita takes a breath and calms down.

Benita: Fear.

David: That's it?

Benita: He's only 17.

David: He told me he was 18.

Benita: He lied.

Kane: We're here. Right?

Benita: He's fried.



l to r: Dougray Scott as David, Irene MacDougall as Benita, Tom Smith as Kane. The Traverse Theatre Company, Edinburgh. Photo: Sean Hudson.

Kane: You're a movie star. Right?

David: Thanks, Benita.

Benita: He really is cute.

David: Go ahead. He's all yours. Got any beer?

Benita pulls up Kane's shirt and caresses his chest.

Benita: In the fridge.

David exits to get beer. Benita undoes Kane's pants and strokes his cock. Kane moans in pleasure. David enters with a beer and watches as Benita takes Kane's cock in her mouth.

Benita: Booze and junk and he still gets hard.

David: Seventeen.

Benita sucks off Kane. David, Bernie, and Candy are singled out by separate spots.

David: It was the acid.

Bernie: He was scared.

David: I ran out of the graveyard because I was peaking and I didn't like thinking about her.

Bernie: I thought he might understand.

David: But Bernie wouldn't let me go.

Bernie: I thought.

David: He wouldn't let me go.

Candy: Dana?

Kane comes with a loud moan. The lights return to normal.

David: That was quick.

Benita: Seventeen.

David offers Benita some money.

David: Here.

Benita: Keep it. I'll get you to do something for me some-time.

David: You're on. He lied to me.

Benita: Everyone lies.

David: Yeah?

Benita: He loves you.

David: There's no such thing.

Benita: He doesn't know that.

David: Quietly. No.

David exits. Kane is still oblivious.

Kane: David.

Lights fade to black. There is a loud, terrified scream from a woman. It is drowned out by the sound of a vacuum cleaner, very loud. Lights rise on the apartment. Candy is vacuuming and singing very loud.

Candy: Aphids on roses and nipples on kittens
Sleigh balls and snow balls and fat nylon mittens
Bright stupid packages tied up with string . . .

David enters from the bedroom. He has been wakened and is cranky.

David: Candy.

Candy: *Can't hear him.* These are a few of my favourite things.

David: Yells. Candy!

Candy turns off the vacuum, very startled.

Candy: David?!

David: It's nine o'clock in the morning for Christ's sake.

Candy: I couldn't sleep. Tea's still hot. David, our floors are a mess.

David helps himself to tea.

David: We'll get to them.

Candy: They're filthy.

David: They're floors. People walk on them. It's unavoidable.

Candy: They found another girl last night.

David: What a charming way to greet the day.

Candy: You should see all the hair I swept off the bathroom floor.

David: Too much stress in our lives.

Candy: I'll say. This city's getting scary.

David: I'll say.

Candy: Why don't they ever find men raped and mutilated?

David: Men don't complain about it.

Candy: What about that guy they found in Tofield. The one who'd been mutilated and dumped in a septic tank. That was really weird.

David: Yeah. But he wasn't complaining.

Candy: We really do have to get after these floors.

David: When it snows.

Candy: I dread the thought of another winter here.

David: Why? It's only ten months.

Candy begins to dust.

Candy: You — um — working tonight?

David: I always work Saturday nights. You know that.
Short pause. Why?

Candy: Just wondering. —

David: Having someone over?

Candy: What makes you think that?

David: You're acting like Donna Reed.

Candy: I enjoy cleaning.

David: Who is it? The bartender?

Candy: No.

David: Not the dyke!

Candy: Quit calling her that. —

David: It is the dyke.

Candy: David.

David: I don't believe it.

— Candy: I'm warning you —

David: Carpet munching in my own home.

Candy: Shut up!

Pause.

David: Kidding.

Candy: Shut up!

The restaurant. Kane alone.

— Kane: You ever have one of those dreams where you're the only one in the whole restaurant when all of a sudden it fills up with people and you have to cook all the food and make all the drinks and wait on everyone?

David enters.

David: Comes with the territory.

Kane: That girl the other night — ?

David: Benita.

Kane: She really read my mind?

David: What little there was.

Kane: No way.

David: Your dad has a moustache and wears glasses.

Kane: Cool.

David: You also lied to me about your age.

Pause.

Kane: I'm nearly 18.

David: It doesn't matter. What's on the agenda for tonight?

Kane: I — I sorta made other plans.

David: Other plans?

Kane: I told this person — this girl — I'd meet her.

David: Ah.

Kane: Just a friend.

David: Whatever.

Kane: I didn't think you'd mind.

David: I don't.

Kane: Sure?

David: Sure. I'm outa here.

Kane: Tomorrow?

David: Whatever.

The apartment. Candy and Jerri are drinking martinis.

Candy: Hoo, is that ever strong.

Jerri: You want me to throw another olive in it?

Candy: I'll manage.

Jerri: Anyway, so I left him. Just packed my things and said sorry, "You're not my type," and left.

Candy: That's why I like living with David. He's gay but he doesn't treat me like I'm from Mars or something.

Jerri: Some people are freaked out by gays.

Candy: Some people like polyester.

A telephone rings twice. An answering machine clicks on.

David: Hi bro'. I seem to be without an escort tonight and thought you might like to get stinky. Call me.

Candy and Jerri. The apartment.

Jerri: You're the kind of person other people watch. So focused.

Candy: It's the only way to get anything accomplished.

Pause.

Candy: Did you find out you were lesbian after you got married?

Jerri: I knew. I just fought it.

Candy: You'd like to sleep with me, wouldn't you?

Jerri: Very much. But it's okay if we don't.

Candy: I can't say I haven't thought about it.

Jerri: I know.

Pause.

Jerri: Candy?

Candy: Yes?

Jerri: I love you.

Pause.

Candy: Ah.

David alone.

David: I do all the usual shit at Flashback — drink until the place is closed, avoid the eyes of all the ugly men who want me, dance, get bored, leave.

Robert alone.

Robert: They're not like us.

David on the street.

David: It's warm. I start thinking about Victoria Park and even though I tell myself that I won't go — that it's scary and it's dangerous — I know I will.

Jerri and Candy. The apartment.

Jerri: I'll go if you want.

Candy: No.

Jerri: I've made you uncomfortable.

Candy: Yes.

Jerri: I've loved you from the first time I saw you.

Candy: No.

Jerri: Something just went off in my head and I wanted to be with you — all the time.

Pause.

Jerri: Say something.

Candy: Our floors are a mess.

David in the park.

David: It's dark. The wind's blowing. You can hardly see anything when you get into the trees.

Kane alone.

Kane: Maybe tomorrow.

David: But you get used to the dark. Cigarettes glow. Someone coughs. Someone clears their throat. Someone moans.

Kane: Maybe someday.

David: I follow the path. Moonlight on the leaves.

Candy and Jerri. The apartment.

Jerri: Relax. It's not like I'm gonna kill myself if you're not into it.

Candy: Did you read about that girl the other day?

Jerri: But I do want to touch you.

Candy: It's horrible.

Jerri: Your skin. Your hair.

Candy: Raped and mutilated.

Jerri: Candy?

Candy: Give me a minute.

The phone rings. Candy starts to move toward it.

Jerri: Leave it.

Candy: The machine's not on.

Candy picks up the phone.

Candy: Hello? *Pause.* Hello? *Pause.* They hung up.

David in the park.

David: I smell the leaves rotting. Bodies moving around me. Someone reaches out and touches my crotch. I lean against a tree and light a cigarette.

Candy and Jerri. The apartment.

Jerri: You look scared.

Candy: Me?

Jerri: I won't hurt you.

Candy suddenly moves to Jerri and kisses her on the lips. Jerri puts her arms around Candy. Candy leads Jerri into the bedroom.

David in the park.

David: Sometimes, when I come down here, I think about what it would be like if I stumbled across a dead guy on these paths. I'm following some humpy number deeper into the bushes when my foot hits something soft.

Bernie alone.

Bernie: David?

The apartment. Candy takes Jerri by the hand and leads her to the bed. They undress and climb into bed and begin to make love.

David: *In the park.* Like a rotten log. Only it's not a log. It's some dead boy. Some dead boy with moss growing in his hair and maggots living in his eye sockets. It could happen. This is the perfect place for it.

The characters are singled out by spots.

Candy: Dana.

Bernie: The abortion. I remember Dana telling us. David and I'd been camping. Her and Candy were waiting for us.

David: Candy.

Kane: David.

Bernie: We'd just gotten out of the truck. David was carrying the rifle. I was carrying the one partridge we'd managed to bag that weekend.

David: Someone approaches me. He smells of cigarette smoke and Clorets. I stand perfectly still as he undoes the buttons of my fly. I unroll the condom and slide it onto my dick. He pulls his pants down and grabs a tree. And while I'm fucking his ass the same stupid song keeps running over and over in my mind. "Billy, don't be a hero, don't be a fool with your life. Billy don't be a hero..."

(Candy and Jerri in bed. Candy comes quite vocally and pulls away from Jerri.)

Jerri: You needed that.

Candy: Yeah.

Jerri: It's not the same as with men, is it?

Candy: No.

(Jerri reaches out to Candy. Candy pulls away and slides out of bed.)

Candy: I need a minute.

Bernie: *Alone.* The abortion.

Jerri: Not too long.

Candy: Just a minute.

Candy, David, and Bernie are singled out by spots.

Candy: I think of David and Bernie and Dana.

Bernie: Dana.

Candy: The four of us.

Bernie: David.

David: Bernie.

Candy: Dana.

David: Candy.

Candy: We did everything together.

David: Partying.

Candy: Drinking.

Bernie: Fucking.

David: Friends.

Candy: She tells me.

David: We're camping.

Bernie: Hunting.

Candy: She cries.

Bernie: He's cold.

Candy: Doesn't know what Bernie will say.

Bernie: I want to tell him to get into the sleeping bag with me.

Candy: I hold her.

David: I want to tell him.

Bernie: But I can't.

Candy: Her parents will kill her.

David: But I can't.

Bernie: I hear him breathing in the dark.

Candy: She's scared.

Bernie: He's scared.

David: Bernie. I think I'm queer.

Bernie: *Quietly.* Ha ha.

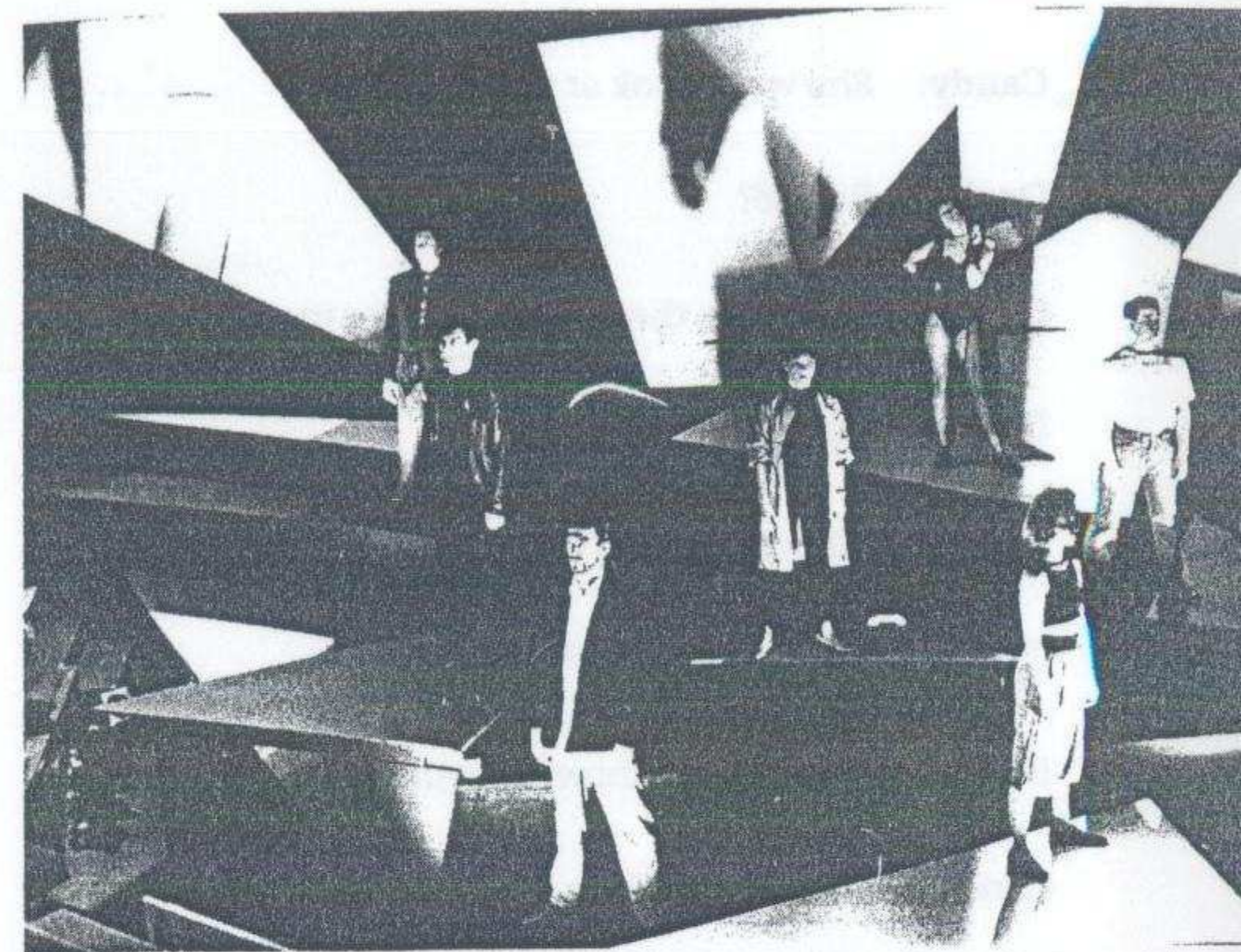
David: I am.

Bernie: Go to sleep.

Candy: Dana. Laid back on some kind of metal table.
Metal things jammed into her cunt. Is there blood?
Does it hurt? Did she cry?

Bernie: I pretend to sleep.

David: I whisper into the dark.



l to r: Jeffrey Hirschfield as Kane, Daryl Shuttleworth as David, Shaun Johnston as Bernie, Kate Newby as Candy, Marianne Copithorne as Benita, Elizabeth Brown as Jerri, John Hudson as Robert. Workshop West Theatre, Edmonton. Photo: Ed Ellis.

Candy: She's in the waiting room. White.

David: *Whispers.* I love you.

Candy: She won't look at me.

David: Bernie?

Candy: We watch them get out of the truck.

David: I know he heard me.

Bernie: They're waiting for us.

Candy: David looks terrible.

Bernie: It's like they know something.

Candy: Bernie's hurt him too.

Bernie: The one partridge we managed to bag that weekend swings in my hand.

Candy: I stare at Bernie.

Bernie: Dana stares at the bird.

Candy: He looks at her like she's something dirty.

Bernie: The bird stares at nothing.

Candy: Walks right past her.

David: Something's wrong with Dana.

Candy: You asshole!

Bernie: Get off my back.

Candy: It was your baby!

Bernie: What did you want me to do? Marry her?

Candy: Yes!

Bernie: I — didn't — love — her.

Candy: You pig!

Bernie: Fuck off!

David: Stop it.

Candy: I found her.

David: We were kids.

Candy: The razor beside the bed. Her shirt covered in blood.

David: Candy — don't ...

Candy: I saw into her throat.

Jerri: Come to bed.

Bernie: She was weak.

Candy: I'm coming.

David: I'm coming.

Bernie: I'm coming.

Robert: Candy.

Kane: David.

David: The guy straightens up. His shirt's plastered to his back with sweat. I can't see his face. He whispers something, I don't know what, and walks away.

Bernie: And the dirt falls onto her coffin a handful at a time.

David: Bernie.

Bernie: David.

Candy: Dana.

David: Candy.

Blackout. There is a woman's terrified scream from the darkness.

Benita's place.

Benita: Okay. Let's see.

David: Off. No.

Benita: Come on.

David: Benita — really . . .

Benita: Come on.

David enters in a cowboy suit.

David: Darling, this really isn't my milieu, if you know what I mean.

Benita: You look real butch.

David: I "look" like one of the Village People.

Benita: You owe me, David.

David: All right. All right.

Benita: Just do like I told ya. When he comes in here and starts slapping me around you keep begging him not to hurt your little sister.

David: I've gone from a Gemini nomination to this?

Benita: Easy 50 bucks.

David: This guy wouldn't hurt you, would he?

Benita: Shrugs. Probably not.

The apartment. Morning. Jerri has made tea. Candy enters, hung over.

Jerri: Good morning.

Candy: Morning.

Jerri pours Candy some tea. Candy won't look at her.

Jerri: Looks kinda chilly out there this morning.

Candy: Yes.

Pause.

Jerri: You were pretty restless last night.

Candy: Nightmares.

Pause.

Jerri: So — does it take you long to do these floors?

Candy: Yep.

Pause.

Jerri: Well you've probably got a lot to do today.

Candy: Yes.

Jerri gets her coat.

Jerri: Candy, it's weird for everyone the first time.

Candy: Sure.

Jerri: Call me when you get over it.

Jerri exits.

Benita's place. David is removing the cowboy gear.

Benita: I read this book about Ed Gein — he's the guy they based *Psycho* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* on. Did you know they think he's killed at least fifteen women? That's all they can confirm. They think he might've eaten the rest.

David: Charming.

Benita: You wouldn't believe the stuff they found. Jewelry made outa fingers, clothes made outa skin, a heart on the stove, four noses in a tea cup.

David: Jesus, Benita!

Benita: I think he's still alive — locked up somewhere. I love reading about that kinda stuff.

They share a cigarette.

David: Is that healthy?

Benita: Is anything anymore?

David: Watching some guy abuse you for hours sure isn't.

Benita: Just think Davey — if we hadn't been here to help him live out that fantasy he might've forced it on someone else — for free.

Candy alone.

Candy: Fucked up.

David: He stared at me the entire time. He coulda been my father — your father.

Benita: My father was never that gentle.

David: Jesus.

Benita: How's it going with the middle-class white boy?

Kane alone.

Kane: I don't know.

David: I don't know.

Benita: *Suddenly.* Hey! You got colours.

David: Huh?

Benita: I've never seen stuff like that around you before.

David: What is it?

Benita: Something — something dangerous.

David: For me?

Benita: Can't tell. Someone you love maybe.

David: Fat chance.

Benita: Be careful.

David: Okay. Daylight already.

Benita: Be careful.

David: Always am.

The bar. Robert is working. Candy enters.

Candy: Hiya guy.

Robert: Candy — you're early today.



Still from Parco Theatre production, Tokyo. Photo: Shinzo Yamada.

Candy: Decided to skip the gym.

Robert: That's not like you.

Candy: *Shrugs.* Yeah. Well.

Robert hands Candy a soda water.

Robert: On the house. My way of apologizing.

Candy: I should do that.

Robert: How 'bout if we forget the whole thing and start again?

Candy: How 'bout it.

The restaurant. David is urgently trying to smoke. Kane enters.

Kane: Good night?

David: Yeah.

Pause.

Kane: What'd you do last night?

David: Got drunk, fucked some guy in the park, dressed up like a cowboy, and watched some old man abuse Benita.

Kane: Oh. *Pause.* I had fun.

Bernie alone.

Bernie: I had fun.

David: Good.

— Kane: If you want we could —

David: *Interrupting.* I'm meeting someone tonight.

Kane: Oh. *Short pause.* Who?

David: *Exiting.* I don't know. I haven't met them yet.

Candy and Robert in bed.

Candy: You got a condom?

Robert: Yes. Wait. No.

Candy: Damn.

Short pause.

Robert: I'm okay.

Candy: You sure?

Robert: Promise.

Candy: Just this once.

They begin to fuck. The telephone rings. The answering machine clicks on.

Robert: *On machine.* Hi, this is Robert. I'm not in right now, but if you leave a message I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

Evelyn: *On machine.* Hi Rob, sorry I missed you again. You sure must be busy. Suzy says hi and sends kisses. I — I miss you, Robert.

The machine clicks off.

Candy: Suzy?

Robert: Coupla friends from Winnipeg.

Candy: Good friends?

Robert: Who fuckin' cares.

Candy: I love it when you talk dirty.

Robert fucks her harder.

A rooftop downtown. David and Bernie are sharing a bottle of Scotch wrapped in a brown bag.

David: '79.

Bernie: '80.

David: "Because The Night" was released in '79.

Bernie: It was '80!

David: You're fucked.

Bernie: You're fucked.

David: Sure. But at least we're fucked from too much booze and drugs and not hair gel and blow driers like the kids you see now.

Bernie: Hear hear.

Benita alone.

Benita: Lavender blue dilly dilly
Lavender green
When I am king dilly dilly . . .

David: *Overlapping Benita.* Look at that sky. You can't see a sky that endless anywhere else.

Benita: Yep.

David: Other places, there's always something in the way.

Bernie: Not all of us got to leave.

David: You could've come to visit.

Bernie: You could've come to my wedding.

David: I couldn't afford it.

Bernie: You were supposed to be my best man.

David: Don't.

Pause.

David: You ever feel like you've failed?

Bernie: Sometimes. You?

David: I'm a waiter.

Bernie: I make 40 thou' a year with the city and I'm not even sure what I do sometimes.

David: We had all those plans.

Bernie: You talk like things are over.

David: Not over. Different.

Bernie: At least you went somewhere.

David: Toronto. Big deal. All I got there was crabs.

Bernie: Ha ha.

Pause.

David: You happy, Bern?

Bernie: Right now?

David: Generally.

Bernie: Sometimes.

David: We're not the same.

Bernie: We're not kids anymore.

David: No. I mean "we're" not the same. I don't know you like I used to.

Kane alone.

Kane: Don't think of him.

Bernie: You sayin' I've changed?

David: I dunno. It's not the same. What's this?

Bernie: What?

David: Right here. It fell out of your pocket. An earring? You doing drag, Bernie?

Bernie takes the earring from David.

Bernie: Ha ha. Linda's.

Bernie moves to the edge of the rooftop.

David: Careful.

Bernie: Take my hand.

David: Why?

Bernie: Just take it.

David takes Bernie's hand.

Bernie: Let's jump.

David laughs and pulls away from Bernie.

David: No way.

The answering machine.

David: *On machine.* Candy and I can't come to the phone. Leave a message and we might call you back.

Jerri: *On machine.* Hi Candy. It's Jerri. Just wondering why I haven't seen you at the gym lately. You're getting soft. Call me.

Candy and Robert in bed.

Robert: Did you come?

Candy: *She didn't.* It was great.

Robert: Did you come?

Candy: Sure. I came.

Robert: You're beautiful.

Candy: Thank you.

The answering machine.

Jerri: *On machine.* Hi Candy. It's Jerri. I've got an extra ticket to the symphony and thought you might like to come. Call me before seven.

David and Bernie on the rooftop.

Bernie: You know what I like best about coming up here?

David: What?

Bernie: You can spit on anyone walking by and they'll never know where it came from.

David: *Laughs.* Right.

Bernie: So what's happening with that Kane kid?

David: Nothing. You gonna stay married, Bernie?

Bernie: Linda "loves" me.

David: Do you love her?

Pause.

Bernie: I thought it would change things.

David: Did it?

Bernie: Nope.

Bernie spits off the edge of the building.

The answering machine.

Jerri: *On machine.* Candy, it's Jerri. Just thought I'd call to see how you are. Why don't you give me a call?

Kane alone.

Kane: Just call him.

Jerri: Please.

Robert and Candy in bed.

Robert: I love your tits. I love your skin. I love your hair.

Candy: Mmm.

Robert: Anything you love about me?

Candy: Everything. Your face. Your chest.

Robert: What about my prick?

Candy: It's a great prick.

Robert: Not too small?

Candy: It's fine.

Robert: What about my feet?

Candy: Never noticed them. Sorry.

Robert: Great.

The answering machine.

Jerri: *On machine.* Candy, it's Jerri. *Short pause.* Call me.

David and Bernie on the rooftop.

Bernie: I can't stop looking for women to bone

David: I hope you're playing safe.

Bernie: Ah c'mon. Straight people don't get AIDS.

David: Don't talk stupid.

Bernie: Straight men don't.

David: It kills you, Bernie. It doesn't matter who you are.

Bernie: You think about it that much?

David: All the time.

Bernie: This is Edmonton, pal.

David: I don't want to die.

Bernie: Nothing's any fun if the possibility's not there, David.

Pause. David looks at Bernie.

David: You mean that?

Bernie: You usta feel the same way.

David: I've changed.

Bernie gets up.

Bernie: We've all changed.

David: Heading home?

Bernie: Don't wanna upset Linda. Need a lift?

David: No. I'm going to the club.

Bernie: Later.

David: Later.

Robert's place. Candy is dressing. She notices something under the edge of the bed and picks it up.

Candy: Robert?

Robert enters in his underwear eating a sandwich.

Robert: What?

Candy: I almost stepped on this earring.

Robert: Let's see.

Candy hands him the earring. He examines it.

Robert: Weird.

Candy: Whose is it?

Robert shrugs.

Robert: I don't know.

Candy: You got someone else in your life?

Robert: No.

Candy embraces Robert.

Candy: Good.

The restaurant. David is eating. Kane enters.

Kane: Good night?

David: Mediocre.

Kane: Wanna come to a poker game?

David: No.

Pause.

David: Please don't look at me in that tone of voice.

Kane: What did I do?

David: Nothing.

Kane exits quickly.

The answering machine.

Jerri: *On machine.* I don't normally do this. But I can't seem to get you out of my mind. So if you're there listening would you please pick up your phone.

David enters the apartment and listens to the message.

Jerri: *On machine.* Please. *Pause.* Candy?

The answering machine clicks off as Jerri hangs up.

David: Nice, Candy.

Candy enters from the bathroom, freshly showered.

Candy: Hiya guy.

David: If you don't want to talk to her why don't you just call her and say so?

Candy: Because then I'd be talking to her.

David: Haven't seen much of you lately.

Candy: I'm in love.

David: I know. You've stopped living here.

Candy: I've been home.

David: Sure. Long enough to leave a ring in the bathtub and steal four of my condoms.

Candy: David, I think he loves me.

David: Great. Mebbe he'll clean the tub and replace my condoms.

Candy: You're cranky.

David: Slightly.

Candy: Get over it. We're having company.

David: Candy. No.

Candy: Darling, this is a potential, future husband we're talking about.

David: Don't be stupid. Who'd marry you?

Candy: Lotsa people.

David: Like the psychotic cunt-bumper on the answering machine?

Candy: Don't.

David: Did you actually...?

Jerri alone.

Jerri: Yes.

Candy: *Warning.* Daaavid.

David: All right already.

David moves to the bedroom and changes as they speak.

David: You tell this guy I take it in the face?

Candy: Yes.

David: Great. Should I wear a dress or my knee pads?

Candy: Just be yourself.

David: Which one?

There is a knock at the door.

David: Let the Dick of Death in.

Candy: It's too early.

Candy opens the door. Kane is there.

Kane: Hi.

Candy: Hello. David, the paperboy's here.

David goes to the door.

David: Kane?

Candy: Kane?

David: Candy my bus boy Kane. Kane my room-mate
Candy.

Candy and Kane shake hands.

Candy: Charmed.

Kane: Can I come in?

Candy: Feel free.

Kane enters.

Kane: This isn't a bad time or anything, is it?

David: Well, Candy's betrothed is about to arrive.

Candy: David, don't be silly.

David: Beer?

Kane: Sure.

David: Grab a coupla beers wouldya, Candy.

Candy: *Exiting.* Yassuh.

Pause.

Kane: Guess I shoul^da called or something first.

David: Maybe.

Kane: I thought we could talk.

David: This isn't a very good . . .

Candy enters.

Candy: Your beer, boys.

David: Thanks.

Pause.

Candy: Excuse me. I've got to see if I can torture my hair into some kind of submission.

Kane: Sure.

Candy exits.

Kane: Nice girl.

David: Thanks.

Pause.

Kane: Look — I know — like we plan stuff and everything, but — you know — like — other things come up.

David: Sure.

Kane: Sometimes I just want to get laid.

David: Kane, if you're really straight why are you so self-conscious about it?

Kane: Who blew me the other night?

David: Is that what this is all about?

Kane: I don't remember much — okay.

David: It was me.

Kane: No.

David: And you liked it. You did the same thing for me.

Kane: Really?

David: Get out of here.

Pause.

Kane: David?

David: Just go.

Kane moves to the door. David speaks just as he is about to exit.

David: Is it that important?

Pause.

Kane: You're my friend. I don't want you to be mad at me.

David: It was Benita.

Kane: Really?

Candy enters.

Candy: Ta da! Gorgeous. *Pause.* Bad timing huh?

Kane: It's okay. I'm going. *To David.* Could we — you know — meet later or something?

David: We'll talk.

Kane: When?

David: Soon.

Kane: Promise?

David: Sure.

Kane exits.

Candy: Who was that?

David: We're not sure yet.

Bernie alone.

Bernie: It's like a hunger.

Candy and David. Waiting.

David: Perhaps it's car trouble.

Candy: He only lives four blocks away.

David: Foot trouble?

There's a knock at the door.

Candy: You get it!

David: Get a grip, girl.

Candy exits. David opens the door with a flourish.

David: Prince Charming. *Pause.* Oh.

Jerri enters carrying a gift.

Jerri: You must be David.

David: Must be.

Jerri: I'm Jerri.

David: Of course you are.

Jerri: Glad to meet you.

David: *Musical.* Oh Candy . . . *Candy enters.*

Candy: Jerri!

Jerri: I saw your light on and thought I'd drop in.

David: How lucky. Tea? Beer?

Jerri: I'm not interrupting anything am I?

David: Not at all.

Jerri: Candy?

Candy: Well — no.

David exits. Jerri hands Candy the gift.

Candy: What's this?

Jerri: A gift. For your birthday.

Candy: My birthday was six months ago.

Jerri: I missed it. Open it.

Candy: Not right now.

Candy sets the gift down. David enters with beer for everyone.

David: All outa tea. A gift. How festive! *Gives Candy and Jerri beer.* Here ya go.

Jerri: Thank you.

They sit. Long pause.

David: So Candy tells me you're a lesbian.

Jerri: That's right.

Candy: David.

David: I'm queer myself.

Jerri: I know.

Pause.

David: Well we seem to have exhausted that particular topic.

Pause.

David: You two must have a million things to talk about.

Jerri: Well — yes.

David: Don't let me stop you.

Candy: I'm going to kill you.

David: So Jerri, what do you do?

Jerri: I teach school.

David: How interesting. What flavour?

Jerri: Elementary.

David: Thank God, I was so scared you were gonna say gym. Do you love it?

Jerri: I like children.

David: I'm a waiter myself.

Jerri: Candy tells me you usta be on TV.

David: Oh, for a minute. Being a waiter's much more interesting.

Jerri: It takes a special kind of person to wait tables.

David: Certainly. Someone brain-dead.

Jerri: It's very high pressure.

David: You have no idea. People ordering Thousand Island dressing on their Caesar salads. Some nights I can't sleep.

Jerri: *Laughs.* Right.

David: *Exiting.* I need another beer. Jerri?

Jerri: I'm fine. *To Candy.* He's fun.

Candy: Riots. What are you doing here?

Jerri: I wanted to talk.

Candy: No.

Jerri: Why?

Candy: I don't feel right about what happened.

Jerri: I'm not proposing marriage. I just want to be friends.

David enters with another beer.

David: Puh-lease! Propose marriage. It's what she's been waiting for all night.

Candy: Would you stop it.

David: Immediately. I'm outa here.

Candy: Really?

David: I'd love to hang around and see how all this turns out, but you two obviously need some time to yourselves. Nice meeting you, Jerri. *Gives her the beer.* Have another beer.

Jerri: Thank you.

There is a knock at the door.

David: I'll get it.

David opens the door. Robert is there.

David: Well hello and do come in.

Robert: David?

David: You must be Rhonda.

Robert: Robert.

David: Whatever. Oh Candy . . .

Pause.

Robert: Hi. Sorry I'm late.

David: Beer?

Robert: Thanks.

David takes the full beer from Jerri and gives it to Robert.

David: There ya go, big guy.

Robert: Thanks. *To Candy.* Sorry. I got a long distance phone call and couldn't get away.

Candy: I see.

Jerri: I'm Jerri.

Robert: Nice to meet you.

Robert and Jerri shake hands.

David: Candy, can I get you anything?

Candy: I thought you were going out.

David: Now? Are you crazy?

Robert: *To Jerri.* Are you a friend of Candy's?

Jerri: Yes. You?

Robert: Yes.

Jerri: Great.

Robert: Yes.

Pause.

Robert: Nice apartment.

David: Candy loves to decorate things.

Robert: This is a real nice tofu.

Pause.

David: Futon.

Robert: What?

David: It's called a futon.

Robert: Oh. *Short pause.* Whose present?

Jerri: It's Candy's. For her birthday.

Robert: It's your birthday?!

Candy: No!

Jerri: I missed it.

Robert: *Confused.* Oh.

David: I think it's a lovely sentiment.

Robert: Aren't you going to open it?

Jerri: Please.

Candy: I don't really want ...

Jerri: Please.

David: Come on, Candy.

Candy: No. Really.

Jerri thrusts the gift at Candy.

Jerri: Please!

Candy: No, I...

Jerri: Please!

Candy roughly knocks the gift from Jerri's hand.

Candy: I don't want the goddamn thing!

Pause.



l to r: John Jarvis as Robert, Arlene Mazerolle as Jerri, Brent Carver as David, Lenore Zann as Candy. Crow's Theatre, Toronto. Photo: Michael Cooper.

David: Well — smell her.

Candy: Shut up!

Jerri picks up the gift and shakes it. It rattles.

Robert: Is it broken?

Jerri: I think so.

Robert: Candy.

David: That wasn't very nice.

Candy: I didn't mean to.

Jerri: It wasn't anything much. Just a — a meaningful little something I picked up one day when I was thinking of you.

Robert: That's all right Jerri.

David: I think you should apologize.

Pause.

Candy: Jerri — I'm sorry. This just isn't a good time.

David: *Confidentially to Robert.* PMS.

Jerri: I just wanted to talk to you.

Candy: I can't.

Robert: The lady brought you a gift.

Candy: Robert, you don't understand.

Robert: She's your friend.

Candy: She's not. We talked a few times. I had her over once!

Jerri: How can you say that?

David: "Valley of the Dolls" coming up.

Candy: It's true!

Jerri: We slept together!

Candy: *To Robert.* Don't listen to her.

Jerri: I love you.

Candy: You do not.

Jerri: I think about you all the time. I don't know how to stop!

Candy: You're crazy.

Jerri: Take your present.

Candy: I don't want the fucking thing!

Jerri: I bought it for you.

Candy: I don't care!

Jerri: I don't want it!

Candy: Neither do I!

David: What is it?

Candy: Shut up!

Robert: Calm down!

Candy: Leave me alone!

Jerri: This will come back on you! It will!

David: Girls, girls.

Jerri: What we did was real!

Candy: It wasn't!!

Pause.

David: *Gently.* Jerri — I think you'd better go.

Jerri exits. A long pause.

David: Well, anyone for coffee or liqueurs?

Candy: Fuck off!

Pause.

Robert: I think I'd better go. *To David.* Thanks for the beer.

David: No prob.

Robert exits.

Pause.

David: Oh Candy . . .

Candy: Do you ever get tired of being a professional faggot?

David: You can't blame me . . .

Candy: You're a loser, David. You turn everything into a joke so you don't have to face what a fuck-up you are.

David: Let's not do this now.

Candy: You have nothing and no one in your life.

David: You're upset.

Candy: You don't think past the next beer and the next fuck.

David: At least I'm honest about it.

Candy: You have nothing!

David: Neither do you!

Candy: I'm not afraid to try.

David: With anyone that comes along!

Candy: That guy might've loved me!

David: You're pathetic, Candy!

Candy: Fuck you!

Candy exits.

David: Candy — wait . . . Shit!

Pause. David sits and raises his beer in a toast.

David: Here's to love.

Bernie alone.

Bernie: It's like a hunger.

David: In all its many forms.

Lights rise on Benita.

David: In all its many forms.

Benita: The Saint Bernard at the top of the stairs.

Lights rise on Candy and Bernie.

Candy: Fuck him!

David: Bernie.

Bernie: You have to feed it.

Candy: He's empty.

David: Bernie's always my friend.

Benita alone.

Benita: The baby sitter stays over every night because the mom works the graveyard shift. All the kids sleep in the basement.

David: It's late.

Benita: Every night the baby sitter goes through the same routine. Tucks the kids in, checks under their beds, locks the windows, looks in all the closets, turns out the light at the bottom of the stairs, walks up the dark staircase, pats the Saint Bernard on the head, and closes the basement door.

There is a knock at the apartment door.

Benita: Then checks the rest of the house and goes to bed.

Another knock.

Benita: She wakes up with this real bad feeling.

David: Candy?

Pause.

Benita: She thinks about the kids. Goes through everything in her mind.

David: Who's there?

Another knock at the door.

Benita: Checked everything, turned out the light, patted the dog, closed the door.

David: Who's there?

Another knock. Louder. David stands.

Benita: Something was wrong.

David goes to the door.

Benita: She ran down the stairs. The dog was gone. The bedroom doors were open.

Bernie falls through the door and into David's arms. He is covered with blood.

Benita: The kids had their throats cut!

David: Bernie?!

Bernie: Hey bro'.

Benita: Every one of them. Dead.

David: Are you hurt?

Bernie: Yeah.

Benita: The Saint Bernard was at the end of the hall. Sliced wide open.

David: Are you cut? What?

Bernie: Drunk.

David: What happened?

Benita: And pinned to the dog was a note.

Bernie: Fight.

David: Let me look.

David pulls off Bernie's shirt and examines his body.

Benita: And the note read . . .

David: Jesus, Bernie.

Benita: It read . . .

David: You're not cut.

Benita: "It's as easy to pat a man on the head as it is a Saint Bernard."

David: You're not hurt.

Benita: He'd been at the top of the stairs when she went to bed.

David: Not hurt at all.

Benita: And it was his head she'd patted.

David: Where did all the blood come from?

Benita: His head.

David: Bernie?!

Bernie: I love you, David.

Blackout. A woman's scream rises from the darkness and bubbles away.

(INTERMISSION IF DESIRED.)

A telephone rings twice. Benita sings as the lights rise. Once she has established the song, David speaks over it.

Benita: Lavender blue dilly dilly
Lavender green
When I am king dilly dilly
You shall be queen
Call up your men dilly dilly
Bid them to start . . .

David: In the dream I stand alone in a field on the farm
where my grandparents lived — the sky's blue like
on TV and tall clouds move across it. The wind on
my face gets colder and things grow dark. I'm
naked — with an erection.

The others speak from the darkness.

Candy: David?

Jerri: Candy?

Kane: David?

Robert: Candy?

Bernie: My brother.

David: And when I wake up all I think is his name, Bernie.

Sound of a telephone ringing.

The apartment. David is listening on the telephone.

Bernie: *On machine.* Hi, this is Bernie. Linda and I aren't
here right now, but leave a message and we'll get
right back to you.

*Bernie enters from the bedroom and watches David on the
telephone.*

Bernie: Who ya callin'?

David hangs up quickly.

David: No one. Tea?

Bernie: Love some.

David pours tea.

David: Where's Linda, Bernie?

Bernie: Home. Why?

David: I just called your place. You've had the same
message on your machine for weeks now.

Bernie: *Shrugs.* Haven't changed it.

David: She's never home when I call.

Bernie: She's probably — you know — shopping or
something.

David: Right.

Pause.

Bernie: Christ am I hung over. I haven't blacked out like that in years.

David: I thought you'd had your throat cut or something.

Bernie: Where're my clothes?

David: Hamper. What happened?

Bernie: Fight. Bad one. Don't remember much of it.

David: For fuck's sake, Bernie.

Pause.

Bernie: Linda left me.

David: What?

Bernie: Over a month ago.

David: Why?

Bernie: Things've been crazy. I drink too much.

David: Why didn't you tell me?

Bernie: I didn't think she meant it.

David: You should share that kinda shit.

Bernie: I deserve it.

David: Don't talk like that.

Bernie: Last night — I don't remember much — I was at the Kingsway — talking to some babe — then four guys were comin' at me.

Candy alone.

Candy: Everyone lies.

David: The Kingsway?!

Bernie: There was a fight — someone pulled a knife — someone got cut — the cops showed up and the place went crazy.

David: You weren't holding the knife were you?

Bernie: No. I got out of there as fast as I could.

David: Good thing.

Bernie: Things get so goddamn strange. *Pause.* I don't even miss her.

David: It was a mistake. We all knew that.

Bernie: What did you know? You didn't know shit! You were too busy trying to be a fucking movie star at the other end of the country.

David: I don't need this bro'.

Bernie: You didn't have to watch everyone leave! You didn't have to watch this city die!

David: Edmonton's not dead.

Bernie: Maimed then. Wounded.

David: Things are just a little slow now.

Bernie: Right!

David: I don't understand you man.

Bernie: I gotta get to the office.

David: Take the day off.

Bernie: I can't take the fucking day off! I have responsibilities — obligations!

David: Okay! Don't take the fucking day off!

Pause.

Bernie: Can I borrow your blue tie?

David: Why not? I never wear it.

Robert's place. There is a knock at the door. Robert opens it. Candy is there. Pause.

Candy: Hate me?

Robert: No.

Candy enters.

Robert: You look tired.

Candy: I stayed at my parents' last night. I hate that.

Robert: I'm off to work. Why don't you lay down for a while.

Candy: Love to. *Short pause.* Robert, I'm ashamed.

Robert: It was pretty weird.

Candy: Those things she said —

Robert: Candy, we've all got our own stuff, right?

Candy: Right.

Robert: I've gotta run. Let's talk after work.

Candy: Sure. Ciao.

Robert exits. The telephone rings.

David alone.

David: Bernie.

Candy calls to Robert.

Candy: Robert. Damn.

Candy moves to answer the phone. Just as she is about to pick it up the answering machine clicks on.

Evelyn: *On machine.* Hi honey, it's Evelyn. Guess I missed you again. Just called to say thanks for the conversation last night. I really needed it. I think you're making progress, Robert. I think — soon — you should come home. I love you.

The machine clicks off. Candy stands staring at it for a very long time.

The restaurant. David is doing his cash but seems to be having trouble concentrating. Kane enters.

Kane: Good night?

David: Yeah.

Kane: What're ya taking?

David: Fifteen per cent.

Kane: Hope you're tipping your bus boy well.

David: How's that?

David gives Kane money.

Kane: Great. Thanks.

David: You did good. We were really in the shit for a while there.

Kane: Sure were. *Short pause.* You — uh — wanna do something tonight?

Pause.

David: Yes.

Kane: Great.

Robert's place. Candy lies on the bed. Robert enters trying to be quiet.

Candy: I'm awake.

Robert: Couldn't sleep?

Candy: There's a message on the machine for you.

Robert: Yeah?

Candy: Evelyn called. She loves you and wanted to thank you for the lovely conversation you both had while I sat at my place and waited for you.

Robert: Evelyn's my wife. Suzy's our daughter.

Candy: I guess this makes us even.

The rooftop. David helps Kane up.

Kane: Pretty high.

David: It's one of my fave places.

Kane: Did you hear they found another girl yesterday?

Benita alone.

Benita: Cold eyes.

David: No.

Kane: Think we got one of those serial killers?

David: Sure. What ever happened to all the people that used to come downtown?

Kane: They go to the mall now.

Candy and Robert.

Robert: I care for you a lot.

Candy: Really?

Robert: We've all got our own stuff.

Candy: You lied to me.

Robert: I didn't know what to say.

Bernie alone.

Bernie: Everyone lies.

The rooftop.

Kane: Sometimes I feel like there's something wrong with me?

David: I've never known anyone born after 1960 who wasn't incomplete somehow.

Kane: Why's that?

David: *Shrugs.* Microwaves.

Candy and Robert.

Robert: I love you.

Candy: No you don't.

Jeri alone.



Brent Carver as David, Greg Spottiswood as Kane. Crow's Theatre, Toronto.
Photo: Michael Cooper.

Jerri: I do.

Robert: Yes I do.

Candy: No.

Jerri: From the first time.

Robert: From the first time you came into the bar.
X Something just went off in my —

Candy: Shut up!

David and Kane.

Kane: I want to be 25. I'll understand stuff better.

David: Emotionally speaking, you've experienced everything you can by 16 — everything after that's just a variation on a theme.

Kane: Don't say that!

Candy and Robert.

Robert: I love you.

Candy: Don't say that.

Robert: It's true.

Candy: It'll make things different.

Robert: Too late.

Candy: I know.

David and Kane.

David: Hold my hand.

Jerri alone.

Jerri: She's scared.

Kane: What?

David: You heard me.

Kane: Why?

David: Because it's important someone hold my hand right now.

Kane takes David's hand.

Jerri: It's real. \

Kane: I'm — uh — not very comfortable with this..

David: I don't care.

Candy and Robert.

Robert: Look at me.

Candy: No.

Robert: I said look at me!

Robert grabs Candy and turns her to him, very hard.

Kane and David. David lets go of Kane's hand and steps out onto the roof ledge.

Kane: What the hell are you doing?

David: Better view up here.

Kane: You're crazy.

Bernie alone.

Bernie: I'm clean.

David extends his hand to Kane.

David: Come on up.

Kane: No way.

David: Come on.

Kane: It's too high. We'll fall.

Benita alone.

Benita: Lavender blue dilly dilly
Lavender green
When I am king dilly dilly . . .

David and Kane speak under Benita's singing.

David: I won't let you fall.

Kane: I don't know.

David: Take a chance.

Bernie laughs. Kane takes David's hand and steps onto the roof.

Kane: It's scary.

David: If it's not scary it's not worth doing.

Bernie laughs again, quietly.

Kane: Some view.

David: Close your eyes. You'll feel like you're flying.

Kane: I'll fall.

David moves behind Kane and puts his arms around him.

David: I won't let you fall.

Kane: That's pretty close.

David: Trust me. Close your eyes.

Kane closes his eyes. Pause.

Kane: Cool.

David pulls Kane back onto the roof.

David: Toldya.

Candy and Robert.

Robert: Tell me you love me.

Candy: No.

Robert: You love me.

Candy: You lied to me.

Robert: I was going to tell you.

Candy: Yeah? When?

Robert: When the time was right.

Candy: When was that gonna be?!

Robert: About the same time you told me about your girlfriend!

Candy: You prick!

Robert: Dyke!

Robert hits Candy in the face. Candy flies at him.

Candy: You prick! You fucking prick! I'll kill you!

Robert grabs her arms to restrain her.

Robert: Candy — I'm sorry.

Candy: Fuck you!

Candy breaks away from him and runs off.

Robert: I love you.

Benita alone.

Benita: David's friend Sal called him. He went to the doctor a few weeks ago because his sinuses were bothering him. That doctor called him today. He's got the virus. Not the disease — just the virus.

The apartment. David is there. Candy enters, disheveled and upset.

David: Candy...?

Candy: Don't.

Pause.

Candy: Asshole.

David: Snatch.

David takes Candy into his arms. She cries.

Candy: He hit me.

David: Oh baby...

Candy: Why's everything so fucked up?

David: Chernobyl.

Bernie alone.

Bernie: Being married's like being a grizzly in the zoo. If you don't have to hunt all you can do is pace.

Blackout. We hear the answering machine in the darkness.

Evelyn: *On machine.* It's Evelyn, Robert. Call me.

Robert: *On machine.* Candy, I'm sorry. Call me.

Jerri: *On machine.* It's Jerri. Call me.

Kane: *On machine.* David, call me.

Bernie: *On machine.* Call me.

Jerri: Call me.

Kane: Call me.

Robert: Call me!

The apartment. David and Candy are cleaning. Candy enters holding a bloody T-shirt.

Candy: Where's this bloody shirt come from?

David: It's Bernie's.

Candy: Bernie's?

Benita alone.

Benita: Bernie's.

David: He left it here the other night.

Candy: What night?

David: I dunno. Friday.

Candy: Where'd all the blood come from?

Benita: The razor beside the bed.

David: He was in a fight.

Candy: What kinda fight leaves this much blood?

David: A fight where someone has a knife.

Candy: A knife?

Benita: Her shirt covered in blood.

David: At the Kingsway. Over some girl.

Candy: That's what he told you?

David: Yeah. What's the deal?

Benita: Bernie.

Candy: Let's call the Kingsway.

David: What?

Candy: Let's confirm his story.

David: You're outa your mind.

Candy: I'll call.

David: Candy, this is Bernie you're talking about.

Candy: Exactly.

David: What do you think he did?

Candy: I don't know. But he sure shows up here bloody a lot.

David: He does not.

Candy: Didn't they find another girl Saturday morning?

David: So?

Candy: What about last week?

David: He was in a fight.

Candy: Don't you ever get tired of that story?

David: Bernie wouldn't lie to me, Candy.

Candy: Bullshit. I'll call.

Candy picks up the phone. David grabs it away from her.

David: No. I'll call. You're going to feel so stupid.

David dials the phone.

Robert, Bernie, and Jerri alone.

Robert: Fucking women! They're so hard to deal with.

Bernie: Fucking fags!

Robert: Not like men. A man pisses you off and you can smack him.

Jerri: Fucking men!

Robert: That doesn't work with women. They just get worse if you hit them.

The apartment.

David: I see. Thank you very much.

David hangs up the phone. Pause. David does not look at Candy.

Candy: Well?

David: Well — yes there was a fight Friday night. Yes a knife was pulled, yes someone got cut, and yes the cops were called.

Candy: He was probably the one with the knife.

David: Stop it.

Candy: What if it was him though. What if he was hurting people and we didn't do anything?

David: It's your friends that do the lying.

Candy: Thank you.

David: I think you're jealous of Bernie, Candy. I really do.

Candy: Think whatever you like.

Candy exits. David picks up the phone and dials quickly.

David: I need to talk to you. Now.

David hangs up the phone and starts to tear the T-shirt into strips. There is a knock at the door. David guiltily shoves the T-shirt under the futon. Another knock.

David: Yes?

Kane: It's me.

Kane enters.

David: Yeah?

Kane: It's eight.

David: So?

Kane: I was supposed to pick you up at eight. Remember?

David: Shit — look — something's come up.

Kane: David, I've been planning this for a week. I've got the place to myself and everything.

David: I'm expecting a phone call.

Kane: You've got a machine.

David: I can't —

Kane: You cancel this and I'll kill you, David.

David: All right then.

David takes the T-shirt from under the futon and balls it into his fist.

Kane: What's that?

David: Something I have to throw in the incinerator on the way out.

David and Kane exit the apartment.

Bernie laughs quietly.

Candy enters the apartment.

Candy: David?

There is a knock at the door.

Candy: Yes?

Robert: It's me.

Robert enters.

Robert: Hi.

Pause.

Robert: Can we talk?

Candy: What do you think I am? Some stupid, fat cow you can slap around like a piece of meat? Some bimbo broad who's so desperate for a little affection that she'll put up with anything? You fucking hit me. No one gets away with that!

Pause.

Robert: I just came to say good-bye. I'm going back to Evelyn.

Pause.

Candy: Good-bye.

Robert: I'm sorry.

Candy: Good-bye.

Robert exits.

Kane's house. David and Kane enter with beers.

Kane: You okay?

David: Fine.

Kane: Something's different tonight.

David: I'm wearing underwear. This is quite a place.

Kane: Big huh?

David: That a real Danby in the entrance-way?

Kane: Oh yeah. Dad's into art.

David: So what's the big surprise?

Kane: Sit down. I'll show you.

David sits. Kane sits next to him and picks up the remote for the VCR. He turns on the TV. Cheezy TV show theme song begins to play.

Candy alone.

Candy: Good-bye.

David: Oh no!

Kane: There you are, David McMillan as Toby.

David: Turn it off!

Kane: No!

David pulls the remote from Kane's hand and punches off the VCR and TV.

David: What the hell are you doing?

Kane: I practically had to blow this guy my dad knows at the CBC to get those tapes.

David: That's not me, Kane.

Kane: I thought you'd like it.

David: You're damaged.

Kane: I am not!

David: What did you do? Sit here watching those fucking things and making stories up about me.

Kane: *He did.* No.

David: I'm going.

Kane: Don't.

David: What do you want from me, Kane?

Kane: I want to be your friend.

David: I don't need another friend.

Kane: What do you need then?

David: I need a lover!

Pause.

Kane: I don't think I'm like that.

David: Like what?

Kane: Queer.

Pause. David moves toward Kane.

David: No?

Kane: *Uncertainly.* N-no.

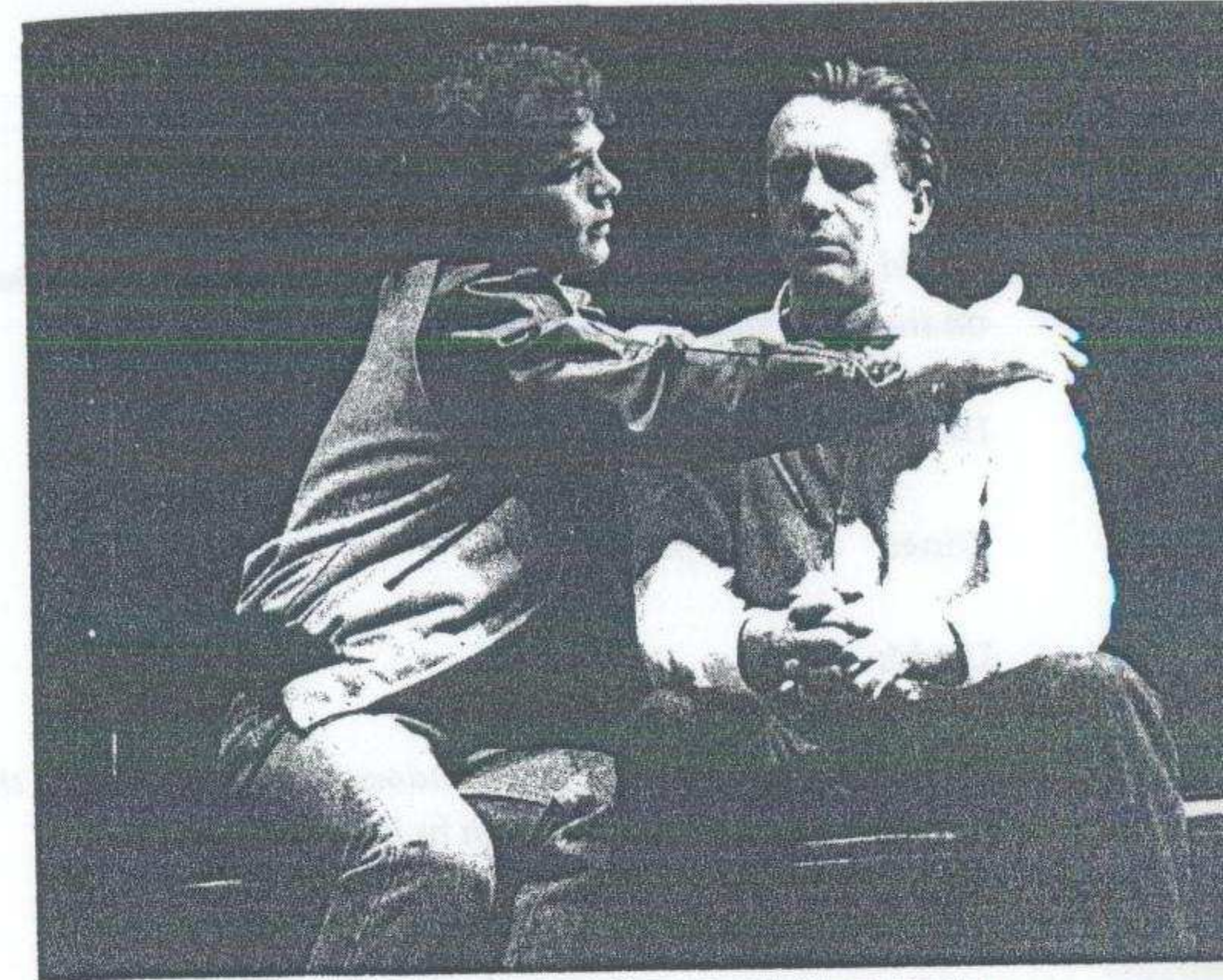
David: You're scared of me.

Kane: *Scared.* I'm not.

David: You're scared of what you're feeling.

Kane: No.

*David takes Kane's head in his hands and holds it very tight.
Kane cannot look away.*



l to r: Jeffrey Hirschfield as Kane, John Moffat as David. Alberta Theatre Projects, Calgary. Photo: Trudie Lee.

David: I could do anything I want to you and there's not a goddamn thing you could do to stop me. You realize that?

Kane: Yes.

David: Kiss me.

David lets Kane go. After a brief hesitation, Kane kisses David on the lips. Pause.

David: Now pull your pants down and face the wall.

Kane: David, please —

David: Do it.

Kane turns his back to David, undoes his pants, and lets them fall. Long pause. They can both be heard breathing.

David: Excited?

Kane: Yes.

David: Thinking about me?

Kane: Yes.

Pause. David moves away from Kane.

David: Quietly. No. You're not like that.

David exits quickly. After a moment Kane pulls up his pants and turns.

Kane: David?

The apartment. Candy enters carrying a Mac's bag filled with junk food. She dumps the contents of the bag onto the floor and begins to eat anything she can tear open. This is not a pretty sight.

Benita's place. David is there.

David: I need you to read someone for me.

Benita: Anything for you.

David: It might be dangerous.

Benita: To me?

David: No.

Bernie alone. A telephone rings under the following dialogue.

Bernie: Out of my mind with the smell of blood and cunt
I drive and drive and drive and drive.

Benita alone. Sings. Overlapping Bernie.

Benita: Lavender blue dilly dilly
Lavender green . . .

Candy alone.

Candy: *Overlapping Benita.* Stupid pig. Fat cow. Dumb bitch. Fat cow!

Jerri alone.

Jerri: *Overlapping Candy.* I hate her. I hate her. I hate her.

Robert alone.

Robert: *Overlapping Jerri.* Asshole. You stupid fucking asshole. You're such an asshole!

Kane alone.

Kane: Everything's fine until you're 11 or 12 — then bang — you've got pubic hair and the party's over.

Benita alone.

Benita: The night.

The bar. Bernie is there. David enters. The telephone stops ringing.

David: Hey bro'!

Bernie: Hey bro'!

David: Been looking for you all night.

Bernie: Here I am.

David: Wanna get crazy?

Bernie: Always.

David: I know this girl.

Bernie: You know a girl?

David: She'll do us both.

Bernie: About time.

David: Yeah.

The apartment. Candy is eating and crying. Her face is smeared with food. There is a knock at the door. Candy ignores it. After a moment, Jerri enters.

Jerri: You really shouldn't leave your door unlocked like that.

Candy: Fuck off!

Jerri: Jesus girl —

Candy throws a handful of food at Jerri.

Candy: I said fuck off.

Jerri: Candy.

Candy rushes at Jerri and tries to push her out the door.

Candy: Get out! Get out of my house!

Jerri: Cut it out.

Candy: Get the fuck out of my house you fat pig!

Jerri pushes Candy down.

Candy: Fuck you!

Jerri: No! Fuck you!

David and Bernie.

David: Remember that girl Cindy?

Bernie: The one with *War and Peace* on her back in braille?

David: Yeah.

Bernie: Sure. You fucked her one weekend and I fucked her the next one.

David: I never fucked her.

Bernie: No?

David: I just said that because I wanted you to think I did.

Bernie: Everyone lies, David.

David: Yeah?

Bernie: Yeah.

Candy and Jerri in the apartment.

Jerri: You use people.

Candy: And you don't?

Jerri: I was honest with you.

Candy: So was I.

Jerri: Like hell! Little Miss Gay-People-Don't-Bother-Me. I guess they only bother you when they want a little more than a few martinis and a quick fuck!

Candy: Dyke!

Candy slaps Jerri across the face. Pause.

Jerri: I should kill you for that.

Candy: Jerri. I'm sorry — I'm —

Jerri: Sick. You're sick.

Candy: I didn't mean it!

Candy puts her arms around Jerri and holds her tight.

Jerri: Sick.

Candy: Sorry.

Benita's place. David and Bernie are there.

Benita: Looking for a little excitement?

David: You got it.

Benita: How 'bout you Bernie? Looking for a little excitement?

Bernie: How old are you?

Benita: Giggles. Everyone asks me that. You're a pretty big guy. I wouldn't stand a chance against either of you. You could do anything you wanted to me.

Bernie: Damn right.

Benita: Like that idea? Mebbe you touch each other accidentally. Feel yourselves in me at the same time.

Bernie: We're not faggots, you know.

David: I am.

Bernie: We're just a coupla buddies out for a good time.
Don't try to make it dirty.

Benita: You're awful touchy, Bernie.

Bernie: Why don't you take your top off?

Benita: I think you'd rather do it for me.

Bernie: Fuckin' rights.

Bernie tears off Benita's top.

Bernie: You got no fuckin' tits.

Benita: You have trouble makin' it with people with no
tits, Bernie?

David: I prefer it.

Benita: Bet you like big, fat, squishy watermelon tits.

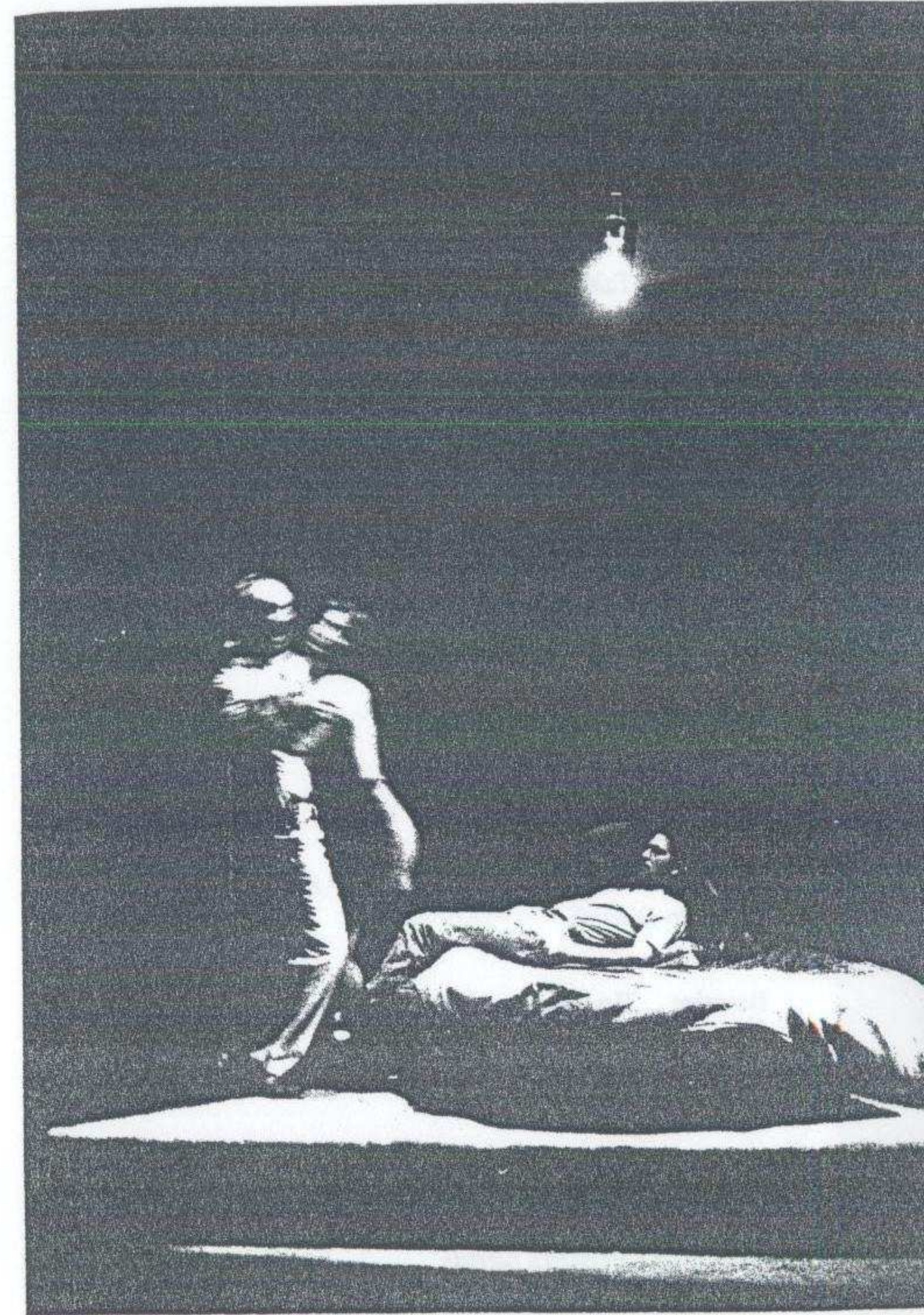
Bernie: Lay down.

Benita: Not yet.

Bernie roughly pushes her to the bed.

Bernie: I said lay down.

David: Bernie!



l to r: Kenneth Bryans as Bernie, Irene MacDougall as Benita, Dougray Scott as David. The Traverse Theatre Company, Edinburgh. Photo: Sean Hudson.

Benita: It's okay, Davey. Bernie likes to play rough.

Bernie: His name's David.

Benita: Mebbe I should just call him sir.

Bernie: Take your skirt off.

Benita: Make me.

Bernie pulls off her skirt.

Benita: Ooh.

Bernie: And the nylons.

Benita: What's the point?

Bernie: Do it.

Benita removes her nylons. Bernie grabs them and hands them to David.

Bernie: Tie her up.

David: Uh — Bernie —

Bernie: Do it.

David ties Benita's hands.

David: I'm not hurting you am I?

Bernie: Who cares?

Benita: It's all right, Davey.

Bernie slaps Benita.

Bernie: It's David.

David: Bernie!

Bernie: His name's David.

Benita: Davey.

He slaps Benita again.

Bernie: David.

Benita: Okay, David! David!

David: Look — maybe this wasn't such a great idea.

Bernie: It's a terrific idea.

David: It's getting too weird. I don't —

Bernie: Don't be such a pussy. She's no one.

David: No, Bernie —

Bernie moves behind David and puts his arms around him. He pushes his body up tight against David's back and strokes David's body.

Bernie: You'll like it.

Kane alone.

Kane: I'll fall.

Bernie: Trust me.

David: No. We can't —

Bernie: Relax bro'. It's just you and me.

David: She's my friend.

Bernie: I'm your friend. I'm your best friend.]

Bernie has worked his hands inside David's pants. He strokes David's cock.

David: Jesus.

Bernie: Us.

David: Don't.

David and Bernie kiss ferociously. Benita leads them to the bed.

The apartment. Candy and Jerri. Candy is cleaning up her mess.

Jerri: Look at me.

Candy: I'm so ashamed.

Pause.

Jerri: It's not me, is it?

Candy shakes her head.

Jerri: I thought it was something I was doing. Is there anyone you can love?



Kenneth Bryans as Bernie, Dougray Scott as David, The Traverse Theatre Company, Edinburgh. Photo: Sean Hudson.

Candy: David. Maybe.

Pause.

Candy: It's me.

Jerri: Candy, I'm sorry.

Jerri starts to exit.

Candy: Jerri?

Jerri: What?

Candy: Do you think I'm fat?

Jerri goes to Candy and puts her arms around her.

Jerri: I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. I always have.

Jerri kisses Candy on the forehead then exits.

Benita's place. David and Bernie are sleeping in the bed. Benita is watching them from a chair. Bernie wakes, sits up, and looks at her.

Bernie: I'm his friend.

Benita: You were.

Bernie: What did you do to me? When you thought I was sleeping?

Benita: Touched your head.

Bernie: I felt something. Inside me. It kinda hurt.

Benita: Now you know what it's like.

Bernie: He needs me.

Benita: He's learning.

Bernie: He couldn't live without me.

Benita: Why couldn't you get your cock hard?

Bernie: I'm his best friend.

Bernie moves to Benita quickly and puts his hands around her throat.

Benita: What about David?

Bernie: I can handle David.

Benita: Sure about that?

Pause. Bernie removes his hands from Benita's throat. Benita moves away from him. Bernie looks at David.

Bernie: He looks like a kid.

Benita: He's not.

Bernie: What did you see? Inside my head?

Benita: Fear.

Bernie: You're all the same — you know that? You're jealous of us.

Benita: We handle it.

Bernie: Aren't you scared of me?

Benita: There are scarier monsters.

Bernie: I like you. You're bright.

Benita: Go away.

Pause. Bernie looks to David then back to Benita.

Bernie: If you tell him it'll only screw him up more.

Benita: *Harsh.* He knows!

Long pause.

Bernie: He told you? —

Benita: Good-bye, Bernie.

Bernie: He told *you*?

Benita: Get out.

Bernie looks at David for a long moment, then exits.

Benita: Davey, it's time to wake up.

The apartment. Candy is alone. There is a knock at the door. Candy goes to it.

Candy: Yes?

Kane enters.

Kane: Is David in?

Candy: No.

Kane: Do you know when he'll be back?

Candy: No. I'll tell him you came by.

Kane: No. Don't. I'll drop by later. I'd like to surprise him.

Candy: All right.

Kane exits.

Benita's place. David is still sleeping.

Benita: Davey?

David: *Waking.* Bernie?

Benita: Gone.

David dresses.

David: I passed right out. You okay?

Benita: There's a little blood, but I'll live.

David: Benita — I'm sorry —

Benita: He's doing it.

David: No.

Benita: Yes.

David: He's my friend. He'd never —

Benita: Stop him.

David: I can't.

Benita: You have to.

Pause.

David: Yes.

The apartment. Candy is alone.

Candy: I hate my job. I hate my life. I hate this city. I hate myself. Jesus. I hate myself.

David enters.

David: I lied. There was no fight at the Kingsway.

Kane alone.

Kane: I lied.

Candy: David — no.

David: He's doing it.

Candy: Call the police.

David: I've got to find him.

Candy: I'll come.

David: No.

Candy: Be careful.

David: I always am. Lock the door.

David exits. Candy goes to the phone and dials. Bernie is heard singing, very quietly, from somewhere near by. Candy straightens nervously and stops dialing. Bernie enters singing quietly and stares at Candy. Candy carefully hangs up the phone.

Candy: Bernie ...

Bernie: How ya doin'?

Candy: How did you get in?

Bernie: David's window. Thought I'd wait in the bedroom.

Candy: You should go, Bernie.

Bernie: Boy, that David's got some crazy ideas huh?

Candy: He just wants to talk to you.

Bernie: Why do you hate me?

Candy: I don't.

Bernie: It's because of Dana, isn't it?

Candy: That was a long time ago.

Bernie: Do you think I'm the only one who let her down?

Candy: Shut up, Bernie.

Bernie: She was stupid.

Candy: No —

Bernie: She deserved to die. I was glad she died. I should've killed her. I wish I had.

Bernie advances on Candy.

Candy: Bernie — please —

Bernie: I'm not gonna hurt you.

Candy: Good.

Bernie: It's just that — me and David — we're goin' away. Together. Away.

Candy: Great.

Bernie: He wanted me to clean up.

Bernie grabs Candy by the throat.

Candy: Don't!

There is a knock at the door. Candy and Bernie freeze.

Candy: Let me go.

After a moment Bernie relaxes his grip on Candy's neck. She moves away from him. Bernie slumps as if suddenly very tired. There is another knock on the door. Kane enters. Candy grabs him.

Candy: Kane! Come in!

Kane: Thanks. Hi Bernie.

Bernie: *Not looking at Kane.* Hello.

Candy: Bernie was just leaving.

Kane: Yeah?

Candy: David's looking for Bernie. A lot of people are looking for Bernie.

Kane: Oh?

Bernie: Yes.

Candy: Good-bye, Bernie.

Bernie exits.

Kane: Booga booga. What's wrong with him?

Candy: Call the police, Kane.

Kane: Why?

Candy: Just do it, Kane!

Bernie's place. David enters carrying a twenty-two. He sits in a chair with the rifle across his lap. He sings softly to himself.

All characters are in isolation.

Jerri: Her hair.

Robert: Her skin.

Kane: David.

Candy: David.

Bernie: Candy.

David: Bernie.

Benita: In three hours the sun will rise in Edmonton.

Bernie enters his house.

Bernie: Candy said you'd be here. †

David: You better not have hurt her.

Bernie: She's fine. *Pause.* How'd you get in?

David: Basement window.

Bernie: *Chuckles.* We're good at that.

David: I found Linda in the freezer.

Bernie: Ah. *Short pause.* You never liked her.

David: I thought I knew you.

Bernie: You do, David. You're just like me.

David: No.

Bernie: Yes.

David: Shut up!

Bernie: You're awful upset, pal.

David: You asshole.

Bernie: David, calm down. †

Bernie reaches into his pocket and drops a number of mis-matched earrings as he speaks.

Bernie: They weren't anyone that mattered. They were secretaries, waitresses, nurses — hairdressers, for Christ's sake.

David: Jesus.

Bernie: They weren't important.

David: Yes they were.

Bernie: To who?

David: To their families. Themselves. To me.

Bernie: You? Get real, David. No one's ever mattered to you in your life.

David: That's not true.

Bernie: You don't give a shit about people. They drop in and out of your life all the time. Who cares how they feel? There's only been one person you ever really cared about. Me.

David: You're sick.

Bernie: Sick? Sick like getting your cock sucked in a car by guys you don't even know. Fucking someone in the dark that you can't even see. Playing head games with some stupid boy.

David: Shut up, Bernie!

Bernie: Too close for comfort, pal?

David: I mean it.

Bernie: Let's drop the shit for once. We're the ones with the brains, David. We're the ones with the power.

David: What power?

Bernie: The power to make people do whatever we want to.

Kane speaks from the darkness.

Kane: I don't think I'm like that.

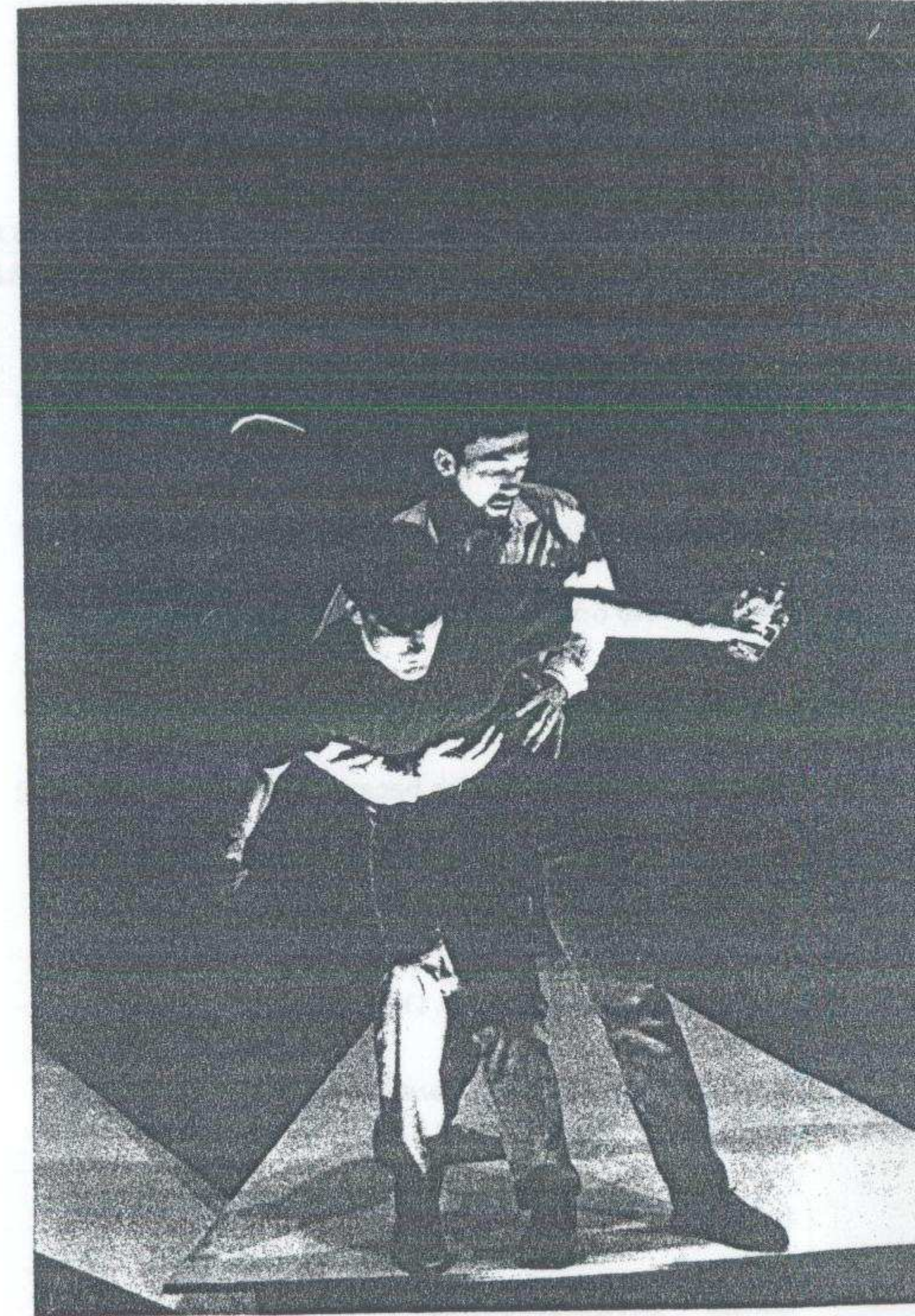
David raises the gun and points it at Bernie's face.

David: I don't know you anymore.

Bernie: Remember when my dad gave me that rifle?

David: Stop it.

Bernie: Just before that camping trip when you told me you loved me. We shot that one partridge. Remember how good you felt when you shot it? You said you'd never killed anything before. You said it was a rush. That was how I felt when Dana killed herself.



Daryl Shuttleworth as David, Shaun Johnston as Bernie. Workshop West Theatre, Edmonton. Photo: Ed Ellis.

Candy: David. Sal's on the phone.

Pause.

Candy: Sal, look — he's still not up for calls. Do me a favour and try again tomorrow. Thanks. You're a doll.

Candy hangs up the phone and opens the pizza and a Coke.

Candy: Rose Bowl special. Anchovies, pepperoni, and green peppers.

She eats some pizza as she looks at David.

Candy: How long do I have to put up with this?

Pause.

Candy: It wasn't your fault.

Pause.

Candy: Bernie was sick.

Pause.

Candy: None of us realized how sick he was.

Pause.

Candy: You can't let him ruin your life, David. He's done that to too many other people already.

Pause.

Candy: You've got to get out of here. Go see Rod — or Sal.

David: Sal's dying.

Candy: He's not dying. He's sick. He needs you.

David: I can't.

There is a knock at the door.

David: I'm not home.

Candy: Yes?

Kane enters.

Candy: Hiya guy.

Kane: How is he?

Candy: Fucked.

Kane: Hi David.

David: I'm not home.

Pause. Kane starts to exit. Candy turns him back to David.

Candy: Talk to him.

Candy exits.

Kane: So — uh — how's it going?

Pause. David ignores Kane.

David: I'm going to stop you, Bernie.

Bernie: Yeah?

Bernie moves forward and takes the end of the gun in his mouth. He and David stare at one another. David removes the gun from Bernie's mouth and begins to exit. Bernie grabs him desperately.

Bernie: Stay with me, David. We'll go away. Somewhere where they don't know me. I won't do it again.

David: It's too late.

Bernie: No one has to know. Nothing has to change.

David: Bernie, Candy knows. Benita knows.

Bernie: It's your fault! It's because you left the first time! I could control it when you were around!

David: Don't, Bernie.

Bernie: I'll keep doing it, David. I will.

David tries to pull away from Bernie. Bernie holds him tighter.

Bernie: You'll have no friends! You'll be alone!

David: Let me go, Bernie!

Bernie: They'll hurt me, David. They'll put me in jail — they'll —

Bernie is cut off by the sound of a distant siren.

Bernie: Don't leave me again.

David: I'm sorry.

Bernie: Please.

David picks up the rifle and holds it out to Bernie. Bernie gradually becomes very cold. He looks at David curiously, without resentment.

Bernie: I thought you loved me.

David places the rifle in Bernie's hand. Expressionless, Bernie takes it.

David: I do.

David exits. The lights begin to fade on Bernie as the sound of the siren rises. Benita sings as the lights rise on all the other characters alone, except for Bernie.

Benita: Lavender blue dilly dilly
Lavender green
When I am king dilly dilly
You shall be queen . . .

There is the loud explosion of a gun shot. Lights on all other characters snap to black. There is a beat of silence then a phone begins to ring. Lights rise on the apartment. David is sitting on the futon. Candy enters with a pizza and a six-pack of Coke. She juggles the food as she answers the phone.

Candy: Hello. Just a sec. David, it's Sal for you.

Pause. He doesn't look at her.

Kane: Everyone's asking about you at work. Regulars are still requesting your section. They hired a new bus boy. They — uh — they want to make me a waiter, David.

David: You?

Kane: Can you believe it?

David: No.

Pause.

Kane: I'm sorry about Bernie — and everything else.

Pause.

Kane: You — uh — you mind if I have a slice of pizza? I'm starving.

Kane helps himself to a piece of pizza.

Kane: That's great. Rose Bowl?

Pause. Kane, balancing the pizza on one hand, kisses David on the lips tenderly. Pause.

Kane: Say something.

David: You got pizza on the futon.

Kane: What?

David: There!

Kane: Shit! I'm sorry.

David: Candy, Kane got pizza on the futon!

Candy enters.

Candy: What?

Kane: It was an accident. I'm sorry.

Candy: Don't worry about it.

Pause.

David: It's fucked.

Candy: You okay?

David: Nope.

Kane: Anything I can do?

David: Nope.

Pause.

David: I get so scared sometimes.

Candy: Join the club.

Kane: I'm always scared.

David: I've never told either of you — X

Candy: Puh-lease.

Kane: It's okay.

Candy: We know.

David: Yeah?

Candy: Yeah.

Benita alone.

Benita: I love you.

Slow fade to black.

Seminario Multidisciplinario
José Emilio González
SMJEG
Facultad de Humanidades
UPR-PR