

JIM'S ROOM

By
Albi Gorn

Albigorn@optonline.net
9 Clinton Avenue
Hastings-on-Hudson
NY 10706
(914) 478-2281

'The love of a man for a woman waxes and wanes like the moon...but the love of brother for brother is steadfast as the stars, and endures like the word of the prophet.' ...Arabian Proverb

CAST

BEAU (Jules)

MADDIE

AGNES, a waitress

RON, Beau's roommate

BEV, Maddie's roommate

SHIRLEY, an astrologer

MARTY, Beau's father

RACHEL, Beau's mother

JIM'S ROOM

(Outside a movie theater; 1999. BEAU has just come out, MADDIE follows)

MADDIE

(MADDIE is waving a book) Excuse me.

BEAU

Huh?

MADDIE

Excuse me, is this yours?

BEAU

Yes it is. I can't believe ...

MADDIE

You left it on the seat.

BEAU

...I left it on the seat. The way that movie ended I ...Thanks, *many* thanks

MADDIE

You're welcome.

BEAU

Many thanks. You don't know.

MADDIE

That's a lot of thanks for a paperback. Did you get Dostoevsky to personally sign it?

BEAU

Uh no, but if I had to buy a new copy I would never find my place.

MADDIE

Right. I often think that way about my life.

BEAU

And secondly – second?

MADDIE

Second.

BEAU

And second, I need something to do until 4:50, which is when my next movie starts.

MADDIE

(MADDIE looks at book; which is quite thick) 4:50 a.m.?

BEAU

So, many thanks.

MADDIE

At least two at any rate. You're welcome, twice I guess. Twicely, you're welcome twicely.

BEAU

(Beat) So, what did you think of that?

MADDIE

The film? I don't know yet. How about you?

BEAU

I liked it – what do you mean you don't know yet?

MADDIE

Well, it's a bit complicated. What do you mean your next movie?

BEAU

Oh, I'm going to see *Ripley*, you know, with Matt Damon, up at – wherever it's playing.

MADDIE

Yeah, that's on my list too, but two in a row?

BEAU

Uh, three. After *Ripley* I'm going to try for that new Indian thing.

MADDIE

The Terrorist, yeah that did sound good. Three in a row? Wow.

BEAU

Well, on my days off I like to cram as many in as I can.

MADDIE

Okay.

BEAU

So, thanks again for my book.

MADDIE

You're welcome. *(BEAU starts to leave)* I'll call you when I know how I felt about the movie.

BEAU

Right. (*BEAU continues to leave*)

MADDIE

What's your number?

BEAU

(Stops. Smiles nervously; after a beat) Seriously?

MADDIE

Uhhh, I'm not sure. Yes I am. Seriously, if you don't – I mean, how do you meet people, you know. I'm Madelyn.

BEAU

Beau.

MADDIE

Beau? As in *Beau Geste*, like Ronald Coleman, Gary Cooper –

BEAU

Dean Stockwell, Michael York, yeah, that Beau. It's a nickname. My real name is Jules, if you can believe that.

MADDIE

I like to think of myself as open-minded, but Jules? No, that doesn't fit at all.

BEAU

865-7671.

MADDIE

(*MADDIE mouths the number*) Great.

BEAU

I'll write it down (*BEAU rips out a page of his book*).

MADDIE

(*A touch horrified*) What are you doing?

BEAU

It was all boring exposition, a lot of long Russian names. 865-7671.

MADDIE

And your name.

BEAU

Right. (*BEAU writes it*)

MADDIE

(Looking over his shoulder) Beau Kramer. How did you get from Jules to Beau?

BEAU

(Smiles) It's a bit complicated. *(Beat as they smile at one another)* I have until 4:50, and since *Ripley* is on your list anyway, any interest in, um – I'm sorry, you probably have other plans

MADDIE

The only other plans I have is lunch. Hungry?

BEAU

Sure. Did you have some particular place in mind?

MADDIE

Do you like deli?

BEAU

Sure. You mean the 2nd Avenue Deli?

MADDIE

Oh good, you know it.

BEAU

It's been a while. I'd love to go there. *(They start to walk off)* So how come you don't know how you felt about the movie?

MADDIE

Well, it's not so much that I don't know, it's more that I just can't talk about it yet.

BEAU

You can't talk about the movie or you can't talk about why you don't know how you felt about it?

MADDIE

Exactly. You're a good listener.

-end of scene-

(BEAU and MADDIE are seated at a table at the deli)

MADDIE

So, Beau?

BEAU

Well, we have to start with Jules. See, my folks are big film fans, and they used to get on these movie jags –

MADDIE

Ah, it's genetic.

BEAU

– one night after the other. Anyway, the night before we – I was born, they went to see *Jules and Jim*. Do you –

MADDIE

Truffaut. Seen it, great film.

BEAU

And, well, see, I'm a twin so –

MADDIE

Oh. That's cool.

BEAU

Well, that's also complicated. So they decided to name me and my brother Jules and Jim. My mom can be a bit impulsive and my pop kept saying it was like a sign or something, I don't know, but the fact is that if we had been born like a week before, you'd be talking to either Butch or Sundance.

MADDIE

Butch you're not.

(AGNES passes by)

MADDIE

Excuse me, can we get menus?

AGNES

(Unpleasantly) Have you ever eaten here before?

MADDIE

Yes.

AGNES
Same menu. (*AGNES starts to leave*)

MADDIE
He hasn't.

BEAU
I –

AGNES
(*Without stopping*) You're lying.

MADDIE
She's the greatest. That's why I love coming here. So, how do we get to Beau?

BEAU
Well, in the cold light of day, my mother couldn't live with Jules, and I guess she –

MADDIE
Took one look at your face and it was: *Tu est Beau*. (*MADDIE does an eyebrow pump*).

BEAU
(*Beat; smiling embarrassed*) Uh, well, not really --

MADDIE
Zoom in on Beau's face, who doesn't quite know what to make of this wanton wench.

BEAU
Or: cut to a plate of oysters.

MADDIE
Not in here. Maybe tongue.

BEAU
Yeah, that's perfect, tongue and beets.

MADDIE
Gack.

(*AGNES passes and flings a menu down as she does*)

AGNES
(*Not necessarily directed to BEAU and MADDIE*) What a putz that Clinton is.

MADDIE
(*Calling after AGNES as she passes*) Why? What did he order?

BEAU

(BEAU pushes menu to MADDIE) Go ahead.

MADDIE

No, you first, I always need the other person to go first.

BEAU

Well, we can –

(BEAU and MADDIE move closer to look at menu together. There is a pause)

MADDIE

So, what are you having and where is it?

BEAU

Hmm. I can never decide between the pastrami and the corned beef.

MADDIE

Yeah, and the brisket.

(AGNES comes by holding a plate of food. She shoves it right in front of BEAU's face)

AGNES

I just wanted you to see the chicken. *(AGNES leaves with chicken)*

MADDIE

She likes you.

BEAU

Right. No, not the brisket; just the pastrami or the corned beef. What do you want, do you know?

MADDIE

Well –

BEAU

Sorry, don't mean to rush you. Is this like the movie; you kinda need time alone with it?

MADDIE

I guess.

BEAU

First you ruminate on it...

MADDIE

Uh-huh.

BEAU

Live with the idea of it...

MADDIE

Exactly.

BEAU

And then you know.

MADDIE

It should be that easy.

(They smile. MADDIE's smile is a bit complicated)

BEAU

Umm, is this a sensitive area?

MADDIE

You mean the brisket? What does that mean anyway: is that like German for cut of the bris? Yechh.

BEAU

About the movies, not wanting –

MADDIE

-- to talk about them. *(Big sigh)* It is, it is sensitive.

AGNES

(AGNES comes to table, puts down two glasses of water, and studies BEAU and MADDIE) A boy and a girl.

BEAU

Yeah, I came up with the same demographics.

AGNES

No, you two will have a boy and a girl. I'm always right about these things. *(AGNES leaves)*

(They look at each other and laugh)

MADDIE

(Looking at menu) Where would that be, under appetizers?

BEAU

Desserts, more likely. Look, getting back to that other thing, I'm sorry I teased you –

MADDIE

That's all right, really. See, used to be that I'd come out of a movie and plunge right in with some analysis that usually turned out to be full of holes, but I guess it's my nature when I get something in my head –

BEAU

To dig in deeper.

MADDIE

Right. And, see, when I have an argument, it gets personal, no matter what it's about. So going to the movies, whoever I was with, we'd invariably disagree and it became about the fight, not the movie.

BEAU

Ah. So now you go alone.

MADDIE

Well, yeah, but that's not like a plan. It's cause I ran out of people who were willing to go with me. So now you're warned.

BEAU

Okay.

MADDIE

(Beat) My last two boyfriends broke up with me after movies. I mean Misery I could understand. I even look a little like Kathy Bates.

BEAU

What? No you –

MADDIE

But Toy Story? I mean, how could anyone possibly get into a fight about Toy Story? But there we were, screaming at each other, all those little kids coming out of the theater.

AGNES

(AGNES appears) What'll it be?

BEAU

Okay. How's the barley soup?

AGNES

Do I look like I eat here?

BEAU

I – okay, pastrami.

AGNES

Pastrami? How can you eat pastrami; you don't know where it's been.

BEAU

I would hope it's been in the refrigerator.

AGNES

I mean before it was a pastrami. You know what kind of life you have to live to come back as a pastrami? It could've been Hitler or Stalin.

MADDIE

Hitler? Isn't this place kosher?

AGNES

Kosher style.

MADDIE

Oh.

BEAU

That chicken you showed me –

AGNES

The chicken I can vouch for. Coming back as a chicken is no disgrace; it's no big deal either, but no disgrace. You want the chicken?

BEAU

No. I want the pastrami.

AGNES

(Makes an "I tried" look. To MADDIE) And you?

MADDIE

Stuffed karma for me. *(She smiles broadly at AGNES who just stares at her)*

AGNES

Stuffed derma?

MADDIE

Right.

AGNES

(Dismissively as she snatches menu) For that you needed a menu?

(AGNES starts to leave)

BEAU
(To MADDIE) Pickles.

MADDIE
(Calling after AGNES) And can we get pickles?

AGNES
(From off) Ha!

MADDIE
Does your brother look like you? Do you have pictures?

BEAU
No, not with me. *(Beat)* He died.

MADDIE
Oh god, I'm –

BEAU
No, that's okay.

MADDIE
Recently?

BEAU
No, um, when he was a year old.

MADDIE
SIDS?

BEAU
I think so, they didn't call it that then. Crib death or something.

MADDIE
A year. God, your poor parents. Do you remember him?

BEAU
No, not really. I remember – uh, no. I don't.

MADDIE
Yeah, I guess you don't really “know” things at one, you just kind of feel things.

BEAU

Actually, that's what I sort of remember(?). When I think about him, see, that's what I think about.

MADDIE

The feeling of him?

BEAU

No, the feeling of it. What it felt like to have a brother, what it felt like to be a brother. If I remember anything, that's what I remember, except I don't think I really do and – (*BEAU and MADDIE have been locked in eye contact*) you don't look anything like Kathy Bates.

MADDIE

(*MADDIE smiles warmly*) You, however, bear a striking resemblance to Buzz Lightyear.

BEAU

(*Toasting with water*) To infinity...

MADDIE

(*Returning toast*)...and beyond.

-end of scene-

(RON & BEAU's apartment. BEAU sits in front of TV with VCR remote in hand.
There is no sound. RON enters)

RON

What –

BEAU

Don't even think about telling me the score.

RON

Don't tell you what score – what are you watching? Is that the Superbowl?

BEAU

Don't even talk. You'll give it away by your tone of voice.

RON

You don't know who won the Superbowl?

BEAU

No.

RON

Where were you all day, touring the Libyan Embassy? How could you not know –

BEAU

We went to the movies and then to her place.

RON

(Indicating TV) Oh, watch this play –

BEAU

RON! Stopit.

TOGETHER

(Implying someone getting hit hard) Ooooo.

BEAU

Is he all right? Don't tell me.

RON

She doesn't have a TV?

BEAU

She's not gonna want to watch the Superbowl.

(Crossfade to BEV and MADDIE's apartment. MADDIE is sitting watching TV with remote. BEV enters with a container of ice cream)

BEV

You're just too aggressive.

MADDIE

Aggressive? Me? I can't believe anyone would think I -- *(In angry disbelief at TV)* What are you doing? Run the ball, you idiots.

BEV

I'm going to assume that you're telling me maybe half of what you actually say to him –

MADDIE

But it's the good half.

BEV

And from that alone I can tell you that you sound desperate.

MADDIE

I'm not desperate –

BEV

But you –

MADDIE

And I don't sound desperate. *(At TV)* Please miss, please miss, pleasepleaseplease.

(A beat as they both watch)

MADDIE

(A sigh of relief) He missed.

(Crossfade to RON and BEAU's apartment)

RON

Never?

BEAU

She's not interested in stuff like that.

RON

And after you're married –

BEAU

What are you talking about, marriage, god, Ron.

RON
-- you're going to – what are you doing?

(BEAU is fast forwarding)

BEAU
I'm not gonna watch the commercials.

RON
That's the best part, believe me.

BEAU
Ron, stop it. I'll be up till three a.m. I have to work tomorrow.

(They watch for awhile. RON points)

BEAU
Ron!

RON
Sorry. *(Smiles at what just happened on the screen)*

BEAU
Yeah!

RON
You're rooting for St. Louis?

BEAU
I got twenty bucks on the game.

(Crossfade to BEV and MADDIE's apartment)

BEV
Why am I watching this; I saw it already.

MADDIE
He's taking his time...and I'm taking my time.

BEV
Well, you're driving me nuts. You want some?

MADDIE
Is that the Rum Raisin – no, I can't. I'm eating too much.

BEV

You're anxious, that's why.

MADDIE

I am anxious. He's different.

BEV

In what way? He sounds just like Brad. He even looks like Brad.

MADDIE

I don't know. Maybe he isn't different, but it feels different. *(At TV)* I can't stand this. You're killing me.

BEV

Since when did you become a Titans fan?

MADDIE

I have a hundred bucks on the game. *(At TV)* Run the ball, you asshole.

(Crossfade to RON and BEAU's apartment)

RON

So?

BEAU

So what?

RON

How did it go?

BEAU

Good.

RON

How good? I mean if you gave up watching the Superbowl, it better've been more than just good.

BEAU

It was good. I like being with her.

RON

Did you finally –

BEAU

No.

RON
Did you make out at least?

BEAU
No.

RON
(*Beat*) Kiss her?

BEAU
A goodnight kiss, you know.

RON
Tongues?

BEAU
Sort of – no.

(*RON stares at him*)

BEAU
What?

RON
Nothing. Take your time.

BEAU
What's wrong with that?

RON
I mean nothing, if that's your plan. Is that your plan?

BEAU
(*Beat*) No.

(*Crossfade to BEV and MADDIE's apartment*)

BEV
Why didn't you watch it with *him*?

MADDIE
He's not a sports fan. He would have said something about it; he wouldn't have asked me out if he was.

BEV

I thought you said you asked him out.

MADDIE

Whatever, he wouldn't have said yes, very eagerly I might add.

BEV

He's not kissing you, he's not a sports fan, maybe he's –

MADDIE

He's not.

(BEV gives her a look)

MADDIE

I asked.

BEV

You're not aggressive, not at all.

MADDIE

It was a multiple choice question. Who, I would like to know, cares about a halftime show. This is so retro.

BEV

Sure about the ice cream?

MADDIE

Yes.

BEV

I just don't think you really know how you come off. You should let my sister do your chart.

MADDIE

Oh, Bev, please.

BEV

Why not, you could take Beau with you.

MADDIE

I don't think so.

BEV

Beau. And you're sure he's not gay?

MADDIE

I'm not sure of anything anymore.

(Crossfade to RON and BEAU's apartment)

RON

No way that's holding.

BEAU

Ron.

RON

No way. God, you can't even touch 'em.

BEAU

You know how it is; you don't want to do something that might spoil it, so you wait until it feels right.

RON

(Dubious) Uh-huh. But the way you described her –

BEAU

I know, I know.

RON

-- practically jumping into your pants.

BEAU

I know, I know. But still, it just doesn't feel like sex yet.

RON

Uh-huh. Can I go out with her while you're waiting? Oh, no, back it up, you gotta see that cats ad. *(Grabs remote)*

BEAU

(Grabbing it back) Can I please do this my way.

(They watch)

RON

Mmmm? *(Meaning: didn't I tell you)*

BEAU

That *is* a good ad. *(Beat)* Next time.

RON

Good. Look I'm not pushing you.

(Crossfade to BEV and MADDIE's apartment)

BEV

So, you go to Shirley –

MADDIE

(At TV) What are you doing? Why are you going for two – oh, god. This is unbearable.

BEV

– and she makes it like – it's not just doing the charts, you know. She talks about it and you talk about it and the two of you will feel each other out in a different kind of context.

MADDIE

Oh, that sounds sexy. *(At TV)* Three and out, let's go.

BEV

All right. Take your time. Next thing you know he'll be inviting you to his wedding.

MADDIE

Bev, please. *(Beat)* Bev, for all my talk, I haven't, when we're together, I haven't really felt like it either. I like him, I want him, I'm falling in love with him, I fantasize about him, about sex with him, but when we're together, it's something else. I don't know why. That's why I'm okay with us taking our time.

BEV

All right. Just hope you don't run *out* of time.

(Lights up on both apartments)

BEAU

Eight seconds left. Come on, one more stop.

MADDIE

Oh, god. Eight seconds, one more play, come on Steve.

MADDIE

Yes! – no.

BEAU

No! - yes.

RON

Well, that was boring.

BEV

That's just what happened the first time I watched it.

BEAU
I really, really like her.

MADDIE
I really, really like him.

BEV
I can tell.

RON
Cool. Go for it.

BEAU & MADDIE
Next time.

MADDIE
Is there any of that ice cream left?

(BEV turns container over, it's empty)

-end of scene-

(MADDIE and BEAU in bed)

MADDIE

(Long beat) You were breast fed, huh?

BEAU

Sorry, did I hurt you, I –

MADDIE

It's all right.

(They both sigh)

BEAU

And sorry that, uh –

MADDIE

Me too.

BEAU

Not to make any excuses, but usually I like my partner to, uh, reach an orgasm first – before me.

MADDIE

Oh. Me too.

BEAU

Oh. Maybe that's why.

MADDIE

I don't think so. Do you really think so?

BEAU

No.

MADDIE

Is this your first time?

BEAU

No, I –

MADDIE

First time not being able to –

BEAU

Oh, no, no. *(Beat)* Yes, yes it is. Sorry.

MADDIE

No, that's okay. Me too.

BEAU

Oh. Sorry again. I mean after three months you'd think, bam.

MADDIE

That's what you'd think.

BEAU

You'd think, as close as we've gotten, it would have been, you know, like a natural extension of everything else. D'you think?

MADDIE

Yeah, I do. I do think. *(Beat)* I think we think too much.

BEAU

Me too. At first I was just experiencing it, trying to, and then it wasn't happening so I started to fantasize.

MADDIE

About me? I was actually right there under you.

BEAU

Uh, no. About some nameless woman, just tits and ass, you know

MADDIE

I do know.

BEAU

Does that –

MADDIE

No. I did the same thing.

BEAU

Same woman?

MADDIE

No. You know, a guy, eyes and hair.

BEAU

A real guy?

MADDIE

No. *(Beat)* I do fantasize about you when I masturbate, if that's any consolation.

BEAU

It is. Me too. That's what makes this so frustrating.

MADDIE

Did seeing me undressed disappoint you?

BEAU

No. You look like what I imagined you'd look like. Better.

MADDIE

Okay.

BEAU

I can't believe I'm saying all this to you.

MADDIE

See, but that's the beauty of what we have going. We don't hold anything back.

BEAU

Well, we held something back tonight.

MADDIE

I guess. (*Beat*) Do you believe in – well, first, do you believe?

BEAU

Religion, God, that stuff?

MADDIE

Right.

BEAU

There's something.

MADDIE

Right. There's something. How about astrology, Tarot, uh –

BEAU

Reincarnation.

MADDIE

Right.

BEAU

The pastrami syndrome. Not a lot, no.

MADDIE

Me neither.

BEAU

Oh. So why are you asking? Do you want to know if we have a future or we're just wasting our time?

MADDIE

I know you're joking, but Beau, I have to tell you, no matter what happens, no way this is a waste of time for me. No way.

BEAU

Me too.

(They kiss, long and hard. Stop, look at each other)

MADDIE

Nope.

BEAU

Nope.

MADDIE

(Sighs) Bev's sister does astrological charts and other stuff and she's always wanted me to go have mine done, and now, what with what's been happening – I told her, by the way.

BEAU

I told Ron, too.

MADDIE

She says if we both went – it's like couples therapy in a way – if we both went, maybe in talking with her and with each other about this, we might get it, you know?

BEAU

Umm, I guess my problem is I walk into those things so skeptical –

MADDIE

Yeah.

BEAU

– there's no chance it's gonna work, you know, like chiropractic.

MADDIE

You're right. Me too. Stupid idea. *(Beat)* Let's see if there's an old movie on TV.

-end of scene-

(SHIRLEY's apartment. SHIRLEY, BEAU and MADDIE at table. SHIRLEY very solemnly and ceremoniously shuffles Tarot deck and deals out cards)

SHIRLEY

(*Studying the cards with knowing reactions*) Ah. Hmmm. (*a chuckle*) That always shows up.

BEAU

What does?

MADDIE

Shhh.

SHIRLEY

(SHIRLEY holds the remaining cards in front of her. To BEAU, ala Go Fish) Do you have any pentacles? Just kidding. Okay, what do we have here?

MADDIE

Is this for both of us?

BEAU

Shhhh.

SHIRLEY

We'll see. This is for whatever the three of us manifest; I as the cipher and you two as ... whatever roles you play. That's what we'll find out.

BEAU

Can I ask you something?

SHIRLEY

Shoot.

BEAU

How much does how much we believe in this affect the outcome?

SHIRLEY

If you don't believe in it, what difference does it make?

BEAU

True.

MADDIE

And you're telling the future or what?

SHIRLEY

I'm telling the past, actually. From the cards I can see that St. Louis will win the Superbowl.

BEAU

I predicted that before it happened.

SHIRLEY

Oh, maybe you should be doing this.

MADDIE

You did?

BEAU

Uh, yeah.

MADDIE

You like football?

BEAU

Uh, a little. *(Beat)* A lot actually.

MADDIE

Me too.

BEAU

You do?

MADDIE

Yeah.

SHIRLEY

(Mystically) I see that sports is a common thread for you. *(Looks at them; no reaction)* Okay, let's get down to business. I don't know how this stuff works, it doesn't always work, but sometimes I tune into something that people find valuable. When I do your charts I'm more in my league, but this is a good way to get acquainted.

BEAU

How about hockey?

MADDIE

Shhh.

SHIRLEY

The Six of Cups, that indicates that reunion, nostalgia, childhood memories, lost innocence will play an important role in your adult life.

BEAU

That's good to know.

MADDIE

In case we ever become adults.

SHIRLEY

Ah, the Eight of Pentacles. That usually means a heavy element of craftsmanship, someone who is capable of fine work with his hands.

BEAU

Ha, tell that to Mr. Osofsky, my shop teacher.

MADDIE

I think you do fine work with your hands.

BEAU

Not fine enough, apparently.

MADDIE

Oh, Beau –

BEAU

I take it back. Forget I said it.

SHIRLEY

Music is an important theme too.

MADDIE

You don't really think –

BEAU

No, of course not. (*Beat*) Sometimes.

MADDIE

It's not that.

SHIRLEY

And a mutual love of cross-dressing.

MADDIE and BEAU

What?

SHIRLEY

Good, now that I have your attention. A lot of this goes back...

BEAU

To when I was a pastrami?

SHIRLEY

Excuse me.

BEAU

Never mind, sorry.

SHIRLEY

O-kay.

MADDIE

This crazy waitress was going on about how if you rack up an unusually high amount of negative karma, you come back as a pastrami.

SHIRLEY

(Laughs) Sounds right to me.

BEAU

Is that one of the things you're into, karma, reincarnation, all that stuff?

SHIRLEY

Into? I believe in it.

BEAU

How about a baby that dies, what happens to his soul?

SHIRLEY

What happens to all souls; it seeks out its destiny, finds its next life.

BEAU

But the karma thing.

SHIRLEY

I guess it just takes with it the same karma it had.

BEAU

Hmmm. Okay.

SHIRLEY

Why are you asking?

BEAU

No reason. I mean I have a reason but it's not a reason.

SHIRLEY

Ah. I actually understand that. Okay, well, these cards are getting us nowhere, so why don't I go run your charts, that's something I'm actually trained in. Now, your (*MADDIE's*) information I have from my sister. (*To BEAU*) So, you were born...

BEAU

October 28, 1970.

SHIRLEY

Time?

BEAU

Two-twenty p.m.

SHIRLEY

Okay. The computer is inside, let me get this started. (*Starts to leave*)

BEAU

Uh, look, you must have picked up by now that I'm not a true believer.

SHIRLEY

Yes, I was able to divine that from some force in the room.

BEAU

Well, even so, as long as you're going to all this work, I'm a twin, see, and my brother --

SHIRLEY

Died?

BEAU

Right. Bev told you?

SHIRLEY

No. It's in the cards. Now I see it more clearly. How old was he when he died?

BEAU

A little over a year. He died New Year's Day, 1972.

(*MADDIE reacts*)

BEAU

Is that important?

SHIRLEY

Sometimes a twin can cast a shadow. (*Leaving*) Just be a few minutes. (*SHIRLEY leaves*)

(There is a long pause. BEAU fools with the cards)

BEAU

You could probably get the same readings from a Pokemon deck.

MADDIE

Beau?

BEAU

What?

MADDIE

Why did you ask about baby karma?

BEAU

Just one of those things you think about. Like how many aborigines went to hell because they weren't Catholic, you know.

MADDIE

You're worried about what happened to Jim?

BEAU

No, it's just tracking the logic of it. I guess these aren't the most logical of –

MADDIE

Beau.

BEAU

What?

MADDIE

What time did Jim die?

BEAU

I don't – why are you asking that?

MADDIE

New Year's Day, 1972 – see, my parents had a lot of trouble conceiving me.

BEAU

I have the same problem

MADDIE

And so they got into keeping track and the way my Mom tells it, they had sex New Year's Eve.

BEAU

Hmm.

MADDIE

And then, and my mother swears to this, she says she felt the conception, the fertilization actually happen while she was watching the Cotton Bowl the next day, 3:35 in the afternoon.

BEAU

And...

MADDIE

And when did Jim die? I mean, what if --

BEAU

Oh, Maddie –

MADDIE

Look, you know I don't believe in this stuff, but what if – no, I can't go there.

BEAU

(With a skeptical laugh) You think you're Jim reincarnated?

MADDIE

I know, I know, but it might explain –

BEAU

Maddie, that's just –

MADDIE

It would explain a lot. We're so comfortable with each other, we love each other – oops, is it too soon to say that?

BEAU

No, that's fine, that's right.

MADDIE

But we can't consummate it. I just want to know when he died.

BEAU

Maddie, you're beginning to scare me.

MADDIE

Call your Mom, she'll remember.

BEAU

I can't do that.

MADDIE

Please.

BEAU

No way.

MADDIE

You know me, Beau. This is all I'll be able to think about until I find out.

BEAU

(Beat) She's going to want to know –

MADDIE

Tell her your astrologist needs to know.

BEAU

(Beat) Astrologer.

MADDIE

Whatever.

BEAU

(BEAU takes out his phone and dials) Yeah, Ma, it's me. *(Beat)* Good. *(Beat)* Good, she's, uh – she's good. Look, I have something to ask. I'm getting my chart done. *(Beat)* Yes, I'm serious. *(Beat)* Oh, when did you do that? *(Beat)* Huh. Anyway, my astrologer wanted to – *(Beat)* No, it's astrologer, not astrologist. Look, when did Jim die? *(Beat)* I don't know, it's an astrology thing. *(Beat)* Well, that's what you get for going to a reform astrologer. Mine wants to know. *(Beat)* Right. *(Beat)* Right. *(Beat)* Okay, thanks. You okay? *(Beat)* Yeah, I know. *(Beat)* Right, I'll send it to you. *(Beat)* Okay, I'll have her e-mail it to you. *(Beat)* Bye. Love you. *(Hangs up. Looks at MADDIE)* My Pop actually found him, it was around five. The doctor said he had been dead for maybe an hour.

MADDIE

Five in the afternoon?

BEAU

Yeah.

MADDIE

I'm getting goosebumps.

SHIRLEY (From off)
(Singing) *When the moon is in the seventh house...*

(A pause)

BEAU
That feeling.

MADDIE
That feeling.

BEAU
What is it? It's something. It feels like love.

MADDIE
Sure does.

BEAU
But Maddie...

MADDIE
Yeah, I know. I'm just trying to make sense of it.

BEAU
Reincarnation? That's your idea of making sense?

MADDIE
(Shrugs)

SHIRLEY
(*SHIRLEY re-enters*). Okay, let's just clear this junk. (*Picks up cards*)

BEAU
Oh, wait, this card was on the floor. I must have knocked it over.

SHIRLEY
Thanks. (*Taking it and looking at it; she is aghast*) The Hanged Man.

BEAU
Is that bad?

SHIRLEY
(Urgently) Tell me, tell me, was it face up or face down?

BEAU
Face down.

SHIRLEY

I was afraid of that.

BEAU

Why, what does it mean?

SHIRLEY

Face down means death; (*SHIRLEY looks at card, trying to remove a smudge*) but mostly it means that I gotta wash the floor. Look at this schmutz. Okay, (*singing*) *Born with the moon in Cancer*; what does that mean exactly? Anyone? Bueller?

-end of scene-

(BEV and MADDIE's apartment; MADDIE, RON and BEAU stand around a table)

RON
Sounds like bridge.

MADDIE
It is like bridge, but --

RON
I don't like bridge. You have to know things.

BEAU
Sounds like a fun game to me.

MADDIE
You have to try it.

RON
Look, I'm here.

MADDIE
Right. Thanks, you can't really play with less than four.

RON
Uh-huh.

BEAU
Sounds like fun.

RON
You said that.

MADDIE
Bev'll be right out. She's making some Indian hors d'oeuvre thing.

RON
Indians have hors d'oeuvres?

MADDIE
It's like samosas or something.

RON
I thought they were all starving.

MADDIE

She's a fantastic cook.

RON

Uh-huh.

BEV

(BEV enters) Okay, they'll be ready in a jif. Remember jifs?

MADDIE

Bev, you remember Beau.

BEV

Of course. Hi.

BEAU

Hi.

MADDIE

And this is Beau's roommate, Ron.

(RON and BEV size one another up. After a beat, they speak almost simultaneously)

BEV

I don't think so.

RON

Sorry.

MADDIE

What?

BEAU

What do you mean?

BEV

He's not my type.

RON

(To BEAU and MADDIE) Nice try, but thanks for playing, and for being such good sports, you get a home version of the matchmaking game.

BEAU

Hey, this is just –

MADDIE

Just to play cards.

BEAU

We didn't –

BEV

Right, of course you didn't.

RON

So, break out the deck and let's get going.

MADDIE

Really.

BEV

Want a beer?

RON

Sure.

BEV

I got Indian beer. I thought –

RON

I'm game.

BEV

You?

BEAU

Uh, sure.

BEV

(*To MADDIE*) You I know. Be right back. (*BEV leaves*)

BEAU

Look, Ron, this is –

MADDIE

Drop it, Beau. Let me help Bev. (*MADDIE leaves*)

BEAU

(*Beat*) Right. (*Beat*) I mean, you just met her; how could you know?

RON

You know what you know. Some of us have uncomplicated feelings.

BEAU

She's really sharp.

RON

You don't even know her. You met her once.

BEAU

Yeah, you're right.

RON

Now, Maddie is another story.

BEAU

Forget it.

RON

If you guys can't work this –

BEAU

Forget it even then. Even if we never – whatever, you stay away from her.

RON

Whoa, forget I said anything.

(BEV and MADDIE return with beers and samosas)

BEV

I've been thinking about you guys.

MADDIE

Who?

BEV

You and Beau. Can I talk in front of – (*indicating RON*)

BEAU

No.

RON

Sure.

BEV

What I think you should do is you should get married.

MADDIE

Bev!

RON

Yeah. Then it won't matter that you don't have sex.

BEV

Exactly.

BEAU

I knew this was a bad idea.

RON

Would I be best man?

BEAU

I can't believe I –

RON

Or would you pick Ed?

BEV

The Circle Line.

RON

Yeah. The Circle Line, definitely.

MADDIE

Do I smell something burning?

BEV

Married at midnight on the Hudson; what could be more romantic than that.

RON

You could get the ship's captain to do it.

BEV

Oh, like in that movie you made me watch.

MADDIE

African Queen.

BEAU

Great film.

BEV

Yeah. Some guy with an accent saying: Do you take ... I mean –

RON

It doesn't get any better than that.

BEV

We could have the band playing – what's that song from Titanic?

RON

My Heart Will Go On.

BEV

Right, (*Singing*) *Every night in my dreams, I see you...*

(RON has made his way to the samosas and is eating one as he joins in with BEV)

RON and BEV

I feel you.

BEV

That is how I know –

MADDIE

(Sternly) Beverly.

RON

And Bev could cater. These are great, by the way.

BEV

Thanks.

(MADDIE sits down and starts playing solitaire)

BEAU

I don't – (*forced anger*) look, this is just not –

RON

Whoops.

BEV

Just kidding around, Beau.

RON

Yeah.

BEAU
-- it's not – it's just not. It, uh, outlived its, um, uh –

BEV
Unnotness?

MADDIE
Life.

BEAU
Right. It outlived its life.

BEV
Okay.

RON
See, but that's really the problem.

BEV
It really is.

BEAU
Could we talk about something else --

RON
The problem is you take this much too seriously.

BEV
Puts a lot of pressure on you.

BEAU
-- anything else. Darfur?

MADDIE
Dead puppies

RON
You guys gotta lighten up.

BEV
Make it less important.

(There's a long silence)

BEV
Uh, Ron – it's Ron, right?

RON
Right.

BEV
Sorry, names –

RON
Me, too.

BEV
I have another batch of samosas that –

RON
You could use help with –

BEV
Right.

RON
In some way.

BEV
Right.

RON
In the kitchen.

BEV
Right.

RON
(*To BEAU and MADDIE*) Be right back.

(RON and BEV exit)

MADDIE
How're you doing?

BEAU
Okay. You?

MADDIE
I'm all right. I was just worried that you –

BEAU

No, it's not really bothering me except that I'm worried it's hurting you.

MADDIE

No, no.

BEAU

'Cause you looked –

MADDIE

No, I was worried about you.

BEAU

Thanks. (*Beat*) I'm having a good time.

MADDIE

Tonight?

BEAU

This isn't a highlight exactly, but I mean with you. I'm having a good time with you. They're right, we're stressed.

MADDIE

Yeah. It's just I had certain notions about falling in love.

BEAU

Right. So we're unconventional.

MADDIE

Yeah, so it seems. What's mom like?

BEAU

Excuse me?

MADDIE

What's your mom like?

BEAU

Oh, (*thinking it out*) hard, smart, intense, worried, repressed but also warm, funny and, like I said, impulsive.

MADDIE

Ah.

BEAU

Ah what?

MADDIE

Ah, I can see why you're attracted to me.

BEAU

What? You're not hard.

MADDIE

Can I meet her?

BEAU

Uh, my mom?

MADDIE

Your folks.

BEAU

Ummm – I guess.

MADDIE

Sounds like a hard guess.

BEAU

Is this still that reincarnation thing?

MADDIE

No. *(Beat)* Make that no a yes.

BEAU

Maddie.

MADDIE

I want to feel her, and your pop too. I want to be in their home with you.

BEAU

Look, if she had any –

MADDIE

I won't say anything. Beau, please.

(RON and BEV enter)

RON

Is it safe?

BEV
Apropos of pulling teeth.

BEAU
Yeah. Sorry guys.

RON
Me too.

BEV
Madelyn? Can you ever forgive me?

MADDIE
The Circle Line?

BEV
Yeah, I think it would be cool.

BEAU
(*To RON*) But you're still a putz.

MADDIE
(*To BEV*) I don't know you at all. (*Gathers cards together*) All right, the name of the game is Oh, Shit. The first hand you deal out seven cards to everybody. (*MADDIE deals*) I love play dates.

(*They all sit down to play cards*)

-end of scene-

(RACHEL and MARTY's living room. MADDIE, RACHEL and BEAU seated. MARTY is still in the kitchen)

MADDIE

Thanks again for dinner. That was good.

RACHEL & BEAU

Whatever it was. *(They look at each other and smile)*

RACHEL

(Calling to the kitchen) Marty, what was that again?

MARTY

(From off) I don't know the name. Wait, it was ...

MADDIE

Carrot cashew curry.

MARTY

(From off) Carrot cashew curry.

BEAU

Impressive.

RACHEL

You –

MADDIE

It's from The Enchanted Broccoli Forest.

RACHEL

Marty, is this from –

MARTY

(From off) Carrot cashew curry.

RACHEL

Marty is this from –

MADDIE

I've made it, actually.

MARTY

(MARTY enters. He is holding a copy of The Enchanted Broccoli Forest) It comes from this.

MADDIE

Didn't come out as good as this, though.

RACHEL

You like to cook?

MADDIE

I go through periods. (*BEAU looks at her incredulously*) Lately hasn't been one of those periods. (*To RACHEL*) Do you?

RACHEL

Well, when Marty lets me in the kitchen.

MARTY

Any time.

MADDIE

(*To BEAU, who is still looking at her*) I do. It's just, you always want to do the cooking, so –

BEAU

I didn't say anything.

MADDIE

But you looked something.

BEAU

I can't look at you?

MARTY

A cat can look at a king.

(*There is a silence. BEAU and RACHEL exchange "there he goes again" looks*)

BEAU

Nope. (*As in I can't figure out what that referred to*)

RACHEL

What does that mean, exactly?

MARTY

That, um, lower, you know, things can –

BEAU

What does it have to do with –

RACHEL

--what we're talking about.

MARTY

It's intuitive, you –

MADDIE

It's from *Alice in Wonderland*.

MARTY

(*Surprised, smiling at her*) Yep.

BEAU

That figures. Dad's favorite book.

MARTY

So, you like to cook too, huh? How're you guys gonna settle that once you're hitched? Beau loves to – I mean, *if you get hitched is what I mean* – take your time, rea—
(*RACHEL gently puts her hand over his mouth*)

RACHEL

For all his cooking, Marty's favorite dish is still foot.

MADDIE

That's all right.

RACHEL

Well. Beau doesn't usually bring his women friends around, so –

BEAU

I'm still here.

RACHEL

I'm sorry, Beau. Maybe dad and I jumped the gun a little. (*To MADDIE*) This must be making you so uncomfortable.

MADDIE

Nope. Just like home.

RACHEL

Your folks give you a hard time too about –

MADDIE

No, I didn't – it's not just like *my* home, it's just like home.

BEAU

Maddie.

MADDIE

Sorry.

RACHEL

(Puzzled, waving her open hand over her head)

MADDIE

Sorry. Ms. Kramer, I –

RACHEL

Rachel, please.

MADDIE

Yeah, Rachel, I know you must want to know what's going on with Beau and me –

RACHEL

Only if you want to tell us.

MADDIE

We do.

MARTY

Whew. Lets me off the hook.

RACHEL

Uh, not really.

MADDIE

We don't know. *(Beat)* We don't know what's going on.

RACHEL

Oh.

BEAU

(To MARTY, changing subject) Intuitive?

MARTY

Yeah.

BEAU

What does that mean?

MARTY

You can't explain it.

BEAU

(Still baffled) Uh-huh.

MADDIE

(Getting a kick out of it) Intuitive means you can't explain it; or you can't explain what intuitive means?

MARTY

Exactly.

RACHEL

We don't mean to pry, Beau.

MARTY

Yeah. We're cool.

BEAU

No gap here.

(A silence)

MARTY

I've got some dishes to do, so ...

RACHEL

Why don't you dry for your father, Beau.

BEAU

(Looks at MADDIE) You're on your own.

RACHEL

(As BEAU and MARTY leave) What does that mean? *(Back to MADDIE)* God, kids.

MADDIE

Can't live with 'em, can't live without – oh my god, sorry.

RACHEL

(Not understanding why she's sorry; moving on) Do you want to have a child?

MADDIE

Yes.

RACHEL

Good, then take Beau. (*They both smile*) I'm sorry to be so familiar –

MADDIE

I have no problem with that; I like it. I'd be the same way.

RACHEL

You're both still young.

MADDIE

Yeah. We really have no plans.

RACHEL

See what happens.

MADDIE

Right.

RACHEL

Beau says you work for –

MADDIE

I don't want to talk about that. Sorry. I – I wanted to ask you about Jim.

RACHEL

(*Beat*) Oh, Beau told you about that.

MADDIE

Yeah. Is it still painful for you?

RACHEL

No, not for me. Marty loses it sometimes thinking about him, but I just turn off. He still can't see that movie. You know that we named them –

MADDIE

Beau told me.

RACHEL

That's why I started calling him Beau. Every time I said Jules, it just... I'm kind of surprised that Beau told you. He must feel very close to you, he never talks about it.

MADDIE

Really? Hmm. Told me right away. Were they both in the same crib when ...

RACHEL

Yes.

MADDIE

So that must have been a real trauma for him, even at one.

RACHEL

Maybe. *(Beat)* I remember once we were looking for one of his toys, you know how kids are always losing their toys, it was a spaceman or dinosaur or something, and he said – *(she feels something, but quickly squelches it)* – he said “I know where it is. It’s in Jim’s room. Jim wants to play with it now.” Of course, Jim didn’t have a room, but for awhile, Marty and I got into saying that too, when something was lost. It’s in Jim’s room.

MADDIE

He remembered Jim and Jim’s name, even though he didn’t talk when Jim died?

RACHEL

I guess. It didn’t seem all that surprising at the time. I don’t know why.

MADDIE

You never thought about having another child?

RACHEL

Thought about it? We talked about it, but I was done. There’s only so much you can sit on, you know.

MADDIE

Do you ever think about what he would have been like?

RACHEL

A little. I think more about what Beau would have been like if he had had Jim in his life.

MADDIE

Hmmm. *(Beat)* So, you must have wanted to say something to me to send them out.

RACHEL

(Beat) I know my son, I know how connected he is to you already. I just wanted to know you a little, get a feel for you, see what he sees.

MADDIE

Am I doing all right?

RACHEL

Yeah. I like the feeling of you.

MADDIE

(MADDIE impulsively hugs her) Do you have a picture of Jim?

RACHEL

Yeah, of course.

MADDIE

Could I see him?

RACHEL

(Long pause) One second. *(RACHEL gets an album. They look at the photos)*

MADDIE

They weren't identical.

RACHEL

No. Beau looks like me some. Jim we couldn't really –

MADDIE

A little like you.

RACHEL

Think so?

MADDIE

The eyes.

RACHEL

(RACHEL removes a picture hidden behind a flap in the album) I have to hide this from Marty, although he can't even look at pictures of Jim alive, but, uh, they took this after he died, the hospital. Insurance, maybe, I don't know.

(RACHEL briefly looks at it and hands it to MADDIE. MADDIE looks at it, smiles, tears up)

MADDIE

Oh, god.

RACHEL

He was just – I don't even know why I showed you that. I --

MADDIE

(Still looking at picture) Do you believe in reincarnation?

(There is a pause)

RACHEL

I don't think I like where this is going.

MADDIE

I'm sorry. Please, do you?

RACHEL

(Skeptically) No, I – well, I don't know. You can't have lived in California for ten years without something sticking. But –

MADDIE

Well, I never did either. And I'm still not entirely converted. But see, I was conceived just after Jim died, and –

RACHEL

Oh, Maddie, this –

MADDIE

I know, I know. Maybe it's just how the stars were aligned, maybe it's just our generation, but I feel a connection to Beau –

RACHEL

Well, of course. He's good looking, smart –

MADDIE

– and to you, and now to this. I'm telling you, I – I love my mother, don't get me wrong, but I can feel something here, something familiar yet never experienced. A kind of emotional déjà vu.

RACHEL

Maddie, look I –

MADDIE

And what's more, I can feel you feeling it too. Even now. Do me a favor, just live with what I just said, and what's gone on here, just live with it for awhile.

RACHEL

Maddie, it's nonsense.

MADDIE

Right, live with the nonsense, just for awhile. It's got a great upside.

RACHEL

(Skeptically) Does it?

MARTY

(MARTY and BEAU enter) Dishes done.

BEAU

But you're not, looks like.

MADDIE

We're done. *(To RACHEL)* Please, just think about it – no, not even think, just let it hang there. *(To BEAU)* Time to go. *(To MARTY)* Thanks again for dinner. I'll have to reciprocate.

MARTY

You're on. *(Looking at RACHEL, who looks somewhat stunned)* I'll walk you to the door.

(BEAU, MADDIE and MARTY leave. RACHEL looks down again at the photo and starts to cry)

-end of scene-

(MADDIE and BEV's apartment. BEAU and MADDIE enter)

MADDIE

Bev? *(No answer)* Guess they're still out.

BEAU

Who would have thought it? Bev and Ron.

MADDIE

Who indeed. Coffee?

BEAU

How many years do you know me?

MADDIE

Sorry, it's just a habit. How about –

BEAU

No, I should be getting home – although, if they're –

MADDIE

Right.

BEAU

Still.

MADDIE

Don't leave. I'm ready now.

BEAU

Ready?

MADDIE

Sit down.

(BEAU sits on couch, MADDIE next to him)

BEAU

What exactly are you ready for?

MADDIE

To tell you what your mother and I talked about.

BEAU

Oh, I was kidding. You don't have to –

MADDIE

I talked to her about Jim.

BEAU

Maddie!

MADDIE

And the rein –

BEAU

You promised.

MADDIE

I did, I did promise. I broke my promise.

BEAU

I can't believe you.

MADDIE

Not only that, when I made the promise, I knew I was going to break it, so also I lied.

BEAU

I can't believe you would –

MADDIE

Beau. (*Just stares a "come off it" stare at him*)

BEAU

How did she react?

MADDIE

She said she didn't buy it, of course –

BEAU

But...

MADDIE

But I think she did. But more importantly, *I* buy it. Being there, it was so...

BEAU

Oh, Maddie.

MADDIE

It felt like family, Beau. And I was on the inside, I belonged there. (*She gets the chills*) Oooh, I never thought I'd be here, never in my life. But I'm here, I'm really believing this junk – I guess it's not junk. I believe it, Beau. (*The phone rings*) I believe it.

(Answers phone) Hello. Oh, hi. *(Beat)* He sure is. How's it going? *(Beat)* Fuck you.
(To Beau) It's Ron.

BEAU

(To phone) Yeah? When, just now? *(Beat)* I'll, uh, I'll – thanks, yeah, I will. *(Hangs up. Looks troubled)*

MADDIE

What?

BEAU

My father is trying to reach me. My cell must be dead. Do you mind?

MADDIE

Of course not.

BEAU

(Dials) Pop, it's -- *(Beat)* sure, I,, hi. *(Beat)* I'm with her now. *(Beat)* I can't hear you if you both talk at once. *(Beat)* Okay. *(Beat)* Well, we were just talking about it. *(Beat)* Ma, you can't be serious. *(Beat)* Ma, I – I don't know, I don't know what to think. *(Beat)* Well, you will. *(Beat)* When... *(To MADDIE)* She wants to know when we can go see them again.

MADDIE

Any time.

BEAU

(Back to phone) Soon. *(Beat)* Soon, I'll call you tomorrow when we work it out. *(Beat)* Ma, this is so weird -- *(Beat)* Uh-huh. *(Beat)* Yeah, me too. *(Beat)* Bye – uh, goodnight. *(Beat)* Night, pop. *(Hangs up)*

MADDIE

She believes it too.

BEAU

She's – oy, this can't be happening.

MADDIE

And your pop?

BEAU

He'll support her in anything. He was like a practicing Buddhist or something when he lived in Oregon, he'd buy into this in a heartbeat.

MADDIE

So?

BEAU

So?

(MADDIE looks at BEAU expectantly)

BEAU

Why do I feel like Lee J. Cobb in *Twelve Angry Men*? What did you say to her?

MADDIE

I don't remember. It wasn't what I said, it was what we both felt. It was a connection. Beau, it was the same connection you and I felt when we met, that we thought was lust. A visitor from America knocks on the door of someone in Dublin. The woman opens the door, looks at the visitor from head to toe and says: "I haven't a clue as to who you might be, but I recognize the feet, come in." That's what happened, Beau. We recognized each other's souls. (Beat) She showed me the picture.

BEAU

What pict – of Jim?

MADDIE

Yeah.

BEAU

Huh. Really. She never looks at that.

MADDIE

She said your father was the one that couldn't look at it.

BEAU

He can't. She won't. Hmmm.

MADDIE

Looking at myself, dead, it –

BEAU

Maddie.

MADDIE

Talk about out-of-body –

BEAU

Maddie, stop it. This is so...

MADDIE

How could it be anything else? How could you ever prove something like this, how could anyone ever be convinced unless they wanted to be.

BEAU

Exactly, unless they wanted to be.

MADDIE

And to be given a chance to recover something you've lost, something – somebody that important to you, who wouldn't want that. Who wouldn't want a chance to play with all their lost toys again.

(BEAU breaks down, starts to cry. MADDIE immediately embraces him)

MADDIE

I got 'em.

(BEAU's crying calms down. He is smiling and he and MADDIE look at each other, smiling. He kisses her on the forehead. They then kiss on the lips, it turns passionate)

-end of scene-

(The deck of the Circle Line. BEAU holds MADDIE from behind, trying to keep her warm)

MADDIE

I will never be warm again.

BEAU

Let me help. *(BEAU kisses her on the neck)* Look at that moon.

MADDIE

If I lift my lids my eyeballs will freeze.

BEAU

You can see it in the water.

MADDIE

Right next to the bacon-wrapped scallops that Bev's uncle upchucked. How could anybody get seasick on the Circle Line?

BEAU

It's the subtle motion *(BEAU slowly gyrates his hips into her)*.

MADDIE

No, I'm wrong. That's not upchuck, that's Ed's speech.

BEAU

How funny was that. Blew right out of his hand.

MADDIE

Is he in recovery? What the hell was he talking about?

BEAU

Well, after his speech blew away, I mean, Ed's not at his best extemporizing. Whereas I...*(BEAU continues kissing her)*

MADDIE

Never. I'll be wearing down bathing suits in August. I can't even remember what warm feels like.

BEAU

No? *(BEAU initiates more sexual contact)*

MADDIE

And Byron? What's up with that? I thought Ron's name was Ronald.

BEAU

Uh, no.

MADDIE

Did you know his name was Byron? How come you never told me?

BEAU

He blackmailed me with Jules.

MADDIE

Well, now – *(reacting to a breeze)* – brrrrrrrr. *(Chattering)* Well, now everyone knows.

BEAU

Yeah, it was his grandfather's name, who died years ago, and he thought he was safe because he didn't think his grandmother was coming, because it's on a boat and she can hardly get around, but here she is and he got screwed.

MADDIE

I don't know what Bev sees in him.

BEAU

He's got a big –

MADDIE

I know, I know.

BEAU

Bev told you?

MADDIE

Bev told me, Ron told me. His grandmother told me. But just sex alone can't be the basis of a marriage. *(Turns to look at him)* Can it?

BEAU

Ron told you?

MADDIE

Because if it can, we're in like Flynn.

(They kiss and start to make out. MADDIE stops)

MADDIE

It's no use, my tongue is frozen. *(Beat)* Well, I think we can safely eliminate the Circle Line from our list of potential wedding sites. That leaves – *(BEAU kisses her on the mouth. They make out awhile)* God, this is incredible. I've never had anywhere near this much sex.

BEAU

Making up for all that time we lost.

MADDIE

(Slightly troubled) Is that what it is?

BEAU

Why, what do you think?

MADDIE

I'm not sure. *(Beat)* "I'm not sure." That's gotta be written on my tombstone.
(BEAU starts kissing her again)

(RON and BEV enter)

RON

And I thought the band was hot.

BEV

God, don't you two ever come up for air.

BEAU

(Trying to compose himself) Well, uh, so now you're married. Tell me, does it feel any –
(He stops as everyone glares at him) Sorry.

BEV

What a beautiful night.

MADDIE

Byron?

RON

That old broad *(BEV elbows him in ribs)*. If I wasn't in her will.

BEAU

What are you guys doing out here? Aren't you supposed to be circulating?

MADDIE

Unlike my blood.

RON

We were concerned about your welfare.

BEV

This could have been a double wedding, you know. When are you going to make an honest woman of that slut.

MADDIE

Oooh, I like that.

RON

The idea of getting married?

MADDIE

No, being a slut.

BEV

So? What're you waiting for?

MADDIE

We just need to pick a place. (*RON indicates the boat*) A different place. And a time. And – (*to BEAU*) what *are* we waiting for?

BEAU

Great shoes, Bev. I –

MADDIE

Beau, answer me. What are we waiting for?

BEAU

Well, I mean, there's still some things to resolve – aren't there, like unresolved...things? (*shivers*) Oh, man, now I'm getting cold.

MADDIE

Beau, I get the – (*looks meaningfully at BEV*)

BEV

Ron, don't we have to sign something?

RON

Right.

BEV

Something which can only be signed –

RON

- inside. Some sort of post nuptial agreement.

BEV

We'll see you guys.

RON

(*To Beau*) Keep it simple, stupid.

(RON and BEV leave)

BEAU

I want to get married.

MADDIE

To me?

BEAU

Maddie, you were the one who got me here. I'm still processing. Is it really so simple for you?

MADDIE

I don't think about it anymore. What we were wasn't making sense. Once we understood why, a different us became possible. This isn't something that has a logical underpinning. I'm just living it.

BEAU

Yeah, I feel the same way. I've been trying to just go with it.

MADDIE

I know how hard it is for you. It's hard for me too, all sorts of thoughts call to me. But I'm always able to connect to my love for you, it shepherds me. And I don't care about the intellectual snarl I leave behind. For the first time in my life, I feel clear. Follow the love, Beau. Can you do that?

BEAU

I don't know. Let me try.

(BEAU kisses her romantically. It soon turns sexual. MADDIE slightly resists, then responds)

- end of scene -

(BEAU and MADDIE at their apartment)

MADDIE

And then she hung up on me.

BEAU

Unh. Well, what did you say to her?

MADDIE

Hello, haven't you been listening? I just told you what –

BEAU

You must have said something.

MADDIE

You're defending someone who works for Cablevision?

BEAU

No, of course not. I mean, I'm not defending, just trying to under – look, it's not such a great job and they must hear –

MADDIE

Beau, I didn't ask you to fix anything; all I need you to do right now is listen.

(Longish silence, as BEAU "listens")

MADDIE

Fuck you.

BEAU

You asked me to listen.

MADDIE

I didn't like the way you were listening.

BEAU

Maddie, what's wrong?

MADDIE

Denise Laviolette of Cablevision is what's – *(beat)* Beau, just hold me.

(BEAU holds MADDIE)

BEAU

Better?

MADDIE

No.

BEAU

Maddie, I –

MADDIE

I don't need better now. I was sinking into worse; I just needed to stop. (*Beat*) I think I stopped.

(They sit there in silence. BEAU kisses MADDIE softly on the hair. Then moves down to her ear and neck)

MADDIE

(*Pushing him away*) Jesus, Beau.

BEAU

What?

MADDIE

Don't you have any other settings?

BEAU

What? I mean, okay, I don't know how to listen, I don't know how to hold you –

MADDIE

I didn't say –

BEAU

-- I don't know how to kiss.

MADDIE

What happened to everything else we were?

BEAU

I don't know what you're saying.

MADDIE

Right. What happened to your ability to know what I was saying even when I didn't say it? Now you don't know what I'm saying when I do say it. And every moment turns into sex.

BEAU

(*Looks at her baffled*) You told me to follow the love.

MADDIE

Love, not lust. I'm not pretty enough to turn anybody on this much.

(BEAU stares at her in helpless silence)

MADDIE

Aren't you going to disagree with me?

BEAU

(Beat) I'm over my head, Maddie. I could never do a *normal* relationship; this is much too hard for me.

MADDIE

But this time you have help.

BEAU

Maddie, I don't know what's happened to me. Even this fight is arousing me. And I don't even like sex that much. Whoops, my father's son.

MADDIE

Don't get off the track.

BEAU

There is no track, Maddie, this is like freefall. There are no dimensions here, no path. I've already undermined my entire belief system by accepting something so ridiculous, so impossible, so unacceptable. How can I possibly get my bearings now?

MADDIE

(Beat) So, what do you want to do?

BEAU

Maddie, I –

MADDIE

Sorry, I guess you just answered that question. You don't know what to do.

BEAU

Not a clue.

MADDIE

Other than having homoerotic incestuous sex.

BEAU

Maddie!

MADDIE

I can see how that would keep you in perpetual heat.

BEAU

Oh, please.

MADDIE

It's exciting, prurient and guilt-free.

BEAU

Maddie, this isn't helping.

MADDIE

We got too close too quickly; I need perspective.

BEAU

What –

MADDIE

I need distance. And maybe you need to cool down awhile.

BEAU

Maddie, I don't want...

MADDIE

Yes?

BEAU

I don't know what I don't want. I need your help

MADDIE

And I need yours. *(Beat)*

(MADDIE goes over to BEAU and they kiss, gently, lovingly. BEAU starts to tremble)

MADDIE

What, are you having sexual abstinence withdrawal?

BEAU

I am so scared.

MADDIE

Oh, Beau. Of what?

BEAU

(Long beat) Of you.

MADDIE

(Beat) I know an exit line when I hear it.

BEAU

Maddie, don't—

MADDIE

Beau, if you say “don't go,” I don't know if I'll be able to come back. Go take a cold shower.

(MADDIE exits)

- end of scene -

(SHIRLEY's apartment. SHIRLEY is laying out Tarot cards. BEAU sits with her)

SHIRLEY

I don't understand why Ron picked Ed to be best man.

BEAU

Well, they grew up –

SHIRLEY

I mean, you were his roommate. If anybody should have done a toast, it should have been you.

BEAU

I don't know. Frankly, I've never been particular creative or—or articulate.

SHIRLEY

No? *(SHIRLEY picks up and flings away two cards)* Creativity, eloquence, see ya. Okay.

BEAU

(Somewhat startled) What – don't we – can you do that?

SHIRLEY

Yeah. I washed the floor last week.

BEAU

But if –

SHIRLEY

What's the worst that can happen? I give you a wrong reading, you marry the wrong girl, invest in a dotcom.

BEAU

I mean, doesn't that make this *(indicating remaining cards)* unbalanced, not that balance has ever been my long suit.

SHIRLEY

(SHIRLEY reaches for another card to fling) No? Great, then we can –

BEAU

(BEAU grabs her arm to stop her) No, no. I need all the help I can get. I'm desperate.

SHIRLEY

Yeah, I can't imagine what other reason you'd have for coming here.

BEAU

Sorry, it kind of all started here. You see, Maddie left –

SHIRLEY

(Staring intently at the cards) I know.

BEAU

And we had this thing about sex.

SHIRLEY

Mmmm, right, right.

BEAU

And I don't know where she is.

SHIRLEY

Yes, that's clear.

BEAU

And I wanted – you can see all this in the cards?

SHIRLEY

Uh, not really. My sister told me.

BEAU

Oh. Anyway – *(troubled by thrown-away cards)* how can you do this if you're not using a full deck?

SHIRLEY

So many people ask me that. Beau, when you first came here, you thought these things were bunk. Now you're worried that I'm messing up the magic?

BEAU

Well, that just shows you how desperate I am. How come you do this if you don't believe in it?

SHIRLEY

I didn't say that. You just have things a little confused. When I read the cards, the rest of my life goes away, and my mind gets focused. And when we talk about what I'm seeing, my mind gets focused on *you*. The belief doesn't control us; we control the belief.

BEAU

(Beat, as he stares at her) Do you think Maddie is the reincarnation of my brother?

SHIRLEY

Do I *think* that? My mind could never be that focused. And what difference does it make what I think.

BEAU

Right. (*Beat*) Do I think it, that's the question.

SHIRLEY

Uh, Beau, I don't think that's the question.

BEAU

No? Shit. (*Beat*) When I'm not with her, and think about her, which is most of the time I'm not with her, I feel a kind of security (BEAU has unconsciously picked up a card) just knowing she's out there, part of my life.

SHIRLEY

(SHIRLEY picks up a different card) This is security. That's...(*of the card BEAU is holding*) the Fool.

BEAU

Well, that fits.

SHIRLEY

The Fool just means you're at the beginning. Go on.

BEAU

When I'm with her, I get scared. And when I get scared, my only answer is to lose myself in sex. (*BEAU looks lost; he shrugs at SHIRLEY*)

SHIRLEY

BOO! (SHIRLEY looks at BEAU expectantly. When he just stares at her baffled, she snaps her fingers disappointedly) It was worth a shot. Sorry.

BEAU

(*BEAU smiles*) I know Maddie and I are going to laugh about it ourselves someday, if she ever comes back.

SHIRLEY

I'm sure she's coming back. But what is it that's so scary about him (SHIRLEY points to a card)?

BEAU

Well, look, it's not – (*looking at card*) him?

SHIRLEY

Yeah.

BEAU
Him who?

SHIRLEY
Jim.

BEAU
I was talking about – (*getting it*) oh. (*Troubled by it*) Oh. I was hoping to make it *less* complicated.

SHIRLEY
The first stage of growth is chaos. Before this Jim business, were you afraid of Maddie?

BEAU
No, which is saying something for me, ‘cause I tend to be anxious about –

SHIRLEY
Stay with me, Beau.

BEAU
Oh. (*Beat*) No, I wasn’t. It was just the sex thing. I couldn’t make any sense of it. Ironic, isn’t it. First I --

SHIRLEY
Beau, stay here.

BEAU
Why would I be scared of Jim?

(SHIRLEY picks up card and turns it face down and looks a “do you get it yet” look at BEAU)

-end of scene-

(The deli. MADDIE sits at table looking at a menu)

MADDIE

Hmm, what's it going to be? I wonder if they have tsimmes. I hope not. Who can find anything on this menu?

AGNES

(AGNES comes to the table) This isn't a soup kitchen.

MADDIE

(Consulting menu) Soup, soup, soup – hmmm. Possibly.

AGNES

You want to talk to yourself, go to a shelter.

MADDIE

I'm not talking to myself. *(To herself)* That way madness lies.

AGNES

Where did you get a menu?

MADDIE

I had so much trouble getting one the last time I was here, I brought one with me.

AGNES

(Taking menu) This is for Raj Mahal down on 6th Street.

MADDIE

No wonder there was no tsimmes.

AGNES

There's no tsimmes on ours either. Here, look *(AGNES shoves real menu at her)*.

MADDIE

Not necessary; I know what I want...to eat. Let me have an order of potato pancakes.

AGNES

How hard was that?

MADDIE

Excuse me?

AGNES

(AGNES shouts at another table) Schmukolovitz, see how easy it is.

MADDIE

This is definitely not Raj Mahal.

AGNES

You see that schlemozzle over there?

MADDIE

The one that spilled the borscht when you yelled at him?

AGNES

That's a schlemiel. The schlemozzle is the one he spilled the borscht on. Every time he comes in all he wants is latkes. He doesn't see it on the menu, figures he can't order it, so he orders the pot roast which comes with latkes. Never touches the pot roast, for which I can't blame him.

MADDIE

Who knows what it's been.

AGNES

Exactly. Never occurs to him he can get the pancakes without the pot roast. Schmuck. *(Yelling at him)* Schmuck.! *(To herself as she leaves)* Now he'll tip me double. What a schmuck.

MADDIE

(Calling after her) Extra applesauce.

(MADDIE shrugs to the offstage patron. Then thinks it all over)

- end of scene -

(The KRAMERS' living room)

MADDIE

What was that like?

MARTY

It's, uh, not something you can describe with words. It was like this (*MARTY makes a totally at peace face*).

MADDIE

Oh.

MARTY

Before I went there, life was either fun or not fun. This was something in between.

MADDIE

Hmmm.

MARTY

Are you interested in Buddhism?

MADDIE

Uh, not really. But they believe in reincarnation, right?

MARTY

I'm not too sure who "they" is, but that's certainly at the core of Buddhism.

MADDIE

Right. I don't know who "they" is either. I guess that should be "they" *are* either.

MARTY

Same thing to a Buddhist.

MADDIE

(Beat) Okay, here's the big one. Do you believe I'm Jim reincarnated?

MARTY

Out in Oregon there was a woman who taught us meditation. She said: You must free your mind from all other thought. She would meditate for hours. I asked her once: Are you really able to free your mind from thought? Because I knew I certainly couldn't. She answered: Occasionally.

MADDIE

So there are moments when you accept it?

MARTY

No, I never “accept” it; I want it too much to allow myself that. There are moments when it is. Can I get you something to eat?

MADDIE

(Absently) Have any tsimmes?

MARTY

You don’t have enough of a tsimmes right now?

MADDIE

(Smiles)

MARTY

Now it’s my turn for the big one. *(Not a question)* You want to know what I saw.

MADDIE

What?

MARTY

You came here to ask me what I saw when I found Jim dead.

MADDIE

(Taken aback) Ummm...yes. *(Beat)* How did you –

MARTY

I never told Rachel or Beau. I told them I couldn’t talk about it. I guess that was true. But I always knew it would be important. You would think it would have been Beau I would have had to tell, but of course, he was there. Whatever I saw, he saw, whether he remembers or not.

MADDIE

Can you tell me? I think it *is* important.

MARTY

(A long beat of composure) I heard Beau’s voice. He didn’t talk yet, of course. But it sounded like he was saying Jim, Jim, and he was giggling. I wanted to see if he really was speaking. I came in and saw Beau holding onto Jim’s hand, tugging and I swear he was saying Jim, Jim, Jim. I knew in the way you know these things that Jim was dead. My mind never moved from that doorway, even as I rushed over and picked him up, with Beau’s giggles turning to screams, still holding Jim’s hand, Jim, Jim, Jim. My being was still in that doorway as I called for help, when I called Rachel at her sister’s, when I fell to my knees and tried blowing life back into him. I guess I’m still standing in that doorway. Anyway, I didn’t see any need to ever tell Beau or Rachel the details. I’m sorry now you have to carry it, but you asked.

MADDIE

It's okay; I was there too. (*Beat*) I think they - we underestimate you in this family.
(*They hug*)

MARTY

I understand why they make fun of me. Raising Beau, I found I was more concerned about what *not* to say than what I should say, and so what comes out is mostly gibberish. Plus, I lost something that day.

MADDIE

Maybe you should look in Jim's room.

MARTY

(*Smiles*) God, I haven't thought about that ...(*thinks about it*)

MADDIE

It's amazing how a kid's mind works.

MARTY

I guess Beau needed to believe that Jim was somewhere. Maybe we all did.

MADDIE

Hmmm. (*Beat*) Do you know what's going on between Beau and me?

MARTY

Do you?

MADDIE

(*Smiles*) No.

MARTY

(*Meaningfully*) No?

MADDIE

(*Beat*) Occasionally.

MARTY

That's probably all for the best. Clarity is overrated.

MADDIE

But I think I'm getting closer to knowing. Can I tell you what I'm thinking?

MARTY

Why don't you tell Beau?

MADDIE

(Beat) Now?

MARTY

Yes, now.

MADDIE

(Looks a bit uncomfortable) Is this like another Buddhist thing, talking to someone who's not here?

MARTY

No, that's not what I – I hear his key in the lock.

MADDIE

Oh.

(BEAU enters)

BEAU

(Seeing MADDIE) Oh.

MARTY

Oh. I guess that's my cue.

BEAU

Oh, you don't have to –

MADDIE

Oh yes, he does.

BEAU

Oh.

MARTY

It's come 'round to me again, but I'm going to say my oh in the kitchen. *(MARTY exits)*
Tsimmes, hmm, I wonder if I have enough prunes.

MADDIE

No, I was just – *(To BEAU)* Pop, god, what a treasure.

BEAU

Yeah, I guess. *(Beat of discomfort)* Well, here we are.

MADDIE

Again.

BEAU

Yeah, again.

MADDIE

And again and again. You have something to tell me.

BEAU

(Smiles) I do. I have no idea what it is, but I definitely have something to tell you.

MADDIE

Good start.

BEAU

I was just at Shirley's. Where I got to is it's about fear, not that that should be a surprise. The way I lost Jim, even all that time ago, it must have left some kind of a mark, I don't know, but it was too scary, so the more I believed you were Jim, the more at risk I was of losing him again, and so I needed to make you not Jim, and sex did that.

MADDIE

Oh. So that's why –

BEAU

Wait, um, that's – that's what I thought when I left Shirley's. I'm thinking something else now.

MADDIE

Beau, this isn't something you can ever –

BEAU

No, wait. You gotta keep waiting. This is happening to me now and if we talk too much I'm gonna lose it.

MADDIE

Oh. Sorry.

BEAU

I don't think that anymore, now that I see you. Now that I feel you. It's not Jim I was afraid of losing, it's you, Maddie. I lost a twin, a part of me, I got him back, I don't want to lose him again. I'm clear on that. But that's me. What about you? If I no longer wanted you as a lover, if I rejected you, it might just be too painful for you to stay. That's what I'm thinking now. See, then I'd lose both of you. That's what I'm afraid of. So I guess I compensated by –

MADDIE

You don't want me as a lover?

BEAU

Oh Maddie, I just...

MADDIE

That's okay, Beau. You can order the latkes without the pot roast.

BEAU

(?)

MADDIE

Don't ask. *(Beat)* Okay. And I'm not saying my heart isn't breaking right now, it is.

BEAU

Oh, Maddie –

MADDIE

Now you need to wait. It is, I love you, I want you. But some things are just not meant to be – or maybe some things are just meant to be something else.

BEAU

Maddie, it doesn't mean – *(MADDIE gives him a look)* I'll wait.

MADDIE

However we sort this out, Beau, I just want you to know; I'm not going anywhere. I will be in your life forever.

(MADDIE and BEAU embrace)

MADDIE

(A sigh of composing herself) Why does crying always make me want to eat? *(MADDIE calls offstage)* How's that tsimmes coming, Pop?

MARTY

(From offstage) Tsimmes? I thought I just heard something about pot roast and latkes. *(MARTY's voice trails off to a mumble)* Got a brisket here, don't know if we have enough potatoes ...

BEAU

You okay? Stupid question, of course you're not. God knows I'm not. Look, Maddie, I don't know where this is going, and –

MADDIE

Beau, let's just stay where we are now. We can worry about where we're going when we get there. *(MADDIE takes remote and hands it to BEAU)* Why don't you see if you can find an old movie. Anything with Barbara Stanwyck would be perfect.

BEAU

(BEAU turns on TV, starts surfing). “Set it and forget it” (click) Michael Jackson on Biography (click). (BEAU hums Andy of Mayberry theme song) Can you believe that little brat grew up to direct such good movies (clicks) Emeril, great.

MADDIE

(MADDIE tries to get remote out of BEAU’s hand, he holds it away from her) No way we’re watching a cooking show.

BEAU

Wait, that’s okra. He’s making gumbo.

MADDIE

Beau, give me that. *(To kitchen)* Pop, help.

(The scene shifts to an alternate reality of the Kramer’s living room in 1983. BEAU is now 10. MADDIE is now JIM age 10)

BEAU

No way.

MADDIE

Gimme – Ma, Jules won’t give me – come on.

BEAU

He wants to watch dumb M*A*S*H reruns. And stop calling me Jules.

MADDIE

Maaaa.

BEAU

I hate that name.

RACHEL

(From offstage) Marty, could you please --

MARTY

(MARTY enters) Now, come on kids, let’s take turns.

BEAU

It’s my turn.

MADDIE

No, it – pop, make *(provocatively)* Jules give me the remote.

BEAU

Stop calling me that, I warn you.

RACHEL

(From offstage) Jim, stop teasing him.

MARTY

I have an idea.

BEAU

I hate that name.

RACHEL

(From offstage) We've told you a hundred times you can pick whatever name you like.

BEAU

Good, then I –

RACHEL

(From offstage) Except Fonzie.

BEAU

Damn.

MARTY

Now ... *(MARTY reaches for the tv listings)* Let's see what's on.

MADDIE

I can't believe you want to be called "The Fonz." You are so lame.

MARTY

Ah, oh, this is great. Beau Geste. *(MARTY changes channel, we hear the opening music of Beau Geste).*

MADDIE

What?

MARTY

Beau Geste, it's a great film, you're gonna love it

BEAU

What is it?

MARTY

It's a film about the French Foreign Legion –

BEAU

(BEAU reads from TV screen) Music by Alfred Newman? (BEAU looks knowingly at MADDIE)

BEAU & MADDIE

What, me worry?

MARTY

- a stolen sapphire –

RACHEL

(From offstage) European colonialism.

BEAU & MADDIE

(BEAU and MADDIE read from the TV screen) The love of a man for a woman waxes and wanes like the moon...but the love of brother for brother is steadfast as the stars, and endures like the wo – (the word is cut off on the screen)

MADDIE

Word.

BEAU

Right.

BEAU & MADDIE

--word of the prophet.

MADDIE

(Continuing to read) Arabian Proverb.

MARTY

(MARTY sits down next to BEAU and MADDIE) – and brothers.

(The three settle into watching the film. RACHEL comes in from offstage and watches them)

- end of play -