

## Scene 7: The Movie Conversation

*[J is Jillian; 1 is her voiceover]*

J: *[taking off shoes]* I will say this. I will say this. I will

1: Hello.....

*[ pause; J walks to SR wall ]*

1: Hello.

J: Hi.

1: Some day!

J: Yes.

1: Soooooomme day!

1: How are you doing today? That's great to hear. I am doing very well. Very well, indeed.

*[ pause ]*

1: I saw this film. Once. It was just beautiful.

J: What film?

1: And it was about this girl, this poor poor girl...

J: What was the name of the film?

1: Oh! that actress. What was her name?

J: Which movie?

1: Anyway, it was about this girl, and she is brutally murdered.

J: Okay.

1: That's not giving anything away, by the way. Because even though she's cut in half—sliced in two—she's not really dead.

J: Where should I look?

1: Well, of course, she's not really dead. It's just a movie. It's just a metaphor for something else. Well, that's kind of a spoiler.

J: So you're going to keep talking?

1: So she's brutally murdered. [*J puts up shoes and sweater on SR wall*] Cut in half. (I can't remember the actress's name.) Anyway, it's like a romantic comedy, only not funny. Not funny: haha. More funny: hmmm. Do you know what I mean? [bell]

[*J begins movement repetition of movements from scene 1 as bells continue to chime over as this next passage. The recording turns mumbled gibberish.*]

She was really convincing, that actress. This one part, she turns to her date. And they're cooking on the beach. And. And. Sorry this is just so funny. [bell] She says. She says to him "You may be cute, but I'm making the dressing." [beat] I think I messed that up. "I may be making the dressing... might.... Might be making?" Well, it was funny. I told you she was good. She could make any line funny.

She was just the perfect Everywoman. She was how I saw myself. Such a pretty but unremarkable face she had not unlike our own. [bell] Yours and mine and theirs. Do you know what I mean? [bell] And more than comic, she was compelling. Some parts were so... just interesting, you know. [bell] She would say things of great interest. Just talking and talking, and it was... you know... [bell] interesting. And, oh [bell] this part where she's at a party and everyone's talking to her at once, and some of it's in German. And she doesn't even *know* German. And well, she just leaves. Only her body stayed. She left, but her body stayed and talked in German, and nobody noticed.

[*J moves to upstage center*]

And the whole audience in the cinema laughed and laughed. Only, I cried. It was funny, yes, but.... Tears of recognition, I suppose, you know.

But, well, let me ask you this. [bell - final bell. *J poses.*] Have you ever cried during a movie?

J: Yes.

[*pause*]

1: Well, have you?

J: YES.

1: Well, I have. And it feels good to do so.

[*beat*]

J: Well, it sounds great. I will have to see it.

1: Thinking about it now, I wonder if I would feel the same if I were someone else. *[pause]* You're so silent. Am I babbling.

J: Yes.

1: I'm sorry. *[beat]* There was **one** problem I had with the movie. Do you know what that was?

J: No.

1: No. It wasn't that. It was that there's no moral to it. I think a good moral is important to any story. That having meaning is important.

J: Maybe the movie is about alienation from yourself?

1: What do you think the movie was about?

*[long pause]*

1: That poor poor girl.

J: What girl?!

*[high pitched bell. J moves her hand in "stop-motion" gesture toward hair]*

1: She finds love, yes. And during the wedding scene, everyone's grinning, and he says "I do!" and the camera zooms out, only she's not there! But it zooms out more and she is there, only she's sliced in two at the waist. Both of her on the floor of the altar. Still smiling and bloodless. *[Deep chime. After it finishes, J walks DR to face the guitar amp. The sound at this point slowly decreases in all speakers except the guitar amp.]* But no one is shocked, except me. My mouth is open, contorted into the shape of a soundless scream. The people in the theater are clapping, because this is how they think it is supposed to end. And there **I** am, terrified, but I can't look away because it's so moving.

*[beat]*

*[sound only coming through amp]* Tell me the saddest story you know.

J: *[picks up the amp, tells the saddest story she knows]*

1: That is a very sad story. Thank you.

[J walks with amp to the rope. She turns the amp outward to face the audience. Nyman music slowly builds in all other speakers until Sc 8.] Oh! I almost forgot. There's a little girl. She's a world-famous prodigy singer. The girl is so talented, so stunning. And this one scene, she is going to bed, and she turns on her radio and hears this song, this aria - Mozart probably - and it's her. She's singing it. She's listening to *herself*, and then she's quickly overcome with grief. She finds herself running, crying out into the middle of this big field. This part is weird because all of a sudden it's the middle of the day and there's this field. And I may be confusing things - I know this sounds weird - but YOU were there, in that field. (Am I talking about the right film?) And you held her. She, stooping to your shoulder, shuddering, and you said

J: Sshhh.

1: And you said. This is so weird. You said, I think.

J: Salieri

1: Salieri

[pause]

1: Is that from Amadeus?

J: Yes.

1: No, I'm pretty sure that's from *Amadeus*.

[beat]

Anyway, then the credits rolled. End of film. And that's when I cried. It's not that big of a deal. But that's done. It's a sweet story. Anyway, go on.

J: I don't really know what you want me to say.

1: [whispered] You know what you need? You need some time to yourself.