

Harlem Hotel

The characters

Audrey and Sybil: hotel owners, sisters (Valerie and Beverley)

Manuel: the receptionist, Mexican (Artemios)

Marty: the hotel's handyman (Florin)

Marta: tenant, yogini (Marina)

Betty-Lou: tenant, runs a bookstore (Athena)

Daisy: tenant, runs a flower shop (Sarah)

Wanda: tenant, secretary (Madalina)

Maguy: tenant, alcoholic (Maiken)

Sophie: tenant, student in German literature (Martina)

Lisa: tenant, works in a bar (Zsofia)

Edna: tenant, Post(wo)man (Ene)

Shelley: tenant, bus driver (Ciara)

Julie: tenant, just arrived (Anne)

Joe: a bit of a tramp, trumpet player (Philip)

Jim: Englishman, came to New York to learn how to play jazz on his trumpet (Frazer)

Francis: a good christian from Colorado (David)

Rebecca: a young woman curious of life (Rachel)

Matthew: saxophone player, he sort of mentors Jim. They're in a band together, "Gandhis"
(Julien)

Dana: singer of the band "Gandhis" (Paule)

Chris: guitar player of the band "Gandhis" (Luca)

John: drummer of the band "Gandhis" (Eric)

Amber: bass player of the band "Gandhis" (Daniela)

Ann: keyboard player of the band "Gandhis" (Julia)

Scene 1. Opening

Song: Mornin'

Scene 2. On the balcony early morning

Marta-Sunrise, oh I love it.

Betty-Lou-Good morning Marta. It's a beautiful morning, isn't it ?

Marta-Will you join me for sun salutations ?

Betty-Lou-Can you salute for both of us ?

Daisy-(coming in with a large basket full of flowers) My flowers will bask in the sun today.

Hello girls.

Marta and Betty-Lou-(in unison) Good morning Daisy.

(Daisy waters her plant singing them a morning song)

Betty-Lou-Do you know, I was reading it's actually better to water plants in the evening when the earth cools off.

Daisy-My lovelies are thirsty in the morning. Aren't you, darlings ?

Marta-I think you have to take their dosha into account. If they're Vata, you should be giving them warm water. Now for Kaphas it's different. Kaphas need yoghurt when it's warm. I think.

Betty-Lou-Water flowers with yoghurt ? I like my coffee really hot in the morning.

Daisy-There just aren't enough flowers in the world.

Betty-Lou-Did you hear a door slam really hard last night ? It startled me.

Marta-It must have been Sophie again. She doesn't know how to do anything gently. Her chakras must be misaligned.

Betty-Lou-I'll be on my way to the bookstore. I've received yesterday a whole crateful of discarded books from the New York public library, I'll separate the wheat from the chaff today.

Marta-I'll go to Central Park to meditate for a few hours.

Daisy-Meditate for hours ? I don't understand how you can do so little in a day. I'm so busy all day tending my flowers here and in the shop.

Marta-Don't you confuse movement and action, Daisy.

Scene 3. The lobby early morning

(Manuel is asleep, sprawled on the desk)

Audrey-Hello Manuel, sorry to wake you up.

Manuel-Hola. Que tal ? Todo bien ? Vale. I was not sleeping, I was cleaning desk. (proceeds to clean further by rubbing his body against the desk)

Audrey-It certainly is novel, I'll give you that.

Manuel-Muchas gracias.

Audrey-So did you sleep well on the desk ?

Manuel-I was not sleeping. I was cleaning desk.

Audrey-Well now that you're awake, how about a coffee ?

Manuel-I don't drink during working hours. Nothing nada de nada.

Audrey-During sleeping hours either ?

Manuel-I was not sleeping. I was cleaning desk. Do you understand ? Do you speak English ? I
Joking ahahah.

(Shelley enters)

Shelley-Morning Audrey, morning Manuel. (Yawns loudly, Manuel imitates her)

Manuel-Hola. Que tal ? Sleep good?

Shelley-No I'm going to bed now. I've been driving the bus all night. There was another naked one onboard. I was way up in the heights, and he started singing lullabies in German at the top of his voice to put us to a "wholesome restful baby sleep" as he said.

Audrey-In New York, you see everything.

Shelley-He finally got off at Fort Washington park. He said he wanted to go for a swim in the Hudson. Anything goes.

Right, I'm off to bed. (she leaves as Daisy enters)

Daisy-Hello everyone. The air is fresh and morning dew is glistening in the sun. Manuel, I think we should put a flower pot on the reception desk.

Manuel-Uh ? No, no flowers, no flowers. Little cactus here is enough.

Daisy-Cactuses are a wonderful illustration of nature's wonderful ability to foster growth in harsh environments such as Mexico. But here in New York, others plants flourish, you know. Audrey, how about some flowers ?

Audrey-Not for breakfast, thank you.

(Daisy leaves in frustration. Audrey sits down to read the morning paper. Joe enters murmuring to himself, half singing)

Joe-Oh, hello, Miss Audrey. I didn't mean to disturb your readin'.

Audrey-Joe darling. It's lovely to see you. How was your night ?

Joe-Just fine. It's been a mild summer night out over on Inwood Hill.

Audrey-You're welcome to stay here whenever you need it, you know.

Joe-You'll see more of me in the winter time. Right now, I'm happy sleepin' in the open.

Audrey-Coffee ?

(she reaches out to him with her cup of coffee. Their hands meet)

Song: Ain't no sunshine

Joe-Your cup is empty. I'll go make myself another one in the kitchen, then.

(Joe leaves as Sybil enters)

Audrey-Morning sis.

Sybil-Good morning. Hello Manuel. There's a loose step between the first and second floor,

Marty will have to fix it double quick.

Audrey-We'll talk to Marty about repairs today.

(Julie coming in)

Julie-Good morning.

Daniel-Hola ! Que tal ? How are you sir ? Pleazed to meet you.

Audrey-Good morning Madam. How can we help you.

Daniel-Yes, yes, How can we help ? Do you want coffee ?

Julie-Oh thank you. I've just arrived in New York by the night bus, and I don't feel too fresh, to be honest. I was looking for a room for a couple of days.

Daniel-Yes, we have room. You sign here, I bring bag to lovely room. (grabs Julie's piece of luggage and disappears)

Audrey-Well it seems Manuel has taken care of the essential. Can you sign the receipt, please?

You will be staying in room 31.

(Sophie enters)

Sophie-Good evening.

Sybil-Not quite there yet, darling. You were studying hard all night, I see.

Sophie-”Dunkel war’s, der Mond schien helle,

schneebedeckt die grüne Flur,

als ein Wagen blitzesschnelle,

langsam um die Ecke fuhr.” (she leaves)

Audrey-(to Julie) She's studying German literature.

Julie-I must say, I feel just like her right now.

Audrey-Do you ? Sleep well, then. Gute Nacht.

Sybil-I'll show you the room.

(Julie and Sybil exit. Jim and Matthew enter)

Jim-(humming to himself) dibedididabbabaaa

Audrey-Not quite ready for bed, are you Jim ?

Matthew-On the contrary, he's very ready to dream about chord changes, chord changes, chord changes.

Jim-How many sessions did we go to, Mat ? I remember being at Ali's Alley, and then...The gorgeous red hair, was that Studio Rivbea ?

Matthew-It was. I think you kept on playing on our way from Ali's to the studio. Soho is a small island on the island.

Jim-My lips hurt (they both yawn). Man, all that yawning is good, good, good. (relaxes his lips doing pfr, pfr)

Matthew-I'll go home for a couple of hours. See you later, brother. Bye Audrey. Man, how I'll kiss my pillow.

Jim-Soho long, brother. (he falls asleep standing).

Audrey-Jim? Are you alright ? Jim, do you know where you are ?

Jim-(wakes up with a jolt) Are they all in the basement already ?

Audrey-Who?

Jim-The band. For the rehearsal.

Audrey-It's seven thirty in the morning, Jim.

Jim-Any girls upstairs ?

Audrey-Yep. Nobody has gone out yet. Shelley came back from her night shift a moment ago.

Sophie just came back as well. Not from work, obviously.

Jim-I'll go up.

Audrey-OK, good luck. (he leaves)

Scene 4. A corridor

(Marty is looking at the ceiling, whistling softly. Daisy enters)

Daisy-Hey Marty.

Marty-Hi.

Daisy-How are you ?

Marty-Busy busy as always.

Daisy-The lamp for my plants is broken. One overcast day, and they'll be stunted forever. Could you come and fix it?

Marty-It's probably just the bulb. I'll be right there.

Daisy-Thanks. (afterthought) I'm in room 43 (leaves)

(Edna enters carrying a plank and rubbing her head)

Edna-This came down from the ceiling. And there are other pieces ready to follow. Can you come and fix it ?

Marty-Are you OK Edna ?

Edna-No. But the pain will pass, and if you repair the rest quickly, that'll be the last time ever a piece of ceiling falls on my head. (she leaves)

Marty-What's your room number again ?

Edna-(off stage) 34.

(Wanda enters)

Wanda-There's no water in the shower. It's been two days you promised to have a look.

Marty-Ah, it was you. Okay. Yeah, let me fetch my tools.

Wanda-I'll wait for you in my room.

Marty-Sure.

Wanda-Right now, okay ?

Marty-What was the room number ?

Wanda-I'm in room 24. (she leaves)

Marty-Be right there. Get my tools. Fix the window, change the bulb, repair the ceiling.
Window, room, err thirty-thr..., twenty-fi...

(Daisy enters)

Daisy-Are you coming ? My flowers are shivering already.

Marty-Ah the light! I remember now. I'll be there in five minutes.

(Edna enters dragging another, bigger piece of the ceiling)

Marty-(pointing to her enthusiastically) I know, the ceiling. I was coming, you see

(Wanda enters)

Wanda-Marty, I WANT to shower NOW.

(Lisa, Julie and Shelley all enter and begin talking all at the same time)

Song: Space Captain

Scene 5. In front of Sophie's room

Maguy-Hello, door banger.

Sophie-What did you say ?

Maguy-I said door banger, because that's what you are. You must have woken everyone up again when you left last night.

Matina-You're so boring, boring, boring.

Maguy-Just to get attention. Is that what you do ? To get attention ?

Sophie-You're the one begging for attention with your whiskey bottle at high mast like a flag of despair. Look at you, how you stand. (imitates Maguy) And you scream all the time, you know.

Maguy-I scream when you shut your door because I can't stand it.

Sophie-I don't like shouting, it just disturbs my peace. When you scream, you disturb me. Especially during the day, when I day dream. You scream like, I don't know, like a witch or something. Just keep your voice down, and we'll get along fine. We'll say "hi", "hi" neighbour.

Maguy-I don't yell.

Sophie-Forget about figures of speech, just don't yell anymore, OK ? And I don't bang doors, I just don't like them. I don't like doors and I don't like walls and I don't like fences either, and I don't know what's wrong with you all accepting them all around you, penning you in like that. My spirit needs space.

Maguy-I'm just going to show what you do. What it sounds like. What you kind of do is go like this (slams the door). If you don't slam the door, I won't swear.

Sophie-The problem is I don't slam the door.

Maguy-But you do !

Sophie-I do not.

Maguy-Yes you do.

Sophie-No I do not. (and slams the door shut in Maguy's face)

Maguy-(softly, to herself) Yes you do.

Scene 6. The lobby

(Audrey is reading the morning paper)

Audrey-Hello, how can I help you ?

Francis-I called an hour ago. We booked a room.

Audrey-The name was ?

Francis-Francis Bratman. That's me (giggles)

Audrey-There is a Frances here, but with an “e”. My sister, who I assume must have taken your call, obviously believed Frances was a girl's name, so...

Francis-It can be, yeah, but not in this case.

Audrey-OK, er, I'm very sorry Mister Bratman, but, er, it's our policy not to rent rooms to, er, men.

Francis-Good. But I called and I booked a room.

Audrey-I understand, but my sister must have supposed you were calling on behalf of a lady named “Frances”.

Francis-We can pay. A little.

Audrey-I don't doubt it, but you're still a man. Sorry. (sits down and picks up the morning newspaper again)

Rebecca-Could I book a room, then ? We, I mean I need a room really quickly. (long telling look to Audrey)

Audrey-But of course, darling. Please sign here. Here's your key. Room 42. It's on the fourth floor. You might want to try the lift if you're in a hurry. (Florin passes by with a pulley that could well be that of the lift)

On second thought, I'd recommend the stairs. The staircase is on your left down the corridor.

Rebecca-Thank you, Madam.

Audrey-Call me Audrey, darling.

Scene 7. Looking for a place to sleep

Jim-I'll try the third floor today. (knocks at Edna's door)

Edna-(opens the door. Whispering) Hi Jim.

Jim-Hi Edna. You're in this morning ? No mail delivery ?

Edna-A colleague is doing my tour. I'll go later to sort the mail.

Jim-Can I crash in your room ?

Edna-Shush (explaining with her hands there's somebody still asleep in the room)

Edna-A cousin, yes, a cousin is staying with me today.

Jim-OK.

Edna-It's a cousin, a cousin on my mother's side.

(knocks at Julie's door)

Julie-Hello ?

Jim-Hi.

Julie-Who are you ?

Jim-Who are you ? Sorry, my name is Jim. How do you do ?

Julie-Pleased to meet you. I'm new here.

Jim-We're all new to this world. Alright, to make it short. I play jazz, my band is rehearsing in the basement later today, and I'd like to sleep for a while. Could I use your bed ?

Julie-I've been traveling all night, and I badly need to sleep myself.

Jim-Could we share your bed then ? I don't mind.

Julie-(smiling shyly) Maybe another day ?

Jim-Sure. Bye.

(knocking at Sophie's door)

Sophie-Hmmm.

Jim-Hello, hello.

Sophie-Who's there.

Jim-It's Jim.

Sophie-What do you want, Jim ?

Jim-Bed ?

(long silence)

Sophie-I don't have a spare bed, you know that.

Jim-You have a double bed.

Sophie-Yes, and it's all mine.

Jim-Thanks.

(knocking at Lisa's door)

Lisa-(through the door) Yes.

Jim-It's Jim.

Lisa-Hmmm ?

Jim-It's Jim. Open the door. Ow come on. I need to sleep somewhere.

Lisa-Jim ! I'm coming, wait a second. (opens the door after a while)

Jim-Hello Lisa, I'm back. I'm tired, you're tired, let's go to bed.

Lisa-That's what you always say. (He enters, Lisa closes the door behind him)

Scene 8. The door to heaven

(In front of the room 42. Marty is up on a ladder in one corner, repairing something with loud bangs)

Francis-Er, OK. Hm Okay (etc. as he struggles with the door)

Rebecca-Francis.

Francis-Rebecca. (goes on struggling)

Rebecca-Francis !

Francis-Rebecca. ! (struggling further)

Rebecca-Francis, what's wrong with that key ?

Francis-(frustrated) OK, then. Milady tries.

(Daisy enters carrying a large basket full of flowers)

Daisy-Hello

Francis-Yes, hello.

Daisy-Just arrived, haven't' you ?

Rebecca-(struggling with the door) Yes.

Daisy-I've been living here for years, like most of the girls. Nice place. Plenty of male ins and outs, mind you. Audrey and Sybil don't mind, I think they even like it.

Francis-A veteran like you might know of a contrivance that would help us out of this particular predicament.

Daisy-Sorry ?

Francis-Unlock this door. Would you know how to ?

Daisy-I don't know much about mechanical thingies, I'm afraid. But how about some fresh flowers in your room ? The fragrance of that sort is particularly appropriate for young couples...

Francis-OK, you go in. You show us the way.

Daisy-Give me the key. Could you hold my basket ? Keep my lovelies horizontal please, otherwise they'll start growing all crooked. (tries to open the door) No sorry, that's not working.

Francis-Ahah.

Daisy-Well I'll leave the flowers here, make sure to put them in a sunny place. See you later.
(exits)

(Lisa enters)

Lisa-(purring) Hellow... (she stares at them smiling)

Francis-Er, lady, is there something you could do to help us ?

Lisa-Sorry, I was imagining what will follow once that door opens. The locks are sometimes wilful, but what's behind that door is mhhh. (she leaves)

Francis-(to Marty) Er, Mister. Could you assist us with the, er, cracking open of the Forbidden Door ?

Marty-Yeah, sure. What's the problem ?

Francis-The key doesn't seem to fit into the lock. But faith says that we can get in soon. We must.

Marty-Let me see. Oh, I see. I see. Yes, I see.

Francis-What is it you see, say ?

Rebecca-Yes, what is it ?

Marty-Well, you see, I changed that lock a while ago, and it seems I forgot to give the new key to the reception. I'll go and tell them now. (gestures to go)

Francis-Nonono, wait a second. This is a very good first clue. Would you happen to still be carrying the key that will open this lock, then ?

Marty-Er, no, I don't think so.

Francis-Would you maybe know where this tiny little bloody key could be ?

Marty-Er, no, really, I don't. Sorry.

Rebecca-(whispering to Francis) Doesn't matter, let's go to the toilet.

Francis-(whispering back) You're blaspheming, girl.

Marty-But you know, you don't need the key, I didn't lock the door. (he pushes the door open)

Francis-A mighty thanks to you, Sir.

Scene 9. The freemasons of weed

(Jim is asleep in Lisa's bed, alone. He's humming to himself in his sleep)

Jim-"and somebody spoke and I went into a dream". Yeah, see you later, brother.

Mason 1-We are not brothers, yet.

All masons-No we are not.

Jim-Come on, fellas. Let me in. I've been wanting to join ever since I heard jazz for the first time. The headhunters' "Chameleon" it was. Jazz musicians all smoke weed, don't they ?

Mason 1-The matter shall be discussed openly and freely now.

All masons-Yes, openly and freely.

Jim-Yes, then I discovered free jazz as well when a guy played the "Nation time" LP in a music shop. "What time is it ?" ! No chords to start with. Just that "what time is it ?" Beautiful.

Mason 1-But that won't do. We smoke according to very strict rules.

All masons-Very strict rules.

Mason 1-Will you accept these rules, boy ?

Jim-I'm not a boy. I'm learning jazz, alright, but I'm a grown up man. And I don't like rules. There aren't any rules in jazz. The chords, the theory, the modes, the scales, there just there to help us. But as you integrate them, they fade out. That's what Mat and the others

are telling me.

Mason 1-If you do not bow and accept the law, we will ban you from smoking weed for one eternity and a quarter.

All masons-One eternity and a quarter.

Jim-You can't do that ! I can blow you all away with my trumpet.

All masons-He can blow us all away with his trumpet.

Jim-"Let's go get stoned" ! I've just learnt it.

All masons-He will blow us away with "Let's go get stoned". Blow us all away, blow us all away. (turns into a tumult as the band joins in. As the bass line emerges, the song starts)

Song: Let's go get stoned

Jim-(waking up) Now where did I put my trumpet ? (falls asleep again)

Scene 10. The bedroom

Francis-And now. Now! Now, Rebecca, wilt thou be my loving wife.

Rebecca-Francis ! I want you to love me, right now.

Francis-Marry me !

Rebecca-Kiss me !

Francis-I shall cherish you and protect you from evil always, and thou shalt bear our children with joy.

Rebecca-(sudden outburst) Francis, we came here to make love. If you want to be on your knees in front of me, fine. But use your mouth otherwise.

Francis-I don't understand. (Rebecca goes onto the balcony) Why do you flee on to the balcony, beloved ? And you'll catch a cold outside, lightly dressed as you are.

Rebecca-Let's make love here, in the open.

Francis-(joining her) But it's dangerous. And everyone can see us here. God, I hadn't realised a second floor is so high up.

Rebecca-Do you want me or not ?

Francis-It is a sin. Mother said it is a sin if we're not married first.

Rebecca-Alright. Have a look at the Bible in the room, and when I'm back, you'll tell me what Jesus said against free and happy sexual intercourse. (she leaves the balcony and the room)

Francis-Err. Rebecca, you're hiding just behind the door, aren't you ? I mean you can't just

wander about in your underwear, it's not done. And I shall first put my pair of trousers back on before I study the Bible, as you so aptly suggested.

(Tries to open the door of the balcony, the knob comes off)

The door knob in my hand. Eehh, the door won't open. I'm trapped on that balcony. Undressed, in plain view. Rebecca, can you please come back and open the door from the inside ?
Rebecca ? Rebeccaaaa !

(psychedelic lighting as Francis begins to hallucinate)

Song: Shake your tail feather

Scene 11. In front of the hotel

Song: Killing me softly

(Joe is playing the trumpet in front of the hotel. Wanda walks past on her way out, looks for some change in her purse, blows him a kiss and leaves. Daisy enters)

Daisy-Hello Joe.

Joe-Miss Daisy, good mornin'.

Daisy-Joe, could I leave my flowers with you for a while ? I figured they'd love the music, it's like metaphysical rain. Music and flowers, that's what the world needs.

Joe-Sure, Daisy. We'll keep company to one another.

Daisy-Thanks Joe, I'll come back for lunch. What sandwich do you fancy today ?

Joe-I dreamt of the sea. Tuna would be mighty fine.

Daisy-Did you hear that, my darlings ? Joe has been dreaming about the sea. (to Joe) It's been a quiet night for us, except when Sophie woke everybody up slamming her door shut, as always.

(Edna enters)

Edna-Hello Joe, hello Daisy. Got change for a dollar ?

Joe-Don't know. Have a look. (jokingly) But make sure to put more in than you take out, uh ?

(Betty-Lou enters)

Betty-Lou-Hi guys.

Joe-Hello. I see you've got some more books here.

Betty-Lou-Oh I do. I received yesterday a whole bunch of books from the New York Public

Library, more of a heap I should say. And I've found something very exciting. I'll show you. Look at this. The first edition of "Tom Sawyer". I stopped sorting the rest of the books as soon as I saw this.

Joe-What what what does that matter first edition ?

Betty-Lou-Well, before this very book came out, Tom Sawyer did not exist. You couldn't read his adventures at all.

Joe-How much that book cost, then ?

Betty-Lou-It doesn't matter, I'm not going to sell it. I'll read again the story of "Tom Sawyer" in its first edition, and then I'll pass it on to someone else.

Joe-Yeah yeah, but how much, uh ?

Betty-Lou-I don't know, fifty dollars maybe.

Joe-Fifty dollars, Jeez. For a book ! My horn there, it wasn't fifty bucks. I'll tell you how I got this one. There was this trumpet player named Louis Armstrong, came out of New Orleans a long time ago. OK, one day he was playing in Memphis. An' I was in Memphis too, an' I saw him play.

Betty-Lou-You did ?

Joe-After the concert, I went to see him and I told him "Mister Armstrong, I liked the music, and I want to improvise like you, but in my own way". He says "you play the trumpet boy ?" and I says "yes Sir I play the trumpet. And you know what, he gave me his trumpet.

The girls-Nooo !

Joe-That very trumpet. So you tell me, this is your first edition, well, this is my first edition.

Betty-Lou-Now how do we know that story is true, Joe ?

Joe-How do I know that's a first edition ?

Scene 12. Daisy's room

(curtain opens. Daisy nearly disappears behind a little tree in full bloom. Francis enters on tiptoes. Daisy hears him)

Daisy-Oh it's you again. Did you find a good spot for the flowers I gave you ?

Francis - (Hides the bottom half of his body from view by holding a cardboard box full of flowers in front of him) Never mind the flowers. Err, could you look away lady, my attire is indecent and sinful. I was lured to my balcony. Trapped and left alone. Escaped certain death by leaping to your balcony and opening your door, ever so carefully. A leap of faith too, imposed by the harshness of your gender. I will now return to my

room, put my pants on, leave this accursed land and go back home.

Daisy-Never mind the flowers ?! I entrusted you with the most precious life form on Earth, and you say “never mind”. Well Mister, I see my flowers are in bad company with you, and will ask you to bring them back to me.

Francis-This could be done as soon as the pants crisis is over. This cardboard box, which so appropriately shielded us both from the sin of lechery shall also be returned to you. Will you let me through ?

Daisy-Go ahead. (she disappears behind the tree)

Francis-Thanks. (exits through the bathroom door)

Daisy-This is the bathroom !

Francis-Wrong door. Salutations !

Scene 13. Lisa's room

(Marta enters Lisa's room. Jim is buried under the blanket asleep)

Jim-(half awake) Lisa, you're back already ? Lisa, where are you. Come Lisa, come back to bed with me. Lisa.

Marta-She's, she's not here, it's Marta.

Jim-(finally wakes up) Oh hello. Pleased to meet you, Marta. I remember, Audrey was telling me you moved in a couple of weeks ago. I'm Jim. You're the one cooking ayurvedic food, right ?

Marta-That's me. Pleasure meeting you. I wanted to borrow Lisa's hair dryer.

Jim-Go ahead. I don't live here. I play the trumpet in all sorts of groups. But my room is far away in the Bronx, and Soho's where you play these days. So I crash here now and then. It's really practical, because my band rehearses in the basement in the afternoon. And the girls are nice to me.

Marta-Yes, they're a nice bunch.

Jim-Well, since Lisa's away, would you care to join me ? I sleep much, much better with a woman by my side.

Marta-I, er, I was about to go meditate in Central Park.

Jim-Couldn't you meditate lying by my side ? You'll meditate, I'll sleep, we'll both be happy.

Marta-I can't meditate lying, I always fall asleep.

Jim-You'll sleep, I'll sleep, we'll both be happy. (falls asleep again)

Marta-I'll leave the hairdryer in front of the door, alright ?

Scene 14. Problems disappear when you drink. Don't they?

Song: Waltz for Debby

Maguy-(quite drunk already) Yes you do. Door-banger. Right in my face you did.

(Rebecca enters through the balcony door)

Rebecca-Hello.

Maguy-Hello Debby.

Rebecca-My name is Rebecca. Pleased to meet you. I was watching you through the window and you looked really sad, so I thought I might come in and say “hello”. You drink a lot, don't you ? Of alcohol, I mean.

Maguy-I drink a glass or two, Debby. Sometimes.

Rebecca-Your balconies are facing south, that's really swell. When we arrived at the hotel a moment ago, the morning sun was shining right through between these two buildings. I like feeling the sun on my skin. And if the wind is gently blowing, I could stand there naked for ages.

Maguy-(coming a bit to herself) It looks like you've begun the undressing already.

Rebecca-Oh no, that was for a different occasion. A misunderstanding, maybe, I don't know.

Maguy-Would you care to join me for a drink ?

Rebecca-With pleasure. But only juice, please. I don't like alcohol, really.

Maguy-No juice here, darling. Will water do ?

Rebecca-Yes, of course. (They drink)

Rebecca-Thanks. I'll be on my way, now.

Maguy-Won't you catch cold like that ? I can lend you a skirt if you want.

Rebecca-No need to, I feel comfortable in my underwear. But think about drinking fruit juice more often. Maybe on your balcony when the sun is shining. It's lovely, you know.
Good bye. (she leaves)

Maguy-Drinking fruit juice on my balcony ?

Scene 15. Where is my trumpet ?

(In the lobby)

Audrey-So Marty. I've been looking at the list of jobs and it seems there are a lot of outstanding jobs. I mean look. (shows him the list, rolled into a tube, a couple of meters long)

Marty-Wow.

Audrey-And at the top here, there's a wardrobe door to be fixed in room 32. Lisa's room.

Marty-Aw, 32 Ah!

Audrey-Three months.

Marty-Three months !

Audrey-Three months ago. So what did you do yesterday ?

Marty-Yesterday, I was here.

Audrey-Yeah, OK. And what job did you do from this list ?

Marty-It was a radiator and a window.

Audrey-Which radiator ?

Marty-Now let me see. Room 32.

Audrey-32 ? But that's the room where the broken wardrobe door is. So you fixed the radiator ?

Marty-Yep.

Audrey-And what else did you fix ?

Marty-Erm, erm, room 44. The window.

Audrey-The window ? What was wrong with the window ?

Marty-Room 44.

Audrey-What was wrong with the window ?

Marty-What was wrong with the window ? Nothing. Nothing was wrong with the window! The lady come to complain, but there was nothing wrong with the window.

Audrey-So you didn't fix it ?

Marty-No, of course not.

Audrey-So you mean you went there and didn't do anything ?

Marty-Why should I fix something that's not broken ? And after I left, the window was in perfect shape. So, it was fixed.

Audrey-So you did nothing there, correct ?

Marty-Yep.

(Wanda enters from outside)

Wanda-Hello people.

Audrey-You're already back from work ?

Wanda-Yes, I have the afternoon off. This is a big day for me.

(she exits, and re-enters a bit later on stage, walking to her room, entering, putting her things down)

Audrey-And what else did you do yesterday ?

Marty-Erm, oh yeah, I saw my uncle in the afternoon. Such a nice guy. He promised to bring

me back my toolbox soon.

Audrey-What do you mean, your toolbox ? You gave your uncle your toolbox ?

Marty-Well, yeah, he needed it for a couple of odd repairs in his house, so...

Audrey-You're a handyman without a toolbox, is that it ?

Marty-I kept the screwdriver. Yep.

Audrey-So you can fix anything that needs screwing.

Marty-Yeah, yeah.

Audrey-Good, let's look for screw jobs then.

(Jim enters with a hairdryer in his hand)

Jim-I don't know where my trumpet is. Did you see my trumpet ?

Audrey-Not since you went up carrying it with you. Where could you have put it ?

Jim-My mum would always say "where did you put that". If I knew, I wouldn't ask.

Audrey-Which room did you sleep in ? (Jim only winces) Any recollection that might be useful ?

Jim-It was a woman.

Audrey-Yes, very good.

Jim-And she took me in her soft arms.

Audrey-Uhuh.

Jim-And drew me to the bed.

Audrey-Did she ?

Jim-We held each other as she murmured tender words to my ear. And we kissed a bit.

Audrey-Now this is very specific, you must see her face in your mind's eye, don't you ?

Jim-Err, no, I usually kiss with my eyes closed.

Audrey-What are you doing with a hairdryer in your hand?

Jim-Well, later Marta came into the room and borrowed it from Lisa saying...Jesus, Audrey, you're brilliant. Which room is Lisa's again ?

Audrey-32. Broken wardrobe door.

(Jim leaves)

Marty-Today, today I remembered I had changed the lock of room 42 without changing the key at the reception. So I went looking for the new key, and I found it ! Yeah I did ! I found a key that locks the door of room 42, and I locked it.

Audrey-This is very, very good, Marty. And where's the key ?

Marty-Er, I can't remember where I put it then.

Audrey-Well, I suppose the priority is to get your tools back, really. So go now to your uncle's

and bring your toolbox back with you.

Marty-Err, sure.

Audrey-Marty, don't you come back here without the toolbox and all the tools inside.

(Marty leaves. Wanda is looking at herself in the mirror, and starts singing)

Song: Light my fire

Scene 16. The plant

(Audrey's and Sybil's room. Francis enters stealthily and starts exploring the room, looking for a suitable piece of clothing)

Francis-The door to our room wouldn't open. This is a trap, I think. Or a trial. Are you trying me, Oh Lord ? (discovering the marijuana plants) Oh, Okay. The instrument of the devil. This is a trial. (hears someone coming) And his minions are coming. (he hides)

Audrey-So you'll water and I'll sing, or you'll sing and I'll water ?

Sybil-I'll water the little ones.

Audrey-They're looking good.

Sybil-Look at those little buds there.

Audrey-You're doing really well my lovely ones.

Sybil-That's gonna be a good crop there Audrey.

(both breathe deeply in with a smile on their faces)

Sybil-I'll change my shoes.

Audrey-Alright.

Sybil-Ahh, that's better. Hang on, I'm coming.

(Francis sneezes. Sybil freezes a second. Francis mews)

Sybil-You know, Audrey, the cat might be allergic to our little plantation.

Audrey-What cat, darling ?

(they leave)

Francis-Lord have mercy upon my poor soul. I have been lured into a devilish den. Jezebel !!

(continues his search, although obviously drawn to the plants)

And no one seems to have any spares in this place. Even father's car has a spare. That perfume, I mean that putrid stench is...interesting. If I stay much longer in this unsuitable attire, who knows what will befall me. Good Lord, let me smell once the emanation of this devilry, that I may better know it and recognise the danger in the future. And I might catch cold. Since there is no useful clothing for me here, I'll...take one of those (grabs

one small plant). Forgive me Lord in Heaven. Amen.

Scene 17. The kitchen

(Joe is sitting in the kitchen drinking his morning coffee. Rebecca enters)

Rebecca-Hello. Is that coffee ?

Joe-Oh hello. Yes it is.

Rebecca-Could I have a sip ?

Joe-There you go, Madam. My name's Joe, by the way. It's not every day I get a little company from a woman who got no clothes like that. You not cold or somethin'.

Rebecca-No, I don't mind.

Joe-Did you come in from outside dressed like that ?

Rebecca-No, no, I was upstairs. With a boy.

Joe-And you left your clothes in your room ?

Rebecca-I did. I was with Francis you see.

Joe-Frances, who is Frances ?

Rebecca-Francis is the boy.

Joe-Francis is the boy ? How do you spell that ?

Rebecca-I think with an "f". It's Francis with an "f". He was a bit excited you see.

Joe-Well, I believe that.

Rebecca-And confused as well, probably. As we were about to take make love, he sank to his knees and mixed up love with marriage, and said "always" when I badly wanted it "now".

Joe-Me I was never for that marriage thing meself. I think it's right how you young people do it nowadays. Want some more coffee ?

Rebecca-No thanks. Do you live here, Joe ?

Joe-No Miss. Manhattan is my home. Come rain or come shine, I'm out and about playing my horn.

Rebecca-Just like Bill Evans.

Joe-Now he's playing the piano, Miss.

Rebecca-Oh ! I meant Charlie Haden.

Joe-Double bass player.

Rebecca-Paul Motian ?

Joe-Drums.

Rebecca-Ornette Coleman ?

Joe-Saxophone.

Rebecca-Georges Benson ?

Joe-Guitar.

Rebecca-Steve Lacy ?

Joe-Soprano sax.

Rebecca-Don Cherry ?

Joe-(laughing) That's right. I play my horn out in the street jus' like Don Cherry. I go join Sonny Rollins sometimes when I'm around Williamsburg bridge. He says all that trafic noise is good for developing his sound.

Rebecca-Joe, it was a pleasure talking to you. I'll be on my way, now.

Joe-You go on exploring the world, Miss. And I'll go back to the sunny side of the street. Yes ma'm.

Scene 18. The lobby

Sybil-Manuel, this “hola, como esta” doesn't work here in New York. So when someone enters, please say “good morning”.

Audrey-No, no, say “hello” rather. “Hello” is a lovely, friendly, open word.

Manuel-Si, “hola”.

Sybil-”Good morning” is a sound, professional greeting.

Audrey-”Hello” rolls off the tongue.

Manuel-Hola, err, can I help you. Hola.

Audrey-OK, can we change “hola” to “hello” ?

Manuel-Holahello. Muy difencil.

Audrey-Watch my lips.

Sybil-It's too downmarket to say “hello”.

Audrey-We're not the bloody Biltmore hotel, are we ?

Sybil-We could be.

(Francis enters)

Manuel-Good morning hola hello.

(The three stare at him)

Francis-I know, but, er, they were a gift (pointing to the flowers he's holding in front of his underwears). Oh, first of all, the key didn't open the door to our room, and then we found out it wasn't locked anyway, but then it mysteriously was when I tried to re-enter a bit later.

Audrey-It was Marty. He thought he'd found the key to the new lock he'd installed god knows how long ago without telling us, so he went to try it out. And now he's away for the rest of the day, and he lost the key anyway. Am I right in thinking you have no pants on ?

Francis-Oh yeah. The lady went straight to the point.

Audrey-How did that happen ?

Francis-Well, err, the birds and the bees, er, do it. I was curious, the lady was curious, Mother said it's natural.

Sybil-How dare you enter the lobby of this respectable establishment with no pants on ?

Francis-Very much against my will, I assure you. I see you're a good Christian lady, would you maybe accept to lend me a spare pair of trousers ?

Sybil-Why didn't you take a spare with you ? You should have taken a spare with you, really.

Francis-Well, this morning, I ignored I would need a spare. It's so rarely the case, you see.

Audrey-Manuel, do you have another pair of trousers you could lend this gentleman ?

Manuel-Pantalones ? No. Only this here (shows the one he's wearing)

Audrey-Very well, then please go and ask one of the girls.

Manuel-Muy bien, si. Pantalones, pantalones. Good morning Sir hello, como esta today ? Pantalones.

(he leaves)

Audrey-Now how about putting your legs out of sight until Manuel return, Mister Francis ?

Francis-Splendid suggestion.

(he disappears behind the counter)

Scene 19. Shelley's room

(As Manuel enters, Shelley is sound asleep)

Manuel-Hello Shelley. Que tal ? Todo bien ? I need trousers.

Shelley-You need my trousers ? (she sits on the bed)

Manuel-Yeah, your trousers. Es para el chico qui llego con la chica, el espera en la recepci3n en prenda interior.

Shelley-Come back later, come back later. He wants my trousers. Jesus. Talk to you later, Manuel. Later.

(Manuel leaves empty-handed)

Scene 20. Wanda's room

(Wanda is under the shower as Manuel enters the room)

Manuel-Hola Wanda. Wanda ? Wanda ? Hola !

Wanda-Who's there ? Is that Manuel ?

Manuel-Yes. Hi, how are you ?

Wanda-I'm under the shower, what do you want ?

Manuel-Your trouser.

Wanda-What ?

Manuel-I need your trouser, I no kidding.

Wanda-Will you pass me the towel please ?

Manuel-Err, if you give me trouser, yes. (Wanda shows one shoulder as she grabs the towel herself) Hola, oh. Hoho !

Wanda-I told you to pass me the towel.

Manuel-(making some Flamenco'ish moves) Hey, hola, hey.

Wanda-I see you're wearing your trousers.

Manuel-I wear my trousers. My trousers OK, but problem. Muy problema aquí debajo a un tío, está loco tío, no tiene pantalones. Nada. Nada de nada. Zero. You understand ?

Wanda-No. What do you need this trousers for?

Manuel-I need one trousers. Do you have any trousers ?

Wanda-Yes I do.

Manuel-Good, co's I need pantalones.

Wanda-Alright, I don't understand, but do fetch whatever you need in my wardrobe.

Manuel-Si, muchas gracias señorita.

Manuel-Si, muchas gracias señorita.

(he goes to the wardrobe, still staring at Wanda who is only wearing a towel) You veeeery good, you deserve good man. (as he is looking at her, he grabs the first piece of clothes his hand touches)

Wanda-Well, thank you, Manuel! You know what, I think someone up there has finally made that happen!

Manuel-When trousers not needed anymore, I come back. Yes ? Yes. Very, very soon.

Wanda-You're welcome anytime, Manuel.

Scene 21. A Beatle song in between

(The band is making a small break)

John-And so Coltrane sort of complains to Miles "Man, when I start a solo, I can never stop playing". And Miles answers "Just take your horn out of your mouth, man".

Dana-I think you should remember that piece of advice whenever you're about to go to sleep,
Jim.

(everyone laughs)

Dana-Guys, I've heard a very good rendition of a Beatle song at Fillmore East a few days ago.

Could we do that too ?

Matthew-Why not. Mr Georges Harrison, what do you say

Amber-I'll be happy to play the Beatles. How about turning one song into a bossa ?

Matthew-A bossa ? I like bossas. What about you, Ringo ?

John-(singing) "I'd like to be, under the sea, in an octopuse's garden, in the shade..."

Jim-(singing) "She loves you yeah, yeah, yeah". No way.

Dana-They were a great band. I mean, they split up every second day towards the end, but the
music is really original sometimes. We'll jazz it up, we'll breathe funk into it. And
there'll be dark soul corners in between the riffs, Jim. Why not Beatles fusion. Come on,
Gandhis ! Come on, Jim.

Jim-I left the Island, tea time and drizzle because I want to learn jazz, and now you're asking me
to join you playing "she's got a ticket to ri-ide"?

John-People love the Beatles. They'll probably be amused to recognise one Beatle songs.

Chris-And the chords are really simple. That leaves space for improvising.

Jim-No "obladi oblada", though.

The others-Promised !

Dana-OK, boys, back to work. Let's take the "midnight train to Georgia".

Song: Midnight train to Georgia (Luca, Eric and Julien on backing vocals)

Scene 22. The saviour is back

(Audrey, Sybil and Francis are all waiting behind the reception desk)

Manuel-I brought something for you. Is good. Look.

(He exhibits a very small T-shirt)

Francis-Err, ah, OK. Good, but I don't think it can fit.

Manuel-Yes, fit. Don't touch. I try. See, fit lovely.

Francis-I feel even less dressed now.

(Shelley stumbles on stage, a big kitchen knife protruding from her left thigh)

Shelley- Audrey! Sybil!

Audrey- Oh my God!

Sybil - What happened? I'll call an ambulance.

Shelley- No! Wait! Come and help me! Owwww!

Audrey- How did this happen?

Shelley- Ask that damned Marty? How long ago did I ask him to fix the faucet in my room?

Huh? It's been weeks. Owwww!

Audrey- What? I don't understand.

Shelly- Well, after Manuel woke me up looking for trousers I couldn't go back to sleep, so I got up. I was cutting up a couple of things for lunch next to the leaking faucet and I slipped and fell on the goddamn knife. Owwww!

Audrey- I'll have to pull it out.

Sybil- Don't do that. It could have hit an artery!

Shelley- Yes! You pull it out and I'll bleed to death.

Sybil- Now I'll call the ambulance.

Shelley- No! Wait, wait. Look, I asked you to get Marty to fix the faucet.

Sybil- A taxi might be quicker.

Shelley- No taxi. No taxi. Can't you please just get Marty to fix the faucet? Owwww!

Audrey- And how's that going to help fix your leg?

Shelley- I....I've got to tell you something..... It's not a real thing (pulls out the knife). I'm just so sick of that damned faucet being broken. I couldn't figure out any other way to make you do it. Could you just come and see the state it's in?

(All leave talking animatedly, except Francis)

Francis-Err, what about the trousers ?

Scene 23. The basement

(Jim is playing George Benson's Breezin when Rebecca enters)

Jim-Georges Benson. Breezin'. I like the way you're undressed.

Rebecca-Thank you. I like it too.

Jim-I'm Jim. Came to New York to learn jazz. Which room are you in ?

Rebecca-I didn't pay attention. I came this morning with someone. I'm Rebecca.

Jim-I'm asking because I sleep in this hotel sometimes. My place is all the way in Queens, so I never go there really, with all the rehearsals and jam sessions being in Manhattan. I'd be very happy to crash in your room.

Rebecca-I didn't mean to move in, really. Where will you be playing today, then ?

Jim-We'll be rehearsing with the band for a while still, and later there's a session at Alie's and

another at Environ. I can't go to both, though, too bad. But before that we'll be playing here in the basement for the girls and whoever else comes. Joe will probably treat us with a couple of oldies. Joe's the hotel's own trumpet player.

Rebecca-Yes, we've met in the kitchen.

Jim-The band is called the "Gandhis". It's Dana, the singer who came up with the name. She says it conveys everything that's important in life: peace, flow, change, rootedness, ayurveda, passion, love. I can undress very quickly, you know.

Rebecca-I'll come to your concert, Jim.

Jim-Do that, Rebecca. Damn it, we're even gonna play a Beatle song.

Song: love me or leave me

Scene 24. Will you join me for a foursome ?

(Feeble knock on Wanda's door)

Wanda-Come in.

(A second, more insistent knock. Wanda goes to open the door)

Wanda-Hello Lisa. Come on in.

Lisa-Are you sure ?

Wanda-Yes.

Lisa-Really ?

Wanda-Yes, yes. Come in.

Lisa-(long silence) This morning, Jim slept with me for a while. And I wondered. Wanda, this past month, there have been seven different persons in my bed. And I slept out a couple of times as well.

Wanda-Are you tired of that ?

Lisa-No, not tired. It's not even the lack of sleep. But when Jim was lying by my side this morning, asleep and smiling, I felt I'd like to wake up to a familiar face sometimes, and not someone whose name I'd have forgotten from the evening before.

Lisa-A man came up to me at the bar today. He didn't say anything and he kissed me. And then his girlfriend turned up.

Wanda-Was there a row ?

Lisa-Not at all. She would have joined us right on the spot, but I said I was working, so they asked if I wanted to join them tonight.

Wanda-And you want to ?

Lisa-I do. But tomorrow morning, that'll be two names I won't remember ! Is there something wrong with me ? It's that feeling, you know. It starts here (belly button) and just...woah !

Wanda-Lisa, Lisa, Lisa...

Lisa-Do you want to join us, me tonight ?

Wanda-And you'd wake up to my familiar, smiling face ? Nooo ! I can't anyways. I'm seeing Frank tonight.

Lisa- I don't know what you see in that man. He's using you!

Wanda- Don't say that. I love him, Lisa. And he's finally leaving her. Today! Can you imagine?

Lisa- No I can't.

Wanda- He's coming to pick me up any minute now.

Lisa- And what about the weekly get-together, then ?

Wanda- You go alone. You'll be alright, yeah ?

Lisa-Sure Wanda.

Scene 25. The lobby

(Sybil and Audrey have unfolded the repair list in front of them and are staring at it with despair)

Sybil-We need a system. We could first order the repair jobs in alphabetical order. Or would reverse alphabetical order be better ?

Audrey-Uh ?

Sybil-z y x w v u t s r q p o n m i k j l h g f e d c b a

Audrey-And start from the top ?

Sybil-From the top floor of the hotel, you mean ?

Audrey-And ask the tenants not to use anything that could break ? And ask them not to report anything that needs fixing anymore for the next six months ? We could declare the words “repair” and “broken” taboo, couldn't we ?

Sybil-Yes, but...

Audrey-Sybil, I need chocolate.

Sybil-(starts crying) This hotel was doomed from the start. Even the name is disastrous. Harlem Hotel ! It doesn't make sense. We're not in Harlem, are we ?

Audrey-It was an homage to the jazz scene of the 40s and 50s, you know that very well. And the name has nothing to do with our failure to keep the building in good shape. I really need chocolate.

(Daisy enters)

Daisy-Hello. You two look really down.

Audrey-Chocolate.

Daisy-I understand. I have failed you. I should have put more flower, gone against your resistance to progress. Their perfume would have invigorated us all.

Audrey-Yes, that's it. Put them everywhere. Cover the floor, the walls, the ceilings. Cover the world with your flowers. Cover me in flowers !

Daisy-I will, I will.

(exits. Marty enters)

Marty-I'm back. Yep yep.

Audrey-Chocolate.

Marty-Uh ? And look here. My uncle couldn't find my toolbox, honest, but ! He gave me a warm woollen hat and one glove for this winter. Too bad he lost the second glove, but that's alright, I'll put the other hand in my pocket.

Audrey-Chocolate.

(Manuel enters, his face and shirt all blackened)

Manuel-Marty, you back. Hello que tal hola how are you ? Good you back, very good you back. I make fajita in kitchen. I want to put in a bit of tequila. So I take tequila bottle, but I fall. Tequila everywhere. Fire everywhere. I take bucket from sink. Water everywhere. All good now, but make fajita in kitchen, no possible anymore.

Audrey-Chocolate.

26. The basement

(The girls enter talking in small groups)

Shelley-And so I went down with a plastic knife I'd found for Halloween last year sticking out of my thigh. Audrey, Sybil and Manuel looked so horrified I nearly felt the pain for real.

Edna-But they came up to your room afterwards, yeah ?

Shelley-They did ! And they promised Marty would come later today once he's got his toolbox back.

Betty-Lou-Audrey was asking me for chocolate tonight. That was odd.

Julie-She asked me too. I keep some left in my suitcase from my journey to New York, so I went up and gave it to her.

Marta-She asked me as well when I came back from meditation practice, but I told her that

chocolate is not part of the yoga concept.

Daisy-And she said I can put as many flowers as I want everywhere in the hotel. My lovelies will spread joy all around. Do you girls want more flowers in your rooms as well ?

Marta-Interesting you're bringing this up, because I was reading that ayurveda makes great use of natural products. Apparently, you could eat flowers. Well, some flowers.

Daisy-(horrified) Eat flowers !? Are you out of your mind, woman ? Don't you dare touching one petal of one of my flowers.

Marta-Your Chakras are not aligned, I'm afraid.

Daisy-Flowers provide us with so many services you don't even realise. Mankind would be transformed if we knew how to reap the fruits of Nature.

Sophie-You'll end up exploiting bees as well.

Edna-Mankind ? You mean Humankind. I think every woman should be referred to appropriately: I'm not a postman but a postwoman, you're a, a bus driveress, and you a bookshop woman and you a barwoman.

Lisa-Woman indeed.

Edna-And Sophie is a studentess. How about getting a job some day ?

Sophie-If you don't find a job that makes you happy, you don't need to work a single day in your life. You're just naïve to reduce social usefulness to the production of capitalist goods.

Edna-And you're just an anarchist.

Sophie-Anarchy is order without power. Patriarchy is the male on top, your type of feminism just wants to see the woman on top.

Lisa-I'm happy either way.

Sophie-Of course you are. Left, right, front, back....

(Wanda enters holding a bottle)

Lisa – Look who's here!

Wanda-Heeey girls,sorry I missed our get together. Let's go out all together after the Gandhi's concert, yeah ?

Daisy-I'll have to tell my lovelies they'll be alone for a while, but alright.

Lisa-What happened?

Wanda-Manuel brought me this note from Frank. „Sorry”! Sorry?! After 3 bloody years seeing him in secret, sorry? Scribbled on a torn page of an agenda? (she drinks) To hell with

him. To hell with men! Lisa, I'll come with you tonight.

Shelley-Is that a bottle of orange juice in your hand, Maguy ?

Maguy-Yes it is, I just fetched it from the drugstore down the road. Do you know how lovely it is to drink a glass of juice sitting on the balcony when the sun is shining ?

Shelley-Uhuh.

Scene 27. In Sophie's room

Sophie-(entering the room yawning and seeing Francis crouching in total abandon in a corner)
Hello.

Francis-(holding the marijuana plant to his nose) Hi. "Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary..." (his voice drops)

Sophie-"...over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore". (getting herself a bottle from
behind the bed) Cheers. Dude, why don't you have any pants ?

Francis-Because no one has any pants for me.

Sophie-I have pants.

Francis-Yes, but they are yours. They cannot accommodate me at the same time. Maybe it
happened too fast. But I swear to you, by whatever God she serves, regardless of timing,
I was gonna ask that woman to marry me.

Sophie-Alright. Come here (she sits on the bed and gestures Francis to come and join her)

Francis-And now we go our separate ways. I guess mother was right again, I'll never be like my
brother, who got married to a decent woman, and who is now fighting for his country far
away in Asia. But for a moment there, right next to her, I thought I could be a man.
(heavy sobs).

Sophie-Wait, wait, wait. You see, your mother won't be there for you forever. And then it won't
matter whether you're married, whether you have pants on or not. And you see, you
should think for yourself.

Francis-Mother won't be there forever ?

Sophie-Forget about the girl, don't forget about the girls. Forget about trousers, you don't need
them.

Francis-Are you flirting with me ? Are you Jezebel ?

Sophie-Ow dude, I think you need something stronger. Jesus. (takes out a joint, gives it to
Francis) You put it in your mouth.

Francis-(coughing) I, I , I

Sophie-(taking out a small mirror from her bag) Look who's here.

Francis-Hello. That's me.

Sophie-See, that's a smile. Now say: "I love me".

Francis-I love me.

Sophie-Believe it.

Francis-I love me.

Sophie-Harder !

Francis-I love me !

Sophie-OK, you can take the rest off (she kisses him. They disappear under the blanket)

Scene 28

(The concert has been raging for a while. Rebecca has just joined the band for one song. Joe is on stage as well)

Song: As

Joe-A mighty nice song this is, Miss.

Rebecca-"Love asks for nothing". I disagree with the fake sentimentalism of the rest of the song, though.

Jim-That's a lovely skirt you're wearing, Rebecca.

Rebecca-Maguy lent it to me when I went to ask her if she'd join me for the concert. (she beckons to Maguy)

Jim-Hi Maguy. Rebecca, please keep bringing along your friends to our gigs. We'll be down in Bradley's tomorrow, will you come ? And on Sunday, I'm playing for the worship at the Canaan Baptist Church in Harlem, if you're interested. You could join the choir if you want. Man, how they groove !

Rebecca-I'll come, Jim. And Jim, will you show me your room in Queens ? Or was it in the Bronx ?

Jim-Brooklyn. Rebecca, I want to lay by your side listening to Nina Simone.

Wanda-A BeeGeeS song !

Everyone-A BeeGeeS song !

Song: Saturday night fever medley

The end