



TOM AND THE MAGIC DOOR

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PIRATE PRODUCTIONS A.S.B.L.

Version 1.0

Tom and the magic door**Characters**

Tom Freeman.	A musician who has lost his way.
Mickey.	A petty drug dealer.
Soul.	The wise owner of a modest drugstore.
Mariana Trench.	A kung fu master, friend of Soul.
Harbogast.	The local policeman.
Johanna.	A song writer and regular customer of Soul's drugstore.
Ted.	Soul's teddy bear.
Calypso.	A nymph.
The Woman in blue.	
A Mugger	

Act I

1.1 Opening scene. Lost in the crowd.

Unit 1

- VOICE 1 The bus to Twin Peaks via Mulholland Drive will leave at 8.39 from platform 3.
- VOICE 2 The omnibus to Bywater, original departure 8.15, will leave from platform 2 in two minutes. Hurry! (from there on, the announcements are spoken all at the same time)
- VOICE 3 The bus going over the Seven Hills is about to leave from platform 1.
- VOICE 4 The direct bus to Stars Hollow will be delayed by 27 minutes and 75 seconds.
- VOICE 5 The next bus to Three rivers will depart shortly from platform 8.
- VOICE 6 The express bus from Nowhere City will be delayed indefinitely.
- VOICE 7 The regional bus to Lankhmar is ready for departure on platform 0. *(music starts)*

SONG 1: Tower of Power “Soul with a capital S”

A busy bus station, rush hour, singers and band go full blast, the dancers sweep over the stage like a great flock of birds.

Everything quiets down, the stage empties. Tom Freeman is standing there, guitar case in hand, seemingly at a loss as to where to go. He watches the destinations panel go empty as the last bus leaves, shrugs, and goes sit down on the floor. He takes his guitar out of its case and starts tuning it. Harbogast, the local policeman, approaches him.

Unit 2

- HARBOGAST What’s this case in front of you, Mister? Are you about to sing for money in a public place?
- TOM Yes I am, officer. It seems like a good place to play.
- HARBOGAST Can you show me your artistic license ? (Tom keeps silent, signalling he has no such license) You should have thought to ask me for permission first.
- TOM May I play music here, officer?
- HARBOGAST *(with a grin)* Sure, go ahead, Mister. Don’t play too late, don’t play too loud, don’t hang around here for too long, and if you get into trouble, call, and I may come. Got it?
- TOM Yes, officer. Thank you.

Harbogast leaves. Tom sings, first alone, then the band joins in

Unit 3 -----

SONG 2: "Bitter sweet symphony"

While Tom sings, dark figures move about the station. Mickey, a petty drug dealer, is looking for customers

Unit 4

MICKEY *(to a passers by)* Hey M-m-m-mister, would you like something nicer than a c-c-cigarette? *(another shadows grabs Mickey by the collar and searches his pockets. He cries out in pain)* Hey, let me g-g-go!

No one comes to his help. Instead, the other shadows disappear without a sound. Tom stops singing, but does not intervene. The mugger takes something in Mickey's pocket, pushes him away, and exits. Mickey catches his breath, and goes over to where Tom is sitting. Tom resumes his singing, but gives up after a few bars with a howl of displeasure

MICKEY W-w-why did you stop? It was g-g-good singing, it was.

TOM Yeah, hell no. My guitar tricked me into playing, even though I didn't want to anymore. Are you alright? Do you want a chewing-gum?

MICKEY Yeah, I'm fine, th-th-thanks. The b-b-bus station can be a bit rough at n-n-night. I'm used to it. Y-y-you've just arrived in town, yeah?

TOM I have, blown straight from the north.

MICKEY The north, is that N-N-New-York, maybe?

TOM Yeah, maybe.

MICKEY An' where are you headed, M-M-Mister?

TOM I dunno. Nowhere tonight, I guess, cause I couldn't even pay for a bus ride to the next block.

MICKEY Aw, b-b-b-broke, are ye?

TOM You got it. I'm the typical broke and happy street musician.

MICKEY D-d-don't worry, I'm here now! Let me buy you a d-d-d-drink, first. There's a drugstore d-d-down the road. Only nice place around.

TOM Well that's mighty good of you. I'm Tom, by the way. Tom Freeman.

MICKEY Mickey. P-p-pleased to meet you.

Tom puts his guitar away, stands up, and they start walking side by side, Mickey doing the talking

MICKEY Maybe there's a f-f-forgotten fiver somewhere at the bottom of one of your p-p-pockets, yeah? When I do my laundry, I s-s-sure always find them fivers all crushed an' crumpled in my jeans. Always, always. Y'know, underneath my hanky, an' all mixed up with bits an' pieces of stuff, like newspaper c-c-cuttings, telephone numbers scribbled on paper towels, stuff like that. An' s-s-sure as not, still I forget

some p-p-pockets, an' everythin' that's in it ends up all melted together into a b-b-ball when I take my jeans outta the washing machine, so I have to try an' separate the mess an' hang it out to dry. D'you ever try t-t-to iron out a fiver?

Unit 5

1.2 The drugstore. A marketplace of sorts.

MARIANA *(entering the stage chasing Soul with his bokken)* You foul raw milk drinker, you unholy eater of unprocessed food, you pitiful shadow of manfullness, I'll knock out all your teeth with my mighty weapon.

They fight. Tom, stunned, turns to Mickey

TOM What the hell's going on here?

Harbogast enters. Mickey moves quickly away and hides behind the counter

HARBOGAST *(whistles loudly)* Gentlemen, customers are waiting to be served.

SOUL They are indeed. Mariana, enough practised for now, I say. *(They greet each other ceremoniously, and put their bokkens aside. Soul then turns to Tom).* My name is Soul, and I welcome you to my humble drugstore.

MARIANA I see you are stunned, young man, by the vigour with which we were practising the noble art of Kenjutsu. And the fight you witnessed was truly momentous. Mariana is my name, Mariana Trench.

TOM Tom Freeman. This was just a practice? Man, you were insulting him so badly, I thought you meant to murder him for real.

MARIANA I was trying to make Soul lose his cool, because if you lose your cool, you lose the fight. As Master Miyamoto Musashi once said "in battle, if you make your opponent flinch, you have already won".

HARBOGAST Yeah, unless the opponent has a gun. I would like to see you and your wooden stick facing the kind of riffraff the neighbourhood is infested with.

MARIANA Do not call Japanese Bokkens wooden sticks! Your craven firearms do not impress me. I live as if I were already dead, so what could a bullet do, except prove me right?

HARBOGAST Death comes easy to you, I see. Soul, gimme a coke.

SOUL That slow poison! Harbogast, listen, how about a delicious Indian lassi instead?

HARBOGAST No thanks. There are much worse poisons than a coke, ain't that right, Mickey? *(Mickey ducks and keeps silent)* You have the right to remain silent, obviously. *(Soul gives Harbogast a Coca Cola bottle)* Right, I'll get on with my patrol. Thanks for the poison, Soul. See ya.

Harbogast leaves

SOUL *(to Tom)* How can I be of service, young man?

MICKEY I wanna buy T-T-Tom a drink. But not a lassi, p-p-please. *(softly to Soul)* Soul, he's broke. C-c-c-could you help him out?

TOM We've just arrived in town, my guitar and me, and the officer who's left your premise a minute ago made it clear we're not too welcome to play at the bus station. I dunno, maybe I could sing in front of your shop a couple of hours each day? I won't cause any trouble.

SOUL Officer Harbogast, our local sentinel of order, probably did not really mean it. The man is difficult to fathom, but I deem he is not as inflexible as he pretends to be.

MARIANA Something in him is hard and full of despair, though.

MICKEY How about a d-d-d-drink ?

SOUL Yes, of course. Forgive me. Here you are (*Soul gives Tom a bottle of lassi*). Mister Freeman, you are welcome to play in front of my shop whenever you like.

TOM Let's drink to that. But would you mind giving me a beer instead?

SOUL If you wish. Mariana, would you care for a lassi ?

MARIANA No, a beer for me too. Large, I'm very thirsty.

SOUL Mickey, a l...

MICKEY A b-b-beer, please.

they drink

MICKEY I've still g-g-got a few things to do. See you t-t-tomorrow.

TOM Thanks, man. See you tomorrow.

SOUL Good night, Mickey. May the sun shine on you.

MARIANA And when the sun ain't shining any more, take it as a sign that night has fallen and it's time for you to go to bed instead of hanging around the station, son.

MICKEY Yes, sure.

Mickey leaves

TOM I'll be on my way too.

SOUL Mister Freeman, wait. It is late, where will you go for the night ?

TOM I'll find myself a cosy bench in a park. It's alright, I'm getting used to it.

SOUL I can offer you my sofa if you wish.

TOM Mister, I don't need your charity.

SOUL This is no charity. Listen, I feel exhausted from today's practice. You help me clean up the store tonight, and in exchange, you can sleep on the sofa.

TOM Agreed. Thanks man.

Unit 6

Johanna enters in a whirlwind

JOHANNA Hi Soul, hi Mariana. Soul darling, I have run out of incense. You know, the one from Jaipur you sold me last week. It's just the right perfume for that damn song I'm trying to finish. Could you please fetch me some more? (*she sees Tom*) Hullo stranger. (*nods at Tom's guitar case*) You're a musician?

TOM I play the guitar, yeah. Sometimes.
 JOHANNA Really? Show me!

Unit 7

*Johanna starts singing***SONG 3: Ray Baretto's "Pastime Paradise"**

Unit 8

JOHANNA Not bad, stranger.
 TOM I just followed you. Following is always easy. And your voice is nice. Really nice.
 SOUL *(coming back with Jaipur incense)* Here you are, Johanna.
 JOHANNA Thank you, my dear. See you later Mariana. Bye, stranger. Do come to mine one of these days, and we'll play together some more.
 TOM OK. Tom's my name.
 JOHANNA Bye, Tom's-my-name. *(she goes)*
 SOUL Young man, Johanna was our last customer for the day. It is now time for the rite of daily purification. *(Soul gives Tom a broom)*
 MARIANA I'll leave you to it. It's time for my half marathon.
 TOM A half marathon at this hour? Jeez, do you to that often?
 MARIANA Only once a day. *(he exits)*

(Tom starts sweeping the floor)

Unit 9

1.3 Yet another encounter.*Tom enters carrying a crate of beverages, puts it down with a sigh*

TOM Soul man, what a day! I would never have guessed that so many customers would need toothpaste, backed beans, ice creams, washing powder, sponges, muffins, tea, sugar, milk, apples and bananas, tomato soup, soap, sausages, spoons, nappies and chocolate chip cookies that late at night.
 SOUL Varied are the needs of the human race.
 TOM D'you want a chewing gum? *(Soul declines)*
 TED *(from the counter where he is sitting)* Hey Tom, don't you forget to sweep behind the counter, will you?
 TOM *(turning to face Ted)* How about you take the broom and do that yourself?
 TED Don't be ridiculous, how am I supposed to hold that broom? D'you see my size? D'you see my paws?
 TOM Am I really talking to a teddy bear?

TED You bet you are. I'm not a teddy bear, I'm THE teddy bear around here, and my name is Ted. *(to Soul who has been watching in silence)* Soul, it's been a week this Tom lad started working here, and he still hasn't swept properly behind my counter.

SOUL My little friend, Tom is not here to serve you, but to help me keep the drugstore sufficiently clean so that we may more easily reach harmony within ourselves. And it is true that you could do your bit too.

TED How exactly I am supposed to sweep the floor with that giant broom, or carry boxes that are ten times my weight?

SOUL We could make you a smaller broom, more suited to your size.

TED What's wrong with my size? Judging me by my size is unfair. I didn't choose to be a one-foot high teddy bear. If I'd had my way, I would have been a huge brown bear, with claws like that and fangs this long, and I would take on packs of ravening wolves like nothing, and my roar would freeze your heart.

SOUL Ted, do not confuse strength and force. Dear Tom, Ted is the most charming of teddy bears, please see beyond his rough manners. That he would talk to you at all is a sign for great interest on his part. Up to now, he has only been willing to communicate with me and Mariana. *(the alarm clock on the counter chimes midnight in loud buzzing noises. The door to the storage room changes colour)*

TOM Damn, midnight already. This was a long day.

SOUL We have toiled long and hard, young man. It is time to go home and rest.

TOM I've just got to sweep behind the counter, carry these crates in the storage room, and then I'm good to go.

SOUL This can wait. One shouldn't stay here past midnight.

TOM You go home, Soul. I'll finish clearing everything and then I'll close the shop behind me.

the door starts pulsating. Soul and Ted look at each other, and Ted nods

SOUL Very well. Take care of yourself, then, lad. Good night. Good night, Ted.

TED Good night, Soul.

TOM Good night.

Soul leaves. Tom takes the broom and starts sweeping behind the counter

TED *(directing Tom)* It's still dusty under here. And you've forgotten a cobweb here.

TOM Hey Ted, how's that, uh? Happy now? Wanna drink ? A lassi, maybe? Last chance, the bar's about to close. *(Ted keeps silent)* Suit yourself.

Tom picks up the crate and enters the storage room

TED Good luck, Tom. See you tomorrow morning. Hopefully.

Unit 9

1.4 The Ball of zero probability, or another reality.

Following a long fall in darkness, Tom finds himself in a ballroom, brightly lit and full of dancers. A voice softly addresses Tom

VOICE Welcome Tom. Welcome to the ball of zero probability.

Unit 10

SONG 4: Eurythmics "Sweet Dreams"

A man with extravagant costume and high heels, who is obviously the master of ceremony, stands on the elevated area behind the dancing floor. Dancers come to him and deposit their shoes on two heaps, one for the females, the other for the males. As the master of ceremony takes at random a pair from each heap, the dancers thus paired up defined join and position themselves in a half circle. Tom is last to join the ritual. Once all the dancers are in position, the orchestra starts playing, and the dancers begin their circular motion around the room

Unit 11

SONG 5: Dan Barta's "Brother Wolf and Sister Moon"

Tom dances with a masked woman dressed in blue. Suddenly, he stops and takes the woman by the shoulders. As soon as he does this, the dancers stop moving and the music ceases abruptly.

Unit 12

TOM Dancing with you is mighty nice, Miss. You remind me of a woman I see often in a recurring dream. She walks in a field of lilies, under the sun, holding a small bird in her hands, and comes smiling towards me. Sorry, I'm confused. All these dancers, this ball and you here, it's so unexpected. I was in Soul's drugstore, you see... I'm Tom. Who are you? What's your name?

The dancers turn disapprovingly towards Tom and watch in threatening silence as the master of ceremony comes to him, throws him his shoes and beckons for him to leave immediately

TOM *(angrily)* What's the matter with you? A man is not free to talk with anyone he wants? Don't stand in my way! *(to the woman)* Listen, let's go someplace else.

Tom tries to take the woman by the hand, but is forced away from her, and chased off the stage by armed men as everyone flees screaming

Unit §3

1.5 Walking the ThousandMile Road.

Tom is suddenly back in the grocery store, one of the woman's shoes in his hand. Soul is sitting on the counter

- TOM Soul, I... I passed the door to the storage room, and there was a great ball on the other side, very beautiful. I danced with someone there, a woman I had only met in my dreams before. They chased me away. I think they wanted to kill me. I must go back and find her.
- SOUL Dawn is here, the Door is closed, Tom. Ted and I let you go through because the Door called you, and it is not for us to stand in the way of someone's destiny, however dangerous the path ahead may be.
- TOM I don't care. Let me through!
- SOUL Were you to pass that door again without knowledge, you would lose your way, and may be destroyed! The rules of life are different beyond this door. You will have to learn.
- TOM Alright. I hear you. Soul, help me. I must bring her back. Please.
- SOUL So be it. I will help you. Mariana will help you.
- TED And me too! (*to Soul*) Stop pretending I'm not here just because I'm smaller than you, you big ungainly whale. I wanna help too. Let me help. Please, let me help Tom. Tom, tell Soul I can help you.
- SOUL And Ted will help you too, of course. We will guide you as best we can. Step by step, you will walk the thousand mile road. But be warned that what you bring back might not be what you set out to find.

Unit 14

SONG 6: funky version of Jem's "Just a ride"

Unit 15

1.6 The practice of life. First lessons.

Inside the drugstore. Tom practices shooting at a Coca-Cola poster with a plastic bow

- SOUL Shoot at the Great Enemy once more. You must feel when the moment has come for the arrow and the target to become one, and let it happen. It is never the archer who decide when to release the string. In life, you do not decide when something happens. It simply does, and you act accordingly. Let life flow through you without trying to control it. Be like water, my friend.
- TED You're gonna hit me, you clumsy oaf! Aim lower! Lower, damn it!

Mariana arrives in tears

MARIANA Master Lee is dead!

TOM Who?

MARIANA Bruce Lee. Bruce Lee is dead!

SOUL Brother Mariana, grieve not, but let us rejoice at this instant when the great circle of life is joined in front of our eyes. Brother Lee's energy is now free to give birth to another living being. Just as his mother has borne him for nine months, we now carry his words, his deeds and presence inside of us, and others will after we are gone, forever and ever. Bless him.

MARIANA Yes, you are right, bless him, damn it! Today, I will do a hundred and eight push-ups in his honour. No, twice times a hundred and eight.

TED Make it three times.

MARIANA Alright, three times one hundred and eight. Tom, join me. Ted, you count.

TED One, two, three...

They start doing push ups

Unit 16

SONG 7: Sun Ra's "Love in Outer Space"

TED *(still counting)* three hundred twenty-two, three hundred twenty-three, three hundred twenty-four. Well done, boys! *(Mariana and Tom rest)*

Unit 17

Mickey enters

MICKEY S-S-Soul, I need an x-ray.

SOUL Brother, this is a humble grocery store, and not a medical practice.

MARIANA *(somerly)* Mickey, what is a broken bone when Bruce Lee has just died.

MICKEY Who? Soul, I d-d-don't need an x-ray taken. I want an x-ray p-p-picture. I need it to open the door to my f-f-flat.

SOUL What do you mean?

MICKEY Well yes, you see, I was away with a friend last night, and like, me an' him, we wear the same jacket, jus' mine is two sizes smaller, because he's much taller than me, and anyways we went out, not for business, just for a drink or two or three, and t'was very nice and all and it got late so I went back home and there I am standing in front of the house where my flat is and would you know it I could search my pockets all I wanted no keys, just no keys so I thought it's too late to ring at one of my neighbours' and anyway no one has the key to my flat and where are these damn keys and then I thought maybe that's not my jacket but my buddy's cause like I said we wear the same so I went to where my buddy lives and rang his bell and woke him up and he said "man d'you know what time it is" but still he let me in, but that was really my jacket I was wearing and not his and no keys so then, then I thought okay Mickey if someone lends you an x-ray you can open the door to your flat with it 'cause it's easy you just slide the picture along the door frame where the lock is and you push gently gently the metallic wedge out of its lodging since I never really

lock my door I just slam it shut behind me well to make it short I slept on my buddy's sofa and now here I am so please Soul lend me an x-ray.

SOUL I will see what can be done, my friend.

MARIANA I can help you.

they exit

TOM Hey Mickey, d'you want a gum?

MICKEY What? No, thanks.

TOM Say Mickey, why did you hide behind the counter the other day?

MICKEY Because of Harb-b-b-b, Harb-b-b...

TOM You mean the policeman?

MICKEY Y-y-y-yes. He hates my guts. His son Dave and me, we were f-f-friends, an' we would hang out t-t-together, talk nonsense and smoke a bit, y'know. But nothing more, no hard d-d-drugs, I swear. I don't sell that nasty stuff, an' I don't take any myself either. But Dave would sometimes take something bad, with other people I had introduced 'im t-t-to. An' then one day, he took too much, an' he d-d-died. Harb-b-b, Harb-b-b... He thinks it's all my fault, an' he wants to make me p-p-pay, like. I sure am sorry, s-s-so very sorry for D-Dave. Maybe I shouldn't have introduced 'im to these guys. Maybe it was my f-f-fault.

Soul enters

SOUL We have found an entire pile of x-rays. This one is when Mariana broke his wrist punching holes through the planks of the backyard fence, and this is when he fell down the stairs with a rucksack full of stones he had been carrying for weeks to harden himself.

MARIANA (*proudly*) Multiple leg fractures! Nothing serious.

MICKEY It don't matter which one. You choose, Mariana.

MARIANA (*all excited*) Hey Soul, do you remember when you gave me that hard blow with the long pole and broke my clavicle? Here Mickey, a couple of nose fractures, if you want. Or how about a close up of my dislocated shoulder from that street fight against five weightlifters? I took them all down, by the way. Pak sao punch, first one down, then bong sao and strangle the second one, then...

SOUL Brother Mariana, telling proudly of your martial prowess will not make this world a more peaceful place. Remember the words of Miyamoto Musashi "think lightly about yourself and deeply about the world".

MICKEY I'll t-t-take the one of the c-c-clavicle. Thanks.

Mickey leaves

MARIANA Enough distraction from real work. Tom, it is time for the second afternoon training unit.

TOM Again! When is enough enough?

MARIANA Do you know how deep the Mariana Trench is?

TOM Sorry, no, I don't.

MARIANA Eleven kilometres. That's how deep it is, that is why I adopted that name after my resurrection, and when we get to the bottom of that trench you and me, that's when enough will be enough.

Unit 18

1.7 The magic of music.

Tom and Johanna work on a song in Johanna's flat, throwing chords at each other with gusto

JOHANNA And how about this? (*she plays a chord change, singing over it*)
I want to fly like an eagle, to the sea
Fly like an eagle
Let my spirit carry me
I want to fly

TOM That's too melodramatic. Listen to this instead. (*he plays a completely different harmony on his guitar*)

JOHANNA Nice. I like it now. It's just as it should be, I think.

TOM Am I glad to hear that, after working on that song with you every afternoon for a week! You should see Mariana's reproachful looks each time I get back to the shop.

JOHANNA Has it been a week already? Let's play, then.

They sing

Unit 19

SONG 8: "Fly like an eagle"

Unit 20

JOHANNA I'm flying Tom!

she throws herself at him, Tom catches her into a "porté". Johanna slides down, and they stand embraced, slightly embarrassed for a second. The doorbell rings. Harbogast enters right away and sees Tom still holding Johanna.

HARBOGAST Is that a new breathing exercise, Johanna? I'd like to try it too.

JOHANNA Yes, no, I mean, oh dear, I hadn't realised it was this late already, and it was time for your singing lesson.

TOM Hello officer.

HARBOGAST Drop the "officer". I'm off duty and all warmed up for the lesson.

JOHANNA Very good. Let's skip the warm up exercises, then. Did you practice the song I gave you last week?

HARBOGAST Yes I did. One hour each day, straight after my final patrol.

JOHANNA And you learnt the French lyrics as well?

HARBOGAST (proudly) Yes I did.

JOHANNA How wonderful!

HARBOGAST (even more proudly) No trouble at all. My mother was French; it was her favourite song.

JOHANNA Oh ... I didn't know.

HARBOGAST I'll show you, shall I?

JOHANNA Très bien!

HARBOGAST N'est-ce pas?

JOHANNA Félicitations.

HARBOGAST Mais non. C'est tout naturel.

JOHANNA Mais si. J'insiste.

HARBOGAST Je, euh, je... Should I sing ?

JOHANNA Yes, please. Tom will accompany us on the guitar today.

Harbogast starts singing, joined by Johanna

Unit 21

SONG 9: "Beyond the Sea"

Unit 22

JOHANNA Very good. Your intonation is getting firmer and firmer. Excellent. You need something much more challenging now. (Johanna gives Harbogast the sheet music she and Tom have been using for their composition) Maybe we could try this for next time. It's a song Tom and I just wrote together. Tom's a wonderful musician.

HARBOGAST I know, we met at the bus station the other day. Tom, I'm sorry I welcomed you the way I did at the bus station the other day. I see so many bad people roaming the streets that I sometimes forget that there are honest vagrants like you.

TOM (*with rising anger*) I'm not a vagrant!

HARBOGAST Well, you sure know how to choose your audience. Dear Johanna, you should have heard the gentleman perform a concert at the bus station the other night for a select bunch of tramps and drifters.

TOM (*angrily*) Sir, I play music for whoever is willing to listen.

HARBOGAST Sure, go ahead playing to whomever is willing to listen to you, my boy. Johanna, I'll see you next week. Take care.

Harbogast leaves

JOHANNA Tom, I don't think he mean to be rude by calling you a vagrant. His humour can be a bit direct. But my! You do get angry quickly.

TOM Don't tell a vagrant like me to be patient with a policeman. Such an arrogant prick!

JOHANNA Don't judge people you don't know. Harbogast is stiff on the outside, and gentle inside.

TOM Gentle! How do you know that, uh?

JOHANNA I use my third eye. My mystical eye! You look for little signs at the corner of people's eye, or in their manners, or the way they stand, and if you observe well enough, you'll know what's inside of them and what really moves them. Did I ever tell you that I'm a bit of a witch, and can cast real spells if I want to? You don't believe me? I'll cast a spell on you, then.

TOM If it's a charm against society's evil eye, I won't resist.

JOHANNA Oh please do resist. I like it when people resist me. Listen to that, Tom. *(she starts playing a chord progression while reciting an obviously made up incantation)* Abracadabra, simpleascanbe, nowyoureenchanted!

TOM I don't feel under a spell.

JOHANNA It's a slow working spell. I have finished the progression on a dominant seven chord, so now, neither you nor me will be able to fall asleep until we have heard the final major chord. We just won't fall asleep.

TOM Ow bugger! Is there no counter spell?

JOHANNA Only one. We have to find the major chord.

TOM Couldn't you play it?

JOHANNA I've lost it, I'm afraid. I think it went this way.

TOM This way?

JOHANNA My bedroom.

TOM Let us go and look for that lost chord, then. I'd like to sleep tonight.

JOHANNA So would I. But maybe not right now, though.

she laughs. They exit towards the bedroom

1.8 High expectations.

Tom is alone in the drugstore, talking to Ted

TOM Yes Ted, Johanna is very nice. And she says and does things like no one I've ever met before. The other day, I had just taken out of my pocket a joint Mickey had given me, and she asks "what are you doing?", so I say "I dunno, it's good for artistic inspiration, no?", but then she looks at me like this, so I add "maybe it helps me feel less like a loser", and she answers "I used to smoke too. But then I realised that when I'm stoned, I can't hear other people's voices any more, only what's going on inside my head, round and round in circle. If you need to do something useful with your hands and your mouth, how about this instead of smoking joints?" And then she takes my hands, put them, er well, somewhere on her body, and kisses me.

TED *(roaring with admiration)* If Johanna is so wonderful, why do you keep telling me about this other woman, then?

TOM I don't know. I can't help it. Each time I see Johanna, I'm happy. We laugh, we play music together, we talk, we go for walks.

TED You go for walks in her bedroom, too!

TOM Yes, sure. But then I go my way, she goes hers, and that's that until we meet again. With the woman from the ball, it's different. The thought of her absence makes me feel alone, sad and empty.

TED Eat a good hamburger, and you'll stop feeling so empty.

TOM Don't be silly. What does a teddy bear know about human passions?

TED What does a human know about what teddy bears know about human passions? What do you think I do all day, every day, watching Soul's customers, while you're busy with your own important thoughts. Take that business lady, who comes in each day for a pack of cigarettes, so straight and determined. Did you notice how soft her voice is behind her efforts to look strong and infallible? Did you notice how desperately she calls for a man to take her in his arms? Or the medical student who is always smiling? Each time he mentions his studies or his father, the smile on his face tightens up, as if he had he had to make an effort to keep it from falling off. I bet you his father pushed him to study medicine against his will, and neither of them are aware of it. You complicate life so much, you humans.

TOM You'll love her touch, I tell you. You'll see, Ted, how strong and soft her fingers are, how wonderfully warm the palm of her hands.

TED And will she kiss me too, d'you think?

TOM She will. Tender kisses on your furry forehead.

TED Aw nice!

Midnight chimes on the alarm-clock

TOM *(turning slowly towards the door)* The Door is open. In a couple of hours, I'll be back here with her.

TED Well, off you go to that most delightful lady. Be careful, though.

TOM I won't fail. Soul and Mariana have taught me everything I need to know. I'll see you soon!

Tom goes through the door for the second time

End of Act I

Act II

Unit 24

2.1 Third voyage. An eternity in one place.

Furious winds and rolling thunder as waves crash on hidden cliff walls. The tempest recedes. Calypso's servants enter the stage, carrying an unconscious Tom, and take him to their mistress while Calypso sings

- CALYPSO *(goes on her knees and hums softly while caressing Tom's forehead until he opens his eyes)* Welcome, tall stranger. Welcome to Calypso's island. My servants have rescued you from Poseidon's wrath as you were about to drown. You may rest here with me for as long as you wish.
- TOM Thank you for your help, Madam, and thanks to your servants for saving me. I will gladly rest for a few days, and then I will be on my way.
- CALYPSO Why the haste, stranger? Where would you go?
- TOM I came here looking for someone.
- CALYPSO You have found someone.
- TOM You speak the truth. So have I indeed.

Tom is lying on his stomach, Calypso straddling him, stroking his hair with gentle, but strong movements

- CALYPSO *(showing Tom a bracelet inset with a precious stone)* Look Tom, I have imprisoned a spirit of fire in that amber. At night, it will shine as bright as a little star on your wrist. Will you wear the bracelet for me?

Tom accepts the bracelet

- TOM Calypso, I walked around the island today, and didn't see any port or fishermen's villages. Do boats never come to your shores?
- CALYPSO Why would mortals come to me? They fear my magic, and I fear their anger. My island is sacred, a haven of peace and harmony. Do you not love the scent of myrtle in the sun, and the song of the sea wind in the pines and the cypresses?
- TOM It sure is nice here. But you mean no one ever comes to visit you ?
- CALYPSO The winds obey me, and they weave an invisible barrier around the island. No one touches or leaves my shores without my consent.
- TOM The tempest did not ask for your consent when it threw me ashore.
- CALYPSO There might be higher powers than mine, but you would have drowned, had not my servants saved you from the sea! Come, I will show you the treasures of my island. You will see when fruits drop from the orange trees like golden pearls in spring, and when bees as large as your thumb fly from flower to flower, extracting the sunlight from each. You'll hear the rushing song of the mountain springs after snow

has melted on their summits. You will feel the coolness of secret underground caves, all ivy green, when the summer heat burns the hills.

TOM Alright, show me.

Calypso's servants set up a banquet. Calypso and Tom come in and sit facing each other

TOM Calypso, I have rested and wish to pursue my errand.

CALYPSO Tom, your errand has ended when the sea washed you to my shores. Stay here with me forever. I will show you secret places no mortal has ever seen.

TOM Calypso, if you love me, let me go. Please let me go.

CALYPSO I can deliver you from the bane of old age. I will grant you immortality. You will taste the Gods' Ambrosia and the divine Nectar. You will love me, and I will love you, and we will live forever on this blessed island between the sky and the sea.

TOM I do not want to live forever. Let me go.

Unit 25

SONG 10: Sting's "If You Love Somebody, Set them Free"

Unit 26

CALYPSO Stranger, I am the queen of this island, and you will obey me.

TOM You do not reign over my heart. I cannot love you. Why try to force love out of me? You said yourself that there are higher powers than yours.

Calypso leaves suddenly

CALYPSO It is Midsummer eve tonight. We could go to the great cliff facing the westering sun and listen to the sirens sing.

TOM I always thought sirens were dangerous.

CALYPSO Not if you are with me. Their voices will delight you without making you mad if I hold your hand.

TOM I don't want to listen to the sirens, or go with you anywhere, or let you hold my hand! *(long silence)* Calypso, I am sorry. I cannot love you the way your desire. I will only hurt you more. Let me go.

Calypso smiles sadly

CALYPSO Nymphs have observed the world from afar ever since its very beginning. They see how mortals battle each other, how they destroy both the treasures given to them by the Gods and the work of their own hands, which they should cherish and respect. They see cities burned to the ground and orchards devastated by war. But sometimes, they also see how mortals can open their hearts to each other and to the world. They see how mortals can love. They see all this. And time passes in silence. I am the queen here, I allow things to come and go as I please. You may go, you tall, beautiful stranger. Go to that someone you are looking for. Go now. My servants will show you the way.

TOM Please take back your gift *(he takes off his bracelet and holds it up to her)*

CALYPSO Keep this bracelet. Keep it precious! Its magic nourishes human courage like brimstone does to fire. It will help you one day, mortal.

TOM Thank you Calypso. Thank you for everything.

CALYPSO Say no more. Go. *(he exits)*

Unit 27

SONG 11 Suzanne Vega's "Calypso"

Unit 28**2.2 Practicing once more**

Tom and Mariana practice the kung fu drill called "chi sao", arms locked. Mariana keeps finding openings in between Tom's arms, which infuriates Tom

MARIANA *(while practicing)* In the chi sao, both partners attack and defend at the same time, flowing like water around each other, looking for an opening.

TOM *(giving up)* I'll never get it right! I'll never be ready! And what's this exercise for anyway? What's it got to do with my life, with the door or with anything?

MARIANA What's anything in your life got to do with life unfolding around you? The aim of today's training is to defeat yesterday's understanding. This is what the chi sao is about. Anger makes you lose your cool, and you need to stay cool. Always. When you feel anger hardening in your stomach, you let it rise up to your diaphragm, stop it there, look at its shape, observe how it feels inside of you, and then you let it go and disappear in the infinity of the sky like a helium balloon. It may seem difficult at first, but everything is difficult at first.

TOM *(still surly)* We haven't stopped for lunch. I'm hungry. It's difficult to be hungry.

MARIANA Hunger is good practice, it makes you patient and discourages from idle talk. And there is some catching up to do. May I remind you that your last little trip beyond the door made you skip many lessons with me and Soul? Hi Johanna.

Johanna enters the drugstore

JOHANNA Hiya Mariana. Hello Tom.

MARIANA Hello Johanna.

TOM Hi.

Johanna and Tom stand looking at each other. Mariana understands he need to leave them alone

MARIANA I will be in the backyard meditating.

TOM & JOHANNA Good idea.

Mariana leaves

JOHANNA I've exhausted my stock of incense again. By the way, I was thinking of an idea for a song on my way here. It's about a child who suddenly realises he's turned into an adult, and feels terrified by it. Ow damn it! Tom, I miss you!

TOM I was far away. D'you want a chewing gum?

JOHANNA No thanks. You still feel very far away. But that's alright. Please ask me to share an apple with you.

TOM Will you share an apple with me, Johanna?

JOHANNA Sure, with pleasure. (they sit down side by side on the floor in front of the counter) Tom, you never told me how you ended up busking in bus stations.

TOM What do you think?

JOHANNA I think something bad happened to you.

TOM Maybe.

JOHANNA Maybes won't do today, Tom. Tell me. Please, do tell me.

TOM I was doing musicals on Broadway. After years of scrubbing backstage or doing ten seconds walk on parts, I had just been given the main part in a new show. What luck! And it was a good show, too! But someone didn't like that, and threatened to tell everybody about my past, about things I did when I was struggling to make ends meet. Things I was ashamed of. It frightened me and I ran away two weeks before opening night. That was the end of it. That was the end of me.

JOHANNA Music is everywhere, Tom. Not just on Broadway. And I don't see how that little incident could be the end of a big boy like you. (she kisses him)

TOM Johanna, I've met someone...

JOHANNA You've met me, and Soul and Mariana, and I'd say that's something you should be grateful about, you scoundrel!

TOM *(suddenly angry)* But I am, damn it! And don't you start scolding me like a child, you... *(he realises what he is about to say, stops short, and starts laughing)* you sunny little darling. How come that everything you do makes me laugh, even when it's annoying. With you, life's sharp edges become smooth. Smooth and round like your lovely shoulders.

JOHANNA That's sweet, thank you. *(standing up and seeing Mariana)* Mariana! Your pupil has rested long enough, I reckon. *(turning back to Tom and kissing him again)* Train well, Tom's-my-name darling. *(she leaves)*

MARIANA *(who has watched discreetly the end of their conversation)* Well, did you let that helium balloon fly off before it could explode in your stomach?

TOM I think I did. Yes, I did! Thank you Mariana.

MARIANA Enough for today. See you tomorrow at six. We haven't reached the bottom of that trench yet.

2.3 The fear of the jungle.

Tom is sitting on the counter, looking at the Door. As midnight chimes, it turns red

- TED Why won't you go, Tom? It's the third night in a row you stay in front of the Door staring at it with those strange eyes.
- TOM Ted, I had a vision four nights ago. It wasn't a dream, more like when one starts hallucinating in a high fever. I was lying in my bed, and from the open window, I could hear a flag somewhere snapping sharply in the wind. Snap, snap, snap. And then she came. A long panther, immensely strong and darker than the darkest moonless night. I felt her claws could tear me apart in an instant, but her green eyes were soft. She looked at me, and I heard her think "you know everything about me, and yet, you know nothing about me". I felt afraid, but still, I wanted so hard to press my whole body against hers. Then I realised she had turned all white, and I was now in black, and I heard her voice again, saying "peace within creates beauty without". I suddenly knew that I wasn't at peace, and that made me sad and angry. Then the vision ended, and all I could hear was the flag beating in the wind. I'm afraid to go through that Door again, Ted.
- TED I shared the shelf of a toy shop with a panther once. She was a great friend, and she would tell me long stories about the jungle, where the trees coil around each other like snakes, and red, blue or yellow eyes stare at you silently from under the shadows of leaves as large as umbrellas. I was so scared, but at the same time I so much wanted to see the jungle for myself! I imagined how I would become a great hunter, and the other animals would call out to each other whenever I'd come near "Fearless Ted is coming! Fearless Ted is coming!" and then scuttle away. Even the elephants would fear me!
- TOM You'd die of heat with that fur.
- TED You think so? Maybe there are cold jungles?
- TOM There are colder forests, but they're not called jungles, and the leaves aren't as large as umbrellas there.
- TED Ah, right (silence). No one forces you to pass the Door if you don't want to, you know.
- TOM No, that's true. No one except me. I will go now.
- TED I shall wait here for you.

Tom passes the door a third time

Unit 30

SONG 12: Madonna's "Frozen"

Unit 31

2.4 Frozen, but still alive

Tom is back in the drugstore, on his knees. Soul comes to him and puts his hand on Tom's shoulder

- TED Tom, are you alright?
- TOM I failed. I'm unworthy.
- SOUL No one is unworthy. Do not lose faith.
- TOM All this training nonsense was in vain. I should have stuck at playing the guitar for tramps in dingy bus stations.
- SOUL Don't be bitter. Why be bitter at life for teaching you how to live? The child who has fallen and hurt his knee is not bitter about the fall. This is how it learns how to walk. Everything you encounter in life has one result, which is to teach you the skills you need to live and grow. Do you know what happened to Mariana years ago?
- TOM No, I don't.
- SOUL He was crushed by a bus. He couldn't walk, he couldn't talk. But he could read, and how he did read! He read about mountaineers climbing high, snow covered peaks, and he climbed those peaks with them. He read about hunters chasing their prey for hours until the animal collapsed from overheating, and he ran besides them, feeling drops of sweat streaming down his spine. And one day, he read that to serve theirs masters faithfully, samurais considered their body was already dead. So Mariana thought that since his body was already dead, becoming a samurai would be easy, and that thought made him laugh. He left his bed, and trained his dead body back to life, first crawling, then standing on clutches, then walking, and then running. Don't worry, Tom. When action is pure and selfless, everything settles into its own perfect place.
- TOM I will go and look for my own perfect place in the wide world, then. There is no point in me going through that door ever again. I will leave you tomorrow. Thank you, my friend. Never before had I been welcomed by anyone the way you and Mariana welcomed me.
- SOUL You do what you do, brother. Doing is just as good as not-doing.

Unit 32

2.5 The last training

Tom and Mariana practice one last time. Tom's bag is ready

- MARIANA Those philosophers have written book after book after book about free will and predestination, one cleverer than the other. As far as I'm concerned, though, things are very easy. If I look back, theoretically, there were moments in my life when I could have reacted differently. But I was not ready to do so. So I did what I did. The aim of your training with us was not to actually apply any of the skills we're teaching you. You only trained to recognize these split-second moments when an opening appears in the smooth wall of daily routine. There is no way to predict

when such an opening will present itself, but when it does, you plunge and go with the flow. That is all. Do not wait for it, do not try to create it or force it, do nothing, stay calm, just observe yourself and the world around you.

Mariana drops his arms. Tom sighs with relief.

MARIANA That's it. Forget about the chi sao. Go your way, and keep cool.

Johanna enters

JOHANNA I see it's time for you to fly like an eagle to the sea. I may think of you sometimes, and when I do, I'll send you a good charm, promised. But that won't be always, because I'll often turn my attention elsewhere, so be a grown up, will you ?

TOM I'll think of you too, Johanna. I wish you...

JOHANNA Love. You wish me love, darling. And I wish you love too.

They dance and sing together

Unit 33

SONG 13: "I Wish You Love"

Unit 34

Johanna leaves. Tom picks up his bag and guitar case

TOM Goodbye Soul. Goodbye Mariana. Goodbye, big Ted. You will explain to Mariana how to sweep behind the counter properly, won't you?

TED *(sadly)* Yes, I will.

SOUL Dear Tom, may happiness fill your heart each day.

MARIANA And do not forget that the only reason a warrior lives is to fight, and the only reason a warrior fights is to win.

SOUL Yes, indeed. There is more to life than increasing its speed.

MARIANA If you do not control the enemy, the enemy will control you.

SOUL Truth is not what you want it to be. It is what it is, and you must bend to its power or live a lie.

MARIANA Rigidity is the companion of death. An army that cannot yield will be defeated.

SOUL Practice not doing.

MARIANA One thousand days of lessons for discipline, ten thousand days of lessons for mastery.

SOUL Fixation is the way to death. Fluidity is the way to life.

TOM There is more than one path to the top of the mountain! Gentlemen, I thank you.

Tom leaves

2.6 The bus station, late evening.

The place is nearly deserted. Mickey is discreetly selling his “stuff” to someone downstage. Harbogast appears

HARBOGAST Police, freeze!

The customer runs away, Harbogast trips Mickey and points his gun at him

HARBOGAST This time, you rat, I got you. What’s that you got in your pockets, uh? (*searching him roughly*) Some weed to start with. You couldn’t sell it all, today, could you? You had a bad day? And where’s the rest, Mickey? Where is the stuff you gave my boy to make him die?

MICKEY I didn’t do anything. It wasn’t m-m-me! I wasn’t even there!

HARBOGAST You shut yer mouth. (*he looks around, realises they are alone*) For years, I have dreamt the same dream. Or was it a nightmare? I have been dreaming you’d go to prison for the rest of your miserable life, Mickey! But maybe prison’s too good for you. Maybe I could pull the trigger by accident instead.

Harbogast lets go of Mickey, who stumbles backward, and aims the gun at his head. Tom enters, carrying his bag and his guitar case. Realizing what is happening, he moves in between Mickey and Harbogast.

TOM Harbogast, let him go. He is doing no harm selling a bit of weed.

HARBOGAST What do you know about anything? You move out of my way, Casanova. This ain’t no plastic bow in my hand. You put your hands up, and move away slowly.

TOM Harbogast, put your gun down.

HARBOGAST Damn you, this is none of your business. Get out of my way now!

TOM Harbogast, look at me. Look at me! Let go of your desire for vengeance. Don’t take Mickey’s life. Don’t you see he’s just a boy? Don’t you see he’s just a frightened boy? Like your son was, like I was, like you were. We’re all frightened boys at times. Don’t kill a frightened boy.

MICKEY You’re not going to k-k-kill me!

Mickey pushes Tom forward and starts running. Harbogast pulls the trigger. Tom falls. The lights go out, except for a spotlight on Tom’s body

2.7 On the other side of the door, one last time.

SONG 14: Dan Barta's "O Maria, O Felix Puerpera"

Unit 37

the Woman in blue appears, walks to Tom, and gently touches his cheek. Tom stands up slowly, leaving his inanimate body behind

THE WOMAN Greetings Tom.

TOM Hello, lady.

THE WOMAN How are you?

TOM *(smiling)* Here you are again, entering my life when I least expect it. You know, there have been days when I wished, nay, I hoped, nay, I knew you were near, somewhere just around the corner, and I would be constantly looking out for you, already imagining how I would walk to you, smile and say "hello lady". But the day would come to an end, and you hadn't appeared, and I felt abandoned and alone. And now, when I thought I would never see you again, suddenly you stand in front of me and ask me how I am.

THE WOMAN Yes, here I am at last. I am happy to see you, Tom. I am happy that the time has finally come when we can talk, you and me.

TOM I'm glad too. The dreams of you were the most beautiful dreams, but they were only dreams. May I take your hands? That's what I always imagined I would do first when we'd meet for real.

THE WOMAN Please do. *(he takes both her hands in his).*

TOM The soft pressure of your hand in mine burnt for weeks after we danced together at the ball.

THE WOMAN *(smiling and looking at Tom's hands)* Your hands are strong. The strong touch of a guitar player.

TOM The hands of a man. The hands of a lover.

THE WOMAN Do you love me, then, Tom?

TOM I thought I did, but now I realise that I cannot love you, because I don't know you. At all. A friend and a teddy bear have tried to teach me how to read the little signs in people, just by looking into their eyes. I look into your eyes, and I'm confused. I see two wonderful little stars, but I don't know what goes on inside of you. I don't know what you need from me. And isn't this what love is about, to know what the other needs that only you can provide?

THE WOMAN Do you know what goes on inside of you, Tom? Do you know how to read the signs in yourself?

TOM You're right, I don't. As a child I have been told to love my neighbour as myself, but I never looked inside myself, and I don't love myself.

THE WOMAN You too are unique, Tom, and your little signs are just as beautiful. The other day, when Mickey was telling you about the policeman's hate, you were listening so

calmly, so seriously. He just needed someone to ask him what was tormenting him, someone to listen to him. You did just that. It was very generous of you.

TOM You were there?

THE WOMAN I was. I always watch you. Always. I like watching upon you.

TOM And I like what opens up in me when I feel your presence. A great Eagle inside my breast suddenly wants to spread wide its powerful wings, and rise up to the sky. But you're never really there, and so we wait, the eagle and me. Sometimes, I doubt whether you walk this Earth at all. But then I know you do. I know you do. Where can I find you on the other side?

THE WOMAN I am here Tom. You are holding my hands.

TOM You know this is not what I mean, dear lady. Where?

THE WOMAN I am often right behind you, Tom.

TOM I wish you were in front of me, like now. I wish you were in my arms, and I would feel the ebb and flow of your body's soft breathing against mine.

THE WOMAN Should I really tell you?

TOM Yes, please.

THE WOMAN Look for number nine. Not three, not seven, but nine.

TOM Alright, I shall.

THE WOMAN Goodbye now, Tom dear. Let the eagle inside of you spread its wings. The time has come to let it fly.

TOM Goodbye, lady. I'll see you soon. I will find you.

THE WOMAN Love yourself, Tom. Learn to love yourself, and you will see love blooming all around you.

TOM By the way, this is yours (*he takes her shoe from the ball out of his pocket, and gives it to her*). I hope you didn't miss it too much. I really did my best to bring it back to you as soon as I could. Will you dance with me once more? Dancing with you at the ball was wonderful, tender and delicate, and at the same time so very joyous and full of life.

THE WOMAN Yes, let us dance.

they dance

unit 38

SONG 15: Enya's "Only Time"

Unit 39

2.8 The circle of life.

Tom is back at the bus station, as in 1.1. He takes his guitar out of its case, puts his cap in front of him, and starts tuning his guitar. Harbogast approaches him.

HARBOGAST What's this case in front of you, Mister? Are you about to sing for money in a public place?

TOM Yes I am, officer. I think this place is just right for my guitar and me.

HARBOGAST Are you sure? At this hour the bus station is not exactly Carnegie Hall.

TOM I'm positive. I feel life here. I think the music is going to be good.

HARBOGAST Hopefully you're right. Music might do this place some good. I'll leave you to your singing, then. Take care, Mister.

TOM You too, officer. (Harbogast leaves)

Tom starts singing "fly like an eagle"

MICKEY (to a passer-by) Hey M-m-mister, would you like something nicer than a c-c-cigarette? *(a shadow grabs Mickey by the collar and searches his pockets. He cries out in pain)* Hey, let me g-g-go!

TOM Hey, you, get lost!

the mugger, cowed, disappears. Mickey moves to Tom

MICKEY Thanks, M-m-mister. You sure f-f-frightened him off like nothing.

TOM *(to himself)* "If you make your opponent flinch, you have already won". *(to Mickey)* I just kept my cool, that's all.

MICKEY What are you doin' here at this hour? The station c-c-can be a bit rough at night.

TOM I'm waiting for my bus.

MICKEY It's k-k-kinda late for that. The last bus will be goin' s-s-soon, and then, that's it for the night.

TOM That last bus, do you know which platform it leaves from?

MICKEY N-n-nine. Platform n-n-nine.

TOM You don't say *(he laughs)*. That's precisely the bus I was waiting for. *(he picks up his guitar and his bag)* Here, take this! *(he gives Mickey Calypso's bracelet)* A great sorceress gave it to me once. The fire inside will kindle your courage in times of need.

MICKEY Jeez, that's a n-n-nice bracelet. It must be very p-p-precious. I c-c-can't t-t-take it.

TOM It is very precious, and that's precisely why I give it to you. I don't need it any more, and you do. Take care, Mickey.

MICKEY Hey, how'd you know my name? Did we meet somewhere before?

TOM Yes we did. See you.

they leave

2.9 Emptiness and fulfillment.

Soul is sitting cross-legged on his counter, reading a book and drinking a lassi

TED Soul, I miss Tom. Did he really have to leave?

SOUL Maybe. It is what it is, Ted.

TED Still, I miss him.

SOUL In the Tao is written “the sage allows things to come and go”, and also “amidst the rush of worldly comings and goings, observe how endings become beginnings.” Observe how endings become beginnings, my dear Ted. *(he finishes the pack, looks at it for a while, then takes a new lassi, opens it, and resumes drinking)* I’ll never understand why no one likes my lassis.

Epilogue

Tom on stage with a band, singing.

SONG 16: Stevie Wonder’s “Don’t You Worry ‘Bout a Thing”.

An enthusiastic audience dances in front of the stage. Finale, dancing, etc...)

The end