

**HARRY and the CANNIBALS**  
by Susan Mosakowski

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Susan Mosakowski  
127 Greene Street  
New York, NY 10012  
[mosakowski@creationproduction.org](mailto:mosakowski@creationproduction.org)

Representation: Clinton Fisher  
Hanly Conroy Bierstein &  
Sheridan LLP  
112 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10016-7416  
[cfisher@hanlyconroy.com](mailto:cfisher@hanlyconroy.com)

# **HARRY and the CANNIBALS**

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## **CHARACTERS**

Mary	Primatologist
Bob	Seismologist
Pete	Foreign Correspondent
Joey	Waiter
McCoy	Ex-Mortician
Dr. Lacuna	Psychoanalyst
Frank Stein	Father to Joey
Harry's Widow	Widow in search of her husband
Baby	An Ape

**SET:** An overgrown jungle. Large palm trees, ferns, and flowering tropical plants move freely into configurations that alternately expose and camouflage different locations of the play. A veritable jungle in motion-- THE FEVER BAR AND GRILL, Dr. Lacuna's Couch, and Frank Stein's room, are planted within this tropical labyrinth.

THE FEVER BAR & GRILL appears when three swivel chairs, pivot downstage, spinning the characters into view against a bar that features the lit sign: THE FEVER BAR AND GRILL. Conversely, the bar disappears when the chairs swivel upstage; the backsides of the chairs are camouflaged to appear as jungle plant life, blending with the rest of the jungle. A pay phone is affixed to a palm tree where Joey makes the calls.

Frank Stein's white room lies upstage center. An operating table is tilted on a 45 degree angle. A large overhead light is suspended above it. The backdrop is made up of lava lamps. Two downstage screens--covered with plant life-- open and close to Frank Stein's room.

Dr. Lacuna's office features a large leopard-skinned couch and a Louis Quatorze chair for Dr. Lacuna. Farthest downstage is a plaster-cast torso, bisected along the side, which opens to reveal a mayonnaise jar in the cavity of the chest. The mayonnaise jar contains a human heart in embalming fluid.

## SCENE 1

*Mary alone in the jungle.*

*Drums sound and apes screech in the background.*

*A pin spot on Mary's face.*

*A pin spot on Baby's face)*

MARY

Come on, Baby. Come on, I know you're out there. Now I don't want to be late. Give Mommy a kiss. Come on. I'm going to find you, you little monkey. Come to Ma Ma. *(Blackout.)*

The sign for THE FEVER BAR AND GRILL lights up. The chairs swivel front, revealing Bob, Mary, and Pete.

BOB

It's against nature! You can't adopt an ape for a child. It's unnatural to mother an ape.

MARY

Wait till you see Baby, you don't know him. He needs a mother. I found him in Ethiopia when I was studying the Gelada baboons. He wouldn't let me go. He wrapped his arms so tightly around my neck--he was so cute--I wanted you guys to meet him. BABY! BABY! You're gonna love him.

BOB

I don't want to love him.

PETE

There must be some single primatologists out there in the wilds that are interested in mating behavior.

MARY

There are--but not the humankind.

BOB

Perverts. You're safe now, and in happy hunting grounds. You need to be home among your own, not running with the primates.

PETE

He's right, Mary, you can't run around the rain forests, alone, all your life.

MARY

What makes you think I want to be with someone?

BOB

You can't have ape-babies.

MARY

I'm adopting an ape-baby.

BOB

It's not natural for you or Baby.

MARY

Don't tell me what's natural and what's not. Now listen, I've got something really important to ask you two, oh I'm so excited. I want both of you to be the godfathers of my Baby.

BOB

You've gone bananas. Forget it, Mary, I'm human, and will only be a godfather to other humans, and I'm sure Pete feels the same way because he's a human too. Aren't you, Pete?

PETE

I think so.

Joey enters.

JOEY

How's everybody doing?

PETE

Great!

JOEY

Great! Great. I'm Joey. Hey! Just in case you're getting an appetite, I want you to know that we do have food here. I know you know that--that this is a restaurant even though you haven't personally tasted any food yet--but hey no rush, the night is still young. Why don't I tell you about the specials? *(No response, so he responds himself.)* Yes, please tell us the specials, young man. O.K., here I go. We have baby liver smothered in onions . . .

PETE

*(Cuts him off.)* NO LIVER!

JOEY

OK. We have sweetbreads in a raspberry . . .

NO ORGANS!

PETE

RELAX!

JOEY

Hold the specials.

BOB

HELD!

JOEY

Joey, libations please: three vodka martinis on the rocks, hold the martini.

MARY

You got it. *(Exits.)*

JOEY

*(Notices Pete's wrist.)* Pete, why are you wearing a medical bracelet?  
Are you alright?

MARY

I'm fine. I had a little surgical procedure done, that's all. The doctors want me to wear this just in case.

PETE

Just in case what?

BOB

Just in case anything happens to me--I'm on special medication.

PETE

Why?

BOB

I had a little trouble after I covered the Mid-East. It's nothing. Sometimes I just don't feel like myself inside. The doctors said it was just a passing phase of dislocation. I've come back to get some medical attention--gotta put Pete back together. I know that seeing both of you is gonna do me good. I can respond to you.

PETE

What do you mean, respond?

MARY

PETE

I, oh my God, this is horrible--I'm REPELLED BY HUMAN CONTACT!  
There! I've said it! *(Pause.)* I've always loved being with people--I was  
always popular, but now, people seem foreign. I can't work anymore.

BOB

You're with us guy and we're here to help--get you back to work.

PETE

I've quit journalism. That was my last story.

BOB

So make them up.

PETE

I don't have it in me to make up stories.

BOB

Sure you do.

MARY

Wait till you meet Baby, you're gonna love him. And there will be plenty  
to do when he's around. *( Starts hooting like an Ape.)* Hoo Hoo Hoo.  
*(Calls out.)* BABY! BABY! You know being in the jungle does strange  
things to your head. I mean you start thinking like a primate again.  
Hunting, gathering, mating, you know--survival. I'm glad to get out for a  
while. Seeing you both again is good for me, too. I needed to hear  
familiar voices again--you know, sometimes just the sound of a person's  
voice can put you in touch with a place in yourself that you've forgotten  
about.

BOB

And I'd love to touch your new ears.

MARY

You noticed!

BOB

Of course I noticed.

PETE

NEW? NO!

YES! MARY

They're perfect. PETE

With perfect little points. BOB

Stop. They're good. Right? MARY

They're amazing. PETE

Where did you get them? BOB

From a genius at Cornell Medical Center. MARY

So how much did you pay for those ears? BOB

None of your business. MARY

Come on, your secret is safe with us. PETE

40 grand. MARY

40 GRAND! *(In disbelief.)* You could've fed a starving nation for a year. BOB

You pay for dinner. PETE

So why'd you do it? BOB

MARY

They didn't go with my outfit.

BOB

I'm serious.

MARY

Do you really have to ask? They didn't fit my head.

BOB

I never noticed. They were cute, all scrunched up like little turnips.

MARY

They were deformed. No one would ever whisper sweet nothings in those turnips.

PETE

They were physically challenged.

MARY

All right. I had physically challenged ears and I changed them--I didn't want to wear headbands all my life.

BOB

*(Reaches out to touch her ear.)* I feel like I've seen these ears before.

PETE

That's a good line, Bob, I'll use it the next time I date a corn on the cob.  
JOEY!

Joey comes forward with 3 vodkas.

Baby romps in with a bottle of vodka.

JOEY

So who's having vodka? *(Breaks into hysterical laughter)*

PETE

I want a new waiter.

JOEY

I am the new waiter.

BOB

Whataya do for an encore, Joey?

JOEY

Spill drinks on assholes.

BOB

You're walking on thin ice, Buster.

JOEY

Yeah? Me and the penguins. *(He serves the vodka, glasses sail dangerously through the air .)* Watch out for flying liquids.

BOB

You know, you really have an attitude problem.

JOEY

And YOU have an altitude problem. Come down from the mountain, Buster.

BOB

The name's Bob.

JOEY

Lucky you, it's easy to spell. *(Joey exits.)*

BOB

He's really out to lunch. The guy's a loose cannon.

PETE

Cool out.

BOB

You're telling me to cool out? I am cool. I don't like his language: "Come down from the mountain, Buster."

PETE

I thought seismologists liked mountains.

BOB

I'm not a seismologist anymore.

PETE

You can't walk away from seismology, Bob. *(He cracks up.)*

BOB

I need to be on solid ground. *(Pause)* What's happened to this place? It used to be friendly.

PETE

We're friendly.

MARY

It's great that you're back--you're going to be a wonderful godfather to my Baby.

BOB

Apes don't have godfathers! You've devolved out there in the jungle, and you want me to devolve with you. Forget it! My worldview is already shaky. I've studied the surface of the earth for a long time, and I know what a brittle floor we walk on. The world for me has become a mosaic of natural disasters. 5.5 billion people are walking on a huge shifting floor rotating in space, imagining that the ground beneath their feet is solid. It's an illusion--an illusion that doesn't work for me anymore. From now on, it's still-life photography. I want to see objects, resting on stable surfaces; and, people, who stand firm in my experience. So don't rock the foundations.

MARY

Well then, maybe you could just take some pictures of Baby.

BOB

NO! I don't do baby shots! I'm doing still lifes!

PETE

Then take one of me. I want it with my shirt off.

BOB

I'm not doing portraits.

PETE

Then take a picture of my belly--an anatomical study. Call it: "Belly Resting on a Belt." That's a still life.

BOB

*(To Mary)* Get Baby. Just make sure he's well behaved.

MARY

BABY! BABY?

Baby playing with the pay phone.  
Joey knocks him off and calls Frank Stein.

FRANK STEIN

*(Picks up.)* Frank Stein.

JOEY

Dad? *(No response.)* DAD?

FRANK STEIN

SON. *(Pause.)* Stay out of the kitchen. It's hot. *(Hangs up.)*

Joey hangs up.  
McCoy rushes in.

McCOY

We have no time. *(Jumps into Bob's lap.)* We must do it. Now!

BOB

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU!

McCOY

YES! FUCK! No time. Come.

BOB

GET OFF! OFF!

McCOY

*(McCoy turns to Mary.)* OFF! OFF! Let's get off!

MARY

*(Screams.)*

McCOY

*(McCoy grabs Pete.)* NOW!

PETE

JOEY!

Joey comes running in.

JOEY

*(To McCoy.)* Who the hell are you? OUT! GET OUT! And never come in here again!

McCOY

Come NOW!

Joey grabs McCoy and throws him out.

JOEY

*(Yelling offstage.)* OUT!

Everyone abruptly leaves.

Joey comes back in and calls Frank Stein.

FRANK STEIN

*(Picks up.)* Frank Stein.

JOEY

Pop? POP? A very strange thing happened tonight. A guy comes in the restaurant right off the street and starts trying to have sex with everyone he sees. Isn't that the fucking living end? Are you listening to me? Thee fucking-living end--well what do you think? Pop! Say something! Damn it!

FRANK STEIN

All men hate the wretched. They are left to the deserts and to the glaciers. *(Pause.)* My feet are cold, son. My head is hot.

JOEY

Pop, I bought you those nice wool socks for Christmas, and for your birthday, I got you that nice cap with the motorized fan from Hammacher Schlemmer. You should wear them.

FRANK STEIN

You're right, son. But you shouldn't take me so literally. I wish you had finished college. If you had taken poetry you would have a better understanding of the way I feel. I have to go, it looks like a storm is coming and I don't want to miss it. *(He hangs up.)*

Apes screech in the background.

Frank Stein looks out from his room.

JOEY

Dad? Dad? *(Drops the phone.)*

Joey runs at top-speed--in place--in front of Frank's room as the jungle slowly closes in on Frank. Baby sits at Joey's running feet.

*(Lights fade.)*

**SCENE 2**  
*At Dr. Lacuna's.*

McCOY

TIME is essence!

LACUNA

Enough of your fixation with time! I've told you again and again that you know nothing about time because you won't step into your past. You can't even count backwards without falling asleep. Until you open your eyes you will never progress to the whole person. You force me to hypnotize you every time you come here. I'm tired of watching you snore. Now, tell me everything.

McCOY

NO.

LACUNA

You must understand your relationship to everyone that came before.  
TELL ME!

McCOY

NO.

LACUNA

You must understand your relationship to the dead. TELL ME!

McCOY

NO! There's too many of them.

LACUNA

What do you mean?

McCOY

For ten years I was a mortician. I exerted powerful control over the after-dark system. Most professionals refer to the mortuary arts as the after-death system, but I call it after-dark, because I feel that death is only something beyond our senses. I handled maybe seventy bodies a month. Usually two a day. On a good day sometimes three.

Every morning two or three stiffes were waiting for me when I arrived. After I had my coffee and a hard roll I began my work. I drained them, pumped them with embalming fluid, then washed them and folded their limbs. I stuffed their cheeks with cotton, sewed their mouths shut,

and expertly--if I do say so myself--applied their lipstick, powder, and rouge. I combed their hair, polished their fingernails, and then I gave them their names. I built lives around scars, creased foreheads, hairlines, crooked toes, eye color, hair color, dental work, and the thickness of their lips. I registered the slope of their shoulders, the curve of their spines, the arch of the foot, the bones in the wrist, and the shape of their fingernails. I read them and re-read them, and I could see them in a thousand scenarios, and then I would suddenly move a limb, or straighten a hair---because the business of dying would suddenly intrude--and my senses would abandon me as it had abandoned them, and I moved through darkness. And as I composed their death, their lives drained through my fingers as I carried out my task, and they would die in my hands again and again. I don't want to talk about this anymore.

LACUNA

Then tell me about your father.

McCOY

Hypnotize me.

LACUNA

TELL ME!

McCOY

NO.

LACUNA

DO IT!

McCOY

Yes! LET'S DO IT! (*Pulls him down on the couch.*) NOW! Before it's too late. We must awaken our passions! Maybe then we'll come to our senses.

LACUNA

Get off!

McCOY

Touch me. Come on. (*Takes Lacuna's hand.*) Reach, touch, reach, touch.

LACUNA

Stop this.

McCOY

It's the first seed of the mind. Reach, touch, reach, touch.

LACUNA

You are out of your mind. Get off of me! Off. OFF! STOP! My heart can't take this! *(Breaks from McCoy.)*

McCOY

*(Advancing.)* Doing it is good for the heart!

LACUNA

I can't take the stress! I COULD REJECT IT!

McCOY

REJECT WHAT?

LACUNA

My heart!

McCOY

You mean you don't have your own heart?

LACUNA

IT IS MY HEART! *(Calmly)* It's only that it's new. Of course it could have come from a seventy-eight year old person and you wouldn't call that a new heart, but if it's working, it doesn't matter what model it is. Who's to know? I never thought about the engine in my Mercedes until it broke down. I never grieved over it. I had it replaced--that's all. And it was the same when my heart went. I needed a replacement so I got it. Vroom. Eventually we all make a visit to the shop, for something.

McCOY

To lose your heart is a sad thing.

LACUNA

*(Getting worked up.)* It's not sad; it's a fact of life. I needed a new heart and I got one. It's not an emotional thing! *(Visibly shaken.)*

McCOY

Lie down.

LACUNA

This is my couch. I'll lie down when I'm ready. *(He lies down.)*

McCOY  
Now, what did they do with your first heart?

LACUNA  
I have it.

McCOY  
Where?

LACUNA  
In a jar.

McCOY  
In a jar.

LACUNA  
In a jar.

McCOY  
Is it close by?

LACUNA  
Close enough. Why?

McCOY  
Sometimes they just give the organs away. You wouldn't want anyone walking around with your original heart.

LACUNA  
Of course not.

McCOY  
It's a question of authenticity. You know, you've got me all wrong. I do want to count down--to number one. I want to find an object for my passions. I want the real McCoy. Now, show me that heart. (*Lacuna tries to get up, McCoy pushes him down.*)

LACUNA  
NO!

McCOY  
Is your first heart beating?

LACUNA  
You're out of your mind. It's a dead organ.

McCOY  
Then why do you keep it?

LACUNA  
I like to look at it.

McCOY  
WHY?

LACUNA  
BECAUSE IT'S MINE!

Lacuna bounces up and throws McCoy on the couch.

McCOY  
AAHHA! (*Grabs Lacuna.*) GET IT! We'll look at it together. I can help you find your way back--GET IT!

LACUNA  
Pervert.

McCOY  
Let me rub your feet. I know they're cold.

LACUNA  
Get away from me. This is the last session. I'm no longer your analyst. I quit.

Lacuna runs out of his office. McCoy chases after him.

*(Blackout.)*

### SCENE 3

*Mary sits opposite Baby. She reads from Edgar Rice Burroughs' TARZAN.*

MARY  
"Lost to Tarzan of the Apes was the truth of his origin. That he was John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, with a seat in the House of Lords. You would not have guessed that in infancy he had suckled at the breast of a hideous, hairy she-ape, nor that in all his conscious past, he had known

no other associates than the sullen bulls and the snarling cows of the tribe of Kerchak, the great ape.

Nor, could you have read the thoughts which passed through that active, healthy brain, the longings and desires which the sight of Teeka inspired, would you have been any more inclined to give credence to the reality of the origin of the ape-man.

Teeka to him was indeed beautiful! Of course Kala had been beautiful—one's mother is always that--but Teeka was beautiful in a way all her own.

Today, as he sat gazing upon her, he found himself noting the beauties of Teeka's form and features--something he never had done before. He envied her the handsome coat of hair that covered her body. His own smooth, brown hide he hated with a hatred born of disgust and contempt. Years back he had harbored a hope that some day he, too, would be clothed in hair as were all his brothers and sisters; but of late he had been forced to abandon the delectable dream."

BABY

*(Reaches out for her.)*

MARY

Did you like that story? YES. Say YES, YES. Come on, Baby, you can say it. I know you can. Let me help you with those lips. There you go. Come on, Baby. Yeeeeesssss. OUCH! Stop that. Stop that.

BABY

*(Groping for her breast.)* Leche, leche, leche.

MARY

*(Struggles with him.)* Oh my God! You speak Spanish. Oh, my bambino. I don't, mi no have leche. I'm not your mother, Baby. Oh no. *(Baby pulls her on his lap.)*

BABY

Leche, leche.

MARY

No leche. It's called milk, too. It's good to be bilingual. Can you say milk?

BABY

No leche?

No leche. MARY

No leche. BABY

That's right, Baby. MARY

Milk, Milk. BABY

Yes, that's very good. But no, I don't have any milk either. MARY

No milk? BABY

No milk. MARY

No milk. No leche. BABY

No, Baby. MARY

Baby takes Mary's hand. He separates her thumb from her other fingers and draws it to his mouth to suck her thumb.

*(Lights fade.)*

#### SCENE 4

*Frank Stein on Lacuna's couch.*

LACUNA

Why do you think that the world begins with you?

FRANK STEIN

I don't know why, I just do. Whenever it storms--the lightning, the rain, I feel so connected to the heavens and the earth. I feel the forces of nature pass through me. I'm sure I was there at the beginning--I didn't see anybody else. It had to be me.

LACUNA

What is important is that you realize that if everyone thought like you we'd all be gods.

FRANK STEIN

Not a chance. Nobody wants to go out in the rain anymore. In the ripping bleating rain and stand in the thunder. Nobody wants to be in the hurricane of one's own thoughts. There are no good men left.

LACUNA

Go, Frank! Confront the seismic upheavals in your brain.

FRANK STEIN

Bring on the hurricanes. Break the rock of the corrupted earth! Bring the revelation in the sky! THUNDER must come, LIGHTNING must strike. A HEARTBEAT must sound--Crack the core!

LACUNA

Crack it! Come on, Frank.

FRANK STEIN

I am the volcano ripping and pulsing against my own mountain of flesh, I am the molten lava!

LACUNA

Yes! Molten lava!

FRANK STEIN

I am the flame!

LACUNA

FIRE!

FRANK STEIN

Yes, Doctor. We are dealing with fire. *(Pause.)* May I look at your heart?

LACUNA

*(Taken aback.)* How did you know about that?

FRANK STEIN

People talk.

LACUNA

Don't these people have anything else to do, but to talk about people they don't even know--about things that are private and confidential. It was that pervert, McCoy, wasn't it? He betrayed a professional confidence! If he ever lies on my couch again he'll count so far back he'll never return. *(Pause.)* What am I saying? He's a sick man. He needs my help.

FRANK STEIN

I'm sorry, I've upset you. I'm interested in discarded parts. You see, I've never had new parts. I can remember when Victor completed me. The crowning touches were my tonsils and my appendix. He wanted me to have all the extras. But eventually they had to be taken out. I wish I still had them around--in my apartment somewhere--I could walk by, take a look at them and feel complete. I can feel them even though they're gone. All that remains of them is a perfectly chiseled space in the interior of my body--a cavity for hot air. Air AIR AIR--building up pressure from the heat of my own body--exerting force against my own self--a self-combustible engine driven by air and heat and water--ready to ignite in a moment of passion, or, to evaporate in a moment of self-doubt. This poor body has nothing to do with the real matter of living. The mixture for walking on earth is far more subtle, an ephemeral blend--a spontaneous combustion--a vital warmth witnessed by a few.

I used to have the sensation of wind passing around the back of my skull and I would hear the sound of whistling. I used to wander by myself, hour after hour, as if following an invisible contour inside my head, but now that's changed. The empty feeling in my head is gone. I see thoughts come to me. I enter rooms, I see mountains, landscapes--I've even taken up golf.

LACUNA

What's wrong?

FRANK STEIN

The wolves are out.

LACUNA

What wolves?

FRANK STEIN

Can't you hear them howling?

LACUNA

Lie down!

FRANK STEIN

No. Go outside--go on. You're afraid--aren't you? Aaahhah! You don't see them, you can't even hear them, but you believe they're there because I heard them, and I put the thought of them in your mind, and now they're roaming in your brain. The heart is like the wolf. It's hungry and it roams freely in the mind--reaching every crevice of the brain. And when it is lonely, it retreats and howls, and when it finds love, it electrifies the senses and courses through the extremities of all human experience. The heart lives beyond its own nature, so there's no such thing as a dead heart. If I were you, I'd find a safe place for your old heart to live, as safe as the place in your breast; you never know what it might make you feel. *(Pause.)* You should see my house.

LACUNA

I don't want to see your house. Let's get back to the molten lava.

FRANK STEIN

Later. I need to take a walk. Is it raining outside?

LACUNA

Yes.

FRANK STEIN

Then I need to go. *(Exits.)*

Lacuna opens the plaster-cast torso, and pulls out the jar containing his heart, from the cavity of the chest.

Baby secretly watches him.

LACUNA

You need a bigger place. I'll build you a new house.

Bob loudly knocks and enters.

Lacuna quickly hides his heart.

BOB

Dr. Lacuna . . .

LACUNA

What are you doing here? It's not four o'clock.

BOB

I had to see you.

LACUNA

All right, all right. Have you got them?

BOB

Yes. *(Pulls out a stack of postcards.)*

LACUNA

Lay them out.

BOB

*(Lays them out over the couch.)*

LACUNA

Aha. Las Vegas, Philadelphia, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg---ahha. This is much better than last week. You have made some progress in the Northern Hemisphere. Can you hold these postcards in your hand without running for the shelter of a doorway or an open lot?

BOB

Yes.

LACUNA

Good. Continue to work on the Northern Hemisphere. Then we will move to the tropics. Little by little you will slowly gain control of the world and it will never slip from your grasp again. When cities are leveled by war or natural disasters--they continue to exist. Why? Because the real city sinks its pylons in the cerebral hemispheres. And when you doubt that, just pick up these cards and remember that these places are in your hands, all in your hands, and your hands reach for places in the mind. Now, come back next week.

BOB

Three o'clock.

LACUNA

Yes, four o'clock.

Bob exits. Lacuna opens the safe and pulls out his heart again. A loud knock at the door. Pete enters. Lacuna quickly puts his heart away.

PETE

Dr. Lacuna . . .

LACUNA  
What do you want?

PETE  
(Crying.) I had to see you.

LACUNA  
Alright. Stop that crying.

PETE  
I can't.

LACUNA  
Stop being so hard on yourself. One doesn't become self-realized overnight. Life changes are very disruptive--they take a lot of courage. It's an inner struggle that never never ends.

PETE  
I haven't got the guts.

LACUNA  
Nonsense! Someone like you--who's been in the trenches--seen war and famine. YOU have the guts.

PETE  
No I don't, not anymore.

LACUNA  
All right. Count backward.

PETE  
That doesn't work.

LACUNA  
Don't resist.

PETE  
There's nothing to count back to.

LACUNA  
You're intellectualizing too much. You're not some damn existentialist, are you?

PETE

There's nothing there.

LACUNA

Forget about Sartre. Repeat after me: Pete 10, Pete 9, Pete 8--

PETE

NO! *(Pause. Then reluctantly follows instructions.)* Pete 7, Pete 6, Pete 5, Pete 4, Pete 3, Pete 2. *(Under hypnosis, calling for himself.)* PETE? PETE? PETE!

LACUNA

You're right, it doesn't work.

PETE

Pete? Pete? Is that you? *(Grabs Lacuna and kisses him.)*

LACUNA

*(Taken aback.)* No, this is the Doctor speaking! Wake up! Come back next week.

Shift to Mary and Baby.

MARY

Here's a nice glass of milk. Come on, Baby, take it. You're a big boy now and you need to use a glass now.

BABY

Breast.

MARY

That's right. I have breasts. Not one but two.

BABY

One, two.

MARY

Very good counting.

BABY

Three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

MARY

You are so smart.

BABY  
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.

MARY  
Excellent.

BABY  
*(Reaches for her breast.)*

MARY  
No no no. These are off limits.

BABY  
Minus one.

MARY  
Slow down Einstein. OK. Minus one.

BABY  
*(Points to her other breast.)* Minus two.

MARY  
Minus two.

BABY  
No leche?

MARY  
No leche.

BABY  
Minus three.

MARY  
Minus three.

BABY  
Kala?

MARY  
Sweetie, Kala is Tarzan's mother.

BABY  
Minus four.

Minus four. MARY

TEEKA! BABY

Teeka belong to Tarzan. MARY

Minus five. BABY

Minus five. MARY

Mary. BABY

Mary? Me? MARY

No Mary? BABY

Oh Baby. MARY

Minus six. BABY

Baby walks to Dr. Lacuna's and lies down on the couch.

BABY  
(*Cont'd.*)  
Minus seven, minus eight, minus nine . . .

(*Blackout.*)

**SCENE 5**

*Back at THE FEVER BAR & GRILL.*

PETE

I can't believe you've given up seismology.

BOB

I haven't given up seismology forever. I just need to level out.

PETE

You're a scientist, not a photographer. You believe in concrete things.

BOB

Nothing's concrete.

MARY

So, how'd you like Arizona?

BOB

It was sunny.

PETE

What did you do besides watching rocks?

BOB

I took pictures and looked at the sun.

MARY

So did Van Gogh, but look what happened to him.

BOB

I thought of him a lot. I dreamt of sunflowers, of lost ears, (*reaches out to touch her ear.*)

MARY

Stop it.

BOB

I've seen those ears before--on a man.

MARY

Are you trying to insult me! These are women's ears!

Bob rushes for Lacuna's doorway.

BOB

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

LACUNA

Get away from my doorway!

BOB

*(To Lacuna.)* I'm sorry. *(Returns to Mary.)* Your ears triggered a vision--visions of a woman that I keep having.

PETE

What woman?

BOB

I don't know. I see her everywhere--Morocco, Central Park, Buenos Aires--I've even seen her in places I've never been. I have no control over the flood of images--and always this face, this face--and then, she vanishes, and I feel my feet sliding underneath me again.

MARY

You're in love!

BOB

I've never met her.

PETE

Maybe it's virtual love. Artists are in love with virtual love, it's what muses are made of. I say go for it.

Bob sits down, holding on to his postcards.

MARY

Whatcha got? Postcards? *(She takes them from him.)* Oh this is a nice one of the Arctic. Look how it rises from the water.

BOB

A world floating on top of the world like a dream. I've seen her there, too, running on moving islands of ice, bounding over a cold dry sea.  
*(He takes the postcards back.)*

MARY

You're serious about this woman. Who do you think she is?

BOB

I don't know anything about her except that she has a scar running along the inside of her knee. I last saw her in Morocco when her sari was blown open by the wind.

JOEY

I love Morocco.

BOB

But I've never been there! *(Rushes to the doorway.)*

LACUNA

Get away from my door!

McCoy enters, disguised as a woman.

McCOY

Good evening.

JOEY

I'm calling the cops.

McCOY

*(To Mary.)* What did you do with your ears?

MARY

Get away from me.

McCOY

Are they in a safe place?

MARY

WHAT are you talking about! Why am I talking to you! Get away.

PETE

Move it!

McCOY

Move me!

BOB

No movement. Joey, do something with this guy?

Get out! JOEY

McCOY  
Do something with me! All of you! We don't have any time!

OUT! JOEY

McCoy is thrown out.  
McCoy immediately re-enters.

Where are your real ears? McCOY

I don't know! Who cares? MARY

I know those ears. I've touched them before. McCOY

What do you want? MARY

I want to save you! I'm in the business of living now, so don't let go of anything. You need all of your parts. McCOY

Pete, Bob, and Joey, re-enter.

Look, Buddy. PETE

Yes! LOOK! Look at me! REACH! Touch me! Feel it! McCOY

Out! JOEY

McCoy is thrown out. They all sit down.

Can you believe that guy! BOB

Pete doubles over.

MARY

Are you OK?

PETE

Yeah! It's just my insides.

MARY

What do you mean?

PETE

They're acting up. I've got new plumbing.

BOB

New plumbing?

PETE

Replaced! My liver, kidneys, pancreas, and part of my intestines have been replaced. OK? It's OK. Just once in awhile, I don't have any control over the situation. I have to go to the bathroom. *(Exits.)*

MARY

*(Humming.) Do You Know Where You're Going To?*

BOB

Mary, this is no time for humming.

MARY

I can't help it, it's so beautiful.

BOB

WHAT? What is so beautiful?

MARY

The music.

BOB

What music?

MARY

The music in my ears. *(Clasps her ears.)*

Joey at the phone.

JOEY

Dad? Dad? Are you there?

FRANK STEIN

Yes, Son.

JOEY

That Crazy was back! He wanted one of my customer's ears. He's a lunatic, Dad. I don't know about this job anymore. It's really getting to me. Same thing day in day out and the customers only get worse. Most of them don't even eat anymore. The kitchen is blaming me cause I can't get their order. *(Pause.)* Dad?

FRANK STEIN

Yes, son . . .

JOEY

How's Mom? *(Pause.)* I guess I'll call her and ask her myself. Well . . . take it easy.

Joey hangs up and immediately re-dials.

FRANK STEIN

*(Picks up the receiver and listens.)*

JOEY

Hi, Mom. *(Pause.)* I just talked to Dad. He seems fine. I'm OK. Business at the restaurant is great. I'm making big money. Everything is just great except that there is one real lunatic who comes in all the time. You probably don't want to hear about this one.

FRANK STEIN

Son. It's me, Dad. We have to talk . . . about your mother again. Your mother's not here. Joey, let me explain to you, AGAIN, the circumstances of your birth. When I was a young man--in the bloom of my manhood--I decided that I wanted to have a child I could call my own, but I could not find the right Bride. The Dupont Institute of Eugenics heard about me and offered to help me. They told me that could help me create a son. They . . . they found me interesting. They said they hit the daily-double with me. You know I don't gamble, Son, but I took it as a compliment. Well, they were able to transfer my genetic material to a donated egg and implant the egg in an official eugenics institute parent. And that's the story of your birth--your incredible Bachelor-birth. And just for a little diversity--we

didn't want a perfect clone--they entered a wildcard gene--there I go again with that gambling talk.

JOEY

Dad. What are you talking about? I want to talk to my mother.

FRANK

Joey, we've got to improvise around this thing called life.

JOEY

You're out of your mind! NO! NO! NO! (*Slams the phone down.*)

FRANK

Wait! Son! Wait.

Joey storms off.

Shift to Dr. Lacuna's.

Baby enters; his face is covered with shaving cream.

Dr. Lacuna helps Baby shave. Baby makes the passage from childhood to adolescence, from primate to human.

Back to THE FEVER BAR & GRILL.

BOB

So when did you have an overhaul?

PETE

Last month. I was in the Mid-East doing a story for CNN and I got a parasite and before I knew it--I was flat on my back in an infirmary. I was operated on within 24 hours--new liver, pancreas, new intestines--I had a donor right there. His name was Harry. It seems that there's more of Harry than me. The doctors were joking saying I owned 49% after the takeover. Harry had the controlling interest at 51%. They started calling me Harry. Can you imagine?

MARY

Well, how did you feel?

PETE

What do you mean? About being called Harry?

MARY

I mean did you feel like yourself?

PETE

Don't joke with me, Mary. Don't you joke with me. *(Grabs her by the throat and tries to throttle her.)* I'm sick of those jokes. I'm a solid 51% and don't you ever ever think otherwise. Just forget about those doctors. Pete is fine. End of story. OK?

MARY

*(Visibly shaken.)* Ok. Ok. Ok.

They exit.  
Joey enters.  
Harry's Widow enters.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(To Joey.)* I'll have a vodka martini. Hold the martini. *(Pause.)* Oh, waiter, has a man named Harry been in tonight?

JOEY

Not that I know of. What does he look like?

HARRY'S WIDOW

I'm not sure.

JOEY

*(Pause, he sniffs the air.)* Nobody came in by the name of Harry.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Scrutinizes him.)* What's your name?

JOEY

*(He sniffs his armpit.)* Joey.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Joey. *(Challenges him.)* Can you prove that?

JOEY

Listen, sister, if you want to get weird, go somewhere else.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I'm not a weirdo. I'm just looking for my husband. I know that 51% of him is out there.

JOEY

Yeah, everyone is 51% out there. That's the problem. *(Pause.)* What do you know about The Dupont Institute of Eugenics?

HARRY'S WIDOW

Nothing.

JOEY

Just checking. *(Exits.)*

McCoy enters. Sits down next to her.

McCOY

Do you want to do it?

HARRY'S WIDOW

I'm a married woman.

McCOY

I don't have a problem with that.

HARRY'S WIDOW

You don't understand, I'm looking for my husband.

McCOY

Did he walk out on you?

HARRY'S WIDOW

Not exactly.

McCOY

I'm sure it was all a misunderstanding. He'll come back.

HARRY'S WIDOW

That was our plan.

McCOY

What do you mean?

HARRY'S WIDOW

Harry and I planned to always be together--always, no matter what. But when we found out that his days were numbered, we realized there was only one way we could do that. Harry would have to be transplanted. Harry became an organ donor on one condition: that all of his vital organs

be transplanted in one and only one body--he wanted to live again in another. I'm looking for that person. That person is 51% mine.

McCOY

You mean someone had to take 51% of Harry--even if they only wanted a liver?

HARRY' S WIDOW

Exactly.

McCOY

But what about the brain?

HARRY'S WIDOW

You mean Harry's brain?

McCOY

Yeah. Harry's brain.

HARRY'S WIDOW

That's another story. Brains don't transplant well. We had to let it go with the hopes that the new body would have some sense. We thought we could work it out as long as he was there 51%.

McCOY

You can't believe that Harry is Harry without his brain.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Why not? I did it for ten years. *(Hysterical laughter.)*

McCOY

*(Joins in the laughter.)*

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Cuts off laughter.)* I didn't mean that. It was a joke--a bad joke. I just feel so alone without him. He was half of me. We shared everything. Sometimes we even shared the same thoughts--we were that close--we could finish each other's sentences. Close. *(Pause.)* I don't know why I'm telling you this. You just seem so so so so . . . .

McCOY

Available.

HARRY'S WIDOW  
Yes, and so . . .

McCOY  
Understanding.

HARRY'S WIDOW  
Yes.

McCOY  
Breast.

HARRY'S WIDOW  
Yes.

McCOY  
Breast.

HARRY'S WIDOW  
Yes. I feel like I can talk to you.

McCOY  
These are your real ears, aren't they?

HARRY'S WIDOW  
Yes.

McCOY  
These are my real ears, too. My hands, they're real too. They're mine.  
Touch them. Yours are real too.

HARRY'S WIDOW  
Yes.

McCOY  
Reach. Touch. Reach, touch. Let's take a walk--perhaps we can stop at  
my place along the way, I have a waterbed.

HARRY'S WIDOW  
Are you an ex-sailor?

McCOY  
Let's just say I like the high seas.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Then go to the opera.

McCoy exits.

Joey sitting with his father in Frank's room.

JOEY

What do you mean you're a new man?

FRANK STEIN

I'm thinking about life differently. I see things differently. I'm going to this doctor--it's difficult to understand, it's all neurological, but I want you to know that I'm a new man. I feel like changing my name--I feel like a Harry.

JOEY

Harry! Why did you say that?

FRANK STEIN

I don't know.

JOEY

WHY?

FRANK STEIN

That name keeps popping into my mind. Harry Harry Harry. It's alright, Son. Just a passing phase. I need to get out on the golf course.

JOEY

Dad, you've never played golf in your life.

FRANK STEIN

You know, Son, I almost agree with you, but I can feel that 9 Iron in my fingers, and I have to say that you just don't know your dad.

JOEY

What's going on? Did you go to that damn shrink again? Whenever you go to him you get rewired.

FRANK STEIN

I think you need a vacation. You might want to try a few holes, Son.

Jungle screens close on Frank Stein's room.

Shift to Dr. Lacuna's office.

LACUNA

*(In a self-hypnotic countdown.)* Lacuna nine, Lacuna eight, Lacuna seven,  
Lacuna six . . .

Joey enters.

JOEY

When was the last time you saw my father?

LACUNA

That's none of your business.

JOEY

I want you to stop screwing him up.

LACUNA

It's not me. He is beyond my reach!

JOEY

I'm feeling cut off these days. My father is playing golf.

LACUNA

I realize that must be difficult for you to accept.

JOEY

It's devastating. A person doesn't just change like that. A person just  
doesn't pick up a 9 Iron. It's more than that.

LACUNA

Perhaps it's you who has changed.

JOEY

I'm not the one playing golf.

Lacuna gets up and goes to the safe where his heart is kept.

LACUNA

*(Staring at his heart.)* How do you feel?

JOEY

What kind of question is that?

LACUNA

I wasn't talking to you.

JOEY

Well who the hell are you talking to? I don't see anybody else here. I don't pay you three hundred an hour to talk to somebody who's not here. I want some answers. Why is my father playing golf? *(Pause)* And what are you doing over there looking into that murky jar.

LACUNA

LIE DOWN. Count backwards.

JOEY

You know I can't count backward.

LACUNA

FROM TEN!

JOEY

Ten, nine. . . . *(He's out)*

Back at the restaurant.  
Frank and Bob are sitting together.  
Lacuna having a drink at the bar.

FRANK STEIN

I'm so thirsty. Where the hell is my son?

BOB

Who's your son?

FRANK STEIN

Joey.

BOB

The Joey who works here?

FRANK STEIN

*(Nods.)*

BOB

Nice boy, hard worker.

FRANK STEIN

What's your game?

BOB

It used to be seismology.

FRANK STEIN

*(Nods.)* Mine's golf. *(Pause.)* Are you holding?

BOB

Am I holding? Holding what?

FRANKSTEIN

Postcards.

BOB

How do you know about them?

FRANK STEIN

People talk.

BOB

It was Lacuna, wasn't it? He betrayed a doctor/patient relationship.

FRANK STEIN

Get rid of them. They can't help you.

BOB

Why not?

FRANK STEIN

You have to let it go--this idea of control. Let yourself explode, the way that I have. You've got to go with the flow--become the molten lava. You need a new game. Do you play golf?

BOB

No.

FRANK STEIN

You don't know what you're missing. The driving range when an electrical storm hits--there's nothing like it. You need a jolt to help you shake off the vertigo. Would you like to learn how to play? I need a golfing partner.

BOB

What about your wife?

FRANK

I don't have one. Where is that boy of mine? *(Pause.)* May I ask you a personal question?

BOB

Go ahead.

FRANK STEIN

Do you have a mother?

BOB

Yes.

FRANK STEIN

My boy thinks he has a mother, too. He can't let go of this idea that his mother is out there. It's not good for my boy to always be so wanting.

BOB

It must be hard for you.

FRANK STEIN

What do you mean?

BOB

To have lost her.

FRANK STEIN

I never knew the woman. I imagine her though--walking with me through ice storms--playing golf. I almost feel as if I do know her. It would be nice to hold the mother of my boy. *(Pause.)* Are you sure you don't want to drive a few?

BOB

No thanks.

FRANK STEIN

If you see my boy, tell him I love him and that I'm doing nine holes.

Frank exits.

Mary rushes in--disheveled and upset.

BOB

What's wrong?

MARY

It's Baby. He's wants to go back to the jungle and he wants me to go with him. He's just tried to drag me up a tree. I can't climb trees, but he grabbed me and started to screech, *Teeka*, then *Kala*, then *Mary*, he was wild. He's become too much for me to handle.

BOB

Maybe you should see Dr. Lacuna.

Harry's Widow enters and sits down.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Nods a hello, then:)* JOEY!

As they wait, Mary begins humming *Mack the Knife*.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Cont'd.)*

What's that tune you're humming?

MARY

I don't know. It just comes to me, to my ear. Sometimes I just can't stop.

HARRY'S WIDOW

That was my husband's favorite tune.

They hum a duet of *Mack the Knife*. Harry's Widow breaks down.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Cont'd.)*

I'm sorry. I have to go.

MARY

I know other tunes. Wait.

BOB

Please don't go. I feel as if I know you. My name's Bob. Wait a minute. *(Pulls out a postcard.)* Were you ever there? *(Pulls out another.)* What about here? Morocco? Wait, Istanbul, don't go, look, Rio.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Why are you showing me these fucking postcards? You are weird. This place is weird.

Harry's Widow exits and throws herself down on Dr. Lacuna's couch.  
McCOY enters.

McCOY

May I join you? (*Automatically sits back down with Bob and Mary.*)  
May I join with you?

BOB

Beat it.

McCOY

Yes, beat it. Time is running out. Vast regions of ourselves are breaking off minute by minute. Where is the center to our fragile mass? Where is the weight to lash and moor ourselves against the times when parts of our lives sink into obscurity? It's never front and center when you need it. No, you must leap for it each time, and suffer the blast of a cold wind, and stretch your legs beyond the endurance of your thoughts. Make the leap, Bob, your name is Bob isn't it? Make the leap. Throw away those postcards.

BOB

How did you know about them?

McCOY

Things get around.

BOB

It was Dr. Lacuna wasn't it. It had to be him. Just for the record, I never leap. Preach your stuff to someone else.

McCOY

I see that you need some time to think things over. I understand. If you want to join me, be with me, join with me, I'm right over there.

McCoy sits at the bar.  
Pete enters with Mary.

PETE

(*To Bob.*) I thought Joey was going to get rid of that guy.

MARY

She was so sad.

BOB

Yeah. I've seen her crying before.

PETE

When?

BOB

I don't know. But I have, just like I've seen that scar she has on her leg.

MARY

She's the woman with the scar?

BOB

I'm positive.

PETE

I get these intensely deep feelings whenever she's near.

MARY

I think both of you are obsessed with this woman.

BOB

I know every inch of her body. I know her muscles, her flesh, the pores of her skin. My eyes have caressed her a thousand times.

PETE

I feel her with the core of my being. I want to press her close to me so that my nerves and entrails are in sync with every move she makes.

MARY

I have to admit, she has the most wonderful voice. It's in my head, the sound of her voice. I've had the urge to call her Lucy. Lucy, Lucy, Lucy.

BOB

I have to find her.

PETE

I'm going to.

MARY

Me too.

They all rush out.

McCOY

Take me!

Shift to Dr. Lacuna's.

LACUNA

I'm sorry, I don't why I'm crying like this. When you walked in I couldn't control myself. My heart went out to you.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I felt the same way when I saw you.

LACUNA

I can't help the way I feel about you. I'm overcome with yearning.

HARRY'S WIDOW

May I call you Harry?

LACUNA

Yes.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Harry?

LACUNA

Yes.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I just wanted to make sure you were there.

LACUNA

I'm still here.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Harry?

LACUNA

Yes.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I think I'm in love with you.

LACUNA

And I'm in. . . *(Catches himself.)* NO! Someone has to take charge here. This is ridiculous. I am a Doctor! And you are a patient who is

transferring. Very cleverly I might add--you've almost tricked me. I've suddenly become the object of your desire because you feel like I understand your true nature. But it's not me you love. No you love someone, your husband, your lover, but not me.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Lie down next to me.

LACUNA

This is not standard procedure.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Harry?

LACUNA

Yes.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Come closer. *(She draws him to her breast.)* Listen to your heart.

*(Lights fade.)*

## SCENE 6

*Mary stands over BABY who is half-hidden in the bushes.*

MARY

What are you eating?

BABY

*(Doesn't respond, continues to eat.)*

MARY

Why are your hands so bloody?

BABY

It's brutal out there.

MARY

What are you talking about? You don't live in a jungle. You go to school, you have a nice place to live, and people who feed you.

No more. BABY

I don't understand. MARY

I must go back. BABY

Aren't you happy here? MARY

You are happy that I am here. BABY

I thought you were happy. MARY

I must find my Teeka. BABY

MARY  
That person--that ape doesn't exist. It is a character in a book. It's a fiction.

BABY  
NO! I must find Teeka. Send me back. (*BABY starts making wild sounds.*) TEEKA TEEKA TEEKA!

MARY  
STOP! And don't look at me like that! What are you eating? (*Gasps*) It looks like a heart! A HUMAN heart! (*Mary runs away.*)

Back to Bob and Pete.

These are not my eyes. BOB

What do you mean? PETE

BOB  
I wasn't born with them. I had retina transplants. I was caught in an avalanche. I'm lucky to be alive.

PETE

I wasn't born with my present stuff, but I own them now. I'm a solid 51%.

BOB

It's different. Nowadays, you can't own your eyes even when you own them. It's even more difficult when they're not yours. I don't know what I'm seeing anymore.

PETE

Have you noticed anything different about me?

BOB

What do you mean?

PETE

Is there anything different about me to make you think I'm not quite myself?

BOB

You're the same old Pete.

PETE

So I remind you of me?

BOB

Oh for Christakes . . .

PETE

Nothing seems to be missing?

BOB

You're all there, buddy.

Bob gravitates to the doorway. Pete joins him.  
Frank Stein on the driving range. He tees one off.

FRANK STEIN

Now where did that sucker go?

*(Blackout.)*

**SCENE 7**  
*THE FEVER BAR & GRILL*

JOEY

What'll it be?

PETE

I'll have a milkshake.

JOEY

Is that a joke?

PETE

I don't know why I said that. I just have a craving for a milkshake.

JOEY

This is not a Dairy Queen.

Harry's Widow walks in.

PETE

Alright. I'll have whatever she's having.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Nods to Pete, then to Joey.)* I'll have a "Bermuda Triangle."

JOEY

A "Bermuda Triangle."

PETE

I'll have one too.

JOEY

*(Nods again, anxiously.)*

PETE

Excuse me, but would you join me? I've been looking for you--I need to speak to you.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Hesitates.)* All right. Maybe you could help me. I'm looking for someone.

PETE

What does he? (*She nods yes*) look like?

HARRY'S WIDOW

I don't know.

PETE

That makes it a little more difficult.

HARRY'S WIDOW

(*Sniffing.*) You have a nice smell.

PETE

Thank you. You too. I can't explain it, but when I first saw you something inside of me reacted to you.

HARRY'S WIDOW

That happens to me sometimes too. It's like a chemical reaction. All my molecules start to bubble like a nuclear reactor. It's cellular.

PETE

(*Growls back.*)

Bob arrives.

BOB

(*To Harry's Widow.*) I'm so glad you've come back. I'm Bob.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I know that. I'm Harry's Widow.

BOB

I was telling Pete the last time I saw you how familiar you looked to me.

PETE

(*Laughs.*) And he thinks you have a scar.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I have many scars. Is there one in particular you were thinking about?

BOB

Yes. The one on your right leg.

HARRY'S WIDOW

How did you know that? Are you some Peeping Tom? Or are you clairvoyant?

BOB

I wish I were because that would explain why I have visions of you. I had this vision I don't know where it came from that you had a scar. JOEY!  
(*Joey runs in.*) Make me a "Bermuda Triangle."

McCoy enters.

McCOY

Good evening. May I join you, join with you, be with you. (*Strips down to his briefs.*) Locked in eternal happiness of the present moment, being one with each other. Come, come with me.

BOB

Pervo, get out of here!

McCOY

Wait. Forget the last five minutes, let me stay. All right, I'll go to my own table. Forget it. (*Retreats to the other table.*)

JOEY

GET OUT! (*Throws him out and assures everyone:*) "Bermuda Triangles" coming up.

Joey calls Frank Stein.

JOEY

Dad?

FRANK STEIN

Yes, Son.

JOEY

DAD! I'm in a bind. Do you know how to make a "Bermuda Triangle?" I should know this--after all I am the expert--but I don't. Help me.

FRANK STEIN

I can't help you now, Son. I've got my own problems. I keep thinking about this woman--this woman I've never met. She's in my dreams. I even remember playing golf with her in Bermuda.

JOEY

Where was Mom?

FRANK STEIN

We went through this before, Son, there wasn't a Mom, in the biblical sense.

JOEY

Okay okay. If you don't mind, I'd like to call my egg donor, "Mom." What was her name?

FRANK STEIN

I don't know, Son.

JOEY

It's a missing link, Dad.

FRANK STEIN

Let it remain missing. We can't follow those footsteps. I'm your genetic mother and father. If you need to call someone "Mom," you can call me "Mom" if you want.

Joey calls back.

JOEY

Mom?

FRANK STEIN

Yes, Son.

JOEY

You have to help me. Do you know how to make a "Bermuda Triangle?"

FRANK STEIN

I'm not sure. Maybe you should see Dr. Lacuna, he may be able to help you with this persistent problem. And Joey, I had a flash that a "Bermuda Triangle" should be served in a funneled-shaped glass.

JOEY

Thanks, Mom.

Joey visits Dr. Lacuna's and finds him crying in front of the torso that once held his heart.

JOEY

Dr. Lacuna?

LACUNA

It's gone. My heart is gone.

JOEY

Lie down.

Joey gently pushes him down on the couch.

LACUNA

I don't know why I'm crying. It didn't work, it didn't beat, it didn't do anything except float--but I can't forget that it once beat in my chest and it was mine. I want it back. All I have now is a dark hole lying in the center of my breast, pumping in and out--plunging me into oblivion. Don't worry--I'm not one of those has-been existentialists. It's just that I'm so hungry, hungry for my own self. You want to know what a Bermuda Triangle is?--it's that. *(Sticks his thumb in his mouth.)*

Shift to Mary looking for Baby.

MARY

Come on Baby . . . come on out. *(Pause.)* You can't hide forever, and I know you're here. You can't go anywhere without me, and you certainly can't book an airline ticket. Come on, I haven't seen you since yesterday. Come on, Baby--show me those baby blues. Come to Mama, Baby. *(Pause.)* I'll count from ten. TEN, NINE, EIGHT . . . *(She begins to run in place at high speed, as Baby stands and watches from a distance.)*

Frank Stein enters THE FEVER BAR & GRILL.

FRANK STEIN

SON?

JOEY

Dad? Dad, what are you doing here?

FRANK STEIN

I was lonely; I wanted to see my boy. This is no job for a son of mine. I wish you'd become a doctor. I've made my peace with doctors.

JOEY

Dad, I'm a waiter! And when I'm not waitering, I'm reading. And right now I'm reading about Bermuda. I need to know about this drink.

FRANK STEIN

No need on my account. I don't want a "Bermuda Triangle," I want a "Slip and Go Naked."

JOEY

A "Slip and Go Naked?" I don't know you anymore, Dad. I thought I knew you, but now you play golf, order obscene drinks, and come to visit me. What's going on?

Harry's Widow enters.

FRANK STEIN

Who's that woman?

JOEY

That's Harry's Widow.

FRANK STEIN

Harry's Widow. I feel as if I've known her all my life.  
(*He approaches her.*) Good evening.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Good evening.

FRANK STEIN

Whether with particles of heavenly fire,  
The God of Nature did his soul inspire;  
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,  
And, pliant, still retain'd th'ethereal energy:  
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste,  
And, mis't with living streams, the godlike image caste...  
From such rude principles our form began:  
And earth was metamorphosed into man.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I love Ovid.

FRANK STEIN

Something told me you would. I bet your favorite color is blue.

HARRY'S WIDOW

How did you know that?

FRANK STEIN

And your lucky number is three.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Now wait a minute.

FRANK STEIN

Don't deny it. I know that you like rainy days and that you are passionate about Romantic authors. You like to ski, sail, and you like meatball sandwiches. *(Pause.)* The name Harry comes to mind, I don't know why but that name has been surfacing. Harry Harry Harry. I find myself walking down streets I've never been; I have found myself on the golf course. Playing as if I had always played. I've taken up the cello, chess, and I cook.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Harry did all of those things.

FRANK STEIN

Remember how we met by a lake? I took you rowing.

HARRY'S WIDOW

What are you saying? Harry met me by a lake. Harry took me rowing. *(Pause.)* Who are you?

FRANK STEIN

I am someone standing by the edge of the water calling out to you.

HARRY'S WIDOW

What do you know about Harry?

FRANK STEIN

Aim not sure. I feel like I'm walking around in someone else's shoes. Harry's shoes.

HARRY'S WIDOW

You're making me very sad.

FRANK STEIN

I'm sorry.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Composes herself.)* This must be a coincidence, deja vu or something.

Mary enters and walks over to them.

MARY

Doesn't she have the most beautiful voice, like some rare instrument?

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Reaches out to touch Mary's ear.)*

MARY

Whisper to me.

FRANK STEIN

*(Reaches out for Harry's Widow.)* Whisper to me.

Shift to Dr. Lacuna's. Lacuna lies on the couch. Baby sits, like the therapist, listening to him.

LACUNA

Perhaps you're right. Perhaps all I've ever wanted to do was to lose my heart to somebody.

*(Blackout.)*

**SCENE 8**

*In darkness, Harry's Widow voice is heard counting down.*

HARRY'S WIDOW

Harry's Widow eight. Harry's Widow seven. Harry's Widow six.  
Harry's Widow five. Harry's Widow four. Harry's Widow three.  
Harry's Widow two. Harry's Widow one.

Lights up on Harry's Widow lying on Dr. Lacuna's couch.

HARRY'S WIDOW *(Cont'd.)*

I'm obsessed by this strange group of people that drink "Bermuda Triangles" at this dive called THE FEVER BAR AND GRILL. I walk there, night after night, as if my feet knew where they were going--then I see them and something registers. I feel my senses bristle, my nose quivers, I feel love. I feel as if Harry's presence has been spread around these

people. They seem to know me, too. There's this one man, Pete, who says he has a gut reaction every time he sees me.

LACUNA

My heart goes out to you.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I see traces of Harry everywhere--underneath everything like a pentimento--HARRY. I can't locate him--yet he seems so close. When he left me, we worked it out. All of his organs would go to one person, but the hospital records weren't clear--it seems that Harry was parceled out to many recipients. I have to find Harry and put him back together.

LACUNA

You are a remarkable creature. I think I'm in love with you.

HARRY'S WIDOW

You shouldn't fall in love with your patients.

LACUNA

I can't help it.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Do you think what we planned is sick? To be together no matter what--to be together even after death.

LACUNA

No, it's beautiful.

HARRY'S WIDOW

That's what we thought. (*Pause.*) You are so understanding, so caring. I feel like I can talk to you

LACUNA

Marry me.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I'm already married . . . to Harry.

LACUNA

Forget about Harry.

HARRY'S WIDOW

How can you say that? You don't care about me at all, you don't care about Harry, you just care about yourself.

LACUNA

I do care about you. And that's why I want you to begin living again.

HARRY'S WIDOW

After you've been with someone the way that I was with Harry, you just don't forget and begin again. There are no such things as fresh starts. You just have to reassemble what's left--what you already have.

LACUNA

My heart goes out to you. Its not transference, its love. Now I know it and I'm a big enough man to face it. I love you and I don't know why and I don't care. This love pact between you and Harry can never be satisfied. You don't know if Harry exists to the extent that he wanted.

HARRY'S WIDOW

51% is all I need. To be or not to be--all you need is 51%.

McCoy comes in.

LACUNA

I'm with a patient!

McCOY

I need to speak with you, just for a moment.

LACUNA

Get out.

McCOY

There isn't any more time.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I'm going mad. Those people know something about me.

LACUNA

Paranoid tendencies are not unusual after the death of someone so close.

HARRY'S WIDOW

But Harry's not dead!

McCOY

Come with me.

LACUNA

Lie down!

McCOY

I can help you.

HARRY'S WIDOW

You can't help me now! I need to find Harry.

McCOY

Forget about Harry.

LACUNA

Forget him!

McCOY

Think about life. Think about me!

HARRY'S WIDOW

I want Harry!

McCoy storms out.

Joey enters.

JOEY

*(To Lacuna.)* Where's my father?

LACUNA

I don't know.

JOEY

He must be out on the golf course. A storm is coming, it could be dangerous for him out there with a 9 iron.

LACUNA

He likes to stand in the hurricane of his thoughts.

JOEY

He's looking for a woman. A woman that is in his dreams.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Its me he calls out to.

JOEY

You?

HARRY'S WIDOW

He hears the name Harry, Harry, Harry, in his mind. I'm Harry's Widow and he's calling out to me.

LACUNA

He is confused. He's merging the name with his chance meeting with you.

HARRY'S WIDOW

No, he really knows me.

LACUNA

I know you! Frank Stein has nothing to do with this.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I can't forget about him. He's awakened memories in me from long ago. I stand at his window.

LACUNA

I love you!

HARRY'S WIDOW

I want Harry!

JOEY

This is too much for me. I just want to see my dad. *(He leaves.)*

Mary arrives.

MARY

I thought I heard your voice calling me. I'm sorry I can't help but be drawn to you.

HARRY'S WIDOW

And I, to your ears.

MARY

Whisper to me.

LACUNA

This is my office, not a social club. We were in a middle of a session.

HARRY'S WIDOW

May I call you lover?

LACUNA

*(Gasps.)* Yes please please call me lover. *(To Mary.)* LIE DOWN!

MARY

YES! I've never been to a shrink--but I wanted to talk to someone about my baby, I mean my work. I have an ape which I'm teaching how to speak, and I think that this APE--I call him BABY--has developed a real capacity for language, and for love, and now he wants to mate.

LACUNA

*(Interrupts.)* I have a practice here, which I'm trying to maintain, not a zoo.

Harry's Widow touches Mary's ears and starts to hum.  
Lacuna starts crying.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(To Mary.)* Your ears do such strange things to me.

MARY

Like what?

HARRY'S WIDOW

I get words of love in my mouth.

LACUNA

Tell me tell me.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I feel like I'm taking the steps to loving another person when I see you both here.

Bob enters.

BOB

*(To Harry's Widow.)* I want you to come away with me. I want to see you radiant and carefree again. I have our flight booked.

HARRY'S WIDOW

I can't go with you. I hardly know you, and yet I feel exposed before you.  
You see me in ways that only Harry could.

BOB

Love does that to people. *(Tries to draw her away.)*

LACUNA

Leave her alone. Lie down.

Pete enters.

PETE

I had to come, I'm burning up inside for you.

LACUNA

Lie down!

Frank Stein enters.

FRANK STEIN

I am the molten lava.

LACUNA

I'm booked up! Find a hurricane!

FRANK STEIN

*(To Harry's Widow.)* I can't get you off of my mind. I can't stop thinking about you, about us. I feel like I've known you all my life.

HARRY'S WIDOW

You know my innermost thoughts. You know my pain.

FRANK STEIN

Come with me. I'll take you away from all of this. There is a storm outside. Stand with me.

LACUNA

LIE DOWN!

HARRY'S WIDOW

Who are you? I know those ears. I know them! Are those your ears?

MARY

No.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Where did those ears come from?

MARY

I had ear replacement surgery. These are implants.

HARRY'S WIDOW

When?

MARY

February 14th.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Where.

MARY

Cornell Medical Center.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Gasps.)* Harry died on February 13th at Cornell Medical Center.

MARY

*(Shocked, looks to Pete.)* When did you have your organs replaced?

HARRY'S WIDOW

What organs?

PETE

My liver, kidneys, pancreas, part of my intestine.

HARRY'S WIDOW

When?

PETE

February 14th. Cornell Medical Center.

FRANK STEIN

I have a confession. I was there, February 14th at Cornell Medical Center. I had sections of my cerebral cortex replaced.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(To Bob.)* And you?

BOB

I had retina replacements, February 14th, Cornell Medical Center.

Everyone turns to Dr. Lacuna.

LACUNA

February 14th I received a new heart. Harry was my heart donor.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Screams at them.)* HARRY!

She swoons into all of their arms.

FRANK STEIN

I'll never let you go!

LACUNA

Get away! She's mine.

MARY

Sing to me.

PETE

Let me hold her. *(Grabs her.)* I yearn for you.

BOB

*(Takes her head in his hands.)* I live for the sight of you.

MARY

Say anything.

FRANK STEIN

Come away with me, away from this pack. Walk into the storm.

PETE

Don't tear me apart.

LACUNA

I'll never let you go.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Breaking away.)* Who are you? You're not my Harry, not you, you, or you! Not one of you has enough of him inside.

PETE

You're wrong! I'm the one you want!

HARRY'S WIDOW

I don't believe you! YOU'RE MONSTERS! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE. ALL OF YOU!

MARY

MONSTERS! How can you call the ones who love you monsters?

HARRY'S WIDOW

Get away from me!

LACUNA

THIS IS MADNESS! You and Harry thought up this diabolical plan.

FRANK

An unnatural plan. I've known the havoc it wreaks.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Harry has to die.

ALL

NO!

McCoy enters.

McCOY

YES! I will kill this monster that was born among us. I will dispose of the body, again.

ALL

NO!

McCOY

February 14th: I was the presiding mortician at Harry's postmortem examination.

ALL

NO!

McCOY

I know small pieces of you, and yet I feel as though I know all of you. It wasn't supposed to happen like this. (*To Harry's Widow.*) Your plan was courageous. It was a beautiful love story, and now its in bits. (*Surveying everyone.*) Well let's get to work. Who's first? I still have my instruments. Why don't we start with the ears?

MARY

(*Gasps and grabs her ears.*) What are you saying!

PETE

You can't be serious. YOU want US to give back our stuff!

McCOY

Yes, I want your stuffing.

FRANK STEIN

He's out of his mind!

McCOY

And you are out of yours. Come come. Time to bury Harry.

Bob rises from the collective body of Harry.

BOB

(*Confronts McCoy.*) Oh no. I'll never give back these retinas. They're mine!

McCOY

Then see for yourself, Bob!

Lacuna separates from the collective body.

LACUNA

(*Confronts McCoy.*) My heart is firmly in my breast, and there is where it will stay. I say the hell with Harry.

McCOY

Is that what you feel?

LACUNA

That's what I feel!

Lacuna leaves the collective body.

PETE

*(Confronts McCoy.)* Harry lives.

McCOY

Bury him! Consume his entrails. Devour him for yourself so that you can live!

Frank Stein comes forward.

FRANK STEIN

My brain holds all of me and is planted in my skull.

McCOY

Then ABSORB!

FRANK STEIN

*(Holding his temples.)* ABSORB! ABSORB!

McCOY

*(Turning to Mary.)* Listen.

MARY

My ears are rooted in my brain!

McCOY

Then find your own song.

Mary rises from the couch. The collective body of Harry is disseminated.

McCOY

Then it's done. May Harry rest in peaceful pieces inside you.  
*(To Harry's Widow.)* And in you.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Amen.

Joey enters presenting a tray of funnel-shaped glasses.

JOEY

Finally! Here they are folks: Bermuda Triangles.

HARRY'S WIDOW

*(Proposing a toast.)* To Harry. *(All drink.)* From now on, I'm no longer Harry's Widow. My name is Lucy.

McCOY

Lucy Lucy Lucy. Beautiful.

HARRY'S WIDOW

Who are you?

McCOY

Someone who fell in love with Lucy--sight unseen. *(Pause.)* Why don't we go back to my place? I make a lovely drink called "Slip and Go Naked."

HARRY'S WIDOW

Lovely.

JOEY

Hey wait! Who's paying this check?

HARRY'S WIDOW

Put it on Harry's tab. *(Off they go.)*

BOB

I'm off too. I need some slippery terrain--Mount Etna is waiting for me.

JOEY

What about your check?

BOB

Put it on Harry's tab. *(Exits)*

LACUNA

Well then, I guess I'll take the rest of the day off. Now that I finally have my own heart, maybe I can find someone and lose it.

JOEY

Your check.

LACUNA

Harry will take care of it. *(Exits.)*

JOEY

Dad? What am I going to do with these checks?

FRANK

Forget about it, Son. Come on, we're gonna find your mother.

*(He throws his arm around Joey's shoulder and exits.)*

Mary enters.

PETE

What's wrong?

MARY

It's Baby. I can't find him. He's abandoned me. Maybe it's for the best, he belongs in the jungle. *(Looking in the direction of Frank and Joey)*  
That Frank Stein is a handsome man.

PETE

Yes.

MARY

Looks like an electrical storm is coming up. I think I'd like to learn how to play golf. Goodbye Pete.

She follows the trail of Frank and Joey.

Baby enters wearing a business suit and tie, and carrying a briefcase. He gathers up all the checks and hands them to Pete.

Pete takes out his wallet and pays them.

Baby sits down. Pete sits down.

Baby extends his hand. Pete takes it.

Together they look into the horizon.

**The End.**