

FINALLY THE DAY CAME WHEN WE HAD  
SO LITTLE TO SAY

By

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CAST

SHE

HE

SETTING

Evening. An elegant bedroom.

A elegant bedroom. A woman (SHE) sits at a delicate table, touching up her makeup in a compact. She is dressed elegantly in a cocktail dress. Her hair is up for a formal dinner or evening soiree. A man enters (HE) also dressed formally, beautifully. They both are like sculptures, every detail finely crafted.

Ready?	SHE
Cufflinks?	HE
Drawer.	SHE (pointing to a bureau)
Watch.	HE
Same.	SHE
	HE moves to the drawer and removes the watch and cufflinks.
Ready?	HE
Almost.	SHE
	She moves with precision, graceful, no rush. HE is looking for something.
I –	HE
Closet.	SHE
Nothing.	HE

Bathroom. SHE

Immaculate. HE

Bed. SHE

He stares at her.

Under. SHE  
(she points to the bed)

No – HE

Look. SHE

He looks under the bed. He retrieves a small briefcase and holds it up to show her.

No. HE

Oh. SHE

SHE points toward another part of the house. HE exits in that direction. SHE continues to touch up her makeup quietly. Her moves are precise and delicate. After a moment, HE returns with a different briefcase. His search is over.

Dinner? HE

Briefly. SHE

After? HE

Here. SHE

HE stares off for a moment.

Chicken. SHE

HE turns and smirks at her. Then he glides toward her, moves in behind her and kisses her neck gently.

Nope. HE

Cad. SHE

Cad? HE

She glares at him. A flirt or a threat?

I surrender. HE

My soulmate. My – SHE  
(laughing incredulously)

-- unrelenting love. HE

Don't make me – SHE  
(a brutal laughter)

Our lives are – HE

Have become. SHE  
(correcting him)

A maze, a puzzle... HE

Asbestos and ash. SHE

The theatre misses you. HE

As the gutter (does) you. SHE

A pause. HE reflects.

So it's clear. After dinner. HE

Back here. You will undress me. SHE

And you me. Slowly. Painlessly. HE

Leave the briefcase outside. SHE

Take your garters off before. HE

They share a look.

I'm going to end this. SHE

Not before I do. Finally. HE

Dinner should be without a fracture. Without suspicion. SHE

When have I ever disappointed or failed in my role? HE

I lose count when I'm bored or being fucked (lustful). [a substitute for a milder version] SHE

A beat.

The claws are out early. It's as if you the preshow jitters, like an amateur. Shall we wait? HE

SHE

Your reticence reminds me of an eighteen-year-old French boy fumbling his zipper in one hand and my bra clasp in the other.

HE

What ever happened to 'enri? The last I remember he went missing in the winter after a rather large helping of bouillabaisse. Such a cliché really. A dime store novella if I ever heard one.

SHE

Must I remind you who wrote it? And it was Spring. Old age too much for you?

HE

You have managed. That dress hides the flaws beautifully. Like a checkered tablecloth on a folding card table.

SHE

(laugh)

And you see, this. This is why we make such a great couple. Like oil and water. Fire and Ice.

HE

Arsenic and old lace. (Beat.) It's funny, isn't it? How the games we play always end up going there. Toward the darkness. I don't recall the moment it changed. Was it a moment in time? A season? Where one suddenly looks around and the leaves have changed and you don't recognize the world anymore? You don't recognize yourself. You barely recognize that you're awake. And you know what?

(a change comes over him, the sculpture cracks)

It really pisses me off. How was I, how were we supposed to see this? Did you dream of this? In the deepest recess of your brain does this thought reside somewhere? Incessance? Inevitability! I scream for you. I pine for you. You weep for me. You never EVER undress me with your eyes. I get to touch you. I GET to touch you. Like an allowance. And I'm just as guilty for the assumptions that you want the same things. That we're in the same boat. But I don't know now.

SHE walks over to him and presents the back of her dress, asking for a hand with the zipper. HE assists, kisses her neck almost like a ritual, and then continues his rant.

HE (cont'd)

Maybe I did once, but I don't know now. I CAN'T READ YOUR MIND! And this is the moment where I'm supposed to say I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! But I don't say this. The thought has never crossed my mind. I want hate to fuel all of this. A hydroelectric power

plant of hate. But no. I HATE ME. At least I think I hate me. As much as Narcissus hates a reflecting pool. I hate that I said that. Damn it.

HE crosses hard toward the bathroom door, so quickly that his shoe comes off. SHE sighs. HE retrieves his shoe.

SHE

Your shoe.

HE

I know. My shoe.

SHE

(sing-song)

Tawdry, tawdry, never got his way.  
Sins and secrets (will do) did him in that (one) day.

HE

Is that supposed to be funny? Or insightful?

SHE

I'll let you decide. You poor, poor man. About an hour ago I took a pill. A pretty little yellow pill. An hour before that I took a blue pill. And then an hour before that a pill of deep red. My own little rainbow. I am always amazed at how high I can get and still function normally. The red allows me to dive into my lingerie bureau. The blue allows me to shower and dress afterward. The yellow one keeps me from committing a crime. About this time of day, when I've completely disregarded the warning labels on the little bottles, I feel so powerful. I feel so capable. The instinct is not survival but of responsibility to the whole. My existence has purpose. Our presence, when we step out of this room, when people see us they feel fed yet vanquished. Like a religious ecstasy. The flashes of cameras, the microphones, the red carpets, the POP!...arazzi. Like we're the only thing in their lives that has meaning. We have a duty to give them what they really want. Not what they think they want or tell people they want. What they are so ashamed of to admit. Give them false aspirations. Wink at someone in the crowd. Let your fingers just brush the adoring outstretched fingers. That is importance. That is calling. We are shaping minds. We give meaning to an angry, hopeless, confused mass who only want to know one thing: am I like you? Is there any greater goal? We are Jesus for the believers and Beyonce' for everyone else. And to think you want to waste one sparked neuron of thought on what my feeling are about you or us or hate or love? Get it together, man.

HE

Maybe ending this pony show is the right move. There will be headlines. So many photographs and interviews to pull quotes. Their imaginations will run wild.



SHE

You're thinking so small. This will break them. Social media? The news? This will determine the future. Headlines? We write culturally Scripture. You're thinking small. And that isn't worthy of this room, these clothes. You aren't worthy of my flesh. Flaccid. If you want this body, you have to break something.

HE

What about the children? Audrey and Supreme? How will they look at the world? Will they find a course?

SHE

(laughing again)

They will set the course. Supreme will write songs. Audrey will run for President. The melodies will pine for us to return. The speeches will hail us as innovators. We are the God breath that people crave.

HE

Of course you're right. As I walk out this door I should like to take a knife and plunge it into the first person I see.

SHE

I wouldn't blame you a bit. You'd never see a jail cell. It's wrong of course. At least ten people not including Audrey would rise in your defense.

HE

I shouldn't burden them with that. They have enough going on when we discussed adopting that immigrant child.

SHE

Enough talk. Time for action.

HE

To moustache or not to moustache?

HE has pulled out a small case that he opens and we see a wide variety of moustaches laid out like a jewelry collection.

SHE

To.

HE

And you're going with those eyes?

SHE

You don't like the brown?

HE  
I think it's a big mistake not going with the green.

SHE  
(standing her ground)  
I think brown.

HE  
(defiantly)  
Then no moustache.

SHE  
After dinner then?

HE  
Straight back here.

SHE  
And then a Picasso!

HE  
He should be so lucky.

SHE  
You've returned to me.

HE  
Never left. Detoured.

SHE  
I envy them.

HE  
I as well.

SHE  
I'll leave first.

HE  
(indicating himself)  
Five minutes later.

SHE  
Ta-ta.

SHE begins to exit.

A moment!

HE

HE moves to her and dabs her skin at the temple as repairing it.

Your welcome.

SHE

A beat. A decision. SHE goes to her nightstand and retrieves something forgotten. Turning away from us, she's raised her skirt and hidden something in a garter or somewhere else.

Well, all –

SHE  
(finishing her routine)

Set? Yes.

HE

That is...

SHE

...that. Yes.

HE

Gloves.

SHE

Gloves.

HE  
(handing gloves to her)

Gloves?

SHE

Gloves.

HE  
(indicating his)

Good-bye.

SHE

SHE exits. HE moves to drawer and removes something exceptionally violent looking. A weapon? A mask? A scandal?

HE

If...

HE exits. BLACKOUT

END OF PLAY