

# **The Soulless**

**A Musical Drama**

**by Andrew Thomas Kuster**

**Script**

**Revision 2015-10-14**



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# List of Songs

## ACT ONE

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## **Dramatis Personae**

**(2 Men, 3 Women, 2 Unspeaking)**

JACK, an earnest psychoanalyst

RICHARD, a disheartened businessman turned struggling writer

VIOLET, an overachieving professor who no longer can hold back her emotionality

BRIGIT, the deceased's former tango instructor with a heartbreaking past

DIANA, a cheerful architect who longs for love, but who underneath carries deep grief

SILENT MAN, unspeaking, a mysterious dancer who joyously mingles and then vanishes

BARTENDER, unspeaking

A VOICE, offstage

GUESTS (optional ensemble)

## **Technical Information**

Setting is present day in a tasteful, modern hotel lobby, a large bar with a BARTENDER in the center back. The first act costumes are contemporary dress attire. The costumes for the second act are subtly changed to reveal an elegant brightness, as if about to blossom into subdued colorful patterns.

Vocal narrations by A VOICE are to be recited by an off-stage actor accompanied by music, the words projected onto the scenery, while the SILENT MAN and/or GUESTS dance. The words that the entity A VOICE speaks should sound as if they come from beyond the abyss, as if the misspellings and odd constructions are as close to this entity's truth that words—the medium of communication—allows A VOICE to communicate. A theatrical interpretation that incorporates the bizarre nature of the words is preferred, but never so much as to obscure the listener's understanding of the words; rather, an interpretation should enhance the words' meaning. However, the director may opt for the words to be read in the simplest and most understandable transliteration, the unearthly nature of A VOICE enhanced by projections that preserve the words' original syntax.)

## Synopsis

*The Soulless* is a musical drama about love's torments, the sorrow of loss, and finding joy in the unexpected. RICHARD and VIOLET's marriage is broken; secretly both have sought passion elsewhere, but nobody's satisfied. Violet's dishonesty with her psychoanalyst and lover JACK and Richard's torrential one-night-stand with lively BRIGIT have blasted everyone into their own emotional crises. And mysterious DIANA can no longer hide her grief behind her smile. Tonight fate throws everyone together at the memorial service of a common acquaintance, and facades shatter.

The drama starts as people arrive in the lobby of an upscale hotel for the memorial service, and to everyone's relief a competent bartender keeps the drinks coming. Richard and Violet bicker, try to keep emotionally steady, and attempt to deflect each other from romantic exploits with Brigit and Jack. (It takes Richard a while to realize he already had seduced Brigit a couple months earlier—she required an extreme makeover to rebalance.) Meanwhile, Diana discovers the memorial to be a fantastic opportunity to connect with people—at first professionally and then romantically with Jack. Just as everyone's exploits get out of control, the memorial service starts and Act One closes.

Act Two begins as the service ends, and people stream out with demeanors and costumes subtly and beautifully transformed. Violet insists that Jack explain their affair to Richard, but increasingly-attractive Diana keeps getting in the way. Richard and Brigit realize that their connection is very deep—their unforgettable one-night-stand had consequences: Richard is in love and Brigit is pregnant. And as the terrified Brigit ferociously defends herself against Richard's continuous aloofness, Violet comes to his rescue. Meanwhile, Diana confesses her love to Jack, who rejects her for Violet. And the play closes with everyone's hearts a little sadder, and a little fuller with love.

# Andrew Thomas Kuster

## Biography

**Andrew Thomas Kuster** (b. 1969) is a writer, composer, and conductor. He works as Executive Editor of scholarly editions at Music of the United States of America. His recent creative work includes *The Soulless* and *Lessons With Hypatia* for music theater, and the cross-genre albums *pseudoporphry fragments* and *fort vna*. Among his scholarly publications are the Kurt Weill Edition of *Zaubernacht* (co-editor), Heinrich Schütz's *Geistliche Chor-Music*, Amy Beach's *The Sea-Fairies*, and the *Star Spangled Songbook* (co-editor). He received the Bachelor of Music degree in composition from Saint Olaf College, and earned the Doctor of Musical Arts degree from the University of Colorado at Boulder, culminating with his dissertation *Stravinsky's Topology*. He produced recordings for, organized, and conducted musical ensembles such as Vitriol, helped digitize very old books for the Text Creation Partnership, taught orchestration and music literature at Eastern Michigan University, was staff editor for the Kurt Weill Foundation in New York City, and created a start-up company Make Your Book. Now, he co-parents his beautiful son with special needs in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

## My Work

In my work, I seek to reveal how real people become aware of human urges—life and love—through which each individual comes to comprehend their unique experience of being alive. I try to express powerful emotions (especially the many shades of love) that color a person's interactions with others and flavor a person's understanding of his or her self. I try to depict how a person experiences resisting or succumbing to instinctual behaviors, how that person learns to use memory, reflection, and sacrifice to construct meaning, and—by the emergent awareness of behaviors that bring satisfaction at different stages of life—how a person realizes who he or she is as an individual. Although my work explores philosophy, mysticism, eroticism, power, gender, family, and religion, really what I'm trying to tell are love stories.

I take the substance of my work from my own life experiences and my education. I also draw inspiration from the delightful writings of Daumal (*A Night of Serious Drinking*) and Calvino (*Invisible Cities*),

particularly how their light and engaging style so simply opens up to immediate and profound poignancy. My thinking about perception, psychology, metaphor, and memory is deeply indebted to Jung's scholarly writings on the alchemical process of individuation and his *Red Book*, the clarity and honesty of Jasper's *Philosophy of Existence*, and Crowley's *The Vision and the Voice*, a book that tears open how mind, metaphor, and archetype function. And I'm humbled by those composers who have so earnestly tried to express their individual understanding of love, humanity, and divinity, especially Messiaen and Mahler in his Eighth Symphony.

I compose love songs. I try to enhance the listener's experience of the viewpoint of a character by using musical elements appropriate to the meaning of the words and drama. I seek to compose beautiful and singable melodies that utilize modality, vocal range, and articulation effectively and appropriately. Likewise, in my orchestration I attempt to heighten the lyrics and drama by using appropriate instrumentation (from classical orchestra to rock) and large-scale formal construction that incorporates dance-forms and over-arching areas of harmonic suspension and arrival.

Of those writers and composers who address archetypal human behavior, I most highly regard the plays of Ibsen, Molière, and Wedekind and the collaborations of Brecht and Weill, especially in *Seven Deadly Sins*. I too attempt to depict instinct, but I focus on how an individual internally struggles with conflicting instincts. My poetry represents enraptured speech, or rather: emotion at the level of becoming words. I try to avoid metaphors and poetic forms that might distract from the expressivity of a character or the unfolding of the dramatic whole. Instead, I try to enhance the emotional density the character is experiencing using real, impassioned language. Thereby, I hope to depict through words, music, and drama the externalization of a person's essential humanity (or, how that individual comprehends life, love, and divinity).



# ACT ONE

## 1. folw

for A VOICE

*(Vocal narrations to be recited by an off-stage actor accompanied by music, the words projected onto the scenery, while the SILENT MAN and/or GUESTS dance. The words that the entity A VOICE speaks should sound as if they come from beyond the abyss, as if the misspellings and odd constructions are as close to this entity's truth that words—the medium of communication—allows A VOICE to communicate. A theatrical interpretation that incorporates the bizarre nature of the words is preferred, but never so much as to obscure the listener's understanding of the words; rather, an interpretation should enhance the words' meaning. However, the director may opt for the words to be read in the simplest and most understandable transliteration, the unearthly nature of A VOICE enhanced by projections that preserve the words' original syntax.)*

to breeth the way of living in and out not days or months or years,, but how myown  
shine and unshine happens. like an own planet. thats what to learn to fly myslef:  
orbits.. to hop around in between the big and smal other slef-planets and be  
dancing: slowfastbackfroward. trajectory breathe now

*(The music ends, and lights come up on a tasteful, modern hotel lobby, a large bar with a BARTENDER in the center back. RICHARD, BRIGIT, DIANA, and VIOLET, among the GUESTS, assemble for a toast. JACK, his glass raised, stands opposite. SILENT MAN stands prominently alone at the front of the stage. All raise their glasses in a toast.)*

BRIGIT

*(seemingly to no one)*

I don't know what it is.

JACK

It's really strange that you'd ask me to do this. But. Well. I guess some might say I knew him better than anyone. I don't think that's true—his family, his friends, his colleagues saw him day in and day out. They saw a side of him that he never showed me. What he told me will stay with me; it was private to him. But what I will tell you is that, despite his—I guess his harsh shell, he deeply, deeply loved those people around him. Anyway. I know we'll all feel his loss terribly. So. *(raising his glass)* What the hell can I say? See you next time? See you later? The words aren't right.

RICHARD

*(solemn)*

Au revoir?

VIOLET

*(warm)*

À bientôt?

JACK

*(surprised to recognize VIOLET's voice, but he can't see her; he remains composed)*

Yes. À bientôt.

*(All drink somberly. SILENT MAN checks his watch and exits, as if he needs to be somewhere. JACK sees VIOLET, cannot contain his exuberance, and begins to approach her. But VIOLET leans in toward RICHARD, close beside her, who puts his arm around her waist and whispers something into her ear. JACK, suddenly disheartened, attempts to regain his composure. VIOLET doesn't pay any attention to him. JACK steps forward as VIOLET and RICHARD together mingle with the GUESTS.)*

## 2. Next Time

for JACK

O my God, look at her.

Who is that man there beside her?

Next time I see her, I'll

tell her about what she reminded me of,

tell her what I know she likes to hear,

tell her she's beautiful.

O God, look at her.

Why is she standing so close to him?

I can't be here.

Next time I see her, I'll

tell her I miss her,

tell her I can't live without her.

God, look at her.

She's lost in his eyes. She is his.

She's so beautiful she tears into me.

My heart rips open.

Next time I see her, I'll

tell her I love her.

*(The song ends, and JACK exits. VIOLET and RICHARD come forward.)*

VIOLET

Where is the memorial service? *(She notices some GUESTS reverently going through a door.)* Oh there it is.

RICHARD

*(teasing)*

Another one of your two sentence mysteries.

VIOLET

Two sentence mysteries?

RICHARD

Yes, you know. "Where are my keys? Oh here they are." Or, "Where's my purse? Oh here it is."

VIOLET

I know, I know.

RICHARD

Or like earlier tonight. "Where's my nude bra? Oh I have it on."

VIOLET

*(perturbed)*

All right. I get it.

RICHARD

*(reading a little sign)*

"Five o'clock: A Service of Remembrances."

VIOLET

*(rolling her eyes)*

Oh for Christ sake. Listen to the family sob stories. Sit through some preacher with a pasted-on smile prattle on about hopefulness. *(a little angry)* Maybe an enormous woman will belt out eight verses of "Morning Has Broken" with her eyes closed. Ugh.

RICHARD

*(suddenly harshly defensive)*

Violet! You know that my cousin sang that at my mother's funeral.

VIOLET

I know. *(sincerely)* Sorry.

RICHARD

*(regaining his composure)*

Why was this service scheduled so late?

VIOLET

I don't know. Maybe too many other services to fit it in earlier.

RICHARD

And in a hotel?

VIOLET

I know. Really tacky.

RICHARD

*(glancing around)*

Terrible. *(sighs grumpily)* How come you didn't get us out of this?

VIOLET

Richard! Don't be an— *(she censures herself)* You know we need to be here.

RICHARD

What I need is to get the hell out of here.

VIOLET

*(scoffs)*

Okay, relax. It's one evening, just take a breath. I know you don't like difficult situations—

RICHARD

*(interrupting)*

Difficult? *(scowling at VIOLET)* This is impossible.

*(VIOLET pretends to ignore him. Across, BRIGIT, previously mingling, notices RICHARD, but he doesn't see her. She smiles sweetly to herself, touches her heart, fixes her hair, and takes a step toward him. Then she notices him speaking with VIOLET, who by this time stands quite separately from him.)*

RICHARD

*(checking his watch)*

We're really early. Thank God this hotel has a bar.

*(RICHARD then notices BRIGIT, who is looking away, apparently trying to decide what to do. He doesn't seem to recognize her, but seems intrigued. During the song, RICHARD and VIOLET continue speaking with each other and conversing—really flirting—with other GUESTS.)*

### 3. What's His Beauty?

for BRIGIT

What's his beauty?  
     his car or his place?  
     his ass or his face?

What's his beauty?  
     what he can do with his money?  
     what his money can do for me?

What's his beauty?

What does he do with his time?  
 does he waste it or treasure it?  
 does he spend it or save it?  
     Who was his last love?  
     Who did he spend last night with?  
 Will she be  
     who he wishes his beauty to be?

What's his beauty?  
 Will he see things or people?  
     go places? stay?  
 Will he make the world better?  
     or play?

What's his beauty?  
 toys? people? time?  
 his last love? his next love?  
 his love now? tonight?

Or might  
     his beauty be me?

*(The song ends with BRIGIT across from VIOLET and RICHARD, as before.)*

VIOLET

*(to RICHARD)*

Well. I should go say hello to his family.

RICHARD

*(eyeing BRIGIT)*

Yes. You should.

*(VIOLET begins to leave, passing BRIGIT without looking at her, and pauses near the door to the memorial service. VIOLET tries to keep her emotions in check, and for a moment her sorrow breaks through. But she regains her composure, makes sure no one had noticed her, and exits. Meanwhile, after a few seconds of crossing glances, RICHARD and BRIGIT catch each other's eyes. RICHARD smiles at her. She smiles back widely. Then RICHARD takes a sip of his drink and approaches her directly.)*

RICHARD

*(smooth)*

Hey.

BRIGIT

*(as if she knew him well)*

Hey! It's great to see—! *(she nearly begins to hug him)*

RICHARD

*(interrupting)*

I'm Richard.

BRIGIT

*(taken aback, as if she expected him to know her well)*

I'm—I'm Brigit.

RICHARD

Hi.

BRIGIT

*(a little confused)*

Um...nice to meet you.

*(they do not shake hands, pause, BRIGIT begins to comb her fingers through her hair)*

RICHARD

Can I get you a drink?

BRIGIT

Okay. I'll have a vodka and soda. No, actually. Just a soda water.

RICHARD

*(after a second)*

Big night last night?

BRIGIT

Sort of.

RICHARD

Break any hearts?

BRIGIT

*(laughs)*

One or two.

RICHARD

*(looking directly at her)*

I'm not surprised. You are very attractive.

BRIGIT

*(pause, looking directly at him)*

Thank you.

*(pause, she keeps looking at him, as a handsome man passes them both and looks at her, but she keeps looking at RICHARD)*

RICHARD

In fact, I think you could make a guy like me very happy.

BRIGIT

*(angry)*

Ha! *(she looks away, but not at the handsome man, sarcastically:)* I know I could make you happy.

*(BRIGIT ignores the handsome man, who is staring at her. RICHARD watches how she behaves.)*

RICHARD

Hm.

BRIGIT

What?

RICHARD

*(still smooth)*

I think you and I see the world in similar ways.

BRIGIT

*(annoyed)*

Really. Why do you say that?

RICHARD

Because you're playing the hierarchies game.

BRIGIT

*(starting to become perturbed)*

What in the world are you talking about?

RICHARD

There are two hierarchies. The first is, wherever you are, or I am, wherever a person is. Everyone within immediate perception.

BRIGIT

Yes? *(She watches two handsome men pass, who each notice her, but not each other.)*

RICHARD

I'm always looking for someone to sleep with.

*(BRIGIT begins to speak—as if she might agree to the point, but absolutely not with him—but checks herself and instead remains perturbed.)*

RICHARD

*(He nods.)*

It has nothing to do with right or wrong. Ethics. It has nothing to do with fair. It's just how the mind works.

BRIGIT

Hm. So what's the second hierarchy? *(She smiles at the other one of the men, and he smiles back at her.)*

RICHARD

*(He watches her flirt with the two men.)*

So. If you make a connection. You know, if there's fire there, the second hierarchy comes in. It's "is this person capable of knocking out who I'm currently sleeping with?"

*(BRIGIT sizes up RICHARD and the two men. Then she looks at the second handsome man.)*

BRIGIT

*(perturbed at him)*

So then, how does that work exactly? You've got it figured out?

RICHARD

Yes. I know how it works, but I don't want to believe it.

*(RICHARD looks at his empty wineglass and considers stepping away to refill it, as he does each of the men look for an opening to approach BRIGIT.)*

BRIGIT

Well?

RICHARD

Okay. I'll tell you the secret. *(He pauses dramatically, she is focused on him, ignoring the other men.)*  
The secret is "Is this it?"

BRIGIT

What?

RICHARD

"Is this it?" The question that a person asks in that moment. These are huge concepts, bigger than language. "This" is the first hierarchy. And "it" is the second.

BRIGIT

*(begrudgingly)*

You really are a writer.

RICHARD

Yes! I'm writing my second book about love! How did you know that?



BRIGIT

Um. It's obvious.

RICHARD

And after that, it's "me." You know, you, or—um—I, when we are together. We say "touch me" or "feel me." You know, "me?" (*BRIGIT flushes, but increases her defenses.*) We conflate ourselves with our, you know, ourselves. (*He gestures down between her legs.*)

BRIGIT

*(pissed)*

Really?

RICHARD

To know this, you either have to have done it a lot, or watched a lot of porn.

BRIGIT

*(laughs)*

And not the professional kind.

*(RICHARD gives her his best seductive look.)*

BRIGIT

Or maybe you've always done it the wrong way.

RICHARD

Come home with me.

BRIGIT

*(scoffing)*

You don't even know me.

RICHARD

I know enough.

BRIGIT

*(absolutely annoyed)*

Really. You haven't asked me anything about myself. Not what I do, where I'm from. You probably don't remember my name! Not even, "How are you feeling?" We're at a funeral!

## 4. Why Didn't I, Or I Did

for RICHARD

How are you feeling tonight?  
 We might die tomorrow.  
 What will you say you did with your life?  
 "Why didn't I?" or "I did."

What did you come here for?  
 Don't wait any longer.  
 Did you think no one would ever notice you?  
 Come on, how could I not notice you?  
 How long did you take to get ready?  
 An hour or two tonight,  
 two or three or four nights a week,  
 weeks and weeks, and months, and years.

How are you feeling tonight?  
 I could make you feel so much better.  
 What will you say you did with this night?  
 "Why didn't I?" or "I did."

Tonight is what you're ready for.  
 You'll never look better than you do tonight.  
 You'll never be younger than you are tonight.  
 Tomorrow when you're asking "Why didn't I?"  
 you'll never want anything more  
 than to say, "I did."

*(The song ends.)*

RICHARD

And your name is Brigit.

BRIGIT

Yes, it is. *(pause)*

*(DIANA enters and notices RICHARD with BRIGIT.)*

BRIGIT

There's another answer, you know.

RICHARD

Is there?

BRIGIT

Why the hell did I.

RICHARD

Brigit, that wouldn't be my answer.

*(JACK enters, as if seeking someone, and obsessively glances at RICHARD and BRIGIT from a distance. Meanwhile DIANA seems to become mesmerized by JACK, who doesn't notice her.)*

BRIGIT

You're married.

RICHARD

I know.

BRIGIT

You're wearing a ring. She was your wife, wasn't she? The one I saw here, just now?

RICHARD

*(intimately)*

Listen, I'm trying to seduce you here. Do you really want the whole story, or do you want me to keep trying to seduce you?

BRIGIT

Oh, I've heard your story before. But...

*(long pause)*

RICHARD

*(close to her)*

I know where we can be alone.

BRIGIT

I can't...

*(Without even looking around, they kiss. No one notices.)*

BRIGIT

*(self-conscious, nervously looking around)*

We can't do this here.

RICHARD

*(points to a door)*

Just through there. Five minutes. I'll leave first.

BRIGIT

I...

*(Before she responds, RICHARD exits. DIANA is glancing at JACK. After a few moments, JACK finds himself next to BRIGIT, who looks over his shoulder to where RICHARD had gone. Then BRIGIT grins apologetically at JACK.)*

JACK

Hello.

BRIGIT

*(distracted)*

Hi.

*(They smile wanly at each other.)*

JACK

So. How are you feeling tonight?

BRIGIT

*(taken aback)*

I'm all over the place. You?

JACK

The same.

*(pause)*

JACK

I hate these things.

BRIGIT

I know.

*(long pause)*

BRIGIT

*(trying to joke)*

There's nothing like getting hit on at a funeral.

JACK

What?

BRIGIT

Joke.

*(long pause)*

JACK

*(breaking down)*

Jesus, I'm shaking.

BRIGIT

Oh, honey. Did you really care for him?

JACK

No, it's not that. I'm sorry. I don't know you. It's just that...

BRIGIT

Are you all right?

JACK

I can't...

BRIGIT

It's all right.

JACK

I'm in love with someone. Well, I'm sleeping with someone. Well, two afternoons a week. For forty minutes.

BRIGIT

Um. Oh, really? *(awkward pause, but she is intrigued)* So?

JACK

Well, really the last nine minutes of a forty-minute sort-of rendezvous.

BRIGIT

What?

JACK

I'm—um. I'm a psychiatrist.

BRIGIT

You're a psychiatrist?

JACK

I know. And she's. She's—um—my patient.

BRIGIT

And is she in love with you?

JACK

She told me so. In a session. She had this huge buildup, almost the full forty minutes. She listed all

the reasons she was in love with someone. Then she said, “But I don’t need any reasons for *this* love.” And then, *(as if the words were holy)* “I’m so, so in love with you.” *(He tears up.)*

BRIGIT

That’s so wrong!

JACK

I know.

BRIGIT

*(with a guilty look, glancing at where RICHARD had gone, no longer sure about her question)*

That’s wrong, right?

JACK

I know, transference. *(earnestly)* But she’s so beautiful.

BRIGIT

How did you respond?

JACK

It’s embarrassing.

*(pause)*

BRIGIT

Well?

JACK

I said, “How does that make you feel? To be in love with me?”

BRIGIT

O my God.

JACK

I know, I know! It fucking sucks!

*(Some GUESTS glare at them.)*

BRIGIT

All right.

*(BRIGIT walks JACK a few paces away from the GUESTS.)*

JACK

I don’t know why I’m telling you this.

BRIGIT

Because...I'm listening?

JACK

Maybe.

BRIGIT

So. What's more important? Love, or your job?

JACK

That's what I'm trying to decide.

BRIGIT

But, you've been sleeping with her already.

JACK

Yes.

*(pause)*

BRIGIT

So. Maybe you've already decided.

JACK

Maybe.

*(long pause)*

JACK

Jesus. How can we lighten this up?

BRIGIT

*(again glancing where RICHARD had gone)*

I...don't think we can.

JACK

Tell another joke.

BRIGIT

Ha! Um, I don't really know any jokes.

*(pause)*

JACK

So, what do you do?

JACK

I thought you were happy.

VIOLET

I know.

JACK

I mean, I thought I was making you happy.

VIOLET

You did. I mean you do.

*(VIOLET touches JACK's arm, and everyone goes still except for VIOLET, who sings...)*

## 7. Simple Things

for VIOLET

Once we knew the simple things,  
 the simple gift of love.  
     He felt so right,  
         after our first time, I made him weep,  
 Night after night,  
     He made me keep  
         my promise to him for a while.  
 But somehow (really, it was his fault) love ran out.

Once we knew the simple things,  
 the simple gift of money.  
     I made him pay,  
         more wine, more friends, more home,  
                 more everything than we could ever need,  
 Day after day,  
     I felt we needed more.  
 But somehow (really, it was my fault) money ran out.

*(spoken)*

And daddy couldn't help us, so...

Then we learned the harder things,  
 the missing gift was time.  
     Our days away,  
         working on ourselves, working on getting out,  
                 working to find someone else,



My nights of play,  
without men, then just one man, then one man after another.  
And somehow (really, it was our fault) time ran out.

*(spoken)*

So, we're still married, but we're not together anymore.

Our love and money and time, everything we knew, ran out.

*(The music ends, and VIOLET touches JACK's arm, as before.)*

VIOLET

Honey...

JACK

*(angry)*

You knew I was going to be here. Why didn't you tell me he would be here?

VIOLET

I don't know. I want you to be brave for me.

JACK

What? What the hell does that mean?

VIOLET

Fortune favors the bold. *(daringly close to him, seductively)* Be brave for me.

JACK

Brave? *(suddenly nearly frozen, but then just as quickly valiant)* I am brave for you. Wait. What?  
*(confused)* How do you want me to be brave for you?

VIOLET

I need you to tell me.

JACK

*(starting to understand)*

What this is?

VIOLET

And I need you to—to tell him.

JACK

*(flummoxed)*

But I didn't even know you were still married until tonight!

*end, the dejected DIANA goes into the service, followed by, lastly and unnoticed by the others, the SILENT MAN continues directly into...)*

## 15. lovedeath

for A VOICE

what is there really? the blankstareback isit a reflaction of your slef, isit the kingofhill  
 keep of asmuchall the things, isit nothing at all? a beinghere slef means theres  
 something at least ones slef (descartes). does it then matter until a slef has known as  
 much as can, what is there really? is the best way to think, then the least full of holes,  
 most to the starbeauty of the slef? then what other way there isis except to  
 charitybiggestlove with notreward into the mocking getitall-forgetabout you,  
 hope/fear is nothing.. yourslef is not the last: but its always the first for yourslef.  
 nootherwayacross

*(Blackout.)*

BRIGIT

Yes. I was teaching him how to lead. You know, tango.

RICHARD

Right.

### 18. angl to see

for A VOICE

the souloftheworld popped me out so ieye can seefeltastehearsmellect the souloftheworld. ieye am observer, but the feedback is painful hamlet if ieye cant position myslef by actioin so ieye can observe a new angl of it myslef.. like insectes or plankton multiplitude for survival, animamundi sprouts ieyes. notall few will see new things, but thats whats the only use to ieye, who am animamundi too.

*(The music ends as JACK comes back with two full wineglasses, but as he does BRIGIT, VIOLET, and RICHARD see him coming and each leave in separate directions. Then DIANA smiles at JACK, who turns away as if he had done something wrong. Then, they smile at each other again. JACK hands DIANA a wineglass.)*

DIANA

Thanks.

JACK

*(looking at DIANA)*

Hm.

DIANA

What?

JACK

Nothing. *(He looks at her again.)*

DIANA

What?

JACK

You remind me of someone I used to know a long time ago.

DIANA

Yeah? Who?

JACK

Oh this girl who lived down the street when I was a kid.

DIANA

Really?

JACK

I kind of liked her and we held hands once. The first time I held hands with anyone. God, I haven't thought about that for years. Since before...

DIANA

Before what?

JACK

Anyway. A few days after we held hands, I told her to meet me under this tree. The biggest, oldest tree on the block. It was fall, lots of colorful leaves. I climbed up the tree and waited. I didn't think she'd come, but she did. She didn't see me at first, she seemed frightened—maybe she thought I would ask her to be my girlfriend or something. I waited up in the tree, she waited down below for five or ten minutes before she looked up at me.

DIANA

That's so sweet. So wonderful.

JACK

I didn't know what to do. Do you know what I did?

DIANA

What? Jump down and break your foot or something?

JACK

No. I wish. *(pause)* I spat on her.

DIANA

*(aghast, but a little amused)*

That's terrible!

JACK

*(endearingly)*

I know. *(shy)* I never told anyone that before.

DIANA

So, so horrible. *(laughing)* I'm sorry.

JACK

I know. *(pause)* I loved her.

DIANA

You did?

JACK

She was my first love. She married the guy she held hands with after me. High school sweethearts. I couldn't date in high school. I didn't get over her until my second year in college.

DIANA

Oh, I'm really sorry.

JACK

I didn't know what to do. I didn't know anything.

DIANA

Nobody knows anything.

JACK

I know.

DIANA

I guess my first love was an artist. He drew pictures.

JACK

Oh yeah?

DIANA

But I played volleyball in high school, and you know, he didn't have a car, so that was impossible.

JACK

I know.

DIANA

But I liked to draw, too. That's partly why I became an architect.

JACK

Really?

DIANA

He never showed me what he drew, but my friend had a locker next to his, and she learned his combination. We snuck out of class and opened his locker and saw his book of drawings—his thick, red book. And they were all drawings of me.

JACK

Of you?

DIANA

The first pages were my whole body, and my legs and my neck and chest. The way I sat in class or stood talking to friends, or whatever. But as the pages went on, he just drew my face and hair and my hands. And toward the end of the book, he only drew my eyes. Pages and pages of my eyes in

every expression. And the last page was a drawing of my eyes crying. He couldn't have seen that! I cried at home, never at school. I was terrified.

JACK  
God.

DIANA  
So I ripped the page out of his book, and we ran back to class. I had to wear sunglasses at school, until a few weeks later someone told me that his parents got divorced and he moved to New Mexico. He never spoke to me.

JACK  
Wow.

DIANA  
I think, what he did, drawing me like that, that might have been the most beautiful thing anyone will ever do for me.

*(pause)*

JACK  
What did you do with the drawing of your crying eyes?

DIANA  
I kept it, but I don't know where it is.

JACK  
You loved him.

DIANA  
I didn't know what to do. I didn't know anything.

JACK  
Nobody knows anything.

DIANA  
I know.

JACK  
Even now, I don't know anything about love.

DIANA  
Me neither.

## 20. The Whole Story

for RICHARD

So beautiful  
a caught glance from a  
mother  
thirtyish, sexy  
pushing an empty wheelchair,  
  
her son's wheelchair  
he is walking beside her, so earnest  
needs crutches  
no dad.

Later, there they are  
sitting, ordering food,  
  
can't tell if she's wearing a ring.

How her son feels when he looks at her  
looking at me.

*(The song ends, and BRIGIT appears to want to hug RICHARD, who stands still.)*

RICHARD

Wait! We've met before! Before tonight?

BRIGIT

*(hopeful, strumming her hair)*

Maybe.

RICHARD

I really feel like I know you somehow.

BRIGIT

*(a little dejected)*

Like you knew me?

*(pause)*

RICHARD

Do you believe in reincarnation?

BRIGIT

Here?

RICHARD

With me. Not someone else. That's something.

BRIGIT

*(scowling)*

I'm an object.

RICHARD

You are beautiful, but—your smile exudes kindness. I just wouldn't be my self if I didn't tell you. I'm in love with you.

BRIGIT

*(angry)*

It's lust, not love.

RICHARD

*(plainly)*

Lust is lust. That's life.

BRIGIT

*(furious)*

What? Life? The instinct to take a woman and then leave her? That power? To abandon the weak? Put her out on her own? No support. What happens when something happens to her? Or to the baby? When it's sick, when it cries for food, are you just gonna toss it out into the snow?

*(VIOLET has overheard BRIGIT's fury and has come over.)*

RICHARD

*(defenseless)*

Wait! What? Where is this coming from?

BRIGIT

That's what your fucking life is! I'd take one second of thankless love over your whole life!

*(RICHARD collapses.)*

VIOLET

*(hissing)*

Shut up! God, we're at a funeral! And his mother *just* died!

*(BRIGIT gasps in horror, then stands motionless. VIOLET ushers the utterly defeated RICHARD off. After a second DIANA appears.)*



DIANA

*(to BRIGIT, brightly)*

Did you see him?

BRIGIT

*(in a whisper)*

What? Who?

DIANA

Never mind. *(looking at BRIGIT carefully)* Are you okay?

BRIGIT

Yes. Fine.

DIANA

You look a little green.

BRIGIT

I'm all right. Thanks.

DIANA

Sure?

BRIGIT

Yes. I'm sure.

*(DIANA exits the way SILENT MAN had gone. Lights dim on all but BRIGIT, alone.)*

## 27. Baby Be

for BRIGIT

Who might this baby be?  
 A new life. A better me.  
 A new day for me to live, maybe?  
 Who might I be for this baby?

What might this baby bring?  
 A new light. A joy to sing.  
 A new way for me to sing, maybe?  
 What might I bring for you, baby?

How might this baby love?  
 Greater than I could know.  
 All my life, all my light,  
 And a reason for me to love, maybe?  
 How might I love for my baby?

*(The song ends with no pause for applause. RICHARD apologetically approaches BRIGIT.)*

BRIGIT

*(before he can apologize, breathlessly)*

You know, that book you're writing, that hierarchy-love stuff, it's not all about sex.

RICHARD

What, my book?

BRIGIT

A little of it is. About strength, power. That feels good to be a part of.

RICHARD

Beautiful game.

BRIGIT

No.

RICHARD

Right. It's a dance, huh?

BRIGIT

Your most beautiful moment, you could have danced then.

RICHARD

I lead?

BRIGIT

Tango.

*(BRIGIT turns, smiles at him over her shoulder, and begins to walk away.)*

RICHARD

Brigit, I remember you.

*(BRIGIT stands still, RICHARD turns to see her, walks up to her, and they look into each other's eyes  
VIOLET watches them go.)*

BRIGIT

*(intimately)*

Hello. *(pause, almost formally)* Hello, again.

*(They embrace and kiss tenderly, then slowly go off together. JACK appears and looks around earnestly,  
but does not notice VIOLET. DIANA appears behind him, sees him, and approaches with, for her,  
tremendous courage. VIOLET watches them, unnoticed.)*

DIANA

*(overly breezy)*

What are you doing over here by yourself? So aloof?

JACK

I'm not aloof. I'm in love with someone, and I can't have her.

DIANA

*(she can't help herself)*

It's just, you're so...

JACK

What?

DIANA

*(to herself)*

So beautiful.

JACK

What?

DIANA

I wonder, would you maybe, ask me out to dinner or something?

JACK  
A date?

DIANA  
You're really—I... You're just so amazing.

*(JACK looks into her eyes and tenderly touches her face. VIOLET stands expressionless. JACK lowers his hand and sees VIOLET watching him.)*

DIANA  
I wish I could draw your eyes.

JACK  
*(to DIANA)*  
Leave me alone.

DIANA  
What?

JACK  
Get away from me. Just—leave me alone.

DIANA  
I'm sorry.

JACK  
Just go.

DIANA  
Sorry. I'm so sorry.

*(DIANA rushes off in tears. VIOLET steps over to JACK.)*

VIOLET  
Are you alright?

*(long pause)*

JACK  
I need to tell you something.

# Baby Be

Andrew Thomas Kuster

Lullaby (♩ = 112)

5

BRIGIT

Clarinet in B $\flat$

Horn in F

Viola

Drum Set

snare drum

accordion

G D G D G D

*p espr.*

*p*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

12

15

*espressivo*

BGT

Cl

Hn

Va

Drms

G D G D G A

*p*

*p*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

Who might this ba-by be? A new life. A bet-ter me. A

23

*allargando*

*rit.*

27

*a tempo*

31

BGT  
new day for me to live, may-be? \_\_\_\_\_ Who \_\_\_\_\_ might I be \_\_\_\_\_ for this ba - by? \_\_\_\_\_

Cl  
*cresc.* *p subito*

Hn  
*cresc.* *p subito* *p espr.*

Va  
*p espr.*

Drms  
cymbal  
*p*

Bm F#m G D G D

*p*

39

BGT  
What might this ba - by bring? A new

Cl  
*p espr.* *p*

Hn  
*p* *p*

Va  
*p*

Drms  
*pp* *pp*

G D G D G D

*p*

44 47 *allargando* *rit.* 51 *a tempo*

BGT light. A joy to sing. A new way for me to sing, may-be? \_\_\_\_\_ What \_\_\_\_\_ might I bring \_\_\_\_\_ for you,

Cl *p* *cresc.* *p subito*

Hn *cresc.* *p subito*

Va *cresc.* *p subito* *p espr.*

Drms *p*

G A Bm F#m G D G

53 55 63

BGT ba - by? \_\_\_\_\_ How \_\_\_\_\_ might this ba-by love?

Cl *p espr.* *p* *p*

Hn *p espr.* *p*

Va *p*

Drms *pp* *pp*

D G D G D G

71

*allargando*

*a tempo*

67

BGT  
Great - er than I could know. All my life, all my light, \_\_\_\_\_ And a

Cl  
*cresc.* *f*

Hn  
*p* *cresc.* *f*

Va  
*p* *cresc.* *f*

Drms  
*mf*

D G A B m F#m F#m/A G/B

78

*rit.*

82

*a tempo*

86

78

BGT  
rea-son for me to love, may-be? \_\_\_\_\_ How \_\_\_\_\_ might I love \_\_\_\_\_ for my ba-by? \_\_\_\_\_

Cl  
*p* *p subito* *p espr.*

Hn  
*p espr.*

Va  
*p* *p subito* *p espr.*

Drms  
*p*

B m F#m G D G D



90

94

88 *rit.* *a tempo*

BGT How \_\_\_\_\_ might I love \_\_\_\_\_ for my ba - by? \_\_\_\_\_

Cl *p espr.* *p espr.* *p espr.*

Hn *p espr.*

Va *p espr.* *p*

Drms *pp* *pp*

G D G D G

102

98 *rit.*

BGT

Cl *p*

Hn *p*

Va

Drms *pp*

D G D G D

# Baby Be

Andrew Thomas Kuster

Lullaby (♩ = 112)

5

BRIGIT

15

*espressivo*

10

23

*allargando*

*rit.*

27

*a tempo*

20