

PINA

(Continued)

Scene two!

The Music Meditation Room at Chapel Fancy Fair.
Where Prince Innocent LOSES HIS CHERRY!

INNOCENT

(Bolting up! Shouts!)

Vinegar!

MAGDA

Shhh. It's all right.

INNOCENT

Magda! . . . I was dreaming. The Cardinal's wine. It tasted like Vinegar. It . . . oh, God, the Cardinal . . . that was terrible . . . painful . . . Why couldn't I forgive him? Why did he have to . . . —Magda, where are we?

MAGDA

Brother Confidence's First Morality Church of Peasantmania. The Chapel.

INNOCENT

Am I safe here?

MAGDA

Yes.

INNOCENT

But all these people —

MAGDA

Don't worry about them: Their bodies are here; their minds are not. They're concentrating on the Copulation Hour at Fancy Fair. It commences when the gong sounds.

INNOCENT

And that Agate? Will he hit me again?

MAGDA

No! When Jeremiah hit you, I washed my hands of him! Sent him on his way. I abhor violence. Especially when it's against someone else I'm fond of.

INNOCENT

Why did he hit me?

MAGDA

Because you pretended not to have the medallion.

INNOCENT

I didn't pretend. I don't have it.

MAGDA

It's all right, Prince Innocent. You pretend as much as you like.

INNOCENT

But — Oh, God . . .

(Gives up. Flops back on pillows)

MAGDA

When you're ready to give up that terrible burden, we'll see to it that the medallion gets in the proper hands.

INNOCENT

Why? So that my wonderful people can be helped? MY people! Rudolph -- plus! Rudolph . . . Magda, for the first time I really believe I have a brother who's pursuing me and . . . Magda, did you know Rudolph?

MAGDA

Yes.

INNOCENT

Did you take part in his "seminars.?"

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MAGDA

No.

INNOCENT

How did you meet him?

MAGDA

Must we talk about Rudolph?

INNOCENT

Yes. I've got to know him.

MAGDA

He had rheumatic fever. That's when I met him. I was chosen to amuse him.

INNOCENT

How?

MAGDA

Read to him, mostly.

INNOCENT

What kind of books?

MAGDA

Fairy tales. The Grimm Brothers. Anything about the Caesars. And the Renaissance.

INNOCENT

He appreciated art then.

MAGDA

Only Leonardo. The war machines he designed. And the sketches of criminals being hanged — their final agony caught just at the moment of death -- those sketches thrilled him. They are thrilling.

INNOCENT

Did Sauna ever sing for him?

MAGDA

Yes. Once. He tried to strangle her.

INNOCENT

What?

MAGDA

One thing about Rudolph: He could see through all that phony ingenuousness that everyone else finds attractive; that nymphet nonsense they all fall for; those relaxed responses that no one in this world can have. And as for all that natural talent — Well — Rudolph couldn't care less that that bitch had perfect pitch. Anyway, I used to sing to him.

INNOCENT

You? Sing? What?

MAGDA

(Sing-Speaks)

EVERYTHING DIES. OH, YES. OH, YES.
THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.
SQUEEZE OFF BREATH, AND LET'S SEE DEATH.
'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

DOGWOOD IN MAY,
BABIES IN JUNE,
CLING TO THE LIFE THEY CRAVE.

BUT IN THE END --
OH, IN THE END --
FLUTTER AND FALL IN THE GRAVE.

EVERYTHING DIES. OH YES. OH YES.
THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.
SQUEEZE OFF BREATH, AND LET'S SEE DEATH.
'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

INNOCENT

Who wrote that happy ditty? Pina?

MAGDA

No. Rudolph. There was a story that he composed it on the spot — while choking a cat to death.

INNOCENT

My God! Was the story true?

MAGDA

No more talk. I can feel you tensing up. It's all those burdens. --I know! --A massage! I'm very good at massaging. Turn over . . . Lord! Those shoulders! —and neck! I can feel the knots!

INNOCENT

That is good.

MAGDA

It's better without the shirt.

INNOCENT

No!

MAGDA

Why?

INNOCENT

My back's full of freckles.

MAGDA

It's dark.

INNOCENT

Magda — Are you sure their bodies are here but their mind's aren't?

MAGDA

They haven't moved, have they?

True. INNOCENT

There. MAGDA

Ah . . .Oh! You bit me? INNOCENT

Did it hurt? MAGDA

No. But if you did it to bring the blood to the surface, I'm afraid you'll have to bite me all over. INNOCENT

All right. MAGDA

(She nibbles)

Oh, ah! Ah, oh! —I was joshing. . .It's giving me the chicken skin. —Magda, wait —! INNOCENT

Yes? MAGDA

Must you remove my pants? INNOCENT

Yes. MAGDA

I'm afraid their minds will join their bodies and they'll peek. INNOCENT

MAGDA

Even if they do, they won't care.

(Pause)

INNOCENT

Magda.

MAGDA

Yes?

INNOCENT

Are we going to copulate now?

MAGDA

Yes.

(Lights down, then quickly up)

MAGDA

Where's the medallion, Innocent? . . . Innocent?

INNOCENT

Oh, it was interesting, Magda, but —

MAGDA

The medallion, Innocent. . . Now, come, I took care of some of your burden. I want to relieve you of the rest.

INNOCENT

Oh, that. I really don't have it.

MAGDA

Innocent, I'm very tired. Now, we just shared the most intimate moment a man and woman can share and —

INNOCENT

I'll tell you, Magda; about that moment: Is it always so disappointing? I mean, most of the books I've ever read have "it" as the main subject and -- why? Just a great deal of effort. And it sure didn't feel good. You were like an un-lubricated machine. I was like a machine. Two machines straining to give out. Is it always like that, Magda? Is it --?

MAGDA

(Slaps him viciously across the mouth)

Yes! It's always like that! Yes! Like machines! Because it has nothing to do with feelings! Or any of those other lies you read about! You do it because you need it! It becomes one of your tools! It's a man's world and they won't let you go it alone! — won't even give you the chance! Oh, maybe — maybe they allow you to share their power. All right, give them the illusion of sharing. So you get them addicted to you by using all your tools. . . .Then why do they break the habit? Because they do, you know. And you're out and you're forced to move on. Your brother was the first one. Yes, I took part in his "seminars;" his right arm, even at that early age! And his imagination. "His little Lady Macbeth," he used to say. And I believed him. How could such an evil liar be so attractive? And, oh, the juices flowed for him in those days. . . .But suddenly he got tired of me. "Magda, you've got to go." "I'll kill myself," I said. "I wish you would," he said. I took a poison that almost made me blind. He'd visit me, not to see me improve, but to try to get a glimpse of "how death works." It didn't work then and I staggered on. To others. Then to Confidence. Oh, yes, Confidence. Nobody could whip him like I could. God, he needed a lot of strokes to make his juices flow. The iron arm of a man, he said. But all the while he was excluding me from all his plans without my knowing it. When I found out, I went to Jeremiah. Now Jeremiah. I can't lose him, too. Because I am tired. No! Jeremiah must see how much he needs me -- not only the machine. INNOCENT, I MUST HAVE THAT MEDALLION TO GIVE TO JEREMIAH!

INNOCENT

Magda, you're sick — or something. I know it must be terrible for you; it was painful for me just listening. But I do not know —

MAGDA

(Picks up poker)

I SAID GIVE IT TO ME!

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(Attacks INNOCENT.

INNOCENT sidesteps the blow;
grapples with MAGDA; take the poker
from her and pushes her back