

memo

Tuesday, March 9, 2004

To: Continental Seating
From: The Missing Center Aisle
Re: Another Play, Another Act, Another Scene, Same Characters

A room with wood floors. The characters sit on opposite ends.

MILO: Look! Look, you can grab it like this, and juggle it, and toss it up in the air, and when it lands on the ground you can chase it and do it all over again! Look!

GEORGE: What?

MILO: Look! Watch me!

GEORGE: (decidedly not watching Milo) There is a wisdom that is woe; but there is a woe that is madness.

MILO: (continuing to grab, juggle, toss, chase, and repeat) What?

GEORGE: Nothing.

MILO: No really. I missed it. What did you say? I want to know.

GEORGE: It was nothing, really. Don't worry about it.

MILO: Did you watch me? Did you see what I'm doing? You really should look. I think you really should look. Why aren't you looking?

GEORGE: (still looking away, licking his paw, wiping his face) The man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead.

MILO: You're quoting again, aren't you? Pretty soon, if you don't *look at me right now*, you're going to forget how to really talk, and just quote all the time. You're such a sour puss.

GEORGE: What?

MILO: I said you're a sour puss. Did you see that?!

GEORGE: (getting up and walking toward Milo) What's that you have there? Is it fun?

MILO: Here, look! Watch me! (Milo grabs, juggles, tosses, chases) Did you see that?

GEORGE: Let me try.

MILO: No. You wouldn't look earlier. You just quoted at me. Why should I let you now?

GEORGE: Come on, let me try. I'll let you sleep in the basket without biting you.

MILO: I don't know . . .

GEORGE: For the next two days.

MILO: Okay, here you go. (George begins to grab, juggle, toss, chase, and repeat) There you go! Just like that!

GEORGE: Wheeeeeeeee!

MILO: (under his breath) Riotous and disordered as the universal commotion now was, it soon resolved itself into what seemed a systematic movement.

GEORGE: What?

MILO: Nothing.