

memo

Wednesday, March 10, 2004

To: I like you
From: Yes, but do you like me like me?
Re: Act X, Scene xiv in The Longest Play Ever

Under an enormous bed.

MILO: On Saturday—

GEORGE: What day was that?

MILO: Five days ago.

GEORGE: Why do you know that?

MILO: I don't know. Because it's been five days since you last tried to throw up, or cough up a hairball, or whatever it is you do when you heave and those people circle around you like vultures—

GEORGE: Very loving vultures. And you know, vultures have hairless heads and necks.

MILO: Well, the one—

GEORGE: Yes well, the one, but not the other one. The other one has all that hair that I just want to eat and eat and eat!

MILO: Me too.

GEORGE: It's the best.

MILO: Yeah . . .

(a very pregnant pause)

MILO: So on Saturday—

GEORGE: Yes, what happened on Saturday, which was five days ago, and the last time I tried to throw up, or cough up a hairball, or whatever it is I do when I heave and those people, one of whom has all that wonderful hair that I just want to eat and eat and eat, circle around me like very loving vultures, even though they're not really anything like vultures at all?

MILO: No, you're right, they're not really anything like vultures at all, except for the circling, I guess. I'm sorry, that was a bad simile. I promise I'll try harder next time.

GEORGE: Don't worry about it. It happens to the best of us. Why, just the other day I said that the super-fun, really awesome crinkly thing that the hairless one threw me was like a super-fun, really awesome crinkly thing.

MILO: My goodness. That was perfectly awful.

GEORGE: But you know what? It is just like that.

(They both pause a moment to meditate on what George has just said.)

GEORGE: So, on Saturday . . . ?

MILO: Yes. Or was it Monday?

GEORGE: Saturday or Monday, they're both like days to me.

MILO: I suppose.