

Danielle Inferno

A Musical

by

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Cast of Characters

Danielle Inferno:

A female working artist in her 20s

DANIELLE INFERNO

DANIELLE is in front of a large abstract painting on the wall of a building. She is preternaturally cheerful even as she says relatively unpleasant things.

She carries a duffel bag, which she drops on the stage as the lights come up.

(A silence.)

DANIELLE

(sings: "This Is Your Building")

THIS IS NOT YOUR HOUSE
THIS IS JUST YOUR PRECIOUS BUILDING
THE EDIFICE REX THE STEP TO SUCCESS

THIS IS NOT YOUR HOUSE
THIS IS JUST YOUR PRECIOUS BUILDING
ALL OF YOUR DREAMS CAN FIT INSIDE
FIT INSIDE
FIT INSIDE

THIS IS YOUR BUILDING!

(speaks)

And I painted on it. Yeah, I'm an artist. Yeah? I'm completely unemployed. I love working in the art world in Los Angeles. The great Limbo. I love it! Because the LA art world is as kind and genuine as the rest of LA. L.A! La la la. Everyone here is gorgeous. I'm like the ugliest person I know. And I'm kind of hot. I'm pretty, right? Right? Right? Right? I'm needy, right? Right? Right? Right? Needy? Los Angeles is Limbo because everyone waits. They wait to be famous. They wait tables. They hurry up and wait on movie sets. I said sets, not sex. You don't really have to wait for sex in LA. Though I recommend it. It is like the seven deadly sins on every corner here. Or the seven deadly dwarves. Dopey. Skimpy. Waxy. Lustful. Trafficky. Doc. And Michael Bay. He's actually kind of tall. I was in Limbo in LA. I sold a whole bunch of art to some famous people, because yeah, we don't really know what art is. Well, they didn't. It's such a ridiculous idea. It's like art is a thing we like, that we like because it looks cool, but we call it art because we

are somehow lacking in self-importance. The confirmation of self-importance is my main source of income. Anyhoo.

(a pause)

I'm super excited because even as I began this relationship with a guy I'll call Kyle Lindvall and I'll say his address is 1221 W 3rd Street at the Viscount Luxury apartments and he owns KL Gallery in Beverly Hills. But it's NOT him. Come on. It's just somebody I made up. 323-404-6612. I had developed a theory that relationships were like Dante's Inferno. Now, if you haven't read it. It's a great light read for the pool. Anyway, there are nine circles in hell. Limbo. Ha? See what I did there. Lust. Gluttony. Greed. Anger. Heresy. Violence. Fraud. And Treachery. That's like every relationship I've ever had. I know that doesn't work for everyone. Generally those are out of order for most people. Most people start with Lust, peak at Fraud, and end with Gluttony. Hell is a bad romance. Because we all start out in Limbo. The Los Angeles of our heart where traffic is slow and you're completely self-centered. You have control over every aspect of your life. You can have dessert for dinner. Every night is chick flick night. You can have sex in the bathroom or bedroom, the hall, or the car. Generally by yourself, but it's more efficient. And the range of partners in your head is staggering. Then your art becomes oddly uninspired. Beautifully cold. Unadulterated. Subtle and nuanced. It doesn't need anything. It doesn't take chances. It matches the client's carpet. It's big and icy and removed. It's stuck up, your art. It thinks it's hot shit because you're not in love with anybody. And then something happens to you. Something called "other people". And you're like, "I need another body or I'll lose my fucking mind." You snap. You need desire, suspicion, jealousy. I love jealousy. It's free screaming. You need afterthoughts. You need the moment where you wonder, "Am I really loved?", and the thousand recriminations, intimacies, darknesses, white hot lies, doubts, confessions, tiny treacheries, shared pointless stories, you need love. And like art, no one really knows what it is they just know they want it because it gives them esteem and validation and self-importance. You've been vetted for sex and intimacy and conversation It's like being a drunk. An addict. A compulsive gambler on romance. And love has only one gallery, one wall to hang it on. And that's how you go from Limbo to the second circle of hell. Lust.

(sings: "I Want All the Sex")

I WANT ALL THE SEX
FROM A TO ZED
I WANT A BURNING BED
AND THEN I'LL SEXT IT

I WANT ALL THE LOVE
SO BABY DRINK UP
IT'S TIME TO HOOK UP
WHATEVER YOU THINK OF

'CAUSE NOTHING MATTERS MORE
THAN THE FOUR KINDS OF ERECTIONS
YOUR SLOPPY STICKY MESS
I'VE MISTAKEN FOR AFFECTION
I DON'T HAVE TIME
FOR THE WHOLE BOTTLE OF WINE
BUT I'LL TAKE A ROADIE
AND BELIEVE I'M DEFINED
I FALL FOR CONCUPISCENCE EVERY TIME
I MAY NOT BE FALLING IN LOVE
BUT AT LEAST I'M FALLING ON A BED
AT LEAST I'M FALLING ON A BED
AT LEAST I'M FALLING ON A BED

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT?
WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT?
WHERE WERE YOU?
WHERE WERE YOU?

(a pause)

Well, that was. Oh my. I do declare.

I'm Danielle Inferno. You may have heard of me. But I doubt it. My real name is Amber Black, but those are two colors that don't go well together. And it really almost sounds more contrived. It's is also a pretty serious stripper name. So yeah. I met him at a small scaly, almost-reptilian gallery where I first had a show with a guy I met in a coffee shop and a woman who had an impressive Burt Reynolds 'stache and a dead sexy limp. He bought a painting of mine for 200 dollars and then said, "I could sell this for twenty thousand." As pickup lines go, pretty great. So I don't want to go straight past Gluttony here, but there was something intriguing about Kyle 'Don't-Sue-Me-For-Using-Your-Name' Lindvall. I was gluttonous for his company. The

addict thing. The shakes. The withdrawals. I hated when he withdrew. Where interest turns into madness and sex makes you want to turn him into a pizza afterward. We do that too, gents. Cuddling is great but the sudden existence of food after sex would be a welcome change. I turned him into a pizza several times that night. Any size pizza is a personal pizza if you try hard enough. I was out of Limbo.

I was going to sing a song about obsessive love here but there's rather a lot of those in the musical cannon, so I'll just add to it with this.

(sings: "Gimme All Your Love")

GIMME

GIMME ALL YOUR LOVE

GIMME

OR I'll HUNT YOU DOWN LIKE A DOG

DON'T YOU TRY TO RUN FOR THE BORDER

OR GET YOURSELF A RESTRAINING ORDER

GIMME

GIMME ALL YOUR LOVE

YOU ARE MY PERSONAL PIZZA I JUST WANT TO SLICE

BE MY DEEP-DISH LOVER IF ONLY FOR ONE NIGHT

(speaks)

Well, it's no "On the Street Where You Live", or "You'll Never Walk Alone", but pretty similar in substance. Don't you think? Yeah? It's romantic obsession when a guy sings it. It's a 50-feet-at-all-times-or-you're-arrested when a girl sings it.

Actually, it's a true story that descriptions of a former lover vary wildly depending on your level of nostalgia. I'm not a nostalgic person, so I can tell you he was a weirdly shaped, poorly endowed, chimp faced, cross-eyed... No. No. He was handsome. He was forty going on thirty, fucking twenty, acting ten, talking like a five-year-old. But handsome. In a surprisingly feminine way. When I first met him, I thought he might be gay. Of course, I thought I might be gay once too. I thought you were all gay. Thanks for coming out. But he wasn't. Or at least wasn't some of the time. He had pale brown hair, the color of an Asian pear. His skin was soft. Smooth. And the color of, well, I'm an artist so I'll say Pantone 473.

He made me famous. Fatuous. Fabulous. Fortuitous. He made me a lot of F words. He made himself a lot of money too.

Which is the point where you can start to feel used. That's an underrated feeling. Feeling used. Generally we want to be used in some capacity. I mean, it sounds bad when you put it that way, but perhaps if we said "utilized." He utilized me. Weaponized me. Optimized. Jeopardized. Surprised my snake eyes crosswise. See, here's the thing: If your business is offering people opportunities for self-esteem, for example buying a piece of art where a well-known gallery guy has conferred status on it, it's a very difficult place to feel "used." You made money. He made money. But something gets taken away from you. It's like a picture in your head you can't retain. Like a memory has been sold. But that's literally your business, selling off bits of your imagination so . . . Yeah, utilized. And when do you go from the person to the product? And how do you get back? You find yourself maybe, kinda, blaming him for it. Like you would blame a husband because you have to go to work. This is not an art problem. Are you the math you do as an accountant? Are you the coffee you sell as a barista? Are you the guy that invented the moon light? Because I'd like to meet you. Here's the moon light.

(She shines the moonlight flashlight on the ceiling.)

I started doing performance art to, you know, strengthen the brand. The brand on my ass. You know, covering yourself in mud, chocolate, cherries, and pretensions. Staring at patrons. Sitting in a cage in the corner of a museum. I gender bent. I slept in a bed. I begged for change in front of LACMA then got run off by someone who actually needed the change in front of LACMA. I became famous in a small pond. And you turn into something weird. It's like suddenly you actually are your Facebook profile with a thousand friends that respond with emoji love. Here. I want you all to draw something.

(She collects a stack of drawing tablets on clipboards from a duffel bag)

You can draw me. Because when I was a performance artist, I would invite people to the gallery, charge them money, and get them to draw me and that was an art episode. Or a psychotic one.

(She wanders in to the first few rows of the audience handing out the clipboards to various

audience members, continuing her story while she does)

Kyle loved it. It was this brilliant-ahem-idea that made money and seemed like a cool thing to do with artists and celebrities. He had rows and rows of them, and they all sold. All of the Danielles sold.

(She goes back to the duffel bag and collects a handful of pencils, the returns to the audience handing them out to those she gave the clipboards to)

Here. Here's the pencils. I got you clipboards but, yeah, it's a little dark down there, she said as she moved deeper into Inferno. See? It's a thing. Don't be afraid to draw something: to make something. What's the worst that can happen?

(She makes her way back to the stage)

I'll put it on the Internet.

But what's the second worst thing that can happen? It's funny to me that people are afraid to fail or expose themselves in some way. That sounded a little rude. But, you know, it's like the worst thing that ever happens always comes from being afraid. I think. Here I'll sing this song while you draw stuff. To me it's a funny thing you can literally go through your entire relationship in your head.

We took an afternoon to have Mexican Food and sit on the beach in Venice.

(sings: "Things Fall Apart")

DOWN AT ELVIRA'S HE IS LAUGHING
 GOD, I LOVE HIS LIPS
 HE'S THE TEACHER AND I'M JUST PASSING
 ON THE BELL CURVE OF MY HIPS
 HE WALKS AROUND LIKE A SAILOR
 DRUNKEN ON A TROUBLED SEA
 I'M THE MAN HE'S THE TAILOR
 TAKES THE MEASURE OF ME
 WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU WANNA BE?
 I DON'T CARE I JUST NEED HIM HERE WITH ME

PLEASE REMEMBER THE FINER THINGS ARE LOST IN TIME
 I KNOW THAT MINE HAVE
 YOURS HAVE

THINGS FALL APART
 IN THE MOMENT BETWEEN HOPE AND GLORY
 YOU JUST SOUND THE SAME OLD STORY
 YOURS HAVE
 THINGS FALL APART
 THINGS FALL APART

I TRIED TO LOOK BUT I WAS BLINDED
 BLINDED BY A WAVE
 HE'S DANCING IN THE DAYLIGHT
 AND I SEE THE SEA AS A GRACE
 I SINK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE QUIET
 QUIET OF THE DEEP
 SOMETIMES WITH THE DROWNING
 YOU HAVE TO CAUSE THEM PAIN
 HERE COMES ANOTHER WAVE
 IN THE PERFECT STORM OF THE NORMAL WAY OF THINGS

PLEASE REMEMBER THE FINER THINGS ARE LOST IN TIME
 I KNOW THAT MINE HAVE
 YOURS HAVE
 THINGS FALL APART
 IN THE MOMENT BETWEEN HOPE AND GLORY
 YOU JUST SOUND THE SAME OLD STORY
 YOURS HAVE
 THINGS FALL APART
 THINGS FALL APART

(speaks)

That look on his face at the beach. It made me so happy. A moment of perfection. And perfection is . . . Temporary? So, yeah, I'm officially the crazy girlfriend. Because I can do that. I can imagine your funeral and me crying clutching the lid of your coffin seconds after you ask me out. Why is that? I've got a crazy bitch in my head and I just want to say, I think you have a crazy bitch in your head, too. Man or woman. The difference is with women we're supposedly actually crazy. With men you're creative. With women we're nut jobs, like the way they made Hillary Clinton the Lindsay Lohan of the 2016 election. With men, if you are an actual nut job, you're a strong leader. With women, if you pull out a 45 and say who wants some, you're somehow crazy. If men do it, they're on TV. I was a successful creative, which is not a noun. I made tons of money. Well, not like LA money, but a lot for a twenty something artist. And greed leads to anger. It's that bizarre moment when you realize there's something there between you and it's not right. Like there's this

whole other ghost-like person who stands next to you and shakes their head every time the two of you talk. You start to argue. Most couples argue about money. And sex. And household chores. About the cat box. Seriously it's a box of shit in your house. About each other's family. About each other's bad habits. About each other's stupid face. Aw love. Ain't it romantic? Let's see how you're doing?

(She goes out to the audience and collects the clipboards and pencils, she looks at the audience's drawings as she does so, finally making her way back to the stage)

(She singles out one of the drawings)

I like it. Nice.

That weird thing you think, that suddenly seems like a wedge between you and your love, is almost always you. Unless you're Melania. There's this part of being an artist, or a bricklayer, or a pool shark, where you're like, "I don't know how I feel about this anymore." You start beating people at pool but the light's gone out. It's not as fun. "Yeah, that's a great looking brick wall but not my best work, and Mexico didn't pay for it, and I feel weird about it anyway," and you just start going through the motions. 'Cause I think sometimes getting paid to do the thing you love is tricky. Even the satisfaction of a perfectly played game of pool strikes me as unnecessary and temporary. And it's hard to win sympathy when you tell people you became famous. Even if it's a little bit of fame. Because in America--and especially the Great Limbo of LA--fame is everything. When you're famous you get seated right away. When you get famous, everyone wants to see you first. Clients. Doctors. Museum goers. They just want to see you physically. To see if you're enjoying it. If you deserve it. When you're famous, you don't have to wait. You've beaten LA and Limbo. When you get famous, they let you decide when you're going to get arrested, or give yourself up. More on that later. You make others wait. I thought I was going to take over the world. Then sell it.

The super fantastic thing about achieving self-importance in America is that not only will people listen to whatever crazy shit you have to say, they will share whatever crazy shit

they think only you will understand. I found myself becoming *pataphysical*. There's physics. How things move with one another. There's metaphysics. The philosophy of your own existence. Your cause. Your identity and being. Then there's pataphysics. Where everything someone believes is completely true. The simultaneously occurring realities of six billion people. You thought I was a dumb girl didn't you? Oh America. You're adorable. Girls rule. Boys drool.

(sings: "Everything is Real")

YOU BELIEVE THE FAULTS IN OUR STARS
 YOU BELIEVE WE'RE INVADED BY MARS
 YOU BELIEVE IN POINTLESS WARS
 BELIEVE

YOU BELIEVE YOU'RE WEIRD CAUSE OF MOTHER
 YOU BELIEVE IN HATING "THE OTHER"
 YOU BELIEVE YOU'LL HAVE ANOTHER
 DRINK

IT DON'T MATTER
 EVEN MY GRAMMAR
 IT DON'T MATTER
 EVERYTHING IS REAL
 EVERYTHING IS REAL

YOU CAN BELIEVE IN GOD AND EVERYTHING
 YOU STAND AND PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO EVERYTHING
 YOU CAN SAY YOU'RE THE BEST AT EVERYTHING
 EVERYTHING IS REAL
 SO REAL

YOU BELIEVE THAT HE LOVES YOU
 YOU BELIEVE YOU LOVE HIM TOO
 IT DON'T MATTER IF YOU DO
 BELIEVE

I REFUSE TO BE SO COLD
 I BELIEVE IN ALL I'M TOLD
 HE SAYS HE LOVES ME SO
 I BELIEVE

IT DON'T MATTER
 EVEN MY GRAMMAR
 IT DON'T MATTER
 EVERYTHING IS REAL

(speaks)

So what's the weirdest thing you believe?

Here's the thing. You know I love jealousy, right? And it must be said that love falls out of fashion just like art. You start to miss Limbo. You believe he's starting to miss Limbo. If I can just rant for a moment, it's like, if you're a woman you are only supposed to care about your romantic life. It's literally what we are sold: books, movies, music. You have to think about love all the time with your man or woman or gender-fluid-significant-word-salad other. I'm sorry I said gender fluid, but it's a thing. Just not actually liquid. I don't just think about my love life. So when I do, it's kind of debilitating. That was supposed to be the thing that didn't suck. Or at least had a pretty low level of difficulty. But I've found that thinking about a thing almost always makes you critical. It's why people don't write happy stories.

I'm a smiley person. I laugh a lot. I just smile a lot. But I am actually miserable most the time and this might have something to do with thinking too much, but that seems to me to be a shitty trade-off for happy. The problem is that you get what you pay for in a relationship. And love is the process where you attempt to separate the person you love from any meaningful contact with someone else. Or maybe that's just me. But I never thought I was built that way. I'm not really a jealous person. I'm not. I'm not.

So I stare in fascination when I see this person who I have grudgingly agreed to separate from all human life talking to a woman, who for all intents and purposes, is kind of a younger version of me. An artist. Perky. Looking at him like he just flew out of the sky in a cape, but you know, with a better color scheme. She's staring. Adoringly. She laughs. He smiles.

Suddenly I literally Jekyll and Hyde the shit out of the art opening. I talk like "Oh it's such a pleasure to meet you!" but my mind is saying, "Because I will eat your heart!" And I meet her, and I say: "I love what you do with color in your sculpture. It's very subtle." But I'm thinking: "It just needs your bright red blood on it, and I'd buy it. Ha ha ha ha." I laugh maniacally because I know, I sense in my bones, that this whole relationship is over.

If he hasn't been banging her, it'll happen before I can get

my wrap from coat check. Carefully made pieces of art--your ideas of how life goes, your dreams and aspirations-- get knocked over, I thought. And then they bring out her vase that has sold for an obscene amount of money to a vaguely obscene amount of guy and I keep hearing, "Gets knocked over.", "Gets knocked over.", "Gets knocked over." "Isn't it beautiful," he says. And you say yes, though you mean "It's shit on a bicycle." And then you . . . "Get's knocked over.", "Gets knocked over."

You knock it over.

I make things and I sell them. My widget is made of color and shapes. So, even as I smashed her piece, I felt I had committed like an artistic heresy. "I make things. I don't destroy things", I thought to myself. But in this case, I made a scene. I made mistake. A mess of my life. I made a big noise. I didn't think I could explain it away. Though some people thought it was a performance art piece. -- I gotta say that's a great gig. If you do anything stupid in public and you're a performance artist, people just assume you're doing a thing. Use that as an excuse next time. It mostly works. Except barfing in bars.-- Time seemed to stop. Which is odd because time flies. I guess time hovered like a drone. Time did something timeless in an untimely way. Time does that. Bad time. Bad! The one thing I did make I did make my boyfriend tear up a paycheck. You want to make your boyfriend mad? Make him tear up a paycheck. He just stared at me. And I stared at him. And we stared. I'm the kind of person that brings up old things in a fight. If he says, hey did you run the dishwasher, I say YOU FLIRTED WITH THAT GIRL AT THE RESTAURANT FOUR MONTHS AGO! If he says, have you seen that piece of paper I left on the counter, I say YOU DIDN'T PAY LAST MARCH'S PHONE BILL ON TIME! But he just stared. And I just stared. Because when I'm really mad I get quiet. And I knew he was mad. There no words.. Silence is anger's less than secret weapon.

(Music plays and Danielle makes a series of awful, angry faces without words. It's almost a dance.)

(speaks)

I walked out of the gallery, a little drunk and super unpleasant, and I saw the sunlight rise over some nasty LA buildings. It was blue and orange. Dirty and red. I can't

paint that beauty. I can't make natural beauty. The only thing I have on God is words. Because he's silent. I was wondering if was going to get arrested, so a chatty deity giving me some advice and succor would have come in handy. No, there I was in Beverly Hills, godless and lost. So, you know. I fit in real well.

I cheated on him.

And the funny thing about having a one-night stand when you're angry with your boyfriend is the dude your cheating with thinks he's like an amazing guy. He has no idea he's being . . . Utilized. He's like "Chicks dig me". But he's only been called to service because my boyfriend is not jealous of my palm massager. And you're like calm down, dude. You're lucky I even touched it. I mean, I used hand sanitizer, so it probably stung a little bit. But he had a good time. Well, that's my love life in a sentence: It stung a little bit, but I had a good time. I thought I'd share.

And then there's that week or two when neither of us were ourselves because you don't know what being yourself looks like. And Kyle Lindavall of 1221 W 3rd Street, didn't know either.

So we asked me to lunch. If your man asks you to lunch, something he's never done, you know what's coming. So we sit down and I break up with him. You know, get the jump on him. And I can't believe it came out of my mouth, but he didn't fight me. He became really kind. And said wonderful things about me and my art and my beauty and my . . . Future. And I say I thought you liked the new girl. And he says no I only liked you. And he says, I meant a lot to him and was everything to him. And I say I loved you too. But we're still breaking up. The process won't stop. He thought, he said, I might be cheating on him. With a laugh. That maybe I was seeing someone else. With a sad smile. And I said, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. But then I felt this rumbling below my navel and suddenly my vagina is shouting. You let the awful person inside you when you had this guy! And I'm like shush. Ha ha. What was that? Weird. And my vagina is all (covers, her crotch, muffles her voice) You're the worst. This guy's great. So, I try to change the subject a little, but my vage says: You self sabotaging little bitch! You terrible human being! And I say ha. It's noisy in here let's go outside. And we're standing outside in the pale ambient sunlight. We look at one another.

Forgivingly. And I realize it's true. My little thought experiment. Everything is real. Everybody is right about what they think. It's Pataphysics. He was right about me. I am what he thinks I am.

And we hug. And he walks away.

(sings: "A Good Idea at the Time")

HOW KIND WE ARE
AND HERE WE ARE AGAIN EVERYTHING
LAID OUT BEFORE US

I WISH I HAD THE STRENGTH TO SAY
OR THE STRENGTH TO GO
WHERE YOU GO

NOW I'M HERE
UP IN THE ATMOSPHERE
GRAVITY IS FAILING ME
NO ONE LOVED ME YOU DID
NOW THAT'S DISPUTED OR MUTED
HOW DID I LOSE IT?

WE BEGIN AS WE END
SEPARATELY
AND BRAVE THE WORLD
BRAVE THE WORLD
OH BRAVE NEW WORLD

(speaks)
Without you.

Truth is, most of the relationships we have in our life are pretty much huge mistakes. It's a process. Like Inferno to Purgatory to Paradiso. That's why we think there's the One. But most of the time, we're like did I really go out with that guy. Did I really just do the walk of shame from that dude's house. With that other girl. And that dwarf. Did I really just agree to go to Comicon with that guy @glantern4ever online? Did I really swipe right? Things are getting serious between us!

I stood there for a while looking at the sky and, well, the traffic. And the moon was out in the daytime. Everything was happening at once.

After a relationship you de-brief. And by that, I mean you

literally take your underwear off. And you sleep around to try and get your self-esteem back and it's not really the same thing. You already know you're good in bed. And then one day, you're like, no, no. I'm never doing any of this again. I need to work on myself. I need to get my head right. Make some art. Get my shit together. No love life. And you begin to ice over a bit. You become unseasonably cold. And your back to Limbo.

He started seeing that young artist whose vase I broke. Because some people, they just keep making the same mistake.

If you're not with someone, it's okay with men. With women if you're into your thirties . . . Well, in the past, you were a spinster because you couldn't possibly have the ten kids you'd need to run the farm. But now, it's like: is there something wrong with her? There must be something wrong with her. There's something wrong with her. There's something wrong with her. Is there? If you want to believe it, it must be true. If you don't, it must be true, too. I'm ready to begin again.

Maybe, now that I have done Purgatorio, maybe . . . Paradiso? Most of my girlfriends, when they have a break up, they think. I can't believe I wasted all that time with that guy. Or girl. Or that transgender person. I don't believe in wasted time. I'm a performance artist. I was doing a thing. If you like my songs, you're right. If you didn't like them, you're right, too. If you like my art, you right. If you don't, you're right, too. I painted this on his building. His gallery. And I'm going to hang all your pictures on it. And then put them on the Internet.

(She gathers the pictures the audience drew.)

Because I don't believe in time. Somewhere we still love each other. Somewhere we don't. I'm in Purgatorio now and ready for Paradise. You?

(sings: "This Is My House")

THIS IS MY HOUSE
THIS IS MY BEDROOM
THIS IS THE ALTAR
I MAKE ALL MY PRAYERS

THIS IS THE BOX

OF OLD LOVE LETTERS
 THIS IS THE WINDOW
 I THROW OUT MY CARES
 I THROW OUT MY CARES

I'LL LET YOU GO
 IF YOU NEED TO GO
 I'M WILLING TO LEAVE UNSAID AND UNDONE

THIS IS THE SHIRT
 THAT I WEAR IN WINTER
 IT CARRIES ME THROUGH
 THE ICE AND THE COLD
 THIS IS THE BED
 I'M NEITHER SAINT OR SINNER
 NEITHER A VIRGIN OR A CRONE
 I'M A LONG WAY FROM HOME

I'LL LET YOU GO
 IF YOU NEED TO GO
 I'M WILLING TO LEAVE UNSAID AND UNDONE

WHEN THE NIGHT IS CLOUDY,
 I'LL BE ALONG
 WHEN THE RAIN HITS THE STREET, YES
 THIS IS MY SONG
 DON'T YOU KNOW MY LOVE IS COLOR AND LIGHT
 WON'T YOU STAY WITH ME TONIGHT

YOU CAN STAY
 YOU CAN STAY

(speaks)
 But I have to go.

(She goes collects the clipboards
 with their drawings and pencils
 and flashlight and puts them in
 her duffel bag. Slung over her
 shoulder she turns to go, then
 stops and turns back)

Here.

(She hands the moonlight
 flashlight to audience member.)

You can have the moonlight.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF PLAY)