

THE BLUES

Aldo's bar. Morning.

TYRONE:

What is this? What is this? C'mon Aldo, I don't need this shit, I got problems of my own without listening to this crap. Save your preaching for the floozies. Which reminds me...

With great gusto, TYRONE puts aside his literary problems.

...where are the dames, Aldo, I don't see no broads around here today, what's going on, huh? What happened to that B-girl that hangs around here? You know the one I mean, has a funny name, Tipples, Nipples...Ripples! That's her, Ripples! C'mon Aldo, let's get her over here, whadya say?

ALDO:

Look Ty, you heard what the girl said, she's retired.

TYRONE:

Come on Aldo, grow up. Retired! You gotta be kidding! You point me out a broad that's retired from that sort of thing and I'll point you out a broad that's got something very wrong with her. We are, of course, not talking about my mother right now.

ALDO:

Tyrone, you're showing me a side of yourself that I don't particularly wanna see.

TYRONE:

Aldo, Aldo, hey, what's the matter? C'mon Aldo baby, brighten up! You're supposed to be the guiding light in this joint. Aldo what's wrong?

ALDO:

Nothing's wrong.

TYRONE:

Ho, ho, ho, Aldo, I see you've got a funny look in your eyes. Either you've had a death in the family, or you're in love! Now, which is it?

ALDO:

You know Tyrone, for a writer, you can be pretty pedestrian! Yeah, I'd say pedestrian!

TYRONE:

Hey, hey, Aldo, let's not get personal now. So, so, so, you got the ole stars in your eyes, eh Aldo? Who's the broad? Huh, do I know her? Hey c'mon Aldo, who is she?

ALDO:

Shaddup.

TYRONE:

She stacked? Loaded? How's the ammunition on her? Got the old bazoombas, eh Aldo? She wiggle her tail? (*Does a sample walk.*) Hey! It ain't that floozie, Aldo! C'mon Aldo, tell me it ain't that floozie!

ALDO:

No, it ain't the floozie, and don't call her a floozie.

TYRONE:

Hm, some other dame. Now who can this walking, talking bombshell be, I wonder. Well, c'mon Aldo, tell me about her, talk, elucidate, describe her virtues, her charms. Tell me all about that stuff she's got that's endeared her so to you. C'mon Aldo!

ALDO:

Well, you know, the usual dame stuff.

TYRONE waits.

TYRONE:

Can you be more specific, Aldo?

ALDO:

Well, let's say you're at the race track! Now see that horse over there? Well, nothing's happening. Absolutely nothing. Then, pow, the bell rings and boy does something ever happen to that horse! Does something ever happen to that horse!

TYRONE:

Yeah? Yeah? (*Very excited.*) What happens? What happens?

ALDO:

(Shrugs.) Maybe she wins the race and maybe she doesn't.

Pause.

TYRONE:

Now what the hell is that supposed to mean?

ALDO:

(Impatient.) Well, she's like that horse! The broad we're talking about! She's like the horse! You asked me to describe her, didn't you?

TYRONE:

Yeah, but Aldo, I mean there's gotta be more to her than that! Now, let's get into some details here. Like, what does she do for a living? Is she a lady of financial means? Does she wear falsies? Is she one of the finest women that walked the streets? Is she a farmer's daughter, a preacher's daughter, a rich bitch, a spoiled brat?

He's really off now. Full speed, with one breath, no pauses the rest of the way.

Is she subtle, sublime; erotic, exotic; insane, inane; bizarre, banal? What are her topics of conversation? Is she well versed in the arts? What movies does she go to? What books does she read? Does she read any books? Who are her favourite authors if she does? Mark Twain, Hemingway, Edgar Rice Burroughs? What's she like without her lingerie or even with her lingerie? Soft and fleshy? Skin and bones? Hard as rock? Plump and cuddly? Did you get a bite? What's she taste like? What perfume does she wear? What flavour, what scent? How much do you love her? How much of her do you love? Which of her zones astound you most? What was the preview like? Was there a preview? How was the expedition? Where did you journey to? What mysteries did you unravel? Would you want to see them again? Did it remind you of a childhood experience? What does it remind you of most? Candies, classical music, Veronica Lake, philosophy, apple pie, a jungle in Africa? Did it make you wanna be in the Belgian Congo, Aldo! Like Teddy Roosevelt and Livingstone? Did visions of that nature lurk in your mind? I mean, did she make you yearn for those bushes and trees and monkeys? Could you see yourself saddling up some elephant? Did it make you wanna stroke a striped pussy and pet its claws? Slide down a giraffe's neck? Watch a hundred native dames dance in the nude, tits bobbing up and down, jiggle, jiggle, woo-woo? Or carry a spear and pierce you a heart? Sit on the grass, bask in the sun, listen to the rhinos make out, play Bach on an organ in the middle of some empty vast land to an audience of ground mice, get bit by a tsetse fly and catch malaria, bang a missionary lady on some river boat, go and spill mud all over

the Commissioner's wife's white Sunday dress, then rip the goddamn dress off and do it to her right there and then on the wet grass by some swamp full of mosquitoes only to find yourself sinking in quicksand and try to clamber out and watch yourself go further down and yet still be capable of one last valiant act and roar like a lion and see your muscles rip out of your arms and reach for that snake above you and climb up and out to miraculous safety and drag her out after you and save her life and listen to her thank you for saving her life and see her feel forever indebted to you and take advantage and walk with her into the sunset, hand in hand, your two bare asses shining in the rays of hope, and have kids, dogs, houses, cars, washing machines, Coca-Colas and live happily ever after till death do you part! Did that happen to you, Aldo, the very first time you set eyes on her?

TYRONE jumps on top of the bar.

I mean, did she lift you up there Aldo? Can she do it? Is she woman enough to drive you round the bend? Woman enough to make you wanna have so much heaven, you can just let yourself slide all the way down to hell? Well, is she or is she not that kind of a girl Aldo? Well, goddamnit, what say Aldo!!