

# THE MASTER ACTOR

## SEPTEMBER

### WEEK 2

PALE: How long did he live here?

ANNA: Three years. Did you know he was studying, Pale?

PALE: Robbie? Didn't do much better than me. I was popular, you know. I don't think he wasn't so popular.

ANNA: Dance, I mean. Did you know he wanted to be a dancer?

PALE: Shit. I don't know. Whatta I know? He was seven, I was outta there. Who knew him? I didn't know him.

ANNA: Actually, I was thinking that.

PALE: Oh, beautiful, I love that. You're gonna be a cunt like everybody else? "You didn't really know him, Pale." *Deeply*, you gotta say. Did you know him deeply, honey? 'Cause neither of you strikes me as the type.

ANNA: Fine.

PALE: What the fuck does that mean, "fine"?

ANNA: It means I'm tired, it's five thirty in the morning; if you don't want to talk about him, I certainly don't. You're completely closed. You don't want to hear what I have to say, fine. It means fine.

PALE: What? I don't have feelings? I'm not capable of having a talk here?

ANNA: There's no doubt in my mind that you have completely mastered half the art of conversation. (Pale whistles) I'm tired. I'm sorry I miss him. You remind me of him.

PALE: Shit.

ANNA: Completely aside from any family resemblance, just having his brother here reminds me. Had you seen him dance? (Pale shakes his head) Well, see, that's impossible for me to understand.

PALE: Anybody good as he was, you said. He was good?

ANNA: Yes.

PALE: Well, see, that shows what the experts know. I didn't even see him I know he was shit.

ANNA: Pale, I can't stay up till the people in the building wake up, I have a class at nine, I have to get some rest.

PALE: You teach?

ANNA: What? No, a class I'm taking. I teach too but this is a class. (Pause) What?

PALE: Awww, shit. (Pause. He stifles a sob) Fuckin'... drinkin' and thinkin', man, worse than drinkin' and drivin'. Drinkin' and thinkin'. Awww shit.

ANNA: (Pause) He worked really hard.

PALE: Awww, Jesus... feed the fish, man... Jesus. (He sobs enormously and long, she goes to him, he moves away. She touches his shoulder.)

ANNA: I know.

PALE: Come on, don't mess with me. I don't like being messed with. My heart hurts, I think I'm dying. I think I'm havin'— like — a heart attack. (Sobs again.) I don't do this, this ain't me. (He gets up, walks around.) Awww shit. I'm trying to imagine him here.

ANNA: His room was up in the loft.

PALE: Yeah? What'd you do, you guys eat here; you have — like — parties, that shit?

ANNA: Sometimes. When we were all home, which wasn't often enough, we'd trade around. We're all pretty good cooks. Robbie was really the best.

PALE: Robbie cook?

ANNA: He was working his way through *The Cuisine Of Southern Italy*. Cookbook... Dom... someone gave him for Christmas.

PALE: Shit. Fuckin' Christmas parties. Presents and that shit. Look out! Ribbons! I fuckin' hate that crap.

ANNA: What do you like, Pale?

PALE: Like a lot of things. You want bullshit, you want to know what turns me on?

ANNA: Nothing. That's fine. I can imagine.

PALE: Yeah, well, I don't like being imagined.