

VESNA HAUSCHILD

AEONIAN (Eternal)

#Any use or reproduction of all or any part of this text without the written permission of the author is strictly prohibited. For the author's contact please write to sigledal@gmail.com."

CHARACTERS

IMOGEN, old soul. In the latest of her previous lives she embodied painter Dalí's mother. In the play it embodies a fetus in Mistral's uterus and is later on born as a daughter of Warren and Mistral.

WARREN, younger soul. In the play it embodies Warren, who is studying to be an architect and is in a long-term relationship with Mistral. In previous life, he was painter Dalí (Salvador Domingo Felipe Jacinto Dalí Domènech) and Imogen was his mother who died of breast cancer when he was 16 years old.

MISTRAL, very young soul. In the play it embodies Mistral. She is a professional dancer.

DIALOGUE CODES:

/ means that two characters speak simultaneously

- means that a character's line is disturbed by another character's line

CAPITAL LETTERS within lines suggest emotional burst-outs; loss-control.

-

!

? represent character's emotional response without the usage of words. Open for interpretation.

PROLOGUE**SCENE 1: HORIZON**

London, today.

MUSIC: ANTIGONA 2

IMOGEN is walking about in the auditorium.

IMOGEN: Hallo. Haben Sie meinen Sohn gesehen?¹

IMOGEN: Hijo? I can feel you're close. Hijo?²

IMOGEN: Wow, you can see me? Perfect! You see, I'm looking for my son. Ever since I died, back in 1920 I've been wandering about in space ... sometimes I meet some old friends, some old souls from my many many lifetimes. Anyways, better get back to it ... Salvador? Salvador!?

Addresses a random woman in the audience (as if she is a witch from the 16th century in Germany)

IMOGEN: Kriemhilde! Wow! It really is you!Wie geht's?³ Whazzup? Oh, sorry for the other day. Well ... it's been years, you look great, tho! I mean, what woman would stand peacefully and watch her man getting seduced by another lady?! We can smell each other, can't we? You really put his heart on fire there. And then I put you on fire, heheheh. Took quite a long time for you to burn. All that rain. Well, that was't my fault. I could never influence the weather. You could, tho: all those floods you brought upon us ... See, I know that you had nothing to do with the bad farming season, really, ddddah, but I had to say something, and that was the easiest. I know you're no real witch. But something had to be done. No scars, I see. Isn't that great, you swapped the skin, new body, new life. Arm oder reich, macht der Tod uns alle gleich.⁴ Anyways, gotta run, hon. Have fun.

IMOGEN addresses a man from the audience, seeing him as if she's a male dog, addressing his owner.

IMOGEN: Mmmm... Still smelling nice. So, how did it go without me? You got along nicely, a? I bet Ada was happy. I see you still have some hair left (don't have much hair left).Grrreat! I still don't get it. I never pissed on your shoes, I never snatched food from the table. Ok...once! Once! 10 years with you... Did it ever cross your mind that maybe it wasn't my fault? I'd put my tail on fire for you. And you? You kicked me out! Well, I know. I bit your precious Ada. Guilty as barked. But it wasn't my fault.Nnnno, no! Always pulling my hair, dressing me up... Those terrible baths she used to make me take. M, mmm, m... I just couldn't take it anymore. I was her living toy.

Imogen goes to the stage aka Mistral's and Warren's flat. Music continues. Light change.

¹Have you seen my son? german

²Son, son, spanish

³How are you? german

⁴Rich of poor, death evens all, german

WELCOME TO THE REAL LIFE**SCENE 2.**MUSIC: ANTIGONA 2 (continued)

Living room. IMOGEN enters. She walks about, curiously looking around.

WARREN enters, carrying a notebook and some books about painting and architecture. He bumps into Imogen briefly on the way, he doesn't see her and he doesn't seem to feel this. Imogen turns around and looks at him, surprised by his ignorance. Warren studies the book about Miro's paintings. Imogen is monitoring him carefully.

IMOGEN: Salvador? Mi hijo?! Mi sol! Finalmente, te he encontrado!

Warren is busy studying. For a moment, he looks right through her.

Warren continues to study. Imogen checks his book.

IMOGEN: Miro?! What has gotten into you? We all knew you'll outshine him, I don't know why you're still obsessed with him. *(beat)* Domingo Felipe Jacinto! *(beat)* Who persuaded your father to pay for drawing school, who bought you scratch books and pencils and cigarettes? *(beat)* Dalí, listen to me!

MISTRAL enters, wearing sporty stuff (just came home from training).

MISTRAL: Hoooooneeeey! I smashed it! I got in!

Mistral scares Imogen on her way to hug Warren. Mistral doesn't see her and doesn't seem to feel her. Imogen realizes once more that she can't be seen. She's thinking of ways to make herself acknowledged while observing Mistral, who is now all over Warren.

WARREN: That's great, hon.

MISTRAL: Hell, I still can't believe it. Out of hundreds! It's gonna be A-W-E-S-O-M-E, I've never been on the cruise, the director is amazing, like best production ever! We're doing Kopenhagen-

WARREN: *(corrects her way of pronunciation)* Kopenhagen

MISTRAL: Barcelona, Santorini, Rome, Madrid, then Rejkjavik!

WARREN: We'll celebrate next week. Right after my graduation.

Warren kisses her, then gently pushes her away and goes back to studying. Mistral is trying desperately to get his attention.

MISTRAL: Warren!?!

IMOGEN: Warren? That is your name now?! *(beat)* Time flies, people change, souls remain the same.

Mistral is persuasive and very sexy, so Warren can't neglect her for long. He gives in; they make out passionately. Imogen, insulted and confused, steps away. She notices the books on the floor. She points at a DVD of Romeo and Juliet.

IMOGEN: Oh, Shaky. Romeo. He was afraid of heights, he'd never in his dreams climb up that balcony. His mother, such a lovely lady, oh, it pained me to see what he's done. To die for "the woman you love", to make your mother sick to death! L'uscita? La via del ritorno!⁵

Mistral is still kissing Warren all over. He attempts to push her off gently and glimpses at his studies which makes Imogen smile contently.

WARREN: Missy, come on, I have to finish this.

IMOGEN: You tell her, my boy.

MISTRAL: How much more?

WARREN: Erm ... Forty-eight hours?

Mistral checks out his watch.

MISTRAL: Forty. Or your exam is in the middle of the night?!

IMOGEN: What exam? You don't want to be a painter anymore?

WARREN: No.

Warren returns to the book of Surrealists. He views it carefully, page by page. He stops at a painting called A persistence of memory. He pins the picture on the wall. Imogen comes closer.

IMOGEN: Oh, *La persistencia de la memoria*. *(beat)* *The persistence of memory!* My favourite! It's about me. It is, isn't it? You can tell me. Your mother knows. Such a shame, left on your own at only 16!!! The same breasts that fed you, poisoned me. No wonder you had problems. Pain makes a painter. Lo siento mucho! (But, don't you worry, my hijo!⁶ Your mama is back. Dejame estar contigo.⁷)

Imogen touches Warren and he turns around, expecting to see Mistral behind him. Mistral is on the couch, sleeping.

IMOGEN: Okay, okay, you study now. Good boy.

Black out.

⁵ Exit? Way back, italian.

⁶ My son, spanish.

⁷ I am very sorry. Let me be with you. Spanish

SCENE 3

A week later. Mistral and Warren walk towards their sofa, drinking, glued together in passionate grabbing and kissing. Imogen is relaxing on the sofa.

MISTRAL: Put it in!

WARREN: *(slightly embarrassed)* Sssshhhhhh.

IMOGEN: IMOGEN: Honey, I don't know how you've been raised, but this ... this is not the way to talk to a man. *(addresses a female member of the audience)* Hey, Cleopatra, you didn't throw yourself at Anthony, did you? *(addresses a member of the audience)* Radha never chased Krishna, right?*(to Mistral)* Did you even read Snow white? Hunters and all.

Mistral kisses Warren.

WARREN: Are you sure you want to do this now?

MISTRAL: You graduate- we celebrate! BANG, BANG.

Mistral "attacks" him passionately again.

MISTRAL: Don't you want me?

WARREN: Ofcourse I do. *(takes the drink away)* Tomorrow.

MISTRAL: Take me!

WARREN: But I want *all* of you -

MISTRAL: Am I hot or not?!

WARREN: It's not just your body I care about-

Mistral shuts his mouth with a passionate kiss. Imogen moves a bit further away again and views this with clear disapproval.

MISTRAL: Tear it off! Just tear it off!!!

WARREN: Wait ...

MISTRAL: *(Takes his shows off)* Leave your socks on! LET'S DO IT!

IMOGEN: *(behind the sofa)* She's no Marilyn that's for sure.

WARREN: Oh, Missy!

Giggles, cuddles, exclaims and kisses. Mistral sits on top of him.

MISTRAL: Do you have any-

WARREN: Candles?

MISTRAL: Condoms, silly!

WARREN: Oh, OH! Yes, yes, heheh. Trousers ...

Mistral reaches for the pants. She checks the left pocket first.

WARREN: The other one!

Mistral checks the right pocket.

MISTRAL: Damn it, Warren?!

Warren nervously checks all the pockets again. He finds a condom, eventually.

WARREN: Voila!

MISTRAL: Tear it, just tear it!

Mistral impatiently grabs the condom wrap with her teeth (she could break it!).

WARREN: Careful!

IMOGEN: 'You sure you want *that* near your penis, dear?

Mistral is doing impressive things with the condom wrap.

WARREN: You've been practising?

Mistral tears the condom wrap and 'sucks' the condom out.

MISTRAL: Bananas, cucumbers, lemons ...It's been 2 months!

WARREN: Lemons?!

Mistral jumps on Warren. They are getting down with the foreplay.

MISTRAL: Yeah, yeah, oh yeah-

WARREN: Hey?

MISTRAL: Ah?

WARREN: Missy ...

MISTRAL: AH?

WARREN: Slow down ...

MISTRAL: Why!

WARREN: I love you.

Mistral doesn't react.

WARREN: Mistral?

Mistral is occupied carressing him.

WARREN: I love you.

IMOGEN: *(from behind the sofa)* I love you!

MISTRAL: I love you, can't you feel it? ... Now give it to me!

Tango as sex.

MUSIC: PROMETIAMOS

Mistral and Warren collapse on the sofa.

MISTRAL: Ohhhh, wow!

WARREN: Mmmmm. Come here.

Warren kisses and caresses her.

MISTRAL: More!

WARREN: NOW?

MISTRAL: *(sings, drunken mood)* Lay me down tonight ...

WARREN: Give me a minute here.

MISTRAL: I gave you two months!

WARREN: ... Erm ... Well -

Mistral is fishing a condom under her dress (to take it off).

MISTRAL: Fuck!

WARREN: Yes, yes, we will ... *fuck*.

MISTRAL: No – SHIT! It broke! THE CONDOM BROKE.

IMOGEN: REALLY?! / WARREN: Really?

MISTRAL: There's nothing in it ... Unless you *faked* it?! DID YOU FAKE IT?

WARREN: ?

MISTRAL: Where did you get it from?

WARREN: Ebay.

MISTRAL: No wonder.

WARREN: (*deeply touched*) You might be a mommy?

IMOGEN: Bingo! Here I come, Domingo.

Awkward silence between Mistral and Warren.

IMOGEN: (*sings*) What a joy, what a joy, what a joy!

MISTRAL: NO. NO. NO.

IMOGEN: There must be some sort of God, although I never met him, (*runs to Warren and kneels at the sofa*) oh, honey, this is it, this is our chance!

Imogen pets Mistral.

IMOGEN. Thank you, sweetie! You aren't as useless as you look.

Warren hugs Mistral very tightly. Imogen moves away.

WARREN: Come here, calm down ... There you go ... my Missy.

IMOGEN: See you soon, my sun (*sends a kiss via air*). Nine months to go.

Black out.

SCENE 4

The morning after. Mistral is resting in Warren's lab on the sofa. Imogen is sitting next to them, holding her leg.

WARREN: (*reading from anti-baby pills pack*) You shouldn't vomit for two hours at least two hours ...

Mistral suddenly jumps up, runs through the stage and vanishes behind the doors (bathroom). Imogen follows curiously, but doesn't enter the bathroom. There is a sound of vomiting.

MISTRAL: (*off*) How long has it been?

WARREN: You took it at half nine.

MISTRAL: *(off)* Fuck! Only an hour?!

Mistral peeks out onto the stage.

MISTRAL: 'Got any cash on you?

Warren is nervously checking his wallet.

WARREN: ... I guess.

MISTRAL: Well, go, buy another!

Mistral vanishes into the bathroom. We hear her vomiting again.

IMOGEN: Gosh. Just like Marie Antoinette!

Mistral peeks out, Warren is still there.

MISTRAL: What are you waiting for?!?

IMOGEN: *(to Warren)* Honey. Don't waste money on things you don't need.

WARREN: Erm ... Wouldn't they only give it to a woman or something?

MISTRAL: Tell them it's urgent! Tell them I had one just in case, maybe they-

WARREN: You really planned all this.

MISTRAL: What?! I planned to be prepared that's all.

WARREN: Right.

MISTRAL: Just ... Just tell them that it didn't work and that I desperately need another. Make them sell it or fucking steal it OR MY LIFE IS OVER.

WARREN: We'll be fine.

MISTRAL: You're wasting time!

WARREN: *(tying shoe laces)* Well - what – how do I say ... What kind?

MISTRAL: The same kind, Jesus, Warren, how many *morning after pills* you think there are!

Warren is on the way out, Imogen follows him up to the doors and mirrors his gestures.

IMOGEN: There is no pill in the world to cure love.

Black out.

MUSIC: UIVO 1

SCENE 5

MUSIC: UIVO 1 continues

Evening on the same day. The club. Loud electronic music. Mistral and Warren are dancing. Mistral fetches herself a beer. Imogen is jumping/shaking on the bench.

IMOGEN: Don't make me drink this, please. It smells like cabbage and dirty feet!

WARREN: Don't you think you should wait ... ?

Warren catches Mistral's hand, trying to take the beer away.

MISTRAL: For what!

WARREN: You've been sick all day ...

MISTRAL: I took TWO fucking pills. They must have done some justice!

Mistral takes a sip of beer again. Imogen is struggling.

WARREN: Just out of respect-

Warren takes the beer can away. Imogen now feels better again.

MISTRAL: It's *my* bloody body! I will respect it just the way I want.

IMOGEN: It's my body too.

Mistral reaches for beer again.

WARREN: Missy ...

Warren kisses Mistral to prevent her from drinking.

WARREN: Please. For me?

MISTRAL: Oh, okay, OKAY.

WARREN: That's my Missy. Gimme me some of that lip balm.

They kiss gently and hug. They remain hugged. Imogen is feeling okay again. LIGHTS DIM.

SCENE 6

LIGHTS DIM. Late night on the same day. Living room, they all lay on the sofa, Imogen in between, and straighten their legs as in the bed. Mistral applies a lip balm on her lips - her daily bedtime ritual.

WARREN: Me too.

Mistral applies the same lip balm on Warren's lips.

They kiss.

WARREN/MISTRAL: Good night.

They fall asleep.

IMOGEN: *(to Warren, touching his arm and resting her other arm on Mistral's leg)* Your heart and my heart are very old friends⁸.

Warren and Mistral remain sleeping.

IMOGEN: I didn't take care of you when you were 17. But I will take care of you when you are 70. I promise.

Imogen looks at Mistral.

IMOGEN: Only love.

Black out.

SCENE 7

IMOGEN: Eight months to go.

Few weeks later. Living room. Warren is drawing a plan for their future house. Imogen is on the sofa, watching him. Mistral is practicing her dance moves, it is clear that she is very talented.

WARREN: Bay windows or square windows?

IMOGEN: Where is my room?

MISTRAL: Bay. Your folks are gonna pay.

Mistral is aggressively jumping in the air by the bench, like she's trying to hurt the stomach with her knees.

WARREN: I'd rather clean windows than ask my father for anything!

MISTRAL: Your mom is a strong woman.

IMOGEN: Indeed.

WARREN: She's too nice to him. Cheating piece of shit.

MISTRAL: He gave me you.

IMOGEN: True.

⁸Hafis

Warren goes back to drawing. Suddenly, she hits her stomach. It looks quite harsh too. Imogen feels pain and slides from top of sofa to the sofa and then onto the floor.

Mistral suddenly presents her belly to Warren.

MISTRAL: KICK ME.

WARREN: I'm sorry?

MISTRAL: Kick me hard!

WARREN: You're crazy.

MISTRAL: Fine, I'll go to the clinic then.

WARREN: -

MISTRAL: What??? It's not a *person* yet.

IMOGEN: I am.

WARREN: Because you can't see it?! (*beat*) Please, Mistral ... I though- We agreed. Don't do this to us.

MISTRAL: I'm not ready!

IMOGEN: I am ready.

WARREN: I know ... But, hey, that's life. We learn as we go along-

MISTRAL: My learning's done. I want to live.

WARREN: We learn as we go along, we screw up as we go along. Can't you see: I'm ready to screw up with you.

MISTRAL: I want you. But I also want the cruise gig! How can I dance if I look like a whale?!

WARREN: It's only nine months.

MISTRAL: So many girls out there, younger, better. Everything will freeze for me, can't you see!

WARREN: Beyoncé had a child.

MISTRAL: She's a singer!

IMOGEN: (*on sofa*) Cyd Charisse – two, Adele Mara – three. Ada Cornaro, you must remember her! ... No, no, she didn't have kids, she only married that bloke, what was his name? Oh, I must be getting old ...

WARREN: That's the most you can ever give me. A family.

IMOGEN: Only love.

MISTRAL: Oh, honey ... I love you. Isn't that enough? Aren't *we* enough?

WARREN: It's a miracle. *Our* miracle.

MISTRAL: Practice practise practise practise, passion, practice, practice, practice – progression!

WARREN: There's more to life than-

MISTRAL: I want to be a dancer. That's what I want.

WARREN: Everything will work out/We'll be fine.

MISTRAL: How can you be so sure!

WARREN: Trust.

MISTRAL: -

WARREN: (*hugs her from behind, sitting/laying on sofa's top*) You'll be a great mom.

IMOGEN: I know you'll be a great dad!

WARREN: I know it. I know you.

IMOGEN: We'll see about that ...

MISTRAL: Let me sleep on it ... Okay?

Imogen exhales in excitement.

WARREN: Thank you.

LIGHTS DIM.

Mistral applies a lip balm on her lips as her daily evening ritual before she comes to bed.

WARREN: Me too.

Mistral applies a lip balm on Warren's lips. He kisses her. Imogen leans onto Warren as they fall asleep.

IMOGEN: (*to Warren, touching his arm/head*) Your heart and my heart are very old friends.

Mistral is tossing and turning.

IMOGEN: I didn't take care of you when you were 17, but I will when you are 70. I promise.

Imogen closes her eyes, then opens them. Mistral is having a nightmare.

MISTRAL: Get off! Stop biting! Sai, sai! Papa! Papa! Why is everything black? I don't like black. Não gos'to, não gos'to! TURN ON THE LIGHT. Papaaaaaa!!! Where are you?! Mãe, mãe! MOM?!! Where is everyone?!

Warren wakes up. Imogen moves to the left side top of sofa.

WARREN: Missy, calm down. Missy!

MISTRAL: Ke? Wha- what?!

WARREN: You just had a bad dream. It's ok now. It's ok. Come here.

MISTRAL: I'm all itchy.

WARREN: It's ok.

MISTRAL: What's the time?

WARREN: Come back to sleep.

MISTRAL: What happened?

WARREN: It's over now. I'm here.

Warren hugs Mistral tightly and caresses her until she drifts back to sleep. Imogen looks at them, sitting in buddha pose on left side of sofa corner.

IMOGEN: It's ok. We can do this.

Mistral wakes up, looks at Imogen. Imogen is looking straight ahead into the audience. Blackout.

SCENE 8

IMOGEN: 7 months to go.

Few days later. Living room. Afternoon. Mistral sits on the sofa. Imogen is sleeping peacefully on her lap.

MISTRAL: Do you like swimming? Wouldn't it be great if you could just swim into this world? I'll do yoga so it'll be easy for you too. Cat and cow. You'll see. You'll have all the best toys in this world. Wooden. No plastic junk. No silly telly shows. And if you are going to scream in the shop when I'll refuse to buy you a lollipop, I'll lay down next to you and scream along. You'll go to bed when you are sleepy, we won't force you to do anything you don't want to do.

IMOGEN: You can be quite nice, I guess.

MISTRAL: I'll be the best mommy in the world. And Warren will be the best daddy. He was born to be a daddy some day. Do you miss him? I miss him too. When you arrive, he'll give us more time. He promised.

CELL PHONE RINGS.

MISTRAL: Daddy's calling!

Mistral answers the call, Imogen moves to the side of the sofa.

MISTRAL: Hi, how are you? I'm ... well ... Oh, so you're taking my place? ... Congrats. How can I teach you, I can't be jumping now. I know. Yeah. No ... Other girls know it, just ask them, they'll fill you in. Oh, come on, why on earth would you fuck up?! You have plenty of time to practice. You'll do great. ... I ... I gotta go now. Bye.

Mistral stares at the void for a while, looking sad. She grabs the bag of crisps and bites in. Warren enters.

WARREN: Missy, I'm home!

MISTRAL: -

WARREN: I thought I'd cook tonight. Buckwheat pasta.

MISTRAL: -

WARREN: And that really nice sauce.

MISTRAL: -

WARREN: Just like the one your grandma used to make.

MISTRAL: Yeah, put it there.

Warren takes the crisps from her hands.

WARREN: You can't be eating that. I got you some cheese cake. Silky tofu and cocoa. Healthy, organic. Good for you.

MISTRAL: Good for me. Right.

WARREN: Okay, what's the matter?

MISTRAL: Nothing.

WARREN: Come on, Missy, tell me ...

MISTRAL: !

WARREN: Something's wrong.

MISTRAL: EVERYTHING!

WARREN: Can you be more specific?

MISTRAL: -

WARREN: I really don't- Come on, babe.

MISTRAL: Am I *your babe*?

WARREN: You know you are.

MISTRAL: Are you sure?

WARREN: I'm sure.

MISTRAL: I'm not.

WARREN: ?

MISTRAL: Should I dye my hair?

WARREN: You're perfect as you are.

MISTRAL: You like cocoa, no?

WARREN: Yes, I like cocoa ... what's- What's going on?

MISTRAL: (*stands up, angry*) It wasn't just once. It was three times!

WARREN: What what was?

MISTRAL: I can feel her! I feel her all the time. She's got this wavy cocoa hair and a strange look. She can't keep her fingers off of you ... Evil.

Imogen smiles awkwardly / evilish, looking straight ahead into the audience.

WARREN: I don't know what you're talking about.

MISTRAL: Look, if you don't want to be with me just tell me. It's not too late. Only a few weeks, I can still-

Imogen follows Warren towards Mistral, shocked.

WARREN Whoa! Mistral ... Is that ... I thought-

MISTRAL: I thought *we* are enough.

WARREN: Explain what you're saying and we'll find the solution.

MISTRAL: I thought you were my solution.

WARREN: ?

MISTRAL: Cocoa!

Imogen gets scared and moves away towards the left side of sofa.

WARREN: I don't understand you.

MISTRAL: This dream!

WARREN: Come on baby, it's only a dream.

MISTRAL: It started on Monday. And then again. And again. I'm sick of it.

Mistral goes to the bathroom.

IMOGEN: *(rocking on floor by left side of sofa)* Oh, no. Only love. Only love. Only love.

Warren goes to the bathroom doors.

WARREN: Please, Missy. It's just your hormones talking. Come back. You're mine and I'm yours. All yours, ok? *Mistral comes back.* I love you. Come here. Oh, my *(baboushka)*. I'm only yours.

Imogen hugs them both.

IMOGEN: And mine.

Blackout.

SCENE 9

Late evening, few weeks later. Mistral is on the sofa. Warren is by her side, reading. Imogen is nearby on the bench, relaxing.

IMOGEN: 6 months to go.

MISTRAL: *(touches her belly)* Are you a boy or a girl? I hope you are a girl. I'll buy you those lovely fairy wings and glittery dresses.

IMOGEN: That's so last century.

MISTRAL: You'd like that, no?

IMOGEN doesn't react.

MISTRAL: Talk to me.

IMOGEN doesn't react.

MISTRAL: Bullshit.

Mistral takes a generous bite of half eaten parmigiano reggiano that she's hiding behind her back. Imogen gets ill. Once Warren notices what she's doing, he pulls the cheese away from her.

MISTRAL: Give it back!

WARREN: Nope. Sorry.

MISTRAL: GIVE ME MY PARMIGIANO REGGIANO.

WARREN: You can't eat that.

MISTRAL: Says who?!

WARREN: Everyone.

MISTRAL: Whos' everyone?!

WARREN: Me! And the doctors.

IMOGEN: Warren, do something!

WARREN: You're gonna eat healthy, didn't we decide on this?

MISTRAL: You decided for me!

WARREN: It harms the baby!

MISTRAL: I used to be able to eat whatever I wanted!

WARREN: Try the nuts.

MISTRAL: You're nuts. I'm allergic.

WARREN: Since when?

MISTRAL: Of, fuck off!

Mistral reaches out for hard cheese again.

IMOGEN: Warren (help)

WARREN: It's raw!

MISTRAL: You're raw!

IMOGEN: Time – thyme – bonfire – anger – desire – peas – peace – don't do this. *Imogen grabs Mistral's leg and holds on to it desperately.* I can either wait another century, or you can help me now.

WARREN: Miss-

MISTRAL: You really want to miss me?! THEN GIVE IT BACK.

IMOGEN: Oh, no ... Thunders – earthquakes – cocktails – shakes – no more, no more cheese, please. Please!

WARREN: Why don't you ever do what I say?

MISTRAL: You're - not – my - dad.

Warren throws the cheese on the floor. Mistral gets up and pickes it up. (She takes another bite in protest.)

MISTRAL: Yummy. This calls for a pint!

Mistral stands up to walk towards the right.

WARREN: Mistral! Don't-

Mistral stops and kicks herself in the stomach.

WARREN: Jesus, Missy-

Imogen screams.

Blackout.

WARREN: *(in the dark)* You're bleeding!

SCENE 10

MUSIC BACKGROUND: PARK - 5 MINUTES OF HD CUTE (BIRDS SINGING)

The Park. Mistral is resting in Warren's arms facing the audience with her head. Imogen is still not well, lying on the other side of his lap, mirroring Mistral. Warren touches Mistral's belly. That makes Imogen feel a bit better.

WARREN: Does it hurt?

Mistral shakes her head.

WARREN: That's my girl. You just needed some rest. You just rest. You need to know how to take time for yourself these days.

MISTRAL: Dancing made me forget about time.

WARREN: Your body won't forget.

MISTRAL: When's your boss expecting you?

WARREN: Tomorrow.

MISTRAL: Yay! Let's just stay here. We can lay on the grass all day. Just forget the world.

WARREN: We could built a little house, there, behind the pond.

MISTRAL: I'm in.

WARREN: We can have a garden too.

MISTRAL: My plants always die. Just like my plans.

WARREN: We will learn.

MISTRAL: Wooden house, that would be cute.

WARREN: It's saves energy too.

MISTRAL: Bay windows, right? And shutters?

WARREN: Sure. What colour?

MISTRAL: Pink.

WARREN: Orange?

IMOGEN: I don't care. Only see black and white.

WARREN: Blue?

MISTRAL: As long as they are not cocoa.

WARREN: Yeah. Too dark.

MISTRAL: How about white?

WARREN: Gets dirty in no time. But if that's what you like, I'll clean them for you.

MISTRAL: Would be so cute if we had pink roses too.

WARREN: Her room can be all pink if you like.

MISTRAL: How do you know it's a girl?

IMOGEN: He knows.

WARREN: Just a feeling.

MISTRAL: Oh.

WARREN: See those there?

MISTRAL: Those running screamy creatures?

WARREN: Children.

MISTRAL: So hyper. Mine's gonna be nothing like that.

WARREN: That babygirl is so cute.

MISTRAL: Since when do you care so much about looks?

WARREN: Look, she's smiling at you.

MISTRAL: No. At you.

WARREN: No, no. It's you.

MISTRAL: You think?

WARREN: Yeah. She likes you.

MISTRAL: Ah. They never liked me.

WARREN: That's just in your mind.

MISTRAL: She keeps starring.

WARREN: I told you, she does like you.

Mistral waves at the girl.

WARREN: Does it hurt?

*Mistral and Imogen shake their heads and smile contently.
Black out.*

SCENE 11

IMOGEN: Four months to go.

A few days later. Living room. Evening time. Imogen enters. Warren and Mistral enter after her, carrying an ultrasound photo.

MISTRAL: How clumsy was that nurse, right?

WARREN: She's young, come on.

MISTRAL: She was more into you than into my belly.

Mistral sits on the sofa, resting her head on Imogen who is on right top corner of the sofa. Warren is massaging Mistral's feet.

IMOGEN: You were always a good looking fella.

WARREN: She just wanted to make sure I will be there when it happens.

MISTRAL: May get nasty. I saw this documentary, (*with Imogen*) things come out-

IMOGEN: Black holes. Deep holes. Tunnels.

WARREN: I will be there.

MISTRAL: Some lose consciousness.

WARREN: I won't.

MISTRAL: She fancied you!

WARREN: Everything will be fine.

MISTRAL: That's why she didn't notice the sex at first. I mean, how stupid can you be, you don't need a college degree for that. It was pretty obvious that there is no willy hanging down there. She should change the profession!

IMOGEN: Let it go. Warren loves you, I don't have a penis and I hate cheesy stuff.

WARREN: Let's just sleep.

They are getting ready for bed. Imogen sits on the left side on top of sofa. Warren is hugging Mistral-

MISTRAL: WARREN.

WARREN: Ah?

MISTRAL: You sleeping?

WARREN: Not yet. I want to, tho.

MISTRAL: You sleep, alright, 'cos later on you won't be able to.

WARREN: Good night.

MISTRAL: Yeah, same to you.

WARREN: Say *good* night.

MISTRAL: -

WARREN: I love you.

MISTRAL: Good.

IMOGEN: I love you too.

WARREN: Night.

IMOGEN: *(like she's trying outloud an idea in her mind)* Imogen. *(Puts a hand on his head and says to Warren)* ... Imogen ...

MISTRAL: Promise me something.

WARREN: Mhm.

MISTRAL: Please. Promise me that you won't chicken out.

WARREN: I won't.

MISTRAL: I don't want to be a single parent. I don't want to end up like my mom.

WARREN: I'm not going anywhere.

MISTRAL: I feel like I'm going nowhere.

IMOGEN: Thank you.

MISTRAL: Hey?

WARREN: A?

MISTRAL: What kind of buggy shall we get? There's so many ...

WARREN: I prefer to carry her.

MISTRAL: Like your backpack?

WARREN: She's gonna be lighter than that. It's worn at the front.

MISTRAL: What if she gets seriously obese?

IMOGEN: Thank you!

WARREN: I'll feed her nothing but quinoa.

MISTRAL: What if she gets hit by a car?

WARREN: We'll only take pedestrian zones.

MISTRAL: Some people have them on a leash, like dogs.

WARREN: I'll hold her hand.

MISTRAL: What if she can't walk?

WARREN: We'll fly.

MISTRAL: Seriously, Warren, what is she gets some fucked up disease?!

WARREN: And what if she ends up all healthy and gorgeous!

IMOGEN: Thank you.

MISTRAL: Your old man never says no to a pint ...

WARREN: And your mom is insane!

MISTRAL: Exactly!

WARREN: Don't worry. Just us: she's gonna be half you, half me.

IMOGEN: We'll see.

MISTRAL: How can you be so calm about it? What if we're not good enough?!

WARREN: Oh, come on, get some sleep.

MISTRAL: I need to talk.

WARREN: Tomorrow.

MISTRAL: Warren? Are you asleep?

WARREN: I have an early meeting. I want to be.

MISTRAL: Fine. Do that. Sleep. Later on you won't.

Warren turns around and falls asleep in a second. Mistral is tossing and turning, finally she manages to fall asleep. Imogen turns to Warren and touches his head, sitting in a buddha pose on left top corner of the sofa.

IMOGEN: I-mo-gen ... I – mo – gen ...

Warren suddenly awakens and gently shakes Mistral.

WARREN: Imogen. Honey! I know! Let's call her Imogen!

Mistral moans something, half-asleep.

WARREN: Missy? Imogen. What do you say?

MISTRAL: I've heard this before ...

WARREN: I can't get it off my mind.

MISTRAL: Oh, I know: We had an Imogen in class, she smelled like fish container ... I'm gonna call her Nada⁹.

WARREN: It's our little girl, not nothing!

IMOGEN: You tell her, my boy.

WARREN: Imogen.

MISTRAL: Fine, let it be then.

Imogen claps in excitement (=kick) and moves to the right top corner of the sofa.

MISTRAL: What was that?

WARREN: I'm sure it's nothing. Sleep.

MISTRAL: ... I think ... She kicked!

WARREN: Oh! Really, now? Wow.

Warren awakens and puts his ear on Mistral's belly.

WARREN: I can't hear anything.

MISTRAL: There's nothing to hear. You need to feel it ... wait ...

Imogen puts her hand of their hand on Mistral's belly (=kicks again, happily).

WARREN: Wow. Does it hurt?

MISTRAL: Na-a. Since you're awake now ...

Mistral climbs on top of Warren and kisses him passionately.

⁹Nothing, Spanish / Hope, Bosnian

MISTRAL: Hello, sexy daddy ...

WARREN: ... Tomorrow.

MISTRAL: Grandpa. You need to become a father first.

IMOGEN: Let him sleep.

Black out.

SCENE 12

Living room. Next day. Evening. Mistral sits on the sofa, caressing her belly, Imogen is resting in embryo pose and follows her gestures with her fingers – they play, but never actually touch.

MISTRAL: *(sings; first few lines in Portugese, then English)*

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

Mistral moans the next two lines of the song/IMOGEN: (sings) Two months to go.

MISTRAL: Can you hear me?

IMOGEN: I could hear you from the start. *(beat)* Can you hear *me*...?

Mistral doesn't react. Imogen kicks (tickles her belly). Mistral doesn't react.

IMOGEN: Sister, mistress, brother, daughter, bird, monkey, father, mother. We are many things. Slowly, *(Imogen makes an infinity sign with her fingers and pokes Mistral's belly (= kicks again)* you will see.

Mistral doesn't react, so Imogen kicks harder (pokes the belly with both hands).

MISTRAL: Girl, you listen to me: if you love your mama, leave her stomach alone!

IMOGEN: Girl?! Honey, I'm way older than you.

Imogen kicks again (punches the belly). There is some serious anger to it.

MISTRAL: STOP IT!

IMOGEN: *(Places a hand on her belly)* Promise to love Warren forever? In sickness and in health? In good and in the bed? Till death do *us* (all) part?

Mistral doesn't answer. Imogen kicks again, very strongly.

MISTRAL: STOP PUNCHING this minute or I'll give you up for adoption!

IMOGEN: I'm not yours to give.

MISTRAL: (*grabs her belly strong and harsh*) Here, how do you like that, eh?!

Imogen shrinks in pain.

MISTRAL: WHO ASKED YOU TO COME ANYWAY.

IMOGEN: Ohhh. You think the only way to reach someone is by hurting them.

Warren enters.

WARREN: Missy! What's wrong?

MISTRAL: What were we thinking?! I can NOT do this- it's just- it's massive, look at me, I'm massive, how are we gonna - I don't, I can't-

WARREN: Breathe ... Just breathe-

MISTRAL: Yeah, come to the birth class with me, so I can breathe!

Mistral relaxes for a bit in Warren's arms. Then, Imogen glimpses at her wickedly and kicks strongly again (places one hand on her belly and slaps the other onto it).

MISTRAL: Fuckin' hell, not again!

WARREN: Poor baby.

IMOGEN: Which one?

MISTRAL: STOP IT, PLEASE.

IMOGEN: Boo-hooo, what 'you gonna do?! Abort me? Bit late for that. There's nothing you can do except – (*takes a stylised bow*) ACCEPT ME.

WARREN: I bet you, she won't last a fortnight, it's all getting too tight.

MISTRAL: *I won't last a fortnight!*

IMOGEN: (*Sits on right top corner of the sofa*) Sorry, I should have known better. I know it sucks. But nowadays, they can just suck the baby out, so don't worry. We'll soon be out of this. It's only a short tunnel. I've been through worse. ... Only love.

Black out.

SCENE 13

IMOGEN: Two weeks to go.

Living room. Evening. Mistral is on the sofa, Imogen very close to her, stretching her legs onto Mistrals and making her feel very uncomfortable. Warren enters, exhausted. He throws his scratch book and backpack on the floor, pets Mistral's hair and crushes onto the sofa.

MISTRAL: You never hold me anymore! You never ask for lip balm.

WARREN: -

MISTRAL: You never hear me.

IMOGEN: We hear you.

WARREN: Sorry, I'm tired.

MISTRAL: Stop working!

WARREN: Stop being selfish.

MISTRAL: !

WARREN: We want to have a life at some point, right?

MISTRAL: We'll have *a life*, mister PhD wannabe!

WARREN: ?

MISTRAL: *YOU* wanted this life. You wanted this life and now you're not in it. And *that* life is about to come out and my life will finish. Wait, great: I can finally stop thinking about myself.

IMOGEN: *Only love.*

WARREN: Just this project, then *I* will stay with the baby, okay. They promised me a position. Just bring her to me, then, I promise, you'll be off the hook. I'll clean, I'll cook ... when you're back from training, you'll sing to her and then, when you both go to bed, I can study my book.

MISTRAL: See, it always comes down to your book. YOUR BOOK. YOUR STUDIES. YOUR JOB. WHAT ABOUT ME?! My career's finished. So I want at least *you*. I don't *need* miracles! I don't need another love proof! 'Don't even care for a ring.

IMOGEN: Relax. I'm not gonna steal anything from you.

MISTRAL: It's like you're not here, really. Worse than my dad. You're leaving me every single day. It might have been easier if you just left me once.

IMOGEN: OH, NO! Only love. Don't do this. Please. Only love. Only love. Only love.

WARREN: Don't say that. Stop scaring me.

MISTRAL: You think I'm not scared? There is this ... giraffe growing inside of me, slapping me, kicking and punching ALL THE TIME, as if she wants to take over my body. She's now the one training and I'm stuck here all paralised! *(beat)* Should have gotten rid of her while I could.

WARREN: How can you say that.

MISTRAL: We're fucked. I don't even know who I am anymore, it's just soooo weird and so hard *(beat)* and so fucking itchy! I'm ALL itchy! Where the hell is my Hello Kitty? The blanket!!! I'm starving! *(beat)* Is it just me or is it sauna in here?! Everything's gone mad!

Warren is searching for the things she needs, finally bringing her food.

MISTRAL: No! I just want to sleep, you know, *just sleep.* *(beat)* 'You seen my lip balm?! SOUNDS LIKE "LIP BOUM" *(beat)* God, I hate this elastic!

WARREN: Decide what you want. *(Toucher her face)* Hey. Look at me. Things will settle down.

Mistral makes an attempt to stand up.

MISTRAL: Settle down? SETTLE DOWN?! Of course, they are already down and they will settle down and stay down, they will stay down forever, because I CAN NOT even stand up. And you - you never hold me anymore.

Warren tries to give Mistral a hand, but she proudly pushes it away and eventually manages to make a slow move. Imogen has to follow despite her will, holding her by scarf.

WARREN: Missy ...

IMOGEN: You know that feeling when you get real hot just before you freeze to death?!

WARREN: Missy? Come on-

MISTRAL: FUCK OFF!

Mistral is headed towards the doors, she moves as fast as she can.

MISTRAL: *(breathing heavily)* SAY IT, JUST SAY IT!

WARREN: What's safe to say.

MISTRAL: NASTY BITCH, she nags me day and night while I work my ass off, trying to provide. *(beat)* You're thinking I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE. Isn't it? ISN'T IT?! *(beat)* You know what? Don't do it. Go, bye bye, JUST GO.

WARREN: ! I'm not your dad.

MISTRAL: JUST GO.

Warren turns away. Imogen ties Mistral's scarf around her neck.

IMOGEN: Warren, no!

Warren pulls out a backpack.

MISTRAL: *(breathing heavily)* That's right!

Mistral throws his scratch book at him.

MISTRAL: Don't forget this! Easy to paint floating castles, to draw houses on the soft green grass, with pink shutters and all. *(beat)* Have you opened the windows? Have you bothered to look inside? WHAT'S BEHIND THOSE SHUTTERS, EH?!

Warren packs a few things into the backpack.

MISTRAL: Look at me! Not so easy to paint a *happy family*, ah? My team is going on a cruise, and I'm cruising from sofa to bed. *(Points at her belly)* SEE, SEE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO ME.

Imogen physically can't leave Mistral, but follows Warren with her eyes.

IMOGEN: Don't go! /MISTRAL: *(breathing even more heavily)* Just go!

Imogen is panicking, Warren puts the rucksack on. It looks like he's about to leave.

MISTRAL: Where are you going!

WARREN: You told me to go, so -

MISTRAL: Oh no.

WARREN: Make up your mind!

Warren heads towards the doors.

IMOGEN: It's now or never!

Imogen drums on Mistral's belly dramatically (=contraction).

IMOGEN: Soon, my sun.

Warren exits.

Imogen is poking /grabbingMistral's belly repetitiously.

MISTRAL: WAAAREEEEEEEEN! / IMOGEN: WAAAAAREEEEEEEEN!

Warren rushes back in. Imogen pokes Mistral's belly again. Mistral's water breaks.

MISTRAL: War-war-war-

WARREN: Breathe! I'm here.

MISTRAL: Should have got that bloody driving licence! Get a cab.

WARREN: I'm calling the ambulance.

MISTRAL: They take forever!

WARREN: I can't carry you, can I? Sit down and breathe.

IMOGEN / MISTRAL both open mouths as if they are screaming terribly.

MISTRAL: Don't leave me.

WARREN: Where's the bloody phone? Hang in there!

MISTRAL: YOU LISTEN TO ME: I WANT NO DRUGS. Understood?

WARREN: No drugs.

MISTRAL: I WILL OPEN on my own terms.

WARREN: Your terms. Just breathe.

MISTRAL: No, Warren, put me down.

WARREN: OK, OK.

MISTRAL: DON'T LET THEM CUT ME.

WARREN: OK.

MISTRAL: I WANT NO PILLS.

IMOGEN: There's no pill in the world to cure fear ... here we go ...

Imogen puts her tube costume around Mistral's belly; IMOGEN / MISTRAL both open mouths as if they are screaming terribly.

WARREN: Lay down, cat and cow.

MISTRAL: HOW?!

WARREN: OK, OK.

IMOGEN / MISTRAL both open mouths as if they are screaming terribly.

WARREN: Breathe in, breathe out.

MISTRAL: Help me up!

WARREN: You're doing great-

IMOGEN / MISTRAL both open mouths as if they are screaming terribly.

WARREN: Concentrate on me, that's it. You can do it.

IMOGEN: I have to.

WARREN: Fuck it. PUSH. PUSH HARD FOR ME.

IMOGEN pokes Mistral's belly and Mistral screams out a long animalistic silent sound.

WARREN: Mistral? Mistral! Look at me! Missy? Go. PUUUUUSH!

Mistral opens mouth as in screams in terrible pain as she pushes. Imogen climps below Mistral's leg and takes off her tube costume = she is born.

MUSIC: STRNIŠA 2

Imogen smiles at Warren, who is on the right side next to her, with all her heart and all her teeth. They lock eyes at each other. It's unconditional love.

Mistral is exhausted.

Mistral finally opens her eyes.

MISTRAL: *(with little strength)* She- Why- why's... no cry ...

Warren is still engaged in the moment of bonding with Imogen, therefore he doesn't hear Mistral.

MISTRAL: War- Waren?!

Black out. MUSIC CONTINUES.

EPILOGUE

SCENE 14: THE CIRCLE OF LIFE

MUSIC: STRNIŠA 2.

Thirty years later. Graveyard. One month after Warren's death. Mistral is looking at his grave and weeping.

MISTRAL: Oh, Warren. You never hold me anymore. You never ask for lip balm.

Mistral pulls a lip balm out of her purse.

MISTRAL: They are still making it. Funny, eh?

Warren – now as a soul - enters. He is not embodied yet. He walks about amongst the audience. He has this funny, "non-earthly" way of moving.

WARREN: Time flies, people change, lip balms stay the same.

Mistral is weeping. Warren walks about nervously.

MISTRAL: Warren ...

Warren makes his way to the stage, stands close to the doors.

Imogen enters, carrying flowers. She is now a 30-year-old woman.

MISTRAL: *(weeping on the floor)* YOU NEVER HOLD ME ANYMORE.

Imogen stops behind Mistral.

IMOGEN: Daddy loved you, Mistral. *(Mistral stands up.)* Why are you such a bitch?! No wonder daddy had a stroke, who could bear all that bitching day after day after day. *(beat)* Choose your love, love your choice.

MISTRAL: *(looking ahead, confused, as if she's talking to herself)* I'm not sure. It was. *My* choice.

IMOGEN: Why did you bother having me then?

MISTRAL: -

IMOGEN: Mother!

MISTRAL: Warren- Daddy wanted you. More. Then me. And I wanted him, so.

IMOGEN: !

MISTRAL: Alright, I though of ...I already booked the date and all ... but *he*. I just. Couldn't.

IMOGEN: I KNEW IT.

MISTRAL: I'm sorry.

IMOGEN: It should have been you to go first. It should have been you!

MISTRAL: Please. You think this is easy for me? You are not the only one, you know.

Mistral makes a step towards Imogen. Imogen moves away.

IMOGEN: It's too late, mother.

MISTRAL: How can you say that.

IMOGEN: For some things-

MISTRAL: We're still here.

IMOGEN: All three of us.

MISTRAL: You think he's watching down on us?

IMOGEN: Who knows.

Warren moves closer to Mistral.

MISTRAL: I can feel him. Don't say I'm crazy.

IMOGEN: I'm pregnant.

MISTRAL: You are?! I had no idea.

MISTRAL: You never talk to me. Please, talk to me.

IMOGEN: *(to herself)* What's safe to say.

WARREN: Only love.

Mistral wants to hug Imogen, but she takes a step back and gestures her no.

MISTRAL: Imogen?

Mistral follows her. She's pulling away.

MISTRAL: Imogen? Why don't you stay for a while. Why don't we go get some tea?

IMOGEN: ?

MISTRAL: You're just like your father! His favourite word was tomorrow.

Warren looks down.

IMOGEN: !

MISTRAL: Sorry. It's just – I'm so happy for you two.

IMOGEN: Oh, mother ...

MISTRAL: So, when- When can I see you?

IMOGEN: Another time.

Imogen turns to leave.

MISTRAL: Next week, perhaps?

IMOGEN: Next ... I- I have to go.

Warren approaches Mistral, but then turns to Imogen and they are on the way to exit together.

Mistral stays on the stage alone.

Black out.

The end