

# ***Vin Rouge***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

<u>COSMO</u> :	21
<u>RIANNA</u> :	21
<u>TILDA</u> :	22
<u>WAITER</u> :	50 's

Place  
Cafe

Time  
Night

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside a neon colored Parisian styled cafe.

At Rise: The play opens with Cosmo and Rianna, two poets sitting across from one another in a booth. There are empty shot glasses and espresso glasses scattered about the table.

COSMO: I will give you the time.

RIANNA: Why? Why is that so easy for you?

COSMO: You asked me and I am supporting you.

RIANNA: Too easily, no?

COSMO: Would you rather I argue with you?

RIANNA: Show some interest.

COSMO: You have my full interest.

RIANNA: You're a false prophet.

COSMO: Why would you call me that?

RIANNA: I can't trust a man who is willing to allow his woman to leave...

COSMO: Isn't that what you desire?

RIANNA: Yes.

COSMO: So why complain?

RIANNA: Because I want to fight!

COSMO: I don't want to fight. I'm tired of fighting.

RIANNA: I don't care!

COSMO: Stop shouting.

RIANNA: I don't give a fuck, let them hear!

COSMO: ...Then scream your head off until it explodes.

*RIANNA begins to sulk as Cosmo tries to ignore her.*

COSMO: *(lights a cigarette)*

RIANNA: *(crying)*

COSMO: I want to die.

RIANNA: Stop it.

COSMO: I am serious. I have thought everything through. Nothing makes sense to me. This world is an absolute disaster. I am lost. You are crazy. I want to die. I am trying to figure out how I am

COSMO (*cont'd*): to do it. Maybe you can help me.

*Rianna gets up and slaps Cosmo repeatedly in the shoulder. Then she sits back down.*

COSMO: I am serious.

RIANNA: So am I!

COSMO: STOP SHOUTING!!!

*(beat)*

COSMO: I cannot take the noise of your voice. I still don't understand why I haven't had an aneurism yet.

RIANNA: I want to go to America.

COSMO: No.

RIANNA: I am going to book my flight.

COSMO: Where in America?

RIANNA: New York City.

COSMO: So go.

RIANNA: You won't come?

COSMO: No.

RIANNA: *(she hits Cosmo in the shoulder)*

COSMO: I'm hungry...excusez-moi!

*Waiter hurries over.*

COSMO: I would like something to eat.

WAITER: What would you like?

COSMO: What do you have?

WAITER: We have an entire menu.

COSMO: What do you recommend?

WAITER: What are you in the mood for?

COSMO: Food.

WAITER: We have oysters.

COSMO: More oysters?

WAITER: Yes.

COSMO: Can I have a bowl of your finest oysters?

*Waiter leaves.*

RIANNA: I am so fat.

COSMO: You look incredible.

RIANNA: I'm all whale blubber.

COSMO: You are a spectacular vision.

RIANNA: Where do you think Tilda went?

COSMO: She went to get some money.

*Waiter appears with a plate of oysters  
and leaves.*

COSMO (to Rianna): Have an oyster.

RIANNA: *(eats an oyster)*

COSMO: *(eats an oyster)* These are tasty oysters.

RIANNA: How long before Tilda comes back?

COSMO: She should be done soon. Want me to check?

RIANNA: *(nods)*

*Cosmo goes to a door in the back of the  
cafe and opens it. He looks and closes  
it.*

*Cosmo sits back down.*

COSMO: Soon.

RIANNA: Why don't you do something?

COSMO: Like what?

RIANNA: Something. You're a lazy bastard Cosmo.

COSMO: What am I supposed to do?

RIANNA: Anything!

COSMO: Why do you keep bringing that up? I like my life the way it is. It's plain. Colorless. I can't take too much color...yellows and blues. The intensity will blast out my eardrums. I like to sit in purple. Why can't I watch a snail on a windowsill all day long? Why can't I count how many dung eaters exist on a ball of manure? You expect me to shout. To comb my hair. Wash my feet. Dance the tango. I look at you and I see a woman. A woman of the soil. Rich in nutrients. Full of lust. You make me chew my tongue with hope. Do you see? I am a lovebird. You're my keeper. Together we share a kinship Rianna. Drop me down to the ground and I will roll around in the dirt seeking knowledge...but without you, I might - *(suddenly)* Excusez-moi!!! *(beat)* *(to Waiter)* Une bouteille de vin rouge s'il te plaît. *(beat)* *(to Rianna)* I love you. I don't love you. I love you. Like rain that falls on dry sand. You can go wherever you wish. I am here if you want me and like the wind if you don't.

RIANNA: Your head looks like a grape.

COSMO: Sometimes.

RIANNA: You have an oddly shaped skull.

COSMO: Leave me alone.

RIANNA: I want to be alone. I've decided.

COSMO: Yes?

RIANNA: Alone.

COSMO: Yes.

*Cosmo gets up and opens the door  
at the back of the restaurant. He  
looks and closes it shut.*

*Cosmo sits back down in the booth.*

COSMO: She sleeps.

RIANNA: Waste.

COSMO: Yes.

RIANNA: Everyone is a waste. I am a waste, too.

COSMO: No.

RIANNA: I am nothing Cosmo.

COSMO: Perhaps.

RIANNA: It is wrong.

COSMO: It is.

RIANNA: We should go back to the den and read by the fireplace.

COSMO: Yes.

*Waiter brings two red wine glasses and places  
bottle on table.*

COSMO: (to Waiter) Merci.

*Waiter leaves.*

*Cosmo drinks. Rianna drinks.*

COSMO: We need more life.

RIANNA: That is what I've been saying to you this whole time.

COSMO: We're a pair of coconut heads.

RIANNA: All this taste inside of us.

COSMO: But it is good taste...

RIANNA: What is living life?

COSMO: Living life is how you wish to live it.

RIANNA: But none of us can.

COSMO: No?

RIANNA: Sometimes we do, other times we have restrictions.

COSMO: You think?

RIANNA: The mind is constantly changing.

COSMO: Live in the moment.

RIANNA: Maybe that is the only way.

COSMO: Each of us are different. Some need plans, arrangements,  
others need spontaneity and thoughtlessness, others need a  
combination of both.

RIANNA: What do you need?

COSMO: I don't need anything.

RIANNA: Do you really want to kill yourself?

COSMO: Not now.

RIANNA: Has it passed?

COSMO: Yes.

RIANNA: What do you want this very instant?

*Cosmo kisses Rianna. They kiss one another passionately.*

*Enter Tilda from the restaurant's backdoor.*

*She looks exhausted and sits beside Rianna. Tilda dumps cash on the table.*

TILDA: Here you go kids.

*Rianna and Cosmo each take some cash and stuff it in their pockets.*

RIANNA (to Tilda): No more.

*Tilda burps, puts her head down on the table and sleeps.*

RIANNA: She really works hard, no?

COSMO: Hardest I've ever seen.

RIANNA: Tilda!

*Tilda stirs awake and sits back up.*

RIANNA: Want some oysters?!

TILDA: (she grabs one and eats.) Mmm. I'm buying a house with a garden so I can grow old and die.

RIANNA: Can we come?

TILDA: No.

RIANNA: We're going to America.

TILDA: I'm making everything green. Even my cat. Gonna dye her green and everything I eat will be green. I am senseless. Isn't all this shit senseless?

COSMO: That's what we've been saying.

RIANNA: I don't want to feel senseless.

COSMO: But we are.

RIANNA: I don't want it.

*Tilda grabs bottle of red wine and drinks.  
She stands on top of the table still holding  
the bottle and proclaims:*

TILDA: It's time to stare our souls in the mirror,  
The skies flowing violently above us,  
Just like King Lear when he meets his hard hand,  
Stuck in your grief with no one to love us.

Your big bald crown of delusional dreams,  
Filled with tales of golden streams,  
Never again will I fall for your pleas,  
Too much of its damage was done to deny us.

Your Picassoish' eyes and protruding guts,  
Papa was a stone in the evening glow,  
Selfish men who never had much luck,  
Wipe down your hat for this evening's show.

Fading models, left when we were young,  
Never came back, left our mothers all numb,  
Forced to live in the ghost of dark streets  
Hocked their jewels to meet their means.

Beginnings expected with fighting desire,  
But bruises can plead the fifth in C minor.  
When trumpet's pride will blindly aim higher,  
Ours voices will fill the winds with soft choir.

It's time to stare our souls in the mirror,  
For time will tell when we will wither  
Crowns will fall by the will of our hands,  
Our armies will shatter by the will of demise.

*Tilda steps back down to the booth.*

*Cosmo and Rianna applaud.*

COSMO: Tastefully done.

*Rianna and Tilda kiss passionately.*

RIANNA: Beautiful, Tilda.

TILDA: A summer cottage.

RIANNA: Yes?

TILDA: We can all embody one.

COSMO: I do like where we live.

TILDA: As do I but still, one can dream a little dream.

RIANNA (*to Tilda*): We'd go anywhere with you.

*Lights out.*

**END OF PLAY**