

*Smile* by Brian E Turner © 2003

(Celia and David on stage in costume during a break in dress rehearsal of a play.)

CELIA: Smile for the dickey bird.

DAVID: Eh? Oh, cast photos.

(They smile for the photo. The photographer does not appear on stage.)

CELIA: My left profile. It's my best side.

(They smile for another photo.)

DAVID: A bit late isn't he. I don't see how they can get the publicity out at this stage.

CELIA: Publicity has gone out. These photos are for the author.

DAVID: So. What's he got to do with it?

CELIA: He only wrote the play.

DAVID: This sort of play would be better off without an author.

CELIA: The problem with you David is that you do not have sufficient depth to understand a play of this nature.

DAVID: Well if having 'depth' means understanding the avant garde I pass. I can't find my character in this mess.

CELIA: You don't own a character David, you are a character. It's only when the character owns you that you start to act.

DAVID: Pearls of wisdom Madame Lucetta. I cross your palm with silver and wait for enlightenment from within your crystal ball.

CELIA: (Gesturing about an imaginary crystal ball.) I see shards of infinity. The audience will applaud at the end of the performance. All actors will take a bow.

DAVID: Your prognostications are admirable.

CELIA: I see a beautiful woman.

DAVID: But I am married to a beautiful woman.

CELIA: Beautiful?

DAVID: Well... she's not ugly. I couldn't expect to marry a film star.

CELIA: I'm talking about Vincent.

DAVID: Who? Oh my character.

CELIA: There you go again. I was referring to Virginia.

DAVID: Virginia? Who is that?

CELIA: Ask Vincent.

DAVID: My character?

CELIA: No Vincent.

DAVID: Oh, you mean Ginny, what we call Virginia for short.

CELIA: Now you are starting to get it.

DAVID: Well Virginia is not particularly beautiful.

CELIA: But her virginity shows through.

DAVID: She's not a virgin. She only says she is.

CELIA: But Vincent doesn't know that.

DAVID: I think he guesses.

CELIA: So, you are starting to know a bit about him. When I said I saw a beautiful woman I think I saw all the woman he had in the past.

DAVID: I'm not a Casanova. I can't understand why someone like Vincent would want to have all those women. There's no satisfaction in that. I'm happy living a quiet life with my less than beautiful wife.

CELIA: You deny yourself. There's a profligate in everyone. Find that part of yourself and you'll find Vincent.

DAVID: I am not profligate.

CELIA: David. Everyone is everything. You are God and Satan, Hitler and Bhudda, Jesus Christ and Pol Pot. You are capable of quintessential passion of beauty and such despicable acts as would make the angels weep.

DAVID: I find that hard to believe. *(Pause)* Smile for the dicky bird.

*(They smile for the camera.)*

END