

Krisit

by Y York

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Characters:

Krisit: Female, 75, grand, petty, witty, self centered, recluse.

LuLu: Female, 33, ambitious, smart.

Peter: Male, 50, self important, cunning, in the midst of a mid life crisis and career slump.

DISCLAIMER: They aren't naked; they're wearing naked suits.

Time:

Now

Places:

A grand bathtub in a grand bathroom.

A table in a grand bar.

(Act I, scene i. KRISIT in a grand bathtub in a grand bathroom. An exasperated LULU attends her.)

KRISIT (Deep sigh) Ah.

(Brief pause. They both sniff.)

KRISIT (Disingenuous) Do you smell pee?

LULU Soap.

KRISIT Under the soap!

LULU Under?

KRISIT Sniff the toilet.

LULU It's fine.

KRISIT I suppose you think it's me.

LULU No no.

KRISIT That's why you've got me soaking like some soiled undergarment.

LULU I just thought—

KRISIT Throw in a little Clorox, why don't you?

LULU —it might relax you.

KRISIT My kidneys are failing.

LULU Your kidneys are fine.

KRISIT Urine seeping out of my skin. Just like George—(Beat) George whatsits before he died. What was his name?

LULU I don't know—

KRISIT Bad false teeth, good toupee, always drunk—you've seen him.

LULU Who—?

KRISIT Everybody's favorite matinee idol. Love scenes—my God- pee smell seeping through his skin.

LULU Maybe you peed in the tub.

KRISIT Didn't didn't didn't.

LULU It was just a suggestion—

KRISIT I didn't pee, I leaked. Peeing is active, and I assure you, this is entirely passive. A spill. Exxon Valdez. Which is why I don't take a bath. I take a shower. A fast, quick, no-pee-in- the-tub shower.

LULU I thought it would be a nice change.

KRISIT It'll be thrilling when you have to call the fire department.

LULU I'll get you out, Krisit.

KRISIT Like some puppy stranded in a tree.

LULU Kitten.

KRISIT Smelling like pee.

LULU It's good for your skin.

KRISIT No, they'd be selling it on tv.

LULU Next time pee before you get in.

KRISIT Next time? There shouldn't even be a this time.

LULU You're not emptying your bladder fully—

KRISIT It refilled.

LULU Talk to your doctor.

KRISIT What's my doctor got to do with anything?

LULU He can give you a little stretch down there so—

KRISIT Ouch ouch ouch.

LULU —so there's nothing left in your bladder to leak out in the tub.

KRISIT I can't even think of that.

LULU I'm sure he won't hurt you.

KRISIT Like he didn't hurt me Monday? "This won't hurt, dear." Then let me flatten your tits between two sheets of plexiglass, mister.

LULU Millions and—

KRISIT "We have to make it as flat as possible, dear."

LULU You were fine.

KRISIT Well I didn't fall into a coma, if that's what you mean. When will this soaking be over?

LULU When you're relaxed. Do you want to watch a video?

KRISIT (Hopeful) Did you get me Peter's movie?

LULU It isn't out yet.

KRISIT I saw the review.

LULU It's still in the theatres.

KRISIT What difference does that make?

LULU You can't rent it when it's still playing.

KRISIT Buy it.

LULU You can't buy it until you can rent it.

KRISIT I don't want to wait.

LULU Probably just a few weeks.

KRISIT I have to wait weeks?

LULU It isn't even any good.

KRISIT You saw it?

LULU Last week.

KRISIT It just opened yesterday.

LULU (Scuffle) Free—Pre—pre-free screening. Free. A friend is a studio... receptionist! Everybody hated it. Bad bad.

KRISIT Everybody's a critic.

LULU Not just me. You saw the review.

KRISIT I don't go by a review.

LULU Go by this one. It sucks.

KRISIT Nobody shoots actors like Peter.

LULU He made exactly two great movies—probably by accident.

KRISIT He's a genius.

LULU (Brief pause) Is Peter...some old friend of yours?

KRISIT (Equivocating) I admire his work.

LULU Why?

KRISIT The camera angles, the lighting—everyone is beautiful in a Peter film.

LULU Maybe Peter has lost his touch.

KRISIT ...You know him?

LULU No. Of course I don't know him. How would I know him?

KRISIT Then don't call him Peter like you know him, like you're old buddies, like you've had sex.

LULU I was just—

KRISIT I hate that—you watch a movie, you think you get to call the director Peter.

LULU I was calling him Peter because you were calling him Peter.

KRISIT Don't call him anything. Don't talk about him. You don't know what you're saying. How many movies have you made?

LULU (Scuffle) I haven't—No. I don't—I dust!

KRISIT Dust, exactly. Leave the movie analysis to the experts. (Without losing a beat) You should have seen his first film.

LULU I have—

KRISIT Naked Indifference. He caressed the actors with the camera.

LULU (Prying) You don't have it. You don't have any of his movies.

KRISIT I have all of them. Locked up.

LULU ...Did—did you ever work with him?

KRISIT Never.

LULU ...Boy, I'll bet he regrets that...that he didn't get to work with you. Boy, I'll bet it's a really big regret—

KRISIT (To end this discussion) Hand me my robe.

LULU No! You have to soak—let me brush your hair.

KRISIT My—no! Can't you see it's done?!

LULU Oh, I didn't see—

KRISIT I did a fabulous job. Don't you think it's a fabulous job?

LULU Yes, fabulous. It looks like it's been done. Did—

KRISIT Look in the back, look.

LULU So smooth. Anyway—

KRISIT Isn't that professional?

LULU Yes. I don't know how you can even reach back there. Do—?

KRISIT Yoga. I can stretch, I can bend, I can reach my hair.

LULU My! I wonder what he's going to do next.

KRISIT Who?

LULU Peter. The best thing to do when your movie bombs is to get right back on the horse and make a new one. (Beat) I read that. You should call him up.

KRISIT Why?

LULU Sure, you could tell him how much you admire Naked Indifference. Can you imagine how that would bolster his hurt feelings and cracked ego? To get a call from the great Krisit?

KRISIT I don't do calling up.

LULU He'd be so grateful.

KRISIT I don't bolster egos. Not another word about it. Calling up.

(LULU makes a big sigh, then covers her mouth to hide the mistake.)

KRISIT ...What? Exhausted already? The day has barely begun.

LULU I'm not exhausted.

KRISIT Then don't make exhausted sighs. If the job is too much for you, dear—

LULU No, no. It's fine.

KRISIT I don't like indiscriminate sighing.

LULU I know you don't.

KRISIT You don't know; I'm telling you.

LULU I didn't come here unprepared. I knew about no sighing.

KRISIT How did you know?

LULU I studied your file. It was a slip. I didn't mean to sigh.

KRISIT What file?

LULU At the employment agency. I read it all the way through. Twice.

KRISIT That can't be legal, a file.

LULU (Scuffle) Oh, it's fine, a file. Really fine.

KRISIT And just anyone can go, and go, and sit and read my file?

LULU ...It's so the domestic can fulfill your every whim and desire and need. How else can I know how to serve—

KRISIT My whim? You think my needs are whims?

LULU No no, your needs are needs, only your whims are whims—

KRISIT Harry Bendell has a file on me!

LULU Harry is not going to make it public.

KRISIT You call him Harry?

LULU Sure, we've had sex.

KRISIT What?!

LULU No—I'm kidding—I know Harry. I know him. I work for him. We all call him Harry.

KRISIT What's in my file?

LULU Uh, nice. Nice things. (Opens paper, trying to change subject) You want me to clip anything?

KRISIT Clip?

LULU The newspapers.

KRISIT What are the newspapers doing in here?

LULU Soaking, relaxing and clipping.

KRISIT My scrapbook will get all wet.

LULU No no. You soak and relax, I clip and paste.

KRISIT Are your hands dry?

LULU They're dry.

KRISIT Don't pick up my scrapbook with wet hands.

LULU They're dry.

KRISIT Dry them off.

LULU They aren't wet.

KRISIT I want to see you dry your hands.

LULU They're dry they're dry they're dry they're dry.

KRISIT ... Whatever you say. Do you have the newspaper?

LULU (Great control) Uh huh.

KRISIT Are your hands dry?

LULU (Trying to get a grip) ...Do you want to see the Weekly?

KRISIT I don't get the Weekly.

LULU I subscribed. It just came.

KRISIT Hand me Variety. (Derisive) The Weekly.

(LULU hands KRISIT Variety. KRISIT turns the pages. LULU takes the LA Weekly out of its bag.)

LULU Shit.

KRISIT What?

LULU Nothing.

KRISIT You said shit.

LULU I didn't mean it.

KRISIT No. You said shit.

LULU A slip.

KRISIT Ten days no swearing, all of a sudden a shit? Let me see that. (Krisit looks at the Weekly) What is it? What? There's nothing ... (Reads) "The fifty most important people in Hollywood under 35." Is this why you said shit, this list?

LULU No.

KRISIT Why did you say shit about this list?

LULU ...I didn't think it came out until the fall.

KRISIT Why do you care at all about this list? Are you an important person in Hollywood under thirty-five?

LULU Not important, surprised—

KRISIT (Suddenly) Who are you!?

LULU What?!

KRISIT LuLu, LuLu—that's not the name of a domestic.

LULU Yes it is!

KRISIT My God—Is there a hidden camera?

LULU No. Just a LuLu.

KRISIT I'm not dressed properly—

LULU What—?

KRISIT Get me a lip gloss!

LULU There's no—

KRISIT Are you my entertainment spy?

LULU No.

KRISIT Sent here for some spying purpose?

LULU No spying no spying no spying no spying.

(Brief pause)

KRISIT (Momentarily disappointed) I thought you were a spy.

LULU No.

KRISIT You and your file.

LULU (With finality) I am no spy. There is no spy. You have no spy.

KRISIT Give me Variety. I wouldn't say shit about a list in the LA Weekly.

LULU It was a mistake.

KRISIT I wouldn't say shit unless the list was in Variety.

LULU (To change subject) Oh! Look! What a nice photo.

KRISIT (Excited) Let me see. I would never take a role like that.

LULU (Quoting) "Luminescent portrayal of the dowager."

KRISIT She probably auditioned.

LULU Everybody auditions now. I read that.

KRISIT I wouldn't.

LULU I know you wouldn't.

KRISIT (Sarcasm) How do you know? Is it in my file?

LULU Because you mention it every day. She won best actress.

KRISIT As if anybody cares about Cannes.

LULU "Performance of the decade."

KRISIT They don't mean it. It's just an excuse to write about the newest youngest prettiest.

LULU The whole article is about Joanie.

KRISIT (Sees another picture, thrilled) Look at her face.

LULU It looks great.

KRISIT It looks like it's been ironed.

LULU It is a little ... tight.

KRISIT Ironed! Find me her before picture.

LULU (Looking through scrapbook) Before what?

KRISIT Before ironing.

LULU You document plastic surgery?

KRISIT I document pain.

LULU Then why are they all smiling?

KRISIT Because that's the only expression possible. They cut and staple and stretch until all that's left is a desperate grin.

LULU Plastic surgery is completely reasonable. Imperative even.

KRISIT Oh, the pain, the pain. I will never let a knife touch my face.

LULU I had my eyes done.

KRISIT (Shock bordering on impressed) You did?

LULU What about it?

KRISIT Come closer. (Examining) Where are the scars?

LULU In here. (Eyebrows)

KRISIT Ouch.

LULU They give you drugs.

KRISIT How old are you?

LULU ...Twenty six.

KRISIT (Brief pause) No.

LULU Why not?

KRISIT You just aren't. You simply are not.

LULU Thirty-three.

KRISIT ...Even the help is getting their eyes done.

LULU ...Harry...

KRISIT What?

LULU —likes us to look good.

KRISIT None of his other girls look good.

LULU It's a new policy. For all the Bendell domestics.

KRISIT You let them staple your eyelids to get a dusting job?

LULU Uh—

KRISIT (Over) My God, where will it end?! Never, I'll never do it, never. Snip and nip and tuck and stitch and slice. For some pathetic role in some pathetic movie. "Save me doctor, my forehead skin is blinding me."

LULU (Re: Joanie article) This is not a pathetic role.

KRISIT Let it go, let it go. Hang on and become a silly old fool held up to ridicule and scorn. Hot flashes driving the lines from your mind and turning your makeup into glop.

(KRISIT puts a washcloth over her eyes and continues to rant. Unseen by KRISIT, LULU takes a small bottle from her pocket and sneaks some oil into the tub.)

KRISIT (Continues) Nobody cares about the old lady in the movies. Nobody cares about Joanie—they only care about Uma, or Winona, or Julia.

LULU People care about Joanie—people care about you. Nobody's seen you in twenty-five years—they're fascinated—whatever happened to—

KRISIT Nobody nobody nobody.

LULU Last night on Where Are They Now—

KRISIT (Peeks out of cloth) ...What?

LULU They computer-generated your face to see what you look like.

KRISIT How did I look?

LULU Beautiful.

KRISIT (Preening) Beautiful.

LULU But not as good as the real thing. I wanted to call them up and say, you're not even close, you have no idea how good—how beautiful she looks. How beautiful.

KRISIT I take care of my skin. I don't think anybody could ever guess my right age.

LULU You're gorgeous. You don't look a day over sixty.

KRISIT (Pause) Sixty?

LULU ...Krisit, you're seventy-five.

KRISIT Sixty? Really?

LULU You look fabulous.

KRISIT What's the point of looking fabulous if I look sixty?

LULU You're robust, healthy, you're beautiful. You should show it off in a movie.

KRISIT Oh yes, a twenty-foot visage of me looking sixty playing opposite some beautiful young thing... Oh. (Deep sniff) I'm having...I remember...deja vu, deja vu!...my life is flashing by.

LULU What? No.

KRISIT Yes, yes, goodbye, goodbye... my life is wafting away.

LULU No goodbye. Come back. Hello. It isn't your life, it's this. This is wafting. (LuLu reveals bath oil. Sniffs the bottle.)

KRISIT What is that?

LULU I don't know...bath oil?

KRISIT (Sniffs) Something—something from long ago.

LULU I couldn't read the label, smelled good.

KRISIT ...I know this smell. It's a distant yet familiar smell. Where did you get it?

LULU Attic. It was all gooey.

KRISIT What were you doing in the attic?

LULU Dusting the scrapbooks. And reading them. I couldn't help myself...what a career!

KRISIT (Realizes) ...This is my pre-shoot emulsion.