

Bruged Man Talking

By Rob Neill

Sigur Ros Album 2 Track # 2 plays. RN stands at a block with a small glass of water facing the audience. OT & MR stand one on either side of him facing upstage. JW slowly walks out stage left entrance across the stage and back out stage right. MR, RN, & CD sit each at different times synchronized with a 'ring' in the music. MR has a cigarette.

RN: Never expect anything from lovers who smoke cigarettes and drink red bull. Not even seven words scrawled on a free postcard from Portugal.

JW: Sometimes travel leads you to revelations other times you just go on vacation.

RN: I like to imagine people's lives are more dangerous than they probably are, especially if they speak foreign languages, are famous or I do not know them. I tend to romanticize things like that; people like that.

MR: *(gets up and walks off stage & up stairs counting to ten in a language other than English.)*

RN: Most people expect routine patterns—the same old same—

OT: You change that and they either pretend it *is* the same and do nothing, or they get all flustered and panicky.

RG: *(next to an audience)* Get out now. Or stay forever. *(building)* Get out. Get out! GET OUT! GET OUT! *(Finally she soothes)* No stay. Stay. Staaay. *(RG sits if he has not already).*

RN: In Belgium, it is easy to fall in love with the girl who works in the bread shop, but not know how to proceed, particularly if she's lovely in flour, speaks 3 languages and has a name that flows like the TGV express train passing a small French mountain town.

JW: *(from backstage, while spinning door, calls)* Amiariel. Amiariel. Amiariel. Amiariel. Amiariel.

RN: After her shift, the beguiling Bruges woman nearly paces by the window waiting to be met. Waiting. She is a Belgian version of some WB actress and she knows that if she whispered 'Take me' in any language into the eye of any man here, he would trip, getting up so quickly to do so.

LP: *(from booth)* Ja, Amiariel, ja, ja.

MR: An old man leans from a nearby stool, almost scolding

OT: *(turning to RN)* If you don't die soon enough, act soon enough, move—move, you end up old, talking to yourself, not noticing all the beautiful that surges, moves--moves all around you. What's that?'

RN: And with that *(OT takes the glass and drinks)* he drinks my drink and falls asleep, leaving me to wonder how I had missed her leaving and what else I had missed.

OT puts his head down on the table as all together MR counts, RG soothes 'Get out now, or stay forever.' JW calls from backstage (spinning door?) 'Amiariel. Amiariel', LP says, Ja, Amiariel Ja' and OT slurs 'Move, move move.

CURTAIN