

## **FOOLS FOR LOVE**

Written by Kyoung H. Park

*FOOLS FOR LOVE* was written for “Eleven: Violence, Variety, Vaudeville.” It was performed at Columbia University’s School of the Arts in the Schapiro Theater on May 12-13, 2011. The play was directed by David Carter.

*Backstage at a Circus. The actor's dressing room.*

*Music: Waltz for Debby"by Kronos Quartet.*

*Two chairs sit on-stage in front of a hollow frame delineating a mirror.*

*A young-spirited MALE CLOWN enters in a clown outfit, long shoes, colorful wig, but no make-up. He sits and sighs, before he starts drawing a smile on his face.*

*The lines are thick and heavy; the smile is big and phony.*

*A young-spirited FEMALE MIME enters in a mime outfit, dressed in a black T-shirt, black tights, and a stereotypical french cap. She's a mess; she drops her purse to the ground and quickly arranges her hair before starting her make-up.*

*The clown notices the mime. He stares at her beauty. The mime doesn't notice.*

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*The clown squishes his SQUEAKY FUNNY-NOSE at the mime.*

*The mime turns and notices the clown. The clown smiles.*

*The mime smiles back, and quickly returns to her make-up.*

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*The clown squishes his SQUEAKY FUNNY-NOSE again and the mime snaps to face him. This time she's not pleased.*

*Before the clown squishes his squeaky funny-nose again, the mime raises her hand, with that recognizable: "Talk to the hand," quality, and returns to her business.*

*The clown sighs.*

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*The clown and mime are doing their make-up. The clown imitates the mime.*

*She applies some white make-up on her face; he does the same.  
She looks at her profile; he mirrors her and does the same.  
She arranges her hair in her hat; he arranges his wig.  
The mime looks at him and rolls her eyes.  
She sighs.*

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*The clown rehearses his routine:*

*He smiles.  
He frowns.  
He smiles.  
He cries.  
He laughs.  
He frowns.  
He gasps.  
He shrieks.  
He laughs.  
He cries.  
He cries and cries and cries.*

*The mime stares at the clown.*

*The clown apologizes.  
The mime returns to her make-up.  
End of music.*

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*The mime starts drawing a tear on her face. The tear is thick and heavy.*

*The mime stares at herself in the mirror; stares at the tear.*

*The mime has a breakdown and starts to sob in silence.  
She sobs uncontrollably, in silence.*

*The clown takes out a handkerchief, tied to a series of other handkerchiefs in his pocket.*

*There's a yellow handkerchief, a red one, a checkered one, a white one,  
there are several,*

*maybe twenty,  
thirty,  
forty handkerchiefs  
coming out of his pocket.  
The mime stares perplexed as the handkerchiefs*

*keep on coming.*

*The clown extends the first handkerchief to the mime.*

*The mime takes the handkerchief and wipes her tears.  
She blows her nose on the handkerchief;  
it sounds like a CACOPHONY OF TROMBONES.*

*She returns the handkerchief to the clown.  
The clown takes the handkerchief and  
stares at the handkerchief with  
weird, romantic delight.*

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*The mime stares at her cellphone.*

*She tries ignoring it, but she eventually opens it and presses "Call."  
As the mime waits for an answer:*

*A CIRCUS RING LEADER with a TOP-HAT and WHIP  
enters the stage.  
He LAUGHS an evil laugh: "Mwa-ha-ha!" and  
WHIPS his whip: "WA-PAW!"*

*The mime hangs up the phone and cries again.  
She rocks in pain, like her heart's being broken.  
The mime looks at the clown  
as he offers her the used handkerchief.*

*The mime gets up the chair and looks around.  
She heaves.  
She HYPERVENTILATES.  
She runs towards the audience but hits an invisible fourth wall.*

*She puts her hands on the wall and realizes there's no way out.  
She tries clawing herself out, but she fails.*

*As the mime tries to cross through the fourth wall:*

*The Clown opens an invisible Exit Door for her,  
but the door leads to a room full of monsters,  
he SCREAMS and shuts the door.  
The Clown finds a rope to climb on,  
but the rope snaps and the Clown and the Mime  
fall to the ground.*

*On the ground,  
the Clown is pleased to find himself snuggling with the Mime.*

*The Mime releases herself from his embrace and slowly threatens him,  
by running her index finger on her neck,  
like it's as a knife beheading her.  
The Mime returns to her chair and  
the Clown follows suit.*

*The Clown opens his jacket and  
unveils a plastic flower, which he offers to her with a smile.  
"For me?" the mime hand-gestures.  
The clown nods.*

*The mime takes the flower.  
The flower squirts water on her face.  
Suddenly, the Mime has an ALLERGY attack.  
She begins to choke.  
She can't breathe.  
Her eyes bulge, her throat clogs up,  
she looks at her face in the mirror,  
Ahhhhhh!  
she's hideous!*

*The clown scratches his head, as the Mime waves her hands in desperation.  
The Mime signals she can't breathe!*

*The clown is STRUCK by the emergency:  
He offers her a glass of water; she throws it back to his face.  
He offers her a pie; she throws it at his face.  
He tries to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.  
The Mime resists.  
The Clown insists and saves her.*

*The Mime wipes the whipped cream off his face and  
they share an intimate moment, looking eye to eye.  
The Clown's legs shake like jello.*

*The Mime's cellphone rings.  
The Mime sees the Clown saddened,  
as he waves his hands,  
telling her to pick up.  
The Mime rejects the call, and  
gives the Clown a kiss.*

THE END