

SCENE THREE

The restaurant. Roma is seated alone at the booth. Lingk is at the booth next to him. Roma is talking to him.

ROMA

...all train compartments smell vaguely of shit. It gets so you don't mind it. That's the worst thing that I can confess. You know how long it took me to get there? A long time. When you die you're going to regret the things you don't do. You think you're queer...? I'm going to tell you something: we're all queer. You think that you're a thief? So what? You get befuddled by a middle-class morality...? Get shut of it. Shut it out. You cheated on your wife...? You did it, live with it.

(pause)

You fuck little girls, so be it. There's an absolute morality? Maybe. And then what? If you think there is, then be that thing. Bad people go to hell? I don't think so. If you think that, act that way. A hell exists on earth? Yes. I won't live in it. That's me. You ever take a dump made you feel you'd just slept for twelve hours...?

LINGK

Did I...?

ROMA

Yes.

LINGK

I don't know.

ROMA

Or a piss...? A great meal fades in reflection. Everything else gains. You know why? 'Cause it's only food. This shit we eat, it keeps us going. But it's only food. The great fucks that you may have had. What do you remember about them?

LINGK

What do I...?

ROMA

Yes.

LINGK

Mmmm...

ROMA

I don't know. For me, I'm saying, what is it, it's probably not the orgasm. Some broads, forearms on your neck, something her eyes did. There was a sound she made...or, me, lying, in the, I'll tell you: me lying in bed; the next day she brought me café au lait. She gives me a cigarette, my balls feel like concrete. Eh? What I'm saying, what is our life?

(pause)

It's looking forward or it's looking back. And that's our life. That's it. Where is the moment?

(pause)

And what is it that we're afraid of? Loss. What else?

(pause)

The bank closes. We get sick, my wife died on a plane, the stock market collapsed...the house burnt down...what of these happen...? None on 'em. We worry anyway. What does this mean? I'm not secure. How can I be secure?

(pause)

Through amassing wealth beyond all measure? No. And what's beyond all measure? That's a sickness. That's a trap. There is no measure. Only greed. How can we act?

The right way, we would say, to deal with this: "There is a one-in-a-million chance that so and so will happen...Fuck it, it won't happen to me..." No. We know that's not the right way I think.

(pause)

We say the correct way to deal with this is "There is a one-in-so-and-so chance this will happen...God protect me. I am powerless, let it not happen to me..." But no to that. I say. There's something else. What is it? "If it happens, AS IT MAY for that is not within our powers, I will deal with it, just as I do today with what draws my concern today." I say this is how we must act. I do those things which seem correct to me today. I trust myself.

