

See you only have one costume here. Whatever you died in. So you go to the laundromat once a week. Only you have to wash your clothes naked. It's weird—hundreds of naked people washing their socks.

GORDON

JEAN

Who did you love best?

GORDON

I loved myself best of all. There's a special holding pen for us. Waiting to see if someone else will join us. Like you joined me, Jean. You're my good luck.

JEAN

But I'm not dead.

You're lying.

You lie all the live long day.

GORDON

No, *you* lie all the live long day.

All those nice lies you made up for me?

Now why did you do that, Jean?

JEAN

I saw you die. I saw your face. I wanted for you to be good.

GORDON

Aw, Jean.

JEAN

Oh, Gordon.

You and I—we're alike. We both told lies to help other people. You decided to help a dead man because only a dead person can be one hundred percent good. When you're alive, the goodness rubs off you if you so much as leave the house. Life is essentially a very large brillo pad.

GORDON

But I digress. The point is, Jean, we're two peas in the proverbial pod. In-coming calls, out-going organs, we're all just floating receptacles—waiting to be filled—with meaning—which you and I provide. It's a talent, and I admire you.

JEAN

No—we're not alike. You made people into *parts*, into things. Don't you feel bad about that?

GORDON

I feel done with it—that's all. Money and organs and trade—up here—it's just road kill of the mind. I'm done with organs. Didn't even donate mine. They're all intact. I never signed that little thingy on my driver's license. Felt like a suicide note to sign it . . . and now . . .

JEAN

You don't need them.

GORDON

No.

JEAN

Take them out.

What?

GORDON

Take them out. Put them on a cloud and lower them into South America for all the sad people who sold their own.

JEAN

Would that make you feel better, Jean? Would it?

GORDON

JEAN

Yes, I think it would.

GORDON

All right, Jean.

Gordon puts his hand under his shirt.

He tries to remove his kidney.

He tries a couple of ways.

He turns his back to the audience.

I can't get it out, Jean. I can't get it out.
Oh, I've almost got it Jean!
I can feel it coming out!
Help me get it out! It won't come out!
The skin is so tough! Uuuuugh!

He turns back around.

His organs are still in place.

Couldn't do it.

Oh God, how did I end up in your pipeline? Why am I not here with Dwight? In a stationery store. I loved Dwight, didn't I?

JEAN

I don't even know you.

GORDON

You love me because I'm charismatic. I'm more charismatic than Dwight. Even dead, apparently. I spent about two seconds feeling guilty about that when I was a child, then I just went on being me. Sorry, Jean. You have to be very careful who you fall in love with, and where. A nondescript café for all time? Couldn't you have chosen better wall hangings? Or better weather? An overcast day, for all time?

JEAN

I liked it when you couldn't talk.

Could you—pretend to be dead again? Just for a moment?

GORDON

Whatever turns you on, Jean.

He pretends to be dead.

She looks at him.

She holds his hand.

She tries to feel her old love for him.

She looks in his eyes.

JEAN

What were you looking at before you died?

GORDON

You.