

The Dutchman

(Clay sits on the train quietly reading a magazine. He then see's a women hanging there beside him, he looks up at her face, smiling quizzically)

LULA
Hello

CLAY
Uh, hi're you?

LULA
I'm going to sit down.. OK?

CLAY
Sure.

LULA
Weren't you staring at me through the window?

CLAY
What?

LULA
Weren't you staring at me through the window? At the last stop?

CLAY
Staring at you? What do you mean?

LULA
You don't know what staring means?

CLAY
I saw you through the window.. if that's what it mean. I don't know if I was staring. Seems to me you were staring through the window at me.

LULA

I was.. But only after I turned around and saw you staring through the window down in the vicinity of my ass and legs.

CLAY
Really?

LULA

Really. I guess you were just taking those idle potshots. Nothing else to do but run your mind over people's flesh.

CLAY

Oh boy. Wow, now I admit I was looking in your direction. But the rest of the weight is yours.

LULA
I suppose.

CLAY

Staring through train windows is weird business. More weirder than staring very sedately at abstract asses.

LULA

That's why I came looking through the window... so you'd have more than that to go on. I even smiled at you.

CLAY
Thats right.

LULA

I even got onto this train, going a different way than mine. Walked down the aisle... searching for you.

CLAY
Really? Thats pretty funny.

LULA
Thats pretty funny? God, you're dull.

CLAY
Well, Im sorry lady but I wasn't prepared for party talk.

LULA

No, you're not. What are you prepared for?

CLAY

Im prepared for anything. How about you?

LULA

What do you think you're doing?

CLAY

What?

LULA

You think I want to pick you up? Get you to take me somewhere and screw me, huh?

CLAY

Is that the way I look?

LULA

You look like you been trying to grow a beard, is what you look like. You look like you live in New Jersey with your parents and you've been trying to grow a beard. You look like you've been reading Chines poetry and drinking lukewarm sugarless tea. You look like death eating a soda cracker.

CLAY

Really? I look like all that?

LULA

Not all of it. I lie a lot. It helps me to control the world.

CLAY

Yeah, I bet.

LULA

But it's true, right? Most of it. Jersey? Your bumpy neck?

CLAY

How'd you know all that stuff, huh? Really, I mean about Jersey... and the beard. I met you before? You know Warren Enright?

LULA

You tried to make it with your sister when you were ten. But I succeeded a few weeks ago.

CLAY

What're you talking about? Warren tell you that? You're a friend of Georgia's?

LULA

I told you I lie. I don't know your sister. I don't know Warren Enright.

CLAY

You mean you're just picking these things out of the air?

LULA

Is Warren Enright a tall skinny black black boy with a phony English accent?

CLAY

I figured you knew him.

LULA

But I don't. I just figured you would know somebody like that.

CLAY

Yeah. Yeah.

LULA

You're probably on your way to his house right now.

CLAY

That's right.

LULA

Dull, dull, dull. I bet you think I'm exciting.

CLAY

You're Ok.

LULA

Am I exciting you know?

CLAY

Right. That's not what's supposed to happen.

LULA
How do you know?

(Lula reaches into her bag and pulls out an apple)

You want this?

CLAY
Sure.

LULA
Eating apples together is always the first step. Would you like to get involved with me Mr Man?

CLAY
Sure. Why not? A beautiful women like you. Id be a fool not to.

LULA
And I bet you're sure you know what you're talking about.

(Lula takes his hand)

I bet you're sure of almost everything anybody ever asked you, right?

(Still holding his hand with a firm grip)

Right?

CLAY
Yeah, right... Wow, you're pretty strong, ya know? Whatta you, a lady wrestler or something?

LULA
Whats wrong with lady wrestlers? And don't answer that cause you never knew any. Huh.

CLAY
Hey, you still haven't told me how you know so much about me.

LULA
I told you I don't know anything about you... you're just a well known type.

CLAY
Really?

LULA
Or at least a type I know very well.

CLAY
Anonymously?

LULA
What?

CLAY
Without knowing us specifically?

LULA
Oh boy... You know you could be quite handsome.

CLAY
I can't argue with you.

(Clay just noticing all the new people on the train)

Wow. All these people, so suddenly. They must of all come from the same place.

LULA
Right, they did.

CLAY
Oh? You know about them too?

LULA
Oh yeah. I know more about them than I do about you. Are you afraid of them?

CLAY
Why would they frighten me?

LULA
Cause you're an escaped nigger?

CLAY
Yeah?

LULA
Cause you crawled through the wire fence and made your tracks to my side.

CLAY
Wire?

LULA
Don't they have wire around plantations?

CLAY
You must be Jewish, all you can think about is wire. Plantations didn't have any wire. They were big open whitewashed places like heaven, and everybody on 'em was grooved to be there. Just strummin and hummin all day.

LULA
Yeah?

CLAY
And that's how the blues where born.

LULA
Ten little niggers sitting on a limb, but none of them ever looked like him. And that how the blues were born, right? Come on Clay. Let's do the nasty. Lets rub bellies on the train.

CLAY
Hey. What was in those apples? Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all? Snow White baby, and don't you forget it.

LULA
Come on you middle class black bastard. Forget your social working mother for a few seconds and lets knock stomachs... You ain't no nigger, you're just a dirty white man. Get up, Clay. Dance with me.

CLAY
Sit down. Be cool.

(Lula continues to dance around and cause a scene)

LULA
Be cool. Be cool is thats all you know...

(Clay grabs Lula by the arm)

Let me go you black son of a bitch. Let me go. Help!

CLAY

Now you shut the hell up. Just shut up. You don't know what the hell you're talking about. You don't know anything. So just keep your stupid mouth closed.

LULA

You're afraid of white people. And your daddy was Uncle Tom Big Lip!

(Clay Slaps Lula)

CLAY

Now shut up and let me talk, you liberated whore! You fuck some black man and you think you're an expert on black people? What a lotta shit. The only thing you know is you cum if he bangs you hard enough.

The belly rub? You wanna do the belly rub? Shit you don't even know how. That ol' dipty-dip shit you do, rolling your ass like an elephant. That's not my kind of belly rub. Belly rub is for dark places, with big hats and overcoats held up with one arm. Belly rub hates you.

LULA

I've heard enough.

CLAY

I bet you have. I guess I better collect my stuff and get off this train.

(Clay leans over to retrieve
his belonging when Lula plunges a small knife into his side)

THE END