

**Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He
Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?**

I can't leave. I'm sorry. I can't
leave.

I can't seem to let go of this lamp
right now. You fellas go ahead.
I'll be alright soon... I feel like I
just auditioned for the part of human
being, and I didn't get the job.
See, it took me three weeks to get
this audition and I bought a new
dress and I worked on my song and I
had my hair done... and now I can't
just leave right away... I can't just
leave right away. I will just have
to hang around here for a while, see?
Thank you, but I can't move anyway;
my hand is stuck. It happens all the
time, I get stuck onto things.
Chairs, coffee cups, doorknobs,
people. I'll be alright soon. Just
don't shake hands with me or
anything. You have kind eyes. It's
funny to see your face after all that
darkness. A nervous face, but kind
eyes. Oh, God, I hate these
auditions. I'm not what you're
looking for.

I'm not even Linda Kaiser. She's my
roommate. My name is Allison
Densmore. I never use it because it
sounds so old... Sounds like a lot of
doilies... It's very beautiful here
now, with the lights on. This is...
This is a great set for Lucia di
Lammermoor. Dawn on the moors. I
study opera. Every day, an hour.
You like opera?

I've got 'em all in here. Opera is
the best. People live at the top of
their lives, and die very
beautifully. Lucia and Edgardo, they

meet on this moor at dawn. She saves him, in a way, but mostly he saves her from a wild bull, and she's crazy about him... but so they save each other... Mister, listen to me. I'm still auditioning. All the time I think I'm auditioning. I wake up in the morning and the whole world says "Thank you very much, Miss Densmore, that'll be enough for now."

I'm crying so odd... on eye at a time...

Mostly I'd like to get my hand off this lamp. I have to go back to work soon. I'm a Corporate Librarian. That's a file clerk. With only three good notes, you gotta back yourself up with something. You think I'll be able to get this lamp in a taxi? I'm crying from the left eye now... It's not the audition, it's not that... It's my birthday. I'm thirty-four years old today. I'm not prepared. I'm prepared for twenty-two. Right now, I could do a great twenty-two. I woke up this morning, and all of a sudden I was not young. I was not old, but I'm all of a sudden not young. Not young enough for this dress. And not young enough to be a Corporate Librarian with three good notes and a briefcase full of grand opera. I don't understand what happened to the time. All of a sudden I'm going into my tenth year of looking for a new apartment. I'm not much of a singer, and I'm not a gifted file clerk, either. The one thing I'm good at is... being married. But my husband wasn't. That was ten years ago.

I've never learned another trade. The time. It's not a thief at all like they say. It's something much sneakier. Its and embezzler, up nights, juggling the books so you

don't notice anything's missing... Hey,
I let go of the lamp.