

THE SINGING WOMAN – SIDE FOR BOTH

CARLYSLE: So, what do I do?

DAWSON: About what?

CARLYSLE: ...my ghost.

DAWSON: Your ghost?

CARLYSLE: The woman... ...the singing woman... ...who haunts me.

DAWSON: Ghost? Mmm, no. (BEAT) But it sure IS weird ...

CARLYSLE: It IS, right?!? What do you think? What do I do?

DAWSON: What CAN you do?

CARLYSLE: Is this the way it's supposed to happen?

DAWSON: Do things ever happen the way they're supposed to?

CARLYSLE: No.

DAWSON: No, they do not. (*Reasoning*) Let's think about this. A person is a weird combo, right?

CARLYSLE: Ok. Meaning?

DAWSON: A person is a body and a force.

CARLYSLE: Like a soul.

DAWSON: Yeah. You might call it that...

CARLYSLE: Or Spirit.

DAWSON: ...or that... But, when death happens, the body is separated from that force. Leaving the soul...

CARLYSLE: ...hey, an accountant here, not a philosopher...

DAWSON: ...and you've forgotten more than 90% of what you learned...

CARLYSLE: My father used to say that.

DAWSON: ...just hear me out.

CARLYSLE: ...just keep going.

DAWSON: The body and life force are not really separate entities. They are extensions of each other. The "spirit" expresses its "self" thru the body. And it experiences all that life is *through* the body. So, when the body dies...

CARLYSLE: ...the life is extinguished.

DAWSON: (*Correcting*)... or when the body dies, the soul is disconnected. It has no "corpus"; no hands to reach or touch with. No eyes to see thru. No ears. No voice.

CARLYSLE: So, how does it haunt?

DAWSON: So, how does it haunt? There is a good question.

CARLYSLE: Because, if it can't express or experience.

DAWSON: No, right. I suppose it would have to find a new way. ...but that's not really the right question, correct?

CARLYSLE: It's not?

DAWSON: The question for us is not "how does a soul haunt?" but rather "How is a soul haunted"?

CARLYSLE: It's still... why?

DAWSON: and, in the end, the question REALLY is "What can you do about this singing woman?"

CARLYSLE: That is my question.

DAWSON: And, I think, that there's nothing you can do but endure it.

CARLYSLE: There must be something.

DAWSON: What can you do? (*He stares at Carlysle a long second realizing that he does not understand that he is dead. Gently.*) You would hold her while she grieves for you, but you don't have any arms. And you would whisper in her ear that it's OK, that everything will be alright, but you don't have a voice anymore.

CARLYSLE: I have a voice...

DAWSON: And you are not even sure who she is because you have no body to remember the most intimate of moments together. You have no eyes that might see her face, and you were gone before she kissed your cheek for the last time and said, "good-bye".

CARLYSLE: What are you talking about?

DAWSON: But there she is; this woman who loved you, she loves you, still. Misses you. And her body yearns for your body.

CARLYSLE: Why do I hear her singing?

DAWSON: Yes. That's what's so weird. Somehow you hear her heart, her soul, her spirit... her life... ..it reaches to you... Across a divide that isn't supposed to be there. ...the only way it can. Her spirit to your spirit, but it's so different now, that when your spirits touch... You only think you hear a song.

CARLYSLE: ...and the song always feels the same...

DAWSON: ...and the song always feels the same...

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CARLYSLE: ...the song always...

DAWSON: The song of a broken heart ...

CARLYSLE/DAWSON: ... always feels the same.

*(Long pause as he grapples and acknowledges what he's been led to understand - and then)*

CARLYSLE: ...do you think... ...will she... Will she haunt me forever?

DAWSON: Until she forgets you. Or, *(shrugs)* She may never forget.

CARLYSLE: Have you... ...did this ever happen to...?

DAWSON: *(shakes head no)*

CARLYSLE: *(Trying to formulate a question to which he does not want the answer)* When did I...? How long have I been...?

DAWSON: "How long" isn't really a thing anymore...

CARLYSLE: Huh.

DAWSON: Mmm.

CARLYSLE: Wow.

DAWSON: Yeah.