

the effects of tea on mr wilson

matvei
yankelevich

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Forever.
Bright turning brighter.
The stage is a camera,
face down in a teacup. Fine china.
The audience is film, trigger, a shot.

Mr Wilson [sipping tea]
One leg over the other, slender slacks sweep the calves as
one leg teeters and totters above the other in a languid,
content and savvy fashion.

OFFSTAGE MR WILSON RECEIVES A LETTER:

If,
America can be defined by “hot” and “cool”.
These two words cover the whole land from
black to white, a redneck sun to blue glass,
green grass.

Love,
Jim
CALL ME

Mr Wilson sips his tea, looks at his watch. He proceeds to leave the room. He goes to a fake door on the back wall. It does not open at his command. Neither do the others, he surmises in one look. (After all they are fake.) He turns to the fake window and contemplates the landscape outside. Bright. Brighter. A picture snaps. Mr Wilson regains his place at the tea table. Won't somebody join him?

He sips his tea. He sighs. The tea grows cold. His heart beats faster. He takes out a photograph and breaks it in half—Snap! Birds fly in through the window.

Mr Wilson sips his tea.

Mr Wilson looks plaintively into the audience: Don't you understand, says Mr Wilson, I haven't read Wittgenstein. Oh, it's worthless. Will you leave, he continues. Leave. Please leave, he commands on the brink of military tears. Then Mr Wilson, seeing that the audience is not moved, breaks down and cries, sobbing into his tea in an ugly manner unbecoming actors and kings. Tears and snot drizzle onto the perfect pattern of cucumber vines on the linen table cloth.

Getting a hold of himself, Mr Wilson proceeds to peel the shell of a hardboiled egg, first banging it against his high forehead. He eats the egg brusquely. Then wipes his yellow mouth with a linen napkin.