

IMPROMPTU

Chopin is playing a piece, with George listening from underneath the piano bench. It's a familiar scene for both of them -- she just as much belongs under the piano bench as he does at the piano. He finishes.

GEORGE: (From under the bench, in post-orgasmic voice:) My god, Chopin. Your music is an answer to prayers I've made since I was a child. It's emotion and science in perfect rapport. I'm so glad: you are no man at all, but an angel -- hands, halo, everything.

CHOPIN: I'm terribly displeased with it.

GEORGE: Why?

CHOPIN: (Manic.) Well, this is perhaps the worst ending I've ever written. [Plays ending again.] The perfect impromptu should be spontaneous and free. It should give no hint of the endless calculation in its creation, and this... I feel as though I'm being torn apart. I have terrible dreams, and I feel, well, I feel that if I should finish it, it will have finished me. Surely you must feel similarly sometimes, you must struggle for just the right word that makes it seem... effortless.

GEORGE: I struggle enough for life. My writing -- I just turn out pages for money. You, however, make this instrument speak the language of god. Chopin, you are eternal, don't you realize that?

CHOPIN: I'm afraid few would agree with you. Not many people believe that I shall live much longer.

GEORGE: Balls!! It's such torture to be afraid -- you need someone to show you life, the air, the sun. Chopin, you merely need strength. Take mine. I have too much.

CHOPIN: This is far too kind an offer.

GEORGE: Frederic, I am not gifted, I am not full of virtues and noble qualities. I love, that is all. But when I do, I do strongly, exclusively, steadfastly. (She kisses him. He backs away.)

GEORGE: Do you love me?

CHOPIN: I do. I do -- you are superb.
(She kisses him. He backs away.)

GEORGE: What is wrong?!! Are you frightened of me?

CHOPIN: Certain acts are unseemly. Unsuitable.
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GEORGE: But it's an act of love! It is divine mystery itself!

CHOPIN: I want to assure you that I have been baptised, as it were. In the
brothels
of Paris. But I am so ill, my body is such a disappointment, and I've already
said
goodbye to it. You see, I'm floating outside it, in music, and I'm afraid that if
I return to it, if I let it say anything to me -- it will fall apart altogether.
Forgive me, I am ashamed.

GEORGE: Forgive me. I'm a fraud really. I've never experienced any divine
mystery.
I've always had disasterous relationships. I want too much. Except when I hear
you play
. Chopin, I simply want to be with you, the rest doesn't matter. Can't we just be
together,
as we are now?

CHOPIN: Yes.

GEORGE: Finally, a yes. That is enough; I'm happy.
(Pause of death.)

GEORGE: Well, I guess we're off to Paris.