

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 women, 2 men)

Lana, a woman on the cusp of forty.

Glorie, a woman in her twenties.

West, a man in his thirties.

Cliff, a man of a certain age. And all other characters.

One set with various locales. The Cliffhouse is an antiquated beach- front resort, located on a remote island. The set should convey the age as well as the seaside feel. The main playing area serves as several locales, including an outdoor lounging area, the dining room and the parlor. Each locale is suggested by spare set pieces and a swift change of lighting, allowing the action of the play to remain smooth and uninterrupted. Ideally, the dialogue plays over the transitions. Additionally, there is West's boulder, which should give us the illusion he is climbing something immense. And there is a bluff. An ancient wooden boardwalk could nicely connect the boulder and the bluff to the main area.

Lighting should be thought of as heart beats. It delineates the passage of time, growing old and young, falling in love, falling, breathing, all of time.

The present, and various pasts.

act one

1. JUMPSTART AND GRAVITY.

HOUSELIGHTS REMAIN up as Chopin's piano Nocturne No. 12 op.37/2 plays softly. We see the lounging area of a beachfront resort, a spare, open playing area. Upstage is a climbing wall. A raised area-- a bluff-- is connected to the main playing area by an ancient wooden boardwalk. Off to one side is a tree, painfully eroded by the elements, it's twisted roots exposed. This tree will be a presence throughout the play.

Cliff enters. He is carefully dressed in a black suit . He carries two suitcases briskly across the stage, pauses, then turns and addresses the audience.)

CLIFF

My name is Cliff. Welcome to the Cliffhouse.

*He exits. Houselights and music fade.
The sound of the ocean.*

*Lana enters wearing a large straw hat and big sunglasses.
She takes in the audience/ocean, giving in to the warmth of the sun; the surf rises and falls. Splendid solace.*

*Glorie enters, gathering shells and pocketing them.
She wears a vintage black dress; she is barefoot.*

GLORIE

Hello!

pause

LANA

Hello.

GLORIE

I'm Glorie.

LANA

Great.

GLORIE

It's beautiful, isn't it? The waves. I love the sea, don't you? It makes me feel so alive! Oh, look--

She picks up a pair of earrings.

GLORIE

My earrings! I thought I'd lost them forever.

She pockets the earrings and exits. Lana remains still, then yanks her sandal off her foot, and begins to pummel the rock until she's sobbing. The waves crash softly. The lights fade.

The sound of a hammer on metal. Lights reveal West, scaling a climbing wall. He hauls a day-pack and wears a sling with carabiners attached to it around his waist. A rope, anchored at the top of the boulder, runs to just above ground. He can hook onto it as needed. He holds a metal pin as he speaks.

WEST

Pitons. Metal spikes that you hammer into rock. These are your anchors. The great Italian mountaineer Guisto Gervasutti said people climb because they need to live heroically, to rebel against limitation and to master that inner tension of being strung taut between fear and desire. In Italian, though.

Glorie enters carrying one shoe.

GLORIE

Excuse me? Have you seen my other shoe?

WEST

I'll keep a lookout for it.

GLORIE

And my shawl, too. I had a shawl.

WEST

Will do.

She exits. West continues scaling the wall.

WEST

The shorties are all a game of charades, a surrogate hike for the true rendezvous with the heart of the dream: The Face of El Capitan. *That's* a piece of rock. El Capitan is a task-master, a relentless insinuation. It doesn't go away, it looms. It glares. It intrudes. It glares.

Pause. He is lost.

When a climber is faced with nature's magnum opus, he is faced with his own curiosity about mortality. Not in some high blown philosophical way, but on a visceral level. You are a granite astronaut, dangling in a space-time warp.

WEST

You defy fear and gravity, because up there, standing on rock above the trees and clouds, you know you will feel more alive than anywhere on earth.

Cliff enters. He sports a waiter's tray with a festive tropical drink.

CLIFF

Can I offer you a drink, Mr. West?

WEST

Absolutely.

Cliff carefully sets a cocktail napkin on a low ledge of the rock wall. He places the drink on it-- just out of West's reach.

CLIFF

Enjoy.

He exits. West looks at the drink.

WEST

Climbing is everything you have not done with your life. It is a kind of search that never ends.

2. BODY OF A WOMAN.

Lights reveal Lana on a chaise lounge. She wears her big sun hat and sunglasses. She writes in a journal. She is never seen without a fashionable hat or scarf covering her head. Cliff enters with tropical drinks on a tray and offers one to Lana.

LANA

Thanks. Do you—

CLIFF

None.

LANA

What-?

CLIFF

You were going to ask me if there's cell phone reception anywhere on the island.

LANA

Actually no. I was going to ask if you knew the time.

CLIFF

Of course.

GLORIE(*offstage*)

Hi again!

*Glorie enters carrying a towel and a book.
Cliff gestures towards a lounge next to Lana.*

Thank you, Mr. Cliff.

He serves her a tropical drink.

Oh, no, I didn't--

CLIFF

Compliments of the Cliffhouse.

GLORIE

Oh. In that case!

To Lana

Did you get one of these?

Without looking up, Lana raises her glass in answer.

Thank you very much, Mr. Cliff.

CLIFF

Our business is your pleasure. Enjoy.

He exits.

GLORIE

He drove the shuttle that brought us from the boat.

Lana continues her feverish writing.

Are you famous?

LANA

What?

GLORIE

You look like someone.

LANA

I'm not.

GLORIE

You look like you should be someone. I think famous people stay here. This place has that incognito feel, don't you think?

LANA

I'm resting my voice.

GLORIE

This is so--

reading from her book

"Body of a woman, white hills, white thighs,

You look like a world lying in surrender".

Apt. I'm meeting someone here. Someone important, but not famous. I'll introduce you. What's your name again?

beat

LANA

Lana.

GLORIE

Lana. Pretty name. I want your nose, Lana. And your skin.

LANA

My skin-?

GLORIE

Is that selfish? Are you here with anyone, Lana?

LANA

Me, myself and I. The gang's all here.

GLORIE

Just you?

LANA

It's a preference, not a sin.

GLORIE

reading

"I was alone like a tunnel. The birds fled from me,

and night swamped me with it's crushing invasion"...

I love Neruda. Is he dead?

LANA

Who?

GLORIE

He's a famous poet.

LANA

Never heard of him.

GLORIE

It's just so rich and--
reading

"Body of skin, of moss, of eager and firm milk.
Oh the goblets of the breast! Oh the eyes of absence!
Oh the roses of the pubis--"

LANA

It's Glorie, right?

GLORIE

Yes.

LANA

Could you read to yourself? Thanks.

She adjusts her chaise away from Glorie.

GLORIE

Do you hear it? The waves sound like faraway delivery trucks. I lived right next to the highway and from my bedroom I could hear that hollow drone that passing trucks make. Hrrrrmmmm. I love it here, don't you? Don't you love the ocean, Lana?

LANA

I used to have four invisible friends until one day I got tired of them and we went to the beach and I threw them in the ocean. None of them could swim.

She lays back on her chaise.

My doctor said it's very important for me to *rest*.

GLORIE

I have sunscreen. SPF 50.

LANA

I'm going to live right on the edge.

Cliff enters with his tray and retrieves Glorie's glass.

CLIFF

"Body of my woman, I will persist in your grace.
My thirst, my boundless desire, my shifting road."

GLORIE

Neruda.

CLIFF

A remarkable poet and a decent man, may he rest in peace.

GLORIE

He *is* dead.

CLIFF

Very.

LANA

Happy?

Cliff retrieves a black shawl abandoned near the boardwalk.

CLIFF

Miss Glorie? Weren't you missing a shawl?

GLORIE

It's my mother's! I don't know how I could have--

CLIFF

These things happen. I'll have it cleaned and returned to you promptly.

He exits.

GLORIE

What a nice man. Well. I'll see you later, Lana. I have to get ready.

She peers over Lana's shoulder.

LANA

Do you mind?

Glorie sets her bottle of sunscreen near Lana.

GLORIE

You look a little pink. You have such lovely skin, you don't want to burn, not on your vacation.

Lana waits until Glorie is gone, then looks over at the sunscreen. She grabs it.

LANA

Not ever.

She applies the lotion vigorously, speaking to the audience.

This is the edge of everything. To get here I drove to where the planet stopped and *parked*. I picked this place to walk on water. From here, I can see where the ground *was*. That lingering tree used to have its roots in something. A little bit of earth falls away every year, into the hungry water.

LANA(cont.)

The geography is collapsing. That tree will be driftwood soon. I came here seeking solace. If rock and earth give way to air and water, what are my chances?

She puts a cigarette in her mouth, looks for a match.

West climbs into view on the rock wall; he stands or crouches on a low ledge.

WEST

How's it going? I'm West. I'm a rock climber.

LANA

Why are you just standing there?

WEST

This is just practice.

LANA

Most don't need to practice standing after a certain number of years. Got a light?

He reaches into a fanny pack, pulls out a lighter. He extends it to her; there's a significant gap between them.

How about just throw it.

He does. She lights several cigarettes and smokes them simultaneously.

WEST

Why are you doing that?

LANA

Because I want to. It's my vacation.

Cliff enters with a croquet set.

CLIFF

Anyone for a friendly round of croquet?

LANA

No games, I'm not playing any games.

CLIFF

It's croquet.

LANA

It's a *game*.

CLIFF

We customarily offer activities at this hour as part of The Cliffhouse package.

LANA

This is my vacation. I don't want to follow any rules.

CLIFF

You haven't touched your drink, Mr. West.

WEST

I'm feeling kind of...

CLIFF

Weak?

WEST

What-?

CLIFF

The drink. It's too weak? I'll order you another right away.

LANA

I'm going swimming in the ocean. It's been too long since I did that. I used to love going in the ocean.

Cliff takes the drink from the ledge and exits.

Why does that happen? Why do we stop doing what we love? Do you love to climb?

WEST

More or less. Not really. No.

LANA

Why do it?

WEST

I think I started out loving it. In my twenties. The vast majority of hard-core climbers are in their twenties. That's when the primal need for combat is at its peak. Its peak. I didn't mean to be funny, it just happened. Stuff like that is always happening to me.

beat

I'm not in my twenties anymore. I was for about ten years but not anymore. So the Big Question is even louder: When do I go for it? The face of El Capitan. The Big One. The Big Question. When.

LANA

Quit talking about it and go climb it.

What-? WEST

El Capitan. LANA

I'm going to. WEST

Then get off your sorry rock and do it. LANA

I'm training. WEST

You're talking. LANA

I'm strategizing. WEST

You're stalling. LANA

I don't see you in the ocean. WEST

I'm going in. LANA

No you're not. WEST

But I'm *going* to. LANA

Ah ha! There, see? WEST

Cliff enters with West's drink.

CLIFF
Let me know how this one is, Mr. West. Cards, anyone?

He sets a deck of cards on side table and exits.

LANA
Wanna play fish?

WEST

Why not.

She shuffles the deck, then deals out two hands. She waits.

LANA

Are you going to stand there all day?

He doesn't respond; she picks up her hand.

LANA

I'll go first. Do you have any sixes?

She picks up his hand.

Ah ha!!

She passes one card to her hand.

Do you have any nines?

She looks at his hand and passes one card to her hand.

I'm winning. Do you have any fours?

She looks at "his" hand. Shakes her head.

WEST

Ha! Go fish.

LANA

Your turn.

WEST

Do you have any fives?

She passes off two cards to "his" hand.

Do you have any tens?

She passes off two more cards.

Do you have any king's-?

LANA

Go climb a rock.

WEST

I'm going to.

LANA

I dare you.

WEST

Do you have any kings?

She tosses all the cards.

LANA

I hate card games, I don't have time for this.

She goes to the edge of the stage.

WEST
The water looks deep.

LANA
It's the ocean.

WEST
Are you really going in?

LANA
What do you care?

She picks up the red croquet mallet and strikes the red ball.

WEST
Uh oh.

LANA
What?

WEST
Blue goes first.

LANA
I don't care.

WEST
But it's not your shot.

LANA
It's my vacation.

WEST
The order of play is blue, red, black, yellow. Blue should have gone first.

She prepares to hit red once more.

That's cheating! If you want to play two balls you have to play the yellow, since you're already on red. You'll have to start all over. Croquet has rules, you know.

LANA
I don't want to play croquet, I want to hit something!

She swings hard and strikes the ball solidly as Cliff enters.

CLIFF
Ah croquet, the gentle but wicket game.

WEST
She's just making it up as she goes.

LANA
Who. Cares.

WEST
We'll have to replace the balls and the offending player will have to miss her next turn, Lana.

LANA
How do you know my name?

WEST
What? I saw the guest register.

LANA
Snooper.

WEST
Cheater.

LANA
Liar!

CLIFF
Dinner?

He holds up printed cards.
If you both will be so kind as to mark your menu choices, I can make reservations for you in our dining room. Every table has an ocean view and the sunset can be rather spectacular. Tonight's dinner will be tip-top notch, to suit the occasion.

LANA
What occasion?

CLIFF
It wouldn't be a surprise then, would it? If you'll be so kind...
He lightly taps a croquet ball through the hoop as they make their selections.
"The hoop, which beckons so temptingly and guilelessly from its carpet of green sward to cool and quiet croquet, the gaping jaws of Hades."

He collects the menu cards.
Croquet is a game of vengeance. Don't confuse it with civilization. And don't forget the sunset.
He exits. Lana picks up West's drink glass.

LANA

Thirsty?

She climb up on the rock wall.

WEST

Wait-- what are you doing?

LANA

I'm going to climb up there with you and the birds.

WEST

Don't do that! It's very-- it's dangerous up here.

LANA

It is not.

WEST

You don't know! You don't know!

LANA

Alright. Okay.

She backs down. She takes a sip from his drink.

In the salon, Glorie, wrapped in a towel, lays down on a table. She removes her towel. Cliff enters, dressed in slacks and a polo-type shirt. He removes a warm cloth from a basin of water, and lays it across her back. He begins to massage her.

GLORIE

Mmm... Sometimes being touched is the only way I can feel myself. This must be what heaven is like. Are you a religious man, Mr. Cliff?

CLIFF

In my fashion.

GLORIE

My father always took me to church. My mother decided she didn't have to go because she was good enough already. I never have been good enough. Although if she is good enough, I guess you don't have to be that good.

CLIFF

The church is always a good judge of that.

GLORIE

Mr. Totter wanted to help me be better.

CLIFF

Mr. Totter?

GLORIE

My Sunday school teacher. He told me I was special.

During the following Cliff performs a baptism as Mr. Totter.

CLIFF / TOTTER

You are a very special child to me.

GLORIE

I thought 'do you mean as in retarded?'

CLIFF / TOTTER

You are lost, but you can be found. You are broken but you can be made whole. You will be saved, you will be baptized into a true relationship with your father.

GLORIE

I wanted to be saved. I thought I must be sick, because they were going to wash me in lamb's blood. But they changed their minds. He said I would die.

CLIFF / TOTTER

Your spirit will pass and you will die with it. You will experience new birth and enter a new relationship with your father.

GLORIE

He put me under water and I held my breath, just in case it hurt. It didn't hurt at all, but nothing happened. My dad was so happy that I'd done it that I almost wish it was true and that I *had* died. I never told him I didn't die when the church people wanted me to. I just went under the water and held my breath and I was very still until Mr. Totter pulled me up. I wanted a true relationship with my father but I didn't think I could die for it.

CLIFF

Do you think that's what your father wanted?

GLORIE

He did, he wanted a true relationship.

CLIFF

Well then, there you are. I think we're finished here.

GLORIE

That was a wonderful rub.

CLIFF

Your pleasure is our business.

GLORIE

Do I tip you now?

CLIFF

We don't discourage it.

GLORIE

I feel so much better, so relaxed and at peace. Do you know the time?

CLIFF

It just gets later.

Lana is on her chaise, applying copious amounts of sunscreen. She speaks to the audience.

LANA

I wear hats for protection.

CLIFF

Shall I make dinner reservations for you, Miss Glorie?

GLORIE

Oh yes, please.

LANA

It's a statement, and I don't mean fashion.

He hands Glorie a menu card.

CLIFF

Will you be two...or just one?

GLORIE

I don't know. I just don't know.

Cliff exits; Glorie studies the card; Lana continues.

3. TAI ONE ON

LANA

UVA'S, UVB'S, pigeons, hail. Shooting stars. Nuclear fallout. Spit wads. It's all out there and at any moment I could be targeted. It's simple math: There are so many "afflictions" and only so many targets. Hats are my way of not being a victim. I don't invite calamity into my life.

This one I got in Paris. Geography influences fashion, but it's all a means to the same end. Why not a HELMET, you say, why not BIG protection? This would be like holding up a flare at two a.m. on a rainy interstate with an empty tank and a full buzz on. That's not asking for help, that's waving down chaos.

LANA(cont.)

My hat is not a flare. My hat is my immune system.

Cliff enters wearing loose-fitting exercise clothing. He bows to Lana and begins a tai-chi series of slow, graceful movements. West dangles into view on the wall. Glorie enters.

GLORIE

What's happening?

LANA

I have no idea.

CLIFF

Tai Chi. A very effective Eastern strengthening technique. Empowers the mind, centers the body. Offered every afternoon.

Glorie joins in. She doesn't quite get the objective and shifts into an interpretive dance in her own rhythm.

Follow me exactly. Follow my breathing, let it transport you.

WEST

My friend John does that stuff.

CLIFF

Feel free to join in, Mr. West.

WEST

Maybe Lana.

LANA

No thanks.

WEST

It's supposed to be healthy.

LANA

I've had my fill of "cures".

West teeters, then catches himself dramatically.

WEST

Geez, I almost-- I almost forgot.

LANA

Forgot what?

CLIFF

There is nothing more energizing than synchronized breathing. Cleansing, relaxing, life-giving. Truly inspirational, wouldn't you say?

LANA

Sure. Whatever.

CLIFF

I'm referring to the heightened exchange that results when two or more people align their energies and their intentions. I find it quite dramatic.

LANA

I think we all have a personal responsibility to breathe on our own.

CLIFF

What activity would you like to do, Miss Lana?

LANA

None. See how easy I am?

GLORIE

I think charades would be fun.

LANA

But he didn't ask you.

CLIFF

Perhaps you'd consider an issue-oriented activity?

LANA

You mean a *game*?

CLIFF

An amusement that aggressively matches a fragile physical ideal against an illusive internal struggle.

He holds out three eggs.

LANA

Eggs?

WEST

What for?

CLIFF

Sportsmanship.

GLORIE

An egg toss, what fun!

CLIFF

Not exactly.

He produces three spoons, handing one to each of them.

WEST

We're going to eat them?

CLIFF

Heaven's no. Cholesterol. The object of this endeavor is to transport a finite object from one place...to the next, fully intact. The spoon is the "shuttle", if you will.

GLORIE

We carry them on the spoons.

CLIFF

You assist the egg in the transition.

LANA

How Eastern.

CLIFF

Are you game?

GLORIE

Definitely.

WEST

Sure.

LANA

I love this.

Cliff places an egg on GLORIE'S spoon.

GLORIE

What do I do?

CLIFF

What is your goal?

GLORIE

I don't have one.

CLIFF

Get one.

But I don't want to break it--

GLORIE

There's your goal.

CLIFF

She remains intensely immobile, staring at the egg.

Is she playing right?

WEST

She isn't breaking the egg.

CLIFF

She isn't doing anything.

WEST

She's still. A vital distinction.

CLIFF

This is a real thrill, Cliff.

LANA

Patience.

CLIFF

Oh no...

GLORIE

What is it?

CLIFF

My eye.

GLORIE

Concentrate, Glorie.

CLIFF

I have something in it.

GLORIE

Go with it.

CLIFF

Sand.

GLORIE

What about it?
CLIFF

It's in my eye.
GLORIE

Don't think about the sand. What else?
CLIFF

I...I'm thinking about my father.
GLORIE

What about your father?
CLIFF

I'm thinking about what he would say about sand in my eye. I would start to cry and he'd say 'You're making pearls, Glorie'.
GLORIE
Her hand begins to shake.

Steady.
CLIFF

I'm making pearls...
GLORIE
The egg falls to the ground.

I'm sorry.

There, there. No worries.
CLIFF
He hands her a handkerchief, then holds up another egg.

We'll give someone else a chance. Anyone?
CLIFF

Have at it, West.
LANA

Be my guest.
WEST

I defer to you.
LANA

I insist to you.
WEST

I dare you.
LANA

Gimme the egg.

WEST

Cliff extends the egg; West cautiously places it on his spoon, then mocks dropping it.

Look out below!

WEST

Glorie cries out.

Just kidding.

CLIFF

What would you like to accomplish with your egg, Mr. West?

WEST

I'd like to transfer it.

CLIFF

Excellent. To where?

WEST

Indicating Lana

To her.

CLIFF

Miss Lana?

LANA

I don't want to be responsible for his egg.

CLIFF

You don't have to parent it, Miss Lana. You just have to receive it.

LANA

to West

You have to bring it down.

WEST

No problem.

LANA

I'll believe that when I see it.

CLIFF

Proceed.

WEST

I move this foot here...this hand there. Now this foot- very tricky- here... We're moving now. Right foot slips, straight into the crack, watch it or you're gonna break your mother's back. Right hand crawls, looking for a wrinkle, listen to the sleighbells going tinkle-tinkle-tinkle. Left foot prods, looking for a trace, no one ever told you you got a funny face? Hold on little egg, I gotcha covered. Left hand slaps, then creeps and you hold, who'd a ever think a guy could be so..

CLIFF

Problem, Mr. West? Mr. West?

GLORIE

What's wrong?

WEST

I'm...strategizing.

LANA

He's stuck.

WEST

I'm not stuck!

LANA

You're scared, just admit it. What's the big deal?

WEST

A cramp...in my knuckle.

CLIFF

Release your hand.

WEST

I don't think so.

CLIFF

Let it go.

WEST

What if it falls and breaks?

CLIFF

Facinating, isn't it? We erect impressive visceral fortresses that quiver at the least egg. Yet we insist on scaling mountains. If you'd rather not go any further...

WEST
It's gone now.

CLIFF
The...cramp?

LANA
Look, how about if I climb up? Just a little, no one gets hurt.

WEST
A little closer would be okay.
She climbs up a low ledge.

LANA
How about that?

WEST
That's okay.
They are within arms length of each other, with West on a slightly higher perch. Lana holds her spoon out.

LANA
I'm ready for you, West.

WEST
We're going to make beautiful soufflés together.

LANA
Don't make promises you don't intend to keep.
He freezes, then suddenly dumps the egg.

Hey. You did that on purpose!

WEST
No--

LANA
You just let it fall, I watched you!

WEST
I was distracted.

LANA
We've *heard* that excuse.

GLORIE

It's alright West. You can use my excuse if you want.

WEST

I didn't mean to do it. I didn't, I should have--

CLIFF

Accidents happen. You know that better than most, don't you, Mr. West?

He holds up the remaining egg.

We have one more little fellow.

Lana takes the egg.

LANA

Ladies and gentleman, keep your eyes on the magic ovum! Watch closely as I demonstrate how the hand...is quicker than the egg.

She makes the egg vanish.

Et voila!

GLORIE

You do magic?

LANA

I can make things disappear.

CLIFF

Bravo, Miss Lana. One has to wonder, though, when it might reappear.

LANA

I'm telling you, it's *gone*.

CLIFF

Or in remission?

Lana glares at Cliff.

I applaud your cleverness. I have a special place in my heart for illusion. Perhaps I could persuade you to reveal your secrets to me at some point.

He retrieves the spoons.

Vintage attire is suggested for tonight's event. Dinner at eight. We encourage promptness.

He exits.

GLORIE

I'm so excited. My guest will be here by then, I'll introduce you both to him. I've got to do something with this hair.

Glorie exits.

Do you need anything up there? LANA

Nope. WEST

Do you hate me? LANA
beat

No. WEST

Can I tell you a secret? LANA

Okay. WEST

It's my fortieth birthday today. LANA

Happy birthday, Lana. WEST

I mean it's no big deal. I just never thought I'd be one of those people who, LANA
you know, was forty. Don't tell anyone, okay?

Okay. WEST
He takes her journal out of his backpack.

You left this on the ledge.

Did you-- LANA

Read it? Yeah. WEST

All of it? LANA

So. If there's anything I can-- WEST

If I need to be airlifted you can direct the plane. You can't tell *anyone*, LANA

LANA(cont.)

especially Cliff. You have to promise me that. Promise?

He begins to hyperventilate.

What-- West-?

He grasps the wall and in a frenzied search for a foothold.

Do you want me to get Cliff? Do you want me to stay? What do you want me to do-?

He doesn't answer. She runs off.

Help!

Cliff enters from the opposite side; he has a bottle of water.

CLIFF

Do you require assistance, Mr. West?

WEST

The face.

CLIFF

Who's face?

WEST

The face of El Capitan. It is the emptiest place in the deepest pit of a climber's gut.

CLIFF

El Capitan.

WEST

I made a promise to that face.

CLIFF

Did you keep your promise, Mr. West?

WEST

I need to drink.

Cliff hands him the bottle.

All I can think about is that face and my breath...and how it wants to leave me and how much I need it. It's the worst kind of bliss.

He slips.

Careful--

CLIFF

I'm slipping off the face!

WEST

Don't--

CLIFF

I'm losing ground.

WEST

Look. Down.

CLIFF