

Scene Two of The Dictator's Nose

The Dictator's Nose takes place in the continental United States after the country has split up. The Dictator is holding a rally at which a sea of placards in the audience create his face. At this particular rally the "Nose" , an unassuming little man named Dick Gummer, arrives late and is therefore absent when the face is displayed. The lack of a Nose creates an international incident, resulting in the very absurd and yet real consequences. This scene is the lead up to the catastrophe.

Scene Two Split Scene

A-Group of facial parts meeting at the gate of stadium.

B-At the humble home of Dick Gummer

GATE OF THE STADIUM

EAR-JULIE

(Entering) Hurry up, will you, Jack, we don't have all day. It's almost time to start.

EAR-JACK

(Entering) Will you relax, Julie. Geez ! Have a heart.

EAR-JULIE

Relax ?

EAR-JACK

There's no need to shout that way. Every time you yell, you spray. I'm right here behind you.

EAR-JULIE

You were almost late last week, remember? How would our leader look with just one ear, one auricular member?

APARTMENT OF DICK GUMMER AND MOLLIE, HIS WIFE. DICK GETTING READY, PUTTING ON CLOTHES

MOLLIE

(From offstage) Dick...Dick..are you getting ready out there ?

DICK GUMMER

What should I wear ? This vest, this coat. They're two very different shades of blue. It really won't do. Boy, it's good that we don't vote. I'd never know which one to choose.

MOLLIE

(Offstage) Are you ready yet, Dick ? Hurry, or you'll be late.

AT THE STADIUM

CHIN-ROBERT

(Entering with both sides of the mouth) So which side of the stadium are we on today ?

MOUTH-MALCOM

(Intimidated by Mary) Can I tell him, Mary ? Please ? Oh, am I in your way ?

MOUTH-MARY

That's alright, Malcolm. Go ahead, you can tell the chin. Just this once.

MOUTH-MALCOM

Thank you, Miss Mary.

CHIN-ROBERT

C'mon, tell me, rubber lips. (Aside) What as absolute dunce !

MOUTH-MALCOM

West side, of course, to catch the morning sun. So that the eyes and our teeth flash with brilliance.

CHIN-ROBERT

You're not brilliant. You're a shit-eating grin.

MOUTH-MALCOM

Well !!

MOUTH-MARY

Shut-up, Robert. Just remember : What a mouth spits out, lingers longest on the chin.

MOUTH-MALCOM

Thank you, Mary. You're not a chin, you're a..a...little butt.

CHIN-ROBERT

Aw, slam it tight and sew it shut.

EAR-JULIE

Hey, over here, guys. (Greetings all around) All ready ? Biggest rally of the year !!

MOUTH-MALCOM

Course we're ready. Our ivories are all painted and plenty of attitude.

CHIN-ROBERT

Joined at the lips and reeking of platitudes.

AT GUMMER'S APARTMENT

DICK GUMMER

What difference will it make. (Referring to the vest and coat) This sleeve's too short, the neck too tight. They must cut these patterns with a butcher's knife. There's no care anymore, not for vests, not for coats, much less for human life. Mother, these socks are just no good, they're full of holes. They'll be too cold. I can see my toes.

AT THE STADIUM. BEN, THE HAIR, ENTERS

EAR-JULIE

Hey, Ben. Ready to go ?

HAIR-BEN

Yup, Julie, you bet. Combed and ready to wave in the wind. Hi, Mary.

MOUTH-MARY

I bet the stadium is packed. All the foreign press are here for sure. Oh, hi, Ben.

GUMMER'S APARTMENT

MOLLIE

(Entering) Well then, try this pair. They're fairly new. Put them on and be sure you wear your Sunday shoes. **(GIVES HIM A KISS ON THE CHEEK)** This is the most important rally of the year. We want our nose to shine, don't we dear. Why are you wearing those together ? It doesn't look good on you, Richard. Two very different shades of blue.

AT THE STADIUM

CHIN-ROBERT

Who has the passes. I want mine now. **(EYES ENTER)**

HAIR-BEN

The eyes have them.

CHIN-ROBERT

Hey ! How come you always have the damn passes ?

EYE-SAM

Because of our clarity of vision.

EYE-STEVEN

We pierce the darkness of ignorance...

EYE-SAM

With wisdom, strength and kindness.

CHIN-ROBERT

Pierce, my ass ! Give me my pass !

EAR-JACK
And me. My pass.

MOUTH-BOTH
Make it two.

EYE-SAM
C'mon, don't push. There's one here for each of you.

GUMMER'S APARTMENT

DICK GUMMER
Bye, dearest. **(They kiss. Dick begins to leave)**

MOLLIE
And where's your nose ?

DICK GUMMER
Oh, I'm not thinking, am I.

MOLLIE
Richard, Richard, where do you suppose. Remember what all of this is for ? It's in its case behind the door. **(Dick takes case from behind the door)** Better check inside first.

AT THE STADIUM

EYE-STEVEN
Julie.

EAR-JULIE
Steven.

EYE-STEVEN
Oh, have I missed you, baby.

EAR-JULIE
Oh, sweetheart. I missed you so much. **(THEY EMBRACE PASSIONATELY)**

GUMMER'S APARTMENT

DICK GUMMER
Ah, my love, my life. (Checks inside the case) It's here. You're the very best.

MOLLIE

Out the door with you then, and hurry...wait, take this scarf for your chest. **(DICK EXITS. MOLLIE BEGINS PICKING UP THE ROOM)**

AT THE STADIUM

EYE-STEVEN

I've been crazy missing you. I couldn't see straight for the last seven days. A whole week! I couldn't wait for this rally to start.

EAR-JULIE

Oh, baby. Ask Sam again if he'll trade eyes with you so that we sit together, heart to heart.

EYE-SAM

No way, man, no dice.

EYE-STEVEN

He won't. I already asked him on the way here. Real nice.

EAR-JULIE

Why not ?

EYE-STEVEN

He says...

EYE-SAM

He'll miss the cues looking at you.

EAR-JULIE

What a jerk you are, Sam, you know that ?

EAR-JACK

C'mon you guys, watch your rhymes. You say the wrong thing and we're all gonna lose.

HAIR-BEN

Stop it. Oowwww. The chin is always pushing. What's the hurry, bone head, we're not late.

CHIN-ROBERT

I know that, but I'll push if I like. It comes with the card, it's a character trait.

GUMMER'S APARTMENT

MOLLIE

(Singing) My little Dick is the dictator's nose. He's front and center when the dictator shows his visage, his magnificent visage, to his people one and all. What more could you ask for a sublime task, than to be a central feature of your ruler's mask. And what is really great, to be the nose at that; not a dimple, not the brow, but the powerful prow of the ship of state. What an honor. The greatest honor in the whole wide world. I hope he isn't late, my dear little Dick, my honest little Dick in his simple working clothes. My sweet little Dick is the Dictator's nose. (EXITS)

(GATE OF THE STADIUM)

EYE-SAM

Hey, wait a second, there's one pass left. Who isn't here? Hair. Eyes. Ears. Mouth. Chin. Nose....Nose. The nose, where's the nose? Where's Gummer?

CHIN-ROBERT

Dick Gummer ? Haven't seen him all summer.

EAR-JACK

(TO MOUTH) Doesn't he usually come with you ?

MOUTH-MALCOM

Not with us two.

MOUTH-MARY

We're the mouth. We're not responsible for anyone else, north or south.

EYE-SAM

Well, where is he ?

EAR-JACK

Hey, Steve. Get your eyeball out of my other ear, will you ? Geez.

EYE-STEVEN

C'mon, Jack. I haven't seen her in a whole week. Oh, baby-baby. Jack, please.

EAR-JACK

It just feels weird.

CHIN-ROBERT

Taking that card a little too seriously, aren't you Jack ?

EAR-JACK

Aw, shut up, Robert, will you. Go grow a beard.

HAIR-BEN

When you're out of place, Steve, our president looks like a wall-eyed fish.

MOUTH-MARY

They shouldn't be saying this.

MOUTH-MALCOM

You're right.

MOUTH-MARY

(BARKING ORDERS) Everyone in their place in the president's face ! **(ALL SCURRY INTO PLACE)**

EYES-BOTH

We feel a little exposed without the nose.

CHIN-ROBERT

Well, don't look then. Just pose.

MOUTH-MARY

Quiet ! Everyone set to go ?

EYE-SAM

We'll leave Gummer's pass with the guard.

CHIN-ROBERT

You can do it, Malcolm. It's not too hard. **(They all begin to go into the stadium)**

HAIR-BEN

Ooowww ! Stop pushing, will you ? Stop !!

CHIN-ROBERT

Quit whining, you greasy mop. **(ALL EXIT EXCEPT MALCOLM)**

MOUTH-MALCOM

(TO GUARD) Excuse me. One of us isn't here yet. Will you give this to him when he arrives. We'll be in the center section on the west side.

GUARD

I need a name. I don't care where he goes.

MOUTH-MALCOM

Dick Gummer's his name. And he'll have a big nose.

(MOUTH EXITS. DICK APPEARS OUTSIDE HIS APARTMENT, SLOWLY PUSHING HIS BICYCLE. MOLLIE CALLS FROM THE WINDOW)

MOLLIE

Richard ! What are you doing!? You don't have all day. Hurry up, sweetheart. Peddle hard !

DICK GUMMER

I'm on my way, my love. **(Pushes off and begins to ride)** Ah, why me, why this. If I had the lips, I could pretend a kiss to the multitudes. If the eyes, pretend forgiveness in his face, or a gentle countenance for all to trace. But no, I have the nose to wedge among the waving cards today. Two wide holes in soft cartilage, nothing more to play. And what if it rains during the rally ? It's my nose, not his, that catches cold. I'll be the one bent over, sneezing in the alley. This job's no fun. I get stiff in the pose. And all the air I breathe is through the dictator's nose. **(EXITS)**
