

GREY

Just, I love when nature and humans make something beautiful together-- the moss on a grave, the dandelion coming through the sidewalk. It's just, I don't know, it's special.

TIM

Huh. I thought you were going to say something better than that.

GREY

Um, nope. I guess it was just that.

Begin

DONNA

(To TIM:) So, nitrogen, huh? I'm impressed. You're quite the expert.

TIM

I mowed lawns when I was a kid.

DONNA

Still, I'm impressed.

TIM

I'm your boss and mentor. Et cetera. What else are you going to be? Sad? Hugely disappointed? Enraged? (To GREY, with some amusement:) Right? Fucking enraged that her boss once did landscaping? I don't think so. Wouldn't make any sense.

DONNA

No, come on. I'm saying it's great you know about different things.

TIM

Fine. Moving on. (As he looks around.) This really is a great spot. Lot of potential.

DONNA

You've been talking about developing this for a while.

TIM

And now we will. First order of business, though, is cleaning it all up. Paul Neubatten-- you know that name, right?

DONNA

Yeah, he did Market Square, and the Brentmoor.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

TIM

Neubatten's agreed to bankroll the whole thing. Once we muddle through all the red tape and dead bodies. No one wants to get involved in a rat's nest.

DONNA

That's really incredible. Congratulations.

TIM

And to you, too. Because you're going to be my right-hand woman.

DONNA

Tim. Wow. This is amazing. When you said you had news, I thought it was something else.

TIM

You sound disappointed.

DONNA

No, my God, are [REDACTED]
is incredible.

[REDACTED]

TIM

[REDACTED]

Man, I was up so late. I think I drank too much. Too much alcohol for my organs to, you know, handle. Metabolize. (Remembering that Donna and he were together:) Oh, that's right, you were there.

DONNA

I'd never been to that place,
Cardigans's.

TIM

I used to bartend there, back in
the day. (Shaking off another
yawn:) Whoo.

DONNA

(GREY moves off to make
some notes.
Quietly:) I cannot get
over this,
Tim. So amazing. Hey, are we still
on for dinner tonight?

TIM

We are not, sadly. Sorry. (Looking
at gravestones.) I know our
relationship is a little muddy.

DONNA

It is, isn't it. But it feels good
just to acknowledge it. (Very brief
pause.) Were you going to say
something else?

TIM

No, that was the full remark. "Our
relationship is a little muddy."
Did you start looking into any of
this stuff, moving the graves?

DONNA

(Looking into a folder.) Yeah, I'm
on it. (Referring to the hole with
the faded yellow tape around it:)
This one's already been moved.

TIM

Yeah? The empty hole in the ground?
That one's already been moved?
Thank you.

DONNA

Yes, obviously-- sorry.

TIM

No, no apology necessary. You
explained something that was fairly
self-explanatory. It's not a
tragedy. We just move on. Wasn't
there a historical one?

DONNA

It was in the back, there. I think it was a relative of one of the Presidents.

[REDACTED]

TIM

[REDACTED] (Looks around.) If I was the type to sigh, I'd probably sigh right now.

DONNA

And why is that?

TIM

I really don't like that phrase. "And why is that."

DONNA

No, I know. I was just...

TIM

(Brief pause.) Dot dot dot. People who trail off don't do well in the business arena. You can't trail off.

DONNA

Of course. So, I'm arranging a meeting--

TIM

(Interrupting, with a small gesture and sounds:) Uhp, uhp, uhp. And here comes a forceful and declarative statement. Noted. (Very brief pause.) Anywho... actually, that's exactly it: "Anywho." A person is born, it's some president's cousin, a future math whiz, or a skinny little baby with terrible allergies. Our little Anywho lives and grows, learns to talk and gets a job, has affairs and kids and setbacks, changes of heart, deathbed conversions, and then, the dust becomes dust.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

And Little Anywho is laid to his or her eternal rest, until someone comes along, me in this case, and says "Hey, you know what, let's move this shit and put something else here."

DONNA

Well, it's progress. Time marches--

TIM

(He interrupts:) --I'm developing a little thing, here. "I had a bad dream. I don't want to go to school today. I don't know if Houston is really the city for me." All the questions and doubts, the maps and college brochures, all to end up here. And then from here to wherever some incredibly handsome and shrewd businessman says you should go. (Very brief pause.) I had an uncle who wanted to be buried in blue jeans with his Swiss Army Knife. I was too young to understand. (Very brief pause.) I still totally don't, to be honest.

DONNA

This is a very poetic side of you.

TIM

Normally, I swear more, but, you know... (He gestures, as if to say, "Look where we are.") My mom wrote poetry. She was cremated. Her ashes are... where are they? (He thinks, remembers.) Wow, this is shitty-- I think they're in storage.

DONNA

I'm sorry.

TIM

So am I. If I want to visit with my Mom, I've got to fight through a pile of beanbag chairs and downhill skis.

End