

VOICE. What is this?  
 WALL. EH?  
 VOICE. What are you?  
 WALL. ME?  
 I AM WALL. I AM WALL OF TRUTH  
 WHICH MAKE ME  
 SO AWESOME SO AWESOME SO AWESOME  
 (HAY)  
 VOICE. Oh boy.  
 WALL. MAYBE YOU WONDER  
 WHAT IS WALL?  
 WHY IS WALL HERE?  
 IS WALL A HE?  
 MAYBE IS WOMAN  
 WHO KNOWS!  
 WALL KNOW  
 BECAUSE WALL KNOW ALL  
 VOICE. Okay then why doesn't he hear you?  
 WALL. YOU MEAN HOT STUFF?  
 VOICE. Yes.  
 WALL. IF YOU HEAR WALL, YOU MUST BE SPECIAL  
 TYPE PERSON  
 IS NOT EVERY DAY SOMEONE THEY HEAR WALL.  
 VOICE. I am a copy editor. Of safety manuals.  
 I am about as unspecial as they come.  
 So what're you doing in my living room?  
 WALL. WALL IS EVERYWHERE  
 YOU ARE IN BED?  
 YOU ARE ON TOILET?  
 I SEE ALL  
 (I CLOSE MY EYES IF YOU ARE ON TOILET,  
 THOUGH)  
 (I AM RESPECTFUL WALL)  
 I AM MOST IMPORTANT CHARACTER IN STORY

Side A - Start

VOICE. Wait, "story?"  
 WALL. YES: STORY.  
 VOICE. What story are you referring to?  
 (The WALL hands down a paper.)  
 VOICE. This is your story? The hat guy?  
 WALL. FOR SURE  
 VOICE. Just one more page, okay?  
 WALL. OKAY!  
 (VOICE begins to read the paper. HETCHMAN appears again in his chair. VOICE picks up the paper.)  
 VOICE. "Hetchman's thoughts remained so muddled by the disappearance of his hat, that even when his best friend and next door neighbor Meckel entered, Hetchman could only hear -"  
 (MECKEL enters in a perfectly MECKEL-like hat.)  
 MECKEL. Hat hat hat? Hat hat hat. Hatman. Hatman.  
 HETCHMAN. Uh?  
 (MECKEL nudges HETCHMAN.)  
 MECKEL. Hetchman. Hetchman.  
 HETCHMAN. Oh. Ey, Meckel.  
 (MECKEL looks at HETCHMAN. Something is different.)  
 MECKEL. You get haircut?  
 HETCHMAN. No.  
 MECKEL. You get sunburn?  
 HETCHMAN. No.  
 MECKEL. You sure? 'Cause there is something different about you -  
 HETCHMAN. My hat!  
 MECKEL. Oh yeah.  
 HETCHMAN. Is gone!  
 MECKEL. Is gone?!  
 HETCHMAN. Is poofed!

MECKEL. Is poofed?!

HETCHMAN. My hat, is - is -

(HETCHMAN hyperventilates. MECKEL grabs HETCHMAN.)

MECKEL. Ey, Hetchman. Hetchman - !

Is okay, okay?

(HETCHMAN breathes.)

HETCHMAN. Okay.

MECKEL. Is probably just below chair.

HETCHMAN. Is below chair?

MECKEL. Or somewhere. Is probably just -

(MECKEL stifles a laugh.)

HETCHMAN. What.

MECKEL. Is nothing, is just - you sure look strange without hat. I never notice, your head, how it is -

(MECKEL makes a noise that suggests how weird HETCHMAN's head is without his hat.)

MECKEL. Anyway. You ask your wife? Where is she?

HETCHMAN. Who?

MECKEL. Wife.

HETCHMAN. MY wife?

MECKEL. Yeah.

(As if realizing it for the first time...)

HETCHMAN. Oh, I don't know.

MECKEL. She is gone, too?

HETCHMAN. Eh, she is probably doing shitwork, or being chased by small dog.

(MECKEL looks around, peeks into the bedroom.)

MECKEL. Her purse, it is gone.

HETCHMAN. Oh yeah?

MECKEL. So she is missing, too.

HETCHMAN. Okay.

End

MECKEL. And you sit here, all alone, no one to love you?

HETCHMAN. I watch TV program, is okay.

MECKEL. Next time, you call my house, I come over right away.

HETCHMAN. Eh.

(MECKEL adjusts his hat, stretches.)

MECKEL. Okay. I love you.

HETCHMAN. What.

MECKEL. You come into my arms, I love you a little.

HETCHMAN. I do not need loving!

MECKEL. You are looking a little floaty. Is okay, I do it real fast, is like two seconds.

(MECKEL forces himself on HETCHMAN. Mmm, hug.)

HETCHMAN. Enough! Enough! Meckel! Getgetget!

(MECKEL gently releases HETCHMAN.)

MECKEL. Ohhhhhh.

See? You look so much better.

Okay: now I help you find wife.

HETCHMAN. I am not looking for wife.

I am looking for hat.

MECKEL. Okay, but -

Hat and wife, they disappear same time?

HETCHMAN. Yeah?

MECKEL. Then maybe you find wife: you find hat.

(MECKEL lets this sink in. HETCHMAN is suddenly more attentive in his own lazy way.)

HETCHMAN. Ohh.

MECKEL. Maybe wife leave because you and wife, you fight?

HETCHMAN. We do not fight.

MECKEL. No?

HETCHMAN. How can we fight? We don't even talk!

## Side B - Start

*(HETCHMAN in the same position. He has a terrible itch in his crotch/thigh region. He considers reaching into his pants to scratch himself. Can anyone see from the window? More importantly, does it matter? He digs into his pants, scratches the itch. Ahh.)*

"Next day – "

*(HETCHMAN in the same position. He hocks the phlegm in his throat, spits into a tissue. He ineffectually tosses the tissue towards a nearby trashcan. He considers retrieving the tissue, but does not.)*

"Next day – "

*(HETCHMAN in the same position. Something is not quite right. He reaches up to his head, feels around. He does not feel a hat. Where is his hat?!)*

HETCHMAN. Ey. Ey, wife!

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. *(offstage)* What!

HETCHMAN. I said, ey, wife!

*(HETCHMAN'S WIFE enters with the laundry.)*

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. I said, what?

HETCHMAN. You see my hat?

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. What hat?

HETCHMAN. My hat, I always wear.

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. That old hat? No, I don't see it lately.

HETCHMAN. Whatchu mean you don't see it lately? I wear it every day.

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. You think I look at you every day or something?

HETCHMAN. Whatchu be looking at instead, uh?

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. Maybe you get up, you do a little housework, and maybe THEN you find hat.

HETCHMAN. Is good thinking!

You start first, okay? Okay.

VOICE. "Next day – "

HETCHMAN. You think maybe you wash it?

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. Wash what?

HETCHMAN. My hat.

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. Why I wash a hat for, uh?

VOICE. "Next day – "

HETCHMAN. You look in bedroom?

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. There is no hat in bedroom!

HETCHMAN. You look then?

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. If there is hat in bedroom, I will see it, okay?

HETCHMAN. Okay.

You should look, though. I am thinking maybe it is in there.

VOICE. "Next day – "

HETCHMAN. You see it now?

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. No.

VOICE. "Next day – "

HETCHMAN. How 'bout now?

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. No!

VOICE. "Next day – "

HETCHMAN. You see it now, right?

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. Hetchman: I don't see it today. I don't see it yesterday. I am thinking MAYBE: you lose hat.

HETCHMAN. How I lose hat?

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. Maybe hat it walk away.

HETCHMAN. But hat does not have legs.

HETCHMAN'S WIFE. You want to find hat?

You look for hat. Yourself.

*(HETCHMAN'S WIFE exits.)*

VOICE. "More and more, thoughts of the hat consumed Hetchman.

He changed the channel"

HETCHMAN. – to hat-related program.

End