

**ALAIN
SAINT-SAËNS**

THE JUMP

SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

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*To all the innocent victims who died bravely
on September 11, 2001. May they all rest in peace.*

'Cowards die many times before their death.
The valiant never taste of death but once.'

William Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*,
Act II, Scene 2.

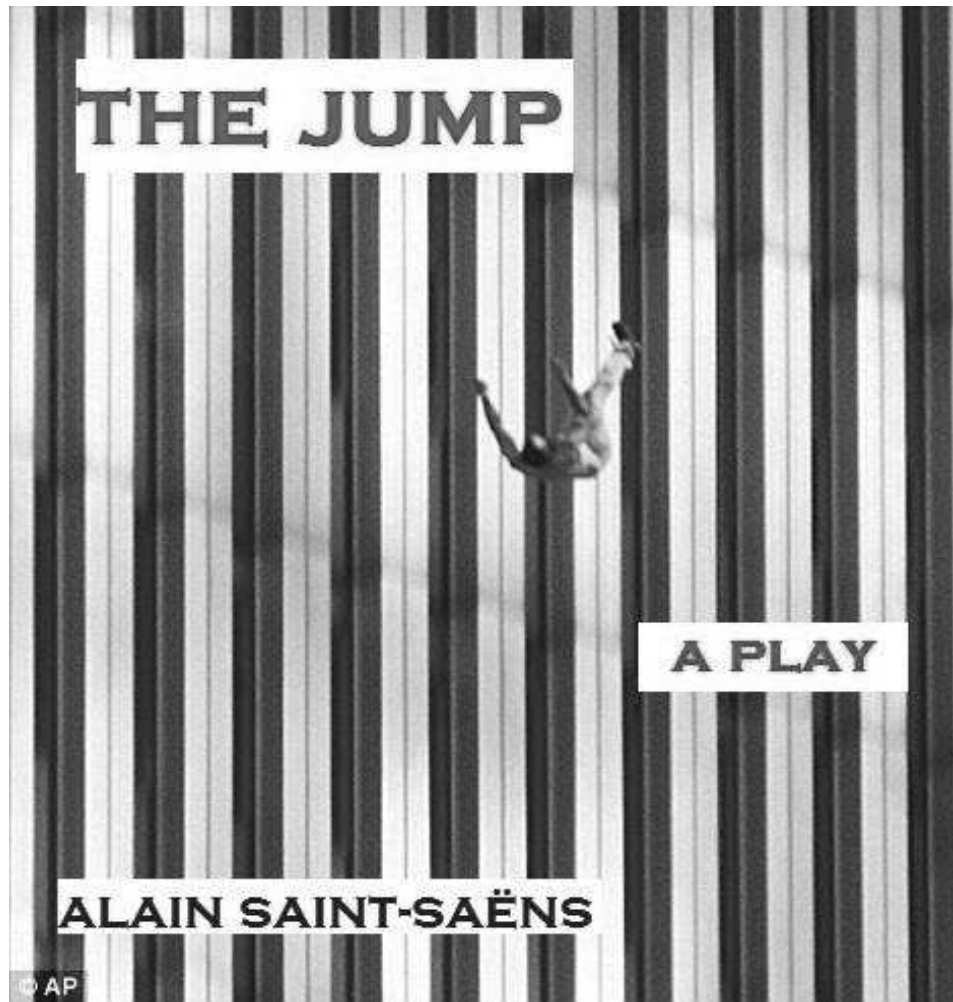
'You float like a feather
In a beautiful world.'
Radiohead, *Creep* (1992).

'I don't know just where I'm going,
But I'm goin' to try for the kingdom if I can.'
Lou Reed, *Heroin* (1964).

'For the others there on that beach
Our heaven was out of reach.
They heard only the dolphins' cries.
We heard music and angels' sighs.'
Steven Kolacny and Jo Dawson,
Seashell (2008).

'And liberty she pirouette
When I think that I am free.'

Peter Gabriel,
Solsbury Hill (1977)



THE JUMP

A PLAY

ALAIN SAINT-SAËNS

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CHARACTERS

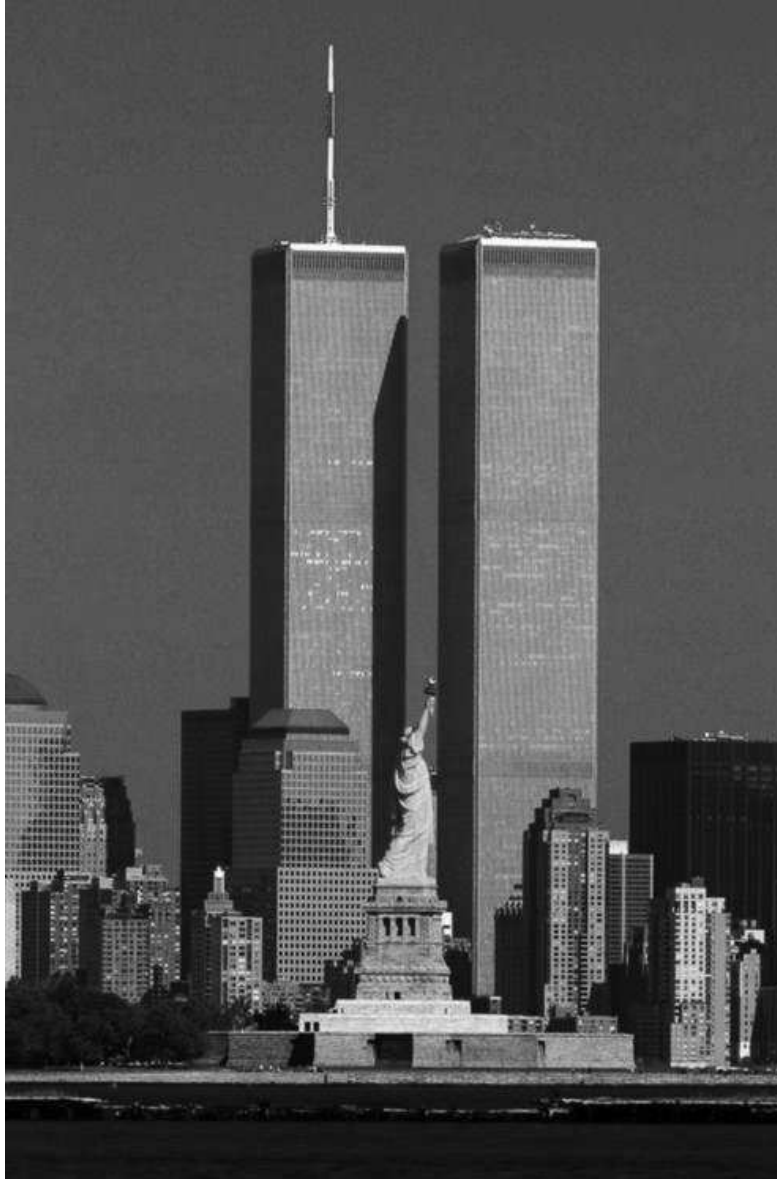
Brenda: A Caucasian gothic investor from New York City, New York, 35 years old.

Estelle: An Asian-American woman from San Francisco, California, 25 years old.

Jefferson: An African American Fordham University Graduate student in Theology from New Orleans, Louisiana, 27 years old.

Ophelia: A Caucasian Senior Secretary from Bloomfield, New Jersey, 43 years old.

Roberto: An Italian-American from the Bronx, New York, 23 years old.



TWIN TOWERS, NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

ACT I

(The door of an office located at the 81st floor of the North Tower of the World Trade Center opens. A man walks in looking around cautiously followed by another one. They are covered with dust).

- It's open. It's an office, I guess. We shall be safe here waiting for rescuers. By the way, I'm Jefferson.

Roberto *(Shaking Jefferson's hand)*:

- Jefferson, my man, you saved my life. I'm Roberto. Without you, I would have been crushed by ceiling's pieces. Thanks a lot. I owe you big time. Do you have any idea of what happened?

Jefferson:

- No, I heard a huge noise that seemed to come from upstairs, I thought maybe it was a bomb, my floor started to tremble from right to left and up and down

at the same time, it was really weird. Somebody in my office yelled: 'Get out as fast as you can! Evacuate immediately! Do not take the elevator!', and I started following the flood of people running down the stairs. Everybody was shouting and crying everywhere around me, people were pushing one another without showing any respect to older people or pregnant women; then the light went off, I could not see anything, I even walked on some people at some point, I was so stressed out; and then I saw blocks of the stairs falling down in front of me, and one second later, I was by myself coughing hard within a cloud of dust.

Roberto:

- I was flying down like crazy too. Somebody pushed me in the back, and I fell down. That probably saved me from being crushed by the blocks. Miraculously I was just wedged between two huge pieces of concrete, but could not move out by myself. I yelled

for help, but it was suddenly very silent out there, as if everybody had died or something. Slipping my hand between the two blocks, I waved for long minutes hoping that somebody would see it. That was the scariest moment in my life. And then I felt somebody else's hand grasping mine, and I finally saw your face, my friend. You might be my guardian angel today!

(A lateral door within the office opens. Walking with difficulty a middle-aged woman enters the room):

- Oh, hello there! I am glad you could make it safely in! I'm Ophelia, very nice meeting you! I've some water and a fresh pot of warm coffee in the other room. Come with me, please. Make yourselves comfortable. Welcome to my island!

Roberto *(Entering the main room):*

- Wow! What a magnificent view you have over the City from here! Right there I can see City Hall Park, and then on the left, it should be my preferred

Washington Square Park where I used to go roller skating after work. How lucky you are, Ophelia, to share such a cozy office! What a difference with my ridiculously narrow cubicle! (*Roberto throws himself onto the couch*). I don't really know what's happening out there, but I think I will definitely survive staying at your place, Ophelia!

(A lady with a Mohawk hairstyle, a dark gothic makeup, and a black and red embroidered dress, puts her head around the door):

- Hi, May we come in? Your door was the only one opened, and we could not go down the stairs any further.

Ophelia:

- Of course you may! The more the merrier! We will make some room for you.

(The gothic woman comes in, accompanied by a younger Asian girl. She introduces herself):

- Hi, I'm Brenda, I'm from the Big Apple, and this is my girl friend, Estelle. She's from San Francisco, California.

Ophelia (*to Estelle*):

- Hello, Estelle. I LOVE your native city, dear. I remember visiting it during my honeymoon, taking the cable car from Downtown, crossing Lombard Street on Russian Hill, and heading toward the Bay Area, for a tour by ferry to visiting Alcatraz former Federal Penitentiary. I had the time of my life in beautiful San Francisco!

Estelle:

- Oh my! Ophelia, you certainly made my day! (*The two hug effusively*).

Roberto (*With a sarcastic tone looking at Brenda and Estelle*):

- So, you girls are les?