

Joel Garreau's *The Nine Nations of North America*  
(A New Adaptation, Premiered in Harvard Square, Cambridge, MA, July 18, 2011)

Act One

People come in and out all morning, and why shouldn't they? It's a place of business after all. You sit there and do your work, that's fine, but they've got work to do, too.

Nothing much happens. It's a normal day, and normal days are like that. Maybe they'll remember the young woman who wanted samples of half the menu. Maybe they won't. There could be a chance of them recalling the older gentleman who asked where they grew their tea. Stuff like that has to happen every single day, surely.

Will they remark later on the heavily bearded man of middle age who entered and demanded to know where their bathroom was? That happens nearly every hour, here.

*There isn't one on the premises, but you can find one across the street in the bookstore.*

*Where's your bathroom?*

*We don't have one. There is a bathroom across the street.*

*Never heard of a place bein a place without a bathroom.*

*Sorry, sir.*

*You gotta get yourselves a bathroom.*

And so go the days. With a sigh, so go the days.

Act Two

The sink is a mystery. Underneath the mirror, where porcelain appliance should meet lacquered wall, there is a three inch gap. The sink tips forward, hanging crooked off the wall. Reaching between the jagged spears of caulking that adorn either side of the divide like stalagmites and stalactites spun sideways, you can fit your whole hand. It is unsightly and disconcerting. Still, a grown man may place the entirety of his body weight on the leaning basin and not move it one inch. Take both hands and grasp with grip firm the front edge of the sink's bowl. Attempt to shake or wobble the structure. Same result.

Act Three

*I'm a little worried about the future, though. I always have these random projections of the future, and I fear it's not going to live up to that.*

*Between us there is a void.*

*Her, I've known her for a year and that feels like forever already. So how's a year and a half gonna feel? I can't even try to think that far ahead.*

*us there is a void.*

*That's not a fulfilling status quo.*

*there is a void.*

*Our personalities go together very well.*

*is a void.*

*Our emotional connection is based on shared moments. I've never connected with anybody better. That's Number One. Obviously she's beautiful, so that's Number Two. So I suppose if it weren't for the circumstances, it'd be a near perfect dynamic.*

*a void.*

*I judge my romantic relationships by both A) other opportunities, and B) how well the relationship lives up to what it could be. What it could be. What could it be? Ask these things. Not enough people do, of course.*

*void.*

*Fulfillment for me is largely a measure of living up to potential.*

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