

## Balls and Balloons

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I see the boy juggling on the street (quick pause), he is pretty good. He got three balls, sometimes four. He is very skinny and he has long arms. He has three balls and one purple towel in front of him. He wears a t-shirt. His eyes are focused in the air. Actually, they are focused on the balls that he is throwing up, up, up (high, high, high). He seems angry, maybe he is hungry also. But this is only a **guess**.

(Breath and pause)

The purpose of the towel is for people to drop money. When I see street performances, I instantly try to quickly find out that this is for money or not. Is it (do it) for money, or is it (do it) just for a sake of performance (anyway)? But, most of the time, it is for the money. Actually (in reality), there is no such thing as an unpaid performance (play).

If they don't have a hat, cup, basket or this boy's case is the towel, if they don't have an object that is indicating the demand of money, they will come to you and put their hand out. Hand is another type of object; it is a body object that you might have forgotten. They are more approachable, alive and it (slowly) moves.

(Breath and pause)

I don't think he earns money so often. (quick pause) When someone drops some coins, he stops juggling and grabs those coins and quickly put it in his pocket. (quick pause, by the way) Weather is getting cold. I wonder if he will keep on doing this in the winter.

(Breath and pause)

I feel like his eyes are shining, I think because of the sunny weather (appearance of the sun). I feel like I see the anger in his eyes. But this is only a **guess**. He kept on throwing the balls in the air. I feel like actually he hates to throw balls in the air, but he is just very good at throwing the balls in the air and the more he does, he only gets better. But perhaps he likes to throw the balls in the air and that is how he developed his technique, but again, this is only a **guess**.

(Breath and pause)

(say it quickly) But then(now), it occurs in my mind that maybe he is not so good at throwing the balls in the air. Maybe that is the best he can do. He practiced for many years and this is all he can do. He can only do the basic things. Maybe he needs someone to teach him.

(Breath and pause)

Suddenly it starts to rain. He drops all the balls. I am **guessing** that raindrops fell into his eyes and he couldn't see the balls anymore and made a mistake. He seems angry again. The old man passing by picks up the ball and gives it to the boy. I don't think the boy is grateful, perhaps he is thinking to say, (with a bit of emotion) I can pick up my business tool on my own, what I want you to hand me over is your money!

(Breath and pause)

He packs up his balls and wraps with his purple towel and goes away. He seems angry that it rains. Not sure where he went but the spot where he was standing is now empty. Next day, he is back (there again). Sun is out again. He keeps throwing balls in the air.

(Breath and pause)

When I pass by him, my hands are **quickly** looking for coins in my pocket. Each time, I am too slow. I already walked pass him. I am hating and blaming my hand that couldn't find the coins so **quickly** fast enough. My hand is not responding the order from my brain **quickly**. Somehow I can't stop by and look for the coins **properly**. I think, in my head, 'ok, tomorrow when I leave the house, I will get my coins **ready**, so I don't have to **stop** and I can **drop** some coins in his purple towel in front of him **(slowly) naturally (easily)**. Like I wasn't paying attention to him, I am just a passenger who has some spare changes...'. **(quick pause)** I get **scared** of not having that opportunity tomorrow, what if he is gone, what if he has moved to another part of the city that I *won't go*, what if he *had to* move very far away, what if it rains again and again, what if,

(Breath and pause)

I see a man with balloons. He has many balloons. They are mostly animation characters. They can be a dolphin also. Fantased objects. They are full of helium gas so they float. They are shinning under the sun. Images continue even though there seems to be less hope.

They are certainly dreamy objects. They remind me of being in an amusement park as a kid. I think I would have **desired** those balloons as a kid. But I don't **desire** the balloons anymore; I only **desire** the image of the balloons. **(quick pause)** I feel like he can fly because he got so many balloons, **but I know he can't fly**. He can only walk. He walks and walks around the city, and he sits down in front of the tube station. And he continues to walk and walk and walk (go and go and go).

A man under the balloons is in the **shadow**, because he is holding so many balloons on his **hand**. Balloons shine (glow) on a sunny day and he is under the balloons.

I wonder what he thinks of those balloons. Would he want to get rid of them **quickly** so he can go home? Or he likes carrying (holding) them around? I can't read his **face**, as I said, it is under the **shadow**. Unlike **the boy, the man's face** is not **facing** the sky, it **faces** the road that he walks.

I see his **face** on windy days. Wind reveals his **face**. Wind makes him difficult to carry them around. Balloons become less dreamy objects because of the wind. Wind is real, but, in the dream world, there is no wind. So, balloons can be floating steady in the shape they should be. No one wants a balloon on a windy day.

(Breath and pause)

Balloons are slowly selling to the kids and their parents pay for them. Balloons are now less than before and it will be even less of them soon. I am suddenly **scared** of seeing him with less balloons. I wish he had more balloons, I want to imagine that he can fly, **but I know he can't fly**. I wanted him to be in my world of imagination. When he loses his balloons, he becomes closer to the reality. Rather, reality is himself with many balloons. **A man** with the balloons become just **a man** on the street. I wonder he earned enough **money**, I mean, it is never enough **money**. I **guess** less balloons mean more **money**. Less dream, more food. **(Say it like you believe in this sentence)** I feel like he is the only dream in the city. The dream walks away, with less and less balloons.