

ERWIN. Nothing. I'm -- I'm fine. I just -- I just need to rest for a moment. *(Pause)* Get the cart. *(Reluctantly, Norma walks away and exits. Erwin rubs his left arm and hand slightly. He turns to the audience.)* Little tingles. Life is full of them. Looking at Norma, I remember all of the little tingles I've had in my lifetime. But none was as exciting and breathtaking as my first tingle. Not long after the Korean War, I managed to make my way into a dance hall for a drink. I was on leave and I pushed my way through the smoke-filled room. That's what G.I.'s did. Find a little alcohol to celebrate another day lived through and if you could muster up a toast to those who had given their life for this great country, then a raised glass wasn't looked at with any such skepticism. In fact, it was a well-known ceremony. Like the Indians that smoked the peace pipe or the knights that drank from a golden chalice before heading off to defend kith and king, we were all part of a brotherhood of unspoken heroes. Only I never felt very heroic. I was just a guy in a dance hall looking for someone to dance with. Looking for that one girl to spend the evening with sipping from a glass and drinking her in - a simultaneous salute to all things living. *(He rubs his arm again)* The first real tingle happened when I walked up to the bar and bumped into this little slip of a thing standing around, looking the room over, laughing, talking to anyone who happened by. I leaned over and said, "Can I buy you a drink?" She smiled and said, "With a smile like that, I may let you buy me two. I'm Norma." *(A smile crosses his face)* It's funny how that first smile can burn itself into your memory like a brilliant photograph. Your mind can race through and see it in glorious sepias, and brilliant blacks and whites, all the while managing to create a color of its own. The memory allows you to relive these moments over and over again because they were the ones that really mattered in life. They were the ones that gave you "little tingles". *(He shakes his head)* That was the greatest tingle I'd ever encountered. *(He rubs his*

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left hand again) Up until now. *(Pause)* Seems no matter the type of tingle. You still get butterflies in your stomach and still end up scared for your life.