

ACT 1

SCENE 1

SETTING:

Joan and Philip's Kitchen; 5:00 PM, Christmas Eve.

A tasteful country kitchen is decorated for Christmas. There's a counter or island, a table, a wine rack, and mistletoe hangs in the stage-left doorway. A large antique Father Christmas stares out the window. A coat rack hangs four costumes: a green elf costume and cap, blue Virgin Mary robe and hood, a brown Joseph robe, and a red Mrs. Claus dress and bonnet. Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" plays.

AT RISE:

Joan, a smart looking woman of 57, wearing a Christmasy cook's outfit, prepares an elaborate dinner.

Philip, 59, walks in wearing his Santa shirt unbuttoned over a colorful jersey emblazoned with a bright letter Z. He's also wearing a Santa hat and pants. He will speak in two voices: a cheerful, resonant Santa voice and, occasionally, his own.

PHILIP

(checking his watch; in his "Santa" voice)

Ho, ho, how's dinner coming, Mrs. Claus?

JOAN

I know how to cook Christmas dinner, thank you, Philip. I've been managing for thirty years. And you can lose the voice.

PHILIP

(looking out the window)

It's called Method Acting, Joan. Good enough for Brando, good enough for me. Ho, ho, ho!

JOAN

Watching won't get her here any faster. If you want to help, go set the table. Just don't come in here and fidget.

PHILIP

(opening the silverware drawer)

Six forks now. Wow. Six knives...

JOAN

Oh, not that. The good silver. There.

PHILIP

(getting the good silver)

I guess I am a little nervous.

JOAN
It's called jealousy, Philip.

PHILIP
(to dining room)
Jealous? Because I want to like the guy?

JOAN
I just hope you won't be too judgmental.

PHILIP (O.S.)
Santa's not judgmental.

(Headlights come up in the window stage left.)

JOAN
Headlights.
(Philip hurries back to the window)
Philip, be careful of Father Christmas.

PHILIP
Is it Athena?

JOAN
Oh, just Susanna and Tom.

PHILIP
In separate cars.

JOAN
Well, this should be a quiet dinner. Get away from the window so they don't see you snooping.

PHILIP
I'm not snooping. I'm fidgeting.

SUSANNA
(coming in)
Ho! Ho! Ho!

(SUSANNA, 34, full-figured, dressed in black, stops under the mistletoe to take off her coat.)

PHILIP
(coming across)
Stop right there. Ho, ho, little girl.

SUSANNA
Oh, Daddy. You and your mistletoe.
(they kiss)
Mwwwa! Merry Christmas.

(Philip takes her coat, hangs it.)

SUSANNA (Continued)

And Mrs. Claus, in the kitchen as always.

(a less enthusiastic kiss)

Mwa.

PHILIP

Your mother's been cooking all day.

JOAN

Three days, but who's counting? Oh, you always look so good in black, Susanna. Not very festive, though.

SUSANNA

I felt black. Why does everybody have to wear red for Christmas?

JOAN

They don't have to. Just tradition, I supp-

MORGAN

(entering)

Hey.

JOAN

Hey.

(Morgan is dressed in un-Christmasy street clothes, looking a little punk, a little hip-hop, a little homeless. She wears a ball cap)

SUSANNA

I forgot to tell you. I invited Morgan for dinner. Morgan, this is my mother.

PHILIP

(approaching Morgan)

Ho- Ho- Hold it right there, young lady.

SUSANNA

Oh, Daddy. Look out, Morgan. Mistletoe.

MORGAN

I don't think so, Santa.

(Philip stops.)

SUSANNA

I told Morgan we always have plenty of food.

JOAN

More than enough. And we love unexpected guests, don't we, Susanna?

(Shooting Susanna a look: Who the hell is this woman? Morgan looks Philip up and down.)

MORGAN

So you're Captain Zeus. You gotta be shittin' me.

JOAN

(with a smile)

Oops. Language, please.

PHILIP

Well, off duty.

JOAN

Permanently, it seems.

PHILIP

I retired. Last month.

JOAN

Seems like years.

MORGAN

Yeah, what's he, always underfoot?

JOAN

Oh, I hardly know he's here. He locks himself in his office and only comes out to eat.

MORGAN

Looks like he comes out a lot.

PHILIP

(holding his belly)

This? I always bulk up this time of year. You know, DeNiro put on fifty-three pounds for Raging Bull?

MORGAN

Now that's acting.

PHILIP

Susanna, hon, where's your better half?

(a door opens O.S.)

Here he comes--Tom! Look at you, all spruced up. Ho! Ho!

(As TOM, 35, comes in s.l. carrying two Bud Lite 12-packs. He's well dressed and handsome--a high school jock after 15 years of marriage and beer.)

TOM

How y'doin', Santa. How's the life of leisure?

SUSANNA

As if he doesn't know.

TOM

How y'doin', Ma?
(a cursory peck)

JOAN

Well, here's a switch. This one all dressed up, and Susanna... Oh, who cares? Black is so slimming.

(Tom opens a beer, hands it to Philip.)

TOM

Brewski?

PHILIP

No, thanks, Tommy. Not before the big show--
(Tom pops another beer for himself.)

Oh, what the heck. I suppose one won't hurt. But we do have to stay sharp. Two hours fifteen minutes to curtain.

JOAN

We know what time the show starts, Philip. And please take off your hat in the house.

(Susanna takes the Santa hat off his head and tosses it on top of the coat rack.)

MORGAN

Woa.

SUSANNA

On the show, he wore a wig.

MORGAN

I was gonna say. Huh. Be right back.

(Morgan wanders offstage. Joan watches after her.)

JOAN

Susanna?

PHILIP

Tommy, how goes the Christmas shopping?

TOM

Workin' on it.

JOAN

(to Susanna)

When does he expect to finish? It's Christmas Eve, for Godsakes.

TOM

I like to avoid the crowds.

SUSANNA

He's looking for a place that'll gift-wrap lottery tickets.

(Tom gulps his beer.)

PHILIP

I'm the same way. Hate the crowds.

(putting the Santa hat back on his head)

JOAN

He loves the crowds--spends more time signing autographs than buying gifts. Anyway, I'm glad the clinic gave you the night off, Susanna. It's Christmas Eve, for heaven's sake.

SUSANNA

Which can be a very hard time for people with issues.

TOM

Nuts.

(Susanna pointedly ignores him. Tom starts CRACKING nuts and putting the broken shells back in the bowl.)

MORGAN

(returning)

Love your house. Huge, huh?

SUSANNA

We call it Mother's Museum.

PHILIP

Name your poison, Morgan. What can I get you? Beer? Wine?

MORGAN

You tryin' to get me drunk, Zeus?

JOAN

He's always pushing booze on everyone.

SUSANNA

Him? You were the one who used to spike Grandma's eggnog.

JOAN

You mean Nervous Nellie?

SUSANNA

Napping Nellie. A half hour, she was out cold.

JOAN

Sleeping in heavenly peace.

PHILIP

So, Morgan, how do you know Tom and Susanna?

SUSANNA

Wait for dinner, Daddy. We'll tell you all about it. Have we heard from our Christmas Elf?

PHILIP

Should be here any minute.

(to Morgan)

Susanna's sister Athena. She's been in California for a year, trying to find work in the entertainment field--like her Dad.

SUSANNA

Morgan knows all about Princess Athena.

MORGAN

You mean Happy the Elf?

(taking the elf cap off the coat rack, trying it on)

You got this one playing the Virgin Mary, right?

(meaning Susanna)

SUSANNA

Kneeling solemnly at the manger while Santa and his widdew ewf entertain the town-folk.

(Tom tosses his empty can in the wastebasket; holds up a can-shaped hand.)

TOM

Phil, while you're up--?

PHILIP

Finished already. How about a nice glass of ginger ale?

(Tom's hand remains)

Beer it is.

JOAN

Athena's bringing a friend, you know. Gordon. They're always "friends" these days. Excuse me, please, Morgan.

(taking the elf cap off Morgan and hanging it up again)

SUSANNA

I suppose after a certain age, we stop having "boyfriends."

JOAN

Well, your father is very jealous.

PHILIP

(handing Tom a beer)

Santa's not jealous.

MORGAN

(to Susanna)

Is he gonna talk like this all night?

SUSANNA

Method acting. Daddy's playing Santa Claus in the show.

PHILIP

Actually, Captain Zeus is playing Santa. Motivationally, much more complex.

MORGAN

(to Joan, closely)

You'd be Mrs. Claus, am I right?

JOAN

Philip, open a bottle of Pinot Noir, please. The Australian.

MORGAN

Wow, that's a lot of wine.

(heading to the wine rack)

PHILIP

Oh, well, Joan's something of a connoisseur.

(selecting a wine)

MORGAN

"Connoisseur."

JOAN

Excuse me?

SUSANNA

You'll have to excuse Morgan. She's very shy.

JOAN

Mm, I can see.

MORGAN

(to Joan, confiding, as she finds the corkscrew...)

It's how I compensate.

(...grabs the wine bottle from Philip, and starts opening it)

JOAN

Really. Well, dear, when you get over your shyness, I'm sure you'll be--

(Suddenly stopping in FAUX PAS TERROR--suspecting that Morgan is one of Susanna's mental patients)

--I mean, aware, that we all compensate for something. Isn't that right, Susanna?

(trying to get Susanna's attention)

Susanna.

(getting Susanna's attention, she gestures to Morgan and furtively taps her head)

SUSANNA

Huh?

JOAN

Excuse me?

PHILIP

What?

MORGAN

We still stuck on "connoisseur?" It means you like your wine.

JOAN

Thank you, Morgan, I know the meaning of the word.

SUSANNA

Mother, she's joking.

(to Morgan)

In the Claus family it's best to explain.

JOAN

Really. I think we have a very healthy sense of humor.

(She starts mashing potatoes.)

(Tom tosses his empty can in the basket: a free throw.)

PHILIP

You know, they say a sense of humor is a sign of intelligence.

TOM

(grabbing another beer)

Phil? Refill? Phil?

SUSANNA

Yeah, you're a laugh riot.

PHILIP

Beer? Oh, no. Gotta stay sharp for the show.

(checking his watch)

Tommy, how about some nice iced tea? Two hours to curtain.

(but Tom pops the beer, reclaiming his seat)

JOAN

Philip, it's the Grange Hall. God, you'd think he was opening at Lincoln Center.

PHILIP

Well, Dear, Disney's coming.

JOAN

(to Susanna)

And Susanna, you still haven't explained where you found--met--Morgan.

PHILIP

They're sending a scout.

JOAN

(ignoring him)

Is she a friend you work with...at the clinic?

SUSANNA

Patience, Mother. You have to wait till dinner.

(MORE)

SUSANNA (Continued)

(to Morgan)

She always has to know every little detail.

JOAN

Don't be silly.

PHILIP

From Disney Studios.

JOAN

(she studies Susanna)

Honey, is something wrong?

MORGAN

Yeah, like the cowboy said to his horse, "Why the long face?"

JOAN

Morgan, the wine glasses are up there. Thank you.

(back to Susanna)

Susanna, is everything okay?

SUSANNA

Fine. I'm very happy. Very festive.

JOAN

It's just that you seem so-- Wait!

PHILIP

(to Tom)

He's coming here--to Avalon--to see the show.

JOAN

(seeing Morgan filling her hands with glasses)

One at a time, please. Waterford crystal, dear. One.

PHILIP

To see us.

JOAN

Philip, help her, please.

(back to Susanna)

You both seem so quiet, that's all.

MORGAN

(stopping next to Tom)

Maybe 'cause they're not talking.

TOM

You mean, like, Walt Disney?

MORGAN

Sir, will you be having wine?

(Tom drinks his beer, giving her the evil eye.)

The gentleman declines.

(to Susanna)

None for you.

JOAN

Susanna, no wine?

SUSANNA

Water's fine.

JOAN

Oh, you're not on another one of your kicks.

PHILIP

I was going to wait for Athena before I said anything--

MORGAN

I don't think they're listening anyway.

JOAN

Susanna, Hon, would you two like to go in the living room and talk things over?

SUSANNA

With him? No.

MORGAN

Is that where you and Mr. Claus talk?

JOAN

It'd be such a shame to spoil Christmas.

(Susanna gives a look)

Okay. Minding my business, mashing my potatoes. But no wine?

PHILIP

Yes! They've got a script in development, "Saint Nick." And Morty--

(to Morgan)

Morty's my manager.

MORGAN

How about you, Zeus?

PHILIP

Wine? Oh, I guess I could stand a little taste. Actually, Morgan, you can call me Santa. Or Captain.

JOAN

Or Philip.

MORGAN

I like "Zeus." Hey, Zeus, what the hell's keeping Athena, anyway?

PHILIP

(checking his watch)

I don't know. Her plane landed forty-five minutes ago.

SUSANNA

Oh my God, where's Happy the Elf?

(to Morgan)

Last year was our first Christmas without Happy.

PHILIP

(putting his arm around Susanna)

But good ol' Susanna pulled double duty. Susanna and Tom: Mary and Joseph. And Susanna even got to sing.

TOM

That was singing? I thought she was trying to scare the camels away.

SUSANNA

I don't hear him.

(to Tom)

I don't hear you, you know, so you might as well--

(catching herself)

I don't hear him.

JOAN

Well, I must say, I thought it was a tad ridiculous--not your singing, Susanna. The spectacle: Mary rising up from the manger to sing Rudolf the Red-nosed Reindeer. With a baby in her arms.

PHILIP

We had to make do.

JOAN

Well, she certainly didn't need to be breast-feeding him.

MORGAN

Hey, Mary, nice touch.

SUSANNA

Breast-feeding is perfectly natural. Mother, you're so uptight.

JOAN

Uptightness has nothing to do with it. You don't mix Santa Claus and the birth of Jesus, that's all. They're two entirely different rituals. Myth and Religion.

MORGAN

(as Morgan gingerly sets a glass in front of Joan)

I don't have to ask. I know you need a drink.

JOAN

Oh? Actually, I don't know if I should.

SUSANNA

That's Mother's ritual. Just pour.

JOAN

(as Morgan pours)

Half a glass, please. I don't want to make a bad impression on Athena's boyfriend. Excuse me. Friend.

SUSANNA

How serious do you think they are?

MORGAN

Brings a guy home for Christmas? Pretty damn serious.

JOAN

Well, she says she has something--language, please, Morgan, thank you--something to talk to us about.

SUSANNA

I bet she announces it at dinner.

PHILIP

(as Morgan pours his wine)

Announces what? Half glass for me, thanks. Ho, ho. Announces what?

SUSANNA

What do you think? Their engagement.

PHILIP

Engagement?

JOAN

Don't be silly. She only just met the boy.

TOM

Hey, maybe she got herself knocked-- Never mind.

PHILIP

On second thought, Morgan, maybe you should fill my glass after all. Give it a chance to breathe.

JOAN

Oh, what the hell, let mine breathe too.

TOM

Guess I better pop another beer.

SUSANNA

Beer doesn't need to breathe.

TOM

I want it to breathe.

MORGAN

Hey, Zeus, gonna let 'em sleep together?

PHILIP

Ho!

SUSANNA

Yes, Mother, gonna let 'em?

JOAN

Athena's an adult. I'm sure it won't be the first time. Of course your father's not too keen on the idea.

PHILIP

Actually, I don't think the matter's been resolved.

JOAN

Oh, don't be such a prude.

SUSANNA

Gordon. Gordon. I don't think I've ever known a Gordon. I wonder what Gordon's like. Mr. Perfect, I'm sure. She was always so picky about the hometown boys.

PHILIP

That's because none of them were ever good enough for her.

(Tom opens another beer, sniffs it; takes a sip; contemplates... Approving, he drinks.)

SUSANNA

You haven't even seen a picture?

JOAN

She only just told us a week ago she was bringing him home.

PHILIP

Probably not that serious.

TOM

Well, unless she's...you know.

SUSANNA

Gordon. I bet he's a doctor or something. Knowing Athena. Some beautiful Greek doctor who donates his time to the poor.

PHILIP

I've always told Athena I don't care who she marries, as long as he loves her and makes her happy.

JOAN

(mashing the potatoes, mashing and mashing)

And is actually there in her life, not running all over the country.

MORGAN
You getting' this, Santa?

PHILIP
Someone who's understanding and supportive...

JOAN
And puts his family ahead of his career.

PHILIP
(let's change the subject)
Morgan, no wine for yourself?

MORGAN
Nah. Don't drink.

JOAN
I'm sorry, weren't you the one who-- Never mind.

SUSANNA
Mother, you know you shouldn't be drinking. I've told you--

JOAN
I'm not one of your mental patients, Susanna--
(mashing harder)
--nothing against them, of course--

SUSANNA
--alcohol opens the door to repressed anger.

JOAN
Repressed? Honey, when I'm angry, I'm perfectly capable of expressing myself. Aren't I, Mr. Claus?

PHILIP
Perfectly capable, Mrs. Claus.

JOAN
And when I'm joyful, I express joy. Tonight I'm joyful.

MORGAN
Think the potatoes are mashed yet?

JOAN
My potatoes. Thank you.
(a few beats as they watch her mash)
And now...they're done. And into the oven they go. And if no one objects, I think I'll have another small glass of wine.

MORGAN
Yeah, loosen up, Joan.

JOAN

I'm quite loose, Morgan, thank you.

(pouring)

And if we can get Philip to sharpen the carving knife--

MORGAN

(reachin)

I'll do it.

JOAN

No!

PHILIP

(grabbing it first)

I got it!...I mean, I'll do it.

MORGAN

(a few beats)

Is anyone else uncomfortable?

(HEADLIGHTS come up in window.)

PHILIP

There she is! Okay, everyone. Places.

(hiding behind the doorway--with the knife in his hand)

MORGAN

What are you gonna do, kill the guy?

PHILIP

(putting the knife down, the Santa hat on his head)

Ho, ho, ho... okay.

SUSANNA

I'll get the door.

JOAN

Let me, please. It may be the only chance I get to speak with her.

(Joan composes herself. Wine in hand, she exits left.)

MORGAN

(looking out the window)

So that's Princess Athena.

SUSANNA

(joining Philip behind the doorway)

Do you see her? Can you see him?

JOAN (O.S.)

Oh, honey. Look at you!

ATHENA (O.S.)

Momma! Merry Christmas!

Mwwa! JOAN (O.S.) Mwwa! ATHENA (O.S.)

Uh-oh. (ominously) MORGAN

Can you see him? SUSANNA

Merry Christmas. MORGAN
(turning mischievously)

Gordon, come meet Momma. He's just getting the gifts. ATHENA (O.S.)

Oh, Gordon, let me help YAH! JOAN (O.S.)
(O.S. A glass breaks.)
Oh, clumsy me. Butter fingers. I'll just-- Come in. Come in. You know the way.

(Joan wanders back to the kitchen. The others watch as she takes a wine glass from the cupboard. It squirts out of her hand and breaks.)

Damn! JOAN (Continued)
(grabbing the bottle)
It's almost empty, what the hell.
(she drinks from the bottle)

Hmm. I thought I heard a noise downstairs... ATHENA (O.S.)
(in a teasing voice, as she approaches)
(Athena enters, dressed in jersey and jeans. She puts on the elf cap.)
I wonder who it could be... Do you think it's...

(Philip grabs her.)

Gotcha! Ho! Ho! Ho! PHILIP Santa! Hi, Daddy. Mwwwwa!
(hugging and kissing)

Mwa? MORGAN

Oh, my happy little elf! You have no idea how I've been counting the days! PHILIP

(In walks Gordon, laden with gifts. Susanna's jaw drops. Gordon is in his 60s or 70s, dressed in a tattered jacket. Philip still hasn't seen him.)

(Morgan watches like a cat. In fact she's giddy.)

PHILIP (Continued)

Oh, Athena! Come tell me everything you've done, every place you've been.

(turning)

Oh, look. You brought Gordon's father.

ATHENA

Daddy, you silly. This is Gordon.

PHILIP

Ho, Ho-- Who?

(Still holding Athena, Philip looks to Joan, who drinks from her bottle. Philip is stunned.)

ATHENA

Gordon, you can put the gifts in the living room, under the tree.

GORDON

Merry Christmas, everyone. Athena's told me all about you.

ATHENA

(as Gordon takes the gifts to the tree)

He's so cute. He brought a special gift for the family. He won't even tell me what it is.

MORGAN

(opening another bottle)

Wine, anyone? While we still have glasses left.

SUSANNA

Come on, Daddy, let go of Athena so I can give her a hug.

(prying her out of Philip's arms)

ATHENA

Hi, big sister. Mwwa.

SUSANNA

(stage whisper)

I don't believe you!

TOM

Hey, cutie.

ATHENA

Hey, Tom. Merry Christmas.

(They hug.)

SUSANNA

Athena, this is my friend Morgan.

MORGAN

Wow. I never met a princess.

ATHENA

(stop teasing)
Ohh. Happy Holidays, Morgan.
(Morgan offers her hand, but Athena hugs her.)

*(Joan sets her bottle down like a hammer on a gavel.
Everything stops.)*

JOAN

Yes. Well.
(looking them over, one by one)
Athena, we've got your bedroom all ready upstairs. Your "friend" may sleep down cellar.

MORGAN

Or out in the barn with the cows and pigs.

ATHENA

(to Gordon)
It's a family room. A nice big studio couch.

JOAN

But it is in the cellar.

GORDON

Oh, I'll sleep anywhere. These old bones, you know.
(he laughs...alone)
So... Athena tells me you're on duty tonight, Santa.

ATHENA

Daddy?

PHILIP

Duty.

MORGAN

Howdy.

SUSANNA

The show?

PHILIP

Yes. Our annual Christmas show...which we do every year.

GORDON

Every year, you say.

SUSANNA

Hence the word "annual."

PHILIP

Hmm?

SUSANNA

Annual. You said we do the annual Christmas show every year.

PHILIP

Yes. Every year on Christmas Eve.

MORGAN

A family that enjoys good conversation. Can't beat it.

(bringing Gordon a glass of wine)

Hey, so, want some wine, old-timer?

GORDON

Wine?

JOAN

Oh, we wouldn't want him filling up on alcohol already. I mean, before dinner.

ATHENA

Don't worry, Gordon has a huge appetite.

TOM

Oh yeah.

MORGAN

(becoming more animated)

Huge appetite. Hear that, Santa?

ATHENA

That reminds me. Look, Daddy. I brought you something.

(taking out a pie box)

Coconut creme. All the way from California.

(Philip's eyes well up.)

MORGAN

Bad memories?

ATHENA

Oh, Daddy.

(going to him, a kiss on the cheek)

I didn't bake him his pie last year.

SUSANNA

Poor Daddy. He missed his widdew ewf.

JOAN

We all missed Athena. Off on her own. So young. Gone for a year with barely a word.

ATHENA

I missed you too, Daddy.

(leading him back in)

I missed all of you. I stayed in San Francisco to sing "The Messiah" at a children's--

(catching herself, so as not to annoy Susanna...)

SUSANNA
Orphanage?

MORGAN
Leper colony?

ATHENA
Just a shelter kind of thing. It's not important.

SUSANNA
(with a smile)
Morgan, did you know that the god Zeus had one daughter? Her name was Athena too.

ATHENA
(to Gordon)
It was the first time in 15 years I didn't elf.

SUSANNA
The name Susanna, on the other hand, comes from ancient American mythology. About a man who comes from Alabama with a banjo on his knee.

TOM
Rained all night the day he left, right? I studied it in college.

GORDON
Now, what does Santa's elf do at these Christmas shows?

ATHENA
Oh, Happy the Elf sings...

SUSANNA
...Dances.

MORGAN
Cavorts.

SUSANNA
I used to elf. Then Athena came along, so now I Mary.

TOM
I Joseph.

MORGAN
I don't believe this.

ATHENA
Susanna, you want to switch?

SUSANNA
I don't want to elf. Really, I don't have issues with this.

MORGAN
No issues.

SUSANNA

(good-naturedly)
Shut up.

MORGAN

Hey, Athena, so what's your big surprise?

ATHENA

Really, it's not a surprise, like..."Surprise!" More like a--

MORGAN

Heart attack? Stroke?

ATHENA

(with a look at Philip)
...But it can wait.

GORDON

Now would you look at me--raising a glass with a genuine TV star!

(Morgan places a glass of wine in Philip's hand.)

MORGAN

Come in, Captain Zeus.

ATHENA

Thirty years, twenty-three countries. Two hundred twenty channels. Right, Daddy?

JOAN

Don't forget the touring.

GORDON

Touring? Philip, you rode the mighty Greyhound?

ATHENA

Daddy? Is he okay?

MORGAN

Any minute now we're expecting an update.

(Morgan tips the glass to Philip's lips; he drinks.)

PHILIP

I'm sorry, I was just... Okay...

JOAN

The tours, Dear. Athena's friend was asking about your life as a TV star that kept you away from home all those years.

PHILIP

Well, it was a children's show. We'd broadcast from amusement parks and shopping malls. Europe, Asia, South America...