Cross Talks Duo

A: We are going to bring you a cross talks duo today.

B: Cross talks duo is a traditional performing art by two people.

A: The one standing in the front is responsible for the facial expression; he/she is called the ‘visible face.’ The other person positioned in the back is responsible for the voice; he/she is called the ‘hidden face.’

B: Exactly! One in the front, and one in the back. I’m better looking, and the audience loves me. I’m more suitable to be the ‘visible face.’

A: Fine. Let’s get started, quick!

B: Let me put some make-up on.

A: Fine, fine! After you knock on the wake-up block, you just listen to my instructions and don’t move a muscle. You do exactly as I say. Is your make-up ready?

B: Almost there… yippee!

B: I am just an ordinary person with nothing special, except I’m loaded with talents. Why don’t you tell the audience about my talents!

A: Anyone knows what her talent is?

B: Anybody?

A: That’s alright. Let’s me give you the inside scoops.

B: We are all ears!

A: (Change into cross talks duo formation with B in the front as ‘visible face,’ while A in the back as ‘hidden face’) I’m Mr. Know-It-All. My interests and hobbies cover a very wide range. I come fully loaded with talents. When I’m alone, I study, read the newspaper, swing my sword, keep my account ledgers, and urinate. I got too many talents…

B: You, come out at once!

A: What’s the matter?

B: What was that? How could ‘urinating’ be a talent? You wet your bed just because you feel like it?

A: Then what talents do you have?

B: I’m just loaded with talents, especially composing and reciting poetries!

A: Oh, you’re right! I remember that you can compose poems.

B: Yup, indeed. Why don’t you recite the poem that I have just written and share it with the audience?

A: I remember that, no problem!

B: Please.

A: (A and B move into cross talks duo performance formation with B being the ‘visible face’ and A being the ‘hidden face’ ) Now, allow me to introduce my poem. May I have your attention, please: ‘Moonlight lit before my bed, seemed like frost on the ground, looking up gazing at the moon, looking down missing my hometown.’ Oh my, what a well-written poem! Bravo, bravo!

B: Yo, yo, yo!

A: Now what?

B: That wasn’t my poem!

A: Then whose poem was that?

B: Every one knows the answer to that. That poem was written by Lee Bai.

A: You got me wrong. I used Lee Bai’s poem to warm up, yours will be next.

B: Oh, so mine will be next?

A: Exactly!

B: You better not mess it up!

A: (A and B move into cross talks duo performance formation with B being the ‘visible face’ and A being the ‘hidden face’) That was Lee Bai’s ‘A Tranquil Night’ just now. So, without further ado, I, Nicole Sun, am going to read my poem. Lee Bai is the god of poetry; I am the queen of poetry. There’s a saying, ‘works by the queen, the best you’ve ever seen.’ Here we go: ‘Before my bed moonlight lit, like frost on the ground it seemed, gazing at the moon I looked up, missing my hometown I looked down.’ Look up, look down, look up, look down.

A: We just saw a giant tortoise nodding.

B: Hey, that was total nonsense! Will you cut it out?

A: Fine, fine. That’s all for the show!

A, B: You guys have been great, thank you!