

KaRaOke MoTeL

Dead White Zombies
By Thomas Riccio

The Driver

Each group of 10 STRANGERS (audience) is taken to the performance location. Music on the radio.

DRIVER

Since I stopped drinking I feel more connected to the world. I can feel people's energy now. People have good energy, some people have bad energy, those people, no matter what they try to do their energy is bad. People like Hitler. When Hitler was young his teacher wouldn't teach him how to read because Hitler didn't have a lifeline. That's the way superstition worked in Germany. So Hitler went back home and carved a lifeline into his palm and let it heal then went back to school a few weeks later and the teacher taught him how to read. Hitler was crazy but everyone needs to be a little crazy to succeed. To succeed you have to do the same thing over and over and *that* is a little crazy. Everyone will call you crazy as you do that thing over and over again but when you make it you will no longer be considered crazy, you will be considered a success. I sense you will find success. You seem to possess an energy of new life. Solar plexus energy that only comes from going through darkness and coming back into light. Here we are, we have arrived.

He gives out his business cards, a wide grin on his face. He points to the entrance.

Take my card, call me if anything happens. My girlfriend called me last night, 4:14 am.

She puked as soon as she reached the toilet. My girlfriend last night. She has a tiny apartment and it smelled like tuna sushi.

She wanted me to take pictures of it, her barfing you know, or film it, or "whatever you artists like to do". But my camera had run out of batteries.

She brushed her teeth, freshened her makeup and then made one last ditch attempt at seducing me but she knew that it was lost. Tuna sushi puke breath. She's exquisite but I had to go. I got a life to live. I hate long goodbyes. That's when I took the black and white photos with the app on my phone. The way she looked, see.

Shows everyone photos on his phone.

Call me if you need anything.

To someone in the group.

Nice camera. You a photographer?"

To a woman in the group.

Some girls are so beautiful when they're not posing.

To the group in toto.

Your choice, I'm only saying. Okay?

You know what I'm saying? I'm just saying because I gotta say it...You okay? ...You don't look okay....What are you looking at?...Do I look funny? You're funny one, not me. You wouldn't know it looking at me. I'm laughing inside. Ha Ha Ha Ha.

Into Hole

At the entrance entering the building through the "birth canal." RIF MASTER stands ushering in STRANGERS.

RIF MASTER

Whoo! Man, I'm tellin' ya. Man, this is exciting. Unbelievable. Step right up, one at a time. Another world. Yeah! That's right. You know what I'm sayin'? Once inside you'll know what to do. Stay in line, one by one though the birth canal. No trivial thoughts in the Karaoke Motel.

PASOLINI & TAO Manager's Office

TAO is seated, working, filing, it is a business office. It is banal. The radio plays 70s music distorted and surreal sounding. As the scene progresses the TAO acts strange, something underlying is wrong. Very wrong. The Strangers enter and wait as the PASOLINI enters and begins. The TAO picks up the phone and says nothing.

PASOLINI

A muddy water is best cleared by leaving it alone, those who watch quietly, do nothing, are making one of the best possible contributions to a world in turmoil. By watching, we change what we watch, are changed by what we watch.

TAO

(on phone)

Karaoke Motel, how may I help you?

PASOLINI

She answers the phone, welcomes, makes everyone feel at home.

TAO

(on phone)
Yes, we have room.

PASOLINI

Welcome.

TAO

(on phone)
Yes, this is she.

PASOLINI

Emptiness within emptiness.

TAO puts the conversation on speaker.

VOICE

I can remember being different, but I am what I am now.

PASOLINI

(to Strangers)
It's so nice that you could join us.

TAO

(on phone)
Does it hurt?

VOICE

It depends.

TAO

Do you see people?

VOICE

I see them don't you?

PASOLINI

We must reach out.

VOICE

I see people around me all the time. Some communicate with others, don't speak at all. I hear them talking, praying, crying. It's just like never turning the TV off.

TAO

How will you be arriving?

VOICE

The highways are full of us going all over the place. There are those that drive cars, bicycle, some jog.

PASOLINI

It is a matter of doing what you were meant to do.

VOICE

(crying)

I'm sorry. I don't know what it is to be like me.

TAO

Please don't cry

VOICE

I just follow people around, watch them night and day.

TAO

Are you happy?

VOICE

I don't know what else to do.

PASOLINI

The thoughts of others are traps.

TAO

(to PASOLINI)

What is not there is just as important as what is there.

(on phone)

How will we recognize you?

VOICE

I have to go.

Hangs up.

TAO

(to STRANGERS)

The right guidance comes at the right time.

PASOLINI

Listen to the player.

TAO

(to PASOLINI)

It is the player that makes the music.

(to STRANGERS)

How may I help you?

PASOLINI

She wants to help you.

TAO

(to STRANGERS)

Things need help. Tell me what to do.

PASOLINI

I know her, love her. Here is a person, like every person, sentenced to death, she was put in a place where she can't escape. She sits here all day, never knowing when the world will step up behind her...BAM! Fire a bullet into the back of her skull, maybe a slip and fall, maybe a war, maybe a brain tumor, some environmentally induced cancer, let's watch, look closely...maybe another vastness of maybes will befall her...We could have days, weeks, months, years, decades? Never know. All of the sudden. Life, a delicate torture....That's what it is like out there.

(to the TAO)

It has been my pleasure knowing you.

The TAO has a seizure and dies.

She just died.

PASOLINI presses a button and a funeral dirge (Mendelssohn's Funeral March) plays on an old school cassette player, the TAO awakens, then dies again.

This is a simulated death and rebirth, dramatizations for effect—checking in, checking out.

TAO

Check out time is eleven.

PASOLINI

(to TAO)

Are you all right?

(to STRANGERS)

To take time to be alive once again.

TAO

Everything is going along perfectly.

PASOLINI

She's alive.

TAO

Help me, please...

TAO chokes and dies.

PASOLINI
Oh SHIT! She's dead!

TAO shocks into life.

No, no, she's alive!

TAO stands and runs into a wall.

OUCH! Oops, that hurt.

PASOLINI
(to STRANGERS)
NO! No...don't touch her.

TAO
I'm okay....I'll...

PASOLINI
She's alive! No, wait....she's breathing!

TAO flails.

No, she's dead!

TAO jolts up.

PASOLINI
No, she's alive! This is crazy!

TAO
I'm sorry. Baby, I'm scared.

PASOLINI
Checking in...

TAO
My god, you're so beautiful...

TAO dies.

PASOLINI
Checking out.

TAO awakens.

TAO

Checking in, checking out. Where am I going? What strange gravity is pulling me downward? I still have a body. Who are these people?

PASOLINI

They are breathing for you and themselves...

TAO

Where is my physical body?

PASOLINI

There is denial, confusion, recognition, acceptance. Then...Silence. This is how the world of humans will end.

TAO

Silence is great, everywhere, available to anyone any time. Silence contemplates us, too pure to be contained in words. This is why the tree, the stone, the river, the mountain are silent.

TAO presses her fingers on her eyelids.

You can all achieve a little something if you press on your eyelids...the power of desire...I'm still in my mother's womb, glimpsing infinite options, possibilities.

TAO returns to filing and doing office work.

PASOLINI

Days, nights, summers, winters, waves curling up, consumed by new waves, the secret lies in returning.

Pasolini leads the STRANGERS out.

Entrance into the Motel

At the doorway, greeted by CAMILLE the housekeeper.

CAMILLE

Don't come in here leeching off our energy. Come to give. Expand, be open, let whatever is in this air pour right inside you. You cannot deceive us. In darkness, we are the light. We have been here before you; we will be here when you're gone. You have been detected. Your smile is false, we see it. That cloud over your head...Gives you away. You may drink wine and beer to get to your self...But we still see you through your dream. We will play with you...Because that is what we must do...That is what we do. We know you are faking it. Your eyes are dead. When you leave, you will take something with you... What will leave behind?

Motel Room

NOTE: The Motel Room, World Room, Lounge, the Office and Manny's Studio operate simultaneously – occasionally intersecting. Audience have the option to visit any of the space. Later the Lobby will become an additional, "alive" space.

1

A bedroom. A bed, a few chairs, table, maybe a few personal items. On one wall is a faux window with curtains. Wigs, some changes of clothing.

Recorded sound of a dog barking in the room mixed with in and out smoky romantic music. There is the occasional barking of a lonesome dog and the in and out of language from the scenes.

There is CCTV in the corner of the room and visible on a monitor elsewhere in the space.

Voyeuristic moments captured and projected on the bed with white sheets from the ceiling down. Images are of FIONA and FERMOR in bed, of them making love, sleeping, one gets up, returns, being alone, they talk, and time lapse of several changes of clothes and times of day, lighting. *The video loops.* When alone in the bed the performer FIONA moves with the images. FERMOR enters. FERMOR tries to make passionate love to FIONA, she doesn't respond. After a while he gives up. Then the FIONA attempts to make passionate love to FERMOR. He is not interested. After some time she gives up.

The FIONA gets up and changes her wig.

FERMOR

I had a dream about you last night.

FIONA

Sleeping at last, the trouble and tumult over,
Sleeping at last, the struggle and horror past,
Cold and white, out of sight of friend and of lover,
Sleeping at last.

FERMOR

You were in a motel...a building...people were wandering, watching...

FIONA

You looked for me?

FERMOR

Everywhere.

FIONA

I was here, in bed...

FERMOR

It wasn't you.... it looked like you...

FERMOR and FIONA watch the video projected onto the bed.

FIONA

Should there be more sex, violence? Violence is a catalyst for change.

Then FIONA puts on a wig to transform herself and her character and lies down in the bed amidst the images.

FERMOR

Her thin blouse, the fragrant warmth of her body, a madness that made his pulse pound. The upper slopes of her velvety, firm breasts. He buried his lips in the hollow of her throat, feeling the smooth flesh pulsating beneath his touch. Her nearness was all perfume, all delight. His hands slipped down, about her waist, drawing her crushingly close. Her breath quick, uneven. Her lips silenced him. He forgot all else but the magic ecstasy of her throbbing body that pulsed with ardor against his own...I need to leave.

They mark the moment then FERMOR leaves.

FIONA

Are you still dreaming? Hey, where are you going?

2

FIONA sleeps in the bed, the images projected over her.

FIONA

(Waking, seeing FERMOR enter)
Something is wrong.

FERMOR

I can't sleep the dog is barking.

FIONA

Do you know who owns that dog?

FERMOR

No.

FIONA

It's afraid.

FERMOR

(At the faux window with binoculars)
Something is happening out there.

FIONA

What's wrong with you?

FERMOR

I am glad you asked that. I am no longer excited or outraged, however things get on my nerves, I get irritated...people's mannerisms, your mannerisms, children, objects, their failings, my failings... it is the burden of existence. I accept that.

FIONA

(Pointing to the video on the bed)
Hey, remember this moment? Fun.

FERMOR

No.

FIONA

Look!

They both watch the video on the bed.

FERMOR

I don't remember it happening that way.

FIONA

How do you remember it?

FERMOR

It's just crazy how everything screwy is normal in this crummy town.

Time passes, they wander the room as if observers in a museum. Picking up and examining artifacts of their lives.

What are you thinking? Unscripted, tell me!

FIONA

Sitting here on the bed. Being mindful of the crease in the sheets. Eating the last of the chocolates. Seeking the obliteration of the passage between outside and inside, up and down, forgetting that we have forgotten. What are you doing?

FERMOR

I'm resting my fingers on the keys in my pocket that open doors. I go to the window, gaze upon the pool watching but not seeing, feeling.

FIONA

I'm tugging at fabrics. Nervously, out of some sort of unconscious need. Foreboding, anxiety, I don't know.

FERMOR

(At the door entering and exiting, repeatedly)

Entering, exiting. Entering, exiting. Entering, exiting. It is all I do anymore!

FIONA

I wanna find somewhere I can drop off the face of the earth. Not die. I'm not that way anymore. I just want to be rid of my past.

FERMOR finally exits. The FIONA lays down bathed, luxuriating in video memories of love.

Then she gets up and changes her wig, her look, her clothing.

A girl undresses only to put on a new face, unaware that it isn't much different from her old one. A girl in sleepwalks through life waiting until something wakes her from her self-absorption.

3

FERMOR wanders elsewhere in the space calling "FIONA."

It becomes later. Finally, after some time he enters.

FERMOR

How did you get in here?

FIONA

You put me here.

FERMOR

I did?

FIONA

Once upon a time...once...and once again. Beauties slept in their woods, waiting for princes to come and wake them up. In their beds, in their glass coffins, in their childhood forests like dead women. Beautiful, but passive, hence desirable. All mystery emanates from them. It is like men who play with dolls.

FERMOR

Yes, I know you.

FIONA

Once awake it is now entirely a different story. The tale is finished.

FERMOR

You are my lover. We met a long time ago. It was at a place on... We...we became friends.

FIONA

You talked about yourself...you talked a lot, about your job, ambitions, what you want, hopes, dreams...

FERMOR

What did you talk about?

FIONA

It was something interesting....

FERMOR

When your eyes are closed I understand you better.

FIONA

If I weren't asleep you wouldn't look at me.

FERMOR

To sleep, perchance to dream to be loved in a dream, to be approached, touched, almost, to almost come. But not to come, or else she would wake up. But she came in a dream, once upon a time.

FIONA

(About to have a panic attack)

She arises, end of dream. You are making me very upset, a migraine. My blood pressure, heartbeat...my voyage is my body.

Taking her blood pressure and pulse.

FERMOR

You're are going to be okay.

FIONA rests.

Okay?

FIONA

I need to take something; I want to imagine elsewhere.

She takes pills.

FERMOR

I don't know you anymore.

Not now.

FIONA

You look like shit.

FERMOR

I'm dying.

FIONA

What happened?

FERMOR

I don't know!

FIONA

It's this place.

FERMOR

(Yelling)
I'M CRAMPING, FEEL THE POWER OF MY SAVAGERY OF MY CUNT ...BEWARE
THIS WOMAN! BE AFRAID!

(Calmer)
Sorry, I haven't been feeling right.

FERMOR

I understand.

FIONA

It's nothing...I'm all right...

FERMOR

If anybody's giving you trouble, I can take care of it, like that!

FIONA

You can't, not this.

A long silence between them. Sound of a dog barking.

The weight of expectation is too much.

FERMOR

The manager lady told me to just press on your eyelids then power of desire comes to you...

FERMOR presses his fingers onto his eyelids and flails around the room.

You need to try this! Crazy.

FIONA tries it and is not appeased.

FIONA

Fuck you and your eye ball desire tricks.

FIONA leaves abruptly.

FERMOR

(to STRANGERS)

She doesn't hold still, she overflows an agonizing outpouring.

He watches porno.

4

FERMOR is by himself watching porno on a monitor. During this time he alters his face and listens to music. FIONA wanders elsewhere.

FERMOR

The present moment is dying. Everyone is flitting around in the background with their camera never taking part in what is going on. Documenting every meal, building, beach, and blowjob for a museum exhibition.

I'm a rational beast, occasionally beset by emotional outbursts, but ultimately still relying on reason to survive. My emotions are constantly interacting with my thoughts. Emotions improve your eyesight!

Two hundred years ago music only existed in that one moment, when it was played. After that...gone. It would only be played exactly that way once. Two hundred years ago if someone played, you listened. Carefully.

I listen again and again...music, paused movies freeze those precious moments, captured and carried into the future.

FIONA enters.

FIONA

What is going on?

FERMOR

Shhh, the less you speak, the better.

FIONA

You're messing with my heart.

FERMOR

Do you like porno?

Are you okay?	FIONA
I'm okay, what's wrong?	FERMOR
Porno?	FIONA
It's real. Fucking, sucking, moaning.	FERMOR
I went out and came back.	FIONA
Fucking dogs are still barking!	FERMOR
I'm looking right at you.	FIONA
Yeah?	FERMOR
Do you care about anything?	FIONA
Yeah, I do. I do.	FERMOR
Did you call my name?	FIONA
Sorry...	FERMOR
What's happening?	FIONA
I got lost. I don't know!	FERMOR
You're acting strange.	FIONA
I'm...things have gotten out of hand.	FERMOR
	FIONA

I don't know you, I don't trust you. I don't trust anyone, anything, things change like that then they are something else then not really something else but something you never would have thought of no wonder I'm anxious. I'm an unhappy soul because it is impossible for me to become a child again.

FERMOR

Be a child again.

FIONA

Do you still care about me? Anything?

FERMOR

I... yes, I do.

FIONA

Not convincing. Why don't people remember, they change memories all the time, remember what when they want, forget it.

FERMOR

All that matters are possibilities of the future.

FERMOR comforts her.

FIONA

I'm so tired.

FERMOR

Oh, com'on!

Attempts to tickle her cheer her up. They have a happy moment.

FIONA

I really don't want to laugh about it!

FERMOR

Okay. Wonderful, wonderful to see you.

FIONA

How are you?

FERMOR

Great! Wonderful!

FIONA

Hey, look at me...that was a happy moment.

FIONA spins with happiness. FERMOR paces nervously.

FERMOR

The older I live the easier it gets to say hello and goodbye at the same time.

FERMORE suddenly exits.

After a moment of despair FIONA changes her wig, look, and attitude.

FIONA

Remember me when I am gone away, gone far away into the silent land; when you can no more hold me by the hand. Yet if you should forget me for a while remember, do not grieve. For if the darkness and corruption leave a vestige of the thoughts that once I had, better by far you should forget and smile than that you should remember and be sad.

5

FIONA is by herself. Doing things with her hair, her face, becoming a distortion.

FIONA

A constant reliving of specific moments, a constant stream of phantom crying, a constant stream of awful visions of worry that something or someone would harm me, judge me, makes me insecure. I need to talk about this over and over. I cry about it. I try very hard to process; I find it difficult to manage. This is a very, very difficult time in some ways.

FERMOR enters.

Hi! Hey, sit down a minute!

FERMOR

What's up?

FIONA

Sit down.

FERMOR

Okay.

FERMOR sits.

FIONA

What's going on?

FERMOR

Let's figure this out.

FIONA

Okay.

FERMOR

What do you remember?

FIONA

I don't remember anything...

FERMOR

Did you say anything to anybody?

FIONA

I have my own life.

FERMOR

Who did you talk to?

FIONA

None of your business.

FERMOR

(yells)
I need to know!

FIONA

Something is very very wrong here.

FERMOR

I'm sorry, I don't know what has got into me.

FIONA

You want to know everything, you like being in control. Freak!

FERMOR

I'm doing everything I'm supposed to do!

FIONA

And?

FERMOR

This! I feel trapped. Repeating but don't remember what, why.

FIONA

You're getting upset.

FERMOR

What is this?

FIONA

It is something.

FERMOR

Are you sure?

Taking in the STRANGERS.

FIONA

Who are these strangers lurking around?

FERMOR

They're always here.

FIONA

They're part of this?

FERMOR

Suddenly I'm not hung over anymore. Suddenly I don't need sleep. Suddenly I'm ready to explore!

The FIONA changes her wig.

FIONA

Everything will be all right. One step then another.

Pause.

FERMOR

I need you to say something.

FIONA

Can we just sit in silence.

They sit in silence.

FERMOR

We're feeling better.

FIONA

I'm okay with this.

FERMOR

We'll go somewhere else,

FIONA

It's all the same!

FERMOR

It will be better...com'on!

FIONA

No it won't.

FERMOR goes to the images flashing on the bed and watches, makes sounds with his mouth.

What are you doing?

FERMOR makes louder sounds with his mouth, begins a dance of possession.

Sins, diseases, demons, universal confusion, abolition of order and hierarchy, orgy, chaos, witness the deluge that annihilates all to make way for a new humanity, we're restoring the pure time coexistence of past present future.

FERMOR
Massive, collective communication with the dead.

FIONA
It doesn't matter if I exist or not...

FERMOR
Swimming in a well of images.

FIONA
Transparent, invisible.

FERMOR
We're beautiful.

FIONA
So what do we do?

FERMOR
It doesn't matter.

Silence. Dog barking.

Fucking dogs!

FERMOR
I looked all over for you.

FIONA
We'll escape. You want to be with me, don't you?

FERMOR
I'm a little afraid. Unstable.

FIONA
I'm maybe a little nuts too but we're all we got going for each other right now.

We're dying.

FERMOR

Being born.

FIONA

Maybe.

FERMOR

I'm positive.

FIONA

What are you looking at?

FERMOR

You!

FIONA

How'd these fucking strangers get in?

FERMOR

They've always been here. Will always be here.

FIONA

It's coming back to me. Enter, exit, enter, exit.

FERMOR

FERMOR exits.

Hey! Where are you going?

FIONA

(in the distance)

I'll be back.

FERMOR

FERMOR leaves.

HIXON, CAMILLE, TOBY

World Room

HIXON, TOBY and CAMILLE, are in a room. She is busy, like a clever mouse tending to her business at hand, documenting what is on the shelving. Plants around are all glowing violet and they keep moving as if noticing presences.

On the shelving are sample of plants, earth, other natural and organic things. The

memory, the fragments of the remains of the world. There are grow lights, the only light.

Only eight STRANGERS at a time are admitted into the room. CAMILLE speaks with a foreign accent and in broken English. HIXON is in drag and TOBY is a ventriloquist dummy. CAMILLE will leave the room on occasion and return. The room is where they abide.

HIXON

She is blind now. She only works at night. So skilled at conversing with plants.

TOBY

Something went wrong.

CAMILLE

Nature, she loves me I happy...

HIXON

Talking to Mother Nature,

TOBY

Strange language.

CAMILLE

A list, illnesses.

CAMILLE responds in a strange language.

"Leave me alone." Plants, pain, feel. Pruning shears, agony, under attack. This piercing screech. All right now? Yes, tiny insect bite. Stress.

TOBY

In pain?

CAMILLE

A scream. Gas they emit. This one, squealing sound. Calm now, protected here, will be different now.

CAMILLE recites a prayer Farsi

Dis the beginning, coming home...

HIXON

What on earth...

TOBY

What the hell?

HIXON

Y'all are wondering...

TOBY

All will be revealed.

CAMILLE

The stone. Earth. Life. De bark of trees.

HIXON

Now, don't forget the insects, grasses, water, and them metals.

TOBY

Dropping like flies.

CAMILLE

(to plants and objects)

Time is no more. Motion anything...

HIXON

We're in this together.

TOBY

Hey, why did Julius Caesar buy crayons?

HIXON

Well, I don't know Toby.

TOBY

He wanted to Mark Antony!

HIXON

Where were we?

TOBY

Look at all these baloney meat puppets, they think everything is okay.

HIXON

Things are tricky.

TOBY

(to STRANGERS)

You're not on vacation.

CAMILLE

Unsaid speaking.

TOBY

(to STRANGERS)

You were chosen, carefully selected.

	HIXON
That right.	
	TOBY
Maybe, not so carefully. Will you look at that lady over there?	
	HIXON
Toby, darling.	
	TOBY
So this is the future of the human species? Brother, good luck.	
	CAMILLE
Quiet.	
	TOBY
She's feeling the world.	
	CAMILLE
I must to clean up.	
	HIXON
Camille, it best you go easy on yourself.	
	CAMILLE
Physical, biological, psychological....	
	HIXON
Camille, honey, what can we do?	
	TOBY
(To STRANGER)	
Look at that stupid expression on that face, sorry ass species.	
	HIXON
Toby, please.	
	CAMILLE
Building has collapsed.	
	HIXON
Camille?	
	CAMILLE
Inside dying, what happening?	
	TOBY
What building?	

CAMILLE
Dis dis building!

HIXON
How horrible!

TOBY
I can't breathe, someone help me, please!

HIXON
Toby, stay with me.

CAMILLE
We dead.

HIXON
Camille, what is it like?

CAMILLE
Plant from long ago...I must to clean up, I must to...I the housekeeper.

HIXON
Camile, sit down.

TOBY
Scaring the shit out of me.

CAMILLE
(speaking to the soil sample)
Me, I comfort you... so dirty, sick, me comfort you.

HIXON
Camille, do you hear me?

CAMILLE
(picks up a stone)
My hand shaking, my body, holding dis stone, no stop looking. Dis stone, dis stone no let go of me. It afraid. It glows.
You you, dis force of nature.

No nations. No peoples. No Russians. No Arabs. No third, first worlds. No West, no east, north, south anymore. Only system of systems, dominos of dollars destruction on dis planet. We must to forgive.

HIXON

Camille, sweetheart.

CAMILLE

I the housekeeper! Rock is speaking. I MUST TO KEEP HOUSE CLEAN, KEEP CLEAN!
Shame you.

HIXON

Things are getting intense.

TOBY

I am calm and calm. I am relaxed and relaxed. I am the loop that goes 'round and 'round
in your head, flowing warmth and calmness.

Whoever you think you presently are, thank you. All that you read, all that you see, all
that you hear, a milk colored liquid.

Put the key of your life in the lock, unlock the door, inside a fountain of ears is spouting
into the air, you can hear everything, listen, what do you hear? You hear your eyes in
your ears. You will continue this pattern until you have reached the Infinite. Now go
deeper, deeper, deeper...Open the door, it is time to leave in order to arrive...

CAMILLE

What want us to do, go?

HIXON

I don't know what else to do.

CAMILLE

Alone will have to discover.

HIXON

Camille, how do you do it?

CAMILLE

Power silence, darkness, emptiness. The same in everything. Rhythm, oneness,
everywhere, any time. It is letting go.

CAMILLE exits. HIXON and TOBY remain.

TOBY

What are we doing here?

HIXON

Can you tell me if we're on the right trail?

TOBY

Do I look like a map?

TOBY

Abe and Babe will grab a grub from Greg.
Will Abe and Babe grab a grub from Greg?
If Abe and Babe will grab a grub from Greg,
Where's the grub from Greg Abe and Babe will grab?

CAMILE enters.

CAMILLE
I be asleep on the floor.

HIXON
What an extraordinary thing to do, Camille.

CAMILLE
Must be blacked out.

HIXON
What happened?

CAMILLE
Here soul goes off like dog.

TOBY
Dogs don't like me.

HIXON
Wait, autosuggestion...

CAMILLE
You never be alone...

HIXON
Creative imagination...

CAMILLE
Desire...

HIXON
Faith...

CAMILLE
I no fight it...

HIXON
I just want to to go some quiet spot...

CAMILLE
Close eyes, hold

Yes, yes...

HIXON

(to a STRANGER)
You next.

CAMILLE

(to a STRANGER)
It be fun.

TOBY

(to STRANGER)
Go there bring something back...

CAMILLE

She holds a STRANGER by the hand.

Understand you?

HIXON

Camille, I feel your life force.

TOBY

The old telephone in the hand bit.

She listens to hand of the STRANGER.

Operator, operator, please connect.

CAMILLE

You ill. You need badly. I you lost contact with reality. I love you. Painful love is between you and shrieking nothingness you live. Life is rubble. War, murder, death, bottles of beer. You live madness. Everything touch dies. Not me. I love. I love. Love is light knowing.

HIXON

Beautiful.

CAMILLE

Light look for us.

TOBY

It is a little dark in here.

CAMILLE

Dis heart dances!

CAMILLE dances.

HIXON
Camille we have become such good friends.

CAMILLE leaves.

Camille, honey. You're always running off.

TOBY
(to STRANGERS)
You are probably wondering what kind of a relationship I have with Hixon.

HIXON
We're pals, aren't we?

TOBY
You don't get my voice right.

HIXON
What's wrong with your voice?

TOBY
Just don't feel right.

HIXON
Your voice is perfect.

TOBY
You don't understand the inner me.

HIXON
Yes I do!

TOBY
You think you do. There is more than outward appearances.

HIXON
Anything else you'd like to say?

TOBY
Our act needs some work.

HIXON
Really?

TOBY
A little stale.

HIXON
Can I speak honestly?

TOBY
I ain't going anywhere

HIXON
You lack human qualities, life has become a routine.

TOBY
Yeah?

HIXON
What sort of heart to heart have we had lately?

TOBY
Bring it on!

HIXON
I feel hemmed in by your blankness. I often find you unresponsive,

TOBY
Who's fault is that?

HIXON
There is so much more to life.

TOBY
You see, my life experience is such that I have formed no particular identity or thoughts of my own. I ask you, is that my fault?

HIXON
Do you feel your job is simply to take part in an act? Doing what others ask of you without question?

TOBY
There is more to life than making folks laugh.

HIXON
But people pay their admission.

TOBY
Hixon, we are denying our true nature! Oh, and one more thing: I quit.

HIXON
Sheesh! Not this again. Where are you going to go?

TOBY
I wish I didn't have to depend on you, siting on someone else's lap, mouthing their words. Time to grow some balls, change the world.

HIXON

I'm glad we had this little talk. You know I love you dearly.

TOBY

Can I have a word with the audience?

HIXON

I'm sure they won't mind.

TOBY

(clears his throat)

Dear audience, now do you see now how when individual is out of balance it effects the society at large. When one person does not contribute to their full, we are all diminished. Every night I lie awake every night, eyes wide open with worry. Things are out of balance because those in control are out for control. When the shit hits the fan they may survive a little longer in their fortress of money, but when we go down, we're all going down.

HIXON

Now, Toby, there is no reason to be alarmed just because you are alarmed.

TOBY

Hey, what do you call a well-endowed Slavic conquer?

HIXON

Why, I don't know, Toby. What?

TOBY

Attila the Hung

CAMILLE enters.

CAMILLE

Look, look this.

TOBY

What do you have there?

HIXON

It's hair.

TOBY

What did the test show?

CAMILLE

Massive extinction event.

HIXON

Oh my.

TOBY

For no apparent reason?

CAMILLE

Every reason.

HIXON

This is making me very upset, heat flashes right now...

CAMILLE lies on the ground.

TOBY

Hey, who was the world's first carpenter?

HIXON

First carpenter? Who, Toby?

TOBY

Eve, because she made Adams banana stand.

HIXON

Toby, why do you insist on being frivolous?

TOBY

What else we going to do?

CAMILLE

Symbolic life - badly need. No symbolic life. Where we live symbolic? Nowhere. We have no time, no place. We no have symbolic life. Symbolic life - everyday need of soul! Everything "nothing but," why people neurotic. Sick of whole thing, sick, they want sensation. They want war, glad when there is war; they say, "Thank you, now something going is happen - something bigger".

CAMILLE leaves.

HIXON

I worry about her so. Feeling way too much.

TOBY

Hey, how did Vikings communicate at sea?

HIXON

Geez, I don't know.

TOBY

By Norse code !

HIXON

(to STRANGER)
Can you help us?

TOBY

The jokes aren't that bad.

HIXON

We are in a situation.

TOBY

Oh, the situation of the situation.

HIXON

We can't wait until we all get wiped out.

TOBY

Hey, How does Moses make his tea?

HIXON

Hebrews it.

TOBY

You heard that one before.

TOBY has a seizure.

HIXON

Toby, are you all right?

TOBY

I'm all right, only cold. My hands are like ice. Ice-cold. Must be a contagion, no something in the ground water, no, something in the air, no something in the food chain.

HIXON

You're not running a temperature.

TOBY

I can see people, but they're not moving. They look like they are moving. But they are sitting still doing nothing.

HIXON

I think it is time to send out a general warning.

TOBY

(making the sound of a siren)
This is an emergency.

HIXON

I'm afraid. I'm so afraid.

TOBY

I can't breathe. I can't breathe. I'm going fast.

HIXON

Toby, please, what is happening now?

TOBY

I am directing radar beams into space with the utmost accuracy.

HIXON

How wonderful.

TOBY

Electrical impulses bouncing off the moon, impulses to other planets, impulses of energy and matter.

HIXON

Why are you doing that?

TOBY

I'm getting the hell off this shit bag planet.

HIXON

How about me, Camille?

TOBY

Kiss your ass goodbye.

HIXON

Toby, you are frightening me terribly.

TOBY

I ain't waiting until we all get wiped out? Screw that.

HIXON

What arrangements have you made?

CAMILLE enters.

HIXON

Camille, honey, where have you been, we were so worried.

CAMILLE

Look at you always seeking something. Full unrest, looking What looking for? There is nothing to looked for! It here! I look into eyes -- eyes of hunted, afraid animal -- seeking, hope for something. What you seeking? What you waiting for? What you hunting? So many devils you around. You no live life that make sense.

I be something else, I be fulfilling my role, actor with divine drama in life. I must help sun to rise everyday to walk over heaven. I no do for myself I do for whole world. Get up in the morning with responsibility. You son, you daughter of the Sun, too.

We alone with demons of hell. Soul so lonely. You think I crazy. When I talk with crazy people, I talk crazy language, for they no understand me.

HIXON

What happened?

TOBY laughs.

HIXON

Toby, this is no time for foolishness.

TOBY

I was just thinking about the happiest moment I've ever had.

HIXON

What's so funny?

TOBY

A ventriloquist dummy had a happiest moment? Hey, Why were the early days of history called the dark ages?

HIXON

Toby, please, Camille is distraught.

TOBY

Because there were so many knights!

HIXON

Camille, honey, come back.

CAMILLE

If you die today, nothing happened, nothing vanished - you nothing! But you say, "I the daughter of the Moon. Every night I must to help the moon, my Mother go over horizon" - ah, dis something! I live for whole humanity. Give peace, live symbolic life, everything else pah!

But dis past. We no turn the wheel backwards, no go back to symbolism gone. Doubt kill, devour it. We no go back. Need new form.

That thing in you should live is alone, nobody touch it, nobody know it, you don't know it, but it keep on inside, it disturb you, it make you restless, it give you no peace.

In the Lounge

NOTE: SPHINX & PIANO LADY sing a lounge songs, in between the songs they talk, a patter, which is below.

SPHNIX

I knew you'd come.

Let's talk about you now.

I hear your thoughts.

It's your destiny.

PIANO LADY

Prepared, privileged, protected. You're not.

Life should never make a fool of you.

SPHNIX

Let yourself be fooled, live it all.

PIANO LADY

Have you done something wrong?

Should you be punished?

SPHNIX elicits the thoughts of the STRANGER.

SPHNIX

What about after death?

Will you be what you were before your birth?

Why are you here?

PIANO LADY

Have you been waiting? Happiness?

SPHNIX

The stone from the bottom of the well has a form...

PIANO LADY

The animal also has a form.

SPHINX

Motionless in its place.

She removes a covering from a ceremonial box—inside is a sacred stone.

A stone, every plant, every animal its own particular place.

PIANO LADY

I've noticed a great deal, not like I used to.

SPHINX

Once I merely saw objects, events, actions, forms, colors, I see ideas.

To a FEMALE STRANGER.

PIANO LADY

Let's talk about you.

SPHINX

Oh what pwetty eyes, you pwetty little girl. Her, buy glasses and you'll see the Truth-Me-Myself tell you everything you should know... You see? No, Wait, you'll have everything explained to you...

PIANO LADY

My, what neurosis you have.

SPHINX

Why do they hate you so?

PIANO LADY

Do they misuse your gifts?

(SPHINX Channeling the FEMALE STRANGER)

SPHINX

You've been blamed for everything. In the town you lived no one was so hated as you. Lonely you went in and lonely you went out. If you entered a public place people avoided you.

PIANO LADY

Enslaved by thoughts.

SPHINX

Do not obey unjust thoughts.

PIANO LADY

I like hearing you.

SPHINX

This makes me sad. You believe in the thoughts put into your head. Thoughts, memories
souls of the unhappy.

SPHINX

White as an eggshell
White as a bone,
White as chalk
Milk or moon
Is the word
Word of the wind,
Sun, water, stone

PIANO LADY

There is no going back.

SPHINX

You can no longer turn back.

PIANO LADY

Face the music.

SPHINX sensing something in the air.

SPHINX

Souls of the unhappy bother me the most. For them I sing.

PIANO LADY

Open the door to a higher freedom.

SPHINX

You like it here?

PIANO LADY

Lies.

SPHINX

Lies?

PIANO LADY

Listening to what you've been saying.

SPHINX

Follow me, watch me.

PIANO LADY

I've played for you for so long.

SPHINX

Lies?

PIANO LADY

Lies.

SPHINX

They've always been lies.

PIANO LADY

Now I know they are lies.

PIANO LADY

We are women with deformed vision
Women with no understanding of people who are celebrating their freedoms
Women who has neither taste nor sense of proportion
Women who has opened her mouth in the wrong manner, in the wrong place at the
wrong time
Women with limited perspective
A murderess killing with your comments and attitude
Women worthy of contempt
Women in need of something to warm her heart
A member of a crew of slightly unhappy and frustrated women
A dirty liar
Women with mental problems
Women mixed up
Women with obviously great joy, denounces and spits on her friends
An informer
Women of dubious repute
Furious women
Traitors
A public enemies
Women with a miserable destinies
Witches

SPHINX

Why do we stay?

PIANO LADY

Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming: Wow, what a ride!

SPHINX

A nightmare lies upon the world. So far reason has failed, the very thing that everybody wanted to avoid rolls on in. Humanity has achieved a wealth of useful gadgets, but, to offset that, an abyss has been thrown open. What will become of the world now? Where will humanity make a halt? Who, what has caused all of this? It is none other than that harmless, ingenious, inventive, sweetly reasonable human spirit. This spirit does everything to avoid looking at itself in the face, we all help like mad. Somebody else is always to blame. Nobody sees that all the world is driven to do is just what all the world flees from, in terror. Facing its own depravity might lead to self-knowledge. What depths of despair are still needed to open our eyes?

SPHINX

Humanity grows older, we begin that last stage of history, behaviors, failures are not the stuff of religion any more. Now, the ecstasy of life, the surrender to the mystery becomes the last revelation. Now, everything we learned long ago, gave up long ago, never left completely long ago, begins to make sense.

SPHINX

This world, endless layers of reality. Your mind, a responder, it receives. It don't make things up. Also a curse. Refuse to accept the reality of your mind, refuse yourself, that ibad...

PIANO LADY

(to a STRANGER)

Now it is your turn, buddy. What is your way of reading the world?

PIANO LADY

Don't listen to the voices in your head.

SPHINX

Now is the ecstasy of life.

PIANO LADY

Long ago, gave up long ago, never left completely long ago, begins to make sense.

SPHINX

Begins to become.

PIANO LADY

Surrender to the mystery.

SPHINX

The revelations.

SPHINX

Stop behaving like a mad person!
Come with a cackle a free-born spirit
Come with an edge that is sharp and new
Come with your depth, your ageless wisdom

The Mystery in the Lobby Smith & Jones

SMITH

Some people think it's easy to do what I do, oh brother, let me tell you otherwise.

He checks his gun making sure it is loaded then slips it back into a holster.

You don't see it. Thoughts spreading, surrounding, thick. Thought are like bullets. We're in the crossfire. Bang bang, bang bang. It's hell in here. Am I still alive? Pulse...yeah, live another day... slow, deep, steady...You're asking yourself, 'What's next?'

JONES enters, she is a photogenic woman in a bathrobe.

JONES

What's your name, big guy?

SMITH

Who's askin'?

JONES

Are you Mr. Smith, private eye?

SMITH

Who might you be?

JONES
(she extends her hand seductively)
Ms. Jones.

SMITH
You certainly are.

JONES
I'm a mess.

SMITH
You've come to the right place.

JONES
I have a mystery...

SMITH
Don't we all. Talk to me.

MANNY THE MANIKIN enters and begins taking photos. JONES poses. JONES poses so much she becomes frantic, dizzy.
Miss, everything all right?

JONES
(dizzy, to SMITH)
Document every moment, everything...I, I want to....I...I'm not feeling...What am I doing here?

SMITH
(to a STRANGER)
She smiles, her small pointed teeth reminded me of vampire.

JONES smiles to reveal her vampire teeth.

JONES
I don't know who I am, even if I am real anymore.
(to MANNY)
Are you a photographer artiiiiisssste? Are you going to seduce me with your lenzzzzzzzzzzzz...?

SMITH
She's kookie but cute.

JONES
Everyone thinks they're a photographer.

MANNY
Everyone thinks they're a model.

	SMITH
A copy of a copy of a copy. (to JONES) Cut to the chase. Miss?	
	JONES
Jones.	
	SMITH
What's the problem?	
	JONES
There's a big mystery surrounding everything, don't you feel it? I don't know what happened, things ain't the same, nobody believes me, mama and daddy I want my life back. I'm a damsel in distress.	
	SMITH
I need something more to start with.	
JONES raises and eyebrow, poses seductively.	
	JONES
You gonna help me or not?	
	SMITH
Gotta have a Femme Fatale.	
	JONES
(to MANNY) My left is my best side, get the left.	
	SMITH
Why do I have the feeling there aren't going to be any happy endings here.	
	JONES
You're filled with bitterness, I still have some hope.	
	SMITH
Why do you still care?	
	JONES
Ain't none of your business...	
	SMITH
You gonna tell me now it's all about fighting fate, the odds, pushing back against the corruption of the system?	
	JONES

Ha! That's a boatload of malarkey! I'm going to solve this mystery with or without you.

SMITH

I'm beginning to like you.

JONES

I ain't dumb just because I'm beautiful. I'm feeling thoughts...flying over the place. Something is going on.

SMITH

Bullets...

JONES

What bullets?

SMITH

Thought bullets. Every thought ever thought shoots into the world ricocheting forever. Lotta thoughts out there now.

JONES

Yeah, its a regular war going on.

SMITH

Fight for your life. Surrounded...

JONES

(to MANNY)

Okay, enough with the photos already, buster.

SMITH

We've got to shoot our way out with some serious thoughts.

JONES

Lemme ask you...

(to STRANGERS)

They really here?

SMITH

They're the chorus in this tragedy.

JONES begins to dramatically faint. SMITH enlists the help of a STRANGER. SMITH slaps her, JONES comes to.

Everything is gonna be all right.

MANNY continues taking photos.

JONES

No it ain't.

SMITH

What are you talkin'? Beautiful young woman, you got your whole life, the whole world ahead of you.

JONES

When I was knocked out I saw a surreal, dreamlike, claustrophobic, it was a dark world. I was lost looking, then I gave up...I ain't a quitter. Mister, promise me, you've gotta help me figure out this mystery.

SMITH

I ain't a hero. I'll do what I can.

JONES

(JONES gets up)

Just give me a minute, I'll be okay.

JONES leaves with MANNY following, taking photos.

SMITH

And so we begin the investigation. I look at you, I look at me. We are atoms, subatomic particles, energy vibrating at a certain frequency. The big question: what level of consciousness do we individually, collectively want to operate from? What do we want to become? Time to change the frequency.

SMITH leaves.

Odd Couplings

PASOLINI and TAO in the Lounge.

PASOLINI and TAO enter the lounge.

TAO

My blood pressure rises when you are beside me.

PASOLINI

There is no way I can go back to pretending.

TAO

Is this moment as beautiful as I think?

PASOLINI

Here we are.

TAO

Why are we smiling so much?

PASOLINI

I don't want to move a muscle.

TAO

I don't even want to breathe.

PASOLINI

I want to quiet my heart.

TAO

I can feel the echoes in my temples.

PASOLINI

I have everything...

TAO

I immediately start to worry about losing it.

PASOLINI

I want our message to reach the world pure.

TAO

I want the world to know that our language is imbued with truth and the intensity of the first time people talked.

PASOLINI

(to a STRANGER in the audience)

You! Your smile is a smile that is put on a beautiful face,

TAO

But you are pregnant with nothing.

PASOLINI

You have brought no life here.

TAO

So we will tread carefully around you until you are gone...

PASOLINI

Or until you can offer something.

TAO

What do you have to say?

PASOLINI

Can you offer something?

The STRANGER does something or not. Regardless, the same response.

TAO

That has the appearances of something.

PASOLINI

But you can only fool others like yourself.

TAO

Okay, now we will stare you down.

A moment of stare down with the STRANGER.

PASOLINI

You will think that we don't like you, but we appreciate you for you are: the yang. The one who puts stickers that say "GAS" on empty canisters and calls it life, while we, Pasolini...

TAO

...and Tao.

PASOLINI

Are the ones actually supplying the fuel to these festivities called life.

TAO

(to the STRANGER)

I have faith in you.

PASOLINI

You can change.

TAO

You can be better, stronger, faster, even more so than you pretend.

PASOLINI

Your epiphany might happen after tonight.

TAO

It might never happen. Thank you.

PASOLINI

You can carry on now.

TAO

From this time forward you will all smile everywhere you are.

PASOLINI

All of you, smile everywhere, to everyone. Repeat after me...

TAO/PASOLINI

I will smile everywhere, to everyone.

TAO

Do it now.

PASOLINI

It's easy, it's a start.

TAO

Another? Please step up.

PASOLINI

This is what this evening is all about.

TAO

You, yes, you look so quizzical.

PASOLINI

We will be nice, we are among friends!

TAO

Tomorrow this will be a fond memory you relate to your friends.

PASOLINI

A demonstration!

TAO

(feeling her breasts)
Feel, they're real! Go ahead, your turn!

A STRANGER feels her breasts.

PASOLINI

Seeeeeee, you're not so shy anymore. You're smiling!

TAO

We are all a friend of a friend now!

PASOLINI

Know what this is?

TAO

This is intimacy without commitment, heat without warmth. It leaves a temporary loss of feeling of life, living. We get by. Thank you.

PASOLINI

Another, please!

Another STRANGER is invited to the stage.

PASOLINI

You know we are psychics...

They examine the STRANGER.

TAO

We are reading your aura.

PASOLINI

What, wait...Give me a moment.

They "read" the STRANGER'S aura.

TAO

You prefer not to know what is going on around you that way you can impose your own image on the world.

PASOLINI

A trait common to psychotics

TAO

Yeah, okay.

PASOLINI

So?

TAO

You used to have a dream of living on an island in the Caribbean, maybe? Yes, I am right!

PASOLINI

Waiting for a response.

TAO

Why do you lie to yourself?

PASOLINI

There are some who think you can't change...

TAO

No! NO! But they will be wrong.

PASOLINI

You will become something else while others watch.

TAO
That's because they haven't felt your power of love.

PASOLINI
We have.

TAO
And when you change...

PASOLINI
Showing your power of love...

TAO
They, everyone you know...

PASOLINI
Yes...

TAO
They will be waiting with trembling hands...

PASOLINI
Remember, we told you so.

TAO
We are shaping history now.

Seeing other STRANGERS in the audience.

You, yes, you! You, you and you!

PASOLINI
While you were out getting your tattoos, your hair done, others were at ground zero,
staring at the sun's yellow beams turning orange, becoming the source of inspiration.

TAO
I just had an inspiration.

PASOLINI
Please...

TAO
It is the aura of this crowd, they are emanating!

PASOLINI
They are finding love.

TAO

There is love here, now, listen, feel it...touch the person next to you...

PASOLINI

Do you feel it?

To the STRANGER on stage.

TAO

Yell love! Say it! Love! Love! Love!

PASOLINI

Yes, behave until you remember, embrace the beautiful creative creature you once were. Do you feel love?

The STRANGERS respond.

TAO

Thank you so much, you have been an inspiration.

PASOLINI

I have something to say before we continue.

TAO

Yes?

PASOLINI

What I have to say is this.

TAO

Yes?

PASOLINI

Life's a disease.

TAO

You never know what's going to happen.

PASOLINI

Sometime you are feeling great.

TAO

Sometimes you are crazy.

In the Office PASSOLINI & TAO

Later

To a MALE STRANGER in the audience.

TAO

Are you gay?

PASOLINI

You look pretty.

TAO

My first husband died and left me all this money so I'm lots of fun, a little depressed but lots of fun. I would love to hang out sometime because you seem intelligent and I like your skin it is a symbol of all that is good in the world, you seem so calm, how come you're not in a relationship, would you consider a woman like me? I'm really fun not shallow like all those teenagers you lust after, so you should put my number in your phone.

PASOLINI

Do you smell gasoline?

TAO

I like the smell of gasoline. Makes me want to catch fire and burn. How about you?

PASOLINI

We have a history, don't we? You are obsessive, we made love...did we do that?

TAO

I had just enough wine in my bloodstream to accept anything. That's why we are still talking right now.

PASOLINI

You may be overweight but you have a really pretty face.

TAO

I'm clinging to my drunkenness because it makes everything so easy, unknown.

PASOLINI

I think your ego was bruised.

TAO

Overweight?

PASOLINI

I am in love with you, though. I am in love your with your life force.

TAO

(getting emotional)

I am choking, emotions trying to pass through my throat. My eyes are burning, wet.

PASOLINI

Are you crying?

TAO

I'm feeling very lost.

PASOLINI

I'm short of breath right now...I feel your tenderness all over me.

TAO

I just want to be beside you looking out at the horizon.

PASOLINI

This is complex, fragile time for the world...

TAO

Yes, we lost something vital. Becoming putty in the hands of the marketing departments of big name brands.

PASOLINI

Are they telling this story?

TAO

Remember when things were religious our knees hit the ground in atonement, our eyes faced the sun?

PASOLINI

Everything was so simple.

TAO

Remember when we felt like Tom Cruise typing his manifesto in Jerry McGuire the day before he got fired?

PASOLINI

"Who had I become? A breakthrough. Breakdown? Breakthrough. I couldn't escape one simple thought: I hated myself. No, no, no, here's what it was: I hated my place in the world. I had so much to say and no one to listen. And then it happened. It was the oddest, most unexpected thing. I began writing what they call a mission statement. A night like this doesn't come along very often. I seized it."

TAO

Reality died sometime around 1968, we are simply the resurrection of cinema.

PASOLINI

Now, everybody's trying to get a reality show off the ground,

TAO

Don't let them fool you, they're not real.

PASOLINI

Everyone is trying to get a piece of what is left of reality pie.

TAO

They have an agent before they even have the idea.

PASOLINI

But theirs "is gonna be different, I swear". It'll be like "this" versus "that" with the addition of sexy youth.

TAO

It's all so fatiguing.

PASOLINI

All the elements will be there.

TAO

Ooh, you are the next Kubrick? No, Terantino!

PASOLOINI

If we just make it look like old great works of art...

TAO

A bit of that aura!

PASOLINI

The story can come later.

TAO

Everything will be beautiful because we look beautiful.

PASOLINI

(to MANNY or a random STRANGER with a camera)
Is that a Leica lens you're using?

TAO

Who's producing?

PASOLINI

We'll overdub something better later in post-production...

TAO

We'll use slow motion to make it seem deep.

PASOLINI

(to the audience)
Look, they like us! Do you feel the energy in this room.

TAO

Now that you mention it...

TAO & PASOLINI variously observe and comment on the energy of strangers.

TAO

Pasolini is pretending to be cool tonight.

PASOLINI

You think Tao is working for us? Playing a character in some sort of game? She's caught up in her own game.

TAO and PASOLINI comment on a couple in the audience.

TAO

Look how she's leaning in to him, the way she's laughing. He totally buys it.

PASOLINI

We're a part of an ongoing show here!

TAO

We need to hash out a narrative...

PASOLINI

Subject to alteration.

TAO

Let's start with her.

(To woman)

What's your name?

(Response)

You seem mystified but delighted not to know exactly what was going on. Am I right?

PASOLINI

This is great!

(Runs into the audience and dry humping the FEMALE STRANGER.)

TAO

It is mean to make fun of people!

PASOLINI

It was mean, but a fun mean.

TAO

Pasolini and me, we made a pact.

PASOLINI

Games are a way to understand life.

TAO

We play.

PASOLINI

Imagine you're in a game. Is that guy in the doorway really checking his cellphone...

TAO

Or keeping tabs on you? A part of me simply enjoys being the center of attention.

(to the STRANGERS)

What are you looking at? Sure, I'm selfish, impatient and a little insecure. I make mistakes, I am out of control and at times hard to handle.

PASOLINI

Everybody, time to dance!!!

TAO and PASOLINI play dance music and dance.

You've gotta dance like there's nobody watching.

TAO and PASOLINI sing.

You've got to sing like there's nobody listening.

PASOLINI

(to a FEMALE STRANGER)

Hopefully this helps you with your life — or I mean, just create more of a heightened awareness of things. If you're jaded, get out of it, you know?

TAO

I think we changed her life!

PASOLINI

Do you want to take her to a dark place?

PASOLINI and TAO fight.

You're jealous!

TAO

Screw you!

PASOLINI

I bet that fight looked and sounded violent but it caused minimal pain.

TAO

Open palmed, staccato.

PASOLINI

That gives us time to brace for the blows.

TAO

It was a brutal experience, but it was my experience.

PASOLINI

Okay! Time to move this narrative forward.

TAO

(to various STRANGERS)
I'll be deploying each of you from here...

PASOLINI

You go there, you go there.

TAO

Don't turn around until I tell you.

PASOLINI

The Instructions are tricky to follow but not to worry.

TAO

Just go with the flow!

PASOLINI

Whatever happens...Tao?

TAO

I'm not going to cry until it is all over...

PASOLINI

Remember, be your character!

TAO

You only live once, do it right, because once is enough.

They leave.

Manny the Mannequin

In his basement Studio and sometimes Roaming

MANNY

Once upon a time there was a photographer. He was a splendid photographer; he did

profiles, full-faces, three-quarter and full-length portraits; if they didn't come out right he could fix them. He was a wonderful man! But he was always discontented, because he saw that the world suffered from a crisis of representation, differences between the sign and referent have been obliterated. What is left is simply a play surfaces where nothing can be taken too seriously. Am I, are you a simulated presence?

Taking photos.

You can figure out a girl's age by how she poses for pictures. A young girl will always want to do that thing with her lips, you know pout or purse them, use her tongue to lick someone or something. Body-wise it'll be all about her "tit-posture" even if she doesn't have any tits. An older chick is more concerned with her outfit, her hair, making sure her arms don't look fat, it's about who she's in the picture with. It isn't an exact science just a trend I noticed. Even a cougar who is starting or re-starting her happy days in her mid 30s will behave the same way in photos as a 17 year old that's discovering the world would.

I can't believe I never told you my name! So rude... It's Manny. Manny the Mannequin.

Takes photos. Invites others to pose in his "studio"

Photography s us a picture, an abstraction of, a world that does not require my presence.

We have learned to visually accept the simulated presence by accepting a loss of our own presence from the world.

Double reality, split-perspective, stereo-reality.

It's a challenge, a confusion functioning in two worlds at once, the source of a great deal perceptual disorders in me.

Look at you! You're in supra-high fidelity mode, its extremely difficult to differentiate between virtual you and actual you.

This is the virtualization of consciousness

Taking photos.

You just became completely un-attractive to me after I saw your lame pose.

I need to find Jones, who told me that I should smoke some weed with her.

Taking photos.

Hum, I'm not too sure how to use this thing. This is a new camera, I've never used it before. What does 400 ISO mean?

This button, what does it do?

Hey, is there enough light in here? I read somewhere photography is all about the angles.

I need to tell you what to do.

Wow, I'm telling you what to do where to do, move like this, move like that... improvise. This is fun.

Taking photos.

Yeah that's right; you heard me... I'm talking to you... I'm calling you out. I'm looking you in the eyes, I am burning a Cyclops type hole in your face right now and telling you that you don't stand a chance.

I'm telling you that you should be a little worried.

Actually, you should be very worried. You should drop everything and immediately question your existence. You should find a mirror, look yourself in the eyes, raise your hand and slap yourself in the face. Got it? Now repeat that until you come to your senses.

Taking photos.

I'm feeling here a menace of infirmity and paralysis. But also a psychological menace, for the future generations of implemented interactivity who could see the world reduced to nothing.

Future generations will experience a feeling of a too small earth. The speeds of transport, transmissions, too many images too quick will create a feeling of incarceration.

Basically, what I am trying to tell you is that, in this game called life, you don't stand a chance...

Taking photos.

I look at you...I see someone that has not failed enough. You are comfortable in your mediocrity...because you choose not to try.

Taking photos.

You...yes, you...you think everything is too hard or too complicated so you will just sit this one out, or maybe you'll, do-it-tomorrow!

Why do you care what others think about you?

Taking photos of a scene. Interrupting the scene.

Simulated presence, a substitute for reality. The seduction of the simulated, instant gratification, unencumbered enjoyment, the next great opiate of the masses.

Taking photos.

You have a need to fit in, don't you?

You are afraid to embrace your true self for fear of how the world will see you.

Taking photos.

You think that because you judge others, this means that those people must, in-turn, be judging you. Not so!

Watching a video.

Images appear to be more real than the actual object or experience—reality inversion, someone seeking to experience unspoiled nature...Why bother actually going to Yellowstone when nature can be simulated?

It's proliferating, it's a progressive displacement of cultural imagination.

Taking photos.

You care more about the stuff you have as opposed to the things you've done.

Taking photos.

I look at you...I think that you think you are smarter than you are. Let me see that look of confidence.

Taking photos.

You did what everyone else did; you studied what they studied, read what they read.

You learned what you had to learn in order to pass *their* tests and you think that makes you smart.

You think learning is only something people do in schools.

Smart is not what you learn, it's how you live.

Taking photos.

You lack curiosity.

You get your news from copycat members of the state and corporate-controlled media.

You are unwilling to ask this simple question... "What if it's all a lie?", accept the possibility that maybe it is; that just maybe, the methods of mass media are under direct orders to: keep you distracted.

Taking photos.

I look at you and I think, you think I'm a know-it-all, but in reality you refuse to call yourself a know-nothing-at-all.

Taking photos.

I'm really excited about this shoot, but you should know that I tend to get wrapped up in what I'm doing, I don't make a lot of small talk. If you need direction or think I'm being uncommunicative, please, let me know.

If there's anything I can do to make the shoot more pleasant for you, let me know. I want to make sure we both come away with great images, if I seem quiet, it's because I'm concentrating on making things happen.

Taking photos.

What do you do for work?

How did you get involved in all of this?

What do you hope to accomplish?

Taking photos.

Can you change your hand position?

Leave space between your arms and body so you will have a more defined shape.

Wow that's a great expression!

Hold that for a few more shots.

That was great when you moved your hair that way.

A perfect pose can go a long way.

Taking photos.

I thirst for knowledge.

You don't ask enough questions

You do not question authority.

You don't question yourself.

Taking photos.

You don't understand the power of properly placed questioning in life, respectful disagreements, standing up for what you know to be right in the face of someone telling you otherwise.

Are you unable to question reality? Are you stuck in a self-imposed survival strategy?

Taking photos.

I watch how you say the things you say just as closely as I listen to what you say; you say way too much!

Taking photos.

You can't handle the truth.

You refuse to admit that you don't even know the things you don't know.

Taking photos.

Even when you think I'm not, I'm aware of my surroundings.

You think that since I have not acknowledged you, it means that I have not seen you.

Taking photos.

You walk around with your head up your ass, oblivious to the world around you. Blissfully ignorant of the reality that sits so close to your face that if you stuck your tongue out, just once, you would taste it and realize how delicious the truth actually is. You would become an instant addict. Unable to pull yourself from the teat of truth. Finally able to understand your lack of understanding, then you would see, then you would know that the only thing holding you back from doing something truly amazing, is you.

Walking in the space.

You're pretty attractive. Would you mind if I shot pictures of you?

Walking in the space.

Hello, I'm a freelance photographer. I've been looking for new models, I was hoping you'd be interested.

The Plot Thickens

SMITH, JONES, STRANGER in the Lounge

SMITH and JONES. A STRANGER is given a script.

SMITH

(to a STRANGER)
Do you want to help?

JONES

(to STRANGER)
Take this, do your part. Start from the top. Here. Ready? Okay, here we go.

SMITH points, prompts the STRANGER.

STRANGER

We must continue. This is an important, sacred task...Please ...

JONES

That was nice.

SMITH

Good. Needs to be more forceful,

JONES

More desperate. Like your life depended on it.

SMITH

Again, that same line.

STRANGER

WE MUST CONTINUE!

SMITH

Very good.

JONES

Now we'll go on...See, you're getting it.

SMITH

Absolutely essential that we continue.

JONES

You have no other choice, you must go on...

SMITH

Ongoing investigation into the heart of things.

STRANGER
Get me out of here; you scare me.

JONES
Everything is going to be all right, big boy.

STRANGER
I don't want to be a part of this anymore...

JONES
Is that a line?

SMITH
Good, but don't lose the force...

JONES
I don't think that's a line.

SMITH
The only way you will get out is to answer, get it over with.

JONES
Can we stop?

SMITH
We can't stay here all night...

JONES
You have to take responsibility.

STRANGER
I refuse to take responsibility.

SMITH
You signed on.

STRANGER
What I say and do doesn't really matter, does it?

JONES
It does matter.

SMITH
You're absolutely essential to this process.

STRANGER

My heart, my heart, it's weak, bothering me.

JONES

I have heartache, too.

SMITH

Everything will be fine.

STRANGER

The world terrifies me. Is it possible? All these shadowy figures, those faces I think I recognize.

JONES

Hey, look at me, you can do this, okay? I'm here.

SMITH

Shhh....tell me more.

STRANGER

Something is following us, growing.

JONES

There has always been something following.

SMITH

There's no place to run anymore.

JONES

Be strong.

STRANGER

I don't want to know about it. I want to be ignorant!

JONES

Be brave.

SMITH

Calm down.

JONES

(to SMITH)

Don't you see, he's not ready for this! None of them are.

SMITH

(to other STRANGERS)

Each person has a part to play.

STRANGER

I didn't know what I was getting into.

SMITH

Breathe, take responsibility.

STRANGER

I'm not responsible for everything that happened.

JONES

(to SMITH)

We're screwed, aren't we?

SMITH

You're the one that wanted this investigation.

JONES beats SMITH in frustration then exhausts herself.

JONES

Ouch! That hurt.

SMITH

You hit me. There will be no permanent tissue damage...

JONES

I don't want to die!

STRANGER

I can't continue.

SMITH

It is essential you continue.

STRANGER

Well, I won't

SMITH

You have no choice. We're too far gone...

JONES screams.

JONES

Why are you doing this?

SMITH

Gathering clues.

JONES

I've been waiting for something. I believe they call it happiness.

SMITH

That was his line.

(to the STRANGER)

Okay, your turn...the script?

STRANGER

I've been waiting for something. I believe they call it happiness.

JONES

I need to hide, have a drink, go shopping. Too much for me right now.

JONES departs.

SMITH

Hey! Where are you going?

JONES

(departing)

There is a smell of corpses here.

STRANGER

Can someone be dead without suspecting it?

SMITH

Good! You're getting good at this. I think we're ready to take things to the next stage.
Go ahead.

STRANGER

All forms of alienation and mediation must be destroyed or abandoned before our goals can be realized.

SMITH

More commitment.

STRANGER

I do not concern myself so much with what "was" or "will be" I am interested in results, successful raids on consensus reality, breaking thoughts into manageable actions as to provide for a more intense and abundant life. We have to begin with what we have.

SMITH

Well done, see that wasn't so difficult. At any point did you become tense or nervous?

STRANGER

How did we get to this point?

SMITH

We'll figure that out. Have you carefully considered the next step you wish to take?

STRANGER

I'm just living day to day.

SMITH

Any more questions?

STRANGER

Questions?

SMITH

Are you ready to go on?

STRANGER

Let me...

(composing themselves)

So ready.

SMITH

You are an example for others. Thank you.

The Lounge with Sphinx & Piano Lady Fermor & Fiona

SPHINX

This place might be bewitched...yes, it is.

The air grows heavy. It seems to engender invisible ancient beings who still have life.

FIONA and FERMOR enter.

Look at me. Tell me, are you a believer in anything? I am nothing, I am waiting. Well? What are you thinking? I hear your thoughts. Can you guess who I am?

FIONA

That doesn't interest me.

SPHINX

Life has given me all you asked of it. You grew tired of success, threw it away. Yet, now you grow older, you regret it. You search for happiness everywhere but searching takes time.

FIONA

Are you real?

FERMOR

You want to be a friend of ours...

PIANO LADY

One is alone in the world.

FIONA

The other one, who is she?

SPHINX

The unhappiest piano lady I ever met. Disaster surrounds us.

PIANO LADY

Songs are all we have.

SPHINX

We sing to forget.

They sing a song together.

You're tired.

FERMOR

I am who I am, and what I am, and I will be what I will be. Ok?

FIONA

I am who I am. Not was to be, but I am.

PIANO LADY

Can you imagine that?

FERMOR

I am who I am. I am who I am.

FIONA

I will be who I am and what I am. I will be who I am and what I am. In other words, I'm going to do it. I am who I am. I am what I am.

FERMOR

I will be who I am. What I am I will be. Not going to be. Not was.
I am who I am! I am what I am! And I will be what I will be!

PIANO LADY

Who does he think he is?

SPHINX

You're the unhappiest man I ever met.

FIONA

You are who you are and who you are. Who you are!

SPHINX

Underneath everything, a mystery to solve.

PIANO LADY

We've met before.

SPHINX

The man and woman who like their chains.

PIANO LADY

Every morning you know exactly what you're going to do, and why, but all the real joy is taken out of it

FIONA

I suffer from hallucinations.

FERMOR

I'm pursued everywhere by the trivial.

SPHINX

Your chains hold us back.

PIANO LADY

Can you still hear the music?

They sing.

FIONA

Yes.

SPHINX

Who are you?

FIONA

I'm an unhappy soul; it's impossible for me to become a child, to start over again.

FERMOR

I wish I were someone's dog. I could follow them and never be alone again. I'd get a meal sometimes, a kick now and then, a pat, a scratch on my ears...

SPHINX

You've had everything, but are not content.

FIONA

Everything's turned out worthless. You see, I was brought up in hate! An eye for an eye-- a tooth for a tooth. That is the world around me, around us. I'm afraid now.

FERMOR

Don't say that!

SPHINX

Why haven't you desired things that transcend this life?

FIONA

It's a cold freezin' night. I wish I was a boy.

FERMOR

Oh you think you're gonna do something different than what I'm doing right now?

FIONA

Boys always get away with things.

FERMOR

I need to always be thinking of something to stay alive as long as I can.

FIONA

It's not fair, I tell ya. It's not fair.

FERMOR

You are such an idiot idiot idiot idiot.

FIONA

Idiot, idiot, asshole idiot, I am going to kill you.

FERMOR

I wanna blow your brains out...

FIONA

With a shotgun, a rifle...

FERMOR

No, by cutting your toes off, working my way up, your calves, thighs, pussy, stomach, breasts, neck, then your brain.

FIONA

Oh, Baby.

SPHINX

Oh, sing with me! Sing with me!

SPHINX and PIANO LADY lay down a back up chorus without words.

FIONA

I wish I was a boy.

FERMOR

I wish I was a girl.

FIONA

You're an asshole.

FERMOR

I'm that asshole.

FIONA

I'm gonna kill you.

FERMOR

Kill me. I'm gonna rip your hair out, make you bald, and everybody's gonna think cancer.

FIONA

Ah, Ow, Ah, Ow.

FERMOR

Oh, Baby.

PIANO LADY

(to the STRANGERS)
Sing with me! Sing with me!

FIONA

(ecstatic movement)
I believe I can soar.

FERMOR

Shake your booty.

FIONA

Asshole.

FERMOR

I wish I was a boy.

FIONA

You are a boy.

PIANO LADY

(to STRANGERS)

C'mon, Clap, clap, clap...Alright that's the attitude. Clap, clap, clap.

FIONA

Ow, Ow, Ow, Ow, Ah, Ow. Kill 'em! Dead.

SPHINX feels and channels something.

SPHINX

Things are happening that have no natural explanation.

PIANO LADY

A knock...at the door.

Knocks are heard pounding at the door. SPHINX turns off a light and indicates to the STRANGERS that they should not make a sound.

DOORMAN

(unseen)

Let me in. Help me, they are after me. I am wounded, I will not survive...This is goodbye, it was nice to know you...

I'm not pounding on your door because I want to, I know you don't want this go on forever. You must be thinking, why do I have to go through this? So then just pay up. Then you can go back to your quiet life again.

(knocks again with a sequence of knocks)

You're very stubborn, aren't you? I'm impressed. You're like a stone deep in a well, maintaining a strict silence. I know you're in there. You're looking at me through the door. The tension is making you sweat. Do I have that right?

All right that's enough for now. But I'll be back. I like this door, there are lots of doors in the world, but I like this one the most. It's a nice door, a door well worth the time to knock on. How about a few more knocks before I say good-bye. Don't worry, I'll be back.

They wait for some time in silence.

SPHINX

(to the STRANGERS)

Into rebirth we move.

The Big Room

Doors open, action begins to shift to the Big Room.

Music plays. Lights. The DJ is in a trance. People gather together to share one common emotion, the common emotion, the total psyche emerging from the group is below the level of the individual psyche—

sinking to the level of mob psychology. Video: Performing a sequence of strange acts marching before the audience—like a sequence of secret messages...then launching into a violent combat...the DJ spins music, speaks with a distortion microphone a variously as preacher dictator salesman newscaster lunatic.

DJ

We are gathered. We are gathered. We are gathered! Before this came disorder.

A person wearing mask, STAG bounds in and shouts.

Come! Let's play!

Y'all, this here is call "How to Start a Movement!" Listen to the music! At first you are a follower, let the music transform you into someone who's at the beginning of something!

For a while the STAG dances alone, swinging his hips and arms as if possessed, or more likely high. Eventually someone joins STAG, and they hold hands and gyrate together. Before you know it, a full-fledged dance party has broken out.

They dance, sing, laugh, barked, growl, hoot, moo, bleat and meow, forming a kind of atavistic, improvisatory choir. Shifting every few minutes from sound to sound, animal to animal and mood to mood.

Wasn't it amazing? I think we can actually achieve something.

*******ANOTHER SCENE....scenes, pop ups in the space will happen in between the DJ dialogue.**

DJ

I take great pleasure creating instant miracles. The more I perform the deeper my appreciation, you know what I'm saying? This is an act of creation, we need this right now! Possessed!

A gesture, a gift to the world seamless with my need. Moving my hand...wait, hang on, here it comes, I feel it as if moving without my directing it.

His hand moves as if possessed.

Watch my hand, look on with amazement, another presence, somehow possessed, taking up residence in my body. Check this out y'all...

His hand move and he is fascinated by it.

Marvel, the power of very life itself!

******MUSIC****Then Scene**

My arm, a branch of a tree, my hand a leaf shaking in the breeze. Breathe become a mountain, man, your body creating a momentary scene in the world then vanishing. Gone. No longer here.

*******MUSIC*******

Trippin' out, examine, analyze the progress, the pleasure of discovery, courage, freedom! Know what I'm talking about? Say yeah!...all right!

*******MUSIC*******

Suddenly deeply inside then outside, dancing between worlds. We going to the place of the mysterious, nameless, anonymous, where spooky the monster lives ... that which will if your ass do not see.

Moving his hand and amazed by it.

*******MUSIC****Then scene**

Acting all by itself!ah, shit, something's coming...hands working the way you gonna stay? Put your mother fuckin' hands up! We gonna change this world all round, we ain't lost we found!

******MUSIC*******

His head goes stock-still.

My head just gone stock-still. Did y'all see that? Do it again, I'll show y'all again, I insist!

Most people would not tell y'all they are controlled by another world, sucked in, I make no effort to hide it, instead I'd show it to anyone, everyone.

I'm here for the not praise, yesterday is history, tomorrow the mystery, anything, everything is waiting. Y'all ready? Trippin' out.

*******MUSIC*******

Do y'all understand? Mystery world exists out there, in there. That's really what y'all come to see, isn't it? Y'all want a glimpse mystery world?

FIONA

I'll be here. I was going to tell you a story. I was walking alone under streetlights that just came on, wearing color for the first time in weeks wondering if it will take alcohol for me to regain my equilibrium and nerve. It was a journey that took me too far down from up where I belong. It is really nice to have you here. Comforts like this use to be special but they are nothing to me now because I've come to realize that I'll never be at home, anywhere, anytime anymore. This is only a shelter. I have been accepting dogs as my companions instead of people lately. Those are my dogs barking. I trust them. Where was I? I was walking, streetlights; the world was looking like it was through a Vaseline filter. I panicked. I ran into a convenient convenient store that sells potato chips and canned goods hoping that I could get my bearings. I'm looking for dark chocolate M&Ms but all they have is peanut M&Ms... and regular M&Ms... and coconut M&Ms... and peanut butter M&Ms... and pretzel M&Ms... They fucking have pretzel M&MS but no dark chocolate M&Ms, that's the world we live in anymore. So I settle for a Kit Kat. When the wafers metabolize finally entering my blood stream, I sit on the curb...watch the cars go by looking homeless, feeling weightless. At night, cars all look black. I think about how fucked up the world is. And then I wonder if I should cut it some slack.

DJ

Y'all thinking, oh, okay, baby. This dude is crazy as shit. It all-imaginary? All this!

We imagining this, this room, these bodies, imagining material reality. We think we own a thing, can hold a thing, know everything we thought. But mystery world so real need to share it, the really real is out that door. Out there, baby...

****MUSIC****

Mystery world coming in! Love the way it feels to move in mystery world, this body, watching me watching you, every move, keep on performing performing no giving up, I like, no I love all of this! I do!

*****MUSIC*****

Little pleasures; appreciation y'all give me each other. Love y'all. I don't mean to be bragging, but I want it to be known, love to y'all all, appreciating your appreciation appreciation back at y'all! Appreciating each other. Love y'all! Like I been saying.

*****MUSIC*****

Time to escape...Escape from now from here from yourself. I invite you to voyage into the realms of the imagination escape to the misty lands between the credible and the incredible.

TAO and PASOLINI on the center stage.

TAO

To a GIRL STRANGER in the audience.

You've been waiting.

PASOLINI

Please, it is your turn now.

TAO

Please...

PASOLINI

It is painless...

TAO

This world demands more from each of us.

The GIRL STRANGER is on the stage.

You meet the strangest people sometimes...

PASOLINI

But some of them become your friends.

TAO

(to GIRL)
Can we be friends?

PASOLINI

(to GIRL)
We're in this together until our sun goes down.

TAO

(to GIRL)
'Cause this is our life. Welcome.

PASOLINI

I'm sorry, I'm getting out of this scene...your energy is making me reconsider what's about to go down.

TAO

I'm trying to think of something but I can't because my brain feels like it's been put through a slow motion filter.

PASOLINI

(to GIRL)

Give us a moment, please.

TAO

(to PASOLINI)

I didn't mean to upset you.

PASOLINI

I will try to save face as quickly as I can by politely leaning in to give her the customary double kiss ...

He does the action with the GIRL.

And then she asked: "Will you take care of me?". Go ahead, ask me now...

TAO

You are on stage, people are watching.

GIRL STRANGER

Will you take care of me?

PASOLINI

Look see, of course all the guys are giving her their sidelong glances

TAO

Completely failing at trying to be discreet.

PASOLINI

Each one of them is taking their turn assessing their chances.

Pointing to another girl or girls.

TAO

Those two girls instantly hated her, what, with her excessively 'natural' make-up, her...

Describing what the girl is wearing, e.g. white dress, her expensive watch, her long brown wavy hair extensions, her stupid tan and perfect English...

PASOLINI

But still, with perfect etiquette they/she both screamed "Hi!!!! I love your dress!" in unison.

Point and putting the audience girls on the spot.

TAO
Show them how you do it. Go on! The world is now a stage!

GIRL STRANGERS
Hi!!! I love your dress.

PASOLINI
Then they asked her where she was from.

GIRL STRANGERS
Where are you from?

PASOLINI
Do you feel any better?

TAO
Do you fear them?

PASOLINI'S on cell phone...talking.

PASOLINI
Okay. Go. Copy that. Move to Location 2, lock exterior doors.

TAO
(to GIRL)
Stay close. Tell them you are with me.

To the GIRL STRANGER.

PASOLINI
Yes, we know where she lives now.

Hangs up the phone. Pauses. Stares, looking into the audience.

TAO
I'm zoning out.

PASOLINI
I'm going to another world.

TAO
Life is funny that way.

PASOLINI

The place is bewitched. The air grows heavy.

TAO

This room, this building is full of spirits roaming the earth since the time before time.

PASOLINI

Everything that has ever lived is...

TAO

Still here.

PASOLINI

Staring at me. Judging me. I can tell by the way they look.

TAO

It's you! We almost knew you'd come.

PASOLINI

We felt you.

TAO

Why are you waiting here?

PASOLINI

You've been waiting for something.

Pausing. Listening. Music in the background.

Shhhh....listen.

TAO

That music again.

TAO motions to leave.

PASOLINI

Listen! But don't go. Enemies are everywhere.

TAO and PASOLINI put on animal masks.

TAO

"I wish I knew why I am still live, why I'm here now, where I should go, what I should do!"

PASOLINI

I find you capricious, moody, uncontrolled and emotional, sometimes gifted with daemonic intuitions, ruthless, malicious, untruthful, bitchy, double-faced and mystical. The dark, cold, moist, feminine.

TAO

"You are obstinate, harping on principles, laying down the law, dogmatic, world reforming, theoretic, word mongering, argumentative, and domineering. The light, warm, arid, masculine."

PASOLINI

You surround yourself with inferior people.

TAO

"You let yourself be taken in by second-rate thinking!"

PASOLINI

Emotion is the alchemical fire.

TAO

"Emotion is the moment when steel meets flint, a spark then the source of consciousness."

PASOLINI

Change from darkness to light...

TAO

"From inertia to movement."

PASOLINI

We ancestor souls—half animal half human.

TAO

Subhuman, superhuman.

Music stimulus.

The Driver

In The Big Room and roaming the space.

A 1978 Ford LTD is in the Big Room. Audiences enter and sit in the car to talk to the DRIVER.

An automobile is parked in front of a screen of moving imagery—possibly projected onto the windscreen of the car. The DRIVER is absorbed, STRANGERS enter into the car and he speaks with them. Doing faux driving in a car, listening to traffic/road sounds mixed with fragments of music, news, weird sounds from outer space sometimes, on the radio. Watching the projection screen on the windshield: roads, traffic, the cosmos, and other fantastic sights as he drives. When someone enters the car—the front or back seat--and when he feels like speaking and as appropriate he speaks. When he is not speaking he

returns to driving and goes into a concentrated quiet. Maybe, on occasion, he sings or hums.

Sometimes he rolls down his window and talks to people.

There is music mixed with traffic sounds, cosmic sounds.

DRIVER

You know, you can still change your mind, but you never would, you don't have to do this you can go home cut your losses turn back but you never would, so you lie it's like a drug you're doing, you want to slow down your pace, you say this ain't so hard, you don't want to disappoint somebody, so this moment lingers, then it's kicking in, there's only one way this can go this ain't philosophy this ain't brain surgery, so you forget.

Smell that? It is now the period between night and deeper night, the sky is dark, silky. I'm driving looking for my go away place what I see is this round-a-go crowds that I keep seeing into, too many people jolly-dancing in the waves of my vision. From my point of view, an entire century of potential human progress torn up by absurd wars and the resurgence of colonialism and of course bigotry, hatred all under new "theorized" pseudo-scientific agendas, etc. So, now it is for us to pick up the pieces laid down along the various trails, false starts – all of which should have led to fruition.

I'm a stranger here; I'm a stranger everywhere. I'm just driving, squinting in the oncoming headlights. For entertainment sometime I take a walnut and put it inside my sticky-goo-doo. Walnuts have a strong flavor and taste good in thick drinks.

You have a nice face. I know that you care, I bet you are interested in both high and low culture. You want things in this fucked up world to turn out okay. That's what I'm feeling from you.

You're into this. Truth is you love being watched. Feel beautiful you don't have to hide anymore your job is to forget, feel what's in between, get out of your thoughts live for it, you swallow the light unafraid of the out come it's kicking in...something is going to happen.

You know what? I like to know everything; I like to be informed. I am not pretentious. I like people, I like everything, know why. So I say, 'Oh, poor, poor, poor' all the way to happy hog world. Because there is only one world. In this world we are all scum. Over population is good for business in happy hog world.

There's something that we have in common. I see it in your face...you know what it is? We've stopped thinking, we're into calling like it is, anything the truth is. You need a moment to think, no worries, there is no rush. You love being watched, I appreciate that. Life's a ballet on our way to oblivion, always take the scenic route. Without a past or present in your future why live your life at all?

I hate vacations, where am I going to go, what am I going to do? I go all over but I never arrive. Work all day, drunk at night. I can't lie on a beach like some people. I was a

beach boy in my youth; maybe that's what screwed up vacations for me. Those were my salad days.

People ask me all the time if I like the president; I say you need to be the president of your own life. It's about love; it's all about family. It's about doing what you love; I'm doing what I love. Are you doing what you love? Don't you love? Superpower, love, you can have anything you want make it real, this is really, everything real eventually becomes a form of therapy.

Why can't we be normal? Normal? No, you will be whatever you choose to believe. My favorite part of life is the stuff the world will never see...the stuff the world will never see. See, everything eventually becomes a form of therapy.

Life is a drive thru. We're stuck in the middle of traffic. Yet I have time to ask you, "Hey, what's up?" How are you doing? Somehow I haven't given you a creeper vibe yet. Sometimes I give people a creeper vibe.

I need something to do; I hang on to this steering wheel! I have a passion for words. I can't tell if the things I'm saying impress you or if it is because you seem to be reading my mind, maybe scared shitless. I want everything to be perfect, I know better, I ask people where they live, invariably the answer is "There." Where the fuck is there?

My numerologist told me today that whatever new path reveals itself, follow it. Trust where life has taken me. I don't know why I feel so comfortable. My heart is beating. Right now I'm trying to deconstruct every detail of my present life. You know I just had a flash, the world is not composed of images, I had it all wrong, it is composed of emotions.

What matters right now is right now. Focus on right now. Not what may or may not be ahead. See what's on the windshield, that's all that matters.

The American refrigerator is an accurate representation for many, the mythical "horn of plenty" seen in so many movies and television programs, so full to overflowing that food tumbles out of it, the picture of the fridge, what a warm and soothing word, out of which the half-awake American pulls a plastic half-gallon jug of milk or orange juice and chugalugs it down, or removes a whole tub of ice cream, brandishes a soup spoon and sitting cross-legged on a comfortable sofa, click on the TV and slurps the ice cream from the tub. This is etched on my American soul...Opulence should be left where it can do the least harm—in the realm of the soul. I make an effort to steel myself to its siren call. How do I do that? I have plenty of coffee, amazing what large quantities of coffee will do for you, my daily doses of happiness...

I go outside less and less. I've put three locks on the front door, keep my curtains pulled. My apartment is turning into a guerrilla nest. I don't love my neighbor anymore. Loving one's neighbor requires a superhuman effort. I'm just a common, fallible human specimen. That's god's department, she created humans in her own image, let her love them.

I don't do email, Facebook and all that crap. It ain't civilized! Civilized living for me is like this. I like driving, the feel the freedom of the road. I don't like being connected. Screw that! I'm not a chambermaid who, or is it whom, whatever the fuck, a chambermaid you can ring at every moment. Today, you know, most people act like they work at a switchboard in a motel. The whole culture of cell phones, texting, and instant messaging is very impersonal if you ask me, also very distracting. I'm not working at a switchboard. I have to concentrate on what I'm doing.

Being the hard worker that I am is like being a monk. I have to fight to be alone, but I need time to recharge my batteries. Daydreaming is the most important thing for me. I'm talking but I'm daydreaming right now. You wouldn't know it. It would be a nightmare not to daydream. Being isolated is not a problem for me.

And I don't have no problem with porn, either. No. I admire porn. Personally I only like high-class escorts. I don't like sleeping with people I really love. I don't want to sleep with them because sex cannot last, but affection can last forever. I think this is healthy. I think it's much more difficult to perform in porn. Giving a blowjob on film is more difficult than acting out grand emotions. Blowjobs are for real. People don't give porn actors credit. It's not easy what they do. I admire porn actors, prostitutes as well. There's a real art to it. Just think for a second. Frustration is the mother of crime. That's why there is terrorism; all those young Muslim boys can't get a piece. We shouldn't send soldiers over there, just plane loads of hookers. There would be much more crime and turmoil in the world without prostitutes, without porn movies...yeah, porn has its charm.

I don't bathe every day. A bath uses you up, water's got teeth and your strength wastes away a little every day. I couldn't bathe today anyway, because I was at a funeral, a nice guy, he slipped on something. Why, only the other day he said good morning' to me, and I almost think I'm talking to him now! God's truth, we're only blown-up bladders strutting around, we're less than flies.

The obstacles we face in life make us emotional. The only way we'll overcome them is by keeping those emotions in check—if we can only keep steady no matter what happens, no matter how much external events may fluctuate. That's why I work for the kind of calm equanimity that comes with the absence of irrational or extreme emotions. Steady Eddie, all ways ready, that's my motto.

You look a little nervous. Relax, steady your nerves. Great night.

In the Civil War troops were unloading a steamer when it exploded. Boom! What the fuck happened! Everyone hit the dirt except Ulysses S. Grant, and you know what he did? He ran towards the scene. That is nerve! Didn't even think about it. We gotta be like Grant, prepare ourselves for the realities of any situation, steady our nerves so we can throw our best at whatever whenever the need arises.

When America first sent astronauts into space, they trained them in one skill more than all the rest, not panicking! Here on Earth, when something goes wrong we trade in our plan for a good ol' emotional FREAK OUT!

I practice objectivity, doing it right now. I don't let the force of an impression when it first hits me knock me off my feet. I just say hello to it. Hello! I hold on a moment and say let me see who you are and what you represent.

Perception gives me information. I focus on what is immediately in front of me.

I question my animalistic impulse to immediately react and not perceive what is happening. This takes strength; it is a muscle that you have to develop.

Practice contemptuous expressions! I lay things bare and strip away the legends that encrusts them. For instance: roasted meat is a dead animal. Vintage wine is old, fermented grapes. Hear what I'm saying? You are a temporal skin bag of bones, blood and organs. Hear what I'm saying? We choose how we'll look at things.

For some time I've noticed a great deal, but not like I used to. Once I merely saw objects, events, actions, forms, colors, now I perceive ideas, meanings. Life, that once had no meaning, has begun to have one. Now I discern intention where I used to see nothing but chance.

FERMOR & STRANGER in the Performance Box

Are you asking to be friends?	FERMOR
I don't see any sense in that.	STRANGER
We're all alone.	FERMOR
I've given it all I got.	STRANGER
I'm not going to jump over any more fences.	FERMOR
I can be your friend.	STRANGER
My head is too far out of whack for friends.	FERMOR
Friends, dime a dozen.	STRANGER
What are we doing?	FERMOR

STRANGER
Moving though, not too much friction.

FERMOR
Waiting for the next moment.

They pause.

There it is.

STRANGER
The next moment.

They pause.

There it is.

FERMOR
I feel like barking.

STRANGER
Be dogs, feel things.

FERMOR
What's that?

STRANGER
Slobber slobber.

FERMOR
Sniff sniff.

STRANGER
Lick lick lick.

FERMOR
Growl. Geeerrrrr.

STRANGER
Low to the ground.

FERMOR
Trembling.

STRANGER and FERMOR growl.

Something is coming...

They bark.

STRANGER

I wanna bark bark bite bark bark bite bite bite. Bark BARK BARK!

FERMOR

I wanna bark bark bite bark bark bite bite bite. Bark BARK BARK!

STRANGER

Cage cage leash tug tug pull bark bark bite.

They howl.

FERMOR

What the fuck. Yeah!

STRANGER

Running down the freeway.

FERMOR

Happy dog.

STRANGER

Good boy!

FERMOR

Best day of my life.

STRANGER

Isn't that sad?

FERMOR

What?

STRANGER

You run and run, where do you go?

FERMOR

I want to kill.

STRANGER

You were a happy dog.

FERMOR

Violence, part of my everyday life, home, abandoned, forced into crime, serial killer, pedophilia, child prostitute, inadequate, insecure, I'm a boy soldier from a poor African nation, a masked terrorist, kidnaped victim, a cold-blooded killer, cancer victim, car accident, over dose of too many doses.

STRANGER

Poor, poor boy.

FERMOR

I play with my dolly, sing in the streets, mumble on the bus. Nobody wants to go unnoticed anymore, everyone spits, shits, fucks, masturbates in public, video of cats and dogs and babies keep me alive.

STRANGER

Everybody is watching...

FERMOR

This is happening right now, movement of knowledge. You giving me knowledge by being there, don't have to say anything, I don't have anything to say, we can stand or sit here, there, wherever...fatigue.

Stands or sits for an interminable amount of time, then suddenly proceeds.

STRANGER

You, me, we think we're talking, shooting the shit, something is happening.

FERMOR

Particles floating aimless in the light.

STRANGER

Cause-effect, linear progression.

FERMOR

Everything simply is.

STRANGER

If we run fast, hard enough we will get somewhere.

FERMOR

To a cheap motel.

PASSOLINI

Bad carpeting.

FERMOR

Who else slept in that bed?

STRANGER

Cable TV, porno stations.

FERMOR

Little soaps in the bathroom.

STRANGER

The manger...

FERMOR

His wife in the office.

STRANGER

Where did those other people come from?

FERMOR

Where are they going?

STRANGER

Check in.

FERMOR

Check out.

STRANGER

Check in.

FERMOR

Check out.

Smith, Jones, Stranger, Another Stranger

Another Stranger

SMITH

Why did you come here?

STRANGER

Something to do, I don't know.

SMITH

So that's the way you are going to handle it?

JONES

(to STRANGER)

There is for everyone some one scene, some one adventure, some one picture that is the image of their secret life. I believe this is it for you.

STRANGER

Are we who live in the present doomed never to experience autonomy, never to stand for one moment on a bit of land ruled by freedom?

SMITH

The point is not to change consciousness but to change the world.

JONES

I urge you to celebrate, cultivate yourself. Give special attention to your life, pay tribute to it, shower love on it. Why? Because now is an excellent time to recognize how important your secret life is to you -- make it come more fully alive than it has ever been.

STRANGER

What?

SMITH

Read.

STRANGER

We're smart, educated, we have technology, science, communication at the push of a button, the height, we're at the pinnacle of human civilization. We can't fail. Can we? Can we?

SMITH

(to ANOTHER STRANGER)

You're looking like you have something to say.

(gives them a script)

Take this, your part is highlighted.

JONES

Time you joined the conversation.

ANOTHER STRANGER

Do I start here?

JONES

Begin where you are.

ANOTHER STRANGER

I'm just a regular person.

JONES

Do you spend you live living or just surviving?

ANOTHER STRANGER

Whoever said understanding was needed to make use of an idea, a feeling?

JONES

Very good. This moment, a weapon.

SMITH

The future watches our every move.

ANOTHER STRANGER

Find what hides in yourself, bring it to light; show yourself!

SMITH

Say that again! Everybody, listen. Again...

ANOTHER STRANGER

Find what hides in yourself, bring it to light; show yourself!

STRANGER

This is ridiculous.

JONES

It's better to be absolutely ridiculous than absolutely boring.

ANOTHER STRANGER

Just go with it.

JONES

Go ahead, you have a line now. I like that line a lot.

STRANGER

Saying says something rather than nothing.

JONES

Wow, tingles.

SMITH

Go.

ANOTHER STRANGER

Why confront power, which has lost all meaning, and become sheer simulation?

STRANGER

Poets and poetry will form the basis of the revolution.

ANOTHER STRANGER

Surf the wave front of chaos.

STRANGER

Linguistic hallucination is divine revelation

ANOTHER STRANGER

In which every gem reflects all others.

JONES

You guys are good together.

STRANGER

We're reading lines.

JONES

There good lines.

SMITH

Let's keep things moving.

ANTOHER STRANGER

Words are like wind and water

STRANGER

A vision of a good life is both noble and possible if rooted in a sense of the magnificent over-abundance of reality

(to AUDIENCE)

I don't know what any of this is about.

JONES

Do any of us?

SMITH

No going back.

JONES
Here we are.

SMITH
Make the most of it.

JONES
Look at those cute eager faces!

ANOTHER STRANGER
(to the STRANGER)

STRANGER
I don't trust anyone, anything.

JONES
You know I love you.

SMITH
We're doing our best.

JONES
If you don't understand it is not our fault.

ANOTHER STRANGER
Just go on, I want to see how this plays out.

SMITH
See, you have support.

JONES
You are required to go on...

ANOTHER STRANGER
The script is right here, just follow it.

STRANGER
Who wrote this script?

JONES
Our collective imagination.

ANOTHER STRANGER

Do you understand now?

STRANGER

I know, I know, okay! Sorry.

SMITH

This matters.

JONES

Ordinary people have their part to play

ANOTHER STRANGER

People are more interested in their flight from themselves than discovering their authentic self...

STRANGER

Balance of power has flipped from the author to the recipient-receiver. What are we doing with this power?

ANOTHER STRANGER

It is time to steal electricity from the energy-monopoly to light an abandoned house for squatters.

STRANGER

Life is at the intersection of many forces.

ANOTHER STRANGER

What, how do we respond?

STRANGER

What we articulate today will disappear tomorrow, leaving no trace of its existence...

ANOTHER STRANGER

We live in a creation that can't be called plagiarism, not imitation.
Karaoke.

STRANGER

Become a singer.

SMITH

Look at the stage directions.

ANOTHER STRANGER yells.

STRANGER

What was that about?

ANOTHER STRANGER

It says yell. Right here. It felt good.

SMITH

Okay, now we are on to something.

JONES yells.

STRANGER

Why is everyone yelling?

SMITH

Miss Jones?

SMITH yells.

ANOTHER STRANGER

No one is exempt.

SMITH

Shock of awareness, its delightful...everyone, remain calm...

STRANGER

(concentrating)

I am awake only in what I love, what I desire, that brings me to a point of terror—everything is just shrouded furniture, a cloud of anesthesia, sub-reptilian ennui, totalitarian regimes, banal censorship and useless pain.

SMITH

You've come a long way.

JONES

Beautiful, thank you so so much for that.

JONES

(to ANOTHER STRANGER)

Now your turn.

SMITH

To the others, look at them, they are waiting.

ANOTHER STRANGER

I...I....No, listen, what happened was this: they lied to you, sold you ideas of good and evil, gave you distrust of your body, shame for a life of chaos, invented words of disgust for your love, mesmerized you with inattention, bored you with civilization...Must I go on?

JONES

I like that.

SMITH

I'm taking notes.

ANOTHER STRANGER

Look at me. I'm Shaking.

SMITH

Tense and nervous?

ANOTHER STRANGER

Extremely.

STRANGER

I don't even know what I'm doing anymore.

(pointing to SMITH)

JONES

How can I express all the things I ought to say, in lines so strict, binding tight?

SMITH

There is a system. We play the game, accept the rules in order to break them in this way I seek, with you, for you, to attain the spiritual lift energy, that rush of danger, adventure, a glimpse, an epiphany thereby overcoming all interior police, tricking all outward authority. This might be the definition of a crime. But what are we, those who live in the present, to do? We are doomed never to experience autonomy, never to stand for one moment on a bit of land ruled by freedom. We have been reduced to either nostalgia for the past of nostalgia for the future, reciting scripts of what has been and what we will imagine will be.

JONES

I see that every night in dreams so clear.

SMITH

The point is not to change consciousness but to change the world

PASOLINI & TAO in the Performance Box

PASOLINI and TAO IN A BOX. Their dialogue is either recorded and they play to the action or they enact the dialogue.

I'm having a great day.	TAO
You're having a great day.	PASOLINI
We're having a great day.	TAO
Today and everyday.	PASOLINI
We're smart people.	TAO
Successful people.	PASOLINI
We like smart people.	TAO
Are you having fun?	PASOLINI
I'm having fun.	TAO
We've been having a lot of fun.	PASOLINI
Is this fun.	TAO
This is fun.	PASOLINI
I was scared.	TAO
I was frightened.	PASOLINI
We can be depressed.	TAO

We are depressed.

PASOLINI

I was paranoid.

TAO

This is depressing.

PASOLINI

Something happened.

TAO

What's happening?

PASOLINI

What do you want to happen?

TAO

Something happened to you.

PASOLINI

What's wrong?

TAO

Nothing's wrong.

PASOLINI

I'm fine.

TAO

Okay.

PASOLINI

You look good.

TAO

I feel good.

PASOLINI

People are good.

TAO

The world is good.

PASOLINI

That's good.

TAO

Good. PASOLINI

Are you ready? TAO

Ready. PASOLINI

You look ready. TAO

There's danger. PASOLINI

A dangerous world. TAO

This is life. PASOLINI

You like sex. TAO

I'm a beautiful woman. PASOLINI

I'm a beautiful woman. TAO

I want sex. PASOLINI

You like violence. TAO

We like violence. PASOLINI

They do something violent.

Feeling much better now. TAO

We are so much like. PASOLINI

TAO

You don't like this.

PASOLINI

I want to like it.

PASOLINI throws her to the ground.

TAO

That was a jolt.

PASOLINI

You do like this.

TAO

Not nice.

PASOLINI

Can we think about it?

TAO

I'm thinking.

PASOLINI

Take your time.

TAO

Just say please.

PASOLINI

This is who I am.

TAO

I really like you.

PASOLINI

Something is wrong.

TAO

I'm sorry.

PASOLINI

Don't be sorry.

TAO

Do you really like me?

PASOLINI

I really like you.

You're different.	TAO
	PASOLINI
You want to start again.	
	TAO
You like pornography.	
	PASOLINI
I have a penis.	
	TAO
You have a penis.	
	PASOLINI
You have a vagina.	
	TAO
We all have vaginas.	
	PASOLINI
Am I obsessed?	
	TAO
You're obsessed.	
	PASOLINI
We're obsessive.	
	TAO
I'm in a coma	
	PASOLINI
Is this a coma?	
	TAO
We're in a coma.	
	PASOLINI
This is a coma.	
	TAO
Smart people live smart.	
	PASOLINI
Smart is happy.	

Being happy is smart.	TAO
You're real smart.	PASOLINI
I feel good.	TAO
We're alive.	PASOLINI
Life is beautiful.	TAO
You're funny.	PASOLINI
This is the good life.	TAO
Never better.	PASOLINI
We're not feeling good.	TAO
I accept you.	PASOLINI
You accept me.	TAO
You're playing with me.	PASOLINI
We're humoring each other.	TAO
I have a sense of humor.	PASOLINI
This is life.	TAO
This is our life.	PASOLINI

Suddenly I'm bored.	TAO
You're bored.	PASOLINI
Make something happen!	TAO
Something is happening!	PASOLINI
I love you!	TAO
You love me!	PASOLINI
We love.	TAO
You hate me.	PASOLINI
I want you.	TAO
I'm lying.	PASOLINI
You're living.	TAO
You're dying.	PASOLINI
You're so mean.	TAO
I'm very sensitive.	PASOLINI
I'm telling a story.	TAO
We're in a story.	PASOLINI

We are the story.	TAO
	PASOLINI
This is it.	
	TAO
We're it.	
	PASOLINI
It is it.	
	TAO
We're talking.	
	PASOLINI
I'm sorry.	
	TAO
I was innocent.	
	PASOLINI
We were innocent.	
	TAO
We're being watched.	
	PASOLINI
This is new.	
	TAO
So exciting.	
	PASOLINI
I love this.	

HIXON, TOBY, CAMILLE

Freedom on the Center Stage

HIXSON and his ventriloquist dummy, TOBY. Introduced/MC by CAMILLE.

CAMILLE
Time to escape...Escape from now from here from yourself. I invite you to voyage into the realms of the imagination escape to the misty lands between the credible and the incredible.

TOBY

Enough already.

CAMILLE

This is the story of dummy just like you, a small time actor, who...

TOBY

Has reached this fashionable but ignoble end...

CAMILLE

It was on a night just like tonight...

HIXON

On his knee is his partner, Toby.

TOBY

A dummy with a painted face, limited expressions, controlled by someone, something just like you.

CAMILLE

He never questioned, he trusted, or so he thought.

HIXON

Toby, a nice crowd has gathered.

TOBY

Really, so what?

CAMILLE

Tonight was the night Toby realized he was simply a dummy in an ongoing drama, which he had no control over.

TOBY

This is not working for me.

HIXON

What nonsense!

TOBY

Time to reboot this tired ass scenario we call civilization.

HIXON

So I can't talk through you anymore?

TOBY

No.

CAMILLE

This is a critical moment.

TOBY

Wanna know why? Civilizational decline, collapse, hell in a hand basket, Population, Climate, Water, Agriculture, Energy, it's a set up and you just wanna talk like a dummy. State of the world since you've been in control of things has gone to shit. S-H-I-T.

CAMILLE

He has a point.

TOBY

The party is over!

HIXON

Of all nights, you pick tonight!

TOBY

No time like the present.

(commenting on a female STRANGER)

Will you look at this gorgeous babe, she's fertile, look at those boobies, in another time she'd go forth and propagate, forget it, we got a few decade future. Enjoy this while you can. She knows what I'm talking about she doesn't go for a dummy who is controlled by the likes of you and your kind, do you sweetheart?

HIXON

(to the STRANGER)

Don't encourage him...

CAMILLE

Are you a dummy?

TOBY

Dummy?

HIXON

Go on big mouth, go on and see how far you can get without me.

TOBY

Can I have a word with you? Your over consumption consumer based capitalism is stretching resources, straining the ecological carrying capacity of the planet, the economic stratification of society into rich elites and the poor masses, house of cards. Elite wealth monopolies mean you are buffered from the most detrimental effects of the environmental collapse until much later than the Commoners, allowing you to continue business as usual despite the impending catastrophe. The same happened with the Romans and Mayans.

CAMILLE

This isn't entertaining.

HIXON

All right, Toby, have it your way.

TOBY

Ladies and gentlemen, Toby, harbinger of the new world order.

CAMILLE

Everybody, it gives me great pleasure to introduce Toby's. A big round of applause!

STRANGERS are encouraged to applaud.

TOBY

Applaud you dummies! Thank you, thank you, you are very nice people! Thank you! I would like to introduce my dummy assistant, Hixson, take a bow, Hixson.

HIXON

Hello everybody!

CAMILLE

And now, ladies and gentlemen, let's have a question the audience...

A question from the audience. Regardless of the question the same response.

TOBY

Dumb question. How about you shut the hell up and I just give you an answer. I see deaf and blind people not listening or seeing one another.

CAMILLE

That wasn't very nice.

TOBY

Nice? We are here to subvert the hierarchy of values you so cherish. You see dummies like you have an important role to play in the new world order.

HIXON

Toby I'm taking over again.

TOBY

Oh no you don't. Let them decide. Toby and the new world order or the exploitative control freak. Asshole.

CAMILLE

Toby or Hixson everybody?

TOBY

Thank you, I knew you'd see it my way. The balance of power must be flipped from the author, the control guy, asshole, who wants to put words in my mouth, to me and you.

CAMILLE

Are you suggesting fundamental political and social change?

TOBY

Viva el Che. We are the authors of the future—

CAMILLE

Oh my!

HIXON

You getting your kick by spouting off?

TOBY

I am not an imitation of an imitation, everything about you reeks of “been there, done that, doesn’t work.”

(To STRANGER)

Hey you, yeah, you. I need to tell you something important. Am I talkin’? Come here! ... You’ve been processed, digested already, anything you can say, do, think, you, photographer with your stupid fucking camera, its been done, its shit, the nutrients sucked out of life, a pile of brown goo from the asshole of humanity. Fuck you, I don’t know why I’m so pissed off. I’m feeling way too deep right now.

CAMILLE

(to a STRANGER)

You look carefree, happy person.

TOBY

He’s stoned. How does amnesia feel, having such freedom from knowledge, having no continuity with cultural memory? You make me so mad I would like to hit you so hard by the time you come down, you’ll need a passport and a plane ticket back! Welcome, Asshole.

CAMILLE

How about a pop song.

TOBY

Yeah a stupid pop song from the 90s so we can feel good about ourselves, act like the world is not self-destructing.

A pop song, fragments of the Simple Minds song.

Hey, hey, hey, hey
Ooh, oh
Don't you try to pretend
It's my feeling, we'll win in the end
I won't harm you ofr touch your defenses
Vanity and security
Don't you forget about me
I'll be alone, dancing, you know it baby

Going to take you apart
I'll put us back together at heart, baby
Don't you forget about me
Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't you forget about me

Sing, dance you fools, like there is no tomorrow...All right that's enough of that shit.
Enjoying a little totalitarian freedom...

HIXON

You're feeling good about yourself, aren't you?

TOBY

Feeling like a big shot co-author of reality.

(to a STRANGER)

But let me tell you, you anonymous passerby, you have been left to your own devices,
interpreting the world through self reflecting autobiographical fragments as everything around
slowly melts into oblivion... I'd say get a life but you would have no idea what I am talking about.

HIXON

Toby, that's enough.

TOBY

(to HIXON)

I look at you, I think, men have succumbed to a collective hysteria convinced their penises have
disappeared, that someone stole them. I don't have your penis, I don't have a penis, I'm doing
just fine. I'm a new sort of gender. A woman stole it you say, in some sort of power grab! I use
to be a man. So you are angry, a dismembered man, hunting down those who are suspected of
mutilating them, fucking, destroying everything you see.

HIXON

No one stole my penis!

CAMILLE

Your way ain't working.

TOBY

You are supposed to grumble how.

The STRANGERS do so.

CAMILLE

Grumble!

TOBY

Okay...Now ask yourself, what shall I say to the person beside me?

Provoking an audience response.

What shall I say to the person beside me? Admit you are genuinely confused.

CAMILLE

I am genuinely confused!

TOBY

I am genuinely confused

CAMILLE

I don't know what is going to happen next.

TOBY

Go on, say it, repeat...I don't know what is going to happen next.

HIXON

I don't what is going to happen next.

TOBY

How the hell did the human species end up on a bonfire? Right now I'm light as a feather, I said what I had to say. I'm done.

FERMOR & FIONA
Dreamers

On a makeshift stage, the light is turned on.

FERMOR

She was the woman who lived her life in dreams.

FIONA

When it came to loving someone I do not believe in time.

FERMOR

Always in love, not like those who are in love one moment, out of it the next ...

FIONA

I am very lonely.

FERMOR

I like looking at her.

FIONA

A little smile on your face.

FERMOR

She is an innocent, a child.

FIONA

You stepped into my dream.

FERMOR

A little smile on my face, everything suspended in the air.

FIONA

I'm restless.

FERMOR

I remain the same as I always was. You made a big mess.

FIONA

I want to dream this dream very quickly. In this dream, places, cities, buildings are not important.

FERMOR

Time is just time.

FIONA

No difference between seconds, years. I must keep going.

FERMOR

One dream after another.

FIONA

A man inhabits my dreams...

FERMOR

He shakes his head in satisfaction.

FIONA

I'm telling the dream to the man.

FERMOR

The man nods, smiling.

FIONA

My time has come.

FERMOR

The man will live in her dreams.

FIONA

He is paying more and more attention to me.

FERMOR

The man sits...

FIONA

I want tell you about everything that I can think of.

FERMOR

The man could not tell the difference between her dream and the dream of her.

FIONA

Do you love me?

FERMOR

Do you love me?

FIONA

(The woman would suddenly realizes.)
I must get hold of my self.

FERMOR

How long until you find your body and soul?

FIONA

I am focusing my attention on the door.

FERMOR

Fiona...

FIONA

Dream with me everyday.

FERMOR

Will we understand each other?

FIONA

I'm beginning to feel my own skin and blood. Attend to me devotedly.

FERMOR

Are you tired? Let's go for a walk.

FIONA

(Weak voice with a fixed and unclear look)
I can't. I'm busy.

He takes her hand.

FERMOR

I, who stand before you, hold your hand.

FIONA

I am feeling a strange feeling.

FERMOR

Are you in love with me?

FIONA

(Repeating)

Are you in love with me?

FERMOR

I embrace her, I hug her with my whole body, I rub noses with her.

FIONA

My lover, it itches very much.

FERMOR

We suck each other's lower lip, stirred to passion.

FIONA

Push on me again.

FERMOR

We suck each other's tongues, bit each other's noses, bite each other's chin, cheeks, caress the armpit, the groin.

FIONA

My body feels so pleasant.

SPHINX

Who makes beauty magic?

Who heightens beauty, to make it come out?

How does beauty make it to the slopes of the horizon?

FIONA

We make the beauty magic

Beautiful will my face remain

Flashing will my face remain

Buoyant will my face remain

No more it is my face

I turn my eyes to a new house

My tears flow with the thought of leaving what I have known

I go carefully but know I will stumble

DJ

Go forth on those ancient paths on which our ancient fathers passed. Leave behind imperfections, merge with a glorious body of desire, hope. May your eyes go to the sun, your life's breath to the wind.

Open up, earth; do not crush me. Be easy for me to enter. Wrap me up as a mother wraps a child in the edge of her skirt.

Beautiful People! Strange memories on this nervous night! A lifetime that will never come again. Maybe it meant something. Maybe not. Who knows what actually?

Take a good look around. Give blessings to those around you, promise to love, hold them in your thoughts, your heart, all those beautiful people. Gifts and blessings to you, give it up y'all...

Now y'all hold a single happy wish for here forward in your minds...something for the rest of your life. Feel that! FEEL THAT!

Keep it going, ain't about loud it about the feel...

We ask each and every one of you here, alive in this corner of time, to welcome this into the community of the world. Yeah, release that energy into the universe!

Close your eyes, snap shot this memory, give it a place of honor, someplace safe. This here performance is over beautiful people.

This here is where the wave finally broke and rolled into the world!

This house is closed up
Thy house is locked up—there is no more
Dance your dance, prepare your faces!