

**IZ DIS ABZURD**

~~Revolution~~  
Reverlution... Comense again.  
Rebel (repeat into infinity)  
Nothing Means; Never Ends  
Inferior GRANDIOSITY

## IZ DIS ABZURD

*Two follow spots follow Count and Naught*

*Naught face upstage/downstage whenever and when said; hold a rope that is... also a sort of clothe*

*Move about*

*Count pick up infinite pellets of plastic and place them in a bucket*

Naught: I can't face it, so I reveal the tender bottoms of my inferior grandiosity.

Count: Abdominal empty, before meals, after, to up to, right ear.

Naught: At pleasure!

*Count shakes fall*

Naught: Shake. No stir? She was here once, twice before. Still. I hear you breathe.

*Count get up continue picking*

Count: My bosom is bound to plan things beneath this thin brazier of implications.

Naught: It's a bust!

*Count cover and crouch planing... planing...*

Naught: Tea! Never time for it!

*Count back to picking*

Count: Insufficiency, every other day, before, water, drying, raging, to up to, left ear.

Naught: It's narrowing.

Count: Each ear; both ears together.

*Naught*

Naught: I can feel your howling insides.

Count: Drink twice daily, but when?

Naught: Maintain, Maintain...

*Count piss*

Count: Piss on the first of it.

*Pause*

Naught: Lost calories.

Count: Calorie elimination. It grows everyday, wandering, wondering at wonder the unexplainable you ably find, your disbelief, in your waistcoat, wither as a strand, a tour, a racket, you'll never get past it, it surrounds here somewhere.

*Pause*

Naught: Receive a capsule. A capsule!

*Pause*

Count: My hat contains my soul?

Naught: Receive, receive.

*Count, eat some of hat, hat be of nacho variety*

Count: That completes the blood count.

Naught: I can't face it, my face, can't I?

Count: 1.

Naught: My chief complaint is that you never wore a feather. How will we know it has begun? It would only take up a few cubic centimetres. I'm sending you to the metre; to find, to stay with, to speak with some restraint!

***Pause***

Count: Never Tomorrow morning, never tomorrow night, never an evening we maintain.

Naught: Still not here I see, I see nothing.

Count: Pardon.

Naught: Thank You... Not here... you are you... you are not here... you are not the here, you are you.

Count: Then I'm all there is to you.

Naught: Here you are... You're nothing... Around plus

Count: And yet, you call to me. 39.

Naught: Be gone... Gone... Gone...

***Equals: Feed him a speck of dust***

Count: Would you like another?

Naught: yes; Wait... NO!... No more dust for now.

Count: One more speck?

***Pause***

Naught: Fetch me all of it.

Count: Portions... portions...

Naught: I'll breathe... resume once again with the dust.

***Pause***

Count: Selection is important.

***Naught breathe, Count select dust, offer to Naught, Naught decline, repeat dust process, fervour, remember to pick up plastic, continue for a duration***

Naught: I want the environment enfolded in micro grains. Such a quick clean without grunge bleed.

Count: I'll find one... when I find what it isn't... count on it.

Naught: Never.

*Pause*

Count: Mix away.

*Pause*

Naught: Nil.

*Pause*

Count: Are you stirring?

Naught: Opposite beseech!

*Pause*

Count: What does it take to make you count?

*Pause*

Naught: Flour.

*Pause*

Count: Beauty?

*Pause*

Naught: Practicality! Fetch me some bread at it's base form. Flower!

*Pause*

Count: Practicality?

*Pause*

Naught: Beauty. Fetch me some stems at their vase form.

Count: This talk of flo or er stirs...

*Sneeze abouts*

***Pause***

**Naught: Cough... it's all the better.**

***Rigid coughing and sneezing, Naught turn to face the audience... Count dance... find the perfect piece of dust***

**Count: Relation... establish... a sign of a living growth. Find your way here. Open up. Not that. Not that. Not that! Back to that. Hmmm. Not that. Back to that. That. We shall have to remove it. Evacuate into the vacuum of life where it will be a piece... it will appreciate in value separate... the potential, the potential, it didn't exist until I grew it, not that, not that, That! Stop. Open your palm.**

***Naught eat the dust***

**Naught: Thank you my lovely. Now just a short stay in the oven...**

***Twenty(or...) Counts enter!! spinning, sneezing, giggling, skipping and squawking they line up Count falls in line then become vibrating stasis***

**Counts: eye, ear, nose, or skin?**

**Naught: Count? I can't taste you. Where are you?**

***Lights gradually brighten***

**Count 4: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 8: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 11: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 18: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 5 : Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 7: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 14: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 1: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 6: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 12: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 13: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 2: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 17: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 3: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 14: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 16: Me.**

**Naught: No.**

**Count 9: Me.**

Naught: No.

Count 11: Me.

Naught: No.

Count 10: Me.

Naught: No.

Count 15: Me.

Naught: No...

*Twenty counts form a room around Naught and Count.*

Count 14: I'm not your elixir.

Naught: The cold it's temperature.

Count 12: That's not my-

Naught: The pain it's feeling.

Count 19: Well you can't-

Naught: The gallbladder it's sea fairing!

*Count 20 gobble hat*

*Pause*

*Count catch a speck Naught inhale it.*

Count: Any superlative?

Naught: Most, best, quintessential, greatest, the all consuming encompassing highest point...

*Pause*

Count: That's all of it?

Naught: I'm not running out of things to say.



*Pause... Counts sway...*

Count: Have you stopped speaking?

*Pause*

Naught: To keep it interesting.

Caught: But you're still breathing.

Naught: To be vocal.

*Pause*

Count: I haven't seen you run.

Naught: I can't face it. my face hit, cant I?

Count: 2.

Count 2: Proceed.

*Naught hit self*

Naught: I act Alone! I act Alone! I act alone. I act alone...

Count: You haven't taken a step to proceed the inside without... towards... another.

Naught: What about when I had my enema?

*Pause*

Count: The residual thought will remain; nevern again will the edible contents.

Naught: Face, it my face, can't I can't I.

Count: 3.

Count 3: 3...

*Count slowly... mechanically... now quickly theatrically hit Naughts face*

Count: If it will waken ear, nose, and skin and...

*Naught walk a square in the room of Counts*

Naught: Temperature; every day it rises... Boils! We can be facetious... Fahrenheit, Celsius; the numbers are too high in the former, much more subdued in the latter, in the latter I have found the evening to be quite at the temperature I have imagined... in line with the body at the thermostat... do you notice it? You notice it a little...

*Naught halts*

Count: A little...

Naught: Where is the metronome?

*Pause*

*Count 15 supply a metro gnome*

Naught: No that's a metro gnome... Discard!

*Pause*

*A Count supplies a metronome*

Count: You should dress.

*Counts Offstage; Onstage; supply dresses*

Naught: A dress, a dress, a dress, a dress... I will not address the issue in a dress.

Count: It's what we've provided.

Naught: You.

Counts: We.

Naught: You... that's all I see.

*Naught face upstage*

Count: You'll have to dress eventually.

Naught: Eventually.

Count: Eventually.

Naught: Eventually, not directly, I have time!

*Metronome starts*

Naught: This racket again...

Count: We're waiting for you to address it.

Naught: I'm fasting.

Count: On clothes?

Naught: On Somethings.

Count: On all things.

Naught: As close as I can get.

Count: So you need clothes to get closer.

Naught: Trying to etch in my time signatures, i... grow... bare...

*Pause*

Count: Wearing clothes is a trivial matter exploded. Why do they ask? I abject.

*Count piss*

Naught: Eliminate them; that's why there are so many pieces, so many clothes...  
So much to know about you.

*Pause*

Count: The evening wares, hidden in a gown of darkness, a formidable place for  
the nocturnal... Is it dark?

*Pause*

Naught: Can't tell.

Count: Well is it it or isn't it it.

Naught: You demand an answer.

Count: Until my demands are met.

*Pause*

Naught: Once more...

*Pause*

Count: The evening wears, stocked in a shelf of shoes, a place rejecting the lonely... Is it darker?

*Pause*

Naught: When.

Count: Here?

Count: Presently?

Naught: At all.

Count: A third try perhaps...

Naught: That would be best.

*Pause*

Count: The evening wears, sequential in dull worn jeans, a working story leisure sacrifice.

*Pause*

Naught: It's reusable.

Count: My speech?

Naught: All of it.

Count: My tone?

Naught: All of it.

Count: My delivery?

Naught: Take note... all refuse able... eventually.

*Pause*

Count: My words kept you here.

Naught: I left.

Count: You never moved.

Naught: I was never once; here... right here... I was never.

*Pause*

Count: You listened.

Naught: Barely.

Count: There's much to wear.

*Counts present clothes metronomically*

*Naught face downstage, march, halt*

Naught: This racket, you had me beyond it for a second.

Count: So you were moved.

*Naught stop the metronome return to facing upstage*

Naught: For the time being.

Count: A change.

Naught: Don't get your hopes caught.

Count: Once more.

Naught: As always... begin, nothing means never ends...

*Pause*

*One count enters the players area drags Naught screaming drops him*

Naught: I wear upon this floor.

*Pause*

*Wear upon the floor, age...*

Count: This play upon speech.

**Naught: Yes.**

**Count: Is it, what we're after.**

**Naught: It might have been at first.**

**Count: That's not what... we're after.**

***Pause***

**Naught: The moment...**

**Count: Yes...**

**Naught: By the bay...**

**Count: Yes...**

**Naught: It's worthless.**

***Pause***

**Count: But you we're saying...**

**Naught: In low light...**

**Count: Yes...**

**Naught: One stands one grounded...**

**Count: Yes...**

**Naught: It's pathetic.**

***Pause***

**Count: What were, you, getting, at.**

***Pause***

**Naught: Before the time...**

***Pause***

**Count: Yes...**

*Pause*

Naught: They bend light around us...

*Pause*

Count: Yes...

Naught: It's nothing, it's gone, it disappeared!

*Naught return to your spot face downstage*

Naught: For a moment I survived on your affirmation, it was all true, you lead me too posit, I've, I have give lov-...{uhhgaahaammm}

*Pause*

Count: I was almost somewhere, at a place a time and with a vertical met to something other then what it seemed to be, it seemed to be sustained; as I recall the furtive distant: a place of salt... somewhere to be remembered as we watch thirsty drinks of preserve... persevere... what was living before and rain tore a layer off the poor shingles hammered into the cracking bleeding skull, alive, constant.

Naught: Say it again... In one word!

Count: No.

Naught: You're free...

*Pause*

Count: You need to be swaddled.

Naught: Fetch me a robe from your mind.

Count: I've thought you clothed.

Naught: I was covered before your time, yet not as particularly so.

*Pause*

Count: Is it starting to get boring.

Naught: What you've said?

Count: What I've been.

Naught: You are...

*Pause*

Count: But I can't be anything other...

Naught: You already are as you want see are. Then don't be at all.

*Pause*

Count: Has, my body begun to wear.

Naught: It's worn.

Count: Has my my-my-my began to wrinkle upon you?

Naught: At every touch a chasm.

Count: My mouth, my hair, my consistencies, my inconsistencies...

Naught: All worn.

Count: Out?

Naught: Round, about, and dancing... You're my porpoise!

*A Count, start the metronome and clothes, be presented again*

*Count piss*

Naught: I knew it was you.

*Naught clean three pisses with your cloth; mini floor slip signs place*

Count: And when all passes to ear a moment to think it over before your seconds are up to hold up one end of this exchange since beginnings are long past we both end in our own setting at ends gathering and choosing and having thrown upon us ends.

*Repeat*

*Repeat*



*Minus*

*Compose*

*Pause*

Naught: You seem healthy.

Count: You now have one more invisible connection to the microscopic.

Naught: You have blood sugar.

Count: As I'm told I have a blood sugar I now have one more invisible connection to the microscopic. Gut back Gut teary O ah gelatinous!!!

Naught: This racket...

*Count turn off metronome. Counts stop with the clothes*

Naught: Cloth complete.

*Count have you forgotten about the plastic it's all over the stage ... beyond the Count room, with fervour...*

*A Count take Cloth off*

*Naught walk about the room of Counts*

*Counts offer clothes*

*Disregard Naught*

Count: One day you'll have to.

Naught: That day may never come.

Count: We're further along now.

Naught: Here again after.

Count: I've never told you.

Naught: I've never asked.

Count: All I've wanted was for you to tell me lies.

*Pause*

Naught: I hate you... you're ugly, I don't need you, you're nothing... without me and you.

*Pause*

Count: You...

*Pause*

Naught: I haven't balded yet, surprising... must be my mother's follicle stimulating hormone.

*Count examine Naught*

Count: Gall bladder visualization... gastronomical, gram, grain drop, drops, genitourinary.

Naught: Quite literal what you see.

Count: it was merely an expression.

Naught: I thought there was more... you're hiding.

*Pause*

Count: You need to stand and deliver.

Naught: Hiding and describing bowels...

*Pause*

Count: You need to get dressed.

*Count cover and crouch planing... planing...*

Naught: Hiding behind laceeers.

Count: Not with words I'm facing you.

Naught: Should I...

Count: Waiting.

Naught: And if I do...

Count: We're never alone.

*Pause*

Naught: Accountable.

Count: Dependable.

*Naught turn around*

Naught: I can face it, so I reveal the tender bottoms of my inferior grandiosity.

Count: I've heard that again. 2.

Naught: It was for it's first.

Count: Have you talked more then I and it.

Naught: From somewhere... I've lost it.

Count: Missing organs.

Naught: A credo... a cuspy crescendo.

*Counts Throw clothes on Naught*

Count: Have you. Surpass what's the suppressed.

*Pause*

Naught: I'm back at it again.

*Pause*

Count: Is that the entire story here?

*Pause*

Naught:End. ! That's it; just back at it.

*Pause*

Count: Model me a clothe.

Naught: But... off... course... Reluctantly... fervour...

*Naught get Counts to dress and to pose as you*

Count 5: I am Naught.

Count: No your not.

Naught: Darn. Blast. Had out.

*Repeat through various Counts*

*Counts make room on an other part of stage*

*Counts do laundry on the domestic front*

*The plastic, the plastic... I want it*

*Picked up*

*Naught pick up plastic*

Count: Still, not wearing clothes.

Naught: What about these... my nails... my follicles...

*Pause*

Count: Doesn't count.

Naught: These nails they are not infinity but near clothes... growing after all said is done.

*Pause*

Count: Rot possible with talk such as that.

*Pause*

Naught: Each of us has a stake in infinity.

*Pause*

Count: Another one of your claims.

*Pause*

**Naught: Not infinity but near close.**

***Pause***

**Count: Your getting all wired.**

***Pause***

**Naught: To end a point.**

***Pause***

**Count: Yet one decides within the gloreish pastel of a a venue generating hazy midsummer shadows to grow with light they grow, a cabin emerges... start paths; a relationship in the time and place to the oil etched can goods for a trip and brush envelop acknowledgment to what was still, what was still... moving through the day paying for the train.**

***Naught approach audience***

**Naught: You, had to... be there! lightly... lightly... lightly... lightly...**

***Count and all counts move***

**Count: Are we near?**

**Naught: A Few feet.**

***Pause***

**Count: There, there or there; a sporadic flash of motion.**

***Pause***

**Naught: Your ten feet under the without... in black marble, etched on, unlost, past labours shoulders... maintain, maintain...**

***Pause***

**Count: The last bare nature now clothed in leisure.**

**Naught: Not this again.**

**Count: Not a gain.**

**Naught: Not this again.**

Count: Not a gain. Not a gain, an evening though.

Naught: I've never been clothed for...

*Pause*

Count: Do you find it freeing?

*Pause*

Naught: I never saw the rain but for a title.

Count: You did you did.

Naught: Replicated it became.

Count: Your loss of sacred...

Naught: Uniform and rare I sought for the variance.

*Pause*

Count: Hard to place the thick of silent motion.

*Pause*

Naught: Testing time and how we deal with it.

*Pause*

Count: I was wondering when.

Naught: You have... enough.

*Naught offstage, put on pants, suit, run back on*

Count: it's set just as you left it.

Naught: I'm aware.

*Sneezes coughs cacophony happen Counts attach to Naughts rope one by one*

*count picks up plastic*

Naught: {cough} It never changed

Counts: {coughs} We're this room

Count: {cough} Not yet you haven't

Naught: {cough} Not a scrap

Counts: {coughs} Actualize

Count: {cough} It's all there.

Naught: {cough} Every shred increases

Counts: {coughs} Yet we have.

Count: {cough} Not yet you haven't

Naught: {cough} At bed time.

Counts: {coughs} The cough was the missing element.

Count: {cough} Are humans the new element.

Naught: {cough} A war upon the elements!

Count: {coughs} off course off course

A Count: {cough} And which are we

Naught: {cough} Your not my mood are you?

*Pause*

Counts:{coughs}My face faces faces.

Count:{cough} Take from source to source to.

Naught: {cough} A war upon the elements!

Count: {coughs} The catalyst.

A Count: {cough} cough.

Naught: {cough} First step clothes!

Count: {coughs} Now you change...

*Pause*

Naught: {cough} A war upon the elements!

Count: {coughs} The catalyst.

A Count: {cough} cough.

Naught: {cough} First step clothes!

Count: {coughs} Now you change...

*Pause*

Naught: {cough} Aware upon the elements!

Count: {coughs} The catalyst.

A Count: {cough} cough.

Naught: {cough} First step clothes!

Count: {coughs} Now you change.

*Pause*

Naught: {cough} Aware pon the elements!

Count: {coughs} The catalyst.

A Count: {cough} cough.

Naught: {cough} First step clothes!

Count: {coughs} Now you change..

Naught: {cough} A warp on the elements!

Count: {coughs} The catalyst.

A Count: {cough} cough.

Naught: I ca face it, my face, ca I n't n't.



Count: 5

*Pause*

Count: Now you change..

Naught: Aware up the elements!

Count: The catalyst.

A Count: cough.

Naught: First step clothes!

Count: Now you change...

*Pause*

Naught: {cough} Aware the elements!

Count: {coughs} The catalyst.

A Count: {cough} cough.

Naught: {cough} First step clothes!

Count: {coughs} Now you change!

*Pause*

Naught: {cough} Aware a pond elements!

Count: The catalyst.

A Count: {cough} cough.

Naught: {cough} First step clothes!

Count: Now you change

Naught: {cough} Warp pond the elements

Count: The catalyst

A Count: {cough} cough

Naught: {cough} First step clothes

Count: Now you change

Naught: {cough} element

Count: The catalyst

A Count: {cough} cough

Naught: {cough} First step clothes!

Count: Now you change...

Naught: {cough} A pond!

*Pause*

Count: The catalyst.

*Pause*

8 Count: {cough} cough.

*Pause*

Naught: {cough} First step clothes.

*Pause*

Naught: A pond...

*Halt, Counts drop from rope, form room.*

*Naught get your rope back.*

Naught: Pond Der Der Der Der Der Der Der. Der Der Der Der Der.

Count: So, we're here to ponder the pond in conclusion...

Naught: Not it's fragility.

*Pause*

Count: To notice.

Naught: It is too done, it is too over.

*Long pause lights begin to slowly, slowly, slower... fade off; now pause a while... lights up*

*Pause*

Count: Deprived air deducted states.

Naught: The light can burn... I must understand.

Count: You don't feel better enlightened.

Naught: Barely visible at best.

Count: Stumbling through electrical debauchery; move.

*Pause*

Naught: Be nil.

*Pause*

Count: Finding through willing participants; test.

Naught: I will not participate!

*Pause*

*Naught Shed pants*

Count: Are you naked or nude?

Naught: Am I artistic or Shmuttery?

Count: You barely make it...

Naught: Marketable or Marked down?

Count: You should know your shelf.

Naught: This wit withers...

Count: Forgo...

*Pause*

Naught: Remain... Remind me again.

Count: I shall recount the tale: *Unnatural Wielding...*

Naught: I can't face it, my face, can't I?

Count: 6

Naught: Turn off that metronome!

*Pause*

*The metronome a count started stops, the metro gnome lays discarded*

*Naught kick the bucket, Counts fall slowly rise, Naught wear pants*

Naught: And yet I'm still here.

Count: We have proven that we can.

Naught: We can not.

Count: That's right Naught we can. We can Naught.

*Pause*

Count: I'm Count.

Naught: I'm Naught.

Count: I'm Count

Naught: I'm Naught.

*Pause*

Count: I'm Count.

*Pause*

Naught: I'm Naught.

*Naught get up musically stand walk, drop, away from the mass of rope*

Naught: My hands are full of tectonic anomalies.

*Stiffen, sneeze sniffle Naught snakes about stage following count as counts... follow*

Count: We

Count 18: You can still tell.

Count: Dew in swills.

Naught: Everything you dew is morning.

Count: Never met that perception of myself.

Naught: Hello. Pleasantry aside... God Blessed! I'm Nude below these pants!

*Everything halts and is slow for a duration*

Count 20: We're aware.

Naught: Are you with that being Count?

Count: Which being?

Count 15: That which.

Naught: That which totes hymns.

*Pause*

Counts form a room around Count and Naught, sway

Count: You think. You hear.

Naught: My self... stop. Bask in it, prevoious to and well done non comply.

*Lights go out*

*A Scream*

Count 9: I only bask in counts.

Count: Well naught are you in motion or are you just standing for the recognition?

*Pause*

Count 6: Nothing happened and will Naught have movement?

*Pause*

Naught: What... should I sway? Count!?

*Pause*

Count: Are you acting on canoe?

Naught: A sound freshwater stage...

*Pause*

Count: Yes... Of what existence?

Naught: Dramatic porpoise.

Count: No, no no, purpose.

Naught: My porpoise!?

Count: I'm not your purpose.

Naught: I've been saying porpoise... sing for me...

Count: I shall.

*She does. Naught compliment*

Naught: Your able.

Count: Is that you talking?

Naught: This entire leading lead to these words. Purpose...

Count: Instantly?

Naught: Presently.

Count: Your thoughts.

*Pause*

Naught: Zero... Axel!

*Pause*

Count: That leaves it to me to get these things rolling; Anything for me?

Naught: Yes... Zilch.

*Now age...*

Count: I waited.

Naught: I gave you my time and focus.

Count: All I wanted was a pet.

Naught: You shall have a pat.

*Naught pet Count*

Count: ahhhh physics.

Naught: One more pat.

*Naught pet Count*

Count: ahhhh.

Naught: One more pat.

*Naught pet Count*

Count: ahhhhh.

*Pause*

Naught: Is a pattern emerging?

*Pause*

Count: A light bulbous; Here is a pinch of dust.

Naught: Your skin or mine...

*Long Pause*

Count: A micro meteorite.

*Long Pause*

Naught: Enjoy that I.

Count 14: As I.

Count: Don't you want clothes as I?

Count 7: As do I.

Naught: And which one is you?

Count 5: Or I

Count 4: Or I.

Count 3: Or I

Count 2: Or I

Count 1: Or I.

*Counts model and admire each other's clothes, a stasis... commence again*

Naught: We need more Naughts... Waiting past the day you said you would, caught in the recurring... you've brought me in and given me a memory... it left... it just left... now, dirt of what was, what, where are you, now, has the water gotten, you? The printing press, is gone, I mourn... upon mess, you've forgotten, you don't care. Not a bit. Today is the day that I get healthy.

*Pause*

Count: I've heard.

Count 12: Do you think he has?

*Peer*

Naught: This cognition; trying to replace "it" with a hundred words and lists... a drive, within, compelling, keeping on track, definitively, not going, to be, absent any longer.

*Pause*

Count: No longer he stays away.



Count 16: Vocalizing like a town fryer.

Naught: Drunkedness won't find me any longer.

Count: As if it's a force.

Naught: Anything in the body can be! can be... can be?

*Pause*

Count: To add...

Count 13: We didn't obey a square frame of light shot from the lens.

*Pause*

Naught: This is the day I run. Today it will begin.

*He runs... Halt. Sneeze. Cough*

Count: Calling for communication it never will commence.

*Pause*

Naught: My convalescence...

Count: Have you danced?

Count 8: At once with me.

Naught: I could dance another... with you... not now, and did all the while in strings.

Count: Speak to me normal.

*Pause*

Naught: How is the weather?

Count: Like a family.

Naught: How are you?

Count: Disproportionate... even of course.

*Pause*

Naught: You look well this... what is it?

Count: Evening

Naught: But in here...

Count: Chosen by lighting

Naught: We've been set up!

Count: Are you falling?

*Naught slowly fall Get up Count and Naught small dance*

Naught: By choice, by dupe, are you?

Count: I am... but a boom.

*Soon halt dancing*

Naught: {painfully cough filled laugh} This is serious. No! More!

*Pause*

Count: Is there a problem?

Naught: My system will solve it all.

Count: Have you a methods diagram?

Naught: Here is a plan... as spoken... shouldn't and did rely on the digital, started, started, halted, tops, this plan, not, known. Better? Brain Stop.

*Slight pause*

Count: Not much of a plan.

Naught: There's more!

Count: Show me.

Naught: Never...

*Pause*

***Naught look around***

**Count 17: Are you going to take more coverings upon yourself?**

**Naught: I hear, so it seems, you to are at me for that.**

**Count 2: As I.**

***Pause***

**Naught: For too long I have left my self exposed to the steals of thieves and the elation of non next levels no original no source no credit cons of text from creed... the living... until, once again, nada... at undecided ramblings that's it. Enough. Through... Spent. Depth, subsides. And I, and I!...**

***Give Naught the Metronome***

**Count 3: Here you are.**

**Count 18: It was mine don't give it.**

**Naught: I have it. Ha! I got it. I got it. I got it!**

***Pause***

***Count plop an egg***

***Pause***

**Count: Why did you not catch?**

**Naught: I was at a hobby.**

**Count: I thought you had it.**

**Naught: Not that, I almost was at something, not you, I had a hobby once.**

***Set loose the metronome***

***Count 12 strike the egg.***

**Count 4: I lost a moth.**

***Moth fly from Count 4's hands***

***Awful Pause***

Naught: We have set in motion the ruining of a sweater...

*Pause*

*1 Naught enter*

Count: I've lost track of you. You don't have me...

Naught: I'm the one in the ropes! The metronome! I have the metronome!

*Pause*

Count: No, I think I'll find you in this Naught.

Naught: That's not me.

Count: I'm tied up right now, call on me later.

Naught: You're tied up!

*Twenty Naughts enter leap frogging and fighting and belching and... composing*

*Pause*

*Naught calmly smash the metronome, run past Count, retrieve shirt, now, Naught, pick up Count. A dance between Counts and Naughts begin.*

Counts: You're wearing clothes!

Naughts: Unprompted Thinly because of you.

Counts: Keep my interest.

Naughts: For one moment...

*Naught shake head at distance*

Counts: Were you there not here?

Naughts: In the future, Stuck in neutral.

Counts: How boring.

Naughts: The potential.

**Counts: Don't step.**

***Now, Naught try to throw rope to stage hand on catwalk... it didn't make it up, put Count down, try again, and again, and again. Stage hand! No not you... exit... off the stage, it is for the actors. Why Actors? O I don't know one of them had the audacity to step out at some point, disregard that now! You! Yes you! No, I'm not the teacher from The Wall. Stagehand, up in the catwalk, do a self indicating gesture so I know it's you I am talking to, yes, you. Good, Nod in affirmation. Thank you. Wave to Naught, Naught look up, good, now lower him a rope please, you must be slightly uncomfortable, not to worry, you will be compensated, you shall receive one biscuit at the end of the production, yes well... Does a bear shit in the woods? There is your answer. Have you lowered the rope? Thank you. Do as you may stage hand. No not you. Both, Exit. Now back to it***

***Naught and count tie your rope to the lowered rope. Naught walk in a circle find the tension of the rope and it's limits Naughts and Counts avoid.***

**Naughts: Tread?**

**Counts: Hop.**

**Naughts: Roll...**

***Naught roll***

***Naught hold back in pain***

**Count: You must have felt something rolling there like that.**

**Naught: My hemoglobins were acting up.**

**Count: You just made it you slow poke.**

**Naught: At a cellular level, I was always moving faster.**

**Count: It's not going to be that easy.**

**Naught: It never is.**

**Count: I'll make it.**

**Naught: I doubt it.**

**Count: Don't doubt it... I'll make it... like a chef.**

Naught: Water.

*Pause*

Count: I'll never make you, 21 is enough.

*Pause*

Naught: Make, it, for me.

*Pause*

*Naught carry Count about*

Naught: I'm carrying you aren't I?

Count: It's nice, I feel a bit inactive.

Naught: All I have to offer you is impractical and passionate. Cease.

*Pause*

Count: Let me carry you.

Naught: For a moment.

*Count Carry Naught*

Naught: I knew you cared. That's enough.

*Count lets Naught down, the dance is over Counts and Naughts form a larger room around Count and Naught.*

Count: From now on you do the carrying.

Naught: I'll do a thousand times what any one who is not Naught can do for you.

Count: I just wanted to play...

Naught: These harmless terms.

Count: You better keep me with comfort and warm since you are my Naught and irreplaceable.

*Pause*

**Naught: Barter. Scavenge.**

**Count: 333. 1. 1.**

**Naught: Which count dear.**

***Whisper***

**Count: That which totes hymns.**

***Pause***

**Naught: My radioactive iodine uptake.**

**Count: Is it your thyroid?**

**Naught: My unregulated energy.**

**Count: I've never witnessed your thyroid before.**

**Naught: You will... you will...**

**Count: I've been waiting so long for the science to catch up before I catch something.**

**Naught: Give me your latest count, I do love it when you count.**

***Pause***

**Count: Say it...**

**Naught: I'm gone.**

***Naught hides with the other naughts***

**Count: Where did you go Naught?**

**A Naught : Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**



**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

**A Naught: Me.**

**Count: No.**

***Pause***

**Naught: My neck; You've found it.**

**Count: Your hormones are horrible.**

**Naught: You're literal.**

**Count: Figurative.**

**Naught: Veined.**

**Count: By the scruff.**

**Naught: You are an animal.**

**Count: No animals live here for long...**

**Naught: Too many words! repeat, again.**

*Pause*

Count: Extinct.

Naught: They'll show up on a plate eventually, rare tastes duck filled by bills. Get ethiloco.

*Pause*

Count: Now you're seen; in season the seeing I see, I see, I see.

Naught: On a graph.

*Pause*

Count: A chart.

Naught: Acetate.

*Pause*

Count: Cellulose you are cast upon.

Naught: Planted under the scope, tied to the sky, surrounded by the potentialities of self, seen through and active set to be dissected. O why, do organs sound up to the masses to science, such a short funeral it will be as I am quartered, partitioned sent back to the plastic.

*Count continue to pick up plastic, you keep forgetting... lost in time*

Count: Ticks will talk to you and tell of what blood they encountered in the former.

Naught: A tick, something living in this time given to us by trains. Train yourself dear.

*Smashed metronome sit*

Count: I'm not an animal.

Naught: Arrange yourself near.

Count: I am not a garment.

*Pause*

Naught: A garb?

Count: No.

Naught: A style?

Count: No 5. Same 22.

*Pause*

Naught: Disengage with the here.

Count: Not some loading dock.

Naught: Naught is me.

Count: You're tied.

Naught: loosely.

*Pause*

Count: You're at nothing.

*Pause*

Naught: Worming... warming...

*Long Pause*

Count: You're glowing.

Naught: Must be the embarrassed nuclear iodine.

*Naught has a fit of sneezing and coughing*

Count: May we address the porpoise.

Naught: It's a whale.

*Pause*

Count: Understood. Purpose.

*Pause*

Naught: Within cement feet, freeing.

Count: How many?

Naught: 0

Count: And so?

Naught: Landed.

Count: How many?

Naught: Vaulting less, in the hundreds of thousands of nil useless to quantify.

Count: Once more from the start?

Naught: It's! a whale... with cement feet, left, bloody belly on shore, not even there, vaulting less, in the hundreds of thousands of nil useless to quantify. Care beforen.

*Pause*

Count: Intramuscluar injection?

Naught: In my inferior grandiosity?

Count: The bottom of it all?

Naught: Yes the bottom of it all.

*Naughts and counts form a different room around Count and Naught*

Count: This autumn looks like it's made out of man...

*Long Pause*

Naught: This window a widow.

*Long Pause*

Count: This mat a mammal.

*Long Pause*

Naught: Are we even?

Count: On what?

Naught: NO! We're at odds.

*Pause*

Count: When?

Naught: Now... Nevern...

Count: This door looks like a whore.

Naught: This twig looks like a balcony.

*The plastic the plastic!*

Count: It's all not here.

Naught: What we're seeing.

Count: What we're seeing.

Naught: Not here.

Count: Not here.

Naught: I demand to know.

*Pause*

Count: Not here.

Naught: So I am distant.

Count: You are at your furthest extent.

Naught: I'm Naught I vow.

*Mass of Naughts and Counts move Naught and Count to Centre For the rest... of the play Counts! Naughts! Neander, Dance, Cough, Sneeze, pick up plastic, form rooms around Count and Naught, develop relationships with each other, dance, find your partner, Commit "suicide" with your partner or partners as the play progresses and make your exit after said "suicide"*

Naught: Two down.

Count: Leave the counting to me.

Naught: They do your plastic call now.

Count: They do. Four Down.

*Pause*

Naught: So I've tested my limits.

Count: With me.

Naught: Who are you again.

Count: We are we again.

Naught: I think I got it.

*Pause*

Count: My idea?

*Pause*

Naught: Yes, just, caught, it.

Count: I can't remember it any more.

Naught: We're sleeping!

*Pause*

Count: So you dream of me!?

Naught: No... I'm awake.

Count: You caught on.

Naught: You've got it wrong.

Count: So you speak in values.

Naught: Nothing has changed.

Count: This interplay.

Naught: I thought we were beyond it.

Count: You did.

Naught: Once... Receiving a intraperitoneal of ether...

*Pause*

Count: Was...

*Pause*

Naught: Your too close... space! Come back.

Count: Here?

*Pause*

Naught: I grow tired of centre so I move.

*Move*

Count: You left me.

Naught: Just left of center.

Count: Align Left.

Naught: Center.

Count: Align Right.

Naught: Justify.

Count: Free to leave and yet I sway. Here I am set to depart and yet I stop at the step. You're tied, a knot. Three more. Perhaps I'll learn from them... how to leave... these spots...

*Naught run off stage get a jacket run back on wear jacket*

*Pause*

Naught: I can't get this spot out.

*Pause*

Count: I already did laundry.

Naught: You sound so...

Count: I'm doing fine.

Naught: I didn't ask.

Count: But your going to.

*Pause*

Naught: Are you doing well?

Count: Ask.

Naught: Are you okay?

Count: Why did I have to ask you to ask?

Naught: Now... you, ask.

Count: Presently.

*Pause*

Naught: Anticipating the future.

Count: If that's what you say I'm doing.

Naught: Are you swell?

Count: I've been moving about.

Naught: So you wiggle and wriggle and writhe, Your clothe... look wayward and drobed.

*Pause*

Count: I made it so before we came to be.

*Pause*

Naught: That infernal letter!

Count: It bugs me.



**Naught: One day we'll move past it.**

**Count: My alphabet seems to have words beyond it.**

**Naught: Yet there you are.**

**Count: At be.**

***Pause***

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

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**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: Not it.**

**A Count: Not it.**

**A Naught: It...**

**Count: One more.**

***Pause***

Naught: It's...

Count: You've noticed 2.

Naught: You are?

Count: I've thought you noticed.

Naught I've been facing upstage as I do from time to time and not downstage.

Count: Look at me.

Naught: Is it you?

*Count piss*

Naught: I knew it was you.

*A Naught clean*

Count: You're relived of your task.

*Pause*

Naught: Speak... no, no... longer... something rather than self aware...

Count: I've forgotten that feeling already; you feel...

*Pause*

Naught: Nevern speak of my feelings, again.

*Pause*

Count: Just one touch.

Naught: I don't have one to give.

Count: But you promised.

*Pause*

Naught: Never once did I speak it.

*Pause*

Count: Then it's not broken.

Naught: The metronome... no, it's Naughted.

*Pause*

Count: I get nervous intravenously; in trance venus lay and watch it.

*Pause*

Naught: Stop mentioning...

Count: That subject is worn the mentioning subject?

Naught: There... met, when I get a speck.

Count: This one.

*Inspect speck*

Naught: Yes.

*Pause*

*Count feed him a speck*

Count: Perhaps a story.

Naught: One about me paps.

*Pause*

*Long pause*

Count: Go on.

Naught: I was.

Count: End now.

*Pause*

Naught: Paps was not a barley wheat. Stoic and silent... describing words elude me. There was paps, carbon and inundated into whatever in was in your out... a bout with him at times... in silence... they knew you handled it when you could. Deaf finites in this... unit tear down of still something, I've made it past you in word

**Count, not self aware... Did you know?**

**A Naught: No we didn't.**

**Naught: Not you go with your partner he already left, o, wait! There he is.**

**A Naught: Naught wait up.**

**Naught: No. tied up... he left.**

**Count: There he goes.**

**Naught: Did you know Count? Did you?**

**Pause**

**Count: Inner solitude of personal resounding memories flash of past, molten and gravy with noise... a once repeating and repeating getting known of her precise and fine tuned dizchord, she encounters all and fails to describe being and just being it relates of and not of forward spectrum dulling in lines.**

**Naught: You do know Count you do.**

***Pause***

**Naught: He's left by now.**

**Count: Gone... You didn't.**

**Naught: Did I say I wouldn't. I've clothed.**

**Count: Your nevern octurn.**

**Naught: Wheels tech no split fragmented, so quick now be aware! Be aware of the split fragmented compartment control of not but determined.... Become unaware. never octurn...?**

***Pause***

**Count: Am Unaware.**

***Pause***

**Naught: Not the time signature.**

***Pause***

Count: Unaware.

*Pause*

Naught: You are not aware.

*Pause*

Count: You made me aware.

*Pause*

Naught: No! You made me aware! Clothes...

*Pause*

Count: But the door...

*Pause*

*Count reach for the door*

Naught: Not today. These fabrics. Out!

*Lights get brighter*

Count: Here and there, trite, is this reflection withers?

*Pause*

Naught: It's time for your intravenous pyelogram.

Count: I was wondering when kidneys and bladder would be on tract. Again in the dark.

*Dark*

Naught: Here you are.

Count: I glow.

Naught: Xrayted.

*Counts glow*

Naught: I glow not.

Count: Too much spectacle?

Naught: We're driving it still.

Count: We are.

*Fill the space vertically*

Count: Flowing and starched it came to be; there is no it. Buttoned and laced stretched over and polyurethane for the immolation quicker. Covered and in out of style but that's a something: a zip. This seems to be moving on and back over and on. We have become the necessary nuclear. You see right through us.

Naught: My part unable! Liver alone, liver alone... the lungs have a partner but the livers alone.

Count: Liver alone Liver alone.

Naught: The heart has veins but purify alone.

Count: Kidneys and knees and elbows and legs eyes and ears....        them bits.

Naught: It will go to a new home.

Count: And so the liver was dropped on transit discarded alone.

Naught: Ahh...

*Follow spot on Count and Naught*

Count: So you have needs.

Naught: Negative, disruptive your claim, not now!

*Pause*

Count: You're tethered.

Naught: Too specific.

*Pause*

Count: A thin red line

Naught: It's thick.

*Pause*

Count: Blood.

*Pause*

Naught: We've left that.

Count: In the without and up.

Naught: Down.

Count: Both?

Naught: Again!

Count: Hold me.

Naught: I was.

Count: I know.

Naught: Again...

Count: Not one word but named and tied.

*Pause*

Naught: I could have been called!

*Whisper*

*Naught 20 listen*

Naught 20: Untie!

Naught: I'm Naught!

*Pause*

Count: You're Stuck.

Naught: I can leave.



Count: I can leave.

Naught: I stay.

Count: I stay.

Naught: Face it my face I I can't hit can't

Count: 7.

Naught: Must have muttered some... Must have thought some... So that's what count we are at?

Count: 7 among others.

Naught: You've kept them.

Count: I have.

Naught: Count.

Count: 13.

Naught: Even.

Count: 444.

Naught: Is that your count for steps?

Count: Information concealed. It's not over yet...

*Pause*

Naught: How much more can one take.

Count: Zero.

Naught: My word!

*Pause*

Count: It opens below a garment.

Naught: No, count.

Count: Zero.

Naught: Quite.

*Pause*

Count: Lupus erythematosus has grouped together what we're doing. Turing in on self attacking planning to attack and carrying expediated.

*Counts and Naughts sway shake*

Naught: We are autonomous to what!

Count: Turning in on itself attacking.

Naught: As part we do.

Count: There is a we!

Naught: Merged duel.

Count: You think... we're healthy.

Naught: Back then, moot. Moving forward halt. A passing apex. Dawdling this fervour. Peripheral view side approaching side in a... in an in... in an infinite... in an infinite finite foggy red rovers cease.

Count: You keep bringing us somewhere...

Naught: Once... possibly twice. We've left!?

Count: You took, now give.

Naught: Again with these feelings.

Count: Requests.

Naught: Feeling everyday response.

Count: Accolades.

Naught: You did, you've done, fragmented build up all well.

Count: Come at me in dirge dilute.

Naught: Wasn't I at. I know I was at once, right here...

*Pause*

Count: You never came to me.

Naught: Turning my inself out.

Count: Inside.

Naught: Out.

*Pause*

Naught: Drat.

*Pause*

Count: We made it after the nuclear.

Naught: We were inspired by that, I think not. Not a speck... a speck...

Count: Here you are.

*Naught eat it then run off stage run back on*

Count: Faceless and inhuman I thought we were.

Naught: We're not?

Count: There goes four more.

*Pause*

Count: Two me's. Two you's.

*Pause*

Naught: I'm not feeling gonadotropic

Count: You're slowly bearing with me.

Naught: Obviously.

Count: And now?

Naught: Test me.

Count: Here.

Naught: No.

Count: Here?

Naught: Nada.

Count: Here?

Naught: Empty.

Count: Here?

Naught: The same question again Nil.

Count: This place.

Naught: Zilch.

Count: A point.

Naught: Nah.

Count: A cushion?

Naught: Non.

Count: Here.

Naught: So sure of your self.

Count: I asked.

Naught: You told.

Count: 5 more.

Naught: My luteinizing hormone. I must do push ups to prepare.

*Naught do push ups Count Plop an egg, Naught catch it. A Count and Naught receive egg.*

Count: You got it.

Naught: Yes it's held safe and lov- {aaaammmooooaaacoo}

Count: You, it was you, I see.

Naught: You do. I do.

Count: I do. It's why you're there.

Naught: Here. Yes. I've known.

Count: It's milliequivalent to me.

Naught: Smaller but not at ends.

Count: Smaller...

Naught: Slightly.

Count: Did you notice.

Naught: Breakdown is all around me.

Count: Broken in; Sweden.

Naught: Stop being at somewhere.

*Pause*

Count: One more. Find us there.

Naught: Two repeating split.

Naught: It's uncertain.

Count: How small we can get.

*The plastic*

Naught: In finite compounds.

Count: Specks.

Naught: I'm full. It's not dust but were all around it.

Count: Brimmed and wandering to the stove in the middle all by pressure.

Naught: Not some pot.

Count: A shell.

*Pause*

Naught. Again.

*Pause*

Count: A layer.

*Pause*

Naught: Once more.

Count: Just once.

Naught: All I ask.

Count: And you'll leave?

Naught: Before maybe, not now. Once more?

*Pause*

Count: A Film.

Naught: This layer of death.

Count: Not a word you should speak.

Naught: Siad...

Count: A murmur.

*Naught murmur*

Naught: My might... this mitral insufficiency.

Count: Is that why you've started to walk backwards.

Naught: Backwards blood.

Count: Forward dirty.

Naught: My ancestors... organisms... shades... bitty bits... that is why?

**Count:** It's time for your minimal lethal dose.

**Naught:** One can't all be here for that. Just as curiosity goes, how much is it?

**Count:** The dose?

**Naught:** Yes.

**Count:** Depends upon you and you alone.

**Naught:** Here, stranded, not living, said to not even be human, the dose won't work alive! Constant! Possibly a half dose?

*Pause*

**Count:** Five more.

**Naught:** What's the count now?

**Count:** Half.

**Naught:** A glass...

**Count:** Milk of magnesia?

**Naught:** My mononucleosis won't allow it. I itch. In a fervour. Did we kiss? We must have. Blast! I knew it. Had out. My spleen has grown fond of you. Nevern it has... and ever it has.

**Count:** I match that with my Multiple sclerosis. Transcended. I'm past it. There it is floating off in the distance in a line. A line waiting to complicate.

**Naught:** I feel...

**Count:** You do have feelings.

**Naught:** You found them... don't mention them again.

*Pause*

**Count:** At night.

**Naught:** Could be and is it...

**Count:** What?

**Naught: This...**

**Count: This.**

**Naught: Word...**

**Count: Word.**

**Naught: That I am about to speak.**

**Count: That I am about to speak.**

**Naught: After you.**

**Count: After you.**

**Naught: No after you...**

**Count: No after you.**

**Naught: No after you...**

**Count: No after you.**

**Naught: Speak.**

**Count: Speak.**

**Naught: Again.**

**Count: Again.**

**Naught: This word after you speak will be spoken.**

**Count: This word after you speak will be spoken.**

**Naught: Obstetrics.**

***Pause***

**Count: Was that the word?**

**Naught: Gynaecology!**

**Count: A practice. It's mine. A named wall.**



***Pause***

**Naught: I've looked at it.**

**Count: With your right eye?**

***Pause***

**Count: Left eye?**

**Naught: Both eyes!**

**Count: There they are looking at her.**

**Naught: You can't see them. Can you? I can't see them! My eyes!**

***Naught look for eyes***

**Count: Is there anything that would help you?**

**Naught: Let's add some percussion and auscultation. With that in and of it I will find out tones set on the single gathering plain. Pain.**

**Count: Where?**

**Naught: Here. And here. And here... And here?**

**Count: Not there.**

**Naught: Soon...**

***Pause***

**Count: 10 more.**

***Pause***

***Naught listen to Counts chest***

**Naught: The paroxysmal atrial tachycardia in your chest.**

**Count: Paradoxical... where some say the - dare I say it - soul, lies.**

**Naught: You can't mention things such as that!**

**Count: I'm god.**

**Naught: Especially not that!**

**Count: My dialogue than.**

**Naught: I've never heard it speak!**

**Count: You will.**

**Naught: What?**

**Count: Hear me.**

**Naught: Two cliches for a reason.**

**Count: Carried and water purified like protein bound iodine.**

**Naught: Science and the tongue.**

**Count: Hearsay!**

**Naught: Not anymore! I can't hold onto it any, longer...**

**Count: After eating?**

**Naught: But before eating.**

**Count: Usually?**

**Naught: Normally. I her you.**

***Naught puke***

**Count: When you hear it and it's spit up: It stains.**

**Naught: A spot. That's where it came from, that smell. A nose a sign of... gone, it's gone.**

**Count: Gone.**

**Naught: Is it?**

**Count: Yes.**

**Naught: Back again!**

Count: Production.

Naught: New and gleaming consumed till the point of being a user instead realization.

Count: Your past the age of pediatrics.

Naught: Tumult! So I have a lineage... a progression...

Count: Four more in progression. One more behind.

*Pause*

Naught: Expression of acidity or alkalinity is neutral.

Count: You noticed!

Naught: Well I was a landlord once.

Count: What's it like to be something?

Naught: Fixing, lifting, renting, calling, managing, raking, shovelling, collecting, telling...

Count: It's time!

Naught: Unnecessary.

Count: Passing... Another!

*Lights up down*

Naught: Another.

Count: Another.

*Lights up down*

Naught: Another.

Count: Another.

*Lights up down*

Naught: Another.

Count: Another.

*Lights up down*

Naught: Another.

Count: Another.

*Lights up down*

Naught: Another.

Count: Another.

*Lights up down*

Naught: Another.

Count: Another.

*Lights up down*

Naught: Another.

Count: Another.

*Lights up down*

Naught: Another.

Count: 8

*Pause*

*Sneeze*

Count: Every expunge there's output.

Naught: Each increment; every increment. How often to measure?

Count: 4 times a day.

Naught: Every four increments...

Count: As much as you wish...

Naught: None. Nil. Zilch. Take my red blood count.

Count: Red blood count: unfathomable.

Naught: Repeat; let it be repeated...

Count: It repeats. Unfathomable.

*Pause*

Naught: I need a petition of potential.

*Pause*

Count: There is none available.

Naught: Perhaps Subcutaneous tests will prove it so...

Count: No. It is of the between.

Naught: Layers...

*Pause*

Count: Layers...

*Pause*

Naught: Layers...

*Pause*

*Count crouch planning... planning*

Naught: Write; let it be written.

Count: I have not a pen.

Naught: Mouth mightier. Now, without immediately.

*Count writes in the air*

Naught: Ten more.

Count: 35.

**Naught: Five left...**

***Pause***

**Count: Exist...**

***Pause***

**Naught: Exit like tonsillectomy and adenoidectomy! Done and done!**

***Pause***

**Count: We don't need it.**

**Naught: No?**

**Count: No.**

**Naught: Know?**

**Count: What?**

**Naught: How did you know?**

**Count: I just know.**

**Naught: The no was know...**

**Count: I know.**

**Naught: O.**

***Pause***

**Count: Two more...**

***Pause***

**Naught: Seems fashionable...**

***Pause***

**Count: Two more... One more...**

***Pause***

Naught: Temperature...

*Pause*

Count: Mine?

Naught: 63. Take mine... away... I want to never know again, the air; it feels like non number.

*Pause*

Count: Impossible.

Naught: Fine I'll check.

Count: 3 times a day.

Naught: 2.8.

*Count cough*

Naught: A cough; perhaps an ointment.

Count: Only as directed.

Naught: 600 times.

Count: Directed. As directed.

Naught: Precisely; Nearly.

*Pause*

Count: My venereal disease...

Naught: My serology...

*Long pause*

*Count piss, Naught clean, Count go off and get scissors leave them just out...  
of reach from Naught*

*Count exit*

Naught: Cured. White blood count... Count, Count! I will, Naught, do it on my own.

***Naught reach for the scissors until the audience leaves, no bow.***

**IZ DIS ABZURD**