

Dawn of A.B.I
or
Convalescence

Foreword

A venetian blind tabernacle; three parter on casters (water soluble painted 'glass' 'transparent' or 'skrim') that can form into a roller green house , awning, archway, window and character life sized swatch

When a stage direction, in relation to character's **Name**, in bold the dual acted parts should share to cover both as well as general point of direction throughout **Sydney Sydney Marshall Marsh Gabe Gabe** and Mona

{ direction in italics; other process of grammar applies to italics }

The theatrical Matters family will survive three Acquired Brain Injuries in three different realities. One injury is the result of an assault, one injury is the result of a car accident and one injury is the result of a stroke (...)

All three scenes settings or scenarios (...) function differently, on different plains; Not one family with three survived injuries at once but one family in three different 'realities': [counter environments], place and being of resonance with three different injuries & circumstances enacted by the same group of performers

The three injuries are represented by a power line +, a tree branch +, and dust +

Inconsistency or incongruity of chronological time: 'failing episodic as procedural endures'

After each 'injury survival' one new actor/actress enters to represent both the past and present, 'new' [selves]

Trauma, recall, hope and the limits of transcendence

There is a large cast offstage they come onstage to fulfill the demands of the script as well as change settings figure accordingly show them gratitude understanding a self [(cede)nce]

{Stage Oriented Directions}

Costuming derives from the 'Adams Family Brady Bunch Wonder Yearish with a bit of that

Husky Dog Yellerlike Lassie Clifford show medley Degrassi

{ sycadas }

{fried leeks and garlic plus sumac}

Event One, Gabe

{Time:} *evening*

{ Radio talk of the brains of dead athletes that suffered concussions, homeless, and those incarcerated now managing sectors} *as well as MRI warnings wurrings and*
{ [pangea reforming] }... }

Marshall *tune and play your guitar working on a slow Know XXX beyond Minor Threat and as Hardcore and inspired punk rock to hard independent'*

Mona *read your book and play with magnets*

Sydney *be folding socks, cooking, as well as search for something fresh aft wash*

Gabe *talk on your phone and lace your new shoes down-stage left*

Gabe: How.. you as me.. what.. going, k wait a minute... o yah (!) { *it's not really working and he forgets about his hand eventually, he goes from hands free to occupied, } uh sweet, not bad you? O man I know eh, this is giving me this tumour, {reference phone, the phone starts to fly and hover as a sticker gets it} yah who was that valedictorian yah she did that wifi science thing with dying seedlings. It shocked me the other day, as soon as they're computers reprogrammed to not give a dollar- yah I got ten bucks, some drinks, Nah I don't wanna go to Rebar bar for Canada day (...) a party.. um can I please come*

Camio: What why even as that.

Marshall: Gabe, Gabe.

Long Pause

The Phone hovers

Gabe Barfs of '{ [lo] }'

{ All of their heads start {throbbing} }

Marshall *grabs an artery from Gabes head and gives it to Sydney who twindles as mona*
Mona *sets roots. Mona expresses her expose thesis praxis of ['Dawn Of A.B.I :*

Convalescence']

{ flashback as two performers **Gabe Sydeny** or **Marsh** experience a seemingly banal trauma }

Latter **Mona** become Earlier **Mona**

Marsh: When this medium is all tuned it will sound better then the sirens.

Sydney: Like your back tat; then you can play me a sock tune... Mona, I don't know how you do it but you have 8 left socks here.

Mona: I don't know how you know they're left.

Sydney: A mother's palm can twell.

Gabe: (...) Okay, see you then man, take it easy... What'd you want dad?

Marsh: Gabe, you know (!) you're nineteen, and have all the freedom you could hope for but don't drink that much tonight.

Gabe: Just enough for a lobotomy. It's gonna be like when gin goes whiskey; maybe not puke

Marsh: I'm serious. Take it slow, your liver will reward you.

Sydney: And your heart and your lungs and your brain... look at you Gabe you're so handsome, you look like my older brother at your age.

Marsh: &.

Sydney: Me

Marsh: &

Sydney: Your.. shoulders.

Marsh: And the glothoductsist projections

Sydney: Don't

Gabe: Good in the brotherhood & I probably won't bald like dad.

Marshall *point guitar*

Marsh: A mild thin as blight on your hair son.

Pause

Mona: These magnets are making me queazy.

Sydney: Must be those invisible fields, here give them here, {suck them up with something under the table; a frugal illusion} I'll put them in the junk drawer: beams.

Pause

Sydney: hm; I didn't know we had that many dimes, of that many beavers.
Discontinued, Re: I re: ; penny balloon coppers for the fires colour change

Mona: Are we really... (!)

Gabe: So tonight we're going down by the water to watch the fireworks then out to a bar bar bar.

Sydney: Who are you going with?

Gabe: Friends

Sydney: Who?

Gabe: Friends

Sydney: But who?

Gabe: You know all my friends

Sydney: And what bars?

Gabe: I don't know... all of them

Sydney: You better not

Gabe: One of them, we might not even leave the water I D K

Sydney: Call when you find a place to stay.

Mona: Take me with you.

Gabe: Not this year Mona.

Mona: That's cause your getting drunk as a skunk

Gabe: A worm; Goodn'up later

Sydney: Better get drunk as a smart respectable young man.

Mona: He's gonna be falling over like last weekend

Gabe: Hey.. (!)

Marsh: Now this is knowledge that we are not privy to, do tell.

Gabe: Nothing to tell... I was just out of my head a bit.

Mona: He tried to puke in your shoes.

Marshall: Don't sleep drunk alone... f'in smelt like hospital cleaner, Did you pass out?

Gabe: Well..

Marshall: Sleep with someone or train to drunk pass out in recovery position. Wear a breath phone monitor; stay Vital.

Gabe: That didn't happen. And that reminds me information lost -

Sydney: Two drink max Gabe. And have them here before you go to; buy Ammalie the first one gift her a wearable or disposable gift too

Gabe: Mom, I'll, yah okay, cool, yah I'll be fine

Gabe chug water be anticipatory, uneasy yet sure laces shoes

Sydney exit to put laundry away

Marshall play a bit of guitar

Mona pick up book, sit at head of table and read aloud

Story have a physical life via ensemble

{ **Orexcestra** } Holistic themed Orchestra

A doctor and health care team with Brass

*Please expand on *exzilatphone; guitar and violyn ; bass obo as per cussion*

A sense of cease and steady to cope

*Older **Mona** eventually minors to (...)*

*Younger **Mona** who plays major & Dynamically shows the audience a pamphlet on Brain Injury Awareness*

Mona: There's this ancient tribe... this tribe called the Rat Tat Tat that live on a small island next to the spins of the equator called Hux. The land's massive in creases expanse releasing and condensing crust electricity and fluid; dynamic. The Ra ta tat walk along as the snakes and sturgeons - as slow as a turtle on it's shell - help the river amass of lush flowing [unalgeaed] and teaming life turn do tips like an aquatic grassland. Two parts of a whole: correct direct ; indirect left as forgo ergo, here I'm, confronted that there is no record of them else where besides this one Manuscript... & now my patronage. It says via archival and word art in tandem with repertoire as expresses, my voice, understanding can only exist a 1 , 2.. earrings (...) As time in the ancient world wore on, not too long ago as a spec, hue kind recognized their evolution to the point they decided they needed a place to direct their thoughts and collectively guide their actions; this tribe and context as interpreted by a participant ethnographer appears to totem to a martyr called Abis' decided; all the answers holistic would be found in Abis' sacrifice... during Abis' sacrifice, self held immolation and burial she became the stories of Neuros, Corpuss, And Cosmist giving an, answer, to being, divining sentience into three parts sustenance Rat Tat Tat's existence &. (...)

Marsh: So

A long Pause

Marsh: What (...)

Mona: Does that; - a tribe called Ra ta tat and an idol called Abis; do? It's iconographic Dad. It's profane & not profane Abis (...) Shall I tell you more?

Marsh: Where did you get that?

Mona: I don't know but I'll get it back eventually.

Gabe sigh, start to lace your shoes again

Marshall: Warning; You're [elocute] when you read Mona; my ears would be glad to be a vault. Take your lifetime; sounds deadly

Pause

Mona: Stern... Ra ta tat, Abis, yep, the split the trinity and the first was Neuros: a twinspirt, a dualistic thinking being humanistic sentience wrapped in the garb of nature. Neuros was created during the first perceptual shift of Abis, as she burst open he as he XY Neuros from XX was the result of anatomy theatre live and dead of and apart and he exists autonomous, determined by, within the rest of the Ra ta tats and Abis. When Abis' head was opened Neuros flashed out beyond the bounds of time and quickly took the crust of the earth and placed it into the head then took the water of the world and placed it inside the crust. As the air perplexed the crust became rigid and the brain took on parts of the crust but remained tied to the weather and the sea. Always bio fuel. Now, humans had something to view when they peered into the skull. It didn't exist before without observation, And Neuros, freed from the inner reality, at cosmos began to travel.

Marsh: Are you being improvisational, cause...

Mona: No dad, keep listening.. (!) Neuros was, is {Mona changes the word doomed} [bloomed] to be constantly injured and as to not die crying rejoices his pain in management, prevention and [eliviation] from brutal reality. Annual or Perrenial, Ra Tat Tat's celebrate Neuros by stoning and washing his idol & Neuros perpetually defends, copes & renews

Marsh: So, he just gets stoned and has baths all day?

Sydney enter

Mona fumes

Sydney: What?

Marshall: Nothing; Just a , well what, is she teaching us at home..

Sydney: I know eh geez kid

Mona *be incredulous turning over and reflipping your book*

Marshall: I might have to call out her authority, get her books bind, it's almost {ASL} C
E S T T R O U P E

Mona: {aside} I can read ASL and french.. it's not too much..

Sydney: Some of this stuff, now in relativity, I just couldn't believe elsewhere anymore

Pause

Mona: I was hearing.. reading and Dad kept interrupting me

Marshall: We already woke dear did n't

Sydney: Yes honey we've already woke.

Mona: I'm (...) woke, well then, hmm, if you're.. (!) Mom as someone, 'already'...
tonight you can drop me off at the fireworks; Purely for observational and educative
purposes and -

Sydney: How about we, you your father and myself just go to the school and watch
them from the roof or we listen good from home and get ready to set some off for
your birthday off the holiday schedule of bustle? Sustainable?

Pause

Mona: Can we throw maple keys off the ledge if we go to the school?

Marsh: You remember that?

Mona: We do it every time dad.

Marsh: O... do I remember that?!

Mona: We do it every time dad.

Sydney: If you can find some this time of year then we can throw them Mona.

***Mona** shut your book sophisticatedly and go outside to get maple keys*

Sydney: Marshall, you know how last month, we went all the way to OBIA

Marsh: Yah.

Sydney: Well... I'm pregnant

Marsh: {inaudible aside} Labowski Vagina... I knew it; I knew it {more audible} Well, My guitar's tuned

Sydney: Don't tell the kids yet in case my or well a carriage or choice..

Marsh: My guitar's tuned...

***Gabe** is D S very close to audience*

Sydney: Did you hear me?

Marsh: My guitar's tuned and there's music inside you Sydney

Pause

Sydney: You know what to say... almost could have sang and you-

Gabe: Hey Mona, You're having a sister.

Sydney: Marshall, I mean Gabe (!) where were you how

Gabe: Does that mean we have to move, I don't want to move.

Marshall: No, not yet I'll just give up my office and all should be well.

Sydney: Don't plan yet my personal still...

Mona *enter*

Mona: I found a whole bunch of maple keys under the deck.

Gabe: Hey Mona, you're not the young gest anymore mom's pregnoonn't.

Mona *throw all the maple keys in the air*

Sydney: Mona!

Sydney *get a broom, when you have it start to sweep*

Mona: I thought we should celebrate early.

Sydney: That doesn't mean you can just throw things indoors (!)

Mona: Okay...

Sydney: Sorry... just.

Marsh: Here i'll help you tidy Syd, probably somewhere needs span for a nest

Mona *sort of dance around*

Sydney *tidies*

Marsh *gives her what she needs*

Gabe: Check out my kicks.

Mona: Pretty nice I -

Gabe: Is it alright if I go. Cameron said to meet him at his place then we'll go from

there.

Sydney: You have your phone.

Gabe: Yes.

Sydney: You sure you don't want supper?

Gabe: Yah I'm good; Thanks mom.

Sydney: Be home sometime. Be care, love you

Gabe: Love you too. Even in leaving

Mona sticks out tongue D S Opposite gabe

A collective good bye

Gabe begins a slow moving to tableau - a gesture from earlier: a deer in headlights as a vertical flashlight arrives and processes speed as the rate of heart

Sydney: Here Mona, pardon me for, well please go put the maple keys in a bag: that's lovely.

Mona :) exit

Sydney: Marshall I know you feel you play a part prebirth and don't get me wrong there is stuff you can help me 'nest it out' with and I need you, but when I tell you not to talk about a someone, possible someone, and like the other births, you have to leave for a bit and yes, if all goes well, a someone stays in my, body, do not treat it lightly and talk about it before I am ready give you the okay and choose to remain: Okay

Marshall: Okay Syd. It was Gabe anyways

Sydney: So I do mix you two up Lucky (!)

Lights

Event two, Sydney

Set be a chair and a bed, { create the other rooms and door }

Sydney *comb your hair and Marshall be somewhat asleep, wake*

Sydney: Every strand could split for all I care... a lot more together then you'd know, here I am stranded in hair... Did you like that one Marsh?

Marshall: What? Your gonna be late Syd n there

Sydney: Here I am Stranded in hair Marsh all read eeeeeee

Marsh: There, the mornings glorious; I care. Get going dessert island head before I make it a me do

Sydney: Get out of here, don't be a rhyme crimer, the poet in you is jealous , I still have about an hour; just got up to do some things early. You could be up to with the light from the sun and your stretching :) And what are you doing today on your wondrous days essential professionalism docile

Sydney and Marshall *dance and stretch and dance*

Flash back to the tableau at 'wondrous days off'

Marsh: I'll... tend... here.

Sydney: Not in bed you won't.

Marsh: You'd be surprised how much I get done dreaming.

Sydney: Dreaming doesn't buy Gabe new shoes, Dreaming doesn't get Mona ready for Futures; You know what it does :)

Marsh: Up, I'm up. It's all managed and being so.

Sydney: Hey Marsh...

Marsh: Yep

Sydney: Can you go to the grocery store later?

Marsh: Can I? Will I? Yes I can and I will.

Sydney: Thanks dear.

Marsh: I'm a stag, don't get me all caught in that dear stuff.

Pause

Mona: Mom!

Sydney: Mona don't rush in here like that.

Marshall: Yah what if your mother and I were... planning you a surprise party.

Mona: Sorry, it's just that that book I ordered came in.

Marshall: Good, that will keep you out of our hair for a bit.

Sydney: We love having you in our hair each and every strand cares.

Mona: Today I'm going to the art gallery.

Marshall: Steal me something expensive

Sydney *has a flashback*

Sydney: Sydney (!)

Mona: My hands would start deterioration processes, the preservation and context driven curation matters it's not snooty, They have this exhibit all on perception and it should change the way I 'see' things...

Sydney: Wear some sunglasses you'll need a barrier to keep your mind just the way it is; Had one pair for 30 years.

Mona: I think I can handle some art mom.

Sydney: Well do you need a ride?

Mona: Nope; I'll just walk with a friend I'll check in and there will be two GPS disappearances you don't even know about

Sydney *has a wry eye and holds a blinker behind her back*

Sydney: Walking's good for you.

Mona: Yah.

Sydney: Be Henry David about it.

Mona: What in secort

Marsh: Thorough treat yourself Like you'd know nevern again

Mona: Okay bye

Sydney: Be here for supper

Mona: Will do W A who

Sydney: Okay de femme felleh.

Mona *exit*

Sydney: I swear she's got more output then a power line and more connections too, I can barely keep up with her these days. More nature tho

Marsh does a punt like gesture

Marsh: likea mitofawndria

Sydney: i'll laugh about that later

Marsh: All in Sydney I'm gonna shower

Sydney: I see your brain scar...

Pause

Gabe: Not before me.

Marsh: Gabe- ak- He's quick that one. I mean there's a full bathroom downstairs. Clearly on route..

{ shower }

Gabe *sing and go through motions of shower*

Gabe: "Possessions never meant anything to me, I'm not crazy, Well that's not true, I've got a bed, and a guitar, And a dog named Bob who pisses on my floor That's right, I've got a floor So what, so what, so what? I've got pockets full of kleenex and lint and holes, Where everything important to me, Just seems to fall right down my leg, And on to the floor, My closest friend linoleum, Linoleum Supports my head, gives me something to believe, That's me on the beachside combing the sand, Metal meter in my hand, Sporting a pocket full of change, That's me on the street with a violin under my chin, Playing with a grin, singing gibberish, That's me on the back of the bus, That's me in the cell, That's me inside your head, That's me inside your head, That's me inside your head."

Pause

Sydney: Quite the voice, wonder where he got it from Marsh?

Marsh: I'm more than a bag of bones. Can't believe he's that confident. You done in there Gabe?

Gabe: Yep.

Sydney: Are you going to the parade tomorrow?

Gabe *jumps out fully dressed as the steam passes*

Gabe: Does a bat get up in the day.

Sydney: Don't be smart.

Gabe: Does A (!)

Gabe catches Sydney's glareish slap

Gabe: No. No I'm not going to the parade.

Sydney: Well we are, should be a good time... incongruity

Gabe: Is this yesterday or today, and Next year mom, I will go with everyone, but not this year; hey, sneaking of, can I have money for some shoes?

Marsh: See what he did there.

Sydney: Just buy some, under a hundred, and I'll reimburse you. Bring the receipt.

Gabe: You don't trust me. Underr a hundred , Why Is it today (!) that, next to impossible. Might as well get these cobbled.

Marsh: There's an idea, Syd my allowance, now this is from my allowance Gabe, so (...)

Gabe snatch the monies say thanks

Marsh: Your too quick and your too smart to be stoopid. what's that less lunches for me ;)

Gabe *exit*

Sydney: Exactly five tiny meals and dinner. Eat well be intermittent don't wear out, remember it's your sister's birthday... today (!) Well, I better be going.

Marsh: You sure you don't want to retire.

Sydney: At 45.. you'd be sick of me in a week.

Marsh That's a sickness I'd willingly take on.

Sydney: Hands off I just got myself together.

Marsh: What about feet, can we press feet, like some bokonist.

Sydney: Fine let's press feet.

The 'bed' is vertical and she stands on his feet somehow

Colour and steady streams of light

Marsh: You know I miss spending time with you, we should go on a date soon take a bus trip somewhere, get lost in the transition, take the long route that takes us nowhere and we arrive somewhere different.

Sydney: Do my feet make you that romantic... a bus trip?

Marsh: What about heads can we head butt so gently we eskimo?

Sydney: I've got to get going. Eskimelater; head butt later.

Marsh: What about eye lashes...

Sydney: I'm leaving. Get it out of me

Marshall: You're cruel, give me fifty lashes with your eyes

Give him like ten eye flutters

Sydney: There's plenty more where that came from. Now remember get up, clean, shop till you drop and I'll see you at dinner tonight.

Marshall: Three things awesome, awesome, ye bundle; I'll gather supplies a man in tact.

Sydney: Bye marsh. Bye Gabe!

Marshall *stage kisses* **Sydney**

Sydney *exit*

Gabe *enter*

Gabe: Hey dad you have an extra phone chord?

Marshall: Yours got disconnected somewhere in the ether? what do you think I am

Best Buys Future

Gabe: Sure... sure, if that means lost.

Marsh: Yah, here you go.

Gabe: Thanks; And dad.

Marsh: Yah.

Gabe: I did what you said and have been avoiding those guys but they keep pestering me and pestering me.

Marsh: Yah you used to make of kids to part of the crowd now... you know gatherings and your crew way to have integrity, stick with the no violence and keep that tongue of yours in check build alliances from your heart and passion.

Gabe: They followed me home and stuff.

Marshall get up a bit

Marshall: Here. Those little f-

Gabe: No, well it might not have been them, you know tho, that following feeling.

Marsh: A little paranoia is good for you, their fear will keep you alert

Gabe: But if they come at me again...

Marsh: God damn ufc, i swear... There just Randy Culture about expression or whatever his name is... you'll know ferosity, confront them as you, call them out, leave before before anything aggressive happens. Then find out what it's not about... You're not them you're you. What did you do, anyways, to illicit such a following?

Gabe: You know Ammalie... My girlfriend, well she used to date Garrett and now she's with me and they can't deal so I don't know, I'm not gonna give up and I'm going to protect her.

Marsh: Don't all girls have mace these days? Soothe yourself kid care about you first.

Gabe: I do. And It's not like he owns her. And how do I keep me to keep her and nobody owns anybody; I don't even have a claim... I'm just glad she lets me kiss her.

Marsh: That's a good outlook, just avoid them and listen to your heart son, it shouldn't lead you astray. I bet she digs you more then or as much as whatever's personal

Gabe: Alright, thanks dad see saw yah have a good one.

Gabe *exit*

Marsh *scratch your head*

Marsh: Brotherhood. They straightened out a bit now, like his soft spots for the underdog, I remember when Gabe had snaggle teeth, tooth overlapping teeth because he used to bash out his baby teeth on his bed post. Might have been because we skimmed him on allowance and Gabe knew teeth were a sure five bill or more. Stuff like that just standing there trying and trying for hours... we wondered what that sound was. Had to explain pain limits and reality. Kids can just jump out of cars because of ninja turtles. And he did. As well as lift a what 50 to 70 pound sewer grate once when he got out. Stuff like that, not even sure how he stands everything and everyone refusing to consider himself superior. Always trying to mediate and understand. I remember Sydney going up to his room being like, "Gabe what are you doing; you were supposed to be dressed by now." and Gabe saying coping home videos "well mother, I've been trying to jump into my clothes for over an hour" (...) and he had been kinda pissed - not really doing what was asked and also exactly what was asked - not stubborn, just about his own way. Impressionable bit sheltered and the least guidance.. it was funny and kind of startling at the age of seven, 19 29th year now, but back then he was into the bible. See him standing there burning his hair at first communion as the other kids took their candles more seriously, looking forward to being an alter server, and he really picked up on the words 'women' and 'tit'... 'bussom' , 'breast' saying 'Awe geez' and 'wuv' as to not speak in vain, gratuitously. And on his neck; he had this growth, left over from the womb, a hypoglothoductsist, it was eventually removed, he remembers the gas and he was only seven, sinking like a layer of onion, I think this in part is why he was always somewhere between beauty and grotesque , always in the share of ugly, like a full season of an annual. Cyclical, worried that the growth on his neck was his left over twin that lived as part of him and he'd never understand where his yearning derived from being such a suc her comb her attention searching for his brother voracious to survive under the knife recovering well understanding that being sharp is a note, homage and outlook

Event Three Marsh

*Be the time of **Mona**' birthday celebration one day after Canada day in the back yard*

{mint honey and tabacco}

Mona: These fires work.

{ sustainable fire reworks }

Sydney: Not unsupervised; Marshall where are you, you're the driver tonight.. O

Marsh: Just a fire fly.

Sydney: Sure.. and, o there are some, and I thought I liked the sky before.

{ sulfur fossil fuels me }

Fireworks in their odd paridolic slomo and sustainable fire reworks

Marsh: This takes me back.

Mona: Dad, why did you never become a pilot?

Pause

Marsh: Colour blind... I am colour blind.

Mona: What colour are my eyes?

Marsh: Black.

Mona: And my hair?

Marsh: Black.

Mona: And my shirt?

Marsh: Black, black, black, I'm Not blind.

Pause

Sydney: He also had me to fly around here and there, on the ground.

Marsh: Tried to take her to the moon once.

Mona: Why isn't Gabe here, he should be here.

Sydney: He needs his independence.

Mona: They said that about Canada and we now have Matriarch on our currency

Marshall: He's just adjusting to his adulthood. Maladjusted.

Sydney: Currency, What (!) ?

Mona: Asshole. {Pause change topics and speakers} The change over reissue gonna be mint minus a hand wash like a single cent, you, mo, na?

Sydney: What (!) ?

Mona: O the contrast of the emblem no longer held to maple and changed, beavers, sails , moose , Loons, and bodied the queen as Matriarch full one and it really did get it through both and face

Pause

Sydney: Could you pass me the blanket Mona.

Mona: It's such a nice stitched blanket.

Sydney: It was your grandmothers. It's yours now, happy birthday, every wove a she through , wtf do you think would have eased arrival.

Pause

Mona: How did grandma die again?

Marshall: Aneurysm.

Sydney: Nope , no no. She survived that, yah, the doctors kept trying to tell her nothing was wrong but she knew her medical history and told them : “no I’m not having a headache; there’s something wrong” and proceeded to list her symptoms and fight, with wards, while having an Aneurysm to be taken seriously as a nurse and a person in the midst of dying to then be administered into surgery for her Aneurysm and survive the operation. All gaul tact and knowing herself routine and difference.

Marshall: What your mom is trying to say is she’s still alive.. how dare I think someone like her could die.

Sydney: Don't kid. She passed from cancer; and good grief, this blanket still sorta smells like cigarettes.

Marsh: Mona did you take up smoking?

Sydney: Don't kid.

Mona: The good connections of my brain won't let me. Thanks mom. I always wanted to mend this a bit and clean it open and out and through and open and out and through

Marsh: Excited, about fabric... it is a nice blanket.

Sydney: You’re completely content Mona?

Mona: Yes.

Marshall *slips* **Mona** *something unseen*

Sydney: You don’t need anything else ?

Mona: No, modesty is as thankful as can be.

Marsh: Guess you don’t need a back seat for the blanket then.

Sydney: It’s a quilt.

Mona: No wait, what.

Marsh: Your birthday is over

Mona: What do you mean back seat... this bl- quilt is the best... but what do you mean back seat

Marshall and Sydney *look at each other*

Marsh: You can have the car now.

Sydney: You can have our anceint car now.

Marsh: We're getting a new one, a new ancient one.

Mona: Yes! I thought Gabe was gonna get it, Ha! I can drive to go people watching. The gallery, the mall- library ! Thank you. Zip Whip

Gabe *be at rebar bar*

Gabe: I can't hear you.

(...)

Cameron: Beer? Beer!?

Gabe: Whiskey... Whisky.

Cameron: Let's get out of here.

Gabe: Fuck this car.

Gabe *kicks and dents a car as the alarm goes off, Mona's driving at Gabe not knowing it was eachother*

Back at Mona's party

Mona: He's just a pot head and a drunk. That's all he's doing drunken smoking being marry. When's he gonna do something? When's he gonna get of his ass and do something that he doesn't want to do.

Pause

Sydney: Mona ; are you okay..

Mona: Yes it was just an aside mom.

Marsh: Let's head inside, I'm getting that muggy feeling in the air.

Sydney: Well I'll be sure to bring in all the coffee receptacles to keep it going.

Mona: What?

Marsh: Ha!

Mona: Don't forget there's no such thing as garbage; we should recycle it.

Sydney: Great, great yes It's all a cycle.

Marsh: Many stoping points.

Mona: In what?

Marshall: The path of things.

Sydney: Flow of things.

Marshall: The diaphragm of being action

Sydney: Loosely following.

Pause

Mona: Moons out.

{Moon} be out

Pause

Marshall: *{in reflection}* I bettchya it turns to the sun by morning

Pause

Sydney: Sweet lucid

Pause

Marsh: Ah sound.

Mona: Can we go inside now ; It's my birthday

Flash to Gabe yelling in a phone: 'actually' 'mean' and 'rude' 'unexpected' 'all good' repeats

Be at Mona's party

Mona: I wish...

{ Blow out candles that are seed keys off a tree }

Sydney: The cakes ice cream so be careful where you store it and what you do with it, it may melt.

Mona: How big of a slice do you want mom?

Sydney: Half the cake but a sliver will do.

Marsh: Give me one with all the chocolate.

Mona: Can we eat on the porch.

Marsh: Too many bugs.

Mona: I don't mind.

Marsh: How about we stay at the table for a while?

{phone ring}

Marsh: I'll get it.

Mona: It's probably Gabe calling to apologize.

Marsh: O hey Dale, No not tonight, it's my daughter's birthday... Bring her a long... Alright I'll (...) -

Mona: Bring me along where bring me along-

Marshall: shh shhh Okay I'll ask her bye.

Hang up phone

Marshall: Mona do you want to go over to Aymas? that was Dale.

Mona: Yes. Give me a minute. I'll be right back.

Run offstage Change into evening wear

Marshall: Dale's daughter has something set up for her

Pause

Sydney: I hope it explodes or something

Pause

Marshall: Wise that

Pause

Sydney: Just some more jubilation.

Enter Mona

Mona: You ready to go dad?

Sydney: I'm going to.

Marshall: Well then let's go.

Sydney: Just let me grab my phone and...

Marsh: Don't bring those at distance brains; it's just down the road.

Sydney: Got it. Let's go.

Trauma One Gabe

Gabe: What do you want to get?

Cameron: Wiskey you fool.

Gabe: Split a bottle?

Cameron: Lightweight.

Gabe: Outlast, jab, outlast, jab.

Cameron: Jameson it is.

Gabe: I'll pay you back in a bit, don't got cash on me.

Cameron: You mooch.

Gabe: Smooo; I get by with a little help from my friends.

Cameron: Check out that cashier, ask her out, ask her out.

Gabe: Uhh one bottle of whiskey, yah here. O actually he's paying.

Cameron: Here you are madame.

Gabe: Thanks.

Cameron: Thank you. You should have asked her out.

Gabe: I have a girlfriend, so do you and I don't even get that stuff, It's rude at work or something like that, plus I look like a knob ; you shoulda figured and not put me in a situation like that and for what?

Cameron: If you want them they won't want you.

Gabe: What?

Cameron: just don't, doors open my friend, let's go

Cameron and Gabe enter the car

(...)

Cameron: Yo let's go to that chicks house on Temple street

Gabe: Yah

Cameron: I don't know she's my girlfriend's friend

Gabe: Yah

Cameron: Pretty close to the works. We can park at my cousins.

(...)

Gabe: Are we picking up Lacey to?

Cameron: No she's already there let's go; ride home?

Gabe: Yah. Gotta finish a drink, gotta finish a drink.

Cameron: I'm calling a cab

Gabe: Do it up.

(...)

Cab Driver: No drinking in the cab.

Gabe: Op sorry.

Cab Driver: Pour it out or I'm not taking you.

Gabe: Yes sir pour sir.

Cameron: Sorry about that this guys an idiought.

Cab Driver: Where are you headed.

Cameron: 1214 Temple.

Gabe: Temple.

Cameron: As if you know bud.

Gabe: I know what I've been told.

Pause

Cab Driver: You two headed to the fireworks tonight.

Cameron: You got it.

Gabe: To where the breasted things lie

Cameron: Since when do you like breasts? And you have a girlfriend.

Gabe: Well there's two of them... one on each side; I have learned to love between them and her ; yah

Cameron: This guys a wet noodle talking like a charge.

Cab Driver: That will be 13.00 wait 14.00 dollars: a number depending on his or her Euclidian.. the diameter of the cranium less or more..

Cameron: Your not trying to jip us are you?

Cab Driver: 14.00 \$

Gabe: Spot me? Here's fifteen and a brain stem

(...)

Crowd enter generally converse after song

Party: O Canada our stolen native land true patriot love in all our son's command with glowing hearts we see thee rise the true north strong and free, from far and wide, O Canada we stand on guard for thee. God bleep off our land, glorious and free O Canada we stand on guard for thee, O Canada we stand on guard forrrrr theeee. No Canada just Canadian

Gabe: Pass a drink.

Cameron: It's all gone.

Gabe: I blame Canada.

Lacey: I blame you two drunks.

Cameron: You don't get it cause you're sober.

Lacey: Whatever it is, I don't need it. Why did we even come down here?

Gabe: We're children, we're babies, tend to us.

Lacey: No tend for you.

Gabe: Oooo.

***Gabe** sort of fall into **Cameron** and both fall over*

Lacey: Well it seems I'm the only one who can make decisions tonight.

Cameron: Decide now.

Gabe: Yah decide.

Lacey: On what?

Cameron: Pick a side any side.

Gabe: Yah pick a side any side.

Lacey: I choose your side Cameron; Gabe you're a dick.

Gabe: What?

Lacey: You just went along with him.

Cameron: Yah Gabe.

Gabe: uh ha ha Sure sure; Let's go down to the water.

Cameron: You don't have a plan. The... You ready Lacey.

Lacey: Yep, let's go.

Gabe: I'm driving.

Lacey: Your not even the least bit sober. You drinky very very drinky, plus we're walking.

Gabe: I was just kidding.

Cameron: Come on let's go. Whooooop!

(...)

Fire works explode in the sky, crowds walk by

Gabe: That one was the best!

Lacey: Your not even looking.

Cameron: Hey Gabe isn't that your girlfriend.

Gabe: Hey Ammalie! Ammalie!

Ammalie: It was easy to find your lanky self.

Cameron: He's a beacon.

Lacey: Hey Ammalie what's new.

Ammalie: O you know going to Bonnaroo!

Lacey: That's awesome I wanted to get tickets but I have no cash flow.

Ammalie: I'm so excited tho.

Lacey: Is Gabe going?

Ammalie: He should but he didn't make plans...

Gabe: That one was the best!

Cameron: Here puff this dub.

Gabe: Awww; yahh. O , kay

Lacey: You guys are idiots.

Ammalie: Gabe can I talk to you before I go.

Move to be seperate

Gabe: Smooch me.

Ammalie: You sure you won't come.

Gabe: No cash flow, didn't plan.

Ammalie: You never do. I've been thinking a lot and I think we should start to see other p-

Gabe pick Ammalie up and Kiss her

Ammalie: { laughter } Put me down; I gotta catch my ride.

Gabe: you did Farewell Ammalie holenone

Ammalie shake your head and half smile

Ammalie: Bye Lacey, Bye Cameron.

Hugs

Lacey: Have a safe trip.

Cameron: Take er easy.

Gabe: Byem Ammalie, you love you :)

(...)

Gabe *is now with Rick*

Gabe: Hey Rick can I use your phone?

Rick: Yah sure.

Gabe: Hey Cameron where are you? No it's Gabe, Trinity... alright be there in a few, you fuckin schmuck!

Rick: Thanks.

A group enters

Garrett: Did you call me a schmuck.

Gabe: Your not a schmuck, I'm twice your size, leave me alone. I'm going to the trinity.

Garret stage punch Gabe

Gabe: I'm not going to fight you! Are we fighting?

Gabe grab Garrett

Gabe: I'm not going to fight you. Are we fighting?

Garrett stage puch Gabe again, Gabe fall to the floor, group exit.

Rick: Are you alright, that guys an idiot.

Pause

Gabe: Yah I'm fine, stupid pavement. I blame Pavement ; Refusing Not accepting

Rick: You're bleeding.

Gabe: Don't worry about it. The crown forced my hand away.

Rick: What.

Gabe: F off ; I'm good, thanks i'll see yah later sorg you're good

Rick: What?

***Gabe** walks off a bit slurring words and projectile puking , the cops pick him up , bring him to the drunk tank and he screams obscenities about his father who comes to pick him up and take him home even though Gabe yells: "let me alone, let me alone" and for shame*

The next morning

(...)

Sydney: Gabe wake up! You missed work and you've been in bed all day. Gabe... your eyes are , your pupils are facing the wrong way, all the veins in your head... Gabe... Marshall, call an ambulance

Phone line fall

Go underground

a responsive develops

ancient **Gabe** and young **Gabe** transfer become opaque to audience

Trauma 2 Sydney

Sydney eventually the car drives handsfree

Sydney: Night before, go over, go over lesson plan, fit it into the curriculum (!) fit it in with the rest of the week. Be ready, be ready, be prepared, be prepared. Wake up, pray, make self look like I have it all together because I do, make self into that pedagogic figure whom knows all there is to know Omnipotent. Make self humble, make self complete.

These kids need a strong role model... here, they have me. Here, students have a place to separate from whatever home is and be present and comfortable so they can learn. I learn what needs to be taught and my students learn what I teach. Even if I procure a puppet or two. I'm there at work for them and only them for the hours they need to learn. Facilitate. Provide. Be one step ahead. Have structure and order for them so they don't go astray...

Today is the day that I get audited - unraised und hope Gabes alright, I hope Mona is safe, I hope Marshall got up - audit... audited, today I get audited. Someone will be watching my classroom as I teach my lesson to my students. Someone will be critiquing my work, my compatibility my presence e.

The administrators will be impressed, I am nervous to perform, all will subside once I get into my routine. A routine which I have worked years to develop. For today: morning song, math, science, science based art and recess... reading, grammar, writing lunch... music, french recess... gym, homework assignments and exauant as in theatre.

My ever changing routine to set active minds into activity. All day I hear Mrs. Matters Mrs. Matters how do I... could you please... I know the answer... all these little minds at work formulating the world around them. All because I have set it out, set it out for them to follow. All day I see every little note passed, every bully butting, every smile and every frown on every little face and do. I am omnipotent in the classroom... the end all be all; that may be over doing it just a bit but my classroom, my going over, my love, my routine is what I have become and my legacy is forgotten and passed on in the minds of students... so now all I have to do is-

Sound of a car crash lights flicker Sydney in slow motion spin around and fall to the floor

Tree branch highlights in unison

Sydney and Sydney Merge Underwater

Trauma Three Marshall

Marsh: Got the phone okay let's go

Walk back and fourth across stage SL to SR going from US to DS

Marsh: You sure you won't be too warm Mona?

Mona: All I have to do is walk slow, plus it's windy out.

Marsh: Every step counts Mona.

Mona: Even a tiny one like this.

Marsh: Yes the tiny one's like that.

Mona: What about giant steps like this.

Sydney: Yah what about giant steps?

Marsh: Yes both of your steps work. Every step, every moment, every breath makes life a choice.

Mona: I'm holding my breath.

Sydney: What are you in guru mode tonight.

Marsh: Just thought in this age of speed we could have a little slow talk.

Sydney: How... slow... can... you... go...

Marsh: Pretty slow.

Mona: { gasps }

Marsh: How long was that?

Mona: Five steps.

Sydney: Marshall Should we pick up something at the variety store, some chips or something?

Marsh: Yah, O yah sweet.

Marshall halt blink shake head

Pace has normalized

Mona: What do they have at Ayma's? Is it something for me?

Sydney: Why would they do that?

Mona: Because it's my day of womb escape.

Sydney: W T F Mona, It wasn't escape, I pushed you out by wwills.

Mona: I was in there nine months mom.

Sydney: Just like clock; work. (!) { *gesture to make line work* }

Mona: When I have children I'm going to birth them in the stream.

Sydney: You say that but wait till you feel it. Birth is unexpected in the final moments. Something wrong Marsh? Prepared

Marsh: No it's nothhhhing.

Mona: Probably breathed in to much sulphur.

Marsh: SSSomething like thhhat. Air quality..

Sydney: Are you sure old man after a while never really in an instant

Marsh: Just feel a bit numb.

*They keep walking **Marshall** behind. Drag foot a bit **Marshall***

Mona: Now that I'm seventeen I should be allowed to stay out later.

Sydney: What do you think Marsh?

Marsh: Not now.

Marshall *clutch your head*

Sydney: She is responsible.

Mona: Yah dad, I'm responsible.

Sydney: And she always calls.

Mona: And I always call. And I'm going with a friend; friends (!)

Sydney: And she-

Marshall: Iiv'e got to go home I'mmma getting dixzzzzy.

Sydney: Marsh We're almost there.

Marsh *halt*

Marsh: O boy o boy o boy o boy

Sydney: Your dada may not want to go but I say we push ahead.

Mona: Onward into new frontiers.

Sydney: I'm going in to buy a bag of chips.

Sydney *exits*

Marsh: Fine. Fine.

Mona: Geez dad you gotta get out more.

Marsh: I ccccan't ssssee you.

Mona: Dad are you alright?

Marsh: It's just... this... this... headache.

Mona: Your not trying to get out of this are you?

Marsh: Mona... Mona I.

Marshall *begins to waver and fall over*

Mona: Mom, Mom! something really wrong with dad!

Mona *Runs offstage*

{Well refuged synced duet back vocs}

Marsh *still splitting like a lost artery*

Marsh: Stand, Stand... one must stand. This odd blackness that creeps on like static, I am watching myself fail at things that I have taken for granted. I try to spppeakk aaaandd nothing... nothing coherent seems to find me anymore. Stand if that's all I have left then that's what I'm going to do. If only I could sit down for a bit, then I'll be fine. Just need to focus on something, that sign! That sign... is... jumbled... this ground is moving, I've never felt something this warm and fuzzy before within this aching head I shall remain for yep, longer... [con't], be part of that outside world... It's beginning to fizz away into blackness... One must stand... Ssyyydney ! Mooona!

Collapse **Marshall**

Both **Sydney** *and* **Mona** *enter* **Sydney** *drop the chips ; stomp them*

Sydney: Marshall Marshall! Look at me look at me.

Mona: He just started to slur and started to fall.

Sydney: I'm calling 911.

Powders fall settles **Marsh** *and* **Marsh** *Tailor Eachother like rag and bones*

Surgery One Gabe

No music, a soundscape via ensemble

Full ensemble piece

Two gurneys be side by side in low light

Voices: You're on thin ice... good job... that's what I like to hear... you look like a man... You look like a woman... I'm on to you... how could you do that to us... what do you think your doing... he's thinking everything we say loses meaning to understand... watch what you say... showoff... poor... insane... you look like a child... speak to me... you're off the team... you're on the team... Take; care of yourself... it hurts to see you like this... you can do better and also to stop watching or having a this is by said who. Make

Gabe *sit up*

Gabe: Same day... blank slate state... Fog... I can't sleep anymore. Scorched

Hot Dog Guy: Me neither.

Gabe: Did you get brain surgery too?

Hot Dog Guy: Don't know if that's the correct term, but I had an aneurism they had to sort out.

Gabe: I feel.

Pause

Hot Dog Guy: You have a nice family.

Gabe: I cried in front of them today.

Pause

Hot dog guy: I'm sure they understood.

Pause

Gabe: So what do you do?

Hot Dog Guy: I am into the buying and selling of hotdogs.

Gabe: Hotdogs...

Hot Dog Guy: I have a hand in most hotdog sales in Canada.

Gabe: You're a hot dog salesman.

Hot Dog Guy: If you've had a hot dog, I've been involved.

Gabe: I eat them occasionally.

Hot Dog Guy: My daughter used to say that.

Pause

Hot Dog Guy: She's dead.

Pause

Gabe: How did she die?

Hot Dog Guy: She got thin. She started with, stopping the consumption of hotdogs. Then she got rid of beef entirely. Then chicken. Then fish. Soon she was only eating vegetables. She wasn't eating enough, she got thinner and thinner and thinner, she was so thin... she eventually died... I am a hot dog salesman. To know something a bit more with time .

Gabe gets eggy to make a pallet and not a charcutery not even: artisan

Hot Dog Guy *bow exit bring hospital bed off or to new spot, lights change*

The Gas Heart, the play, By Tristan Tazara [referentia]

“1 and 2 enter”

“1: Hey there fella.

2: We heard what happened.

Gabe: Yah.

1: Did it hurt?

2: Can we get you anything?

Gabe: I'm alright hemisphere

1: There must be something...

2: When Can you?

1: Can you still?

Gabe: It's fine. Correct Direct

2: So what's it like?

Gabe: It just is. Left

1: What exactly happened?

Gabe: I bled a bit then they let the blood out. Indirect

2: He's not opening up.

1: Maybe you houled.

2: Maybe you healed.

1: What if we-

Gabe: Please. It's okay. Bound

2: What do you want?

Gabe: Nothing. No one waa

1: So what's it like?

Gabe: It just is processing there may be up to an essay more

Pause

1: The conversation's lagging isn't it.

2: Yes, isn't it?

1: Very Lagging, isn't it?

1: Yes, isn't it?

2: Naturally, isn't it?

One performer or footage of brain surgery

Gabe *get up begin to run on spot*

Ammalie: What are you doing up; Do you want to stay out of the hospital

1: Obviously, isn't it?

2: Lagging, isn't it?

1: Very lagging, isn't it?

2: Yes, isn't it?

1: Naturally, isn't it?

2: Obviously, isn't it?

1: Lagging, isn't it?

2: Yes, isn't it?

1: Obviously, isn't it?

2: You over there. man with starred scars, where are you running?

Gabe: I'm run critical
at the exit in the eyes of passing daze
I barf smoke, it all be got not complaining
I'd sing in courtyards and more cook schedule [later sound descending [cascadence] a
rythmn onto scrunched]
love has not court nor hunting horn to attempt normal up
hard-boiled hood with...

1: Will eggs make you happy? XX

2: Do you need eggs? XX

Gabe: I need language. Luggage? What wonderful baskets

***Gabe** has stopped running; a very flat normal back. Back to hospital bed. React to your doctors monologue. Lighting.*

Sydney and Marshall enter

Doctor: Gabe was brought to london Health Sciences Center urgently for neurosurgical intervention. His parents arrived at the hospital unaware of the critical nature of his illness at this time. Now. This is a very serious surgery. There is a potential that your son may not wake up and if he does, he may never be the same. We will do our best. Please sign here.

Marsh and Syd sign exit

Gabe: Over two years have passed, alas, since I set out on this hunt.

Nurses: Ct Scan of the head has been carried out. Noncontrast shows a large eccentric epidural hematoma on the right with a maximum length of 8.3 centimeters and a maximum depth of 2.7 centimeters with 9 millimeters of midline shift according to our teleradiologist.

Gabe: But do you see how one can get used to fatigue and how death would be tempted to live.

Doctor: Under general endotracheal anesthesia the patient was positioned supine on the operating table. a roll was placed under the right shoulder. The head was maintained in 3-point fixation using the mayfield attachment. The right side of the head was shaved, prepared and draped in sterile fashion. A curvilinear incision was made using a 10" blade. This was carried down to the subcutaneous tissues and galea using the monopolar cautery. There was a mild deformation of a large mycutaneous flap which was held in place with stay sutures. The high speed drill was then used to fashion multiple bur holes over the right skull. These were connected together using the high speed drill. Underlying the bone and external dura, the clot was identified.

Gabe: The magnificent emperors death proves it, the importance of everything.

Doctor: The clot was suctioned out until clear. The dural surface was then irrigated copiously. The edges of the dura were then sutured to the bone. The bone flap was then replaced using a CranioFIX system. Central sutures were placed through the bone and into the dura.

Gabe: The importance of everything.

Doctor: The galea was then reapproximated using 3-0 Vicryl inverted interrupted sutures. An 8th inch Hernovac drain was left in the subgaleal space. The skin was reapproximated and a bulky head dressing was applied. The patient was taken to the recovery room postoperatively. All sponge and instrument counts were correct at end of procedure. Joseph F. Megyesi MD. Department of

Nerurosurgery [Successful as writ memorized, former to follow as precise [varys]]

Pause

Doctor: Pace gabe, pace yourself. Take note to be aware complete

*For the rest of the play in one reality, **Gabe** functions through by a myriad of cognitive difference, quality of existence, physical self enable, enabled by others , [deependence] wade back dignity*

Sydney aftermath

{ Three casted dolly venetian stage flat pop of house green material images and swatches like acetate for Performers onstage }

Sydney dance while you touch, highlight and lead with your eye, mouth, nose, ear, neck and eyebrow respectively and always find your way back to being in a coma and make sure you are in bed for a decent amount of time before you wake up Actressful.

Marshall *be at Sydney's bedside*

Marshall *acts all the Extra characters other actors / actress play: the paramedic, lawyer and firefighter*

*Which ever **Marshall** is not acting is going through PTSD counselling seeing friends*

Firefighter: We arrived at the scene of the accident, Rosedale and Colburne intersection at 0800. One car, a white 96 toyota camery was hit on the drivers side by a red volvo S40, the volvo hit the drivers side of the camery and drove through. The street was cordoned off by police. Paramedics arrived shortly after. Why didn't she have a van with women [ecludics].

Marshall: Sydney, "My wife, was looking out the window. The cellists go by in a carriage of Chinese tea, biting the air and opening hearted caresses. You are blitbeautiful, Sydn'ey, the crystral of your skin awakens... "

Firefighter: One party, man 20-25 was out of the car in a sate of shock, while another party women 35-40 was unconscious still within the vehicle. The man was driving the volvo.

Marshall: You are as tender and as calm as two yards of white silk.

Firefighter: He was calling to us and directed us to the unconscious women. No leaking of fuel was present and there was no fire on either vehicle.

Marshall: Sydney, my teeth chatter. I'm cold I'm afraid. I'm green I'm flower I'm gasometer, I'm afraid.

Firefighter: We brought the man to the ambulance for further assessment of the full

degree of his shock and began checking the vitals of the driver in the other vehicle.

Marshall: My teeth chatter. When will you have the pleasure of looking at the lower jaw of the revolver closing in my chalk lung.

Firefighter: There was no response, possible neck or spine trauma, her vitals all checked out.

Marshall: Sydney the wind is blowing. The wind is blowing. On the quays of decorated bells. Turn your back cut off the wind. Your eyes are stones because they only see the wind and the rain.

Firefighter: She was pinned in the car and the jaws of life had to be used. After taking her out of the vehicle she was rushed to St. Joseph's hospital for further assessment. Again where was the Van with female [ecludian] adaptations

Marshall: Sydney. Have you felt the horrors of war? Do you know how to slide on the sweetness of my speech? Do you breathe the same air As I do? Don't you speak the same language? With what limitless metal are your fingers of misery inlaid? What music filtered by what mysterious curtain prevents my words from penetrating the wax of your brain?

Paramedic: Based on motor responsiveness, verbal performance, and eye opening to appropriate stimuli, the Glasgow Coma Scale was designed and should be used to assess the depth and duration coma and impaired consciousness. This scale helps to gauge the impact of a wide variety of conditions such as acute brain damage due to traumatic and/or vascular injuries or infections, metabolic disorders (e.g., hepatic or renal failure, hypoglycemia, diabetic ketosis), etc.

Marshall: Certainly, stone grinds you and bones strike against your muscles, stick to ebb gauze sutre language press into chance slices wheill nevern and release in you the stream which employs hue.

Sydney: Ezarth

With a flashlight held like a torch unpointed

Paramedic: 1) Eye Opening Response contact and own thing

Marshall: Sydney you are beautiful. I love you with the intensity of a diver... his

seaweeds.

Paramedic: 2) Verbal Response

Marshall: My blood trembles.

Paramedic: 3) Motor Response

- movement 6 points
- Purposeful movement to painful stimulus 5 points
- Withdraws in response to pain 4 points
- Flexion in response to pain (decorticate posturing) 3 points
- Extension response in response to pain (decerebrate posturing) 2 points
- No response 1 point

Marshall: Your eye's are blue.

Paramedic: Categorization: Coma: No eye opening, no ability to follow commands, no word verbalizations (3-8)

Marshall: Why can't you hear, Sydney, the quiet laughter of my cells awaiting you, the violence of my breath and the sweet childish possibilities fate has in store for us?

Paramedic: Head Injury Classification:
Severe Head Injury----GCS score of 8 or less
Moderate Head Injury----GCS score of 9 to 12
Mild Head Injury----GCS score of 13 to 15

Marshall: Are you perhaps awaiting further sensational revelations regarding my temperament?

Paramedic: References
Teasdale G, Jennett B. Assessment of coma and impaired consciousness. Lancet 1974; 81-84.
Teasdale G, Jennett B. Assessment and prognosis of coma after head injury. Acta Neurochir 1940's 1976; 34:45- 55.
Adapted from: Advanced Trauma Life Support: Course for Physicians, American College of Surgeons, 1993?

Paramedic Exit

Please ask one if they'd let be aware PTSD Gabe and paramedic have a minor scene Gabe listening and Paramedic expressing PTSD

Laywer Enter

Lawyer: You're fortunate that the accident you survived happened in a car, was diagnosed immediately, treated and remains. You're fortunate because insurance will pay out. Some undiagnosed people travel around with unknown or untreated Acquired Brain Injuries. I hope all the best for you and good luck coping with you're mom

Marsh begin to exit

Marshall: Whatever I have to do I milieu to not be undo onto; forsoothe

Pause

Sydney: Okay

Marshall: Syd! You're awake!

*For the rest of the play one [{Version}] has **Sydney** in a wheelchair*

An {O Suzanna song} some neat stuff adapting and gaining function she does

Two male nurse and **she**

Marsh and **she**

Other Characters helping **Marsh** and **Syd**

Marshall Aftermath

Marshall *in one reality now has a stroke with half his mouth and arm in 'stasis'*

Choir Electronic he goes over old skim footage he didn't even know existed positive

Marshall *reunite with your family says*

Marshall: In joy

Marshall *recover your new "speech"*

Marshall: chuck ill

Marshall *recover your new "walking"*

Marshall *recover your new "mobility"*

Marshall *recover your new "coherence"*

He shows how to fall and tumble walk, balance and repertoire, how balance issues exist remain even though repertoire conscious adapted exists at ease to fall and together to step

Marshall *and all exit*

Mona *remain onstage*

{ Moving art gallery } *be around* **Mona**

Mona: Facticity and the limits of Transcendence (...)

The stage begins to rake

Curtains

Dawn Of A.B.I : Convalescence

ACT II

The stage, {raked at part}, imagine this never before created smooth hill mortality

{moon phases}

{tidal}

{lake}

{grass wetland} : { On 3, .., (...) going }

The normative or naturalist aspect of the style of this piece is super sustained and of a physically long duration. the dialogue - as snap back cycle clockwork - of this aspect is not. As in [anti-pinter] duration ; since the severe {SR strip of action} crossing entrance: USL to SR simultaneity audiates in headphones as normal as Artaud's piece

The SR action after entrance crosses from U C S L S R to L C S R to straight cross DSR x

*this is unheard of in the counter environment that starts at **Survivor: Gabe***

Sustained tableaux long dialogue pauses and repetition of line prior just as action pick up again

The entire stage and the SR action begin to diverge and coincide

'Opening?' Act II

{ Whole Stage Major Action }

Mona { flys in on a chair }

Mona *black eyed peas understood all and Amalie : not funny as only apart re to say re about; very well played by an adult womens now appears less smaller-girl-like and the audience gets the feeling as if , "is that the actresses' sister.. ? 'same' 'costume' ??" her delude*

Mona *going through some gestural complexities she memorized in the previous act bringing them to the furthest extent yet within limits of body and [remineyadibaul] ability; confronts disarms and finds the via negativa with both &, Gabes', Sydney's and Marshall's quality of existence, disability, new person and difference. Run and hide ride she quietly starts making verbal notes about an Exhibit, an exhibit she as an actress has curated herself for the world of the play in this production's adaptation of Dawn Of A.B.I*

Mona: *convalescence; you think thesis.. didn't start at conception and choice my - (...)*

Mona *make 'verbal' notes about the shaping of archive and edite don't leave as is adapts as in [do'nt] make into something else even the process of performing or reading has an affect.*

Mona *in front of a mirror that grows enormously*

*In relation to artists, their lives - make use of the eclectic/esoteric dichotomy and probe into how 'context' can be used in opposition, [uoonmeriting] a work morally hundreds of years later as well as clean the dirty clean dirty 'contextual' like dante defended offensive generative understandings enlivening one's craft aura and possib intent. Ambiguities and eternal recurrences Ovid Orpheus Dionysus or habitual elements in a body of repertoire and process as well as vortices of behaviour that bring about an identity or persona will prosper independence. Commissioned by a- (!) an artist still made it to save a skin. Absurdities (...) Foreign Defamiliarizations (...) Materials (...) impossibilities subjective (...) limits of objective (...) contrast, juxtaposition, thematics, emblems, signifying complexes (...) iconography, Canadiana of origin (...) Mental state (...) Personality (...) ABO (...) Relationships (...) Struggle (...) Decadence (...) Takes (...) Makes Let's (...) JOY's (...) Celebration (...) Banal (...) Macabre (...) beauty grotesque and allind ugly ;) (...) point, line, focus, colour, locus, framing, restoration, preservation (!) This and more forgotten, of your exhibit who knows what the mediums will be? if you **Mona** compose or gather? Have fun about whatslashever, gets you serious, who cares, please do it's not objective to be living in pride of this object (...) Why even*

*bother with my own work (...) I wish I could understand family and people seeing them as art and wondrous, when you let them know the embune of grace becomes a forgotten command fond smiles she through. & yah **Mona, Mona**, maybe there was a young actress who played you and she lives on you now as you two act*

Pause

*Stage recedes to **Mona CS** as the curtains raise ever so slow to reveal **ACT II***

*She makes note she's reading from the same book as **Act I** but is in fact... off book*

A women in the dark theatrically tied to a chair pushes herself onto her face jaw

Men holding

Another with a yellow dress well gownid

A lecture

Mona: Dawn Of A.B.I as *convalescence*. How much still has an affect. A Ra tat tat tribe I'm not even fascinated exist and undepicted thus a vault meta; In levy to - from my past - now is the crux i'd bear to away with. Made up

Here it is again, my fix in abstract coop receding from the world still with my world: a recurrence, a cycle a calming. How much my family Matter's to me pulls through and how distant I am, after all apart, but with at most depths and spirt, and me, yah, me and my book... Covering like glorious mistakes in a see through attic; smudges being a humble cellar.

This structure again, at this stage of my life. Sun grass Carpet

"the Ra tat tat had opened up to the complex brain of their secular colloquial and diversely composed god Abis & Abis & Abis. And as recall, release the first of the trinity 'Neuros' to find they/them/their revery in nothing concrete or eternal. A present unconsolidating ever changing ephemeral common uncaused cause. What semblance in a moments reflection... being whole of the body sacred ; while understood profane in parts... With their personal rituals of breath, composition, quality, sustenance and maintenance Neuros: the idol - so worn down from the Ra tat tat's centuries of pilgrimage; berating, mending at arrival and departure - is made absent. This absent figure of Neuros turned the Ra tat tat's consciousness inward towards each and other. As well as boundary and limits excess.

The figure of Neuros is no more yet the rituals continue and the Ra tat tats are responsible for their metaphysics, creation and non standard ephemerality. You see the Survivors of the god Abis - emblematic iconic and with praxis - toss a token (a personally signified written, imbued or spoke) token, underhand - likely a wish, prayer or determinant - to the place holding space where Neuros once was and here a pile of toftesses privately put down are publicly picked up. Picked up by those who feel they have the capacity to support, inhibit, listen and if asked and accepted within their means be remedies offer to every toss. There are no answers the Ra tat tat haven't arrive as sought & found already obligated and dribbled taught.

As lays a chime with Neuros and fourth her the second composition of Abis' Trinity focuses as Corpuss.

Corpuss from darkness to light to darkness; bending as elasticities dynamic winding betwixt and between, is the crux that holds materiality together. And if as fire a merge. Verge The Ra tat tat fail to describe her as a wave, particle, resonant or electric. She blinds and procures the illuminants of essential: an immediate bridge and pass of this world as turns next. Like the crust and mantel through an ocean and out, the Ra tat tat's Songs and dialogue hint at Corpuss but never seek to understand in lights definition collection or grasp; a clasp? so clutch. Bread in a rain walk "A mineral to sugar the salt at decompositions root" is a common 'saying' - partially understood and depicted in english - among the Ra tat tat. Even with very limited and almost stark deterrents as well as taboo associated with conceptualizing Corpuss among the people of Abis and Abis& Abis, I wonder "aminsnugtialoot" about (...) Neuros's absence being a layerent form.

Unseen yet of movement. The endurance to persist merits, a bout with what may be, the Ra tat tat gather preventative aware and accepting what cannot change in a lifetime. A power that exists without observation would be an impossible collective. The unforeseen that cannot be prevented prepared for or bore, that which breaks the soul like a runt to nature or ode that be the passage to fortunes by clasp wield and stature (!) Ode that be. Her full void unites. What of my makes and takes and dos To you the Ra tat tat's, Corporealuss can never be the impossible alone it takes a collective to admonish and honour. They stand in formation and dance nothing being permanent, universal or without connection honouring imaginative adornments onto joy and sorrow; a reservoir stoodunderoverstand of directed [ideasmal] intentional hovering space above the tokens. The covering absent idol a monument of action in directional focus just over

(...)

I Accept. And let's well, you (!) It was nice to read after all that... all that that... I've been their caregiver for years, it's welcome to me but now I leave home and here I am

still caring. I'm not that stressed; eat well, exercise get, they don't sludge me anymore. I told them I can't hear that much emotional weight that often. Like a boundary a preference. And, I feel dignified. Their preferences drive me bonkers. Cue clibans, centerfolds bladein, aughtmissmic hardcore oldies, and most up to, adresser commons whurrid, orbits life time lower way to cool to be here years ago, the age it's hot, I digress public and acting, Maybe just keep this to myself.

Pause

Mona: aside.

Pause

*Men enter and listen to **Mona***

She sets her chair for a later scene

Mona: Ever so slight, the audience, Yah, So I'm hundreds of miles away, currating my own exhibit dad wan't titled 'Marshall's Age of Reason Teenage Book gift... Gen Y zibit' Incongruity, finishing my own thesis i've worked all year at, mom calls, "Call it Your Lesson Plan.. Maximum" and yes I have work, Gabe calls, "good worming".

I'm an Anthropologist Ethnographer and Ecologist... a house, a plan my calling and understanding... and I (!) just couldn't I just couldn't adopt my brother Axon, mom being in her chair and delivering and her plea but I won't; I didn't... I keep tabs on him he's alive and well and that's enough, for me. Just now. Incongruity, She had Axon and now he's both Gabe and me, ha working up his own distillery. Note the incongruity overlay. I don't know If I can get dad dressed again maybe just some more respite, every holiday please i'd rather buy a present or another psw, his cares getting a bit more well he's loosing independence as his aliments compound and asking for me to care about him at christmas as, a possible make do as nostalgic gift, there is no nostalgia without present, and yah. What slash ever; I'm frugal. Done

A turn of the century style of female operators at circuits, business and seams

Pause

Mona is so flat it's like she hauls and deeps

Eventually she's walking two cats

Mona: Dad kept it together, strong sense of humour as always now he's running across Canada - well not running- He's calling it, 'Troy Adam's 2, Marshall Billiam Matters Performs What Troy Adams May or May Not Have Been Like' for Brain Injury Awareness. It's stoopid, even if national and (...) aw man... I'm not sure if Gabe will ever out live being committed revered or stigmatized, he's together until he can't share, feel or play. He'll figure it out ; Gabe has a good job he finished school Incongruity and went right to it I can't believe he survived long enough to realize his love for self and be confident in as modesent excess, whatever he does as modestent and moderate as the season and situation allows. And well I'm; guess I better get home for dinner. The cats... I kinda feel like i'm in a bit of shock. I need time off, there's all this and multiple realities balancing being here or there: so far so good; a ways to go

Mona *arrives home*

Mona: I've nearly ate what I drove through couchgasted (!); I'm not gonna cook. yah and be a bit pissed; I'll think great thoughts to my leggin's , cut a breast off my fabric shirt to patch; Abis worthy. Holsters. (!) Give it your all and who and what are you when spoke , what your all is imply's a questioning of it stronger as you define and a you to me in nonplused sense, your certainty of you could not measure by another's layerent ribs. My rim is olipitical in pitch rythmns you speak your word as pass granted was and shall to be

(...)

Verge Great Contend

Neurodes , Compssh, hoond Cosmist A Bis with the quickness to yawanes made

Not a spoke to is said belief.

*Now as the audience knows there are two performers representing **Gabe, Sydney and Marshall** ; Present **Gabe** is coherent difficult as so sure of self and sanity amidst sharing complexes self soothing behaviour and well thought out at dinner. He really takes it hard to feel like he has interrupted not lowered his intimidation and got closer misheard or be telling himself to not analyze or get lost in the mild glorture of subtext favour actual and banal; the ironic would make a heavy acknowledge; The gruelling observant [pompnificant] in moot look for a squirm. Unmentionable ; wiggles on wits & other rune a ning actions of **Gabe**, would a picture hardly remember, a thousand words goodbye in an unconscious flurry, I was affected by that thought process and notions just as vertigo and stark as sane; rational to situation, really, really, re up at*

*the bar, again with all your meagre monies she wasn't there to allowance out and painfully ,
painfully ordering a drink for self when for the most part would rather buy for some, don't think
of it, first first and the gimmies, chics make it heat because they adapted some code 2 yink min...
ask about it he'd listen to know to tell if the words and sentiment: the whole {CS LS action} ;
after U C L SR small strip aside action, head phone SR Action:*

At dinner for shame?

Gabe: It's fantastic, how are these cooked a blanche, anchovies... a boil.. did this roll seer, and still not even really seasoned, and when the fork doesn't get through it; found a garnish i'd scorn a give up at ketchup. Mash back to a boiled potato. Darn without is good, few things i'd manage make a meal eat way later paper plates. Yah paper plates in attempt at presentation and function... love to see everyone how normal calm and loving usually with it is when not at one's own mercy exposeh nature. Almost choked not speaking with my mouth - somewhat - ; not even full. And this, wondering, the whereabouts, mother, the whereabouts of my slight scurn scorched charred pyjama pants, I know I burnt them, they're cooler, and this is where it all comes down to an incident, yes, of way fewer than many. left the burner on full blast, was looking for something, thought it was under them, hucked the perfect pyjama pants on the stove section, I know this situation seems as if it would never occur, the maid she, i cleaned after a bout of 'work' and or art brings out the 'voice' and loudly speaking it must be slower and more ease. Everything [painstaking]. And not to be too excited but, You've been stealing my clothes, for years the one's you buy me I repped em, the pick out 'no Gabe not that' got to me, all the best, certain a great one, awesome and I broke that wall, cement with trippy wood paneling to have to have you not let me go to the mall or be places without parents; checking with parents, and how I don't lie, uh if I could I'd lie more and care less like less and love always. Yes i gave thanks. As do. But the pants, you threw them out and I'm older and can intelligently defend myself. Yes I'm having quite a great few months, so, you found them, my favourite slightly charred crispy pyjama pants awesome colour and threw them out , it's winter, this makes sense, it is time to discard a pair of your pants mother \

Gabe has procured pants

She theatrically slaps him

There's a {box} of foots of {snow}

Gabe and **Sydney** wrestle the pants both aware that they are nice pants and good fabric and fit but still, She let's them go Freeze hugs Gabe from behind as he throws the pants into the snow

*from the porch slow mo, they wrestle in the snow about pants a bit **Sydney** becomes the cascade of the pants and **Sydney** she stands up the other **Sydney** picks up pants and walks them off and on or in **Gabe** retrieves the scene Actor **Sydney** carry's her back in the porch his back turned and then turn back to*

(...)

*The **Ocrestra** does things other than play music with instruments eventually note "flat effect" , "composition" , "comp[ells]" , "mechanism" , "relentless" , "Posits"*

Sydney: Where did you get those!? No gabe , Gabel NO, Gable stop Gabel Gable Yesone she all she and his choice Stop Okay fine

Gabe: A shame instilled n' nay even. And even though yes I expressed before, docile and a brace to get it out of me. Yes sense and coherence, convalescence, how to describe... i don't know the medication wasn't sitting well and I did note my body change. My behaviour will never change via medications. I am sort of a what did a totes in the wrong sense, doctor call call says to call me, think of myself as a, 'pioneer' into new and data gathering pharmacology. But what I'm affected by has nothing to do with my behaviour my function yes my body yes. But behaviour cannot be remedied by medications. So I get all the side affects without the change of behaviour and my issues aren't even addressed. And taking heart medication yes, did you notice that your blood pressure changed and it did and you had a reading, constant access to the medication: heart medication having the intended affect as noted physiologically like reading a chart and understood pronto or after a bit. It's impossible to measure dopamine and serotonin, one year, three years, then two years, always gave them.. the medications their due justice and administration, some don't work for 3 months, gave into the positive, but I kept up with it. I eat, drink water. It's not my behaviour being different, It's the brain fog, coordination / balance, wounds, a split brain artery, searching for information, split focus, tall person walk into stuffs, sometimes poverty lineish years and years. More steady physicality these days. But I yah a bit, you know learn, a bit, the education I'm gonna keep at it. Yes I'm a startling performer and. Bill William is a completely different version I know what's sound the steady helm glad Gabes in there cause you wouldn't recognize him performing, scary sober, might have had a sip of draft, prepared D A R T even in the spontaneous, to feel worthy, brotherhood n she the fatigue, Unconditional. It gets a bit Jumble. Is this a placebo, is it a placebo. Perhaps respond might take a year; more dignified a crawl to prowl, I need to address pain management, inflammation management and leftover allergies. I have POTS, think about it, the irregular heart beat, seeing static feeling warm and falling over only seeing black, dynamic changes in flow low blood pressure. It's not really a jumble.

The brain injury the concussions the refuse

Pause

Conversing, seems so apart yet zone in more, closed up, if information losses, embarrassment is not embraced, and an answer cannot be found in another as conversation's wisdom I become came this and as was even was a bit messed clear impenetrable analytic retentive running from associations paradigm. Reminders reups and trauma, from intuition and feeling where one wants to be and homage. My behaviour , my thoughts attitude, demeanour and temperament aren't changing. In fact managing the body more directed at the mental and physical health I do have is important. Yah pots, passing out, head rushes and irregular flow, anxious until depressed known how sweet it is, it's a cluster. All I'm saying is that an anti-hystemean and an anti-inflamitory, exercise, draught, a good diet, reader digest and settling the Fd own for reasons valid as well as F ing off a bit entirely will help. Also, being more scheduled frequent and regular. I'm actually very predictable and approachable. Not like everyone else. Still open up speak out and go to drives lets and own space Here I am, some quag bit haggard and as always, to say what is, direct, not a rendition of. love truly.

A dramaturge speaks constant

*A long process of **Gabe** changing , and being changed into hospital clothes. {[Daisyed]}.*
***Gabe** even though weary of Clinique and the mentalities 'sterile' environments can exhibit in subjective and objective and realize there is benefit to cause an immediate defamiliarized reconstitution of self. what wurr on through and the ever [pressent] adapts Read about the charge of Schizophrenia the cluster of symptoms, some that do apply and **Gabe**, wonder about your brain injury, inflammation, low blood pressure, POTS, Neurotic, Retentive, Analytic, lack of episodic memory, head aches, over thinking, self censoring, balance issues, tenitnitous, headaches fatigue, split brain artery, wounds, pain management, sexuzwality, ethics, [innichiatiion] issues, flat affect, scary good performance persona, dork anxiety, reclaimed laughter from blank slate smiles, remember to be funny, care for self (Don't be PC or oppressive about it) Some Dehumanization or Personality Disruption and blank mentality -*

Gabe: Medication is for modern health; not control. Only Spontaneity and Command exist in this sentence. As words?

Please I need a stimulant, anti inflammatory, anti hysteamean double vegetarian option portions with intentional meat sandwich snipes, social interaction, someone to get the best out of me , privacy and you please to not be concerned about bevys a hoot a toot or a snoot public social patron user source consomate

Amalie *enters privately*

Amalie *lays down on a low platform that eventually has her standing she screams*
AAAAAAAAAAAAA

{ *Opera and her voice..* }

Gabe *repeats* "I've don't know well i've do know", "and you so I've", "yah i've dorked", "you'd get that for a reason", "why not do because of; and rep", "O yah", "when", "you were saying", "what do you think" "that's cool", "niumph", "okay i'll be there", "you actually stopped me touched me called to me made me recognize respect I am oblivious and may be taken a double take back but announce! emblemize a code! Anything but just let me think i'm i've taken with someone else a bus depot, a cross walk, a mexbench, a sandel a line cross and bloot behind", "you got to her", "bleamed me to create distance", "ask more", "know what want", "get from do", "persist", "a butter swoop", "ready yet", "own thing strong and true", "connective ideas and Capital", "known and place with he thinks I'm who's now who", "thought demande was protective read it another language I've" ?

Amalie: {Are you even here or listening to hear years or hours days later a set to remind,} So can you yet, you're not short or stout or broad enough affection, glad you turn your chin now, as in tilt, skillset, social skills, o my. {Bip}, If you only knew, I have been cost benefitting in a way that didn't suit your favour and it's only because of well... Bip, you're even remembered slightly because well through no contact from me: let yourself go. Bip, His fine line got way galore grosse. Here. What year... version... Do you have a glove, eco friend, clean, well who am I kidding I have one. Gabe, Did you just brush - is that a - of my - you - off my - a utensil to - this pun; you had it on you - did you just brush a - as to - off my (!) well, I have the membrane, slightly remembered you. Waved you down, keep the grass slap yah nut saced, prostate you asshole; no not the lawn! Yes it's like a better swoop, the membrane. Put it over... Young times. Of course ancient biobloomn I'd team up on you and against you, abandon you.. are a survivor, I can't handle what doesn't know what to do. Perpetrator Benefishyary Amnesty how long a *pause* build , enact, support what you say to be You could put it on, it'd be like with a bubble gum backwards bubble pop. A handle, like a handle, SL deepsshho SR me deepsssh CS middle. Handle it get well now. Amallie had a honey comb he didn't even know about to find a sensation (bip) at a different version of self. (bip) (bip) (bip) (bip) Yah if you were with someone sound or even functioning towards all your endeavours, that tough Gabe. Ammal I could have cared to be better bip I I believe that yes if you are with someone willing and able you could have kept

him, you're mom's Axon adopted ours a family Gabe , And you're really gonna stay alive and process yourself greater and impossibly badder and bash and loseowner bladder mich der Gabe. We're, I'm not sure of our well mostly your future as much. I don't do well as nurse. I still dig everyone else being cool, you're hot and icky, confident and breakable, did i mention equestrian, the multiple unsaid make funnings you plus, sure future? This is complex ; you're a different person. And I question your normalcy to get lit. Take the above for us all your mortality. You don't have it at the moment. My life has so much and your's , the distance, I don't want to hurt you. And I'm not sure about you financially. Personally well, a future Gabe, with a rebar sticking out of your memory like that, yah, recovery; I'll be there. But it's , is it too different in a familiar sense? You're recovered.. I feel as you and can't cope to or with or know what to. And yah I'm the type of person.. that quazi moto blow job pisses me.. con't. . . feel my face, you did n't share the stash? you looked fucked and I had so many drugs the weeks prior at Bonaroo and i'm the type of person that even though I'm loving. I would call you, just you, retarded, and in a sense like gravity I had to ruin my personal image of you cloverload ci

Gabe/Ammalie : I twise twast in the land , of the dead (!) and my brain opened, dew the clouds (!) don't change him how much I'd differ with crown in this sense (!) to not charge. Ridge The ear to ground Astral& !

Gabe *repeats and grooms as in: "Pull Yourself Together Man" strict easy*

Ammalie: I had to start hating on you and explain how your retarTed and it wasn't having me. Plus , you're text content and emails are too much to respond to, what are you now, Not sure what to do or capacity and quality of existence.. and you respond to every part of my messages thoroughly leave me alone a lot to be a bit fonder, you know years by now, don't show up empty handed and o I'll make do; but you forget I don't want to hear you love me. (bip) And I have wanderlust and you there, bip are a now recovering survivor on medications and... did we even break up yet, there were forty cops and I ate on your shoulders and you had the glasses , (bip) the bipster malzipitdmute youthculturegenocide rift between beards and glasses, trying to mess bipwith the undo of corporate, yet p a f is important she we knew eventually. Don't give in. And I wish everyone was in your face bras (!) pssht with their grievances and seeking clarity, You seem so fragile Gabe. Bip say; bip, yes tragedy, Gabe you the tragedy Gabe. And I know you're brutal and strong in another way, gentle, not even dead yet. If I had known.. but you'd to have to be (bip) Opposition drive I am in within shoes of you in front of you are so dense this reality! [arbits], Oblivious! Mean in sudden ! Expected to react, differently! You asshole, We have to part. (bip) Keep your limit. You didn't even ask about my family, myself or impose or persist and maybe

come back you can't find another love your withs too.

[illegible]

Amalie becomes a surgery sound

Amalie: Thank you for not being abusive with your suicidal. I'm so crushable and tiny that it's mean I outgrew you; never even having made fun of you. With. I don't want to be with a guy who can't partake, provide, or stay current. Gabe your skill set is lagging and rube drunk potex and you don't do well as an extrovert. Your mental stylistic health holistic world global ethical practice is wonk? Cost, benefit. Gabe tell me what... There's no going back. I'd cry to disbelief your god. So yah Gabe, blood let you in some years to come. I'm ceasing contact, remember huskies. Brace for it prepare everyday before you go out with wants. I wish you didn't tell me and we both let go and understood what a cove bene, stoopid, dark, corner, public, fonder nature. Out of all the poker games in all the world and your just sittin there virgina raise, You dink um... whoop. I knew it'd happen, I did it again.. you don't even know. You have one or anything cool ? Anything with it? Happening?

She listens and furthers via status and triangulation

Gabe: Passion and reasons. One time with the brain injury, the medication, the mental health, introversion, extroversion gamma nized alpha disrupted at that Pulley show, Montbello, you know no one ever likes hearing ‘o just an antiphycotic before I go’ I haven’t had fun in so long, forgot how to laugh you know, as if. Was walking around Montebello delivering “here’s a saftey pin”, “Saftey Pins!”, “Saftey Pins here!” and Lauras like “there’s tim Armstrong’, had to be there, Henry Rollins was there, I pretended ironically I was mad at him for ‘spoken word’ and ‘not being punk’ I dig and dually dweeb as well the... Jungle for Sick of It all and where was I... now.. as time passes.. and understanding and you’re well now. And on these mushrooms at the Pulley show at Montebello Rockfest and drinking and as always: would fucked up fake intelligence!? Fake oblivion fuck no!

pause

Blackout slow rise

Remember most of this scene is happening SR and crosses and dynamixs through, as if

this SR has entered the Matters Kitchen and is in the space of the pause between dialogue of the Entire Stage scene a vortacy of behaviour finalizing narrow SR

Gabe: So I had a POTS episode and also went blind . Head rush, tripping out, everything statics to black , my body has lost consciousness but I remain standing, how many years aught the surgery I'm like a cope robot retain what is renew me. There I am blind, surrounded by a gathering of people and close nit arms length friends... Literally blind, and most of me jumped to 'well this is the new me now,' I heard that about mushrooms and too much sun, and possibly smoking them, whilst drinking and, yah blind so very very monetarily blind - couldn't even see colour or light on my eyelids - and my bud Eric supports me, Professional huemin, 'you're good' yah, 'you just can't see' and, survived. What's a steady now constant

Amalie: Who you've been what you do and overs.

***Amalie** exits repeats 'and 'overs' ' **Gabe's** words*

Gabe: Behaviour has nothing to do with the medication. My voice and mind note they're damage. Knot too danes. There's ferocity and aggressions outlets , a pinch , a pat, a rub, a pet, a tap, a press, a push, a slip, a slap, a maow, a kiss, a spit, a chin, a cheek a ridge upon a socket joint a rube this Brain Injury took over my frontal lobe, parietal lobes, skin, water, temporal lobes, brain stem, amygdala, cerebellum, crainiology, penal gland, tiny hairs, neuro transmitters, the spine, synapse, signals, space, life open death fusion, mortality, animalas, electric, awash, a passion , a secretion an ache o love mercy and attitude. Gone, she gone. Obligations in a tilted wheel chair emblem sort of hung low. Get up and go. She Oved he Writhe. Les Holmes your Watson and Nancy Georgia this Hardy Boy

***Amalie** and **Gabe** watch family videos, the cartoon American Tale and SLC Punk*

Ammalie: { stage digress }

Hellen Keller's Protogeh Self is there

{ A group of doctors , scientists , witnesses, professors and a health care team all secure without words begins to add up all the years of known ritual drugs their data and case studies, what they do, their make up, what has been passed down and contrasts via raw plant material purpose unsynthesized, and new medications beseeching the limits of participant data and contextual anomalies. A base human would survive on air and nibbles alone a steady diet of place and bloodline and nutrients. A safe use site sets up, security and fine details, there's no cars,

withdrawal management, 25 - 30 age limit, processing, distilling, composing, medical sector, Ban and truce and so diverse and everywhere eye sores don't develop. Public space remains public not the homeless private mix. Safe site. Safe supply. Don't fuck up the park for kids. Capacity limits on medical material. Decriminalized. Disposal, Sanitation, Medical data quota life a way Draught Remedy Abstains Tonic Wash Ailment Diagnosis' Understanding Effect Affect Result Process Route Frequency Dependence Awareness Casual User Consumer Patron and Source.

Gabe and Sydney and Marshall go through a 'tumbling, contact improvisation, flexibility, strength training, breath practice, listening to self, vocal, creative [hibiting], stretch, workplace outd (!) anatomy eventually **Gabe** is walking with an unknown women so that you just see her back and when they reach the furthest extent DSR a child jumps out and runs away pulling off **Gabes** prosthetic ear and the women completely together takes all of **Gabes** t-shirts making them into what they are not before exiting as **Gabe** washes grooms and dresses in his true choice and earned thematic weather conductive style

{ THIS ENTIRE SR action SECTION NEEDS ROUTE INFORMATION COMMUNAL ADMINISTRATION SELF DIAGNOSTICS WARNING HAZARD AND SAFE SITE AND NARCAN TRAINING AND TELLING SOMEONE WHAT AM AND WHATDO }

{ pilgrimage sake and homage as western people tear up about documentary ritual tribal drug use, in present denial of meta }

have done and went so when as

Not done who being and affect

Ammalie as Gabe an alter boy receiving communion

Ammalie: Sang and like songs and wondered why bow to pray

Ammalie as Gabe losing religion

Ammalie: Just at my tear - to know to not to - fains - lide; coincidence

Ammalie as Gabe as a boy buying super heroin/hero cards an the corner store

Ammalie as Gabe knife dry metal as antiseptic to a raspberry

Ammalie: A lean pays age transformative personal ; version cashe thrice mind

Ammalie as Gabe taking hash tokes, from an sustainable eco dissolve flip over burn bottom,
'sure better take two waters mom' , bucky, on the way to miss the school bus

Gabe's Bucky tripple {No Performers High on Pot}

Gabe 3: he can't handle them anymore; I got this

Ammalie as Gabe stealing weed from a grow

Ammalie: Madfourth ave you budgeted yet if you thought it was pre mature bad;
here's mature sharp; back before legal polymers made everything *scientist*

Ammalie as Gabe eating well 'yah a half quarter; isn't that what one is supposed to standard'
the mushrooms

Bucky tripple gabe the 'zooms' as well

Ammalie: Off to a clinic be chic groom leave all at door out renew wherewithall,
off, to, a mush room access

Ammalie as Gabe being social and there and with it dancing

Ammalie: O my own thing , look at it in part metea direct this is gym class

Ammalie as Gabe not really being so pensive

Ammalie as Gabe accessible and not distant

Ammalie as Gabe performance art sobering ghost

{ Material Saftey Data Sheets }

Ammalie as Gabe mistaking the pile of Mdma 'do what's there?' for what was left out for him
the snood u teeb'd was a pocilyne mini vacuum cleaner borealis instead of choppens line at sea

{ Hazard Recovery Warning }

Ammalie as Gabe smoking entire patches eventually and puking and dying

{ Hazard Data Sheet } From where who ask as in relay no lawn stopping this Narcan

training

Ammalie Stops **Gabe** injecting his antiphycotics and 'falling asleep', coma?, for a week

Ammalie as **Gabe** injecting

Ammalie as **Gabe**

Ammalie as **Gabe** Shoulda had a beer and V8 heck a burger getting stabbed and theatrically dies

Gabe: Say who what do who you and (...) wanderzomb 10 years younger than should..

Ammalie as **Gabe** smoking year old moldy wood window sill butts with a lock on his reflective neck not in command of his deamons or over active imagination, having them clipped off; cryptonight locks, massive shears, sturdy neck... ass cleansing a few buschells of garlic, the meanest things ever favourite pillow case shit ruined with a hair brush , almost punched through abdomin, branding the thumb squirting phosporus and alcohol to it the graph it with this in addition to, through and hacking two hundred luges spits, so necessary upon a monument to spare passerbys, save my life and lungs, 50-60 year old house mixed Gabe declining everything accept as ready

Ammalie as **Gabe** getting baked, drinking a bit, just as many periods genuine and intimidating until contact and ease certain limit and slower

Ammalie as **Gabe** working and working on performance and poet try intermittently and voraciously lucid and loony and sobering getting jobs and missing out

*The original **Gabe** and the survivor versions of **Sydney** and **Marshell** watch waves of (...) on a beach*

A small actor/s or child walks ona wave of an entire company number stage dives and single parental figure crowd; close nd few surfs, 'Excuse me were crawd surfing here ; no don't help'

Usher: User , Patron, Source, Conesumbmate: Source (!) The final scenes following in **ACT I I**, more of the Entire Stage; the action mute SR that was in headphones overlayed over hosein who

Usher Gestures back in **Orchestra**

Survivor Gabe

He picks his staples bald regret optimist without regress

Performers find set points in and out of their { lights } between the long pauses between lines and repetition next spoke a rhythm pace of 'listening' archive rhythm pace still life sustained duration

This current scene which is use with the Total Stage and not just the former prior which was SR. With the SR Act happening physically but heard in headphones. Both scenes find a central pace. In the scenes following this stage direction, it is more likely to notice a disruption in time and silence for the sakes performers hold dear

Perhaps arrive at key Tableaus

There is interaction between Total Scene and SR ascension/decention {raked stage}

Remember dual Performers ; choices what scenes & where (adapts by: [COmpany])

no e yet ee tho quo

In this following segment

This would be the slowest of pace between dialogue, Total stage, it's at diner

Sydney: Your hair's sprouting back.

*Pause (SR action (...)) Tableaux Total Stage (...) Referencia between and Foreshadowing (...)) Repetition of **Sydney's** last dialogue , sustained action has it's in turn =*

Gabe: Yah.

: former (...)^

Pause

*(...) **Gabes** last line repeats the focus lines up -*

Process repeats

(...) *SR steady*

Marshall: And you get your staples out next week.

Pause

Gabe: Yah.

Pause

Mona: Aquellotem to a martyr called Abis' decided; all the answers holistic would be found in Abis' sacrifice... during Abis' sacrifice, self held immolation and burial she became the stories of Neuros, Corpuss, And Cosmist giving an, answer, to being, divining sentience into three parts sustenance Rat Tat Tat's existence &. (...)

Pause

Gabe begins to pick at his wound

Sydney: Don't pick at it Gabe, it will only prolong the injury.

Gabe: Yah! just a bit longer to register.

Gabe stops picking, dinner finishes , he gets two staples out and a bunch of hair root and small head hunks; hucks them after a cross to a DS corner

Marshall: How many staples did they get you for Gabe?

Pause

Sydney: I think they said 52... **Gabe** could you please strike the milk.

Gabe's double sits in

Gabe: Stare at the milk try and figure out what exactly milk is... even though you know what, wait, what, what is, it is, on with the action understanding could take an hour you have heard and linguistically you don't understand and the semantic is disrupted as well as paridolia, waiting for that connect between language and object, your body remembers, the minds reach without knowing, sort of slow, grasp , zone out slightly, is

this the word milk and the thing without knowing pass is? the 'milk' in this case too long sustained durative. That's done. Not even knowing what milk or pass or the or Gabe is. Uncertain on ending or directive the act and follow through realms

Gabe's *double Back SR*

Pause

Mona: Took you long enough Gabe.

Pause

Sydney: Mona!

Pause

Mona: I was just trying to be normal and kid around.

Pause

Gabe: The doctor's said I'd never be the same person again. A moment a constant a relieve before respite; i'd lighten up

Gabe *look up, come back to normal*

Pause

Eat

Gabe *stand up*

Pause

Gabe: Wait what was I...

Pause

Begin to and do fall back down into your chair **Gabe**

Sydney: Gabe... you blanked out for a second are you alright.

Gabe: It wasn't a memory or kenetic feeling that caused me left just there. And yah. Sometimes when I stand everything fades to black and I feel all warm. I'm great and bad you know; O yah! I have Mona's present.

Marsh: Stand up slow mythic and messed up

Sydney: He's up, my fear happened; finally! He's up. He is

Mona: Others brighten ups

Gabe *exit*

Mona: I hope it's a CD player for my car... Or a rabbit... an iddy bitty rabbit that I can feed food pellets to and clean up poop pellets from.

Marsh: Hey no irony talk at the table.

Mona: Exactly. I wasn't being rude... there's a balance. Input output, I'll actually be happy with anything; Gabe usually picks something good.

Pause

Sydney: Gabe looks good.

Marsh: He does; a surgeons prior dossier.

Sydney: That's gonna take a while : i'm not mad, just, a bit; think and feel

Pause

Gabe: I got you a gyroscope Mona.

Mona: No way, aren't these illegal.

Gabe: Gyroscopes? I don't think so.

Sydney: What's a gyroscope

Gabe: You spin it, go ahead Mona spin it. You pull the string and spin the centre u

know and it balances on it's tip. Look at it go... you can even put it on your finger.

Mona: Neat-O.

Gabe: I know your older but I thought you'd like it.

Mona: Thanks Gabe; it's great

Gabe: Thank you too; And a bunny ! -

Mona: Really!

Gabe: Pen

They hug

Mona: And a card, opens says, "Adept to a can do new year stage, present will thesaurus gate or writ or shaw; first and last name missing n... " { well }

Pause

Marsh *pick up the gyroscope*

Marsh: You know, these gyroscopes with their spin can give you an artificial horizon at sea. No matter how choppy the sea gets or the boat moves it always presents a stable horizon... Weird that something spinning can give one balance. Some Reany Metaphor

Pause

{ A short black and white flicker pirate irate to not be just onboard in a chair without the use of legs , chop em and cotter , to the salt and eventually you'll have me hoist and around this plea and occurence demand , ding the back and through can't turn yet on and of steadyent wheel and a blanket, a blanket to nayent exposeure to the elements, my call be heard }; frame as **Gabe'r** imagination

Sydney: Gabe; don't scratch your staples.

Pause

Gabe: It's my wound... so what if I want to pick it.

Pause

Sydney: Just don't do it at the table.

A back up serene from a large vehicle

Gabe *stop picking*

Gabe *start to process slow and [dwell] into introversion critically*

Marshall: We can all have a bon fire later.

Mona: Haven't we had enough family time, we've been together for sooo mannnny dayys.

Sydney: We should celebrate. Gabe's home.

Mona: I know. Doesn't seem the correct time

Gabe *look to your direct and now your indirect ; consolidate in a horizontal hierarchy go to pick your staples, stop yourself, Get peeved at **Mona** and realize the pressure of being so macabre and messed up to celebrate fresh from dying a bit a shadow a swana be*

Marshall: Mona... what did I say about that at the table. Sometimes your so sophisticated and sometimes so crass.

Mona: What's crass (!) mean? ... (!)

Marsh: I don't know it's a band's name... So no fire? what do you think Gabe?

Gabe *shakes his head*

Marsh: So gabes out. What about you Mona?

Mona: I have to read.

Marsh: So Mona's out. What about you Sydney?

Sydney: On second thought... I have some marking to do.

Marsh: I guess I'll be coping by my lonesome universe; a cordless sockett in the ether of hydrogen still there, nevern the same and always the was becoming the wurr-

Gabe reach a realization

Gabe: Yah! They're okay.

Marsh: So you'll join me?

Gabe: What?

Marsh: At the fire.

Gabe: O... not tonight; It's different

Gabe *look up*

Sydney: He's not sure either, self aware enough to tune back in as unanxious as possible and sound

Pause

Gabe: I can't listen in quiet. Pretty sure I'd hear that eventually.

Mona: Eat quieter and drink better.

Gabe: I try. My plate for the most part matches everyone elses. There's also -

Marsh: No T V.

Gabe: What?

Marsh: Just get the fire going after you do dishes. No beer

Gabe: Small manageable bites. I don't know what any of that means until I do it. And are you done with your plate.

Gabe clears the table

Sydney: Marshall If you get the fire going I'll scurry out in about half an hour.

Marsh: I'm burning those wicker chairs we don't need anymore.

Gabe: I like those chairs.

Marsh: We got new ones.

Gabe: What?

Marsh: We got new ones.

Gabe: No, I know that...

Gabe *run fingers upon shaved stapled head*

Gabe: It's just that I like those wicker ones remain.

Sydney: Do we have room for them in the basement?

Gabe *continue to rub pick out a chunk plus a staple and huck it to a magnet in the { fly }:
{eco friendly personal data collection or disposal unit}*

Gabe: Finally.

Marsha: Why did you move some stuff?

Sydney: Yes and

Marsh: Well

Sydney: Of course.

Gabe *exits*

Mona: Is Gabe alright he seemed so distant...

Marsh: Adjusting, these brain injuries are complex

Everyone practices a Cascadence personal hygiene and naps

Slow open

Sydney *at Church*

An upper imagination she

\

Survivor Sydney

Matters family and large cast be at church still SL CS as the other act continues SR

*For this scene **Sydney's** injured double acts as the original **Sydney** watches and morns herself*

Sydney *sit in your wheel chair at the end of the pew*

Cast and Matters family rise

Sydney: If I could wiggle my toes yet I would... I'll still try to move them for life... my legs... These people look so silly like there doing Aerobics for God. I shall relax here in my special spot. I've never felt so special before, I have my own little section everywhere I go. Front row back row anywhere I go.

Sit

Sydney: It's so hard understanding my capacity, my limitations. Without work and my walks it's hard to pass so much time. Maybe a few more hobbies... a few more social leisure programs... a few more stickers for my ride.

Kneel

Sydney: My friends treat me differently... and they should, I like how they cringe when they mention they "walked somewhere" or they "ran an errond..." Our magnimous and meddlesome species making the environment adapt to the chosen few. And where would I be without infrastructure... empathy bring me there and celebrate capability vicarious, finally an understanding dawns on me that yes these ramps and flattened

curbs are more then a skateboarders pair of dice

Rise

Sydney: Look at Marsh, he's grown thin. He's so good with me; with my physio and my corporeal drives... in sickness and in health, in sickness and in health, we said those words up there at the alter turn at'ive... 25 years ago this coming March... one for me and one for you; now that it's all different

Sit

Sydney: Ah yes that's it, sit, like the rest of us. Sit like me. I've lost her... I've lost my bobbly legs... lost in the accident.

Kneel

Sydney: Now they kneel. My child's would be potential and kicks before life but... I'm so thankful that I'm alive but so bitter that I know what walking is. Know how it feels to walk though, crumpled rows upon rows of fields when I went for an elongated paddle board, Maybe I'm blessed because I get to experience both worlds. What was and was is seated like royalty. A rumble... a red glow... Time... all I have to understand and accept. Some of these days I can't face myself and I know longer want to be enabled by another, I miss my independence. And O since day one I've been on the range... of motion... bit a time to physio.

***Ensemble:** "hug, cheek, backhand, palm, pinch, tap, press, hips, ear, lowest point, middles, lead, thumb, appreciated, palm company, give the toe to the world"*

*Exit to go get hosts, **Marshall** push **Sydney** back to your seats*

Sydney: Psst Marshall. I chairish you and I chairish this chair.

Marsh: Got some money for the charity tootsie pasta?

***Sydney** goes through a physio and has all framed and {'set'} around*

Winds and strings

Survivor Marshall

'New' Marshall Sydney and Gabe play Major while 'Ancients' Marshal Sydney and Gabe act

Eating good meals

Marshall *stare at your guitar and watch your old self play it for a bit, Original Marshall put the guitar down and continue to watch. Survivor Marshall you're at a bar*

Bartender: I'm sorry I can't serve you you're over the limit.

Marshall: Are you new? No I'm not drunk and I'm not handicapped. If you let me speak, I'll explain. I've had a stroke. I'm a stroke survivor. One rum and coke... Thank you.

Bev: With limits Marsh. sheeshh

Marshall *walk to another part of the stage*

Patrons enter and exit

Patron: How are you since the accident Marshall?

Marsh: I was a freak in highschool, and I'm a freak now so not much has changed.

Marshall walk to another part of stage

Patron: Why do you move the way you move?

Marsh: I'm a dancer and my left side is in stasis. Clench your fist. Clench it really hard. Now imagine that feeling continuously.

Marshall *walk to another part of stage*

Patron: Is there any hope of getting back to your old self?

Marsh: That self is gone but medical guru's are doing a bunch of stem cell research and they have some new experimental medication, I'm doing physio and freelance body mind physical meditation.

Marshall *walks to another part of the stage sits in a chair, looks at his guitar, stands, walks to another part of the stage*

Patron: How can your wife love you?

Marshall: I ask myself the same question.

Patron: How do we see you?

Marshall: As a beholder. Present, it already is, was, and will happen again.

Patron: I think I know why your wife loves you.

Marshall: So I've proved myself worthy of your love?

Patron: You already were.

Marshall: Your not my why if (!)

Patron: I could be.

Marshall: What lady, do you have a you or something I'm taken by you

Marshall *rips off Sydney's costume after she lets him know it's her and they make out as if another*

It normalizes

Gabe *enter*

Gabe: Hey dad.

Marshall: What you doing here Gabe.

Walk to the bar

Gabe: I could ask you the same question but I won't. May I have a rum and coke... maybe a beer, rye glass perfect tiny thank you too.

Marshall: Nice to see you Gabe, I just needed to come to a place where people could step on my toes a little and I can not be so uptight, but I don't need this... however tempting escape is. It's quiet

Gabe: Yah just want to get closer and respond well spoke spouts a bit easel of summer

Marshall: I was with a few friends from my stroke recovery group but they all left so I was just gonna have a beverage and go home. You?

Gabe: Ammalie broke up with me because I can't be anybody other then I am and did learn all about the shake in a truth sense like a lens amigos long board sector nine.

Marshall *Comfort* **Gabe**

Marshall: The cruelest beings on earth can be women; Soft thicklets.

Gabe: I knew it was coming, I felt her fall out of love slowly.

Marshall: Your young Gabe and you have your body and mind; you'll do fine.

Gabe: How?

Marshall: We listen and accept eachother, jokes help to.

Gabe: Yah you two laugh quite a bit with each other

Pause

Marshall: I feel so inadequate these days as if I've lost all my virility...

Gabe: What's virility mean?

Marshall: Grow a beard and I'll tell you.

Gabe: Is it like an internet hacker?

Marshall: Virility: a hairy, wet-non mechanical-engine, facing a shadow longhorn-when you've bucketed yourself out-acting as child man and wild dead alive constant; bound in time on a wheel, determined to be free. A ball a play and of a cycle un compete ing.

Gabe: You know a lot of strange stuff dad... You say it A Lot Stranger now to.

Pause

Stroke recovery member enter

Marshall: Hey... A familiar stranger...

Stroke Recovery Member: Hey Marshall, I Saw you come in here.

Marshall: Hey Gary.

Gary: How goes the blending and adapting?

Marshall: Like drying paint man. O, Gary this is my son Gabe.

Gary: Hey Gabe.

Gabe: Hello Gary.

Gabe Shake hands with Gary, go for the hand that's in stasis and switch over to the good hand then Gary and Marshall shake your hands that are in stasis; the doubles just hug

Marshall: Four years in the making now.

Gary: The new me's.

Marshall: We have become other.

Gary: Yes we have become other. Fuck off a bit

Gabe: Fine until we talk about it, my lost love.

Marshall: Let's talk about nothing then. Ah

Pause

Gary: I'm glad it's not crowded in here, seems like someone's been scaring off all the patrons... Linda said she might be at Coffee Culture if you want to go.

Marshall: What do you think I am 20, it's kinda late?

Gary: They have scones.

Marshall: Yah yet; I think I'll be alright accompanying my son home.

Gabe: I'm not going home dad.

Marshall: Well then I'll be going in the direction of my lovely Sydney.

Gary: Okay Marshall, See you next week.

Marshall: Best bye Gary.

Gary: Choice; last word

Gary *exit*

Gabe: Hey is that your guitar dad?

Marshall: Yah I donated it to the bar since Mona and you don't play it.

Gabe: It's a pretty nice guitar.

Marshall: Nothing special... I learned how to play many a tune with that there guitar. You know it's not the nostalgia of the Nuclear anymore, circa year 2000, or something you 20's... Epicphone just to the mused gone muse, melinia helped me through the worst, something to be a tiding user about nay at the consumer, yay a patron we're all dignified as source. I'm distant from it now... can still strum but the old playing hand

doesn't work like it used to, I want it to..

Gabe: Well don't you have that musical ASL service worker to strum?

Marshall: Yah the Quality of Existence Familiar Dependent Humanistic Band. QUEF DB's & H. crave it to but the new me in different ways...

Gabe: F off.

Marshall: A bit

Gabe: Next you're gonna be telling me about sushi matrixes

Marshall: Don't even text you deamon, Am I done with the bar for a month? This is a community funded event.

{ Marshall put on safety glasses pick up the guitar, walk into the pop up shrapnel shield and smash the theatrically repurposeable reset guitar; it takes forever and a lot happens, you don't have to realize what's going on doing your thing and how to corroborate }

A Board Meeting

as well

: ensemble cast member

: Check in

Eye

: How are you

nose

: Good *nose*

: and your sister *ear ear*

: O she's well

tongue

: Did you get the new position

lips hips

: Better hours and no commute

mouth Eye nose

: and the committees

heart

: Yes

heart

: should probably be official

boon

: call to order; time of meeting 6:02 redact to 6, One Thousand Eight Hundred. Date: July
3rd. Approval of agenda

Eye

: first *Ear*

: second *Nose*

: all in favour *Mouth*

: Approval of minutes *Heart*

: first

: second

Eye

: all in favour

Aural

: late checks, well managed flow, yet defer approval of financial and budget until finalized by accountant.

sense

: first

palm

: second

thumber

: all in favour

fing

: Do we need signers on the checking account? nail keep back to

: We're good on that.

Eye

: And did the debit machine go through with the donations?

Nose

: We got them to reduce the fee and it's blurtooth as well as wifi; the statements being

Ear

: late was on their end

Heart

: okay

Mouth

: and our new employee?

Sound

: She was paid, and received training.

Sight

: Awesome Felt

: So the golf tournament went well (...) I would like to speak more on that (...) Yes the transportation fund (...) Funding initiative short attainable goals are great for sponsors (...) o they had fun (...) It's nice to see our hard work and demeanour have reccurring sponsors year after year (...) Brain Injury Awareness ground down from the obscure oblivious to the plasticity neuro-pathways of invisible soupy shocks forefront (...) Our members (...) There was the membership fees we cover for OBIA (...) Anything else (...)

Sense

: The break stuff from yesterdays self awareness event at the local establishment?

e ye

: O it's set

era

: It's going well

sone

: Safety last

tho m' U

: insured , accessible, protocol

he art

: practical.

re: a

: and cleaned up by professionals on site no hurry

ones

: Every breakable needs to be approved.

hot mu

: No glass or plates

[tearth]

: [Noh] way

eeeeeeaaaarrrrrrrrr?

: There is the mending initiative after.

so N e'

Kabuki

: Yah best be break no shatters if there was that last spoke word was it and back together.

hom u t

: a process

hear small h as chair t

: it's cyclical.

a, E , R ! R! e, a...

: And recurring

sonE

: the break the tidy the mend.

mu hot

: there we go

tear h

: pyre?

balls eye

: we can do something better more sustainable accessible and efficient, like a mended brush pile, that movie about working together the limits of transcendence and differing facticity about existentialism, the cartoon: "The Talented Mr Fox."

Ear Ear

: It really is going well

Eye eye

: anger is secondary

: well i'm past bashful; anything else?

Heart

: Next meeting date and time, September 12th

Ear Ear

: Break for summer

scene

: Yes I have so much to do

since

: Glad we have child care now but

since

: the 12th? What day is "that".

since

: Thursday?

ear ear eye eye mouth ! sense Noes , mouth sense nose

: Works for me.

: I have a dance recital...

: Humm

: earlier?

: the fifth?

: Works for me

: me too

: you too

: yep

: You too

: You too

: okay ; motion to set time and date of next meeting: 6:00.. One Thousand Eight Hundred - after summers farcical break - September 5th.

: first

: second

: all in favour (...)

: It's not on the first or second is it?

: Ha (...)

: you better have been joking.

: You going to remember

: Yes even up to the hour before and then might spontaneously forget; pen me in i'll remember

All in favour

: Motion to adjourn

: first

: second

All in Favour

: 7:30; adjourned

: back scratch

: yah just a bit; have to be an all in favour eh nothing feverish

: nope

: bye

: see yah

: saw yah good

: woop

: lates

: safe travels

: be well

: take care

: see you after this imposing heat

: summers still fun

: O yah

: gotta be live and cool

: even in this sitch; the association of asylum refuge comfort and council (!) leisure and reading material as well source to connection via connection
truly Brain Injury Awareness

Marshall and all at the event

Bartender: See i told yah he's not drunk; he's supposed to be like that. Welcome back next year yah slickers cheers (!) a bit

Blackout

Lights up

Sydney: Here let me help you clean it up.

Bartender: Just hold the garbage bag open, there.

Sydney: Got it.

Marshall { *shakes his head for that even being a question, slowly exits with a huge fabric garbage bag that inflates as the broken items repurpose the 'Breaking Chamber' strikes and Sydney and Bev have an unscripted dialogue.* }

Lights

Power line be hoisted - Axon's there much older bearing them all - branch, dustbin to a paper bag and broken guitar be placed into a Barrel, fill the pail with water; not the barrel.

Sydney: What was that name we agreed upon Marsh.

Pause

Marshall: Axon.

Pause

Sydney: Yes Axon. Of course, the theme.

Pause

Marshall: Cue.

Pause

Syd: Hey(!)

Longest Pause

Axon/Sydney: he just hit himself in the head...

Sydney: Hey (!) Stop that. Stop it now Axon, where did this come from:

She looks at **Marsh**

Marsh: Thank Gratitude, Voids nd keeps: Y's skippin pone [generate]; you'd know

hearth hallowed

Pause

Lights

the 'Rat tat tat's go through a 'ritual'

Mona: When Neuros and Corpin'ch became ash, Cosmist released already was present. Cosmist, an infinite one too whom picks us up as in flashes - Rat tat tat - dance - Rat tat tat - in the carbon [hydronate] bone cleanse saved skin and neck so by, themselves: cheek to cheek - Rat tat tat - with the being add d.s.ond balls tits - Rat tat tat - painting cook on and all around them. wild to play to choice and reason to bucket out an outer view and still [enstill] Cosmidst* is all that ever was, n't, all that is, und all thhh merging with each independent collective tribe member. Decisions [unvain]. And so two to three

ye in ee (...)

Rat tat tat - In the ritual - it's personal, [*of&for*] them - the Rat tat tat - dada's [participoondnt] op

As and so shemomb dada (...)

- Rat tat tata. re: , [p - rom ; an dyeb-d, tee] far beyond this world, with'd it, hue a moment in the heart. [aoun]. a gain.

{tunes back in}

Characters cast and crew; walking: 'Henry David' about it ;)

Alive, Cosmist; isrepresents dissent depicted by none: No rain, trues, like lake. Rat tat tat - In honour of Cosmology Craniology the Rat tat tat destroy an idol and keep the separated parts to reassemble on the next sacred cycle. Two Jaws Meridian, :palm true limp nodes... It's wasn't acedemic... story of Abbistebb. Neuroscience - Rat tat tat - Unempired Empirical body - Rat tat tat - Introverted - Rat tat tat - Holistic - Rat tat tat - Copper like doctor = material reasons - Rat tat tat - gone penny- Rat tat tat - to dime- Rat tat tat - a beaver head to tail on loony - Rat tat tat - Electrical chemical, homogenous heterogenous binary and both and - Rat tat tat - Cosmist - Rat tat tat - tetrad of perpetual convalescence - Rat tat tat - Wane to wax

reflect: Brain Injury Awareness in actuality: imaginative.

{ The setting high fives them all } (!)

All characters report to work there is awareness and identifying as such.

Bow author

It {rains} like a collection

a fire like olympics

encore?

Cast and Crew

{Ovation}

{Oblivion}

{Elliptical}

{ plans for repurpose is handed out }

{ Remember Brain Injury Awareness Promo Modern }

Half characters report to work there is awareness and identifying as such

Half characters take to the foyer (!)

*Visible/invisible [referentcia] ; The international mental/physical addition of a banal
extremis quell to a quality of existence or emblematic specified find each-other wrallleind
like a (h: chair)*

exeunt

