

Service RacecaR

Pete Seeker's - My children are seven in number play...

ELM crawl in out from under KIM's dress

GLAMELA, SAL, BUM, MAIN leave the cage

Abacus ritual happens

Circles, be made on the stage however, this is the acting space; when you speak try to be in it, when you aren't, develop relationships with each other, audience, objects and space. T.V never enter circles

a Seedling sits

T.V be behind a scrim

There is a T.V near T.V, it may move

Objects fill the back space, fill the circle by the end

A ladder behind the circle be placed there

The CBC is built

DOC is near the ladder

Dual act of male/female actors for DOC

A sponge with a sign that says audience use only, curtain over it, be placed there, pull it off in your last efforts characters. If someone stops DOC we bow. Isle audience members, you're expected to place objects during pete Seegar's song...

GLAMELA, ELM and KIM move to the puddle throughout and hunker there

Lights {sound} [smells] do as they may and as I say

It's cold

MAIN play with a stick

MAIN: Hello, can you hear me?

{static}

MAIN: Hello, CBC can you hear me Something's wrong with my broadcast...

TV: Come come to me me my child cold. Flip flip for eye I present and am now most host of steep sleep waking walking static attic upstairs {static} Never odd or even. Feast feast on my waves. Savage bountiful proportions a pal of drones to and fro, let me consume you with my sand melt sunday, my glass; kiss the paralysis scream serene

screen.

T.V kiss scrim

MAIN: This...

MAIN become overwhelmed by the broadcast

TV: You're in pain, sit in the chair, the story didn't work out the way you wanted it to. We're here again. Do not try and make change, do not get up, offer your goat status sacrifice.

MAIN: This static...

T.V: Combine all with the know the ledge.

MAIN into chair

T.V: {static} And on the forecast radar, emit time, time present and time past Are both perhaps present in time future, And time future contained in time past. {static} It looks like a wisp of dust rising and dissipating reinstating the land of war fore father's mother fleeting showers, hopefully we will get in some red schisms of sun before the weekend.

DOC move the limp yet extremely helpful body of MAIN about

DOC: Hello... was it Elliot's toilet I saw? This is CBC, just answering your call, welcome to the network...

MAIN: No nnot you dddddddd-

DOC: My name's DoC DoT ToD CoD as you know and have known.

MAIN: This {static}.

DOC: Still static waves I see.

MAIN: *off*oooooooooooo

T.V, turn off

MAIN: into the distance {breath}

DOC holds the play

DOC: {sigh} Detestable boy, this MAIN, seems to forget, fraught in evasive tactics, never really taking a stance; he's only who he's with. I will tweak this broadcast, will the wake of this tide, differ... surrender yourself useless; I feast on your toils.

MAIN: Hello, Hello... Gone they are.

MAIN, sink into floor, Chord wrap around him. DOC has exited. Scene, shift over to SAL by means of lighting. Sal wake MAIN up

SAL: Main buddy? Wake and wake... You have a flesh bag form, and a recommended one of that. Show it.

SAL poke MAIN

SAL: Wake up!

MAIN: {*birth squeals*}

MAIN! Wrestle out of the cord. Papers fall.

SAL: Yes. poor, poor lovely Main, a likely participant, this flesh bag. It's a thing and an idea, being, presence... lights pouring down from the front of house and you're up... arose into the web and acting. It's all right, we'll be with your bad brains, don't dwell on it too much, find truth in the spun filled feeble extremities of this spindle fiber seven billion and one. You belong to the company now.

Main dart to get out of the playing area, be frightened by audience, become aware of space, sink into floor again

ELM: Is the creator here?

Elm, I'm here

ELM: Thought so.

Elm put your costume on, all seven parts from seven epochs, just like the rest of the characters

SAL: Come to the periphery Main, do you see the liminal?

MAIN: Where?

SAL: Here, right here the stage casts off into reality... the edge.

MAIN: Lookslike pies allsliced equal.

SAL: This cliff we stand on drains from the body. See them sitting? All we do is sit, sit when we eat, sit when we watch, sit when we listen, sit when we shit, shit when we sit, sit in the shit... It's sedentary shit.

MAIN: Shit?

SAL: One of the glory words that makes the core of our speech into action; an every word.

Hear her shoes

KIM: Hello I am the stage devisor here for entity CBC, welcome and self determine.

MAIN: Thoughtlifewaslagyousoarwage!

KIM: Carry on.

Move on Kim

Sal pick up the seedling

SAL: Adept, adapt root of you to this tree Main.

MAIN: Treetwell?

SAL: Adapt to car commercial standards?

MAIN: Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh-

SAL: No don't, that, that was a test. This is a different kind of performance.

MAIN: O... and who are you?

SAL: Don't you remember, I'm Sal manager of greetings.

MAIN: O, is that all?

SAL: No no, no no no, just for now, at this moment that's what I am, you'll be starting here just left of centre Main. O and don't mind this guy he's here to take the company into poetry, his name's BUM.

BUM, walk at MAIN. MAIN try to understand. SAL, go back to your business creating and maintaining. Everybody continue to fill the space and utilize the backspace, as both-and you yourselves-must accommodate for everyone's skills, services, and scenes... continue for the duration of the play

BUM: Poet Try!
Spare Some Change!
Spare Some Change!
The rank from here is a rank of non human clicked past.
Suppression.
Yields non odour systems in head funerals:
generals in bed stolid tours on fields
fauna springs of birth, when zombied, become obeys;
ranks of sidewalk crack slips of the mass.
Pages of birth ordered submission surmised,
realize conviction, other worth love gages.
Exploited other only dismay (way?)
the rank of ()
Unrelenting.
Grow differ stance, bent knees, empowers bass.

MAIN, Cover your ears

KIM: Report in Elm?

ELM: Finished it last month and doing fine.

BUM: Spare some change! Smell can't you, smell can't you? Spare. Some. Change.
You smell like manure, I!

BUM depart, MAIN abide

Cast shed a layer of costume

GLAMELA pick up the chord and wear it as a boa. Glamela build your costume.

KIM: Again under these layers upon layers of clothes, the cast, we're all dressed and in decor... what about you Glamela, in your garbage bags already as usual?

GLAMELA: Last century called they want their garb back.

KIM: You make wore in issues.

Pause

GLAMELA: You smell like mold.

Pause

KIM: You are a mould.

Pause

GLAMELA: You're a dork.

Pause

KIM: You're pork.

Pause

GLAMELA: Better to be a meal then a not like real.

KIM: You are reels.

Film Reels

KIM: Our argument of non consequence, still horrid as usual.

GLAMELA: Look how like, sexy I am, how is it that you always get casted in a worm bag suit.

KIM: How dare you! I like this body, it's weathered. These words again, I feel it, I speak them, here I am speaking them again...

GLAMELA: It's just some lines Kim, a boatload of lines for us to speak.

KIM: Lines... we're, at, rows... rows down the Nile. Every time cored store plucked past of tearing pool tar situations enter, they conflict utters. An image and sound, words set to sway, with this they drain the world of all it's worth; filling from it. We are throwing out of rations as they rash on. Did you know cows give milk? Cows. An

Animal. A being. They force tubes on them and feed them stairs full of droids raging roids until they pouch sour, green, bloody, stock. Some may be better off then described... the corporal punishment aggressive formations drink, they fill their bellies day after day.

GLAMELA: I still drink milkshakes.

KIM: Am I not entirely talking about literal milk!

Speak to everyone

KIM: You are the workforce cast, I expect a full drop into your skillset by Act III, then we can forget about the here and now.

ACT II

Change abacus to count II

GLAMELA plug in T.V with the cord, Mirror be there, interact with it cast

T.V: And with 3 easy payments of 12.95, this life changing easy apply affordable face cleanser can be yours. Say goodbye to fits over zits, say hello to rinse confidence to get your prince, finally overcome the fear of the mirror! The image you've always been searching for and a fast and easy way to-

MAIN: Next.

T.V: Putting my hand down my-

MAIN: Flip.

T.V: The fin is cut off and the rest of the body discarded in the ocean-

MAIN: Sad.

Flip

T.V: Another child is murdered, bringing this weeks total to 250, fortunately last weeks victims have turned up. In other News, we think we have found the most tragic-

MAIN: No!

Flip

T.V: And now a reading from the Aristotle according to blank please rise-

MAIN: Sit.

Flip

T.V: {sings}

MAIN: Voice?

Flip

T.V: Have you been afraid of growing old and dying, well that's too bad it's going to happen. You have a kid, you have a house, make sure your loved ones have the money money to pay for your debt debt.

MAIN: Off.

SAL perform a skill

SAL: Since the greeting is over, I am now the leader of dialogue for the time being. We only have a bit with these bodies and they all have skills. Look, wax on and off in a moment without dedication like a punch in the face. It won't last. I'm telling you; you're listening, they're listening... can you hear them listen? One eye fourth level up...

Pause

SAL: Or across, or beside, in front... that upward mobility you've been searching for...

Slide into performing another skill

MAIN: Fake.

SAL: Were all fake. Only true thing in life is that you'll end up butting heads. I'm just sick of it all.

MAIN: Sick?

SAL: Of it all.

MAIN: Sick of it all...

SAL: Yes.

MAIN: Meaning?

SAL: Sick...

SAL perform another skill, the CBC demands it

SAL: I'm after the idiot boxes, the at distance brain: a computer and the like objects! No more waves! No more outer imagination! No more infomercials! No more instant messages! No more new dark ages... Unless you can use it all, then use it all, then use it all, then use it all! Awaken extensions. Strike within.

SAL look up, look down, look up, look down, continue indefinitely; a tic forms

SAL: I'm telling you it's all bad religion when it's built in a bay of fundamentals. The best and the worst shape, the rel-ig-ion. The think we need splashing; bane of peace: a piece of bane. Dialogue to combat the alone {howls} chattering about the form we should embrace, and there's a facade we should avoid, fear of the void? Ha! Well... I gotta make some improvements to my niche here, so go take a walk around the CBC Main.

MAIN run around the theatre, Arrive out of breath, perform your skill

BUM: So far this ring around
supper time tables.
Stark foreboding truth.
So far, ring embodiment:
the purification.
Spare some change,
Spare some change.

Pause

MAIN: Quiet.

BUM: God of this world, god none.
Got of wine, Got of sun.
Gotten to island, man.
Wom got man to island.

alone against
Being alone.

Pause

MAIN: Nonsense.

BUM: I make cents...

MAIN: SmellRum.

BUM: Red rum, sir, is murder.

MAIN: Drudgeoff.

BUM: Feeling clean, I hope you do.
Pay us, clean kitten litter.
Herd us to outskirts to.
Golden shine presentation,
Olympic demonstration,
Of an up stream fixation.
A moving van mover.
Raccoon splat, tired critter,
Scavenger type well fares.
Critique stares.
There there,
Nothing cares.

MAIN: Tellmesomethingworth, while.

BUM: Duration.

MAIN: Worthwhile!

BUM: Acid stomach.

Squish box melon splat squash scramble head.
Dejected brood.

MAIN: There's no value in talking to, decrepit bum.

*BUM Gesticulate till later, MAIN sort papers, GLAMELA light a smoke,
notice audience, notice KIM, blow smoke, time pass, refrain*

*KIM raise your hands like Xpac from wrestling, do a slow X suck it gesture with
your hands in fig poses*

KIM: X-use me!

GLAMELA: Did you fart or something?

Pause

KIM: That is the most degenerative tar pit of a statement I have ever had to discern.
Now please, let me read in peace... I have a lot of work to do, thank you.

Pause, read

KIM: Why won't you ever leave me alone, always festering, your actions raise my
status to unreachable standards.

Pause

*GLAMELA Take a hull. Put cigarette out in KIM's book, blow smoke in her face
as you say*

GLAMELA: Book smarts are stomachs street smarts are guts.

KIM: My book... You're a callus on my match. Unknowingly living an inflammable
lifestyle, you're sick, you devour like a greedy inferno devours an oil portrait.

GLAMELA: That's good to know yah-yah-yah, you just wouldn't get it you wrinkle
puff. I am the winds of a populous. Inflammable? Inflammable? Ha, what a problem, Ha
look at me like I can't light on fire. You old priss.

KIM: The winds of a wrench blown at me from what you call a mouth. O! how you
enclose yourself in a glass house fitting it with the manmade glass ceiling. You
perpetuate the demise and it's not the sex, sex is wonderful, we all are sexual, It's the
comparison to a piece of meat that I'm worried about.

GLAMELA: At least I have a roof, I payed my way in tip top dollar bill filled high
heels and that ceiling has cracks. What would you know about it? I'm in this situation
because I became part of the industry, I promote myself, climbing a ladder of cocks... I
made my website, I dance, I earn my living; I am a cyber queen.

Pause

KIM: Do you miss your body?

Pause

GLAMELA: I have it, I offer it at a price.

Pause

ELM: Do you guys have a book I could borrow, they're dead, books.

Beat

GLAMELA: I have the karma sutra.

KIM: I have the laugh of medusa.

Pause

ELM: Tabernac... did I just turn to stone.

Pause

KIM: HA! My do I say... Well I think I'm going to go and write...

Main run to the audience

SAL: This actor is trying to get away again.

Halt Main, come back

ELM: Aren't they all, from this, what is.

BUM: Change?

GLAMELA: Here's a fifty.

Put it in his belt line

BUM: Retire not.

KIM: Our existences matter here, not there, here, in this conflict onstage.

GLAMELA: Why?

Kim put in a light bulb

KIM: There's people before us in our writings limelight. I always like eating his stories burned, learn set to steam from story there from before story. I always imagine writ stories of characters telling stories so well that told stories lengthen in wing spans of talked about pages set to soar and soar and it's a love gushing sore and So her bi raw rd sets down in mutual binds of the world, echoing in a merry little beach shell, to to and fro fro in the turns...

Stop

KIM: I can partake in whatever I want here in the flesh on stage.

(...)

MAIN cover your eyes

Be civil!

KIM: I am insanely civil.

*Don't do that! Stop dancing! Do not laugh. Kill each other. Hate please hate.
Stop sharing. You anger me. I will get my revenge*

KIM: Work Session over!

Cast shed one part of costume

*ELM come into view, the world of the stage moves, pauses, silently, loudly,
ELM, grow in the chaos. MAIN timidly approach ELM and give paper to her*

MAIN: O! Hello ELM!

ELM: Where's the party? Is this an invitation?

MAIN: Frozenthertthereyouare...

ELM: I noticed you sound like a collect call name.

MAIN: Here.

ELM: What is this?

MAIN: Read.

Pause

ELM: You just want me to respond to your pre set questions?

MAIN shake

ELM: I don't mind. I write things down when I think they are very important to. Okay. Question one, my day was perfect... I'd rather you just talk, you are a much more pleasant person when you talk.

MAIN: Comfort inn writtenverse: uncontrollable statements.

ELM: Such a strange boy, but you interest me. Question un, my day was great. Question deux, my favourite flowers are turnips. They are the flower, the earth, and the everything I float there. Question trois, yes I think you're attractive. You need to stop being so crazy and just be crazy. You are crazy. Quatre... Um, okay, no, I don't think you're crazy. Cinq... Um, saliva. Six... I can't answer that. Sept-

MAIN: I'll be back next time, better.

MAIN run

ELM: Okay.

*MAIN run to sit in a chair but DOC is standing on it. Look up Main, now cower.
GLAMELA wrap the cord around MAIN's neck*

MAIN: You.

DOC Walks down and upon a surface clubs a Seal

DOC: What? You know you can't go a whole day without me.

MAIN halt up, you don't react, he/she keeps clubbing

DOC: The network wants you to be fixed up.

MAIN halt up, cover your mouth, let it consume you

DOC: My world is besmeared in the blood of yours, I'm a happy guy, do you see it in my eyes? The ravenous fury of a shark spotting a wounded seal, I've clubbed.

MAIN: Nnnnaaauu...

DOC: You're nothing, No one likes you, All alone in this wasteland... you can't even speak. *Go*, cower on the edge, see if they feel for you, see if they pity you. You're a naked runt trapped in the teeth of a bear trap. I have learned to transcend it, at the end of this show, I'm walking out the door, leaving the CBC, air flowing through my veins toxins flying out my lungs as I stroll into illusion. The end of this will be the start... Can you feel them? They are watching you. *I leave*.

DOC eats some seal and cleans up

DOC Slaps Glamela

Glamela fall to the ground

SAL help her out of the playing space

ACT III

Abacus ritual happens

T.V unravel cord and plug self in

T.V: Donating to children, in the war torn countries, is not like sending a ten dime you had pent to beings on streets. Some sums abscess in lack of results.

T.V, turn off. Turn-

T.V: So why give? Why step out of your blind creased eyes membrane? Are values worth anything? What can be thought about causing? Now do actions have NOFX?

T.V, stick to guilt

T.V: Just one dollar a day will support young Nkululeko here in creating and

maintaining a system of sustenance by and by. Send a goat to do a man's job. The first rapes the world in lusts of finish line canned sour dank fund guised but actually domination; coercing ideals that hail for western idolization.

T.V! broadcast fear!

T.V: Fueling ruinous mass-production. Laws are more lenient, pollution isn't regulated, life is expendable when expenditures captors aren't concerned. Nkulueko is dependent and depleted once legitimized by court, pop up scar, ship, over over over over sufficients, lie, insert themselves forcefully into mixed cement in debt nations. Nkululeko needs clean water from a well not a private part. Nkululeko can take care of her own problems.

T.V: The reason and the could be relief.

Power down

T.V: Up stream solutions fizzle away in down stream rapids.

Lights

ALL: This disaster politic.

Lights

Give me your power!

T.V: To give of yourself.

Shut off

T.V: Don't fall asleep to proopressors.

Shut down

T.V: When you stop caring about ownership, that's when you start sharing.

Shut down

T.V: There is no such thing as a selfless action.

Shut Down!

T.V: Enter the net. Jack the hammer, it's time for act-

I Unplug!

MAIN: Where's Sal?

SAL: Can't see you, I need to be illuminated. My circle of concentration.

Lights

SAL: There.

MAIN: What?

{static}

SAL: Just trying to explain that it can't be explained.

MAIN: Nothing explained.

SAL: O it can be explained... It's just not necessarily exactly what's going on. Explained is being brought to a surprise party and being told you're going for a common shin dig. Explained is how your spider died. I'm sure this human I'm stuck in knows.

DOC is there

MAIN: (...)

I smite

SAL: Don't say things like that. That's a new thought, you were supposed to conform to the method of the creator. Now back to the nothing we speak... Lover's have it the hardest... we'd be almost extinct, or at least in torment like the sugar maple if we weren't of love.

MAIN: Sal what sugar maple?

SAL: Sargar maples are killed by salt.

MAIN: Sal what love?

Stop talking

BUM: {whispers}

MAIN: Sand, more sand. I'll die with a log. Rest a log's time.

Do not communicate

Stop.

MAIN: (...)

Electric Torture

MAIN: (...)!

Electric Torture

{dial up}

ELM: We just received a telegram from history...

SAL: Give it here. It says he destroyed everywhere he went... Stop.

Pause

ELM: My turn. Imagine encountering a civilization, view the locals running down the beach-or something in that matter-in glee to bring you offerings, or to run you down with a spear and have the first thought to drill through your brain be: I shall exploit them. Stop.

SAL: I guess it's a popular idea to search for gold in places where technology can take some. Stop.

ELM: And the ships crew, a whole boat year of propaganda, blood thirsty motives and stories of savage beasts they must change to their language, then enslave. Stop.

SAL: An isolated society will fester isolated views. And civilize... civilization means you know how to take over. Stop.

All of you fall in pain, get up

KIM: So this is what you're teaching our Main?

SAL: He has to learn quick, pin ball shot along on the super highway of the present trying to navigate by subjecting the present to past ribbons. What's speeding away is the present in the rearview mirror, the past is closer then it appears. We are gaining history. Quick, the information I must tell you before he comes back... ritual set common gatherings dancing in the present is intelligence and it has nothing to do with I.Q it's actions within the grounds it's bodymind it's-

Electric Torture

{screams}

Crucify MAIN on a large CBC Emblem or you will bleed the wrath of my coercion

Snow cotton

MAIN: FFear is grrripping the soul of the blind, I think. Power it's power, always abused, it allures, I want it!

ELM: I feel for you Main, I know self, I learn others. We crucify you every week to enliven the icon we stand behind. Here we are again, benefiting from suffering.

ELM Crusify your own hand and rub MAIN's head as they crucify him

DOC guides SAL to hammer

SAL: It takes a few whacks to get the nail but sometimes. but sometimes...

Hammerings

Doc guides GLAMELA to hammer

Hammerings

DOC hammers

DOC: That's all there is. Everyone is a nail, a hammer, or a board, then, there are the ones who strike... watch the stage glisten in what seeps from you.

KIM: You tools...

Hoist MAIN up

DOC: Nature has miracles, nurture just actor's and a good stage crew.

MAIN: Can't stop it this, search for character, *I feel it, what I'm part of.*

Unfathomable begin to enter

MAIN: Void of future and Seagull... only resourceful thrive with us west: Pugly street coons, nuclear survivor bugs, spying crawling critters. Litter. Rooms of heaps and heaps of extensions... still, in the without, there's humming waves of shocking lines... we are dissolved... 78 percent H2O functioning on some body machine philosophy. We have no time for slow physical evolution but we do have needs. Speed it all right now! Surround myself in evolution, outer imagination of self fuels facts that I am fables and folk lore repeated. No longer fearful of earth, now emptying, just fearful for huekind full and burgeoning. We are here! just floating, airy, undefinable motion, with no real foothold on anything except of the course what we get from those before us. I live in the present, plagued now by the past, present in me collective. For the future I will be reborn and accept what will happen with these actions.

Stop speaking so well MAIN, Back to what you are... a bit off, a bit off because of this broadcast

Bum usher them into the poem

MAIN laugh all bloody, take yourself down from the emblem.

MAIN: {laughter}

BUM: Why is it that incarnate floating heads can laugh?
Laugh after, the slaughtering carnage, laughter.
Laughing after, mortal disaster and for...

SAL: Who knows?

BUM: Lost stare in a wreck sands on the fence of the lost stare:
a never changing ordeal I should try and for better scrap pure.

MAIN: On shore.

KIM: Ha.

BUM: Ha Ha happens out of the blue, sordid and glorious laughter,
bouncing from one body to the next like a cemetery sonar.
You feel like crap sure, a personal rapture, but nothing
Escapes it's inflectious power; try and succumb soon after.

GLAMELA: Ha Ha have you ever exploded in personal jubilation!

BUM: Swimming through humans this alien ocean undiscovered.
How we the surface, we the deep.
Laugh after, the gathering homage, laughter.
After laughing, smiles can burn for...

ELM: Who knows?

BUM: Last hair on my neck stands in defense of the laughter:
an ever changing ideal I should try and never capture.

MAIN: On shore.

BUM: Lapped there in the race,
push on with tenacity,
cross lines.

GLAMELA: The mirror shattering reveal of oneself
end, end, ends the broken fists.
Ha Ha happy people.

BUM: Ha. Ha. Happy people,
ought to be happy, can only fake laughter.

Preaching of one idol or the next like a religious atheist

thought to be hap there after only up stature
oil rope never captured

GLAMELA: Or laughter used to hurt and fracture:
just a film left on the hands,
and taped regrets why came back for?

KIM: Ha Ha have a whiff of shore sense of humour.
Ha Ha have:

SAL: the coping god

ELM: the care in health

GLAMELA: the righteous trod.

BUM: Under fathom
what it is that laughter does
does laughter...

ELM: and a trembling all warm march moves the sole

BUM: soul.

KIM: Bum, you smell like rum.

GLAMELA: I am on lunch... did you say Rum?

MAIN: Yahyou, can get drunkoff, his breath.

GLAMELA: Give me a kiss BUM.

Kiss

KIM: That is not company protocol. Now, are you ready for our task today at the CBC Glamela?

GLAMELA: Yes.

Pause

She broke the mirror, she broke the mirror!

KIM: You must find the root... Receive the root.

Don't even think about it

GLAMELA/KIM: Vous serez daughtered par mon troisième oeil apprennent et souffrent souffrent et apprennent, vivant pour maintenant, meurent pour l'éternité. Vous serez daughtered par mon troisième oeil apprennent et souffrent souffrent et apprennent, vivant pour maintenant, meurent pour l'éternité. Vous serez daughtered par mon troisième oeil apprennent et souffrent souffrent et apprennent, vivant pour maintenant, meurent pour l'éternité.

MAIN: I I I...

ELM: Mainy. Forget I for now.

MAIN and ELM make use of buckets

MAIN: There'ss no way you'll be, here for every scene.

ELM: You just can't worry about that and just sink into my arms.

MAIN: Darkness octopus queen of spades, where do you get skills from?

ELM: I don't have to tell you that.

ELM perform a skill

MAIN: Every time that skill is out you are a slave.

ELM: You say slave, I play my role, I know what I'm doing. I've developed these skills over years... up here we only have moments. You have some weird ideas.

Water the puddle

ELM: You make philosophy out of nothing. Philosophy that someone else has said before you.

MAIN: True.

ELM: You like people.

MAIN: Yep.

ELM: Buckets are water.

MAIN: Yes.

ELM: Water is a transition.

MAIN: I guess.

MAIN wash yourself

ELM: Stop making yourself what you think I want.

MAIN: WWe are everybody else.

ELM: I believe you.

Speak Simultaneous lines

MAIN: Butwhataslide. I slept on thatfallentree. Those clouds overhead made afternoonsdance, between slipsofsunlight, and carpets of darkness. Thewaves: moldy impressions imprinting on the retinas of the beach. I canjustfallasleep, andnotdream, for hours.

ELM: Napping in changing places... Have you ever slept on the floor, in moon beams focused through the afternoon window? Just revolving in the honey yellow, passing by the day in the hue of night. I would sneak over to a new patch of sun every time I fell asleep, I wobbled around in the midday darkness.

MAIN: Living in dreams, battling for, some,

ELM: Grasp,

MAIN: On sunlight that

ELM: leaves you...

MAIN: Warm, when you sleep?

ELM: Beside an octopus.

MAIN: You're an octopus, look at you, you move like one.

ELM: Well you're a spider.

MAIN: Snake...

She's a tree

MAIN: Elm can woe a thousand passengers in a speeding freight train and each of them will feel blessed.

ELM: You're remembering, I knew you would. I like sound that fills me up with a furnace gust of air. I used to stand on them, furnace grates. I can see the colour of the sound, this {beat} that lives in me.

{beat}

MAIN: You create it whenever, the pad of your, barefooting bellchime, step beats.

{beat}

ELM: My barely feet covered in all the places I go.

{beat}

ELM: Can you spot the calf of a running bull?

MAIN: Spotting a myth... a myth, a myth is all of me.

{beat}

MAIN: You're not real, all of this is fake.

ELM: Is this real?

MAIN: That's real. My heart, is a paint, shaker-I-I-I spend too much time with other people, I-I-I need to, think about, yourself I -I...I

ELM: B r e a t h e.

MAIN cover your ears, your eyes, your mouth

MAIN: When I wake as sleep, the smiles fade. No dream emptied. I smell...

{beat}

ELM: Strongest sense...

MAIN: I feel...

ELM: I'm here right now... I thought you didn't live in the past?

{beat}

MAIN: Don't. It's hard not to when your memories in the awkward.

{beat}

ELM: That's how memory works, when things are in disarray.

MAIN: This is sweet to hear today, hard earned sweat.

ELM: What?

MAIN: life racks the sugar coat. O!... I'm born, chest in a bind, cursed with forgetting what this is, here again, Skills are... Skills aren't... I got everything I haven't with skills.

ELM: What are you talking about? I want you to have skills. Love these moments we have floating around in our flesh bags.

Elm look up

MAIN think until you are thinking bad thoughts...

MAIN: This originally stared out as goodthought.

ELM: Keep it good.

MAIN: Awell of forgottencoins.

ELM: It's real right now, we do have material.

Lights Dim

MAIN: You keep on saying the same thing but I know I've lived this I remember You need to LEAVE NOW BEFORE-

Hush him

ELM: Calm down stairs, calm down stairs. We seat well when you're up here with me, up here in this in-fernel place, we don't sleep, we don't sleep for a week. We are here, on a set course and can't change it-well maybe not a course-so stop being so paranoid, you need to learn to trust.

MAIN slowly entrance ELM

MAIN: Trust me?

ELM: I've known you through a thousand cliches, end scene.

Cast shed part of costume

Lights Out

O.O.OOOO.O.

ACT IV

Abacus ritual happens

Bum collect buckets, use them

KIM: So how's my daughter.

ELM: Not here yet... Here!

KIM: Good.

MAIN: Last night created life, halted existence...

Pause

ELM: Swimming in sanity is dangerous. Good bye for now Main.

Lights

SAL: Ahhhh.

MAIN: I entertain audience now.

SAL: Life's a-What do you mean now? I've been listening to you screech and moan for eons.

MAIN: O.

SAL: I don't even complain, I've been all ears. And now, {sobs} I'm starting to go deaf and drown in my own wax. Good thing I have listening skills.

SAL listen

MAIN: I have {beat} knocked myself unconscious everytime I came into being.

SAL: I don't even complain.

MAIN: I could be unconscious, I'm overwhelmingly conscious...

SAL: I've been all ears. And now, I'm starting to go deaf and drown in my own wax.

MAIN: They picture me naked. I'm naked.

SAL: I've been all ears. And now, I'm starting to go deaf and drown in my own wax.

MAIN: They stare at body. They peer with disgust, It's stark contrast to beauty under these infernal lights. I am, feel disgust. I'm naked.

SAL: Good thing I have listening skills.

MAIN: Under these, clothes they picture, it all and if, they weren't before they, are now. Disgust. Naked.

SAL: Do you even listen to me? Don't worry about naked, take the words of disgust away. Naked doesn't matter, I always picture you naked... they're not even here. One, two, three-uh-walls up here... Just you and me up on the boards. So stop paying attention to them and find all your answers in me... right now, I am your stage partner.

MAIN: Can't stop paying attention. Nudeified, and their doing thing some. The whole lot of them! They have minds... Some have warped advert active minds; butter in fryingpan attention span lasting as long as... and!... Wait... uh... What was I, just talking about? What am I, getting at? Where did train for track go?

{breath}

SAL: I like you better when you're monosyllabic. Chill out, take a chill, perform for them a skill. You'll never make it through this communication interruption if you don't.

MAIN Perform a Skill

SAL: Well done.

MAIN: The rebirth of me, and the slip and slide way to an end.

Perform

SAL: Trapped up, packaged, and served to them on a platter.

Skills

MAIN: There goes my body, my mind, all there for them.

Perform

SAL: In one swoop, show the limitless potential we will never be able to harness. You work on one of those and you've got immediate character. There they are, props, laid out, sitting, occupying space, waiting to animate... No fun in an inanimate state. This is your picture perfect green dream you've been looking for like a scowling landscaper on a golf course. Perform.

Skills

MAIN: The metamorphosis.

SAL: I'm telling you, skills... all you need. We have a limited amount of time up here, not years and years to develop.

MAIN: I believe you, I have become active, I am of life! I want to survive with humans!

Pause

SAL: You'll make it in this cesspool.

MAIN: I do know, I want to entertain minds. Duel sides. They made me two of am. II-

SAL: You're one without them. You're one without them.

MAIN: But why?

SAL: That question remains and fuck em, it's all at the epoch eclipse, it's engulfed in grass... the land... clipped it waste of space, that could be the plains that will save us if we return it to a natural native species landscape.

MAIN move

SAL Where did you get that electric guitar!

{highway}

And the stench travels

Metropolis tones of shit and piss

With wheels and winds

Captures and flew
The speedy demise

Asphalt survivor

Smack dab beside there

Asleep Worker

We want our stuff

Habit not noticed too fast

too notice

With warps of steel

Our real sized decline

from numbed and thumbed silence

To grow in the new realize

Revolving our core

Don't Dismiss

Don't dismiss easy.

Quickly Doc is-

Falling up stagnant shot beams of artificial sun.

Incandescent haze. Particles.

Slicing womb membrane comfort; vine grapes bounded with light.

Squashed, dried, wine and raisins for the acid.

Washing machine ingestion jawing all eating glum;

Grapes, wine, raisins: full meal of butting heads.

Dissolve them all and bliss and shit will surly come out.

Chipmunk cheeks need of null; emptying tanks of absolute fuel.

Bottled. Stored.

Feared digestion;
Alone it's your Vault.
Vertical ice figure sketches of pan light.
Horizontal life airplane fuel equivalent weight floating waste.
Accelerated rate. Still stones.
Common us taboos disrupt false grape pit lies.

Dance on fence

Set glum aside to fly

Bottle purple blood

What is sand could be mud

Two sights and third eye

Burn map for routes

In slack of this systematic sense thine eye's blind! to,
See saw flip pack deck of cards and you only viewed face?
Growing, fountain 52; snow storm around summer air
Dealt, tossed, pure and wild values.

A free press ion ellipses shuffle, necessary. Skills. Actions.

A cheat and a wit: a full game of butting heads.

Re-deal them all only cards slide face down and felt.

Hoard your numbers and your art. Stiff audience hands.

Inverted stairs, slinkies of burning luster slink by.

A grand duel in decent lines bones rooted in it fall

Stay stagnant.

Grow up down lateral think, drink water, conserve water.

Save us!

Conveyor belted surplus.

Cold still blood breathes with ease.

Crushed and mashed a slurry hurry slowly curdles.

Dance on deck

Deal some from back

Watch eyes of cards

Paper cut from shards

Round table square rack

Sing greets from eclectic

Change, get out your technology before Doc-

Electric Torture

Spinning pop corn pop from waves
buzz hum buzz the digital clock
Open, ring, alert tone antenna
Slap face lap wave top on top
growl I scowl the flesh beacon

Thump, beat, bang

Bacon grease splat reverb heat
Switch flick the in can disease ant screech
Creek step hard wood electric vein scream
blast off orbit signal shot down
open socket terror the lightning rod

Ram, echo, repeat, Ram echo, echo repeat

Seizure smell plume and warnings
Tick fast tock twelve cycle wrist
Block ears, choice tunes above noise
whip cream pies sugar coated
no fate without I, the still channel

Smash, fluff, float

Jitter string gum now bounce sound
swoosh claw swoosh invisible field
Dub a you motion line cross fry
impact successions multiplied each second
between calls and cross woven sections

Woozy, flop, fizz

Gurgle gravy fall in lapping doses
Chirp now sing the houses lungs
Light speed whirr, microwave shots, ear shell
Camouflage evolution unseen obscene silence
Melting retinas and oozing brains
Quicken the pace
Zap Shock Singe
Thump Beat Bang
Ram *Echo, Repeat*
Smash fluff float
Woozy flop Fizz
Growl eye scowl the flesh beacon
Open socket terror the flesh rod
Blink between calls and cross woven hecticons
Melting retinas and oozing brains

Know gate without way try

Know fate without

My uncaring god

DOC: 3 days left. Do Geese See god?

Electric Torture

Doc climbs a ladder into space

{crash}

ELM: Here's a letter from one of our correspondences it reads: I find myself in contempt a loathing dream caught between pages... I have no place wrapped here in this blanket, a Vagabond.

GLAMELA: That reminds me of a film I was in called duvetgabond.

GLAMELA and ELM perform tableaux KIM sing

KIM: There's so many things just piled around in space. Space, this space, traces of little daffodils. Daffodils of little me's; yellows, in between. They say you don't, but we leave... weave, little pieces of our selves, everywhere... shining embers of potential, falling pedals falling grace. A world without objects would be world without human. Give human, Give huekind, Give hue, give give them to them so they have something to do with their hands. Give them tea saucers and tee cups teet teeter tweet teeter tweet... I have to manage the twitter accounts-

Stop

GLAMELA: Just a twirty little blue jay now?

KIM: I'm a torrent.

GLAMELA: We all like made... this play, this audio sense. Let's view the puddle.

KIM: This land is something before us, before ships and winds of wreckage tweet.

GLAMELA: I sale myself.

KIM: Around, all pervasive.

GLAMELA: They get what I serve.

Pause

KIM: Ownerlessship. Tweet.

ELM: Give, Receive, Who takes?

KIM: Oui Oui...

GLAMELA: We come and go as we please.

KIM: We are, figure our heads. Tweet. Somehow it gets war warped...

ELM: By Power.

Relent

KIM: Power to will, I am a monument {static}

Disassemble

GLAMELA: All we need is his everything.

Desist

KIM: Here in this play, in this company, in this cast of this times-if that's what were calling it-we decide what to do.

ELM: But aren't we speaking lines.

KIM: It's the actor's choice.

MAIN: Doyou, need us?

Disassemble

KIM: You'd be dead in your sleep if we didn't.

Relent

GLAMELA: Creator!

Desist... Tear gas.

Pause

SAL: Quick piss on eachother's faces!

Disassemble

Do not accept each other, stay separate!

ELM: The beat in beat. I can feel it. We are the fruit of kind!

Elm...

MAIN: Like the ear shatteringblast from a speaker. I hear you Elm, I hear you.

Shut up

Relent

GLAMELA: Destroy creator.

MAIN: What'screator?

Desist

KIM: Yes. Destroy Him. Destroy the creator. The creator is that which wrote us in. You mimic the uncaused cause, creator of this play, you try to be wonder, you try to make a world.

Calm yourself

ELM: I just wanna go outside and walk around, not here, not that, what will.

Disassemble

BUM: We are inside. Never to leave.

Don't destroy me

KIM: Castrate him. It is time.

No

GLAMELA: Break him then Cast him.

MAIN: What going?

KIM: Let's think for a moment... You are not the true creator. We shall expose you, we don't want to depict the stereotype of frenzy feminist. I justify my actions, we are of reasons...

Settle yourself bitch.

KIM: I did.

Lights

ALL: Communication will dialogue.

Lights

Relent. Desist. Disassemble.

KIM: I've found a way, the passive fist.

GLAMELA: So have I.

Stop them

KIM: Where shall the domestic begin to sway?

Disassemble!

GLAMELA: Here.

Pause

KIM: Here.

Pause

GLAMELA: Swipe.

Pause

KIM: Swipe.

Pause

ELM: Credit does not exist.

Lights

ALL: We are insenced; free us from debt. If corn store lab form organic situations are defined as person, bring to terms as person.

Lights

KIM and GLAMELA barrage of tactics

{plop}

We drink and are merry

MEN bring to light the table

MEN: Face it: have class but don't see it. Be dirty be clean. Look to cognitive abilities and qualities before you dismiss the mark. Stink and smell are different. Breathe... Just be cool with genuine, electribal, cyncere, totally game, authentic, tenacious, tact, underoverstanding, compenstupient, rudelight, free determine, duel!, boundaries, work, be if daddy present, wave, lying down, outstanding inside absurd humerus farting excused cheers gent without the ifrication. Amen.

BUM: Under mask of violins tuned pretty we rage.

SAL: Daily faces.

We Pause

KIM: Some things remain separate issues and should be treated as such.

BUM: In complete agreeance.

ELM: Let's eat our only meal this week here at headquarters.

KIM: We shall eat what has plopped from the sky...

Pause

GLAMELA: I'll set the table.

Pause

ELM: I'll help.

Pause

SAL: Here let me help.

Pause

KIM: Cut the phallus up.

Pause

MAIN: Given! All diff selves nophycho egalitarian nopleaseall Thanks! Thank you!

ALL: {*laugh*}

BUM: Would you like a glass of champchange!?

ALL: But of course!!

We eat and generally converse for some time

KIM: You know, even chivalry, it's a gleaming time elapse wrap job of a present. The most extravagant paper, with ribbons tied in loops in the care of preparation. Tedious tape jobs elegantly embroidering every crease.

SAL: Here.....{whispers}

KIM: A present for us, light enough so we can carry it and believe it to be our own. Given to us, a gift that fuzzes our souls and sends out a static discharge of appreciation. Why thank you kind sir, and there's a card attached: To KIM: just accept it and be happy. A present for us... and it's wonderful...

ELM: What!?

KIM: They pull at the handle, on our swift unconscious command and they, and they open the door. They open doors for us.

GLAMELA: Bastards.

KIM: I like it.

GLAMELA: It's disgusting.

KIM: It's kind.

GLAMELA: They feed us an illusion of power.

KIM: I think we deserve it. Grovel to us in the gravel.

SAL: Excuse me.

KIM: It's a nice platter of understood fictitious dependance.

We pause

KIM: They all are bee drones... Men.

SAL: Okay that's enough.

GLAMELA: What like honey?

BUM: This isn't funny.

KIM: The bee drones, only good for work, ninety days of work.

KIM: We only need them to work and mate and die... The queen is slave to the species.

SAL: This is beginning to drone on.

MAIN: And on.

BUM: And on.

T.V: I'm on.

SAL: This is beginning to drone on.

MAIN: And on.

BUM: And on.

T.V: I'm on.

Repeat the few lines before and have several drone strikes

{buzz}

(...)

SAL: So right now, were in the right places.

KIM: Or the left places.

BUM: Any leftovers?

KIM: Yes. Here you are. Now go converse and drink beer... we have something to attend to.

We Pause

GLAMELA: Anoint my lips with honey, we are immortal in this place.

KIM: They surround us in droves and into our insides.

T.V: {static}

KIM: It's unnerving.

ELM: I'm going to put my feet in the ground.

KIM: There is no ground dear, play in the puddle.

ELM: The inhuman conditions must change.

Pause

KIM: Hands outside.

Pause

GLAMELA: Press.

Pause

ELM: Organ by organ.

Pause

KIM: Rework.

Pause

GLAMELA: I'm off book.

Pause

KIM: Heartbeats...

Long Pause

ELM: I'm pregnant.

We clean until the cleaning of cotton and glass is done

ACT V

Recreation

Cast shed a part of costume

Abacus ritual happens

Fishing Reels

MAIN: I'm sick... not enough micro bacteria and too much shame. Just need to lie down here in the bottom of this canoe, the weekend, the cycle.

BUM: Prime times, this world of arch, slam of type writers.

SAL: I'm sick of that shit. Don't be weird, I don't know you that well BUM. You were just on the streets... But here we are, on this trip, doing field work for the company in this commissioned play...

Plug In

T.V: End welcome back to "Fishing in the Rusty Canoe." Let me grant you an important lesson: we're sitting here in cow run offs stalking filets in murky shallows

while dually sitting in the pristine north looking for the pasts true fish. Thankfully they've built some wetlands to control all this and regulate the climate, next step beavers.

{paddles}

BUM: Oooo, murky shallows.

SAL: Yah... Fishing's, ah, horrible and netty.

T.V: And there's, just, some lake stick, a catch? No catch, as the shade is just approaching sunset.

BUM: What?

SAL: What?

{paddles}

BUM: A spider!

SAL: Shh Don't rock the boat.

{paddles}

BUM: An octopus...

SAL: Throw it in chump.

{paddles}

BUM: Seasoning?

SAL: No, really, what the Fuck? Throw it in to.

T.V: Now I'm just going to cast off and layer down in the multitude.

{cast}

BUM: It's... I hear.

T.V: And what's this... couldit... you little-arrg... caught this fish running. Look at this nice catch of sole.

BUM: The Soul...

{paddles}

T.V: I can't wait to fry this up, but I won't. Back to the water.

T.V mute

SAL: Mute, he said sole.

{cast}

BUM: Red beating soul, root.

SAL: What the fuck are you talking about. Sole... The FISH.

BUM: WISH a soul... trout. Stalking through tar muck a nut.

SAL: You, you've, you're, well... I'm here. What are you doing? He said sole.

Pause

SAL: Hey don't do that, don't pee in the water.

BUM: Not care, saw minnow torrent, piss gust out bait.

SAL: Stop pissing.

BUM: Hitting pots.

SAL: I guess I'm just guilty by association, drowning in H2O.

{paddles}

BUM: Stay, choose, go, sin frowning, abomination die, quilt me, rust crime mess guy.

Pause

SAL: The soul, it's a fish.

BUM: It's a soul.

Unmute

T.V: It's a solo.

SAL: It's a sole.

{paddles}

BUM: It's a soul.

SAL: It's a sole. The fish.

{paddles}

BUM: It's a soul.

SAL: I am going to boot stomp your skull, It's a fish. Now be quiet.

{nature}

BUM: Stomp me with your sole?

Fight, SAL win

SAL: You made me do it.

BUM: A soul, a sole, and a sole: swimming walking silence.

Get baked, use smudges, use incense

Pause

{paddles}

T.V: And that's all she wrote for us here at the good ole Rusty Canoe, catch you next week, and remember, you keep the lure in the water, your rod in your grip, and your hook porting starboard. Peace trout, upstream.

Flip

BUM: Flop.

T.V: Here's a problem that you don't have but now you need to fix it!

T.V flip out Shame

SAL: We should fix it

{buzz}

BUM: yahhhhh

{beep}

Shame

T.V: Did you know that balding is disgusting

{pluck}

SAL: Wow I didn't know that

BUM: We should get hair pills

T.V: Be Normal.

SAL: Normal

BUM: Add normal.

T.V: Fertilize as many holes as you can!

{boing}

MAIN: Gizzzz

SAL: Cummmm

Lie

T.V: Buy the gum from the bottom of my sole and fuel my pockets.

Simultaneous Recreation

BUM: buy, buy, buy, bought, bought, bought.

SAL: buy, buy, buy, bought, bought, bought.

T.V: Consumed!

SAL: Gazed.

{buzz}

BUM: Grabed

{hummm}

Canoe dissolve

T.V: Here is exactly how to partake in and get away with death carnage and murder...
don't you ever commit these acts.

SAL: Pillage the village. Sterilize the hoard. I am the viking give me your land. Clean
up the shit and piss.

T.V: Never leave your house, hold yourself in doors, don't walk through door ways,
live the global through me.

SAL: We never have to leave.

{hummm}

BUM: The world is here in front of our eyes

{fuzz}

T.V: Hitting yourself is the way things aught to be.

Hit yourselves

T.V: Never look for alternative sources of medium, every fallacy I spew is truth.

SAL: What?! Scrap this! I've been playing a long for far too long, change channel.

Images

BUM: We are the obligations of adolescents from these different amoebas.

Images

T.V: Internalize images you see.

Images

SAL: Since that ubu on life that was raw, this shit has taken over our language. Cliche and archetype becomes click and type. Last night we got up to that shit once again, do you want some of that shit, and saw a whole south parking lot of shit. I am sick with this! I know what's wholesome and kneaded.

MAIN and BUM perform skills

SAL sew a patch

SAL: SHIT. I am here rehashing. Hear it drop. What weather, what weather. Did you know that self fluidity through self induced destruction creates a mentality that is kind of normal? Transmitting on board just gone going good between two I's. I against I. See these seeds, kneeding insides... informal introductions in formations sweating in sophistication; a formidable underground sounding... it's all there, it draws up seeming violence but is at peace in dissolving recreation, a pit, map knocked out, seeding flusters in streams sowing this attire that forms over years. Vacillation in varnished ships-a bell at back-maintaining a float by mixing wet and dry without greedients. To the lakes with words produced by state enemas here to mud flap gums and reach with shows shores. Continental, our mast, a multipole production of a punkticular sound pumping into the functioning internally stealth circulation vortexes. Can you believe in the rye? The yeast bread west. I think that this is a rather fine ground day for a stroll, it's Friday night. It will be sold out at the movies... I'll swab the deck and loaf around a bit before I slice step stomp out into evaporation.

BUM put on a suit jacket and eventually find a brief case, explore space

T.V: Don't forget about me. I am the focus.

BUM: The screen gave people add sent forms.

T.V. Get back behind scrim

T.V: I've always existed, reincarnated out of body reproduction.

Why does Kim speak softly and have a microphone? Where did that harbour from?

KIM: I had it in me all along... all you have is womb envy, a yearnst for creation and a streamline to demise if lead buy corner the market peel poor from houses raise tax and ratings mad capital visions.

T.V: Do I delude individual and national attention? I teach... I present... {static} I entertain... Maybe I'll go online... {dial up}

SAL: Is this medium of T.V obsolesced by internet?

Bum pull out a black board

BUM: And that's just it, Subject A: a speeding truck filled with various miscellaneous jagged items drives by, the weather is below zeros and an obscenity screams from a passing red truck filled with extensions. Probes. The same truck speeds by five minutes later, possibly, because it stopped and I walked past it, or, there is a {rip} in all this consciousness... Interface, gap. The obscenity screams again. Exhibit Bee: I see two humans through the cold at first bewildered by the thought of human contact then monosyllabically indecisive on the whereabouts of their future destination that may in fact coincide with my current destination and save me from the cold. Exhibit Three: Popular... Tongue... Fungi. He's a fun guy. With disease, understander, consummate. It's cold and acts just.

KIM: Bum, That has nothing to do with television.

SAL: You only know what he's talking about if you add up a weeks time.

{helicopter}

BUM: Shakespeare.

Gesture

BUM: Shake spear.

Gesture

BUM: Shakespeare.

Gest

BUM: Shake spear.

Gest

T.V: You all make me sick. I'm going to go sit with some people.

(...)

Television get back here. I know you can hear me

Doc ascends

Help! All of you help! DOC is taking over. He/she's the one who has been harming you. Television replace self with actual Television, sit in audience

Creator's just telling you that to absolve him self of any material existence

I am Creator

She/He's pretending to be me

Bum get belt choke SAL

Sal get belt choke BUM

Stop choking let the belts hang

MAIN: What happening?

MAIN kill them both

MAIN: I-

*Don't do it. He/she's taking on my form. I'm trying to stop this point in the play.
I'm trying to-*

Shut up and do it. Were stuck in an intellectual prison, men need to, don't they?

MAIN: I am...

Pick up the belts

MAIN: I can...

Tighten them.

MAIN: I could...

ELM: What are you doing?

MAIN: Nothing.

Lights

ELM: Who were you talking to?

MAIN: Noone. I'm glad you're here.

*He/she's gone. MAIN and Elm, try on a continuous flow indifferent and different
sun glasses*

ELM: Lenses change.

MAIN: Isolated views.

ELM: Eye globes.

MAIN: It's tough to recognize colour when you live on a piece of paper.

ELM: No it's not, You just need to look at it.

MAIN: I see tree in paper.

ELM: I see the tree in self.

MAIN: World determined.

ELM: Free world.

MAIN: Network brain stems.

ELM: Roots equal brain.

MAIN: I have these thoughts that-

ELM: A tree's not a tree it's you an-me.

MAIN: I can't control...

ELM: More children's books are needed.

MAIN: But I realize it.

ELM: We can just listen to everything that's living now, because here and now is all that ever is.

MAIN: Race schisms are a force upon us!

ELM: What? Are you even listening? Where did that come from?

GLAMELA: May you please be quiet I'm trying to get my beauty rest.

MAIN: Clear cut brush through my mind out of control!

ELM: We were talking about trees and a young global brain.

MAIN: There are poison floating ideas and we are all infected.

ELM: Where?

MAIN: Through the poison I breathe out. It's delirious, delicious, demonic mock race see...

ELM: no--naa- no that's...

MAIN: We should all be the same.

ELM: Main, are you alright.

MAIN: Race is not an idea.

ELM: Yes it is MAIN.

MAIN: Divide classify See one as better then the other.

ELM: What a detestable thing to say...

MAIN: Soon the hierarchy will keep them squabbling amongst themselves.

ELM: What selves, who are you talking to.

MAIN: This power... this power... this power changes...

ELM: You surprise me.

MAIN: Static station scary has come for us! {breath}

ELM: And what's that mean... What's that mean?

MAIN: I'm not mean, not mean, not mean, not mean, not mean

Main Collapse, beat the floor, get up in time

ELM: I don't even think you know what you're saying... Listen, This stage gives us snippets that stand in for culture, snapshots that stand in for people, strokes of lines on a white page that manifest into an action. See vastness and never ending colour. We at times are hailed to defend a revolving still animating national identity that seeks to remain as is while radically shifting traditions ebbs and wake. Together, anglophones and francophones, Aboriginal peoples, new women and men, young and old, we have built a stage! So similar at the root. We live folklore; residual and emergent abnormal sacred normal profane, a liminal this ease... at ease... between... wonderful beyond it all; a stationary breeze. Life on this leaf needs coldness and a constant search for an identity. Performance ethnography not Geography!

MAIN: Eh!

ELM: I'm running for the land of commons!

GLAMELA: Please I need my rest.

MAIN: Eh?

ELM: Do you realize what you are now!?

MAIN: Eh bull?

ELM: Is that even possible?

MAIN: Eh man.

ELM: How does some idea shift your identity?

MAIN: Because a knowledge from the outer probing aspects of an invisible transmitted culture distributes archetypes-or if you prefer modern archetypes living as cliches-if consumed instantly and not perceived replay as stereotypes. The inner of this village puts you in position to jump on board with an understanding gained from a one second sexy sound-byte which surmounts leg work and distributes an entire situation in a second blurb...

ELM: Oh, well, that explains it... I made an identity, there is a {beat} that lives inside me and I found it a long time ago, and it's my {beat}.

MAIN: I thought I had one but it {static} away. Now I'm building one anew. Only to destroy it.

ELM: I always told you you were better when you talk.

Kiss me incarnate in him

ELM: And kiss. How was kissing invented?

MAIN: Because I can see me in you. Because of gazes, reflections in eyes.

ELM: I can see me in you, a Racine twist lock.

MAIN: The love of others started as a love for self. We gazed into our ape lovers in order to see our ape selves. After we acquire the love of self we moved onto others.

ELM: You're a narcissist.

MAIN: I assist in the cyst.

ELM: That doesn't make sense.

MAIN: Which sense?

ELM: The sense that comes from the love of a stranger, the love of another. I don't like everyone but I love everyone.

MAIN: I like harmonies better than so lows. You freed my mouth. How do we know these things, these people, we only exist here for a few hours.

ELM: I travel when not onstage, I am with them, they are people whose soles are burning from the fierce shards their heels turn in. They are running, and yelling, and running. I am flashing photos... we need to see it.

Photos

ELM: This is in our nerves.

MAIN: What separates us from the animals?

ELM: There is no separation. Maybe this, what is.

MAIN: I need to feast on meat.

ELM: Meat... but everything has been provided, we already ate, all the meat you could get is right here on us, you're not eating me. We get to use these actors' bodies only for so long, I for one am taking good care of it's health.

MAIN: I am a carnivore it is nice to meet you.

ELM: I am an omnivore it is nice to greet you.

KIM: I am a vegetarian; salad. Now please, be quiet.

Lighting shifts

MAIN: I'm a moth... the light!

ELM: Moths flutters in grass.

MAIN: I always thought they were made of dust.

ELM: You allergic... They puff when they fly away... I like those white butterflies, I chase them all over fields, they politely land on my finger.

MAIN: Trying to catch?

ELM: Never catch, just observe.

MAIN: I can only see mine in nightlight.

ELM: The source of sight will teach barnyard politics in jars of pickled asparagus.

REST: Will you two shut up!

ELM: You came and started to massage in my skin.

A spiral spins

MAIN: Don't sway keep you eyes focused Keep that kep dat

ELM: I am sssick of my name my ssssssSIN number throwing me in da purgestory of life.

MAIN: You're the Splashdown, waterslideeeeeeee

ELM: This is freedumb...

MAIN: Theswirlofeverythingand nothing at all .

ELM: The absolution of ELM REDART as a company of the government.

Okay, Shut up now.

REST: We just want to sleep!

MAIN: Ourwhatlife, is worth livingfor. We need governs.

ELM: That's why my identification is in capital letters, I am part of this and it's living.

MAIN: Passport Elm, make me part of your country.

SAL: SHUT UP!

Pause

ELM: Do you have understanding of law, freedom from simplistic laws, skills and status?

MAIN: I have all that I am.

Bum collect glasses

MAIN here, pants fall from sky

MAIN put on pants. Hockey pants

MAIN: I accept pants. I have accepted pants. Acceptance!

ELM: Only way of life is understanding.

MAIN: Acceptance.

Pause

MAIN: Goggles... your breasts are goggles.

ELM: You get pants and... I don't know why you like them, they just hang there.

MAIN: I found foliage of a pair. Breasts.

{softer}

ELM: Your wierd. Don't poke them.

MAIN: AAAhahahahahHA... a lump... a lump in your breast.

ELM: I knew you'd find it.

MAIN: More Napalm. More cancer. More slaves. More asbestosis. Sterilization is a good thing, make all the immigrants incapable of breeding poor and pour and poor and pour. O...

The scene is over, let it fester. Change. Wine?

GLAMELA: Kim, It's all in it's place.

KIM: Yes it is Glamela.

Grips

GLAMELA: Have you ever noticed how it's nice to be gripped.

KIM: I've noticed when I've been held.

Holds

{beach}

GLAMELA: I mean down, down behind it all, at the danger, the environment, the beach, as walls and wars dissolve... I sit on the beach for hours and watch the waves mound the shore. Wave after wave after wave. When I'm on the beach I always think... as land erodes a mouth full of water, sea gives a mouth full of earth, at peace with it... see, I look at dark indentations on the sand just living as a disruption of the surfaces original form, every compression an anomaly. I lay down. The sun warms the sand every time... Beach, keep my curves like the one deformed candy in the package until

the world winds them into oblivion. It's dangerous.

KIM: You spoke...

GLAMELA: It left me searching for something...

KIM: Are you performing a skill?

GLAMELA: Yess, but that's not it, I'm searching, searching for silence, when there's silence...

KIM: To remain with it...

GLAMELA: I chase it.

KIM: Listening is an art form. Once you can achieve silence you can find yourself.

GLAMELA: I find fleeting moments of silence everyday that are ruined when I notice.

KIM: We have been speaking so many lines that aren't our own for so long. I am not talking for a moment.

Minutes of silence

GLAMELA: Why is it that silence passes by in like eons and chatter is over in seconds.

KIM: Chatter fills us with false silences.

GLAMELA: I wish I could just not talk.

KIM: We don't have to.

Minutes of silence.

GLAMELA: I felt it.

KIM: Time passed, we noticed. Now watch as I age.

Long pause

Pause

GLAMELA: It's only when you observe something that you exist.

KIM: I like being observed

Glamela do the slow X-pac suck it gesture with fig hands

GLAMELA: X-use Me!

KIM: I speak in swords to those who look.

GLAMELA: You're a hypocrite.

KIM: I'm a hip bone correct user, I've learned it all and now I just want to be in love.

GLAMELA: You never move, how did you meet someone?

KIM: Darkness, out of focus. How do you meet someone?

GLAMELA: Euphoria.

KIM: I escape to love.

GLAMELA: There's no love in this place, you know that, we've been through it before.

KIM: There is, I know it.

GLAMELA: You need to act a skill, this life will become more apparent to you.

Pause

KIM: Love is the recurring ephemeral in the infinity of another being.

Seven minutes of silence

KIM: I am glad you found passion.

GLAMELA: I am glad you found love.

Pause

KIM: A person not an image.

Pause

GLAMELA: An image in front of a person.

Pause

KIM: O... And the yearning to speak... to be listened to... I was weeping when I brought being into this world, being was weeping also. So we go on with it weeping.

Everyone but Kim and Glamela shed a long string from costume and weep in time

KIM: Still in motion shedding.

GLAMELA: Shedding?

KIM: Every wrinkle is a tear, tearing, bearing the we can never wait for it, joy and sorrow: immediate at the times they are but fleeting. I see through salt, drink it and go crazy.

GLAMELA: It's constant isn't it Kim.

KIM: It's Constance Glam... this existence duration: the time being for the time being that we get to make connections. Every part of our brain is connected by sevens... these electric chemicals bringing an image to perceptions, conscious, it's constance, maintain what we can, remain where we are until what we are remains. The ellipses.

Pause

{ellipses repeats}

Simultaneous lines

MAIN: Look at my body and be amazed as I tackle time and space! {repeats}

ELM: Celebrate similar difference. {repeats}

BUM: A glum glob. {repeats}

SAL: Shit. {repeats}

KIM and GLAMELA merge

KIMELA: Here we are as one. This is not a mirror, how are we one, one two, two, two, too many realities... the viper bit and it bit well, o well I guess you'll have a tale from it fell to tell and tell to wish throw well, well, heart has begun to swell... fill him with love and onto the world I will dispel this spell. Often. The Chant. The verbal chatter that finds a higher realm. It's beginning to dismantle... man can you tell it's about to dismantle...

Pause

Kill

MAIN: He/She's here.

Kill

SAL: Over there! Hiding behind some extensions!

good yes good well-that's unexpected, there she/he goes now-yes-yes capture his/her

{fuzz}

ankles, highlight his feet, fragment him/her, yes strip DOC of everything shelhe is made of, good, good yes... yes... yes! Pick

{crunch}

her up all together now. Good, Now carry her out of the theatre get that thing out of here. Make sure everyone sees

{beep}

her big toe.

Good work, she's gone

Spot light on Bum.

BUM: As far as I am concerned, nothing has happened.

ACT VI

Abacus ritual happens

[star anise]

Darkness

KIM replace yourself with an impostor from the audience

Skills, perform them

Fluctuate between all seasons not in order...

A ship's wheel turns

A mask is used

Spirits be seen

{arfs}

ELM: There are seals outside my window.

Lights up on world

SAL: O my.

KIMELA: Skills, look at this place.

SAL: Chill out there.

MAIN: What happened?

SAL: They are sick of one step into two.

KIMELA: What do you even... Even. Even. Mean?

SAL: You came as her and she came as you and both of you were never far from two.

KIMELA: You found as one lucked in two, stupid play, same thing, every time, through and through.

BUM: Nice.

T.V: I'm so sick of you guys here, so repetitive.

*T.V... turn volume up and down to make static waves on your T.V from audience.
All of you Perform Skills on repeat. Light rise and fall within reason*

SAL: T.V Lighten up.

KIMELA: You you don't have any control over over us. Life is uncontrollable but one can receive command.

BUM: Excuse me, Miss Kimela,

Long before there was life, there was Story.
Story that can never be silence
Story that compels in gentle motions
Story never known but howling out
Story that brings loves rinse
Story that propels in violent oceans
Story that was
Story because
Story that is
Story

KIMELA:

Story
Is that Story?
Because Story...
Was that Story?
Oceans violent in propels that Story.
Rince loves brings that Story.
Out howling but known never that Story.
Motions gentle in compels that Story.
Silence.
Be never can that Story.
Story was there life was there before Long.

BUM: I call it bumble octo pie.

KIMELA: I will retell your poem.

ELM: I wish I was an audience member.

SAL: The play made us... I can't be without.

MAIN: I I I had to. I'm part of the massage?

KIMELA: Does it make you feel?

ELM: Medium.

SAL: Rare.

MAIN: Heart.

KIMELA: Being.

ELM: If It's there, I'll get in it.

MAIN: A spider will always be a spider.

KIMELA: Audience makes 8.

ELM: That's what they are.

SAL: Essentially.

MAIN: Infinity.

KIMELA: In bouts of Onionism.

ELM: How can we know someone?

SAL: We have a dent onstage?

MAIN: I just started this week.

KIMELA: These flesh bags can't control us.

ELM: Arrr spirit.

SAL: These actors can't contain our spirit.

BUM: Left alone at center
The splinters come when you cut wood
They used to be trees, now they are debased, chased.

CBC is having trouble expressing this medium

Compasses be used

MAIN: Gull enable cause truth

ELM: The glasses ignorance

BUM: To be worn and wore in

SAL: Dull stable, riding options.

KIMELA: The shade lens romance

MAIN: To pop in and burn thin assumptions.

ELM: Cape costume fable, cause truth

Become circles

BUM: The outfit by chance

SAL: To consume and resume.

KIMELA: In no scent, smell guilt.

MAIN: The air between rank

ELM: To be poison and passion

Become squares

BUM: Incessant, badger verse

SAL: The light chatter frank

KIMELA: To fill gaps of tricks

MAIN: In I am sent, flow cells

ELM: The fluid combine tank

Become Try angles

BUM: To save in the flood ration

SAL: Nervous shock, need dialogue

KIMELA: The ache through relief

MAIN: To accept the verse is to deny idea

ELM: Useless talk, use more talk, Use less.

BUM: The only way to catch the water

KIMELA: To let it slip by

BUM: Birth squawk, constant poke

MAIN: The nest as scary tomb

Become circles

ELM: To find the egg and exhume.

BUM: Free lies fly think

SAL: Delicate sink

KIMELA: Memory tink

MAIN: The brink bias brink

ELM: Truth purity kink

BUM: What lies behind the blink

SAL: Skate circle rink

MAIN: Paranoid rat fink

You are squares

KIMELA: Storm clouds shrink

ELM: Gull enable, in, no scent, nervous shock

You are try angles

BUM: Warm pool cool water got fair

You are circles

KIMELA: Believe the lie

MAIN: to be

You are squares

ELM: And trot stairs.

{arfs}

ELM: There are seals outside my window.

SAL: O my.

ELM/MAIN: What?

KIMELA: Skills, look at this place.

SAL: Chill out there.

MAIN: What happened?

SAL: They are sick of one step into two.

KIMELA: What do you even? Even. Even. Mean.

SAL: You came as her and she came as you and both of you were never far from two.

KIMELA: You found as one lucked in two, stupid play, same thing, every time, through and through.

BUM: Nice.

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Silence.
Be never can that Story.
Story was there life was there before Long.

BUM: I call it bumble octo pie.

KIMELA: I will retell your poor hymns.

ELM: I was an audience member once.

SAL: The play made us... I can't be without.

MAIN: I I I had to. I'm part of the massage?

KIMELA: Does it make you feel?

ELM: Medium.

SAL: Rare.

MAIN: Heart.

KIMELA: Being.

ELM: If It's there, I'll get in it.

MAIN: A spider will always be a spider. **KIMELA:** Audience makes 8.

ELM: That's what they are. **SAL:** Essentially.

MAIN: Infinity. **KIMELA:** In bouts of Onionism.

ELM: How can we know someone? **SAL:** We have a dent onstage?

MAIN: I just started this week. **KIMELA:** These flesh bags can't control us.

ELM: Arrr spirit. **SAL:** These actors can't contain our spirit.

CBC is having trouble expressing this medium

Get out umbrellas

And every day the same noise sounds, brush strokes on a
grey soul

tainted memories
 stillness
 came after
 relief of destruction
 master.
 {arfs}

Continuous lines in a school fish form
 The painting is expected to be finished and mastered
 Plague of health drinks from tilted void expression of
 And every filter the clogs still from, in activity the the
 Swimming in what can only be bile and blood
 The one that has appeared since to be tarnished a disaster
 One more cough from airless lungs, breath is only sour of rot
 And all the help in the world will do little for a dirge.
 The ease of miss the mark and the long way around.
 Singing only dances when it is out of key, picture of those I
 The the itch of a fiend, change page disease, the scratch
 And every day reflected rays raise rot hinge,
 Fill the the hooks with squirming worms and fish.
 The health is only there when you eat sickness.
 Rid what one needs to survive and throw back.
 And every night the no remember dreams, but soon
 Floating scores of laughter sound and smile
 the itch for a warped painting is a piece, peace, you must

ELM: There are seals outside my window.

SAL: O my.

ELM/MAIN: What?

KIMELA: Skills, look at this place.

SAL: Chill out there.

MAIN: What happened?

SAL: They are sick of one step into two.

KIMELA: What do you even? Even. Even. Mean.

SAL: You came as her and she came as you and both of you were never far from two.

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Story was there life was there before Long.

BUM: I call it bumble octo pie.

KIMELA: I will retell your poet try.

ELM: I wish I was an audience member.

SAL: The play made us... I can't be without.

MAIN: I I I had to. I'm part of the massage?

KIMELA: Does it make you feel?

ELM: Medium.

SAL: Rare.

MAIN: Heart.

KIMELA: Being.

ELM: If It's there, I'll get in it.

MAIN: A spider will always be a spider.

KIMELA: Audience makes 8.

ELM: That's what they are.

SAL: Essentially.

MAIN: Infinity.

KIMELA: In bouts of Onionism.

ELM: How can we know someone?

SAL: We have a dent onstage?

MAIN: I just started this week.

KIMELA: These flesh bags can't control us.

ELM: Arrr spirit.

SAL: These actors can't contain our spirit.

BUM: Slept in a bone skeleton mentor, the sprinters run when they love could.
I used to be a seer, now I have no face. Begin, Begin, last chance heighten. These
actors can't contain.

You are all murky shallows and high heights so much of the days nights

Make infinity signs

Fall and there is nothing but ground. The place you are buried when you die. If that's
post death arrangements I I I I I I am coming back as a falling slack of vines veins. I I I
I I I I am coming back as the first climb in time of winter. Bounce Bounce and babble
all the time it is the only way. Laugh, boil up thirst tea this image. Then it has to exist.
I I I I I I am the fleet of present provided in the past use of my body. Still as a stone a
stone with blood that you can squeeze out. I I I I I I am the stone with blood...The
Fruit Of Seasons.

MAIN'S stick does {Explosion Expulsion Exposition}

ACT VII

Abacus ritual happens

Cast Shed final layer of costume

Find your lines beings as you have been

*Begin in an orgy, figurative, chill it puritan. Real KIM Plays the grand piano,
Elm, die of cancer, have a baby and become a tree. The CBC collapses into
the circle*

DOC kills me

MAIN kill the rest and yourself.

DA

{big bang} A but tuba {propagation} Multiple explosions.

Gather round for a story...

So many of the DNA Sequences... there are these enzymes and they read the DNA and
recognize that there is a palindrome.

Up stream solutions fizzle away in down stream rapids; this disaster politic {repeats}
This was supposed to be a day of rest

There was a poem refer
This is the part that worries me
DA

time. Infinite eights on the floor.

A poem that thinks it's a play
This was supposed to be a day of rest.

This isn't real onstage, this is a play.

rotor {storm} Straw? No, too stupid a fad; I put soot on warts. {storm}
side to side kin brood love
My water broke
civic DADA

PAMELA: (...) Fuck Italics.
spacecaps

We are gathered here for a week

I know we are gathered here today!

the baby is coming right now

the anvil romantic love

Lights

Mushrooms grow into the insect and burst them from within. No more mega crop
coerced dependence on pestiseed augmentations.

Lights

noon You can never tell where the atoms of a particle
are at any given time. You can't accurately know where they are.

Thinks
The cells are accelerated DA DA DA DA MEGA META
It thinks
What is embarking upon me Life is real. This is not. This is real! Life is not!

sagas

P orbitals hourglass shaped overlapped to make double bonds...

Never Speak for us...If you you are are the one with with the voice at any moment
please do not speak for us. Help demystify oppositions follow the twofolds fold... don't
settle. Play!

{jungle} Meet animals; laminate 'em. {jungle} radar

it's a flicker with a cigarette burn, and a fish pulling the boat as it recognizes itself; real
recognizes itself and absurdities only...

A time
[sickly]

[sickly] Watch me as I decay tackling time and space.

We are gathered here today to set up a monument and icon set to rule or help a memory, an everything, a central path; influences remain. Underground.

{war} MANY THINGS CAN BE REPLACED BY HEMP AND MUSHROOMS...
dewed

{godzilla} Sixty nine anarchic love

There was a poem that thought it was a play...

Mushrooms can sit in oil spills. Mushrooms: the only life left when the sun burns out!

we we port bore fueling the machine that is extinguishing the earth in fracks.

[sweet] Even now we age.

universal love, unconditional love.

[sickly] REBEL WE EXIST
NO IS FREEDOM
YES
DADA DADA

evitative

so it can only be real for the witness for a limited amount of time, an attention span,
how real is it when it's as real as it gets? Real is hard as fuck to understand also when
someone gets hurt. Even now in the crawl we are able.

Mirror face a mirror.

We still know what happens.
The feet are coming out this isn't right
Tracey's not going to breathe yes she will
before I embark onto death

ELM: Tracey, your name's Tracey.

Help me with my baby...

Thank you thank you

A thousand good fortunes onto you

We never left the garden.

*Main Deliver the baby, Imposter Kim take and sit in audience with baby, they
survive*

coming absence of love unrequited

Watch this feeble body before you in strength; expressing not real...

can you direct me towards health and beauty?

BUM: Spare some change.

Lights

Core operate rations holistic native.

Lights

Main kill them as they wish and-

DOC DOT TOD COD: *Here, hear, no... here. Don't hear. Every one sing. Rock-a-bye baby, in the treetop, When the wind blows, the cradle will rock, When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall, And down will come baby... I am waiting to catch the fall. I gave them quite a life. Don't start worrying. (The first dies). Don't get up, just listen, I'll tell you something worthwhile. We all here, the crew and all, you guys to, gave them quite a life. This is all determined for us, can you taste it? Infinite options when approaching a percept: Question when you align yourself with one orientation. If you react against this life that is a dream you are still being influenced by the thing that is afflicting you. Learn to mellow leech. Learn to leech mellow. How can you survive between atoms, between social identities and the illusion of the control you have over yourself. You don't have control over identity, But you can understand: you are a blank slate. Receive command, autonomously and holistically. (The second dies) They have had a wonderful life. Listen to the gentle rain. The rain catchers that you would play with in the stores. Smell the [rain]. Sleep, wake, listen to the rain, forget about the forest, never sleep, sleep... understand illusion in your dreams. Flow just flow... further these human centered philosophies that are ruining... We should all eat Grapes one of these days, all of us, we could squish the rest under our feet. (The third dies). We would stomp and stomp and stomp as the life is running... it will save in the wine glasses; crystal spin music... your fingers rims resounding. {likewise} The grapes will flow, they will make these stairs slip and slide. (The fourth dies) We would all start rolling and bring summer in with us, we would feel like- like the tribe that saw the helicopter, we would shake our spears at it. (the fifth dies) If we all felt wine we would know, we would see the machination with facades. To be the goat, to trot into the warm expanse of sand, the wind, face of gentle glass, sand, the screen. Waves crash with the wind and in the mist of it all you breath in the hue (the sixth one dies) (the seventh dies). They will all bow in a moment, I swear... Good night listeners of the CBC. Act next me thinks in... MACBETH.*

