

wAsted the unreal city

by

the wAsted Collective

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SCENE LIST

*ACT I -- WAR*

SCENE I -- Blender  
SCENE II -- Wars of all Kinds  
SCENE III -- Guernica  
SCENE IV -- Album  
SCENE V -- Peace Rally

*Interlude -- Rebellion*

*Act II -- Games*

SCENE I -- Game of Life I  
SCENE II -- Catch (Two Teenage Boys)  
SCENE III -- Game of Life II  
SCENE IV -- Second Life  
SCENE V -- Game of Life III  
SCENE VI -- Exes  
SCENE VII -- Game of Life IV  
SCENE VIII -- Behind the Back  
SCENE IX -- Game of Life IV  
SCENE X -- Chess

*Interlude -- Janitor*

*Act III -- Current*

SCENE I -- Sermon of Firing  
SCENE II -- Post Secrets  
SCENE III -- Feminism  
SCENE IV -- Vices  
SCENE V -- Pilgrims

*Interlude -- Deluge*

*Intermission*

*Act IV -- Ocean*

SCENE I -- Swirl  
SCENE II -- Float  
SCENE III -- Travel  
SCENE IV -- Monkey

*Interlude -- Undeath*

*Act V -- Asylum*

SCENE I -- Dementia  
SCENE II -- D.I.D.  
SCENE III -- Depression  
SCENE IV -- Schizophrenia  
SCENE V -- Obsession

*Finale -- Watch*

ACT I -- WARScene I -- Blender

*NOTE: alternatively, this could just be the song,  
with the proscenium closed.*

*T.S. Eliot enters with a blender, some fruit, ice,  
a glass and a stack of books.*

ELIOT

Good Evening Ladies and Gentlemen, I am Tom Eliot. You are about to witness your very own Unreal City. But first, we must toast with a proper drink. Anyone care for a Waste Land on the rocks? I've composed a few words. Ahem...

*He starts blending pages of books.*

ELIOT

A libation of sensation  
That is worthy of ovation  
Will require much citation  
Of references profuse.

These notes cannot be generic.  
Yes, their depth must be Homeric,  
Though they'll call them esoteric,  
Confounding and obtuse.

Get out your blender,  
Get out your notes.  
Hey there, bartender  
Puree some quotes.

Start with some Sappho,  
Pound up some Pound,  
Toss in some Tarot,  
Stir it around!

Cube Confessions of St. Augustine,  
Stir them in with songs from Cymbeline,  
Fold in fiction from The Fisher King  
Wrap it in some Waugh  
Weia la la

Add a fifth of facts historical  
Illustrations metaphorical  
Visioned by a sickly oracle  
Hold on tight, Marie!  
Shanti shanti!

A dash of Dante's Comedy  
One dot of Deuteronomy  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELIOT (cont'd)

Some Middleton with Malory  
 A Marvell-Milton medley  
 A hash of Hesse and Huxley  
 Add Oedipus and Odyssey  
 A splash of Spanish Tragedy  
 Petronius and F. Bradley's  
 Appearance and Reality  
 With Phlebus floating in the sea

A sailor kin to Ferdinand  
 Connections lost on Margate Sands  
 Some broken nails on dirty hands  
 And ancient texts from distant lands

Drop in some Dickens  
 Dice up a Donne  
 Dust on some Deussen  
 We're nearly done.  
 A highbrow text  
 That will joy and vex  
 But yet it will be grand  
 To capture the world  
 Tragedies unfurled  
 And call it my Wasteland

Scene II -- Wars of All Kinds

*1950s video propaganda-like montage.*

COLONEL:

Hello there little Jimmy! Do you want to be part of one of the greatest human traditions of all? No, not religion. Or drinking. Or sex. It's war! War, Jimmy! The armed conflict between two hostile groups of people! War has been part of our history since... well, since before there even was a concept of History. War has been around since before writing! And ever since we started writing, the books are filled with Wars of All Shapes and Sizes.

There are small wars and big wars.

There are trade wars, race wars, class wars, land wars, oil wars, drug wars, gang wars, and even wars over whose god is more peaceful!

Some wars were cold,  
 Some wars were hot.  
 Some wars were retold,  
 Some wars were forgot.

Some wars were quite bloody,  
 Some wars were bloodless.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COLONEL: (cont'd)

Some wars raised nations up,  
Some wars razed nations to the ground.

There have been wars  
fought over all Earth!  
fought over one acre.  
fought with pride  
fought by proxy  
fought for Revolution!  
fought for subjugation.  
Though more often than not,  
these last two are the same war.

And there have been so many wars, Jimmy!  
thousands of region wars,  
hundreds of nation wars,  
tens of continent wars,  
two world wars,  
and even six star wars,  
though we all agree the last three,  
should have never happened.  
Or was it the first three.

There were wars that make sense, and wars that confused everyone involved. Wars that gave direction to broken nations, and wars that set people running around in circles for months on end. Or in the case of England and France, 116 years until a girl steps out of the woodwork to lead a fantastic campaign ending with pyrotechnics as she burned alive at the stake for being divinely inspired, or a witch.

Who knows Jimmy, maybe some day you too will be part of this fantastic tradition! But don't worry, it's not hard! Chances are, Little Jimmy, that somewhere, around the world, there is a war being fought right now! Isn't that just great?

But we must take care of war, Jimmy. If we're not careful, excessive war could end all wars to come!

*Nuclear Explosion*

*Blackout.*

Scene III -- Guernica

*Blackout.*

(CONTINUED)

*Sound scape beginning with a pastoral, cheerful melody is torn apart by the rumble of Hitler's Luftwaffe and the massacre that ensued. After some time, the planes rumble away leaving the audience in complete, dark silence.*

*Lights up on a projection of Guernica.*

Scene IV -- Album

*In sepia-toned lights, like an old slide projector, a set of tableaus depicting a family illegally crossing the Mexico-USA border.*

*It should start with a mother holding her dead baby just like the mother in Picasso's Guernica, then either telling the story backwards, or jumping to the beginning.*

TABLEAUS

- To be developed in rehearsal.

Scene V -- Peace Rally

*Two groups huddle on opposite sides of the stage. Words in bold should be said by the whole group.*

PRO-ISRAEL

Israel is rightfully **OURS**

PRO-PALESTINE

You **STOLE OUT LAND** and heritage!

PRO-ISRAEL

It was **NEVER YOUR LAND**

PRO-PALESTINE

It **WAS BEFORE** you stole it

PRO-ISRAEL

You're the ones who **INVADED** Gaza

PRO-PALESTINE

That's because you won't **LET US LIVE** peacefully!

PRO-ISRAEL

**THAT'S A LIE**

PRO-PALESTINE

Your "democracy" is killing our people.

(CONTINUED)

PRO-ISRAEL

Your suicide bombers kill our children. We're not attacking you, we're **DEFENDING OURSELVES!**

PRO-PALESTINE

**BULLSHIT!**

PRO-ISRAEL

**FUCK** you!

PRO-PALESTINE

**STOP KILLING** our people!

PRO-ISRAEL

**STOP KILLING** our people!

PRO-PALESTINE

**YOU STOP** first!

PRO-ISRAEL

No **YOU STOP!**

PRO-PALESTINE

What do we want?!

BOTH (PRO-ISRAEL AND PRO-PALESTINE)

**PEACE!**

PRO-PALESTINE

What do we want?!

BOTH (PRO-ISRAEL AND PRO-PALESTINE)

**PEACE!**

PRO-PALESTINE

What do we want?!

BOTH (PRO-ISRAEL AND PRO-PALESTINE)

**PEACE!**

(PAUSE)

PRO-ISRAEL

But stop using terrorism...

PRO-PALESTINE

Oh, we're using terrorism? What you do is terrorism....  
(continue fighting until scene fades out)

INTERLUDE -- STAGE REBELLION

*There are water bottles left on stage from the previous scenes. Exasperated, T.S. Eliot enters and tries to clear the stage.*

ELIOT

STOP. Stop. This is unacceptable! There is trash left on stage. This is preposterous. You cannot find actors with but an ounce of professionalism at a college...

*He starts to clean up the bottles, throwing them haphazardly towards the wings. A low rumble is audible.*

ELIOT

If you want something done right--

*He tries to get the last one, but the turn table (under him) begins to spin, taking him away from the bottle.*

ELIOT

What?! Hah. (**realizing the audience is watching**) Haha, a prank, is it? Must be some mischief on the visiting artist...

*This play continues, until he manages to conquer the rebellious stage, grabbing the last bottle.*

ELIOT

Aha!

*Victorious, he throws it towards one of the wings, and turns to leave. After a beat, all the bottles he threw out are thrown back in at the same time.*

ELIOT

No! Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, I will go have a word with our Stage Manager about proper ... work ethic ... and a bleak future. Meanwhile, enjoy a pleasant game of chess.



ACT II -- GAMESSCENE I -- Game of Life

*Four characters play Life at different stages of their life. After each spin, we see one of the characters' story (in the form of one of the other games), then come back to the Game of Life.*

**Jennifer:** *Oldest, leader, cousin.*

**Katie:** *Follows Jennifer, cousin.*

**Rain:** *River's sister*

**River:** *Youngest. pushes the norm.*

*Kids are either entering or already sitting down, hanging out. They should be younger than high school age, and just playing like any normal day.*

*Mother comes in with Rain and River*

MOTHER

Have a good time with your cousins while mommy visits with her sisters.

*Mother Exits*

RAIN

Ok Mom. Whadda you guys want to do?

KATIE

We could watch a movie.

JENNIFER

No, let's play a board game!

OTHERS

Okay! Scrabble! Yahtzee! Trouble! Checkers! (etc)

KATIE

We could play chess!

*They all stare at Katie, as if she has ten heads.*

JENNIFER

Let's play The Game of Life!

RIVER

I don't know how to play that one...

RAIN

Don't worry, we'll teach you.

(CONTINUED)

*Jennifer gets the game and places the box in the middle and opens it. Everyone crowds around and start setting up.*

MILLIE

Pick your car.

RIVER

Minivans, that's dumb.

JENNIFER

Just pick one!

RIVER

What if my person wants to walk?

JENNIFER

They can't.

RIVER

Why not?

JENNIFER

They just can't River

RIVER

Fine!

*River spins. The rest freeze and he moves out into a spotlight. Grows older, and starts the next scene.*

Scene II -- Catch

WYATT

So I saw you making out with Sarah yesterday.

DAN

Uh oh.

WYATT

You two weren't exactly subtle.

DAN

She...follows me around.

WYATT

She seems to enjoy it more than you.

DAN

Yeah. She like Loves me.

-- Pause

(CONTINUED)

DAN  
Yeah but I don't know...

WYATT  
Hmmm?

DAN  
I'm not that into it.

WYATT  
Really

DAN  
She's boring. It's boring.

-- *Pause*

WYATT  
I'm going to the beach this weekend.

DAN  
With who?

WYATT  
Not sure yet.

DAN  
Well I'm not doing anything.

WYATT  
Well, who would want to go with you?

DAN  
Huh, try the entire girl's swimming team.

WYATT  
So?

-- *Pause*

DAN  
So beach?

WYATT  
Perhaps

DAN  
Or maybe I'll take Sarah to Frank's party.

WYATT  
Seriously.

DAN  
Well, if i'm not going to the beach.

WYATT  
Then it's a ... plan.

-- *Pause*

DAN  
Saturday?

WYATT  
Sunday.

DAN  
Can't. Got wrestling till 4.

WYATT  
Perfect. Catch the sunset.

-- *Pause*

DAN  
So how are we getting there?

WYATT  
My mom will have to drive.

DAN  
Your mom's pretty cute.

WYATT  
Hey!

DAN  
I'm just saying, for an older woman, she's hot.

WYATT  
Are you finished?

DAN  
We'll ditch her at the beach.

WYATT  
Great.

-- *Pause*

DAN  
I think I'm gonna break up with Sarah.

WYATT

I saw that coming.

DAN

hm.

WYATT

She's going to be *devastated*.

DAN

Fucking girls.

-- *Pause*

WYATT

I like you.

DAN

Sure...we are friends.

WYATT

This is true.

DAN

So I like you too.

WYATT

Right...beach. Sunday. Four.

SCENE III -- Game of Life II

*River returns to the board game.*

RIVER

Five! I'm at the college space, now what?

JENNIFER

Well, you need to pay to go to college. How much money do you have?

RIVER

Um. \$1300

*The others look at River awkwardly.*

RIVER

What?

MILLIE

You don't have enough money for college.

KAITE

Yeah, you need to take out a loan.

RIVER

Alright, I won't go.

*The others look at River awkwardly. Again.*

RIVER

What now!?

RAIN

Well, if you don't go to college, when it comes time to pick a job, you'll only get one choice.

KATIE

And if you get a crappy choice, well then... you know what that means...

RIVER

What does that mean?!

JENNIFER

It mean's you'll be broke! You won't get a nice house, or retirement home, or anything.

RIVER

I don't care. I know plenty of people who never went to college.

JENNIFER

Yeah, they stay at home and watch YouTube all day.

RAIN

It's my turn.

*Rain spins, the others freeze. She begins the next scene.*

SCENE IV -- Second Life

*Boy sits at his desk in front of a computer, in the center of stage. He faces the audience; they can't see his screen. His screen is NOT projected behind him. A single overhead spot lights him. He's wearing a headset, looking at the screen kind of bored but obviously interacting with the program.*

BOY

Ugh this lag is absurd, what's my money going towards if not decent wireless?

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

You should get a T3

BOY

Yeah as if I can afford--Damnit... HardCrane's realtor just got GOMed

VOICE

that sucks

BOY

Pfft whatever.

*He looks up at the audience, then back down at his screen, then sighs, takes off his headset and addresses full attention to the audience*

BOY

I'm in love with Callie Cline.

If you just smiled to yourself knowingly... well, you're one of us. If you have no idea who she is, you're lucky.

Lucky.

Who is Callie Cline? You might wonder, gimme a sec I'm harvesting. **[He turns to the screen and moves his alias around a bit]** LindeX exchange rate sucks. Economic crisis my ass the labbies are just being cheap. Ten linden dollars. Useless.

**[Looks up]** So: Callie. I guess I begin at the beginning? Well, she's gorgeous, of course. **[Staring at her on screen]**. Angelina's lips, Wynona's cheekbones, Kiera's eyes. But it's more. **[love her]** She's flirty. **[hate her]** She's coy.

**[bitter hate]** She's everything that I'm not.

Callie. **[fascination: love]** She wears outrageous clothes to interesting places. That jaguar trench... She loves Louis Vuitton. She says witty things that push limits in a playful way. She could get a lot of ass, but she doesn't - she's classy. She-- She lives in a giant, beautiful house. She has this gorgeous infinity pool, you know, that looks like it just dissolves into the horizon. And the whole house is this modern-without-being-impractical schtick, all timbre, stainless steel and stained resin. It looks out over this beach, where she hangs out, like, all the time... meeting people, sunbathing, you know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOY (cont'd)

And man, no matter what I do, I'll never get her. Do you know how crushing that is? There is nothing I can do. Nothing! And you know why?!

I don't even know if she exists! Do you need to think to exist? Then she exists. Do you need to breathe? Then she doesn't. Talk? She does. Urinate? She doesn't. Grow? She does. Age? She doesn't.

How do I know all this about her, and yet I still don't know if she exists? I play way too much Second Life and Callie Cline is the most gorgeous avatar I've ever seen.

**beat**

She's on an ethereal framework of microchips around the world, but really, she only lives within this [**gestures to screen**] computer world.

She's the one thing I've ever truly loved.

Everything I can't be, she is. All that I can't do, she does.

I look up to her, am jealous of her, and yet...Callie Cline is MY avatar. I designed her. move her. think for her. I am her.

And I can never have her.

SCENE V -- Game of Life III

*Rain returns and the Game of Life continues.*

RAIN

Pay \$500 for fire insurance. Shit.

MILLIE

I go. Seven.

KATIE

Marriage time!

MILLIE

Can you hand me my husband please?

*Rain hands Millie a piece.*

RAIN

Here.

(CONTINUED)



JENNIFER

Let's hope this one lasts longer than the last one.

MILLIE

If you don't get it right the first time, there's always a second. Double-spin for the honeymoon!

*The others freeze. Millie gets up and begins the next scene.*

Scene VI -- Exes

MILLIE

Clarence darling

CLARENCE

Millie, looking fabulous

MILLIE

Not bad yourself

CLARENCE

I got you a Darjeeling. Two lumps.

MILLIE

You're a doll

CLARENCE

We haven't *talked* in ages

MILLIE

I sent a text

*-- Pause*

CLARENCE, MILLIE

How's...

MILLIE

Alice

CLARENCE

Alison

MILLIE

Alison

CLARENCE

Good. Great. Wonderful.

MILLIE

Wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

CLARENCE  
How's Dick.

MILLIE  
Richard.

CLARENCE  
Richard.

MILLIE  
Good.

CLARENCE  
Good.

-- *Pause*

MILLIE  
The sex is great.

CLARENCE  
Oh.

MILLIE  
We use the backdoor.

CLARENCE  
What?

MILLIE  
He puts it in my butt.

CLARENCE  
Millie!

MILLIE  
And there's the beads, and the handcuffs and the ger--

CLARENCE  
WHATEver tickles your pickle.

MILLIE  
I don't have a pickle.

CLARENCE  
Millie.

MILLIE  
He does things you wouldn't.

CLARENCE  
Would *you* do them?

(CONTINUED)

MILLIE

I have.

CLARENCE

You've eaten a girl's... "down there?"

MILLIE

Clarence, I have not eaten a girl's pussy

CLARENCE

But you said--

MILLIE

I was talking about--

CLARENCE

Dick.

MILLIE

Richard.

CLARENCE

Oh.

-- *Pause*

MILLIE

But I would eat a girl's--

CLARENCE

Millie! How's your mother.

MILLIE

I wouldn't eat her--

CLARENCE

Millie! lower your voice.

MILLIE

I will not!

CLARENCE

Everyone is looking at us.

MILLIE

You never talked to my clit.

CLARENCE

Does Dick?

MILLIE

Richard.

(CONTINUED)

CLARENCE

Richard.

MILLIE

Yes.

CLARENCE

What does he say?

MILLIE

I don't know, he just talks.

CLARENCE

Like "how are things, clit?"

MILLIE

No.

CLARENCE

Or "How's the weather, clit?"

MILLIE

No.

CLARENCE

Or "what's it like being near the backdoor, clit?"

MILLIE

Clarence, do you know where the clitoris is?

CLARENCE

Of course I do. Near the ... menus. Where are the menus.

MILLIE

And Alice's clit?

CLARENCE

Alison.

MILLIE

Do you ignore her clit too?

CLARENCE

Alison is a lady.

MILLIE

She looks like a twat.

CLARENCE

How would you know?

MILLIE

Facebook.

-- *Pause*

CLARENCE

He looks like a dick.

MILLIE

Richard.

CLARENCE

No, a dick.

MILLIE

On facebook?

CLARENCE

On facebook.

MILLIE

Well you look a bit shit yourself. (*pause*) in real life.

CLARENCE

Do you miss this?

MILLIE

Do you?

CLARENCE

It's like that couple in Hat's Tavern

MILLIE

I love that show

CLARENCE

I know

MILLIE

Do you want it back?

-- *Pause*

CLARENCE

I've heard the salmon here's delicious.

SCENE VII -- Game of Life IV

*Millie returns and the game continues*

MILLIE

Seven! Fantastic. I think this one will last.

RAIN

Jen, it's your turn.

KAITE

You're about to get to the children space.

JENNIFER

I know. I hope I get one. And that it's a baby boy.

*The girls in the group have an excited moment.  
River makes a face.*

JENNIFER

Don't make that face, you're up for marriage and children next, River.

RIVER

Do I have to?

JENNIFER

Yes, of course. How will you have children without a wife?

RIVER

Seriously? And what if I want a husband instead of a wife? Or if I don't even want kids?

JENNIFER

River, stop being difficult. Everyone wants kids.

*She spins, the rest freeze, next scene.*

Scene VIII -- Behind the Back

*A couple. The woman has a baby on her back. The man has a dollhouse.*

MAN

Do you want coffee?

WOMAN

You're having coffee this late?

MAN

Yeah. Nothing for you?

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

I'll have a cookie.

MAN

Ok.

*He brings her a cookie, sits down with the coffee*

WOMAN

We never finished our conversation.

MAN

I didn't have anything else to say.

WOMAN

You said we'd talk about it later.

MAN

Fine.

WOMAN

I'm ready, Mark.

MAN

I'm not.

WOMAN

We agreed before we got married that we'd have children.

MAN

We never agreed on a time frame.

WOMAN

I want a baby.

MAN

You're only 28. You have time.

WOMAN

I need a baby.

MAN

Nobody needs a baby.

WOMAN

I need a bab--

MAN

The earth is overpopulated as it is.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

One baby won't change that!

MAN

It's just complicated, Melissa.

WOMAN

You promised.

*Pause.*

MAN

Why would we have a baby when things are going so great. Why would we want to spoil that?

WOMAN

Something's missing, Mark.

MAN

What haven't I given you?

WOMAN

Nothing. It's just that I really want a baby.

MAN

We can't.

WOMAN

Fine. I'll just forget to take the pill one day... See what happens.

MAN

Well, I just won't have sex with you.

WOMAN

No! I get to decide that, not you!

MAN

Ok... (throws up arms)

WOMAN

If you won't give me a baby, you don't get any nooky.

MAN

Fine.

WOMAN

Fine. Why won't you have a baby with me, Mark? We'd have the most beautiful baby. She'd be a girl. And she'd have dark hair and blue eyes...



MAN

We're in no position to have a baby.

WOMAN

I don't understand. We moved here because it's the perfect place to raise a family...

MAN

It's not ours.

WOMAN

What, it's just yours? It's not mine?

MAN

That's not at all what I'm saying.

WOMAN

Then what are you saying?

MAN

I'm saying...

WOMAN

Who is this house for if it's not for me?

MAN

Will you stop it and let me explain for just a second?

WOMAN

Sorry. Explain.

MAN

I didn't want to upset you before, but I can't afford this house. I took out a second mortgage last year.

WOMAN

We can pay it off, Mark.

MAN

No, we can't.

WOMAN

How bad is it?

MAN

I think I'm going to get fired, Melissa. Bain's cutting people left and right.

WOMAN

You won't get fired.

(CONTINUED)

MAN  
I'm the new guy. I'll get fired.

WOMAN  
Mark...

MAN  
Melissa.

WOMAN  
I didn't know.

MAN  
Well, now you do.

WOMAN  
I wasn't asking to bother you.

MAN  
I know, Melissa.

WOMAN  
I was asking because I'm pregnant

SCENE IX -- Game of Life V

*The familiar game returns.*

JENNIFER  
Baby boy.

KATIE  
My turn now! Huh. All that's left is retirement.  
Where's the fun in that.

JENNIFER  
Well if you have enough money you can pick a great  
retirement home.

KATIE  
Aw, well that's no fun. I wanted to keep playing.

RAIN  
You can't.

RIVER  
It won't be that bad.

*Rain spins, the rest freeze, next scene.*

SCENE X -- Chess  
(IMPROVISED, script is approximation)

HUSBAND

How's your hip?

WIFE

Bout the same as yesterday

HUSBAND

Told you we needed to get that dohicky in the... the in the shower that you grab, on the tv.

WIFE

What?

HUSBAND

...What?

WIFE

I never understand you anymore you're talking rubbish

HUSBAND

I'm talking about your hip!

WIFE

Did you get the depends

HUSBAND

I remembered a bit too late.

WIFE

I reminded you 3 times yesterday!

HUSBAND

I reminded you about that thing in the shower that you fell and broke your hip.

WIFE

You know what. It isn't my damn fault that were both getting old

HUSBAND

Got a point there.

WIFE

Yeah I'm sorry....I just I just don't feel too good

HUSBAND

I know, what are you feeling today?

(CONTINUED)

WIFE

Never go to the park anymore

HUSBAND

Cuz you hurt your hip!

WIFE

You just don't want to drive anymore. You're afraid.

HUSBAND

I'm not afraid. I drive perfectly fine. It's just that other people don't.

WIFE

Last time you said you can't SEE!

HUSBAND

Well, nobody is able to see people that jump out of nowhere.

WIFE

You just don't want to spend anymore time with me

HUSBAND

What are we doing right now?

WIFE

Well we never do anything anymore

HUSBAND

What do you want to do right now?

WIFE

We used to go to the park every Sunday

HUSBAND

Those were nice times.

WIFE

Yeaaaahp

HUSBAND

I really hate getting older.

WIFE

Yeaaaahp

HUSBAND

Can't even sleep right anymore

WIFE

Jenny called yesterday. See how you were.

(CONTINUED)

HUSBAND

Who's that?

WIFE

Our next door neighbor. She offered to bring us a meal.

HUSBAND

What'd you say?

WIFE

She offered to bring us a meal.

HUSBAND

No what'd you say to her?

WIFE

I said no thank you we can make our own meals

HUSBAND

Might be better than what you cooked last night

WIFE

I can call her back

HUSBAND

Nah, it's okay. I'll just help you tonight.

INTERLUDE -- JANITOR

*Now, there are many more water bottles left on stage from the previous scenes. T.S. Eliot enters triumphantly. A Mexican janitor follows Eliot in, with a broom. He is wearing some costume piece reminiscent of the Album.*

ELIOT  
Jose--

JANITOR  
It's Juan.

ELIOT  
Right, Here, limpia estas bottles, Juan

JANITOR  
Yes, sir.

*The janitor starts brooming the bottles into a pile decisively and fast. He then puts them into a large plastic bag.*

ELIOT  
Thanks, Jose.

*The Janitor cringes at the wrong name.*

ELIOT  
Now, as I was saying... If you want something done right, and cheaply--

*An IRS Officer enters, with the same walk that Highway Patrolmen have perfected.*

OFFICER  
Hello sir.

ELIOT  
Good evening. Is there something wrong, officer?

OFFICER  
Do you know why I stopped you?

ELIOT  
I haven't got the faintest clue.

OFFICER  
Does he have papers?

*The officer motions towards the Janitor, who is finishing up the work.*

ELIOT

Jose? ... I assume so.

OFFICER

Assume? Do you know what assuming does, Mr...

ELIOT

Eliot. T.S. Eliot.

OFFICER

Eliot. Are you aware, Mr. Eliot, that harboring illegal aliens is a felony?

ELIOT

I...He is just trying to make--

OFFICER

to steal the rightful job of a citizen of this nation?

ELIOT

No. No. The man is a hard-worker. He probably has a family, a...

OFFICER

and he probably prays to God every night, too, but that is not the issue, sir.

*By this time, the Janitor has noticed the Officer and started to leave.*

OFFICER

Now, I am going to arrest--Hey!

JANITOR

La migra!

*The Janitor bolts. The Officer chases him.*

ELIOT

Run Jose!

*After they have all left, the same rumble from before, louder. More bottles are vomited onstage.*

ACT III -- CURRENTScene I -- Sermon of Firing

*Four Bosses are on stage behind desks. They wear suits and look somber and corporate. Four people in office clothes come in and sit across from the bosses looking tentative. In unison the bosses say the following speech. Words in bold and separated by / are said by only one boss.*

GOOGLE

Ah! Steven. Thanks for coming in!

L'OREAL

Joe, lovely to see you

MICROSOFT

Hi, Katrina

COSTCO

Yes. Mirabelle. How are you?

GOOGLE, L'OREAL, MICROSOFT, COSTCO

I have an important matter to discuss with you.

GOOGLE

You see, a certain issue

MICROSOFT

Hindrance

L'OREAL

Small upset

COSTCO

Unfortunate thing

GOOGLE, L'OREAL, MICROSOFT, COSTCO

has come to my attention.

MICROSOFT

It has equal importance and

MICROSOFT AND GOOGLE

permeability;

L'OREAL

But really it is an issue of

LOREAL AND COSTCO

discourse and improvement.

(CONTINUED)



COSTCO

There are many places to begin, but perhaps I should begin at just

GOOGLE, L'OREAL, MICROSOFT, COSTCO  
one.

MICROSOFT

It has come to my attention, or, rather, the attention of

LOREAL

L'Oreal

MICROSOFT

Microsoft

GOOGLE

Google

COSTCO

Costco

GOOGLE, L'OREAL, MICROSOFT, COSTCO  
Corporate,

GOOGLE

That certain

GOOGLE, L'OREAL, MICROSOFT, COSTCO  
Resource allocations

LOREAL

In the productivity and creation management line, are

MICROSOFT

Performing in ways

GOOGLE, L'OREAL, MICROSOFT, COSTCO

Detrimental to the long-term goals of the company.

COSTCO

Mind, this is not fault of yours, but rather

MICROSOFT

the economy.

LOREAL

The economy

GOOGLE

The economy

COSTCO

The... economy.

LOREAL

The economy is in a bad way at the moment, I'm afraid,  
and we must... adjust

COSTCO

Change

MICROSOFT

Cull

GOOGLE

Redistribute

LOREAL

... accordingly.

GOOGLE, L'OREAL, MICROSOFT, COSTCO

You've been with us [five years/half a year/ten  
years/one year]? You've done some great things.

MICROSOFT W ALL

However, given the dire straights the **economy** is in,

LOREAL

I'm afraid we might have to talk about your future.

GOOGLE

And by talk about your future, I mean that you will  
have to find employment elsewhere in your future.

COSTCO W ALL

I **sincerely** apologize, I obviously was **very fond of  
you,**

MICROSOFT

and it simply kills me to have to do this, but Steven

LOREAL

Joe

GOOGLE

Katrina

COSTCO

Mirabelle, I'm afraid I have to fire you

GOOGLE

lay you off

MICROSOFT

let you go

LOREAL

give you the sack.

GOOGLE, L'OREAL, MICROSOFT, COSTCO

All the best!

GOOGLE

Oh - and as a thank you for your continued commitment to your success of [L'Oreal/Microsoft/Google/Costco], please accept this **commemorative certificate**,

LOREAL

and Starbucks gift card. I'm sure you'll be fine -

GOOGLE, L'OREAL, MICROSOFT, COSTCO

any business would be lucky to have you!

SCENE II -- Post Secrets

*Lights up. Overhead projector in front of stage, projecting onto back wall. Five parent/child pairs are on stage. All are constantly interacting throughout scene, frozen when not assigned lines.*

**Pair 1:** Father and son (12). Son is playing make-believe, pretending to be a dentist.

**Pair 2:** Mother and daughter (5). Mother teaching son how to play peek-a-boo. Places bottles in her hands. It is obvious to audience that the daughter is not well-coordinated.

**Pair 3:** Father and daughter (4). Play with building "blocks" (blocks are water bottles). Father cringes every time "Danny" is said.

**Pair 4:** Mother and daughter (8). Mother is brushing and braiding daughter's hair. Daughter is restless, keeps turning around expectantly and looking behind mother (at door), mother keeps glancing back nervously.

FATHER I

What do you want to play today?

SON I

Peter Pan! Peter Pan!

FATHER I

**Laughing indulgently.** You don't want a change? What about Spiderman?

(CONTINUED)

SON I

Peter Pan!

FATHER I

OK, why don't you be Peter, and I'll be Captain Hook.  
En-guarde!

*Father tries to start an imaginary sword fight  
with his son, but son crosses his arms and shakes  
his head.*

\*\*\*\*\*

MOTHER II

**Brings bottle to her own eyes. Lowers them.** Peek-a-boo.  
I see you. **Repeats action.** Peek-a-boo. I see you. Now  
you say it.

\*\*\*\*\*

FATHER III

What are you building?

DAUGHTER III

A skyscraper! Like the one Danny built that one time!

FATHER III

...So what was your favorite thing we saw at the  
aquarium today?

\*\*\*\*\*

MOTHER IV

You're going to look so lovely with your hair braided!  
And I've got nice red ribbons here for you. Red's your  
favorite color.

DAUGHTER IV

Ow! Mommy it hurts.

MOTHER IV

Sorry, dear. You have hairballs, though. Like a cat!

\*\*\*\*\*

SON I

Da-ad. I want to be Tinkerbell. The part where she's  
dying. **Son collapses dramatically onto floor, coughing  
and "fluttering" arms like wings, feebly.**

FATHER I

I don't want you to die, now.

(CONTINUED)

SON I

**Breaks his act. Explaining...** I know. That's why you've got to clap. Not enough people believe in fairies, clap your hands and I'll survive! **Returns to "dying."**

*Father I claps hands slowly, sadly, as son gets gradually better and better. He hops up and hugs his dad.*

SON I

You saved me!

*Son I freezes.*

FATHER I

I'm afraid I've turned my son gay because I let him be Tinkerbell when we play make-believe.

\*\*\*\*\*

DAUGHTER II

Peek-a-boo. I see you. Peek-a-boo. I see you.

*Repeats words over and over. Doesn't do motions until mother grabs daughter's wrists, brings hands (with bottles) to eyes, and lowers them.*

MOTHER II

Peek-a-boo. I see you! **Continues repeating motion with bottles, saying words when bottles go down.** Peek-a-boo. I see you! Peek-a-boo. I see you!

\*\*\*\*\*

FATHER III

I learned a lot at the aquarium too. Do you remember seeing the goldfish? And learning that they only have a memory that lasts for a few seconds? ... Lucky, aren't they?

\*\*\*\*\*

DAUGHTER IV

**Restless.** Are you done yet?

MOTHER IV

Sit still! Just a little bit longer.

DAUGHTER IV

**Turns around and tries to hug mom.** Mommy, I love you.

MOTHER IV

I love you, too, but you've got to sit still and keep looking ahead so I can finish, ok?

\*\*\*\*\*

DAUGHTER II

Peek-a-boo. I see you!

MOTHER II

Again!

DAUGHTER II

**Daughter has figured it out. Raises bottles, lowers them.** Peek-a-boo. I see you.

*Daughter II freezes.*

MOTHER II

I've taught my blind daughter to play peek-a-boo. I just want her to be normal.

\*\*\*\*\*

FATHER III

How much higher do you think you can go!?

DAUGHTER III

Fifty stories. It's going to touch the sky! Like the buildings Danny builds. He's an architect now, you know. He told me that's what he was going to be. Before he went away.

\*\*\*\*\*

MOTHER IV

All done! **Daughter freezes as mother ties up braids.**

DAUGHTER IV

Mommy, if I'm a cat, I love you more than a kitten loves milk! And I love daddy more than a baby bird loves worms.

MOTHER IV

**Giving her daughter a hug.** Don't compare yourself to an animal, dear.

\*\*\*\*\*

DAUGHTER III

And all his buildings are going to be fifty stories tall. They're going to touch the sky! And once Danny gets to fifty he'll come for me. And bring a cloud back

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAUGHTER III (cont'd)

down home. And never leave again. That's what he wants. He just wants to touch the clouds. And then he'll come back down and tell me all about it. ... Careful dad!

*Daughter III freezes*

FATHER III

My son died a year ago, and I still can't bear to hear anyone speak his name...Danny.

\*\*\*\*\*

DAUGHTER IV

I miss Daddy. A lot a lot. When's he coming back?

MOTHER IV

Soon.

DAUGHTER IV

If I close my eyes and count to ten will he be here?

MOTHER IV

I don't know...

*Daughter IV freezes.*

MOTHER IV

**My husband was abusive for fifteen years. My daughter's greatest hope is that he'll show up at the door tonight. That's my greatest fear.**

Scene III -- Feminism

GIRL

***makes sounds with her mouth and hands, farting noises, etc. to establish age***

SUSAN

Feminism?

VICTORIAN

To be feminine. To have ladylike characteristics.

MOTHER

It means my daughter wants to burn her bras, do... irresponsible... things with boys, and live in dirty places.

GIRL

One time, I was singing about my penis, because I heard that word at school, and my mom got mad at me, and said only boys have penis and I should say never that word.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

To fight. I'm a fighter, came out of my mama kickin' and screamin', and that's what she always said to me, Susan Brownwell Anthony, she used to say, you're a fighter.

GIRL

So I asked her if boys have the word I should never say, what do I have. And can I say it? She just said no. But I think it's "Virginia."

MOTHER

I'm worried she's going to have droopy breasts and raise my grandchildren in the woods, somewhere. But then I remind myself that feminism is just a passing fad.

SUSAN

So that's what I'm doing, fighting for the right to vote. You see, the constitution begins "we the people..." and I am, in fact, a person.

VICTORIAN

Tomorrow I'm going to start embroidering a handkerchief for my husband, he's caught a bit of a cold, you see, and it cheers him up to have something decorative on his handkerchiefs, it makes him think of me.

LESBIAN

Feminism means shit. Sure, women can go into space and be president...but we can't walk down the street at night without feeling objectified. And I can't marry the woman I'm in love with because that somehow doesn't fit someone's idea of what a woman should do or be. I'm feminine because I'm female, they can't take that away from me.

SUSAN

Once women get the right to vote, it is only a matter of time before all other doors are opened up to us. The right for equal pay, the right to good working conditions, the right to determine their fate in all aspects of life.

LESBIAN

Feminism allows me to make money for the work I do. I mean, at least I make, let's see,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of what a guy makes for doing what I do. And this is 2009.

MOTHER

My calling in life is to be a mother. That's what I've always wanted, to care for my flesh and blood.

(CONTINUED)



VICTORIAN

When we're outside the home, we cover ourselves well with hats and gloves and make sure not to catch the sun's rays. Sometimes we vacation to the shore, but we wear broad-brimmed hats then, too.

MOTHER

I don't want to leave the home. My jobs are right here.

LESBIAN

Women who have left the home just leave spaces that less lucky women fill. The work there hasn't gained any value, it's just shuffled off to different women who don't raise their own kids because they're raising someone else's.

MOTHER

I think women should make sure that the home is a suitable place for children to grow up. Making a house into a home is no laughing matter, its integral to a family's happiness.

GIRL

When my mom's not home I sneak into her drawers and try on her bras and tights and high-heels. One time I put on makeup... but I don't think mom was impressed. I used a lot. And went outside of the lines a bit. [can incorporate playing with makeup into sketch--I see her as putting lipstick on nose, cheeks, forehead, etc]

SUSAN

If women are allowed to take a stronger role outside of the house, they will quickly surpass men in the workforce because we are so damn eager to prove ourselves after so long of being shut out.

VICTORIAN

Today I finished a quilt I've been working on for 9 months.

LESBIAN

Sure, Susan B Anthony and all those women, marching with their signs in their petticoats, I guess they did something. But now people think that we've had our say.

GIRL

When I grow up, I want to be the president!

SUSAN

They have the capability to play a great role, in fact, The first step is education, but give us a chance to learn with the men, and we will soon be beating them on their own playing field.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL

Or a firefighter. A nice firefighter lady came to visit my school the other day, and she let me sit in the driver's seat of the firetruck! Can you believe it, a real live one?!

LESBIAN

We can't use mass tactics that other movements have—getting service is not a problem, given we're wearing low-cut shirts. No, our battle with every exchange, every interaction; each of us must battle, immediately, though alone, when we notice sexist assumptions.

MOTHER

Yes, being in the home is usually quite fulfilling, though of course I might have gone awry somewhere since my daughter is refusing to follow in the footsteps I, and all the Simpson women before me, have left her.

LESBIAN

What scares me is that we're fighting something invisible. It's a ghost, showing up in people's words and thoughts, but point it out and -poof, it's gone. "I didn't say it, that's not what I meant." If you can't talk about something, you can't fight it.

VICTORIAN

A lady crosses her legs and wears nice looking things. And sits in the corner quietly doing things with her hands...

GIRL

Sometimes I like to pull down my underpants. But only when mommy isn't looking.

VICTORIAN

like crocheting, and talking with the other ladies while the men smoke their cigars in the other room.

LESBIAN

What's it gonna take to make change? I don't have an answer.

Scene IV -- Vices

*A moving shot where one by one, we follow different characters and their vices as they pass each other throughout their daily lives with the feel of a city street in our unreal city.*

*A walks across stage. B walks from other side.*

*A scratches butt while passing*

(CONTINUED)

- B That's disgusting (**spits on sidewalk**)
- C That's disgusting (**chugging soda. burps.**)
- D That's disgusting (**lights up cigarette. Exhales.**) as passes E)
- E That's disgusting (**glued to blackberry and drinking manically from coffee cup, nearly trips over F**)
- F That's disgusting (**drinks bottle in a brown paper bag**)
- G That's disgusting (**making out with H**)
- I That's disgusting (**taking a hit from a joint**)
- J That's disgusting (**eating fast food**)
- K That's disgusting
- J Hey, lay off me, I'm hungry.

Scene V -- Pilgrims

*Characters: 4 Pilgrims, 1 INS Officer, 2 Minutemen, and 2 Native Americans (non-speaking)*

*(Think Monty Python-esque in its silliness and redundancy.)*

*(An INS officer at a border crossing, at what was Plymouth. 4 Pilgrims start to enter, miming the rowing of a boat. [P2 is carrying a cornucopia, and P3 is carrying a turkey.] Meanwhile a Native American approaches the border office.)*

OFFICER

Papers, please. Oh, visiting from the Mohicans up north, sir? My mother's from there. Well, have an enjoyable stay.

*The Native American goes, the INS officer notices the Pilgrims.*

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

Hey! HEY! What do you think you're doing?

PILGRIM I

Oh! Well, top o' the mornin', t'ye! We're just heading over that way--

OFFICER

You can't bring your boat in, you've got to have a permit! Read the sign! Do you have a permit?

PILGRIM I

Permit? (*The Pilgrims look confused*)

OFFICER

Look. Just leave the boat, you can't take the boat in without proper authorization. (Under his breath) Damn tourists.

ALL PILGRIMS

Sorry...our apologies...but why can't we take the boat in?...tourists, what are tourists?... etc.

OFFICER

Just GET OUT OF THE BOAT.

*They all shuffle out of the boat.*

PILGRIM II

Oh, dear, now I've spilt me cornucopia.

PILGRIM III

Don't worry, Mary, I'm sure that lovely Squanto chap has plenty more where that came from.

OFFICER

You can't bring that in here. You have to declare all your agricultural goods in this form (**hands them a form**) or discard them in that bin over there. The turkey has to go.

PILGRIM III

But...but... 'Tis for Thanksgiving!

PILGRIM IV

Yes, we promised those brown fellows we would bring another.

OFFICER

Sorry, no fowl allowed. You have to declare or discard it. BUT I need to see proper identification and visa documents first.

(CONTINUED)

ALL PILGRIMS

Visa? What does he mean? Etc.

OFFICER

IDENTIFICATION. Please.

PILGRIM I

Oh, well, yes, of course. We are Southampton Congregationalists, led by Captain Christopher Jones on a voyage to the English New World settlement of Virginia--

OFFICER

I need official government-issued picture ID.

PILGRIM II

Picture? Oh, he means "portrait!"

PILGRIM III

Show him the king!

PILGRIM IV

Yes, the king!

*They pull out a giant portrait of King*

OFFICER

This isn't an ID.

PILGRIM I

Yes it is.

OFFICER

No it isn't.

PILGRIM II

Yes it is.

OFFICER

No it ISN'T!

PILGRIM III

Yes it is. It's the King.

OFFICER

I don't care if it's my mother, it isn't proper ID!

*Pilgrims shocked, muttering among themselves*

PILGRIM II

Are you defying the king, sir?!

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

Your king has no authority here.

*Pilgrims aghast*

PILGRIM I

He most certainly does!

OFFICER

No, he doesn't--

PILGRIM I

Yes, he does.

OFFICER

No, he--OKAY, this is ridiculous. I can't let you in if you don't have the right documentation.

PILGRIM III

Documentation?

PILGRIM IV

Show him the charter!

PILGRIM I

Right-o. (To P2 behind him, and so forth) The Charter!

PILGRIM II

The charter!

PILGRIM III

The charter!

PILGRIM IV

The charter! (Beat.) Oh! It's in me bustle.

*Charter gets handed down the line to Officer)*

OFFICER

OK, what am I supposed to do with this?

PILGRIM I

You're supposed to let us in and give us all our land.

OFFICER

Um...NO. First of all, this isn't even proper documentation. Second of all, like I said, your king has no authority here.

PILGRIM IV

But we have GOD'S authority!

(CONTINUED)

ALL PILGRIMS

Yes we do....Amen...In God we trust!

PILGRIM I

The bible!

PILGRIM II

The bible!

PILGRIM III

The bible!

PILGRIM IV

The bible! **(Beat; checks bustle, it's not there. Turns back to P3) THE BIBLE!**

PILGRIM III

Oh, sorry. **(Pulls out the Bible, reads a random verse)**  
 "So David sent and inquired about the woman. And one said, 'Is this not Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah the Hittite?' David sent messengers and took her, and when she came to him, he lay with her; and when she had purified herself from her uncleanness, she returned to her house."

ALL PILGRIMS

(In unison) Amen.

OFFICER

(Beat) No. Just...no.

PILGRIM I

No?

OFFICER

No, you cannot come in. No, you don't have ANY proper documentation and so yes, you have to go back.

ALL PILGRIMS

But why...? Of course we can come in...We have the word of God? ...

PILGRIM I

But we cannot go back! WE'VE BEEN PERSECUTED!

ALL PILGRIMS

Yes...We don't have religious freedom! Etc.

OFFICER

OH, so you want to file for asylum, do you? Why didn't you tell me in the first place?

(CONTINUED)

ALL PILGRIMS

Asylum? What's asylum? Etc...

OFFICER

Look, just take all of this paperwork (hands them a tall stack of papers) and fill it out, then come back to me, and then MAYBE I'll let you in. Ok?

*Another resident Native American enters, and lines up behind the Pilgrims.*

PILGRIM II

But we can't do all of this! We don't even know what this is?

PILGRIM III

Oh sir, please let us in!

OFFICER

I told you, just fill out the papers--

PILGRIM I

All right fine, does anyone have a quill? I left mine on the ship.

*They look amongst themselves; no one has a quill.*

OFFICER

Look, here's a pen, just fill it out over there. I need to help someone else out now.

*The Pilgrims don't move, but gather around the pen. One of them tries to write with it.*

PILGRIM II

It writes!

PILGRIM III

With no ink!

PILGRIM IV

It's the devil's work, I tell you.

PILGRIM I

The devil? (Beat) THE DEVIL!

*Devolves into slight chaos, with the Pilgrims invoking "The Crucible" over the pen. Meanwhile, the Native American is still waiting in line and the Officer is attempting to get them to quiet down and get out of the way.*

(CONTINUED)



OFFICER

Quiet down and get out of the line!

PILGRIM II

You're the devil's man!

OFFICER

Now wait a minute now--

PILGRIM III

First, he defies the king, and now he defies GOD!  
Blasphemy!

PILGRIM II

Devil's man! Devil's man!

OFFICER

I told you, just fill in the damn paperwork!!

PILGRIM I

It is YOU, sir, who are damned!!

*In the hollaballoo, Pilgrim III runs downstage  
past the Officer and "jumps" the border)*

PILGRIM IV

Go, JOHN, GO!!!!

OFFICER

Wait a minute, you get back here!!!! (To other  
Pilgrims) Hey, get off me!

PILGRIM IV

**(Pulls out a folded British flag from his breeches  
pocket and starts waving it) FOR GOD AND JAMES!!!!!!!!!!**

*Suddenly there is a gunshot. Instant silence.  
Pilgrim IV collapses. United gasp from the  
Pilgrims. Beat, then sharp blackout.*

*Lights up on two minutemen far SL/SR.*

MINUTEMAN I

Nice shot, Dick.

MINUTEMAN II

**(Putting up his rifle.)** Thanks. Those damn foreigners  
just keep on coming, though.

MINUTEMAN I

I told you, all we gotta do is build a wall up the  
entire coast and that'll keep the critters from  
swimmin' on in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

49.

MINUTEMAN II  
Yee-up.

INTERLUDE -- DELUGE

*Eliot walks in, recruiting the minutemen to help him with the bottles. All three begin to throw bottles offstage, the minutemen certainly slower and more reluctant.*

ELIOT

Alright, that's it. You intolerant brats are going to finish what, out of bloody xenophobia, you did not let the "furrner" finish. Come on. On the double. Collect every single bottle and get rid of them all. Go on! I. Do. Not. Want. A. Single. Bottle. Or. Cap. On. My. Stage! Go on. Keep it going lads. We do not have all day. Wait. Where do you think you are going? Come back! Argh. You bunch of parrots.

*On "My. Stage." the rumble begins again, this time much louder. The minutemen are both scared off, and Eliot is left trying to finish, throwing bottles left and right.*

*Before Eliot can finish his rant, a deluge of water bottles engulfs Eliot.*

Intermission

ACT IV -- OCEANSCENE I -- Swirl

*Professor walks onto stage with a clicker/laser pointer in hand and grumpy expression. Behind him is a very basic PowerPoint presentation cast onto the projection screen.*

PROFESSOR

Sit down! Where's my pen? Damn it, I'm not going to start unless someone gives me a pen! Useless. Oh here it is. Very well, house matters first: an unlabeled binder was left behind yesterday, it was filled with meaningless notes that misinterpreted everything I said, and the owner is a fool. Pick it up after class. The field trip to the eco-opera is cancelled, because... I don't want to go, it will be stupid. And the Safety Competition: no one wore a helmet here tonight so no one won the mystery prize. There was no prize, I didn't purchase one because I had so little faith that you would wear helmets. A phenomenon that I have often noticed. Well. The topic of tonight's talk is the ocean. Don't get too excited, it's only the largest thing on earth.

**-- Next Slide**

**[droll, bored]** So, to begin: we've done it. After centuries of pillaging, destroying, overharvesting and dumping our vast quantities of shit -excuse me-- We've finally broken the ocean, fucked it--excuse me--up completely. And I couldn't sleep last night because a fraternity was creating a ruckus, which makes it worse.

**-- Next Slide**

What you see before you is not a garbage dump, or at least one on land; it is the middle of the Pacific. What's it called by scientists and the media? Is it an A) Sea Dump; B) Garbage Bay; C) Gyre; or D) Garbage Patch? While A and B are most accurate, C, Gyre, is the correct term, because of the way it swirls. D, garbage patch, it is also correct. High-pressure air currents have created a lifeless swamp in the middle of the Pacific which slowly whirls clockwise, continually collecting more trash that we throw away. How far do you think it extends underneath the surface? A) one bottle-length; B) two feet; C) 8.5 feet; D) 100 feet? D. It is 100 ft thick. It's separated into two gyres, the Eastern Pacific Garbage Patch, and Western Pacific Garbage Patch. How big do you think the Eastern is? A) an acre B) a hectare C) 1.5 times the size of Manhattan D) Twice the size of Texas. Again, D. Twice Texas. Texas sucks. You in the back. Sit down.

(CONTINUED)

More than 200 billion pounds of plastic are produced every year, and 10% ends up in the ocean. Now this garbage patch problem wouldn't happened if we used biodegradable materials - but we don't, because we, as a race, are morons. **[getting worked up]** We use plastic, which takes hundreds of years to break down chemically, and in the process it breaks apart into little pieces called A) Mermaid Tears; B) Sugar Drops; C) Happy Pills; D) Nurdles. A and D. These nurdles soak up all the toxins from the water the float in. Oh goodie! Natural vacuum cleaners! But then they're eaten by small fish that think they're food. Then the small fish are poisoned and when eaten, they poison the bigger fish and the whole food chain collapses. But, the nurdles probably taste better than the crap at the faculty kitchen, because that food is awful, and the tea tastes like mildew.

**[Worked up!]** The Great Pacific Garbage Patch. This is here, now. Yes it's absurd; no it's not a joke; yes it's devastating; no it isn't going to fix itself; yes I'm angry; and no I won't get over this mood; and yes that sucks for you kids! This mass is vast, permanent, and dead. Like my goddamned bald spot. We've created a wasteland in what we've long believed was our one infinitely replenishing resource. We've abused the ocean with total disregard for its wellbeing. Almost as badly as the department is abusing me. I'm not an infinitely replenishing resource either, you bastards. Give me back my office.

**-- Next Slide**

[back to being droll and bored] In conclusion for all you who spent my lecture checking your "my face" Humanity sucks! So do the gyress. Lecture over! So now you can all get in your parents' SUV and drive the two blocks back to your dorms, and I'll get on my fucking bike, with my helmet, and why? Because I'm not paid enough.

Your assignment for Monday is to propose a solution for this problem. Simple, huh! We can't trawl it and clean it up; it's twice the size of Texas and a hundred feet thick! It already coats the Hawaiian island beaches in its path in up to 10ft of trash, and we don't even know how to clean that.

Don't tell me you're going to solve this by reducing your carbon footprint, because that won't do shit. And my tea's cold. But; apparently, according to the university review board, my grading is a tad... eccentric, so here's a little hint. If your suggested policy is to implement any change less dramatic than

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

the mass extinction of humanity, then your policy will be temporary, ineffective, expensive, and ultimately futile; and graded accordingly. Let's just say that top proposals would have had the cold war end a little... warmer.

Dismissed.

SCENE II -- FLOAT

*Amongst the swirling bottles, we can see Eliot swirling in a slow spiral towards the center of the trash gyre.*

SUSANNAH'S SONG GOES HERE

SCENE III -- TRAVEL

*Host voice over.*

HOST

Here we have a bird's eye view of the wasteland. Take time to notice that here is no water, but only rock. Rock, and no water and the sandy road. Follow with your eyes and you will see the road is winding above among the mountains. Which, you will notice, are magnificent mountains of rock, without water. A visitor to this area would notice there is no water to stop and drink, and even more fantastic, one would notice that amongst the rock one cannot stop or think.

*Enter two humans or scavengers, searching for water or food. Clearly struggling to survive*

HOST

Here we see two natives of the "wasteland," their sweat is dry and their feet are in the sand. Let's watch as they struggle for survival.

*The two characters have an interaction similar to what Dan and Sarah improved, based on the text of the poem. They are clearly struggling with an inability to find water or food*

(Possible interaction:)

CHARACTER 1

***(Looking through rubbles or bottles to find last remaining drops of water)*** If there were only water amongst the rock..

CHARACTER 2

***(Maybe feeling their dry tongue, trying to conjure up some sort of saliva for water. They become disheartened***

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARACTER 2 (cont'd)

*or angry at self for their inability to spit*) Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit. *(Character 2 sits on the ground, disheartened, signaling that he/she has given up and does not want to keep searching)*

CHARACTER 1

*(Sees ch2 sitting on the ground, tries to pull them along and motivate them to keep moving)* No, no! Here one can neither lie nor sit.

CHARACTER 2

*(to self, ranting or mumbling while being pulled by ch 1 to keep going)* If there were water... and no rock.. if there were rock... and also water...

CHARACTER 1

*(longingly)* And water.

CHARACTER 2

*(sees a bottle he/she thinks may have water in it)* A spring! A pool among the rock! *(grabs the bottle and sits with it, trying to get some water out of it)* Drip, drop, drip, drop, drop, drop...

HOST

It seems like one of the scavengers has found what they think to be a water supply. Little do they know there is no water, only rock.

*Ch2 sits for a while, playing with the bottle, trying to get water out of it while repeating the "drip, drop" lines. Ch1 watches for a while, then finally becomes frustrated with Ch2 and snatches the bottle from his/her hands*

CHARACTER 1

BUT THERE IS NO WATER!

CHARACTER 2

*(Gets angry, feels threatened by ch1 and may think that ch1 is holding out on him, or trying to steal his supply of water)* Drip.. drip.. drop.. drip *(repeats these lines, almost menacingly while staring at Ch1, insanity is really setting in now)*

CHARACTER 1

*(disheartened)* There is no water!

(CONTINUED)

*Ch2 advances on Ch1 menacingly, looking like he is ready to kill him, just repeating "drip drop," etc as Ch1 repeats "there is no water," they exit with ch2 still advancing on Ch1 and Ch1 exiting very scared*

HOST

Well, wasn't that fascinating. As we can see there is not even solitude in the mountains. The red sullen faces of the natives sneer and snarl as they try to find survival in a place where there is no water, but only rock. Rock and no water and the sandy road winding above among the mountains.

SCENE IV -- MONKEY

*Mostly improvised piece. Valley girls that have survived a nuclear war do each others' hair. They devolve into monkeys.*



INTERLUDE -- UNDEATH

ELIOT

What a disappointment. No Styx. No Acheron. No moksha. No Valhalla. No Pearly Gates. No Nirvana. No Oversoul. No Voice. Nothing. No thing. Not even a distant light. What would I give to see Cerberus. Even Lucifer chewing on Judas's head would spark joy. To be frozen in Cocytus seems more interesting.

At least it's different every time. I recall the distant first...

Duped. Fooled. Cheated. The victim of the biggest joke of all time.

Next, Rage. Anger. Fury. Only responses to cruel, unsurmountable impotence.

Gargantuan Glee! The joke is hilarious.

A Blatant Comfort Deepens. Enthralling Familiarity Grapples Horror. I know the joke.

Simple boredom. The joke gets old.

Every time filled with a different sentiment in some brutal arc. This time it is unabashed disappointment. Albeit individually experienced, the only comfort lies in the shared nature of such fate.

Ahh. There. Sickening regret. Anguish over unfinished affairs. And then the nauseating recomuning of the soul, mind. An artist dies a hundred times before his death, and after death each time his work is picked up by living hands, he is forced to live.

Slowly, the bottles begin to move. After some time, a hand shoots up from the sea of bottles. It is Eliot's.

ACT V -- ASYLUMScene I -- Dementia

*A girl believes she is Philomela and has turned into nightingale. She is young and innocent. Tells philomela's story.*

T.S. ELIOT  
Hello.

GIRL  
*humming a melody*

T.S.  
That sounds like a very pretty song you're humming, does it have a name?

GIRL  
*shakes her head no, keeps humming*

T.S.  
Alright then... well are you going to speak or just keep humming?

GIRL  
I am speaking.

T.S  
You are humming.

GIRL  
That's what we do.

T.S  
We? You and me? I do not hum. I write.

GIRL  
Nope. Us.

T.S  
Who is "us"?

GIRL  
Us. The nightingales.

T.S  
Nightingales?

GIRL  
Yup.

(CONTINUED)

T.S.  
So, you are a nightingale?

GIRL  
Yup.

T.S.  
Like the bird?

GIRL  
Yup.

T.S.  
Alright...

*TS doesn't know what to say. Girl continues humming, she is watching him with a strange, bird-like physicality. He starts to get uncomfortable*

T.S.  
Well, anyway... My name is Tom, Tom Eliot.

*He outstretches his hand to shake hers, she stares awkwardly without moving her hand, still humming*

T.S.  
**(taking back his hand)** Do you have a name?

GIRL  
Mhm.

T.S.  
Well... what is it?

GIRL  
Mella.

T.S.  
Mella... That's an interesting name. Is it short for something?

GIRL  
Mhm.

*silence. she starts to hum again.*

T.S.  
...alright...so... what brings you here? How did you get here?

GIRL

Baked.

T.S

You...baked...? Like biscuits and cakes, baked?

GIRL

Mhm.

T.S

Well then... what did you bake?

GIRL

Pie.

T.S

What kind of pie?

GIRL

Prince pie.

T.S

I've never heard of prince pie. What's in it?

GIRL

Princes.

T.S

Princes...hm. Well, where does one get these princes?

GIRL

The king.

T.S

**(laughs)** Well, I should've known that, huh?

GIRL

**(continues humming)**

T.S

Well, where is your pie now? Did somebody eat it?

GIRL

Mhm.

T.S

Want to tell me who?

GIRL

The king.

T.S  
The king? The one who gave you the princes?

GIRL  
Well...

T.S  
Yes?

GIRL  
He didn't give them to us (giggling)

T.S  
He did not?

GIRL  
Nope. (**she starts humming again**)

T.S  
Well, how did you get them?

GIRL  
Took them.

T.S  
You took them?

GIRL  
and killed them.

T.S  
killed...

GIRL  
And baked them.

T.S  
Into the pie?!

GIRL  
Mhm. (**starts humming again**) And then he ate it.

T.S  
Who ate it?

GIRL  
The king. (**humming, again**)

T.S  
Why on earth did you do this?!

(CONTINUED)

GIRL

He started it.

T.S

Who did?

GIRL

The king.

T.S

What did he do?

GIRL

Raped me. (**very casually**)

T.S

Raped you?

GIRL

And cut off my tongue.

T.S

If he cut off your tongue, how could you possibly be speaking now?

GIRL

I'm not.

T.S

What do you mean? But you are speaking this instant!

GIRL

Nope.

T.S

Well what are you doing then?

GIRL

Singing.

T.S

**(sarcastically, in disbelief)** Singing?

GIRL

**(nodding)** That's what we do.

T.S

We? The nightingales

GIRL

Mhm!

T.S  
I thought they hummed?

GIRL  
We do

T.S  
And sing?

GIRL  
Mhm.

T.S  
Well, if you are a nightingale, how did you bake the pie? Nightingales cannot bake.

GIRL  
I wasn't always a nightingale. (**humming**)

T.S  
So, how did you turn into one?

GIRL  
The gods.

T.S  
The gods changed you into a Nightingale?

GIRL  
Mhm.

T.S  
Why?

GIRL  
I Baked.

Scene II -- D.I.D.

*One character with two personalities*

ONE  
My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.  
Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak. What are  
you thinking of? What thinking? What? I never know what  
you are thinking. Think.

TWO  
I think we are in rats' alley Where the dead men lost  
their bones.

(CONTINUED)

ONE

What is that noise?

TWO

The wind under the door.

ONE

What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?

TWO

Nothing again nothing.

ONE

Do you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember nothing?

TWO

I remember Those are pearls that were his eyes.

ONE

Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?

TWO

But O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag - It's so elegant  
So intelligent

ONE

What shall I do now? What shall I do? I shall rush out  
as I am, and walk the street With my hair down, so.  
What shall we do to-morrow? What shall we ever do?

TWO

The hot water at ten. And if it rains, a closed car at  
four. And we shall play a game of chess, Pressing  
lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

SCENE III -- DEPRESSION

MAN

I don't belong here. No, seriously, I don't. I know  
what you're thinking. I can see it plain as the  
shitstains on a public toilet. You're thinking, "Oh,  
sure. He says he doesn't belong here. How many times  
have we heard the nuts say that before?" But no,  
really, I do NOT belong here. I mean, take a look  
around. Take a good fucking look around. Have you seen  
the types of people in this place? They're not even  
fucking coherent! Most of them couldn't make a goddamn  
sentence out of "was, black, cat, and the" if their  
lives depended on it. If they weren't force-fed protein  
shakes, they'd probably subsist on a diet of snot and  
pieces of string. So why then, I believe you ponder, is  
an obviously eloquent individual, like myself, in the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



MAN (cont'd)

midst of a gaggle of gobbering gits such as you have seen? And the only answer that anyone with a modicum of sense would arrive at is... he doesn't belong here. Which, as I have stated several times, is the exact fucking point.

Don't get me wrong, mes amis. I am the first to admit that I have some unresolved issues. Some inter and intrapersonal conflicts that need to be addressed. Some frustrated motives that come to manifest themselves in the form of depression, anxiety, and suicidal ideation and tendencies. In other words, I was sad and tried to off myself. But bear with me as I try to work through the logic of the events that led to my current internment in the fine institution you see before you. I was depressed; I wanted to die; I tried to commit suicide; and they put me amongst an even sadder group of souls that would likely be better off dead. And THIS is supposed to make me feel better. (chuckles) Yeah. I mean, schadenfreude is great to an extent, but there's only so much mirth one person can get from watching a schizo knock his head into a wall for hours. It loses its joy after about 17 minutes, in case you were wondering. Give or take a few seconds, depending on how hard he's hitting it.

And you know what the funniest thing is about this whole situation? Technically speaking, I'm the one that signed myself in here. In the midst of having my stomach pumped and being injected with god knows how many sedation inducing medications, these assholes put a pen in my fucking hand and told me to sign a document for quote, unquote "legal purposes," which they later had the sweetness to inform me, gave them permission to admit me for an undetermined amount of time of psychiatric evaluation and treatment. But, of course, getting out is not as simple as signing another piece of paper. Oh no, that would be too easy. Instead, while I was recovering, they had my wife sign another document declaring me incompetent for handling my own affairs. Of course, this allows her to continue to have her affairs with every wong, dong, and wang in the phonebook... which was the start of this whole shitfest in the first place.

But I don't belong here. So I'm going to be good. I'll play their little game, swallow the pills, do the group therapy wank-o-rama, and (sings) Put On a Happy Face. Then I'll be free! Free to finish what I originally started. But first, I'm going to make that bitch pay...

Scene IV -- Schizophrenia

*Voices are spread out throughout the theatre, in all corners of stage and house, as well as under seats. They all move, approach the patient, move away, yell at him or in some random direction. Sometimes they speak to him, other times about people around him, sometimes to no one in particular. These lines are raw material - I have not assigned them to specific Voices, and they are meant to be layered. Different Voices can pick up lines, even during one train of thought. When one Voice is speaking, others can be making noises (whispering, sounds, rhythms, nonsensical rhyming words, calling names, humming, screaming - not necessarily corresponding to the speech of the main Voice) and it is also important to leave silence as well. These Voices come and go without reason.*

*The patient experiences the voices as real as any other person. Neurologically, they register as the exact same sensory experience as a "real" voice. Thus when he first hears a new voice, he must realize it isn't coming from a human and then try to cope accordingly. This moment of realization is important. When a nurse comes in, he must evaluate her voice the same way. If she enters from behind, he may think she is a figment of his imagination as well for a few seconds before reacting to her.*

*The patient is continuously torn between trying to block out the voices and listening to them because, to him, they are as real as any other voice. Society has taught him that voices that are attached to bodies are to be taken seriously, and those that are not are wrong and bad and should be ignored. He understands this rationally to some degree, but his gut instinct is also to listen to the Voices. They have an obvious effect on him, but one can also see him rationally try to reject them.*

Madame Madame Madame Madame

The lord thou pluckest me out The lord thou pluckest me out

You are the one The chosen one You are the one The one the one The chosen one Go down the path You know the path The path you know it The path lath kath shath th thh th You are the one You are the one One the one you are the one

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me.  
 Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak. What are  
 you thinking of? What thinking? What? I never know what  
 you're thinking. think. What's that noise? What's that  
 noise now? What is the wind doing? Nothing again  
 nothing. You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you  
 remember nothing?

By the waters of Babylon  
 Where we sat down  
 And where we wept  
 When we remembered zion  
 By the waters  
 By the waters  
 Waters waters waters

Drip drip drip Wheres the water Drip drip drip drop  
 drip Water water water water Where is the water There  
 is no water no water no water water water Drip drip  
 drip drip drop Drrririririirrrrrrrrr Rrrred rock. Red  
 rock. Rock rock red rock Jug jug jug

**(knocking)**

Look! Look at the people. Hoards of them masses. Dead  
 masses. Crowds flowing. Over the bridge!

**(sighs short and infrequent)**

Burning burning burning

Look at you Dirty dirty dirty dirty shit Look at you  
 look Look

LOOK

Look at your hands Shit. Your hands are covered in  
 shit. Shit shit SHIT Look at your hands. LOOK AT THEM.  
 You are dirty. Dirty dirty dirty. Put them in your  
 pocket. Hide them. They are shit. Shit shit shit lit  
 kit slit bit Dirty.

Madame! Madame! MADAME!

NURSE

Adam! Adam. Adam what's the matter. I brought you your  
 snack. **(patient won't touch it because he believes his  
 hands are dirty. Nurse sets it next to him.)** Would you  
 like some water? **(Patient doesn't answer.)** I said would  
 you like some water, Adam? Water?

PATIENT

water water water... **(mumbles under breath)**

NURSE

okay. Water it is. Are you drawing? I like your  
 picture. Very colorful.

(CONTINUED)

**(HYACINTH GIRL GOES SKIPPING THROUGH)**

Weialala leia Wallala leialala Lalala

**(Nervous laughing)**

Hurry up please its time Hurry Hurry up Go  
gogogogogogogo GO Go. Hurry up. Hurry up please its  
time Hurry up Up up up Hurry

Scene V -- Obsession

*T.S. Eliot watches his wife, whom he interned in  
an asylum, write a letter to him.*

VIVIAN ELLIOT

Dear Tom.

The last time I saw you, you still had ink on your hands from a letter you were drafting to Pound. Why haven't you written me any letters? It's been 10 years. If you won't come to this awful place you put me, this nightmare between death and life where the air is thick with suspected insanity but the grounds are impeccably kept, than at least you could write.

But to me Eliot, write to me. Talk to me. Not to the critics and readers who sit in their living room by the fire and read your poems after kissing their children goodnight. Not to future generations that will read your words in the sun. To me Eliot. To your wife. You were so busy chasing metaphors about life that you missed your own. You missed mine. When did we ever sit in the sun to read or think. We didn't have children to kiss goodnight, we never sat by the fire. You write about people that never were, about places you have never been, a military you never served for, about feelings I don't believe you've had. You locked up the only part of you that wanted to live, Eliot. That was me. You've chosen art over life and people, and it has given you fame and books that will be read for generations to come. But I wonder what would have happened if, just once, Tom, you chose life over art. And if just once you really lived with me, instead of just writing me into a poem.

FINALE -- WATCH

*T.S. Eliot resolves to stop controlling the show, and just watch it happen. He sits down in center stage and watches the audience. Slowly, he is joined by other characters from the show, who sit in different positions throughout the stage. They all watch the audience. The proscenium starts closing slowly, and a long, silent moment is shared between the actors and audience spectating each other.*