

*A burned out building. The remains of a civilization that has fallen. The walls are wet and moldy. The floor strewn with the detritus of lives that have long passed. A large chair sits slightly to the left of center. A dentist chair? Ruined throne? Whatever it was, it has become a baroque, steampunk thing that looks equal parts torture device, medical apparatus, alien starship command center.*

*Of course, this can be presented in as literal or metaphorical a manner as budget, circumstances, and personal taste allow.*

*Somewhere in the distance there is the sound of an animal, a large engine running intermittently and, occasionally, a tin whistle playing an old celtic tune.*

*A woman enters, carrying the body of a man. Both of them wear tattered clothes that are faded, grey, and dirty. She maneuvers him into the chair.*

*This may take a while depending on the intricacies of the chair. In the end, he is strapped in, trapped, held/entangled within metal and wire and brass.*

*The woman exits. Returns moments later with a large duffel bag that is patched, worn, frayed and as threadbare as the future. She sits in front of the unconscious man. Takes out a nerf football and throws it at him. He does not awake. She removes a yellow teddy bear, throws it at him. He does not awake. A paper airplane, pillow and package of confetti all fail to awaken the man. Finally, she removes a glass of water from the bag, stands, moves close to him and throws the water in his face.*

*He wakes. Sputtering and in mid-sentence.*

MAN

. . . So the answer is most definitely, absolutely . . .

*She moves away, sits in front of him and begins to draw on an etch-a-sketch pad.*

MAN (Continued)

Um. Yeah. Well.

*Silence.*

MAN (Continued)

Where . . . what? Where am I?

*He notices that he is trapped.*

MAN (Continued)

Hey. Come on. Gosh, I mean, we were getting along so well. You're a bit weird, really, but I could get over that on account of your pretty blue eyes and I thought I made you laugh.

*Pause.*

MAN (Continued)

Let me go will ya'.

WOMAN

They's green, fuck'r. Green like the lady in the lake risin' up her hand with the torch of freedmun and takin' in alls the hungry to feed all theys trouble with one sword to rule them all and a stack of fishies multiplyin' like the foldin' of time 'pon 'tself. Green like eternity.

*He has no idea what she is talking about.*

MAN

I have no idea what you are talking about.

*She sighs. Fiddles the knob on the etch-a-sketch one more time and then stands, shoving the toy at his face and pointing emphatically.*

WOMAN

Eyes. Like ocean eternity. Like forgetfulling into a backward fall and fly, then, into the sky.

*Pause.*

WOMAN (Continued)

Like you.

*Silence.*

MAN

I . . . look, I don't know the last thing I remember was a party at Doug's place the hash was a bit brutal and all, his grin wider then ever as he watched me, I mean my wife, I'll grant you, but we were in the Berkshires for Christ's sake and the the world spun and you were there. I wasn't. Somehow. Now . . .

*Pause*

*From far away there is an animal sound that feels like lost time.*

WOMAN

Waiting. Waiting all this waiting like empty words from emptiness wide grinning tattoo the moon on your teeth.

MAN

I woke up here.

*He takes in just how lame that sounds. A part of his brain struggles to turn itself on, come to grips with his circumstances. It sputters to a start, but fails to ignite the engine of thought. From deep inside his mind, the refrain of a song plays. He moves his lips casually to forgotten words, unaware of his action. When he finishes a verse, the animal sounds again. This time closer. The woman looks around, fear starting to grow. She slaps the Man, hard. Then kisses his forehead three times. Runs to the duffel bag and pulls out a broken doll. She forces the doll into his mouth. It may take some time to do this as the actor playing the Man should not allow her this action. But once she succeeds he begins to suck on it like an infant at a breast.*

WOMAN

This spoken once said on a razored field of honor the glories raised heads and hearts to the sun, alls the boys and alls the girls falling like lawn-dun bridge be viral to the max in a no-duh way. Not just one, never just one, like skinny to the core-duo good.

*The animal sounds again. Closer. She strokes the Man's cheek, then clamps his head into the machine so that he cannot turn it.*

*His drugged eyes roll in fury as he strains to release himself from the chair. She laughs. It is a pleasant, but slightly sad laugh.*

WOMAN (Continued)

Save silliness from self. Funny you're. In a lake way. Blood on fur way.

*She kisses him once more. Goes behind the chair and flips a switch.*

*Energy courses through the chair, surrounding  
the Man in a nimbus of power.*

*Lights fade to black.*

*In the dark, there is the sound of licking.  
A far away Radiohead song, ice in glasses and  
the general polite murmuring of voices at a  
genteel if not gentle party.*

PARTY VOICE 1

I think he had . . . you think . . . be all right?

DOUG

What? Oh. Yeah. Sure. Hey. You want another drink?

PARTY VOICE 1

Sure.

DOUG

Good. How 'bout them Red  
Sox/Patriots/Bruins/titties/Republicans/fuckheads/homeless/ly  
canthropes?

PARTY VOICE 1

Right.

*Three children in the background begin to  
sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."*

*The lights begin to flicker.*

*In the darkness the Man spits out the doll  
from his mouth. The animal sound grows  
closer, more lonely.*

*The children trail off as a voice growls at  
them.*

GROWLING VOICE

Shut the eff up you effin' creeps, creepin' me out now run  
along and get your grampy another scotch before I kisk your  
asks to the neveryonder over hill and dale.

*The lights flicker more.*

*The animal sound is in the room. It is very  
sad. Very dangerous.*

MAN

I saw it. How could I see it? I'm lying there, baked out of  
my fucking mind but I saw it. Even still. Pressed like a  
diamond to the back of my brain.

(MORE)

MAN (Continued)

All the moments lost to the moments that were lost to the moments not taken, not tasted, not held. Or held too tight maybe?

*The lights return. He no longer struggles against his prison of a chair. The musky scent of a large animal fills the room. The Woman enters. Slowly, cautiously. Knife held in her left hand, ready to strike the heart of darkness.*

WOMAN

Still here. Shhh, she said. Hold blood to the point and blood to the heart.

MAN

Blood to the heart. Yes. Pumping blood. Hearts, candy, messages on them in insipid sugar but we all wanted to have one from the beloved, the one we could never have. Candy hearts dissolving under tears and blood.

*The Woman approaches the Man and swiftly cuts the palm of her hand, then cuts his cheek, pressing her hand to mingle their blood.*

WOMAN

Salt we are sea we are water we are tears we are blood we are bones we are salt we are tears we are thoughts we are foldings we are.

MAN

Foldings inward. Foldings as alls hold him fold him me together into separate spaces that bridge space bridge self to come together. Lenin or Lennon? April or May? Fodder for the trees in the mulch of an autumn sun under the peerage fruit of tremoring time.

*The Woman begins to slowly release him. Caressing him gently as she does, spreading blood across his face.*

WOMAN

Yes yes the fruit yes. In a shade under passing gaze the wolf and the rock in eagle's glare and forgettings foretold in sheep guts and morning glories glories aleluia. Ah. Ment. Ohs.

*He is free. Unsteady on his feet. He moves away from the chair, taking a moment to examine it, caressing its baroque curves and curlicues. She also touches it. Both of them sharing a small erotic moment as they take in the cruel beauty of the metal.*

MAN

I know you?

WOMAN

No in the place. Yes in the time. It was bad.

MAN

Once.

WOMAN

Once.

*She goes to the duffel bag, gets another knife and hands it to him.*

*The animal sound is loud. Desolate but hungry. The sound of a distant Doug shouting "fuck oh fuck"*

WOMAN (Continued)

Time here. Place now. Hungry.

MAN

No.

*Pause.*

MAN (Continued)

Yes.

*The animal sound.*

MAN (Continued)

Is there meaning?

WOMAN

Only green. Green only. And even then on an edge dancing. Dancing green. Dancing still.

*He hold his knife in his right hand, takes her right hand in his left. She hold her knife in her left hand. A moment of looking, eyes locked, then agreement. They exit the room. The animal sound overwhelms.*

*Lights flicker. Flicker. Then gone.*

*Blackness.*

*A child's laughter is heard cutting through the darkness, counterpoint to a dying man's despair. The tin whistle.*

*The animal sound.*

*The chair glows briefly, sparks of lost  
power. Then black again.*

*And silence.*