

# Massive Gravitational Objects

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WHO:

ROGER, *King of Atlantis*

THE CLOWN, *An Aging Voice of Conscience/Chaos*

MARY, *A Librarian in a Coma, or at least her astral projection corporalized*

LILITH, *Roger's Ex-wife*

CAIN & ABEL, *Sociopaths, the sons of Roger & Lilith*

THE BOY, *Memory Automaton*

THE GIRL, *Memory Automaton*

GENERAL MASSIAMO, *A loyal military man*

WERTHER KARL PETRONICHKA, aka, *SALLY, Alchemist and real estate agent*

QUEZLENT - *An Oracle*

GHOSTS OF ATLANTIS, *the 5,000,000 souls lost to the blackness*

WHERE: A dying hotel lobby/royal castle. The debris of a fallen empire stumbles across the stage staring blankly at the audience. Beyond the walls, the blackness encroaches. Soon, everything will be gone.

WHEN: The outskirts of Time. Which and whose skirts have yet to be determined.

NOTE: An asterisk indicates that the following speech begins while the current speech is happening. A double asterisk indicates the beginning of two speeches after the current speaker. Also, The Clown can be either male or female depending on the actor and while The Clown plays with gender instability, he/she should NOT be played gender neutral but should be the gender of the actor.

### **Scene 1: Mary Travels to Atlantis**

(As the audience enters, THE CLOWN prepares and begins a summoning ritual. This is the ritual that will bring Mary to Atlantis. Also, THE BOY and THE GIRL are motionless on the floor of the set. Like dolls left behind. )

(As the lights dim, we hear mystical, astral music. MARY starts this monologue very far away, and unseen. Throughout her monologue she travels across space and time as the lights slowly shift from near black to murky grey to a crystalline clarity. She is finally revealed.)

MARY

My glasses are smudged. I am wearing my green sweater, the one my Grammy made me that somehow always smelled like her potpourri no matter how many times I wear it or wash it. I can feel poppy-seeds stuck between my teeth. From my morning bagel. I can't tell if it is sunny or cloudy.

(pause)

MARY (Continued)

I am thinking of his lips. Resting on my belly. Just above my belly button.

(pause)

MARY (Continued)

Not kissing. Just resting. His eyes are far away.

(pause)

MARY (Continued)

Tom Robbins once wrote: "Who knows how to make love stay? 1. Tell love you are going to Junior's Deli on Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn to pick up a cheesecake, and if love stays, it can have half. It will stay. 2. Tell love you want a memento of it and obtain a lock of its hair. Burn the hair in a dime-store incense burner with yin/yang symbols on three sides. Face southwest. Talk fast over the burning hair in a convincingly exotic language. Removed the ashes of the burnt hair and use them to paint a mustache on your face. Find love. Tell it you are someone new. It will stay. 3. Wake love up in the middle of the night. Tell it the world is on fire. Dash to the bedroom window and pee out of it. Casually return to bed and assure love that everything is going to be all right. Fall asleep. Love will be there in the morning."

(pause)

MARY (Continued)

Also -- and Tom Robbins didn't write this -- Dig a deep enough hole, a hole deeper than any other hole, heavy in its hole-ness and tell love you want to show it something special. Push love in. Love will stay.

(MORE)

MARY (Continued)

Only, it may not be love when it reaches the bottom. He is arrogant. Cruel sometimes. His eyes are like the dark root-cellar in my Grammy's house, storing jars of pickles, bags of potatoes, rhubarb jam. My stomach always fluttered, a little scared, when I had to go down in that place. But once down, I felt . . . peaceful. The cool earth smell like a moment of certainty, rough and large yet protecting. But I'm done with that now. Being hit by a car, a lime-green Ford Taurus to be exact. Being hit by a lime-green Ford Taurus and put into a coma, a coma caused by head trauma to my forebrain area, the diencephalon and cerebrum to be more exact.

(pause)

MARY (Continued)

A coma involves two different concepts: Reactivity and perceptivity. The perceptivity concept refers to responses of the nervous system to learned stimuli. These types of stimuli may be learned through language or communication skills. The reactivity concept refers to the inborn functions of the brain. These functions include the eyes, ears, responses to pain, wakefulness and turning ones head toward a sound of movement. These movements are also called reflexive movements. A person in a coma does not experience reactivity or perceptivity. The patient can not be aroused by calling their name or experiencing pain.

(pause)

MARY (Continued)

The main symptom of a coma is the inability to be aroused to consciousness. Other symptoms are: Lack of self-awareness, Lack of a sleep-wake cycle, Lack of purposeful movements, Lack of suffering . . . It feels like a grey, rotting vegetable wind tickling my eyes and I am being pulled by a thousand spider strings toward some unseen point. It is dark. I scream in order to break the black, but hear only laughter, laughter like a small, mad child burning ants with a magnifying glass. I sing the score to Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado* in order to stay sane. Not for everyone I know. A light, a light that tastes of pickles and orange blossom honey. Far away but light at least. Light at last.

(pause)

MARY (Continued)

I fold his need so deeply inside me, a dense center that I circle round and round and round. What is a moon without a planet?

(pause)

MARY (Continued)

But now, now in a coma. Now traveling, somehow, to this place, actually to Atlantis -- a land beyond time and space, a land of magic and danger, a land beyond all that I know. Now I feel everything, tingling and teasing. Now I feel feeling and am alive in a way I once only read about in books and poems and heard in songs and saw on tv and in movies. I feel like hot pepper orgasms riding an electric current of lemons and antelopes.

(She assumes corporeal dimensions. Looks around with great wonder, excitement and a bit of fear, she is dazed. She has wanted to be called away from her life all her life. THE CLOWN leads her away.)

## **Scene 2: Ylem**

(There is the sound of a pulsar and THE BOY and THE GIRL are "switched on." Their scenes take place in the interstices of heartbeats, the pulsings of neurons: in other words, outside, between and slightly askew from time as we know it. They are seducing each other with the language of science - it is blood-rushingly erotic and makes their skin and genitals tingle. Throughout the play the other characters will "turn on" THE BOY and THE GIRL in order to enact memories -- when this happens, THE BOY and THE GIRL take on the persona of whoever is being remembered, yet there remains something blank behind their eyes. When the other character's turn them off, THE BOY and THE GIRL, have a nanosecond, a split heartbeat of time outside of time in which they can talk to each other before being completely off. The other character's never know about these stolen moments. The only times that they are turned on or off without other characters involved are caused the sound of a pulsar.)

THE GIRL

In the course of Hawking evaporation of a lambda BH loses its mass and configuration evolves towards a self-gravitating particle-like vacuum structure without horizons . . . globally regular and globally neutral, called G-lump. It resembles Coleman's lumps - non-singular, non-dissipative solutions of finite energy, holding themselves together by their own self-interaction.

THE BOY

By the equivalence principle, gravitational mass is equal to inertial mass. G-lump is the regular solution to the Einstein equations, perfectly localized in a region where field tension and energy are particularly high this is the region of the former singularity

THE GIRL

It holds itself together by gravity due to balance between gravitational attraction outside and gravitational repulsion inside of zero-gravity surface  $r$  equals  $r_{sub\ c}$  beyond which the strong energy condition of singularities theorems is violated.

THE BOY

Ylem. From the Greek, hyle meaning on which form has yet to be imposed. Ylem.

(To the tune of "You are my  
Sunshine")

THE BOY (Continued)

You are my Ylem / My only ylem / You make me

THE GIRL

Shhh.

(They dance with a lightness  
underscored by desperation.)

THE BOY

It started with a madman. Or, no, didn't . . .

THE GIRL

It did not. It started with a lover and an unloved. Or was it an unlover and a loved?

THE BOY

No. It started with a look and a very large dictionary that screamed upon opening. Or did . . .

THE GIRL

Yes or no. It started with a kiss. Or a cut. A punch or a flick?

(MORE)

THE GIRL (Continued)

It started in the hearts of lunatic hair-dressers and caviar soldiers, crushed together by the mechanics of a long-standing heaviness that sighed like ancient -- ancierter than ancient -- ether.

THE BOY

No-yes-No. Yes. It started with a small yellow bear that never existed and whale-tooth combs found in the bright eyes of traveling shipwrights in the guise of angels and forestry clerks counting endless iterations of root systems and leaf structures all the while thinking of naked men and women and the sharp taste of rutabaga pie.

(They laugh, with the freedom of a playful, babbling brook.)

THE BOY (Continued)

No, but really.

THE GIRL

It began with desire. The

(They both make whatever gesture has been chosen to stand in for the blackness that is devouring Atlantis. It is a word that is always unvoiced. For the purpose of this text, it will be indicated by an @. Similarly, the antidote to the @ is also wordless and will be designated by a #.)

THE GIRL (Continued)

@ was released by an unscrupulous gentleman named Werther Karl Petronichka, or, as he was known to his friends and obscure relatives, Sally.

THE BOY

Sally was a sallow man. Born of jaundice and sodium lights burning low. He struggled -- as a child -- against the desire to wrestle angels, burn snow, bite wood, scratch cats and -- as a child -- he often lost perspective. This was the trait, more even than his unhealthy obsession with women who lisped, that was to lead to the downfall . . .

THE GIRL

Or the obliteration, one might even say.

THE BOY

Or the obliteration, of the space-time locus known, variously, as George, Yggoth-soggoth, Federal, Edan, Xen!-Xen . . .

Or . . . THE GIRL

Or . . . THE BOY

Atlantis. BOTH

(There is pretentious music and sound effects that underscores -- or, rather, overscores-- the dramatic importance of the moment. THE BOY and THE GIRL begin to tickle each other. Letting the following lines out in between laughter and gasping for breath.)

THE GIRL  
Where once there was a thriving metropolis of millions, teeming with the life force of blood and garlic, keystones and gravel, ditch-diggers, scholars, whores and musicians.

THE BOY  
Dog walkers, lyres and perverts.

THE GIRL  
Folksingers, politicians, drug-addicts.

THE BOY  
Young women with lisps and bad hair. \* Young women with lisps and good cheekbones. Young women with lisps and a single, small, tear-shaped tear in their stockings.

THE GIRL  
Young men with chert in their eyes and the point of a dagger between their legs. Young men with smooth fingers and hot tongues. Young men with desires unknown and mapping an empty geography the sogs away like a paper boat in the rain.

(Pause.)

THE GIRL (Continued)  
There is, soon, only the @.

(They stopping tickling, shiver.  
Recompose.)

THE GIRL (Continued)  
Roger, the King of Atlantis told his people:

THE BOY

My people, there is nothing to fear here but fear itself, go about your daily business or the @ and those who unleashed such a hideous process will win. My people, Atlantis will prevail. As I speak, our best phantommagers and alchemelicals are developing a way to stop the spreading @. They will succeed. *We* will succeed! Atlantis will succeed.

(The voices of 5 Million Atlanteans roar out in support and love of their leader, confident in his ability to protect them.)

THE GIRL

But the alchemicals and the phantommagers, the magicaphysicians and the coronossayists were unable to find the answer and soon, sooner and soon again, the @ began to devour, from the outside in, all of Atlantis. The people, the places, the things, the actions, the descriptions all failed, were swallowed and the @ came closer and closer. Roger, the King of Atlantis, told his people:

THE BOY

My friends, Atlanteans, countrymen and women, the time is dark and desperate, but we remain strong and resolved to the destruction of this invidious and encroaching @. We are doing all we can and we sympathize with those who have lost loved ones to the @. We will prevail and rebuild Atlantis.

(There are remarkably less Atlanteans and considerably more fear and discord in the shouts that answer him.)

THE GIRL

The colors went away. The smell of roasting garlic and sun dried tomatoes disappeared. Children stopped crying because they were no longer there. One \* by one.

THE BOY

One by one.

THE GIRL

One by one.

(Silence. Then . . .)

(The GHOSTS OF ATLANTIS sigh through the air, filling the space with melancholy.)

(Silence again.)

THE GIRL (Continued)

Now, everything is going going gone but for this last castle and a narrow strip of land that leads to the Swamps of T'reeeeh - where the Magyips and the Kar-Kars live and breed, tear and rend. The only people left are . . .

(As THE BOY mentions each of the character's names, THE GIRL goes to each one, activating a light to illumine each of the characters.)

THE BOY

Roger, King of Atlantis. His ex-wife, Lilith. We have, the Clown, an aging voice of conscience and chaos. Also, a betrayer extra-ordinaire. Then, immediately before the @ was unleashed, an interesting phenomenon: Mary, a librarian in a coma somehow traveled to our land.

THE GIRL

Of course, she and Roger had an affair, but it ended quickly, when she found her penchant for swordsmanship and the art of the warrior. Training under General Massiamo, she was then sent, with the last retinue of royal guards to the Swamps of T'reeeeh in order to find the # in order to undo the @. \* We expect she is dead by now. We expect wrong.

THE BOY

The heirs to the throne, the sociopathic brothers Cain and Abel. Lastly, the upright, so very upright GENERAL MASSIAMO and, skulking in the shadows somewhere, is SALLY.

(Behind a scrim, the forms of GENERAL MASSIAMO, sword in his hand, fighting the monsters and demons of the Swamp of T'reeeeh. To one side, the bent and twisted shape of SALLY.)

(The Boy nuzzles The Girl's neck. Tenderly, they breath the same breath.)

THE GIRL

and a few generals, well, one really and a few soldiers, well, one hundred all told, some servants, seventeen or eighteen, depending on who you talk to.

THE BOY

Surrounding us on all sides, like bruising around a needle-track: THE GHOSTS OF ATLANTIS.

(Pause.)

THE BOY (Continued)

Shh. Can you hear them?

(Silence. Then the sound of the  
Ghosts of Atlantis. They aren't a  
happy lot.)

THE BOY (Continued)

\* Welcome back, my friends, to the show that never ends as it  
is ending. Oh so very much ending.

THE GIRL

and us. but we don't count. we're just the boy and the girl  
and we don't really exist, not like them. we aren't like you  
except when we are but you don't have a switch that turns you  
on and

(They are switched off.)

**Scene 3: The King (of Atlantis), The Ex-Wife and the  
Librarian (in a Coma), With Occasional Clown**

(Roger enters carrying a ladder. He  
is looking for something. He begins  
to examine the upper recesses of  
this dying room. There are dead  
birds and children's lost balls.  
He goes higher on the ladder,  
searching blind with just his hands  
into the forgotten recesses of the  
walls. He is on the top step of the  
ladder. The Clown enters. S/he  
blows out hard which causes Roger  
to lose balance and he teeters on  
the brink of gravity, The Clown  
grins and blows again as s/he  
begins to push an old, swayback  
easy chair toward the ladder, blows  
again. Roger falls backward . . .  
to be caught by The Clown in the  
easy chair.)

(Far away applause. The Clown  
pinches Roger's cheeks.)

THE CLOWN

You rascal you scamp, you nearly gave your dear delicious  
Clown a heart attack with your silly antics.

ROGER

Why have I not had you killed?

(He is deadly serious about this  
question.)

THE CLOWN

Because I give you a way to measure yourself.

ROGER

Not good enough.

THE CLOWN

Because I hold your head when you puke up alcohol and infidelity?

ROGER

Once, maybe, not enough now.

THE CLOWN

Because I know what you did in that dark room when you were twelve.

ROGER

Wouldn't that be a reason . . .

THE CLOWN

And you need to know that someone knows just how unworthy you are of your life and your position and your power.

(They have taken positions to play a game. The game should consist of some sort of arcane and mystical physical action along with the words:)

THE CLOWN (Continued)

Batshit.

ROGER

Squeegie,

THE CLOWN

Fallopian.

ROGER

Antwerp.

THE CLOWN

Laissez-faire.

ROGER

Sloop

THE CLOWN

Serendipitous.

ROGER

Tellurian.

THE CLOWN  
Brodingbingian.

ROGER  
Vulcanized.

THE CLOWN  
Rho.

ROGER  
Mastication.

THE CLOWN  
Numer\*ology

ROGER  
Enough. That is 10 million 3 hundred 54 thousand 929 for you  
and 10 million 3 hundred 54 thousand 918 for me. You live.  
For now.

THE CLOWN  
That's all everyone of us have, your *lese majestie*. The  
dimple in time of our lives. Like that dimple on your left  
ass cheek when you stand thusly.

(S/he demonstrates the stance.)

THE CLOWN (Continued)  
Someday, I would like to hurt you.

ROGER  
I know.

(Roger kisses The Clown lightly,  
tenderly on the lips.)

ROGER (Continued)  
Go. Tell her I will see her now.

THE CLOWN  
Will she . . . save us?

ROGER  
I do not know.

(As The Clown exits, s/he sings a  
song:)

THE CLOWN  
In the scree of time do the Magyips shine / Full of terps and  
twips and twees / We watch the folding of blood and bones /  
between the burnt crisp leaves of stones

(Roger begins searching again. The Ghosts of Atlantis offer a droning counter-argument to a series of unasked questions. A child laughs from far away. A carousel tune. Lilith enters. She moves like hot steel through butter. She watches Roger for a moment before softly saying:)

LILITH

Roger.

(Roger pauses. Does not look at her.)

ROGER

Lilith.

(Pause. Eventually Roger stops his search, looks at her. There is love and blood in their eyes and a wall of scars between them.)

ROGER (Continued)

Wine?

LILITH

Thank you.

ROGER

You and the boys \* are here until . . . I suppose.

LILITH

My garden is gone, the @ was at the edge of our . . . we had to come back. Be here until . . . I suppose.

(Roger hands her the wine. They look at each other. Lilith offers up an ironic toast.)

LILITH (Continued)

Here's to the future. What little left we have.

(They drink.)

ROGER

Massiamo is going to the Swamps of T'reeeeh in search of the #. We may yet \* survive.

LILITH

I know. I hear that he is taking your latest . . . project \* with him.

ROGER

She's not . . . she was. She is actually the only one who might find the # and return it safely.

(Pause.)

ROGER (Continued)

More wine?

LILITH

Thank you.

(She goes to hand him her empty goblet, it slips from his fingers and smashes to the floor. Breaking brightly. This upsets Lilith more than it should. Roger notices but doesn't quite know what to do with her reaction.)

ROGER

Cain is . . .

LILITH

Fine.

ROGER

And Abel?

LILITH

Is

(Pause.)

LILITH (Continued)

Fine.

(Roger hands her another drink, she takes it, puts it down on a table and whirls on him.)

LILITH (Continued)

My rhubarb is gone, swallowed like the palm trees and the brightly colored girls who used to sell folded sheets of silk and ripe coconut drinks which you sipped through cinnamon sticks. I know . . . I know I probably should have been here, by your side \* when it happened, and I know that you have been trying to find a way, but when the only answer is some dubious prophesy I don't . . . I'm not . . . you haven't tried hard enough.

ROGER

No . . . it wouldn't have helped.

ROGER (Continued)

Lil . . .

LILITH

Roger . . . When . . . how much time.

ROGER

Four days. Give or take.

(He finishes his wine in one large swallow.)

ROGER (Continued)

Plenty of time if Massiamo and . . .

(The Clown enters, followed by Mary. She is dressed like an Atlantean Warrior. She is troubled, but bordering on rapturous.)

MARY

Lilith.

(Mary is intimidated and scared of Lilith, but drawn to her and cannot help but want to please her a little. She fights against this impulse - occasionally winning and occasionally losing.)

LILITH

Mary.

(Lilith has seen so many women go in and out of Roger's bed that she no longer feels any rage toward them. She does, however, enjoy playing them along.)

MARY

Roger.

(The Clown cuffs her lightly on the head.)

THE CLOWN

That's King to you, soldier.

(Roger watches. Does nothing. Lilith knows exactly what is happening.)

MARY

Rog . . .

(The Clown cuffs her again. She is expecting Roger to stop it. He doesn't. Finally, Mary bends one knee down to the ground.)

MARY (Continued)

My King.

(The Clown stands before her, places one hand on her head.)

THE CLOWN

Rise my subject, rise . . .

(Mary has had enough, she grabs The Clown's wrist, raises a dagger and pulls him/her off balance and to the floor, placing the dagger to his/her throat.)

ROGER

Stop.

THE CLOWN

Yes soldier . . .

ROGER

Shut up.

MARY

Roger. I . . .

ROGER

Mary.

(She lets The Clown go. S/he gets up and watches Mary with a residue of hatred and hope.)

LILITH

I see you two have some business to discuss. I'll leave you to it. I'll go check and make sure the boys haven't killed anything.

MARY

Lilith I . . .

LILITH

No matter, girl. No matter at all. Roger, we will talk more.

(She exits, smoothly. Only Roger can really see the tremors beneath her calm exterior. )

(Mary has poured herself some wine  
and is drinking it rapidly.)

ROGER

General Massiamo has requested I order you to stay here, in  
safety. I think, I may agree.

MARY

No. I'm meant to be at his side, to search for the # and help  
find a way to save us. All of us. You know it's my destiny,  
it's why I'm here, why I'm a warrior.

ROGER

You are a librarian. You lie unconscious somewhere, sometime.  
This is not, for you, real.

MARY

Not real? Was this "not real?"

(She pulls him to her, kissing him  
hard. He nearly relinquishes and  
then pushes her away.)

ROGER

Not for you.

MARY

Oh, please, the great romancer, the great wonder of women's  
beds decides to lecture me on infidelity?

ROGER

If you please. The point is one of gravity: you don't belong  
to this world. You can play, but you cannot fall. We are  
falling. You cannot help.

MARY

I can. I have to. It is what I've been training for all these  
months. \* All this time, the sweat, the steel, the  
humiliations, the pain, the pain, my god, my muscles felt  
flayed night after night after night. But god it tasted good.

ROGER

Since you left my bed.

(pause)

ROGER (Continued)

So, you think you are a warrior?

MARY

Yes.

(Roger goes to a large chest and  
pulls out two wiffle ball bats, )

(tossing one to Mary and the other  
to The Clown.)

ROGER

Prove it.

THE CLOWN

Fuck.

ROGER

Fuck?

THE CLOWN

Another of her \* words, *sire*. Pardon a poor clown's  
tiredness, it won't . . . I'm not old!

MARY

I'm not fighting that tired sad old pathetic clown after  
training with the best . . .

(The Clown attacks swiftly and  
furiously, Mary backs away,  
defending herself but barely. They  
fight for the duration of Roger's  
speech and eventually, Mary gains  
the upper hand. There should be  
very little flourish but a lot of  
viciousness between the fighters.  
ROGER begins looking again for what  
he is missing. He weaves in and  
out of the fighters, never seeming  
to notice their proximity, but  
always moving at just the right  
time to avoid being hit or shoved.)

ROGER

It is about new shoes, somehow. And I don't mean any new  
shoes, but the ones made just for you, the ones that do more  
than comfort your feet, more than protect you, more than  
mobilize you. I'm talking about the fresh smell of leather  
wafting up to lift you into a more you . . . you. Shoes that  
stand you taller. Shoes that run you faster. Shoes that smile  
you sharper. Barefoot is for peasants. Oh, don't  
misunderstand. I know that giddy feeling that barefoot  
brings, the sexual thrill of skin on marble, skin on grass,  
skin on skin. The games played, the idea of playing peasant  
by merely taking your shoes and robes off, bowing your neck,  
holding your eyes to the ground. Barefoot has its place in  
the fields and bedrooms of lovers and whores, but shoes. New  
shoes. Shoes are control, shoes are a portable road. Shoes  
are our mastery over the planet.

(Mary has The Clown pinned to the  
ground, the bat across his neck. )

(Roger takes her hand, and bows slightly. Then he takes the other bat and lightly, playfully attacks her. He expends no energy, but within 20 seconds, she is beaten. The Clown watches them with sexual intensity.)

MARY

How . . . I had no idea. You . . .

ROGER

Go. Die with them if you must. Just make sure you wear the correct shoes for the job. No. Don't say anything. It will be trite.

(Mary pauses a moment, as if she is unsure about her path, but is too far along to change direction now. She goes.)

**Scene 4: A King, a Clown, a Search Continued; A Memory and Something Gets Broken**

THE CLOWN

She is our last chance. Why didn't you tell her that?

(Silence.)

ROGER

I loved her. No more or less than the others. Perhaps that is why. Still . . .

(The Clown comes close to Roger, kisses him lightly, once on each cheek. Roger wants to yield into The Clown's eyes and arms, almost does, but then turns away.)

ROGER (Continued)

Go. Tell Massiamo that he may take his little librarian.

THE CLOWN

A wise man knows when the grains of sand are turned to the whispers of feather.

(Pause.)

THE CLOWN (Continued)

A whore's tongue is only as clean as a priest's ass.

(The Clown begins a slightly sexual but mostly ridiculous dance/tumble as s/he moves offstage.)

THE CLOWN (Continued)

Falderol and falderee, the queen's a prick and the king's a  
twee  
I hold the point of a circle dear and the one you love is  
merely mere  
A folded napkin the space to ride; you move from one side to  
side  
Falling forever falling forever falling forever falling.

(Roger, used to such displays,  
again begins to look for something.  
Really looking: under furniture and  
cushions, tearing things apart.  
Throughout this search, various  
sounds drift in and out of range:  
whale song, children singing  
Atlantean nursery rhymes, the  
steady beat and clang of a  
swordsmith, the whisper of lovers  
skin touching skin, a church bell,  
the Ghosts of Atlantis sigh, murmur  
and fill the air with a dis-ease,  
an aural fog that is both sticky  
and green.)

ROGER

WHERE?

(Roger, frustrated, sits and tries  
to remember where the lost box is.  
Drifting back in time, he activates  
The Boy (who will play Roger) and  
The Girl (who will play Lilith).  
They dance a courtly, Atlantean  
dance. The music is vague mix of  
middle-eastern and Peruvian. The  
dance ends, the music continues.  
They ascend a dais as King and  
Queen, turn and look benevolently  
at their kingdom.)

THE GIRL

I'm pregnant.

THE BOY

A boy?

THE GIRL

Twins. Yes.

THE BOY

Good.

It ends now. THE GIRL

What? THE BOY

You know. I won't have my children placed at risk because of your . . . habits. THE GIRL

Our children. THE BOY

That remains to be seen. THE GIRL

(Pause)

Yes, they are yours. THE GIRL (Continued)

Then, I don't understand. THE BOY

I know. THE GIRL

(Lilith enters. Observes.)

You made my heart stop. \* That day, that first day. THE GIRL (Continued)

The wind tossing your hair. THE BOY

The way you folded my whole world in your eyes. THE GIRL

(Pause)

(Pause)

It ends now. Promise me. I deserve this at least. THE GIRL (Continued)

I \* promise. \*\* Sons. Heirs to Atlantis. Our children. THE BOY

An interesting moment to recall. LILITH

Oh. ROGER

(He shuts The Boy and The Girl off.)

**out of time (1)**

THE GIRL

Strong evidence for the presence of dark matter is directly given by the rotation curves of galaxies. If we assume for simplicity a spherical or ellipsoidal mass distribution for a galaxy, the orbital velocity at radius  $r$  is given by Newton's equation of motion:  $V^2 = GM/r$  where  $G$  is the gravitational constant and  $M$  is the mass contained in a sphere of radius  $r$ .

THE BOY

The peculiar velocity of stars beyond the visible edge of the galaxy should then decrease as  $1/r$ . What is observed instead is that the velocity stays nearly constant with increasing  $r$ . This requires a halo of invisible dark matter to be present outside the radius of the visible matter.

THE GIRL

From observations it follows that the halo radius can be 10 times larger than the radius of the visible part of the galaxy.

(Shift back to time . . .)

LILITH

Don't end on my account. Your endless pursuit of the past, revolving around dead moments and sinking into dead dreams. Please, by all means. Continue.

ROGER

Lil.

(Pause. Then, the character's should experience a kind of "click" - a shift that is almost audible to the audience.)

LILITH

There was a time when you would have sacrificed everything for your people and you search for forgotten memories and spend your time with girls from other worlds. While we . . .

ROGER

There was a time, oh yes, there was always a time. There was a time when your back caught starlight and dreams. There was a time I could fuck without pills. There was a time. There was always a time Lilith. And now is not one of them.

LILITH

You want me? You want to relive those years instead of just remembering them? You want to taste the past between my legs, lick remembrance from my skin? You've wanted to fuck me for ten years now and you won't need a pill for that. Just stop living then and start living now.

ROGER

There is no living now, Lilith - now is never, only a memory lost or a hope deferred. Where do you think I was living all those years between all those legs . . . now, only the now. But it was like a ghost's breath - nothing more than an imagination. Now is light bent so far back on itself that it ceases to exist.

(Silence. Broken by The Ghosts of Atlantis. Roger goes to Lilith, she is trying to determine what tactic to use next, not expecting tenderness.)

ROGER (Continued)

I'm not proud of what I did to you and the boys. I'm sorry. Maybe if I had . . . or hadn't . . .

(Pause.)

LILITH

I meant it, Roger.

(The Clown enters. S/he watches.)

LILITH (Continued)

There is nothing else. No one else. My garden is gone. You are wrong. The past is shadows of a future gone. Now is all. And I want you now like I wanted you when you were eighteen hard muscle arrogant eyed and electric. One last time. Our last time.

(She is electrified, pulls him in, kisses him. The Boy and The Girl become aroused (and of course can't move a muscle). The seduction is harsh, like hot wires and knife edges. She is getting as much as giving, in fact she has wanted this as much as he has for ten years. Cain and Abel enter. Both wear swords and affect a "princely" demeanor. Neither is particularly sane. Abel starts to interrupt but Cain pulls him back. )

(This is Freud's Primal Scene and Cain's enjoyment is more pure than perverted. Abel represses instantly. He is very good at repression. The seduction continues, clothes are being removed. This should not be a silent affair. Finally, Cain releases Abel who cries out:)

ABEL

Mother!

CAIN

And Father. How sweet. After all these years. Do go on. Abel and I were just leaving.

(Lilith would fuck in front of a priest at this point, but Roger pushes her away, too roughly and she falls painfully and awkwardly. Abel rushes to help her. She pushes him away and begins to reassert her dignity and putting her clothes back on. Abel is frozen by the smell of her. Cain applauds. Lilith looks at Roger. This was their last chance. It is over. A piece within each of them is broken and will never be fixed.)

ROGER

Lil.

(He stops. He knows that they have been propelled into different orbits and there is no going back. As Cain speaks, Roger and Lilith measure this new distance. Each accepting and respecting the new relationship, if mourning the loss of what almost was.)

ROGER (Continued)

I . . . .

(Pause.)

(Pause.)

ROGER (Continued)

I need to address Massimo's men before they leave.

(He walks off - every muscle wanting to turn and hold Lilith. She would break him in half if he did. He exits.)

CAIN

That was . . . interesting. Didn't take you much time at all, did it Mother. \* Your "feminine" wiles still working so wonderfully. But then, we never really doubted your abilities in the bedroom, did we Abel.

ABEL

Did he hurt you? If he hurt you, I will kill him you know that don't you Mother? Mother?

(Pause.)

ABEL (Continued)

Shut up Cain.

(Lilith doesn't answer - in fact, is attempting to forget her sons exist. She is making a decision on what she will do next with a dying world. There are only a few options. The Clown is still watching. S/he takes a step into the room. Lilith sees him/her. Abel is trying to console his Mother from a distance, Cain is waiting for the moment of weakness to present itself. The Clown nods once. The Ghosts of Atlantis sigh like metal being torn.)

ABEL (Continued)

Mother . . .

LILITH

Leave.

ABEL

Moth . . .

LILITH

Now. Both of you.

CAIN

Of course, you need . . . your privacy.

(Cain grabs Abel and forces him from the room.)

LILITH  
You know?

THE CLOWN  
Yes.

LILITH  
You have the . . .

THE CLOWN  
Yes.

LILITH  
You want my . . .

THE CLOWN  
Yes. Let me show you.

(S/he holds a hand out to Lilith.)

(Pause.)

LILITH  
Later, there is one last thing... My rooms in an hour.

THE CLOWN  
Yes my lady, oh so yes my lady.

(They exit seperately)

(The Ghosts of Atlantis laugh or cry. The Boy and The Girl cannot move, want desperately to move. In the distance, ROGER encourages the last of the soldiers to save Atlantis, praises Massiamo. There is a small, energetic but dubious cry of excitement from the remaining warriors.)

**Scene 4.5: The Queen & the Librarian (In A Coma) reach an understanding and a betrayal is begun.**

(A few minutes later, on a parapet overlooking the dying city and the the path toward the Forest of T'reeeeh, Lilith watches and waits. Mary approaches, awed and yet annoyed at this last minute summons.)

MARY  
Your Highness.

Girl. LILITH

(Pause)

We leave... MARY

Yes, yes. I know. LILITH

(Pause)

Do you know why you are here? LILITH (Continued)

I am... MARY

LILITH  
No, girl, not that prophesy crap. Oh don't look like that, very well, I will pay deference to your little savior of the planet fantasy. Who knows, maybe it will even work. Stranger things... No. I meant here, with me, before you go on your heroics.

MARY  
No, Your Highness. I don't. But I will not give up until I have saved this world. Why does nobody... you all told me that I matched the prophesy, well, I mean, not you, but Roger and The Clown and the Priests. Even the scullery maids would look at me with shine in their eyes and duck their heads as they whispered "thank you." But nobody really, I mean really thinks I can do this.

(Lilith watches Mary's outburst, amused.)

MARY (Continued)  
I can. I will, goddamnit.

(Lilith slowly claps her hands.)

LILITH  
Very nice. I couldn't have expected better. But all of that means nothing to me. Not now. Perhaps not ever. What do you miss about your world? Name one thing.

MARY  
One... my world. Why?

(Bird-song. Thunder. The screech of Magyips breaks the air. )

(Lilith looks out toward the  
oncoming blackness. She is very  
tired.)

LILITH

A whim. I am Queen of all this... after all.

(The two women stare at each other  
for a moment, coming to an  
understanding on some pre-verbal  
level.)

MARY

I miss... I don't know. Not much now, I mean in my life  
right before the coma. Things had gone. Badly. No. Not  
badly, just wrong, slow. Like my whole life was covered in  
some invisible sticky something that made breathing a chore,  
moving a job. Living a task. There was a man. He lied.

LILITH

They do that.

MARY

Yeah. But so do we. I mean, like now. I just lied to you  
because what I miss, I miss my books.

LILITH

What books?

MARY

Any books. You would think you guys would have gotten around  
to the printing press! Handwritten scrolls just don't cut it  
I'll tell you!

(She laughs at a very private joke.)

MARY (Continued)

I didn't know my own body until I was nearly thirty because  
from the time I was young I was smart, quick to learn, loved  
reading. I didn't play soccer or lacrosse. I didn't go to  
summer camp. I didn't do ballet or tap dance. I read,  
constantly and indiscriminately, but never wantonly. My home  
was fiction, but I loved reading anything because, in a  
sense, everything is a fiction, you know.

LILITH

I know.

MARY

There was a poet, Marina Tsvetaeva, who said "there are books  
so alive that you're always afraid that while you weren't  
reading, the book has gone and changed, has shifted like a  
river; while you went on living, it went on living too, and

(MORE)

MARY (Continued)

like a river moved on and moved away." I felt like that all the time, like there were worlds out there that were happening, that I needed to find.

(Pause.)

MARY (Continued)

I spent my life in books. Until...

LILITH

The man.

MARY

Yes.

LILITH

He taught you your body?

MARY

Yes.

LILITH

It must have been breathtaking.

MARY

Yes. Yes it was.

LILITH

How long?

MARY

One year. Almost exactly. Oh, we were together for three, but no. Really. One year. I remember reading Duras' *The Lover* during that first year. I thought it appropriate. But the only thing I can remember is when she says that "The story of my life doesn't exist. Does not exist. There's never any center to it. No path, no line. There are great spaces where you pretend there used to be someone, but it's not true, there was no one."

(More thunder. The Ghosts of Atlantis twitter and scream. The sound of a Billie Holiday song plays at the edge of hearing.)

LILITH

You remember other people's words with great facility.

MARY

Yeah. I guess I do. It used to be the only interesting thing about me. Now I know how to kill things with a really really sharp sword.

(The two women stare out at the approaching dark.)

(Pause.)

LILITH  
Why did you leave Roger's bed?

MARY  
He reminded me too much.

LILITH  
Ah.

(Pause. The sound of children playing mixed with lovers loving.)

LILITH (Continued)  
One more question. Did Roger say anything about the @. No, I don't mean just in general. Anything specific, anything odd. disturbing. In his sleep perhaps.

(Mary is instantly back on her guard. She may not have trusted Roger, but she trusts Lilith less.)

MARY  
Like what. No. I don't...

(Pause.)

(Pause.)

MARY (Continued)  
Why?

LILITH  
I have been away from my husband's bed for over ten years. We are about to watch our entire world snuffed out unless a crazy little mixed up librarian can make her fantasies come true and become a hero like the stories tell tales of. My sons are certifiably insane and I expect they are busy right now slitting someone's throat--hopefully their own. Does it matter why?

MARY  
I guess, I guess not, but no. He said nothing odd like you mean.

(Mary is lying.)

(Lilith's smile could cut sheet-metal and Mary instinctively takes a step backwards.)

MARY (Continued)

I must...

LILITH

Yes, go. Good luck with your fiction girl. Mary.

MARY

Your Highness.

(Mary exits to rejoin Massiamo's troops and being the quest to save Atlantis. Lilith stares out at the oncoming darkness.)

LILITH

It's you, isn't it. It's always been you.

(Blackout.)

### **Scene 5: Homecoming Queen**

(Lights up.)

(During the following scene, "Homecoming Queen" by Sparklehorse plays. In various tableaux or sections of the stage we see:)

(Roger searching.)

(Cain punishing Abel for his weakness and love of their mother.)

(Lilith and The Clown fucking.)

(Mary and the troops marching toward the Forest of T'reeeeh, being attacked by Magyips, fighting, dying, killing.)

(We also hear The Ghosts of Atlantis weeping. It is much like whale-song.)

(Roger finds his box.)

(He trips. The box spills to reveal old documents, photographs, a dog collar, a tennis racquet, a large dildo, two silver dollars, a fading yellow teddy bear, one pair of argyle socks, a referee whistle, a child's baseball glove and a copy of *Charlotte's Web*.)

(The song ends. Time freezes. The sound of a pulsar and The Boy and The Girl come alive. Dance in total silence.)

**out of time (2)**

THE BOY

Homogeneity on very large scales is confirmed by present day observations of in particular:

THE GIRL

X-ray background, radio sources, gamma ray bursts distribution, and galaxies and clusters of galaxies.

THE BOY

So much so for the very large scales, but what about structures like galaxies and clusters of galaxies? More and more they appear to be distributed without any apparent homogeneity but on the contrary showing regularities in an apparent hierarchical distribution

THE GIRL

of galaxies and superclusters of galaxies separated by large voids. Slowly but more and more clearly the presence of a fractal distribution in the universe has started to surface and with it a new cosmological principle which can be simply expressed.

THE BOY

All the observers in the universe

THE GIRL

are equivalent.

(Shift back to time.)

**Scene 6: A conversation from the past**

(There is a loud screeching sound and blackout. On a projection screen, the silhouettes of The Clown and Sally appear. Sally is cloaked heavily and his/her voice is altered mechanically. This can be prerecorded or live, but the voices should be delivered over a sound system.)

THE CLOWN

It will be slow?

SALLY

Yes, oh yes, the primogeniture effect of the slamishwhallybang will delectably increase to the point of zero return and zero input to create the epsilon over the rho times the delta to a point of point aught aught aught aught eight.

THE CLOWN

Everyone will die?

SALLY

Die. Hmm, well, that I don't know merry sir, I don't know that at all. For what is to die? They will go away like mommy did, but die is not at all required, necessary or predictably ensured.

THE CLOWN

You are fucking nuts, you know that, right?

(Sally laughs maniacally, long and hard, but then falls into a coughing fit. The projection shuts off. For a moment, there is stasis. Then, from the dark:)

### **Scene 7: Mary vs. the Magyips**

MARY

I've lost track of how many times I have wet myself. The blood clots my hands . . . not my blood. I can't see my hands for the gore. My sword always at risk of slipping away. This is not how . . . not what. I expected.

(For the first part of this scene, Mary should be behind a screen, battling Magyips. Her monologue is disrupted by the necessity of battle. She is tired and has been fighting for hours. Almost all of the other soldiers are dead or dying. The sounds of death and screaming Magyips fill the air. The Ghosts of Atlantis cry softly.)

MARY (Continued)

Not bile. Not mucous. Not the smell of shit mixing with blood.

(She fights.)

MARY (Continued)

Fear tastes like rotting lettuce - slimy and brown and I want desperately to rest, to lie still with only the sound of my

(MORE)

MARY (Continued)

own beating heart and to feel a cool breeze that doesn't smell like . . . smell like. I can remember the smell, visiting her - that mix of disinfectants and the eruption of all the scary, smelly, bad red ugly parts of us that were seeping out, like pus, pus and blood, pus and blood and piss pus and blood and piss and shit . . . these men and women with their bodies falling, not apart, but out as if something was pulling their insides through every orifice and would keep pulling until there was nothing left.

(Pause. Fighting.)

MARY (Continued)

Only one year before, sitting in her apartment and eating candies from the bowl that always always sat on the coffee table. A heavy cut glass bowl that seemed like a murder weapon, even then. Death's tug was hidden by the potpourri and the heavy dust of accumulated memories. In the . . . in there there was no hiding. A year.

(Pause. Fighting.)

MARY (Continued)

Folding time into radiator sighs. Something always running from her eyes. Thicker than tears. I thought. I felt. I knew that this kind of death would be better than her kind of death. I didn't know it would smell the same.

(There is a scream and she rushes off in an attempt to save someone.)

**Scene 8: Several layers peel back to reveal beating hearts (or something of the sort)**

(Cain enters, licking blood from his hand. He fixes himself a drink. Restless, he paces, sees the teddy bear and silently laughs. Stabbing the bear with his sword, he lifts it high and examines it as if it were an alien or like he is a dog sniffing his own sick. Draining his drink, he activates The Boy and The Girl.)

**[memory]**

(The Boy is Cain as a child, The Girl is a younger Roger who is busy with the duties of Kingship, i.e., he is getting it on with a serving wench fresh from the country. Cain bursts into the room.)

THE BOY

Daddy, daddy, dad . . .

(The Girl does not pause in her  
mimed fuck.)

THE GIRL

What.

THE BOY

Look what Clownie just gave me!!

(He holds up a new, yellow teddy  
bear.)

THE GIRL

Nice. But Daddy's busy right now, so go play somewhere else.

(The Boy doesn't move. Watches  
curiously.)

THE BOY

You do it differently to mommy.

THE GIRL

I told you to leave boy.

THE BOY

But Daddy, today I'm . . .

(He counts on his fingers.)

THE BOY (Continued)

One two three four *five!*

(The Girl stops, annoyed at the  
interruption, but sensing something  
just a bit more important. She  
dismisses the imaginary wench,  
covers her fading erection and  
moves face to face with The Boy.)

THE GIRL

Five?

THE BOY

Five!!

THE GIRL

You are getting to be a man, next thing you'll want to take  
my crown, eh? And my throne.

(She tousles his hair, only slightly serious about being overthrown.)

THE BOY

Can I can I can I? Please Daddy, you said you'd let me on my birthday. \* Teddy wants to too.

THE GIRL

All right, all right, come on boy, you can sit on my throne and play king.

(She leads him to a "throne" and he sits, legs sticking out and obviously dwarfed by the seat. He grins and plays with his teddy bear, making grand "kingly" gestures.)

THE GIRL (Continued)

Your Majesty. What is your will?

THE BOY

I want . . . ummmm, I want all the Watermelon candy in the land brought here and destroyed because I hate watermelon candy and Abel knows it so that is all he steals from the kitchen no matter how many times I beat him up and tell him to bring other kinds of candy.

THE GIRL

It will be done, your great and munificent and brilliant kingship! Anything else?

THE BOY

I'm the king right?

THE GIRL

Yes, great and wise ruler of all Atlantis, you are the king.

THE BOY

And you are my subject, right?

THE GIRL

Of course your lordship.

THE BOY

And you'll do anything . . .

THE GIRL

Cain . . .

THE BOY

Right, well I, King Cain of Atlantis, with teddy here as my  
may . . . may . . . major duomo order you to stop making  
mommy cry.

(Pause.)

THE GIRL

Enough playing. Go on, boy. I have work to do.

(The Boy comes down off the  
"throne.")

THE BOY

Work like "fucking the scullions."

THE GIRL

You are your mother's son.

THE BOY

Silly Daddy, of course I am.

THE GIRL

No. Now go.

(The Boy starts to leave, stops,  
turns.)

THE BOY

I love you Daddy.

(Pause. Cain turns memory off and  
we slide . . .)

**out of time (1)**

THE BOY (Continued)

There are two basic "objects" on large scales . . . Which  
are essentially quasilinear: enhanced and de-enhanced density  
regions. As for the Great Attractor we understand a patch of  
enhanced total density, scaled in any dimension from larger  
than the richest cluster size.

THE GIRL

The opposite construction is void, the Great Repulsor, a  
patch of decreased total density. Both notions -- GAs and  
voids -- are still expanding like the Universe . . . Which  
differ them drastically from the objects just collapsed or  
collapsing at least in one direction. It is the dense  
caustics with high merging activity of host QSO galaxies that  
we associate with a typical cluster mass.

(Pause)

THE BOY

Did it really happen that way?

THE GIRL

It depends on what you mean by "really happen." If our memories change over time, and they do, then what is real now may not have been real then. Is the past real any more real than the present real?

THE BOY

I feel like I forget you sometimes when I see you I get hot and flushed like the first time I tasted your eyes touching me and it's as if I forgot all the times in between.

THE GIRL

It feels good.

THE BOY

Yes. But worries me a bit. Could it be that you are new, not someone I know and I've forgotten the other you in a moment of grace and terror. Are you forgotten? Am I forgetting?

THE GIRL

Yes and no. It's never that simple. Except, sometimes, when it is.

(Shift back to time . . .)

(Roger enters.)

CAIN

Father. How sweet you saved this.

(On his last word, he flicks his sword so hard that the bear is thrown toward Roger. Cain does not put away his sword. Roger almost makes a move toward it, but stops.)

ROGER

Son. I didn't know . . .

(Pause.)

ROGER (Continued)

That it was.

(Pause.)

ROGER (Continued)

There. Are you and Cain \* I, Abel settling in all right? I know we don't have as many servants as we once . . . well.

CAIN

I'm Cain, old man. Oh and we are settled just fine. Just fine. Just one question.

ROGER

Yes.

CAIN

Why are you here and not with Massimo in the quest to save this great and gracious land of ours? Not like you Father to show such cowardice. \* Oh, it's like you to be such a coward, but you usually hide it better. But then, no I guess it doesn't really matter anymore because there is nobody to rule, to pretend to.

ROGER

It's not. That simple.

CAIN

Did you know how much I looked up to you? How much I wanted to be like you? How much...

ROGER

Abe... Cain, I'm sorry.

CAIN

You know what, I was about to say "I don't want your pity" but really Father, aren't we a bit beyond such games. You know what I'm planning.

ROGER

Yes. I will stop you.

CAIN

You will try. But you are an old man. I am not. You may be taller, you may have a deeper voice and a longer cock, but those aches in the morning are getting worse and the stiffness in your knees is slowing you down and you are falling, aren't you. I'm still rising.

ROGER

Cain. No games. Don't do this or I will kill you like I always knew I might.

CAIN

If I had something else, father, a kingdom, a castle, a following, a revolution, a mission, a savior, a war, a woman, a plot, a quest . . . anything else, I might not. But you have not left me anything of my own. Your shadow has grown so large that it's swallowed all of Atlantis and I'm left with only this: I will kill you and even if I am king of nothing, I will be king and I will escape your event horizon.

(Cain puts away his sword.  
Mockingly salutes his father.)

CAIN (Continued)

Good night, father.

(He leaves. Roger goes to the scattered items from the box and examines them all again, taking time to relive all the associated memories sights tastes sounds and smells.)

(Elsewhere in the castle: The Clown and Lilith are post-coital.)

**Scene 9: Lilith & The Clown**

(Something has been sated, but it is hard to tell what exactly.)

THE CLOWN

Of all the people, I'm the only one he would hate that you fucked.

LILITH

I know.

THE CLOWN

Of all the people, I'm the only one you will hate that you fucked.

LILITH

I know.

THE CLOWN

The @ is centered on him. We are dying because he refuses to take responsibility, to feel the weight of his kingship, to slide down the slick gullet of the penguin of purpose and time, to fold himself into a small small self and take the @ with him.

LILITH

I know.

THE CLOWN

If he dies, the @ will stop. We will live.

LILITH

I know.

(Long pause. The Clown touches him/herself with a left over residue of desire and sex.)

THE CLOWN

I've wanted you since he first saw you. Wanted to know that light in his eyes even if refracted through the lens of you. I've hated you as often as I've loved him. Hated him as often as I've loved you.

(Something about his/her tone  
triggers a thought in Lilith.)

LILITH

You mean . . . this, all this for . . .

THE CLOWN

Are you serious? You really think I would destroy all of Atlantis, in order to get you into my bed. My god woman, you are as insane as your sons. Maybe for him . . . but no. I think not even for him.

LILITH

I remember the smell of him, that first night. He smelled of you and of cinnamon and sweat, honey and semen. I want desperately to walk along the ocean once more, feel that stinging salt wind scour my face. There is an honesty to the ocean air that makes me think of stars. It is as if the ocean air is the breath of dying suns. I don't know. I . . .

(She awakens from the reverie she  
has become trapped in.)

LILITH (Continued)

It's time we . . . you did something. I will not interfere. This has to stop now. Or . . .

THE CLOWN

We don't have to do anything but urge matters forward. Cain plans on killing him. He plans on killing Cain. It is an old story after all.

LILITH

Yes. Different generations suckling the same breast. Something dangerous about that always. Fine. I will go to Cain.

THE CLOWN

Not up for the Judas bit?

(Pause.)

LILITH

No. Not this time. It's your turn.

THE CLOWN

You always say that.

(They kiss, almost as if it were a contract.)

LILITH

You taste of him.

(They leave the room. Everything to black and then:)

**Scene 10: Mary in the Cave of Quezlent**

(The cave is dripping with mucous and blood. Spiders, centipedes and rats all stare intently at Mary as she enters. In the center is Quezlent - once human, now barely a skeleton. She is the oracle that we have all forgotten. She has almost succeeded in forgetting herself. Her voice is modulated and warped. Behind her is a swirling circle of blackness, poised to swallow us all. Mary enters, sword drawn and covered in viscera.)

QUEZLENT

Sit down child and put your toy away. You seek knowledge?

MARY

I seek power. To stop the @.

QUEZLENT

Good lord girl, how long have we mystics and visionaries, teachers and sages, monks and preachers, whores and bankers, politicians and priests, street urchins and potentates, fallen angels and dying pirates been saying that knowledge is power? Good gracious, you ever pay attention? No, that's a silly question. Of course you don't. Sometimes I wonder if you were created, not you girl, your race, to provide employment for me and my kind, maybe keep us busy so we don't figure out any of the real big stuff, focused instead on the mundane shitty human back and forth of desire/disgust/desire/disgust. Taste of apathy thrown in for spice.

MARY

Please. I have swallowed too much blood today, felt too many muscles tear, too many intestines rip and the stench clogged my nose . . . you know I am here to stop the @ with the #. Please. How do I save what little is left of Atlantis, what little is left of this life.

QUEZLENT

I have a tale to tell you girl, but first answer me honest:  
why do you want to save Atlantis?

MARY

Because I do not want to go back to my world, my life. I like  
this one better.

QUEZLENT

Even with the blood and the shit and the fatigued muscles and  
the slowly bleeding wound on your inner thigh? And the  
responsibility of 5 Million deaths hanging in the air like a  
silent and particularly smelly breaking of wind?

(Pause.)

MARY

Yes.

QUEZLENT

You have been able to stop it all in a heartbeat, all the  
time.

MARY

How? Please tell me.

QUEZLENT

When you were thirteen, you read the answer to this  
particular question. \* It gave you nightmares, you didn't  
understand it then. How could you? But you know.

(Pause.)

MARY

Thirteen? I have . . .

QUEZLENT

Yes.

MARY

I think I yes, I remember, it was, god I did, I had  
nightmares for weeks after reading it. I can, god! Can I  
still remember. Almost . . . Borges wasn't it?

(Pause)

QUEZLENT

Yes.

(Mary activates The Boy & The Girl,  
they both play 13 year old Mary,  
reciting the following with a  
growing fear.)

THE BOY

In that Empire, the craft of Cartography attained such Perfection that the Map of a Single province covered the space of an entire City, and the Map of the Empire itself an entire Province.

THE GIRL

In the course of Time, these Extensive maps were found somehow wanting, and so the College of Cartographers evolved a Map of the Empire that was the same Scale as the Empire and that coincided with it point for point.

THE BOY

Less attentive to the Study of Cartography, succeeding Generations came to judge a map of such Magnitude cumbersome, and, not without Irreverence, they abandoned it to the rigors of sun and Rain. \*\*

THE GIRL

In the western Deserts, tattered Fragments of the Map are still to be found, Sheltering an occasional Beast or Begger; in the whole Nation, no other relic is left of the Discipline of Geography.

MARY

I had nightmares that my house, my cat, my street, my school were just maps, that they weren't really there at all, only maps and that they would be torn apart like when you tear a roadmap along the crease and I would be left in between, in the torn crease. For weeks.

(Quezlet turns off The Boy and The Girl)

**Out of Time**

(The Boy and The Girl stand in front of each other, slowly moving to stroke the other's cheek. This can take as much time as the audience can bear, perhaps even slightly more time.)

THE GIRL

The sadness of maps.

THE BOY

The sadness of maps.

(They move to each other, touching, tracing the arcs of bone and the play of muscle, the shape of skin and the cartography of flesh. )

(There should be something translucent about their movements. It is a dance of sorts. The only sound is their breathing, perhaps amplified. Finally, when the moment has almost cracked in two and the audience is shifting, they collapse as we shift back to time . . .)

(The Ghosts of Atlantis titter and giggle.)

QUEZLENT

Do you see now?

MARY

No. Tell me how to stop the @!!

QUEZLENT

Well dearie, I did, and, contractually, I've fulfilled my obligations. But, if you want me to tell you the honest truth no perambulations and mumbo-jumbo, no vague foretelling or wonky, asinine sayings . . . then you have to pay me something.

(Quezlent begins to move like a hunter, Mary becomes the prey.)

MARY

What. What do you want old woman? I have no more time.

QUEZLENT

You have far more time than you think. All wrapped up, folded inside that quavering little mind of yours. Times and places and things and visions and words, wrapped around your neurons like desperate bats clinging to stalactites. Or stalagmites - I can never remember which is which. Can you?

MARY

Stalactites. "T" for coming from the top.

QUEZLENT

That's right. You have so many words, facts, thoughts, thesis . . .

MARY

What do you want?

QUEZLENT

That's exactly what I want.

(Mary is silent, fondling her sword and wondering if killing the oracle )

(will make things worse. Quezlent finds Mary's desire awfully cute.)

QUEZLENT (Continued)

I want your memories. No, not all of them. I want the memories of each and every book you have ever read. All of them will be lost, beyond an event horizon that you will never cross.

(Mary stands still for a very long time. Quezlent is close, eager, waiting.)

MARY

If I give you . . . give . . . those, you will tell me what to do to save Atlantis?

(Quezlent licks Mary's cheek and breathes a soft reply.)

QUEZLENT

Yes.

(Mary turns and wretches, dry heaves violently, shaking and suddenly feverish with responsibility and the potential for sacrifice.)

QUEZLENT (Continued)

Will you do it.

(The lights fade down slowly, Mary turns to look at Quezlent, no decision made. Beyond time, the Ghosts of Atlantis whisper:)

THE GHOSTS OF ATLANTIS

Will you do it will you do it will you do it.

(Blackness.)

THE GHOSTS OF ATLANTIS (Continued)

Will you do it will you do it will you do it.

(A foghorn. A child's laugh. Waves.)

### **Scene 11: Roger & The Clown**

(The hotel lobby. The light is moving further and further away. Matter is beginning to crumble as time dies. Roger sits, surrounded by his past. )

(He is drinking, riding the edge of drunk that is melancholic and self-destructive *without* slurring words or movements.)

ROGER

On the outskirts of a dying district, I was forbidden to play. Still, I was a boy and went. A quarry - stripped of minerals, left with deep holes and standing water in places. To get down was a controlled fall, slipping, sliding barely controlling descent as the small sharp rocks and dull dirt and gravel all shifted, grasped. The feeling in the pit of my stomach was tight exhilaration as I barely held myself upright, barely stopped myself from tumbling head over ass to be cut, abused, pummeled. It was the same feeling I had with my first whore, her ancient - well, ancient to a boy of 14, probably only 23 or 24 - eyes dark as the deep holes at the bottom of that quarry. Her voice tight with slow death. Her body smooth, supple, soft but for the soles of her feet which were dry as bone. Skin sharp and rough. I made her use her feet to stroke my penis until I came.

(Pause)

ROGER (Continued)

Everything, in one way or another has been an attempt at recreating those two moments.

(Pause. The Clown enters. Silently, without looking, Roger knows he is there.)

ROGER (Continued)

Is it done?

THE CLOWN

Yes.

ROGER

Did you enjoy it.

THE CLOWN

Yes.

ROGER

Will we forget? This time?

THE CLOWN

Perhaps. Perhaps not.

ROGER

One more time?

Of course.	THE CLOWN
(Pause.)	
Aardvark.	THE CLOWN (Continued)
Babble.	ROGER
Typological.	THE CLOWN
Fetishism.	ROGER
Cabal.	THE CLOWN
Dabble.	ROGER
Imagism.	THE CLOWN
Desire.	ROGER
Fallacy.	THE CLOWN
Father.	ROGER
Neonatology.	THE CLOWN
Gyve.	ROGER
Fishcake.	THE CLOWN
Abject.	ROGER
Myth.	THE CLOWN
Huckleberry.	ROGER
(Pause.)	

ROGER (Continued)

Huckleberry.

THE CLOWN

You win. You win it all.

(They come in close, as if saying  
goodbye. Time is running out, no  
matter what happens and they've  
seen this all before on some level,  
though only dimly remembered.)

THE CLOWN (Continued)

The day was bright, wasn't it?

ROGER

Yes.

THE CLOWN

You held my hand.

ROGER

Yes. We were nine? Seven?

THE CLOWN

Nine. It was three years before . . .

ROGER

Yes.

(Pause.)

ROGER (Continued)

Did you hate me or my father that day?

THE CLOWN

Oh, him. I knew you loved me, I knew you were my friend, not  
my better. At least then. When he pulled you from me. His  
eyes were terrible. Blacker than anything I'd seen. Blacker  
than anything I've seen since. Except for . . .

ROGER

Except for . . .

THE CLOWN

You know he plans on \* killing you.

ROGER

Killing me. I know. I think he can. Maybe not before, but I  
tasted the desperation in his voice.

THE CLOWN

I will be at your side when the moment comes.

ROGER  
Saving me or killing me?

THE CLOWN  
I didn't know until tonight.

(Pause)

THE CLOWN (Continued)  
I think, saving you.

ROGER  
No.

THE CLOWN  
No?

ROGER  
No. Whatever happens is between my son and I. No one else.

THE CLOWN  
I . . .

ROGER  
Do you understand?

THE CLOWN  
Yes.

ROGER  
Swear.

THE CLOWN  
I swear I will not save you if your son is about to kill you.  
Is that fucking clear enough?

(Pause.)

ROGER  
Good. I need . . . where is Lilith?

THE CLOWN  
With him.

ROGER  
Let her know. Neither of you are to interfere in this fight.  
I'm sorry.

THE CLOWN  
Not my job.

ROGER  
It's all your job.

(Pause. They stare. Roger turns to go, thinks a moment, slaps The Clown and whispers:)

ROGER (Continued)

You fool. Even when we were nine, I knew. I always knew. That room was always waiting, that moment was always present.

(Roger leaves.)

THE CLOWN

Granted. It was always there, waiting. The curl of skin, the soak of hair. The taste of sweat and rubber. Gasoline kisses. So many gasoline kisses in the dead of night. I reached for him, after. He was spent, sleeping, dreaming rough. I could have killed him then. Instead I reached out for him, wanting to smooth the dreams to light. I felt it then, and almost every day since: the thrill of servitude prickling along my genitals, kicking into my gut.

(The song he/she sings is somehow both frivolous and sad - a dirge broken with pizzicato seizures)

THE CLOWN (Continued)

Folding rocks and squinting eyes, the falcons swim and dolphins fly / a child's fingers wrap the world in earthworm memories of dirt and slime / holding never is never sold while the knee jerks and the head is whole / chrome and gold and plates and mold / a tiny scar on her left leg, a tiny scar on her left leg / a tiny scar

(S/he goes off, no antics, no passion, no energy. Entropy is increasing rapidly.)

### **Scene 12: Mary and Abel Discuss Desire**

(Mary is wounded, bloody, tired and sick with knowledge. Abel floats, terrified of touching the ground)

MARY

You are beautiful, to me. Here, now.

(The Ghosts of Atlantis laugh, mean and sharp)

MARY (Continued)

It feels like a silk chemise knotted 'round your throat - a strangled cat feeling that won't let go that that drags you. But there is also something blissfully freeing about it. That you are not in control, abdication. Freedom from responsibility. The wash of pale purple wounds.

ABEL

No. I don't. There's this feeling of burning, below your stomach, in your gut, right above the genitals. Not sexual. Not quite. It feeds on itself but requires more, more you than you know. It frightens me. Perhaps the only times it stands down, retreats to the caves and crevices of a dark nether time, down a hole that swallows itself, the only time it washes away is when I can focus on the bitter lemon taste of a blade smiling through skin or a scourge of long tears down my back. There is nothing beautiful about it. Just . . . necessary.

MARY

Folding itself to an invisible point.

ABEL

Where I stand unseen.

(They embrace, holding each other  
tenderly with only the most gentle  
of sexual desires.)

MARY

I was spending my life in books. From my father's hand to my lover's gaze. It kept it all unreal, far away from me. I could hold off the shouting gravity of self-loathing and fear. Self fear. The bounty of brilliant words like a loufa over the epidermis of my soul. She wanted to take them.

ABEL

Did you love my father? Did you give them?

MARY

I don't think so. I loved his ghost.

ABEL

Funny isn't it.

MARY

Not funny "ha-ha."

ABEL.

No, certainly not funny "ha-ha." Will you dance with me?

MARY

No. No I don't think so. I've seen how you look at her. At Lilith. Your Mother.

(ABEL'S smile is distinctly broken.)

ABEL

I think you have a secret now. You didn't before did you.

MARY

No. I . . . you know about the #. Don't you.

ABEL

More than you know. No. I'm wrong. You do know.

MARY

I saw it, in the cave. There were greasy flies and rotting tongues, a stench of dying roses. The woman looked like she couldn't possibly be alive, the @ was right behind her, spinning an empty blackness that sucked in all the light except for the silver glint in her eyes that cut right through you like the feeling of your first kiss, or your first taste of blood when his hand cuffs your face just a bit harder than usual.

ABEL

Mmm, yes. So you saw her. Lilith is not my real mother. Not in any sense beyond the physical. She is my real mother. She crafted me from fist and hair, spitting into my open wounds with power and desire. Making me see that I could have what I wanted, making me know that I could have what I didn't want, that I could, she spoke, crackling like electric eels in my mind, giving me the words. The power. The power. The power.

(A moment of dawning realization)

MARY

My god. All those . . .

(The Ghosts of Atlantis howl.)

MARY (Continued)

All those people, the children, the mothers. The blood.

ABEL

Isn't that the way of always. The children, the mothers. The blood.

(He removes the knife that she has quietly slid from its sheath. Pushes her away. She looks at him stunned, unable to comprehend how someone, even him, could cause the death of millions. He backs away slowly, fading into the darkness.)

ABEL (Continued)

All sliding to the darkness. Unseen. Unremembered. Unknown.

(Lights go black. In the darkness we hear Mary's voice. )

(The following section is excerpted  
from Julia Kristeva's *Black Sun*)

MARY

A repetitive rhythm, a monotonous melody emerge and dominate the broken logical sequences; changing them into recurring, obsessive litanies. Finally, when that frugal musicality becomes exhausted in its turn or simply does not succeed in becoming established on account of the pressure of silence, the melancholy person appears to stop cognizing as well as uttering, sinking into the blankness of asymbolia or the excess of an unorderable cognitive chaos.

(Pause.)

MARY (Continued)

I never really understood that. Until.

(The Ghosts of Atlantis rage and weep.)

**Scene 13: Family Matters (aka, Jigsaw)**

(We have reached the unassembled part of our program. In the following section, there are certain actions and text elements that must be included. But the way they are put together is left to each director and company to discover. If at all possible, it would be exciting if the light and sound board operators can become active participants in this section. The following textual elements should be used, in all or part:)

(From *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage*:)

TEXT

The Four Princes and Superior Spirits be: Lucifer. Leviatan. Satan. Belial. The Eight Sub-Princes be: Astarot. Magot. Asmodee. Belzebud. Oriens. Paimon. Ariton. Amaimon. The Spirits Common Unto these Four Sub-Princes, namely, Oriens, Paimon, Ariton, Amaimon be: Hosen / Acuar / Nilen / Mulach / Melna / Schabuach / Sched / Sachiel / Asperim / Coelen / Parek / Trapis / Pareht / Elmis / Nuthon / Tagnon / Lirion / Lostmon / Astrega / Igarak / Ekalike / Haril / Irroron / Lagsuf / Romages / Kelen / Platien / Ramaratz / Saraph / Tirana / Morel / Malutens / Melhaer / Mermo / Ekdulon / Moschel / Katini / Chuschi / Rachiar / Nagid / Emphastison / Asmiel / Lomiol /  
(MORE)

## TEXT (Continued)

Parmatus / Plegit / Ragaras / Parusur / Geloma / Isekel /  
 Kadolon / Ilagas / Alagas / Promakos / Erenutes / Atloton /  
 Nogen / Proxosos / Alluph / Tracy / Iparkas / Ruach / Melamud /  
 Mantiens / Pereuch / Torfora /

## THE GHOSTS OF ATLANTIS

Tasma / Nogar / Ethanim / Paraseh / Irminon / Imink / Iaresin  
 / Ogilen / Igilon / Igis / Kilik / Elzegan / Iogion / Balalos  
 / Alpas / Metfel / Najin / Afarorp / Molin / Habhl / Nercamay  
 / Enaia / Nuditon / Apolhun / Poter / Obedama / Deccal / Badad  
 / Pachid / Adon / Patid / Gerevil / Asturel / Plirok /  
 Gorilon / Tarados / Gosegas / Aherom / Remoron / Ipakol /  
 Zaragil / Oroia / Soterion / Darascon / Tulot / Morilen  
 These be the Spirits Common unto Astarot and Asmodee, viz.: Amaniell  
 / Amalin / Raner / Exteron / Orinel / Kirik / Semlin / Laboux  
 / Timira / Bubana / Ambolin / Cocaron / Dramas / Buk / Abutes  
 / Ethan / Taret / Carasch / Isigl / Abrahin / Etaliz / Bialot  
 / Akanef / Afray / Gugonix / Nimalon / Dablat / Dimurgos /  
 Tioron / Goleg / Agel / Gagalos / Omages / Ugales / Opilm /  
 Buriul / Roggiol / Darokin / Guagamon / Lemel / Ragalim /  
 Agrax / Hermiala / Daguler / Oman / Loriol / Horanar / Laginx  
 / Udaman / Finaxos / Sagares / Haligax / Pachel  
 These be the Spirits in common between Asmodee and Magot, viz.: Toun /  
 Birtel / Sartabakim / Mabakiel / Magog / Sifon / Lundo / Apot  
 / Diopos / Kele / Sobe / Opun / Disolel / Magiros /  
 Inokos  
 There be those of Belzebud, viz.: Alcanor / Diralisen /  
 Ergamen / Lamalon / Tachan / Tromes / Nominon / Amatia /  
 Licanen / Gotifan / Igurim / Ikonok / Balfori / Iamai /  
 Bilifares / Dimirag / Nimorup / Akium / Kemal / Arolen /  
 Arogor / Lamarion / Elponen / Carelena / Dorak / Bilico /  
 Lirochi / Holastri / Hacamull / Borol / Magalast / Namiros /  
 Orgosil / Bilifor / Samalo / Sorosma / Zagalo / Adirael /  
 Arcon / Plison / Corilon / Pellipis / Kabada / Ambolon /  
 Raderaf / Gramon / Natalis / Kipokis / Lamolon.

(John Donne's The Bait:)

## TEXT

Come live with me, and be my love, And we will some new  
 pleasures prove / Of golden sands, and crystal brooks, / With  
 silken lines, and silver hooks. / There will the river  
 whispering run / Warmed by thy eyes, more than the sun. /  
 And there the enamored fish will stay, / Begging themselves  
 they may betray. / When though wilt swim in that live bath, /  
 Each fish, which every channel hath, / Will amorously to thee  
 swim, / Gladder to touch thee, than thou him. If though, to  
 be so seen, be'st loath / By sun, or moon, thou darkenest  
 both / An if myself have leave to see, / I need not their  
 light, having thee. / Let others freeze with angling reeds, /  
 And cut their legs, with shells and weeds, / Or treacherously  
 poor fish beset, / With strangling snare, or Windowy net; /  
 Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest / The bedded Fish in

(MORE)

TEXT (Continued)

banks out-wrest, / Or curious traitors, sleevesilk flies /  
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes. / For thee, though  
needst no such deciet, / For thou thyself art thing own bait  
/ That fish, that is not caught thereby, / Alas, is wiser  
far than I.

(The Greyhound Bus List of  
Prohibited Items:)

TEXT (Continued)

Acids, ammunition, animals, combustible liquids, compressed  
gases, corpses, cremated remains, explosives, firearms of all  
types, fireworks, flammable liquids, furniture, hazardous  
materials (poisons, radioactive materials, etc.), materials  
with a disagreeable odor, matches, merchandise for resale,  
protruding articles, or any unsecured articles.

(From Samuel T. Coleridge:)

TEXT (Continued)

The night is chill; the forest bare; / Is it the wind that  
moaneth bleak? / There is not wind enough in the air / To  
move away the ringlet curl / From the lovely lady's cheek /  
There is not wind enough to twirl / The one red leaf, the  
last of its clan / That dances as often as dance it can /  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high on the topmost twig  
that looks up at the [sky]

(From Derrida's book Dissemination,  
in which he is quoting from a book  
called Numbers)

TEXT (Continued)

But since there is this scission, and this recoil, which are  
constantly present and at work; since the lines disperse  
themselves and sink down before they appear burned back on  
the dead surface where you see them, the imperfect provides  
the motion and the unreachable double bottom—and that all  
dies and comes back to life in a thought that in reality  
belongs from the beginning to no one, a transparent column  
where what takes place remains suspended at a greater or  
lesser height, and when you wake up you say to yourself:  
'hey, I was there,' but nothing comes to explain that  
sentence, and that is what regards you ... That column does  
not leave you any distance; it keeps watch while you are  
asleep; it is slipped between you and you . . . Less and  
less suspected, less and less remembered where you are  
walking without seeing me. . . It is only for us, however,  
that night is turning and forming itself above the  
cities—where the mute machines are henceforth capable of  
reading, deciphering, counting, writing, and remembering--,  
and one sees a conversation break off, its gestures stand  
still, here, among the fabrics, the objects assembled,

(MORE)

TEXT (Continued)

'something has not been said.' They are talking, now but something of their silence subsists; they are represented here by a mist, a reflection, 'no, no, it's just the Opposite,' 'I do indeed think that that can be affirmed': I am Veritably writing what is going on, and of course it is impossible to be there totally, it is done sideways, on the bias, without stopping--but after all we are together, no reason to wait or to stop--it is hard to accept this interval, this blank intact; it is nevertheless hard to confirm without this forgetting which comes back and forces one's hand--when the text is interrupted, folds back upon itself, lets the voices come back like an endless recording--each time necessary not to listen, 'what are you talking about,' 'be more precise'--since they come from an infinite series of rotten, cleansed, burned, canceled, accumulated elements, whereas up ahead others are already searching for their words and will cover what is said today again,--and I am like them, among them, among you, in the equation, in the number ...

(In addition to the texts presented, each production is welcome to add found texts as they find appropriate.)

(The following actions must take place. All of these actions should be stylized and highly theatrical - approaching dance.)

(Abel is revealed to be the mysterious Sally. Mary and Abel swordfight, but in the end Mary is mortally wounded and Roger kills Abel.)

(Roger does not have the will to kill himself in order to stop the encroaching Darkness. He hopes Cain will accomplish this for him, but the Clown's betrayal of both Roger and Lilith is to save Roger's life. The Clown kills Cain, in a less than honorable way - something sneaky and underhanded. Lilith and Roger react to the Clown's actions in the same manner and the same instant: they kill him without thinking.)

(The Darkness is coming now, quickly. )

(Roger and Lilith, covered in blood (this can be done "naturalistically" in the fights, or "ritualistically" after The Clown's death) step into the center of the stage. The lights grow dimmer and dimmer, leaving the two surrounded by a pool of light as all else grows dark.)

ROGER

Do you think it may be different next time.

LILITH

I don't see how.

(He goes to take her hand. She moves, slightly, away. He stops.)

LILITH (Continued)

Maybe.

(Pause)

LILITH (Continued)

It won't be quite as bad.

(They are each very alone in this moment, separated only by inches, but it might as well be miles. As the lights fade to black there is silence. Followed by the sound of The Ghosts of Atlantis being released into the universe. A small light, possibly a candle, illuminates The Boy and The Girl. They are free ...)

#### **Scene 14: On the Other Side of Planck Space**

(The Boy and The Girl are freed by Atlantis' demise. They revel in free movement, the power of their bodies unchecked by the memories of others. They laugh, dance, play. It should be a celebration of light, movement and freedom. Finally:)

THE BOY

We were branches never branching.

THE GIRL

Rivers never riving.

THE BOY

Prayers never praying.

THE GIRL

Clenched hearts wrapped in muslin.

THE BOY

Diamonds spread so thin we covered the coasts of Madagascar.

THE GIRL

Scars so deep, we were unnoticeable.

(Pause.)

(Pause.)

THE GIRL (Continued)

Do you think it may be different next time?

THE BOY

I don't see why not.

(They take hands and leave for the  
next oscillation of fate.)

**The End**