

Where:  
A Giant's Head

When:  
Tomorrow. Or Yesterday.

Who:  
The Hermit, an androgynous figure that could be either a man or a woman. Dusty. Grey. Not doing the job of Hermit and Oracle as well as one might expect.

Alexa & Alex: They are golden children, mere days from their 17th & 12th birthdays. Though five years apart, they are twins. Alexa is the older, but has a strong streak of boldness and risk-taking that borders on the immature. Alex is more serious, more studious. They would, and very likely will, die for one another. There is no sexuality to their love.

*Lights up. The Hermit sits. The Hermit hums. Distant sound of Tibetan Throat Singers broken by radio static. The Hermit hums. A deep rumbling sound begins far away, comes closer and finally breaks into The Giant's voice.*

THE GIANT

They come.

*The Hermit hums. Stops. Opens his/her eyes. Hums again.*

THE GIANT (Continued)

They come.

*The Hermit continues to hum. Begins to levitate ever so slightly. The Giant clears his throat and coughs lightly, shaking the theater.*

THE GIANT (Continued)

I said . . .

*The Hermit raises a hand, palm out.*

THE HERMIT

Yes yes yes I heard you I heard you they come they come.  
Shhhh.

*Batting at gray and tattered robes  
and releasing puffs of dust, The  
Hermit finally pulls out a pipe and  
a small satchel, packs the pipe  
with the contents of the satchel,  
creates a small fire by snapping  
his/her fingers and lights the  
bowl.*

THE GIANT

Ceci n'est pas une pipe.

THE HERMIT

What did I tell you about clever? Hmmm, what did I tell you  
about clever my giant friend, my container, my jailor, my  
fate, hmm? Hmm?

THE GIANT

Leave it to you.

THE HERMIT

That's right. You shore up the world and I'll shore up the  
mind.

*The Hermit puffs on the pipe. In  
the distance we hear the sound of  
Alex & Alexa calling out "hello"  
and "is anybody here." They are  
coming closer to The Hermit.*

THE GIANT (V.O.)

Is this, are they . . . necessary? Are they even the ones?

THE HERMIT

Yes. Yes. Why must you doubt? Doubt is the enemy of  
certainty. Citation: The Hermit, unpublished utterance.

THE GIANT

I remember the days when you were not in my head. Jonquils  
and sunlight. The world felt very . . . skip-to-my-loo. If  
you know what I mean.

THE HERMIT

No. I don't. Look, I remember those days too and yes and  
yes.

*The Hermit pulls out a digital  
recorder and turns it on.*

*The Hermits voice fills the space,  
but in a tinny, cheap speaker sort  
of way.*

THE HERMIT RECORDED

Note to self: saviors of the world will appear in the tenth year of the seventh cycle of the three-thousand-five-hundred-sixty-fifth echelon. A brother and sister. You'll need to set them on the path to their destiny. The crap thing is that they will show up in the head of a Giant. Very poor sense of location. Oh, and they'll be wearing pajamas. Very undignified for such a moment, but what can you do, heh? Hmmm, standards just keep going down down when it comes to saviors of the world and their appreciation of The Hermit as oracle and call to adventure and after this we . . . I . . . you really need to consider retirement. Nice little place . . .

*The Hermit clicks off the digital  
recorder, hides it away. Puffs on  
pipe. Clouds of smoke fill the  
stage.*

THE GIANT

I really do wish you wouldn't fill my head with smoke. I go all foggy and stupid inside. Like a broken accordion played by a drunk monkey.

THE HERMIT

Soon we'll both be out of here and the world will be saved and I'll be done and you'll go back to your empty-headed wandering through the stars and I'll find a nice place, small garden in back. Maybe some roses. Quiet. No neighbors, just a white fence and pale-blue shutters, the color of--

THE GIANT

If no neighbors, why the fence?

THE HERMIT

Hmm? What? Well . . . signs I guess. The way it looks is a sign, a portent of what it is. Form as function function as form. Follow me?

THE GIANT

No.

THE HERMIT

Hmmph. Well, to be expected, to be expected.

*Pause.*

THE GIANT

Well?

*The smoke fills the stage. We hear coughing as Alex and Alexa enter the stage, trying to breath.*

THE HERMIT

Later. Later. They Come oh they Come!

*Despite the Hermit's years and cynicism, he/she is genuinely excited by their arrival. The smoke clears suddenly and The Hermit hurriedly strikes a pose of profound disinterest, eyes shut.*

ALEXA

Oh. Hello! We're a bit lost, you see. We were dreaming, got tangled up, sometimes we do that, twins you know, you see, entangled like quantum and all that. Anyway, we've been wandering a bit of a time, quite a bit of a time actually and wondering what the whole point is you see, cause usually these kind of dreams usually have a point, 'specially the entangled ones.

*Silence. The Hermit sneaks a peak from his/her left eye, finds Alex staring intently only inches away.*

ALEX

Hullo.

THE HERMIT

Hummph. I . . . er.

*Pause.*

THE GIANT

Hullo.

*The Giant's voice rumbles and echoes, shaking the space. Alexa thinks it's great fun. Alex peers closer at the Hermit.*

THE HERMIT

Hullo . . . er . . . um . . . OMMMMMMM.

ALEX

I'm Alex. This is my sister Alexa. Where are we?

THE HERMIT

Well now . . . I . . . you see, inauspiciously chosen, but oddly appropriate my old master would say and you. Hmm. I . . . I . . .

THE GIANT

You're in my head.

ALEXA

You're head? Who are you?

THE GIANT

The Giant.

ALEXA

Hi Giant. Sorry if we trod . . . treaded? . . . On anything too badly back there. I know it's just a dream, but I was getting just a wee bit scared in parts. Like a maze with bat-y things flying and dribbling this purple-grey goo all over.

THE GIANT

That'd be some of my subconscious fears. A few nightmares.

ALEXA

Wow - how meta! Walking through the nightmares of our dreams.

ALEX

You are?

THE HERMIT

The Hermit. If you must know. And this is no dream.

ALEX

Oh? How can I do this then?

*He performs a magic trick. Then opens his mouth and out pours an aria and then he manifests a wall of burning letters.*

THE HERMIT

Hmmph. No ordinary dream is wh-wh-what I mea-mea-meant.

THE GIANT

It's destiny.

ALEXA

Neat!

THE GIANT

Yeah, that's what I thought, but I think it's more serious than that. At least that's what he said when he came here.

ALEX

To your head?

THE GIANT

Yes.

*The Hermit raises a hand,  
indicating deep wisdom and deeper  
impatience. Alex and Alexa turn to  
look at him/her. The Hermit turns  
the recorder on.*

THE HERMIT RECORDED

The one brash, impudent, but with the power of a lion, the flame of a burning sun filling her like inevitability. The other, quiet, listening. Cold but with an undertow of passion that, when aroused, could drown the world.

ALEXA

Strange dream.

ALEX

Yeah.

THE HERMIT

Shhhh!

THE HERMIT RECORDED

Their path is not long, though arduous. And at the end, lies a simple question: self or other. Guide them as best you can upon the road of Destiny along the path of Fate and the footpath of Fortune.

*Pause. The tape runs: a quiet  
hiss.*

THE HERMIT RECORDED (Continued)

Oh and remember, after, if there is an after, pick up some mango juice, whale-song and unicorn horn shavings for the Hermit Soiree.

*Pause. The Hermit shuts the tape  
off with a solemn look of  
authority.*

THE HERMIT

Twins, years apart. Golden children of the late twenty-first century. A power has visited upon your young souls, a power than, if woken, might erupt into a . . . a . . .

*He was off to such a strong start.  
But Alex and Alexa both come up to  
the Hermit and begin tickling  
his/her bare feet.*

*The Hermit laughs.*

*Alex and Alexa laugh.*

*The Giant clears its throat,  
attempting to get the children's  
attention. They ignore it.*

THE GIANT

Umm.

*Pause.*

THE GIANT (Continued)

I think you want to listen to the rest.

ALEXA

Hush now. We are having fun.

THE HERMIT

Puh . . . Puh . . . lease stop. Oh my . . . puh . . . can't  
breath . . . fate of . . . world . . . balance . . .  
sacrifice . . . can't . . . breathe.

*Alex and Alexa stop tickling the  
Hermit. Look intently at one  
another.*

ALEX

A dance?

ALEXA

A dance.

*They both raise their hands in  
"conductor" fashion and begin  
conducting. From far away, a  
fractured symphony is heard. The  
Hermit begins a jerking dance, as  
if pulled by strings. A series of  
beings (puppets or dancers in  
costumes) take to the stage: a  
yeti, a dragon, a unicorn, a yellow  
teddy bear, an angel, a demon, a  
baby, the Fates, a man in a  
spacesuit, three shadows, and two  
Djinn. All of them dance as the  
music breaks, stumbles, cracks,  
rises, falls, twists and turns.  
There are subtle clues that Alex  
and Alexa are working at cross  
purposes. Each trying to best the  
other on some aesthetic level as  
they control the movements of these  
beings.*

*A sharp groan from the Giant.*

THE GIANT

Stop. Please. Listen.

*They do not.*

THE GIANT (Continued)

It's important. I'm . . .

*The music turns on a devil's point,  
lashes out loud.*

THE GIANT (Continued)

STOP!!!!

*Instantly, the music stops, the  
creatures fall to the ground. The  
theater shakes and rumbles. The  
Hermit freezes, overbalances and  
falls. Alex and Alexa are shaken  
by the force of the Giant, unused  
to being denied anything, but not  
so immature that they immediately  
lash out.*

ALEX

Hmm.

ALEXA

Hmm.

*From far away, just barely  
recognizable: whale-song mixed with  
gypsy violin.*

ALEXA (Continued)

The dream has demands.

ALEX

Giant, what is it?

THE GIANT

Oh. I . . . that's not . . . you know. My job. Tis *his*.

*The Hermit waves weakly, still out  
of breath. Turns on the recorder.*

THE HERMIT RECORDED

No, stop . . . tickling . . . puh . . . puh . . . lease . . .

*The Hermit fast forwards the tape:  
screech of oversped voice and then:*



THE HERMIT RECORDED (Continued)

Seen in the Pool of Wisdom on the Isle of Vision in the Sea of Faith. The two shall split the world in half, sundering the very foundations of the stone down unto the Heart of the World.

*Pause.*

ALEX

You mean us?

ALEXA

We wouldn't . . .

THE GIANT

Shh.

THE HERMIT RECORDED

Two hearts, entwined from before birth. He betrays her, or she him. A difference without distinction. Love placed elsewhere cuts between them.

ALEXA

You mean us?

ALEX

We wouldn't . . .

THE GIANT

Shh.

THE HERMIT RECORDED

When sameness is split, difference grows. The One World Tree bears the Fruit of Reconciliation that will bring two to one, difference to sameness, conjoin heart to heart, blood to blood, breath to breath.

*The tape hisses.*

THE HERMIT RECORDED (Continued)

Thereby and thereunto the World is thus saveth and the twins reunited to a singular purpose.

*The tape hisses.*

*And hisses. Alexa takes Alex's hand.*

ALEXA

You're saying, and stop me if I'm wrong, that somehow one of us will betray the other and because of that we will destroy the world but if we undertake a quest to the One World Tree, eat of the fruit, that somehow we'll be magically merged into

(MORE)

ALEXA (Continued)

one body and unable to betray each other because there will only be one of us?

THE HERMIT

In . . . in . . . a nuh . . . nuh . . . nuh . . .

ALEX

Nutshell.

*The Hermit nods, gulps air. Alexa punches the Hermit in the shoulder, part playfully. Part not.*

ALEXA

Well why didn't you say so.

THE GIANT

The Hermit has a tendency toward obfuscation and think's it's cute.

*Alex leads Alexa away from the Hermit.*

ALEX

Giant?

GIANT

Yes?

ALEX

Is is possible to get some privacy from you? I'd like to talk to my sister alone.

GIANT

I think, maybe if I hum a catchy tune I can distract myself from listening. I can certainly try.

ALEX

I'd appreciate it. And Giant?

GIANT

Yes?

ALEX

Thank you.

GIANT

Th . . . why you're welcome, very very welcome, no one's ever . . .

ALEX

Hum now please.

THE GIANT

Yes, yes . . . hum. Catchy tune. Catchy tune . . . you'd think that I would have one right at the tip of my . . . seem to have flown right out of my head like the Hermit's loquaciousness when faced with the embodiment of fate and-

ALEXA

Giant.

THE GIANT

Yes. Sorry.

*The deep voice begins to hum  
"What's New Pussycat" in rumbling,  
bass tones that shake the stage.  
Alex and Alexa begin a heated  
discussion about what they have  
learned. In the space of a few  
minutes, they start of on different  
sides of the issue, one wanting to  
stay separate and the other wanting  
to join into one. Both are so  
persuasive that they change each  
other's minds and begin arguing the  
opposite side. The audience can  
hear none of their words, can only  
see the shape of the discussion and  
hear the humming of the Giant.  
Finally, they come to a conclusion  
and both twins make a motion to  
indicate the Giant should stop. As  
the last few notes echo away, Alex  
and Alexa approach The Hermit who  
has retrieved the pipe and puffs  
slowly on it, clearly  
uncomfortable.*

ALEX

We have

ALEXA

Decided.

*Alex takes Alexa's hand and they  
look deeply into each other's eyes.*

ALEXA

ALEX

We

(Continued)

We

*The lights go black, there is the  
sound of displaced air. Then  
silence broken by the creaking of a  
far away ship floating in the fog.*

*The lights come up and Alex & Alexa  
are both gone.*

THE HERMIT

It is done, as done as it will be in the time of time. All  
there is to wait beyond time to see if there will, indeed, be  
time anon, time again, time forever more.

THE GIANT

What the hell just happened, I must have blacked out for  
second or two. I never black out, I never sleep. I never not  
know. Where are they? What did they decide?

THE HERMIT

Gone. Back to their own time and space, back to their waking  
lives to take the message of fate and save the world. Or not.

THE GIANT

But we don't know.

THE HERMIT

No.

*Long, long pause.*

THE GIANT

Well.

*Long pause.*

THE GIANT (Continued)

That just.

*Long pause.*

THE GIANT (Continued)

Sucks.

*Pause.*

THE HERMIT

Yes. It generally does.

*The Hermit holds up the pipe.*

THE HERMIT (Continued)

Ceci n'est pas une pipe, my large friend, my host all these  
centuries, my companion, *mon freer*. Ceci n'est pas une pipe.

*The Hermit levitates a bit, then  
gets tired, stands instead, fluffs  
the dusty robes and walks off  
stage.*

THE HERMIT (Continued)

Farewell.

*The Hermit is gone. The Giant is  
left alone with himself.*

THE GIANT

Well.

*The creaking ship sound comes  
closer, broken by the chittering of  
a small monkey.*

THE GIANT (Continued)

That was.

*Pause.*

THE GIANT (Continued)

Distinctly.

*Pause.*

THE GIANT (Continued)

Unsatisfying.

*The chittering morphs into an aria  
that blends two voices together.  
The ship creaks louder. A foghorn  
blows.*

*Lights fade.*