

Air

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M Kennedy Volcofsky
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A' Traveling Yeshiva Sideshow

For Karmenlara. Wife.
even more

Interstellar space is but the imagined bodies of others.

Included in that imagined cosmogeny of course is oneself.

The 17th Century's Sabbatai Zevi, as imagined by Gershom Scholem in his galactic rendering – rabbi, performance artist, manic depressive, sex outlaw, historic inevitability, apostate & fraud – became one of these stellar outposts for me, when I read him, them, well nigh seven or eight years ago.

The Mystical Messiah, as he was subtitularly dubbed, joined hands with a certain Doctor of 19th Century Jurisprudence – he of the unmanning, the joint of pork & the piano stool - joined hands on a playground in my own deep space and frolicked. I had thought I'd make a play 'about them'.

This is not that. O, never. The good Doctor, in fact, went his own way.

So this, in part, is the adamant refusal and the exquisite escape technologies of ghosts. Of memory. And of love. And of a mind never wanting to capture those it loves, and so denude the night sky of their lights – but to lose them, at every chance and turn, so that in a peripheral glance during a moment of amnesia, or boredom, or apprehension, their glimmer of friendliness and steadfast gaze ripples across time, greets the eye's mind, and is.

Isn't that what friends do?

Let each other breathe?

MK^SV 8 Adar I, 5765

who's there

Scribe.
Nathan The Gazer.
Boy.
Woman.
Man.
5 Men.

SOUNDS are indicated by [• ...].

Air

- Prologue**
- Sc. i. { MAN, BOY, WOMAN }
Two Drops.
Sun Light.
Socialism.
Numbers.
Departure, Packing.
- Sc. ii. { SCRIBE, 5 MEN }
Scribe's Return.
Law's Law.
Ol' factory.
Small Claim.
Birds of a Feather.
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- Sc. iii. { NATHAN THE GAZER, man }
A Ttestation.
A Catch. { NATHAN THE GAZER, SCRIBE }
- Sc. iv. { 5 MEN }
Inconsonance.
- Act I** { SCRIBE, NATHAN THE GAZER }
- Sc. i. *Some History.*
- Sc. ii. *Playtime.*
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- Act II** { SCRIBE, NATHAN THE GAZER, BOY, WOMAN, MAN }
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- Sc. iii. *Geneology.*
- Sc. iv. *Mercy.*
- Sc. v. *These Our Words Are Melted Into Air.*

Air

a
anti-history

Prologue

As the audience enters the firedark of Theater Volcofsky, at Center Right, two bodies, male and female, clothed & shod, hang from the neck, each above an over-tipped wooden chair on either side of a cheap round table.

A third chair, still on its feet, its back to the table, Up Stage.

The hung turn slow.

Two glasses of red wine, a wristwatch, an ashtray on the table.

A flashlight, standing on its face, red casing aglow, on the table.

Up Left an old MAN, naked, sits crosslegged on the ground, arms wrapped around his knees, gaze roaming over the bodies, House, the floor.

After the House has settled he gets up, knife in left hand.

He walks slowly, elderly, powerfully, indifferently.

He walks to Center, stops, faces House, and, with his mouth open, writes in the air with his left hand, letter by letter, Right to Left, the knife as writing instrument, punctuating the end of what he has written with a firm, puncturing stab.

His mouth closes.

He turns and moves towards the table. Still walking slowly, elderly, firmly.

He uprights the chairs.

He climbs onto the table, and with the knife cuts down the bodies, one by one.

They drop sitting onto the chairs.

BOY Left, WOMAN Right.

The old MAN puts the knife on the table.

He clicks off and picks up the flashlight, which has a string attached to it, and drapes this around his neck.

He reaches up into his ass, and pulls out a translucent yellow sun.

He opens it.

He steps onto the third chair and holding the sun aloft, takes his position, preparing to shine the flashlight through the sun down at the table.

The BOY and WOMAN remove their nooses.

They trade nooses across the table, then drape them over the backs of the chairs they are sitting on. With their left hands, each take a sip of wine, raise their glasses towards one another.

Put the glasses down.

Wipe the backs of their arms across their mouths.

Become still.

The old MAN clicks the flashlight on, through the sun.

The BOY and WOMAN lurch into being, like a film started midway.

WOMAN

d'they know anyway. All their talk about age. But what does that *difference* does chronological age make? How can they judge how. Someone feels for someone else by their chronological age? Does that measure? What? How can they judge by that? It's

WOMAN (*cont*)

not like. Who is? Not like we're hurting each other. Anybody. It's not like we've hurt. We're hurting anyone else. We're not hurting anyone!

BOY

I know.

WOMAN

You put a age limit on love? You can control how you feel about someone? Because "society" says? You're not the right age for each other? Right? What's right here? This! Us! This is us!

BOY

They just can't accept it. Anything pure. It's always been like that. Anything real, you know. Goes against the entire structure. The whole thing. They're all miserable, you know, so they see something real, some people being happy, and you know, they want to just fuck 'em, just destroy them.

WOMAN

So we have to do all the hiding. So we have to be a big secret. So *we* have to be made to feel like criminals, just because *we* love each other.

Your mother. I would love to tell your mother about us. *I would love to*. Fuck that bitch right up.

BOY

I wouldn't.

WOMAN

I know. I really wouldn't either. She'd sic the cops on us anyway. I taught that bitch how to give head. Believe that? She didn't know. Anything! She actually had to ask me how. No wonder your old man left. And now. I'm sure that fat slob of a boyfriend she's got now appreciates it. Fuck. If you could even find his cock. Yuck. I can't *stand* having to hide from all of them. Hiding. They should hide from us! Few more years we won't have to. My friends don't give a shit. They understand. *They* know how you are

WOMAN (*cont*)

for fourteen. They know it's not like you're a normal teenager. You're not like some kid, right. You know?

BOY

But I've always hung out with older people. You know? I mean ever since I was four I was hanging out with the six and eight year olds. I don't think I've ever really been comfortable around people my own age. Especially now. It's really hard. I mean it's hard for me to even have conversations with most of them, especially the girls.

WOMAN

Well why would you? They're children compared to you. They're dizzy, they're just giggling girls.

BOY

I. There's not. There's just no way I could get what I get with them with you. You know what I mean? I mean you know me.

WOMAN

You've got wisdom.

BOY

I don't know. I get

WOMAN

You do. Really. You do. It's heavy duty. You're wiser than most of the adults I know.

BOY

Well. I

WOMAN

It's true. That's what attracts me to you most. I love you. My baby.

BOY

I don't think there's anybody in the world should be able to touch us. I don't think there's anybody in the world should be able to make this go. Able to make this go away.

WOMAN

No one.

She raises her glass to toast him.

BOY

And he in turn raises his.

No one.

I love you. It's been a great first year.

As they prepare to click glasses, they nod in their chairs, chins to chest, glasses still held aloft.

MAN

They fucked nine times in a row today. He came nine times. She came thrice that. Their little experiment, How many times can he? His knees are raw from the carpet. His cock hurts, burns, feels like it's been sanded bloody. His pubic hair just starting to grow in. His erection will not subside. His jaw hurts from eating her, his tongue numb. Her cunt is raw and swollen. Her jaw aches, her lips are puffy from sucking him off. Her nipples are tender, her asshole sore. Her thighs tremble, and feel as if they won't ever stop. His sperm keeps running out of her, out of her cunt and ass, and will continue to all night, while she works, pouring drinks, talking to customers, doing lines. He's left some poetry on her bed, written sideways on a yellow legal pad with a chewed blue bic pen, all about the terrible burden of society, how it is rigged, its mind sewn closed, set against true feeling, set against true love, set against true connection between people, between souls. On the same page he's drawn a picture. A face looking out from inside a train window. The face has eyes that look directly at you. As if the eyes had voices. In another window the back of someone else's head can be seen. He's drawn the other seats, left them empty. She is twice his age, and she comes twice as many times. Later, it's gotten rid of, she will say she knew, but she doesn't know now: today, they conceived a child.

The glasses never meet, the nods end, they put them down.

Wipe their mouths with the backs of their arms.

They sit in unrelating silence.

BOY picks up the knife, looks at it.

BOY

I think I'm gonna start carrying this around.

WOMAN

Why?

BOY

I'm not sure. Where'd you get it?

WOMAN

I don't remember. Wha'd'you need that for?

*He stands, folds it closed, puts it in his back pocket.
Yawns, stretching.*

BOY

Picks up the watch, sees the time, puts it back down.
I've got to get home.

WOMAN

(Indifferent) I know.

She pulls a roach out of the ashtray.
We'll smoke the rest of this tomorrow.

*Puts it on the table.
She stands to say goodbye.
They look at one another.
The naked old MAN clicks the flashlight off and it hangs from his neck.
He tears the sun in half.
He gets down off the chair, and holds his arms out, half a sun in each hand.
He seems profoundly uninterested.
The BOY and the WOMAN go to embrace and are grabbed by the scruff of their necks by the old MAN, a half of the sun still in each hand.
They respond like cats, going limp in his grip.
Walking them Down Center he opens a trap door in the ground with a foot, and presses BOY & WOMAN down into it, like packing an overstuffed suitcase.
He throws the flashlight and ripped sun in after them, the glasses, the ashtray, flips the trap door closed with a foot.
He puts the watch on.
He tears the legs off the table, lays the table top on the trapdoor, throws the legs on top of it, and retires upstage, where he crawls under a pile of white sheets, up against the back wall.*

BOY

Pushes his head up against the trap, lifting it slightly, and quietly, haltingly sings.
A song so long and tiring, a song of my own sending away, a song of my own retiring, a
song singing sorry I could ... not ... stay.

Retreating down after he's done, the trap door closing above him.

The air is given a chance to settle.

SCRIBE

*Entering the firedark of Theater Volcofsky, walking on Right, casual, straight
legged, softshoeing, heeldragging, toepointing, whistling, naked.*
*He's big, he's got a belly, he's older, he's in his fifties maybe, he's got red lips
and white teeth, a hairy ass, dirty feet.*
He's got a John Doe tag tied around his right big toe.
He arrives at Center and begins his naked singing dancing.

Singing.

Night and day

Day and night

I breathe the dark

I feel the light

Writing is shit

All writing is shit

O but we'll dance, we'll stamp on it

Writing is shit

All writing is shit

O but we'll dance, we'll kamp on it

Writing is shit

All writing is shit

SCRIBE (cont)

O but we'll dance, we'll tramp on it

Whose gonna turn them lights

Whose gonna turn them

Onnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

You know mister where they run

Deep unrground

In the face of the

Sunnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

When I was a little baby

Before I was small

I sang for my dinner

I sang for my all

Then I got old

I grew and grew

Nothing changed at all

Nothing I knew

No more singing singing singing singing singing singing singing SINGING

O but we'll dance, we'll wamp on it

I wrote a letter

On my peenie

I wrote a letter

On my weenie

Sent those letter in the mail

Next song I sing

I sing in jail

SCRIBE (*cont*)

What happened how it go

What happened how

Wished I never wroted those letter

Wished I never wroted at all

Wished I never stopted singing

Wished I never (*gags mouth with hands, finishes rhyme indecipherably*)

I know I cant remember

But do pretend I do

That time when nothing changèd

En there'uz nothing that I knew

Whose gonna turn them lights

Whose gonna turn them

Ooooooooooooooooooooo

Night and day

Day and night

I breathe the dark

I feel the light

The singing dancing end. SCRIBE wordlessly seeks response from the House. He takes in whatever he gets, and then begins to pace the stage Left to Right and back, setting up the House, getting ready for the next. When he's ready, he stands Center, and begins.

Nigger with two noses I was dreamed up by a white man sleeping. You'll forget about that soon, you will. Nigger with two noses I am what they call the jewblack. I am the Jewblack. I am a scribe. Not a writer — a scribe.

The law is there to protect you. It is. That is the god's honest truth. Only — only you have to get to it, for it to work. You have to get *to* it. Get your message through. You know that. You read that book, all of you. You cocksuckers. You all read that book. The first page. K? And so you know. You know. The law is there to protect you,

SCRIBE (*cont*)

defend you, set the walls plumb the joists level the floorboards square the stairs right, just just right. The law is there — you just got to walk to it. Walk to it. Walk. How do you walk without moving? How do you ask without telling? How do you appear without leaving? How can you get in if you can't get out? Stupid. Dull. The mind of an imbecile hawking here. Leave you alone? You've never been alone! The first time you were alone you would swallow your own leg whole. The sky would slap down on your face like Saran Wrap. You'd suffocate on the overincursion of air. You'd drown in space, barfing up your own name in pieces. Don't you know what you would do? You'd go running for the law, first thing. And then you'd be an imbecile, just like me here. Asking the worst questions. Making the drinking glass statements. Looking into a shoebox for the mirror to shave your tongue with. You don't know. You don't! The law is there — it is. Can you get to it? Can you achieve it? Do you really really really really really really want to?

Singing.

There's dark in the air

There's light underground

A lock's on the door

There's no one around

Hawking.

What. What? What. Yr thinking something on these two noses. These two *nooses*. Yr thinking something about these two nasi o'mine. An if you weren't —you are now. Thinking What are they? What do they symbolize? Thinking What do they represent? Thinking They must represent something other than themselves. THAT'S THE LAW! THAT'S THE LAW! Two noose? Two nose? Who nose? Who knew? Who blew you first? Me or you? You can't even remember that far back can you? CAN YOU? Some visual representation of a bifurcated spirit. Some fleshly manifestation of a soul at war with its own spine, smelling both sides of the sweaty coin at the same time, lowering itself down hand under fist, hand under fist, hand under fist, down here to the split fundabament of all matter, right down here into the greasy hole of the crack of the

SCRIBE (*cont*)

windy ass of the earth, a visual symbolic uttered declared declaration of divided paternity, a double rhino'd visage of the struggle of two cocks, two PENISES in battle for possession of the face, the whole face, the face the whole face and nothing but the face, so help you so Oh Oh Oh help you, the place the face itself, this face, almost unseeable now, this THIS face, almost invisible now buried beneath this tumultuous rockslide of nosez, of KNOWING, because you all know the nose is all about KNOWING,

Striking a different pose for each romance, a different voice, changing location on stage for each.

SHE COULDN'T GET HIS SMELL OUT OF HER MIND,

HER SCENT STAYED WITH HIM FOR ALL THE DAYS OF HIS LIFE,

THE PERFUME OF HIS SHAFT, HIS BALLS, HIS ASSHOLE WAFTED UP LIKE SMOKE, AND HE WAS LOST,

THE SCENT OF HER CUNT, THE SCENT OF HER ARMPITS, THIS WAS LIFE ITSELF TO HER,

I CANNOT FORGET THE SMELL OF THE BACK OF HER HANDS,

THE SOUR SMELL BEHIND HIS EARS MADE ME WANT TO HEAVE,

THE SMELL OF HER MOUTH AS SHE SLEPT WAS NECTAR, IT WAS A MIST HE DRANK AT NIGHT LIKE A THIRST STARVED ANIMAL LICKING FOG,

SHE WOULD SMELL HER, YEARS LATER, SUDDENLY, WHEN NO ONE WAS AROUND, AND AGAIN AND AGAIN COME TO THE UNDERSTANDING, EVERYTIME, THAT SHE HAD BEEN THE SMELL OF LONELINESS ITSELF,

SCRIBE (*cont*)

HE SMELLED OF COALSMOKE AND GARLIC AND SWEAT AND SANDALWOOD, LYING THERE WITH A FOREARM ACROSS HIS EYES, BLUDGEONED BY WORK, HIS SMELL LIKE HEAT SHIMMERING OFF A STREETTOP, THIS WAS THE ENDLESS VOICE OF HIS SORROW, EVEN IN SLEEP, CALLING, AND BREATHING IT IN, HE KNEW, HE LOVED HIM

Back to Center

buried buried under under this this doubling doubling, smelling smelling, looking looking out from behind this architecture of meat into the uncountable entries of a foreign city that are always always closed to him, to it, to him to it to ME — I am not individual! I am supernally divided! The heavens themselves gaze down on me with eyes that do not match!

Next voice.

If you want to leave me, there. If you want to, leave me there. If you want to leave me there.

(*whisper*) Of singularity being a lie.

Nothing doing. There's nothing doing.

Blessèd art thou, lord r guard, king of the universe, the duoverse, the trioverse, the quadroverse, the quintiverse, the sextiverse, the septiverse, the octiverse, the noniverse, the decaverse, the introverse, the extroverse, the obverse, the transverse, the biverse, the reverse, the converse, the diverse, the inverse, the hayverse, the abverse, the coverse, the subverse, the perverse, the last verse, the first verse, the verse, the verse, the king, the king, the fuck, the king, the fucking, the fucking, the fucking, fuck king king fuck who permittist, who permittists, who permits, who permittest, who per mit test, that, which, that which, that which is forbidden.

pause

I am the fucking messiah.

He sits down heavily on the tabletop, cross-leg'd, wearily making a loud "Oy" sigh.

As he tells the story, 5 MEN, naked, emerge from under the pile of sheets, Up.

They come Down, four of them surround him, each grabs a table leg out from under him, holding it menacingly. The FIFTH MAN has a newspaper, from which he removes a page, dropping the rest to the ground. He folds the page into a paper crown, standing slightly off from the group, Left.

SCRIBE

Two boys are chasing a bird they have wounded. Through suburban backyards, early autumn, twilight, just before dinner. This bird, they first knocked it off a treelimb with a stone, and now are running after it, each with a stick in his hand. Even though only one of them hit it, they both feel claim to the strike. They are yelling, running over leaves and tree roots, not even having to look down. Since one wing was broken on the fall from the tree—having been knocked unconscious, hit in the face with a quarter-sized stone, one eye ruined—the bird can't fly. Hitting the ground it came to. I'll not give the identity of the bird. So it runs along the leafy early autumn ground, one wing beating, running then jumping, going aloft in a kind of sideways frenzied leap then down to run again. The boys are closing in. The bird's heart is pounding. It makes no sound, cannot close its beak, a bird panting like a dog. Its escape ends at the base of a tree, in a crotch of roots, in leaves. The boys are on it now. The one wing waves, and from the corner of its one good eye it sees the boys towering over it, sticks held high, eyes wide open above wide open mouths, and then the sticks coming down, and then the ground slams its belly. One of the sticks is raised again, a feather snagged on its end. As the boy brings the stick down again, the feather is freed and carried by the wind, the emotional, early autumn evening wind, up and up, up and over the rooves, up and finally over a sidewalk by a row of houses. Coming from a train station in this fading light, walking along that sidewalk, a man in a bargain suit and worn expensive shoes sees it, reaches out a hand and the feather floats—perfect—onto his palm. The streetlights light that very moment. His skin shivers, electrified. Something's happened. He knows. Right now. He knows. Things are going to come together for him. He's back in stride, his rhythm, it's all finally settling, this hard time he's been in with work and family is finally going to smooth itself out—this feather, this single feather dropping, so perfect, onto his hand, out of nowhere,

SCRIBE (*cont*)

and the lights at the same moment — optimism, hope, relief. He feels kissed and calmed and reborn. His mood is completely changed. He remembers his life. The present is a good memory. He enters his house, he wraps the lukewarm, withheld greeting of his wife in his arms, and when his four year old daughter comes running to say hello, he squats down, pulls the feather from his inner-breast pocket, draws her close, between his legs, and so his wife can hear, whispers “This is for you. This is a good luck feather. It came to Daddy very specially for you today. Now here. Take it. Put it someplace very special. Someplace very special, that only you know about. Keep it very safe. Okay?” The three of them. All their eyes alight. Something has happened. Something good.

*The MEN raise the table legs overhead, their eyes and mouths closed.
The FIFTH MAN raises the crown overhead, arms extended up, face forward, eyes wide.*

SCRIBE

All. All my life. I never saw anyone.

He raises one leg and one arm, balancing on one leg and one arm, and shakes them in the air, shaking them like a vaudeville exit, mouth wide smiling open, eyes wide sideways.

He stops, looks at House, the MEN’s eyes open, the FIFTH MAN’s eyes close, and the beating is begun. Ruthless.

The Jewblack’s lifeless body is propped on a chair, nooses tossed around his neck, newspaper crown placed on his dead head.

Table legs dumped around him.

The 4 MEN retreat, moving back Up, crawling under the sheets.

The FIFTH MAN rips the toetag off and floats it by hand across stage, then attaches it to the pull-chain of a light bulb hanging center. He too then moves Up, taking the rest of the newspaper with him, and crawls under the pile of white sheets.

The air settles.

[•STRUCK MATCH. WOODBLOCKS TWO STRIKES.]

A wheelchair emerges from Off Left, a porcelain toilet on wheels.

A MAN with an open laptop on his lap sits on the toilet-wheel.

His pants & underwear down at his ankles.

A chair is boomed out off of this wheelchair, from the back, suspended in the air about eight feet up and three feet in front of it, facing House.

NATHAN THE GAZER *sits on the suspended chair, elevated, as high as the light chain with the toetag on it.*

NATHAN THE GAZER *pulls the light chain, and the laptop screen lights up. The MAN begins to type.*

NATHAN THE GAZER *speaks his typing.*

NATHAN THE GAZER

A voice of proclamation.

A gift from the heavens below!

Affected storytelling.

They are all gone now. They are all gone.

Long, long into the night we sat.

But I was the witness tried.

I. Only I.

And lo, there was a string of lights come down, hanging down heavy like spit from the sky to my bed, this long shining string of lights hanging heavy and heavenly illuminated. I thought it some kind of bridge, it looked like a distant bridge's string of lights hung so heavy at its middle, and so celestially bright in its shining. Thereupon — But I remember my room did not get bright — I remember seeing my room was not bright, was not lit by this string of lights and I remember being puzzled at that — Thereupon the long footsteps began to sound, and the lightstring began to sway in the waves of air these footfalls made, these long footfalls lasting and lasting, and at some point I understood: they were my heartbeat. I did not know whether or no it was my hand I saw move. I *do* not know whether or no it was me or not me or another. I saw the —I was the witness tried— but I cannot tell you whether or no I know who was moving the hand which moved. That I cannot tell you. I did not sleep. No no no I did not. I know I did not. The string of lights which was moving to the beating footsteps of my heart I never lost sight of, never the whole night we sat. I remained awake, alive, seeing. This I always knew, and still do. There was me, and I, I was seeing, but still I cannot tell you whose hand moved, to whoM it was attached, who moved it. A hot coal held between fingers like food for a baby was reached out to me. Begging me to eat of it. Lo, a red coal in fingers of light. I know not what hand. And I saw the coal pass underneath my bedclothes, moving to me. And the hot coal in the fingers of light was pressed against me beneath my covers. And

NATHAN THE GAZER (*cont*)

the swaying of the lights ceased. And the sound of the footsteps ceased. And a cry like great legions of mothers birthing sons filled the walls of my room. And the incense of the ancient temple wafted through the air of this night, the sweet incense only the holy one himself blessed be he is blessed enough to know. And then from this bridge, still and heavy with light, celestial, heavenly, illuminated, was I thrown. Was I thrown. And a great tumult, as the sound of a tower of glass being shattered, filled the entire world. Words I knew not filled my mouth like faces. And these faces flew from my mouth. A great blaze erupted blinding then was gone. In the wake of its extinguishing three enormous footfalls penetrated my hearing. And then the night was cold, without light, unadorned. And into my mouth warm sorrow began to pour like from eyes that were breasts had been stabbed. And in thirst I drank. And in thirst I drink. The pains I have known all my days began thus, this night. The unbearable tides from dark to light. The blazing, the extinguishing, the rekindling. Again and again and again. I did not sleep. I remained awake. The eyes of a boy a witness to the ancient hand of the world. I. Only I. This is what he told me.

The typing ends.

NATHAN THE GAZER *pulls the light chain, and the lap-top clicks off.*

The toilet-wheelchair is rolled Off Left.

NATHAN THE GAZER *hangs on the chain, his elevated seat moved out from under him.*

NATHAN THE GAZER *hangs in the air. Looking around. Hanging.*

NATHAN THE GAZER

(whisper) Help me.

WOMAN and BOY *peek their heads up from inside the trap door, gaze at the Hanger.*

The MEN and old MAN peer out from under their sheets, looking at the Hanger.

SCRIBE *resurrects, wearing nooses and newspaper crown, goes and stands under the Hanger, arms out.*

NATHAN THE GAZER *falls into SCRIBE's arms, hugging him, cradled.*

SCRIBE

What death.

Blackout.

[•WOODBLOCKS TWO STRIKES. PAUSE. ONE STRIKE.]

Space.

Black Stage.

The five MEN, in hospital gowns.

They stand in a circle open to House.

Each lights a match by striking it against his 'hospital bracelet'.

The matches burn, then are blown out in unison, causing a single electric bulb to click on, overhead, Center.

They toss their matches into the center of their circle.

They speak of a figure in the center of the circle.

A

Lookit m.

E

Look look lookit m.

I

That fucking piece of shit. Stupid cocksucker. No good lousy piece of shit. Fuck him.
FUCK HIM!

O

Bastard. The stinking bastard.

U

Lookit m.

What is he? He looks dazed to me. Someone hit him? Someone hit him? I don't know.
He looks like he's been hit.

O

It's the way he's turning. Maybe he's had a stroke. Maybe's got a brain tumor. Looks
like his one side his head's trying to open up. Maybe his neck's broke. Maybe his
spine's cracked somehow.

I

He's just stoned. That's that – see. Can't find the foot for the ground – see. See – the whites of his eyes – see? He's done rolled right up out here – see – can't doubt it. He's just half on the way to never coming back – see, he's gettin there in time right now.

E

There's nothing in his mouth.

I

Lookit m. Fucking cuntsucking broken piece of garbage. Pissdrinking shitsucking assdogwhorefucker. No good broken piece of bastard garbage. Lookit m. Look look. Lookit m. Piece of shit.

E

You know him?

A

I know him.

E

You?

I

Me too.

E

You?

O

Yup – see I – yup.

E

You too?

U

Me too I know him. I saw him once chase a man down to give him back his hat.

E

I know him too. I saw him once beat on his cat.

O

I know him. I saw him once alone on thanksgiving, listening to guns in the woods.

I

I know him. He's a piece of chickenshit.

A

Gets into center of the circle.

We went to the sea.

Every stinking morning we went to the sea.

And he would naked himself, in the water, he would naked himself hard and point himself at the rising sun.

Freezing water.

And he would yell bloody murder, yelling the names of God at the sun.

Agony like he was being ripped to pieces, name after name.

Seventy two names.

Freezing water, and he was always hard.

I dried him, I bundled him up.

I followed him to break fast.

I buried my feet in the sand at night pretending they were lost.

Returns to circle.

O

Moving into center of the circle.

One nose. One nose one mouth. Let's see ... One nose one mouth two eyes. We got one nose one mouth two eyes do I hear two ears ... We got two ears ... Two ears two tits two

balls one prick ... one nose one mouth two eyes two ears two tits two balls one prick ...

A split ass and a big butthole ... Two arms two legs twenty fingers all told ... Two

elbows two knees ... Do I hear Two lungs ... We got two lungs two kidneys one liver

one spleen one stumick. One big big stumick. Two lungs two kidneys one liver one

spleen one stumick. Ten thousand miles of lava flowing rock throwing contract signing

wisdom sucking language shitting ... guts. Ten thousand miles of in—test—in. Ten

O (cont)

thousand miles of intestine, seventy two thousand miles of veins, six trillion miles or one light year which ever comes first of nerves, sixtyseven trillion miles of inhalations exhalations, two, count 'em two hands, two feet, unwarranted, two hands two feet one throat ... One mind ... do I hear one mind ... One mind ... Do I hear one heart ... One heart Do I hear one heart One mind one heart one mind one heart one mind ... No bids ... No bids one heart one mind do I hear two noses ... Two noses there do I hear three hats two noses ... Three hats two noses there three hats two noses one heart one mind ... Do I hear two noses three hats no heart ... There no heart three hats two nose ... Two nose three hats no mind ... There two nose three hats no heart no mind two nose three hats no heart no mind Sold ... Sold no heart no mind two nose three hats ... SOLD ... Do you hear? ... SOLD

O moves back out to circle.

I

SOLD SOLD SOLD

ALL

With handclaps.

SO O O O O O OLD ;

S OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OLD ;

ALL (cont)

S OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OLD ;

SOLD ;

SOULLLLL ...D;AH

SOULLLLLLLLLLLLLLL ...D;AH

SOULLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL ... D;AH

A

I would take a razor blade, and run it along the sinews, the tendons, the nerves of his arms, his legs, his neck

The fucking piece of shit

E

I would take a knife, run it through his belly, up, pry crack open his ribs like a old wood floor, stick his heart on my knife like a lolly on a stick

The no good piece of no fuck shit

U

I would take a pencil, and score his spine open bone by bone down the track

The cocksucking piece of bastard fucking garbage

I

I would take the torah, and wrap it round his face and suffocate the lousy whorefucking assucking cuntchewing dograping annihilator bastard

O

I would bury him up to his waist in ice and then golf him with a sledge hammer shatter him in half the murderer

I would destroy him

Utterly

Entirely

Completely

E

I would turn the earth a whole turn without him

U

I would deny him

I would not let him be

I would feed him his own living brains

I would make him eat

Make him

I

I would tear his face apart, rip his jaws off their hinge

Hang 'em on a nail in the sky, show 'im

I would drop his eyes in acid while he still could see

I (cont)

He would see the world ignite, but it would be him, see, it would be his eyes on fire, see
He would surround himself, he would have no egress, he would twist into himself like a
sucking drain, he would converge, all on a single point, like a old tv just clicked off, one
stupid flick of light, and then *ffffffft*, out, gone, done, away.
Just go. Just go. Just just go. The bastard

Space.

E

Long into the night we sat

A

Was an ambush

ALL

Ambush ambush ambush ambush ambush ambush ambush

O

O O, look, I think he's stunned

E

O O, look, I think it's begun, the end the end the end the end

A

Look how he turns, and shivers and hollows

U

Look how he breathes, heavy hands squeeze him

I

He's turning, he *turnig* he's *turnig* he's *turnig* O O O O

A

Look at m, look

His shoulder makes a pillow on the stone

Look his eyes, roulette wheel balls E

His teeth showing look O

His tongue moving look U

His feet gripping look A

Look his cock His cock getting long I

I see the heart beat in his chest U

The sound is in his throat O

He's making the shape of the sound A

He's making the wheel E
He's making the wheel

The sound of the wheel O
He's making the wheel

He's stunned. A

He's going he's going down now down now down to the center of the wheel — O

O

Lousy rotten piece of chickenshit crap

I

Dirty whorefucking shiteating dograping cuntsucking asschewing childfucking bastard!
Piece of shit! Piece of UTTER GARBAGE!!

A

He's done.

E

He's done now. ASSHOLE!!

A

No. There's no more heaving there. There's no more wheezing there. He's done.

O

He's down. He's fucking done.

U

Fucking did.

A

Get him out of here.

E

Clear him out.

I

Get the fucking piece of trash out. Now!

O

Get it out. OUT!

U

We need space. We need space. SPACE! SPACE!

E

That's what he gets for getting it all sold.

That's what the asshole gets.

A

All sold.

O

All of it.

U

Sold. SOLD. SOOOOUUUUUULLLLLLLLDDDDDDDDDD!!!!!!!

A

He sold all of it.

E

ALL
SOOOOOOUUUUUUUULLLLLLLLDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!!!!
SOOOOOOUUUUUULLLLLLLLDDDDDDDDDD!!!
SOOOOO OH OH OH OLLLLLLLLLLDDDD.

ALL

What? What happened there? What?
Something just happened I missed it I missed it I missed it
What happ —
Something just happ I saw it I missed it I saw it I missed it
What happ —

I

HA HA HA HAHA HA He's G_iONE
HA HA HA HA HA He's G_iONE
YEW OO OO OO OO He's D_iONE
SS SS SS SS SHHHHHHHHHHH
SAH SAH SAH SAH SAH SAH HEWWWWWW

ALL

Space.

I

Bury it somewhere. Lose it somewhere. Dump it somewhere. But don't burn it. We need the fire.

He steps into the center of the circle, strikes a match on his 'hospital bracelet' and the overhead bulb clicks off. He holds the match in front of himself, the four others converge towards him, onto one knee, and in unison, inhale, and then all blow it out.

Black stage.

I

He's cured.

Space.

[•WOODBLOCKS ONE STRIKE. PAUSE. ONE STRIKE. PAUSE. ONE STRIKE.]

Space.

End Prologue.

[•STRUCK MATCH. WOODBLOCKS ONE STRIKE. PAUSE. ONE STRIKE.]

Space.

Black stage.

SCRIBE enters, Left.

He wears a hospital gown.

He wears 3 baseball hats, one atop the other.

He rolls an IV pole alongside himself.

There is a lit candle inside the IV sac.

A spiral telephone-cord attaches the IV to his left abdomen.

He is hobbled.

Up, a gurney with a sheetcovered body on it.

SCRIBE comes Center and does a slow, hassidic-jewish-wedding finger-snapping circling-dance around the pole, hands and face raised to the ceiling, in complete silence but for the snaps and breath. Ecstatic to the world.

The hobbling disappeared.

Comes to a finish.

Hobbles forth, forward, Center.

SCRIBE

I am he Shabbatai Zevi, I am the redeemer come and expelled
 I am moshiac Shabbatai Zevi, the dear one, the anointed, illuminating the world with a
 river of fire, the destroyer, rebuilding a city of the heart outside the gates of the Word
 I am the body of Shabbatai Zevi, ridden with holes from the eyes of the world
 I am the death the bones the feet the hidden the door the tongue
 There between the world and you betrayal is the only road
 I am the vehicle
 I am he, the transport
 I am he, the means
 I am he, the sufferer
 I am he, the heart against the heart
 I am he, always arriving
 I am he, endlessly awaited
 I am he, the mourner
 Blessèd are you, L L L L Lord G G G G God, King of the Universe, who permittist, who
 permittist that which, that which, that which is For-bidden
 I anoint you God
 I strip you naked
 I honor you God
 I have suffered your FACE

NATHAN THE GAZER

(under sheet)
 All lies

SCRIBE

I am the air

NATHAN THE GAZER

(under sheet)
 SHUT UP!

SCRIBE

Hysterical mimicking.

SCRIBE (*cont*)

SHUT UP!

SHUT UP!

SHUT UP!

NATHAN THE GAZER

(*under sheet*)

QUARTER A PIECE FIVE FER A DOLLAR!

SCRIBE

I ran to her a man running to a lifeboat with sledgehammers for feet

I jumped in

I jumped right in

Oh oh did I jump

There were signs, silences, sirens all around

Whatever I needed to know or hear it was there there it was it was mine

Mine mine mine, all I needed to do was think it and it would

Be

And then I couldn't go

And then I had to

Largess

O Largesssss

Softly, then, the way began to open

Softly, softly

I tread lightly on hammered feet

I punched holes for silence

And it ran in and through

Me

Ah lifeboat, that last patch of earth we hoisted as a sail

And we set out, on our serumnavigation

Now nothing was planned, you understand

You understand how things are

There were faces swelling the skirts of the wind

SCRIBE (*cont*)

Anyone's hand can just reach up there, shine the light you know

Before the manifestation of her last — some say best, although I cannot concur — the last of anything is the best there is some truth in that, but there's something else in that too — Before the manifestation, before the man-infestation of her last her last portrait, she confided in me, as if knowing — as if she knew — this would be the last.

'I bit off more than I could chew,' she said. 'The world was one thing. Taking your hand was another entirely.'

Her eyes fluttered like a teabag string in the wind.

'I'm not unhappy about it,' she said. 'When we hit the bottom of the world I knew it was only with you I could have gotten there. And that that had been a place — *The* place — I had been wanting to go was clear to me, finally. When the moon shone down through the canopy of the sea, and I looked at you, and you looked at me —'

•SCRIBE *lets loose a scream.*

'There was nothing left for me to want, or strive for, or lack,' she said.

'The world had penetrated me — *penetrated* — as I had made my own deep way through it.'

'The world and me,' she said, 'we arrived at our ends at the same time, and turned and looked at each other, cross a view we knew so well but had never seen before. "So this is death," I said to the world,' she said. '“The view from your side.” But we really had only changed places,' she said. 'And that was really all.'

There she stood, crying on the bottom of the ocean, seagulls dancing the hora 'round her head.

pause

Death stands in those other shoes. The ones right across from you you ain't in. And then those shoes are

NATHAN THE GAZER

(under sheet)

SHUT UP!

SCRIBE

Hysterical mimicking.
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!

pause
Because life is good, *delicious*, it devours itself.

NATHAN THE GAZER

(under sheet)
Eat me.

SCRIBE

Well. As you can see I'm having a little problem with my digestion —

NATHAN THE GAZER

Sitting up from under sheet.
Yeh yeh I see that why is that why precisely is that Scribbles?

Getting off bed, wearing hospital gown, walking towards SCRIBE.
What exactly is it yer having trouble getting down?

Or keeping down?

Or don't the doctors know yet?

Or maybe they just aren't telling?

What can't you stomach Scribbles?

What is it man? Maybe it's yer talking too much? Maybe yer just talking yerself sick?

SCRIBE

Just because you have trouble expressing yourself

NATHAN THE GAZER

No. NO. YOU have trouble expressing myself. That's yer fucking problem Scribbles, and you know it. You can't express MYSELF. You can't express ME. And that's what yer in for. That's what yer having such trouble swallowing. ME.

SCRIBE

Natan, stop trying to hurt me.

NATHAN THE GAZER

That's not what I'm trying to do, Scribbles.

SCRIBE

Well, whatever it is you're trying to do, stop it.

NATHAN THE GAZER

NATHAN *farts*.

SCRIBE

All this talk about myself, yrself, it's going to give me another outbreak. We don't want all those people here, again.

NATHAN THE GAZER

My mother

SCRIBE

Yr mother administered to me well.

NATHAN THE GAZER

All those people. My mother isn't *all those people*. My mother is a cunt.

SCRIBE

She didn't know you.

NATHAN THE GAZER

She?

SCRIBE

But she knew me and administered to me better than anyone else, during the times of the outbreaks. During the times of the outbreaks there was no one, no one, NO ONE else who would dare, DARE work my face into the rictus it needed to be, into the mask that was required to keep the people a kept people. No one. It was only her that even understood this. She risked utter contagion to lay hands on a face everyone else believed would incinerate anything that touched it. She had knowledge beyond the collected experience of the world. Knowledge the world demands but will not seek. That it requires but destroys as soon as it

NATHAN THE GAZER

But what does that have to do with me?

SCRIBE

“But what does that have to do with me? But what does that have to do with me?” You have to do with me, and so it has EVERYTHING TO DO with you. IT HAS TO DO WITH ME. IT HAS TO DO WITH *ME*. Most people like to think they’ve gotten past this. Like you. Believe me, Natan — No. *Know* me, Natan, that isn’t the case. Like you. It is true. If it weren’t for you I would never have spoken. You shoved your fist down my throat opened your hand and it became my voice. Like a seafan waving in a undersea breeze. You did. You strummed my lungs like a old gitar. Tickled me. Tickled my tongue til it danced my throat a chimney of words on fire. And it was yr hand. It was. But still, Natan. It was my throat. It was my opening you had found.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Mine opened yrs.

SCRIBE

Yrs didn’t exist until you found mine.

NATHAN THE GAZER

I didn’t exist AFTER. Not before. Before I did. AFTER I didn’t.

SCRIBE

The entire nature of co-existence has been just recalled up for grabbing, Natan. Natan. Someone else is doing that right now, right up the hall. So we’ll skip it. Really. We have less important things to discuss. Like when is she arriving? Is she?

NATHAN THE GAZER

I don’t think we’re finished.

SCRIBE

We haven’t finished. We’re just stopping, boy. Help me free.

NATHAN THE GAZER *assists SCRIBE in removing the Candle-IV from his belly. The drip is turned off, a long needle is slowly withdrawn from his abdomen, and the IV tube is hung from a hook on the pole.*

NATHAN THE GAZER

While assisting.

What has the womb brought but death into the world?

SCRIBE

Being assisted.

Delicate hands to heal the sick, sweet scented lips to whisper hello towards the place in the dark that is breathing, effortless arms weightless embrace lifting the back off its stone, early morning smell of water boiling as the birds begin to make noise, someone in the other room. Someone in the other room. That is how I would answer your speculation.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Death grows wombs like a tree grows apples.

SCRIBE

That's why we love ... pie.

We'll put the bed ... here.

Together they roll the bed Down, lengthwise to House.

NATHAN THE GAZER

The chair 'll go ... here.

SCRIBE

Alright.

NATHAN THE GAZER *places a chair Left, in front of the bed, towards the foot, facing the head.*

SCRIBE

These two will be the stove.

SCRIBE stacks the other two chairs, Right, near the head of the bed.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Gesturing towards Candle IV pole.

NATHAN THE GAZER (*cont*)

And this will be the front door.

SCRIBE

Good.

NATHAN THE GAZER *rolls the pole a few feet beyond the foot of the bed, Left.*

NATHAN THE GAZER

That's it then.

SCRIBE

Alright. Let me take my seat. You go outside. Is it raining?

NATHAN THE GAZER

Should it be?

SCRIBE

You choose.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Mmm ... It just stopped.

SCRIBE

Alright.

I'm gonna sit by the stove first.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Whatever you need to do.

SCRIBE

Alright.

SCRIBE *moves the free chair over by the 'stove', Right. Sits, legs and arms crossed, head on chest.*

NATHAN THE GAZER

You ready?

SCRIBE

Without lifting head.
Mm-mmm.

NATHAN THE GAZER

He goes and takes the hat of hats off of SCRIBE, and puts them over the IV-candle. The stage is dark.

Alright. Here goes.

He pulls the flashlight with the red light-casing out from under his hospital gown, it draped around his neck, flicks it on, begins to walk the stage, stepping over 'obstacles', walking down a street in the dark, using the flashlight to peer at house numbers. Finally he's arrived at the right one. He peers in the window.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Knocks on the 'door' with flashlight.

SCRIBE

His head lifts.

Maybe this will be the one.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Knocks again.

SCRIBE

Gets up, moves slowly, takes the hat of hats off the candle-IV and puts them on his head, opens 'door'.

Yes?

NATHAN THE GAZER

Stands with flashlight on, dangling from his neck.

SCRIBE

Yes?

NATHAN THE GAZER

Miserable.

SCRIBE

What?

NATHAN THE GAZER

I just wanted to look at you first, before I entered.

SCRIBE

Entered? I don't even know who you are.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Now that I've entered, could I come in?

SCRIBE

It's 4 am. It's wet out. I don't know you. Who are you? Tell me who you are!

NATHAN THE GAZER

You don't recognize yourself? You are my father, that's who you are.

SCRIBE

Listen, son. I understand you maybe need a place to crash, dry off, maybe you got thrown out, ended up by the water, out here. But there's other ways to get a warm floor than that I can tell you. I can't help you.

Starts to close 'door'.

NATHAN THE GAZER

I'm not cold.

Stands.

Space.

SCRIBE

Come in.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Shines flashlight in SCRIBE's face, then clicks it off.

Thanks.

SCRIBE

Moves chair by 'stove' to foot of bed, Left.

Sit.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Straddles Left chair, facing its back.

Thanks.

SCRIBE

I'll make you tea.

Goes to 'stove', turns his back to his guest.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Thanks again.

space

I knew you'd be miserable.

SCRIBE

What?

NATHAN THE GAZER

I said I knew it. I dreamed it. I knew you'd be miserable, alone, hairy, dirty. I dreamed it many times. I saw it. Stains on your fingers because you reuse teabags. Stains on your lips, stains on your teeth from the tobacco you smoke. I could —

SCRIBE

I don't smoke.

NATHAN THE GAZER

You must have just stopped.

SCRIBE

Not just.

NATHAN THE GAZER

I dreamed you so many times. I knew you were miserable. And I knew you were miserable —

SCRIBE

Listen —

NATHAN THE GAZER

— in connection to me.

SCRIBE

— I don't know you. You see that? I don't know you. I like you. I must say I like you — already — I do — but I don't know you.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Don't you recognize yourself?

SCRIBE

Listen. What kind tea you want?

NATHAN THE GAZER

Kind tea would be good. I figure whatever you're having we'll split.

SCRIBE

Alright.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Don't you recognize yourself?

SCRIBE

Listen.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Look. You had no problem letting me in here. A complete and much younger stranger. Why's that?

SCRIBE

I'm a compassionate sort it seems.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Father, you know you're not.

SCRIBE

Not your father.

NATHAN THE GAZER

You are not a compassionate sort. Look at your place. It's obvious just by looking around here. Blechhh. It stinks in here. Don't you wash?

SCRIBE

Bringing the 'tea'.

Look son, you can call me any names you like but lay off the place would you? I'll have to put the new cat back out into the storm you get you see what I mean?

NATHAN THE GAZER

Thanks.

SCRIBE

Sugar?

NATHAN THE GAZER

No.

SCRIBE

Milk?

NATHAN THE GAZER

No. When did you stop caring about yourself?

SCRIBE

Sitting on the bed, at its head.

I'm sorry I don't mean to laugh at you but what the fuck are you talking about? Who the fuck are you? Really. What? Are you some teenage shrink on the lam? Wha'd you do? Cure someone?

NATHAN THE GAZER

You are my father.

SCRIBE

You keep saying that but you're not hearing one crucial piece of information, kid. I'M NOT YOUR FATHER. I'm no one's father. What is this you think this is, son, some rotten child's book? You got in the door. You can drop that crap now. Let's get down to it.

Taps the bed with a hand.

NATHAN THE GAZER

What book would that be?

Sips.

SCRIBE

What book? That would be the book — The one where the kid drags itself through the streets looking at every piece of crap it passes and asking it “are you my mother? are you my mother?”

NATHAN THE GAZER

And then? Then what happens?

SCRIBE

And then? And then the little fucker grows up and drags himself through the streets looking at every person that he passes yelling “Are you shtupping my wife? Are you shtupping my wife?” Don’t know it?

NATHAN THE GAZER

No.

SCRIBE

It’s good, a classic really.

NATHAN THE GAZER

I didn’t wake you?

Sips.

SCRIBE

No.

NATHAN THE GAZER

No?

SCRIBE

No.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Why?

SCRIBE

I don’t sleep. Not that I notice anyway.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Maybe you dream about me.

SCRIBE

Like I said, I don't sleep.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Maybe that's why.

SCRIBE

And maybe it's the complimentary gift I received for being the one-millionth customer in the war.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Sips.

Maybe you went shopping there because of me.

SCRIBE

Funny thing is, I'm getting a little sleepy right now. You want to come lay down here?

NATHAN THE GAZER

I know you.

SCRIBE

You know me. What do you know. Please. I find you relaxing me. Tell me all about myself. I'll stay here.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Are you sure?

SCRIBE

Sure I'm sure. I feel all ensconced. Go ahead. Tell my story. Maybe that's what I've been needing all these years. A good bedtime story about me. I'll even close my eyes.

Reclines on an elbow.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Alright. *Sips.* Comfortable?

SCRIBE

Perfect.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Alright. *Sips.* I'll begin.

Places 'tea' safely down on the ground.

When you were a boy, when you lived with your mother, after your father had gone —

SCRIBE's *eyes open.*

What?

SCRIBE

A children's story. Typical. No. Go on.

Eyes close.

NATHAN THE GAZER

I'll start again. When you were a boy, and you were left living with your mother in the big house after your father was gone, there started to be a time when the house was just a constant endless party. Your mother couldn't bear the emptiness of the place, and so eventually all the people from the bars she'd been drinking at started to just be at your house. Strangers were all over the halls, all the time, all hours, there was the sound of voices, constantly, like birds-nests hidden in the walls.

SCRIBE

That's good. I like that. I like birds.

NATHAN THE GAZER

You don't either. But I'll go on. The smell of smoke, cigarettes, herb, cigars, pipe-tobacco, constantly. The smell of alcohol. Always the smell of alcohol. This particular year there was a party that started around Labor Day and had by now turned into a Christmas-New Year's one. So it was right before New Year's, right around that time. You were encouraged to hang with the people in the house, to feel included, but you were also expected to get to bed when you were told. You were thirteen, close to fourteen. It was about two a clock in the morning. And you were told to get to bed. So you went. It didn't matter. You wouldn't sleep anyway. Noise. Smoke. The feeling of excitement in the veins of the house running through your veins like hot water. Like Christmas eve

NATHAN THE GAZER (*cont*)

over and over again, everynight. There was something *happening*. It was *happening*, and you couldn't be in it, but it wouldn't let you forget it either. Maybe you'd drank a little. Not so much though. You weren't drunk, except with being worked up by the air of sex and secrecy that was always thick in the house. Especially this night. The party was reaching its peak. So you were laying in the dark, on your bed, feeling the house writhing inside you. Hoping each time footsteps passed your door they would stop, and come in, and do something. You were laying there ready. That is what you always did. Lay there, expecting. Not even clear what. But you were waiting. Some kind of invasion. Some intruder. There was something only that would fix. You could feel that. Time passed. The house began to subside a little. The swelling going down. And you were laying there, and you heard feet passing, listening with your whole body to the whole house, and you thought *maybe this will be the one*. And you heard them stop. And you felt your door open, and secret footsteps move into your room. First you assumed it was your mother, checking on you, which would have been strange because she just didn't do that. But the feet were bare. And your mother's feet were never bare.

SCRIBE

Sitting up.

I know you.

NATHAN THE GAZER

And the feet came right to your bed. You kept your eyes closed. They stood there. You could feel yourself being looked down at in the dark. Breath. And then her voice whispered your name. Whispering "Are you up?" It was not your mother. You kept your eyes closed, feigned sleep. A member of the party. You knew her. One of your mother's younger friends. Mid-twenties. Irish. Birdeyed, fishtoothed. You had even once stood over her, as she slept, in one of the hundreds of rooms in that house, just watching her, your young boy's denim penis hard as steel. Except she hadn't been sleeping. And she watched you leave, hot with the heat this boy had turned towards her, and by how much that excited her. Now the party had finally made its way in to you. At last. It was like you had called her, like she'd heard you. She walked around the foot of

NATHAN THE GAZER (*cont*)

the bed and you caught a glimpse of her in front of the windows, leafless trees moving in streetlight, tree branch shadows on the screens. She wore a white bathrobe. Terricloth. You closed your eyes again. And you felt the bed sink as she sat on it, and then layed on it, next to you. The smell of alcohol caressed you and then rose up like a tent above you both, rising up from her. The tent-post was in her, in this. And you could hear her breath, shallow, fast. And inside that tent, inside that smell, you began to grow. You could barely breathe. Your heart slugging your insides. You kept your eyes shut, listening, laying under the sheets. She lay there, on her back, next to you, on top the covers. A hand — not hers — moved your hand, placed it on one of her breasts, on top of the robe. Then her breath was pouring into your mouth, and you were drinking it. It was delicious. For more. And more. It was like drinking thirst. It was familiar. Nostalgic. And you had never tasted it before, but you knew it. And then you were embracing. And your body was in the air. Your eyes opened. The trees, the streetlights reflecting off teeth. Her eyes were closed. And then she reared up, like a wave, taking you down on her, her eyes opening, her white robe opening, the belt still tied — and then there was this chaos to get her panties down, and then this desperate search to find it, to get in in time. And it seemed as soon as you were in her, as soon as you felt her heat around you, what you drank from her mouth ripped through you, gripped, tightened, tightened so hard it broke something in you, and it hurt, and breaking you it poured back into her. And at that moment the tent-post was ripped up, the world spun like a car on ice, and then it all floated down, on top you both, covering you, one brief moment. And under that collapsed tent she whispered in your ear: “I really just wanted to kiss you.” And you watched her leave, in the dark. The house had finally fallen still. And she was your first. It was not believable. And you went and sat in the bathroom, in the dark, sitting on the toilet with the lid down, in the dark in the streetlight, smelling her. Smelling her on you. Smelling. And then you showered, very deliberately trying to get the smell off. In the bright midnight bathroom light. And she disappeared after that. She was never seen again.

SCRIBE

You?

NATHAN THE GAZER

I am just turned twenty. October third.

SCRIBE

You?

NATHAN THE GAZER

It is good, father.

SCRIBE

She had my baby?

NATHAN THE GAZER

On knees at SCRIBE.

It is good, father. It is good to have been born.

SCRIBE

Crying.

You?

NATHAN THE GAZER

I know how you have suffered. But I wanted to come. I wanted to come tell you life is good father. Life is good. It is good. It is good to have been born.

SCRIBE

Crying.

It is not. It is not. It is not. It is not. O, O it is not.

After-cry sobs subsiding.

I came out here, to the water. I had bullets. Change my body. Into. Men I never met, never will, fired on me, ripped pieces out of me. I did the same. Faces exploded in my scope. I grinned. I dragged my life behind me through street puddles like a dirty wedding dress. I came out here. Sixteen years. Ocean time. A memory comes I set it on fire and the water takes the ashes away.

Grabs NATHAN THE GAZER's hair in a fist. Smiling.

I will have to kill and burn you. Before you get too old.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Sniff, papa. Smell that? That's you on fire. I've come to burn your house down. See. We *are* related.

SCRIBE

Releasing hair, cups NATHAN THE GAZER's chin in a hand.
What happened to her?

NATHAN THE GAZER

My mother? She was a great woman.

SCRIBE

Was?

NATHAN THE GAZER

Yes, was. One of the outbreaks. You read?

SCRIBE

Papers? I read the papers.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Her not me.

SCRIBE

You're sure?

Letting go of his chin.
What was so great about her.

NATHAN THE GAZER

I came here.

SCRIBE

She fucked you in the middle of the night too?

NATHAN THE GAZER *grabs SCRIBE by the hair and shoves the flashlight in his mouth, then clicks it on.*

SCRIBE *begins screaming, as if the light were torturing him.*

NATHAN THE GAZER *clicks the light off, and the screaming abruptly ends.*
The flashlight is withdrawn from his mouth.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Still holding him by the hair.

Me and you. Same-same.

SCRIBE

He stands up breaking the grip.

Gestures of a wild speech, to no one.

NATHAN THE GAZER *ends up sitting and watching SCRIBE speak to the air.*

Same-same?! Same-same?! *Same-same.* Same-same! *Same-same.* Same-saaaym, same-saaaym, same-same ... same-same! Same-same! SA-ME! SA-ME! Same-same, same-same same-same same-same same-same same-same! *whispers.* Same-sa-me. Do you think we can ... restrict ... that? Do you think ... responding ... is the way to go? Dan blind soro girls bending in their waste hollows. I think all of it is repercutting, and is ready for a beating again, matter of fact. Dry. Suspiciously. And really ugly, which I don't have to tell you is the worst part of it. You know, if you want to shit in the nest that's really your business, and it will keep you warm, momentarily. But should any of the prior tenants return for glass or, more likely, water, then there really will be an involuntary relegation to what is. And do you think, really, that you can take that ... demotion ... in strides? I mean I'll not let tidelickers dictate the whole thrust of thought and horizon. Making sure is something I've come too proficient at. But dan blind soro girls out here, at the wave's end? Wasting away like turd pistoleros shooting? You've seen one hairless five year old twat you've seen a million. And they'll break your back they get half a chance. There's no reprieve after that boning. They will be done, crisp. But still they'll stick those twitty twats in your face and beg you not to beg, beg you not to drool and drill, and every single one, every single sheitminded one will end up a kneescraper blowing his nose in a skin hanky. Let's face it. You ... restrict ... that, and the entire logos goes up the flue. And you can make that the title of the book you never write.

NATHAN THE GAZER

I'll burn you alive you keep talking like that, I swear I will.

SCRIBE

To NATHAN THE GAZER, but in the same mode.

Less of an outcome than an income, I'd probably queef if pressed. And while wearing a tutu, which would make it much more *festal*. I mean let's be real, a dan blind soro girl buttfucking a hyena with a toothache. Press play and there's only six days in the week. Press play and there's only one minute every hour that has a singing bird. And wouldn't you like that this would be you. This would be you. This would be you coming in here, laying the dull side of a paper machete down across my neck, and promising to cut my head off, like you said you would. Saving your father, your father from the fire to drown him in a saccharine kiddie pool. You'd like to, cuz you did, you come in here vomit in my mouth and ask me to sing. And I'm should happyman grovelgrove? The ol slave smile? The ol swing-a-dick dinga ling ling ling? Harappy anda parowd. Eh? Your mother came in and stole my sperm like a drunk sneaking a taste from th' liquor cabinet. You see here? See here? This mold on the wall, up near the ceiling? It's because I live out here, by the water, it's damp, I don't heat my place too much, so conditions are right for this mold to flourish, to grow. You too. Conditions were right. Ejaculate entered a vaginal canal and made it's way to the ovum. Conditions were right. A mold called you was able to flourish. So what? What do you need? A bonemarrow transplant? A kidney? A liver? A heart? What?

NATHAN THE GAZER

A soul.

SCRIBE

Out of play.

You ruin everything.

NATHAN THE GAZER

What?

SCRIBE

Nurse!

NATHAN THE GAZER

What? What? That was the best we've done!

SCRIBE

Hysterical shouting.
Nurse! Nurse! Nurse! Nurse! Nurse!

NATHAN THE GAZER

Uninflected, through the shouting.
Let go of that. Let go of that man.

SCRIBE

Final dying hoarse shout.
Nuuuuurrrrrsssss.

Pause.
No one.

Looks at NATHAN THE GAZER.
Not even you.

Collapses onto the bed, sitting, stunned.

NATHAN THE GAZER

You need your belly filled. Come.
Helps SCRIBE up, heavily.

SCRIBE

Being walked to and prepared for the IV.
You. Could you ever have been inside me? Could you? Could you ever have walked through the forest of my bones? Could you ever have seen the one far light that flickers at the mouth of my cave? Could your feet ever have sunk in me? Could you have seen the moon in our sky of roots?
Were you in me before I was? Was? Were *you*?

NATHAN THE GAZER

Here.

NATHAN THE GAZER reinserts the long needle into SCRIBE's abdomen, turns on the drip.

SCRIBE

Holding to the IV pole.
There's fourteen slaves don't know a thing what now to do. The whole fucking thing has stopped.

NATHAN THE GAZER

Yeah.

NATHAN THE GAZER *returns to the gurney, Down Center, and crawls under the sheet, covering himself completely.*

SCRIBE *watches him cover up.*

SCRIBE

To himself.

Your mother. Your mother coming.

The last thing you remember.

Weather not good these days.

There's wind makes a book of the strong of the strong.

A book. A grave with pages.

Last time I danced my fingers snapped beneath the stars.

To gurney.

Your mother. Your mother had the largest penis, largest erect penis that I have ever seen. It was mounted on her like on the hood of a car, and she was pulled along behind it, like she was lassoed. When she slept it snored, dribbling. When we were living in Ryder's Forest birds and rodents used to congregate around her, while she slept, staring at it, amazed. You could watch it harden and soften with her dreams. It would stir, fill, and then tower over her, pulsing like a lighthouse; and then it would sink down into itself, vanishing, like it had been a moonlight mirage, and end up, just an inch or two long, nesting in her pussy's fur. The animals were mesmerized. It was like listening to a great sermon, watching her cock grow huge then small. You could *hear* it. Three days before we were driven out of the forest by the Caliph, we went to Reb Maror. A Tuesday. He performed the surgery. Her penis was left to rot in the ground of Ryder's Forest. And that's why she will never be buried whole.

The covered bundle on the gurney's 'penis' grows and falls during the telling.

The sheet-penis grows to its full height around "sermon", pulsing visibly, and begins to shrink and disappear at "three days", and is gone by "buried whole".

Done speaking, SCRIBE looks at the ground, back at the bundle, at the ground, at the bundle.

His gaze remains on the bundle.

*The BOY from the hanging scene enters, Left.
He approaches SCRIBE, who pays no attention, and getting on tip toe, blows out the IV.*

Blackout.

On the gurney, under the sheet, the flashlight with the red light casing is turned on.

Up, against the rear wall, the five men under sheets standing, fully covered like ghosts.

They click small red lights on under their sheets, held at their crotches.

They begin rocking, while standing, rocking forward and back at the hips like Jewish prayer, covered-heads raving. Davening.

The bundle on the gurney begins rocking.

The bundle on the gurney, the ghosts against the back wall.

Rocking, red lights beneath their sheets.

In the dark, accompanying the rocking lights, SCRIBE begins to sing. Cantorial Hebrew liturgy, Psalm 150. Its wailing, sobbing, pleading, exulting sound.

SCRIBE

Halelu-yah

Halelu-el bekod'sho

Haleluhu birkiya uzzo

Haleluhu bigvurotayv

Haleluhu kerov gud'lo

Haleluhu beteka shofar

Haleluhu benevel vekhinor

Haleluhu betof umachol

Haleluhu beminim ve'ugav

Haleluhu b'tziltzeley-shama

SCRIBE (*cont*)

Haleluhu b'tziltzeley teru'ah

Kol hannahamah tehallel yah

Halelu-yah

The prayer and davening come to a close.

The bundle on the gurney and the ghosts along the back wall stop moving.

The bundle's light goes out.

The ghosts' lights begin to blink, on and off, at random intervals, like building lights in a skyline.

Eventually, they all blink out.

Black stage.

[•WOODBLOCKS ONE STRIKE. PAUSE. STRUCK MATCH.
WOODBLOCKS ACCELERATING STRIKES. PAUSE. ONE STRIKE.]

A flame descends from the ceiling and lights the IV candle.

SCRIBE rolls the IV alongside himself and walks to the gurney.

Under the sheet, a match is lit. Burns out. Another. Burns out.

SCRIBE at the gurney, looking down on it, watching.

Movement under the sheet stops.

In a massive gesture of pontification, SCRIBE bellows

SCRIBE

LIGHT

There is no change.

SCRIBE steps as far as he can from his IV pole, and begins a conversation with it.

Another voice.

No, come here. Really, no, come here. What? I'm not going to hurt you. What?! What's the matter with you? Why are you afraid of me all up in here? When have I ever hurt laid a hand hurt on you before? Never that's right never so what's? The problem? Fuck's sake *is* right. Come over here I *want* to *talk* to you. Now. NOW. Come! — Alright. Alright you want to be this thing this way be it all. Go on be it all. Like that. Like I'm swipin' at you every goddamn cuntfucking minute of every assfucking hour every sunfuckingday. Do that. Just like that. Stand over there. I'll still talk to you.

SCRIBE (*cont*)

They let you in here. And that's how you do? Do you know what I did? Do you know what I did, me, here, with you there somewhere off making your shit? *Your* fucking shit? You know what I was doing when you were off making your shit? I was making my own little piece of gold. I was making my own little mastershitting piece. Making it too. Like you. I'd love show it you. I would love so to. Because you'd see it. Because you could see it. Because you love me like you said you did, you love me down and up like a new whitewash wall. It's not something I can really show you. But I can describe it to you. True. Let me. No, I'm not coming near you. I'm not trying to fucking beat you here I'm not what the fuck is fucking wrong with you? What? When'd I hit you? Shut the fuck up! Listen in on me now. I listen I listen I listen! Listen the fuck in on me. On ME. Good. Now here. This is what it would be. A simple thing you know. Very simple. Enty bucket. Scrub brush. Sponge. Extract of pine solution in a plastic bottle. No a glass bottle. Pine sol in glass. That's it. Just like that. In the goddamn middle of the goddamn museum, a working bathroom without walls. Everything works. Everything runs. Toilet, sink, bath and shower. And spotless. The thing is spotless. Everything. *Spotless*. Like your asshole after my tongue. Rimjob squeaky. Like the engine of a brand new car. The perfect engine. The prize vehicle in the auto show, right there in the middle on the little stage. That's what it is you know. That's what it is. Exactly what that is. An engine. *The* engine. The scrubbed down, sparklin' bright engine. Pipes and joints and fittings and valves and spigots and spouts and drains. Chrome. Maybe call it *My Four on the Floor*. Just like that. Or maybe *While You Were Out*. The bathroom without walls and the enty bucket, the pine sol in glass, the scrub brush. All on the bathroom floor. See that right? That's *my mine* fucking art. What I did while you made your shit. I put an end to time. Not like you. I put an end to it. I made it disappear. And, on opening night, all the bathrooms in the museum are locked up tight. And we make good *cleansing* food and drink, a repast that promotes *movement*, inspires *production*, for our distinguished guests. And, of course, no one can touch the art. Which, of course, is how you become it.

*He walks right up to the IV pole, and looks it in its candle lit "face."
Adamant, threatening, intimate longing.*

He puts an arm around its shoulder, interlacing his fingers. Whispers into its "ear."

SCRIBE

Someday, I'll drink you again.

The IV still the only light.

[•WOODBLOCKS ONE STRIKE. PAUSE.
STRUCK MATCH.

WOODBLOCKS ACCELERATING STRIKES. PAUSE. ONE STRIKE.]

SCRIBE

Staring the IV straight in the "face" yells

LIGHT

There is no change.

The air settles.

NATHAN THE GAZER (*under gurney sheet*), BOY & WOMAN (*Off Left*), MEN
UNDER SHEETS (*Up*)

In unison

What we?

The hung WOMAN from the beginning of the play enters Left, pushing an empty wheelchair with great love and care across the stage. Step by step. She exits Right.

SCRIBE

Bellowing again.

LIGHT

Again no change.

The hung WOMAN enters Left, carefully pushing the BOY in a wheelchair across the stage.

SCRIBE

Watching them through the back of his head.

She tasted like the entire world.

Inna fuck. Hang 'em.

WOMAN *stops wheelchair mid-way across the stage. She and the BOY walk over and stand just behind SCRIBE.*

BOY *on his Left, WOMAN on his Right, they reach into slits in SCRIBE's hospital gown and with one hand each begin to masturbate him.*

Up, the MEN peep over the sheets, drawing them down to just beneath their eyes in unison.

SCRIBE *begins to cry.*

His crying then mixing with sexual breath & sound, regretful and resisted unresistable.

As his orgasm approaches, his breath speeds and his eyes open, glaring out to House.

WOMAN & BOY *quicken their pace in response. They have a hand on each other's shoulder around SCRIBE's back. Their gaze is fixed on the movement of their work.*

Crying with open eyes, SCRIBE's face becomes a rictus of pain and fear, accompanied by sounds of approaching pleasure.

His entire body is thrown into a grotesque seizure as he ejaculates with open eyes, and his eruption is accompanied by a barely articulate seizure-torn scream.

SCRIBE

Ejaculating.

LIGHT

All three of them become completely motionless. SCRIBE's expression a memoryless stare out to the House, WOMAN & BOY's eyes down towards their hidden hands.

The MEN all draw their sheets up over their heads again, in unison.

WOMAN & BOY *then stand up, and walk to the covered gurney, each wipe their sopping hand on its sheet.*

NATHAN THE GAZER *peeks his face out from under.*

WOMAN & BOY *return to the wheelchair.*

WOMAN *gets in, and BOY wheels her carefully Off Right.*

NATHAN THE GAZER *sits up, covered legs over the edge of the gurney.*

NATHAN THE GAZER

To SCRIBE's back.

Soldier.

Hey soldier boy.

You soldier.

Space.

A lot of last words left, private. C'mon. Last words, left track this muck here thank god dint find no cup make another face of you.

NATHAN THE GAZER (*cont*)

You, soldier.

Soldier boy.

HEY.

Space.

Gets up and walks to SCRIBE.

In his face.

The wedding's over.

NATHAN THE GAZER *walks SCRIBE to the gurney.*

SCRIBE *walks in a catatonic freeze.*

NATHAN THE GAZER

To sheet.

This is your mess anyway. Might as well.

Drops sheet on the ground.

NATHAN THE GAZER *lays SCRIBE down, face up, head Right.*

He then rolls the IV pole Up of the gurney, by SCRIBE's left shoulder.

He adjusts the drip on the IV.

NATHAN THE GAZER

The hiding of the face, one last time.

Quite a conversion.

Let it flow.

SOL!

The old MAN pulls off his sheet, peeks out and gets up, naked, and walks Down.

A much more elderly, infirm walk than in Prologue.

He drags a chair to Center.

Sits.

The old MAN 'acts out' what is told, the chair his all-purpose object.

NATHAN THE GAZER

To 'Sol'.

Like we do.

To the air. 'Sol' acting-out.

NATHAN THE GAZER (*cont*)

The Jewblack's birth was a fertile pollution, a kingship currented atop gutter water, a golden hero's boat aglide a river of human waste.

His father worked leather. The house stank of skin. The floor was hairy. His hands were the color of burnt matchheads. His lefthandedness procured him the name Ehad, after the biblical assassin. You remember Ehad. Who killed a fat king while he sat on his shitter, pushed his lefthanded blade so far in his liver the handle was sucked in and disappeared. Locked the shithouse doors behind him, leaving the dead king on his throne. Walked out calm, the odor of king's shit providing cover. Not until the usual kingly hour had passed did the attendants sense anything was wrong. And Ehad by then was far far gone. His weapon 'd been invisible, because it'd been carried on his lefthand side. So. The Jewblack's father took the name Ehad. Being a lefthanded leather worker. He'd slaughter his own stock, saying *I kill kings* when he cut the animals' throats. He'd write his dreams with a knife on the hides, and then work them so'd they vanish. So the whole shtetl wore the garment of his dreams. He'd left his parents far behind, long ago. Cow hair floated in his soup. He remained a bachelor.

He, one May night, bought a whore. Not the first nor the last. This one was the youngest daughter of a tinsmith from the next village but one, to the east. The snow had almost melted. She had very thick eyebrows, pointed chin, beautiful lips. Full youthful breasts, thin coating of pubic hair. Nothing too special. He wrote a dream on her, with charcoal, along her inner thighs and all around her mound. Then he asked her to sit on his low work stool, her feet up on logs, and reach under her thighs, from outside them, and read the dream, slowly and softly, to him. And to move her vagina's lips, as she read, so it would seem they were speaking his dream. Yael, the Rebbe's daughter, always found him girls that could read. He sat across from her on the hair and straw, naked from the waist down, leaning against a post wearing just a fur vest, masturbating, watching those lips tell him his dream. They told it three and half times, and then he was done. He washed her gently, erasing the words. They each drank a cup of hot barley wine. And then they slept, naked, covered by two thick oxhides on an oakwood shearling bed.

While they slept, his heart against her shoulderblades, he dreamed. He dreamed again the night they had just spent, the dream-speaking they had just done. And as he had done

NATHAN THE GAZER (*cont*)

while awake, he ejaculated while asleep. His sperm soaked her labia. He turned over. They slept.

After a breakfast of chicken eggs and sheep's milk and tea, she left, with her fee and a small tip.

They never met again.

So in a dream the Jewblack was conceived.

'Sol' straddles the chairback.

Space.

'Sol' checks his watch.

NATHAN THE GAZER

So in a dream the Jewblack was.

SCRIBE

Face up on gurney. Hoarse bellow that dies.

Nurse ...

NATHAN THE GAZER

Aborted.

Walks to the gurney. Stands Up of it.

Shines flashlight (around neck on string) in SCRIBE's face.

I never should have found your voice.

What you've done with it.

Two mouths between us.

Well, private.

I think one's done.

You saved the wrong world, soldier master saver son.

You dint hear me saying it. Saying it.

Not that one. Saying Not That One. That one's.

Scribbles. Private. Zevi.

That one you'll have to push a goddamn statue out your ass.

That.

NATHAN THE GAZER (*cont*)

But you see here.

Looks under SCRIBE's gown with flashlight.

Ah.

A little more air.

Adjusts the drip on IV.

Sticks head and shoulders completely under SCRIBE's gown.

While under gown.

Justice and mercy.

Twins!

What's that Scribbles?

Out from under.

One last turn?

One last.

Again the drip.

Walks around gurney, picks up come-stained sheet, unfurls it and lays it over SCRIBE.

Back around by IV.

There's nothing ever wanted more than what we didn't have.

Shines light in SCRIBE's face, clicks it off.

NATHAN THE GAZER gets on gurney, lays next to SCRIBE, fetal, and covers them both with the sheet.

NATHAN covered completely, SCRIBE's face still exposed.

IV the only light.

Space.

Hands slowly make their way out from under the sheet.

They go to SCRIBE's lips, and prepare to move them.

Old MAN 'Sol' speaks; the fingers move SCRIBE's lips.

The lips often move without any accompanying speech.

The speech frays into space.

MAN

Light

past four now

Spring is coming.

Finally.

MAN (*cont*)

I never understood how you found it. That room, that little shack, ə, propping up one corner of that enormous house. I never even understood why it was built. ə, built, they built that huge house on top that tiny little room. One room with a roof and a window and a door. And from the door a stoneinthegrass walkway. And to a stacked stone gate. And then to the road. Tiny little room with a peaked roof and a chimney jammed under a corner of that huge house. You were there and I was there. Snow fell deep, the spring soon. The boiler for that huge house in that tiny room. That was our heat now. That mattress on the floor there. That was our bed now. While you slept

Space.

While you slept I secretly called home and I told my. Her *I want to come back*. A beige phone. And she said *Never*. ə. So while you slept I walked out into the snow. Very dark. And one of the men was standing up through the sunroof and saying down to the other *I don't know*. *He won't answer*. Moths like snow. *The kid must be frozen*. *He's buck naked*. And the one below drove them away. ə, iced me. Sound down. Lent. What was the story? ə, this side. Right in. Tes. Lasfi, roundlah, base. Fill, si, ren. Town me fiigh, race. Go, goh, go. Lie

pune

forn

lassk, bate.

I

ə

Space.

The hands lift off the mouth, hold their shape, then slide back under the sheet.

'Sol' walks slowly to the gurney, gives a turn on the IV valve.

He reaches under sheet and pulls out flashlight, jerks it sharply off string. Blows out IV.

Illuminating his way with the flashlight, 'Sol' walks slow to back wall and on his knees crawls under sheet.

He lays down on the ground, completely covered.

[•WOODBLOCKS ONE STRIKE. PAUSE. ONE STRIKE. PAUSE. ONE STRIKE.]

Under the sheet the flashlight clicks off.

Black stage.

Space.

Up Left, a match is lit.

*By the light of the single match flame, both sitting on the floor, clothed and shod,
the WOMAN sucks off the BOY.*

The match held by him, near her moving face.

His face towards house, eyes open.

The match burns out.

Black stage.

End.

Orestes
*I snatched a fold of my cloak to hood my eyes, and, blind,
took the sword and sacrificed
my mother –*

Euripides' *Electra*

W hat do you come to, when you come to? And en years pass, and something – not unborn, but unreplied to – causes something to wake hear fade *I remember you*. You – a never made; a never shown; a never said by mouth alive not I the paper maker's. But still – a were who is. Saying *what happens is learning what you already knew*. And so. Alive – who, me? and – coming to, *I love you still and want you too – to live*. It happens. Ok; so there's no place, like that, but, still – here – here, now, for now – summer sun so long a walk into dark sleeping with the light on is easy – here, the cage match that is America vivid, the willed agony upon its people vivid, hatred of the world its empire lights – the endless sucking echo of its towers' falling still – here, and that ring that begins this long long discarded; its hole, echole itself – falling still; here then, still, an offer of invitation, to – still not once again, but once – be. You, Scribe, you, Nathan, you, all you, walk dance and die, again, for the first time. It's still a playground. Still. Again and again. The first time.

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