

Theatre Zero presents
GHOSTS
by JOHN O'KEEFE
at New City Theater

May 20-June 7, 1992

Directed and designed by JOHN KAZANJIAN

with
MARY EWALD, BRIAN FAKER, HEIDI HEIMARCK,
TODD JEFFERSON MOORE, and DEE DEE VAN ZYL

Stage Managed by MARY CIANCIO

GHOSTS

John O'Keefe

NEW CITY THEATER

1634 11th Avenue
Seattle, WA 98122

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"New City is a multi-disciplinary art center. Established by John Kazanjian in 1982, New City has become home to Theater Zero and a year-round schedule of programming in contemporary art.

Theatre Zero is a core group of artists who collaborate with like-minded associate artists from the Seattle community to stage 3 to 5 projects each year. Artistic Director John Kazanjian, rather than searching for plays to produce, develops ongoing commitments and collaborations with a select group of American experimental playwrights."

Theater Zero Core Artists:

JOHN KAZANJIAN *Artistic Director*, INGRID BEACH *Managing Director*,
MARY EWALD, MARY CIANCIO, BRIAN FAKER

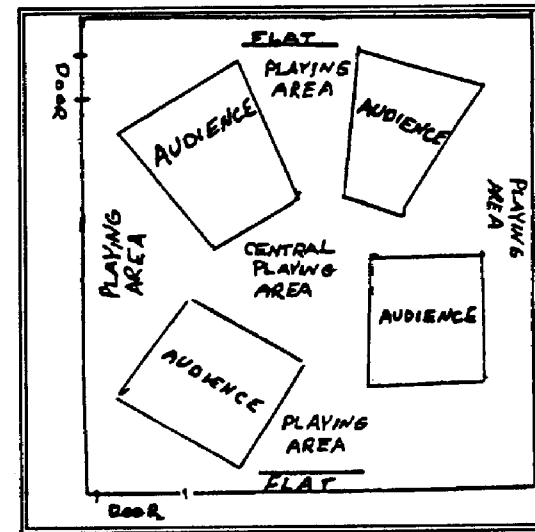
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This is the script of the play as it appeared in the last week of rehearsal for Theater Zero's production. It may differ from the final production text.

Suggested Set: Audiences arranged in four sections with aisles between each section. There is room for the performers to move behind the audience. There is a wall in each direction which acts as a playing area. There is also a playing area in the center.



GHOSTS

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Christine Owens, 499 Alabama Street, Studio 300, San Francisco, California 94110. (415) 255-1048.

DARKNESS: THE GHOSTS COME OUT
3 WOMEN AND 2 MEN
(Can be 2 women, 3 men)
Actors have bare feet.

Darkness

VOICE ONE *In the darkness* When I died.

VOICE FOUR *A flutter of whispers, then silence*

VOICE ONE I felt my spirit pass through the walls, leaving my body behind forever. Gone the

ALL FIVE VOICES Pain!

ONE Only the starvation remained, the yearning rushing me toward my forgotten loved ones.

Ho. Ho.
Coming home.
Hahhhhhhhh.
Silence

Slowly a light begins to rise on ONE's face.

[TWO Sister come with me, come.
 [THREE Sister come with me.
 [FOUR Brother brother, make, make me
 [FIVE Brother make, make me
 [FOUR continued whole again.
 [FIVE continued make me whole again.

ONE I felt myself reach out into the dark dark.

Three VOICES fall in slow motion.

ONE Speaking through them Wondering if it would be like this forever.

Very gradually the lights come up on the other four as the piece continues, being fully up by the end.

ALL FIVE VOICES If this was death.

[ONE And it was,
 [TWO it was a horrible,
 [THREE miraculous
 [FOUR impossible

ALL FIVE VOICES feeling of culmination...Hah! Pause

Five note cluster Light!

[ONE like a fire swept through me
 [TWO burning my eyes out.

ALL FIVE VOICES *Five note cluster* Light! *Short upward inflecting laugh*

[ONE Light! Suddenly out of nowhere everything was bright
 [TWO Sssssss pah' ace' ("space")

[ONE brilliant, singing with a thousand colors
 [THREE thousand eyes.

[FOUR colors I had never seen before.
 [FIVE colors I had never seen before.

[ONE Pulling pulling me
 [TWO Pulling my humanity Fang-baring growl
 [THREE Pulling my humanity away from me.

[FOUR This is not my body!

VOICES THREE AND FOUR VOICES slowly falling in pitch

VOICES TWO AND FIVE Upward selected laughter as THREE and FOUR perform the falling pitch

ALL FIVE VOICES W H O !

ONE had lived in me all this time?

ALL FIVE VOICES W H O !

ONE did I think I was?

ALL FIVE VOICES Anyway?

[TWO under the crickets sliding under
 [THREE under the crickets sliding under
 [FOUR the crickets sliding under the
 [FIVE crickets sliding under the door...

Repeat creating a shifting feeling then,

ONE Where was I going I was going...

TWO Where was I going I was going

THREE Where was I

FOUR I was going

THREE Where was I

FOUR I was going

THREE Where was I FIVE going

FOUR I was going going

THREE Where was I going

FOUR I was going going

VOICES TWO through FIVE suddenly break into animated jabbering chatter, then suddenly stop.

ONE continues Thousands of voices of all the ages passed through my body unencumbered: I could...

TWO could feel
THREE could feel the boundless cavity
FOUR cavity

FIVE Slow and sexy come...

ALL FIVE VOICES Sudden W H O ?

ONE continued I felt I felt the desire threading out of me

FIVE Slow and oozy c o m e .

ONE continued into the screaming tunnel. My god, my life! My life, sullen life, scabby insular little hole of a life! Falling off of me into the bloody trees, into the air. Turned red with fire.

ALL FIVE VOICES W H O ?

Had lived in me all this time?
W H O ?
Did I think I was?

ONE I was...

TWO Who?

ONE I was...

THREE Who?

ALL FIVE VOICES Gushing the word out in warm laughter W h o . . .

ONE Hungry.

TWO I was a killer.

ONE I wanted my mother

THREE I was a mocker.

I wanted my father.

FOUR I was thief.

I wanted the flesh of my uncles, my aunts, my thousands of nephews, cousins, inlaws. I wanted them to hold me. I heard them calling. I felt their presence all around me. But I could not see them. But I could feel them pulling, could feel them tugging at me in a terrible exciting sleet, kisses and nibbles.

FIVE I was a mentor.

THREE I was a master.

FIVE I was a saint.

The FOUR VOICES create a curtain of sound with staccato pops and hisses, ending with...

TWO pop!
FOUR pop!
THREE pop!
FIVE pop!

Silence

ALL FIVE VOICES Low and hollow G h o s t s

ONE They were ghosts.

FOUR VOICES Soft minor chord as ONE speaks through it

Oh-----wah-----ee-----ah-----hhhhhhhh
as in "home" as in "what" as in "not" as in "eat" goes into breath

ONE No

more

light

left.

Silence

ONE Ghosts...

"ah" as in "not"

FOUR VOICES *Soft minor chord ah-----*
first voiced, then whispered

The FOUR VOICES stop and...

ONE Calling me out.

G h o s t s

FOUR VOICES *Whispered Ha-----*
fading into silence

ONE Then I heard you call me.
 I'm sure I heard you call me.
 I heard you pulling back the blankets.
 I heard you whisper in the dark.
 I'm sure it was you.
 I'm sure it was you...

FOUR VOICES *Soft minor chord continuing as ONE speaks*

as in "not"

ah-----h h h h h h

ending in a whisper

ONE ...standing by the window
 looking up at the trees.

ONE "Come in," you said.

FOUR VOICES We've been talking about you.

ONE But I didn't know you and I have no body.

FOUR VOICES Yes you do.

ONE "Come in," you said, and opened the door for me.

FOUR We've been waiting for you.

ONE And I didn't know what you meant.

FOUR VOICES Come in.

ONE You said.

FOUR VOICES Come out of the darkness.

ONE "We've been talking about you."

FOUR VOICES And you held your hands out.

ONE But I really didn't know you. The stars, the shining stars were overhead and trees surrounded us. You in the light thrown open by the door. "Who's in there," I asked, pointing to the darkened hallway.

FOUR VOICES *A flutter of whispers, then* You know.

ONE But I don't.

FOUR VOICES Yes, you do.

ONE *Laughs*

FOUR VOICES *Laugh*

ONE I saw your shadows in the light.
 I could vaguely make out your features.
 I could feel your eyes on me.
 "Where am I?" I asked.

FOUR VOICES Come in and see.
 Come in and see.
 Come in and see.

FOUR My name is Tommy, I died in the Poor House in New Orleans.

THREE My name is Milissa, I died in the hospital coming out of my mother.

FIVE My name is Randy, I got killed in a boat accident on San Francisco Bay.

TWO My name is Laura, I took my own life in Boston.

FOUR VOICES Where did you die?

ONE *As if just remembering* I died
 alone
 in the dark.

Looking out at the audience

And then I saw their faces.
 And I knew them.
 I knew them all.
 Come in.
 Come in.
 Come in.

By now the lights are blazing on them. Their faces glow. They all sit perfectly still. They are with us. Then slowly the corners of their mouths begin to curl into smiles as if drawn up by strings. Then, their eyes begin to glow. They sit suspended in time. Then gradually in each face an individual emerges, glowing, warmed by the presence of the living. There is the smell of dried roses. Fade to black.

Spoken in unison by group in the dark

Dear Lord bless us.

Take us into the darkness,
night of the night womb angel
clinging in the soft womb darkness,
neither standing not lying,
faces in velvet lightlessness

red faces

blue faces

dead faces

faces of light

faces of rain

faces of silence

mud faces guide us

wake me up

wake me up

wake meeeeahhhoo-----Fade into silence

A pool of light rises on a woman in her late nineties lying on her death bed. The bed is a black dolly. A young man with transparent, frozen emotions of compassion stands behind her holding the dolly up. Ancient woman lies in the dolly as if it were a fat feather bed. Her head is cradled on his chest lovingly and secure. The young man just at the age he fell in love with her.

OLD WOMAN GHOST He didn't like to take care of me.

He grew afraid to touch me.

He didn't like the way I looked

I guess.

Although he loved me

and nursed me.

Brought me food.

Gave me the straws

so I could suck it up.

But his face was so far away.

His smile too even.

And the way he breathed...

so quietly,

like he didn't want me to hear it.

Her head rises eerily. She looks at her gnarled hands. With my hands the way they were you couldn't tell I was awake and nimble in my body.

A bony mummy in a bed

with its hands raised up,

She spreads her arms as if they were great tree branches. She becomes younger and she says the following ar-thri-tis blowing holes in the bones.

She rises from the dolly and moves over the floor. She is in her mid-thirties. She moves fluidly.

But inside I was nimble,

fluid-fire rolling through the hollows of my body

but he didn't know that.

Not the children either

professional...

worming through pools of discretion.

I could smell it too.

I smelled like a corpse.

Drying up. *Echoed by group* "Drying-up-Drying-up"

Drying up. "Drying-up"

Spoken by her alone

An old dry bag

with a smelly puddle in the middle of it.

A pool of light comes up before her. She doesn't enter it.

And oh! the light was so awful!

Like it was cast up out of a hole.

And the sounds!

How they hurt me!

Everyone banging around all the time

because they were insensitive

because it was time for me to spoil

and turn sour so they could throw me away in some hole!

The pool goes out. She wails angrily in the dark. Pool comes up on her. She is holding a glass figurine. She gazes at it as if it were her body.

Glass.

Made of glass.

Shouting and suddenly hushing the word at the end LONNIE! VOICES echo "LONNIE."

Repeat into silence. It's not Lonnie. VOICES echo "Lonnie." Repeat into silence. It's the

Dark. VOICES echo "Lonnie." Repeat into silence. This combines with end song motif as

she picks up melody, softly, half-singing, calling the place into being out of her memory.

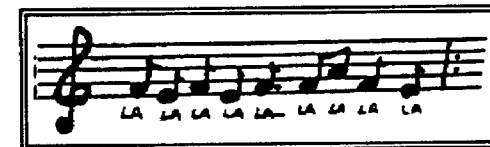
She enters her mid-twenties.

"Home town home town **GROUP**

Home town home town

Home town home town...

Silence



She continues alone What was the name of my home town?

"Home Town."

Lovely Home Town

Children playing in the park in the center of

"Home Town."

Sunday baskets and bustles

berries

soft soft trees...

the Quiet...

Murmuring it softly in a stream Mommy and Daddy and brother

Nathan-Nathan-Nathan-Nathan-Nathan...

TAKEN UP BY VOICES Nathan-Nathan-Nathan-Nathan-Nathan

Silence

Spoken by her alone.

She looks out, murmuring becoming sixteen.

Nathan and me.

holding hands in the hallway

listening to Father and Mother make love.

Holding hands.

Holding hands.

touching...

his face...

trembling with him in the dark

his face turned to me in the moonlit hallway

nestling his chin in my hand

kissing my fingers...

Good sweet, warm man

Good sweet, brother Nathan

don't turn away from me now, after so long...

Dead. Other VOICES say "Dead" with her. Then she continues alone.

Died in the Great War.

Better that way.

Smiling Forbidden fruit.

No one ever knew.

No one ever suspected.

Growing old as she speaks

That time before that time before that.

The lights fade to black. Crosses to dolly in the dark and lies down.

VOICES improvise "time/s'time."

Pool comes up on her. She is again in the dolly. The young man is behind her,

holding the dolly.

It's time. It's time.

I'm like sand. I'm like sand, Lonnie!

like shifting sand...

She closes her eyes.

Now it's time.

Now it's time.

Gradually becoming younger until she is a small child

Two kids running through town.

Coming up the lot.

Going under the fence through "Charlie's"...into the woods.

There we are.

There we are.

We're going into it now.

Into the dark trees.

Through the windows of light.

Into the soft, dark earth.

Lights fade to black

Half whispered, half sung, like moth wings against the listeners ears

Dear Lord bless us.

Take us into the darkness,

night of the night womb angel

clinging in the soft womb darkness,

neither standing nor lying,

faces in velvet lightlessness — *Sound of a rocking chair creaking*

red faces

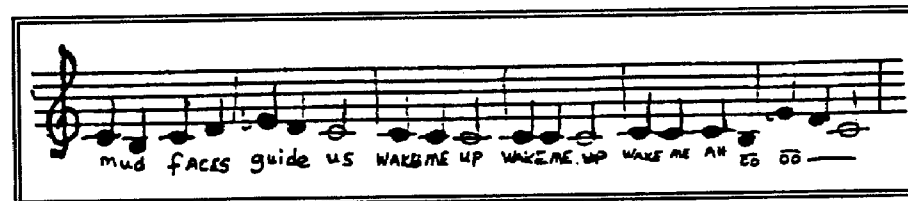
blue faces

dead faces

faces of light

faces of rain

faces of silence



Darkness. There is the creaking in the darkness. Gradually the lights begin to rise, revealing an old man in a rocking chair. He is laughing. The old man, feeling the presence of eyes on him, turns toward the audience and a delighted smile spreads across his face. He finds someone. He rocks to a halt.

OLD MAN GHOST Talk to me.

His eyes fill with an intense, hungry longing. He begins rocking again. Laughing and rocking. Then he finds someone else. He stops, looks at them.

Talk to me.

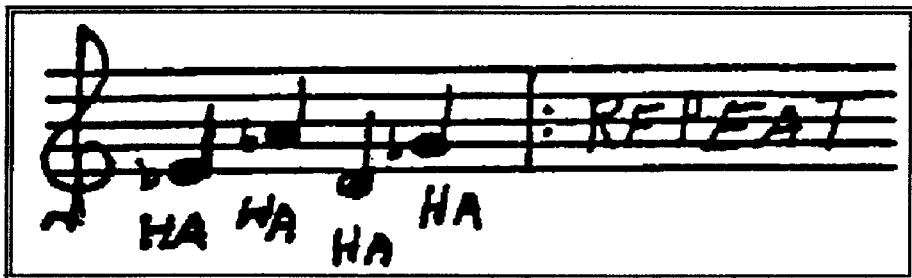
His eyes empty. They become dead holes in his head. His eyes reignite. He begins laughing and rocking. He rocks to a stop. He looks out at the audience, a sad lonely smile.

Talk to me.

A little mechanical smile draws the corners of his mouth up. Then his eyes re-ignite and he begins laughing. The lights fade on him. His laughter fades in the darkness. The creaking of the chair continues. A light rises on the rocking chair. It is empty.

The light remains up on it until the rocking chair rocks to a stop. The lights fade to black.

In the darkness the following music is sung by the performers. It gradually becomes breathy and excited. It continues into the next speech.



YOUNG MAN GHOST

When...

When I...

When I touch... *Light come up on a young man.*

When I touch the air... *Group music ends.*

When I touch the air in front of me I can feel a wall.

When I draw my fingers in the air in front of me

I feel...

I feel... *The young man uses the space in*

I feel it inside my body, *front of him as if it was tangible.*

a plane...

of images...

a series of revolving dimensions.

I feel memories. I feel images. I feel sounds. I feel movement.

When I pull on the space in front of me it comes off in lines of worlds which melt in my hands. And the holes left behind fill up again with sparkling, opalescent calligraphy scratched in space, a million faces shining in a bubble.

When I *scratch* straight down the worlds line up with the sky at the top and the ground at the bottom and I can just walk in. But when I *scratch* sideways all of the worlds reticulate like oil on water and everything gets mixed up. Dinosaurs wander through deserted cities grazing on skyscrapers and when the windows break music spills down onto the empty streets below. Lonely insects gamble with rags, occasionally shooting human beings at each other.

Sometimes clouds jam themselves into the earth and get stuck, smoldering like smoky lathes. When I enter these worlds I always have to roll in sideways.

Puts hand in front, one finger popping up after another

One. Two. three. Four. Five. A world for every finger.

Worlds.

He walks about the space.

Walking around, seeing birds, cities, churches, dogs, people. Yes, people wandering

around and meeting me, sometimes knowing who I am and sometimes not. Sometimes I'm having a heart attack, sometimes a choking death, sometimes I'm colliding with a car. Sometimes nobody gives a damn, sometimes everybody's trying to save my life. And babies! I have babies in some of the lines and they grow up and they come up to me and say "Dad, what are you doing wandering around. Come on home, mother's waiting, soup's getting cold."

Sometimes I draw six lines with the pointing finger of my left hand and I get six lines of worlds, but the lines drawn by my left hand are different than the lines drawn by my right. My selves are not quite the same.

One hand is darker than the other.

One is simpler.

One is freer.

One is more magic.

One is more hateful.

One is more hungry.

One is more hopeful.

One is more funny.

When I use all ten of my fingers the worlds fill my body and ten bands of a trillion life forms gush out of my mouth screaming "Lord of Gravity!"

I don't know who that is...yet.

Directed to someone in the audience And yes, I can see you in there too. And I've heard your prayers. But can't you see, we were in just one of the lines and now that I've passed through the wall to this side I won't be able to be the way I was, although we made a lot of unspoken promises.

Wait.

Wait.

I hear someone coming!

With infinite sadness No.

No.

It was only me...

He walks towards the wall.

The light fades on him as he does.

Child holding a shattered doll in her arms. Begins speech in total darkness.

YOUNG GIRL GHOST

of a

Pause trying to remember and trying to say the word, "Mama."

of a

Pause

As she speaks the lights come up on her.

of a of a

Pause

of a of a

Pause

of a

Finds the word

of a of a MAMA
mama-mama.

Sighs

Silence

My...

Probing further

My...

my my my

me ~~repeatingly~~, stumbling, the words picking up speed as she

my me my

reaches the word "maMA!"

my my me

me me my mama, maMA!

Shrieks the word "maMA!"

Her eyes close in a splash of pain. The pain fades. Her face is still. Her eyes remain closed.

Then, as if remembering, savoring... Caw...

Trying to pronounce the word "car."

K'haw

Her eyes still closed, she smiles.

Car.

Car.

She gasps and her eyes fly open. She slowly intones ...r...o...l...l...

She puts her finger to her lips Shhhhhhhhhhhhh...

The lights go out as if she blew them out.

The following sequence occurs immediately after the child's speech.

SEQUENCE

After the lights have faded to black

A door slams.

A flash bulb flashes.

Some lights come up and then go down.

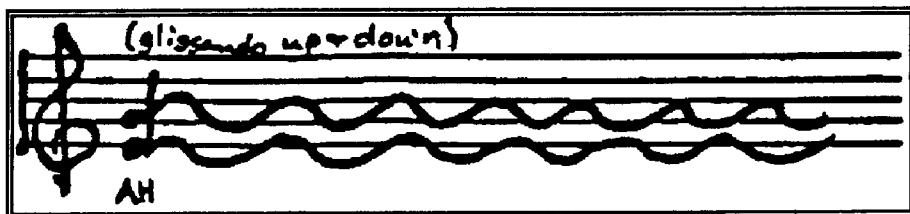
A ball sails over the audience.

Three raps on wall behind audience.

The sound of clickers for ten seconds.

A triangle sounds. A special rises and falls on a corner with the sound, revealing a blank-faced GHOST. The light fades with the dying of the sound of the triangle.

A slow rising/falling sound is sung by two men. This continues into the next speech. 1



A young woman. Begun in the darkness.

YOUNG WOMAN GHOST That fearsome night..The music continues through this speech.

When I cried out...

it came to me...

while I was dying...

that I would never be alone.

That there was no one here but my husband and me,

that there had never been anyone else

and that it would always be that way...

even if I forgot about it.

Even if I was dreaming.

Even if I was dead.

Music ends.

The night he tore me up with a knife I felt

myself go out in a flash of recognition.

he was to have all of me.

To shape.

To shrink.

To swell.

According to the dictates of his real

his quintessential self

the G H O S T P A P A,

forever his mission unveiling.

He was very busy, always.

No problems,

but for the problems of day to day resignation,

a minor, very minor official working in the Highway department

of Corte Madera, California.

But that wasn't all of him, oh no!

Fumbling in his pocket for his "fabricator,"

surrounded by his gauzy underwear, his "Papal Eminence"

staining them with yellow-brown vapors like snapshots

of war injuries under cloth.

A vain man.

A flaccid man.

Kinko warrior under glass.

A button pusher.

What did he hear while I was screaming?

Grinning little goose with black horn-rimmed

glasses and pencils clipped to his pocket,

molesting Ronnie, the fat boy across the street,

and he wanted me to make him babies!

"Wipe it out first,

put jelly into it with your finger and roll it around."

That makes him hard so he can stick it up there in the dark,
in Ronnie's mouth,
up his shit maker,
looking at cunt on the Movie-olla, roll-a-rolle.

In...
cum...
patable was not the word for it.

Cloning with my neighbor, "Talula,"
testy chickens in heat under blow driers,
fortifying pabulum for our GHOST PAPA's homecoming.
"What turns yours on? Mine doesn't like spinach either,
and liver? Oh! But Kraft's Macaroni and Cheese!
Well, that's another story.

He wasn't very smart.
He wasn't very interesting.
He wasn't very good looking.
He was my sister's best friend's brother
and he is mine, all mine
And he'll be coming after me
even up here in the streets of the Lord.
"Here I come! Here I come!"

Stick...
Stick...
I'm sticky!
My god, my face is being cut up!

No face.
No face.
Ohgloriousgodnoface, no face!

Oh, mymymymy...
Oh, mymymymy own sweet soul
my baby my face
where have you gone?
Oh mymymy
Oh nonono
Oh mymymy
Oh nonono

Continued into the darkness, rocking her face back and forth.

*In the dark, perhaps just behind one of the doors, or perhaps outside just within earshot,
someone is calling. Mommie? Mommie? Mommie?*

This continues. Then fades. There is the sound of running feet and a sudden loud crash on

*the door. No sooner is there a crash on the door, then another door swings open,
revealing a child standing in a doorway dripping wet.*

*Child, dripping with water. When she opens her mouth to say the first word,
water spills out.*

YOUNG GIRL GHOST Cremation ashes...
my daddy used to say...
belonged to the Archons,
And hid in human bodies.
And that they sniffed
them up their noses
just when they were fresh and dry.

*Walking toward someone in the audience,
leaving her wet footprints*

Go away.

He said that Boogiemen
are Woogiemen that wobble
and gobble and bobble around.
HE said that you were one of them.

Go away.

No! No! No!
Don't go!
Don't go!
Don't go! I want to talk with you and
have you near me.

By my hands
by my fingers
by my eyes!

Hovering over the person

The lights fade on her as she reaches out.

*A glowing rag appears. A VOICE sings "Fur Elise." The VOICE and the rag move about the
audience. It wipes up the wet footprints and exits.*

*Another door swings open. This is to the outside. An old man stands in the doorway
looking in. He enters and crosses into the audience. He is carrying his own chair. He sits,
turns to the door. It closes by itself. He begins the speech in the darkness. As he speaks, a
blue light rises on him.*

OLD MAN GHOST When I reached the outermost limit...
it seemed to me that I must die...
that I was high in space
surrounded by a blue glow.

"What's that made of?"

I thought to myself.

"What's that made of?"

And it answered,

"It's made out of itself."

And it was!

The whole earth

bathed in glorious blue!

The deep blue sea...

the bluegreen continents...

the black edge of space...

And I knew I was departing,

that I MUST go and that I

was shedding off myself

and it was glorious!

It was magnificent!

Whispering like a nurse over his deathbed

"He said that he is going out of here about a thousand miles. Shhhh..."

Then as himself And there was a rock...

and it was coming toward me at a tremendous speed.

I could see it getting bigger and bigger, moving

silently through the darkness until it blotted

out the stars and then...it stopped.

Speaking in his Mother's voice from long ago "Costumes?"

Suddenly seeing her son might fall "Billy, get off the bench."

As himself And there was a door in the rock.

Speaking to his Japanese lover "Kato, kiss me."

And I wanted to go through that door

and yet it terrified me

because I knew all of a sudden that

that thing, that rock was actually an

instrument made by an intelligence

that was aware of me

that had been aware of me a long, long time

and that it had come for me over a great,

great distance through time and space.

And I knew for certain that the closer

I got to it the more of my memories it would strip away.

As his father giving him his first billfold "Treat it good son."

As himself But I didn't care. I really didn't care.

I just had to go in there.

Old trees...had the feeling of old trees...

using the voice of space...

As his wife accepting his death "That's his heart, isn't it, Willy

that's his heart."

as himself And I went through the door

into the rock...

and it was raining

it was raining...

just

like

now.

Lights fade to black.

Performed in darkness

Voice combinations creating rain patter

ONE

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THREE

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tap

tap

tap

FOUR

tappa

tappa

tappa

tappa

tappa

tappa

tappa

"What's that made of?"

I thought to myself.

"What's that made of?"

And it answered,

"It's made out of itself."

And it was!

The whole earth

bathed in glorious blue!

The deep blue sea...

the bluegreen continents...

the black edge of space...

And I knew I was departing,

that I MUST go and that I

was shedding off myself

and it was glorious!

It was magnificent!

Whispering like a nurse over his deathbed

"He said that he is going out of here about a thousand miles. Shhhh..."

Then as himself And there was a rock...

and it was coming toward me at a tremendous speed.

I could see it getting bigger and bigger, moving

silently through the darkness until it blotted

out the stars and then...it stopped.

Speaking in his Mother's voice from long ago "Costumes?"

Suddenly seeing her son might fall "Billy, get off the bench."

As himself And there was a door in the rock.

Speaking to his Japanese lover "Kato, kiss me."

And I wanted to go through that door

and yet it terrified me

because I knew all of a sudden that

that thing, that rock was actually an

instrument made by an intelligence

that was aware of me

that had been aware of me a long, long time

and that it had come for me over a great,

great distance through time and space.

And I knew for certain that the closer

I got to it the more of my memories it would strip away.

As his father giving him his first billfold "Treat it good son."

As himself But I didn't care. I really didn't care.

I just had to go in there.

Old trees...had the feeling of old trees...

using the voice of space...

As his wife accepting his death "That's his heart, isn't it, Willy

that's his heart."

as himself And I went through the door

into the rock...

and it was raining

it was raining...

just

like

now.

Lights fade to black.

Performed in darkness

Voice combinations creating rain patter

ONE

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tip

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THREE

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tap

tap

tap

FOUR

tappa

tappa

tappa

tappa

tappa

tappa

tappa

"Abrupt."
 No, that wasn't it.
 Yes, it was called
 "Abrupt and Final"
 Something about the way
 things fit together.
She chuckles to herself.

Lamp out

In the darkness DID YOU HEAR THAT?
 I said, did you hear that?
 Well, answer me.

Lamp on

No, put it down! Don't bang it around
 like that. That's terrible. Well then,
 do something about it.

Lamp off

That's good. That's just great.
 Now I can't see.
 DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Lamp on

Is that blood down there?
 No, on the carpet.
 No, on the floor.
 Oh, I don't care it's probably cat puke.

Lie me on my back, Sonny.
 That's good.
 Yes, towards the window
 so that I can see the sign blink.

Lamp out

Don't turn the light off.
 Just leave it on tonight.
 No, that's okay I can sleep with it on.
 No, really.
 No, really.

Sonny? I didn't hear you leave.
 Are you there?
 Are you there?

Lamp on

Looking out at the audience as if through a window
 Oh good God, is it that time already?
 That's impossible.
 It can't be morning.
 It's still dark out there.
 My God, what is that on
 the sidewalk? Oh my!

I'd better not stay
 too near the window!

Lamp off

Soft weeping
Silence
Then...calling softly...
 Millie?
 Millie?

Is that you?
 Tell Jackie I won't be able to
 go to the prom after all. I can't see.
 I must be going blind.
 I think I am.

Lamp on

Breaking into a laugh just as light snaps on
The laugh stops, caught in her face as she
listens to an unseen conversant with rapt
attention. Again she laughs and again the
laugh catches in her face. She listens enrapt.
Then her face becomes tinged with longing.
Her eyes begin to empty. Her face fills with
a vacuous wonderment. Then suddenly its
sags into a bag of a face.

Lamp out

Listen to me.
Silence
 Listen to me.
 I don't want to live here anymore.
 I can't sleep at night
 and I have strange visitors.
 No one I know comes to call.
 That Doctor Angle or whatever his name is
 doesn't call on me. And what are they
 doing with my check?
 Why don't you come and see me more often?
 I suppose you don't think that I'm interesting.

Lamp on

You used to like it when I told you
 stories. About the days before cars.
 When there were big lawns.
Silence, she just stares out.
 I can't go to sleep.
 I can't tell whether it's dark anymore.
 But I can see.
 Isn't that strange?
She looks out. She has become blind.

Lamp off

I can see right through you.

She laughs.
 Silence
 She laughs.
 Silence
 She laughs more softly.
 Silence
 Laughs softer still.
 Silence

In the darkness, the group begins the following chant with the man and then drops out at "Whore sucker." Lights up on a man sitting in a gas chamber.

MALE GHOST ...crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's
 crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy
 oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh
 crazy oh's oh crazy oh's crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy
 oh's crazy oh's oh crazy oh's oh crazy oh's whore sucker whore sucker whore sucker
 whore sucker whore sucker whore sucker gallapa gallapa gallapa gallapaway.

He's gone, he's...
 tomorrow's the time.
 Tomorrow?

S'the time.
 Tomorrow (make it go away make it go away)

Tomorrow the sky is going black.
 Tomorrow
 Black.
 Pitch black.
 So black in the black in the blackblack.
 So stAREtled!

So c o l d
 so em-
 pty.
 So f a s t...

Ska-ka, ska-ka, sky...

Clouds, (claw, clouts-clouts)
 Climb, climbingclimbing, bill-bill
 a swill
 swallowing...

my fa...
 my fa...
 father. His eyes are everywhere Laughs

Silence

Like low rolling thunder Rolla-rilla go long, go long/go long...
 Whispers in, whispers out, savoring the word t i m e...
 Fogging the air with his breath

t i m e...
 t i m e...
 t i m e...
 Inhaling the word "so"
 and whispering it sssssssso-----h

Slowly releasing "far"
 the word in a whisper ffffffffa-----r

Silence, as he soundlessly inhales and gazes into the audience.

Slowly releases in "away"
 a whisper a w a y...

His head lolls to the side. His body begins convulsing as the lights fade to black.
 Darkness.

A steady low voice babbling with the words not understandable, but too steady for disbelief.

The low steady sound goes on and on. The VOICE lifts sometimes for emphasis on a mumbled word, falling sometimes to a breath, going on and on.

Without warning, there is a little gurgling laugh. It breaks through the low steady babbling. The low babbling continues. The low gurgling laugh rises up and up the scale and breaks off suddenly into a little pained gasp.

The low babbling VOICE goes on and on. It takes on a liquid glowering.

The little gurgling laugh come again. The rising mad sound of it drowns out the lower VOICE, which nevertheless continues on and on. Suddenly there is absolute silence.

There is a little sweet moan of wild sadness.

The lights pop up to bright. A GHOST in a white sheet is standing in the middle of the audience. The GHOST is trapped by the light. Because the light is on, it can't pass through walls. When it tries, it merely bashes into them. It tries to scare the audience but to no avail. It implores, it entertains. Only in the end when it shouts "pistols" do the lights go out. The action around the following speech is for the actor to explore.

GHOST Ho.
 Hoo hoooo...
 Ho. Ho.
 hoo-hoo

where they were
...until I went "with them."

The lights go out.

GROUP sings
twice.

GHOST
THEME

GIRL joins.



The GIRL has descended in the dark. A pool of light rises just ahead of her. She does not enter it. She sings Ghost Theme with Group. Then she and Group speak the following lines

GIRL & GROUP GROUP still unseen

And the river is saying
the things the clouds are saying
and the wind is saying
and the trees are saying back
and what the silence is saying
what it's saying in the shimmer...
of the afternoon
by the river
when the air is heavy
and the trees are black.

The other four VOICES say this with her.

.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.

Other 4 VOICES go silent

Black river
Red river
River of voices

WOMEN's VOICES

And the river is saying
the things the clouds are saying
and the wind is saying
and the trees are saying back
and what the silence is saying
what it's saying in the shimmer...

GIRL sings
Ghost Theme

The VOICES stop. The GIRL steps into the pool of light and looks at individual members of the audience, addressing them.

GIRL And there's my uncle Charlie
and aunt Sara
and Hester
and Lonnie
and Sonnie
and Millie and Laura,
and Billy and Willy
and Nathan and Jack.

The light goes out. She speaks in the dark.

Here they come.
Here they come.
Here they come.
Here they come.
Oh they're coming.
Oh they're coming.
Oh they're coming.
Oh they're coming.
Oh they're coming.
Oh they're coming.
Oh they're coming.
Come to me.
Come to me.
Come to me.
Come to me.
Come to me.

GROUP speaks with her Here we come.
Here we come.
Here we come.
Here we come.
Here we come.
Here we come.
Oh, we're coming
Oh, we're coming
Oh, we're coming
Come to me.
Come to me.
Come to me.
Come to me.
Come to me.

All five VOICES join. A GHOST is in each aisle. The GIRL GHOST is in the center. The lights begin to flash up and down individually to the rhythm of the chant.

ALL FIVE VOICES A steady, compelling beat

Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me

Each VOICE gradually moves to its own phrase.

ONE	TWO	THREE	FOUR	FIVE
Come	to me	Come to me.	Come to me.	Come to me.
Come	to me	Come to me.	Come to me.	Come to me.
Come	to me	Come to me.	Come to me.	Come to me.
Come	to me	Come to me.	Come to me.	Come to me.
Come	to me	Come to me.	Come to me.	Come to me.
Come	to me	Come to me.	Come to me.	Come to me.
Come	to me	Come to me.	Come to me.	Come to me.
Come	to me	Let them go.	Come to me.	Come to me.

Come to me Let them go. Come to me. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Come to me. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Come to me. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Come to me. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Come to me. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Come to me. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Come to me. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Come to me. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come to me Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come Kiss me. Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come Kiss me. Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come Kiss me. Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come Kiss me. Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come Kiss me. Let them go. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come Kiss me. Don't forget me. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come Kiss me. Don't forget me. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come Kiss me. Don't forget me. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come Kiss me. Don't forget me. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come Kiss me. Don't forget me. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come Kiss me. Don't forget me. Let it go. Come to me.
 Come to me Come Come Come
 Come to me Come Come Come
 Come to me Come Come Come
 Come to me Come to Come
 Come to me Come me Come
 Come to me Come Come Come
 Come to me to to Come
 Come to me me Come me
 Come to me Come Come Come
 Come to me Come be be
 Come to me Come Come Come
 Come to me to Come to
 Come to me Come be Come
 Come to me be Come be
 Come to me Come to Come
 Come to me to Come Come
 Come to me Come be light

Come to me be Come Light
 Come to me be be be
 Come to me Come Come Come
 Come to me Light Light Light
 Come to me be Come Light
 Come to me Come be Light
 Come to me Come Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light

Gradually as the VOICES all reach the word "Light" they crescendo, becoming ecstatic. The lights flash all around them.

Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light
 Light Light Light Light Light

Gradually the MEN's VOICES drop out leaving the three WOMEN. Then each WOMAN drops out, leaving the GIRL's VOICE alone. The lights fade on everyone but her. Then the lights fade on her. She sings alone in the dark, gradually fading to silence.

FIN