

Once upon a time in times square

*Once upon a time in Times Square*

by temi (*brodkey*) rose

I dedicate this work, this *labour of love* to my longtime friend Shellie Sclan and her loving husband Marshall Berman. They are both my teachers of what it means to live a community of heart, soul and intelligence. They are my hope ~ that the world be one day filled with such generous, hardworking people. They are my inspiration and my sustenance ~ their love for each other has inspired and sustained me (and many others) in darke times. Hey, you guys! You are the home of my heart! May god/dess bless and keep the world from harm.

**To the reader (this statement must be on all program and advertising material):  
x-rated i.e. please don't read/see/listen or participate in this show if overt references to and  
expressions of sexuality offend you – we seek only to inspire**

*Once upon a time in Times Square* is the second play in the trilogy of romantic comedies called *anatomy of my becoming*. For those people familiar with *Reality* (the first play in the series), Lorraine has fractured into several characters (Rachel, Janet, Santa, Teenie and Feather). Norm has become Murray. Frank has become Sam. And Buddy has completely disappeared. The world of *Once upon a time in Times Square* does not need good husbandry (there is no longer any productive value to the role) and so it has fallen out of existence. Gy is seriously considering attempting it because his theoretical mathematical explorations have indicated to him that the essentially synergistic dynamics (inherent in all earthly processes) correlates to the hypothesis that cooperative intra-species behaviour could be practically magical - in creating joy in the fusion of bounty, work, love and play.

In my heart of hearts (which anyone who is reading this in english will understand where that is - even though there's no spot on an anatomical map that corresponds to this part of the whole of us, the soul of us), I believe that there will be, in time, a flowering of the female that might be called feminism but will, unlike the feminism of my generation, celebrate and support women of all kinds, including women who want to love men and/or grow and raise babies. Sometimes it seems to me that society is ready to do away with all forms of individual, autonomous creativity which not only includes gestation and birth but which takes as its model those activities. A philosophical argument that promotes the value of creativity for the pursuit, not only of happiness, but of wisdom and health and even of a profound sense of wealth (called well-being) must confront the role that women play biologically as the bodies within which children grow and from which children emerge.

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Although romance is, more often than not, cause and subject of tragedy and despair, sex is always comedic, sex is always funny – dangling participles that secrete odd liquids – and it feel so good. I heard a joke recently: *Why do comedians think sex is so funny? I couldn't tell you; but I can show you!*

The cynics are almost right. Everything is for sale because every *thing* is an object and under our present political and social systems, owning objects is a fundamental right. Owning and buying and selling are inextricably linked processes: where you have one, you must have the others. So, as long as there are objects, they will always be theoretically salable. Except the living moment, the now, the locus of power. That is too fleeting, too small, to be objectified and sold. But you can give it away. You can give your power away by not living in the moment. But no one can take it, that is a fallacy and an illusion. Traditionally, this knowledge (of the power of the immediate now) has been suppressed (or considered magical superstition) by tyrannists. I contend that wisdom is an innate potential in all people that requires repeated immersion in the immediate NOW to come into its own.

Notes on Production Style: Every era is a mix of eras. So please don't try to make this future less eclectic than your own present.

The boxes: As if we, the watching, were Jimmy Stewart's character in Rear Window, peeking into little boxes, little moments, little worlds, the aggregate of which create, from a mountain of insinuations, the Aristotelian unities abandoned, a world emergent. The virtual world we are experiencing these days isn't just a networking phenomenon. We are also experiencing a parallel universe of entertainment realities.

Costumes – instead of creating costumes that are uniform in a fanciful idea of the future, the costumes should be an eclectic combination of any and all styles from all centuries and materials. People wear items that have, for them, symbolic meanings. In this world, people are so programmed into their social positions that they no longer need to wear uniforms to keep them behaving properly. In this possible future, costume is used for personal representation and no longer signifies social status the way clothes do now (2006). Hierarchies of style are meaningless (because useless) in a world where everyone is the perfect representation of their design. The costumes can be funny.

Graffiti: If the producers have the wherewithal, the graffiti can be an electrified tickertape, or some other clever way to light the words. Another possibility is to have Rachel do a Vanna White and hold up signs. Anything is fine. The graffiti

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is a Brechtian device to encourage complex thinking by introducing alternative interpretative schemes.

### Characters in no particular order

- ❖ **Santa** – Incredibly thin, compassionately intelligent, edgy. Over 40. She wears an antenna on her head (cf. *The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe*). She is looking for a reason to live. She spent most of her life in a restricted facility. Now she's a cleaning lady in these spaces in Times Square. Santa's superpower is that she can hear anyone anywhere (she has tremendous hearing but also her antenna picks up voices from wherever). She wears a dirty apron and is most comfortable either in her janitor's crowded basement or on the roof overlooking the square. When she is not resting or partying, she is cleaning, cleaning everywhere.
- ❖ **Teenie** – Intense, small in stature but a tremendous soulfulness. Under 30. She is at an age when she feels she has to choose what kind of woman she wants to be. She carries books everywhere she goes. She keeps them in her bra, in her boots, in her pockets, etc. She works at the Sybarite Club.
- ❖ **Rachel** – Harried housewife (Lucy/Mary Tyler Moore). Over 27. Periodically, she forgets what she's doing and stops (in utter lost confusion) but most of the time she is active. She needs to stop, listen and integrate her personality. Basically a good person, she'd probably like herself if she stopped long enough to get to know herself. She is married to Murray.
- ❖ **Feather** – Gorgeous, not thin, rounded with female contours, languid. Between 25-40. She carries a red (not pink) feather boa (for security/identity) with her at all times (cf. *Peanuts'* Linus with his blanket). Her sensuality is akin to passivity which she balances with the strength of her aesthetic (expressed through her physical life) and her forthright nature.
- ❖ **Kit** – Desperate, intelligent, cautious. She speaks in explosions as if she were trained by a team of premature ejaculators. Between 35-55. She bites her nails. She is terrified of getting old and is worried about who is coming to replace her on the corporate climb; she is desperately (because based on *fear* of inferiority) competitive. She is a master of entrances and exits. She works for Murray. She and Rachel are friends.

- ❖ **Murray** – Oppressed male with tremendous energy and gravitas. Over 30. Officious. Dogmatic. Charming. (cf. Alec Baldwin) A progressive, he believes that the key to success is effort; when in doubt, he tries harder, longer, faster, tougher. He wears a tie, even when he's having sex. Murray answers to *The Man*.
- ❖ **Gy** (*pronounced guy*)– Scruffy, geeky, intense. Under 30. A theoretical mathematician. Bred to be a mathematical genius, his path has led him past mathematics to an interest in ontology and love. He works for Kit. He and Jason are co-workers and friends.
- ❖ **Jason** – Elegant, charming, witty, competitive. Under 30. He thinks life is a game and is determined to *win*. He has a dark sense of humor. If anyone could touch his heart, he could flower into an exceptional being. He cradles his hurt and his feelings of inferiority (people bred for competition share this trait). He works for Kit.
- ❖ **CJ** – Sparkling, energetic, irreverent, adorable (does he sound like a soft drink? He looks like one too: scrumptious!). Under 30. Chameleon with deep spiritual insights. He can't stand "real" life and lives for his fantasies which he bases on what he finds in his Time Collections which are all different sizes and are delivered periodically by Rachel in her role of Stage Hand. Time Collections are media that individuals from different eras have collected. You can rent or buy, for instance, Hugh Hefner's media collection (a replica or the real thing? It could be either). Or Gloria Steinem's. Sometimes the Time Collections, like the time capsules of our day, contain objects of interest as well as media. CJ works at the Sybarite Club.
- ❖ **Wanda/Snake** – A transvestite. If played by a man, then Wanda is the costumed *other*. If played by a woman, then Snake is the costumed *other*. Any age, any gender. The characters are yin/yang, each with a dot of the *other*. Wanda/Snake is extremely open and honest but can't find anyone else who is. S/he works at the Sybarite Club.

### Characters played by Murray

- ❖ **Professor Oscar Nimk** - So kind he's chocolatey sweet. (70s) Utterly at home with himself, he knows his boundaries when it comes to personal relationships but he knows no restrictions when it comes to dealing with authority. The ultimate intellectual rebel. He is not a geneticon. He was born before DNA Bank authorization was required to produce a child. He is utopian

without a pragmatic paranoia, he crosses into revolutionary rhetoric without realizing it. Always carries notes, books, bags full of them. He gives them away and takes some back. Papers come due and returned, read. Books are loaned and returned. He is a walking mobile library. He is also often writing himself notes and he never lends his pens of which he has many but all hidden. He always wears green and perhaps a beard (he is the pagan green man modernized).

- ❖ **Dr. Jones** – A psycho-physio-nouveau-neuro therapist. (40s) He wears a white coat but underneath might be anything. He is flirtatious and patronizing. The kind of guy who always makes bad jokes and touches inappropriately.
- ❖ **Sam** – A conservative, streetwise police detective. (over 40) He wears something Sherlock-Holmesian as a gag. He is brilliant and kind and, though tired of people, he hasn't given up on them entirely. He drinks too much and indulges in solipsistic inquiry.

#### **Characters played by Rachel**

- ❖ **Dr. Diane Shepherd** - Hardworking. Sincere and quietly fierce, she believes in goodness and virtue. She wears and gestures with huge eye glasses that are always slipping off her nose. She carries notes but always forgets to look at them.
- ❖ **Janet** – Open-hearted, right-hand-man cop. A liberal. She carries a huge (water pistol) gun everywhere. She is hyper to cover up her fear that the world is actually meaningless.
- ❖ **Christine** – A french comedienne.
- ❖ **Stage Hand** - Overworked, she has to bring props and any set pieces. She might also have the responsibility to be the **Graffiti Girl** - or, if she has another part to play, she has to find someone to do these things for her. She has no lines but can ad lib frustration and exhaustion sounds and plosive comments and/or curses.

#### **Characters played by Wanda/Snake**

- ❖ **Shakta** – An unpretentious, colorfully attired, Baptist Minister, a la James Brown. He can sing his lines as well as speak them.

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**Characters played by CJ**

*(since the DJ is never seen and his voice is a little distorted, if CJ is unable to get to the offstage mike, another actor could cover)*

- ❖ **DJ** – The on-air media(ted) announcer perched high in a tower, looking down on everyone. He *always* speaks through an electronically modified system. And his voice might even be altered somewhat by the sound system.

*note to the actors: the italics in the midst of ur lines r 4 u 2 credit the quotation. i am hoping for an air quotes change in the tone of voice to indicate a quote but the whole thing is hip-hop p0-Mo so it's really just to indicate to the curious ideas that (stolen for admiration's sake) have landed full bloom into the peace.*

**Once Upon a Time in Times Square takes place** / midwinter 2212 / at the intersection called Times Square, 42<sup>nd</sup> and Broadway, the heart of the City-State Times Square.

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### Act one ~ Ionesco on Acid (1941)/sheeragony & dreadxstasy

*This act is primarily in black & white (but also dark navy and green) no reds or yellows, browns etc. Heavy face make up with one or two features emphasized on a character. Except for Santa who wears no noticeable make up at all. Teenie has big eyes. Feather has accented cheeks. Murray has one eye more exaggerated than the other. Jason, Kit and Gy all have something to do with their brains, foreheads etc. Wanda – her mouth. CJ – chin. Rachel – one eye more exaggerated. Style: Cabaret, expressionist, surreal. We are actually in the second act so there is a familiarity and a ferocity unusual for a first act.*

*Graffiti during the act: cacophony (caca phoney) - living under the gun as the rule of law.*

#### I. Prologue ~ $e=mc^2$

*The stage is almost bare. Teenie and Gy are on the edges, talking.*

TEENIE

If nothing can be destroyed, we exist inside fields of constant transformation.

GY

So? Transformed, you are effectively destroyed.

TEENIE

DNA profiling is bogus: You're not that smart. There's a difference between semantic reality and real reality.

GY

Do you still love me?

TEENIE

Oh yes.

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GY

Then I don't care.

*Gy and Teenie begin a kiss, there is sudden awkwardness, noise backstage. You can hear DJ ( muffled) saying –*

DJ

What? You're kidding? Ok.

*Then you can hear Santa saying –*

SANTA

What? No. I can't. This is so embarrassing. Ok.

*Santa comes onstage with a bucket and a scrub-brush and starts to wash the floors. She seems really crabby.*

### *I. Scene one ~ let there be light*

*MUSIC # Dance # 1: Times Square, the intersection of love and delight. Characters enter walking briskly in straight lines, crowded together to indicate the moving crush of people on the street. Professor Nimk speaks from his chair in the audience. DJ's voice is distorted and heard through speakers.*

DJ

*Once upon a time in times square takes place in an imaginary future among the towering buildings, surrounding -*

PROFESSOR NIMK

Times Square which, true to our comprehension of fractal reality, is both the name of an intersection of avenues, and the name of the City-State in which that intersection occurs.

*MUSIC # DJ puts on Song # 1 He has forgotten to turn off his mike and doesn't know he can be heard. He has put on music and -*

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DJ

Not everything that happens gets reported.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Times Square –

*Professor Nimk comes down onto the stage as the crowd on the street has become his audience, seating themselves with (and some of them deep among) the larger audience. Professor Nimk and DJ are speaking at the same time. Santa, having been pushed to the periphery by the crowds in Times Square, is scrubbing the floor on her hands and knees behind Professor Nimk onstage. Santa uses real water (if the stage is wet when she's finished, either Rachel as the Stage Hand or Santa as Cleaning Lady will dry it – for safety's sake).*

DJ

The news respects the system.

PROFESSOR NIMK

- is also -

DJ

Keep your eyes and hearts open.

*Rachel brings in whatever is needed to create a virtual office. Santa might help her, or get in the way, while she is scrubbing the floor. Rachel is frustrated. The characters are essentially speaking simultaneously.*

RACHEL

I can't remember where I put my monster!

PROFESSOR NIMK

- an interesting -

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Don't let us interpret - DJ

*Gy calls out from his seat in the audience.*

A mathematical GY

- the world - DJ

- zen - GY

- for you - DJ

- conundrum. GY

- through lenses distorted by our interests that may - DJ

(or may not) SANTA

- have anything to do with yours. DJ

The multiplication function, squared. Times Square. GY

If I were Superwoman I would lift this weight of sky. SANTA

*Wanda doesn't like school. She snuck out of the lecture and is walking around.*

Yes, but would you do it or only dream of doing it? WANDA

I don't know where I left it. RACHEL

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SANTA

I would do it. Really. I'm very creative.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Our world is highly organized.

*I. Scene two ~ the hollow men*

*Teenie and Gy are in the audience, in the shadows, whispering.*

GY

I have to survive.

TEENIE

Yes you do.

*Rachel and Murray at the kitchen table.  
Murray is reading the paper. Rachel is doing many things.*

RACHEL

Have you seen a monster around here, anywhere?

GY

I have to eat.

TEENIE

Yes.

MURRAY

Nope.

GY

I need my friends.

TEENIE

Of course.

GY

I can't leave here.

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RACHEL

If you see it, her, it, would you let me know?

MURRAY

Yup.

TEENIE

Fine.

GY

I live here.

TEENIE

Ok, I get it. You live to work. Your life has no intrinsic value.

MURRAY

Do I know what your monster looks like?

TEENIE

Your life is to be dedicated (like those old suicide bombers) to the greater glory of something that doesn't give a shit about you!

RACHEL

I don't know.

GY

Don't be silly! That's life.

SANTA

Slavery!

TEENIE

Not everybody's life!

MURRAY

So, what does your monster look like?

*Exeunt Rachel, in a rush of avoidance. Kit, Jason and Gy at their office overlooking the Square.*

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KIT  
I had an alligator in my bedroom.

GY  
Really?

KIT  
Really.

GY  
How did it get there?

KIT  
I put him there.

JASON  
Are you sure it's a he?

KIT  
No.

JASON  
Doesn't he get lonely? At home, all day, alone.

KIT  
He's resting.

*Dr. Shepherd is speaking to a convention of DNA Chemists. Unlike Professor Nimk, who is sanguine when he lectures, Dr. Shepherd is in constant motion. She is passing out questionnaires (see notes) and pencils to fill them out with.*

DR. SHEPHERD  
Please fill out these cards. Who needs a pencil? (*she ad libs til folks have what they need*) When you're done with them, just pass them down, ok? Great. As we all know, it's against the law for individuals to have children. Children are the responsibility of the City-State for whose services they are bred. We create the people who will give us the type of future we think we want.

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GY

Times Square can also be the times we're living in are square, base four, or the times we're living in are multiplying themselves, exponential fractal expansion.

DR. SHEPHERD

Procreation is at the discretion of the governors' counsel, represented by the DNA Bureau and managed by the Home Office.

*Wanda and CJ are examining the contents of a Time Collection. CJ is always delighted when he's got a box.*

CJ

*It's ten o'clock, do you know where your monsters are? The Picture of Dorian Gray.*

WANDA

What's that?

KIT

I'm allergic to bodyguards.

DR. SHEPHERD

DNA is taken and preserved, altered.

CJ

It's a boo-grr story about a person who's evil doesn't show on his face.

WANDA

And?

*Rachel remembers that she still hasn't found her monster.*

RACHEL

You-who! Monster! Where are you?

CJ

And - there's a painting of him. And when he does bad things -

WANDA

Yeah?

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Damn!

RACHEL

*Exeunt Rachel.*

Bodyguards?

JASON

*Feather is talking to someone in the audience, telling about a scene she had with her estranged lover.*

FEATHER

*When I love you, you stay loved, damn it!*

CJ

He goes to look at the painting because it shows his real face.

WANDA

I don't get it.

*Rachel enters and speaks to the audience.*

RACHEL

Has anyone seen my monster? No? Are you filling these out? I'll take them down for you.

*Rachel collects the papers and pencils and delivers them to Dr. Shepherd's lectern while the others continue speaking.*

FEATHER

That's not really what he said.

KIT

I'm really sensitive to testosterone.

CJ

He doesn't want other people to know who he is but he wants to know who he is.

FEATHER

What he really said was (*she takes a deep breath*).

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*CJ does scales (if it's possible, he does more than one of the musical scales - lydian, ionian, mixolydian, dorian, aeolian, phrygian, locrian). Dr. Shepherd ad libs thanks for the delivered papers.*

DR. SHEPHERD

Thank you. Now: People who wish to support progeny must first acquire the proper lawyers.

*Feather is still in the audience.*

FEATHER

*When I fuck you, you stay fucked, bitch!*

CJ

He feels hollow when he looks at his perfect, beautiful face in the mirror and even though what he sees in the painting is horrible, he still wants to see it because it's his true self.

DR. SHEPHERD

- who then negotiates with the central DNA bank for a child.

CJ

- he checks the mirror to see if what he's done shows on his face. But it doesn't! So he does more and more bad things. But that painting –

WANDA

Know thyself.

*Dr. Shepherd answers an unheard question.*

DR. SHEPHERD

Why go into such detail about such an every day occurrence? Because I believe that we too rarely look carefully, accurately, at our everyday activities, their quality, process, their layers of interweaving purposes. When we're designing people. We're not only concerned with great accomplishments; we are affecting the fabric of our existence which manifests as our everyday lives.

GY

What do you do with bodyguards?

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WANDA

Yeah.

KIT

No, I don't have bodyguards, I told you; I'm allergic to testosterone! My alligator is all the protection I want. Or need.

JASON

What happened to it? Do you think someone stole it?

GY

Or killed it?

DR. SHEPHERD

Obviously, this form of procreation means that people who are too poor for a lawyer - or who are otherwise unable to manipulate the rules and regulations -

SANTA

(the required fraternity handshakes)

DR. SHEPHERD

- cannot have a child. The governors approve -

SANTA

(or not)

DR. SHEPHERD

- the DNA choices of parents.

KIT

It disappeared.

### *I. Scene three ~ for mature audiences only*

DR. SHEPHERD

Am I correct in assuming that everyone here is familiar with the sex act? Could I see a show of hands? Thank you. Ejaculation? Everyone here has experienced an orgasm of some kind? An ejaculation? Could I please see a show of hands? Orgasm? Yes. Ejaculation? That's good. That's the norm. Thank you. Is there anyone here under the age of consent? [Do you have a supervising adult to attend this lecture with you?]\* Yes. I'm sorry you'll have to leave. *Or No?*] This lecture is for mature audiences only.

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SANTA

The rain falls, patterns on the walls.

DR. SHEPHERD

When a man reaches puberty, his sperm are captured and his balls treated.

*MUSIC # soft & jazzy Dance # Feather is  
alone, dancing with herself.*

FEATHER

What is hypocrisy for?

SANTA

The earth dances, warm, wet, knowing, cold, crystalline water on the verge of becoming stone.

FEATHER

It's all free.

DR. SHEPHERD

There are no side effects that we know of, but, as you know, we have become substantially less violent since the program's inception in 2010.

FEATHER

Did you make your eyes?

SANTA

Melt me now soft rain.

DR. SHEPHERD

Anyway... The long and short of it – we have control of people.

FEATHER

Did you create water?

SANTA

Melt me into a life of prescient, sentient joy.

DR. SHEPHERD

Women are more delicate than men, by definition, more receptive. But far more resilient: Not -

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SANTA

(as most people believe)

DR. SHEPHERD

- *in spite* of their delicacy and their receptivity. No: Women are more resilient *because* receptive and delicate are qualities of character *necessary* for resilience. We found it necessary to retain menarche in women because we need it.

*Santa makes a funny face to the audience.*

FEATHER

Did you make the trees that pour their seeds into their air with an attitude of reckless abandon?

*Santa pretends to be a tree pouring forth seeds. Santa's dances are reminiscent of Martha Graham's angular emo.*

DR. SHEPHERD

The menstruation cycle is far more than a mechanism to create healthy fetuses. So, even though women no longer need to experience gestation, labor and birth, psychologically we require continual cyclical rebalancing and menarche is an elegant and efficient methodology for accomplishing this.

FEATHER

I wear fine steel armor under my skin.

DR. SHEPHERD

Properly controlled and monitored –

FEATHER

A thin shield -

DR. SHEPHERD

- the menstrual cycle modifies human nature.

FEATHER

- against everyone and everything. The darkest day.

SANTA

The permanent, underlying, lucidity – *ah, sir, you force me to be too detached.*

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FEATHER

We get what we need. How about our lungs? Could you make a pair? Just for fun.

SANTA

This is the last warm day before winter descends.

DR. SHEPHERD

When it comes to male DNA, we have to be especially careful not to weaken the aggressive, masculinity of our ancestors.

FEATHER

Naked truth!

*Feather's dance is done. She starts to pick up her clothes.*

DR. SHEPHERD

There's no telling when you're going to need a soldier.

FEATHER

Slap some clothes on that bitch! We want our truth dressed up! In the Emperor's New Clothes.

DR. SHEPHERD

This was the problem in the 20<sup>th</sup> century -

FEATHER

She's cold, poor thing. You better cover her up.

DR. SHEPHERD

The feminization of men,

FEATHER

What's it like to be happy?

*Feather with an armful of clothes.*

DR. SHEPHERD

- due to an uncontrolled effluvium of estrogen into the biosphere, we had no soldiers worth a damn.

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FEATHER

What's it like to be happy? Does *Crash!* come after every joy or does *Crash!* come no matter what? Crash and burn.

DR. SHEPHERD

We will not make that mistake again.

SANTA

Santa has a nightmare.

FEATHER

Is *Crash!* inevitable? What is *Crash!*?

CJ

A hormonal disorder?

WANDA

A reality check?

SANTA

A punishment for joy? I like to give people presents.

FEATHER

I think it's a natural process. A necessary internal weather, like a rainy day but inside your soul, dark, stormy night.

*Maybe Santa tried to give Feather something to make her feel better. If so, Feather would have rejected any offer of help.*

SANTA

No one wants presents anymore.

*Kit has come to see Santa but neither one of them is too happy about it.*

KIT

Nature is so frustratingly difficult to control.

SANTA

The world doesn't revolve around your shopping!

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KIT

Oh yes it does! But that's not what I was talking about. You have such a one-track mind!

SANTA

If you don't pay money for it, it's not valuable to you.

KIT

Everyone that was made today was paid for, one way or the other. You, of all people, should know that there's nothing immoral about a clear assessment of value.

SANTA

And everyone is for sale.

KIT

(I don't know why I bother) Absolutely.

SANTA

Continuously?

KIT

I don't know what you're getting at. Do you?

SANTA

The pain of the people is stupefying.

KIT

Vacation is a state of mind. As I think, I am.

*Exeunt Kit. Santa never exits; she is always either onstage or in the audience.*

FEATHER

Why do people like to feel bad about their sexuality?

WANDA

Men love the feeling that, as they thrust, they break the social covenant. For one instant their bodies don't belong to any boss. They are free and in their bodies.

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FEATHER

For me it's not like that. For me, it's the opposite; I become less free. I become part of them and through them, more connected, to something so enormous, it holds us inside but releases us at the same time. Enmeshed. A mess of mesh.

CJ

For me, as they thrust, I feel the electric charge of human connection. For me, when they thrust, I feel alive and flying.

FEATHER

But they don't like to see me smile when they're fucking me. They keep asking me what I'm smiling about. Joanna makes a lot more money than I do, because she knows how to make them feel horrible. I think she does better than me because she's always angry and basically thinks sex is stupid. It's so frustrating! Because I like sex. They don't like to see me smile.

WANDA

It makes them nervous.

CJ

They worry that you're laughing at them.

FEATHER

If they want me to be in control and I don't take that control.. Poof! Fear demolishes desire vanishes and they go elsewhere... Maybe I'm in the wrong profession.

CJ

It has to be the right profession. DNA programming never makes a mistake.

WANDA

Tell me where a girl can go to enjoy synergistic non-predatory sexual contact?

*Teenie looks up from her book.*

TEENIE

Maybe synergy isn't available in professional relationships. Maybe synergy has to be... I don't know... free to create its own internal structures...

*Santa is suddenly, deeply, darkly miserable.*

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SANTA

They will hold you down, and slit you open; you will live long enough to see your child open her eyes, then you will die. Your heart will break.

SANTA & DR. SHEPHERD

Does this sound ok to you?

SANTA

You live it every day.

DR. SHEPHERD

No one is allowed to raise a child in a home.

SANTA & DR. SHEPHERD

Homes are hotbeds of neuroses, barely concealed emotional violence and sexual perversity.

DR. SHEPHERD

We do not believe in creating -

SANTA

(or tolerating)

DR. SHEPHERD

- handicaps.

SANTA

And then you die. Because your heart breaks. (*Santa pantomimes growing new hearts and new babies to illustrate her points*) So you grow a new one.

DR. SHEPHERD

We don't permit handicaps.

*Santa continues pantomiming.*

SANTA

You have to be an expert in growing new hearts

DR. SHEPHERD

We understand that no set of parents, no matter how usefully constructed and carefully instructed, has the skill necessary to raise new governors.

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

Because you want to live. Because you have to survive. You have to regrow your heart. A lot. Otherwise the child won't come out right.

*Santa stops her panto, sits, dejected.*

JASON

Do you enjoy having an alligator?

SANTA

The beautiful child belongs to the highest bidder.

WANDA

As befits the importance of their social function.

SANTA

No mother there to protect her, she's given the world to face alone.

GY

Are alligators good company?

KIT

No, not good company but I like to feel secure.

GY

An alligator isn't very fast.

KIT

But it has a lot of teeth.

*I. Scene four ~ where have all the monsters gone?*

*Teenie puts away her book, goes to hang out with Santa.*

TEENIE

We meet when no one's looking.

*Murray and Rachel at the breakfast table.*

MURRAY

Do I have a monster too?

Once upon a time in times square

RACHEL

What a silly question, Murray.

KIT

Body guards make me feel inferior.

SANTA

Hide your joy - they don't want you to be too happy.

*Kit is walking.*

MURRAY

Humor me.

RACHEL

I always humor you, Murray. It's the only way I can handle you.

KIT

Do you think my tits are too small?

MURRAY

I appreciate that, Rachel. I really do.

*Exeunt Murray.*

KIT

I know I have narrow shoulders.

RACHEL

You're welcome, Murray.

SANTA

They can't annihilate joy.

*Enter Professor Nimk.*

KIT

I hate my body odor, slightly sweet - not remotely robust.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Well, enough of this!

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

It fractals smaller and smaller and smaller.

*Gy hears this and is intrigued. CJ with Disney media.*

CJ

*The Sorcerer's Apprentice!*

PROFESSOR NIMK

Let's take a break –

KIT

Oh, I'm just unbearable to be around.

*Exeunt Kit.*

PROFESSOR NIMK

- for tea.

*Gy is curious to speak to this unlikely mathematician.*

GY

*It fractals smaller and smaller and smaller...*

SANTA

Until it's so humble, it's in every seed, every breath, every thought, every action.

PROFESSOR NIMK

I have several new varieties –

SANTA

The pressure of water.

PROFESSOR NIMK

- I think you will find –

SANTA

The pressure of earth.

Once upon a time in times square

PROFESSOR NIMK  
- particularly tantalizing.

SANTA  
The pressure of air.

PROFESSOR NIMK  
The one from Ceylon -

SANTA  
The pressure of fire.

PROFESSOR NIMK  
- has a lovely hint of aphrodisiac -

SANTA  
Metal. Wood. Air. Fire. Water.

PROFESSOR NIMK  
- and a soupcon of carnality.

SANTA  
Mutilations. Maimings. Thieving. Lying. Deceiving.

PROFESSOR NIMK  
We have reserved rooms for everyone at the Sybarite Club later tonight.

SANTA  
We transform gradually.

PROFESSOR NIMK  
It's the pagan Christmas coming up and I love that green beer, don't you?

SANTA  
Perpetually.

*Exeunt Professor Nimk*

FEATHER  
If you obstruct us too much, eventually we burst out.

Once upon a time in times square

CJ

The kama sutra is about stealing energy from unsuspecting bedfellows during the sex act.

WANDA

Really?

CJ

That's why they want younger partners, because they not only have fresh, new lovely energy to steal but also –

WANDA

They're too stupid to protect themselves.

FEATHER

I never knew that.

CJ

You only look at the pictures. You gotta read the articles!

FEATHER

I love the jokes.

CJ

That's Playboy!

FEATHER

Sorry.

RACHEL

I can't find my monster.

MURRAY

We can talk about your monster. No problem.

SANTA

What illusion are *you* stuck in?

WANDA

The image of a destroyed woman -

SANTA

(or about to be destroyed)

Once upon a time in times square

WANDA

- is pleasing, titillating.

SANTA

To *them*.

MURRAY

Did you check – wherever you usually find it?

RACHEL

Well, that's a stupid question, Murray, of course I did; otherwise, how would I know that he was missing? (*beat*) That she was –

*Murray interrupts her before she can get going.*

MURRAY

Do monsters have gender?

RACHEL

I don't know.

SANTA

Making money isn't like making cheese.

MURRAY

Can it live without you?

SANTA

I like making babies better.

RACHEL

I don't know. What do you think? I'm an expert on monsters? Hardly. I feel like this is boring a hole in my brain and I'm getting very overheated.

MURRAY

I know what you mean.

SANTA

Peas! (*beat*) And cheese!

Once upon a time in times square

KIT

Once or twice, we laughed.

KIT & SANTA

No man will ever love me.

SANTA

What if everything's perfect? Unfolding. (*she illustrates with a nano modern dance both unfolding and enfolding*) Enfolding.

KIT & SANTA

I'm so tired of stupid people, I could scream.

MURRAY

Do I have a monster?

RACHEL

Of course you do.

MURRAY

Have you seen my monster recently?

RACHEL

We saw him yesterday.

MURRAY

We did?

RACHEL

We see him every day.

MURRAY

We do?

### *I. Scene five ~ insideoutsideupsidedown*

*MUSIC # Feather, CJ and Teenie are getting ready for a shift at the Sybarite Club. Wanda enters briskly, businesslike, she looks at everyone critically and they look back at her, everyone says hello. Wanda takes off her outer clothes to reveal a very sexy outfit underneath.*

Once upon a time in times square

*She's been out all night and is just getting home.*

TEENIE  
How did it go?

WANDA  
It went.

SANTA  
I see what they do to each other.

RACHEL  
Murray?

MURRAY  
Yes?

SANTA  
You have to sacrifice something.

RACHEL  
I need my monster.

SANTA  
Can I ask all the women in the audience to please stand up?

MURRAY  
Sorry. What do you want me to do?

SANTA  
That's good. Now, women, wave at everyone. Isn't that nice? Now sit back down. All the men in the audience, your turn! Please stand up. Now, fellows, yell out, "Hello!" Oh go ahead. (*she ad libs as necessary to get them to do it*) That was great!!! Thank you so much! Ok, then. I thought it might make the time go faster for you if you felt more involved. Don't you think that would be nice? I thought we could play a little game. It can get so tedious just sitting there. You're probably all familiar with the game, *men vs. women*, it's thousands of years old. Our version is called apples and oranges. We'll flip a coin to decide whether the men or the women are to collect the apples or the oranges. Then you try to get as many peaces of that fruit as you can. We have to get back to the story. Schedules! (*Santa goes back to cleaning*) I want to thank you all for participating. And now I empty the garbage.

Once upon a time in times square

*Feather whispers in Santa's ear.*

SANTA

Sure, go ahead. But you better hurry. We're not supposed to talk to them. We're supposed to pretend they're not here.

FEATHER

I'm sorry to bother you but we need some audience volunteers for our next dance. You only sit in the chairs, we do all the work, so what else is new? No one will touch you or hurt you.

SANTA

Hurry!

*Feather gets her volunteers and they sit in the chairs while the prostitutes get in place and...*

DJ

Whimsical embrace.

SANTA

Virulent disgrace.

*Gy is walking, thinking to himself.*

DJ

Abhorrent delight.

*MUSIC # starts and stops for Dance # A dance where the actors stop in front of different partners, like musical chairs, while -*

GY

I'm lost.

FEATHER

Are you ok?

WANDA

I'm fine.

Once upon a time in times square

GY  
There is no such thing as empty space

CJ  
Did he hurt you?

GY  
I am invisible to myself.

WANDA  
Nothing I can't handle.

FEATHER  
Nothing that shows.

GY  
Surrounded by neighbors.

WANDA  
Why does he hate me?

GY  
Permeable.

*It's as if Teenie is speaking to Wanda and Gy  
at the same time, even though Gy isn't nearby.*

TEENIE  
I don't think hate has reasons.

*Exeunt Gy.*

WANDA  
He's deaf to me. He can't hear me. He doesn't acknowledge my existence and  
then I can't hear myself.

SANTA  
Frozen ice crystals in my mind.

WANDA  
I can feel me.

Once upon a time in times square

Flash!  
SANTA

But my heart feels far away.  
WANDA

Lightning melts crystals.  
SANTA

How does he get me to blame myself?  
WANDA

Flash!  
SANTA

He's going to kill me. Why not?  
WANDA

Back to the water of life, flow!  
SANTA

Who's going to stop him?  
WANDA

*Gy, Jason and Kit at the office.*

JASON  
Numbers. Numbers are my life. I analyze numbers, statistics, graphs, trends, charts. All my conversations start with *numerical* values and end with *numerical* predictions. I'm sick of helping other people become millionaires.

SANTA  
There is so much grief. Empty the garbage.

GY  
I want to think I am benefitting other people, not just myself. Human beings. I think we are meant to become better people.

JASON  
Why are you working here then? You should be working for the DNA Design Bureau or something.

Once upon a time in times square

GY

Yeah. I've wondered about that too. Do you think they misassessed me?

JASON

I don't care.

GY

Bigger numbers aren't better than smaller numbers.

JASON

I want to be rich. I don't care about anything else. Really. They must have left empathy out of my DNA chains.

FEATHER

I am not equipped to make you happy.

GY

Humbly, I offer monotheism –

FEATHER

I was made to make you cum.

GY

- and monogamy as proof of the superiority of lesser numbers.

JASON

STOP!

*The prostitutes stop moving and help the volunteers back to their seats. They each get an apple or an orange (their choice but they're guessing what to take because they still don't know which fruit to collect in order to win) for their participation.*

JASON

You're insane. I can't talk to you.

KIT

It upsets him when you mix categories in your metaphors.

JASON

Him is right here and invoking the categorical imperative.

Once upon a time in times square

GY

You are invoking a categorical imperative on me?

JASON

Yes. I am. Stay in the groove. Stop trying to make everything more complicated than it already is.

CJ

He has to feel in control - of everyone.

KIT

Numbers are inherently perfect. They are never ambiguous.

TEENIE

You're way out of his league.

KIT

They never lie.

CJ

You said that backwards.

SANTA

I'm lost.

TEENIE

I did?

KIT

You cannot be betrayed by a number.

WANDA

It makes sense either way.

GY

Some people believe that people are inherently good.

KIT

Not the people I know.

JASON

Me either.

Once upon a time in times square

KIT  
Numbers are so much better than people.

JASON  
More reliable.

KIT  
More durable.

JASON  
More enduring.

CJ  
Yeah.

KIT  
Of course people manipulate numbers.

TEENIE  
It does?

KIT  
Of course numbers can't lie: People make numbers lie for them.

FEATHER  
It's the love/hate thing.

KIT  
Now, please.

FEATHER  
He loves you –

KIT  
Make it happen.

FEATHER  
but he hates you because he doesn't like to feel –

KIT  
No more philosophy!

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER & CJ & WANDA

Out of control!

KIT

Be what you were born to be: income-producing geniuses. Get to work. Now!  
Both of you! Go. Go. Go. Go. Go.

*Exeunt Kit.*

### *I. Scene six ~ the cocktail party*

*MUSIC # Dance # What Should I wear?  
Getting ready for the cocktail party.*

DJ

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest one of all? Mirror, mirror in my hand, who's the strongest in the land? Mirror, mirror in my heart, what should I do when my lover farts? Mirror, mirror in my brain, why didn't Vronksy throw himself under the train?

*Dance # The cocktail party. People posing, vogueing, drinking very large colorful drinks (perhaps oversized 2D cutouts). Whatever the medium for the drinks, one side of them is a mirror. The guests spend a lot of time looking in the mirror.*

WANDA

Lotsa luck asshole.

FEATHER

It's not easy being this sexy.

JASON

A meaningful sensual life.

MURRAY

You don't believe me?

WANDA

I'm not taking any more clients.

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER

It really isn't.

RACHEL

A passionate sex life.

MURRAY

I assure you, statistics prove that people are all the same: greedy, vile, petty monstrosities who have to be carefully controlled. Trust me.

FEATHER

People come to sex the way they go to church. Seeking absolution.

CJ

God help me for my negativity. You broke the heart of my soul with the Midas touch of your greed. We are betrayed enough times that we decide to destroy our oppressors' fantasies, pull a Don Quixote. Hold up a mirror and watch as their fantasies are destroyed, by the truth of the reflection. Released from the sanctity of their false selves. Maybe I'm looking for someone to exploit and pissed off because no one wants to let me use them. The many faces of evil... Lie to me, enter the lie with me. Life's all about theft and greed and lies. When in Rome, do as the Romans do! *I love you, we can enter a world of love together.... I will protect you. I can make you safe. I have the right answer, the way you need to do everything. I can show you. I can make you correct. I can end your pain. I can end your grief. I can stop the rain.* No more hassle. No more confusion. Disagreement dissolves into order. Calm reigns supreme. *A love supreme.* Purity, perfection, always the best. One reality, one peace, clarity, release.

KIT

A hot time on the cold town tonight!

FEATHER

They want me to wash their sins away with what they secretly believe to be an even greater sin.

WANDA

A fucking tidal wave sin.

MURRAY

You can't leave Pandora's Box wide open!

WANDA

Propaganda.

Once upon a time in times square

It never works.	FEATHER
Au contraire.	RACHEL
Revolution-inducing ideas flying around, like bats or bugs! We don't want chaos.	MURRAY
Conspicuous signs of life.	CJ
But they never stop.	FEATHER
No! Unacceptable.	MURRAY
Just like church.	FEATHER & WANDA
We raise them.	WANDA
Out of an unimaginably dreary existence.	CJ
Dust then with a pinch of divine madness.	FEATHER
Then release them to plunge -	WANDA
- back to the circle of hell -	FEATHER
- where they came from in the first place.	CJ
Even if love is just a rumor.	TEENIE

Once upon a time in times square

GY

*This can be no evil spirit. It is undoubtedly one of the family.*

TEENIE

It's such a nice one.

RACHEL

Fear is extended shock. A habit of awareness. A vicious groove. Sharply bumpy.

FEATHER

Wet!

MURRAY

In your mind, money stands for freedom. What is a fallacy. Take it from me. it's my business. Money is ball and chain, baby, ball and chain.

JASON

I am longing for the erotics of a rational illicit discourse.

SANTA

You are banished from my kingdom of flowers! Profligate son of fire!

MURRAY

The society doesn't care about you. It's an engine, a machine in which you are a small and -

SANTA

- hopefully -

MURRAY

- moving part.

TEENIE

Exercise your creative power.

JASON

I have a nodding relationship with reality, yes.

KIT

I have military DNA! I know how to organize.

Once upon a time in times square

CJ

Which way did he go? This way? That way?

RACHEL

Scrambled apples!

GY

If you can't learn on your own, you're dependent on what they tell you.

RACHEL

*If there's dying to be done, just don't let me die of mistaken identity.*

SANTA

They beat me and left me for dead so many times. I can take a beating. You better believe it buster.

KIT

I have no more answers for you. Only questions.

*Teenie sings the whole song.*

<p>TEENIE</p> <p><i>Row, row, row your boat gently down the stream...</i></p>	<p>CJ</p> <p><i>The kingtimes are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist' but the people will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it.</i></p>
---	---

RACHEL

*Man's love is of his life a thing apart, tis a woman's whole existence.*

JASON

*Difficile est proprie communa dicere.* It is difficult to speak of ordinary things.

WANDA

*Coitum plenum et obtabilem.* Fucking plenty of it and of the highest quality.

*Wanda exits.*

FEATHER

If I were truly beautiful, beautiful things would happen to me.

Once upon a time in times square

TEENIE

I want to have a baby.

FEATHER

Sex professionals are discouraged from applying. What do you want a baby for, anyway? *(pause)* There's no way. Everybody in Times Square is a geneticon.

TEENIE

I'm –

FEATHER

Shhh! I don't want to know!

*Feather is talking to Teenie and Kit at the same time.*

TEENIE

**PLACEHOLDER: STORY OF TEENIE'S COMING TO TIMES SQUARE**

KIT

I hate the smell of people's sweat.

FEATHER

I love those odd perfumes that people's bodies exude.

KIT

Don't smell me.

FEATHER

Why not?

KIT

That doesn't gross you out?

FEATHER

Not at all.

KIT

I don't want to smell you.

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER

That's ok. (*beat*) But you should try it sometime. Did you know that exstasy has a fruity smell? (*to Teenie*) Raising children would take up your whole life, darling, your *whole* life.

TEENIE

It takes a village to raise a child.

FEATHER

I don't see any villages around here. Do you?

*Shakta enters without a mirror and gently encourages people to relate to one another (it doesn't work).*

SHAKTA

Yes, we were made from clay. Yes, but that doesn't mean what you think it means. It does *not* mean that we come from nothing, that we are mud, dirt on the bottom of someone's shoes, to be scraped off before they come inside and gather around the fire. No! Once upon a time everything was clay: houses were made of clay, bowls, jewels, books, everything was clay; we are made of clay. We are made from the earth, just like everything else on earth, we are made from earth.

*Exeunt Shakta.*

FEATHER

Why?

TEENIE

I need to be creative. I need to make something.

FEATHER

Knit a sweater!

*Murray and Wanda enter together. Gy and Teenie have figured out how to use their mirrors to shine light on other things.*

MURRAY

You're the child who sees an ice cream; and, devouring it, has a head and stomach ace; then blames the ice cream for dissolving too quickly in your mouth.

Once upon a time in times square

WANDA

No, it's not personal; it's political. We're not free. You're not free. I'm not. None of us is free. How can you expect freedom in relationships between individuals who are slaves? They keep telling us, this time, this society, this government, this leader, this religion, this faith, this sex act, will set you free. But are you? Free? No way. I'm not free, honey. None of us is free. We don't even know the meaning of the word.

*The cocktail party is over. Feather and Gy are both speaking with Teenie.*

GY

I will sing you to sleep at night, curl up in your heart, like a contented puppy, curl like smoke in the air around you.

*Dance # Teenie and Gy shine light onto each other; explore each other with light.*

FEATHER

What happens during a sex act? To the people? Do they just bounce up and down for awhile until they vomit energy in a spasm called an orgasm? No! there is a spiritual transfer of energy. Love. We feed each other in the most basic way possible.

CJ

You have to let them hurt you so they won't kill you.

TEENIE

I want your eyes to see mine.

GY

I want your hands to touch mine.

TEENIE

I want your heart to curl up to mine, like a contented puppy, curl like smoke in the air around me.

GY

I want your name to come screaming out of my mouth when I reach exstasy inside you.

Once upon a time in times square

TEENIE

I will be your permanent, permissible treasure of love.

SHAKTA

On my knees? No. I don't think so. No one puts me on my knees. I don't pray on my knees. I pray with clouds between my knees. I straddle rainbows, filling myself with color. I pray in exstasy and release myself to the universe, a little token of my appreciation. (*Cheshire grin*)

RACHEL

*Is that our plane?*

MURRAY

*No, no.. if that were our plane, it would be crashing.*

GY

I don't know what love is exactly.

*I. Epilogue ~ why didn't we start with Act One?*

JASON

Why didn't we start with act one?

GY

Someone forgot the black light.

JASON

You think it would matter what order we do it in.

GY

It's a hologram.

JASON

Fucking postmodern shit. Bring back the Aristotelian unities puleeeze.

DJ

Ladies and Gentlemen! Due to unforeseen circumstances, after a brief intermission, we will present to you - Act One!

*House lights come up as DJ ad libs about what's on offer in the lobby or where smoking*

Once upon a time in times square

*is allowed or where the toilets can be found.  
Or information about the games.*

Note

*\*Do you have a supervising adult to attend this lecture with you?*

This question must be asked in all seriousness. The play is not for minors. If there is a minor in the house, the house manager must come to deal with it, before the sex play becomes too sophisticated.

## **Act two ~ ACT ONE spectacularly idiotic**

*Graffiti for the act: Explain yourself wildly, not carefully! Don't wake up too fast, you might hurt yourself! Give me chocolate or give me death! Live the freakiest truth!*

*Colors are bright and shiny, sparkling.  
Vaudeville, sophisticated circus atmosphere.  
Style: commercial mainstream media  
entertainment: Shazzam!*

## **II. Prologue ~ the intersection of love and delight**

DJ

Once upon a time in times square! Act One - Spectacularly idiotic - Times Square in the year 2212!

*MUSIC # Dance #1 Times Square the  
Intersection of Love and Delight: The  
characters repeat the Dance # from Act 1:  
crowds of people in a fast-moving crush,  
straight lines meet and cross at the  
intersection. Santa watches over the Square.*

SANTA

I have witnessed the victory of the spectacularly idiotic.

## **II. Scene one ~ we few, we happy few**

Once upon a time in times square

*The characters (except Santa) rush to sit in the audience to be intently listening students (end Dance # 1) of Professor Nimk who is addressing them from the stage.*

PROFESSOR NIMK

Right! Don't we just love our culture?! Today, the first example from my new book, *poetry under fire* comes from Shakespeare's Henry V. This is a glorious -

SANTA

(poetic)

PROFESSOR NIMK

representation of a wildly successful kingly exhortation to faith in battle. If there is perfection, perhaps you will find it here. (*Professor Nimk takes a drink, or consults his notes or...*) You will hear mentioned St. Crispin, who, of course, we no longer remember. Models of persistence in faith in adversity are meaningless now that we can buy every indulgence.

SANTA

Crispin's saint's day is celebrated on October 25<sup>th</sup>. He's a Scorpio! A Roman noble, he preached in the streets by day, and made shoes at night. He was tortured and beheaded. He is the patron saint of cobblers and lace makers, leather workers, shoemakers, tanners and weavers.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Ready! Let's do it!

*CJ and Teenie enter the stage area to illustrate Shakespeare to the students. The prostitutes are (as artists' models once were), used for educational purposes, as subjects of observation for the re-creation of art. CJ, dressed a bit campily, as Westmoreland, speaks earnestly, preparing for battle.*

CJ

O that we now had here but one ten thousand of those men in England that do no work to-day!

*Teenie is dressed as Henry V, in kingly war regalia much too big for her. And yet as she speaks with heartfelt enthusiasm, we soon*

Once upon a time in times square

*forget the humor of her outfit. When the speech is done, however, perhaps the comedy of the unusual gear will come into play again.*

TEENIE

What's he that wishes so? My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin; if we are mark'd to die, we are enow to do our country loss; and if to live, the fewer men, the greater share of honour. God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more. By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; it yearns me not if men my garments wear; such outward things dwell not in my desires. But if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive. No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England. God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour as one man more methinks would share from me for the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more! Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host, that he which hath no stomach to this fight, let him depart; his passport shall be made, and crowns for convoy put into his purse; we would not die in that man's company that fears his fellowship to die with us.

*During the following sequence, Professor Nimk is so moved by Teenie's performance that he can't resist speaking his favorite lines (as if in prayer or joining in song). Teenie should not pause or wait or even notice him.*

TEENIE & PROFESSOR NIMK

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.

TEENIE

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home, will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd, and rouse him at the name of Crispian. He that shall live this day, and see old age, will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours, and say

TEENIE & PROFESSOR NIMK

*To-morrow is Saint Crispian.*

TEENIE

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars, and say

TEENIE & PROFESSOR NIMK

*These wounds I had on Crispian's day.*

Once upon a time in times square

TEENIE

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, but he'll remember, with advantages,  
what feats he did that day. Then shall our names, familiar in his mouth as  
household words -

TEENIE & PROFESSOR NIMK

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and  
Gloucester -

*Jason and Gy alternate calling out (echoing)  
the names, as if cheering the speakers and the  
persons referenced.*

TEENIE

Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'ed. This story shall the good man teach  
his son; and Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by, from this day to the ending of the  
world, but we in it shall be remembered - we few, we happy few,

TEENIE & PROFESSOR NIMK

We band of brothers.

TEENIE

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother; be he ne'er so  
vile, this day shall gentle his condition; and gentlemen in England now-a-bed  
shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here, and hold their manhoods  
cheap whiles any speaks that fought with us upon

TEENIE & PROFESSOR NIMK

Saint Crispin's day.

*Professor Nimk leaps up to applaud and hug  
Teenie, claps her on the back, almost knocking  
her over with his enthusiasm.*

PROFESSOR NIMK

That was good for me! Was it good for you too?

SANTA

I don't want to do this anymore. I'm tired of being me. I want to reverse ---  
everything. Or become the sea. I don't want to carry this burden. I don't want to  
care. I want to swim (*she mimes swimming*) until my arms are exhausted. I want  
to drown (*she mimes drowning*) in air.

Once upon a time in times square

## *II. Scene two ~ the battle of the genitals.*

*Enter Monsieur Poussy (Snake) and Mademoiselle Prique (Feather). They stalk each other, like wild male animals, checking each other out, before the battle for alpha dominance begins (no music for this dance). Teenie enters onto the roof, bringing Santa a basket of finger food.*

TEENIE

Hi, Santa. *(she gives her food)*

SANTA

Hello, Teenie. *(pause while Santa sits dejected, she does not reach for the food).*

*Dance # 2: Monsieur de Poussy & Mademoiselle Prique dance The Battle of The Genitals. Mademoiselle is dressed as a man and carries an enormous phallus. Mademoiselle is annoyed because the phallus is difficult to move around (she bumps into things by accident as well as on purpose). Monsieur de Poussy is dressed as a woman with a special effect: when he raises his arms, the sleeves open out and his outfit suddenly appears to be an enormous vagina. During The Battle of the Genitals, Monsieur and Mademoiselle batter each other with their enormous genitalia, as if they were engaged in a legitimate form of stage fighting with much vigor and grace.*

MADemoiselle PRIQUE

You were born to lose.

MONSIEUR DE POUSSY

No you!

MADemoiselle PRIQUE

Not me! You!

Once upon a time in times square

MONSIEUR DE POUSSY  
You first!

MADEMOISELLE PRIQUE  
You, second! Me first!

MONSIEUR DE POUSSY  
No, me!

*Dr. Shepherd's cue is Santa's line "Hello, Teenie." Her speech overlaps Mademoiselle's from their first lines. The idea is that the dance is going on while Dr. Shepherd's lectures.*

DR. SHEPHERD  
Gestation is the distance in space/time between the moment of fecundation and the birth -

SANTA  
(or actualization)

DR. SHEPHERD  
- of a new life, a new object, a product, a new existence. The enslavement of a people happens first on an emotional plane. You have to accept your condition.

SANTA  
(acceptance is an emotion.)

DR. SHEPHERD  
So, liberation will inevitably follow a *decrease in the level of immersion* in the fallacy of inferiority. Religion taught us how to control people without the use of external force.

GY  
As long as you get them when they're young enough

SANTA  
(or vulnerable enough)

DR. SHEPHERD  
You can make them feel any way you want! And then (no matter how clever or complete the rational arguments or proofs) people will choose and make

Once upon a time in times square

decisions according to their emotional knowledge, based on their experiences which we have learned how to control.

TEENIE

Santa, you have to eat. You're wasting away.

SANTA

No one needs me.

TEENIE

I need you.

DR. SHEPHERD

Let's take anger as an example: Anger is a temporary freedom from the restriction of obedience, a momentary escape from duty. We need anger.

JASON

A temporary reprieve from the repressive cotton wool shoved in our mouths by the elites who benefit from our silence.

DR. SHEPHERD

People want to avoid emotional discomfort. But we keep anger as well as other *negative* emotions because they are not *objects*, they are thermostats. Emotions are not digital. They are transistors. They modulate. They resist. They flow and they seek balance.

SANTA

That's nice dear; but what good is one Teenie person compared to the millions who used to write, asking for presents; promising to be good; sharing their hopes, their dreams (*she sighs*) People were so happy to see me. What has become of me? I hate this time of year. I suppose it couldn't hurt, helping just one person.

*Santa, liking the idea of being useful to someone, begins to eat*

DR. SHEPHERD

The metaphor I like to use in reference to manipulation is changing the white balance on a twentieth century camera. You could set red, white, green, or blue as white and the camera would automatically adjust the other colors. Then, when someone looks through the camera, they saw quite a new view of reality.

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

(which will be recorded for your protection)

GY

Everything is in right relationship to everything else.

JASON

Right. Left. The whole thing is based on fallacies based on wrong thinking rooted in a bed of lies so deep you will never be able to see through to the bottom.

GY

All you have to do is change one thing. The butterfly wing.

JASON

And the world adjusts? Dream on, Sherlock.

*Dance # 2 The Battle of the Genitals is over.  
Snake and Feather are walking around the  
theatre aisles as if in the street.*

FEATHER

*So, then I told him, Good things take time and now you're impatient because you feel the energy in your thoughts flowing around the base of your penis swelling, your balls tingling and itching and you want to stand and run or kick; but the immense longing in your gut is a black hole pulling you down into complete inertia; and if only a woman were there to grasp your penis with her hands.*

SNAKE

Or in her mouth.

FEATHER

*You would rise and run and kick free of the restrictions imposed on you all day long by a tepid yet thoroughly efficient tyranny. He fell asleep.*

SNAKE

No.

FEATHER

He doesn't listen to me.

Once upon a time in times square

SNAKE

I know what you mean.

TEENIE

I need a favor.

SANTA

Oh. *(her mouth full of food, overjoyed)* A favor. You need a favor! I guess you're just another greedy getling. Good for you!

*Rachel and Kit are having lunch. The table and chairs were brought in by Rachel. The table was set by Rachel. Kit only has to act her part, Rachel has to also play the role of stage hand. Exhausted, she sits.*

RACHEL

I'm not a missionary, I haven't got the zeal.

KIT

Do unto others.

RACHEL

There is no justice.

KIT

That's not true. Justice is just balance. And balance isn't a fixed number, it's a quality of the aggregate of forces acting on a situation at any given moment; each individual interaction is, by necessity, out of balance.

RACHEL

Right. Whatever. You were always the smart one.

KIT

What's up?

RACHEL

I want to give up but I don't know how.

KIT

Every problem feels insurmountable.

Once upon a time in times square

RACHEL

I want to let go but I don't know how.

KIT

What does your DNA profile indicate? Perhaps sex isn't what you're made for.

RACHEL

Don't be stupid. I don't need to be made for love to be able to experience love.

KIT

What does love have to do with sex?

RACHEL

Never mind. I want to tell you how I've been feeling lately.

KIT

Ok. Go ahead.

RACHEL

Every conversation, a terror waiting for the horror to resume. I'm like a victim of the holocaust, who can't forget and so can't create anything new. I can't stop seeing my humiliations, replaying them in my mind, over and over, I feel myself wounded. Again and again, I feel myself drowning, suffocating. Pyromaniac dreams cathart my rage. I burn everything. I take a long nap and light the world on fire.

KIT

Right. Well. It was nice to see you, sweetie. I'm sure you'll feel better soon. Kiss, kiss.

*Kit gives Rachel a friendly hug and exits.  
Rachel quickly strikes the coffee shop props  
while Snake, behaving as if he'd been asked to  
show his teeth to a client, opens his mouth  
wide in a Cheshire grin.*

SNAKE

*Show me your teeth.*

SANTA

The tree of life is something really extraordinary.

Once upon a time in times square

GY

Look at it this way, we're collaborating on the future.

JASON

We're not cooperating. You drive me nuts sometimes, you know that? We're competing to see who will control the future. How can you not get that?

GY

No one can control the future.

JASON

That's why it's so appealing.

GY

But it doesn't make sense.

JASON

It doesn't have to make sense, it's history. Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there were Creons and Pharoahs and Ceasars and Goliaths.

GY

And the little people?

SANTA

Connecting earth and sky.

GY

What about us?

*Dance #3: Feather is doing a striptease for clients. Murray, Jason and Gy are at the office.*

MURRAY

No women in the military. Wars fought by women? There wouldn't be a single human being left on this planet. We are flawed, failed, unique, every one of us. But women are worse. Much worse. Better made than they used to be. But still.

FEATHER

I'm tired of being ashamed.

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

You are a fountain, a cornucopia of universal good will. Suddenly, the sacred *now* is a pestilent river (infested with piranha with tapeworms). People are cannibals.

DR. SHEPHERD

Higher levels of organization cannot be proven rhetorically: the validity of a theory is not a rational argument, but a creative exploration.

JASON

The greed of tyranny is insatiable.

GY

We create our world.

JASON

Where do you get this nonsense? The world creates you then you *re*-create your world because that's all you know how to do. It takes balls to move out of the groove.

GY

And timing.

JASON

Luck.

*Santa finishes the food Teenie brought her.*

TEENIE

There's a rumor.

SANTA

Go on.

TEENIE

There's a rumor that someone stole the diamonds.

FEATHER

May I propose an idea to you? Truth is unique to individuals.

SANTA

What diamonds?

Once upon a time in times square

TEENIE

*The diamonds.*

SANTA

Which diamonds are you referring to, my dear? They're all evil, causing ruin to the miners who work so hard to bring them into the light.

TEENIE

Do you know what I'm talking about?

SANTA

Of course.

TEENIE

Did someone steal the diamonds?

SANTA

Yes.

TEENIE

How do you know for sure?

SANTA

Do you think guards never kibitz with prisoners?

TEENIE

I don't know, I've never been incarcerated.

SANTA

Oh yes you are. You haven't found the edges of your cage yet, that's all.

*Feather, done with her striptease, must quickly get changed for her therapist appointment.*

TEENIE

We've been all through that, Santa. We're all prisoners of our consciousness, I know. Did you see anything?

SANTA

Me? From here? No, why would -

TEENIE

You never sleep. You're everywhere. Who stole the diamonds?

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

I did.

## *II. Scene three ~ me and dr. jones*

*Feather at Dr. Jones' office.*

DR. JONES

We can live any way we want, we can change ourselves to be any way we want. I can be thin. You can be tall. What do you want to be? How do you want to feel? Intelligent?

FEATHER

What if what I want to be is me? What if I want to be free?

DR. JONES

But why go through all of that? What a waste of time. You can't be sure of the outcome. It makes no sense at all.

FEATHER

What if I'm curious about myself?

DR. JONES

Don't be narcissistic. We already know exactly who you are. I have your DNA profile right here. We know everything about you, Feather. Curiosity killed the cat. We know your purpose and your personality. We know those things because they were determined before you were allowed to gestate.

FEATHER

We can become what we want to be.

DR. JONES

No, you can only be what your DNA will allow you to be.

FEATHER

No one knows those limits.

*Gy takes a huge breath, to smell the air, then, with a huge Cheshire grin – he says...*

Once upon a time in times square

GY

Enjoy the stench! As it rots what's left of our souls.

JASON

Forget the soul, The stench rots self-determination and puts fate in the hands of fucking advertisers. *(beat)* Someone knows something.

GY

Someone always knows something. But it's not always the something you want to know. *(beat)* Do you have any peaches? I'm really in the mood for peaches.

JASON

It's not the season for peaches.

GY

Does that matter? Are there seasons for peaches?

JASON

Yeah.

GY

Really?

JASON

You want an apple? I have some apples. I can give you a good deal on apples.

*Dr. Jones tries another approach.*

DR. JONES

If all your moments are about becoming, you will miss all your being moments. When you concentrate on being in the moment, we can control that for you. You can have any life experience you want.

FEATHER

Except an organic, spontaneous one. I want to go with the flow.

DR. JONES

But you came here for help. You're unhappy with the flow, right? Now you want certainty. And I can give you that.

*Feather calms down and settles in.*

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER

Dr. Jones, do you think we have higher natures?

*Dr. Jones starts setting up the equipment for Feather's treatment. He is trying to keep his voice calm, almost hypnotizing but his libido gets the better of him now and then.*

DR. JONES

We control potential through DNA engineering. Actualizing potential requires maintaining a delicate balance between your internal chemistry and your external... *(he searches for the word, as if he could find it in her cleavage)* socialization. That's why we don't let parents raise children. Parents are inconsistent and much too passionate. We are a superior people. We must ready ourselves for the challenge of living together on space ships, maybe for generations, until we can find another star system, another planet we can populate after we have sucked this earth dry of all its life sustaining capability, we'll find another one. We will outgrow the earth, mark my words, we're too good for her.

FEATHER

There's more to a body than meets the eye.

DR. JONES

Your mind is in your body.

FEATHER

So?

*Dr. Jones begins Feather's treatment. Probably something intravenous. Whatever the method, it should be mildly, sensuously creepy.*

DR. JONES

If your body is flawed, so is your mind.

*Dr. Jones would like to cop a feel or two or seven while Feather gets her treatment. But, because Feather is so pissed off and so random, he can't manage it, though he keeps trying.*

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER

Is there something wrong with my body? Temporary insanity passes through me. How do I know? I'm crazy. I am extremely uncomfortable around sanity. Sane people make me nervous. The mind isn't flawed when it's in tune to a higher power. My power is higher than yours? Feather to a higher power. Feather cubed. There's only now. (*Feather is feeling the effects of the medication, she feels good and braver in remembering/telling about a previous encounter wherein she might not have been so articulate*) Fuck you, dick wad. I am not going to do that now. After what you said to me. After you told me that you don't want to be with me ever again, am I supposed to suck you off now because she's busy with someone else? *I can't help how I feel and I don't feel it for you anymore.* Then why are you here? Because she's busy. So am I, get lost.

*Feather makes a rough movement as if to push away the man she's mad at, accidentally and synchronistically managing to swat Dr. Jones from his latest mash attempt.*

DR. JONES

There is so much violence inside us, building. They can't eradicate it. It's not a specific part of DNA, neither is love. We can't program sociability, care, lack of anxiety. We have to use pharmaceuticals for that, to manage the chemistry. It's a delicate balance.

## *II. Scene four ~ diamonds are (a girl's best friend) forever*

KIT

Answer me.

SANTA

I don't work for you anymore.

KIT

You never worked for me. You always had your own agenda.

SANTA

That's rich. Coming from you.

KIT

Oh, stop it! I can't get you to understand me, can I? Look at you, wasting away. I'm sick of feeling sorry for you.

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

Don't. I understand you.

KIT

What? No, you don't.

SANTA

Feel sorry for me. Yes I do.

KIT

You drive me crazy.

SANTA

You're boring. I'm trying to make you more interesting.

KIT

In your desire to be inscrutable, you are now completely incomprehensible to yourself and everybody else.

SANTA

You are for sale. Everything about you is for sale. Every thing you think is for sale. Every *thing* you want is for sale. (*beat*) Doesn't that bother you?

KIT

No.

SANTA

You don't long for something that's worth more where it is than if you cut it up, priced and distributed it?

KIT

Not at all. I hate you.

SANTA

I hate you too. Not.

TEENIE

It feels like diamonds cracking in my insides, like I'm defrosting and the world is starting to open to me from the inside out. I can't think outside of where I am, of who I am, of how I am.

Once upon a time in times square

KIT

No one is in love with you. No one will ever fall in love with you. You spent your life producing children so that other people could take credit for them. You don't even exist. The DNA Board will never admit that they have to use women, that machines can't produce babies. So you made me and Feather and Jason –

SANTA

And Murray.

KIT

So what?

SANTA

And Gy.

KIT

Gy?????

SANTA

He's my love child with –

KIT

And what am I? Never mind. I don't care. I don't need you. You aren't real. You don't exist.

SANTA

I love you.

KIT

What you do doesn't exist. You're nothing. You're nobody at all.

SANTA

I got caught in the rain.

TEENIE

Santa!

SANTA

The birds eat all the seeds.

KIT

I'm going to the Sybarite Club!

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

Have a nice time.

*Kit storms off to sit in a chair. MUSIC #  
Dance #4: CJ is making love to Kit,  
hypnotically, whispering to her a fantasy,  
stroking her with a long feather or a gliding  
stream of satin.*

CJ

Diamonds are a girl's best friend ... forever and ever and ever and ever...

MURRAY

I remember love. That was a long time ago. Before the procreation declaration. You never appreciate what you have until it's gone. At first it seemed like the perfect idea. Everyone was in such inter-personal distress. Men and women cutting off the penises of their lovers, cutting the clitorises out of little girls. Plastic surgeons coming up with a whole variety of prosthetics. It was hell. All rage and revenge for just a few moments of exstasy.

*The following is from Moliere's Don Juan.*

JASON

*I believe that two and two are four. And that four and four are eight.*

SANTA	CHRISTINE
Ooo, what a pretty belief you have! Two plus two is four. That's fantastic! That's so true! You take my breath away! From this, I see your religion is arithmetic. Many strange thoughts are in the minds of men. You must admit that education often makes people dumber.	La belle croyance que voilà! Votre religion, à ce que je vois, est donc l'arithmétique? Il faut avouer qu'il se met d'étranges folies dans la tête des hommes, et que, pour avoir bien étudié, on en est bien moins sage le plus souvent.

CJ

Don't speak. I don't want to know what you want.

SANTA	CHRISTINE
For myself, there's no point in studying, god knows, no one has ever been able to teach me anything.	Pour moi, Monsieur, je n'ai point étudié comme vous, Dieu merci, et personne ne saurait se vanter de m'avoir jamais rien appris;

Once upon a time in times square

CJ

No subtle, insinuating bartering. No begging for mercy. This is my cartoon! I flatten you. You're a pancake. Then you pop up.

KIT

I want to live in a cartoon; everything pops up in a cartoon.

<b>SANTA</b>	<b>CHRISTINE</b>
But, even with my limited intelligence, I understand that the world we see before us, is not just a mushroom that sprang up overnight. Who made the trees, these rocks, this earth, and the sky above? Do you believe they created themselves? You see yourself, for example, did you make yourself? No. Your father and your mother made you.	Mais, avec mon petit sens, mon petit jugement, je vois les choses mieux que tous les livres, et je comprends fort bien que ce monde que nous voyons n'est pas un champignon qui soit venu tout seul en une nuit. Je voudrais bien vous demander qui a fait ces arbres-là, ces rochers, cette terre, et ce ciel que voilà là-haut, et si tout cela s'est bâti de lui-même. Vous voilà, vous, par exemple, vous êtes là: est-ce que vous vous êtes fait tout seul, et n'a-t-il pas fallu que votre père ait engrossé votre mère pour vous faire?

CJ

Everything will be alright. No more bad dreams. Everyone getting along with everyone else.

<b>SANTA</b>	<b>CHRISTINE</b>
Even if you perceive the body to be a machine. Can you believe how well each independent part not only fit together but moves in and among the others? These nerves, these bones, these veins, these..., this lung, this heart, this liver, and all the other ingredients that are here in me.	Pouvez-vous voir toutes les inventions dont la machine de l'homme est composée sans admirer de quelle façon cela est agencé l'un dans l'autre? Ces nerfs, ces os, ces veines, ces artères, ces., ce poumon, ce cœur, ce foie, et tous ces autres ingrédients qui sont là et qui.

CJ

You are a magic crystal sparkling. You're getting warm. Your heart is breaking.

<b>SANTA</b>	<b>CHRISTINE</b>
Oh, madam, please interrupt me! I	Oh! dame, interrompez-moi donc, si

Once upon a time in times square

can't argue if no one interrupts me! Please release yourself and argue with me so I can respond with perfect malice!	vous voulez. Je ne saurais disputer, si l'on ne m'interrompt. Vous vous taisez exprès, et me laissez parler par belle malice.
---	--

*Kit and CJ are done.*

MURRAY

All that rage and revenge for just a few minutes of exstasy. There were no sex schools at the time. No one was really very good at it. Everyone claimed to be. But you can never achieve the seamlessness of a mediated experience in a genuine encounter. An encounter with another person. The greatest mystery we haven't yet solved. Nothing can replace the power of human to human sexual activity.

SANTA

I can see a lot from here.

KIT

I think you know more than you're telling me.

SANTA

Why?

KIT

There are rumors...

SANTA

There are always rumors. But not always this many. Do they think I stole them?

KIT

No. I keep telling you. No one believes you exist.

SANTA

I know. I know. Look at me! I'm a shadow of my former self. I used to be so fecund! So proud. It's annoying.

TEENIE

Santa!

SANTA

That's my name, don't wear it out.

Once upon a time in times square

Are you going to help me? TEENIE

Santa! KIT

What? SANTA

They might torture people. They're setting up interrogation teams. KIT

Again? Why? Because I stole the diamonds? SANTA

*Kit and Teenie express (ad lib) shock.*

You stole the diamonds. TEENIE

I told you that. SANTA

I thought you were kidding. TEENIE

I always think she's kidding. She's almost never kidding. Santa, you have to help us find the thief, or the diamonds. KIT

Find the thief? Find the thief. Here. Here I am: the thief. I am the thief. But I'm not going to tell you where the diamonds are. That would be silly. Then what would you do? If it's not hidden, then you won't seek it. SANTA

No. You're not. TEENIE

Yes. I am. SANTA

Shit. KIT

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

I didn't know they brought back torture. Are they allowed to do that?

TEENIE

If the threat to property is serious enough, they're allowed to torture.

SANTA

I thought it was like polio; I thought we got past that. I thought we got rid of it and poof! It's back again. Why can't we get past that? It's back again. Like a bad wart.

TEENIE

If it's threats to persons they're allowed to use drugs, intimidation, starvation, and humiliation. But no torture.

SANTA

But for property...

TEENIE

Anything goes.

SANTA

It's a material world.

TEENIE

*And I am a material girl.*

SANTA

Are you reading law now?

TEENIE

I got tired of physics.

*Gy and Jason are eating apples.*

GY

You can't be serious.

JASON

I'm totally serious.

Once upon a time in times square

*An enormous box has arrived (probably brought out by Rachel performing her duties as stage hand).*

CJ

Someone come and help me, puleeeeee!

*When no one comes, he stops trying to move the box and instead opens it up and explores its contents.*

GY

You have the diamonds?

JASON

I did. Somebody stole them.

CJ

*Stuff.* I love this! You do stuff, you have fun. You don't do stuff, well, that's boring, that's all. So you gotta do stuff. The more stuff you do, the more interesting you are. You got more stuff to talk about, but the problem is - you run out of people to talk to. Everybody's so busy.

SANTA *(on the roof)*

It was a long time ago. I don't like to talk about it.

***II. Scene five ~ and now for sumthing compleateli dif'rent - difficult dyadic dialogues disdain dysfunctional delusions of grandeur***

*MUSIC # Dance # 5: In a bedroom, overlooking the Square, Murray and Feather are having sex, missionary style, Murray on top. He is pumping away while he speaks. They are under a sheet, their faces and various body parts are visible..*

MURRAY

Feather, I...

FEATHER

Yes?

Once upon a time in times square

MURRAY

Will you marry me?

FEATHER

Of course.

MURRAY

Really?

FEATHER

We can do anything you want.

MURRAY

I don't mean that. I'm tired of fantasies.

FEATHER

Shhh. Don't be silly, honey. And, anyway, married people don't have sex, you know that. Sex is for here. You might lose your position.

MURRAY

I'm tired of my position.

FEATHER

Really? (*referring to their sex position*)

MURRAY

No! Don't move. Don't move. I mean, I'm tired of being angry all the time.

FEATHER

Why are you angry all the time?

MURRAY

That's what I get paid for.

FEATHER

Oh, honey, that's too bad. You want a blow job?

MURRAY

Sure. (*as she moves into position, she takes the sheet with her; the audience sees Feather's general shape and her movements. Murray's face can be clearly seen. Feather's movements up and down with the sheet are reminiscent of Monsieur Poussy's movements with the huge vagina. From the back, however, the sheet looks quite a bit like butterfly wings*) I can't live like this. You are the only thing

Once upon a time in times square

I care about. Everything else in my life is absolutely meaningless to me. I used to like the money. The doctor gave me pills but I hate feeling happy. I stopped taking the pills. Now I don't know what to do. Run away with me, Feather. There has to be some place on earth where people can live happily ever after.

*Feather says, "Oh, don't be silly, Murray."  
But her mouth is full so it sounds blurry while  
CJ, in a pile of things from his box with  
earphones on, talking to himself too loudly.*

CJ

I'm looking into the world. Rear Window. I saw this one! The guy murders his wife and then he goes after the dog. Then things get interesting because a dead wife is bad. But a dead dog (!) is motivating! *Slow down, you move too fast, you gotta make the morning last. Just kicking down the cobblestones, looking for fun and feeling groovy.*

*CJ continues his song in the background.  
While, on the roof, Kit and Santa are arguing.  
Kit's cue is "motivating."*

## *II. Scene six ~ xxx hard core love*

*CJ's song is the background music. Dance # 6  
Snake gives Kit a lap dance.*

SNAKE

I don't know who I am. But I know where I am.

KIT

I have to survive.

SNAKE

I am in a place of flux and love.

KIT

Formulas are useless.

SNAKE

Because one moment is never the same as the next.

Once upon a time in times square

KIT

You have to make it up as you go along.

SNAKE

You can wade in the ever-moving stream.

KIT

The hard times keep coming.

SNAKE

You can swim. You can surf.

KIT

As if they knew I'd be glad to see them.

SNAKE

Or you can drown.

*Murray is finishing getting dressed and walking home.*

MURRAY

I understand the law. It makes total sense. There is no point in trying to mix marriage and sex. It's as futile as trying to combine church and state. They have different goals, different values, different everything. They don't mix. Keep relationships clean from all those liquids secreting. Deodorize the intimate encounters and the world is so much safer. Then, of course, when you do have sex, you go to professionals who know what they're doing. How could anyone have ever done it differently? People went to hair professionals to have their hair cut centuries before they figured out that it's just as important to have your sex done professionally. Oh, sometimes I wonder at human nature, how slow we are to improve ourselves!

*In a dark alley, in the audience, Gy and Teenie are conversing in the shadows.*

GY

I don't know, Teenie.

TEENIE

Please, Gy.

Once upon a time in times square

You could die. GY

I won't die. TEENIE

What will I do without you? GY

Come with me. TEENIE

What would I do? GY

There's lots to do there. TEENIE

Why can't we stay here? GY

I want to have your baby. TEENIE

Shhh. Someone might hear you. GY

People say it all the time. TEENIE

GY  
But they mean, *let's go register with the council and take three days of testing and have our baby designed for us by the DNA Supercomputer, then raised in council flats.* You mean you want us to, oh, you know what you mean. How can you get pregnant?

I'm not a geneticon. TEENIE

But I'm - GY

Once upon a time in times square

*Teenie grabs Gy and whispers in his ear that Santa and Professor Nimk are his biological parents.*

GY

How do you know that?

TEENIE

I know your mother.

GY

I have a mother.

TEENIE

And a father.

GY

Wow. I feel sick.

## *II. Scene seven ~ a random exstatic*

*It is very dark onstage. The entire scene is a dance. Dance # 9: The orgy in black light begins here. The orgiasts (all the characters, except Santa, Teenie and Murray) wear black except for their erogenous zones (which can be ears, feet, armpits, necks, as well as genitals and breasts, and of course brains are part of it). Each orgiast wears glow-in-the-black-light, colorful cloth over their erogenous zones (each person's unique, according to the choreography). The coming together and parting of these erogenous zones is the plot of the orgy ballet. The orgiasts speak from the choreography of the orgy, their faces invisible. Murray is standing among the orgiasts but is only pulled into their dance towards the end of the scene. Teenie and Santa are on the roof.*

SANTA

I can hear you singing.

Once upon a time in times square

TEENIE

Tell me a story

MURRAY

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago -

SANTA

Free spirits swoon.

MURRAY

We were on the verge of civil war. Men and women had cut all ties to reasoned argument and were battling openly in the streets. Political parties and socio-economic class distinctions vanished in this heated life-endangering pursuit of hegemony. One sex, one gender to be served by the other. Which would it be? Who will rule the world?

CJ

Pretend you just woke up after 1,000 years.

SANTA

Dawn birds fly. I scream my children's names. I don't know their names. I can't make out the words that will make it real. I am a ghost. I am the holy ghost. Can you see me? I don't know how to make you see me. You think I don't exist.

MURRAY

Misunderstandings.

SANTA

I am a ghost.

RACHEL

The ceremonious cruelties –

SANTA

I am the holy ghost.

MURRAY

That make up everyday life.

SANTA

Can you see me?

Once upon a time in times square

JASON

Things can always be worse.

SANTA

I don't know how to make you see me.

SNAKE

You buy me things. I want love. Direct connection.

SANTA

I don't know how to make you see me. You think I don't exist.

JASON

The engine of infinity grinds me to a bloody pulp.

SNAKE

Can you feel that?

SANTA

What's the sound of water?

CJ

Is it out there?

JASON

Maybe.

TEENIE

I hear you.

CJ

Locked up in small spaces of the heart.

SANTA

Demonstrate affection, mingle, create fantastic illusions.

MURRAY

Women want toys, oral sex, fantasy and money.

SANTA

Merge.

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER

Men want same things: toys, fantasy, oral sex and money.

SANTA

Strangle and vomit.

KIT

The tone is what matters. It's not what you say but how you say it.

MURRAY

Men and women want the same things.

KIT

The meaning of events is what's at stake, not the events themselves.

MURRAY

Men and women want the same things but their interpretation of those things is very different.

SANTA

Beautiful arching.

KIT

Be bold.

SNAKE

For men, more toys means bigger, better technology and more thrilling spills.

KIT

Threaten if you have to.

CJ

For women, more toys means playtime!

KIT

Dominate or you will be pushed aside.

GY

For men, oral sex means unconditional love.

SANTA

Aching to be held -

Once upon a time in times square

RACHEL

For women oral sex means unconditional orgasms.

SNAKE

Fuck that. Oral sex is about power. Pure and simple.

SANTA

Infinite enchantment.

TEENIE

Everyone wants emotional connection.

KIT

Everyone wants everything.

MURRAY

No one wanted to take care of the progeny.

SNAKE

I'm Bathsheba, baby!

MURRAY

No one wanted to do the dishes, make the beds, sweep the floor.

SANTA

The children born of enraged unions were split and delinquent.

MURRAY

The problem escalated to world wide confrontations. The United Nations, through UNICEF, came to the table.

SANTA

This body, that we begin with, is porous to the world it inhabits.

MURRAY

Studies were funded, all kinds of bizarre recommendations were made. The first was that we could all stop having sex physically. We could reproduce the sensations of sexual activity with brain stimulation and pharmaceuticals.

JASON

We take, we give nothing back.

Once upon a time in times square

MURRAY

This was rejected by focus groups as too antiseptic an approach. After all, part of the fun of sex is getting messed up.

CJ

Sensational devastation captures our spirit, traps our imagination.

MURRAY

Somehow, for some reason, people want to fuck, even with all our rage, distaste, we like to put our body parts together, rub them around while our neurons give the order to shake, loose some liquid and collapse. This ritual no one is willing to do without. Even when presented with cleaner, more efficient, more pleasurable neurologically sustainable alternatives, no one wants to give up interpersonal sexual encounters. But most people are willing to give up having children. That avenue was explored and it was discovered that in fact, so many people had negative attitudes towards pregnancy, labor, delivery, lactation and nursing. And mountains of complaints about the burdens of dealing with teenagers and toddlers, preteens, and primary schoolers. It made sense to establish international guidelines restricting -

SANTA

(and then forbidding)

*Murray is being pulled into the orgy.*

MURRAY

- individuals procreating on their own cognizance.

JASON

Exchange liquid assets.

MURRAY

Procreation was made an element of state and local government -

RACHEL

Emerge in liquid sky.

MURRAY

- benefiting from federally funded -

KIT

Submerge in me.

Once upon a time in times square

- genetic research - MURRAY

Be held strong inside time. FEATHER

- allowing us to breed for specific characteristics. MURRAY

Life goes on. SNAKE

As our story begins - MURRAY

Transformed. RACHEL

We have entered the final phase - No human woman will be allowed - MURRAY

(and eventually won't have the capacity) SANTA

Forgive me. JASON

- to conceive, nurture and bear a child. MURRAY

Why? GY

Apocalyptic. Now! SNAKE

Now! CJ

Now! JASON

Once upon a time in times square

KIT

I don't care. I want to be destroyed. *Go for it!* Bring it on!

EVERYONE

Now!

*The orgy ends in a blaze of orgasms.*

## *II. Epilogue ~ après le deluge*

*Everyone exhausted, lying around. A pile of bodies. Flat wash of unflattering light.*

FEATHER (*looking in a mirror*)

I think I'm developing a bald spot.

SNAKE

Let me see.

CJ

Where is it?

FEATHER

Right here. See?

SNAKE

Oh, yeah.

CJ

Look, your hair is all broken here.

TEENIE

What's that about?

FEATHER

I'm not sure.

SNAKE

I know.

TEENIE

What?

Once upon a time in times square

Tell. FEATHER

You're on your back too much. SNAKE

No kidding? FEATHER

Yup. It happened to Joanna. She had to shave her head and start all over again. It's the missionary position. Too much friction on the back of the head. It's a human trampoline thing. CJ

You gotta stay off your back. SNAKE

*Feather uses two mirrors to try and see her bald spot more clearly.*

I have to think about this. I didn't think I was spending that much time on my back. But maybe you're right. I can't think what else it could be. Wow. FEATHER

People find love. Why shouldn't we? TEENIE

*End act one – Intermission*

### **Act three ~ the left hand path**

*Graffiti We were not meant to be ruled. We prefer to be inspired. Power is centripetal; the Social is centrifugal. Deceit and humiliation. Defeat and humility.*

### **III. Prologue ~ no crime**

*Sam and Janet eating, side by side at a counter.*

Once upon a time in times square

SAM

Nothing ever happens around here any more.

JANET

The eye of the hurricane or the lull before the storm.

SAM

You noticed? (*Janet nods, her mouth full*) It used to be, something new every day. Murder, theft, assault. Never a moment's peace. Now all there is – is peace. I don't like it. They're not going to need law enforcement anymore. We've got the DNA worked out, these people are never going to do anything wrong.

JANET

There's still trouble outside the district.

SAM

So what?

JANET

It's crazy to let them procreate like that.

SAM

They probably have their own law enforcement.

JANET

I bet they're busy as hell. Did you ever go on a day trip outside the district?

SAM

Sure. Farms, animals, fruit, trees. Mud. Shit. More shit.

JANET

I ate a pickle from a barrel.

SAM

I like my food sanitary, thank you very much. I ate an apple off a tree. Tastes different. Smells better.

JANET

It's like we've split into separate worlds – inside or outside the Square. On or above the land.

Once upon a time in times square

SAM

Yup, and inside and above has no crime. You have to be outside and on the land to experience crime. Sickening.

JANET

Yeah.

### *III. Scene one ~ the state of the city-state today!*

*The characters are sprinkled around the audience. If possible Professor Nimk has a slide show to go with this talk. Projected imagery of currencies.*

PROFESSOR NIMK

Tonight we will examine the history of money (*laughter*).

*Santa is wandering.*

SANTA

I feel a spear right here (*she pulls out one of her cheeks and leaves it out while she continues*) speared by a fish hook of hate.

PROFESSOR NIMK

I realize that this is the same thing as if I'd said to you, I'd like to examine the history of air (*general laughter*). But, believe me when I tell you that one day our lives will depend on how well we understand the history of air.

*Dance # Santa has wiggled free of the fish hook of hate, she is swimming freely. She looks like Thurber's dancer as she continues to dance, angular with affecting poses.*

SANTA

Crushing our feet will not crush our spirits.

*Santa crushes grapes with her feet, making red wine.*

PROFESSOR NIMK

If we look logically at the present era, we can see that money is fundamental -

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

(the most necessary component)

PROFESSOR NIMK

- to the functioning of the City-State today.

*Jason speaks from the audience. He doesn't realize he has spoken his thoughts aloud. Santa hears him and answers him, which shocks him.*

JASON

We're doomed.

SANTA

Au contraire, ma cherie! We participate in a perpetual dance, an exchange of light and life.

PROFESSOR NIMK

*The fallacy of indebtedness is a black hole sucking desire, and every available spark of creativity into another dimension.*

*Santa, suddenly dejected, sits.*

SANTA

A dimension of indebtedness.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Perhaps the edge of an abyss is wider than we realize. Perhaps we have plenty of time to decide whether to go forward or back? Wilderness is a place -

SANTA

(outside the boundaries)

PROFESSOR NIMK

- that challenges us to leap to new levels of understanding.

SANTA

We don't have to be sucked in. We can pull out.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Money inhabits and inspires a conceptual space. Like the old Roman Gods. Money is a pathetic fallacy, an inanimate object endowed with human

Once upon a time in times square

characteristics. That money could, by its mere proximity to you, create a better life...is absurd. Money is nothing but an abstraction. An abstraction can't create anything. People create *everything*.

JASON

Deep beneath anyone's notice.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Far removed from the production and exchange of goods.

JASON

We are crucified.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Money exists in a numisphere of pure abstraction. Reflecting to us the essential nature of our interactions with one another.

SANTA

We're hemmed in. If they really wanted to kill us, it would be so easy.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Money marks the exchange. Ka-ching! An exchange has occurred!

JASON

Between extremes.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Ka-ching! Another exchange!

SANTA

They don't want to kill us.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Now, what was the nature of that transaction?

SANTA

They need us to do their dirty work for them.

PROFESSOR NIMK

What occurred there?

SANTA

The things they can't do.

Once upon a time in times square

PROFESSOR NIMK

Between the people?

SANTA

The things that machines can't do.

PROFESSOR NIMK

That's where life is. That's now. Indebtedness is nothing new. From the beginning of time, everyone has been in debt to everyone else .

SANTA

(that is, in fact, one perfectly acceptable definition of biosphere).

PROFESSOR NIMK

An obvious corollary to everyone being in debt to everyone else is that -

PROFESSOR NIMK & SANTA

- no one is indebted to anyone.

SANTA

Butterflies.

PROFESSOR NIMK

I owe you but you also owe me.

SANTA

We're even. Conspicuously -

PROFESSOR NIMK

(continuously)

SANTA

- tumbling back into the center.

*Snake is walking fast. CJ is keeping up.*

SNAKE

I keep hearing men tell me they want me or they love me, or they *simply must* have me. Now! And I keep forgetting to ask them, *Honey, just how many minutes, fractured moments, are you intending to spend in the light of this need you profess?* If I can satisfy you in three minutes, is that better than taking three years to do it? Don't answer right away. It's a trick question.

Once upon a time in times square

CJ

Is it *Nosferatu*? That title's got to be one of those word-mix-up things.

SNAKE

Anagram.

CJ

No. That's the Dracula movie. Murnau. 1922. The one where there are robots and people don't know if they have souls - if they can love. Like the way you know you have a soul is if you can love, what you love, how you love. *Metropolis*. That's it! 1927. Fritz Lang! So I was thinking maybe it's the same for geneticons? Maybe we don't know if we have souls? Maybe the soul is somehow connected to nature. I mean, I know we're natural but we're like vitamin C as compared to an orange! What do you think? (*Snake is walking very fast*) Snake! Wait up!

*Meanwhile, at the office, no one is at their desks, they are all standing staring at the market numbers which are (imaginary?) and placed over the audience (if the theatre has a balcony and can afford a light show of stock market numerology hanging from the balcony - go for it!)*

GY

Some people can't manage relativity.

JASON

Others draw a blank at calculus.

GY

Void.

JASON

Shit. Product is the shit -

GY

- the vomit -

JASON

of capitalist consumerism.

Once upon a time in times square

GY

Nevertheless -

JASON

We have to keep those numbers moving. Stagnation is death.

GY

We calculate all the time but hardly ever appreciatively.

JASON

Regurgitate shit and call it conversation. Are you seeing this?

MURRAY

Money's a really boring subject.

JASON

It's either more or less.

MURRAY

Usually less.

JASON

Does anyone know what's going on?

KIT

We're about to enter oblivion.

JASON

Diving deep into chasms of miasm and dust.

MURRAY

Not on my watch! Just think of this as a Jubilee year.

GY

What's that?

KIT

It's an old idea.

JASON

Every so often you relieve all debts.

Once upon a time in times square

MURRAY

All numerical transactions between interested parties revert to zero. You can choose to factor in the zero point. You can choose to have a Jubilee year. Or you can let fate take it out of your hands. We let fate take us, every time.

KIT

For a ride down to zero. Here we go.

JASON

Then we start all over.

KIT

Meanwhile, it's not bad for small business. Small business can be flexible in a crisis.

JASON

Ah. Yes. Absolutely true. When the white market dives, the black market surges to the fore.

KIT

You can't kill a good exchange.

GY

Enter the black market, stage right.

JASON

Did you hear the rumor that women are being held prisoner by the DNA Bureau as breeders?

MURRAY

The DNA Bureau doesn't hold anyone prisoner.

KIT

Not now it doesn't. They escaped.

MURRAY

How do you know?

KIT

I know. My mother told me.

JASON

You have a mother?

Once upon a time in times square

MURRAY

I don't understand.

GY

Maybe it's just a rumor.

KIT

No. It's true.

GY

What's going on?

KIT

The DNA Bureau never figured out how to gestate the babies without real women so they have women -

MURRAY

Oh my god!

SANTA

Poor Murray. Abandonment is brutal. Especially when you're the one doing the abandoning. Especially when you are abandoning a belief, a pretty, shiny belief in the fundamental goodness of your society! Poof! Gone in an instant like your virginity. Jason, please give your brother an apple.

*Jason gives Murray an apple. Murray is dumbfounded.*

JASON

The sun isn't pretty. The sun is a bomb. A self-destroying, radiating monstrosity.

*Kit jumps up.*

KIT

I think I know where I left my alligator. Come on! Jason! Help me!

JASON

What's the rush? Alligators are sloooooooooooooow.

*Exeunt Kit. Jason stays where he is. Santa is playing with an alligator doll or puppet.*

Once upon a time in times square

RACHEL

Have you seen my monster?

SANTA

You lost serendipity? That's too bad.

*Santa and Rachel exit together. Gy and Jason are left alone in the office watching the market crash.*

GY

Is this is a test?

JASON

No, I think it's real.

GY

What happens when a City-State collapses?

JASON

I don't know. Do you?

GY

Every man for himself.

### *III. Scene two ~ the bastardization of art*

*Kit and Jason are selling apples and oranges as fast as possible to the audience.*

KIT

I travel the same road. Over and over again. Back, forth, around, looping, to create a groove, a rut, a feature of consciousness dug into my soul through the repetition of random events which in their aggregate are no longer random but highly structured strangling. Peace. What is that? If you could define it for me, then maybe I'd think there was some validity to it. War, now there's validity. We have so much data, an analyst's dream. Numbers galore. This many dead. This many wounded. This many guns. This many bombs. This much plutonium. Peace? How do I measure that? Chart it? Confound me with your peace data, go ahead. I applaud your vision. Peace would be great. But, if you want me to invest in your dream, give me something I can count. I need to find my alligator.

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

Who are you?

KIT

Is that a question or the answer?

JASON

So, business as usual then? Wealth produces creativity. Creativity produces bounty. Bounty produces waste

SANTA

(or versification – depends how you look at it).

JASON

Waste requires distribution. Like manure on the fields. We don't have fields here anymore, so you wouldn't know that. Never mind. Waste or verse (depends on how you look at it) requires distribution and, strictly speaking, it is the distribution of this waste that fertilizes the inhabited world. That's how distribution produces wealth. But distribution can't distribute air

SANTA

(yet)

JASON

Distribution requires product and product requires production. But distribution requires something else. Distribution requires connections. And connections can produce happiness

SANTA

(or misery)

JASON

Demand that your connections produce happiness. Demand a rationalism of the marvelous!

*Snake enters as the Queen.*

SNAKE

*Now is the spring and the weeds are shallow rooted, suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden and choke the herbs for want of husbandry. (he bows) Henry VI part 2.*

Once upon a time in times square

*Dance # Times Square dance. Straight lines intersecting but this time, as people are walking, they are also exchanging goods.*

FEATHER

I was never perfect. I never pretended to be. You want your dream of me, not me.

SNAKE

I have a history. We had history and *therefore* a -

SANTA

(possible)

SNAKE

- future.

SANTA

Every moment is a seed.

SNAKE

How difficult is a genuine embrace?

SANTA

There is a future that will grow from this moment. We are the seed of some future moment.

*Snake holds up the three middle fingers of his right hand.*

SNAKE

I'm tired of reading between the lines. You compose the first and the last words and leave me to fill in the rest and I do. Oh I do. I fill the gaps with every lustful prayer I know. I am your dirty little secret.

FEATHER

If I was Superwoman I would gather all the pain into a net of woven light, a net so fine that none of it can escape to burden anyone ever again. But, meanwhile, inside this web of light, inside this caress, when the pain heals, the web breaks.

SANTA

(a cocoon shatters)

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER

And the pain is no longer a many-legged, crawly, hairy pain but a shimmering butterfly hope, a firefly faith.

SANTA

A season of sequined sepharim.

SNAKE

I feel vandalized by your disregard.

GY

If I were Superman I would lift this weight of sky.

SNAKE

Gather all the pain -

FEATHER

- and throw it far, far away, into an outer space so deep dark that even pain is a welcome brightness, *signifying life*.

TEENIE

If I were Superwoman, I'd bend the light to rainbows.

GY

If I were Superman, I'd be inside you.

TEENIE

How many children did you have, hold, inside you?

SANTA

Fifty. Something like that. Some of them died. Thirty lived. Something like that. But we –

TEENIE

We?

SANTA

There were lots of us. We thought that some of the babies were taken early on purpose. Premies have more potential. They're especially vulnerable, therefore especially sensitive, therefore especially intelligent. Potentially. It's all about actualizing potential.

Once upon a time in times square

TEENIE

How many women?

SANTA

I'm not sure. But where I lived there were a hundred women.

TEENIE

That's a lot of women. And babies. How can they keep that hidden? How did they get you to go there in the first place? How did they keep you there? Did you like it there? How did you get out?

SANTA

People only see what they want to see. I love being a mommy.

*Feather and Kit keep bumping into each other on the street. Santa and Teenie extricate themselves to the roof.*

KIT

I hate the smell of sex.

SANTA

A little heart inside your belly is nice. Lots of things are nice in your belly.

TEENIE

Not everything.

SANTA

Not everything. No.

FEATHER

I love the smell of sex.

TEENIE

You felt hearts in your belly.

*Feather comes close to Kit.*

KIT

Don't smell me.

FEATHER

Why not?

Once upon a time in times square

TEENIE

You had two hearts.

SANTA

A glorious syncopation!

KIT

I hate that sweet sickly tart scent.

FEATHER

I love that minty, mulchy odor.

*Suddenly, everyone stops, comes out of character and asks, bluntly, to one another or to individual audience members – only the stop is in unison, they speak in any tempo they like:*

EVERYONE

Where's my money?

*By now, everyone in the audience should have money and/or oranges and/or apples. The game/dance ends abruptly and everyone disperses.*

### *III. Scene three ~ payday*

*Snake explodes, furious with a client in the audience.*

SNAKE

I told you, I'm not for sale! Fuck you! Not now! Not ever! I am a sex professional, I have rights. There are laws that protect sex workers from scum like you! I told you. God, some days it's not worth getting up.

CJ

Ok, everyone! We have the results of the surveys and now we will test your knowledge of one another!

Once upon a time in times square

SNAKE

I need [2-4] volunteers from the men and [the same #] of women volunteers (*ad libs til s/he has her volunteers*) Thank you. Please come to the stage.

*CJ reads the questions, one at a time. The two teams have sixty seconds to decide and write their answers on a card. Each winner can take an apple or an orange, their choice. In the sequeways, Snake fills the time speaking.*

1. More people in the audience lost their *virginity* between the ages of A. 0-12; B. 13-25; C. 26-40; D. over 40. Sixty seconds, begins – NOW!

SNAKE

How many people here lied? We'll never know.

CJ

Ok! The answer is....

*CJ reads the answers and determines a winner. The prizes aren't collected until Snake's big sin speech. Snake starts and stops speaking around CJ's question and answer lines.*

SNAKE

Most people think sex anytime is great. Not. Most people don't really like sex because it means you have to actually talk to the opposite sex.

CJ

2. Most people in the audience think that sex before marriage is ok. T/F. Sixty seconds starts – *now!!!*

SNAKE

Most heterosexuals are homosocial. And most homosexuals are homosocial.

CJ

Ok! Let's see your cards!

*CJ goes through the answer/winner routine again.*

Once upon a time in times square

SNAKE

Bisexuals and transexuals are the only hope we have. Someone must lead us to a heterogeneous social life.

*Snake transforms to Shakta.*

CJ

3. Most people in the audience would have an affair even if they were married. T/F. Sixty seconds begins ---- Now!

SHAKTA

The seven deadly sins: pride, envy, anger, sloth, gluttony, greed, lust. These are no longer relevant in our pluperfect society.

CJ

And your answers.

*CJ ad libs with the volunteers.*

SHAKTA

We have balanced the forces acting on us internally through chemical and physical manipulations. But they reappear on a social level that is as relevant today as it was thousands of years ago when it was first written. *How do you figure that?* you may ask. Let me explain: Once upon a time, a long, long time ago the people were saying to the goddess - *God, we got rid of fuckin' pharaoh, and we don't want to be slaves ever again.* So, goddess (dressed as a guy god) burns a bush and says, *follow these rules, baby, and you will never be slaves again. Follow me. Don't try to copy me. And, for god's sake, if you copy me, don't worship the copies (pride)! Because if you follow copies you're going to get lost for at least three, maybe four generations. Don't be tryin' to use my name to get whatever stupid shit you want on that day (sloth). Remember what's going on here – you don't want to be a slave, you have to work! Remember to take a day off and anyone who gets in the way of that is for sure trying to enslave you, so don't take any of that shit (gluttony. How can this be gluttony, you say? You are enabling someone else's gluttony. This is just as bad as doing it yourself). And, my day is party day!!!! Remember that! Work, work, work, work but if you want to be free, you will party on that seventh day! You will bring balance to the world by rejoicing and enjoying your life, our life. Now, so you don't turn against each other, which is the quickest way to become enslaved: if you are not united, the forces of ubercontrol will destroy you! To keep peace among yourselves, I recommend you respect your elders (and your children), leave them what belongs to them (don't be greedy) because battles between generations can be particularly vicious; don't kill people, that's always*

Once upon a time in times square

*a big mess (**anger**); don't fuck around on your spouse (**lust**); domestic, sexual vindictiveness has brought down more than one empire; don't be gettin' all jealous (**envy**) of the other people around you, wanting what they have; talk about a sure way to bring down a neighborhood. Turn envy into admiration and your life will be transformed. I dare you.*

*CJ and Rachel have helped the contestants get their prizes and got them back to their seats. Santa calls out the bold words, enthusiastically echoing Shakta's naming the sins.*

### **III. Scene four ~ space gas**

*Professor Nimk is lecturing.*

PROFESSOR NIMK

Remember: *(he waves his arms around to indicate everything in the world)* This is all space gas. One big fart. When the pull of gravity becomes unbearable, some of us who are -

SANTA

(perhaps)

PROFESSOR NIMK

- a little too full of hot air *(he laughs at his own pun)*

SANTA

(space gas, starshine)

PROFESSOR NIMK

We float and bubble to the surface, far from dark sucking, principle-annihilating energies.

SANTA

Then maybe -

PROFESSOR NIMK

- when we feel a paralytic sucking -

SANTA

(a perverse, perverted centralization)

Once upon a time in times square

PROFESSOR NIMK

- we are *not* obliged to hurl ourselves -

SANTA

(lavishly)

PROFESSOR NIMK

(or any way at all)

SANTA

- into the abyss.

PROFESSOR NIMK

We can resist.

SANTA

We can be strong.

PROFESSOR NIMK

On our feet –

SANTA

Emerge transformed.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Sole to soul -

SANTA

Enlightened.

PROFESSOR NIMK

We are all equal.

SANTA

Lighter, lighter than air.

*Santa floats away happily, a balloon on the wind.*

### ***III. Scene five ~ unbearable lightness of being tango***

*Dance # Jason and Snake tango.*

Once upon a time in times square

JASON

A powerful antibiotic for political bacteria. Kill what's killing you.

SNAKE

Despairing, and yet a tingle. Aglow with forgetting. Pure sensational reception.

JASON

But sometimes the antibiotic kills you before what's killing you can kill you.

SNAKE

Demolish the analytic with an onrush of sense data; flood your gates.

JASON

Pernicious thoughts.

SNAKE

Over and over and over again.

*Teenie and Gy exchange light kisses.*

TEENIE

What if we are so glorious we can hardly bear it? What if our eyes are closed because the truth shines so brightly, it will burn our eyes right out of their sockets?

GY

Is that why we can't look each other?

*Santa lets go of her mop or broom to take CJ's hand for some kind of ballroom dance that looks funny when they do it.*

SANTA

How can we talk about love and not talk about slavery?

CJ

The irony of it, the bend and twist of it, a rotary screw going in is ok but try and take it out backwards and it'll rip your guts, shred your insides to jelly.

GY

What if staring at the sun of our own limitlessness is Oedipus having sex with his mother.

Once upon a time in times square

TEENIE

When he opens up to the grandeur of the world -

SANTA

(that which contains and sustains him)

TEENIE

- when he *knows* his mother, the knowledge is so bright, he must go blind! I think you're getting smarter.

GY

Or legitimizing incest. Move over, Byron.

TEENIE

Stay where you are, Byron. It's a metaphor.

GY

An equivalency.

TEENIE

Not in times of revolution. When ideas are changing and it's against the rules to think or say certain things but those certain things have to be said, then people use metaphors that revision equivalence.

GY

Um.

TEENIE

The knowledge of nature is a mighty power. To know your mother is too much for most men, even kings. It will blind them. Wisdom is blinding.

GY

Medusa turned men to stone.

TEENIE

Same thing.

GY

Not exactly.

Once upon a time in times square

TEENIE

Don't quibble. When faced with immensity, we become awestruck and incompetent.

GY

Or powermad tyrants.

TEENIE

Knowledge is power.

GY

First you have to get some.

TEENIE

Then you have to handle it. So what if you have it! Can you handle it? That's what counts.

GY

Oedipus, the wise man, who answers the sphinx, is willing to forgo eyes and trust his senses -

SANTA

(his feelings)

GY

- which run far beyond time and space.

TEENIE

Definitely smarter.

*She kisses him enthusiastically.*

GY

Define smarter.

*He kisses her smarter.*

SANTA

Rationalists blame emotions for humanity's recklessness, bad behaviors, our murderousness. But emotions will flow towards balance if you let them; while it's rationality that persists in perfecting pathologies.

*CJ imitates Professor Nimk.*

Once upon a time in times square

CJ

New principles spring up like weeds, you can't stop them. Money arises from sacrifice. And it certainly does inherit some of the dread that we sometimes feel when it comes to sacrifice. Note, for instance, the particularly brutal representation of sacrifice used by the original christian church (*he poses as christ on the cross then breaks it with a shudder*). Now who would want to be good if it meant you had to die like that? Not me. That's better than a big red stop sign. STOP! I believe that the crucifixion is the most effective crowd control mnemonic device ever invented.

*Taking turns to imitate Professor Nimk.*

GY

The individual arises from the tribe.

CJ

They don't want us to be good or happy or sane.

JASON

Hero and Scapegoat -

SNAKE

If we are non-violent teachers to one another -

GY

- the first instances of archetypal individuation that we know of.

CJ

- we should expect to be crucified.

JASON

Why?

CJ

Right?

GY

Tribes become walled, warring city states.

Once upon a time in times square

JASON

Then empires. I see what you're saying: The sign they put up over the shop is the guy hanging there, bleeding... so who would want to go in and see what they're selling, right?

SNAKE

Do you know how ancient that is? People annihilating themselves willingly.

GY

Warring city-states, through marriages and political alliances, become empires eventually. Then nations (!) break up empires from the inside. Seeds of independent thought subdivide and conquer monolithic tyrannies.

CJ

*The Sorcerer's Apprentice!*

SNAKE

*If I am for pleasure, then, for god's sake, for pleasure let me be!*

### *III. Scene six ~ common wealth*

*Professor Nimk is lecturing.*

PROFESSOR NIMK

Gentlemen, it's time to pass all your fruit down to be counted. Snake and CJ are here to take your fruit, don't worry, they are trustworthy. Once upon a time, corporations functioned as borderless terrorist organizations. Enormous, predatory financial interests dwarfed nations and neighborhoods, made a mockery of community, devoured and rendered nations obsolete. Then, in another case of cyclical individuation, international cartels were torn apart by dissension among the workers. Those same workers who failed to create a viable voice for reasonable treatment within the work environment, as their confidence in the system -

SANTA

(inevitably)

PROFESSOR NIMK

- eroded, they sabotaged operations from inside. Groups with integrity maintained their sanity and their workers and slowly towns grew up around these worksites and areas became associated with the work they did – today's

Once upon a time in times square

city-states are not walled and warring but porous economic pragmatists. Now, the political unit is based, not on culture, but on modes of productivity!

GY

First there were tribes?

PROFESSOR NIMK

Correct. For instance, we know that Times Square's basic function is investment banking.

GY

We returned to city-states. Will we return to tribes?

PROFESSOR NIMK

Would you like to start one? Everything to do with our city-state's organization – from the DNA choices of parents to -

GY

How do you start a tribe?

PROFESSOR NIMK

You'll need an oversoul. A group of like-minded individuals who co-operate and converse about what they are doing during their lifetime. I think the answer to generating the new is always the same: begin. Everything to do with our city-state's organization, from the DNA choices of parents to the Recreation Requirements Board. Even the RRB aligns its values and its purposes to benefit banking.

JASON

The individual comes after the tribe.

PROFESSOR NIMK

That's right. Tribes cannot sustain multiple individualities. The individual needs a social mediator between itself and the cosmos. The individual requires epistemology and rebels against an oversoul.

GY

The individual wants his own soul.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Correct again. Ladies, please pass your fruit to Feather and Teenie, thank you. You are looking lovely tonight, ladies!

Once upon a time in times square

JASON

We're slaves because we think like slaves.

PROFESSOR NIMK

I agree with you. Even though slavery was abolished four hundred years ago, yes, we still think and work our society as if slaves were a necessary part of political and economic organization. We abolished slavery on the basis of an emotional repugnance but underneath all the rhetoric -

SANTA

(once again)

PROFESSOR NIMK

- it was farmers vs. bankers. But, more importantly, regardless of macro-economics and conspiratorial forces we must live with, we are always responsible for our values and we have not yet made arguments against slavery that will be required to restructure our society without it. I have searched for an articulation of a new reality, a mental map of a possible future. A story of comraderie to replace the story of betrayal. A story of creative engagement. Going past survival to thrive and celebrate life. A story that rejects slaves and honors workers. A story that allows people their sexuality *and* their politics, their religion *and* clean air. Now it's time to see who won.

*Rachel rushes in excitedly.*

RACHEL

I think I found my monster.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Good for you!

*Gy and Teenie alone.*

GY

If you could be anyone at all?

TEENIE

Me.

GY

You'd be you?

Once upon a time in times square

TEENIE

Oh, yeah.

GY

Why?

TEENIE

I'm getting used to me. Why? Is there something wrong with me?

GY

No, that's not what I meant. Most people I know around here want to be somebody else.

TEENIE

But you're all perfect. You're made perfect. How can someone perfect want to be

—

GY

Another perfect someone? I don't know. But I think they don't want us to *feel* perfect because then we wouldn't need their approval.

TEENIE

If you didn't need their approval, you wouldn't be as susceptible to their manipulations.

GY

Yeah.

TEENIE

Do you think DNA is determinative?

GY

No one knows.

TEENIE

I know. What do you think?

GY

No.

TEENIE

Me either.

Once upon a time in times square

### *III. Scene seven ~ monster rock*

*Rachel has found her monster. She is dressed as a combination animal and sex bomb. She is as superfemale as a fabulous 21<sup>st</sup> century transvestite. She stays in this costume for the remainder of the piece. Also, once she finds her monster, she's a lot less quick to do everybody's dirty work. In fact, she might become quite neglectful of the stage, forcing the other characters to take up the slack (or not). Murray is addressing an office conference including Jason, Gy and Kit. No one notices Rachel, her monster or her rant, which begins calmly enough.*

RACHEL

Reviling my sexual energy, you regard my participation as less than necessary.

MURRAY

The long and short of it is that our City-State has been abandoned by money.

RACHEL

Oh, you don't mind being married to me.

MURRAY

We are on the verge of economic collapse. We have been re-defined by the Home Office as a zone of scarcity rather than of wealth.

RACHEL

I'm a great wife, you tell me that all the time.

MURRAY

They have made us beggars at the feast! They have betrayed us.

RACHEL

*Rachel, you're such a great wife.* Oh yeah.

MURRAY

More than 90% of money now refers to *nothing* in the sphere of production.

RACHEL

*But we have to obey the law.*

Once upon a time in times square

MURRAY

Our position is precarious.

RACHEL

*And the law is very clear on that point: no sexual relations inside marriage! I can't fuck you, darling, it's not allowed. I hate this stooooopid fucking world. Sex is for professionals. People not designed for it screw it up!*

JASON

What do you want us to do?

KIT

There's nothing we can do.

*Exeunt Gy, Jason and Kit from the meeting.  
Rachel and Murray are alone. He still doesn't seem to know she's there.*

RACHEL

You let systemic currents of hate, destruction and greed pull you to a place where you feel so powerful that all you want – isn't me.

MURRAY

We don't matter except to ourselves. They don't even know we exist. But they can't stop me from saying what I'm going to say.

RACHEL

Spew out your empty cum into my barren cunt. No life-making ability here. We're all eunuchs for god's sake. We can't create. We can't even reproduce ourselves. We're maximized to bring about the desired workers and leaders for a caste system designed for maximum utility.

MURRAY

They ruined us with unreasonable demands. They'd rather destroy us and start again. What can a man say? Their idea of a Jubilee year is a forgiveness of debt and a great big party. Your idea of a Jubilee year is rape, pillage and burn. Anywhere you're not living – SCORCH IT! And start again.

RACHEL

The plot for gestation... Once upon a time, a long time ago, we were fish and amoeba and gorillas and serpents and birds. We flew and we swam, we loved

Once upon a time in times square

and we struggled to create ourselves from the elements we were given by the struggles of others.

MURRAY

I can't honestly say that I've enjoyed working for you. Because I haven't. I found you unimaginative, cold-hearted and disorganized.

RACHEL

The struggle of birth...Great pressure comes to bear against barriers that once protected us. We can live by successful changing everything about our lives or we can die.

MURRAY

However, I do acknowledge that I was here of my own free will and served my profession admirably. More than admirably. Sensationally. Superlatively.

RACHEL

The story of the hunt... We're hungry. Let's go find something to eat. The more I look, the hungrier I get. The hungrier I am, the more needy I become, the more fierce. Finally I find something I can kill and eat, if it doesn't kill and eat me first. Then I fall asleep.

MURRAY

It's always been this way, see? (*he is speaking like James Cagney as a gangster, with maybe a little bit of Cagney as a song and dance man*) The rich get richer and the poor get shit, see? Wars, depressions, market crashes, are only reflections -

SANTA

(results of the infighting)

MURRAY

- of people so far removed from the realities of production they wouldn't know what shit was if they stepped in it, if they picked up big pieces of it and rubbed it all over their eyes.

RACHEL

I, I, I, I, I, I, I say I, damn you! Take responsibility for a change.

MURRAY

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there was a split in the big boys' philosophies. Jefferson wanted the land and farms, productive work, to be the

Once upon a time in times square

deciding factor in value and Hamilton wanted money, banking, to have the last word.

RACHEL

I, I, I, I, I, I, I always you. You. You. Do you ever think of me?

MURRAY

Every crisis on this continent, look and you will see the farmers vs. the bankers are at it again. Their feud is older than the war between the sexes and just as intractable.

RACHEL

Cry for me!

MURRAY

Why can't we admit that we need each other?

RACHEL

I will never feel the quickening of a new life inside my body. Never hear -

RACHEL & SANTA

- that glorious syncopation.

MURRAY

The soldiers who fight for the farmers and the soldiers who fight for the bankers, well, they're not bankers' sons are they? No! They're the sons of farmers.

SANTA

*Whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone hits the pitcher, it's going to be bad for the pitcher.*

MURRAY

We removed ourselves as creators of one another, out of self disgust and selfishness. And now strategic thinking is the most highly prized of all the mentalities and more and more people are bred for the ability to feel absolutely nothing at all.

SANTA

Fuck 'em.

### *III. Scene eight ~ death in venice*

Once upon a time in times square

*MUSIC # DJ sings a karaoke version of Girls Just Want to Have Fun. He continues until the shots. Professor Nimk is lecturing.*

DJ

*The phone rings, it's the middle of the night...*

PROFESSOR NIMK

Money moves across every border, this defines the free-market internationalism we enjoy today. And we are extremely proud of having developed this universal cancer. According to the natural law of money, nothing -

SANTA

(not air, not water, not earth or even Prometheus' gift of fire)

PROFESSOR NIMK

- can be experienced directly; everything must be mediated by money. Money stands as an abstract and absolute filter between consciousness and production, sifting out every sign of authenticity and evaluating it. You know how much everything in your world costs, don't you? Or do you? We are taxing reality, sucking reality. Money demands a monopoly on evaluative interpretation. And what *is* money's interpretative evaluation of life? How much does the ultimate abstraction of value, value life? Not at all. Money does not value life. The organization and maintenance of the City-State demands the existence of money. We depend on it. And money will outlive any government we can presently conceive.

SANTA

- of.

PROFESSOR NIMK

Money belongs to everyone. It symbolizes the common-wealth.

SANTA

(of earth and sky)

PROFESSOR NIMK

The common-wealth. The wealth we hold as members of that exclusive club, earth creatures. Our common-wealth –

SANTA

(of rain and fire)

Once upon a time in times square

PROFESSOR NIMK

- includes one another held in slavery, *or not*. Land parceled, *or not*. Money hoarded, *or not*. If we want to allow some people to manage/control more common-wealth than other people manage or control, that's a matter for politics to decide. That's what politics is for – how should we manage what we hold in common, our common-wealth as a community? Will we manage our common-wealth to benefit community?

*Blackout. Two shots are fired. Professor Nimk is shot.*

SANTA

No one is safe.

*The lights come up as Professor Nimk takes a long time to die comically (Dance #). Teenie rushes to pick up Professor Nimk's notes. She reads his words aloud while he's in his death throes. She means well but it's extremely silly.*

TEENIE

The essence of the scientific revolution, the seed of our most fundamental philosophical imperatives has been Wonder! Wisdom is built on wonder! Look! Look around you! Look as care-fully as you can. There is meaning *everywhere* you look.

*Professor Nimk is dead.*

JASON

Yeah, but we're too stupid to understand it.

*Dance # (No music) The scene of the crime: First they trace the body's outline in chalk on the floor. They take out little notebooks, plastic gloves, little cameras, and use them as they circle the dead body. Lights flashing if possible (from police cars, emergency vehicles and cameras)*

FEATHER

*Come with me and be my love and we will all the pleasures prove.*

*They drag the body offstage slowly.*

Once upon a time in times square

### *III. Epilogue ~ assassins have paranoid assholes*

*Dance # (No music) Feather's second striptease.*

FEATHER

Flaunt me, I dare you! Show me in my best light. There once was a land that time forgot. Where we float without worrying about what we're going. Or how. Let go of your goals! Embrace the boredom of perfection! Float in infinity! Let the black hole suck you in, like a huge devouring vagina. An infinite sea of forgetfulness or crystal clear memory? My brain is bleeding. Bad memories infect my dance. I step away from pain, disguise myself. Again. And again. The sex industry makes sex and sells it. The baby industry makes babies and sells them. The love industry makes love and gives it away. What kind of business is that?

KIT

You'll never make any money that way.

FEATHER

Oh, and your blackmarket shenanigans are going to get you anywhere but jail?

KIT

Shhhh!

FEATHER

Do they put that in your DNA? *Will live a double life? one in the light of what is acceptable. The other life thriving in an illicit, illegal underground economy. Fruit!*

KIT

Not two lives. One life. This life. My life.

*Kit kisses Feather for real.*

FEATHER

Was that in your profile? She will ruin her life for the sake of fruit?

KIT

I'm in good company.

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER

Eve! I get it. But you sell oranges.

*Kit kisses Feather – to shut her up? CJ is talking to himself in a mirror.*

CJ

Your lips.

FEATHER

Was that the choice you made?

*Snake is in love with Jason for real.*

SNAKE

Your eyes.

FEATHER

Because, if it was a choice, and I think it was, then a geneticon can have free will.

*Teenie to Gy.*

TEENIE

Your mouth.

GY

Your boobs!

*Gy playfully lunges at Teenie's boobs with both hands outstretched. She runs away and he chases her. They are both laughing.*

KIT

This geneticon freely chooses to kiss your luscious, lovely, irreplaceable, geneticon mouth. Now.

*Kit kisses Feather again.*

*Blackout.  
End Act Three.*

Once upon a time in times square

**Act four ~ night time. very dark.**

*Graffiti: End the violence of the explanation!  
The list! The unquestioned data! A complexity  
of irrelevancies. Murder is not good for good  
business. Two felonies and a misdemeanor.*

*No stage lights are used during this act.  
Christmas lights make a skyline as a backdrop.  
Characters create their own light (carry glow  
sticks and/or other lighted objects, such as  
flashlights).*

**IV. Scene one ~ the interrogation**

*The interrogation room. Sam and Janet are  
interrogating people by shining lights in their  
faces. Sam and Janet's are the only lights  
onstage so people will speak under the  
interrogation light(s) or in the dark. Both  
lights can shine on the same person, or not.*

Insufficient evidence?  
JANET

No. The evidence is sufficient.  
SAM

Crap, crap, crap, crap.  
WANDA

It's all crap.  
CJ

Everywhere you look: crap.  
WANDA

Crap in the attic.  
CJ

Once upon a time in times square

Crap in the soup. WANDA

Crap is the soup. CJ

Crap soup. WANDA

Reality. CJ

Stars burst open. Create new worlds. SANTA

WANDA  
While I'm absorbing your crap: while I'm trying to recycle and transform your shit, the ineptly digested, disowned waste you generate, you are telling me that your shit is mine. I'm telling *you* that it's not. It's not my shit and you can't make me claim it.

Did you fart? JASON

CJ  
Simpering, whimpering shit crawls up my ass every day. I like a good ass fuck, thank you. Clears the passageways for the next day's bombardment of crap.

WANDA  
Today I'm bagging crap and putting it out for the garbage men to come take it far away. Poof!

I stopped dreaming. TEENIE

I hate Mondays. KIT

I think I'm in love. GY

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER

You're right. I have a gift. But my craft, my skills were acquired by fucking interesting people. You're not interesting enough to fuck.

*EVERYONE says their individual line when the light(s) shine on them. Sensitive use of overlapping is a must. No one speaks this line in the dark.*

EVERYONE

I wonder what it would be like to spend the night with you.

*Santa begins speaking in the dark.*

SANTA

Porous to the world. Poor us, to the world! Pour us into the world! It's about living a meaningful sensual life, right? That's what you're asking, right? Underneath it all. You want to know whether it's possible to live a meaningful sensual life. I did. I did the best I could. Everyone has circumstances. What was it Emerson said about blight? Do you know what blight is? Blight is damage. A fungus. There's a fungus amongus. I think it's you!

*Santa has got a flashlight. The suspects are speaking to their interrogators facing the audience so that the suspects' accusations to their interrogators appear to be addressed directly to the audience.*

KIT

Oh, my god! What do you expect?

SANTA

*Give me truths, for I am weary of surfaces.*

KIT

Do you expect us to just let you starve us? No! People will find a way to survive. That's what people do. That's what people *are*.

SANTA

*I know only herbs and simples of the woods, rue, cinquefoil, gill, vervain, and pimpernel, blue-vetch, and trillium, hawkweed, sassafras, milkweeds, and murky brakes, quaint pipes and sundew, and rare and virtuous roots, which in these woods draw untold juices from the common earth, untold, unknown.*

Once upon a time in times square

CJ

I like my job. I don't know... who has it better than me?

SANTA

*Bold interlopers have invaded my magical forest, cut the trees to oblivion. Because they don't love the flowers, they think it's ok to kill them. I think, if you're going to kill me, you should know something about me. My name is Claire, what's yours?*

GY

When I found out I wasn't a geneticon? It was a shock, yes. But then I realized that having a father and a mother is sort of interesting.

WANDA

I don't know what you're talking about.

SANTA

*Once upon a time people studied magic in flowers, human fortunes in stars.*

WANDA

What do you care how many personalities I have or how they dress? How could that possibly affect you?

GY

I would not have killed my dad.

SANTA

*We studied things and how they work by living in and among those things.*

GY

I'm not sure I would know how to kill anything. I don't think I have military DNA.

SANTA

*We studied things and how they work by living in and among those things and how they lived was all part of the world we were making with them.*

TEENIE

I'm not from around here.

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

*Now you memorize names, facts, dates. (Santa spits) Once upon a time we were able to believe in a united world. Wherever our eyebeams fell, we saw life. And we cherished life. We felt part of the world. Not now. Not really. Now we read our fortunes in neon. Here are your stars. Your hearts are strangers to sky and earth. And to each other.*

TEENIE

Where I'm from – we don't have roads or use of the satellites. Our communication systems aren't instantaneous. They evolve over time, they get richer.

JASON

Richer?

SANTA

*We have abandoned the elemental world.*

CJ

I tried to swallow.

SANTA

*We abandoned the intimacy we had with ourselves. With our natural selves. And nature will have her revenge. Mark my words.*

CJ

But he didn't want to feed me.

SANTA

*The elements are not fundamental for nothing;*

CJ

He wanted to take a dump in me.

SANTA

*These are powerful realities. I wouldn't offend them if I were you.*

CJ

He pressed his cock so hard into the back of my throat, I knew he couldn't possibly have any empathy for me.

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

*They have already locked us out of their secret conferences. We are no longer invited into their mysteries.*

CJ

I think sexual knowing –

SANTA

*No, they tell us, you do not respect us.*

CJ

- requires empathic reasonings.

SANTA

*Night and day, ocean and continent -*

CJ

Based on sensual experience.

SANTA

*- fire, plant and mineral say, you do not respect us.*

CJ

The whole event spontaneous.

SANTA

*You invaded us (impiously) for gain. You devastate our bounty, exploit our creativity, thwart our love. You use us for your convenience. You have forgotten how to share.*

JANET

I'm feeling nauseous. I don't think I can do this anymore. I don't think any of these people would murder this guy.

SAM

Don't be silly. We have a crime to solve. This is the fun part.

JANET

Maybe I like a world without crime.

SANTA

*Thrown us out of their garden to toil, to wrench something useful from uncooperative, disillusioned grace.*

Once upon a time in times square

SAM

I'm sorry you feel that way.

JANET

I think they created the peacemaker series to be, um, less, um –

SAM

Tough than we were? Yeah. Sure. Otherwise we'd become the problem not the solution. You gotta go with the flow. But, the younger generation - aren't you curious? Just a little bit? What it was like to be us? To battle!?

SANTA

*To sick eyes, the world looks sick.*

*Sam and Janet's following lines are from Moliere's The Misanthrope. Maybe Wanda, Feather or CJ simul/ translates for Janet back into french (or not).*

SAM

*Where are you going?*

SANTA

*The world is shorn of meaning.*

JANET

*Away.*

SANTA

*We live and die in anger -*

SAM

*No, wait!*

SANTA

*- divorced from the world that seeks to love us.*

JANET

*I can't.*

SAM

*I want you to.*

Once upon a time in times square

JANET

*No use. These conversations are unbearable.*

SANTA

*Divorced from the sweet affluence of love and song, the rich results of divine consents between humans and the earth -*

JANET

*You ask too much!*

*Exeunt Janet. She turns off her light and surreptitiously gives it to Kit. The audience sees this but no one else does. Sam shines a light on Feather.*

FEATHER

You're scared of what I represent: the possibility of eden, of merger, of creative endeavor, of risk. If you had any courage, you'd shine that light in your own eyes!

*Santa speaks in the dark, shines her light on specific audience members when she says her lines to them.*

SANTA

*- a world beloved and lover -*

JASON

What can I say that you haven't heard a thousand times before?

SANTA

*- nectar and ambrosia -*

GY

I think I'm going to do it.

JASON

I'm a simple guy. Really.

WANDA

You seem confused. Are you alright?

Once upon a time in times square

CJ

I have only one burning desire.

WANDA

Your gender identities are all over the place.

TEENIE

*Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give a damn!*

SANTA

*And now,*

TEENIE

The world is going to do whatever it does. They don't care about me. But I care about me. And I care about you a little bit too.

GY

Me too.

SANTA

*- in the midst of spoils and slaves -*

*Sam shines the light on Kit.*

KIT

Oh. Yeah. Hey. He wasn't my father. No. She's my mom, yeah, it sucks, but, hell, she's probably your mom too. She's like everyone's mom, it's embarrassing.

*Kit shines her light on Sam who is startled by the light in his eyes. CJ takes advantage of Sam's confusion to grab Sam's light and shine it under his own chin as he walks around looking scary.*

SANTA

*- you thieves and pirates of the universe are pushed out daily away from the sweet juice of life and love. Is that what you wanted to know?*

*Santa shines her light on Sam. Kit and Santa are now both shining their lights on Sam, while CJ is using his light for visual mockeries. Sam sits silently, thinking.*

Once upon a time in times square

SANTA

Infantilism, that's killing children?

KIT

No, that's infanticide.

SANTA

Oh, yeah, that's right. Thanks.

KIT

Think nothing of it.

#### *IV. Scene two ~ emotional intelligence*

*The tables are turned. The inmates are running the asylum. The first thing they do is get up and stretch. The lights pass around playfully. Sam sits thinking.*

FEATHER

Poor man, he needs emotional exercise. His emotions are weak and out of control.

WANDA

People need emotional training.

FEATHER

Emotional Strength classes! I'll give classes! We'll teach them how to blend emotions!

WANDA

Those people can't do that, it's not in their DNA or in their programming.

FEATHER

That's why we're going to be successful! We have something unique to offer. Emotions are a palette.

CJ

There's a whole aesthetic -

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER  
- to emotional blending. I agree!

WANDA  
That can't be the first level.

FEATHER  
What?

WANDA  
Blending emotions.

FEATHER  
Why not?

WANDA  
It's too hard.

FEATHER  
Balance them, then.

WANDA  
Balance their emotions? No! Still too hard.

FEATHER  
I don't know. What do you think should be the first level?

WANDA  
Articulation.

FEATHER  
Name your emotions?

WANDA  
Name them. Yes.

FEATHER  
People don't know the names of their feelings?

WANDA  
Feather, people don't even know their own names.

Once upon a time in times square

CJ

There are lots of feelings. And new emotions are being born every day, in almost everyone! Like the Milky Way, it's a big mystery.

WANDA

*I don't know. But I been told. Streets of heaven have all been sold.*

#### *IV. Scene three ~ ghostory*

FEATHER

I never dream. People want objects. I want songs of love. I am the goddess birthing the world into existence.

GY

I want you to -.

TEENIE

I want you too.

GY

I want you.

GY

Terrified of the dark he ran until one day he stood unafraid. And wondered what would happen if he turned around and growled at the dark (*he does*). The dark didn't change. It was still dark. But he was different. He stopped running away from himself. And it wasn't a shameful self that terrified him.

SANTA

It was the pristine delicacy of his inmost imaginative power. He felt his soul to be a fine filigree, almost a lace.

GY

See? Totally emasculating. No one wants men that sensitive.

SANTA

Why not?

WANDA

Do you believe that sensitivity makes us less able to fight? Because you're wrong. Sensitive is unappealing because it's radical, surgical. Sensitivity cuts through the lies, to the heart of things.

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER

You would benefit from a tour of duty in sex school. Really. Sexual activity training should be required. As long as only professionals are good at sex. We're going to have problems.

KIT

I don't like how I smell.

*Exeunt Wanda. Santa collapses, suddenly  
dejected.*

TEENIE

Don't worry, Santa, the birds will never be able to eat all the seeds. That's why seeds are tiny. No one notices them. The power is inside them. You can't see it. But it's there. In being small. You see?

SANTA

I can see a lot from here.

TEENIE

I'm sure you can.

SANTA

You're teenie, tiny. Tiny Teenie! We're friends!

TEENIE

Who killed Professor Nimk.

SANTA

We're friends!

TEENIE

Yes we are.

SANTA

I did.

TEENIE

Why?

SANTA

He asked me to.

Once upon a time in times square

TEENIE

There were two shots.

*Shakta enters, begins shepherding people towards the coffin in preparation for the gathering funeral.*

SANTA

Delicious, despised, despicable. I'm a seed. I operate in the dark.

SHAKTA

We are from the earth. We are part of the earth. Don't be sad now. Remember what they say, we will rise.

KIT

Don't you dare.

*The characters say their goodbyes to the coffin.*

JASON

You taught me to think about what I'm working for and why. To look at my efforts as valuable. To view my effort as investment. I'm a rich man because of you. Because you said that no original cause, no class or DNA status, no category anyone could put me in could make me less of a man or close the door to the hero in me. You told me I could be a hero, honoring the uniqueness of every journey. I'll miss you.

MURRAY

Sorry old man.

CJ

*Here's lookin' at you kid.*

MURRAY

You were a pain in the ass.

GY

Bye.

MURRAY

But thrilling.

Once upon a time in times square

RACHEL

*Ca! Ce n'est pas une pipe.*

KIT

Not two lives, right, Oscar? One life. This life.

FEATHER

The body is a miracle.

SANTA

It takes a long time to make a person.

#### *IV. Scene four ~ the funeral*

SHAKTA

This is a perfect moment. It's a perfect moment because I have been inspired to say a gigantic prayer. I've been roused to unleash a divinely greedy, apocalyptically healing prayer for each and every one of you - even those of you who don't believe in the power of prayer. Let us pray right now to the god of gods ... the god beyond all gods ... the Girlfriend of god ... the Teacher of god ... the goddess who invented god. Dear goddess, beyond space and time -

TEENIE

I pray that my exuberant –

SANTA

(brave)

TEENIE

- and accidental words will move you to shower ferocious blessings down on everyone who hears our benediction. We need blessings.

*<general approbation>*

CJ

O goddess, you who give us so much love and pain mixed together that our morality is always stressed to the point of collapse - I beg you - cast a boisterous love spell that will nullify all the dumb ideas and nasty programming that have ever cursed any one of the wise and sexy virtuosos here with us today.

*<general approbation>*

Once upon a time in times square

RACHEL

I pray that you will give us what we don't even know we want.

FEATHER

Not just what we think we need but everything we've always been afraid to imagine could be true for us.

SANTA

Everything we've been afraid to ask for.

CJ

I pray that you will bless us while we bend and even break the rules, laws and traditions that keep us apart from the people we love.

SHAKTA

Dear goddess, You fiercely tender, hauntingly reassuring, orgiastically sacred feeling that is even now running through all of our soft, warm animal bodies ~

JASON

Show us how to purge the wishy-washy wishes that distract us from our daring, dramatic, divine desires.

SHAKTA

Dear goddess, sweet goddess, you sly universal virus with no fucking opinion -

GY

Please teach us the difference between oppressive self-control and liberating self-control, awaken in us the power to do the half-right thing when it is impossible to do the totally right thing.

TEENIE

Guide us to realize that we are completely different from what we've been led to believe.

JASON

And more exciting than we have ever thought possible.

KIT

Please conjure an aura of protection around us.

*Dance # everyone is shining light on everyone else.*

Once upon a time in times square

CJ

Make it illegal, immoral, irrelevant, unpatriotic and totally tasteless for us to be in love with anyone or anything that's no good for us.

*<general approbation>*

TEENIE

Dear goddess, you pregnant slut who scorns all mediocre longing -

MURRAY

Throw away -

RACHEL

(or give away)

MURRAY

- the belief that we are better than anyone else.

JASON

Give us bigger, better, more original sins

KIT

And wilder, wetter, more interesting problems.

SHAKTA

And now dear god of gods, god beyond all gods –

RACHEL

Girlfriend of god, Teacher of god, goddess who invented god –

SHAKTA

I bring this prayer to a close, trusting that in these mysterious moments you have begun to change everyone here in the exact way we've needed to change in order to express our soul's most gorgeous imperatives. Teach us to -

TEENIE

Right our own wrongs

CJ

Sing our own songs

Once upon a time in times square

FEATHER

Save our own lives

RACHEL

Be our own wives

SHAKTA

Amen. Awomen. And glory fucking hallelujah.

*The funeral is over after a moment's silence.*

MURRAY

I don't know how to want anything anymore. I used to want so much. (*he begins ad libbing things he wanted in the past*)

MURRAY	KIT
<i>(When I was five, I wanted a sled and I was miserable until... when I was 16 etc.)</i>	I don't want anything but revenge. To see the whole edifice come tumbling down around them. That's all I can think of now. How much, how good it will feel when it comes tumbling down. And buries them alive. Entombed by the collapse of their own castle walls.

SANTA

Do you remember love?

KIT

Vaguely.

SANTA

Liar.

#### ***IV. Epilogue ~ talitha goum!***

*Pronounced talitha koum, it means: little girl, I say to you, get up! (see notes) Santa says goodbye to everyone but before the last person is gone -*

Once upon a time in times square

Claire! claire!

PROFESSOR NIMK

*- tiny tapping sounds are heard from the coffin. Santa ignores them and hurries people out. The tapping gets louder. Finally Santa goes over to the coffin.*

Keep it down.

SANTA

*Professor Nimk is alive inside the coffin!*

Get me out of here.

PROFESSOR NIMK

SANTA

It's not safe. There are still people here.

PROFESSOR NIMK

I have to piss. And I'm thirsty.

SANTA

Shhh. I know. Just a second. You are such a big baby.

PROFESSOR NIMK

You're going to make me cry! Claire! Get me out of here!

SANTA

Are you sweating?

PROFESSOR NIMK

Yes, I'm very hot.

SANTA

Good! Now you're a living fountain, crying, pissing, sweating... water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink!

PROFESSOR NIMK

Stop teasing me.

*Santa makes water rushing sounds - the sound of pissing.*

Once upon a time in times square

PROFESSOR NIMK

Let me out! *(long pause during which no one speaks)* Claire?

SANTA

Yes?

PROFESSOR NIMK

Please let me come out and play.

*Santa lets him out. He hugs her happily then kisses her passionately and then as he's rushing offstage.*

PROFESSOR NIMK

I gotta take a leak and then I'm going out to foment revolutionary hopefulness. I'll be so much more effective now that I'm dead! *(he rushes back to give her another kiss)* I love you. Meet me for dinner later, our usual place! And I'll show you a living fountain in love with an angel!

*Alone on a bare stage, in a bath of light\*  
Santa is working hard, scrubbing the floor.*

SANTA

I love the earth. Everything about her. Even the parts that scare me to death. Even hurricanes and volcanoes, earthquakes, tidal waves, the wind, water, trees, I love it all. I'd live again and again, just to experience the earth. Birds. The sounds of laughter, singing, bells, the ocean crashing. Roar!

*Blackout. A gentle joyful bell rings once in the dark.*

FIN

Once upon a time in times square

Professor Nimk's lecture on the City-State and money was freely adapted from hakim bey's articles - for and against interpretation dublin aug 23 1996  
(<http://www.hermetic.com/bey/millennium/interpret.html>)  
and - note on nationalism dublin sept 23 1996  
(<http://www.hermetic.com/bey/millennium/nation.html>)

the idea of times square as a city of light comes from marshall berman's book  
*On the Town: One Hundred Years of Spectacle in Times Square*

the prayer shakta delivers was adapted from rob brezsny's prayer for you  
<http://www.freewillastrology.com/beauty/prayer.html> part of his book  
"PRONOIA Is the Antidote for Paranoia: How the Whole World Is Conspiring to Shower You with Blessings."

The Moliere scene is from *Don Juan*; the short dialogue and the monologue are from *The Misanthrope*.

**Questions on the Questionnaire for the Audience** (*After the cards are collected in the first act, someone backstage has to work out the numbers and get them to CJ for the game in the third act*)

- 1) Are you male/female.
- 2) How old were you when you lost your virginity? between the ages of 1-12/13-25/26-40/over 40
- 3) Would you have sex before (outside of) marriage?
- 4) Would you have sex with a married person?

Santa's children with Professor Nimk – Gy

Santa's children from artificial insemination and planted fertilized ovaries – Kit, Jason, Murray.

Teenie was born naturally in the district outside of Times Square (where New Jersey is today).

All the prostitutes were *born* from the DNA Bureau Birth Bank.

No one is sure where Rachel is from. Santa was born naturally as was Professor Nimk. Dr. Shepherd and Dr. Jones are geneticons (or not; director's discretion).

Kit sells oranges and Jason sells apples.

Talitha qoum ( \_\_\_\_\_ ) Mark 5:41

*And taking the hand of the child, he said to her, "Talitha koum", which is translated, "Little girl, I say to you, get up".*

This verse gives an Aramaic phrase, attributed to Jesus in the healing of a girl, with a translation into Greek. The Greek transliteration of the phrase is \_\_\_\_\_.

The most dependable Greek manuscripts (Codex Sinaiticus, Codex Vaticanus) of Mark's Gospel have this text, but a few (Codex Alexandrinus, the Majority Text and the Vulgate) write \_\_\_\_\_ (*koumi*) instead. The latter became the Textus Receptus, and is the version that appears in the Authorised Version.

The Aramaic is *l\_th\_ q\_m*. The word *l\_th\_* is the feminine form of the word *l\_*, meaning "young". *Q\_m* is the Aramaic verb 'to rise, stand, get up'. In the feminine singular imperative, it was originally 'q\_m\_'. However, there is evidence that in speech the final *\_* was dropped so that the imperative did not distinguish between masculine and feminine genders. The older manuscripts, therefore, used a Greek spelling that reflected pronunciation, whereas the addition of an *'\_*' was perhaps due to a bookish copyist.

In Aramaic, it could be (\_\_\_\_\_) or (\_\_\_\_\_). From [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aramaic\\_of\\_Jesus](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aramaic_of_Jesus)