

THE COMFORT AND SAFETY OF YOUR OWN HOME

Death of Nations Part 1 (USA)

Written by
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in collaboration with

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ACT I: On the Bus

The audience boards the Tour Bus at 107 Suffolk Street, in Manhattan. We are greeted by our tour guide, Lucy Kendrick Smith, who welcomes us onto the bus. Once we are all seated, Lucy introduces herself as well as the bus driver. She begins the following monologue, spoken into the microphone. Speakers are positioned throughout the bus so that it is as if Lucy is speaking directly to each audience member, calmly, addressing them intimately. Music by Andy Gillis also underscores the narrative. The narrative begins much like a nature documentary, the kind one might see on PBS, but slowly over the course of the 55 minute tour, becomes darker and more personal. Once we are deep into Brooklyn, Lucy begins to address the audience more personally, her mind cracking in places as if overwhelmed by the information. At the end of the monologue, Lucy reveals herself to be of Native American origin, but this should not be done forcefully or angrily, but simply as a matter of course, revealing a certain perspective as it were. The ethnic origin or political perspective of the audience is not assumed, they are treated as guests throughout, and the philosophical and political questions contained in the following speech are never meant to be cajoling or persuasive, but asked simply so that an audience may imagine many possibilities.

The bus proceeds along the following route: Down Suffolk to Delancey turn right. Turn

off Delancey at Norfolk. Turn right on Rivington. Across Rivington to Essex. Turn Left on Essex back onto Delancey, heading for the Williamsburg Bridge. Turn left onto Delancey and cross the Williamsburg Bridge (to Brooklyn). Stay in the extreme right lane. Take right exit onto Broadway. Follow Broadway down to Kent on the East River. Right on Kent. Take Kent following the River past Wallabout Bay past all the warehouses until Clymer Ave. Turn Left on Clymer. Turn right at the stop sign at the end of the block, on whatever the hell street is that one down by the river with the really spooky old broken down warehouse. Go three blocks along that street to Greenpoint Ave. Turn right onto Greenpoint Ave, heading East, away from the river. Take Greenpoint Ave about ten minutes, crossing the canal. Pass the large cemetery which will be on the right. Turn Right at the intersection just beyond the cemetery following signs to get onto the Brooklyn Queens Expressway (BQE—278) towards Staten Island. Cross the Kosciusko Bridge, which offers an amazing elevated view of Brooklyn, Manhattan and a huge expanse of sky. Proceed a total of five exits. Get off BQE at Wythe/Kent Exit. Take Marcy Ave to Flushing Ave. Right on Flushing. Take Flushing towards corner of Vanderbilt and Flushing. Stop briefly at the intersection of Flushing and Vanderbilt, where large prison annex is located opposite the Navy Yard Film Studios. Turn on Vanderbilt to Park Ave. Take Park Ave to the end and loop around heading back in the direction we just came. Once we turn to loop back onto Park Ave, stop in front of the projects (Monument Walk) in Fort Greene, the location of the Battle of Brooklyn. Once Battle of Brooklyn text is finished proceed on Park Ave for the remainder of the text. Turn left on Grand Ave stop the bus on Park and between Ryerson and grand to let off the passengers. Walk to International WOW space at 37 Grand Ave.

IN MANHATTAN

Welcome to the City in your Mind. A tour of the origins of New York City. On today's tour we are going to examine the roots of our city. We'll look at the forces of man and nature that collided to create this metropolis.

We're also going to take a look deep within our imaginations and try see our city re-born. There are 8 million New York Cities that live in the minds of the people who live here. And a great many more that are etched in the memories of every person who has visited here.

What kind of city do you live in? What do you know about the place that is born everyday into your mind? What do you know of our history?

History is a fantasy. No one can ever really know if it is true. And as you stare out of the windows looking at buildings or bridges, at vast open expanses of air or at the pavement whizzing by, and as you listen to my voice, as people walk by our windows, let's try to see and hear our history. Maybe you need to think of it like a movie. That everything that passes in front of these windows is going in slow motion. Think of how beautiful or emotional these people might seem if they were going in slow motion, Each of their myriad expressions infinite and magnified. Sadness, elation, boredom, annoyance, depression, lust, compassion. Everything slowed down or blown up like in a movie. Its

all just about the frame you put around it. Or perhaps just look at a lamppost or a parked car, or a black splotch on the sidewalk that was someone's gum in 1987. And think of the steel in the lamppost, or the saccharine crust of the gum or the faded red paint on the car and think of how that came from somewhere inside the earth. And think of how far it traveled to get here. Everything here is a traveler. Coming from nothing and will one day return to nothingness.

Close your eyes, for a moment, and just listen to the sounds. Listen to the sounds that New York makes.

Does it sound like music to you? Or noise?

And for a moment now think of all of that sound emptying away.

Find something to stare at as you listen to me talk. Be it tree or brick or human. And be like the sun as it goes inside the spirit of that you behold. You can see what is inside. You have that power to keep things still for long enough to let it sink in.

There are a million things to look at that we've never seen before.

Right here was the edge of a glacier.

75,000 years ago a sheet of Ice 1000 feet thick was covering these lands. The huge glacier descended from the north and sat upon this area for thousands of years. The immense pressure of the glacier carved out the river beds, flattened the bays and it was very cold. The glacier consumed so much of the earth's water that the sea level dropped 300 feet and the coastline of this area extended out 100 miles in every direction. It was a long walk to the beach. The glacier parked itself in the middle of Brooklyn and Manhattan and when it melted, about 17,000 years ago it left behind huge mounds of bedrock called a Terminal Moraine. The line of the terminal moraine is still with us. Jamaica Hills, highland Park, Crown heights, Washington Heights, mark the line of the glaciers advance. Like wise Flatbush and Flatlands were depressed by the glacier's outer plain.

5,000 years after the glaciers retreat, or about 12,000 years ago, trees began to sprout up in what was a slowly thawing tundra. These islands emerged from the ice. Woolly mammoths, mastodons, bison, musk oxen, sloths, giant beavers, caribou, saber toothed tigers and other large mammals moved in. These huge beasts were followed by the regions first human inhabitants, who would gather in midtown to attack. Flint spear points and fossils, and heaps of near human bones were excavated near the current site of the Empire State Building.

That first wave of humans retreated with the Glacier, 9,000 years ago. For 2,000 years no one was here. About 6500 years ago, there is evidence of second wave of native people. Over a hundred different native tribes lived here for 6,000 years, untouched by the

Western World.

In fact when the first European settlers arrived in this part of the world, in the early 1600s, there were over 15,000 inhabitants in Manhattan and more in Brooklyn.

And what a paradise they found!

CROSSING WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE

If you can for a moment, as we go over the Williamsburg Bridge, look out over these lands and see them with no buildings. See them as the settlers first saw them, as a lush hilly forested paradise.

"O THIS IS EDEN! A TERRESTRIAL CANAAN!" exclaimed Dutch poet Jacon Steendam when he first saw Manhattan. The English essayist Daniel Denton remarked, "the land floweth with milk and honey." In fact this was the usual reaction of the Europeans who began to settle the lower Hudson valley. Nowhere else in North America won such consistently extravagant praise.

The air seemed to carry people away. "Dry, sweet and healthy, much like the best parts of France." What could produce such air was the subject of a lot of speculation. Some attributed it to wild flowers. The region was described as "curiously bedecked with roses and an innumerable multitude of wildflowers whose fragrance could be smelled far out to sea. The effect was magical and it was thought that the air here could cure respiratory problems.

IN BROOKLYN (Turning onto Broadway, heading for the river)

But it seemed to be the overwhelming size and quantity of things that were living here, the sheer magnitude-- that people wrote home about. Vast meadows of grass as high as a man's middle, Forests with towering Cedars, Chestnut, Maple and Oak. Orchards bore apples of incomparable sweetness and pears larger than a fist. Men could scarcely go through the woods without bird chirping and chattering louder than could be spoken over. Boats crossing the bay were greeted by schools of playful whales, seals and porpoises. Fishermen found a bounty of twelve inch oysters and six foot lobsters. Lakes and tidal marshes were so teeming with fish that they could be taken by hand. Forty pound wild turkeys and deer gambled in the fields of what is now Brooklyn in open view and there were doves quoted to be so numerous that the light can hardly be discerned where they fly. Wild swans were so plentiful that the shores appear dressed in white drapery. One hunter killed 170n black birds with one shot they were so thickly clumped together. Another killed 11 16 pound grey geese in the same manner. Even in those times, this was a city of excess. Of plenty. Of hugeness. An Eden. A paradise. Can you see it? White swans draping the coastline? A group of islands with 20,000 or less human inhabitants, unchanged for nearly 6,000 years?

The lushness, vibrancy and seemingly boundless food on these islands was due to the

3,000 year old way of life that the many Native American tribes lived. The Lenape, The Canarsee, the Montauk and the Hackensack peoples lived seasonally along a complex network of trails systems that led them back and forth across the lands. In the spring and early summer a band could be found along the shore fishing and clamming, as autumn approached they moved inland to harvest crops and hunt deer, when winter set in they would move further to towards reliable sources of fire wood and smaller game..

TURNING ON KENT TOWARDS WALLABOUT BAY/WAREHOUSE LAND:

Many modern roads, such as Flatbush Avenue and Kings Highway, follow the route of paths that connected the various Native American villages

The seasonal movements along the trail systems, which in places were as complex and interwoven as the city streets that replaced them afforded the Canarsee and the Lenape easy access to fish, shellfish, game, birds and deer. Their long houses, simply constructed could be built quickly, saplings covered with sheets of bark. Moving from place to place every few months seasonally meant that they never really owned property. It also meant that they had less garbage. Constant relocation also prevented depletion of firewood and arable land. When supplies dwindled, the group simply relocated until the former site could once again support human habitation. And that minimized the human impact on local plant and animal populations, giving them a chance to rebound until the tribe returned the next year.

Because Lenape spiritual beliefs emphasized the interconnectedness of all things living, hunting was a spiritual exercise and excessive killing was avoided.

No wonder this place was so over flowing with abundance and life when the Europeans came here. It was no accident of nature, it was a product of culture as well as geology.

So this one group of our parents, these Canarsee Indians had all of these amazing ways of doing things. They believed that all men were brothers, that we were all equals in the face of the great spirit and that life was to be treasured.

Now let's learn about our other family a bit.

The first settlers were brought to this area by the Dutch West India Company. Not by religious fanatics searching for freedom of beliefs as was perhaps the case in Boston, not by famous explorers like Columbus or Magellan although Henry Hudson and Giovanni Verazzano took a few turns in our harbors a few decades before. No the first people to come here were on a business venture. A mega-corporation of the 1620s that had interests all over the Americas.

The Dutch West India company, had it's own fleet of warships and its own private army. Like the Dutch East India company it had two purposes, to make money by trade and to make money by making war on Spain. The company's charter was divided into five

ruling bodies. It cost a hefty six thousand guilders to join the central committee or the board of directors, and much like modern corporate structure, this central core decided the actions of the fleet and tradesmen. From 1625 until 1637 the Dutch West India company dispatched over a thousand ships that were manned by sixty seven thousand men. They attacked Spanish controlled San Juan, Puerto Rico and made off with 500 million guilders of booty and caused 120 million guilders in damage. They seized Portuguese sugar refineries in Brazil and sent out special attack missions to destroy commercial enterprises of rival companies all over the globe, cornering markets through seizure, destruction, enforced slavery, dismemberment, hangings and general disruption of everything that didn't belong to them.

Their first plantations were on the southern tip of Manhattan and the coastline of Brooklyn known as Wallabout bay, which is where we are right now.

The Dutch West India company would employ whole families to settle the land and set up trading posts. They spotted the coast line of Eastern Williamsburg.

It was difficult for these two groups of people to understand each other. Lenape culture was based not upon class but upon kinship. Private ownership of land and the hierarchical relationship of domination and exploitation were unknown to Lenapes. Each Lenape tribe had a right to hunt and fish within a certain territory. When different bands or tribes wanted to share or borrow certain grounds for use from another tribe, they would present a gift or a tribute to the neighboring tribe. This did not imply the "sale" or permanent alienation as in European law, which caused a great deal of confusion later when Peter Minuet thought he bought this land from the Native peoples.

Peter Minuet, the director of the New Netherlands's branch of the Dutch West India Company, the man credited for buying Manhattan for 24 dollars was noted often for his public drunkenness and refusal to hold council.

Despite the confusion over who had rights to the land, the native tribes continued to trade with the colonists.

At first the Colonists traded Dutch goods for furs. But they quickly learned about Wampum.

Wampum was a native jewelry which was made by stringing together hundreds of beads and mother of pearl shell fragments. Wampum was always given as tribute or was made to commemorate certain events. The Dutch figured out how to mass produce it, using beveling tools.

Natives started trading beaver pelts and other furs for Wampum, which went from a spiritual symbol to legal tender in a few years.

Native hunters, seduced by the fur trade, began neglecting their normal hunting patterns and soon the populations of furry animals such as beavers, foxes and bears became scarce

throughout the northeast. This marked the beginning of a huge ecological change to the region.

Despite the fur trade, Dutch West India Company's outposts in New Amsterdam, which was what New York was called back then, didn't really turn a profit. In the first settlement, loose morals, prostitution with natives, excessive drinking and the stench of rotting animals had replaced kinship and the scent of roses.

After a few years as Director, Mr. Minuet was fired for mismanagement.

I should add, that native warfare, without states or strictly defined nations, was much less systematic and far less brutal than among Europeans. As one colonist observed of the Lenape: "It is a great fight where seven or eight are slain". That would change too.

TURNING ONTO GREENPOINT AVE HEADING EAST

Soon after the Fur trade began, in 1624, war broke out between the Mohawks and the Mahicans over fur trapping grounds in the upper Hudson valley, unlike former wars which killed very few in number, the dispute over fur territory went on for decades killing thousands. Colonists and nearby tribes seasonally attacked each other and it seemed the region had fallen into a state of violent chaos.

Mr. Minuet's replacement, Willem Keift, was fond of locking himself in his room with a tub of Brandy.

When he wasn't drunk, Keift had a penchant for attacking native groups. He demanded tributes from them and when they refused, he often hung, dismembered and publicly disemboweled captured Natives and in one account, his under secretary's mother in law was reported to play a kind of primitive soccer match with the heads of decapitated Hackensacks at Fort Nassau. On the night of February 25th vowing to "Wipe the Mouths" of the savages, Kieft launched a surprise attack on the Pavonia encampment near what is now Greenpoint, which is where we are right now. Dutch West India Company troops massacred scores of native men, women and children. David De Vries, a settler, transcribed the stories of the exulting soldiers as they returned to Manhattan, "how infants were torn from their mothers breasts and hacked to pieces in the presence of the parents and pieces were thrown into the fire and into the water and other sucklings being bound to small boards were cut, stuck and pierced and miserably massacred in a manner to move a heart of stone."

By the time the smoke cleared in 1645 over 1600 Indians had been killed and most of the settlements on Brooklyn had burned.

The settlers also brought with them diseases indigenous to Europe from which the native tribes had no immunity. The result was devastating.

Between 1628 and 1645, in the first two decades of the Dutch West India Company's

settlements, there were frequent and potent epidemics and pandemics of European diseases among Native Americans. A small pox epidemic struck the native populations of Manhattan, Brooklyn and throughout the North east.

Governor Bradford of Plymouth, writing in the 1630's gave a vivid account of the plague:

"The Indians fall into a lamentable condition as they lie on their hard mats, the pox breaking and mattering and running one into another, their skin cleaving by reason thereof to the mats they lie on. When they turn them, a whole side will flay off at once as it were, and they will be all of a gore blood, most fearful to behold. And then, being very sore, what with cold and other distempers, they die like rotten sheep."

The impact of this disaster on the Indian Life of the region is hard to imagine. The death rate far exceeded anything that modern Western Nations have experienced. The first World War, for instance, which is often seen as the apotheosis of mass destruction, killed around 2 percent of the British population over a four year period. Many Native American communities lost 75 percent or more of their members within just a few weeks, the kind of losses predicted fro a nuclear Holocaust and certainly greater than those suffered at Hiroshima. The survivors, inevitably were shocked, grief stricken and bewildered.

PASSING GREENPOINT CEMETERY

Note: At this point the bus passes by the largest oldest cemetery in New York City. The graves seem to go on forever. The bus turns right onto the Brooklyn Queens Expressway (BQE) and literally rises up and over the cemetery. The skyline of Manhattan can be seen in the distance, towering over the thousands of graves. The contrast between the houses of the living and the houses of the dead is striking.

Tours on tour buses are overpopulated with numbers. So much so that the numbers cease to make sense any more.

The current population of this earth is nearing 7 billion people. Which means, at this moment in time, the population of the planet has grown so much so quickly, that at this moment the living outnumber the dead. That the amount of people on the surface of the planet is greater than the number that are under the surface or burned up in to the sky.

The Canarsee Indians that lived in Brooklyn at the time of the first settlements numbered about 7,000. Think about that 7,000 people times 6000 years divided by 50 which was probably the average life span at the time, adds up to less than a million. So less than a million people lived on this island over the course of 6,000 years. In America living today there are 280 million. And in China a billion. So it's true. It makes sense.

GETTING ON BQE:

I'm not sure at what point the scales tip back, I guess it will happen when everyone who

is on the planet right now dies. Then there will be more dead than living. In all of the wars of the 20th century there were about 280 million people killed. Six million Jews, 2 million Cambodians, 3 million Vietnamese, 11 million Russians, in WW II alone. Etc. Adds up to 280 million. But that is the current population of the United States. And even though there is a huge superpower sized nation of the dead out there or down there or nowhere. We the living still outnumber them. So what is the size of a genocide. One million? Five million?

Sometimes my cell phone rings and it shows a number that I don't recognize and my heart leaps and I think, "Oh my god! Love is coming to me!" It's coming straight out of nowhere. So it's okay. It's okay. I could fall in love tomorrow. And in my bones is something that is charging forward. I can feel it. Like a piano playing the same refrain over and over again. And I choose to believe in my feelings. When you lean towards something it is leaning back towards you.

We're all searching for freedom. We're all searching for that. We're all searching for the free open plains, the limitless skies, the elevation, the wind blowing through your hair, the smiles of loved ones, the feeling that you can get when you grab the hand of that one that you love and if you touch their finger you are on fire and you are held by that fire you are exploding like a supernova, your body is atomizing and the warm sun on the back of your neck just gives you this glow and then you want to cook and eat and provide for your tribe and raise your family and get old and learn the wisdom of the evergreens and the owls and the expanse of stars and die cradled by the arms of the earth while your family surrounds you in tobacco smoke curling all around your eyelids as they close and you see nothing but light because you could die in that moment, you could surrender it all in that moment of freedom which is all we ever want.

The human brain is responsible for the painting of Van Gogh, the creation of democracy, the design of the Atomic Bomb, psychosis, every act of murder or kindness ever committed on the planet, from when Cain killed his brother to the memory of the first hot dog you ever tasted on the beach. How does one organ encompass such diversity?

The brain is not a neatly organized system. It is often compared to an overgrown jungle of 100 billion nerve cells, or neurons. Each nerve cell has one axon and as many as 100,000 dendrites. The neuron and its thousands of neighbors send out roots and branches--axons and dendrites-- in all directions, which intertwine to form an interconnected tangle with 100 trillion constantly changing connections. There are more possible ways to connect the brain's neuron's than there are atoms in the universe. The connections guide our bodies and behaviors, even as every thought and action we take physically modifies their patterns. As we move through space we re-create our brains. We re-create the universe.

When many people think of their brains they think of computers, but that is inconsistent with the science. The brain is nothing like a personal computer. It does not construct images by manipulating strings of digits such as ones and zeros. Instead the brain is largely consisted of maps, arrays of neurons that apparently represent entire objects of

perception or cognition. Most cognitive functions involve the interaction of maps from many different parts of the brain at once. The brain assembles perceptions by the simultaneous interactions of whole concepts, like maps laying on top of each other and forming a topography. The brain is an analog processor. It works by analogy and metaphor.

Everything on stage is a metaphor. Everything here is an analogy. I am a tour guide. You are an audience. This is a bus. That is a city. This is a discussion of history. All metaphorical. All analogy. I am an actor. We are going somewhere. We are New Yorkers.

GETTING OFF BQE at WYTHE/KENT

Wherever you go in Iraq's southern city of Basra, there is dust. It rolls down the long roads that are the desert's fingers. It gets in your eyes and nose and throat; it swirls in markets and school playgrounds, consuming children kicking a plastic ball; and it carries, according to Dr Jawad Al-Ali,

'the seeds of our death...Before the Gulf war, we had only three or four deaths in a month from cancer,' he said. 'Now its 30 to 35 patients dying every month, and that's just in my department. That is 12 times the increase in cancer mortality. Our studies indicate 40% to 48% of the population in this area will get cancer -- in five years' time to begin with, then long afterwards. That's almost half the population. Most of my own family now have cancer, and we have no history of the disease.

“It’s like Chernobyl here, the genetic effects are new to us.”

The mushrooms grow huge, and the fish in what was once a beautiful river are inedible. Even the grapes in my garden have mutated and can't be eaten.”

'In two Gulf wars, well over 2000 tonnes of Depleted Uranium were fired. Each A-10 Warthog attack aircraft fired over 900,000 rounds. Each individual round was 300 grams of solid uranium 238. When a tank fired its shells, each round carried over 4500 grams of solid uranium. Moreover, we have evidence to suggest they were mixed with plutonium. What happened in the Gulf was a form of nuclear warfare.

"I have studied what happened in Hiroshima. It is almost exactly the same here; we have an increased percentage of congenital malformation, an increase of malignancy, leukaemia, brain tumours: the same."

In 1991, a United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority document reported that if 8 per cent of the depleted uranium fired in the Gulf War was inhaled, it could cause "500,000 potential deaths".

When Denis Halliday resigned after thirty-four years with the UN, he was the Assistant Secretary-General of the United Nations, with a long and distinguished career,

'I had been instructed,' He said, 'to implement a policy that satisfies the definition of genocide: a deliberate policy that has effectively killed well over a million individuals, children and adults'

"In a separate study, Richard Garfield, a renowned epidemiologist at Columbia University in New York, says that, in tripling since 1990, the death rate of children in Iraq is unique.

'There is almost no documented case,' he wrote, 'of rising mortality for children under five years in the modern world.'

A study by the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) found that between 1991 and 1998, there were 500,000 deaths above the anticipated rate among Iraqi children under five years of age. This, on average, is 5,200 preventable under-five deaths per month.

"Some 167 Iraqi children are dying every day."

"If you include adults, the figure is now almost certainly well over a million."

Extrapolating from these statistics, American researcher John Mueller concludes that Two wars and eleven years of sanctions have already taken the lives of more people in Iraq than have been killed by all weapons of mass destruction in history."

"The lack of clean water, the fact that electricity fails for up to 22 hours a day, and the majority of sick people cannot afford treatment, and the sheer trauma of trying to get from day to day, and you have a glimpse of the nightmare. And make no mistake, this is deliberate. I have not in the past wanted to use the word genocide, but now it is unavoidable."

There are many scientists that believe that in the future science will become more poetic. That a more nonlinear kind of thought will eventually supplant much of the logical reasoning we use today. Our troubled world, too, is becoming too complex for logical argumentation, and may have to change it's thinking. Things like trust, freedom, love. When emotions are running high, these things are based on analogy, not science, not calculation. Perhaps our brains will be re-mapped. We are re-mapping our brains right now.

But I find it somewhat disconcerting that I built my consciousness. I built it like a house in my head. Not conscious thoughts, just feelings. You discover rooms, these rooms in your house, I have built this room of myself over here and that room of myself over there. And pretty soon you have a whole building of yourself in there. You've got a whole apartment complex. Rooms upon rooms in buildings upon buildings like a whole city was born in my head. I am there. I am in there all the time.

But I am not so sure that I put myself there. Or any of these places. Any of this city. It

sprang up all around me I didn't make this head of mine. It is not mine at all in fact. I didn't choose to build this city. It sprang up in my dreams. Thousands of buildings, millions of rooms.

But some kind of Hiroshima happened. In my head. And now most of my thoughts are burn victims. Most of my rooms are irradiated. Most of the buildings have been torn down by blistering fireballs, hurricanes, Synapses were looted and torn out of the sockets.

Hundreds of images come into the brain. They can crack you open like marauding bands of pirates. My home is not a bed and four walls. My home is a dream trap of symbols and hallucinations. My home is a place of constant vibration. My home sits on a fault line between the hemispheres of my brain. When my brain cracks, my living room disappears in a cloud of dust, an erupting fog of earth. Something bursts. My heart stops beating. My compassion ceases to function. My skin starts to change color, bruises forming on the surface, or scales. My eyes harden and where tears were are cubes of ice. My hair melts into water and my fingertips into waveforms bouncing off satellites. My thoughts rain down on the earth, the earth evaporates them and they turn acidic and eat the live things on the surface. My axons and dendrites scream red and yellow and the fog eats me.

AT PRISON/MOVIE STUDIO (Vanderbilt and Flushing Aves)

Oh. Okay. Here is a particular intersection. On the left side of the street you see here is a prison, still in use today. This prison was actually built, well not the actual building, but the site, was built in 1775 by the British to deal with overflow from the debtor's prison near city hall. Today it serves the same purpose. If there are too many prisoners downtown they bring them here. It is likely also that many of the people detained for questioning after 9/11 were processed through this place. Some of them were held without charges for over two years. But no one really knows what goes on in there. Any number of things could be happening.

And on the other side of the street a multi million dollar movie studio is being completed. No one really knows what is going on in there either.

But you can probably imagine what is going on inside of those places. I've actually never seen any prisoners or any movie stars come in and out of either of those places. And neither of them have a sign on the front. But I think that the prison, at least, you enter from underground. Like the prisons under City Hall. I mean the last time that I went to jail they took me in a bus down the FDR drive and we got off at this special exit down near the Brooklyn Bridge and it was like this whole system of tunnels and cages down under the city hall and the municipal buildings. It was like seeing a whole other city down there.

But we haven't finished our story yet.

PARK AVE TOWARDS BROOKLYN HEIGHTS:

A part of the history that hasn't really been examined is the fascination with and study of native tribes by some of the colonialists and intellectuals of the period. The natives seemed to have a profound influence on their thinking. In the 1700's Europe became fascinated with the ways of native peoples. The monarchies of Europe fought to entertain Native emissaries and learn about their culture. Plays about natives were performed in Paris, attended by the likes of Rousseau and other thinkers whose works contributed to the political change that was coming.

Thomas Paine was one who was fascinated by native peoples at one point remarking that the masses of Europe would have been better off if born to the natives of North America and their classless system. At points during the mid 1700's Mohawk hairstyles were the rage of Paris.

Much of the landscape and culture was transformed over the next hundred years. French and English Colonial interests continued to grapple for land and power. The Indian tribes all over the east coast struggled to stay neutral while at the same time finding ways to fight the expansion of the frontier.

The Iroquois of Upstate New York, forged a treaty between of six nations -the Mohawks, Onondaga, Seneca, Oneida, Cayuga and Tuscarora- into a system of governance called the Hotinonshonni, or the League of Six Nations. They formed a confederacy or Union with formal gatherings starting around 1450 so it had been in existence for about 200 years prior to the first settlements. When a conflict arose between the tribes, they would hold a caucus, which is a word that is derived from a native origin cawaassough, and discuss the issues. Agreements were reached via consensus by a body of chiefs. Much like the current system where states can have different laws as long as it doesn't disrupt the Union. With elected representatives from each tribe gathering to create policy.

In fact, the Indians strongly advocated union to the English and the French colonies. In 1744, the Iroquois sachem Canasatego spoke to the Colonists saying, 'We heartily recommend Union and a good agreement. Our wise forefathers established union and amity between the six Nations and this has made us formidable. We are a powerful confederacy and by your observing the same methods our wise forefathers have taken, you will acquire fresh strength and power.'

In his audience was Benjamin Franklin who took notes on his speech and used elements of the Hotinonshonni in his own plan for the confederation of the colonies ten years later.

Now, no one can say how much influence the League of Six Nations had on our American Constitution, or the development of our Union, but one thing is eminently clear. That our American Nation was born in a land full of people who had been working with a sense of classless freedom and equality for centuries and a people who's liberty and freedom were an integral part of their social structure.

In the early 1760's The French were at war with the English all up and down the east coast. The Iroquois were stuck in the middle.

Meanwhile the colonists were stretching further north and west to Canada and Ohio eager to claim land for their own.

One of the last proclamations of the British Empire was to state that Colonists were not to take Indian land without the permission of the Indians present. This was one of the last straws for the Settlers. And when the War of Independence broke out the Iroquois were in extreme danger.

STOPPING ON PARK AVE NEAR FORT GREENE

Ok here we are. The exact place where George Washington saved the American Revolution through a daring escape, in what came to be known as the battle of Brooklyn. In 1776, on between August 27th and 29th George Washington's armies were suffering heavy heavy losses right here as they battled the redcoats. He lost 12,000 men in the mud and muck of near Fort Greene in just a few hours His bedraggled army retreated to this spot as night fell and the fighting ceased. Just over the ridge to the south in Brooklyn Heights, the British Army waited to crush the remainder of the revolutionaries the next morning. On the night of August 29th 1776, General Washington saw a fog descend over the river. He quickly ordered his remaining 9800 men to sneak down to the shoreline. Orders were given in a whisper, passed along a chain of men one by one. With canoes, small ferries, sloops and skiffs, and covered by the thick fog, the army rowed a hundred at a time across the river to the safer shores of Manhattan. The last of the army made it across at dawn. It was not until 8:30 the next morning that the British Generals learned of Washington's flight. This daring escape and the fog had saved the revolution.

George and the Americans were safely on their way to their own continent. And before the revolution had ended, in 1779, despite Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine's love for the Hotinonshonni, George Washington declared war on the Iroquois, giving orders not merely to overrun their territory but to destroy it. As a result Colonel Daniel Brodhead embarked on what was known as the 'Squaw Campaign' killing hundreds of Hotinonshonni women and children, burning cornfields and cutting down orchards. The League of Six Nations was destroyed. The long house where they discussed matters of state was trampled. The Squaw campaigns were reported to be the most savage yet. Women and children were killed first, in front of their husbands and parents, usually hacked to pieces. The men demoralized, were next and then encampments were burned. This went on systematically until all of the Iroquois were either dead or had fled to Canada.

The Squaw Campaign and others like it never really ended. They continued for more than one hundred years until all but a few of the native peoples of this land remained.

What is the size of a genocide? What is the mind that kills? That kills hundreds at a time. Perhaps we sitting safely outside the frame can't feel what it is to be the executioner of thousands? Perhaps there is no feeling in that frame. And could it be true, in spite of the millions of axons and dendrites in there, that we can't feel the screaming? Even when it is happening right in the next room?

It has been written that the principle role of the Native Americans in modern day America is to help us imagine our own history. This may be true. In fact there are 2 million Native Americans living in the United States today. Mostly in the West and the South West. And it seems that the North East is the place that has the least consciousness of our native past. Even though words like Manhattan, Canarsie, Rockaway, Schenectady, Massachusetts, Hackensack, Montauk, Narragansett, Massapequa, and hundreds of other names are all of Native American Origin. Many a traveler has pulled up to a group of native on a reservation and asked where the Indians are, expecting us to be hanging out in front of cigar stores in full headdresses. But there are 2 million of us out there, which is more than the populations of several of the world's nation-states.

So at some point they stopped killing us.
But it looks like they've found some other native people, in some other places that seem valuable.

There are always new continents to claim. And so the march goes on.

So that concludes the outdoor portion of "The Comfort and Safety of your Own Home."
We are almost at the house, so we are going to go inside for Act II. See you there!
Thanks, again my name is Lucy. Your ushers will show you in for the next act.

Act II: In the House
(37 Grand Ave, Brooklyn)

We enter the WOW House, a 4,000 square foot warehouse space with several large playing spaces and several offices and bedrooms. The loft was converted into a live/work space by International WOW Company in the spring of 2000 and has served as rehearsal and office space for the company for the past five years. It is a well worn space, full of props and musical instruments. It has an adjoining apartment where four rooms are rented out as living space.

We ascend a narrow staircase leading to the third floor. There is a concession area set up in the kitchen, outside the main space. There are video images playing on the walls of the main space, which is adjacent to the kitchen, providing instructions about where to leave belongings, locations of bathrooms etc. When we enter the space it has a homey feeling, but also the feeling of a busy studio space. Audience is welcome to sit and relax in the kitchen on the 3rd floor during intermission. If they happen to look out the

window, they will see, on the 2nd story back roof, ten hooded prisoners wearing orange jumpsuits guarded by four US soldiers. The rooftop is illuminated, and the BQE can be seen about a block away. The Empire State building looms in the distance past the razor wire and fences of other warehouses on the block. Before 9/11, the Twin Towers could be seen from neighboring rooftops. When “The Comfort and Safety of Your Own Home” was performed on 9/11, 2005, the lights from the 9/11 memorial could be seen towering above the prisoners on the roof, stretching up into the sky.

After the ten minute intermission is over.. We are led by the ushers through the main space to a trap door in the floor. We descend a staircase to the second floor, where there are a number of rooms. We see a bedroom constructed out of French Doors. Peering through the glass we see Najla and Bob, a couple in their early thirties watching TV in bed. Bob is Jewish-American and Najla is Arab-American.

To enter the room we are led around the side, past the open door to the back roof, where the prisoners walk around or lie on the ground, hooded. The open rooftop door offers a glimpse of the prisoners, guarded by two soldiers, David and Nick who are playing a word association game based on the movies. The ushers lead us past the open door, past the soldiers and into the very cramped bedroom. Audience sits on the floor, each audience member given approximately one square foot of floor space to sit. Behind Najla and Bob is a window, with bars, that looks out onto the back roof. Behind the audience on the opposite wall is the wall made of French doors, looking out into a large hallway. Beyond the large hallway is another wall with two sliding windows in it. Lit only by the TV they are watching, Najla and Bob speak in low voices, almost a whisper. Throughout the scene, Najla gasps for breath in 30 second intervals as if suffocating.

Najla
They're all so ugly.

Bob
They're supposed to be ugly.

Najla
Why?

Najla gasps for breath

Bob
She's not bad. The blond one.

Najla
What. She looks like a horse. She has one of those jaws that look like a horse's jaw, you know those kind of white people that look like horses.

Bob

Arabs never look like horses?

Najla
Not the same.

Bob
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA.

Najla
Freak.

Najla gasps for breath

Bob
She did that on purpose.

Najla
Its just so mean. Its just so mean. Why do you wanna be like that?

Bob
Laughs again

Najla
What did we do yesterday?

Bob
What do you mean?

Najla
I can't remember what I did yesterday.

Bob
You can't

Najla
What day was yesterday?

Bob
(The Actual Day)

Najla
So what did I do?

Najla gasps for breath

Bob

What do you do on _____ days?

Najla
“She wants a man so tough he wipes with sandpaper.”

Bob
Is there dessert?

Najla
Yeah, there's dessert.

Bob
Were people nice to you?

Najla
Sure.
Najla gasps for breath

Bob
That's why you can't remember what happened.

Najla
Actually I can't remember if they were nice to me or not.

Najla gasps for breath

Najla
I need to ask you something.

Najla
Holy shit. HA HA HA HA HA HA. I can't believe they did that. That is...

Najla gasps for breath, and then again, and again. She is having a panic attack. Bob continues watching TV as if nothing has happened. Blackout.

The TV comes back on, playing only static. Najla sits, breathing hard, as if frozen by the sounds of an intruder. She can't breathe. She is in a panic. All of a sudden she becomes aware of the audience. Bob is sleeping, face down. She tries to wake him. Her eyes dart around the room. She cannot wake Bob. She stands up on the bed, backed up against the wall, in fright. Her hand is near the barred window which is closed. She opens it slowly. Five seconds of silence. All of a sudden a hand reaches through the window. Najla screams. The sound of Static very very loud floods the room. Najla is

screaming in silence. She jumps on the dresser. The door to the roof, which can be seen through the glass bursts open and the prisoners are lead past the room and upstairs, quickly and in bright blinding light. Nick and David, peer into the room, guns drawn. All of a sudden, everything vanishes, prisoners, static, everything. Najla, sits on the bed. Her feet on the ground. Something grabs her ankle. Lucy pops out from under the bed, shushing Najla and disappearing. Bob wakes.

Bob

Oh my god, what time is it?
Honey, have you seen my salmon pink tie?

Najla

Its on the chair.

Bob

Don't worry about the laundry. I'll get it.

Bob leaves as if everything is alright and it is morning. Najla is terrified beyond speech. We hear a tap on the glass of the French Doors behind us. We turn and see Bob waving goodbye.

Bob

Love you honey!

As Bob leaves, green light floods the hallway behind the French doors. Music plays. We see soldiers moving silently in the hallway. There are four of them, with guns drawn, looking at a Map, three men and a woman.

David

Ok So we are....two clicks from the hostile RMG.

Rory

What's an RMG?

David

Look in the book.

Nick

I didn't bring the book.

David

Anybody bring the book?

Faryl

I might have the little one.

David
What the phrasebook?

Faryl
No the little one. I hate these exercises!

Nick
How much is a click?

David
A click is a piece of a mile.

Nick
How much of a piece?

Faryl
I hate these exercises. Anybody got a phone? I gotta have somebody else pick up my kids.

Rory
You got kids?

Faryl
A boy and a girl. They're at Chuck E Cheese with Maureen's kids. But Maureen has the night shift and she can't stay past seven. I think we oughta fail this exercise. Just say we're lost and go home. I don't know if I can get anybody to cover.

David
We're lost.

Nick
Gimme the map. Gimme the map. I don't want to fail this exercise.

Faryl
We'll put in that you didn't want to fail in our report.

David
We have to make a report?

Faryl
No. I'm making a joke.

Nick
Ok. What's that over there?
Looking at the map

Faryl
That's a barn!

Nick
And what's that over there?

Faryl
That's another barn.

Nick
They told us that we have to storm the barn and disarm the insurgents. But we have to storm the right barn or else we could risk the entire operation.

Rory
And they all look the same to me.

Nick
Where are we on this map? I don't see us. Is this that barn or the other barn?

Faryl
We're lost. Who has a phone?

David
We're not supposed to use phones.

Faryl
Just lend me your fuckin' phone, mine's outta battery.

Nick
Look. We're not supposed to use phones. We're not supposed to want to fail. We are supposed to be on this map.

Faryl.
Okay. Lemme see the map.

David
Give her the map

Nick
Don't like chicks in the army. Chicks shouldn't be in the army.

Faryl
OK. This is where we are. We are here. This is that ridge. That is that barn. That is the stream over there. Which means the barn we are supposed to storm to disarm the insurgents is right over there. That's the one. I'm sure of it. Its about 500 yards from the BP.

David

Ok. Let's get this over with.

Nick

She's lying. She just wants us to fail.

Faryl

I'm not lying I just wanna go home. My kids are stuck at the Chuck E Cheese. Look at the map Einstein. We are right here on the map;

Nick

What does the book say. How much is a click?

David

Who has the book.

Rory

I think I have it in my pack.

Nick

You aren't supposed to bring a pack.

Faryl

Fuck this. I'm going to call a cab from the BP.

Nick

We could shoot you for desertion.

Drawing on Faryl

Faryl

Hey hey! Calm down! Let's just go over there.

Rory

OK. I can't find the book.

Nick

Why did I get stuck with this team?

Rory pulls David aside while Nick and Faryl squabble over the map.

Rory

How many weeks of training do you have?

David

Me? About six weeks. On weekends.

Rory
Did you get notice?

David
No.

Rory
That doesn't make sense I got notice and I only have three weeks of training. Then I have to go to South Carolina on Sunday.

David
You're going?

Rory
Yeah.

David
Ok then, which Barn do you want to storm?

Rory
None of them--

David
Don't you want the training?

Rory
I'm an assistant accountant. I'm just going over there to help with the accounts. I'm not looking for insurgents to disarm I am going to do the books. Add, subtract, itemize. Stuff like that. The independent contractors are all supposed to have accounting outfits, but there has to be oversight of their commissions so I am going to be on an oversight team. It's an accounting nightmare over there. The numbers are all in revolt!

Nick
Wow.

Rory
It's all just numbers really. I don't even have to carry a weapon. I just have to train in case of emergency. But I might be on a boat of shore of Kuwait. I might be in Kuwait city. Actually, alot of the oversight committee won't even be in the area, most verification can happen over the internet. But in case there is some kind of internet communications breakdown in the US or over there which is frequent, there has to be someone on hand to keep books.

David
Pussy.

Rory

More or less.

David

Ok. So what's the deal? Do we storm the barn or not?

Faryl

It's that barn. That one. That is what the map tells me.

Rory

I don't think so. I think that's Mrs. Albertson's barn.

Clipping sounds are heard from behind the soldiers. The wall behind the soldiers has two small sliding windows that lead to another hallway. The soldiers turn fast, drawing their guns. We see Nicolas, a man with gardening shears and gloves.

Nicolas

I'm sorry. I'm just doing my gardening. I teach yoga.

Nick

Oh OK. He teaches Yoga. Just keep it down.

Rory

Yeah, I think that's Mrs. Albertson's barn. She's got a few cows and a few pigs but it's not the right barn.

Nick

Wait a minute! Hold on--it could be *anybody's* barn. They could have requisitioned her barn for this exercise. Those Iraqis are all in it. This is a smart smart army. They could have rented the Albertson Barn for this you know. To prepare us. Anybody could be an enemy. Mrs. Albertson could be hiding Iraqis. I mean not real Iraqis but the insurgents. You know. So that could be the one.

Rory

Could be. Could be

Nick

They do that all the time. In the movies. They rent somebody's barn because it is a good location and then you get a location fee and it could be like 1000 dollars for one day so they can shoot at the location and then your house gets to be in the movies.

Rory

Could be. I have no record for it in the accounts but it could be another division.

David

Ok then. We are going to storm Mrs. Albertson's Barn to look for insurgents to disarm them so we can prevent them from making anymore IUDs and Faryl can go to the Chuck E Cheese. Okay with everybody?

Rory
Ok with me.

Nick
Ok.

Faryl
Finally.

The soldiers fling open the French Doors and storm into the room.

Soldiers
EVERYBODY DOWN! EVERYBODY DOWN ON THE GROUND!

They spot Najla, still standing on top of the dresser frozen in terror. Najla points under the bed, where Lucy is hiding.

Najla
Under the bed! Under the bed!

Nick draws closer to Najla, opening her nightgown. There is a Bomb strapped to her torso, with wires and sticks of dynamite. She looks bewildered as if she did not know that the bomb was there.

Nick
She's got a bomb! She's got a bomb! Don't move bitch or I'll blow your fucking head off.

Nick grabs Najla and throws her over his back. Nick, David and Faryl run up the stairs. Leaving Rory, the accountant, standing in the hallway. There a brief silence. Rory looks around. Shrugs, opens his army poncho revealing a three piece business suit. Bob walks in, also dressed in a suit. Music changes, the tone is lighter, happier. They stare off into the distance for a moment.

Bob
Wanna get some lunch?

Rory
Yeah I'm hungry.

Lights go on behind the small sliding windows. Bob and Rory sit in the windows as if they are seated at a cafeteria behind them. The windows are closed but they are

speaking into microphones so we can hear their dialogue. Lucy emerged from under the bed with a flashlight and leads the audience into the hallway close to Bob and Rory. When the audience is seated, the French doors close once again behind them, so that they may once again look into the bedroom from outside. From this position the audience can see into the “cafeteria” where Bob and Rory sit, to their right, and to their left, the French doors. In front of the audience is a chair a filing cabinet and the stairwell leading up.

RORY

God I’m lonely

BOB

I know what you mean...

RORY

I thought you were married?

BOB

I am.

RORY

Oh...

BOB

I mean what you think marriage is...

RORY

No. No.

BOB

Exactly.

BOB

Do you ever think about those people? You know they’re around 50 or so and you’ll see them at a party. A family/ holiday type thing and they’re not with anyone and you know they never will. They’re not ugly or fat or poor but they just have that stink of alone.

RORY

Whose day is it to do laundry today?

BOB

It’s me. You were last week. And their clothes are slightly out of position. They never learned how to make small talk and no one really knows what to say to them. Everyone just sort of steers clear or is vaguely anxious. They just have some glitch. They never figured out that thing of other people and they’re fucked. They’re alone.

RORY

If any of those fuckers ever found love you'd know it wasn't a lie. And I know--

BOB

I find myself curled up on the floor in the bathroom sometimes.

RORY

How did you get there?

BOB

I know exactly how I got there. That took years. Just don't know how to get out of it. Feeling lonely is better than feeling trapped. Some people got both.

RORY

What I want is fairly simple. I would like to be on the cross-town bus, as is my weekly habit, and there's a little cartoon bird twittling into my right ear.

BOB

A canary.

RORY

Yes, a canary. Yes. On my way from Staples and prior to boarding said bus, I will have purchased a pot of soil for 85 cents which is a steal from the normally stingy potted plant dealer. Louis Armstrong is the bus driver... And everyone one on the bus is wearing their shiny yellowy best. Sun beaming in through the windows. All it would take is for her to look over at me. And we'd fall in love in an instant.

Rory turns his head and looks across the hallway at the French doors. His eyes meet Lucy's. While we were watching Bob and Rory, the bedroom, behind the French doors has been converted into a diorama a la the Museum of Natural History, of a Native Woman and a colonial Captain. Lucy is motioning at the diorama as if giving a speaking tour, in slow-motion to the audience. She stares at Rory. The diorama begins to speak. The native woman in the diorama, reminiscent of Pocahontas, is played by a white woman speaking English. The Colonist, reminiscent of Captain John Smith is played by an Indonesian actor speaking Bahasa. Both speak into microphones so they can be heard. Behind them is a large landscape painting of mountains and lakes and the room is filled with trees and plants.

Pocahontas

Are you hungry? *(English)*

Smith

No. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. *(Bahasa)*

Pocahontas

You cannot see me.

Smith

I dreamed of you.

Pocahontas

And in that dream what did I do?

Smith

You were running and I ran after you

Pocahontas

And did you catch me?

Smith

No.

Pocahontas

Did you believe that I wanted to be caught?

Smith

Yes. You were laughing.

Pocahontas

And will you dream again tonight?

Smith

I hope I will.

Pocahontas

Will I run again do you think?

Smith

This time I will catch you.

Pocahontas

And what will you do with me after you have caught me?

Smith

Love you, of course, and build you a house.

As Pocahontas delivers the following speech, Three soldiers descend the staircase in slow-motion. They enact a slow-motion battle sequence, in which one of them is shot and dragged back towards the staircase, screaming.

Pocahontas

I made a list of the things that I did not want. The clothes that I do not want to wear. The houses that I do not want to build or walk into. The roads that I do not need. The shoes that my feet feel trapped in. The laws that I had no need of writing for they were never broken, the goods that I did not crave. And I made a list of the things that I wanted to keep. The sight that I have in the dark that you do not. My running that is faster than your horses. My wrestling matches with the eagles. My hearing which can reach across the harbor, my naked skin which does not feel the snow as cold or the frost as sharp. If these were mine to give I would give you. But it seems you are a bird that requires a nest. But I have no need of shelter. I have never made my home. My home is here. You will have the worst by my absence.

Smith

I bought you. I own you now. You have to leave with me. There is a ship in the port. I can take you there now. We can walk hand in hand or you can go in chains. It is your choice.

Pocahontas

You're leaving.

Smith walks out of the diorama and joins the soldiers fighting on the staircase. He is killed and falls, in slow motion. The conversation resumes between Bob and Rory. Rory stands and walks towards Lucy as the scene continues. Pocahontas, stands up, presses her face on the glass, observing the scene.

Bob

But I think that guy—lets say his name is Gordon. Gordon always thinks love is a lie he's been taught to doubt it and/or him fucking self forever.

Rory

If Gordon ever could find someone to truly see beauty in him...

RORY

Shit.

Bob

Fuck! Can you imagine how happy old Gord-o would be?

RORY

There are entire blocks in this city jam packed with Gordons.

BOB

Yeah, you just wanna blow up all the buildings and get all these people packed in a basement or a bomb shelter somewhere. Huddled for warmth. Then Gord-o would find it

RORY

Yeah. Gordon's in the shelter and the bird...

Bob

The canary

RORY

The twittle reaches a descant. A woman in a light blue dress is feeding a squirrel on her shoulder and is distracted. She sits down next to Gordon...

Bob

and Gordon doesn't know...

RORY

... that the pot has begun to sprout a shaft of light that comes through the bars of the shelter. Striking Gord-o on the face. The bird goes silent. The squirrel drops its jaw. She blinks. The camera pulls back. Revealing the huddled masses who erupt in a chorus of what a wonderful world. Then the air raid sirens go off. Lights flicker and everything explodes. Not like "The End" more like "Fin."

Rory walks up to Lucy.

Rory

Hi.

Lucy

Hi.

Rory

I'm looking for the dinosaurs.

Lucy

Down the long corridor to the right.

Rory

This is a very nice diorama.

Lucy

Diorama.

Rory

You say tomato, I say.... I know a lot about dinosaurs. I know dinosaurs were once birds and we were monkeys.

Lucy

Do you know stuff about evolution?

Rory

What do you mean? Do you think we were birds? Birds or moneys?

Lucy

Do you think humans are a natural development from monkeys and birds? Where do you think humans are doing? What do you do?

Rory

I'm an accountant. You?

Lucy

I'm a tour guide. Do you like numbers? Do you think in numbers? Like right now are you thinking in numbers?

Rory

What? Like binary?

Lucy

I have no idea what you just said.

Rory

Good. I'm not a bird or a monkey. I just want to see what was here before me.

Lucy

Do you see things like that. Do you see what was here before on this land? Because I feel like I do. All the time. Walking around on the street. Does that happen to you?

Rory

No. Not really. I just. Well. I wanted to find out why the dinosaurs went extinct. I head that there is a new exhibit on why that happened. That they finally found out.

Lucy

So are going to find out?

Rory

Yeah. Well I actually know already.

Lucy

Yeah.

Rory

It's real simple. Uh. You know how the moon has these pock marks all over it. Like craters.

Lucy

Yeah.

Rory

Well that's because things hit it all the time and leave a mark --big things. So things hit the earth all the time also, once every couple of hundred thousand. its inevitable-- years and There was an asteroid about the size of the Empire State building which is a pretty big sized asteroid, that hit the Yucatan way back then when all the dinosaurs were here. and because of the um... speed and the force of the impact...the thing hit with the force of the equivalent of about 20,000 nuclear bombs really--, So everything anywhere near the Yucatan was vaporized. The thing left a huge crater in the earth about 180 miles wide. And so all of this dust was thrown up into the air and blocked out the sun. This was in June, they don't know the exact year. They know they month because they found fossils in Wyoming of a particular kind of algae that froze in this particular way that they could only relocate by...anyway they know it was June. So on that day in June the temperature dropped from 80 degrees Fahrenheit to about 32 overnight. And it stayed there because if the dust cloud for ten years. And what's worse-- the Yucatan rock bed is mostly limestone which when vaporized then combined with the and O2 in the atmosphere to make a deadly combination of Carbon Dioxide and Hydrochloric acid. So the planet went through ten years of a dark cloud and perpetual winter raining down Hydrochloric acid on everything and then when that cleared there was a greenhouse effect because of the CO2 that heated the planet back up to over 90 degrees for another ten years so at the end of all that 95% of everything that was on land was dead. that is why there are fish in the oceans that are as old as the dinosaurs but not land creatures or plants really. But it all grew back, you know. But the long and the short of it is that this mass extinction was just this massive, like bus accident in space.

Lucy

Bus accidents can be pretty gruesome.

Rory

Do you ever ride the bus?

Lucy

Yes. All the time.

Rory and Lucy Kiss and run into the Diorama. Pocahontas is trapped in the room. Lucy and Rory disappear under a sheet with the flashlight. Giggling. The soldier who was shot earlier, Nicolas, stands up and walks slowly towards Pocahontas.

Pocahontas

If you could touch me anywhere, where would you touch me?

Nicolas

Your eyelids. And your face. And your neck.

Pocahontas

Where else?

Nicolas

Everywhere else. Everywhere. I would press my face up against your neck and breathe you in. I would press my face up against back and then your thighs and breathe in your whole body. I would breathe so deep and you would fill my lungs and you would be inside of me forever. There would be no way to ever get you out.

Pocahontas

Are you scared?

Nicolas

I guess so.

Pocahontas

There's no where else to go. You just have to give in to it. You have to give up, I think.

Nicolas

I know.

Pocahontas

You're a disaster.

Nicolas

I know.

Pocahontas

It's the easiest thing you'll ever have to do.

The soldier ascends the staircase like a ghost, The other soldiers follow. Pocahontas is still pressed up against the glass. Three women, Sarah, Caitlin and Maagan, rise up behind the small sliding windows, also pressing their faces up against the glass. They speak intimately while breathing against the windowpanes, their breath making clouds of mist in front of their faces.

Sarah

I like to lie in bed. And he's lying in bed next to me. It's early. He's still half asleep and I lean over and touch his cheek. His eyes flutter and open. And then he looks at me. And he are real. I know in that moment that he are real. Is that what it means to be in love? The realization that someone other than yourself is real.

Lucy

From under the sheet

Is this happening to you too? Is this happening to you too? Oh my god. It can't be real?

Maagan

In that instant, for me at least, I feel like I disappear.

Pocahontas

Birds in cages.

Lucy

I always want to let them out, just let them fly out the window. Doesn't everyone want freedom? But you can't. There is this feeling that you can't.

Faryl

Or are you just sending it out to it's death. Like throwing you out into the wild. You'd probably just die. With no money. No food. No shelter. For sure you would die without a home.

Lucy stands next to Pocahontas, pressing her face against the glass. Rory has disappeared. Lucy is in a rapture.

Caitlin

Maybe that's what's so frightening. My father had a heart attack, now he's gone. My boyfriend got locked up for sodomy at the local penitentiary. He was a guard now he's an inmate. I think he likes it better anyways. He takes calls for TWA making plane reservations for people going places. He gets the calls and he has this computer and he logs in where people want to go and how much it costs for the plane ride to get there. And then he gives them instructions for how to pick up their tickets at the airport and he says have a nice trip. Then he does it again. And he wrote to me saying thank god he don't ever have to go nowhere. And that he has a nice boyfriend who is the biggest guy around so no one messes with him or tries to take his lunch at the cafeteria. And he's happy. So I don't hear from him much. And then down near the cape I got a sister that's running a bakery and she told me over the internet that she has been grinding up worms and baking them into the bread, kinda she says, just for fun. I don't get her. But it can get kinda boring down there in the wintertime and pretty grey and I think the grey gets to you. But I think that we all got something timeless in our souls. Just we forget to looking for it most days. Like we are down in the coal mines and we just forget to look at that canary see if it's still kicking. And we just keep on digging and digging and getting closer and closer to the center of the earth and we forgot that canary somewhere up the shaft and don't rightly know if it's really safe to be where we are. But the fear comes then so you suppress it. And the suppression gets to be a daily activity, now doesn't it?

Lucy and Pocahontas

Yeah.

Caitlin

And then it gets so's you turn off the part of you that's exhausted. You say, I know you're

tired and I know you got feelings and I know you ain't been touched in a kindly way since weeks and weeks and maybe longer than that but I can't hear your crying right now and I can't hear your screams no more so I'm just gonna let you die or stop breathing or forget you somewhere up the shaft. It's too dark down here to notice anyways. It's too dark and I am full of forgetting. You got me?

Lucy
I feel like singing.

Pocahontas
Why don't you sing?

Lucy
We should. We should really sing. What do you want to sing?

Pocahontas
I really just want you to get out of my room.

Music ends abruptly

Pocahontas
Have you ever been trapped in a room where people are making love?

Caitlin, Sarah and Maagan
Yeah.

Pocahontas
Its horrible. The noises like you are eating something. And I can't turn around. I want to look but I can't.

Lucy
I'm sorry. Oh god. I'm sorry. I didn't realize this was your ...

Bob walks into the diorama, talking to Lucy as if Lucy was his wife.

Bob-
Honey have you seen my Salmon Pink Tie. Oh Jesus, I have it on! Do I have egg on my face or what?

Lucy
Wait a minute.

Bob-
We're gonna be late to work. Especially if you want to stop off and the Dunkin Donuts on the way over.

Lucy
Ok. Ok.

Bob
Diorama! Ha ha ha.

Sarah walks out from behind the small windows and sits down at the desk in front of the stairs. Sarah types rapidly. Lucy enters. Sarah hands Lucy files. Bob sits. Bloody laundry floats down the stairs. Bob stands collecting laundry piece by piece, putting it into the washing machine. LOUD MUSIC. Sarah speaks Spanish into a microphone, as if addressing a large warehouse or dispatching workers. The typewriter whirrs and begins typing on its own. This continues for a bit then enter Nick with Najla, who is pregnant. Lucy stands holding he files, unsure of what is happening. Nick is still dressed in military garb.

Nick
Hi. Um... I'm sorry. We had an appointment. I called two weeks ago. We had an appointment. Today. On the 27th. Today is the 27th so we had an appointment.

Bob
I'm sorry. I didn't catch your name.

Nick
Uhh, Nick. Uhh, Nick Konow.

Bob
Nick! Nick, Nick, Nick. Right, how's it goin'. Congratulations. Hey, Nick, why don't you two just grab a seat. Right there. I'll be with you in just one second. Ok... Sarah? What we talked about...

Bob exits. Drilling is heard off stage. David, Tippy, and Isabela, dressed in office war, zip across the stage, with files. They smile at Lucy and Nick as they pass into the next hallway.

Sarah
(Speaking in Spanish)
Attention employees, today's board meeting with be in Conference Room D. That is D in Diego. You should make sure to bring all necessary files and follow instructions. See you there!

(Bob re-enters)

Bob
Yeah... One second I'm just going to bring up your file, ok?

Nick
Great... Sure.

Bob
Ok... Sarah. Ok, let's have a look.

Bob
Ah, da, da, da!

Bob types very fast. Nick tries to look. At the screen but Bob won't let him.

Bob
Ah, da, da, da! Yeah, the market was really flat and we've been fooling around the 200 day average and if it falls below, accelerated selling program trades go in at that level. But if we hang in there we can pop up to the 50 day average.

Nick
Uh huh.

Bob
Yeah, the hedge fund boys are out there big time and they account for 60% of the trades, and that's all computerized! I mean hey, the hedge fund boys, they play hardball! You know what I mean? They don't play softball! YOU, you play softball. (pause) Are we here? Are we kosher? Are we mano a mano? Look you can see it right here. It's a canary.

Nick
A canary?

Bob
Intel is a canary on the NASDAQ.

Nick
Are we in the NASDAQ?

Bob
Hey, let's see what the Eliot wave people are saying.

Nick
Eliot wave?

Bob
According to cycle wave chartists, we're heading into the next 240 day cycle wave up.
Into Microphone:
People, that's 240 day cycle wave up,

Sarah repeats 240day cycle wave up in Spanish into the microphone.

Bob

Thanks Sarah. But that coincides with the next cycle wave down at 90.

Sarah

(Sarah repeats in Spanish)

Bob

That was supposed to be between us.

Sarah

Sorry.

Nick

So it evens out.

Bob

It evens out, right you got it. Woo hoo, you are one sharp cookie! You know that? I bet you were trading with the motley fools in '96, weren't ya?

Nick

Ok, yeah.

Bob

Weren't ya! You're an Iomega lovin', motley fool. You're a motley, motley, motley fool weren't ya, weren't ya! Let's look at the Gann lines, and look we're holding support in the lower pitchfork.

Nick

UH huh.

Bob

Look, Nate...

Nick

Nick

Bob

Nick, you see... The candlestick patterns, the lower trend line goes back to '87, and that was when Reagan was President.

Nick

But today we closed with a Doji. Yeah, a Doji! We had a weekly candlestick Doji. Right? I read it. in the journal.

Bob

No, no, no. We had three black crows on the Dow.

Nick

No no. It was a white crow.

Bob

No, no, no.

Nick

A white crow is positive. It's an inverted hammer on the index.

Bob

Look, look, look, look, look, Nate...

Nick

Nick.

Bob

Nick, it's not my fault, ok? It's really not my fault, ummm... excuse me one second.
Lucy?

Lucy

Yeah?

Bob

Lucy, could you get the, um... get the um... laundry.

Lucy

Sure.

Lucy goes towards the Laundry Machine under the stairs.

Bob

Look its... NOT THAT ONE! DON'T TOUCH THAT ONE... I'm sorry, it's right over there. The laundry.

Lucy

Oh. Sorry.

Lucy exits.

Bob

Thank you. Look it's really, uh, it's not my fault. Ok? I'm sorry, it's a systems malfunction, alright. It's a systemic malfunction. Do you understand what I'm saying?

I'm not to blame. I had nothing to do with it. It's not my fault. Lucy.

Lucy re-enters with a black suit. Nick stands up and begins changing his clothes from fatigues to the suit. Lucy and Sarah help him get dressed.

Bob sits and begins sobbing. He grabs the microphone, addressing the audience.

Bob

I used to know a girl in a little mountain village. I left her. I left her for this. I left her to do this. I left her to clean windows in office buildings, I left her for these books, for these confusions, for these receipts, for these betrayals... I left her to put polystyrene in the cracks so the cold won't come in. I left her to log numbers in books. I left her for this filing cabinet.

Nick

You betrayed me. You betrayed us.

Najla

I deserve things. We all deserve things. We are all entitled to not feel as though we suffer or are crazy for wanting what we need to feel safe and sound and alive and stable and happy

Nick

We are not friends. We cannot be friends.

Bob

I can't be anybody's friend.

Nick

We're not friends.

Nick and Najla walk up the stairs. Lucy looks into the dryer near the stairs. Opening the door to the dryer, she sees a live yellow canary in a cage, peering out at her. She is horrified.

Bob

We're going to end up like the Germans. They turn everything into an insult or an argument. We're the next great ruined people. We're going to be the next great ruined people.

Bob gets up and goes to Lucy

Hey, uhhhh....

Lucy

Lucy.

Bob

Right, Lucy. You going to close that.

Lucy closes the dryer door.

Bob

Indicating the dryer dial

Well?

Closing her eyes, her face torn, Lucy turns on the dryer. Sound of dryer thumping begins.

Bob

You know what, Lucy... You're doing a great job over here. You're going to be a big star. Hey, any questions? I'll see you tomorrow. Hey Sarah. What we talked about.

Bob walks up the stairs, Sarah follows. Stopping first to kiss a large painted face on the wall. Sarah looks up the stairs. The sound of the thumping dryer gets louder. Lucy motions for the audience to follow her up the stairs. The sound of the dryer thumping is even louder as we ascend the staircase. We see 16 or so ensemble members frozen in terror in the main space. Bob is walking from person to person, shooting them and killing them. The audience is led through the slow-motion melee. The audience is seated in theater chairs, on risers for the first time. They will stay here for the remainder of the show.

The shootings:

In slow motion Bob approaches Sarah, circles, shoots Sarah. Bob approaches Isabela, shoots Isabela. Bob approaches Nicolas, realizes the trap door is open, moves to trap door in real time (everyone freezes), slams trap door shut, returns to Nicolas in slow motion (people unfreeze), shoot Nicolas. Bob approaches Faryl. When Bob shoots, the gunshots are extremely loud. Words in the following speech that are crossed thru should not be spoken. The effect should be done by the actor, like a cell phone breaking up.

Faryl

~~I won't wake up tomorrow morning. It doesn't matter, in the morning I always feel so bad anyway... I wake up, I remember who I am .. Then I remember what is important in life. I remember that I am okay and I can go on and get dressed. It is important to be on time to work. And I have brilliant ideas, somewhere deep in the back of my mind. I should write them down now, is there a pen? Shit, there's no pen. There is no need for a pen in a McDonalds, we have automatic registers. And microphones. I can speak my brilliant ideas into the microphone here on the register.~~

Bob shoots Faryl.

Rory

Don't let me die. I don't want to die. I'm not ready yet. I have so much to do. I have so much left to do. I haven't been good enough yet. I haven't made my peace with god yet. I have a son and a sister and watched too much TV and I never learned how to water ski and I haven't been to Asia and I haven't fallen in love with my great great love yet and I haven't seen--

Bob shoots Rory

David. Dressed as a film director, walks up to Rory, he begins giving directions to Rory and Lucy as if they are actors in a film. Nicolas springs up as if holding a boom mic. The shootings continue in slow motion even as David directs. The two realities taking places simultaneously. The sound of the dryer still thumps away.

Director

Alright ok listen ok. Look I can see the fear and I can see the pressure. But I am not getting that overwhelming sense of humanity. So put your hand here and here and here. And arch your back are we clear

Rory begins his I am about to get shot gesture sequence and repeats over and over.

Director

No listen she's dead she's got her brains blown out all over you. Her life is leaking out all over you. How do you feel?

Bob shoots Caitlin

Lucy

I don't know how to help him.

Director

Okay, that's good were going to keep that.

Lucy

But I'm just an extra.

Director

That's OK don't worry about it well get the line producer to take care of it later alright?

Caitlin (as line producer)

Alright we're going to step you up to an under five you just have to sign right here.

Lucy

Oh my god! What do I have to do now?

Caitlin

Okay, you're going to have to go the office to pick up your voucher, its over there...

Bob shoots Eko

Director
Are we good on sound?

Bob shoots Sarah again.

Isabela (As asst line producer)
Hey, you need to come with me. Are you the under 5?

Nicolas (As sound man)
I'm getting this weird hum from the background, like a washing machine or something.
Can you hear it?

Dryer sounds thump louder

Director
Look, can we just loop it later and make it work today? Script! Why isn't she saying that line about the clouds. Listen, this sort of thing is your responsibility.

Faryl (As Assistant Director, with megaphone)
OK, but you cut that line last night at 3:30 in the morning.

Director
I cut that line?

Isabela
You better be careful, that frog-eating Polish fuck has been grabbing my ass all day...

Faryl
Yeah, you cut the entire page 37A.

Director
37A?

Isabela
I get paid to buy his cat food and answer his phone calls, not to be treated like some third world whore from like Asia or something, you know...

David approaches Rory and Lucy, again chastising them.

Director
What do you think you're doing... We'd get trained monkeys to do it, but they're union!

Faryl

You premature-ejaculating cock smoker! You're the under five?

Lucy

Yes. Mmnn hmmm.

Director

Reset for scene 37A which I did not cut!

Bob shoots all remaining people and then himself. in Fast Motion

Director

You're being totally irrational and I am walking away from you.

Faryl

I'm not being irrational. Just because I'm angry as all fuck doesn't mean I'm being irrational. There's a difference. I'm actually a very rational person. I'm reasonable. I'm good at math.

Director

Look, you can sight the rational or the moral as the focus of our discussion, and in truth it must have been the obsession with the rational which became the trajectory along which man journeyed to arrive at the apex of modernity, but then the rational highway led to the alienation of the individual to the point of his slavery to ideology, id est the arrival of the totalitarian anomaly.

The music changes,. Sounds of film projectors can be heard. The dryer sound finally abates. David begins talking to Najla, who we find in a rolling chair, in the first row of audience with the Bomb still strapped to her chest. He rolls Najla's chair out into the main space. She is quickly surrounded by soldiers pointing guns at her and interrogating her.

Maagan

Boom you're breaking frame.

Rory

Speed

Caitlin

Rolling

Faryl Continues fighting with David (as director)

Faryl

You think you're adding one and one but you always end up with one, nothing goes forward. You are stuck in this tar and you are going to die out like the dinosaurs.

David

There are those who look at tragic occurrences and compare people to animals. Which is an interesting proposition, but ultimately bankrupt. The differentiation of man from his bestial origins was the chief preoccupation of the German classical idealist tradition. Which you hate?

Faryl

Who do I hate?

David

Kant.

Faryl

You are a terrorist. You are a fucking terrorist. You're manipulating me with fear. That's what a fucking terrorist is. And you also happen to be wrong!

David

I am not a terrorist and I am not wrong. I would just prefer to explore the liminality between man and beast through the, in my opinion, tragically neglected philosophical domain of the aesthetic.

Nick and the other soldiers begin torturing Najla. David arranges their positions as he speaks.

Perhaps this was what the German composer Stockhausen understood when he called one of the greatest mass catastrophes of our time a sublime work of art. The symbol of the 20th century is not, as so often assumed, the rule of the rationalist king, but the celebration, the glorious rise to power of the warrior artist, the virtuosic destroyer. What's your line?

Nick

I want you to meet my friends, Pain and Suffering

Eko And Nicolas

Hi

David

And what's your line?

Najla

Look I think that there must be some mistake, I am not supposed to be here

David

Yeah Yeah, Can you say it in Arabic?

Sami who is behind Najla, whispers the Arabic into Najla's Ear, she says the line

David
Oh that's good. Very good. Very funny.

A Porn Film starts in the background. Lucy and Faryl are singing a contract downstage, David gloats over them as Porn actors (Sarah and Rory) have sex on top of a filing cabinet spinning around the stage.

Sarah
He Came!

Maagan
You are a disgrace to yourself, and the whole human race

Sarah slaps Rory

Rory
She said cut!

Sarah
Deal.

Caitlin
With Viagra these days there's no need for real talent.

David *(To Faryl and Lucy)*
The beast is destined to fail. The evolution of man as artist is unstoppable. You will find yourself someday in the near or distant future on the eve of mankind's greatest masterpiece, and what will you be saying? What animal squawk can articulate resistance against the language of the sublime.

Faryl *(At her desk to Lucy who is signing her contract)*
He's sick, and Kant, misanthropic hermit that he was, would be rolling over in his grave if he heard you. He's living in a T & A factory. The illusion of purpose without purpose. Purposiveness.

And I don't care if that's representative of the sick society we live in. A bad idea is a bad idea. If we tested in Vienna, I'm sure we'd have a lot of fucking Austrian bad ideas as well.

Rory
Lucy Kendrick Smith!

Lucy
Yes

Rory
Are you the under Five?

Lucy
Yes

Rory
Make up!

As Faryl speaks Cowboys rush the stage and are shot with arrows and fall. David throws a white powder on them, working on the image. Lucy is dressed in Faryl's Pocahontas costume, which comes out of her purse. Rory puts War Paint on her. She is adorned with a feather headdress.

Faryl (as AD)
And it just keeps coming like a train rumbling and rumbling over head. It keeps coming at you, but you are inside of it. You get up, wash your face, go to work, stare out of the windows in your head at the hundreds of other windows staring out at you and the exhaustion builds up and up inside of you like there is this great sloth inhabiting your bones and these muscles in your skin are pushing against this huge white mammal with a sleepy brain that is sticking your shoes to the pavement and weighing down your feet.

But peering into a world that doesn't move when you touch it? Like shouting down a manhole or into a cave. Money can't buy you love therefore love doesn't exist. There is only the ever present facsimile. No contemplation. No bringing things in. Just output. Out put. Out put. Product. Product. Produce. Produce. Produce. The pace is too fast for anyone to keep up with. Sit still. You can't sit still. You run and run and run and you break into a sweat and your eyes tear with the wind that is going to fast in front of you and your body dries to a crisp and floats out of the filing cabinet and out the window and onto the floor of the office building and there went the last greatest chance for you to be loved. The last and greatest chance for you to find that all encompassing love that you were born into and walked away from. That piece of your skin that you lost. that piece of the bone marrow that went up into the atmosphere and never dropped back down into you.

Lucy
Can I see a mirror?

Rory
No.

David Adds Lucy, dressed as Indian, to the Image, crying over Nick's body.

Faryl

There is nothing but a dullness and an unintelligible whispering like a TV that is on too low for anyone to understand. And there is this far away laugh track that seems to precede the joke and a vague suspicion that it is getting hotter or colder or frostbite has set in and somehow this disembodied floating above the fray and you drink and drink and drink until you can't stand up and there you are on the floor dancing with a chair and trying to serenade whoever Patsy Cline was singing to before her plane went down in flames.

David

Ok we got it. Let's go to Scene 43 B. Birth of A Nation.

Bob and Tippy enter in Blackface. Sarah, Maagan and Caitlin sit in ratty Civil war era costumes. The film crew stands around. As if the crew is re-making Birth of a Nation, the silent DW Griffith epic.

Maagan

Leeroy, this here is a dictionary... It has all of the words in the English language. Gehenna: Perpetual fires being kept up in Hell. Beulah and April may have you ever heard of the word Gehenna

A violent laugh track scores the scene.

Caitlin

Hush mamma, we're trying to have our tea!

Bob

Leeroy I don't think you oughta be touchin dem dere shoes.

Tippy

I am just a fixin' and polishin' dem dere shoes!

Maagan

Obeah. A Form a witchcraft practiced by negroes in Africa... Leeroy do you practice obeah?

Tippy

I try to obeah and follow the rules.

Bob

Leeroy I's really don't think you oughta be touchin dem dere shoes!

Sarah

Leeroy! Get your filthy black hands off of my shoes

Caitlin

I think we's about to see a whoopin, Captain Sparkles (To the bird on her hand)

Bob

Massa wesn don't have to be pick them there cotton no more mister Lincoln he says
we'sn be free!

Applause

Nicolas

Ladies and gentlemen that's a wrap.

Blue out. In the dark, an intern hands the actors a new page of the script. The following scene is read.

Caitlin

Inserts. From the script consultants.

Rory

You were fantastic.

David

You are going to be a big star. You are going to be immortal. How does it feel, it must feel like you are finally getting what you have always wanted. Great isn't it?

Faryl

I think a lot of people are going to take notice of you. You are going to have a whole slew of new managers and agents, men fawning all over you.

Lucy

I just want to be an actor.

Faryl

Awww, that's sweet.

David

Great! Great answer. That is the perfect answer. But you've gotta make sure that you say something else, something that sounds smart. You know, Uma does this and um....Cameron Diaz. They always have something kind of thoughtful and quirky and somewhat philosophical to say that makes them look smart. Like they are mortally afraid of ladybugs or birds or something that makes them seem fussy and quirky like some kind of genius. Do you have something like that.

Lucy

No.

Faryl

Well. You can find something.

Scripts are thrown away, the stage morphs into a traffic jam. Lucy sits in a car with Rory who speaks this text rapidly and violently at the horizon.

CAR SEQUENCE/TRAFFIC JAM

Rory

Ooooooooooh. My head. Do you see blood? What blood is this? On my head? Do you see it? Who are you? What's your name? (nothing) Um.....do you understand? Shit, it's been a bad, bad day. Oh Jesus what a day. I don't think I can keep this up anymore. I feel like my head's going to fall off. Who are these people? Who do they think they are? That man smells so bad. It's disgusting. It's disgusting to me. What, did he pee on himself. Oh, Jesus, I keep seeing these things in front of my eyes. I don't understand what they are. Like glowing lights. It's like a sign from the other side ofsomewhere. Do you see anything?

It's all very well and good for you to sit there and tell me who I am supposed to love and who I am not supposed to love, but I have to live in the world. I don't have to do things right. AM I happier. Yes! I am happier. That's true. But I have to live in the world. I can't do everything right Am I supposed to/ Am I supposed to stop ? Am I supposed to stop loving what I love. Am I supposed to stop caring about what I care about? Am I supposed to stop breathing and living? Am I supposed to do everything right? And how is that possible?

No, I thought it was just me. I must be seeing things all over. something's gone very wrong. I'm so mad. I'm so fucking mad. I want to smash these walls, you know? I want to smash them and wash off all the stains and blood, think of all the blood that's been spread on these walls. jeez, these guys, they sit in here and they're all drunk, and beating each other up. what are they doing? how many of these people raped someone? my god. or someone raped them? Or, Jesus, or some horrible middle ground where you're raping and being raped at the same time. Why am I thinking like this? this was such a bad day. I think I have to start over. I have to stop.

You who you think you know so much. Are you happy? Or are you just calm? Am I supposed to stop smoking, stop believing in mantras and in the Tarot and in astrology. In the beauty of the sky? Do I want to let go of everything to find wisdom? How lonely will I be. Yes it was pain. Yes it was abuse, but it was MINE. It was MY abuse. And we loved each other for it. We loved each other immeasurably. We loved each other do you not get that?

Do you know what I mean?

We're here.

Where's my fucking welcome drink?

Sami

Welcome

The stage transforms into the ocean. Large translucent fabrics roll out of the windows upstage, the actors run in to the surf, bobbing and swimming.

Rory runs into the surf. He bobs for a while, others run in. David, Lucy, Faryl And Nick appear at a dock in the water, downstage.

Faryl

It's over

David

You wanna fuck me goodbye?

Faryl

Ok

They run into the ocean.

Lucy

Do you think forgiveness is possible?

Rory drowning in the background, as David and Faryl have sex.

Nick

What's that? I can't hear very well.

I have tinnitus in my ears now. I can't wear my hearing aids in the ocean. It's like someone kissing your ears all the time. What?

Lucy

Nothing.

Nick

That Project went on so long, I forgot what it was about.

Imagine working on a project for years and years. You might forget what the project was for. You might forget what the initial impulse was. Anything is like that. I asked an actor that question. He said that he got into acting because his family was abusive and he

ran away from them. He said he found a new family on stage, with the other actors. He said he went there to find a family that could accept his rage, his pain, and applaud him as he got it out. A lot of actors do that I think. I asked the soldier the same question and he gave me a very similar answer. Family. A home for his anger. And ways to get it out. But then I asked the same actor five years later why he was still doing it. He told me that he was all out of anger. He had been through hundreds of surrogate families. hundreds of shows. And he said he had gone through a period where he was empty and worn out for years. that was a dark time, when he didn't know why he was doing it anymore. Then he found god. He found himself. And he started acting for a higher purpose, for the infinite. Which he said he could feel but not describe. They say you can tell an actor's agenda the moment they walk on the stage, if they are acting for their agent or acting for their mother or acting for their god. And I could see it. So I asked the soldier the same thing years later. He too had been through hundreds of surrogate families, hundreds of platoons. A lot of his brothers had died. He said the same thing, that when a soldier is fighting on the battlefield, you can tell instantly what he is fighting for. If he is fighting because he thinks he's in a video game

Rory Pops up, as well as Sarah and Maagan and they begin synchronized Swimming Forward

or if he is fighting for his family or for country or for god or for the all important one reason which is to bring death like a singular force from within that means nothing says nothing is nothing. He was that kind of soldier. He had become nothing but death. He had tinnitus in his ears. He said it was like some one kissing in his eardrums all the time and that is why he liked to sleep in the train station. And he had found god too. that god was a repetition, an infinite firing that he could feel but not describe. So he just said he kept firing but he didn't remember why. His project had gone on too long he had started it so many years ago he forgot the initial impulse. He didn't care about it anymore. He was content with just this one moment of firing over and over again. He said he slept firing. It didn't matter that he forgot why he was there. He didn't know anything else. And no one could hold him anymore. ***(Swimmers Turn Stage Left)*** And he wasn't able to perform sex, not even with a prostitute because he said he forgot how to trust anyone long enough not to ejaculate prematurely. And he said he was one day going to come home and become an actor. Because he said all the stuff he'd been through would make a great movie, except they would need a lot of money for all of the special effects because he was never ever satisfied by the ways that bodies explode and blow up in the movies.

(Swimmers Turn Upstage)

He said it was never really realistic enough. He said that he wanted to somehow make a movie that felt like you were in the actual scene of combat. that the combat would be all around you and that his stories were so good that he could raise enough money for a movie theater with chairs that would actually shoot blood up at you and brain matter when people exploded on screen.

(Swimmers turn Stage right)

he said that it cheapened human explosions,. the actual act of humans exploding onto you, if you saw it on the screen but didn't feel the wet brain matter and sinews flying in your face. He said that you couldn't experience the real war until you had blood all over your face.

Swimmers turn and face forward and just float bobbing up and down facing out the windows behind the audience.

And I asked him to tell me some of his stories and he threatened to kill me because he thought I was trying to steal his ideas. He said he had a treatment in his breast pocket, like a death letter. But I didn't believe him. Truth is I am not sure he actually remembers anything that has happened to him. And he's totally full of shit. He's got tinnitus. Like some one kissing in his ears all the time. And he's sleeping on a fucking train platform near Madison Square Garden in a fucking Sprewell Jersey.

Swimmers disappear under the water.

Nick

You know it's been a long time since I was able to really express myself to anyone. I feel like we have a connection. That's good. I think that it's really important to connect. Do you have a boyfriend?

Lucy grabs nick and kisses him passionately, Faryl pops up at the dock.

Faryl

Oh my god. Get a room. Or just go home, for chrissake

Lucy

Sorry. Sorry.

Faryl

Can I have my fuckin feather back?

Lucy

I think I lost it.

Faryl

You fucking white people are all the same.

Faryl Swims away.

Lucy

You can't hear me at all.

Nick

What did you say?

Lucy
Really. You really can't hear me at all.

Nick
What's that?

Lucy
I could fall in love with anyone I think. Anyone. Anyone on earth

Nick
What? Do you want to go to your place or to my place?

(Swimmers fall down. Sheet lies down on top of them.)

Lucy
I don't know who I am anymore. I'm lost. I don't have anything to say to you. I am lost. I don't know if we die for a reason.

(Sheet begins to slowly roll back, revealing dead bodies underneath.)

If we live for a reason. I don't know. I used to have a deep kind of unwavering faith in god. But now I don't know anymore. I just don't know anymore. I'm lost. I feel like I have been talking all day and I am not sure if anyone has heard me.

Nick
OK. OK. Your face is telling me everything. I know. No one wants a guy who has tinnitus in his ears.

Lucy Kisses Nick

Lucy
Is the movie really over? Is ... I mean what happens in it?

Nick
Yeah yeah. I think so too.

Lucy
It's so huge. It's so immense I can't keep it in my head. I thought I had it, like I could hold it in my hand, but the more that I think of it, the more that I feel like I don't have a way of thinking that makes it work. Or a way of feeling. I feel like my feelings are old and boring. I need new feelings. I need feelings that I've never felt before. I have new feelings of pain everyday. New kinds of pain. New holes in my body and skin. New forms of exhaustion. New sicknesses.. But. I am waiting for the part of my life where new forms of joy and wonder and hope come to me on a daily basis. I am waiting for the

time in my life when new forms of lightness and happiness happen. I somehow believe that they may still come. But I am not sure. I may never believe in god ever again. Maybe never.

Nick
Yeah. You look really cute in that Indian costume.

Lucy
You can't hear me at all.

Nick
What's that? What? Do you want to go to your place or to my place?

Lucy Goes to Nick and falls into his arms.

Nick
You wanna go get some donuts?

A Helicopter flies outside the window. The light is blinding, the sound deafening. . Nick Straps the Bomb to Lucy and puts her in Najla's chair. Sami and Eko are abducted, put in Orange Jumpsuits and their heads are bagged. A sit com theme song plays as a laugh track is heard. Eko and Sami spin around on chairs yelling.

DETAINEES SIT-COM:

They meet each other, their toes touching. They scream at each other in fear. The laugh track laughs. Sami speaks Arabic in this scene. Eko speaks in Bahasa. This scene is conveyed mostly through their gestures. The scene is partially improvised, the actors speaking different languages. The text here is a rough translation into English of the improvised action of the scene. The scene can be played by any two actors who speak two different languages that are different from the base language of the audience. It is important that the two actors create a way of communicating through mimetic action as the scene builds, understanding each other to greater degrees as the scene goes on. After the first few minutes of the scene the laugh track dies down and the "sit com" aspect of the scene fades. There should be some kind of sit-com like theme song to bring in and out the scene. At the end of it, when the shooting occurs, the laugh track should resume and the theme song should play again, again, with a very sinister, Kitschy feel.

Sami
What country are you from? India, Pakistan?

Eko
Indonesia

Sami

You're Indonesian? Are you a Muslim? Do you speak Arabic? Do you speak Arabic?

Eko

I am not a Muslim I am a Christian.

Sami

Do you speak Arabic (Arabic)

Eko

Arabi? Arabi? Terrorist! Terrorist!

Eko wheels away from Sami. The laugh track laughs

Sami

I'm not a terrorist. I am not a terrorist!

Sami Grabs Eko with his legs. Removes the bag on his head with his feet. We see Eko's face. Applause. Eko removes Sami's bag with his teeth. Laugh. Eko and Sami untie each other's hands. They spring up, afraid of each other.

Sami

I am no a bad guy. I am a cab driver. I am a cab driver. How do I explain this to you.. I am a cab driver. I am a cab driver!

Sami Acts out driving a cab. He gets hailed by a passenger.

Eko

TAXI!

Sami

Oh. Thank god! Yes, I am a taxi driver! A taxi driver!

Eko

Oh

Sami

Get in!

Eko

What

Sami

Get in!

Eko looks confused. Sami opens the door for him. He gets in the cab.

Sami
Where to?

Eko
Um.... Jakarta

Sami
Jakarta! You can't get to Jakarta! How about Manhattan? Brooklyn?

Eko
Manhattan. Manhattan

Sami
Ok. I will show you the sights.

Sami begins a tour of the city for Eko. Sami Spots a pretty woman in the street. He and Eko ogle her. Sami's cab is hit from behind. They both fall. They both begin to argue with the man who hit the car. Sami sneaks up behind Eko and Arrests him.

Sami
The police took me. I told them I was only a cab driver. But they arrested me anyway. Oh my god! I was taken here. A bag on my head.

Eko
So you are only a cab driver. You are innocent

Sami
Actually I am not a cab driver. I am an actor.

Sami shows Eko a stage, he acts for him

Eko
ACTOR! ACTOR!

Sami
Yes! Yes!

Eko
I am an actor too.

Sami
No, you don't understand, I am an actor!

Eko
I am an actor too!!

Eko jumps on the stage and acts for Sami. They are both very happy. They embrace.

Eko

I am an actor from Indonesia

Sami

I am from Palestine.

Eko

Palestine!

Sami

Yes. My home is so beautiful. I live with my mother and my grandmother. My grandmother is the best cook in the world.

He demonstrates cooking. He offers Eko a drink. They eat and drink the imaginary food. It begins to rain. Eko springs up.

Eko

I am a construction worker in my home. I can build us a good room.

They build a room together, Eko goes out. Knocks on door.

Eko

Hello!

Sami

Who is it?

Eko

Its me?

Sami

Oh hello my old friend.

They embrace. They sit and watch TV.

Eko

You have any beer?

Sami

BEER! Beer is forbidden by Islam!

Eko

Awe come on, let's have a beer.

Sami

Ok, in the fridge but don't tell anyone.

Eko goes to the fridge.

Eko

You're out of beer. I'll go to the store.

Sami

Ok

Eko exits the "house" He sees the bars in front of him again. He begins yelling at the guards. He and Sami reach a panic. Theme music plays again. Laugh track and applause over power their screams. Najla stands up from the back and enters.

Najla

Please. Please. Listen to me. Please. Please I need your help. Please. I can't breathe. I can't breathe. Don't laugh at me. Don't tell me that you don't understand. I am not morally bankrupt. I am not morally bankrupt. I am not wicked. I am not unethical. I deserve things. We all deserve things. We are all entitled to not feel as though we suffer or are crazy for wanting what we need to feel safe and sound and alive and stable and happy. It isn't me. I want it to end. It is not me.

Please this is my house, sit down. Sit down. Don't leave me. Don't leave me. It's okay.

Eko moves towards Najla he gets very close to her.

SHOTS ring out. EKO FALLS. Sami runs out the door. Eko is Dead. Lucy hits the deck.

Najla cries over his body. Lucy, who is down on the ground, meets her eyes.

Najla

Hi

Lucy

Hi.

Najla

What's your name?

Lucy

Lucy.

Najla
Are you an American?

Lucy
I was when I woke up this morning.

Najla
What time is it now?

Lucy
It's about 10:40

Najla
A.M. or P.M.?

Lucy
P.M.

Najla
Should we call an ambulance?

Lucy
You got a phone?

Najla
Yeah, I got a phone

Lucy
Call 911

Najla
You do it.

Lucy
I need an ambulance at 37 Grand Avenue. Grand Avenue, not Grand Street. In Brooklyn. Yes. In BROOKLYN. It's near the Navy Yard. Yes I can give you directions. It's really not that far it just feels far. You take the BQE to Flushing Ave. Then you turn right after the underpass... No not in Bush wick. Between Dumbo and Williamsburg. Um...hold on a sec....Wait a sec

Lucy looks down at the Bomb strapped to her chest

Do you think this is going to explode?

Fast blackout. End.