

Scene I

Fade spot up on A WOmAn as she enters stage from the east. she wanders aimlessly center stage carrying a ping pong paddle, swatting the air as she speaks. there is a general movement toward the spinning chair. her delivery is sensual. she is semi-transparently dressed, virtually naked.

A WOmAn “i am wearing...this cotton thing, this, billowy spring garment, this...(quieter) this what?...it's my wedding gown. oh? am i the exposed showy yellow flower within its palmately lobed pod? (expostulates) haaaaa (laughs) ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ahhhhh...i am wearing egyptian cotton grown in the delta region of the Nile. two superfine yarns twisted together in warp and weft enhancing the strength and softness of the fabric. it is 250 threads per 10 square centimetres. i am laughing, because i really want to scream. how come? how come? (long breath) when you abandon your dreams you abandon your self. you pack off your freedom and allow something inside yourself, some-thing which is not you, and this some thing begins to dictate your behavior. you be come...enslaved, without even noticing, yes. you surrender your soul to the comforts of style, and small cracks appear in your heart. and these cracks become fissures, and emptiness comes and fills them.”

—**Blackout**... spot up on A WOmAn who continues trek toward chair—

(sung) “there was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
she had not a child and knew naught what to do...”

—momentary **Blackout** during which A WOmAn takes three steps...spot up—

(sung) “she put my foot in her shoe;
her shoe she put in my mouth;
but the shoe has now on the other foot been put;
and from head to toe i'm loose of feet

(sound of buzzer on *dread*) and free of dread.”

—**Blackout** during which A WOmAn wanders. she finds her spot, lights up, brighter. she continues swatting air with paddle. first line spoken, then she speak-sings her way to the final pair of fully sung lines—

“shoo fly, don't bother me,
shoo fly, don't bother me,
shoo fly, don't bother me,
shoo fly, don't bother me,
for i belong to nobody. (repeat)

—quick **Blackout**...in darkness A WOmAn whistles *shoe fly don't bother me* followed by—

A WOmAn “*shoe...foot...print...earth...sole...*with every step our personal history is brought to bear. everywhere we go we carry our history. we leave a print of everywhere we have ever been. we travel and travel, but we don't go very far. no, in circles. in circles we travel. round and round and around. around and around and around. lots and lots of shoes. lots and lots of places. a shoe for each place. a shoe for every occasion.” deep exhale

—end music...**Silence**—

Scene II

Animated slides are projected of Flannel. he is covered by a shroud, and lying on a bed of shredded paper. only his face is exposed. Jacob is projected standing over Flannel. his voice however is live. A WOmAn stands next to the projection of Jacob, lit by the spill of both projections.

A WOmAn makes shooing motion as if shooing flies “shoo...”

A WOmAn “...couldn’t give him what he needed...but he couldn’t, or he wouldn’t tell me. i asked him...over and over again i asked him...i couldn’t give him what he wanted, that much i knew. held him to a standard i didn’t hold myself.”

Jacob “i was scared of him.”

A WOmAn “you always denied that.”

Jacob “he made me nervous.”

A WOmAn “that was obvious.”

Jacob “most of the time i couldn’t open my mouth.”

A WOmAn “i know. he expected the next guy to know themselves like he knew himself.”

Jacob “looked right through me.”

A WOmAn “upsidedowninsideoutandbackwardsthroughandthrough. even though there were things about himself he detested...”

Jacob “i’d get flustered, but i made sure i didn’t look nervous—didn’t want him to think i was fucked up or something. but when i wouldn’t say anything i could feel him start to wander, just then i hoped he’d stay, stay and worm everything outta me—i’ve been silent far too long.”

A WOmAn “with you, for some reason, he was very tolerant. he allowed you to hang yourself again and again. i think you reminded him of himself and he didn’t wanna do to you what his father...looks like a scroll rolled up, just layin’ there.”

Jacob “looks like a cigar to me.”

A WOmAn looks at Jacob “like parchment. vellum.”

Jacob “tapered...ends converging...”

A WOmAn “he’ll be up in smoke soon enough.”

Jacob “...cigar, cigarillo, cheroot, panatela, perfecto, havana...”

—last line stated around A WOmAn’s following lines—

A WOmAn “i never gave him what he needed. i never gave him what i needed. i held back—he scared me too. he was so...large. on one hand i couldn’t believe i was with him, and on the other, i did what i could to keep him from gettin’ any bigger, ‘cause i figured that would be it—he’d leave me. if i helped him in the ways he needed help...i was gonna lose him...i was scared a that; deeply, deeply frightened.”

Jacob “...corona, a crown...uneasy lies the head that weareth a crown.”

—the next voice is the animated slide projection of Abraham, projected at another area of the stage. at *i wanted her...*everyone, including the shrouded corpse, turn toward Abraham—

Abraham “we were married. we were not married. we were married. she bore my first chi—my only child at the time—she was my concubine. we were not married. we were married. i sent her away. i took her back. i sent them both away. i suffered in silence...*i wanted her* from the beginning. she was young, supple. had a smoky—musky—aroma edible flesh patulous breasts,

like two young roes, twins, feeding amongst the lilies. i wanted to feel her olive skin against my
hirsute flesh, her creamy white moist gleaming skin against my desire...our bodies rubbing. i
didn't touch her...not until i was given permission. in her tent she was wild. she was from the
nile. she was from the nite. i was afraid. we made love an entire week. when she was pregnant
her face glowed. her eyes smiled. her body spoke of all that i have said.”

—quick **Blackout**—