

Background

David sits. slide projector continues. images of David from infancy through early adulthood projected thru the bubble onto the tallit which is draped over the back of his chair. he types thru this section, muttering to himself, in a barely audible voice. every once in a while something can be distinguished which seems related to the taped text. on [tape] is the voice of **David's mother**.



[he was in the 11th grade. he was 16 years old. in retrospect i can see the seeds of his later behavior. he was roaming, from one thing to the next. from acting and drama classes, to karate, piano lessons, to creative writing, to science projects. we were walking home one day, when i turned to him and said, “David, why aren’t you sticking with anything. you’re into this, and that and the other thing. i agree with the things you want to do- your father and i want to be helpful. you aren’t staying with anything long enough.”] (tape continues. **David's father**) [David wanted to take time off instead of going to college. in the fall he was going on an archaeological dig to england. during the summer i arranged for him to get a job on the grounds crew so he could save enough spending money for his trip. after he got the job he became completely strange toward me. he didn't want to talk to me. he didn't want to be seen with me. he didn't want to know me. then one day the guy in charge of the crew pulled me aside and told me David wasn't working out. “he don't take orders, he don't do his work, he's in a different world. because of you i hate to let him go... maybe you can talk to him. see what you can do.”]

[off slide projector]

(a single, faint, drab spot above desk faintly illuminates David as he pulls the paper from his typewriter and begins to read.)

(David) David's boss was a deceitful, foolish, rascally, yeaforsooth knave—a real sonofabitch, ya know. he knew nothing. what did he know? all he knew was to tell David how to do things his way. he didn't really know David. he never tried to know David. he didn't wanna know David. David worked in his own special way. eventually he couldn't take it. feeling confined he took his feet to the door and walked through the screen into the alley where the weeds grew profuse, tall, proud. he took himself to the alley's cracked concrete to feel part of this world, not apart. he smelled the flowers. he picked a rose poking itself from the tall weasy looking weeds, garbage growing beneath it, all around it, and held this rose. he smelled it. he felt just like that rose, the world spread around him like so much useless refuse... “is there a particular direction the world is heading?...i can feel it, but it's just beyond the scope of my isolation.”

Blackout.

[tape. **the demons**]

[music up. there he is. get him. i want him. he's mine. we have work to do. we have work to do] 3X, then repeated underneath the following.

(as David places paper in typewriter)

if you wanna know what it feels like, why don't you stick your head in a fire...there are demons around. don't you see them?

[David's father]

[i'm sure they're here David, because you said so, but i can't see them]

[the second psychiatrist]

[your son is schizophrenic. he needs medication]

(David) there's nothing wrong with me. there's nothing wrong with me.

[fade music...off]

there is nothing wrong with me.

(light up over desk. David types while he speaks)

he kept passing himself on the way somewhere.

[taped sounds—like horse's hoofs]

horses's hoofs lined the road.

the earth shimmered (end typing)—

sunday morning, sunday morning.

edge of the big hills.

the sky clasped by steel rays

surrounding the earth.

al's oasis.

\$.05 coffee.

Time passed(t).

a little while ago

he was eating breakfast

in preparation for the road.

that was four days ago.

1100 miles in which direction?

[fade taped sounds]

the anatomy of a state-

“snow flakes falling

crashing against the metal railing

gnashing their teeth

outside the window,

death stares blankly.

the world will end in a heart beat.

i can't stop it glued to this chair.”

anatomy of a state—

soft ground,

large breasted women,

the midwest is filled with ‘em,

desirable pastures,

hills

rushing together,

granite stone mountains

pine trees,

spiraling around

around and around,

around and around and around

in elongated fashion,

rising, blocking the horizon,
yellow—
him,
the land.
tongue river.
the uncovered red earth speaks.
“above mediocre people
have strange habits,
like tripping over the horizon.
the further away you go
the closer you will come
to silence.”

Freeze

(David abruptly moves from his chair to the opposite end of bubble and stares at the desk in silence...then begins to chant, “MMMMM” shaking head nervously. this chant should linger. MMMMM is David’s personal sound. it helps him rid himself of his voices—his demons—helps him achieve a sense of balance...the chant continues, soto voce, underneath the taped voices that follow. David grasps the tape deck from desk, while moving relentlessly and restlessly around and around and around the bubble.)

[tape] (**David’s father**)

[he smelled the apartment up. they couldn’t take it from him. i sent him money to return to pittsburgh. he was in pittsburgh 24 hours. he stayed at the holiday inn. he changed his ticket, flew right back to san francisco. i managed to visit with him at the hotel. he told me he couldn’t stay there anymore. the church next to his building was full of demons. he had bizarre feelings. he had to get out. what did he mean? how were the demons affecting him? were they awful? were any of them good?]

(David returns the tape deck to the desk. **David’s mother**)

[i could see it in his eyes. once the illness came on, it took over his face. why they didn’t see it, i’ll never know. i certainly knew something was wrong]

(David sits at desk. he stares vacuously. **David’s father**)

[they were recruiting heavily. they probably figured, maybe he’s a little odd, but once he’s in we’ll take care of him. they could do absolutely nothing with him. he sat in bed all day. he refused to read his manual. he wouldn’t communicate with anyone. finally they had enough. they called to tell me they were giving him an honorable discharge. i think they knew something was terribly wrong at that point. i think they were afraid if they gave him a dishonorable discharge he would sue and they would be obliged to make disability payments...he was in the air force three months]

Blackout



(the chant continues, louder now, as David gets up from his chair and wraps himself in his tallit. slowly the chant transforms into a religious prayer. David walks about the bubble in darkness as the music slowly comes up- it becomes a hymn. he begins to chant with the music, modulating his MMMM to HYMMM. as the music peaks in volume, the lights slowly fade up...eventually David comes to a stop, shuffling from foot to foot, talking to himself in a nervous fashion...music fades to a lower volume, as David speaks)

(**David**) do i tell them now? will they believe me?...shouldn’t i run for mayor first? this way i could build a base. then i could run for higher office...(shakes head) no!...i am here...to tell you, i am the way. through me you shall see. through me you shall know. i am here to save you, the world. only i can save you, the world. only i have the right combination. 4321.right.1234. left.4321.right. 1234.left. (spins)

(David becomes consumed by *left*. as the music fades off, he moves about the bubble to his left, touching the plastic with the fringe of his tallit)

left left left...i was sent here by him. he died so that i may be born at this very moment we are on the verge. the earth is ready...(aside) they don't seem to understand...do you understand? it doesn't matter. i will teach you. this is my role... (aside) how much time do i have? that's all i need to know...there is time for everything?...TIME. all we have is TIME...take a deep breath...you will become aware of what i am talking about. he told us. he carried the message forward. he who climbed the ladder. take two aspirins if your head hurts, jesus! (aside) tell me what i need to tell them. they are restless. they wanna hear something. they pretend they don't understand. they pretend they are not interested but i hear their inner voices screaming for the word...he took the teachings to the desert, to the dust and dirt where the people lived. he cloaked his teachings with the dust and dirt where the people of the world lived. he did not hide them within a sanctuary. yeah, i believe in holy places. the earth is holy! let us bow our heads in prayer. the earth is HOLY, HOLY, HOLY. sing the praises of our dear mother. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY. (he mumbles the next few lines to himself) do not forsake me, mother, there will be blood. i carry your torch. i have not forgotten you...(end mumbling) what was was. that was. this week is the week that is. nothing's different...it is different. i cannot pull lambs out of my hat. he didn't come to save the world. he came to teach the word. he came to show the world. he came so we would know how to listen. he died for our sins. listen. he died to show us what is possible...(aside) i don't think i can take it, everything is so...elusive...

(places one foot behind head and begins hopping while praying. speaks to tape deck)

i came here to pray. i don't have time for the rest of of this jibber jabber. i came here to pray. i came to encourage his presence in your life. i feel deeply about you. we are all connected. i hear your thoughts. everything you think, everything you feel. it all has a hidden, deeper meaning. we all think things, we all feel things without knowing their deeper meaning. these things apply to life...(foot to floor) doesn't everything make sense now—life, truth, god?...there's a struggle going on. this struggle's important. it explains many things. this struggle is going on inside everyone. it's important to figure out how to get where we really want to be. how to become enlightened, how to gain liberation, salvation, whatever you want. this struggle is inside and outside...there is no inside and outside...it's all one...where do i end and you begin?...what is outside?...what is inside?...we are all one. the struggle's everything. the struggle is between...opposites—good, evil, positive, black, white, negative, off, on, yes, no—is the tea in the tongue, or in the leaves?

(Freeze at plastic)