

Act One

-Empty Stage. **Blackout**...we hear the plodding sound of a wooden leg making its way, achingly slow, across a wooden floor...fade up spot slowly, larghissimo...

Scene One

-The stage is dark but for the light focused on a table and a chair occupied by a man, A-dam, who is speaking with another man, standing, while leaning on a long wooden cane. their conversation is highly stylized and abstract looking, actors, attentive to posture, physicalizations, and gesticulations. the audience cannot hear what is being said. and then, out of the blue...

“Fok you,” and the man in the chair throws a shoe, “i’m not going anywhere...zelfs niet nadat de koeien thuis zijn gekomen, not even after the cow’s come home.”

-Exit unidentified man at a 45 degree angle to the chair, a scintillating image that draws the audience...**Blackout**...in the darkness A-dam moves from the spinning chair to an odd expression of upright atop the desk...up focused spot. actor walking along edge of desk, one shoe on, one shoe off, around the edge of the desk’s rectangular top...moves to middle of desk, stands on one foot, and commences to speak-

“Look...carefully...i say...at what is referred to as the present...it is not about this very moment...(laughter) not at all. no, it is a point of reference that refers to the past, manipulation of the past, naught but an attempt to control the future...which version of the past shall have dominion, yah, and who will lead us into the future?”

“When it was recognized it was possible to see into the future-ha ha ha ha ha ha ha- that was when people began using the past as a way to get a hold on the present...and tighten their grip.”

“De klootzak had me bottled up, tossed to sea, banished from the Garden. yah, the man was afraid of me. he held to the past, and oh, so tightly, yah, mightily, tho there we were, in a new world, naught but possibility, everything around us unfurling, awaiting only our taste.”

-Blackout-

-Fade lights up slowly...man seated again. chair swivels (quarter turn)...swivel (quarter turn)...swivel (quarter turn)...attempts to stand, sits back instead, swivel (quarter turn)-

“Democracy is spinning out of control, like a dog chasing it’s tail, sniping at the end, dangling, exposed...en dus erg kwetsbaar, and so very vulnerable.”

-Chair spins fully. A-dam offers an occasional bark-

“We did not beget a genuine democracy...and we continue to fight this notion.”

-Chair spins fully. A-dam offers an occasional bark-

“The sweep of his(tory)...”

-An arc of light passes overhead from one side of the oval to the opposite-

“...what is it? what is history? a march of Time? a preoccupation with all things human? a punctuation mark? we've only been the dominant human species for a fraction of the 2.5 million years humans of one type or another have walked upon the earth, about the time it takes for the light that crosses the nite sky...to fade.”

-Chair spins fully. A-dam offers an occasional bark-

“And we act as if we are the center of the universe, and the sun...revolves around us, clamoring to make our mark as though the infinitesimal moment of fame will endure... and give us what?...our obsession creates illusions. we want things to be a certain way...yah, the way we want things to be. nu, the way they have been; the way they are meant to be. yah, and when they are not, oh, we attack and condemn, and strike what stands in our way. is that not how we have come to dominate the land and the people who have lived upon the land?”

-**Silence**...then we hear the plodding sound of a wooden leg making its way across a wooden floor. actor brushes aside the sound and continues...

“Neuk hem. i came here...it was 1641, aboard the Eykenboom...yah...and i've been here ever since. (a tittering reflective laugh) dearly...we hold onto stories about who we are, how we came to the place we find ourselves, wherever that may be, how the world works, and what we believe is on the other side of life, holding with much suffering and sacrifice to our dying day. upon a cross if need be, eh? for instance...the story that America is great, aside from the obvious reference, i believe most people believe this, one way or another. it has been ingrained into the ethos of who we are for nearly four centuries. the seed of this thinking was planted by the Puritans. yah. and it has flourished. but what is it that makes America great? do you know? have you thought about it? have you any idea? is it the fact we used genocide to take the land from the indigenous people, from one coast to the other; the fact we used slave labor to build a global economy; that we fought one another in a horrible Civil War and resolved nothing, and in the process cemented sectionalism, bickering, and the like; that we brutally abused foreign labor to carve a superior position in the race to exhaust the earth's fossil fuel; that we make it undeniably difficult for people to survive and raise themselves up from poverty; that rights are taken away to preserve power amongst a minority of greedy people; because God said this is who we are, and all that i have stated is because God told us this is the way we should go about our business on this land? and we believe in God. (slight laugh) why is this? where is the evidence God, the God of the bibles, the old and new testaments, exists? as we take our last breath, is this what we believe and hold onto? why? because we do not want to confront our basic fear of dying, and prefer to hold onto something that has power, simply because the idea has been around for a very long time, thousands of years, but offers nothing to anyone because it is fabricated upon falsehoods and deceit.”

“Yah...”

“Nothing is what it seems...and you know this, but by the time we figure it out, we are old...and tired, too tired to bother convincing anyone, and who wants to listen to such

things? who wants to change their opinions or lifestyle, or move in circles that draw raised brows, or worse, ire, criticism, and disdain. not the young. we need people to comfort us, no?"

-We hear the plodding sound of a wooden leg making its way across a wooden floor.

A-dam sits frozen, listening...one quick full swivel of chair-

"He doesn't want me to tell you these things. i should sit and remain silent, rits mijn lippen, zip mina lippens and sign the cross...(laughter)...what is called reality, what is real...is it not but an agreement amongst people that things are a certain way, not necessarily the way some of us perceive, but the way people seem to want things, so that they will better be able to carry out their plans and meet their needs. the newly arriving settlers-Puritans mainly-who came ashore, confronted the Native population with contempt and a sense of entitlement. they had been forewarned by pamphleteers, gossip, and merchant seamen about the savagery and barbaric manner of the Indians, and what they witnessed fit with their preconceived notions, tho not at all with their religious beliefs. hostility was stoked throughout New England almost immediately. they went about calculating ways they could take land away from these heathens and put it to use, the way God had intended land should be used, the way a civilized people, those who were elected by God, should use the land."

-Fade to...**Black**...four, five six...fade up spot-

"Even the bible, yah, yah, the holy bible, even the holy bible is filled with holes and falsities one can only assume were used as a means of controlling how people viewed and understood events. for instance, angels...they do not sing in the scriptures. on Johnny Mercer's grave, yah, but nowhere in the bible. singing is done by humans. angels are messengers. they show up, state their business, and take their leave, without singing. then, there's the pageant built up around the birth of Jesus, made up entirely of bubbe meises. there's no mention of an ox or a donkey piously braying at the birth of Jesus, not in either account, Matthew or Luke's, and the number of magi who showed up could have been two or two thousand. western tradition holds to three, eastern maintains twelve; both, simply unfounded guesses. no number was given. was Jesus even born in a stable? no, he was born in a house in Bet Lechem. in Luke we're told how the shepherds went from the field into the town of Bethlehem. In Matthew 2:11 the magi enter 'the house' and find the baby and his mother. you see, after the great Exodus when Passover is instated, the Israelites were instructed to keep a lamb in their home from the tenth until the fourteenth of the first month. hence forth, pretty much every house contained a manger, just like in our time. that Jesus was put in the Passover manger is of such enormous theological significance it's almost a miracle popular tradition hasn't noticed it's disparity with historical truth."

"There's only one reason for this-the Church. the Church does not want anyone to take notice. they want to maintain control over the story and provide the images necessary to keep things running smoothly, and the media, they're only too happy to oblige."

“What if people were to ask, what is the history behind our views, why do i believe what i’ve been told? did Jesus really exist. did he?...did he? and if he did, did he really claim he was the son of god? and was he? what does that even mean? can i let go of my beliefs? shall the future be fashioned by current misguided notions?”

“Most of what we think of as reality...is a myth. there are no gods in the universe, no nations, no such thing as money, there are no human rights or laws, nor justice, not outside our imagination. none of these are tangible. on the other hand, there’s the objective reality of rivers and trees, flowers and bees, lions and tigers, all of which carried great meaning when we were hunters and gatherers, but as time went on, the imagined reality we began to create, of gods, nations and corporations, became ever more powerful. and now, the very survival of rivers and trees, flowers and bees, lions and tigers, depends on the grace of such imagined entities, as the United States of America and almighty Google.”

–Begin slow fade through remaining speech...

“I am a mirror. i reflect what it is you want to view. please look carefully, and you will see things as they really are, not as you believe them to be, or would like them to appear, what you consider blemishes, aside what is called beauty, what has been told to you and what remains unspoken, and obscure.”

–Blackout–