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☛ Intermission ☚

AZOO *"Whose faces are they?"*

BLIND *"They're dream faces. Shadows without substance."*

IN THE DIGITAL THEATRES of tomorrow all the worlds truly are a stage. And whatever time on them I God all graciousness grants me is well spent jawboning with you, future theatre goers. Digital realms and sensory ones create spaces where theatre can be. Every culture/person lives in and molds their own shapes in space. *GO* exists beyond my culture, my perceptions, my self. So, I leave it to each theatre group to shape *GO*'s spaces.

That said, *GO* must be performed on a public stage. It celebrates humanity and challenges actors to catch fire live. Only real humans can perform it. As they do now. The characters in *GO* are archetypical & mythogeneric; they conjure up their own masks and costumes. Gender attributions are adjectival. Actors can play either.

GO's budget runs on pocket change. Troupes who must fleece rich pockets of rich change can learn new tricks from *GO*'s eclectic tramps: beg for, borrow against, or just pick their pockets. *GO*'s for scavenger troupes who find treasures buried in clear view. Big ticket items are: a backdrops projector, spotlight, basic

audio gear, some knick-knacks. Yet, there is only one item that producers of *GO* must have. Producers must buy *GRAIN*¹ to put on *GO*. And, lest ye forget.

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Call my lawyer.

Lastly, my will & heartfelt hope, O magical listener from future realms of wonder & laughter, be ye theatre lover or loser, take delight in me pithy play, for every life's a journey and we all wisheth you, the well-wishing adventurer, in setting forth- safe passage!

DB

in my august 2017

☆Characters☆

GOGO, tramp

BLIND, tramp

AZOO, warrior

AEON, centaur

LUMEN, wizard

WILL, clown

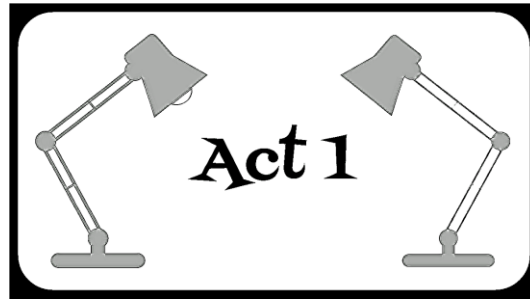
SHOO, clown

Go, a child

Voice

MOON, WILL

⌚ACT 1☹



A bench. BLIND is stretched out on it, covered with newspaper. GOGO sits. A lamp pole, rubbish bin attached, the sole source of illumination. An alarm bell on the back wall, its face the moon. AZOO, old bag lady, rummages in the bin. *Into The Mystic* ², softly....

ZOO, pull a pouch out of the bin.
A Bellydance around the floor.

GOGO, shy, avoid her.
AZOO, scowl at the tramps, exit.
GOGO, walk to the bin, pull out a newspaper,
sit on the bench, read, hold a page to the lamp,
turn the page upside down.

GOGO [tapping a finger in BLIND's ear]
Wake up! Wake up! Wake up! We sleep.

[Music off.]

BLIND [eyes closed]
I rest in peace.

GOGO [tap]
Wake up! Go's come.
Everyone was watching the entrance.
Go came in the exit.

BLIND

Don't trust long beards.
You can't see the ends of their smile.

GOGO

A century ago we got trapped in a noose
that's choking us. We've no exit left.

BLIND

Tight cocoon.

GOGO [tap]

Wake up!

BLIND [Brush away GOGO's finger, open eyes.]
Buzz off, your silliness.

[GOGO, pull a beach ball out of the bin.
Its face is the globe. Inflate it.]
Blowing up the planet?

GOGO

I'm inflating it, not detonating it.
You know I'm an economist with ego.

BLIND [hands up]

Toss it here.

GOGO [tosses ball]

Behold! Our world!

[In this exchange, toss the ball back & forth.]

BLIND

Coated many colors.
Each at war with all the others.

GOGO

It's a sticky web we've spun.

BLIND

A cobweb of complex dilemmas.

GOGO

It's all the rage in our information age.

BLIND

The whole world's overdosed on anxiety.

GOGO

Climaxing in a bloodthirsty frenzy.

BLIND

History ends in a concentration camp.

GOGO

The future's got a military face. I feel its grin.

BLIND

So, do we wait or do we search for Go?

[Sit up. Rummage in bin. Pull a toy crown out of the bin, toss it to GOGO.]

Your crown your majesty.

GOGO

You're a civilized man.

BLIND

For a civil king armed with the globe.

GOGO [Put on the crown.]

I'm a civilized monarch.

[Point to its focal glass 'jewel'.]

This jewel's the seal on my civilized tower.

BLIND

If civilization's a crown jewel that royal rock
now rings the brain of a fool. Be civil, civilized king.

Put that diamond to the public test.

Toss it on the floor.

GOGO

Keep civil before a civilized king.

BLIND [Snatch away the 'jewel'.]
Unloosen your sweaty grip your hilariousness.
Relinquish your crown.

[Throw it on the floor.]
I'll show you why I'm a pacifist in your war
to defend civilization. What do you see?

GOGO [Gaze at glass shatters, in shock.]
I see the face of humanity.

BLIND
Unblock your perception.
You're dreaming. Wipe your eyes.

GOGO [Wipe eyes. Gaze at the floor.]
I see a pile of splinters and shards.

BLIND
Each to its own solitary confinement condemned.
Crown jewel? Your civilization's a glass prison.
I'd rather be a dreamer, waste lifetimes idly, than lift
one finger to feed the oppression you call civilization.
Now I ask you a second time.
Do we wait or do we search for Go?

GOGO [Put crown on bench.]
We search for Go.

BLIND
Where?

GOGO
Elsewhere. Go came in the exit. Our search starts there.

BLIND
Elsewhere's been deserted for centuries. It was abandoned.
There are ghosts beyond gray matter. We'll need a guide.

GOGO

Guides don't lighten gray matter.

BLIND

We have no map. We need a map.

GOGO

We're map makers not readers. We'll fly blind.

BLIND

We're not bats. Let's approach this scientifically.

[Pull a surgeon's lens out of the bin. Toss it to GOGO.]

Here. Buckle on this photon belt.

It'll help us cast a clearer light on these dark matters.

GOGO [Fasten on lens. Switch it on.]

You're a magician.

BLIND [Turn off the lamplight.]

With a bag of tricks.

[GOGO, pan stage & audience.]

Where are we?

GOGO

We're nowhere.

BLIND

How do we get to Elsewhere?

GOGO

Intuition is our navigator.

BLIND

Intuition is irrational. Unpredictable.

GOGO

You speak from inside logic's coffin.

Pop open your lid. Go took a hammer

to our logic boxes. Pulled out all the nails.

All six sides have fallen away. Let's go.

BLIND

How?

GOGO

However this boffin eye lands.

[Bell sound from the alarm. Both turn, stare at it.

AEON enters. Chaplinesque, he twirls an invisible cane.]

AEON

You rang?

[BLIND & GOGO, circle AEON.]

BLIND

Who are you?

AEON

I'm your centaur of course.

Why did you dial my number?

BLIND

What number?

AEON

B-a-f, f-i-n-i-s, l-a-n-d-s.

BLIND

Baf, finis, lands?

AEON [Bow]

More resonance your deafness.

GOGO

Baffin Islands?

[AEON, nod agreement.]

I said boffin eye lands, not Baffin Islands.

AEON

Ohmy! My circuits must have crossed.

Anyway, what are you two doing here?

BLIND

We're searching for Go. Have you seen it?

AEON

Your islands of knowledge are compassed
by an ocean of mysteries heading tsunamis your way.
But why are you searching here for Go?

BLIND

Why are you here? Explain yourself first.

[Bell ring. Lamplight on, lens off. Each time the bell rings
BLIND & GOGO turn and stare at it. They stop circling AEON.]

AEON [Acrobatically twirl the cane.]

I've been around for aeons. Do you see my trident?

BLIND & GOGO

No.

AEON

A trident's toxic in the hands of a fool you know.

[Bell ring.]

When its ancient flame flares up it can spark madness.
It takes a sage to wield one wisely.

[Pick up the ball. Music*2, softly.]

Contemplate this wondrous little bubble of yours.

In epochs past, when your clouded planet was cloaked
in crystal firmament, every star orders of magnitude
brighter, night lighter, day dazzling, climate temperate,
Saturn reigned. His halo regal, celestial, from royal ring,
fifth from the sun, shone brighter by far than now,
the diadem of your solar system. Brute Jupiter,
from reaches further flung than Pluto plies
was tossed by the dark star out, even now retracing
its shadowy path, returning. Then there was war,
for, Jupiter loosed, set a compass course to conquer

the solar system's pride, Saturn. Neptune and Uranus,
titans, first walls of defence, threw up their shields,
their moons, hurling them in massed charge
against invading intruder. Then Pluto was torn
from Neptune's arm, stripped free to wander.
Neptune was flipped on his back. Uranus
put up a stoic fight but, battle momentum
to mighty Jupiter, even he bowed before
the conquering invader, now sweeping forth
unobstructed to claim the solar system's crown.
Saturn, sensing the end, to avert the ruin
of weaker children, abdicated, fled to a further orbit.
The spectacle lit up the firmament. A dragon
devoured your sky. Mars, panicked, froze. Earth reeled.
Your moon was spun right out of its socket.
Every planet was pierced. Then, jealous Jupiter
settled on the throne. He lit up the asteroid belt
like the fourth of July. Now, in spite of strings
of moons strung like chains of bells one tap
can set all tolling uneasy sits Jupiter's crown.
By brute force the throne was taken. That's not right.

[Music off.]

May I tag along with you?

BLIND

Suit yourself.

AEON

I'll guide you toward Go.

GOGO

*"What worlds mysterious roll within the vast,
The all-encircling ocean of the Mind!"³*

AEON

Kings who quote poetry are as locusts who gorge on corn.



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