

Working 9-3-18

Note to the TDPSers:. This is a working draft.  
It's color coded to indicate the different times of  
the rewrite during the course of rehearsals.

Gotanda Art Plant. Berkeley.

#### POOL OF UNKNOWN WONDERS

Inspired by The Stalker by Andrei Tarkovsky,  
Journey To The East by Hermann Hesse.  
Cite Excerpts and Resource material drawn from: NY  
Times Articles, NY Times Book Reviw, etc. Cite in  
script. Impt.

#### Characters & Costumes

Costumes: All are weathered, distressed.  
All carry: earlier period rucksacks. Maybe more  
compact to be manageable. Umbrellas.

Hamsun, Kanzan - weathered military uniform  
of an unidentifiable allegiance. Formerly a Farmer.  
~ 1946-47. San Joaquin Valley.

Monkawa - Navigator. Head gear similar in style of  
a WW I aviator. A miner's head lamp on it. Steam-  
punkish. Rasputin-esque. Hair unkempt, beard  
scruffy. Intense eyes.  
~ 1978. San Francisco.

Worn, yellow rucksack.  
Coiled length of rope.  
A tuning fork.

Two aged, metal dousing rods.  
Bottle of vodka. Or Flask.

Mr. Figgy - Janitor's uniform. ~ 1957. CA.  
Central Valley, Grammar School. He is hiding a  
grotesque secret even he is not conscious of.

Carries a mop that doubles as his hiking  
staff. The mop head is detachable and kept  
in his rucksack.

Gorkys, William - All American. Clean cut. The  
Present.

Carries a locked cooler. A Red and Blue  
Pill.

Sophie - Victorian with trainers. Her femininity  
belies an angry edge. In a mythic time and place.  
Fairytale-esque trappings at odds with emergent  
contemporary feminist impulses. Uses her umbrella  
as a parasol to protect herself from the sun and  
stab people.

Carries a Knife/Umbrella's tip or a pull-out  
knife handle. A Pistol.

Mrs. T. Bankhead - Sophisticated. Cynical.  
Sarcastic wit covers a deep wound. A practiced  
societal mask with a muted, repressed rage woven  
in.

2 Karmas - dressed like 50's office assistants. Boy  
or Girl Friday types.

They assist with staging, creating scenes,  
playing characters.

X - the many faces of X/Or, use a Karma.

Leo - Monkawa's predecessor. A Navigator.

Leo's Widow -

Nadja - Monkawa's wife. Holds bundled up unseen Baby.

Gorkys' female Co-worker and hater of 'Hound Dog'.

Soldiers #1 and #2

Doctors #1

Dr. Arline Geronimus. Researcher in African American women's natal health.

Farmer on Hamsun's former lands.

Michael's spy cohort.

Rachel: The Pool's version of Mrs. Bankhead's daughter.

Note: The Glass Station and On The Bus are metaphorical sites of an *In-Between* state.

Actors never leave the stage. If not involved in the action, they remain on the edges watching, in character.

Pool of Unknown Wonders

...Undertow of the Soul...

"Hate never goes away. It only waits for the right combination of manure and lies"

- Kanza Hamsun -

"Artists are divided into those who create their own inner world, and those who recreate reality, I undoubtedly belong to the first."

- Andrei Tarkovsky -

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**the Play**

Minimal. Open. Dark Floor. Obscured Walls.

Perhaps site specific in a warehouse,  
garage, underground tube, temple,  
church.

Around the edges of the performing  
space, worn *chairs* - Victorian, mid-century  
modern, 60's, contemporary, plastic garden  
lounging chairs - sit, lay tipped over,  
stacked.

An *old-style microphone* with stand.

Play Begins --

The GANG OF SEEKERS. On The Bus.

Moving.

MONKAWA at the front. He navigates using  
*two dowsing rods* he extends in front of him  
--

Seekers' mood withdrawn. Private.

Moving --

Silence --

Flashlight beams criss-cross over them.

The Bus stops.

We hear old school slack key *Hawaiian music* playing on the Soldiers' large portable cassette player (boom box).

TWO armed Guerilla SOLDIERS wearing vintage Hawaiian Shirts appear, signaling them to get out.

The Gang of Seekers disembarks.

They line up. SOLDIER #2 armed with a *gun* stands apart guarding.

SOLDIER #1 goes down the line checking the documents.

Examines SOPHIE's papers.

Looks at HAMSUN, touches his uniform with disgust. Cursory glance at his papers. Spits on the ground in front of Hamsun and shoves the papers back.

Comes to Monkawa. They look at each other. There is something about Monkawa that makes Soldier #1 move on without checking his papers.

Looks at X's papers. Soldier takes X's arm, escorts him to the side and turns him around facing away. X is unsure what is happening.

Soldier #1 takes out his *pistol* and calmly shoots X in the back of the head.

X crumbles to the ground.

The Soldier #1 returns to the others and continues as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened. Examining FIGGY's, MRS. BANKHEAD's and GORKYS' IDs.

Soldier #1 gestures for them to go.

X's Body remains in full view.

As the Gang boards, Sophie approaches Soldier #1. She touches his cheek, memory surfacing...

Soldier #1 gives Sophie his *pistol*.

The Gang is On The Bus.

### Transition

Neutral Space. Glass Station.

X's Body remains sprawled on the ground.

Gang of Seekers situated around the space. Isolated. Alone.

Monkawa works the perimeter, using his *tuning fork* to locate traps --

Figgy begins *crying*. At first it is quiet, barely audible.

Other Seekers begin to *weep*. They remain in their separate worlds, not acknowledging each other.

They cry in a manner specific to their characters and states.

Silence.

The Gang shifts into the next scene.

### Transition

Gang stares at Sophie who moves into a *Pool state*.

X has gotten up and is part of the Gang.

Sophie mumbles in tongues/Italian --

Gang huddles around Sophie. She's *entering*. They assist her --

As stories are told, the Gang and Karmas play the various roles. They have an awareness that they are participating in Sophie's Seeking.

Sophie opens her door and a Young SOLDIER (Karma) stands there. He is nervous. She studies him.

Sophie: He says his name is /Michael.

Soldier: -- /Michael.

Silence. She opens the door. The young Soldier, hesitates, then enters -



Sophie: He's a soldier. Aren't they all?

[staging has a musical theater feel to it - sets up what happens later]

Karmas bring out chairs and tables.

Dissolves to a classic outdoor Parisian cafe scene.

Woman (Mrs. Bankhead) holds a leash, walking an invisible *dog*. Use one of those trick leashes with an empty collar at the end.

Sophie sits in chair and begins reading a *novel*. (*L'Etranger*)

Man (Mr. Figgy) saunters in, about to seat himself, notices the book Sophie is reading -

Man: (knowingly) *L'Etranger*. (conspiratorially) Meursault hears the old man abusing the dog in the next room. Is it love?

Figgy seats himself and takes out a Russian newspaper (*Pravda*) and reads it *upside down*.

The Waiter (Karma) enters holding a tray aloft with a glass of wine and cup of espresso. Waiter does a tricky move a la Fred Astair, then delivers the wine to the Man, who gives the Waiter a hearty hand for its efforts.

Waiter moves to the Woman, stopping to greet the Woman's Dog. Dog snaps at the Waiter. Woman pulls Dog back and gives the Waiter an admonishing look.

[Karma provides growling sounds,

barking. Can play Dog]

Waiter quickly backs away and delivers the espresso to Sophie. Then dances away.

The Soldier, (Gorkys) wanders in studying a *Map*. He notices Sophie and approaches her.

Michael: Excuse me. I'm looking for Bayard and Chiang-wei Streets? There is a tea shop there that specializes in night-grown teas?

Sophie: 'I do know those streets but I am not aware of any tea shop there.' He had the bluest eyes.

Michael: My battalion is resting in town for the next few days. We have been engaging the foreigners at the Mobius Gorge. Casualties have been high --

Sophie: (to herself) I had heard my father discussing this skirmish --

Michael: -- We've retreated here to heal our wounded and collect additional supplies. I was hoping to drink something that reminded me of home.

Sophie: They do serve a good variety of teas here.

She holds the *menu* so he might see. He leans in to look at the menu bringing their faces close --

Sophie: He smelled of tangerines. And then I did something -- 'Would you like to join me?'  
(confused) Where did that come from?

Michael: Yes?

Sophie nods and Michael seats himself. Figgy has moved over to pet the Woman's dog and make conversation.

Sophie - I don't remember how the conversation began, I only remember thinking, 'I am talking. Words are coming out of my mouth and it feels good. Who is this man who makes me talk? Soon we are laughing like we've known each other all our lives'  
--

Michael laughs. He takes her hand and leads her -- -

Sophie: He undresses me, I lie down next to him. He smells of sweat and sweet, sweet forgetfulness.

Michael: Some things don't need to be explained.

Sophie: You have to understand, these were not normal times... My brother, Hector, is tortured in unspeakable ways. My Father put on trial and rots at some unknown location. And my sister, Fatima -- my beautiful baby sister - she just vanishes. Taken. Walking down the street, this innocent child. And my mother? Like an unfed sparrow, she withers away. You never know when the most precious things will be snatched away.

Michael: -- It cuts through the coy pleasantries, the silly banter of, 'How are you?'

Sophie: -- 'I am fine, thank you. How are you?' He was on leave with his troop, the 100th Battalion of the Spider's Moon --

Michael: -- A look is now a day. A touch, a life time --

Sophie: -- And we are hungry, so hungry... He tells me --

Michael: -- I am alone, too.

Sophie: -- That he, too, has lost his family to the /violent purges in the nearby state.

Michael: (overlapping) /violent purges.

Michael: Betrayal, lies. And in the end, all are rounded up, cut open like pigs, and buried in graves, shallow and unmarked.

Sophie returning from the Pool influence.

Sophie: Did I tell you how I met him? It was up on a high hill. We ate tangerines with tea...

Transition:

Mountain Pass. Sounds of *strong winds* --

Karmas enter with *electric fans* or *large hand held fans* and use them to create the wind effect.

Gang struggles to hold their ground against the winds. Monkawa unlashes the rope, winds it around his waist --

Monkawa: Pass it back! Stay against the cliff! The Winds are fierce! Do not look down!

X slips. As X leans out, falling, the others hold his rope so he is suspended in his fall, hanging forward at a 45 degree angle. (or gripping the back of his pants)

Hold. Wind ceases. Silence.

Scene shifts to Mrs. Bankhead *entering* --

### Transition

Mrs. Bankhead mumbles, hums, as if tuning into a specific *lullaby* melody. Gang assists her entry.

[idea: *Susume no Gakko* - School for Sparrows. Traditional Japanese lullaby]

She takes in her environment --

Bankhead: -- I find myself standing before a dark body of water. The evening sky is big. A trimester moon in three quarters phase throws light on the water's surface. There is an odd energy about. A slight breeze, it feels like skin touching skin --

Sounds stop. Bankhead notices --

Bankhead: (wary) Stillness. Wind suspends. Clouds freeze. Where is the moon? Silence. I see something...

Trying to make it out, moving forward --

Bankhead: Something small... Floating... Unmoving --

Enters the water --

Bankhead: -- the water is ice cold.

Bankhead begins to *shiver* --

Bankhead: ...A piece of dead wood? ...A small animal? ...a baby...

Bankhead is *shaking uncontrollably*. She reaches out -

### Transition

Extreme Winds. Mountain passage. Gang Struggles. X suspended in mid-fall.

X screams over wind to Hamsun --

X: (warning) 9-0-6-6! You hear me? 9-0-6-6! 9-0-6-6! Don't forget! 9-0-6-6!

Roar of Wind. X falls --

X: Ahhhhh.....

### Transition:

The Glass Station. Neutral Space.

Hamsun makes contact with the Pool.

Hamsun looks out over open fields. Inhales the air. This is the first time Hamsun has seen his old farm in several years.

Hamsun: 65 degrees. The tulle fog is burning off. (listening) That's the red-winged black bird, native to the San Joaquin Valley Delta, likes to hide in the tulles and tall levee grasses.

Kneels and feels the earth. He is waking a deep connection to this land. Smells it, lets in fall through his fingers --

Hamsun: This. Cool. Dark. Rich --

A FARMER --

Farmer: Hey? What are you doing here?

Hamsun stands, wiping his hands off.

Hamsun: You the owner of this property?

Beat.

Farmer: Who are you? Where are you from?

Hamsun: This was all unusable swamp - mosquitoes, tuelles. But the Immigrant wanted to buy it. All the Bigwigs said 'Sure, sell it to the Foreigner'. They all laughed at him behind his back. 'Stupid Jap, it's worthless!' But George Shima had a vision. The kind of brave, crazy, inspired vision only the Newcomer - with unbridled drive, intoxication with new freedoms, embracing of this thing called democracy, can have. He brings in other Immigrant Workers who are eager to do the back-breaking labor, old machines get used in new ways, worn but sturdy tug boats, and drains the swamp. This is in the 1920's. And he grows - what? Potatoes! He's from Japan, all he knows is rice, but he grows potatoes, potatoes, potatoes! Feeds an entire nation in the throes of the Great Depression. The Potato King. The Bigwigs? They get mad. How could an ignorant, oriental, who can barely speak English with his buckteeth, slanty-eyes, outsmart them? Worth a fortune in commerce. 'Should be ours', they say. They want it back.

Monkawa: The San Joaquin Valley Delta Region. 1946. A gust kicks up the peat. A grey haze covers the sky casting a pall over everything.

Hamsun: (to the Farmer) What are you growing? Beans? Cabbages? Cucumbers? Any fruit? Peaches do well, grapes, strawberries - you have to watch out for aphids and mold.

Picks up a *handful of soil*. Looks out admiring the land.

Hamsun: You must get up every morning and thank your lucky stars you are an American.

Pause.

Hamsun: What happened to the previous owners?

Puts the soil in his right pant pocket.

### Transition

Gorkys comes to the podium. Taps the Mic.

Gorkys: \*\* 'The arc of history bends toward justice. The former president borrowed the phrase from Martin Luther King, Jr., who lifted it from the abolitionist Theodore Parker; attached to the moral struggle of the civil-rights movement, it has become a club with which to beat troglodyte conservatives into submission.'

According to Michael Walsh in his new book, *The Fiery Angel*, '-- this fantastic notion derives from the Hegelian-Marxist belief in history as an almost sentient force akin to the old notion of Destiny, but with a bastardized Christian teleological impulse. Indeed, the entire Leftist notion of "progress" and its political expression, "progressivism," stems from it. An "arc of history"



that "bends toward justice" is the next best thing to God.'

    Holds out his hands and opens them -

Gorkys: The *blue pill* or the *red pill*?

### Transition

    Mabuhay Gardens. Late 1970s

    We hear loud Punk Music. *We're Desperate, Get Used To It*, by the band X.

    Mrs. Bankhead and Hamsun meeting Monkawa. Monkawa seated at a table. *Vodka bottle* in front of him, drinking. *Coiled rope* and *yellow rucksack* on the floor next to him.

    Other Seekers on the edges watching the story.

Monkawa: Just you two?

Bankhead: We are not together.

    Monkawa studies them.

Monkawa: However many begin, that many must arrive. It is dangerous. Traps. Deadly. You cannot see them --

    Monkawa strikes his *tuning fork*, demonstrating --

Monkawa: That is the way of the Pool. You do exactly as the Navigator says or you will be dead.

Hamsun: What about government troops?

Monkawa studies Hamsun's uniform.

Monkawa: Press Ganged?

Hamsun: I volunteered.

Monkawa: After what they did to your people?

Hamsun is silent.

Monkawa: (to Hamsun) How irreparable the betrayal?  
How deeply cut the psychic wound?

Monkawa looks around the club --

Monkawa: The Mabuhay Gardens. *The Mab.* San Francisco, North Beach, late 1970's. Dead Kennedys, Romeo Void, Black Flag. Ness Aquino owned the club. Used to be a Pilipino restaurant, the *manongs* at the I-Hotel would come here to eat their *adobo*. Sit next to a brigade of young radicals who support their fight against eviction. This is a period social and cultural mash-up that can only live in the Bay Area --

The volume grows. Monkawa is caught up in the Music and begins jumping around. Karmas slam in and it's a *mosh pit*. They are banging into each other --

Bankhead: (Shouting to heard) HOW DO I KNOW I CAN -  
- HOW DO I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU! HEY! MR.  
NAVIGATOR! HOW DO I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU --

The music ends abruptly, the Karma's exit and Monkawa is immediately back in the scene. Takes a big slug of vodka --

Monkawa: (catching breath, nodding to the Mab and the music) It infects my **body**.

Bankhead: (aside) It infects my eardrums...

Monakawa: (to Bankhead) You don't **know**.

Beat.

Hamsun: You ask no payment for your services.

Monkawa: There are only a few Navigators, we do not make it known who we are. Many have been disappeared. The government is quite clear about its position. And yet you have found me. I was chosen by Leo. If I can help a Seeker reach the Zone, enter the Pool. That is enough.

Mrs. Bankhead: You have been to it?

Monkawa stares at her for a beat, takes out an *object wrapped in old newspaper* and puts it on the table.

Hamsun: An artifact?

Bankhead moves her hands towards it, hesitates --

Mrs. Bankhead: I can feel an energy coming off it.

Hamsun: I have no question, only the knot inside of me.

Mrs. Bankhead: Is what they say about it true then? The Pool?

Monkawa puts the wrapped object back into his rucksack.

Monkawa: However many start, must finish. That is the way of the Pool.

[[possible add - All are seeking. Some to remember what they wanted to forget. Some to untwist the double bind of the mind. Some to alter their narrative by killing another's. Some to see through the veil of death. Some to remember a puppy's breath. That rimed.

Cut -

### Transition

Monkawa. A country western dive. Hank Williams version of *Jambalaya*, plays -

'Jambalaya, crawfish pie and fillet gumbo' --

LEO appears and approaches Monkawa from behind. Leo carries a yellow, well-worn *rucksack*.

Leo has been drawn to Monkawa. He stands behind Monkawa, holds up his hands, palms facing outward and moves them over Monkawa's head, then his upper body --

Monkawa's body unconsciously shifts in response to whatever Leo's doing.

Monkawa turns around --

They stand face to face and study each other. They have never met.

Leo takes out two *dowsing rods*, offers them to Monkawa, who hesitates, then takes them. Leo moves back a few steps and turns around with his back to Monkawa. Leo is waiting --

The dowsing rods move in Monkawa's unsuspecting hands. The dowsing rods lead him around to the front of Leo, then point to Leo's inside coat pocket.

Leo reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out the same *object* wrapped in old newspaper.

Leo studies Monkawa --

### Transition

Monkawa attends Leo's funeral. *Buddhist Chanting*.

LEO'S WIDOW is *weeping*.

She stops weeping abruptly. Turns and approaches Monkawa.

[All weeping should be specific to the character]

Widow: Leo wanted you to have this.

She hands him the *yellow rucksack* Leo was carrying earlier. Then turns and hurries away.

Cut - Up to here

Transition

Monkawa on his knees, praying.  
Yellow rucksack next to him.

Monkawa's wife, NADJA, enters  
holding their BABY.

Nadja: I talked to Leo's widow. The Zone area  
distorts the cells of your body.

Monkawa: I have no choice.

Nadja is silent.

[Cut Nadja: He left them nothing. ]

Monkawa: I have the ability. It's in me.

Nadja: Leo's Body shriveled up.

Monkawa: It can fix the baby.

Monkawa gets up and leaves. Nadja  
calls after him --

Husband? Why does love cost so much?

[[idea: Monkawa shrivels up in the end]]

cut

Nadja: You don't even believe in it! (beat)  
Fool.

Nadja soothes her baby. Hums the  
Lullaby. [Susume no Gakko\*]

Transition

Mrs. Bankhead enters and observes Nadja.

Bankhead approaches Nadja --

Bankhead: My baby and I were separated at birth.  
I want to know how she grew up. I want to meet her.  
Talk to her.

Transition

Continuation of Mrs. Bankhead's  
Story.

Bankhead enters furtively --

DR. ARLINE GERONIMUS, researcher, with a *video camera*, documenting the action --

Bankhead mimes holding *something* in her arms.  
She clings to it tightly.

Bankhead: The water is warm, as if I am taking a  
bath --

She carefully, lovingly, lowers the  
bundle into the water and releases it --

Bankhead: It floats for a moment --

Gang on the edges *inhales* --

Bankhead: Then -

Bankhead watches as it slips beneath the  
surface --

Gang *exhales* --

Mrs. Bankhead begins to silently *mourn* --

Dr. Geronimus: -- these toxic stressors impact the mother and the baby during childbirth. I call this effect '*weathering*'.

Bankhead checking the skies.

Gang begins to softly hum the lullaby.

Bankhead: The heavens are broken --

Opens her *umbrella* --

Bankhead, umbrella overhead, moves away --

### Transition

Hamsun goes to the *microphone* and readies himself to conduct.

Hamsun: My Camp Opus.

[[

Hamsun raises his arms --

Hamsun: The 1<sup>st</sup> Movement.

Directs Chorus to begin --

The *chant-singing* recitation is formal, clipped and precise. Like a Philip Glass piece.

[[Mouth the Words, no Sound]]



Chorus A: (4/4)

Who are you?  
Where are you from?

Who are you?  
Where are you from?

Continue chant-singing --

Hamsun performs spoken word over this.

This is heightened operatic speech rather than attempting to be hip-hop.

Hamsun: (proud)

Look! Look!  
See! See!  
From here to there!  
As far as the eyes can see!  
Some of the richest goddamn soil  
in the world!

Hamsun gathers himself --

[[this is where the who are you begin]]

Hamsun: I drive my fist into the earth --

Up spring: Beans! Spinach!  
Peaches!

I drive my fist into the earth --

Up spring: Alfalfa! Peppers!  
Strawberries!

I drive my fist into the earth --

Hamsun begins to hear the Chorus --

Up spring: Corn... Lettuce...  
Tomatoes...

I drive my fist... I drive my fist...

Indicates for Group A to take the volume down.

Hamsun: (puzzled) I live down the street? We go  
to the same high school? I play on the football  
team?

Chorus A stops.

Silence.

Hamsun: Why don't you know me?\

What has made you so blind you cannot see me?  
Is it the air? The water? The land itself?

### Transition

Gorkys is agitated. Clutches the cooler  
container. Unsure whether to enter --

Gorkys approaches Monkawa tentatively.

Silence.

Gorkys: I was told it can cure anything.

Monkawa studies Gorkys.

Monkawa: It will heal.

Gorkys: Death?

Beat.

Monkawa: It is not God.

Gorkys: But it is said to be sentient.

Pause.

Monkawa: The Pool listens. Above and below.

Silence.

Gorkys: Then I'm willing to take the risk.

As Gorkys exits, he passes the entering Sophie  
--

### Transition

Sophie: Are you the one they call the Navigator?

Monkawa continues drinking --

Sophie grabs the vodka from his hand.

Sophie: I'm speaking to you.

Monkawa stares at her.

Sophie: I want to find my old lover. I want to fuck him till he's dead. Then I want to kill him all over again.

She takes a gulp of the vodka and hands it back.

Monkawa studies Sophie.

Transition

The Glass Station.

Bankhead: (studying Figgy) Yet you remember you were a janitor...

Figgy nods.

Bankhead: That does not make sense.

Figgy: I know it doesn't --

Hamsun: You remember nothing before? Blank slate?

Figgy: It's like having no rear view mirror.

Hamsun: I don't buy it.

Bankhead: Everything the first time. (wistfully)  
Like a virgin.

Sophie: Maybe he's hiding something. He's an awful man.

Figgy: I know I have cherished memories. A family, children, grandchildren -

Gorkys: What a perfect place to hide out.  
Amnesia. Brilliant Figgy.

Bancroft: (to Gorkys) What's in your cooler?

Transition

Gang observes Gorkys sneaking back into Camp.  
He's cold and winded. They surprise him.

Monkawa: What were you doing?

Bankhead: You're not supposed to leave the site.

Gorkys: I was up at the Hanging Gardens. I found ice crystals.

Figgy: Why do you need them?

Noticing their looks. Gorkys tightens his grip on his container.

Gorkys: You have to cut off my arms.

Monkawa: If we have to, we will.

Bankhead: Maybe it's a bomb.

Sophie: Why would he have a bomb?

Hamsun: Some explosives have to be kept at low temperatures.

Sophie: It's a heart. It's a human heart for his sick mother who needs a transplant. He's going to the Pool to have it blessed so he can bring it back for her to receive.

Gorkys: First we kill the lawyers and then all Gidget impersonators.

Sophie: What's a *gidgit impersonator*? Is that a period expression? A small cross-dresser?

Hamsun: Let's kick you off the bus.

Gorkys: You can't. 'Everyone must arrive together.' Right Navigator?

Figgy: 'However *many* start, must finish', is what he stated.

Bankhead: A little general...

Figgy: He also said, 'However many begin. That many must arrive'.

Gorkys: Shut-up Figgy.

Bankhead: Ahh, we must maintain the same number of seekers, not necessarily the same seekers.

Hamsun: We just find someone to take your place.

Transition

Hamsun goes to the podium. Raises his arms --

Hamsun: Second Movement.

Hamsun signals Group A --

Group A: (4/4)

(Breath, Breath, Breath, Breath)

Yellow People

Yellow Press

Yellow Peril

(Breath, Breath, Breath, Breath)

Yellow People

Yellow Press

Yellow Peril.

(Breath, Breath, Breath, Breath)

(continue)

Hamsun: (over) **cut**

[[cut

I drive my fist -  
]]  
'they keep to themselves, they don't  
speak American, you can't tell what  
they're thinking'

I drive my fist -

'5<sup>th</sup> Column sleeper cells. All along  
the west coast'

I drive my fist --

'A Jap is a Jap is a -

I drive my fist -

-- Jap is a Jap is a --

Hamsun points to Chorus B -

Chorus B: Jap!  
Nip!  
Brown Skin Illegal!

Coon!  
Raghead!  
Welfare Nation!

Terrorist!  
Anchor Babies!  
Infestation!

Hamsun: (overlapping above Chorus B&A lines)  
Hate Thinking  
Hate Talking  
Hate News  
Hate Laws  
Hate Justice  
Hate President

Monkawa steps in and cuts them to silence.

Monkawa: February Nineteenth Nineteen Forty Two.

Hamsun is lost in his world --

Monkawa points to Chorus A --

Chorus A: (whispering normal tempo)

9-0-6-6, 9-0-6-6 --

Monkawa points to Chorus B --

Chorus B: (whispering half speed)

9-0-6-6 --

Monkawa points to Chorus C --

Choral C: (whispering double time)

9-0-6-6 --

Hamsun: (spoken over)

The long train ride. Windows blacked out. Day is night, night is Day.

'They're deporting us? Back to where we came from?' I've never been there! Hell, I can't speak the language! And who the hell is this Emperor Guy?

Notices --

What? What's happening?

Monkawa directs the Choruses to stop.

Silence.

Hamsun: The train's stopping...



We step outside -

Covers his eyes --

Hamsun: -- the sun is blinding...

Eyes adjusting, Hamsun looks around. He bends down and scoops up a handful of earth. Feels it, smells it. Confused. Goes to the Mic ---

Hamsun: (asking) Rohwer? Rohwer Arkansas?  
Where the fuck is that?

Puts soil into his left pant pocket

### Transition

Gorkys is at the Mic on stage --

Gorkys: I love Karaoke night. Hit it.

Music starts.

Gorkys: You all know this one.

Gorkys gets into his lounge lizard act  
--

*Danke schoen, darling, danke schoen*

*Thank you for all the joy and pain*

*Picture shows, second balcony was the*

*place we'd meet*

*Second seat, go Dutch treat, you were  
sweet*

*Danke schoen, darling, danke schoen*

*Save those lies, darling don't explain*

*I recall Central Park in fall*

*How you tore your dress, what a mess,*

*My heart says danke schoen*

*Danke schoen, darling, danke schoen*

Gorkys finishes, bows, smattering of  
applause. Back to his lecture.

Gorkys: Where was I? It's part of a lineage.  
Their two philosophical godfathers? The German  
thinkers, Friedrich Nietzsche and Martin Heidegger.  
Michael Walsh from his Book, *The Fiery Angel*:  
'They're looking for the deepest, most ambitious  
challenges to the existing order they can find, and  
that's what they find with Nietzsche and  
Heidegger.'

'Nietzsche and Heidegger despise the  
Reformation, the Enlightenment, the French  
Revolution – they resolutely, deliberately, and  
bitterly reject that legacy, that inheritance  
of the modern West. They believe they must  
completely undo that inheritance of freedom and  
equality:

Egalitarianism, multiculturalism, feminism, and a  
bunch of other progressive commitments they see as  
feminizing and decadent.'

'Destroy the moral and political horizons of modernity. Destroy everything from the ground up. And if it takes a nuclear explosion and just starting all over again, they're happy with it.'

    Holds out his closed hands and opens them. *Two pills.*

Gorkys: Red Pill? Or. The Blue Pill?

(singing) '*Thank you for. All the joy and pain*'...

    Gorkys toys with the audience, which one will he take? He pops the Red Pill into his mouth and swallows.

Gorkys: Oh-oh. Red-pilled.

[new placement of this scene 8-9-19]

Transition

    Glass Station Space--

    Sophie sees that Hamsun is looking at a *small figurine*.

Sophie: Where did you get that?

Hamsun: Why?

    Sophie runs over and grabs it --

Sophie: Tell me! Where did you get this?

    As Hamsun tells the story, the Gang enacts.

Hamsun: This was on the Moors of Cassiopeia. There had been a breach in the border wall and foreign elements were entering. We were ordered in to shore it up. About the 3<sup>rd</sup> day the advance scouts brought to Camp an enemy agent caught crossing back into the country. After questioning, we were ordered to hang him --

We see the 2 SOLDIERS bring in Michael, beaten, arms tied behind his back. They go through his pockets and find a *figurine*. Give it to Hamsun.

Hamsun: And so we did.

This should be graphic. All mimed. Upstage, the two soldiers have slung a rope over a tree limb. They put the noose around Michael's neck, then they haul him up. On his tiptoes, he jerks, twists, suffocating --

Bankhead: What did you do?

Hamsun: I went back to eating.

Hamsun returns to his meal while upstage the hanging is happening.

Sophie watches in horror, clasping the *figurine*.

### Transition

Sophie isolated. Quiet.

Sophie: To die a beautiful death. A young innocent girl loses her true love to tragic circumstances. Woe is she. What must she do?

She takes out the *pistol*. Puts it to her head.  
Takes it down.

Sophie: I'm an outdated patriarchal female trope.

Puts gun to her head, takes it down again.

Sophie: Thing is a gun is messy. Bone and blood everywhere, it's not a good look. A girl must think about these things. What is *it* that mothers always tell their daughters? Always wear clean underwear in case you have accident because you don't want to embarrass yourself in front of the undertaker?

Trying to figure out which way to point the gun for the least mess. She points it at her heart.

Sophie: Ahhh...the heart.

Transition:

They enter the Glass Station. Monkawa is using his *tuning fork* to detect Traps.

Bankhead: What does the Map say?

Figgy: (reading the map) July, 28<sup>th</sup>, 1971. Small aircraft. 25 to 35 minutes ago.

Sophie: Can we trust it?

Bankhead: It got us here. No traps so far.

Hamsun: Gorkys took it from the dead body --

Gorkys: (interrupting) -- I found us some place safe to stay.

Hamsun: A dead priest? / You scavenged it off the corpse of a murdered priest what kind of repercussions do you think we'll get from the Pool!

Gorkys: (overlapping) - what have you contributed lately Mr. Farmer turned Mr. Soldier turned what?

Figgy getting them back on track --

Figgy: -- Father, a newly certified private pilot, decides they need escape from the relentless bombardment of news. 'Let's go for a ride in my new Cessna Skyhawk', he says. 'Leave everything, we'll clean up when we get back,' the mother says. The entire family. Up, up, they go -

They all look up. Hold. Silence.

Gorkys notices *grapes* -

Hamsun: Navigator, are we any closer?

Monkawa: Desecrating a religious man's corpse, it pollutes the influence --

Gorkys: (reaching for the grapes) It got us food -  
-

Hamsun: I wouldn't.

Gorkys: (sarcastic) One of the Pool's traps?

Gorkys takes a big bite of grapes. Figgy picks a few.

Bankhead: The Nigerian group at Attaan?

Hamsun: They perished after raiding the Prince's home.

Gorkys: You're one paranoid motherfucker.

Monkawa - the fruit was poisoned.

Gorkys hesitates, then defiantly swallows, grabs more. Figgy puts his grapes back, wiping his hands fastidiously.

Sophie moves around the Glass Station taking it in.

Sophie: Circa 1971. A perfect picture captured minutes before tragedy struck. A living museum of a dead family that was just alive.

Gorkys: Interactive, you can eat the food they were eating.

Sophie touches things. Picks them up and smells them --

Bankhead begins to quietly hum, then sing the lyrics to *What The World Needs Now* -

Monkawa studies the Seekers.

Sophie describes a scene that is a collective willing into being of a perfect day-in-the-life-of.

Sophie: -- they could be in the next room, couldn't they? I can almost hear their voices. Can't you imagine it? A lazy Sunday afternoon - The father, the mother, the boy, the two girls --

Gorkys: Feels like Orange County, bet they're members of the John Birch Society --

Sophie: -- watching their favorite television show  
--

Gorkys: -- old school neo-cons. Partridge Family.

Others exchange looks, decidedly not --

Gang: (at the same time) Brady Bunch!

Mr. Figgy - the two girls sprawled out, the one using the other's stomach as a head rest so when the towhead one giggles the skinny one's head bumps up and down -

Gorkys: -- Where's the dog? Someone left the dog outside --

Mr. Figgy: -- I love this period of Americana. And the father watches his two lovely girls -

Sophie: -- the three children laugh --

Mr. Figgy: -- like bells tinkling in a night of dark, scary things --

Hamsun is drawn into the collective reification of this American tableau.

Hamsun: So they're there - on sofas, on the floor. I can see them. Crowded in front of the TV. The family - a mother, a father, the one beautiful daughter --

Gorkys: -- a classic narrative, but it's bullshit --

Hamsun: -- when the program is interrupted by breaking news --

Gorkys: Ahh, here we go --



Sophie: -- no, please not that --

Gorkys: -- don't you hate that? You're watching Homer and Bart do something really cool when --

Hamsun: There's been an explosion!

Gorkys: Bingo!

Silence.

Bankhead: -- at a crowded symphony hall in the heart of the City. A concert introducing a young pianist who's burst onto the scene from a part of the world exotic and unseen, an *enfant terrible*, making his first appearance in the western world. He's of mixed-race parentage so it's hard to tell what he is - he's golden, nubian, deep rich autumnal - full of reds and burnt umbers. He's ambiguously sexual - *miroku bosatsu* with an extra chromosome - his fingers, as if fueled by amphetamine, rip over the ivories, feverish, dancing addicts --

Gorkys: -- body parts - arms, legs, torsos missing heads, heads missing torsos, scattered all over the stage. People scream, there's weeping, blood is awash - the leader shouts, 'It's all coming down! /It's all coming down!' 'It's the end of history! It's the end of history! IT'S - (continues)

Mr. Figgy: (overlapping) Can't we change the channel? The classic movie station - I love Edward G. Robinson!

Gorkys: -- THE END OF HISTORY!

Silence.

[Alternate ending of Act I if we have two acts.

Jump to the Train of lights ---  
Stopping. Then backing up. ----  
blackout.]

### Transition

Hamsun enters --

Hamsun: (to himself) Something old, something new. Something buried, grows anew...

Looking around --

Hamsun: I want to plant something.

Takes out the *soil* from his pockets that he got from Stockton and Rohwer.

Holds his hands out, clenching the sod.

Hamsun: I dig into the earth. I plant the seed. I cover it with our histories --

Opens his hands and lets the soil and dirt slowly pour through his fingers, mingling as it drifts down --

Hamsun: Water it with blood from cuts and wounds. Can it grow? What will it grow?

### Transition

Figgy entering the Zone influence.

The Mop jerks around in his hands. Figgy

struggles to control it --

Figgy: (struggling) 1955. Popular singers - Elvis, Chuck Berry, Fats Domino. Gas costs 23 cents a gallon and you get S&H Green Stamps - remember them? In Montgomery Alabama, a retired seamstress refuses to give up her seat to a white man. Popular book - Lolita by Vladimir Nobokov. And in 1955, Disneyland is just opening its doors to the Magic Kingdom in Anaheim California!

He finds his mopping rhythm. Calming, centering.

Mr. Figgy: The toilets, what can I say, they're toilets. Except they're tiny. Just like their chairs and desks? A whole row of them. Tiny, tiny things.

My favorite thing is to mop the hallways during recess, the kids are all around.

First, I pour the disinfectant into the soapy suds. The bucket has wheels so it rolls along. Dip the mop in, twist the mop to squeeze the excess water out. I use the usual green disinfectant. The smell is pungent, tangy, appealing. The kids follow me around as I mop because they like the smell. There goes Uncle Figgy. The Pied Piper of Van Buren Grammar School and trailing behind him a line of sniffing 7 year olds.

Figgy kicks into an animated song and dance rendition of the 50's novelty song, *RAG-MOP\*\**

Others join in the dance number.

Have a variety of musical toys or items: small Buddhist finger chimes, kazoo, washboard.

Figgy:

R  
I say r-a  
R-a-g  
R-a-g-g  
[cut]  
R-a-g-g m-o-p-p  
Rag mop!  
Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-dah  
Rag mop!  
Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-dah

R  
I say r-a  
R-a-g  
R-a-g-g  
[cut]  
R-a-g-g m-o-p-p  
Rag mop!  
[silence. Breaths. Same 4 count]  
    [replace - Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-  
    dah]  
Rag mop!  
[silence. Breaths. 4 Counts.  
RAG!! MOPP!!

[Full on dance number with everyone. Brief,  
then we get out. KF moment]

Transition

Nadja and Leo's Widow.

Widow: No arms or legs. It disrupts the DNA.  
[[Thalidomide. Love Canal. ]]

Widow turns to leave, stops.

Widow: Can you love something like that?

Widow exits leaving Nadja alone.

Transition:

Hamsun walks up to the podium.

Hamsun: Third Movement.

Lifts his arms to conduct. Points to  
Chorus A --

Hamsun: Sotto Voce --

Chorus A:

9-0-6-6

9-0-6-6

9-0-6-6 --

In the following, Hamsun plays tonally,  
rhythmically and with emotional intensity  
as he recites the Camp names --

Hamsun: Topaz.

Poston.

Gila River.

Amache.

Heart Mountain,  
(Echo) Resisters, Resisters,  
Resisters...

Jerome.

Manzanar.

Minidoka.

Rohwer.

Tule Lake.

Monkawa directs Chorus A to stop.

Monkawa:

December. Nineteen Hundred Forty-Four.  
The first of the formerly imprisoned  
return -

Hamsun: (quiet) The long train ride home. Out the  
window I watch America passing by. From here to  
there, as far as the eyes can see --

Monkawa: January Seventeenth Two Thousand Eighteen:  
Protecting the Nation From Foreign  
Terrorist Entry Into the United States.

Monkawa directs Chorus A --

Chorus A: 1-3-7-6-9

1-3-7-6-9

1-3-7-6-9

Hamsun: (overlapping)  
See, see.

From here to there

We dig the earth

We plant the seed.

Up springs...

One - Three - Seven - Six - Nine.

Monkawa cuts the the Chorus to silence

Hamsun: One. Three. Seven. Six. Nine.

Pause.

Hate never goes away

It only waits for the right  
combination

Of manure and lies --

Auntie Sammie interrupts. Red, White, Blue,  
Sparkly Top Hat and a white Uncle Sam  
Goatee.

[or a Hand Puppet]

Auntie Sammie: Yoo-hoo! Auntie Sammie here!  
Welcome home! We missed you guys! Who's going to  
clean our toilets? Cut our lawns? It was all a  
misunderstanding. We love you, we really do!

Transition

Part II of Mrs. Bankhead's story.

Bankhead: I am pregnant. I have a full life - and, on occasion, I enjoy the company of an overnight guest. He was a young pianist from Central Asia. I never expected this. (excited) I call my mother, my sisters, I call everyone --

Doctor enters, showing Bankhead a *sonogram* --

Dr: --- you're going on your third trimester, yes? You can see, your baby is small for this period of the gestational phase --

Mrs. Bankhead: Why? I'm in good health --

Dr: Your condition is called intrauterine growth restriction, IUGR.

Dr. steps back and takes her in --

Dr: Do you smoke?

Mrs. Bankhead: No. IUGR?

Dr: Do you drink, excessively?

Mrs. Bankhead: I have an occasional pinot with my colleagues.

Dr: Do you take drugs?

Beat.

Mrs. Bankhead: No.

Dr: Do you, on occasion, take drugs?

Mrs. Bankhead: No. Of course not.

Dr: Do you smoke?



Bankhead: No.

Dr: Do you drink?

Bankhead: No.

Dr: Do you take drugs?

Bankhead doesn't respond.

Dr: Do you, on occasion, take drugs?

Researcher Arline Geronimus enters as the Dr. exits --

Dr. Geronimus: -- IUGR is linked with mothers who abuse drugs. Dr. Arline Geronimus, researcher in African American natal care. You see what's going on here? If you're Black...

Bankhead: -- top 5% of my class at Stanford, President of the Boalt African American Law Students Organization, (holds out her foot) And Manolo Blahniks! I'm a successful, educated, woman and all you can think is: ghetto baby mama with a crack pipe hanging out of her mouth.

Geronimus: -- and your education and income offer you little protection, Mrs. Bankhead. A Black woman with an advanced degree, as you, is more likely to lose her baby than a White woman with less than an eighth-grade education. (beat) The class room --

Voice: You couldn't be intelligent enough to get in here.

Voice: Did you cheat on the exam?

Voice: A student is missing some change from her locker.

Voice: Liar! I'm calling the police.

Geronimus: -- or the Boardroom --

Bankhead: -- you're patronizing me, discounting my opinion, talking down to me --

Referring to another person --

Bankhead: I'm speaking to her but she's uncomfortable. I make her...scared. She's politely nodding while quickly moving on to someone else --

Another person --

Bankhead: I don't care if you snub me at the Christmas party but don't, do not, ever ignore me at the staff meeting, I will be heard.

Geronimus: Toxic stressors. And it's not something meditation or a spa-day can make go away. "Weathering."

Bankhead stares. She must cross an abyss balancing only on a tightrope. She takes out her umbrella for balance and begins the cross. She holds the umbrella upside down.

Bankhead hum-sings lullaby, *Susume no Gakko*.

Geronimus: When a person is faced with a threat, the brain responds to the stress by releasing a flood of hormones. Long-term exposure to stress hormones can lead to wear and tear on the cardiovascular, metabolic and immune systems, making the mother and the baby vulnerable to illness and even --

A young woman, RACHEL, enters holding a *bundled up baby*. She passes it Geronimus.

Rachel is Bankhead's grown daughter had she lived. We will meet her later.

Bankhead still on tight rope --

Mrs. Bankhead: I was attending a concert by this young pianist -- What?

Geronimus holds the bundle.

Geronimus: I am so sorry.

Bankhead understands. She steps away from the tight rope.

Bankhead: In truth, they found my baby had died inside of me. They had to perform a C-Section. I asked to see my baby --

Geronimus gives the bundle to Bankhead.

Bankhead: She could be sleeping. I name her Harmony.

Bankhead begins humming the lullaby.

Bankhead walks to the river's edge.

Bankhead: It is a dark body of water.

Bankhead slowly lowers the baby into the waters --

The two Karma's take the baby and with extreme slowness, lower it to the floor.

Bankhead silently watches her baby's body sinks  
below the surface into the darkness --

Transition --

Karaoke Night. Clapping, hooting.

Gorkys lip-syncs/sings, *Hound Dog*, by  
Elvis Presley.

[Gorkys has great Las Vegas Elvis  
moves - [KF]]

*You ain't nothin' but a hound dog  
Cryin' all the time  
You ain't nothin' but a hound dog  
Cryin' all the time  
Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and  
you ain't no friend of mine*

*Well they said you was high-classed  
Well, that was just a lie  
Yeah they said you was high-classed  
Well, that was just a lie  
Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and  
you ain't no friend of mine!*

Big Finish. Applause, Gorkys taking his bows.  
A WOMAN storms the stage --

Woman: As a woman and a co-worker I find it  
extremely disappointing that you would choose to  
sing that song. It's very offensive.

Gorkys: Hound Dog? Elvis Presley?

Co-worker: It's about a woman. It's equating  
women to dogs.

Gorkys: It's a song about a dog.

Co-worker: 'Crying all the time' - the over-used female hysteria meme?

Gorkys: What?

Co-worker: Dog as a metaphor for woman.

Gorkys: No. Dog - Is - A - Dog. Period. A hound dog to be more specific.

Co-worker: It's a Me - Ta - Phor, exclamation point, you idiot!

Gorkys: No, it isn't, you bitch, sometimes a dog is just a dog.

Co-worker: You *entitled, white male* --

Gorkys: Bingo! Entitled, White, Male.

### Transition

Gorkys: One day I found myself on a stretch of bone white, sandy beach. So white, so pure, it stretched out before me, a magnificent, glistening ivory sheet. And on it. And on it lay a beautiful woman. No, a perfect woman. A perfect woman, on this perfect beach. She leaned forward on her perfect elbow and beckoned to me. And I felt... I felt nothing. Nothing. Absolute and to the bowels of my being. Nothing.

I did not move. The sun went down. The woman left. I was alone in silence huddled beneath a blackened sky.

Then something quite ordinary and yet wondrous happened. The stars began to appear. Like any other night. One by one, in clusters and in random disarray. But this night, this night I could see them. I saw them. They were not just stars. No, no, they were messages, communications from afar. Bottles of light tossed into the infinity of space waiting for someone to hear their voices. And I could hear them. Yes, me, I could hear them. And they were such sad voices. Of beauty, beauty defiled. Passion, fires of life forced into cold suffocation. Betrayal profound and eternal. A voice crying, 'What once was, was now no more! What once breathed luminous and vital now lay suffocating and in decay! What once existed is becoming extinct'...

My God, extinct. Gone. These proud voices might already be dust and their incandescence showering me an echo of their pain, a plaintive vibration of their now dead song. But I heard. I understood their message: Resist. Better to live as bright and true holding onto one's light. Then, even in death one shines for eternity. A beacon of truth for others to follow. Something is coming. A holocaust of immense and frightening proportions. It must all come down. End. All the injustice, decadent and elitist history. Then we can start over. Bright. Shiny. Clean.

You're wondering, 'Is he really going where I think he is going?' It's because you're afraid to speak it out loud. I understand. Your Fear. Your Shame. Yes, shame.

I will speak it for you. And no, I am not an extremist. Quite the contrary, I'm a normal, everyday kind of guy - your best friend's brother, your uncle, your co-worker.

I don't like liberals - self-righteously naive. Don't like two-faced democrats - say one thing to your face, do the exact opposite. I don't like too monied, stick to themselves robotic Asians who destroy the class curve. I don't like gimme, gimme Blacks with victimization and entitlement mentalities, I don't like illegal Brown trespassing criminals, I don't like uppity Lesbians, Feminists and their over-reaching gill net 'Me too, Movement', Gays, Jews - yes, there is a Zionist conspiracy, Middle Easterners and Muslims - they'll cut off our heads while we sleep and that's literally not figuratively.

This is not personal. I have friends who fit these categories I like and respect. I'm talking something deeper, more insidious, about how it's seeped into our *institutions* - education, governance, laws, judiciary - and infected every aspect of our lives to the point we are so brainwashed we can no longer objectively see what's right in front of our noses.

Look. Look at me. Can you really see me? With unbiased eyes? Look, look - do you see a young All American guy wanting all the same things that any young American person wants from this country?

Admit it. You see instead an *Angry. White. Male.* A privileged, entitled, Angry, White Male and all that means. And no matter what I do, what I say, that is what you see. I might as well be wearing a white hood, carrying a tiki torch and shouting racial epithets in your face. And let me tell you it hurts. It really hurts that you have such an unfair, **prejudiced** notion about me.

I was raised to believe one should stand up and fight to make things fair for everyone. But I don't think what's happening is what folks had in

mind, to go so far overboard in the opposite direction it blatantly marginalizes, no, punishes groups because of, yes, the color of their skin and who in their lifetimes have done nothing to any group to earn this scorn. It's like if you're white and a male, you have to walk 5 paces behind a person of color and never look them directly in the eye and continuously apologize for EVERYTHING!

Silence.

Gorkys: \*\*\*'Blackness is being. Whiteness is nothingness'. I say, 'No more'. I will speak truth to power. 'Not liking'? What you have made me know and understand is something much stronger, much more profound. *Hate.*

I Hate.

Looking around.

Gorkys: Nothing happened. Wasn't struck down by Thor's PC Thunderbolt. Why? Because there really is nothing wrong with thinking that. Believing that. Speaking that.

It is all coming down. It has to, it will, it must. The end of history. In one big explosion.

Clutches his carrier.

Gorkys: Boom.

Transition:

The Gang jumps Gorkys and holds him down. **They violently beat him. This should be ugly.** Sophie and Bankhead are opening the container.



Bankhead: Let's see your precious little bomb  
you've been chilling on ice --

Figgy: Careful, it might be booby-trapped.

Sophie and Bankhead open the container --

They stare --

Sophie: Oh, my...

Bankhead: I don't get it -

The others gather around looking in shocked  
silence.

Figgy: A dog?

Hamsun: A dead dog.

Gorkys pushes everyone out of the way, closes  
the container and hugs it.

Gorkys: Why? Why? Why'd you have to do that?  
What'd I do to you? Huh? Nothing! Nothing! Just  
some ideas, a few words and you have to do this to  
me?

This is mine. Me. It's private, my private, my  
secret private. You violated **it**. What if I forced  
myself into your most private, intimate secret?

I'm leaving. Yeah, that's right. Keep your all  
mighty Zone and its Pool of wonders.  
I doubt it even exists.

Starts to leave, stops --

Gorkys: Good luck with, 'How many began, How many  
arrive' and what that exactly means cause you're

one short and I don't give a fuck about this Gang and what happens to your stupid ass stories.

Gorkys leaves.

### Transition

Hamsun -

Hamsun: The 4th Movement, a Playlet.

[Or, table puppet show.]

Hamsun: The Players: Me.

Hamsun bows.

Hamsun: Auntie Sammie.

Auntie Sammie enters holding an umbrella over head. Stands away from Hamsun

Hamsun: I live in a big, prosperous house.

Hamsun has to go over to Sammie to get under the umbrella. **It's a struggle to both fit.**

Hamsun: It isn't perfect but what is. It's the only home I've ever known.

Hamsun moves away.

Hamsun: Now every day I get up and go to work. And every evening I return home to the big prosperous house.

Auntie greets him and they air-kiss a cheek to cheek smooch.

Hamsun: I belong. I am loved. Some things are just understood --

They both mouth, 'I love you', to each other.

Hamsun: -- Like loyalty. Like patriotism. Like the American way (citizenship). And all that comes with it.

Hamsun: Until one day -

Auntie Sammie dramatic mood change ----

Auntie: 'You're bad! I hate you! This is not your house! You don't belong! Get out!

Hamsun: (stunned) I don't -- I'm bad? I don't belong?

Auntie Sammie, suddenly all smiles, and embraces him.

Auntie Sammie: I love you. This is your house.

Hamsun: I'm loved? I belong?

Then abruptly, Sammie shoves him away --

Auntie: I'm kicking you out. I'm locking you up. I hate you.

Hamsun: What? What?

Auntie: I hate you (she hugs him) I love you (she slaps him) I hate you (she hugs him) I love you (she slaps him)

Hamsun is disoriented.

Hamsun: I'm... I'm...

Auntie Sammie mimes unlocking a door and opening it. Hamsun covers his eyes --

Hamsun: The light streamed in --

Auntie Sam: You're free! We forgive you. Come home. Please love me again.

Hamsun stands silent, unmoving. Begins to shake, tremble. This emotional double bind is irreconcilable -

Hamsun begins to *beat himself violently*.

Transition:

Figgy and Monkawa. *When you wish upon a Star*, sung by Jiminy Cricket

*When you wish upon a star, makes no difference who you are --*

Monkawa: You've already been immersed.

Pause.

Figgy: What do you mean?

Beat.

Monkawa: You've been to the Pool.

Figgy: When? What are you talking about?

Monkawa is silent

Figgy: What did I want? What did I want?

Monkawa: To forget.

Figgy: That's... No. I want to remember.

Monkawa studies Figgy.

Monkawa: Maybe it wasn't you.

Figgy: What did I want to forget? Tell me!

Monkawa: CUT. The Pool rearranges your body at a cellular level. Recollections can merge with the active present. Faces can be assemblages. Of the past, of the real now, of the darkest, murkiest parts of your soul. Maybe it was you. I don't remember.

## Transition

### Sophie's story

Sophie: Did I tell you how we met? I did? Please forgive me if I tell you again.

The outdoor Cafe. Sophie is seated, reading a book, the Man notices.

Man: (knowingly) L'Etranger. (conspiratorially) Meursault hears the young man abusing the dog in the next room. Is it love?

Michael enters. Sophie and he spot each other from across the square and time stops. Music -

Mrs. Bankhead enters and begins singing, *High Hill*.

[KF]

During the song, Sophie and Michael enact a 1940's Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire-like scenario where they see other from across the way, are drawn to each other. They dance, fall in love, and then part --

Mrs. Bankhead: (singing)

*Let's head on up to the High Hill  
We just lay there for a while*

*No one will notice that we've gone  
As night time turns to dawn -*

*Let's take our time going nowhere  
We just breathe and receive*

*We'll spend our days roaming free  
Eat tangerines with tea.*

Dancing - Musical interlude

*And when are flying days are through  
We'll fall together too --*

Song ends.

Sophie's place.

Sophie: I am getting his coat, when I find --

*It's a piece of paper. Sophie looks at it, reads it. Then quickly returns it as Michael enters. She helps him into his coat and he departs --*

Sophie: I decide to follow him --

She follows him. He meets up with a suspicious looking MAN. They drink and smoke --

SOPHIE: I do not recognize him.

Michael: -- soon we can get out of this stink hole.

SOPHIE: Funny, how you think you know someone --

Michael hands the man the *piece of paper*.

Michael: -- the Eagle Squadron moves towards Bayonne. Through the Kanagawa Valley --

SOPHIE: I unwittingly told him things I am privy to because of my father's rank --

Michael: - her breasts are small and her legs skinny --

SOPHIE: - I hear things --

Michael: - she's not even a good fuck --

Michael gets up and returns to Sophie. As he does, he becomes Sophie's gentleman friend. She greets him and they lie down.

SOPHIE: That night. As he sleeps --

Sophie takes her *umbrella* and violently stabs Michael repeatedly. Graphic.

Stops, exhausted.

SOPHIE: He has the bluest eyes.

Pause.

SOPHIE: That is what I should have done. What I imagine I had done. But I didn't.

Michael rises, they exchange a polite kiss --

Sophie: I even sleep with him a few more times.

Sophie watches Michael exit --

Sophie: After that I do not remember much. Many young boys die because of me. Mostly it is dark and confusing times.

We see her at an opened door - a Soldier (same actor as the earlier scene) stands there. He is nervous. She studies him.

Sophie: He says --

Soldier: My name is Michael.

Silence. She steps aside. Soldier hesitates, then enters -

Sophie: His name is Michael. He's a soldier. Aren't they all?

Soldier: I was told to say --

Sophie: (touching his lips) Shhhh...

She leads him in.

Sophie: She takes off his coat and begins to undress him.

Transition:



Bankhead.

Bankhead: Grief. A small mournful creature.  
It inhabits me. Looks out at the world through  
these eyes. Make sounds with this mouth --

Mrs. Bankhead shuts her eyes. Opens her  
mouth and gives restrained voice to her  
grief. Time has muted much of the  
immediacy.

She opens her eyes --

Bankhead: I find myself walking through a city I  
do not recognize. The streets are lined with  
shops, open cafes but there are no people. There  
are no sounds --

Walking --

I hear something --

*A voice humming, the lullaby --*

Bankhead listens. She enters the shop and  
sees a young WOMAN working the counter.

The young woman's back is to us so we only  
see Mrs. Bankhead's face and reactions.

Woman: Would you like to try one of our new  
scents?

Bankhead: Where did you learn that song?

Woman doesn't follow.

Bankhead: You were humming something just before.  
I heard it as I was walking by.

Young Woman: Oh. I don't know. It's just something I've always hummed.

Bankhead: Do you know the words?

Young Woman appears not to hear Bankhead's question. The Young Woman holds out the perfume dabber, waiting. Bankhead offers her wrist and the young woman dabs it. Bankhead studies her carefully.

Bankhead: What is your name?

Young woman: Rachel.

Bankhead doesn't respond.

Young woman: You were expecting another?

They study each other. The young woman slowly crosses upstage, her face still unseen. Stops and turns back. We see her face -

Young Woman: Do you like the scent?

Bankhead: (smelling) Yes.

Young woman seems happy and exits.

Transition:

Mr. Figgy. We hear sounds indicating a grammar school - school bell, children's voices. The Gang watches Figgy.

Figgy is looking through his rucksack when he comes across a small bag he doesn't recognize. He opens the bag to find a *little girl's dress*.

The Gang begins to quietly chant-whisper  
*RaggMopp* under the action --

Gang: (chant-sing) R. I say, R-A. R-A-G. R-A-G-  
G-G. R-A-G-G-M-O-P-P RAGGMOPP RAGGMOPP - (repeat)

Figgy, holding the little girl's dress,  
begins to regain his memory --

Figgy: I remember... I remember... I remember...

Figgy now knows who he is.

The chant-whispering continues to underscore  
the action --

Figgy: I mean you see this little... How can  
anyone not want one? Precious. Without a taint of  
sick or smelliness or ugly. Skipping along, her  
dress a summery pink parasol. And the wind catches  
the fabric and lifts up, up... Small. Naked.  
Angels. I fold her wings back, open her soft  
petals, inhale the scent of her - the little girl  
struggles, fights. I make her understand, make her  
understand, you see, make her feel my excitement --

*A gun shot.*

Figgy falls to the ground.

Sophie stands behind him holding a fired  
*pistol*. She looks around at everyone staring  
at her.

Sophie: I decided to change her narrative.

The Gang exchange looks.

Figgy's Body lays on the ground.

Long Silence.

Then. Figgy gets up, Gorkys enters, and the Gang is On the Bus as in the opening scene.

They travel in silence.

A *blue wash* covers the stage.

They stop. The Bus becomes the Glass Station.

The Karma's set up the stage:

Monkawa: A table. A *clear glass pitcher*. *Six clear wine glasses*.

Monkawa crosses to the table and pours water into each of the elegant glasses. Each has a different level of water. Monkawa steps away. Waits --

The Seekers approach the table. They look at the glasses of water. Which glass to take?

They examine them on the table. Pick them up, examine how light passes through it. They notice the different levels of each of the glasses.

What are they supposed to do with this observation. Should they try to all reach an equal level? Giving and taking water? Is that it? Or are they meant to exchange glasses, each glass having yet to find its rightful handler?

The Seekers each settle on their individual glasses.

Monkawa places his glass on the table. The

others follow.

Monkawa dips his finger into the glass to wet it, then places it on the lip. With a slight pressure he moves his moistened finger around the rim of the glass. It emits a shimmering ethereal sound.

Gang of Seekers do the same. Disparate sounds emerge, dependent on the level of water.

They begin to play with their different tones, changing rhythms, intensity and volume.

A simple, elegant, collective architecture built from individual voicings fills the space.

They stare in front of them as they watch the sonic story they are building --

Gang Voices: (whispering unintelligible sounds)

Nadja takes the *wrapped up baby* and sets it down on the table.

Nadja and Monkawa watch.

The Baby, still unseen, begins to *move* underneath the blanket.

The Sounds continue. The baby moves. The Pool lives --

Black out.

End of Play.

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R

I say r-a

R-a-g

R-a-g-g

[cut]

R-a-g-g m-o-p-p

Rag mop!

Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-dah

Rag mop!

Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-dah

R

I say r-a

R-a-g

R-a-g-g

[cut]

R-a-g-g m-o-p-p

Rag mop!

Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-dah

Rag mop

Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-dah

RAG!! MOPP!!

\*\*\*\* Nation Magazine. June 23, 2015

'Blackness as Being, Whiteness as Nothingness'

Nell Painter and Herman Melville on American racism  
as existentialism.

By Greg Grandin

W.E.B. Du Bois pointed to the tragedy of  
black infant death and persistent racial  
disparities. He also shared his own  
"sorrow song," the death of his baby son,  
Burghardt, in his 1903 masterwork, "The  
Souls of Black Folk."

The Fiery Angel: Art, Culture, Sex, Politics, and  
the Struggle for the Soul of the West Hardcover -  
May 29, 2018  
by Michael Walsh (Author)

These three, writes **University of Toronto political  
science professor Ronald Beiner**, all trace their  
fascistic views back to a pair of German  
philosophers: Friedrich Nietzsche and Martin  
Heidegger, both of whom played outsized roles in  
either inspiring or participating in Hitler's Nazi  
party.

As Beiner writes in Dangerous Minds: Nietzsche,  
Heidegger, and the Return of the Far Right

## EDITORIAL

Easing the Dangers of Childbirth for Black Women

By The Editorial Board

The editorial board represents the opinions of the board, its editor and the publisher. It is separate from the newsroom and the Op-Ed section.

April 20, 2018

Dr. Arline Geronimus, a professor in the department of health behavior and health education at the University of Michigan School of Public Health,

Subject - Simone Landrum - baby Harmony.

Linda Villarosa directs the journalism program at the City College of New York, in Harlem, and is a contributing writer for the magazine.

School for Sparrows.

Link

[http://www3.u-toyama.ac.jp/niho/song/suzumenogakko/suzumenogakko\\_e.html](http://www3.u-toyama.ac.jp/niho/song/suzumenogakko/suzumenogakko_e.html)

## Suzume no Gakko

Words by SHIMIZU Katsura, Music by HIROTA Ryutaro





Chi chi pappa chi pappa,  
suzume no gakko no sensei wa,  
muchi o furi furi chi pappa,  
seito no suzume wa wa ni natte,  
o-kuchi o soroete chi pappa,  
mada mada ikenai chi pappa,  
mo-ichido issho ni chi pappa,  
chi chi pappa chi pappa.

‘]

[MIDI](#) | [4K](#) | [MP3](#) | [444K](#)



Chi chi pap-pap chi pap-pa, su-zu-me no gak-ko no sen-sei wa,



mu-chi o fu-ri fu-ri chi pap-pap, se-i-to no su-zu-me wa wani nat-te,



o-ku-chi o so-ro-e-te chi pap-pa, ma-da ma-da i-ke-na-i chi pap-pa,



mo-i-chi-do is-sho ni chi pap-pa, chi chi pap-pa chi pap-pa.

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>雀の学校</b>  <b>The Sparrow's School</b>  by Shimizu Katsura (清水かつら)</p>	<p>This song's lyrics was written by 清水かつら (Shimizu Katsura) and the melody by 弘田龍太郎 (Hirota Ryuutarou) in 1921. Apparently, the sounds <i>ちいちいぱっぱ</i> was inspired by the sound of his young daughter learning to talk (ちいちい) and by the sound of the fluttering of sparrow's wings (ぱっぱ). For a discussion on this, <a href="#">click here</a>.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>VOCAB:</b></p> <p>雀 <i>suzume</i> – sparrow  の <i>no</i> – 's (possessive)  学校 <i>gakkou</i> – school  先生 <i>sensei</i> – teacher  鞭 <i>muchi</i> – baton  を <i>o</i> – direct object marker  ふりふり <i>furi furi</i> – shake; swing  生徒 <i>seito</i> – student  輪 <i>wa</i> – ring; circle</p>
<p>チイチイパッパチイパッパ  <i>chii chii pappu chii pappu</i>  <b>Chii chii pappu chiipappu</b>  雀の学校の先生は  <i>suzume no gakkou no sensei wa</i>  <b>The teacher of the sparrow's school</b>  むちをふりふりチイパッパ  <i>muchi o furi furi chii pappu</i>  <b>swings about a baton</b>  生徒の雀は輪になって  <i>seito no suzume wa wa ni natte</i>  <b>The sparrow students make a circle</b>  お口をそろえてチイパッパ  <i>o kuchi o soroete chii pappu</i>  <b>All together they open their mouths with chiipappu</b></p>	

まだまだいけない チイパッパ  
*madamada ikenai chii pappā*  
**It's still no good**  
も一度一緒にチイパッパ  
*mo ichido isshou ni chii pappā*  
**One more time all together now,**  
**chiipappā**  
チイチイパッパ チイパッパ  
*chii chii pappā chii pappā*  
**chiichii pappā chiipappā**

になって *ni natte* – become (make)  
お口 *okuchi* – mouth (polite)  
そろえて *sorote* – be uniform;  
gather together  
まだまだ *mada mada* – not yet; still  
more...  
いけない *ikenai* – no good; wrong  
も一度 *mo ichido* – one more time  
一緒に *issho ni* – together