

GEOMETRY OF A GESTURE

by

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Dedicated.
to my parents, Piroska & Tivadar Porkoláb
who never lost faith
in themselves

ABSTRACT

Nothing new will be said here. What is important is that I am saying it.

Everything we know we know through our senses, hence the nature of knowledge is sensual. When I think I think with my entire body, there is no dichotomy between 'body' and 'mind'. My writing, as all art, is an affirmation of this integrity of consciousness. I perform no castrations under the pretext of 'objectivity' or 'academics'.

I recognize no border between external reality and internal reality, it is all reality, such a border would be artificial and an absurd misrepresentation.

We are transmitters and receivers, or transceivers. A thought is a microscopic biochemical reaction in the brain. When we transmit, that is, write or speak or gesture, our bodies act as step-up transformers raising the energy level of the original chemistry enormously to an output that creates the right disturbance and turbulence in the environment to be apprehended by a receiver, that is, someone listening or watching, who then

acts as a step-down transformer by absorbing these amplified energy waves and reducing them to a biochemical reaction in the brain. If the transmitter has coded properly, that is, used language potently, then a xerox biochemical reaction should be caused in the receiver and hence communication takes place. This is the process of writing and all art. Their concern is the metamorphosis of energy.

With language anything is possible. Its power lies in the phenomenon that by merely verbalizing a thought, whether it is an abstraction or a blueprint for action, irrelevant of its truth or lie, the mere utterance is enough to crystallize an existing concrete reality.

If man is a disease, then I am concerned with the diagnosis of the disease. I know there is no cure.

The laboratory is life, the experiment is myself.

I write out of love and hate.

In what I have said and what I will say what is important is what I have not said.

These fragments are focal planes, lines cast into the ocean.

I refuse all compromises.

.....

George McWhirter / Thesis Supervisor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

GEOMETRY OF A GESTURE, Poetry (Titlepage for section) ..	1
"Do not trust me."	2
FEEDBACK	3
THE PARTY	4
THERMOLAYER	8
THE STUMP	9
A PAID POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT	10
BETWEEN MOMENTS	11
DIFFUSION	12
PARASITE	13
THE MEETING	14
LEGACY OF THE POST-WAR CELEBRATIONS	15
THE KEEPER	16
NIGHTFALL RENDEZ-VOUS	17
SPACES	18
WAITING	19
GEOMETRY OF A GESTURE	20
LOVE POEM	21
A PURE PAUSE	23
SCRAMBLE	24
A CHORD OF BLACK NOTES	25
WILDFIRE	26
OPTICS	27
TIMELAPSE	28
THE APARTMENT	29
"Suicide is the ultimate act of intelligence,"	30
GLASS VEINS	31

AFTERTASTE	32
"we enter each other softly"	33
"knowledge is not enough"	34
FREEDOM	35
TRACES	38
"I CAN'T SWIM IN THE SKY"	39
NEBULA	40
OVERTONES	41
CLOSED CIRCUIT	42
WITH ALL MY NUCLEAR POWERED MECHANICAL HEART <u>etc.</u> ..	43
WHAT THINGS ARE FOR	45
PASSAGE	46
REMEMBERING MYSELF	47
"these insects will swarm"	48
POETICS	49
YOUR ENTIRE BODY IS SMILING AT ME	50
 BETWEEN MOMENTS, Filmscript	 51
 EVANESCENT DENIZENS OF THE ASTRONOMIC GASTRONOMY, Play ..	 68

GEOMETRY OF A GESTURE

Poetry

Do not trust me.

A man who has denied a woman
can deny anything.

FEEDBACK

Who loves you
As much as you do?

All languages are one. Foreign.
Meaning is the tone of my voice.
Everything that is, is by definition.
I desire to undefine.

All mirrors distort.
The alone
Somewhere within my expanding limits:
In some noiseless night
I slipped out of all categories.

Now, in glacial forests,
The depth crazed search
For the mermaid.

THE PARTY

Through these aquarium rooms
in the undercurrents of music
without instruments like an animal
on the turbulent breaths of smoke
above phosphorescent runways
I glide
in the hot vacuum of her tacking body
bank in the flak of glances
and flash a professional smile
rhythmically.
I feed
on my own
raw adrenalin
the idea
of fish
spawns
I
remember
nothing
of surfaces
among these constantly shifting channels of flesh
and in a sudden downdraught crash
into her hot belly
an altar floating on talk.
Seconds later she dissolves in my mouth like a word.
Among scattered beacons
her believers in confessional twilight gnaw carcasses
and wait.

The range is three meters.
I calculate approaching her
at the ambassadorial, consular or representative level
or not approaching at all.
Alternatively, a policy statement.
"I am not about to die
and I do not apologize for the inconvenience."
She evaluates, ovulates.
With a mona lisa smile as a passport
my eyes slide down her neck
her breasts shift weight
a bra strap stays slack
rodin hips
the hemline hushed
like a theatre curtain
and my host ambushes me
protocols all over me.
I simulate myself
in a pre-recorded ritual.
A faded "what do you do?"
"I am abroad.
I have been abroad so long
that I have forgotten my mission
and I would still be abroad if I returned home.
Meanwhile I gather intelligence."
The men's eyes scream for territorial recognition.
I am not a party to any treaties.
A scratched "where are you from?"
"The border.
A land of complete freedom."

Inexplicable guilt seeps into their masks
rumors are forming in their bowels.
Innuendos code their faces like cancer.
Everyone hates specifically.
I don't discriminate.
With feigned rapt distraction
I slip into the warm pacific rug
and rig for silent running.
The women's fluorescent lips and tropical bodies
ease from cove to cove.
In the mauve dusk
we act out priestly lies
a shaft of sunshine projects from her sex
fog balloons in from the mirror
the room snows
on the perimeter the scavengers
we lie in the supersonic silence of winter
with no desire for anything
her body where it touches mine we are numb
our genitals wet
we fall an eternity
remembering how we breathed in but not out
the green air of the night
my nerves flow
with schools of silver fish
along wet pavements
in streets of shadows
without origin.
"We don't want you but we need you."
The messenger burps and farts his way into oblivion
under the bed
forgetting to give me the map.

The cave instinct keeps us together
will our bones be decipherable.

I prowl through the derelict sleepers
rusted landmines of a war described in time capsules
forgotten by their own selves.

At this moment everything is legal for me
amid the clandestine decay of flesh and things
impotently legal.

My face naked I cross the neutral threshold of the door
and walk shivering into dawn

20,000 years too late in the wake of the glacier
5 billion years too early for the sun's super nova.

I need some chlorophyll to recharge my blood

I need some water to dilute myself

I need a rock to pound my head against to reach
its unconsciousness

again I approach the ocean with a speech

the flesh crawls about my skull

a word scrapes along my teeth

its yoke rips

slithers lungwards

dribbles from my lips

I mutter politely

and dive.

THERMOLAYER

I shall go tonight.

Before the perfect mold of the statue embraces the twilight
I must be gone. Let the perfection crumble by itself in the
used air. I will not satisfy by being witness.

I have been gathering for days. From streets, from rooms,
from bowels, from mouths. Now I am all here and you know
because I am sticky on your fingered faces.

The sun warms into the sea. Soon ... with my mind in crevices
my tongue shall upon the snow body of the Himalayas.

THE STUMP

That Saturday I left both my legs
under the 4:30 express to Berlin.
My hands were hanging on
but someone slammed the door.

The security precaution
for the München conference
required the extraction
of my gonads by the roots.

In Moskva time was short:
burning cigarettes
probed
my eyes, ears and nose.

My tongue flaps in neat razor cut strips
and my translator sometimes has to fake it.

I have total diplomatic objectivity.
War is surrealistic existentialism
at its religious orgasm.
I want to rape little girls.

A PAID POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

I telephoned myself,
There was a busy signal,
I wondered who it was and hung up.

I sent myself a telegram
But when it was delivered
I couldn't find any I.D.
And it was returned to the sender.

I put a note on my door
Stating I would be back in a few minutes,
When I returned I saw the note and sat down to wait.

After a few days I reported myself missing
To the police and told them I would check back.

Meanwhile I've invited all the pine trees
To come down from the forests and power saw
Straight-limbed fifteen-year-old girls for Christmas.

BETWEEN MOMENTS

The cue fires,
A white sphere sails on course
Across the felt-green sea,
Its spin tense toward quiet collision
With the naked red satellite.

Neon spotlights paint shadow life.
A rat strolls by reciting myths.
I answer in mathematics.
The war begins.

Hear death among a busload of old women:
The cool broads in the not ads
Wait for instant replays of assassinations.

I piss on lamposts with the dogs.

DIFFUSION

Sine wave jazz of people of things
A memory tastes found:
Your hot breath
In the midnight air of a frozen beach.

Your winter silence falls softly about me.

In the rain of city streets
I roam with your absence
To places you've never been,
And now you don't exist there, too.

PARASITE

The eye of the hurricane

Focuses

Beyond the pregnant wall

On the rage

In an echoless path.

My generations feed

On your inside out.

THE MEETING

As if by strokes of a brush on canvas
I have grown old.

I sit here in the noisy café,
Traffic lights change
And people stop.
Everything around me is rehearsal.

The people move again,
A glimpse of a stranger
Vaguely familiar.

Are you dead centuries ago
Continents away,
Or not yet born.

The wine is deep red,
In a few hours, a new city.

LEGACY OF THE POST-WAR CELEBRATIONS

The roar gulps
With every shift of my hand.
At the edges of sight: light trails
And the nervous response of needles.
Under the storm cleared sky
Highbeam exposure of film space,
The radio plays Bach.

Port-of-call,
The swamp glare of hot lights above
Mouths sponged by pot and scotch.
One word breeds hordes
That raid the amplified beat.

The original bra: my two hands.
Shall I finger you now or later?
After words you can cry,
But now barf gently.

We streak through some world
In our private weather.
Your worn body sleeps away the revs.

THE KEEPER

He places the eyeball in hair
To avoid damage.
This requires cross-indexing.
He notes - red hair/fine ... eyeball/light blue.
The lift carries him down
Past levels of body parts,
The refrigeration makes him shiver.
He images - a lip, a finger, a
The lift stops at his quarters.
He walks to the file and adds the note.
He thinks - I am the 6th Keeper.
Thirty levels of frozen corridors
above him below the sea.
He checks the shute for new arrivals.
He thinks - the choice of a means to another choice
For the assembly of the one who is not.

NIGHTFALL RENDEZ-VOUS

Autumn shower gone
The air is after-sex.
In the late afternoon
Of sharp shadows and silence
The street settles under
Wet dust and October.
A foreign evening breeze
Plays intimate
With people in a drift
Under city skies.
The cool heat of the mute crowd.

Listen ...

To radio signals from the stars
To hysterical laughter of egg and sperm
As they drown in air.

The lovers walk through
Fluorescent corridors
Of IBM memory banks.
Their DNA codes fuse
In mathematical probabilities.
On the live screen
Images of the unborn.

SPACES

the fifteen translatable languages of your smile
pastel winds swirl from your lips and teeth
primeval heat of your glacial scent
the weight of your body like the taste of fresh water
your eyes' blue sponge breathes around the two black holes
my Berlin life
you always feel like the polar lights

WAITING

With a metal taste in my mouth
and the sound of screaming subways
stainless steel fish hooks on transparent lines
claw into my naked brain,
paralyzed fingers screech along the ice,
in the receding train window
a face with a gassed grin:
lately I sleep with open eyes.

GEOMETRY OF A GESTURE

Below my skin night always.
The city a galaxy on the border
between the ocean and mountains.
Your tears tense in this female dark.
Inevitable abandonment to event
and the final knowledge: I am the only instrument.
A woman is good anesthetic against the stars
I reach for your hand.

LOVE POEM

The riptides of the sun and your fingers
wind along my spine my mouth
in elastic collision with your mouth
my face on your hot belly
I touch you so long
I can no longer map
where I end and you begin
your deep-sea logic
metronome heart beats
of an artesian time,
only shape understands shape.

Irretrievable
each time we speak,
your laughter a mossy resonance
between your breasts,
silence is something
supersonic
in the violet marrow of night
or between your teeth.

Between myself and everything
image of everything.
Sheer light.
You in isolated focus.
I need you because you see my face
as I never can.

The loud hunger of the waves,
being mostly water
I piss reverently
and do not grasp
why I am afraid of drowning.

Blood and ocean taste like each other.
Sperm smells like a beach.
I like you.

A PURE PAUSE

Your breasts
each two and a half mouthfuls,
your tongue dripping spray
and the smile of an arctic wolf,
you slipped through the border
- man law in the wilderness -
and padded in with surgical certainty.

In the instinctive dark
we orbited each other,
your tidal heat
and the animal perfume of your sex
a spiral attack,
the murmur of spring decay around an empty highway.

Above the high tension wires,
below the ozone glare of iodine arcs,
we worked without nets or cages
committed atrocities of truth
and exchanged apologies,
a futile design for retrieving time,
a point of diplomacy,
after the weather
the rainbow
in the fjords of silence.

Both of us possibilities,
neither dared to invent the other,
each fiercely proud of the other.

SCRAMBLE

it was already too late
the firealarm too far away
as her arm came ramming through my anus
right past her elbow
and the air-raid sirens too romantic
as that blind groping hand
grabbed something somewhere
and i barely having time to clutch at the ripcord
as a deft flick of her wrist
snapped me inside out

A CHORD OF BLACK NOTES

No more food

I digest myself now.

All this pressure on the surface.

Her cognac tears

and the orange peel of her sex.

WILDFIRE

She steps out into the sunbeam glare of the arcs, beyond their flaring coronas the unseen audience hums and her lips touch the cool mirrored surface of the microphone. A low thunder of feedback recedes along acoustic paths bouncing among the hot waiting meat that is the audience. Her amplified smile breathes into the space between a caged animal and the bars, into the moist creases of skin; tight black breasts, fluid oriental hips and gleaming white teeth. She breathes in a moment longer than expected and superimposes her rhythm, superoxygenates her blood and exhales the used air from inside her body as if tossing a pair of soiled panties to the audience and again her lungs fill and expand against her ribcage lifting her breasts tuning the unseen audience watching with cocked eyes and again she breathes out her used air. The pressure along the blood vessels drops and cool, recycled blood rushes through the veins and again. And again she sucks in the conditioned air, hyperventilates, floods her erect nipples with fresh oxygen and at peak intake opens her mouth and her cunt sings ... the voice a primeval scream hurling through the dark coaxial consciousness of her vagina whose reptilian muscles thinking, vomit the molten vacuum voice out her vulva, the voice bouncing among the hot waiting meat that is the audience ...

After the concert she steps into the neon bathroom, her nakedness reverberates in the mirrors and colors the chrome flesh. Her finger touches the switch and a red light glows live and recording. The tape feeds through, two microphones hear the taps turn on. She smears herself with honey, steps into the tub of warm milk and drowns.

OPTICS

With the buoyancy of a floating compass
the cat's eyeball on the glans of my erection
rotates 360⁰,
bobs to a stop again,
blinks a long irrelevant moment
and resumes watching my face.
One single cat eye to see in the dark,
the slit pupil pulses constantly maintaining focus.
Perhaps men in surface ships or women in bed
feel this way when
a periscope breaks water among moonlit waves.
And like a man, who,
strolling alone one night,
fully sober and conscious,
looks out into space
and finds himself slowly falling away from the planet
lunges toward the earth
desperately grasping at the smell of green grass
I embrace this woman.

TIMELAPSE

sharp x-ray night sky
moonlit clouds sunlit moon
the reflecting refracting lens systems
of consciousness float in their gyroscopic mounts
and in a moment of eclipse
the vegetation feeds on elemental structures
animals feed on vegetation
i feed on the animal
something feeds on me

THE APARTMENT

Even if the body has stopped pacing
the cage space of the apartment
the brain continues to pace
insistent as bugs on a summer night
vulnerable as spiders on white walls and ceilings,
the old lab rat running through for the nth time
with the stereotyped Freudian neurosis
of monkeys and polar bears in the zoo
looking for that moment of escape
to once again slip through some border.

Importing has failed,
two trees and one bird have died already
in the apartment,
only the cactuses survive now.

My face has solidified into a wall,
the touch of my skin is off-white,
a girl's voice repeats with melancholy
"you watch the world from behind venetian blinds"
and I shut my eyes.

Suicide is the ultimate act of intelligence,
intelligence the ultimate act of suicide,
but finally, only acts,
and now, for my next act ...

GLASS VEINS

the man treads water moves nowhere or assumes he moves nowhere since he has not arrived anywhere this problem is vague in his mind in the cave darkness he is mainly concerned with the mechanics and stylistics of treading water the man believes in his work he dares not stop to think instinctively understanding that if he does he will drown

AFTERTASTE

The shutter snaps
and the scenery records
the inside of the camera.

With each new woman
new knowledge and new certainty
about the uncertain.

A sentence aborts in my throat.
As if I have forgotten my lines,
but this stage has no wings or proscenium.

Aging is a matter of betrayals,
life a matter of immunology,
death the final antidote.

We converse now
purely
for the sake of sound.

The constant casting whirr of fishing lines
the delay and
inevitable embedding pain of invisible hooks
in my skin

waiting for so many lines to snap taut.

One single desire coming to critical mass,
to make love in free-fall
between earthrise and the naked sun
to ejaculate into space.

we enter each other softly

knowledge is not enough
woman is not enough
work is not enough
infinity is not enough
nor these lines

FREEDOM

I don't remember when
I slit my stomach open
and slipped the rock
among my entrails
but in your eyes I see
that you have jumped
and that I am the net,
the rock slips loose
somewhere in my depths.

Let us betray each other
as many times as we can
and fill history books
with the decisions.

You and I
began five billion years ago
in the core of a star
at critical mass,
you and I
instruments
began three billion years ago
by something
wanting to see itself,
we are ready to reach in.

And you
my foxy audience
who come
wearing your new lovers on your arms
looking to see who the old ones are with,
you who come to see and be seen in the right place
on this bridge gazing up at the night and me,
I have cultured your gestures in test tubes,
weighed your smiles against your sneers,
tested the acidity of your words,
travelled behind the dark side of your faces
among the searchlights of your fears
and desperately fragile filaments of belief
in the magicians manufacturing containers
of histories for amnesiacs

it is too high for birds
I am alone with the wind
the cold steel is wet under my hands
I move stars and galaxies about the sky
for my own son et lumière
in a single breath
your ahhs arise
death drifts loose
somewhere below
the skin
of the water

credit cards, passports, rituals
fall away from me
like cables
from a ship at lift-off
from the bridge suspended through night

there is nothing I can do for you
there is nothing you can do for me

I want to commit suicide
but I also want the applause

why does every woman wish
to cram the entire world
into herself,
why do I reach to make love
with every woman I meet

does a rock know it's a rock
does it care

to say "no" for the first time is the most difficult
the second time it is easier

a word slips loose in the darkness
I slip loose in a word

inside the wind
inside me
I breathe out
the wind
inside me

in this fog
I am the bridge
who touches
fewer and fewer of your shores

TRACES

My lungs in full wind
the rush of the ocean in my veins
and sirens in my ears
the coded gibberish of my nerves
dismiss me peremptorily,
we are fragments of a formula
that constantly equals zero.

"I CAN'T SWIM IN THE SKY"

The lilac floor sinks
under my strolling weight
with the absorbancy
of wet spring grass
growing out of young flesh,
rain,
in the sky of fast moving clouds
a crack folds open
a shaft of sunshine,
the late afternoon starlight
projects everything with depth
of clear glacial water,
my contours ebb
from consciousness,
vision drifts backwards
in the black corridor
of the viewfinder,
each step is a mild shockwave
of an anticipated stair
that is not there,
all sound is absorbed
in the brilliantly lit
acoustic tunnels,
all of me spirals
in towards my center of gravity,
whorls of gentle spasms
through my groin,
I collapse away from my perimeters
like a parachute losing air

NEBULA

all time is
right now
all that is
is pure motion
and music

you shrug your pouting bum
I lift your lighter-than-air body
we arch towards each other
rainbow sails tense with wind
falling on each other
like violet rain
in a star field sky
our strange bellies
ripple with the tide
cloud muscles swirl
in the breeze of wings
we kiss sharing air
carry each other moist
in nerves hurling
through tendril spines
to ten watt brains
perceiving through the four black holes
of our eyes
our 98.6° bodies
make love
in the waterfall
of your hair
and our forest smells
we are made of the stars

OVERTONES

The sound of ocean in my voice
is the dense rustle of fluorescent leaves
inside my skull,
- the spinal bridge in colloidal suspension -
and you ask why
I change with the seasons
and sway at your touch?

CLOSED CIRCUIT

The eyes blink a sixtieth of a second,
in the darkroom of the brain's chemistry
a negative is projected
and the print fades in,
frozen faces gaze at me
with the expectant air of toilet bowls

I watch the woman
watch another woman
watch me
watch
myself
with unblinking camera lens eyes

WITH ALL MY NUCLEAR POWERED MECHANICAL HEART
I LOVE YOUR TEFLON® VAGINA

We are born in antiseptic rooms
awaited by masked men and women,
we die in antiseptic rooms
embarrassing the living,
these journeys must be made naked
without luggage or passports,
the ports are busy with arrivals and departures
in the concrete cancer hives,

we are busy
expanding the hive,
torturing each other,
infecting the planet,
so many October Revolutions, Messiahs,
Political isms, National isms, Racial isms,
Philosophical isms, Religious isms,
justifying everything, anything,
we are all So Right,

we eat dead animals and dead plants from porcelain plates
we excrete into porcelain toilet bowls
très chic

you Orientals with your insect society
 (only an Oriental can cauterize his emotions
 and be a programmed drone in the human wave)
 you Africans with your ritual crying
 (only a Black can feel The Blues and cry
 like a child in the night)
 you Russians with your Pavlovian behaviour
 (only a Russian could have conceived of
 ringing a bell to produce salivation
 without food)
 you Europeans with your Freudian psychoses
 (only a European can be incestuous, masturbate
 and claim the Divine Right of
 Leadership, Religious Vision, Morality,
 Civilization and Culture)
 cooked
 into the American Nightmare Apple Pie
 ('jus truckin alon,
 we've pissed on the moon,
 we can piss on you too')

in our soundproof (against the screams),
 airconditioned, deodorized bedrooms
 we oscillate fervently
 drunk on illusions

at the 21 cm wavelength
 we are transmitting from our largest antennas
 into deep space
 "we know what is happening to us
 we are celebrating very hard
 to forget"

up

up

looking up

girls are for looking up

skirts are for looking up girls

stairs are for looking up girls' skirts

WHAT THINGS ARE FOR

PASSAGE

the planet turns away from toward the star
the radar dish revolves white and silent
against the noiseless universe
the ship purrs through its decks and railings
I metabolize softly
white froth breaks around the prow
the wind froths against my face
the ship's lights glide on smooth waters
the radar dish revolves silently white
against the noiseless universe
white lifeboats hang on white cranes
the wind spins off warm mountains
in the night fjord
a lighthouse flashes memories
in the distance
red lights mark the channel
the wing-tip and belly lights of jets
glide between the stars
I metabolize softly
the wind froths around my face
I revolve whitely silent
against the noiseless universe
I metabolize softly

REMEMBERING MYSELF

I had all the childhood diseases
including love,
the doctor's diagnosis was immaculate,
"he'll grow out of it",
I also outgrew my clothes,
my single purpose became
to outgrow everything
and one day I died,
just say, I outgrew life.

these insects will swarm
leaving this page
empty

POETICS

the danger is realized too late
I am irretrievably becoming
what I write

everyone loves me
but no one can bear to live with me,
perhaps I am an idea

on the piano there are notes
to be played
between the keys

I am my own country
I am the state

I have never been farther than words

YOUR ENTIRE BODY IS SMILING AT ME

and if we had not made all our mistakes
committed so many stupidities
been so absurd
in our separate lives
you and I would never have met
and that would be unforgiveable

BETWEEN MOMENTS

Filmscript

TWO CHARACTERS, A YOUNG MAN AND A YOUNG WOMAN.
BOTH ARE NAKED THROUGHOUT THE FILM. THE SOUND
TRACK IS THE NATURAL LOCATION SOUND.

SLOWMOTION

1. Pan along backlit sculpt clouds in a lilac sky. She falls into frame, back toward the camera, as she falls past the lens she blocks the frame, cut to
2. her falling away faceup from the camera toward the glittering ocean. As she recedes cut to
3. a lilac sky. He falls into frame facedown toward the camera. As he falls past the lens he blocks the frame, cut to
4. him falling away back to the camera. As he recedes toward the glittering ocean cut to
5. her falling away faceup from the camera toward the ocean, cut to
6. him falling facedown toward the camera out of the lilac sky, cut to

7. her falling away faceup from the camera.
As she recedes he falls into frame from
behind the camera. As they recede cut to
8. the two of them falling out of the lilac
sky, They fall toward the camera and as
they block the frame cut to
9. the two falling, their hands reach and grasp,
dissolve to
10. them drawing together, dissolve to
11. them embracing, falling out of a lilac sky.

REALTIME

12. Underwater shot toward the surface, shafts
of sunlight shimmer, a shadow appears on
the surface and grows rapidly, the entwined
bodies drive into the water, as they stop
sinking dissolve to

SLOWMOTION

13. their faces. They speak and bubbles float
out of their mouths, dissolve to

14. her spreadeagled on the seabed facing up,
she begins to drift up, dissolve to
15. him spreadeagled floating over her,
dissolve to
16. the two drifting together, dissolve to
17. and upangle shot of the two drifting toward
the surface.

REALTIME

18. The skin of the ocean undulates, an unexpectedly
long time passes. Their heads break water, they
are propelled out of the water like fish jumping
and sinking back in. Out of breath breathing.
Pullback as they swim toward the camera. They
finally crawl onto the beach and collapse against
each other laughing. Cut to
19. them collapsing against each other laughing. The
sand is very white. Cut to (rapid sequence)
20. throbbing vein in his throat, cut to
21. throbbing vein in her throat, cut to

22. her reflected in his eyes, cut to

23. him reflected in her eyes, cut to

TIMELAPSE

24. their heads. Pullback and trace the perimeters
of their bodies. Shadows flow in timelapse.
Dissolve to

REALTIME

25. his open eyes. He watches her as she sleeps,
suddenly her eyes snap open, there is a moment
of non-recognition then she relaxes, pullback.
He leans over her, cut to

26. a shot from behind them, they are in the foreground
the sea in the background. He leans over her
and blows lightly on her skin. Her eyes are
staring at something in the distance, he arrives
at her face and notices her stare, he turns to
look in the direction she is looking, cut to

27. wide shot of the horizon with their heads in
the foreground. A long time passes. There is
a flash of a mirrored surface in the distance.
They stand quickly their spines gliding past
the lens, cut to

28. tiltup with their faces as they stand, they watch intently, cut to
29. wide shot of the scene of the flash, hold, TIMELAPSE to night.
30. Closeup pan of 'dead' IBM readout screens and input terminals. His head comes into frame. He is looking at the hardware. He turns around and begins to walk away, as he does, pullback, it now becomes evident that he and the equipment are in the wilderness. As he continues to walk it becomes apparent that the location is a mountain top. He holds a transparent plastic tube in his hand which runs out of the frame. He stops at the edge of the mountain top. Cut to
31. a telephoto shot of his entire figure from the back. TIMELAPSE of sunrise in front of him.
32. Closeup of his face, pullback, he takes the plastic tube in his hand and inserts it in a vein inside his elbow, zoom in as the needle penetrates and the blood rushes into the tube, cut to

33. zip pan of the tube lying on the ground as the blood rushes through it. The tube enters the hardware, quick pullback to show the machine coming to life, the screens glow with blue skies. Cut to
34. him walking up to the equipment. He watches the screens. They are empty except for the blue skies. Cut to
35. him turning and walking away. The tube trails from his arm, the ground is criss-crossed with colored cables, pieces of raw meat are snuggled against the moss-covered rocks. Quick zoom to the nape of his neck and
36. quick zoom to the nape of his neck as he whirls around and
37. quick zoom to the nape of his neck as he whirls around, his eyes pulse focusing, slow pullback to reveal that this picture is on one of the screens, pullback continues until he comes into frame watching the screens watching him watching.
38. Closeup of her face in shadow, cut to
39. telephoto shot of her figure from the back, the first ray of the sun breaks over a mountain peak, the sea swirls around her feet, cut to

TIMELAPSE

40. closeup of her face. As the sun rises her face is lit up. Cut to

REALTIME

41. closeup of her face, pan down to her arms as she inserts the needle and the blood rushes into the plastic tube. She moves out of the frame, follow-focus reveals hardware at the edge of the forest, the complex suddenly lights up as the blood reaches it. Cut to

42. closeup of her spine as she walks. Cut to

43. closeup of her face as she arrives at the screens, the lights reflect in her eyes, cut to

44. his face as it reflects the colors of the screens, pullback, he brings his arm into frame and pulls the tube out of the vein, blood backfires from the needle and vein. Cut to

45. wide shot of him and the equipment, the lights die out. Cut to

46. her arms as she pulls out the needle and the blood backfires, tilt up to her face, pan to the screens which show her face, the screens die.

47. Upangle shot from the waterline of a sailboat, her spine strains as she leans over the edge, the mast and sail strain and rise vertically into a clear sky, cut to
48. wide shot from the top of the mast shooting down at the two hanging over the edge as the boat cuts through the water. They are tacking, they switch sides, she kills the sails, they kiss very lightly, barely touching, cut to
49. a medium shot of the two, only their lips are touching, between their bodies the ocean shimmers. Suddenly he pulls away, his eyes have caught something, she turns to see. Cut to
50. wide shot of the beach where they had been, they are in the foreground on the boat, there is a mirrored glint in the trees, cut to
51. closeup of their faces. They are intent, the sails flap idley.
52. Night. The screens glow with abstractions. The plastic tube is full of blood. She sits beside a fire watching the screens. She turns her head for a moment, there are thousands of fine, multi-colored wires running into the base of her head. She takes a piece of meat that's been cooking over the fire and eats. Cut to

53. his head. There is a web of wires in the base of his skull also. Pullback. The tube in his arm is full of blood. Cut to
54. wide shot of the two at the fire. Pullback and lose their lights in the lights playing on the water. A lighthouse flashes in the distance, suddenly the outline of the sailboat in full sail bursts into flames in the night, hold until completely dark again.
55. Morning. Wide shot of the entire beach, slow zoom to her figure lying on the sand, asleep. Dew covers her body and hair. The plastic tube and wires snake out of frame, dissolve to
56. closeup of her face, she opens her eyes and blinks, breathes deeper and deeper, abruptly her eyes are wide open and focused rigidly, she holds her breath, slowly she sits up, unconsciously brushes the sand from her body, cut to
57. the small of her back, tilt up the spine to the base of her skull and the web of wires, dissolve to
58. her eyes, cut to

59. medium shot of her sitting, as she stands up, pullback, she still brushes absent-mindedly at the sand on herself. She watches the horizon intently, there is a mirrored flash, she jerks up, cut to (rapid sequence)
60. closeup of her head as her ears tense, cut to
61. closeup of her neck tensing, cut to
62. closeup of her chest drawing in, cut to
63. closeup of her stomach tightening, cut to
64. closeup of the tendons at the back of her knees tensing, cut to
65. closeup of her face intent, zoom in to eyes, cut to
66. wide shot of the horizon again, hold, there is another flash, cut to
67. closeup of her eyes, cut to
68. closeup of the back of his head, there are no wires, pullback, she stands a long way down the beach, the camera moves around him, he wears mirrored sunglasses that reflect the scenery and flash the sun, zoom to glasses, cut to

69. closeup of her eyes trying to discern, cut to
70. wide shot with her head in the foreground, again there is a flash on the horizon, cut to
71. a medium shot of her as she hesitantly steps forward, as if to go to the source of the flash, she is ambiguous, stops, cut to
72. closeup of his face and mirrored sunglasses, he lifts a weapon with a scope to his eyes, cut to
73. scene through scope, she is subdivided by the fluorescent filaments of the scope, TIMELAPSE zoom to her hand, sound of a shot, her hand jerks in response, cut to
74. closeup of her face as it reacts to the sharp projectile piercing her hand, SLOWMOTION, her face in agony as she brings up the wounded hand pouring blood, she is surprised, she sucks at it desperately, turns and begins to run, as she does the plastic tube and wires rip out of her, cut to
75. REALTIME, a full shot of him from the front, cut to
76. her running by the dying screens, she sucks on her hand, cut to

77. her point of view running straight down the beach, cut to
78. closeup of her face, she veers into the forest, cut to
79. wide shot of her running through the lattice of branches, she is still running, sound of another shot, she whirsl on impact, collapses, zoom to her face sobbing, pullback, she clutches her legs, her right thigh is pouring blood, she childishly tries to wipe the blood away, she spits on the wound, grips at it, zoom to her face not comprehending, disconcerted, she brings up a hand to wipe away the tears but as she does she wipes blood all over her face, she stands and immediately collapses, she stands again and begins to hobble, cut to
80. closeup of her face in state of shock, the muscles are in convulsions, her breathing is erratic, she hums a tune, tears mix with the blood, her eyes grasp at everything searching, she brings up her wounded hand and absently brushes at her hair, she is shaking violently, cut to
81. medium shot as she crumbles against a moss covered rock, her lips touch the moss and her hands grasp at the rock, slow zoom, sound of thunder, her head snaps up alert, she stands up and begins to walk, cut to

82. she stands, both legs tremble uncontrollably,
the wounds still bleed, she staggers exhausted,
cut to
83. closeup of her face, she sinks to the ground
and the camera goes with her, her face is
close to a stream, cut to
84. her drinking from the stream, her head comes
up out of the water, water drips from her eyes,
lips, teeth, a quiet smile appears on her face,
her head tilts back and rests on her spine, her
throat is fully exposed, she breathes deeply
savoring each breath, hold, cut to
85. her point of view, wide shot of the sky through
the branches, the trees wave and rustle in the breeze,
cut to
86. medium shot of her, relaxed, breathing deeply,
shivering, sound of a rifle shot, she arches
foreward from the impact in the small of her
back, there is a surprised look on her face
as the bullet tears through her, blood spurts
out her nostrils and mouth, her guts rip open
as the bullet exits, dissolve to

SLOWMOTION, INFRA-RED FILM

87. she falls foreward, twisting, dissolve to
88. her point of view, wide shot of trees and sky turning into unexpected colors, pulsing to darkness, the water of the stream comes up, a burst of normal film, then black.

REALTIME, NORMAL FILM

89. Medium shot of her lying on the ground, blood dribbles out of her guts, mouth, nose, ears, she breathes quickly and shallowly, her eyes stare straight ahead, cut to
90. closeup of her face, hot bubbles of blood seep from her mouth and nose, she coughs gently and chokes on the blood, cut to
91. closeup of his face leaning over her, she is reflected in his mirrored sunglasses, he watches, cut to
92. closeup of her face as she exhales blood, stops breathing, cut to
93. the two of them as reflected in a mirror, (the audience viewer is not aware of the mirror) he bends down and kisses her lightly, the mirror shatters, quick pullback to bring him into frame as he whirls, his mirrored glasses reflect her standing watching him, he has blood on his lips, she also wears mirrored glasses, cut to

94. his point of view, she stands facing him,
she holds a weapon in her hand, cut to
95. closeup of her face, he is reflected in
her glasses, cut to
96. closeup of his face, she is reflected in
his glasses, cut to
97. wide shot of the two, she lifts the weapon
and fires a flare into his stomach, he smashes
back under the impact, cut to

SLOWMOTION

98. full shot of him as he drifts back under the
impact, the flare burns with a bright orange
light, there is smoke from his charred meat,
tears form in his eyes, he looks down in amazement
then looks up uncomprehending, cut to

REALTIME

99. closeup of her face as the scene reflects in
her glasses, it begins to rain, cut to

100. the beach, it is raining, slow pan, the two stand facing each other, they are reflected in each other's glasses, the rain runs down the glasses, she opens her mouth and a shaft of sunlight breaks from it and her sex, he opens his mouth and a shaft of sunlight breaks from it, they kiss lightly, their glasses implode into fragments that form stars in the black space of their eyes, pullback, her body becomes horizontal waves, his body vertical waves, they rotate about their genitals 90° and slip together, zoom in to waves, hold waves, fade.

END

EVANESCENT DENIZENS OF THE ASTRONOMIC GASTRONOMY
An Ephemeral Romance

Stageplay

(The houselights dim until the theatre is completely dark. Three voices, pre-recorded on tape, are heard over a sound system.)

VOICE 1. (Female.) Did you hear what happened? Well ...

VOICE 2. (Female, teasing.) Where are you going God?

VOICE 3. (Male.) To masturbate. (Voice recedes mumbling.)

If you want something done right you have to do it yourself.

(The ceiling of the theatre above the audience is suddenly lit in the densest, lushest reds. A DNA strand constituted of approximately thirty naked men and women hangs precariously over the audience. The mobile of people sways gently, threatening to break and fall on the audience. The fragile tinkling of glass is heard. Blackout. A few seconds of silence.

The rush of the ocean breaks onto the silence. A ship's whistle blows. The sounds of a "Bon Voyage" ship departure are heard. A seductive male voice speaks.)

VOICE 4. (Male.) Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome aboard the planet Earth. On behalf of the Management I would like to thank you for flying Sol Three and hope that you have a pleasant journey. Your arrivals are a bit messy and haphazard and your departures somewhat arbitrary but then we don't require any passports or visas and no questions asked. The Social Director has a full Calendar of Events to entertain you with: earthquakes, floods, fires, diseases and the list goes on and on. Ah-ah no peeking. And if you get bored I'm sure you'll find ways to amuse yourselves. We are one big ball!! Hahahaha ... ball! Like the planet is a round sphere like a ball and to ball meaning to screw meaning to copulate and ball as in Masked Ball ... hahahaha! That's a triple! You have to be quicker than that! Hahahaha ...

(Silence. The curtain rises. Most of the stage is water, a canal. It is a Venice set. On either side of the stage houses rise from the canal. At the rear of the stage a

bridge spans the canal. A gondola bobs on the surface of the water. At the front of the stage is a quay with a couple of trees in full bloom. Under the trees is a small round table, a young man and a young woman dressed in chic evening clothes sit at the table. Her dress is short. They are both beautiful. It is dusk. Everything is lit in pastels; blues, mauves, pinks, etc. The two people stare at each other without speaking. In the background coming from one of the windows is the record of a tango playing. The water laps. The two stare at each other. The gondola sways. A breeze rustles the leaves of the trees. A lighting change is executed similar to a timelapse sequence on film: dusk turns to darkness, the windows light up, the moon rises, the stars appear, a couple of street lamps above the table but mingled in the trees light up creating beautiful shadows. The tango plays. A gentle breeze blows from the wings rustling the leaves and making them waver.)

SHE. What are you thinking?

HE. I'm thinking about you.

SHE. You don't have to think so silently.

HE. But if I utter what I think I abandon all other possibilities. So long as everything remains unsaid anything is possible still.

SHE. But by saying something you automatically trigger new possibilities the possibility of which has not even occurred to you yet or even suggested by your silence.

HE. You have destroyed me.

SHE. You see, it worked. By saying what you didn't want to say about not saying anything you caused me to cause you to and we can now talk about your destruction.

HE. I knew you were going to say that.

SHE. How did you know?

HE. I don't know how I knew. I simply knew. Of course I can't prove it. If you really wanted to dispute it, to say that I didn't know, there would be no way for me to prove it. I am at your mercy.

SHE. First I destroy you and now you place yourself at my mercy, what's your fetish?

HE. No. No, not at all. You see, I knew I really wasn't placing myself at your mercy. There was never any danger, really. I was quite safe. I knew that.

HE. (cont.) It's the game, my way of seducing women. Actually I am destroying you and you are at my mercy, I was simply acting as a decoy that you could identify with, actually I'm lying in order to destroy all your frames of reference. I'm telling you I'm lying because then you'll feel I'm at your mercy again. Of course there is no way to prove all this, because I should have said all this before in order to be able to offer it as evidence that I knew, but then I would be responding to unsaid things and that would limit the possibilities in response, as with unsaid things, remaining unresponsive leaves everything possible but in reality, as you said to 'said things', by responding I would trigger new possibilities. So there is no way I can prove that I knew anything. I'm at your mercy.

SHE. You're sweet.

HE. When did you taste?

SHE. What were you going to say? That you weren't going to say.

HE. Would you like another drink? Wine, sherry, absinthe, liquors, anything?

SHE. Anything?

HE. I'm sorry I don't have any.

SHE. Any what?

HE. Anything.

SHE. But you offered.

HE. Yes. Well. Yes. I did. Anything.

SHE. It's not important. You're important.

HE. How can you say that? I mean, I'm part of anything and if I'm important then anything is important or if anything is not important then I'm not important. Now which is it?

SHE. There is no distance between everything being equally important and everything being equally unimportant.

HE. There is something wrong with that.

SHE. You sense it too, huh?

HE. You mean there is something wrong with that?

SHE. Isn't there?

HE. I simply responded to open up a new possibility.

SHE. But I said that to see if you could discover what was wrong with it?

HE. Oh. Well. I don't know.

SHE. No. You don't.

HE. You smell like a violet. I love your smell.

SHE. I am a violet.

HE. Would you like to go for a swim?

SHE. Right now?

HE. Uh-huh.

(They undress completely and dive into the canal splashing the audience. They swim to the gondola and climb into it. She lights a torch. They slip back into the water as if they had accomplished some prescribed task. They swim back to the quay and climb out. He goes into a house and returns with a towel. They dry each other and pull on their underwear. He finds a couple of coathangers, puts his clothes on one and her dress on the other. He hangs them from a tree branch. She looks at them.)

SHE. They're empty. I'm having a déjà-vu. This has happened before and I knew that I'm having a déjà-vu. And you. You've happened before. The smell of the night. I feel so absolute. Alive.

HE. Then, we know each other?

(They kiss barely touching each other. Giant eyeballs appear in all of the windows in the buildings. An unexpectedly long time passes. The eyeballs withdraw and they stop kissing. They sit down at the table.)

HE. There are four billion of us. Four billion.

SHE. I don't think I understand.

HE. If there are four billion of us and half are men and half are women, there are two billion women. Of the two billion I can ignore a billion and a half as either too young or too old. That leaves half a billion, five hundred million possibilities. And who is the right one? Is she in that five hundred million or is she already dead or not yet born? Let's assume she is in the five hundred million, then my chances of meeting her are one in five hundred million.

SHE. But she is in the same boat, her chances of meeting you are one in five hundred million also.

HE. Our chances of meeting are ... the chance that you and I are the best possible choice are one in twenty-five quintillion. If I could make love

HE. (cont.) to a different woman once every twenty-four hours for, say, twenty years then that's three hundred and sixty-five times twenty is seven thousand three hundred women I could meet. Seven thousand three hundred of five hundred million is one one-thousandths of a percent. Even if I ignore a hundred million as too ugly and a hundred million as too beautiful. I'm in love. I'm in love with all women. I'm in love with the concept of woman. I'm getting sick. You see, I have walked down so many streets and watched so many couples. And I wonder if they made the right choice, the best possible choice that warrants each to say "I love you" without reservations. Or have they merely accepted expediency? Anyone to keep the loneliness filled. How many of them are liars? And if they sold out, if they betray themselves and another, so easily ... how can they be trusted? What possibilities have they deserted? How many times a day do they lie to themselves and others?

(Pause.)

SHE. And you ...?

HE. I'm frightened. I'm frightened of being alone.
Dying alone. That's the price you have to pay
for not betraying yourself or anyone else.

SHE. I couldn't live with that kind of honesty.

HE. Can you live with so many betrayals?

SHE. No. Yes. I... I

HE. I have talked with myself as the subject.
But it applies to you just as much.

SHE. Let's make love.

HE. No. I can't. I couldn't take another disappointment.
What remains unsaid, undone, remains a possibility.

SHE. Could we go to the theatre?

HE. Why?

SHE. It's the one place where romanticism still exists.

HE. But romanticism is staging, props, lighting. The
more expensive and elaborate the more romantic.

SHE. You're such a cynical son-of-a-bitch. Can't you
leave some illusions?

HE. All that enormous backstage machinery supporting
that fragile illusion up front revealing the
backstage of the characters' minds?

SHE. Please don't ...

HE. I'm sorry. You're right. We are alive, the moon is hypnotic and you are beautiful. I want to make love to you on a mountain top where we can be alone with the wind and close to the stars. Would you like to hike up tomorrow?

SHE. I'll race you up the mountain.

HE. Alright, let's go to the theatre ...

(A man in coveralls, the WORKMAN, walks onto the quay and up to the male.)

WORKMAN. The rental's up. This is as much time as you paid for. The stuff has to go back.

HE. What the hell is going on?!

WORKMAN. I have my shipping orders.

(The WORKMAN pulls out a bunch of papers and thrusts it into the male's hands. HE reads. The WORKMAN waves offstage and barks incoherent orders everywhere. The stage is flooded with WORKMEN who in a flurry of activity and noise, like a swarm of bees, dismantle the set. The WORKMAN barks orders into his walkie-talkie and looks up at the lights. The lights begin to go out one by one. One of the WORKMEN

grabs their clothes off the tree, others whisk off the table and chairs. Suddenly all the sets, houses/bridge/gondola/trees/lights, disappear into the flies and wings. The lights are still going out one by one. All the men disappear and the WORKMAN goes up to the couple. He takes a small clipboard from his pocket and shoves it along with a pen into the male's hands.)

WORKMAN. (To the incredulous male.) Sign at the bottom please.

(HE signs. The WORKMAN walks offstage. A moment passes then the WORKMAN shouts from the wings.)

WORKMAN. Hey! ... Hey you! ... Get the hell off the quay!

(The two slip into the water since they have nowhere else to go. The quay swings back into the wings. The lights are going out one by one. They tread water.)

HE. Swim in that direction (HE indicates to the rear of the stage.) and shout if you find something to hang onto. I'll try this way. (HE points to the wings.)

(As they disappear from sight the lights go out completely.
In the darkness all that is heard is their swimming away
from each other. The swimming fades, stops.)

HE. (Faint, panicky.) Hey! Can you hear me! Where are you!

(Silence.)

HE. (Swimming back.) Hey! Hullo! (HE stops swimming.)

(Silence.)

HE. Where are you!

SHE. (Faint.) Have you found anything?!

HE. No. Have you?!

SHE. No!

HE. Where are you?!

SHE. Here!

HE. Start counting and I'll swim towards the sound!

SHE. One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven!

(HE swims then stops.)

HE. Now I'll count and you swim towards me!

SHE. (Still faint.) O.K.

HE. One! Two!

SHE. Hey! Hullo! Don't start counting again!

Pick up where I left off!

HE. What number did you stop at?!

SHE. I can't remember! Start at fourteen or something!

HE. Fourteen! Fifteen! Sixteen! Thirty-eight! Seventy-one!

Fourty-two! Sixty-nine! Ninety-six! Four million six hundred and thirty-seven thousand four hundred and twenty nine decimal three six eight four!

(SHE swims towards him. When he finishes the last number he stops to listen but her swimming has stopped.)

HE. Hey! Where are you!

(Silence.)

HE. Can you hear me!

(Silence.)

HE. Has anything happened?! Are you alright!

(Silence.)

HE. (Screaming in full voice, like a wounded animal.)

Hullo!!!

SHE. (Very close to HIM, very intimate, quiet.) Stop shouting, I'm right here.

HE. How come you're not making any noise?

SHE. For one thing you're splashing so much you wouldn't hear a battleship come barreling up your ass and secondly why don't you try floating on your back?

HE. Oh. (He floats on his back.) Hey, that's alright.

SHE. Isn't this nice?

HE. Give me your hand. ... Well?

SHE. I've got it stretched out.

HE. Hmf. Why don't you wave it around and I'll wave mine around and hope that we'll hit ...

SHE. There it is.

HE. Yeah, there it is but that's not my hand.

SHE. (Laughs.) Isn't this nice?

HE. Yes, this is very nice.

SHE. It rather limits one's choices.

HE. Yes.

SHE. You're so beautiful and I'm so beautiful, all that's wasted now in this darkness.

HE. You're so beautiful and I'm so beautiful ...

SHE. You know what I want to do?

HE. Hey! ... Look there is no way unless one of us
is drowned in the process.

(SHE laughs.)

HE. It's not funny. Nothing is funny. This is not
funny. I mean, what are we going to do? Just
float around holding hands.

SHE. I despise zoos. A zoo is created by people and
since it's created it's an act of expression.
The people are expressing their feeling of
being animals, specimens in a zoo. Once when
I was strolling through the zoo I was struck
by a sickening idea, what if all the Keepers
left or died? I became nauseated. I was in
despair as if my execution was only moments
away. Then another time I saw a ship, a huge
tanker at night, gliding through the water
and it only displayed one light on a mast.
It seemed odd. A black silhouette of a ship,
the zoo ship, abandoned by the Keepers ...

HE. Of course, we could meet with others. There might be others. Then we could have children with a little help. And when we die the children could use our skins and bones to start a raft. We'll have to have lots of children so there can be a lot of material from which to build the raft.

SHE. If there are others.

HE. Yeah.

SHE. I'm frightened.

HE. Why.

SHE. I just noticed I'm losing my sensitivity. The cold water is numbing me. I can barely feel your hand holding mine ...

HE. Let me bite you ...

(HE bites her hand.)

SHE. (SHE gives a cry of pain.) Ahhh. So long as there is pain I'm still alive.

HE. So this is the way it is ...

SHE. (Hollowly.) I do love you, I have always loved you ...

HE. (Hollowly.) I have always loved you, I will always love you ...

SHE. Is that all there is

HE. Did you really want to go to the theatre

SHE. I wanted to lie on the mountain top in the grass
under the stars with you in me ...

(High above the stage the silhouette of a tanker passes
with a single light on the mast. HE begins to hum a
tango tune, SHE joins in. Curtain.)

END