

Fall Awake

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

(First Generation)

Goti: Male

Otmi: Female

(Second Generation)

Gota: Male

Modi: Male

Otma: Female

Digo: Female

(Third Generation)

Goda: Male

Omdi: Female

SCENE ONE: AWAKENING

(An edenic landscape. Two figures, Goti and Otmi, are curled up. Goti is male, Otmi is female. They are about to experience something that they, and perhaps, no others, have ever experienced. They awaken as they come awake. They stir and begin to recognize themselves in a way they never have. They look at themselves and each other. They look at everything around them in a new light.)

Goti: I am. (He is struck by his own awareness.)

Otmi: I am. (She is equally struck.)

Goti: I don't remember being *am* before.

Otmi: Maybe I *was* am ... before this *amness* ...without knowing it.

Goti: This *amness* is good ... this *amness* has *amnesty* in it.

Otmi: For the first time ... I'm aware ... that I'm conscious.

Goti: I wonder what this *consciousness* ... that I am ... *is*?

Otmi: Not only am I conscious ... of myself ... I'm *aware* ...
of my consciousness.

Goti: I need to go slow ... this is too much.

(He curls back up in a ball. After a few moments, he stirs.)

Goti: I forgot what happened ... I started to enjoy my comfort ...
I wasn't thinking ... about anything ... I was just ... being here.

Otmi: *Being* ... all by itself ... is good ... I don't need to think ...
about it ... but what is this ... thinking ... I seem to be doing?

(They pause and contemplate. Goti has an idea.)

Goti: OK, here's what happens ... something happens in my head ...
and that something ... breaks into ... pieces.

Otmi: And every piece ... is a thought ... every thought ... is a short ...
segment ... of consciousness.

Goti: Here's the amazing part ... I'm aware ... of this thinking ...it feels
like I'm thinking ... in my head ... but what is it ... in my mouth?

Otmi: It's language ... (she pauses in amazement) these ... concepts ... are pouring out of me ... what did we eat ... for this to happen?

Goti: This doesn't come from eating anything ... this is who I am ... this is who you are ... it feels rock solid ... it feels light as air.

Otmi: I need to rest ... I need to be still.

(They both lie down, at peace. Otgo sits up. Godi sits up.)

Goti: I get quiet ... I let go of this thinking ... it all goes away ... without actually going away.

Otmi: No pieces in my quiet consciousness ... no pieces to become thoughts ... awareness is everything.

Goti: No problem in this awareness ... no thought ... no feeling ... just being.

Otmi: *Awareness* ... the whole time ... and it's not ... a passing thing ... *I am* ... awareness.

Goti: *It becomes* ... a thought ... when I ... *think about* it.

Otmi: But awareness is the same ... as everything ... inside it.

Goti: Being ... in awareness ... is actually ... being everything ... I feel huge ... I feel small ... I'm everything ... and I don't exist.

Otmi: Being is being ... (she gets louder) being is being in being ... (she pauses) I'm making my mind dizzy ... with all this ... thinking ... I need to be still ... again.

(Otmi sits still. She begins to move her hands like a dance in the space in front of her eyes, then wider, then all around him - then back in front of her eyes. Goti looks at his own hands as they begin to dance, too.)

Goti: I see my hand ... my hand moves ... my mind ...
moves ... with my hand.

Otmi: My hand is moving ... I'm moving my hand ...
I'm not ... moving my hand.

Goti: My hand is moving ... I'm moving ... *with* my hand.

Otmi: I'm not the mover ... I am the mover ... who ... is
the mover ... what ... is the mover?

Goti: My hand is the mover ... my hand is ... not
the mover ... I am ... the seer.

Otmi: What is movement ... my mind ... seems to be
moving ... but where is the movement ... of my mind?

Goti: I have thoughts ... that seem to be separate ...
from each other ... so they seem ... to be moving ...
my mind ... is moving ... my thoughts ... are moving.

Otmi: I only have thoughts ... when my mind is broken
into pieces ... I need another nap.

(She lies down. He lies down. He stirs.)

Goti: This is beginning to mess with my mind ... before ...
when I was *am* ... without thinking ... I had thoughts ...
but they only lived ... as long as necessary ...
for my body ... to do what it ... needed to do.

Otmi: I thought about food ... I ate food ... if I didn't have food ...
I thought about ... getting food.

Goti: I think about ... taking a shit ... I take a shit ...
I had thoughts ... but I wasn't ... conscious of them.

Otmi: I had thoughts ... without thinking ... of myself.

Goti: I didn't even think ... I was ... a person ...
I didn't think ... I was ... anything.

Otmi: All this thinking ... feels ... seductive.

Goti: I'm being seduced ... by my own mind ... now that we
have ... invented ... thinking ... I want more ... and more
of this thinking.

Otmi: I felt great ... when I didn't ... do ... any ... thinking ...
now I want more and more ... of this thinking.

Goti: I feel the best ... now ... when I think ... but I don't think ...
when I'm ... aware ... in a state of ...non ... thinking.

Otmi: When I non-think ... I see my thoughts ... like flowers ...
floating in water ... then I see lots of flowers ... floating.

Goti: When I think ... like ... I am ... a lake of thoughts ...
I sink ... like a rock.

(The two sit quietly for a while.)

Otmi: OK ...this is ... not so difficult ... I was happy ... when I was ...
like an animal ... running around ... taking care of things ...
just being ... what I was.

Goti: Then ... this thing ... happened ... and I became ... a thinking
person ... and ... that was ... incredible ... what a rush!

Otmi: Then ... I became aware ... that I *am* ... this being ... doing
the thinking ... incredible ... beautiful ... wonderful ...

Goti: But my mind ... wants to ... keep thinking ...

as if thinking ... all by itself ... is the promised land.

Otmi: These little ... pieces ... of consciousness ... gradually ... become ... more important ... than the awareness ... where ... they ... occur ... that's not good.

(She stares off into space. He walks around.)

Goti: But this awareness ... is bigger than thinking ... awareness is us ... being aware ... of our being. (He smiles at Otmi.)

Otmi: (She smiles at Goti.) Before ... I was acting out being ... without any consciousness ... like everything else ... as far as the eye can see.

Goti: That was great ... but this awareness ... this is wonderful ... it's bigger than thinking ... it's bigger ... than anything.

Otmi: We stumbled into awareness ... like being in the jungle ... all your life ... and then suddenly ... for no reason ... the whole world opens up ... like light.

Goti: It's light ...it's sight.

Otmi: I have sight ... I am sight.

Goti: I see ... I am seeing.

Otmi: I am ... I am being.

Goti: I am awareness.

Otmi: I am being itself.

(Goti stands still. He closes his eyes.)

Goti: I am stillness.

Otmi: I am silence.

Goti: It is ... I am.

Otmi: It is ... I am.

(Goti holds his hands out, in a gesture of open amazement and joy. Otma does the same, only lower. They gesture toward any others, then move to the sides, still gesturing toward the space everyone is in. They withdraw.)

(Nothing happens. The emptiness is there, the presence of being itself, with nothing to represent it.)

SCENE TWO : SECOND GENERATION

(The next generation of characters are Gota and Modi, and then Digo and Otma, all about the same size, height, and weight. Gota and Modi are male, Otma and Digo are female, although the distinctions are not apparent in their clothing or their hair styles. The differences become apparent, if at all, in their speech and behavior. These characters have a sense of themselves as primal beings, content in their primacy. All of them are physically expressive, as if their language is a dance. Their landscape is considerably less lush than the first.)

Gota: (yawns and leans back) Nothing to it.

Modi: (agitated) I want to start ... I waited a long time ... I think about the distance I've traveled ... I'm a reasonable guy ... I don't want to try again ... and I don't want to go to war about it ... too much ... thinking.

Gota: I feel fine.

Modi: I'm content ... I just don't want to ... think about it.

Gota: Me neither.

Modi: I feel shy ... and embarrassed.

Gota: So it goes.

Modi: We can pass the time.

Gota: We have ... options.

Modi: Let's begin.

Gota: All the way, pal.

Modi: The same thing as before ... or something new?

Gota: First ... I think of something to say ... and then time passes ...
I listen ... nothing new happens ... without fail ... a tiny toe ...
in the water ... I get wet ... then dry ... then nothing.

Modi: Then ... nothing.

Gota: Too much ... for one man to know ... on the other hand ...
I don't want to ... discourage you ... anything might happen.

Modi: Help me out ... say something funny.

Gota: A man walks out ... to the end of a pier ... he's the first
one there ... he's the only one there ... he falls on his ass.

Modi: This is ... mildly amusing.

Gota: After a while ... he gets himself ... on his feet ... then ... I don't
remember ... I forget my place ... it's not ... a damn novel.

Modi: You seem ... bothered.

Gota: I'm not the one ... who fell on his ass.

Modi: There's no reason ... to worry about it.

Gota: Little things ... don't matter that much.

Modi: Did your guy ... trip on something?

Gota: Who me ... fall on my ass? ... I'm no klutz ...
well ... once ... maybe.

Modi: When was the last time ... or the first time? ... I don't care.

Gota: You seem to want me laid out ... flat on my ass ...
hit a man when he's down ... hypothetically.

Modi: Another ... piece of meat ...the ass ... is the end ...
of the story ... now, that's funny.

Gota: But ... but ... but ... but ... four ass jokes.

Modi: That's plain to see ... I'll tell you one thing ...
my ass ... is nothing ... to look at.

Gota: Not for you, anyway ... the view is ... out of sight.

Modi: You're someone ... of the entire ... something ... you're
the whole thing ... that's for sure ...there's nothing missing
in you ... that a couple of ass jokes wouldn't cure.

Gota: I like to laugh ... especially out loud.

Modi: I run around ... chasing my ass ... when it's my ass ...
doing the chasing.

Gota: One dog ... dogs another.

Modi: Dog after dog ... that's a degree of sanity.

Gota: I am *in* ... some degree ... of sanity ... my friend.

Modi: Do you doubt ... this current display ... of sanity?
(He gestures to the scene around them.)

Gota: The doubt's in the dog ... and the dog's in the yard.

Moti: In the middle ... of the night.

Gota: Testing the air ... for what comes next.

Modi: I can reveal ... that I spent ... some time ... in prison.

Gota: I don't doubt your experience ... as an imprisoned being.

Modi: Just don't call me a saint ... that would be shaving the dog ...
my life is a mixture ... so what are ... we ... waiting for?

Gota: Me? I'm not the one who ... brought it up.

Modi: Let me check the record ... yes ... I believe you did.

Gota: Now ... you're being pedantic.

Modi: There's not a pedantic bone in my body.

Gota: I wasn't inferring.

Modi: You were implying.

Gota: I can't keep the difference straight.

Modi: Don't try so hard ... let it be ... relax ...take it easy.

Gota: One of us ... should be ... a raconteur.

Modi: Let's say it's mutual ... don't save me ... I won't save you.

Gota: Praise ... interferes with boredom.

Modi: Praise me ... and I'm still stuck in the mud.

Gota: Now I'm listening ... my ears are fully engaged.

Modi: That's a start.

Gota: Here's where something ... needs to happen.

Modi: *Why ... does something ... need to happen?*

Gota: *Why ... is not happening.*

Modi: *What ... is happening.*

Gota: *What is always happening.*

Modi: Sometimes ... what ... *is.*

Gota: *What ... is a kind of happening.*

Modi: Who says?

Gota: *Who ... always says something.*

Modi: Sometimes ... *who ... is silent.*

Gota: I never met a *who ... who could keep his mouth shut.*

Modi: I stopped talking for a year . . . just to see.

Gota: And I bet ... you were always ... waiting and watching ... to see.

Modi: You bet I was ... and I was ... listening too.

Gota: I need help ... please ... save me.

Modi: We agreed not to engage in ... that sort of thing.

Gota: And with that ... you mercifully ... have saved me.

Modi: It wasn't intentional.

Gota: It never is ... that's the nature ... of the natural.

Modi: One good bite from a beast ... and you'd ...
disagree ... about the natural.

Gota: We need something ... to occupy us ...we need ...
an ... occupation.

Modi: We are occupying this space.

Gota: Not completely ... but we are sharing the space.

Modi: That's not ... possible.

Gota: Too much ... space for that.

Modi: How about ... a woman?

Gota: You want to introduce ... the other sex ... into this?

Modi: I can't introduce ... what I can't produce.

Gota: Can you produce ... a woman?

Modi: There was a time.

Gota: There was a time ... and there is a time ... for everything.

Modi: This time ... is no time ... to waste time.

Gota: You in a big hurry ... all of a sudden?

Modi: What about ... the woman ... of recent mention?

Gota: You're the one ... who brought her up.

Modi: Anyone I might have ... brought up ... is on their
own ... at least ... by now ... they are.

Gota: By *now* ... by what else ... could it be?

Modi: We are the proprietors ... of now ... this now ... is all ours.

Gota: Half-owners in *now* ... not much of a deal.

Modi: I disagree ... this *now* includes a lot.

Gota: Can I sell my ... lot of now ... for a lot of ... something?

Modi: Everybody ... already owns now ... it can't be ... bought or sold.

Gota: Useless.

Modi: If you call it useless ... nobody will buy it.

Gota: Bring back the woman ... I'm getting confused.

Modi: And that ... is a familiar solution ... to confusion.

Gota: Do you ... know her?

Modi: I only ... mentioned ... her.

Gota: A fair comparison ... knowing and mentioning ...

one assumes ... more.

Modi: The woman I referred to ... was never a friend ...
of assumptions.

Gota: Now we get details ... my attention ... has been aroused.

Modi: One would never know.

Gota: Take my word for it.

Modi: *She...*

Gota: My heart's aflutter.

Modi: *She is...*

Gota: I'm apoplectic.

Modi: *Coming.*

Gota: I'm beside myself.

Modi: *Here.* Wait ... you're beside yourself?

Gota: It's ... perspective.

Modi: There's already two of us.

Gota: Among three.

Modi: Who makes three?

Gota: She does ... or could.

Modi: I spoke too soon ... premature.

Gota: You can say that again ... my attention ... is flagging.

Modi: *She....*

Stranger: Here we go again.

Modi: *Is....*

Gota: Coming?

Modi: *She is.*

Gota: Not coming?

Modi: *She is.*

Gota: She is ... the same ...as you and me.

Modi: The same ... but not *as* ... just ... *the same.*

Gota: That's not good enough.

Modi: More of the same ... *in* the same ... is not good enough ... for you ... or so you say.

Gota: So ... what have we got so far ... in this sameness?

Modi: We have ... you ... me ... a woman ... somewhere ... possibly ... and ... at the end ... of a pier ... at least one ass on the ground.

Gota: Four asses ... two hypothetical.

Modi: It's getting crowded.

Gota: You could say ... thick and busy.

Modi: I could say ... refulgent.

Gota: Please ... don't do that.

Modi: Do what?

Gota: Don't go all ... vocabularic on me.

Modi: You're capable.

Gota: I'm a populist.

Modi: We are ... the people.

Gota: The two of us.

Modi: We could take a vote.

Gota: It's ... tied.

Modi: You don't know that ... for sure ... but you're right.

Gota: We need a tiebreaker.

Modi: One of us ... could change his vote.

Gota: What about ... majority rule?

Modi: Rule ... now ... you're a monarchist.

Gota: King ... for a day.

Modi: I'd vote for that ... as long as ... I can count on ... your vote.

Gota: If we vote for a king ... it'll change the system ...
and kill the system ... in one blow.

Modi: Now you're talking ... action.

Gota: It's a thought ... of action ... not actual action.

Modi: It would shake things up ... that's what we need.

Gota: Stay calm ...let's get ... organized ... this is no time
... for panic.

Modi: It's always a good time ... for panic ... dramatically speaking.

Gota: Drama ... is your strong suit.

Modi: Drama ... is my finest suit ... check this outfit ...
straight from the dump.

Gota: What dump is that?

Modi: The finest store in business.

Gota: By store ... you mean dump.

Modi: I mean the Haberdasher ... the Dumpster.

Gota: So ... tell me ... how did you get your name?

Modi: It was given to me ...how did you get your name?

Gota: Same thing ... I was given my name.

Modi: Have you ever thought of changing it?

Gota: Sure ... have you thought of changing yours?

Modi: Absolutely.

Gota: Why didn't you?

Modi: I did.

Gota: You said it was given to you.

Modi: It was.

Gota: How could you be given a name ... if you changed it?

Modi: I wanted to ... change my name ... and I was given ... this one.

Gota: Got it.

Modi: Isn't that ... your name ... Gotit? ... forgive me.

Gota: Nothing to forgive ... my name is Gota ... GO-TA.

Modi: My mistake ... like Goatee?

Gota: Not Goatee ... GO-ta ... and you're name is Mol-tee?

Modi: Not Molty ... it's Modi ... MO-dee.

Gota: Mind if I call you ... Mud?

Modi: I don't mind ... you can call me Mud ... if you like ...
Can I call you ... Goat?

Gota: You can call me ... whatever you like ... but I may not
... respond.

Modi: I remember now ... I lost something.

Gota: What was it? We could look for it.

Modi: I don't ... remember what it was.

Gota: You don't remember ... what you lost?

Modi: No ... but I remember ... losing it ... losing something ...
is more ... important ... than whatever ... I might have lost ...
I might have ... lost something ... insignificant ... but losing
things ... that is significant.

Gota: We could look around ... until we find ... something ...
and we could say ... we found it.

Modi: Finding something ... doesn't match ... losing something ...
even ... if it's ... what you lost.

Gota: Finding something ... even if you're ... not looking for anything
... is happiness ... losing something ... is no big deal.

Modi: No big deal ... you must not have lost much.

Gota: I've lost plenty ... don't kid yourself.

Modi: If you find anything ... let me know.

Gota: What am I looking for?

Modi: How should I know?

Gota: You're looking for something you lost ... but you ...
don't know ... what it is ... I'm looking for something
I haven't found ... and I don't know what it is.

Modi: If your eyes ... are as sharp as your mind ... you should find
what we're not looking for ... long before ... you lose interest
in the search.

Gota: I've never lost interest in anything ... I just gain interest ...
in something else.

Modi: Hierarchies ... choices ... preferences.

Gota: I'm talking about finding something new ... not simply preferring ... one thing over another ... philosophies haven't lost adherents ... because they're disproven ... people just get bored ... and move on ... I ... on the other hand ... move on ... without ever getting bored.

Modi: And are you ... *not* bored ... now?

Gota: I am not bored ... now.

Modi: I'm flattered you find my company ... so interesting.

Gota: I don't tie my interest ... to anything so specific.

Modi: My *company* is irrelevant to you?

Gota: Your company ... is irrelevant to my ... lack of boredom ... in the best sense ... of the term.

Modi: There's a best sense ... to being irrelevant?

Gota: There's a best sense to everything ... including boredom or the lack of it.

Modi: I'm not that much of a ... philosopher.

Gota: Neither am I.

Modi: You *sound* philosophical.

Gota: A bird singing ... might sound like ... water falling ... but that doesn't ... make it ... a waterfall.

Modi: I wonder if this place ... has a curfew.

Gota: The sun going down ... is a kind of curfew ... other than that ... it's academic.

Modi: Academic ... is there a school ... in the neighborhood?

Gota: There probably is ... there's a school in almost every neighborhood ... whether or not there's a curfew ... is academic ... regardless of the number of schools ... near or far ... to say it's academic ... is an expression ... of irrelevancy ...we could debate the subject ... it's moot.

Modi: I'm still waiting ... for a raconteur.

Gota: Byplay ... is the bylaw ... of bystanders.

Modi: Is that ... what we are ... ystanders?

Gota: That could change ... as soon as we find out ... what we're ... standing by.

Modi: I stand by ... my principles.

Gota: A *principled bystander* ... is a contradiction ... in terms ... if *doing* anything ... counts.

Modi: Life in prison ... is a contradiction in terms ... where having ... already ... done something ... really counts.

Gota: You're the one ... with the incarceration expertise.

Modi: I thought that was you.

Gota: But then ... one's experience ... is not necessarily ... *expertise*.

Modi: Would you credit the old ... with wisdom ...due to ... their experience?

Gota: I would credit the old ... with age ... and leave it at that.

Modi: But doesn't age ... in and of itself ... reflect wisdom?

Gota: Reflect ... inflect ... deflect.

Modi: It would ... be nice ... if an angel of some sort ...
were to appear ... right about now.

Gota: Is *nice* ... what you imagine ... from what you call angels?

Modi: I'm happy with nice ... angels are nice.

Gota: What about the so-called ... Angel of Death?

Modi: The Angel of Death ... could be nice.

Gota: At the right time ... I suppose.

Modi: Not ... now.

Gota: Why not now ... nice death ... would be nice ...
no matter when it appears.

Modi: Like a nice cop ... or a nice case ... of dementia?

Gota: Dementia ... funny you should mention dementia.

Modi: Don't de-mention it ... my pleasure.

Gota: I imagine dementia ... as being pleasurable.

Modi: Losing your mind ... is pleasurable?

Gota: We should be so lucky.

Modi: If I lost my mind ... I'd be miserable.

Gota: How would you know?

Modi: I would know ... dementia doesn't mean stupid.

Gota: It means forgetting things ... and if you ... lost ...
your mind ... wouldn't you ... forget you lost it?

Modi: What if ... you forgot it ... and tried to find it.

Gota: Is that what you were talking about ... before ...
when you said ... you had lost something?

Modi: Wasn't that you?

Gota: If you lost your mind ... where would you look?

Modi: First ... you'd have to know ... that you lost it?

Gota: Not long ago ... you couldn't remember ... what you
lost ... but you were still ... looking for it.

Modi: Different things ... pears and persimmons.

Gota: Pear-shaped persimmons ...persimmony pears.

Modi: If you ... lost your mind ... you'd have to use ...
your mind ... to find it.

Gota: You could be ... happy ... that it's gone.

Modi: That's your sort of life ... always looking ...
for the next thing ... all a-twitter.

Gota: Giddy.

Modi: Giddy Gota.

Gota: Muddled Modi.

Modi: You wouldn't want your mind back?

Gota: Good riddance.

Modi: What would you do ... in the absence of your mind?

Gota: Absentmindedness ... is an attribute ... of the higher intellects.

Modi: Forgetfulness ... is excusable ... in the single-minded.

Gota: What about ... the *zero-minded*?

Modi: No such thing ... you're talking about ... lobotomized
vegetables.

Gota: That's the way they come.

Modi: You never heard of a full ... head of lettuce?

Gota: I never heard of an ... unhappy ... head of lettuce.

Modi: I've been wanting to ask ... are you registered?

Gota: I don't give my name ... to just anybody.

Modi: You gave it to me.

Gota: I gave you ... a ... name.

Modi: So you ... prevaricate?

Gota: I ... masticulate.

Modi: Chew on this ... you may have ... lied .. to me.

Gota: I told you the truth ... but it may not have been ... *my* truth.

Modi: There's no truth ... that isn't true ... for everyone.

Gota: I have hair on my head ... is that true ... for everyone?

Modi: That you have ... hair on your head ... yes ... that is true
for everyone ... everyone would say ... *Gota has hair
on his head.*

Gota: Is truth ... timeless?

Modi: In the timeless moment ... of saying it ...the truth ...
is always true.

Gota: So *Gota is bald* ... is also ... true?

Modi: Not at the moment.

Gota: Which moment?

Modi: *Gota is bald* ... will have it's time ... and then ... it will
be true ... the timeless moment ...is the most ... beautiful
moment of all moments.

Gota: Show me a picture ... of the timeless moment.

Modi: The timeless moment ... doesn't pose ... for the photographer.

Gota: No timeless moment ... for him ... or her.

Modi: There's a timeless moment ... for everyone just no photos.

Gota: Got any photos of your ... aforementioned ... woman?

Modi: Public domain ... private collections.

Gota: Would I have seen her face ... somewhere?

Modi: If you were in the right place ... at the right time.

Gota: But this ... is not the right place.

Modi: This is the right time ... for now ... other times
are the right time ... for then.

Gota: Profundity ... thy name is Modi.

Modi: Speaking of pro fun ditties ... I have one.

Gota: The right time calls for a song ... and a dance.

Modi: A song ... and a dance ... if the time is right.

Gota: What's your pro fun ditty?

Modi: I play and I pray ... *let us play* ... in the country ...
let us play in the city ... this is my pro fun ditty.

Gota: Witty ... at least ... half witty ... I see no dance.

Modi: Nothing but dance ... can you entertain ... these thoughts ...
what is your place ... in this extravaganza?

Gota: I'm here ... in Nowhere City ... where ditties ...
crowd the airways.

Modi: What's your ... talent?

Gota: I ... cannot sing.

Modi: That doesn't take ... any talent.

Gota: Or ... cost any ... but ... in this noisy world ...
it's a kind of genius.

Modi: I'm beginning ... to feel tired.

Gota: Everybody gets tired ... around this time.

Modi: I'm not everybody ... but I am tired.

Gota: I think / just woke up.

Modi: Better now ... than not at all.

Gota: I feel sharp.

Modi: What were you ... before?

Gota: I was probably just as sharp ... now I feel it.

Modi: I'm tired.

Gota: Do I make you tired?

Modi: Not you ... exactly.

Gota: Do these circumstances ... make you tired?

Modi: What circumstances are these?

Gota: Us being here ... in this place.

Modi: I can't remember ... the alternative.

Gota: Not being here ... is an alternative.

Modi: Being in some other place ... is an alternative.

Gota: Not being anywhere at all ... is another.

Modi: Now I'm depressed ... as well as tired.

Gota: I feel great.

Modi: Nothing bothers you.

Gota: I am the proverbial eternal optimist.

Modi: Eternal is a long time.

Gota: In this moment of eternity ... I *am* an eternal optimist.

Modi: First ... you were proverbial ... now you just
are ... what you are.

Gota: Progress!

Modi: That would make me ... the proverbial pessimist ... I suppose.

Gota: In this world ... of endless dualities.

Modi: This duality ... feels eternal.

Gota: Now you're being pessimistic.

Modi: I mean - in the good sense ... *profoundly eternal*.

Gota: You think this moment could go on ... forever?

Modi: This moment... of foreverness.

Gota: Foreverness ... like alwaysness ... or evermoreness.

Modi: You're mocking my words.

Gota: *Mock my words* ... I love that ... soup.

Modi: You're beginning ... to piss me off.

Gota: Beginnings are good.

Modi: You *are* pissing me off.

Gota: Getting pissed ... is one way out ... of a depression.

Modi: What do you mean by that?

Gota: I think we should fight.

Modi: Fight ... you must be kidding.

Gota: I don't kid about things like that.

Modi: Kidding ... pisses me off.

Gota: I believe we're in a state ... of kiddingness ... right now.

Modi: I'm tired of this ... provocative ... pointlessness.

Gota: Pissingness ... and kiddingness ... and pointlessness
add up to grapplingness ... and tossingness.

Modi: Grappling and tossing ... what are you talking about?

Gota: Let's have a tussle.

Modi: Keep your hands ... to yourself.

(Gota grabs Modi and wrestles him to the ground. Modi fights back and finally subdues Gota in a chock hold.)

Gota: (strangling) Enough!

Modi: You're right ... now I feel better ... my tiredness needed me ... to create a beat-down.

Gota: That was no beat-down ... that was a stalemate.

Modi: I stalemated your sorry ass.

Gota: We did ... what I suggested ... and now ... you feel better.

Modi: Much better ... thank you.

Gota: You're welcome.

Modi: Let's get down to business ... why are we here?

Gota: More philosophy.

Modi: Literally ... why are we here?

Gota: Isn't that your area of expertise?

Modi: You're the expert in anticipation ... what ... is going to happen?

Gota: I am holding ... no idea.

Modi: You don't have ... *one* idea?

Gota: I have lots of ideas ... but I don't *hold* ideas ... having no idea is the pure enjoyment ... of open anticipation ... unclouded by ideas that have occurred ... unclouded by ideas ... that haven't occurred ... yet.

Modi: I like to know what's happening ... I like to know what has happened ... I like to know what's going to happen ... that's the pure pleasure of knowledge ... unclouded by speculation and confusion ... unclouded by

ignorance and doubt.

Gota: You're a busy fellow.

Modi: I like it ... when my ducks are on parade.

Gota: Are you the head duck ... or are you the duck hunter?

Modi: I am ... not ... a duck.

Gota: We have that in common.

Modi: This ... not knowing ... makes me tired.

Gota: But we ... are happening ... isn't that ... enough?

Modi: We've established we're not ducks ... but what are we?

Gota: What does it matter? ... we are living in happenstance.

Modi: It's a question ... of temperament.

Gota: Now I have ... a headache.

Modi: I thought someone like yourself ... didn't have headaches.

Gota: Someone like myself might not ... I'm not ... like myself ...
I am ... myself ... I am myself ... with a headache.

Modi: Yourself ... doesn't seem like a headache type.

Gota: It's just a headache ... it's the same as saying ...
"I have something ... in my eye."

Modi: I thought nothing bothered you.

Gota: It's true that I am bothered ... by this headache ...

but *having a headache* ... doesn't bother me.

Modi: Being stuck in this stalemate bothers me.

Gota: Even after our wrestling match ... that you won?

Modi: Ancient history.

(Digo and Otma enter. They bear a resemblance to Gota and Modi, except they are female. Gota and Modi pull off to one side and watch.)

Digo: This place ... is delightfully dismal.

Otma: It has a certain ... stark beauty?

Digo: Who are those two ... over there?

Otma: They're not very good-looking.

Digo: Is that all you think about?

Otma: I think about the obvious.

Digo: We're not that attractive ... ourselves.

Otma: We've been traveling.

Digo: From somewhere.

Otma: From somewhere to here ... don't sell us short.

Digo: World travelers.

Otma: This is the world ... and we're traveling ... so we are world travelers ... we could let that ... be our story.

Digo: What story ... who needs a story?

Otma: Everybody ... needs a story.

Digo: Tell me a story ... raconteur.

Otma: You ... me ... traveling ... arrival ... celebration
... seeing new places ... greeting new faces.

Digo: Meeting new troubles.

Otma: We don't know that ... yet.

Digo: It's worth considering.

Otma: When you consider trouble . . . you get trouble.

Digo: Let's join the party.

Otma: I don't see a party ... I see two new integers ...
in a social situation.

Digo: Two plus two equals ... a party of four.

Otma: You were only one ... before we met.

Digo: When was that ... exactly?

Otma: Recently ... but it feels like ... ancient history.

Digo: That's the nature ... of friendship and loyalty.

Otma: Loyalty hasn't come into play ... so far.

Digo: It doesn't have to come into play ... to exist.

Otma: Neither does trouble.

Digo: You're looking for trouble.

Otma: You don't have to look for trouble ... trouble appears.

Digo: Like lint.

Otma: A glint in the eye.

Digo: A gleam.

Otma: Flint in the eye.

Digo: Something ... is missing.

Otma: Something ... is too busy.

Digo: I imagine further adventures ... in this life.

Otma: Your imagination ... already contains ... your adventure.

Digo: What hasn't happened ... is still out there.

Otma: Everything is already here ... waiting to emerge.

Digo: I don't want to wait ... for emergencies.

Otma: We already know everything we're capable of knowing.

Digo: I don't ... not at the moment ... if I do ... I want to
know it ... better.

Otma: I want to try something new ... to cross new horizons.

Digo: No such thing ... the same horizon ... everywhere we go.

Otma: Horizon's are all different ... mountains ... oceans ...
hills ... prairies.

Digo: Plateaus ...rises ... flatlands ... forestation ...
the same horizon ... as far as anyone can see.

Otma: Something lies beyond what one can see.

Digo: More seeing.

Otma: I see two characters ... on the horizon.

Digo: Are you looking ... at the horizon we're standing on?

Otma: This horizon is invisible ... to the naked eye.

Digo: Don't look so close ... you'll strain yourself.

Otma: I've trained my eyes ... to look beyond ... the far horizon.

Digo: So nothing ... will ever change.

Otma: I see two characters ... rising above the horizon.

Digo: What do they look like?

Otma: They look like those two ... over there.

Digo: Posed against the horizon.

Otma: Posed against something.

Digo: Trees ... land ... grass ... water ... sky ...
They seemed posed ... against each other.

Otma: Do you think they're conversant?

Digo: In what subject?

Otma: The ones central to our own ... conversant nature.

Digo: I can't tell from here.

Otma: We ought to take a closer look.

Digo: Ah ... the death of horizons.

Otma: A great sacrifice.

Digo: Not one to be taken lightly.

Otma: What's in it for us?

Digo: Distraction engagement ...diversion ... occupation.

Otma: Trouble ... glory ... curiosity satisfied more trouble.

Digo: Nothing gained ... nothing lost ... nothing learned ...
nothing found.

Otma: And everything else ... besides.

Digo: Do you see welcome ... in their eyes?

Otma: I see welcome in my own eyes.

Digo: Do you see welcome ... in their response ...
to your welcoming gaze.

Otma: They're too far away.

Digo: Let's move closer.

Otma: Let's see if they move closer.

Digo: Any movement?

Otma: I twitched a bit.

Digo: I felt a breeze.

Otma: My breathing is deep and satisfying ... a wind
blows from within ... I feel refreshed ... I feel born
anew ... in this ever-present ... moment of renewal.

Digo: Let's not mistake ourselves ... for what we're not.

Otma: Let's take a chance ... on the inevitable.

Digo: Our play ... can't end here.

Otma: Let's begin again ... with the eternally new.

(Gota and Modi have been listening to Digo and Otma.)

Gota: I've never heard anyone talk like these two.

Modi: They are unusual ... for around here.

(They hold their position and keep listening. Digo and Otma hold back,
as a counsel against rash action.)

Digo: Did you see any signs ... as we were coming in?

Otma: We could ask these two for directions.

Digo: They don't look like they know anything.

Otma: How can you tell?

Digo: They look like ... bystanders.

Otma: They look like ... upstanding citizens.

Digo: We need directions.

Otma: What directions do we need ... are we heading somewhere?

Digo: Onward and upward ... we don't need to have directions in mind ... in order to ask directions ... we might pick up something ... in the process.

Otma: Like where we're going?

Digo: We aren't going anywhere ... right now ... we just arrived ... we could ask directions ... for where we've been.

Otma: Another intriguing mystery.

Digo: Go ahead.

Otma: You go ahead ... I'm content to remain.

Digo: I thought you were anxious ... to get on with it?

Otma: I'm content in remaining ... and I'm anxious ... in going forward.

Digo: Where have we come to?

Otma: We've come to this place.

Digo: Time and distance.

Otma: We've come a long way ... in a short time.

Digo: I want to mark a spot ... to see how much progress we make ... from here on out.

Otma: Here *on out* ... intrigues me ... here *on in* ... intrigues me too.

Digo: Being intrigued ... is just another way of stalling around.

Otma: Ask these two a question ... or at least say hello.

Digo: What if we don't speak the same language?

Otma: You can only be wrong once ... and if you're right ...
that's great.

(Digo shouts and waves at Gota and Modi, who don't respond.)

Digo: HELLO!

Gota: Don't just stand there ... say something!

Modi: You say something ... are you tongue-tied?

Gota: I'm being gracious.

Modi: Gracious ... you're being stiff.

Gota: Is it that obvious ... you say something ...
if it's so important to you.

Modi: It's not a matter of importance ... it's a matter
of social courtesy.

Gota: Don't let me stand on your foot.

(Modi shouts back at Digo and Otma, waving his hand in the air, as if
he is greeting old friends, coming home from the frontier.)

Modi: HELLO!

Gota: Don't be so ostentatious.

Modi: That's the dog calling the wolf a hyena.

Gota: Hello there!

(Gota waves with both hands and steps out in front of Modi. Digo and Otma consider the situation.)

Digo: Now what?

Otma: Say something back.

Digo: This is complicated.

Otma: It's called society.

Digo: I'm not a big fan.

Otma: Well ... you're in the dance now.

Digo: I can't dance.

Otma: You can't stop dancing ... say something nice.

Digo: Why nice?

Otma: OK ... say something else.

(Digo steps forward and hold out her hand for someone to shake.)

Digo: Hello there ... how are you ... beautiful day ... don't you think?

Otma: (to herself) Oh, my.

(Gota rushes up to Digo and takes her hand in both his hands. He starts to hug her, and then pulls back.)

Gota: Welcome ... to our ... place in the world.

Digo: Does this all belong to you ... and your friend?

Gota: Everything belongs to all of us ... wherever we are ...
you're as welcome here ... as air to the lungs.

(Digo turns to Otma and gives her a look.)

Digo: This is my friend ... we've been ... traveling.

Gota: This one ... is my . . . companion ... in adventure.

(Otma steps forward, as does Modi. They shake hands politely.)

Gota: (Blurts out, with enthusiasm.) Let's rassel!

(The other three jump back. Gota laughs.)

Gota: Let's rassel reality! ... although ... it's not a fair fight ...
and we're bound to come up short ... in an endless
contest ... of wills and willingness.

Otma: You startled me!

Gota: I have a talent ... for bold statements.

Digo: I admire boldness.

Otma: I find modulation attractive.

Modi: I prefer a pleasant enquiry ... to a bold effrontery.

Otma: Both can be effective ... in their place.

Digo: So what is this reality ... we're *rasslin'* with?

Gota: This. (He gestures broadly to the surroundings.)

Modi: It would help ... right about now ... to get a message from the Creator/Director.

Digo: I haven't heard one word ... from the Creator/Director.

Otma: The CD chooses her words carefully. (She looks at the men.) Or *his* words ... one might say.

Gota: It's been some time ... since we've heard anything.

Otma: *Some time* ... is vague enough ... for a religio-philosophical conversation.

Gota: I meant it to be ... an aside.

Digo: As in ... *meaningless banter*?

Gota: My talent for the bold ... is balanced with a gift ... for mild and pointless chatter.

Otma: (aside to Digo) I know the type.

Modi: Who and where ... is the Creator/Director ... I haven't seen or met ... anyone like that ...but I have ... heard things.

Otma: The Creator/Director ... is a figment ... of our reality ... created ... to keep us on our toes.

Digo: We're all ... figments of reality ... expected to play out the Creator/Director's will ... on this stage of existence.

Gota: I'm a figment of my own reality ... that's the fun of it.

Modi: I can't tell the difference.

Otma: It is our plight ... and our pleasure ... to wonder.

Gota: Wonder is imagination ... without knowledge.

Modi: Wonder ... has no need ... for knowledge.

Digo: Wonder won't get us anything to eat.

Gota: Wonder is a scavenger ... with satisfied eyes.

Otma: When I'm hungry ... I wonder about food.

Modi: Let's eat.

Gota: Does anyone have any food?

(The four of them check their pockets, until they realize there is no food. They watch each other scrounge for something to eat, until it's obvious no one is going to come up with anything.)

Otma: (Making a discovery in a pocket.) I have a cracker.

(Subdued jubilation ensues.)

Modi: That's great!

Gota: Wonderful!

Digo: You found *one* cracker?

Otma: That's one cracker more than anyone else.

Gota: A feast ... for weary travelers.

(Otma breaks the cracker in four, and each one takes a piece.)

Otma: Here's to health, happiness, and a bright future!

(Each of the four eats a quarter-cracker.)

Digo: May we prosper ... under the caring eye of the Creator/ Director!

Otma: Let us offer thanks ... to the Creator/Director ... for this Morsel
... of his ... Generosity.

Gota: Each ... in his own way ... her own way.

Modi: (softly) Eachinhisownway.

Otma: (to Modi) Did you just mutter something?

Modi: (To Otma) Each ... in his ... own way.

Gota: We should find shelter ... night is coming.

Digo: Dark as night.

Gota: Dark ... and cold.

Otma: Let's scout around ... see what we can find.

Modi: I'm with you.

SCENE THREE: DREAMTIME

(It's the middle of the night. The four stir and awaken.)

Gota: I dreamt I found a cabin ...
stocked with blankets and food.

Digo: I dreamt I found a stream ...
with clean clear water.

Modi: I dreamt I was so full ...
I couldn't eat another bite.

Otma: I dreamt I was living in a castle ...
with three servants.

SCENE FOUR: RASSLING AND CONTEMPLATION

(It's morning. Only Digo and Modi are present.)

Digo: What happened to my friend ... and your friend?

Modi: Gota said he was a figment of his own reality ...
I guess his reality ... took a figmented vacation.

Digo: And Otma ... agreed with him.

Modi: Is that her name ... Otma?

Digo: As far as I know ... what's your name?

Modi: I'm Modi ... and you?

Digo: Digo.

Modi: That's a beautiful name.

Digo: Thank you.

Modi: Let's consider our options.

Digo: What options do we have ... besides rassling and talking?

Modi: Exploration and contemplation.

Digo: How about if we wander off ...
and are never heard from again?

Modi: More of the same.

Digo: We're in a pinch ... we're in a pickle.

Modi: We could be in a stew ...or a deep hole.

Digo: Or up a blind canyon.

Modi: Or caught ... in a simple predicament.

Digo: Let's rattle.

Modi: I was hoping you'd say that.

(Digo and Modi roll toward each other and begin to grapple and rattle, gently, like lovers, exploring and contemplating each other's embrace.)

SCENE FIVE: RASSLING REALITY

(Gota and Otma come out of the darkness, holding hands. They don't notice the others, nor are they noticed by them.)

Otma: (letting go of Gota's hand) I don't need guidance.

Gota: We are guided ... by the unseen hand ... of the Creator/Director who doesn't exist ... in any reality greater ... than the one we're in ... right now.

Otma: That's more reassuring ... than you can imagine.

Gota: My imagination is less reassuring ... than my empty wonder.

Otma: Is that how you feel ... about me?

Gota: You ... and everything ... and everyone else.

Otma: You speak from an awareness ... that's pleasing ... to my spirit.

Gota: In ... of ... and from ...we have everything ... and nothing ...
in common.

Otma: We have nothing to do ...and nothing to say.

Gota: Let's keep talking.

Otma: Let's keep rassling reality.

(Gata and Otma wander off.)

SCENE SIX: FULL CIRCLE

(A third generation appears, a reappearance of the first generation, perhaps, perhaps not. Goda and Omdi are not conscious of any previous lives or characters. Their landscape is a cross between the first two landscapes.)

Goda: I don't think we've ... been here ... before.

Omdi: And yet ... it seems familiar.

Goda: I thought we were going to be somewhere ... new.

Omdi: This seems new ... it just feels familiar.

Goda: That's enough ... to blunt the novelty ... (He smiles.)
but is it enough ... reassurance ... to lessen the impact ...
of the unknown?

Omdi: (as if acting) *Here's a startling vista ... of the slightly familiar.*

Goda: (as if acting) *Here's a somewhat recognizable view ...
of the mysterious unknown.*

Omdi: We're talking about the same thing.

Goda: We're describing completely different things.

Omdi: It's the same reality.

Goda: And yet ... it's completely different.

Omdi: Completely different ... is ... the same reality.

Goda: The similarity and the difference ... only
depend on ... what you mean by reality.

Omdi: Reality is reality.

Goda: What a sweet sentiment.

Omdi: You're playing with me.

Goda: Not until you agree ... that this is play.

Omdi: A play ... or *play*?

Goda: We're referring to the same thing ... when we call
this *reality* ... but we're talking about ... two different
realities ... even though ... it's the same reality.

Omdi: I agree ... but reality is still reality ... in and of itself.

Goda: *In and of itself* ... doesn't exist ... in this Grand ...
Togetherness ... of Molecules.

Omdi: When you enter an empty room ... it's no longer empty.

Goda: An empty room ... is an empty room ... that you enter ...
it's still empty ... but now it's occupied ... it's an occupied ...
empty room.

Omdi: I can have my empty room ... and occupy it too.

Goda: Isn't this ... a perfect world?

Omdi: We're alone ... together ... in an empty ... fully occupied room.

Goda: The biggest empty room of all ... empty even of being a room ... there is no room ... this room is roomy ... roomlike ... it's a Roomatorium ... of Roominess.

Omdi: Something is missing ... I feel as if some part of me ... is missing ... at the same time ... I feel packed ... into ... a small space.

Goda: When I'm of two minds ... my head hurts ... from overcrowding.

Omdi: This is unity.

Goda: This is separation.

Omdi: There's only the two of us.

Goda: There's more of us than can be counted.

Omdi: I feel close to you.

Goda: I feel divided from you.

Omdi: The more I see you ... the farther away you get.

Goda: The more I see you ... the more intimate we feel.

Omdi: By degrees ... we have become ... a paradox.

Goda: We were separated at birth ... now we live as one.

Omdi: Oneness careens around ... in the mind ... like good drugs ... oneness is you ... oneness is me ... we are ... the third of two.

Goda: Becoming the third of two ... seems more likely than becoming ... one or the other.

Omdi: What happens ... to the two of the third?

Goda: Water poured into water becomes water.

Omdi: I like *my water*.

Goda: I like *my water*.

Omdi: I like *your water*.

Goda: I like *your water*.

Omdi: Water likes itself.

Goda: Water doesn't care about ... the parts of water.

Omdi: I care.

Goda: I am ... partial ... to my own cup ... of happiness.

Omdi: Let's make a pact ... not to disappear ... into each other ... without mutual agreement ... and/or ... Notification ... of Disappearance.

Goda: Pacts are made of water.

Omdi: What if our water evaporates?

Goda: We can make ... a Concordance ... of Evaporation.

Omdi: An Arrangement ... of Evanescence.

(They embrace.)

SCENE SEVEN: NO BAGGAGE

Omda: What happened to our baggage?

Goda: Gone ... lost ... forgotten ... unneeded ... weightless.

Omda: Unavailable ... unusable ... inaccessible ... a burden.

Goda: None of the same.

Omda: One and the same.

Goda: We don't need to be hauling baggage around with us.

Omda: My baggage ... is a resource ... and a comfort ...
I'm weighed down ... without it.

Goda: Our hands are free ... without baggage (Goda holds out
his empty hands.) ... look ... nothing to carry ... nothing
to think about.

Omda: I like to hold things ... my hands are empty ... with nothing
to do ... my hands are restless ... unless they're occupied ...
I worry about not having any ... baggage at all ... my hands
are designed ... to carry things.

Goda: My hands are designed to lift things ... and put them
down ... not to carry them ... we have handcarts for that.

Omda: If we had a handcart ... we wouldn't have any baggage
for it to carry.

Goda: No absent baggage ... for our absent handcart.

Omda: I have concerns.

Goda: Baggage.

Omda: I have fears.

Goda: Baggage.

Omdi: I have you.

Goda: Baggage.

Omdi: You have the word *baggage*.

Goda: Baggage ... or as the French say ... "bag-awj."

Omdi: The French aren't here ... with or without their "bag-awj."

Goda: I want to live in France.

Omdi: Why don't you?

Goda: Bag-awj.

Omdi: Your hands ... are burdened ... with other matters?

Godi: My hands are shackled ... with desire.

Omda: Baggage.

Goda: You cut me ... you wound me ... you open my heart ...
with truth.

Omdi: You exaggerate ... you orate ... you hyperbolate.

Goda: I make my way ... with words.

Omdi: You ... *have your way* ... with words.

Goda: I love the sensual usage of words.

Omdi: You impregnate words ... you ravage the language ...
to get yourself ... a second generation ... by force.

Goda: That's the Creator/Director ... speaking ...through me ...
I am ... the first generation ... of myself ... there is ...
no one before me ... or after.

Omdi: Someone is after you ... you make yourself up ...
and blame it on some ... unseen force.

Goda: Blame ... credit ... honor ... shame ... we're not
here ... by ourselves.

Omdi: There used to be ... more of us.

Goda: We are one in spirit ... but many in number.

Omdi: No one ... is going to ... look after me ...
so I resolve to be ... without any resolution ...
in my being.

Goda: There is ... a kind of resolution in that.

Omdi: The curtain falls ... the end ... darkness ... silence.

Godi: Then what ... more ... different ... other than?

Omdi: Retirement ... departure ... withdrawal ... finish.

Goda: Arrival ... beginning ... entrance ... starting over.

Omdi: We can find the opposite ... inside everything ...
dark ... is light.

Goda: Contradiction ... is agreement ... inside-out ... is upside-down.

Omdi: When inside is out ... outside is in ... when upside is down ... downside is up ... when backwards is forward ... everything is backwards ... *and* forwards.

Goda: The end of our play ... is the beginning of our *play*.

Omdi: Where are we ... in this play?

Goda: Somewhere ... in the middle of being ... who we are.

Omdi: What about ... the play ... where are we ... in the play?

Goda: The play is being itself ... the play ...
not play ... is the matter.

Omdi: When play matters ... these matters play.

Goda: When matter plays ... what matters ... is played out.

Omdi: The play is nothing ... play is nothing ...
nothing matters ... let's celebrate ... let's dance.

Goda: The Creator/Director ... couldn't have said it better.

Omdi: Let's dance.

Goda: We've never stopped dancing.

Omdi: I'm exhausted.

Goda: I do my best work ... when I'm exhausted.

Omdi: Are you working ... as we speak?

Goda: Well ... I'm working well ... thank you.

Omdi: Are you ... working well ... now ... as we are ... here?

Goda: Work ... is the joy ... of the worker.

Omdi: One who is *made to work* ... is not made to ... *work*.

Goda: As I am ... *made to work* ... I'm not a worker ...
but, in working well ... I work well ... as a worker.

Omdi: A working well ... is drunk ... from dawn to dusk.

Goda: In working well ... I am drunk from ... below to the top.

Omdi: When well ... water we drink ... and well we are.

Goda: I am well ... I am drunk ... I am water ... else ... I am.

Omdi: In your working well ... are you exhausted still?

Goda: I am still ... I am well ... I am exhausted ... I am refreshed.

Omdi: I am a bucket ... I rise ... I refresh ... I am empty.

Goda: Well you are ... a bucket ... you rise ... and empty ...
you are full.

Omdi: I am full ... I am empty ... I rise ... I fall ... I fill.

Goda: I am refreshed ... I am emptied ... I am filled ... I am drained.

Omdi: I am no bucket ... but a well of water ... bucketed.

Goda: I am bucket ... I am well ... I am water ... I am waterless ...
I am bucketless ... I am not well. (He feigns illness.)

Omdi: (Xhe feigns retching.) Not well ... is a bucket ... and not
well ... is a well ... but bringing it up ... makes them so.

Goda: No water ... no well ... no water ... no bucket ...
no water ... no thirst.

Omdi: I thirst ... to exhaustion.

Goda: No thirst ... no water no well ... no dance.

Omdi: No beginning ... no end ... all dance.

(Goda and Omdi fade from the scene.)

SCENE EIGHT: CELEBRATION

(Two figures appear and dance, fading in and out of existence, so their presence, even when they are not apparent, is real.)