

I AM GODOT

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Act One: Goti: Male
Otmí: Female

Act Two: Gota: Male
Modi: Male
Oتما: Female
Digo: Female

Act Three: Goda: Male
Omdi: Female

ACT ONE: AWAKENING

(Edenic landscape. Goti and Otmí, are curled up. Goti is male, Otmí is female. They are about to experience something that they, and perhaps, no one else, has ever experienced. They awaken as they come awake. They stir and begin to recognize themselves in a way they never have before. 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.)

Otmí: I am. (She is equally struck.)

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

Otmí: Maybe I *was* am ... before this *am-nesty* showed ...without knowing it.

Goti: This amness is good.

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

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

Otmí: 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 something ...
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 ... in this thinking ... something happens
in my head ... and that something ... breaks into ... pieces.

Otmi: And every piece ... is a thought ... every thought ... is a small ...
piece ... 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 this ... 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, peacefully. Otmi sits up. Goti sits up.)

Goti: I get quiet ... I stop 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 thing that comes and goes ... I *am* ... awareness.

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

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

Goti: Being ... in awareness ... is actually ... being everything ...
I feel huge ... I feel small ... I'm everything ... 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 as his own hands ... as they begin to dance, too.)

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

Otmi: My hand is moving ... I'm moving my hand ... and I am 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 witness.

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

Goti: I have thoughts ... they 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 confuse 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 ... needs 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 ... very beautiful and seductive.

Goti: I'm being seduced ... by my own mind ... now that we
have ... discovered ... 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 ...no ... thinking at all.

Otmi: When I am ... but no think ... I see my thoughts ... like flowers ...
floating in water ... then I see lots of flowers ... floating.

Goti: When I think ... 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
animal ... and ... that was ... incredible ... a real cheap thrill!

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 ... is the promised land.

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

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

Goti: But this awareness ... is way bigger than thinking ... this big awareness
is who we are ... we are ... being aware ... of our being.

(He smiles at Otmi. She smiles at Goti.)

Otmi: Before ... I was being ... like everything else ... as far as the
eye can see.

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

Otmi: We stumbled into this big awareness ... like being in the jungle
all your life ... and then suddenly ... for no reason ... there's
no trees ... and 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 ...aware ... I am ... awareness.

Otmi: I am being itself.

(Goti stands still. He closes his eyes.)

Goti: What is ... I am.

Otmi: What 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.)

ACT TWO: THE SECOND GENERATION

(The next generation of characters are Gota and Modi, and then in the following scene, 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. They 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 either.

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 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 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: Hmmm... mildly amusing.

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

Modi: You seem ... bothered.

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

Modi: No reason ... to worry about it.

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

Modi: Did you ... 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? ... doesn't matter.

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 ... wait ... 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: 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 ... but ... then I see ... 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 ... your 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 a prisoner.

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 ... started.

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: But ... you were ... implying.

Gota: I can't keep the difference straight.

Modi: Don't try so hard ... 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 getting busy.

Modi: That's a start ... again.

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: I bet you were ... waiting and watching ... to see.

Modi: You bet I was ... and 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 it.

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

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

Modi: What about ... occupying ... this space.

Gota: Not completely ... almost impossible ... 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 hurry ... all of a sudden?

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

Gota: You ... 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 owners ... of now ... this here 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 my 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 ... *the same.*

Gota: Not ... is 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 ...?

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 here ... and on... the pier.

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 ... vocabulary 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 kiss.

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

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

Modi: Now you're taking 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 ... 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 Haberdashery ... the Dumpster of Clothiers.

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?

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 for my ignorance.

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 ... Muddy?

Modi: ... you can call me Muddy ... if you like ...
I will ... call you ... Ghost.

Gota: ... 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: ... but I remember ... losing it ... losing something ...
is more ... important ... than what 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 what you find is ... 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 ...

Modi: Philosophies don't lost followers people just get bored
and move on ...

Gota: 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 ... as you.

Modi: My *company* is not interesting ... to you?

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

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

Gota: There's a best sense to everything ... including boredom.

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

Gota: Neither am I.

Modi: You *sound* philosophical.

Gota: A bird singing ... might sound like ... falling water ...
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: Is there a school in the neighborhood?

Gota: There's a school in almost every neighborhood ... but 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 ... bystanders?

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 ... an oxymoron ... and I have an ox and a moron to prove it ... and prison is 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 ones ... with wisdom ... due to their experience?

Gota: I would credit the old ones ... 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 angels?

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

Gota: What about the 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: It's funny you should mention dementia.

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

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

Modi: You imagine ... that 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 ... 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: 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 intellect.

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

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

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

Gota: That's the way they come.

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

Gota: I never heard of an ... miserable 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 then ... you may have ... lied to me.

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

Modi: There's no real 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 is this the right place or the right time?

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

are the right time ... for then.

Gota: Pointless 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* ... I say ... in the country ...
and the city ... let us play in the city ... this is my pro fun ditty.

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

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

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 anything ... 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 I 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 ... only 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. Or ... I don't ... care to.

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

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

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

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

Gota: And yet 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 particular 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 to say? And I do mean ... mean.

Gota: I think we should fight.

Modi: Fight ... you must be joking.

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

Modi: Joking ... pisses me off.

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

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

Gota: Pissiness ... and jokiness ... and pointlessness
add up to grapplingness ... and tossingness.

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

Gota: Let's have a tussle ... a small rumble ... if you will.

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: Since 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* any of them ... 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 ... is
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 chaser?

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: Is that the name of this place?

Gota: If it feels like that.

Mota: Then 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 ... and now I am myself ... with a headache.

Modi: Your self ... 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 have distant lands in my eye.

Gota: I have you ... stuck ... 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.

SCENE TWO:

(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 quality?

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: ... 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 ... less than ... 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 ... 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: A glimmer.

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 such ... emergencies.

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

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

Otma: I want to try something new ... 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 the eye can see.

Otma: Something lies ... beyond what one ... can see.

Digo: More seeing ... more lies.

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

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

Otma: This horizon ... we're on ... is invisible ... as far as horizons go.

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 ... conversant ways.

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 ... satisfaction ... 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 ... so far?

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 something new.

SCENE TWO: THE MEETING

(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 residents ... of their own reality.

Digo: We need directions.

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

Digo: Onward ... upward ... outward ... inward ... 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 are 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 contentious ...
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 as well ... and just as much.

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 ... unless you're tongue-tied.

Gota: I'm being gracious.

Modi: You're being stiff.

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

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's 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 getting ... 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 are ... 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 rassle!

(The other three jump back. Gota laughs.)

Modi: He means reality ... he likes to ... rassle ... reality.

Gota: 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 ... grand ... vista.

(Gota gestures broadly to the surroundings.)

Digo: It would help ... at this stage ... 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.

Digo: 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 ... *pointless banter*?

Gota: My talent ... for the bold statement ... 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 cookie.

(Subdued jubilation ensues.)

Modi: That's great!

Gota: Wonderful!

Digo: You found ... *one* cookie?

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

Gota: A feast ... for weary travelers.

(Otma breaks the cookie 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-cookie.)

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 ... or her ... generosity.

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

Modi: (softly) Each ... in ... his ... own ... way.

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 ... see what we can find.

Modi: I'm with you.

SCENE THREE: DREAMTIME

(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 running 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

(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 figgy vacation.

Digo: And Otma ... agreed with him.

Modi: Is that ... 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 tree ... out on a limb ...

Modi: Or up a blind canyon ... or up to no good.

Digo: Or up to our elbows ... or our necks.

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: RASSLIN' 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 ... your ... guidance.

Gota: We are guided ... by the unseen hand ... which 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 wonder.

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

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

Otma: You speak from ... a place ... 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 rattle reality.

(Gota and Otma wander off.)

ACT THREE: 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 ... to lessen the impact?

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: ... the same thing.

Goda: ... completely different things.

Omdi: ... the same reality.

Goda: ... completely different.

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

Goda: Similarity ...and ... difference.

Omdi: Reality ... is ... reality.

Goda: ... sweet sentiment.

Omdi: You're playing ... with me.

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

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

Goda: I agree ... but reality is still reality

Omdi: ... in and of itself.

Goda: *In and of itself* ... in this grand ... togetherness ... of molecules ...

Omdi: ... these ... empty thoughts.

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

Goda: An empty room ... is an empty room ... you enter ...
still empty ... 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 ... occupied room.

Goda: The biggest empty room of all ... no room to speak of ... this room
is roomy ... and roomlike ... a roomatorium ... of roominess.

Omdi: Something is missing ... 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: ... unity.

Goda: ... separation.

Omdi: ... only the two of us.

Goda: ... more than can be counted.

Omdi: I feel close to you.

Goda: I feel separate from you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Goda: Water poured into water.

Omdi: I like ... my *water*.

Goda: I like ... *my* ... water.

Omdi: I like *your* water.

Goda: I like *your* water.

Omdi: Water likes water.

Goda: Water doesn't care about water ... its parts.

Omdi: I care.

Goda: I am ... partial ... to my 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: Water evaporates.

Goda: ... a concordance ... of evaporation.

Omdi: ... an arrangement ... of evanescence.

(They embrace.)

SCENE TWO: NO BAGGAGE

Omda: What happened to our baggage?

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

Omdi: Unavailable ... unusable ... inaccessible ... burdensome.

Goda: None of the same.

Omdi: All the same.

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

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

Goda: Our hands are free ... without baggage

(Goda holds out his empty hands.)

Goda: ... nothing to carry ... nothing ... to think about.

Omdi: I like ... holding things ... my hands are empty ... nothing to do
... restless ... unless they're occupied ... I worry about ... not
having ... baggage ... my hands are made ... to carry things.

Goda: My hands are made to lift things ... and put them down.

Omdi: If we had a handcart ... we wouldn't have any baggage for it.

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

Omdi: I have concerns.

Goda: The presence of absent baggage.

Omda: I have fears.

Goda: Baggage.

Omdi: I have you.

Goda: Baggage.

Omdi: You have the word *baggage*.

Goda: Baggage ...

Omdi" ... or as the French say ... "bag-awj."

Goda: I want to live in France.

Omdi: Why don't you?

Goda: Bag-awj.

Omdi: Your hands ... are tied up ... 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 words.

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

Goda: The Creator/Director ... speaks 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 ... but many in number.

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

Goda: There is resolution ... in that.

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

Godi: Then what?

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

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

Omdi: Dark ... is light.

Goda: Inside-out ... is upside-down.

Omdi: Backwards ... and forwards.

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

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

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

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

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

Omdi: ... let's dance.

Goda: We've never stopped dancing.

Omdi: I'm exhausted.

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

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

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

Omdi: ...no water ... no well.

Goda: ...no bucket ... no water.

Omdi: ... exhaustion thirsts ...

Goda: ... to overflowing ...

Omdi: I thirst ... to exhaustion.

(Goda and Omdi fade from the scene.)

AFTERLUDE: The Dance

(Two figures appear and dance, fading in and out of existence,
until only the presence of their presence remains.)