

The orchestrator

A composition in mixed materials.

Music theater capriccio for 6 performers in two acts

Written by Michael Nyvang © 2009

With support from the National Danish Art Foundation

and

Les hommes penchés

Michael Nyvang © 2009
77, Rue D'Aboukir
75002 Paris
FRANCE

Tel.: +33 6 89 90 56 53
Mail: michale@nyvang.com

ALIEN PICNIC www.alienpicnic.com

Michael Nyvang November 19, 2010 3:16 AM Shorten, do only use caps for names first time they are mentioned in the synopsis.

CAST

THE MAN - An aspiring musician. Is like a child in some way, just discovering music and enjoying it. Should be played by a trumpet player capable of acting and doing some sort of acrobatics or similar.

THE WOMAN - Same profile as THE MAN, his girlfriend, playing clarinet, should be a trained actor, or work with one to prepare, as this role has a substantial spoken part.

THE VOICE - A superior being of mixed sex (half man, half woman), the voice of the creator of this world. Could be the God described in the old testament, but here it has become tired and perverted. Its only pleasure is to manipulate the humans to create strong emotions: music. It orchestrate humans to create music within them so to speak. Played as a voice off, using a microphone and effects at times. Played by a woman or a man with a bitchy attitude.

THE EXPERT - A know it all specialist and philosopher. A music teacher, never satisfied, criticize everything, a control freak, try to stop everything, because its not right, he thinks. At some point he criticize THE VOICE... Played by a percussion player capable of acting.

THE WRITER - A play writer, writing in some way this piece while the piece is played. He is late. He is fucked up, and prefer to drink a lot of whiskey and have sex with sheep, but this is nevertheless our hero desperately trying to fix things and write people. Should be played by a trained comic clown, mastering the Buster Keaton or Italian street theater comic acting.

THE ACTOR - A theater actor, waiting for THE WRITER to provide him with his text. He is in distress because he discover that the play has begun, and he still have no words to say and no role to play. He is jealous at THE MAN and THE WOMAN because they have their music and - in the beginning - a harmonious relationship. He thus become a tool for the THE VOICE to, well, do stuff to the others.

Michael Nyvang November 19, 2010 3:17 AM Rewrite:

1. A log-line (headline to imagine in news paper article)
2. A short synopsis (10 lines)
3. A long synopsis (one page max).
4. Put into standard play format.

Michael Nyvang September 28, 2009 1:06 AM One important thing to aim at, is to make it completely crazy, and have as well absurd humor and real disturbing situations or words / thoughts presented. In order to catch people laughing on something which is not funny after all.

SYNOPSIS

We are inside the head of ... someone, or something...

ACT ONE

Build on the text on the creation of the world from the bible, THE VOICE seem to be a perverted God working on something, for which someone apparently has provided some music, or promised to provide some music. But THE VOICE is not too keen to get started, fear that it has yet again to carry the responsibility for humankind and their problems.

THE VOICE is a manipulator, its orchestrations are orchestrations of humans, and its music is the emotional response humans have to being manipulated or seduced. During the first act, THE VOICE discretely give hints to the others about the things they could steal. THE VOICE begin to set things up, and thus in act two everything is pushed towards extremes.

THE MAN and THE WOMAN, a naive couple, are attracted to the stage by the noise of the actions of THE VOICE (Throwing a bunch of old instruments on the stage, and the music being in strange ways created from this noise). They basically start fooling a bit around, play a bit on their instruments in their own strange self-invented ways. Then they find a robe in the mess of old instruments on stage, and pull it. THE WRITER is being pulled on stage like this, and later THE MAN and THE WOMAN try to do the same with THE ACTOR, however he shoot the robe, and they have to go off stage and carry him onto stage. THE ACTOR say at some point *"I am actor. I have not received my text, and really do not know what to say about all this"*, which in an absurd way become a comment to THE EXPERTs attempt to convince us about the necessity to be serious about creating (A philosopher essentially telling us to stop living and having fun, as it is impossible from a rational point of view).

THE MAN and THE WOMAN nevertheless want to play music, and they do this at the same time as doing **acrobatics** or similar. THE EXPERT turn into a very annoying music teacher, ripping out his hair and holding his hand on the head demonstratively every time they try to play *"Noooo, no and no! Breathe first! And will you get down from there bitch, you are supposed to sit on the fucking chair and read the God damn score - not standing on top of your husband - idiots!"* (This should be done like a typical Italian style street theater act). THE ACTOR is at a side pissed about that the couple has fun, and THE WOMAN feel sorry for him being alone.

Michael Nyvang September 28, 2009 12:59 AM It is not a requirement that they can do acrobatics, they just have to play in an unusual poetic way

A printer arrives in box to THE WRITER. THE WRITER start configuring the printer, being filmed in close-up doing this act. He use all his talent as a mime, to turn this act into a hilarious clown act, and all the noises the printer makes is amplified and turned into music. He don't pay attention to the others, and are completely preoccupied by finishing the play.

THE WOMAN and THE ACTOR find each other in a video filmed sequence, they mutually seduce each other and she thus cheat on her beloved man. We see THE MAN next to this film in a lonely, but harmonious situation, playing his trumpet near the sea. At the end of this film, THE EXPERT suddenly appear and catch THE MAN with a net.

ACT TWO

THE EXPERT has turned THE MAN into a percussion instrument, and tied him up. Throughout ACT TWO THE MAN remain tied up and gagged. THE EXPERT try to teach him some music, by playing on him, he want his natural talent for music. At a side THE WOMAN appear, and THE EXPERT run after her, leaving THE MAN alone. THE ACTOR come on stage and find him. THE ACTOR is jealous, he want his love, his woman, and his music. THE VOICE persuade THE ACTOR to torture THE MAN using a bamboo reed from a clarinet and fire.

THE WOMAN regret to have left THE MAN, or cheated on him, but is discovered in her solitude by THE EXPERT. With the gun from ACT ONE, he forces her to expose herself, he want her music too, he want to se her sing herself to pieces. THE ACTOR save THE WOMAN, and all of a sudden the play itself brake down from a technical problem, and the composer of the piece must go on stage to excuse. But THE WRITER doesn't agree, and chase the composer off stage again, because, everything is as it should be.

THE EXPERT is furious about this nonsense, and now turns his attention to the audience, and the play itself. He give a super overly pedagogic lecture for idiots about how to make dramaturgy, criticize this play for being nonsense. At some point he say "*If you are creating worlds, you must have dramaturgy! Something that will make humans wonder what on earth can happen after this?!*" at this cue, a sudden strange procession is passing by behind THE EXPERT, who just continues and don't pay attention to "the war" behind him. THE VOICE finally get tired of all this philosophical nonsense critiquing its creation and disturbing the "fun", and tell THE EXPERT to go fuck himself in the ass. THE EXPERT is deeply shocked and realize he just had a revelation, a deep spiritual and religious experience. THE EXPERT make an important change in his life and decide to become a believer, a musician, a drummer (because its sexy).

THE ACTOR think now he can become a trumpeter, and be loved by THE WOMAN. He think he successfully stole the power of music from THE MAN by torturing him. But he got tricked by THE VOICE, THE WOMAN love only THE MAN, and tell THE ACTOR: "I will not tell you how I feel. Maybe, it is maybe forever." and leave him hoping in the twilight zone between love and no love forever. THE WOMAN then search forgiveness from THE MAN, but as THE MAN is gagged he can't answer, and is completely desperate, because no-one understand he really is in pain and just want to be let free. THE WOMAN is sad, give up, and walks away, thinking THE MAN hate her now.

THE ACTOR find the gun again, THE WOMAN is surprised by THE ACTOR with the gun, but THE ACTOR show her that it is just a fake, a theater prop. So THE WOMAN get all silly and plays a western girl, ending up pointing the gun at THE MAN, and shooting. Unfortunately the gun worked on him, and he dies from a head wound. THE WOMAN is in shock, for real, and untie him finally, but it is too late. He is dead.

THE EXPERT is now a religious man, he, THE WOMAN and THE ACTOR (as a hopeless trumpeter) play a trio around THE MAN's dead body, disturbing THE WRITER, who desperately try to finish the play.

But then finally, THE WRITER have success, and break the action to get THE ACTORS attention to the fact that the play now is finished! The others liberate themselves, reluctantly admire his effort, and hand the script demonstratively to THE ACTOR. But it is too late, the play has come to an end, the only thing to do, is for THE ACTOR to read the last line.

THE END

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

Introducing THE VOICE as a self obsessed manipulator. A God, or über-ego. Create the setting of this creature, who manipulates for its pleasure. Orchestrate people, the music being peoples emotional response to manipulation and seduction.

[**STAGE**: Empty]

[**LIGHT**: Black out]

THE VOICE (Off)

(In microphone with effects: reverb/delays and spectral modifications so that the voice seem half male half female, off-stage)

(up-beat)

(suddenly introvert and depressed)

In the beginning,

that will be the end of me.

(sighs)

I start again.

In the beginning.

There were darkness,
there was darkness!

(emphasize was, correcting error)

was!...

I start again.

In the beginning.

There was darkness...

...again.

(pause)

Anyway

Then I,

(break)

ah, it is time...

(pause)

And you are all just sitting there...

I mean, in the darkness.

(long pause)

(break, angry at everyone)

Have you any idea! ...

(pause, sigh)

Okay...

I start again.

In the beginning.

There was darkness.

Michael Nyvang August 13, 2009 7:11 PM STAGE refers to other scenographic elements apart from SOUND, MUSIC, LIGHT and VIDEO

Michael Nyvang September 17, 2009 7:30 PM

This is the theme, the initial "melody". 3 + 7 words. Up-beat, positive, then hesitating, doubtful.

In my name.

[**SOUND:** A click]

[**LIGHT:** On]

[**STAGE:** Instrument
thrown on stage

(ITOS)].

(pause)

[**STAGE:** Small ITOS]

Michael Nyvang August 13,
2009 7:17 PM An old instrument,
like a guitar or similar, is thrown
onto STAGE. In the coming this
action is abbreviated to ITOS.

Michael Nyvang August 13,
2009 7:19 PM A metal chime or
triangle or similar.

You worship me.
And I make you suffer, at times.
I make you die.
My answer to your prayers is silence.
Neither yes, nor no.
Not even maybe, or we will see.

[**SOUND:** A click]

[**LIGHT:** Black out]

Again.

Back...

to the darkness.

(pause)

You will feel much better that way.

(pause)

While I mess up your inner life.

Setting things up, and'eh...

doing stuff.

(pause)

To you.

Using your friends.

[**SOUND:** a click]

[**LIGHT:** On]

[**STAGE:** ITOS]

These are the women's instruments of music.

(pause)

My neighbor was supposed to bring a band.

Some people, to play.

But all I see, is this pile,

[**STAGE:** Large ITOS]

of instruments.

[**STAGE:** ITOS]

I hate to do things myself.

Its complicated!

Com-

pli-

ca-

ted!

(Pause)

Music is complicated.

A lot of work!

(With bitchy but charming attitude)

Yes!

[**SOUND:** A click]
 [**LIGHT:** Black out]

I make people do things to themselves.
 And each other.
 Play with themselves,
 and their children.
 (pause)
 I do not make the music.
 Its not my job, really, is it?
 You will be the music, it will be within you.
 Amongst your friends.
 Resounding.
 You do it, see?
 I am just setting it up.
 Creating the universe,
 and such.
 Thats my pleasure.

[**SOUND:** A click]
 [**LIGHT:** on]
 [**STAGE:** Sequence of 3
 ITOS]

Instruments.
 (pause)
 There was darkness,
 and then this prick sneaked up my alley,
 (pause)
 with his instruments.
 (pause)
 He has the heat turned up too much always.
 Playing his violin.
 Fiddling, with things.
 He is better than me,
 but people don't trust him.

[**STAGE:** ITOS]
 [**MUSIC:** Electronic
 musically composed
 sound designs mixed so
 that it sounds similar
 to ITOS noises begin to
 enter gradually behind
 as echo]

This is ridiculous!

[**STAGE:** ITOS]

Again: you play.

[**STAGE:** ITOS]

I just set it up.

[**STAGE:** ITOS]

In the darkness.

[**STAGE:** ITOS]

[**STAGE:** Seq. of 3 ITOS]

(gradually faster)

I get sweet young innocent boys and girls to spend hours and hours, fingering, sucking, blowing, dragging, pushing, bowing strung up cat intestines, nylon, leather, sticks and fiber glass coated metal boxes with skin, bones and wooden coffins of never heard of chords and God damn touching melodies!
The music.

(pause)

Its beautiful.

(pause)

Thats my pleasure.
To set it up,
sit down,
and listen!

[**STAGE:** Very large pile of metal (brass and metal junk / percussion) ITOS at once].

[**LIGHT:** Flickers and vibrates as ITOS clash on STAGE and then vibrates in less strong color mix in blue and golden nuances]

[**MUSIC:** Electronic music based on ITOS noises build up and culminates]

(Time passes while music culminates, app. 3 minutes)

[**LIGHT:** Flash over into white, steadies on white]

(Short pause)

[**SOUND:** Sudden click and then silence]

[**LIGHT:** Black out]

Michael Nyvang September 27, 2009 4:48 PM This could be done by dropping "a piano" or similar noise creating object onto the floor behind the audience.

Michael Nyvang September 19, 2009 8:39 AM Duration of 1 scene: app. 12-15 minutes

SCENE 2

THE WRITER enters, followed by THE ACTOR. THE ACTOR is horrified when he discover that the piece has begun, and THE WRITER runs away as he hasn't finished the piece yet.

THE WRITER

(Enters running from stage right, making a lot of noise doing so. In his hand a handful of papers. He is exhausted, and stressed out. He is sweating, messy hair, open shirt.)

[**LIGHT:** Spot on THE WRITER]

[**LIGHT:** follow the actors and turn of once they exits]

[**SOUND:** A different click than before, broken sound]

(Breathing loudly.)

What?

(Inhale, sigh. Look fast around, disturbed by the light.)

Where?!

Ahh.

THE ACTOR (Off stage)

(Annoyed)

But what am I going to say?

Are you done yet?

(Enters from right.)

[**LIGHT:** Spot on THE ACTOR]

THE WRITER

(Look towards THE ACTOR as he enters, back of a bit, somewhat shocked)

THE ACTOR

(Break, stop suddenly, look towards audience, shocked as he notice the light, and realize the piece has begun)

Oh my God...

(Panics, beyond reason. Overdo it completely hysterical.)

Oooooh noooo....

(Turns around, stumbling, mourning, panicking and run back out right)

(To stage manager)

Get me away from this horrible place!

(The stage manager push him violently back on stage, he stumbles and falls, get up again fast)

THE WRITER

(Look around him, fast and nervous he turns a few times, then run / crawl over the instruments on stage and exits on stage left).

THE ACTOR

You fucking prick!

It has already begun!

What am I going to say!

The audience is here!

Ah crap, what's this shit!

Will you finish writing!!

Give me my text!

What to say!

(Distress, panic)

(Run after THE WRITER shouting)

(Suddenly stumble over instruments)

(Exits on stage left)

[**SOUND:** Door slamming, fast steps on staircase, music retake universe from beginning, dissolves into huge distant space, echos of voices arguing]

SCENE 3

Introduce THE WOMAN and THE MAN as two charming and innocent child-like beings.

THE WOMAN

(Enter silently and unseen to position on stage-left, front, facing audience)

THE VOICE (Off)

In the beginning.

[SOUND: A click]

[LIGHT: On]

(Annoyed)

No darkness then.

THE WOMAN

(Look in front of her, shy smile)

THE MAN (Off stage, normal voice)

(Use real name of actor)

Eve?

(Pause)

Eve?

THE WOMAN

(Don't move)

Yes?

THE MAN (Off)

Where are you?

THE WOMAN

(Don't move, happy)

I play!

[SOUND: A click]

[LIGHT: Black out]

THE WOMAN

(Take screen, hold up in position in front of head)

THE MAN

(With trumpet in hand)

(Enter behind and a bit to the left of THE WOMAN facing audience.)

THE VOICE (Off)

In the beginning,
I created women.
Man found out,
and came,

[LIGHT: Spot on audience, seek out women]

[VIDEO: Real time video cam: follow spot, close-up on faces.]

Michael Nyvang August 13, 2009 7:58 PM When throwing instruments on stage, care to should be taken to keep one area free of stuff on stage-left.

Michael Nyvang August 13, 2009 8:14 PM A small hand held semi transparent screen to be used to project video on, or similar.

Project live on screen
held by THE WOMAN]

Searching.

[**LIGHT & VIDEO:** Fix on
a pretty one]

(long pause, keep tension)

THE MAN

Where are you?

(Ready trumpet to play, keep steady)
[**LIGHT&VIDEO:** Turn off
suddenly]

THE WOMAN
(Put away screen)

[**SOUND:** A click]
[**LIGHT:** On]

THE WOMAN
(Don't move, shy smile)

THE VOICE (Off)

She play.

THE MAN [MUSIC: Solo TRP]
(Start playing TRP)

THE WOMAN
(Turn head in profile)
(pause)
(Turn more, curious)
(pause)
(Sideways move to take a hand stand, facing
him)
(Move hand / feet towards him, end behind)

THE MAN
(Kneel down, ready to carry)

THE WOMAN
(Climb him)

[MUSIC: Electronic sampled remix of Solo I
is played back sounding louder and filling
out the room completely]

THE WOMAN
(Imitate playing on invisible TRP)

THE MAN
(Stop playing, take TRP a bit away,
look up)

THE MAN & THE WOMAN
(Change position towards floor,
dispose of TRP)
(Some acrobatic positions still,
then ending on floor)
(Exit slowly during video)

[**LIGHT:** Fade to black
out with the moves]

Michael Nyvang September 27,
2009 5:38 PM This action can be
another move, if the two
musician/actors don't do
acrobatics. Its just has to be a
poetic fluent movement; like a
ballet.

Michael Nyvang August 13,
2009 8:30 PM Coordinate so that
The man stop playing and THE
WOMAN start imitating at the
precise moment the playback is
kicked in.

[**MUSIC:** Playback
overdub / fade in music
for CL and TRP]

[**VIDEO:** Sequence (music
video) with The man and
THE WOMAN doing
acrobatics with their
instruments mixed with
other images]

(Time passes, while video plays, app. 2
minutes)

SCENE 4

THE WOMAN and THE MAN pull THE WRITER and THE ACTOR onto the stage and set things up in a playful manner.

THE VOICE (Off)

I start again.
In the be-

[**SOUND:** A click]

[**LIGHT:** On]

(THE WOMAN enter fast followed by THE MAN from other side of stage.)

-ginning...wait?
now what?

(THE MAN and THE WOMAN put aside instruments, in a vivid motion with occasional vocalizing similar to the preparations for a circus act they start cleaning up the mess of (fake old) instruments dropped on stage. Demonstratively showing them to each other and the audience. Happy fooling around, dancing/jumping over each other, and kissing, show love and affection.)

THE WRITER (Being pulled on stage)

(THE WOMAN find a robe in the mess, shows it to THE MAN, they put it over their shoulders, and pull it. On the other end is THE WRITER being pulled on stage on a rolling chair holding an inflatable sheep (Lolita) sex doll. THE MAN and THE WOMAN turn him around a few times on his chair teasing him. He displays a mix of embarrassment, confusion, joy and fear. Holding on to chair, trying to hide what he was doing to the doll, etc. THE MAN and THE WOMAN fetch a table, on the table is a bottle of Whiskey balancing almost falling of, they put the table in front of him and in general set him up. Then they take away the Lolita doll, he look disappointed but then look happy at Whiskey bottle, just before he can take it, THE WOMAN takes it away and put a computer instead.)

THE ACTOR (Being carried on stage)

(Once done with the writer, THE MAN and THE WOMAN find another robe. Try the same procedure, pulling.)

[**SOUND:** Gunshot]

Michael Nyvang November 18,
2009 1:06 AM Must be overly
vulgar.

(At gunshot sound they fall forward as the robe brakes. They look confused, and exits to see what happened. They return carrying a chair with The actor on, sitting looking annoyed, hands across, with a smoking gun in one hand. They put him down at far side of stage, THE WOMAN take the gun and look blameful at THE ACTOR, and disposes of the gun.)

[**MUSIC:** Duo TRP. CL.]

(THE WOMAN and THE MAN now return to their instruments (CL and TRP), take an acrobatic position, and prepare to play. They start playing a bit, but get interrupted by the sound of THE EXPERT entering, stop what they are doing in some strange position which can be held a while)

SCENE 5

THE EXPERT tell us that it has not begun, that it can not begin like this. That it has to be done properly. That we must plan our life and take things serious. That this is not funny, and you should not have a good time, but be serious about things.

[**LIGHT:** Fade to black, spot on *THE EXPERT*]

[**MUSIC:** Drum beats]

THE EXPERT

(With big drum and cymbals, start playing off stage)

(Enter decisive in military marching style to center stage).

(Shout hysterically at audience)

Will you stop laughing!

(pause)

I mean...

Stop it!

Errm...

Right...I mean...work with me here?!

like ... start!

(Look offended and annoyed raise eyebrows, question with your mimic at audience, and keep this tension, improvise stand-up style until someone laughs a bit, then break and continue)

and then.....

stop!

It haven't started yet

Nothing has begun

That is

if some was here,

then it has been nothing but mistakes.

[**LIGHT:** Twilight on full stage]

THE ACTOR

(In megaphone)

I'm here

THE WOMAN

We are here?

THE VOICE (Off)

A woman's mistake

THE ACTOR

I'm here,

we are here,

everybody is here,

even the audience is here,
 its just that guy over there who hasn't done his homework yet!
 (point to THE WRITER)

Everyone is ready!

THE EXPERT

No,
 No-one is ready.
 Nothing is ever ready!
 You are there.
 Behind me,
 fools,
 you have no words
 nothing to say, nothing to play
 you are nothing!

THE ACTOR

(Put megaphone away)

Hey you,
 look,
 I am sitting on a chair, I am an actor, acting!
 and I get payed
 I do my work
 Which is more than what you can say about that fucked up writer
 over there!

(point again)

THE WRITER

(Look uneasy, make signs with hands shake
 head, desperate, then hide behind computer
 and start typing, continue to look occupied
 and desperately working to get the text
 written)

THE EXPERT

(Turn the attention to THE ACTOR)

Payed maybe, but not laid, do you?

THE VOICE (Off)

Mmm, A woman's mistake, nice idea.

THE ACTOR

(sighs, look up, giving up)

THE EXPERT

(Turn away from THE ACTOR)

The idea as a whole is the point of it all
 It is serious
 You can not do this like that
 There has to be a point
 An objective and a structure
 Things has be done orderly

THE ACTOR

(sighs again)

I am actor, I have not received my text.
 So,
 I really do not know what to say,

about all this.

THE WOMAN

(To THE MAN putting her arms around him caring and loving, positive, try to save the situation)

Music!

THE MAN

[**MUSIC:** Solo TRP.]

(Smiles and lift the trumpet, begin playing)

THE EXPERT

(Slam violently on the drum and cymbal)

Stop!

Immediately!

You are not being serious!

THE MAN

(Back off and stop playing shocked)

THE WOMAN

(Look worried at THE EXPERT)

No, don't stop, why?!

THE EXPERT

(Walking demonstratively around)

No music, you can not just do like this.

Music is, and should be, well devised and learned.

You can not just play,

it must have meaning.

You are wasting my time,

and time is not to be wasted!

THE VOICE (Off)

Hmm, actor?

Yes you?

Hellooo...

THE ACTOR

(Drills a finger in his ear, and look uneasy, point to self, show with mimic that he hear voices in his head)

Hm???

THE VOICE (Off)

No sex lately?

THE ACTOR

(Look hungry at THE WOMAN, uneasy)

(Silent)

No...

(Louder)

No.

THE EXPERT

(Stop walking, look surprised and offended at THE ACTOR)

No?

No you say,

You think you can just put the instrument to your mouth and blow me?

Just like that?

Suck the essence of life itself into you?

Blow me away, sky high?

Just like that?

I tell you: no, no and no!

Music is to come from within you,

and to do so, it must be liberated by careful training and meticulous excursus!

Creating worlds must be planned carefully,

[**VIDEO:** Sequence with old scratched fast cut clips from a western or similar, a total messy horse chase or war clips, finish with nuclear bomb]

[**MUSIC:** Electronic music based on ITOS noises reappear and overpower the voice of THE EXPERT, who just continues to shout and gesticulate wildly]

Michael Nyvang November 17, 2009 2:58 AM Expand with improvised philosophical nonsense and rephrasing ad lib.

devised in meetings and gatherings between the best minds the world can present,

and then carried out well reflected, based on deep pondering upon the reason, and nature of human existence.

Choices! The choices to make, in the society, and! And, I tell you, as well in the music!

As is not the music the language of emotions? and are not the emotions the fabric of life itself?

THE VOICE (Off, loud)

Ah, emotions,
oh, I am touched.

THE EXPERT

Order must rule!

(Hit drum, wild look, time passes as after this video disintegrates to black and music to noise)

(Turn the attention to THE ACTOR)

God must be a fool, just look at you!

Sitting there,
doing nothing.

THE ACTOR

(Points to self, lift hands in protest, and then point towards THE WRITER who notice this and duck again as whipped)

THE VOICE (Off)

(Concerned, attentive)

A fool?

THE EXPERT

You must behave
think and plan ahead
it is important
there must be a point to it all

THE WOMAN

(Approach casually and curious THE ACTOR)
(At a side)

Are you sitting there all alone?

THE ACTOR

(Look at THE WOMAN but doesn't speak)

THE VOICE (Off)

To bad she has a husband already.

THE ACTOR

(Scratch ear again, and look nervously around)

THE EXPERT

You see?
Nothing is to be left to chance,
as then chance is,
that we all will be left,
in disorder!
Order is not to made, it is to be kept!
I stand firm on this!

(Hits the drum a few times)

THE MAN

(Kind of wake up at the drum, and think happily he can play now)
(Play trumpet)

[MUSIC: TRP. PERC.]

THE EXPERT

(Scream hysterically and chase THE MAN)

No, no, no!

(Banging on the drum, which kind of works musically with the trumpet playing)
(Stop both suddenly and then THE WRITER suddenly jump up from his chair and shout in choir with THE EXPERT)

Order is the opposite of disorder!
In the beginning order ruled the world!
Then man came!
Looked upon it, and said: WHAT A MESS!

(everybody join in on What a mess! Each with a different interpretation, aggressive, questioning, shocked, surprised.)

(Continue to play, and turn his attention to THE MAN again, chase him again, THE WRITER sit down again and type)

Stop!
Will you...
God damn it!

THE MAN

(Have fun teasing THE EXPERT now)

THE WOMAN

(Sits on THE ACTOR and laugh of THE MAN clapping her hands)

THE ACTOR

(Is uneasy, try not to touch THE WOMAN too much even though he is dying to do so and show this in his mimic, very horny)

THE EXPERT

(Chasing THE MAN off stage)

I will teach you!

THE WOMAN

(Just as THE ACTOR is cracking up and about to put his hands on her tits, she jumps of him and run happily after THE EXPERT and THE MAN)

Me too, me too!
Teach me too!
I want to play! I want to plaaaay!!

THE ACTOR

(Reach out for THE WOMEN as she runs away, and almost fall of the chair. With all signs of frustration and disappointment he rips his hair and gesticulates with his hands towards the sky, and crawl up in some defensive position on his chair and bites his nails)

THE WRITER

(Looks curious at THE ACTOR and picks his nose in distraction.)

Hmm...

(Then turns eagerly his attention to the computer and start typing wildly on it)

[**LIGHT:** Spots on THE WRITER and THE ACTOR, otherwise blackout]

SCENE 6

Music lesson. THE WOMAN and THE MAN begin playing, then THE EXPERT join and try to teach them how to make music.

[**LIGHT:** Dim the spots on THE ACTOR and THE WRITER, spot on THE WOMAN and THE MAN]

[**MUSIC:** CL.]

(From off stage, THE MAN carry THE WOMAN on stage while she is playing)
(Time passes app. 3-5 min)

THE EXPERT

(Enter without instruments, stop and put hands on hips, in one hand a music score with exercises)

What a mess!

THE WRITER

(Rise from his chair in the dark making noise doing so, and begin to shout)

Order is the opposite of disorder...

THE EXPERT

(Interrupt shouting, THE WRITER stop disappointed, and sit down again)

Not now!

(Shake his head)

Look, get me some chairs and music stands!
Then I will teach you some music,
but first...
get down from there.

(Point and stare at THE WOMAN and THE MAN)

THE ACTOR

(At a side in the dark, jealous)

Music sucks!

THE MAN

(Drops THE WOMAN in fear)

THE WOMAN

Aiii...

(Look annoyed at THE MAN)

THE EXPERT

(Turn around and go for the chairs)

You should be sitting,
not being carried around.

(Shaking hands in the air, his back to THE MAN and THE WOMAN)

This is not possible.
Pfft...

THE MAN

(Help THE WOMAN up, they take a new strange position and start playing again)

THE EXPERT

(Carrying two chairs, shouting)

Nooooo, no and no! Breathe first!

(Put the chairs down in front of them)

And will you get down from there bitch,
you are supposed to sit on the fucking chair and read the God damn
score - not standing on top of your husband - idiots!

THE WOMAN

(Jump down, take time doing so looking at
THE EXPERT, cold bitchy flirt)

He is my man,
but not my husband. Mr. Expert.

(Give THE EXPERT a kiss on his cheek, THE
EXPERT is confused and disturbed by this).

THE ACTOR

(At a side, in the dark, hope)

Hm..hmmm...

THE EXPERT & THE MAN

(Get a grip and turn around to get the
music stands.)

Right...

(As he turns THE MAN begin to play again.
THE EXPERT shout and turn to stop him
once again, repeat this, so that every time
THE EXPERT turn, THE MAN attempt to play,
at end, they turn and look, turn and stop,
turn and lift TRP, etc.)

THE ACTOR

(At a side express his dissatisfaction, as
he is not participating in the fun)

THE EXPERT & THE MAN & THE WOMAN

(THE WOMAN joins in, and the rest of this
scene an improvised music lesson following
the Italian street theater tradition should
be devised, ending with THE WOMAN and THE
MAN sitting paralyzed on the chairs not
daring to play anything, nor breathing or
take their instruments down, shaking)

THE EXPERT

(Satisfied)

That's better,
now we are getting somewhere.

[**VIDEO:** Live feed
close-up on THE WOMANS
face as she hold her
breath and suffocates]

(Silence, keep still for a long time)

THE WRITER
(Come looking to see what's up)

THE EXPERT
(Lift his hands in slow motion to start conducting. Just as he is about to begin, THE WRITER taps him on his back)
(Sudden shock and tempo change, now everything passes very fast)

AAAARRRH!

THE WRITER
(Screams too, shocked over THE EXPERT)

MUAARRRH!

(repeat a few times, THE EXPERT shocked over THE WRITER screaming)

THE ACTOR
(Jumps up and hurry towards THE MAN, steal his TRP, THE MAN pursues him screaming too, THE WOMAN stay put on chair as if she can't breathe, no one has told her to breathe, and she is waiting, video follow this)

THE EXPERT

Jesus!

THE WRITER

Where!?

THE EXPERT

God??!

THE WRITER
(Look around and up in fear)

ARRRH! You?!

THE EXPERT

The creator!!?

THE WRITER
(Look questioning, points to self, then shout in panic)

I need a printer!

THE EXPERT
(Rips hairs out)

The printer,
a holy brother!

THE WRITER
(Shocked)

Holy shit!

THE EXPERT
(Open arms to embrace THE WRITER)

scribe!

THE VOICE (Off, shout panicking)
Is there a printer in the room?!

[SOUND: Siren]

THE WRITER

(Panics and avoid THE EXPERTS attempt to embrace him)

ARRRRH! Don't touch me!
I'm into sheep!

(Back of, and run for his life, THE EXPERT pursue him, they run off stage)

(The stage manager come running in with a printer in a box, look confused and shy around him, then notice THE WOMAN, who is now almost fainting trying to hold back the sound of the CL. The stage manager look and attempt to give the printer to her, in this very moment she can't keep her breath any longer, give a loud squeak through the CL, and faints)

THE EXPERT (Off stage, shouting)

Nooooooo...!

(The stage manager put the printer down, and save himself off stage, time passes)

THE MAN

(Come walking back on stage with his TRP in hand, looking annoyed at it to see if it is okay, continue walking off stage without noticing THE WOMAN)

THE ACTOR

(Follow once THE MAN has exited, he has a blue eye or similar, look annoyed, he walk to THE WOMAN, as if he knew she was there, and drag her off stage to the other side)

[**LIGHT:** Fade to black,
spot on the printer in
the box]

SCENE 7

THE WRITER find the printer, and start configuring it and discover that this is not such a simple matter.

[**LIGHT:** Spot follow THE WRITER and create an intimate space around his act, otherwise blackout]

[**VIDEO:** Live feed, film details of hand movement and facial expressions in close up]

[**MUSIC:** The music is constructed electronically from the type of sounds a printer make when being setup. The sound operator or orchestra (keyboards) should follow the mime act by THE WRITER closely, so that mime and sound act/react on each other.]

THE WRITER

(Enter and find the printer, throughout SCENE 7 he meticulously unpack and begin to configure / setup the printer, exaggerating each little annoying part of it, using all his talent as a mime/clown to develop this into a completely hilarious Buster Keaton style mime act. Turning his back to the printer, after waiting too long for something to happen, cause the printer to resound, reading in the manual, pressing ten buttons cause one small bip, then pressing one, cause a whole inferno of bzzzt, bips and squeaks, which by electronic means is turned into an impressive music ... he grab his head in despair, try again to approach the printer, with caution and fear, attaching the printer cause it to spew out a whole stack of white papers in his face, and so on).

SCENE 8

The stage turns black, and two videos filmed in advance as scenes in a movie is displayed side by side. THE ACTOR and THE WOMAN outside in a park, and THE MAN alone playing the TRP outside at the sea. At times sounds and vocalizations from THE WRITER and the printer kick in, but get dispersed in a huge echo space, as if we are now far away from him. This should be done progressively as a transition from SCENE 7.

Michael Nyvang November 18, 2009 1:21 AM NB, THE ACTOR have a blue eye from scene 6

[VIDEO THE ACTOR & THE WOMAN]

{

(asynchronous on split screen with video below. Evening in a park, with dim lights serene and silent, the woman lies on her back, and wake up, the actor kneel beside her, and help her up as she wake up.)

THE WOMAN

What happened?

THE ACTOR

You were playing.

THE WOMAN

I was playing?

THE ACTOR

Mmm...

THE WOMAN

(Sitting up, holding his hand, look lost)

I don't remember.

THE ACTOR

Is there anything to remember,
I mean,
nothing has begun yet.

THE WOMAN

I don't know,
maybe?

(Look at him)

You are all alone,
are you not?

THE ACTOR

(Hesitate)

I don't know

THE WOMAN

(Curious)

You don't know?

THE ACTOR

I am nobody,

no-one has told me what to say,
or who I am.
So, yes...
i don't know.

THE WOMAN

But you must have someone?
No-one can have nobody.

THE ACTOR

I love no-one,
and miss,
no-body.
I am none.
Am empty canvas,
living nowhere.

THE WOMAN

(Get up, and pull him up with her, laughing
a bit, tease)

And I am not a painter,
i am a musician!
I can not tell you what to be.

THE ACTOR

You have a man, and...

THE WOMAN

(Interrupt, and put her hand on his mouth,
and hold him, flirt a bit)

Sshh...

THE ACTOR & THE WOMAN

(Stand like this a bit, looking at each
other, then he turns away and walks a bit,
then turn and look at her)

...and, you have your music.
Together.
You two.

THE WOMAN

He is not my man,
I mean,
maybe, or...
maybe he is just a friend.
That depends...

THE ACTOR

(Rude)

On his income?

THE WOMAN

(Coquette)

Who knows,

THE ACTOR

...or his trumpet?

THE WOMAN

(Slightly annoyed)

First we must eat,

and then,
we can play.

(pause)

And why do you care anyway?

THE ACTOR

(hesitate and look down, away)

I am sorry,
I was being rude.

(pause)

I believe in nothing,
have no illusions.
Eat nothing.
Live nowhere.
I am not even here.

[**Visual effect:** Make
the actor fade into
transparency, until the
woman, say "I believe
you have a body"]

THE WOMAN

(Laugh, walk to him and reach for his hand)

You are nothing but an illusion,
mister no-body...
...and that is the good part of you.
haven't been spoiled yet,
like a virgin.

(touch him a bit, testing)

hmm, I believe you have a body?
After all.

THE ACTOR

An illusion,
you have it all,
your love,
your music,
your part to play.
Your man.

THE WOMAN

You are being jealous

THE ACTOR

On what?

THE WOMAN

(Coquette)

My income?

THE ACTOR

Now you are being rude...

THE WOMAN

or my body?

THE ACTOR

...even more so.

THE WOMAN*(serious)*

or,
the man?

THE ACTOR

*(grab her, and hold her, they stand like
this a while, she then liberates herself
and walks a bit.)*

THE WOMAN

You know,
that thing you have,
this nothingness...

(pause)

Have you ever thought about...
that this might be - erh...
something...

(Look at him)

desirable?

THE ACTOR*(Don't speak, look at her)***THE WOMAN**

That some-one might desire,
some-body who has nothing?

(pause)

not even a desire,
for you?

THE ACTOR

Everyone want's to be desired.
That's rubbish.

THE WOMAN

Maybe not.

(pause)

Maybe some-one,
want's to desire,
some-body from a distance.
Something admirable.

(pause)

Some-one worth dreaming about,
an empty canvas,
a space,
you can fill out,
yourself.
A silence,
where your music can come,
into being,
without disturbances.

THE ACTOR

There is nothing admirable about nothing...

THE WOMAN*(Interrupt, look at him, direct)*

Do you want a one-night stand with me?

THE ACTOR*(Surprised, nervous laugh a bit, shake his head)*

No,
 hey look...
 that is a bit fast isn't it?

THE WOMAN

We don't have all evening,
 the show must go on,
 and besides,
 I must play again,
 at least,
 I suppose so.

THE ACTOR

And what if I want your something?

THE WOMAN

My something?
 My somethings...
 like?

(Put her hands to her breasts, and push them teasingly forward)

You want these kind of things?

THE ACTOR*(Move forwards to her, take her hands away, and open her shirt a bit, then he point to her heart)*

Like your something.
 Like that kind of thing.

THE WOMAN*(Look down and take his hand, look where it points)*

My that kind of thing?

(pause)

You want my heart?

THE ACTOR*(Kiss her)*

I want your everything.

THE WOMAN*(Whispering, breathless)*

Pervert.

(They kiss)

}

[VIDEO: THE MAN]

[MUSIC: Solo TRP.]

{

(THE MAN is outside near the sea, on a hilltop or similar nature. He is playing his TRP., at times looking around, sitting down, trying out some riffs, and improvise. Looking at the sea. At times a CL. seem to appear in the sound. The sound and images should be treated so that they appear to flicker and shake, as if blown away by the wind. The sound come and go, and get intermingled by noise as a bad reception on a long distance TV/radio receiver. The length of the video should be as long as the video with the woman and the actor. At the end, the last moment, where the actor and the woman is kissing, THE EXPERT should all of a sudden come running into the picture and capture the man with a large net, dressed up like some silly German hunter, with a little hat on.)

}

[LIGHT: Blackout]

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE 1

THE EXPERT has captured THE MAN and tied him up on a chair, in order to teach him some music.

[**LIGHT:** On, cold neon]

THE MAN

(Tied up on a chair on a plateau and gagged, with a drum tied between his knees, and a (fake old) TRP. taped on his head as a silly hat)

Mmmfff, you'fff ffffuck mmmphf idiofft ...

(improvise, protesting loudly)

THE EXPERT

(Standing in front of THE MAN dressed up as in the video in ACT ONE, SCENE 8, holding a pair of drumsticks)

You sit there!

(hit drum)

THE MAN

(pain)

Arrh...

THE EXPERT

(tapping at the TRP. on his head)

You little man,
there!

THE MAN

(Shake head to avoid THE EXPERT)

THE EXPERT

Running away to the sea,
facing nature,
you think you can,
run away?
Evade?

(Hit drum)

Time?

(Hit the drum a few times)

Rhythm,

(Hit drum more)

meter and knowledge!

(Hit drum, finish on TRP.)

THE MAN

(Attempt to say this, even though gagged)

You!
prick!
will you....

untie me!
 ...I'll show you where you can put that fucking trumpet...
 you, fucking, bleeding, stupid God damn idiot!!
 (improvise, protest loudly)

EVERYONE (Off and on stage)

(THE MAN try the best he can say this too,
 even though being gagged)

Order is the opposite of disorder,
 in the beginning order ruled the world,
 then man came,
 looked upon it,
 and said:

(shouting)

WHAT A MESS!

THE EXPERT

Yes!
 Fight!
 For what is right!
 (pause)
 But then again,
 how to know,
 that what you think is right,
 is not wrong,
 for eternity?
 (pause)
 The truth!
 (hit the drum violently)
 My dear,
 the truth,
 is what is at work here.

THE MAN

(Sighs and mourns, look up in the air)

THE EXPERT

Choose!
 Make up your mind,
 which note to play first,
 then the next,
 and in which order,
 how fast and how loud!

(pause)

Only

(hit drum)

the

(hit drum)

right

(hit drum)

one

(hit drum)

will

(hit drum)

really

(hit drum)

do!

(play drum and chair, using the TRP. on THE MAN's head as a cymbal)

(Time passes as THE EXPERT play an improvised percussion solo on THE MAN, all the wrong notes so to speak)

THE WOMAN

(Sneak in from the side, with the CL. and play improvised intense noise, approach a bit, then retreat. Repeat this a few times.)

THE EXPERT

(continue playing, at side noticing THE WOMAN, stop and turn, she retreat, THE EXPERT then continue to play, she approach, repeat)

THE EXPERT

(finally release himself from playing, surprise THE WOMAN, and point at her with the drum stick)

You!

Unfaithful!

Give me your music!

(chase her around and then off stage)

THE WOMAN

(scream and run away, THE EXPERT follow her out waving his hands with the drumsticks in the air)

SCENE 2

THE WRITER pass casually the stage, with a pile of papers, followed by *THE ACTOR* who then get persuaded by *THE VOICE* to torment *THE MAN*.

THE WRITER

(Come walking onto stage with a pile of papers in his hands, notice *THE MAN*)

THE MAN

(Mourns, try to ask to be let loose, but his voice is muffled by the gag still)

THE WRITER

(look distracted at him, hesitate, look at the audience, then continue in haste out off stage fiddling with his papers)

THE ACTOR

(Enter in slower tempo, stop and look at *THE MAN*, approach slowly)

THE MAN

(Mourns again, moves, signals to be let free)

THE ACTOR

(dry sarcasm)

Musician, or instrument?

(tap *THE MAN* on his knees, caress his legs, pause)

Or both?

(pause, thoughtful, then walk away a bit)

You seem to be very attached to your job...

... a bit tied up...

(pause, turn and look at *THE MAN*)

Strung out.

(Begin walking around again, hands in pockets)

But maybe that's good,

then,

at least...

We know where we have you...

...mister trumpeter.

THE VOICE (Off)

Of all what he has,
actor...

THE ACTOR

(Thoughtful. Stop in front of *THE MAN* and tap a few times on the drum with one hand. Investigate *THE MAN*, his head, legs, feet, and similar.)

THE VOICE (Off)

All this,
 which is within him.
 This,
 which is not within you.
 That you can not have,
 in your emptiness.
 Your nothingness,
 Your no-body.

(pause)

Is this something you really want?

(pause)

Actor?

(pause)

Or maybe...
 I mean...
 is it just something,
 you do not want him,
 to have?
 At least,
 not any longer?

THE ACTOR

(Walking away, hands in pockets again)

You know...
 I believe we might have,
 a common friend.
 At least now,
 we seem to do.

THE MAN

(Looks at THE ACTOR, questioning)

THE ACTOR

(Find something in his pocket, the reed of a CL., hold it up and look at it)

A charming one even.
 Maybe?
 Is it your muse,
 is it?
 Your inspiration?
 An angel?

THE MAN

(Look uneasy, and questioning, disbelief)

Or is it the devil,
 dressed like an angel.
 You can never know,
 can you?
 Unfaithful?
 Is she?

THE MAN

(Shake his head, uneasy, mourns)

THE VOICE (Off)

If you can not put him away,
 actor,
 or rid him from his richness
 Then,
 who knows,
 he could be your instrument?
 (pause)
 I mean, to play,
 or for her to play?
 You would just have to tune him,
 a bit.
 And there are ways to do this.
 Then,
 you know,
 once she has finished playing,
 she might put him away.
 And you wouldn't have to bother with it.
 No bad consciousness,
 that is,
 if nothing can have consciousness.
 At all?
 ...and if not?

THE ACTOR

(Looking at the CL. reed in his hand, then while speaking THE ACTOR break the reed into smaller pieces, and light a torch or other light in front of THE MAN, taking of his shoes, and preparing to torture him with glowing bamboo splinters, to tune him, the instrument)

A piece of wood.
 A part of nature,
 which can have many applications,
 find many uses.
 A bamboo tree,
 setting leaves of the same roots for centuries,
 and then blossoming only once,
 all around on this planet,
 simultaneous,
 just before dying.
 Flowers of exceptional beauty,
 calling for the carriers of honey.
 Love me!
 Multiply!
 We want!
 (pause)
 To love only once,
 love one,
 someone special,

and then never again?
 Or none,
 to die,
 empty,
 without ever having loved,
 nor lost,
 never won,
 nor fought,
 dared or tried,
 never desired,
 or allowed being desired,
 never being loved,
 never accepted to be loved.
 Stayed in the void,
 as a non-existent,
 existence.
 A neutrum.
 Forever doubting,
 never trusting,
 forever hesitating,
 never making up your mind,
 and act,
 never acting?
 Always being real?
 (begin sticking the glowing bamboo under the nails of THE MAN's
 toes)
 Never pretending?

THE MAN

(pain, suffering)

[**MUSIC:** Improvisations
 on the sampled
 instrument "The knife"
 based on bowed cymbal
 and cymbalum sounds]

THE ACTOR

(shouting, touching THE MAN, while
 torturing him)

440 hertz!
 An A!
 441
 442
 The tuning is rising,
 the tension increasing!
 What instrument are you?
 Which sounds are within you!
 Show me!
 Trumpeter, are you really a trumpet?
 Or more like a clarinet?
 443
 444

Counting the frequencies,
 finding the right tuning?
 It is rising,
 the tension increasing!
 445
 446
 How much can you take?
 Are you a percussion instrument,
 a bell,
 or a drum?
 Show me your nature,
 man,
 what are you?
 Show me,
 what to take away!
 Which strings will break?
 Which metal will fracture?
 Is there a bell in your heart!?
 Give it to me!

[**MUSIC:** Trio improvised
 noise and multi-
 phonics, BASS CL.,
 PERC. and "The knife"]
 [**LIGHT:** Spot on BASS
 CL. all of a sudden,
 and dim/blackout neon
 on THE ACTOR and THE
 MAN, so that they now
 are unseen]

THE ACTOR & THE MAN

(continue shouting and screaming)
 (time passes, app. 3 min.)

THE ACTOR & THE MAN

(has now become silent)

[**LIGHT:** blackout, spot
 away]
 [**VIDEO:** a video showing
 THE WRITER and his
 printer / computer.
 Close-up on computer
 screen, the arrow try
 to click on a "print"
 button, error messages,
 progress bars, etc.
 Hectic handheld cam,
 shaking image filmed
 with mobile phone,
 YouTube bad quality
 video.]

SCENE 3

THE EXPERT find the gun, chase and try to assault THE WOMAN to possess her music, THE ACTOR intervenes and save her. In frustration THE EXPERT call this play rubbish, and claim that it has no dramaturgy.

[**LIGHT:** spot on THE WOMAN]

(THE WOMAN is sitting with a toy TRP in her lap as if it was a little child, she is lost)

THE WOMAN

(singing, naive)

There was no-one
and then I came
There was none
but its all the same

There was no-one
and then I saw
It was nothing
and its a shame

I was some-one
and it was me
There was only one
so it had to be
You and me, you and me ... oh my man.

I wasn't here
I wasn't there,

I wasn't here,
I was nowhere.

(speaking)

I wasn't there, my man.
I was nowhere,
it was nothing...just nothing...didn't mean a thing.

(whispering)

Who took my trumpet?

(normal voice)

my trumpet?
Who stole my trumpet?
Where are you?

(pause)

I want you back.
I miss you.

Michael Nyvang November 22, 2009 1:11 PM This should get to the point where it will make you want to cry based on four standard issue dramaturgy elements:

1. The portrait of THE MAN and THE WOMAN in the start must be really touching idyl. They really love each other.
2. It must be clearly hinted that she had sex with THE ACTOR
3. The torture scene must be really awful, so we understand that THE MAN never can return to normal again.
4. She should be credible looking really lost, and alone.

(singing building up progressively, like a pop/rock song)

Who stole my trumpet,
 who stole my trumpet?
 was it you?
 was it you,
 who stole my trumpet?
 was it no-one, who stole my trumpet.
 Give him back,
 I want him now.
 Give him back,
 give him back.

Who took my trumpet,
 who took my trumpet?
 Was it you?
 Was it you,
 who took my trumpet?
 was it nothing, who took my trumpet.
 Give him back,
 I want him now.
 Give him back,
 give him back, to me.

(repeat, continue to build up and improvise)

THE EXPERT

(stand looking down, on the floor is the gun from ACT ONE, SCENE 4, he bend down and pick it up, investigate it a bit, then arm it and turn towards THE WOMAN, point it at her, and interrupt the song...)

Bitch.

THE WOMAN

(surprised by THE EXPERT, move up and back off in fear and surprise, loose the TRP falling on floor)

You?!

THE EXPERT

Strip!

THE WOMAN

(shake head, move back a bit, nervous)

What?

THE EXPERT

(fire a gunshot over her head)

Do it!

THE WOMAN

(breathe nervous, shake head, and then eventually reluctantly slowly begin to open her shirt)

THE EXPERT

Not like that! (look a bit, but then stop her)

THE WOMAN
(stop confused, nervous, breathless)

What?

THE EXPERT
(pause, then real fast.)

I want your music!

Strip!
Go on stage,
and sing!
Expose yourself,
show me your inner,
your emotions,
your naked interior!
Eat yourself up,
and strip!
Give us a good show,
then drug yourself,
and die bitch!

THE WOMAN
(break, surprised, get a grip and now no longer nervous, annoyed and offended, shouting, heavy British accent)

What??
You guys!
you are all fucking perverts!!

THE EXPERT
(fire the gun at a side towards THE MAN, hysterical)

Michael Nyvang November 22, 2009 1:56 PM Time the shot and the lights / video so that the shot go off, and THE MAN get hit simultaneous.

Sing!

[**LIGHT:** Suddenly spot on THE MAN suffering, sweating, almost unconscious]

THE MAN
(Get hit in the knee, blood and bone splinters splash out)

[**VIDEO:** a short clip showing a knee cap being hit by a bullet, or other gore in close up, cut in short sequences, variate tempo, show all details and angles]

THE WOMAN
(scream, hold hands to ears, crazy shouting)

Irh!

noise, as if the sound system malfunction]
 [VIDEO: On one screen noise or test signal, on the other the text "No signal"]
 [SOUND: radio noise, or white noise buzz, a speak mic kick in a male voice saying "I think its blown, did you check the fuse?" or similar]

(pause)

[LIGHT: Suddenly on neutral white]
 [STAGE: empty, except THE MAN, unconscious, lots of blood from wounds, must look real bad]

(pause, someone peak fast out looking nervous at audience, then escape again off stage)

COMPOSER

(The actual composer (me), if present, go on stage. If not present, should be played by an assistant or a friend of the actors/ musicians dressed normal, being himself)

I am sorry to interrupt,
 but we have a problem.
 We don't know were we are going,
 and are having some technical problems.
 It also appears that one of the actors have suffered a serious injury, and might not be able to continue playing.
 I am sorry for this disturbance and ...

(get interrupted by THE WRITER)

THE MAN

(at a side, mourns)

THE WRITER

(come running or decisively walking, furious, carrying a bottle of ketchup, and papers)

What are you doing on stage!?
 Everything is as it should be,
 or,
 at least,
 will become!
 You have no right to interrupt the show!
 Go to your seat! Stupid!

(points)

COMPOSER

(protesting, pointing)

But he is in pain?!

THE WRITER

(ignoring keep stare on COMPOSER)

No he is not,
he is faking it,

THE MAN

(Wake up a bit, mourns loudly, and shake his head, as if he really is in pain)

THE WRITER

(to THE MAN, without looking, keep stare on COMPOSER)

Shut up!

(to COMPOSER)

for Christ sake!
Look!
Its ketchup!

(splash ketchup in the face of COMPOSER)

Not real blood!
Idiot!

STAGE MANAGER

(come running and grab the arm of COMPOSER, like a police officer, THE WRITER observe, then turn and exits, annoyed)

Come here,
it is not a good idea to disturb the actors while they are working.

COMPOSER

(protests, blinded by ketchup)

But,
hey...
wait,
look!

STAGE MANAGER

(force COMPOSER off stage little by little)

Come now,
are you drunk??
They will just think you are crazy.

COMPOSER

I am not crazy!

STAGE MANAGER

Yes you are.

COMPOSER

No I'm not!

STAGE MANAGER

Yes you are.

COMPOSER

I'm just faking it!

STAGE MANAGER

No you are not.

COMPOSER

Yes I am!

STAGE MANAGER

No you are not.

(improvise and repeat until well off stage)

COMPOSER (Off)

Besides its not ketchup.

(pause)

THE VOICE (Off)

(reflection)

Silence.

A silence.

A moment of silence.

(pause)

[**LIGHT:** dim to almost
blackout]

THE MAN

(Mourns)

THE VOICE (Off)

(As you would calm a child)

Sssh, ssh... so, sooo ...

(pause)

THE EXPERT

(entering decisively making noise)

What is this nonsense!

Can we have stage light!

[**LIGHT:** flicker
(movement reflect
anxiety/stress from
operator), spot on the
wrong side]

No!

Over here!

[**LIGHT:** spot find THE
EXPERT]

(play with this a bit, slapstick style, the
spot approach, then get afraid of THE
EXPERT, THE EXPERT point with authority to
where he stands, and so on)

Amateurs!

Can we have atmosphere!

[**VIDEO:** Accelerated
film of clouds and
heaven]

Can we have ...

no,

the music we will leave inside.

(walk a bit)

This is rubbish,
it make no sense,
has no effect on anyone!

THE VOICE (Off)

You little dumb blow whistle...
you are beginning to get on my nerves.

THE EXPERT

In this theater we should meet deep pondering,
words and thoughts,
which will make us
think,
yes think!
Think!
Just think!
Reflect on reality,
our role in society,
our lives and loved ones.
Transform us.
Illuminate our souls.
Make us change,
and develop,
mature and evolve!
See the light!
It should make sense!
Have meanings!
Meanings!
Ideas!
Stories!
Form!
And structure!
Not this silly rubbish!

(break, revelation)

I mean, look!
This world is totally fucked up!
Yes!
Who came up with this crap!

THE VOICE (Off)

Look,
hmm...

THE EXPERT

If you are creating worlds,
you must have drama!
Something that will make humans wonder,
what on earth can happen after this?!

(In background, THE WRITER come running
with his Lolita sheep, followed by THE
ACTOR bottoming the whisky, followed by THE
WOMAN, chaotic falling over each other and
shouting, THE WRITER trying to protect his

sheep, THE ACTOR trying to steal it THE WOMAN screaming "perverts perverts" and trying to hit them with a rolled up newspaper, eventually they exit on the other side)

Surprise,
surprise,
surprise!
suspense,
emotions,
and horror!
Drama!
Love,
tears,
and laughter.
Content,
the content!
Nothing but the content!
Should move!
Move!
Be moved!
Shaped and developed into cleverly designed forms and dramas!
Inspire!
Be filled with spirit!
Not silly inflated nothingness!
No and no!
There is,
nothing,
admirable,
about,
nothing!

THE VOICE (Off)

(to THE EXPERT, really pissed)

Hey you,
yes you, smart ass.
Why don't you go fuck yourself in the ass?!

THE EXPERT

(shocked, is having an deep spiritual experience, overreact, hysterical)

AAARRRRHHHHHHH!
What was that?!?!
My GOD!
Oh my God
(hands to head)
What,
was,
that!
Not,
No!
Couldn't be!

Could it really!
 GOD!!
 The voice of God!!
 Oh shit!
 Ooooooh shit!
 (overly dramatic eyes wide open, then hide face)
 I heard the voice of God!
 (throws himself to the ground, trembling)

My creator!
 Ahhh, aaahhh, aahhhh.
 I am just a humble one.
 Ahhh, ahhh, aaaahh.
 Pity me!
 Just a servant.
 Have mercy!
 I am the undeserving.
 ahhh, aaahh, ahhh. I am so sorry!
 I apologize! Forgive me!
 I'm not into politics, just a humble philosopher!!!
 (improvise, on ground shivering, crying
 pathetic)

[LIGHT: three spots on
 THE EXPERT, color
 change]

[MUSIC: Sampled
 instrument Old guitar
 chords, subsonic
 rumblings and noises]

(time passes as music evolves -
 improvisation)

[LIGHT: spots split and
 move away in perfect
 triangulation as three
 UFO's, then fade to
 blackout]

[VIDEO: A very faint
 still gray&white of a
 cross appears, then
 subtle crossfade to
 inverted cross, shimmer
 between the two
 symbols, then fade to
 black]

SCENE 4

THE ACTOR want to become something, and believe he now has the power to be a trumpeter, but *THE WOMAN* is not convinced.

(enter *THE ACTOR* and *THE WOMAN*, unseen on each side of stage in a twisted triangle with *THE MAN* as the third point)

[**LIGHT:** Spots on the the two, and faint red spot on *THE MAN*]

THE ACTOR

(Stand with the TRP in his hand, looking down at it, then lift it, investigate it, turn it around)

THE WOMAN

(look in front of her, expressionless)

THE MAN

(Try to say, in pain, silently crying)

Where are you?

Have you left me?

THE VOICE

(kind of mean)

Hum,
she play?

(pause)

or,
is played?
That little bitch...

THE ACTOR

(try to play on the TRP., make a horrible noise, look surprised at it)

THE WOMAN

(turn head towards *THE ACTOR*)

THE ACTOR

(lift hesitatingly again the TRP., then lower it, insecure. Suddenly turn head and look at *THE WOMAN*. Now more decisively he lift the TRP. again, breathe, and is just about to play)

THE WOMAN

You can not play.

THE ACTOR

(stop, lower TRP.)

What? Yeah ... Yeah, now I play,
as well as any. Look!

(lift TRP. try to play, horrible noise)

THE WOMAN

(resinate, small laughter)

No,
see, stupid!
you can not play.

(pause)

You are not a trumpeter,
my trumpeter.

(pause)

You can never be.

THE ACTOR

(nervous, looking around, towards THE WOMAN, then)

I want to!
I can do what I want!

(lift trumpet, try to play, desperately trying, lower it again, frustration)

I will practice!
I will work hard!
Study and learn!
Then I can become something!
Be filled,
complete.
Your some-one!
Carry you!
Your trumpeter!

THE WOMAN

You are no-one,
no-one can never become my some-one.

(break, look at THE ACTOR angry, meticulously pronounce each word)

You!
have!
nothing!

(pause)

An empty space,
a neutrum,
can not carry,
or support,
nor decide or,
choose.
Be decisive,
can not be!
Can!
Not!
Exist!

(pause)

As much as you might appear to live,
you are none-the-less more dead a live,
than my man,

my trumpeter,
will ever be,
dead. Fucker!

THE ACTOR

(fear)

No.

(try desperately to play again)

THE WOMAN

You have nothing but the privilege,
to be a mistake,
a woman's mistake,
in the drunken nights,
the weak moments.
My mistake!
To have no responsibility,
no relation to cultivate.
An empty canvas,
to be painted by the pleasures of the shallow city nights.

THE ACTOR

No...
but I have the power,
now.
I do!
I should have it.

(try desperately to play again)

I can be something!

THE WOMAN

From where?

(pause)

From where, do you think you have that power?
Who made you think it was a steal,
and not a feeling you lacked?
A heart.
Your self?
And the dare to be?
The courage?
To expose,
what you really are.
What is within you.

(pause)

You got tricked,
you thought you could steal the music.
But all you got,
is your emptiness put in perspective.
Your failure bend in neon,
smeared in your face.
Your nothingness,
framed and displayed.

(pause)

Were you an angel,

you would hover in the air without wings,
and could not fall through fires, thunder and lightning storms,
onto the earth,
passionately diving into a young beautiful woman's embrace,
not even this could you do.

(pause)

You are nothing but a fallen angel,
hovering,
forever trapped,
between heaven,
and hell.

THE ACTOR

(put all his effort into the TRP. fighting
with it, trying again and again as if it
was a question of life or dead)

THE WOMAN

(watch with pity, shake her head, a few
tears maybe)

THE ACTOR

(suddenly stop, and run violently to THE
WOMAN and grab her, try to kiss her, shake
her, desperately calling out these love
declarations in the hope she will love him
back if just he say these words, she is as
an expressionless doll in his arms)

I love you!
You are wonderful!
I want to love!
You are a great person!
I love you,
I will wait for you!
You are the best,
the most beautiful!
We will play and kiss and love!
Be with me,
You! you! you!
and me!
You and me! You and me! YOU AND ME!!

(improvise, prolong a bit, desperation)

This is how it should be!

THE WOMAN

(push him violently away, he stumbles and
fall to ground looking up at her)

Maybe!
Or maybe not so!
I'll not let you know.
What I feel, you will never know.
Mister nothing.

(pause)

[**LIGHT:** fade to
blackout]

THE VOICE (Off)

hmm,
and who knows?
If she smiles at you,
does that mean,
that she will love you back?
If she touches you,
that she desires you?
And if she calls you by your name,
does that mean she will stay with you,
forever,
and hold you in her arms,
carry your children?
What does it mean,
does that mean,
something?
(pause)
Maybe?
Its maybe,
baby.
Maybe.
Forever,
maybe.

[**SOUND/MUSIC:** Unreal
silent sonic buzz from
interference samples
fills the room]

SCENE 5

THE WOMAN get lured into shooting *THE MAN*, the gun hurt nobody, but *THE MAN* is not nobody. He is her love and partner after all.

(*THE WOMAN* move unseen to stand in front of *THE MAN*)

THE WOMAN

(stand looking at *THE MAN*, feeling guilt, because she cheated, but ignores completely that he is tied up, bleeding and in pain)

Adam?
Have I hurt you?

THE MAN

(shake head in disbelief, mourns, complains, try to say)

Untie me!
Help!

THE WOMAN

I suppose so.
It was nothing.
Just nothing,
it happened, I mean ...
things like that happen.
It just happened.
I didn't...
I mean,
really, ...
I didn't intend to hurt you.
(pause)

I love you, Adam,
you know,
you know I love you.
Really do. I really do!
You know that,
don't you?
Answer me!

(begin crying, nervous)

I can understand you don't want to talk to me,
or see me again,
but... but ...

(crying more intensely)

say something!

(grab his legs, on the wound in despair)

THE MAN

(pain, scream, protests, mourns, look at the sky in disbelief)

THE WOMAN

(give up, walk away, resignation)

No.
 You don't love me anymore,
 you hate me now,
 I am a bitch, a whore,
 I know.
 I am sorry.
 I have hurt you.
 I know,
 I'll go away, you are too pure, too good for me.
 you deserve better...
 I leave you alone, now.
 I know. I have to.
 What else can I do?

(stand, lost)

THE ACTOR

(at a side enter casually with the gun in his hand, look at THE WOMAN)

THE WOMAN

(See THE ACTOR, a bit uneasy, fast)

What are you doing with the gun,
 I don't like guns?

THE ACTOR

(sarcastic, back to being laid back and indifferent)

Don't worry,
 its nothing,
 just a fake,
 it wont hurt nobody,
 look.

(shoot himself in the head, nothing happens)

Try it.

(hand the gun to the woman)

THE WOMAN

(curiously take the gun, now more upbeat)

That's crazy,

(laughs, being silly, point to THE ACTOR and shoot, nothing happens)

its like a western!
 Bam, bam...

(Jump up as a little girl having fun playing a bit with the gun, shoot at the audience, then turn towards THE MAN)

Hey Adam, look!
 I'm Calamity Jane!

(use real name of actor point it towards THE MAN)

THE MAN

(fear, protests)

THE WOMAN

(shoot at THE MAN)

THE MAN

(get hit in head and blood spurts out of the wound, dying)

THE VOICE (Off)

(loud, sound FX double voicing, space, echo, mean horror laughter end phrase)

Gooooood work!

Ohhh, I listen!

Beautiful!

What a music I hear! She did it!! Excellent, a symphony! ha ha ..

THE WOMAN

(Shock and hysterical despair, scream.)

Oh my God!

Oh noooo...

(throw the gun away and run to THE MAN)

no, no,

noooo....

What have I done!

Adam!

Don't die!

I will set you free!

I didn't understand!

Never realized!!

Don't die! Adam!!

Don't die!

I never saw the robes, I didn't understand you!!!

You didn't speak to me!!

No! He can't be dead?!!

my man, my love,

my trumpeter!!!!

(improvise, begin untying him, shouting and crying, she struggle to get him down on the floor, and try to clean up his face)

[MUSIC: emotional
cinematic music take
over]

SCENE 6

THE EXPERT, THE WOMAN and the hopeless trumpeter THE ACTOR play a crazy improvised trio around the dead man, THE WRITER desperately try to protect his papers, and write the play.

THE EXPERT

(dressed up like a holy man, play a hand held drum or tambourine, at times look up in prayer)

THE WOMAN

(at first sit with a piccolo CL. next to THE MAN, then start playing)

THE ACTOR

(walk around, at times lift the TRP. and make a primal scream like hopeless noise with it, then walk around again)

THE WRITER

(come fast walking on stage with a pile of papers, run into THE ACTOR, who push him away annoyed, THE WRITER fall over the dead man, loose his papers, and start to collect them, THE ACTOR get in the way at times, kick the papers and blow the TRP., then THE WRITER kneels down on the floor and write frenetically fast, continuously getting disturbed by THE ACTOR)

SCENE 7

THE WRITER finally get the text finished, and break the chaos, calling the attention to that the play now is finished.

THE WRITER

(Shouting triumphant, with the play in his hand, his play)

Aaaand yes!
We are now completely ready!

(The others stop whatever they are doing, come and look surprised at THE WRITER)
(THE WRITER walks decisive over to THE ACTOR and hand him the text)

THE ACTOR

What?!
... give me that!

(Look at the text, time passes as he ponders and walks around, the others can't wait to see what's up)
(Then he stop, and look furious at THE WRITER who stand happily smiling)

But?
This is what we have been doing all the time?!
I mean?!?!)

(he show it offended to the others)

THE WRITER

(Happy, arms out wide)

Yes!

THE ACTOR

(Furious and shocked)

You crazy idiot!
Moron.
Mean fucking bastard!

THE WRITER

(Surprised and professionally curious even though THE ACTOR now try to strangle him)

Wffhat? I don't pff'think I pff'wrote that?

(Get saved by THE WOMAN, fall to ground)

THE WOMAN

Stop it!
You are breaking your roles!

THE ACTOR

(Fighting with THE WOMAN, she ends up on his back clinging to him)
(Look confused at the script, as THE WRITER from below points eagerly towards the last page and hand it to THE ACTOR again)

But...

THE WRITER

(Interrupt)

Yes, see?

You look at me, and then...

(eyes wide open, desperate crawling a bit
away on back)

just read the last line!

THE ACTOR

(Back off a bit and shake of THE WOMAN
protesting loudly, then he look into the
script, hesitate a bit, then with
disbelief)

I love you.

THE WRITER

(Nodding and smiling)

[**SOUND:** A click]

[**LIGHT:** Black out]

[**MUSIC:** TRP & CL.

recorded duo]

THE END