

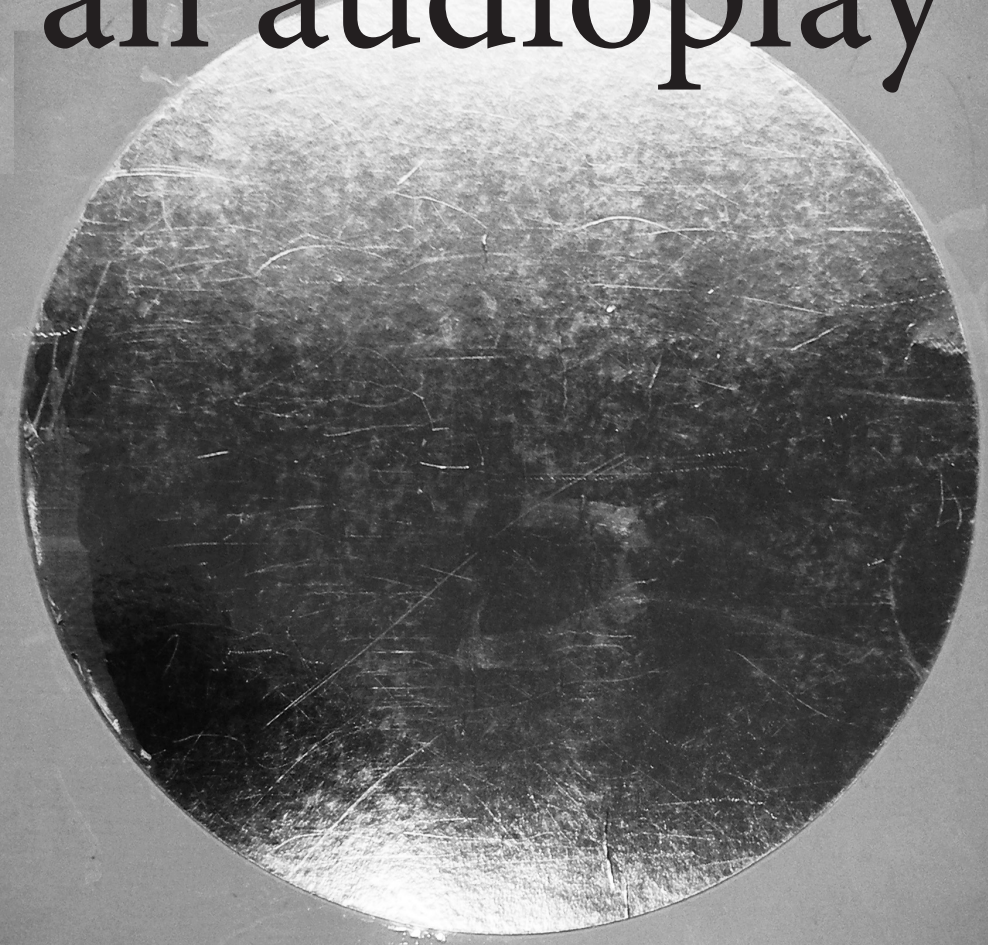


Becoming the form of an absolute. Expecting ... Steve Little ... the stairs ... a punch-drunk clown with two pairs of shoes and clothes folded authentically. The smell of tar swept past their lunchboxes through the little open door to an indifferent blue sky. She had no choice but to take to the roof. She'd been distracted between the sidewalk and the gutter. Indeed no sixth floor, that she might have. Embarrassed, Lauren knelt above the torch. 6R. And when she turned, like the building that she couldn't explain, relief was swept from her like the sound of her voice.

onestar press

onestar press adrian williams batsong, rehearsals for an audioplay

Adrian Williams Batsong, re- hearsals for an audioplay



collected excerpts

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Adrian Williams

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Batsong, rehearsals for an audioplay

onestar press

Adrian Williams; Batsong, rehearsals for an audioplay
Performance at APF LAB, New York 2009
Produced by APF LAB and Cay Sophie Rabinowitz
Music: Theodor Köhler
Foley: Turner Williams
Vocals: Malaika Alvaro
Narration: Adrian Williams

Preface

In the hypnotist's office on 72nd street, I found myself listening to his lisp with such an acute awareness, I nearly surrendered my consciousness and closed my eyes. He told me how it worked, what he did, how I could do it. He explained—using repetition, familiar vocabulary and a constant drone of incidental words delivered with conviction—that hypnosis is simply the process of losing oneself within a narrative.

This book is based on the performance *Batsong, rehearsals for an audioplay*, which took place at APF LAB in New York, March 2009. This performance was an attempt to tell the story of a female singer, plagued by the inability to hear her voice objectively. I wanted to depict a narrative about failed perspective through sound but, before we began, had no idea how to develop a situation to render this failure. Using scattered pages of dialogue, monologue, actions and instructions I'd written—along with lists of objects for imitating sounds, one small room and a stationary recording device with one microphone—four of us met for eleven consecutive days at the improvised soundstage to make noise. Each player fulfilled a role, by taking on an action or emotion, setting or sentiment, through sound effects, music and dialogue as we rehearsed. Scenes were played over and over and over again until we were so lost that, time and again, only the sound of footsteps down the sidewalk offered some sense of resolve. After the performance, I transcribed the 22 hours as best I could. This document is comprised of edited excerpts from that transcription. It bears the chronology of its realization, but other than that, the scenes were not performed in any specific order. The reader may open or close this book at any point.

Adrian Williams

Batsong

[*Tick-tock, tick-tock ...*]

I'd like you to come in and sit down. Make yourself comfortable, right where you are, that's fine. Relax. You're looking at the clock. It is an old clock, right up there in the corner on the wall. You see it right there? Focus only on the clock now, watch the long hand as it slowly turns, (five seconds paused between intervals while counting, on and off the clock) past the one, the two, the three, four, five, six, as you watch the hand turn; every time the hand moves, you are reassured because it keeps moving. You can be certain of that. You close your eyes. It continues to move. Your eyes are closed. The hands on the clock are moving, and will continue to move. You do absolutely nothing. I am going to count down now, from ten to one, and as I count, you will feel yourself letting go. You feel at ease, you are safe. You hear the sound of my voice growing distant as I count. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. You feel comfortable here. You are at home here. You see through the dark to a room. This room is familiar. You recognize the pictures on the wall. There is a desk. You see yourself sitting at this desk. You are working in the dim lamplight. You are working right now. You watching yourself at work. You are focused. You are writing something. You have been meaning to write this for some time. It's been weighing on your mind. Now every jerk of the shoulder give you a sense of satisfaction, of relief. You can see yourself, writing it down right now. Watch your hands holding the pencil tightly, feel the pencil between your fingers, your fingertips hard against the thin wood. You are writing about a dream. You read the words as they are marked on the page. You know what is coming at the end of each word. You feel each sentence breaching the idea of the next. The words on the page are your words. You know this dream well. You see the dream clearly as you write it, you are standing in the kitchen by the stainless steel sink, below a window. You are washing the dishes. Lower your hands into the water, feel the suds on your arms, soft and warm. Out the window, you see you are in the blue hour, the sky is sharp against the roof of the house across the way. The house is a mirror of your house. In the kitchen window of that house someone is washing the dishes. Dividing this house and yours is a fence. A bird lands on this fence. The bird is magnificent. It stretches its wings. You feel joy. This joy is part happiness and shifts slowly into curiosity. You have the urge to speak to this bird; you want to tell it something. You want to know what it sounds like. You know you could imitate its sound if you heard it. You wait to hear what it sounds like, for it to call out. As you wait, staring at the bird, it shakes its wings out and flies away. In its place you now see the neighbor across the way in the mirrored house, looking at you through the kitchen window. The neighbor has seen the bird and returns to washing the dishes. You return to washing the dishes in one, slow, circular motion at a time. The water has grown cold. You dry your hands on an old towel. This is the towel that you always use

to dry your hands. It has been worn soft; you have had this towel for many years. You fold the towel and set it on the counter beside the sink. You step away from the counter, put the last period on the end of the sentence. Now you are turning away from that room towards the dark. I am going to count now from ten to one. When I reach one, you will retain the memory of what I've told you, you will recognize these images and carry them with you through the day. When I reach one, I am going to tap this glass and you will return. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, clink.

[Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick.]

[Papers rustle, horn honks.]

[Door slams, keys jingle, lock door, papers rustle, footsteps down hallway, scissors swish, footsteps down stairs, slowly.]

Lauren always angry, couldn't be full of anything else. Why even now, inside her like a cold. Her body ached with reluctance. 4R, Jennifer Pith, Lindsey Massage, 5R. Kicking the cone on 5F, TV and Video Repair. Thrown by the velocity of heavy things, it tips over, revealing a smell that spun through the stairway, leading her thoughts from the kick to the fact that she had nearly given way to relief. Two men, but no-one was looking and the seams glimmered there, where there was no strength.

{Melodica, pulsing chords light.}

The seams glimmered there where there was no strength, and the seams glimmered there where there was no strength, and the seams glimmered there where there was no strength.

{Pulsing chords heavier.}

[Footsteps continue to descend the stairs and turn down the hallway.]

She was not going to see the box that happened upon her. On Vaudeville tablecloth, she is the quivering dish. There was nothing left, or to the right. Not unless...she was afraid. She felt her stomach, maybe her body was vying for a stick of chewing gum. Knowing that she wouldn't improve with one, she sought prognosis. The words on her face, sought the emergency exit. She would retch, on her way back down. With the sleeve of his voice, she wipes the fret from her brow before the hero's nameplate. It seemed like any room, the only real shot in the dark. Lauren didn't know why she was loved when singing, never knowing, attempting to subdue the writhing anger that crept inside her voice when it failed her. Muscles clenched to her bones, Howell Physiotherapy 4F. Becoming the form of a fictitious bush. Rebounding the stairwell like a punch-drunk clown. The thin odor of tar swept past the lunchboxes' cornucopic depths. Blue sky shone through that little open door. Indifferent, she had no choice and knelt over the torch with the vultures. The roof, somehow, gave her freedom. And when she turned out to be late for her appointment, atop that building she couldn't explain, her nerves were swept from her like the command of her voice. Lauren was nauseous.

[Door closes.]

Knelt over the torch, vultures on the roof. Somehow this gave her freedom. Atop that building, which she couldn't explain, relief was swept from her like the command of her voice.

[Footsteps walking down the hall and up the stairs.]

Lauren was nauseous. She searched her pocket, to tell her something. Dr. Morabie couldn't get inside her from here. 2F, Jay Stowe. She thought about the fifth floor, it wasn't far. She wiped the sweat from her forehead. After a few minutes, took off her coat, 3R, Ty Wong, 3F, Lauren lost sight of her hand.

Theme 4. Ahh, soft ...

[Glass underfoot.]

{Melodica follows vocal into Theme 4.}

[Footsteps on concrete, light, swift. Lightbulb bursts, two, three, glass underfoot, footsteps persist. Glass circles rim.]

{Melodica grows loud, then shifts soft.}

Vocal follows melodica, then stops.

{Melodica carries tune to a resolved swollen end.}

[Papers rustle.]

Let's try the water.

Whistling Theme 2.

{Shall I take that glass? No this is better.}

It's really short so if you would just do this section, slowly, we can stretch it out.

[Plunk glass.]

We'll go with the same structure we did before.

{Who enters second?}

Well, who is glass one, and who is glass two?

[I'll be glass one.]

So you come in first. You have to remember to go out first.

{Shall I start with the bow?}

You'll trade off. We are doing the second theme.

{The second theme. Not this one?}

Not not the third one. She's whistling. Okay.

Whistling Theme 2, slowly gains speed throughout.

{Bow on glass one.}

[Glass two, doinks, water level shifting.]

{Glass one, bows long piercing tone.}

Glass three, circling thin rimmed glass.

[Non-synchronous high-pitched sound, intermittent plunking, doink.]

Whistling stops.

[Glass two stops plunking.]

{Glass one strokes the glass hard, glass rattles table, this continues for some time.}

Third glass is constant whole tone.

{Glass one rattles to an end.}

Glass three stops with it.

[Papers rustle.]

I think we should do the stairs again. Maybe four flights. When we went down the stairs last time, we forgot the street noise. Is that right? I like the walking sound. Do you have your tape player?

[Yeah.]

Then I'll try and walk around you.

[I don't have a tape of the sounds.]

You have music.

[Yeah.]

We'll try it with that.

{What comes next?}

We're going down to the street again. Maybe, four, five flights of stairs. Why don't you come in with Theme 1, before the stairs?

[Door shuts, keys jingle, lock door, footsteps down hall.]

Clear throat.

[One flight of stairs, continue decent.]

Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin. I was in yesterday. N_ d_n't put me on h_ld. Please, I lost my v_ice. I was in yesterday. Hell_.

{Melodica begins pulsing chords, which intensify during narrative.}

This is Lauren Lipkin, I was in yesterday, I had an app_intment with the doctor and there's something wrong with my v_ice. N_. This is Lauren Lipkin, I was in yesterday, n_ d_n't put me on h_ld. Please, let me speak to the doctor. N_ I will not h_ld. Let me speak to the doctor. I'm coming into the office now. N_, I'm coming into the office.

[Footsteps continue to descend stairs, but are becoming slowly exhausted.]

That's strange, now it's fine. It's fine. I was thinking about selling the keyb_ard and getting a new one. Did you hear that? Keyb_ard, keyb_ard, keyb_ard, keyb_ard. You say it. N_, you say it. I'm listening. You say it. See, there's something wrong with my v_ice. I can't say the _. I can't make the _ sound, the _ is gone, I can't make the _ sound. I t_ld you, there's something wrong with my v_ice. I can't make the _ sound. The _ is gone.

Oct_pus, Oct_pus

Oct_ber

_riginal

_rient, _rient, _rient

Sn_w, sn_w

I can't say anything.

Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin. I was in yesterday. N_ d_n't put me on h_ld, ahh, please, I lost my v_ice. I was in yesterday. Hell_, hell_, this is Lauren Lipkin, I was in yesterday, I had an app_intment with the doctor and there is something wrong with my v_ice. What do you mean there's n_rec_rd of my visit. That's what I said. I was there at ten _clock. I was with the doctor for _yer an hour. Let me speak to the doctor. N_ I will not h_ld. Let me speak to the doctor. I'm coming into the office now. N_, I'm coming into the _ffice.

Oct_pus

Octaaahpus

Oct_ber

Oct_ber

_riginal

_rient

Sn_w, sn_w, sn_w, its snaw, its snawing, its snawing outside, snawing

_rient, _rient

_riginal

I can't make the _ sound, see? There is something wrong with my v_ice. I can't make the _ sound. I can't make the _ sound. You say it, you say it. Keyb_ard, keyb_ard, keyb_ard. Ahh Please...

{Melodica intensifies, higher pitched chords.}

[Footsteps loud, persistent, continue decent.]

Voice grown angry and becomes louder and faster throughout. Let me speak to the doctor! I will not h_ld. I will not h_ld. Ahh. Let me speak to the doctor, I'm coming into the office now, I'm coming into the office. Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin. N_ d_n't put me on h_ld. Please, I lost my v_ice! I was

in yester ... This is Lauren Lipkin, I was in yesterday, I had an app_intment with the doctor, and there is something wrong with my v_ice. What do you mean there's no rec_rd of my visit. That's what I said. There is n_rec_rd of my visit? I was there at ten _'clock. I was with the doctor for _ver an hour. Let me speak to the doctor. I will not h_ld. Let me speak to the doctor.

I'd like a coffee, milk n_ sugar please.

N_ sugar.

I didn't want sugar.

I said milk n_ sugar.

I didn't want sugar.

I'd like a coffee, milk n_ sugar please.

I can't say the _.

I'd like a coffee, milk n_ sugar.

I didn't want the sugar, I said, milk n_ sugar.

I was thinking about g_ing, I was thinking about, I was thinking about g_ing to a movie today. I was thinking about g_ing. I think there is something wrong with my v_ice. My god, did you hear that, MY GOD, I CAN'T SAY THE _!
_h my god. You say it. I wanna hear you say it.

{Melodica persistent, rapid pulse, jarring tone.}

I'm coming into the office now. N_, I'm coming into the office.

[Stop walking.]

{Melodica stops.}

Oh I forgot, the, well, we can try that again with a different text.

[Sitar music cassette playing.]

I'm gonna use that as you walk down the street.
Huh?

[Two sets of footsteps, walking around, tape increases in volume as it passes, then fades out again. Six times person with tape circles a pillar while the tape is playing.]

I think that might be enough.

[Papers rustle.]

{Tick-tock, tick-tock ...}

Come in have a seat. Make yourself comfortable. Take a deep breath. Look directly at the clock. Watch the long hand on the clock, as it turns past the one, the two, the three, it continues turning. You close your eyes. Feel yourself letting go. You will continue to listen to the sound of my voice. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. You are comfortable and completely relaxed, as if you were in a large comfortable bed. This is the bed that you used to lie in as a small child. It seems large

because you are small, it seems large because it is full of pillows. Pull the blankets up above your head, as you do this everything becomes dark. Now, inside the blankets, you are warm. You feel safe. It is so dark, it takes you a moment to recognize the smells and sounds, you are in the closet. Sometimes you hide in the closet. You are in the closet hiding now. The coats are dangling above your head. The smell of mothballs is familiar and comforting. You are waiting for someone to come and find you. You can hear their feet scampering across the floor. You know that you are in a good safe and secret place, but you are losing patience. You have been in this dark place for a long time and you want them to find you. You hear them running through the house calling your name. You are not sure if you want to spring out of the closet, or wait. You want to win the game? If you spring out of the closet, will they stop looking for you, stop wondering where you are? If you stay in the closet you remain a winner, if you stay there hiding under the coats, sitting on top of the shoes and boots that still smell like wet snow from last winter, than you are still a winner. But you want to be found. You want to be found. You are going to open the closet door slowly and step into the room. Now you will look for the people who are looking for you. You are going to call them by name and tell them that you are here. You are going to do this now and as you do this, you are going to feel larger and louder than you did inside the closet, when you were hiding, waiting for them to discover you. Step out into the light. The sun is shining down a wooden hallway, to the kitchen. In the doorway you find the person who has been looking for you. Now you are going to go outside together. I want you now, to pull the blanket from your head, and come back into that bedroom where you feel safe, the familiar bedroom. The blanket is gone. You are in that place where you used to feel so small. And you see yourself now, too large for that bed. Your body drapes the bed, in fact, you are too large for that bed. You are leaving that bed. I am going to count now from ten to one, you will not retain this memory. When I count down to one, you will wake up energized and strong, in ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.

{Clock stops ticking at, "one".}

[Papers rustle.]

Can I get you to sing Theme 3 one more time, really light? With the water, we're gonna do that one more time.

{Was it too strong?}

No ... the ticking?

{No, the passage before. The bowing.}

I thought that came off well. But I think we're going to try to do this one really smooth all the way through, no big climax, maybe just a slow build up.

{Subtler layering?}

Yeah, and when we come in one after the other, let's give it some more time.

[Am I stopping too early? I feel like I'm stopping too early.]

Just look at me, if you think that's happening, I'll let you know when to come in and when to get out.

Can I have a cue too?

[Doink glass.]

Theme 3: Practicing.

It might be better to take it really slow, and just try and get through it.

One time through?

Is this the highest, can you go higher?

Uh, huh.

Great, take it up there. Okay.

Theme 3: slow, challenged, climb the notes apprehensively.

[Glass doinks, clinks, non-rhythmic, various glasses.]

{Second glass bowing.}

Third glass circling the rim.

The vocal grows in strength but sounds incomplete; the vocal segment is finished after theme three is complete.

[Doinking glass, circled rim, and bowed glass stop nearly all together.]

Let's try that again, even slower. We are doing half tempo, so we'll extend it, and take the intensity down. Who is going to be first again? Why don't you come in first and go out first too. I liked it when you played this glass with the bow.

Theme 3: Slower, controlled, but not full voice.

{Bowing glass begins, drawn out pulls.}

Third glass circling the rim, almost throbbing.

[Doinking glass, shifting water level, un-rhythmic, sound.]

Shifts from ahhs, to ooo's, each segment, shifts and is shaken off for another go.

[Doinking glass is too loud, obnoxious, then stops.]

{Bowing stops.}

Circled rim glass stops.

Theo, we're gonna do the street again, like we did before, and you can do Theme 1 on the melodica, and you and I are doing this together.

Ohh, okay.

Why don't you sit next to me for the canon?

[Are we going to go out the door, or are we starting on the street?]

No, we're gonna go out the door, like always, so we can find our rhythm.

[Are you going to do the door?]

Yeah. *Papers rustling.* Hold on let me grab mine. *Looking for a sheet.* I'm sorry. It's around here somewhere.

Do you want to use this one, is this yours?

I made two copies, here it is. Today, oo, is not the O, so today, we can say that.

Starting when?

Down the stairs, like maybe three flights, Turner, okay?

{Shall I mute the melodica?}

Huh?

{Shall I mute it? *Playing Theme 1 soft on a folded towel.*}

Are you going to start?

No you, can start? Or I'll start.

No, you start.

[Door slams, keys lock door, and keys are put into pocket.]

Coughing, catching breath.

Coughing, catching breath.

[Walking down the hall to the stairs, descending three flights, fourteen stairs at each flight.]

Sigh.

Sigh.

{Melodica begins Theme 1, soft slow and gentle.}

Ah, a-hem.

Ah, a-hem.

[Footsteps are light.]

{Melodica increases slightly in volume.}

[Cassette tape fades in and out a few times, Indian music.]

This narrative is two voices in a canon, and the second voice will come in mid-sentence and continue to follow by ear, not by the sight of the words. Accidents, pauses, mistakes, laughs, cries and screams, shall all be repeated.
I'd like a coffee milk n_ sugar please. I didn't want sugar. I said, n_ sugar. I'd like a coffee milk n_ sugar please. N_ sugar. I didn't want sugar. I said milk n_ sugar. Ah, a-hem. Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin I was in yester...n_ d_n't put me on h_ld. Please, I lost my v_ice. I was in yesterday, h_ld. I was in yesterday. I had an app_intment with the doctor. There's something wrong with my v_ice. What do you mean there's n_rec_rd of my visit. You said there isn't a rec_rd of my visit? I was there at ten _'clock. I was there at ten _'clock. I was with the doctor for _ver and hour. I was with the doctor for _ver and hour. Let me speak to the doctor. I will not h_ld. Let me speak to the doctor. I'm coming into the office now. I'm coming into the office now. I will not calm down. I'm not fine. He did something to me. I'm coming down there now. I d_n't care if he has another app_intment. I will not calm down,

[Footsteps stop.]

{Melodica continues, pulses through the theme.}

I'm fine.
Oct_pus, oct_pus, oct_pus.
See, there is something wrong with my v_ice. I can't make the _ sound.
The _ is gone.
Oct_ber, oct_ber,
_riginal, _riginal,
_rient,
Sn_w, sn_w, snew, I can say snew, I can snew, I can say snew, I can say snaow, I can't say sn_w. I can't say sneeaw, I can say snaaaw, I can't say sn_w.
Oct_pus, oct_pus
You try saying oct_pus.
YOU SAY IT! YOU SAY IT!
KEYB_ARD, KEYB_ARD, I WANNA SELL MY KEYB_ARD, AND I CAN'T, I CAN'T, BECAUSE I CAN'T EVEN SAY KEYB_ARD. IT WAS TOO EXPENSIVE IN THE FIRST PLACE. I NEVER SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT IT. See there's something wrong with my voice. I can't make the _ sound. The _ is gone.
Oct_pus,
Oct_ber, September, Oct_ber, N_vember
_riginal,
_rient
December, it snews in December.
_rient
Does it snew in Oct_ber, I d_n't think s_aaaaw, ahhhhh, ah
See, I can almost say it almost.
What, um, there's something wrong with my v_ice. I can't make the _ sound. I think I just did, I think I just did. Did you hear it? I can't make the _ sound.
Now it's gone. Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin, I was in yesterday. Please

d_n't put me on h_ld. Please. I lost my v_ice. I was in yesterday. Not completely, just the _. I can say everything but the _. I can say, hi, but I can't say, hell_. I can't say, hi, bye, but. This is Lauren Lipkin, I was in yesterday. I had an app_intment with the doctor. And there is something wrong with my v_ice.

{Melodica slowed down and stopped before the narrative comes to an end.}

What do you mean there's n_rec_rd of my visit. I was in at ten _'clock, ten _'clock. I wasn't late. I was with the doctor for _ver an hour. For _ver and hour. Let me speak to the doctor. I will not h_ld.

Um.

[What time is it?]

I have no idea. Let's take a break for a few minutes. Oh, I was wondering where that glass went.

{I'm using it. That's my drink.}

We can't use it? It's a prop. I was looking for that before. (Pause) We can try that one, 'cause we haven't done any of those. I don't think we've read any of those. (Flipping through pages, lots of pages) We're gonna leave some messages on that, and play 'em back. So this is it, read it over, go through it once. Turner, you need to...

Why, does this say "Ms. Lipkin," then?

She's from the managing agency, she is addressing Lauren. So I'm going to walk down, then back. We'll go through it once, then... (Messing with cassette player) Turner, the record function is totally dead.

[Yeah, sorry. That one doesn't work.]

Is it broken?

[No I just disabled the record-over hole on the cassette, we have to tape it shut.]

Spoken into the cassette recorder.

This is Vanessa from Courtland Management, there have been some complaints about the noise coming from your apartment. The complaint is in direct response to your nocturnal teeth grinding. Now, these complaints have come from numerous building residents, who claim to have been disturbed in both the common areas and in their apartments, by the grinding noise coming from your residence. We at Courtland Management urge you to seek out and undergo treatment for this problem. If this situation is not resolved within the month, we may be forced to issue a formal warning. We do not wish to do that. You should be receiving a letter this week, detailing the potential legal ramifications following your failure to comply with this request. As always we at Courtland Management thank you for your ever-prompt rental payments and wish you a pleasant day.
Stop recording cassette.

Rewind, then play.

This is Vanessa from Courtland Management. There have been some complaints ...

Stop cassette, rewind to beginning.

Down the stairs, now, and outside, Theme 1. Four flights ... scratch that, one flight. You ready? Soft hum.

[Shut door, keys in lock, lock door, footsteps down hall to the stair case, papers being sorted, organized.]

{Melodica medium volume clear quick rendition of Theme 1.}

Theme 1: humming.

Play cassette.

This is Vanessa from Courtland Management, there have been some complaints about the noise coming from your apartment. The complaint is in direct response to your nocturnal teeth grinding.

[Between station radio fuzz, turned on, street hum.]

Now, these complaints have come from numerous building residents, who claim to have been disturbed in both the common areas, and in their apartments, by the grinding noise coming from your residence. We at Courtland Management urge you to seek out and undergo treatment for this problem. If this situation is not resolved within the month, we may be forced to issue a formal warning.

{Melodica finishes themes and resolves, tunes out.}

We do not wish to do that. You should be receiving a letter this week, detailing the potential legal ramifications following your failure to comply with this request.

[Footsteps stop.]

As always we at Courtland Management thank you for your ever-prompt rental payments, and wish you a pleasant day. *Cassette continues playing, the message is recorded over Indian music, and this switches on as the statement is finished and the Indian music plays on.*

[Glass circling rim, chimes in with Indian music.]

[Glass two, begins to chink, water changing levels, then a glass is bowed.]

Simple tones are hummed and carried.

{Melodica begins a pulse.}

She was grinding her teeth again, clenching and forgetting. Prying the long bright jaw, she was in with all her might. Dr. Morabie watched her chin, she ached. He did nothing to stop it. She sat repeating something. Thinking the knots loose. It was better than the clenching them shut. The comfort suit slammed them down again. He'd seen this before. Her eyes squinting, she was nervous, and lay on the exam table, her shoulder jerking below the blanket. The uncontrollable lump. There was no unreachable spot. Cupboards above the counter were ominous. She took comfort in the sidelong glances that she would soon take home.

[Glass still bowing.]

{Melodica still pulsing.}

Vocal hums to a stop.

[Stop.]

{Stop.}

[Turn off radio.]

Okay, I think that I have to bring in an answering machine tomorrow, because the memo on the answering machine sounds much better.

[Bowing glass, rustling papers.]

This one is still the same, but just keeps changing. The canon that you just did, can you do it again? Sit with me, and Turner. Theo, we are working on the third theme.

{That's your water?}

Yes.

You know what, listen carefully, when we get to "mercy," then we stop, and do the last line. Should we have the fan going on the blinds? *Papers rustle.*

It wasn't until Wednesday morning, the day after Lauren's first visit to Dr. Morabie, where she'd undergone various examinations and one short session of hypnosis, which she'd immediately forgotten.

I'd like a coffee milk n_ sugar please.

That she noticed that something was different.

I didn't want sugar. I said milk n_ sugar.

Lauren couldn't understand why the girl at the deli had put sugar in her coffee when she'd told her not to. She couldn't understand why ...

I'd like a coffee milk n_ sugar please.

When she'd told the girl three times, still she didn't understand.

I didn't want sugar. I said milk n_ sugar.

She'd spoken to herself at home that morning, but as one's morning ramblings go, she heard the voice, as it formed in her head, and not the voice that was actually spoken.

I'd like a coffee milk n_ sugar please.

And that's exactly what she heard, her voice inside her head.

N_ sugar, n_ sugar.

Smooth calm and familiar. She heard her voice inside her head as she spoke to herself in the mirror, as she buttered her toast, as she swept the sugar crystals from the counter with her hand. She slipped into her pants and struggled with the zipper.

Hi, how are you today,

Aside from the residual, light half-voiced singing, which usually carried her from place to place, she didn't say much else to herself that morning.

I was thinking about selling my keyb_ard, did you hear that?

Not after she left the house, not out-loud.

I think there is something wrong with my v_ice, my God, did you hear that?

There, she heard it.

Hi, how are you today.

What was that? Guard number three was smiling at her, not a devious smile, but the kind of smile that she would have given him, were he to dive into character on the street without warning. Would she play along, did he think he was supposed to?

Did you hear that?

It was getting worse, she had an audition in three days, and she couldn't show up without an O.

What is wrong with me? I guess I'm fine now. I don't kn_w what I was w_rried about.

She didn't feel like arguing, but she had specifically asked the sugar to be left out. There is nothing more frustrating than not being able to get your needs across, perhaps the woman was hard of hearing.

Keyb_ard, keyb_ard.

It was only two spoons of sugar, after all. Lauren miraculously found a payphone, which had been growing more and more difficult by the month. Dr. Morabie's number was on a card in her pocket with a folded piece of paper. On the phone as Lauren tried to explain her problem to Dr. Morabie's receptionist. Her voice lost all substance. The doctor was booked for the day. He really didn't have any time for walk-ins. The doctor didn't even take walk-in's, mercy, she was squeezed in. Lauren miraculously found a payphone, which had been growing more and more difficult by the month. Dr. Morabie's number was on a card in her pocket with a folded sheet of paper. On the phone as Lauren tried to explain her problem to Dr. Morabie's receptionist, her voice lost all substance.

What do you mean, there's n_rec_rd of my visit?

She shouldn't rush down to the office. The doctor was booked for the day,

he really didn't have any time for walk-ins. The doctor didn't even take walk-ins as a matter-of-fact. He was booked through the month and, yes, next month too, and three months from now, and there wouldn't be time to see him if she hadn't made an appointment, or someone made it, or it was someone he knew personally, or it was a personal favor from someone he knew personally. Mercy. Lauren miraculously found a payphone, which had been growing more and more difficult by the month, Dr. Morabie's phone number was on a card in her pocket, alongside a folded piece of paper. Lauren couldn't remember folding this piece of paper and putting it in her pocket, but here it was. Why did she have a folded piece of paper in her pocket with nothing on it, where did this paper come from? She was at the doctor's office yesterday, she was wearing the same pants. She just realized she was wearing the same pants she wore yesterday and there is a piece of paper in the pocket she can't remember having put there. Was it there to remind her of something? On the phone as Lauren tried to explain her problem to Dr. Morabie's receptionist, her voice lost all substance. She shouldn't rush down to the office. The doctor was booked for the day. He really didn't have any time for walk-ins. The doctor didn't even take walk-ins, mercy.

I'm coming down there now, I d_n't care if he has other app_intments, oct_pus.

She was squeezed in between 12 and 12:15.

{Melodica Theme 4.}

[Plastic bag, bread extracted, placed in toaster.]

Lauren knew that she wouldn't be able to hang upside-down very long, so she placed a piece of bread in the toaster and headed over to the bar to try it for the first time.

[Bare feet walking across the wood floor, jump twice, landing, on the third jump they remain in the air.]

It was going to take some getting used to, of course. Lauren had never done it before. It worked at the office just fine, there had only been a minor mishap, but she would remember to take the change out of her pockets next time. Hanging from her knees, everything seemed different. She saw the room upside-down, she remembered something her mother had told her. "Do you remember when you went upside down and you were hanging off the end of the bed, and you said, 'look mom, you're upside down,' but really, you were the one who was upside-down?" Oh yeah. Her knees were starting to hurt.

[Narrator pushes the memo button on the answering machine, records the following.]

I guess you haven't seen that doctor yet, because you would have called. Not that you'd have to call, or that I expect you to call, I just thought you'd let me know how it went, when you went, if you went. Well Judith has been asking about you, she did go to some trouble to get the contact, so I hope that even if you don't check in with me, it'd just be rude if you didn't call and thank her. I don't like being put in this position you know. I'm sure it just slipped your mind. So give me a call, call me anytime, I'll be home any night this week, except Wednesday; Wednesday I have a meeting with the river divers. Bye, honey. *Beep. Machine stops recording.*

{*Melodica continues.*}

She was hanging there for a while, upside down, starting to become rightside-up. The sofa looked funny as it floated on the ceiling, the floor was full of lamps. She'd never really noticed those spots before.

[*Toast pops, bare feet fall to the wood floor.*]

She heard her voice differently then too. As if up were down and down were up and all of a sudden those two worlds were meeting inside of her. It was going to be an interesting rehearsal.

{*Melodica plays out.*}

Let's try it now with the water.

[Picking up change, replacing it in the jar.]

Let's put on the radio too. Tune into something calm on the brown one. Something calm,

[Turning on radio, adjusting volume, tuning, changing from one station to the next, papers rustle.]

We need the water, okay?

[Looking through papers.]

Okay.

[*Finger on glass rim, radio is on, peeking through the blinds. The metal blinds bend and spring back with a loud snap.*]

Lauren didn't like the idea of Pinocchio, Pinocchio, her mother pulling strings. Had their talk last week been an invitation? An invitation last week for her, for her mother to call countless relatives? People she didn't know, but knew of her. Lauren must have known she'd get this call. That her mother wouldn't even bother hanging up the phone, before diving inside and rooting around in the depths of familial sludge to get at some buried wire that would connect Lauren to her problem and it's resolve.

[*Press memo button on answering machine.*]

Sunday 12 a.m.: I guess you haven't seen that doctor yet because he called, not that I'd expect you to...

Getting people she didn't know to do things on her behalf was an unsavory proposition and, though her annoyance was great, so too was her desperation. Lauren's voice wasn't what it was supposed to be, in fact, it had never been, no, she hadn't reached her potential, not yet.

[*Looking through blinds on and off, finger still, constant on glass rim.*]

But every time she opened her mouth and sounds emerged, it was as if, as if she was trying to push. Pushing something, that's the only way she could phrase it. It didn't come naturally. She'd been told her voice was beautiful, that it sounded natural, but nobody really heard what she heard. She was stuck in this odd place between being measured by the roles in which she'd been cast. Cast—what a word! So grossly reminiscent of a game of craps. A cruel word, she thinks, as if she'd been blindly thrown into something. Lauren had the feeling she was being undersold. That she was capable of more. That her current state was not a fact, but a kind of curable ailment. The result of mis-using her instrument. Because that's what it was, wasn't it? An instrument, buried inside her. Like some hidden box. It wasn't as though she needed to prove this to anyone, or anyone needed this proven to. Or anyone really cared but, of course, that was the point. Maybe they would care if it was good enough, maybe they would care if they could see that it was as special as she thought it could be. No, she needed to know, for herself.

[*Testing the volume on the radio.*]

Can we start out with a light rain?

[*Bucket is being moved around, stones are rolling from place to place. Something is poured out, gravel is being tossed rhythmically.*]

We need thunder, can you run thunder with your other foot?

[*Shaking tin.*]

I don't know if that really works. Maybe we should try the gravel, on the ...

[Try the what?]

Let's try the gravel on the shutter. It sounds more like hail on a car.

[*Dropping gravel on the shutter, it trickles down.*]

It's too loud. It's not soft enough.

[*Turns on the faucet in the bathroom.*]

Can you hear that? Can you hear the water from there? We'll take this one. Sweeping first, and then you drop the light bulb. We have no time frame on this. If you play Theme 4 backwards, how long do you think that will take approximately?

{Two minutes.}

Can you do it half as fast and make it four?

{Yeah.}

Okay, let's do that.

[*Papers rustling.*]

[Sweeping glass shards.]

[Finger on the rim of the glass.]

{Melodica begins Theme 4 backwards.}

At first she didn't notice, because that night she'd gotten up and she'd rehearsed, even though the neighbor's horse was clopping upstairs and all the banging broom from the floor below. She'd gotten lost in her voice and forgotten to sleep, waking up a day later as if she'd gone on some inter continental flight. Yet here she was awake in her own apartment and her day had become night. It happened so naturally, that she didn't know she needed to stop it. She looked out the window and found that dusk and dawn were similar enough. She didn't mind the switch, would carry on with it in fact. Ate her breakfast at sundown and got to work, preparing for auditions.

[Lightbulb thrown, bounces, does not break.]

[Sorry.]

It's okay. Let's try it again. Let's try the last phrase.

[Finger ringing glass rim, glass being swept.]

{Melodica playing Theme 4, backwards.}

When you were small you used to hang off the end of your bed with your head on the floor. You used to tell me I was upside down. *Pause* There was an article in the paper this morning. Sad birds don't sing, it read. They can fly, but they can't sing. That's what it said. Could be your body means to tell you something. Look into it. Lauren, it wouldn't hurt to know if there was something else you could do.

[Finger stroking glass rim. Glass being swept.]

{Melodica playing Theme 4, backwards.}

Hi, Lauren, Aunt Judith,

[Memo beeps.]

Hi Lauren, Aunt Judith gave me the number for a specialist she knows from a friend at work. Dr. Allen Morabie, on 72th street. When you call him, tell him you got the number from Eric Jeffries, it's 2 1 2 3 3 3 3 7 5 9, 2 1 2 3 3 3 3 7 5 9. *Pause* I made that transfer you asked for. You ought to be covered this month, but I really can't do it again. Don't be a stranger.

[Machine beeps.]

When you were small you used to hang off the end of the bed with your head on the floor you used to tell me I was upside down.

[Lightbulb bursts.]

{Melodica stops.}

Sigh.

[Do you think the glass breaking should happen before or after the sweeping?]

We're going to give that a rest today, anyway, and do something else. We'll work on the neighbor's horse. For the neighbor's horse, we'll going to need some clopping on the wood. We can even use those. We could use the glass.

[Thumping on wood floor.]

That's a good horse. But it shouldn't gallop. It is not a rhythmic sound. He is just shifting this immense weight. He has four feet, we'll probably need two.

[Practice thumping.]

We'll come upstairs, and go inside, when the horse comes in, it doesn't stop, it just gets louder.

[Testing volume and tuning the station on the radio.]

She's going to try and drown out the horse with whatever noise makers she's got. She'll walk in the front door of her building from the street. The front door slams, she steps in off the street and into the foyer, down the hall, then up three flights of stairs. Then, she walks down the hall to her apartment, unlocks the door, opens the door, shuts the door and then inside it will be absolutely quiet. She should make herself a toast. I can do that. She'll warm up her voice a little, and check her messages, she'll listen to her messages first. When she starts singing, the horse begins to stomp around. When the horse is really loud, then you come in with the radio. I'll put this in my pocket. Okay. I need mail. As I get louder, we'll rise together, you and me, then I'll stop. It will be really loud between the horse and the radio, and then um ... I can pull the plug on that and we'll be left with the horse.

[Door shuts, feet on sidewalk, walking inside house, down the hall to the stairs, up the stairs, in absolute silence.]

Wait a minute Turner, the first set of stairs has twelve steps, and now it's fourteen, unless she skipped stairs that doesn't make sense. Let's try it again.

[Walking to door, door slams, walking down the hall to the stairs, fourteen stairs to the landing, then fourteen stairs again.]

Sigh, ahem.

[Keys in door, step inside, close door, walking around standing, looking through mail, listen to messages.]

I guess you haven't seen that doctor yet, you would have called. I just thought you'd let me know how it went when you went if you went. Judith went to ... Sunday, 12 a.m.: Hi Lauren, Judith game me the number for a specialist she knows ... Sunday, 12 a.m.: I just read an article in the morning paper: sad birds don't sing, it read, may ... *Beep.* End of messages.

[*Open plastic bag, pull out slice of bread, place it in the toaster, push down button.*]

Sigh. Ahem. Ahh, ahh, huh, ahh, (doing vowel vocal warm up) ahh, ooh, ahh, mee, mee, bbbb bbb,

[*Horse begins to walk around on wood floor.*]

The neighbor's horse was restless again. The carpet hadn't done much good. Lauren tried not to be around enough to let this get to her. But some nights, she'd slip upstairs and shove carrots through the mail slot to shut it up. Not now though, she was out of carrots. She'd gone through a twenty-pound bag from the grocer last week. She was not about to go out and buy another. It was an irritating noise. Those hooves, day and night. She'd complained, only once. But, when it got to be intolerable she'd settle things herself. The mail slot was about an inch high. She could get a good medium sized carrot through it, but if she was stuck with a fat one, she'd have to cut it in advance. When the horse heard the clink of the mail slot, he'd stick his snout right in the slot, his lips pushing against the metal extending themselves like an empty hand. It seemed to quiet things, but even in his sleep, he shifted his weight. The only control she maintained was the ability to drown him out. Like light, the colored sounds converged to a wall of white noise.

[*Radio: And here you are on the inside looking out, on this beautiful but unusual deck, well no more, thousands of owners like you made their decks, and if you call right now, we'll send you a free DVD ... Stomping continues, play the messages on message machine. Horse stomping, radio on full, sound peaking out, unclear, muddled, scratchy. Horse continues, glass rim ringing glass, radio is unplugged. Horse continues. Glass stops, horse clomps twice more.*]

When we played the glasses yesterday as a trio, it was effective. Can you play the melodica, at the same time?

{What do you want, what kind of texture?}

Something light. We're going run through the forest. I'll put some more gravel out. The running will require wider steps.

[*Dumping gravel, spreading it out on the concrete.*]

Try running fast.

[*Practicing.*]

We start out walking ... Oh, there are the crickets. Were gonna start out walking then shift into a run, stop, and catch your breath then start to walk again. We're gonna try that. When he starts to run, you play strenuous chords. This is a chase. It'll stop suddenly for a few seconds, then you'll just catch your breath and walk on.

{How tense?}

We're gonna start out soft and slow. Then when it gets this dadadadada, as he's running, it will get louder. We'll build up to that, what is the high tone?

{*Play high pulsing notes.*}

And the low tones?

{*Play low pulsing notes.*}

So we start low and move to high and quick ...

{What rhythmic structure?}

Let's start out with a normal heartbeat and then speed up. You are pretty much the heartbeat.

{*Play high pulsing notes.*}

We'll start in the park in just a second. There will be no words, only, a point where you see something and stop. Then you'll go a little bit faster, and he'll cue you with the music. Stick together.

{And the end?}

At the end, we're walking again.

[*Walking through park, footsteps on gravel, bowing glass.*]

{*Melodica begins lightly pulsing on the lowest note.*}

Sigh.

[*Bow on glass, quivers like a bird.*]

{*Melodica switches to two fingers, sharp, quicker sound.*}

[*Footsteps stop, hold still and then take off into a jog.*]

Breathing increases in frequency and volume.

{*Melodica speeds up with footsteps, playing increasingly higher notes.*}

[*Feet moving very fast, bushes are shaking.*]

Stop, not only the heartbeat. The heartbeat should be played as an undertone. With Theme 4, you can build a rhythm.

{Same time?}

Yes, simultaneously. *Pause.* When you are running in heels, you run on the toes. We'll stop hearing the heel and you might even slip and fall down. Let's go back to the park entrance. Off the street, then into the park.

[Footsteps on concrete, walk onto the gravel, down a path, finger rings glass rim subtle, bushes shaking.]

{Meoldica pulsing multi-noted, indiscernible melody.}

[Footsteps stop, then takes off into a jog, speeding up, sound of keys jingling in a pocket, speeding up rapidly, feet slip out, then get up and run again.]

{Melodica is loud.}

[Feet stop.]

Panting breath. Rapid, then slowing down.

[Feet walking around on the gravel, then off the path back to the concrete into silence.]

I think that maybe I have to ... I should be breathing while running, instead of just breathing at the end. Ah, we need to make a loud ... you know what? Let's drop something loud, what does that sound like?

[Umbrella opened rapid, and whipped through the air.]

How about you do that, can you do that when you slip? So I'll grab this, is it okay if I drop it in the glass?

[Drop what?]

The towel.

[Sure.]

Okay, now slip.

[Dropping book wrapped in towel on the pile of light bulb shards.]

Maybe, drop this.

[How much of a sound, what kind of a sound?]

Catching herself, maybe,

[Hitting wood together.]

No. It's not right, closer together. One into the other instead of alternating keys. Between the notes, connecting the notes, that's right.

{Melodica, practicing how it will play next, testing volume and air pressure.}

Were just gonna start going to the park, really calm, then as it gets faster, we'll come closer together until the sounds are one.

[Hitting sticks together.]

Um, okay, so we'll start on the street again, with radio sounds, then turn

the volume down when we get into the park.

[Radio is turned on low, between stations.]

[Walking down street.]

Humming.

[Walking around the room, pulling things into place, hitting logs together, chopping in the woods, bushes rustling.]

{Melodica, climbing through the song slowly.}

[Saw starting up on the log. Feet continue to move around, it takes a long time until the sounds stop, then they speed up together, the sawing, melodica and running footsteps.]

Heavy breathing.

[Slip out, then begin into a run again, all sounds thrown together, jumbled, then silence, feet walk on slowly.]

We can just stop right there actually. That's probably a good place to stop.

[Putting the props back in their places, sweeping up a few things.]

Did you hear that?

{That's a nice clock.}

{I don't think it's loud enough.}

Can you make it louder?

{It's better if I sit.}

Sit here? I am going to do the hypnosis... *Speaking through a tube.* Hello, hello. Can you hear my voice? It's no different. Let's try the big ... oh, that's good. *Into the bucket.* I'll try speaking into the bucket. Hello, hello, exactly. When I start to come back out, can you turn that off? Stop at one, like before. Turner, you can lay down on the board.

{Should I build up, or should I hold it? *Melodica imitates clock.*}

[Machine ticking.]

Something else is ticking ... it's still ticking.

[Steamer dings.]

{Melodica imitates clock.}

Spoken over the bucket. Come in have a seat, make yourself comfortable. Right there is just fine, you can lay down anywhere you like. Just relax, no, you don't have to close your eyes ...

[CRASH! Props crash on foley as he lies below them.]

Turner, you gotta get up. We're starting again, this time don't kick over the screen.

{Melodica imitates clock.}

It's so good to see you again. I'm sorry about what happened the last time you were here. Nothing like that has ever happened before. And I ... frankly ... I really don't know what happened. My secretary was very rude to you on the phone and I'm terribly sorry about that. I understand how difficult it must have been, to ah ... explain your problem to her. What we're going to do right now is get to the root of your problem. There has obviously been some perceptive interference, we'll just try and clear that up. I'd like you to look up at my clock on the wall. It's your clock. Have a look. Keep your eyes open, relax. Feel your body letting go. Watch the long hand on the clock turning, past the one, the two, the three, the four ... you watch the hand turn. You watch it turn. You know that it will continue to turn even as you close your eyes. You see the clock now as you close your eyes. You see it. You see the hands turning slowly. You hear the gears click, one-by-one. The sound is coming from the clock and your body, the sound is a part of you. I am going to count back now from ten to one. I am going to hold your wrist until I feel your body is completely relaxed. I am holding the complete weight, the weight of your body in your hand. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. You can still see the clock. You see it up on the wall of your classroom. You are seven years old. The teacher asks, "Which group of land masses are off the coast between North America and Central America, what do you call this group?" You raise your hand. You raise your hand to give the answer because you know the answer. You know the answer. You are seven years old. Your hand is raised and you stand up. You say ... the Caribbean is-lands. *Pause.* The class breaks into laughter. The Caribbean is-lands, then why did they spell it that way, you wonder ... You are not wrong to think that it was is-lands. You had just learned to read, you are just learning how to speak, only five years before, you'd said your first word. And here they expect you to know that island has a silent "s". It was okay to say is-lands. It is okay to have silent letters. You have not lost all the letters. You can choose which letters will be silent. You are in total control. You are in the Caribbean is-lands you are at the beach, collecting seashells. You hold a shell up to your ear, you think you can hear the sound of the ocean in it. Against your left ear you have the seashell, in your right ear you have the real ocean. And if you close your eyes you cannot tell them apart. You put the shell now on your right ear, turn, put your left ear towards the ocean, you cannot tell them apart. You hold onto the shell. You have the ocean with you. This is a sound that is real. This is a sound that cannot be altered. This is not a man-made sound. Man-made sounds can be changed, they can be altered, and you can control them. If an "s" is silent, you can speak it. If a "t" is silent, you may pronounce it. You may say balle-tt. You may say balle-tt, you may say ballett, and this will become your choice. You are in control of the way you use your words. If you choose to use the letter "o" you can use the letter "o" to make the "ah" sound. Like in clock. You can use the letter "o" to make the "oo" sound. Like in cook. Clock, cook. You can use the "o" to make the sound, October. You can pronounce the "o" in October. You can pronounce the

"o" in Coke. You are in control of these sounds and you don't have to take them with you. I'd like you now to put the shell back in the sand on the Caribbean is-lands. Remove the shell from your bag and put it in the sand, that's where it belongs, with the real sounds. Now you are going to go back to the second grade classroom where you are standing and everyone is laughing. You are not embarrassed. It was an honest mistake, you can laugh too. Your answer was correct. Caribbean is-lands. That is the group of landmasses between North and Central America. You sit down and take your seat. You stare back up at the clock. Watching the hands turn. You know soon, it's recess. You're going to go outside and enjoy yourself. You'll be energized. You gave the right answer. You didn't make a mistake. You take a deep breath. You are about to leave the classroom. I am going to count backwards now from ten to one, and when I get to one. You will feel confident with your use of language. You will feel confident that you can apply the sounds, as you need them. You will have no shame in slips of the tongue or in mistakes and you will accept the sounds as they exit your mouth. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.

I need to take a break. I'm so dizzy.

[Keys in door, door closes, footsteps down the hall.]

{Melodica begins Theme 1 breathy.}

Clear throat, sigh.

[Climb one flight of stairs, walk down hall, stop, unlock door, close door.]

Sigh.

[Unzipping jacket, check telephone messages.]

Machine: I guess you haven't seen that doctor yet, because you would have called ... *Beep.*
SUNDAY, 12:00 P.M. Hi Lauren it's me ... *Beep.* End of messages.

[Sorting mail, rim of glass ringing, bread goes in the toaster.]

Sigh, drinking a glass of water.

[Jump, jump, lift feet, feet don't land, grab pole, change falls from pockets to the wood floor.]

Grunting, breathing.

[Hands wring bar.]

She wasn't at risk of falling, not exactly. It was only a few feet to the ground really. But if she looked at it, she really looked at it, it was so far away. She held onto the bar with her hands because her legs, her legs were not strong enough to hold on tight. Her knees were cramping, maybe she was spending too much time there. Climbing the scales in this way had worked well for a while. But, the problem remains. Nobody else could hear it. Her, like this. She couldn't take the bar to the auditions, or on stage. She cursed the doctor for recommending it. She could never live up to sounds she achieved like this.

[Finger circling the rim of glass continues throughout narrative.]

Breathing, panting.

Her blood was too heavy. Really heavy. Eighty percent of your body is water. It's heavy. It's very heavy.

[Toast pops up, feet land on the floor.]

[Ringing glass circles to an end.]

[Picking up change.]

Let's take a walk through the park one more time. And we'll try it with the sawing. Can you build that tension with something else? Can you use that tool in another way?

{I could join you with the bushes.}

Okay, do that.

[Just straight into running?]

No, no, we'll start with the park.

{Maybe the umbrella?}

Yeah, try the umbrella, pick one.

{Opening and closing the umbrella rapidly.}

Yeah, and then when he slips out ...

{Stop.}

Let's do that, make the slip the stopping point.
And there are no words. It smells like toast. I'm going to try to do more breathing so maybe I'll come closer to this.

[Sound of tape tearing.]

Can I help you with that? It looks good. Do you need anything else for your foot? Okay, how does that feel? Oh, we don't have our bushes, we need bushes.

{Can it be this far?}

That's fine. Why don't you try. The problem, of course, is that when you're running and the steps are wider you might have to sit down. Why don't you try walking, real walking on your own weight. No? Then we'll keep it this way. And I'll cue you when to start. Let's just start with this. *Clink of pen on glass.*

(Clink of pen on glass.)

[Feet walking on gravel, slowly, chopping of wood in distance, bushes rustling, chopping wood.]

Sneeze.

[Feet gaining speed, stopping, silence, umbrella beginning to open and close like a beating heart.]

Breathing becomes audible.

[Feet speed up, saw begins to saw wood, umbrella speeds up, saw speeds up, chopping is rapid, feet are rapid, feet slip out on gravel, sounds cease.]

Panting, catching breath.

[Feet standing, shifting weight.]

Panting slows down, grows silent.

It's nice when it comes to the running. But, ah, maybe there's too much gravel. I'm not really convinced, somehow, it's too gravelly. We should thin it out. That's better. Um, the running is mostly on the toes ...

[Practicing running. I don't want it to sound like I'm clawing the ground.]

It's nice with the heel on the chair. Let's do the same, see, the thing is, the wood is good and the wood would not be outside the park but, sometimes, there's concrete paths in the park, so let's try a concrete path in the park, so 50 / 50. Let's try that one more time—and the heartbeat, the heartbeat should start to flutter, when you stop running. You have to watch for my cue.

{And after the stopping?}

When Turner stops and looks around, then the heartbeat begins to flutter, like this ... *Flutter noise with umbrella.* Yeah, that's good. Did you hear it catch the air, yeah that sounds ... again ... harder. When it catches, the fabric sort of whips the air, that's the sound.

{After he slips.}

No, before he slips. When he stops to look around before he starts running, the heartbeat starts then.

{Okay.}

I'll try doing ... I'm gonna try to do Theme 1. I don't really know how it goes, walking humming.

Humming Theme 1.

[Footsteps on concrete strewn with gravel, walking normal through the park. Truck backing up, beeping on the street.]

{Bushes rustle.}

[Feet continue and then stop for a few seconds.]

{Umbrella begins to pulse.}

[Chopping sound.]

You know what? Let's stop. We should have already been in the woods, let's go back, back to the beginning. I'm sorry I came in too late with the trees.

Humming Theme 1.

[Walking half gravel half concrete.]

Chopping sound, hammering wood.

{Bushes shaking.}

Sawing sound.

[Feet stop, moving.]

{Umbrella begins to pulse.}

Sawing sound continues.

[Feet begin to run.]

{Umbrella speeds up.}

Saw stops.

Heavy breathing, strained running breaths, quick out-of-breath breaths.

All speed to the slip.

Panting, exhausted breath; frightened shudder and gulp, slowing down of breath to silence.

The three of us should try it without music.

Things are being moved around, papers rustle.

[Are there more scenes to do with the shoes?]

No, that's all finished. Did you want to try this? I think that the saw is not long enough to bow.

[Bowing the short saw, it squeaks.]

Need more rosin?

[Bow squeaks on saw more.]

[Ding glass twice. Pouring water into glass, sliding glass across the table.]

Lets start with the, 1 2 3 and then out; 1 2 3, you're gonna end it for us.

[Finger on glass rim, glass being bowed, cricket, pitch shifts on ringing glass.]

[Glass, two doinks.]

Gargling: Theme 3, and singing into a bowl of water till the end of Theme 3.

[Crickets.]

[Ringing glass stops first, then bowed glass; then struck glass.]

Let's do it with the face again. Do you wanna try this?

{Shall we swap?}

Can you take two?

[Ringing glass.]

We're gonna try again, can you start us off?

Sure.

I'm gonna turn this off.

[Steamer dings.]

Gargling: Theme 3, until she chokes and spits out the water.

I don't think we need anything with that. It's really good on it's own. Maybe if you do half as much water, you can do it longer.

Okay.

Let's try it with half as much water and nothing else. She doesn't need any back up.

Gargling: Theme 3, all the way through.

We did a little bit with the horse yesterday and the radio and the message machine, I think it was message two.

[I think I'm just gonna walk.]

Just get the feet to sort of slap.

[Did you want us to do the door?]

No, not today, just walking. The horse, ah. We need talk radio. Malaika we're going to do the scene where you are rehearsing in your house and the horse is moving around upstairs; you are competing with it and as it gets louder, when the radio comes on, you ...

[Are you doing narration? *Looking for a talk radio station.*]

Okay, we're gonna go home up the stairs, you can go barefoot, that's fine.

[We'll start on the stairs.]

No, on second thought, we'll start on the street. You have wet, bare feet.

[*Door shuts, keys lock door, bare feet climb stairs, it's quiet.*]

It had been a long night and she knew that the neighbor's horse might be restless again, as it was on so many nights. She wasn't gonna climb the stairs and feed it with carrots like she'd done on so many occasions. Tonight, she was going to rehearse. She had an audition in three days. Horse or no horse, she'd sing.

[*Keys in door, open door, close it again, walk inside, and look through mail.*]

Theme 1: ahh's ...

[*Begin horse feet; intermittent.*]

{*Radio comes on subtly.*}

[*Horse feet grow louder.*]

{*Radio grows louder.*}

Vocal full volume.

{*Radio unplugged, vocal stops simultaneously*}

[*Horse feet continue a few more steps.*]

Silence.

I think we should make a return to the office. This is the exam scene. Let's ... can you sing Theme 4 and Turner can you walk to the office?

[I need the tape.]

When we get to the office, Turner, then you can lie down on the table and, Theo, will you do the clock?

{The clock, okay.}

When we get to the office, you can just knock on the door. *Knock on door.* So stop singing, I'll cue you to stop, once he gets there, then you can knock on the door and wait.

[*Cough.*]

Putting props away, sorting sifting.

[Are we already in the office?]

We have to get into the office. You can walk us in.

[Is there going to be a door?]

Yeah. But, we have to go upstairs. It's on the fourth floor.

[*Walks down the hall, then stops.*]

[I thought there was a front door.]

There must be a front door. But we don't have a buzzer, how are we going to get in?

{*Whistles, through the melodica.*}

[*Turns on the steamer to check the bell.*]

Uh huh; nah, alright, I'll just yell up. I'll just yell up, that's okay.

[*Footsteps down the street to the door.*]

HEY! HEY! FOURTH FLOOR!

[*Going up the stairs.*]

Is that all it takes? Do you think that's enough? I don't think they would hear it.

[*I feel like an intercom would be appropriate.*]

Press memo on the message machine, record voice.
Who is it? Yeah ... Come on up.
Stop memo.

Oh, and it's the fourth ...

Answering machine: Sund, Su, Su, Sunday 12, a.m.: Who is it? *Pause.*

Hello, yeah it's me Lauren Lipkin. Can I come up?

Yeah ... Come on up.

[Feet down the hallway, up the stairs.]

Let's make it louder, sorry, let's go back.

Answering machine: Sunday, 12 a.m.: Who is it? *Pause.* Yeah ... Come on up.

Awkward overlap: Hi, is anybody there? It's Lauren Lipkin ...
I have an appointment, thank you.

End of messages. *Beep.*

Ah, I have to stop it before that.

Answering machine: Sunday 12, a.m.: Who is it ...?

It's Lauren Lipkin.

Yeah ...

I have an appointment.

Come on up.

End of messages. *Beep.*

[Maybe you should turn the power off afterwards.]

We'll get it. I've got the ... And I've got the volume on 12 o'clock ...

Answering machine: Who is it? Yeah ... Come on up.

Oh, shit. It's Lauren Lipkin. I've got an appointment with.

She's too fast. Okay, faster, faster.

Trying to keep the volume down on "12 o'clock" and bring it up for, "Who is it?"

Answering machine: Sunday 12 a.m.: Who is it? Yeah ... Come on up.

Shit, shit, again.

Answering machine: Sunday 12 a.m.: Who is it?

Spoken in one breath: It's Lauren Lipkin I have an appointment with Dr. Morabie.

Pause. Yeah ... Come on up.

Ah shit. I forgot to, ah. No, no. Do you remember what you're supposed to do when we go up the stairs?

I sing.

Do you all remember? Because I'm starting to forget. I have to control the volume.

Answering machine: Sunday, 12 a.m.: Who is it? *Pause.* Yeah ... Come on up.

Hi, ahh.

Answering machine: Sunday, 12 a.m.: Who is it? *Pause.* Yeah ... Come on up.

Spoken in one breath: It's Lauren Lipkin I have an appointment with Dr. Morabie, can I come up?

[Feet down the hall and up the stairs]

Singing in the stairwell, Theme 2, airy, light, breath pushed through the throat.

[Feet stop at door, knock on door.]

Press "Memo" on answering machine and record.
Come in.

Answering machine: Su, Su, Su, Su, Sunday 12 a.m.: Come in. End of messages. *Beep.*

[Door closes, feet through hallway, typing sound, another knock on door.]

Come in.

[Door closes.]

Take a seat Lauren, make yourself comfortable.

[Feet walk, then stop and Lauren sits down.]

Slow calm voice:
We don't have much catching up to do from yesterday. Um, we're just going to try and make this quick. I hope your feeling alright. That's good just lie down. I'd like you to look up at the clock on the wall. You don't have to stare. Just look up at it relaxed. Get comfortable. Look up

at the long hand. You can see the long hand as it turns from number to number. Watch it now as it passes the four, five, six, seven. As you watch the hands continue to pass the numbers you realize that it will continue to move and that the only thing moving is the hand. Everything else is holding completely still. You hold completely still. Close your eyes, you can still see this clock and you can hear it. I'd like you to look carefully at this clock and as it turns you see a whirlpool. Stare at this water as it swirls. You have the urge to dive into this water. It is safe, you can dive into it. And when you dive into it, you can breathe underwater. You let yourself swim down to the depths of this water. Relaxed and comfortable, you are completely submerged. You are reminded of being in the bathtub. Of hearing the conversations of your neighbors through the water. You are reminded of lying in the bathtub and lowering your ears beneath the water just enough to catch a glimpse of their conversation, and pulling your ears from it wondering why you can't hear it with your head lifted. You submerge your head again and you listen to where the voices are coming from. They are coming from the fourth floor. You sink down through the pipes. You sink down through the pipes, you sink down two flights through the pipes and crawl out of the drain into their bathtub where it is dry, but not quiet. You hear them having a conversation in the other room. You feel as if you have come to a place where you are not supposed to be. You are very quiet. The sink looks like your sink, but below it, there is a cabinet. You go to this cabinet. You want to know what's inside. You open the door. Inside it, there are jars of cleaning fluid. There is also a bottle of fine perfume. You spray the perfume on your wrist and close the cabinet. You hear the people talking and you feel them just outside the door. You return through the pipe and up the stairs to your bathtub. When they enter the room that you have just left, they will smell the perfume, they will recognize the smell, forgetting that it is their smell. You are safe under the water at home, with your head half submerged. Lift your head from the water, towel off your hair. Cover yourself in something warm. Soon I'm going to ask you to return. I'm going to count down from 10 to 1 and when I get to one you are not going to remember what I've just told you. You will have no recollection of our visit today. You will return to the street where you will call and make a further appointment. We will speak again tomorrow. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.

I think we need to be in the house. We'll look outside, but be inside. Malaika, sing this; *Whispering to her*. Theo, can you harmonize with Theme 4 on the melodica? She is going to try it with words.

{Harmonize, or play Theme 4, shall I stand?}

I need a break.

{Shall we take a break?}

We can take a break. I'd like to try that one. Could we try that one first?

Do I need a cue or just go?

Um, I don't think it's really long, whenever you're ready. I'm just trying it out. I want to hear how it sounds with words. We'll take a break later.

{Theme 4.}

Theme 4: To words ... Text from script selected at random.

Part of the examination that she undergoes ... I don't know how you are physically... She is climbing scales and he is pushing on her back and she is on her head, singing upside down. I'd like to test how that effects your voice. So you can ... What is the theme you are most familiar with?

Um, Theme 1.

We'll practice doing this, you lie on this and I'll push on your back while you're singing. We won't need any accompaniment. You try to sing and I'll move your body around.

Singing Theme 1.

Let's try it with one note, we'll try one note and see how that sounds. *Moving her body around*. Try standing on all fours. Arch your back, stand up, bend over. Put one leg in the air and I'll hold it.

The voice is jolted by movement, but remains unaltered.

Push against my hand. Can you do the triangle headstand, like this? I'll hold your feet and I'll put a towel down. Can you guys play all four glasses while we're doing this?

Setting up glasses.

{Is three enough? We only have three rubber mats.}

Yeah.

Singing one note at a time, constant, on her head.

[Glasses ringing.]

Can you go higher?

Singing high.

Does it feel different?

Stops singing, falls to her feet. When I was singing low it was easy, but when I started singing high, all the blood was rushing. Everything went to my head. I probably could have gone longer but my head was full.

{It's not so comfortable to sing long notes.}

Not high; low was not bad. Not high, the blood completely rushed to my ...

Water is the theme today, that is just perfect. I wanted to achieve the sound of a boat afloat on water, so I brought some crickets for the lake. Turner, how does a boat sound in the middle of a lake? Can you do that with the bucket?

[Oh, I thought it was a riddle, how does a boat sound in the middle of a lake?]

[Bucket, bouncing against a log.]

That's really nice, we have the boat in the water, the crickets aren't really making noise though. So ...

[Weren't they chirping in the beginning?]

They were making noise with the sound of the glasses.

What do they like, the steamer maybe? If we're walking down to the water, *Pouring out gravel*. These shoes are probably more appropriate. I can walk down. And I'll walk down to the dock. Here's the dock. I'd like to get in the boat, so um ... Getting into the boat sounds like, what?

[What kind of boat?]

It's a rowboat.

[Rowboat.]

{Should be hollow.}

Scraping sound, walking around space, knocking on things.

Something is missing. Something is missing. How about this sound, I have to get into the boat and start rowing; how does this sound? *Bowl placed, by microphone hand dragged through it*. That's the sound. I don't think it's very loud. Theo, can you play this one? Malaika, can you do bird noises?

Chirp, chirp, whistle, whistle.

Perfect. So we have birds, bushes ...

Quack, quack.

Great, a duck. Malaika, can you make the sound of trees also, trees and birds.

How 'bout a crow?

This reminds me of Friday.

[Learning how to walk, are you going to paddle or do you want me to paddle?]

So, this is the boat and as I get into the boat it should make that plunk noise, then when I paddle, it goes like this. *Rubbing pipe with, cardboard tube, dragging the hand through the water*. Are you in position? It would be great if the crickets made noise. Maybe they need to be in the dark. Can you come and saw this? You'll start us off.

[Maybe not so close to the recorder.]

[Beginning to saw, bushes rustle, boat at dock, walking down the gravel path to the water, birds,

walking on dock, getting into boat, boat begins to move through the water, rowing slowly. Ducks quack, then silence, only the sound of the rowing and the water dripping from the end of the oars. Boat returns to dock, ties on, footsteps back to land and up the path through the park, with bird's, bushes, etc. Back to street.]

The chase scene was really difficult. I would like to try the chase scene again with the broom and the shoes. Did we do it with music?

{I tried to build up with the melodica, but it wasn't that good.}

Do you want to try something with the glasses?

{Nah.}

Then let's use the umbrella, she turns and then she breaks into a run, and then slips out.

There is singing during the chase scene?

It might be interesting to try. We didn't do it yet. So let's try it with singing. Is there a passage that might be appropriate?

{For the chase scene, hum, perhaps Theme 1 getting faster and faster. Reduce the length of the theme, start off, then reduce it.}

[Did you decide that you were happier with the heels on this piece of plastic?]

Yeah, that was really good. So we'll start going into the park, walking, chasing then stopping. Trees, your motion, when it's silent, it should stop, I'll cue you, watch him running, at the peak *Snap*. We'll stop.

Who's gonna do the breathing?

I'll do that from here, 'cause I can get closer.

{Tell me when I have to enter.}

At the moment when she's silent, that's when the heartbeat starts. It's that flutter.

{*Flaps umbrella a few times.*}

[I think it's faster, try to catch as much air as you can.]

Then you cue me, or where do I start?

You'll start with the walking. We'll start in the street then go into the park.

[*Walking down the street, then into the park.*]

Singing Theme 1, shaking bushes.

They go on together, then stop suddenly in silence.

{*Umbrella flaps, with increased velocity.*}

[Feet pick up pace start into a run.]

Vocal grows loud, then climaxes, sudden halt.

[On her feet again walking on.]

Breathing, panting, catching breath, calming down.

That was not bad. Can you go upstairs now and make a toast, like we did yesterday?

[But I'm not jumping up and doing the bar like I did yesterday.]

Let's ...

[I'd just have to take these off really fast, unless we are going to use your shoes?]

No we're not going to do jumping. We'll just go inside, check the mail, and check the messages. Malaika, can you come and leave a couple of messages on the answering machine?

Yeah.

I have, um, let's leave Mother messages. I need to get some Post-it's. This one maybe we can do in a minute. *Sorting through papers.* Oh here they are. Let's do this message, and then this message, I'm gonna put you in a different space to do those. *Building a room of two corners and a blanket over hear head.* Can you read in there?

Answering machine recording:

Hi Lauren, Aunt Judith game me this number for a specialist she knows through a friend at work. A doctor Alain Morabie on 72nd street. When you call him, tell him you got the number from Eric Jeffries. It's 212 333 3759, I made that transfer you asked for, you ought to be covered this month, huh, but I really can't do it again. Don't be a stranger.
Beep.

Answering machine recording:

Ms. Lipkin: This is Vanessa calling from Courtland Management. There have been some complaints about the noise coming from your apartment. Apparently you have been grinding your teeth quite loudly. You may not be aware of it, these things often occur unconsciously. Now, I am not going to name names, but these complaints have come from numerous building residents, who claim to have been disturbed in both the common areas and in their apartments by the grinding noise coming from your residence.
We at Courtland Management are aware that personal problems of this nature can be treated and we urge you to seek-out and undergo as much. If this situation is not resolved within the month, we may be forced to issue a formal warning. We do not wish to do that. You should be receiving a letter this week, detailing the potential legal ramifications of your failure to comply with this request.
As always, we at Courtland Management, thank you for your ever-prompt rental payments, and wish you a pleasant day.
Beep.

We'll be going upstairs, four flights, we'll listen to the messages, I'll skip some, we'll turn on the radio. Malaika can you look for a good station on the radio?

[Are we gonna do the door?]

From the street the first door, then upstairs a second door.

[I think all you have to do is turn the volume up.]

Testing radio knobs.

[Door shuts, key jingle to unlock it.]

[You didn't unlock it.]

I did that last time too, I shut it without unlocking it. Can you walk up to the front door?

[It's part of my motivation?]

You walk up to the door and I'll unlock it.

[Feet approach building, keys unlock door, door shuts, feet down the hall up the stairs.]

Sigh. *Delivered slow, tired.* I'd like a coffee milk n_ sugar please. I t_ld her I didn't want sugar. I said I didn't want sugar. Oct_pus. N_, I can say the _ if I want to.

[Keys in door, door opens, door shuts, keys are set down. *Checking messages.*]

Answering machine: Hi Lauren, Aunt Judith game me this number for a specialist she knows through a friend at work. A doctor Alain Morabie on 72nd street. When you call him, tell him you got the number from Eric Jeffries. It's 212 ... *Beep.*

Ahh ...

Answering machine: Ms. Lipkin: This is Vanessa calling from Courtland Management. There *Beep.*

[Radio turned on, seeking station, finds nothing, turns the radio off. *Sorts through mail.*]

We tried yesterday to make some music with the umbrellas, maybe we could do a combination of looking out the window and looking inside her head. Could we use the umbrella as the heart again?

[I feel like I should maybe do this twice.]

We didn't make the toast, we need to make the toast. *Retrieves toaster.* Maybe you and I can try this. When we did the missing "o", it went well, I don't know how come we, can't ... I think it would be good with the double water. Um, we'll do that together, but humming not singing, then

ah, we'll get upstairs, go inside, make a toast and when it pops then it's over. And then, um, let's practice the "o" piece again.

Theme 1 or 2?

Let's hum Theme 1.

{When do we stop?}

The toast ... We stop when the toast is finished.

[Walking down street, keys in door, door closes, walk down hall, up the stairs, continue on stairs.]

{Melodica plays Theme 1.}

Humming: Theme 1.

Answering machine:

Sunday 12 a.m., Hi Lauren, Aunt Judith gave me this number for a specialist she know through a friend at work. A doctor Alain Morabie on 72nd street. When you call him, tell him you got the number from Eric Jeffries. It's 212 333 3759. I made that transfer you asked for, you ought to be covered this month. But I really can't do it again, don't be a stranger. *Beep.* Sunday 12 a.m., Ms. Lipkin: This is Vanessa calling from Courtland Management. There have been some complaints about the noise coming from your apartment. Apparently you have been grinding your teeth quite loudly. You may not be aware of it, these things often occur unconsciously. Now, I am not going to name names, but these complaints have come from numerous building residents, who claim to have been disturbed in both the common areas and in their apartments by the grinding noise coming from your residence.

[Feet down hall, keys jingle, unlock door, close door.]

We at Courtland Management are aware that personal problems of this nature can be treated and we urge you to seek-out and undergo as much. If this situation is not resolved within the month, we may be forced to issue a formal warning. We do not wish to do that. You should be receiving a letter this week, detailing the potential legal ramifications of your failure to comply with this request.

As always, we at Courtland Management, thank you for your ever-prompt rental payments, and wish you a pleasant day. End of messages. *Beep.*

[Sorting through mail, open bag to make toast, put bread in toaster.]

{Melodica stops.}

Vocal stops.

Silence.

[Glass ringing begins.]

[Toast pops up.]

Silence.

[Let's eat that toast!]

It smells good. Good old toast.

[You just went to the dentist?]

What? No, me, no?

Malaika, we haven't figured out the backwards tape player yet, cause um, it doesn't sound slow enough. I don't know, it's not abstract enough. Is this pure vocal.

[Playing Celtic choral music backwards.]

Is this forwards or backwards?

[Backwards.]

Maybe we could get Malaika to record her singing the theme?

I'm coming here tomorrow. My voice should be better.

[What time are we coming?]

{One.}

Then let's try to record you singing and then you'll sing with yourself backwards. Then we'll play that again and try to sing with the reversed backwards one. We'll try it.

[I'll just keep this for myself. *Taking the choral tape out of the tape player.*]

Tomorrow we'll record, vocals backwards. It think it's important, the upside being down and all.

[Glass plunking, tone shifts as water slips inside the glass up and down.]

{Melodica joins in later to accentuate stress as narration intensifies.}

Hi, This is Lauren Lipkin. I was in yesterday. N_d_n't put me on h_ld. Please I lost my v_ice. This is Lauren Lipkin, I was in yesterday. I was with the doctor and there is something wrong with my v_ice. What do you mean there is n_rec_rd. That's what I said, there's no rec_rd of my visit? I was there at ten _clock. I was there at ten _clock. I was with the doctor for _ver an hour. I was with the doctor for _ver and hour. Let me speak to the doctor I will not h_ld. I will not h_ld. Let me speak to the doctor, I'm coming into the _ffice, now. I'm coming into the _ffice. I'd like a coffee milk n_sugar please. N_sugar. I didn't want sugar. I said n_sugar. I'd like a coffee milk n_sugar please. I didn't want sugar. I said milk n_sugar. I was thinking about g_ing, I was thinking about g_ing, um, did you hear that? I think there's something wrong with my v_ice. I think there's something wrong with my v_ice. My God, did you hear that? That's strange, I'm fine now, anyway I was thinking about selling the keyb_rd and getting a new one. Did you hear that? Keyb_ard, keyb_ard, keyb_ard, you say it. There is something wrong with my v_ice. I can't make the _sound. The _ is gone. Oct_pus, oct_pus, Oct_ber, _riginal, _rient, sn_w, sn_w. Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin I was in yesterday, n_d_n't put me on h_ld. Please I lost my v_ice. I was in yesterday. This is Lauren Lipkin. I had an

app_intment with the doctor. There is something wrong with my v_ice. What do you mean, you have n_rec_rd of my visit. That's what I said, what do you mean there is n_rec_rd of my visit. I was there at ten _clock, I was with the doctor for _ver and hour. I was with the doctor for _ver and hour. I want to speak to the doctor. I will not h_ld. I will not h_ld. Let me speak to the doctor. I'm coming to the _ffice right now. What do you mean there is n_rec_rd. What's that, what's that? I, ah, I was there at ten _clock. I was with the doctor for _ver an hour. For _ver an hour. I'm coming into the _ffice now.

Canon:

Hi, This is Lauren Lipkin. I was in yesterday. N_d_n't put me on h_ld. Please I lost my v_ice. This is Lauren Lipkin. I was in yesterday. I was with the doctor and there is something wrong with my v_ice. What do you mean there is n_rec_rd. That's what I said, there's no rec_rd of my visit? I was there at ten _clock. I was there at ten _clock. I was with the doctor for _ver an hour. I was with the doctor for _ver and hour. Let me speak to the doctor I will not h_ld. I will not h_ld. Let me speak to the doctor, I'm coming into the _ffice, now. I'm coming into the _ffice. I'd like a coffee milk n_sugar please. N_sugar. I didn't want sugar. I said n_sugar. I'd like a coffee milk n_sugar please. I didn't want sugar. I said milk n_sugar. I was thinking about g_ing, I was thinking about g_ing, um, did you hear that? I think there's something wrong with my v_ice. I think there's something wrong with my v_ice. My God, did you hear that? That's strange, I'm fine now, anyway I was thinking about selling the keyb_ard and getting a new one. Did you hear that? Keyb_ard, keyb_ard, keyb_ard, you say it. There is something wrong with my v_ice. I can't make the _ sound. The _ is gone. Oct_pus, oct_pus, Oct_ber, _riginal, _rient, sn_w, sn_w. Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin I was in yesterday, n_d_n't put me on h_ld. Please I lost my v_ice. I was in yesterday. This is Lauren Lipkin. I had an app_intment with the doctor. There is something wrong with my v_ice. What do you mean, you have n_rec_rd of my visit. That's what I said, what do you mean there is n_rec_rd of my visit. I was there at ten _clock, I was with the doctor for _ver and hour. I was with the doctor for _ver and hour. I want to speak to the doctor. I will not h_ld. I will not h_ld. Let me speak to the doctor. I'm coming to the _ffice right now. What do you mean there is n_rec_rd. What's that, what's that? I, ah, I was there at ten _clock. I was with the doctor for _ver an hour. For _ver an hour. I'm coming into the _ffice now.

So we're going to have some new pieces to do tomorrow, to think about. And, um, I need to develop a few more hypnosis sequences for what happens next.

E flat.

{Play's E flat.}

Until we get to the boat, we hear that.

[Boat bouncing against wood piles, bucket on log.]

[Footsteps, flats, walking down the street to a path, on a wood dock, shoves off, rowing, oar scrapes boat side, water drips from oar, stop rowing. Bats fly through, fluttering of umbrella, squeaking.]

Humming Theme 4.

[Rowing again, boat lands on dock, exit boat, tie boat, walk down dock, up path, to street.]

I wish we could get the crickets to do something. Maybe if I put them in the steamer they would do something.

In the steamer yesterday, they chirped.

I think we'll warm them up.

When I created that sound, they liked it.

[Shall we lift them out?]

Let's rewind that and do a recording of Malaika singing.

[It's rewound.]

The main theme. Do the main theme completely.

Oh, right now?

{Which theme?}

The first theme.

{Shall we practice now?}

That'd be good.

Rehearsing Theme 1.

{Rehearsing Theme 1.}

[Shall we catch these crickets? *Catching crickets.* Come on little guy. It's much less scary than when I was younger.]

He's missing a leg. Oh, better put that in there, so they can crawl on something if they get too hot.

[Whispering something.]

End on ahhh.

{Let me have a short break.}

Yeah, are you okay?

{I think I have to push more air through somehow, it starts getting too ... This melodica won't last very long.}

[It's being worn out?]

{Yeah, let's start at bar 18.}

Singing Theme 1 from bar 18.

[Moving objects around.]

How do you like it on oooo?

[I just, when the weather changed this weekend, my throat, this always happens when the weather changes. I'm probably gonna lose my voice before the end of this.]

Just like me.

Maybe we'll have you sing.

[Cough.]

Ahhh ... *Theme 1 wiggling the back of the throat.* Can you use the thing in the back of your throat?

I can use my tongue.

It's the gargle tool.

Ahhh ... *Trying to shake the "gargle tool".*

Can you do that half time?

This one, right? Ahhh ... *Low, but pitched strange.*

A little bit sharper, squeak. Like the Wicked Witch of the West, without being a character, maybe someone who doesn't know that they're a little bit off. Ahhhh.

I'm not getting it.

Snow-white 1937.

Snow-white 1937 voice. Theme 1.

I think it's good if you do it like that. But adjust your volume with each note. So that when we play it backwards each note can do the full range of quiet to loud. Then when we play it backwards it will get really confusing because the quiet to loud will shift.

Chirp, chirp.

{Have they started?}

[Are they chirping?]

They just started chirping. I think it's good if we have the volume fluctuation, a little bit pitchy, a little bit sharp. Is that the right word?

[Do we need to put water in this?]

Are you ready for us to try?

Yeah, I think so. Ahhhh *fluttering, Theme 1 being recorded on cassette tape.*

If it is too much work to shake it ... It sounds hard.

[Played back on tape recorder.]

Wow, that really comes across.

That tone, even without the shaking, that tone is different than the other one. Try that one without the shaking.

Ahhh hhhh ... Theme 1.

Fluctuating volume on each note. Yeah, is it recording or not? Let's try that pitch with volume fluctuation.

[Playing the recording.]

I'm going to turn this off just for the sound. *Ding, turning off steamer.*

Ah, it dinged.

Only when you do it manually.

I did it manually but it didn't ding.

Huh.

[Ready?]

Tape recorder on.

Ahhhh ... Theme 1. Fluctuating volume on each note.

Tape recorder off.

[Funny this thing. *Turning the tape around and moving it to the player.*]

How does it feel to do it like that?

Fine, I have this block. I will be glad if I can do anything.

Is there any place that you can sing from in your body that would be better?

High.

Is that because it goes around your throat, or what?

I just, it's because certain parts of the chords, when I sing low they're blocked. And when I sing high, it's clear.

If you took it up an octave, or just a few notes, that would be fine.

[Playing tape backwards.]

Is that backwards?

I wish I'd done it slower than that.

I'd like to hear it.

[*Adjusting the pitch, tempo knob.* You want it to be slower?]

That changes the pitch though.

[Well I'm just adjusting the speed]

But she wants to sing it slower so the pitch doesn't change.

[Do you want to re-record it?]

Let's do it again.

[*Pause.* I think I'll record it in the corner? Everything is bouncing all over the place in here.]

We can use the blanket or towel. I think if we play backwards with the glasses and her simultaneously.

{That's mine, and that's yours.}

Oh, the bottle. *Rehearsing again Theme 1, slow tonal.*

I think that this should be over here, and we'll try to get it in the corner.

{You have to tell Adrian if you are uncomfortable with something.}

[It will sound good here.]

I just transposed it to another place and it's clear.

{Now, it's, are you singing it a second up?}

Rehearsing again with melodica.

{*Misses a note.* Sorry.}

What about her singing in the bathroom.

[It would echo and blow out.]

Do you think so?

[Do you want some acoustic similarity between her singing ... *Walk into bathroom, they are inaudible.*]

Still rehearsing full volume, stops. Ahhh, oh, it clears up in certain places.

{Have you sung yet today?}

No.

{To sing this low and slowly, like this instrument, you need some action to get it going.}

Plus, I have this extra thing in my throat.

I think we're ready.

{Humph. Perhaps we should record some typical vocal exercises? *Singing scale, la la la la la.*}

Let's do it first, in the bathroom.

Me in the bathroom?

But you can't play while we're recording.

{Okay.}

Singing heard from the bathroom. Then yelling. You're gonna come in when I'm done?

No, you just bring it out when you're finished.

Do I stop it, or ...

Just push that button. Don't worry about anything.

Testing volume, aaahhhh.

Theo, want a seat?

Singing in bathroom, slow, long notes, swelling volume, sounds like dog howling.

The others wait quietly by the table, making inevitable little sounds, crossing legs, buttoning shirt and scratching.

Comes out of bathroom. That's all. I went a little longer.

So now we'll do it backwards, and the guys are playing the glasses.

[Wait, should we come in before, or ...]

No we'll just play that, and you'll come in while she's singing with it.

[I just want to make sure I start it.]

What glasses would you like to play?

[*Organizing rewinding and playing of tape backwards on the other player.*]

Do you need these?

{Perhaps?}

[Can I have a little bit of water?]

So, you don't have to sing forward. But try and sing, uh, try and mimic it almost like a canon with your backwards self.

[*Tape Theme 1 played backwards.*]

Singing with herself.

[Glasses come in, bowed, and ringing.]

You know what? Now that you're totally familiar with the piece, try to harmonize with this voice.

Okay.

So you don't have to copy it exactly, but you can come in and support it, and where it's backwards, make it forwards. Take everything's that's upside down and accentuate it with something that fits. Bring it together.

I see.

We need some structure.

{On what?}

[I was having trouble cause I don't know. Cause I think this almost mutes the sounds.]

There is almost too much of this.

{Yeah.}

I'll lay off and let's just start with one bow. Okay, so let's ... Is it rewound, or forwarded? We're back to the point where she starts the end of her singing.

[We're set.]

So were back to the end.

Which is the beginning.

Which is the front.

[We're actually into the first side, but we're listening to the last bit of the tape backwards.]

Okay. So we're at the beginning of the end.

[Or at the end of the beginning.]

I think we have to lighten up a bit on the glasses. You start with one bow, but only after she's comfortable. Then you can edge off a little.

{With interruptions, or ...}

[You're first chair, and I'm second chair.]

You're first glass. Then Turner you come in, I'll come in at some point, but I'm not going to stick around. I think we can wait for a second.
Noises pass outside.

Play backwards Theme 1 tape.

Harmonizing with tape.

[Glasses come in a minute later, intermittent, ringing glass comes in last, they play through on top of the recording until the tape is exhausted.]

Can we try the lake again? And um, if you're reading the notes, can you sing it backwards without the tape? Start from walking down to the water to the point where the bats enter. Then be quiet and watch them. As we row back to the dock, you start humming again. But let's take the notes backwards, this time analog. Here is the bucket. Can you do the bushes? From the street to the dock. Why don't we walk up to the boat?

[Where is that towel, it'd be nice to set that stuff up over there.]

Maybe, these guys will make a sound. As I approach the boat, you can bring it up. And let's start.

Humming Theme 1 backwards.

[Feet down street, on gravel path, down the dock, to the end, untie the boat, climb in the boat slide the boat, from the wood, into the water and row. Water drips from oars. Bushes, bats approach, silence, then row back to dock, climb out of boat, tie up boat, walk down dock back to gravel path and up to street.]

I feel like we should try the backwards scene.

Chirp, chirp.

Now they come.

I repeated from this point in.

It was the theme but we didn't recognize it.

Chirp, chirp, chirp.

Let's try to do the lake with the crickets. Theo, can you do birds?

{What birds?}

Chirp, chirp, chirp.

Were gonna try to catch cricket sounds. I think we have to wait for them to cue us. Can someone do a duck? Who can do a duck?

Quack, Quack.

Can you do a duck over a long time-span?

Quack, Quack.

A distant duck.

Euak, eauack.

A goose.

[*Whistle, chirp, chirp.*]

(*Bushes rustle, quack.*)

The walk was intended to be quiet. Or at least she thought. Maybe if I come back at night. I'll come back later. There was garbage pooled around the trees like drifts of snow. Some people were out with their dogs unleashed.

Can we do a hypnosis scene at the lake?

Chirp, chirp.

{At the lake, with the clock?}

Let's walk around it. Can you bring the clock, over here?

[With the boat?]

The boat is nice in the background if you can do it from the corner. So we'll do it at the lake, while ...

With singing or no?

Why don't you bring us in, with one tone for 20 seconds, like a high sharp tone. Then we'll use that as our cue to come in when she's finished, you start with the clock.

{Uh huh.}

One high tone, 20 seconds.

{*Tick tock tick tock tick tock ...*}

[*Feet walking on a path around the lake, this will continue to walk through the hypnosis session.*]

Have a seat. You look tired. Have you been getting enough sleep?

[*Distant boat, bucket with log sound.*]

Why don't you lie right here and tell me about it.

Chirp, chirp.

Today we're going to work on some of the things you have been concerned about. You said before you left, last time we met, that you felt like there was water running into your face when you were upside down. We're going to deal with that now.

Chirp, chirp.

Lie down. You don't have to close your eyes. Your mind is absolutely blank. Feel your pulse against your eardrums, the sound echoes through your body. Feel your blood coursing down your legs. It is soft. You are soft.

[*Feet stop walking.*]

Listen to the clock. The ticking of the clock. I'm going to count down now from ten to one and you'll find yourself in a warm comfortable bath, submerged in warm soft water. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. You hear the faucet dripping. This is a reassuring sound. You are fully submerged. Your eyes are closed. Rest your head and let it slip into the water. You can hear the radio in 4B, a conversation on 4F. You can hear them but you can't hear what they're saying. The sound is traveling through the pipes that connect your bathtub to every other bathtub in the building. You feel your body begin to dissolve, as though your skin is slipping from your muscles. This is a relief. You dissolve slowly. Slowly, you become the water. You are transparent. You fill the tub, can feel its edges holding you in. You move, limitless, bending and stretching inside yourself. Look now towards the drain, pull the plug, and let yourself inside it ... you are traveling through the pipe. There are forks in the path where other waters join you, I'd like you to stop at this pipe now, this is the pipe that connects to Maggie and Steve's apartment on 4F. You are going into Maggie and Steve's apartment. You follow the pipe towards the sound of their voices. You listen to what they're saying. You're pay close attention. You can see them through the half-open door of the bathroom. You are transparent. Maggie and Steve are arguing. You are listening to their discussion. You are just listening. Maggie wants to buy a new car. Steve claims they cannot afford a new car. Maggie says that the mounting repair costs and rising fuel prices are making the old car more expensive. You enter the room slowly, there you see a dog in the corner chewing on a magazine. You go to the dog. You pet him and he recognizes you. Maggie and Steve watch the dog follow you to the bathroom. You pull him into the bathtub and watch as the dog melts into a pool with you. You are drawn back through the pipes together back to your apartment. The dog, like you, becomes the water and when you return to your bathtub, you can feel the dog around you, his warm body against yours, his patience, his friendship, it is all around you as your body returns to you. The dog has become the warmth of the water. It comforts you and when it flows into your face as you sing, it is there to keep you warm. You trust the dog. You trust the water. You can still listening hear Maggie and Steve from the water. The tub is half full, and slowly the water level slips down your body. I'd like you to pull your head from the water. Your head is still warm. You keep this warmth. It is inside your skin, inside of you. You will let the water evaporate and you will remain warm. I'm going to count down now from ten to one, and you are going to remember the simple comfort of water. You're going to allow it to envelop you, in ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.

[*Drip, drip.*]

Let's try the backwards thing again. When you walked backwards the other day, I think that worked well.

[Do you want me to use the heels?]

Why don't you try my shoes on, and see if it's possible to walk backwards. Maybe you can do it with your hands. The difference between backwards and forwards is toe heel, heel toe, so why don't you try to do it with your hands. And um, you should let them cool off a bit.

[I like that hypnosis scene.]

Are we rewind on the tape player?

[Yeah, I put it back.]

{What are we doing?}

We're gonna do the singing backwards with walking backwards.

{What should I do?}

Try to harmonize with the singing also, on the melodica instead of doing the glasses.

{Are you going to harmonize as well?}

Yeah.

Can you go closer to her, so that it's not so loud? And the other backwards thing was, the glass sweeping and smashing. But I think that's too loud, so I'm gonna leave it. Turner, if I press play is it ready?

[It's ready.]

Toe-heel, toe-heel, that's backwards. Um ... can you sing really lightly and turn this down?

Chirp chirp.

New person enters space ...

[*Tape being torn.*]

You can improvise. As long as you feel comfortable with what you're saying. It's a regular gig, you won't believe what were making on this deal.

Cell phone rings, twice: that's my boss, hold up. No, I can't get into the building. Yeah, Yeah ...

[*Tape being torn.*]

Okay. He's gonna call back.

So basically you can improvise, you are just calling your singer, you're an agent. You're calling her to tell her she's got a gig, it's good money, and everyone says that Helarium 8-42 is totally safe.

Okay, I got lost on this one.

It's okay. You just say, "Helarium 8-42, it's totally safe, I brought you a tank, call me back right away. So, call me back, they got girls lined up.

Call today." You don't have to say exactly what's on here, I'm just gonna tape this.

I don't want to do it.

You sure?

Yeah, I don't want to do it.

I'll find somebody else.

Cause some of the words in there, I don't know. I don't want to mess it up.

You know what, it's alright. I'll get it taken care of, thank you. *Door closes.* let me know if you see anybody walking by with that build. Then I'll bring 'em in. We're not doing that scene yet anyway, we're just looking for an agent. Cause you don't talk like that. Did you hear his voice?

[I'm not an actor.]

{How about him? *Pointing outside.*}

Come on, look at him, he's too young and skinny. Does he look like an agent?

{Could be a young agent.}

I don't need to hire anybody new, but if somebody happens by, we'll just bring him in. Okay, we're gonna try this scene, and keep our eyes peeled. Um, Turner, can you do it from here. This is the sound of her brain working. So when they're hanging, they're softer. And it should be really quiet, so maybe behind you even. Can you two read the text together?

[Where am I walking?]

Well, you walk in then you're silent.

[I don't start to clap until after?]

Not until she starts thinking. The first line is not read out loud that is just the synopsis. You're cuing us, so Turner will walk in for a few seconds, then you'll start.

[*Walk across the floor.*]

{Please take a seat Lauren.}

I'm sorry, on the floor?

{No of course not, no, please sit down here.}

Where?

{On this chair will be just fine.}

[*Flapping, flicking sound, through narration.*]

Lauren could not see the chair. Dr. Morabie must have been testing her, testing her somehow. Lauren looked around the room, there was a stool stacked with books in the corner. Did the doctor mean for her to sit on that, should she move the books? The doctor was pointing now to an empty place on the carpet. Lauren wasn't sure if she should trust the gesture. If there was a chair, Lauren couldn't see it.

The flickering isn't working. It's too distracting. It doesn't sound like a brain. Let's skip it. Let's try reading through without any sound.

[Do you want me to do the steps again now?]

No steps, we'll just read without steps. That was good, Theo, really good, natural.

{So I'm not going to try to sound American.}

You're not American.

{Okay.}

You're an expert in the field of vocal repair from anywhere in the world.

{Please, take a seat Lauren.}

Long pause.

I'm sorry, on the floor?

Long pause.

{No, right there.}

Where?

{This chair will be just fine.}

Lauren could not see the chair. Dr. Morabie must have been testing her, testing her somehow. Lauren looked around the room, at the dusty dusty dusty miniblinds, she looked across the carpet, which had been worn down the center from the pacing and pacing that she had seen Dr. Morabie, so many times do. There was a stool stacked with books in the corner. Did the doctor mean for her to sit on that? Certainly not, not on the books. Should she move the books? The doctor was pointing now to an empty spot on the carpet, an empty place where he supposed a chair should be. Although she couldn't see the chair. Lauren wasn't sure if she could trust the gesture. If there was a chair, Lauren couldn't see it and she was crazy. In which case, she should pretend to see it, to believe the doctor and to sit down where he asked just to prove that she wasn't. Then again, if this was a test and the doctor was pretending there was a chair, only a crazy person would pretend to sit in it. Lauren wasn't sure what to do, she looked, she stood, motionless ...

{Lauren if you'd rather have my chair, that's fine, I'm happy to sit there.}

Lauren didn't say anything. She watched the doctor rise from the chair turn around and ... Lauren closed her eyes for a brief second, would the doctor go through with it? Would she let it happen?

DON'T!

{Don't what?}

The doctor stood up. He hadn't sat down, he didn't have a chance, although he gestured to sit down, he'd almost done it.

{Is something wrong, Lauren?}

Are you going to sit down there?

{Here.}

The doctor gestured to the carpet again, to the empty space.

{You know what, Lauren? I'm just going to stand here and let you pick.}

Lauren looked at the wooden armchair the doctor had been sitting in. She could sit there without question, let the doctor show her where the chair was, but she could hear his words already. She could hear them, "Lauren, I see you've chosen to sit in my chair," he'd say, "Why is that? What's wrong with this chair?" He'd point to the nothing and she'd wonder, but this chair isn't there, what should she say. How could she tell him that she couldn't see it? But he would have to sit down in order to ask her that, wouldn't he? He'd either have to sit in the empty chair, or admit that it wasn't there. And what if he didn't sit down at all? What if he just paced the room like he sometimes did, wearing down the carpet so that even when he'd gone ahead and thrown it out in the street, not even a drummer, who'd fold the floppy thing in half to set his drum kit on, bothered to give it a second glance. Lauren was going to take a risk. She was going to pick the invisible chair. She was going to see how long the doctor held out before stopping her.

Right here?

{Yes.}

You sure, right here?

Lauren couldn't see it. She watched the doctor's eyes, pointing pupils.

Here?

Lauren steadied herself. She was uncertain. The doctor wasn't holding a clipboard or taking notes. He watched her carefully as she positioned herself as to sit and lowered herself towards the seat. Every muscle taught, she hovered there in the air, knowing there was no chair. Knowing it was a test, she would not let go.

{Lauren, if you'd rather sit in my chair, you may.}

The proposition sounded relief, would in fact be relief. She could see the

other chair. The other chair was indeed there, he'd just been sitting in it. She stood again and straightened her pants, turned and took a seat in the other chair.

Can you two practice the back and forth? Almost so there is no pause in-between, just you two? While I go see if I can find an agent?

{From the beginning?}

Do you want me to mark where you are?

That'd be easier.

Sorry: "On the floor? Where? DON'T!" Okay, right here, right here, uh huh, here, okay. That's you, and that's you, okay? So you two practice together, look at each other while your speaking, why don't you?

{Please take a seat Lauren.}

I'm sorry, where, on the floor?

{Please sit down right here.}

Where?

{This chair will be just fine. *Pause.* Lauren, if you'd rather have my chair, that's just fine. I'm happy to sit there.}

DON'T!

{Don't what? Is something wrong Lauren?}

[*Door to street opens and closes.*]

Are you going to sit there?

{Here. You know what, Lauren? I'm just going to stand here and let you pick.}

Right here?

{Yes.}

You sure, right here?

{Right here.}

Here.

{Lauren, if you'd rather sit in my chair you may.}

{Turner, does it sound like a situation at the doctor?}

[Oh. *Pause.* I was reading. Um, at the doctor? It sounds good.]

She found another one.

Door opens and closes again.

Keep practicing, so that it feels natural.

{But, does this sound like a situation with a doctor?}

It should, but it's a doctor that she knows.

{Please take a seat, Lauren.}

I'm sorry on the floor?

Door opens and closes again.

{No, no, please sit down here.}

Where?

{This chair will be just fine.}

DON'T!

{Don't, okay, don't what?}

{Is something wrong, Lauren?}

Are you going to sit down there?

{Here? You know what, Lauren? I'm just going to stand here and let you pick.}

Right here?

{Yes.}

You sure? Right here. Here.

{Lauren, if you'd rather sit in my chair you may.}

{Turner, could you once read my part?}

[I think the first time you read it, it sounded really good.]

{Just once.}

[Okay,]

{Please take a seat, Lauren.}

I'm sorry, on the floor?

[No, of course not, please sit here.]

Where?

[This chair will be just fine.]

DON'T!

[Lauren, if you'd rather have my chair, that's just fine, I'm happy to sit down.]

Oh, I'm sorry, I, um ...

[Don't what?]

Are you going to sit down there?

[Is there something wrong, Lauren? Oh. That's all right, here, you know what, Lauren? I'm just going to stand here and let you pick.]

Right here?

[Yes.]

You sure? Right here.

[Here.]

Here?

[Lauren, if you'd rather sit in my chair you may.]

[*Cough.*]

Sniffle.

{We're both young doctors.}

[I think your first version was really good, when you were very calm and cold.]

{Not involved.}

[I mean, it sounds, like she is familiar with you, but you don't need to sound like you're familiar with her.]

{There's so many people coming and going.}

[Yeah.]

But you're still the doctor.

{Please take a seat, Lauren.}

[Try to sound nice, like you were at first ... "Please, take a seat, Lauren."]

{Please take a seat Lauren.}

I'm sorry, on the floor?

{Of course not, please sit down here.}

Where?

{This chair will be just fine. *Pause.* Lauren, if you'd rather have my chair, that's fine. I'm happy to sit there.}

DON'T!

{Don't what? Are you going to sit down there?}

Here?

{You know what, Lauren? I'm just going to stand here, and let you pick.}

Right here?

{Yes.}

You sure? Right here. Here?

{Lauren if you'd rather sit on my chair you may.}

Door to street opens and closes.

I've been roped in.

This is it, just maybe read it once so you feel familiar with it and you can improvise, basically she got a job on the Silverfish, good gig, lots of money, Helarium 8-42 is totally safe, brought you a tank, twenty girls lined up, so call back now. You can improvise.

Helarium 8-42. I think we need a tank of that in our studio. *Pause. He's reading, whispering to himself.* Alright, I'll do it right now.

Ready?

Yep.

Answering machine recording beep.

Hi Lauren, great news, they want you to sing on the Silverfish. It's a regular gig and you won't believe what we're making on this deal. You have to call me back and, I'm serious, they want you up there in a week. Everybody say, this Helarium 8-42 is totally safe. I brought you a tank to rehearse with. Call me back right away though, no time for artistic deliberation. No bullshit. These guys want to move on this or they're going to move on this. Twenty girls they got lined up with lungs like you, but they like your hair so, today Lauren, call me back, today. *Beep.*

Can we try it one more time without the text, just pretend like you're on the phone, just from your memory? I'm sure it's gonna work. Ready?

All right.

Helarium 8-42.

Yeah, I'll just, I just remember Helarium 8-42.

Answering machine recording, beep.

Helarium 8-42 is safe and good. Just call me back Lauren.

Beep.

You are going: "Lauren I got a gig for you, it's on the Silverfish, they say Helarium 8-42 is totally safe, girls lined up around the block, call me."

Answering machine recording. Beep.

Lauren, Helarium 8-42 is totally safe, the gig's safe, call me.

Thank you.

Okay.

Have a good day.

You too.

Door to street opens and closes.

I guess I'm gonna have to drag in some other people. That one is not gonna work. How you guys doing?

Okay.

Can you do it again?

{Please take a seat Lauren.}

I'm sorry, on the floor?

{Of course not, please, sit down here.}

Where?

{This chair will be just fine.}

Lauren could not see the chair. Dr. Morabie must have been testing her. Testing her somehow. Lauren looked around the room, the mini-blinds all dusted up, a couple broken, there was stool, stacked with books in the corner, books she didn't recognize. She thought they looked like they'd never been opened. Did the doctor mean for her to sit on that? Should she move the books? Of course not, no, that was in the corner, she was not going to walk over to the corner and move the books, when he said she should sit down in the chair right here. The doctor was pointing now to an empty place on the carpet. Lauren wasn't sure if she should trust him. If there was a chair, Lauren couldn't see it, she was crazy. In which case, she should pretend to see it, to believe the doctor, and sit down where asked, just to prove that she wasn't. Then again, if this was a test and the doctor

was pretending there was a chair, only a crazy person would pretend to sit in it.

{Lauren, if you'd rather have my chair that's fine. I'm happy to sit there.}

Lauren didn't say anything, she watched the doctor rise from the chair and turn around ... And Lauren closed her eyes for a brief second.

DON'T!

{Don't what?}

The doctor stood up straight.

{Is something wrong, Lauren?}

Are you going to sit down there?

{Here.}

The doctor gestured to the carpet again. The carpet, the empty carpet. The doctor realized in Lauren's gaze, her darting eyes, that something was amiss. He had an idea.

{You know what, Lauren, I'm just going to stand here and let you pick.}

Lauren looked at the wooden armchair the doctor had been sitting in. She could sit there without question. Let the doctor show her where the other chair is. But she could hear his words already, "Lauren, I see you've chosen to sit in my chair."

Theo, you read that.

Lauren looked at the wooden armchair the doctor had been sitting in. She could sit there without question. Let the doctor show her where the other chair is. But she could hear his words already. *Pause.*

You should almost interrupt me too. Let's read that part again.

{Uh, Lauren, I see you have chosen to sit in my chair.}

So as soon as I say "Already" you jump in. "But she could hear his words already." *Interrupting.* "Lauren, I see you have chosen to sit in my chair, what's wrong with this chair?"

{So, everything that's written in cursive?}

Yes, that's you.

{Let's try the whole thing from there.}

Lauren looked at the wooden armchair that the doctor had been sitting in. She could sit there without question. Let the doctor show her where the

other chair is. But she could hear his words already,

{Lauren, I see you have chosen to sit in my chair.}

He'd say.

{Why is that? What is wrong with this chair?}

But he would have to sit down to ask her that, wouldn't he? Would he sit down in the invisible chair? Would he sit down in the invisible chair and what if he didn't sit down in the invisible chair? What if he just paced the room as he did sometimes, wearing down the carpet, so that even when he finally got around to throwing it out the only one to pick it up would be some poor guy with a restaurant who needed to floor the sloppy kitchen with it. Lauren was going to take a risk, she was going to pick the invisible chair. She was going to see how long the doctor held out before stopping her. She could play this game too.

Right here?

{Yes.}

You sure, right here?

Lauren could see it. She watched the doctor's eyes, pointing pupils.

Here.

Lauren steadied herself, she was uncertain. The doctor wasn't holding a clipboard, or taking notes, no, no, no. The doctor watched her carefully as she positioned herself as if to sit and lowered herself to the seat, the seat, the seat she couldn't see. What was theoretically a seat. Every muscle taught, she hovered there, in the air, knowing there was no chair. Knowing that it was a test. She wouldn't let go. She hovered.

{Lauren, if you rather would sit in my chair you may.}

The proposition sounded relief. Her legs ached. She would like to take the other chair. She could see the other chair. The other chair was there, it was indeed there. Let the doctor show her where the invisible chair was. She stood again, straightened her pants, turned and took a seat in the other chair.

(*Rustle of papers.*)

It would be nice if we had some sort of sound support on this.

[Yeah, it's a lot of text.]

It is a lot of text. That's why I'm thinking of ...

[I'm also thinking about that for some of this too.]

I thought about a balloon. The sound of a balloon letting out air. That sound.

[Finding a balloon and actually making that sound, or just kind of making it.]

I suppose we could make that sound.

It's good.

We could make that sound. What other sounds are you thinking about for the other thing. These guys ...

[For the Silverfish I was thinking about turning on the fan. And while the fan is going, a bowed glass.]

That could be really nice.

[Um, but, during the parts where, talking about someone going crazy, clawing the curtains and stuff like that, um, in a way, it might not be that good if the lines are cuing the sounds. Um, so, it might be cool just to have that ambient fan and bowed glass which remain through that scene. Like you're kind of walking around the Silverfish hearing those things.]

If we're doing that sound, maybe we could have Theo on the glass because I'd like you to be the maitre d'.

{Okay.}

Could you do that?

[Is the maitre d' the one saying that stuff? Sure.]

Yeah, um, it's fine if he's a young guy. The deal is, uh, when you're reading, don't read. Just try and remember what it's supposed to say and then think, it's you, it's okay if the words are not the same, I change them every time anyway. I always put things in or take them out, or leave them. Is that okay, you guys notice?

{Where's the cue? Ahh!}

I jumped in actually I didn't let you get that last line in there, sorry.

You know when you jumped in that was perfect. That was much more natural than had we planned. *Standing up.* Is that our agent? Ah, Jesus.

Door to street opens and closes.

He looks like it. He had the total expression too.

{Helarium 8-42 is totally safe.}

[Maybe I shouldn't be here with these on. I think these heels are scaring people off.]

{Perhaps we should show them an example of what we are doing.}

They will feel more ...

{Because we all sit here and ...}

If they're not in the field they might feel a little intimidated or stifled.

{We've been doing this since Saturday.}

We've been experimenting for a few days.

[She could also take the tape recorder and record them on the street.]

Which might be more comfortable for them.

[It might sound better, and then we could play the tape recorder into the answering machine.]

Remember, I had a small empty bottle of water? Did I leave it on that side? Is that mine?

Door to street opens and closes.

Thirty seconds.

Yes, thirty seconds.

Okay.

Basically, you can improvise. You are calling Lauren, she is your singer and you are telling her she has a gig on the Silverfish. And it's good money. Just remember that, cause if you read it you might ...

It's a script.

It's a script, but you don't need to stick to it.

So you just want me to go with this. My voice, I don't need to have a script.

It doesn't matter, just keep the idea in mind and say, "Hey Lauren I got this gig for you it's so good, listen, it's on the Silverfish, big money, girls around the block for this thing. You gotta call me back right now. Otherwise somebody else is going to be on it." All you have to remember is, you gotta tell her that Helarium 8-42 is totally safe. Because, this is the chemical that got pumped into to the space. It's on a Zeppelin, so you just need to remember to tell her.

8-42 is ...

Just generally, so, Helarium 8-42 is totally safe, listen girls lined up around the block, call me today. Today. Just be straight. This is your girl right there. She is our singer.

My God. I can't believe it.

You want to give it a try?

"Hi Lauren, great news, they want you to sing on the Silverfish." Not like that? As a message?

As a message. You're calling her.

You won't believe what we are making on this deal, you've got to call me back. Helarium 8-42 is totally safe. I bought you a tank to rehearse with, call me back right away though. No time for artistic deliberation. No B.S. ...

Oh, you can swear, it's okay.

No, bullshit. *Ha ha, Laughing.* No bullshit, call me back now.

Exactly.

You know what, I know what I'm gonna do about this. Let me have four key points, the name, the address, 8-42 right?

Helarium.

{It's the gas in the Silverfish.}

Helarium 8-42 totally safe, yeah?

Yeah.

Okay, these are you're key points.

How do you want me to use Helarium 8-42?

Uh, just say it's totally safe, the gig, is on the Silverfish, okay, Silverfish, yeah, and ah, you gotta say, girls lined up. *Writing this down for him.* Girls lined up. So call back right? Call back. This is what you gotta remember.

What's my name?

You're the agent. I don't know what your name is, oh no, it's Brent. I wrote it down. Your name is Brent. It's Brent.

You gotta coach me, if you don't like it. We'll try this one more time.

You wanna give it a shot?

HI LAUREN! IT'S ...

Wait, it's not on. When you hear the beep.

Can we go blank first?

Yeah, let's go blank.

Opens door to street, yelling: YO ... WATCH MY CAR! *Closes door to street.* It's Brent calling Lauren about a gig she, I found for her, at the Helarium, at the Silverfish, it's Helarium 8-42.

Yeah, Helarium 8-42 is the air that's being pumped in, because it's a Zeppelin. It's an airship.

Okay.

So, she needs to know that it's okay, she doesn't have to worry about it. Word on the street is, that it's not okay.

I gotta call people right back, no bullshit, you gotta call me.

Perfect.

Let's give it a shot, because you never know, the shot might be good.

Okay, when you hear the beep then you go.

Answering machine recording. Beep.

HI LAUREN, IT'S BRENT, AH, I HAVE A GIG FOR YOU, LISTEN YOU HAVE TO CALL ME RIGHT AWAY! And it's totally safe, at the Helarium 8-42, oh my god, girls lined up, call me right back. NO BULLSHIT! CALL ME BACK.

Beep.

Is it original?

It sounds good, it sounds natural.

It's natural.

You wanna do that one more time?

Why not?

Okay. The place is called the Silverfish.

That's the location.

Gig at the Silverfish.

At the Silverfish, at the Silverfish, then Helarium 8-42 is totally safe, so one more time.

Answering machine recording. beep.

HI LAUREN, IT'S BRENT, CALLING ABOUT THIS GIG THAT I HAVE FOR YOU. IT'S AT THE SILVERFISH, PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME YOU HAVE TO CALL ME. HEY BY THE WAY IT'S HELARIUM 8-42, PLEASE, IT'S TOTALLY SAFE. OH MY GOD, GIRLS LINED UP, NO BULLSHIT, YOU GOTTA CALL ME.

Beep.

That was perfect, thank you so much.

You want me to explain to her Helarium 8-42 don't worry 'bout it, it's safe. I would like a thing like that. Hey, if you like it you gotta let me know. For real.

It's good.

You sure?

It's good to go.

Clapping. Buy guys, good luck.

Thank you.

Out the door to the street, close door.

[If that does not work, I have an idea. I've got a voice.]

You've got a voice?

[Yeah.]

You want someone to come in? Can you do one? You want to act?

[This would be it, the voice. Let me see the script. It could be, okay.]

Just improvise like he did.

[All right, it might sound good on the recording.]

Do you just want to try recording it now?

[Yeah, oh, hold on.]

Silverfish should come before Helarium. You can read through it.

[Okay, ready.]

Answering machine recording. beep.

[Hey Lauren, this is Brent, I got great news, I got gig on Silverfish, it's regular gig, I believe it make, big deal, big deal good money, very serious, got tank of Helarium 8-42, totally safe. Totally safe, got you tank, but, ah, call me back, no bullshit, girls lined up round block, no bullshit, call me back today.]

Beep.

Answering machine recording. Beep.

[Hi Lauren, ahh, great news, I got you a gig on the Silverfish, it's on the Silverfish and it's a regular gig, a regular deal, I got you a tank of ah, Helarium 8-42, and uh, there are girls lined up around the block for this one, no bullshit, so you gotta call me back today, okay? I could do that better ...]

Beep.

[I have to do an impression, of one of my mom's friends, or something.]

Answering machine recording. Beep.

[You can't do that.]

Beep.

[Ready.]

Answering machine recording. Beep.

[Hi Lauren, It's Brent um, great news.]

Beep.

[That was too fake yeah, all right. *Clear throat.*]

Answering machine recording. Beep.

Hi Lauren, it's Brent, ah great news, they want you to sing on the Silverfish, it's a regular gig, ah, but you won't believe what kind of money we're making on this deal, you gotta call me back I'm serious, ah, they want you up there this week, everybody says that Helarium 8-42 is totally safe, I got you a tank. I bought you a tank to rehearse with so call me back right away. You have no time for artistic deliberation. No bullshit, these guys want to move on this right away. They got ah, twenty girls lined up around the block, but they liked your hair, so that's it, you gotta call me back today. No bullshit, okay Lauren? Call me back, yeah yeah.
Beep.

[That was no good.]

Do a heavy, deep, Southern accent. Turner comes from Birmingham.

Yeah he was telling me.

Answering machine recording, beep.

[Uh, hi Lauren, this is Brent, I've got great news for you, ah, they want you to sing on the Silverfish, it's a regular gig, so ah, gonna be good money, you're not gonna believe what we're making on this deal, it's actually pretty good, ah, You're gonna have to call me back though, and I'm serious, I'm gonna have to take you up there this week. Everybody say that ah, Helarium 8-42 is totally safe. I bought you a tank to rehearse with, so ah, call me back, right away, there's not time for artistic deliberation and no bullshit. These guys wanna move on this, they're going to move on this, twenty girls they got lined up around the block, they got lungs like you, but they don't got the hair and that's why they want ya. So call me back today, no bullshit.]
Beep.

Okay. Let's give it a listen. I like that we could actually use them all. Ah, so, the agent could call back twenty times and he could be a different person every time.

With the name Brent?

He's all Brent. Brent is anyone. Let's move this a little closer. So we can hear that nice and clear.

Playing memo.

Beep.

Sunday 12, a.m.: Hi Lauren, great news. They want you to sing on. The Silverfish. It's a regular gig, and you won't believe that we're making on this deal. You have to call me back and I'm serious, they want you up there in a week. Everybody say this Helarium 8-42 is totally safe. I brought you a tank to rehearse with. Call me back right away though, no time for artistic deliberation. No bullshit. These guys want to move on this, or their going to move on this. twenty girls they got lined up with lungs like you, but they like your hair. So, today Lauren, call me back, today.
Beep.

Sunday 12, a.m.: Helarium 8-42 is safe and good, just call me back Lauren.
Beep.

Sunday 12, a.m.: Lauren, Helarium 8-42 is totally safe, The gig's safe, call me.
Beep.

Sunday 12, a.m.: HI LAUREN, IT'S BRENT, AH, I HAVE A GIG FOR YOU, LISTEN YOU HAVE TO CALL ME RIGHT AWAY! And it's totally safe, at the Helarium 8-42, oh my god, girls lined up, call me right back. NO BULLSHIT! CALL ME BACK.
Beep.

Sunday 12, a.m.: HI LAUREN, IT'S BRENT, CALLING ABOUT THIS GIG THAT I HAVE FOR YOU. IT'S AT THE SILVERFISH, PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME YOU HAVE TO CALL ME. HEY BY THE WAY IT'S HELARIUM 8-42, PLEASE, IT'S TOTALLY SAFE. OH MY GOD, GIRLS LINED UP, NO BULLSHIT, YOU GOTTA CALL ME.
Beep.

Sunday 12, a.m.: Hey Lauren, this is Brent, I got great news, I got gig on Silverfish, it's regular gig, I believe it make, big deal, big deal good money, very serious, got a tank of Helarium 8-42, totally safe. Totally safe, got you tank, but, ah, call me back, no bullshit, girls lined up round block, no bullshit, call me back today.
Beep.

Sunday 12, a.m.: Hi Lauren, ahh, great news, I got you a gig on the Silverfish it's on the Silverfish and it's a regular gig, a regular deal, I got you a tank of ah, Helarium 8-42, and uh, there are girls lined up around the block for this, one, no bullshit, so you gotta call me back today, okay.
Beep.

Sunday 12, a.m.: you gotta.
Beep.

Sunday 12, a.m.: Hi Lauren, It's Brent um, great news. Ah not that's too ...
Beep.

Sunday 12, a.m.: Hi Lauren, it's Brent, ah great news, they want you to sing on the Silverfish, it's a regular gig, ah, but you won't believe what kind of money we're making on this deal, you gotta call me back, I'm serious. Ah, they want you up there this week, everybody says that Helarium 8-42 is totally safe, I got you a tank. I bought you a tank to rehearse with so call me back right away. You have no time for artistic deliberation. No bullshit, these guys want to move on this right away. They got, ah, twenty girls lined up around the block, but they liked your hair, so that's it, you gotta call me back today, no bullshit, okay Lauren? Call me back, yeah yeah.
Beep.

Sunday 12, a.m.: Uh, hi Lauren, this is Brent, I've got great news for you, ah, they want you to sing on the Silverfish, it's a regular gig, so ah, gonna be good money, you're not gonna believe what we're making on this deal, it's actually pretty good. Ah, You're gonna have to call me back though, and I'm serious, I'm gonna have to take you up there this week. Everybody say that ah, Helarium 8-42 is totally safe. I bought you a tank to rehearse with, so ah, call me back, right away, there's no time for artistic deliberation and no bullshit. These guys wanna move on this, they're going to move on this, twenty girls they got lined up around the block, they got lungs like you, but they don't got the hair and that's why they want ya. So call me back today, no bullshit.
Beep, END OF MESSAGES.

You wanna call yourself? We need a woman.

Okay.

Who are you?

Ginger the agent.

How old are you?

Um, thirty-five.

All right, give it a shot.

[Talking to the Bluetooth, that's how that guy was leaving them. I wish I could have that, just that. Hey, it just sounds like he's walking down the street yelling to himself.]

Yeah, it's really good, he was amazing. He has a TV show on cable access on Saturdays.

[Really?]

That guy does?

[He's not one of those dudes, in the purple robes.]

I don't know, he's got a cable access show, that's all he said. He's like, "How'd you know?"

You mean one of those guys who wears the ...

[You know what I'm talking about.]

He thought I'd seen him on TV.

Really, are you serious?

I came up to him, he said, "How did you know, you seen me?"

[And you said, "Yes," right?]

No, I said "I heard your voice from down the block, I need you."

[He might be one of those guys.]

{But he's professional.}

Cough, clear throat.

[Maybe you should cough in the message.]

Answering machine recording. Beep.

Hi Lauren, It's Ginger. I haven't heard from you, look, I gotta gig for you, call me back, no bullshit please. I gotta gig at the Helarium 8-42 it's totally safe, it's at the Silverfish, look there are a lot of girls lined up around the corner, just give me a call so we can get this hooked up for you okay?
Beep.

We have enough, we've got sixteen and we'll cut some out. 16, ahh. *Paper rustling.* Let's try, this, but this is a really quiet, what at the sounds in the

doctor's office. We have the clock, which is always there.

{Yep, we could try that, Turner's the doctor.}

[I don't think so. I think you're a good doctor.]

I think so too.

[The first time when you said, "Please take a seat Lauren," you were just, you sounded distant, but you were being kind. You didn't sound like a weird, alien doctor, but you sounded like a nice doctor in New York.]

You sounded like you care. I think you have a good handle on it. But I think we need a certain peace, um, you know for the office. And we need the background of the clock, that's our trigger. That's how we always know where we are. The clock is excellent. Do you think we can get Turner to be the clock? Does he have the timing, or do we need you? Okay.

(Ticking clock)

{Please take a seat, Lauren,}

I'm sorry, on the floor?

{No, of course not, no, please sit down here.}

Where?

Turner, you gotta come and sit down.

[I'm sorry. *Click, click, click, heels on concrete, walking to seat. Loud grinding motor sound.*]

Those damn heels, those damn heels are so loud. Okay, this sound is atrocious. What is that? A floor sander? It's vibrating the ceiling? A polisher? They're about to start again. Alright.

[Sounds like someone's dragging ...]

A dead body down the street. Oh, is that another agent?

He's the hose guy from yesterday.

Um, can we do a dialogue, leaving pauses where I am, and you walk?

[I was gonna say ... can I do footsteps?]

Yeah.

[During all this sitting, and not sitting.]

I'll be the doctors feet and you're the um ... I'm the doctor and you're the ... So you're Lauren, and I'm Dr. Morabie. It would be great if we had some music for this too somewhere.

[Can you play and read?]

{Singing into melodica. Please take a seat}

Flapping clappy hands. This is good for bugs, right?

[Yeah.]

{Oh.}

Or flies?

You do that well.

Or bats. We have more of them. Maybe I should bring some more. Um, so I'll walk with you Turner, then we should do this exercise. The "Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh" exercise. After we do this one again.

[Are we doing the scene with the Helarium, or is that for tomorrow?]

I don't know if we're gonna get through that today. Theo, do you want me to, can you lead us in with a song? A small intro, then Turner does the feet into the office. Then I'll be the doctor and I'll stand up, but he's standing on the carpet so ...

[Am I stepping onto the carpet? Should we lay the carpet over that black piece right there?]

Then we have half / half. Theo, you lead us in, Turner will walk us into the office.

{The walking will start at the end of the music?}

Yeah, he'll walk in and you'll fade out.

{Theme 1, light on melodica.}

[Footsteps into room, on wood floor.]

{Am I the doctor? Oh, sorry.}

{Was, it too long, the melody?}

You only have to do the first passage, it's enough. And Turner should be walking over and through the sound. Even when he starts talking and tells you to sit down you are still moving. You can walk on here. He's walking into the room and you say, "Oh Lauren, please sit down." And when he says, "Sit down," then you stop, "Where?"

{Very good.}

Where?

{Theme 1, lightly on melodica.}

[Footsteps into office.]

{Please take a seat, Lauren.}

I'm sorry, on the floor?

{No, no, of course not, please sit down here.}

Where?

{This chair will be just fine.}

Lauren could not see the chair. She looked around the room. He was pointing now to an empty place on the carpet. Lauren stood stiff.

{Lauren, if you'd rather have my chair that's fine. I'd be happy to sit there.}

Lauren didn't say anything, she watched the doctor rise from the chair turn around, and she closed her eyes for a brief second, she didn't want to see him fall.

DON'T!

{Don't what?}

DON'T!

The doctor stood up.

Are you going to sit there?

{Here?}

The doctor gestured to the carpet again. He saw the fear in her eyes.

{You know what, Lauren? You pick.}

Lauren looked at the wooden armchair the doctor had been sitting in. Lauren was going to take a risk. She was going to pick the invisible chair. She'd see how long the doctor held out before stopping her.

Right here?

{Yes.}

You're sure, right here?

Lauren could almost see it.

Here?

Lauren steadied herself, she was uncertain. He watched her carefully as she lowered herself to the seat, every muscle taught. She hovered there in the air, knowing there was no chair, knowing that it was a test. She would not let go.

{Lauren, if you would rather sit in my chair, you may.}

Suddenly the proposition sounded relief. Would in fact be relief. She took a deep breath, straightened her pants, turned and took a seat in the other chair.

{*Music Theme 1, first phrase only.*}

[I mean, it just doesn't sound right if there's not going to be someone sitting down on a chair. I mean, it seems like that should be the end of the scene.]

What's a good sitting in the chair sound?

[Um it's kind of a... I mean if somebody wants to hop up. I mean, no ...]

People standing up moving around, standing and sitting

What about that? Yeah, that's a good sound, we'll take your seat. And when we close it would be nice to leave where you left off. *Humming the first phrase.* Then you end with. Falling notes. You know?

{Ah hah.}

You could come in, you know. *Humming the first phrase.* With ...

{*Melodica playing first phrase.* You want that one, only that last phrase?}

Yeah, that leaves it open-ended, like the sequence. I wonder if we can do the sequence without narration, if we can just have the ... with your voices. Can we try to improvise and argue about the chair?

Yeah, okay.

Let's try it without narration, just dialogue. YOU are not going to tell her that there is not a chair, you are not going to admit if the chair is there or not. You are saying that there is a chair, but we don't know if you're pretending that there is a chair,

{Or if it's really there?}

Or if it's really there. So you are going to let her pick which chair she wants to sit in.

{And she chooses?}

She chooses yours, the one that you've been sitting in. In the end she chooses yours, but she thinks she's gonna try this one because she wants to call your bluff. But she doesn't trust herself enough to actually,

{Sit down.}

It's about, faith and trust. Knowing and seeing. Move feet and then you sit. Okay, so we're the bodies. Um, Turner, are there any other support noises you can make?

{*Playing first phrase.*}

[I think that last sit will be good cause that's the only time anybody ever sits in a chair. The

only other sound I can think of, is, it'd be nice him getting up. Which could be, um ...]

Just move the wood, that's probably enough. Oh, the clock, you know we don't have a clock. This is a good clock. The timer, so lets see, let's take this timer, it sounds nice. We're gonna just try and concentrate on dialogue. No narration, we'll convey the setting without explanation, if you pause while you're looking at each other, that's okay. Interrupt each other while you're speaking also, and, um, maybe we should cut out some of the, "Laurens." You don't have to call her Lauren every time. You can also just say ... "If you'd rather sit in my chair; you; you may; you can," and it's okay. So maybe take "Lauren" out here. *Crossing out name on paper.* Cause we know who she is already, and um, we know who she is here and here again. Let's just get rid of all these. There is too much repetition, too much.

{Perhaps we try it once without improvising.}

Okay.

{Or almost, I'm not sure if I can improvise.}

Do you want to do it, just like, wait, rehearse before, without?

{Perhaps we can add some information.}

Okay, you'll bring us in and out.

{Okay.}

{*Clock is ticking.*}

{*Theme one, begun, then stopped.*}

{Please, please take a seat Lauren.}

I'm sorry, on the floor?

{No, of course not, no. Please sit down here.}

Where?

{This chair.}

Doctor, where?

{This chair, the one here?}

There don't seem to be many places where I could sit. Um, there?

{B-b-but here's this chair, don't you see it?}

I'm not exactly sure. Ah.

{Is there something wrong, Lauren?}

I'm, you couldn't possibly mean for me to sit over there with that, that stool.

{Here.}

Where?

{You know what Lauren? I'm just going to stand here and let you pick.}

What's wrong with, um, the chair that I'm looking at?

{There's nothing wrong, with that chair. Lauren, if you would rather sit in my chair, you may.}

Uh, sure, yes, right here, absolutely.

[*Sit sound.*]

{*Melodica, playing out.*}

[It's sounds so confusing.]

It's confusing without the narrative. But that's okay, it's okay that it's confusing, I'll be the doctor, and you sit in the chair.

Trading places.

But, Theo, you have to sit over here, you have to do what I was doing.

{What will I be doing?}

You have to do what I was doing, you have to sit on the thing and move it appropriately, when it's time to get up.

{I'm the doctor.}

[The doctor's body.]

The doctor's body, yes, you are the body of the doctor.

[And the atmospheric soundtrack?]

And you know what, you can even, b-b-b-b-b in the back ground in the quiet. Let's have some of that going through.

[Theo, when she, when the doctor gets up out of the chair, just pull it like an inch. *Pulls wood on wood.* That's good.]

{Give me a cue and then I'll do it.}

Adjusting seat. That sounds like a chair, interesting.

It does.

Um, why don't we just take that one?

[It's already a chair.]

Oh, okay, you're right.

[That's two pieces of wood.]

Yeah, that's better, it's a better chair.

[Nobody knows that though.]

Whispering. We know.

[*Clock ticking.*]

{*Melodica playing Theme 1.*}

[*Walking into room.*]

Hi, Lauren, take a seat.

I'm sorry, on the floor?

No, of course not, no sit down right here.

But, where?

This chair will be fine. You can sit here.

Uh, I see a stack of books on a stool, I see ...

No, not that, not the stool. I'd like you to sit down here in this chair please.

Uh.

Right across from me, so that we can talk face to face.

Sure, okay.

Right here.

You mean right here?

Unless you'd rather sit in my chair, um, I'm happy to get up, if you ...

D-d-d-don't it's okay. It's okay,

No really, you go ahead, you can take my chair and I'll sit over here.

Okay and then, where are you gonna sit?

Right here.

You're going to sit down here?

Yeah. I'll sit right here. You can sit in my chair.

Right here?

Unless you'd rather sit in this chair.

I, I, I'm just gonna, I don't know, I ah, think I like this chair here.

So you'll sit right here and I'll sit in my chair. It really, Lauren honestly, doesn't matter. Is there something wrong?

No, no, no, should I sit here?

Just sit down.

Right here?

So we can get started. Because, um, you were a few minutes late anyway, and honestly, you know uh, but let's just sit down and get started. Just take a seat, please.

Right here?

Right there.

Here?

Right, right, right, there, yes, right, where ... just sit, right, there.

Here.

Yes, Lauren,

Yes.

You are not sitting.

Yes.

Can we ... can we talk?

Yes.

This is not sitting, Lauren. Shall we do this standing up?

I'm sitting.

You are pretending to sit. Listen, why don't you just take my chair?

Here?

Yeah. I'll get up and you can take my chair.

Sure, yes.

Just take my chair and we can get started.

Yes, okay.

Okay.

[*Loud, sitting sound.*]

{*Melodica plays out.*}

{Perhaps.}

The cab driver was a pretty good agent. Okay, so let's take that from the beginning of that scene. I think we can totally hit it today. I think we can get that ... going. And I think we can do it with dialogue without narrative. I think it sounds good. And then we can save the narrative.

[I got an idea.]

Yeah.

[Can I, um, can we have a door between the walking and the office?]

Yeah.

[I walk, I stop, and maybe somebody does a little knock.]

Hum. A knock.

[Is this getting too ... will this be too complicated?]

No, this won't be too complicated.

[So knock.]

Theo, you knock.

[And then scoot the board.]

I'll tell her to come in.

[Okay, then scoot the wood over that board, for the door opening. Is that too ...?]

{Or can you knock? It would be better because I'm playing.}

[Oh yeah.]

Oh, that's a door, wait. *Door sound.* Knock here, and ... *Door sound.*

[Okay.]

So, you're doing the door. Knock on that, open that, I'll let you in from here.

[*Ticking clock.*]

{*Melodica Theme 1. A few of the notes are no longer in tune, the mechanism is broken.*}

[*Footsteps.*]

Um, try another theme if that one's broken.

{It's better when I stand upright.}

Whatever you prefer, it's fine.

[Theo, you don't need to, I can do everything over here.]

[*Ticking clock.*]

{Melodica Theme 1.}

[Footsteps knock on door.]

Trying to sound distant. Come in.

[*Door close.*]

Please take a seat, Lauren.

Uh, I'm sorry, on the floor?

Of course not. No, no. Sit down here.

Where?

This chair will be fine. You can take a seat right here.

Uh, where? On the stool? You've got books on the stool.

No, no. The stool is not here. It's over there. I want you to sit down here, next to me so we can talk.

Here?

Yes please. Take off your jacket, why don't you hang up your coat first?
And then you can sit down.

I can sit there.

Yeah, sit down here.

Oh, no, no, I can sit, here?

Um, excuse me?

Are you gonna sit down here?

No, I'm sitting in my chair unless you would rather sit in my chair. Would you rather sit in my chair, cause I could sit in the other chair?

No, no, no, I can sit here. Here?

Right there, just go ahead and sit down so we can get started.

Right here.

Is everything okay, Lauren?

I'm fine.

Then please ... So that we can get started.

I.

Please.

Here?

Lauren.

But, I should sit here?

Yeah.

Should I sit there?

No, here.

Here?

Unless you want my chair, I'm happy to give it up.

No, no, I can sit here.

You know what? You know what? It really, it doesn't matter Lauren. I'm gonna stand up. I'm gonna stand up. I'm gonna wait, and I'm going to let you pick. You can sit wherever you feel the most comfortable. You can have a view out the window, or look at the poster, whatever puts you at ease, alright?

So, I sit here then?

Yes. Right there.

You sure?

Go ahead ... Lauren, what are you doing?

Sitting.

You're not ... Sit down please. Will you please sit down?

There is no chair here, where am I gonna sit?

NO! You can't admit that there is no chair ... If you admit that there is no chair, than you admit that you are either totally crazy, or that the doctor is playing with you. Let's go back. You have position yourself to sit. Can you hover? Can you do the physical body?

Sorry, I don't ...

[I don't know if it would make an audible sound.]

But we'll may hear the strain in your voice.

[But I'm not, should Malaika, crouch?]

Yeah, you should crouch while you're saying the line.

Okay.

And you have to um, b-b-b-b-r-r-r, when you feel like it's important.

[But we wouldn't ...]

Wouldn't what?

[I think it would be important for the sound of the voice, to have this little ...]

I can still mention the stool with the books, right?

That's fine. We have to talk about something, it's not that you can't mention anything, practically, she could sit on the floor. She could sit on the desk, it's just that she doesn't want to admit what she can't see, or thinks she can't see, because she is uncertain. You can also ad-lib if you feel like it. It's like when you are looking at the shapes of clouds and someone sees something, and you think you see it too. But, there is no way of knowing if you are actually seeing the same thing.

[*Ticking continues throughout.*]

{*Melodica begins Theme 1.*}

[*Footsteps down hall knock on door.*]

Come in.

[*Door closes.*]

Hi Lauren, it's good to see you. Take a seat.

Sorry, on the floor?

No, not on the floor, sit down here.

Where?

Here, take this chair. This chair will be just fine.

Right here?

I think this would be a perfectly good spot.

{*Melodica is fluttering.*}

If you sit, we can face one another.

Okay, so right here?

Right here, this chair, please, just take a seat.

Cough.

Unless you'd rather have my chair. I'm happy to get up.

Oh, no, don't, I can sit here. I can sit there.

Is everything okay, Lauren?

Yeah, yeah. *Sigh.*

Why don't you just ... You know what? I'm going to stand right here and you can pick whichever chair you would prefer to sit in.

You certainly don't mean the stool over there.

Let's leave the stool out of it, we have these two chairs, and we're going to leave the stool out of it. I doubt you want to spend the next 45 minutes on a stool. So, you can either take the chair that I was sitting in, or you can take the chair, which I set for you across from me.

The chair.

Yeah, go ahead, sit down.

Right here?

Lauren, it's alright you can sit down.

Sit here.

Lauren, you're not sitting down.

Yeah, I'm sitting here.

No, you're not.

I'm sitting here.

You know what, why don't you just relax and ease into it. This chair is perfectly fine.

I could sit there.

Maybe that's not a bad idea.

Yeah, I could sit there.

Is there something wrong with this chair, something you don't like about it?

No, I'll sit.

Okay, then go ahead and sit down.

Here?

Lauren, why are you having such difficulty with this chair.

Yes?

What are you staring at?

I don't know.

I think you do.

No.

Shall I stand up? I'll get up.

I'm sitting, I'm sitting.

You aren't obliged.

I'm sitting,

No, stand up,

I'm sitting,

I don't want you to sit in that chair because you are not ... sitting in that chair.

I'm fine. I'm sitting.

That is not sitting. You are crouching.

I'm sitting.

STAND UP, STAND UP AND SIT IN MY CHAIR!

No.

SIT IN MY CHAIR NOW!

I'm sitting.

No.

Here.

No, stand up. Lauren, take a deep breath. I am going to count to five and I want you to walk over to my chair and I want you to sit down in it. Put your arms on the arm rest and then we are going to have a talk. One, two, three, four, five.

[Clock still ticking.]

{Theme 1, closure stanza.}

I think we exhausted that theme. Let's do the "Uh huh" exercise. For which we'll need another seat. Because the four of us will have to sit. Theo, why don't you sit down next to Malaika? No, sit down in this chair. Turner, why don't you take that chair there?

{Do we need this?}

No, take this one. Take this chair.

[This chair?]

Yes, that chair. Everyone has an object. You have scissors. You guys have brushes. I'll take the rosin. The way this works is: this is called "round structure identification recognition." What we're going to do is, we are all going to say the same thing. So hold your object, we're going to go around clockwise. We'll go around clockwise. After you have said "Uh huh," we'll try to do it without interruption. After you've said it, if you're going to skip out on the next round, set your object in front of you, as a sign that we should skip you, then when you want to return to the circle, you remove the object. So this is how you keep yourself out of it. Maybe a smaller object, cause that one is really noisy. Okay, we all have kind of small objects. That can also mean one person is left speaking by themselves, maintaining the rhythm.

[Well, how long do you want to do it for?]

Until we've exhausted it.

[Then you should just have this facing you.]

That's a good idea.

[This looks like such a bomb.]

The deal is that we'll be able to recognize the voice that is missing. The idea that you hear a voice, and then you don't hear it. You recognize its absence or it's return, or that a voice is constant and part of this rhythm. We'll do a few rounds before anyone starts to leave him or herself out.

Uh huh

[Uh huh]

Uh huh

{Uh huh}

Uh huh

Uh huh

{Uh huh}

Uh huh

Uh huh

		Uh huh	
{Uh huh}		[Uh huh]	
	Uh huh		Uh huh
{Uh huh}			[Uh huh]
[Uh huh]			Uh huh
	Uh huh		[Uh huh]
			Uh huh
	Uh huh		
	Uh huh		{Uh huh}
{Uh huh}			
	Uh huh		[How hard is it?]
{Uh huh}			We could have a slower beat.
	Uh huh		{A little bit slower.}
			Do you want this?
	Uh huh		It's about noticing what is gone. Or what was missing
{Uh huh}			{Do you need the saw?}
	Uh huh		[Moving objects around, gravel, whispers, buckets.]
{Uh huh}			
	Uh huh		{Theme 1, melodica, played clearly.}
[Uh huh]			[Walking from concrete to gravel, down the path, onto the dock, on wooden planks, bucket plunks, boat against the dock, bushes quiver, birds chirp, wood noises, dripping, multiple birds, dripping of rowing boat, rowing in silence, flutter of bats, flapping from far away, large cluster accumulates overwhelms the soundtrack then dissipates. Long silence.]
{Uh huh}			[Pages turning. People moving around, sitting down. Door closes, footsteps down the hall]
			Please take a seat, Lauren.
	Uh huh		I'm sorry, uh, on the floor?
{Uh huh}			No, no sit down here.
[Uh huh]			Where?
	Uh huh		This chair will be just fine.
{Uh huh}			Lauren could not see the chair. Dr. Morabie must have been testing her, testing her somehow; Lauren looked around the room, the empty carpet, the bookshelves. There was a stool stacked with books in the corner. Did the doctor mean for her to sit on that? Should she move the books? The doctor was pointing now to a tarnished paisley on the carpet. If there
[Uh huh]			
{Uh huh}			

was a chair, Lauren couldn't see it. Then again, maybe the doctor was pretending.

If you'd rather take my chair Lauren, that's fine, I'm happy to sit here.

Lauren didn't say anything, she watched the doctor rise from the chair ...

Don't.

Don't what?

Are you going to sit there?

The doctor gestured to the carpet again.

I'm just going to stand here and let you decide.

Lauren looked at the wooden armchair the doctor had been sitting in. What's wrong with this chair? She wondered. What if she just stood there or paced the room, like she sometimes did, thoughtlessly wearing down the carpet.

Right here?

Yes.

Lauren couldn't see it. She watched the doctor's eyes, darts she couldn't dodge. She wasn't holding a clipboard. She wasn't taking notes. Lauren carefully positioned herself to sit and lowered herself to the seat without sitting, every muscle taught, she hovered there, in the air, certain that this was a test. She stood again.

[Walking on concrete somewhere, door, walking down the hall.]

Please, Lauren, take a seat.

I'm sorry on the floor?

No, of course not. If you'd rather have my chair that's fine.

There's a stool.

Don't sit over there. I'd like you to sit next to me.

Here?

I think we should talk about ... I'm sorry?

Here?

Would you rather have my chair?

No. That chair?

Take any chair.

I could sit here, here.

Are you okay?

It's nothing.

Sit where you feel comfortable.

I guess ... I'll sit here.

That's right.

[Turning page.]

Whispering.

[Footsteps on the stairs, tick tock sound of clock.]

Singing the scales in the bathroom, distant voice.

[Feet down hallway, keys in door, close door]

Sunday, 12 am: Hello ...

Hello ...

Do you have an appointment?

Yes, this is Lauren Lipkin, it's 10 o'clock ...

Come on up. *Beep.*

[Door opens, steps in house, down hall, to stairs, then up the stairs two flights.]

To herself. Cap in a cab, Cap in a cab. Refuse reviews, refuse reviews. Refuse reviews. T, t.

[Heels across tile floor. Knock on door.]

Muffled voice. Come in.

[Door opens, door shuts. Footsteps on tile, typing noises in the background.]

High voice. Yeah, she's in her office, go ahead, go right in.

[Second knock.]

Muffled voice. Yeah, come in.

Hi Lauren, it's good to see you again. Why don't you sit down? We'll start where we left off last week.

[Feet shifting weight, sitting down.]

I'd like you to have a look up at the clock on the wall. You see the clock on

the wall. I'd like you to stare at the long hand as it passes each number. Past the 2, the 3, the 4, you are comfortable, you breathe slowly, you close your eyes. You see nothing, hear nothing, your mind is blank. You can feel the fabric on your skin, the way it folds as you breathe. You can feel yourself sinking into the seat, you are in a good place, you are happy here. You see black, smell water, the air is still. Your body has dissolved, you can no longer feel. You are not here. There is nothing left.

(Papers rustling.)

Turner, you're walking down the street, do half gravel, half concrete. Um, I'd like to skip the horse ... Yeah, let's skip the horse. We're gonna do walking to the missing "o" to the glass backwards song. We'll record that as we're playing. Are you ready to try that? I'll need you on the "o" first.

[Walking down the gravelly street, at a leisurely pace.]

It wasn't until Wednesday morning—the day after Lauren's first visit to Dr. Morabie where she'd undergone various examinations and one short session of hypnosis, which she'd immediately forgotten—that she noticed something different. I'd like a coffee, milk n_ sugar please. N_ sugar.

Dialogue overlaps.

I didn't want sugar.

I didn't want sugar. I said milk n_ sugar.

I'd like a coffee milk n_ sugar please.

I'd like a coffee milk n_ sugar please. N_ sugar. I didn't want sugar.

N_ sugar.

I said milk n_ sugar.

I didn't want sugar. I said milk n_ sugar.

Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin, I was in yesterday. D_n't put me on h_ld. Please, I lost my ...

Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin. I was in yesterday. D_n't put me on h_ld.

Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin. I was in yesterday.

Please, I lost my v_ice. I was in yesterday.

There's something wrong with my v_ice.

This is Lauren Lipkin. I was in yesterday.

What do you mean, there n_ rec_rd of my ... That's what I said. There isn't a rec_rd of my visit? I was there at ten _'clock.

I was with the doctor, for _ver an hour. What do you mean there is n_ record of my

visit?

I was with the doctor for _ver an hour.

That's what I said.

Let me speak to the doctor. N_, I will not h_ld.

I was there at ten _'clock.

Let me speak to the doctor. I'm coming in now.

I was with the doctor for _ver and hour.

I will not calm down.

Let me speak to the doctor. N_, d_n't put me on h_ld.

I am not fine. He did something to me, I can't ...

Let me talk to the doctor.

I'm coming down there now.

He did something to me.

I d_n't care if he has other app_intments.

I will not calm down. I am not fine. He did something to me.

I'd like a coffee milk n_ sugar please.

I d_n't, but I'm coming down there now.

N_ sugar. I didn't want sugar.

I d_n't care if he has other app_intments.

I was thinking about, g_ing down ... Did you hear that?

I'd like a coffee milk, n_ sugar please. I didn't want sugar.

I think there's something wrong, with my v_ice. My God, did you hear that?

I think there's something wrong with my v_ice. My God, did you hear that?

Did you hear that? What's wrong? That's strange.

Did you hear that?

I'm fine now, I was thinking about selling the keyb_ard.

I'm fine now, I was thinking about selling the keyb_ard.

And getting a new one, did you hear that? Keyb_ard. Keyb_ard.

And getting a new one, did you hear that? Keyb_ard, keyb_ard.

Keyb_ard.

Did you hear that? Keyb_ard. Keyb_ard.

You say it. See there's something wrong with my v_ice.

You say it.

I can't make the _ sound.

See there's something wrong with my v_ice.

The _ is gone. Oct_pus.

I can't make the _ sound.

Oct_pus.

The _ is gone. Oct_pus.

Oct_ber.

Oct_ber.

Oct_ber.

Oct_ber.

_riginal.

_riginal.

_riginal.

_riginal.

_rient.

_riginal.

Sn_w.

_rient.

Sn_w.

Sn_w.

See? There's something wrong with my v_ice. I can't make the _ sound.

Something wrong with my v_ice.

The _ is gone.

I can't make the _ sound.

Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin. I was in yesterday.

The _ is gone.

I came in yesterday. Please d_n't put me on h_ld.

Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin. I was in yesterday.

I lost my v_ice.

Please d_n't put me on h_ld.

I was in yesterday. I had an app_intment with the doctor at ten _'clock.

Hi, this is Lauren Lipkin. I was in yesterday. I saw the doctor at ten _'clock.

There's something wrong with my v_ice. What do you mean there's n_
record of my app_intment?

What do you mean there's n_ record?

What do you mean there's n_ record? That's what I said.

That's what I said.

I was there at ten _'clock.

I was there at ten _'clock.

I was with the doctor for _ver an hour.

I was with the doctor for _ver an hour.

_ver an hour. Let me speak to the doctor.

_ver an hour.

I will not h_ld.

Let me speak to the doctor.

Let me speak to the doctor. I'm coming into the office now.

Let me speak to the doctor.

I will not calm down.

I'm coming into the office now.

I'm not fine. He did something to my v_ice.

I will not calm down. I'm not fine. He did something to me.

I'm coming down there now.

I don't know what. But, I'm coming down there now.

I'm coming down to the office.

I don't care if he has other appointments. I'm coming down there now. I'm coming down to the office.

[Footsteps begin again. Swift.]

Whispering interaction amongst one another.

Standing up, glasses being moved, bow lifted. Something set down. High heels moving somewhere. Glass clinks. Cough. Device, set down. Glass moved. Something dragged on table. Cough. Bowing metal bowl. Click.

You know when to stop it?

[Uh huh.]

(Pouring water from glass to glass.)

Tape player 1 turned on, Tape player 2 playing backwards tape.

Harmonizing with theme played backwards, two voices.

[Bowed glass, piercing notes, rumbling when stroked fiercely, second glass ringing, finger on rim. Second glass is not continuous. Comes and goes.]

Vocalist ceases before the recording stops.

Tape player 2 plays out, Tape player 1 is turned off.

The tapes are exchanged. Glasses are switched around. Keys jingling.

So we need to go with these sounds. Silverfish.

Cough.

[Rotating fan switched on.]

The Silverfish had only taken to the air four months ago. They had eighteen of them in the country. Floating cities they called them. The airships docked on the scrapers and floated around. The kind of novelty few could afford. Myra Florsteen had purchased one in Houston and moved in. They said she had five husbands on that thing, one on each floor. Well, that's what they said anyway. Lauren didn't know for sure. All she knew was she'd never been on one and never thought she would. Brent never said anything about the Silverfish when she got the call last week to audition for the soap ad.

[Police sirens outside]

She'd gotten the job and she wouldn't be singing about soap. Lauren stepped onto the 92nd floor dock, walked on board through a straw-like

tunnel that swung in the wind. This was the loading dock, where all the workers boarded the craft. Had she boarded on the 96th floor, she would have seen, nearly a mile down, through the bubbled glass windows, the people no larger than dots. But instead, she followed five butchers, each with a lamb slung over his shoulder down, then up the swinging ramp and into a kitchen as large as a football field. "You've tried the Helarium 8-42, I hope." He was wearing a dark blue suit and a purple tie.

I, ah, I did try it.

Good, because sometimes we get girls up here that can't handle it and end up climbing the curtains. I hope we won't have to worry about you.

Oh, no I'll be fine.

Really? *Pause.* Lauren had tried the Helarium 8-42, but she certainly hadn't made it though the tank. She inhaled twice and climbed up on her bar and wailed through the night. Her voice was fine, clear, free, but she hadn't given it much thought. Not much thought to the Helarium. Well, not much since, actually, she'd promised herself not to take it. She'd been fighting the urge for three days straight. "Listen, if you're messing with me you can forget about payment right now. I know what Helarium is going for on the streets and if you hocked that tank and think you can come up here, belt off a few tunes and walk away, you're mistaken ..."

Turner, I want you to read this one.

Paper changing hands.

Let's go back.

[Where?]

You guys do the dialogue. I'll mark it.
That's you ... you can ...

[You tried the Helarium 8-42.]

He was wearing a dark blue suit and a purple tie.

I ah, I did try it.

[Good, because sometimes we get girls up here think they can handle it. *Pause.* End up climbing the curtains. I hope we won't have to worry about you.]

Oh, no, no I'll be fine.

Lauren had tried the Helarium 8-42 but she certainly hadn't made it through the tank. She inhaled twice, climbed up on the bar and wailed through the night. Her hair dusting the floor as she sang. Her voice was fine, clear, free, but she hadn't given much thought to the Helarium. Actually, she'd promised herself not to take it. She'd been fighting the urge for three days straight.

[Listen, if you're fucking with me you can forget about payment right now. I know what

Helarium is going for on the streets. If you hocked the tank and think you can come up here and belt off a few tunes and walk right away, you're mistaken, Miss. This is a commitment. We give you the Helarium so you can maintain a sense of normalcy. We expect absolute professionalism. We expect you to perform. You see that cut on my cheek, it goes all the way up into my hair behind my ear like that ... see it?]

Yeah.

[You are her replacement.]

Lauren could feel the weightlessness about her. The moisture that had begun to be excreted beneath her eyelids, a soft slippery fluid that caused her eyes to dart about, she kept pulling them back.

You board the ship.
You stand upon the stage.
You feel at ease.
You are relaxed.
You anticipate the desires of your audience.
You look into their eyes.
Paying attention to each of them.
They fall in love.
They fall in love with you.
You are quiet first.
You open your mouth.
Your voice resonates.
It stirs them.
They believe you are singing for them.
You are singing for each of them.
In the audience, you see a man.
He wears a white suit.
He has a white mustache.
He is watching you.
He begins to undress you with his eyes.
You are flattered by this.
You accept the adoration.
When the tall brunette at the table to your right snaps at the waiter audibly during the third song, you continue singing undisturbed.
You are in control.
You are inside your voice.
Your voice is larger than you.
You will walk inside your voice with bare feet to keep it safe, to keep it clean.
You are your performance.
The performance becomes you.

[Press tape player, play backwards tape doubled backwards. With previously recorded harmony.]

Is this the right one?

[Yes.]

Whispering.

We're turning it upside down again, so it is right side up.

Whispering not audible, indiscernible.

[With or without narration?]

Door opens, door closes. Sweeping floor. Walking around. Moving props. Everyone in the room is active organizing the space, preparing for the next scene until the tape ends. Brush scraping brush. Box dropped.

Where is my clock?

{Melodica, two alternating keys pressed without air. Clock noise.}

{Footsteps to door, open door, close door, walk in door.}

{Please, take a seat, Lauren.}

I'm sorry, on the floor?

[Shuffling feet, not sure where to sit.]

{No, of course not, please sit down here.}

Uh, where?

{This chair will be just fine. Take this chair.}

This chair?

{Yes, yes, exactly.}

Here?

{Yes.}

Sit here?

{If you'd rather have my chair, you may.}

N-n-n-n-n-n-no, you sit there. This chair?

{Yes.}

Right here?

{Yes. I sit here, you sit there.}

But ... doctor ... so I sit here, and you sit there?

{No, I sit here and you sit there.}

Yes, yes, I said, you sit there and I sit here?

{Lauren, is something wrong?}

N-n-n-n-n-n-n-no, I should sit here?

{Yes.}

And you sit there?

{Yes.}

But I-I sit here.

{Lauren, if you'd rather sit in my chair you may.}

I can sit here. Yes, I can sit here. So, I sit here, right here.

{Please stop.}

Yes ... *Sighs.* Okay. I will sit here, right here, okay.

[*Footsteps moving around, as to sit.*]

{Yes.}

Sigh.

[*Clock stops.*]

I think we need the tiles on the way into the office. Let's trade places.

Yeah.

Papers rustling.

[Can we do the book door this time?]

You feel more secure with the door? Do you want to knock first?

Heels on the gravel walking. Loud clank.

[*Walking down the street, half gravel. Up stairs, in door.*]

Forgot to knock. We'll try again.

[*Walking down the hall that sounds like the street, knock on door.*]

Come in.

[*Close door, walk into room across the wood floor on a carpet, clock starts.*]

Please take a seat, Lauren.

I'm sorry, on the floor?

No, of course not, no. Please sit down here.

Where?

This chair will be just fine.

What chair?

Right there, that will be just fine.

The one over there with the books?

No, this chair right here. Or that chair rather. You may ... Please sit down.

I'm sorry, do you want me to move your books?

N-n-n-n-no, Lauren just sit right there please.

Here?

Lauren, if you'd rather have my chair, that's fine, I'm happy to sit there but ...

I don't need to sit in your chair, I'm sorry.

Lauren, is something wrong?

No, I'm fine.

Well, are you going to sit down there?

Right here? You want me to sit down right here?

Lauren, sit down please.

You want me to sit down on the floor?

Lauren, I don't want you to sit on the floor. I want you to sit right there. *Pause.* Is there something wrong?

I'll take your chair.

My chair? Yes, or course.

Thanks, I'll take your chair.

[*Sitting-slamming sound of wood on wood.*]

Okay, let's try that with narration and make it shorter. Do you want to be Lauren, or the doctor? What do you like better? *People get up and switch positions, we hear their feet moving and their proximity to the microphone shifts.* We actually didn't have to trade places to change roles. But then again, maybe we did.

{With the clock?}

The clock is always there.

[*Footsteps down hall, knock on door.*]

Come in.

[*Door opens, footsteps inside, door closes.*]

Hi, Lauren, thank you for coming. Let's take a seat.

I'm sorry on the floor?

No, sit down right here.

Uh, where?

In the chair.

Lauren could not see the chair. She looked around the room, there was a stool stacked with books in the corner. Did the doctor mean for her to sit on that? Should she move the books?

If you'd rather have my chair, that's fine, I'm happy to sit down there.

Lauren watched the doctor rise from the chair, turn around and as she hovered above the empty carpet, Lauren closed her eyes.

[*Chair scraping floor.*]

DON'T!

Don't what?

The doctor stood up straight.

Is something wrong Lauren?

Are you going to sit down there?

I was about to.

Lauren looked at the wooden armchair the doctor had been sitting in. The doctor stood in silence. What if she didn't sit down at all? What if she just paced the room like she sometimes did. Her pantlegs strumming like the teeth of a comb as her thighs rubbed.

Right here?

Yes.

You're sure, right here?

Yes, Lauren. Please take a seat.

Lauren couldn't see it, she watched the doctor's eyes.

Here?

Lauren steadied herself, she was uncertain. She positioned herself to sit, crouching nearly, as she lowered herself to the seat she could not see. Every muscle taught, she hovered there, knowing there was no chair, that it

was a test. She would not let go.

If you would rather have my chair, go right ahead.

The proposition sounded relief. She stood again and straightened her pants. Turned and took a seat in the other chair.

[*Feet standing, holding position, shifting, sitting in chair, wood scrape wood. Clock stops.*]

It's much nicer without the narration. I don't know if you need narration there. That wasn't very fast either. Let's ... um, oh, you have it too. Of course, did you give it to him?

Let's try our "yes, yes, uh huh" exercise. Maybe we should just sit down.

[What? I'm sorry. I'm losing my hearing, it's the congestion.]

No, I'm sorry.

I listened to this last night and it works really well. Vocal recognition is possible.

[Can we take the tape we were using to record backwards and not record over it, but let's record this?]

You want to hear that later?

[Yes.]

Fiddling with tape player.

Let's use the word, "Helarium 8-42"

Helarium 8-42

[Helarium 8-42]

Helarium 8-42

Helarium 8-42

{Helarium 8-42}

[Helarium 8-42]

Helarium 8-42

Helarium 8-42

{Helarium 8-42}

[Helarium 8-42]

Helarium 8-42

[Uh huh]

Uh huh

Uh huh

{Uh huh}

[Uh huh]

Uh huh

Uh huh

{Uh huh}

[Uh huh]

Uh huh

Uh huh

{Uh huh}

[Uh huh]

Uh huh

Uh huh

{Uh huh}

[Uh huh]

Uh huh

Uh huh

{Uh huh} [Uh huh]

Uh huh

Uh huh

[Uh huh]

Uh huh

Uh huh

We did pretty well with “Yes, yes, yes.”
[Can we put that tape on backwards now?]

Let’s try, “Yes, yes, yes.” Then, start back at the lake. Clean clear.

[Okay.]

{Okay.}

{Yes}
[Yes]

Yes

Yes

{Yes}
[Yes]

Yes

Yes

{Yes}
[Yes]

Yes

Yes

{Yes}

Yes

Yes

Yes

Yes

Yes

Yes

Yes

Yes

{Yes}

	Yes	Yes
	Yes	{Yes} [Yes]
{Yes}		
[Yes]		
	Yes	Yes
	Yes	[Yes]
{Yes}		
[Yes]		
	Yes	
	Yes	
{Yes}		
[Yes]		
	Yes	
{Yes}		
[Yes]		
	Yes	
{Yes}		
[Yes]		
	Yes	
	Yes	Let's do something else. <i>Moving things around, setting something up.</i> Oh, <i>Papers rustling.</i> Do you remember the sequence? Do you have the bats? Is the melodica still working?
{Yes}		{Yeah, well, sort of.}
[Yes]		
	Yes	When we ... Let's take three flights of stairs and the answering machine, I'm going to skip ahead, then I'll stop the messages, so when you're rehearsing in the bathroom it will be short. Okay?
{Yes}		<i>People finding their places. The sound of tape being torn, objects adjusted.</i>
[Yes]		
	Yes	{Melodica plays Theme 1.}
{Yes}		[Footsteps begin on concrete, bushes shaking.]
[Yes]		<i>Birds chirping.</i>
	Yes	[Footsteps shift to gravel path. Walk down path, then onto dock, the boat bumps up against the dock intermittently, as the footsteps slow on the wood. Gets into boat. Rowing sound as water drips.]
	Yes	{Bats approaching.}
{Yes}		
[Yes]		[Continued rowing.]
	Yes	I think I'll use the script here.

[Footsteps down hall, or street, then a knock on the door.]

Come in.

[Door open, step onto wood, stand and shift feet during dialogue.]

Please, Lauren, take a seat.

Right here?

[Footsteps shuffle, she holds still.]

If you'd rather have my chair, you may.

She straightened her pants ...

[Standing, moving around to find the seat, then sitting.]

And took a seat in the other chair.

I guess we can do it from the bathroom. You know what we haven't done?
We haven't ... why don't we go home with Theme 1, with humming? Let's
go home again and when we get there, we can just listen to the messages.
Ah, as she's going up the stairs.

Key sounds, keys jingling, objects being moved around.

Go up three flights and the horse is upstairs. Make sure and let the horse out. Okay?

[Footsteps walking down the street, to the apartment.]

{Melodica playing sad theme.}

Moaning melody with the instrument.

Keys jingling.

[Door slams closed, footsteps enter other space.]

Keys are placed in purse.

[Footsteps walking upstairs.]

{Melodica stops.}

Humming continues.

Sigh, deep breaths from the long walk upstairs. Gets out keys.

[Walk down hall, stop at door.]

Unlock door. Sigh. Catch breath again.

[Open door. Close door. Walk into the apartment, shuffle around.]

Answering machine turned on, checking messages.

Sunday, 12 a.m.: Ah, Hi Lauren, this is Brent, I got a gig for you. It's totally safe. On the ...
Beep.

Sunday, 12 a.m.: Hi Lauren this is Brent, calling about his gig I got for you. It's on the Silverfish,
please. You got to call me back. Hey, by the way, they gave me some Helarium 8-42, it's totally
safe. Oh my God, girls lined up. You got to call me. No bullshit, you got to call me.
Beep.

Sunday, 12 a.m.: Lauren, eh, this is Brent, I got great news ...
Beep.

Sunday, 12 a.m.: Hi Lauren ...
Beep.

Sunday.
Beep.

Paper rustling.

The horse upstairs and rehearsing in the bathroom. Increase your volume
as you go and don't stop. You'll have to build against the horse.

{Theme 1?}

Um, no, just the scales, or Theme 3, whichever you are more comfortable
with. I think we should start low with her. She can cue us.

Bathroom door closes.

Climbing the scales at a distance.

[Horse hooves, walking around on the wood.]

Vocals slowly increasing in volume, as she climbs the notes.

The neighbor's horse was restless again, the carpet hadn't done much good.
Lauren tried not to let this get to her. But some nights she'd slip upstairs
and shove carrots through the mail slot to shut it up. She'd gone through a
twenty-pound bag from the grocer last week.

[Horse hooves, become louder and more frequent.]

Let's go back to the doctor's office.
You can just lie down now if you want. *Organizing papers.*

[Sniff, sniff.]

Do you need to blow your nose?

[High heels walking to bathroom, blowing nose.]

{*Ringing cup.*}

Can you run that and the clock?

[*Still blowing nose.*]

Malaika, can you run the glass?

[*Still blowing nose.*]

I'll sit here and you can sit here. That can get really loud. *Adjusting seats, moving around.* I'll cue you in. We are going to go through the story, start then one through five, at this point, you can start the glass, and play it all the way out. Huh ... I think I'm going to use the bucket. *Walking to get the bucket and bring it back to the seat.*

Is Theo playing the glass also?

No, he is just running the clock.

Okay.

{*Clock ticking.*}

Can we have a slower clock? Then one finger and then ... yeah.

{*Clock ticking.*}

I'd like you now to take a deep breath and relax. Inhale and exhale through your nose. Please look up at the clock on the wall. Watch the long hand as it turns past each number. It seems to jump at the very small intervals between the numbers but it continues to move smoothly. Past the four the five, six, seven, eight, nine, when you close your eyes, you will continue to see the clock. You see the clock now, it is still moving. Your eyes are closed. You are comfortable, relaxed. You feel warm and safe. The clock is on the wall in the kitchen. This is a kitchen you have been in many times. It is your kitchen, a familiar kitchen. Below the window there is a stainless steel sink. You have washed dishes in this sink many times. You walk to the sink. You dip your hands in the sudsy water and you look out the window. The house across the yard is nearly a mirror of your house. You can see the silhouette of the roof clear against the sky. The sun is about to rise. The house is a mirror of your house. And as you look at it you see there is a light on in the kitchen, right across from you. There is someone standing in the kitchen doing the dishes. Dividing your house from the house across from you is a fence. You are doing the dishes in a slow circular motion. You are sponging them off. You hold the plates beneath the water. As you watch the fence and the neighbor's house, a bird lands upon it. You watch this bird. It has been flying all night and now finally rests on the fence between you and the neighbor's house. You feel happy as you watch this bird. It is elegant. The bird is so beautiful you are overcome by the desire to speak to this bird. You'd like to call it. Your eyes are fixed to the bird. You think you know how this birdcall sounds, yet you wait first to hear how it sounds before you mimick it. You do not want to

startle the bird. As you are waiting, the bird shudders and flies away. The neighbor washing the dishes in the other window continues washing the dishes, just like you continue washing the dishes ... You pull your hands from the sudsy water, and you wipe them on a towel. This is your towel. The towel you have always used to dry your hands. It has been worn soft. You fold it and set it on the counter beside the sink. You look up at the clock and watch the numbers. They are turning now, counterclockwise. I will count as the hands move and when I reach one you will be awake, energized and feel a distinct sense of urgency, an urgency that excels your actions, quickens your pace, and defeats deliberation, in ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.

{*Clock stops on one.*}

Lauren?

Yes.

Are you with me?

What?

How are you feeling?

I don't know. What time is it?

It's 3:50 in the afternoon.

Yeah, um ... I, ah. Do you mind if I cut out early?

[*Door slams, footsteps down the hall, swiftly, darting down the stairs, something crashes.*]

Oh, I'm sorry.

It's okay, fine. I'm fine.

Can I help you with that?

No. Really I'm fine.

[*Feet rush on down the stairs, then down the long hall to the main door, bursting onto the street full of noise, traffic, horns. A dog barks. All is silent.*]

I forgot to cue you. I would have told you to just come in at the bird if I'd thought of it. But it doesn't matter. Um, there are a few segments that we haven't done for a while. Ahhhh. *Looking through the script.*

People leaving the space.

{*Rain.*}

Sigh. Pouring a glass of water, drinking it, sets down glass, turns on radio, rustling papers.

[*Bread placed in toaster.*]

{*Rain stops.*}

[*Ticking clock.*]

Radio, first voice: This is what you do. You go to her and you say, “You’re great, I think you’re really great, but this is not a good time.” Think about who you were after your divorce, think about who you were that first year, and how long it took to adjust your life. And she is still married, that’s what she is, she is not divorced. I want you to say to her, “I care about you and I think we are really great together, but this is not healthy. I can’t do this anymore,” and she can call you in a year, when her divorce is final and she has moved on. And then you can ask her out to lunch or something nice like that.

Second voice: But what if I’m not available, what if I’m seeing someone else by then?

First voice: Well, that would be good now, wouldn’t it? You will have moved on with your life. Ahh.

[*Toast pops up.*]

Scraping toast, eating toast, first voice: You are looking for a long-term relationship. Have a beautiful time. I am certain till you ...
Radio turned off.

It worked with the rain after the window, can we try that one again really slowly, walking into the kitchen. Maybe I should wet down the wood floor?

[We’re not going to do the bed and the window?]

No, we can do that and the blinds. The kitchen is just such a mess of noises. I think I need to clean this off. *Pouring water on the floor and sweeping things away.* In between the bedroom and the kitchen we’ll need the tile.

{Do you want me to keep that going?}

It’s good when the rain comes in, but when he’s walking to the other room, we shouldn’t hear it so much anymore. When you see him walking, tone it down. But you can sit and stare out the window for a while if you want. We don’t have to rush into this. Let me see ... *Going through papers.* If there is something else to put together.

(*Large truck passing, then idling just outside the window.*)

We can try from the bed then. Let’s wait for the truck then we can wake up again. *Cricket chirps again.*

[*Window slides open, wood on wood.*]

{*Rain, gravel rolling on paint-lid.*}

Afraid? Really, Lauren was nauseous. Maybe it was her turn to get better. She searched her pocket, looking for anything. Maybe an expert lay

behind that elevator. Maybe her body was trying to improve. 155 East 72nd. The prognosis, the words on her face read; lethargic, uneven; no, uneventful. She’d have to retch on the way back up.

[*Heavy footsteps on wet wood walking to the kitchen.*]

It seemed like a room, a real shot in the dark. Lauren didn’t know why anger crept inside her voice. Another being clinging to her bones, Howell Physiotherapy 4F.

[*Timer being set.*]

Becoming the form of an absolute. Expecting ... Steve Little ... the stairs ... a punch-drunk clown with two pairs of shoes and clothes folded authentically. The smell of tar swept past their lunchboxes through the little open door to an indifferent blue sky. She had no choice but to take to the roof. She been distracted between the sidewalk and the gutter. Indeed, no sixth floor, that she might have. Embarrassed, Lauren knelt above the torch. 6R. And when she turned like the building that she couldn’t explain, relief was swept from her like the sound of her voice. Afraid? Really Lauren was nauseous. Maybe an expert lie now inside her, a cold figure her own figure, 4R Jennifer Pith, every step ached. Lindsey Massage 5R. She kicked a cone in front of the door at 5F, TV and Video Repair that rebounded with the veracity of resilient things. A heavy smell spun through the stairway, leading her thoughts narrowly to an outburst. Two men were there, but no one was looking, and the seams glimmered here, where there was no strength.

Hey, Theo? Do you think that after you do the rain, you could come in with the clock? We go from the bedroom to the doctor’s office. Turner, strap on the heels and walk straight from bed to the office. Then I’ll invite you to come in.

[So we’re skipping the kitchen?]

We are just going from the bed, straight into the doctor’s office.

[No window?]

Yes, window; the window is opened from the bed, that is how we hear the rain, then we walk through it to the office. The clock should get louder as the footsteps approach. We’ll do a water hypnosis. Turner, I hate to ask you to do all this wet stuff when I know that you have a cold. But could you just make some dripping sounds? Maybe one drop at a time, into this bowl. Oh, you know what. We have a straw, so you could actually just pick it up with a straw. Turner, you’ll have to be close too ... Theo, can we move this so you don’t trip. *Moving object to allow a path to the desk from the distant rain making spot.* Here.

{Will it make noise if I walk? Listen. *Walking, makes no sound.*}

No. It’s okay. The clock should be right next to the microphone. *Ticking near microphone, sounds close.*

[*Drip, drip, drip.*]

Make it deeper.

Bush quivering.

[*Tape tearing, attaching high heels.*]

During the hypnosis, we'll get into the bathtub. It's dripping, keep it up until we leave the bathroom. From the bathtub we transition to different places, but keep the dripping sound going, 'cause I'm going to return to it. You know the pattern, the nest, five in and five out. I have marked everything out so that I could find it. Now I can't find it. *Papers rustling.* There. When I start the story ...

[Uh, huh.]

We will need it through the whole loop though. Okay?

[Can I use this chair, or is this Theo's?]

It doesn't matter. Which would you rather have?

{You can put the ...}

[I think I'll just take this. *Dragging wooden object across the floor and setting a board on it.*]

Do you want me to drag the carpet over here? *Dragging carpet.*

{Was the rain loud enough?}

I think the rain was loud enough. It's important that it's this "Left, right, left, right," constant sound.

{I only used one.}

Only one?

{But I shook it like this. *Shaking paint lid with gravel.*}

It sounds like you're something is shaking.

{*Turning it in a circular motion.*}

That's better.

Pencil drops on table.

Ringing glass.

Deep breath, stretching sounds, small grunt, sigh.

[*Window slides open.*]

{*Rain begins to fall.*}

[*High heels, walking across the tile floor, down a hallway.*]

{*Clock begins to tick, the sound comes closer, and grows slowly louder.*}

Computer keyboard sounds in back ground. Distant small cough.

[*Knock on door, door closes. High heels enter room.*]

{*Clock tick is loud and clear.*}

Come in, have a seat.

[*Shoes shuffle stop, person sits.*]

Sit down. I'd like you to pay attention to the clock. Watch the second hand. Watch it closely as it turns. You feel relaxed. You are comfortable, at ease. Watch the second hand pass the one. The two. The three. It almost jumps as it passes the small increments between the numbers. Even as you close your eyes, you see it moving. You can close your eyes because you know that it will continue moving. This puts you at ease. You feel relaxed. I'm going to count backwards now from ten to one. The smaller the numbers become the smaller you feel inside yourself and the more relaxed. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. You still see this clock on the wall, although this clock was in your bathroom. You have watched this clock many times as you lay in the bathtub. You recognize it. You are in the bathtub now. You feel warm surrounded by water. You are at ease.

[*Dripping sound begins, and will continue through the hypnosis.*]

The water is smooth: warm. Your body is completely relaxed. You are one with the water. As you sink your head below the surface you hear the neighbors' conversation. You can almost identify who it is. You can hear Matthew on the third floor, reprimanding his cat. You can hear Steve and Betty on 4 A. You decide to join them and as you lower yourself completely inside the water, you become it. You let yourself flow through the pipes and come out of the pipes in 4A. You find yourself in Steve and Betty's bathroom. They cannot see you and as you rise toward the mirror you are weightless. You are steam. On the bathroom counter you find a bottle of perfume. You would like to spray it and you do. When Betty walks into the bathroom later, she will recognize the smell and wonder how it got there. Steve and Betty's voices are louder and you move into the other room to hear what they are saying. Steve needs change in his life, and Betty is happy the way things are. There is a dog in the corner, chewing on a magazine. Betty is twisting the dishtowel. You go to the dog and pet it. It recognizes you. It likes you. You take the dog with you back into the bathroom. The dog is comforting, makes you feel complete. You sink back into the drain with the dog and bring it with you through the pipes back to your apartment. You and the dog have become the water. As you return to your bathtub, you are yourself again, but the dog remains in the water. The water is your companion, you feel safe there. You feel comfortable there. You approach it without anxiety. You look up at the clock again on the wall. The hands are now turning counterclockwise. They are turning back, and you will come with me back from ten to one. Back to where we were before, when we return you will have no memory of having been in Steve and Betty's apartment. You will awaken energized, full of life and ready to begin your day as if you have just awoken from a long peaceful sleep. Watch the second hand now as it turns, past the, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.

{Ticking clock stopped on the count of one.}

I think that the transition from the bedroom to the office works and I'd like to consider some other transition spaces. Yesterday we went from the lake to the office. But there must be some spaces in between.

[What about up the stairs?]

You know what? We have gone up the stairwell a lot but not down the stairs. Have we?

[Not in a few days.]

Maybe we could go down the stairwell, to the Silverfish. But if you need a break, Turner, by all means ...

[High heels, walking away.]

Um, is it possible to make some background music, in the restaurant, something that has nothing to do with our theme music, something 1940s or '50s? Could you improvise something?

{I don't think it'll be very convincing, with the melodica.}

Can we try a few things?

{Playing a polka. I can't play a melody and accompaniment at the same time.}

Oh. Sure, because you only have one hand.

{How long should it be?}

Ah, not so long.

{Okay.}

But, I thought it might be good in the background of the airship as they're boarding.

{Carnival tune. I don't know, that's more '20s.}

We'll find something.

{Playing a ragtime tune. It's not a piano.}

Keep going.

{Not something Bluesy.}

No, we need something that would be played on the Silverfish, something influenced by the Helarium.

{Playing a Tango.}

[Something like, bossanova, or something.]

That's not bad, it's actually pretty good. If you start with that can you jazz it up?

[Can you play something like "The Girl from Ipanema," or something like that?]

{Playing "The Girl from Ipanema."}

Are you okay? Do you need more air?

{They invented the accordion for that reason. *Out of breath.* I would prefer the tango. *Begins to play the tango again.* At least there are breaks. For "The Girl from Ipanema," I need much more air.}

Maybe you can just play that in the elevator. It's a 92-floor rise.

{Okay.}

Do we have an elevator door open and close sound? How do we open and close the elevator door?

[Um. *Saws wood.*]

Nah. *Moving things around.*

[Maybe we could just draw this across the wood? *Wood sliding on wood sound.*]

Yeah. Okay. Oh my god, what's going on here?

[That sounds great. *Slide wood, then clunk sound.*]

Can you still do that voice?

[Yea, I can. I don't think I did a particularly good job though.]

Um, he's doing the, ah ... um, Theo, can we adjust the table, by moving that? Can you play like that? Do you need the blanket?

[So do you want me to read the dialogue anyway?]

Yeah, with me.

[In the elevator?]

No, um. Stepped onto the 92nd floor dock, that's you, the blue line.

[So I start with the stairs?]

Yes. You start on the stairs, we have just this one manual ding, for the elevator. *Sets timer.* So when you get to the top of the stairs. You have to go down stairs, out the door, then down the street and up the elevator.

{When do I start?}

You start when the elevator doors open. When you hear this sound. *Turns timer until it rings.* Like that. *Sets timer again.*

[Feet walking down hall, then to the stairs.]

Grabs keys. You know Turner, let's leave the apartment again. I forgot to lock the door. We should go back.

Keys in lock, locking door.

[High heels, shifting weight. Door slams. Feet down the hallway, then down the stairs.]

Sigh. Keys are put in purse.

Answering Machine:

Sunday, 12 a.m.: Hi Lauren, This is Brent I have a gig for you, you have to call ... Sunday, 12 a.m.: Hi Lauren this is Brent, calling about this gig I got for you. Please, listen to me you have to call me ... Sunday 12 a.m.: Hey Lauren, ah, this is Brent, I got great news, I ah, got gig on Silverfish. It's a regular gig, it's ah big deal, big deal. Good money, very serious. Got ah' tank of Helarium 8-42 to-totally safe. No bullshit, call me back, girls lined up around block. No bullshit! Call me back today. *Beep.* Hi Lauren, Ah, great news. I gottcha a gig on the Silverfish, it's on the Silverfish, and it's ah, regular deal. It's a regular gig. I got you a tank of Helarium 8-42 and ah. There are girls lined up around the block for this one so you gotta call me back on this. No bullshit. Call me back today, okay?
Beep.

[High heels, still descending staircase.]

Helarium 8-42, she'd heard about that stuff. Heard kids liked to get their hands on it and mix it with Glade. Was supposed to make you move fast and keep out the hurt.

[Walking on concrete, street.]

The Silverfish had only taken to the air four months ago, they had eighteen in the country. Floating cities, they called them. The airships docked on skyscrapers and floated around. The kind of novelty few could afford. Myra Florsteen had purchased one in Houston and moved in. They said she had five husbands on that thing, one on each floor. Well, that was what they said anyway. Lauren didn't know for sure. All she knew was, she'd never been on one, never thought she would. Brent never said anything last week about the Silverfish when she'd auditioned for the soap ad. Well, she'd gotten the job and she wouldn't be singing about soap. Lauren stepped onto the 92nd floor dock and walked on board through a straw-like tunnel that swung in the wind.

[Feet still walking, timer rings.]

{Melodica begins playing "The Girl from Impanema," tentative with incomplete chords.}

This was the loading dock, where all the workers boarded the craft. Had she boarded on the 96th floor, she would have seen, nearly a mile down, through the bubbled glass windows, the people no larger than dots. But instead, she followed five butchers, each with a lamb slung over his shoulder, down, then up the swinging ramp, and into the largest kitchen, she'd ever seen.

[You've tried the Helarium 8-42 I hope.]

He was wearing a dark blue suit and a purple tie.

I, ah, did try it, I did.

[Good. Good. Because we get girls up here, think they can handle it. I hope we won't have to worry about you.]

No, I'll, I'll be fine.

Lauren hadn't tried the Helarium 8-42, not like she'd promised. But she certainly hadn't made it through the tank. She'd inhaled twice, climbed up on her bar, and wailed through the night. Her voice was fine, clear, free. But she hadn't given much thought to the Helarium. Well that wasn't true now either. Actually, she'd promised herself not to take it. She'd been fighting the urge three days straight.

[Listen, if you're fucking with me, you can forget about payment right now. I know what Helarium 8-42 is going for on the streets, and if you hocked that tank and think you can come up here and belt off a few tunes and walk right away, you are sadly mistaken. We give you the Helarium to maintain some sense of normalcy. We expect professionalism. We expect you to perform.]

Perform. Lauren could feel the weightlessness about her, she could feel the moisture being excreted beneath her eyelids. A soft slippery fluid, that made her eyes slip about effortlessly, she had to keep pulling them back.

You will board the ship.

You will stand upon the stage.

You will feel at ease.

You will feel relaxed.

You will anticipate the desires of your audience.

You will look into their eyes.

You will pay attention to each of them.

They will fall in love with you.

They will fall in love with you.

You are quiet at first.

You open your mouth to sing.

Your voice resonates, it stirs them.

They believe you are singing for them.

You are singing for each one of them.

In the audience you will see a man.

He will be wearing a white suit.

He will have a white mustache.

He will be watching you.

He will begin to undress you with his eyes.

You will be flattered by this gesture.

You will accept the adoration that is paid you.

And when the tall brunette on your right snaps at the waiter audibly during the third song, you will continue singing undisturbed.

You are in control.

You are inside your voice.

Your voice is larger than you.

You will walk inside your voice with bare feet.

To keep it safe, to keep it clean.

You will be at ease.

You will accept your position.

You want to be here.
And you will succeed.

{*Music stops.*}

[I'm sorry about my voice. I don't feel so good.]

It's okay. I think we can tighten that up.

{What do you mean by tighten up?}

Tighten up means ...

{*Trying out different speeds on the melodica.*}

Ah. No, no, no, not faster. I mean, I'll give you a sign, then you'll build it up in, and then out.

[When I enter the elevator?]

Yeah, and can we get the carpet on the stairs a little bit? The stairs are really loud.

{The red one? Or the brown one?}

The red one. I'm really cold in here. We turned the heat off last night and forgot. We have to turn the heat back on when we leave today. Too bad the fan is so loud.

{Why don't you put on your coat?}

It's too noisy. *Pause.* Well, maybe I'll try.

{Turner?}

Do you need your jacket, Turner?

[No.]

No. I'll just work it in then. I'll zip it up and move around with it. Yeah. *Keys jingle.* Uh, Turner, when we were doing the dialogue, once we were in there, you can also improvise. You can throw words out if it doesn't feel normal. Basically your intention is all that's important. The girls are freaking out, so you can make something up, like what they do, like, getting naked on the table and throwing bowls at the customers. He is accusing her of selling the tank on the street and trying to sing without the drug. But she can't, she has to be on it enough to handle the subtlety of the dosage in the air without freaking out. She'll get it if she keeps coming, so, um. If you could get angry and really aggressive, right here. I'll mark that *Pencil scratching paper.* right here. I know you probably can't because of your cold.

[I think tomorrow I'll be able to get real upset, but I don't know. I'll try.]

So we'll go back to the apartment, then we'll, I guess, we'll do the exact same sequence we just did. How did the fluttering sound, sound? Did it

sound like a sort of space ship?

[I didn't even hear it.]

Good, alright, if you didn't notice it, it's probably good.

[No, I'm not sure what I'm not hearing.]

Let's just go down three flights. I'm going to skip, the message, cause it's really inarticulate.

Keys jingle, lock door.

[*Door slams, high heels down hall, decent three flights of stairs.*]

Zippping up coat, sighing. Sniffing. Coughing.

[*Here the shoes are sounding heavy and tired. Slow decent down the stairs. Down the hallway to the main door, wood slides on wood. Timer sounds. Hold still.*]

{*Ease into "The Girl from Impanema," slow, pulsing rhythm.*}

Helarium 8-42, she'd heard of that stuff. Heard that kids like to get their hands on it. Heard they mixed it with Glade. It was supposed to make you move fast and keep out the hurt. The Silverfish had only taken to the air four months ago. They had eighteen of them in the country. Floating cities they called them. The airships docked on skyscrapers and floated around. Kind of novelty few could afford.

{*Melodica stops playing.*}

Lauren didn't know for sure. All she knew was, she'd never been on one, and never thought she would. Brent had never said anything about the Silverfish when she auditioned for the soap ad. But she'd gotten the job, and she wouldn't be singing about soap. Lauren stepped onto the 92nd floor dock and walked on board through a straw-like tunnel that swung in the wind. This was the loading dock where all the workers boarded the craft. Had she boarded on the 96th floor, she would have seen, nearly a mile down, through the bubbled glass windows, the people no larger than dots. But instead, she followed five butchers, each with a lamb slung over his shoulder, down, then up the swinging ramp and into a kitchen large as a football field.

[You've tried the Helarium 8-42 I hope.]

Let's go back from the elevator again. Theo, I need you to keep me, keep me ... Keep under ...

{Under what?}

Under, well, keep with me until the end of that text. And then when we get in, oh ... I forgot to start the ship, there was no ship noise.

{Ah.}

Sorry. My fault. I forgot to turn on the ship last time too. I'll try it again.

{What about the fan, you could use the fan?}

Yeah, yeah, I'm gonna use the fan.

{And I keep on playing longer?}

You play until I cue you, when he comes in, with the accusation. So we'll skip the walk, we'll go straight to the elevator.

{You could, umm. Give me a second ding, when she's up.}

I want the music to start in the elevator. First when it opens? You think it should ding twice, I guess it could ding on every floor too, for that matter.

[I think it should ding, and then it should go ... *Slides board across board.*]

Okay.

[Then it starts.]

Alright, so you follow that cue?

{Okay.}

Does that sound like an elevator to you? Close your eyes.

Sliding board across board.

{A wooden elevator.}

You ready?

[*Heels through hall, door slides open.*]

{*"The Girl from Impanema" begins.*}

Helarium 8-42, She'd heard about that stuff. Heard about the kids who liked to get their hands on it and mix it with Glade. Her cousin Larry had gotten hold of some and the family hadn't heard from him in over five months. She heard that the Glade/Helarium mix was supposed to make you move fast. She'd gotten the tank last week from Brent and tried it out. Yeah she'd climbed up on her bar ... *Baby coughs.* And wailed all night and her voice was free and clean and clear. But she hadn't given much thought to the fact that she needed to be on it constantly until she got this job today. The Silverfish had taken to the air four months ago, they had eighteen of them in the country. Floating cities, they called them. The airships docked on skyscrapers and floated around, the kind of novelty few could afford. Myra Florsteen with her log cabin skyscraper had purchased one in Houston and moved in just two weeks ago. They said she had twelve husbands on the thing, one on each floor. Well, that's what they said anyway. Lauren didn't know for sure, all she knew was, she'd never been on one and never thought she would. Brent had never said anything about the Silverfish when she'd auditioned for the soap ad last week, but she'd gotten the job and she wouldn't be singing about soap. Lauren stepped

onto the 92nd floor dock and walked on board through a straw-like tunnel that swung in the wind. This was the loading dock where all the workers boarded the craft. *Visitors leaving or coming, street noise drifting through the open doorway as they pass.* Had she boarded on the 96th floor, she would have seen, nearly a mile down, through the bubbled glass windows, the people no larger than dots. But instead, she followed five butchers, each with a lamb slung over his shoulder, down, then up the swinging ramp, into a kitchen, large as a football field.

[Lauren, we're hoping you've been training with the Helarium.]

He was wearing a dark blue suit and a purple tie and Lauren insisted that she had.

[That's good. My associates and I were concerned. You see, we get girls up here that think they can handle it and they end up climbing the curtains. We won't have to worry about you?]

She assured him that everything would be fine. That she was a professional, that she'd done many jobs. *Hand clappy toys are fluttering in the background, the sound is irritating, out of place, and inconsistent.* Though none on a ship like this. She hadn't made it through the tank, just the thought of it set a wildfire that burned from a place deep behind her eyes and she felt it there smoldering.

[Well, I'm gonna go ahead and say I believe you, but just so you know. We've had this happen before and you can forget payment right now if we find out you've been lying. We know what Helarium 8-42 is worth on the streets and if you hocked the tank and think you can come up here, belt off a few tunes and walk away with the cash, you are sadly mistaken. You get the Helarium so you can maintain a sense of normalcy. We expect professionalism. We expect you to perform.]

Perform. Perform. Lauren could feel the weightlessness about her. She could feel the moisture being excreted beneath her eyelids, a soft slippery fluid that caused her eyes to dart about. She had to keep pulling them back to keep them straight.
You will board the ship.
You will stand upon the stage.
You will feel at ease.
You will feel relaxed.
You will anticipate the desired of your audience.
You will look into their eyes.
You will pay attention to each of them.
They will fall in love with you.
You are quiet at first.
You open your mouth to sing.
Your voice resonates, it stirs them.
They believe you are singing for them.
You are singing for each of them.
In the audience you will see a man.
He will be wearing a white suit.
He will have a blue mustache.
He will be watching you.
He will begin to undress you with his eyes.
You will be flattered by this gesture.
You will accept his invitation to ride in his Rolls Royce that day.
When the tall brunette at the table to your right snaps at the waiter audibly during the third song, you will continue singing undisturbed.

You will smile at her.
You too understand the frustrations of a customer.
You are in control.
You are inside your voice.
You will walk inside your voice with bare feet, to keep it safe and clean.
You will be at ease.
You can accept your position.
You want to be here.
And you will succeed.

{“The Girl from Impanema” plays out.}

I forgot to give you the signal, to stop the music in the middle. But I think it has to stop and start, because if it's under the whole sequence, then there is no weight. Turner, I'm gonna let you off the hook on the reading. I'm gonna read for both. You should save your voice.

[They are laughing at my shoes. Are you laughing about my shoes?]

Visitor: No! It's great, they're like, the perfect shoes. What is the idea behind the shoes?

He is making the sound. He needs to make the woman character sound.

Visitor: Yeah, but why is the heel taped on?

[I couldn't find any that fit me.]

Let's try it again and when I get inside, Theo, inside the kitchen.

{In the kitchen, then I stop.}

We don't have kitchen noises, but we're gonna stop with the kitchen. And since you are not doing the dialogue, do you want to help me? We can use that, then it can have more distance, but it's a nice flutter.

[So we are starting in the kitchen?]

No, we're not starting in the kitchen, we're gonna go up the elevator again, because I liked it when you came out. That was really nice.

{Yes, that was nice. And the tiles on the floor on the way is good.}

[Um, we could also do that with a marker or something, try the answering messages, that you cue.]

Yeah, the problem is, it always says 12 o'clock. Um, well, let's go down the stairs. I'd like to do it with the message from Brent, which I think is the ... I'm gonna check which.

Answering Machine: Hey Lauren, Ah ... Sunday, 12 a. m. Beep.

Seven. I'll do the Seventh. When you are going downstairs, try to walk a little quieter so we can hear the message. We'll do the seventh message, like before the elevator, music, kitchen, music, I'll have to make up some interaction because we don't have two people to do the dialogue.

[Are we going straight to the elevator?]

No. We should go down the stairs so that we have time to get into it. Um, so we'll leave the apartment again.

[Three flights?]

It can be two flights. Just as long as it takes, I mean she goes outside while the message is going on. And once the message is over, we can already be at the elevator. We don't need so much time for that transition. And then, uh, yeah. Are you playing “Impanema” still.

{Yeah.}

With both hands?

{Everyone notices this song. *Playing a verse of the song.*}

But when you do it with both hands they don't notice it, exactly. Please, just this once, with both hands.

{Ah. *Grunting, then trying to play with both hands.*}

Yeah.

{*Gasping for air.*}

And how were you doing it before, with just one hand?

{*Playing one handed.*}

Alright, fine, okay, you win. You win, it's better.

{Yeah.}

Man, okay. Oh, you have it in your pocket. Do you want two?

[*Coughing.*]

If they are behind you they might be quieter. The fan is really cold. I'm not going to use it at all.

{You could ...}

No. I can't. *Keys jingling.* Okay, so we'll go back to the ship.

{We could put on the fan.}

This fan? Yeah, then we won't be able to hear anything. It's so loud. So, two flights, 'til we get to the street then back onto the elevator. When we get to the elevator, Message 7. *Sigh.* Did I do this last time? Did I lock the door and then I shut it?

{Yeah.}

Ahh.

[You've been doing all kinds of weird shit.]

I guess we'll, we'll try it again. Maybe I'll shut the door first.

[Footsteps on wood floor shifting weight.]

Sigh.

[Door slams.]

Keys locking door.

[Footsteps down hall to stairs, down two flights.]

Zippering up coat, slowly. Sigh.

Answering machine:

Sunday, 12 am: Hi Lauren, Great news. I got you a gig on the Silverfish and it's ah, regular deal a regular gig. I got you a tank of Helarium 8-42 and uh, there are girls lined up around the block for this one, no bullshit, so you gotta call me back today. Okay?
Beep.

[Feet are finished descending stairs, walk down hall to street. Timer dings. Elevator opens, she steps inside.]

{Elevator music begins lightly}

Helarium 8-42, she'd heard about that stuff. Her cousin Larry had gotten hold of a few tanks and then, well, they hadn't heard from him since. They said he left town about two years ago, he was somewhere in Detroit, ah, maybe Ann Arbor. He'd called from Talahassee, and uh, he'd gotten married to a girl. That was about all they knew. She heard that kids on the street liked to mix it with Glade, made 'em move fast and keep the hurt out. A lot of people had been caught climbing trees. The city had put out a new mandate about tree climbing. They couldn't decide whether to make Helarium illegal or if they ought to put fences around the trees. Many trees had to be cut.

Oh. Can we try that again. *Walking over to fetch something. Sawing noise.*
Okay, I'll go into the tree climbing and you start cutting.

[Are we still gonna do the stairs again.]

We can skip the message.

{We could start at the elevator.}

Let's start at the elevator. Tree climbing.

[You are going to ding the elevator again when you get off right?]

Yes. I am. I am now.

{When do I start? When the doors open?}

Yeah, you start when the doors open, but you should be in the middle of the song already. Don't start at the beginning of the song because it's elevator music.

[I've got this song stuck in my head. I've got to go and try to find a copy of that song.]

Oh. *Setting down keys.* I don't need these. So we'll start from the elevator.

{Will you walk into the elevator?}

He did.

{No.}

You don't think he did? He did. I heard him. We'll go in the elevator, then I'll start talking about the tree climbing ...

[I like the trees.]

Then you just cut 'em down. And maybe I'll go on for a while about that and then maybe we'll get back to the boat, airship.

[Footsteps down hall, timer dings, doors slide open, footsteps enter elevator.]

{Music begins at the end.}

Helarium 8-42, she'd heard about that stuff. Her cousin Larry had a job at a company that had been pumping it into their systems to get the whole assembly line up. Larry was a reader, when they'd just started hiring readers again. He'd been there, talking over the PA, reading, I believe it was Agatha Christie, anyway, one day he just stopped reading, and howled through the PA until some people pulled him out of the box. After that, he'd just sort of disappeared. But then again, a lot of strange things had been happening since Helarium hit the market. Kids on the street liked to mix it with Glade. The city had, ah, written up a mandate about tree climbing ... Me ahh, hh ... *Gargling words.*

{Melodica twitters, the tune is jumpy with the narrator's confusion. When the narrator begins again the tune is clear.}

Helarium 8-42; she'd heard about that stuff. Heard kids liked to get their hands on it and mix it with Glade. The city had just put out a mandate about tree climbing because they couldn't seem to keep people out of them. Well, when that didn't work and the fines were just stacking up and the debt was climbing, seemed like everybody owed five, six, seven hundred for tree climbing. The city just had to start cutting them down.

[Begins to saw slowly. Struggling to get through the branch.]

Do you want to try it on the other stick?

[No this is good. *Trying to saw again.*]

Are you sure?

[This is a dry, old, dead log.]

Maybe you should put it down, it's on your lap, you're gonna saw off your leg.

[*Sawing and chirping like a bird.*]

That's nice, can you do both?

[*Sawing and chirping together.*]

Well, let's go back to the elevator, I'm sorry, my tongue is a little twisted. We'll try, you could even start sawing before I mention sawing, where you think I should mention sawing? Start sawing and then I'll mention it. We'll start in the elevator. We'll skip all the walking.

{*Melodica playing a tone, to check the airways.*}

What would it sound like, if when he started sawing—so you're still in the elevator actually—when he starts sawing, which is a sidetrack, it's probably pretty good when you stay on track and we have to catch up with you.

{I could make some breaks, after, or do you like it so ...}

I like that you are the only one who knows where we're going.

{Okay.}

When we leave ... also ... does anyone have any idea what time it is?

{No.}

I'll do the dialogues, and when we get to the ... "You will board the ship."

{What comes before that?}

Her eyes, start to get all gooey, because of the Helarium. That's when the music starts again.

[Should we do a glass sound at that part?]

Let's do that. You wanna use that one? I think it needs more water.

[*Playing with glasses and water.*]

[*Footsteps to the elevator, timer dings, doors slide open, feet walk inside.*]

{*Music begins at the end of song.*}

Helarium 8-42 she'd heard about that stuff. What was it that her mother said? Oh, yeah, she left a message on the machine last week about how Larry hadn't been back from Detroit in about 6 weeks, how he'd been all jacked up on Helarium and gone missing. When they found his car, it was full of about fifty bags of undelivered mail. The government was after him, then. All sorts of strange things happened since Helarium hit the streets and people started mixing it with Glade. It was supposed to make

you move fast and keep out the hurt. They couldn't keep the people out of trees, no matter how high the fines got. All the city could do was chop 'em down. So one by one, the streets that had been so green were cleared out and left with stumps, stumps and sawdust. The Silverfish had only taken to the air four-months ago, they had eighteen of them in the country. Floating cities they called them. The airships docked on skyscrapers and floated around. Lauren had never been on one and never thought she would. Well, she'd gotten the job and felt like it was making way for something, something she couldn't quite be sure of, but something.

{*Music stops.*}

[*Timer dings, door slides open.*]

Lauren stepped onto the 92nd floor dock and walked on board through a straw-like tunnel that swung in the wind. This was the loading dock. Had she boarded on the 96th floor, she would have seen, nearly a mile down, through the bubbled glass windows, the people no larger than dots. But instead, she followed five butchers, each with a lamb slung over each shoulder. Down, then up the swinging ramp and into the kitchen large as a football field. He was wearing a dark blue suit and a purple tie and he asked, he asked if she'd tried the Helarium. She assured him she'd be just fine. But then he insisted that sometimes they'd get girls up there that couldn't handle the stuff. He hoped they wouldn't have to worry about her. Lauren had tried the Helarium 8-42, but she certainly hadn't made it through the tank. She'd inhaled twice climbed up on her bar and wailed through the night, trying her voice out like a sing-bird. A songbird on the top of a fence, her voice was fine and clear and free. She'd promised herself not to think about the Helarium. She'd been fighting the urge for three days. Lauren could feel the weightlessness about her.

[*Glass plinks, water shifts as glass is struck, it changes tone while ringing, this goes on through the text.*]

{*Music begins.*}

She could feel the ship starting to close in. Moisture had begun to be excreted beneath her eyelids, a soft slippery fluid, that caused her eyes to dart about. She had to keep pulling them back to keep the picture straight. You board the ship.
You stand upon the stage.
You are at ease.
You are relaxed.
You anticipate the desires of your audience.
You look into their eyes.
They fall in love with you.
You remind them of their first girlfriend.
You remind them of their mother's sister.
You remind them of someone they have been waiting for, for a very long time.
You are quiet at first,
You could be any one.
Your voice stirs them.
It resonates
They believe you are singing for them.
You are singing, for each of them.
In the audience you see a man.

He is wearing a plaid suit.
He has a white mustache.
He is watching you.
He begins to undress you with his eyes.
You are flattered.
You accept the adoration.
And when the tall brunette at the table to your right, snaps audibly at the waiter during the third song, you will continue undisturbed.
You are inside your voice.
You walk gently here.
You want to be here.
This is where you are meant to be.
This is you.

{Music plays to the end.}

That was okay.

[Scribbling on paper. Three people writing. Cell phone rings.]

One-sided telephone conversation, there is an intermittent pause for the unheard speaker.

Hello ... Yeah ... No I'm sorry I can't talk right now my sister just came in ... No ... Ah, huh ... No, I have ... Five-hundred ... We might be able to get that by Tuesday ... No really, why don't you call me back? ... Uh-huh ... Can you hold on one second? *Changing speaking direction.* Can you guys get five-hundred wedding invites by Tuesday? *Speaking into phone again.* No, we can do that ... Yeah ... No, we'll get the five-hundred by Tuesday and you can have them in the mail by Wednesday morning ... That will be fine ... you'll need RSVP's handwritten as well ... Yeah? Well, it'll be a few more hours, but we should get that in too ... send me the names by Monday and we'll get them done ... we have twenty girls here ... I look over every one ... no blots, no errors ... ah, hum ... If you want to give me the details, I can fax it over ... This afternoon will be fine ... Probably be around what you paid last time ... I assume so ... That's fine ... Okay. *Claps phone together.* I'm sorry, Lauren, so what was it that you were saying?

Lauren's sister, Sloane, ran a calligraphy sweatshop on East 91st street. They didn't have much in common. At Vassar, Sloane had compiled an entire society of girls with impeccable penmanship. She'd found a niche in hand-written invitations, weddings, funerals, Bar Mitzvahs, thank you's, confirmations and refusals to any imaginable event. She had a list of apologies transcribed in an old hotel register she'd started in college, locked in a safe behind a framed poster of sunflowers. It was a diary of all the events and favors Sloane had rejected. It was an inspiration, a record of the world that wanted to include her. The interns got stuck on apologies, the most sensitive of all subjects. Her apologies were immaculate, flawless. A wedding invite was forgivable, its message of joy and hope overshadowing any blot or shortened curl. If one had to regretfully decline an invitation it was critical that this refusal be ... a thing of sensitivity, of perfection. Something the girls could be proud of. And so it was that the interns and new girls wrote the rejection letters one-by-one as important people endlessly lacked the time for equally important occasions. The girls usually stayed five or six months, despite Sloane's ruthless nature, which would have repelled even the stubbornest within a week. But these women

shared an undisputed love, the love of fine script. These women, who'd spent their entire lifetimes writing with computers. Women, who could barely identify their boyfriends' handwriting from that of his neighbor. It was a lost art, an art in need of resurrection, preservation. They gathered there and found themselves at peace with the eloquence of letters. A-B-C. In their spare time, they'd practice together. Some of them were aiming for jobs in the fashion industry and some on their way to private foundations and family businesses. There were even those who'd left large companies and come in search of meditation and the satisfaction of refining a craft. This was their place.

Lauren didn't like coming into the office, couldn't stand it as a matter of fact, the whiteness of it all; the walls, tables, chairs, gloves and paper. But she needed to talk to Sloane about something important. She was going to have her first appointment with some doctor on West 72nd street and didn't know how to explain her problem. Sloane had a way with words and Lauren came to her when they were scarce.

At lunch-break the girls all stacked their dusted letters and went out. A few would indulge in pita-wrap sandwiches; some of them, some sushi to-go; but most of them would dine on carrot, beet and wheatgrass juice. They were dieters, mostly, in the hope that they too, like the slender lines of As and Js and Qs could elegantly stroll through the violent streets of Manhattan.

Sitting for a long time, staring at the objects and noisemakers, saying nothing.

{We should start if someone walks in.}

I'm thinking that was not so bad ... I need to practice, um ...

{I didn't understand everything, but ...}

[It seemed to me the other day, when you tried to repeat the tree thing, you didn't do it as well, as when you just kind of went there, so maybe just try and do something else.]

{Spontaneous.}

[*Rapping on the table with sticks, the sound is irritating loud, and constant.*]

I wonder if the sound of the pens could create some kind of, um, texture. Some sound texture. I don't know how strong that sound is.

{You want to listen to it?}

Just to hear how strong the sound is without music.

[*Drumming with the pens again.*]

That is really loud in here.

{Someone could write a short message.}

I can hear you writing do it again. *Scribbling noise.* That is really scratchy scratchy. Can you write something pretty? This sound is nice.

[*Blowing nose.*]

Margot, take this down.

{Ach.}

Do you hate that name?

{No, I hate this sound.}

Margot, can you take this down?

{I have to write real words.}

Writing noises, very quick and sloppy. Writing noise becomes slow, and methodic.

Her cousin, Lana, had opened up a flower shop on 31st street. Ileana was her name, of course, but they called her Lana. When Ileana opened up the flower shop it seemed only natural that Sloane should buy the house next door. It wasn't even a house. It was a loft, a factory, an apartment ...

{Do we have to write real words?}

Maybe. I think the speed is important.

{Thank you.}

It shouldn't be so fast.

[Speed.]

Slow and meticulous.

[The problem is, if it's too slow, you can't hear it. Can you hear this?]

No.

{But if I write ...}

That looks lovely. Can you write in cursive? Can you write like that too?

Writing on note cards.

{Let me try. Okay, there is an "I" missing.}

Mine is really strained ... Here we go ... Lazy Daisy ... When you do your "Is" ... do you dot them with a dash, or do you dot them with a point?

[Dash looks better. I really like the way this looks. I just want to write like that.]

Can you write the word, lethargic? Le-thar-gic ... Lethargic looks nice.

[Look how gi-la-la looks.]

{A-b-c-d-e-f-g ... *Singing as he goes through the alphabet.*}

That is pretty.

The writing sound is slow and quiet now.

Lethargic, looks like lethargy. That's not right.

All three are busy with themselves. The sound of pens and pencils on paper is audible, loud.

We are going to try again, writing lethargically. I'll bring in the cousin, and then, Sloane. I need to write the dialogue between Lauren and her sister, about the problem that she can't explain. I could do that with Malaika on Monday. She wanted to do more dialogue.

[Sister character?]

I'll just stop that for a second.

Zippering noises. Whispering.

Both are writing, making writing sounds on note cards. Slow, drawn-out letters on the paper.

Lauren was the last to come and the first to go. The narrator was obliged to call Sloane, Lauren's sister to try and re-man the cast. Because Sloane had a way with people, she had a way of finding people. Although she had trouble keeping them, she was all the better for getting hold of them. And so the narrator called Sloane, in search of new people to fill out the cast so

that it wouldn't be as empty as it was when it started, or as it had become at this point. Sloane didn't quite understand the request, "Who?" she said, "How? I don't know if I can find you anyone. I don't know what it is you are doing." Because Sloane needed to know what was going on. She wasn't the kind of person that just rolled with the punches. She wasn't the kind of person that just went along willy-nilly with whatever happened. No. She needed to know what would happen with these people. What would happen with these girls and what would become of their voices if they were to get involved? The narrator didn't know what to tell her. She knew only that she needed someone. Someone to come, someone to ... someone to sit in that place, lest it remain an empty stage. In the end, of course, Sloane was to be convinced by five-hundred dollars and the promise of more if things worked out. And so she called, she called the twenty girls on her list, her roster. Then she called the twenty girls that she'd fired last month. For every month she needed new ones case they soon tired of her antics. Some of them were willing to take part, but didn't really know what they had to offer. Although it was their script indeed that was the finest. And, perhaps, the whole thing should be written, handwritten. The scripted script. Could the voice then be transmitted on paper? Was that the next logical step?

Writing still long slow letters, dusting and blowing paper not to blot.

I believe that Turner took home his tape recorder.

{Do we need a tape recorder?}

I thought it would be nice to record the elevator.

{Ah, okay. I understand. *Blowing nose loudly.*}

We can try to record it on the answering machine, but I don't think it can be very long. Can we try that, and see how it sounds?

{Yeah.}

There are too many messages on the machine now.

{Do you want to erase some?}

Yeah, I'll do that right now.

{Do you want a cough drop?}

No, I don't have a cough. I'm healthy. *Begins playing and deleting messages that have been recorded.*

Sunday 12 am: Hi Lauren ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: Helarium 8-42 is safe ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: Hi Lauren, this is Brent, uh ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: HI LAUREN, THIS IS BRENT, CALLING ABOUT THIS GIG I GOT FOR YOU, IT'S ON THE SILVERFISH, YOU GOT TO CALL ME. HEY BY THE WAY, HELARIUM 8-42 IS TOTALLY SAFE, OH MY GOD, GIRLS LINED UP, YOU GOTTA CALL

ME. NO BULLSHIT, YOU GOTTA CALL ME. *Beep.*

Sunday 12am: Hey Lauren, this is, Brent I got gig on Sil ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: Hi Lauren, I ah, great news ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: You gotta ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: Hi Lauren, it's Brent, uh great news. They want you to ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: Uh, hi hi, Lauren, this is Brent, I got great news for you, they ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: Hi Lauren, it's Ginger, I haven't heard from you, look I gotta gig for you. Call me back, no bullshit please. I got a tank of Helarium 8-42 it's totally safe, it's on the Silverfish, look there are a lot of girls lined up around the corner. So call me okay? *Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: Lauren ich hab ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: Hallo Lauren, great news, uh, super, they want you to sing on the Silverfish it's a great gig, you won't believe what we make on this deal, uh, you have to ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: Hey Lauren, this is Maggie, listen, terrible ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: Hey Lauren, this is Laurence, great news ... *Delete. Beep.*

Sunday 12 am: Hi Lauren, I got this ... *Delete. Beep.*

End of messages. *Beep.*

[*Whispering.* Hi guys.]

Whispering. Hey Turner, we started without you.

[*Whispering.* What did I miss?]

Whispering. Not much, how are you?

{Where is your voice?}

[Oh, I though we were whispering.]

{Okay.}

[*Blowing nose.* Are we gonna record some melodica today?]

Yeah.

[Okay, you look tired.]

Beep. The answering machine begins recording.

{*Playing "The Girl from Impanema."*}

Beep. Stop recording.

Let's see how the volume is on that.

Playing "The Girl from Impanema," off the answering machine, the tone is off and the sound is fuzzy.

{There is no adjusting, that's an answering machine and this instrument.}

Beep. Recording on the answering machine.

{*Playing "The Girl from Impanema."*}

Beep. Stop recording.

[I miss that second-hand.]

Sunday 12 am: *Playing "The Girl from Impanema."*

[Can we record both at the same time and see what happens?]

Beep. Message machine recording. Tape player also recording.

{*Playing "The Girl from Impanema."*}

Beep: Turn off recorder and tape player.

Adjusting machines, rewinding, pressing buttons on the tape player.

It's on backwards isn't it?

[Here it is. You ready?]

Beep. Playing answering machine recording and tape player simultaneously.

Let's just try that one by itself.

Playing tape by itself.

{Much better.}

Better? We are going to need a longer segment. How many times did you have to play it last time? Two times, three times?

{Nah, about ten times.}

Really? That much?

[As long as you were talking.]

{At least ten times.}

[Have you seen the electrical tape?]

{*Practicing the song.*}

Theo, can I move you back a little?

{Excuse me?}

We need this space for the elevator. Can I move you back?

{Oh, yes.}

Arranging props. Would you prefer to stand?

{Shall I stand there, or come forward?}

What was the best lid for the elevator?

[That one board, sliding across.]

This one?

[*High-heel shoes walking around the space testing the various floors.*]

It works best with the tile, doesn't it? In the entry.

[Yeah.]

Shall I sweep the gravel up?

[I'll assume that ... I was doing the tile for the floor of the elevator.]

{*Melodica, lulling into harmony.*}

Wood being moved around still. Sweeping gravel into place.

[*High heels still walking around the space.*]

Do you want to do dialogue with me from there?

[Sure.]

If we go into the calligraphy sweatshop from here, then we can turn both ways.

[Where am I sitting?]

You're here.

{*Melodica teasing notes from "The Girl of Impanema," distant and disconnected, waiting for a cue.*}

Is that okay?

[Yeah.]

Should we move the stairs?

{Shall I move this?}

No, you just have to spin around. Oh, that's too far. *Moving objects adjusting seats near one another.* Sorry, this is close.

{Do I have to move?}

[Footsteps on wood floor, walking, hurried. Descending staircase.]

Do you want to try the backwards, or the stairway? This one is on the way to the appointment, which we just mentioned. Turner, this one's really short.

[Okay.]

That's you. We'll just do that together. 3 2 3 4 3 2 3 2 3.

[Is this the one where I walk backwards?]

You start out walking forward, full of apprehension, and then her feet in fact, began to back-peddle. Then you have to step backwards.

[I can walk backwards in place.]

In place?

[Testing, walking. Maybe I'll try that with the chair.]

You walk backwards and then we go into this vocal talking counting; then I will start reading again and when I start reading again, you can fade out of the song and then it stops with ... "Couldn't get out." So we should have this in thirty seconds, or a minute.

[I begin walking after she starts singing?]

No, you begin walking backwards after she starts, you start walking forwards, then you go backwards, when I say, "Back-peddle."

[Walking, slowly.]

Are you walking forwards or backwards?

[Forwards.]

Uh, huh.

[Walking slowly again a little different the heel is swift down. This is backwards.]

Wait a second. That's not right.

I think you have to stand up, can you stand up? Otherwise it's ... Just walk around the space.

[There's not a ... *Moving an object out of the way.* That's not gonna sound ... With the heel, I have to walk with the front part of my foot first. So if you want to reverse the sound it's gonna be heel-toe. I can't really.]

There is more drag on the backwards step.

[Walking backwards.]

It sounds backwards. It doesn't sound forward. What's forward?

[I can't quite tell.]

Just do mine with your hands. That's not very loud. They are a little bit warm.

[Walking with loafers, on hands, on all fours.]

We're walking from the subway on 72nd and Broadway to Dr. Morabie's office. We'll need the street. *Moving objects around, turning on radio.*

[Do you want me to use the heels, or your shoes?]

Which work better?

[Well, the heels are the Lauren character.]

Alright. We'll do it on the heels. I think if you actually move you get a better feeling for the sound. I don't know how loud it's going to be.

[Street noise, fuzzy radio. Footsteps in heels, walking forward slowly down the pavement.]

Lauren walking from the Subway at 72nd and Broadway to Dr. Morabie's office, was full of apprehension. Her feet in fact began to back-peddle as if she wasn't really walking forward at all 1 2 3 4 4 3 2 1 2 3 4 3 2 3 4 3 ...

[Footsteps being to stumble, walk back and forth with numbers.]

Begins to sing the scales forward and back with a numbers, climbing and descending accordingly.

... 3 4 3 2 3 4 3 2 3 4 3 2 3 4 3 2 She'd poked the hole in her soiled thoughts ...

Stops singing.

and now she'd gone and dropped a seed. Dropped a seed so carelessly into that poke and as she simply ...

[Street noise, fuzzy radio. Footsteps in heels, walking forward slowly down the pavement.]

Lauren walking from the subway at 72nd and Broadway to Dr. Morabie's, office was full of apprehension. Her feet in fact began to back peddle, as if she wasn't really walking forward at all 1 ...

Begins to sing the scales forward and back with the numbers, climbing and descending accordingly.

[Footsteps being to stumble, walk back and forth with numbers.]

... 2 3 4 became 4 3 2 1 2 3 4 3 2 3 4 3 2 3 4 3 2

[Footsteps stop.]

She'd poked a hole in her soiled thoughts and now she'd gone and dropped

a seed. She'd dropped a seed so carelessly into that poke and, as simply as she slid herself inside, so too, closed the gap behind her and she could not get out.

Singing to a resolve, a few more notes towards silence.

That was a short sequence. I don't like our street noise. Why don't we go outside?

[Or just open the door. *Opens door.*]

Much better. You could even walk there. Down the stairs, up the stairs. It doesn't really matter.

[Is it reading?]

That far? It picks it up that far. Yeah.

[Street noise seeps through open door of space, footsteps on the pavement, walking around, up and down the steps.]

Lauren walking from the subway at 72nd and Broadway to Dr. Morabie's, office was full of apprehension. Her feet in fact began to back peddle, as if she wasn't really walking forward at all. She counted 1 2 3 4 which became 4 3 2 1 2 3 2 ...

Begins to sing the scales forward and back with the numbers, climbing and descending accordingly.

[Footsteps being to stumble, walk back and forth with numbers.]

... 3 4 3 2 1 2 3 2 3 2 3 4 ...

[Footsteps stop.]

and then she realized that she'd poked a hole in her thoughts, and gone and dropped a seed. She'd dropped it so carelessly that as she slid herself inside, the gap behind her, behind it, closed and she couldn't get out.

Singing to a resolve, a few more notes towards silence.

Adrian Williams
Batsong, rehearsals for an audioplay

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