

**BREATHE SMOKE**  
Douglas Williams

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## CHARACTERS

ELLIS / FROGMAN - 30's, Male-presenting

DANTE - 30's, Female-presenting

TREVOR / REV RILEY - 30's, Male-presenting

FRITZI - 30-40, Female-presenting

*Breathe Smoke* was developed by Orbiter 3 in Philadelphia, PA. It received its world premiere from Orbiter 3 in a co-production with the Painted Bride in October 2016. The production was directed by Maura Krause.

Text and action was generated through devised workshops with the acting ensemble and artistic team. Special thanks to our cast Makoto Hirano, Anita Marie Holland, C. Kennedy, Jaime Maseda and our artistic team Adriano Shaplin, Sara Outing, Andrew Thompson, Lucas Nguyen, Rajiv Shah, Rebecca Kanach, Elaina Di Monaco, Aziz Naouai, Erin Washburn and Cat Ramirez.

## NOTES ON INTERLUDES:

There are three interlude scenes that Trevor sees in the middle of the play. They are titled and the characters have nonsense names (Avalanche, Can-can, etc.) It should be clear that these scenes function outside of the narrative of the play and that the actors playing the interlude characters are not the same as the characters in the narrative portion of the play.

*Low bass rumbles in the dark.*

*As if an enormous machine has just been switched on and is warming up. The sound grows, gears churning.*

*Lights slowly rise on REV RILEY. He is a performer and this is the moment before his show. He is alone. He prepares.*

*In a different space, lights rise on DANTE. She collects her video equipment. She puts on her jacket. Her boots.*

*In a different space, elevated above, FRITZI tunes her violin.*

*In a different space, ELLIS shotguns a beer.*

*The music starts to pulse. Becomes more frantic.*

*The characters begin to converge.*

*Dante films Rev. Ellis spins and punches the air. Fritzzi comes down from her space.*

*The music erupts. The lights go blinding red.*

*The characters clash and begin to mosh violently. Their movement is dangerous and frantic.*

*Rev throws himself into the three of them. He falls to the floor.*

*They exit as Rev lays there on the ground.*

*He rises and pushes, spins, falls. He rises and repeats the same movement desperately. He is pushing himself to the edge.*

*We can see that he is bleeding. More blood with every collapse.*

*He stops. Exhausted. He looks down at himself.*

*Lights.*

1.

*A mundane office.*

*Cubicles, a break room, computers.*

*Dante and Ellis sit in cubicles not too far from each other. They both click around their computer and stare at it blankly.*

...

*Ellis' phone rings.*

ELLIS

Accounts receivable, this is Ellis.  
 Nate! Nate-Dog.  
 Oh. Oh *damn*. Was that this weekend--  
 No I had it in my cal but--  
 Yeah damn. I'm sorry brotha but--  
 What? Oh no. Yeah well  
 Couldn't have been *that* because I don't *have a wife!*  
 Hahaha. You got it. You know.  
 Okay! Okay Nate-dizzy. Yup. Uh huh.  
 Stop! You're right but stop!  
 I'm hanging up you ja-bronie!

*Ellis hangs up the phone and is IMMEDIATELY stone-faced again. Almost contemptuous about the conversation he just had.*

*Ellis clicks for another moment or two and then gets up. Heads to the break room.*

*Dante sees him move and decides to follow.*

*Ellis is getting coffee. Dante enters the break room and shuffles around him to get coffee of her own.*

*Ellis stands there drinking coffee, just trying to enjoy the silence.*

*Dante looks at Ellis out of the corner of her eye.*

DANTE

Hey.

*Dante holds out her mug for him to cheers.*

ELLIS

Hi. Oh sure hi.

*He stands and they cheers.*

ELLIS

Sorry. You're uh

DANTE

Dante.

ELLIS

Right. I'm sorry. Usually I'm better with--  
Things.

*(he extends his hand)*

Frogman.

*They shake.*

DANTE

That's your name?

ELLIS

Oh. No.

It's this joke the guys started because one time I--

My name is Ellis but everyone calls me Frogman. You can call me Frogman.

If you want.

You just started, yeah?

DANTE

Eh, two weeks ago.

ELLIS

Oh wow wow. That's terrific. *So* terrific.

And you're in

DANTE

Accounts payable.

ELLIS

Of course of course.

That's why I wouldn't have seen you.

*(motioning to himself)*

Accounts receivable so

Payable! That's great. Great department. I hope Gunther and them aren't being too much  
of a--

DANTE

Don't do this.

Oh. Okay.  
Do what.

ELLIS

Don't be all

DANTE

*She makes some vague hand gesture.*

I'm sorry I don't...

ELLIS

Don't be fucking Frogman-ing me.

DANTE

I'm not Frog--  
That's just a nickname. I don't think you--  
I'm being nice. I'm being myself.

ELLIS

No you're not.

DANTE

Ooooookay.

ELLIS

*Dante drinks coffee.*

*Ellis starts to slink back to his desk.*

I saw you this weekend.

DANTE

What.

ELLIS

I saw you.

DANTE

No you didn't.

ELLIS

Um, yeah I did.

DANTE

...

ELLIS

At the Engine Room?

DANTE

...

ELLIS

...

DANTE

...

ELLIS

No you didn't.

DANTE

It's cool. I go too.

ELLIS

I don't even know what that is. Engine...

DANTE

You know what it is.

ELLIS

I really don't.

DANTE

Oh so that *wasn't* you in the pit moshing your fucking face off?

*Ellis looks at Dante and then heads back to his desk.*

*He sits down and tries to keep his head down.*

*Dante saunters over at one point.*

*Dante stands over Ellis.*

*Ellis looks up daring her to say something else.*

*Dante spots something. Puts her hand next to Ellis'.*

DANTE

Check it. Same stamp!  
See I knew it was you!

*Ellis drops his head in defeat.*

DANTE

Mean Machine was in-fucking-sane, am I right? *Grotesque!*

ELLIS

Listen, I need you to just back off--

DANTE

No no no! It's cool!

ELLIS

I draw certain boundaries around here--

DANTE

I just moved here three weeks ago so I / don't know anybody else who--

ELLIS

I can't be having this conversation right now--

DANTE

Are you going to Captain /on Friday, because I will be there--

ELLIS

Listen! Listen!

*Dante is silent.*

ELLIS

I need you to go back to your desk. It was nice meeting you.  
I'm Frog-man.

*Ellis offers his hand.*

*Dante looks at it, then walks off to her desk.*

*They both sit there and start to do their work again slowly.*

*Dante gets up and walks over to Ellis' desk.*

*She leans down and says something to him that we can't hear.*

*She walks over and sits back down at her own desk.*

2.

*A house that appears to be under construction.*

*Fritzi enters drinking a beer. Trevor enters behind her with some bags.*

FRITZI

Welcome back. I'm sure you remember.

TREVOR

Yeah--

*(seeing the state of the house)*

Oh woww. Okay.

FRITZI

I know. I'm in transition.

TREVOR

No no! It look...  
Place has great bones.

*Trevor softly bangs on a nearby door frame. Maybe some plaster falls.*

FRITZI

Thank you.  
You can crash wherever.  
You know my room on the third floor so anywhere but there.

TREVOR

Oh no one else is here?

FRITZI

Nah.

TREVOR

What about what's-their-name  
With the piano.

FRITZI

Shaina.

TREVOR

She left?

FRITZI

Two years ago. Residency in Connecticut.

TREVOR

Very fancy. I didn't think she'd ever leave.

FRITZI

They all do. Which is the whole idea.  
Also the barn is a war zone.

TREVOR

Oh shit. So the recording studio is

FRITZI

Under construction. Off limits.

TREVOR

Damn.

FRITZI

Sorry. Bad timing.  
Other than that, feel free to, you know  
Make it your own.  
Or whatever.

*He drops his bags.*

*He faces Fritzzi. Holds his arms wide. And closes his eyes.*

*Trevor starts to perform a RITUAL.*

FRITZI

What.  
Trevor no.

TREVOR

*(waving her on)*

Come on, come on...

*Trevor continues to playful perform a RITUAL.*

*RITUAL RITUAL RITUAL.*

*Fritzzi is not participating.*

*He keeps trying.*

*He repeats his RITUAL.*

*Fritzzi thrusts her beer into his open hand.*

Fine. I'll grab some beers.

FRITZI

*She exits.*

*Trevor smiles and drinks from the beer.*

3.

*A subway car.*

*Ellis is seated with ear buds in. He is almost unrecognizable from the first scene.*

*He is mostly in black, an old shirt with the sleeves ripped off. Or perhaps an old flannel.*

*He smells like the beer that was probably spilled on him at the show he's coming home from.*

*He inspects a cut on his elbow. He looks around for something to wipe the blood away.*

*As the subway doors start to close Dante enters the car. She also looks like she's coming home from a show.*

*The subway begins to move. Ellis stares forward, intent on not making eye contact with Dante.*

DANTE

Ellis. Ellis.

*Ellis does not budge.*

DANTE

Frog-man!

*Nothing.*

*Dante pulls out a first aid kit and brings a band-aid or a bandage over to Ellis. She holds it out for him. Ellis does not react.*

DANTE

It's for your arm.

*Ellis turns up the music on his phone.*

*Dante sits down two seats away. She takes a small bag trail-mix out of her bag. She eats it.*

*Suddenly she gags. She's choking on an M & M!*

*She coughs and coughs. She pounds her chest dramatically.*

*Ellis eyes her but tries his best to not make eye contact.*

*Dante stumbles around the car. She coughs around Ellis. She coughs on Ellis. She shakes his shoulder. She does anything she can to get his attention.*

*He is fighting so hard to not look at her.*

*Dante staggers. She falls to the floor of the subway car.*

*She breathes her last breath, and collapses.*

*She lays there.*

*The subway stops. Ellis quickly gets up and exits.*

*The doors to the subway close.*

*Dante lifts her head off the floor and sees that the car is now empty.*

DANTE

Hm.

*She gets up off the ground and wipes the gross subway grime off her hands.*

*She sits down.*

*She digs through her backpack.*

4.

*Out back behind her house near a fire pit, Fritzzi and Trevor stand about ten feet from each other.*

*They are performing the RITUAL together.*

*They are recalling something they used to do together.*

RITUAL RITUAL RITUAL.

*They finish and laugh.*

TREVOR

Okay one more one more!

*Trevor resets.*

*Fritzzi sighs, opens another beer and finds a seat by the fire.*

*Trevor sees this and sits next to her.*

*They sit in silence.*

...

*Trevor looks back at the house.*

TREVOR

It's weird being back here.  
Especially with the place all empty.

FRITZI

You would have hated it at the end.

TREVOR

No.

FRITZI

Two summers ago every room had three or four people staying in it. This band from Detroit and this EDM DJ were taking turns recording in the barn.

Lulu had come up for the summer and was trying to squeeze time in when they were both sleeping.

An animator in my basement, some journalist...

And no one talked to each other. No one sat out here with me.

I didn't know who anyone was or what they were working on.



FRITZI  
Back at it.

TREVOR  
This is gonna be my last one.

FRITZI  
Ever?

TREVOR  
As Rev Riley. Yeah.

FRITZI  
Wow.  
How's that feel.

TREVOR  
Good. Mostly good.  
The whole Rev project got lost for me.  
Glass Square felt like this *momentum*.  
I was moving *toward* something that I cared about.  
But no one else seemed to--  
People expect a certain thing from Rev.

FRITZI  
*(pointing at one)*  
No shit. You got scars to prove it.

TREVOR  
Yeah. Well

*He absentmindedly covers the scar up with his hand.*

TREVOR  
I'm done with all that.  
You know.

FRITZI  
I don't actually.  
What this character  
What Rev became after you left here just  
Confuses me.

TREVOR  
Really?

FRITZI  
When I saw you perform at the Flag?

TREVOR

Come on, that was ten years ago--

FRITZI

I didn't even recognize you.

TREVOR

Okay but--

FRITZI

I was like: I guess this is what all that work was for.

TREVOR

Stop.

FRITZI

Now he just bleeds all over the stage. Mutilates himself on stage.

TREVOR

It was a phase!  
It's over.  
It's different now.

FRITZI

*(swigs her beer)*

Yeah...

TREVOR

I mean, if you had been *coming* to the shows you'd / know that--

FRITZI

Okay tell me then.  
What is this Rev Riley thing now.

TREVOR

Okay....  
It's all about making something bigger than our containers.  
Than our flesh and bone.  
I'm trying to get rid of my body.  
Transcend those boundaries.  
Lift myself into the ether  
Making music that be be heard on the ground.

FRITZI

Oh.

TREVOR

That's what I was trying to get at with Glass Square.  
But they don't want that shit.

FRITZI

Who.

TREVOR

The people. Who came to the shows.  
They just want what I was doing ten years ago. And I'm not interested in  
...  
I'm just done.  
That's why I wanted to come back here.

FRITZI

Well  
There's not much left.

TREVOR

No there is. There is.  
Just being here again is like  
*(he breathes)*  
Got the ghosts talking to me.

FRITZI

Uh oh.

TREVOR

This one is going to be different. This show.  
I know what they're expecting so I have to blow that shit up in their faces.  
I need to capture some of this place  
What you and me made here.

FRITZI

Hm.

TREVOR

So.  
On that note, I actually  
Had a question for you.

FRITZI

Okay.

TREVOR

This is weird.

What. FRITZI

... TREVOR

Speak. Ask your question. FRITZI

TREVOR  
Well. I didn't know if you might uh  
Might be interested in playing the show.  
With me.

Oh. FRITZI

*She seems to consider this.*

No. FRITZI

No? Just like that? TREVOR

No. FRITZI

Okay. TREVOR

*Pause.*

Please? TREVOR

No. FRITZI

Okay. TREVOR

*Pause.*

I don't play music anymore. FRITZI

What? TREVOR

... FRITZI

At all? TREVOR

Yeah. FRITZI

Since when? TREVOR

I don't know. FRITZI

Like, years? TREVOR

Yeah. FRITZI

Fuck.  
That's um  
Devastating. TREVOR

It's really not. FRITZI

*She starts to chug her beer.*

Is everything okay? TREVOR

*She's not finished chugging her beer.*

*She chugs it until it's gone.*

Yeah I'm great. FRITZI

5.

*A small meeting room at Dante and Ellis' mundane office.*

*Ellis sits at a table pouring over a document in a file folder. He holds a high-lighter.*

*Dante enters, drops some files on the table. Sits.*

*Ellis tries to continue working.*

DANTE

I was *choking*.

ELLIS

What were you doing, following me?

DANTE

No. I was going *home*. Like *you*.

ELLIS

Great. Yes. You saw me at the Engine Room. I go to the Engine Room. And to The Mission and The Big Wheel and Freezer Freezer. Feel free to tell everyone.

DANTE

Chill the fuck out. I'm not going to tell anyone.

*He looks at her.*

DANTE

I'm not.

*They look to their documents.*

DANTE

I thought Captain was pretty legit, eh?

ELLIS

They were fine.

DANTE

You see Dan Stone smash his head?

ELLIS

Yeah I was right there. I got his blood my shirt.

DANTE  
 No way!

ELLIS  
 Yeah.

DANTE  
 Damn.  
 He was wasted.

ELLIS  
 He's always wasted.

DANTE  
 Yeah. Dan fucking Stone. One time in Austin--

ELLIS  
 Listen, I think we should just like

*He makes a hand motion that says "focus" or reminds her what they're there for.*

*They go back to work.*

*Dante can't help herself:*

DANTE  
 You ever film a show? Taper-friendly?

ELLIS  
 You bootleg shows?

DANTE  
 It's not bootleg! Bootlegs are illegal--

ELLIS  
 Dante--

DANTE  
 My work is authorized by the musician. Legally tradeable--

ELLIS  
 Dante. Dante.  
 We can't--  
 We're not talking.

DANTE  
 At all?

ELLIS

No. I know you just started but Louise freaks out about this stuff.  
The only reason I'm sitting at this table is because we have a little discrepancy between our departments. I'm *not* here to talk about shows or taper-whatever or any  
Like *any*  
Non-work things.

DANTE

Okay. Fine.

...

DANTE

We'll use code.

ELLIS

No.

DANTE

At work we'll call the Engine Room something like.....*ants*.

*Ellis stands. Walks to a file cabinet. Gets another stack of files and drops them onto the table with a thud.*

*He sits down.*

...

DANTE

I'll work on the code tonight and come in with a print-out--

ELLIS

Listen!  
I have rules. I keep this separate.  
The work people get Frogman.  
My other people get--  
You don't get both.  
I'm not talking about this.

DANTE

Jeeeee. *Relax...*

*They work.*

DANTE

But if I can just finish my thought--

ELLIS

Dante--

DANTE

All I was gonna say was that I have an extra ticket to GG tonight!

*Ellis stops.*

DANTE

We're not friends! Keep your rules.

I just need help hauling my equipment.

You get a free ticket for carrying my tripod from the subway to The Wheel.

It's like *four blocks*. And the ticket is freeeeeeeee...

ELLIS

...

DANTE

I won't breathe a word...

ELLIS

Fine I'll go.

6.

*Darkness.*

*Then a knock on a door.*

TREVOR

Yeah?

*Fritzi cracks the door to Trevor's room. We can see that he's lying in bed.*

FRITZI

Hi.

TREVOR

Um, hi?

*They stare at each other.*

TREVOR

What.

FRITZI

You can take anything you want in this house.

TREVOR

...

FRITZI

For your show.

TREVOR

Oh.

FRITZI

What you were saying about capturing shit from here or whatever.

TREVOR

Yeah.

FRITZI

Blowing it up in their face.

TREVOR

Right.

I respect that. I want to help.

FRITZI

Thank you.

TREVOR

Okay.

FRITZI

*Pause.*

Night.

FRITZI

*She starts to shut the door.*

What about stuff in the barn.

TREVOR

Under construction.

FRITZI

I'll be very careful.

TREVOR

*She flips him off.*

So that's a hard no?

TREVOR

Good night Trevor.

FRITZI

Fritz--

TREVOR

What.

FRITZI

TREVOR

You don't have to play. But you can still come to the show.  
I still want you to be there.

FRITZI

...

TREVOR

You haven't seen one my shows in

I know.

FRITZI

So...

TREVOR

...

Well you can do what you want.

TREVOR

*He rolls over.*

*She closes the door.*

*Darkness again.*

*For a long time.*

*It's like the scene is over.*

*Softly we hear something. Really really really really softly.*

*Lights rise in the barn, Fritzzi's recording studio. She sits there and tunes a violin. This is not the first time she's done this in years, this something she does every night. It's a routine.*

*She begins her Sonic Diary: Fritzzi goes through her body. She checks her neck, her knees, her fingers -- anything that feels off or has pain or needs something, she makes a noise for that using her violin.*

*She uses a looping pedal to loop each sound and put something new on top of it. The sound grows into to something that isn't quite music.*

*While she is making her Sonic Diary the other characters activate:*

*Ellis, in his space, sits on his bed scratching something into his notebook. He looks at it and laughs. As the scene continues and Fritzzi's song reaches its climax, Ellis' laughing increases until he's standing on his bed, ripping the pages out of his notebook, crumpling them and throwing them around his room.*

*In Dante's space, she catalogues her recordings and old DV tapes. As the scene continues and Fritzzi's song reaches its climax, Dante begins pulling the tape out of the cassettes. She rips it and rips it until the string of black tape has all been removed from the cassette.*

*In Trevor's room, he slowly gets out of his bed as he hears her music. As the scene continues and Fritzzi's song reaches its climax, Trevor takes out his guitar and softly begins to play along with Fritzzi's Sonic Diary.*

*All of this happens at once. They form something new together in their separate spaces.*

*Lights down.*

7.

*The subway.**Dante and Ellis are coming home from the show.**Ellis is super drunk.**Dante is putting her equipment back in her camera bag.*

ELLIS

YOU DON'T EVEN GET TO GET DRUNK.

DANTE

I had some beers.

ELLIS

YOU DON'T EVEN GET TO  
Like  
SEE THE SHOW.

DANTE

I saw more than you did!  
Saw you break that guy's nose.

ELLIS

Hey I can't keep track of where my elbows swing! He shouldn't have been standing there.  
It wasn't broken was it?*Dante shrugs.*

ELLIS

Pfff!!

DANTE

Okay Frogman.

ELLIS

Nononono.  
Frogman doesn't go to shows. Actually Frogman dies everyday.  
He's very powerful.  
He finishes work and he kills himself everyday.  
He dies for a longer time on the weekend.

DANTE

So I'm not talking to Frogman?

ELLIS

You're talking to Ellis.  
You'll see Frogman again on Monday.

DANTE

Joy.

ELLIS

*(watching her mess with her equipment)*

How'd you even start  
Like

*He motions to her equipment. Then maybe he starts looking through it.*

DANTE

I just started bringing my old camcorder to shows.  
The first few I shot were whatever.  
Then I filmed Rev Riley's first show at The Flag ten years ago.  
He doesn't release albums, it's just the performance, so that recording is considered, like  
It's *the* Rev album.

ELLIS

At The Flag?

DANTE

Yah.

ELLIS

I've heard it.

DANTE

Shit was *legit* right?

ELLIS

Uh--

DANTE

After that it became this whole other thing.  
People know me for filming Rev shows but he's been on hiatus for the last few years so  
I've shoot these other gigs just to keep in shape.  
Preparing.

*Ellis has picked up Dante's camera and is fiddling with it.*

ELLIS

For what.

DANTE

His last show. Rev's finale is my finale and he just announced.  
Trax at the end of the month.

ELLIS

Right. I heard--

DANTE

We're all going nuts.

ELLIS

--that he's got some fucked up shit planned for it.

DANTE

I block out the chatter.

...

ELLIS

I guess my thing with him is like  
Um  
I just don't feel like it's music.

DANTE

It's not. That first year maybe  
Now it's this expansive like  
Now it's performance art.

ELLIS

Hm.

DANTE

...

ELLIS

Is it though?

DANTE

Um. Yeah.

ELLIS

When I saw him he was  
Like  
Ripping his cheek open.

DANTE  
(*nodding*)

Most people know that show.

ELLIS

With his fingers. And bleeding and, like I don't / even know.

DANTE

Okay so he's *also* like  
He was making noise and song as his *mouth* was filling with *blood*.

ELLIS

Yeah...

DANTE

You didn't get that.

ELLIS

No *clearly* I got that--

DANTE

But I mean like the *intention*. The *challenge* he's--  
People think all he does is this crazy shit.  
Hurt himself on stage or break himself on stage or  
*Bleed*.  
And so yeah, I get how people are like: *No*.  
But *actually* his whole thing is about like challenging his body.  
Music is the product but also he's like *physically* enduring something.

ELLIS

Okay--

DANTE

The show you saw was just like *one facet* of  
The cheek thing was years ago--

ELLIS

Listen.  
I'm fine with gore. I'm into it honestly.  
But Rev is just...  
Bullshit.

DANTE

*Whoa*.

ELLIS

He's not fucked up. He's not like losing himself going crazy.  
He's just standing there. Being...  
Weird. And what he's playing isn't even fucking / music--

DANTE

He's *so* beyond that now.  
You have to see his more recent stuff.

ELLIS

I'm sorry but--

DANTE

I'll send you my favorite shows.

ELLIS

*(standing up)*

--if you think that's performance art you--

*The camera, which was in Ellis' lap, falls to the subway ground  
and breaks.*

*They both look at it.*

ELLIS

Oh shit.

8.

*Trevor's room.*

*Butcher paper lines the walls with messy drawings and diagrams all over it. This is where Trevor is planning his final show.*

*Trevor is alone in the room, going through old boxes.*

*He opens one up and pulls out an odd looking pair of headphones. They are made of nails or plungers or tea cups.*

*Trevor takes the headphones and slowly puts them on.*

*Suddenly the scene morphs into something else entirely. Trevor watches the following and takes notes.*

#### SATURDAY NIGHT INSIDE OUT

*AVALANCHE appears and slowly walks forward.*

*Stops and finds a space. Music starts.*

*Avalanche looks out and breathes deep. Then they softly begin to twist to the music. They smile through it but something looks a little off.*

AVALANCHE

This is extremely painful!

*Avalanche twists around the room.*

AVALANCHE

I used to *love* to dance.

But three years ago I was riding my bike and I got hit by a car.

*SUBWAY appears.*

SUBWAY

Ouch!

*Subway also begins to twist around the room.*

AVALANCHE

Ouch. *Exactly.*

And this person got out of the car and tried to pick me up off the ground and said "Are you okay are you okay are you okay?"

And I said “Am I ever going to dance again?” But they didn’t know. They were just an electrician who was late for work.

SUBWAY

That was me! I’m the electrician who hit her.

AVALANCHE

So I went to the doctor and said “I’ll do anything!”  
And they gave me a million drugs and performed a million surgeries.  
But it was still too painful to dance.

*Subway shakes their head softly.*

AVALANCHE

I still try though.

SUBWAY

Got to! Gotta dance!

AVALANCHE

Exactly. Exactly.

SUBWAY

I come by everyday and dance with him for an hour. I still feel super bad for hitting her with that car.

AVALANCHE

We used to dance for *two* hours.

SUBWAY

Yeah. That was fun.

AVALANCHE

Someday I won’t be able to dance at all.

SUBWAY

Don’t say that.

AVALANCHE

Anyways...

*They twist and twist.*

*Avalanche takes breaks when they need to but really powers through and dances to the entire song.*

*The song ends.*

Let's take a quick break, yeah?

AVALANCHE

Okay.

SUBWAY

*Subway and Avalanche fade.*

*Trevor takes off the headphones and slowly pulls out a differently, equally outrageous pair of headphone.*

*Slowly he places them on and watches as:*

DON'T YOU LET ME DOWN.

*Two people standing at the sink doing dishes.*

*One washes, one dries.*

*Music plays softly in the background. The music grows a little louder and sexier as the scene progresses.*

*After a time:*

Fuck. I'm gonna cum.

BOOM-BOX

Not yet.

CAN-CAN

Oh shit. Oh shit.

BOOM-BOX

...

CAN-CAN

I just fucking came.

BOOM-BOX

I'm close I'm close.

CAN-CAN

Oh my god you are so fucking--

BOOM-BOX

Talk to me.

CAN-CAN

Ohh baby you're such a BOOM-BOX

Yeah? CAN-CAN

I'm not good at this. BOOM-BOX

Keep talking. You're great. CAN-CAN

I wanna BOOM-BOX  
Oh I want you to bend me over.

Yeah? CAN-CAN

Yeah bend me over a chair. BOOM-BOX

And do what. CAN-CAN

And take your hand and-- BOOM-BOX

*The song changes over to something that doesn't really fit the mood at all. Mumford and Sons or something else you would NEVER want to listen to during sex.*

Shit... BOOM-BOX  
(re: the music)

Switch it baby, just switch it. CAN-CAN

*Boom-Box stops and goes to mess with whatever instrument is playing the music.*

Fucking thing... BOOM-BOX

It's fine. CAN-CAN

*Boom-Box fixes it.*

CAN-CAN

Come on, keep going.

BOOM-BOX

Like this?

CAN-CAN

Yes. Fuck yes. I'm almost there.

BOOM-BOX

I know how you like it.

CAN-CAN

Ugh!

One time I spit your cum into a beer.

*Boom-Box slows down.*

BOOM-BOX

What?

CAN-CAN

Don't stop!

*Boom-Box speeds up.*

*After a time:*

BOOM-BOX

Like

Into *my* beer?

CAN-CAN

What?

BOOM-BOX

Did I *drink* it later or something?

CAN-CAN

No! You just

Ugh.

It was empty.

BOOM-BOX

Ohhh. Oh right yeahyeah.

*They keep going for a few beats.*

CAN-CAN

Then I recycled the can with your cum in it.

BOOM-BOX

*What?*

CAN-CAN

I recycled your cum. I wanted to put your cum into the world!

BOOM-BOX

*Why did you wanna put my cum in the world?!*

CAN-CAN

BECAUSE!!!  
I'M FUCKING CUMMING!

*Can-Can cums.*

*Can-Can drops the plates they are holding. They smash.*

*Can-Can and Boom-Box both huff and puff until they have regained consciousness.*

CAN-CAN

Wow.

BOOM-BOX

Yeah.

CAN-CAN

Wow.

BOOM-BOX

I know.

*Long pause.*

*Maybe together they start to sweep up the broken plates.*

BOOM-BOX

So  
Did you really do that?

CAN-CAN

...

With the can?  
BOOM-BOX

Do *what*?  
CAN-CAN

*Can-Can and Boom-Box fade.*

*Trevor pulls out a final pair of insane head phones. He puts them on:*

SLOTH FRIEND

*A row of bathroom stalls. One Headlight by The Wallflowers plays softly.*

*RODEO sits on the toilet in one stall.*

*PICKLE enters and walks into the next stall and sits on the toilet.*

*They sit there for a time.*

*Softly Pickle starts to sing to the song.*

PICKLE

*...so long ago I don't remember when  
..that's when they say I lost my only friend  
[etc.]*

*Soon Rodeo joins in.*

RODEO

*I see the sun coming up at the funeral at dawn!*

PICKLE

Woop! Sorry!

RODEO

It's okay!

PICKLE

Didn't realize anyone else was in here.

RODEO

It's cool man come on.

*(singing)*

*The long broken arm of human law  
Come on, don't leave me hangin!*

*Slowly Pickle joins in. Their singing and their energy builds until they are both singing the chorus with vigor.*

BOTH

HEYYYYY  
 COME ON TRY A LITTLE  
 NOTHING IS FOREVER  
 THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING BETTER THAN IN THE MIDDLE  
 BUT ME AND CINDERELLA  
 WE PUT IT ALL TOGETHER  
 WE CAN DRIVE IT HOOOOOMME  
 WITH ONE HEADLIGHT!

PICKLE

Nice.

RODEO

Yes! That was dope!

PICKLE

Is there anyone else in here?

*Pickle ducks their head to see if there are any other feet in any other stalls.*

*Rodeo does the same and they accidentally look at each other.*

BOTH

Whoa!

*They both recoil.*

PICKLE

Sorry.

RODEO

It's cool.

*They sit there.*

RODEO

So. I'm done over here.

PICKLE

Cool.

RODEO

Yeah so  
I'm gonna leave. If you can just wait until I--

PICKLE

Oh yeah.

RODEO

So we don't see each other.

PICKLE

No totally.

RODEO

So just wait until you hear the door close.

PICKLE

Yeah.

*Pickle starts to pull up their pants.*

*The chorus plays again. They can't help but sing.*

BOTH

HEYYYYYY  
COME ON TRY A LITTLE  
NOTHING IS FOREVER  
THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING BETTER THAN IN THE MIDDLE  
BUT ME AND CINDERELLA

*Rodeo exits.*

*Pickle is singing alone.*

PICKLE

WE PUT IT ALL TOGETHER  
WE CAN DRIVE IT HOOOOOMME  
WITH ONE HEADLIGHT!

*They fade.*

*Trevor is furiously writing on the butcher paper on his wall.*

*On a small television near his bed, we can hear a home video play.*

*Fritzi enters. She glances at the TV.*

FRITZI  
Where'd you find this?

*Trevor turns.*

TREVOR  
Hidden under a bunch of shit.

*He comes over and watches.*

TREVOR  
Did you film this?

FRITZI  
No.  
Who *is* that?

TREVOR  
You don't remember?  
This woman who got hit by a car. I think her name was--

FRITZI  
Kay. Holy shit.

TREVOR  
She was up here building this dance piece or

FRITZI  
That's right...

*They watch.*

TREVOR  
I'm gonna use this, yeah?

FRITZI  
What. This video?

TREVOR  
Yeah.

FRITZI  
You're gonna use it for your show?

TREVOR  
Yeah.

FRITZI

...

TREVOR

...

FRITZI

Fine. Whatever.

*He turns it off.*

TREVOR

I'll watch the rest later.

*He moves around the space looking for more stuff or just organizing.*

FRITZI

What are you doing.  
Like what are you *actually* doing for this show.

TREVOR

Not sure yet.  
I'm trying to channel that last show I did. At the gallery in DC.

FRITZI

I didn't see it.

TREVOR

I know.  
There's video though. Of the entire five days. I'll send it to you.

FRITZI

Great.

TREVOR

But with this one--  
Here look.

*(pulling her over to show her his drawings)*

I'm collecting all these things that just do *not* belong to each other.  
Objects from different people, different experiences.  
Totally dissonant. Mundane almost.  
But I'm bringing them together. On stage.  
And over the course of a night, I build them into something.  
I'm making noise with this junk. Music, as I'm building it.  
So over hours the structure gets bigger.  
The *music* gets bigger. At the end it's like pulsing and together it forms this massive----  
I don't know. A house? Maybe? I'm still...

*They look at the pictures together.*

*Fritzi is sort of into it.*

TREVOR

Then I just set it all on fire.

FRITZI

What?

TREVOR

Well.  
Not your stuff.

FRITZI

...

TREVOR

It's just an idea.

FRITZI

These things are important to me.

TREVOR

I know.  
They're important to me too.

*He digs. Searches.*

TREVOR

I'm making a list. I'm keeping track.  
Don't worry.

FRITZI

...

9.

*Some sort of garage or bare space.*

*Ellis stands there with a backpack with a boom mic attached to it that stretches above his head. He's walking around.*

*Dante is getting out equipment for him.*

DANTE

I'm just gonna throw out a number.

ELLIS  
*(putting on headphones)*

Tell me what's fair.

DANTE

How 'bout.....ten.

ELLIS  
*(spinning the mic around to her)*

Waitwait say that again.

DANTE

Ten.

ELLIS  
*(spinning the mic away)*

Now say it again.

DANTE

...

ELLIS  
*(making sound for himself since Dante won't)*

La-la-la-la-la!  
Check ONE check ONE.

*He fucks around the mic, getting carried away for a second. Maybe he death screams into it as:*

*Dante takes a camera out of a case. She hands it to him.*

ELLIS  
*(breaking)*

Oh terrific.

DANTE

Aperture is here. You're gonna want it pretty open.  
Zoom.

ELLIS

I got it.

DANTE

Don't. Drop it.

ELLIS

I won't I won't.  
How much was that last one anyway?

DANTE

Not cheap.  
You can pay me back if you want but honestly a second angle is worth more to me.

ELLIS

Yeah, no I'm down for this.  
I can do ten shows.  
Do your arms get tired or do you just like  
Get in the *zone*?

DANTE

You zone in.  
But when you have all this gear you suddenly become like a target for assholes.

ELLIS

I can guard. No one fucks with me at shows.

*Dante starts to jump around the space, she's acting like she's moshing at a show.*

DANTE

YUH YUH YUH! COME ON COME ON  
DEAL WITH ME DEAL WITH ME DEAL WITH ME.  
*[etc.]*

*She's bumping into Ellis trying to jostle him. He's doubling down and trying to collect the best audio he can.*

DANTE

OH HEY BRUH. NICE MIC, WHAT'S YOUR NAME.

ELLIS

...hey fuck off man.

YUH YUH YUH.

DANTE  
*(jumping around)*

Well done.

*(breaking)*

In the zone...

ELLIS  
*(mostly to himself)*

*He turns the camera on himself so he can see what he looks like.*

*He puts the camera down.*

What's some of the craziest shit you've filmed.

ELLIS

I dunno.

DANTE

Or like your favorite show.

ELLIS

...

DANTE

Come on. First one you think of.

ELLIS

Ehhhh...

DANTE

What.  
Is it Rev Riley?

ELLIS

...

DANTE

That's fine! I don't care. I just wanna hear how you do this.

ELLIS

It was two years ago. In DC he did this instillation thing. Glass Square?

DANTE

Nope.

ELLIS

DANTE

It was in the Maynard Bell, which is this gallery space. They set up this  
This huge glass, um

ELLIS

Square?

DANTE

Like a box. Enclosed.  
And he spent five days in there. Fasting. No sleep. He had nothing.  
Except his equipment. And these instruments and objects.  
And so for five days people could come in and watch him generate this  
Whatever it was.

ELLIS

You couldn't hear through the glass?

DANTE

You couldn't hear anything.  
But you could see him recording. Music. Sounds.  
We didn't know.

ELLIS

Hm.

DANTE

They let me camp out in the space so I could shoot the performance without being  
interrupted.  
And after five days they open up the box. The place is fucking *packed*. We can't even move.  
And everyone is like *silent* as they take this box away.  
But so now there's all this space. Like, he's right here. We can get closer.  
Only no one moves. There's like this orb around him.  
And they help him hook up his sound board. And then he plays us what he made.  
This entirely new performance.  
And he didn't hurt himself. There was no video or *anything* he usually has.  
It was just him. And this music he recorded. *That* was the show.  
Yeah. And then he like collapses so dramatically when it's over and it was just *so* crazy.

ELLIS

That's kind of cool.

DANTE

So he doesn't just rip his face open.

ELLIS

Why doesn't he just keep doing stuff like that?

DANTE

He might. This last show is gonna be something like that probably.

ELLIS

That's not what I heard.

DANTE

He doesn't--

It's complicated.

You can't just go around exposing yourself like that all the time.

...

Also that show sort of has this reputation.

With the people who obsess over Rev.

They didn't love it.

They mostly just want the fucked up shit he used to do.

And he hasn't performed since that night so

ELLIS

I dunno, the square thing sounds cool.

DANTE

It was amazing.

ELLIS

But--

I mean, you *did* hear what they're saying he's gonna do at this last one. Right?

DANTE

...

ELLIS

Obviously you heard.

DANTE

It's a rumor.

It's ridiculous.

ELLIS

Hm.

DANTE

He's not going to do it.

ELLIS

You're sure?

10.

*A room in Fritzzi's house.*

*Trevor is looking through a box. Fritzzi stands nearby drinking a beer.*

TREVOR

*(pulling something out)*

Yoooooooo!

Is this all mine?

*(digging through the box)*

FRITZI

Should be.

TREVOR

This is great...

*(holding an object)*

Fuck. My dad gave this to me.  
I thought I lost it.

*Fritzzi starts to head out the door.*

FRITZI

I'll just let you--

TREVOR

No no. Stay.

*She leans against the wall.*

*He shuffles through the box.*

TREVOR

Where'd you find this?

FRITZI

In the basement.

TREVOR

Damn. I thought I'd been through everything down there.  
*(he looks up at her)*

Sure it wasn't in the barn?

FRITZI

Basement.

*Trevor nods, then turns back to the box.*

TREVOR  
*(handing a book back to her)*

This isn't mine.

FRITZI  
*(taking it)*

Oh.

TREVOR

The rest of this is but

FRITZI

Okay.  
Maybe Leah's.

*She flips open the cover. Sees something there. Something written probably. Whatever it is it confirms it for her.*

FRITZI

Yeah it's hers.

*She sets it down next to her.*

TREVOR

Is that the reason you don't play music anymore?

FRITZI

What.

*Trevor nods to the book.*

FRITZI

Leah?

TREVOR

It makes sense if it is.

FRITZI

...

TREVOR

I'm sorry by the way.

FRITZI

I just wasn't interested in music anymore.

TREVOR  
Well what are you interested in.

FRITZI  
Homebrew.

...

TREVOR  
What.

FRITZI  
*(holding out her beer)*  
I brewed this! I brewed everything you've been drinking. Homebrew is--

TREVOR  
No I know what it is.  
You brew *beer* instead of  
Okay--

FRITZI  
I just order a kegerator so I'm done with bottling. Fuck that shit.  
I've had hops growing down / by the barn--

TREVOR  
What about all the stuff they're saying about a follow up to BAIT.

FRITZI  
Stuff *nbo* is saying.

TREVOR  
I don't know. Pitchfork. The fucking blogs.

FRITZI  
I don't know anything about that.

TREVOR  
Row did this interview and said she spent a week here and heard something.

FRITZI  
Heard what.

TREVOR  
Tracks. New songs.

FRITZI  
*(sbrugging)*  
Well I haven't seen Row.

*Trevor tosses the object he's holding into the box.*

TREVOR

I don't believe you.

FRITZI

That's fine.

TREVOR

You have *nothing*.

FRITZI

I have a Rye IPA I dry / hopped with--

TREVOR

Music.  
Okay not another album but  
A fucking  
A *lingering* smudge of a

FRITZI

No.

TREVOR

I heard something the other night.

FRITZI

It's an old house. It makes noises.

TREVOR

It's not even written down. It's in your head.  
You can't get rid of it.

FRITZI

There's nothing.

*She swigs her beer.*

TREVOR

Why won't you come to my show.

FRITZI

...

TREVOR

You don't want to play. Fine.  
But I'm never going to do this again.

And there is going to be so much of you in this show.  
And the thing you helped me build. In this house.

FRITZI

...

TREVOR

Fritzi.

FRITZI

I'm not interested in seeing you hurt yourself.

...

FRITZI

So just say you're not gonna hurt yourself.

TREVOR

...

*Fritzi exits.*

*Trevor takes his things from his box. He puts them in an old trash can and burns them.*

*Music returns. Gears churning. It grows and becomes very loud. Trevor watches his things burn.*

*In another space the other characters enter and begin to mosh as they did in the first scene.*

*Trevor joins them.*

*Their movement is furious.*

*They continue to crash into each other until Fritzi and Trevor find each other. They stop.*

*Dante and Ellis fade as Fritzi and Trevor share a short, but gentle movement together.*

*Fritzi exits. Trevor is alone.*

*Lights down.*

11.

*Dante is out back behind their mundane office on a smoke break.*

*Ellis walks up. Dante lights his cigarette.*

ELLIS

I need a favor.

DANTE

What.

ELLIS

I know we got Dig a Hole in two weeks but I was wondering if I could actually have that night off.

DANTE

What? Come on! That show is gonna be sick.

ELLIS

I know---

DANTE

What do you got? What's more important?

ELLIS

I have Dig a Hole Die is what I got.  
I actually wanna like *go* to the show. I can't shoot it.

DANTE

You can do both.

ELLIS

Nooo. I have tickets for the pit.

*(to the unseen Nate-Dog)*

NATE DOG! SEE YOU MONDAY BROTHA.

*(aside to Dante)*

Nasty divorce. The kids *hate* him.

DANTE

That's fine. I *guess*.  
Solstice is at the end of the month, if you can be there for that

ELLIS

Yeah it's in my calendar.

DANTE

And I just realized MA is on the fucking 3rd but I'm gonna be out of town so--

Oh. I can go.

ELLIS

You can?

DANTE

I think so. Just gotta check my sched first.

ELLIS

*They toss their cigarettes away.*

*They walk to their respective desks.*

*Ellis checks his schedule on his computer.*

*He dials Dante on his office phone.*

*Dante picks up.*

Accounts payable, this is Dante.

DANTE

MA is on the 3rd yeah?

ELLIS

Yeah.

DANTE

I can do that.

ELLIS

Really?

DANTE

Yeah. If I can borrow your kit.

ELLIS

Nice.

DANTE

Then what.

ELLIS

Then we get a month off. Nothing on the books.

DANTE

ELLIS

Yeah I think you're forgetting one.  
UmMMM Rev Riley?

DANTE

...

ELLIS

It's next week sometime, yeah? I'm not seeing the date in your email.

DANTE

Yeah. Actually...

ELLIS

What.

DANTE

I think we're good on Rev.

ELLIS

You're not going?

DANTE

No I'm going. I'm just gonna shoot it myself.  
So don't worry about

ELLIS

Oh.

DANTE

...

ELLIS

*Really?*

DANTE

Yeah.

...

ELLIS

I don't mind so--

DANTE

No. I honestly don't want you there.  
I know you think he's weird so just don't worry about it.

Right. Yeah. ELLIS

... DANTE

Actually I think the word I used was *bullshit* but--

*Ellis laughs quietly at his own joke.*

It was a joke! ELLIS

... DANTE

Go alone. That's fine. ELLIS  
I get it.

... DANTE

... ELLIS

*Dante opens a drawer in her desk and pulls out a grotesque pair of headphones that look just like the ones Trevor was pulling out of a boxes earlier.*

*She puts them on slowly.*

*Ellis fades.*

*Dante's music begins to play. It is Rev's music.*

*Rev Riley appears in another space.*

*The music grows until it's quite loud.*

*Rev moshes and dances to the music. As the sound builds he begins to throw his body around with more energy.*

*Soon it looks almost violent.*

*Dante sits completely still and works on her computer.*

*Rev is throwing things around the space. He moshes closer and closer to Dante until he's ducking in and out of Dante's space.*

*Rev appears to be only inches away from striking Dante with his moves.*

*Rev is pushing things off Dante's desk. Paper goes flying.*

*Rev stops. He spots a small mint on the desk. He goes to take one.*

*Dante grabs Rev's arm. Slowly brings Rev's arm up and puts the mint in her own mouth.*

*They look at each other.*

*Dante's phone rings. She looks down at it.*

*Rev fades.*

*Dante picks up the phone.*

DANTE

Accounts payable this is Dante.

Hey--

...

I can't--

I'm gonna

*Dante hangs up. She stands.*

*She walks slowly to the break room.*

*Dante sits in the break room alone for a time.*

...

*Dante sits in the break room alone.*

*Ellis enters.*

ELLIS

Hey.

*Ellis gets a cup of coffee.*

ELLIS

I still haven't listened to your Dread tape.

DANTE

...

ELLIS

That's my bad.

...

ELLIS

I'm gonna listen to it tonight. I've just been busy.

DANTE

...

ELLIS

What's up.

DANTE

Hm?

ELLIS

I dunno. All day you've been like

DANTE

I'm fine.

*Ellis reaches out his coffee mug and tries to "cheers" her. She doesn't notice.*

ELLIS

*(holding out his mug)*

Dante.

DANTE

Louise saw my GG video.

ELLIS

What.

DANTE

When we went a few weeks ago. My recording. She saw it.

ELLIS

How do you know?

DANTE

Nate told me.

Nate?

ELLIS

...

DANTE

What'd he say.

ELLIS

She called him in and asked him about it.

DANTE

Why'd she ask *Nate*?

ELLIS

...

DANTE

She didn't see it.

ELLIS

*Ellis tries to go about his work.*

ELLIS

Besides Nate's fucking--  
All you did was film it. You weren't, like, jacking people up in the face.  
At least you weren't the one that broke that guy's nose.  
Also Louise doesn't even know your screen name.

DANTE

Yeah.

ELLIS

*Ellis sits next to Dante.*

ELLIS

ETree means nothing to her. GG means nothing to her.  
She didn't see it.  
Even if she did, she can't tie you to it.

DANTE

Right.

ELLIS

You're fine.

DANTE

Okay.  
But. You're in that video.

I'm sorry?

ELLIS

The GG video. You're in it.

DANTE

...

You smashing that guy's face.  
That's what Nate said she was asking about.

DANTE

Me?

ELLIS

*Ellis stands and walks to his desk in a daze.*

*He sits down at his desk.*

12.

FRITZI  
*(calling to him)*

Trevor?!

*She exits the room and crosses to Trevor's room on the other side of the house.*

*She opens the door to find him packing his things.*

*He looks up.*

Hi.

FRITZI

*He keeps packing.*

I'm headed back.

TREVOR

Oh. Okay.

FRITZI

*He packs.*

So you have a list for me or?

FRITZI

I'm not taking anything.

TREVOR

Trevor what's--

FRITZI

I cancelled the show.

TREVOR

What?

FRITZI

TREVOR  
 Sai called and told me there's some fucking rumor about the show.  
 They're saying that I  
 That Rev is going to kill himself.  
 On stage. At this last gig.  
 People are buying *tickets* thinking--

*He puts his head in his hands and sits completely still for a time.*

...

TREVOR  
*(suddenly raising his head)*

So I'm just not even gonna show.  
Fuck 'em.

*He starts shoving things in his bag.*

It's not  
FRITZI

What.  
TREVOR

Nothing.  
FRITZI

Fritzi.  
TREVOR

It's not, like  
FRITZI  
*Unbelievable* that they would think that.

TREVOR  
Is this something you think I would do?

FRITZI  
No.  
But I know you.  
And Rev is--

*Trevor continues to pack angrily.*

FRITZI  
I asked you to say you wouldn't hurt yourself / and you couldn't--

TREVOR  
Because that's a part of it!  
Pushing my fucking body to the edge and then making something with it.  
Making music.  
That's what it is.  
It's not some sideshow where people watch me off myself.  
So it's over.

They don't control it.  
I control it. Fuck 'em.

*He throws something across the room.*

*Fritzi sits down next to him. Trevor stops packing.*

FRITZI

Come up to the barn with me.

TREVOR

Why.

FRITZI

It'll help. Let's go.

*She starts walking.*

*Trevor doesn't move.*

TREVOR

What about the construction.

FRITZI

Trevor.

TREVOR

....

FRITZI

Let me show you something I'm making. Come on.

TREVOR

I'm not interested in your homebrew.

FRITZI

It's not a  
It's a log. I use my violin to--

TREVOR

Your *violin*--?

FRITZI

It's not music.

TREVOR

Semantics.

FRITZI  
It's not. It's a body scan.

TREVOR  
Whatever!

*He keeps packing*

FRITZI  
I don't let anyone else in there. I keep it separate.  
And I'm asking you to--

TREVOR  
I've been asking *you* to play with me.  
Not even. Just to come to the show. But no.  
And now you come in--  
*(he looks around)*  
This place used to be alive.

FRITZI  
So you're blaming me for this.

...

TREVOR  
It was a mistake coming here.

FRITZI  
Yeah maybe it was.

*He packs.*

*She exits.*

*She does her sonic diary.*

*He packs and rips up his shit.*

*She begins to actually play music. It's beautiful but messy. The first thing she's actually played in years.*

*He looks at the headphones. He hangs them on the wall.*

*He grabs his bag and exits through the house.*

*Now he can hear Fritzzi's music. He looks up toward the barn.*

*He exits.*

*She plays for another moment to the empty house. Then shuts off her looping pedal.*

*The music stops.*

*Lights down.*



...

DANTE

I'm sorry. It's my fault. I should have framed you out or  
You told me she freaks about--

ELLIS

I know. It sucks.  
Just don't...

...

ELLIS

*(almost an imitation of the conversation they could be having)*

*It sucks. It's not your fault. I'm okay. It's fucked*

*It's ugggh*

*I shouldn't have uggggggghhhhhhhhh*

*This performance turns into Ellis growling full-on.*

DANTE

Just, yeah, just scream it. Yeah.

*Dante growls loud too. Dante wants to help.*

*Ellis backs off. Dante encourages.*

*It ends with Ellis letting out a maniac stress releasing growl.*

*They collapse.*

ELLIS

*(beckoning a beer)*

Okay.

*Dante passes him a beer.*

DANTE

I'm gonna talk to Gunther on Monday and--

ELLIS

Stop.

I'm not gonna--

Everyone saw the video. *Everyone* we work with.

They saw me. They didn't see Frogman. They saw *me*.

You know how hard I worked to keep that shit separate?

DANTE

Yes.

ELLIS

No you don't.

I went and started ignoring my rules because I decided I wanted to be your friend and look what happened.

*Dante pushes a badly wrapped present she brought with her toward him.*

ELLIS

What's this.

DANTE

...

*Ellis opens it. It's an old camcorder.*

ELLIS

Oh.

DANTE

It's my old one.

*Ellis looks at it and plays with it for a moment before setting it aside.*

ELLIS

You haven't said shit about the Rev Riley show.

DANTE

...

ELLIS

You were supposed to be there tonight. Yeah?

DANTE

I don't wanna talk about it.

ELLIS

I was pissed you didn't want me to film his show.

DANTE

....*what?*

ELLIS

I wanted to go.

DANTE

No you didn't.

ELLIS

I did. I wanted to go with you. *For* you--

DANTE

Wait, stop--

ELLIS

When you were telling me about the Glass Square thing--  
Him in a box for days making--  
I wanted to see him the way you did.

DANTE

Stop stop--

ELLIS

The difference between being a *part* of Rev's shows shooting it and just / watching--

DANTE

PLEASE STOP TALKING BECAUSE IT DOESN'T EVEN FUCKING MATTER  
ANYMORE.

...

ELLIS

He's an asshole for cancelling it.

DANTE

...

*Unseen to Dante, Ellis takes the camera she gave him and starts  
to film her over the following.*

ELLIS

But you have to admit, it's also kind of amazing.

DANTE

No it's not.

ELLIS

Yes it is. *This* is the finale. He killed himself. For real  
He's giving all the haters the finger. He's giving *me* the finger.

DANTE

No he's fucking giving *me* the finger because I was actually waiting for this!  
 I'm the one who spent *years*--  
 Yes there's a swath of people who think he's bullshit or just wanna see him bleed  
 But there's also, like, *me!*  
 I have hard drives and hard drives full of this shit. And I deserve--  
 But whatever. He's afraid.  
 If you say you're gonna do something, fucking *do* it and *show up*.

*Ellis films.*

DANTE

I work my shitty job everyday for--  
 ...  
 It's pointless.  
 Maybe he was always afraid.  
 Fuck him.

ELLIS

Sucks being left with just yourself doesn't it?

DANTE

...

ELLIS

Losing that thing you built up. Right?  
 You know?

DANTE

No.

ELLIS

Yes you do. *I* do.  
 You stepped into this thing so many times, you forgot you invented it.  
 That you could lose it.  
 But that's what happened and now you're just stuck with the fucked up person you really  
 are.

DANTE

Fuck you.

ELLIS

Yeah I'm right though.

DANTE

...

ELLIS

The person I was at work--

DANTE

Frogman.

ELLIS

Yes Frogman.

Ha! You're laughing! Everyone laughs! Frogman!

But I wake up *Ellis*...

I get ready for work like *gubbbbb*

*(some kind of motion or gesture to describe the pain it is to wake up  
and get ready for the day as Ellis)*

Because it's unnatural. All of this.

And I walk out my door and hit the switch and it goes BING!

And there's no Ellis...

And sometimes that's the best fucking part of my day.

Because switching over starts to feel good.

You need the divisions. You don't *have* to be in your own head all fucking day.

Everything is separate.

It's not a joke. I need it.

...

But now I'm just here so

*He grabs the camera and brings it up.*

ELLIS

So I think we should just turn all this bullshit into something else.

DANTE

What? How long have you--

ELLIS

Frogman and taper -shit and fucking / Nate--

DANTE

*(reaching for it)*

Nono wait--

ELLIS

Scream it. Like you said. Or whatever--

DANTE

Ellis, turn it off you're--

ELLIS

How many Rev Riley shows have you been to?

DANTE

It's not--

ELLIS

Dante. Tell me how many Rev shows you've been to.

DANTE

I have no idea.

ELLIS

You spent ten years doing this.  
How many?

DANTE

Fucking--

ELLIS

Come on.

DANTE

It doesn't matter.

ELLIS

It does!

DANTE

A lot! Not enough.

ELLIS

One short.

DANTE

Fuckin' A.

ELLIS

You built up this thing that you thought was yours but actually it belongs to someone else.  
So this is your finale.

*Dante stops.*

ELLIS

Fuck it.  
We feed it all back into this machine.

...

DANTE

The tape that's in there is Rev's Glass Square piece I filmed two years ago.

ELLIS

What?

DANTE

I brought it over to show you.  
You're taping over it.

ELLIS

Fuck.

*Ellis scrambles to turn it off.*

DANTE

No. Keep going.  
You're right. We make it something new.

*Dante moves to another part of the room.*

*Ellis films her.*

DANTE

Zoom out.

ELLIS

I'm out.

\*\*

*Lights up on a gallery space.*

*Rev Riley is inside a glass box. He lays on his back exhausted. He has headphones on, which are hooked up to a sound board or a computer.*

*Off to the side, on the edge of darkness, Dante stands in front of tripod and a camera. She is filming Rev. She has headphones on and is completely focused.*

*We stay here for a long time.*

*The loud speaker for the gallery bings.*

LOUD SPEAKER

The Maynard Bell will be closing in five minutes. The Maynard Bell will be closing in five minutes.

*Rev and Dante sit there hardly moving.*

*Then Rev stirs. Slowly, and painfully, he lifts himself off the ground. He sits up. He looks around.*

*He sees Dante.*

*Slowly he removes his headphones.*

*Dante slowly removes hers.*

*They stay there looking at each other until the gallery closes.*

*Lights down.*

END OF PLAY.