

Restless

Characters:

The Advice Giver

The Permission Granter

Verbose truth boy

Wandering Thought-process Man

Free Association Death Chick

Stoic the Groundhog

The Announcer

Terminally Depressed Boy

The Harlequin

The Common Drunk

<open>

<we open upon the set which can be anything the designers want, including “black boxes.” There are two entrances stage right, two stage left. Near the center is a desk.>

<we see The Announcer (Announce) behind the desk. He or she is clad in a high-fashion suit, perfect hair, and holds a microphone. Think Jim Nance.>

Announce: Welcome ladies and gentlemen. We'll be underway shortly here. Let's take a look at what's going on. No one here in this little world has been able to sleep for three days now. We're all getting a little tired. But we are going to try to bring things to a close during this show. We'll be here, play by play, to show the end.

Inside this little world, we treat things a little differently than you're used to. First, obviously we have to ask you to believe us. Second, if you can let your mind go, you'll allow us to tell you our little rule, really more of a dramatic construct. Everyone in this space exemplifies their name. Here's an example coming up right now! Welcome to the space, Terminally Depressed Boy.

<enter Terminally Depressed Boy (Term). He wears clothes suiting his name. We see the weight of the world upon him. He struggles in.>

Term: Fuck you. Fuck this. Fuck your fucking happy intonation and yer fucking perfect hair.

Announce: As you can see, Terminally Depressed Boy is terminally depressed.

Term: Yeah, so. I just wanna die.

Announce: Let's watch as Wandering Thought-process Man comes into the picture.

<enter Wandering Thought-process Man (Wander). Term sludges over to him.>

Term: You! You! Can't you just say something through? You make me sad.

Wander: Terminally depressed boy! How are...The Announcer! How have...are we ever going...why can't you be happ...why was I here? Can anyone sleep...

Term: I just want to die. Die!

Announce: Here comes Verbose Truth Boy!

<Verbose Truth Boy (Verbose) is small. Not necessarily a child but very small.>

Wander: <walks up to Verbose> I think I came by to...

Verbose: <very loud. Way too loud.> Terminally Depressed Boy and Wandering Thought-process man are here. So is the Announcer. We haven't been able to sleep for three days now. About three days and two hours. Maybe a little bit more.

Wander: <has been wandering between Term and Wander, never able to complete a thought. Walks up the Verbose, agitated. He wants to say "Shut Up."> Shut...when you get coffee, do you have to get a stool to see...<to Term> don't wallow so much...

Verbose: Wandering Thought-process man likes to give a lot of advice but really he doesn't give as much advice as another of my friends you'll probably meet soon. He was named by another friend I had on the second of our months...

<Term has found a "dark" (we can see him) corner. He is curled himself into a ball and is weeping. Announce is watching the action from behind the desk. Wander walks too and fro, having ideas that he can't complete to everybody. Suddenly there is smoke or drums or some way to announce the arrival of Stoic, the Groundhog (Stoic). Stoic is a person wearing a very bad groundhog suit and a cape.>

Verbose: Here comes another of my friends. His name is Stoic the Groundhog. He's a good friend of mine. He likes to walk pretty rigid and really likes to be, like stern. His name is a really bad pun on that video game, "Sonic, the Hedgehog." He was really Stoic so we called him "Stoic." Then somebody got that game and, since he was a Groundhog, the groundhog part stuck to him name. He's not really a Groundhog...

Stoic: <Has been crossing stage.> We must be stalwart, friends. The end is nigh. Soon we will all be dead. But we must carry on, through the horrors...

Term: <Ghastly> HORRORS!

Stoic: ...of not being able to sleep.

Wander: Did you ever find out...did you figure out the...How are we going to...<to announce.> If I had to sneak up on...<suddenly sits cross-legged.>

Term: <Gets up quickly, runs to Stoic> Just put me out of my misery. Just let me die. <kneels before stoic who stands, well, stoic, and begins to weep.>

<The Common Drunk (Drunk) falls onstage, gather's him/herself and proceeds to begin urinating on Announce desk.>

Announce: The common drunk is entering the space. He's pulling down his pants and...yes, he is urinating on my desk.

Verbose: Did you know that urine is actually clean? You can drink your own urine, most of the time, and not get sick!

<Wander grabs a mop from offstage, walks to urine. He then drops the mop, walks offstage to grab a club, which he starts to use to attack Drunk but doesn't get far. He sees the mob and picks it up, starts to mob but then gives the mop to Announce. He wanders around in a circle, unable to determine which of his thought-processes he should follow, kicks Drunk but stops in half motion which makes him fall.>

Announce: Looks like Wandering Thought-process man has fallen!

Verbose: Isaac Newton is the one who explained how that happens. He figured out how to calculate how much force Wandering...

<Drunk stumbles over Verbose's feet, wanders cross stage to his stash located behind an object, grabs a bottle, slumps down beside Term.>

<Suddenly a trumpet offstage. Everyone scurries to locate trumpets located behind objects onstage and form a two-line column surrounding the entrance where The Advice Giver and The Permission Granter are about to enter. The trumpet sound is through the lips of the actors and should sound horrible.>

Announce: <Mike in one hand, trumpet in the other.> We come to the moment we've been waiting for for <checks notes which are pushed into his pants> eight minutes <an estimate of the actual time it took to get to this place in the play>. We are here at the arrival of <Upward inflection> The Advice Giver and The Permission Granter!

<The Permission Giver (Permission) is "nice". He/she is "nicely" dressed, presents him/herself "nicely" and speaks in a "nice" gentle tone. The Advice Giver (Advice) is trying to look exactly like Socrates, even though, through casting, there is a substantial problem with this. Wander, who is located closest to the entrance, drops his trumpet at the entrance of Advice and Permission and wanders off stage.>

Permission: Yeah, you can go.

Advice: Maybe we should put down those trumpets.

Permission: You can put down your trumpet.

<all put down their trumpets and assume the spot they were in before Advice and Permission arrived.>

<Drunk hands Term the bottle. Permission walks up them them.>

Permission: <To Term> You're not allowed to drink.

Term: To hell I'm not! I don't have to listen to you!

Permission: You're not going to swear at me.

Term: I'm gonna say whatever I fucking want to!

Permission: You can't get upset at me.

Drunk: Can I drink?

Permission: <aside to drunk> Sure.

Term: <rattled that Drunk can drink but not he.> It's not fair.

Advice: <walks up to them> You shouldn't drink, it's bad for your health.

Verbose: <from across stage> Did you know that alcohol can damage the liver and is known to the State of California to cause problems with pregnancy? Furthermore...

Term: <exacerbated by the noise and large number of people> Get me outta here!

Permission: <is following Term around now, closely> You can't leave.

Advice: Running away is not the solution to your problems.

Permission: <to Advice> You can tell him whatever you'd like.

Term: Just let me die!

Permission: You're not allowed to die.

<Term tries to run offstage but is blocked by Wander, crumbles into a ball.>

Wander: <walks up to Drunk and hits him on the head with a trumpet, crosses to desk and sits down, immediately gets up and crosses to Advice> Do you have time to...is there any meaning...good morning! I'm on the other...

Advice: You should complete your sentences.

Wander: I'm gonna try...don't look at...I really like the mets.

Permission: It's ok to like the mets.

Announce: We'll be right back after this.

<offstage we hear: "And we're...Out.">

<All the actors mill about for about 25 seconds, drinking coffee and smoking. Offstage: "We're back in five...four...three..." Two seconds later everyone returns to what they were doing.>

Announce: Welcome back. While we were away, I've gotten word that Free Association Death Chick is on the way. She's been on some tear in the month of April, scoring on five of seven attempts.

Wander: <Stands up rigid like reporting.> That's right, The Announcer. She's been able to put together quite a string of quibs about our predicament, scoring very high in the sarcasm category and simply dominating the darkness modifier, though she is running behind Terminally Depressed Boy in the total sadness...<goes blank>.
<beat>

Announce: Thank you for that, Wandering Thought-process Man. <Puts his finger to his ear.> I've just been informed that she is almost here, coming around the corner and...

<enter Free Association Death Chick (Death) who wears a tee-shirt and jeans with an apron covering that bears a large Pentagram.>

Death: <directly to audience> I felt squeamish when I yanked his HEART out of his RIBCAGE and ate it in front of HIS WIFE.

Verbose: It would actually be impossible to puncture a human's ribcage with your bare hands, requiring 4.2 times ten to the...

Death: I'm so happy you could watch as my flying cock ring pulls my thumb.

Verbose: Of course an inanimate object such as a cock ring could never fly. We'd all be amazed if one were able to make a cock ring fly, but, according to the basic laws of physics, I do not believe...

Death: When did you start excreting mold on your ping pong table.

Verbose: Ping pong is a popular game in China and Japan. Those two countries have won most of the Olympic golds in that event.

<Death and Verbose are now standing side by side, interrupting each other, facing the audience downstage.>

Death: Purple, purple, her blood was purple...

Verbose: A typical purple is made from the primary colors red and blue...

Death: My mind has such happiness in it when I think of KILLING HIPPOS!

Verbose: Did you know that a hippopotamus' horn evolved from hair.

Death: MURDER ON THE...

Verbose: If you spell murder backwards it spells...

Death: Sandwich a bloody knuckle on the...

Verbose: It was the Earl of Sandwich...

Death and Verbose together: AHHHH!

<they turn to each other. Beat. They kiss passionately and run offstage, hand in hand.>

Stoic: That still fails to help with the problem at hand.

Advice: Maybe we could try softer pillows.

Permission: You can try softer pillows.

Stoic: We need geese.

<Verbose enters edge of stage bearing lipstick marks>

Verbose: Goose down feather make the softest pillows and are highly prized for their...<he is grabbed offstage by Death.>

Term: There are no GEESE in this LITTLE SPACE. We're doomed. Doomed!

Permission: We are not allowed to bring geese here.

Advice: We could try something else soft.

Term: Nothing soft here. Not in this Tiny Little Space! Nothing soft. Doooooomed!

Announce: During this time out, what do you think of our chances to pull this one out?

Wander: <who has been wander around backstage doing random stuff runs beside Announce, becoming the reporter again.> Well, The Announcer, I would say that are chances are...<two beats>

Announce: Wandering Thought-process man?

Wander:...are...<rigidity falls from Wander> Where do they make carmel?

Advice: You may want to check with a candy company.

Permission: You can check with Werther's if you would like.

Term: But there's no point in sweets in this tiny, Little, Insignificant, Pestilent space.

Drunk: I'd just like some peanuts.

Advice: You may want to go to the US State of Georgia for...

Permission: You can't go to Georgia.

Wander: Well, there you go. I could sure use a blanket. <exits>

Stoic: We'll pull this through. We are a tough lot, my brothers and sisters. We'll find a way.

Announce: Looks like Stoic the Groundhog's taking command.

Advice: We could check with The Harlequin.

All: The Harlequin!

<all onstage form a chorus line singing "The Har-le-quin, the Har-le-quin" to the tune of "The caissons keep rolling along." They begin a line dance. A few seconds in, Wander breaks into line in center, dances for a few seconds then falls backward, trying to run away. This causes the entire line to fall apart. During the commotion, The Harlequin (Quin) enters. He/she is wearing a striped tee shirt, striped tights that don't match at all, and carries a really cheesy wooden sword. On his/her head is the most dilapidated fool cap anyone has ever seen. He/she is grumpy.>

Quin: WHAT!?

<The chorus line reassembles, forming around Quin in a circle, continuing to sing.>

Quin: WHAT DO YOU WANT!?

<The chorus lifts him upon their shoulder, carrying him around the stage in a victory procession.>

Quin: Bloody hell! Put me the fuck down!

Wander: <enters again points at the group> You're all so damn silly! You should be...<beat> <Does a summersault and takes his place back in front of the desk.>

<All put Quin down, spread out around him.>

Permission: You can talk now.

Quin: You called me!

Advice: You could go ahead and save us all.

Permission: That would be OK.

Quin: How do you expect me to do that?

Term: See, even he/she can't help. Nothing can help. No hope.

<Wander stands up and slaps Term, sits back down, starts writing will.>

Announce: Looks like Wandering Thought-process boy completed a thought.

Quin: You've read too much Shakespeare, thinking that the damn fool has all the answers.

<Verbose enters side of stage bearing more lipstick marks and missing his shirt.>

Verbose: William Shakespeare was born in Stratford Upon Avon in 15...

Stoic: Verbose Truth Boy, you know we value your insight and help but these are not the times to tell us about William Shakespeare. Go to Free Association Death Chick, and support her in her time of need.

<Verbose leaves. Death runs onstage, her apron undone backwards, her hair very messed up, and screams to the audience.>

Death: Lanner Lopper lope lope sang up my ASS! <runs back offstage>

Term: I just want to die.

Permission: You're not allowed to die.

Advice: A good hot bath sometimes makes *me* feel better.

Permission: You can take a bath.

Term: A BATH'S NOT GOING TO HELP. I WANT TO DIE!

Permission: You're not allowed to die.

Advice: You may not want to repeat yourself so much.

Permission: I can repeat myself.

Quin: This is my lot. This horrific reality. What am I doing here? Can never leave.
Stuck.

Permission: <full of him/herself> I can repeat myself. I am allowed to repeat...

Stoic: In this time of need, The Permission Giver, there are things that we need not do.
The time taken repeating yourself is not, in this place, constructive to the orderly path we
must take.

<Permission stops>

Quin: Well, at least you got him/her to shut up.

Advice: You shouldn't be so mean to The Permission Giver. It isn't nice.

Permission: Don't be so mean.

Quin: Criminy. How strange this world is.

Verbose: