Out Of Time
An Honors Thesis
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Abstract

This play is an experiment. The scene that will be performed is still in the working stages and it will never stop growing. I attempted to draw upon the mass of theatre knowledge, practice and theory, I have recently learned and perhaps create a style and theory of my own. I wanted to use the environmental theory concept, the alienation technique of Brecht, the spiritual essences of the "poor" theatre by Grotowski, and the truthfulness of Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty.

The play is written to contain many varying styles, since it encompasses the entire history of man and his theatre. My concept was to include all these aspects into a powerful production that would tug on the audiences' psyche, leaving them confused, both emotional and intellectually, as well as entertained.
Act 1

W.A.S.P.: . . . You know, that reminds me of an old friend I used to know . . . Ah, what was her name . . . she had so many. Well anyway, she was . . . well, what you would call strange. Not in a bad sense, just different. She didn't, or wouldn't, fit in. Always an outsider, you know. I felt, by the end, that we lived in two different worlds. She just lost contact with reality, couldn't get those idealistic notions out of her head. She just wasn't cut out for this world. A true sweetheart, though; she'd do anything for a friend. A good person, just lost. I think she was on drugs. At any rate, my point is that she was another person who failed. Life, real life, chewed her up and spit her out. She wasn't versatile, not like me. I mean this is a dog eat dog world, and cats don't survive.

I had to fight my way up the ladder, don't think I've always been rich. I had a tough life, just like everyone else, but I knew which way was up. The fittest survive and I knew I was the fittest. I understood the laws of nature and that was to use the people or be used . . . Now don't go and get moralistic on me. We all know that's how the world works, look at me, I've made it! I'm what a lot of you aspire to be. I did what the System showed me to do - I did it well - and now I reap the benefits. Only I am a little old and worn. It's kind of hard to take on the world with a synthetic heart. That's what a diet of meat will do for you. Hardens your arteries, blocks your heart. But that's where money comes in. She always warned me about that, but her reasons were a little less realistic.

You know, if there is one thing that I regret doing, it's losing contact with my friends. I mean, I've made more, but not real friends, you know, kid friends. People in the real world just don't take the time to get to know each other, and you never know who you can trust. Do you remember when we were kids? Not a care in the world, except for friends and having fun. No preconceived notions about anything. We just didn't care. Those were "the good 'ole days." I keep feeling like I'm missing something now, like I'm not all here. What can
you get for a man who has everything? Youth.

(hands in pockets, find coin) x-out

(to audience member) Was it chance, or fate? Only way to find out I suppose; heads it's chance, tails it's fate (flips coin and say outcome).

Blackout

[Chorus performs Evolution, see games section]

Authority Figure:
Listen Mortals, and heed what I say.

You have a need and I'm the solution. You have lived in darkness, fear and chaos for long enough, like the savage trapped in a cage of ignorance. Your potential has been stifled, smothered by a lack of ambition; the caterpillar has no concept of the butterfly. Realize that you are destined for greatness. You have the capacity and the ability to control and harness your world, but you lack the key, the map to direct you.

I am the tool you miss. I can protect you - from this world, from each other and from yourselves. Take the chaos, the dark uncertainty that plagues your being, and find order in life. There must be a structure to live by, the meticulous spider needs a web, and everyone will be safe in these limits. The newborn baby is helpless, but with guidance, it can survive; you are like this child, accept my offer. These rules are to be your laws, with these you will be able to create a system of justice that will restrict the savage. You are the chosen people, separated from the animal by intelligence and consciousness. A civilized society has no room for savages. It must be structured, like the web, and held firm by law and order. This lattice will generate power beyond your dreams, thriving upon itself and growing off its own energy. The path to fulfill your destiny lies in organizing yourselves. The whole is greater than the sum of its parts. By utilizing the skills of each individual, a community can grow and conquer. Each person has a vital role that is essential to the whole. Workers, merchants, intellectuals and leaders, working together to create a civilized world that is under your control. By
these means, nothing will be beyond your power.

You will build great cities from nothing, harvest the riches of the planet in ways you never dreamed. Reaching for the sky, you will grasp the stars. You will become as gods, the power to give and take life will be yours.

I give you this gift, Supreme beings. The future is yours.

W.A.S.P.: Greatness beyond our dreams.
Worker: Supreme beings.
Housewife: What does it mean?
Clergy: That we are chosen.
Radical: But by what or who?
Clergy: Do you doubt?
Radical: Don't you?
Soldier: Settle down, or I will settle it. We are not savages.
Artist: But what is a savage?
W.A.S.P.: That was! [Pointing to Fetus] Listen, we must prepare.
    I will take command, someone must lead.
Clergy: We must follow the path of righteousness, there lies our glory. The power of . . .
W.A.S.P.: Right, but someone must organize everything.
Radical: And you think it's you, where do you get off? Why should I follow you?
W.A.S.P.: Because the laws were given to me and the laws must be obeyed.
Radical: Or else?
Soldier: You face the consequences. I'm to be the strong arm of the law. I will protect each one of you from each other.
    I follow your lead, I pledge allegiance.
W.A.S.P.: We're off to a good start. "The whole is more important than the individual, the laws are for the community," it said. Well, obviously as we grow, so will the laws.
Clergy: I'll be the spiritual guidance. No man is an island.
The heavens will give us truth, I can teach you this truth. I will show you right and wrong.

Worker: We must begin to work, I'll start the foundations. With these we can build our new civilization, I'll be proud to be able to be useful, tell me where to start.

Housewife: I am with you my love, always. I'll look after the home and the children. A strong community needs to start in the home. I'll always be there for you. I offer you my life and my heart.

Soldier: And we can conquer and grow. Others will follow our lead, or else they will die. We are the chosen ones, our cause is just and right.

Radical: I'm not following you at all. You don't know what you're talking about. We don't need these laws, or the power. The individual is of sole importance. There is danger in what you say, I'll fight you every step of the way.

Artist: Wait, what are you doing? Where are you going? Listen to each other, you're not making sense. We're all in this together, stop fighting. Can't you hear me, won't you listen? Life is all that matters, love is the only thing we have. Don't turn your back on it. Look, we're together, a whole, not separate.

W.A.S.P.: And with the law comes power, my power. Nothing can stop us. Masters of our own destiny, and I shall lead. My people . . . My land . . . under my control . . . our gain . . . Glory to the State.

Radical: That is my calling, you want order, I'll call for chaos. You want peace, I'll call for revolution. You have all gone mad, but I'll stop the madness. You have given me my fight, and you shall regret it.

Soldier: I am the protector, the shield of our land, and the sword. Might will make it right and peace will be achieved. I am the tool of the State, and am proud to serve our people. Others will quake at our power, but we will thrive.
Housewife: And we can live as good citizens of our new civilized society. I am blessed by your side, and all the women will envy me. Oh, how they talk of our fortune. Our future as a family is assured.

Worker: I will make the wheels turn, my muscle will carry our cities, my strength will build our bridges. My bones will hold the foundation. Our civilization will stand on my shoulders.

Clergy: The morals of our people rests in my hands. I will not let you down. With God's help, nothing will be beyond our reach. In honoring me, you shall honor God and he will be happy. I hold the key to our power.

Artist: Our story unfolds,
   Much like our village.
The power it grows,
   Seeking more carnage.
The people are blind,
   To each others needs
The wheels, they grind
   (while) humanity bleeds.

Blackout
Act II

[lights fade up, dimly lit stage. Sexual music with heavy breathing. Slides of color splashes and whirls. Artist and housewife are onstage and pantomime a sex scene. This should be rehearsed initially with only the director present, so that the actors feel entirely comfortable with each other and themselves. The scene does not need to be explicit.

Sounds of machinery fade in and the chorus, minus the W.A.S.P., performs techno-game. Slides of factories.]

Artist: Must you?
Housewife: I have to go.
Artist: You always say that, but why?
Housewife: Because I have to . . . He's my husband and . . . I love him.
Artist: Oh, you love him. Even after what he's done to you, to us? How can you love someone like that? He obviously doesn't care for you. You're his slave, his punching bag. Whenever anything goes wrong, it's your fault. Don't go back, it's just not healthy. You'll go home and it'll start all over. There's no telling what he'll do.

Stay with me. I love you. I'll look after you.
Housewife: You know that's not possible. I couldn't leave him. I don't know what he'd do without me. His work is hard and he needs time to relax. That's what I'm there for. Anyway, what would people think?
Artist: You're your own person. You live and have needs, just like him. Consider yourself, he certainly hasn't.
Housewife: No, you're wrong. He loves me, he just gets mad. It's my fault. . . . I'm wrong . . . I shouldn't be here. . . .
Artist: He's killing you . . . please, stay with me.
Housewife: It's not natural, and you can't exist. Get out of my life! [runs to join machine]
Artist: (to audience) The man, the working man slaves for man, the working man bleeds for man, the working man lives
for man, the working man dies
for man. The man.
The many supply the few with much
The few supply the many with little
produced by the many. The few gain much, but the many?
The many, the many are squashed
by many, the many are downtrodden
by many, the many are eaten
by many, the many are used
by many, for few.

(to herself) What does it mean?

[W.A.S.P. takes wine glass to authority.]

Authority: Success, my friends. The sweet taste of success.
Allow me to make a toast to your future. Let the wheels roll
and progress be your banner. With this new technology, the
world is at your command. Take it and run! (drink)

[Worker and Housewife leave machine, it freezes]

Worker: Where have you been!?
Housewife: Oh, you're home early. I didn't expect you to be
back until-
Worker: Where have you been?
Housewife: I went to see a friend. I'm sorry I wasn't here,
but-
Worker: Don't give me excuses, I don't care. You're supposed
to be here. This place is a mess.
Housewife: (cleaning) It's not that bad, I'll get it fixed up
in no time.
Worker: You're damn right you will . . . and who's this friend
. . . some other guy. Tough man on the block, the new stud
in town, I suppose. Well I'm not washed out yet, I'll get 'im
and when I do, I'll kick the shit out of him, and then I'll
be back for you.
Housewife: Please, it was nothing. I swear there is no other
man.
Worker: You're right, there is no other man . . . cause I'm
all the man you'll ever need. No other man would look at you,
I'm amazed I ever did. But now, I got somethin', huh? It may not be much, but no one can take it away from me. You're mine, till death do us part. [scoffing]

**Housewife:** Don't talk like that, you're scaring me.

**Worker:** Oh, my poor baby is afraid. Shit, the world is a scary place, and we live in its . . . asshole and you're scared. What are you scared of? Me? Do I scare you? You'd better be scared, cause I could fuck you up. You want me to fuck you up? huh? (he hits her)

**Housewife:** Stop it please, stop it. I'm sorry, so sorry.

**Worker:** Get out of my face, I can't stand to look at you. You're not worth it, not worth my time.

[Worker leaves, joins machine, it begins again. Behind screen for slides, Housewife silhouette appears with rope around her neck, by moving light sources behind screen, she will appear to swing. W.A.S.P. moves to woman, removes purse from bosom and places it at base of pedestal.]

**Worker:** (sees wife) I loved you, I'm sorry. You'd never understand. Why did you leave me, all alone? The The pain is running dry, and my body is spent. I worked so hard for you, wanting to prosper, to have something to give me pride. A man needs to be able to look at himself with respect, to be someone. I used all my energy to gain a little power, this promise of greatness. I have been abused, but am powerless to stop it. Sucked by this system to create a "civilized" world. (laugh) Shit, what good did it do you, fool, lowest of all men, where am I? What am I? Nothing! A shriveled, dried up seed, no more blood, no more pain, no more nothing. I won't feed you anymore! [he collapses, the W.A.S.P. again removes pure and places it with the other]

**Artist:** The darkness grows as the light increases

    Blindness spreads its vision following the dog
    Dogs of war, carnivores of power.
    Barking silence to muted ears
    Searching for souls to free the fire
    Tasteless entrees devoured in pain
Intense senses only in numbness
Sleeping bodies that are rotting inside
Odorless pictures in front of our nose
Smells like Nirvana, cash always flows

[Slides of holocaust, sounds of trains; chorus performs pantomime of Jews entering gas chamber and being gassed, dying in a heap.]

Soldier: «<get up!>» (whenever these brackets occur, the actors say these lines in unintelligible jibberish. The lines exist for the benefit of the actors)

Clergyman: What do you want of me? I've done nothing wrong. Keep your hands off me, where am I going? I demand to know. Where is my wife, my child? Please, you must understand, she has a weak heart, and my girl must be very scared.

Soldier: «<Just shut up, I don't wish to know.>»

Clergyman: Look, I've got money, I can pay you. They'd never know, and you'd be better off. I'm a rich man back in Bonn. I've got contacts. Why is this happening? What have my people done to you? Why this hatred? I am a person too, I have rights.

Soldier: «<I can't understand you. You may as well be quiet, it'll be easier. You don't have a choice.>»

Clergyman: So many people, where are they going? You can't plan to kill us . . . can you? Please, listen to me, you're a reasonable man, everyone has a heart. Are you married? Do you have children? Look, this is my child. Isn't she pretty? She's five. [Soldier knocks away picture, reaches for gun; clergyman grabs gun] My God, you have to help me. I have to leave [struggle] let me go! You must understand. [gets gun]
<<My wife will die, I must see her. No one will know.>>

Soldier: Listen, I don't have to put up with this. Just shut up, alright? Stupid Kike, if you only knew. I don't hate you, I'm just following orders, alright? You do your thing, I do mine. I'd like to help, but I can't. I've got family to think about.

Clergyman: «<You understand? Can you help? I knew you were a good man.>»

Soldier: What are you smiling at? You Jews amaze me, so many
of you, and yet you go quietly. Now you have a chance to strike, but you smile. Your god is nothing, where is he now? Come, look around, your world is over. The third Reich is here and it is strong, you would do the same in my shoes.

Clergyman: <<What do I do? Leave now, my wife, see my wife . . . [pleads to soldier, grabbing him] Please, you don't understand>>

Soldier: Hey, get off my back! You don't understand.

Clergyman: <<My God, help me! I need your help!>> [drops gun]

Soldier: Get off.

Clergyman: You understand, I can't leave.

Soldier: No, get away. You fool, idiot, let go. [gets gun, hits Clergyman and guards him]

Clergyman: [on his knees] Where did it go? How could I have lost so much so quickly? Oh, my wife, my child, my God, why have you left me, left your chosen people . . . to die in acrimony and disgrace? How could they turn on us? We are all human. I did no harm.

What of the promise of greatness? I see only disgrace and despair. Did I not fulfill my covenant, was I not worthy? Take me, but leave my girl . . . please, hear me Lord.

I had so much; power, money, family, happiness, then betrayal. The authorities turn on us, and everyone is silent. Do they know? Do they care?

What of my teachings, the scripture, do they mean nothing? Morals and ethics mean nothing when forced with power; greed talks now, and I fall silent. [bows head, W.A.S.P. moves to remove pouch and places it on pile]

[Sounds of protests fill the air, slides of sixties and Kent State; chorus acts out scenes of dissent, chants of protests. To get the audience involved, chorus individually try to recruit the audience.]

Radical: Louder, louder! You're gonna have to shout if you want them to hear! [chants to Authority] You've done your bit, but now you've gone too far. The people are pissed. I swore
I'd get you. Your run of madness will end, your power structure will topple.

Authority: [to W.A.S.P.] A minority, simply ignore them.

Radical: You're not listening, oh, but we'll make you hear. There are thousands of us, and we're not afraid of your authoritarian bullshit. [to crowd] Come on: 1,2,3,4, we don't want your fucking war! [chorus joins] 5,6,7,8, time has come to smash the state. [Radical attempts to get audience to join: sings "Looks-like-we're-fixin-to-die Rag" by Country Joe McDonald and the Fish.]

Authority: This has gone far enough, we will not let you interfere with the system. [to W.A.S.P.] You must deal with this problem.

W.A.S.P.: [to audience] Civil disobedience must not be tolerated, it threatens law and order. [to Soldier] In order to protect the people, you must police these hooligans.

Radical: Come on big man. What are you gonna do? Beat us? We fight back, and more join us. We are unstoppable, and you'll pay for what you have done. The people no longer have a need for your militaristic, fascist, greed ridden system. You're full of shit and we know it.

Authority: Silence her!
[W.A.S.P. shocked, nods. Soldier points finger, gunshot. Radical falls.]
[Silence, everyone freezes, except W.A.S.P., who goes to get purse to place with the others]
[Sounds of war and slides of Gulf War]

Authority: [politician-like, desperate] Our power is once again being threatened by infidels. Our ultimate authority is being questioned and we have a new enemy. This dark demon is a threat to our very way of life, and it must be stopped. We have the power to crush him and protect justice from his black stain. This a clear case of good versus evil. [to W.A.S.P.] You must act to protect our intrests.

W.A.S.P.: [to audience] Once again, I call on the people. This new threat must be eradicated, or else sustained peace will never be possible. [to Soldier] The people need you, the State orders you to destroy the enemy. Maintain our peace, by bringing war on the aggressor. I command it.

Soldier: [to W.A.S.P.] I go to protect our people. The enemy shall quake under our power. Again the people need me, again I'm the defender of justice and good. I follow your orders, Sir, we will be victorious. [to audience] This is my rifle,
this is my gun. This one's for pleasure, this one's for fun.
[Sounds build. Chorus pantomime of war; man vs. man, death all around, famine, pestilence. This scene should be invented by the actors during rehearsals, so that actions are individualized and truthful. During the action, the soldier begins:]

Soldier: [writing a letter] Dear Mom,

I hope this reaches you, I feel so removed out here, that it's hard to believe there is anything else other than war. I'm doing fine; I've been lucky so far. [pulls out charm bracelet] Tell Amy the charms have worked. How are the children? I truly miss them but, God willing, I'll be home soon.

The enemy has taken a beating. The boys have been doing a terrific job, we took three major cities only yesterday. I . . . didn't know what it would be like, to kill again; I've done it before, of course, but this time it was different. One man I nailed (blew him clean in half) really got to me.

We're always told that the enemy is evil, subhuman, a black immoral stain on humanity who deserves to die. But to see him lying there, he was so human. I found his wallet and a picture of his family. I never considered the fact that he might have children. What will they do now? I began to connect myself with him and wondered how Amy and the kids would react to my dying like this man.

I'm now afraid. Afraid of the war, afraid of dying and afraid to kill. I'll always do my job, that's my duty and I'll never compromise my honor. But I don't want to be here. [begin sound of falling bomb]

It's hard to consider the number of people I've killed, how many families I've destroyed Are we really right and just, is war necessary? [explosion, lights flash, W.A.S.P. removes pouch and places at pedestal

[Chorus moves to form painful linking blob, trying to escape.]

Artist: (trance-like)

Cancer, the ultimate rebellion
Man the ultimate cancer
Cells of a single being, striking to kill the one.

My body, my soul, killing itself from within.

(to audience, personal) Don't they know what they're doing? If I die, so do they. I suppose everything must end . . . I accept death, just another journey. I'm looking forward to joining my mother, oh, but the irony. Don't you see? Take the microcosm and expand it to the macrocosm. Man is just cells, part of a whole. Perhaps my cells only act as I teach them.

I tried to tell them, or warn them, but none of them would listen to me anymore. They were just lost in the "real world," blinded by power and material objects. (angry) Is sanity only relative? Just because I'm a minority, does that make me the one who's crazy? I know what I am, I know my place and I refused to play in that deadly game. The widow's web ensnared them all, my companions, my fellow cells. So why do I have cancer? Adikia strikes again. (trance) I'm tired, my spiral spins to unravel.

Within inner-turmoil, without time, harmony
(out of trance) so soon, I didn't expect it to end so quickly (she swoons) Just let go . . .

(trance) Two parts make up the whole
Life is the game, death is the goal

[W.A.S.P. places pouch at pedestal]

Authority: (radio style, to W.A.S.P.) Good evening, elite. You have proven yourself worthy. Has not everything I promised come to pass? You rule your destiny. Your power is unlimited. Your wealth is enormous. You are the fittest, the sole inheritor and my child. Together, we can control the universe. Nothing can stop us. All will be under your power, but now, let us celebrate. Wine! . . . oh, there is no more wine. (confused, faltering)

W.A.S.P.: All will be under my power. (memorized)

Authority: But never mind, get some rest. Tomorrow we have great destinies to fulfill.

[W.A.S.P. moves to lie down at base of pedestal, and using money stacks as a pillow, he sleeps. Lights fade to a
low dusk.]

[Requiem performed by chorus.

Weeping, sighing, screaming dying
Lonely, poorly, stupidly frying
Blinded, slighted, gathered and, crying
The macabre chorus of tortured bodies
Belches out its requiem

We are the people of today
Lost souls starving for a way
To break out, scream and shout
Walking without a purpose
Intelligence never surface
In our mind, how unkind

The dying, sickening death throes of our race
Taking, breaking at an alarming pace
The wheels too large, the momentum kicks in
We're spinning and reeling in our own sin
The complexity of our integrated society
Locked in a trashed world of propriety
If the end is what we're looking for
Goal achieved, walk through the door
Oblivion for a race of good people?
Carcasses piled high into a steeple
Jump already, jump
Can't you see where we're going?

Not too late, can't be too late
I'm able to cope, deal with shit
Don't be late, please not too late
Why can't the bastards up top stop
No not now, so close, yet so far
Think, damn it, think, don't just fucking quit
Clock's running low, time's running out
Marching on, blindly following the despot
Lemmings on a highway to hell (or out of it)
Racing, one against the other, until
Slam! the final wall for all
It's not so bad, if it weren't for our shell
Our house, mother, creator, why her?
Why does she have to die?
Hate, yes, I despise being human
Part of this race, supreme beings
The human race is decaying waste
Spiraling ever downward, toward ruin
My soul grows black, no feelings
I look in the mirror, disgrace.

I'm part of a lethal parasite, gorging the planet
Oedipus has nothing on us
We'll fuck our mother to death
Festering in our own stench
Pollution choking all
The global state is achieved, Atrophy.
I'm pleading, begging for a reason to live
I want to care, give me some hope
I'm lost at sea without a boat
This dirge is an urgent call for all
Stop and think what you're doing
Before we hit that final wall

Weeping, sighing, screaming, dying
Lonely, poorly, stupidly frying
Blinded, slighted, gathered and crying
The macabre chorus of tortured bodies
Belches out it's requiem
Wailing itself to oblivion
Smelling a lot like carrion
 Carrie on
Carry on, carry on, carry on, carry on
Momento mori, humans. Ad patres

W.A.S.P.: (breaks out of pile, as if waking up from a nightmare) Jesus! It's not my fault, not me. I . . . My God, what have I done? What have I become? I had no idea, I never, I never thought . . . All that pain, anger, sadness. My fault. My friends, dead. No, I'm dead . . . dead for a long time. (running to money stacks around pedestal) Here, take it back. I don't need it. I don't want it! it's yours . . . no, you can't. Blood . . . money . . . on my hands . . . what have I done? I'm sorry, oh, so dreadfully sorry. (looking up to authority in anger) You, it's your fault, you lied. Greatness beyond our dreams!? Is this your power? The power to destroy, to kill. You've eaten my soul and planted sown evil in my mind. I was blind, it seemed so right. I had it all, the whole world, but it wasn't mine to take! (go to Fetus) We didn't need these a long, long time ago, we were better off without them. I knew my place, who I was, or what I was doing, but I didn't care. We were happy, we lived as one and we loved. This . . . thing you've given us has destroyed us. (tears off chains) Here, these webs no longer hold me, I'm free from your trap. You'll have to find another victim to suck dry.

[Epilogue]

[empty stage, except for Fetus (center stage) and Authority(*on pedestal). Spot light on Fetus and blue light on Authority, all other lights out]

Fetus: . . .Hello . . . hello . . . somebody, please wait. Anybody, help me, please, I can't . . . move. It's dark, please, I'm scared. Don't take them away, I need them (building in terror). Where am I? Who am I? Somebody help me, I'm lost . . . I need them. Give them back. I lived so long with them, how can I exist without the chains? You gave them to me, it's your responsibility. Please, you've got to understand.

Authority: (offering out its hand) Here, let me help you.
Rehearsals

Each rehearsal began with yoga work and vocal work. The yoga entailed some basic moves, and the "Sun Salute." The vocal work was taken from the Schecner workshop. The growth in these fields was obvious, and they helped to get the actors into the "mood" and to concentrate. No shoes were allowed on the performance area in order to show respect for our space and each other.

I explained to all the actors that this was an experiment and that the goal was to create an ensemble production that was powerful and truthful. They had to break down their barriers and be able to lose all inhibitions. Whatever occurred during rehearsals was kept within the circle of actors, and nothing was mentioned outside of our time. This hopefully gave them a foundation to build the much needed trust.

The greater part of the rehearsal process was taken up by "theatre games" developed especially for this play. The "evolution" part of the script was to be created by them, movements and vocal work, and it had to be individualized to enhance honesty in the actor. These games are described in the script.
Problems

1.) The biggest obstacle that had to be overcome was contained in my concept. I needed a group that was comfortable together and that was not afraid to show their inner selves. I solved this by creating a rehearsal format that would hopefully develop these aspects (see rehearsal description, games, and journal). Unfortunately, I had a lot of problems finding actors (see contact sheet) and had to bring in new members, even within the last week. I was worried that, when doing so, I would lose all of our previous accomplishments, but my actors were excellent and within one rehearsal, everyone was comfortable.

2.) Technical problems abounded. I wanted sound effects and slides, which I found in the library, and the actors helped out a lot with the props. My budget was nil, so I decided to use suggestive costumes only. The glare of the strobe light was annoying, so I placed it behind the projection sheet, covering the flash.

3.) The play needed a lot of choreography and movement and I have little to no experience. I got Andre to help me, and he became vital to the group. My many thanks.
Authority Figure:
A symbol rather than a living human being, this character represents authority, law and order. It could be played by either sex, but in my performance the character took form of mythical Justice i.e.: sword, blindfold, scales, female. A physical manifestation of the "religion of government," the character appears in an attempt to improve man's standing. It fulfills the desire in man to control and manipulate his environment, and offers them promises of greatness. It cannot see its inherent evil and truly believes that its system is beneficial. The figure grows in power throughout the play, ultimately destroying all involved. The power is not visible, but self evident in its control of others lives for its own benefit. The W.A.S.P. is the lackey of this system, the human protege, but it becomes evident that even he is subject to his power and it can and will exist without him.

The Authority Figure is the true antagonist of the play, and there is a certain irony in the tragedy since the antagonist doesn't have a true physical form like the mortals (chorus). Its appearance marks the beginning of the characters alienation, oppression, competition and "blindness," that shatters the tribal village community and gathers the pieces to make a regimented structure.

It personifies the human traits of greed, political lust, and personal gain. Its ego is all-consuming, and the character should be portrayed as an excellent politician.

Fetus:
This character, like the authority figure, is a symbol. It represents the essence of life, the seed born of creation. Previous to the "big bang," the character is a member of the chorus, but during the "shell scene," the character crawls in the "egg" and rests in the fetus position, possible on a low box. The character remains dormant for the whole play, but is wrapped in chains after the appearance of the Authority Figure. These are removed by the W.A.S.P. during his
enlightenment, however, the fetus has lived and grown with them for so long that now it is lost. The character wails and laments and begs for help and guidance. He feels trapped and lost and cannot move or think without the chains. The uncorrupted child was free and lived peacefully but was entirely naive; now the child is tainted and dependent, the chains are offered back, and the play ends.

**Chorus:**

The other seven characters make up the chorus which represents the human race as a whole. Ideally, it should be made up of many races and as wide a difference in physical appearance as possible through vocal and movement work. The chorus is used to create the setting and mood of each scene. It is important that the actors trust each other and have a visible harmony among them. They are a unit, alienated as they may be, and the actors need to feel free and uninhibited in order to perform the emotions and mood accurately and truthfully. This is vital and much time was spent during rehearsals on these aspects.

**Artist:**

This female character is the raisonneur of the play, and is the embodiment of the protagonist until her death (the actual protagonist is the human race as a whole). She is used as a tool of truth, and often has fits of prophecy that she doesn't truly understand. She is the most spirited of the chorus and is fairly separated from the power structure. She is also the only human that maintains a stable self image and is able to keep the essence of life burning within her. She is driven by love and is distressed at the direction that has been chosen. Before the appearance of Authority, she plays the role of the shamen, but later she remains aloof in everyday life and in so doing is able to comment on the action as an impartial third party. This trait is the root cause of her alienation that drives her to depression and dismal thoughts. She understands
the inevitable danger inherent in the system, but is powerless to affect it because of her distance.

She dies due to cancer, caused by poisoning of her world, and is left, alone, to mourn for her future. She cares little for her death, she knew it would come, but she has been beaten down and is pessimistic about tomorrow.

The director casting the role should utilize all the artistic ability of this actor to add spice to the monologues (song, accompaniment, dance, etc. . . ).

W.A.S.P.:  
The male patriarch of the family, the W.A.S.P. is at the top of the hierarchal structure created by Authority. This relationship grows throughout the play and the two are close friends, dependent on each other until late in the play. The W.A.S.P. is the epitome of the successful man, he has everything except a heart. He has forgotten his roots and so lacks any true sense of humanity. He is an egoist, bigot, and sexist, but has a friendly face and attitude. He must seem real, and not flat. The audience must be able to empathize as well as sympathize. His love is money and he would do anything for its attainment. The dream causes him to grasp the full effect of his dealings and the blood that has stained his hands. He tries to give back what has been taken, but realizes that it is futile. The shock of his enlightenment, and the tragic conclusions he draws, cause his heart to fail and he dies. Authority begins to collapse as he does, but regains stature, ending the dependency.

The W.A.S.P. replaces the Artist as the protagonist.

Soldier:  
This male chorus member becomes the tool of the State, and loses a lot of his individuality. The blank stare and robotic action should be his trademark. However, he too has problems. He is stuck in his role; he has a wife and children that he must feed. His reasoning for his actions is that he
is just following orders; he has no control. He cares for the chorus and continues to do so, although his actions go against this. Here lies his dilemma, but it is never resolved; he is killed at war. He is alienated from his friends and lacks the personal strength to deny a command. He is a victim, as are all the others, and the actor must portray a feeling person under the hard shell. The character is struggling with his split interests, but is driven by the need to survive. The scared child becomes painfully evident during his final monologue.

When he is used as a tool of murder, the spoils do not go to him; they are collected by the W.A.S.P. who leaves, free of guilt, while the soldier is left to contemplate what has happened.

Worker:
This member of the chorus has the unhappy lot of being on the bottom of the social structure. The System is fed by the worker, it thrives off his blood, sweat, and tears. This man, who has been brought up in a society that expects a man to be macho, proud, and tough, has great problems with his self worth. He knows that he is being squashed and he has no hope, no money, and no future. The anger and anguish that results is taken out on his wife. He loves her truly, but he is psychologically ill and feels he has no power to an extreme. He is a wife beater and enjoys controlling his wife's life and emotions. He prods her with abuse in an attempt to achieve a rise from her.

The worker is a spring wound too tight and waiting to explode. His wife's suicide drives him over the edge. He separates himself from his work, and his shrunken, shriveled form has been sucked dry. The man falls, beaten by the System, broken by its weight, he dies alone, lost and powerless.

Housewife:
This character represents the female role model of the
subservile wife, whose soul goal in life is to please her husband. She did love him at first, but this love has been destroyed by his treatment of her. However, she is dependent on him, socially, emotionally and monetarily and refuses to admit the failure of her love and their marriage. She is torn by what she feels on the inside and what she must portray on the outside. This duality of her personality is the major cause of her alienation. No one knows her, except as her husband's wife. She is an innocent victim of her husband, who is victimized by the System. She wants children, but her husband doesn't (probably because she does). Her position in life is low, but she doesn't care; she only seeks to love and be loved in return.

The love scene between the Artist and the housewife is ambiguous for a variety of reasons. It occurs physically, evidently because it is seen on stage, but the housewife is unsure whether she has created the Artist in her mind. This shows the depth of her psychological duality and her desperate desire for love. However, the lesbian relationship (which the Artist is totally comfortable with) brings with it a variety of new conflicts. The wife begins to blame herself for the marriage's failure, and thinks that her actions prove her to be evil and un-natural ... and yet it feels so right.

Radical:
This female character epitomizes the classic rebel youth. She is driven by her hatred of the System, which she feels is the root of all evil. Anger and rage are her major motivations. However, she is blind because of her narrow opinions and her desire to fulfill the role. She is the only character that thrives on the alienation process, indeed this is what created the character. She seeks violent revolution in retaliation against Authority, who condemns her at the hands of the soldier.

Clergyman:
This man is driven by and for religion. His position in
society is one of respect and he lacks nothing, until the System no longer has need for him. He is a Jew and is persecuted solely for this reason. He is just as blind as the other chorus members since his position doesn't allow any form of questioning or vacillating, but he never means harm. He tries to lead a good life, and has a family that he loves. He is perhaps very rigid and strict, and he cares little for those outside of his religion. The world changes before his eyes, and he cannot grasp what has happened to his people. Refusing to believe in the extermination attempt, he asks God for guidance. But the soldier comes to take him away, and the clergyman must face the ominous reality of death. He fights for his freedom and at the last minute asks God for guidance which allows the soldier to turn the tables and send him away to be killed.

The clergyman becomes a victim to power and the whims of Authority. Any one could have been persecuted (this is the reason for the change occurring within his scene). He falls from a privileged position of power, to the degradation of the concentration camps.
1.) Inner movement: The actors stand in a circle, silent and empty their minds of thought. Their eyes are closed and a sharp loud sound is made. The reaction is felt, an inner motivated movement to flee. The exercise is repeated, but the actor is told to take the movement and broaden it to include the entire body.

2.) Point initiator movement: This exercise attempts to free the body and get the actors to think about how their bodies move. The actors are to move about the room being led or pulled by a specific location on the body, i.e.: the nose, left index finger, etc. . . The whole body is drawn by this point and all movement follows it's direction.

3.) Contraction exercises: This exercise centers on one specific location i.e.: the chest or stomach. Air is drawn in and forcefully expelled by a contradiction in this region, either slowly or rapidly. The body folds in on itself, and is moved by the momentum of the explosion. The exercise then expands, and the force of drawing in the air moves them. Thus, the actors moves about the room, floating formlessly, being propelled and pulled by the force of his/her breathing.

4.) Ethereal Space: This combines the two above exercises and allows much more freedom to the individual. Specific locations are set around the room as magnets and the actors become free floating, formless masses being pulled by the magnet. The location of the magnet changes, and the actors flow around the room, as if in a sea and subject to tides. Emphasis should be placed on momentum, inertia, and constant movement.

5.) Blob: This "game" attempted to create in the actors a sense of being part of a whole. The actors gather together and mesh. The emphasis is placed on becoming a cell within one entity. The actors must love each other, more freely among each other,
and forget their individuality. The "blob" should flow, not by movement instigated individually, but because the actor must move to fill a vacuum or space in the entity. The movement is a reaction, not an action (this was the actors' favorite exercise).

6.) The breathing ball: From the blob, the actors form an outer shell, linking hands with the person two slots away from them on either side. The left hand is held by the pinky. This creates a sturdy lattice work, that when the actors stand, they can lean backwards and "breathe" under the support of the others. This process is complicated and must be demonstrated. All the actors lean backwards, the head being the last to move, and then contract back to an upright position. The result is a breathing, contracting ball that grows and shrinks.

7.) Evolution: After the ball, the actors explode outwards and fall to the ground. The actor is now an individual entity in its most basic form. The idea is to grow and evolve into a moving body with form. This process is slow, and the actor should concentrate on motivations. Why are they growing? Why do they move? What is their shape, purpose, and goal? Why do they make noise? What are the other animals' influence on you?

Particular emphasis should be placed on base instincts. Food, reproduction, territory, and inquisitiveness should be considered. The game should develop until a jungle atmosphere is created.

8.) The Birth of Man: As the jungle occurs, an actor is picked to evolve into a humanoid shape. From within the chaotic ruckus of the jungle, the humanoid should grow and move in a circular fashion. Vocally, the actor should develop their sound into a steady rhythm. Then, one by one, other actors join in the circle and rhythm. The result should be an organized song/chant with all the actors dancing in a circle, as if around a fire.