

PERHAPS IN A HUNDRED YEARS

Conceived by: **Jacob Zimmer**

Created and performed by:

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In collaboration with:

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This document was created long after the show, and as such is an attempt to reflect what we do on stage. Much of the material was developed from improvisation and has maintained that feeling. The script was written down by the applicant, so probably over-emphasizes his role. Material that is normally improvised or varied night to night is transcribed from the performance in Montreal. The show runs about 63 minutes.

See the final page for specific text sources and notes.

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[When the audience enters the space pop music about the future is playing, there is alcohol and merchandise for sale. Ideally the entrance forces them to walk through the set. Placed in the corner of the room, the set is rough — something like a music show in someone's basement or in the back room of small bar. In the centre are three microphones on stands (we'll call them SL-SR, M1, M2, M3 from now on) and a stool. Above the microphones, a little upstage of M3, hangs a handpainted cardboard sign that reads "THIS IS IT." Along the stage left wall is a long folding table with a laptop, a soundboard and a small Yamaha keyboard – there are also various papers and books piled on top. Along the stage right wall is a smaller desk with a bottle of water and papers. There is a string of white Christmas lights hung somewhere in the room that might just represent stars. There is also at least one doorway that the audience can see (maybe the one they came through?).

Ame, Jacob and Chad are also in the space, hanging out, talking to anyone they know, maybe drinking a beer. They are dressed nicely, with jackets, and ties for the boys, but nothing too fancy.

When the show is about to begin, Jacob walks to the laptop and presses some buttons. The music stops and we hear: "Beep, Beep 'At the sound of the long dash following ten seconds of silence, the show will begin.' Beep Beep Beep (10 sec silence) Beeeeeeeeeep."

While this is playing Jacob and Ame take their places at M2 and M3 respectively. Jacob speaks at the end of the long dash.]

JACOB: Broadcast number one. *[The opening chords of Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger" are heard. Ame starts dancing in place – a linear arm dance, which, while a little silly, she does with a serious intensity. The broadcasts are spoken in a clear, almost newscaster style. They are both official reports and letters home that may never reach anyone. In this opening sequence, Jacob's broadcast is the tightest and Chad's the loosest.]*

We are in space. That much is clear. We seem to have forgotten how we got here. Or perhaps we never knew. We don't know if we are on our way to some distant planet, or on our way home. We don't know what year it is, or how many have passed. *[Chad enters the space, walking over to the soundboard and adjusting the level of the music to be a little louder.]* Perhaps a hundred, perhaps more. So we speculate. We consult palm readers and the bottom of vodka bottles. We don't remember who we were before. I think I may have been a printer. Chad has a hunch he won the Tour de France seven times after a bout with cancer. Ame is still undecided, but suspects she left children behind.

[Ame stops her dance and begins speaking. Jacob turns his back to the crowd and begins a loose little knee bop dance to the music.]

AME: We are in space. That much is clear. We seem to have forgotten how we got here. Or perhaps we never knew. We don't know if we are on our way to some distant planet, or on our way home. We don't know what year it is, or how many have passed. Perhaps a hundred, perhaps more. So we speculate. We consult palm readers and the bottom of wine bottles. We don't remember who we were before. Jacob thinks he may have been a printer. Chad has a hunch he won the Tour de France seven times after a bout with cancer. I am still undecided, but suspect I left children behind.

[Chad walks to M1.]

CHAD: We are in space. *[Jacob turns to face the audience as Ame joins him in the knee bop dance. She is much better at it than him and his attempts to keep up with her inevitably embarrass him.]*

That much is clear. We seem to have forgotten how we got here. Or perhaps we never knew. We don't know if we are on our way to some distant planet, or on our way home. We don't know what year it is, or how many have passed. Perhaps a hundred, perhaps more. So we speculate. We consult palm readers and the bottom of beer cans. We don't remember who we were before. *[Ame stops bopping and crosses to look at the laptop.]* Jacob thinks he may have been a printer. I have a hunch I won the Tour de France seven times after a bout with cancer. Ame is still undecided, but suspects she left children behind.

[Pause. Jacob joins Ame.]

We spend a great deal of time listening to music.

[Chad joins Ame and Jacob in watching the computer screen quietly as "Eye of the Tiger" plays. Maybe there is a little head-bobbing or foot-tapping, but it is largely unconscious.]

When the music finishes, "Sweet Music" by Mocky starts playing. Jacob gets the coffee he put down just before the show started and crosses to stand under the "THIS IS IT" sign. He stands there, drinking his coffee and looking at the audience pleasantly.

During this song Chad and Ame set up the chairs, stool and microphones for the next section. Both of them leave the room at some point.

When the song ends Ame sits on the stool centre stage and Jacob and Chad go to the interviewer positions.]

INTERVIEW 1: AME

JACOB: So, Ame, I guess I'll start this off by asking at what age did you first read *The Communist Manifesto*?

AME: Oh, actually, Jacob I haven't read that book before.

JACOB: Oh. Ok.

AME: Sorry.

[Long pause]

CHAD: Ah, I'm curious, what is your favorite candy bar?

AME: That would be Skor bar. It's kinda, thin, crunchy caramel kind of stuff ?

JACOB: Thank you. Ame how would you relate to the sentence: "History hitherto is the story of class struggle?"

AME: Just to make sure, "hitherto" means up till now?

JACOB: Yes, that's right.

AME: Uhm. Yeah, that sounds pretty good.

CHAD: Do you find parting difficult?

AME: Part– partying?

CHAD: No. Parting. Leaving somewhere.

AME: Uhm. Sometimes.

JACOB: Would consider yourself a member of the proletariat or the *[with an over-pronounced bad French accent]* bourgeoisie.

AME: I think I'll go with proletariat.

CHAD: Ah. Have you ever thought of adopting a child?

AME: Yes.

JACOB: Do you feel that in your life, you have something to lose other than your chains?

[Ame gets up and turns on “I’m So Excited” as sung by Le Tigre. Chad crosses to sit on the end on the folding table where he begins writing a note. Jacob crosses to centre, does a little twist-and-shout dance for Ame and crosses to the doorway and stands in it adjusting his tie and jacket. Ame, after Jacob’s dance, begins one of her own — it is ecstatic and involves running around the room with the occasional yell. She takes breaks sitting quietly next to Chad. He passes her the note and also some water, after which she dances again.]

At the end of the song Chad goes to the interviewee stool and Jacob and Ame go to interviewer positions.]

INTERVIEW 2: CHAD

JACOB: So Chad, I guess I'll start with: *Have you read The Communist Manifesto?*

CHAD: Ah, is that the one written by Karl Marx?

JACOB: Yeah. That’s the one.

CHAD: Ah. No, I haven’t read it.

[Long pause]

AME: Chad, do you like having parties at home and inviting people?

CHAD: Ah... Yes, uhm. I think I’m that sort of person who does that... but when I think about it I don’t do it. I haven’t done it very often to the point where I think I’ve had dinner parties I actually haven’t had. Ah. ‘Cause I plan them in my head and don’t actually go through with them. So, ah, I would say, theoretically, I’m that kind of person, but I don’t actually go through with it.

JACOB: Are you now, or have you ever been a member of a party?

CHAD: Ah. Not officially. I've come close. I've worked for parties but I've never actually joined a party.

AME: Would you call yourself a social person?

CHAD: I would say I used to be a social person, but it seems recently –

JACOB: Thank you. Do you think the world would be a better place if only its workers united?

CHAD: Only its workers?

JACOB: Not in the exclusive sense, but it'd be a better place if workers united.

CHAD: Ah, yes, for sure it would. I think it would be so miraculous the process that that would happen, that stuff would happen before — I think we would see it coming.

AME: The sight of a passing train fills almost everyone with sadness, how about you?

[Chad gets up and plays “Yesterdays Never Tomorrows” by The Stills, performing an abandoned lip sync in which he wraps himself in the microphone cable and falls down a few times. While he does this Ame moves one of the chairs just outside the room and sits and watches. Jacob goes to the folding table and picks up a book called “Hope” which he reads. Invariably finding a quote, he crosses to the smaller desk to write it down and hands this note to Ame as the song ends. He then goes to the interviewee stool as Chad and Ame go to the interview positions.]

INTERVIEW 3: JACOB

CHAD: So, Jacob, curious — have you read *The Communist Manifesto*?

JACOB: Uhm, in grade 12 I carried around a copy in my back pocket. I, ah, placed it on my desk of my advanced Political Science class, in which I sat on the far left. I found it very helpful.

AME: Thank you, Jacob. Do you have a favorite tree?

JACOB: There's a Blue Spruce tree in Public Gardens in Halifax, and it's... it's blue and it's kinda knotty and gnarly and Public Gardens is a very manicured place and I think as a teenager I liked the tree a lot and I related to it... Though recently I learned that it's pruned to look like that... which takes some of the angst out of it.

CHAD: Have you ever wished anyone dead?

JACOB: Uhm, never for more than like a night. And...and...even then it's just that they were away, that they were far away from me... uhm, I don't... I'm sure their mothers like them.

AME: If something is pruned, does it make it less of a tree?

JACOB: Uhm, no. It just makes less angstful of a tree? I don't know...it means it's meant to look that way, and I guess I just thought it was the last holdout for weird-looking things in this garden.

CHAD: Have you ever been envious of someone?

JACOB: Yes.

AME: And the colour that best suits your complexion?

JACOB: Uhm? I wish I knew — uhm, I think maybe brown, but if this is wrong I'd like someone to tell me...

CHAD: I don't how they did today, but ah, at 4-3 and currently first place in their division, do you think the Bears have a good chance of making the playoffs this year?

JACOB: Uhm, yeah. As long as Thomas Jones stays healthy and their quarterback doesn't screw up too much. I mean, their defense is good enough, so they could do it.

[Pause]

AME: Somebody asked me recently: Is it time for us to be happy with what we have?

JACOB: Uhm. Yes, but also no. I mean, yes, but it's also not enough. I...we should ask for more, but we can be happy...

CHAD: If you could make a documentary about anything in the world what would make a documentary about?

[Jacob plays "Nothing Matters When We're Dancing" by Magnetic Fields. Jacob performs a lip sync/sing-along (singing very faintly) that is tender and over-the-top. He tries to make meaningful eye contact with individual members of the audience as he slow dances with the microphone cable. He's really "feeling it." Ame and Chad reset the space. Ame stands ready at M1 and Chad sits down at the keyboard.]

The songs ends. Jacob sits slight upstage to Ame's right.]

STATEMENT 1: AME

[Clears throat, reading from a small notebook]

I've been asked to make a statement on the subject matter of the show. In that the subject matter of the show includes but is not limited to the following list: optimism, thinking about the future, utopias — do they exist? Can we create one? — hanging out with Chad and Jacob, talking, listening and sometimes singing.

Given these I can make the following statements: I quite enjoy hanging out with Chad and Jacob. There is something wonderful about singing. I don't, ah, think about the future that much...it uhm... I don't know if that has more to do with an infatuation with the present moment or a fear of the future. I also don't find it that necessary or useful to think about the future — it usually makes me feel anxious and slightly out of control.

Thank you.

[A tone is heard. During the following broadcast Ame and Jacob are setting the space. Jacob moves M2 and raises it so it's a little high for him. He also takes M3 off the stand and places it on the smaller desk. Ame goes to the fridge and gets a freezie (or some other candy if it's too cold for freezies to be funny). From his seat behind the keyboard:]

BROADCAST 2

CHAD: Broadcast number two. We have decided that we are returning. Returning from some great adventure. We have searched our environment and find almost nothing of interest, so have ruled out that we are bringing back moon rocks. The time alone has, undoubtedly begun to take its toll. We have decided to communicate only through notes, interviews and pre-scripted dialogues, since conversations have inevitably led to disagreement. Jacob has begun to try slightly hazardous party tricks. I am trying to recreate scenes from classic Russian cinema and Ame has developed a taste for freezies.

PRE-SCRIPTED DIALOGUE 1: ANXIETY

[Ame stands under the microphone Jacob set. It is far too high and she has to stand on her toes and crane her neck to speak into it. Throughout the scene she will eat her freezie or other candy. Jacob is sitting at the small desk, occasionally drinking his beer. Ame's tone is upbeat and cheerful; Jacob's a little less so, though he's trying to be light-hearted. They both paraphrase the following exchange.]

AME: Do you feel anxious?

JACOB: Nearly always.

AME: Would you like this to be otherwise?

JACOB: Yes.

AME: Do you think there are things you could do to stop feeling anxious?

JACOB: Drugs help.

AME: Other than medicate yourself.

JACOB: Oh.

AME: Anything more... productive?

JACOB: Change the world.

AME: Do you think that would solve all your problems?

JACOB: Probably not. But I think it would be a decent start.

AME: Do you blame all your problems on the world?

JACOB: No. Just the majority of my anxiety.

AME: So, you don't feel anxious about your problems?

JACOB: No. I feel *shitty* about my problems. But I feel *anxious* about the state of the world.

AME: Is there anything you can think of to relieve this anxiety?

JACOB: Without drugs?

AME: Yes. And given that you can't change the world.

JACOB: I don't believe that. Who says I can't change the world?

AME: Well. It's unlikely that you alone –

JACOB: I never said I wanted to do it alone.

AME: So there are others?

JACOB: Yes. In the future there will be more. Perhaps in a hundred years there will be enough.

AME: Do you think you'll be alive in a hundred years?

JACOB: No.

[Pause]

AME: Shitty buzz.

STATEMENT 2: JACOB

Jacob stands and crosses to M1. He gets his little notebook and reads:

I'd like to make a statement at this time.

Uhm, first feel that I must confess that I may not have, in its entirety read *The Communist Manifesto*. Also I confess not thinking about the future very much, although recently I've been thinking a lot about thinking about the future. Uhm, and when I do think about the future I find it difficult to find any optimism — and the optimism I do find seems to revolve around the complete collapse of contemporary civilization and some faith that what comes after would be better. *[He is beginning to be off text, not checking his book]* This optimism I don't find very... I don't find it very useful. Mostly because it would involve me working towards the complete collapse of contemporary civilization... and I don't think that would, uhm make me... very happy. I would like to find a way of uhm thinking about the future that – and still be happy now – uhm – and and that doesn't resort to some kind of hedonism: I kiss the people I want to kiss, I sing the songs I want to sing, and drive the SUV I want to drive and that's all, "Wee fun!" *[Book, what book?]* But that's, not, so, uhm there's some responsibility? For, for uhm for my uhm grandkids... or Ame's or Chad's or Katie's *[an audience member]* uhm I might not have kids... So... there's a responsibility... and I think of that as a burden or ah, uhm, a bad thing and so to... uhm keep it upbeat, to find some, ah, joyful responsibility and to have this – I want their world to be better than mine, and how?... *[Tries checking book to get back on track. It's no help.]* I'm not a scientist, I'm not, ah, a politician, uhm, and I don't want it to mean that I can't sing the songs I want to sing or kiss the people I want to kiss... uhm it probably does mean I can't drive the SUV I want to drive. *[Awkward pauses through this last sentence]* But... and how I do that...and how that... and...how...

Thank you.

[Jacob crosses and sits on the stool that Ame has set up with M3. She crosses to him, hands him a newspaper and says quietly “Why don’t you try reading this?”]

ALIEN STORY

Text in bold is Coconut voice – a cheesy pitch shift/delay effect built into the soundboard. (Select: P, Modify: 2). Ame mouths the words of the coconut. Jacob is deadpan wry – as if he were on This American Life. Chad is underscoring the text and begins quietly singing, “Please come save me” under the story.

JACOB: Otulp Island, The South Pacific – Early one morning a group of recreational sailors anchored southwest of Tonga saw a bottle floating in the water. Recovering it, they found a damp palm frond with numbers and images branded in it.

“The picture showed someone with a large frowning face and big sad eyes,” said Captain Chad Shert. “It looked vaguely familiar. We realized it was a distress note and, judging from the dampness of the frond, it was written fairly recently. So we quickly sailed to the coordinates shown by the numbers.”

After a day’s voyage, the ship arrived at its destinations, a small barren island the size of an office cubicle. That was when the sailors’ suspicions were confirmed.

“The sender was an extraterrestrial,” said Captain Shert. “He was four feet tall, stripped to the waist, wearing silvery cutoffs and a long green beard.

“We made our way through squawking dolphins to where he was talking to a coconut mounted on a stick. The coconut had an alien face drawn on it. The poor fellow was half crazy with loneliness.”

About 100 meters out the crew noticed a large metal disk sticking from the water. They assumed it to be the alien’s spaceship.

“We spoke to the alien through what he explained was a translator device embedded in the coconut,” Shert told us. “He had used it to teach himself English, French and Dolphin. He said his nCatherine was Tuukla and he had been stranded here two years ago while delivering a package to Neptune. He hadn’t counted on all the space junk orbiting Earth and collided with an old rocket booster.

“We were very touched by his story,” Shert went on. “Sailors know what it’s like to be away from loved ones for a long time.”

“We were able to cannibalize nonessential parts of our guidance system to repair the damage to his vessel,” Shert told us. “When that was completed he snatched up the chip from the coconut’s mouth, boarded his ship and was gone in an instant.”

As soon as the roar of the saucer subsided, the coconut started yelling at them.

“You idiots! That ship was mine – he was my prisoner!” the fibrous husk from the planet Coconutron screamed. **“He put that shut up chip in my mouth to keep me quiet! God, the dolphins are smarter than you! Look around. Where would he have gotten a coconut from?”**

We had to admit, he had us there.

“If I ever get out of here, I swear, I’ll vaporize your idiotic species!” The alien vowed.

After an awkward silence I replied, “Our bad.” What else was there to say?

[Ame takes M3 and joins Chad in singing “Please Come Save Me.” Jacob walks to the light switches and makes the room quite dark, though Ame and Chad can both read their text. Chad continues to underscore on the keyboard. They both paraphrase the following exchange.]

PRE-SCRIPTED DIALOGUE 2: LYING

AME: In the future the time for lying will be over.

[Pause]

CHAD: That implies the time for lying is still upon us.

AME: Yes.

CHAD: What else will happen in the future?

[Jacob has returned to the small desk takes a couple of plates, a teabag and a lighter out of the drawer. He set them up particularly. Through the next section he empties the teabag on one plate, then makes it into a pillar that stands on the other plate. Other than this, he watches the scene.]

AME: All stories will be love stories. And they will all be true — and simple. Since after the time for lying has passed, love will be simple.

CHAD: Will everyone be in love?

AME: Yes, though not at the same time. Things won’t be that good.

CHAD: Will we be in space?

AME: No. We will have realized this is a pipe dream. A harmful pipe dream.

CHAD: Are all dreams harmful?

AME: Only those that cannot be turned into plans.

CHAD: I think you are underestimating the power of dreams. I believe dreams have use.

AME: What use?

CHAD: Like reverse engineering. Starting with an object and moving backwards to find out not only how it was built, but why it must be built this way.

AME: You might be right. But that is not how all people use dreams.

CHAD: No. But you can hardly expect all people to do something the right way all the time.

AME: Hm.

CHAD: Going back to your original comment, can we bring about this future by just no longer telling lies?

AME: I don't know. I know the time for lying will pass — I do not know when this will start. It may be that more lying is needed. That we are not ready for all stories to be simple and true.

[Jacob picks up the lighter, lights it and holds it close to the top of the tea bag pillar.]

CHAD: No, I don't think I'm ready for that.

[Jacob lights the top of the tea bag pillar on fire. It burns down slowly and quite beautifully – the music swells. At the last moment before it burns all the way down, the burning tea bag flies magically up into the air, going out as it reaches ten feet. The ash drifts down slowly and Jacob catches it on a plate. This moment makes people gasp with its simple beauty.]

Ame lies down. Jacob drinks beer and loosens his tie. Chad sings:]

SONG: YOU WERE RIGHT

I was wrong and you were right, let's go home and get some sleep tonight x2

At a party I said the wrong things at the wrong time. x2

And once again I am wrong and again you are right, I'm begging you let's go home and try and try to sleep tonight.

Again I am wrong and again you are right, please let's go home and try sleep tonight.

Said I was sorry, I got an apology and no one really cared.

I told them I was sorry, they didn't seem to care, I told them I meant nothing by it.

But still you want me to say:

I am wrong and that you are right, let's go home and get sleep tonight.

I was wrong and you were right, let's go home and get some sleep tonight.

[Midway through the song Jacob gets up and slowly turns the lights back on, after which he goes and sits on the stool centre stage picking some papers off the floor and reading them to himself. At the end of the song Ame gets up and goes to M2. A tone is heard.]

BROADCAST 3

AME: Broadcast number three. We have decided to avoid routine. For a while we thought routine would save us, give us a structure. Arguably it did, but we found it difficult to look forward to waking up. We now try to do something new every day. As time has gone on we have had to reach further and further afield for this, given our limited resources. However, we feel that this strategy is serving us well. I have begun reading about scientist and peace activist Linus Pauling, Chad is trying to write the first pop song composed entirely in space and Jacob has become a little obsessed with talk show host Jerry Springer.

[Ame joins Jacob at centre, picks some papers off the ground and, reading it, begins:]

PAULING / SPRINGER

[This text is read for the pleasure of the audience. Ame and Jacob listen to each other but are more interested in convincing the audience. Chad underscores.]

AME: Because of his dynamic personality and his many accomplishments in the widely diverse fields, it is hard to define Linus Pauling adequately. A remarkable man who insistently addressed certain crucial human problems while pursuing an amazing array of scientific interests, Dr. Pauling was almost as well known to the Catherinerican public as he was to the world's scientific community.

JACOB: In an address to the Oxford Student Union, king of confessional TV Jerry Springer has compared Diana, Princess of Wales' experience to those of his guests. The 55-year-old told students, "When she appeared on a programme two or three years ago, she talked about three of the most personal issues in her life. "These were not being faithful, bulimia and suicide. There was no person on the planet who dared say 'Why was she talking about that'"

AME: He is the only person ever to receive two unshared Nobel Prizes – for Chemistry in 1954 and for Peace in 1962.

JACOB: He continued, "My show is a crazy, crazy show, on which people talk about infidelity, suicide, disorders and dysfunctionism. People say my guests are trash. They are not trash, they are human beings who are really upset about what's going on."

AME: Linus Pauling was never reluctant to inspire or enter into controversy by expressing unorthodox scientific ideas, taking a strong moral position, or rousing the public to some worthy cause. He often provokes the scientific, medical, and political communities with his imaginative hypotheses and strong social activism. He took professional and personal risks that most of his colleagues avoided. Steadfast and stubborn, yet rarely losing his cheerful equilibrium, he continued on his chosen and sometimes solitary path as a visionary of science and a prophet of humanity.

JACOB: Springer added: "My show is the silliest show on TV." "The show deserves critics. I mean, it's a crazy – it's a stupid show on television. I know that. But it's also very entertaining. I know it's popular. But I also know there's some people that hate it, hate it.

I'm doing a show about outrageousness. That's what I'm hired to do. If I do a show about outrageousness, I can't do serious subjects. I can't do normal behavior. It doesn't belong on our show. If someone calls our show with a warm uplifting story, we send them to another show. I'm not saying they shouldn't be on television, but they shouldn't be on our show. Our show is about craziness. So to watch our show and then say, 'Gee those people are crazy' or 'They're involved in a crazy situation,' of course, they are. That's why they're on our show. You know, so...

AME: Pauling often urged scientists to get involved in politics and society: "It is sometimes said that science has nothing to do with morality. This is wrong. Science is the search for truth, the effort to understand the world; it involves the rejection of bias, of dogma, of revelation, but not the rejection of morality."

JACOB: With tongue in cheek Springer told the 1,500 strong audience his show was broadcast in a desire for world peace. But he said he felt there was a lot of elitism involved in the criticism of his show.

AME: Linus Pauling always emphasized the importance of having a full and happy personal life. In 1923 he married Ava Helen Miller, who had been a student in a chemistry course he taught while still an undergraduate at Oregon Agricultural College. Dr. Pauling frequently credited his wife with influencing the development of his social conscious. She was greatly involved in peace activities, both with her husband and on her own. Pauling said that his Nobel Peace Prize should really have gone to her, or at least been shared between them.

JACOB: Asked about recent allegations of fake guests on British confessional talk shows, he said: “I don’t think it makes any sense to have fake guests, simply because the show is much better when they are real.”
“I think the magic of shows such as ours are that you sit there, scratch your head and say, ‘Gosh, I can’t believe this is real’
“I don’t know why they would want to fake it. Believe me, there are enough real stories in life to make shows.”

AME: For more information, please contact the Linus Pauling Institute at 514-737-5075 or email us at lpi@oregonstate.edu

JACOB: Springer was asked to give the Union a “final thought” — “My wish for all of you is that you never appear on my show,” he said.

PRE-SCRIPTED DIALOGUE 3: DREAMS

[This is a new scene and has never been performed.]

JACOB: Do you ever have dreams that come true?

CHAD: You mean nighttime dreams?

JACOB: Yes.

CHAD: Not for a while.

JACOB: But then you have before.

CHAD: Only for small things. More like a déjà vu that feels like I once dreamt it.

JACOB: But still — doesn’t that make you wonder?

CHAD: About what?

JACOB: About time. About our minds.

CHAD: I guess so. I only know after it happens though. So it’s not that useful.

JACOB: But still.

CHAD: Have you? Had dreams that came true.

JACOB: Same as you – only small stuff.

CHAD: But still.

JACOB: If you could know what was going to happen to you, would you want to?

CHAD: No. No fun. Would you?

JACOB: Maybe. I'd like some reassurance. Or to know if it was worth the energy. *[Pause]* What about daytime dreams?

CHAD: What about them?

JACOB: Do you have daytime dreams that come true?

CHAD: Not so much.

JACOB: But don't you have more control over those?

CHAD: I guess so. But in the daytime I dream bigger.

SONG: SPACE BOYS

[Chad adds a disco drumbeat to the underscoring. Its tempo is fast and as he turns up the reverb it transforms into something else – a space disco song. Jacob turns some knobs on the soundboard, putting gratuitous amounts of reverb on one of his two mics and Ame's mic. He then puts on Chad's dark sunglasses over his own glasses and begins to do bad dance steps. Ame repeats lyrics underneath. During the song, mic stands and chairs fly in slow motion. If there is a disco ball it's on, as is the smoke machine; if there are moving lights, they are moving. This song should get applause and hooting. A sampling of lyrics, repeated in variations (we intend to write more)]

JACOB: Once upon a time were three fellow travellers were in space!

AME: (You took it.)

(I didn't know where I was.)

JACOB: They just didn't know.

AME: (You space boys.)

JACOB: They were looking for a better future, both for themselves and the ones they loved.

[The song ends, the lights stop moving. Jacob steps down from the stool and takes off the sunglasses. Chad gets up to M2, which Ame has just put back before going to sit in the audience to watch.]

STATEMENT 3: CHAD

I would — *[The reverb has been left on and this line is bounced back through it. Jacob jumps over to turn it off. Chad steps away from the mic. His statement is loose and tends to change in wording each night. He really seems not to know what he's about to say.]*

Oops... ah...

I would like to make a statement at this time. I had something pre-written like the other guys, but I didn't like it much – in fact I hated it, so ah, I trashed it and what I did is I took the themes and

ideas of the show and I put them in my head and tried to come up with something... and the best thing I could come up with was, ah, real estate and babies. Specifically the people in my life who are buying real estate and, uhm, and having children and how much that is, uhm, affecting my life. I guess the reason it seems so bizarre (it's not really that word), it's bizarre because it seems like three or four years ago almost everyone I knew was, "God be damned, I'm never having children, the world is over-populated, we're all going to hell in a hand basket," you know, "Why would you bring children into this Godforsaken world." And now it seems like all those people who had that opinion have now completely changed their minds and did a 180 — not all of them but a lot. And I guess it impacted me first and foremost in attendance at my shows — you know they never came and they always had the perfect excuse at home with the child... uhm, and then people who had real estate had to renovate all the time and weren't free to hang out and it affected my social life, you know — people with babies can't hang out as much. So at first I was kind of a little bit bitter and then I thought it was kind of beautiful, you know, a child is one thing in your life you have complete control over — you can actually mold in your image, you know — that is you — you make your own utopian you and there are very few things in life you can do that with... that that's a really exciting thing for people and so I'm slowly changing my thinking on that and hanging out with my friends' kids a bit more...

Thank you.

SLOW DANCE

[Jacob fiddles with the laptop and "In My Life" as performed by Johnny Cash begins to play. Jacob stands up, takes off his glasses and closes his eyes. Chad closes his eyes. Ame, walking carefully back from the audience, has covered her eyes. They walk slowly, blindly seeking each other out. When they meet, they come together and slow dance. Usually Jacob and Ame first, then Chad and Jacob and last Ame and Chad. Jacob, still with his eyes closed, goes to the table and gets his beer. We have made people cry with this dancing. As the song ends Jacob crosses to M2. When the song is over he puts his glasses back on. A tone is heard.]

BROADCAST 4

JACOB: Broadcast number four. We have given up on expectations. All predictions have been futile. Yet this giving up has seemed to improve our mood, since we are no longer disappointed. Having said this, we feel that is important for anyone listening to this to understand that we have not given up hope. We are keeping the faith. Given that we are here, and have no reason to suspect that that will change, we continue to plot for a better future and damn the excuses. Chad has discovered a way to improve his neighborhood, Ame has worked out the next great political system, and I continue to get over my fear of singing.

SONG: PARADISE CITY

AME: 1,2,3,4!!!

[The following song is sung a cappella, off-mic, raucously, joyously, if slightly out of tune. The tempo is slower than the original, but still rocking. While they all sing Jacob gets a six-pack of beer from the cooler. He gives a beer to Ame, Chad and himself, giving the remaining three beers to audience members who seem thirsty.]

ALL: Take me down to the paradise city
Where the grass is green
And the girls are pretty

Oh, won't you please take me home

Take me down to the paradise city
Where the grass is green
And the girls are pretty
Take me home (Oh, won't you please take me home)

Just an urchin livin' under the street
I'm a hard case that's tough to beat
I'm your charity case
So buy me somethin' to eat
I'll pay you at another time
Take it to the end of the line

Rags to riches
Or so they say
You gotta
Keep pushin' for the fortune and fCatherine
You know it's, it's all a gamble
When it's just a gCatherine
You treat it like a capitol crime
Everybody's doin' their time

Take me down to the paradise city
Where the grass is green
And the girls are pretty
Oh, won't you please take me home

Take me down to the paradise city
Where the grass is green
And the girls are pretty
Take me home (Oh, won't you please take me home)
[All three raise their bottles.]

ALL: To the future.

[Drink]

JACOB: Thanks.

[Applause. Bowing. "Thank You For Giving Me Your Valuable Time" by Kaada is playing.]

JACOB: There are t-shirts and CDs in the back. Stick around for drinks. Tip the bartender.
Thanks very much.

[More pop songs about the future play as people stick around and drink and generally have a nice time after the show.]

Text sources:

- The Broadcasts and “Pre-scripted Dialogues” were written by Jacob Zimmer.
- The interviews are a mix of improvisation and set material and were developed in rehearsal with some use of Andrie Tarkovsky’s script for *The Mirror*.
- Performers statements are their own.
- The alien story is from the *Weekly World News* and has been edited for length.
- The song “You Were Right” was written by Chad Dembski and is subject to variation.
- The Springer and Pauling texts were taken from the Internet, overlapped through improvisation and edited for length.
- The song “Space Boys” was created by Chad, Ame and Jacob in rehearsal.
- The final song is Guns ‘N Roses’s “Paradise City” and is edited for length.