

Circle Of Self

By

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ACT I

A variation of light hearted strings (violin, viola, upright bass and cello) depict Inyah's melody throughout the story. Currently a quartet is introducing Inyah's song.

Curtain opens.

SCENE I - FOREST - EARLY AUTUMN - PRE-DAWN

The sounds of late summer, early Fall fills the foggy pre-dawn forest air.

A giant white plaster cocoon hangs in the center of the stage.

The forest is comprised of three magnificently sculpted tight leotard dance couples *CENTER STAGE* with painted forest greenery on the backdrop curtain.

The first tree couple have their feet together, their arms locked as they lean back into a stressful, barely holding on "V".

The second tree couple are intertwined and in an infatuated, codependent, worm embrace with large, penetrating eyes.

The third couple are standing straight far enough apart with their fingers barely touching. Energy, confidence, love and strength exude from this power couple.

Upright bass is plucked as:

Images of iconic world events are projected on the white plaster cocoon that have taken place in the lifetime of the main character that eventually busts through the moving projections.

Next we see that woman *INYAH* hanging upside down in the busted cocoon. She represents the archetype "The Hanged One" portrayed in Vicki Noble's "Motherpeace" tarot deck.

Suddenly we see *INYAH* spread her arms into large purple, black, green and gold butterfly wings, still hanging upside down. Then she comes down from the busted cocoon.

Next thing we know *INYAH* is newly fluttering around the trees

with such joy and life until EXITING STAGE RIGHT.

A variation of light hearted flutes (penny whistle, recorder, native american flute) depict ZERO'S melody throughout the story that proceeds ZERO'S entrance on stage.

A new woman, ZERO comes from STAGE RIGHT, dressed up like the archetypal Fool, with a satchel over her shoulder on a stick, ambles over and unwraps her supplies DOWN STAGE LEFT. The stick becomes an easel, and inside the wrapped cloth is her art supplies, which she sets up and begins to paint a large white and deep blue abstract sky that first appears half in the shape of the cocoon and a giant egg against the starlit, night sky.

The large canvas is visible to the audience the entire time of the play. Like a fool ZERO creates large beautiful works of art on canvas but paints over them throughout the entire play as one painting merges into the next in spontaneous inspired rhythm of the play, different and masterful every time it is performed. Like a fool she never finishes her work or takes credit for it by signing her name at the end. Her paintings and her vision carry all the seeds and potential that never fully come into fruition or recognition.

Coming towards ZERO out of nowhere is ONE, a man dressed in black. He takes on a magical magician quality without being overly so as he moves among the trees and shadows.

Sing songy, light hearted ZERO talks to herself, painting.

ZERO

If I ever needed to create a name for myself it would be Zero.

By myself I am nothing, but behind anything I'm empowering!

Butting into ZERO'S private monologue ONE dramatically points at her then himself talking to the audience.

ONE

If she is Zero, then I am One!

The melody that follows ONE around is a staccato, synthesizer with pre-recorded sounds of slapping the bass, cracking and popping noises made from a male voice.

INYAH, the butterfly now an ordinary young looking woman in blue jeans with only a hint of her former wings in the colors of her clothes, ENTERS STAGE RIGHT with a shovel. INYAH starts digging deep around the roots of the first tree.

ONE (CONT'D)

(In sort of an obnoxious coughing voice.)

It's not there.

ZERO

I know it's not there! Who do you think gave Inyah the idea to bury her writing in a time capsule in the first place?

ONE

(Pointing to the "V" couple.)

That couple is on the way out. Look at them, they can barely hang on.

ZERO

I know, that's why Inyah needed to be rooted in her writing to make sense of everything going on.

ONE

More like, lost in archetypal fantasy during her socially awkward and hard academic subjects. Everything was code for conversations she had while her family was breaking apart.

ZERO

Not everything. Some of them were symbolic stories to describe her first crushes in high school or creative musings. And her characters and scenes were quite prophetic, I might add!

ONE

Okay, Zero! But I bet you that if she does find her buried time capsule she'll realize she is still grappling with the same questions and aspirations, two and a half decades later, as she did when these scenes flashed before her mind's eye the first week in tenth grade study hall! Inyah should have just buried her writing on a hard drive, not in the ground. That's the ultimate time capsule for an unfocused, scared artist.

ZERO

First of all, One, you're forgetting that her 1991 desktop is long gone. And secondly even back then Inyah was a prophetic genius jotting down both of our names we "picked" for ourselves in her journal months earlier way before now!

ONE

Now, now or high school now?

Zero gives ONE a look like there is only now and no difference, and that he is The Fool.

ZERO

Please, let's not have this conversation again about linear time vs. Nonlinear time.

ONE

So you think Inyah has evolved? Care to make it interesting?

ZERO

(Ignoring ONE.)

Second of all, she was ahead of her time, writing stories and dialogue that came true years, weeks and days later. She chose her name, Inyah, way before she watched the opening scene of "The Lion King" where they were chanting her name "Inyah" which means rising sun. And then her first business had the name Rising Sun in it which is one of the meanings of Inyah! She would have buried the time capsule next to the strong, confident couple at the end, not the wimpy, codependent lovers in the middle!

The codependent couple look even more nasty at that remark.

ONE

Speaking of names, care to make a wager?

ZERO

Absolutely!

ONE

If I'm right, I get to sign my name to one of your never finished pieces.

ZERO

(Innocently.)

What do you mean?

ONE

I mean, Zero, I've never seen you sign your name on anything... it's always a work in progress evolving from one image to the next. You chalk it up to channeling loved ones from beyond or following great spirit. But seriously, accomplished artists finish things and get credit and paid for their work!

ZERO

Fine!

The toning of a long, low, slow, sustained gregorian chant is

the sound signature of ALMOST INVISIBLE FIGURE who appears with an outstretched hand, using the force to guide a new painted backdrop across the stage over the forest scene.

SCENE 2 - KITCHEN ISLAND - 6AM

Lights come up. Kitchen clock says 6:04AM. INYAH has on a jacket and her backpack at her feet ready for the bus.

A woman stage right cuts melon and pushes pieces off the cutting board into the glass bowl. INYAH'S eyes are watery.

MOM

Our therapist says your father and I should separate.

INYAH doesn't have a melody when she is not in daydream land.

INYAH

I can't believe you're taking advice from a shrink who has been divorced, how many times? And now

(Mockingly.)

Dr.-Reverend-Laura is divorcing her third husband Pete after an affair!

MOM

I know you adored them as a couple.

INYAH

(Pouting.)

You should get a new therapist, one who knows how to stay married!

MOM

(Loving smile.)

Just because you fall, doesn't mean you don't know how to ride a bike.

INYAH

What's that supposed to mean?

MOM

Just because she had three failed marriages doesn't mean she can't be a great marriage counselor.

INYAH gets a distant look in her eyes. We hear a slide whistle. Offstage we hear very faint cheering.

Then the crowd noise grows louder as dozens of cycling spectators rush onto the stage from both directions until we see two people holding either end of a string with plastic event triangle flags on it, with some of the show sponsor names on it.

An official sports announcer holding mic steps STAGE CENTER.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER

And now the moment you've been waiting for... some say "The Greatest Cyclist In The World". He has ridden long distance in the highest and lowest elevations, on the coldest and most glassy and hottest surfaces. Ladies and gentlemen, please give a huge round of applause for Travis Winsor!!!

The crowd previously hushed compared to the announcer suddenly erupts into another ear deafening applause, thanks to an extra bike race crowd soundtrack.

Here comes TRAVIS WINSOR cycling DOWN STAGE of the flags with his arms in victory pose in the air coasting after a big race. Suddenly, at the end of the line of spectators, he wipes out STAGE RIGHT.

Downward slide whistle, and TRAVIS just lays there.

HECKLER 1

Bogus!

HECKLER 2

Looser!

With boy and girl in both hands, CROWD MOM turns from crash.

CROWD MOM

Kids, who wants ice cream?

KID 1

I want Chunky Peanut butter!

KID 2

I want Blueberry Blast!

The crowd clears from every direction very quickly. Finally,

the flag holders are the last to gather the flag and we hear revved truck engines turning on and leaving. Soon the only one left is INYAH, who walks towards TRAVIS on the ground in a mangled bike heap. We hear Inyah's melody in cello.

INYAH

Are you alright? How can I hel-?

We hear an upwards slide whistle as TRAVIS jumps up as if he's playing make-believe rough housing with kids at home.

TRAVIS WINSOR

(Smiles looking at watch.)

Wow! I think that's a new record! That's the fastest I've ever cleared out an audience!

INYAH

You mean, you meant to wipe out in front of thousands of people?

TRAVIS WINSOR

(Unzipping sweaty jersey.)

Well, I really don't like to wait hours for the crowd to clear or answer the same cliché interview questions, so after something like this happened once at an event, I've covertly done a version of this ever since.

INYAH and TRAVIS freeze on stage.

We here the synthesized bass. ONE appears behind a cutout silhouette of the departing crowd.

ZERO who has been quietly painting on the edge of the stage the whole time IN A HER PLAYFUL PENNY WHISTLE MELODY quickly adds a bold stick figure riding a bike to the picture in front of her whirling abstract of color. ZERO quickly signs her name "Zero", with a Zorro type "Z" and circles it with "0". With a big foolish grin, she unclips the painting from the easel and hands it to ONE.

ONE'S bass melody gets more agitated.

ONE

You've got to be kidding me, Zero! This doesn't prove anything about how Inyah deals with conflict or life for that matter. Put your unfinished, work in progress back on the easel. I'm the one who gives it a name or a deadline and decides when the contest is over!

One and Zero's melodies have a taunting conversation.

ZERO'S grin dims for just a moment. In a matter of moments, ZERO paints a giant heart over the previous work and keeps going.

ONE just shakes his head, half defeated and half ashamed of

Zero's naivety...even though she is timeless.

The long, low, slow, sustained gregorian toning begins before
 seeing the ALMOST INVISIBLE FIGURE'S outstretched hand, using the force to guide a new painted backdrop across the stage.

LIGHTS DIM.

SCENE 3 - MID MORNING - THERAPIST'S OFFICE

A giant sunflower covers the photographic backdrop. Perceptible to some is a faint image of a superimposed human first trimester embryo.

INYAH is talks to the male THERAPIST, STAGE DOWN RIGHT. While she is telling the truth, there are so many connections and thread in INYAH'S mind that don't get said about her train ride to a friend's, how it pressed her buttons and amused her watching the various entertaining strangers on the train.

THERAPIST

What bugged you about the mother on the train?

Behind INYAH are actors quietly and dramatically doing improv of what she is really thinking, and they are comically over the top blunt. (There is no sexist, racist or bathroom humor, rather a deeper look how the mind threads seemingly different events together to make up an internal dialogue.)

INYAH

She told her eight year old daughter she could sit anywhere she wanted and then I watch the mother reprimanded, the girl for picking that seat next to the sleeping man or other children, and when the seat the child finally choose was acceptable, the child jumps near the window and the mother sternly tells the child to get up and move so the mom can lean against the window.

THERAPIST

How did this make you feel?

INYAH

I immediately saw the child fully grown in therapy about having trouble making decisions and feeling that there were all these invisible walls in her life?

THERAPIST

What were the emotions that went with those thoughts?

INYAH

I felt an unexplainable sadness about the mom and compassion for the child in both present time and in therapy years from now.

SPOTLIGHT ON CENTER STAGE

INYAH still in therapy imagines three people CENTER STAGE playing double dutch jump rope. The person trying to jump into the moving ropes keeps waving her arms in an attempt to hop in but isn't able to quickly get into the rope rhythm.

SPOTLIGHT ON STAGE LEFT

Then we see a conversation with three people in chairs arranged in a triangle. Modeling the double dutch scene, two new friends RACHAL and KIM face each other who are newly introduced by the one in the middle JENNY.

JENNY

I've known both of you forever and it was high time you two met.

(Touching KIM'S knee.)

Kim also has a masters in Early childhood education and Rachal works at a Montessori elementary school a block from here!

After the introduction, the new acquaintances are talking up a storm while JENNY (in the middle facing the audience) can hardly get a word edgewise. The challenged conversationalist JENNY'S hands are moving in the same rhythm as the one struggling to jump into a game of Double Dutch jump rope.

KIM

O.M.G. Do you know my brother Jerry Schriber who works there?

RACHAL

Yes! We actually have his 5th grade and my 6th grade students do a lot of activities together.

JENNY

Kim, i had no idea your broth-

KIM

Kim, what kind of senior projects are the sixth graders doing?

RACHAL

Kim, you're going to love this. Some of the students are doing extensive dioramas, sculptures and even theatrical presentations on human development, the different cultural rites of passage and alternative care and inclusive care for the aging senior population!

JENNY

(Boasting.)

Hello, Registered Nurse here. If you need me to come in to speak-

(Feeling totally ignored.)

We hear ONE'S theme song softly in the middle of his melody.

KIM, JENNY, AND RACHEL FREEZE ON STAGE.

SPOTLIGHT DIMS EXCEPT ON INYAH AND THERAPIST

THERAPIST

How long have we been meeting, Inyah? I would like to think you feel safe enough to express what really pressed your buttons with the mother and child on the train.

At this point, ONE appears and does a hand gesture and suddenly INYAH is no longer reserved and censoring herself but just as clever, witty and forthcoming out loud as she is in her imagination.

INYAH

(Quick sniffle.)

I just remember how generous my mom was when I was that girl's age, verbally giving me a lot of freedom and options and yet I feel like that stuck little girl having trouble making decisions about who I'm suppose to help and what I'm suppose to do with all my gifts, work, training and life experience.

THERAPIST

Good, I've been waiting to have this conversation with you since we first began. You know you have a choice to identify with the story of the little girl or the mother who knows what she wants for her child or an entirely new scenario where they both get what they want and need.

A sense of peace and insight wash over INYAH as she breaths more freely. INYAH no longer feels pushed around or stuck and the pantomime group behind her reflects that!

As ONE passes the center players. The jumper can finally easily get into the rhythm of the swinging rope and do a well timed Double Dutch.

Then just as ONE is moving towards the group chatting, ZERO
 beats ONE to the punch and much like Samantha in "Bewitched" does a little squiggle of energy on her canvas timed to Zero's theme song and suddenly JENNY the odd woman out is able to fully express herself in a way that flows. It's timely and engaging. The other two gals suddenly become fully engaged with JENNY'S story.

JENNY
 I saved this for you, two.

KIM AND RACHAL lean into JENNY'S PHONE.

RACHAL
 Jerry! What?!

KIM
 (Choking back tears.)
 That's my big bro!

KIM and RACHAL stare in disbelief and then all three break into contagious laughter that continues for a very long time.

The long, low, slow, sustained gregorian toning begins before
 seeing the Almost Invisible Figure's outstretched hand, using the force to guide a new painted backdrop across the stage.

LIGHTS DIM.

SCENE 4 - CLUB - NIGHT

The new backdrop is windows in a nightclub looking out over main street in a well lit, artsy town. INYAH writes in her journal sitting STAGE DOWN RIGHT. We hear a voiceover as she observes the scene of ONE in a band who only as a musician wears thick black lensed glasses.

ZERO looks up from her painting STAGE DOWN LEFT listening to INYAH as well as what's happening on the music scene.

ONE is in sync with the journal entry INYAH reads to herself.

The melody is a hybrid of Inyah and One's as she rereads the story she wrote in her journal and he lives it.

INYAH (V.O.)
 He breathes into the mic and the crowd goes wild. A few progressions later the whole place is swept away with emotion. Somehow the world knows it's going to be an out of sight night. As ONE begins to jam spontaneity becomes him.
 (MORE)

INYAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At times he sits back and watches himself and sees exactly what is going down but he can't fathom the genius behind it all. "Just let it go man. I'm doing fine!" Others might have envied the speechless communication of his tune if they were blunt enough to pull away. Even the imported orchids and the dangling spider plants thrive on his rhythms. Out of the group, ONE, is the creative glue that pieces the group together. Not only his seniority over the other musicians but his ceaseless vision pioneers them onward moment after moment. One takes the most radical concepts and express them in humorous conceivable bite-size pieces. Part of the magic is his rapport with his group. I don't think he recalls another time in his life when he collaborated with four other more amazing people. By the way, they named their group "Full Fathom Five" after a Jackson Pollock's masterpiece. Those that listen can hear a splash of maroon base, a spiral of yellow goldenrod symbols, an aqua path of sax, the organ is red, and of course the lead guitar is defiant black. This palette or canvas of color takes on new dimensions as the group evolves, but all in all this is who they are and how they perform.

Let me tell you about the bond between these three "brothers" and two "sisters" on stage. Some of their most creative practice sessions are long after a gig is scheduled to be over and they are just about on fire. They are sometimes perceived as teetering between a state of delirium and their endorphins that kick in. Here comes their second wind. - Inyah Dreams.

P.S. In regards to their band name, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Proverbs 22:1.

LIGHTS DIM.

SCENE 5 - SAME NIGHT CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

The same backdrop - windows in a nightclub looking out over main street in a well lit town. INYAH writes in her journal DOWN STAGE RIGHT. We hear her voice over as she observes the scene of ONE in his band.

We hear INYAH and ONE'S blended theme song. INYAH reads. ONE acts out the scene and mouths his lines.

INYAH (V.O.)

ONE, is on the microphone, feeding his crowd's innuendo. Whistles and screams from them repel off the walls and tables. Back on stage nodding his head, ONE shouts, "Ready a 5-6-7-8. The drums begin to shimmer. Then the sax comes in softly as an alto voice with an E seventh chord zings in.

(MORE)

INYAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"Yes it sounds good just like we practiced," ONE smiles to himself.

ONE hums with his backup vocalist. Crowd sounds louder. The song incorporates INYAH and ONE's combined themes.)

ONE

I laid my body across the map. Borders and boundaries held me back. Sprawled and every direction. Traveling across tomorrow's last planet. I counted only four corners. I saw the fear of security coexist them. -Full Fathom Five

INYAH (V.O.)

ONE is cruising. This is his new song. Never performed before and he doesn't even need to scan the crowd to know.

(Upward tinkling of disruptive chimes not part of the concert.)

But two versus later a strange dizzy feeling comes over him after he brushes over the heads in the crowd. There is one face that sucks him in, and he feels the red shift of his galaxy reverse directions and race towards itself for what could be only a nanosecond in his life, but man does her eyes throw him a curveball! He blesses this moment and smiles back. The rest of the song is a heart throbbing blur. ONE begins the self interrogation. Is this a combination of his high from his song or the warm feeling of a female smile enough to stir every nerve in his body?!

ONE

Let's take five guys.

(Addressing the band.)

Hang in there, I'll be back in a few.

INYAH (V.O.)

One remains beautifully composed and cool.

DRUMMER SMOOTH MEISTER:

(Holding sticks)

Are you okay, One?

ONE

Sure, Smooth Meister, just need some fresh air.

(Slapping SMOOTH MEISTER on the shoulder.)

One's synthesized bass melody is slower, jazzier and slurred.

INYAH (V.O.)

With a drink in hand, ONE moves his way through the crowd near the stage and towards the side door.

(MORE)

INYAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Some of the onstage audience smiles at ONE, but most are in clusters of three or four in casual concert attire in the midst of conversations.

Feeling better already, ONE opens a door to the outside and steps into the dimly lit parking lot, sipping on his Coors Light.

STONER in shadows STAGE RIGHT CENTER lights joint and stares.

ONE

(Refreshed, looks up at the summer constellations and points and speaks more to himself.)

Ursa Major and Minor, the North Star and Cassiopeia.

Upward tinkling of chimes disrupt One's slurred theme song.

DOODLES

And do you see the Pleiades?

INYAH (V.O.)

A female voice pierces ONE'S private haven.

ONE

Ahh, I don't think so.

(One rebounds.)

I thought they were in another sky?

DOODLES

Really?

(His fan laughs from somewhere nearby out of ONE'S view.)

It's 7 o'clock off your left shoulder.

ONE

(Toys with Doodles.)

You mean you want me to use my left shoulder as a reference point and then pivot to 7 o'clock somewhere behind me?

ZERO

(Laughing, looking over at Inyah writing away in her journal as she paints.)

Oh, ONE, INYAH's got your number!

DOODLES

Certainly!

ONE'S melody note by note plays forward as he begins to turn and both him and song stop and go backwards as he turns back.

ONE

Wait, what time is it now?

DOODLES

(Laughs again.)

Your left shoulder is facing 12 o'clock. Turn counter-clockwise about 145 degrees.

ONE Counts down from 12 to 7 as not to make any mistakes and stops at 7 with his feet firmly planted. Raising his head in self-admiration.

ONE

Voilà!

ONE (V.O.)

Wait isn't there supposed to be seven stars? I can only see three?

DOODLES

Bien sûr, il y a sept étoiles mais on n'en voit que la moitié.

INYAH (V.O.)

(Translating in accent.)

Of course, there are seven stars but we only see half of them," Doodle answers ONE'S silent question.

ONE (V.O.)

What's up with this mystery woman. First invisible clocks off shoulders to navigate stars. Next she parlez-vous Français avec moi? She's got a knack for mental telepathy. Damn!

INYAH (V.O.)

ONE, moves in closer to the woman sitting in the shadows of the building and is startled as he sees her face for the first time.

(Chimes ring as ONE sees
DOODLES.)

Her flowing silk skirt, Mexican white blouse and her curly auburn hair is draped below her chest. Her radiant smiles triggers a series of shivers and he has to turn away half in a shiver and the other half staring at INYAH who is writing this sappy dribble.

(A little bit of Inyah and
One's song play.)

ONE (V.O.)

Oh my clearwater revival! It's you, the woman who made me almost black out on stage!

INYAH (V.O.)

One exclaimed to himself, what was the point of talking to himself when she had just as much access to his mind as he did, if not more.

DOODLES

Sorry, sometimes I have that effect on male rock stars... and once a female keyboardist.

ONE (V.O.)

(Breathy.)

I bet you did.

(Giving DOODLES another up and down look stopping at her chest.)

DOODLES

I'm going to counseling for that...
(with a straight face)
among other things.

ONE

(Amused.)

I see.

DOODLES

An inquiring mind asks. One,
have you ever given anyone a doodle?

ONE

Yes,

(Perfectly natural.)

if you mean my impression of Jackson Pollock splatter paintings or do you mean my zen paintings?

DOODLES

It's kind of zen and this particular doodle doesn't necessarily require paper.
Sit down and I'll show you,
(Doodle softly commands.)

ONE

I really have to go on soon. I REALLY over extended my five minute break.

DOODLES

Don't worry, the doodle will only take 5 minutes
(Giving ONE a timeless smile.)

ONE

Okay what do I do, by the way? What does thou call herself?

DOODLES

You may call me Master Doodler for now.

ONE

But, may I call you Venus later?
(Laughs.)

DOODLES

(Flirts.)

Ça dépend.

ONE

What's requested to create my doodle, Master Doodler?

DOODLES

First, you need to know the purpose of the doodle is to share what you've been inspired by with the inspiration. You will know who or what they are by letting Universal peace, mind and wisdom guide you.

So here's the deal. To do a doodle, one must start to gaze into the inspiration's eyes for five minutes or as long as necessary and then you have to give that person a doodle. A doodle may be recorded in the palm of the receiver's hand, on paper, on their back, in the air. Then the receiver sometime in the future is invited to pass on a doodle in a similar fashion.

ONE

Damn, I don't know if I'm ready for that right now. Five minutes is a long time. So how do I know who the doodle goes to and once I give it, can I give as many as I want?

DOODLES

Yes and yes.

ONE

Excuse me, what do you mean? Please clarify.

DOODLES

You don't know you are ready for a doodle until you've already begun.

(Pausing.)

Five minutes may seem like a day or go by very fast, but there could be the greatest learning experience of your life or just a vague memory. Ce depend. Tu comprends?

ONE

(Nodding.)

Oui?

DOODLES

Oh, and yes you may give doodles to anyone you know or meet; your mother, a homeless person, a best friend, etcetera.

ONE

Humm,

(Pondering.)

Can I use my crystals?

(Holding onto the necklace
hidden in his shirt.)

DOODLES

You can use anything to heighten your energy and awareness.

INYAH (V.O.)

A tremendous curiosity begins to trimmer inside ONE,
originating at the base of his spine and then oscillates in
the lower cavities of his organs. Strange I know, but this is
the best way he could describe it.

DOODLES

Is something bothering you?

INYAH (V.O.)

She wants him to verbalize it for himself.

DOODLES

We have all the time to talk if you want, before the doodle.

(Expressed so
therapeutically.)

ONE

Haha-hehe.

(ONE lights up with
suppressed joy, still
laughing.)

You're a professional!

(Taking off his glasses to
un-steam them and wipe
eyes.)

Damn, you're great! Where did you come from?

(Breathing heavier and full
of spirit.)

DOODLES

(Seriously.)

The 50s.

INYAH (V.O.)

He pleads, knowing he won't get a conventional answer from
her.

DOODLES

I'm from Chameleon, a constellation seen in the southern
hemisphere during most of the year, second star from the
right.

ONE
(Excitement mounts.)

Serious!?

DOODLES

No.

(Teasing.)

Serius is the Dog Star which is the brightest appearing star in the constellation Canis Major.

(Dramatically.)

That's no where near my home!

(Smiling.)

ONE

You knew what I meant.

(Smiles.)

INYAH (V.O.)

For some reason ONE, didn't want to ask her anymore questions about her home galaxy and what her purpose was here. If it was really important she would tell him later.

ONE

Okay Master Doodler.

(Stretches and yawns.)

I'm ready.

INYAH (V.O.)

Standing up for the first time DOODLES towered over him, not in a defiant way, but with a majestic presence. Looking up at her, ONE felt her motherly nurturing of unconditional love. He wanted her for just a second to embrace the little boy inside him and tell him everything he did was okay and special. Instead, Master Doodler reached out her hand and lifted him onto his feet with the strength of a blue heron on an upward flight.

DOODLES

We'll have plenty of time for the doodle, but right now your friends need you on stage.

Moments later, TANYA, ONE'S close friend and sax player pokes her head out the side door he used with a blank expression on her face, blinks and then she sees ONE.

TONYA

Hey, O. There you are. We'll be starting up in a few.

ONE

Thanks, Tonya.

ONE is relieved by the casualness of Tonya's request.

*Master Doodler holds out her hand for a high-five.
One takes it and caresses it into a handshake.*

INYAH (V.O.)

Somehow the "Slap me five, Bro", doesn't fit in their relationship.

ONE

(Smiling.)

See yeah around, Doodles.

DOODLES smiles.

ONE beams back to her as he turns back for a moment and then walks inside.

INYAH (V.O.)

A wall of smoke, neon lights and clamor engulf ONE. Stopping halfway in, he looks over his right shoulder to see the playful woman he just bonded with, matted against the surreal sky that looked more vivid than even a couple moments earlier. A curl hangs in her eye and her arms are spread out with hands open skyward as if she is weighing two samples of the night air.

An image of her as a doodle capturing her last pose is branded in ONE's mind like a hot neon light, then the color flies like sparks off the canvas of his mind and DOODLES is gone!

INYAH looks up from her journal and turns to look at STONER and their eyes meet. INYAH'S eyes get wide as he suddenly turns and looks directly at INYAH.

STONER

(Still staring in space.)

Hey, Inyah! Nice writing.

INYAH'S eyes get really wide as she turns to look at STONER.

The long, low, slow, sustained Gregorian toning begins before seeing THE ALMOST INVISIBLE FIGURE's outstretched hand, using the force to guide the stage curtain closed.

LIGHTS COME UP.

END OF ACT I

INTERMISSION

ACT II

SCENE 6 - TAI CHI - BEACH MID DAY - LATE SPRING

CURTAIN OPENS

*The long, low, slow, sustained Gregorian toning begins before seeing the Almost Invisible Figure's outstretched hand, using the force to guide a new painted backdrop across the stage.
As TAI CHI master starts to move on stage we here a Chinese zither being plucked.*

The painted scene is of a wooden dock overlooking a misty lake. There is a Tai Chi class on the beach and INYAH and half a dozen other STUDENTS are following the TAI CHAI MASTER doing part A of the Tai Chi Short Form. The IMPROV GROUP in INYAH'S imagination at the therapist's office start to act out the steps UPSTAGE RIGHT, but are pushed like a heavy wind off stage with INYAH'S concentration until the chatter in her mind quiets and the improve group goes spinning rapidly off stage as INYAH is fully in the moment.

TAI CHI MASTER

(Calmly and peacefully
calls out the moves.)

Commencing, Preparation, Beginning

(1)

Part the Wild Horse's Mane LEFT and RIGHT

(1A)

White Crane Spreads Its Wings -Stork/Crane Cools Its Wings
Brush Knee and Step Forward Brush Knee and Twist Step, LEFT
and RIGHT

Playing the Lute Strum the Lute, Play Guitar

(1B)

Reverse Reeling Forearm Step Back and Repulse Monkey, LEFT
and RIGHT

(1C)

Left Grasp Sparrow's Tail, Grasp the Bird's Tail 1. Ward Off

(2)

Rollback

(3)

Press

(4)

Push

(5)

Right Grasp Sparrow's Tail

(6)

Single Whip

(7)

Wave Hands Like Clouds, Cloud Hands, Cloud Built Hands, Wave
Hands in Clouds(8)

(MORE)

TAI CHI MASTER (CONT'D)

Single Whip (8)
 High Pat on Horse, Step Up to (9)
 Examine Horse (10)
 Right Heel Kick, Separate Right Foot, Kick with Right Foot (11)
 Strike to Ears with Both Fists (12)
 Turn Body and Left Heel Kick (13)
 Left Lower Body and Stand on One Leg (14)
 Single Whip Squatting Down, Snake Creeps Down, (14A)
 Golden Rooster Stands on One Leg, Golden Bird Standing Alone (14B)
 Right Lower Body and Stand on One Leg (15)
 Shuttle Back and Forth, Fair Lady Works with Shuttles, (Walking Wood), Four Corners, RIGHT and LEFT (16)
 Needle at Sea Bottom (17)
 Fan Through Back, Fan Penetrates Back (18)
 Turn Body, Deflect, Parry, and Punch (19)
 Appears Closed, Withdraw and Push, as if Closing a Door (20)
 Cross Hands (21)
 Closing

The IMPROV GROUP FROM THERAPY in Inyah's mind tries once again to sneak behind INYAH but her concentration on just the moves keeps them at bay.

An IMPROVE GUY sees THE ALMOST INVISIBLE FIGURE with an outstretched hand using the force to reveal the next painted backdrop across the stage starting UPPER STAGE RIGHT and tries to be in the way and distracting but is pushed by the force energy of THE ALMOST INVISIBLE FIGURE'S raised palm out of the path of the next scene on the timeline. The long, low, slow, sustained gregorian tone is barely affected by the disruption.

LIGHTS DIM AS THE CURTAIN MOVES ACROSS THE STAGE.

SCENE 7 - TIMELESS

The new painting revealed by The Almost Invisible Figure has got various forms of clocks from a prominently centered hourglass surrounded by a zen sand garden to a sundial surrounded by other rocks kissed by the sun.

ZERO

One, did you do know that Inyah wrote what occurred for you on stage with the band, audience and with Doodles before it happened, down to the key players, mood and dynamics of the group and audience?

ONE

The whole time, I was thinking this is totally awesome. I'm having a lucid dream, déjà vu all at once.

(Bass synthesizer.)

ZERO

(Proud.)

I was there when she gave herself the name Inyah.

(Flute flutter.)

ONE

(Impish Smile.)

I suggested the Dreams part to her pen name. Inyah Dreams.

(Bass synthesizer.)

ZERO

What do you make of Inyah writing the story decades earlier in her journal in past tense and today we heard it spoken in present tense moments before things happened?

ONE

It did switch after Doodles gave me her doodle... True, we both know this Success Script, as Inyah calls it, is written in past tense to bypass, trick or quiet the Inner Critic to believe it already happened. That's why Inyah doesn't like affirmations because it's stated in the present or future and it's too easy for the inner critic to complain "That's not me yet," and "That could never happen."

ZERO

And other mindless chatter that talks mortals out of living with inspired action, clarity and confidence.

ONE

Inyah was unconsciously writing short stories that came to pass as early as first grade. From the Space Shuttle Challenger explosion to video glasses and other common place technology thirty year earlier...

(MORE)

ONE (CONT'D)

of course she grew up with other visionaries, feed on Star Trek reruns, Star Wars and a lot of New Age metaphysical, "you can create your reality." thinking.

ZERO

And Inyah experienced many of the travel and relationship adventures that occurred for fictional characters. Even though she got held back in second grade for daydreaming and writing in her notebook when she was supposed to do multiple choice Scholastic Reading Assignments, teachers still gave her yearly Young Author Contest awards. But the biggest triumph wasn't the recognition, it was that her grade school short stories came true in her own life like her travel adventures around the world, hang gliding multiple times or having romantic relationships and friends that had qualities that matched the characters in her stories.

ONE

But, it wasn't until her favorite teacher of all times in ninth grade acknowledged that the short story she wrote in creative writing came true days later in science lab!

ZERO

Yes! It's so fitting he dubbed Inyah, "The Writer Of Our Lives"!

ONE

Which begs me to question why after decades of writing prophetic short stories for herself and others that she isn't widely acclaimed for her prophetic statements, a.k.a. Success Scripts?

ZERO

One, there you go again, paying so much attention to signing One's name on something. Is that all you care about, getting recognition and credit?

ONE

If a story that comes to pass is hidden away in a journal, was it really prophetic?

ZERO

One, why do you care so much about getting credit for something?

ONE

(Magic demo as he speaks.)

If people didn't acknowledge or notice the things I made appear or disappear, what kind of a magician would I be?

ZERO

How many people have to acknowledge you're a magician, I'm an artist and Inyah is a prolific writer for it to be true?

The long, low, slow, sustained Gregorian toning begins before seeing the ALMOST INVISIBLE FIGUE'S outstretched hand, using the force to guide a new painted backdrop across the stage, starting DOWN STAGE LEFT.

SCENE 8 - BETWEEN WORLDS - ITS AND BITS

The new backdrop is not a completed image, just a series of large black and white dots and not enough of them for the mind to fill in the missing connect the dots lines or images.

ONE paces near ZERO who is painting.

ONE

All this time Inyah has been so clever writing down stories about what may happen in the future and her stream of conscious or unconscious decisions have determined our path in her matrix, yet she wanders around from one interest or idea to the next without the momentum of One focus which determines the truly great.

ZERO

Inyah's writing at least in the beginning wasn't calculated at all. She'd get a flash of inspiration,
 (Big smile and we hear a quick Native American flute ditty in Zero's melody.)

more than likely from me and jot it down. Then she'd notice things that related to her story and make confident, inspired, decisions from the familiarity of options and conversations matching her pre-written stories, whims and decisions.

ONE

Well, no more, Zero! ONE can play at her game in a little something I call "Its And Bits".

(A line from One's theme song in a bass synthesizer pentatonic minor.)

ZERO

What do you mean?

(Flute trill.)

ONE

Bits make up the its or stuff... the building blocks of the universe. Instead of Inyah having instant downloads and flashes of random inspiration, I'll systematically guide her central processing unit or CPU to break down her decisions one at a time into "Yes" or "No".

(MORE)

ONE (CONT'D)

At the same time, I will control the factors of her answers by directing her body how to move. And if I can get her to listen to my direction, I can guide her to the highest version of herself without long interruptions of confusion, self-doubt and sabotage.

ZERO

Doesn't that mess with Inyah's free will?

ONE

When I control her movement and her decisions that's enough to bypass my nemesis, Inner Critic

(Quick almost undetectable
long, low, slow, sustained
Gregorian toning. ONE
turns to look.)

that has been messing with my ability- I mean Inyah's ability to manifest her highest vision of herself, sharing her work on the global stage!

ZERO

You feel very strongly about this!

ONE

(Obsessively pacing and
repeating now as his
synthesized bass theme
song gets more intense.)

That's right! She can get your flashes of inspiration, but I'll make it controlled chaos by turning her mind on and off and she can only make "Yes" or "No" decisions. She will no longer be stuck in limbo in her relationships, life's work, vocation any longer! Before she makes a move she has to decide "Yes" or "No". That way I can guide her to greatness and notoriety! No more hiding in the shadows and blinded like a deer in a headlight under the pressure of the spotlight and the people she is meant to lead and serve.

ZERO

How would you begin this process?

ONE

I'd start with a canvas or board.

ZERO

Humm, where have I seen this before?

(Smiling, scratching her
face with the handle of a
brush with the sound of a
quick flute note.)

Next thing we know INYAH is walking in a casual pace around the center of the stage with a choppy paced violin melody of her theme song.

Then we see ONE direct her with his hands as she wanders onto the stage front and center in a mild hypnotic state, where she is between awake and daydreaming and we hear a slower more mature, dignified cello melody of her theme song in more of a waltz march.

While Inyah makes yes or no decisions, large white and black felt circles are velcroed on the backdrop. Starting from the top left corner, line by line more dots are stacked like reverse Connect Four morphing into lines and shapes from top to bottom. All black and white dancers, velcro white circles for ONE's "Yes" and white for ZERO'S "No" Zero, One and Inyah's melodies intensify. An egotistical smile grows on ONE's face...)

Are you relaxed? ONE (V.O.)

Yes. INYAH

Do you love your life? ONE (V.O.)

Sometimes. INYAH
(Hesitation.)

Only answer yes or no! ONE (V.O.)
(Fast sharp tone.)
(ONE wiggles his finger.)

Yes. INYAH

Are you a creative person? ONE (V.O.)

Yes. INYAH

Are you meant to influence millions with your prewritten conversations and stories about people's ideal lives? ONE (V.O.)

I want to- INYAH

ONE (V.O.)
 (Tightens invisible puppet
 strings)

Inyah!

INYAH

Inspire. Yes!

ONE (V.O.)
 Do you have any enemies or roadblocks to make your positive,
 uplifting visions a reality?

*INYAH pauses unsure and the higher faster paced
 violin melody returns for a measure.*

*ONE tightens on the puppet strings and makes a
 comforting, stroking motion on an invisible shoulder
 and we return to the more controlled viola sound and
 dignified tempo.*

INYAH

No?

*Quick start with violin that slows mid-stroke into
 viola.*

ONE (V.O.)
 Are you as light as a feather, free as a bird?
 (synthesized bass.)

INYAH
 (Pause, then big smile.)

Yes!

(Heart expanding viola.)

ONE (V.O.)
 (Synthesized bass.)
 O.K. Now walk around the room in your new body. Really feel
 the ease, joy, peace, power that you overflow from within
 you, Inyah. Stop front and center and when you are ready tell
 us your new story about who Inyah truly is!

SCENE 9 - COMPLETION - SAME BACKDROP IN TRANSITION

*THE ALMOST INVISIBLE FIGURE stands visibly and
 audibly near the edge of the backdrop watching One
 and never crossing the stage.*

*ONE is having increasing trouble controlling INYAH as
 ONE and THE ALMOST INVISIBLE FIGURE are in a staring
 contest.*

THE ALMOST INVISIBLE FIGURE with a motion of the other hand invites ALL the other actors to come on stage from different directions with bright colored velcro circles with tiny numbers for the actors to strategically place on the backdrop, upstaging and outpacing ONE'S black and white circles placed by dancers.

A positive triumphant picture of the director's choosing that corresponds with ZERO's latest painting and is time relevant during the play performance, becomes apparent within minutes.

When the actors are complete attaching their circles to the backdrop, they weave themselves into a line that makes up the number nine with a circle that spirals around INYAH.

This is the number for completion and ending old things before moving to 10, something new and transformed.

INYAH (V.O.)

(Inyah's melody is in a beautiful cello.)

Once there was a diverse community, comprised of brilliant visionaries and powerful co-creators. They thrived individually and through group collaboration. They used their own inner compass and pre-planned decisions and winning conversations as they celebrated richer connections and blessed and fulfilling lives...

Whatever power struggle between ONE and *THE ALMOST INVISIBLE FIGURE* melts away.

The music that was playing softly becomes louder carrying no characters' distinct theme, as the spiral evolves into a circle where INYAH is standing.

SCENE 10 - UNEARTHED

Shovel on rock and dirt sounds gradually penetrate the sounds of the festivities. Soon INYAH is moving from *CENTER STAGE* out along the spiral of people making a digging shovel motion with her hands. Each time INYAH does a digging motion of throwing soil in air, *PERFORMERS* in the path of the invisible shovel become dirt and fling themselves out of the path of INYAH's shovel. Finally INYAH's shovel hits something solid.

INYAH

I found it!

INYAH'S theme song is in cello.

INYAH pulls out a round green glass canister.

ZERO

Now, that's interesting. That's not the time capsule I remember Inyah burying!

ONE

It's the same green canister that was handed to Inyah at her first dream workshop!

ZERO

Inyah arrived later than everyone else, who were silently laying on the floor with eyes shut. Without hearing the teacher's instructions in her mind's eye Inyah was handed a green canister to play with while Inyah was settling into dream state. Later she discovered everyone was asked to play with a green tube in lucid dream state.

Inside the green canister there is a large scroll which INYAH removes. As she unrolls it, INYAH reads the names of the characters most recent in performance at the bottom of the scroll. After saying a few words, the character steps in an opening towards STAGE FRONT accompanied by their complementary melody and finish statements about themselves.

INYAH

Tonya, this Success Script is for you. "The Innovative Sax Player ushered in a liberating, cut the rug, jazzy timbre."

Beaming back TONYA plays a joyous, playful, musical ditty.

INYAH (CONT'D)

Tai Chi Master...

(Chinese zither plays.)

Success Script: "The Discerning Martial Artist used clear vision and thoughtfully wielded mental, emotional and physical energies. The teacher deflected the darkness of his students, tackled problems head on and harnessed bold logic and intellect".

TAI CHI MASTER

(Bows low before INYAH along with his Chinese zither tune.)

INYAH

Travis Winsor... Here is your Success Script. "The World Champion Cyclist was seduced, inspired by and in concert with the strength and beauty of nature."

TAVIS WINDSOR

(Hands in the air in victory.)

Bloody brilliant, Inyah!

(Many slide flutes rise up like rockets in a salute of sound.)

INYAH

One!

ONE

(Theatrically Interrupting.)

(Bass synthesizer.)

I am One. I give form and life to ideas, commune with the spirit of the elements and give once forbidden freedom to express spiritual and political beliefs.

INYAH

(Reading from the scroll.)

One, your Success Script is, "The Magician completed the circuit between Heaven and Earth and summoned divine gold within himself and others."

ONE

I-I don't know what to say, that was.. was..

(Bass synthesizer.)

INYAH

You're welcome!

ONE

(Regaining composure)

(Synthesized slapping the bass.)

Inyah, you do that too, through your Success Scripts. Your words are the vile that contains the essence and elixir of our truth and consciously chosen destiny. With your words we take that Zing of electricity that surges through every fiber of our being, when you help us co-create a perfectly aligned Success Script-

INYAH

And through prewritten stories we start to recognize familiar conversations, winning relationships and dream come true opportunities and connections everywhere and confidently choose in the moment what feels good!

ONE

Three cheers for "The Writer Of Our Lives"!

EVERYONE

Wahoo! Hip-hip-hooray! Yeah! Haaa!!

INYAH

ZERO!

ZERO

(Automatic, uncontrollable
joy spills from lips.)
(A flute sounds in tempo to
ZERO's rap.)

I am Zero. By myself I am nothing. Behind anything I multiply. If you concentrate on my essence of infinite possibilities with pure mental and emotional focus for at least a minute, the results equal over a million human hours of physical work!

(laughter is light,
innocent and contagious))

ZERO gets the audience belly laughing as she does a handstand like the archetypal Fool!

INYAH

So true, Zero! Here is your Success Script.

(Reading from the scroll.)

"With the timelessness beyond Alpha and Omega, The Beloved, Reality Generating Artist, expressed multidimensional commentary, transformational healing and intelligent designs for humanity, spanning the ages".

ZERO

I love it. And I love you, Inyah!

ZERO'S flutes abruptly end with ONE'S synthesizer melody.

ONE

Zero, we have a bet to settle.

ONE walks towards ZERO, with a brush in hand, ready to sign her painting.

ZERO

Wait a moment, Inyah has evolved.

ONE

No, she was already ahead of her time and is now catching up to wisdom and decisions of her past.

ONE's brush is poised as he walks towards her and ZERO quickly paints a curtain over her latest image and the real curtains close with ONE behind them with only a brush sticking out, as we hear the last synthesized bass and a final triumphant trill of a Native American flute!

END