

Circle Of Self
By Ruth Dilley and Ruth Anne Wood
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Act I

Scene 5 - "The Doodle"

INYAH: (V.O.) One hums into the microphone one more time, feeding his crowd's innuendo. Whistles and screams from the crowd repel off the walls and tables back on stage. As he nods his head, One shouts, "Ready, a 5-6-7-8. The symbols DRUMMER SMOOTH MEISTER beats, begins to shimmer, then the sax, TONYA plays, come in softly. As an alto voice joins in with an E seventh chord.

ONE: (V.O.) Yes, it sounds good just like we practiced. *(One hums along with his backup vocalist.)*

(The crowd sounds again.)

ONE: I laid my body across the map borders.
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 perform before, and he didn't even need to scan the crowd to know. But two versus later a strange dizzy feeling comes over him after his eyes brush over the heads in the crowd. There is a single 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 did her eyes throw him a curveball. He blesses that moment and smiles back. The rest of the song is a heart throbbing blur. One begins the self interrogation. Was the combination of his high from his song and the warm feel female smile enough to stir every nerve in his body?

ONE: Let's take five guys. I need something to drink. *(Addressing his band.)* Hang in there. I will be back in a few.

INYAH: (V.O.) One remains beautifully composed and cool.

SMOOTH MEISTER: Are you okay, One? *(The drummer Smooth Meister comforts.)*

ONE: Sure Smooth Meister, just need some fresh air. *(Slaps Smooth on the shoulder.)*

INYAH: With a drink in hand, One moves through the crowd near the stage and towards the side door. Some smile at him, but most are in clusters are three or four and in casual concert attire in the midst of conversations. Feeling better already he opens a door to the outside and steps into the dimly lit parking lot sipping on his Coors Light. One, immediately refreshed from the night air, looks up at the summer constellations.

(Pothead outside Stage Down Left lights a joint.)

(One steps outside Stage Down Center and gives Pothead the nod. Pothead looks right through One and continues watching intently the entire scene.)

ONE: Ursa Major and Minor (*Pointing.*) and the North Star and Cassiopeia.

DOODLES: (O.S.) And do you see the Pleiades?"

INYAH: (V.O.) A female voice pierces One's private haven.

ONE: Ahh, I don't think so.

INYAH: One, rebounds, familiar to forward fans.

ONE: I thought they were in another sky?

DOODLES: Really? (*Laughs somewhere nearby in the shadows.*) It's 7 o'clock off your left shoulder.

ONE: (*Toys with her.*) You mean you want me to use my left shoulder as a reference point and then pivot two-feet, to 7 o'clock, somewhere behind me?

ZERO: Oh, One, Inyah's got your number! (*smiling up from her painting fully amused.*)

DOODLES: "Certainly!"

ONE: (*Begins to turn and stops then turns back.*) Wait, what time is it now?

DOODLES: (*Laughs again*) Your shoulder is facing 12 o'clock. Turn counter-clockwise about 145 degrees.

(*One counts downs from 12 to 7 as not to make any mistakes and stops at 7 with his feet firmly planted. Then raises head in self-admiration*)

ONE: Voila!

ONE: (V.O.) Wait isn't there supposed to be seven stars? I can only see three?

INYAH: (V.O.) A cloud moves past the moon and Doodle is in plain sight.

DOODLES: Bien sûr, il y a sept étoiles, mais nous n'en voyons que la moitié.

INYAH: (V.O.) She answers One's silent question. (*In a French accent*) "Of course there is seven stars, but we only see half of them."

ONE: (V.O.) What's up with this mystery woman. First invisible clocks off shoulders to navigate stars. Next she parlez-vous Francais a moi. Finally she's got a knack for mental telepathy. Damn."

(ONE comes in closer to the woman sitting in the shadows of the building. One sees her for the first time in her flowing silk skirt and Mexican white blouse. Her curly auburn hair is draped below her chest. Her radiant smile triggers a series of shivers and he has to turn away.)

ONE: (V.O.) Oh my clearwater revival! It's you, the one who made me almost black out! What was the point of talking to myself when she has just as much access to my mind as I do, if not more?

DOODLES: Sorry sometimes I have that effect on male rock stars, and once on a female keyboardist. I'm going for counseling for that among other things.

(One is amused.)

DOODLES: *(Changing the subject.)* An inquiring mind asks, One, have you ever given anyone a doodle?

ONE: Do you mean my impressions of Jackson Pollock splatter paintings or are you mentioning my zen paintings?

DOODLES: It's kind of my zen and this particular doodle doesn't necessarily require paper or canvas. *(Softly commands.)* Sit down and I'll show you.

ONE: I really have to go on soon. *(Looking back at the door.)* I really over extended my five minute break.

DOODLES: Don't worry the doodle will only take 5 minutes. *(Smile.)*

INYAH: 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: We'll have to see.

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 they are by letting Universal peace, mind and wisdom guide you. So here's the deal. One must start by gazes into the inspiration's eyes for five minutes, or as long as necessary and then you are invited to give that person a doodle. Doodles may be recorded in the palm of the receivers hand, on paper, on their back or in the air. Then the receiver sometime in the future is requested 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 one 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 Comprend? Oh and yes you may give doodles to anyone you know or meet; your mother, a homeless person, a best friend, etcetera.

ONE: Humm... Can I use my crystals? (*Reaching for the necklace under 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 begins to oscillate in the cavities of his lower organs. I know this sounds strange, but this is the best way he could describe it.

DOODLES: Is something bothering you?

INYAH: (V.O.) She wantes him to verbalize it for himself.

DOODLES: We have all the time to talk you want before the doodle, (*Therapeutically.*)

ONE: (*His face lights up with suppressed joy, still laughing*) You're a professional! (*Taking off his glasses to wipe his eyes and unfog them.*) Damn you're great. Where did you come from?

DOODLES: (*Breathing heavier and full of spirit.*) The 50s.

ONE: Seriously.

INYAH: (V.O.) He pleads knowing he won't get a conventional answer from her.

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

ONE: Seriously!

DOODLES: Serious is the Dog Star which is the brightest appearing star located in the constellation Canis Major. That's no where near my home.

ONE: Oh you know what I meant. (Smiling)

INYAH: (V.O.) For some reason, One didn't want to ask her anymore questions about her home galaxy and her purpose here. if it was really important she would tell him later.

ONE: Okay Master Doodler (*Stretch and yawn.*) I'm ready!

INYAH: (*V.O.*) Standing up for the first time, she towers over him, not in a defiant way, with a majestic presence. He looks up at her. He feels her mothering nature of unconditional love and wants her, (*Pause.*) for just a second to embrace the little boy inside him and tell him everything he did was okay and special. Instead Master Doodler reaches out her hand and lifts 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. (*Relieved by the casualness of her request.*)

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

INYAH: 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 clamour 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 then even a couple moments earlier. A curl hangs in her eye and her arms are spread out 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 his mind like a hot neon light, then the color flies like sparks off the canvas of his mind and Doodle is gone!

(*Inyah looks up from her journal and turns to look at the stoner and their eyes meet. Inyah's eyes get wide as he suddenly turns and looks directly at Inyah.*)

STONER: Hey, Inyah! Nice writing.

(*Lights come up.*)

END OF ACT I

(*Intermission*)

Scene 6 coming tomorrow.