

Circle Of Self

By

Ruth Anne Wood

©2018

Registered with WGAE

Act I

Scene I - Metamorphosis

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

(Curtain opens.)

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 forest greenery in the background.

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.

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 in the busted cocoon. She represents the archetype "The Hanged One" portrayed in Vicki Noble's "Motherpeace" tarot deck.

Suddenly we see her spread her arms into large purple, black, green and gold butterfly wings, still hanging upside down.

Next thing we know Inyah is newly fluttering around the trees with such joy and life until exiting off stage right.

A variation of light hearted flutes (penny whistle, recorder, native american flute) depict Zero's melody throughout the story.

A new woman coming from stage right is dressed up like a fool with a satchel over her shoulder on a stick, ambles over and unwraps her supplies front stage left. The stick becomes an easel, and inside the rapped cloth is her art supplies which she sets up and begins to paint a large white and deep blue abstract sky.

The large canvas is visible to the audience the entire time of the play. Like a fool she creates beautiful works of art but then 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 the fool is a man dressed in black. He takes on a magical magician quality without being overly so as he moves among the trees and shadows.

ZERO: (Sing songy, light hearted talking to herself, painting away.) 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!

ONE: (Butting in to Zero's private monologue dramatically points at her then himself talking to the audience.) 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 and crackle 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. She starts digging deep around the roots of the first tree.

ONE: (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 hardest academic subjects. Everything was code for conversations she had while her family was breaking apart.

ZERO: Not everything. Some of it was symbolic stories to describe her first crushes in high school or creative musings.

ONE: O.K., 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 after two and a half decades 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. That's the ultimate time capsule for a scared artist.

ZERO: First of all, that 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 the creator, One a look like there is only now and no difference, and that he is the fool.

ONE: So you think she has evolved? Care to make it interesting?

ZERO: Second of all, she was ahead of her time, writing stories and dialogue that came true. She chose her name Inyah, way before she watched the opening scene of "The Lion King" where they were chanting her name which means rising sun. And then she named her business Rising Sun 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!

ONE: Speaking of names, care to make a wadger?

ZERO: Absolutely!

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

ZERO: What do you mean? *(Innocently)*

ONE: I mean, Zero, I've never seen you sign your name on anything... it's always a work in progress evolving from 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 for their work!

ZERO: *(Sassy)* 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.

Act I

Scene 2 - "The Greatest Cyclist In The World"

(Lights come up. Kitchen clock says a little after 7 am, 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. talking to her mother.

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 latest husband Pete after his 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: *(Mom smiles lovingly.)* 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. Hears a slide whistle. Offstage we hear very faint cheering. Then the crowd noise grows louder as dozens of 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 a mic steps front 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 race crowd soundtrack.)

(Here comes Travis Winsor Stage Left 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, we hear the downward slide whistle, and Travis just lays there.)

HECKLER 1: Bogus!

HECKLER 2: Looser!

CROWD MOM: *(With a boy and girl holding both hand, she turns away from the crash.)* 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 his kids on his carpeted living room floor.)

TRAVIS WINSOR: *(Looking at his watch with a big smile)* 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 his 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 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, unclips the painting from the easel and hands it to One with a big foolish grin. (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.

Act I

Scene 3 - Synchronize

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

Inyah is talking to a therapist Stage Down Right improv style.

While she is telling the truth there are so many connections and thread in her mind that don't get said about her train ride to a friend's and how it pressed her buttons and amused her with the various entertaining strangers on the train.

THERAPIST: What bugged you about the mother on the train?

INYAH: She told her daughter her eight year old daughter she could sit anywhere she wanted on the train and then I watch the mother reprimanded, her for picking that seat next to the sleeping man or other other children and when the seat the child finally choose was acceptable they child jumps near the window seat and the mother sternly tell 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.

Behind her are actors quietly and dramatically improving 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 imagines three people who are on Stage Center playing double dutch jump rope. The person trying to jump into the game keeps waving her arms in an attempt to jump in but isn't able to quickly get into the rhythm of the jump rope.

Then we see a conversation with three people in chairs arranged in a triangle. Modeling the double dutch scene, two new friends facing each other who are newly introduced by the one in the middle are talking up a storm while the one who knew them both can hardly get a word edgewise. Her hands are moving in the same rhythm as the one struggling to jump into a game of double dutch jump rope.

We hear One's theme song softly in the middle of his melody.

At one point One appears 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.

As One passes the player 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 the odd woman out is able to fully express herself in a way that flows, is timely and engaging interactive by the other two gals who suddenly become fully engaged with the new speaker's story.

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.

Act I

Scene 4 - Full Fathom Five

The new backdrop is windows in a nightclub looking out over main street in a well lit town Inyah writes in her journal Stage Down Left. We hear a voiceover as she observes the scene of One in a band.

Zero looks up from her canvas painting what she hears from Inyah as well as what's happening on the music scene.

The action is in sync with Inyah's journal entry.

The melody is a hybrid of Inyah and One's as she creates the story and he lives it.

INYAH: 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. 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 a 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.

Act I

Scene 5 - So Be It

The same backdrop - windows in a nightclub looking out over main street in a well lit town. Inyah writes in her journal Stage Down Left. We hear her voice over as she observes the scene of One in a band.

We hear Inyah and One's blended theme song.

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

ONE: *(hums along with his backup vocalist and the crowd sounds louder and engaged again as a song incorporates Inyah and One's combined theme.)*

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 was cruising. This was his new song. Never perform before and he didn't even need to scan the crowd to know. (We here an upward tinkling of disruptive chimes not part of the concert.) But two versus later a strange dizzy feeling came over him after he brushed over the heads in the crowd. There was one face that sucked him in, and he felt the red shift of his galaxy reverse directions and race towards itself for what could have been only a nanosecond in his life, but man did her eyes throw him a curveball.

He blessed that moment and smiled back. The rest of the song was a heart throbbing blur. One began the self interrogation. Was this a combination of his high from his song or the warm feel 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 will be back in a few.

INYAH: *(V.O.)* One remained 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 synthasized bass melody is more slow, jazzy and slured.

INYAH: *(V.O.)* With a drink in hand, One moves his way through the crowd near the stage and towards the side door.

(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.)

INYAH: *(V.O.)* Feeling better already he opens a door to the outside and steps into the dimly lit parking lot, sipping on his Coors Light.

(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 that 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" *(One's fan laughs from somewhere nearby out of One's view.)* It's 7 o'clock off your left shoulder.

ONE: *(One, toys)* 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)* Oh, One, Inyah's got your number!

DOODLES: Certainly!

ONE: *(One's melody note by note plays forward as he begins to turn and both stop as he turns back.)* 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.)*

ONE: *(Raising his head in self-admiration)* Voila!

ONE: *(V.O.)* Wait isn't there supposed to be seven stars? *(More to himself)* 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.)* Of course, there are seven stars but we only see half of them," Doodle's 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 Francais a 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. One turns away, half in a shiver and the other half staring at Inyah who is writing this sappy love scene. (*A little bit of Inyah and One's song play.*)

(*One turns away, half in a shiver and the other half staring at Inyah who is writing this sappy love scene.*)

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 (*she apologized*) 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: I see. (*Amused.*)

DOODLES: (*Changing the subject.*) 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.*) 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. 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 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, *(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 wanted him to verbalize it for himself.

DOODLES: We have all the time to talk if you want, before the doodle. *(Expressed so therapeutically.)*

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

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

INYAH: *(V.O.)* He pleaded, 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: Serious!? (*excitement mounts.*)

DOODLES: No. (*Teasing*) Sirius is the Dog Star which is the brightest appearing star in the constellation Canis Major. (*Dramatically*) That's nowhere near my home! (*Smiling.*)

ONE: You knew what I meant. (*Smiles.*)

INYAH: 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: O.K. Master Doodler. (*Stretched and yawned.*) I'm ready.

INYAH: (*V.O.*) Standing up for the first time she towered over him, not in a defiant way, with a majestic presence. Looking up at her, he 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.

INTERMISSION

Act II

Scene 6 - Tai Chi

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.

It 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 instructor doing part A of the Tai Chi Short Form. The improv group in Inyah's imagination start to act out the steps, but are pushed like a heavy wind off stage until the chatter in her mind quiets and the improve group go spinning rapidly off stage as Inyah is fully in the moment.

INSTRUCTOR: calmly and peacefully calls out the moves.

1. Commencing, Preparation, Beginning
2. Part the Wild Horse's Mane LEFT and RIGHT
3. White Crane Spreads Its Wings Stork/Crane Cools Its Wings
4. Brush Knee and Step Forward Brush Knee and Twist Step, LEFT and RIGHT
5. Playing the Lute Strum the Lute, Play Guitar

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

7. 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. Single Whip

9. High Pat on Horse, Step Up to 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,

1. Golden Rooster Stands on One Leg, Golden Bird Standing Alone

2. 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 in Inyah's mind tries once to sneak behind Inyah but her concentration on just the moves keeps them at bay.

One improv guy sees the Almost Invisible Figure with an outstretched hand using the force to reveal the next painted backdrop across the stage starting Down Stage Right and tries to be in the way and distracting but is pushed by the force energy of the 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.

Act II

Scene 7 - Recognition Debate

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: 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 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 explosion to video glasses and other common place technology thirty year earlier... of course she group up with other visionaries watching Star Trek reruns, Star Wars and was exposed to a lot of New Age metaphysical, "you can create your reality," thinking.

ZERO: And many of the travel and relationship adventures her fictional characters occurred in her life. 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 adventurers 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 is widely unknown?

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 Figure's outstretched hand, using the force to guide a new painted backdrop across the stage, starting Down Stage Right.

Act II

Scene 8 - 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: *(Pacing near ZERO who is painting.)* 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 focus of 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 a quick Native American flute ditty.*) more than likely from me and jotted 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 her having instant downloads and flashes of unexplainable inspiration, I'll systematically guide her central processing unit or CPU to break down her decisions one at a time into "Yes" or "No". 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.*) 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 synthesised bass theme song gets more intense.)* That's right! She can get your flashes of inspiration but I'll make it controlled 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 notariety. No more hiding in the shadows and blinded like a deer in a headlight under the pressure of the spotlight.

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 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.)

ONE: *(V.O.)* Are you relaxed?

INYAH: Yes.

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

INYAH: Yes.

ONE: (V.O.) Are you meant to inspire millions with your stories?

INYAH: Yes.

ONE: (V.O.) Do you have any enemies or roadblocks to success.

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

ONE: (V.O.) *(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 the 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. Stop front and center and when you are ready tell us your new story about who Inyah truly is.

(While Inyah makes yes or no decisions, large white and black felt circles are velcroed on the backdrop. Line by line more dots are stacked like Connect Four morphing into lines and shapes. 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...)

Act II

Scene 9 - Completion

(The Almost Invisible Figure stands visibly and autably 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 character are in a staring contest.)

(The Almost Invisible Figure with a motion of the hand invites ALL the other play characters 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 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 manifesters. 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 one's distinct theme, as the spiral evolves into a circle where Inyah is standing.)

Act II

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 played with cello.)*

(Inyah pulls out a round green glass canister. Inside it contains a large scroll which she 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 Front Stage accompanied by their complementary melody and finishes the statement about themselves.)

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

TONYA: *(Beaming back she plays a joyous, playful, musical ditty.)*

INYAH: Tai Chi Master... *(chinese zither)*

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

TAI CHI MASTER: *(Bows low before Inyah.) (Chinese zither tune.)*

INYAH: Travis Winsor... 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.)*

INYAH: One!

ONE: *(Interrupting.) (Bass synthesiser.)* I am One. I give form and life to ideas, commune with the spirit of the elements and give 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 synthesiser.)*

INYAH: You're welcome!

ONE: *(Regaining composure.) (Synthesised 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.
Three cheers for "The Writer Of Our Lives"!

EVERYONE: Wahoo! Hip hip hooray! Yeah! Haaa!!

INYAH: Zero!

ZERO: *(Automatic, uncontrollable joy spills from Zero's 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 man hours of work!

*(Zero's laughter is light, innocent and contagious, then gets
the audience belly laughing as Zero does a handstand like Fool!)*

INYAH: So true, Zero! Here is your Success Script. *(Reading from
the scroll.)* "With the timelessness of no Alpha and Omega, The
Beloved, Reality Generating Artist, expressed multidimensional
commentary, transformational healing and evolution for humanity,
spanning the ages".

ZERO: I love it. And I love you, Inyah!!

ONE: Zero, we have a bet to settle. *(Walking towards Zero, brush in hand, ready to sign her painting.)*

(Zero quickly paints a curtain over her latest image and the real ones close with One behind them as we hear one last synthesised bass and a final trill of a Native American flute)

(Curtains.)

[END]