

Circle Of Self

written by

Ruth Anne Wood

60 Constitution Ave  
215-872-5035  
[ruth@ScriptingForSuccess.com](mailto:ruth@ScriptingForSuccess.com)



## ACT I

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.)

### 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 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 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 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.

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 that proceeds ZERO'S entrance on stage.

A new woman, ZERO 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 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 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 ZERO 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 in to 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 hardest 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.

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 a 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 the creator, One a look like there is only now and no difference, and that he is the fool.

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 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!

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 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.

SCENE 2 - KITCHEN ISLAND - 6AM

Lights come up. Kitchen clock says a little after 6AM. 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 third 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

(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 hears 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 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

(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 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", 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.

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 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?

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

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 imagines three people CENTER STAGE 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.

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

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

(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.

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 about-

(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 snuffle.)

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 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, is timely and engaging interactive by the other two gals who suddenly become fully engaged with JENNY'S story.

## JENNY

I saved this for you, two.

KIM AND RACHAL lean into JENNY'S PHONE.

## KIM

Jerry! What?!

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 - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

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 which she is reading to herself SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE STAGE.

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

(MORE)

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

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 LEFT. 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: (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 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 perform 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 will 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 more slow, jazzy 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. 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 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:

(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

(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. Raising his head  
in self-admiration)  
Voila!

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.)  
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 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 (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.)  
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?

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

Hahahehe.  
 (ONE'S lights up with  
 suppressed joy, still  
 laughing.)  
 You're a professional!  
 (Taking off his glasses to  
 wipe his eyes and un-  
 steam them.)  
 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

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 she towered over him, not in a defiant way, but 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 - BEACH MID DAY - LATE SPRING

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.)

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)

## INSTRUCTOR (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 group in INYAH'S mind tries once to sneak behind INYAH but her concentration on just the moves keeps them at bay.

ONE IMPROVE 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 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 Doodle 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.

(MORE)

## ONE (CONT'D)

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 grew 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 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 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 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

(Pacing near ZERO who is  
painting.)

(MORE)

## ONE (CONT'D)

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.)  
 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 Inyah 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.

(MORE)

ONE (CONT'D)

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 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 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 and march.

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...)

ONE (V.O.)

Are you relaxed?

INYAH

Yes.

ONE (V.O.)

Do you love your life?

INYAH

(Hesitation.)

Sometimes.

ONE (V.O.)

(Fast sharp tone.)

Only answer yes or no!

(ONE wiggles his finger.)

INYAH

Yes.

ONE (V.O.)

Are you a creative person?

INYAH

Yes.

ONE (V.O.)

Are you meant to influence millions  
with your prewritten stories?

INYAH  
I want to-

                  ONE (V.O.)  
                  (Tightens invisible puppet  
                  strings,\.)  
Inyah!

                  INYAH  
Inspire. Yes!

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

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. 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 never crossing 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 hand invites ALL the other play 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 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 one's 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 played with 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!

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 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."

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 the 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.)  
 (MORE)

ONE (CONT'D)

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 it's  
a perfectly aligned Success Script-

ZERO

And start to recognize familiar  
conversations, winning  
relationships and dream come true  
opportunities and connections  
everywhere!

ONE

Three cheers for "The Writer Of Our  
Lives"!

EVERYONE

Wahoo! Hip hip hooray! Yeah! Haaa!!

INYAH

ZERO!

ZERO

(Automatic, uncontainable  
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 human hours of work!

(laughter is light,  
innocent and contagious))

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

INYAH

So true, Zero! Here is your Success  
Script.

(Reading from the scroll.)

(MORE)

INYAH (CONT'D)

"With the timelessness beyond 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!

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 quickly paints a curtain over her latest image and the real curtains close with ONE behind them as we hear the last synthesized bass and a final triumphant trill of a Native American flute!

Curtains.

END