

## **Setting**

Anytime. Anywhere.

#### **Stage**

Ideal for a Black-box theatre. The performance space needs to be very claustrophobic and narrow. It needs to be so narrow that no two actors can comfortably sleep in that space at the same time. It is best if that space is created by using lights.

## **Characters**

A.

B.

Both the characters are ageless, nameless, genderless, timeless. Anybody from anywhere can play them.

#### Set

No furniture is required. The stage is empty as far as furniture is concerned.

### **Properties**

A rope. A bag with notebooks and pen. Screwdriver. Two clocks- One that works, and one that does not.

### **Delivery**

Italics is used for stressed words. Punctuation follows delivery pattern and not the rules of grammar.

# Scene-1

(The performance space is a small, narrow, claustrophobic space. It is empty initially, when the music is on. Music fades away, and enters A.

A is fixing a clock. The time has stopped. An old modernist theatre cliché. A does a number of things with it—opens it with a screwdriver, joins it back, pats it gently, taps it, looks at it holding it above his head and so on. A does not know that B has entered and is watching him, noting things in his notebook).

B: It's gone.

(A is startled. When did B appear? A gives him a look, and again gets back to fixing it).

B: I am telling you.

A: I heard. Thank you.

B: I can help.

A: You said it's gone.

B: Yes, it is. I can help you get over it.

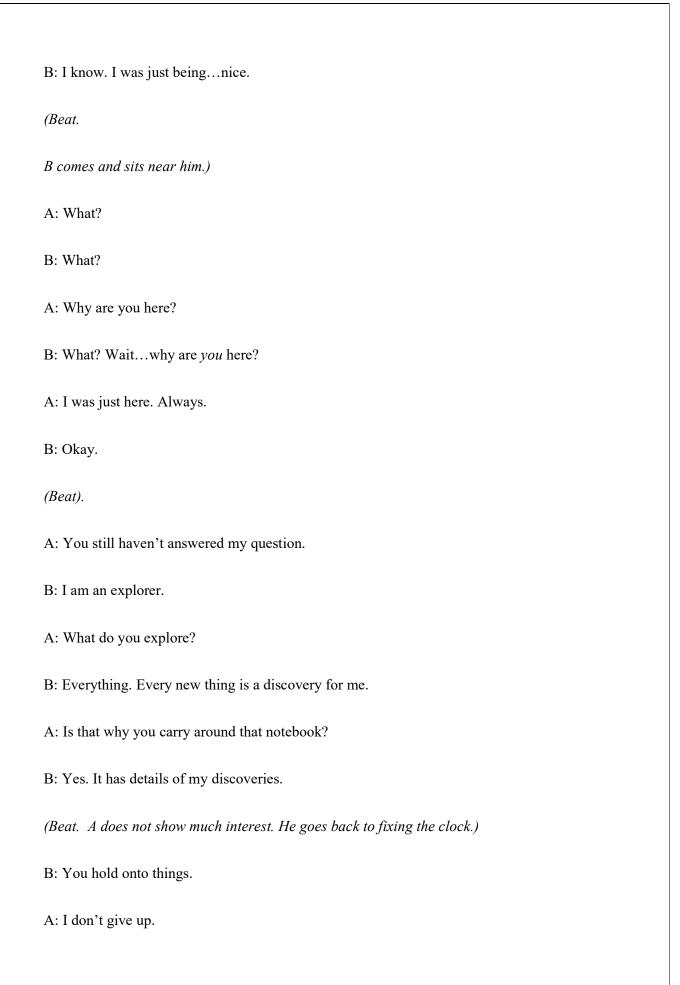
A: I don't drink.

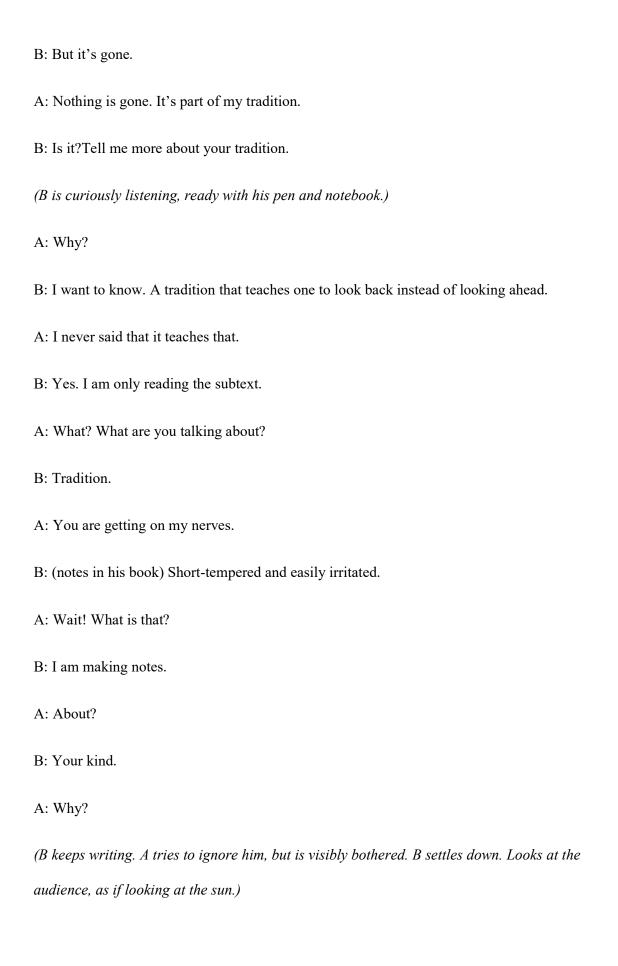
B: What if I gift you my own?

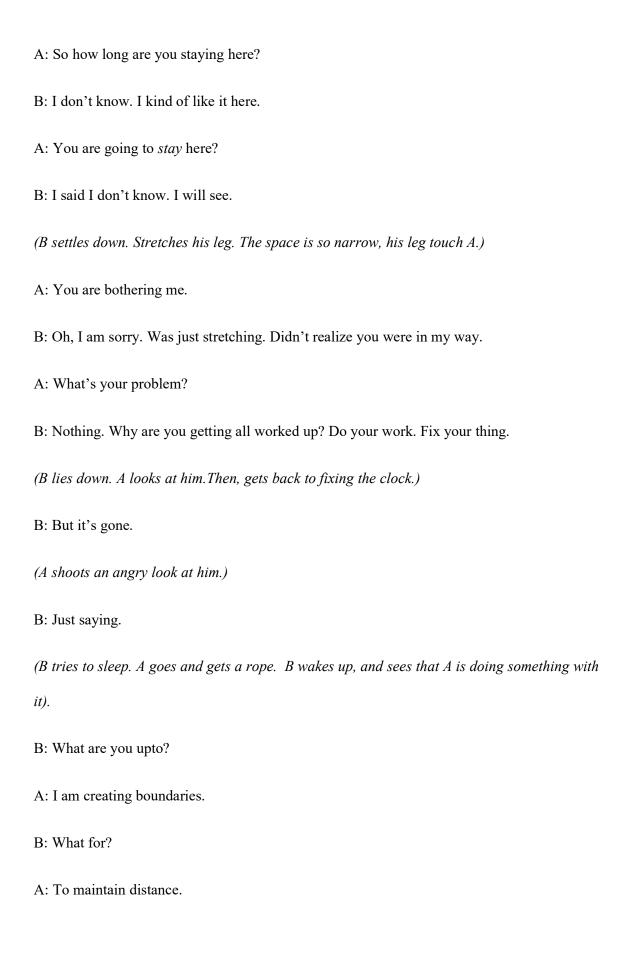
A: Why would you do that?

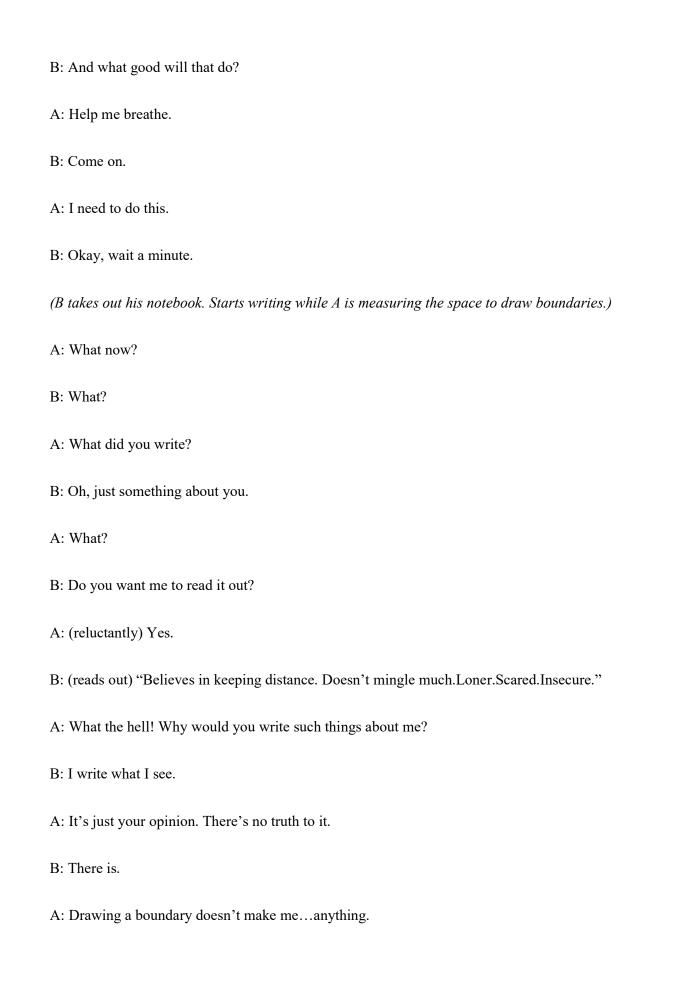
B: To help you.

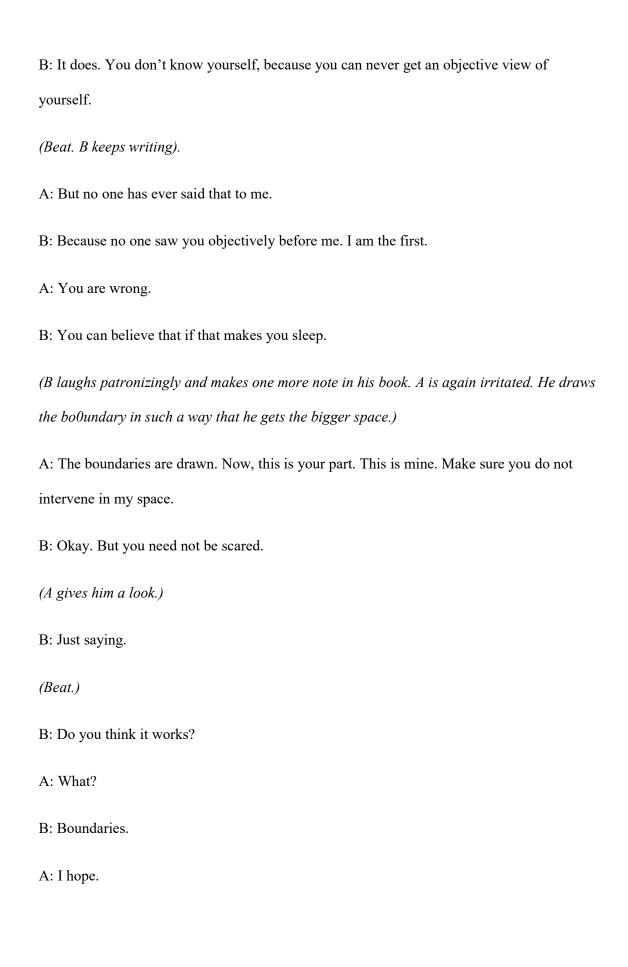
A: I don't remember asking for your help.

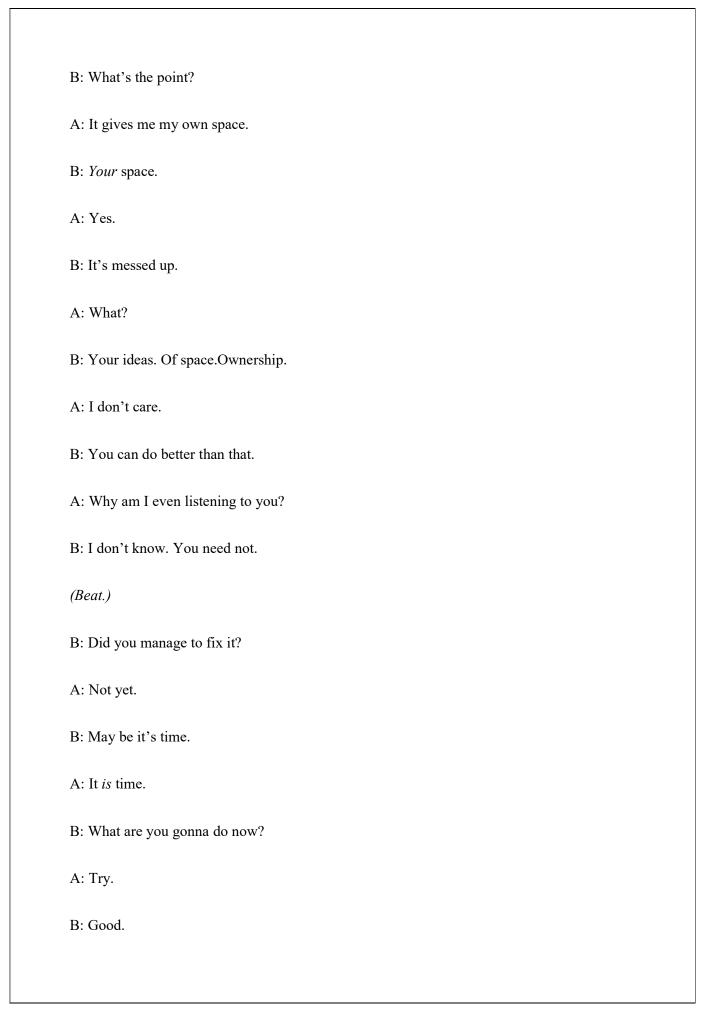


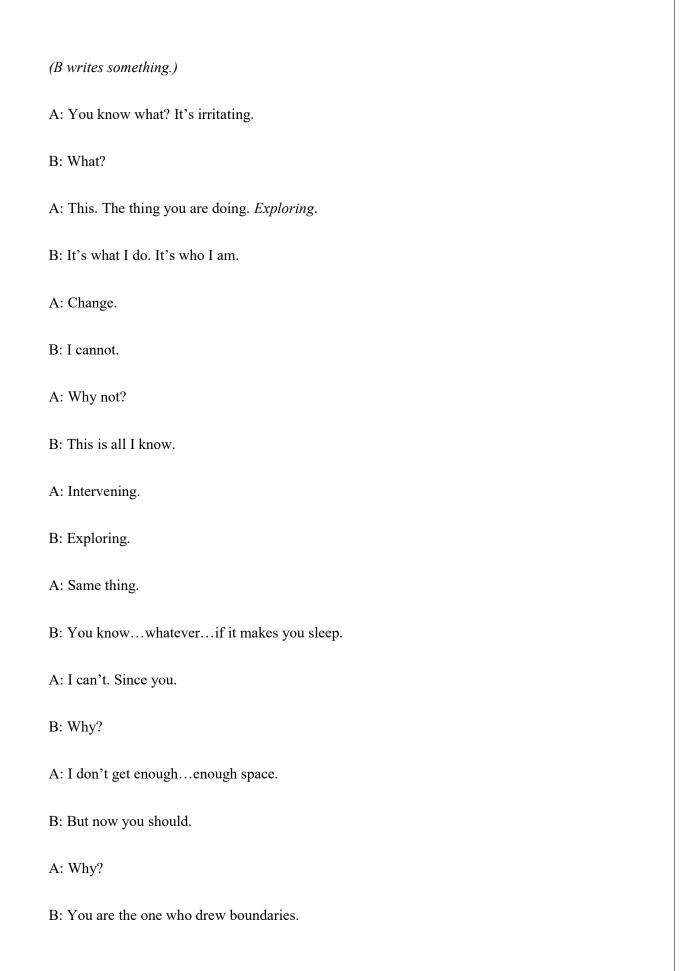


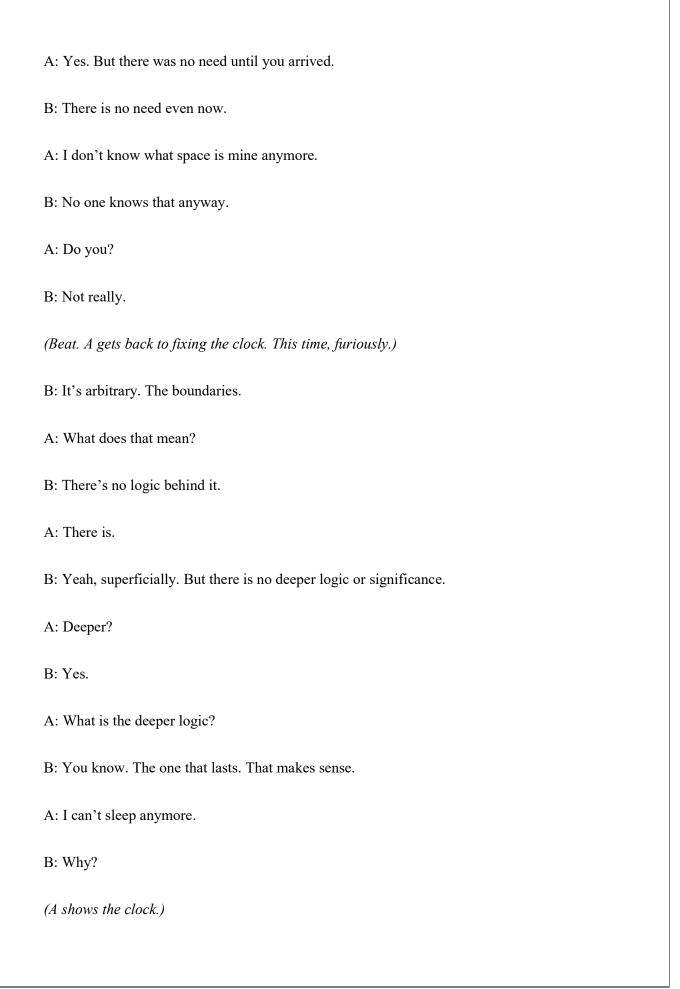


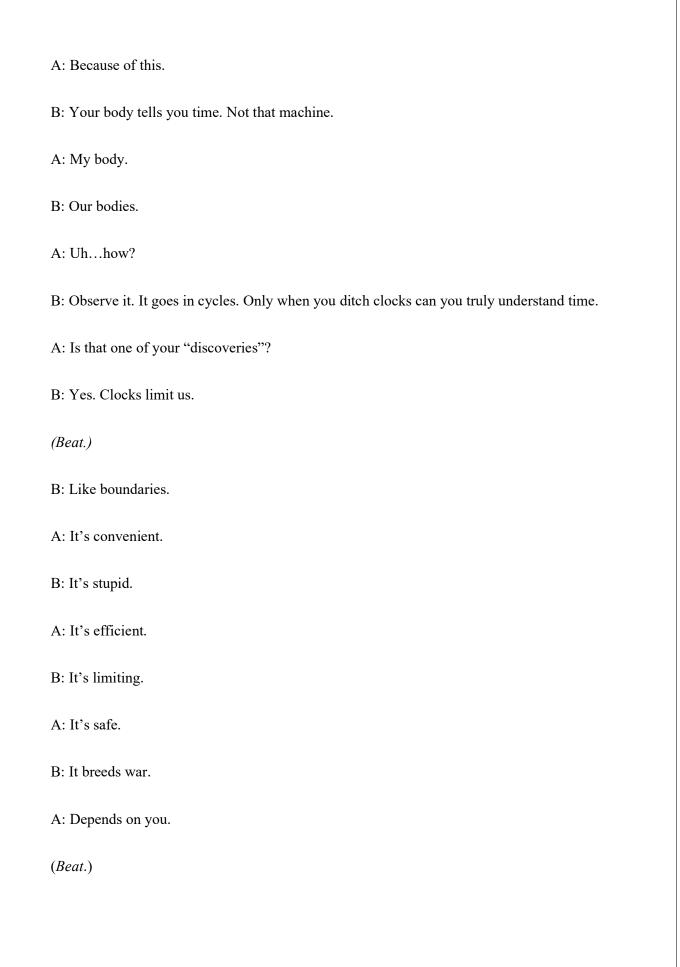


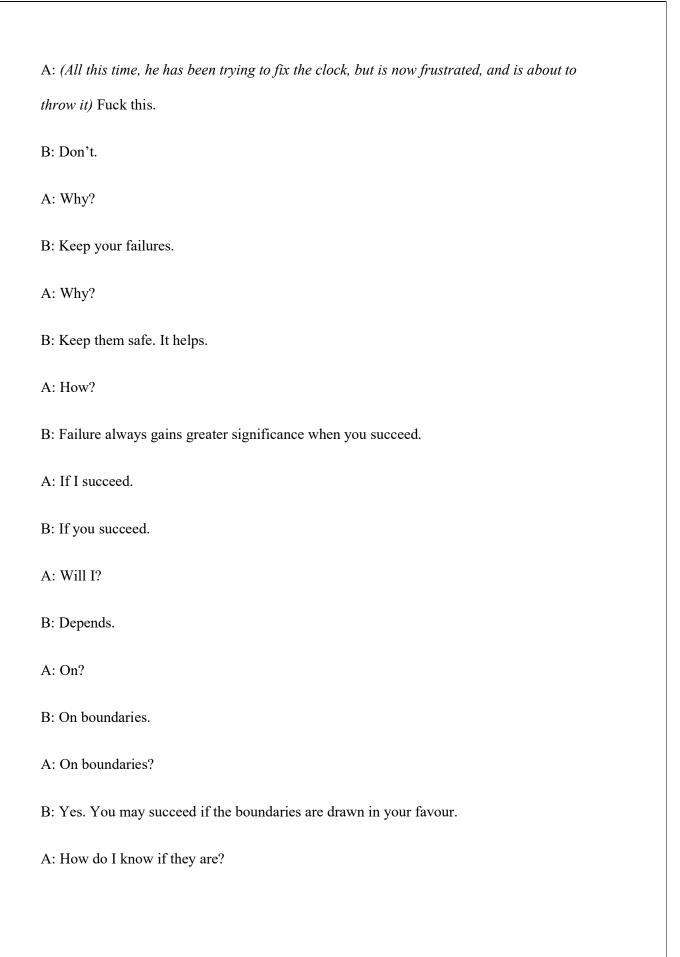


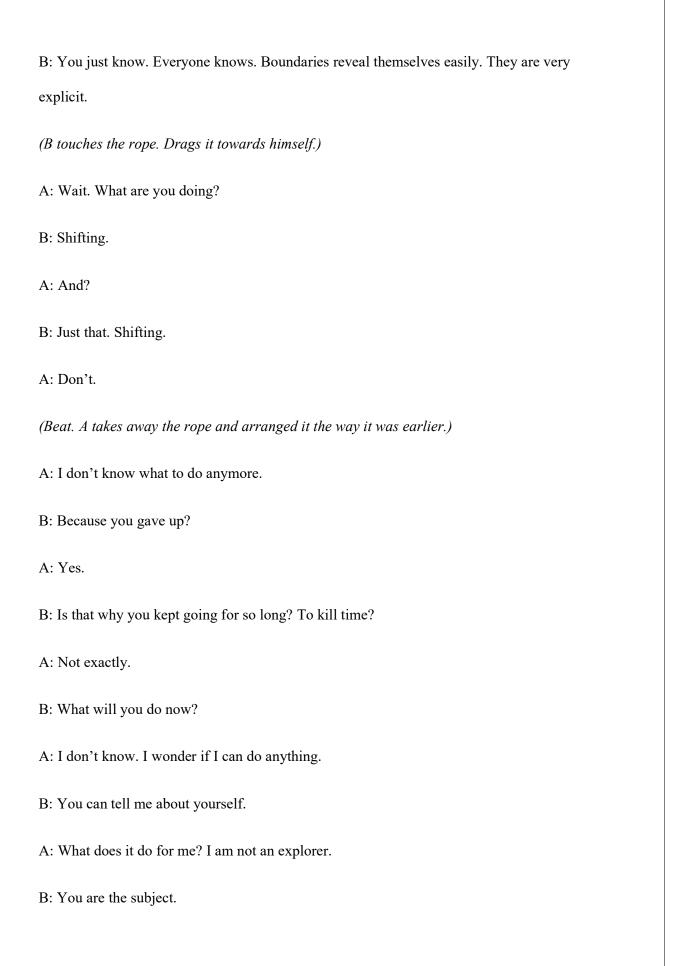


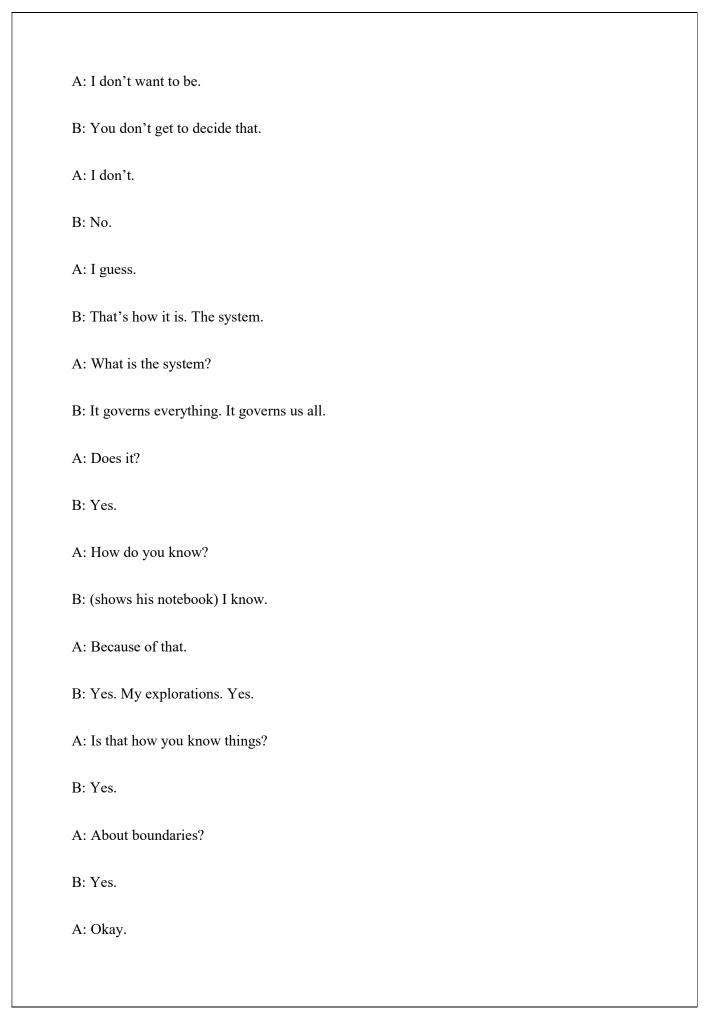


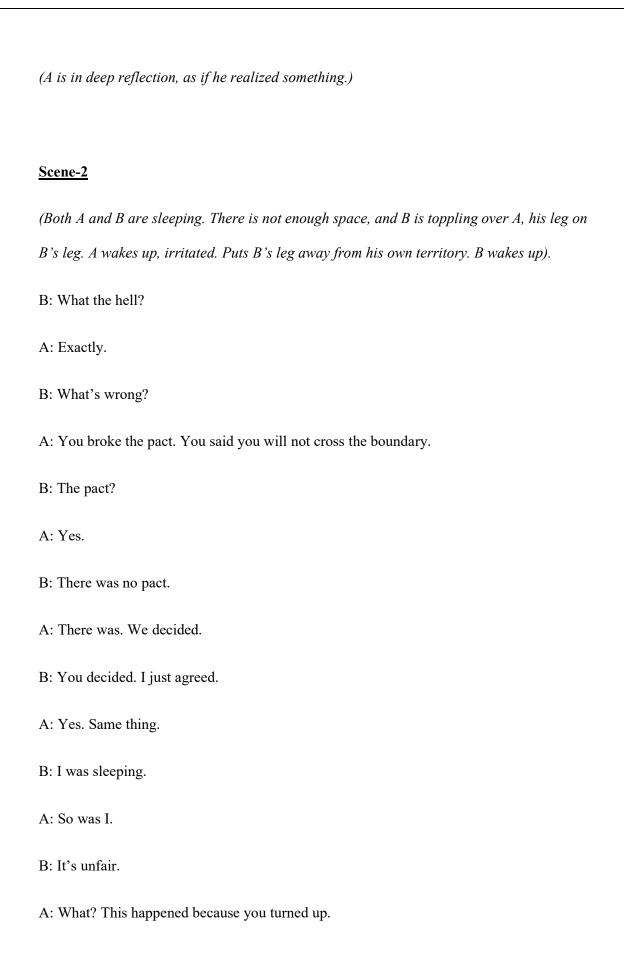


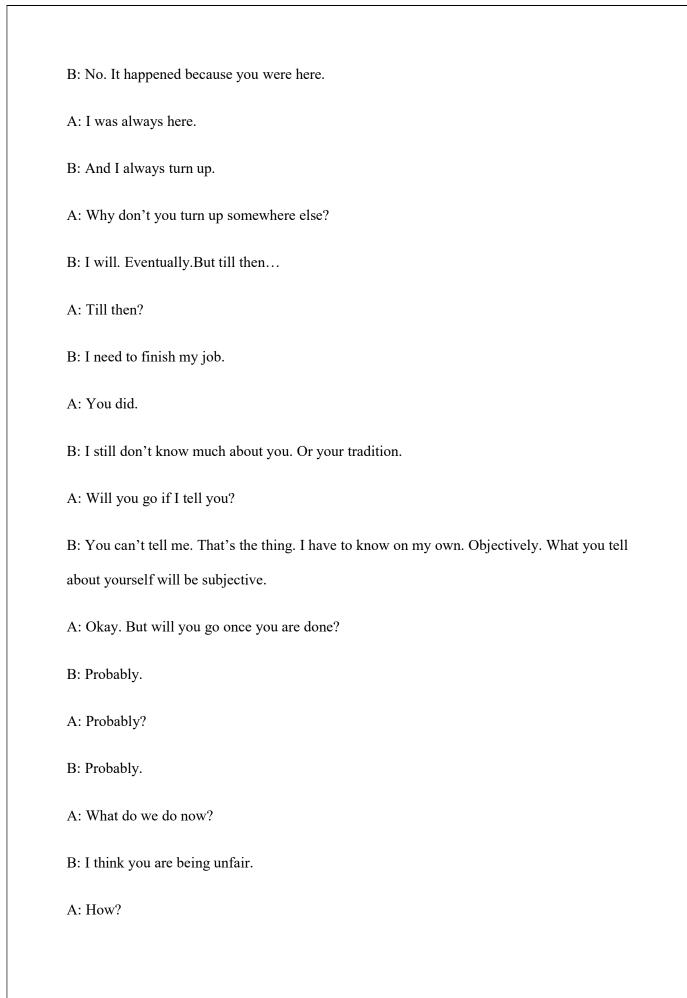


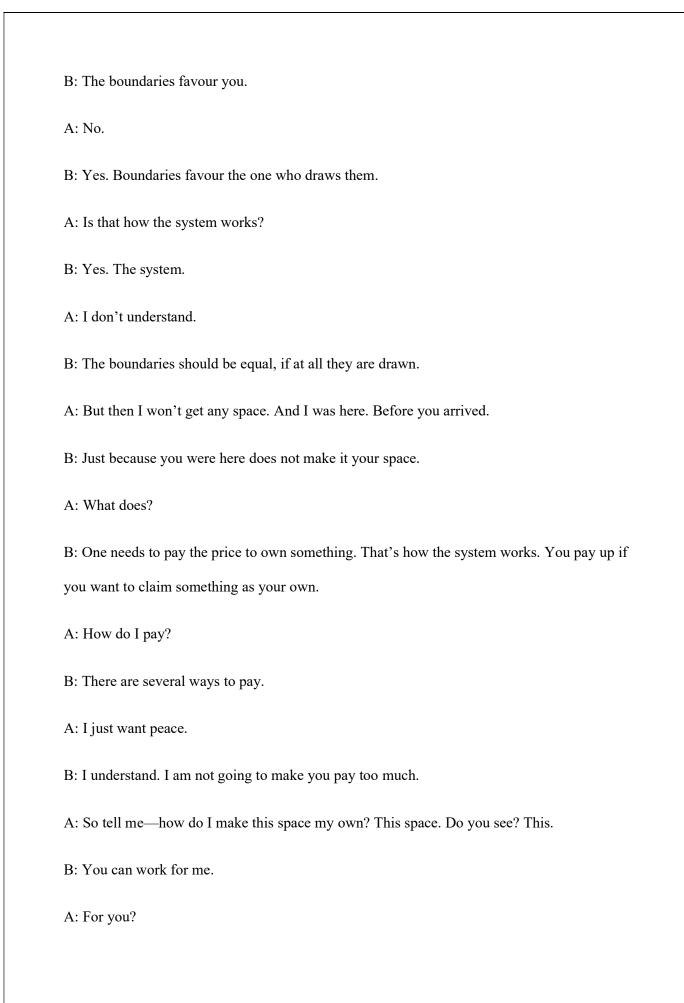












B: Yes. It's simple.

A: What do I do?

B: You can organize my notes. I have another notebook. You can write things down as I dictate. That way, you will also get to know the world. All the things I have discovered. Everything.

A: Hmm.

B: You do that for me, and I respect your boundaries.

A: Okay. And we take turns in sleeping.

B: Yes. Make sure you sleep whenever I am not sleeping.

## Scene 3

(The rope is right in the middle of the stage, dividing it into two equal halves. A and B are on either sides. They are sitting. B has his rough notebook in his hand, A has another notebook. A is ready to write.)

B: Shall we?

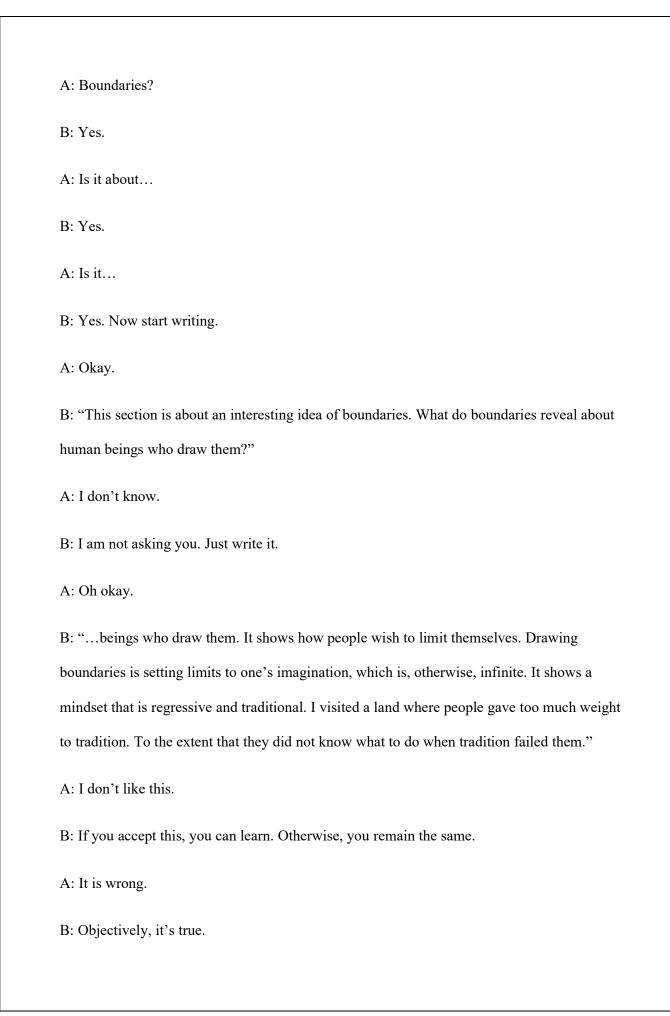
A: Yes.

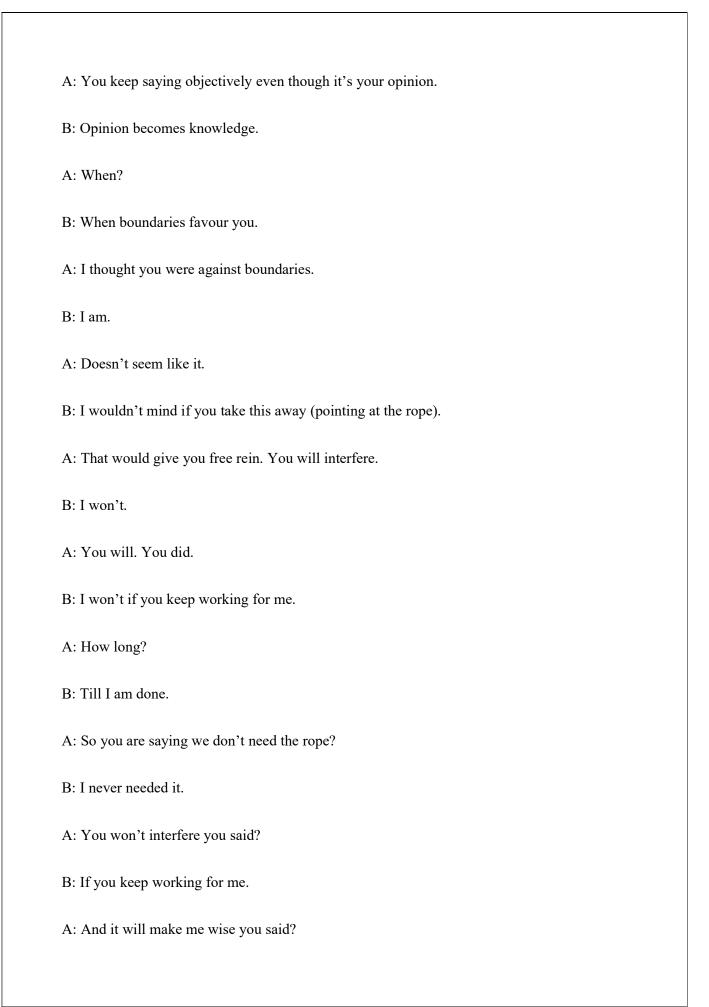
B: Alright. My notes are all over the place. I don't know where to begin (keeps turning pages)—here. Yes. So...title it- 'language'.

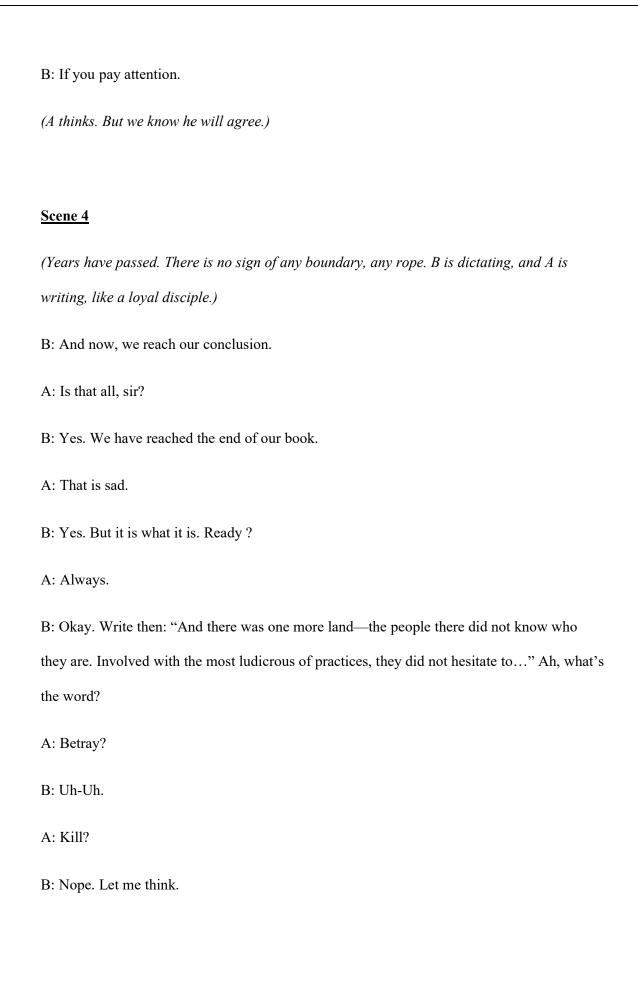
A: Language?

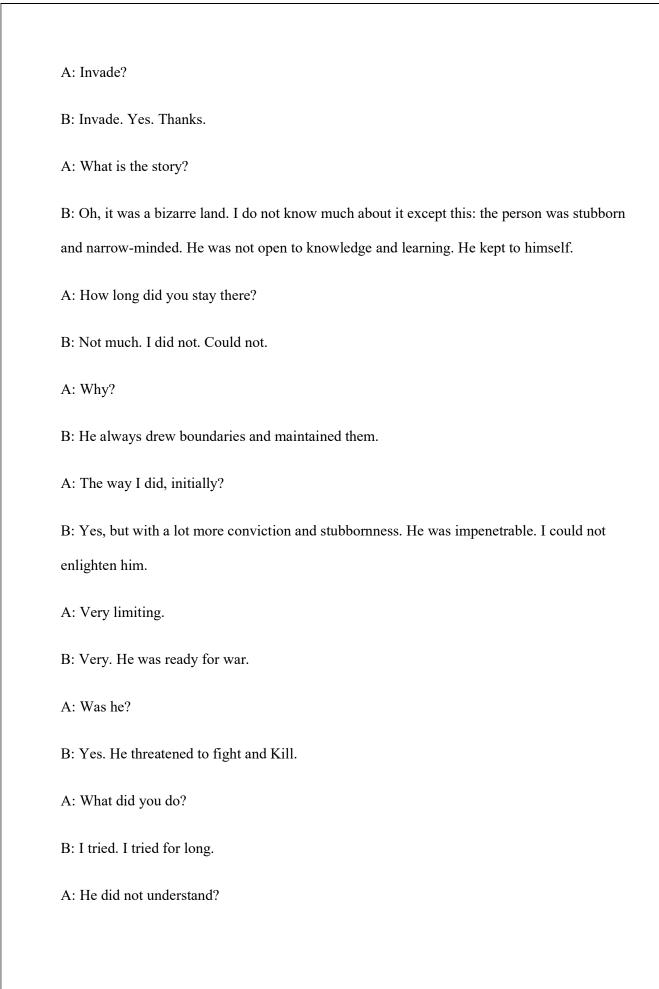
B: Yes. Language, with a capital L.

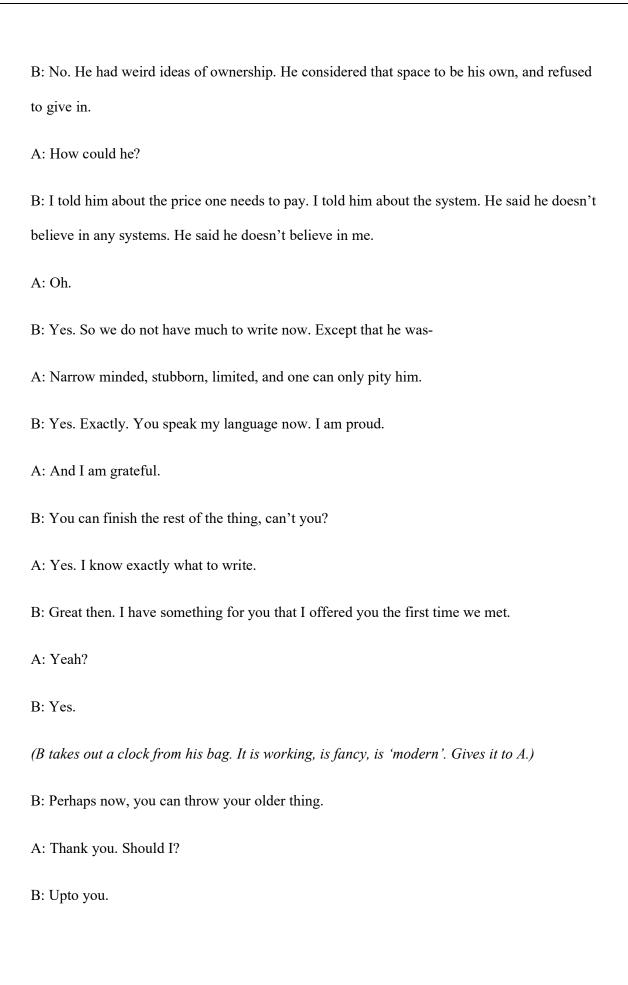
A: Okay. B: Below it, start writing- 'This is the story of a strange land that I discovered, where they spoke a strange language, with ugly sounds and crude diction.' A: Ugly sounds and... B: and crude diction. Diction. A: Diction. Alright. B: I can't tell you how funny these people were. A: Yeah? B: Yes. I pitied them, because they knew nothing. Not even a graceful language. A: That's sad. B: Yes. Imagine. I was so disturbed by their state. I thought I should teach them. But they refused to learn. It is okay to be ignorant, but it is not okay to not be open to knowledge and new learning. That way, you are better than them. A: (slight smile) Thank you. B: Okay. Let's continue. (We see them mime. B is dictating, and A is obediently writing. Time lapse- through light or music, or both.) B: Done with that sentence? A: Yes. B: Good. Next chapter now. It's called 'Boundaries'.











A: It reminds me of what I used to be. B: Do you like the way you used to be? A: I don't know. B: Think. Meanwhile, I will lie down. And do finish the thing. A: Yes. I shall. (B lies down, occupying all the space there is. A awkwardly, but happily stands. Satisfied with himself, he is writing in the notebook B provided him with.) The end