

AN OTHELLO THING by Sean Edward Lewis #18 12/15/15

PROLOGUE

[HOUSE LIGHTS FULL. A DISJUNCT BROKEN AFFECT]
[NO MUSIC]

[MAN PLAYING OTHELLO ENTERS. HE IS ALONE ONSTAGE. HE DANCES AND MOVES UNTIL HE SWEATS PROFUSELY. HE TAKES CHAIR AND SITS FACING OUT. HE STARTS TO BLACKEN HIS FACE, NECK, AND PARTS OF HIS BODY. HE BEGINS SPEAKING AS HE DOES THIS]

MAN PLAYING OTHELLO:

what am i doing
when you become all you wish to become
running around thinking these thoughts
this has been such a great week. you can do it
nobody will take anything from you
i've loved all of you enough
this fire-bell sound coming from your head
is inside my head too

i ate figs today. that's a lie
she put a bunch of things in my mouth
showed up did your experiments

this time it will work
let me walk in front of you
put your hands up. let me see your shoulders. don't droop
this light feels like you keep getting hit in the face
that's why they punched each other out

[MUSIC QUE #1 *** THEME INTRODUCED]
[SOFT. VIOLIN. IN THE DISTANCE. GENTLE. SWEET]

i swam in a fish tank that exploded. i saw this in
an M.I. (EYE) movie and i just say that i did it
i have packs of stuff in a storehouse in the valley
if we drive up there and mess with the lock and get it
unlocked we can open it and get some of this stuff and
bring it here

[PAUSE]

racial anger. my whole concept is changing
 anybody fun will be included. i'm fun. then you're in
 he lived on s dime. i love that saying
 tragedy coined our love

this is a princess gate
 i'm not shy to put this in this fiction
 metaphor. a man in black face. i'm standing here this way
 she is here this young white woman
 this is an Othello Thing
 poisoned with jealousy he kills her
 but why this man
 this black faced man
 you know how the white man compensates
 with our tongues. we use our tongues
 everyone knows that

[BLACKOUT]

PART I
"THE OPERA"

Sc. 1

[LIGHTS FADE TO SOFT GLOW]
 [HOUSE LIGHTS DO NOT RETURN UNTIL EPILOGUE]

[MAN PLAYING IAGO COP ENTERS SIDE DOOR THAT LEADS TO ELEVATOR.
 HE WEARS SUIT THAT A DETECTIVE MIGHT WEAR. HE SEEMS SUPRISED TO
 FIND HIMSELF IN THIS SITUATION, AND SPEAKS CAREFULLY, FEELING
 HIS WAY THROUGH, PIECING TOGETHER THE PUZZLE OF THIS PLAY]

MAN PLAYING IAGO/COP: ...he spent hours in this library looking at microfiche
 shit-fishe!

those machines wher'd they all go? i mean really
 where are they? where is anything? were they crushed and ground
 into dirt parts re-used somehow? is there a warehouse somewhere
 that houses them?

[SHIFT IN HIS TONE. HE IS DEEPLY SAD. HE IS HUMMING. IN PAIN.
 SPIRITUAL MENTAL PAIN]

AHHH AHHH ... she was the type never to say _____

GIRL PLAYING DESDEMONA: [SINGING] [OFF SOMEWHERE. IN HALLWAYS OR IN WINGS]
 EEE... EEE... EEE...
*you get aggravated in line
 behind the trash euro's
 oh Jesus dear lord french trash
 what am i doing*

MAN PLAYING OTHELLO: [HIDING AND UNSEEN M. P. O. CALLS OUT]
 i have eyes!

MAN PLAYING IAGO/COP: do you use your eyes?!

MAN PLAYING OTHELLO: [SHOWING HIMSELF BUT NOT FULLY] [FRENZIED]
 this is the easiest way to be
 not someone who only pretends
 but someone who's able to carry out experiments
 all we heard was electronic laughter
 gluten needles and glistening horses play this with me
 my mind is free
 this is beautiful

[EVERYTHING FREEZES]
 [MUSIC QUE #2 *** VIOLIN FULL. IT HAS BECOME MORE DEVELOPED.
 CLOSER]

[MAN PLAYING IAGO/COP IS THE ONLY THING UNFROZEN. HE BEGINS
 DANCING AND MOVING UNTIL HE SWEATS PROFUSELY. HE THEN TAKES A
 CHAIR AND SITS FACING AUDIENCE. HE IS UNDRESSING FROM HIS NOW
 WEAT CLOTHING. HE BEGINS SPEAKING AS HE DOES THIS.

MAN PLAYING IAGO/COP: *take special care with the surface. that which touches.
 makes contact. we do this work to prepare the surface. so
 that your work might show. this is a child's game so the
 teacher knows you are not cheating. i am my surface. this
 is what you meet. judge me by my surface*

[HE FALLS FROM CHAIR. ROLLS AROUND. HE SPEAKS AS THIS HAPPENS.
 A REGRESSION. EMBARRASSING. NOT APPROPRIATE FOR THE PLAY]

this is all yours, everything you can see
 as flawed as the eyes will stretch
 you see it you like it take it
 you have every right to take it
 don't be shy don't be embarrassed this is your birthright
 you are entitled ...*my minds eye lingers still*

Sc. 2

MPO: this isn't what i wanted
[REFERS TO VISUAL AIDES. PAPER BOARDS HE HAS MADE] [STANDS OVER
MPIC. TREATS HIM LIKE AN INFANT]
more simple you see:
1) OTHELLO EXPLAINS
2) OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA AT HOME
3) THE RE-ENACTMENT

MPIC: your things don't work

[THE "LURKER" RUNS UP TO OTHELLO WITH A CAMERA - THIS IS A
MYSTERY 4TH CHARACTER]

MPO: get that camera out of my face. i've seen your type dummy
3 times dummy

MPIC: MELO-out

MPO: no

MPIC: please leave

[PAUSE]
[M. P. O. LEAVES]

[CRUEL. SNEERING]
...after Othello all the white girls suffered
this experiment led him back home
where he could be with the plants

GPD: [ENTERING COYLY. MUMBLING]
after Othello all the white girls suffered
i want more _____ in this house

MPIC: you use yourself the wrong way
do you think when you _____

GPD: no. let me towel dry my hands first
you love me loafer 10 times loafer pig

MPIC: you do an experiment that doesn't turn out the way you
imagined so you (go around the house with your tits out)
start crying. turn off the toaster

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MPIC: talking is listening

GPD: this ignores the whole experiment

MPIC: who when it comes to pushin and shovin

GPD: this experiment is not over

Sc. 3

**[GPD BECOMES EXCITED AND BEGINS DANCING AND MOVING IN AND OUT OF DOORS RUNNING HALLWAYS SCREAMING. SHE DOES THIS UNTIL SHE IS SWEATING PROFUSELY]
SHE TAKES CHAIR AND SITS FACING OUT AND BEGINS SINGING AND SPEAKING] [MPO AND MPIC HAVE LEFT THE STAGE]**

GPD; 000... 000... 000...
only a real black man should ever play Othello
mention my name. say it!
SAY IT! MY NAME!
000... 000... 000...
SAY IT! OTHELLO GOD DAMN YOU OTHELLO
SAY IT!
M. P. O! M. P. O. !
WHERE ARE YOU? M. P. O.

[M. P. O. FINALLY ENTERS BUT NOT ON CUE MEEKLY LIKE A BEATEN DOG WOULD. AND COWERING TO HER HE MUMBLES HIS WORDS. HE IS WHIMPERING ALMOST UNINTELLIGABLY]

MPO: marvel ice cream pancakes
sausages lemon morange pie
smacking lips coolant frosty freeze

[THEY EMBRACE AND KISS. AND LAY ON THE FLOOR]

Sc. 4

[MPIC ENTERS WHILE THEY EMBRACE AND KISS ON THE FLOOR]

MPIC: this is a container: a place where / in which / you enter =>
are free => answer to no one => operate outside / beside day
to day concerns => here you are someone else. fluid. we go
to have our basic elements rearranged

she says you are always writing oranges. maybe there is
some symbolic value/significance there

[GETTING UP FROM FLOOR AND SPEAKING WITH MPIC] [GPD PLAYS DEAD]

MPO: if it were just a feeling we'd all be _____
 a noble Moor. he was the most heroic creature
 you are the most sacred lover i have ever known
 lay next to me in my concerns
 you go around the house with your tits out

MPIC: [MPIC WHISPERS THIS IN GPD EAR WHILE SHE PLAYS DEAD ON THE FLOOR]

let the participants enter

[VERY FORMALLY MPIC HELPS GPO UP FROM FLOOR AND THEY GO THROUGH SEEMINGLY FAMILIAR ROUTINE WHERE HE HELPS HER CHANGE HER CLOTHES REMOVING HER TOP EVENTUALLY AND TYING SCARF AROUND HER HEAD]

[WHEN HE IS DONE HE PLACES FROCK ON MPO AND PULLS HIS PANTS DOWN]

[THEY ALL DANCE A SHORT WHILE. PLAYFULLY AND UNFORMED]

[LIGHTS CHANGE. MUSIC QUE #3 *** AGAIN FROM FAR DISTANCE AS IN PROLOGUE, BUT DIFFERENT NOW IN TONE. NOT SWEET]

Sc. 5

GPD: in comes i. Girl Playing Desdemona

"these are my magic rocket _____ these are my magic rocket _____ wanna see me blast off?"

MPO: in comes i. Man Playing Othello

GPD: cover yourself i can see your butt crack

MPO: i'm the human the real OTHELLO

GPD: okay. sure [SHE LAUGHS FAINTLY]
 you need help. you know i know a young guy lost his PHD

MPO: if you were less caught in your _____
 you'd be able to see clearly and maybe i wouldn't have to strangle you. but our stories are what makes us so get ready

GPD: what makes you

MPO: my core belief system. but you turn what was once beautiful into something _____and stinking. this reality is inverted aka whatever i'm saying right now it's the opposite that i mean and that's true. i am interested in is that point of UN-FIXED
a not knowing point

GPD: a not knowing point

MPO: a space impossible to capture

GPD/MPIC: a space impossible to capture

MPO: that's a funny little game you're doin

GPD: wanker

a flat rabbit
[ATTEMPTS TO CLARIFY PHYSICALLY]
a flat rabbit
a flat rabbit

MPO: [TO MPIC] stop smiling

GPDA: you'll wipe that smile right off my face

MPO: her butt was wide

MPIC: ya

MPO: i'm in a spiral

MPIC: poor baby

MPO: my life is ... my life is ...

MPIC: we're waiting ...
don't spin out
i'm calling you out
i need you to come out
put your _____ fake on the table

GPD: i'll kiss you

MPO: i imagine myself i'd like to think i'm better
i can dry hump
i always imagined myself a dynamo somebody

somebody who saw things others did not see
 why did this girl died
 just wanna stop judging myself
 rather cry than work
 these are relational issues
 i am sitting with the woman
 santa is a breakfast food
 god bless white fat

GPD: come on do it. do it in front of me

[MPO GOES INTO A REGRESSION. SINGING AND CRYING SOFTLY]

MPO: *i like to hum like a little bird when I'm silent
 I'm not a little bird, I'm not silent
 i like to hum like a little bird when I'm silent
 I'm not a little bird, I'm not silent*

GPD: **[ENCOURAGING HIM TO GO FURTHER]**
 they can't see you. you are invisible to them

MPO: where are the clouds
 where are the lovers
 this is the story you came to see
 i'll tell it
 i'll be clear

GPD: you're tired and you want people to listen to you

[GPD LULLS MAN PLAYING OTHELLO ASLEEP LAYING HIM ON THE FLOOR]

[SHE SITS IN CHAIR FACING OUT]

[SHE SPEAKS DRYLY AND FLATLY REVEALING LITTLE EMOTION]

*i'm supposed to love the part
 (but i really don't)
 i'm supposed to love this man
 (but i really don't)
 i was promised a REAL BLACK MAN*

okay hairy your just the type
 you didn't go home last night
 you slept here on the floor
 you want some tea I'm makin some anyway
 i'm 17 years old and i get it
 i'm exhausted being strangled

_____ by pseudo B-Men sucks

[MUSIC QUE #4 * THEME SWELLS AND IS AT ITS FULLEST POINT WITH OTHER LAYERS TO THIS POINT UNHEARD IT BUILDS AND REACHES EXTREME VOLUME AND INTENSITY]**

... i want my money. Britannia's getting worse
we just keep restarting
if he yells about my butt crack again
we'll see who gets strangled

**[MUSIC FOR A TIME TO IT'S FULL HEIGHT AND VOLUME]
[MUSIC STOPS SUDDENLY]
[BLACKOUT]**

PART II

"THE LURKER AND THE WHORE"

Sc. 1

MPIC:

what happened here? who are they? who am i?
he's middle aged bald and was a
she is young has all this
i'm ... i'm

[PAUSE]

[COLDLY]

you know who i am
they are together here
occasionally they reenact a strangulation. this is connected to
an Othello obsession which possesses them. he pretends to be
jealous. she pretends not to understand the source of his
jealousy denying any knowledge. this inevitably leads to him
strangling her or smothering her with a pillow. sometimes she
will place his hands on her neck or hand him the pillow.
don't move. you must account for yourself

[HE FEELS HIS JAW AND MOANS SOOTHING HIMSELF]

my mouth is so awake

okay

my eyes contracted then they fell out

[HE RUBS HIS EYES AND PRETENDS AS FOR LITTLE KIDS THAT HE HAS NO EYES] [STOPS ROUTINE SUDDENLY AND RETURNS TO WHERE HE WAS BEFORE]

people don't need eyes anymore

why don't people need eyes anymore
there's nothing to see ?

there's nothing to see here
i swear to fucking god
okay i've shouted enough

[PAUSE]

[MPO ENTERS]

[HE NO LONGER HAS ANY BLACK ON HIS FACE OR BODY]

are you trained for anything really?

MPO: ya. look i'm here

MPIC: these people you call friends what are they?!
event re-creation. just let yourself stop and watch

GPD: i wandered. he ran up to me. he was aching pure from his belly
inside he felt dangerous but outside none of us could recognize
him ...

[OTHELLO STRANGLES DESDEMONA] .

MPO: so we could look our *children* in the eye

GPD: there's no children

[PAUSE]

ain't no matter my mind don't see no more of that. my mind
is settled towards lookin towards other things. trees
inside other trees. the most i can see is fire. my limbs. horses
are running through the picture.

MPIC: ya ...

MPO: don't express yourself here

GPD: my dearest apology
you're not completely accountable yet
the thing untrue about this story is that you're telling it

MPO: shit

the play is somewhere else ...
 what you're imagining is not what you're looking at

GPD: where's the play

MPIC: where's the play

MPO: i was bitten—fuck

Sc. 2 **[SWEET MELANCHOLY]**

GPD: do you sing out loud or in your head

MPO: imagined sensitivity encyclopedia categorizing instantaneous
 reactability

GPD: i'm upset you've spent your day like this and not trying

MPO: what do YOU want ME to say

GPD: give me a place
 I have no place
 i'm just me here

MPO: give me a place
 I have no place
 i'm just me here

[DESDEMONA SITS IN A CHAIR MAKING NOISES. PROLONGED]
[THEY SMILE TO ONE ANOTHER]

[SWEETNESS TURNS. BITTER SOBERING REALNESS]

MPIC: there's three of us
 we are here in front of you saying these things
 to be loved. no adulation
[PAUSE]
 does your kindness extend to forgiveness
[HE HAS A SOAKED WET TOWEL HE RINGS OF WATER ONTO THE STAGE]
 i climbed in bed
 the sea creature was there
 what will i do
 will i need to be a sea creature too

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GPD: F^{UCK} OFF I WANNA GO BACK TO ENGLAND
F^{UCK} AMERICAN MEN
TAKE ME TO ENGLAND F^{UCKING} WANKER

[BLACKOUT]
[MUSIC QUE #1]
[THEME #2]
[USE OF MICROPHONE AND VOCAL QUALITY]
[PERCUSSION]
[MUSIC / PERCUSSION STOPS. THERE IS SILENCE]

Sc. 3 [THE THREE ENTER. REGRESSION AND TRANSFORMATION. TIME PASSES
BEFORE THEY SPEAK. THERE IS A COMPLICITY AMONG THEM. A SELF HELP
CONFESSIONAL]

MPO: liar transpire

GPD: liar caught fire

MPIC: liar drives a Camero

GPD: liar forks his friends

MPO: liar hates spoons

MPIC: liar distances himself from us
so he/she can feel her/his feelings

[PAUSE]
[MPIC STANDS WALKS ABOUT]

sea creatures have left the sea
built breathing apparatuses on their backs ... one of those
and here husband tells me ... come climb in bed with us
it's okay ... i don't mind ... you can enjoy her too
all you have to do is swim over her and breath like we do

[MUSIC QUE #2 *** THE VOCALIZING AND PERCUSSION. IT BOUNCES AND
SWAYS]

Sc. 4

GPD: [GPD GOES TO WHERE JULIE IS SETUP AND SPEAKS INTO MICROPHONE]

every act has reason. sky is sky
all possibility lies before as ever before

should i tell anyone? will anyone help me?

Ventura Boulevard what was our exit?

[PAUSE]

Shawn? Shawn? what was our exit
the ice rink that became the building supply store never existed
you made the whole thing up
GOD DAMN you Shawn. come here

[MPO GOES TO GPD. HE STANGLES HER]

[SHE PLACES HIS HANDS]

Sc. 5

[EXPERIMENT #57 "TOAD YOU'RE NOT WELL AKA KISS THE TOAD]

[MUSIC QUE **** POP SONG]

MPO/GPD:

toad are you not well
your napkin is little
what handkerchief
trifles light as air are jealous confirmations
give me the ocular
a handkerchief spotted with strawberries
let her live
this hand is moist hot and moist
chuck chuck an Egyptian my mother
magic web stomachs eat us
they belch a monster
begot upon itself to kiss
to be naked with her not meaning any harm
with her fulsome
noses ears lips he laughs
they that win laugh
strangle her strangle her in bed

Sc. 6

MPO:

we left L.A. right away and went to a town
where we didn't feel so small
we went to Istanbul in MOOR-PARK (wink wink)

GPD:

i feel sick. what is gilded?

[MPIC APPROACHES THEM]

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GPD: please go away

MPIC: i didn't sleep

GPD: you are a pain go away

MPIC: he moved strange
we loved his movements
we don't care if he put black face on
the racial implications are so perpendicular

MPO: moor black

GPD: perpendicular. that's where we're going by the way.

[GPD BEGINS APPLYING BLACK ONTO MPO FACE]

i don't want anything to do with this.
i'm here because i just got out of drama school
that's all

[LIGHTS FADE AND CROSS]

[SCENE CHANGE]

Sc. 7 **[THERE IS A BIN OF WATER – A TUB ? A TANK ? FISHTANK ?]**

MPO; i'm bent over. i spit in water. don't mind hot
soap plus bleach. i do the floors too.
her ass was a buttress i addressed it as such

GPD: so and so knows your work she has a publicist. do you like her?

MPO: she has a nice figure. i want to eat steak when i talk to her

GPD: people in your life that remind you of protein
do what i say
go kiss somebody
now kiss me

["LURKER" APPROACHES]

MPO: no autographs!

LURKER: are we spelling it correctly

MPO: my name? i trust you are. please close the door

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MPO: did you pray

GPD: no you cunt

MPO: without the sound of your voice i see no future i'm left with a dark blank surface

GPD: the vibe is good

MPO: ya it is
we support each other by saying what is most true to us, i'm here because i have no where else to go. that's all.
these are the facts of my life.
do you want to go?

**[STRANGE MAN WHO HAS LURKED AROUND THE EDGES APPEARS ONCE MORE]
[ON MICROPHONE??]**

LURKER: things to do:
make a board game
play with your feet
imagine what other mid-40 wife killers around the world look like
write a love letter
check your matches on cupid/tinder
put a knife in your neighbors dog
start making ceramics and give them out as Christmas gifts
put a hundred down on your team and change your luck
call your favorite uncle and ask him how he's doing
do you pay attention to your nieces and nephews?
he's at the beach you'll have to call back later.
showing up when you say you're going to show up
with a smile on your face. Syria and Paris and
46th street and 7th avenue

GPD: **[CUTTING HIM OFF]** you're scaring the customers

LURKER: you're reading my thoughts

GPD: your lips are moving

MPIC: does it matter what fiction is anymore

MPO: you want me to reenact the strangulation

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GPD: yes.

Sc. 8

GPD: you know these narratives? the ones on the surface that repeat in our heads they go away when you're being strangled...

[GETS UP FROM STRANGLING]

excuse me i have a phone call. hi yes it's me...yes...i think of myself that way...i strangle wannabe actors...we decided it was bad for us...it was accepted consensus among reasonable educated elites...now it has come full circle...it is elite...it is smart...all the smart people work in it...we are in a renaissance

MPO: can you not be so erudite

GPD: i don't know what that means

MPIC: erudite. European and uptight. erudite

[PAUSE]

[DESDEMONA STRANGLES OTHELLO]

Sc. 9

GPD: this makes me feel something when his hands are on my neck

MPIC: [WHILE DESDEMONA IS STANGLING OTHELLO]
the mediation of reality. electronically people are lost a person who is disposable electronically to others to integrate this my face. i can't stand my own face anymore the way my mouth goes like this

MPO/GPD/MPIC: STRANGULATION RE-CREATION RE-CREATION RE-CREATION STRANGULATION

Sc. 10

MPO: good good very good excellent good
what is he angry? proceed you in your tears
let me see your eyes look in my face. swear thou art honest
thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim. would thou hadst ne'er been born. are you not a strumpet?

MPIC; no

MPO: what not a whore?

GPD: no

PART III

"BLACK FACE, POLICE, BEING SHOT!"

Sc. 1

MPIC: *in comes i*
in comes man playing IAGO/COP ...

nice weather we're having
sure wouldn't be the same without you two
shining lights
i'd have nowhere to go
let me linger over here
and tell you how very very pale i am
i am very very pale

[AN ASIDE]
yes. set that down. she here? yes
what does it look like? silly question

it's always ten leagues further than I'm ever willing to
swim to

someone else is there
let someone else be there

GPD: [GIRL PLAYING DESDEMONA CROSSES TO IAGO/COP]
drop the rock

MPIC: lay down you'll like this
[MUMBLING] the man who came in and saved the man from
himself

GPD: we'll be okay

MPIC: [MUMBLING TALKING TO HIMSELF PISSED OFF]
go to the first place then go to the next place
then go to the place after that. it's all valid

trust me we'll get there

MPO: she's so happy to see you

GPD: help the men same ol'fuckin story

MPO: are you an anchor or another kind of weight

MPIC: people see you here. are you here?
...i love your plants...people chasing fads flock...
to mostly usually mostly mysterious...

GPD: leave him be

MPIC: who you see. why you see them. you understand
flesh floral patterns everywhere and in space

MPO: [SINGING FULL VOICE] HEEEE

MPIC: life is on the line. oh ya i could get invited there

GPD: we play hard

MPIC: 4 keeps
game 4
four four four

ALL: [CHORAL] **[MUSIC***SCORED]**
AN OTHELLO THING
AN OTHELLO THING

MPIC: you won't get that face black i promise

Sc. 2

GPD: books for people

MPIC: books for animals

GPD: books for plants

MPIC: books that plants read

MPO: how do i know i did damage

i see things move that are not there
 but i follow these things for a moment each time
 just long enough to be embarrassed that i am duped
 that what i think i was looking at wasn't even there
 i'm staring at nothing
 so i just learn to live with this

how can i go
 let myself be seen
 every choice i make
 can i go

MPIC: yes you can
 [PAUSE]
 i talked to her and her husband
 her child's father died suddenly in the middle of the night
 he drowned in the sea
 and now the sea creature calls me

ALL: [CHORAL] **[MUSIC***SCORED]**
AN OTHELLO THING
AN OTELLO THING

Sc. 3

GPD: to me this is all bullshit

MPIC: please we'll all have a chance to express our grievances fully
 at a different moment. not now. please.
 now what was it that this woman said to you

MPO: she had red hair and she talked about the red hair
 had a photograph. It was the type of photo that stopped me
 i know how Aborigines feel and you won't believe me
 as we've all given in. photography freezes me!

MPIC: the future's the past DICK!
 what a fuckin DICK!

GPD: you're the DICK

[PAUSE]

MPO: my eyes point out this way
 but what filters through to there
 to what i see is this stream coming from back there...behind me

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MPIC: you're disgusting

MPO: i stole food today

MPIC: [PULLING GIRL PLAYING DESDEMONA ASIDE]
we know you're young
we know you're living at home
we know you're life's a disaster
[SNAPPING TO VIOLENTLY TO MAN PLAYING OTHELLO]
i meant baton not stick

[THEY ARE WHISPERING AND DANCING SLOWLY ARM IN ARM]
[CAN REPEAT AND EXTEND FOR A TIME]
[***SOFT MUSIC-RIFF FROM "OTHELLO THING CHORAL]

MPIC: FUNGO

MPO: FUNGO

MPIC: FUNGO

GPD: i do this so i don't have to do that

MPO: we've been all these places you haven't KIN-CAIDE

MPIC: if you act stupid maybe that's the way everyone likes you
KIN-CAIDE

ALL: [CHORAL] [MUSIC***SCORED]
OTELLO TENG
OTELLO TENG
OTELLO TENGY

Sc. 4

[ALL RUN ABOUT IN AND OUT OF DOORS IN A LOOP AS CHILDREN RUNNING IN A CHURCH AND SHOUTING***LOOPING RADICAL LIGHT MIRROR EFFECT THESE WORDS BOUNCE AND FLASH ALMOST TOO QUICK TO DECIPHER THEY COME AND ARE GONE]

BLACK FACE ———> POLICE ———> BEING SHOT ———>

Sc. 5

MPIC: i'm sorry you're going to have to come downtown
who's the white girl you've got in here with you?
deez dee moinga ?

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MPO: Desdemona

MPIC: deez da madona ?

GPD: Desdemona

[IAGO/COP PULLS OUT REVOLVER]

MPIC: Desdemona! she's playing Desdemona!

GPD: we ain't doin nothin wang!

MPIC: calm down miss

MPO: baby calm down

GPD: don't tell me to fucking calm down this is such BULLSHIT
BOTH OF YOU ARE BULLSHIT

MPIC: restrain your Desdemona or i will for you

MPO: don't lay one finger on Desdemona or so help me God

MPIC: i'm just doin my job everyone calm down

GPD: don't fucking tell me to calm down!

**[GIRL PLAYING DESDEMONA ATTACKS IAGO/COP- MAN PLAYING
OTHELLO INTERCEDES - GIRL PLAYING DESDEMONA IS THROWN TO
THE GROUND. THE TWO MEN ARE IN A STAND OFF AT GUN POINT]**

MPIC: don't do anything stupid and everyone will walk out of here
HAPPY

GPD: **[FROM FLOOR] GRRRRRR!!!**

MPO: **[REACHES FOR CELL PHONE WHILE SPEAKING]** baby please i got this

MPIC: keep your hands where i can see them

[SOUND QUE*SHOTS RING OUT] [MAN PLAYING OTHELLO FALLS TO THE
FLOOR] [GIRL PLAYING DESDEMONA SCREAMS AND LURCHES]
[MAN PLAYING OTHELLO BEGINS CHOKING GIRL PLAYING DESDEMONA]**

get your hands off that girl or i'll fire!

[IAGO/COP EMPTIES REVOLVER INTO ALREADY DYING MAN PLAYING OTHELLO, WHO, WITH HIS LAST BREATH STRANGLES GIRL PLAYING DESDEMONA TO DEATH. THEY ARE NOW BOTH DEAD]

Sc. 6

[IAGO/COP STANDS OVER THE BODIES AND SPEAKS]
[MUMBLING AT FIRST. COMING INTO FOCUS]

MPIC:

whether it's mobile phone work or the work or the speed balls or the cum dirt in your face, something, you have a right ...there's this black man and this young white girl together and they want to do an Othello Thing. no one has the right to deny them this. yes they can say but they can't deny. ya but he's no black man ... sure jesus god you say who comes and goes whose what color

[IAGO/COP SNEEZES] SNEEZE

play dirt. play humor. you have to dance or this heart will kill you. you can't become sleepy. that's death. my eyes. this arm. those feet spreading. has it all been ...

[PULLS RINGING CELL PHONE FROM HIS POCKET] no it hasn't. man in white. yes okay 5pm Santa Monica Pier tomorrow. I'll be there...that would be just fine. Punk. Rock. Edict bullshit swag. when i was saying these things to him i got back this clarity here for me. Oh Ya. good things. he wasn't the man he was in (2). two. DO <=> DO. shit. no those people make me sick. shit. no i'm not going to no no. shit let me. Ya man slit. Ya man let's shit. Ya man slit ya man let's slit. Ya let's slit it slit it ya man. i want you with another type of man. Shit Ya man. we were all in play and that's a good place to be. in play

EPILOGUE

[HOUSE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON]

[ALL STAND]

[SINGING]

[EVENTUALLY AFTER MUCH HAS PASSED ***MUSIC BEGINS]

[THEME #1 VIOLIN]

ALL: *i wanna see people sweat
i wanna see people move
i wanna see people sweat*

*it was shaped like you
hard you
precious you
there's been lives lost too*

*i wanna see people sweat
i wanna see people move*

*slow down
you got to get back
my diamond pressure
to what they were saying
the mediation of the message
you've got to get back*

*i wanna see people sweat
i wanna see people move*

[ALL EXIT]

THE END