

AMERICAN FLY ep. 1 "MAGIC AGENCY" written by Sean Edward Lewis #5 05/15/17

"A ceremony is magical so long as it does not result in effective work but preserves the state of expectancy. In that case the energy is canalized into a new object and produces a new dynamism." (C. J. JUNG, On Psychic Energy 1947)

A MAN IS TAKEN AGAINST HIS WILL, WITH A PILLOW CASE OVER HIS HEAD, TO A PRIVATE GATHERING IN A PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OVERLOOKING THE CITY. THESE GATHERINGS PUT *PSYCHICALLY LOST* PEOPLE ON DISPLAY – ONE PART MAGIC SHOW / ANOTHER PART CULT RECRUITMENT CEREMONY.

DOROTHY ROGERS (PLAYED BY CLAIRE CAMPBELL) & ROBERTSON JONES (PLAYED BY MARK GOWERS) DRAG A DRUGGED AND LOST SIMMS GOMEZ (PLAYED BY SEAN LEWIS) INTO THE PARTY. HIS HANDS ARE BOUND, AND BENEATH THE PILLOW CASE HIS MOUTH HAS BEEN TAPED, AND HIS EYES HAVE BEEN BLINDFOLDED.

THE **MAGIC AGENCY** HAS MANAGED TO MONETIZE THESE *PSYCHIC EXORCISMS* – LIKE AN AMWAY EVENT. THE AGENCY CATCH PHRASE IS "*MAGIC, THE MOTHER OF SCIENCE.*"

ALL ARE DRESSED IN FORMAL ATTAIRE–BLACK AND WHITE FROM HEAD TO TOE.

HIDDEN IN THE CROWD AS A SECRET WEAPON (OR PERHAPS A SHILL) IS THE OWNER/FOUNDER OF THE **MAGIC AGENCY**, AND THE REGENERATOR OF IT'S MOST SECRET AND SHROUDED CODES, PHILLIPS BAKER (PLAYED BY FRED STUART).

***MAGIC AGENCY SOUND AND DESIGN BY ERIC HOEGEMEYER

sc. 1

[LIGHTS OUT, BUT FOR A FEW DIM BULBS ILLUMINATING APARTMENT. DOROTHY AND ROBERTSON DRAG SIMMS INTO THE LOFT PLACING HIM IN A CHAIR FACING THE EVENT ATTENDEES. DRUGGED, HOODED, AND FRIGHTENED SIMMS SHIVERS. ROBERTSON OPENS SLIDER DOOR, LEAVING IT AJAR, HE WALKS OUT ONTO THE TERRACE INSPECTING THE ENVIRONMENT. DOROTHY MEANWHILE, AFTER MAKING SURE SIMMS IS SECURE, GOES INTO THE KITCHEN AND POURS A DRINK]

[A LONG PERIOD OF EMPTINESS]

[MUSIC RISES]

[SINGING IS HEARD ON THE BALCONY]

ROBERTSON: [HE SINGS] *we can gather anywhere... we can gather anywhere
we can say... whatever we want
we can say whatever we want...*

[DOROTHY JOINS IN FROM THE KITCHEN, THEIR VOICES BOUNCING THROUGHOUT APARTMENT,

OVERLAPPING AND RESPONDING TO ONE OTHER]

DOROTHY/ROBERTSON: *we can gather anywhere...we can gather anywhere*
 we can say...whatever we want
 we can say whatever we want...

[ROBERTSON ENTERS FROM TERRACE. HE STANDS NEXT TO SIMMS BOUND IN CHAIR. DOROTHY COMES FROM THE KITCHEN FLANKING ROBERTSON. THEY ARE LOOKING OUTWARDS. DOROTHY MIGHT PUT A HAND ON SIMMS' SHOULDER]

ROBERTSON: WELCOME! To the **MAGIC AGENCY!** *The Mother of Science*
 ...we are all babes

[NEARLY INAUDIBLE AND UNDER HIS BREATH ROBERTSON SINGS]

... we can gather anywhere we can gather anywhere ...
we can say ... whatever we want ... whatever we want ...

Parallel lives. A time traveler. A man in crisis.
He staggers between realities. Where he is and where he *seems* to be, where his life IS, had he not by miracle escaped it

DOROTHY: This person has managed to enter into his imagined/other
 - his fantasy life, and this other, the *real life*, he
 has abandoned.

ROBERTSON: What we have come to realize at the **MAGIC** is -
 as though on a parallel track, this separate life

DOROTHY: is an *ORGANISM*. A concrete thing!

ROBERTSON: an *ORGANISTIC REALITY* Dorothy that would not DIE when it
 was abandoned by Mr. Simms. What we've come to realize at
MAGIC is that this person [INDICATING SIMMS IN CHAIR] has
 been living, exactly as we are describing, (2) lives, and
 in this moment-

DOROTHY: right here and now

ROBERTSON: These (2) *ORGANISTIC REALITIES* have collided. What SIMMS

faces now is can he psychically absorb this collision or will he instead reject it and perish. It's the law in nature and at **MAGIC**, absorb or perish.

DOROTHY: Maybe he's merely schizophrenic ...

[PAUSE]

ROBERTSON: Would somebody please bring me a glass of water?
Please, yes, a simple glass of tap water.

[PHILLIPS BRINGS ROBERTSON A GLASS OF WATER FROM THE KITCHEN]

Thank you. I have a water absorption problem

[**MUSIC RISES*****] [ROBERTSON GOES OUT ONTO THE BALCONY LEAVING DOROTHY ALONE WITH SIMMS. HE STAYS, FOR THE MOST PART, IN VIEW OF THE WINDOW. ROBERTSON LEAVES THE SLIDER DOOR TO THE TERRACE OPEN]

[AN EMPTY EXTENDED TRANSITION. LIGHTS CHANGE]

sc. 2

[DOROTHY GOES TO THE SLIDER DOOR OF THE TERRACE WITH HER BACK TO AUDIENCE]

DOROTHY: simple Robertson simple. i know Dorothy knows
stay here with Robertson. the **MAGIC AGENCY** is the mother.
we are the children. i know. don't let me come any further.
i want to jump

[SILENCE]

[DOROTHY REMAINS WITH BACK TO ROOM STANDING IN THRESHOLD]

[SHE CLOSSES SLIDER DOOR FINALLY AND COMES INTO ROOM NEXT TO SIMMS FOR A MOMENT AND THEN SHE WALKS THROUGH THOSE GATHERED AND CROSSES TO THE KITCHEN]

Fertile invited us here for this

[WITH GLASS OF WATER SHE GOES BACK TO THE SLIDER, OPENS THE DOOR AND ADDRESSES ROBERTSON]

At some point someone walks away from themselves, leaving them-self they go, and this abandoned self keeps on growing, autonomously and simultaneously.

ROBERTSON: [APPROACHES DOROTHY AT THERSHOLD]
with the **MAGIC AGENCY** we seek solutions

DOROTHY: like a coming home party

ROBERTSON: except in the future Dorothy neither place seems like home

DOROTHY: such a downer...

[DOROTHY TURNS BACK INWARD TAKING A FEW STEPS AND STANDS BEHIND THE BOUND AND HOODED SIMMS IN THE CHAIR]

i'm in a future. my eyes glance back to me with loving care
but i am not there where my eyes look
rather in a space beyond there. i wish i could tell myself
where i am and in that instant locate myself with myself

[SIMMS STARTS TO THRASH ABOUT LIKE A CHICK INSIDE AND EGG. DOROTHY BEGINS TO UNBOUND HIM, ROMOVING THE PILLOW CASE, BLINDFOLD, AND TAPE]

my name? what is it?
[WHISPERS IN SIMMS' EAR] *my name is DOROTHY*

SIMMS: hold on i want to write it down
lire head is dire smile at me again sire
soon we'll go inside if it's fun and play a loud drum
in my body that doesn't mean it's in the body.
how do you know if something is in the body?

DOROTHY: you'll start to cry. It becomes more invisible within

something i don't see. Like a kidney

SIMMS: a kidney

DOROTHY: i'll tell you [WHISPERS AGAIN] all we do is good. honest

SIMMS: (ha ha) (he he)

DOROTHY: really

SIMMS: (he-ho)

DOROTHY: don't you believe in magic SIMMS

sc. 3

ROBERTSON: [IN THRESHOLD OF SLIDER TO TERRACE]
want me to recite some Shakespeare
[ENTERING]
say, thank your pain
[PAUSE]
really i mean it
... thank you pain

DOROTHY: *thank you pain*

ROBERTSON: *thank you for making me be open ...*

DOROTHY: *thank you for making me be open*

ROBERTSON: thank you pain for making me open to **MAGIC**

DOROTHY: thank you pain for making me open to **MAGIC**

SIMMS: that's not Shakespeare

DOROTHY: i like watching you when you're humble
[WHISPERS AGAIN IN A STRANGE VOICE TO SIMMS]
in the field of battle where it lives it's simple

[SHE STARTS SINGING] *carry me on i'll go on*

DOROTHY/ROBERTSON: [SINGING]
carry me on i'll go on
carry me on i'll go on
carry me on i'll go on

DOROTHY: **MAGIC** saved me. in the attack, when the thing fell down,
 what do i need to say. i fought for the enemy.
 i stuffed toothpaste up inside a man. a dispenser on my
 knees i prayed to him. outside a 7-11 inside a friends car
 i implicated someone. i want to talk about it

ROBERTSON: not now DOROTHY this is SIMMS' time.
 [WHISPERING TO SIMMS] *you are a special person*

SIMMS: hmm?

ROBERTSON: is there anything you need

SIMMS: there's a lot i need

ROBERTSON: life on duty with the **MAGIC AGENCY**
 [STAGGERS INTO APARTMENT. HE IS INCENCED]
 remember your hit list. remember the catch phrases
 always a fucking answer for these motherfuckers
 they start to hedge, dig harder, they vacillate, pinch more!
 that's how i function, okay! listen to me for a moment! [HE IS
 SCREAMING]

SIMMS: is he okay?

ROBERTSON: this is who i am SIMMS

SIMMS: okay

ROBERTSON: pepper spray in my mouth. pepper spray in my asshole

DOROTHY/ROBERTSON: [CHORAL] every time i see you, it's as if i've never seen you,
 but am seeing you for the first time, again and again

[ROBERTSON GOES INTO THE KITCHEN]

DOROTHY: [TO SIMMS] we want to help you. do you want me to spell it out for you?

SIMMS: yes i would

[DOROTHY RETRIEVES A LARGE PLACARD OF POSTER BOARD AND SOME MARKERS TO MAKE A DRAWING FOR SIMMS]

DOROTHY: Robertson i need your help please

[ROBERTSON COMES IN FROM KITCHEN]

ROBERTSON: SIMMS my goodness. Come let' s all sit on the sofa

DOROTHY: [AN ASIDE]
am i a pawn
this Dorothy that
maybe it's me
i'm a rat [MAKES A FACE]
my eyes scan the room
I don't see anything hopeful
is my **MAGIC** here

ROBERTSON: we can fix this. We can start with what is essential

DOROTHY: you have to become a serious person

ROBERTSON: [MUTTERING BARELY AUDIBLE]
naive infantile baby infant
naive infantile baby infant

SIMMS: naive infantile baby infant

[PAUSE]

[THE THREE REMAIN SITTING ON COUCH TOGETHER]

i like glam soda
glam make-up

glam horror movies
 glamorous Japanese pornography
 glam - chops
 i love glam - chops
 do you too
 yes of course you do
 i don't know why i'm smiling
 i'd like to dip you in my egg

sc. 4

[PHILLIPS BAKER OWNER/FOUNDER OF THE "MAGIC AGENCY" REVEALS HIMSELF SPEAKING FROM THE AUDIENCE]

PHILLIPS: chill out, haha, chill out

[MAKES WAY TO KITCHEN TELLING HIMSELF A STORY HALF UNDER HIS BREATH]

there was this Fassbinder-steak in the fridge 4 hoopie-wigs
 these fellas came over all souped up whistling pig songs
 knuckles in their teeth saliva-tongue weedless-muffins
 got cakes of rough sand in my ball-sacs

[BACK TO ROOM WITH DOROTHY, ROBERTSON, AND SIMMS SITTING ON COUCH TOGETHER]

i'm not being lazy i wanna pitch in. i want to be useful.
 It's the **MAGIC** man...ha ha ha. It's something you'd explain
 to your children years down the line. Which is fine with
 me, i've got lots of children. Isn't that true Simms? God
 bless him. God bless this gathering. Excuse me. It doesn't
 mean shit. This company...okay, I want to be clear so that
 everyone here leaves with a clear idea, if only for
 yourself! As to exactly what the **MAGIC AGENCY** is. I know
 you've read about us. Is there someone here that will risk
 articulating it for us? What **MAGIC** is? Don't be shy.
 Shyness will only leave you isolated and that's what **MAGIC**
 is about. I wish there was a dog in here to lick my toes!

Dorothy please say hello to these people, and in your own words, without leaving any fat on the bones, tell them – what is **MAGIC**?

DOROTHY: magic is that tingly feeling I get every time I make love

SIMMS: good girl

PHILLIPS: now Dorothy, there is a room full of people here who need someone to speak with simplicity and courage

[DOROTHY LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM]

DOROTHY: The **MAGIC AGENCY**... magic is here to help people that are lost between different versions of themselves

PHILLIPS: would you say **DOROTHY** that the **MAGIC AGENCY** helps those that are lost?

DOROTHY: sure

PHILLIPS: thank you **DOROTHY**. Now do you mind if I speak to our man here **SIMMS** in private?

DOROTHY: sure

[DOROTHY AND PHILLIPS EMBRACE. PHILLIPS KISSES DOROTHY ON CHEEK. DOROTHY EXITS OUT ONTO THE TERRACE]

sc. 5

PHILLIPS: that one... she came to **MAGIC** three years ago if it wasn't a day

SIMMS: up yours **PHILLIPS**!

PHILLIPS: [PAUSE] [HE GOES TO SLIDER CLOSSES DOOR THEN RETURNS BACK TO **SIMMS** AND SITS ON THE COUCH OPPOSITE HIM]
...tell us more **SIMMS**, about your experience with the fly

when you were a boy...

SIMMS:

[PAUSE]

It wasn't about the fly. It was about being alone with the fly in that warm room. The dusty window and the eternally long afternoon. And the sun.

buzzz

buzzz

PHILLIPS:

that's it SIMMS be the fly

SIMMS:

buzzz

buzzz

[SIMMS STANDS]

[HE IS BECOMING SOMEONE ELSE]

buzzz

buzzz

what's ever detailed and soft

little fly

buzzz

buzzz

PHILLIPS:

yes SIMMS yes [AN ASIDE] he going into it

SIMMS:

unclean

fly

I got you in my hands

[SIMMS HAS CLASPED HIS HANDS IN A ROUNDED SHAPE ENCLOSING HIS FLY]

[ROBERTSON WALKS IN ABRUPTLY LEAVING SLIDER DOOR OPEN]

PHILLIPS:

close the slider you idiot! Close the slider! You wanna let the goose loose!

SIMMS: he'll get out ROBERTSON
she'll leave
then i'll be alone
...when i'm alone with the fly

PHILLIPS: it's happening. everyone in a line. ROBERTSON get DOROTHY
now!

[ROBERTSON CALLS OUT TO TERRACE FOR DOROTHY WHO RUSHES IN]

Everyone Get in a line. Make a **MAGIC** wall, and if we're
lucky, we can see something that might get us somewhere.

[THEY FORM A LINE-PHILLIPS, ROBERTSON, DOROTHY-
LIKE A SOCCER TEAM DURING A PENALTY SHOT-
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, LOOKING IN TOWARDS SIMMS WHO
REMAINS WITH HIS HANDS CUSPED, HOLDING HIS FLY]

sc. 6

SIMMS: turkey and palm trees a 16'in gray cinder blocks the wall
stained redwood gazebo, bright sunshine, such a warm window

[SIMMS RELEASES HIS HANDS]

i'll let you fly around a little
wall
tap tap
tap tap
it tickles my skin
it's warm today

[SIMMS WITH HIS HANDS CLASPED AGAIN RUNS THEM ALONG THE
WALL TOUCHING DOROTHY, ROBERTSON, AND PHILLIPS.
THEY REMAIN STILL AND UNAFFECTED]

PHILLIPS: stay with it guys don't move whatever he does

[THIS GOES ON FOR A TIME] [MUSIC RISES***]

[SIMMS LOOKS OUT TO ALL PRESENT. HE THEN GOES OUT ONTO BALCONY LEAVING ROBERTSON, PHILLIPS, AND DOROTHY FROZEN IN THEIR WALL]

[SIMMS SPEAKS INTO ON MIC*** FROM BALCONY AMPLIFIED INTO APARTMENT. THE OTHER THREE REMAIN IN THEIR SOCCER WALL]

SIMMS:

glad the duvet is in place
 i'd like some ham please
 you'd like duvet with some ham?
 yes. just wait you and see ol'duvet and me
 my ham and me ol'duvet just wait you and see
uroboross thing some family, something you can't give'em
 [WHISPERING] *there was this dildo sealed pussy loaded up with semen*
 the magazine cover comes out in two days
 THE *MAGIC AGENCY* IN BOLD PRINT
 get outta my office! this isn't an office shit for brains!
 he's lying. don't want to be a liar
 I believed in you until you started making up stories about the
 fly and the boy alone in the room inside your...sit up. Now.
 whose is in charge. say goodbye to SELF. BYE SELF!!
 something that's community. do you see what i am saying?
 yes i see it. does it reflect anything back in you?
 many things are reflected back in me when you talk. that's nice.
 thank you. do you believe me when i say that you're a man that i
 know and love? Yes. i beg, i feel, i wish ceaselessly that i
 could...why are my eyes so tired all the time? why does my skin
 look horrible? write down everything you spend. everything you
 eat. catalog your brain clearly. communicate to us something
 that says you care. other than your own desires. who pays the
 bills. you do

[ENTERING FROM TERRACE]

i heard a fly buzzin by myself in the afternoon
 it was warm and it was one of those big ol'garden flies
 that i loved and it was that fly and me all alone
 in that warm living room a long evening and the big
 window that fly kept bumping against repetitively
 tap tap tap

ROBERTSON: excuse me SIMMS hold that thought...one moment
[ROBERTSON LEAVES PAST AUDIENCE TO BACK OF APARTMENT]
[UNDER HIS BREATH AS HE WALKS]
i'm gonna fuck your penis off
you wouldn't dare fuck my penis off

DOROTHY: SIMMS. i'm from the UK

SIMMS: that's cool

DOROTHY: in the UK we love Robot sluts

[ROBERTSON COMES BACK]

ROBERTSON: can we use the toilet

[NO ONE ANSWERS] [ROBERTSON GOES LEAVES AGAIN HIDING BY THE
FOOD TABLE]

SIMMS: i'm from Miami Florida. my real name is Eduardo Shane
Condor. i'm white, i'm Latin, and i'm American

[ROBERTSON TALKS TO HIMSELF AT THE FOOD TABLE]

ROBERTSON: countless times i've told you you got to be moving towards
something. it has to be understood and defined otherwise
you're just nothing and all can see who care to look that
you're nothing. this is my life you're talking about. well
when it turns to shit you'll know. I really want something
salty. I'm craving something salty

[DOROTHY BEGINS TO SING]

DOROTHY: *magic agency is the company name
when magic agency comes no one is ever the same
that's why we call it mother
our magic mother
magically she made us all*

[ROBERTSON JOINS HE'S BECOMING DRUNK AND BELIGERANT]

DOROTHY/ROBERTSON: *magic agency is the company name
when magic agency comes no one is ever the same
that's why we call it mother
our magic mother
magically she made us all*

SIMMS: what's most stunning is her hair-dew, lemon-lips,
nipples, crayon-felt, bonus-nudes. yes, seemingly,
make sense, i know

DOROTHY: lay down

SIMMS: across the table?

[SHE CLEARS OFF A LARGE SECTION OF THE TABLE SO SIMMS CAN
LIE DOWN UPON IT]

sc. 7

DOROTHY: [WITH SIMMS LYING ON TABLE IN MIDDLE OF THE ROOM]
come inside Eduardo Shane-Condor i want you to understand,
and here you can begin to understand...

PHILLIPS: yes DOROTHY yes... [PHILLIPS WALKS OVER TO DOROTHY WITH
SIMMS LYING ON THE TABLE] We starve, walking proudly in our
winter coats, smells from laboratories, facing a dying nation
[PHILLIPS STARTS SINGING SOFTLY]
listening for the new told lies
Somewhere, inside something there is a rush of
Greatness, who knows what stands in front of
Our lives, I fashion my future on films in space
Silence tells me secretly
Everything
Everything
Manchester, England, England
Across the Atlantic Sea
And I'm a genius, genius
I believe in God
And I believe that God believes in SIMMS!!

SIMMS: that's me!

PHILLIPS / DOROTHY: *Let the sunshine, let the sunshine in*
The sunshine in
Let the sunshine, let the sunshine in
The sunshine in
Let the sunshine, let the sunshine in
The sunshine in

ALL: [ALL GATHERING IN MIDDLE OF ROOM. A CELEBRATION]
Let the sunshine, let the sunshine in
The sunshine in
Let the sunshine, let the sunshine in
The sunshine in
Let the sunshine, let the sunshine in
The sunshine in

THE END