

# THE HAUNTING OF ALVIN COHAN

a dramatic masque

in fifteen scenettas  
of music and words

by

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## main protagonists

Alvin Cohan:	a sleeping individual whose dreams have become manifest
Big C:	the universal and eternal dice player
Dream Weavers:	instruments of crystallisation of existence from the void
Galcron:	head of the galactic controllers
Gordon:	controller of a large and virulent clonage known as the Ghostly Ones
Sogund:	controller of a sect of nature worshippers known as Sunnas, amongst others
Sunnas:	elders, others
Sola:	young Sunna man
Prea:	Partner of Sola and mother of their young infant
Dr Zap:	visiting psychiatrist treating Alvin
Assistant:	Dr Zap's assistant and Vitamiser operator
Zatec & Cian:	disembodied voices of former clonages, now defunct
Thyne:	representative of the Ghostly Ones; lead negotiator of trade mission to deal with Sunnas



character matrix

character	gender	voice	interactions	scenettas	scenetta matrix
					1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
supernaturals					
Big C	m?		dreamweavers(1)?; alvin(2,4,6)gordon(5); sogund(5)	1,2,4,5,6,10,12	
Dream Weaver1	f?		bigC(1)	1,15	
Dream Weaver2	f?		bigC(1)	1,15	
Dream Weaver3	f?		bigC(1)	1,15	
Galcron	m?			8,10,12	
Gordon	m?		alvin(4); sogund(5);	4,5,8,12	
Sogund	M?		alvin(4); gordon(5);	4,5,12	
Cian	f?			8,9,12	
Zatec	m?			8,9,12	
controller1	m?		dreamweavers(15);	3,8,12,15	
controller2	m?			3,8,12,15	
controller3	m?			3,8,12,15	
controller4 (opt)	m?			3,8,12,15	
(controllers)				3,8,12,15	
naturals-now					
Alvin Cohan	m?		bigC(2,6); gordon,sogund(4); dreamweavers(15)	2,4,6,(12),14,15	
Dr Zap	m?		in 14 only	14	
Dr Zap's assistant	f?		in 14 only	14	
naturals-then					
Sola	m		prea(11); elders, thyne(13)	9,11,13	
Prea	f			11	
elder1	m?			7,9,11,13	
elder2	m?			7,9,11	
elder3	m?			7,9,11	
elder4	m?			7,9,11	
scout	m?		elders,sola(7)	7	
(sunnas)	m/f			7,9,11,13	
naturals-thenVariant					
Thyne	m?		elders,sola(13)	13	

## THE HAUNTING OF ALVIN COHAN

scenetta 1	Dream Weavers, Timelessness; Big C.
scenetta 2	Alvin Sleeps; Controllers inspired to clone.
scenetta 3	Controllers clone.
scenetta 4	Gordon attempts manipulation; Sogund discovers.
scenetta 5	Sogund interrogates Gordon.
scenetta 6	Big C shows his colours.
scenetta 7	Sunnas_1 Festive.
scenetta 8	Galcron questions Gordon; Gordon hears voices.
scenetta 9	Sunnas_2 Council of Elders.
scenetta 10	Big C consoles Galcron.
scenetta 11	Sunnas_3 Sola & Prea.
scenetta 12	Gordon & Big C; Voices of past Controllers.
scenetta 13	Sunnas_4 Sola and Elder; Thyne; Conflict.
scenetta 14	Dr Zap and Assistant attempt therapy.
scenetta 15	Alvin wakes; All forget to forget.

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## scenetta 1

### 1.1 Big C & Dreamweavers

[Darkness. A faint pool of green light emerges (SI stage L) which shows a primal, green and rocky place. The Dream-Weavers (DW) are huddled together on the ground, as yet but shapes; parts of the landscape. The voice of Big C is heard, disembodied, ethereal, sonorous and serious.]

Voice of BIG C:

In the time before time,  
When he was young and carefree,  
The figments of my imagination would not be constrained,  
And rhapsody began.

So, phantoms;  
That by power of will would seek to stand alone,  
Each one an alter-ego of my thoughts:  
Choose now your own...(!)

[The green light intensifies becoming strong and vibrant. The Dream Weavers begin to move, waving and swaying, and gradually assume an erect position, though remaining seated.]

DREAM WEAVERS (chorus):

Come dreamers, dream  
Come weavers, weave

With this fabric of the fates  
We'll end the void  
And our eternal stillness  
Touch with time

New-made these thoughts have uttered  
All that is to pass  
Our fancies live

Come dreamers, dream  
Come weavers, weave

Our task complete let destiny play  
From these last strands weave our  
Forgetting song

Come dreamers, weave ...

Come weavers, dream ...



## 1.2 Big C again

[Big C enters wearing top-hat and tails, white skivvy, white gloves and pumps. He is in total control and has that air of supreme arrogance of a complete master]

BIG C (to the audience)

Good evening all...  
.... and everything!

Your host; the Master of these ceremonies;  
I !

Call me fate;  
..or, if that offends ...just Luck !  
For what is in a name?

(he does a pirouette and twirls his hat, musingly)  
(suddenly) Aha!!...

(confronts the audience from the very front of the stage, leans forward and confides)

...perhaps it counts for more than first appears ....

For, at the outset, they - whose weaving NAMED - created nodes,  
whereby parts of the whole may come to be ....  
And so upon each pawn in their eternal dreams  
I'll spin my Die

That nothing be exactly what it seems.

## 2.1 Big C approaches Alvin

[ Alvin is asleep on his bed at the back of the stage. It is quite dark and he is disturbed and restless.

The music depicts his slumber in the form of a nocturne and also alludes to the disquieting dream which is forming, and is seemingly being manipulated by Big C.

Big-C in ethereal, slightly ominous form, wafts darkly across the stage, implicitly haunting the sleeper.

He then exits and the stage and sleeper are darkened.

The Galactic controllers enter in dazed state, moving a little dizzily, having just had a revelation. ]

## 2.2 Galactic controllers

C1: (holding hands up to head) My god!! What a strange idea..

C2: I've just had one too!

C3: Some kind of dream?!

C1: (excitedly) Yes; but with more presence.

C4: A kind of super 3-D.

C2: Listen...

(They remain still as they listen to distant strains of "Cloning"; eyes focussed on the distance)

C3: Now I feel as if I can DO it...

C1: Yes! So do I.

C2: Then let's do it.

C4: (determined) I ... **am going to make one!**

(All turn to watch him as he appears to be entering a kind of trance state.)

C2: (with hushed reverence) Clone?

C1: (looks to C2) Clone!

C3: (comprehendingly echoes the word) Clone.....

3 CLONING

CONTROLLERS:

From out that cold eternal night  
There came the light  
Of inspiration  
And showed a way that we just might  
Achieve at last  
A separation

The deep organic pool our stock  
On which the form  
Was then imprinted  
Each prototype contained the Die  
With which a new one  
Could be minted

A dream is just a dream unless you do it  
There's nothing to it  
If you can Clone

At last the time had come to stir  
the waiting frame  
With animation  
Dividing, leaving half behind  
Become our destined  
Incarnation

A dream is just a dream unless you do it  
There's nothing to it  
If you can Clone

There's just one thing you've got to do  
So thought can seem to start anew  
There's one thing that you have to do  
For all these plans to work for you  
You've got to ..(forget)

scenetta 4

4.1 Gordon sprung

[ The sleeper (AC) sleeps. It is dark and still. He turns restlessly under the influence of disturbing dreams. A single small spotlight on his face, gradually comes up. He stirs, turns on his back, then slowly raises himself to a sitting position, supported on one arm. He stares out to the wings, wide-eyed and unblinking, and his free arm gradually extends until he points accusingly into the darkness. His gaze becomes focussed, brows knit slightly as if puzzled, and mouth opens to speak.

As this happens the chord of forgetting becomes overwhelmingly powerful, sounding in waves. The spot stutters, and with the music, subsides leaving now a dim, muted stage. AC sinks back with a protracted sigh and resumes his very troubled sleep.

In the shadows lurks Gordon in heavy and somewhat clumsy disguise. He now approaches warily and with stealth, carrying a small box from which trail headphone-like electrodes which he carries in the other hand. He circles the sleeper and then approaches closely, placing the box on the floor beside the bed. He gingerly starts to attach the electrodes to the restless, sleeping head.

Suddenly a thin, bright beam from the wings catches him. He looks up guiltily, turns, and grabbing the box, flees in the other direction.

Sogund enters, carrying the light, and breaks into hot pursuit. There is a stylized chase throughout which the bluish light is weirdly pulsating (strobe light) and the sleeper is wildly restless, thrashing about the bed completely messing the covers. He remains asleep throughout.]

## 5.1 Gordon & Sogund

[Sogund has caught Gordon after the chase, and holds him by the upper arm. Both are short of breath as a result of their exertion]

GORDON: Sogund!! I didn't recognise you. Why are you chasing me?  
SOGUND: I am collecting evidence.  
GORDON: Oh! What sort of evidence.  
SOGUND: That you have been using subliminal coercion to erode my authority.  
GORDON: On which subject?  
SOGUND: That one, of course. (He gestures with his thumb towards Alvin)  
GORDON: I'm sorry, but you're wasting your time;  
You see he's one of mine. You have no authority there!  
SOGUND: That's how you'd like it, but Galcron thinks differently.  
GORDON: Oh does he just!? Well He and I hardly ever agree.  
SOGUND: This time you have no option; he has the support of the experiment convenor.  
GORDON: Well I have a good case - one he'll listen to...  
SOGUND: ... as long as he disregards your record!  
GORDON: Why? I have the best survival rating of all controllers...  
SOGUND: ...because you bend the rules.  
GORDON: No! Because I use them creatively..  
SOGUND: But for what??  
Giving them the unstopability of programmed parasites seems to me decidedly lacking in creativity!  
GORDON: But they DO survive.  
SOGUND: So what!  
GORDON: That depends on whether they want to be or not to be!!  
SOGUND: Oh sure... and I suppose you actually offer that choice?  
GORDON: I certainly do; giving that freedom is something I'm very proud of.  
SOGUND: But what if one of them wanted out?  
GORDON: Then I'd have to gently remind him of the penalties, wouldn't I?  
SOGUND: (scathing) You call that freedom then? With threats and manipulation?  
GORDON: Well if they don't choose what I want them too, what else can I do?  
SOGUND: You could give them some REAL choices perhaps; wouldn't that be freedom?  
GORDON: Look! I never said it was total freedom; or even real freedom. I mean there must be limits, mustn't there?  
SOGUND: Only if you're afraid of Big C!  
GORDON: Afraid of Big C??!! You must be joking! How could anyone be afraid of a myth?!!!

## 5.2 Dance Interlude

During the Dance Interlude, Big C removes the Vision Machine from Gordon and exits briskly. Gordon and Sogund remain frozen until the end of the scenetta.

scenetta 6

6 Ritual attaching of vision machine

Sleeper's bedroom. Dimly lit as in scenetta 4, just before the chase. Alvin is quietly sleeping. Big C enters wearing a black mask and dressed in dark clothes. He carries the Vision Machine which he carefully attaches. This is a ritual and is completed ceremoniously. He turns, bows deeply to the audience, then winks impishly and exits

7.1 GLORIA

[Sunnas are gathered in a mood of anticipatory excitement, having heard that the spirits of long dead ancestors are returning and due to arrive. A scout who has been sent to gather intelligence returns with disturbing news]

SUNNAS: (en masse; quasi-religioso)

Gloria! Gloria!  
Praise to the Sun  
Praise to the land and the sea  
That have nurtured us and kept us free  
Gloria! Gloria!

We are the lucky ones  
Time and the seasons have been our friends  
And now is our sacred wish granted  
Lost ancestors, back from beyond  
Their pallid look, source of our bright pleasure  
Fulfilment of our secret dreams

Gloria! Gloria!  
Praise to the spirits of this land  
These ancient rocks, precious streams  
This searing sun and infinite night  
Blest be these gods that smile

Soon shall the messenger return  
With news of their arrival  
With them, the ghostly ones bring  
Our future and our past  
Our joy and hope  
Our life

Praise to the spirits of this peaceful land  
These ancient rocks and precious streams...

[This ecstasy is interrupted by the  
return of the scout in an obviously agitated state]

## 7.2 Elders receive news

SCOUT: (breathless and nearly hysterical) I have seen them coming...

SUNNAS: Gloria! Gloria!  
Blest be these gods...

SCOUT: ....my body trembles....  
my eyes have seen...

SUNNAS: Tell us ALL

SCOUT: ...my heart speeds..

SUNNAS: When shall we be united?

SCOUT: ...and head explodes...

SUNNAS: What is your word?

SCOUT: (burying head in hands. The initial frenzy has passed, leaving him emotionally drained)  
(quietly)...portents of doom ...

SUNNA1: But did you SEE...?

SCOUT: I saw! And now are my eyes tormented!

SUNNA2: Then what is your report?

SCOUT: They come.  
In hatred and in anger  
They know us not, but pillage and destroy  
Usurp our lands and drive us into slavery or flight!

SUNNA3: What horror has the dream revealed?

SUNNA4: How could our hopes so cruelly die

SUNNAS: CURSED BE THE DICE-SPINNER!

FIRST ELDER: Hold your curses!  
Denounce not the foundations of our life;  
For they have led us true since dreams began.  
Look within!  
Counsel the darkest corners of your hearts  
That wisdom and truth may *there* abound.



8.1 Galcron Questions Gordon

[Galcron should be seen to be in a position of higher authority despite what occurs]

GALCRON: Controller Gordon. Just what were you doing there?  
GORDON: Doing?  
GALCRON: Yes.  
GORDON: (suspiciously) What am I accused of?  
GALCRON: There is no accusation; I merely inquire.  
GORDON: (pausing before he speaks) I was observing.  
GALCRON: Only observing?  
GORDON: Yes.  
GALCRON: At such close quarters?  
GORDON: (a little indignant) But I have the right...!  
GALCRON: . . .if you have jurisdiction. There is some doubt there..  
GORDON: (breaking in angrily) Then I have been accused!  
GALCRON: (pacifying) No no! You have NOT been accused.  
GORDON: However... a demarcation claim has been filed.  
GALCRON: Then let's settle it now!  
GORDON: All in good time. First answer my question.  
GALCRON: But it seems so unnecessary; and unless there's an accusation I am not obliged to justify my actions.  
GORDON: (softly, somewhat exasperated) Oh my god..(glances skywards)..  
GALCRON: I did not ask you to justify officially; ... only explain to me.  
GORDON: But I have already told you I was observing; that's all.  
GALCRON: Then why did you have a Vision Machine?  
GORDON: (noticeably paled) Vision Machine?  
GALCRON: (consults sheaf of documents) Were you not in possession of a Vision Machine?  
GORDON: Well.. I do sometimes carry one ..as is my right..!  
GALCRON: And you had a proper permit for its use?  
GORDON: Of course!  
GALCRON: And lodged the mandatory "Declaration of Program Contents" prior to use?  
GORDON: (lies confidently) Absolutely!  
GALCRON: Then why can no record of either permit or declaration be found?  
GORDON: (quite a long pause; then shrugging innocently) System gremlins, perhaps?

[sudden blackout]

[attaca 'Surviving']

8.2 SURVIVING

[Follow Spot on Gordon; Galcron freeze until he recaps his interrogation]

GORDON:

I'm a survivor  
I mean to go on  
I'm a survivor  
I'll sing my own song  
surviving....

Fate's just an idol  
Worshipped by fools  
I'll write my (own) slogans  
Make my own rules  
surviving....

When Lady-Luck smiles  
(Now) don't look away  
Grab cubes in both hands  
And Play! Play! Play!!  
surviving....

Bend with the wind  
Flow with the tide  
Life's a hang-glider  
You've just got to ride  
surviving....

CONTROLLERS:	I'll go on surviving	
GORDON:	WHY?	] loop
CONTROLLERS:	To go on surviving	
GORDON:	WHAT FOR?	
GORDON:	To go on surviving	

[Voices out as instruments fantasize. Disembodied voices overlay]

VOICES of ZATEC & CIAN:	Gordon...
	Gordon...
	Gordon

[As the fantasy continues, Galcron resumes his questions]

GALCRON:	..Why did you fail to hand in your program tapes?
GORDON:	But I did hand them in!
GALCRON:	Then why can no trace of them be found?
GORDON:	(weakly) System gremlins, perhaps....again...?

VOICES:(softly but menacing)	Unexist him!
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Scenetta 9

9.1 Council of Elders

[ Council of Elders Meeting. The Elders are extremely agitated]

E1: What is the reason?  
E3: For their displeasure.  
E1: Such strange behaviour.  
E3: What have we done to earn their rancour?  
E4: Why are we not known to them?  
E2: If them it is .....

E1: Why do they act against our sacred law  
E3: How can we know?  
E2: ....and we have no cause to doubt....

E4: Send one, in truce, to learn our crime?  
E3: Send one to die?  
E2: .....it's been so long expected....

E1: A sacrifice may yet appease?  
E4: No! A potent rite.  
E1: What magic can reach beyond the grave?  
E2: ...but there does exist the....

E3: Our only course is flight.  
E1: No! We must not.  
E3: Why?  
E1: How can we live outside our own lands.  
E2: ...possibility of....

E4: We have our friends.  
E1: But how long would we keep them?  
E3: Only a short stay?  
E1: Unless they are the tools of rivals!  
E4: To drive us out.  
E3: Usurp our land.  
E2: (shouts) ...IMPOSTERS...

E1: And as we run, implant new tenants  
E4: Our mistake...  
E3: Too eager to trust.  
E4: .... our downfall

E2: (hears a noise outside and leaps to his feet)  
Who's there!!  
Come forward... show yourself!  
[Sola moves slowly into the light]

E1: Sola! What are you doing here!

## 9.2 Sola and Elders

SOLA: I must speak.  
E3: Only Elders speak here!  
SOLA: Forgive me; but I cannot wait.  
E2: No-one may break the circle.  
SOLA: Then it is not I, but they that posses me; these phantoms will not be still.

E4: What!  
More dreams!!  
E3: (exasperated) Give us NO more...  
E2: ..that would to nightmares...  
E3&4: No more!!  
SOLA: (begs) I *must* speak.  
E1: Let us listen;  
(after consideration) We should know his phantoms ....  
  
[He looks to the others for support and one by one they indicate assent]  
  
(deliberately) You may speak.

SOLA: Once buried in the night  
These visions now invade each day  
Dark thunder pounds my ears  
And waves of crimson fires  
Roll across these haunted eyes.  
The veil parts;  
And through the mist the ghostly ones parade  
Their smiling faces twisted and grotesque.  
Groping hands, stained deeply red  
Reach out for me.  
Each touch a searing pain as hand explodes my flesh;  
Subsides, as through the wound is sucked  
My life....  
In Death I wake.  
The dream is done.

E1: (quietly) The dream is done....

ELDERS: The die is cast!

scenetta 10

10.1 Big C Consoles Galcron

(Big C consoles Galcron on the irritating nature of Controller Gordon)

BIG C: You mustn't let him get you down, you know.

GALCRON: But why; why is he so bloody pig-headed?  
Everyone else is at least content to live within their limitations, or even just slightly outside them. But not him. Oh no; he wants to be omnipotent..

BIG C: Ah, you know I am not going to permit that!  
(Pauses, thinking that he just might permit it)

So don't let him upset you. Just try and enjoy his little game.

GALCRON: But, if I do that, then how can I maintain harmony amongst the other controllers?

BIG C: (mischievously) Perhaps you can't..!

GALCRON: (puzzled) ... why..not?

BIG C: Well, if destiny decrees.....  
anyhow, don't take it all so seriously.

Besides...(he moves conspiratorially close to Galcron)

...he's not quite all there, you know!

(Points to the side of his head in a gesture indicating insanity, and winks knowingly)

GALCRON: (surprised) Oh, I see. Thanks very much for letting me know!

BIG C: (Moving away, he turns to the audience, then mutters in a voice he knows is just loud enough to be heard)

Though, if that's the case, it might be fun to see how far he can go!!!

11.1 LULLABY, DUET & CHANT

[Prea is alone in a rudimentary dwelling. It is dark all around, but in the shadows at the back of the stage can just be discerned the bed of the sleeper disguised as a child's crib]

PREA: (sings a lullaby)

O Sorrow, weary little one  
O helpless and ill-fated child  
Our succour, land and life are gone  
And we must perish in the wild!  
O Sorrow, Sorrow...

(she hears a noise outside)

(Nervously):

Sola? Is that you??

(Sola enters and embraces her)

SOLA: (exhausted and emotionally drained) I've seen them.

PREA: Would they listen?

SOLA: Well; they heard me: but they already knew.

PREA: So what will they do?

SOLA: (quickly) What can they do?! (more reflective) What can we do?

PREA: (quietly, with mounting confidence) Only accept our fate...

SOLA: Doomed by our own perfection!

PREA: (religiously)

.... with inner light..

(!!!)

(Sola senses Prea's peace and strength and is immediately comforted. Despair evaporates; love remains)

PREA & SOLA: (sing together)

Filled with the love we have known  
For Sola(Prea), for Sola(Prea)  
Lost in the power of creation's hand  
Framed by the beauty of this land  
Shared with you .....

(Sola and Prea remain transported as the light dims. Off-stage the Sunnas can be heard chanting psyche-purifying ritual music)

SUNNAS: (chant)

I know when moons shall wane and bream shall bite.  
And, darkly, swans from far will cross the sea.  
When flowers will  
spring, and summer smile,  
Or wintery tempests rend the towering trees.  
The old men taught me when to look for these;  
But none could teach me when to look for death.

## 12.1 ENSEMBLE, BALLET & GRIND

(Gordon is centre stage, musing. This is in the form of an introspective soliloquy and he is unaware of the appearance of BIG C, who does a teasing dance around him. He sings in quasi-incantating style)

GORDON: I'll go on surviving; to go on.....surviving to go on....  
BIG C: Let nothing be...  
GORDON: .. to go on...  
BIG C: ...exactly what it seems  
GORDON: ... surviving...

VOICES OF Z & C:

Gordon....  
Gordon....  
Gordon...

GORDON: Who's there?  
VOICES: We are the ghosts of your victims.  
GORDON: (worried) Hallucination?  
VOICES: We are the undead.  
GORDON: Intoxication?!  
VOICES: (low, unearthly moans) oh.....oh.....  
GORDON: (softly) Imagination???

[Each speaker enters at his first words, then remains]

SOGUND: Investigation!  
CONTROLLERS: Violation!  
GORDON: Justification!  
GALCRON: INTERROGATION!  
ZATEC & CIAN: Victimisation!  
CONTROLLERS: Deviation!  
SOGUND: Machination!  
GORDON: Rectification!  
GALCRON: COGITATION!  
ZATEC & CIAN: Exploitation!  
BIG C: Randomisation!  
SOGUND: Aggravation!  
CONTROLLERS: Indoctrination!  
GORDON: Prolongation!  
GALCRON: DELIBERATION!  
CONTROLLERS: Manipulation!  
SOGUND: Compensation!  
ZATEC & CIAN: (softly) Annihilation!  
GORDON: (shouts) Resignation!  
GALCRON: ADJUDICATION!  
SOGUND & CONTROLLERS: EXTIRPATION!!!

GORDON: (pleading) Extenuation?!?

(He turns and points accusingly at Big C. All freeze except Big C)

BIG C: TRANSMOGRIFICATION!!

(blackout)





13.1 Sunnas

[Morning. Sunnas are assembled in loose groups. The Elders are together talking amongst themselves; separated but not separate from the others. Sola enters and approaches them]

SOLA: Is it true then? Not even a fight??  
ELDER1: Fight? But we have not been attacked.  
SOLA: Not yet; but it will come...  
ELDER1: *Then* shall we act.  
SOLA: When it's too late!!  
We must fight now to save everything we have! To wait is to die.  
ELDER1: But how can we save what has not been threatened?  
SOLA: You have heard...  
ELDER1: ...I've heard reports and rumours...  
SOLA: Then seize the chance now!!  
ELDER1: I will not sacrifice our honour!  
SOLA: Honour?!!  
You talk of honour when you are ready to destroy our existence by your inaction.  
What hypocrisy!  
ELDER1: Sola; what do you mean by our existence?  
SOLA: (scathingly) You know what I mean, old one; look around you  
... take a good, last look at the fount of our whole existence.  
(gestures with arm to indicate vastness)...all this...  
ELDER1: (sharply) This is nothing!!!  
SOLA: (incensed) Nothing???  
ELDER1: ...but earth and water invested with the Dream Spirit.  
Even though they sustain our life;  
though we may love them as our friends, they are not our existence.  
SOLA: (disbelieving and confused) What are you saying??  
ELDER1: This is existence. (Points to head)  
Only here, in illusion's realm, can there be no illusions.  
If honour and truth do not flourish there then all is lost.  
I know your doubts, Sola; but keep searching and time will unravel the knots.  
Accept everything but believe nothing ....(!!!)  
SOLA: (clearly unimpressed by the deep philosophical meaning, and disgusted by the absurdity, of the Elder's statement,  
exits angrily, muttering)  
What crap!

[Orchestral interlude announcing the arrival of Thyne & his party. Sunnas wait quietly nervous.]

## 13.2 Thyne meets the Sunnas

THYNE:                   Peace; we come in peace.  
(He looks around and sees the first Elder who has moved slightly towards him).  
Are you in charge?

ELDER1:                 What do you want?

THYNE:                 We have come to trade for this land. Our pastoral empire will be the biggest and best, but we need much land.  
We will give a most generous price for these tracts.

ELDER1:                 Then you must look elsewhere. Our land is not for trade.

THYNE:                 No, this is where we will be.  
We have come a long way and have no wish to move again. BUT; you people can easily pack and leave...so few possessions; there would be little inconvenience;...or stay and work for us.

ELDER1:                 Our land is our life! It is a sacred gift from the Sun Spirit.  
We are the chosen custodians.  
The life we draw from it must always belong to it, and if necessary, be returned to it.  
You ask our extinction for your convenience??

THYNE:                 But we will teach you new and better ways. After all, this is no life for civilised beings.  
With work for you all, your lives will have Meaning!

ELDER1:                 Your youth gives you boldness of belief in your own righteousness, and hides from your misty, blinkered gaze, the emptiness, for which you have all but given all. So, fledgeling, speak no more of land. Leave now, as you came.

THYNE:                 (threateningly) Old man; if you reject our generosity be warned: we will take what we want!

ELDER1:                 So be it! Then will the blood fall upon your children's children!

THYNE:                 Spare us the empty threats. (He reaches for his pistol). We'll have our land ....

SOLA:                   (leaping forward, clutching a knife) Die!!!  
(A muffled scream rather than a clear word. He lunges at Thyne, wounding him. During the ensuing struggle Thyne fires a shot which stops Sola, then flees. The Sunnas gather round in stunned disbelief. The light fades and they freeze until it is totally dark. Scene changes without curtain.)

### Interlude

[Grief shocked Prea cradles Sola's body.  
Silent grief. Dark light. All is very still; timeless.  
A moment frozen in time]

14.1 PLUG HIM IN

[Alvin sleeps on a high hospital bed. All is sterile; white. Dr. Zap & his assistant are on their hospital rounds and enter wearing white coats. The assistant carries a clip-board with diagnostic sheets on it]

DR ZAP: (cheerily; with broad smile and repulsively saccharine bedside manner)  
Good morning Alvin. And how are we today then?  
(there is no response)  
Just look at this beautiful morning!!  
(He gestures to an imaginary window. Again, no response)  
O.K., let's have a look at you. (He checks Alvin's eyes and takes his pulse)

ASSISTANT: How is he today?

DR ZAP: Still no change.

But I feel we're making some progress.

After all, he's had a nasty scare so we can't expect miracles.

ASSISTANT: A most unpleasant dream by all accounts!

DR ZAP: Oh yes, indeed! That's why he needs all this ....

(gestures towards the electrodes he is about to attach)

ASSISTANT: Time for ... ?

DR ZAP: Yes!! (he wrings his hands gleefully in anticipation)

... Yes...(becoming more demonically excited)

...YES!

...Let's...

[Zap is joined by all controllers for the choruses]

CHORUS

Plug him in  
Turn him on  
Give him the necessary  
Will to go on...

[The assistant leaves, and shortly returns pushing a trolley on which is carried a Vision Machine. He proceeds to the bed and powers-up, then attaches the electrodes to Alvin's head]

SOLO [DR ZAP shadowed at the octave by another voice, quasi echo]

Re-writing the past  
By electrical means  
Out of mind, out of sight  
And right out of dreams

CHORUS

Plug him in  
Turn him on  
Give him the necessary  
Will to go on....

15.1 FINE PRINT

[The unconscious Alvin is in the background, still in his hospital bed. When he speaks(sings) his words are ethereal and come from off-stage. Dream Weavers and Controllers participate in the chorus, together with the rest of the cast, all of whom appear as shop-dummies, gender-neutral and moving trance-like and somewhat jerkily]

ALL: Your contract is over  
Its time for Recall  
Your script lies exhausted  
You've been through it all  
    You read every line  
    And caught every cue  
    Embraced each encounter  
    As if it were new

It all seemed so real, with never a hint  
That "It's all in the mind, you know,"  
Reads the Fine Print.

ALVIN: Just where does the truth lie?  
What can be believed?  
DREAM WEAVERS: Only in Knowing  
Can that be perceived.  
ALVIN: Then what has this life meant  
What have I achieved?  
DREAM WEAVERS: It's only for living  
ALVIN: I am SO relieved

ALVIN & DREAM WEAVERS: (But) it all seemed so real, with never a hint  
That "It's all in the mind, you know"  
Reads the Fine Print.

ALL: Dreams have been played  
And dialogue spoken  
Sleep feels like waking  
Until you've been woken  
    Restore all the memories  
    Of whom you're begotten  
    Awake and arise!  
    Forget you'd forgotten!

It all seemed so real, with never a hint  
That "It's all in the mind, you know"  
Reads the Fine Print.