

SAY MY NAME

An immersive Theater Performance

In

The Terminal of the Unknown

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Originally written in English

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Say My Name is a polydrama, an immersive theatrical experience with multiple characters that interact between them and the audience. Everyone is free to follow or unfollow any character they choose to, at any point in time.

Time - Undefined

Place - The After World in a terminal that seems half abandoned and half broken, with elements growing from within its walls and floors, as if invading the space. The terminal is composed of multiple rooms. The audience is free to explore the different spaces and to follow specific characters and scenes.

The main terminal room: a large space, reminiscent of an old airport terminal, with several chairs.

- **The Lost&Found area: the place to find any item that was lost during one's lifetime. Composed of objects and items from different places, time and eras**
- **The room of the present: a one time only five minute glimpse at one's life on earth after we have passed on.**
- **Eve's area: an area where nature has grown and merged with the furniture of the terminal.**

Characters Description:

Eve (970 years old) - Has been here for eternity. An old feminist, carries her guilt as a sinner and her inability to have stood up for her freedom of choice; she is deeply blaming herself for the death of her child Abel by her other son, Cain. Eve rubs her skin till it becomes a real scratching of her own skin as she becomes more troubled by her own guilt.

Steward (ageless) - extravagant character who guides the crowd; Loves music and lives by their lyrics. Changes outfits often and uses his manual to guide the newcomers. His smiles and desire to help others, hides twisted viciousness.

Ben (20's) - young dancer who committed suicide and son of Anna. A selfish narcissist, admired by his mother, Anna, until her death..

Anna (50's) - Mother of Ohad and believer in the existence of God Has lived her whole life through her son and waiting for him at the terminal is what holds her there.

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Tara (mid 20's) - A social influencer, certain that this is the trip of her life until she understands otherwise. She is desperately looking for her lost identity and her mother in order to find closure. Smart, impressive and a little self destructive.

Newton (80's) - The known scientist, introvert, loner, who is on a constant quest to discover more equations, particularly the one on love. An introvert who never recovered from his mother's abandonment.

Scene 1

[All audience is together]

Location: Check-in

During ticket sales and online registration, audience names will be collected. They will be requested to come with comfortable shoes and be updated that they need to store their personal belongings in lockers, where they will remain throughout the entire performance. Their phone will remain on them but inaccessible, on airplane mode and stored in special bags that they carry around.

On the day of the performance, at the check-in line, production staff will help attendees part with their bags and store their mobile phones in bags. All this will be done quietly and calmly.

Among the audience, and unknown to the attendees, there will also be several actors who will function partly as assistants and partly as attendees.

Tara is one of the attendees. She's a twenty-something influencer who believes she's so high on drugs she took that evening, that everything she sees around her

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is just part of her wild hallucination. She hands over her handbag but realizes she can't find her phone; she looks around, on the floor, asks people if they've seen her mobile, and slowly becomes troubled by the thought that she's lost her phone.

Tara: No way. I had it on me.... Excuse me, have you seen a phone by any chance? It's red with a pompom.... You can't miss it. No?... What about you? Seen a phone by any chance? *[She asks one of the assistants]*

Steward: Don't worry, really don't worry. I'm sure we'll find it. It's not lost and in a safe place no matter what. Please remove worry from your heart. Enjoy the experience!

[In a single line, one after another, the audience enters the terminal.]

Scene 2

[All audience is together]

Location: Terminal Entrance

As they pass through the doors, the audience is greeted by the Steward, who gives each person a small empty paper bag containing nothing but air.

Steward: Please. Hold this throughout your journey.

Take your time. Please try to start with the same foot as the person in front of you. Have a pleasant journey, my dear.

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The lighting in the room they enter is dim and mysteriously hazy. Silence falls in the room, nothing is heard except perhaps the sound of a gong, so the audience finds themselves walking as if in meditation. The sand bag they hold slowly empties, leaving a trail of sand that others walk on.

Tara's turn arrives. The Steward extends a sand bag to her with a big smile.

Tara to Steward: Really?! Start up nation and this is what you're giving me?! What am I supposed to do with this?!

Steward: Just start walking on the path, my dear... [He cuts her bag]

Tara begins to follow the person in front of her.

At the end of this long walk, everyone's bags are empty. They enter the waiting room of the terminal. The terminal isn't empty. There are already people waiting, welcoming them. Their identities aren't fully distinguishable, but they seem relaxed and pleasant.

Scene 3

[All audience is together] Location: The Main Terminal

Anna examines different people in the audience closely and arranges them in a pile. As the audience sits in unmarked seats, Eve remains hidden in her area, but we can feel her presence. Newton moves around, looking at people and writing in his notebook.

Anna collects the empty sand bags, arranges and cleans up the place.

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Tara: You're a dream catcher?

Anna: No- *[takes her bag]*

Tara: What exactly are you collecting?!

Anna doesn't answer.

Tara *[taking one of the bags]*: Empty... used... disposable... trash...

Anna: Nothing goes to waste.

Anna continues on, collecting all the bags she can carry. She walks toward an area dense with empty bags, adds them to the pile, and returns to collect more.

Entrance doors close with a loud sound

All the veterans characters tense up -

The Steward, now dressed as a captain from "The Love Boat," joins to welcome the new guests.

Anna looks closely at the faces in the audience; Eve looks from afar at the new crop that came in; Newton writes new statistical notes to himself.

Center of the room is light

Steward: Voilà – just like ravens they close... suddenly. And... that's it... it's over.

Newton *to someone else in the audience* : No!! Don't move!... Here. Here. Here. Yes?! Does the gentleman understand?... Here.

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Steward: Nice to meet you, I'm your steward! 'Master of the house,' 'Your trusted man,' 'Your right hand, or left...' Call me whatever you like. What's important is that I'm at your service for anything and everything. Everything you need or may need to know - *[he gestures to his binder/notebook]* - is here, all written in this book! Please sit... anywhere...

Eve: Or everywhere.

Steward: Just sit, make yourselves comfortable. Relax... let's start and shake off this stiffness.

Newton: Rigor mortis.

Tara: Rick what??

Anna: Rigor mortis.

Tara: Rigor and mortis?

Newton: Place of death?

Tara: What?

[Tara finds herself a chair. When she sits she bumps her leg]

Tara: Ouch! That hurt..... *[gently pinches the person next to her]* - Did that hurt you too? What did you take? *[laughs]* Oh gosh, heavy aren't you?...

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Newton *[to someone else in the audience]*: ...Here. Here. Does the gentleman understand?... Here. Here.

Newton continues writing notes.

Steward: Now that we're here together, we have time to relax, feel comfortable, take time to examine every detail of your lives.

Newton: Not necessarily.

Steward: ...At your disposal is an infinite tray of experiences, full of wonderful flavors.

VO: Alex Mark *(another door suddenly opens) Someone (crew member) stands.*

Steward: Wow, that was quick.

Anna: Very. Is there and Alex here?

Alex Mark (crew member) stands

Anna: sorry. It happens sometimes; just like that. very quickly. Sorry.

Steward: This way. *(shows Alex Mark the way to the open doors)*

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VO: Alex Mark [*Alex Mark exits (door closing)*]

Anna to Steward or Eva: He was here for such a short moment. So brief. What's his story?

Tara - [*to someone else in the audience*] : Everything's moving here... even the trees, look... and the rainbow...

Steward: [*to an audience member*] - Darling, take that grayness off your face!... This is just... another stage...

Tara: Wow... you're done... you're all completely done...

Steward: Not at all. Not at all!

Tara: Are we all supposed to take in whatever you tell us?

Steward: Like they have a choice!

Newton: Depends on the equation...

Steward: You're all here with us, and we celebrate the transition...

[*to audience member*] What was your song? The song that made you fly back in time to a moment of yourself, a moment that you'd really want to feel again? What was the song at your funeral? - *To Tara*- What about you? What was your song?

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Tara: What are you talking about?

Steward: What was the song of your grand finale? Stairway to Heaven?! No?

Tara: No. Really, no.

Steward: A bit schmaltzy/cheesy but perfect. You need to plan these things, you know... how you leave is just as important as how you lived...And what you leave behind. We need music at funerals, don't we?!

Newton *dances a few steps along the Steward*: Four quarters, waltz, six eighths?

Steward: Beautiful, beautiful!... Ok! Let's play a little game to break the ice. All the people sitting on red chairs come to the center with your chairs... yes, please... everyone in the middle.

[About 5 to 6 people from the audience need to come to the center of the room with their chairs, including Tara herself. The Steward and Anna help them arrange the chairs in two rows back to back.]

Steward to Tara: Come on darling! You're on a red chair! Come, come... go with the flow! *[He pulls Tara from her chair to participate.]*

[To someone else from the audience] Come on, you too, yes, you, what's the worst thing that could happen? You'll laugh a little or make a fool of yourself...either way you can't die of it.

Now everyone please stand - *[The Steward removes one red chair from the row]* - when I start the music, you circle around these chairs, and when I stop... well, you all surely know the game "Musical Chairs"... you need to find a chair to sit on. Come on, let's see you loosening up a bit... feel free to move to any beat.

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Tara: Are you for real?!

Eve: He's definitely real.

Steward: Opens his binder/notebook and taps on it - Music!

(Music starts as he touches his book as if everything was controlled with it)

Scene 4

Location: The Main Terminal

Newton moves and arranges, counts, writes down notes... Eve continues to stare at the new people making them feel unease. The Steward increases the volume of the music (surprisingly, it's not happy and upbeat music, there's something dark about it). The people in the audience circle around the chairs for the musical chairs game. When the Steward stops the music by pressing on the book, the audience tries to sit quickly, but one person from the audience remains standing. The Steward approaches them.

Steward: Hi dear.... Here comes our first moment in the spotlight! Tell me, would you tell us your full name?

Audience1: (says their name)

Steward to audience: "Say welcome to Audience1"!!

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Part of audience/actors: Welcome "Audience1"

Steward: I would like to say I am sorry that you are here, but, no! We're happy to have you here among us! *[to the audience]* Aren't we?!

[Audience reacts or not]

Steward: Tell me, where were you before you came here?

Newton: Latitude?

[Audience reacts or not]

Steward: [improv]: What did you use to do on Saturday mornings? The first thing you did when you woke up?

Audience1: Answers questions/or doesn't know what to say

Steward: [Improv] Darling, thank you for sharing. Let's do another round! Ready?...And music! *[Music starts and begins a new round of musical chairs game]*

[Stewards presses on his book and stops the music]

Tara to Steward: I don't know what you're on, but I want whatever you took!

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Steward: Darling, why don't you share your beautiful name with all of us here?

Tara is about to say something, but then stops and doesn't answer. She stares back at the Steward, frozen and silent, without a chair to hold onto.

Tara:...

Steward: Oh sweetie... she's shy... come on really, it's not that hard, just a few syllables?...

Tara looks at the Steward lost and completely frightened, unable to get a word out.

Anna: It's okay. I'm sure we'll love whatever you tell us.

Steward: Honey... if I may say honey... yes? What's your name?

Tara tries to find a way out.

Steward: What are you doing?

Newton: Stop changing places! You can't do that here! No! Forbidden!

Tara: I got the jist. Now let me out!

Anna: But you just arrived...

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Newton *to audience*: Please return to your place...

Tara: What place?

Steward: Oh darling, you can't leave us now!

Eva: Not that way...

Anna: You don't decide when to leave.

Tara: Open this fucking... door.

The Steward *goes to calm Tara*: Give it a chance! It's not that bad, I promise you.

Tara: Let me out of here!!

Anna: I promise you that...

Tara: Let me out!! Now!

Eve: Now, now now

Newton: Not in the realm of possibilities.

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Steward: Really... it only gets better from here.

Tara: Who are you people anyway?!?! Let me out.

Steward: This is exactly why we have our little meeting when everyone arrives, darling. This way we'll get to know each other, and this way you'll get a full update on everything you need to know to adjust here and not fall into hysteria...

You just need to calm down a bit.

[Eve, the Steward, Newton and Anna gather in front of the frightened Tara]

Tara: What is this!!!? All of this!

Eve: A true work of art!

[Newton scribbles the answer, writes and talks to himself.]

Tara doesn't know how to contain this information.

Anna: I think all this is a bit too much for her right now.

Eve: No, no

Steward: Ladies, one at a time please - *[to Tara]* - what's wrong?

Tara:

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Steward: What?... You don't remember your name?

[Tara confirms]

Anna to Eve: How can she not remember her name?

Newton: Occurrence number 1439

Anna: But how is that possible? Oh, that's terrible...

Steward: People forget all sorts of things when they arrive here, sometimes even themselves. It's quite a big transition. Come dear, *[he approaches someone sitting in the audience]* - can you let her sit here, please?

Newton: No, don't move.

Steward: ...Thank you. [to Tara] Comfortable now?

Anna: She doesn't look good.

Steward: Let's change the atmosphere a bit

Anna: She really doesn't look well. I'll go get her something nice

Before she exits the area, Anna invites someone from the audience to keep an eye on new arrivals, and this happens every time she leaves the place.

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Tara to herself: What is all this?!!! What is it?... Where am I? Where...?

To everyone's surprise, including himself, Ben lands through a different open window/or staircase from the one the crowd entered from.

Newton: Unexpected element in terms of place and time... latitude?

Ben: Uhm... sorr... sorry... what time is it?

Steward: 4:67

Newton: Relatively speaking. Latitude?

Ben: What?

Newton: Precision, humanity strives for precision.

Ben: What was the time before I... before I landed... here.....

Steward: 4:66. What difference does it make?

Ben: Where am I?

Steward: In the terminal!

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Ben: The terminal... ah... thank you. *[Ben again to Steward]*: I, excuse me, I just think I'm in the wrong place...

Steward: Why?

Ben: I... I jumped from the 17th floor.

Tara: He jumped

Ben: *[He touches his body]* - I exploded... into a million pieces...

Tara: Wow...

Ben: I broke into atoms.. free, finally...

Eve: Freeeeeeee...

Ben: ...all the cells floating in the air... release... complete release of everything... a long exhale into... nothingness... all this body... all this pain... years of being something, someone...

Tara: Oh, Wow...

Ben: Dancing, trying to feel alive... my final gesture - bringing every cell in my body to plunge to its death... nothing mattered anymore...

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Tara: You're quite in one piece for someone who exploded into pieces.

Eve: Probably not a good day to die.

Ben: I'm supposed to be dead, right?!... Dead... I chose to jump! So what is all this!

Tara: What is all this?

Ben: Why do I feel?

Tara: Why does one feel?

Ben: Can't one die in peace?!

Tara: What kind of peace?!

Ben: Isn't there some freedom of choice in death?!...

Newton: There is no... choice...

Ben: Why am I here?

Tara: Why am I here?

Steward: Well, because you're dead.

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Steward: Logical / Newton: Logical

Ben: No!!! Absolutely not!

Tara: Why did he come from there?

Ben: This was supposed to be the end, wasn't it?!.. *[terrified]* I was done with everything, I chose to end it, and I jumped.

Tara: Why did he come from there?

Ben: Enough, doesn't it end... ever?

Newton: From a linear and orderly succession of instants..

Steward: ...listen dear, he committed suicide.

Tara: What?

Steward: You came through the main entrance. A regular death, like most people. But he committed suicide; self-determined exit, that's all.

Ben: Through the main entrance?

Steward: The red carpet is rolled out there.

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Newton: For now.

Steward: Yes! Until the next big bang. Right, Eve!?

Ben: I messed up the choreography of my life. And I jumped... ..I wasn't supposed to be anywhere, anymore... nowhere! ...why am I here?

Newton: Zero beat.

Tara: So why is he here?

Ben: Why am I here?

Steward: Because this is the terminal of the afterlife. You've joined us! You've all passed through the gate and joined us all here for the next stage of your life...

Ben: Is this a joke?!!

Tara: This is a joke!

Steward: No, no, no... you're completely dead! It doesn't get much further than this...!

Ben starts running away.

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Tara: Dead? He's dead?! Dead? Completely?... Gone, no more...

Steward: *(to Ben)* No! No! Don't go there!... that way is infinite... ouch, we lost him.

[Ben disappears into the corridors.]

[Newton is disappointed he couldn't take notes/responses from him. He writes, steps backward, stumbles and sits.]

Tara: What does it mean the terminal of the afterlife, what??...

Steward: ...Well, he'll have to get updated on the details later. Shall we continue?

[Tara faints.]

Steward: What now?!!!

Newton *[Newton is in a state of frozen panic]*: Occurrence # 1842

Steward and Eve approach Tara.

Steward to audience: Are you a doctor? Is there someone here who can help? Is there a doctor in this hall?! Is there a doctor in this hall?! *[Gently shakes Tara.]*
[Sprinkles water on her face] - Darling, darliiiiing, honey...

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[Tara wakes up.]

Tara: What is this?!!! Why are you still here?!

Steward: Oh sweetie, We are all together in this aftermath!

[When he finishes the sentence, Tara faints again.]

Steward: Come on... wake up honey... she's just in a state of shock. It takes time to die.

Eve: It takes time to accept the dying part of your life.

Newton: Inevitably!

[The Steward lifts her, and she faints again on the floor.]

Tara *as she wakes up*: Why are you looking at me like that?! Disappear, evaporate, go!

[Tara starts crawling on the floor]

Steward: Well, this is really not nice.

Tara: I don't want to see you! I don't want to be here!

Steward: Who does? A cliché, but so true!

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Tara: Why would I be here, in this ugly room, with you!

Steward: Another cliché, but life isn't fair.

Newton: Neither is death.

Eve: Death is like waking up from sleep.

Newton: Socrates that he said.

Tara: I pinch (*pinches herself*) and it hurts! I hear you, and it annoys me!... If I were dead, I'd know it! This is just a bad trip... a bad, bad trip...so bad...

Newton: For every action, a reaction. Action, reaction... Does she understand?

Steward: Darling, everyone here died one way or another. There are no mistakes in this place! *[to the audience]* - Right? This is the part of the after-life of your lives.

[Anna returns inside with something for Tara. On the way she asks if someone came but the Steward shows her Tara's miserable state.]

Anna: What happened to her?

Tara: I don't even remember dying!!

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Anna: Poor thing...

Eve: You can remember the feeling of the experience, but not the experience itself....

Anna to Tara: Do you remember what you did before coming here?

Eve: Was it a good day to die?

Anna: As if there's such a thing.

Eve to Tara: Was it or wasn't it?

Anna: Eve... maybe not now!

Steward: Stop! You're scaring her and she's already in post-trauma!

Eve (*to audience*): Was it a good day for you?

Steward to Tara: I know you're scared, but I promise your memory will return, slowly but surely

Newton: Particle by particle.

Steward: And remember that I'm here for you.

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Anna: Me too.

Tara *[pointing to the audience]*: Soooo... they too... are dead? Everyone... here....

Steward: Of course! Everyone here has crossed to the other side.

Tara: Everyone here is dead?!

Anna: Yes, darling.

Tara: ...And everyone who ever died comes here?

Anna: Must pass through here.

Tara: To this terminal?

Newton: With certainty.

Tara: So where are they? *[Newton and the Steward start to disperse in the space]*

Steward: Who?!..

Anna: Are you looking for someone specific?

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[Tara nods]

Steward: The person you're looking for is... dead, right?

[Tara nods]

Anna: Then they're surely somewhere here...

Tara: Ah...

Anna: Unless...

Tara: Unless what?

Steward: ...Unless... unless... you're the last person who remembers them, their name, who they were...

Tara: So what happens if I'm the last person who remembers them?

Steward: If their memory lives in you and only in you... then... you understand, that person needs to move on...

Anna: Like that person. The one who was called to pass...

Newton: Alex Mark

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Anna: Yes, exactly.

Newton *[to someone else in the audience]*: Move up one! No, no!! Right... here. Here.

Steward: Look, not everyone is like Eve... After all, she's stuck here until the next big bang! Everyone knows her. She's a celeb!

[improv - Steward turns to audience one by one]: You. Are you a criminal? Notorious? Were you loved? Coupled or adulterers?.. Do you think they remember you there? Who? Why? How do they remember you? Why do they remember you?... Wonder how long they'll remember you...

[to audience]: You... I think you're stuck here for a while! People don't forget these things so quickly!

[to someone else in the audience] - What about you? Famous for something? Sounds like you're kind of a "has been", so it won't take long

Newton **IMPROV** to audience member: Which latitude is thou from?... Your country, sir! Every entry is documented; every entry, every exit!

[Tara again on the verge of tears.]

Anna to Tara: It's okay... everything will be okay...

Tara: So not everyone is here?

Anna: Who are you looking for?

Tara: My mother...

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Anna: Of course you're looking for her...

Tara: I need my mother... Where is she? - How do I find her?... Please... help me find her...

Anna: None forgets their mother!

The Steward *checks his notebook*: According to the instructions...

Tara: Forget about the instructions!! Where can I find her?!!!

Newton IMPROV - *to someone else in the audience* - No!! Don't move. Don't pass this. Thou Understand? Yes?!

Anna: ...You understand why I'm waiting here (*goes towards her waiting area and arranges and cleans up the surrounding*)?! I don't want to miss him!... How will we laugh about the pain of parting when we meet again! What is your mother's name?

Tara: What?

Anna: Your mother's name.

[Tara's head spins. She sits back down.]

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Steward: You don't remember her name either?... Oh God, this is going to be difficult...

Tara: I don't...

Anna: Oh...

Newton: Probably better this way.

Steward: Do you remember how you died?

Tara: No... I don't! I don't remember anything...

Steward to audience: Do you remember? *[Audience response or not] (improvises based on audience response)* Well at least you remember your own names, right?

Anna: Try to remember... try...

Tara: I remember... her face... how she was connected to all sorts of machines... how she looked at me in the hospital... I felt like she was comforting me... But that day when I entered the room, she closed her eyes... she closed her eyes and I wasn't beside her... I wasn't beside her when she left... something went from within... and then nothing... only a bag of urine remained hanging off her bed... Why do I remember that? Why don't I remember her name? Why don't I remember anything else?

Anna to Tara: - It will be okay. Everything will be okay. I promise you. He can help you. He has all the answers, there. *[while pointing to the Steward's notebook]*

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[The Steward proudly displays his notebook.]

Steward to Anna: Thank you for your faith!

Tara: How... how do you find someone here?

[Anna approaches Tara to comfort her.]

Eve: ...The terminal is a maze... infinite...

Steward: Infinite indeed! Therefore, there are some safety matters I'd like to share with you - *[reads from his notebook]* - at this early stage, we recommend staying nearby... I'll be here to help you re-center... *[taps on his notebook]* - and answer any questions you have...

ACT 2

Scene 1

Location: In the Main Terminal

Eve to Anna: Come

Anna: *(cutting her off)*: Why? Where? I didn't do wrong to anyone. I only did good.

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Eve: Come

Anna: And what if he comes... how will he find me if I'm not here? Look at her (*Tara*), how alone she is!

Eve: Come

Anna: It should be the opposite. A mother should be there, always. This connection between mother and son, it's unbreakable...

Eve: Come

Anna: A bit selfish, no? Has anyone ever looked for you? I was good

Eve: Good

Anna: There are sacred things in life. With you nothing is sacred, whoever is chosen to hear their voice must obey.

Eve: Obey?! You, you should thank me! None of this would exist without me! You, you wouldn't exist without me! Freedom of choice... it's because of me! The heavens know and remember... I was a young woman... The heavens know and remember that this golden cage was hell for me. I chose a bite of truth!... a bite of truth! This is my story!... It can be yours.

Anna: Truth! A bite of truth. You think we all lived in lies?! Life is all it ever meant to be. Truth isn't found in a bite, it's found in the heart.

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Eve: No no, this isn't my story... My real sin is that I surrendered to the pride of the killers and not to the modesty of those who give life.

Anna: Confessions are meant for people like you, who wear their guilt with pride. As a mother to a mother, tell me, where did your children disappear to?

Eve: All... all of them are my flesh and blood...

Eve walks towards the confessions area.

Anna remains agitated. She takes the broom and collects the bags into a growing pile while she talks to people.]

Steward: Good God Anna!! You must stop this! It's temporary! Do you ever hear Eve complaining?

Anna: She always feels superior because she's been here forever. She is responsible for all of it! She should be ashamed of herself... I'm telling you... she should be ashamed... Shame on you!

Steward: Why don't you call the complaints line, I'm sure it would be a heavenly success.

[Anna continues organizing until she calms herself down.]

Tara: My phone...

Anna:she chose...

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Tara: ...where's my phone?

Anna: What, am I supposed to thank her now for the fact that we have children?

Tara: I need my phone

Anna: Excuse me?

Tara: If I find it, I'll find me, my name,.... and maybe... if... if I find myself I'll find her name... and maybe I can even call her or something... I need my phone!!!!

Steward: To find yourself?

Tara: Yes.

Steward: And what if you don't like who you are?...

[Long pause. Tara is stunned by the question.]

Steward: Just kidding with you. Don't worry. We all find what we need here and with your stubbornness, I have a feeling you'll go far.

Come on people! Let's take this lost soul to lost and found so she can find eternal peace.

Tara: I don't want eternal peace.

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[The Steward, Tara, and part of the audience continue in the space toward the lost and found area. To someone in the audience beside him]

Steward: Oh, Gosh, don't be so heavy!

[They arrive at "Lost and Found"]

Scene 2

Location: Lost and Found area

Newton - arranges items from lost and found.

Steward: Voila!! If your phone is anywhere or everywhere, it must be here. Everything you've ever lost is here!

[IMPROV with audience] - What did you lose in your life? What's the small thing you used to hold onto that got lost along the way... Imagine for a moment, maybe you'll find it here. You, try to remember, what was it that you lost and would really like to find here?... Come, browse and search for any beloved item you have lost on the way... something earthly and beloved...something that reminds of something or someone special...

[The Steward takes various props from the lost and found area and shows how they could belong to an audience member] Look around you. You're sure to find something you lost.

[Improv - to someone in the audience] - Look at this! Isn't this yours?

[Tara searches for her phone, everyone is quiet.]

[The Steward looks for new costumes and props to change into.]

Tara *[to someone in the audience]*: Maybe you can help me? I'm looking for my phone.... It has a red pompom.

[The person in the audience agrees or not, she tries to convince them.]

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Tara: Let's split up? You look there, you over there, and I'll look around here. It's black with a red pompom.

[She sees Newton searching/marking/moving things around for things.]

Newton *to someone in the audience*: How long did thou live? *[Audience response or not]*

Newton: *[goes to someone in the audience who moved from where he originally placed them]* - No, no, please return there. You must stay here. There is an order to things, does thou understand? I cannot do this if thou moves.

[Newton writes something.]

Newton: Latitude prior to arrival? *[Audience response]*

[points to area in lost and found room] ...take one item at a time. One only.

[He asks someone else in audience]

How long did he live? Place of death? *[Audience response]*

[points to area in lost and found room] - Take only one item according to your memory.

Tara: Hey. Do you know where I can find electronics here?

[Newton doesn't answer.]

Tara: Ummm... excuse me? Could you maybe...

Newton: ...Everything is arranged according to arrival timing and latitude of existence...

Tara: Wonderful.... And how am I supposed to know where that is?...

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Newton to Tara: How long did she live?

[Tara doesn't answer.]

Newton: Your age! What is your age?

Tara: Your age?!!!

Newton: ...Between the first heartbeat and the last one, lies all of one's existence, is it not?... Your age?

Tara: What?.. How can anyone find anything here?

Newton: If it's an item lost upon arrival, it's there - *[points to a specific direction]* - I have yet to classify them yet.

[Newton straightens/arranges the items that Tara moved.]

Tara: My phone.

[Newton takes the item she was holding and returns it to its place, with great precision. Throughout their exchange, Newton keeps returning things to their places.]

Tara: The Steward... he said it might be here.

Steward: Correct. And it truly is here!

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Tara to Newton: ...Dost thou even know what a mobile phone is... a cellular telephone?!

[Tara turns her back to him and continues her search.]

Newton: ...Forms change.... Things evolve, but at their core... the needs remain the same. How shall it be said... material evolution.

Tara: Evolution clearly took a pass at you!

Newton: Thou think from a mortal's perspective... not from where we now stand... Each lost item contain memory, as long as the heart remembers.

[Newton returns to organizing.]

All that we see is determined by the place from whence we look, is it not?

Tara: What are you doing?

Newton: Helping thee find thyself...

Tara: Amazing!!! You're helping me find myself?! You're weird!!

Newton: I am Newton!

Tara: Huh?

Steward: ...Force of gravity?...The apple?...

Tara: Sure!

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Steward: Isaac Newton!...People don't forget people like him.

Newton: What might be the lady's name?

Tara: I need my phone.

Newton: If thou had put all that thou was into a vessel... nothing of thyself would remain within... Thou cannot find what thou has lost - *[pause]*

Tara: Please, I can't handle this right now, or even understand what you mean.

Newton to Tara: I can calculate the movement of heavenly bodies but not human folly...

Tara: What human folly? Who are you calling folly?

Newton: Not even mine own....

Tara [to Steward]: Folly!?

Newton: Though I forever try to decipher this formula - [to audience] - Since Eden's gates closed, man had to make decisions, did he not? So thou has to choose, to choose one thing. What is thou willing to let in order to remember something else?...

Tara: I'd be willing to release... you!

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Newton: That does not lie within the realm of possibilities.

Tara: God help us!!!... The moment they call some name, where does that person go?!

Newton: Where indeed do they go?... That remains yet undiscovered... as well as who determined the matter in the first instance.

Tara: "Who determined the matter in the first instance"... What? This place? The Big Bang? God, acid, music, can't you just speak normally??... What if they call her?!!! What if they call me before I find her?!

[Newton begins straightening objects and giving them some order.]

Tara: Stop arranging things! Do you hear me?!!! My mother!... I need to find her!!!

[Newton appears increasingly troubled. He begins arranging things in a growing frenzy.]

Tara: Stop! Just stop! Everything is in chaos anyway!!!

Newton *[in a loop]*: Chaos... chaos... chaos

Tara: I screamed at her.....

[Newton continues arranging]

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Tara: ...She didn't tell me... She didn't say... How could I know she was going to die?... Did you manage to find your mother? Your mother, did you find her?!? Did you find her? Did you find your mother?

Newton: Stop, stop... *(begins counting)*

[Newton continues looking around as if there's terror coming from different places. He turns suddenly toward Tara.]

Tara: Why don't you just answer. Your mother, did you find her, did you find her?

Newton: Do not shout at me... Do not shout at me...

Tara: I didn't shout - [turns to audience] - Did I shout? Did you hear me shouting?
[back to Newton] - Are you alright?

Newton: Do not touch me... Do not touch me... Vessel.... vessel... focus on the vessel...

[Newton looks around frightened, agitated. He distances himself.]

Newton: ...Patterns, shapes, equations, energy, gravity, attraction, throwing,.....
Not to love thee for thine own sake

Tara: ...I'm sorry... I didn't mean to frighten you. Look there? Or here?...

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Newton: ...Not to want thy laws/commands... To care for earthly matters more than divine...

[Newton moves away from her. He repeats his mantra over and over until he returns to himself. He calms down. Newton finds a phone. It has Tara's selfie on it. He extends it to Tara.]

Tara: How?!!!...

Newton: It was found in the pile of new items.

[Tara hugs Newton.]

Tara: Thank you, thank you....

Steward: Where is this picture from? *(points to the phone)*

Tara looks at her phone: Strange, right? I look quite... scary...

Steward: Or... frightened.

[Beat]

Tara: ...Shit! It's broken!

[She freezes and lets the phone fall. Newton picks it up. Tara hides it from the others.]

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Steward: Is everything alright?

Tara: ...Something... kind of... hit me - *[losing some balance]* -

Steward: Hit you?

Tara: ...It didn't...

[Tara frantically checks things on her phone.]

Tara: Look! My name is Tara!!

Steward: Congratulations!

Tara *[searching for her mother in contacts, typing words and repeating them aloud]*: Mom, Mommy, Mama, where are you?.....

[When Newton hears these words, he covers his ears trying to block out the sound of the words.]

Tara: ...I never deleted anything of hers... I didn't throw away anything of hers either. I couldn't even... delete her number... not the messages, nothing...

[Tara goes through photos trying to pull up a picture of her mother. She shows her phone with her mother's picture to Newton and anyone in the audience.]

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Tara: Look! Look, help me...! Please!

[Tara is desperately showing the picture of her mother to everyone around. She and Ben cross paths.]

Scene 2.1

Location: open undefined space in the terminal

Newton types his confessions and says them aloud

Tara (with her phone): Stop! Stop!

Ben: Where does it end? Where?

Tara: I have no idea... There's no exit.

Ben: There's no such thing...

[Tara shows her phone to Ben] - ...Have you seen her by any chance?

Ben: Who is that?

Tara: My mother.

Ben: Why would she be here?

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Tara: ...Lots of people remember her. She was really loved so she must be here.
Look.. remember her face. My phone is about to die

Newton: Swimming in a wooden tub on thy day.

Ben: It's suffocating

Tara: At her funeral I was supposed to say something... How was I supposed to say something to her when she was already gone.

Ben: Really suffocating...

Newton: Hoping for death and wish it upon others

Ben: I thought dying was easy, and living was hard.

Tara: ...What was so hard for you?

Ben: Everything... Every minute... Forever... Everything moved at a choking slowness... Like... waiting...

Tara: ...Waiting for a message...

Ben: That too...

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Tara: Shit, now I'll never know if he wrote to me

Ben: Probably not

Tara: Why would you say something like that to me.

Ben: Because you're dead

Tara: Oh, that sucks,

Ben: Or not

Tara: Won't you miss anything?

Ben: Nope!

Tara: Not even IMPROV (*something funny, teasing and satisfying in everyday life*)

Ben: IMPROV response

Tara: What now?... What are we supposed to do here?

Ben: You're asking me? You know anyone else who messed up their death like I did?

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Tara: At least people will remember your jump.

Ben: It was quite an impressive one, if I may say so - grandiose, even!

Tara: You're very modest. Maybe here we can should do everything backwards

Ben: Everything in Rewind

Tara: Benjamin Button style

Ben: We went out with a bang!

Tara: Right! Now we won't age... no wrinkles... our cells won't deteriorate... or get damaged or destroy our organs... Every part of us... exists... everywhere... and anywhere...

Ben: I've lost you

Tara: "This is not mine, this is not me, this is not my"self." That's what she used to tell me

Ben: you become a Buddha?

Newton: Temper toward mother... toward sister.

Ben: This place... breathes... changes... don't you feel it?

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Tara: "This is not mine, this is not me, this is not my "self"... this is not mine... this..." ...What?

Ben: Don't you feel it?

Tara (*shows him her phone*): If you see her don't tell her I'm here. Please... please.....

Ben: It has nothing to do with anything... No chance I have to continue

Tara: I want to tell her myself... She won't understand... She won't understand... He just came out of nowhere... It just came!!! Bang!... Death by selfie, a truck to the face!! Really, who fucking dies like that?!!! Who does?!...So stupid

[*Ben sits across from Eve*]

VO: Open your heart...

Don't be afraid

I'm sorry

Please forgive me-

Thank you.

I love you"

[*Ben distances himself from Eve for the first time*]

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EVE: Eternity... eternity... eternity... In the infinity of time... in eternity... every person, as long as they are human, is here... in eternity...in the infinity of time... with the weight of their lives... here... in eternity... in the infinity of time...

Regrets... confessions... wishes... prayers... cries... from the depths of the soul... for eternity

[Anna enters]

Scene 3

Location: Anna's waiting area.

[The Steward comes to show Anna the ballet shoes he found in the lost&found area.]

STEWARD: Look at these!

ANNA: Where did you find them?

STEWARD: In our Duty Free! They're amazing, aren't they?

ANNA: ...Ben had exactly these when he was a child... *(Anna isn't sure if they belong to her son or not)*

STEWARD: You can give them to him when you see him! - *about the red ball of yarn she is using* - Really coming along that thin you're doing.

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ANNA: He gets cold when he's not dancing.

STEWARD: Anna! You really don't need to wait like this. Enjoy. Take an example from Eve, she has the right perspective on the matter!

ANNA: Rotten perspective if you ask me! Like the snake! When he comes, this scarf will keep him warm.

STEWARD: If I had a mother, I would want her to be exactly like you. Come on, let's dance, I'm sure it's in your genes!

ANNA: What??!

STEWARD: Have I ever disappointed you?

[Anna puts down her ball of yarn and tries to dance with the Steward.]

STEWARD: "Shall we dance?" ...

[Anna blushes and doesn't know what to say.]

STEWARD: Remember your first slow dance?! What was your favorite song?

[The Steward begins to sing "Careless Whisper" and tries to dance with her.]

ANNA: I'm not very good at this.

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STEWARD: Oh come on, Anna!

ANNA: Really, I'm not good at this.

STEWARD: Darling... just enjoy a little... ok, if not dancing than why don't just tell you about a little dream of mine, it might help, who knows.

[To audience]:

Could you help me?! ..*[The Steward pulls some pages from his notebook and hands them to someone in the audience]*... Thank you...

I always dreamed of going on one of those VIP cruises to Puerto Alegre or Rio de Janeiro! Something exotic like that.... All these guys stuck on one big boat.... And in this dream, mine, before the cruise, I talked with one, Miss Bianca... are you with me?

- *[to the person he gave the notebook pages to]* - Here read from this. You're going to be... Bianca!

"So tell me dear Bianca, what do I need to bring for this cruise?"

Now you say: "Just your passport darling, everything else we'll provide."

AUDIENCE: Just your passport darling, everything else we'll provide.

STEWARD: Oh, that's wonderful! "A star is born!"

And where exactly is this ship sailing?

AUDIENCE: Nowhere.

EVE: And everywhere.

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STEWARD: What do you mean?

AUDIENCE: The ship sails straight to nowhere!

EVE: And everywhere.

STEWARD: I'm sorry, a cruise must have a destination.

AUDIENCE: Well, it leaves the port, sails into the sea. To the edge of nowhere.

EVE: And everywhere.

STEWARD: Eve, we get it! This is my dream. I don't understand! Why did you ask for my passport if we're not going anywhere?!

AUDIENCE: Well, you are going somewhere, but that somewhere is nowhere.

EVE: And everywhere.

[The sound fades into the theme from The Love Boat.]

STEWARD: And then... before I could say anything...I see the ship... the pleasure cruise... greeting me without words, spreading out the bridge for me to walk on... and I say, yes... I'm going. And if you're wondering how long it takes to sail to nowhere...Enough!!!...the answer is... I have no idea, because it was a dream, and I never reached its end! Now will you dance with me?

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ANNA: You still haven't understood, I'm waiting for him here!

[Tara arrives]

TARA to ANNA: I found my name! Look, I even have a picture of my mother! Have you seen her maybe?

ANNA: No, sorry. So what's your name?

TARA: Tara!

ANNA: Tara! I love that...

TARA: I don't know where to go?

STEWARD: I think you're in the right place.

TARA: How will I find her?... How long will it take me to find her?

ANNA: There's no way to know.

TARA: I only have 2%.... I'm going to throw up... I can't breathe...

ANNA: Your memory is returning.

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TARA: How can she be so close... yet so far away...? I can't even call her or connect!

STEWARD to TARA: You can't understand it, huh? There's no corner, not cold, not warm, not even a hot spot to hide in! Nothing and no one to connect to!

ANNA: Why are you talking to her like that?

STEWARD: Because she needs to understand that it's better to let go and enjoy what's now, and who she has!

TARA: Why don't you do us all a favor and go commune with your sparkles!

ANNA: ...Darling, I know it's hard right now, but I promise you it will be okay - Right?

STEWARD: No

TARA: You're all a waste of time - to someone else - Look! Remember her face.
[Tara continues searching for her mother Her phone dies]

TARA: No. No.... No, no. My phone!!! My phone!! -[Tara tries to turn it on again, unsuccessfully]- Mom... Mom, where are you?... How will I find you here? ... Mom... Mom...answer me...

[At some point, Tara gathers strength to continue her search]

ANNA: Tara! Take the thread, this place is a maze. Oh... another lost soul...

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STEWARD: Like all of them...

ANNA: This won't happen to my son... no matter how many eternities I need to sit here...

STEWARD: I have an idea

[The Steward checks something in the notebook, and whispers something to Anna.]

ANNA: Now?!

STEWARD: Yes!

ANNA: Like this?!

STEWARD: You look wonderful!

ANNA: Do I need anything?

STEWARD: Not really - *he hands her some tissues* - Maybe you'll need some of these.

ANNA: Thank you.

STEWARD: Thank me later! You Go, girl!

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[Steward reaches for an apple in the large container with apples]: ...anyone want an apple?

[VO Confessions are heard. They become clearer and louder]

Scene 4

Location: Confessions Area

[Eve is in the confessions area. She's in her element]

STEWARD - *inviting the audience to the confessions area: Come! Release the truth on the confession table!...*

Listen... maybe you'll hear a little something from someone who remembered you

[Through the speaker we can hear confessions in different languages from different ears and characters. VO Confessions are heard.]

Scene 5

Location: Confessions Area

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[Newton enters the confessions area. He is very, very agitated. He begins to move around the recording booth, but occasionally looks over his shoulder as if he was being followed; confessions are heard through the room's speakers.]

NEWTON:

103,680

Per day

103,680 per day...

365 beats...

365 beats...

37,843,20072 per year

37,843,20072

37,843,20072....

3.178829e9....

3.178829e9

[Newton falls to his knees. He confesses his own sins]

VO: Not living according to my belief /

Newton: Not living according to my belief.

VO: Not loving thee for thyself /

NEWTON: Not loving thee for thyself

VO: Eating an apple in thy house

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NEWTON: Eating an apple in thy house

VO: Bathing in a wooden tub on thy sacred day

NEWTON: Bathing in a wooden tub on thy sacred day

VO: Gluttony /

NEWTON: Gluttony

VO: Placing a pin in Master John Keys' hat to vex him /

NEWTON: Placing a pin in Master John Keys' hat to vex him

VO: Not heeding my mother's command /

NEWTON: Not heeding my mother's command

VO: Gluttony /

NEWTON (*shouting*): GLUTTONNNNNYYYYYYY!

VO: Hoping for death and wish it upon some others... /

NEWTON: Hoping for death and wish it upon some others... to wish for death and wish it upon some others... others, others...

Barnabas, Barnabas... I dreamed thou burned in the house.... with her... why didst thou take her... why... Thou cannot be erased! Dear Lord... take him to hell! To hell! All of them! Everything! Dost thou hear me, Barnabas!! May no athing remain of him, Lord God... - *[Suddenly, he becomes completely mad, and although no one is touching him, he loses control entirely]* - Touch me not! Touch me not!!! Stop!!!! Stop!!!! Ahh!!!! No!!!!

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VO Eve: To confess without surrender, without scolding, without alienation and without the temptation of inauthenticity. A bite. Take a bite, a real juicy bite... Speak your truth.

Newton: MOTHERRRRRR...Even a dog knows its way home...Why do thou not come...back...to me... Mother come back...come back, please come back to me

EVE: Isaac.... Isaac....I am here... I have returned for you.. Fear not, he shall not harm you more. Look upon me... Barnabas is here no more. Count... count for the sake of life... Thou art counted... Every breath, every beat of thine is counted... I know she was not there for thee, (he disconnects and looks at her) she simply knew not how...(strangles her)

[A video projection of Anna in the room of the present]

Scene 6

Location: Main Terminal Area

[The audience and Tara return to the main terminal area. The Steward is very pleased with himself.]

Eve heads towards the vision of Anna

Projection of Anna in the Room of the Present. The audience cannot see or hear what Anna sees on the room's screen. In the projection, Anna smiles gently, but her face slowly discontort into a horrified expression... She's going mad and breaks into tears. Something terrible has happened. The screen turns black.

STEWARD *to the audience*: Look at her! Sweet!...

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TARA: What's happening to her?!!!

STEWARD: I sent her to the Room of the Present, a special room where you can see how your life continues...without you.

Cause, in the end, everyone is just a tiny grain of nothing and nothingness that will disappear at one point or another...

[Eve walks toward the Room of the Present.

Ben also sees Anna's face - his mother.]

Scene 7

Location: Near the Room of the Present.

[Anna in shock and anger, buries herself in the bags she collected and screams into them!] [Eve approaches her]

Eve: Anna... Anna... What did you see? What did you see?... Your face... What happened?... What did you see?... What did you see?... Silent...You are silent... Why?... This silence of yours... This silence..... the... shhhh.... The silence... quiet... Anna... please... please... The siiiilence... Anna, I can feel it crawl into me... it crawls inside me, rotting in me... This silence... quiet... darkness...ohhhhhh ...Abel... Abel... Abel... Why is the earth drinking your pulse?... Why this stillness?...I am cold... Abel... Cain... This one is whispering life, and this one is mute..... This one whispering life, and this one is mute... This... this is my punishment.... this is my punishment.... ohhhh no.....

Anna: He's here... Why is he here?...I waited for him, now I've lost him?... Tell me... have I lost him? Is this my punishment?

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Ben: Mom?

Tara: That's your mother?...

Ben:

Tara: ...She waited for you

[They help each other return to the main terminal area.]

[Confessions area - Newton begins to move his body slowly. It appears as if he's gone back in time, and behaves like a small child. Newton walks towards the main terminal area]

Scene 8

Location: main terminal area

[Everyone.]

Ben: Mom

Anna:

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Anna: Ben

Ben: Mom

Newton: Mother?...Mother? poum poum...poum poum... poum poum...

Anna: I waited for you...

Ben: You waited for me?

Anna: Here, in front of the main door...

Ben: Why?

Anna: Why?... Why are you here?

Ben: I jumped

Anna: You jumped

Steward: Self-determined time of death.

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Anna: Why?

Ben: A pirouette! It was grandiose.

Anna: What about your dream?

Newton: Isn't it all a dream?

Ben: Stop!

[Beat]

Anna: You were on your way...

Ben: On my way to where? To where, Mom?!

Anna: I wanted your life to have a meaning...

Ben: Enough! Enough! Meaning?! Look at where we are now. If you had really thought about me, you would have let me choose... If you had seen me, you wouldn't have forced your dream onto me. You didn't let me be, Mom... You didn't let me find who I was supposed to be. You created a child, yes, but without consciousness, without weight.... I wasn't enough... I could never be enough for the both of us... So stop... Stop saying I'm your dream, the gift of your life...

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Enough... I don't want to know you anymore, don't want to remember you anymore, or for you to remember me anymore. You can just take all of your pain and your fears, and die with them... again

VO: "Anna Razoli" (*doors opening*)

Ben: Why are they calling you?

Anna: You think I had a choice?!

Steward: Anna, it's time to part...

Anna: Not now... please, not now... give me a little more time

Ben: ...You left me.

Anna: I died...

Steward: Dear...

Ben: You left me with the pain. You didn't take a thing with you

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Anna: You jumped because of me?

Ben: Are you even hearing me?

Anna: Of course I hear you! What else can I do?

Ben: You don't want to hear...

Tara (*to herself*): Was I afraid?.. Did I have time to love?...

VO: "Anna Razoli"

[Steward points to the opened doors]

Steward: This is your queue darling

Ben: Her queue? What queue?!

Steward: They called for her.

Anna: I need more time...

Ben: And...?

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Steward: It's Mother's Day!

Anna: Mother's Day? What?! How can you be so cruel?

Newton: Transgression toward mother.

Tara (*to herself / audience*): Do you see these... these trees? They're like memories...

Anna (*to Steward*): He wouldn't be here if you hadn't sent me to the room of the present, to see his end.

Steward: This really, really has nothing to do with me.

Anna: Everything has to do with you!

Tara: Everything is connected... if only I could connect my memories... I would find myself in a forest...

Steward: Everything is in here (*points to his book*)! And it says, now it's your turn (*to exit the doors*)!

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Newton: Not to want thy regulations

Anna: No! There must be exceptions in your book... Look! There must be something - *[to audience/other characters]* - There's always something exceptional. Always, right?!

[Anna's tone pulls Tara from her thoughts. The Steward urgently checks the pages of his notebook. Tara comes to help, takes the Steward's notebook and opens it.]

Tara: Empty?!!!! The book is empty?.... Completely empty?

Anna: What?... What's empty?...

Tara: Look. There's nothing!

Anna: What?! How can that be?

Tara: What about all the instructions? All the rules?

Anna: ...What about... all the answers?

Steward: Wait, let me see...

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Ben: Mom?! What's happening?

Steward: Nothing!... Everything's fine.... [to Anna] Everything's fine darling, and everything will be okay... right?

Anna: How could you do such a thing?

Steward: I just...

Anna:...I believed in you... I believed... in everything you said...

Steward: Yes, and you weren't wrong....

Tara: You're one big fake news! That's what you are! Fake news!

Ben: Mom...

Anna to Steward: ...I thought you cared for us

Steward: I really did care, with all my heart.

Newton: Pou poum... Poum poum

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Ben: Mom...

Tara: So it's all a lie? No rules? No moving on? Who remembers, who doesn't remember... everything is just lies? Pure lies?!

Steward: I'm sorry

Ben to Anna: When will you see me?...

Steward: Exactly, when?!

Anna: What?!

Ben to Anna: When will you see me?...

Anna: Ben! What are you talking about?!

Steward: At least I see all of you...

Tara: But we can't see who you are.

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Ben: Did you wait for me to die?

Anna to Ben: Of course not.

Ben: Did you wait?

Anna: Yes... no....

Ben: You waited... because you knew I had no taste for life.

Anna: Ben...

Steward: That's exactly what the cracker said to the chocolate!

[Beat]

Steward / Ron: What?! It's the truth... That's what the cracker said to the chocolate: I have no taste for life... the cracker, with chocolate... no taste for life... I didn't mean to hurt, or mislead you. I wanted meaning... and you... you wanted to believe.

When AIDS came, everything was so tragic... Poof, one after another... they fell... A whole community that went... and me later on, with them. I had no one left...

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Ben to Anna: I didn't leave a mark

Steward/Ron: ...I got lost...

Ben to Anna: I felt alone...

Anna: ...I was there, all the time, all of me

Steward/Ron: I was afraid of death

Ben: ...I was more afraid of life than I was of death.

Steward: No one cared whether I existed or not.

Anna: ...Why, why didn't you say anything?

Ben: ..You choked me with your fear... Who will remember me?...

Anna: Ben... I...

Ben: You'll disappear Mom... and so will I

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VO: "Anna Razoli"

Steward/Ron: They never called my name... Then I understood, but only here, that I did leave a mark, that there is someone out there who remembers me... Someone remembers me. I just never paid attention to him even though he lived next door...

Ben: Who will remember you?

Anna: ...Who remembers me?...

Tara: Who remembers me?

Anna: Who remembers me?...

Steward: They called him Dave. And because of him I'm here. He barely left his house. No one visited him. One day, I bought myself some chocolate, just a small treat. Somehow, he recognized my footsteps in the staircase, and opened his door with a crack. I gave him half of my chocolate... and he gave me a huge smile of missing teeth... We burst out laughing, the both of us... we couldn't stop...

Newton: People build endless walls, and not enough bridges.

Steward/Ron: We saved each other. Because of him I found purpose...

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Anna: What was all this for?

Steward: What else could I be besides a chameleon with a purpose? My purpose was to give some meaning and you...

Anna: What was all this pain for?

VO: "Anna Razoli"

[On the other side of the stage, the doors are open.]

Eve to Anna: Anna.... The doors

Ben: There's another part?!

Steward: The part where they forget you.

Newton: Third death.

Ben: What's on the other side of the doors?

Newton: What we know is but a drop

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Ben: Is this the end?

Newton: What we do not know is an ocean

VO: "Anna Razoli"

Anna: Ben!?

Steward: What... what are you doing?

[Suddenly Ben runs toward the doors] [doors closing]

Newton: Phenomenon number... phenomenon number...

Steward/Ron: They didn't call you, it's not your time!!!

Anna: Ben.... Come out! Come to me

[The doors close on Ben and he gets stuck between them. The whole terminal darkens. Complete darkness, except for emergency lighting.]

Anna: How do we open the doors?

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Eve: Only Ben can.

Newton: Occurrence # 456

Anna to Eve: Help me

Eve: No out, and no in.

Newton: Infinity

Eve: No birth, no death...

Newton: Stillness

Eve: Eternity...

Anna (*to Eve*): Help me

Eve (*to Ben*): Abel... Abel... Ben, you're like my Abel. Do you see this stone? Just a stone in your hand (*pretends she's holding a stone*)... Nothing remains...but with it you remain. It holds you.... carries the whole of you... Does it hold you... with longing? With forgiveness? With love? Whose hand is this?... Ben... Whose?

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Whose hand is holding yours?

Anna: I am.

Eve to audience: Who held your hand through your life? Who? *(to someone else)*
Who held your hand? Who held yours?

[Eve comes to Tara.]

Tara: My mother... My mother held my hand. She held my hand, and I held hers...
Every morning she would wake up and find something to hold onto...

Anna: Nothing has happened....

Tara: Even when her body couldn't move...

Anna: Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together.

Tara: She found a way to connect even to what wasn't inside her...

Anna: Play

Tara: To love...

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Anna: Smile...

Tara: Everything that was around her... She was so alive as she was about to leave...

Anna: the same as it ever was

Tara: I didn't see it then like I see it now

Anna: Life means all that it ever meant.

Tara: Even when her heart ached so much... Or when she... was afraid....

Anna: There is absolute and unbroken continuity.

Tara: I promised I would be there, and I didn't keep my promise...

Anna: What is this death but a negligible accident?

Tara: She held my hand, and there was no anger... and there was no blame... I just held her hand... and she held mine.

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Anna: Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

Tara: I just held her hand...

Anna: "All is well.

Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.

One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!"¹

[Eve gives Anna the red ball. Anna offers it to Ben.]

Anna and all the characters in the terminal: "All is well.

Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.

One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!"

[doors slowly open]

Newton: I seem to be to the world, I know not how, but to myself I appear only as a child playing on the seashore; amusing myself now and then in finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than the ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lays, undiscovered, before me.

¹ poem by Henry Scott Holland

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[Anna hugs Ben]

Anna: "Death is nothing at all.

It does not count.

I have only slipped away into the next room. "

Perhaps, the Not knowing where this all goes is a fine traveling companion...

[Anna leaves through the doors, everyone watches her until the doors close.]

Steward/Ron to Eve: They're all yours... again.

Newton: ad quadratum unum (*Back to the starting point in Latin*)

Eve: Back to the starting point...

Steward: Apple, anyone? [doors opening]

[Suddenly, a VO announces, one by one, the names of every audience member and each of them must pass through the doors to be one day forgotten. This is a reverse curtain call where Eve, Newton and the other characters applaud the audience. They point for everyone to pass through the doors alongside.]

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The End.