~*THE GAME of IS*~

By gary jerome jones

CHARACTERS and SETTING

Major characters

The **SELECTOR**- large headphones. He wears a black hoddie, black pants and a pair of clichéd hip-hop timbaland boots old, crusty and caked in orange mud- a young man, short. Cocky and confident. Similar to the rapper Lil Wayne (with no dreads).

BALANCE- Walkman sized headphones. A dancer. A space age Anancy- funny, serious, crafty, outrageous, physically expressive. He sings, claps and makes a clicking noise when he speaks. Similar height to the **SELECTOR** but older. Similar to the rapper Andre 3000

LADY BALANCE- a doctor's Stetascope. She is regal and snaps her fingers. Her outfits are color coordinated with **BALANCE**. (black and white). A Lauren Hill type.

MR. UNKNOWN- wears an ear-piece. Slick, smoove, saga-boy. Mafia-West Indian gangster. Wears a smooth white three piece linen suit. Pretty boy with a strong different accent from other cast members. He whistles and 'claxis' his fingers. Similar to the dub singer Movada.

Minor characters

The **STORYTELLER**- A gossip, a bit eccentric- old fashioned telephone. An older man than rest of the cast. At times a faux clichéd English storytelling accent

LEFT-HAND- He is **MR. UNKNOWN**'s front man, a dandy who wears a helmet/hat like a polo player and a vest like the third piece of a three piece suit. He also wears a wrist watch, orange shoes and chews on a toothpick.

THE MERMAIDS- 2 or 3 lovely female dancers. Their colors are green, blue and silver. They wear veils like Muslim or Indian women.

PUREFIRE DANCERS- 2 Break-dancers- representing youth. Their colors are red, yellow and orange. They wear hoodies with lone-ranger type masks.

The **WARRIORS (Stick-Lickers)**- 2 adult males- Their colors are black, grey and brown. They wear scarves covering the bottom part of the face like bandits.

All cast are bare foot. Except the **SELECTOR** and **LEFTHAND**

Setting: The play takes place at the heart of the Epicenter of Capadosha. In the center of it all… a hidden location, underground perhaps, with the feel of an enclave or a den. A place where a pirate would stash his loot or outlaws would hideout. The time is sunset.

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The theme song "Choices" plays. The music stops. There is a roar of applause, like at a football game

A strobe light is pulsating on the "Robotic Man shape" banner and a faint dancing candle light glow flickers on the "Nature Cycle." Both are hanging up on the back wall.

Centre stage- Back. ***BALANCE*** *is standing- frozen- at the* ***CENTER TABLE*** *(a large wooden electrical wire spool.) Between the banners bathed in dim blue light. Stage is dim.*

After a few beats of a drum -off stage- From Back stage right, the ***STORYTELLER*** *enters, in a huff, talking low on an old-fashioned phone whose cord is attached around his waist. He walks into a spotlight at front stage right.*

The **STORYTELLER** *begins to speak loud so the audience can hear clearly but he is still talking to someone on the phone….*

STORYTELLER

Yes…interesting, very interesting, a baby you say. Those two….. I would have never thought it possible. It will be a very unique child. Get me the name. You know I cannot tell a story without a name. The name makes all the difference it is very important…so get back to me with that. I will listen out for you my friend.

I have to go. I must begin.

The ***STORYTELLER*** *places the phone in his pocket, looks at the audience and continues speaking directly to the audience now.*

Now it is time for the tale to be told. For the strand to be unwoven….for the bead to drop…. *(drops a bead and continues)*

At this very moment right here, right now a tale must be told….This tale is a most intriguing tale, it is the story of a Selector's quest for the Sun Medallion.

Oh yes, at the Epicenter in Capadosha a new Selector has arrived to play the Game of IS with the one known as Balance….

*The **STORYTELLER** holds his fist above his head releases fist as if releasing a butterfly turns and exits backstage right- a cymbal chimes off-stage marking his exit*

*Stage lights brighten and **BALANCE** who was standing still begins to move with stick in hand as though he is conducting an orchestra- he is wearing a set of headphones…all of a sudden he stops takes off the headphones and dashes them to the floor in frustration.*

BALANCE

Not even a piece of it…click…. Not even a snippet… a morsel… a small simple sample…

(He takes his sunglasses off the table wipes them with a handkerchief holds them up and looks through them, what he sees gives him a fright, after a pause to collect himself, he continues)

So close, so close click click click…I must get on with this….click

He quickly jots something down in his book, takes a sack off the table and goes into it. When he does his hand shakes violently like he is being zapped.

Nevertheless, he removes his C.D. Disc… it is wrapped in an ancient looking tattered crocus bag type cloth…he delicately opens it, blows on it and places it into the half Calabash shell sitting in the middle of the table. Already in the Calabash shell is a cassette tape.

He beats on the table 3 times and shakes his Shak-Shak

*The **SELECTOR** walks on stage from backstage left- he walks to and stands at, front stage left. He is facing the audience. He stomps his feet, leans back, looks left and right- stops- arms out (fists to chest, elbows out)-He stands still and begins to whistle.*

He has had a long rough couple of hours- since sundown- moving through the Clashes of the different Levels of the Heat Academy. .He has been triumphant but he is worn out, hungry and barely holding it in check… adrenaline still lingers however.

BALANCE

Come down Selector 2 forty- Six… *(**BALANCE** shakes his Shak Shak)* come down click click

*The **SELECTOR** turns and walks up –stage to **BALANCE** and stops. **BALANCE** stands up and looks him over….he notices the **SELECTOR'S** Headphones immediately…..)*

Let me see what you come with, show me your scroll.

SELECTOR

*(**SELECTOR** ruffles through his bag and pulls out a Pringles size canister, preferably a piece of Bamboo, and hands it to **BALANCE** who takes out the paper and looks at it- studies it- and hands it back to the **SELECTOR** who puts it back in his bag)*

You, you are Balance? You seem much more formidable on the Epicenter screens.
Is it satisfactory, shall we proceed?

*(**SELECTOR**- "Switches & Flips" his headphones, which is taking them off and turning them around- a form of bragging)*

BALANCE

It's Chief Balance to you two forty- six… I like the way that sounds click.

*(distracted by the **SELECTOR'S** headphone display)* You flip and switch and caress…there is no need to brag and boast like that click click …I can see they are marvelous.

SELECTOR

Yes they are, and if I choose to flip, switch and caress Balance, Chief Balance… is that not my choice?

BALANCE

Still, you are at the heart of the Epicenter show some reverence, no need to brag and boast.

SELECTOR

…a habit I will strive to keep in check….

BALANCE

…. Very well. Now, you come in with 20 moments and 4 points….impressive click….click click, very impressive…

SELECTOR

I know, I did all the levels in record time…

BALANCE

Yes…yes…click what else do you have in that bag….anything for me? Click click….

SELECTOR

Why yes Chief Balance. I do have a special offering, just for you….

*(**SELECTOR** ruffles through his bag again and pulls out a wooden disc the size of a Frisbee. He blows on it, and hands it over to **BALANCE** who begins to examine it, smiling approvingly)*

SELECTOR *(continues)*

A Journeyman's disc fit for a Chief, from an opponent who was quite worthy I might add.

BALANCE

Yes, yes… very nice click click click very nice

SELECTOR

A Young Lion from New Sha-mane. We clashed on the outskirts, near the Valley of Queen Nyah.

BALANCE *(studies the disc and smiles approvingly)*

It is a wonderful disc….premium, with interesting grooves click. I'm sure I will enjoy taking it for a spin….

SELECTOR

Straight and clear Balance. Tell me Static free.

BALANCE

Uh huh click…

SELECTOR

I play this game with you and if I win the medallion is mine, straight and clear, is that correct? Is that correct Bal…Chief Balance…? Nothing else, is that so?

BALANCE

Not so fast Selector, not so quick…Click… need I remind you again where you are? Protocol here most of all click… click…click… slow your tempo.

SELECTOR

(He rubs his temples exhausted)

Dalkeith, the oracle from the 16th Quadrant has been proclaiming that Magic Sunshine Hour is fast approaching. He says many will be disconnected…I'm trying

BALANCE

No , no no, click click, Dalkeith is incorrect. Way off the mark. MSH is still a long way off…. you need not worry about that

SELECTOR

He was right the last time…. predicted Left Hand's quick win at the Battle Royale, right down to the exact moment…. Dalkeith is good, he also predicted……

BALANCE

…Listen….enough about him….the oracles in the Quadrants work for me click click click and that one Dalkeith has not been accepting my communicados…I hear he's been going out to the Wlderness deciphering riddles and advising the Sens War Chief…I will fix him soon soon…I will fix him click click…

SELECTOR

Regardless, I'm trying to win this medallion with moments to spare….

BALANCE

What tribe are you from Selector, may I ask…click?

SELECTOR

I claim no tribe… I entered the Academy under Lone Wolf status. I don't concern myself with the tribal madness. Those affairs are not mine…

BALANCE

Not yours Selector, of course they are yours, click click. You are the one here with me… you are the one playing the glorious game of Is, you are in the…click… thick of it….Lone Wolf status or not…

SELECTOR

The Heat Council declares that only through their Academies do I get the chance to meet you…now I'm here, and your game is the last thing in my way…

BALANCE

So you disagree with the Heat's tactics Selector click…click click?

SELECTOR

Whether I agree or disagree, this is the way it is…. all I want is the prize.

BALANCE

Fair enough. The Game of IS is not my game alone, however, it is the game of those who control the cosmos. Those who direct the great plan…and I- Click- I am but one, a minor key so to speak.

SELECTOR

Really, I thought it was your Game alone. The Great Balance, living the good life in the Bounce Time Zone. Moving between the Epicenters, with all the perks of suspended animation…

BALANCE

Click click, It's not all it's cracked up to be. The Epicenter screens tend to exaggerate; there is a whole other side that you don't see.

SELECTOR

Can't be that bad….

BALANCE

That's what I once believed…but it can be a bit hum-drum at times….

SELECTOR

I see…

BALANCE

We learn something new everyday, as they say Selector…but I do have the rules to the Game of Is, that I do. Locked up tight right up in here *(**BALANCE** taps his forehead)* The Game of IS is the perfect game. Do you like games Selector?

SELECTOR

Some games I like…

BALANCE

…and some games you don't…heh I know that song *(sings and does a lil dance*) some games I like and some games I don't, some games I play and some games I won't…

SELECTOR (*grabs* **BALANCE)**

Balance….lets get on with it

BALANCE

Yes, click, yes, yes. Let me compose myself…..Now even though the Journeyman's disc will be a welcome addition to my collection…it is your headphones that interest me…may I have a listen, click? A moment's listen would be fantastic. The more I look at them the more I can see how truly magnificent they are. It would be so helpful with the symphony I'm composing for the populace, so helpful…

SELECTOR

Nahhh, I can't do that, they are finely tuned. If I gave you a listen they would not quite work the same for me now would they. Nahhh, Can we begin?

(Checking out his surroundings and glancing at the objects on the ***CENTER TABLE****, the* ***SELECTOR*** *picks up the shell, puts it down. Picks up the Aloe plant smells it and puts it down. He then touches the cutlass and linger.* ***BALANCE*** *brushes his hand away from it, like an adult with a child.)*

BALANCE

Click click click…that is no good for you 2 forty-six… no good… cool your heels. Magic Sunshine Hour is still a long way off. You can trust me on that. Cool your heels. Besides, the time line has to drop first to give us ample warning….

SELECTOR

So you say Balance, so you say (*continuing to look around the room in awe*) These are some strange instruments…

BALANCE

Well you are in the hole at the center of it all Selector, what do you expect?

*(**SELECTOR** rubs his temples in exhaustion- again- this is what they do in this world…)*

You must be exhausted…click

SELECTOR

A bit…

BALANCE

I on the other hand, I am bursting with energy click click click. (*Twirls around then stops and points at the* **SELECTOR**).

Tell me this Selector 246, of the four elements which one are you?

SELECTOR

(Standing tall…proudly… at a chance to talk about his skills) I am the tone *and* the beat.

BALANCE

The tone *and* the beat. Oh…Click. You are two?

SELECTOR

Yes, my duel skills have seized the moment for me during many a Clash

BALANCE

Click click clash, indeed indeed, intact clickity clack, here you stand….Such a splendid thing the Sun Medallion, many want it. It is so ingeniously designed. Did you know that it comes with a moon display showing the lunar phases as they appear in both the northern and southern hemisphere? The shine it brings is immense.

SELECTOR

I'm ready to glow…

BALANCE

I'm sure…click…I'm a bit surprised that you are so bitter about the Heat's system though, after all, it has worked well for you. Click. You defeated their finest young lions, you survived the Clashes …intact clickity clack here you stand….

SELECTOR *(briefly reliving it and adding a flip&switch)*

I did, and to get here was no easy task. You should have seen me Balance. You should have seen how I deconstructed them with my hits….

BALANCE

What would you do with such a glorious treasure as the Sun Medallion Selector? How would you wield the power of mental flexibility that comes with it? Would you be a remedy like the aloe or a chopper like the cutlass blade….click

(a pause as both of them stare into space pondering)

BALANCE *(continues)*

The Game of Is will answer these questions more truthfully than you ever could. Now click…..ahmmmm your headphones…They are Fresh Quality eh…?
A brief listen would not dilute them in the least, they are truly magnificently marvelous, where did you get them?....click

SELECTOR

Ryda, the old tone slinger from the Western Fringe, he gave them to me….

BALANCE

Those are Ryda's headphones? The gypsy who organizes the illicit Clashes on the Epicenter fringe….

SELECTOR

Yes, he gave them to me when I entered the Heat Academy

BALANCE

Wait, wait hold on let me get this right, you say he gave them to you…click?

SELECTOR

Yea.

BALANCE

Is the memory still intact?

SELECTOR

That it is.

BALANCE

Oh my, it must be vast click click click click click

*(Excited, **BALANCE** twirls around a couple of times)*

SELECTOR

Balance….what do I have to do? Why do I have to go through all of this anyway? Just give it to me, I carry the crown, I'm the tightest of the tight, the spark and the flame, what would I do with the Sun medallion…what would I do?…what kind of question is that, I would do so many things….

BALANCE

Of that I'm sure Selector….

SELECTOR

Can we start….

BALANCE

Slow your tempo, I still have some inquires about you…. tell me of your original time, when your days were sweet, sweet like the coconut water and gentle as the stream. Tell me of your carefree days, as a youth in a mother's arms, when she hummed your name into your ears, tell me of that time, sing me the lullabies….

SELECTOR

There is not much to tell or sing Balance. Those days are lost memories to me. When Ryda found me I was a child scavenging in the wilderness. My memory was blank. I remember nothing before Burning Time.

BALANCE

Yes, it is very sad click. With the war raging beyond the Epicenter walls, those days are lost memories for many…

SELECTOR

The tribes will always fight. It's what the Heat Council wants, although it's not what they say… it's what they want…Come, tell me the rules Balance, it's my time that ticks, my moments evaporating…

BALANCE *(studying the **SELECTOR** for a bit, then continues)*

Very well, click click click click click click click click *(shakes his Shak Shak)* These are the rules of the glorious game of Is….. I will connect you to the sequences, Let them play through, you must make a choice and something will be chosen for you…you must decipher these sequences to me and me alone….There will come a time when you have to make a final choice. If you make the right choice the medallion is yours…You need 8 points to win the medallion and you come in with 4. You get your points or lose your points by what you choose or by what chooses you… got it, get it…click, click, click

SELECTOR (*a bit confused)*

What are these sequences? What are those?

BALANCE

The sequences are the stirrings inside of you…spun by me click.

SELECTOR *(impatient, unclear)*

Let's get on with it. I have no worries, with my phones I can decipher anything; deconstruct anyone….maybe even you Balance…

BALANCE

That's Chief, Chief Balance to you Selector Two forty six, and I doubt that very much… deconstruct me…click….But since you did give me such a splendid offering, I will choose something from the Center Table for you. A friendly gift from me to you….

*(**BALANCE** shows the **SELECTOR** the **PureFire Card** from off the **Center table**)*

Now this, this is a PureFire Card…it allows you to activate click click click, don't use this carelessly. Hold it close for when you really need it and you will really need it if you get rocked….click click click

*(**BALANCE** offers the **SELECTOR** the card and pulls it back when the **SELECTOR** goes to take it, toying with him)*

SELECTOR *(impatiently)*

…give me the card (*he grabs the card from* **BALANCE**) if you are going to give it to me, Chief Balance, then give it to me…don't do this don't do that, too many riddles and rules. Come let's begin, Chief Balance, let's play ….come

BALANCE

Examine yourself Selector! Click….take a good look at your self. A good long look. A mega second. Take a bad look, a yoctosecond or two, in and out. Up and down. Go deeply into you see what you find and let me feel your vibe, click, let me check your essence click click click click

SELECTOR

Yea yea I'm ready let's begin. Spin the sequence, spin it. When MSH descends I want to be shining and secure with moments to spare…

BALANCE

Pause Selector don't be so hasty, steady your self. A warning, don't let the sequence sensation mystify you. You already know what you get if you win, but if you lose, if you lose those headphones will look good with me listening to them, and it will be out, out to the wild wilderness where the warriors wage war, and it will be even hotter if Magic Sunshine Hour *does* descend, so steady yourself….click

(**BALANCE** *plugs* **SELECTOR** *into the game by beating on his table and shaking a Shak Shak, he exits backstage left*)

Mermaids *enter from backstage right. The* **Mermaid**s *dance piece represents water. Dreamy blue lighting-ocean- music, sounds like a mixture of Sade and Third World… sensual)*

~ "*Ease the vibes Warriors*" SONG (Man's Voice)~

Ease the vibes warriors ease the vibes, heal the tribes warriors heal the tribes
Didn't we learn from yesterday not so long ago, didn't we learn warriors didn't we learn
The children are burning warriors the children they burn
The women are crying warriors their tears they fall
So ease the vibes warriors heal the tribes
The waters are raging, the children are burning yearning for an escape….heal the tribes warriors it's time to heal the tribes…

(~ BREAK- *A noticeable change in music and lighting effects-* ***SELECTOR****, raises the* ***PureFire card****…The* ***PureFire*** *Dancers enter from backstage left-* ***Mermaids*** *exit, like they have been chased off the stage--, backstage right…one of the* ***PureFire*** *dancers ties a scarf around the* ***SELECTOR'S*** *right wrist….****SELECTOR*** *is standing front stage left with a spot light on him, the audience must be able to see him clearly and this move is highly animated)*

SELECTOR (*rapping*)

Activate
Two. Four. Six Activate…I am interactive, very attractive
Collecting riches like fireflies to a flame, leave 'em in stiches, winner of every game- I'll split ya and hit ya till ya bruised and lame
The haters they blame me for their shame
Keeping the stalkers busy, the fakers and talkers dizzy
I am interactive very attractive… Activate!

(**PureFire** *dancers depart backstage left-* **SELECTOR** *freezes in his spot…lights go down*)

(*Lights come up…****BALANCE*** *standing at the* ***CENTER TABLE*** *and now wearing an eye patch, a head wrap, pirate style. There is a Hibiscus tucked into his head wrap. He is writes his book… singing and sounding out words…..)*

BALANCE

Black man, white man, red man, yello man, Hue-man, human *(stops singing)*….nah they ain't going like that….

(*He looks at* **SELECTOR** *who is standing at front stage left- facing the audience. Arms out fists to chest, elbows out*)

Come down Selector, come down….(**BALANCE** *beats on the table three times and shakes his Shak Shak*)

(*The* **SELECTOR** *stomps his feet and leans back. He looks left and right, stops, stands still and starts to whistle before he turns and joins* **BALANCE** *at the* **CENTER TABLE**)

BALANCE (*continues*)

Selector why did you pull the PureFire card so early you still have many sequences left click click?

SELECTOR

I had the overwhelming feeling that my time was rapidly slippin'. Seeping a way, disintegrating. The sequence sensation, it was like, like a blend of my first and last level…my heart rate was slowing down…..

BALANCE

That is minor, so minor…..you still have so many sequences left click… and somebody on the outside
has you in the loop. I was able to detect that…a faint trace of a loop. The old tone slinger would definitely be sophisticated enough to hook that up click, and if you know anything about that it would be an infringement on your part…

SELECTOR

I would not spoil my chances by accepting a loop Balance….and Ryda perished when the water died, at least that is the Heat Council's official report…I need no assistance from the outside. I have the Headphones and they give me all the energy I need. Without a doubt they will enable me to attain the medallion, and with that, with that, I will be complete…

BALANCE

Be careful you will get all wrapped up in them and lose yourself….I've seen it happen before…click click

SELECTOR

I will be the greatest Selector the land of Shimaway has ever seen. Even better than number sixteen. Come Balance lets not lag…

BALANCE

That's Captain Balance to you Selector. Captain Balance. I like the way that sounds. It has a nice ring to it. Don't you agree click?

(*pauses and grins*)

Better than sweet sixteen, we shall see…come my most favorite part of the Game of Is…. you must decipher the sequence to me…come come decipher decipher click click

SELECTOR (*excitedly beginning to speak*)

I…

BALANCE

No, no, no, Selector…click click click, you must choose something that you already have. Something that you have won on your champion trek through the levels that relays this….

SELECTOR (*pondering, thinking, listens to his headphones…then*) Ahhh I select this (*pulls out the silver Xmas ornament*) A peace Pearl off the Northern Coast, a rare beauty with an exquisite finish.

BALANCE

And why this Selector?....I'll take that (**BALANCE** *takes the Pearl*)

SELECTOR

…Because the image was of the mermaids and the sound was to cool the raging temperature in the wilderness.

BALANCE

Your mermaids were the first revealed? Click click click, a mind told me to bring this (**BALANCE** *takes the Hibiscus out of his head wrap and puts it in a vase on the table, and snaps his finger*) I hope it brings me some luck… what was chosen for you?

SELECTOR

(looks at the scarf tied around his wrist and raises it to show Balance)

This….

BALANCE

You pulled your card so early, for something so minor as a bored heart rate. That Purefire Power band will be useless to you now if you get rocked…click clack… totally useless. The mermaids could have chosen something so much stronger if you had just let the sequence spin its course….

SELECTOR

Despite the mistake you say I have made, I request that you check my scroll.
(**SELECTOR** *pulls out the scroll from his bag and hands it over to* **BALANCE**)

BALANCE *(looks at the scroll, taking his time teasingly cat & mouse style*)

It seems you are the lucky one Selector two forty-six click, click…you have been granted two points and you are only down five moments….

SELECTOR

Two more points needed. Just two more…ha…I will win this medallion with moments to spare…how do we speed things up Balance?

BALANCE

There's only one way to speed up the Game of Is, hot knife tru butter style click…

SELECTOR

I'm listening.

BALANCE

If we were to get caught it could be a bit of a bother for both of us…

SELECTOR

I'm still listening….

BALANCE *(a pause, a grin*)
Keep listening that is the key click …. Selector I must warn you, if your PureFire reappear, even their shadow, during another sequence, it could cost you heavily. Just a friendly warning, something to be aware of….

SELECTOR

…two more points needed, 15 moments left, I'm not worried about that Balance, spin the sequence, let's proceed

BALANCE (*he lifts the Shak Shak ready to shake*)

Very well

SELECTOR (*continues, stopping him*)

Do you have it Captain Balance? Let me see it, let me see what will be mine, show it to me…

BALANCE

Click click clack click click clack ….You don't need to be distracted when now all you can depend on is your headphones. I hope they are enough. If I knew what was in them perhaps I would be better able to offer some advice…

SELECTOR

Trust me they are more than enough.

BALANCE

So you say click click

SELECTOR

So I know. If you are not going to show me the medallion then lets just play let's continue. What next?

BALANCE

Play! Play! You really believe this is a game in all actuality and factuality (**BALANCE** *sucks his teeth long and hard*) Click Clack! -- (**BALANCE** *claps and thunder sound effects roll*)
You my Selector you are in an epic battle and the weapons are words and truth; Truth against the lies. Negative and positive.In and out. Up and down. Evil and good. Dark and light *(looks up, and pauses)* would there be darkness without light click click…could truth exist without lies. Under the lighthouse light we see that everything has its opposite. Sometimes the water is calm other times it is not. Click.

(pause)

The battle rages on one you can never win but one you must always fight. Till ya sore till ya can tek it no more, till ya at death's door, fighting to keep the draw. I wonder… wonder, wonder, wonder, wonder, click…. what you will choose when it is time to make your final choice…

SELECTOR

Balance…..

BALANCE

For the last time that's Captain Balance…!

SELECTOR

You Balance you are full of bogus babble. You fire projectiles aiming to confuse, they shoot from your mouth and waste my time….I will not be confused by your talk. I am here to get what's mine. I defeated those proud young lions, all of them. I made it through the Clashes. I. the underestimated, me, the one from the lost and conquered tribe. Anything you place in my way I will overcome. I am not weak like my ancestors…

BALANCE

Your ancestors, weak, lost and conquered…hmmm…ahhh the truth at last, you are Talek then, you are Talek?

SELECTOR (*hesitantly*)

Yes I am Talek

BALANCE

One of the scattered seeds

SELECTOR

Ryda discovered my truth …

BALANCE

I should have known, or maybe I did…. (**BALANCE** *begins humming*) Do you know that song Selector? There is a certain melody I am seeking that goes something like that. A melody with no name…

SELECTOR

A melody with no name?

BALANCE

Yes a rarity I know. It is rumored that Ryda's headphones contain this. It would do wonders for my symphony. Have you been able to scan the entire contents? It must be vast, is there a snippet with a hurricane harmony and destruction in its tone? A snippet that comes in like a Monday morning and steals the vibe away…Have you heard it? Do you know it? A morsel, a small simple sample would be all I would need…

SELECTOR

The contents of the headphones are, as you say, vast. It would take an entire lifetime to explore. I'm not going to let you listen to them, no way, it's out of the question. Ryda stressed that….

BALANCE

Indeed click you should have held the card though, it was a sincere gift from me to you… something to assist click…

SELECTOR

Look enough about the card. The deed is done, let us move onto the next sequence come…..

~ **(Magic Sunshine Hour time line drops~** *cutting off the rest of the* **SELECTOR'S** *statement--This is a sound similar to a car alarm going off - totally catching them off guard, they look at each other, frozen, like roaches caught when the lights come on, then they scamper around in frantic disarray….stage lights go dim….scene ends*)~

(Spotlight on ***STORYTELLER'S*** *spot- Front stage left- He enters from backstage right talking on the phone)*

STORYTELLER

They were spinning these wheels. Wheels! Spinning them to talk to each other. To communicate, yes, yes, wheels. No joke, no play. Like ancient tribes used the drum. Communicating through vibrations bouncing straight to the dome, the head, the brain the cranium…ah… that is how the light travelers communicated. I will hear you soon again my friend…..find out about this baby, get me a name. I can't do anything without a name, so get it and let me know as soon as possible. I have to get back to the tale at hand the timeline for Magic Sunshine Hour just went off….yes MSH when all is revealed and many, many will be disconnected. Desperation and recklessness seep in as the temperature rises….back to the Epicenter *(****STORYTELLER*** *raises his hand, a fist, and slowly opens it. Lights go down as he exits the way he came….*

...lights come up)

*Sound affects like a sub depth charge- lights on banners hanging up on the back wall going crazy….**BALANCE** and the **SELECTOR** are at the **Center Table.** There is now a large hourglass on the table- and both of them are wearing sunglasses)*

BALANCE (*acting suspiciously like a pirate DVD transaction*)

Now that things have changed.....

SELECTOR

MSH was far off you said, when the timeline sounded you were just as stunned as I. You are truly a minor key…. check my scroll, check my scroll

(**BALANCE** *checks the* **SELECTOR'S** *scroll*)

BALANCE

Pause Selector. Pause click click. You have just lost 8 moments and 3 points…

SELECTOR

I don't understand, how, how could I lose points so easily… how…that can't be right…

BALANCE

It is what it is click…

SELECTOR

I'm down that much, but how, how…. I'll go into minus degrees….I…I…

BALANCE

…. I'll let you select from my sack for a quick listen. As you say straight and clear, this will surely speed things up for you. Click click. It will hyperise your sequences. Unlike before, now things are a bit more unstable…

SELECTOR

But how…. just like that?

BALANCE

The timeline dropped in a jagged way…take a dip into my sack, it is a supreme opportunity click click. Not many get a chance to dip into the sack of possibilities, the sack of things which are here but not here… not many. The right pull will give you the quickening that you are looking for, all for just a brief listen. A brief listen. If your headphones are as finely tuned as you say it won't affect them in the least, a minute is all I would require …click

~(**A Doorbell rings**- **BALANCE** *and* **SELECTOR** *look back in the direction of backstage left, the doorbell rings again*)

BALANCE (*annoyed)*

Who dares interrupt the Game of Is when it is in full swing? Who goes there?

LEFTHAND (*offstage)*

…An official representative of the Tribal Heat Counsel of 4 and I carry a golden token which allows me to dispatch a communicado directly to Selector 246…..

BALANCE

Bring your token to me click….let me verify it. It better be golden.

(**LEFTHAND** *enters does a fantastical bow- presents the token to* **BALANCE** *who begins verifying it by examining it and biting on it, he then tosses it into the Calabash shell sitting on the table*)

SELECTOR (*in awe like a star struck fan*)

You are LeftHand….You, you are LeftHand.

LEFTHAND

Greetings to you both, I've had the privilege of monitoring the Selector's heartbeat and I felt it wise that I intervene at this juncture

SELECTOR

LeftHand….

BALANCE (*unimpressed*)

….Yes, yes the famous LeftHand, the tooth pick man, the face on all the Epicenter screens

LEFTHAND

I only compete for air time with you Balance

SELECTOR

LeftHand…

BALANCE

Yes, the dandy himself click click

LEFTHAND

Though that may be Balance, my token is still golden, and because of that I can speak freely. Under no circumstances can you allow a Selector into your sack you know this. Don't go into his sack Selector, just spin the sequence… pace your time and spin the sequence….

BALANCE

Did you not hear the Magic Sunshine Hour timeline drop…?. Were you hiding under a big rock? Click click. Time is dripping incoherently now Selector. In dizzying atomic increments, anything can happen….

LEFTHAND

Don't get ancy. You still have time. Time is on your side, pace it, pace your time.

BALANCE

Are you really going to consider the advice of a sticklicking man…click

SELECTOR

Pace my time. I saw you decimate an opponent in two heartbeats flat, without even blinking an eye, you didn't give him a chance, didn't even give the onlookers a show….I've just lost 8 moments and 3 points and you telling me to pace my time….

LEFTHAND

If you go into that sack Selector you may pull something that will taint your sequences it could be very detrimental….

BALANCE

….Or you could finish in an eyeblink. Before you know it the medallion could be in your possession, tell him that as well stickman… tell him that click.

LEFTHAND

Be that as it may Balance, *you* are still breaking a law. Need I stress that; and all because of some, some fairytale…Has it come to this? You spend so much time in the Bounce, perhaps it has made you dull, dimwitted…

BALANCE

I'm still sharper than you stickman…anytime you want to clash you let me know… anytime…. click

LEFTHAND

If you say so….

BALANCE

That I do…click…whenever you are ready….

LEFTHAND

Why does the thought of MSH shake the great sharp one so?

BALANCE

You make me chuckle, with that stick in your mouth. You really do. Obviously you have never experienced the fullness of an MSH …click….Selector there 8 things in this sack and only one will militarize your sequences, the odds are stacked in your favor click….

LEFTHAND

Remember Selector your choices don't only affect you…

BALANCE

Seven good one bad, can't beat those odds with a stick, click

LEFTHAND

The Heat Counsel knows that although you claim Lone Wolf Status you are still linked…. I saw the Lady Sunchaser, for example, at sunrise down by the marketplace looking very, very….

SELECTOR

Sunchaser, where? Since the water died I haven't been able to track her, where did you see her?

LEFTHAND

….Down where they sew their solar sails. She was looking radiant I must say. She really stands out from the other fringe gypsies. They are such a dingy group. If you pull the wrong thing she will be disconnected immediately. The Heat Counsel likes things the way they are, MSH or not…your outcome will affect all the tribes, all the other Epicenters have fallen…pace your time Selector, pace your time….

BALANCE

Who is this Sunchaser…click?

LEFTHAND

The old tone slinger's astonishing daughter. The Selector's most prominent immediate…

BALANCE

A Lone wolf Selector with immediates, well I never… Clickity clickity clack. The plot thickens…if your selection is an excellent one, as I'm sure it will be, she will be the safest and most secure in less than…...

LEFTHAND

….All of this over a silly fairytale Balance, come on. You really believe that a snatch of the fabled unknown melody could be contained in those phones. You really believe that? The Heat would have confiscated them a long time ago…my goodness…

Ryda must have thought much of you though, Selector 246. To part with his prized possession. Didn't even give them to his flesh and blood. He must have thought

you would look out for his like he looked out for you. I'm sure Sunchaser could have used them when the timeline dropped…it will be seen as collaboration if you go into Balance's sack….. a serious breach of the law, far less the rules of the game of Is….

BALANCE (**BALANCE** *looks into the Calabash shell*)

Enough click….your token time has expired I believe Stickman click. No, no I inform you, I inform you click…. remove it from the calabash and go.

LEFTHAND

….You will feel the sting Selector, even though he is wrong for offering it, he will only get a slap on the wrist compared to you….

SELECTOR

That doesn't seem right….

LEFTHAND

It is what it is, don't do it. Don't go in that sack…

BALANCE

The choice is yours Selector…all yours… but seven good, one bad, those are the odds, and that's no fib…I can't lie about the sack, if I did I wouldn't be able to go back in it… click

LEFTHAND

It *is* your choice Selector….

BALANCE

….Off with you. You are ejected, you are ejected Stickman… click click click!!!

LEFTHAND

I'm leaving Balance, I'm leaving. Now that I know you are so fond of the tales of faries, when next we meet I will bring a disc filled to the brim with such delights….

BALANCE

Take your token and go Sticky… click click clack! Take it…take it

LEFTHAND

I'm gone Balance, but I shall leave my token in the game mix however.…

SELECTOR

You're leaving behind a golden token…

LEFTHAND

Yes, and deeply embedded in it is a blueprint of the La La Option…

BALANCE

You're bluffing… I verified it…

LEFTHAND

Which proves my point…..

BALANCE

You sneaky click click click you had the audacity to put a booby trapped token into the Calabash shell?

LEFTHAND

That I did.

BALANCE

Desecration!

LEFTHAND

Mandatory. You have to make him the offer before you introduce him to some of the horrors in your sack you have to offer him the option…mandatory. If you don't then you will be deconstructed. Your fate will be sealed.

BALANCE

Out, out, out…Be gone Sticklicker!!!!!
(**LEFTHAND** *does a bow and leaves the way he came, with a "video game" sound effect for his exit)*

(pause)

SELECTOR

So tell me about this option Balance…..

BALANCE (*removes the token from the Calabash shell and hands it over to the **SELECTOR**)*

Yes, the option that you have available to you at this time and this time alone, click is this. You can be zip-slided back to the Academy and ride out MSH behind the fortified walls and solar shields…. escape the glare.

You can step back, sharpen your tone; make it without any doubt your own….crystalize your beat…develop your other two elements, your Powr moves and visuals…. retreat and discover more about the ones who came before you. Click click. Perhaps you should take it. Perhaps you do need a better understanding of where you fit in.

Click…. slip back and return when you have put in more work. Learned a tribal song or two. You have that option at this moment, this moment alone. Would you care to take it Selector?

SELECTOR

Are you insane? Go back to the Academy and have to start over. That option is a joke…

BALANCE

No Selector; that is the La La option click

SELECTOR

No I will decline this La La nonsense, I will not retreat.

BALANCE

I thought not…

SELECTOR

The songs and ways of Talek I have long forgotten. If they were stronger, the tribe of Talek would not be in the state that it is in now. Tattered and torn, battered and bruised.

BALANCE

Your youthful energy burns like a flame but you speak of things you don't truly understand…you must put in the work to discover the truth before you can judge….click click.

SELECTOR

MSH is upon us, fire de work, that's what I say…Fire the work! I am the truth the flame and the spark…

BALANCE

Ah….you are hot air…click click

SELECTOR

You say seven will speed things up and only one will militarize….7 good, one bad…. I will take my chances with your sack. I can't beat the odds on that. You get a listen but, only for a split second, I make that stipulation…

BALANCE

Better than none at all… *(**SELECTOR** takes off his headphones and gives them to **BALANCE,** he gives **SELECTOR** the sack. **BALANCE** walks to front center stage, with headphones on, he crouches like he is getting ready to sprint- The **SELECTOR** holds sack and waits…light/sound effects and music*---**BALANCE** *– unmoving, looking like* an *alpine skier, gunning down a white slope*)

SELECTOR

(**SELECTOR** *walks over and touches **BALANCE** on the shoulder, **BALANCE** shakes like he's stepping out of a cold shower into an ice parlor*)

Times up- a split second, I hope you got what you were looking for, now it is time for you to uphold your part of the deal….

BALANCE (*giddy*)

Process and sample, process and sample click click, I'm not sure if I located it but I could feel it…it's in there…Oh yea it's in there…. process and sample process and sample, I have to…click, click click….

SELECTOR

I will make the choice, come let me select.

(**SELECTOR** *takes a dip, his hand shakes tremendously as he pulls out a dried mango seed…**BALANCE** has a disappointed look on his face*)

BALANCE

You have pulled the Epitone seed, click click click it can be enlightening but dangerous. You must listen and see this sequence very carefully for it will be militarized. You still have a slim chance to regain your points. Very slim, pay close attention, when you decipher the sequence you must be very specific

SELECTOR

Spin the sequence I am not afraid….

BALANCE

Very well Selector (**BALANCE** *walks over to the table and takes another sip of coconut water- claps and thunder rolls-brief music**--- SELECTOR** moves to center stage- kneels and places his headphones on. **BALANCE** removes his sun glasses, stretches and messes around with the items on the table, takes a sip from his coconut. Replaces his sunglasses and walks over to the **SELECTOR.**.*

He touches an earpiece and walks to the other side and touches other earpiece, steps back goes back to his table, beats on it and shakes the Shak Shak. He then exits- backstage left)

(*Red lights flash and strobe lights blink- harsh rugged Hip-Hop music similar to Wu-tang Clan- warriors emerge from backstage left/ woman's voice and a chorus sing offstage)*

"Radiate the Sun" ~SONG~ (woman's voice)

Chorus- Fire de work we done done done, fire de work we done done done *(repeat throughout song)*

I radiate the sun winters mean nothing to me, my children step through the insanity and they are known as the wise ones, and when, when I become the moon the candles no longer flicker they stand strong and burn brighter like the truth….
I… I dwell on futuristic islands in the still moonlight beneath the cottonwood and ackee trees other times I move on different frequencies buckling knees-
I never worry about the rhyme…I move through time with the sha na na na and land on the boom bip- coming with true force and blasting through mountains my style is undefinable limitless limitless….

(**SELECTOR** *standing front stage left a blue spotlight on him- he has a demented grin and removes his headphones arrogantly flipping and switchin'*)

(*Music stops- a record scratch- woman's voice fades away replaced with a low hum of static- Warriors freeze-* ***MR. UNKNOWN'S*** *theme song comes on- then a low hum of static throughout the scene*)

(*A large colorful beachball, (yea a beach ball) announcing* ***MR. UNKNOWN'S*** *arrival- MR. U's globe- comes bouncing onto the stage from backstage left-* ***MR. UNKNOWN*** *and* ***LEFTHAND*** *enter from backstage left in a hurry,* ***SELECTOR*** *on his knees because of the low static hum which is excruciating to him.* ***Mr. UNKNOWN*** *takes cutlass off the table)*

LEFTHAND

Remember the Calabash, remember the calabash Unknown…

(**MR. UNKNOWN** *walks back and places his disc in the calabash shell…begins to walk back to the* **SELECTOR—LEFTHAND** *continues*)

….and me as well.

MR. UNKNOWN (*goes back to the calabash shell and drops in a token)*

Hold it Selector hold it Dun. I choose you. LeftHand I wanna see what in these headphones though…. why Balance feel so strong that my melody in them….talking 'bout he composing a symphony.

LEFTHAND

The Heat counsel scanned them and not a snippet of your melody was found…

MR. UNKNOWN

It better not be…flippin' and switchin' flippin' and switchin' no respect for where you are. Have some respect Dun…you didn't see me coming in from your blindside ohhh yea, giving you this hurricane melody and a sweet catastrophic tone…rocking you…Hand over the headphones Dun, no fight no fuss quick fast come.

(**MR.UNKNOWN** *motions for the* **SELECTOR** *to hand over the phones*).

LEFTHAND

Calm down Unknown wait, wait, not like this…

SELECTOR

No…Stop the static…. who are you?

MR. UNKNOWN

I am the one who controls the space between the good and the bad. I can be as sour as a Monday morning or as sweet as Friday afternoon…..

SELECTOR

Where Balance…? How did you make the sequence evaporate…ahhhh…the static stop the static….

MR. UNKNOWN

I can be all your lucky numbers lined up in a row giving you your wildest dream. Or a nightmare giving you pure fright, and you Dun you a fading star, you not that bright… you not that bright at all Dun…hand over the phones…come.

LEFTHAND

Easy, easy Unknown…seriously…calm down…calm

SELECTOR

The static, please….Lefthand help…make it stop…

MR UNKNOWN

Nah nah, Dun. Balance must know something…someting to be brekking laws just so… talking ‘bout he composing a symphony, symphony what…If he chain down my melody he going release it during MSH…is obvious that is what he wanna do….I can’ allow that…

LEFTHAND

Your melody was never found on those headphones…I myself check…

MR. UNKNOWN

….I want to check! For myself Dun! Is that okay with you… for my rangate self!!!

SELECTOR

Ahhh…stop, turn it down turn it down

LEFTHAND

As you wish, I'm just saying that…if you take the headphones it won't be easy to explain…

MR. UNKNOWN

That's what you there for….you'll find a way, you can parry and slash with the best of them…

LEFTHAND

But…

MR. UNKNOWN

Balance is crafty, has his feelers out everywhere, everywhere….

LEFTHAND

Balance is an imbecile

MR.UNKNOWN

Nah Dun he crafty… and you, you been slippin. You been slipping Dun…That Battle Royale Victory gone to you head, you like you forget who get you on the counsel in the first place….

LEFTHAND

No, no, never. It is much appreciated, I'm just saying think of the repercussions…

MR. UNKNOWN

This Selector is a toy. His last sequence showed his warriors were way on edge…. threatening to release limitless options…. That ain't going be good for nobody…no one….. The populace would be stunned like a child surrounded by sweets. He doesn't even know his own name, moving round big and bold with an alias….
Look gimme them…

You think because you made it thru the levels in record time you can just go in somebody sack just so?…shortcuts and speed ups…I don't give one rangate about your past triumphs Dun, I deal with the now…gimmie dem!!…

LEFTHAND

Unknown the Heat will have a lot of explaining to do. The populace will ask what has happened to 246…

MR.UNKNOWN

Riches, stitches, flame, game, lame, shame, dizzy, busy…. Ahhhh….earwave irritation, he an imitator Dun, his tone is not his own. Not his own. That pattern is an old one from Selector number 12 it's plain to hear…

*(Walks over to **SELECTOR** and touches the right earpiece- **SELECTOR** recoils from the touch)*

You let these headphones tek way all your originality and now I goin tek them way from you. The static is me Dun, the improv is me, the sweet sweet mistakes, coincidences and earthquakes those are mine Dun, all mine. I make the straight lines jagged…..me Dun…

SELECTOR

Please…the static…please.

LEFTHAND

If you take them things will escalate, it's like the counsel will have to describe something going on in the sky never before seen…

MR. UNKNOWN

Balance is off somewhere processing and sampling, if he has found anything I'll be toast…

LEFTHAND

This young Selector may just take the fall and everything stays the way it is, you ever thought of that…

MR.UNKNOWN
(pause)

It's true…… if I take them just so, I too will have consequences to face…

LEFTHAND

I understand your concerns Unknown, I really do. All I'm saying is let's find an alternative….

MR. UNKNOWN

An alternative you say eh Left?

LEFTHAND

Yes….

MR. UNKNOWN (*after a moment)*

…I can' think of nothing…I just wanna take 'em…. that's what I wanna do…just the other day I was about to pay the Sens Warcheif a lil surprise visit. Newborn, that trickster, I had something sinister for him… I was in the shadows concealed in the thick of a bamboo grove. Pure stealth. I overheard him and an oracle talking about this one, saying he is the Selector who will bring uniquelinguistics, release the populace into the new state of awareness….. it stop me dead in my tracks… but I don't see it, not him….not him Dun…

LEFTHAND

The battle fields always provide some, shall we say interesting misinformation….

MR. UNKNOWN

Yes, misinformation is the word.

LEFTHAND

All I'm saying is don't be so gruff, we are men of class and as we stand in this inner sanctum, we must use finesse. Remember that this was kinda your oversight as well Unknown. You must take some of the responsibility….

MR. UNKNOWN

A slip on my part perhaps, a slight misstep….

LEFTHAND

When you are out in the battlefields, what's that thing that you sometimes do to make a sticky situation a bit more interesting…the thing you do to a warrior before you strike?

MR.UNKNOWN

Ahhh, sometimes I riddle-a-rise them. Those exact minutes between when they receive the riddle and when they answer it. When they are thinking, and thinking about it. That's where I get some of the sweetest juice. The mind work of the instant when they search for the answer, that's what it's all about, it trembles the heart yes it does….

LEFTHAND

If you snatch his headphones it will send a shock thru the system and the populace will melt the Epicenter…no doubt in my mind.

MR. UNKNOWN

Hmmm, it could happen….

LEFTHAND

Magic Sunshine Hour's approach already has them rebellious…

MR. UNKNOWN

Yes I sensed that when I was coming in.

LEFTHAND

Why not riddle-a-rise him. Why not bring the intensity of those battlefield moments into here, right now….. Riddle-a-rise him… and from how he answers you will know if he has been exposed to your melody….. you will get what you need with out all the backlash….the fact that time is now moving in unstable atomic increments will make it even more interesting. Riddle-a-rise him Unknown, Riddle-a-rise him….

MR. UNKNOWN

I see your point LeftHand… I see your point. I like it… What he call himself…216, 226…

LEFTHAND

246, Selector two forty six…

MR.UNKNOWN

You wearing your watch right?

LEFTHAND

I got it right here *(looks at his wrist watch)*

MR. UNKNOWN

Well you hold the time Left…you hold it tight…. Real tight Dun…. I goin' give him 15 exact minutes to answer…set the buzzer to blast loud and clear when his time is up….

(a pause)

Okay Selector 246, Two forty six….This riddle is called the grand complication… similar to that of the Sphinx, at least one would think. Answer satisfactorily and you keep the headphones. Let's say… Dun…. that they are two- take two- both want to get through, through the doorway of Cyrus with it's gold and silver trim… but only one can go tru- only one…. two- but only one can go thru… they can't go one at a time, so what do they do? How do the two get through?

*(Static drops to a barely audible noise and Time ticks, and sound affects like a T.V. game show… **LeftHand's** wrist watch buzzer goes off.*

MR. UNKNOWN

Times up…let me here your answer Dun, let me hear it…..

(*The* **SELECTOR** *on his knees in obvious pain, takes off his headphones and flips and switches,* **MR UNKNOWN** *and* **LEFTHAND** *look at each other…and then* **MR. U** *erupts…static rises*)

MR. UNKNOWN

You disrespectful toy!

LEFTHAND

Wait, wait….Unknown!

MR. UNKNOWN

I should obliterate you Dun ! Pulverize your rangate eardrum….

LEFTHAND

Give him a break….Unknown give him a break…

(**MR. UNKNOWN** *grabs the* **SELECTOR***…extra scruffy and pushes him…the static rises*)

MR. UNKNOWN

Nah, nah Left I can't do that with no imitators. Can' do that Dun. Gave him a chance, a riddle so nice and he flippin and switchin'…. Flippin and switchin' Nah Dun…!

SELECTOR

Ahhh…why, why…?

MR. UNKNOWN

Because this is what I do Dun, this is what I do…

(**MR. UNKNOWN**- *whistling – motions to* **LEFTHAND** *who walks over to the* ***CTR*** **Table** *and takes up the cutlass*. **LEFTHAND** *then walks over to the* **SELECTOR**, *the* ***Warriors*** *come alive and grab the* **SELECTOR**.

LEFTHAND *comes in close and points the cutlass at the* **SELECTOR**….**MR. UNKNOWN** *walks over and removes the* **SELECTOR'S** *headphones*. **SELECTOR** *struggles, lets out a scream*. **MR. U** *begins to walk a way. Stops laughs, Turns back around walks back and removes the* **SELECTOR'S** *sunglasses.* **SELECTOR** *screams again – starts convulsing on the floor- lights go down- static heightens…scene ends)*

(STORYTELLER *emerges, sneaking out and walks to his place, tribal music plays in the background)*

STORYTELLER

(A whisper, talking on his phone)

I gone…I gone *(places phone in his pocket and talks to the audience)* One time a pirate, a runaway slave and a Native man played a game…one was steel donkey, one was Baku and the other one was de Heartman…They played the game for the mermaid, she was the prize whoever won her favor became a king…but that, that is another story for another time…back to the heart of the Epicenter, lets see what happens next…

(*Raises clenched fist opens it turns and walks off stage- exits backstage right- stage lights up)*

LADY BALANCE *walks on stage snapping her fingers, like the lady of the house coming home after a hectic day – she walks to front stage Left- snaps her fingers, walks to the table and places her disc in the Calabash shell. She removes the cassette tape and studies it for a few minutes….she touches the petal of the hibiscus in the vase and smiles briefly.*

SELECTOR *is slumped down, broken at Center stage.*

MR. UNKONWN, *with the* **SELECTOR'S** *headphones around his neck, walks out stops front stage right-poses looking cool*.

(*Soft music playing – this scene has no dialog*)

MR. UNKNOWN *walks over to Front center stage. Calls over* **LADY BALANCE** *– she has a sour look on her face now but still meets him halfway and stops. He walks over to her and begins to sweet talk her- whispering in her ear- background music only*.

After a few seconds **BALANCE** *enters from Backstage left comes up behind the couple and touches them both- they separate.*

BALANCE

Waaaaittt!! Unkonwn why you all up under my sister like that click click she do you something, she do something to you? You ain't know she outta your range click, click, click….Did you like the original hibiscus I left for you dear sister?

LADY BALANCE

Why yes it is wonder….

MR. UNKNOWN

….Who else but you would disturb this groove, who else…

BALANCE

Click click click (*ready to pounce*) Me!! Why did you come in and disrupt the game? What is your reason click?

MR. UNKNOWN

Reason! Reason! I don't need to give you a reason Dun… I know what you trying to do, you trying to teif my sound and expose me during MSH.…

LADY BALANCE

(*Stepping in between them before a fight begins- she snaps her fingers*)

Hold your tempers gentlemen – there will be none of that in here…Mr.Unknown give me the Selector's headphones

*(**MR.. UNKNOWN** reluctantly hands over the headphones, **LADY B** continues….)*

We are at the heart of the Epicenter remember that, with MSH fast approaching. The tape shows that you Balance held the Selector's headphones at 0.87 standard time and you Mr.Unknown touched them at 0.89.

Now I hold the headphones, and I hold these headphones in the way I hold these headphones, from the way that I hold these headphones, it is clear that I have more power than either of you.

Now we shall all hold these headphones and talk about this young Selector

(*The three hold the headphones at Center stage…**BALANCE** and **MR. UNKNOWN** each hold an earpiece and **LADY BALANCE** holds the center*)

LADY BALANCE (*continues to speak*)

At the heart of the Epicenter of Capadosha, at this moment by the power of the first revealed invested in me, I make this call for court. Choose your words wisely and remember that many on the outside are waiting to see how this young Selector will emerge. To them the Game of IS is all there is…time is in increasingly short supply, the only way to counter it is with a speedy trial…..

MR. UNKNOWN

(Pointing at Balance)

He trying to burn me up….I can't allow that to happen, letting a Selector go into his sack…He always been jealous of me…

BALANCE

Jealous of you please…click…Pure hearsay… Pure hearsay…did you actually witness me letting him go into my sack…?

MR. UNKNOWN

I sensed it loud and clear on my approach

BALANCE

Your sensory system could be out of wack… click clack…way out in the turbulence of the wild wilderness

MR. UNKNOWN

Outta wack….he like he forget who I am ya…

LADY BALANCE

We must remember where we are standing gentlemen…

MR. UNKNOWN

He wants to chain down my melody and release it during MSH, he's obsessed, letting a Selector into his sack- total disregard for the law …he should be sent to Big Tyme for this alone…

BALANCE

You didn't actually witness anything did you…pure hearsay, I have my own song why would I be interested in yours…click..click

MR. UNKNOWN

You know why…..you know why Balance, you are jealous; you want to do the things I do….

BALANCE

You too have broken laws Unknown…. setting down in the fringes and unchaining your melody. Perhaps I did make an unwise deal with the Selector, but only to check his headphones for proof of this…eh…click….

LADY BALANCE

Well did you find it?

BALANCE

No…I didn't get enough time to scan the full contents…click

MR. UNKNOWN

You won't find it cause there is nothing there Dun. I'm slicker than that.
This Selector… uh uh….there must be a crack in the system…. too many flaws, and seriously headphone addicted. He is still a toy….Balance should have spotted this immediately and put everything to a halt one time…. His warriors are way on edge Lady Balance. You should have seen how easily I came through them. LeftHand can testify to this….

LADY BALANCE

I'm sure LeftHand can be a witness to many of your acts Mr. Unknown, but he will not be needed here…I believe he has enough to keep him busy

MR. UNKNOWN

Flippin' and switchin' flippin' and switchin'. This Selector….too arrogant…

LADY BALANCE

You still cannot just barge into this inner sanctum like a ruffian, bouncing your globe. Big Tyme told you about this before and he will not be pleased with you either…

BALANCE

…and lets not forget brutally taking a Selector's headphones. Putting the game in limbo… Big Tyme will not like that either…

MR. UNKNOWN

From the start this game had no form or frequency…. .

BALANCE

The game was building and unfolding nicely, despite MSH approach…

LADY BALANCE

Balance, you should have given us a hardcopy of the rules by now- time line drop or not…you have failed to fulfill a basic requirement…

BALANCE

The rules are forthcoming

MR.UNKNOWN

I call for a full review of this Selector's levels, all of them, each and every Clash. There must be a crack in the system. He don' even have his own sound. He a follower addicted to his headphones. And Balance he should be sent to Big Tyme wid no hesitation right….

LADY BALANCE

…Enough. I've heard enough. I have made my decision. There is no reason to get Big Tyme involved. Right now I'm focused on the masses outside who await this Selector's outcome. My dear brother you will be placed on pause in the Eastern Corner of the Epicenter until you produce a hard copy of the rules……

MR. UNKNOWN

A mere technicality…he has a rap sheet as long as my arm full of offenses…full of offenses that justify something much more harsh. This Selector should have been stopped in the early, and Balance…he's obsessed…

BALANCE

….You set down in the fringes and unchained your melody Unknown, that is much more serious than any of my transgressions…click.

LADY BALANCE

Yes, you are no innocent either Unknown, and because of this you cancel each other out. We'll call it even and when Balance has finished you will have the first look.

(pause)

I shall not, however, waste a moment of this Selector's precious time to review his levels.

The tape shows he produced a Peace Pearl and a Journeyman's disc which was quite complex I might add. He knows deep inside that he needs nothing but himself…I believe this is why he did not follow my dear brother's advice with the PureFire card…he understands, he just needs to be reminded.

(*She snaps her fingers at **BALANCE** who, in a bit of a hissy fit, bows, turns and walks to table and removes his disc from the Calabash shell.…..as he exits backstage left we hear the 'eject' sound similar to **LEFTHAND's** exit)*

MR. UNKNOWN

An original hibiscus, your brother seems to have a bit more than mere brotherly love for you Ms. Lady…

LADY BALANCE

And how do I respond to that Unknown?

MR.UNKNOWN

Just an observation sweetness…I know the fruit of Episteme is still on the table, and that is what you will be tempted to add to the game mix, but that would be a mistake sugar. His warrior's song threatened to release limitless options and that would be detrimental to all of us….

LADY BALANCE

I will consider your words as always Unknown.

MR.UNKNOWN

Let me say this before I am dismissed. If this Selector's sequence contain his mermaids and warriors and by any shadow of a chance his PureFire reappears, it will not be melodious, they will collide and limitless options will come spiraling out…..if they don't harmonize and unify all will be lost…

LADY BALANCE

As I said, I shall consider your words. But I shall play this game how I feel it needs to be played.

MR. UNKNOWN

Uniquelinguistics will not be his…I'm telling you if you offer him the fruit and he doesn't make the right choice it will be very painful for him and a great waste of moments for us…a great waste…a foolish thing with MSH bearing down…

LADY BALANCE

We shall see, I believe his mermaids and warriors will harmonize and unify under the song of choice, they will not collide. This Selector is full of potential energy

MR. UNKNOWN

Don't do it *(he grabs her arm*)….

LADY BALANCE *(pulls her arm away)*
You Unknown, you have that, that brute strength, that is your weapon. But I have strength too I have a weapon as well, because if you ever grab me like that again I will turn my back on you and walk away and you will never see me again…

MR. UNKNOWN

I did it for you.…

LADY BALANCE

Please…

MR. UNKNOWN

But…

LADY BALANCE

…No, off you go…be more discreet when next you unchain your melody … I'm sure my dear brother will have the rules ready for your perusal in a few instances.

(**LADY BALANCE**, *with the headphones around her neck, snaps her fingers at* **MR UNKNOWN**, *with a smile he does a bow and exits backstage right-*

LADY BALANCE *walks over to the* **SELECTOR** *– music soft drumming offstage shakes him like a mother waking a child, uses her stet scope)*

LADY BALANCE (*continues*)

Do you know that sound Selector? Do you know that sound? Listen, feel it. It is your own unique theme the vibration inside of you (*she hums*). Before there was IS there was

WE…you must be strong enough to stand alone, but know this my Selector, know this, you are not alone…I am…you are…we are *(repeat*)

SELECTOR

I'll never win the medallion now, my phones, my visors…gone

LADY BALANCE

I ask you this, what is left? What is left with your headphones and visors gone…what is left Selector?

SELECTOR

Nothing, just me

LADY BALANCE

There's everything in you just waiting for you to harness it…

CHORUS (singing off stage)

Harness the sun…harness the sea…harness the breeze *(repeat throughtout*)

LADY BALANCE

You are connected. You are connected, your ancestors are in the wind the breeze In the nighttime sounds and the day time sun rays. The flash of lightning. The strike. The drop of rain the moisture the dew. The flap of the bees wings and its honey too….surrounding surrounding, surrounding you…surrounding, surrounding me.. surrounding us…the ancestors.

I am I am connected. Connected to the river and the dust and the fires as well. New from old. Nowhere everywhere connected connected. I am you are we are….we are.

Is it yes or no Selector, Is it really true. Which are you a leader or a follower ? Do you create or imitate? You must radiate the sun no matter the fight the battle. The deep riddims that soothe, they will keep you grounded when the battles rage…let me check your scroll

SELECTOR (*still groggy- digs into his bag-hands over scroll*)

How much time do I have left?

LADY BALANCE

You had 180 moments to get through the levels and play the Game of Is....now you are down to two. With one point left and, according to my approximations, we are 20 increments away from the fullness of MSH

SELECTOR (*a moan*)

That's not enough time…what…what do I do now?

LADY BALANCE

You get up and continue on….connect to the true source, search your memories. Come, I will make a choice for you

(**LADY BALANCE** *walks over to the* **Center table** *and selects the apple and returns to the* **SELECTOR**) I choose this for you, the fruit of Episteme…

SELECTOR (*looking at apple*)

What is this, why did you choose it for me? What does it do?

LADY BALANCE

This is a strange and beautiful fruit. It is not a tasty treat. Not at all easy to swallow but it is the key that will help you unlock the truth. Your truth, your song. All your headphones allow you to do is regurgitate but they will never allow you to come original and bring forth your own unique sound and unless you achieve that, you will never win the medallion…

SELECTOR

But how…how do I achieve…how do I connect with what is lost to me?

LADY BALANCE

Is it really lost to you? Search your memories dive deep inside and bring it forth. Rise and harmonize, tune into the eternal hum. The song of a proud tribe flows through you, connect and bring it forth in your own way, and not in the way of other Selectors. That is how you win the medallion…..

SELECTOR

But where will my energy come from?

LADY BALANCE

Think of your experiences. Examine yourself; see you for who you really are. Who are you in the moment of now…who are you now?

SELECTOR

I'm not…I can't ….I won't survive the wilderness. I don't have the weapons to battle the clones and enforcers. I was trained to be a Selector…..

LADY BALANCE

The wilderness is where you will be cast if you lose, you must not think of losing…focus on your deep riddims. The deep riddims creeping to you over the pastures, hills and fields. Through the gullies mixing with the breeze, the raindrops the squeaks of the night shades and shapes shifting. It is up to you for this moment to be the heat in the cold wind blowing. It is up to you, for this moment to be the wild one from way out west…bringing it all night…pushing it…Your time is running out Selector you must make your final choice, If you attain uniquelinguistics you will get your 8 points and the sequence will spin – if you have made the right choice Purefire will not reappear and you will win the medallion. Your emergence will not be an emergency.

SELECTOR

How do I begin…where do I start…

LADY BALANCE

Rename yourself….

(LADY BALANCE *hands over the headphones to the* **SELECTOR-** *faces audience, puts on stet scope snaps fingers-both hands- lights blink on the robotic man shape and the nature cycle banner-* **SELECTOR** *stands with the headphones in one hand and the apple in the other – Lights go down*).

STORYTELLER (*light on Storyteller's spot- he emerges walks from backstage right to front stage right…on his phone)*

….You have to decide my friend, no one can do it for you, still no name eh get back to me when ya get it, okay bye..*(gets off phone and speaks to audience)…*

Choices, choices, choices…If you had to choose between a dream a wish and reality which one would you choose? If you had to change the way you live today, in

what way would you change? Suppose a man searches but never finds his destiny… What then?

How will future generations judge mankind from these days. Will they look with pride or sadness on these days? I don't know but so it seems burdens from the past will pull them down as it does to some in these days….Ahhh I ramble, I rumble at times as well…where were we, ah yes the Epicenter…The Selector is down to his final choice… *(he opens fist and exits the way he came- Lights go down)*

Lights come up- ***SELECTOR*** *alone on stage- Center stage on bended knee- apple in one hand headphones in the next*

"Deep Riddims"~Song-(woman's voice)

Deep riddims creeping over the pastures, hills and fields.
Deep riddims through the gullies mixing with the breeze,
In the raindrops, in the squeaks of the night
The heat in the cold wind blowing…deep riddims.
Bringing it all night…pushing it…deep riddims

(pause)

SELECTOR

Who am I in the moment of now? Who am I….?

I am Selector Phoenix- the supreme Phoenix… I am all action acute earwave activation beat bobbing blatantly blasting bogus babble- carrying crowns causing catastrophes to closed minds- damaging 'em – delicately destroying defunct distortions everytime- easy effortlessly exercising the energy inside me- I will give the gift to the ones who gather and hover to higher heights

Instantly in-interchanging internally- Jabbing and jockeying kinetic lyrics leave the lips as time ticks I rip uniquelinguistics

(SELECTOR *puts apple down directly in front of him- puts on headphones – picks up apple and takes a big bite- he freezes on one knee- light and sound effects, screams and wails and other sounds of turmoil… stage lights flash…dim and brighten in a kaleidoscope of color*)

(**Mermaids** *enter from backstage right –* **Warriors** *enter from backstage left- This sequence involves both the* **Mermaids** *and the* **Warriors-** *A rainbow popping colorful eyeadventure*)

"Choices"- Song-Offstage singing- man and woman's voice

Into the day choices choices – into the night again choices choices

everyday every night choices, choices you have to choose what's right – you have to choose life ya have to choose light- you have to choose love you have to choose right- choices everyday every night you have to choose life- ya have to choose ya have to choose – be ya brother's brother be your sister's sister you have to choose right day or night- you have to choose….

(Bright and steady light on both banners. Sequence ends, lights go down)

(STORYTELLER – *emerges talking on his phone – spotlight on him- background music soft, happy playful- still talking on the phone loud so audience can hear*)

STORYTELLER

Would you believe that out of all the primates in the world Mabalene St. Francis had to get the one monkey who didn't like bananas?

She had a parrot too. Polly of course because that was what you named parrots and Mabalene didn't like to be different. She had a cat named Rex, a few guppies, a seahorse and two goldfish, all of which use to drive Rex crazy; all this food swimming around yet so far out of reach.

She had a dog Rollo. A young pot-starver, who liked to bark bad at her neighbor, when he was tied up, but as soon as he let loose all he would do is run 'round, 'round and 'round in circles….ha ..ha…So the baby will be called Nature then, very good it is a wonderful name….hold on…hold on my friend *(To audience)* well folks, at the Epicenter the Selector was victorious, yes he was. He found his own unique tune before Magic Sunshine Hour descended, and ushered in a time that became known as the Aeon of the equalized forces…a long moment of harmony, and who could ask for anything more…farewell until another time…

(**STORYTELLER** – *goes back to talking on his phone and exits stage the way he came on- lights go down)*

THE END