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## Daily Life Everlasting

by CHARLES L. MEE

A large grand front porch  
with a white railing around it—  
and chairs set out on the porch—  
and a roof over the porch  
and a grand staircase at center.

There are garage doors to both sides of the porch  
with garage doors that slide up inside the garage roofs.

It is a yard sale.  
We start off exceedingly neat and organized,  
with excruciating exactitude,  
and,  
as more and more stuff is brought in,  
the stage will be filled with a wild chaos of stuff.

So, for now,  
there are three lovely dresses on hangars,  
two dark blue suits on hangars,  
seven table lamps in a rigidly neat row,  
six pots of flowers  
three children's toy cars  
eight little kitchen clocks  
seven identical stone garden statues  
six reclining beach chairs  
two red buckets with mop handles sticking out of them  
seventeen prescription pill bottles in a perfectly neat row  
nine globes of the world  
fifty eight dice of all sizes and colors  
fourteen child-size soft toys of stuffed monkeys and clowns  
—and some other things like that.

And then there is a tall floor lamp  
with an extra large lampshade  
made of underpants.

The lampshade has four metal rings  
from which underpants are hanging,  
both men's and women's underpants.

We hear music.  
Trumpets and drums!

And a full orchestra.

One of the garage doors slowly opens  
and eight people are standing there having a party  
a few of them holding wine glasses in their hands.  
They all slowly turn and see the audience.

A woman holding a small harp in her hands  
steps forward  
and sings solo:

Dal mio Permesso amato,  
the prologue from Monteverdi's Orfeo ed Euridice

and,  
after her first bit of solo,  
she is joined by the whole chorus of friends in the garage.

These are not professional opera singers,  
and their occasional ineptitude should make it clear  
that they are people at a party singing one of their favorite songs.  
Maybe they are singing along with a recording of the song  
(and maybe one of the guys on the side  
is fussing with an antique record player to make a point of this).

And a note on casting:  
it could also be that the cast would have, among others,  
one extraordinary solo singer,  
one cellist,  
one world class solo dancer,  
and all the rest would be actors,  
so that all the text would be given to the actors,  
but the cast as a whole would be so integrated  
that we would not consciously notice that the actors don't  
play the cello and sing like Metropolitan opera stars

and that the singer and dancer don't speak more than one or two lines since they are otherwise involved in all the action of the piece.

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SOLOIST [singing]

Dal mio Permesso amato a voi ne vegno,  
incliti eroi, sangue gentil di regi, di cui narra la fama eccelsi pregi, né giugne al ver  
perch'è troppo alto il segno.

Io la Musica son, ch'a i dolci accenti  
so far tranquillo ogni turbato core, ed or di nobil ira, ed or d'amore posso infiammar  
le più gelate menti.

SOLOIST WITH CHORUS

Io su cetera d'or cantando soglio  
mortal orecchio lusingar talora, e in guisa tal de l'armonia sonora de le rote del ciel  
più l'alme invoglio.

Quinci a dirvi d'Orfeo desio mi sprona,  
d'Orfeo che trasse al suo cantar le fere, e servo fe' l'inferno a sue preghiere, gloria  
immortal di Pindo e d'Elicona.

Or mentre i canti alterno, or lieti, or mesti,  
non si mova augellin fra queste piante, né s'oda in queste rive onda sonante, ed  
ogni aurette in suo camin s'arresti.

[The English translation of these lyrics is given at the end of the script.]

A twelve year old boy enters  
in the middle of the song.

He will, of course, wander through the entire play  
for the entire evening,  
watching what everyone does.

But, at the moment,  
while the singers continue singing,

he goes to a table where  
a shirt, pants, suit jacket, tie, porkpie hat, and shoes—  
all of them pink—  
have been laid out on the table.  
And he picks them up one by one  
and puts them on.

And he takes hold of the suitcase on wheels.

As the song comes to an end  
the garage door closes very slowly.

A woman named Nan opens the front door of the house  
and steps out onto the porch.  
She sees the boy standing there.

THE WOMAN, NAN

Hello.

THE BOY

Hello.

NAN

Did you see something you like?

THE BOY [conscious of his own clothes]

Yes.

Yes, I did.

NAN

It's a yard sale.

So, if you have some money,

I can sell it to you.

Or,

if you don't have any money,

I'll just give it to you.

What's your name?

THE BOY  
Odyssey 2.0

NAN  
Two point oh?

ODYSSEUS 2.0  
You know, for the second millenium.

NAN  
Oh.  
So you're just passing through?

ODYSSEUS 2.0  
Yes.

NAN  
And do you think you can make a life out of all this?

ODYSSEUS 2.0  
Oh, yes,  
for sure.  
Yes.

I can.

[Music!

More of Monteverdi—a recording at full volume  
and the chorus sings along—  
see the lyrics below]

while  
out of the other garage door:  
comes a parade of dresses  
both men and women in fancy clothes  
both men's and women's clothes  
men in men's clothes  
and men in women's clothes

and women in men's clothes —  
summer and winter clothes  
kids clothes  
pajamas  
a guy with an immense woman's wig full of feathers  
christmas outfits  
fantastic outfits  
swimming suits  
underwear  
halloween costumes

a fashion runway show —  
coming down, strutting, then stopping for a pose,  
turning, strutting off —  
they enter, flaunt, exit  
and then enter again in a different outfit  
until they've all done two or three turns

These are the choruses they are singing as they strut:

#### CHORUS

In questo lieto e fortunato giorno  
ch'ha posto fine a gli amorosi affanni del nostro semideo, cantiam, pastori, in sì  
soavi accenti che sian degni d'Orfeo nostri concenti.  
Oggi fatt'è pietosa  
l'alma già sì sdegnosa de la bella Euridice; oggi fatt'è felice Orfeo nel sen di lei, per  
cui già tanto per queste selve ha sospirato, e pianto.  
Dunque in sì lieto e fortunato giorno  
ch'ha posto fine a gli amorosi affanni del nostro semideo, cantiam, pastori, in sì  
soavi accenti  
che sian degni d'Orfeo nostri concenti.

#### CHORUS of NYMPHS & SHEPHERDS

Vieni, Imeneo, deh vieni,  
e la tua face ardente sia quasi un sol nascente ch'apporti a questi amanti i dì sereni  
e lunge omai disgombre  
de gli affanni e del duol le nebbie e l'ombre.

NYMPH

Muse, onor di Parnaso, amor del cielo gentil conforto a sconcolato core, vostre cetre sonore squarcino d'ogni nube il fosco velo; e mentre oggi propizio al vostro Orfeo invochiamo Imeneo su ben temperate corde col vostro suon, nostra armonia s'accorde.

CHORUS of NYMPHS & SHEPHERDS

Lasciate i monti,  
lasciate i fonti, ninfe vezzose e liete e in questi prati a i balli usati leggiadro il piè rendete.

Qui miri il sole  
vostre carole più vaghe assai di quelle ond'a la luna, a l'aria bruna,  
danzano in ciel le stelle.

[The English translation of these lyrics is given at the end of the script.

And so the chorus ends with everyone in Halloween costumes arrayed around the stage.

And a bride and groom enter in their wedding clothes.

A moment of awkward silence.]

THE BRIDE

Excuse me, is this the yard sale?

NAN

Well, yes, it is.

THE BRIDE

My husband and I,  
we've just been married,  
and we came right away  
to look for some things for our new house  
because we are trying to figure out  
how to make a meaningful life for ourselves.

NAN

Of course.

JUNE

I have a copy of Plato's Symposium  
that I picked up from the table here  
but I would be happy to give it to you,  
because it's all about love,  
and it's a good starting place.

STEVE

I read it in college  
back when I read all sorts of things  
I love reading so much  
I would read all the time  
and especially when I would go to the john  
I would sit there reading  
and sometimes I would get so involved in a book  
that I wouldn't get up for hours,  
and I would miss my classes  
until finally they put me on probation  
and told me that if I missed one more class  
I'd be expelled  
and that's when I started to read Plato's Symposium  
on the john one morning  
and I got so involved  
I missed my class  
and that was the end of college for me.

EDITH

I like to read, too.  
I decided I would read the encyclopedia.  
The whole encyclopedia.  
I wouldn't skip a single article.  
And I'm only up to "C,"  
but I'm having a good time,  
and I'm going all the way to the end  
and then I'll know everything.



GEORGE

When you get to "D"  
take special care to read about Dante.  
Because—  
they won't tell you this in the encyclopedia—  
but I think if you read the Divine Comedy carefully  
you will see that Dante,  
with his levels of hell,  
already had a very up-to-date idea of urban traffic control.

[No one quite noticed, amidst this talk,  
that a love scene began very quietly off to one side.  
And now, after this talk of traffic control,  
they hear the quiet talk,  
and they all turn to look at the couple off to the side,  
and the couple gradually begins to speak more audibly.]

HORNER

What's your name?

JUNE

June.

HORNER

I love you, June,  
as I've never loved anyone before.  
I thought  
when I saw you on the airplane  
the way you drank your cup of tea  
I'd never seen such sweetness  
such delicacy  
and more than that  
such balance  
when the airplane hit that air pocket  
and everyone bounced around  
and the way you talked to me  
I could listen to you forever  
I could wrap myself up inside your voice  
so gentle

and so strong, too,  
and resilience  
that's what I hear in your voice  
a sense of who you are  
and yet a respect for the person you are talking to  
the truth is:  
you are my model human being.

## JUNE

And you  
now I know why I haven't been married  
because I've been looking for you  
all these years  
I knew I was right  
even though I had no idea  
I would be happy just to sit with you  
in an airplane for the rest of my life  
my shoulder pressed against yours  
and to hear you laugh  
because more than anything  
I love it when you laugh  
because nothing is more important  
than the things that make a person laugh or smile  
because your sense of humor  
that's something you can't help  
you can pretend you know something about novels  
or you can pretend to be considerate  
but a sense of humor is something you can't fake  
what gets to you  
what strikes you in a certain way  
it's just spontaneously how you are  
when you're not thinking  
and I saw you  
all the way from Los Angeles to New York  
smiling and smiling  
and I knew  
I had to have you.

HORNER

Why didn't you say so?

JUNE

I'm a shy person.

Why didn't you?

HORNER

Because you said  
you were coming to New York to get married.

JUNE

Oh. Right.

HORNER

And now  
what shall we do?  
I knew a guy once who married his sister by mistake.

JUNE

You did?

HORNER

Because his sister was marrying a guy from India  
and they got married in India  
and my friend's job at the wedding  
was to carry the leis  
because in India  
the way they get married is  
they don't exchange rings  
but they put flower leis around each other's necks  
and so the time came in the ceremony  
for my friend to hand the leis to the bride and groom  
but he got confused  
and he put the lei around his sister's neck

so  
officially  
they were married.  
So, I'm thinking,  
we could do that.

JUNE  
You mean  
you could be the ring bearer  
but instead of giving the ring to the groom  
you could put it on my finger

HORNER  
Right.

JUNE  
And kiss me.

HORNER  
Right.

[a moment's silence;  
then:  
he kisses her.

then he turns and notices everyone is looking at them]

HORNER [to everyone]  
This is a play we're doing.  
And I have some postcards I can give you  
that will tell you where it is performing.

[he hands out postcards  
while June says:]

JUNE  
And, if you're thinking about  
how to make a meaningful life for yourself  
you know Aristotle said

that human beings are social animals  
and that we become who we are in our relationships with others  
and they say that theatre is the art form  
par excellence  
of human relationships.  
So it would probably be good for you to go to the theatre.

[And then Harold steps forward and says:]

HAROLD

We have a love story, too.  
And we can show you our story, too!

EDITH

The fact is:  
I've never been in love before  
I thought I was  
but I never felt like this

HAROLD

What?

EDITH

And I'm thinking: at my age  
how can this be your first time

HAROLD

Right.

EDITH

The truth is  
I'm not a baby.

HAROLD

No.

EDITH

I've had a whole life  
I've had other relationships in my lifetime

and other things, not even relationships  
and people I've cared about

HAROLD

Yes, indeed.

So you've said.

EDITH

cared about deeply  
people, in fact, I thought I loved  
but it wasn't as though I looked at them  
and felt at once I had to cry  
because I felt such closeness

HAROLD

Empathy.

EDITH

Empathy.

Exactly.

Immediate empathy.

I looked at you

I almost fell on the floor.

HAROLD

Things happen so suddenly sometimes.

EDITH

Do you believe in love at first sight?

HAROLD

No.

EDITH

Neither do I.

And yet there it is: I'd just like to kiss you.

HAROLD

Oh.

EDITH

I think for me it took so long to be able to love another person  
such a long time to grow up  
get rid of all my self-involvement  
all my worrying whether or not I measured up

HAROLD

Yes.

EDITH

or on the other hand  
the feeling that perhaps other people were just getting in my way  
wondering if they were what I wanted  
or what I deserved  
didn't I deserve more than this  
to be happier  
is this all there is

HAROLD

Right.

EDITH

Or I thought  
I need to postpone gratification  
and so I did  
and I got so good at it  
I forgot how to seize the moment

HAROLD

breaking hearts along the way if someone else was capable of love  
at that earlier age when you weren't

EDITH

exactly  
and now I think: what's the point of living a long time  
if not to become tolerant of other people's idiosyncracies

HAROLD

Or imperfections.

EDITH

you know damn well you're not going to find the perfect mate

HAROLD

someone you always agree with or even like

EDITH

and now you know that

you should be able to get along with someone who's in the same ball park

HAROLD

a human being

EDITH

another human being

HAROLD

because we are lonely people

EDITH

we like a little companionship

HAROLD

just a cup of tea with another person

what's the big deal

EDITH

you don't need a lot

HAROLD

you'd settle for very little

EDITH

very very little when it comes down to it

HAROLD

very little

and that would feel good



EDITH

a little hello, good morning, how are you today

HAROLD

I'm going to the park

OK, have a nice time

I'll see you there for lunch

EDITH

can I bring you anything

HAROLD

a sandwich in a bag?

EDITH

no problem

I'll have lunch with you in the park

HAROLD

we'll have a picnic

and afterwards

I tell you a few lines of poetry I remember from when I was a kid in school

what I had to memorize

EDITH

and after that a nap or godknows whatall

HAROLD

and to bed

EDITH

you don't even have to touch each other

sure, what

a little touch wouldn't be bad

HAROLD

you don't have to be Don Juan

have some perfect technique

EDITH

just a touch, simple as that

HAROLD

an intimate touch?

EDITH

fine. nice. so much the better.

HAROLD

that's all: just a touch  
that feels good

EDITH

OK, goodnight, that's all

HAROLD

I'd go for that.

EDITH

I'd like that.

HAROLD

I'd like that just fine.

EDITH

I'd call that a happy life

HAROLD

as happy as it needs to get for me

EDITH

Sometimes in life  
you just get one chance.  
Romeo and Juliet  
They meet, they fall in love, they die.  
That's the truth of life  
you have one great love  
You're born, you die

in between, if you're lucky  
you have one great love  
not two, not three,  
just one.  
It can last for years or for a moment  
and then  
it can be years later or a moment later  
you die  
and that's how it is to be human  
that's what the great poets and dramatists have known  
you see Romeo and Juliet  
you think: how young they were  
they didn't know  
there's more than one pebble on the beach  
but no.  
There's only one pebble on the beach.  
Sometimes not even one.

HAROLD [to everyone watching them]  
And we have postcards for our show, too,  
that I can give you.

[So he begins handing out postcards.]

Now there is background music  
with a constant rhythmic beat  
that repeats the same few bars of music over and over.

And one by one people step to the mike  
and speak a song title or lyric.

Meanwhile, randomly, people see that one of the yard sale tables  
has a plate of gorgeous strawberry tarts—  
and so, one by one, they pick up a tart and eat it,  
and, of course, often they are in the middle of tart eating  
when they step up to the mike,  
and so they stop eating for a moment  
while they speak their song title or lyric.]

THE GROOM

Rubber Ducky,  
You're The One  
You Make Bath Time Lots Of Fun

THE BRIDE

Fairy Tales Do Come True,  
It Can Happen To You,  
If You're Young At Heart

HAROLD

A Crazy Girl Is Hard To Find

EDITH

Who Let The Dogs Out?  
Who?  
Who?  
Who?  
Who?

JUNE

Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat, Where Have You Been?

HORNER

Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland

HAROLD

Ev'ry morning, ev'ry evening  
Ain't we got fun?  
Not much money Oh, but honey  
Ain't we got fun?

EDITH

Every Day Is Ladies' Day To Me

THE GROOM

Let me call you "Sweetheart,"  
I'm in love with you.

THE BRIDE

I'm forever blowing bubbles  
Pretty bubbles in the air

HORNER

I'm Always Chasing Rainbows

JUNE

In the Good Old Summertime

HORNER

You Are My Sunshine

GEORGE

"A" You're Adorable

STEVE

Aren't You Kind Of Glad We Did?

GEORGE

We'll build a sweet little nest,  
somewhere out in the West  
And let the rest of the world go by

STEVE

My Pony Boy

EDITH

I Want What I Want When I Want It

HAROLD

Oh, you beautiful doll  
You great, big beautiful doll

JUNE

Where Do We Go From Here  
Tell me where do we go from here  
You said you'd take me through the years  
So where do we go from here

[And now the soloist steps up to the mike.]

THE SOLOIST SINGS

Ah! Sweet mystery of life  
At last I've found thee  
Ah! I know at last the secret of it all  
All the longing, seeking, striving, waiting, yearning  
The burning hopes, the joy and idle tears that fall!  
For 'tis love, and love alone, the world is seeking  
And 'tis love, and love alone, that can repay!  
'Tis the answer, 'tis the end and all of living  
For it is love alone that rules for aye!  
Love, and love alone, the world is seeking  
For 'tis love, and love alone, that can repay!  
'Tis the answer, 'tis the end and all of living  
For it is love alone that rules for aye!

[And during the song  
everyone who is not singing  
rushes off  
and brings stuff in for the yard sale.  
And,  
to keep the action going on for a while,  
others can step up to the microphone,  
and take over.

Like:

ANOTHER SOLOIST

I'm as mild mannered as I can be,  
And I've never done them harm that I can see.  
Still on me they put a ban, and they throw me in the can,  
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

They accuse me of rascality,  
But I can't see why they always pick on me;  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram.  
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Oh, the "bull," he went wild over me.  
And he held his gun where everyone could see;  
He was breathing rather hard, when he saw my union card,  
He went wild, simply wild, over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me.  
And I plainly saw we never could agree;  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild, over me.

Oh, the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key;  
It seems to be the rage, so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

They go wild, simply wild, over me,  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea;  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part, in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?

And:

ANOTHER SOLOIST

Ma, he's making eyes at me  
Ma, he's awful nice to me  
Ma, he's almost breaking my heart  
I'm beside him  
Mercy! Let his conscience guide him!  
Ma, he wants to marry me  
Be my honey bee  
Every minute he gets bolder  
Now he's leaning on my shoulder  
Ma, he's kissing me

Ma, he's making eyes at me  
Ma, he's awful nice to me  
Ma, he's almost breaking my heart  
If you peek in, can't you see  
I'm goin' to weaken  
Ma, he wants to marry me,  
Be my honey bee  
Ma I'm meeting with resistance  
I shall holler for assistance  
Ma, he's kissing me

[And, during the singing,  
with the things brought in one by one,  
we start with ordinary household items for the yard sale  
and gradually morph into wild art works.

So, first:  
a decayed rotting beautiful tree stump  
from the middle of the woods  
is brought in on a little red wagon.

A girl or woman wearing a viking helmet with two horns  
brings in a blue toy car in the shape of a loaf of bread  
with six small flashlights in a row, sticking out the top of the car  
that she pulls on a string  
and leaves at the yard sale with the other items.

Somebody brings in a giant wire insect  
and leaves it center stage.

Some of these items are arranged like works of art  
by the artist Arman.  
So there is a box of miscellaneous women's high heeled shoes  
with a glass front on the box—like a box by Joseph Cornell.  
And other such boxes of  
tea kettles and house painting brushes.

A dress mannequin  
on a stand with wheels



and hanging from the sides  
a pitchfork and a big cane harvesting knife.

A couple more Arman boxes:  
a box of trumpets with a glass front,  
a box of monkey wrenches.

One big shiny ball  
with another one placed on top of it  
kind of like a snowman  
but pink or orange.

A perfect rectangle  
made of crushed beer cans.

A vast assemblage of  
giant red lips  
the reins and bit for a horse  
blonde hair  
a red sweater  
etc etc etc.  
is brought in.

A violinist comes in with his violin  
looks around,  
opens a big wooden bin at one side of one of the garages,  
puts his violin into the bin,  
puts one foot into the bin  
and stomps the violin angrily  
so we hear the loud crunching sound  
of the smashing of the violin

And then the guy comes in with 25 bicycles  
upside down and sideways  
and extra tires  
and repair tools  
setting up his bike repair shop on the sidewalk.

And then another guy comes in with the Art Car  
(a sign saying: "prices on request")  
A wrecked, ruined tiny car  
a Volkswagen convertible or a Smart car  
full of crap  
with a sign saying ART FOR SALE  
with awful Pollack like random scrawls of paint  
and smeared, dirty places on the canvases  
paintings and sculptures  
and the guy wears a Warhol wig.

The singing ends just a few moments before the art car guy  
finishes his tasks.  
He stands for a moment looking it over  
in silence.

And then:  
Music!  
Big Music!

It could be more Monteverdi,  
just the music this time, no singing.

Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!  
Big Music!

And,



She is lost, solo, among the women with baby strollers,  
imagining how it will be for her one day  
when she, too, has a baby stroller.

And, during the dance,  
an astronaut descends from the sky  
[or, in a theatre without fly space,  
he wanders in, lost, not knowing which way to turn  
or where to go.]

When he finally comes to ground,  
he takes off his astronaut helmet  
and sits down at a little end table,  
and Nan puts a cup of coffee in front of him.

When the dancing and music end,  
he looks up from his coffee and speaks:

ASTRONAUT

Dear God  
please send me  
something to help me  
please send me something to make sense of my life  
please send me  
a story  
a narrative  
that I can fit myself into  
something with a beginning and a middle and an end  
with a sequence of cause effect cause effect  
so I can see that  
things don't just happen  
for no reason at all  
but there is an explanation!  
a cause for every effect  
a logical explanation  
a reason  
so that I can understand my life on earth  
and everyone's lives on earth  
because I know

things can't just be happening for no reason at all  
just because they do  
and they have nothing to do with me  
no  
they must have to do with me  
and my thinking they have to do with me is not just egocentric  
and narcissistic  
self centered bullshit  
there must be a story that explains my life  
and how my life fits in with other lives  
and how that fits in with the destiny of the world  
because  
if there isn't a story  
then I am lost in the universe  
so please god  
let there be a story  
any story  
even a bad story  
a horrible story  
but some story  
so that I am not left here to think  
that beneath my feet  
lies an abyss of utter meaninglessness  
the chaos of the universe  
that cares nothing for me or my life on earth  
that will just forget me in another hundred years  
or thousand years  
or billion years  
and my life will have been nothing  
but its own moment  
a puff of smoke in infinity

I travel and I travel  
I make my way  
I am a brave explorer  
seeing where I go  
noticing the world I'm passing through  
but I don't know any more how to find my way.

THE BRIDE

I know exactly what you mean!

[And now John speaks.

He is a disheveled wreck of an older man  
with long messy hair  
and a long foul beard,  
an ancient beatnik  
with rags for clothes.]

JOHN

The things you see along the way.

There is a great and mighty king  
who hath under him fifty-four great isles that give tribute to him.  
And in everych of these isles is a king crowned;  
and all be obeissant to that king.  
And he hath in those isles many diverse folk.

[This has stopped all conversation.  
Everyone stands looking at him.]

NAN

This is my husband John.

[John looks at Nan for a moment in silence,  
and then he resumes.]

JOHN

In one of these isles be folk of great stature, as giants.  
And they be hideous for to look upon.  
And they have but one eye, and that is in the middle of the front.  
And they eat nothing but raw flesh and raw fish.

And in another isle toward the south  
dwell folk of foul stature and of cursed kind that have no heads.  
And their eyen be in their shoulders.

And in another isle be folk of foul fashion and shape  
that have the lip above the mouth so great,  
that when they sleep in the sun they cover all the face with that lip.

And in another isle be folk that have great ears and long,  
that hang down to their knees.

And in another isle be folk that have horses' feet.  
And they be strong and mighty, and swift runners;  
for they take wild beasts with running, and eat them.

And in another isle be folk that go upon their hands and their feet as beasts. And  
they be all skinned and feathered,  
and they will leap as lightly into trees,  
and from tree to tree, as it were squirrels or apes.

And in California there be businessmen  
who have their heads up their asses.

And in another isle be folk that be both man and woman,  
and they have kind; of that one and of that other.  
And they have but one pap on the one side, and on that other none.  
And they have members of generation of man and woman,  
and they use both when they list,  
once that one, and another time that other.  
And they get children, when they use the member of man;  
and they bear children, when they use the member of woman.

And in another isle be folk  
that go always upon their knees full marvellously.  
And at every pace that they go, it seemeth that they would fall.  
And they have in every foot eight toes.

#### THE GROOM

I have done some travelling, too.  
At one time,  
in thirty-three days,  
I sailed to the Indies  
with the fleet that the illustrious King and Queen gave me,

where I discovered a great many islands,  
inhabited by numberless people;  
and of all I have taken possession for their Highnesses.

I headed south along the coast.  
The seaports there are incredibly fine,  
as also the magnificent rivers,  
most of which bear gold.  
There are many spices and vast mines of gold.  
They have no iron, nor steel, nor weapons,  
nor are they fit for them, because  
although they are well-made men of commanding stature,  
they appear extraordinarily timid.  
The only arms they have are sticks of cane,  
cut when in seed,  
with a sharpened stick at the end,  
and they are afraid to use these.

As for monsters, I have found no trace of them  
except at the point in the second isle as one enters the Indies,  
which is inhabited by a people considered in all the isles as most ferocious, who eat  
human flesh.

They possess many canoes,  
with which they overrun all the isles of India,  
stealing and seizing all they can.  
They are not worse looking than the others,  
except that they wear their hair long like women.  
Another island, I am told, is larger than Hispaniola,  
where the natives have no hair, and where there is countless gold.

HORNER

I have done some travelling, too.

Hopping a freight out of Los Angeles  
at high noon one day in late September  
I got on a gondola  
and lay down with my duffel bag under my head  
and my knees crossed  
and contemplated the clouds



as we rolled north to Santa Barbara.  
Somewhere near Camarillo  
where Charlie Parker'd been mad and relaxed back to normal health,  
a thin old little bum climbed into my gondola  
as we headed into a siding to give a train right of way  
and looked surprised to see me there.

He established himself at the other end of the gondola and lay down  
facing me,  
with his head on his own miserably small pack  
and said nothing.  
By and by they blew the highball whistle  
and we pulled out as the air got colder  
and fog began to glow from the sea over the warm valleys of the coast.

Pretty soon  
we headed into another siding at a small railroad town  
and I figured I needed a poorboy of Tokay wine  
to complete the cold dusk run to Santa Barbara.  
"Will you watch my pack while I run over there  
and get a bottle of wine?"  
"Sure thing," he said.

I jumped over the side and ran across Highway 101  
to the store, and bought, besides wine, a little bread and candy.  
I ran back to my freight train  
which had another fifteen minutes to wait in the now warm sunny scene.  
The bum was sitting cross legged at his end  
before a pitiful repast of one can of sardines.  
I took pity on him and said,  
"How about a little wine to warm you up?  
Maybe you'd like some bread and cheese with your sardines."

I reminded myself of the line in the Diamond Sutra  
that says,  
"Practice charity without holding in mind any conceptions about charity,  
for charity after all is just a word."  
I was very devout in those days  
I believed that I was an oldtime bhikku in modern clothes

wandering the world  
in order to turn the wheel of the True Meaning,  
or Dharma,  
and gain merit for myself as a future Buddha (Awakener)  
and as a future Hero in Paradise.  
And he said yes.  
And he had a little wine.

[Silence.]

NAN [to Odysseus]  
You see  
I hear this  
I think  
why don't they just stay home

because everything they saw  
didn't they get it all wrong?

Why doesn't my husband just stay home  
and he could be an archaeologist  
and dig up the back yard  
and he would find the broken cup  
and the old spoon  
and he could figure out from this  
there used to be a civilization here  
that liked to have brunch in the garden.

And this is what is called a life  
the life I live  
I look at the broken cup  
and the old bus going by  
and the corner café  
and Dennis next door throwing snowballs at his daughter  
the woman singing in the shower  
and somehow  
I put them together  
because they are all here now  
so I know

this is the world I live in  
if only my head were bigger  
and I could get my head around it  
and see that it all makes sense  
if my head is big enough  
even if some pieces are missing  
and there is a space  
between the old spoon and the snowball and the dancing in the streets  
I can be an archaeologist  
and I will know all I need to know about the world I live in  
without travelling outside my own backyard.

Because, also,  
we have a history, too, you know.  
Even though we never went anywhere.

[to Odysseus]

My great great grandfather was the first mayor of Omaha  
and when his wife Sophia Hoppin came on the train from Providence,  
he met her at the station with a wheelbarrow  
and brought her home in the wheelbarrow  
because the streets were all muddy.  
And then  
when my great grandmother was born  
my great great grandmother was out on the back porch one day  
and she noticed a cloud of dust coming closer and closer to the house  
until finally a hundred Indians came up on horseback  
and the chief got off his horse  
and came up to the porch  
and said to my great great grandmother  
that he would like to take her baby  
my great grandmother  
to have her as a princess to marry his son  
and he had brought gifts along with him,  
and  
when he said that,  
some of the Indians who had come with him  
got down off their horses

and brought armloads of gifts to the back porch  
a beaded medicine bag filled with herbs  
which I still have up in the attic  
and a drum  
and a headdress with feathers  
and many other precious things.  
And my great great grandmother  
thanked the Indian chief  
and told him she was very flattered and grateful  
and overcome with admiration for the chief  
and deeply moved by his request  
but that her daughter was not for sale  
and she must refuse his offer.  
And so the chief said  
nonetheless  
he hoped my great great grandmother  
would keep the gifts he brought  
as a remembrance of his friendship.  
And with that  
he turned and left  
and all the horses rode away in a cloud of dust.

GEORGE

What you want to do in life  
is just keep on going.

STEVE

Never quit.  
Never never never never never never quit.

GEORGE

and you will know where you're been  
after you come out of the woods at the end

[And now

BIG MUSIC!

Everyone steps downstage  
and,  
facing front,  
sings Monteverdi  
in a big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus  
big chorus.  
big chorus.

Lasciate i monti,  
lasciate i fonti,  
ninfe vezzose e liete  
e in questi prati  
a i balli usati  
leggiadro il piè rendete.

Qui miri il sole  
vostre carole  
più vaghe assai di quelle  
ond'a la luna,  
a l'aria bruna,  
danzano in ciel le stelle.

Poi che bei fiori,  
per voi s'onori  
di queste amanti il crine,  
ch'or de i martiri  
de i lor desiri  
godon beati al fine.

[They sing this two times.  
The first time they come triumphantly downstage  
and sing it straight out.

The second time they move back upstage,  
everyone takes a beach chair,  
unfolds it facing downstage,  
and lies back,  
and then they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again  
they all sing the song again

lying back happily on their beach chairs.

And then:  
quiet.

GEORGE

The things you learn along the way.  
All animals except man know the ultimate point of life is to enjoy it.  
To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that's all.

STEVE

Everything you can imagine is real.

EDITH

A hen is only an egg's way of making another egg.

HORNER

Close your eyes and you will see.

HAROLD

You can't do anything about the length of your life, but you can do something about its width and depth.

THE BRIDE

God created man because he was so disappointed in the monkey.

THE GROOM

Everywhere I go I find that a poet has been there before me.

JOHN

The older I get, the better I was.

JUNE

If ignorance isn't bliss, I don't know what is.

JOHN

Know thyself?

If I knew myself, I'd run away.

GEORGE

Misery is almost always the result of thinking.

HORNER

Sanity and happiness are an impossible combination.

GEORGE

If you know exactly what you are going to do, what is the point of doing it?

STEVE

The truth is:

you set out on a journey  
and sometimes you never come back.

JOHN

Al-Hakim bi-Amr Allah, sixth Fatimid caliph and 16th Ismaili rode his donkey to the Muqattam hills outside Cairo for one of his regular nocturnal meditation outings and failed to return. A search found only the donkey and his bloodstained garments.

Vandino and Ugolino Vivaldi, from Genoa, lost while attempting the first oceanic journey from Europe to Asia.

HAROLD

John Lansing, Jr., American politician, left his Manhattan hotel to mail a letter at a New York City dock and was never seen again.

GEORGE

Ambrose Small, Canadian millionaire, disappeared from his office. He was last seen at 5:30 pm on December 2, 1919 at the Grand Opera House in Toronto.

EDITH

Dorothy Arnold, socialite and perfume heiress, was last seen in New York City.

HORNER

Victor Grayson, British socialist politician, received a phone call and told his friends that he had to go to the Queen's Hotel in Leicester Square and would be back shortly. He was last seen entering a house owned by Maundy Gregory.

JOHN

Percy Fawcett, British archaeologist and explorer, together with his eldest son, Jack, and friend Raleigh Rimmell, was last seen travelling into the jungle of Mato Grosso in Brazil to search for a hidden "city of gold".

THE GROOM

Glen and Bessie Hyde, American newlyweds, disappeared while attempting to raft the Colorado River rapids of the Grand Canyon.





gentle music  
gentle music  
gentle music  
gentle music

[Eventually, as the music continues,  
someone gets up from a beach chair,  
goes out, and returns with something else for the yard sale.

And then someone else does the same thing.

And, finally, everyone is up  
and going in and out  
bringing in more things for the yard sale:

a kid's red wagon  
with three tv sets attached to poles that stick up from the center of the wagon

a cocktail bar and tv set  
on top of a giant, bed-sized pillow

an orange body suit  
made of bear's fur  
with a ten foot "tail" coming out the front  
and a brightly colored striped tie and white shirt collar at the neck

if it's remotely possible,  
it would be nice to have a pair of black rubber rain boots,  
eight feet tall

two stone pedestals  
each about three feet tall  
one with a rooster on top of it  
the other with a chicken on top of it

Odysseus, who has been watching all this,  
goes out and comes back in with

a baby carriage with wire frames on top of it  
holding a boulder  
and he just leaves it there among the other yard sale items

a tower constructed of household furniture—  
little chairs and bedsteads and guitars and socks  
and women's high-heeled shoes  
a mannequin  
with a basketball head  
and two little baseball bats for rabbit ears

And, while everyone is bringing in things for the yard sale,  
the groom rolls up his pant leg  
puts one naked foot in the air  
and paints it ten different messy colors with oil paint.

The garage doors open and one woman is in the garage  
standing against the back wall  
which is filled with scrawlings,  
black line drawings a child might have done of animals  
that are lovely but that seem,  
accompanied as they are by a lone woman in the garage,  
a little sad and desperate.

This could be the bride.

She sings a lonely solo: A Crazy Girl Is Hard to Find  
a lonely solo  
a lonely solo  
a lonely solo  
a lonely solo  
a lonely solo

I'm sorry you're so crazy  
I'm sorry you're so blue  
I'm sorry that this sad old song's for you

Just when we had a good thing going  
You had to go and lose your mind  
Sane girls are so easy

But a crazy girl's hard to find

You see rabbits in the mirror  
And you cry at puppet shows  
You laugh at me when I take off my clothes

But underneath the dusty covers  
Your madness almost shines  
Well those sane girls, they come so easy

But a crazy girl's hard to find

Just when I think I got ya figured  
You leave me way behind  
Just when I think I see your shadow  
I see it's only mine

So you can see why I get nervous  
When you say you're gonna go  
'Cause you could leave forever and never know  
So stay here in this mad house  
We'll lose it together this time  
Well those sane girls, they're so easy

But a crazy girl's hard to find  
Yeah, those sane girls, they come so easy

But a crazy girl's hard to find.

[This singing is joined by  
a girl dancing with the computer held to her ear.  
—or is this where you get a couple dancing romantically together?]

And now everyone joins in the chorus of the song,  
or else they sing another song altogether  
(with even Odysseus 2.0 joining in half-way through).

the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings  
the chorus sings

As they sing,  
individuals will keep leaving the group  
to bring in a piece of art for the yard sale.  
And, after they bring in their piece,  
they rejoin the chorus.

Among the objects are:

a christmas tree  
with fork feet holding it up  
and decorated with large silver fish

a section of ruined roman column  
but coated in gold leaf  
like the ruined fortunes of today and yesterday

a skeleton's skull  
five feet tall  
with an upside nose in the shape of a heart, painted red  
and deep black curving lines defining various parts of his skull

five people covered in white sheets,  
with only their arms showing to gesticulate,  
enter and gesticulate in time to the music  
before finally shedding the sheets

A kid's toy piano is brought out and put down.  
A guy looks at it,  
then turns his back to the piano,  
and, squatting, sits on the keyboard,  
and then "plays" the piano  
by bouncing up and down on his butt.  
Is this Odysseus 2.0?

When the choral song ends,  
we transition to a medley pure music  
which can get increasingly celebratory and raucous.

a guy crosses the stage  
with a skeleton on his back  
its hands and arms over the shoulders of the guy carrying him  
so the guy can hold the skeleton's forearms to keep it on his back

a naked body of christ  
holes are poked in it  
and blood gushes out

The violinist gets his violin out of the wooden bin by the garage  
plays it a little bit [we can't hear it over all the noise]  
and then puts it back into the bin  
and stomps it again.

A solo dancer comes in  
takes the floor lamp with the underpants lampshade  
lovingly in her arms,  
dances around with it,  
dances around with it sweetly,  
nostalgically,  
spiritedly,  
warmly,  
regretfully,  
and finally  
sets it down among the other yard sale items.

and is joined by others  
with solos  
with chairs  
wheelchairs  
the salad fork dance

three men do a chair dance together now  
dancing on off and around sofa

taking clothes from the clothes rack

odysseus 2.0 dances with a skateboard

everyone dances holding two high heeled shoes in their hands

they throw themselves to the floor  
bounce off a yard sale mattress

some of these things remain solos  
some of these things  
—like bouncing off the mattress—  
are things everyone does

there is a bucket dance





big party, big dance  
big party, big dance  
big party, big dance  
big party, big dance

And everyone, finally, in the end,  
imitates the bride and groom  
and all give up their objects and dance with each other  
or have their objects dance with each other  
so you get a variety of relationships  
some couples  
some coupled objects  
some do objects and then each other and then objects again  
some go from one to another

and Odysseus dances with Nan.

And then, in a while,  
the music comes to an end,  
and everyone is once again sitting around quietly,  
a number of them sitting in the garage again.

And, after a silence, the groom speaks to the bride:

THE GROOM

Sometimes I think  
I would like to take you in my arms  
and we would lie down on the back of a chicken  
and fly up into the clouds.

THE BRIDE

You could do that.

THE GROOM

And take you to the south of France  
to St. Remy  
with all the sunflowers  
and the glass of rose wine  
when we have lunch at that little restaurant

that has a children's carousel in the main dining room  
and a toy car big enough for two kids to sit in together  
and the camping trailer  
you can sit inside and have them serve you lunch there  
but we would sit outside  
under the trellis  
so that we could see the sheep  
on the day that they have the running of the sheep  
through the town?

THE BRIDE

Yes.

THE BRIDE

Would you take me in your arms  
and lie down in that big overstuffed easy chair  
in the shape of a fat man?

THE GROOM

Well, yes!

THE BRIDE

Sometimes I feel like ten lightbulbs on the ends of the wires  
twisting out from the ceiling.

THE GROOM

The lightbulbs with wings?

THE BRIDE

Yes.

Or

I could be a bed filled with butterflies.

THE GROOM

I could be a little chair  
made of metal strips  
that make a little protective circle around a newly planted tree  
where you could sit and enjoy protecting the tree.

THE BRIDE

I could be a yellow haystack in a field for you.

THE GROOM

I could be a dog,  
thirty feet tall,  
made all of flowers.

HAROLD

I could be an old wooden horse-drawn cart  
with big spoke wheels  
upended in a cobblestone street.

EDITH

I could be a boutique of antique corsets.

JUNE

I could be winged victory.

JOHN

I could be white birch tree trunks in a giant ice cube  
melting in the sun.

HORNER

I'd like to walk with you across the landscape filled with windmills.

JUNE

We could play beachball.

HORNER

I would say probably  
the beach  
and sitting in a café in Paris  
those would be a couple of my favorite things  
and then spending some time in an old farmhouse  
in Umbria  
overlooking the vineyards and the olive trees  
eating all our meals in the big kitchen

where the Italians always have the big table  
and hearing the neighbors over in the next orchard  
having a shouting argument over their wine with dinner

EDITH

I think of Madame Renoir  
sitting on a flowery couch  
reading a book.

STEVE

I think of labyrinths of green hedges.

GEORGE

And a naked woman standing on a box  
having her picture painted.

EDITH

At Roubaix one time  
I saw clowns jump upside down  
and there was a cow in the show  
a calf maybe  
more like a calf  
that could jump upside down, too,  
just like the clowns.

STEVE

Did you ever have a peacock?

EDITH

No.

STEVE

I'd like to get a peacock for you.

EDITH

I'd like that.

GEORGE

We count ourselves very lucky  
not to be in the middle of a shipwreck  
a lot of naked bodies on the rocks,  
the ship half sunk offshore  
half the crew dead  
people fighting on the rocks  
a war going on out at sea.

STEVE

Right.

JUNE

Sometimes I wonder what you would think of me  
if I were an older woman  
who kept a naked young woman with me all the time  
in the living room  
and a little silver fox  
and one of those big sad dogs  
the skinny kind  
who always have their ears laid back on their heads  
because they are shy  
and the young naked woman  
would have two pet baby zebras.

HORNER

What I would think.

JUNE

Yes.

HORNER

Right.

JUNE

Would it be better if you were the kind of guy  
who lived down that old narrow wooden staircase  
in that little back street  
with six potted plants at the top of the stairs

and down the stairs  
that old ruined wooden carving in relief  
of a young man on horseback  
and then  
just in front of the door to the basement where you lived  
that incredibly skinny ten foot tall naked woman made of plaster?

GEORGE

Where people live says a lot about them.

HAROLD

Eventually  
it's where they come from.

HORNER

Right.

NAN

Would you run over a hilltop  
that was full of thrown away old electronic equipment  
and beautiful red flowers?

HORNER

No.

NAN

Because?

HORNER

I wouldn't want to step on the flowers by mistake.

NAN

Right.

THE BRIDE

If you had a red and white checked table cloth  
and a Quiche Lorraine and some fresh fruit  
and a bottle of good wine for a picnic outdoors

overlooking, say, the old walled city of Avignon,  
would you let a red bird have a few bits of your Quiche  
if he was polite about it?

THE GROOM

Sure.

THE BRIDE

If you had a little tiny sail boat  
with a little tiny house-like cabin on it  
just big enough for the two of us  
with room for an easel in the stern of the boat  
would you become a painter?

THE GROOM

Yes, I'm afraid I would.

If you had a flute  
and you had on your white summer outfit  
but I was naked in the woods  
would you ignore the other naked people in the woods  
and play your flute for me?

THE BRIDE

Yes. I would.

STEVE

If we had a vineyard  
would you keep a fifty foot bronze rabbit in the vineyard?

GEORGE

Yes.

STEVE

If I had a white pig  
I would cover him with tattoos.

NAN

Do you like to have some big garden hose shaped  
pieces of candy  
coming out from under the cushions  
of the living room chaise?

STEVE

Yes.

JUNE

Sometimes I wish your cheeks were made of peaches  
and your chin would be a pear  
and you would have cherries in your hair.  
Your nose would be a cucumber.  
And your lips would be grapes.

HORNER

Grapes.

JUNE

Green grapes.

THE GROOM

Someday I'd like to take a nap in the woods with you  
in the middle of the afternoon  
with the sun coming down through the trees  
and the cows wading through the little pond  
but staying in the pond  
not wanting to come up into the little nook  
where we are napping  
just stay in the pond  
and have a little drink of water  
and look at the trees on the other side of the pond.

[Music.

A big final song.



The singers all begin singing wherever they happen to be,  
but,  
as the song goes on,  
they gradually join their friends in the garage  
to sing the final chorus of Monteverdi,  
all of them,  
finally,  
facing front:

Vanne, Orfeo, felice e pieno  
a goder celeste onore,  
là 've ben non vien mai meno,  
là 've mai non fu dolore,  
mentr'altari, incensi e voti  
noi t'offriam lieti e devoti.

Così va chi non s'arretra  
al chiamar di nume eterno,  
così grazia in ciel impetra  
chi qua giù provò l'inferno,  
e chi semina fra doglie  
d'ogni grazia il frutto coglie.

Large branches filled with autumn leaves now  
descend from the flies.

Nan, meanwhile, has picked up a dish towel,  
and she goes up the front steps to the front door,  
turns,  
shakes out the dish towel,  
and turns back and goes inside the house.

(John has followed her—  
after picking up two cups and two spoons from the yard sale tables—  
opens the door for her,  
and follows her inside.)

Odysseus 2.0 is left alone in the yard.  
He takes hold of the handle of his suitcase on wheels.  
He looks around.  
He takes one more,  
carefully chosen,  
item from the yard sale.

Odysseus leaves

and the singers  
sing the last of the Monteverdi

as the garage doors come down

and the stage goes to darkness.

THE END

#### THE MONTEVERDI LYRICS IN ENGLISH

The first Monteverdi song in translation:

From my beloved Permessus I come to you,  
illustrious heroes, noble scions of kings,  
whose glorious deeds Fame relates,  
though falling short of the truth, since the target is too high.

I am Music, who in sweet accents  
can calm each troubled heart,  
and now with noble anger, now with love,  
can kindle the most frigid minds.

Singing to a golden lyre, I am wont  
sometimes to charm mortal ears;  
and in this way inspire souls with a longing  
for the sonorous harmony of heaven's lyre.

Hence desire spurs me to tell you of Orpheus,  
the immortal glory of Pindus and Helicon,  
Orpheus who drew wild beasts to him by his singing,  
and who subjugated Hades by his entreaties.

Now while I alternate my songs, now happy, now sad,  
let no small bird stir among these trees,  
no noisy wave be heard on these river banks,  
and let each little breeze halt in its course.]

The second Monteverdi song in translation:

On this happy and auspicious day  
which has put an end to the amorous torments  
of our demigod, let us sing, shepherds,  
in such sweet accents  
that our strains shall be worthy of Orpheus.  
Today fair Eurydice's heart,  
formerly so disdainful,  
has been touched with compassion;  
today Orpheus has been made happy  
in the bosom of her for whom he once  
sighed and wept so much amongst these woods.

Therefore, on so happy and auspicious a day  
which has put an end etc.

CHORUS of NYMPHS & SHEPHERDS

Come, Hymen, ah come,  
and let your fiery torch  
be like a rising sun  
to bring these lovers peaceful days  
and henceforth banish afar  
the horrors and shadows of anguish and grief.

#### NYMPH

Ye Muses, the honour of Parnassus, beloved by heaven,  
tender consolation to the dejected heart,  
let your harmonious lyres  
rend the dark veil from every cloud;  
and while we today,  
on well tuned strings,  
invoke Hymen's favour on our Orpheus,  
let your singing accord with our playing.

#### CHORUS of NYMPHS & SHEPHERDS

Leave the mountains,  
leave the fountains,  
charming, happy nymphs,  
and in these meadows  
rejoice your fair feet  
with your accustomed dances.

Here let the sun behold  
your roundelays,  
lovelier far than those  
which the stars in heaven  
dance to the moon  
in the darkness of night. ]

The third Monteverdi song in translation:

#### CHORUS of NYMPHS & SHEPHERDS

Leave the mountains,  
leave the fountains,  
charming, happy nymphs,  
and in these meadows  
rejoice your fair feet  
with your accustomed dances.

Here let the sun behold  
your roundelays,

lovelier far than those  
which the stars in heaven  
dance to the moon  
in the darkness of night.

Come, Hymen, ah come,  
and let your fiery torch  
be like a rising sun  
to bring these lovers peaceful days  
and henceforth banish afar  
the horrors and shadows of anguish and grief.

The final Monteverdi song in translation:

CHORUS of NYMPHS & SHEPHERDS

Orpheus' cup of joy is filled,  
he is ris'n to realms supernal,  
there are pain and sorrow stilled,  
there is peace and bliss eternal.  
Joyous hearts and altars smoking  
offer we, thy grace invoking.

Thus to all of us is given  
who obey the Lord Eternal,  
he shall taste the joys of Heaven,  
who on earth has brav'd th'infernal.  
He who sows his seed in sorrow  
fruits of grace shall reap tomorrow.

#### A NOTE ON CASTING

In order to have a nice crowd of singers, the script calls for 12 actors, but the piece can easily be done with ten actors if Steve doubles as Horner, and George doubles as the Astronaut. In that case, too, the bride and groom can start out in the garage crowd from the very top of the piece and then emerge from the crowd for their first scene.

Odysseus 2.0

Nan

The Bride

The Groom

June

Steve (CAN DOUBLE AS HORNER)

Edith

George (CAN DOUBLE AS ASTRONAUT)

John

Harold

Astronaut

Horner

#### ANOTHER NOTE:

Some of the texts for this piece are taken from Sir John Mandeville's *Travels* and Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*.

Charles Mee's work has been made possible by the support of Richard B. Fisher and Jeanne Donovan Fisher.