

# TODO EL MUNDO EN UNA FLECHA AMARILLA (ALL THE WORLD IN A YELLOW ARROW)

An opera in one act  
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## SYNOPSIS

A story which comments upon the possible beginnings of time; language and its effect on reality and perception; the loss of innocence and the gaining of knowledge; and the possibility of changing reality and hence the world.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Narrator	Dancers (6) doubles as the
Juan:	Chorus
and Cera, two lovers	T.V. Announcer
Cero, her twin brother	The Vigilante
The Black Republican	Customs Officers (2)

SCENE 1: The universe is created by language and communication. Time is transposed to a Mexican village where we meet Juan and Cera, two lovers. They are traveling together on the Flecha Amarilla, a Mexican bus Juan decides to visit the city of Reality. Cera does not. They are separated.

SCENE 2: The city of Reality which Juan initially enjoys. He then meets the Black Republican, watches The Ball Game; encounters the Vigilante; and meets the Cero: who turns out to be Cera's twin brother Cero. Cero is leaving the city to meet Cera Juan who by this time is less than enamored with Reality, decides to leave with him.

SCENE 3: The Reality Checkpoint, the guarded border where anyone wishing to leave the city must pass the arbitrary standards of Reality. Cero is granted permission Juan is refused Juan is able to contact Cera but she is unable to help him. However, she states that she will wait for him. Using his resources, Juan is able to contact the Flecha, leave the city and rejoin Cera and Cero. His passage creates a new reality.

## Scene 1

*(Stage is dark. The music is played underneath the voices)*

### DAY OF THE TRIPLE ARC (INSTRUMENTAL)

**Chorus:** In the beginning was the word and it traveled  
freely place to place  
space to pace and  
face to face The word was everyw1ere and nowhere  
The word traveled faster than cars,  
than buses than trains.  
than planes  
than SST's HST's, VTO's VCR's, ICBM's SLBM's  
ABM's, BVD's, RAM's, ROM's, LSI's  
than bits, bytes, or nibbles faster than yesterday's news  
Faster even than light  
Faster because there wasn't any  
Faster because all things existed within, without, and around  
Faster because there was no space and no time  
I was there  
You were there  
She was there  
He was there  
We were there  
We communicated,  
And when we spoke, we entered space. uninterfaced  
And when we entered, we created space and its corollary time

*(stage explodes with light cued to music explosion)*

**Narrator:** Time's first law, THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION. Given enough time and the right set of circumstances, anything can and will happen. And what happened? Gravity, electromagnetism, strong force, weak force. We led a charmed existence in a quirky -sort of way. But charm takes you only so far and as we spoke our words tumbled out, sped and spread across what we now called the universe. But, as we had entered space, speed was relative. Words traveled only 186,000 miles in one second which was quite slow. Given the distances, that had to be traveled and Time's First Law, the Theory of Evolution. All sorts of anomalies permutations, deviations. Incantations, mesmerizations obfuscations, clarifications, categorizations began to occur.

**Chorus:** Mapping out pathways  
Trailing tails of light  
Exhausting futures undiscovered  
Grinding to a halt,  
Arrows pointing to tomorrow's indecisions  
Words and worlds to themselves internally consistent  
Eternally in flux  
Waiting for time and space to return to one

**Narrator:**

But at such a slow speed words became lost in translation. Quasars became pulsars, dead stars became neutron stars, red stars became blue stars, white holes became black holes, giants became dwarfs, mesons became mu mesons and pi mesons, electrons became positrons. And as we watched protons started dancing on pinheads, energy became matter and matter became energy. It was all too uncertain. The results of all this gossip? A lot of cosmic debris. Why you couldn't tell the players without a program or find your way without a map. And so, out of necessity maps came into being Roadmaps for the soul, roadmaps to word, roadmaps to the world. Maps pointed out directions, forks in the road.. General locations of now multitudinous galaxies, planets of interest, bus stops places to avoid, undesirable aliens, and decent place; to eat because if you were traveling at the speed of light it was going to take you a long time to get anywhere and you were bound to get hungry. But maps also multiplied, diversified and were mistranslated. You had AAA, Rand McNally, AMCO; You had Old Testaments. New Testaments, and Torahs. You had I Chings, and Korans. You had tea leaves, crystal balls and Tarot cards. You had little red books. little green books and eventually. You even had little black books which were probably the least reliable maps of all but some people swore by them. This multiplication led to mucho confusion and even more malicious gossip regarding who had the best map rather than trying to get somewhere and having a good time doing it. It was forgotten that the secret to understanding the map was in legend.

**Chorus:**

"Legend". 1) a truth, not fact, whose origins are generally unknown. 2) The box on the flipside which tells you what all the funny little symbols on the front side mean.

**Narrator:**

Personally, I could never make sense of the map or the legend, I just followed the arrows.

**Chorus:**

Arrows told you which way to go

Arrows told you what to do

Arrows pointed up pointed down pointed one way pointed two ways pointed every which way

Arrows went right

Arrows went left

Arrows went in circles

**Narrator:** Arrows were hidden went undiscovered were recovered and covered again in reds and blues and pinks and greens. Arrows could point out the way to anywhere and maybe bring you back. In fact, if you looked close enough you might find a whole world on a yellow arrow.

## SCENE 2

*(Stage is set like a small Mexican village, bustling with people a couple is waiting for the bus. Music starts)*

TODO EL MUNDO EN UNA FLECHA AMARILLA.

**Juan:**

:

Seats are broken  
Windows do not open  
There's trash on the floor  
Bags are on top of me  
Vendors in the aisle  
Are we stopping every mile?  
"Will we make it?" sounds from under us  
"We're still running", sounds behind us  
Passing shining silver horseshoes and fallen white stars  
It hot as hell  
(Show do tell)  
But I'm in heaven with my baby beside me  
Porque es todo el mundo en una flecha amarilla

*(Stage becomes a crush of people pushing and shoving to get on as bus pulls up. They carry items typical of rural Mexico and dance.)*

**Chorus:**

Directo, Directo,  
Ciudad de México  
¿Qué es esto?  
La Tarifa  
¿Quien sabes?  
Solamente mil cien  
¿Llega el camione a tiempo?  
Solamente un poco tarde  
¿Qué distancia hay?  
Esta cera, esta lejos  
¿Como se va?  
Por aquí, por allí  
¿Quien sabes?

¿Por qué  
No es importa

**Juan:**

:

I read at home there's snow.  
Tell me some better news  
And it's dust on my shoes  
Sun flowers fills our faces  
Burros stop and stare  
Say what's he doing there?  
Slowing down, creeping at Tula  
Dreaming Tecolutla's  
Empty beaches and far away faces  
Making love, leaving no traces  
I could spend the rest of my days at this far away dance  
(Ah, sweet romance)  
¿Si mi novia está conmigo en una flecha amarilla.

*(music fade)*

**Juan:**

:

This bus has the dirtiest windows I've ever seen. Don't they ever clean them?  
Here, let me borrow your bandana.

**Cera:**

Isssh! No way, use your own.

**Juan:**

:

Wow! Look at this. You can actually see out the window. Cars, cows and more buses. Clean ones too. I think we should get off this yellow arrow and try one of those new ones.

**Cera:**

Right, remember that's how we met. We were both on the Estrella Blanca and it had broken down three times in two days. We started a conversation and laughed that it was probably so clean because it never ran long enough to leave the garage.

**Juan:**

:

That was pretty funny.

**Cera:**

Yeah, but it wasn't funny -standing in the middle of nowhere, trying to flag down

a bus, any bus. Then the flecha came along..Afraid to get on at first, it was dirty and packed but everyone seemed to be having a good time and hey, it was there.

**Juan:**

:

Beggars couldn't be choosers.

**Cera:**

It hasn't let us clown yet. Everywhere we've wanted to go.

**Juan:**

:

You've convinced me.

**Cera:**

Half the fare. goes places the others don't.

**Juan:**

:

Alright already! Hey! Look over there. That's a swell vehicle. Wishing we had that car, then we could really travel in style.

**Cera:**

Are you going to pay for the gas and keep it running? Have you ever driven a car

Juan:

: We'll no, but...

**Cera:**

Sometimes, Juan:

, I think you need to a reality check.

**Juan:**

:

Funny you should mention that there's a town coming up and that's what its called. I think we should get off.

**Cera:**

I don't think so.

**Juan:**

:

Why not? You said I should see more reality.

**Cera:**

You know that's not what I meant, so don't be silly.

**Juan:**

:

Look besides, all the cars and the other buses are headed in that direction. This is this only one that doesn't go there.

**Cera:**

There could be a reason.

Juan:

: Don't be cryptic. If you look out the window you can see it from here and it looks happening

**Cera:**

Granted, but I'm not interested.

Juan:

: Come on! You're not even looking.

**Cera:**

Please

**Juan:**

:

I'm getting off!

*(music starts*

DUET (Juan:

and Cera alternate lines)

Don't get off there

I don't care

Don't get off there

I thought we'd share

Don't get off there

You're not fair.

Don't get off here

I need you near

Don't get off here

Stop being queer

Don't get off here

There's nothing to fear

You don't want to go there

Tell me why not

You don't want to be there

I don't care

Please don't go there

I don't care.

*(Music fades)*

**Juan:**

:

Will you wait for me?

Todo el Mundo

**Cera:**

The Flecha doesn't wait for anybody.

### SCENE 3

*(Set in the city of Reality, a nice quiet "liveable" city. Juan:*

*is walking the streets, enjoying himself, taking it all in and thinking that he might like to stay here.)*

**Juan:**

:

This is a really nice place. Too bad Cera had to get weird on me! I'm sure she would have fallen in love with it too if she would have given it half a chance. Women! Shows you what they know. Besides, I've seen some foxes in this town.

*(Juan:*

*turns to see a passing car notices it stop and approaches the driver)*

Nice Mercedes

**Black Republican:**

That's Maybach to you, and do I know you?

**Juan:**

:

No. but I always wanted one and I just wanted to know, what did you do to get that car?

*(Music starts)*

NEW CLOTHES, OLD HIPPIES

**Chorus:**

What did you do to get this car?

What did you do to get this far?

What did you do to get those toy's?

What did you do to gbe one of the boy's?

Black Republican:

Used to be a hippie not long ago

Marched in line when they told me so

I was politically correct

Then I got smart

Todo el Mundo

Now I'm one of the select  
It's not strange, I follow the crowd  
It's easy to change when you are not proud  
Then I forgot about you  
And dropped the "why's?"  
Fell in love with "I"  
And added the "U"  
Say what about the rest  
Sure you jest  
Will I get more  
That's the test.

**Chorus:**

I gotta get more, haven't you heard?  
I gotta get more, that's the word  
I gotta get more, no more hippie  
I gotta get more, bye-bye yippie

**Black Republican:**

It's so easy to be  
I pretend I can't see  
Now Ron and me we're so tight  
When I drive my Benz, I lean to the right  
And Cap's my boy, he's too cool  
We're gonna take the Reds to Sunday School  
Me and them, we're number one  
Then I'll get all the money

**Chorus:**

I gotta get more, haven't you heard?  
I gotta get more, that's the word  
I gotta get more, no more hippie  
I gotta get more, bye-bye yippie

**Black Republican:**

Then I forgot about you  
And dropped the "why's?"  
Fell in love with "I"  
And added the "U"  
Start with a "Y" What does it spell?  
Y-U-P-P-1-E

**Chorus:** *(Dressed as cheerleaders, spells and and shouts in football cheer)*

Y-U-P-P-1-E

*Spot comes on stage left, and reveals coat rack with blue suit, white shirt and red tie hanging on it)*

**Narrator:**

For him, the suit made of the finest blue cloth. The stripes are immaculately pinned, and those braces are not for your teeth. The shirt is lily white and the tie strictly red. And now for the ladies.

*(Spot comes on stage right, and reveals indential coat rack with suit, white shirt, and red tie hanging.)*

**Narrator:**

For him, the suit made of the finest blue cloth. The stripes are immaculately pinned, and those braces are not for your teeth The shirt is lily white and the tie strictly red.

**Chorus:**

Y-U-P-P-1-E

Y-U-P-P-1-E

**Black Republican:**

Please hold in down back there. I'm trying to watch the game. And you, watch your hands, you're scuffing the paint.

*(Crowd noise from football game rises and falls in wave. chorus lines up as two opposing football teams snap ball and crash into each other They repeat action, and Juan watches)*

**Narrator:** *(As T.V. Announcer)*

It's a great day for a ballgame, so lets follow the action.

*(Music comes up under crowd noise as chorus continues their scrimmage)*

"

THE BALL GAME

**Chorus:**

Hut *one*, hut two  
They're kicking off the Super Bowl  
Look who's flipping the coin it's heads he wins  
Tails you lose  
Let's win for the gipper  
For mom, the flag, apple pie  
That won't be the only lie.  
Screen left, screen right  
What's he trying to hide  
Billions for corporados  
Don't chase those (desparados  
They're piling up the yardage  
And we're picking up the tab  
With our future sons and daughters  
And dreams we once believed

Two, Four, Six, Eight  
We don't want to radiate  
Two, Four, Six, Eight  
We don't want no racial hate  
Two, Four, Six, Eight  
We don't want to escalate

Squadron left, squadron right  
Look out for the bomb  
Shovels and three feet of dirt can't cover up the truth  
Take cover Nicaragua  
Take cover Beirut  
He says we have to shoot  
It might be the final gun

Time out, time out  
No turning back the clock  
We've seen that instant replay it's too late for tricks  
It's time to end hate  
It's time to feed the hungry  
It's time to stop the arms race  
This time we have to win

**Narrator:** *(As T.V. Announcer) (Over crowd noise and music)*

He's to the thirty, the forty, the fifty. He gonna go all the way. Touch down on the last play of the game. Unbelievable. We win, we win!

*(Echo and repeat as music fades and chorus leaves)*

**Juan:**

Interesting, but people here seemed to be preoccupied with games. Maybe this reality is not all that it is cracked up to be. Damn, my watch has stopped! If I knew what time it was, maybe I could catch the next bus and get the hell out of Dodge. Say, I'll just ask the dude over there wath time it is and the directions to the bus stop?

*(approaching Vigilante)*

Excuse me but, could you tell me the time and. *(cut-off by Vigilante)*

**Vigilante:**

You talking to me?

**Juan:**

Well yeah. I just wanted to...

**Vigilante:** *(cuts him off again)*

Well don't

**Juan:**

I just....

**Vigilante:**

Shut up! Don't speak to me unless I speak to you. This does my talking for me. *(withdraws large pistol from under coat)* you don't want to hear it.

**Juan:**

Okay, okay. *(leaves)*

**Vigilante:**

Fucking punks, weirdos! They'd better watch their step when I'm around. Too many strangers, weirdos, creeps. I'll show them! I'll show them.

*(Music starts)*

**VIGILANTE:**

Too many strangers

I'm not taking any chances

They got me once before

But then I got prepared

They only took my money

Todo el Mundo

Just let them try again  
I won't tip my hand  
It's not a little one  
You can look at me like that  
But meet my reality

It can't be wrong for me to do it  
Doesn't it matter why i did it  
You understand I had to do it

They were standing much too close  
I knew what they wanted  
Those eyes pierced like a screwdriver  
I could feel it from over here  
His breath searched for quarters  
I could feel it in my pockets  
They made me do it you understand  
And deserved another one  
He couldn't be my brother  
I had the bigger gun

It can't be wrong for me to do it  
Doesn't it matter why i did it  
You understand I had to do it

It was a matter of national security  
We couldn't let them in  
They tried to get to close  
They certainly couldn't be trusted  
You could see it in their eyes  
It mirrored what we wanted  
We had to do it first  
And they only got a little one  
It's not our fault  
It led to a bigger one

It can't be wrong for us to do it  
Doesn't it matter why we did it  
You understand we had to do it

*(Vigilante leaves muttering ,music fades and Juan reappears in a daze)*

**Juan:**

Man I got to get out of here. This place is just too weird. But which way to go, I don't know anybody here. I can't find the Flecha stop. The only stops marked are for the luxu-cruisers and i'm not getting on one of those. I can't seem to communicate with anybody. We're speaking the same language, but nobody talks to me. Cera was right. Reality is too much. I've learned a lesson; I got to get out of here.

*Cero approaches dressed in yellow carrying a back back.)*

**Cero:**

May I help you?

**Juan:**

Okay, Okay, I'm leaving. I'm leaving just don't ... (starts to run away.

**Cero:**

Hey slow down. Relax. Everything's cool. I understand.

**Juan:**

Understand what?

**Cero:**

You got off the Flecha?

**Juan:**

Yeah, how did you know?

**Cero:**

Well, everybody I've ever met from the Flecha has that panicked look in their eyes and is trying to get out of here ASAP. You got off by mistake right'?

**Juan:**

Well, not exactly.

**Cero:**

You wanted to get off?

**Juan:**

I thought so. (sheepishly)

**Cero:** *(laughs)*

That's the funniest thing I've ever heard and a first. You're the first I've met who says they wanted to experience this Reality. Now that you've seen it, what do you think?

**Juan:**

I think I've seen enough

**Cero:(laughs again)**

When parents say to their children. "I think you need a dose of reality". Where do think the saying comes from?

**Juan:**

Well, it looks so nice from the window, you know, tall buildings, fast cars, beautiful women. It looked happening. Plus, everybody at the stop looked so happy and like they had a great time. it had to be cool, right?

**Cero:(laughs)**

Not only are you funny, you're pretty naive. They're happy because they're getting out of here.

**Juan:**

Oh, I didn't think about that way.

**Cero: ( laughs again)**

I'm sorry I just can't help myself. You are pretty funny. But I like you anyway. In fact, it's your lucky day.

**Juan:**

What do you mean lucky?

**Cero:**

I was headed for the Flecha stop, so come on along

**Juan:**

You know the way?

**Cero:**

Yeah. I know they're hard to find. They don't go in for the flash and trash that's so popular in Reality. They're low key, don't promise anything, other than "We'll get your ass outta here in half the fare and pronto quick.

**Juan:**

It's okay, just gotta a little tired of it as Cera used to say.

**Cero:**

What? You know Cera.

**Juan:**

Yes, we've spent a lot time traveling together on the arrows.

**Cero:**

Cera? You did say Cera? Not are only are you funny and naive, you are awfully stupid. Do you now many guys would have given up a little reality just to spend some time with her?

**Juan:**

Well, maybe it's not the same Cera

*Song comes on the radio and it's Cera humming to an instrumental*  
CERA'S SONG (INSTRUMENTAL)

**Cero:**

No, if you listen you can hear that there is only one.

**Juan:**

I guess you are right

*(Juan and Cero have a pantomime call and response. The call and response continues until the song is complete)*

**Cero and Juan:**

That's my Cera. (look at each other and laugh)

**Juan:**

How do you know Cera?

**Cero:**

Well she is something of a legend around here. She had everything reality could offer, cars, clothes, houses, men after her day and night, whatever she wanted. Then she decided to take a vacation on the arrows. She was always the adventuring type. Everybody thought she was nuts. Hey, they said "what about the water, you can't speak the language, the buses were dirty, it's not clean, and especially those people, you know, they're so different". She went anyway. She came back a different.. Her eyes, which were as deep as Reality was shallow, became deeper. She became as uncommon as others were common. People thought she was really nuts then. One day, she said she was leaving, no one believed her, but just disappeared. Every now and then people would get letters from places that they had never heard of laced with all the strange and wonderful stories imaginable, with words they couldn't pronounce and that had no meaning to them as these words and places didn't appear in any dictionary or on any map that they had ever seen, they said she must have gone off the deep end and was committed somewhere and just making all this stuff up. But I knew different, because every once in a blue moon she would call and ask me to join her. She also told me about this young gentleman she would spend the rest of her days on a flecha amarilla. I was always too busy with one thing or another but if I had known it was you and what a fool you could be, I would have left sooner just to protect the both of you but I'm sure Cera's pretty good at taking care of herself

**Juan:** *(quietly)*

Ouch that hurts.

**Cero:**

Sorry, but sometimes the truth does.

**Juan:**

I'm learning, but you still haven't said why you decided to leave.

**Cero:**

Well, I guess I'm a lot like Cera. One day I woke up and decided that there had to be more than just more. So I packed my bag and here I am. (looks at his watch) Hey, it's getting late. We'd better hurry if we're going to make the next arrow

*(They turn to leave, Juan stops)*

**Juan:**

Say, you haven't by any chance talked to Cera lately, have you?

**Cero:**

As a matter of fact, just this morning. She even left a number where I could reach her.

**Juan:**

What a coincidence.

**Cero:**

No, I call it the Theory of Evolution

**Juan:**

What?

**Cero:**

Forget it, you wouldn't understand.

**Juan:**

Okay, but can I have the phone number?

**Cero:**

What for? We'll be seeing her tomorrow.

**Juan:**

I hope so but I want it anyway. It'll bring me good luck.

**Cero:**

Okay. (gives him the number on a card)

**Juan:**

What did you say your name was, by the way?

**Cero:**

I didn't, but its Cero.

**Juan:**

Cero? Cera? Are you related to Cera?

**Cero:**

Todo el Mundo

Yes, I'm her brother.

*(lights fade as they leave)*

## SCENE 4

*Juan and Cero approach what appears to be a combination customs and immigration station. it is the Reality Checkpoint. It is stationed by armed guards.)*

**Juan:**

What's up with the guns and jeep?

**Cero:**

The Reality Checkpoint.

**Juan:**

What's that?

**Cero:**

It's kinda like customs and immigration. They say that they want to make sure that the people who leave properly represent the ideals and attitudes of Reality, what ever that is.

**Juan:**

I've never heard of going thru a checkpoint to leave your own reality. Sounds weird but it fits.

**Cero:**

You know what I think? People have been leaving by the dozens lately, everyone has been getting fed-up with more and more are thinking there has to be some sort of alternate Reality. I just think it's a population control measure to make sure there are enough people to buy their crap. If they had to pay for it themselves they'd go broke in a hurry.

**Juan:**

Why doesn't somebody do something about it?

**Cero:**

We are..... we're leaving.

**Juan:**

The Flecha stop is on the other side?

**Cero:**

Yup

**Juan:**

Well, why is the luxo-liners stop on this side?

**Cero:**

Economics. The luxos only sell round trip tickets. And they are priced so have to come back. The Flechas sell-a one-way and most people don't came back once they find out. *(laughs)* Except for you.

**Juan:**

Hey, come on.

**Cero:**

Let me do the talking and everything will be fine.

*(They approach the checkpoint as music starts)*

**Officers:**

Hey boy, come over here

Hey boy, say what you got there?

Hey boy, who's your friend?

Hey boy, you too dark to stand with him

Hey boy, let's take a look

Hey boy, pull down your pants

*(as music continues only Juan strip searched and frisked. Officers find card with Cera's phone number, inspect and retain it. Cero is held to he side as the officers laugh and watch)*

**Officers:**

Hey boy, come over here

Hey boy, say what you got there?

Hey boy, who's your friend?

Hey boy, you too dark to stand with him

Hey boy, let's take a look

Hey boy, pull down your pants

**Officer 1** *(looking at Juan:*

We have a few questions we want to ask you

**Officer 2:**

You're not from here, are you?

**Juan:**

Well no, not really.

**Cero:**

It's okay, he's with me.

Officer 2

Quiet! I'll tell you when it's okay.

**Officer 1** (shows Juan the phone number)

Can you read this?

**Juan:**

Sure, it's just Spanish

Todo el Mundo

**Cero:** *(groans)*

**Officer 2:**

Quiet you! *(officers exchange knowing looks)* Do you know where Tecolutla is?

**Juan:** *(apprehensively)*

Sure it's right down the road.

**Cero:** *(groans again)*

**Officer 1:** *(Shoots a cold stare at Cero and converses with officer 2)*

Interesting. You claim to know the answers to both of these questions?

**Juan:** *(hesitatingly more now)*

Yes

**Officer 1:**

Impossible, our maps tells us that no such place exists or can exist

*(Officer 2 chimes in and they simultaneously say the following)*

Since we are custodians of Reality and this is gibberish to us, it follows logically that you are clearly deluded and therefore would not be a proper representative of the state. Therefore. you stay, *(pointing at Cero)* he goes.

**Cero:**

Officers, there must be a misunderstanding.

**Officer 2**

There is no misunderstanding reality.

**Juan:**

But I'm not even from here.

**Officer 1:**

You are here, aren't you? Therefore you must be from here.

**Juan and Cero:** But.....

Officers i 8, 2: *(menacingly)* Beat it before we beat you.

*(Juan and Cero embrace and Cero leaves)*

**Juan:** Wow, now do I do. My two best friends gone, maybe forever

I'm stuck here. I can't get out. I should have never the arrows.

Think, think, think! Boy, am I stupid. I've got to remember Cera's phone number maybe I'll get lucky again.

*(goes to phone booth music starts Juan sings)*

AUTOMATIC DIALING

Juan:

When there's every reason to call

Fingers float across dials

Rhythmically tapping touched tones

Ballads hummed on coiled cords

Todo el Mundo

Mimicking umbilicals from lovers  
To lovers to lovers to others

For no reason each cut  
Numbers twirling discretely  
Unlock combinations concretely  
Little black books long lost  
Found by phantom chimpanzees  
Hijacked from summoning Shakespeare

For no reason at all they were  
Offering scraps of paper  
Loaned from wrinkled grey crevices  
Yellowed pages turn loosely  
Stopping pausing so briefly  
For numbers fingers only know

**Chorus:**

Let your fingers do the talking  
When your mind keeps on balking  
Let your fingers do the talk, talk, talk

**Juan:**

For- no reason I recall  
Sevens and zeroes come round  
Threes and nines still sound  
Fours and eights don't wait  
Twelves and twos are due  
Adieu why me and you

Single solitary one cloud /  
Sailing serenely thru  
Saint Croix skies  
Muscled arms  
Rolling hips  
Softest lips residing  
Safely only in numbers

For every reason I recall  
Innocent pranks outside  
How many misses I tried

Todo el Mundo

Childish rhymes tongue tied  
Too many kisses untried  
Automatic dialing still alive

**Chorus:**

Let your fingers do the talking  
When your mind keeps on balking  
Let your fingers do the talk, talk, talk

(phone heard ringing)

**Cera:**

Bueno

**Juan:**

Is that you?

**Cera:**

Yes

**Juan:**

I've missed you. I'm lost. I'm alone. I'm cold. I can't get back. I'm scared. I'm sorry. Help me. Tell me how to get back.

**Cera:**

I can't help you from here. I can't tell you how to get back because I'm not there.

**Juan:**

Cera, Cera, Cera. I wish I had never left the Flecha. I wish it could be like yesterday.

**Cera:**

Juan, It's too late for that. Once you set out to experience Reality, you can't forget what you know. Once you learn something you can't unlearn it even if it turns out to be not so good. You can't go back the way you came. You have to go a different way. Juan:

Juan:

**Yes, Cera.**

**Cera:**

When, not if, you get back, I'll be waiting. Por que es todo el mundo en una flecha amarilla.

(static is heard on line and operator breaks in)

**Operator:**

This is an unauthorized phone call. It is out of your area code. *(line goes dead)*

**Juan:**

Todo el Mundo

Cera Cera Shit. That was my last quarter too. Another way, -a different way?  
What did she mean by ti1at? l'il have co ti':< 'r on that.

*(ethereal voice is heard)*

**Narrator:**

Juan, Juan, oh Juan

**Juan:**

What? is somebody calling rne?

**Narrator:** *(whispered but audible)*

Trust your feelings, Juan. Trust your feelings.

**Juan:**

What are you talking about?

**Narrator:**

Trust your feelings.

**Juan:**

Huh? Speak up, I can't hear you.

**Narrator:**

Look in the phone book dummy

**Juan:**

Oh. *(takes out phone book and starts looking)* Wow! Here it is! An 800 number tool *(dials)*

Hello is this the Flecha Amarilla?

**Flecha:**

Yah sure, you betcha -Sure is.

**Juan:**

I'm in a bit of a pickle. I'm stuck in here in Reality and your stop is on the other of side the checkpoint

**Flecha:**

No biggie, we got a stop in town.

**Juan:**

You do? It's not listed here

**Flecha:**

What book are you looking at?

**Juan:**

The phone book.

**Flecha:**

Well, no wonder. You have to look in the yellow pages.

**Juan:**

Oh. *(takes out yellow pages and starts looking thru)* Here it is, here it is. I see it right here, it says Ground Avenue, number zero. Zero, is that right?

**Flecha:**

Sure is.

**Juan:** *(starts to hang up catches himself)*

By the way, how do I get there.

**Flecha:**

Do we have to tell you rookies everything. Follow the yellow arrows (pause) and when you get there, push the button.

*(On stage lighted yellow arrow, Juan follows it one way, it revers and he follows again. Process repeated twice. A door appears with number zero, he glances around and pushes button. Music starts)*

GROUND ZERO

**Narrator (sings):**

Ground zero is in the air

Ground zero is everywhere

Ground zero is right here

Ground zero you got plenty to fear

Ground zero there's nowhere to hide

Ground zero it's a downhill ride

Ground zero's prime real estate

Ground zero what a fate

Ground zero it'll be quick

Ground zero it's a brick

Ground zero it's so cheap

Ground zero happens when you sleep

Ground zero what a groove

Ground zero you'd better move

*(Crescendo low frequency rumble, door-springs open, music cue LEAD SAND and BORON. Dancers appear and dance to tune)*

LEAD, SAND. AND BORON

*(instrumental)*

**Juan:**

I don't know what's going on but I think I'd better get out the fuck out of here

*(steps thru door)*

*(stage explodes into a kaliediscope of color. Funeral march begins. Chorus appears from rear of house, march slowly carrying coffin. Music starts)*

## WARRIORS SONG

### **Chorus:**

We're burning bridges behind us

In a white heat of passion

We're burning bridges in front of us

In a black rage of anger

Burn those bridges

Burn those bridges

We're drowning in the blood red blood of the fearless children of Capetown,

We're choking on the pus yellow pus of dying babies sores

We're blinded by the brown dry brown tears of the Sahel

We're huddled listening for the sound of the blue hippos blues and their stinging bees

Burn those bridges

Burn those bridges

We're dying in the orange burning orange cardboard houses

We're poking gangrene festering gangrene memories of nightmare jungle madness

We're smelling the purple putrid purple meat of sacrificial lambs and fatted calves

Our senses are clogged with the acrid smell of smoldering tires, bodies and old worlds dying

Old worlds are dying, old worlds are dying

Burn those bridges

Burn those bridges

Romantic illusions gone

No giving up, no checking out, no settling down.

We're marching,

Forward reaching forward razing all

Burn those bridges

Burn those bridges

Burn those bridges in the cool white heat of a Passionate love

*(Stage goes dark. chorus leaves. Voices are heard whispering in Spanish)  
Stage is bathed in green light)*

### **Juan:**

Todo el Mundo

:

Oh my head. Where am I?

**Cera:**

On the Flecha.

**Juan:**

:

Cera, is that you?

**Cera:**

Yes, and Cero's here too

**Juan:**

:

But everything looks so clean and it's green not yellow.

**Cero:**

You didn't think. You could past through reality without something changing, did you?

*(music)*

PROCESSIONAL FOR PEACE (INSTRUMENTAL)

(The end)