

TÊTE Á TÊTE
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First Place, One-Act Play/Scripts

Scene U: Most if not all of the following actions could be read by the character of VOICE, however, in a 1918 production of the play the director chose to keep this part silent.

The main room of The Identification Center For Lost And Forgotten Bodies and Minds in Search Of Rekindling Their Mistaken Spirits (TICFLAFBAMISORTMS). 16 chairs are lined in rows of fours. If a lack of chairs is unavoidable, three sets of couches facing due east will be acceptable, as long as they are not Davenports or Sofas, or any sort of manufacturing from Ikea. Simply, nothing from Ikea should be used in scenic, properties or lighting design. Staples office furniture is acceptable.

Behind all the chairs sits a large whiteboard with TICFLAFBAMISORTMS written on it, underneath TICFLAFBAMISORTMS it is written in Junior Kindergarten font; The Identification Center For Lost And Forgotten Bodies and Minds in Search Of Rekindling Their Mistaken Spirits. A sign reads aloud, possibly in James Earl Jones tone, "Rest-Rooms available for ponder and wonder" with an arrow leading due north but curving south-west towards a sketching of a map of Arizona. Ponder is male. Wonder is female. And is ambivalent. The entire Pearl Jam Vitalogy album will act as the score of the play, however it will be on mute for the entire play, until, strike is called.

TETE AKUZ, ageless but very old, sits well dressed in an Oscar Wilde-like suit or frock coat, or even, if he wanted a white t-shirt and jeans, as long as it was presentable and recognizable as an item found in the Gap. Next to him sits 3,000 blank pages that sit screaming silently or should they want, silently screaming to be filled out. Tete holds a gigantic, life-size number in his hand, the type found at DMV offices or New York bakeries. Tete keeps looking up, thinking deeply, and then nodding in acceptance of his new thoughts. He repeats this action 215 times. Or 39, as long they are Meisneresque. Method acting is acceptable.

VOICE: (*Robotic*) Welcome to TICFLAFBAMISORTMS, now serving M 1530 at ticket window C.

TETE *checks his number. Disgusted, returns to his acceptance of new thoughts. He repeats this action 35 times. Or 215 times, as long as they are Meisneresque.*

TETE: *(In shallow, shallow thought)* There should have been instances in the immediate past that followed me to this specific moment in time that explained to me the value of the search for my better, well, in simple terms, other half. I'm unsure why the TICFLAFBAMISORTMS asked me to come here on a Tuesday of the 14th month of the 101st year of this, the 32nd day of December. Or is it the 33rd? (Pause) I hadn't really thought about that.

(While in full expression, CORPS AKUZ an ageless but somewhat young man yoga walks into the room constantly looking at every object with complete confusion. He holds a gigantic, life size number in his left hand. He also holds a 7000-page book in the right hand. Or left hand if he can carry both. He also carries an IKEA catalogue. He's dressed in either a jumpsuit, a clown suit, a football jersey with a criminal's number on it...Or simply a wife beater and a top hat.)

VOICE: *(Not as robotic, but still machine like)* Welcome to TICFLAFBAMISORTMS, now serving Calculus crap at ticket window 3.16789354.

(CORPS stops in his tracks, checks his number, disgusted, makes his way to a chair in the first or fifth row. TETE, checks his number, disgusted, goes back to the acceptance of his new thoughts, as long as they are not Meisneresque. Method is unacceptable at this junction. TETE lights a cigarette, inhales. CORPS checks his chest, then his stomach, he exhales, coughs a little. TETE smokes. CORPS gets a slight head-rush)

TETE: Pssst...Why are you here?

CORPS: I'm here to find my body?

TETE: Oh.

CORPS: Hi...I'm corps, I'm body.

TETE: Hi. I'm Tete, I'm mind.

CORPS: I'm looking for mine.

TETE: I'm looking for body.

CORPS: We're looking for the same thing.

TETE: No, you're looking for body you said, the physical structure that is in actuality the evolution of the mind.

CORPS: No, eye was told I would find mind here.

TETE: mine?mine? mi-ne?

CORPS: No, min-d, Da, with the Da at the end. You know, Da, after U.

TETE: No, no, please continue.

CORPS: You know, Da, after U.

TETE: No I insist, go on. Go on!

CORPS: (*Eternal pause*) you know, Da, after the letter U.

TETE: O. Duh? Duh is after U.

CORPS: Are you sure? I was told it was after I.

TETE: It could be....I haven't really thought about it.

CORPS: But you do think...

TETE: Deep ends.

CORPS: On what?

TETE: What I'm thinking about.

CORPS: Right....O. (*Infernal Pause*) How long have you been here?

TETE: Forever....But not as long as yesteryear.

CORPS: I just got here, It took me a while to find the place because of.... (*micro-machine man*) on star parking, something, google, map. Google map something park on star.

TETE: Who told you to come here?

CORPS: Letter before P but after N, O....I'm not sure I know, I just knew to come here because of the TICFLAFBAMISORTMS.

TETE: Well maybe, you're mine.

CORPS: No, I'm pretty sure I embody.

VOICE: (*Julie Andrews*) Welcome to TICFLAFBAMISORTMS, now serving anyone British at the "do you remember the colonial days" ticket window.

Both TETE and CORPS look at their tickets. TETE looks at the heaven in wonder, 215 times while whistling Hail Britannia. Corps builds a raft using the chairs or couches and swims upriver screaming 'Land ho'.

TETE: There's a possibility that you are my body and I am your mind. In order to find such resonance in this particular aspect, we must try the legendary routine of the Buddhas, where you must closely listen to every direction I give you, and if my directions are encompassed in your bodily actions we can deter that you are indeed the culmination of my synapses. If this were the case, we can bypass our current patient carnival that we are experiencing by attending such an impatient and irrelevant room. What do you think?

CORPS: I don't. That's why I was told to come here to find a reflection.

TETE: A reflection (question Marc, but not the French Stage Manager, rather the punctuation mark).

CORPS: Yes. Reflection, a band originating from Finland. A certain introspection into one's self. The thoughtful meditation or rumination. The reflected voltage in an electrical signal due to an impedance change. As our lord Wikipedia teaches.

Both TETE and CORPS drag an imaginary computer mouse as though it was a crucifix ending with a "Click", "Click")

TETE: Ah...yes of course, yes, yes, yes (CORPS nods at each yes)...a RE-FLECTION. I could help you with that by trying what I said.

CORPS: What did you say?

TETE: When?

CORPS: I don't know...later?

TETE: O....yes, yes, yes and yes...yes and yes....later.... There's a possibility that you are my body and I am your mind. In order to find such resonance in this particular aspect, we must try the legendary routine of the Buddhas, where you must close listen to every direction I give you, and if my directions are encompassed in your bodily actions we can deter that you are indeed the culmination of my synapses. If this were the case, we can bypass our current patient carnival that we are experiencing by attending such an impatient and irrelevant room. What do you think?

CORPS: I don't...

TETE: That's true; I forgot to think about that.

CORPS: At least you think.

VOICE: *(Not as machine like, but rather more like a valley girl)* Welcome to TICFLAFBAMISORTMS, now serving BMW at ticket window Lohanhiltonspear.

(Both TETE and CORPS look at their tickets. CORPS does a plier, followed by a cartwheel; he then does a Gene Kelly chair lean quickly followed by split package into the running man. TETE, ponders in disgust, he then looks up to the sky 1.1 times.)

CORPS: Very well then, let's try what you speak of.

TETE: Good, here's what I want you to do...close your eyes.

CORPS exaggerates his eyelids into complete openness.

TETE: Good...but don't close them too tight though. Just relax...

CORPS: Ok. *(CORPS opens his eyes wider.)*

TETE: Good, perfect...now I want you to stand on a chair, pretend you are free bird, a bumblebee or a Boeing 747, and spread your arms, use your lips to make flying noises, bend your knees, wrap your toes, and fly across the room majestically. Fly...Fly...

(CORPS, with a lot of effort, does not move.)

TETE: *(amazed)* Excellent, excellent! Yes, I feel the connection between us. The synaptic highways of both my lobes are connecting so well with the physical structure of your body's movements. Now stop!

(CORPS now goes into doing everything described earlier.)

TETE: Good, but you're still moving just a little bit. I can still see movement.

(CORPS flies harder and faster.)

TETE: Perfect...if ever there was a perfect stillness, you have captured it like the fluttering wings of a hummingbird. *(esoteric paws, like that of a jungle cat)* Well, that helps find our initial connection, but we should try to find other means to make sure we are each other's physical brothers.

CORPS: How?

TETE: I-D-K, I hadn't really thought about it.

CORPS: At least you think.

TETE: I do.

CORPS: I do too.

TETE: You do?

CORPS: I do too.

VOICE: *(Darth Vader)* Welcome to TICFLAFBAMISORTMS, now serving Chicken Legs and Mad Cow Disease at ticket window PETA.

(Both TETE and CORPS look at their tickets. CORPS acts out a scene from John Wayne's "The Searchers." TETE, ponders in disgust (not to be confused with the ponder from the rest-room sign), he then looks up to the sky as many times as he fucking wants to. Silence. Only, of course, for the Vitalogy Score.)

CORPS: *(Looking at TETE's pile of un-penciled petty papers that like a pauper pray for pennies for penitence)* You have a lot of papers to fill out too?

TETE: Yes...as do you.

CORPS: Yes.

TETE: What's yours about?

CORPS: I-D-K. My B-F-F. O-M-G. I wish I knew.

(TETE picks up the first sheet of CORPS pile of papers. He reads quietly in his head.)

CORPS: If a train leaves the terminal in New York at 5 pm and heads to Los Angeles but needs to stop in Minneapolis at 11pm to pick up a few other passengers, and the train, in fact is not a train, but a metal bullet that can hold up to 300 passengers that can be arranged in a sequence of....

(TETE looks away from the page, looks at CORPS. TETE looks back at the page and continues reading.)

CORPS: ...arranged in a sequence of male/female/child/animal conditioning, when then, will the train arrive in Phoenix to unload the livestock it is carrying from the Tibetan hills?

(TETE turns back around to CORPS.)

TETE: Why don't I ask you your questions, and you ask mine, that way we can figure out if we have commonalities in our train of thought.

CORPS: O and K.

TETE: You start.

CORPS: *(picking up one of TETE's pages)* What is your favorite color?

TETE: Color or colour, see spelling differences, is the visual perceptual property corresponding in humans to the categories called red, yellow, white, etc. Color derives from the spectrum of light, distribution of light energy versus wavelength, interacting in the eye with the spectral sensitivities of the light receptors. Color categories and physical specifications of color are also associated with objects, materials, light sources, etc., based on their physical properties such as light absorption, reflection, or emission spectra. As our lord Wikipedia teaches.

(Both TETE and CORPS drag an imaginary computer mouse as though it was a crucifix ending with a "Click", "Click")

CORPS: That's what I would've answered too.

TETE: O and K, my turn. *(reads one of CORPS pages)* One train leaves Los Angeles at 15mph heading for New York. Another train leaves from New York at 20mph heading for Los Angeles on the same track. If a bird, flying at 25mph, leaves from Los Angeles at the same time as the train and flies back and forth between the two trains until they collide, how far will the bird have traveled?

CORPS: I remember having seen blue, but then I turned red and looked down and I noticed I had yellow on me, I turned white. I hit myself pink then turned to purple, then I'm not sure, everything went to black.

TETE: Great Answer! You'll pass this thing for sure! We must be each other's missing reflection, we act alike, we think alike. We've got all the makings to be an ingenious element of the world, a missing puzzle, a Shakespearean, einsteinium, greenspanish 19th wonder for the worldish saggitarius.

CORPS: Do you really think so?

TETE: I-D-K, I hadn't really thought about it...?

CORPS: At least you think.

VOICE: *(Strip Club DJ)* The time is now...irrelevant... Welcome to TICFLAFBAMISORTMS, now serving all plaster saints at ticket window genesis 3:19.

(Both TETE and CORPS look at their tickets. CORPS begins a cheerleading rant. Dance and all. TETE, wonders (not to be confused with the ponder from the rest-room sign) in disgust, he then looks down to the floor and weeps. Silence. Only, of course, for the muted Vitalogy Score.)

CORPS: What is the TICFLAFBAMISORTMS?

TETE: I-D-K, my B-F-F, I hadn't really thought about it.

CORPS: At least you think.

TETE: Perhaps, it is an acronym, an abbreviation or maybe, HA! Carrots and Peas! The name of the location we are presently at.

CORPS: What does it mean, you know, TICFLAFBAMISORTMS?

TETE: Well...it may mean Ten Individuals Chanting Floral Librettos And Fainting Because Armies Might Insist Surrender Of Rustic Tormented Male Societies.

CORPS: That makes sense, because, males are in societies.

TETE: Maybe, it's deeper than that, maybe it's Tormented Individuals Crowning Final Liberation Agendas For Bigger Armaments Mainly Insisting Segregation Optimistic Revolution Through Mine Sex.

CORPS: Mine? Mine? MI-NE?

TETE: No MIN-DA, MIN-DA, Da, as in after U.

CORPS: *(Looks at his ticket and to himself)* I'm not sure who's after me, but hopefully it's not I.

TETE: Maybe it means, The Incarnation Caused Fraudulently Limitative Arab Foundations Because Arab Migration Insinuated Societal OPEC Reformation Tanking Marketable Success.

(CORPS is looking at whiteboard behind them then turning around)

CORPS: Maybe it means, The Identification Center For Lost And Forgotten Bodies and Minds in Search Of Rekindling Their Mistaken Spirits.

TETE: No. It can't

CORPS: Y.

TETE: I'm not sure, I never really thought about it.

CORPS: At least you think.

VOICE: The time is now...Last call... Welcome to TICFLAFBAMISORTMS, now serving ticket number B1 at ticket window Columbus.

(TETE and CORPS look at their ticket, both smile. Give each other the evil eye. Except that TETE gives CORPS the evil mind's eye. They grab their paper work and rush down stage. A paper fight ensues. They fight using the paper as ninja stars. They wrestle. Should they wish, they can sing Oklahoma, Sound of Music or Bel Biv Devoe...but preferably not as this would interrupt the Vitalogy score.)

VOICE: *(godly)* The time is now...We are closed... Welcome to TICFLAFBAMISORTMS, we will re-open tomorrow at Dusk, we will not honor present tickets.

(The fight ends, both TETE and CORPS look out at the audience.)

CORPS: What did they say?

TETE: To come back again.

CORPS: When?

TETE: I don't know, I haven't really thought about it.

CORPS: At least you think. I just want to think.

TETE: Me too.

(Curtain, cloth, drapes, blinds, or a fire.)

