

The Faculties

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Characters

MAGDA

PACO, husband to Magda

BRIAN KEVIN, son to both

NENA, daughter to both

ABUELO, father to Magda

SERVER, of the family

{FACILITATOR, in the virtual staging}

{THIRD YOUNG MAN, in the virtual staging}

Scenes

0./ Approaching The Faculties

I./ Mentalism

II./ Audition

III./ Astrality

IV./ Contagion

V./ Somnambulism

VI./ Magnetism

VII./ Illusionism

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IX./ Pyrokinesis

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XI./ Possession

XII./ Precognition

XIII./ Necromancy

XIV./ Clairvoyance

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Note About the Staging

“The Faculties” can be materialized in a traditionally presential staging or in one that plays with virtual modes, live and prerecorded sequences, visual and aural disjunctions and the company of the audience. Aware that this demarcated distinction between two modalities is deceiving – for multiple instances of hybridity and flows are possible – stage directions are here included as examples of strategies to convey the mysterious and multidimensional essence of the play.

The base script (dialogue and fundamental actions) remains the same in all iterations.

Suggestions for the virtual version are indicated between braces { } and in Arial font.

0./ Approaching The Faculties.

[The following speech is delivered by the character of BRiAN KEViN onstage to an empty auditorium, before the public enters the house.]

{Virtually: The audience's mics are opened as they enter the zoom meeting. The preamble is 20 minutes of this free soundscape from different spaces combined with images of BRiAN KEViN, SERVIDOR and a THIRD YOUNG MAN walking through their respective homes. The rhythms of the walking respond to one another. After this time, over the images and the ambient sounds, the FACILITATOR voices the following text and the credits of the production.}

BRiAN KEViN {FACILITATOR}

Approaching *The Faculties*: an author's note. *The Faculties* is born as a procedure of grafting. Onto the organism of a Puerto Rican family, different kinds of tissues are transplanted: sexual, religious, political, techno-virtual, criminal. Some even from different species: xenotransplants. There was no rejection. The bodies (PACO, MAGDA, BRiAN KEViN, la NENA, el ABUELO, SERVER) thus emerge as bodies without resistance, completely permeable to the past, the future; to the terrestrial and the celestial; to the concrete and the illusory. An immunosuppressed condition analogous to that of neonates: between life and death, liquid, participant of life and death.

Antonin Artaud comes to mind, writing in 1948 about theatre and the plague: the plague which kills the individual while leaving the organs intact; the theatre destroying the organs without killing. Both, plague and theatre, carrying, nevertheless a case of

exception, of crisis: “Under the action of the flagellum the social forms disintegrate.”¹ Now, the case has become generalized: the disease is the norm, or more accurately, disease and norm have claudicated in favor of other systems, interactive, counter-radical (meaning counter-cataclysmic), conductive. We have gone from an Artaudian pathology to an immunology of daily living.

In 2008, for instance, the media talks about Demi-Lee Brennan, an Australian girl who, after undergoing liver transplant, changed serotypes and adopted the immunological system of the transplanted organ. Throughout the world different groups for animal rights protest against the harvesting of pigs as organ donors for humans. The human is not favored over the pork, nor the organ over the organism. Other developments are foreseen: abstract sculptures by Japanese artists in the island’s sleepy town squares upstaging statues of unknown soldiers from the Second World War; the proliferation of churches in commercial properties, in reality bastions of neo-futurist noise, of intonarumori and *parola in libertà*; asexual reproduction.

Linguistically and socially, the archaism of certain terms must be noted. Not only binary terms, but also merely classificatory ones. “Homosexuality, heterosexuality, fetishism, bestiality, bisexuality” would collapse inter the term “sexuality.” “Old, young, emerging (as in the phrase ‘emerging artist’), before, after, nostalgia, morality” would collapse under “present,” “present” simply referring to an emotional current. That mutable, although perpetual, ecstasy of existing in an “upcoming/bygone,” just as in a mystical practice without a fixed deity. Space also mutates. Useless are, for example, the terms “in vivo” and “in vitro:” theatre as an “in vitro” incubator referring to an “in vivo” reality that exists in another place. At this moment, there is no other

1 Antonin Artaud, *El teatro y su doble*, Barcelona, Edhasa (1978), p.17.

place. (Isn't the public present in the theatre? Aren't you present in this act of reading?) Notions of theatre as the reflection of a physical-moral plane (Aristotle), an ideal plane (Plato) or a spiritual plane (Artaud) are subverted in the "in situ" experience. Theatrical operations become functions of positioning, of localizing. The "character" is an organism who could inhabit other organisms, like a viral vector that moves through other bodies: through an actor, an object, a shadow, a projector, a member of the audience, a machine, a light. There are other vectors (actions, thoughts, language, music, technology, just to follow a classical order) which also recombine and remake the bodies in place. If anything is maybe distinctive of the theatrical experience is this voracity of re-positioning, of recreating bodies and of being able to leave in them certain immunological memory capable of informing their reactions in other places, in other presents. In practice, the experience is still also generally marked by certain conventions of behavior, that is, by an expectation of civility.

I./ Mentalism

(The family at the table. Quotidian life.)

{Virtually: a zoom grid.}

PACO.

Mentalism. Mentalism is the faculty. We're at the table.

SERVER.

The faculty is mentalism.

PACO.

I'm Paco.

MAGDA.

I'm Magda.

BRIAN KEVIN.

I'm Brian Kevin.

ABUELO.

I am Abuelo.

SERVIDOR

I'm the Server. (*pointing to an empty chair*) {*pointing to a black square*} This is la Nena.

MAGDA.

Mentalism is the faculty.

PACO.

I'm reading. I'm reading Magda.

MAGDA.

I'm reading la Nena. No, I'm reading Brian Kevin.

BRIAN KEVIN.

I'm reading Abuelo.

(*A chunk of meat drops from the ceiling.*)

MAGDA (*ripping*).

¡AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

PACO.

I'm reading Magda. I'm reading in her a young woman with thin legs, thin lips

and a star on her forehead.

MAGDA.

That young woman is me. I am– I read my adolescent son, Brian Kevin. He has been absent minded later, curiously except for things pertaining to my job.

PACO.

I read my wife, Magda, in order to explain certain words, insinuations, soothsaying prophecies, even jokes– when you think about it– pronounced in our– our– our– intimacy.

MAGDA.

I want to know why, at that age– my son wants– I read– I want to read him his girlfriends– brushing– his skin contacts, the wind when– his interstices. I want to read him his body changes.

(From the ceiling, another chunk of meat.)

MAGDA.

I notice, although infrequently, intimations of violence in him– why (as I previously mentioned) would my son have such interest in me?

PACO.

I see in my wife's mind the way she wants me, how she itemizes me, a sparser mustache, less calluses in my hands, lighter, less lineal maybe.

BRIAN KEVIN.

I'm trying to read the Abuelo... *(mental effort)* I'm trying.

MAGDA.

I try to ascertain my son's sexual preferences. Now I read that he likes–
(More meat falls from the ceiling.)

MAGDA.

Active.

BRIAN KEVIN.

The Abuelo is trying to pass for an Arab, so I won't be able to read him.

PACO.

I read in the paper, a heinous crime.

ABUELO.

aññiocullinñoio

BRIAN KEVIN.

The Abuelo is now trying to pass for Chinese.

PACO.

Uff. Little girl dismembers and kills her family and uses their residues in an installation of domestic spaces. I read. Uff. What a bad impression this article has left on me.

MAGDA.

Read it in more detail.

PACO.

Little girl dismembers and kills her family, her mother, her father, her *abuelo* or grandpa and her brother and excels in small format hematological pieces.

MAGDA.

Can I have more coffee?

SERVIDOR.

Sí, señora.

PACO.

Magda talks about the Server but does not think about him.

ABUELO.

Baaa, Baaa, Baaa.

MAGDA.

We acquired the Server when he was very little.

ABUELO.

Ba.

MAGDA.

When he was a homunculus.

ABUELO.

Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

BRiAN KEViN.

I desist from reading Abuelo.

PACO

Little girl dismembers and kills–

MAGDA.

It's propaganda. Things like that only happen in the newspapers.

BRiAN KEViN.

It will happen, but I will be gone before it happens.

ABUELO.

Ni pa' trás ni pa' lante pica esta carne. This meat does not cut.

PACO.

We must be victims of a major cause.

MAGDA.

It's true, Paco, maybe I would like you different.

(PACO takes a knife and, repeatedly, uncontrollably slashes at the meat.)

PACO.

Supernatural potencies! Phenomena of animalia! I cannot chop it, my blood relatives, I cannot chop it!!!

MAGDA *(asking for the knife)*.

Let me try it.

BRIAN KEVIN.

I'm reading *mami* ... Nooo, nooo, *papi*, nooooo, don't give it to her.

ABUELO.

It's hard. Like a stick. *Como palo*.

PACO.

One looks at the newspaper every day, eyes through the articles...

ABUELO.

I have perceived that there is a major cause at play here.

PACO.

One knows that there are no news about you, that it's never personal, in your own flesh, but one expects—

BRIAN KEVIN.

What do you want, Abuelo?

ABUELO.

Marriage. *Casorio*. And you?

BRiAN KEViN.

To run away.

MAGDA.

To run.

ABUELO.

What do you think la Nena wants?

MAGDA.

Run Real Estate. What do you want Paco?

PACO.

To gratify you.

MAGDA.

Can you read that article again?

PACO.

Yes.

MAGDA.

Can you read?

PACO.

I'm reading it.

II./ Audition

(Empty space.)

(Lights over BRiAN KEViN.) (PACO and MAGDA are voices in the dark.)

{Virtually: A scene of voices in a black space. By the end, photographs of

*BRiAN KEViN's body or his body in real estate promotions are accessible
though links sent via chat. In some pics, he is with the THIRD YOUNG MAN.}*

BRiAN KEViN.

The walls are thin.

MAGDA.

3 Bedrooms, 2 Bathrooms

BRiAN KEViN.

Apartments. The walls are paper thin, so I hear. The faculty is audition.

PACO.

Sexual hyperventilation.

MAGDA.

4H, Western exposure, big balcony

PACO.

Sexual moaning.

MAGDA.

Park view, urge for sale

PACO.

Gasping, arousal and unintelligible erotic phrasing.

What do you want me to be?

MAGDA.

What?

PACO.

What do you want me to be for you?

MAGDA.

Female.

BRiAN KEViN.

My mother runs a small real estate agency. I hear about the properties she has on the market.

BRiAN KEViN.

Marble floors. Granite baths, asbestos countertops. I hear that my father wants to transsexualize himself to gratify my mother. If the two of them were women, how could their need for a man be quantified?

MAGDA.

I have received an award in my job.

PACO.

Real estate.

MAGDA.

It's going to be a bonus.

BRiAN KEViN.

I would be satisfied to bid for any of these properties. I hear what my parents say.

MAGDA.

Soft sexual moaning.

PACO.

My voice becomes high pitched. Very—

BRiAN KEViN.

I plot what I would have to do to escape this home. I see myself in other homes,

in commercial buildings, empty lots, rented farms. I think of transgressions, but it's not easy to impress a generation who has screwed the parameters of their bodies. I hear them.

PACO.

What do you want me to be?

MAGDA.

Woman.

PACO.

What do you want?

MAGDA.

I want you to be my woman.

BRIAN KEVIN.

I have tattooed my body with illustrations of superheroes so that they match my underwear. I have risked ring perforations in many places, internally, places that can not be seen. I am a generation of scars. And I want to leave home.

(MAGDA, deep sexual moaning.)

(PACO, in crescendo sharp sexual moaning.)

BRIAN KEVIN.

I have thought of being the man to both my parents. I have thought of many things.

PACO.

What do you want from me?

MAGDA.

What?

BRiAN KEViN.

I want to leave home.

(Slow black out.)

III./ Astrality

(In separate spaces: ABUELO in front of a computer; a figure or doll of la NENA in front of another computer; the SERVER is standing.)

{Virtually: Pre-recorded sequence of ABUELO in his house, reading the newspaper at the dinner table. His lines in voiceover. Talking images of SERVIDOR and LA NENA materialize and dematerialize through the scene over different elements of ABUELO's setting. At some point, subtitles disclose ABUELO's phone number urging the audience to call him and talk to him live.}

SERVER.

We have the potential to create beings inside computers. These are called avatars (or simulations). The avatar is you, and at the same time, it's not you. In the Hindu faith, "avatar" is the name given to a manifestation of a god or deity. In practice, we can create avatars through very simple software.

(Multiple illustrations of computer simulated characters are projected over the ABUELO, flashing, hypnotic.)

SERVER.

The faculty is astrality.

ABUELO.

I build a new avatar each day.

SERVER.

There are a hundred and seventy-seven parameters with multiples options per parameter to create the mobile image, the avatar that's going to be you in virtual space.

ABUELO.

Sometimes I wear a swallow-tailed coat; sometimes jeans; blue, straight hair; slanted eyes; sometimes a scar on my lip; then round, profound eyes. I live like this inside places simulated by the computer.

SERVER.

Interacting with other users' avatars.

(Another flashing sequence of computer simulated characters is simultaneously projected over la NENA.)

ABUELO.

Some of my favorite cybersites are cosmic hydroponics' gardens and underground discos. I like to change the appearance of my avatar. To be someone new each day.

SERVER.

The following event happens one afternoon, in the virtual environment of an Oriental park.

ABUELO.

One afternoon in the virtual environment of an Oriental park, a park with invented indigo trees and topaz flowers, I met an avatar who had exactly the same features as the avatar I was that day. Of the multiple options to the one hundred and seventy-seven questions, we had selected the same answers, the same way of being. I asked: "How do you look in reality?"

VOICE LA NENA (*off-stage*).

“Exactly as I look here. And you?”

ABUELO.

“Exactly as I look here.”

(Change of lights. In the place of the doll of La Nena, La Nena appears.)

ABUELO.

Next day I thought about not changing my appearance, staying the same, so that this person would recognize me again. But they had added new options to the parameters, and I couldn't resist trying them out.

SERVER.

Among these options were: five-chambered hearts that you could see through the skin, and hands unevenly constructed.

ABUELO.

I went again to the Oriental park and to other busy sites, but I could not find the avatar that at one time was identical to mine.

SERVER.

At one time, there can be over 13 million avatars online. Among the features that they shared at that time was burning things with their minds.

ABUELO.

I think this person, like me, could not resist changing appearance. I think that someday we will meet again, and we will coincide in looking the same way, in having identical avatars, that is, in being the same avatar.

ABUELO.

Maybe that would be our way of recognizing each other. Meanwhile I keep

changing and strolling through cyberspace.

(ABUELO and NENA continue at the computers.)

IV./ Contagion

(PACO and the SERVER sitting at a small table.)

{Virtually: Playback of recording of SERVER and PACO each in his own space (split screen), communicating with each other. SERVIDOR is in a phantasmagoric antique shop, full of relics and bizarre constructions; PACO, in his bathroom.}

SERVER.

I serve at an antiques shop in the heart of the old city.

PACO.

I have come to buy a promise.

SERVER.

I only have them in silver.

PACO.

They are such beautiful traditions.

SERVER.

I had them in wax, but, you know, the tropics.

PACO.

mmm.

SERVER.

These promises, miracles or ex-votos come are miniature in the shape of the

organ that you want to heal.

PACO.

Which ones do you have?

SERVER.

Eyes, arms, hands, legs, feet.

PACO.

The most common.

SERVER.

I have kidneys with encrusted jades— they stand for renal stones— viscera and lungs made of very thin sheets. I have fetuses.

PACO.

Do you have generative organs?

SERVER.

Uteri?

PACO.

The members.

SERVER.

The faculty is contagion.

PACO.

There's hearsay of a miracle that combines the pudendal parts of both, male and female.

SERVIDOR.

It's not an ex-voto for procreation.

PACO.

No.

SERVER.

In the old times they employed it to create an intermediate genre to serve God.

PACO.

I thought only integral machos could serve God.

SERVER.

There are archaic religions.

PACO.

I don't want it to serve. I remember a story, a religious story. It's not my story. In the story, a little girl was afraid to undergo her first communion. She had heard that the wafer became the body of Christ, and she was afraid to receive a man inside her. I'm not the author of this story. It is plagiarism.

SERVER.

Would you like some coffee?

PACO.

I'm not homosexual, if that's what you are asking.

SERVER.

It's a world of nostalgia.

PACO.

I believe it's a function of hunger. Of realizing, in the middle of touching someone, that the outside, that contact, is not enough.

SERVER.

The ex-votos or miracles operate by analogy. One places the ex-voto on the saint

and asks for the broken organ to be made whole, as complete as the object-organ. A contagion of integrity.

PACO.

It's wanting to be inside when being inside is not enough.

SERVIDOR.

The ex-voto that you ask for exists.

PACO.

I need it to be with my wife.

SERVER.

People will call you terrible things.

PACO.

Do you carry it?

SERVER.

Eunuch, *puta*, whore.

If you are patient, I'll get it for you.

V./ Somnambulism

(Light over the SERVER.)

SERVER.

The bedroom. From the autobiography *Memories, Dreams and Reflections* of the Swiss psychoanalyst Carl Gustav Jung: "I well recall the case of a Jewish woman who had lost her faith. It began with a dream of mine in which a young girl, unknown to me, came to me as a patient. She outlined her case to me, and as she was talking, I thought,

‘I don’t understand her at all. I don’t understand what this is all about.’ But suddenly it occurred to me that she must have an unusual father complex. That was the dream.”²

The faculty is somnambulism. Which is the latent dream and which one the manifested?

(Lights over ABUELO laying on a small bed and la NENA, sitting by him.)

ABUELO.

Tell me a bedtime story.

NENA.

I don’t know how to read.

ABUELO.

How advanced is your reading level?

NENA.

I read the newspaper.

ABUELO.

I can only read the big letters of the headlines.

NENA *(reading the paper)*.

“The Minister of Family Affairs relinquishes his post.”

ABUELO.

Is it the paper? Keep reading, another headline. Wait until I make myself comfortable.

2 Carl Gustav Jung, *Memories, Dreams and Reflections*, New York, Vintage Books (1965), p. 138.

NENA.

“Two minors run away from home and are hunted by INTERPOL.”

ABUELO.

I can't sleep thinking about documents.

NENA.

“A woman, victim of clinical depression, strips in public and tries to poison her sons with infected fluids. She is assaulted by the neighbors.”

ABUELO.

Birth and marriage certificates. Passports. They hold together the order of things.

NENA.

“Little girl raped by member of family nucleus.”

ABUELO.

God eternal! This bed is hard, *como palo*.

NENA.

“Minor assassinates gas station manager when he is caught stealing candy.”

ABUELO.

I know about that case. When he was caught, the young man covered his head with his t-shirt leaving his torso naked. He was on T.V. He was just that, a young naked torso who had committed a murder. I, for my part, I think I have found someone.

NENA.

“Minor is raped by member of her immediate family and pacified by slaps.”

ABUELO.

If I had wished to read the headlines, I would have read them. Read the content.

NENA.

“Cosmic hydroponics’ gardens and subterranean discos.”

{Virtually: the image of ABUELO morphs into a youngish cartoonish version of himself.}

ABUELO.

Expired tax forms, blanks for hygiene licenses.

NENA.

“Aging man neglected in municipal asylum.”

ABUELO.

Single men who marry live longer.

NENA.

“Aging man found lying over his own feces.”

ABUELO.

I want to tie the knot with someone I found in cyberspace.

NENA.

“Dirty. Forsaken by his family.”

ABUELO.

My eyesight fails me. Keep reading.

LA NENA

“Decrepit man with obstructed colostomy.”

ABUELO.

Keep on.

NENA

“Incontinent old man.”

ABUELO.

Keep on.

NENA.

“Blind man.”

ABUELO.

Keep on, for I am not ready to sleep.

(La NENA sings a lullaby. It combines her gestures with sounds of the sea.)

{Also, vocalizations of the THIRD YOUNG MAN.} {Dance of images.}

(Slow darkness.)

VI./ Magnetism

(The SERVER and BRiAN KEViN in briefs standing in front of each other.)

{Virtually: a live scene in which the SERVER and BRiAN KEViN in front of their devices intimately chat with the audience while speaking their lines.}

SERVER.

The faculty is magnetism. What are you attracted to?

BRiAN KEViN.

I'm attracted to my underpants.

(The SERVER takes his underpants off. Beneath is another set of underpants. BRiAN KEViN takes his underpants off. Beneath is another set of underpants.)

SERVER.

I'm attracted to service.

BRiAN KEViN.

Do you have visions?

SERVER.

I have visions.

BRiAN KEViN.

A guy, fully dressed, formally.

SERVER.

Coat?

BRiAN KEViN.

Coat.

SERVER.

Tie?

BRiAN KEViN.

Tie and cuffed sleeves. He's standing beside a guy who's totally naked. Who do you think is more powerful?

SERVER.

Can I put my underpants back on?

BRiAN KEViN.

Put them on me.

(BRiAN KEViN puts his underpants back on. The SERVER puts his underpants on

BRiAN KEViN.)

BRiAN KEViN.

Do you think you are going to be like your parents when you grow up?

SERVER.

I have no parents.

BRIAN KEVIN.

Are you going to be like your parents?

SERVER.

I'm going to be like my parents.

BRIAN KEVIN.

Touch my shoulders.

(The SERVER does.)

SERVER.

Magnetism is also known as hypnosis.

BRIAN KEVIN.

Press. Harder. Call me son.

SERVER.

Son.

BRIAN KEVIN.

Do you think my father is attracted to me?

SERVER.

I'm your father, I'm sexually attracted to you.

BRIAN KEVIN.

To what in me?

SERVER.

Son, you're very attractive.

BRiAN KEViN.

To what part of me are you attracted to?

SERVER.

To your underwear?

BRiAN KEViN.

Bastard.

SERVER.

I know I'm a bastard.

BRiAN KEViN.

That's not what I— if I were you I would castrate my father.

SERVER.

I've castrated your dad.

BRiAN KEViN.

Put one hand on my forehead and the other on my chest. The back of your hand against my forehead, as if you're checking for fever.

SERVER.

Can you do the same for me?

BRiAN KEViN.

Yes. My mother used to do that.

SERVER.

I'm your mother and I'm sexually attracted to you.

(BRiAN KEViN laughs.)

BRiAN KEViN.

If I were you, dog, I would turn every one of us into canned dog food and eat us up.

SERVER.

I will transform all your family into minute homunculi and entrap them in beautiful crystal jars. Where do you want my hands now?

(They stand, side by side, holding hands.)

{Virtually: BRiAN KEViN stands up and hieratically begins to ambulate through his house, colliding with walls and furniture, the zoom camera capturing his uncontrolled movements. Added simultaneous image of THIRD YOUNG MAN calmly moving through his own house as in the beginning of the play.}

BRiAN KEViN.

I'll get out, I'll be a magnet out there. Dynamo against dynamo. A hero. Current like rays through my extended fingers. Strong aura. Safe sex. I'll do it only with fathers and mothers, people who have reproduced and send the Kirlian photographs to their children. No guilt. Like when you go to your friend's house and they let you do things in your house they wouldn't. Because you don't belong, you're just passing by. Lick my boots.

(The SERVER goes down to BRiAN KEViN's feet. He sucks them.)

{The SERVER begins to move calmly, carrying his laptop through his own house. We see glimpses of BRiAN KEViN realizing that they share the same space.}

SERVER.

It's almost Christian.

BRiAN KEViN. {THIRD YOUNG MAN.}

The washing of the feet.

VII./ Illusionism

(MAGDA. Empty space. Reading to the audience from the script.)

{Virtually: MAGDA, professionally and elegantly dressed posing in different spaces in an empty apartment. Her speech in voice over.}

MAGDA.

When I was little, I attended a magical show where a woman was locked inside a box and pierced with knives. Then, they made her disappear. I was frightened since I saw— I think I saw— blood coming through under the door of the box. But no one else saw it. Later, when I had my first menstruation, I also thought it was illusory. They say that the poor people of yesteryear lived only on coffee. Today I work so that my family can have meat on the table. There's an old expression: "romperse el lomo," "to break one's backbone."

I read this scene because it has been added, invisible. The faculty is illusionism. Today my husband enters the bathroom and blood comes through underneath the door. But I don't know if it's real. I cover my mouth with this blood. I speak, knowing that my husband speaks with me, that my son speaks with me, but I don't know if it's real. That I desire my son, like my father desired me. That this is the void, like a theatrical piece. That this is illusionism.

VIII./ Vampirism

(Empty space.)

(PACO is naked, connected to a system of plastic catheters through which liquids circulate. In place of his penis, a neutral pudendum. On his chest is the ex-voto of

transsexualism. MAGDA, BRiAN KEViN and the SERVER are looking at him. ABUELO and la NENA also observe.)

{Virtually: the prerecorded image of PACO dominates the screen, about it, the individual images of the other characters.}

MAGDA.

I am unsure as to the incumbency of this rite.

NENA *(to ABUELO)*.

I will explain what we are looking at, Abuelo: it's a performance art spectacle.

MAGDA.

So many years of marriage and he had never recurred to this. So many years. Some religions have the tithe, but this is— to my understanding— too extreme a device. It's unjustified, this device

BRiAN KEViN.

They took me out of the classroom to see it.

ABUELO.

icouñilaaa

BRiAN KEViN.

Listen, the Abuelo is Chinese.

PACO.

Was it my imagination, or did I hear la Nena speak?

MAGDA *(ripping)*.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

BRiAN KEViN.

Is it my imagination, or has my father neutered himself?

MAGDA (*ripping*).

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

BRiAN KEViN.

What is this rite exactly about?

SERVER.

It's about watching him. He's exposed. That's all, it's about watching.

MAGDA (*ripping*).

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

SERVER.

Really look at him.

(Blinding light over PACO. All look at him.)

{Virtually: The characters begin to move in spiritual convulsions. Audience members are invited to activate their cameras and join in the chaotic panorama of the screen. Crescendo as the scene progresses.}

MAGDA.

I see the regenerating spirits, those of the worlds of terrestrial sympathies, the avant-garde.

BRiAN KEViN.

I see BMX racing bikes over railroad tracks emptied by erosion, falling over precipices, hallucinating, rising.

MAGDA.

I see five bodies masturbating against the sea.

NENA.

I see literary prizes in fiction contests.

MAGDA.

I see little girls, very white, at the beach, giving birth.

BRIAN KEVIN.

Youngsters with waist-length hair.

NENA.

A drawing, in ink, unexpected, by don Augusto Marín.

ABUELO.

I don't see dick.

MAGDA.

I see zirconia.

BRIAN KEVIN.

Breasts.

MAGDA.

Norwegian wood.

NENA.

I see the avatars of the century. Lithium batteries.

MAGDA.

Now we must acknowledge that there we are victims of a major cause.

(LA NENA whispers to the ABUELO.)

ABUELO.

La Nena says that she knows, that she has the answer.

MAGDA.

I would have been able to bear everything, except the lack of privacy.

ABUELO.

Yaaa. Yaaa. Yaaa.

BRIAN KEVIN.

Abuelo is passing for Swedish.

MAGDA.

It's hair-raising.

BRIAN KEVIN.

This is the image. The one he parades today. It's a picture where he is with my mother. Both of them, my father and my mother, very handsome. This is the image. The picture of the couple, beautiful, brilliant. This is the image, the one they would refer to as "youth" over the passage of the years.

MAGDA.

When I see him, I think about this picture, him naked, when I knew him he was an adolescent, naked in front of his mother. The house had only one bathroom. And she, the mother, smiling. That is what endures, that is, maybe, what accrues, what does not devalue over the years. This is what one calls property.

BRIAN KEVIN.

I like how my father looks.

ABUELO.

Miniyinski ilikj papapova

BRIAN KEVIN.

It's grandpa passing for Russian. I like it a lot. It gives me ideas.

SERVER.

I, on the other hand, see something alternate: the dialectics of the master and the

slave. The downy hairs on his belly. Soft and greasy. *Mofolongos*. I grew up in a poor environment. Although I was not born in it. I was raised in an ambit of employees, salaried, stiff and statistical. *Sato*. Mixed-breed dog. Suck your formula. I would love jugulars, feet, lungs, carotids. To explode them in aneurisms of sweat and excretions. Ordinary delivery. Nausea. What is the faculty?

(The liquid from the catheters starts to drip over PACO.)

ABUELO.

Look, look, he turned incontinent.

SERVER.

What's the faculty?

MAGDA.

Today, driving, I found two lanes turning into one and a vehicle parallel to mine. Who yields? Suns over my lips. The fastest, the bravest or simply the one who doesn't want to crash?

ABUELO.

He turned incontinent, like an old man.

SERVER.

I served in a milieu of knives dulled by the saltpeter of the Atlantic, the ill-called *mar macho*. Today, I read the obituaries. Today, seeing my master castrated gives me spirit.

PACO.

The faculty is Vampirism.

SERVER.

And we introduce the presences. *Y se presentan las presencias...*

(La NENA starts to throw handfuls of water in magical gestures– “a dar pases.”)

ABUELO.

Francisco.

PACO.

Here.

MAGDA.

Paco.

PACO.

Here.

BRIAN KEVIN.

Paquito, Paquitín, Quitín.

PACO.

Here.

MAGDA.

Cisco. The nicknames of affection. María, Ana, Magdalena. All the women I've desired to be and desired to have and to transfuse. Love, have they ever called you?

BRIAN KEVIN.

Gabriel, Miguel and Rafael.

PACO.

Here.

SERVER.

Servidor. The Server.

PACO.

Here.

MAGDA.

Back then, I didn't know that this conforming, this conforming to you, the expectations— that I was conforming to violence. I didn't notice the violence.

BRIAN KEVIN.

Now is the time, *papá*.

SERVER.

Ahora es.

MAGDA.

Ahora.

EVERYONE.

Ahora.

MAGDA (*entranced*).

Ahoooooooooooooooooora.

EVERYONE.

Ahoooooooooooooooooora.

MAGDA.

¡AHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORA!

EVERYONE.

¡AHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORA!

MAGDA (*simple*).

Now is the time.

PACO.

Nena?

NENA.

Yes?

PACO.

Tell your mother I said I love her much.

MAGDA.

Now it is what it is. *Ahora es lo que es.*

(Black out.)

IX./ Pyrokinesis

(Desk with chair and a filing cabinet. The SERVER is sitting at the desk. Enter

ABUELO.)

SERVER.

The municipal collecting agency. I'm a public servant.

ABUELO.

The faculty is pyrokinesis.

SERVER.

How may I help you?

ABUELO.

Some stamps for a good conduct certificate.

SERVER.

Anything else?

ABUELO.

Yes, they told me that there was someone in this collecting agency who could

burn things with her mind.

SERVER.

I have also heard that rumor. Sometimes she burns unpaid violation tickets, sometimes lottery tickets.

ABUELO.

Where is she?

SERVER.

Other times, the yellow original receipts.

ABUELO.

¡Qué pocavergüenza, coño! Here they always send you to the wrong window.

SERVER.

One must love this country.

ABUELO.

¡¡Qué jodío gobierno, fucking government, carajo!! I would like to meet this person in order to marry her.

SERVER.

Pity, she's a veteran public servant.

ABUELO.

I think I met her in cyberspace.

SERVER.

Today, for instance, she didn't show up for work.

ABUELO.

I will come back tomorrow with my good conduct certificate.

SERVER.

She'll burn it.

ABUELO.

Even better.

SERVER.

Sir?

ABUELO.

Where are my stamps?

SERVER.

You are that person.

ABUELO.

Where are my little red tape stamps?

SERVER.

You are that person who burns things with his mind.

ABUELO.

Give me corroboration.

SERVER.

Sir?

ABUELO.

¡Me caso en Dios!

SERVER.

You said you want to marry God? *(Things begin to burn.)* Ah!

(Smoke issues from the filing cabinet.)

ABUELO.

Ah!

SERVER.

Ah!

ABUELO.

Ah, ah, ah! (*terrible*) I burn things with my mind.

SERVER.

The vaults are on fire.

(*The ABUELO starts to dance in little jumps while the stage fills with smoke.*)

SERVER.

Certificates of matrimony, birth, resurrection.

ABUELO.

Ña, ña, ña, ña.

SERVER.

The ballots invalidated by the barrio commissaries of the affiliated party in the booths of the electoral precinct of Culo Prieto in 1980.

ABUELO.

Uuh, questque vú muá cher cher?

SERVER.

Ablaze is the violated voting of the Beauty Contest Miss—

ABUELO.

Ñá.

SERVER.

Poor thing, Monstrously Fanged, This Island: the blanks, the false passports and

the veridical ones, the disability papers, the seismic graphs.

ABUELO.

Abakúa pelúa ñá.

SERVER.

The original list of members of don Roberto Sánchez Vilella's political party, *El Sol* in nineteen seventy—

ABUELO.

Yesssss.

SERVER.

The credentials, *los talonarios*.

ABUELO.

La Libertá.

SERVER.

Sir?

ABUELO.

What?

SERVER.

Your stamps.

ABUELO.

WHAT?!

SERVIDOR.

Your stamps, *señor*, please.

X./ Levitation

(Two chairs suspended in the air. Ropes fall from them to the ground. On one chair sits a figure or doll of PACO, on the other, a figure of MAGDA.)

(Enter ABUELO and LA NENA. She's carrying a balloon.)

{Virtually: a flow of images. PACO and MAGDA perform a pendular movement for levitation, arms rounded, cheeks inflated. The public is invited to activate their cameras and execute this movement, incorporating themselves in the scene as floating presences.}

ABUELO.

Look, there are your parents, levitating.

NENA.

Are you the father of my mother or the father of my father?

ABUELO.

Of your mother, but she was never like you.

NENA.

Why do they levitate?

ABUELO.

Since I liberated this country burning that *porquería* of municipal collecting agency, everyone is in the air.

(BRiAN KEViN enters running with a kite, flying from his hand.)

BRiAN KEViN *(always running)*.

Look at me, Abuelo, I'm speaking in tongues.

ABUELO (*to la NENA*).

Today, your parents, for you, are real. But there will come another stage in your life in which, for you, they will be just this, dolls suspended in the air.

NENA.

And then?

ABUELO.

Then, they will be real again.

NENA.

And then?

BRIAN KEVIN (*running*).

Look at me, Abuelo.

ABUELO.

Then, I don't know. But you will never understand them.

NENA.

There was a man in San Germán who lifted objects with the mind. He levitated famous people. He had a shop on main street with the pictures of the levitations showcased in the window.

ABUELO.

Was that in the seventies?

NENA.

I have good memory.

ABUELO.

Like computers. I also haven't lost my faculties. I remember the man. He levitated Iris Chacón. Today died in the Island the oldest man on earth and his last wish

was to caress Iris Chacón.

NENA.

Can we keep on playing, Abuelo?

ABUELO.

Keep it in mind.

BRiAN KEViN (*always running*).

Look at me, Abuelo.

ABUELO.

From your family, you can expect terrible things.

BRiAN KEViN

Look at me, Abuelo.

ABUELO.

Let's go.

BRiAN KEViN.

Look at me.

ABUELO.

Let's go.

(La NENA and ABUELO take ropes and begin to sway the suspended chairs. BRiAN

KEViN runs around with his kite. The two chairs, the kite, three circular movements.

Lights dim.)

{Virtual fade out.}

XI./ Possession

(Everyone at the table.)

{Zoom grid.}

(Drums.)

PACO.

We're at the table. The faculty is possession.

ABUELO.

Ha.

MAGDA.

Possession is the faculty.

ABUELO.

Ha.

BRIAN KEVIN.

I take possession of—

ABUELO.

Don't you dare.

BRIAN KEVIN.

I take possession of—

ABUELO.

La Madre pa'l que se posesione de mí.

MAGDA.

I take possession of Brian Kevin.

PACO.

I take possession of Magda.

SERVER.

I take possession of Paco.

ABUELO.

I will incinerate whoever wants to possess me. *Mira, se jode.*

BRIAN KEVIN.

I take possession of the Server.

ABUELO.

I will wear his or her ashes in Ash Wednesday. On my forehead.

MAGDA (*inside BRIAN KEVIN*).

How good it feels!

SERVIDOR (*inside PACO*).

It feels good!

MAGDA (*inside BRIAN KEVIN*).

What feeling of well-being!

PACO (*inside MAGDA*).

Magda, it's me, Paco. Where are you?

BRIAN KEVIN (*inside SERVER*).

I feel something askew here, inside the Server.

SERVIDOR (*in PACO*).

Being head of the family is so fulfilling that I don't care about being sexless.

PACO (*in MAGDA*).

Senseless is the line you have just said, Paco. Ahh! What have I said? I am Paco.

Magda! Magda! Where are you?

BRIAN KEVIN (*in the SERVER*).

I'm feeling a sinister plan here, inside the Server.

MAGDA (*in BRIAN KEVIN*).

I'm here. I'm a young man. I'm slender, grown-up. I look like a picture of you, Paco, naked, an adolescent naked in the bathroom in front of your mother. Being beautiful, both, you and me. Being incarnated. And still being a woman.

[MAGDA (in BRIAN KEVIN) climbs on the table and begins to dance to the drums.]

{Virtually: Mics are open live for the actors (connected through zoom) to speak, exposing the different dilemmas, questions, misgivings they had approaching different topics in the play (for instance: the use of the term "transsexual" in relationship to PACO, the suggested incestual relationship between ABUELO and LA NENA, the link between Puerto Rican families and violence. The audience is invited to activate their mics and join in the critical debate. The prerecorded scene keeps running visually (but muted) simultaneous with the ensuing discussion, subtitles are used to convey dialogue and stage directions.}

ABUELO.

What an undignified spectacle!

PACO [*(in MAGDA) talking to MADGA (in BRIAN KEVIN)*].

Preciosity, I recognize the bulbs of your glutei.

ABUELO. What unsightly words!

BRIAN KEVIN (*inside the SERVER*).

Mamá come down from there, you are making me look *pato* (sissy). Wait, the plan macabre is—

PACO (*in MAGDA*).

Let's dance!

SERVER (*in PACO*).

I need to prevent Brian Kevin from discovering me.

[PACO (in MAGDA) sensually dances with MAGDA (in BRIAN KEVIN) over the table.]

ABUELO.

¡Qué pocavergüenza! Cover your eyes, Nena.

BRIAN KEVIN (*inside the SERVIDOR*).

The plan macabre is—

MAGDA [*(in BRIAN KEVIN) to PACO (in MAGDA)*].

I want to kiss you, my macho.

PACO [*(in MAGDA) to MAGDA (in BRIAN KEVIN)*].

I want to kiss you, my soul.

ABUELO.

They are all impudent.

NENA.

Warning.

SERVER (*in PACO*).

What do I do?

NENA.

Warning! A kiss would revert the act of possession.

BRIAN KEVIN (*inside the SERVER*).

And the plan macabre is—

[The SERVER (inside PACO) kisses BRIAN KEVIN (inside the SERVER).

PACO (inside MAGDA) and MAGDA (inside BRiAN KEViN) kiss.]

ABUELO.

This is not my family.

BRiAN KEViN (*getting away from the kiss*).

The Server kissed me— BLUUUAGH— to prevent me from talking. But I'm
back in myself.

PACO and MAGDA.

We're in each other.

BRiAN KEViN.

But I remember being inside him. The Server wants to transform us all into
homunculi!

PACO and MAGDA.

AAAAaaaaaaah!

BRiAN KEViN.

He will trap us in mayonnaise jars as we pass by the kitchen or the pantry and he
will minimize our bodies until we turn into little dwarfs.

PACO and MAGDA.

AAAAaaaaaaah!

SERVER.

Who could believe such derangement?

PACO and MAGDA.

Ingrate Server, we will turn you back into ancestral mucus!

SERVER.

I deem it's time to collect disability.

ABUELO.

Eh, I burned that office too!

PACO and MAGDA.

You are fired, Server!

SERVIDOR.

I grew up in a poor environment, but I wasn't born in it. I was raised in an ambit of employees, salaried, stiff and statistical. *Satos*. Mixed-breed dogs! How do they make me suck the formula! I would love to explode them. Jugulars, aortas! {Interference, distorted image.} Jets of plasma, screens, restricted access, big closets, centenary jubilees and shit.

PACO and MAGDA.

Fired!

SERVER.

Suck your formula. Salvation! Cause! Bloody vomit, sacred! Shit!

¡Revolución! I take possession of the Abuelo!

ABUELO.

He's fucked. *Se jodió*.

(El ABUELO commences to dance in small jumps. The SERVER is bathed in a red light, smoke comes out of him, he's on fire.)

BRIAN KEVIN.

Look, the Abuelo is passing for Hispanic.

(The SERVER falls to the ground.)

MAGDA and PACO.

What a victory! What a triumph of this family over external elements!

BRiAN KEViN.

This incident has particularly impressed me. If we could be a nuclear family-
MADGA and PACO.

She/he, she/she, he/he units.

ABUELO.

iew pwc weopiwe we pweow pwe oof3f

BRiAN KEViN.

It's gibberish.

MAGDA and PACO.

La Nena has been very quiet lately.

BRiAN KEViN.

She has been.

ABUELO.

¡w woei ifc lef vlev ev ewkvñlk lkd s!

BRiAN KEViN.

It's like a slogan of a religious campaign before I was born: "The family who
prays together, stays together."

ABUELO.

¡i!UIOS POWIOSB LKLK OIS WP ¡!!

MAGDA and PACO.

At last we are Paco and Magda, one mind and soul, a patriarchal mother-land,
the nuptial cradle, let's be, loved ones, one, alternative traditional, an atavism, a country.

ABUELO.

93f3o9889897()/(&%\$&\$E%/&

BRiAN KEViN.

Poor Abuelo burned all documents and now only la Nena understands him.

MAGDA and PACO.

I take possession of la Nena!

BRiAN KEViN.

I take possession of la Nena.

PACO and MAGDA.

I take possession of my daughter.

(MAGDA, PACO and BRiAN KEViN freeze.)

(Stillness.)

ABUELO.

How do you feel?

NENA.

Can we go home?

ABUELO.

Don't worry.

LA NENA.

I have been possessed.

ABUELO.

Yes.

NENA.

Can we go now?

ABUELO.

Now you leave everyone behind and marry me.

(El ABUELO goes towards la Nena.)

(Black out.)

XII./ Precognition

(La NENA is lying on bed. El ABUELO is sitting beside her.)

{Virtually simple.}

ABUELO.

I would have understood you doing it to me. But, why the others?

NENA.

Tell me a story.

ABUELO.

It's a mystery. Isn't it? Like the nature of children.

NENA.

Tell me a bedtime story.

ABUELO.

Everyone was sleeping. You took a knife. You found the heart. Remember I had shown you where the heart was?

NENA.

I remember. And then?

ABUELO.

You took the knife. And you buried it in each one's heart.

NENA.

And then?

ABUELO.

First your mother, then your father and then your brother. You caught them asleep. You thought that way they would be softer, more mutable, intangible, like our virtual characters, our avatars. You wanted to cut down the flesh. Then you kept on cutting.

NENA.

And then?

ABUELO.

Then you went after me. You went to my bed and you woke me up. Then you did to me the same you did to the others, but I was awake.

NENA.

And then?

ABUELO.

Then you grew up.

(El ABUELO sings a lullaby. Sounds of the sea. Softly, darkness.)

XIII./ Necromancy

{Virtually: the FACILITATOR connects to zoom live (in image and sound), beginning to read the scene (including title, stage directions, characters' names and lines) to the virtual audience.}

(Empty space.)

(La NENA and BRiAN KEViN.)

NENA.

The faculty was precognition.

BRIAN KEVIN.

The faculty is necromancy.

NENA.

To animate the dead.

BRIAN KEVIN.

Here they are.

(Images of PACO, MAGDA and the ABUELO are projected. The photos are beautiful, tender, immaterial.)

{Virtually: the characters connect, sharing their screens with each one's drawing or semblance.}

NENA.

These are their avatars.

BRIAN KEVIN.

Yes, the pictures we'll hang in the living room.

NENA.

And praise. And venerate.

BRIAN KEVIN.

I looked at the paper, at last we're in it.

NENA.

Yes, I killed you.

BRIAN KEVIN.

I'm not dead. I escaped.

{Virtually: The representation of BRiAN KEViN is substituted for BRiAN KEViN live.}

NENA.

You are dead.

{Virtually: The representation of la NENA is substituted for la NENA live.}

BRiAN KEViN.

I escaped.

NENA.

How does it feel?

{Virtually: BRiAN KEViN and la NENA begin to take over their own lines, interpreting them live through zoom till the end of the scene. The FACILITATOR becomes spectator.}

BRiAN KEViN.

I escaped.

NENA.

What is the nature of the spirits and their relations with the *espírita* world?

BRiAN KEViN.

I escaped.

NENA.

“Can we know profoundly how were the worlds created? Are the spirits naturally good or evil? Do they grow better or not? Are the plants conscious of their existence?”³

3 The questions La Nena asks are postulated by Allan Kardec in his *Book of spirits (El libro de los espíritus)*.

BRiAN KEViN.

I escaped.

NENA.

What is the difference between mocking spirits, perturbing and knocking spirits and spirits of false instruction?

BRiAN KEViN.

I don't know. Do you?

NENA.

“What is the origin of intelligence? Are there beings in all the globes that circulate space? What is God? What is the infinite? Can we say that God is the infinite?”

BRiAN KEViN.

I escaped, Nena.

NENA.

“Will man someday penetrate the mystery of hidden things?” Talk to me.

BRiAN KEViN.

Don't mess with me.

NENA.

Talk.

BRiAN KEViN.

I'm not dead. You're dead.

NENA.

No, you.

BRiAN KEViN.

You.

NENA.

You.

BRiAN KEVIN.

You.

NENA.

No, you.

BRiAN KEViN.

You.

NENA.

You.

BRiAN KEViN.

You.

NENA.

You.

(The images continue, unstoppable, incessant.)

(Black out.)

XIV./ Clairvoyance

{Virtually: this scene has multiple versions. In all these the dialogue is the same, but the visual narrative changes. The public is given the option of which version to see by entering different “rooms.” One version should present the

naked bodies of BRiAN KEViN and the SERVER in fetal positions, involuted against the sand in the place where the waves touch the shore. They are discovered by the wandering THIRD YOUNG MAN who uses a branch to poke and explore sea creatures.}

(Empty space. Light. BRiAN KEViN and the SERVER sitting, coffee cups in their hands.)

BRiAN KEViN.

Have you come looking for a job?

SERVER.

Yes.

BRiAN KEViN.

Me too.

SERVER.

It is said that they are a very united family. If they choose me, it would be a pleasure to serve them. Have you applied for a job before?

BRiAN KEViN.

No. Sometimes it's impossible to know what they're looking for.

SERVER.

What's your faculty?

BRiAN KEViN.

But I like this foyer. Plenty of light.

SERVER.

What's your faculty?

BRiAN KEViN:

If they don't take me in, I'll just go and take a look at some houses.

SERVER.

Alleluia.

BRiAN KEViN.

Clairvoyance.

SERVER.

Glory to the Lord.

BRiAN KEViN.

My faculty is clairvoyance.

SERVER:

It's a good faculty.

BRiAN KEViN:

Yes.

(Synchronized, they drink coffee thrice.)

(Slow darkness.)

(End of the play.)

XV./ Bilocation

(Curtain call. Each character goes to the audience and takes by the hand a person who has just seen the play, a seer. From this moment, they talk to the seer automatically, saying the first things that come to mind. Onstage, each character has a circle of light. They, together with their seers, occupy their circles. They talk in different volumes. A

simultaneous chorus of tessituras.)

(At different times, each character guides her or his seer out of the theatre. They return and take another seer by the hand. They stand in the lights. They talk. The action continues until there is no one in the audience to hold hands with. The characters remain alone, talking to themselves in the circles of light.)

(These are some examples of possible starting points for automatic talk.)

BRIAN KEVIN.

The eighties was the decade in which they began to kill superheroes: Robin, Supergirl, Flash in a “boom.” Robin died by popular demand, Supergirl was subsequently resurrected, Green Lantern turned evil, Batgirl lesbian. And even so, they longed for more superpowers—

ABUELO *(tells stories based on popular Puerto Rican music, plenas).*

“They cut up Elena, they cut up Elena, they cut up Elena and they took her to the hospital.” I knew that Elena— *(he tells the true story of Elena)* “Little mama, the bishop is here, the bishop, he came from—” ie oiejw woie giwg “What a pretty thing, what a cutie!” *(ABUELO tells the true story of the bishop from Rome.)*

MADGA.

I go out to the streets, and I see only women, even in the most obvious males the ones with— an old phrase, “pelo en pecho”— hair on their chests, the traditional. Why don’t you touch me? Why don’t you yield?—

PACO *(speaks the passionate lyrics of boleros).*

“Even though the sky on earth might be high, even though the sea might be deep, there’s not a limit in this world that my profound love for you might not break...”

SERVIDOR (*public announcements*).

“Courtesy is contagious.” “If you see something, say something.”

NENA.

I’m with you in Havana, at the broadwalk... I’m with you in India, on the shores of the Ganges, in New York on ground zero... I’m with you in Memphis at Elvis' grave...

{Virtually: “Bilocation” is a celebration. Actors/Characters are connected live through zoom. They enunciate a devised text, completing the prompt: “I’m with you in...” in diverse, proliferating, rapturous ways. The audience is encouraged to simultaneously share their images and spaces.}