

CHAIN REACTIONS
(4 Monologues)

by
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RED, YELLOW, GREEN- MONOLOGUE

WOMAN IS IN HER BED AT NIGHT. SHE
STARES UP AT HER CEILING AND OUT HER
WINDOW AT A STOPLIGHT.

WOMAN

Green. Yellow. Red. Green. Yellow. Red. You ever notice... a pattern? And identify it, for the first time? A stoplight... right? Green. Yellow. Red. Go. Speed up. Stop. You don't even have to look. You just know... the pattern. Making a mistake is easy... like falling off a wagon. Lying in bed... looking up at the ceiling... It looks like the surface of the moon. I wish you were here with me. I see... light reflected through that window. The seasons must change up there too. Red... green... yellow. The pattern repeats... at intervals. Yellow, red, green. Close your eyes... it's still there. Like a mistake you can't undo. Light through your eyelids, a shading. Colors filtered through them like Stained glass... membranes and veins. Green, yellow, red. The clock runs down in the corner. Signaling outside in that blackness. That "Urban Beacon" is giving orders. Eyes open... and the pattern repeats in another order. Scarlet emerald and gold. I've made mistakes. Spinning on this ball of rock, floating on my back, I think of all those polar opposites. Sun and moon. Light and dark. Yin and Yang and now... You and me... I dream of a world without signals.

[BLACKOUT]

COMA- MONOLOGUE

MAN IS IN A HOSPITAL BED. HE IS
COMATOSE FROM A CAR ACCIDENT. WE HEAR
HIS THOUGHTS.

MAN

Memory of an Island and you. Fish in a tank on my desk-
floating. Shirt and white socks, the same load. Mown grass
and cuttings... rotting. Post-it-note with a manifesto on it.
Break lights ahead... stopping. These days are getting shorter.
You remember that first time? Eyes wide and the whole world
new. Willow on the edge of that lake. This pen-light,
examining my pupils. My eyes are still bloodshot, dilated
Have you seen me? Do you still know me? Would you ever?
Falling is a kind of relief. At least it's a forward
momentum. This hospital bed feels like a raft. I'm glad there
are no mirrors in here. My flying dreams have stopped. Do you
know that I'm still... dreaming? What does that mean to you?
God, this feeble kind of exile is tedious. Outside the trees
change clothes. This wheel keeps on turning... while this
machine is still in me. Pumping away, circulating. Breathing
with my lungs... Life... Beating with my heart. Fluids...
keeping me alive, still. Who's mistake was it? Who's fault?
Asking, "Can you identify the body?" I wish they would open
my eyes so I could see... the light again. They want me to
blink... but this meat is not me. I can't move it. I might as
well be a brain in a jar. I can't tell how long it's been.
Time has no meaning. The coming and going of years, or is it
minutes? I can't tell now. Why am I here? I think I'm still
here... so I must be... are you out there? I can still see your
face... you know. I'll only stay, as long as that's true...

[BLACKOUT]

FISH BOWL- MONOLOGUE

THE BACHELOR IS STARING INTO A
FISHBOWL. HE JUST FOUND OUT HIS
GIRLFRIEND IS PREGNANT, BY ACCIDENT.

BACHELOR

Little rocks on the bottom. Plastic coral, for color. Foil along back for privacy. Air filter, and pump... bubbles. A treasure chest. Diver with air-hose. Propeller on the bottom. Tiny anchor chain. No swimming sign. No fishing sign. No diving sign. No kidding... it's so small. I mean- Is there any room left for the fish? Look, this is nuts... She knows it was a mistake... Right? Maybe I should get a dog. A little black Lab puppy. Chasing sticks and balls on the beach. He'll have... floppy ears and cute eyes... with feet too big for his body. Howling at the moon... pissing on the bed... so what? Unconditional love, it's worth it... Isn't it? Maybe a cat? They're self cleaning. I'll call him Shrodinger. Coming and going in and out... Nah, too moody. A turtle, a pig, maybe a parrot? I just can't identify with fatherhood. Does she really want one? And can I support us? The three of us on this salary? She says..."It doesn't matter" What's wrong with them? They grow up and turn into... Teenagers... Shit- that means... I'm turning into my father. I won't. "Make a good one." She didn't really say that did she? She knows how I feel... I mean we talked. It's too soon. I don't know if I'm ready. I like the "idea" of new life. Maybe I should start out small with like, a fish in a bowl... or maybe two? I've got nine months. God! That's a long time... But, my inner child still wants out.

[BLACKOUT]

PATTERNS AND WAVES- MONOLOGUE

STANDING AT THE PODIUM. A YOUNG WOMAN
PHYSICIST IS GIVING A LECTURE TO HER
CLASS. SHE IS VERY OBVIOUSLY PREGNANT.

PHYSICIST

Think of the smallest things you can. A baby's fist,
holding... a grain of sand. A cell? A molecule? An atom?
Electrons? In their orbits. Spinning around their nucleus...
Made up of protons. Made up of quarks. Leptons, and gluons
and so on. There's where identity breaks down... At the
smallest level. Because we were mistaken... there is...
nothing. There are no things... nothing solid. No little sticks
and balls, just waves. Measure the motion, plot the position.
Patterns emerge... interconnections. The chaos dissolves into
order. Probability coalesces into a point. Reality comes into
focus. Interference patterns intersect. To define a shadow...
an outline. A glimpse at the true nature of the water in
which we all swim. Matter is merely our minds way of making
sense of our perceptions. Time is an illusion caused by the
passage of matter through space. So, everything... is made of
nothing. Nothing but patterns and waves and nothing exists,
but this relationship between reality and our perceptions. A
perception of patterns, in this chaos. 15 billion years ago
Carbon formed... and it asked itself these questions "What am
I? Why do I exist?" We are just now beginning to find
answers to these questions, in these patterns that we can
detect.

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