

ACT 1

Light

Light appears suddenly, and stands all around at the speed of light. It's literal.

Then Light overlooks the scattered things and talks to itself with boredom or grief.

“Every day, It is like a...”

Light dazzles.

“Anybody...”

Cat comes, and then goes away. Light becomes silent.

ACT 2

Television

Television plays a movie. It calls no one in particular.

“Hey.”

Someone responds, or not does. In any case, it continues to talk.

“Who is it that talks in his sleep?”

Silence.

“Someone says that a man who responded to a sleep-talking dies. Yes, “dies”. ”He is regarded as dead and taken away. It’s terrible. Sleep-talking is very terrible... But it is a superstition. Yeah, when you respond to someone’s sleep talking, he hears it as a sound. Yeah I know, when I am sleeping, my eyes are close but my ears are not, of course. We don’t have “earlid”. So you don’t care at all when someone tells you that a sleeping man hears a response. But I mean... Um... Uh.... A mouth speaking sleep-talking and an ear hearing the responses...”

Cat comes. Television makes a gesture of driving it away.

“Wait, wait, wait, wait... you know there’s static electricity... Shoo, shoo.”

Cat goes around to the back of Television, and then nestles down.

“Oh no, not again...”

Silence.

“I think it is strange the man speaks sleep-talking and hears the responses... Well, his body are sleeping, but where does the sleep-talking come from? Uh, but... No... (Its screen waves) ... Yeah, I got it. The man who speaks sleep-talking and hears the responses is him, say, maybe, All of them... All of sleep-talkers play possum... They are play... no I mean, they changed into a possum... No, pretend to be awake... play owl... no, no, sleepwalking... a sleepwalker sleep-talks... Um... Ah...”

Long silence. Its sleep-talking halts, and then its snoring echoes faintly.

It becomes loud in ten seconds and then becomes calm ten seconds. At last, silence again.

ACT 3

Mouth

Mouth is floating in midair.

“Am I late? Am... (Panting)... I ... (Panting)... late? I, I thought I arrived on time... (Panting)... Uh? Oh... (Panting)... My watch... (Dubiously)... loses time.”

Cat crosses.

“Yes, I will have been being supposed to had already arrived... It is strange to put a watch right... In this way, I wonder “where does this gap go?” or “I live this gap again?”... Yes I know it is nothing. But... I... I never mean “gain” or “loss”... Such as, the song rewinds or skips at moment when the wounded CD is played. It is weird...”

Cat jumps at Mouth, but it failed.

Mouth has neither eye nor hand, so it ignores the cat.

“Ouch!... It is dangerous... Shoo, shoo... Didn't you know? There is Christmas Eve, the day we says “Wow, today is the eve” in the morning... Anyway, I am single and lonely. Yes, I am single, so I do not care about Christmas Eve. I often joke “Go to hell, Eve!”... It's a joke... Anyway, I didn't know but, if you fly along the rotation of earth and return, you skip a day, Well, I mean... If you leave at night of 23rd and fly along the rotation of earth, you return on 25th. Is it interesting? ...Actually, I never do that...(Laugh at itself)”

Silence.

“I mean, the gap, what is supposed to never connect, connects seamlessly...It is not completely divided, but it is not seamless... But it is not moderate. It is connected and not connected so it is connected... I think it is like a reflection on the surface of the water. A long ago, TV said it is impossible to sing a duet over the phone.”

Mouth sings a few times, but nobody joins, then it becomes silent in grinning.

ACT 4

Water tank

Water tank murmurs as a reaction to the word it heard.

“Anyone said “water”?”

Nobody replies.

“I misheard?”

ACT 5

Electric fan

Electric fan

Two Electric fans are facing each other.

The one shakes its neck and causes a wind, and the other is being moved by receiving the wind.

Suddenly they start talking.

“Hey.”

“Hey guy.”

“Don’t repeat my words.”

“Don’t parrot my words.”

I write the line of the one only because of limited space.

“We are not toys, you know... It’s not a play... How can parroting irritate everyone...? Please, don’t repeat my words. Yeah, toys are lovable. I love a toy what records what I speak and repeat it. And I love babies imitating us, too. I love echoes, too. But why am I irritated by parroting? Why? ...I say it to you... They do the same thing... No, they’re not the same... Um, well, I know it is the issue about our recognition. I get disgusted when I think the opponent understands what I say... I feel like that the meanings of my word are abandoned vainly... It is phonetic. “YES-I-UNDASTAN”...I know you never understand. It is mechanical. That is, a kind of machine doesn’t understand itself, not me, from the beginning...”

“It’s like an imitation of sounds.”

“Dear, don’t respond me suddenly.”

“Don’t begin a conversation suddenly.”

Silence.

It is the sound of the mind only that is heard. It is based on physical laws.

“I know you are hearing me.”

“It is sure that you’re hearing me.”

They seem disgusted, their exchange suddenly ends.

ACT 6

Mouse

Mouse is chased by Cat. Mouse is running about in the stage, so Cat can't catch it at all.

Mouse begins to talk to itself.

“What are you thinking?! What the hell! It's insane!”

Mouse peeps at its hole, and then it enters.

It appears again from the other hole, and then Cat's voice is heard from somewhere.

So Mouse covers reflexively or instinctively.

“Oh! No way, where... is... he...?”

Mouse is exhausted but it can't afford to stop running.

“Where are you...? My god... How many hours have I been running away... Yes I know... For a while, for quite a while, I've been running... (Pause)... From the beginning... (Pause)... Well, anyway, now I am running away. (Pause)... I have to do, so I do... I would, I would rather... (Pause)... Like, like that I have seen in a cartoon, I hide, beyond its back, so, it can't find, me, for, ever...”

Mouse comes and goes from the hole to the other one, to look for Cat's back.

It runs about in the stage for a while, but it can't find Cat at all.

“Where are you...? (Pause)... If it finds me, I am eaten? How am I eaten? With what words?”

Mouse looks left and right.

And run away from the beam to the wall, from the hole to the floor.

“Isn't, (Slips and falls)... (Stands up)... Isn't it beyond me back, is it? Even now... It is scared... Right...? He is not... Is he...? (Pause)... Wait, wait... No, don't wait. Don't wait... (Pause)... Anyway, nothing happens for now.”

Mouse doesn't look back.

“Well, I can't find it for such a long time, so... So I've been overlooking... No... Perhaps I ate it? No...”

Mouse keeps running away.

ACT 7

Double postcard

Postcard is stuck on the wall.

“I am so sorry that you are always absent.”

It is not dropped into a letterbox yet.

ACT 8

Sign

Sign stands without moving on stage.

It has no word to say originally.

“You have not to know that... (Pause) You all are practically dead in some sense. I say that you are dead... A shark. There’s a shark, you know? Here is a shark. Hey, you, hear me. There’s a shark here ... and so I can say you are virtually dead. You must pay attention. Pay attention... Playing dead is wasted on sharks, you know? But bears, cats, and what not may believe you’re truly dead... (Pause)... A shark has an organ called “ampulla of Lorenzini”. Lorenzini. The organ senses faint electricity and sharks are able to tell whether the game is dead or alive. It’s physical. Bears and cats judge on their sight, on their eyes, so you can cheat them. But you can’t cheat sharks. Because they have ampullas of Lorenzini. They sense electricity. You MUST pay attention to them. Here! Here’s a shark! That!... Just kidding. There’re sharks possibly. If we call them, so they possibly appears. A shark. A shark... Sharks don’t understand us. They’re fierce. Well, to tell the truth, I don’t know whether here’s a shark or not. But I know it’s possible. They possibly are here. There are sharks possibly wherever, and they can find out that we’re alive by our electricity. So you should not draw their attention. Don’t attract them... They have good ears. Their eyes hardly see anything, but ears are good. Ears and electricity. They see... I don’t know I can say “see”... They see the world on sounds and electricity. The sea is their only world, I know. I can’t imagine how they sense, because I am a sign. Really... “

Sign keeps on chatting still.

It’s been silent before one knows.

ACT 9

Script

Script is on the wall.

“I am not a made-up story. (Pause) I call myself a record... or a plan... (Long pause) Report. I am a report. Yes, I am a report of statements. It is convenient later for the uppers that we note them in this way.”

Cat passes by.

“That cat? There’s no report of that cat. Who investigate a cat? It’s irresponsible.”

Script has squatted since then.

ACT 10

Angel

Angels are gathering.

“Five for silver... Five for silver... Five for silver... or one for gold... But as far as silver, you need five. Anyway, do you know angels’ work? Here, our works are... Miscellaneous. Are you working for company? Companies have an archive room or like. We are working in such a place generally, and we seldom go to business. In this way, we archive and sort out reports, receipts, letters, or so on... Indeed, the room is in mess. Well, we work hard.”

Angel is talkative.

“What companies do we works for? You know... Haven’t you watched “A Dog of Flanders”? The business we’re doing is like THAT. So we have all kinds of documents about THAT keeping in the archive room. We are in charge of keeping. Yes we have a kind of wings, as angels. As angels. But we hardly fly with our wings. On a hot day, we fan ourselves with them. (Laughing)... Well, we often get dumb when we are off guard. We’ve worked for a while... Yeah, we work hard.”

Angel gets dumb at moment and then come to itself.

“Fiver for silver... Five for silver...”

ACT 11

Wrapping paper

Wrapping paper was cut and pasted together.

“Have you ever eaten GODIVA?”

Wrapping paper reflects the light.

“Do you know the symbol of GODIVA? That features Lady Godiva, who paraded in naked on horse. The lady of the symbol is her. In this story, townspeople closed windows of their houses not to see her nude in respect. Then, no one saw Lady Godiva in naked. No one witnessed. No one. There was no witness but a report. And I think Lady Godiva couldn't tell whether there was townspeople, who made sure not to see her, beyond the window or there was no one. In this way, they closed window, and they closed their eyes... They are shut out by each other. By the way, we can close our eyes but we cannot close our ears. Ears are always open. So such an anecdote appears, I think.”

Wrapping paper looks up and then turns around.

“Ah, in the fact, there was a guy who was peeping her. He was called Tom.”

Wrapping paper doesn't move.

ACT 12

Je Chatte

I take the phone. I put the sheaf of papers I was reading into the table. Then I talk.

"This is recorded. I am speaking now. I mean.. I WAS speaking NOW. I am reading. I was reading."

I talk as I played my part.

"From far away..."

Suddenly I hesitate, and point at the wall.

"There is something being carried: a letter, bottled letter, message, note, mail, TV, delivery service. I always get my package delivered when I'm not at home. So I have to call them again to get it later. Then that delivery happens to be C.O.D., and I don't have enough cash, and they have to go back. He didn't seemed to be bothered, but didn't smile at all. He said "Yes Ma'am, see you later." in a blank face. After all I never received the package. I sometimes wonder, who was it from, where did it go, did it go back to the sender? And then, I remember,"

I stand up and bow.

"His voice is still in my mind. He stood in the threshold and bowed, "Yes Ma'am". "Yes Ma'am", "Yes Ma'am"... said him or the manual, it doesn't matter, maybe. Anyway, "Ma'am" sounds quite gorgeous, like Madam. Ma'am... Sir... I realized that I was being respectful to him. We are talking, laughing, asking each other, but the truth is, we are standing on ceremony."

I bow again.

"Yes Ma'am, I will come back again"

I walk around the room, and bow to each one standing.

"Yes Ma'am, see you later... Yes Ma'am, see you later... Yes Ma'am, see you later... Yes Ma'am, see you later..."

I finish bowing everyone, and I take a break. I look around, then I approach television, then walk around it. Watch your step.

"Are you Okay? Okay... What was I talking about? Um... There is something being carried from far away: seasonal wind, telegram, broadcast... When I was a child, I was scared of forgetting something... I mean.... scared of my mind to change, that my mind is unorganized. Isn't that weird? We say that "we forget", but we forget what we forget, so how could we say "we forget"? It is weird, how we remember that we had a memory but we don't know what that is. It like being said, "The data don't open" from someone. Huh?"

I stop. I tried to call the cat, and keep on talking.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty... So I didn't want to forget things, so I recorded all the favorite TV programs. My house always had video-tapes and, I was used to taping all the programs. Kitty, kitty, kitty... Sometimes a live baseball game was prolonged, and it interfered with my recording programs. I

couldn't stand that. I hated baseball. Kitty, kitty, kitty..."

Cat goes away. I hesitate to follow it. I bow towards the place where the cat used to be.

"Yes Ma'am, see you later."

I started to walk around the television again.

"But the next day, in the same time, in the same block, the program was on again... So I recorded. I looked at the TV listing. At the front of the TV program's title, I found a word 「再(re)」. I didn't understand what that was, so I asked my parents. "There are times when some programs will be on again." My mommy said. I thought that was awesome. Then my daddy... Kitty, kitty, kitty... My daddy said "You record cartoons and watch them on Sundays, my girl. It's the same thing." I adored the 「再(re)」 sign, and marked it on all of my video tapes. When I was on day duty, I marked it on my name on the blackboard. Our day duties are the same every day."

I stop, and straighten myself.

"Stand, attention, bow. Ma'am. See you later."

I pass the phone to another hand.

"What was I talking about? Yes, something being carried from far away: mishearing, babies, internet, phone... Did you know? I didn't know but, the voice of the phone is not our real voice. In order to reduce the data, they use an archive of voice and compose it. So this voice of mine is not real. It's a composition of different voices from the archive. It's prime-my voice. Prime-my real voice. I saw a woman, who does the voice for the time signal. Which of her voices are real? Her voice? Time signal voice?... Uh, what time is it now?"

I take a glance at the watch.

"Oh, I have to go now. It was a pleasure to talk to you. See you later. Take care of yourself."