

Quite. Put. Out.

[Copyright held by the Manhattan Experimental Theater Workshop]

written by the Company
directed by the Directing Team
under the influence of Lee Breuer

I'm being watched. Looked at. That's the most difficult thing. The feeling of being watched. Look. I'm usually very shy. Allow me to introduce myself. Uh, hello? What am I doing? I actually have no clue. I am young and impressionable, surrounded by an absurd world I don't understand. Focus. Help. Get help.

Hello operator? Can I get the number for A. Artaud? Beckett, S. Beckett? T. Tzara.

Look under D. A. D. A. NO? I've waited all my life for this line. We prepare ourselves to put on a show. We'll show them. All these people are inherently crazy. Help! Check the messages.

You have one new message. Press 1 to Listen: (Beep.)

Hi. . . uhhh. . . this is the Minotaur. . . I just wanted to remind you that I haven't eaten for 5 and a half months. Yeah, ummm. . . RAWR! Call me back! (Click.)

What?! I resume. You want us to break our backs. Is my heart still ticking or do we need an invention? Are my lungs still breathing or do we need a clamp? There are still rules and it's not just all whooshy ethereal experimental. . . we experiment but not in a sciency way. (Except that was a lie!)

You have one new message. Press 1 to Listen: (Beep.)

Yo, biotch, I just wanted to brag about these fly wings I got. Ahhhgghghghh! I'm burning! --sploosh-- (Click.)

Wrong number. I resume. I tell them we hang off the light fixtures naked and burn ourselves with torches and sometimes talk about prenatal incest. We explore the work of revolutionaries. Sometimes I use my body as an image, sometimes as a weapon. I'm so confused that for a moment I believe them. We eat each others' thoughts and reflect upon their digestion. We breathe. . . a lot. You get to wrok with some people intensely and you realize "wow. . . they have a personality." I'm taking more chances. I stepped on a nail.

You have one new message. Press 1 to Listen: (Beep.)

Pasiphae, you need to return my calls. The guys told me something about a bull, and I don't approve. Not at all. I'm quite put out, frankly. (Click.)

I resume. High speed tape aaaaa. High speed topauhhh. High speed taper sold sporrughhh. High speed taper shank spiral fruit reamer"? I have a bad memory.

You have one new message. Press 1 to Listen: (Beep.)

Pasiphae. . . Pasiphae, I know you're there. Please, honey, this isn't sanitary. It's not even--(Click.)

I try again. We prepare ourselves. I've got a vague idea wax is involved.

You have one new message. Press 1 to Listen: (Beep.)

Hey dad, it's me, Icarus. I was wondering if you were planning on coming to get me sometime this year. I'm kind of hating the water right now. Yup. It sucks all right.

Anyway, in case you didn't see me fall, look in the goddamn ocean! (Click.)

This is too much. Help! Call the operator.

Ring Ring.

You've reached the office of Daedalus, ultimate master inventor and father of Icarus. Please leave me a message, unless you are King Minos, in which case I'm dead. Beep. (Pause.) You have been listening to the voice of Daedalus, the most handsomed, well-hung inventor in all of Greece. (Click.)

Uhhhh. I press on. I flaunt my red feelings and brain matter. A perfect E sharp with sassy undertones. I feel light and I walk light cuz I feel so damn good. Good. Good. This is good. Friction between ideas and probably some water. Is it getting hot up here? I'm sweating my ass off. Is my heart still ticking or do we need an invention?

You have one new message. Press 1 to Listen: (Beep.)

You "dad"-alus, this is Icarus. I'm in the underworld right now. I'm just calling to say the living are LAME! So while you're working on that escaping from Minos thing, I'm downing a hip martini next to a beautiful Egyptian that has 75% of her teeth left. Suck it, loser! (Click.)

For a moment I believe. Everything is coming up--

Ring Ring

I answer the phone like a secretary with the voice box of an answering machine. I'm friendly and fake so they won't talk too long. Uhhh, Hello?

Hello this is Myth Man's Homework Help Center. You are receiving this recording in response to your recent inquiry. Once upon a time there was a Greek Inventor named Daedelus. Minos banished him to the labyrinth along with his son Icarus. To escape, Daedelus fashioned wings of wax and feathers. Daedalus warned his son not to fly too close to the sun, but Icarus did not heed his father's warning and plunged to his death in the sea. His father flew on to Sicily. Thank you Thomas Bullfinch! (Click.)

A gorey glory of a scene. Is this what I wanted? Silly Icarus. And the moral of the story is-- (UNVEIL THE KILLER!) The maze is so insolvable (DAEDALUS TRICKED ICARUS!) The flying so unbelievable (HE KNEW DAMN WELL OF ICARUS' CURIOUS NATURE!) Everything is exaggerated and perfect (HE KNEW GODDAMN WELL HE WOULD FLY INTO THE SUN AND DIE!) You must never forget what was written before. I'm getting somewhere. This is finally going somewhere. Thinking and decision making happens.

You have one new message. Press 1 to Listen: (Beep.)

Good evening, Mr. Minotaur? This is the post office and we are holding a very unusual package for you. It's labeled "... fragile -- virgins?" ... ? (Click.)

I can't think I'm so confused. No explanation just BAM!

You have one new message. Press 1 to Listen: (Beep.)

Uhh ... yeah I just got that package and uhh ... I'm a virgin short. I'm quite put out, quite frankly. QUITE PUT OUT. (Click.)

WHO DO YOU THINK I AM? Do we need an invention? A bit of love with golden wings held by wax?

Ring Ring (Click.)

I'm being watched. Looked at.

Ring Ring (Click.)

This is not for my benefit.

Ring Ring ...

Wait.

Ring Ring ...

Uhhhhh.

Ring Ring . . .
Yes! Hello?!