

Time Slipped Down

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Written by Chloe Beeman, Whitney Flinn, Brad Hodge, and Nick Yetter

Directed by Chris Gregory

Under the influence of Samuel Beckett

LIPS kneels, visible and faintly lit. Eyes closed, shrouded, or unblinkingly open. LIPS is perfectly still with the exception of 4 sudden movements that change slightly to punctuate the stillness. Each movement more severe than the last, until Movement 4 breaks the kneeling position and incites LIPS into speech. LIPS breathes audibly throughout entire piece until this speech. Full and healthy at first, but with each movement more and more strained and painful. A, B, and C are also perfectly still in wilted positions and are outside of light until Movement 4, although they may be visible if it is due to bleed from LIPS' light. After Movement 4, during speech from LIPS, A, B, and C take over breathing and move towards LIPS, coordinated with breathing.

A: things you pulled out of your pocket a dried fishbone saw a backbone tense in the salty air you in the temple on the pale steps did you know where you were going finding nothing but feathers we climbed to the top a wind shuffled wing and a whip to release things you pulled out of your pocket did you know where you were going

Silence 10-15 seconds. Breathing of LIPS is audible. Movement 1.

C: or when we doddled with golden honey stuck tight to our hands you who started playing not knowing how delightful the child tempted into the air with instruction and we pushed into some sky reaching tufts of cloud birdlike creature seen seamless in the air the space behind my backbone spindly and when I looked back for your tawny body there was nothing swift air to look beneath me beneath me lay a cove

B: the wax and the wax that fell from the ceiling was the sky or the sky was the ceiling and wax dripped dropped from the bee to the ground I tied to your arms which were white in the moon like the wax that dropped from the mouth of a bee or the ass of a bee and tied icarus arms to a wind and he dropped from the tower like a stone to release one shoulder peer to behind wings the wind was the water peer behind to catch icarus a float in the water that dripped from the mouth lift me from the sea and see the sea rise to meet wings with a push one push less than before flailing soaring to see a son fall to the sea but to soar the wind lifting upwards outwards on towards a yell a scream into the sea feel the sun grieve his bed of wax and feathers to hide and to hold and to never release with collapsing feathers your lungs filling up

A: your body weightless sensation escaping you'll slowly be a sky look down tears now my eyes told him not to fly high the heat of my son sun sucked as he was he could fly like the day in the field screeched a boy at his life he could fly as could screech at life is a boy in his room trotting home with a book in the day and the nights he could fly as a child as a sunsucked boy flies one scrap as he looked in sun sucked as he was how did it go

C: tight sprayed by the salt, teeming with the salt splashing at the shore, the sunbaked salt parched shore slipping through down waves beating the shore trying for another victim sandpaper like the time on the rocks sleek on a sweet tight sprayed by the salt the bull of the rough bade him through he was blood burst deep on your hands

Silence 10-15. Breathing of LIPS is audible. Movement 2.

B: air bit wisping hair salt round pouched leather hands tears stream weathered a weary face out of the high day gasping the air seeping up on your time slipped down the long sky grasping the air slipped slid down the high sky catch him ocean gaping ocean is a mouth catch icarus by the lipped fish gaping for icarus gasping for air push icarus down slipped slid down the long sky how did it go icarus slipped

A: with the slight and fatal fall of a fragile winged boy torn by sun and sea a pool of mangled feathers and failed attempts seeping up on my time and wax fingers stopped your thoughts made your eyes stop still made soft hands tinkered with your wax hold him down with wax

C: he came down too cheeks alive like a roasted in struck down by the sun too alive and so pushed from the edge he dropped his cheeks real big thoughts were alive and a push he was down on the rocks a push he was down on the rocks a push you hold a handful of toy to rocks and bellow for birds happened as a swift change into notched feathers caught dead at the stone his twirled hair in your blood he was dead he had a beak he came down perhaps

B: into corners did you know you were going finding nothing but feathers bundled in his arms the land and sea covered up bundled up in his arms the sky seeped into his arms to the great old king round and round found in the earth mud piece of memory huddled against a lock your skull shadowed white stone how did it go bundled up in his arms nothing but feathers a mile high up right out of his hands such an unattractive demise covered up bundled up right into the sky

C: flew again without some flesh drunk the sun too late he sank too late your cry too late you went fast away too late his body deep down as you should sink back to the thoughts of him tears of an old broken dog in my hands soft and pliable or maybe you flew again without some flesh your wings sank like a ship on the wings you flew away sink back to the thoughts sunk to the spot white in the moon like the wax that dropped from the mouth of a bee a float in the water your eyes shut still food on the table bent forth into corners you pushed for the gods from the stone on the wing or tripped down the void his body deep down in the sea foaming

Silence 10-15 seconds. Breathing of LIPS is audible. Movement 3.

A: down the long sky grasping the air slipped slid down the high sky caught him ocean gaping ocean is a mouth caught icarus by the lipped fish gaping for icarus gasping for air push icarus down slipped slid down the long sky icarus slipped a push he was down on the rocks he came down two cheeks alive roasted killing out of jealousy bring him to the high sky the long sky grasped in the air torn by sun and sea from the sea and see the sea rise to meet wings with a push one push less than before or scratched on the stone arms broken into notched feathers crack of

dried bones back into a sack on gods temple slipped slid down on the rocks two cheeks alive he came down perhaps

B: composed mentally scrapped the idea entrance required explanation from your lips to the floor you stood slick was the floor you stood where he sank room rocked a soft waiting time the sound of tide and the clock dropped like a stone to the sea in a hand old slick hand dropped your son crept away they wept to the floor legs swept away from your lips to the floor accepting a drop down to the sea your slick old hand taking their breath away the sea crept quick away

C: shoved back into your creation chipped or smooth bent forth into corners did you know you were going finding nothing but feathers bundled in his arms the land and sea covered up bundled up in his arms the sky seeped into his arms misery and feathers littered stone floors left right right straight left right we were shut with the sky by the roost of the sky on the rocks of a maze partridge bellowed aloud you knew the walls being a wall building yourself for food on the table for crafting your own prison your starved memory failed

B: things you pulled out of your pocket when was that a wind shuffled wing your lids down the long drag down space behind backbone he slipped pushed into the sea white in the moon collapsing feathers your lungs filling up soft hands tinkered when i looked back for your tawny body there was nothing things you pulled out of your pocket when was that

A: it spiraled through thick windle a tied contest to the great old king round and round the ant climbed round and round at the end spurred onward toys to the young blood filled through the labyrinth thread through the shell at the end no reward

Silence 10-15 seconds. Breathing of LIPS is audible. Movement 4.

LIPS: sun still stepping on sank drunk the sun too late yelling out he sank as you should sink back to the thoughts of him sinking too late he sank too late your cry too late you went fast away too late his body deep down sinking he lay abandoned the sympathy of poseidon poised in beaten air out of the high day gasping the air grasping for air left you with a handful of feathers and wax . . . in a hand old slick hand dropped your son crept away they wept to the floor legs swept away from your lips to the floor you said of the sea quiver to a stone in the sea the sound of the tide and the clock drop soft waiting time dropped your son to the sea in a slick old hand he soon ceased to exist slid down the long mouth crept away the floor swept away blank faces awaited from your lips to the floor a drop down to the sea room rocked to the sound of tide . . . back to the spot thoughts of him sinking same spot you couldn't drop your son to the sea foam over everything rocked to the sound of the tide or not a sound of such an eager sullen boy only back to the spot sunk back where was he some flesh drunk the sun too late not a sound from your lips to the floor you are back in the salt huddled against a lock pacing the shoreline your feet buried in sand water rushing forward and back forward and back too much for you you take a step back forward and back a solitary patch of earth mud a piece of memory from the sun to the sea such a flight of pain . . . too late he sank too late your cry too late you went fast away too late his body deep down sea foaming with feathers none of his flesh don't you realize too late salt on your lips

nothing more than a handful of feathers and wax ocean slid down the long mouth you went away
left it all too late left it all too late left it all too you went away too late

Silence. A, B, and C breathe in unison 3 times. LIPS breathes once. Lights down.