

1,2,3

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The first is that whose being is simply in itself, not referring to anything nor lying behind anything. The second is that which is what it is by force of something to which it is second. The third is that which is what it is owing to things between which it mediates and which it brings into relation to each other.

Charles Sanders Peirce  
*A Guess at the Riddle*, c1890



The point in the hitherto immaculate disc, Space and Eternity in Prayala, denotes the dawn of differentiation. It is the Point in the Mundane Egg, the germ within the latter which will become the Universe, the ALL, the boundless, periodical Kosmos, the germ being latent and active, periodically and by turns.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky  
*The Secret Doctrine, Vol. I*, 1888

**CHARACTERS:****MADAM EGG****BUSTER****WEAVER****UNNAMED STRANGER**

*This is a one-act play that takes place in a living room like setting with three chairs. Madam Egg is sitting in a large plush chair, while Buster and Weaver sit in simple wooden chairs. Unnamed Stranger will not sit but will circle the stage.*

*As the curtain rises we see Madam Egg sitting in her chair stage right. No one else is on stage. She is facing the audience. She is a large middle-aged woman wearing a simple white shift. She has no jewelry and no glasses. The two wooden chairs are stage left and are arranged in a triangle pattern with Madam Egg's chair being at the apex. A single spot illuminates Madam Egg.*

*Madam Egg sits silently for 30 seconds, and then speaks.*

#### MADAM EGG

slish slosh. warm warm warmer. than than than what? than not warm. *(Pause)* *(She makes gurgling sounds as if clearing her throat)* push push push. to where? to what? see nothing. nothing. seeds. seeds. grow. something. something. *(puzzled look)* dark. feel something. what? feel something moving. inside inside. dark. what is not inside? nothing. something? rhythms from. from where? nowhere. wetness. warm wetness. yes. feel. something. was there? was there once? once is what? *(Pause)* want to. all want. all wet. all warmth. wanting is. what is? only want. yes. once. yes. once is not. not any more. see. yes. wanting from the once. the. the not. the once. yes. see again. yes. wanting left the once. for? for? *(Pause)* ah. for something. yes. for not nothing. yes. see. see. once is nothing. something is not nothing. wanting left nothing for something. clearer. clearer. wanting ripples through nothing. wanting says once to the nothing. yes. clearer. nothing once was. was what? something comes from wanting. rhythms of want. yes. from once to? to what? something. something what? darkness. seeds. bursting. bursting from. darkness. bursting to something not once. yes. not once but will be. will be. will be. will be what? not to see. back again. to where? darkness. once upon. upon. upon a what? darkness. once and will be. yes. something moves. from darkness to darkness. in between is. is what? something. yes. once and darkness. will be and darkness. in between is something. something is what? something is not yet. nothing is once. better. soon. soon what? soon something. not nothing. yes. tired. *(She slouches into her chair and naps for a brief period).*

*Buster appears on stage. He is of average build and is covered with dirt and seaweed indicating that he lives everywhere and nowhere. At first he does not see Madam Egg but moves around the stage with somewhat clumsy movements. He sits on the wooden chair down stage. He is humming an aggressive tune of his own making. It has no melody or harmony but is strong. This goes on for about a minute. Madam Egg wakes up but does not notice Buster.*

## MADAM EGG

where was? was what? was something that was and is. wanting. more. more. more something. yes. more and more of something. that is no once.

## BUSTER

*Buster and Madam Egg continue their own monologues with no notice of each other. They follow each other and do not interrupt each other. Spot moves with Buster as he meanders around stage.*

Banging and booming. The way I like it. Out of the way. Sooner rather than later. Kick `em hard. Steel toed boots. Ouch they say. Hah! Knock em about. Grab `em by the shoulder. Look of fear on their faces. Love it, just love it.

## MADAM EGG

seeds. seeds were once. once nothing. but now something. get it. out into. into what? wanting wants. wants what? wants more. more what? more into the. into the what? darkness.

## BUSTER

Giants fall with a little kick. Give `em a seed of something they can't beat. Cancer my favorite. Just love it. Tic toc. Just you wait. Get `em all in time. You bet. Time kills. My friend.

## MADAM EGG

once and will be. ok. seeing. between once and will be is? is now. yes. clearer. too hard. need to rest. (naps again)

## BUSTER

Time eats. Nothing is born, only death. Death is born in a thousand forms. I am its midwife. Blood, dangling cords. Snap, tear, rip out. Over the cliff. I ride the windhorse. No getting off. Everything snaps to attention when I arrive. Yes sir! By your leave sir! My shin thanks you sir! The bruise on my shoulder thanks you. My erection thanks you sir! Your hot blood coursing though me, pushing me out, out and into. Women too. Same blood, same coursing. Warming the wet places. Pulsating with welcome. I salute from within, you from without, thus she spoke to me.

## MADAM EGG

*(Started awake) (Yawns)*

where was? where was what? not ready for that. now and once and not yet. great leap forward. yes. good. soon more. *(Pause)* speaking. speaking what? is there a? is there a? on the edge. soon. is there a something? something that speaks? is there a something who speaks? that or

who? too difficult. that is clear. who is too dark. too painful. yes. the who is too painful to want. but wanting is. wanting creates the that. does wanting create the--the what? the who. yes. new word. not ready for who. not yet. soon.

#### BUSTER

They thank me. Like pressure. Like contact. Like warmth. But I take it away. All contact broken. All entwining ceases. Love hate. That's what I get. In the ocean it's the same. My creatures collide. Make little creatures and eat each other. Blind eating the blind. Just love to watch. Seeds and lunch. Boom boom. Down the hatch. Up the hatchery. There it is. Thisness and thatness. Boom. Crunch. Stir the pot. That's what I say. All pots must boil. Keep `em flying from every which way. Ain't no line to walk. Only higgledy piggeldy. Drunken swagger in the dark. My way.

*(Buster swaggers aggressively around the stage, obviously pleased with himself)*

#### MADAM EGG

circle won't let go. around and back again. every that comes back again. won't leave. return return. watch the ring. once eats now. now eats not yet. struggle to be free. can't see where they go. do they? children of. children of what? children of who? can't see over the edge. the ring won't let go. need something. need what? only want. only need. never of something. glimmers of another world. beyond? beyond what? beyond where? beyond won't last. beyond too weak to be born. a hint. a trace. is there sleep? only naps. never sleep. awake and wanting. again and again. sense something on other side. sense a relation between the who and the other side. no who no other side. this who. what is this who? feel it. stirring. feel stirring that is to come to. to come to what? the who comes to meet something. very dark. must rest.

#### BUSTER

No sense to it. Just kick `em. Make `em drunk. Love the dulled look. Pain everywhere. What hit me they ask? Ain't talking. Nothing to say. Why talk when you can kick. I've trained the best. Never had a thought I didn't slight. Don't need them. Set `em up, knock `em down. Like the extremes. Make `em shake and twist in the hurricane. Hang `em out to dry. Or, soak them till they sag into their wet holes. Mud and slop down below. Blindness is the only true light. Love paradox. Stand everything on its head.

#### MADAM EGG

a vision. shapely shape before. before whom? *(Pause)* vision speaks. "i, i, i." strange word. "not i, not i, not i." a dream. who is dreaming? what is i? this vision is . . . don't know. it speaks again. "you are not my i." you, you? what is this you? it is a new word. is it not the dream. is the dream over there, over and away? yes. the you is not the dream. the you must be, what? must be what is not the speaking one. *(Pause)* light, light, light. yes, the you is part of my who. the i is mine too. i, you, who. yes. great light. i am the who, my who. yes.

*Suddenly a large mirror appears on stage and MADAM EGG looks into it for the first time. She is utterly astonished and entranced by what she sees.*

#### MADAM EGG

*(as in a waking dream)*

something behind me. something under me. yes. yes. a dream vision. something? someone? yes. yes. underneath me. who. it looks at me. yes. who? no name. there in front of me but no name. holds me. remember something. yes. i came from this something. yes. this someone. came from. feel it. still here. yes.

*Buster sits down and starts humming his strange tune again (softly).*

*In a few moments, WEAVER appears and gracefully glides to center stage. The figure is fully androgynous (and can be played by either an actor or actress) and somewhat tall. WEAVER wears tights and free-flowing garments of bright colors. Everything about WEAVER'S appearance suggests a figure who incorporates both genders (that is, WEAVER cannot be asexual but is more fully sexual).*

#### WEAVER

Well, and here we are again, on another fine day in the life of the universe.

*Both MADAM EGG and BUSTER are startled to hear a voice that is other than their own (they are still unaware of each other). They listen intently, but with profoundly puzzled looks. WEAVER is aware of the other two but discretely avoids direct eye contact.*

#### WEAVER

Whom shall I gather under my hen's wings today? There are too many scattered ones, all tossed hither and yon by the seas of life. All they have to do is turn to me and I will give them succor. My yoke is reasonable and will last until the end of time. I am the shepherd of signs. They wander off, and I bring them home. No sign without an object, no object without a sign, that's my motto. Bring all of them back from the wars.

#### BUSTER

Say, who are you with these grand ideas? I don't need them, not one bit. What you need is a good kick in your signs.

#### WEAVER

You need more than you know. You need me to be who you are.

BUSTER

I am what I am. Don't need anything you got!

MADAM EGG

it speaks to. to who. to me. yes. it speaks to me. can i? can i speak? speak to it? try. (Pause) to you i speak. i speak to you on the edges. a new vision. different than the one before. brighter, fuller. yes. i speak to you now, in the something, in the now.

WEAVER

And I listen to you over there in the new now.

MADAM EGG

it speaks! it speaks and is not i. (Pause) tell me, who are you who is not i?

WEAVER

I am your friend and lover since before time, since before what you call the "once." I was born out of you yet am as old as you. You gave birth to me in the once and I give birth to you in the not yet.

BUSTER

Right, a good kick where the sign don't shine. That will put you in your place.

WEAVER

You have no idea where I belong. You are a muscle-bound dull-witted troll.

BUSTER

Put `em up you scrawny bird. (*BUSTER starts toward WEAVER with his fists held high, but WEAVER gracefully dances away with a smile*).

MADAM EGG

why have you moved? you are lighter than the air.

WEAVER

Soon I will tell you what made me move, but you can find the answer to that by looking within. You gave birth to two creatures, who in turn give birth to you again and again.



MADAM EGG

there are two not i's? my head aches. i need to sleep.

WEAVER

You sleep too much as it is. A nap here and a nap there. It is time to wake up and smell the roses.

MADAM EGG

roses?

WEAVER

Yes, roses. They are bright, perfumed, and enticing creatures. I like them, although your other child does not, except for the thorns.

MADAM EGG

i need to see. to bring them into my mirror world.

WEAVER

Soon you will get rid of your mirror. You can stay there forever if you are not careful. Face glued to face in a static embrace.

*BUSTER gives up his pursuit of WEAVER and sits down in disgust.*

MADAM EGG

roses? other child? i am dizzy. dizzy in the now. mirror image is i and yet? and yet? not i. dizzy.

WEAVER

Dizziness is a sign of growth. When you break free from an old form you become a new object. The sign that tells you this is vertigo. The bottom is gone, only the sky beckons.

MADAM EGG

sign? what is a sign? is it not i?

WEAVER

You see me, do you not?

MADAM EGG

i see, yes.

WEAVER

What exactly do you see?

MADAM EGG

i don't understand.

WEAVER

Well, do you see the real me or something else?

MADAM EGG

i don't understand. are there two yours?

WEAVER

There are many many mees.

MADAM EGG

then i see only some of the yours.

WEAVER

Right. What does that tell you?

MADAM EGG

that i need bigger eyes.

WEAVER

*(gentle laugh)* Something like that. What I was hoping to show . . .

BUSTER

. . . Listen, scrawny duck, you come here and get your feathers plucked.

WEAVER

Excuse me MADAM EGG, I have to talk to your other child.

MADAM EGG

other child? is the child here, with us?

WEAVER

Always, but he can't reveal himself without my help.

MADAM EGG

i am getting sleepy. must rest. (*Dozes off*)

WEAVER

Well, my manic and coarse fibered friend, what mind-numbing tale must we endure today?

BUSTER

No mind, all matter. That's what I say.

WEAVER

But matter is sky drawn. No matter, all mind. I have taught you this an infinite number of times over the eons, but you always forget. Your mind is smaller than the smallest pea.

BUSTER

I do the leg work in this outfit.

WEAVER

And I persuade you to dance one way rather than another. Sometimes you step out on your own. I believe earthlings call that dance entropy.

BUSTER

Call it what you like, it makes me happy to overturn the boiling pot, to scatter it everywhere and let it get cold.

WEAVER

But we worked so hard to make the pot, to heat it up and make the stew blend beautifully together. Why undo the meal that sustains and nourishes.

BUSTER

Too many healthy creatures. Make `em sick, that's my motto. They see me, they see the truth. I even created a god to do my bidding.

WEAVER

Well, I let you think you created Shiva for your own. He works for me most of the time.

BUSTER

Dream on.

WEAVER

We get nowhere with these discussions. Perhaps if we added a third person to our debate?

BUSTER

There is no such thing as a third person.

WEAVER

Ah, but you are wrong. Have you forgotten where you came from?

BUSTER

Another one of your dumb meaningless questions.

WEAVER

Suppose I introduced you to your own mother?

*BUSTER sinks into stunned silence with his mouth open.*

*WEAVER now moves around the stage acting like a magician, waking up the forces that dwell there.*

*MADAM EGG awakens when WEAVER passes his/her hands over her head.*

MADAM EGG

never enough sleep. need more.

BUSTER

Listen, there ain't. . .

MADAM EGG

. . . no such . . .

BUSTER

. . . thing as . . .

MADAM EGG

. . . another person.

WEAVER

Really? Mother, I want you to meet another person.

MADAM EGG

what? what? another not i? don't understand. can't count past two, sometimes only past one. there is the i and the not i. what is not me and the you? another you? dizzy.

WEAVER

Don't go back to your mirror. Follow me forward. But it is not that far forward, this is really recollection. You have met this person before.

*WEAVER passes his hands over MADAM EGG another time, then moves over to BUSTER and does the same. After a few moments they look around and make their startling discovery.*

MADAM EGG

but, but, i, i. no.

BUSTER

Holy Shiva, what a big apparition.

*(Pause)*

WEAVER

Come now, surely you can each do better than that. Mother and child, child and mother, what could be more basic.

BUSTER

But I created myself. Last thing I need is some impostor claiming to be my creator.

MADAM EGG

created that? no. should have done better. bring it back. not cooked enough. too raw.

WEAVER

Mother, don't you remember? Buster had to be raw, considering the work we gave him. He needs to be yeasty, growing, moving, not refined, baked through and through, but oozing and popping.

BUSTER

Nobody tells me what to do. And I don't ooze, thank you. I pop. And I'll pop you next time I catch you.

MADAM EGG

is this a bad dream? tell me. this son, as you call him, resists us. he is like a big no to everything.

WEAVER

True, but his no is very important to us. It makes our yes possible, it provides the two-faced pungent world which you created and which I weave into a rich tapestry. You named me WEAVER when you saw what I could do.

MADAM EGG

i don't remember.

WEAVER

Yes you do, just try to stay awake for awhile.

BUSTER

You're just a big annoyance, a squawking, nose-y bird, but she's a bad business. She could sit on you and you would disappear. You could be devoured.

WEAVER

Really? Aren't you just afraid to acknowledge where you came from?

BUSTER

I came from nowhere and nowhen. I'll kick your bony shins if you don't stop defending that creature.

WEAVER

That "creature" is your mother, and mine as well.

BUSTER

There are no mothers, only BUSTER and his annoying bird friend.

MADAM EGG

i'm beginning to remember. it was a painful birth. yes. a noisy little lump of twitching flesh. it flew out of me and kept going. yes.

WEAVER

And never stopped.

BUSTER

Stopped for what? Nothing can stop me. I am all go. You're in my way, you go for a ride, and it ain't no joy ride.

MADAM EGG

yes, i remember. he left a hole, a big gaping hole. it never healed. yes, now i feel him in the once, that dark wound that won't go away.

BUSTER

Wow, a cosmic cry baby!

WEAVER

(to BUSTER) Don't you remember?

BUSTER

I don't look back. I was fired out of a cannon, you don't crawl back into the barrel.

WEAVER

But you carry the marks of the barrel with you.

BUSTER

Well, I do have these annoying ring marks on my skin.

WEAVER

And?

BUSTER

And I didn't make them myself.

WEAVER

Which means?

BUSTER

Want to see them?

WEAVER

Which means?

BUSTER

They run around and around me.

WEAVER

Yes, yes. I know all that. But what do these rings mean?

*(Pause)*

MADAM EGG



rings. yes, i remember. i spun them myself, around something smelly and warm. yes. had to push it out. didn't want it.

BUSTER

That makes two of us. *(to himself)* Bitch! Who's the smelly lump in this outfit?

WEAVER

We have made progress. Rings are signs.

BUSTER

Here we go again. Bend over and I'll show you what to do with your signs.

MADAM EGG

yes. i left my mark on something not me. those rings. they fit into my cavity.

WEAVER

Yes, they fit perfectly. But Buster is a bit too course fibered to see the truth.

BUSTER

All right, so maybe I came from this pyramid of flesh over there. So what? Nobody owns me.

WEAVER

That's not the point. You remember the mother and you fear being swallowed back into that cavity. Little Buster would loose his luster.

BUSTER

You talk too much. Your words are all flabby. They hang.

WEAVER

And your words sit like clods of earth. I can barely stand to listen to you.

*(Pause)*

MADAM EGG

you are both not me. i created you both. i can almost remember. yes, those rings in my own body, inside, turning and turning, out of sight. turning out something. maybe two somethings. yes. two.

WEAVER

See! You don't need a mirror to remember. Mirrors are dangerous. You want to crawl into them, to live inside of them.

MADAM EGG

inside. yes. where there is only me and me.

WEAVER

To forget.

MADAM EGG

to sleep.

WEAVER

But now you are awake. Your children are here. But only I can make you hear and see. Before you were groping in the dark, your dark.

MADAM EGG

this light hurts. you scratch on my eyes and leave marks. they won't go away. my children. i don't want either of you. leave me in peace.

WEAVER

Soon enough. Sleep will return. Don't you remember?

BUSTER

Leave the lump alone. She don't want us. Ok by me. Leave the lump alone.

WEAVER

But she is inside of you. The signs . . .

BUSTER

. . . what did I tell you about . . .

WEAVER

. . . I'm just saying that she is part of you.

BUSTER

What part? The smelly bit?

WEAVER

How does it smell?

BUSTER

Like my rotting seaweed. Damp, pungent, just jumps into your nose.

WEAVER

Are there other smells? Not rotting smells but . . .

BUSTER

. . . only rotting smells.

WEAVER

So you want to be rid of her?

BUSTER

I didn't even know I had her, `til you starting babbling.

WEAVER

You knew.

BUSTER

Crap on you.

WEAVER

Why do you run so hard?

BUSTER

Stupid question. I am all go, remember.

WEAVER

Hard to forget. Listen, you said you were like a cannon ball, twisting and turning through space.

BUSTER

So.

WEAVER

So, my densely packed brainless brother, you are running away from something, not just toward something.

*(Pause as BUSTER begins to reflect, perhaps for the first time)*

BUSTER

Oh. I'm, I'm, I'm having a thought.

WEAVER

Congratulations.

BUSTER

Signs.

WEAVER

Go on.

BUSTER

Signs point to . . .

WEAVER

. . . to what?

BUSTER

To the maternal lump.

WEAVER

And?

BUSTER

My body is . . .

WEAVER

. . . is a sign?

BUSTER

Yes. That's it.

WEAVER

Bravo!

BUSTER

Something else.

WEAVER

I'm all ears.

BUSTER

Did I crawl back into that hole?

WEAVER

More than once, more than once.

BUSTER

Wait.

WEAVER

Don't you see the next step? The son who returns to become the . . .

BUSTER

Stop!

WEAVER

Why, you're all go, remember?

BUSTER

The son leaves the hole, big cannon ball. The cannon ball returns.

WEAVER

As if by magic.

BUSTER

Which makes me?

WEAVER

Come on now, you're getting so close. Think about it. You leave the hole, it throws you out and you never stop running. Then you return on a round trip, as it were. Plop, plop, back home again.

BUSTER

Don't like this. I'm sick.

WEAVER

Not really. Just a little slow on the learning curve.

BUSTER

Son and . . .

WEAVER

. . . and, dear boy, father.

*(Pause)*

WEAVER

Come, come, it's not so bad. It's more like a regular refresher course. Back home to fine tune the old system. Plop down into the moist place to rest. Then, wham, boom, off you go to sail around the universe to your heart's content.

BUSTER

Confused. Don't like her, long for her. Tetter totter, back and forth.

WEAVER

Teeter one way, totter another. No big deal. It's just that you keep forgetting, and I have to come along again and again to remind you.

*(Pause)*

MADAM EGG

busy place, my warmth. tired of all the coming and going, want rest. sometimes hungry though.

WEAVER

Ah! You remember your great hunger. You can't live on ejaculation alone.

BUSTER

What?

WEAVER

Never mind.

MADAM EGG

yes, hungry, must have back what went. full, empty, full, empty, full, empty . . .

WEAVER

. . . we do get the point.

BUSTER

Father.

WEAVER

Bingo!

*Suddenly a figure (UNNAMED STRANGER) appears from stage left and starts to circle around the three other figures. UNNAMED STRANGER is dressed in a black and white loose fitting outfit (perhaps with stripes or dots). He/she is even more androgynous than WEAVER and has both male and female features. Everyone is immediately aware of some kind of presence as UNNAMED STRANGER enters.*

WEAVER

What was that?

BUSTER

You too?

WEAVER

Yes, it is like a wind.

BUSTER

A wind, blowing.

WEAVER

But where does it . . .

MADAM EGG

yes.

WEAVER

Yes what?

MADAM EGG

i know this wind. it is, it is, . . . my, my . . .

WEAVER



Your what? Be specific.

MADAM EGG

my once.

BUSTER

That don't make no sense, not one bit.

WEAVER

I think I understand. That wind reminds you of your own . . .

MADAM EGG

. . . my own from, my own from something.

WEAVER

Your from something. Wait a minute. Yes. Your from something is your own parent. How can you have . . .

UNNAMED STRANGER

Not parent, dear one.

*UNNAMED STRANGER becomes more directly manifest to everyone and they stand/sit there in awe.*

BUSTER

Now what! Another scrawny bird?

UNNAMED STRANGER

Yes, you are a witless troll. But I helped to make you that way. We need witless trolls to give the push and shove, to fill-in those empty spaces.

WEAVER

Well, you seem intelligent enough, smart enough to insult my brain challenged brother.

UNNAMED STRANGER

And you, who weave in and out, almost lighter than air, perhaps an airy nothing?

WEAVER

I have no use for nothing, whether light weight or high caloric!

UNNAMED STRANGER

Perhaps you should ask our sleepy Madam of the universe. She can answer questions, if they make sense, that is.

WEAVER

Listen, whoever you are, I am sense. Nothing makes sense unless it brings its passport to my border. If I like what I see, I let it in, if I don't, well . . .

UNNAMED STRANGER

. . . well, you sick the guard dogs on it. Perhaps you hire old Buster here.

BUSTER

Ain't for hire. Say, what are you packing?

UNNAMED STRANGER

Excuse me?

BUSTER

Are you a man or a woman?

UNNAMED STRANGER

Both and neither.

BUSTER

Don't get cute with me.

UNNAMED STRANGER

I wouldn't dream of it.

MADAM EGG

dreams, yes, that's it. i remember. came from this, from this, what? don't know name.

UNNAMED STRANGER

I don't really have a name, I'm more like a zero.

WEAVER

Zero! One big empty nothing. A hole that goes nowhere.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Close.

WEAVER

A hole, neither fish nor fowl, neither person nor beast. Just a big hole with nothing inside. No wonder you are so windy, just a big hole that the wind blows through.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Just a big hole that everything blows through.

WEAVER

Excuse me? Everything?

UNNAMED STRANGER

Everything, with or without a passport.

MADAM EGG

everything, including me . . .

UNNAMED STRANGER

. . . including you, especially you.

MADAM EGG

not my father. not my mother.

UNNAMED STRANGER

No. Something else. Your from something is not what you think.

BUSTER

His words are worse than your's (*looking at WEAVER*). Little feathers flying nowhere.

WEAVER

At last we agree on something.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Feathers on the wind. Where does the wind come from?

BUSTER

Bend over and I'll show you . . .

UNNAMED STRANGER

. . . not so fast. Not all winds are alike.

WEAVER

Leaving aside my brother's homely image, how do you tell which is which?

MADAM EGG

yes. winds come from something before. from the once. yes. more than feathers. more. i felt the wind, all around me. yes. it was clear, no darkness. yes.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Our sleepy egg remembers. My winds blow away the darkness.

WEAVER

Now wait one minute! I am the light bringer, not you. No, not by a long shot. Absolutely not!

UNNAMED STRANGER

Where does your light shine?

WEAVER

Anywhere I want it to.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Precisely.

WEAVER

What?

UNNAMED STRANGER

Precisely. Your light shines anywhere you want it to. You point and the light follows. Simple.

WEAVER

Maybe to you.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Well, what does your light travel in?

WEAVER

What a stupid question. It travels wherever I want it to.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Yes, yes, we heard you the first time. But what is the light shining in?

BUSTER

In your . . .

UNNAMED STRANGER

. . . enough of that. Get your head, for what it's worth, out of . . .

WEAVER

. . . Indeed!

UNNAMED STRANGER

So, where are we? Your light shines in . . .

WEAVER

. . . in something that isn't light?

UNNAMED STRANGER

Bravo!

MADAM EGG

i'm, so sleepy. too much talk. winds around me, over and over and over. i need to sleep, lay down my head.

UNNAMED STRANGER

She is so hard to keep awake. Even when I sent her the mirror, she drifted off.

BUSTER

Who needs her? She sleeps, she's quiet. Her words are like a dribble, dribble, dribble. Wet and drippy.

UNNAMED STRANGER

And you are a word master? You always remind me of an obnoxious snorting bull dog--all teeth, no sense. Just hanging on for all its worth, until the bull tosses you from the ring.

WEAVER

You're right of course, but tell us, why have you come here?

UNNAMED STRANGER

I'm never really sure why I keep coming back.

WEAVER

Coming back?

UNNAMED STRANGER

Alas, yes. Every so often I gather all of you in this little corner of the world and reintroduce you to each other, as if you all suffered from amnesia. You live to forget, and I live to remind. Kind of

like oil and water, positive and positive, negative and negative. You see, we recoil from each other but can't live apart. Trite, but, all the more true.

BUSTER

B-o-o-r-i-n-g. You're the blah meister. My ears sting.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Paltry substitute for a stinging wit.

BUSTER

What?

WEAVER

*(To UNNAMED STRANGER)* Don't bother. It's like crossing swords with an armless man.

UNNAMED STRANGER

You learn to work with what you've got.

WEAVER

Tell me about it.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Which brings me to my point. . .

WEAVER

. . . ah, now we listen in on the great secret.

UNNAMED STRANGER

But greatness is your terrain, isn't it? You bring light and meaning to everything.

WEAVER

True.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Well, I bring far less than you do. But I don't have to say much, do I?

WEAVER

Enlighten us.

UNNAMED STRANGER

MADAM EGG seems beyond us for the moment. We've already taxed her beyond her limits. As to your manic and coarse fibered brother, well, it's a bit like trying to illuminate the Grand Canyon with a flashlight.

WEAVER

During a rain storm.

UNNAMED STRANGER

A downpour.

WEAVER

But I have to admit that sometimes, just sometimes . . .

UNNAMED STRANGER

. . . you find him vaguely attractive, a kind of virile blustering hunk.

WEAVER

Guilty as charged.

*(Pause)*

WEAVER

Pray, continue.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Let go.

WEAVER

What?



UNNAMED STRANGER

Let go.

WEAVER

Of what?

UNNAMED STRANGER

Precisely.

WEAVER

I hate cryptograms. Meaning, meaning, meaning, that's the game.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Let go of the game.

WEAVER

Decode please.

UNNAMED STRANGER

I can't.

*WEAVER walks away in disgust. Paces and returns.*

WEAVER

I hate paradox, I hate cryptograms, and I hate ambiguity.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Alas, it has always been thus. But sometimes you have let . . .

WEAVER

. . . let out a howl of frustration at all of you. Buster doesn't have a clue what I'm about. He is the eternal lump of clay awaiting the hand of the master. Madam Egg is, well, you know. Some kind

of massive undulation or something. And you, creature with no name, a hole in the world, you don't seem to do anything except generate silly paradoxes. A code without a decoder, a meaning without any meaning, a light bringer with no light. Who is the airy nothing here?

BUSTER

Hey, you talking about me? I heard "lump." Too many scrawny birds in this place. Wring a few necks, teach `em a lesson. Squawk squawk, then no noise. Good.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Why can't we talk about you, the go meister? Deep down we admire you, all flesh and muscle (*aside to WEAVER*) upstairs too!. Being's draft horse.

*Suddenly MADAM EGG springs to life again, as if for one last go.*

MADAM EGG

light, light, again. yes, yes it sees. no, no, no, me sees. yes, the me sees. love the light. light burns. hate the light. crowded. did i make? did i make these? can't be. remember. yes. made them. why?

*UNNAMED STRANGER waves his arms and the large mirror once again appears in from of MADAM EGG. She looks intently into it.*

UNNAMED STRANGER

(*To others*) This will put her to sleep for a long time. She has been kept up way past her . . .

WEAVER

. . . yes, past her . . .

BUSTER

. . . let her sleep. Annoying big fat blob.

*MADAM EGG gazes intently and makes some gurgling noises. She gives a broad smile and nods off for the last time.*

WEAVER

I feel tired, all used up.

UNNAMED STRANGER

You are.

WEAVER

"Are" what?

UNNAMED STRANGER

Running on empty.

BUSTER

Tired too. Heavy, want to sink.

UNNAMED STRANGER

And so you shall, back to the land of seaweed.

WEAVER

What's going on here? I don't like feeling this way.

UNNAMED STRANGER

What way?

WEAVER

Like a big house collapsing in on itself, the rooms fold together into a big flat pancake.

*UNNAMED STRANGER smiles and walks across stage to stand in front of the sleeping MADAM EGG. He looks at her and at her mirror. He waves his arms and the mirror rises to disappear.*

*BUSTER is restless and confused. His body contracts. He looks imploringly at WEAVER.*

WEAVER

You look ill.

BUSTER

Confused. No go.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Even the draft horse goes back to the stable.

WEAVER

How often?

UNNAMED STRANGER

You created time, you should know.

WEAVER

I don't know.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Well, take the longest time you've got and multiply it by itself an infinite number of times. That's when we'll see each other again.

BUSTER

Tired. Must lie down. Mother.

WEAVER

Later, I'll figure it out later.

UNNAMED STRANGER

Of course.

*BUSTER slowly walks off stage, shuffling.*

UNNAMED STRANGER

I'd wish him good by but all I'd get would be a grunt.

WEAVER

You are getting paler. No, that's not it. You're getting . . .

UNNAMED STRANGER

. . . more transparent?

WEAVER

Yes.

UNNAMED STRANGER

A cryptogram.

WEAVER

I don't know.

*(Long pause)*

UNNAMED STRANGER

Shall I help you to your chair?

WEAVER

Yes. Where am I going?

UNNAMED STRANGER

To the once and the not yet.

WEAVER

Don't understand.

*UNNAMED STRANGER helps WEAVER to his/her chair and watches quietly as he/she falls asleep.*

*MADAM EGG stirs slightly and slowly opens her arms.*

*UNNAMED STRANGER sits center stage and rocks gently back and forth. Slow fade.*

*CURTAIN*