

Lights go up on a man, WES, on a stage surrounded by a cage. He is mid-30s, scruffy, with the look of a subway musician. He wears a guitar on his back decorated with stickers - some political, some silly. There are a variety of objects all around him in piles, as well as some crates, boxes, and a doorway. He assesses his surroundings and nods approvingly. He whistles and begins to sing **Blend**.

WES

(Whistles.)

THE LIST OF THINGS YOU WANT TO DO
GROWS FAST AS KUDZU
SUPERSONIC SEEMS TOO SLOW
SO I THOUGHT THAT YOU KNOW...

IF YOU NEED ME I'M FOUND
JUST HANGING AROUND
DEVELOPING YOUR KIND OF BLEND
OF NATURAL SKILL AND PURE FORCE OF WILL
AND SEEKING A MEANS TO AN END.

IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
BUT I'VE GOTTA SECRET STASH
OF STOWAWAY TIME IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND
COLLECTED FROM AFTERNOON NAPS.

(Whistles.)

As he finishes the song, he hears the muffled noise of someone else on stage. He quickly hides behind a box. A woman, LYDIA, opens the door with a sense of determination and walks through it. She is Caucasian, in her late 30s, dressed in slightly ill-fitting businessware with her hair thrown back in a not-quite-professional pony tail. She appears proud to have walked through the door. She then looks around at her surroundings-- the objects on the stage, the fact that she is on a stage, the cage around the stage-- and begins to devolve into panic. She turns back to the door and walks through it. She almost instantly walks back through the door again. Realizing it is a prop, she grabs the door, and tosses it to the ground.

It hits a pile of cloth which jumps up - revealing NEIL, late 20s, a large Asian man in a mailman's uniform, almost too thoughtfully put together so that he appears almost uncoordinated.

NEIL

Ow!

Lydia SCREAMS.

NEIL

You threw a door at me - and now you're screaming at me? That's racist!

LYDIA

Excuse me? I can't believe that you would say....I can't believe you're even here!

NEIL

Because I'm Asian?

LYDIA

No! Because I thought I was alone! And I...I don't know where I am. And I don't know why someone else would be here! And that's not racist.

NEIL

You did not welcome me.

LYDIA

(outraged)

It... it doesn't even make sense! It is not a stereotype that Asians are scary! It has nothing to do with race - you're a very large man--

NEIL

Now you're calling me fat?

LYDIA

No! Just...large...

NEIL

Big boned you mean?

LYDIA

Yes! I don't know...I guess. Is that offensive? What even are we talking about? I was scared because I thought I was alone! You appeared from under a pile of cloth! It was a frightening moment, regardless of race or size.

NEIL

I am a mail carrier!

LYDIA

I see that.

NEIL

Mail carriers are not traditionally viewed as threatening.

LYDIA

So you agree that my responses were not based on stereotypes.

All of a sudden a pile of boxes collapses revealing a black man, ROB, in his 40s. He is wearing khackis and a business shirt - he looks like he could have been dressed by a wife. He has a sense of curiosity about him. Lydia and Neil scream.

ROB

Now that's racist!

LYDIA

It's not racist! You just jumped out at us! That is really just beyond offensive!

ROB

Jumping out from behind boxes is offensive? Or racists are?

LYDIA

Neither! I mean both! I mean - the fact that you would call me racist. When that's so far leaps and bounds away from who I am. I mean I'm - but wait - why are we talking about this when there's so many questions to be answered? Mainly, why are we here? Or more importantly - how do we get out??

ROB

(shrugs)

Don't know.

LYDIA

Well we better figure it out!

(She looks at her watch.)

I have got appointments starting in 15 minutes. And going all day. Booked solid. If I miss one, it's going to unravel the whole day.

ROB

Well you should really put little time windows in your schedule - 15 minutes between appointments. Really a basic rule of scheduling.

(Laughs heartily)

At least that's what the ladies up front tell me.

LYDIA

The *ladies* up front? Are you referring to receptionists?

ROB

Yes - and they do not think I'm sexist if that's what your tone of voice is implying I am.

NEIL

Enough with the accusations! I agree with Lydia --

ROB

That I'm sexist?

NEIL

That we need to get out of here! Look,

(To Lydia)

I don't know what these "appointments" you have all day are or

(to Rob)

What "the ladies" have booked for you, but people are truly counting on me!

LYDIA

(Looks him up and down)

To deliver their credit card bill? Maybe some coupons to a pizza place?

NEIL

(With a deep offense)

For. Their. *Mail.*

LYDIA

The mail can wait! My clients can--

NEIL

The mail cannot wait!! Do you even understand how asinine that statement is? If you just let it wait, it's going to build up. Delivery guarantees are going to be blown off. People aren't going to trust the post office. There could be a profound affect on people's faith in systems and in the government. The word "guarantee" could lose it's meaning. By God, there are linguistic implications!

ROB

Whoa! Hold on! Cool down. Whoa, whoa, whoa. You've got to chill out here. Yes, a build up of undelivered mail could create some national concerns. But one postal officer in one county in one city in one state being slightly late with the mail once should be AOK.

(To Lydia)

Am I right?

LYDIA

I don't know - at least he's committed to being somewhere. Why don't you have anywhere to be?

ROB
 (shrugs)
 I'm a surgeon.

LYDIA
 A surgeon??

NEIL
 Don't you have surgeries to get to?

ROB
 They can wait. Things can be rescheduled. You've got to go with it.

NEIL
 What if you lose a patient??

ROB
 I'm an oral surgeon. It's not that serious.

LYDIA
 I'm sure your patients would be very happy to hear that their problems are not that serious.

NEIL
 How are you so nonchalant?? Root canals can rupture and gums can become cankerous?

ROB
 Neither of those are real things.

LYDIA
 Well, fine, so you're not in a hurry. But old Mailman here and I are--

NEIL
 Neil.

LYDIA
 What?

NEIL
 My name's Neil. And I'm not old. 29. Younger than the average mail carrier. And that's what we prefer to be called. Mailman is actually--

ROB
 (Crossing his arms proudly)
 Sexist.

Lydia sighs audibly and begins crawling through some objects on the ground.
 Rob sticks out his hand to Neil.

ROB
I'm Rob. Nice to meet you.

NEIL
Oh.
(He shakes his hand awkwardly.)

Lydia puts her hands on what appears to be a ball sticking out of a pile of cloth.

LYDIA
What's this?

ROB
Looks like a ball.

LYDIA
It's odd. Maybe if I lift it.

She grabs the ball and tries to pull up on it. A piercing scream is heard and a woman, WILLOW, jumps up from under the cloth revealing that it was not a ball after all - rather, a pregnant belly. She is lovely and warm, yet disheveled.

LYDIA
Holy Mother of God - it's a pregnant belly!!

WILLOW
I'm a pregnant lady!
(Gasps)
Is this labor??

LYDIA
What it's obviously not--

WILLOW
Oh God, I skipped one of my Lamaze classes and I knew I wouldn't be prepared. Should I be laying? Or is the real me laying and the spirit me here on this stage? I don't mean the spirit me - that's not the right terminology for what I mean - I'm not some hippy-dippy houha. Oh God, why did I say houha - that's how my grandma refers to lady private parts. Now you wonder why I know that. Oh Jeez Louise! What must you think of me? Why do I care - you're just manifestations of my imagination--

ROB
Stop! Lady! You are not in labor.

NEIL

We're real people!

WILLOW

Really?

LYDIA

How...how on earth...could you really think you are in labor?

WILLOW

It's supposed to be an out of body experience.

LYDIA

You're in your body. It's a pregnant body.

WILLOW

Well lately when I dream I am pregnant in my dreams so I thought if I was out of body my out of body self would still be pregnant.

NEIL

That makes sense.

WILLOW

Thank you.

LYDIA

What? That doesn't...Doesn't matter. You're not in labor.

WILLOW

Then what--

LYDIA

Don't know. We just need to get out.

ROB

She's got appointments.

LYDIA

And he's got surgeries he's blowing off.

NEIL

People's teeth will hurt. And they won't have any mail.

WILLOW

I'm sorry.

LYDIA

So any ideas? Anyone?

WILLOW

Let me think. Oh God. I do need to get out. What if I go into real labor? How will my husband find me? How will I deliver the baby?

(To Rob)
Can you do it?

ROB
No.

NEIL
I would try to if you needed it, but I have no experience.

WILLOW
Thanks, but, no, we have to get out.

LYDIA
Yes.

WILLOW
We have to!

NEIL
We must!

Slowly Wes emerges from hiding
strumming his guitar.

LYDIA
Ummm...who are you?

WES
I'm Wes.

LYDIA
Did you put us here?

WES
No.

WILLOW
Why are you so relaxed?

WES
There's no reason to be worried.
(to Lydia.)
What's your name?

LYDIA
Lydia. Why?

WES
Just want to make sure we've all been introduced.

LYDIA
What do you know?

WES

Physics.

LYDIA

I mean what do you know about why we are here?

WES

Nothing really.

NEIL

I was never good at physics.

WES

Maybe that's part of the problem.

Wes begins to play guitar, the opening
of **Who Knows**.

ROB

You're not making any sense.

WES

I see that you're all worried about time. Have places to be. Have concerns about the time you're spending here. But, in the grand scheme of things, it doesn't matter. There's other versions of yourselves out there. The things you think you should be doing, on another spectrum of time, are being done. But you're on this spectrum. You're here with all of us. Let's make the best of it!

LYDIA

Don't you have somewhere to be?

WES

You're not listening. Let me add a melody.

WES

THE ZEROETH LAW OF THERMODYNAMICS

LYDIA

Did you say 'zeroeth'?

WES

Sure!

WES

MAKES WET CLAY BECOME CERAMICS.

WILLOW

My mee-maw does ceramics! That's my dad's mom--

WES

HOW IS IT THAT THE FABRIC OF TIME AND SPACE
IS EVERYWHERE IN NO PARTICULAR PLACE?

TADPOLE BECOMES A TOAD!
 SUPERNOVA'S GONNA EXPLODE!
 YOU SURE CAN'T CREATE OR DESTROY MATTER!

LYDIA
 I'd sure like to destroy that guitar.

WES
 EVERY FORCE GOTTA COUNTERFORCE!

ROB
 Yup, third law of motion!

WES
 HOW COMES IT THAT THE PERSON WHO CAN'T WORK A TOASTER KNOWS
 THE INNER WORKINGS OF A ROLLER COASTER?

ROB
 I read somewhere that time is actually slowing down.

WILLOW
 Does that mean I'll be pregnant for longer?

WES
 INFORMATION OVERLOAD
 FEELS LIKE I'M SPEAKING CODE!

POUNDED AND SURROUNDED BY THE FORCE OF GRAVITY
 STILL WE FOUND A WAY TO FLY AND OTHER WAYS TO BE
 UNDERWATER, OUT IN SPACE
 PLACES WHERE THE HUMAN RACE
 ARE CHANGING FORMS OF MATTER
 ARE HAPPIER OR SADDER
 USING SCIENCE AS LADDER
 AND ON THAT DAY I WILL BE GLADDER

DISCOVERING WHAT MATTERRRRRRS
 (Pause.)

ARE CHANGING FORMS OF MATTER

LYDIA
 OK, that's enough.

WES
 ARE HAPPIER OR SADDER

LYDIA
 Ummmm...