



MUSIC / LYRICS / SCRIPT / VIDEOGRAPHY JIM BAUER  
ARTWORK / STORY / VIDEOGRAPHY RUTH BAUER

**SCRIPT**  
**A.R.T. PRODUCTION 2010**

*CLOSE: JANUARY 8, 2011*

**ARCHIVAL COPY**



*(untitled)*

Tell all the Truth but tell it slant –  
Success in Circuit lies  
Too bright for our infirm Delight  
The Truth's superb surprise  
As Lightning to the Children eased  
With explanation kind  
The Truth must dazzle gradually  
Or every man be blind –

-- Emily Dickinson



## CHARACTERS

- MAX: a German artist, lecturer, and, during the war, medical orderly. Inspired by the historical figure MAX BECKMANN
- HANNAH: a young Dada performance artist and, during the war, ambulance driver; Max's lover. Inspired by the historical figure HANNAH HOECH
- MARIA: a brilliant young scientist and irrepressible bon vivant; the object of Max's not-so-secret desire. Inspired by the historical figure MARIE CURIE
- FRANZ: a young German artist and, during the war, soldier; Max's best friend, and Maria's lover. Inspired by the historical figure FRANZ MARC.
- FAIRYTALE MAN: the Fairytale reader and Max's guide
- TYPEWRITER MAN: a Dada performer
- SEWING MACHINE MAN: a Dada performer
- THE BAND The Music Director and members of the show's 9-piece orchestra





## SETTING

Central Park, New York City, 1955



Paris, 1914 \* WWI Battlefields  
The Cabaret Voltaire, Zurich 1916 \* Post-War Berlin

## A WORD ON THE SCRIPT



*“...the omitted part strengthens the story and makes people feel something more than they understood.”*

- Ernest Hemingway



### SMALL ON THE PAGE, BIG ON THE STAGE

The text in THE BLUE FLOWER script is spare. Apart from the brief exchange between Max and Fairy Tale Man at the end of the play, there is no dialogue. Both the literal and emotional content of the play rely on the elaborate collage of music, sound, film projections, imagery, choreography and narrative text presented in live performance.

The play takes place during the moment of Max's death while he is sitting alone on a park bench at 61<sup>st</sup> St. and Central Park West, in New York City, 1955. He has arrived in good humor, knowing this is the day he will finish the book of collages he has been working on for years. Just as he begins work, a pain in his chest arrives, halting his progress. None of the other characters are real. They are friends and lovers from Max's past, the subjects of his book, conjured by him in his moment between life and death. He conjures Fairy Tale man as a guide, to help him summon the strength to do a final review of his work before he dies, to make sure he's finished, that the book speaks.

The orchestra musicians and band leader are on stage and should be part of the action. All actors are onstage at all times.

Until the very end of the play, Max speaks only in “Maxperanto”, a personal, improvised language he has invented in part as a protest against the failings and betrayals of language, in part as an art form, echoing the experiments Dada poets and writers pursued in the abstraction of language, breaking it down to its component parts of sounds and syllables, just as visual artists experiment with the abstraction of imagery, breaking it down to colors and shapes. Maxperanto has the nuances of many languages. Max sings in real language because music is poetry.

## ACT 1

THERE IS A LARGE PROJECTION SURFACE UPSTAGE, PERHAPS THE BACK WALL OF AN IMAGINARY ROOM. THE FULL PROJECTION SURFACE IS USED FOR "LARGE SCREEN" VIDEO SEGMENTS. A PORTION OF THIS SURFACE IS RESERVED FOR THE "SMALL SCREEN" VIDEO PROJECTIONS OF FAIRYTALE SEQUENCES, WHICH ARE REPRESENTATIONS OF THE PAGES OF THE FAIRYTALE COLLAGE BOOK MAX HAS BEEN WORKING ON.

THERE ARE A COUPLE OF PARK BENCHES ON THE STAGE.

MAX IS ON THE STAGE, AN INDISTINCT, SHADOWY FIGURE.

THE BAND AND MUSIC DIRECTOR ENTER THE STAGE AND TAKE POSITIONS.

THE PLAY WILL OPEN AS IF THE AUDIENCE IS IN A MOVIE THEATER, WATCHING A SILENT FILM WITH A LIVE ORCHESTRA.

LIGHTS DOWN.

### VIDEO CUE > OPENING FILM



*WHEN THE COUNTDOWN ON THE FILM REACHES 4 ("VIER"), THE BAND, CAST, CREW AND USHERS JOIN IN, SHOUTING:*

**FOUR, THREE, ZWEI, EINS . . .**

*COUNTDOWN:*

**4/4  
108 BPM**

GLOBE

&

TITLE  
CARDS

ETC.

IMAGE OF  
CENTRAL  
PARK

THE BLUE FLOWER

*presents*

# THE BLUE FLOWER

*Starring*

**MAX:** Famous Artist

**HANNAH:** Dangerously Unpredictable Dada Girl

**FRANZ:** Boy Genius and Irresistible Ladies' Man

**MARIA:** Brilliant Scientist and Irrepressible Bon Vivant

Since July 19, 1937 Max has spoken only in

**MAXPERANTO**

his own improvised language

*Par exemplo:*

TrOOnste

sometimes means: "TRENCHES"

DeBWEEbahseh

usually means: "DEPRESSED"

GepUFF

always means: "SMASHED TO PIECES"

**WHY?**

Good question.

The story begins in New York City, 1955

Actually, it starts in 1889, but we'll get to that later . . .

For many years, Max has been working on  
an elaborate book of collages.

**WHY?**

Good question.

**TITLE CARD:**

61st St. & Central Park West  
New York City, 1955



AS THE CAMERA PANS DOWN TO SHOW A CLOSE-UP OF FEET WALKING ON A NYC SIDEWALK, MAX BEGINS TO CROSS THE STAGE, CARRYING HIS ARTIST'S SUITCASE AND JUMBLED PARAPHERNALIA ON HIS BACK, INCLUDING A PORTABLE WORK TABLE. MAX STOPS AT ONE OF THE PARK BENCHES AND BEGINS UNPACKING HIS VARIOUS ART SUPPLIES. ALL THE OTHER CAST MEMBERS EVENTUALLY ENTER THE STAGE AS CENTRAL PARK PASSERS-BY. MARIA AND HANNAH ARE WALKING TOGETHER ARM-IN-ARM. AS HE UNPACKS AND SETS UP HIS THINGS, MAX BEGINS TO SING TO HIMSELF, STARTING IN MAXPERANTO. TITLES ON THE SCREEN PROVIDE A TRANS\*SLATION OF WHAT HE IS SINGING. IN THE SECOND VERSE, HE SWITCHES TO ENGLISH, AND THE SUBTITLES ON SCREEN SWITCH TO MAXPERANTO TRANSLATIONS. MAX KNOWS THAT THIS IS THE DAY HE WILL FINISH HIS BOOK. HE'S IN GOOD HUMOR. HIS SPIRIT IS LIGHT.



SLIDE CUE > "THINGS DON'T CHANGE" LYRICS

THINGS DON'T CHANGE (THAT MUCH)

[SOLO: MAX]

IN MAXPERANTO

(WITH TRANSLATION ON SCREEN)

The sun in this city fakes me out  
It leaks through the drying leaves  
And dimly dances about  
It falls on the concrete  
Where the sparrows clean their wings  
And on the old park bench where I sit  
To sift through things  
Things don't change that much

IN REAL LANGUAGE

(WITH MAXPERANTO TRANSLATION ON SCREEN, SOME OF WHICH QUOTES KURT SCHWITTERS' "URSONATE")

The cry of a siren wakes me up  
*rrrrr cahh lo dyeh syonyest grost kwii Ee*  
It weaves through the tree-tops  
*Brrrrr minsk rrrr galloomnnn hnnn nnz*  
And the sound of passing trucks  
*Dll rrr wö tää Uu mpiff tillll Jüü Kaa*  
It winds down the canyons  
*Rinnzekete bee rrrr ennze*  
Of mirror, glass and steel  
*Dyoh mrentekete Üü bee Üü stehskreht*  
And makes its way down streets  
*Dll böwö rahn tehteh gyelll oh mnskrmü*  
Full of feet, and hats, and wheels  
*Plahn dyoh klöps dll shahps dll sprrr*

Things don't change that much  
*Bö wörötää zää Uu*  
Things don't change that much  
*Bö wörötää zää Uu*

[MAX HAS FINISHED SETTING UP, AND IS SITTING ON THE BENCH, BEGINNING TO WORK.]

MAX

[IN MAXPERANTO, TRANSLATION PROJECTED ON THE SCREEN]

One more. And it's done ...

maybe.

Title Card

Title Card

[As he begins to place last piece of the collage onto the page, he suddenly seizes up. Something in his gesture causes his collage and art materials to fall and scatter on the ground in front of him.]

## SURREAL SCENE

*[THE VIDEO SCREEN FADES TO BLACK, LIGHTS GO DOWN, AND A STRANGE VOICE IS HEARD, FOLLOWED BY A LONG TIMPANI ROLL]*

LIGHTNING  
ARTILLERY  
FLARES  
VIDEO

*THE OTHER CAST MEMBERS ON STAGE TAKE SUDDEN NOTICE OF MAX. MARIA AND HANNAH RUSH TO HIS AID, CROUCHING IN FRONT OF HIM. THEY FREEZE AS FAIRYTALE MAN APPEARS UPSTAGE, A SILHOUETTED OR SHADOWY FIGURE AT FIRST. HE CROSSES DOWNSTAGE IN FAST MOTION, AS IN AN OLD SILENT FILM WHILE THE TIMPANI ROLL SOUND EFFECT CRESCENDOS. AS HE GETS TO MAX, HE SLOWS TO A NATURAL PACE.*

*EARTH-SHAKING THUNDER (ARTILLERY) AND LIGHTNING (ARTILLERY FLARES AND EXPLOSIONS) MAX "WAKES UP", SEES FT MAN. A WALL OF RAIN COMES DOWN ON STAGE. WE ARE SUDDENLY ON A WWI BATTLEFIELD.*

*AS THE SOUND EFFECT FADES TO A DISTANT RUMBLE, FRANZ, WHO HAS BEEN A CENTRAL PARK STROLLER, TURNS AND WALKS BRISKLY TOWARD MAX. HE PULLS OUT A HAND GRENADE, PULLS THE PIN, PULLS THE GRENADE TO HIS CHEST, AND AS HE DOES SO, SEWING MACHINE MAN AND TYPEWRITER MAN, DRESSED NOW AS SOLDIERS, RUSH IN TO CATCH FRANZ AS HE FALLS.]*

AUDIO  
CUE

SFX  
TIMPANI  
ROLL;  
LIGHTNING  
, THUNDER  
FADES TO  
DISTANT  
RUMBLE

### SM MAN

*[SPEAKING TO MAX]*

He's still alive. What should we do?

### MAX

*[IN MAXPERANTO, RECOGNIZING FRANZ, MYSTIFIED]*

Put him in the back of the ambulance.  
I'll . . . take care of it.

### TW MAN

*[NOT UNDERSTANDING MAXPERANTO, LOOKING TO SM MAN IN CONFUSION]*

Huh?

### FT MAN

*[INSERTING HIMSELF, TO SM MAN, TRANSLATING FOR MAX]*

Put him in the back of the ambulance.  
He'll take care of it.

*[SM & TW MAN TAKE FRANZ DOWNSTAGE AND LAY HIM DOWN GENTLY. MAX GETS DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES AND CRAWLS OVER TO FRANZ. AS HE DOES, THE INSTRUMENTAL INTRO TO "PEACEFUL YOUR EYES" BEGINS. MAX PUTS HIS EAR TO FRANZ'S BARELY MOVING MOUTH, AND THE CAST BEGINS A "DANCE".]*

SONG:  
PEACEFUL  
YOUR  
EYES

## PEACEFUL YOUR EYES

[ENSEMBLE]

CAST w/o MAX: Did you say something?  
I'm sure you tried  
I remember you dancing,

*[WEIGHTLESSLY AND GRACEFULLY, FRANZ SUDDENLY GETS UP IN A SPECTACULAR TURN WITH THE PIANO/ACCORDION SCALE AND JOINS THE DANCE]*

just the other night

*[FRANZ FALLS BACK DOWN IN THE SAME PLACE AND POSTURE AS BEFORE]*

MAX: Peaceful your eyes,  
heavenly gates  
Quiet we lie, like paradise  
A voice says:

CAST JOINS: Maybe we should slip away  
Maybe die some other way

FRANZ JOINS So wide, this full-moon sky!  
Cascading stars, hi-li!

CAST: This was to be over  
In a week a two  
We were good soldiers  
Loyal, through and through  
  
Smoke and fire, bullets and rain  
Rats and corpses,  
horses and brains

Peaceful your eyes,  
heavenly gates  
Quiet we lie, like paradise  
A voice says:

Maybe we should slip away  
Maybe die some other day

HANNAH: Peaceful your eyes  
like Paradise

*[AS THE SONG WINDS DOWN, FT MAN PICKS UP THE FAIRYTALE BOOK AND LOOKS AT IT WITH CURIOSITY. THE OTHER CAST MEMBERS REMAIN ON STAGE IN SOME USEFUL WAY, AS THEY WILL FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE PLAY. AS FT MAN OPENS THE BOOK TO LOOK INSIDE, THE FIRST SMALL SCREEN VIDEO PROJECTION BEGINS THE FIRST FAIRY TALE.]*

VIDEO > FAIRYTALE 1

VIDEO  
FT BOOK



Title Card

**FT MAN**

[READING THE TITLE]

"THE BLUE FLOWER"

**FT MAN**

There was once a very serious little fellow named Max, who lived in a small, tidy house, and who always dressed in a coat and tie. He was born a man, not a boy.

**HE HAD SENSIBLE PARENTS**

**FT MAN[**

VIDEO

Austrian mother named him Rudolph for few days of his life, in sad memory of Prince, who had died on the day Max

**HANNAH**

Just one week later, when the truth about the Prince was revealed and the whole nasty business came to light, she changed his name to Max the very next day.

VIDEO

**MARIA**

A rather solitary child, Max avoided trouble in the schoolyard by speaking Latin loudly when challenged to a fight . . .

**MAX**

[SHOUTING AT THE "BULLIES"]

VENI, VIDI, VICI ! DULCE ET DECORUM EST, PRO PATRIA MORI!!

**FRANZ**

. . . thus flummoxing his oppressors

[THE BULLIES SHRINK AWAY]

**FT MAN:**

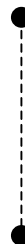
Max spent most of his time -- as much as possible -- alone in his room. He loved to draw, and paint, and read books . . . mostly about history, one of his favorite subjects . . .

VIDEO  
COUNT-  
OFF  
120 BPM

U-SCORE

FT 1  
MAX

TRT: 1:00





**HANNAH**

"What you do is your choice to make,"

**FT MAN**

. . . Max's father told him just about every day  
. . .

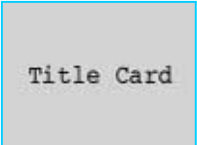
**HANNAH**

"but whatever you do, choose it early, choose it  
firmly, and do it well."

U-SCORE

FT 1  
MAX

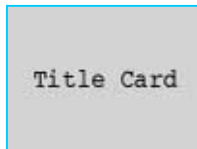
CONT'D



Title Card

**FT MAN:**

**Max chose firmly . . .**



Title Card

**to leave.**



**FRANZ**

He went to art school in Berlin, a very long way  
from home . . .

**FT MAN**

. . . to his pleasant surprise, he found himself  
surrounded by compatriots, in whose company no  
Latin was required, and in almost no time he  
became famous.

*[THE STAGE BECOMES AN ART CLASS. ALL CAST MEMBERS ARE ON STAGE AS ART  
STUDENTS. A NUDE MODEL (MARIA) IS ON A PEDESTAL, PERHAPS DEMURELY DRAPED  
RATHER THAN FULLY NUDE, IN A CLASSIC POSE. MAX IS PAINTING ALONG WITH THE  
OTHER STUDENTS, INCLUDING FRANZ. MAX EXAMINES HIS OWN PAINTING, IS  
UNSATISFIED, TAKES OUT A LARGE BRUSH AND PAINTS A HEAVY BLACK OUTLINE  
AROUND THE FIGURE. FRANZ COMES OVER TO EXAMINE MAX'S PAINTING. MAX GOES  
OVER TO OBSERVE FRANZ'S PAINTING, WHICH IS A PAINTING OF A HORSE, NOTHING  
TO DO WITH THE NUDE MODEL.]*

VIDEO > FT 2 "FRANZ"

***PLEASE JOIN US NOW IN WELCOMING  
MAX'S BEST FRIEND . . . FRANZ***

**THE BAND & CAST**

*[CHEERS & APPLAUSE]*

*[FRANZ DOES A SPECTACULAR PIRHOUE, AS THE MODEL GETS OFF THE PEDESTAL  
AND COMES OVER TO HIS PAINTING, AMUSED WHEN SHE SEES A HORSE]*

**FT MAN**

There was once a young art student named Franz who was always at the center of whatever was going on. He had eyes that sparkled, and a barely discernible smile that left women helpless.

**FT MAN**

***HE WAS ALSO A GOOD DANCER.***

**MARIA**

The son of a well-to-do but lesser baron who didn't think of himself as lesser at all, Franz fled the provinces as soon as he could, eagerly abandoning his future as a lesser land owner . . .

**HANNAH**

. . . to draw in the thick air of the big city and dodge his way through its teeming streets.

**FT MAN**

He loved American cowboy movies and cowboy comic books.

VIDEO  
COUNT-OFF  
148 BPM

CHEERS  
AND  
APPLAUSE

U-SCORE  
FT 2  
FRANZ

TRT: 1:40

Title Card

Title Card

VIDEO:  
BIG CITY



**FT MAN**

His favorite, hands down, was . . .



**THE BAND & CAST**

*(SHOUTING)*

**COWBOY BOB!!**



**MARIA**

It was in art school, that Max and Franz met.  
Their friendship grew and they became like  
brothers, inseparable.



**FT MAN**

And brothers they might well have been. Franz,  
like Max, had an Austrian mother, and he too had  
been named Rudolph for the first few days of his  
life.



**HANNAH**

Restless and eager for more of just about  
anything . . .

**MARIA**

*[SARDONICALLY, A WRY SMILE]*

. . . their education now complete . . .

**HANNAH**

. . . Max and Franz moved to Paris together — Max  
bent on making it big as a big fish in the  
biggest pond . . .



**MARIA**

. . . Franz to worship at the altar of western  
art, and explore the famed Parisian movie houses.



**FRANZ**

We took rooms above a bakery on a quiet street,  
and often painted 'til dawn.



**PARIS, AUTUMN 1913**

*[MAX AND FRANZ ARE SEEN IN THEIR APARTMENT, PAINTING, OF COURSE, 'TIL DAWN]*

**VIDEO: WILD HORSE DANCING**

2-BAR  
COUNT-OFF

*[THE VIDEO INCLUDES TITLES FOR THE WORDS IN BOLD]*

*[1<sup>ST</sup> BASSOON PHRASE]*

VIDEO  
COUNT-  
OFF

**FT MAN**

VIDEO:  
Wild Horse  
Dancing

It was the crest of the **BELLE EPOQUE**,  
the longest period of  
**UNINTERRUPTED PEACE** and **PROSPERITY**  
in European **HISTORY**.

[2<sup>ND</sup> BASSOON PHRASE]

Life was **GOOD**.  
People were **FAT**,  
and for the most part, **UNHAPPY**.

[PIANO, PEDAL STEEL, DRUMS ENTER]

**WITHERED** by so many years of **CONTENTMENT**,  
the world looked  
**WEARY**  
to both Max and Franz.

So they set out together,  
the two former Rudolphins,  
vowing to  
set it **STRAIGHT**.

[CASCADE INTO VOCALS]

SONG:  
WILD  
HORSE  
DANCING



## WILD HORSE DANCING

[DUET: MAX & FRANZ + CAST]

FRANZ: Slow fox hunting with the Tsar,  
The Kaiser and the Kings

MAX: Royal ladies under parasols  
Naked on the beach,  
Ooooh, what a sight

M & F: Blue blooms the autumn sky  
Blue ends the summertime

MAX: Backed up back to mossy walls,  
Suffocating in the peace

FRANZ: (the air is poisoned now)  
Stuck dead still, flunking steps  
Every clock a ticking tease

M & F: huuhhhh  
Falling . . . down on our knees  
Wake us somewhere, elsewhere, please

CAST: We will play with the horizon  
We will ride rails of light  
In our babies' eyes  
We will feel low tides risin'  
We will drink burning tears like wine  
Savor every dream every night

FRANZ: Dressed up fussy clowns  
Feathers, medals, brass and beads

MAX: (they're old and tired now)  
Cries rock down the cobblestones  
And echo up the streets

CAST: unnnnh  
Falling . . . down on our knees  
Blue flowers blossom bitter-sweet

We will play with the horizon  
We will ride rails of light  
In our babies' eyes  
We will feel low tides risin'  
We will drink burning tears like wine  
Savor every dream every night

M & F: Polo ponies and croquet  
Cold beer and lemonade

VIDEO: FAIRYTALE 3: MARIA

2-BAR  
COUNT-OFF  
+  
2-BAR  
INTRO



**FT MAN**

There was once a determined young orphan girl named Maria who, behind the towering gray walls of the orphanage, dreamed of becoming a scientist.



**FRANZ**

So she made her way alone from Berlin to Paris, taught herself French and scaled the old stone walls of the university.



**HANNAH**

Maria was the only woman in her class, and before long, to her even greater satisfaction, the top student . . .

Title Card

**FT MAN**

**NUMERO UNO.**



**FRANZ**

She spent most of her time on a research project that was causing quite a stir.



*[IN FRONT OF A GAGGLE OF MALE STUDENTS, MARIA DOES SOMETHING DRAMATIC IN THE DEMONSTRATION OF HER EXPERIMENT, AND THE ENTIRE CAST, INCLUDING WEIMARBAND, GASPS]*

**THE BAND & CAST**

*(GASP!)*



**HANNAH**

She spent the rest of her time painting the town red, rarely returning home before sunrise. She never paid for her own drinks.

VIDEO  
COUNT-  
OFF  
120 SECS

U-SCORE

FT 3:  
MARIA



**FT MAN**

One morning, Maria passed by a young man sitting in a café who unknowingly captured her heart.



**HANNAH**

One morning, while Franz and Max were sitting in a café, a young woman passed by who unknowingly captured BOTH their hearts.

VIDEO

PARIS  
CAFÉ  
&  
PARIS  
3-SOME  
STILLS

**FT MAN**

Every day, Max returned to the café . . .

**HANNAH**

**FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON**

**FT MAN**

Every day, Franz returned to the café . . .

**HANNAH**

**FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON**

**FT MAN**

Every day, Maria returned to the café . . .

TITLE  
CARD

**TO LOOK FOR**

TITLE  
CARD

. . . **FRANZ**

**HANNAH**

Every day, after his morning cup of coffee, Max returned to the apartment where he painted, smoked French cigarettes, entertained art collectors, and wondered where Franz had gone.

**MARIA**

Franz and Maria became lovers of the kind that are carved into marble

**FRANZ**

— the kind by which all things rare and beautiful can be measured.



Title Card

**MAX LOVED**

Title Card

**AND ENVIED**

**THEM BOTH.**

Title Card

TITLE  
CARD:  
Paris  
Summer,  
1914

PARIS TRIO

PARIS TRIO

[TRIO: MAX, FRANZ, MARIA, W/ FT MAN]

[MAX IS PAINTING, MARIA IS MODELING FOR HIM]

MAX: Brush strokes soft on canvas,  
Pink and ochre skin, smooth-curving thighs

[FRANZ IS IN A MOVIE THEATER, A STROBE LIGHT ON HIS FACE]

FRANZ: Life-like Cowboy Bob streaks through  
A blackened room in flick'ring light

[MARIA MOVES TO HER "LAB"]

MARIA: Done now, run it again, never an end of  
Sneaking truth revealed in equal signs

ALL: Spin, shake, snap, roll, rake, scrape  
Break the clock and skew the rulered lines

[FRANZ DANCES W/ MARIA, CARESSING HER WITH HIS HANDS]

MAX: Always a ghost drifting paces behind  
Solo hands, idle at my side

F & MR: Unison feet, dancing perfect, in time  
Perfect arms spinning 'round with mine

MAX: The grays of shadows  
Are drawn and hollow

FRANZ: The blood of love:

F & MR: Red and yellow

MAX: Blow the ceiling off  
And break all the windows  
Blast the walls away and write a tale of  
More than meets the eye

F & MR: Beat, pound, throb, pulse  
Heave, sigh, thrust and shudder,  
Die a thousand times

MAX: Yellow the dawn arriving on a birdsong  
In lace-patterned light

If only the joy of colors made a bed warm  
And held me at night

F & MA: This now a plunge into a racing river  
Floating away  
Soaking in deep, and blending in the  
pleasure  
Each night, every day

ALL: Split by the light  
The quiet night is shattered  
Our sleep broken through  
So much for all the animated laughter  
And all we knew

MAX: The grays of shadows  
Are drawn and hollow

FRANZ: The blood of love:

ALL: Red and yellow

## VIDEO> FAIRYTALE 4: THE GREAT WAR

### FT MAN

In Paris that summer, the three friends lived in  
their youth a life most can only dream of.

### MARIA

But in August war was declared. The authorities  
told us we couldn't stay. We packed quickly and  
went back to Berlin together.

### *SPUK THEATRE PRESENTS THE GREAT WAR*

#### *STARRING*

#### *FRANZ*

#### *FEARLESS CAVALRY OFFICER*

#### *AND*

#### *MAX*

#### *ALONG-FOR-THE-RIDE*

#### *MEDICAL ORDERLY*

#### *AND PART-TIME*

#### *WAR CORRESPONDENT*

### FT MAN

Immediately upon their return, Franz joined the  
cavalry, and as an officer got his own horse, a  
lovely butterscotch mare.

### HANNAH

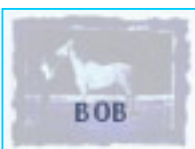
VIDEO  
COUNT-  
OFF  
3/4  
100 BPM

### U-SCORE

FT 3:  
THE  
GREAT  
WAR

PART 2:  
4/4  
130 BPM

TRT 1:34



**He named her Bob.**

**FT MAN**



Thrilled by a world gone mad, he would gallop into battle, create a new world order, bring the old world to its knees.

*[MAX & MARIA ARE TOGETHER, APART FROM FRANZ, WATCHING HIM]*

VIDEO

**FRANZ**

We'll be back before the leaves fall!!!

**FRANZ IMAGINED**

*[MAX JOINS FRANZ UPSTAGE, FACING AUDIENCE; WITH MARIA DOWNSTAGE, BACK TO AUDIENCE]*

**MARIA**

You've lost your mind

**MARIA DESPAIRED**

**MARIA**

*[To Max]*

Raise your eyes, Max! DO something! SAY something! Don't let him go!

*[FRANZ TURNS TO GO, MAX LOOKS AT HIM STARTS TO REACH OUT TO GRAB HIM, BUT HESITATES. FRANZ EXITS. MAX TURNS TO MARIA AND WALKS TOWARD HER SMILING. HE TRIES TO TOUCH HER SHOULDER, TO SOOTHE, CALM AND WOO HER GOOD-NATUREDLY, BUT SHE RECOILS.]*

**FT MAN**

Eager to see history in the making but having no interest in killing Frenchmen . . .

Title Card

**(MUCH LESS GETTING KILLED HIMSELF)**

. . . Max volunteered as a medical orderly.

Title Card

He didn't want to miss **THE BIG SHOW**

VIDEO

SOLDIERS  
AT THE  
FRONT

## FT MAN

Hired by the War Department to keep a journal that would be published in the daily newspapers, he would scribble down and send back the colorful and inspiring battlefield observations of a sensitive artist, a rising star, a loyal patriot, the nation's pride!

TITLE  
CARD

**WHEN THEY LEFT,  
MARIA REFUSED TO SAY GOODBYE.**

U-SCORE  
ENDS

[AN UNCOMFORTABLY LONG PERIOD OF TOTAL SILENCE AS MARIA STARES AT MAX BEFORE SHE TURNS  
AND EXITS ANGRILY.]

SLIDE CUE > DAHE HISTORY LECTURE

TITLE  
CARD

**NEW BRAUNFELS, TEXAS  
1952**

DAHE  
Title card

**DAHE  
DAUGHTERS OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE  
LOCAL 284, NEW BRAUNFELS, TEXAS  
"OBEDIENCE, LOYALTY, DECENCY"**

[MARIA TRANSFORMS INTO THE DAHE HOSTESS. SM MAN AND TW MAN BRING A LECTERN ONSTAGE, FAR UPSTAGE, DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE AUDIENCE. MARIA CROSSES TO THE LECTERN. MAX, MYSTIFIED AGAIN BY THE CHANGING CIRCUMSTANCES, LOOKS TO FT MAN. MARIA, AS DAHE HOSTESS, BECKONS TO MAX. FT MAN NODS IN APPROVAL, ENCOURAGING MAX TO JOIN HER. AS MAX APPROACHES, THE HOSTESS BEGINS HER INTRODUCTION, CONTINUING TO WAVE HIM ON]

## HOSTESS

Good afternoon, ladies and, well, . . .  
ladies!!! We are honored to have with us today  
a very FAMOUS artist whose mother was one-  
hundred percent Austrian, a descendant of the  
Mittendorf Wine Barons who settled in Salzburg  
in the 15<sup>th</sup> century. . .

**MAX**

*[INTERRUPTING GENTLY, SAYS SOMETHING TO HER IN MAXPERANTO]*

**HOSTESS**

*[NOT UNDERSTANDING, CONFUSED]*

Huh?

**MAX**

*[REPEATS WHAT HE SAID]*

**HOSTESS**

*[STRUCK DUMB, STILL NOT UNDERSTANDING, PAUSES UNCERTAINLY]*

. . . Yes, well . . . Professor Berman here will be telling us all about . .

**MAX**

*[GENTLY]*

Baumann

**HOSTESS**

OH! Yes, of course, silly me! Baumann . . excuse me! . . Professor Baumann here's gonna talk to us about one of our very most FAVORITE subjects: Prince You-Know-Who, God rest his sad, gorgeous, royal soul . . .

**MAX**

*[SAYS SOMETHING TO HER IN MAXPERANTO, A LITTLE IMPATIENT]*

**HOSTESS**

*[STILL NOT UNDERSTANDING, A BIT ANNOYED, STRAINING TO BE POLITE]*

Yes, well . . . whatever you say, Herr Professor. Do chatter on . . .

*[PERHAPS SHE SITS IN FRONT ROW WITH THE AUDIENCE]*

*[WHEN MAX STARTS THE LECTURE, THE FIRST SLIDE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN BEHIND HIM. HE'S BOTH STARTLED AND AMUSED WHEN HE DISCOVERS IT. AT FIRST, HE TOYS WITH THE SLIDE PROJECTIONS, SPEAKING AND THEN WATCHING THEM POP UP, AMAZED AND MUCH ENTERTAINED. HIS LECTURE BECOMES A HIGH-SPIRITED PERFORMANCE IN MAXPERANTO, FULL OF WIDE DYNAMICS AND ANIMATED GESTURES, CLEARLY A SUBJECT HE IS EXCITED AND PASSIONATE ABOUT. IN THE TEXT BELOW, INDICATIONS OF GESTURES AND "WORDS" ARE IN PARENTHESES AND ARE MAXPERANTO SYLLABLES THE ACTOR CAN USE AS CLUES TO HELP THE SLIDE PROJECTOR OPERATOR REMAIN IN SYNC WITH THE PROGRESS OF THE LECTURE. A FEW WORDS ARE ALSO SPOKEN AS WRITTEN IN ENGLISH. IT'S PERFECTLY ALLRIGHT IF MAX AND THE SLIDE OPERATOR FALL OUT OF SYNC, AND HAVE TO FUMBLE AROUND TO GET BACK ON TRACK.]*

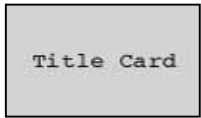




**MAX**

**1889**

(Aydoh Ayday Mah)



**A BIG YEAR.**

(Annus Mirabilis)



**THE YEAR  
ADOLPH SCHICKLGRUBER HIEDLER  
WAS BORN.**

**WHAT A CUTE BABY!**



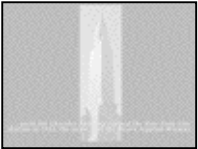
(Vas uh Kooseh Baba)

**IT IS ALSO THE YEAR THE EIFFEL TOWER** (Oofel Toor)



**WAS COMPLETED –**

**THE TALLEST MAN-MADE PERCH EVER BUILT,  
UNTIL THE CHRYSLER BUILDING** (Chrysler Building)  
**TOPPED THE NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE IN 1933,  
THE SAME YEAR THE NAZI'S TOPPLED WEIMAR.** (Weimar)



**1889**

(Aydoh Ayday Mah)

**IS ALSO THE YEAR THIS MAN'S LIFE UNRAVELED**



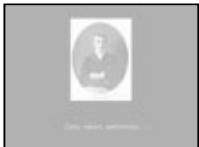
(oonravehlah)

**PRINCE RUDOLPH**

(Proonsta Roodeh),



**HEIR TO THE AUSTRIAN THRONE AND  
700 YEAR-OLD HABSBURG DYNASTY.**



**CUTE, SMART, AMBITIOUS . . .**

(Kooseh, Shmerteh, Ambitsioso)



**HE THOUGHT HE WOULD TRANSFORM  
THE DOWDY OLD EMPIRE INTO A  
MODERN REPUBLIC**

(Rahpooblika)



**BUT HIS FATHER (Abba stoh fahtah),  
ONE OF THE GREAT BUFFOONS (buffoondisha)  
IN POLITICAL HISTORY,**

[ALL MEMBERS OF THE CAST, FROM WHEREVER THEY ARE, INCLUDING THE HOSTESS AND THE BAND,  
GASP LOUDLY IN HORROR]

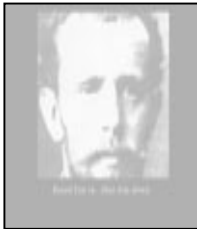


**AND THESE GUYS, THE CRUSTY MARSHALS  
OF THE OLD WORLD, DISMISSED THE PRINCE  
AS A DREAMER (DROOMAH).**



**SO, THEY SAT ON HIM.**

(ACTING IT OUT)



**PINNED HIM DOWN. BOXED HIM IN.**

(GESTURES)

[MAX THEN SAYS, MEANING "DEPRESSED"]



**DEPRESSED AND DISILLUSIONED, WITHERED BY HIS  
LIFE AMONG THE RICH AND ROYAL, RUDOLPH  
PROPOSED TO ONE MISTRESS THAT THEY ENTER INTO  
A SUICIDE PACT.**



**TITLE  
CARD**

**SHE SAID NO.**



**STUNG (stungah) BUT UNDAUNTED (abbah  
oondohntahdeh), HE PROPOSED THE SAME THING TO  
ANOTHER MISTRESS, AN UP-AND-COMING 17-YEAR  
OLD COURTESAN . . .**

[MAX PLAYS OUT THE FOLLOWING SCENE, USING DIFFERENT VOICES FOR EACH CHARACTER]



**MAR: OH RUDY! YOO HOO!**

**RUD: HI BEAUTIFUL!**

**MAR:**     **YOU'RE SO HOT, YOU LUSCIOUS PIECE OF ROYAL MEAT, YOU.**

**RUD:**     **SAY, HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT COMMITTING SUICIDE TOGETHER?**

**MAR:**     **WELL . . .**

**RUD:**     **OH, C'MON! IT'LL BE GREAT!**

**MAR:**     **OH, ALRIGHT! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY, MY LOVE . . . MY DARLING . . . MY SWEET.**



**SO THEY RODE OUT TO RUDOLPH'S FAVORITE HUNTING LODGE, DRANK A BUNCH OF WINE,**

*(DRINKING GESTURE)*



**HE OUTFITTED HER WITH A WHITE DRESS, CARRIED HER TO THE BED, MADE LOVE TO HER ONE LAST TIME**

**. . .**

*[MAX ACTS OUT THIS WHOLE SCENE, INCLUDING A BRIEF TAWDRY SEXCAPADE, COMPLETE WITH BREATHLESS CLIMAX]*



**. . . PLACED A WHITE ROSE ON HER BREAST, AND SHOT HER IN THE HEAD (PHUM!)**



**THEN, BREAKING WITH THE PLAN, HE HESITATED. NOT FOR JUST A MINUTE OR TWO (nee unh, nee deux, nee teh). HE WAITED 1, 2 . . . 3 HOURS BEFORE FINALLY PICKING UP THE GUN AND BLEW HIS OWN BRAINS OUT.**

*[MAX SAYS 'PHUM!' WHILE HOLDING HIS FINGERS TO HIS HEAD LIKE A GUN]*



**SO . . . THE HEIR WAS GONE,**

*(Zo, die ayrah geh)*



**AND THE OLD EMPIRE TRUNDLED ON.**

*(troondlah)*



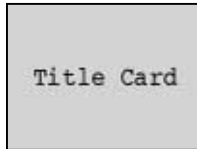
**NEXT IN LINE WAS RUDOLPH'S COUSIN, ARCHDUKE FERDINAND, (Archduke Ferdinand)**



**WHO WAS ASSASSINATED** (assahsseenaheto)  
**IN SARAJEVO IN JUNE 1914**



**BY A SMALL BAND OF AMATEURISH, POORLY-  
ORGANIZED SERBIAN TERRORISTS WHO VERY NEARLY  
BUNGLED THE ATTEMPT.**



**THE GAME WAS ON, AND THE REST IS HISTORY.**  
(Der spiele geh, un dah rahsta est eestoire)

[A SWEEPING HAND GESTURE SIGNALS EACH SLIDE CHANGE]



**AUSTRIA SPANKED SERBIA,  
SOMETHING IT HAD WANTED TO DO FOR SOME TIME.**  
(Oestrick . . . Serbah)



**GERMANY LOCKED ARMS WITH AUSTRIA.**  
(Ghermah . . . Oestrick)



**RUSSIA MOBILIZED** (Ruhska meubilee)  
**IN SELF DEFENSE, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.**



**AUSTRIA MOBILIZED AGAINST SERBIA AND RUSSIA.**  
(Oestrick meubilee. . Serbah . . Ruhska)



**NEVER ONE TO BE PUSHED AROUND, THE  
GERMAN KAISER** (Koozah) **EMBARKED AS  
SCHEDULED ON HIS ANNUAL SUMMER  
VACATION CRUISE IN THE BALTICS  
ABOARD HIS YACHT.**

**HE WAS QUITE THE SEAMAN.**



**WHEN HE RETURNED,  
GERMANY MOBILIZED IN SUPPORT OF AUSTRIA.**  
(Ghermah meubilee . . Oestrick)



**FRANCE MOBILIZED IN SUPPORT OF RUSSIA.**

(Franca meubilee . . Ruhska)



***TURKEY MOBILIZED  
IN SUPPORT OF AUSTRIA AND GERMANY.***

(Toorka meubilee . . Oestrick, Ghermah)



***ENGLAND MOBILIZED IN SUPPORT OF FRANCE,  
EVENTUALLY . . . KIND OF.***

(Engah . . . Franca)



***WITH GOD (mitt Gott) ON ALL SIDES, THE  
DIPLOMATS WERE DELIRIOUS (deeleerioso). AFTER  
YEARS OF WAITING, THEY WERE SUDDENLY SWOONING  
WITH SERIOUSNESS, DRUNK WITH A SENSE OF  
PURPOSE.***



***IN A MATTER OF WEEKS, THE CONTINENT STUMBLED  
INTO A WAR THAT EVERYONE ASSUMED WOULD BE  
OVER IN A MATTER OF WEEKS.***



Title Card

***EVERYONE WAS GOING TO KICK EVERYONE'S ASS,***



Title Card

***WHICH THEY DID.***

*[MAX PAUSES A MOMENT IN SILENCE, "COMING TO", RETURNING TO EARTH.]*

**LOVE**

**HANNAH**

Weeks passed without any word from Franz.

**FT MAN**

The mail was slow.

**HANNAH**

The leaves had already fallen before his first letter arrived.

**MARIA**

It came in a bundle of others, one for each day he had been gone.

SONG

LOVE

LOVE

[DUET: FRANZ & MARIA]

FRANZ: Writing you from some battle  
Thinking of my hands in your hair  
Feeling the soft heat of your breathing  
On my lips close to yours, there

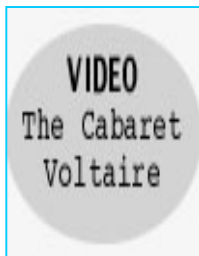
MARIA: Gently your touch fully awakens  
Softly your eyes strip me bare  
Dreaming we are overtaken  
I'll hold you forever here

F & M: I soothe myself by dreaming  
Of your heart beating by my head  
Of life unfolding  
And days ending always in deep nights  
Kisses, touches and sighs

Picturing you laying by me  
Perfectly joined near some fire  
I smell the scent of your skin, here  
Blending with smoke, blood and iron

I promised you the feeling  
Of my heart beating by your head  
Of never leaving  
Our days ending always in deep nights  
Kisses, touches and time

VIDEO> FT 5 THE CABARET VOLTAIRE

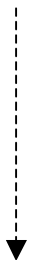


**FT MAN**

The Great War went on . . .

**MARIA**

. . . and on . . .



**FRANZ**

. . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . .

*[FRANZ AND MAX APPROACH EACH OTHER FROM OPPOSITE SIDES OF STAGE, EMBRACE. FRANZ, IS VISIBLY DIFFERENT, DIMINISHED]*

**MARIA**

The leaves had already fallen **TWICE** before Max and Franz found each other again.

**FT MAN**

Franz wasn't doing well. Max was concerned. He suggested they take leave together in Zurich. As a surprise, he arranged for Maria to join them there.

**MARIA**

She was waiting at the train station when they arrived.

*[THERE IS AN AWKWARD MOMENT WHEN MAX IS THE FIRST TO HUG MARIA, WITH FRANZ STANDING BY. THE HUG IS UNCOMFORTABLY LONG AND CLOSE, AND MARIA HAS TO PULL HERSELF AWAY. FRANZ IS SURPRISINGLY COOL AND DISTANT. SHE IS ALARMED.]*

**FRANZ**

[listless] That night, we wandered the disappointingly empty streets ...

**MARIA**

... until a narrow shaft of light spilling across a darkened alley caught our eyes.

**FT MAN**

Through the oily window of the tiny Cabaret Voltaire they could see the blurred outlines of a young woman performing on a crude stage for a small but very lively audience.

*[FRANZ AND MARIA LEAD MAX INTO THE CABARET VOLTAIRE AND TOGETHER THEY BECOME PART OF THE LIVELY AUDIENCE. FRANZ SHOWS LITTLE INTEREST. ALL ATTEMPTS TO CHEER HIM UP FAIL]*

VIDEO  
COUNT-  
OFF  
105 BPM

U-SCORE

PUKE  
PER-  
CUSSION

## VIDEO: PUKE

VIDEO  
PUKE

*PROCESSIONAL: [HANNAH BEGINS A FAUX-RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONAL IN A HUGO BALL POINTED NEWSPAPER HAT AND NEWSPAPER CAPE. HER "STAFF" IS A WWI GAS MASK ON A MANNEQUIN HEAD MOUNTED ON A POLE. TW MAN AND SM MAN ARE BEATING ON THEIR CHESTS WITH THEIR OPEN PALMS IN RHYTHM TO THE PERCUSSION, SOMETIMES SLAPPING THEIR OWN FACES IN TIME, GETTING MORE FEVERISH AS THE PROCESSIONAL PROCEEDS.]*

*BABBLECHANT: [INITIALLY FACING THE VIDEO SCREEN, HANNAH, TW MAN AND SM MAN CHANT THE FOLLOWING COUPLETS TOGETHER IN TIME WITH THE VIDEO ANIMATION]*

U-SCORE

B-CHANT  
PERC

LAA BOH  
RA TOHHH  
REH DEH  
FAA TAH  
NO BEH

**LAA boh ra TOHH reh deh FAA TAH no BEH  
stoh fyah la GANG GONG guh FUH MEH buh HEIN**

*[THE VIDEO REPEATS THE ANIMATED COUPLET A TOTAL OF SIX TIMES. AFTER THE FOURTH REPETITION, TW MAN AND SM MAN CONTINUE CHANTING, INCREASINGLY VIEWING EACH OTHER AS RIVALS, WHILE HANNAH BREAKS OFF AND BECOMES A FIGHT MODERATOR INTRODUCING THE CONTESTANTS (THE TEXT BELOW IS FROM THE TRANSCRIPT OF THE ORIGINAL DADA PERFORMANCE BY GEORGE GROSZ AND WALTER MEHRING)]*

PREPARE  
FOR  
BATTLE

**HANNAH**

*[TO SM MAN]*

Böff, World Champion in Procreation and Culture!

*[TO TW MAN]*

Walt Merin, Featherweight!

**SM MAN**

*[TAUNTING TW MAN]*

Schnurre, schnurre – basselurre!

**TW MAN**

*[TAUNTING BACK]*

Tacktack! Bumsti! Ping, ping!

TYPE-  
WRITER  
RACE

*[DURING THE SONG, SM MAN AND TW MAN RACE AGAINST EACH OTHER, THE ONE SEWING METHODICALLY WITH GREAT FOCUS AND THE OTHER TYPING MANICALLY, RIPPING OUR SHEETS OF PAPER, ETC. THE LEAD CHANGES HANDS SEVERAL TIMES, WITH TW MAN ALTERNATELY ARROGANT AND CASUAL WHEN HE IS AHEAD, AND PANICKED WHEN HE REALIZES HE IS SLIPPING BEHIND. SM MAN ULTIMATELY WINS. HE STANDS IN SELF-SATISFIED TRIUMPH WITH TW MAN CRUSHED IN DEFEAT, DEFLATED, ANGRY AND UNGRACIOUS. ALL THE WHILE, HANNAH SINGS AND ACTS AS REFEREE, WITH EACH SECTION OF THE SONG SUNG FROM A VERY DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW. OVERALL, HER PERFORMANCE IS SENSUOUS AND SEDUCTIVE.]*

SONG

PUKE



PUKE

[SOLO: HANNAH]

I can't possibly eat as much as I'd like to puke  
Into the shiny boots of jingoes making news  
Who was it who said we'd be better off dead?  
Some bloodless fool who always laid alone in bed

Hey boys, what's this race about?  
Don't you have better ways of getting this out?  
These words ramble aimlessly  
Why this silly sewing done so . . . seriously?

I used to lie on  
a beach with peach-colored sand  
I knew I'd die  
with one touch from some Romeo's hand

Hey, man! Those are mighty big holes  
How did you dig them without letting people know?  
Great hands, like Michelangelo's; a shame:  
You could have rubbed my legs,  
instead of digging holes

Hey, boys, shall we call it a day?  
Let's have a beer & think of other games to play  
Here's our victor on the sewing machine  
A man with his tools: A goddamned glorious thing

I closed my eyes  
On the beach with peach-colored sand  
I hoped that I  
Would be Queen of King Romeo's land

Slinking our way to the backs of our minds  
Not a pretty picture,  
just as well we're going blind

Wishing these days could be left far behind  
Wishing those boys  
Were marching home in peaceful times

I can't possibly eat as much as I'd like to puke  
Wish the boys were home now,  
No more news

[AT THE END OF THE SONG, HAVING ALREADY CLEARED THEIR RACE EQUIPMENT, KISSED AND MADE PEACE, TW MAN AND SM MAN APPROACH HANNAH. ONE TAKES HER GASMASK PUPPET STAFF AND STOWS IT, THE OTHER GIVES HER A SINGLE BLUE FLOWERS. THEY THEN FLANK HER VERY CLOSELY, AND PROVIDE SOUND EFFECTS WHILE SHE RECITES THE FOLLOWING POEM WITH EXTREME BATHOS AND

FALSE INTENSITY. THE POEM IS BY DADA ARTIST EMY HENNINGS. FRANZ SEPARATES FROM MARIA AND MAX, STEPS OFF TO BE ALONE]

**HANNAH:**

"ETHER" . . . A POEM

The rain hits the windows.  
A flower lights up red.  
Cool air blows against me.  
Am I awakening, or am I dead?

A world lies far, far away.

A clock strikes four.

I have no idea of time.

Into your arms I fall.

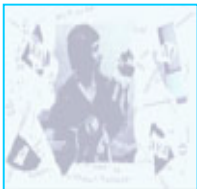
[AT THE END OF THE POEM, TW MAN AND SM MAN APPLAUD VIGOROUSLY AND ADORINGLY.  
HANNAH LOFTS THE BLUE FLOWER INTO THE AUDIENCE. IT LANDS IN MAX'S LAP, AND HE LOCKS EYES  
WITH HANNAH. MARIA SHOWS AN APPROVING GLANCE. SHE'S BEEN LOOKING FOR A FOURTH WHEEL  
TO KEEP MAX OCCUPIED.]

**VIDEO> FAIRYTALE 6: HANNAH**



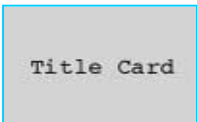
**FT MAN**

There was once a young woman named Hannah, the  
eldest of seven sisters in a family smothered by  
poverty.



**MARIA**

She wanted to be a singer, or an actress, but  
her parents insisted she do something more . . .



Title Card

**USEFUL**



**FT MAN**

She lived at home and from the age of 14 worked  
from sun up 'til sun down designing lace  
patterns in a clothing factory.

**MARIA**

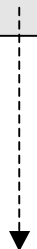
One day, Hannah came home and said:

VIDEO  
COUNT-  
OFF  
6/8  
1/8<sup>TH</sup> =  
180 BPM

**U-SCORE**

FT 5  
HANNAH

TRT: 1:35



GOODBYE  
!

**GOODBYE !**



**HANNAH**

Goodbye! Goodbye sweet long-suffering mother  
and dear hard-working father. Goodbye darling  
Astrid and Emy and Hilde and Gabby and . . .  
*[PAUSE, DRAWING A BLANK; THEN RECOVERING]* . . . Kiki and  
. . . Greta!

Goodbye old house. Goodbye old street. May you  
prosper. I will write.



**FT MAN**

She had heard rumors about artists, writers and  
troublemakers from around the world gathering,  
for some reason,

. . . in Switzerland (?)

MAP



**FT MAN**

So when she arrived at the train station and  
surveyed again all the possible destinations,  
she stepped up to the ticket window and said  
decisively:

**HANNAH**

One way to Zurich, please!



**FT MAN**

It was not long after arriving in Zurich that Hannah made friends at the Cabaret Voltaire, and found herself on its stage every night.



**FRANZ**

Her life changed more and with much greater speed than she would ever have imagined. She thought she might be dreaming.



**BLUE  
FLOWER  
R  
ANIMATION**

**SOMEHOW,  
CHANCE  
LAP**

**MAX BAUMANN, FAMOUS ARTIST  
SUDDENLY  
UNLIKELY  
NOT**

**FT MAN**

Her flower had somehow, as if by chance, fallen in the lap of the famous Max Baumann, who was suddenly at her side, and who was, out of all the most unlikely possibilities, not an unlikable fellow.

**HANNAH**

He looked promisingly lonely.

*[BEER-HALL DANCE FOLLOWS, WITH HANN/Mx/FR/MAR. DESPERATE ATTEMPTS TO HAVE FUN, FRANZ ONLY HALF-HEARTEDLY JOINING IN. EVERYONE PARTICIPATES AS IF THE SONG IS A CLASSIC GERMAN FOLKSONG]*

**FANCY THIS**

[TRIO: ]

HANN: Fancy this.

*[MARIA SINGS TO FRANZ, H & MX TO EACH OTHER]*

H/M/M: Fancy this, a heart after all

In the open blue it was hiding here

It is so unclear and inviting

So why not seize the day?

Get undressed, throw the armor away?

Take a chance, let it come, what may?

La la la la la laaaa . . . etc.

*[FRANZ GIVES UP, SUDDENLY BREAKS AWAY AND LEAVES. MARIA STOPS SINGING IN THE MIDDLE OF A PHRASE, RACES OUT TO FOLLOW HIM]*

SONG

FANCY  
THIS

FANCY THIS, cont'd

*[HANNAH AND MAX, ALONE NOW, SQUARE OFF]*

HANN: You have a darkness in your eyes

*[SPRECHGESANGING FAST SO THE WORDS FIT:]*

It's a little scary, and not the kind  
of thing I would typically trust.

MAX: Tu as . . . je ne sais . . . quoi, et moi:  
I may be feeling something not a little  
Unlike Lo . . . . . ust

MAX: Yield to this.

M & H: Yield to this, why brace for a fall?  
Floating weightlessly  
Breathing heavily  
It is plain to see  
What we're looking for,  
So why not celebrate?  
Throw our clothes off, get carried away?  
La la la la la laaa la,  
La la la la la la . . . etc.

*[SONG COMES TO A BUTTON END; MX AND HN KISS, THE MUSIC STARTS  
UP AGAIN, AND THEY DANCE GENTLY, AFFECTIONATELY]*

*[AS THE MUSIC FADES, THE SOUND OF THUNDER/ARTILLERY GROWS, THE LIGHTNING/ARTILLERY FLARE  
LIGHTING VIDEO PROJECTIONS BEGIN]*

**FT MAN**

Hannah decided to join Max on the front as a  
medical volunteer. She was ready now to do  
something more useful.

Within days, she was moving about like a  
veteran, and for the remainder of the war Max  
and Hannah spent every hour of every day  
together.

**HANNAH**

The dying never stopped, so our work never  
ended.

**HANNAH**

*[STEPPING INTO A SPOTLIGHT, ALONE, WAY DOWNSTAGE]*

"Smoke": A Poem  
Smoke, fire, bullets, rain  
Rats, corpses, horses, brains

*[SHE TAKES A DEEP, CYNICAL BOW]*

## MAX'S WAR

[THE STAGE TRANSFORMS INTO THE BATTLEFIELD]

### MAX'S WAR (Eyes & Bones)

[DUET: MAX & HANNAH]

MAX:        So much for yellow dawn and birdsongs  
              Not much left of subtle shades of gray

HANN:       So much for boyish fantasy games  
              Way too much, of blending right and wrong

M & H:       Eyes and bones  
              Silhouettes, a rosy spire  
              Teeth and foam  
              Statuettes: a silent choir

MAX:        So much for the beauty of fields  
              Not much left of my favorite green

HANN:       So much for the orange of a fire  
              Way too much of blurring strange and real

M & H:       Eyes and bones  
              Silhouettes, a rosy spire  
              Teeth and foam  
              Statuettes: a silent choir

              So much for thinking  
              Life is sublime  
              So much for shooting blind  
              So much for angels, waiting,  
              Arms spread wide  
              Trading lives for lies

              Eyes and bones  
              Silhouettes, a rosy spire  
              Teeth and foam  
              Statuettes: a silent choir

SONG

MAX'S  
WAR

GUITAR  
INTRO

## FRANZ'S WAR

### FT MAN

After having several of his latest journal entries rejected by The War Department, Max was informed that his services would no longer be required.

**FRANZ**

The war wasn't what anyone expected. Even the Generals were disappointed.

**FRANZ**

"The greatest mystery of all is reality,"

**FT MAN**

. . . Franz wrote in one of his last letters.

**HANNAH**

One day, walking alone down a supply road, Franz arrived at the scene of a recent explosion.

**MARIA**

A lorry had been over-turned. The driver and five of the six horses were dead.

**FT MAN**

The last horse stood disoriented in the middle of the road, one of her hind legs missing. Franz quieted the horse and coaxed her down.

SONG

FRANZ'S  
WAR

**FRANZ'S WAR**

[QUARTET: FRANZ, MARIA, HANNAH, MAX]

FRANZ: Dark, when we close our eyes  
Cold, in this place we lie  
Wait

FRANZ: I saw one blue horse run  
Wild through yellow pastures  
Strong as a cannon  
Electric, melancholy eyes

MAR & H: He dreamed of perfect plains  
Blue lakes, black rivers  
New skies entirely pink  
Pale, sweet, radiant and clear



FRANZ'S WAR, cont'd

ALL:           Dark, when we close our eyes  
                  Cold, in this place we lie  
                  Wait, peace will come tonight

I saw a golden sun  
Bathing fields in amber,  
Green grasses combed by winds  
As soft as lovers' sighs

Dark, when we close our eyes  
Cold, in this place we lie  
Wait, peace will come tonight

*[AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE SONG, FRANZ TURNS TO "SHOOT" THE HORSE AND THEN EXITS.]*

EIFFEL TOWER

**FT MAN**

Sometimes, things don't turn out the way you  
plan.

**HANNAH**

Franz never made it home. He died one week  
before the war ended.

**FT MAN**

After the war, Maria returned to Paris for a  
visit. She walked by her old apartment, sat in  
the old café, and climbed to the top of the  
Eiffel Tower, something she and Franz had always  
talked of doing.

SONG

EIFFEL  
TOWER



## EIFFEL TOWER

[SOLO: MARIA]

Fire, water, ice . . . silence, patience, time  
Doorways, windows, eyes      Changes, oceans, sighs

Each day is like no other,  
No century like another  
In a river, every moment passing new  
This day was like no other  
I climbed the Eiffel Tower  
And saw the rooftops from the angels' view

Now things will never, will never be the same  
They will never, will never be the same

It took me by surprise,  
The shocking new-ness of my seeing,  
To find the round earth flat  
and crossed by lines  
I thought of you in Paris  
I remembered us together  
I thought of all the things I should have said

Now things will never, will never be the same  
They will never, will never be the same

We took a plunge in the river  
And floated away  
Tangled ourselves up in pleasure  
And lived day to day  
Let the world fall all around us  
And always believed  
We could wrap ourselves 'round each other  
And do as we pleased

This day was like no other,  
I climbed the Eiffel Tower  
And when I closed my eyes I thought of you  
I imagined you in Paris  
I remembered you there sleeping  
I felt your quiet hand still held in mine

But things can never, will never be the same  
They will never, will never be the same  
Never, no never be the same

*[AT THE END OF THE SONG, MARIA EXITS, LEAVING MAX ALONE ON STAGE. LIGHTS DOWN.]*

## END ACT 1

END ACT 1

(intermission)

TICKING  
CLOCK  
INTERMISSION  
VIDEO

ACT 2

SLIDE CUE > (HARVARD) UNIVERSITY ART LECTURE

*TITLE  
CARD:*

HARVARD  
UNIVERSITY  
1054

*[THE AUDIENCE RETURNS TO THE THEATER WITH THE CAST ALREADY ONSTAGE. THEY ARE PANELISTS AT A LECTURE /DISCUSSION ABOUT MAX'S ARTWORK. THERE IS A LONG SYMPOSIUM-TYPE TABLE DOWNSTAGE, WITH NAME CARDS FOR THE PARTICIPANTS, THEIR ESOTERIC ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT. OR FIELD OF EXPERTISE. HOUSE LIGHTS CREATE THE ATMOSPHERE OF AN ACTUAL LECTURE HALL, NOT A THEATER. [THERE IS A TRANSLATOR FOR MAX, WHO IS A SHY YOUNG GRADUATE STUDENT FROM THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY BABBLISPEAK DEPARTMENT. SHE HAPPENS TO LOOK REMARKABLY LIKE HANNAH. SHE'S IN AWE OF, AND A LITTLE FRIGHTENED BY MAX, AND IS VERY NERVOUS ABOUT GETTING THINGS RIGHT. MAX USES SPECIFIC HAND GESTURES FOR CERTAIN THINGS, AND THE TRANSLATOR, STARTING TO GAIN CONFIDENCE, BEGINS IMITATING THEM, GETTING MORE AND MORE COMFORTABLE AND EVEN SASSY WITH HER TRANSLATING AS THE LECTURE PROGRESSES]*

**MODERATOR (FT MAN)**

Welcome everyone. We are pleased to have with us the distinguished artist, Max Baumann. Professor Baumann will be discussing the significance of the blue flower in his work. Professor ...

**MAX:**

*[IN MAXPERANTO]*



**TRANS:**

The symbol of the blue flower was first used by Novalis and other German romantic poets of the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries to signify the ongoing search for artistic perfection. It evolved into an emblem of hope; a symbol for the simultaneous end to and beginning of all things, for reinvention and reincarnation, for the idea that after failing time and again, we can keep returning, each time having the opportunity to do things a little less badly.

**FIRST PROFESSOR**

Yes professor, While you were talking, I could not help but notice that by making such a convincing connection between the blue flower in your work and the Romantics, you are using an interpretation that is in fact regressive. Is it not possible that you are inadvertently making yourself irrelevant to the modern world.

**SECOND PROFESSOR**

I disagree with you, what's important is the word 'blue' which, in Spanish, is *azul*, and in Magyar, is similar to *azulsky* which means 'emptiness' ...

*[THE PROFESSORS BEGIN TO ARGUE OVER ONE ANOTHER, CREATING A CACOPHONY. [MAX LOUDLY CHANGES THE TOPIC, SILENCING THE PANELISTS. THE TRANSLATOR, IS MYSTIFIED, AND BEGINS AGAIN HALTINGLY]*

**MAX**

*[SPEAKS TO AUDIENCE IN MAXPERANTO]*

**TRANSLATOR**

Um . . . the first . . . world war ended . . .  
when Germany ran out of 17 year-olds . . . 17  
year-old boys.

**TRANSLATOR**

*[DISMISSING THE PROFESSORS]*

Thank you, that was nice.

**MAX**

*[SPEAKS IN MAXPERANTO]*

**TRANSLATOR**

The Kaiser . . . abdicated, tucked his beloved  
dachsunds under his arms, and fled to Holland,  
leaving behind a world in a bunch of pieces  
("GEPUFF, GEPUFF, GEPUFF").

On the one hand ("AN DEH EINE MAHN"), we felt  
like we had seen the worst, behaved as badly as  
we ever had, or ever could: 10 million dead, and  
the trenches ("TROONSTEH") never moved more than  
ten miles in either direction. On the other hand  
("AN DER ANDEH MAHN"), four tired empires were  
gone ("FEERAH EMPEERAH GEH"), and we were  
looking at a clean slate ("KLOONEH SLATEH"), a  
brand new world.

Like no-man's *land* [neehmuhlah], everything was  
dirty gray, wet mud mixed with drying blood, and  
we were going to give it life again, fill it  
with color.

On the one hand ("AN DEH EINE MAHN"), we were  
desperate ("DEESPAYRAH") . . . on the other ("AN  
DER ANDEH") . . . euphoric ("OOPHORAY").

No food, no money, no dignity ("KEH\_\_\_\_, KEH\_\_\_\_,  
KEH\_\_\_\_") . . . but we were alive with the idea  
of creating things instead of destroying them.  
We cloaked our grief with hope . . . and our  
remorse with ambition.

Censorship ("SOONSYAHBEH") was gone, artists ("EHRTEH") poured out of the woodwork, and dozens of new journals and newspapers sprang up every week.

Every day ("TOOTAH JOURNAY") brought new reports of fresh violence and news of savage political assassinations, but we had a new republic ("REPOOBLIKA"), something we'd never had before.

The blood from the trenches ("BLOOTAH FON DEH TROONSTEH") seemed still to run in our streets, but people could vote for the first time . . . even women! ("NEENAH GAHMAH").

Sex. ("SEX") Sex. We had lots of sex! We had sex with everything on two legs, sometimes more. We had new lives, new rules, new freedom . . . new everything! It was just a whole new ballgame.

Everything was dark and light, dark and light, dark and light . . . We had an opportunity . . . but we squandered it, the whole thing.

*[THE LECTURE IS INTERRUPTED, CROSS-FADING WITH BEGINNING OF "NO PLACE BUT UP"]*

**MAX**

*[BRIEF BABBLE]*

**TRANS**

We had an opportunity to put it all back together.

**MAX**

*[QUIET NOW, GIVES BRIEF BITS OF BABBLE]*

**TRANS**

We all knew — *WE* felt — we were going someplace; we just didn't know where . . . or how.

SONG

NO PLACE  
BUT UP

A TEMPO:  
98 BPM



VIDEO> NO PLACE BUT UP

VIDEO  
TITLE CARD:  
BERLIN,  
AFTER THE  
WAR

NO PLACE  
BUT UP

NO PLACE BUT UP

[QUARTET: MAX, HANNAH, MARIA, FRANZ + ENSEMBLE]

MAX: Pink skin on the porcelain  
Of a toilet, magnificently clean  
The cool tip of a finger  
On a silk sink, spectacularly clean  
The mirror, untouchable mercury  
A vague face appearing in a pool  
Of floating steam, floating steam

HAN: Pieces, broken pieces, may be pieces  
We never would have seen  
Time is just a river,  
Only fools try to paddle up  
That stream  
The quaking has rattled us  
From our sleep  
The world will awaken fitfully  
Wait and see. Wait and see.

MARIA: The fact is, even science  
Is as sensuous as anything might be  
The caress of cool equations  
And the firm touch of soothing  
Certainty  
The fire: immutable, orange and blue  
The face in the mirror:  
Passing through, passing through

ENSEM: No place but up, no place to hide  
The slate wiped clean  
The canvas white  
Walls and ceilings blown apart,  
Bare feet on shattered glass  
Draped in gauze of shame and fear  
We're naked now at last

The water breaks: blood rushing tide  
The forceps reach  
And squeeze the prize  
Black and restless, sparkling beads  
Our newborn babies' eyes  
Scan the room for useful clues  
And blurs are all they find

FRANZ: Oil sits  
On the surface

98 BPM

102 BPM

104 BPM

120 BPM

98 BPM

Of the water,  
Annoyingly still

Floating, never blending  
Never soaking  
In the gravity or thrill

Of vibrating voices  
In my ears;  
The heat of your skin  
When you are near  
When you are near

## VIDEO> FAIRYTALE 7: BERLIN



*[THINGS BEGIN HAPPENING THAT MAX.: AN EMPTY WHEELBARROW ROLLS BY, A WHISTLE BLOWS, ETC.]*

*[TITLE OVER IMAGE:]*

**BERLIN, 1922**

**U-SCORE**

**FT 7:  
BERLIN**

PARIS TRIO  
VARIATION,  
IN A MINOR



**FT MAN**

The three friends picked up where they had been dropped off. Apart from the constant ringing in their ears, the world was suddenly quiet.



**MARIA**

Max wasn't doing well. He spent most of his time in the bathroom, taking long showers and staring into the mirror.

**FT MAN**

Hannah finally persuaded him to move in with her.



**MAX**

*[GESTURING/MUMBLING]*

**FT MAN**

"Whatever . . ." he shrugged, using one of the few words left in his vocabulary.

**MAX**

*[GESTURING/MUMBLING]*



**FT MAN**

"Sounds fine to me."

**FT MAN**

They made art and made ends meet . . . in a manner of speaking.

**HANNAH**

Despite a public outcry Maria was the first woman hired to teach at the university. Her first lecture . . .

**FT MAN**

"THE EFFECTS AND IMPLICATIONS OF PHENOGARKONAL D2 ON SUBSURFACE IMAGE RECONSTITUTION"

**HANNAH**

. . . was widely reported in the press and vigorously protested by young and old alike.

**TM MAN**

[A PROTESTER]

"Phenogarkonal" is a myth!

**SM MAN**

[ANOTHER PROTESTER]

Back to the kitchen, bitch!



**FT MAN**

Max often attended her crowded lectures, sitting in the back row, watching her as if through a telescope.

VIDEO

**FT MAN**

He didn't understand, or even hear a word she said. He just liked watching her lips move.

**HANNAH**

Max and Maria took long walks together around the city. They sat in cafes watching the passers by, saying little, and never talking about politics.



GAS  
MASK  
PROTEST  
ERS

**FT MAN**

Hannah was up early every morning and out late every night



**MARIA**

When she wasn't trying to drag Max back from the edge of the abyss, she was busy trying to push the rest of the world off the deep end.

**FT MAN**

She became a self-appointed "Grand Champion of Restoration", pursuing a policy of progress through anti-progress.

AUTOMATIC POETRY

*[ON B FLAT CHORD, TYPEWRITER MAN AND SEWING MACHINE MAN ENTER QUICKLY FROM OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE STAGE, AND STAND UNNATURALLY CLOSE TO HANNAH, FLANKING HER. TAKING TURNS, THEY PULL PIECES OF PAPER OUT OF THEIR COAT POCKETS AND HAND THEM TO HANNAH. EACH PIECE OF PAPER HAS A WORD OR WORDS WRITTEN ON IT, AND AS HANNAH IS GIVEN EACH PIECE SHE RECITES THE WORD, HANDING BACK THE PIECE OF PAPER. SM MAN AND TW MAN TAKE THE PIECES OF PAPER AND LINE THEM UP ON THE FLOOR BEHIND HANNAH AS SHE RETURNS THEM.]*

**HANNAH**

[READING THE PIECES OF PAPER AS THEY ARE HANDED TO HER] GODDAMN! PERFECT! NOT A FLAW! OOOOH! THE POLICE! WATCH OUT! . . . etc, etc. etc.

RECITATION:

*[AFTER EACH PIECE OF PAPER IS DROPPED, TW MAN AND SM MAN LINE THEM UP ON THE FLOOR BEHIND HANNAH. WHEN ALL THE WORDS ARE LINED UP, HANNAH, TW MAN AND SM MAN TURN UPSTAGE, BACKS TO AUDIENCE, AND RECITE THE POEM -- TW MAN & SM MAN IN UNISON, HANNAH SAYING ALONE ONLY THE "OOOOOH's". THEY ALL TAKE A QUICK BOW WITH ANOTHER BIG Bb CIRCUS CHORD. INVISIBLE BROWN SHIRTS ARRIVE, WHISTLES BLOW, SHOUTING AND PANDEMONIUM ENSUE, THE PERFORMERS SCATTER.]*

VIDEO> WOBBLING PLANET

**BERLIN 1931**

Title Card

VIDEO  
COUNT-  
OFF

**FT MAN**

Berlin was wobbling like a small planet orbiting a blinking sun, and Max wobbled with it.

**MARIA**

He was bewildered by the bounty of his good fortune.

**HANNAH**

He was handed a fancy job as an art professor . . .

**FT MAN**

. . . and people lined up three deep to buy his paintings . . . like they were rare.

U-SCORE

FT 7  
WOBBLING  
MAX

**MARIA**

Each day passed more like a dream than the one before.

**HANNAH**

He found himself looking on his life as if it belonged to someone else.

**FT MAN**

Almost everything he had hoped for came true, but now everything he wanted meant nothing.

**PRELUDE TO NOT A FLAW**

*[MAX AND HANNAH ARE AT HOME TOGETHER, IN A QUIET, TENDER, DOMESTIC MOMENT. THEY ARE SEATED ON THE FLOOR WITH A BUNCH OF ART SUPPLIES SPREAD OUT AROUND THEM. HANNAH IN PROCESS OF MAKING PUPPETS. MAX IS NOMINALLY BUT HAPPILY HELPING HER. HE'S GOT A BOTTLE, AND IT'S CLEAR HE'S PRETTY WELL SOTTED. HE WHISTLES THE "NOT A FLAW" TUNE, AND HANNAH SINGS IT BACK TO HIM]*

**HANNAH**

*[SINGING BACK TO HIM]*

"Don't you think I'm very pretty?"

**MAX**

*[WHISTLES SECOND PHRASE]*

**HANNAH**

*[SINGING]*

"Drinking alone's such a pity!"

*[MAX TAKES ANOTHER SWIG FROM THE BOTTLE OR GLASS, THEN OUCHES OVER AND LAYS HIS HEAD IN HANNAH'S LAP WHILE SHE SINGS WITH A SIMPLE PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT AT A SLOW TEMPO.]*

*[ORCHESTRA BEGINS (WITH PEDAL STEEL PLAYING THE THEME), AND SONG BEGINS FOR REAL. MAX TRANSFORMS FROM A HAPPY DRUNK TO A NOT-SO-HAPPY, INCREASINGLY BITTER AND SELF-ABSORBED DRUNK]*

VIDEO> NOT A FLAW

NOT A FLAW

[DUET: MAX & HANNAH]

140 BPM

VIDEO

NOT A  
FLAW

(VIDEO  
STARTS JUST  
BEFORE  
VOCALS; USE  
MUSIC TO  
CUE START)

SONG

NOT A  
FLAW

MAX: A no-man's land in Weimar  
Of what was and what could be  
We're whistling past the graveyards  
And stuffing full what's empty

HANN: Do you think I'm ample breasted?  
Won't these help you feel connected?

MAX: [*spoken under Hannah*] The bloody  
woolen covers are stacked as tall as  
buildings; did anybody wonder?

HANN: You're losing ground;  
You should try fishing!  
Why bring us down?  
Why not start living?

MAX: The ghosts that come to haunt me  
Can't look on things as pretty  
They died alone in funk-holes:  
Filthy, silent, frozen, empty

HANN: Do you prefer brown or blue eyes?  
Why don't you tell me what you'd like?

MAX: [*spoken under Hannah*] They said we'd  
skip to Paris, we'd celebrate in  
London, that we'd be home by Christmas

HANN: You're turned around;  
You should try knitting!  
What's with this frown?  
We should start living!

MAX: What a silly, mixed up world!

HANN: Restless boys,  
And feeling-frisky girls!

M & H: We thank the lord, the lord our god  
For all she gave, for all we've got  
We will never not adore her  
She would never let us ROT!  
We thank the lord, the lord our god

NOT A FLAW, cont'd

MAX:        They told us not to bother,  
              They told us not to worry;  
              In one ear, out the other:  
              It's our friends dead and buried

HANN:       Do you think I'm very pretty?

*[WHILE HANNAH SINGS, MAX SPEAKS/SHOUTS THE FOLLOWING LINES TO  
THE HEAVENS, GETTING INCREASINGLY MORE ANGRY AND VIOLENT,]*

HANN:       Do you think I'm ample-breasted?  
              Won't these help you feel connected?

MAX + Dada Men (shouting):

*You shamed our weakling fathers  
You crushed the hearts of lovers  
You cursed unmarried daughters  
And widowed most the others  
Your screwed our virgin sisters  
Ripped bare the wombs of mothers  
You murdered half my brothers  
You make me sick, Grandfathers!*

M & H:     We're turned around;  
              We should try fishing  
              What's with this frown?  
              Why not start living?

THE PARTY

**FT MAN**

One night, Max and Hannah went to a party at a villa on the outskirts of the city, the home of a wealthy art collector and one of Max's most enthusiastic patrons.

**HANNAH**

When we arrived, Max was surprised and more than a little pleased to find Maria there.

**MARIA**

A sprawling lawn behind the villa stretched to a small private lake . . .

**FT MAN**

SONG

DARK  
PARTY

108 bpm

. . . and the place — both in and out of doors — was jammed with artists, writers, hangers-on, cases of liquor and mountains of cocaine.

[PIANO DESCENDING LINE INTO GRINDING BASS]

[WHILE THE INSTRUMENTAL SECTION OF THE SONG CONTINUES, MAX BRINGS HANNAH AND MARIA OVER TO MEET THE HOST OF THE PARTY, WHO IS ALREADY DELIRIOUS FROM TOO MUCH DRINK, AND FALLS OVER WHEN HE IS SHAKING MAX'S HAND. MAX TURNS TO WALK DOWN TO THE "LAKE", AND HANNAH EVENTUALLY FOLLOWS AFTER GIVING UP ON THE FALLEN ART DEALER. THERE IS A MOMENT WHEN HANNAH FEELS LIKE MAX MAY BE COMING BACK, TAKING A TURN FOR THE BETTER.]

## DARK PARTY

[DUET: MAX & HANNAH]

Out on the pier overlooking the lake  
Stars sparkle gaily on midnight blue waves  
Visions I thought I put safely away  
Float on the surface  
and screw up my days, but you're right:

I really don't care if we're happy tonight  
It's all the same if we cry, aye, aye  
I'm always high

It's all the same if you sleep with me tonight  
I really don't care if we die, aye, aye

Eyes, bleeding soldiers, cowboys and guns  
Wrestling under our bed,  
Seeping through cracks in my sleeping . . .  
You're right: I'll roll on,  
Take up the next fight.

MAX: Mmmmmm, your neck smells nice

## VIDEO> VORMITTAGSPUK

[AFTER THE VOCAL SECTION, MAX AND HANNAH FALL INTO AN EMBRACE. OVER THE REMAINING INSTRUMENTAL SECTION, WE SEE THAT, BACK AT THE PARTY, MARIA IS BEING SANDWICHED BY A COUPLE OF LASCIVIOUS PARTY-GOERS. SHE FIGHTS OFF THEIR REPEATED ADVANCES UNTIL FINALLY, WHEN THE **DRUM SOLO BEGINS**, SHE EXITS QUICKLY IN DISGUST. SEEING HER LEAVE, MAX UNCEREMONIOUSLY DUMPS HANNAH TO CHASE AFTER MARIA. FUELED BY ANGER AND JEALOUSY, HANNAH REJOINS THE PARTY WITH A VENGEANCE, THROWING HERSELF INTO THE ACTION. SHE GRABS THE FIRST MAN SHE FINDS, GETS HIM TO POUR HER A DRINK, THEN ANOTHER, THEN EMBRACES HIM FOR A DANCE, MAKING HER SEXUALLY AGGRESSIVE INTENTIONS UNDERSTOOD.

A NEW SILENT FILM IS UNVEILED AT THE PARTY, AND THE GUESTS GATHER AROUND TO WATCH, INCLUDING HANNAH AND HER NEW COMPANION. SHE GETS ANOTHER DRINK.

DRUM

VIDEO

VORMITT  
AGSPUK

ANOTHER MAN, SEEING AN OPPORTUNITY, SIDLES IN WITH HANNAH, MAKING IT A THREESOME.  
HANNAH, ALREADY WASTED, ASKS FOR ANOTHER DRINK. AS THE FILM COMES TO AN END, HANNAH  
PASSES OUT, AND THE TWO MEN PICK HER UP AND DRAG HER AWAY, CLEARLY WITH BAD INTENTIONS.

SLIDE THROUGH

Title Card

**LATER THAT NIGHT:**

[MARIA IS ALONE IN HER APARTMENT, FLIPPING THROUGH A BUNCH OF FRANZ'S PAINTINGS, STACKED  
AGAINST THE WALL.]

(Let It) SLIDE THROUGH YOUR HANDS

[SOLO: MARIA]

[MAX ENTERS. HE'S THERE BUT NOT THERE]

MAR: Some stories blow  
That are soothing to spin  
Of gentle gods and of ships coming in  
On breezes that fill our flopping sails  
And float on a sea of fairy tales

[MAX APPROACHES, ALSO LOOKS AT FRANZ'S PAINTINGS]

A passing grip  
And then they slide through your hands  
Mischievous drips  
Of things we can't understand  
You dressed up a god to hear your  
prayers  
And for all the prayers to show,  
One day . . .

[THEY "DANCE" TENDERLY DURING THE INSTRUMENTAL BREAK,  
AND MAX TRIES TO KISS MARIA.]

Lies will fade; fade away  
Someday

[MARIA PUSHES MAX AWAY, AND SINGS ANGRILY AT HIM:]

If you had raised your eyes  
He might have turned and walked away

[DURING THE CELLO SOLO, MAX STEPS AWAY AND THE GHOST  
OF FRANZ APPEARS IN THE DISTANCE. MAX OBSERVES AS  
MARIA MOVES TO "EMBRACE" THE GHOST OF FRANZ. THE  
GHOST ULTIMATELY PULLS AWAY, A CHIMERA, AND EXITS AT  
THE CONCLUSION OF THE SOLO]

Open your fist  
And let it slide through your hands  
It's still a wind,  
Without ships coming in  
The sparkle of stories fades away

SONG

SLIDE  
THROUGH  
YOUR  
HANDS

And leaves us the golden dust you made

[AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE SONG, IN TOTAL SILENCE, MARIA STARES LONG AND HARD AT MAX,  
BEFORE HE FINALLY EXITS]

MASTER THIS

[AT DAYBREAK, THE END OF THE SAME LONG NIGHT: HANNAH IS ALONE IN THE APARTMENT SHE HAS  
SHARED WITH MAX. SHE'S PACKING HER THINGS.]

MASTER THIS

[SOLO: HANNAH]

World be gone.  
World be gone, and let rest begin  
I'll entomb this heart, let all senses part  
Through a dream from which I'll awaken

I will seize the day,  
Let him go, and be carried away  
La la laaa la la laaa la,  
La la laaa la la laaa laaa laaa

I'll be a dancing tree,  
A huge head draped in African beads  
Bid adieu and say 'job well done'  
La la laaa la la laaa

Master this.  
Master this, and brace for the fall  
All the orphaned words  
That have gathered here  
Will be locked away  
And abandoned

[AT THE END OF THE SONG, MAX RETURNS TO THE APARTMENT. HANNAH IS STANDING THERE WITH  
HER BAGS PACKED, READY TO LEAVE. IN TOTAL SILENCE, SHE LOOKS LONG AND HARD AT MAX, AND  
EVENTUALLY EXITS, LEAVING MAX ALONE.]

SONG

MASTER  
THIS

## SLIDES > WEIMAR CRUMBLES

STREET LECTURE
STREET SEARCH
STREET ARREST 2
HARASSMENT
NAZI VAN
NAZI YOUTH
NAZI BOYS
STREET VIOLENCE
VIDEO

### FT MAN

Trouble piled on trouble, and the pace accelerated like a broken clock.

### FT MAN

Left against right, left against left, left against the middle, right against the middle, and the middle in retreat.

The days crumbled, and the fabric unraveled.

*[MARIA IS PACKING UP HER LAB]*

### FT MAN

*[QUIETLY SARCASTIC]*

Maria, a disturbingly capable woman, **single**, probably a **lesbian**, most likely a **communist** and about as Christian as King Tut, was declared an enemy of the state.

### POLICE OFFICER 2

*[ACCOMPANIED BY A SECOND OFFICER, BOTH WATCHING AND MESSING ANNOYINGLY WITH HER STUFF AS*

*MARIA PACKS UP,.]*

**"Maria"** . . . that's a Jewish name, isn't it?

*[THE SECOND OFFICER ACTUALLY THINKS ABOUT IT. MARIA ROLLS HER EYES AND STORMS OUT]*

### FT MAN

She was thrown out of the university. Within days, she had her bags packed. She moved back to Paris, and never returned.

### MARIA

Though long dead, Franz was labeled a degenerate artist. His paintings were removed from any wall or closet where they were found.

*[SHE PICKS UP HER BAGS AND A COUPLE OF FRANZ'S PAINTINGS, AND EXITS THE STAGE. MAX AND THE CAST WATCH HER IN SILENCE AS SHE GOES.]*

NO  
COUNT-  
OFF

U-SCORE

FT 8  
WEIMAR  
CRUMBLES



**FT MAN**

On July 19, 1937 Max, too, was declared a  
"degenerate artist" with "questionable values" .  
. . .

**POLICE OFFICER 1**

*[SITTING ACROSS A TABLE FROM MAX, SPITTING HIS WORDS PATHETICALLY]*

You are a degenerate artist ...

**POLICE OFFICER 2**

... with questionable values!

**MAX**

Veni, Vidi, Vici!

**POLICE OFFICER 1**

Huh?

**MAX**

Geh fuh Tasef. Babaga Noosh, Aschloh Kä-ka!

**POLICE OFFICER 2**

Excuse me?

**FT MAN**

And thus was Maxperanto born.

**MARIA**

Needless to say, Max lost his teaching position.

**FT MAN**

But he was offered another almost immediately  
after...in the United States. He thought he  
should turn it down. But Hannah said:

**HANNAH:**

***TAKE IT. GO.***

**FT MAN**

She was fearless . . . and, most people would  
say now, foolish. She and her friends were  
convinced they could finger the Demons of  
Darkness and chase them away.

*[HANNAH AND HER FRIENDS ARE CHASED AND BEATEN BY POLICE IN GROWING NOISE AND MAYHEM]*

MAXPERANTO  
1937

TITLE  
CARD

HEART-  
FIELD  
BUG MEN

## FTM + HANNAH

*[STRUGGLING WITH THE POLICE OFFICERS; SPEAKING LOUDER AND LOUDER, EVENTUALLY SHOUTING TO BE HEARD OVER THE BEDLAM]*

Everyone thought nothing meant **ANYTHING** but were somehow **SURE** they were **RIGHT** about **EVERYTHING** and did **NOTHING** but complain. No one agreed on **ANYTHING** . . .

*[HANNAH IS DRAGGED OFF; THE CHAOS BEGINS TO FADE AWAY, OFF-STAGE]*

## FT MAN

And yet . . . the devils had a way of making things seem SIMPLE, hiding the forest among the trees. Hannah was unbowed . . .

## SLIDES > BUGS

*[HANNAH ENTERS IN FRONT OF THE PROJECTION SCREEN DRESSED IN A THREADBARE BALLERINA DRESS AND CARRYING A FLYSWATTER. SHE HAS BUTTERFLY WINGS ON. ANIMATED IMAGES OF A WIDE VARIETY OF INSECTS APPEAR ON THE PROJECTION SURFACE(S), AND AS THEY DO, HANNAH EITHER DISMISSES THEM WITH HER FREE HAND, IN WHICH CASE THE BUG IMAGE DISAPPEARS, OR SHE WHACKS THEM WITH THE FLYSWATTER, AT WHICH POINT THE BUG IMAGE TURNS INTO A NASTY SQUASHED BUG MESS.]*

*AS SHE GOES ON HER WHIMSICAL, INDISCRIMINATE KILLING ROUNDS, SHE BEGINS TALKING QUIETLY, SEEMINGLY TO HERSELF AT FIRST, ABSENT-MINDEDLY. AS SHE GETS LOUDER AND MORE ANIMATED AND ANGRY IN BOTH SPEECH AND ACTION, IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT SHE IS ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE, AND HAS BEEN ALL ALONG. THE AUDIENCE RESPONDS TO HER TAUNTS, AND TAUNTS HER BACK. THE CROWD GETS MORE AND MORE UNRULY AS THE PERFORMANCE GOES ON.]*

### U-SCORE

BUG-LIKE  
NOISE-  
MAKING  
AND  
GENERAL  
SILLINESS

BUGS 01 CANVAS

BUGS 02-05 FLY MOVES

## HANNAH

Hello! And thank you for coming. Thank you also for leaving. *[WHACK!]*

BUGS 06 FLY SPLAT

BUGS 07 CANVAS  
BUGS 08-11 ROACH MOVES

We find you repulsive. *[WHACK!]*

BUGS 12 ROACH SPLAT

We wonder what you are doing here.

BUGS 13 CANVAS

**BUGS 14-15 SPIDER MOVES**

We wonder . . . why you did not leave before.  
[DISMISS]

**BUGS 16 DISMISSAL NUDE1**

We wonder.

**BUGS 17 CANVAS  
BUGS 18 BEETLE**

We are anti-you. We find you boring. [WHACK!]

**BUGS 19 BEETLE SPLAT**

[TURNING TO FACE AUDIENCE FOR THE FIRST TIME]

**BUGS 20 CANVAS**

We wonder why you hang here like dead bark and  
listen to this crap! [LAUGH] Sick fat roots.  
Bourgeois camels. Dada is living and you are  
deceased!

**BUGS 21 WASP ON NUDE**

[SHE TURNS AWAY, FACES SCREEN AGAIN]

SCHIESSE! [DISMISS]

**BUGS 22 NUDE W/O WASP**

SCHIESSE! [DISMISS]

[FACING THE AUDIENCE AGAIN]

**BUGS 23 FLEA**

ANTI-SCHIESSE!! [WHACK!]

**BUGS 24 FLEA SPLAT**

Thank you for coming. You may leave! [dismiss  
ant]. Thank you for leaving. You may come!

**BUGS 25-28 ANT MOVES**

DADA IS LIVING AND YOU ARE DECEASED!

**BUGS 29      ELECTROCUTION  
ANIMATION**

*[HANNAH GETS "ELECTROCUTED", AND AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN INTERMINABLY LONG TIME – WAY TOO LONG, WAY WAY TOO LONG – THE ELECTROCUTION COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP, FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING THREE TIMES, WHICH CAUSES HANNAH TO LOOK UP, MYSTIFIED. THIS THEN FOLLOWED BY A BIG BB CIRCUS "TUH-DUH" CHORD, DURING WHICH HANNAH, SM MAN AND TW MAN TAKE AN EXAGGERATED BOW. [THIS IS FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY THE DING OF THE TIBETAN BOWL THAT BEGINS THE SONG "Pro Patria Mori"]*

**PRO PATRIA MORI**

*[GENERALLY SPEAKING, WHILE HANNAH IS SINGING, TW MAN AND SM MAN ARE BUILDING COMPETING COLLAGES ON TWO RICKETY WOOD FRAMES, ONE AN ASSEMBLY OF "BODY PARTS" AND THE OTHER A "WORD" COLLAGE, A COLLECTION OF WORDS, SYLLABLES, LETTERS, SYMBOLS, PAGES TORN OUT OF BOOKS AND SET ON FIRE. THE COMPETITION GETS FIERCE, AND THE TWO BEGIN TO DESTROY THEIR OWN AND THE OTHER'S WORK. IN THE END, THE STAGE IS LEFT IN SHAMBLES, WITH DEBRIS EVERYWHERE, THE PERFORMERS EXHAUSTED, PLAYED OUT, DISCOURAGED.]*

**SONG**

**PRO  
PATRIA  
MORI**

**INTRO:**      OVER THE ATMOSPHERIC INSTRUMENTAL INTRO, TW MAN AND SM MAN ACT AS VALETS TO HANNAH, TAKING HER AMMUNITION BELT AND FLYSWATTER, HANDING HER LONG GLOVES WHICH SHE PUTS ON SLOWLY. THEY LEAVE AND STRIP DOWN TO UNION SUITS

**KICK IN:**      FLAP SKIRT; SEX MONTAGE

**VERSE 1:**      COLLAGE ASSEMBLY, WITH SM MAN PUTTING UP STUFFED BODY PARTS, TW MAN RIPPING PAGES OUT OF BOOKS, WRITING SYLLABLES ON THEM, PASTING THEM UP

**BRIDGE 1:**      GALLERY VIEWING, BUMP, TORTURE

**INSTR BR:**      UNDER-SKIRT

**VERSE 2:**      MANIC, COMPETITIVE COLLAGE ASSEMBLY

**BRIDGE 2:**      SCREW

**CHORUS 1:**      PIETA, POLE-HOP (TW MAN OVER "DULCE ET")

**INSTR BR:**      EPILEPSY, "LA LA LA"

**VERSE 3:**      DESTROY COLLAGE, THROW FLOWERS (2ND "LA BOH WAH" AND "WILFRED O"), SPIN HANNAH ("ONE WEEK SHY")

**BRIDGE 3:**      MURDER, FALL DEAD

**CHORUS 2:**      ANGEL OVER DEAD BODIES

**INST OUT:**      BODY SCULPTURE/TRIANGLE

## PRO PATRIA MORI

[SOLO: HANNAH]

rrrr beee bo, rrrr beee bo bo fumms, wo taa  
rrrr beee bo, rrrr beee bo bo fumms, taa zaa  
srrr Da un, srrr Da un Da srrr, wo taa  
Sir! Da? Sir! I will accuse you, Sir, Da Da

Totally Unreasonable Life  
They'll torture us, They'll torture them  
And then they'll torture you, too

see lay runn, seee lay runn noh day, paa paa  
see lay runn, seee lay runn noh day, taa zaa  
brrr mee koh, brrr mee koh koh waa, maa maa  
Sir! Da? Sir! I will arrest you, Sir, Da Da

Totally Unfashionable Life  
They'll screw the Jews , Communists, too  
And then they'll screeeeew you

Weeping mums, you zesty ones  
Will you still pawn the lie:  
*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori?*

laa bo waa, laa bo waa toh ree, waa taa  
laa bo waa, laa bo waa toh ree, taa zaa  
Wilfred O., Wilfred O. was killed, la la  
One week shy, one week shy of going home

Totally Unfathomable Life  
We've murdered him, We've murdered them,  
We'll likely murder you, too

Weeping mums, you zesty ones  
Will you still hawk the lie:  
*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori?*

[REF: KURT SCHWITTERS' "URSONATA", & HORACE, *ODES* III, II. 13, QUOTED IN WILFRED OWENS' "DULCE ET DECORUM EST"]

[AT THE END, HANNAH APPEARS COMPLETELY DRAINE.. A RIOT ONSTAGE OCCURS]

VIDEO: HEAVEN

[MAX IS SITTING ALONE IN HIS NYC APARTMENT]

FT MAN

So Max went to America – land of the free and home of the light bulb – while Hannah remained behind. He found a small apartment in New York, and though he lived alone, his rooms felt crowded.

He got a subscription to WOMEN IN SCIENCE MONTHLY and followed Maria’s progress in silence, with pride. She was frequently on the cover.

He wrote to Hannah every day, and sometimes received letters back.

A day didn’t pass that he did not think about Franz.

[VIDEO BEGINS ON PIANO ENTRANCE]

**FRANZ GAVE IN.  
MANY SOLDIERS DID.  
THE FAMILIES NEVER KNEW.**

**MARIA NEVER KNEW.**

VIDEO  
HEAVEN

FRANZ  
MEMENTO

TITLE  
CARDS

SONG  
HEAVEN

PEDAL STEEL

CELLO

PIANO

(TEMPO:  
98 BPM)

PERC

VIDEO

## HEAVEN

[SOLO: Franz]

Someone's sleeping the rest of the night  
They won't see this sunrise

They don't know what it's like,  
Each day following each night

They could tell us to stand down  
If they say it, we could turn around

Dreaming of falling  
Feeling lighter than air  
Eden may lie over there  
Over these fields,  
A sky as blue as the sea  
Blue as what heaven must be.

They don't know what it's like  
Each day following each night

They don't know we died at all  
They don't know a hawk from a handsaw

Used to be we would  
Hover over the ground  
Drunk with the end of the world  
Sliding through days we smiled  
And threw off our clothes  
Thinking that heaven is real

Womb is empty, no child  
Drained and bleeding, on time

[AT THE END OF THE SONG, A GRENADE FLOATS IN SLOWLY (CARRIED BY FT MAN) AND STOPS,  
HANGING IN THE AIR, IN FRONT OF FRANZ. AS HE STARES AT IT, UNMOVING, MAX, FROM NY, IN  
ANOTHER TIME JOINS HIM TO SING THE WHD REPRISE.]

## WILD HORSE REPRISE

*[ACCOMPANIED ONLY BY PIANO, AT A SLOW TEMPO, MAX AND FRANZ SING – FRANZ STARTING FIRST, ALONE, WITH MAX JOINING HIM HESITATINGLY AT FIRST, “HEARING” FRANZ ACROSS TIME, THROUGH THE ETHER. THEY FOCUS CAREFULLY ON EACH NOTE, EACH HARMONY, AS MAX GAINS STRENGTH IN HIS VOICE AND MOVES TOWARD THE SOUND OF FRANZ’S VOICE, AND THEY END UP PERFECTLY IN SYNC. THEY ARE CONNECTING THROUGH SOUND, MEMORY, MUSIC. THEY NEVER LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THE BAND PICKS UP WHEN THE SINGING STOPS,].*

### WILD HORSE REPRISE

[DUET: MAX & FRANZ]

We will play with the horizon  
We will ride rails of light  
In our babies’ eyes  
We will feel low tides rising  
We will drink burning tears like wine  
Savor every dream, every night.

*[DURING THE INSTRUMENTAL, FT MAN FORCEFULLY GRABS EITHER SIDE OF MAX’S HEAD AND FORCES HIM TO WATCH AS THE SCENE AT THE BEGINNING IS REENACTED FRANZ REACHES FOR THE GRENADE AND CLUTCHES IT TO HIS CHEST. FRANZ LOOKS AT MAX, FALLS TO THE GROUND, FT MAN LETS GO OF MAX, WHO FALLS TO THE GROUND, CRAWLS OVER TO FRANZ AND PUTS HIS EAR TO FRANZ’S BARELY MOVING MOUTH.]*

### SEWING MACHINE MAN

He’s still alive, what should we do?

*[MAX CRAWLS OVER TO FRANZ AND SEWING MACHINE MAN TRIES TO STOP HIM.]*

### FAIRY TALE MAN

Let him listen.

*[MAX PUTS HIS EAR TO FRANZ’S BARELY MOVING MOUTH.]*

## VIDEO> FAIRYTALE 8: ALONE

### FT MAN

MARIA  
MEMENTO

Sometime during the occupation – during the war, during the SECOND war – Maria disappeared, like so many others. Maria’s name on a transport list was the last trace he found of her.

LETTERS

He continued writing anxiously to Hannah. One day, her letters stopped coming back. He did not have to wonder why.

SONG

WILD  
HORSE  
REPRISE

BAND  
JOINS  
IN



MAX / FT MAN BENCH TALK

[RETURNS TO THE BENCH, PICKS UP THE BOOK, AND STARTS WORKING AGAIN, PLACING A PIECE IN THE BOOK]

**FT MAN**

[SEATING HIMSELF NEXT TO MAX]

Max?

**MAX**

Mmm?

**FT MAN**

Why do you do this?

**MAX**

[IN REAL LANGUAGE]

Why do I do this? Well, it's a nice day, the sun is out, the air is cool, people seem to be in good humor, it's a good day for working out of doors.

**FT MAN**

You know what I mean . . .

**MAX**

[AS HE WORKS]

Oh . . . I don't know. Why do we do anything? I guess . . . I just like to put these things together . . . make them look good. It's not so easy as it looks. See . . . [GIVING FT MAN A COLLAGE DEMONSTRATION] if you put this piece here . . . it looks stupid. But if you put it down here . . . that looks . . . well, that looks stupid, too. But you get the idea.

If it looks bad, then *floof*, you just throw it away, start again. When I'm finished with one, if it looks good, I can start on another. Maybe. Maybe not. But the thing is, it's my choice; it's a choice I can make.

**FT MAN**

Are these real people?

**MAX**

These? No, no, no . . . These are just pictures of people.

**FT MAN**

You know what I mean . . .

**MAX**

Yes. Yes, they're real people, people I knew.  
But these are just pictures, and I don't have  
very many . . . maybe just one or two.

**FT MAN**

You ready?

**MAX**

What?

**FT MAN**

Are you ready?

**MAX**

What do you mean?

*[FT MAN POINTS UP TO THE SLIDE THAT HAS JUST APPEARED BEHIND THEM, AND MAX STARES AT IT,  
SUDDENLY REALIZING WHAT IS GOING ON.]*

SLIDE:

MAX  
BAUMANN  
1889-1955

Oh.

**FT MAN**

*[GETTING UP FROM HIS SEAT, A BIT NERVOUS]*

Well . . . best of luck to you. May the sun  
shine on all your days, and all that.

*[MAX EXTENDS HIS HAND FROM WHERE HE SITS, THE TWO SHAKE HANDS. FT MAN EXITS THE STAGE,  
LEAVING MAX ALONE.]*

SONG  
ANGELS  
ON THE  
LEVEE

**ANGELS ON THE LEVEE**

*[DUET: HANNAH & MAX]*

*[HANNAH ENTERS IN THE DISTANCE, FAR UPSTAGE]*

HANN: All ships that are sailing  
Will come again to port  
Speeding quietly to harbors  
That wait for them to moor again,  
Just as before

M & H: I am waiting in the crow's nest  
With a moonless night in tow  
My sailing hosts are tidy  
A mystery these peaceful ghosts  
And the rituals they know

The angels on the levee  
Are smiling out at me

Their patience is unfailing  
Even though they've seen me pass  
This way so many times before

The angels on the levee  
Are waiting there for me  
I'm up in the crow's nest  
Trying to unwind the rope  
That lets me down below

All ships that are sailing  
Will come again to port  
Speeding quietly to harbors  
That wait for them to moor, again,  
Just as before.

*[HANNAH PICKS UP THE LAST PIECE OF COLLAGE LEFT ON THE STAGE, GIVES IT TO MAX. SHE EXITS THE STAGE. MAX LOOKS DOWN AT HIS BOOK MAX TAKES THE PIECE HANNAH HAS GIVEN HIM, AND PLACES IT IN THE BOOK.]*

*[MAX FOLDS THE BOOK CLOSED. HE STANDS UP WITH THE BOOK AND BEGINS TO EXIT. HE STOPS, LOOKS AT THE BOOK, RETURNS TO THE BENCH, PUTS THE BOOK DOWN, TURNS AGAIN, AND AFTER A MOMENT OF HESITATION, EXITS THE STAGE. LIGHTS DOWN]*

**THE END**

*["ANGELS ON THE LEVEE" INSTRUMENTAL BEGINS WHEN LIGHTS COME BACK UP FOR THE CURTAIN CALL, WHICH SHOULD BE SIMPLE, PLAIN, QUIET, AND ELEGANT.]*