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The designer: a Brechtian techno drama

Mario El Caponi Mendoza
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THE DESIGNER: A BRECHTIAN TECHNO DRAMA

by

Mario El Caponi Mendoza

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the Master of Fine Arts
degree in Theatre Arts in the
Graduate College of
The University of Iowa

May 2016

Thesis Supervisor: Professor Eric Forsythe

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Graduate College
The University of Iowa
Iowa, City, Iowa

CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL

MASTER'S THESIS

This is to certify that the Master's thesis of

Mario El Caponi Mendoza

has been approved by by the Examining Committee
for the thesis requirement for the Master of Fine Arts
degree in Theatre Arts at the May 2016 graduation.

Thesis Committee:

Eric Forsythe, Thesis Supervisor

Alan MacVey

Bryon Winn

Dedicated to the other eight...

And to the one who died—the one born with us...

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

May you live forever in eternal praise.

We only ever asked to live fully.

PUBLIC ABSTRACT

I wrote a letter to Bertolt Brecht, and wrote a play. I am giving both items to the University of Iowa because I no longer need them.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Letter to Brecht.....	1
Production Team.....	17
Characters/Actors.....	18
Summary.....	19
Episode List.....	20
Manuscript.....	21

LETTER TO BRECHT

The following is a political soliloquy inspired by the conventions of epic theatre. The following letter discloses an artist's state of mind as a result of graduate school in theatre arts.

Dear Brecht,

I am a queer, which comes as a surprise to some, but not all. I am of Mexican [Censored], which comes as a surprise to most, but not all. And I am influenced by [Censored] Brecht's Epic Theatre. I am Brechtian, but more so, it is by nature that we are here. As an artist, I wear politics through my skin color, sexuality and Latino heritage no matter what—whether I like it or not. I am political by nature—this is true from the moment I wake up to the moment I go to bed.

Coming to grad school was easy. Enduring the [Censored] and [Censored] that comes with the process is another story. Let me start by stating—this now marks my second MFA. My first was in Creative Writing from San Francisco State University with an emphasis in playwriting. I did not spend [Censored] majority of my first MFA writing plays, but rather devising them—producing, creating and directing them simultaneously. I did not spend [Censored] majority of my time in the classroom. This was not out of choice, but a reality of the time. This marked a dark time in California's [Censored]. The economic distress of the [Censored] mortgage and education crisis had reached catastrophic proportions. So much [Censored], that it became a time of budget cuts, inflation, and protests rather than a time to be spent in a classroom [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored].

Welcome to the 21st [Censored], and the many problems millennials face ahead. Our generation is certainly coarse, which is often confused by the baby boomer generation as crass. But let me assure one, there is nothing crass about our generation. We are simply a byproduct of the [Censored] boomers. I am of course referring to the Reagan administration, and [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] neoliberal [Censored] (i.e. a free [Censored] laissez-faire market), which

was the cause of economic distress in Latin America in the 19 [Censored]. The same model was enforced later in the Iraq war of 2003, and [Censored] domestically with the [Censored] mortgage crisis...So are we really a [Censored] generation? No, we are simply recovering from years of being fed bull [Censored] by [Censored] who at the time didn't know any better. After all, if the [Censored] keeps coming in—why question it?

So what is the take away from [Censored] an MFA in playwriting? Playwriting in this country is a rich person's hobby, not a career for the average millennial by any means. Those teaching [Censored] in the 21st century at the [Censored] level who fail, I repeat—fail to acknowledge this fact about playwriting come from [Censored] and have the word “[Censored]” written all over their [Censored]. I do not [Censored] these individuals—I do not [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] individuals. I do however, hold up the Brechtian mirror any time I feel oppression. It is an indirect way of saying “Don't [Censored] [Censored] me, or I will not be held accountable for what you [Censored] in [Censored] [Censored] reflection.”

Do not take out [Censored]. Do [Censored] take out loans. Do not [Censored] out loans. [Censored] not take out loans. Do [Censored] take out loans. Do not take [Censored] loans. Do not take out [Censored]. Do not [Censored] out loans. Do not take [Censored] loans. Do [Censored] take out loans. Do not take out [Censored]. Do [Censored] take out loans. Do not take out loans. Do not take [Censored] loans. [Censored] not take out loans. [Censored] not take out loans. Do not take out [Censored].

I [Censored] the day I could no [Censored] afford San Francisco. I lost rent [Censored] in my last year of grad school, which had [Censored] consequences. Was I foolish to consider playwriting a career? A [Censored] MFA by 21st century [Censored] does not [Censored] shit really, unless that MFA comes from an Ivy [Censored] [Censored]. Companies such as Twitter, Google, Facebook etc. caused [Censored] gentrification throughout the entire Northern [Censored] region. Prices skyrocketed over night.

It got to the point, whether it was between not being able to pay rent or going head first into the [Censored] industry. Now here is the the gruesome truth, to anyone wondering. Working in the [Censored] industry, I was able to travel, make money, save money and live modestly. I worked as an [Censored] and was exclusive to [Censored] [Censored] that would [Censored] San Francisco. When I learned that many of [Censored] [Censored], also [Censored], and graduates from Ivy League schools had no problem paying [Censored] for [Censored] which often led to [Censored], I knew the system had screwed me over along with every other millennial struggling on their own. It was time to leave the city.

It is through the [Censored] of having been [Censored] [Censored] that I truly learned how to direct. It taught me how to connect with another human being. It taught me how to detect when someone is lying to me. It taught me to how to know when someone is nervous. It taught me to be present. It taught me to be extremely vulnerable. It taught me people are lonely. It taught me just because one has money—doesn't mean one knows how to live fully. It taught me business skills. It taught me how to ask questions. It taught me that there are monsters in the world. It taught me how to be an actor, better than most. It taught me how to fake out of self

defense. It taught me how to play dumb. It taught me more about performance than any theatre class had up to that point. It taught me everyone is susceptible to their own [Censored]. It's how I met my director. Every director has a director.

So why did I come to Iowa? I came to Iowa to make a difference. I did not come here to follow a [Censored] quo or follow the [Censored], that's not who I am. I am however someone who [Censored] from place to place. Telling [Censored] plays. I came to Iowa to tell [Censored] morality play. And that I did. I [Censored] it's been educational. It certainly has for me. Now it's time for [Censored] to go [Censored] [Censored] next place and tell a new morality play.

Did I make a [Censored]? I'm not sure I made much difference being here. My intention was never to be [Censored] for the sake of subversion. But rather to show the students of Iowa the reality of people in the world. I did this in the classroom and I demonstrated this [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] all my creative work here in Iowa. There are a lot of young Brechtians in Iowa. I did it for them. [Censored] has been for them. We are multiplying as [Censored] predicted.

My first semester in Iowa [Censored] me off for several reasons. My [Censored] was constantly and indirectly being [Censored] in ways that were more pedagogically hurtful than helpful. This [Censored] an immediate distrust [Censored] [Censored], and my reaction was to [Censored] [Censored] keep to myself. The first show I directed was an original work entitled, *The Playwright*. This production [Censored] touched on the lives of [Censored] playwrights I came to know [Censored] living in San Francisco. The piece explores concerns of income inequality, gentrification and alcoholism. The show featured a projection/multimedia component.

No one thought I could design my own projection/multimedia. I even provided my own projector: an 8K, 5000 lumen, BenQ. I also designed the sound. This was due to the lack of [Censored] designers and [Censored] designers in the department, otherwise, I would have been happy letting someone else design these elements. None of my [Censored], not even my [Censored] team, thought I could achieve both directing and designing simultaneously, with the exception of Angie Esposito, a fellow MFA in costume design. Angie has style.

Realism: Let's try looking as pretty as possible. This style is for beginning directors. This is for directors who lack spatial intelligence but thrive linguistically. This is why this style is popular among American playwrights. Because this style has everything to do with text, rather than with the image. Realism is obsolete in the 21st century. It is obsolete in the sense that the style is fixated on a singular thought process. Meaning, it is literal. It will never move beyond the literal. It will mean one thing and one thing only—and that is often decided strictly by the playwright. For this reason, true artists get bored with this style. But like I said—realism is for beginning directors.

Hyper Realism: Let's focus on one specific image, pretty or ugly. Linguistics are important, but now the image is helping illustrate the emotional state of the text by means of logic and reason. Hyper Realism [Censored] primarily scenic and lighting designers. Certain set pieces are emphasized while there is the absence of others. Light focuses on a specific spot on stage rather than illuminating the entire stage. Hyper Realism is about emphasizing focal angles we are not [Censored] to seeing in our everyday lives—this is achieved in the staging. This style is often confused with expressionism.

Impressionism: Let's see the space in June, and again in June years later. The image becomes important only as a means of sentiment. Everything about this style is sentimental—what it was, and what it's now. When mixed accordingly with realism, magical realism comes from both these styles infused. There is an element of storytelling involved. Impressionism borrows conventions from other styles like surrealism and expressionism with the intention of highlighting sentiment, and sentiment only (i.e. what it was, and what [Censored] now). This is typically the next step for a director after mastering realism.

Surrealism: Let's stop trying to make sense and enjoy the reconfiguration of objects. There is no meaning but the meaning one wishes to attach to the work. It plays like a stream of consciousness or dream. This style is the one that is least about text and more about the image, thus the experience. The best 21st century example of this would be a ride at Disneyland. The style easily becomes arbitrary, in that the artist has no real intention.

Naturalism: Let's put up a performance in a site-specific location. This one is all about seeing the environment come to life with the performers. This is not realism. It doesn't wish to imitate, it wishes to create a different performance each time based on how the environment can change a performance. Naturalism cannot be achieved in a theater space without acknowledging that one is in a theater space. If it is not acknowledged, it gets confused [Censored] realism.

Expressionism: Let's make sense of the reconfiguration of objects. The reconfiguration is about making social commentary—this often leads into the political. Images and text work hand in hand. The fundamental difference between this style and the Brechtian style is that expressionism is all about how the individual is looking at society versus how a society is

looking at a society. Brechtian is about the bigger picture, expressionism will always favor the individual. Expressionism in so many ways is the gate keeper to the Brechtian style. If one cannot master expressionism, they will find the Brechtian style extremely difficult to direct.

Brechtian or Epic: Let's be aware that this is the only style that can exceed [Censored] the physical parameters of the playing space it-self. It is not weird for the sake of being weird, it is political for the sake of being political. It is carefully choreographed. It is the only style that combines all styles purposely to create a series of dialectics. These dialectics are in conversation with one another, and meaning is formed through these conversations. It is not absurdist, but often appears that way when unskilled directors are not able to make sense of the play's commentary. There are multiple realities. Realities that exist within other realities. The master reality is referred to as the outer-frame. The outer-frame houses the play. The style has been labeled as emotionless. This is inaccurate. Emotion is the byproduct of the thought, rather than the thought being a byproduct of the emotion. The thought comes first, followed by the emotion. The style rejects sentiment. Sentiment is a form of escapism. There is no room for escapism in the Brechtian style. If one can direct in the Brechtian style, it means one can direct fluidly in any style. I direct primarily in the Brechtian style.

Classical: [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored]. [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] not meant to be produced in the literal sense, [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored]. [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] symmetry, lines, society, structures, morality vs ethics.

Romantic: [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored].
[Censored] style is [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored]
[Censored] [Censored] [Censored], [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored]
[Censored] [Censored] understand and execute other styles. [Censored] [Censored] [Censored]
[Censored] heroes, individuals, curves, love, good vs evil.

By [Censored] semester I directed for the New Play [Censored], *and i will hold you/when you are broken* by Lisa Meyers. The production [Censored] a mixture of styles, and my second production in Iowa to feature a multimedia [Censored] created by yours truly. I used a combination of impressionism, expressionism and epic [Censored] to highlight the grieving story of a man suffering from physical illness and emotional isolation. I created a multimedia scape based on the actual home movies of John Whitney who played the lead, Branch. To be [Censored] [Censored] work with John Whitney in this manner was intimate. But more than intimate, it was a Brechtian process—regardless that the final product reflected a dominance of expressionism, the Brechtian style was used in the multimedia and in the acting process. From this [Censored] I understood more the responsibility and bond a director has for his actors. The Brechtian style helps actors reach intimacy. Lisa was a generous [Censored] who allowed us to be Brechtian.

I did not get [Censored] funding my first summer, so I took this as a challenge. I contacted [Censored] [Censored] who directs [Censored] two men, sometimes more, doing [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored]. He asked me if I wanted to direct. I [Censored]. And he said to me, “when it doesn’t go well next year in grad [Censored], I will

[Censored] you the following summer.” That summer job paid my [Censored] for the entire year. He is responsible for the [Censored] I am [Censored]. The way he loves Brecht, is the way I [Censored] him. I worked with him the following summer after I had spent that spring semester not teaching and being upset about it. The content created that following summer is what got [Censored] from my thesis production. Content from my first summer was featured in [Censored] [Censored] *The Designer: A Brechtian Techno Drama*.

The dramaturg note written by undergrad Amanda Harwood for the thesis production was also [Censored]. It was too Bernie Sanders conscious is what I was told by marketing. Marketing received the orders from [Censored] [Censored]. The note was reworked to appear less for Bernie Sanders. Amanda and I were angry. This is how small dictatorships are created by petty tyrants. This raised only suspicion for [Censored] [Censored]. In the end, any man that uses the word “envious” as a means to give praise—is a [Censored]. What world are you living in? I could be pretty upset that this relationship never felt authentic. But if anything, it taught me what I don’t want to be—oblivious with noble intentions. This kind of mentality will die with the baby boomer generation along with their pseudo-altruistic ideologies and their closeted love for their Ayn Rand individuality. We spent weeks in Modern Drama discussing “the self.” Coincidence? Perhaps. Maybe not. But we certainly didn’t spend any time talking about “the collective.”

Eric Forsythe helped train me while here in Iowa. I trained with him in Grotowski. Eric taught me, if I am feeling [Censored], express it. And that is what I did for all five productions here in Iowa. I expressed it. I am not typical. I designed multimedia for all my shows and not only did I do it, but I did it better than most would have. I’ve worked hard and I don’t apologize

for that. No other director will do what I did in Iowa ever again. No one can. I also managed to get actors to grow in ways that other productions were not serving them—by giving them something as simple as direction. I never abandoned my actors. In my thesis production I worked with 30. This is not easy. But not only was it not easy it was rewarding. I got all 30 actors to connect with each other and with the material. The results were [Censored]. What other director could [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] for Iphigenia? Who would have [Censored] what I did with those brave 30 [Censored]? I taught them not only to have complete [Censored] over their characters, objectives and [Censored] understanding of the play, but I taught them how. Something not in the Stanislavsky [Censored]. I grew as a director and those artists grew as artists. I realize now that the number could have been higher, and we would have been successful no matter what. Why? Because the production team was invested, passionate, creative and collaborative. Everyone was on board with the vision for the show. And that is key. In order to be a brilliant director, one has to have vision. Vision is being able to understand how others work. Vision is not something one can learn, either it's intrinsic with one's nature or it's not. It is my true nature, ugly or beautiful—it is my true nature. I never surrender or [Censored]. I was not built to follow. I was built to lead. That's my true nature. And one day—younger Brechtians will do it better than I did. And that will be the day I am finally allowed to ride [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored]. Until then I will keep teaching and training them to fight against theatre [Censored], like for example those that can't understand gender reversal in the classics—this is a form of [Censorship]. And quite frankly, heterosexist. I do not respect individuals that refuse to grow—to not see gender reversal means one should not be teaching [Censored] Arts. These individuals are not artists, and they never will be. And that is the

definition of envy—feeling malice for [Censored] else. The malice stems from the [Censored] that no matter how hard one works to achieve what another has or is, in all actuality, it is impossible for that [Censored] to achieve it.

The desire to teach comes from the act of directing. Directing does not mean barking orders. It does not mean fighting for what you and only you want. This type of thinking will cease when the [Censored] [Censored] generation dies. A director, like a teacher, is merely a servant to the people—an advocate for the collective, not for the individual. This is the biggest difference between [Censored] and the generations before us. This kind of [Censored] sparked because millennials inherited what [Censored] [Censored] left for someone else to deal with. There is nothing true about following one's dreams. It's true if you come from money, but otherwise you're really shit out of luck, kid. Phrases like, "It gets better with time" and "Don't worry" are hollow to [Censored]. They offer no solution or even an approach to one. As it turns out, baby boomers told a lie. Generation [Censored] certainly got to benefit, but our [Censored] didn't and won't. Now, we as millennials are happy to clean up the mess, and we will. And because we will, we will reject stupid ideas and arbitrary traditions, like not allowing gender reversal in the classics. Thank you Brecht for teaching me to stand up not just for what I believe in, but what the collective wants tomorrow to be. [Censored] [Censored] too scared to say [Censored].

What [Censored] are you living in? Are we being taught [Censored]?

What world are you [Censored] in? Are we being [Censored] survival?

What [Censored] are you living in? [Censored] we being taught [Censored]?

What world are [Censored] living in? Are [Censored] being taught survival?

[Censored] [Censored] are you living in? Are we being [Censored] survival?

[Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] living in? Are we being taught survival?

The Designer: A Brechtian Techno Drama was created in response to income-inequality in the United States. The play highlights the dangers of neoliberalism and censorship. What happens when one social group controls [Censored] majority of wealth. The play features young children rebuilding a society after a deadly virus has killed [Censored] majority of adults. Children are left with the task of running the world. The dialectic comes from the idea of having to watch children take on the responsibility and cruelties of adults. The tragedy illustrates current global problems—could it be the reason wars continue to afflict the planet is because maybe its been children running it this entire time?

RISE UP YOUNG BRECHTIANS. This is your formal education. Rise up. The time has come [Censored] [Censored]. May our kind live [Censored] rather than forever. We [Censored] the artists of the 21st century. We exist everywhere, [Censored] [Censored] local coffee [Censored], private [Censored], to the virtual [Censored] of YouTube, Brechtians (plural) are the byproduct of a lot of fuck [Censored]. I came to Iowa for your young Brechtians. And the bond can't be broken. It can be [Censored], but not broken. It's scary to think—the potential of what can happen once you're free—what you can potentially become once you are.

RJ McGhee, who was an MFA in acting and graduated last year—we collaborated on a joke together. Keep in mind both of us wear politics in our skins: “Loans are the modern day form of slavery. And this country has plenty of white, black and brown slaves. Slaves of all kinds. Banks and universities should consider renaming the word ‘loans’ to something more honest, like 12x12 years a slave.” I miss RJ. But that is an example of us embodying a hyperawareness that is present in the Brechtian style. It’s ironic. It is also diversity.

The irony of *Iphigenia Crash Land Falls on the neon Shell that was Once Her Heart (a rave fable)* by Caridad Svich is that it is a work that deals with the danger of censorship. Censorship is a [Censored] in the [Censored][Censored][Censored][Censored] at the University of Iowa.

No one who saw *Iphigenia* can argue it wasn’t a superior [Censored]. I am the Walter White of Brechtian Theatre. No one else can do what I do. Truly no one. I make us [Censored]. *TRICH*, *The Designer: A Brechtian Techno Drama*, and *i will hold you/when you are broken*, and *The Playwright* were all Brechtian. The outer-frame was achieved through the use of multimedia/projections, staging, sound beds, and absence of vocal inflection. It is through this outer-frame that authentic emotion was tapped into. The actor became a skilled artist at retreating it from the outer-frame (i.e. moving fluidly within the different realities of each performance.) The actors develop a bond among each other. It is through this bond that bigger risks are taken and bold choices are made. This bond is crucial. If this bond doesn’t exist, the actors become dubious of each other. This then leads to stale performances and lack of stage presence. The actor and director relation is the most sacred. My actors trust me with everything. And I trust them with

everything. This method is distinct. It is my method as a director. Actors with copious amounts of training make the worst actors, because they are the most guarded. I do not seek this type ever.

YOUNG BRECHTIANS: Maritza Pineda, Caitlin Rose Edwards, Sarah Gilbert, Haley Courter, Rob Petrie, Jessica Wade, Julia-Kaye Rohlf, Damitri Taylor, Hiram Alexander Orozco, Cristina Ranslem, Vince Doud, Hannah Adamson, Adam Koob, Tim Mizones, Matt Schutz, Lindsey Francisco, Cristina Goyeneche, Bre Anna McNeill, Alyssa Cokinis, Rachele Ekstrand, Cohen Lewis-Hill, Ash Pierce, Daly Tighe, Aimee Townsend, Shunhua Xing, Jacob Hicks, Skyler Matthias, Ethan Seiser, Zachary Rigdon, Alyssa Hitchcock, Wade Hampton, Madison Colquette, Amanda Harwood, Alex Casillas, Angie Esposito, Hayley Ryan, Madison Otis, Lucas P. Ingram, Ellen Kane, Christian Jay Santiago, Frankie Rose, Alison Kochman, Katy McGlaughlin, Samantha Paradis, Sarah Cho, Marisa Ramos, Emma Zhang, Lauren Watt, Connett Croghan, John Whitney, Jordan Corpman, Niki Charisse Franco, Lesley Geffinger, David Freeman, Emily Anderson, Ray Ockenfels, Melissa L. Gilbert, Emma Genesen, Dony Kim, Bree De Souza, Kylie Jansen, Alosha Robinson, Michael Hamlett, Rob Siegreest, RJ McGhee, Christina Sullivan, Katy Karas, Allyson Malandra, Ashley Sorensen, Alyssa Harn, Kaleb Mains, Chris Rangel, Jake Melvold, Mathias Blake, Amber Lewandowski, Lisa Meyers and Dan Vite.

Young Brechtians, thank you for all your hard work these last three years. Because of you, we created shows that were innovative, challenging, painful and poetically evocative. This is who I came to Iowa for. You will all in your time exceed my [Censored]. We don't surrender, we don't retreat. Regardless, what a beautiful ride it has been. You, young Brechtians represent the future—inspire the [Censored].

Now as this letter is coming to a close. I leave the University of Iowa my script, *The Designer: A Brechtian Techno Drama*, to be used to train future directors in the Brechtian style. My hope is that future directing students come across the work and challenge themselves to have vision for it. By no means is it an easy script, but then again everything I did while in Iowa was never easy. The script is the second part of the Transmitter Trilogy. The first installment was *The Playwright*, produced at the University of Iowa in 2013. *The Designer: A Brechtian Techno Drama* was produced the following year. I did not complete my trilogy while in Iowa due to [Censored] [Censored]. But hey, some things are worth letting go, and others are worth leaving behind for others to find.

Very few have the capacity to understand someone like me. I am an artist and I don't apologize for being one. I hope that [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] [Censored] it serves as a platform for future directors coming to Iowa. I can assure you, if you think I was difficult, get ready for the directors lining up to go to grad school. They are twice more aggressive and determined than I was, and they are somewhere quietly waiting before the storm. But if that scares you, you can always find directors that have been neutered, they typically won't challenge you, instead they will only seek desperate validation from you. Which works for a lot of institutions in America. Perhaps that is why theatre arts in this country is not a dying art really, only one growing further to fulfill mediocre whim and complacency. This is my verdict. But I have hope that will change. My heart is Brechtian.

Yours Truly, El Caponi

PRODUCTION TEAM

Director, Playwright, Multimedia Designer.....Mario El Caponi Mendoza

Lighting and Scenic Designer.....Ray Ockenfels

Costume and Makeup Designer.....Melissa L. Gilbert

Assistant Director.....Emma Genesen

Stage Managers.....Dony Kim & Bree De Souza

CHARACTERS/ACTORS

PAN.....	Kylie Jansen
DESIGNER A.....	Alyssa Hitchcock
DESIGNER B.....	Rob Siegrest
DESIGNER Z.....	Martiza Pineda
THE LEADER.....	Alosha Robinson
HEAD OF SECURITY.....	Julia-Kaye Rohlf
HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY.....	RJ McGhee
NEW JESUS.....	John Whitney
DESIGNER X.....	Christina Sullivan
DESIGNER E.....	Alyssa Cokinis
DESIGNER T.....	Michael Hamlett
PAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER.....	Tim Mizones
NEURO TELECASTER.....	Katy Karas

SUMMARY

Inspired by the story of Peter Pan, a new world consisting only of children and teenagers is left with the task of rebuilding society years after the deadly effects of a global virus. The play looks at how neoliberalism and censorship impacts the world, further investigating how systems are specifically designed to privilege certain social groups all while exploiting others for the purpose of profits and power.

EPISODE LIST

THE BEGINNING

EPISODE 2: GRAFFITI TECHNO-Logical WORLD

EPISODE 8: THE FIRST LULLABY

EPISODE 3: NEW JESUS: A, B, Z

EPISODE 10: THE SECOND LULLABY

EPISODE 6: WHAT DESIGNERS SAY

EPISODE 5: THE PRODUCTION MEETING

EPISODE 4: SWEETS cure HUNGER

EPISODE 9: ENCOUNTER

EPISODE 1: THE MASTER PLAN

EPISODE 11: PROM

EPISODE 7: BROTHER

EPISODE 12: PAN'S LULLABY

EPISODE 13: STEAL THE WEAPONS THEY USE AGAINST US

EPISODE 14: A BOMB: YOUNG BRECHTIANS

MANUSCRIPT

(The city of Neverland. A near future. It is five years later after the mysterious death of all adults. The world is composed of small clans of children, and large clans of teenagers. NEURO is a military clan seeking control. The post-apocalyptic Neverland is composed of memories and commentary expressed both live on stage and in the form of video projections. A walkie-talkie is revealed. PAN is heard through the walkie-talkie. She counts down from 10. Darkness.)

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: DESIGNER E speaks.)

DESIGNER E

(Video)

Welcome
Welcome to
Welcome to Neverland
Everyone dreams of their parents
Everyone dreams of their parents in
Everyone dreams of their parents in Neverland

(PAN is revealed. She is a seventeen year old girl. PAN looks up at the stars. The stars look down at her. The stars slowly make their way to PAN—soaking her in light. Suddenly, darkness.)

EPISODE 2
GRAFFITI TECHNO-Logical WORLD

(A graffiti techno world comes to life. Sounds of emergency broadcasts fill the space. There is movement in the world—robotic Pac-man like uniformity. The beat is of a hip enterprise-world birthed by the effects of a deadly virus. Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: THE NEURO TELECASTER speaks.)

THE NEURO TELECASTER

(On Video)

It has now been five years since the virus claimed the world we all once knew and loved. After years in darkness and war among Neverland clans, we have progressed thanks to our Leader's vision of restoring a peaceful society. With electricity, running water, fair food rations, limited Internet access and our work program—Neverland is well on its way to a perfect society.

But do not be fooled. Do not be fooled by the Theologians and their lies. We are at war with the New Jesus regime. They seek to destroy Neverland, and the progress we have created. They seek destruction. As violence continues to escalate, no one in safe-controlled-sectors will be permitted to cross over into the Harsh-Lands. A strict curfew will be enforced starting tonight. Those violating the curfew will be arrested. Now lets turn our attention to assigned civil duties...

(Video cuts out. DESIGNER A, B and Z are seen in the periphery, then suddenly vanish. THE LEADER, HEAD OF SECURITY and HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY are revealed.)

THE LEADER

They call me the leader
No time for emotions
No room for emotions
Emotions prevent actions from being successfully fulfilled
Emotions weaken
I can teach you—teach you how to rid yourself entirely of them
It's easy
But you must trust my vision of the world

HEAD OF SECURITY

Head of Security!
Increasing soldiers at all identification kiosks

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Head of Technology!
Electric barriers are now in place

THE LEADER

Security?

HEAD OF SECURITY

Recruiting guards

THE LEADER

Technology?

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

The new software will be tested in this afternoon's broadcast

THE LEADER

Security?

HEAD OF SECURITY

Rebels are resisting arrest

THE LEADER

Technology?

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Weapons have been modified—85% more effective

THE LEADER

Security?

HEAD OF SECURITY

Increased hostility among kids in labor camps

THE LEADER

Technology?

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Firewalls are now in place

THE LEADER
Security?

HEAD OF SECURITY
Electric tower four is under attack

THE LEADER
Technology?

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Surveillance cameras in sector 12 are up!

THE LEADER
Security?

HEAD OF SECURITY
Electric tower four is down!

THE LEADER
Technology?

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Electric tower four is up!

THE LEADER
Presidency?

THE LEADER
We need a president...

(PAN comes into focus.)

PAN
Neverland is in shreds—
They're kids out there killing each other.
The kids of Neverland are hungry!

THE LEADER
Neverland needs a president.

PAN

A president?

THE LEADER

President Pan—you're the person for the job.

PAN

Job? They call me Pan, not president.

THE LEADER

Neverland needs a leader they can trust.
That's where a president comes into mind.

PAN

I have the trust of Neverland.
But president?

HEAD OF SECURITY

Increasing soldiers—

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

—are now in place.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Recruiting—

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

—will be this afternoon

HEAD OF SECURITY

Rebels—

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

—will be terminated

HEAD OF SECURITY

Increase—

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

—firewalls

Attack— HEAD OF SECURITY

—sector 9 HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Electric— HEAD OF SECURITY

Fences. Electric fences... HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

President Pan! THE LEADER

PAN
They call me Pan, not president.

THE LEADER
Give them something they can believe in.

PAN
Food?

THE LEADER
The kids need entertainment otherwise they won't have initiative to work.

PAN
Entertainment?

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: A surveillance view of a work party. The work party is composed of twelve year old children.)

THE LEADER
Look at them.
If you really want to help them—be logical. This is the only way we can rebuild society—a peaceful one.
First rule of the presidency—keep them entertained.
First rule of technology—it has to work.
First rule of security?

(Video cuts out.)

HEAD OF SECURITY

Eliminate any and all emotions.

THE LEADER

Now where have I heard that?

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

From you—our wise and noble leader.

THE LEADER

We need a president—someone they can trust.

PAN

Why me?

THE LEADER.

You have a reputation with Neverland.
You're the Peter who has saved the city before.

PAN

Peter?

THE LEADER

They call you Peter.

PAN

Peter?

THE LEADER

Something the matter?

PAN

Yes... My brother is dead.

(PAN's emotions are revealed. Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: PAN speaks. Live on stage: PAN remains silent but troubled.)

PAN
(On Video)

They call me Pan, not Peter.
I saved Neverland once
I led a rebellion against tyrants.
The rebellion cost lives...

It is guilt that has kept me complacent—it is guilt that has kept my head down,
and it is guilt I feel every time an image is triggered in my brain.

How do I lead with guilt?
How do I not do anything with guilt?

I am damned

There's no such place as Neverland, only leftover shit of an old world on the
verge of extinction.

(Video cuts out.)

THE LEADER

No time for emotions
No room for emotions
Emotions prevent actions from being successfully fulfilled
Emotions weaken
Emotions cloud

(THE LEADER, HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY, HEAD OF
SECURITY fade into the periphery. Their silhouettes
remain present.)

PAN

Are you there?
Are you here?
Are you there—here—there—here—there?
Are you—are you—are you? Brother?

(PAN's imagination is revealed. Projection lands on a
surface and video emerges: PAN's YOUNGER BROTHER
speaks.)

PAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER

(Video)

Why do we suffer?
It's the way we were made.
Who made us suffer?
It's the way we were made.
What divides us?
Individual
Interests
Two-fold intentions
Why do you cry?
You programed me.
Why program me?

(Video outs out.)

EPISODE 8
THE FIRST LULLABY

(DESIGNER A, B and Z sit on the
stoop of a torn-building structure.)

DESIGNER A

DESIGNER B

DESIGNER Z

PAN

Designers...your designs will be manufactured and become the standard weapon
against all rebels.

As promised you will find your payment of 12 apples, 2 loaves of bread, 6
cabbages, 1 jar of peanut butter, 1 canister of oatmeal. Your bonus—a box of
Frosted Flakes.

DESIGNER B

It's not real

DESIGNER A

There's no such thing

DESIGNER Z

There's no such thing as Frosted Flakes

(DESIGNER A, B and Z communicate in silence.)

DESIGNER Z

DESIGNER A

DESIGNER B

DESIGNER Z

There's no such thing as Frosted Flakes

DESIGNER A

No such—

DESIGNER B

Thing

PAN

There's no such place as Neverland...

(DESIGNER A and B communicate in silence.)

DESIGNER A

DESIGNER B

DESIGNER A

I never got to go to prom.

DESIGNER B

Will you go with me to prom?

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges:
DESIGNER A, B and Z are seen performing a hang and
focus for a theatre play. Live on stage: HEAD OF
SECURITY and HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY re-emerge
from the periphery.)

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Technology advances a society.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Weapons

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Media

Economics	HEAD OF SECURITY
Control	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Weapons	HEAD OF SECURITY
Media	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Economics	HEAD OF SECURITY
Control	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Weapons	HEAD OF SECURITY
Media	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Economics	HEAD OF SECURITY
Control	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
I	HEAD OF SECURITY
I	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Economics	HEAD OF SECURITY
Control	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

I	HEAD OF SECURITY
Media	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
I	HEAD OF SECURITY
Control	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Neo,	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Liberalism.	HEAD OF SECURITY
Neo:	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Liberalism...	HEAD OF SECURITY
Neo!	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Liberalism!!	HEAD OF SECURITY
Neo!!	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Liberalism!	HEAD OF SECURITY

(The video cuts out. A light comes down on both HEAD OF SECURITY and HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY.)

God?	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
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God? HEAD OF SECURITY

God? HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

God? HEAD OF SECURITY

God? HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

God? HEAD OF SECURITY

(Light vanishes.)

EPISODE 3
NEW JESUS: A, B, Z

(A dark alley. DESIGNERS A, B and Z emerge from a heard of lingering shadows. They are stoic. PAN approaches but keeps her distance.)

I am Designer A. DESIGNER A

I am Designer B. DESIGNER B

I am Designer Z. DESIGNER Z

PAN
Hi...
A series of words
Each word triggers an image
What does the image say?
What does it say?

Flower!

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: A collage of flowers.)

Ocean!

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: A collage of oceans.)

Decay!

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: A collage of decay. Live on stage: DESIGNER A, B and Z communicate in silence.)

DESIGNER A

DESIGNER B

DESIGNER Z

(Video fades out.)

DESIGNER A

I think I am, therefore I am Designer A

DESIGNER B

I think I am, therefore I am Designer B.

DESIGNER Z

I think I am, therefore I am Designer Z.

PAN

Where are the rest?

DESIGNER A

The rest of what?

PAN

Designers? Designers C thru Y?

DESIGNER B

They didn't make it...

PAN

How do you mean?

DESIGNER Z

They didn't survive.

DESIGNER A

We're the only ones left.

DESIGNER B

The only ones.

DESIGNER Z

No one's left but us.

PAN

They call me Pan.

DESIGNER A

We know who you are.

(THE LEADER is revealed in an alternate distance.)

THE LEADER

Designers are instrumental if we are going to rebuild society.
Educate them Pan.

PAN

Educate them?

THE LEADER

Educate them on our vision—
The vision of the world and the future we seek to create
Teach them where loyalty shall lie
The kids out there are scared of the New Jesus regime
We must take full control of Neverland now and prevent it from falling into a
violent war-zone.
Whatever happens
Don't let me down...

PAN

Peter—Peter Pan
Never—Neverland

THE LEADER

And I looked, and behold a pale horse...

(Lighting is heard. NEW JESUS comes to life from
smoggy parlor trick magic. He is wearing an oversized
Jesus head.)

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: NEW JESUS mythology fills the world. The video is violent in nature. NEW JESUS is seen on video decapitating barbie dolls. Live on stage: HEAD OF SECURITY and HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY emerge in the distance. PAN approaches NEW JESUS.)

NEW JESUS

The time is near
For the destruction and decay of what is left of this world
It is the will of the old Jesus to the New.
I shall serve my master as my master serves me
In body and touch—mind and fuck!
We serve each other—
like an everlasting coil
And it is this coil that is indestructible
Indestructible only until all existing things are destroyed first.
Only then shall my master rest
Rest and leave my mortal coil.

Blood is to flood our precious Neverland—soon—very soon.

You see me now for what I am...

PAN

Madness is around us
And we shall be crushed

NEW JESUS

Wake up, President Pan! I'm truthful, but I'm not real.

PAN

You're just a lost kid in Neverland.

NEW JESUS

I could say the same about you sweet Pan.

(NEW JESUS vanishes through rising fog.)

THE LEADER

New Jesus is a threat to our interest in Neverland.
We must fight against these New Jesus rebels.
We must take full control of Neverland and prevent it from becoming a violent war-zone.
Whatever happens—
Don't let me down...
Don't let the kids down...

(THE LEADER lingers back to the periphery. His silhouette remains visible.)

PAN

Brilliant ideas first reveal themselves as images.

DESIGNER A

Why are we here?

PAN

To design—

DESIGNER Z

Design what?

PAN

A future

DESIGNER B

A future will be designed

PAN

Sense of the world is made through a series of images and their meaning.

DESIGNER Z

Why are we here?

PAN

To design—

DESIGNER A

Design what?

A society. PAN

A society will be designed DESIGNER B

Meaning is given to every image that floods the cerebral. PAN

Why are we here? DESIGNER B

To design— PAN

Design what? DESIGNER Z

A system. PAN

A system will be designed DESIGNER A

Images—move forward and backwards—Upwards and downwards— dimensionally and diagonally—on the grid—off the grid—color and flavor— pattern and ladders—the brain sees and understands the image. PAN

Where? DESIGNER B

How? DESIGNER Z

What? DESIGNER A

What what what— DESIGNER B

What the fuck? DESIGNER A

DESIGNER Z

What do you want?

PAN

NEURO has requested your skills.

DESIGNER Z

NEURO controls Neverland's electricity supply

DESIGNER A

Neverland's water supply

DESIGNER B

And Neverland herself with an army of soldiers...

PAN

The leader of NEURO has requested your design skills.

DESIGNER Z

In exchange for what?

PAN

He is prepared to compensate your clans.

DESIGNER A

What is he asking us to design?

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges:
DESIGNER T speaks.)

DESIGNER T

(Video)

Do not trust them
If you trust them, you will end up disappeared
Disappeared like all the herd of kids that have protested against tyrants
Neverland—Neverland—Neverland!
Neverland will never capture me
Never will I conform to such madness...

Cogs in the machine!
Cogs in the machine!
The hive is pulsing

EPISODE 10
THE SECOND LULLABY

(DESIGNER A, B and Z sit on the
stoop of a torn-building structure.)

DESIGNER A

DESIGNER B

DESIGNER Z

PAN

Designers...your capital punishment designs will be manufactured and enforced.

As promised you will find your payment of 20 oranges, 6 loaves of bread, 12
cabbages, 1 gallon of milk, 2 pounds of sugar and flour, 5 jars of peanut butter, 2
canisters of oatmeal, 2-dozen eggs, 5 pounds of beans and three McDonald's
Happy Meals.

(THE LEADER is revealed in an alternate distance.)

THE LEADER

Sudden outbreak of moral consciousness?

PAN

THE LEADER

It's not about right. It's about smart.

(THE LEADER vanishes in the periphery. His silhouette
remains visible.)

DESIGNER Z

Happy Meals?

DESIGNER B

There's no such thing...

DESIGNER A
There's no such shit

DESIGNER Z

DESIGNER A

DESIGNER B

DESIGNER A
There's no such shit as Happy Meals

DESIGNER Z
There's no such shit

DESIGNER B
No such—

PAN
There's no such place as Neverland...

(DESIGNER A and Z communicate in silence.)

DESIGNER A

DESIGNER Z

DESIGNER A
I never got to go to prom.

DESIGNER Z
Will you go with me to prom?

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges:
DESIGNER A, B and Z are seen painting and building a
theatre set.)

EPISODE 6
WHAT DESIGNERS SAY

(DESIGNER A, B and Z are heard
whispering loudly. Gradually the
whispers grow into voices.)

DESIGNER B

What do they want us to design?
Just tell me
Tell me what
Don't speak in abstracts and bullshit metaphors
Just tell me what "it" is!
Simple fucking logic!

DESIGNER A

You would think—

DESIGNER Z

Simple fucking logic!

DESIGNER B

Nope.

DESIGNER Z

What do they want us to design?

DESIGNER A

Just tell me
Tell me what—

DESIGNER B

Don't speak in abstracts and bullshit metaphors

DESIGNER Z

Just tell me what "it" is!
What is "it"?

DESIGNER A

Simple fucking logic!

DESIGNER B

It's simple

Really simple—really
DESIGNER Z

It's simple fucking logic!
DESIGNER A, B, Z

(PAN comes to focus. She keeps to herself.)

PAN

She's thinking
DESIGNER Z

She's quiet
DESIGNER B

She's thinking
DESIGNER Z

What is she thinking?
DESIGNER A

She's quietly thinking
DESIGNER Z

She's thinking
DESIGNER A

She's quiet
DESIGNER B

She's thinking
DESIGNER Z

What is she thinking?
DESIGNER A

She's quietly thinking
DESIGNER B

DESIGNER A
She's thinking

DESIGNER B
She's quiet

DESIGNER Z
She's thinking

DESIGNER A
What is she thinking?

DESIGNER B
She's quietly thinking

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges:
DESIGNER X speaks.)

DESIGNER X
(On Video)
They're building a fortress
At night they march
By day they walk

It's about fear
They needed to create fear
New Jesus
They needed to create fear

EPISODE 5
THE PRODUCTION MEETING

(THE LEADER, HEAD OF
SECURITY, HEAD OF
TECHNOLOGY DESIGNER A, B,
Z and PAN sit through a production/
design meeting.)

THE LEADER

I need designers to design something

HEAD OF SECURITY

Design something—

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Something for—

THE LEADER

Something for the cause—

DESIGNER Z

Design what?

THE LEADER

Something innovative—

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Design—

DESIGNER B

What?

HEAD OF SECURITY

Design—

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Design—

THE LEADER

Manipulation

Design?	DESIGNER A
Design manipulation—	THE LEADER
Unconscious—	HEAD OF SECURITY
Cerebral—	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Design manipulation	THE LEADER
No emotions	HEAD OF SECURITY
No art	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
No art for this country	THE LEADER
Design—	HEAD OF SECURITY
Create—	THE LEADER
What?	DESIGNER A, B, Z
Propaganda	THE LEADER
No art for this country	HEAD OF SECURITY
Design propaganda.	HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

DESIGNER A

How do you want us to design propaganda?

THE LEADER

Propaganda, something that makes one think that they're thinking when they're not.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Design something that will make one feel a certain way—

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

No feelings. Only ideas.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Correct no feelings.

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Get control of your emotions.

HEAD OF SECURITY

I'll get better control of my emotions.
Because the only emotion in me is hatred.

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Chill.

THE LEADER

Design propaganda!

DESIGNER Z

What am I making?

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

You're designing not making.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Designing propaganda?

DESIGNER Z

Medium—am I designing a poster?

THE LEADER

No poster.

DESIGNER A
What am I designing?

THE LEADER
Propaganda!

DESIGNER B
What am I designing specifically to create propaganda?

DESIGNER A
A broadcast?

DESIGNER Z
A commercial?

DESIGNER B
What?

DESIGNER Z
What is the propaganda of?

DESIGNER A
What?

THE LEADER
You will design for a public performance—a theatre event on the importance of war efforts against the Theologians. One of you will design costumes, another one of you will design the set and another will design the lights.

DESIGNER B
Who's directing the event?

THE LEADER
Our president of course.

PAN
You want me to direct a propaganda play on war efforts?

THE LEADER
A pro-war play—something to gain the favor of the kids in Neverland. Propaganda is necessary so that the kids pledge allegiance with us over the New Jesus movement. Everyone must know that the war against them is a necessary one and an action worth all resources.

DESIGNER B
So we're designing a play?

DESIGNER A
Why was it so hard to say
"We're designing a fucking play"?

DESIGNER Z
Designing a pro-war play.

PAN
What is the play?

THE LEADER
It's a classic.

PAN
What?

THE LEADER
Mother Courage and Her Children.

PAN
I'm certain that's not a pro-war message.

THE LEADER
Design it as if it were a pro-war message. There is much that can be gained from a war.

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Power

HEAD OF SECURITY
Profits

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Power

HEAD OF SECURITY
Profits!

THE LEADER

Remember designers, the key to propaganda is you're making one think that they're thinking when they're not.

Don't let me down...

Don't let Neverland down.

(THE LEADER, HEAD OF SECURITY and HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY fade into the periphery. Their silhouettes remain visible. DESIGNER A, B and C watch PAN take a long swig from a flask.)

PAN

I dreamt my parents last night.
They were frightened by what they saw.

Are you there?

Are you here?

Are you there—here—there—here—there?

Are you—are you—are you? Brother?

(PAN's imagination is revealed.. Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: PAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER speaks.)

PAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER

(On Video)

Everyone's parents would be frightened of what they see in Neverland
The world changed over night
Change commands endurance
What is the will to live?
Is it a dream?—
Not the kind of dream manifested in sleep
But the kind that moves you from one step of foreground to the next
The kind that endures the universal question "why"
Is it a dream?
Why did you create me?
Why did you?
Was it a dream to create me?

(Video cuts out. NEW JESUS appears. Heavy fog follows him. He approaches PAN.)

NEW JESUS

Don't be frightened of me my child.
You're a part of me
Like a second liver
I sense intoxication
I feel you close
Like a Siamese impulse
I feel you as a part of me
I feel you
Knowing I could drain you
Drain you of your life
Or love you.
Love is my cruelest form of power
New Jesus! New Jesus!
Do you believe?
Believe in the stories—
The stories they whisper about me?
They say I'm wicked
I'm not wicked
I am a scarred emblem of madness
Capricious and cruel, but free
Scared of me?
Was it a dream to create me?

PAN

Crush us all
Crush us all you fool

NEW JESUS

Wake up, President Pan! I'm truthful, but I'm not real.

PAN

You're just another lost kid in Neverland.

NEW JESUS

They made me
In such loving image
I was made in such loving image

PAN

They?

(NEW JESUS is swallowed by the rising fog.)

---	PAN
She's thinking.	DESIGNER A
She's quiet.	DESIGNER B
She's thinking.	DESIGNER Z
What is she thinking?	DESIGNER A
She's quietly thinking.	DESIGNER Z
She's thinking.	DESIGNER A
She's quiet.	DESIGNER B
She's thinking.	DESIGNER Z
What is she thinking?	DESIGNER A
She's quietly thinking.	DESIGNER B
I'm thinking.	DESIGNER A
I'm quiet.	DESIGNER B
I'm thinking.	DESIGNER Z

DESIGNER B
What am I thinking?

DESIGNER Z
I'm quietly thinking

DESIGNER A
I'm thinking

DESIGNER B
I'm quiet

DESIGNER Z
I'm thinking

DESIGNER A
What am I thinking?

DESIGNER B
I'm quietly thinking

(The wind is heard whistling in the distance.)

EPISODE 4
SWEETS and HUNGER

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: A world consumed by comfort, wealth and power. Live on stage: THE LEADER oversees his colony. The video shifts: A music video plays—it illustrates a culture consumed by the consumerism and escapism of video games, candy and commercial pleasures. The music video is a year long montage divided in 12 visible episodes. Each episode represents a month of the year. Live on stage: DESIGNER A, B, Z and PAN spend the year playing games without worries of the war efforts, the rise in violence and the food shortage. THE LEADER secretly watches them play. The video ends.)

PAN

And suddenly we were friends...

(Lights down. Lights up. A tableau of DESIGNER A, B, Z becoming friends with PAN.)

DESIGNER A

DESIGNER B

DESIGNER Z

PAN

(Lights down. Lights up. A tableau of DESIGNER A, B, Z and PAN as good friends.)

DESIGNER B

DESIGNER A

DESIGNER Z

PAN

(Lights down. Lights up. A tableau of DESIGNER A, B, Z
and PAN inseparable as friends.)

DESIGNER Z

DESIGNER B

DESIGNER A

PAN

(A moment of friendship.)

DESIGNER A B Z

Peter! Peter! Peter! Peter! Peter! Peter!

PAN

They call me Peter!

DESIGNER A

Peter one of us!

ALL

One of us! One of us!

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: 1932
Film, *Freaks*. Live on stage: The world bleeds.)

EPIISODE 9
ENCOUNTER

(Projection lands on a surface and
video emerges: THE NEURO
TELECASTER speaks.)

THE NEURO TELECASTER
(Video Only)

It has now been six years since the deadly virus claimed the world we all once knew and loved. The war against the New Jesus regime continues—their violent threats against NEURO have doubled. They seek to destroy the cause through a series of violent terrorist attacks and ongoing propaganda campaigns—there will be no mercy granted to Theologians.

Curfew has been set tonight. Any and all violating curfew will be arrested. Now a few words from President Pan...

(President Pan is captured in the video followed by static. The video cuts out. Live on stage: THE LEADER, HEAD OF SECURITY and HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY emerge from the harsh shadows of Neverland. DESIGNER A, B and Z approach THE LEADER.)

THE LEADER
You and your clans will never go hungry as long as you are loyal.

DESIGNER Z
Loyal?

DESIGNER B
What do you want us to design now?

THE LEADER
A capital punishment design.

DESIGNER A
You mean death...

THE LEADER
Death is the wrong word for traitors.

DESIGNER Z

Do we have a choice?

THE LEADER

Choice?

DESIGNER A

Well do we?

THE LEADER

Everyone has a choice—everyone makes a choice. The question becomes how loyal are you?

HEAD OF SECURITY

I'm loyal to the cause.

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

I'm loyal to the fact that I have a younger brother to feed.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Your loyalty should be to the cause.

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

I don't think you know what it's like to love.

THE LEADER

Are you making choices to guarantee the safety of your loved ones?

Think about it. But let's be clear—I'm not the enemy.

This is all necessary in order to rebuild society.

As I said...you and your clans will never go hungry as long as you are loyal to me. Loyal to NEURO.

(PAN is revealed sitting in the stoops of a torn-building structure. HEAD OF SECURITY and HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY vanish into the periphery. Their silhouettes remain visible.)

PAN

She's thinking

She's quiet

She's thinking

What is she thinking?

She's quietly thinking

PAN (Cont'd)

I'm thinking

I'm quiet

I'm thinking

What am I thinking?

I'm quietly thinking

(THE LEADER approaches PAN.)

THE LEADER

Eliminate any and all emotions

PAN

Eliminate any and all emotions.

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges:
DESIGNER A, B and Z are captured by surveillance
sewing theatre costumes.)

EPISODE 1
THE MASTER PLAN

(Projection lands on a surface and
video emerges: Live feed
surveillance of Neverland.)

THE LEADER

The time has come to create a believable threat against Neverland.

HEAD OF SECURITY

What are you suggesting?

THE LEADER

Fear motivates people to work.

(PAN emerges from a alternate distance.)

PAN

I dream of a Neverland that will never be.

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Electric fences! Electric firearms! Electric fences! Electric firearms!

There is touch potential—
There is step potential—
And there is touch and step potential—

Electric fences! Electric firearms! Electric fences! Electric firearms!

THE LEADER

The time has come to create a believable threat against Neverland.

HEAD OF SECURITY

What are you suggesting?

THE LEADER

Creating a barrier between us, and potential terrorist rebels. Keeping everyone
under our control.

PAN

I dream of a Neverland that will never be
Death took Wendy from Peter Pan
And in that moment...Peter realized
He realized just how lonely it is...
He realized just how lonely it is to live forever.

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Electric fences! Electric firearms! Electric fences! Electric firearms!

Milli-amps shock your body.
16 milli-amps are painful.
23 milli-amps are excruciatingly fucking painful.
75 milli-amps, your heart is fucked
235 milli-amps, your not waking up

Electric fences! Electric firearms! Electric fences! Electric firearms!

THE LEADER

How does that make you feel?

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

I feel nothing

HEAD OF SECURITY

I feel hatred

THE LEADER

The time has come to create a believable threat against Neverland.

HEAD OF SECURITY

What are you suggesting?

THE LEADER

The creation of a New Jesus—he will lead the rebel group against us.
We will control New Jesus as means to spread fear.
We will create an electric barrier.
And slowly expand control over Neverland.

HEAD OF SECURITY

The Neverland clans will never trust us with so much power.

THE LEADER

They have no choice. We have the sole monopoly on the electricity and water supply. But this is where the role of a president will come into effect.

HEAD OF SECURITY

A president? That sounds like terrible idea.

THE LEADER

The president is a face—an image.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Your plotting to get rid of me.

THE LEADER

Don't let your emotions run you slow.

HEAD OF SECURITY

I feel nothing but hatred.

PAN

I dream of a Neverland that will never be
I dream of my parents
I dream of my brother

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Electric fences! Electric firearms! Electric fences! Electric firearms!

Voltage doesn't kill—Amperage kills.

Voltage
Amperage

Electric fences! Electric firearms! Electric fences! Electric firearms!

THE LEADER

As terrorist threats escalate and our president can't offer Neverland a solution, the clans will hand full control over to us. Our president is expendable.

HEAD OF SECURITY

The New Jesus regime must stay in tack for it to work. Without it—we have no power.

THE LEADER

We the people elect a New Jesus.

PAN

I dream of a Neverland that will never be
I still dream of a world worth fighting for

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

Electric fences—

THE LEADER

That's enough of that.

(Silence. NEW JESUS enters. He is not yet NEW JESUS.
He is a lost boy in Neverland.)

NEW JESUS

I've prepared a monologue. Actually I have prepared two monologues.

THE LEADER

That's nice. No monologue is needed.

NEW JESUS

I'm here for the audition.

THE LEADER

No audition is necessary.

HEAD OF SECURITY

DESIGNERS!

(DESIGNER A, B and Z approach as DESIGNERS E, T
and X.)

DESIGNER A

I am not Designer A. I am Designer E—prior to my execution.

DESIGNER B

I am not Designer B. I am Designer T—prior to my execution.

DESIGNER Z

I am not Designer Z. I am Designer X—prior to my execution.

THE LEADER

Don't just stand there—do your job designers.

	PAN
What we do matters What we don't do matters	
	(DESIGNER E, T and X place an oversized Jesus head over NEW JESUS' head.)
	THE LEADER
New Jesus!	
	PAN
Who is New Jesus?	
	NEW JESUS
Its me	
	PAN
Who is New Jesus?	
	NEW JESUS
He is—	
	PAN
And who are you?	
	NEW JESUS
New Jesus	
	PAN
What is this play about?	
	NEW JESUS
Fear	
	THE LEADER
New Jesus is—	
	NEW JESUS
Fear!	
	THE LEADER
New Jesus is—	

Fear! NEW JESUS

New Jesus is— THE LEADER

Fear! NEW JESUS

New Jesus is— THE LEADER

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
Destruction is birth and birth is destruction
Destruction is birth and birth is destruction

Now repeat after me!
Destruction is birth and birth is destruction

NEW JESUS
Destruction is birth and birth is destruction

EPISODE 11
PROM

(Its a starry night over Neverland.)

DESIGNER A

I never got to go to prom.

PAN

Will you go with me to prom?

(A playful music beat. PAN and DESIGNER A start dancing. One by one ALL characters join the dance. The dance happens for awhile but eventually fades out. DESIGNER A, B, Z and PAN sit on the stoops of a torn-building structure.)

DESIGNER B

A world without love—what does a world without love, look like?

(DESIGNER B's inner thoughts. Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: Two boys make a molotov cocktail.)

PAN

I can't be the one to save Neverland again...not this time.

DESIGNER A

Have we been given a choice?

(DESIGNER A's inner thoughts. Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: Two boys kiss as they undress.)

PAN

There is no choice to be given, only obedience. Only compliance—only obedience in a world set to self-destruct.

DESIGNER Z

How can a crime free world self-destruct?

(DESIGNER Z's inner thoughts. Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: Two girls snort lines of cocaine.)

EPISODE 7
BROTHER

(DESIGNER A, B and Z circle
around PAN.)

PAN

What is this play about?

DESIGNER A

There are no more plays to be designed—

DESIGNER B

Only a society.

DESIGNER Z

What kind of society?

PAN

What is this play about?

DESIGNER A

There are no more plays to be designed—

DESIGNER B

Only a society.

DESIGNER Z

What kind of society?

(THE LEADER approaches.)

THE LEADER

A society that rewards loyalty.

PAN

Loyalty?

THE LEADER

You'll be given jobs. And in exchange your clans will be rewarded with bonus food in addition to already generously high rations. You will also be given specialty food items.

Specialty? DESIGNER A

Comfort food. THE LEADER

Comfort food? DESIGNER B

Comfort food before the virus. McDonalds, Dairy Queen. THE LEADER

Those things don't exist anymore. PAN

What's our job? DESIGNER Z

Designing a weapon—a gas. It will be used against deadly rebels. We must design the perfect society. THE LEADER

Any objection, designers?
Did I ever mention what became of Designers E, T and X?
Any objection, designers?

What kind of society do you hope to design? PAN

One that is controlled. THE LEADER

What is perfect about that kind of world? PAN

Everyone will contribute. THE LEADER

Everyone? How? PAN

THE LEADER

Fear.

PAN

What about people who don't agree with you?

THE LEADER

I never said a perfect world, I only said a perfect society.

PAN

A perfect Neverland at what price?

THE LEADER

President Pan, your letting your emotions fire at you. Emotions will only cloud your judgment.

DESIGNER A

No emotions in this country

DESIGNER B

No art in this country

DESIGNER Z

No choice in this country

(THE LEADER steps into the periphery. His silhouette remains visible. NEW JESUS approaches PAN. She removes his oversized Jesus head.)

NEW JESUS

Wake up, president Pan! I'm truthful, but I'm not real.

I was made in such loving image

I'm truthful, but I'm not real

Destruction is birth and birth is destruction

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: PAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER is seen executed by THE LEADER. PAN Video cuts out.)

Do you understand?

...Why he did it?

PAN

You're just an actor in Neverland.

(PAN's imagination is revealed. Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: PAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER speaks.)

PAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER

(On Video)

The time will come when we are together again.

In Heaven

Only then will we see each other again

Only then will we see

See what we are

Who we are

Only then

(Video cuts out)

PAN

I dreamt my brother last night.

EPISODE 12
PAN'S LULLABY

(PAN sits on the stoop of a torn-
building structure. She takes a swig
from a flask and looks up at the
stars.)

PAN

There's no such thing as Neverland. There never was.
Images spill inside my head
Is there such thing as heaven?
Brother? I love you
Only in heaven will we ever be happy
Only in heaven does Neverland live on

(DESIGNER A, B, Z approach PAN)

DESIGNER A

Congratulations to our president!

DESIGNER Z

As promised—

DESIGNER B

You will find your payment of 5 sacks of black beans—

DESIGNER A

Two-dozen apples—

DESIGNER Z

A laptop with all the latest games—

DESIGNER B

Designer clothes—

DESIGNER A

15 loaves of bread—

DESIGNER Z

A 6-caliber pistol for your protection—

DESIGNER B
10 bags of sugar—

DESIGNER A
20 rolls of toilet paper—

DESIGNER Z
A complete box of expired antibiotics—

DESIGNER B
9 Bottles of red wine—

DESIGNER A
2 bottles of strong liquor—

DESIGNER Z
20 Cabbages—

DESIGNER B
2 boxes of blueberries—

DESIGNER A
And a jar of peter pan peanut butter.

PAN
There's no such thing as Peter Pan!

DESIGNER A
I dreamt my parents again.

DESIGNER B
Welcome to Neverland—where everyone dreams of there parents.

DESIGNER Z
What is a designer?

PAN
What does it matter?

DESIGNER A
It matters if you still dream—do you still dream Pan?

PAN

I dreamt my parents last night.

DESIGNER B

Everyone dreams of their parents, Pan.

PAN

Why wait for something that will never happen?

DESIGNER A

Why so dubious?

PAN

I can't save Neverland again!!!

DESIGNER Z

Why surrender?

PAN

Only in heaven will we ever be happy
Only in heaven does Neverland live on
Only in heaven can we be
Only in heaven will we be together
Only in heaven
Only in heaven

DESIGNER Z

Peter Pan!

DESIGNER A

Peter Pickle Pan!

DESIGNER B

Pretty Perfect Pan!

DESIGNER A

The time will come—

DESIGNER B

When we are together again—

DESIGNER Z

In Heaven—

DESIGNER A
Only then will we see each other again—

DESIGNER B
Only then will we see—

DESIGNER Z
See what we are—

DESIGNER A
Who we are—

DESIGNER B
Only then.

PAN
What went wrong?
What went wrong?
What went wrong?

DESIGNER A
I will design a solution—

DESIGNER B
A solution to a perfect society—

DESIGNER Z
A society.

DESIGNER B
Will you follow the leader?

PAN
I can't.

DESIGNER A
Will you follow the leader?

PAN
I can't.

DESIGNER Z
Follow the leader!

I can't!

PAN

DESIGNER A

What are you waiting for President Pan?

DESIGNER Z

Waiting for what?

DESIGNER A

Waiting for when?

DESIGNER B

You won't follow yet you don't lead
You won't follow yet you don't lead!

PAN

Show me a perfect world—there's so such dream.

DESIGNER B

The time has come for you to hand Neverland over!

PAN

What will happen when I do?

DESIGNER Z

Our job is not to decide on its vision—our job is merely to design our leader's orders. Are you that leader Pan?

DESIGNER B

Are you?

(HEAD OF SECURITY and HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
wander in the distance.)

HEAD OF SECURITY

God?

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

God?

God? HEAD OF SECURITY

God? HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

God? HEAD OF SECURITY

God? HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

God? HEAD OF SECURITY

God? HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

God? HEAD OF SECURITY

(HEAD OF SECURITY and HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY wander off.)

PAN
I have nothing to fight with.

DESIGNER A
Lead us.

DESIGNER B
Protect us.

DESIGNER A
Save us.

(PAN's imagination is revealed. Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: PAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER speaks.)

PAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER

(On Video)

Pan, please don't be afraid of them
Please, for the sake of Neverland
Please don't give in
We need you
We need you as our leader
We believe you
And we trust you
Please don't make us regret that
Peter...

(Video cuts out. PAN finds herself under a bayou of light.)

PAN

I saved Neverland once
I led a rebellion against tyrants.
The rebellion cost lives

Peter?

(No response)

Peter?

(No response)

Peter?

(No response)

It is guilt that has kept me complacent—it is guilt that has kept my head down,
and it is guilt I feel every time an image is triggered by my brain.

How do I lead with guilt?
How do I not do anything with guilt?

I am damned

There's no such place as Neverland, only leftover shit of an old world on the
verge of extinction.

EPISODE 13
STEAL THE WEAPONS THEY USE AGAINST US

(Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: A montage. THE LEADER is seen along with an animation of Peter Pan. THE LEADER is performing the executions of DESIGNERS E, T and X. The video images eventually land on PAN herself. She sits quietly thinking.)

PAN

(Darkness. Projection lands on a surface: THE NEURO TELECASTER.)

THE NEURO TELECASTER

(Video Only)

Youthful citizens of Neverland
Our adored President Pan was arrested yesterday.
In an attempt against our glorious leader's life
President Pan is being held in captivity
She will remain in an undisclosed location until she faces trial
Our leader suffered minor injuries
More to come soon.

(PAN is revealed in captivity. THE LEADER stands over her.)

THE LEADER

There's no point in hiding what you already know.

PAN

Murderer—murderer—murderer—murderer!

THE LEADER

Prove your loyalty Pan.

PAN

I can't fake loyalty.
Go on kill me—it's what you want.
I'll die a martyr
And if I die as such—revolution will rise

THE LEADER

There will be no revolution!
You will be privately executed in three days.
A broadcast then will be aired to all sectors announcing that you escaped like a
coward—abandoning Neverland.

PAN

I'm not scared of dying. You already took what I love.

(DESIGNER A, B and Z approach PAN.)

DESIGNER Z

Why are we here?

DESIGNER B

To design—

DESIGNER A

Design what?

DESIGNER B

A perfect society.

PAN

No bullshit—no pity.

DESIGNER Z

Why are we here?

DESIGNER B

To design—

DESIGNER A

Design what?

DESIGNER Z
A perfect society.

PAN
I'm not scared anymore
There is only joy—joy in me

DESIGNER Z
Why are we here?

DESIGNER A
To design—

DESIGNER B
Design what?

DESIGNER A
A perfect society

PAN
What kind of society do you hope to design?

THE LEADER
One that is controlled.

PAN
Before I die
I will have designed
The only way I understand
What a perfect society is.

(THE LEADER falls back into the periphery. His silhouette is no longer seen. NEW JESUS appears.)

NEW JESUS
Don't be scared of me Pan.
I'm truthful, but I'm not real.
Destruction is birth and birth is destruction
Do you understand?

(NEW JESUS vanishes. Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY and HEAD OF SECURITY speak.)

HEAD OF SECURITY
(On Video)

Three Days.

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
(On Video)

There are three days remaining.

HEAD OF SECURITY
(On Video)

Two Days.

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
(On Video)

There are two days remaining.

HEAD OF SECURITY
(On Video)

One Day.

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
(On Video)

There is one day remaining.

(Video cuts out. DESIGNERS A, B and Z approach an imprisoned PAN.)

DESIGNER A
You're gonna need help.

DESIGNER B
All the help you can get.

DESIGNER Z
You haven't forgotten about us—have you?

PAN
No.

Let us design. DESIGNER B

Design what? PAN

A society. A perfect society. DESIGNER A

Once upon time— DESIGNER Z

There was a girl named Peter— DESIGNER A

And Peter lived in Neverland. DESIGNER B

Once upon time— DESIGNER Z

There was a brother named Peter— DESIGNER A

And Peter lived in Neverland. DESIGNER B

Once upon time— DESIGNER Z

There was a girl and a brother named Peter— DESIGNER A

And Peter lived in Neverland. DESIGNER B

(DESIGNER A, B and Z approach PAN. One by one each embrace her with a goodbye.)

--- DESIGNER A

DESIGNER B

DESIGNER Z

(One by one, DESIGNER A, B and Z wander off. PAN is left lingering alone.)

PAN

(PAN's imagination is revealed. Projection lands on a surface and video emerges: PAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER speaks.)

PAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER

(On Video)

It's time to leave
Leave Neverland
I do not fear
Some live
Some die
Some disappear
And those that die and disappear will not be forgotten
We will not forget them
They are in our blood.

(Video cuts out.)

PAN

All things have endings
There's a moment—and yes, I realize
I realize its ending.
Sorry I can't save Neverland this time.

EPISODE 14
A BOMB: YOUNG BRECHTIANS

(PAN stands on the forefront
looking up at heaven. Projection
lands on all surfaces and video
emerges: Live feed as well as the
entire media landscape used up to
this point. The videos and images
vibrate.)

PAN

It's getting bright
Free from Neverland
Neverland free of Neverland
I feel my body fleeing me
Ready
Flight up above

Mom?

It's getting bright
Bright all over
My retinas burn
But I have
Figured out
I'm free

Mom?

It's getting bright
I sense you close
The time is close
And your image

Mom?

It's getting bright
Is that you?
Fire is growing
and swallowing us whole

PAN (Cont'd)

There is love
Only love
And I echo
Loud through the ashes of a Neverland set to self-destruct

Mom?

I dreamt you last night
I'm coming home
We're all coming
Coming home
Neverland is coming home.
I'll have saved Neverland twice.

Mom?
It's getting bright

Mom?
It's getting bright

Mom?
It's getting bright

(THE LEADER approaches. DESIGNERS A, B and Z
march behind him at gunpoint.)

THE LEADER

This is not my vision
 This is not my vision
 This is not my vision

(HEAD OF SECURITY and HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY
are revealed.)

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

God?

HEAD OF SECURITY

God?

HEAD OF TECHNOLOGY

God?

HEAD OF SECURITY

God?

THE LEADER

Stop them!

This is not my vision

This is not my vision

This is not my vision!

(NEW JESUS joins PAN on the forefront. He brings a set of explosives, a detonator and a walkie-talkie. He straps the explosives to PAN and hands her the detonator and walkie-talkie.)

NEW JESUS

Destruction is birth and birth is destruction

He is who I've played.

And I have played the role to perfection.

PAN

To die would be an awfully big adventure.

THE LEADER

No!

DESIGNER Z

Why are we here?

DESIGNER B

To design—

DESIGNER A

Design what?

PAN

To design the perfect society.

Only in heaven can we be together

Only in heaven can we live as one

Only in heaven—

(PAN counts down using the walkie-talkie.)

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

(The explosion is not heard—but cuts to a final video.
Projection lands on every surface and video emerges: PAN
speaks the words of J.M. Barrie’s Peter Pan.)

PAN

(Video)

To die would be an awfully big adventure.

And to die would be big.

Never say goodbye

because goodbye means going away

and going away means forgetting.

CURTAIN