

Origami

By

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Contact Details:

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Cast:

L1: Actor entering from stage left.

R1: Actor entering from stage right of stage.

3P: 3rd actor, hermit/philosopher/wiseman/nut/soothsayer

Scene:

An empty street. Somewhere.

Sound FX: distant sounds of a city.

Two people, actors, walk in from opposite wings of stage, as if on tracks, about a metre apart. Pass each other. Glancing down at a sheet of white paper (The sheet of paper is closer to the front of the stage, to the actor originally entering from the left side – **L1**, therefore one is closer than the other).

Short pause. They do this again, from opposite sides. Short pause. And once more from original wings, **L1** pauses, stops at the sheet of paper.

Sound FX: sound of city fades down, then ceases.

R1 also stops and watches. **L1** looks closely at the paper.

L1: *Piece of paper*

The other, **R1**, is walking back and forth, slightly agitated. Obviously curious. Looking across. Wondering to get closer. But to do so would mean leaving the “lane” he has been walking in, to change his direction. **L1** stoops as if to pick it up.

R1: *Stop. It could be poisoned!*

L1 stops, half hunched over.

L1: *What.*

R1: <as he talks he moves closer, leaving his spot, and acting out the threats he suggests, till he stands beside **L1**> *The paper could be poisoned. Someone could have placed the*

paper here. Terrorists. And placed some invisible poison soaked into the paper. If you touch it, you would have convulsions and be stricken with coughing, and vomiting, and your outer extremities turn black, and curl up, and your eyeballs pop out, and you would die most horribly.

<L1 stands up, takes a step back. They are now both standing together, looking down at the page.>

L1: I never thought it would be poisoned. It looks so innocent.

R1: Innocent and deadly.

L1: But we don't know for sure it is poisoned.

R1: No.

L1: It could be something else.

R1: Yes. It could be secret message.

L1: A secret message. To who?

R1: Perhaps to you? Perhaps to me. Lemon juice you know. Write in lemon juice, and the lemon juice fades, becomes invisible; until you place the page over a naked flame.

L1: Maybe we should check. See what it says.

R1: It would probably be in code anyway.

Devilishly clever people are with secret messages. Might just sound like a shopping list to us, bread, milk, dog food, Jean Paul Sartre, corn flakes, washing powder, and bananas. To a terrorist or spy it may state when the President is coming to Australia.

And besides the paper may be poisoned.

L1: <having once more bent to pick up the page of paper, steps back in a slightly alarmed fashion> Yes. Right. Of course. Right.

R1: Or it could be something else entirely again

L1: Really?

R1: <knowledgably nodding> Really. The page could be a sign from God.

L1: God?

R1: *Well with Richard Dawkins and all his delusions of God stuff, I guess if God exists you would think he,.....*

L1: *or she.....*

<R1 stumbles at interruption...continues>

R1: *....you would think IT would be sending a sign. Make people believe again.*

L1: *But a page of white paper? Not a very good sign is it? Not exactly the new Testament.*

R1: *Well we are a world of secular beings now. We explain away two headed calves as genetics, and meteors as rocks from outer space, and unexplainable illnesses being cured as medicine finally working. We could even explain away burning bushes if we tried hard enough.*

<takes on scientific tone of analysis, highly sneeringly educated>

Probably a Middle Eastern scrub given to being very high in oil content, like eucalyptus trees, perhaps Eucalyptus sheathiana or Eucalyptus regnans,. A piece of sand polished like glass, refracting and focusing the sun ray's on a very hot day during a long hot summer, in the desert, and FOOOFFFF!!!

FOOOFFFFF!!! I say. One burning bush.

<settles down once more>

So a page of white paper is genius. We can place upon it any significance we like. But those with faith will know it is a sign. And in a faithless world we need faith. Especially if your team is having the type of season mine is. <glumly, almost an aside> Haven't won a game for six weeks.

L1: *Oh.*

<pause>

L1: *What other significance could we place upon it?*

R1: *<sucks in air, breath, through cheeks, pursed lips> Oh, the possibilities are endless. Endless.*

L1: *Such as?*

R1: *A new artistic creation, a painting.*

L1: *A painting! A painting of what?*

R1: *By the artist. A painting yet to be.*

L1: *What?*

R1: *Well it could be the Mona Lisa.....*

<moving from side to side looking, stepping back, appraising, hands as if to frame the painting, the paper.>

....or even Virgin and Child, but I don't know they are almost religious in intensity. Might be Blue Poles. Or even a Brett Whitely; all that genitalia in the Australian desert, the Olgas as porn. Looks a bit plain to be a Ken Done.

L1: *You can see that. There. <pointing at white page>*

R1: *Not me. The artist. Artists can. Clever fellows artists. Probably get their imagination from sniffing the thinners. Or drinking it.*

L1: *<muttered aside about people sniffing thinners...indicating R1>*

R1 *Or it could be something else, much more commonplace.*

L1: *It could?*

R1: *An advertisement.*

L1 *:A blank advertisement?*

R1:*For the colour white, it could be an ad for WHITE!!! New, brighter, leaner, less calories: WHITE!!!*

L1 *:An ad for white, are you.....*

R1 *:Or an ad for black. Like a real clever campaign.*

When you see white, you think of the opposite. Of black. So an ad for black. Probably chocolate. Rich dark antioxidants. Definitely an ad for dark chocolate.

L1: *Oh well that explains it. <slightly sarcastically?>*

R1: *Perhaps it is a love letter, an outburst of the deepest feelings; of romantic passionate intensity.*

L1: *But how could you.....*

R1: *Look at the page see how pure and unblemished it is, as one might equate any lover. For lovers do not see faults, they see the light, the promise, the crispness and*

freshness of a lover, of love. It is all virgin territory unmarked by past events, as might be seen in a white sheet of paper.

To my love, it says, I give all within the boundaries of what I state here on this page.

L1: <Each word distinct> *But there is nothing written on the page.*

R1: *Precisely, so therefore there is no bounds, no limit, to the love. We can measure space, and time, and if a glass is half full or half empty, but there can be no bounds on true love. A very romantic gesture.*

L1: <somewhat dazed?> *Yes....*

<**R1** obviously starting to get in the flow>

R1: *It could a flag of truce!*

L1: *Of surrender?*

R1: *No, not surrender! Surrender flags have a certain limp weariness to them. They are as slugs,*

[actor slows words, brings weariness to tone, looks deflated]

.....shoulders drooping, all beaten and battered. Squashed. Overcome.

Defeated.....

.....while a flag of truce is a magical thing. It stops the fighting, there is a pause in the madness of war, an honour between foes to respect the flag, and the carrier of the flag. It is a last chance, another chance, to discuss what rents these two factions, these two foes, asunder, and provides opportunity to escape the round of fighting and retribution in a peaceful solution, if not total agreement.

L1: *Do you get this stuff out of the UN Constitution or something?*

R1: *What?*

L1: *Nothing.....actually I now see what you mean, it could be a snowflake.*

R1: *A snowflake?*

L1: *Yes a big snowflake.*

R1: *But why a snowflake?*

L1: *Well, it is white.*

<long pause>

[murmurs, L1 uncomfortably] *well, I should be.....*

[R1 mutters] *errrr, yes, me too.*

<a third person walks out before they can move. Slowly with a long walking stick. Some type of philosopher, hermit, wise man, or sensei. The two step back as he walks towards the paper, stops and looks.>

3P: *IT IS LIFE.*

L1 and R1: *What?* <drawn out, long.....>

3P: *The page signifies life. The life magical and unlead, on which can be placed all manner of imagination. Life not yet started, still completely full of potential, and even if this page turns out to be too crowded, defeated by its own existence. You can always turn to a new page, to start afresh, in your self – if not the world. The world is how we perceive it. The bad days, and the good days, the sad days and the joyous; more often our mood within projected upon the world, not the world projected upon us. So it is with pen to paper.*

<**3P** reaches for the page>

L1 and R1 <horrified> : *Poison!*

<**3P** picks up page, obviously unaffected>

<begins folding the paper>

Or the page, life, may be a swan.

<places origami swan on stage.....walks off. The two left staring, as lights go down>

< END >