

Scrap Metal Dream Boy

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Gouwstraat 21, Rotterdam

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Scene 1 of 1

CHARACTERS:

STUD: soft, on their knees

FRAY: tall, worried eyebrows

TUB: content

SCRAP METAL DREAM BOY: a worshipper

STUD, FRAY, and TUB sit on a window-sill facing the street. They are ground level, and we can see and hear cars passing. It is daytime, the light is natural with no hard shadows. Perhaps it's raining.

FRAY

(anxiously)

It is possible they'll never come, you two know that right?

STUD

When they come, I welcome them with soft ground.

TUB

When they come, I ready them frictionlessness.

FRAY

Oh sure, ok. I mean when they come, I'll come, but come ON you two. Can't you see the possibility that they'll never come? That we're slipping and sliding together in some tepid and shallow excitement, anticipating our levels to raise with their displacement, resisting evaporation, stagnant and catching dust that falls. Can't you see how much we have to lose? We are setting ourselves up for a disappointing failure. We are losing --

STUD

(interrupts and begins to sing, smiling)

...got to loooooooooooooooooooooo...

TUB, STUD

(TUB joins STUD in singing)

...got to... loooooooooooooooooooooo...

FRAY

(exasperated, stands up and starts pacing)

You two just can't see the stakes here.

TUB

Fray, you are denying yourself the pleasure of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TUB (CONT'D)
losing!

STUD
Loosen yourself. We can not engage with them productively: our terms are only unproductive. Let yourself feel the opportunities of that stillness.

FRAY
(stops pacing)
I see the marks that surface, I understand that something *happens*, but at what cost? Disintegration and dryness.

STUD
Not if you--

TUB
(interrupting)
looooooooooseeeeeennn yourselfffff!

FRAY
(begins to smile)
We've achieved nothing, us three. Circles and circles of talking at a window.

STUD
At least now you aren't calling it waiting.

At this moment, SCRAP METAL DREAM BOY slowly rumbles by, and stops outside the window. We notice for the first time a shrine. SCRAP METAL DREAM BOY reaches with pincer arms, grabs the shrine by its sky-reaching erect shaft, and pulls. The shrine gives way, loosens from its hole, and pulls out. SCRAP METAL DREAM BOY carries the shrine gently over their belly, and squeezes the shaft once more. The shrine releases, pouring what everybody didn't want into itself.

FRAY
(gasps)

STUD
We told you.

FRAY
Preservation, lubrication for exploration. Time can't chafe us and we can't ever get old.

TUB
No measures to mark it hold.

STUD
Too slippery for them after all. They stop looking and we can keep exploring.

FRAY
Everything happily loose.

CURTAIN