

None of It:

More or Less Hudson's Bay, Again

A performance by Radiohole

I wouldn't Mind Dying

Scott lies in bed for 3 minutes with wind noise.

More wind noise for 1 minute.

At 4 minutes the song 'I Wouldn't Mind Dying, But I Got To Go By Myself' begins.

Never Even Seen A White Man

Maggie, as Olmstead, reads the following text from the house.

Olmstead: You can't, I mean... It's unfair to treat as equals, those members of an aboriginal race who, up to about 25 years ago, insofar as the Belcher Islands are concerned, had never even seen a white man, let alone have any knowledge of his standard of conduct. He doesn't and can't be expected to know what it's all about. The Distinction between murder and manslaughter, for instance, is entirely beyond him. I'm sure that any killings amongst the Eskimos have had their motive in either sex, or some other cause, which to them calls for extreme measures. They're not natural born killers, unless they've been deeply provoked, when to them, killing is really a form of self defense- and by that I mean defense against repetition of the offense. Okay, it's true there have been instances where an Eskimo has killed a white man, but if the motivating factors leading to the crime were known, I'm confident that it would be found to have arisen through unwarranted encroachment on the sanctity, as the Eskimo sees it, of his family life and/or in requiring him to do something which he considers beneath his dignity, or maybe to acquire something possessed by the white man.

Maggie: Is it hot in here?

Olmstead: Now, with regard to imprisonment, it's not understood as punishment. The Eskimo mind can't understand punishment unless it's associated with physical pain. It's the only form of punishment he knows. He whips his dogs frequently and hard when he thinks they deserve it. To take him away, shelter, clothe and feed him for months on end, meanwhile giving similar treatment to his family is not his idea of punishment. Being, basically, happy-go-lucky by nature, a term of imprisonment is a holiday, about which he'll be able to talk for the rest of his life. Hard labor means nothing. If, by reason of personal interest or incentive, it's possible to get an Eskimo to do manual labor, he may work, but will, undoubtedly, quit when the interest has been satisfied or the incentive removed. I don't think that any of the Eskimos on the Belcher Islands would object to similar punishment being accorded them, without cause. In fact, one accused was begging, before the trials commenced, to be taken away. He kept asking, "Me? Moose? Plane?" Meaning that he wanted to be taken away by plane to Moosonee. He actually gloated and beamed with pleasure when he learned that he was to go. Moreover, he knew that in his absence the white man would provide his family with relief rations.

The point I'm trying to make is that the trouble and expense of trying to bring about an appreciation of the niceties of the white man's law in the

mind of individuals whose intelligence is incapable of seizing and retaining it, is more than the benefits justify. There are, undoubtedly, many murders—quiet murders, drownings, desertions of undesired relations, old husbands of young wives or vice versa, which are constantly occurring, and the white man knows and does nothing about them. The mere fact that the perpetrator isn't apprehended in each and every one of these cases tends to minimize any lesson that might be learned from other offenses, where the perpetrator was punished. An Eskimo wouldn't understand why, in one case, the white man came in highly indignant about a murder, but did nothing, whatever, about another occurring a month later.

What I question is the desirability of trying to punish, at great expense, an Eskimo who is ignorant of our laws, when he doesn't think it's punishment and the punishment isn't what is called for under the provisions of the criminal code, anyway.

Maggie: So, do you believe in Wendigos?

They Had No Blood In Their Faces

Eric, DSR, as prosecutor. Maggie and Erin in house as Gibbons Sisters/Mina.

Prosecutor: Do you understand what will happen to you, if you do not tell the truth?

June & Jen: Yes.

Prosecutor: What do you understand will happen to you?

June & Jen: I will get what I want if I tell lies.

Prosecutor: What do you want?

June & Jen: I do not know.

Prosecutor: Do you understand that you will be punished if you tell lies?

June & Jen: I know that.

Prosecutor: Did Mark shoot a rifle into the ground that night, is that true?

June & Jen: Not Mark. They had no blood in their faces. Yes, there was no blood in any of their faces. It was hot. The disco floor was crowded as I turned to put a dime into the vending machine. Seth was somewhere in the crowd, dancing energetically, like a peacock and I wondered if he would ever get tired.

I drank my soda pop. The music and the flashing red and blue lights were all inspired, dramatically, as the beat of the rolling drums yelled out. Somewhere, behind me, Veronica and Rocky were having the time of their young lives.

So was I, but I couldn't find Seth to share it with, so I just danced by myself for a while. It was dark in the disco and I didn't see what was done to Sarah. Alec said 'I am stronger than you. You are no good'

I saw Alec hold her up by her hair and try to tie her by a string to roof, but couldn't. I heard Alec say he would chop her head off with a knife.

Someone lit a primus stove and held it close to her face, so they could see whether she was good or wicked. I heard someone dragging her out of the disco and someone saying she was a dead devil.

I heard Akeenik and Mina named when Sarah was dragged out. After she was outside, Akeenik hit her with a rifle and killed her.

The rifle was all blood. Akeenik's hands were frozen by holding the barrel of the gun. Everyone was pleased because she was a dead devil and was dead. They all said 'Let us be thankful that dead devil is gone.' Before she was taken outside, she was shoved down on the floor of the disco and a paper was lit so her face could be seen. Other papers on the floor caught fire and Sarah's clothing caught, too, after the beating.

Outside, the body was taken to another disco. Akeenik came back into the disco and I heard her say her hands were cold from holding the rifle barrel and asked Charlie to thaw them. She said Sarah said 'Oh' and 'I killed her.'

It Is A Weakness

Eric in house as Charlie Ouyerack.

Maggie under house in tent as Sarah Apawkok.

Erin as Akeenik on bed SL.

Scott as Alec Apawkok on bed SR.

Maggie, Erin and Scott chanting, very low and guttural: aggaijaqpunga - issigaijaqpunga - kiinaijaqpunga

(I feel cold in my hands / I feel cold in my feet / I feel cold in my face)

Eric: It is a weakness. I carry it around all day, drag it across the sea ice. Later, I spit it out, into the fire, it sputters, sizzles, it dances; it disappears. It disappears. (pause) Wind, ice, a fire. A little fire in the oils of the dead. The weakness returns in the night and is upon me when I wake.

Maggie: Once upon a time
Foreign October angels came in May
And visited the local november angels
But they were shot

Eric: I wake just ahead of death. My whole body is moribund. There are more holes in me. Noise pours out through these new openings. I wheel around to see who's talking. No one there, just the dog curled up in back. More holes come upon me in the night while I am sleeping. More noise comes out. So much noise, it becomes very quiet inside me.

Alec Apawkok: *(very loud, like a preacher)* Now! Tell me a story!

Erin and Eric: Hallelujah!

Peter Sala: Give us your fiery flying roll!

Eric: So that night I tell them this:

Charlie: *(now preaching)* The Lord Jesus...

Erin & Scott: Amen, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen.

Charlie: ...the only wise god, whose glorious person is the residents above or beyond the stars, spoke to me, Charlie, saying I have given thee understanding of my mind above all men in the world, I have chosen thee my last messenger for a great work unto this bloody unbelieving world..

Erin & Scott: Holy Toledo, Holy Toledo... Bourgeois.

Charlie: ...and I have given thee Peter Sala to be thy mouth.

Erin & Scott: Atumbamba, Diddy Wah Diddy Wah Matumbamba.

Charlie: I have put the two-edged spear of my spirit into thy mouth...

Erin & Scott: Have to change the ointjes, hapte ointjes.

Charlie: ...that whoever I pronounce blessed through thy mouth is blessed to eternity...

Erin & Scott: Hum cheez, oh, jeez, there's one here, too.

Charlie: ...and whoever I pronounce cursed through thy mouth is cursed to eternity.

Alec Apawkok: Some dead devil here tonight is gonna die! There's gonna be some dead dead devil here tonight! This girl, my sister, should she live?

Eric: She is no good.

Alec Apawkok: She is a dead devil! She should not live.

Erin: Sister, you are a dead dead devil.

Eric: (very quiet, but clearly audible) Don't kill her.

Alec Apawkok: Give me a knife, I'll cut her head off.

Maggie: Thank you.

No one moves, there is a moment of collective doubt about what is taking place.

Erin gets a bat and lands a blow on Maggie.

Maggie: Oh.

Erin and Scott meet upstage center. Eric puts on Lawrence Welk's version of "Canadian Sunset" and does Niva

Erin: My hands are cold. Could you warm them up?

Scott lifts his spray skirt and opens the inside pocket. Erin pushes her hands into the pocket.

Scott: Ladies and gentlemen, thank you.

Erin & Scott: Thank you... Thank you... Thank you...

Scott: In Inuktitut that's qujannamiik.

Erin and Scott: Qujannamiik... Qujannamiik... Qujannamiik...

I'm Dead.

Maggie, after getting a pepsi goes DSC, recites poem incompetently, belching Pepsi and crying when she can't remember the words.

Erin, in house, howls in anguish when Maggie can't remember the words, but is excited, otherwise.

I'm dead.

Yes, I'm dead.

I got killed.

I got killed, and now I'm dead.

I wasn't dead, when the stick hit my head.

And I wasn't dead, when I dropped to the floor.
Or when my clothes caught fire
and I was pulled out the door.

When she raised the rifle
to split my head
That's when I knew
that I'd be dead.

The gun came down
and split the bone.
My brains spilled out
And I was gone.

Party At The Hotel

Eric & Scott on one Vaudeville stage, Mag and Erin on the other. Eric and Scott are "fishing." Maggie and Erin have started a prank call, but no one has answered yet.

EVERYONE DRINKS PEPSI!!

Erin: The ice, we're just waiting there.

Maggie: The tiger told me to meet him in the bathroom

Erin: Do you remember what I'm talking about? Is... when... you... have to think about the Tiger, for instance. No. I was just thinking about the ice... we were just waiting there.

Maggie: But the tiger told me to meet him in the bathroom and he told me and he told me the tiger's in the bathroom. You don't have to try so hard. Just show up.

Eric spears a fish/Pepsi.

Erin: Just show up where?

Maggie: IN the bathroom!

Scott spears a fish/Pepsi

Erin: Show up in the bathroom, or on the ice?

Maggie: No.

Erin: You mean the tiger, or the boys?

Erin: Maggie that's not the Point! The point is, give me that Pepsi. The point is that the boys...

Maggie: You just spilled that.

Erin: No did you?

Maggie: You spilled that.

Eric: What do you want to do?

Erin: He was in the middle of nowhere

Maggie: He was alive nowhere but I'm alive and so am I and I want him.

Scott: I don't know

Eric: Hey, do you see that?

Scott: What?

Eric: Over there

Scott: Where?

Eric: There

Scott: What?

Eric: Do you see those girls?

Scott: No.

Eric: You don't?

Scott: No.

Eric: Right there. You don't see them?

Scott: No. Oh.

Eric: You see?

Scott's phone rings

Scott: Hold on. I got a phone call.

Peter: Hello?

Mag&Erin: *(giggling)* Hello?

Peter: Hello?

Maggie&Erin: *(giggling)* Peter?

Peter: Yeah. Hello?

Maggie&Erin: *(giggling)*

Peter gets annoyed and hangs up.

Scott: Yeah?

Eric: Yeah.

Scott: Yeah? So?

Eric: Yeah, so do you *(phone rings)* So do you... see... hold on.

Charlie: Hello?

Mag&Erin: *(giggling)* Hello?

Charlie: Hello?

Maggie&Erin: *(giggling)* Charlie?

Charlie: Yeah?

Maggie&Erin: *(giggling)* Going to the party at the hotel?

Charlie: Party?

Maggie&Erin: *(giggling)* The hotel?

Charlie: Party?

Maggie&Erin: *(giggling)*

Scott watches Eric intensely.

Charlie: Ha-ha. There are two of us and two of you. That's pretty good. Ha-ha. There are two of us and two of you . That's pretty good. We are a good match. Yeah. Do you like to party? You want to party?

Maggie & Erin scream and hang up, but still hold onto phone and stand pressed together.

Maggie: Let's go!

Erin: No!

Maggie: Let's Co. Come on.

Erin: No!

Maggie: Bitch!

Erin: Bitch!

Maggie: Bitch!!

Erin: BITCH!!!

Maggie: Do you hear yourself? You're ten times more of a bitch than I am! You're total bullshit. You don't know what the fuck you're talking about!

Erin: Bitch!!!

Maggie: You're evil, you're a witch! I hate you! I've always hated you!

Erin: SHUT IT! They'll hear us talking.

Maggie: Let them! Let them all hear!

Erin: MAGGIE! You're not listening to me. The problem is that you don't listen to me. What I 'm saying is that... No! Fucking stop it! The problem is that the boys are on the i-ice and we need to go there. And they don't know that we're going to be waiting for them, but we will be.

LOUD NOISE. All jump off beds and behind microphones in a row DS.

Maggie: Fuck! Where do I have cosmetics?

LOUD disco music starts.

Erin: You hear that music? That weird music? Weird music is filing the air. It's getting louder and louder. I don't know what is happening to me. There is no other sound. Can't you hear it?

Scott: He doesn't have a mind. He's pure speed

Maggie: I've... always... been ... dreaming ... about ... you... it's ... always been... dreams... that ... made... me feel happy.

Scott: *(Gets Pepsi from Bucket and tosses to Erin.)* Where you girls from?

Maggie & Erin: \...'

Scott: *(Gets Pepsi from Bucket and tosses to Maggie.)* Where you girls from?

Maggie & Erin: *(look at Scott, blankly.)*

Scott: Where you girls from? Don't answer if you don't feel like it. I don't want you to strain yourself"

Maggie & Erin keep looking at Scott then return to "huffing," or whatever.

Scott: You're very good conversationalists. You know that?

Maggie and Erin, high on Oxygen and Pepsi.

Maggie: Christ, where am I?

Erin: There's only weird terrible music, what does it mean?

Maggie: Yeah, whose arctic trash heap is this, anyway?

ERIC: *(to Scott)* Give me that Pepsi

Scott gives Eric Pepsi from bucket.

Erin: You are trembling. This is good.

Maggie: Yes, this is a sign. He is happy we are coming.

Erin: He is sitting out there alone on the ice, in the dark.

Maggie: Yes, he is lonely. Go to him. We are his only skin. We must go and be on him and keep him warm.

Eric & Scott: *(Toasting.)* Die Young! Stay pretty!

Erin: *(nervous)* Oh.

Maggie: Oh.

Maggie: But, as usual, I think I'll retreat to the Bathroom

Erin: Right.

Scott: Mmm-hmmm! Uh huh! Now we're getting somewhere!

Eric: These sudden failures, these lapses of will. It only takes a tiny detail to bring about a breakup.

Scott: Now he's talking! *(Random Yeah, Uh huh, etc... throughout Eric's texts)*

Eric: Yeah! *(High-5 with Scott)* Now he's talking! Teenage hormones, screaming girls, hard-on boys. Now he's talking GOD. Now he IS God. Is he God? Wait! Am I God? Wait. No. Uh. Wait. Yeah. OK. OK, kids! Strip to the waist and waste no time! Come on! Spread 'em! Follow me! Follow me, kids, we're going to heaven!

Scott: Right on! *(Arm thrust.)* I'm there, dude! Wait for me. Let me slip into my Jesus shirt!

Scott huffs oxygen.

Eric: No, no ,no. I said hold on, god damn it! OK, OK, careful. God damn it! That's better. Easy does it... *(Easy move.)* Sorry, just making some minor adjustments to the equipment. Jesus is expected here for dinner tonight. I'm counting on disarray to straighten this whole thing out.

Sure, the situation is desperate, but I wouldn't worry about it... have another Pepsi! Guzzle a bottle of Everclear! You'll get that feeling... that special feeling of being special... of falling that special way, down, down into the right way, but there you go... there you go... the right way? You fell overboard at the right time? And in the right place? Well, all right! *(Slap knee)* But there was something skewed in the falling itself, something a little wrong, which you didn't pick up on until the ship had listed too far and Whoosh! Down, down, down with a speed you can't handle. This speed is pulling you apart. You're not some astral aquatic Cassady! *("Crotch Grab" from Seal Hunting)* Turns out he was a shadow, an apparition of speed and you bit your tongue shouting:

Scott: NOOooooo...!!!!

Eric, Maggie & Erin: NOOOooooo...!!!

Music out. In silence:

Eric: You like girls?

Scott: '...'

Eric: You like girls? Check this out?

Scott: Whoa...

Eric: Smoother than turkey crap through a tin horn.

Scott: Yeah...

Eric: Tighter than the lug nuts on a '57 Chevy.

Scott: Oh, man...

Eric: Jiggle it.

Scott: Uhh...

Eric: Mmm, shakier than cafeteria Jell-O

Scott: Mmmm...

Eric: Are your fingernails beginning to sweat?

Scott: Oh, take 'em away!!! Doctor says I can't have 'em anymore!

More or Less Hudson's Bay, Again

A song.

We were all just hanging around
Down at Ed's café
Everybody had too much beer
And nothing to say

Overlookin' Hudson's Bay

The Dishes, they were piled up high
In the kitchen sink
The customers had all gone home
And no one
Had to think

About tomorrow or today
With our feet in the fireplace
Eatin' mom's home cookin'
Overlookin' scenic Hudson's Bay

The sheriff, in his micro-bus
Wandered in today
He said his tape deck had broken down
And he needed
A place to crash

Listen to the jukebox
With our feet in the fireplace
Eatin' Ed's home cookin'
Overlookin' Hudson's Bay

I've been hiding in the basement
Trying to figure out a way
To get the doctor off my case
He's trying
To have me put away

Not overlooking Hudson's Bay

I Have A Pain In My Head.

Scott, Maggie, Eric and Erin sit in house. Scott sniffs 78RPM record, then passes it to Maggie.

Scott tastes 78RPM record.

Charlie: I'm God.

Scott passes 78RPM record to Erin, who also tastes it.

Peter: I'm Jesus.

Maggie: Holy Toledo.

Erin: Holy Toledo.

Maggie & Erin: Bourgeois.

Erin tries to taste Eric's record, but he snaps at her like a dog.

Erin gets up and leaves, pissed off. She gets a Pepsi and drinks it. Then she gets a bat and beats on the house. Then she goes behind the house and appears in the window.

Peter: That guy, he's no good.

Scott gestures toward Erin with harpoon.

Charlie: I'm god.

Peter: Yeah, I know.

Scott pokes Erin in the forehead with the harpoon.

Erin: Ow.

Erin comes around the house to DSC and stands in a pool of light.

Eric: Shoot that guy. He's no good.

Scott: Yeah.

Gunshot.

Erin: Ow.

Eric: I like that, do that again.

Gunshot.

Erin: Ow. Niaqunguvunga. (*I have a pain in my head*)

Erin falls onto the bed.

Maggie: Dead Devil.

Scott: Yeah. Dead Devil. Party.

Eric: Yeah, dead, again, party.

Oh, Look! There Goes Lard Ass!

Maggie jumps out of the house and walks DSC.

Maggie: Let us be thankful that Dead Devil is gone!

Loud music 'Can't Get No Nookie' loop plays. Eric & Scott jump out of the house and begin to dance.

Scott & Eric: PARTY!!!

*Maggie removes Erin's shoes and throws them over the telephone wires. Shoe bomb!!!
Everyone cheers.*

Erin: Is it Time to Party? He He He He!

Maggie: Yes it is! He He He, it's time to Party!!!

Eric & Scott: Uh huh!

Maggie: You poor guyshhh! You were up all night trying to trashe the evil vibeshh... why don't you take a reshht?

Eric: Ha HA!! The Spirit will do it for us!

Scott: Allah kaballah... Presto Segundo... Double Szforzando!

Maggie: Wow! Thishh ish really shhomething!

Eric: Spirits are you with us?

Erin: Yeah.

President Mimeo: Wvat do you mean, 'Yeah.?' Be congenial!!

Maggie: That's the spirit!

Scott: We've made contact!

Eric: And to prove it I shall have the spirits do my bidding. Spirit, lift the girl!

Maggie tries to left the bed by herself.

Eric: Spirit, lift the girl.

Maggie tries again.

Eric & Scott: Spirit, lift!

Maggie: The spirit is willing, but the flesh is a little weak tonight. Spirit lift, damn it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Eric and Scott lift the bed and Erin together.

Maggie: Oh, yeah! Yeah!! Yeah!!!

Erin: Oh, yeah! Yeah!! Yeah!!!

Scott & Eric: Oh, yeah! Yeah!! Yeah!!!

Maggie: Woo Ha!!! Let us be thankful that dead devil is gone!

Maggie: So, what do you think? (to Erin)

Erin: I will be forever here. Here. Right here, as much as I can make out, whether entombed in ice, or, entombed in the place I am with people who are not me. Don't you see? It's not me! I'm not here!

Maggie: Oh. Is there anything else you would like sent to you?

Erin: Some books by D.H. Lawrence and some more exercise books, please.

Most Of Us Were Gathered In A Disco

Maggie and Erin on beds SL & SR as Gibbons Sisters.

Most of us were gathered together in a disco. Charlie said he was Jesus and Peter said he was God. My eyes wandered over to where Akeenik and an Eskimo boy were dancing themselves dizzy. They were swinging wildly to the music and I saw that Akeenik was laughing with joy. I smiled at her and she looked at me with huge dazzling dilated eyes, then waved at me before the Eskimo boy smothered her with kisses and hustled her out of sight.

For about a week before, Charlie, Peter and Alec had been saying that Jesus was coming and there was no need to work anymore. The music was deafening, and Seth came back to me as I started to sing some of the words. 'Baby, I wish you'd help me escape and help me get away. Leave me outside my address far away from this masquerade. I've been so used. I've so abused. I've a been a fool. Breaking all the rules. But I won't let the show go on...' Seth pulled me into his arms and we danced like mad for a moment. Then the music changed as we watched everyone become hysterical.

Keytowieack wanted to leave the disco, but Charlie started to tear his parka and fight with him. Keytowieack went away, but he came back and looked through the window of the disco. I was frightened, so I took the wood along the edge of the along the edge of the sleeping bench and hit him in the mouth with it.

There were teenagers all around jumping on top of each other, pulling anybody to the floor with salacious frenzy. They screamed loudly to the music, pulling out blades and stabbing their best friends to death.

Keytowieack went to another disco by himself. I saw Keytowieack through the window of the disco, sitting bent over and I pushed in a steel tipped spear to touch him. I hit him hard with the stick on the head.. the left side, and then Adlaykok shot him twice, once in the shoulder and once in the head. The rifle was a 44-40. I don't know whose rifle it was and I didn't hear anyone say to shoot him.

We Weren't Exactly Thinking

Scott, as Nimrod, in the house, trying to reach Eric, as Flobert, in the SL bed, on the telephone.

Nimrod: Hello? Hello? Captain Flobert, are you there? *(pause, listening)*

Scott: No one is answering.

Nimrod: Come in, Flobert. Can you hear me? This is RCMP Nimrod, over.

Scott: I'm not getting anything.

Nimrod: Nimrod to Flobert: are you there? Can you hear me? Nimrod to Flobert: come in, Flobert.

Flobert, lying on his back and a total mess, not responding, spitting out a tooth and mumbling to himself. Nimrod keeps trying to reach him throughout.

Flobert: mmm, another one, an incisor, that makes 17... better save that one *(puts it in a match box)* Uh-hmmm, where was I? Latitude 59°... collective dream of mankind... the collective dream of mankind *(suddenly hearing the Nimrod and responding)* WHAT!? This is Inspector Flobert... I mean, Flobert the Former. What the hell do you want?

Nimrod: Captain Flobert? This is Nimrod, over.

Flobert: Yeah, copy. Ow!, what the...?

Nimrod: Are you okay?

Flobert: God damn!, I'm gonna, uhgg... yeah, yeah, the local cannibals trying to snack on my personal gangrene... pests, the lot of them... OFF! GOD DAMN YOU!... are real headache...

Nimrod: What is your current position?

Flobert: I'm lying on my back.

Nimrod: What is your location?

Flobert: Who the hell wants to know?

Nimrod: This is RCMP Corporal Nimrod out of Mosinee. We've been trying to reach you. Repeat what is your location?

Flobert: About twenty miles off the horizon, a little to the left.

Nimrod: Can you give us your coordinates?

Flobert: Somewhere along the coast of Nothing and Nowhere, six mile East of a Rock and 5° off the 59th parallel.

Nimrod: What are the conditions?

Flobert: What?

Nimrod: Repeat: what are the conditions? Over.

Flobert: Right. You want my rendition of conditions...

Nimrod: I'm calling to find out what condition your condition is in.

Flobert: ...well...North wind bearing down at a constant 50 knots, horizontal blowing snow, ice floe extending out of my pants. The situation is grim. We're out of Pepsi .The Duchess of Dusenbeurg is out back giving the Mossad harpooning lessons. Doug Henning was here but got eaten by Baffin cannibals after refusing to show them the movie of his hysterectomy. Aurora and her twin sister Borealis showed up in camp; said they'd seen God out on the dance floor doing the seal. They said he was pretty good looking and they wouldn't mind playing nookie-nookie with him and his dogs. As for me, I can't get no nookie, my soft serve machine broke down. Did I mention religious frenzy? Apostles running around willy-nilly making the most outrageous predictions. Jesus is expected here for dinner tonight. I'm counting on dysentery to straighten this whole thing out.

Nimrod: We didn't catch all that. Can you repeat?

Flobert: It's cold. It's fucking freezing.

Nimrod: Copy. Have you made any progress with the investigation?

Flobert: I made it with a thirteen year old Eskimo girl ...but you know... I think I might be gay. I keep having these fantasies about Bing Crosby naked under a big fur coat. He's got a big bull whip and a voice like silk...mmmm...

Nimrod: Flobert?

Flobert's pillow is being adjusted, sweat mopped from his brow, and other small attentions are given

Flobert: Hold on. Hold on.

Nimrod: Flobert...

Flobert: I said hold on, god damn it! (to his assistants) Okay, okay. Careful, god damn it! That's better. Easy does it... (to Nimrod) Sorry, just

making some minors adjustment the equipment. You can't be too careful under such perilous conditions.

Nimrod: Flobert, can you report on your murder investigation?

Flobert: Mineral investigation? Yes. There are a lot of rocks. In fact, what isn't ice, is a rock.

Nimrod: Do you have suspects in custody?

Flobert: I'm not cussing at you.

Nimrod: On the rocks?

Flobert: Yes. I prefer it that way.

Nimrod: We were hoping you could report on the murder investigation with an eye toward possible future exploitation...

Flobert: Look, if you want to exploit, then build a school. Build a whole slew of schools and get the priests to run them. I don't see how you can possibly exploit anyone by way of socks...

Nimrod: I was going to say exploitation of weather conditions.

Flobert: Why didn't you say so, Nimrod? I'd say no.

Nimrod: No?

Flobert: That's right.

Nimrod: No what?

Flobert: No way, no how.

Nimrod: You mean...

Flobert: What I mean is, and listen closely Nimrod: forget it. The weather is terrible and the Code is useless here.

Nimrod: We copy, Flobert. But we were planning to send in a judicial party.

Flobert: Party?

Nimrod: Yes, Judge Plaxton and...

Flobert: Sure, tell Plaxton I'd love to party!

Nimrod: No.

Flobert: Yes? I have a plan. I've been framing this Idea, an Idea which may find shelter in the shallow confines of your narrow mind. I want you to write this down. You got a pen a paper?

Nimrod: Roger, Ebert.

Scott: This prick is getting on my nerves.

Nimrod: Go ahead, shoot.

Flobert: Okay, you have this incredibly desolate place, populated primarily by Lemmings, a few devout Natives (some of whom have recently gone homicidal, by the way). and a small group of vacationing cannibals. Now you would think; let's send in a missionary, set up a trading post and generally install a system to save these people while simultaneously destroying them and their environs, right?

Nimrod: Well, we weren't exactly thinking-

Flobert: Exactly. You weren't thinking. The fragmentary imperative signals to the System which it dismisses (just as it dismisses, in principle, the I,

the author) and also ceaselessly invokes, just as the other term in an alternative cannot altogether ignore the first term which it requires in order to substitute itself. The correct criticism of the System does not consist (as is most often, complacently, supposed) in finding fault with it, or in interpreting it insufficiently (which even Heidegger sometimes does) but in rather rendering it invincible, invulnerable to criticism or, as they say, inevitable. Then, since nothing escapes it because of its omnipresent unity and perfect cohesion of everything, there remains no place for fragmentary writing unless it comes into focus as the impossible necessary: as that which is written in the time outside time, in the sheer suspense which without restraint breaks the seal of unity by, precisely, not breaking it, but by leaving it aside without this abandon's ever being able to be known. It is thus, inasmuch as it separates itself from the manifest, that fragmentary writing does not belong to the One. And thus, again, it denounces thought as experience (in whatever sense this word be taken), no less than thought as the realization of the whole.

Nimrod: Have you lost your mind Flobert? Are you advocating the diversion of this prosecution?

Flobert: The system raised by irony to an absolute of absoluteness, which is what we have in this particular case, is a way for the System still to impose itself by the discredit with which the demand of the fragmentary credits it.

Nimrod: Where are you going with this? We are losing you. You're breaking up.

Flobert: Goddam sholar storms... I'm seeing double. Call Disney, get them up here. I've got the natives rounding up the lemmings. We're building bridges and scouting for suitable cliffs. Jesus is coming. No, he's already here. We're going to make Movies! We'll start small ... we've got time, or rather a complete absence of time ... send Stella Adler and we'll take some acting lessons, start a community theater. The twins are game. These kids are quality material. Send five cases of Pepsi, a box of York Peppermint Patties and some crêpe soled shoes. Move over Bollywood - Ninnywood is here!

Scott: Captain Flobert seems to be advocating the diversion and fragmentation of our Great and Noble Purpose toward Entertainment.

Nimrod: Captain, do you realize you are imperiling the sanctity of His Majesties Charter? This borders on treason...

Flobert: Thank you. I knew you'd see reason. I have to go, I'm due to have my eyebrows trimmed before the next Armageddon. Over and out Nimrod.

Nimrod: Flobert? Flobert? Come in Flobert? This is Nimrod calling Flobert? Please respond Flobert. Flobert...

Scott: He's gone.

The Show Must Go On

Music: 'The Show Must Go On,' Leo Sayer.

Erin and Maggie get out of bed and perform a dance made from images cut out of a Canadian magazine from the '60s.

Scott joins the dance.

Eric puts the bed away and joins the dance.

I've Been Asked To Say A Few Words

Scott, DSR at small table with candle, microphone and Pepsi. Others in break area.

Scott: I've been asked to say a few words here on the nature of and reasons behind the little journey we've undertaken for you tonight. I'd like to say that I'm excited by the opportunities that present themselves in the face of such a high minded and important responsibility. I'd like to say that I am flattered to have been chosen for this task but, sadly, that would be a lie. I'm Glenn Gould..

Bible ears start.

Scott repeats the words of Glenn Gould's 'The Idea of North.'

Maggie, Erin and Eric set the stage for one last party. The Pepsi machine moves center stage. Erin and Maggie huff Whip-its and drink Pepsi.

Bible ears end.

LOUD music starts: 'Living in Fantasy,' by Leo Sayer. Eric creates 'snowstorm' over Maggie and Erin, as they huff whip-its and drink Pepsi and freak out, until the music ends.

Scott: We, who feel closer to the dead than to the living, continue, concise and bloody at breakneck speed, that through the telling we might become neither martyrs nor debased nor saints, but people again like everyone else. But we do not know the names of sickness, and when we look at our memories we see they have a hole. We don't talk about that. We think we choose avoidance out of reverence, but even when we talk about it, we don't talk about it. How can we talk about an absence? We circle it, and describe the edges. This absence is your absence, a consciousness hole. I avert my eyes. Feverishly, you wrote the following..

'Have you had the feeling of falling into the things that you know are the right things, all the while knowing that you will not fall into them right; that you have found the right, but will never be able to fall into it, whether through exhaustion or rigor, that all that will make you Good is beyond you and you will only parody in relation to your ecstatic self, that your ecstatic self is your other you, that suicide will not unite the two, that, though it is your deepest wish, you haven't the power to make it so, that the power lies not in any other's love, nor in your own love for yourself, nor even for the continued discovery which might ultimately lead to the person you most want to know, but can't, yourself. You will be forever 'here,' as much as you can make out, whether entombed in ice, or, entombed in the place you are when you're with people who are not you. Just go. Just go. Just go; you will get to where you are, or perhaps where you want to be. Insh'allah, Insh'allah.'

The Only Thing I Could Think Of

Maggie and Erin, as the Gibbons sisters/Mina, sprawled in front of the Pepsi machine. Eric continues to create a snowstorm.

Maggie & Erin: Hastily, for some reason, I found myself running back towards the bellowing building. The only thing I could think of was Veronica, Rocky, Seth and Daltyboy. During the night I was very sad because I knew they would die. I was under the belief that God was to visit the world very soon. I remember afterwards all that I said and did and was very sad.

I told them to go outside and led them. A long way out on the ice I took off all the clothing of Veronica, Rocky, Seth and Daltyboy. I threw their clothes on the ice.

Some were naked. Others had pants on. They wanted to put their clothes back on later, but I told them to go on and leave them. It was the happiest, most

unforgettable night in my life as we all with an arm around the shoulder ambled down the ice. This was the road to Utopia. The road I had been waiting for for so long.

It was very cold and now it was happening. Now we were together and we would always be together. Seth, Veronica, Rocky and Daltyboy. Forever. The stars shone down their messages of goodbye. The moon shone down its moonshine of good luck. And the dark ebony sky showered down its blanket full of peace, happiness and overflowing goodwill.

I was smiling as we turned out of the disco and on to the sea ice. So were the others, because we were all happy. We were all free. When we were a long way out I took the remaining clothes... the pants. Like before, "Die Young. Stay pretty." I whispered.