

REMAINING SCENES: THE RED TAPES (PART III)

Image

Sound

Grey

- Gunshots (1 1/2 min)
- Siren, gradually increasing volume
- My voice: casual humming: 'Ba-ba-baba...'

Fade to 'Rock Scene':
my person -- lights
(flare) -- moving camera
(light takes over, I'm
lost in light) - 2 min.

- My voice comes over the 'Bababa':
singing: 'We've found it -- we've found
it...'

Grey:

- My voice: 'This is not what it seems.
Underneath it all, there's no cause for
merriment. Above everything, there's
the optimism that defies understanding --
an optimism so incurable, so shameful,
that we have to use this, the same old
song and dance, as a cover-up, a pale
copy, a decoy...'
- My voice comes in under: 'Ba-ba-baba...'

Fade to 'Rock Scene'
2 min.

- As an undercurrent, the first track: 'We've
found it...'
- My voice adds, in the present: 'We're
young -- we're young -- we're young...'

Grey

- My voice: 'So I sang for my supper. Another
night on the road, a cheap motel like any
other, small town, smaller crowd. I heard
America singing, so I changed my tune.
So here I am again, singing for my supper.
So the question is: when do we eat?'

Fade to 'Rock Scene'
2 min.

- As an undercurrent, the first two tracks:
'We've found it -- We're young...'
- My voice adds, in the present: 'We're
ready -- we're ready...'

Grey

- My voice: 'So that's it: the rock -- the rock of ages. So that's it: the roll -- the roll of thunder. So now I see: it's all in the future, I'm not dead yet, we're in the stars. See? The music -- the music -- the music of the spheres. Yes, yes, it all coheres. No, I deny it. No, I reject it. No, no, screw it up. No, no, screw it up. No, no, screw it up...'

Fade to 'Rock Scene'

2 mw.

- As an undercurrent, the first three tracks: 'We've found it -- We're young -- We're ready...'
- My voice adds, in the present: 'Come on -- Come on -- Come on...'

Grey

- My voice (shouts, like punk rock); '1-2-3-4...1-2-3-4...1-2-3-4...'
- The my voice comes in with the epilogue: 'Now you know the story. Remember: this could happen to you. Look out. Think. Connect. Simplify. Re-think. Look back, look ahead. Be on guard. Watch out for the person sitting beside you. Is that the person you came in with? Are you sure? Where did your dollar go? What is your president doing tonight? Make an enemy, unmake a king. Don't leave with the person you came in with. Write your congressman, kidnap a cop. Beware of abstractions. Keep your nose to the ground. Now and then, sniff the air, sniff the air...'
- Organ music comes in: Ives' 'Variations on America.' Over the music, my voice gives the credits. The organ music continues as the audience leaves.