

TREADMILL®

TRACKSTAR
GOODBYE TO ANALOG



Treadmill Trackstar

PRESENTS

GOODBYE TO ANALOG

CAST

Angelo Gianni.....Vocals, Guitars, Organ, Piano, drums on
2nd half of Analog, and some other stuff
Mike Mills.....Bass
Katie Hamilton.....Cello
Kenny McWilliams.....Additional guitars on Light, Dying, Empty,
Goodbye, Baby, and some other stuff
William "Beaver" Bausch.....Drums on Light, Dying, Empty,
Hens, Coffin, Baby, Inconnue
Stephen Russ.....Drums on Fatal Disease & Vandalize
John Furr.....Synths & Drum Programming on Wake You
John Hennessey.....Drum Programming on Genesis
Jesse James.....Dub Break in Hens
Adara Saoirse.....Harp on Inconnue

PATRONS

A very special thank you to: Steve Rose, Lynn Roldan, Eric Stamey, Heather Parker, Trina-Cornelison, Chett Spinney, Scott Cornelison, Carl Zwerling, Peter Mallamo, Stephen Beili, Halli Anderson, Sean Daly, Karleigh Daly, Sean Beaudoin, Jennifer Kearney-Herold, C. Victor Pyle III, Brian Musgrave, Calvin C. Carney, Robin Ullman, Steven Samuels, Lisa Yoffee, Chris Heaney, Bob, Angelo (pops) Gianni II, Marie (moms) Difilippantonio, Gary Difilippantonio, Carrie Graves, Thomas Stepp

COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT

Kenny McWilliams, Mike Mills, Beaver Bausch, Stephen Russ, Katie Hamilton, John Furr, John Hennessey, Jesse James, Adara Saoirse, and Jennifer, Marcella & Malena Gianni. Thank you.

Additional Production by
Kenny McWilliams

Produced by
Angelo Gianni

Cover Art by
Kaiza Tizon

Engineered & Mixed by
Kenny McWilliams

Songs & Lyrics by
Angelo Gianni
©2013LifelsAFiveMusic, BMI

Lack of Graphic Design
by Angelo Gianni

Mixed at Archer Avenue Studios in Columbia, SC
Mastered at Black Dog Mastering Studio, LLC
Additional Engineering by Angelo Gianni, Colin Derrick, Stephen Russ, John Hennessey,
Beaver Bausch & Jese James.

Vocals, Additional Guitars, Bass, Pianos, Organs, Drums for
Goodbye to Analog & Cello recorded at Augmented Fourth
Studio in Asheville, NC | Guitars recorded at Archer Avenue
Studios in Columbia, SC | Drums for Looking for Light, Dying in
Style, Empty Pockets, Hens in the Wolf House, Coffin is Parked
Outside, Goodbye to Analog, Baby I Fold, & Inconnue recorded
at B-Va Productions Studio in Jackson Heights, NY | Drums for
Life is a Fatal Disease and Vandalize recorded at The Fire To-
night Studios in Columbia, SC by Collin Derrick | Synths and drums recorded/programed
for Wake You at Pow Pow Sound in Columbia, SC | Dub section of Hens recorded at
The Fire Tonight Studios in Harrisonburg, VA | Drum programming for Genesis recorded
at Skyway Sound in Los Angeles, CA

Download companion script at treadmilltrackstar.com/goodbyetoanalog

The copyright on this recording is owned by Treadmill Trackstar 2013 © Treadmill Track-
star for the world. All rights reserved.

Help us make another record at www.treadmilltrackstar.com

SONGS

ACT ONE

Life is a Fatal Disease.....All
Looking for Light.....Snow
Vandalize.....Hunter
Dying in Style.....Queen
Empty Pockets.....Snow & Hunter
Rewrite Genesis.....Hunter
Hens in the Wolf House.....Snow, Hunter, & Queen
Coffin is Parked Outside (Cytoxin Blues).....Queen & Snow
Goodbye to Analog.....Snow, Hunter, & Queen
Baby I Fold.....Snow, Hunter, & Queen
Inconnue.....Snow, Hunter, & Queen
Wake You.....Hunter

INTERMISSION

Intermission will last a few years

ACT TWO

TBD

Goodbye to Analog
by
Treadmill Trackstar

Note: Listen to the record on it's own. It deserves that. Come back to this nonsense later if you feel like it.

What am I doing in this part of town? Thank God I didn't bring my girl friend. We'd be on the highway headed back to the house. I parked against a loading dock for a meat packing operation and stepped out of my car. There's an oily slick of some sort smeared across the street picking up reflections from the streetlight. I wonder if it's man made or living matter escaping from the slaughterhouse.

This is the address my GPS brought me to. There are a few other cars, but I don't see anything that could be considered a venue of any sort. I'm following a series of orange arrows spray painted on the pavement. Probably the path of a future sewer line, but it's all I've got.

There's a big guy dressed in black smoking a cigarette sitting on a metal folding chair next to a giant door that would be a great prop in a movie about drug dealers. He asks me for a ticket.

I do have a ticket. I printed it out online. I give it to the guy and walk through the door he holds open for me. There is nothing surprising about the interior of the building other than it's size. It's massive. And it's a shit-hole. And it's freezing. I find a seat, which isn't difficult. It looks like I'm one of the 22 people in this city who are open-minded enough, stupid enough, or bored enough to click blindly on strange event posts on Facebook. This one in particular was posted by one of my many Facebook friends who I don't know at all, but who's friend request was accepted immediately to up my numbers. I needed some time out of the house. And it looked vaguely interesting. These days, any hint of weirdness is welcomed with open arms.

No chair is the same, and I chose a middle school desk with a little wing to write on, just in case I want to take notes I suppose. I realize the mistake immediately. I'll lose several seconds struggling to extricate myself if that becomes necessary. I look around to see if I recognize any of my fellow audience members - but it's too dark. I make out forms but no faces.

There's a small stage of sorts. It looks like plywood laid on top of milk crates and cinder blocks. This is a non-union house for sure.

To the right side of the stage almost completely in darkness a band is tuning up. Being a musician of sorts myself - or at the very least a gear aficionado, I recognize a 70's Les Paul blonde and an old Orange amplifier paired with a bitching Fender Bassman. Could be a 59. A set of vintage Gretch drums. There's a P bass with a towering skyscraper of an Ampeg cabinet topped with an ancient Kustom head. The kind with the thick upholstered padding around it. Nice. The bass player and guitarist look like junky brothers.

Emaciated with yellow glowing skin. Black hair, either uncombed for days or completely planned and manicured an hour ago. It's always hard to tell with these types. The drummer is a stocky woman with a 'fro from whichever 70's blaxploitation film is your favorite. I'll bet she's wicked on drums. Probably good in bed too. In my experience, those two things go together. Of course, I have no such experience to draw on whatsoever. There's a bank of keyboards too. I can make out a Moog Prodigy and a Wurli. An FM7. The keyboard player looks like an Arian scientist wearing a white lab coat, which is either an homage to Prince or to Spinal Tap. I approve of either one. There's also a cello on a stand, but no sign of a cello player. Maybe the keyboardist doubles up. Obviously, all of this gear is stolen.

LIFE IS A FATAL DISEASE

The lights go even darker. Music starts which I can only describe as loud and grating and repetitive. I like loud music, but this is out of hand. I'm on edge. This was a mistake. I'm not going to enjoy this at all.

A group of 4 HOODLUMS walks out onto the bare stage. Are they putting on a show, or is this an elaborate setup that is going to end in robbery and murder? They're a sad yet perfect cocktail of poor, bored, and violent. I'll be honest, they scare the shit out of me and I again recognize my mistake of sitting at the school desk.

They are dancing, if dancing is the word, to the music. Dancing isn't the right word. Moving I suppose is all you can call it. It's violent and not at all beautiful. But I feel like it's choreographed down to the smallest gesture. And even I know that choreographing chaos is quite an achievement. I can't tell if they're friends or enemies. I can't tell if I'm safe or unsafe.

I'm not going to try to describe in too much detail what goes on during the songs. You've seen a rock musical before. You know how they go. Senseless prancing and pacing around the stage because the director just wants them doing *something* while they sing. Voices that are truly great, but not quite suited for rock music. The kind of voices where you realize the lead warmed up with *I Feel Pretty* backstage. And this gives everything that musical theater vibe which is not unpleasing in the least. Although I have to say, I can't picture a world in which the 4 Hoodlums would ever sing *I Feel Pretty*.

Use your imagination.

ALL HOODLUMS

Yeah!

HOODLUM 1

A crucifix, a swastika-

HOODLUM 2

and Mickey Mouse in silhouette.

HOODLUM 3

Meaningful and meaningless-

HOODLUM 4

Obsessed with all this stuff and yet

ALL HOODLUMS

We're leaving. Already gone.

SNOW appears on the stage. She's the most beautiful human being I've ever seen. No matter what happens from here on out - I realize I'm staying until the end. I can't tell what her ethnicity is - she's everything all at once. Looks to be about 20, but could be even younger. She's beautiful, but sad and well worn. My heart goes out to her right away. I want to save her. What is she doing in this shit-hole with these Hoodlums? She could easily be in an organic shampoo commercial targeting ethnic emo kids. A market not usually targeted at all.

SNOW

Born and bred to lap it up

HOODLUM 1

and then to try to keep it down

HOODLUM 2

Meaningful and meaningless

HOODLUM 3

And in the end it's in the ground

ALL

We're leaving. Already gone.

QUEEN walks onto the stage. He's in his late 50's and well put together. He cares about his appearance. He reminds me of David Bowie in his suit years. If you saw him on the street you'd say to yourself, "I'll bet he's done something interesting." Like when you see someone wearing a certain hat that you could never pull off without being ridiculed, you just know there's a reason they can get away with it. Confidence. I can't tell if he's handsome, or if it's only that it's terribly obvious that he once was. I don't know what he's been through, but it can't have been good. I'm more scared of him than I am of all four Hoodlums put together.

He doesn't dance, as much as gracefully strut. I have a mini hallucination of Fred Astair twirling around the light post in the rain, jumping down to the street, and kicking a homeless man in the stomach. *Fred Astair in A Clockwork Orange*. That explains Queen pretty well. Maybe I *should* be taking notes.

QUEEN

Why do our brains have receptors for success?
 Why do our brains have receptors for success?
 My ambition is pathetic
 I wish I could forget it

SNOW

Cause our failure is what causes such a mess.

HUNTER comes out onto the stage. Why are all these fuckers so scary looking? (Except Snow. Oh Snow.) This guy is pure American History X style. Frightening. Raw pointy violence covered in smooth physical beauty. An Armoni suit wrapped around a poisonous cactus. You would *never* make eye contact with this guy. Never. He's dressed in old jeans and a plain tee. He has the posture of someone who is not quite sure of themselves. He's on the lookout, like a coiled snake. Early 20's. Strong as an ox.

HUNTER

Why do our brains have receptors for god?
 Why do our brains have receptors for god?
 She never lands in my head
 I guess she might be dead
 Or maybe she's out looking for applause

ALL

Life's just a fatal disease
 These symptoms have got us on our knees

HOODLUM 3 & 4

Have a sip of wine
 And disappear into the gold-mine
 Check off another day

HOODLUM 1

Border lines and bank accounts

HOODLUM 2

We all need a place to stay

HOODLUM 3

Sacred cows and books to burn

HOODLUM 4

Gotta fill up every day

ALL

We're leaving
Already gone

Hoodlum 1 is checking Snow out. The scumbag. I'm seething. If he touches her I swear I'll squirm out of this stupid desk somehow and deck him.

HOODLUM 1

(to Snow)

I am here
The sun is lit
So what's supposed to happen next?

He's staring straight at her ass and making lewd gestures. Enough is enough.

SNOW

I got a vague idea
That all that's here
Is just a bunch of drugs and sex

Snow gives him the hand and walks away. That's right asshole. Step the hell back.

SNOW (CONT'D)

I'm leaving
Already gone

QUEEN

Why do our brains have receptors for the cocaine?
Why do our brains have receptors for the cocaine?

HUNTER

Keep on banking for the future
Or lay down a user

QUEEN

I don't think we all are playing
At the same game

HUNTER

Why do our brains have receptors for god?
Why do our brains have receptors for god?

QUEEN

It's either hang from the cross
Or get a little lost

SNOW

You can tally up the ticket when I'm gone

ALL

Life's just a fatal disease
 These symptoms have put us on our knees

Queen and Hunter leave on opposite sides of the stage. Snow is left hidden behind the Hoodlums. I'm a little nervous for her.

ALL HOODLUMS

Another day came
 Another day spent
 Thinking 'bout the next one
 Whatcha gotta do to feel present?

The Hoodlums exit the stage in different directions and the lights go out. But I know Snows still there. I think I can smell her. And she smells so good.

LOOKING FOR LIGHT

One dim spotlight comes up. Just enough to show Snow's dark completion and the shadows across her face. Good God. My gladness at my girlfriend's absence triples. The music starts. Snow swings a small backpack over her shoulder and wanders around the stage. She's going to sing. I can feel it building. Here it comes.

SNOW

Left home, I hated them all
 Turns out that right wasn't all that I needed
 Oh why do we try so hard
 To change everything?
 Wrapped up inside this bag
 Now home is a thrift store couch in the back
 Well if I could get back home
 But they probably turned out the light

The Hoodlums wander around and join in on the chorus and then disappear again

ALL

Light
 Looking for light
 But we're sitting in the dark

The Hoodlums appear sitting on some boxes on the right side of the stage. They chat amongst themselves and steal glances at Snow.

That town I left forever
 This one is turning into the same
 Oh why do we try so hard
 To run past the length of the chain?

HOODLUM 1

I was born to be stingy

HOODLUM 2

I was born to be dead

SNOW

I tried to find myself by going
bed to bed

I was looking for light
Looking for light

ALL

But we're waiting in the dark for
Light
Looking for light
But we're sitting in the dark and

SNOW

(pleads to Hoodlums)

Please put my heart down
It's a shame the way it's been passed around

HOODLUM 3

And I was born to be vicious

SNOW

I was born to be used
I was born in to indecision
But now I've got to choose

So I'm looking for light
Looking for light

ALL

But we're waiting in the dark for
Light
Looking for light
But we're sitting in the dark and

Hunter wanders onto the stage. He walks up to the Hoodlums and chats. I can't hear what he's saying, of course. He checks his pockets - for cash maybe? And comes up short. He wanders toward Snow - checking her out again. But this time it's less lewd and more sincere.

SNOW

Now I'm just some photos on the wall
And they were never there to break the falls
(to Hunter)
(MORE)

SNOW (CONT'D)

And baby can you take their place at all?
And hear my story?

Their eyes meet for a second and I'm devastated. No. She's just flirting.

SNOW (CONT'D)

It's a gorgeous day feel my fortune changing
My pulse is strong and I feel it changing
(to Hunter)
I see your face and I'm figured out
But my vampire won't release me
To the light

Hunter leaves the stage. The Hoodlums join with Snow. They know what she's talking about. So do I. I really do.

The lights dim until the place is completely pitch black. It forces me to really listen. To hear.

ALL

Looking for light
But we're waiting in the dark for
Light
Looking for light
But we're waiting in the dark for
Light
Waiting in the dark for
Light
Waiting in the dark

VANDALIZE

It's black and there are sounds of a struggle. A short scream. Punches and groans. Something smashes. Red lights fade up and there's an OLD WOMAN laying in the middle of the stage with blood on her face. (It's really just the guy playing Hoodlum 2 with a wig and sun dress on over his tee and jeans.) Anyway, Hunter stands panting over the Old Woman holding a jewelry box and a bible as the music kicks in. Hunter walks around the stage.

HUNTER

I didn't hurt her much
I just took what I needed
I left the phone
And she was barely bleeding

Man I'm not good at this
The floor drops out
And I just try to hang on
(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

What wouldn't Jesus do?
The best cons are the ones
That you believe are true

The Old Woman has disappeared when I wasn't looking. Hunter is walking back and forth across the stage giving the illusion that he's walking down a street. Hoodlum 1 appears holding a car stereo with raw wires dangling from it. He joins Hunter and they continue down the "street". Hey! Is that *my* car stereo?

HUNTER (CONT'D)

We came out dignified

HOODLUM 1

That's how we all got started

HUNTER

What's the crime
In taking what I wanted?

And the genetics damned
Born to hurt and bred on hesitation
I cut the Bible up
To hold my stash and give me inspiration

Hoodlum 3 stands off to the side of the stage under a sign that says "Pawn Shop / Instant Cash" along with that three ball pawnbroker logo painted in gold that I know originates from the Medici because I Googled it one night while watching Pawn Stars. Hoodlum 1 and Hunter head toward the Pawn Shop with their stolen junk.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

And the vandals held me down
And painted violently
My veins carry what they're told
The only question
Is my mouth kept closed?

PAWN SHOP GUY

(Played by Hoodlum 3)

Whatcha bring me?

Hunter responds by singing his next line to Pawn Shop Guy.

HUNTER

And here's the thing when raised by outlaws
You've got to claw for happy days
I got a vial for happy birthday

PAWN SHOP GUY

Whatcha bring me?

Hunter exchanges the box of jewelry for a couple of bucks. Hoodlum 1 sells his car stereo.

HUNTER

Man I'm not good at this
The roof comes off and I just try to hang on
What wouldn't Jesus do
Well come on down and slip on these shitty shoes

As the vandals held me down
And painted violently
My veins just carry what they hold
I am my history
And the vandals held me down
And ask me if my heart's gone cold

PAWN SHOP GUY

Whatcha bring me?

The song ends. The stage goes dark.

DYING IN STYLE

A hazy fog of green lights come up. Queen is on the left side of the stage as the Hoodlums surround him. He addresses Hoodlum 4 while he sells Hoodlum 2 a packet of folded up paper filled with something or other. My desk is uncomfortable. I'm thinking about switching seats, but I'm afraid of getting the shit beat out of me for making noise. I paid for my ticket, but I don't feel like a customer. Not at all. Strange vibe in here. The music starts. Nice guitar hook.

QUEEN

Can't you see there's a line
I'll get to you
But now I'm serving this fine gentleman and
Thanks for your business and
Please come back again
I'm so proud to be of service
To folks as fine as these

Queen breaks away from the Hoodlums who follow him around like rats behind the Pied Piper.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

And I keep thinking
That somewhere there is a boat
Waiting for me - I'll be there
And then we'll float far from this
(MORE)

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Group despair but I don't see
Nothing filling up that sail

Queen spreads his arms presenting the Hoodlums.

And so I feast on the kids
To live

Queen throws a few packets on the ground and the Hoodlums dive for them.

I just spread the seed on the ground
And wait until the yard birds come around
They've got it bad you know

He walks away as the Hoodlums fight over the packets. I have no idea what drug is supposed to be represented here. Queen walks away from them. He's got this aloof quality. Obviously he's a drug dealer, but he lives up to his royal name. There is a definite purple cloaked air about him.

Oh shit. He's coming out into the audience. I HATE when they do shit like this. Please Lord, please don't let him come near me. I'm sweating. This God damned desk chair!

You know I once read through The Artist's Way
And Joseph Campbell promised bliss someday
And that was nice to chase til it went away
Because you know dreams almost ever pay

I relate to this. Still, I hope he doesn't come near me.

And so I feast on the kids
To live

I just spread the seed on the ground
The yard birds come and gather around
They never let it go.

He's coming right at me and the spot light follows him. Worst case scenario is happening right now. He looks right at me and slips one of the packets into my hand and runs back up onto the stage. I slip it in my pocket - but I doubt I can fight the urge to open it up and see what's in it for long.

The lighting opens up. Yellows and whites. Bright but not blinding. There must be a smoke machine going somewhere, because Queen is up on the stage again and there lights are creating a perfect hazy silhouette. There's a hint of that smoke machine smell. The scene is incredibly gorgeous.

And I'm here.

(MORE)

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Guess I'm here until I'm gone
 I'm not proud or ashamed
 I'm just here
 And I feel just like this earth
 Ready for the next thing
 And I feel like the boat's not anywhere
 So fold my things
 And hold my breath
 Mistake my claim
 And anchors away

The Hoodlums gather around and follow Queen. The lighting changes to something a bit more realistic. White front lighting. A bit harsh.

Don't you put your shit all over me
 I'm fine just get on with the revelry
 It's empty but it's almost real
 Just need enough to forget what I'm doing here

And so I feast on the kids
 Yeah I feast on the kids
 Well I feast on the kids
 To live.

The stage goes black. I suppose we've been introduced to the main characters.

EMPTY POCKETS

Two faint spotlights. The lighting is pretty impressive. I haven't been describing it properly. The money they didn't spend on the venue has obviously been spent elsewhere. The booth, if you can call it that - is a window washing scaffold hanging halfway up the 30 foot high brick rear wall. A pretty girl who can't be more than 14 years old is busy translating the cues coming through her headset into fader moves on the board. Her hair is dyed gray and is set in a sideways mohawk that goes across her head from right to left instead of down the middle. If she is also the lighting designer, then she may be the most talented artist in the building. Really - her work is impressive. I suppose I haven't been describing the lighting well, because the lighting is indescribable. It's incredible.

Two faint spotlights. One on Snow sitting on the edge of the stage to the far right. One on Hunter to the far left lying along with a few of the Hoodlums sleeping. He wakes up. It appears he's had what must be another rough night. My guess is that Hunter and the Hoodlums spent everything they made at the Pawn Shop last night.

The music starts with a dirty old organ riff. It's sounds like the late 70's. Then the guitar comes in - and it's even more 70's. I remember that there's a Foreigner 4 CD hidden in my glove compartment in a Radiohead case (to avoid ridicule) and I make a mental note to listen to it. Mutt Lange's finest work in my opinion. Is that from the 80's though? I'm old enough to remember the late 70's. I'm old enough to believe that I liked the late 70's. It also occurs to me that we visualize a time period in the look of the media we had during that time period. So I'm picturing things in grainy Kodak Instamatic where the colors aren't quite right. I have a strong urge to hold up a lit bic lighter.

HUNTER

I'm barely breathing
 I'm barely human anymore
 I lost it so long ago
 Don't bother to look for it no more
 Hard enough to get off that floor

A sun is projected against a white scrim that has been lowered without my knowledge on the back of the stage. I look back and see an LCD projector flickering from the scaffold. The sun rises above a nondescript city. A shot of morning light on an abandoned car. A cat escaping a dumpster warmed by the morning light.

Hunter walks away from the Hoodlums who disappear in darkness. Snow notices him. She gets up and approaches him. A Hoodlum appears from the wings and hands Hunter two paper cups of coffee. He offers one to Snow and she accepts. The lights are orange glow and make everything look warm and sleepy.

SNOW

I'm finally thinking about cleaning up

HUNTER

Thinking about all the things I've left to do

SNOW

Just need somebody to pick me up
 Tatoo my name on their inner-wrist to prove
 I can be something you can't remove

Snow is flirting, but cautious. Hunter is flirting and aggressive.

HUNTER

Where the hell did you come from
 Why would you step from a fairy tale to this

SNOW

I'm not really from anywhere
Just passing through on my way to passing
through

HUNTER/SNOW

We could start a religion
We could worship each other starting now?

Snow is half joking. Hunter is fully not.

HUNTER

We try some positions

SNOW

Would it mean that we don't need to bottom out?

They hold hands. The projection has changed from morning business to afternoon activities. A battered ice cream truck stops. A tow truck hauls a shiny Malibu with hydraulics down the street.

Queen does a transaction with one of the Hoodlums in a back corner of the stage. The lighting has changed. A little harsher. More white.

HUNTER

A mailbox and a picket fence

SNOW

Chat with friends at the grocery store

HUNTER

I'll get a job, make a buck or two

SNOW

We can sit on the front porch me and you

HUNTER

And will you help me find my loss?

SNOW

And will you work to get me off?

Snow is no longer joking at all. This thing is firming up. I'm so jealous of Hunter I could die.

HUNT

A TV with remote control

SNOW

Magazines in the bath

HUNTER

A free show!
I'll write a letter to mom and dad

SNOW

Have them for dinner
And laugh behind their back

HUNTER/SNOW

Let's go start a religion
We can worship each other starting now
Let's go try some positions
Find a few with a chance to figure out

The lighting has changed again. A super-warm redish orange. The projection shows a grocer pushing a fruit display on wheels back into his store. A mother calls her children in for dinner from the front porch of her row house. A group of scumbags sits on a rusted playground carousel drinking 40's from paper bags.

The Hoodlums appear center stage sitting at an old picnic table like you'd find in a public park. They're good at this stage stuff - I didn't even see them drag it out. The Hoodlums pass a joint around.

Snow's finally coming to her senses a bit. Maybe I still have a chance. I'm not sure why I'm confusing Snow and this performance with the actress and reality. I need to stop that.

SNOW

But maybe you're like all the rest
Keep your motives to your chest
Will this be just another stop
on the way to death?

HUNTER

Hand me a paperclip and pen

The Hoodlums get up to leave. Hoodlum 1 hands Hunter a safety pin he takes from his denim jacket and a ball point pen. Hunter and Snow take over the picnic table. Hunter takes the pen apart, and beds the safety pin out and starts to tatoo himself with it on his wrist, dabbing the pen ink into the opened skin. You can't see it, but obviously it 's going to say "Snow".

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I'll put it in writing now, and then
I'll make my motives clear til you give in

HUNTER/SNOW

Let's make a plan
Let's show ourselves the door we can
(MORE)

HUNTER/SNOW (CONT'D)

You showed up in the nick of time
Let's empty all our pockets out

They do. They take everything out of their pockets and place it on the table.
A plethora of paraphernalia and packets. Who knows what it all is.

HUNTER/SNOW (CONT'D)

Take a look at the things we can do with out
The first stab at recovery is to cut it out

The Hoodlums wander on stage, interested in what's spread out on the table.
They slowly circle in closer.

HUNTER

But seems such a waste with it sitting there
Let's start tomorrow I think that that is fair

SNOW

One farewell night to say goodbye?

HUNTER

Let's get high

SNOW

Let's leave it alone
Let's get high

HUNTER

Let's leave it alone

SNOW/HUNTER/HOODLUMS

Let's get high

HUNTER

A mailbox and a picket fence

SNOW/HUNTER/HOODLUMS

Let's get high

SNOW

Chat with friends at the grocery store

SNOW/HUNTER/HOODLUMS

Let's get high

HUNTER

I'll get a job make a buck or two

SNOW/HUNTER/HOODLUMS

Let's get high

The Hoodlums dig into the goods to prep it up.

SNOW/HUNTER

We'll worship each other

ALL HOODLUMS

Let's get high.

Stage goes dark.

REWRITE GENESIS

The lights come up a bit. Yellowish this time. Not a pleasant yellow. It's the radioactive yellow from fluorescent lights in a big box store.

The yellow light reveals a representation of a crappy flop house. A couple of pieces of furniture dragged out of the landfill. Well placed bottles and mounds of cigarette butts overwhelming ash trays and half full Gatoraide containers. The Hoodlums are strewn everywhere. I hear the unmistakable groan of an addicts morning pain and an already awakening need that would be a scream if they could gather that much energy.

Snow and Hunter are lying tangled together with each other and a worn blanket in the middle of the stage in various states of undress. I strain my eyes to see if I can make out the details of Snow's body. God damn this desk I'm sitting in or I'd raise up a little. I can't make out anything clearly. But suggestion is a powerful force. And the suggestions is that she is perfect in every way.

The music starts. I didn't see a cello player in the band before, and it's too dark to see who's playing it now.

Hunter wakes up and waits for his head to clear. He looks terrible. He glances over at Snow and the smile on his face is exactly the smile I would have in his position. The lucky bastard knows he's a lucky bastard. He gets up and pulls on his pants and a shirt. Yes, I know this is just a play. It's not real. Of course it's not. But my jealousy seems to be. He adjusts the blanket to cover her.

A kitchen counter with a disgusting coffee maker and toaster oven on it and small Formica table with two chairs has appeared stage right. (It's like they have magic elves as stage hands.) Hunter picks his bible up off of the table.

HUNTER

I gave you every chance
I folded up my hands and bowed
But when you asked me to my knees
I had to wonder what the hell that means

Hunter starts the coffee maker. Wipes out some cups. Occasionally looks over to Snow.

Put a pot of coffee on
 We can do better than this
 Put a pot of coffee on
 Let's start with the start
 Let's rewrite Genesis

I don't need God anymore
 She gives communion
 Gives me body and blood
 I don't need God anymore
 We'll make our own sun and moon and stars
 I don't need God anymore
 I found something I can touch
 To believe in
 I don't need God at all
 When I pray to her
 She hears me

I miss the ritual and song
 But you can only love a virgin for so long
 So take the rib right out of my chest
 Let's get away from Eden
 before we make a mess

Put a pot of coffee on
 We can do better than this
 Put a pot of coffee on
 Let's start with the start
 Let's rewrite Genesis

I don't need God anymore
 Good Lord when she walks
 I gotta cross myself
 I don't need God anymore
 We'll make our own sun and moon and stars
 I don't need God anymore
 I found something I can touch
 To believe in
 I don't need God at all
 When I pray to her
 She hears me

So, Hunter is religious? Was religious? I'm a bit confused really. I get that he's into Snow - that much is for sure.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Put a pot of coffee on
 We can do better than this
 Put a pot of coffee on
 (MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Let's start with the start
Let's rewrite Genesis

I don't need God anymore
Good Lord when she smiles
I gotta cross myself

I feel that.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I don't need God anymore
We'll make our own sun and moon and stars
I don't need God anymore
I found something I can touch
To believe in
I don't need God at all
When I pray to her
She hears me

Snow wakes up and joins Hunter at the table for coffee. They look happy that they can feel like shit together.

SNOW

(as the song ends)

We fucked up.

HUNTER

Yeah.

The song ends. Stage goes dark.

MY MIRROR

There's a note in the Playbill that says:

"This song is not included in tonight's performance for reasons we don't feel obligated to explain. We don't owe you anything. But - it's a song featuring Queen and his rather excessive love of cocaine, what cocaine means to him, what cocaine symbolizes (because we're probably not even really talking about cocaine at all), and what it's like having to stare into your own eyes every time you snort a line up your nostril. It also vaguely refers to a serious health problem that Queen may or may not have and may or may not be avoiding as well as a possible past relationship of some sort with Hunter. It also provides some exposition on Queen's past accomplishments and how he fell to where he is now."

Okay. That's pretty lame. I'll bet that if I'd given a couple of bucks to Treadmill's fund raising campaign they could have afforded to include this song. Next time.

HENS IN THE WOLF HOUSE

Snow and Hunter are far stage left lit with an orange wash. We're not in the flop house anymore.

HUNTER

I gathered up your bones

SNOW

I know, think I felt it

HUNTER

We'll get ourselves a home

SNOW

But for now
Need a shelter

HUNTER/SNOW

Let's find a place that's dry and warm
Huddle down within four walls
Spread out the plans
And tunnel down beneath the floor

Blue/green lights come up during the last verse to reveal Queen's house. This is the most elaborate set yet. Easily - since up to now there's hardly been anything on the stage at all. It's a 40's row house. There are flats representing cheap wood paneling. The place would be a dump, except that it's appointed so well. A Victorian style sofa sits in the middle of the stage on an extremely worn oriental rug. The place is decorated with good taste. There's a strange mix of old and new. Classical and punk. There's a small table against the right wall with an old style Victrola record player. Above that is a poster of Iggy Pop in an heavy ornate carved wooden frame (I think it's the photo from Raw Power.) Stairs with a heavy wooden banister lead up against the back flat. On the left wall is a small kitchenette which contrasts the living room by featuring a general 70's decor. Yellow patterned wallpaper with light blue cabinets, a glitter speckled Formica counter top.

Queen descends the stairs. He's dapper as usual in a zoot suit. He preps his small espresso machine, a ritual he obviously enjoys, and fills a tiny cup, and takes a sip. He looks out the fake window above the sink that looks out onto the stage.

QUEEN

Throw the snares out
 It is hunting time and I aim to bring the
 Hens to the wolf house
 These teeth were made to tear through fragile

Back to Hunter and Snow.

SNOW

You like to be alone?

HUNTER

I lied I am faithful
 It's barely in my throat

SNOW

I can feel
 I can't fight it

SNOW/HUNTER

Let's find a place that's dry and warm
 Huddle down within four walls
 Roll out the plans
 And tunnel down beneath the floors

Queen notices Snow and Hunter out the window as he sips his espresso. He walks out - and Hunter recognizes him and smiles uncomfortably with a nod.

QUEEN

Throw the snares out
 It is hunting time and I aim to bring the
 Hens to the wolf house
 These teeth were made to chew through fragile

The music goes to a break. A strange break. A lovely weird break. Queen approaches them and puts his arm around Hunter who seems to be making introductions. Queen extends his hand to shake Snow's. They chat. Queen gives a nod as if he understands what he's being told by Hunter and walks away to give them a chance to talk.

Snow seems to reluctantly agree to something and they come up to Queen, say a few words and he leads them into his house. Whatever video game it was that just got played, I believe Queen won.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Throw the snares out
 It's hunting time and I aim to bring the
 Hens to the wolf house
 These teeth were made to tear through fragile

Queen invites them to sit in the living room. He grabs some baggies full of something, a scale and some paper and places it on the coffee table. Hunter shows Snow how to weight out whatever it is, place it in the paper and fold it up. Queen makes them some coffee.

Stage goes dark.

COFFIN IS PARKED OUTSIDE (CYTOXIN BLUES)

The music starts. I love this little guitar riff.

Queen's room. Yellow. A continuation of Queen's stylish and strange decorating sense. An old 20's four post bed with a canopy. The room is actually above the living room set, but wasn't visible until now because of the lighting. Queen sits at an antique vanity table with ornate mirror. A glass of water, some men's face and hair products and prescription pill bottles line the table. Queen picks up one of those weekly pill organizers and pops it open. He takes out pill after pill and swallows them pausing between each for a sip of water. He's in a robe (a beautiful robe I might add... and did) and has lost the confidence I thought I saw. He's not looking so good.

QUEEN

And here's my art of letting go
Disease is better than the cure
My bodies such a worthless bitch
Jumped ship and swimming for the shore

Queen closes the pill container and looks into the mirror, touching the slight wrinkles on his face. He coughs a bit and spits in the water glass. We see Snow go by the doorway in her nightgown. (In a nightgown!) She stops and eavesdrops.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

I spend my time just looking back
What future do I have to plan
And all these memories don't console
A wasted life a wasted man

Queen shivers and goes to his closet to fetch an overcoat which he slips into. He holds it tight around him. Snow enters the room and stands at the door. Queen notices her. Addresses her.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

I take the torture for the cure
I try but, baby it's hard to rise
And I'm not ready for this night
Don't worry, my coffin is parked outside

Queen begins to cough, and then can't stop. He collapses on the bed and hacks until it finally subsides. He curls up into a ball. Snow sits on the bed next to him. Now he's sweating, and struggles to get out of the overcoat. Snow helps him. He collapses back against the headboard. Snow finds a washcloth to cool his head.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

And this isn't life
This is dying and I'm trying to do it well
Yardstick is broken so am I
No extra measures just decline
December falls
I got no coat I got no hat
The truth is, baby I'm cold inside

SNOW

And I'm not ready for this night

QUEEN

Don't worry, my coffin is parked outside

There's a blast of white light pointed toward the audience. Queen and Snow are in complete silhouette.

SNOW

You're giving up, you're laying down

QUEEN

Your God likes to preen and push me around

SNOW

You're mind can win, you're mind can heal

QUEEN

My mind is attached to my body dear...

The bright lights fade.

SNOW

What can I bring? My thought was
Nobody dies 'round here

QUEEN

Don't ever pause
Never stand still long
Outstretch and feel

SNOW

Don't read your will
And don't forget
Nobody dies 'round here

QUEEN

Keep my secret close
 Father Son and Ghost
 Won't take my fear

The lights go back to normal. Very dark. A soft purple wash.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Would you touch my shoulder?

SNOW

I can watch awhile.

QUEEN

A faint breeze could take it.
 Such a bad use of good time
 to tend this little light of mine

Why take the torture for the cure?
 I try but, baby it's hard to rise

Queen takes Snows hand. He looks into her eyes. I think he wants her to promise.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

And when it's bad I'll need good-byes
 I'm asking
 My coffin's parked outside

SNOW

Don't you die
 Don't you die
 Don't you die

QUEEN

My coffin is parked outside

SNOW

Don't you die
 Don't you die

SNOW (CONT'D)

Maybe you can ask me when
 I'm high.

QUEEN

My coffin is parked outside

GOODBYE TO ANALOG

A hint of blue light. We're still in Queens house. Hunter comes down the stairs in shorts, obviously unable to sleep. He flips through some records and puts one on the Victrola.

He sets the needle down and after a short sound effect of needle on vinyl the band starts. That sound brings me back. Nostalgia is a physical phenomenon. You feel it in your guts. I'm going to like this song. I can tell right away. The cello again. Again, to dark to see who's playing it.

HUNTER

Kneeling in the Snow
 Hear a lullaby?
 The reflection of the sun
 Laid in her eye
 Buried feelings in the open forest
 And I barely understand what's going on
 Goodbye to analog
 Goodbye to analog

During that last verse, Snow comes down the stairs too. She's wearing a light blue nightgown that matches the kitchen cabinets and makes me think of Little House on the Prairie. I think they're using the fog machine a little bit again. The blue light has slowly turned more purple. A deep deep purple. I think there is a light hidden in the horn of the Victrola glowing red.

SNOW

Right there on your wrist
 The promise dried
 And when you lead into the field
 I'm right behind
 But then your tracks began to circle
 And I can barely understand what's going on
 Goodbye to analog
 Goodbye to analog

SNOW/HUNTER

I saw your face and then
 That's where it started

You guessed it. During the last verse, Queen appeared too. This time sporting 1950's Peter Sellers style pajamas.

QUEEN

I'm here to tuck you in
 Not like there's nothing but time
 Let's try to fire up
 This little light of mine

Queen takes a cigar box from a shelf, sits on the sofa and places the box on the Noguchi coffee table. He sits on the far right of the couch. He beckons Snow and Hunter over. Hunter sits on the left and Snow snuggles up with him in the middle. Queen places a hand on a each of their knees.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Don't stop looking through
 Other eyes behind your own
 That's what this is for
 And I hear you digging through the night
 And I'd cheer for you to go
 But I want my own eyes to glow

HUNTER

We lean too far
 And set a level for a break out

SNOW

On my knees and
 Here it comes another breakdown

QUEEN

Stay right here
 I'll keep you covered if you stay

HUNTER

We lean too far
 and fall

QUEEN

Not gonna say no more
 Goodbye to analog

Queen leaves the box and walks to the kitchen. He's weak and it's painful to watch. He's weak and I feel like he's some kind of vampire in need of blood. In need of something in order to stay alive. Snow gets up to help him but he waves her off. He sits at the kitchen table. A faint spot light hits the cigar box. It's subtle, but it's there. It's red. You can really just barely make it out - and only then if you're really looking.

HUNTER

Goodbye to analog

Hunter opens the box.

SNOW

Pull me down

SNOW/HUNTER

It's senseless to leave
 Leave the ground

Stage goes dark. Except for that hint of a red spot on the mystery box.

BABY I FOLD

The music starts right away. We stare at the box until the lights fade up a bit. Everyone is just where they were.

HUNTER

Guess I was waiting for a warning
 Just some sound
 To scatter birds to weak to leave the ground
 But huddled in the bunker
 We failed ourselves
 I think I'm fading

SNOW

(addressing Queen)
 And yes, I listened very hard
 To every word you said
 But it's not helping

Hunter digs into the box and spreads a surgical tube, a syringe, a spoon, and a lighter on the coffee table.

HUNTER

And so, the piston in my hand
 To detonate the past
 And paint all windows

SNOW/HUNTER

It's time.

HUNTER

Tie my arm off
 Flame to spoon
 And fill my heart
 Cause baby I fold
 And trace this vein
 There goes the pain
 And sweeten my blood
 Cause baby I fold

He puts the needle into his arm and a wave of peace comes over his face as he sinks into the sofa. Snow pulls the syringe out.

SNOW

And this ain't any nowhere
 Like I've been before
 Seems deeper than the
 Place from where I come

QUEEN

(to Snow)

I wish that you had grabbed
 My small advice
 So you'd be far from here

(to Hunter)

But no, you're tangled in your faith
 You're tangled in your highs

(to Snow)

Secure in your lows

Queen heads up the stairs. Barely able to make it. Snow again goes to help him but he stares her down.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

And I will try to climb the stairs
 I'll face it when I'm gone
 Let's wait til morning

He watches her from the stairs as Hunter helps her tie off.

SNOW

It's time.
 Tie my arm off
 Flame to spoon and
 Fill my heart
 Cause baby I fold
 And trace this vein
 There goes the pain
 And sweeten my blood
 Cause baby I fold

QUEEN

I'll be glad when we see Sunday morning come
 That's the day when all good stories are begun
 Maybe I'll wake up to see another sun

ALL

Maybe we'll get by

SNOW

It's time.
 Tie my arm off
 Flame to spoon and
 Fill my heart

She holds the needle at her arm but doesn't push it in.

QUEEN

Cause baby I am old because I'm somehow still
 alive

HUNTER

We're young and there is no fear

QUEEN

I'm old but I am still here

HUNTER/SNOW

Young enough for no fear

QUEEN

I'm old because I'm somehow still alive

The lights go dark. Then with the music there is an explosion of color that takes all of us by surprise. Between the lights and the unbearable loud music I'm becoming completely uncomfortable. I want to get out of here. Madness.

Queen suddenly seems to regain all of his strength. He towers on the stairs like something from Fantasia, his shadow massive and chilling against the back wall and ceiling. He is fucking frightening and up lit in red. I won't be surprised if giant black wings unfurl from his back or if fire erupts from his mouth. I won't be surprised to feel his talons rip off my head.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

So who took you down in the first place boy, you know?

HUNTER

I didn't know I didn't see I didn't care
So I just fill it anyway

SNOW

Right up to the brim
I don't know why - it's just insane

HUNTER

And I don't know why it has to be so difficult

QUEEN

Well that's just the way it is you know? What are you gonna do? You gonna leave? You gonna find? You gonna share? Maybe it's time to step out there for a final encore. Come on girl, you got it. You can take that step all by your self.

Do I need to hold your hand?
Do I need to hold your hand?
DO I NEED TO HOLD YOUR HAND?!

I feel like Eliot in the elevator in True Romance.

HUNTER	QUEEN
Yes, I'll step out myself. Let me show you. Let me show you. Let me show you how it's done.	Good night. Good night good night good night.

Snow plunges the needle into her arm triggering a sickening light show. Everything is suddenly more evil than I can stand.

HUNTER	SNOW
Don't leave me here. Don't leave me. Don't leave me here don't leave me.	Good night. Good night good night good night.

She falls across the sofa and rests on her back. She's gone.

QUEEN (CONT'D)	HUNTER
Don't it ever stop. Don't it ever stop.	Don't leave me here. Don't leave me.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
Don't it ever stop?

Hunter looks worried. He pats her face. Nothing. He panics. Queen heads the rest of the way up the stairs. Snow is not waking up.

HUNTER
Don't leave me here. Don't it
ever stop? Don't it ever
stop? Don't it ever STOP?

Hunter kneels on the floor next to Snow holding her hand as the music comes to an end

INCONNUE

The music starts and Snow slowly gets up, but Hunter stays where he is as if she's still laying on her back on the sofa. She places her hand on his head, but he doesn't feel it. The lighting is incredible. The sofa is backlit so it's in silhouette. But Snow and Hunter are lit well enough from the front to see them. Everything is very soft and white.

SNOW
Voice still coming through
But I am floating down so far
Feels like it might go
Down to the bottom of it all
That old lighthouse
Warns me to leave the rocks alone

Queen comes down the stairs and puts his hand on Hunters shoulder and looks at the sofa where Snows face would be if she were still lying there. I guess she is still lying there.

SNOW (CONT'D)

As it presents them clear as day
And I'm guided home

QUEEN

I caused it and
I'll take the blame
If you step out now I swear
We'll just start again

SNOW

I remember the plan
I am off map and headed in
Just drop me from the wrist
Genesis stays just where it is

Best laid plans peeled up
Looks like our pockets they stayed full
No need to write to mom and dad
We'll just let it all go

HUNTER

(to the Snow that's not
there)

I've got your wrist
And I'll pull you in
And here I will stay put
I swear I'll follow where you are

SNOW

Don't hold me back
I'm falling fine
I'm falling fine

Queen comforts Hunter. Hunter falls into his arms. There's something going on there.

HUNTER

I'll tow the line for you

QUEEN

I'll tow the line

SNOW

I've chosen to crawl into inward halls
Where my self's been all along
So nice to meet me at last
(MORE)

SNOW (CONT'D)

There's no way I'm coming back now
So long
Dust my prints from the world

SNOW (CONT'D)

Got no reason at all

HUNTER/QUEEN

Got no reason at all

Queen gets back on the sofa and closes her eyes.

SNOW

Take me out to some dead field and
Cover me and let me fade alone
Fade alone

WAKE YOU

Hunter shakes Queen off of him. He seems determined. I like him. I think I want him to get her back.

HUNTER

Buried in the snow
Where the thaw
Never found its way before
The weakest seed was left alone
So the years could come and go
So unseen
So ignored
Still alive

I alone can wake you
I alone can wake you

Lying on your back
Your eyes are closed
Your skin is ice
a dormant rose
That wants the sun
That waits for rain
That wants to bloom in full again
So unseen
So ignored
Still alive

I alone can wake you
I alone can wake you

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I'll melt the snow
 I'll dig you up
 And let your brand new breath corrupt
 I'll bring the sun
 I'll bring the rain
 And turn you into yourself again

I alone can wake you
 I alone can wake you
 I Alone.
 I Alone.
 I Alone.
 I will wake you.

The stage goes dark for about 30 seconds. My fellow audience members applaud- and I join in. The house lights come up and everyone files for the door. I assume to grab a drink or a smoke. I look in the Playbill. It says:

INTERMISSION (PROBABLY A FEW YEARS)

“As we said before. We owe you nothing.”

A few years? I'm embarrassed to say, but what I think is, “Do I have to buy another ticket to see the second act, or is my ticket going to work in ‘a few years’.” I struggle to get out of my stupid desk chair. I look back at the scaffolding for the 14 year old. I walk the 40 feet to the back wall and look up for a closer look. All the equipment is gone. No 14 year old. I head toward the stage trying not to think that maybe I can meet the actress playing Snow. But that's exactly what I'm thinking. The stage is there, but nothing else. All of the band's equipment is gone. All but the wing curtains have disappeared. There are no props or set pieces. It's all gone. No actors. Nobody. This is an empty warehouse. With a shoddy stage.

I rush out the door and onto the street. The door locks behind me. There is not a soul in sight. No door guy. No cars. Nothing but my breath turning to vapor in the cold.

I get into my car and put the key in the ignition. I just sit there for a moment. I reach into my pocket for my pack of American Spirits and feel the packet of paper Queen gave me earlier. I'd forgotten about it. I unfold it. I expected some sort of drug, cocaine or something, but there's nothing inside except a bit of scribble. The paper is dated 2 years from today and an address is scrawled in tiny handwriting. I fold it up and put it back in my pocket. I turn the key and the engine sounds anxious. I rummage for Foreigner Four and load it in the CD player and wonder how long it would take for my girlfriend to worry about me enough to call the cops.

I feel a real need to get into a little trouble. To live a little. I think I have plenty of time. But don't we all think that? And it's never been true. Not once.