

[Where We Are]

hello wolf.

WOLF

What if I said I am not what you think you see.

I am not an actor human, this floor is forest earth, and to the left of that glaring exit light, a river flows, the width and length and velocity of the Egyptian Nile.

You are not what you feel you are, you are a spider the size of your eyelash. Or an eagle flying two thousand feet above our heads. Or the mother of the newest freshest pinecone dangling over that aisle. We are riding on the back of a giant turtle, hurtling through the cosmos, in a four point five four billion year race against the tiniest of the tiniest white easter rabbits.

What if I said, you are the single most important breath in my space. You are the first gear that turns the clock of my world. You are the final drop of dew that breaks down the universal dam of miscommunication. I need you with every blood cell and cranial nerve I possess.

And you believed me?

Does that change anything?

What if I said Oops, actually no, we are sitting in a rented space on top of concrete ground, laid upon a planet fast losing her steam. You are barely a breath in the time space continuum, you're here, you're gone, we'd all move on without a care. You do not make an impact you do not give or take anything of import in your ridiculous little life on this plastic earth.

I am exactly what you think you see. I am indeed an actor human, paid in cash or credit or So Much Love and cookies to say these lines that a writer human wrote so that I might speak them in my actor human resonant voice, You are indeed the idiot that decided to pay to be squeezed in that little seat in the dark, for the next some hours of your life that you shall never retrieve, you may not take pictures or recordings, you must silence all cellphones beepers candy wrappers alarm clocks and all alarmedness in general, or we will tweet about you and your ignorance to the entire world during our greenroom smoke break, and you are exactly what you feel you are.

That is the truth. Is that the truth?

You may think about this while some people are turning the noisy things off. Go on.

People turn noisy things off.

The truth is a wobbly thing, we shall wobble through our own set of truths like jello on a freight train, and tonight I add a bump to that journey and put to you my truth:

I am not what you think you see.

I am the wolf.

Aow.

yes, I am the wolf.

Aooow.

And then again because three translates to God in bible, infinity in Asia, and funny in theater:

I am the wolf.

Real wolf howl. Terrifying and beautiful.

WOLF (cont)

Wolves get a bad rep for being evil, they will eat your lambs, limbs and grannies, and sometimes blow your house down without giving two shits about your chinny chin chin. But you gotta understand these evil wolves are abandoned wolves. Solo wolves, not necessarily out on the prowl to steal your red riding hoods. But stories need conflict, and fighters are sexy and boy, do wolves know how to fight.

Lights: Ash in the boxing ring

However, an abandoned wolf will rarely actually fight. He will slink in the shadows, trying his best to stay unseen and unheard and unsmelled, basically invisible. See, wolves suck at being alone. Wolves need family.

Lights: Robin and Ryan on couch with a blue balloon.

We sleep in packs. Hunt in packs. Travel in packs.

Lights: Peter in the car

The world is actually a very dangerous place, for an orphaned, lone wolf.

An Asian boy doll appears.

But I am the wolf. So I admit to some bias.

There is a Korean saying that goes “Naturally, the arm folds inwards.”

It means, you will tend to fight for your family, back your pack, defend your bloodline, over mostly anything and anyone else.

It makes more sense in Korean.

But we’re not here to talk about Koreans.

Wolf sets the boy doll in the car next to Peter.

We’re here to talk about Americans.

These two Peters are both Americans. These two Peters live in the desert lands of Arizona.

Early one morning, the two American Peters opened the desert gate, and went out into the narrow desert road.

Sound: VRRROOM

Far down the road they travelled, over the hills and valleys low.

Until finally they came upon the great big jungle of shadows and concrete walls,

The watery airs of San Francisco.

And in this jungle was a house, filled to the edges with blue balloons...