

e-\$cape

LYRIC SHEETS

1. The Code of My Life Matthew, Lynn
2. It's All Buzz..... Anna
3. The Car..... Matthew
4. The Value of Things Lynn
5. Be With Me When You're With Me..... Anna
6. My Kroger Days Lynn

We have seen 19-year-old computer programmer wannabe MATTHEW work out some of his rage issues via an ultra-violent online video game. However, we have also seen a more caring side of him, trying to tutor an unmotivated student named ANNA. Just before **Code of My Life** begins, MATTHEW has had a dead-end tutoring session with ANNA, who hasn't done her homework.

MATTHEW

WHAT A WASTE OF MY TIME.
WHAT A WASTE OF MY LIFE.
I GOT SO MUCH TO GIVE.
INSTEAD, I'M STUCK AT TEN BUCKS AN HOUR....
WHAT A WASTE!
WASTING MY TALENT.
PAYING SOME BILLS, DOING SOME JOB,
JUST WAITING.
WAITING BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD,
TRYING TO CRACK THE CODE.
CAN'T FIND THE PROGRAM.
CAN'T FIND THE MANUAL.
TRYING TO WRITE THE CODE OF MY LIFE.

NOBODY.
NOBODY LISTENING.
PROGRAMMING BUT...MAKING NO SOUND.
JUST TYPING.
FEELING LIKE I'M GONNA EXPLODE
TRYING TO CRACK THE CODE
CAN'T FIND THE ANSWERS.
CAN'T FIND THE SEQUENCE.
TRYING TO WRITE THE CODE OF MY LIFE.

(In the diminishing light of the kitchen, we see LYNN, weeping.)

LYNN

DONE ALL I CAN
GAVE ALL I GOT
JUST TRIED TO HELP YOU.
IT'S CLEAR THAT I OF NOT.
SORRY I FAILED.
TIMES, AIN'T THEY TOUGH?
GIVE WHAT YOU GOT, BUT
JUST NOT ENOUGH.

MATTHEW

THE ONES AND ZEROS
ADD TO ZERO.
THE ZEROS AND ONES
MAKE NONE.
NEVER GOIN' TO COLLEGE.
NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
NEVER GONNA SAY I'VE BEGUN.

(In cyberspace, EXOTHOPTERA joins the battle, with a ferocious rage; a terrifying rage. During the following, EXOTHOPTERA has hold of a single surviving Skaelok, and treats it as though it were scrap metal; ripping its limbs and tearing its armor with irrational, sub-human rage. Simultaneously, MATTHEW transforms. HE tears open his shirt, and pounds at the keyboard, his silent rage becomes more and more overt, until he and EXOTHOPTERA are fairly indistinguishable. Scary. LYNN, too, fights Rage Demons. SHE stubs out her cigarette, then crushes the whole pack as though it were a human heart.)

MATTHEW

NOBODY.
NOBODY SPECIAL.
PAYING SOME BILLS, DOING SOME JOB
JUST WAITING.
WAITING BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD,
TRYING TO CRACK THE CODE.
CAN'T FIND THE PROGRAM.
CAN'T FIND THE MANUAL.
TRYING TO WRITE THE CODE
OF MY LIFE.

THE ONES AND ZEROS
ADD TO ZERO.
THE ZEROS AND ONES
MAKE NONE.
NEVER GOING TO COLLEGE,
NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
NEVER GONNA SAY I'VE BEGUN.
CAN'T FIND THE PROGRAM,
CAN'T FIND THE MANUAL.
TRYING TO FIND THE CODE OF MY LIFE.

LYNN

DONE ALL I CAN
GAVE ALL I GOT
JUST TRIED TO HELP YOU.
S' CLEAR THAT I OF NOT.
SORRY I FAILED.
TIMES, AIN'T THEY TOUGH.
GIVE WHAT YOU GOT, BUT
JUST NOT ENOUGH.

TRIED TO HELP.
CLEAR I'VE NOT.
DONE WHAT I CAN.
GAVE WHAT I GOT.
FAILED AS A MOTHER.
FAILED AS A WIFE.
TRYING TO HELP YOU
BEGIN YOUR LIFE.

(LYNN exits.)

MATTHEW

(scary; losing it)

TRYING TO FIND THE CODE
TRYING TO FIND THE CODE
TRYING TO FIND THE CODE!
FIND. THE. CODE.
FIND. THE. CODE.
FIND. THE.

(incoherent; no longer language)

(EXOTHOPTERA spins, making heaving sounds. MATTHEW grins;
feels better.)

Alone in her bedroom, ANNA wonders why she is so fascinated with her tutor and his violent, horrible avatar character, which resembles a gigantic mutant insect. **It's All Buzz.**

ANNA

FALLING IN LOVE WITH AN INSECT.
NOT THE SMARTEST THING TO DO.
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT SPECIES.
NOT THE GUY FOR YOU.
I MEAN, HE BUZZES, NOT TALKS,
HIS EYES NEVER BLINK.
IN HIS PRIVATE COCOON,
DOESN'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK.
ONLY LOOKING FOR SOMETHING OR SOMEONE
TO MUNCH ON AND CHEW.
FALLING IN LOVE WITH AN INSECT.
NOT THE SMARTEST THING TO DO.

Okay, let's face it, girl...

HE'S GOT THESE
SHARP RAZOR PINCERS
WHICH CAN SNIP OFF YOUR HEAD.
HE'S GOT THESE
HEXAGON EYES
THAT'RE BUMPY, OH, AND RED.
HE'S GOT THESE
THICK HAIRY DEALIES
THAT ARE SORTA LIKE ANTENNAE
BUT THEY DANGLE FROM HIS LIPS,
GOD, I WISH HE HADN'T ANY.

HE'S AN INSECT.
I'M A HUMAN.
AND ALL THE REST HE DOES
IS JUST BUZZ.

HE'S GOT THIS
BLACK WAXY BUILD-UP
COVERING ALL OF HIS CHEST.
HE'S GOT THIS
GODAWFUL SPIT
HE'LL EXCRETE (EW!) IN THE NEST.
HE'S GOT THIS
LOUD FLIRTY CHIRPING
THAT HE DOES WITH HIS LEGS.
BUT I'M DAMNED I'M GONNA LAY HIM
SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND EGGS!

HE'S AN INSECT.
I'M A HUMAN.
AND ALL THE REST HE DOES...?
...IS ALL BUZZ.

Okay, pull yourself together, Anna. Do the homework and don't think of the teacher....Yeah, that lasted about a second.

(SHE types.)

ANNA

Matthew, I'm still up. Call me? Email me?

(sighs)

FALLING IN LOVE WITH AN INSECT.
NOT THE SMARTEST THING TO DO.
GOTTA PASS THE CLASS.
AND NOT THINK ABOUT YOU.

MATTHEW is trying to concentrate on his computer programming, but he's pissed off that he and his Mom can't afford a decent college education, and his rage leads him to recall the events surrounding his father's unresolved death, in a river, at the wheel of the family car. **The Car.**

MATTHEW

CREATING A WORLD.
CREATING A NEW WORLD
FROM THE VERY FIRST PIXEL.

(A polyhedral shape shifts then spins, like a wireframe gyroscope, aesthetically beautiful. MATTHEW over-reacts to it, beating his chest in triumph.)

GOD I'M GOOD.

(HE clacks; the shape shifts again, splits into four, like four gyrating wheels.)

LIKE A GOD
CREATING FROM NOTHING
A SOMETHING, AND BEAUTY!
MY NUMBERS AND CODING COULD CHANGE THE WORLD.
CHANGE THE WORLD IF THEY'D LET ME.
BUT, BUT, BUT...
THEY WON'T!
M.I.T.
DENIED!
CUZ OF MONEY.
CUZ OF MOTHER.
CUZ OF FATHER.
AND SO THE WORLD WILL BREAK.
AND I...CAN'T...HELP!

Stop it, Matthew. Mom would help, if she could. Control. Control. You're in control.

JUST FOCUS
ON THE PIXELS.
EITHER ON OR OFF.
YES OR NO.
ONE OR ZERO.
THEN ONTO THE NEXT.
EITHER ON OR OFF.
YES OR NO.
ONE OR ZERO.
THEN ONTO THE NEXT.
AND THE NEXT AND THE NEXT
TILL FINALLY THERE IS SOMETHING.

(The four spinning wheels join a chassis of some sort; a vehicle; a wireframe version...incomplete; without details.)

A LITTLE THING, BUT SOMETHING.
A SOMETHING YOU SEE,
A SOMETHING YOU CAN FEEL.
A SOMETHING YOU CREATED,
A SOMETHING THAT IS REAL.

(But the more beautiful the vehicle, the more it sets MATTHEW off into a rage-spiral, feeding on itself.)

YES, GOD I'M GOOD.
LIKE A GOD.
BUT THE WORLD WILL NEVER SEE IT.
ALL THAT CODING, ALL THAT NOTHING.
WHAT A WASTE, A WASTE, A WASTE.
BREAK IT DOWN
TAKE IT DOWN,
HATE. HATE. HATE.
HOW CAN YOU GET THERE
WHERE YOU CAN'T EVER GET THERE?
BREAK IT DOWN
TAKE IT DOWN,
HATE. HATE. HATE.

A BIT OF CODE AND IT'S A ROOM
OR A BATTLEFIELD
OR A RIVER
A RIVER BANK
A CAR
MY FATHER'S CAR
MY FATHER DRIVING, DRIVING, DRIVING.
A FINAL RIDE.
A LAST RIDE
A RIVER BANK.
A BANK OF NOTHING.
A BANK OF NOWHERE.
A BANK OF FEAR.

(HE destroys the car.)

MATTHEW

BREAK IT DOWN
TAKE IT DOWN,
HATE. HATE. HATE.
HOW CAN YOU GET THERE
WHERE YOU CAN'T EVER GET THERE?
BREAK IT DOWN
TAKE IT DOWN,
HATE. HATE. HATE.
BREAK IT, BREAK IT, BREAK IT, BREAK IT
HATE IT, HATE IT, HATE IT!
HATE ME
HATE YOU FOR FAILING ME
HATE ME FOR WANTING YOU.
HATE IT
HATE IT
HATE!

(HE pushes his fist through a window. HE hurls himself against a wall.
HE's unsteady.)

LYNN (off)

Break another window, dear?

MATTHEW

(astonishingly in control suddenly)

I'll pay for it.

LYNN (off)

Yes, you will. G'night.

MATTHEW

G'night.

(HE returns to his computer, like a moth to the flame.)

MATTHEW

STOP IT! CALM.
STOP IT. CALM.
DON'T HURT WHAT YOU LOVE.
START AGAIN.
START AGAIN FROM CALM.
ONE. TWO. THREE. BREATHE.
EASY.
GOOD.
GO.

(MATTHEW creates a polyhedral surface which slowly becomes recognizable as a wireframe form of Exothoptera, then some awkward, flickery version of his flak jacket and pincers, alone in the Void, surrounded by flickers and suggestions of geometrical space.)

MATTHEW

SMOOTH IT OUT.
INFINITE LANDSCAPE IN FRONT OF YOU.
BEHIND YOU, ALL AROUND YOU.
ESCAPE IF YOU NEED.
ESCAPE.
INFINITE LANDSCAPE.
E-SCAPE.
E-...SCAPE.

MATTHEW has begun making money selling virtual dollars in his own social network video game. This makes no sense to his luddite mother. LYNN puts her arm around MATTHEW. The Value of Things.)

LYNN

I'm worried you're getting in over your head. Y'see....

PEOPLE ARE IDIOTS.
THEY'RE SHEEP. THEY'RE LEMMINGS.
YOU TELL 'EM THE PRICE OF GOOGLE IS HOT
THE NEXT DAY THE PRICE OF GOOGLE IS HOT.
YOU TELL 'EM IT'S COLD, IT'S DOWN TEN PERCENT
AND NOT CUZZA VALUE; IT'S NOT.
THEY'RE BUYING ON HOPE THEY CAN SELL
FOR A PROFIT, A LITTLE OR MAYBE A LOT.
BUT THEY AIN'T GOT A CLUE OF THE VALUE OF THINGS.
THAT'S SOMETHING THEY MUST OF FORGOT.

AT THE KROGER'S, OKAY, 'HATE THE KROGER'S, BUT STILL,
YOU KNOW YOU GET PAID BY THE DAY.
YOUR WAGES IS FIXED. THEY'RE SET. IT'S A PRICE.
YOU PUT IN THE TIME, YOU TAKE HOME YOUR PAY.
CUZ LABOR HAS VALUE, CUZ FOOD YOU CAN EAT
CUZ PAPER OR PLASTIC'S OKAY.
BUT PEOPLE ARE IDIOTS, SHOPPING ONLINE
AND CLICKING AND BUYING AWAY.

PIXELS.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU SELLING?
PIXELS?
HALF-PRICE OR DOUBLE,
LET'S MAKE A DEAL ON PIXELS.
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT SELLING PIXELS?
AT THE END OF THE DAY
THEY AIN'T REAL.

WAKE UP.
WAKE UP AND BE SMACKED.
SOONER OR LATER, YA HURT AND YA FEEL.
CAN'T STAY ASLEEP FOREVER, NUH-UH,
MONEY AND LIFE IS TOO REAL.
WAKE UP.
WAKE UP AND BE SMACKED.
IT DON'T DO NO GOOD TO PRETEND.
CHILDREN AND DEADBEATS,
LIKE ALL THE REST OF US
GOTTA WAKE UP IN THE END.

Wake up!

ANNA is frustrated by MATTHEW's constantly shutting her out of his life...even though he communicates with her easily through his avatar. **Be With Me When You're With Me.**

ANNA

Ohmigod, you drive me crazy! Matthew....

WHERE DO YOU GO WHEN YOU GO AWAY
BUT NEVER LEAVE MY SIDE?
IT'S LIKE YOU LEAVE, BUT NEVER LEAVE.
YOUR EYES ARE SHUT, BUT OPEN WIDE.
TO HAVE YOU HERE, BUT NEVER HERE
IS THE THICKEST KIND OF WALL.
BE WITH ME WHEN YOU'RE WITH ME,
OR DON'T BE WITH ME AT ALL.

LOOK AT ME WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME.
SEE ME WHEN YOU STARE.
OR ONE DAY WHEN YOU LOOK AGAIN
NO ONE WILL BE THERE.

GO AWAY IF YOU'RE GONNA GO,
I WON'T PRETEND YOU'VE STAYED.
YOU MOVE ON, AND I'LL MOVE ON
AND DITCH THE PLANS I MADE.
YOU GOT A PLACE THAT'S LURING YOU,
THAT'S FINE, BABY, THAT'S YOUR CALL.
BUT BE WITH ME WHEN YOU'RE WITH ME
OR DON'T BE WITH ME AT ALL.

LOOK AT ME WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME.
SEE ME WHEN YOU STARE.
OR ONE DAY WHEN YOU LOOK AGAIN
NO ONE WILL BE THERE.

SEE ME, BABY. WHOA-WHOA-OH.
I'M OVER HERE!
SEE ME, BABY! WHOA-WHOA-OH.
I'M OVER HERE!

MATTHEW'S cyber-network is a financial success, and he offers his mother a job, working for him, at a 50% increase in pay over the unionized grocery-bagging job which has kept her enslaved for twenty years. LYNN struts and turns all-over gospel. **My Kroger Days.**)

LYNN

O, MY KROGER DAYS ARE GONE.
MY KROGER DAYS ARE GONE.
OH, I WILL GO AND QUIT MY LOUSY WAGE.
A STUPID THING TO DO
ESPECIALLY AT MY AGE.
BUT MY KROGER DAYS ARE GONE.

MY BAGGIN' DAYS ARE GONE.
MY BAGGIN' DAYS ARE GONE.
I'LL TOSS 'EM ALL AWAY
WITH MY 401-K,
MY SUCKY WORKING DAY
FOR MY SUCKY PAY,
CUZ MY BAGGIN' DAYS ARE GONE.

SO WHO THE HELL AM I WITHOUT 'EM?
I THOUGHT I'D NEVER LEAVE THE STORE.
AND WHICH IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER OUT THE DOOR
WHOEVER NEXT I AM IS BETTER THAN BEFORE.
I'M BETTER THAN BEFORE!

MY KROGER DAYS ARE GONE.
MY KROGER DAYS ARE GONE.
ASSISTANT MANAGER
WITH YOUR EIGHT DAYS ON ME,
YOU GO AHEAD AND KEEP YOUR SENIORITY
BUT BEFORE I WALK AWAY
I BEEN WANTING TO SAY
THAT I GOT MIDDLE FINGER AUTHORITY
(gives Doris the finger)
YES I DO!
CUZ MY KROGER DAYS,
I SAID MY KROGER DAYS
MY CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT SO GOTTA SMILE FOR DAYS
MY NAMETAG PUNCHCARD APRON GODDAMN CLEANUP AISLE FOUR
DAYS
MY K-R-O-G-E-R...DAYS
ARE GONE. GONE.
UNH! PAPER OR PLASTIC, UP YOURS!