

CLINOMANIA

**This is a show about resting through life, and not following the chain of events that lead you to your fate.
It's about being who you are without judgment.
It's about capitalism, lucid dreaming, and real life.
Spread positive vibes, yo.**

This piece is meant to be done with a small audience, in a bedroom.

Three Characters -

Narrator: 23 year old female. She speaks all lines, other than the ones that Steve and Mary speak. Of course.

Steve: A little boy playing a game, or a cat. Whatever you think makes more sense.

Mary: The narrator's good friend.

MY DREAM

The people were sick so they couldn't leave and others owned their houses.

They tried to keep them sick because they made a deal, but salt was all that broke it.

She put salt in her hand, and saved the rest, only to find the outside world imploding.

The earth was breaking apart, bubbling up to the stars.

Trees were spinning, and a man with a machine gun tried to fix it all.

The people band together to kill the man, but were left, with nothing at all.

BLUE WALLS

I used to lay my bed for hours, and hours. I would come home, from school or wherever, and lock myself up into my room, turn on music and just... lay.

Yes, I can see how some kids may have been more physically active than I was.

I don't know, I don't even think I was even philosophizing or anything. I'd like to tell you I was, but when I go back to those moments I only remember stillness. And the ceiling. I wasn't even masturbating, scouts honour. I was listening to music. I would listen to my Blink 182 CD over, and over, and over. I'm sure I almost wore through my Billy Talent CD. I guess I must have listened to the radio too. I remember the sound filling my room, and hoping that it wasn't spilling out the cracks between the door and the door frame. Not because I was being considerate with the volume, but because I wanted it to encase me. It was about feeling like I was drowning. Like a bundle of drowning fibers. Laying on top of my blankets, or on the floor beside my bed. Flat on the ground, flat on my back. My blue wavy walls holding it all together.

I wasn't sad, or mad. I wasn't happy, I wasn't unhappy. I just existed.

And now I just fall asleep when I try to do that. Back then it was like I left. I was somewhere else. Now, when I'm in my bed, I have to take advantage of it. We're so busy. There's no time to just lay. If you're in your bed, you'd best be resting up for the next thing. Back then, I wasn't thinking about the next thing, what I had to do tomorrow, or what I was supposed to be doing instead. I didn't worry about what my friends were doing, or why I was doing what I was doing because *things didn't exist*.

Now I get that feeling when I realize there's still sand in my slippers from wearing them on the beach.

(After a while of lying in bed together:)

WE CAUSED THE WAR

How bizarre is it that everything comes through? I mean, like chain reactions, or the butterfly effect.

When you say that... it sounds like a phenomenon, not a reality. Really, honestly, all the days I had

laying in my bed have literally led me to this bed, this moment with you. This very moment wouldn't be possible without every moment before it. The same goes for you, of course. Where do you come from, into this... very... moment...?

To me, that's why being aware of yourself is so important. The butterfly isn't just flitting around us, around this room. It takes off and flits around people that we don't even know, that we couldn't even imagine we would ever know. There are only 6 degrees of separation. What kinds of things have we inspired this butterfly to do? What kind of things are we inspiring right now, by laying in this bed? For all we know, our little butterfly friend will fly away and cause world war three. REALLY, THOUGH! We don't know. Hopefully we can inspire other things, you know, maybe if we write and create, and see and listen and do and speak and play through love and passion, we could create... I don't know what. Utopia.

The point is, you just never know. Everything means something. Each breath. Each moment. Every smile, every tear. Every act of kindness.

(Our silly intellectual human brains)

Michel Foucault, this French philosopher I heard about, says: "The game is to try to detect those things which have not yet been talked about, those things that, at the present time, introduce, show, give some more or less vague indications of the fragility of our system of thought, in our way of reflecting, in our practices." He's all about the history of the present.

CAPITALISM

(STEVE bursts into the room!)

STEVE:

Beds

Big beds are better beds

Better beds hold better heads

Therefore this bed is a bed for my head

Beds

Smaller beds are stupid

Stupid beds hold stupid heads

Therefore this bed is not your bed

Beds

Good day peasants, I'm Steve but you can call me Sir Wiggles.

I myself have 300 beds in my collection. They're all good beds. If a bed is less than 300 dollars, I'm not interested. What would I be telling people if my beds were sub-par? That I am only sub-par? Your beds define who you are. Beds have become who I am. 76 of these beds are currently residing in my castle. The other beds are in storage. I gifted one bed to my mother but I still consider it to be mine.

This Stupid once asked me why I needed so many beds. Bahahahaha.

As a result of my bed obsession, I have become afraid of the floor.

I mean, yes I have enough beds to give all these homeless people a place to sleep, or whatever, but then I wouldn't have a bed collection of 300 beds. You see? And what is a person supposed to do? Walk along the ground through your home. Clearly, you people suit that lifestyle. I simply have one of my slaves open the front entrance of my residence for me, and I roll from room to room across the various beds. I have a sorting system,

firm and older beds in the front entrance, silk beds in the kitchen because I like to snack. Beds in my bedroom are especially important to me, NO ONE is allowed to see those beds. They're rare.

TEENAGE ROMANCE

Yeah, this isn't my bed. Per say. My bed is, well it's a lot of things actually but it's not this bed. Although this one's pretty nice.

You know, when I started seeing boys that's when my relationship with my bed really took a turn. My dad did not like this.

How the fuck are teenagers supposed to experiment with their sexuality? On the couch, "watching a movie"? Not ideal. Too risky. We all know, everyone has experienced when... you're just about getting hot and heavy with your teenaged love and one of your parents walks in. Right? Man, it gives me heart burn just thinking about it. The worst, or maybe the best time this ever happened to me was when I was 16, straddling my boyfriend and my dad comes in and asks us what kind of pizza we wanted.

(Adlibbing awkward encounter with dad "OH! What?! Yeah, any kind. Any kind! YEP! We'll be right out." etc. Then to imaginary teenage love:) Play it cool.

(TRANSITION: Loud noise at first, coming from the closet. Then, ominous, creepy crawly sounds happen in the back room. There is movement, based on night terrors and insomnia, leading the narrator into the closet:)

ALIENS

(Were the creepy crawly sounds part of the dreaming reality?)

Fear is the absence of understanding.

I've always had dreams of aliens. When I was younger they were a bit more cartoon-like; neon green UFOs in the baby blue sky. Now, they're really fucking terrifying. I used to be afraid to fall asleep I was having *so* many of these dreams. Thank god I was living with my partner at the time, he had to literally calm me down enough to fall asleep every night or else I just couldn't do it. The aliens are never mean, really. They're just so pissed off. There is so much anger in these dreams.

I can't remember what they looked like. But I remember in one of them, this gas... like fog. Screaming, and people getting twisted, dragged, wrenched along the hard ground. I don't know what they were doing. I was crying.

(Brush temples like mom used to, to calm you down when you were crying in bed).

My roommate told me she has witch dreams. I wonder if maybe... okay stay with me here... if maybe our dreams tell us about like past lives. I'm not entirely sure I believe that, but maybe I do! Would that mean I have been an ALIEN in a past life!? Yes, it would. And if anyone was a witch in their past lives, it's my roommate. *(From the closet, narrator's ROOM MATE shouts "HEY!" She's helping with tech from back there, and has over heard this conversation)* I mean that in the most loving, literal way I can mean it. *(Pause)* She doesn't like, practice wicken or anything, she just has a witch vibe.

I guess our worlds are only a construct of what our eyes, and ears, our nerves, and chemicals tell us the world is.

Or is that what dreams are?

What if one day, everything swapped and we found out that reality is longwinded dream, and our dreams are where our realness exists?

You can't prove the future.

SOPHIE AND THE BEES

In my old house I used to wake up to bees. (*Steve buzzes in her ear, to bother her*) FUCK! Awful. So scary. And annoying as shit. I later realized this was because I had a crack in my window frame but for some reason they really affected me. Maybe because they were making themselves known in my dreams. Those sleepy dreams in the morning, the really vividly dreamy ones. Did you know that if bees didn't do their thing, we'd all be goners? We'd be fucked. I started catching them in cups and putting them back outside, instead of killing them or just running away and closing the door until they found their way out or died. This is when I started to discover my inner goddess, you know. The one we all have inside of us?

And then, there were the ants! At first there was only one ant in my room. "How can you tell if it's the same ant?" you just can. I named her, Sophie. We were super good friends. Granted, I didn't have many friends where I was living at the time... and I was stoned fairly often, but Sophie and I, we really got on. Sometimes she would come to cuddle with me at night which, I tried to be nice about, because I get that everyone wants to be cuddled, but her legs were a bit sticky and they tickled my legs. Especially when I didn't realize she had already gotten into bed. That's the problem with having such tiny friends. You can't always keep track of them. At least *she* was a big ant, a carpenter ant to be exact. I did my research.

One day, I was feeling a bit out of my body, down on my luck, a little lonely even. Sophie tried to come comfort me, but I wasn't ready for it.

She crawled up, I think from under my knee, and spooked me.

I broke her legs.

I can't really tell you how hard it was to watch her struggle. I had never seen her move that fast before.

I SWEAR to you I hadn't been smoking weed before this. I think I was journaling, or eating, or something. Maybe just sulking. But I had to find a way to help Sophie. I thought about ending it for her. Stopping the pain. But if Sophie broke my legs I would not want her to end my life. I would want her to take me to the hospital.

There is no ant hospital. No ant pain killers.

But I had marijuana.

They use that for pain!

So as quickly as I could I found a way to – gently, so gently blow the smoke at her. No human can roll a joint tiny enough for an ant, second hand would have to do. I don't even know if you can get second hand high! I think it's just placebo. Ants are not victims of placebo effect, like us puny humans. I think it did calm her down. She left me, wandered into my closet. I thought to myself, she's going to need some alone time.

I never saw her again. I looked for her when I moved out though, when I was sweeping my closet out.

There were other ants after that. At first I wondered if they had come because they could sense Sophie, with their ant senses. I don't think so anymore. Just wayward ants. They were nice too, of course.

I never really let myself get as close to any of them though.

LUCID DREAMS

(MARY enters, eating a corn dog.)

MARY: What's up!?! I'm Mary!

MARY: So, listen, beds. Are like. Whoa, man.

You can do ANYTHING in your own bed man. Like look: *(steers the bed as if it were a ship of dreams)* check it! I'm steering this bed, as if it were a ship of dreams. Yo! Get it? ANYTHING!

This bed is totally like, a mind spaceship. You like, lay down at night and buckle up – using the blankets as the buckle – obviously, then you just chill out... totally lower your heart rate and shit, and then blam-o. You space ship away in your ship of dreams into DREAMS dude!

Lucid dreams – man you steer the shit out of the shit. You're the captain of th'e ship of dreams those nights. Am I right?

Have you not ever had a lucid dream? It's wild dude. Whoa, whoa if you haven't you should like, watch *The Waking Life*. Okay? You got that? Does anyone need to write it down or whatever?

I try to remember that there's no difference between reality and dreams. You create your own reality. Steer your own ship dudes and dudettes!

COME ON GET IN THE SHIP OF DREAMS, DUDES!

(MARY steers his ship of dreams, everyone goes along for the ride.)

GOOD-BYE

I have to tell you something, while I have you all in this room: I found my happy place.

I hope you find yours.

(End)