

Blank (empty) stage, house lights out. To half?
Bare AMT.

Work lights remain on.

Is the curtain on a traveler? If it is it's going to open. The thrust is out. The stairs are in.

Shakespeare doors are open with the masking open.

Shop door is open and that's how we roll or drag on the bag of shit, or the wagon. Or we each have our own. Cate's in one of the bags but we don't know that yet. The company is the four of us with Cate in the bag. Possibly in clowny, odd gear – face paint, hobo clothes. Collars, tuxedos. Not naturalistic, not as ourselves. The group gets centerstage, and looks for Cate. One of the bags moves incriminatingly. It is Cate. Carl frees her.

We are passing through town and we need to set up our shit. The group pulls noisemakers (there is no spoken text), candy, streamers, those pully things that streamers come out of – we take over the space, we are getting the audience's attention, we are modifying the space. Carl puts his ratty hobo top hat down stage center, open. Implied donations.

Masking now drops in cause the show is now happening – legs on the wings, close off the cyc? Fly in our banner?

The first piece comes out of one of the bags or wagons.

Maybe it starts with the big red dot, down centerstage. There is a special on it. A very dramatic special. One of the company stands on the dot. Other members of the company hand the person things (maybe music is playing). They are handed a steering wheel, they are handed a map. Or maybe the props go in order of a timeline of life? They are handed a baby bottle. They are handed a childrens toy. They are handed a steering wheel, occupational tools? Wedding veil. Baby shoes. They are rushed through. Then somehow they are left behind. They are in the dark. The only thing they have is the red dot. That's comforting.