

**Scene from "Machine"**

**INTERIOR. MEMORY'S STUDIO. NIGHT.**

Candles. Eerie glow comes off various boxes and devices. Bobo is sitting on a chair eating the rollie. Memory is working at a computer keyboard.

**BOBO**

What are you doing?

**MEMORY**

Ah, Mining.

**BOBO**

Mining?

**MEMORY**

Well digging. Looking for artifacts.

**BOBO**

I don't get it.

**MEMORY**

I use this machine to reach other people, well, to find evidence of other people.

**BOBO**

There's people in there? How?

**MEMORY**

Here I can project it as well.

She projects image of space onto the wall.

**MEMORY**

They aren't really in there, that is just a representation of people. They are in many places, all over the world.

**BOBO**

And so where is this place?

**MEMORY**

A place where memories are stored and.. It's .. another.. reality.. a virtual reality

**BOBO**

Hmm. Like ghosts?

**MEMORY**

More like projecting thoughts into another dimension...

**BOBO**

Like dreams!

**MEMORY**

Yeah, sort of, and this machine helps me to catch artifacts, moments, and look at them.

**BOBO**

And what's this thing?

**MEMORY**

It's a book.

**BOBO**

A book?

**MEMORY**

Come, you've never heard of a book?

**BOBO**

No.

**MEMORY**

Seriously?

**BOBO**

Well, I think I have heard of a book. But this is... what is it again?

**MEMORY**

A book. Book.

Bobo studies the book

**BOBO**

How does it work?

**MEMORY**

Do you know how to read?

**BOBO**

Hmmm, not really. I can read some things  
“Do Not Enter”  
“Contaminated”  
“Danger”  
I can read my name

**Pause**

**BOBO**

So how does it work, this book thing?

**MEMORY**

Uh, you open it and the writing is inside. I  
can't believe you have never seen a book.

**BOBO**

Yeah, I never have. Okay, so you open it  
like this?

**MEMORY**

Hah sort of, turn it around, there see the  
writing?

**BOBO**

Wow, it's beautiful. These are words?

**MEMORY**

Yeah.

**BOBO**

What do the words say?

**MEMORY**

(whispers, looks over her shoulder) Poetry.  
A friend of mine wrote it. A long time ago.

**BOBO**

Can you read it?

**MEMORY**

Sure, uh, just a sec.

She goes to check the door and pulls the curtain over the window. Then she quietly reads a Mike Wade poem in hushed tones.

**BOBO**

I wish I could have book that had poems in it.

**MEMORY**

Well I can't give you this one but I do have some books you can look at, if you want to have a few books. I have a couple of nice ones with pictures.

She goes to a closet, digs far in the back and pulls out a locked box. She fetches a key from a hiding place under her desk and opens a box of books for the clown. She coughs.

**MEMORY**

Take your pick.

**BOBO**

Really?

**MEMORY**

Yeah, sure, but be careful carrying them around.

Clown peruses box of books.