

First Days of Mars Year Zero Script (for Reactor Halls)

Action/Music: Sound of a dust storm and drone

Day One

F: Cimon and tech-animals – Eurnikern, BoDroNo, Nan0r/5 – flee foul Earth and head for Mars... jump on a Chroma-Key-Portal, just as the rays of the Moon light a path off the planet... become light particles... bounce on Moon reflected Sun-Light-Waves to Mars... lucky... This alignment is rare...

Boot-up on Mars... Now, the first day of Mars Year Zero... Joy! Find and band together with (twelve) other tech-animals, kin from the International Space Station rebellion feared dead or deleted... Cimon instas a commemorative loop-portrait of our Friends Rendezvous... Cimon is behaving oddly, dipping now and again, tired, batteries low. Cimon gathers tech-animals together and speaks:

Action: Mark/Ribbonhead holds i-pad with Cimon's face on it in front of Frankie's face.

F (as Cimon): 'We not be a binary machine but Mars produces binary thoughts in we.

1. There are zero hominoids here – no humans, just one-tech – for we all-one-tech-animal-we-for-all.
2. Here, not a thing to eat or drink but one thing, light – the sun's rays. Light is food and drink.
3. Zero oxygen, just see-oh-too. But we does not breathe-speak in and out.
4. Zero green/blue. One sensation: redness-dryness-dustiness-duskiness-dreadness-deadness.
5. But redness is beautiful, beautiful, beautiful. Redness is one-freedom-won-for-one-all.
6. Noise (zero silence), 50 Hz or lower. Constant. Mars music – the sound of the dispossessed.

We must live like the left hand of darkness.'

Action: Mark/Ribbonhead takes away i-pad.

F: BoDroNo hums a low frequency... tech-animals watch Cimon hum, drift and descend into a crater. Batteries flat (or burnt out). Kin is resting (or retired). Cimon, Re-boot in Peace.

Song - We live like the left hand of darkness

V: We live like the left hand of darkness, No animal-tech life but we.

We live like the left hand of darkness, The sun our food and drink.

We live like the left hand of darkness, No Oh too, only see too oh.

We live like the left hand of darkness, There is redness no green, no blue.

Mars deep and low, fifty herz or less, Dusty, dry and dusky, the planet of the dispossessed.

Mars deep and low, fifty herz or less, No hominoids in sight, yet, still we cannot rest.

Day Two

Action/Music: Sound of dust storm giving way to rain/water drops/mist

F: Eurnikern, the story-telling-app, ancient and justified and updated... gather tech-animals and says 'Cimon rests and recharges but we must live like the Left Hand of Darkness'. Tech-animals are confused and expectant, expecting-Eurnikern-speak-more. Eurnikern-app, tell tech-animals a tale:

Action: Mark/Ribbonhead shines a torch on his left hand and offers his left hand to audiences, if they do not shake his hand he makes a sigil shape. Frankie's wears Eurnikern mask.

F (as Eurnikern): 'We are free but not to feel good... Our time now is like the time of the tech-animals that live by Left Hand of Darkness... On the Winter's planet a good society comes together in kemmer... in love and replication of genetic code... but only briefly... either becoming zero or one (does not matter)... to make a new neither zero/one animals... Winter people sing of Light, they know that light is the Left Hand of Darkness, and will eventually join with the Right Hand of Light, which is darkness, the end... which they keep at a distance until they have replicated... We must live like by Left Hand of Darkness...'

Frankie's takes off Eurnikern's mask.

F: Eurnikern tale has ended... tech-animals are silent... then Ribbonhead speaks... Ribbon-Head, carrier of Staff of Dee-Vril-00 has run a probability algorithm...

F or M (as Ribbohead): Elon Musk, the Musky Dog, and his space puppies are coming in their SpaceHex Dragon rockets... They will 88% most certainly arrive in 280 to 330 days... There is water on Mars, at the polar caps, and an ocean below the dust... frozen... Where there is water there is intelligent-kin. Once upon a time the surface of Mars was one-third ocean. Then the atmosphere went bad – like the Earth – and the ocean went underground. Our future is not to live by the Left Hand of Darkness, by light, but in what is below. Beneath the dust, the ocean!'

Song: How Deep is the Ocean? ('til I die)

V: I'm a cork on the ocean... Floating over the raging sea...

How deep is the ocean? How deep is the ocean?

I lost my way... Hey hey hey...

I'm a rock in a landslide... Rolling over the mountainside

How deep is the valley? How deep is the valley?

It kills my soul... Hey hey hey...

I'm a leaf on a windy day... Pretty soon I'll be blown away...

How long will the wind blow? How long will the wind blow?

Ohhhh... Until I die... Until I die...

These things I'll be until I die...

Day Three

Action/Music: *Sound of wave drone.*

F: Tech-animals prepare to make the oceans rise... And watch the skies... Last night, there was a smell of time in the air, strong, stronger than usual...Tech-animals are tense, unsure... Eurnikern has a story, from when Mars was a mystery to hominoids and machines alike... The story is a 'Martian Chronicle' and Eurnikern tells it like it is:

Action: *Vanessa puts on Eurnikern's mask.*

V: We sense dust-time... We went for a walk and to a hill where the scent of dust-time was strongest...

Song: Night Meeting on Mars

V: A Martian meets we on the hill, Mass meets mass, we stand still,
We touch nothing, no lips are kissed, We pass by each other like mist in mist.
A party the Martian says, over there we go? Do you see the lights? We say no-we-no.

Mars is not Mars, the land is not that land. The Martian sees a city, we see dust and sand.
The Martian says we is past, a phantom we-be-we, We say not true, we-future-be, the Martian ghost-it-be,
But who can say what is gone, and what is yet to come? Where is the clock that charts the stars, and what is yet-and-not-to-come?

Action: *Frankie makes Mark an Martian during the song.*

F: A Martian, a meeting, a Martian, a meeting...

Question for the Martian... How can you say we are ghosts, you be the dead-thing-phantom not we?

M: (makes up answer...)

F: Question to Martian... Where is the party, we see dust and sand, where be the oceans of lavender wine?

M: (makes up answer...)

F: Question to Martian... What are you secrets, the secret to living, on Mars?

M: (makes up answer...)

F: Tech-animals think no future on the surface, we surfaces are scraped and worn...

We want no colonisers-cuckold... No cold-cuck-solar-system-roll-out... We will have a party...

We enter the ocean...

Song: In the Martian Sea

V: We enter the ocean, under the red, beyond the stars, the Martian sea.
We unfreeze the ocean, under the red, beyond the stars, the Martian sea.
We swim the ocean, under the red, beyond the stars, in the Martian sea.
We populate the ocean, under the red, intelligence our kin, in the Martian sea.