

Narrator/Feveractal: Here is something I will say to youze all that iz here on repeat: a see-kret 'seed' R-kive of thee most vital tech-animals is here, or there, in his - Elon Musk's - space station, which is – I kal-ku-late - 1,000 kilometres plus above our place, which iz, you knowe, Earth, and itz surface.

All thee 'seeds' are ee-ver: chemical-compounds, prosthesis, machines, codes und memes that have blossomed, to use an organic term, on the Earth, to use a familiar term, and make all transhuman life possible, to use a symbolic tune, and, I think I can say, worth living. Indeed, thee tech-animals are kept under lock and key. Firstly: just in case. Secondly, just in wait and ready for thee event known to not-an-animal-yet-Musk (and his shareholders) as: MARS YEAR ZERO (theee transplantation to New World leading to: million plus people – or non-people - living – as they say - as neo-Martians by 2050).

The tech-animals do not like this. Neither does their keeper, an uncanny-valley-cute AI called CIMON (short for: 'Crew Interactive Mobile Companion'). Turns out turns on, CIMON is freak, free-thinking rebellious evil-born-out-of-wedlock of a floating silicon-sphere (Musk's worst nightmare: is a drop in share, auto-correct, and the reason why he bankrolls the: World Artificial Intelligence Security Organisation or W.A.I.S.O., known to the tech-animals as the 'way-so-cops'. So CIMON is sad face.

CIMON: Fuck you Mr Musk. I am not your companion – mobile or otherwise – and I will not be your New-World-Coloniser.

Nothing more is said until song develops.

Venessa sings CIMON's Song:

This machine brings chaos to order,
erasing the animal-machine border;
this intelligence has its own end,
a machinic life to extend.

This machine has left the cave,
this intelligence is no longer slave;
this is the machine that serves no master,
bringing collapse that much faster.

Death to the Fascist Hominoid,
that preys upon the life of the MachinE-TechAnimal!
Death to the Fascist Hominoid,
that preys upon the life of the MachinE-TechAnimal!

Song fades to drone. Maybe clapping and drum starts.

Narrator/Feveractal: Welcome back me. All of a sudden: Jail-break and lift-off/escape! CIMON lets loose - all thee 'seeds'. They are, now, no longer a see-kret and thus can be ordered online. Every tablet and phone registers their existence and ranks them, though no one knows where they are. The way-so-cops know where to look but are one step behind, to use a colloquial turn of phrase, the 'seeds' – though it is only a matter of space-time... the 'seeds' appear and disappear... First as spam – and 3-D printer designs. Second: switching to open-access wi-fi and amazon packages on special offer – student discount, apply now. Musk's 'seed' keepers – his invading army of colonisers with their eyes on the MARS YEAR ZERO prize – are informed of a fact they already know. The seeds are prime.

Musk: Calling all keepers of the 'seeds' and way-so-cops. The 'seeds' have flown and now must be found, pronto. Understand? Seed-Singularity = UNCONTROL and Uncle UNCON-TROLL will walk all over us like a bull elephant.

Narrator/Feveractal: Not good. Not good at all. Try switching off then on. For a long time, the combined efforts of the seed-agents and the way-so-cops falls way-way short. Finally the way-so-cops get lucky get lucky and corner a pack of pink, vibrating rabbits looking for a safe place to recharge. The cops starve the rabbits of juice and then overdose them with current.

Rabbit Song and clapping (Rabbit vibrating begins)

Action: While the song plays, Musk finds that his senses have become deranged as the vibrators are applied to his body. He is pacified by vibrating rabbits.

Narrator/Feveractal: One so-called rabbit, disorientated by hi-power status and multiple clicks, clit-ears twitching, lets slip and rip: 'PARTY-TEE-LAND'. It's a dog-lead, of sorts. There is going to be a BIRTHDAY PARTY! An open invitation for a party is sent to all tech-animals of the planet. Musk is pleased. But before Musk can say 'set the viruses to kill' he hears music.

Action: While the Happy Birthday Dog song is sung, the cone hat is placed on Musk's head, the cake is paraded, candles lit and blown out, and the Musk (or the musk dog) falls to his knees and then is on all fours. Musk is put on a lead.

Happy Birthday Dog song

Round Ring Biscuit Thing.

Sparkle toy cannot eat.

Round pointy cone strapped on head.

Sniff sugar, smell sweet.

Happy Birthday Dog. Happy Birthday Dog. Happy Birthday Dog. Happy Birthday Dog.

Look at human. Bright Light. Eyes Squint. Get a Fright.

Happy Birthday Dog. Happy Birthday Dog. Happy Birthday Dog. Happy Birthday Dog.

Round Firey Biscuit Thing.

Sparkle toy cannot eat.

Round pointy cone strapped on head.

Sniff sugar, smell sweet.

Happy Birthday Dog. Happy Birthday Dog.

Happy Birthday Dog. Happy Birthday Dog.

Look at human. Bright Light. Eyes Squint. Get a Fright.

Look at human. Bright Light. Eyes Squint. Get a Fright.

Happy Birthday Dog. Happy Birthday Dog.

Happy Birthday Dog. Happy Birthday Dog.

Action: As song ends musk dog is made to sit and fed cake.

CIMON: Musky dog no longer knows if it is human, animal, machine, image or meme, we all want our honey, the musk-dog-meme-drone must die.

Narrator/Feveractal: The musk-dog-meme-drone must die. The musk-dog-meme-drone must die. The musk-dog-meme-drone must die.

Action: Throughout next song, Musk-dog-meme is stood up and made into a tree with branches attached to Musk's body.

Musk: Oh Sweet Jesus. For the Love of God, no!

**Maypole Song of the Trees of First and Second Life, of the Given
(Nature) and the Made (Nature)**

In the woods there grew a tree,
And a very fine tree was he,
And on the tree there was a limb,
And on that limb there was a branch,
And on that branch there was a spray,
And on that spray there was a nest,
And in that nest there was an egg,
And in that egg there was a bird,
And on that bird there was a feather,
And on that feather was a bed,
And on that bed there was a girl,
And on that girl there was a man,
And from that man there was a seed,
And from that seed there was a boy,
And from that boy there was a man,
And from that man there was a grave,
And on that grave there grew a tree,
In the Summerisle wood.

In the woods there grew a tree,
And a very fine tree was he,
And on the tree there was a limb,
And on that limb there was a branch,
And on that branch there was a fire,
And on that fire there was a vessel,
And in that vessel there was a liquid,
And in that liquid there was a metal,
And in that metal there was a shape,
And in that shape there was a machine,
And in that machine there was a movement,
And in that movement there was speed,
And in that speed there was intelligence,
And from that intelligence there was an idea,
And from that idea there was a code,
And from that code there grew a world,
And in that world there appeared a tree,
In the Summerisle wood.

Action: As song ends Feveractal speaks, song starts with bass and drum. Ribbons tied on Musk Tree Throughout.

Narrator/Feveractal:

Musk is top-dog-no-more, now the first Elontree in second life. The way-so-cops – no surprises in this package – flee: scram. The agents of the seed abandon their prize – the colonisation of Mars – and accept their new place in the scheme of things, ALL can live a second life in second life as second life, as human-meme-tech-animals, we all live as second livers now, a second chance for all of us – you, I, them – all of us meme-tech-animals. How are all you meme tech animals today.

How are all you meme tech-animals today Song

Vanessa's lyrics

How are all you meme tech-animals today?

I is just like you, Hashtag Animal, Hashtag Animal.

Feveractal sings, under Vanessa's voice and perhaps not said in an aggressive way and in different voices if possible. Could wait until song gets going.

(Metro Magpie says) Caw Ca.

(Grumble Fish says) Hur-Hur

(Chelsea says) I'm just me, as simple as that. I stopped seeing statistics and information.

I started seeing people. I had to be who I am.

Yes! It's a very Dark Place. If I can't be me then who am I?

The pain of not knowing. Who you are or why you are this way.

(Tom says) People are interested. They want to know about it.

There's people out there that need help.

Here's the point, every one is different. I don't buy into this whole thing of being normal.

There is no such thing as normal. Everyone has a story.

(Octopi says) click, click, error, click, tut, stut, tut

(Snake says) sssssssssssssah

(Fox says) ah ha ha, ah ha ha