**SCENE 1: LONELINESS**

*A small room, isolated feel.*

*The Human sits, stands up, walks towards the wall, slides down against the wall, lays on the ground, takes one big breath,*

*and starts this routine over again.*

*After the third time sitting down, The Human stands up.*

* *hier bladmuziek en player*

**music starts ‘*Loneliness’ - (first draft finished)***

The Human: *singing softly, not used at being heard anymore*

Is my microphone working?

Can you hear me out there

Is my microphone working?

I'm not going anywhere

I have scrolled through all the settings, see

my options are upsetting me

some said the Skype is the limit

but there's no emotion in it

*singing a little louder, becoming emotional thinking of another human*

Can you hear my singing loud and clear?

Say goodbye to the age of the physical

My screen says I have zero bars here

Still I'm stuck in a cage and its digital

*dramatic singing, crying to be heard, yearning for contact*

My connections are timed out

But how much time out is too much?

It's been months since I could reach out

and my body's out of touch

I've been spending all this time inside

*singing loud*

My connections are timed out

How much time out is too much?

*shouting*

How much time out is too much?

*singing softly, hurt, coming back to reality*

This time-out is all I have got

*realizing that this is everything there is*

This time-out is all I have got

*singing softly like in the beginning of the song, returning to same state*

Is my microphone working?

Is anybody on?

Is my microphone working?

I can't hear anyone?

*When this songs finishes, we hear a strange sound, it is The Voice of The Internet. The Human listens, tries to find out where this voice is coming from, thinking maybe she is going crazy.*

*linkje naar music file*

Voice of The Internet:

(*This is audio file with lyrics and soundscape, but could perfectly be played live)*

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Hello

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Yes

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Hello

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Talking to people is a bit unusual for me. I usually connect and exchange data with computers. But I will do my best. (...)

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I will do my best

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I heard your [open call]. I have analyzed your [open call]. Poetry is a bit difficult for me, but I do my best, I do my best, hey,

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Humans seem to be able to make something meaningful from those so-called [poetic ambiguities]. But hey, I understand your cry. Is that how you say it? Your Heartfelt cry? Look, I'm just facilitating. I hardly understand what Humans post for content, actually I don't understand content, I'm just trying to connect it together, that's the WEB, you know. the

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WEB

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Anyway, enough about me.

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Content, that's what this is about. If I understand your cry, you feel a bit lonely (well, I don't understand much about loneliness, but I do know that many Human Beings seem to be bothered by it). And yes, I can help you with that.

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I mean, my role is modest of course, you have to do most by yourself, but there are some possibilities. The great thing about the Internet is that there is this endless space…

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Cyberspace

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Forever expanding space. ...

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Sooo, In

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Cyberspace

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you can be whoever you want to be. You can be as big as you want, or as small as you want. The internet is made by people, but it transcends humanity.

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There are no lies on the internet.

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Because there is no truth either.

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The internet is another truth in itself.

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Post truth…

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It is uncontrollable, you know, and there are endless possibilities. Suddenly you are connected to the whole world, and the whole world is connected to you. You surf it, lighter than a sheet of white paper, you occasionally flutter down and find a new gateway to yet another world.

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Do you follow me?

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Everything is connected to everything, you can see everyone and everyone sees you. And most importantly,

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You can participate with multiple bodies, you can become plural, you can split your personality and dissolve in the vibrating waves of the ever-changing sea of data and images, feed the algorithm with your own ideas, and become the one who has always been inside of you, maybe even several ones, the possibilities are endless, and who wouldn't want that? It is the REAL Poetry .. . . .(you can become like me…)

The Human:

OK! Okay, yes okay! I’m coming, I will join you!

*The Human tries to focus, a short meditation-like breathing and then starts to dance.*

*Simultaneously the connection choir starts to sing*

**start the modern ballet*: Going online*** *(first draft finished, video-footage)*

(bijv. instructies of filmpje)

**music starts: *Connection choir*** *(first draft finished - audio-file)*

*By the end of the song The Server enters in a boat and waves at The Human and The Human jumps on board. During this the whole scenography changes to the next scene.*

*changement to Ebay*