



# Run Me Down

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**Setting:** A high traffic street with a tent set up on the sidewalk.

**Sound Cue:** Background traffic

**Light Cue:** Up

1. Tent Protest – tent opening away from audience

**Action:** Muttering & working out strategy to get more A.A.'s – Move 1: - feet fall out Move 2: stretch & hit sign - Move 3: “Darn” - & tail out - Move 4: do quick sun salute tipping & turning tent – Move 5: grab wing & head gear & quickly stick head out

(Come out breathing heavy & stressed with tension)

**ACTION:** walk backwards to sign

(go to pick up sign & see its wrong) (shake head) (notice audience) Wrong sign again. I keep doing that. (casual) Um, can you just give me a minute? (nervous laugh) (look at x-walk as going back in tent)

**Sound Cue:** jackhammer & glass smash sound effects

**ACTION:** in tent – cover peacekeepers sign, but keep yes & throw out sign - come out with head piece - get head stuck on door & trip on edge of tent, place sign with tail to audience.

(hit tent with sign like the loser I am) (psycho-emphatic) That’s more like it!

**ACTION:** small trip with foot hitting tent - sun salute & then bend touch toes – warrior pose

(angrily) I hate that tent. (strained voice) Yoga relaxes me.

**SOUND:** loud honks

**Action:** duck & cover head

Ahh!. (cryish) What? (look up) What did I do? What? (follow with body & lean & tip over) 231 JMW.

(slowly get up & give advice to audience) I don’t know what I did – but whatever I did, don’t do it!

**Feel, Think, Do!**

The truth is I am here to cause trouble. That's it.

**(left arm wave to right corner)** Have a nice day small woman in a big SUV. She's goin' in my database **(move to tent)** - 231 JMW! **(quick dip in tent & up)**

**Action:**        **head first in tent muttering & writing**

(confused & lean on tent) What was I doing? (keep thinking about car) Signs - Oh yeah. (walk in circle) Where are my flyers? (bum to audience & hold up flyer)

**(bolster self - ambitious)** My goal is to hand out 2 "Angry Avianist" **(stick out chest & lean forward)** flyers today. **(beat)** I've already handed out 1 flyer, but the guy used it to wipe the bird crap off his windshield. **(beat)** I need to get the word out about the AA's. **(throw flyer)** Maybe it's the suit. Too intimidating? **(stunned face – flap wings)**

(flighty voice) I just want to be taken more seriously. (hand on chin-silly face) It's my original design - stylish. (model pose with sucked in cheeks) yet protective (knock on pants) (beat)

**(ashamed)** There's only 10 of us Angry Avianists **(hit chest)** since we lost about a dozen to the "seal hunt" because of Paul **(pause)** & Heather. **(beat)** Don't have to worry about *them* anymore! **(beat)**

(slow motion jump with arms open) There's a rally at Lost Lagoon today. (point right then left through crosswalk) That way! (to motivate) We're giving out free chicken fingers with slaw. (play it up & taste fingers in mouth)

**(jump up & down excited)** Or maybe this will inspire you. I've been working on a promotional video.

Ready? (pause)

**VIDEO:**        **Chickens – half screen with me in suit with sign - with music**

**Feel, Think, Do!**

Join the “Angry Avianists” – we’re **(say smiling)** angry and we’re **(pause)** avianists!  
**(beat)** Say, *no* to factory chickens! Like thieves **(tiptoe)** in the night, we will release  
the chickens from their cages. We will let them roam free, to feel the sun on their  
backs, the wind through their feathers. **(point to video)** Can you see their smiling  
faces? **(beat)** Save their beaks from being *slashed* **(hit beak)** **(beat)** with red-hot  
blades. And, especially, no forced moulting. **(pull feather out – OW!)** **(beat)** If  
we can treat chickens better, maybe there will be **(beat)** world peace? **(beat)** Thank  
you. **(bow head)**

**(proudly)** I thought the accent added some clout. It’s still rough. Inspiring?  
**(needing encouragement)** You probably wouldn’t join, I know, but maybe I’ll get  
some peace activists. **(panic)** I’ve gotta get more people to join or else they’ll kick  
me out! **(beat)** **(fall on knees & drag body to crosswalk)**

(lie down at crosswalk & touch it & do head turn like a chicken – jerky motion)  
Lines, lines everywhere lines, but no way to cross.

**MUSIC: dum, da, dum**

They look like prison bars.

**(drag self to tent & hold tent to get up)** I won’t let them take me! **(beat)**  
**(reassure)** It’s ok – there’s time. **(look at wing)** By my calculation, the police  
should be here in about **(look at wing)** 4 minutes & 22 seconds. **(calmly touching**  
**pole of tent)**

Plenty of time... (do tent bounce)

**(don’t react)** **(real intensity)** I’m trying to delve into the psyche of a factory  
chicken by living in this tent which represents the size of a factory chicken cage,  
which is the same size as an 8 ½” x 11” piece of paper. **(look at tent)** Not quite. I  
need my space. **(beat)** **(look around & hurry to change the topic)** This is a great  
location with good foot traffic, but lately only the **(do finger quotation marks)**  
“weirdos” stop.

**Feel, Think, Do!**

**ACTION:** keep **LOOKING AROUND** for police

**(bolster confidence to cross - look right)** This pink-haired chick shows up with a fake-looking crow on her shoulder. So I ask if it's a real crow and **(French accent)** she says: "why would I like have like a fake crow on my shoulder?"

I don't know. (shrug shoulders)

**(look to crosswalk)** So I ask: "Is it your pet?"

**(French accent)** And she says: "Noooo, it's not my pet. I'm like taking care of it for mother nature until it like doesn't need me anymore." **(beat)** And she walks away. **(watch her walk away & wave)**

(do the big eyes & hands open gesture to audience) I thought she wanted to join (hit chest) us.

**(enthusiastic & face crosswalk & rub stomach)** I'm really hungry now. I've got to get to the rally. **(play-up mouth watering)** Fingers with slaw only for the first 7 avianists in full dress! **(tap dance & look at x-walk)** Ha, ha – heavy breath – OK. **(turn to tent)**

**ACTION:** attach bungee to tent – straddle bungee – stand sideways – left foot in air in front of body – build up confidence – look timidly at crosswalk

(do chicken neck & breath twice) 3,2, 1 – go.

**SOUND:** Engine sound of cars going back & forth

**ACTION:** move body shoulder to shoulder - left, right, left, right - fall forward onto left foot with tent

(stunned & sing-song) I think it's h-i-i-m. (quickly turn head in lunge pose to right) Is that you 101 D-A-W?

(lean forward melodramatically) (put tent down) No. It's 317 A-N-A. (head falls to chest)

**Feel, Think, Do!**

**(shake it out & berate self)** Stop it! Stop it! You're not some love-sick chick!  
**(beat)** Right – *I* have a cause. I don't need any man to - complete me. **(beat)** But  
a little sex would be nice. **(beat) (pathetically)**

**ACTION:** Put arm in top of tent - Rock up & down using whole body

**Ok - One more time!**

**3, 2, 1 – go!**

**SOUND:** Cars pass x2

**ACTION:** Start shaking uncontrollably with fear – look for pedestrian  
friendly cars

**(strained voice beginning of cry squeaks)** Geez this street is busy. Why won't  
anyone stop for me?

**(As distraction)** Now what? **(exasperated) (look up)** Oh, damn that N-5-H-1  
virus! **(swat at air)** I swear the virus is hovering near me. **(look left & watch  
traffic)** I have nightmares of chickens culled all around me.

**ACTION:** Continuing swatting at the air – jump & swat manoeuvre – go  
directly downstage

**LIGHTING:** eery glow

**(crouch & stuff myself into bag)** I see myself being stuffed into a clear plastic  
garbage bag – then 2 gigantic orange-rubber-gloved hands throw me onto a pile of  
puss-oozing-feather-flying infected birds and hoards of people with torches - come  
at me chanting: “die chicken, die” and then... I scream: – “no wait, I'm not really a  
chicken! **(try to take wing off)** See, it's just a stupid chicken suit! **(stuck in bag)**  
Please oh please, let me live!!” **(quick recovery – no beat)**

I really should stop eating chicken before I go to bed. **(beat)**

**LIGHTING:** UP bright

**VIDEO:** quick clip of VW & Vin

**Feel, Think, Do!**

**Action:** Frantic wave to Vin

**(keep waving shyly - mad at self-shake head out)** I should forget about *him*. But that's *not* gonna' happen – like Bridget Jones sticking to a diet. **(beat)** **(move to tent)** I probably don't need more chicken fingers with slaw – does my bum look big? **(turn)**

**ACTION:** Cross wings & cross leg

I've become so self-involved since I lost my job. My criminal record is making it difficult to find work, and people treat me like I have b.o. **(beat)** Do I? **(sniff)** **(beat)**

**(quickly)** I got arrested for hitting a car with a Shiraz. **(beat)** Maybe I should have used a merlot. **(beat)**

## 2. Arrested - “Hit or be hit” is my motto.

**LIGHTING:** Spot on face

**ACTION:** stage right - look left at tech area

(being interrogated - hands behind back struggling) Hey, not so hard.

Trust me – never again. **(beat)** I plead self-defence. **(emphatically)** Hey, I was in the *crosswalk* and I had the “walk-guy”.

Yeah, I hesitated. I was waiting for a BMW 525 i to go through the red, while the driver was thumbing a text message on her blackberry. **(beat)**

**LIGHTING:** Off Spot

**LIGHTING:** wash

**(walk backwards to crosswalk)** At the exact same moment I step off the curb, **(do big step)** Mr. fancy-schmancy decides to turn *right* - on *me*. What, is he blind? **(gesture)** I got my wing caught on his side mirror **(arm being pulled to the right & lunge)** and I was trying to get his attention so I could untangle myself. I couldn't afford to lose another wing. **(beat)**

**Feel, Think, Do!**

A Rosemount shiraz was in my bag and the wind caught it and it *bumped* the car.

**(beat)** Ok, so I broke the bottle! **(beat)**

**VIDEO: Title: She's not paranoid, is she?**

**(stay in lunge position)** I knew he didn't like chickens. **(beat)** Or maybe he was a mean vegetarian. **(beat) (like Get Smart)**

**(quick turn of head)** I think *all drivers* are trying to kill me. **(beat)** *Not everyone likes chicken activists.* The factory farming industry doesn't like what we have to say. **(beat)** Am I being mawked? **(chicken tone - wings in open up)**

**ACTION: struggle trying to get out of handcuffs**

The suit? No, I'm not trying to hide my identity. **(head down on chest)**

**(defensively)** I just can't go out in public without wearing the suit. I don't *need* it. **(beat)** I just can't stop wearing it, **(high strained voice)** because I have ADD or OCD or I'm allergic to peanuts? **(beat) (dismissed from court)**

**(stumble as if pushed)** I feel a profound connection to chickens.

### 3. Chicken Genome

You've heard of the human genome project? Well, the chicken genome project has just been completed. A really bored scientist actually studied one *billion* **(free arms)** letters of the chickens' DNA code. **(beat)**

**SOUND: Fire engine siren? Ambulance?**

(sneak backward to tent) Uh Oh...Not again. (jump & turn side shuffle)

**ACTION: go to back of tent – move tent backwards face leaning into tent**

They say one of the genes in eggshell proteins has some connection to bone building in humans. **(keep pushing)** But the actual link is the “run-away-when-scared-shitless” gene. **(beat)**

**Feel, Think, Do!**



**ACTION:** continue struggle with arms & start moving tent with face or foot

(slide down along pole) Whew! Only an ambulance.

(on 1 knee) Did I tell you I *love* cars almost as much as I love chickens? I would never hurt a car on purpose, and I didn't hit it very *hard*. (psycho) But you see, I was pushed – and *never* push-me-or-you'll-be-sorry! (clench jaw) (shock self & cover mouth) Whoa! (beat)

How was I supposed to know the car I hit with my Shiraz was a (with accent) Bugatti Veyron with...

**ACTION:** gesture like Vanna White & come to front of tent

**IMAGE:** Bugatti Veyron

(like chocolate) 2 – 4 litre V8 engines sucking back 5.03 litres of gasoline per minute, producing 1,001 horsepower, including 8 litre-W-16 cylinders, with 4 turbo-chargers, a dry sump lubrication system, 10 radiators, and reaches a speed of 400 km/hour that's 113 metres/second which translates into 0-60 km in 2.5 seconds. (breath) (beat) Who knew? (shrug shoulder) (beat)

The driver was actually a condo developer. Nothing against condo developers, but who needs more condos. (beat) You too can own a (with accent) Bugatti Veyron for about \$1.2 million – the repair will be (cry) (fall to knees & tip over like in field) expensive. (beat)

**VIDEO:** end bugatti

**ACTION:** crawl as if begging

(lift head up quickly) I just want cars to be my friends. (whisper in confidence) I've almost been caught fondling Jettas and Audis, (beat) because those stupid car alarms keep going off. (jump back as if alarm goes off) (beat)

**(get up & tell as if secret)** A former co-worker of mine calls her Honda Element - Humbert. I think it's from the book Lolita, but Humbert was a ruthless sexual deviant. **(beat)** I don't want to know what she does with her Honda. **(beat)**

**(needy)** If you name a vehicle, does that make it your friend? If I ever get a car again, I think I'd name it **(beat) (head tilt)** Brittany. **(sigh) (beat)**

#### 4. No Braking Allowed

**(head down, feet shuffle to centre stage)** But I'll never have a car since I can't drive. **(righteously)** I cut up my driver's license for the **(weird smile)** safety of others.

**(beat)** Driving for me is like popping bubble wrap – once I start I can't stop. **(fall right on knees)** I love the gas pedal, but I hate the brake.

**(turn right - on knees shuffle 2)** Starting and STOPPING **(lean back with thighs)**, and **(say over right shoulder)** starting and STOPPING – **(beat)** and starting and STOPPING – and starting and STOPPING and starting and STOPPING... **(to climax) (beat)**

**ACTION: stick head in tent & then quickly out**

**(shake head)** I think it was a brain-fart like George Michael has occasionally. **(beat)**

I forgot how to use the brake, maybe my foot slipped, **(lift leg)** I probably should've taken this off. **(show foot)**

**(pacing with shame)** 3 days ago, while exiting the West Parkade at UBC, I almost ran down my sister's friend Maple, who tripped on a rock getting out of my way, and she ended up spraining her big toe. **(beat)** At that moment, I knew I couldn't trust myself to STOP. And if I can't trust myself – who can I trust? **(look at audience)**

#### 5. MY VIN DIESEL LOOKALIKE (101 DAW)

**VIDEO:** Title: May 26, 2004 @ 10:17 am – Homer & Georgia – Image: vw with face – close-up

**LIGHT:** DIM blue

**Pose:** side profile – wings together

This all started on a grey lugubrious day, & being between jobs, I hike to the central library to get a book of poetry by Mao Tse Tung. Yes, dictators can be sensitive too.

**(beat)** I've been working on my master's thesis: "You aren't born a Dictator but become One". **(beat)** Saddam Hussein read his poetry during his Hague trial. I'm still researching Milosevic. **(beat)** Ok.

**VIDEO:** VW moving across screen

Anyway, I step off the curb, (big foot gesture) on a solid walk-guy, through the crosswalk, when a car comes RUSHING at me. (do wings together – swoosh from left to right to audience) I panic (and say over shoulder) (arms in the air & run to audience) – almost peed my pants (downstage & whisper with wings front & back) – he wasn't gonna stop, he was gonna use me as a *slalom pole*. (run back hands still on crotch)

So, I stop – and gesture "go ahead" with my wing, like so **(do gesture)**.

Ooops, I think I may have added a touch of "up yours", and a pinch of "bite me". **(beat)**

No, it was more like this: **(giggle)** I think in most languages this means "go ahead". But no - he decides to "stop". And besides it was a begrudging stop! **(prove point)** But I know he wouldn't have stopped if I hadn't let him go. So that doesn't really count.

**(move to other side)** An inch and a half from the white line. An inch and a half from my kneecaps. Am I supposed to be impressed that his brakes worked?

**Feel, Think, Do!**

**(to vin)** “Come on a little closer, you’re not quite at my kneecaps. **(squeaky voice)**  
And for your information, I like my knees because they’re the only knees I have –  
and I run marathons, so there!” Not the best line. **(beat)**

**VIDEO: Vin’s face**

**(move to image & play up rubbery walk)** My knees felt rubbery when I saw the  
driver’s face. A Vin Deasel look-alike, his taut chest bulging out of his shirt, i-pod  
buds dangling from his ears, sitting in his silver Volkswagen Golf GTI. Why did I  
open my big mouth? **(beat)**

He takes offense, rolls down his window and says: “I stopped for you lady - what’s  
your fucking problem? What’s *wrong* with people like you?”

People like me? There are more “people like me?” **(lean to side)** I was thrilled.

And then he says: “I didn’t touch you, so get a FUCKING LIFE!”

**(breathe) (high-pitched voice)** “Get a FUCKING LIFE?” – what the hell does  
that mean? I’ve got a life and I’m risking it being in front of your... 2,000 lb piece  
of... *sexy, german engineering...* **(take a breath) (beat)**

No, I mean you, you - oh *you* “Get a *fucking* life”. **(wave wing & jump up & down)**  
**(beat)**

But I really wanted to say: **(downstage)** “Yeah - buddy, I don’t sacrifice my life for  
anyone’s ego – take that and stick it in your **i-pod!**” **(beat)** And: “What, are you in  
high school? You think you can bully and intimidate me and I will bow my head and  
say: “gee thanks you let me pass?” Pshaw - I don’t think so.

Now, I’m on a roll...

**ACTION: move to red x**

Welcome to the real world Mister! **(beat)** And as a matter of fact, this is *not* my life.  
**(beat)** I mean - it is, but I’ve got *more* of a life. I’m not a stupid chick in a stupid

**Feel, Think, Do!**

chicken suit who has no hobbies or friends, who never goes to cool clubs or gets squashed in a mosh pit, **(beat) (slow down)** but stands alone on a street corner and rants at volkswagens, **(beat)** yet wants to make a difference in the lives of **(beat)** chickens, because chickens are vital to the growth of mankind's **(beat)** stomach, **(beat)** yes, they will teach us that **(hit head)** continuous pecking will leave you - bald, **(beat) (start slouching-more depressed)** even though the rest of my life has fallen apart, **(perk up)** I will get my groove back and I will be the person I am meant to be, and everything will be perfect and I will have my psych degree, a good job, and whiter teeth. **(beat) (smile)**

Damn, I wish I said that. I'm such a wimp. **(beat) (Stay in place & wave backwards)**

**(say quickly with hands on head)** Drive off *already*. But no. **(arms out from head)** He's still ranting and I'm waving & yelling back at him. Easy to rant when you're surrounded by steel like Robo-cop – nothing can penetrate that exterior. Oh man – I want to penetrate his exterior, **(beat)** is it hot out here? **(beat)**

**Action: hit self in head or with sign or hand**

**(quickly turn head)** What if he *likes* me. **(beat)** I think it's affection disguised as aggression. 101 D-A-W – his license plate. I could find his phone number. Maybe I could give him a call, have a drink, **(beat)** have children. **(dreamily) (beat)**

**VIDEO: end VIN**

**SOUND: screeching tires**

**(mumble & walk back & forth)** Or not. Walk it off! It's ok. Walk it off!

**(really angry)** I've learned to enjoy walking. I've lost 13 kilos, I don't contribute to the wealth of Arabian Sheiks or to green house gas emissions, and I've saved enough money for 7 trips to Tuscany & a condo. But – I *really want* my license back! **(beat) (almost crying)** Why can't I be one of the 800 million drivers in the world? **(arms in the air)** Why? **(beat)**

**Feel, Think, Do!**

**(stand arms & legs crossed)** Because I can't multi-task. **(beat)** **(dejectedly)** I want to be a GPS-adjusting-blackberry thumbing-cellphone-talking driver.

**ACTION:** uncross leg & collapse to right side

Did you see that one? A ketchup-oozing cheeseburger in one hand, and a double mocha latte in the other. **(matter-of-factly)** Oh my god - he's knee steering! **(beat)** Now that's multi-tasking! **(beat)** **(extend foot from bend position into chicken walk & use arms)**

## 6. Where's the fire?

**(upset)** On the other hand, walking has made me more caz-u-al. **(tensely & kick tent)** I don't take on other people's stress. **(say quickly & stressfully)**

**VIDEO:** Running Guy

**Action:** Pose like running guy – left leg down – right arm up & keep the motion going while speaking

I won't run like an animal across the street! **(move to video)** Like him. Uh, uh.

## 7. Feel like Dancing

**LIGHTING:** FLASHING COLOURS

**VIDEO:** cars lined up – drivers watching & slowly cars begin to move

**(angrily)** What are you staring at so impatiently? **(do double-take)** What? Ok, what if you all got out of your cars & if we all joined hands &...

**MUSIC:** everybody dance now

**MUSIC:** into chicken dance

**MOVEMENT:** arms out to side & up in air and do jump turn – then hands clasped together in lock position – and feet firmly planted – swing arms left, right & above head **OR** attempt to slide along crosswalk – head first

**SOUND:** honks – yelling with music at low sound level

**VIDEO:** cars rushing off

**Feel, Think, Do!**

What, you've never been to a wedding reception? **(beat)**

**(follow sound & slide on side)** What's the ha -ri? Whaddya gotta do that's so important? Where're ya goin'?

**(stay on side)** To a fire **(blow raspberry)**, change a tire, to see King Tut, or get a haircut? **(get up on knee)** To take a meetin', see a fleetin' flock of geese, **(wings out & balance on right foot)** buy a fleece, rent a house, ski at Grouse, or watch a chipmunk play kerplunk? What? **(hit myself)** Ummm...

**SOUND: baby elephant music**

**(knee bounce)** To do laundry **(move to right side of tent & pose)**, drink a slurpee, eat lunch, or go for brunch?

**(trip on tent & pop up)** To bottle some wine, fine dine, row in a boat, build a float, fly a kite, or watch a hockey fight? **(roll arm motion)** To maybe till a gawden, I beg your pawdon, why not watch your awteries hawden? **(emphatically point at audience & speed up)** To Home Depot to buy some screws, pay your library dues, prune a plum tree, go and pee, cut grass, blow some glass, go to class and get there fa-a-s-tah. **(run on spot) (beat)**

I've nowhere to go. **(beat)** I do so. **(bolster self)** I'm busy. But I'm blabbing **(put tent on back)** and I'm going to be late for the rally! It's 2 blocks & 7 crosswalks, to Lost Lagoon, so if I walk at 4 km/h it'll take me, **(beat)** for-e-ver. **(beat)**

## 8. THE CURSE OF THE PEDESTRIAN

It doesn't matter how fast I walk it always feels as if I'm going *down* the up escalator or *up* the down escalator – one of those. **(beat) (do Austen Powers move-tiny steps)** Pedestrians are slow. I know. And we deserve to die. **(beat) (with a tilt of the head she says:)**

**Feel, Think, Do!**

**SOUND:** thumpy crash

## 9. BODY IN THE ROAD

**ACTION:** skitter left outside of crosswalk & take off cloth

What was that? I was afraid that would happen.

It's a body covered with a raincoat. Feet sticking out – nice shoes – Jimmy Choos. **(beat)** Glad it's not me. She's in the crosswalk – how trusting of her. Well, she's not my mother or sister – **(beat)** feet are too small – **(beat)** and besides, they couldn't afford the Choos. **(go behind tent – crushing tent - casually)** I try not to hear the sound of the **crunch** of my femur under your firestone - the **crack** of my skull on your reinforced glass windshield - the **gurgle (hold ears in agony)** of my blood as it trickles across the white lines of the crosswalk. **(beat)** I really should buy some earplugs. **(beat)**

**(big arm gesture behind tent)** But I know I won't die, if I get hit by **(calm surreal voice)** “pedestrian friendly cars”. **(skip out from behind tent)** I *know*, because I was a “pedestrian dummy”.

## 10. PEDESTRIAN DUMMY

My job was to get hit by a Honda Civic. **(take off wings) (beat)** The position was arms at my side, feet shoulder width apart, on a simulated road with a Honda coming at me. At first, I'd have a tendency to... **(1) arms rising up in front of face & sideway bounce cover sideways – 2) lean left until almost falling & then cross over right foot to catch self)**

Sorry.

**SOUND:** engine sound & crash – 2 times

**(wave):** One more time – I can do it! – I'm ready. **(put both thumbs up)**

**Feel, Think, Do!**



**(big step to right)** But as I became more confident, I stood my ground **(beat)** and got hit.

**Sound: Of car crashing**

**ACTION: stand with arms crossed in front of face**

- jump 2 times at 2 boings – drop to knees & tip over feet staying in air then falling with a thud

**(collapsed on ground)** Concussion **(shake head)** - wrenched my neck, dislocated my shoulder. **(beat)** I *loved* my job. **(beat)**

**ACTION: struggle to get up – fall back down – crawling**

**(slowly get up & limp)** I rated the hit: “ow, that hurt - 5” on a scale of 10. 10 being near death and 1 – not so much pain. **(beat)** I have a really good chiropractor. **(beat)** But I’m glad it was only a Civic, and not a Hummer. **(beat)**

**VIDEO: HONDA with arrows**

**(get wings)** So now I can only cross when I see “pedestrian friendly cars”. **(pose right wing & foot tilt)** I look for the specially designed hood structures that allow for more space between the hood & engine, **(pose left wing & foot tilt)** or a radar system that detects a pedestrian and deploys an airbag under the hood, **(pose right wing & foot tilt)** or breakaway windshield wiper pivots. Yes, windshield wiper pivots have been known to injure many pedestrians. **(beat) (look back at video)**

**IMAGE: Mr. Polar II Dummy**

**ACTION: get arm**

My “dummy” career ended when Mr. Polar II replaced me. **(beat)** We talked and I think he’s better suited for the job. I’m envious. **(grab hand) (say at tent door)** If he breaks a limb, they just stick another one on. **(beat)**

**(look at hand in disgust)** Ew, Russian? Yup. **(hold)** I'm not going to Moscow. I hear pedestrian hitting has almost become a national sport and they don't drive Ladas anymore, but 3-tonne Mercedes.

**(point with hand – right)** “Tee kaRAWva! Ov je aftamaBEEL. Sa va ne koopLYAATsa, ov oobee vats!” You don't want to know what that means. **(beat)**

**(Stand centre & cross leg over - point with hand)** Get this – Moscow drivers fear **(hit head with hand)** being rear-ended so they don't stop for pedestrians. **(beat)** **(wave hand in air)** *But* the city *has* implemented a driver awareness campaign where “I let Pedestrians Pass” stickers are given to drivers who don't run people down. **(beat)** That should help. **(beat)**

**(nice)** Maybe I'll start that campaign here. **(turn head right)** **(mean)** No, I can't do everything. **(turn head)** **(nice)** But the fingers with creamy slaw await. **(lick lips)** **(determined)** I'm gonna get to that rally if it's the last thing I do. **(throw hand)**

**ACTION:** stomp to tent - backup tent & take a run to lines

## 11. Crosswalk

**SOUND:** cars passing (3)

**ACTION:** Step from 1 foot to the other – 3 times

**(flummoxed)** I CAN'T SEE ANY “PEDESTRIAN-FRIENDLY” CARS! **(beat)**

**VIDEO:** image of button being pushed

**VIDEO:** STOP traffic

**(look at video)** Oh my god – I didn't notice this button – I control the traffic? Did someone just put this here? For crying out loud! **(drop tent & go in crosswalk)**

**LIGHTING:** Red gel glow

**(tap lines with toe & slowly step out)** I don't need pedestrian friendly cars - I've got the suit, and the crosswalk to protect me. **(do mime gesture)** Like an invisible force field, I will be shielded from all aggressors. **(turn head right)**

**(blonde-ly)** I forgot my tent.

**ACTION:** turn back for tent

**VIDEO:** Image of lights flashing & chirping sounds

**(looking at light)** Wait a second – that's not enough time! **(lunge & push tent back)** Stupid chickens can get to the other side, why can't I?

**(at edge of tent)** Whose idea was it to paint white lines on asphalt and tell people to walk through, in front of 2 tons of rolling steel, without fear of pain or **(quasi-modo)** disfigurement? **(look down)** I barely trust my gynecologist, **(beat)** why would I trust white lines? **(beat)**

## 12. The Nudge

**VIDEO:** Eric's face in a freaky smile through windshield & The Nudge

You see what I'm working with here? I know what's goin' on in that brain – nuthin'!  
**(beat)**

**ACTION:** use model car to illustrate & get from wing

**(to video)** And stop doing the nudge! You'll dent my invisible force field! **(get car)** The nudge - that insipid slow turn, foot lifting off brake, inching towards me and I can hear your brain saying: "hurry up and cross, hurry up and cross..." I hate that! **(kick car - turn into Beatle stride)**

**(to toy car)** Would you nudge the Beatles?

**IMAGE:** Abbey Road cover

**(take stride pose)** Remember the Beatles crossing Abbey Road? Do you *see* any nudging? **(beat)**

**Feel, Think, Do!**

**ACTION: Do Beatle walk – large strides with VIDEO**

But why were they in the crosswalk? **(study image)** They could have crossed anywhere in the street – it was the '60s. **(beat)** Did they feel safer in the crosswalk? I thought they were so cool and rebellious, why didn't they step out of the lines? **(pause & think about it)**

Fear oh wretched fear! If the Beatles didn't, I will! **(pump wings)** The chickens need me.

**ACTION: start slow wing pump – neck stick out – do 1 foot leap**

So run me down already! Take me oh great driving gods!

**SOUND: flash of lightning**

### 13. New Meaning of Chicken

I feel taller. **(beat)**

**ACTION: do Beatles walk stride**

**(with attitude)** It's all about "attitude". I'm calling the Webster's dictionary people to tell them that the new definition of chicken is **(beat)** "not chicken". **(beat)** **(hands on hips)** You wanna play chicken with us?

**ACTION: Add music to movements?**

**Title: "Techniques to Stimulate & Intimidate Drivers" – strong windmill arm & 2<sup>nd</sup> arm, threatening squeegee in hand, make freaky drug face, zombie walk and butt in the air with disdain, stick out tongue, rapid hand jabs at drivers' eyes & the swivel turn as if being used by slalom – hit car with wing or umbrella motion, double hand wave & final act of desperation drop**

**Stand arms on hips - tough**

**(full of shit)** Can you hear the chant of the "Angry Avianists" from lost lagoon?  
**(lean & listen)**

### 14. Daydream & cross

**Feel, Think, Do!**

**ACTION:** walk out of crosswalk - downstage

**(saunter)** I think they're saying: hurry up & get here so just cross like a guy *without a care in the world* - head down, bouncing a basketball or just lost in thought trying to recall the words of a song that's stuck in my head: "Detachable Penis" by King Missile and then my mind wanders to the grave of Jim Morrison of the Doors at the Père la Chaise cemetery in Paris and think of Chopin buried nearby...

**SOUND:** honks

## 15. LICENSE PLATE NUMBERS - REVENGE

**(attitude)** Yeaahhh? What part of "crossing like a guy" don't you get?

**ACTION:** look as you bend sideways

I've got you 427 FTV.

**Action: (slowly turn head)**

And you 542 BPW. Don't try speeding away 685 FNA. **(backup to tent)**

(mad scientist & slowly lower into tent) Eventually I'll input these in my database.

(laugh maniacally in tent)

**ACTION:** drag out material & shake out a few times & drag out across front of tent then do huge gesture to throw over tent - struggle to keep it on

I'll type in a street, time of day, or day of week - alphabetically & numerically cross-indexed, by driver description and vehicle type. Crosswalks will be coded "don't even go near it" or "be on Bourne Supremacy high alert". **(beat)**

**(lean on tent)** For instance, **(read license plate)** incident: Pender & Jervis - 8:14 am - **(read cloth)**. That's not much info. **(nervous laugh)**

(drape cloth in front of body & move downstage) Do you think your license plate is on here? (sing-song) Might be... (shake/spread out cloth on floor)

**ACTION:** Caress number - wrap self up in it and caress

**Feel, Think, Do!**

101 D-A-W – Vin - Give me a moment – Yummy - Vin. I just want to eat you up and ... (do sweeping dance turn right & left & keep mumbling about driving off into the sunset with Vin in his VW Golf & turn cloth away from body & end up on ground)

(point on cloth) “J-O-A-N 19” – do you see that one? (grab cloth & go centre stage)

Joan 19 (beat) - a sign. (look up & get biblical - drop cloth) (beat) I know my true mission. (hold head)

## 16. EPIPHANY – JOAN OF ARC

**ACTION:** take off wings & throw to side and put on STOP sign, yield sign & “Pedestrian Crossing – so, back-off!”

I don’t give a flying fuck about the chickens anymore! **(throw wings)**

**(turn around & pose look right)** I can hear the voice of Colonel Sanders say: **(in Southern accent army leader voice)** Forgive about the chickens – **(beat)** they can handle their own problems. Free the pedestrians! **(beat)**

Ok. (think about it & nod head – turn sign & show to audience proudly & mumble)

**(stand tall pose with sign)** Like Joan of Arc I will lead the masses - out of the crosswalks **(point)** - out of the lines that confine! **(get cloth)**

**(drape cloth on sign)** Joan was 19, when dressed as a man, **(slowly think & recall)** led Charles the Dauphin’s army of French peasants... **(at back of tent)** Peasants like pedestrians? Right? **(beat)** **(put on stop & yield signs)** against the English in the 1429 Battle of Orléans. **(drag cloth & arm)** I dressed as a chicken, **(grab wing)** am willing to be barbecued like chicken, like Joan. **(beat)**

Power to the pedestrian! (fist in air – go stage right )

**Feel, Think, Do!**

**SOUND:** Crowd cheers

**VIDEO:** Bombay – people dancing in the street

**ACTION:** look to video & start leading with crotch & hips hearing “loosen up my buttons” in my mind

**(to video)** Risk it all to confront the fear, the **(wing)** foe that is made of steel and take back the roads! **(turn quickly to audience)** Forget the database – get rid of the lying crosswalks.

Believe in me and I will lead you to ...

**(think it)** Paint - them – black! **(beat)**

**LIGHTING:** turn off gobo light

**(go to lines & see they’re gone – confused)** Hello light person - please keep the crosswalk on! Thanks.

**LIGHTING:** turn on gobo light

Yes! Grab **(the hand & stick out from wing)** a roller and bucket and clutch them with pride and **(at x-walk)** roll over those lines that lead to nowhere. **(shake sign & cloth)** For humanity, for peace – for fingers with slaw! **(beat)**

**(do figure 8 & convince myself)** I will cross at my own will, live my life on my own terms... I feel the freedom within my grasp. **(clench fist - to audience)** I’ll call it - The Passion of the Pedestrian! **(beat)**

**(work out plan)** And, and cars will STOP for us because we will instill fear in them like a RADAR TRAP. **(beat)** We’ll cross without trepidation, but with *dignity*. And we’ll rid the world of false security – of the myth of the crosswalk...

**(point with arm to 101 daw)** And Vin might notice me. **(beat)** **(weakly)** Are you with me? **(beat)**

**VIDEO:** PAINTING CROSSWALK BLACK

**Feel, Think, Do!**

Let me think about this for a minute...

**Looks like a lot of work. Oh well. I think I can still get some fingers with slaw.**

**ACTION: drag off tent**