

PLUCKED OF PURPOSE- THE ADVENTURES OF P.B

TEXT VIEW

D.P = Dancing Philosopher (the character we see in airport in Departures, stuck in a queue...)

V.O = narration, the voice of DP, narration is in bold, DP's actions are in italics as stage directions.

'Chapter' headings are scrolled across the space in the same way a text box instructs passengers at the terminal as to waiting times etc, dot matrix, orange, all on one line.

PLUCKED OF PURPOSE - THE ADVENTURES OF PB

PROJECTION OF DEPARTURES SIGN, QUEUE BARRIERS

Scrolling across the space like a text box:

....PLUCKED OF PURPOSE -THE ADVENTURES OF P.B...

*(Enter Dancing Philosopher with a wheely case, frantic, luggage labelled 'Baggage', late for their flight, into a crowded space. They find the Departures list and search for their flight number.)***DANCING PHILOSOPHER***Talking to someone in crowd, looking up at flight list for check in gate*

excuse me, do you know what's going on? They're mostly red...no I didn't catch the news this morning.... What ash cloud? ...you're joking...what - and it's still wafting over or something?....No, the whole of Europe?they're not answering? Well, does anyone know how long they're delayed for?stops what, erupting?All DAY?.....three days? Three DAYS?

VOICE OVER**Three days. Three days hanging, dripping onto locals.***DP is still listening to the person next to them, exasperated***Plastic Bag has been blown into Hushly Park again this spring, hooked to the Old Fig's lower limbs, his left handle caught on a twig.***hand on head, staring up at board - caught on a delay...***From time to time, his thin empty body is blown against the bark with the wind's insistence.***Bumped into by someone from behind trying to see board***Otherwise he floats, suspended, gently flattened and somewhat deflated, full of good intention, going Nowhere.***head down....what does this mean for DP?***Now smacked up against this sturdy trunk, Plastic Bag wonders how he's come to this.***staring at wheely case, trying to work out what to do, digesting implications***He worked out fairly early on in life***Moving away from departures board*

he went where the wind took him, and that where the wind took him, he went.

Weaving through crowd
 What he couldn't work out is where he was supposed to be.

wondering where to go and wait
 His single handle ached.

Changing hands on handle, case is heavy
 He saw other plastic bags blowing around. None of them had a torn open handle.

Looking around, feeling panic attack arising
 The anxiety caused creases

popping a pill, crouched near case
 but failed to float his handle.
 He stayed hinged to the Old Fig while a breeze brushed past,

*someone in a rush nearly tipping them over
 with all their propped baggage*
 leaving him nothing but static.

pissed off
 Plastic Bags weren't supposed to be staying in Hushly Park.

*Moving to less crowded spot, lifting case over
 obstruction*
 This he sensed without knowing why.

weary traveller's sigh...been through a lot
 P.B has seen so many places,

Handle on case down
 hairy legs,
 sigh, hands to face,
 and hard surfaces

where did you put the passport?
 he just wants to grow like everything else in this place.
 He was from Somewhere Else,

Found passport, relief
 that much was clear,

thinking of where you are headed, home
 but P.B wants to remember where he came from, originally.

*Something else they want to check is there,
 digging in unzipped case*
 Or at least where this place is, with all the white light.

(looking up)

This is the only certainty P.B can cling to, this memory of bright bleached white light.

Looking up at ceiling to feel around in tightly packed case

It haunts him.

It's a memory of white light which makes him certain someone is expecting him somewhere.

(this disturbs the meditation)

If only he could remember where, who, why.

(anxious now, looking around,

And wherever they are, they are still expecting him- he might as well be late.

Returning to real time.

No reception on mobile

The thought of failing to turn up in his own life makes him nervous.

.... going to miss the connecting flight if things don't shift.

Sometimes he catches a snippet -just a sound , a fleeting but assertive beep

Looking up, there's an announcement
- of what he once knew of his home.

Listening

It always begins with a sense of being peeled from sleep,

yawning

fingered awake,
shaken open

shaking yourself awake

and then... this beep.

remembering,

Not just one, but a regular beep - this piercing tone and a bright, busy room full of impatient silence.

Finds the queue

Plastic Bag has never known the source of that silence -

joining the queue, still

the tension born of a long and weighted queue of staring adults,

sigh

sighing towards sliding doors and a sea of hollow get away cars.

staring out, stuck in queue

It reeks of injustice, he mumbles to himself, having to fly on resignation, dance in empty forgiveness, only to be hit by a tree. Why is he always empty? he doesn't seem to die of starvation. He just seems to go on and on. And he doesn't like that, being hungry forever. And living on like this...plucked of purpose.

DP:

(to themselves, in queue, in their head now)

You're plucked.

Completely plucked.

Shit, can't believe I didn't get the job, fuck, just calm down, just Don't Panic, Don't Panic, ...plucked...plucked...shawn, featherless, no feathers to fly with, something essential yanked and unearthed, a puckered pore left behind mouthing why. Why . why am I here? Why am I - What am I doing? What is the - oh God I don't wanna go on -

falling to ground, flat

Purpose- A reason to get out of bed.

Unable to get out of bed

Something fuelling the transition from horizontal to vertical, the core task or thought that throws us upright. Propulsion. Purpose.

A job can force it on us, a lover can fool us into thinking we don't need one, a religion can thread it through our actions, a child can gift us one, a passion can transform itself into one - Purpose. A reason to get out of bed. Simple as that.

DP is up again.

Let us fly!

Looking around, back in queue

This queue is - it's like queueing for the Ark.

These two have only just met, business suit and skirted flirt, these two must be about 12, mouths stuck together, bumbling forward, these two are having a dirty weekend, these two aren't, these two are first time travellers, look at the way they cling to each other, these two must have been married for decades, look at the way they ignore each other, share a stare out at the world, they've caught me looking, these two are clearly cooling off in this queue, some big bust up, the way she just pulled her hand away, the way he runs his fingers through his hair, the way he kicks at the barrier and bottles his rage, the way she is staring straight ahead, the way she tries to shuffle forward far away from him, but can only move a few inches, these two I can't quite see but they are too two....

Just Enjoy It.

Enjoy...not being wrapped up in someone else because....I'm.....We all die in the end....Let's face it. Because you're alone even in a couple, aren't you? We're alone even in a couple aren't we? Isn't that the-....There's plenty of fish in the- actually we are running out of fish, lets face it...I love my salmon. No point thinking you must have Atlantic Salmon. There are many forms of food out there. Just Enjoy It.

Feels weight of case

God this is heavy
Lucas could always pack lightly. Found my folding things infuriating. You've got to roll it, babe, if its going to fit, roll don't fold. And he'd just buy whatever he'd forgotten when he got there. He'd never end up with a bag this heavy.

Roll don't fold, roll don't' fold...

DP is rolling, not folding, remembering their last relationship....

MEMORY SHRED 1: THE DRAWER

Scrolling across the space like a text box:

YOU'D FEEL FULL IF YOU WERE IN LOVE

Projection of drawer from inside: from Pb's point of view, open, close...while....

VOICE OVER

Strung out and one handled, Plastic Bag found himself remembering pieces of a past,

DP collapses out of the queue, landing landing on visions of where he has been.

onto one side of a double bed, sleeping
Legend has it that at times, one solitary plastic bag has found itself scrunched up inside another.

lying in bed together, spooning
Though fortunate to be stuck together,

Drawer opens on projection
these are the ones that cannot ever function alone. They are destined to hug.

Turning over, DP moves so that the lover's arm can weave its way under her
They are tucked away in a drawer and seldom see daylight.

Drawer closes on projection

erotic giggles can be heard
Plastic Bag had spent some time in a drawer like this. He sensed the wrapping warmth of several punched and shrivelled bags around him.

Caressing a foot mid-dream, smiling
He knew he was tucked inside something larger than himself, and he was grateful for the company.

Hitting an alarm to off: morning

Projection ends

The trouble was, he was certain this is not where he was supposed to be,

Looking out, disgruntled,
this was not what he was built for, the purpose he kept hoping to find. And he was still hungry.

Sitting up, lover is getting up to go
As close as he was to his own kind

*Following their getting ready, trying to
entice them back to bed*
and in particular, to the one that bunched up close to him and
sighed sweetly in his opening)

He is gone
he still felt empty.

Projection ends.

Time passes
So when the day came

Arguement between them:
And he was shovelled out into light,
and snapped twice in the air

Exasperated gesture, arms in air
to billow his insides,
he felt only a sense of elation.

Partner is crushed, they're gone.
His partner in crush

Answering phone
could only puff in protest

Pleading to stay together
In being punched back into the drawer.

The answer is no.
For a moment he thought they would remain joined,

Listening to the reasons given
because the human hand struggled to separate the two of them,

Near to tears,
flicking the friction,

Flicking hand to keep it together
but a swift punch

It's goodbye
saw his partner stay put.

Stunned
He heard a faint rustle of injustice

Last attempt at pleading, to stay together
and a muffled sob

Falling down, sobbing
as the drawer snapped shut.

phone thrown down
His handle broke.

hand still out as if holding phone

Heartbroken
One limp loop of handle stayed in that drawer.

Stunned, numb,
**In shock, P.B did not immediately register that he was being
 fingered, rather than filled.**

Doesn't know where to go
He was immediately cast aside.

Curling to foetal position
**Time passed,
 and experience**

Hitting alarm off: morning again
**soon erased how understood he was in this realm of closet
 darkness.**

Getting themselves together
It was a good thing that he forgot.

Remembers
If he had to carry those memories with him,

Falls, curls up again
**he may not have escaped the kitchen drawer at all.
 He certainly would not have floated.**

Deep breathe, getting up
He would never have made it to Hushly Park.

Getting on with it, facing out
He would have pined himself thin,

Unable to go on
rolling up distant pavements

Rolling into a ball
and sagging in gutters like so many.

Rocking

D.P

*snapping out of memory, returning to
 Departures, case has fallen over in queue*
Sorry! - excuse me, I'll just get my baggage.....
(tries to lift it, it's heavy)
oh I've got a lot of baggage....

(to person behind them)

Excuse me...would you mind minding....yes, I know..but it's not unattended I just want to? ... oh ok. Right. Ok. Fine.

(beat, to person in front now)

Ah, excuse me would you mind? I -I wont' be long, I just want to grab a quick coffee ... oh thank you, thank you. ...would you like a coffee?oh ok yeh, we'll tag team it.... oh no don't say that...can't face the whole day here!

(on route to find the coffee counter...seeing into business lounge, glass window)

Wow. Lounge. Food looks nice in there. Wow. This is where having a real job comes in handy..you get a seated meal. Oysters and champagne. Complimentary massage chair.

That's the loud one from the queue who can't stand still. Business suit. Leather case. Long handle. Minimal baggage. He's still with the Puppy-dog wheely case: leopard skin with ears, soft toy on a spine, stilhettos....

DP enacts how she holds herself, heels, poise

His confidence is baffling. Everything is a game to him..

I just want to bundle him up and stuff him in my case. He wouldn't wrinkle. He's not the sort. A soft underbelly, you can tell, look at the way he shoots a glance at her after playing air guitar, checking to see if she's entertained, the way he steals her reaction, swells up on it if its a smile.

(sings loudly)

'Call me...! I'm alive'...

Jumping up and down

no,no ...that's his ring tone...

reaching to answer mobile

Showing us their version of the man in business suit

.....Jefferson. I'll be there.what I made the fucking thing blow its tit? ... Pay? Pay who? To do what?Jefferson, not even Gordon brown can get himself up today. - snap out of it..

Jefferson tends to sing pop song phrases to communicate

(sung)

"feel the funk yoh/ have a good time"....

... .. calm down....keep them ticking over till I get there

(sung)

... don't you want to come with me/don't you want to feel my bones--

I'm talking over you...Jefferson, I'm talking over you...

(sung)
 "If I lay here/ if I just lay here/ would you lie with me and
 just forget the world"

He is hung up on

Prick.

(to woman next to him, puppy-
 dog wheely case)

...No, no, I'd been looking into investing on the waterfront for
 a while...

*DP returns to being themselves, looking in to
 the business lounge from outside it*

What am I doing with my life? Waterfront. I want to live on a
 waterfront. Why aren't I living on a waterfront? Bet he's been
 born into it. Better things. Things would be looking up if I
 were on the waterfront. Who am I kidding? Can't even afford
 this flight, let alone a mortgage. I would know where I am
 going if I were in a massage chair between meetings. Wouldn't
 I?

One last look at the man in there

he'd be too persuasive for me.

Why am I always peering in at these people? Through a glass,
 through a youtube window... through a lens

*Claws at glass...collapsing into another
 memory*

MEMORY SHRED 2 : THE PUDDLE - COMPARISON

Projection of text scrolled across space:

YOU'D FEEL FULL IF YOU WERE A BULGING BAG

PROJECTION OF CAR TYRES PASSING AND EDGE OF A PUDDLE FROM
PB'S POINT OF VIEW...WHILE....

VOICE OVER

DP is outside

Plastic Bag had, not so long ago, spent some time in a puddle.

Smoking, seated on pavement, street corner

Staring skyward,

Noticing it's starting to rain

soaking up the tang of rancid rainwater,

Moving along under awning, tucking self in

pasted to the tarmac as if there was no tomorrow.

Sigh

In truth, there was a tomorrow, it would come after today,
but in that moment and at that stage,

Hands to face, tired

all PB knew was the sticky wet of his outsides, pressed against
a pothole.

Pressing up against wall

he basked in a sun the colour of snow

Getting up to stub out ciggy

sewing shadows in his puddle-crushed creases,

Brushing clothes off

drawing moisture from his pothole.

Stubbing it out

Projection ends

Above,

Turning to see the businesswoman

PB saw the weighted bottom of another carrier swing
dangerously to a stop,

*DP becomes businesswoman, talking to
colleagues*

This bulging carrier was pressed up against its cousin, three
on one human hand, admirably full.

Boasting

They took no notice of PB lying in his pothole.
Swinging in self importance,

Swings a scarf over her shoulder

they compared the difficulty of their load.
Now, thought PB, if only he were on his First Time again,

*PB imitates their actions, just like those of
the businesswoman with the puppy-dog wheely
case in Departure*

he too would be brushing shoulders with the best, certain of
his function.

Businesswoman is confident, gestures

His two handles would be wire thin and concertinaed to the
sinew of steel,

Handshake

he'd be balancing his throbbing haul,

Balancing on high heels, shifting weight

biting bravely into a palm, keeping it all together.
He would feel the dependency upon him in waiting for a green
light,

standing tall

letting his logo blaze across the intersection,

ego out, chest out

the shape of his satisfaction eyed by curious bystanders...
he'd be boasting about his holiday in the Bibboa:

Paints the picture of their recent trip

(a sought after holiday destination for carriers, soft sand to
land on, a gentle breeze, no traffic)...

they answer their mobile

But the bulging bag wasn't boasting anymore,

Listening to bad news

he was in too much pain,

*deal gone bust**Projection on text box scrolled as:*

LEHMAN BROTHERS COLLAPSE: MARKET CRASHES OVERNIGHT
gaping in shock at his broken seam. The lower half of him
flapped, his handles remained clasped in denial above.

Hand to head, back turned

He had burst. He couldn't believe it.

Shaking their head in disbelief

He had lost everything.

Looking out, shock

And he had burst all over a gutter bag who'd been glaring up at them while they hung above,

Ending call, pretending to others its ok

clearly one of those drifters who can't be bothered being useful,

Leaning against glass wall, mirroring DP's action of looking in

the sort that never get anywhere cause they've just given up.

Return to Departures, DP is looking in at Jefferson, DP remembers they'd left someone minding their case...

Sorry! Long queue, sorry... Thanks, thanks so much.
...does this mean we can't fly?

(to their toddler)

Hello!

Yes, yes of course...I'll go check it out ,I'll go...

No, no its fine,

(referring to what toddler is doing)

do you want me to - ? she's lovely. So cute.

Looking around

My gums ache.

Bet she doesn't have aching gums. But I bet she does. Mammoth reinforced family case. Zip-friendly. Side pockets for dummy, diapers, a toddler in tow - keeps squirting the other one's milk bottle - dripping it between her shoes, smearing it, starting again. They're so cute. Look at them. Little pink wheely cases. Tiny little handles. One of them shaped like Pooh Bear. The case, not the kid . Wish I could duck the barriers like that...

THE PUDDLE - COMPARISON - SMALLER BAGS

Projection of text scrolled across space:

YOU'D FEEL FULL IF YOU WERE A BIG BAG TO A SMALLER BAG...

PROJECTION OF A PUDDLE FROM PB'S POINT OF VIEW - II

VOICE OVER

Still stuck in a puddle, looking up at everyone else, PB
thought- at least he's not a smaller bag.

DP becomes the toddler with little wheely case
They had so little time to be small.

Child: "Are we there yet? Are we there yet?" -
They were rarely re-used ...being too small for big things

"Why?"
and too big for things that get lost between the cracks.

"But why?"
If he'd had a small bag inside him, he would be telling them
now:
Smaller bags and bigger bags, all go empty.

"But I'm still hungry"
He'd keep them out of gutters and puddles,

Running amuck
and let them one day fly on their own,

Playing at flying
hoping they'd forget their logo which made them so difficult

"NO!!"

Return to adult

End of projection
Only PB knew he couldn't carry little bags within him.
He just knew. Some could. He couldn't. Some discovered a tiny
crumpled duplicate in their depths, unravelling slowly towards
their opening, some did not. This was clearly not the purpose
he was born to fulfil or he would have popped one out by now.

*We are in a supermarket, wheeling a trolley,
looking at shelves*
He was secretly glad because he had no time for little bags. It
takes so much time and energy, watching the little bags whizz
about,

Finding the right item
finding things for them to feel inside them..

Adding it to the trolley
and PB had no time to spend on someone else.

Leaning on trolley in a childlike manner, down aisle,
He hadn't even found himself.

lining up to pay
PB did find, however,

Unloading trolley
that any carrier he had come across who was busy with their little bag did not worry any more about where they were supposed to be and what this place is, with all the white light.

Beeep beep beep beeeep
He supposed that had found it already in their little bag. .

Child runs into their trolley or leg...they react
There was nothing like it, being a big bag to a little bag, PB imagined.

Smiles at the child
Was that the answer? To all this emptiness?

Staring out, waiting for one in front to finish paying
And if so, that wasn't where he was headed. What could he do about it?

Opening plastic bags....stuffing them full
PB had compared himself to other carriers so many times he was bored with it.

Sigh
Comparison kills, thought PB,

Punching in pin number
it hurts.
No matter if you're compared favourably

Lifting light shopping bag on shoulder
or you feel the conclusion of your own lack,

lifting heavy one, weighed down by it
it is a wasted thought to where you are not.

Walking out sliding doors,
Still, PB didn't like this,

pressing light at intersection
going on like this, lining a pothole, unable to die.

*Looking out across intersection at others,
waiting*

He envied the humans, their ability to choose their death. And to make a complete mess of things. For someone else to deal with. They were so beautiful.

(looking out at audience)

They couldn't fly, but they were still beautiful. And they could heal. Though most of them didn't.

Crossing the road becomes returning to the queue.

...listening to overhead announcement...

D.P

Oh, what? Overnight!?!God..I've got to get a drink....can't believe we have to sleep here...how long does it take a volcano to settle? I don't know. Will I die here? I don't know. Will they serve me alcohol on my credit card? I don't know.

In bar, ordering

Yes....(drinks) Yes. ...(drinks) Yes.... (drinks)
... Just have to spend a minimum.

Replying to the barman-

Determination? What you don't think I have- ?

(shots aligned on bar, taking one with each job, slow at first, intoxicated by end of the list)

I'veI've licked envelopes, I've washed lettuce, I've photographed famous people who die I've subtitled for the hard of hearing, I've organised another's determined life as their skirted PA, I've sold copies of Life magazine to people who don't want it, typed letters, I've set up a small business trying to sell gift cards, I've temped as a medical secretary, orthopaedics, renal, and gastro, I've entered data for Deutsche Bank, I've cleaned private houses, served alcohol publicly, I've made some very very cold calls, I've worked for a team leader, as a nursery assistant, I've worked in a bookstore, I've waited. And now I am waiting again. To fly...somewhere and find work...

If you are what you do I am very , very young.
So I AM determined.

Drunk now

Oh, no, I am determined to get somewhere... I am determined to get somewhere and find this thing that we're all looking for...

Looking around, indicating fellow travellers

it's hard....no one really wants to employ a dancing philosopher.....

In reply

...not a dance philosopher, one or two of those are still in work, no a dancing philosopher....well, its never advertised! ...no,no I'm not. I am ,I am ...a dancing philosopher, or was, or - look....I'll show you, I've got it in here somewhere, the suit.....See?

Gets into the white zip front hooded DP suit- it's like a painter's protection suit, oversized, elastic at the ankles and wrists..baggish.

Attempts to prove the DP routine, a dance with lyrics- sung -

'Home is where the heart is.'

Drunken choreography

Now if I could just remember where the heart is.

Barman is not convinced...tries another

Or - or- or

Sung

'We all die in the end....we all die in the end....' and it ends like.....like this

Denouement, legs and arms in air, frozen tableau.... They see the barman's face

it's hard to do without the music.

Used to do quite well out of it. ...actually

Looking around, trying to regain balance

Look at all the heads in here....bobbing.

BOBBING ALONG: DETERMINATION - GETTING SOMEWHERE

Projection of text scrolls across the sign in Departures, DP is gazing out, remembering.

YOU'D FEEL FULL IF YOU JUST KNEW WHERE YOU WERE HEADED

PROJECTION OF RIVER FROM PB'S POINT OF VIEW... BOBBING ALONG
FACE DOWN....WAVES AND WATER, LIGHT REFRACTED

VOICE OVER

Bobbing, bloated, bouncing on a tide

PB is at a night club, dancing.

PB was enjoying himself immensely upside down on the city's river, head and handles down, his bottom full of trapped summer air. He was moon-bound by a bubble,

Slow motion

This is the life, he thinks, to be going somewhere without looking, drinking it all in by blocking it all out.

Returns to real time.

PB corkscrewed with the current.

Turning through crowd, leaving for some air

End of projection

And now he finds himself

On the balcony, looking out

brushing the Drooder's Column,

someone next to them points out the Drooders Column

its weathered platitude, one broken word:

tries to see what the person is trying to point out, its inscription:

'Determination.' Etched in stone.

They can see it

He had determination, he thought,

Nodding, impressed by what they are hearing

what he lacked was a way of taking action on it.

Shaking their head, no they haven't been there

He'd seen it though. Determination.

Looking out, pointing out where they used to work
 He'd been crushed by it,

Crowd on balcony shoves them
 on a daily basis , not long ago.

He'd been tickled by determined shoe laces

A stiletto crushes their toe
 and he'd been coiled by determined buggy wheels.

Arms up to avoid the crush -goes inside
 He wouldn't be here without Determination.

Through crowd to toilet
 Small wonder why the word was etched in a concrete pillar

in the toilet cubicle...locking door
 holding up the city's progress.

Holding up their hair
 All that determination must make everyone feel so full, he thought.

Throwing up
 No need to wonder where you are Supposed to Be when a common purpose weaves your way across the river.

Slumped, on floor, wiping mouth, out of cubicle and up to wash face..
 PB blinked hard to spy what drifted past below him on the river bed -

Looking in mirror
 the tail ends of determination....

(wrinkles, red eyes, hair a mess etc...)
 a soggy sofa cushion, a split traffic cone, a doorless cupboard, banana skins, a babies car seat, open broken polystyrene,
 And several of his kind

others join him at sink
 eroded to a whisper....
 Their absence of colour was a little disturbing, thought PB,

Towel to wipe hands, laughing with them
 even the white ones had become transparent, wrinkle thin.

Back to own reflection, trying to make best of it
 So even being numb couldn't drown the emptiness, thought PB.

Sigh after a smile, waving them goodbye
No matter how deeply your slick self was dragged down,

Fixing hair
no matter how saturated you became,

fixing dress
you still felt empty?

Throwing towel away
Full of himself, tired of bobbing,

Shuffling home
**PB was glad when darkness brought him washing up on a
 collection of coin-sized pebbles,**

*Departures...everyone still
 grounded...Stumbling across sleepers*
slowly losing air

Slowly lying down, deflated
and lying on a throng of crisp packets,

lying awkwardly on wheely case
blinking into the side of a sun-faded sneaker.

Blinking into the flourescents above

DP:

Can't sleep.

(to someone they've disturbed)

Sorry, sorry.....

(looking up, out at tarmac beyond the window)
 The thrill of seeing the stars out like that, at night, in the
 middle of nowhere, it feels like being scattered across the
 plains and - yet lifted and lit. Someone had told me once that
 when you look up at the stars thinking, oh wow, wow, that
 those stars are looking down at you just the same, awestruck by
 your brilliance, by how many of you there are, by how hard it
 is to look just one of you in the eye you are so mysterious.

I find it hard to grasp how we can be a grain of sand,
 insignificant, and yet important, at the same time. That we
 are scattered like this in fractional millions but can still
 get in someone's eye, how together we can bury a whole planet,
 but apart we can't even be seen.

Airport advertising fills the space:
 AH.....there's a always a screen to stare at...

END EXCERPT