

*Script for 'Paradox of the Ekkyklêma'*

*A live performance by two actors and a large wooden stage*

*Duration: 20 minutes*

*By Renèe Hélène Browne*

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Performed at the opening of 'setup, a device', a group exhibition located in a vacant warehouse in Dublin 8, 2014.

*Deproof moves ekkyklema into first position in the space, rotates it slowly while speaking the following lines:*

Deproof: Auxiliary, subordinate, secondary and transpire ‘elsewhere’ in the story.  
This elsewhere is such a mocking concoction developed for a partial exchange.  
Your, I’m, we’re incapable of understanding what you, I, we stand for in reality.  
*Pushes ekkyklema in one strong sweep and shouts across to Depluran:*

There’s more than this inferior track of narration you know!  
*Depluran kneels in front of door pushing it with his head*

Depluran: Look... look, look, look, look. . . look  
*Depluran appears to forget the discussion, stands confused in silence and then resumes, addressing Deproof:*

Look stop! I wish you, I, we would just listen to the faith I, you, we have.  
I, you, we admit that I, we, you are never the protagonist in any of these worlds,  
never hailed nor eulogized for our efforts in mediation.

Deproof: Yes! That’s right, an interchangeable nameless, faceless empty handed fallacy!  
*Depluran cowers from Deproof*

Depluran: Please be attentive. Why not trust this reliance on the, the, the, the . . .

*Begins mumbling, again forgetful and confused about conversation*

. . .(shouts) On the, the script! The theatre!

Trust that I am correct in accepting the, those things, what are they again? Oh  
no its gone. .

*Again Kneels in front of door pushing it with his head.*

*Deproof becomes increasingly frustrated and starts turning the ekkyklema*

Depluran: . . . wait! I mean the structures of course! The structures yes, yes that’s it,  
before me, before you, and before us.

*Deproof rotates ekkyklema as much as possible in silence thinking of a response to Depluran and then resumes the discussion*

Deproof: Trust? Acceptance? Think of the crimes to your ego you goose!  
This delusion is perilous in a structure you ordain that be no more a structure  
than that of the strings on a puppet.

*Rotates ekkyklema*

My, your, our existence is reluctant and spiteful, HERE, BEFORE YOU (*walks away from ekkyklema and addresses at audience*), to narrate to you an absent action. To fill you in. To make you understand the inner workings of a representation of a world.

Oh as if, AS IF (*shouts*) it's real.

*Depluran sharpens up as if already won the argument with the following lines:*

Depluran: Ah, ah ahh! I've got you there. Don't you point into nothing but darkness?

(*Waves hand at audience, loosely*)

'As if' you speak of me, I, you. Speaking as if life exists over there, speaking as if to observe another.

As if that blackness has a heart, as if we, I, you are not alert.

I am too sharp and splendid to talk to a vacuum.

*Deproof chases Depluran around the door, with it always between them for the following lines*

Deproof: Oh day dreamer I have proof!

Depluran: Your, I'm, we're ridiculing my, your, our function with perseverance so oiled in confusion and doubt.

Deproof: But so dense is this wall of unseeing around you.

Depluran: Who's to say the world doesn't work this way?

Deproof: Just look at you! (*Addresses audience*) You all exist. You all watch me, you and we here dancing around in a written day dream.

Depluran: So sticky and operose these "truths and facts" you spout of what we are.

Deproof: Yet how does this crisis prevail?!

Depluran: What do you know?

Deproof: I know, in this mirage, I'm performing.

Depluran: You enlightened soul!

Deproof: I know my function.

Depluran: Your beyond of my, your, our fallacy, as you call it, mocks me, you, us.

Deproof: I am only too aware.

Depluran: You, I, we mock yourself, mock everything!

Deproof: It is you (*points at Depluran*).

Depluran: Calm down and assume what I assume.

Deproof: As you murmur the belief, the fallacy or representation that so binds you to ignorance.

Depluran: These structures are set in place for our benefit so stop rebelling

Deproof: Why must you be so deluded?

Depluran: Bow down and behave won't you.

I'm sick of this extravagant headache.

*Deproof rotates the ekkyklema furthering his frustration with Depluran's ignorance, then begins the following lines rotating the ekkyklema as he talks:*

Deproof: I bet you, I, we'd submit to a fruit for Dionysus's sake!

This is only some hocus pocus on a page. (*pleading*)

Please understand and so be freed from this cave of submission.

Under these lights you, I, we think the shadows are reality (*makes gesture to lighting around him*).

There not, come out and look at the sun, come out and reject your berth.

*Deproof signals freedom to Depluran of stepping off the ekkyklema*

*Depluran attempts but then changes his mind and sits again.*

Deproof: Oh, what's the point, this merciless paradox! I am so itching to combust.

*Deproof circles the ekkyklema ten times while Depluran sits against the door puzzled.*