

[Mars and Helen enter.]

Mars: Where is Sull?

Helen: Who is Sull?

Mars: I don't know but where is Sull?
Sull is a fair man
He is a great man

Helen: But isn't he an unman

Mars: But what is an unman
You are just making up
Words and words
Words and words
Of course he is not
An unman

Helen: I mean what I mean
And what I mean IS the truth
And what I ask
What I really ask
Is if our Mr. Sull really is
A Mr. Robot?

Mars: Well of course he *was* a robot
He no longer is, of course
Relatively speaking, that is
Depends on the way one sees things
You may like him

Helen: So I may like Sull; then Sull must be great
I would like to meet him, if he is not a robot anymore
But then I may be afraid of him
I believe I may be
But where is Sull then? Why is he not here?
I am confused

Mars: He may not come
He asked us to wait
He had things to do, mistakes to correct
And when I asked about them,
"It tastes nice", he said

Helen: It better taste nice, then
I really hope Mr. Sull is a good man
I am interested, interested as much as I ever was
But pray tell pray tell

What is it that tastes nice?
I can't follow your reasoning
Sometimes

Mars: I don't really know
But somehow I totally believe him
Must be something about
The balance and virtues he venerates

Helen: I feel tired, it's been a while
Since the stars were extinguished
And we were resting
So I don't have much time now, I think
Can't you phone him then
And inform him of our long waiting?

Mars: Well I would phone him
But that wouldn't mean anything
Now Mr. Sull is a busy man
We really wouldn't want to trouble him

Helen: But if we wait and he doesn't come
It would be terrible wouldn't it
And if he does come
Then it wouldn't be very nice of him

Mars: Then we better wait
And when he comes, we can tell him
He was too early
And he would be ashamed of himself
And we would be happy

[Sull enters.]

Sull: Greetings gentlemen
Greetings greetings
I'm sorry
I'm terribly late

Mars: Well here he is, Sull my friend
Isn't he a gentleman
What do you think, my friend?

Helen: Well he is a gentleman
I would like to marry him
But he was a robot once
And that wouldn't be so proper now
Would it?

Mars: Well then well then
We can arrange some things
If Sull was once a robot

You can be a robot too
And it would be proper then
Wouldn't it?

Helen: I'm not sure! It's terrible sometimes
Feeling like a robot
Cold and heartless
I may lose my purpose, my meaning
And
I may become a frozen ruin
Of vanquished tears
And I don't want to fade
Like those this city has exiled
For I am too young
Not like you, Mars
Still alive, still human
But I like Sull
And I don't know what I feel
I don't know
I am afraid

Mars: I understand your concerns, I understand
For I have felt them once, in this castle
Long ago, before the order;
And I remember these words of chaos
These words of indolence
But what they were, really?
Think about them, think carefully
About life
About those things you were taught
When you were a child, and when you were
Naive
Those books you remember, these words you
Dream about
Are fragments of an inscrutable truth
Hidden, concealed from the eyes
Of those like you, and those like us
Sull, my friend
Why are you so silent
Is there something you want to tell?

Sull: These times you talk about
Those things you are afraid of
I try to remember their fragments
And yet I fail to find them
So I ask myself, when and how this came to happen
How these emotions came to be forbidden
And how we have failed
When dawn was so near to perfection

Look about yourself, look about those
Cities we have built-
They will not stand long enough
To embrace this dawn of
Man and his truth

So I ask myself
Did we really fail in our knightly quest?
Have we obliterated Man with empty words
And took residence in
These trembling towers
Shielded from the
Scorching, shattering Sun
And of its incomplete
Eternal Dawn?
So, Miss Helen, is that what you dream of?
The end of this misery, this quest
The end of this waiting
Marking the beginning of a new era
With new worlds to sunder
To aid us in our ultimate quest
To conquer all that move and act
To stop all action and end all life
To become free
In a small box of wonderful disasters
Surrounded with the endless freedom of speech-

For then there will be no action anymore
And there will be no speech
We will be happy, for our desire
For union and sameness
Will be fulfilled:
Is that your dream, Miss Helen?
Is that the truth you are afraid of?
Isn't that your purpose
Isn't that your hope
And if you don't want to live
Die, and be forgotten
But that wouldn't be you
You want to love, you want to be
And you see, I want to too