

NORA SLADE  
**SESAME BE DIAMOND SENSITIVE**

Act 1 Scene 1

2 men, David and Alexi

Sesame the doll and Iris

A girl, Iris, walks down a tight dusty path along a mountain, descending onto a rickety wooden bridge. She crosses an aqueduct where she sees fat women and dogs swimming with the current, then trying to heave their bodies out of it with a push. She talks a guard into letting her swim briefly before she spots an artist named Alexi walking towards a large and sleepy villa. She follows him, spotting his backpack and creative intentions, recognizing the set up. The aqueduct and villa and the surrounding dusty paths are owned by the city and long forgotten.

Inside is an indoor outdoor type room, smooth plaster walls and open windows. A huge flowering plant is growing in the corner, covered in birds and butterflies, bugs and lizards. Alexi and the other artist, David, sit on the floor playing with dolls, doll furniture and other sculpture.

they are

making a piece

writing a play by taking notes of their play

Iris is

watching the men play with dolls,

it makes her feel so happy and full of discovery

she sits down on the floor, quiet

ecstatic to

observe their play

their art making

Alexi: Pretend baby's mom is texting me about feeding times, waking times, sensitive times, **time is sensitive to babies.**

David: Time is sensitive *with* babies

Alexi: Ach, pretend these people with the babies keep windows closed, doors closed. Cabinets locked and loaded time sensitive space sensitive.

David: The babies are making me stressed. I cant imagine giving birth to one. The pain and beauty of it ripping through your body. Would I be less time sensitive to my own baby? Mother earth is sensitive to time

Alexi: Sesame be diamond sensitive  
the babies sound worse in more sun  
**the grunty one** is  
still making lots of sounds,

we are spending our days  
out of the ordinary

watching over certain calligraphy  
teaching the Alphabet calendar

farm people,  
that's where my fantasy is at

David: we're reading prairie books to imagine *their* days  
dugout house made of mud  
calico dress with little white flowers  
taking the horses down to the water  
straw sun dry heat  
potatoes in the cellar  
making do

these are relatively peaceful, hard scrabble days

Alexi: The Grandmas are an architecture system.  
Buying these toys on eBay is a way of drawing  
  
is a form

David: drawing is searching through a form  
I was searching for these items because I am attracted to them.  
they have openings for me to weld attachments through,  
they can become a part of the wall or a chain.  
their function changes.

high	stroller
frozen	pink
low	wheels
chair	yellow
buggy	carseat
weird	angles
body	or not

Alexi: It's kind of like the Duchamp cast pussy piece  
or the change through repetition thing

I had a dream  
I had a baby  
I named her Iris

she wanted something  
from me  
and had little beans  
on her hands  
and stomach  
why not eat that I said to her

David: Moon is pregnant and happy.  
person moon  
not planet moon.

Peter is doing nothing in his studio,  
which is something,  
which is time

doing nothing,  
which is something,  
which is time.

Alexi: I imagine an office  
where I'm up above,  
receiving offers

## Scene 2 - The ice melts.

