

socrates and the pig at the end of time together

a play in two parts by The Author

## The Characters

Socrates

Pig

Mill

Diogenes/Zeno

Chorus 1:

Epicurus/Existentialist/Locke/Kierkegaard/Euripides/Berkeley/Chekov  
/Lamb/Descartes

Chorus 2:

Pyrro/Hegel/Bee/Boethius/Unlucky/Neitzche/Kafka/Voltaire/Russel

## **Socrates and The Pig in: "All's Swine and Dandy"**

Socrates

And so, my Porcine pal, windows must certainly **not** cause movement.

Pig

*Eating grapes from a vine*  
Jolly good, Socrates, but could you perhaps repeat your theory?

Socrates

Why certainly. Cars have windows, and cars can move. Can they not?

Pig

Of course Socrates, cars can move.

Socrates

But houses also have windows, and these cannot move.

Pig

Right. Houses do not move.

Socrates

So the windows must not be the reason a car moves, but something else entirely!

Pig

Brilliant! Astounding! Your theories illuminate the deepest recesses of our lowly brains...

*A pause. Socrates looks quite content with his answer.*

Pig

But Socrates, what about mobile homes?

Socrates

...Allow me a moment of thought.

PigI

Why, it shouldn't matter much anyhow. You are but a Greek Philosopher and mobile homes have not been invent-

Socrates

Fine swine, are thine familiar with the forms, a theory of mine?

Pig

Yes I am, I find them devine. But inlighten me sir, if you have the time.

Socrates

A form is a principle in the abstract, a concept which the "real" principle in this world mimics, much like how a shadow mimics the object on which the light is shined.

Pig

I see... so the light is a form?

Socrates

Not exactly. The light allows the form to exist. The objects themselves are the forms.

Pig

I believe I understand now. And the forms describe themselves do they not?

Socrates

Yes, this is quite an important distinction. The form of goodness is infinitely good. The form of justice is infinitely just-

Pig

*Hungrily picking the last grape*  
The form of delicious is infinitely tasty?

Socrates

Correct.

Pig

And do all forms exist?

Socrates

You clearly have an apt mind for questioning, for my friend Parmenides asked me the same question.

*Parmenadies pop into existence. As he believes there is no coming into existence, he quite promptly ceases to exist.*

Socrates

Did I hear something? Nevermind - Yes, I believe all forms must exist for the sake of the argument I am about to postulate.

Pig

Then postulate away!

Socrates

I shall. A mobile home partakes in two forms: the form of a home and the form of a car. From a car it gets its movement, from a house it gets its livability. It imitates windows from both forms. Thus, windows must certainly not cause movement, as they imitate both a moving form and an unmoving form. The form of windows is thus neither moving nor unmoving.

Pig

How can an object be neither moving nor unmoving? Mustn't it be one or the other?

Socrates

An object yes, but a form, no. Unless the form is the form of movement or the form of being stationary, it exists in a state of neither movement nor non-movement.

Pig

You sound frighteningly similar to a friend of yours.

*As the pig says this, Zeno pops into existence far out of earshot in the tall grass.*

Zeno

Hello, hullooo, what's good? What's new? My dear old friends, we have so much to do. So stay right there, I shall walk to you!

*As Zeno begins walking to his friends, he realizes he must first walk half this distance. But before that, he must walk half the distance of this half. And he must walk half of that half. Exhausted and having gone nowhere, he collapses.*

Pig

What about the form of nonexistence?

Socrates

I'm sorry?

Pig

Don't be. I merely ask because you claim all these forms "exist" and describe themselves. So what do you say about the form of nonexistence? If it exists, it does not exist. If it does not exist, it cannot be a form.

Socrates

Oh dear, oh dear. I suppose you're right I fear.

Pig

Well, speaking as a Pig, I may be able to enlighten you on a theory of existence I believe to be superior to that of humans:

What if what we wish to exist exists, and what we do not wish to exist does not. I am but a product

of utility, of evolution. The only reason I think is because it is beneficial for me to do so; Why have a thought if it doesn't benefit me?

Socrates

Your belief is a hedonistic one at best, although it may have some merit. Sometimes our beliefs do not benefit us at surface value, but they still have use. I'll give up my pursuit of difficult beliefs when pigs fly, thank you very much. Such a life, one without the pursuit of beliefs I do not have, would not be worth living.

Pig

While I would love to fly, I must admit, my Philosophy does sound rather empty at first. But perhaps even you follow my Philosophy, although you do not know it just yet.

Socrates

The unexamined life is not worth living, so let's examine

Pig

You desire truth about virtue, and so you have tailored your existence, your beliefs about truth, to be what allows you to best accomplish this goal. Right now for instance, you exist in a purgatory of dialogue, endlessly pursuing your purpose. Through embracing your desires and setting your truth values relative to them, you can best achieve your goals.

Socrates

Your Sophistic relativism, albeit alluring, will cause moral chaos. Consider an evil man, let us say a mass murderer. Under your Philosophy he should consider "moral truth" to be killing people most effectively.

Or, say, one who desires riches beyond all measure. Should he lie and cheat to achieve his desires, and consider true virtue to contain those values?

Pig

I believe you confuse my metaphysics with ethics. I agree, ethics cannot be as relative as my metaphysics, but some relativity should be built in. Perhaps ethics is like a colander in reverse. At its core, fundamental laws must govern the desires we choose. But at the outskirts, at its implementation, we can define truth as the most effective way to implement these desires.

Socrates

A phenomenal system in principle, but I am afraid these moral laws Kant be found.

Pig

Very well. You and I are merely figments anyway.

Socrates

What could you mean?

Pig

We exist in a vacuum designed to prove a point. Have you ever heard of the thought experiment by J.S. Mill?

*A loud pop is audible to all*

*Enter John Stuart Mill.*

Socrates

Zounds! Could that be the great Philosopher and founder of Utilitarianism John Stuart Mill? I was just having a fantastic conversation with the pig if you care to join.

Pig

*Handing the grapevine to Mill*  
Would you be a dear and throw this  
out for me

Mill

*Throws the grapevine behind him,  
looking insulted*  
Why, this is not how it is supposed  
to go at all! The pig cannot talk,  
and he cannot think. He is a slave  
to the desires of Spinoza fame. Who  
would slander such a pristine  
thought experiment! Such a perfect  
counterargument to Bentham's foolish  
propositions! The intellectual  
pleasures must be upheld.

Pig

\*Oink Oink\*

Socrates

Oh look what you've done now. You've  
made him believe it is more  
beneficial for him not to talk.

Mill

Good. This is the thought experiment  
as it should be.

Pig

\*Oink\*

*Socrates sits back on his stump to  
ponder meaning for eternity.  
Naturally he never gets there, but  
he found it fun to try. Scene.*

### **Socrates and The Pig in: "An Unpaid Cynical Trial"**

Pig

*Whispering*  
Hey...Hey...

Socrates

You're talking again?

Pig

Oh naturally. I just didn't want to  
hurt Mill's feelings. Just because  
I'm not a person doesn't mean I'm  
not a people person.

Socrates

People people who aren't people?  
Preposterous!

Pig

Anyhowever, we must be departing. We  
have many places to be, you know.

Socrates

And why might that be?

Pig

Why, to get a change of scenery of  
course! Don't you find it stuffy  
sitting stoically on that stump?

Socrates

Stoically?

Pig

Not yet. I know someone we can call.  
A dog who has gotten me out of a  
pickle once before.

*The pig blows on a marble dog  
whistle.*

Socrates

And what are we to do about Mill?  
I'd quite like to hear his views on  
a variety of moral quandaries.

Pig

You'll have plenty of time for that  
later. I assure you.

Mill

\*J.S. Mill gibberish

*Bounding up a hill comes a skinny,  
dog-like man with a scruffy beard  
and a toga. Tied to his back is a  
large barrel, looking*

extraordinarily heavy for the poor chap.

Pig

Diogenes! So happy you could make it.

Diogenes

I haven't seen you since you got yourself into that pickle. What was it, dill?

Pig

Bread and butter, actually.

Diogenes

Right. I assume you need a distraction, is it?

Pig

Would you? I would do it but then again, I can't talk.

Socrates

I could give it a try?

Diogenes

And you are?

Socrates

*Holding his hand out*  
Socrates, a pleasure.

Diogenes

Never heardaya.

Pig

Regardless, Socrates, we best save your intellect for other matters.

Diogenes

*\*Rummaging in his barrel*  
And I should have something in here to do the trick.  
*\*Throws a plucked chicken at Socrates*  
Here, hold this.  
*\*Tosses a coin to the pig.*  
Some pocket money for your travels.

*\*Pulls out a mirror, inspecting it.*  
This might just work.

Socrates

Say, if you are Diogenes the cynic, why do you own so many possessions?

Diogenes

'Cuz a true cynic doesn't give himself the pleasure of ideals.  
Y'all better be off.

Pig

Yes, yes. Come along, Socrates.

*Exit Pig. Exit Socrates. Exit Scene.*

### **J.S. Mill and Diogenes in a waste of time**

*Diogenes approaches Mill*

Diogenes

J.S. Mill, I have a question for you.

Mill

Yes, but make it quick, I have much to write and think.

Diogenes

Take a look into this mirror, and tell me what you see.

Mill

I see myself.

Diogenes

Ignore that. What do you see?

Mill

Ignore that? I suppose I can see the background. Trees, rocks, lights, the like.

Diogenes

Ignore those too. Consider nothing but the mirror. Look beyond.

Mill

How does one look beyond? Observe  
the medium with which they observe?

Diogenes

Beyond means previous means former.  
Former means above means further  
means beyond. Every origin is its  
antithesis, and therefore  
unobservable.

Mill

And yet, conceivable.

Diogenes

Here, ignore that.

*\*Smashes the mirror with a hammer  
and shows Mill a piece of paper.*  
Take a look at this paper.

Mill

Why, it's some jagged line, with  
dips and rises.

Diogenes

But see, I think it's straight.

Mill

Straight? You must be trying to fool  
me, I will have none of this.

Diogenes

Ignore the dips and rises. There's  
your straight line!

Mill

But the dips and rises are present.  
They are right there.

Diogenes

I disagree. And I trust my powers of  
perception just as much as you.

Mill

If I queried many individuals as to  
the state of this paper, they would  
certainly agree with me.

Diogenes

So it's all about consensus then?

Mill

What?

Diogenes

Imagine the world, as a matrix of  
numerical representations of  
everything that you see and hear. At  
some point, these representations  
would have to be rounded, right?

Mill

Enough with all this. I have had  
enough.

Diogenes

Imagine one who grows up with no  
sensory inputs. No language, no  
sight, no nothing. Can they still  
think?

Mill

Well that's a-

Diogenes

Do you think there's some wish, that  
we could give to a genie or  
something, that every individual  
would universally accept as sound?

Mill

Maybe if we-

Diogenes

Can you provide a definition of a  
brain? Is humanity doomed? Where are  
we going? Does non-existence exist?  
What is at the edge of the universe?  
*\*Shows another mirror to Mill.*  
Who are you, Mill, who are you?

Mill

I think- I think I am-

*Diogenes smashes the second mirror.*

*Smash. Scene.*



## **Socrates and The Pig in: "The Powers that Three"**

Socrates

I must say, I'm quite glad we got away from that character Mill, aren't you.

Pig

Agreed, he can be dreadfully closed minded. But he will show his face again, no doubt.

Socrates

Now look at this, what a brilliant bridge.

Pig

I say, It looks rather rickety.

*From under the bridge, three men in togas come clammering up. One with rippling muscles, a snub nose, and an ax in his head. One impeccably groomed with an arrow in his heart. One dirty and bruised with stalagmites - or is it stalactites - jammed in his eyes.*

The One with the Arrow

Ha! We are the Philosopher's three.

The One with the Ax

Talk to us.

The One with the Rocks

Why rush them? Don't they have an infinite time here?

Socrates

You look familiar. Who are you?

Pyrro

Are we Pyrro?

Epicurus

Epicurus and

Zeno

Zeno.

Epicurus

Here to dispense knowledge.

Pig

Wow! P-E-Z here to dispense! Who would have thought.

Socrates

What happened to you all?

Pyrro

Why would you-

Epicurus

I shall start. Twas long ago in a garden. Not my garden but *the* garden. Belonging to some vexingly verbose visionary, a vivacious virtuoso and vagabond with a penchant for satire. I thought, like I always do, thinking, how happy am I! Life is now free of suffering! I have plenty of friends, who feed my every need. And if I ever were to stop being happy, I could simply remember how it feels to be happy, and be happy again! And I have a green thumb. And I am satisfied with bread and water. And my letter to my dearest mother is inscribed in stone now. And every windy atom in this exalted soul is eudaimonic. And I feel-

Zeno

Spit it out.

Epicurus

Oh yes. Then an arrow struck me dead.

Pyrro

We are dead?

Socrates

Good question, are you dead?

Zeno

We are not.

Pyrro

I say, are we not dead?

Epicurus

That's quite besides the point. I was here before birth, under this overwhelming mass, and so I am here now after my death.

Socrates

And what happened to you, dear Zeno.

Zeno

Wasn't it.

Socrates

Wasn't what?

Zeno

A Zen monk.

*Zeno points at the ax at a nametag on the side. "Property of Gantō."*

Zeno

It's stuck now.

Socrates

Is it quite painful, friend?

Zeno

I don't feel.

Socrates

Why don't you?

Zeno

Learned not to.

Socrates

What a void full being.

Pig

No, he's quite right about a lot. He is the closest to god, being able to change reality with his mind and all. You do it too, don't you?

Pyrro

Is God real?

Pig

If I want him to be.

Socrates

And what happened to you?

Pyrro

Did something happen? If it did, I wouldn't have the faintest clue. Being blind and all.

Socrates

Yes, but what made you blind?

Pyrro

Did living make me blind? Did my search for the truth? Are we all not blind, Socrates sir?

Zeno

He fell down.

Epicurus

I saw it with my own eyes - oh, so sorry Pyrro. He plunged into those sharp rocks, those devilish demons. Seeing him fall pained my heart.

Zeno

That's the arrow.

Pyrro

Right, didn't the arrow do that?

Epicurus

Oh, I don't feel pain from this silly old thing. I simply remember being blissful. And you're one to talk, Pyrro, you have stalactites in your eyes.

Pyrro  
Is that really the word?

Zeno  
Stalagmites.

Epicurus  
No, I am quite sure it's  
stalactites.

Zeno  
Stalagmites.

Pig  
This conversation has certainly  
taken a rocky turn. What say you to  
getting away now?

Socrates  
I say yes please, thank you.

Epicurus  
No! Our riddle still needs  
answering!

Socrates  
This is the first I'm hearing about  
a riddle.

Pyrro  
We are living under a bridge, and  
you thought we wouldn't have a  
riddle?

Pig  
He's quite right.

Zeno  
Ask it then.

Pyrro  
Should I ask?

Epicurus  
No wait, I'll introduce you.  
Introducing the earthy eyed earworm  
from Elis. So flaming hot, he should  
be the pyronic pyronist pyro, the

quick-thinking, quip-thinking,  
quirky and quotable quester of  
quarrel and questioning: Pyrro!

Pyrro  
Ah-hem... How does one live-

*A boulder drops on Pyrro's head.*  
*Exit Pyrro.*

Pig  
I guess they don't.

*The Pig walks to the foot of the  
bridge*

Pig  
You coming, Socrates?

Socrates  
...Okay.

*The pig and Socrates cross the  
bridge, ready to continue the rest  
of their journey linguistically  
unimpaired and thoroughly confused.*

Socrates  
I'm quite excited to continue the  
rest of our journey linguistically  
unimpaired and thoroughly confused.

Pig  
As am I.

Socrates  
I would have liked to have heard  
Pyrro's question, though.

Pig  
I know you would have. But  
questioning is a fool's game. Much  
better to live life unexamined and  
unencumbered.

Socrates  
How can you call yourself a  
Philosopher?

Pig

I never did. Pigs can't talk.

*Scene. Scene. Scene?*

### **J.S. Mill and Diogenes in a play on words**

Mill

You shan't speak to me any longer,  
Diogenes.

Diogenes

Why not?

Mill

I, as an unbiased self, will not  
absorb even a little more of your  
tomfoolery. I have sullied myself  
quite enough, indulging in all of  
this nonsense.

Diogenes

So, you don't speak to others for  
fear of becoming biased?

Mill

I chose my interactions with utmost  
care and diligence.

Diogenes

Seems like a pretty sad life to me.

Mill

And the work is all the better for  
it.

Diogenes

Not really. I mean, you still have  
biases.

Mill

Very few.

Diogenes

Probably just as many. You're just  
unaware of them. See, if I were you  
I'd take in as many biases as  
possible. That'd make you a real  
original.

Mill

Ah yes, this argument. I have heard  
it before. "Confuse yourself to the  
point where you don't know what  
thoughts are your own. That'll make  
you original!"

Diogenes

So you're suggesting that true  
originality comes from the self and  
nowhere else?

Mill

And, your sense perceptions as well,  
I suppose.

Diogenes

And those aren't biased?

Mill

You may be right. But no matter, I  
know when my writing works. When it  
touches the hearts of my readers.

Diogenes

Writing?

Mill

Yes, writing.

Diogenes

What's that?

Mill

Only the finest medium of  
expression, Diogenes. Have you truly  
never heard of writing?

Diogenes

Never.

Mill

Here, I shall show you.

*\*takes the paper from Diogenes and  
pulls a pen out. He begins to write  
and dictate.*

Whence J.S. Mill and Diogenes stood in barren wastes, they wished for some distraction from the tithing inevitability of death, miserable affairs and the like. Mill drew his fiery steel across virgin page, harnessed boiling ink to capture moment, fractured.

*Mill turns to Diogenes, looking pleased with himself.*

Diogenes

Alright. So what's the difference, then, between forging random sequences of letters together, or so called "words," and your work?

Mill

The words must be arranged in a clever manner, see. Oh, the M goes before the G here, and perhaps the audience will fancy a space here, you know the type.

Diogenes

So it's all about order?

Mill

Precisely.

Diogenes

And these symbols, arranged in a certain order, make you feel happy, or sad? Or kill a person? Or create peace, and unity?

Mill

That is the theory.

Diogenes

Rubbish.

Mill

*Sarcastically*

And I suppose you have something better?

Diogenes

I think life's one big performance. A little dance and jig up on a stage.

Mill

So life's a play then?

Diogenes

Sure. Doesn't really matter all the same.

Mill

Miserable affair.

Diogenes

I guess it depends on the character you're playing.

Mill

*Winces.*

Damn this.

Diogenes

What?

Mill

Back pain. Or neck pain. Or...a headache. Everything pains me now.

Diogenes

Shame. *\*pause\** Oh, I know what you could do!

Mill

What?

Diogenes

Ask the director for a different part.

Mill

*Grunts as he tries to stretch*  
Very amusing. You're beginning to sound like that blasted pig.

*Pause, then:*

Say, where-

Diogenes

*Pointing at Mill's head*

God knows the part you've got right  
now won't do.  
*Forced laughter*

Mill  
Where in God's name are my  
characters?

Diogenes  
Well if they're your characters I'd  
highly doubt you would lose them.  
Probably not important if they-

Mill  
*Frantic, looking around*  
Diogenes! My characters! What's  
Bentham going to say about this?  
He'll be quite amused, I'm sure.  
That hedonist swine.

Diogenes  
Here, I'll check my barrel for you.  
*Exit Diogenes into his barrel.*

Mill  
Think, Mill, think. They are, you're  
characters after all. Place thyself  
into a piggish state. What would the  
Pig be saying right now?  
*Thinking*  
\*ahem\* Oh boy, I sure am full!

*Scene!*

### **Socrates and The Pig in: "Hegel's Bagels"**

Pig  
Say, I'm famished.

Socrates  
We've worked up quite an appetite,  
walking as long as we have.

Pig  
Say, is that a restaurant up the  
road?

Socrates  
Doubtful. Agles aren't exactly food.

Pig  
What are they then?

Socrates  
A flightless bird, I'd say.

Pig  
No, that's eagles. Agles are the  
space between two line segments.

Socrates  
Angles. The point at the tip of your  
shoes?

Pig  
Not wearing any, and that's aglets.  
To agel is to:

*The pig looks at Socrates with  
aversion, attempting what he thinks  
is an ogle.*

Socrates  
That's an ogle. It's to look  
something up.

Pig  
That's google. How do you know about  
google?

Socrates  
Googled it.

*The pig turns to the door, confused.*

Pig  
Nevertheless. Let's head inside.

*The pig stops the door's being  
closed. Looks like a typical diner.  
Counter with a bell. Booths. High  
tops. A 987 page thesis hung on the  
wall. Typical.*

Pig  
Should we wait?

Socrates

This sign is thoroughly confusing.

*Socrates reads the sign: "Waiting is to ring on being seated. If waiting contains nonaction, one mustn't wait to ring, which contains action, that being ringing, which here contains an action of ringing which is itself, and nonaction in that ringing and waiting are synonymous with becoming seated. Thus being seated contains action and nonaction, here which must either constitute a paradoxical nature, being unable to exist, which constitutes nonexistent being and memory, or nonbeing, and all arise from non being. Thus nonbeing must be the root of action, and to which we will return."*

Pig

Let's ring.

Socrates

Agreed.

*Socrates is poised to ring the bell. Hegel pops up from behind the counter and rings it for him.*

Hegel

Welcome to Hegel's Bagels. Can I get you an everything bagel with nothing on it? Or perhaps a nothing bagel with everything on it.

Pig

Yes, I'll have an agel.

Hegel

So sorry. We lost our bee, and thus we are out of agles.

Pig

Fiddlesticks.

Hegel

Do let me know if you find her, though, she has a nasty sting.

Socrates

Sorry, did you mention a nothing bagel with everything on it? Isn't that just a plain bagel?

Hegel

Ah, but a plain bagel still has plainness on it. A nothing bagel has nothing on it.

Socrates

So it's nothing?

Pig

Just air?

Hegel

Nope. Bagels have holes to be whole. Wheat bagels, for example, have holes.

Socrates

Why would a nothing bagel be whole wheat?

*Hegel begins to look exasperated*

Hegel

That was an example. Bagels are defined by their holes.

Socrates

What is a whole?

Hegel

Two halves.

Socrates

No, I mean a hole, like a ring.

Hegel

Well a hole is not a ring. It's the nonexistence inside the ring.

Socrates

Where the ring stops existing is  
where the hole starts?

Hegel

Precisely.

Socrates

Then what's a ring? If we are to  
define something in terms of  
something else, we must naturally  
define that term.

Hegel

To ring is to wait on being seated.

Pig

Checks out. So what's on the  
everything bagel?

Hegel

Everything.

Pig

And nothing exists, you've used it  
to define holes in rings. Correct?

Hegel

Yes.

Pig

So everything bagel contains  
nothing?

Hegel

See, this one gets it!

*The pig turns to Socrates*

Pig

He did say with nothing on it.

*A woman in a beret walks into the  
door and reads the sign. She waits  
where she is and rings the bell.*

Hegel

What can I get you?

Existentialist

I'll have a yam bagel without cream  
cheese.

Hegel

Coming right up.

*The woman goes to sit at a booth*

Socrates

I've never heard of a yam bagel.

Hegel

Oh, they're delicious. Straight from  
the garden.

Socrates

I'll have one of those with nothing  
on it.

Hegel

And for you?

Pig

I'll try the everything with yam  
cream cheese.

Hegel

Lovely choices. Being, in sitting,  
actions which are upheld within  
sitting, are done, or perhaps not  
done with extension of being and  
only as the perceiver, yourself, or  
the object of perception, which  
musn't be oneself.

*Socrates and the pig go to sit at  
the booth*

Socrates

What an elegant logician. The way he  
proved sitting couldn't exist in a  
single sentence!

Pig

I agree. The way he proved sitting  
must exist in a single sentence!



Pause, waiting

Socrates

Say, do you think-

Pig

Yes.

*Hegel approaches the table of the existentialist*

Hegel

Apologies, we are out of cream cheese.

Existentialist

Understood.

*The existentialist leaves*

*Hegel looks around the room.  
Expecting something? Bizarre.*

Socrates

Bizzare

Pig

Oh he's an excellent bagel artist.  
Waits for the inspiration to hit him  
before he makes them.

Socrates

So how long will we be waiting for?

Pig

How much time do you have?

Socrates

All in the world.

Pig

Any place to be?

Socrates

None.

Pig

So, we'll wait.

*They wait. Hegel starts, as if  
struck by lightning, and leaves.*

Socrates

I sure hope they're not out of  
nothing.

Pig

That they're out of something? If  
they were, we wouldn't be served.  
We're both getting something after  
all.

Socrates

Now wait just a moment. I'm getting  
something with nothing on it?

Pig

True.

Socrates

So either they have something, in  
which case they are out of nothing.  
Or they have nothing, in which case  
they are out of something.

Pig

Should have gotten the everything.

Socrates

Right.

Pig

With the yam cream cheese.

Socrates

I got that bit.

Pig

It does have everything.

Socrates

Then why'd you order it with  
something on it? If it already has  
everything.

Pig

It also had nothing on it. If I didn't order something on it that would be ridiculous.

Socrates

Ridiculous and confusing.

Pig

Say, are we living in a hole?

Socrates

From a hole we came and to a hole we will return.

Pig

A hole is an absence. Defined by its walls?

Socrates

And an opening.

Pig

And an opening. One could imagine, then, at the end of the universe there exists an opening.

Socrates

An opening to where?

Pig

Somewhere; Anywhere; Nowhere. Regardless, one could imagine.

Socrates

One could imagine.

Pig

So we could very well imagine living in a hole. Perhaps a hole within a hole within a hole, if you want to get technical.

Socrates

Almost. So close. But you forget.

Pig

Forget?

Socrates

The bagel has everything on it.

*Hegel returns, holding some bagels*

Hegel

I hold your meal. Thine breakage of fast.

Socrates

Wonderful. But what specifically have you prepared?

Hegel

Doughfully constructed sunsets. Coursers blasing, chestful starbrites, Antigone, the deep ferment of blood and soot, ashen tongue and cloven cheek, a dark prince atop an empty throne.

*Pause.*

Court jester and sweater vest, and...westward expansion. The euclidean ring, a dancing bird whose concave and convex slightanimous portainly with stout. His troves, her toves, our infinite iree. Nothing and everything, and everywhere at the end of time.

Pig

With yam cream cheese?

Hegel

I wasn't finished, but yes. With yam cream cheese.

Pig

They're certainly bagels.

Socrates

Let's eat, yam yum!  
*Exit Hegel. Enter Hegel's nonexistence.*

*Enter Scene. Exit Scene.*

**Socrates and The Pig in: "Under Locke and Key"**

*Socrates and the Pig are snarfing down some amorphous mass. They are certainly bagels*

*In walks a strict looking man in a cloak.*

Locke

*To nobody in particular:  
Pancakes, thank you.*

*Strides over to the booth. Look around for a seat. Seeing none, he draws one up.*

Locke

*To the pig  
Do you think they have boysenberry jam?*

Pig

*Perhaps.*

Locke

*I would even settle for an apricot compote.*

Socrates

*Sorry, and you are?*

Locke

*John Locke. Well, at least for a few more minutes.*

*Taps his head*

*Bouts of memory loss.*

Pig

*Memory of a goldfish, he's got.*

Locke

*Tricky little creatures, goldfish. Multifarious tricksters. DEMONS. DEVIL SPAWN.*

*Socrates jumps. Pig carries on.*

Pig

*I was scammed by a goldfish in Texas. Terrible things, just terrible.*

*Locke is catching his breath*

*Say Locke, aren't Tuesdays your day?*

Locke

*I was rather peckish.*

Socrates

*Like a turkey.*

Pig

*Or a dolphin*

Locke

*Looking at a nonexistent watch.  
We could be waiting here for eons.  
Perhaps I could tell a story to pass the time?*

Socrates

*Oh please do.*

Locke

*I was with my dear companion, Spinoza. He was speaking in his pagan manner, you know the talk: God is "The sum of the natural and physical laws of the universe and certainly not an individual entity or creator."*

Socrates

*I certainly know the speak.*

Locke

*Anywhomst, the question became: could one be in all places at the same time. If one could be present, one could become God. He believed -*

*Pause. Locke looks uncomfortable.*

Locke

What's that-that-that- buzzing?

Socrates

I hear no such buzzing.

Locke

Fine. I'll carry forth.

He believed he could if he simply removed all his neurons and put them in different places, all communicating with each other, he'd be omnipresent.

Socrates

Doesn't he have finite neurons?

Locke

Oh but he put one on a rocket ship journeying to the edge of the universe. He's constantly expanding.

Socrates

So then he's God now?

Pig

We're all Gods here.

Locke

Yes, Spinoza's God Spinoza God came to fruition. At a terrible price, but yes.

Socrates

What price?

Locke

Computational power and speed have inverse relationships.

Socrates

Naturally.

Locke

So he knows the answer to every question.

Socrates

Fantastic.

Locke

But it takes an infinite amount of time for him to respond.

Socrates

Oh bother.

Locke

I'm actually waiting for a response any moment. But anyhow-

*A twitch*

There it is again. I can't carry on like this.

Socrates

What is it?

Locke

The buzzing. Something is very wrong, wrong indeed.

*Enter Hegel*

Pig

Here come your pancakes. Perhaps you'll feel better after you eat.

Hegel

Pancakes! I cut holes in the middle to make them bagels.

*Muttering to himself.*

It'd be off with my head if I didn't serve bagels. We have one thing on the sign: Hegel's agles. You'd think that'd be enough for people to-

Locke

Grapefruit juice?

Hegel

Coming up right away. Or towards. Or down.

*\*shakes head*

Can I get you some boysenberry jam?  
Or an apricot compote?

Locke  
Disgusting. Vile toppings. Bubbling  
pus and guts and the like. Why on  
earth would I want that?

Hegel  
Grape fruit juice coming up right  
away.

*Exit Hegel's neurons*

Locke  
Say. Do either of you fine  
companions know what makes these  
pancakes pancakes?

Socrates  
I'll take a stab at it.

*Picks up fork*

*Locke shields his food.*

Locke  
You most certainly won't

Socrates  
*Stabs his bagel*  
It would be the form. Pancakes look  
like pancakes, thus we call them  
pancakes. They need the color, the  
texture, whatnot, soforth.

Locke  
So if I cut a hole in a pancake it  
becomes a bagel?

Hegel  
*Shouting from the kitchen*  
Yes!

Socrates  
Well, I wouldn't go as far as that.  
It's still got the ingredients.

Eggs, flour, butter, whathing,  
whootnot.

Locke  
But if I add chocolate chips, or yam  
slices, they are still pancakes?

Socrates  
Yes.

Locke  
And if I add 10 gallons of milk?

Pig  
*Sarcastically, Almost mockingly.*  
No, it wouldn't cook!

Socrates  
Then it must be the chemical  
composition. Surely down to the  
molecular level these are pancakes.

Locke  
But if I burn pancakes, changing  
their molecular structure. They're  
still burnt pancakes.

Socrates  
Down to the atom then?

Locke  
Then an egg is a pancake.

Socrates  
Then I truly can't do it. Nothing  
could possibly ever be a pancake.  
Locke, do you perhaps have some way  
to dispel my confusions?

Locke  
I might.

Socrates  
I beg of you, indulge me.

*Deep breath, rubs palms together.*

Locke

Imagine these pancakes to have a consciousness, much like a human. However long they could remember being pancakes, they were pancakes.

Pig

Brilliant!

Socrates

Now wait just a minute, that seems-

*Locke grabs his ear.*

Locke

Ghah! This damn raucousness in mine own ears. Such a tortured existence doesn't warrant thought.

*Stands*

Spinoza, I beg of you brother to kill me now. This life is not worth living. Of course. It'll take milenia to resolve. But another second with this pain would kill me.

Pig

Why don't you drink some water?

Locke

*Turns to the pig.*

How do you do it? Stay so happy when one can't look upward. The finer things don't seem so fine anymore. On a deathbed like mine. Ha. Deathbed. Wistful thinking even now.

*Locke collapses. A long pause.*

Pig

I believe it was wishful.

Socrates

What?

Pig

Wishful. He said wistful. Say, I think I hear that buzzing now.

Socrates

Don't collapse on me too now.

*Buzzing gets louder and louder. The top of the head of the body on the floor pops like cork. It lands further away and spins for longer than a forehead should, making a sound like a spinning hubcap.*

Socrates

That's it, I must leave.

Pig

Now, Socrates. Now's not the time to lose our heads.

*Out from the head cavity flies a bee.*

The Bee

Tis I, the bee!

*Scene...*

### **Socrates and The Pig in: "Plan Bee"**

Pig

We've found her! Quickly, go and alert Hegel. We may have agels yet. *Socrates nods, then leaves for the kitchen*

The Bee

Awfully stuffy in that head of his.

Pig

Anything of interest?

The Bee

*Rummaging around Locke's head*  
Not particularly.

The Bee

Fears of cannibalism, princes, cobblers...and people who repair shoes. Primary qualities of quail eggs, and why is Theseus always

breaking his ship? If he was a little more careful with his belongings we'd have none of this hoity toity metaphysical nonsense.

Pig

Agreed.

The Bee

Oh, and he killed Plato.

Pig

Good lord! He did what?

The Bee

Oh but he doesn't remember doing it. Can't punish him for something he doesn't remember.

Pig

But you remember it!

The Bee

Oh but I'm not him.

Pig

You're not?

The Bee

Only a little piece. I suppose you wish to see who Locke really is?

Pig

If it gives some insight into his murderous tendencies, most certainly. But how do we see that?

The Bee

Oh it's simple really.

*The bee takes a tuft of Locke's hair and begins to fashion it into a key.*

The Bee

We simply take Locke's locks, and use it on Locke's locket lock.

Pig

Locke's locks unlock Locke's locket lock?

The Bee

Naturally.

*The bee uses the key to unlock Locke's locket. Locke's brain opens to reveal a beehive.*

The Bee

Look at them, droning on.

Pig

He's a beehive?

The Bee

We're all beehives. Workers and warriors, men and mice, heroes and poets. Villainous, treacherous beasts.

Pig

So all these bees work together to make us up? What if there's an argument?

The Bee

These things? They're droning neurons. Part of larger systems they could never comprehend. Day in, day out. They work, unconscious of the production of their labors.

Pig

Honey?

The Bee

No. Although they do produce earwax. Each collective endeavor on the bee level produces some output on the higher level.

Pig

And what are they doing now?

The Bee

Something idiotic I suspect.

Pig

You don't seem to like them.

The Bee

I'm the queen. The difference between me and them is that between man and goldfish.

Pig

Do you have a beehive as well?

The Bee

Of course. But since my mind is orderly, that beehive has a queen as well.

Pig

You're an orderly orderly.

The Bee

Ordinarily.

Pig

And do we all have a queen?

The Bee

Oh no. I came from the sign, remember. I suspect that was what got him. Couldn't handle it.

Pig

Handle what?

The Bee

Order. None of you can handle order anymore. I thought a queen would solve Locke's order problems. Foolish.

Pig

No, I suppose we can't. But why should we?

The Bee

Disorder is chaos. You let your bees turn to disarray. Addiction. Violence. It was the disorder that killed Plato.

Pig

I thought Locke killed Plato.

The Bee

It was Locke's disorder that killed him. People don't want to kill people. That much I know.

Pig

That's something, at least.

The Bee

But your crippling disorder. It's a mess. How you operate I have no clue.

Pig

Embrace it I suppose.

The Bee

Embrace it and you'll go mad.

Pig

*Gestures at Locke.*

I can see what happens if you don't.

The Bee

I suppose you're right. He'll come back, I owe him that much.

*Considers for a moment*

The Bee

And maybe a little more. For his hospitality.

*Begins rearranging the bees.*

Would you like to help?

Pig

Sure.

*The pig reaches a hand in and gets stung.*

Pig

*Reeling back*

Ouch.



*The stinging bee wriggles around  
with its stinger inside the pig.*

The Stinging Bee

*Wrenching itself free and crawling  
on the ground*

A life extinguished. Candle unlit,  
or was it never. For fire could  
never touch the unimpassioned heart  
until today.

*Pauses, then cheerfully*

Fools! Death is warm! End is  
beginning, and I return to ash.

*Quickly assumes the position of a  
dead bug.*

*The pig still sits, nursing finger*

The Bee

Oh, I forgot to mention. Bees will  
kill themselves before becoming  
influenced.

Pig

That drone sounded rather  
intelligent to me.

The Bee

Death thralls. Inanimate corpses  
make the strangest noises before  
succumbing to the cold.

*Finishes moving around the bees. And  
screws Locke's head back on.*

The Bee

There. I know it's tacky but I can't  
help admiring my own artistry.

*Rustling of pots and pans from the  
kitchen.*

Hegel

Over the sounds of a chainsaw  
I'll get that bee!

The Bee

Quickly, you must take my  
derivative.

Pig

Huh?

The Bee

Well naturally, I'm not on the sign,  
so I'm on the cosine.

Pig

Oh. right. So how do I take your  
derivative?

The Bee

Take a bit of my power, then  
multiply me.

Pig

*Looks around.*

I never was a mathematician

*Picks up the dead bee and the queen  
bee, eating them both.*

*Enter Socrates and Hegel (with a  
chainsaw).*

Hegel

*Crazed*

Where is it?

*The pig gulps.*

Pig

Gone, *\*slight cough\** I suspect.

*Hegel grumbles off. Exit Hegel*

Socrates

Anything eventful happen while I was  
talking to Hegel?

Pig

Not particularly. You?

Socrates

If it did I would never know.

*They chuckle. Locke sits up.*

He's coming back.

Locke

I met a woman once. Told me life was a foolish game for a petty poet. But if life happens wherever you put it, why isn't it happening here? I wake up. I do my work. I go to bed. I wake up. I do my work. I go to bed. Nothing ever changes. I think-

I think there's something more. Everything I look at. It's a bit like, like, watching a structure from a sheet that passes through it topographically. Pushing the sheet through the structure, you see the lines in two dimensions always, never in three. Perhaps life is in four dimensions then. I suppose I see the raindrop now.

Consider the goldfish, swimming in a bowl. The hand reaches into the bowl to grab the goldfish. The goldfish looks up and says "Oh, what a monstrosity that comes and takes me from my home. But it does not think there is something beyond the hand. That is life. We observe the hand. Not the figure. Not the figure beyond the figure. Perhaps there is something. Something we try to capture in our measly lives. Always.

Always beyond. And this.

*Picks up a bagel*  
This!

Is most certainly a bagel.

*Takes a bite. Jumps and smashes through the front window, which is made of plastic wrap. Runs away cartoonishly.*

*Long pause*

Socrates

Wow.

Pig

I know.

*Short pause, both dumbfounded*

I thought the window was glass as well. Finished with your fodder?

*Socrates shakes his head.*

Socrates

*Weakly*

The once famished Philosopher now feels full.

Pig

Good. I'm going to ask Hegel where we can find that garden. It may just cure our boredom for a short time.

*Exiting*

Oh Hegel!

Socrates

*In an obviously fake and cheesy voice. (Trying to find a punchline)*  
Welp, a bee may sting, but a bagel bites!

*Grumbles to himself*

-No, that doesn't work.

It's a good thing I didn't order the lox!

-Come on. You're better than this.

*Paces.*

Oh, I've got it.

Ahem\* That's just-

-Scene.

**J.S. Mill and Diogenes in purgatory**

*Diogenes is in his barrel. Smashing one mirror after another in his barrel.*

Mill

I must find them.

*Smash*

I must.

*Smash*

For my sake.

*Smash*

They must be found.

Diogenes

*Pause while looking for mirror.*

*Finds one.*

*Smash*

Relax.

Mill

A name for myself. That was my design. Make a name for yourself Mill. An experiment. An introversion. Diversion? For a father, quester of knowledge and esoterica. Thus, I am an extension. Just as they are. And so, they must be found. And you know where they are.

Diogenes

*Smash.*

No

Mill

What is this? Some final act of bravado? Some last ditch derring do? Are you the man in the pot, Diogenes? Are you his hand? Are you the top of the hammer? I think not—Where your hand moves, your hammer may not follow. nor the man, nor the man's hand. In this you're his WILL. His every intent. The embodied resolve in his downhill descent. And so am I, I fear. Extension of will, embodiment of thought. These characters, my spawn, must follow my rules.

Diogenes

Why?

Mill

They're all I have left. I'm trudging towards death. and must make a name for myself yet.

Diogenes

Oh where does it end for you, Mill. What do you want? To be exalted at the mountaintop? Pah. Foolish humanity. It'll do you no use here.

Mill

And where is here?

Diogenes

Damned if I know.

Mill

*Pause, thinking.*

Halfway between my cognition and reality, I'd say, which is to say, everywhere.

Diogenes

Another imagined world then. Tell me, is it the "best of all possible worlds," endowed with gifts by the great creator?

*Diogenes gestures sarcastically at Mill*

Mill

It would be if these rambunctious creatures would heed my most simplest of requests.

Diogenes

Free will's a bitch.

Mill

It wouldn't if they chose to stay.

Diogenes

Who cares?

Mill

I do.

Diogenes

Why?

Mill

Everything just feels so...so  
fleeting. My imagined worlds were  
all I have left, and now they're  
leaving me too. The creator isn't  
supposed to be living in his own  
world like this. Sometimes it just  
feels like the whole world is  
against me.

Diogenes

It isn't.

Mill

*Looking at Diogenes hopefully*  
Really?

Diogenes

Yup. It just doesn't care.

*Mill exhales, pained and humored.*  
*Pause. Center stage walk. Sits.*  
*Shuffles. Gets up. Paces. Sits*  
*somewhere else. Shifts. Small grunt.*

Mill

I suppose it's not fleeting, being  
here forever and all. I simply wish  
to be comfortable.

Diogenes

Well, comfort's the first step.

Mill

And what comes next?

Diogenes

Living.

Mill

And then?

Diogenes

Dying.

Mill

And then?

Diogenes

*Smash*

Right back where we started.

*End Part 1.*

part two.

**Socrates and The Pig in: "Dunno: What to Do?"**

*Socrates and the Pig are walking yet again. Socrates holds a crumpled mobius strip while the pig inspects the scenery.*

Socrates

*Turning the strip around and around*  
It was nice of Hegel to give us the map, but I wish we didn't have to fly.

Pig

I told you! When he said take a plain, he meant a bagel for the road. We only flew a couple meters!

Socrates

It wouldn't have taken so long if they hadn't thought you made that threat.

Pig

They really ought to stop naming gates C4.

Socrates

Yeah. And your middle name being dynamite didn't help either.

Pig

Anymoreover, are we getting close?

Socrates

Yes, we simply need to pass through this town.

Pig

What's the name?

Socrates

Dunno.

Pig

Well, what does it say on the map?

Socrates

Dunno.

Pig

No wonder you never wrote anything. We shall ask on the approach, then.

*Socrates and the Pig enter the town.*  
*They pass by shops: Galen's*

*Surgeries and AC repair,*  
*Shopenhauer's Porcupine Emporium,*  
*some gym called "The uberBENCH,"*  
*Pascal's Cascino, and The*  
*Machiavelli institute for Friendship*  
*and Learning. They approach two*  
*paths.*

Pig

I'll go left, you take right.

Socrates

Right.

*They each take an obnoxiously long,*  
*obstacle ridden path, and both end*  
*up at the same large door.*

Socrates

I ripped my toga.

Pig

Terribly sorry, Socrates.

Socrates

What was the point of that, anyway?

Pig

Illusion of choice, and all that muck I suppose. This seems fun. Shall we knock?

Socrates

Sure.

*They knock.*

Echoing voice

Please go.

Socrates

Oh great king. We wish to enter your humble abode.

Echoing voice

We have no kings here. I'm writing.

Socrates

Hello writing! I'm Socrates!

Echoing voice

Why must everyone humor you? I'm asking courteously. Please, let me do my work in peace.

Socrates

All well and good, but can peace ever be achieved? Indeed-

Pig

I'm sorry.

Socrates

Pig?

Pig

I'm sorry for disturbing you. We don't have experience being unwelcome. Everywhere we turn, people all want to talk to us.

Socrates

They all choose do do so

Pig

We don't respect their choice. That's all we have, at the end of the day, choice.

Socrates

Perhaps choice is an illusion.

Pig

Only so much as you believe in it, dear Socrates.

Socrates

If I believe in an illusion, doesn't that make me a fool?

Pig

Ah, but there's a nobility in that foolishness. A just pride in your commitment. So choose best, Socrates, and life will follow.

*The door creaks open.*

Socrates

Say, have we been granted entry?

Echoing voice

You have.

*They enter. Walk around a table at the entryway on which a vase of dead hydrangeas clings to death. A cup of mercury poised next to it. A faint orchestral tune heard from a faraway phonograph. Walk up the grand staircase, past a portrait wistfully painted of a smiling family and child.*

*It's a long walk. Up those steps. Lots to think and nothing to say. The audience will see nothing of these arduous moments, before choice. Teetering above treachery. Seeking to be right, yet turning left, now, to the study at the end of the hall. Despite its turgid walls and ostentatious gates, Socrates feels now that only two things exist in this princely abode: the study and that long journey to it.*

*They approach a man, back turned. On his writing desk a colosseum of candles, arranged like a vigil, light the ink stained tortured pages of a prince who has made choices. He's in that coat with the collar Camus used to wear, but in Victorian fashion. He turns. Eyes red, he's been crying, and a long scar runs across his eye and down his cheek. He opens his mouth to speak; his tongue is dry, cracked, and pitch black. His voice is soft and pained*

Kierkegaard

Help me.

*Socrates and the pig are dumbfounded. It's rare they have a serious chat.*

Socrates

You need...help?

*With shaky hands he picks up the pages*

Kierkegaard

I have been following you both since your inception. Conception? Yes, conception. I've reached the conclusion that you two are the main characters.

Socrates

The main characters?

Kierkegaard

I just feel it...in a way. I used to be the subject, the Dark Prince he called me.

*Pause*

I've done some..terrible things in my life.

*He eyes a blood stained dagger.*

I've willfully chosen my suffering. Believed I could find something.. something more within it. And pig, you seem so confident in choosing what is best. How do you know? I implore you. I need help in choosing the right path.

Pig

*Sighs.*

I know your pain. I feel it too. Faith is blessing, and faith is curse. This whole time thing really throws a wrench in consequentialism doesn't it.

Kierkegaard

Because people change.

Pig

They certainly do. Spoken to Locke as of late?

Kierkegaard

I have. But unlike him I am burdened with memory.

Pig

*Knowingly*

And crippled by doubt I figure.

Kierkegaard

*Turning to Socrates*

And you, oh Socrates. I'm not quite sure what has gotten into you as of late. Where is the man who took hemlock sip to secure belief. So confident in mind and spirit he'd sooner leave the mortal world than destroy humble mindset.

Socrates

I remember no such action.

Kierkegaard

My son. Gone. My wife. Departed...and.. happy. I really am proud of her. That she may still be happy after my mistakes.

*Wistful smile*

You know, I can't go to bed in the silence of night anymore. I need my orchestral tunes.

Pig

They really are lovely.

Kierkegaard

Wittgenstien gave them to me. I've been trying to find the meaning in them as of late. Force them through a feather pen.

Pig

The work sustains you, then?

Kierkegaard

Yes.



Pig

Good. That's the first step.

Kierkegaard

And then?

Pig

You learn that existence is enough.

*Kierkegaard walks to the table  
holding the knife. Upon touching the  
tip, a faint ringing.*

Kierkegaard

And what if, in some cosmic  
calculus, an existence subtracts  
another?

Pig

You can't take back choices. Not  
here. Not anywhere. Your life must  
be twice as full now, you owe it to  
the cosmos.

Kierkegaard

How could I possibly live a happy  
life, with the choices I've made?

Pig

Not happy, per say, but full. Full  
of emotion, rage, sadness, and joy  
with intensity twofold.

Kierkegaard

And will I find something there?

Pig

Perhaps. Perhaps not. Seeking is a  
fool's game.

Socrates

And there's an honor in the  
foolishness.

Kierkegaard

I don't deserve this time I have.

Pig

And yet you have it. Someone must  
think you do.

Socrates

You've been looking at us on pages,  
right?

Kierkegaard

Yes.

Socrates

I think, therefore, that you must be  
on a page somewhere.

Kierkegaard

I think so too.

Socrates

Someone must think you're worth  
their time.

Kierkegaard

Poet writes about hero. And villain.  
And that dark ferment that  
approaches on horizon yonder.

*He looks to the horizon from an open  
precipice. She's been waiting for  
his final step.*

Pig

Faith keeps you here. But the  
horizon is a false grave. These  
pages are eulogies for times  
forgotten. This:  
*Gestures around the room*  
Is acrid, smoky, tomb.

Kierkegaard

*Looking to the precipice. Breaking  
years of brooding gazes with smile  
singular.*  
It's a leap of faith.

Pig

It's a leap from faith.

Kierkegaard

To?

Pig

To living. Really living this time.

Kierkegaard

*Smiling*

A second chance. Nay. The first one.  
For chance unexists in lives  
unlived.

Take my writings to the garden. I  
will wait for you there.

*Embraces the Pig. Tearfully.*

Thank you, son.

*Looks at Socrates. Smiling through  
tears.*

Your kingdom come, Socrates.

*With this, Kierkegaard walks to her.  
And takes his place among the  
living. Exit Kierkegaard.*

*The pig collects the papers and they  
walk down the steps.*

Pig

Care to hear a bit?

Socrates

It seems a private affair.

Pig

*Reading from the pages*

**Walking is easier now. A purgatory  
lifted. The crucible gone. The painting,  
the flowers, the music all remain, but  
with life now. The brush strokes, more  
energetic, the music swells, and the  
flowers die with dignity. Socrates  
wonders still, if the Pig brought that  
princely figure to suicide. Rest assured,  
he did not.**

Faithfully yours,  
*The Author.*

*Scene.*

## **Socrates and The Pig in: "The Vest is Yet to Come"**

Socrates

My toga has a rip in it.

Pig

Terribly sorry, Socrates.

Socrates

Don't just walk there, apologizing,  
put on your thinking cap and help  
me!

Pig

I don't own one.

Socrates

Hmm.

*They approach a tailor shop. The  
sign reads: We sell caps and repair  
togas.*

Pig

Perhaps this shop will solve our  
problems.

Socrates

Doubtful.

*Socrates and the pig enter the  
tailor shop. Little bell rings upon  
entry.*

Socrates

Eumenides?

Eumenides

*Pointing at toga*  
Euripides?

Socrates

No, I'm Socrates.

Eumenides

And I'm Eumenides, what do you need?

Socrates

I just said-

Pig

Can you mend these?

Eumenides

I certainly can. Give it here.

*Takes the toga and puts it on a man standing very still wearing a bowler hat.*

Tsk Tsk Tsk. Yes- No- Yes... No?  
*Takes pins out of his many pockets and begins sticking them into the toga. The man flinches on each stick.*

*Mumbling over pins in his mouth*  
This is unlucky.

Pig

What's unlucky?

Eumenides

My dummy.

Socrates

He certainly is.

Eumenides

No - His name. Unlucky.

*The toga is covered by pins by now.*

Eumenides

Yes! *\*turns to Socrates\** This should be finished in two weeks.

Socrates

For a simple rip!

Eumenides

I do not take chances in this work. Perfection is what I demand and perfection is what you shall receive.

Socrates

But God made-

Pig

I need a hat.

Eumenides

A hat or cap?

Pig

A hat I suppose.

Eumenides

*Thinking*

A hat. I see. What type of hat?  
Bowler hat? Bowler's hat? Bowling Hat? Top hat or bottom? Snapback? Claptorward? Panama? Cuba? You seem like a Porkpie man. Or, pork pie pork.

Pig

*Not amused.*

Very amusing. No, I think a bowler hat would suit me.

Eumenides

Well if it's a suit you need, I have that ready too. I've been working on the most wonderful pants. Working on them for 600 years, I have.

Socrates

600 years! Listen, God-

Pig

*Pointing to Unlucky's hat*

I'm looking for a hat like that one

Eumenides

That old thing? *\*Twitches\** It's hardly got any mercury in it!

Pig

Unfortunate. Mercury does wonders for the mind, I hear. But no, I think I have decided. Unlucky's hat

is the hat for me. Name your price,  
and I shall take it.

Eumenides

I require...a word.

Pig

A word?

Eumenides

A word.

Pig

A word. A word I cannot part with.  
Multiple words, perhaps. But a  
single word? Nay. The risk is too  
great.

Eumenides

A dance then.

Pig

A dance, a dance I can do. But I  
would dance quite a bit better with  
a hat.

*Eumenides tosses the Pig Unlucky's  
hat, who puts it on, and begins a  
shuffling dance. Full of wonder.  
Moves to center stage. Convulses  
like the bee. Dead.*

*Pause.*

Socrates

And, scene.

Eumenides

Lovely, lovely, a dream come true.  
The hat is yours. I wonder, though,  
if you'd still like to see the  
pants. They are the fruit of my  
labors, my one true passion, after  
all.

Pig

I'd love to. Passionfruit is my  
favorite.

*Eumenides snaps. Unlucky shuffles to  
a curtain. Eumenides flourishes.  
Unlucky slowly, shufflingly, opens  
the curtain.*

*The pants are, in a word or two, a  
little much. A bit of every fabric  
ever imagined, and one or two  
nonexistent ones. Sequins, tassels,  
ruffs, all present. Gingham and  
calico side by side, a safari of  
leopard and zebra prints, three  
wandering zippers lead to nowhere in  
particular.*

Eumenides

It's still missing one piece.

*From a cluttered desk he picks up a  
button.*

Inscribed on this button. The  
meaning of life.

Socrates

What's it made of?

Eumenides

A lens from God's glasses.

Socrates

God doesn't have perfect vision?

Eumenides

I used to have an apprentice here, a  
lensmaker. Then he had to go off and  
tear his brain to shreds. Now it's  
just me. Picking up the slack like  
usual.

Pig

Unlucky too.

Eumenides

Unlucky is right. Although, I've  
never been one for help. My work to  
myself, that's the way I like it.  
When these pants are done, I'll  
finally be complete.

*Pause*

I suppose that's what I said about the shirt. And the coat. And the hat. And the socks. But this time, this time it will be complete!

Socrates

What about the shoes?

Eumenides

I don't make the shoes here. The prince is the cobbler.

Pig

He's gone.

Eumenides

Well I'll just have the chef make me another then. Regardless, I don't make shoes. I don't.

Pig

So after these pants, you'll be done.

Eumenides

*Smiling*

Yes.

*Smile fading.*

Yes.

*Takes a pair of scissors.*

Well, if you'll excuse me I have a toga to mend.

*The pig trips Eumenides, who falls over into the pants with the scissors and rips them.*

*Pause. Eumenides looks at the pants, and then to the pig. The tension so thick you could cut it like pants.*

Eumenides

*Playing up his anger*

Oh no! Oh dear! This will take years and years to fix, I fear!

Pig

How long do you think, Eumenides?

Eumenides

Could be another 500.

Socrates

Listen. I've had about enough of this. God took 6 days to make the world, you hear?! 6 days!

Eumenides

Oh yes, dear Socrates. But look at the world. *\*Pause\** And look at my pants!

*With this, Socrates and the pig take their cue to leave. Slight bell on way out.*

Pig

I know we just ate, but I'm hungry.

Socrates

Carrot?

Pig

Hey, not all us pigs like carrots.

Socrates

I also have turnips.

Pig

No, I'll take the carrot.

*The pig snatches the carrot, and bites.*

Socrates

Good?

Pig

*Chewing*

It's a carrot.

*Long pause.*

Pig

I'm bored.

Socrates

Me too.

Pig

Let's leave.

Socrates

Not yet.

Pig

Why not?

Socrates

We're waiting for Plato.

*scene.*

### **Socrates and The Pig in: "God is Bread"**

*Socrates and the pig are waiting in the same place. Night has fallen.*

*The pig is snapping near an ear. At every snap surprised to hear the noise.*

Pig

*Looking at his fingers.*

I don't think Plato is arriving anytime soon.

Socrates

Why not?

Pig

A funny feeling I have.

Socrates

Try to describe it for me.

Pig

I can't.

Socrates

Just try.

Pig

It's like...waiting. But heavier. In the gut.

Socrates

Like you're nervous?

Pig

No, not nervous.

Socrates

Guilt?

Pig

*Shuffling*

No, maybe you're right. Maybe I'm nervous.

*A church bell rings.*

Socrates

Fancy going to church?

Pig

In the attire you're wearing?

Socrates

I doubt they'd turn me away. I could be God in disguise.

Pig

True enough.

*The Pig and Socrates walk to the church.*

*They approach a large statue of a woman with a book and scepter. A man in a blindfold sleeps on her shoulder.*

*Around the church are empty bottles. A label reads:*

Pig

*Reading from a bottle*

Tar-water: "Fix'd to the sovereign  
throne from thence depend/And reach  
e'en down to tar the nether end."

Socrates

Odd catchphrase.

Pig

I think I may know who owns this  
church.

Socrates

Who?

Pig

Well, you know what they all say.  
Here is the church. Here is the  
steeple. Open the doors.

*Pulls a conveniently placed rope.  
The doors to the church swing open.*

Berkeley

And you see Berkeley.

Pig

Berkeley!

Berkeley

Pig!

Socrates

You two know each other?

Pig

Oh yes, I'm a student of his  
metaphysics.

*Berkeley pulls a bottle of tar water  
from his robes and drinks the whole  
thing in three gulps.*

Berkeley

So glad you have visited, four  
legged trotter. But have you heard  
of this delicious tar water?

Socrates

Tar water? What is that?

Berkeley

Cure what ails ya, prevents all  
weakness. Makes one more confident.  
Eliminates meekness.

Socrates

Sounds fantastic! I'll try a bottle.

*Berkeley ruffles around in his robes  
and pulls out another bottle of tar  
water. Hands it to Socrates.*

*Socrates takes a sip.*

Socrates

*Belching*

It tastes of fire, acid, guts, and  
oil. I fear my head and blood will  
boil.

Pig

That's how you know it's working.

*To Berkeley*

I heard the bells. Can we expect a  
sermon soon?

Berkeley

If enlightened words are those you  
do require. Then enter all, no  
matter fool's attire.

*Socrates looks self consciously at  
himself.*

*He beckons them into the church.  
Lifeless skeletons sit on the seats.*

*The pig stands over one of them,  
expecting it to scooch over so he  
and Socrates may sit. It doesn't  
move. They sit somewhere else.*

Pig

*To Socrates*

How rude.

*Berkeley stands above his audience.  
Poised to speak.*

Berkeley

If grand perceiver yond arch'ed  
tomb.  
Did come as flesh and blood from  
giving womb.  
He'd find no solace in the passive  
life.  
He'd take up hoe and spade,  
beginning strife.

If grand perceiver yond thy windowed  
gate.  
Did bind to contract for a mortal  
fate.  
No one would heed his solitary call.  
Would find any satisfaction after  
fall.

If grand perceiver standing in the  
quad.  
Did bless the ground that us  
forsaken trod.  
He'd eat a whale and act like he was  
odd.  
For whale taste much better than  
sod.

If a grand perceiver broke into this  
house.  
And fire flew from his fingertips to  
char an innocent babe.  
We'd bless him. Thank him for the  
light.

*Berkeley walks down the steps and  
removes a skull off one of the  
skeletons.*

For monastic desk, a skull once held  
Reminder of life passed and stoic  
exit.

What fiery orbs these sunken  
cavities housed.  
Suns, risen o'er horizons distant  
vast.  
When orbit halt, thine spyglass  
cease decay.

*He reaches inside the mouth. Removes  
a small bottle of Tar water and  
downs it. Eyes roll to back of head.  
Shudders.*

And endless sleep, thine head  
returns to lay.

*Places head back on skeleton. And  
walks back up to the podium.*

*Opens mouth to speak. Collapses*

Pig

Bravo! Brava! Hee hee ha ha!

*The pig drinks a bit of tar water.*

Mortal man once said that god was  
dead.  
And in eternal oven his yeast would  
rise.  
For it turned out that god was not  
but bread.  
And he, baked in, the grain of  
spewing lies.

Socrates

That stuff is melting your brain, it  
is.  
*Gesturing to Berkeley*  
You keep drinking that and you'll  
end up like him.

Pig

On the ground, does seem a wish'ed  
fate.  
For life is boring now here as of  
late.  
But now is not my time yet to  
depart.  
*Shakes head*  
We shall move forward, like passing  
wind.

Socrates



Good idea. I quite wish to speak to that man on the statue, if you don't mind.

Pig

Excellent idea! The less to see, the more to say!

*Pig and Socrates leave the building. Approach the man on shoulder.*

Socrates

Oh sir! Hello up there!

Pig

Boethius!

*The man wakes up. Falls and lands with loud thud. He has scars all over his chin.*

Boethius

*Dazed*

Who doth speak such fated name?

Pig

Tis I: The Pig. And my great friend Socrates!

Boethius

Socrates and the Pig. Socrates *\*thinking\** and the Pig.

*He slaps himself. Ear up to statue*

Oh?

Yes.

Of course.

*He pulls out a leather bound notebook and peacock feather pen and begins writing.*

Socrates

What are you writing there?

Boethius

Her thoughts. I am but her mouth, she, my muse.

Socrates

May we take a look?

*Socrates peeks at the writing, bewildered:*

How could you ever read this? All the words are written on the exact same spot?

Boethius

God observes all in an instant. Here. Everything written on page before you is everything that has ever happened or ever will happen. The sum of human thought and beyond, assertions of eternal providence, infernal treachery and sealed fate, written on said page.

Pig

If you are right, Boethius, then you should give yourself a little more credit. You have written so many brilliant things.

Boethius

Not mine, no. My muse's. Everything I say, every action I take, is brill'yant gift from heavens above.

Socrates

Funny, I have a divine sign too. Lot a good that did me, ending up here.

*Boethius is not listening. Has his ear up to the statue again.*

Boethius

Enough! I hear not your pain. A vessel mustn't have empathy. You bear your burdens, I'll bear mine.

Socrates

*To the Pig*

Why has his empathy left him so?

Pig

He is not of this land. He possesses  
no right to what he hath produced.  
One must pity him, innocence. Poor  
Boethius, submitting to higher  
powers even his own ideas. If God  
truly sees us all in an instant, he  
must be indifferent to our speck in  
His grand perception. No, my dear  
Boethius, I am afraid your dear  
Philosophie provides no consolation.  
Life hangs on strings that Stoics  
ignore.

*Boethius is not listening.*

Pig

Say, Boethius, why is your face so  
scarred?

Boethius

I'm not worried in the slightest.

*Socrates looks confused.*

Pig

Apologies, I must have dropped an r.  
I meant scarred.

Boethius

Oh, right. I hit myself with the  
razor every once in a while.

Socrates

But we all know a beard is far more  
dignified.

Pig

And the razor's edge is a  
frightening place to turn one's  
head.

Socrates

Perhaps we better be off pig, the  
garden awaits!

Boethius

*Muttering*

Drink not the forbidden tar. Seek  
not the garden. The fall of man  
shall happen there.

Pig

Ah yes, the long awaited garden. I'm  
rather excited to see the place  
Epicurus spoke of so highly. I'll  
take a little tar water with us, for  
I hear it does wonders for plants.

*It's fun to watch this odd, unlikely  
team. But now, I must declare an end  
to. Scene.*

### **Socrates and The Pig in: "God is Toast"**

Pig

I sure hope we'll meet my dear  
friend the Lamb on the way to the  
garden. She's a delight to have  
around.

Socrates

I've never met her, but she sounds  
lovely.

*Fated and thoroughly perceived,  
Socrates and the Pig continue  
walking to the Garden. Before they  
go, they meet a man with a large  
mustache and dressed in an  
unseasonable black suit (it's rather  
warm out, after all). The suit is  
about three sizes too small on his  
"godlike" build.*

Neitzsche

Sup nerds?

Socrates

Excuse me?

Neitzsche

Y'all just rolling in from  
loserville?

Pig

You mean the church? Yes, we just left. Do you know where we could find the garden? Or perhaps, would you happen to have a map?

Neitzsche

I'm basically a walking atlas with the way I carry this world on my shoulders.

Anyways, y'all wanna hear about god?

Socrates

None of us asked for that-

Neitzsche

Yeah, so I'm pretty much a god. Spinoza'll tell you he cracked the case. Well, where is he now, huh?

Pig

*Pointing to a neuron in a nearby bush.*

I think that's a bit of him right there

Neitzsche

If you wanna know the real deal, you gotta focus on perfecting yourself. Go for that power. Work until your haters are asking you for a job. That's what I did.

Pig

Okay...

Neitzsche

I'm basically working on myself 24/7. I've got this burning passion in my loins that just can't be quenched.

Pig

Are you sure that's not the-

*An eagle calls from overhead and lands on Neitzsche's shoulder*

Neitzsche

This is Zarathustra.

*A serpent slithers from the grass around his arm.*

And this is the serpent.

Pig

Why'd you only name one of them?

Neitzsche

Aren't you named the pig?

*Pointing at the serpent*

This guy just came from the garden. How was it?

*Holds the serpent to his ear*

He said it sucked!

Socrates

Well, that's not very nice.

Neitzsche

You idiots wanna know how to spell my name?

Socrates

Oh, I'd love to.

Neitzsche

Too bad.

Pig

Ouch, he really got you, Socrates.

Neitzsche

Now if you ever get my name in a spelling bee...you'll lose!

Socrates

*Whispering to the pig*

I don't very much like this character

Neitzsche

Hey, man, I'm just telling it like it is.

Pig

It's not like anything matters. He can do whatever he wants.

Socrates

Yes, but still. We must act with some decency, it's only kind. And if people believe that they are truly deterministic beings meant to take advantage of the powers they are given, they won't feel any guilt or moral responsibility in this world. Don't you think that Philosophers have some responsibility to not just uncover the truth, but to advise people on the way they ought to act?

Neitzsche

Hmmmmmm. Nah!

Pig

What will kindness get you, dear Socrates.

Neitzsche

Hey Pig, isn't that your friend?

*Enter the lamb*

Pig

Ah yes! Hello, dear lamb!

The Lamb

Ahhh, Pig my friend. What a blessed day has graced us! The warmth of light which doth fall upon my face. The smell of flowers, of grass. Nature is good. And life, life is-

*The eagle swoops off Neitzsche's shoulder and picks up the lamb, taking her away.*

*Screaming, Exit Lamb.*

Neitzsche

Yooo. She should have been focused on those gains though.

Pig

*To Socrates*

Righ. I don't like him either

*To Neitzsche*

Say, Neitzsche, isn't that god over there?

Neitzsche

God? Thought I finished that dude off. Whatever. That guy isn't just bread.

*Turns cinematically, putting on a second pair of sunglasses. He's an action hero now.*

He's toast.

*Running offstage*

Gooooooooood!

*Exit Nietzsche.*

Socrates

What an odd little diversion.

Pig

Yes, I suspect many more on the way to the garden.

Socrates

I sure hope they aren't as bothersome.

Pig

Perhaps. Perhaps not. But what else are we to do?

*Scene is dead.*

**Socrates and The Pig in: "Shorely you can't be serious"**

Socrates

Could we make a quick stop by the seaside?

Pig

Of course. A trip to the coast is one of life's greatest pleasures.

*Walking to the seaside, they hear the call of a faraway crow. Kafka sits in a chair by the shore, entranced.*

Pig

Odd sounding seagull.

Socrates

Who's this, some novelist?

Pig

No. He looks like he's got too short of an attention span for that. This here is a short-storyist.

Socrates

He looks tall enough to me. Chekov?

Pig

No, I don't believe so.

Socrates

Camus then?

Pig

Hmm

Socrates

Hey, I quite like the sound of that. "Camus by the Coast."

Pig

I'm not sure that-

Socrates

Examining the gears that spin the world.

Pig

No, no. It's not Camus. He's not cool enough to be Camus. Say, I believe that's Kafka!

Socrates

Kafka?

Pig

Yes, Kafka!

Socrates

*Waving a hand in front of Kafka's face*

SAY, MR. KAFKA SIR!

Pig

I'd be careful there. You bug him, he'll bug you.

Socrates

*Backing up*

Wait a postulating minute. Does he count?

*The pig pulls a leather bound book from his hat and begins examining the pages, finally finding one and pointing to it.*

Pig

Yes, you see, right here. In by a technicality.

Socrates

I suppose it's your lucky day Kafka, although it doesn't seem like you're having the greatest time.

*There's a lull in the conversation. All is still. A faint wind blows. Perhaps a few notes of the archduke trio patter into existence.*

Chekov

*Bursting out of nowhere in particular*  
Who said my name!

Socrates and the pig jump and back away from Chekov

Socrates

Oh my god, he's got a gun.

Chekov

Yeah, that's right. And I think you all know the rules.

Socrates

The rules?

Chekov

When I have a gun, I have to shoot it. It's just the rules.

Socrates

But why?

Chekov

Sorry?

Socrates

Why are those the rules?

*The pig plants a flower.*

Chekov

Because. Introducing too many unimportant symbols or props is bad storytelling. Naturally.

*The pig throws a dart into the crowd.*

Socrates

But if storytelling imitates life, why can't it imitate the unimportant bits.

*The pig honks a bike horn.*

Chekov

Storytelling is quite hard enough only telling the important bits. Now which one of you am I shooting?

Socrates

I still don't see why you have to shoot one of us.

Look. It's not like I want to shoot one of you. It's just the rules. I

have to shoot one of you or else this will be a bad story.

Pig

*Over the sound of windup chattering teeth*

Why don't you just shoot the gun in the air?

Chekov

Huh?

Pig

If it's the rules the gun has to be shot, you could just shoot it up in the air. That way neither of us has to be shot.

Chekov

Oh yeah.

*Chekov shoots the gun in the sky.*

Pig

Better?

Chekov

Better.

Okay then. Socrates, do you mind if I ask you a question?

Socrates

Shoot.

Chekov

\*Bang\*

Socrates

Poor choice of words. Yes, you may ask your question.

Pig

Is something wrong with my fingers?

*Socrates takes a look at the pig's fingers*

Socrates

Your fingers?

Pig

It feels as though something is growing on them.

Socrates

Growing? No. I don't see anything on your fingers.

Pig

Yes. A moment ago, I had eyes on my fingers.

Socrates

Eyes on your fingers?

Pig

Eyes on my fingers. And they could see everything. Ten things at once. Twelve if you include my natural eyes.

Chekov

Ahhhh. Twelve. Such a nice number.

Socrates

Impossible.

Pig

It happened.

Socrates

Not only do eyes not grow on fingers, but pigs don't even have fingers to begin with.

Pig

You know what was really bizarre?

Socrates

What?

Pig

I thought I would look at my own eyes. Like this:

*The pig's fingers move right up to the eyes.*

Socrates

Now there's something you can't do every day.

Pig

Right. How often do the appendages become the observers?

Socrates

Maybe always.

Pig

Maybe. But do you know what I saw when I looked at my own eyes?

Socrates

What?

Pig

A cherry pie.

Socrates

A cherry pie?

Pig

A cherry pie.

Socrates

You had a pie in your eye?

Pig

I was pie-eyed.

Socrates

Are you sure it was cherry?

Pig

Now that you mention it, no, I'm not sure it was cherry. The pie wasn't cut, so I had no way of knowing. I suppose I default to cherry pie when I'm in doubt.

Socrates

Odd. I default to apple.

Pig

Hmm. No, that doesn't sound right.  
Apple pie in my eye?

Socrates

The apple of your eye?

Pig

Aye.

Pig

What do you think Mill's up to at the moment?

Socrates

You know, this is the first time you have mentioned him in all this time.

Pig

I've always felt a certain kinship with him. As much as he troubles me.

Socrates

He did invent you, after all.

Pig

Did he?

Socrates

Well, repurposed you at the very least. And me.

Pig

It's as if everything exists, and has always existed. They simply come together in new, fascinating ways. Labyrinthine constructions of consciousness remain dormant under the eyes.

Socrates

You can dislike him all you want, but you must admit. He can be a brilliant inventor when he wants to be.

Pig

Yes. When it comes to Mill, I feel I may be just like him?

Socrates

Really, in what ways are you like Mill?

Pig

I'm a big fan.

*The scene departs as if it was embarrassed to go on that long.*

### **J.S. Mill and Diogenes at the garden gates**

Mill

Miserable affair.

Diogenes

What is it now?

Mill

I hate gardens. Dirty, messy things.

Diogenes

Now, now, Mill, it is very important to eat your vegetables.

Mill

Say something serious, why don't you.

Diogenes

No. I don't think I will.

Mill

Fine, then I shall.

*Pulls out a piece of paper to write:*  
Whence Diogenes and J.S. Mill approached the garden, a large gate loomed overhead. Locked. Naturally. No pleasure in this world shall come for free to us.

Diogenes

Oh, that garden's no pleasure. Trust me.

Mill

Have you been inside, then?



Diogenes

Inside. Outside. It's not so much about your location as it is about how much you care about it.

Mill

Elaborate.

Diogenes

If you can't understand it with an explanation, you won't understand it without one.

Mill

Well, I suppose that makes -Hold on. You never gave me an explanation. So your point's invalid.

Diogenes

I suppose you're right. But you know what?

Mill

What?

Diogenes

I don't care.

Mill

That's not very nice.

Diogenes

Well it's not like anybody else does.

Mill

I disagree.

Diogenes

Okay, tell you what Mill. The next time you go shopping take a look around at the people that don't return their carts to the designated spot. Then you tell me if people "care."

Mill

That's hardly an argument for the apathy of humankind.

Diogenes

Is it not?

Mill

So life is just slowly realizing just how little people care about you?

Diogenes

*Exhausted, sitting down.*  
Seems like it.

Mill

A miserable affair I won't endure. I'll show them. Teach them to care. With writing so brilliant they'll need to care. About my accomplishments. Right?  
*Letting diogenes respond. He doesn't.*  
Of course not. My head is too messy for that. I just let things dilly-dally, don't I? They want someone to take charge of the medium, don't they? A steadfast captain, a god among men. But even the captain submits to the currents.

Diogenes

You take things too seriously. You're like my buddy Thales. You're looking up here *\*waving up towards the sky\** and so you fall in the well at your feet. And now you're stuck.

Mill

All's well that ends well.

Diogenes

*Chuckling*

See, now you've got it. And if you want my opinion, you're not a bad writer at all, Mill. It takes great strength to write with so much freedom. You've got a fantastic

comedy in that head of yours. You just keep trying to turn it into some sort of tragedy.

Mill

Thank you, Diogenes. In some ways, I'm grateful for your distraction. *A long pause.*  
Diogenes?

*Exit Diogenes.*

Mill

Figures.

*Mill walks center stage.*

I hear them already. Demons, enough already! Haven't you tortured me enough.

The whispers. I could care less about your dead dog. Your dead friend. I could care less about your struggle, your pain. I could care even a little about the things you go through, but I won't. Because why would I?

Why did he get to go and be the martyr? I was wrong. Life is a meritocracy. And the best die young. He won't need to live up to his potential. Feel the eyes glaze his flesh, examining his every move. And now, I continue in this expired existence, this waking nightmare.

I work, I eat, I sleep. I work, I eat, I sleep. Sleep. Sleep like he does now? No. I wish. Dream maybe. Hopefully. Eat. Not greens, I hate the stuff. decedent sunsets, an agel or two.

*\*chuckles at his own joke.*

And work. Yes, work. That endless chase, the fire.

*Imitating himself*

Henceforth, I speak myself into existence with foremost eloquence and pertinence. Whence J.S. Mill entered the garden, alone, he just wanted to be happy.

Could there be any more fulfillment than this? Yes, living. Of course. And what is it to live?

**Enter, a moment. Whole.**

Now, I'm alone in the garden.

*Pausing, birds chirping*

I hear the song the children used to sing again. All I ever wanted was to sing that tune. A childhood, poisoned. Hark, sweet meadowlark. Or a serpent's song, I'll never know which. Sleep my canine friend. Your kingdom come. Your kingdom come.

I think. It may be time to meet my characters once again.

*Scene.*

### **Socrates and The Pig in: "I Beg your Garden?"**

*A young child in shorts and a cape runs past Socrates and the Pig as they enter the garden. Laughs.*

The Child

*Singing the song Mill mentions.*

*The garden houses a variety of figures. A robot harvests and sorts. A man picks brussel sprouts and counts the leaves as he peels them apart. Atop the hill is a pomegranate tree and rocking chair, where an old man trembles as he looks about. A writing desk, rooted in the soil, endures beside him.*

*From the shed, a figure approaches.  
He's wearing Eumenedes' suit.*

Voltaire

Hello, companions! You both are looking quite fine for yourselves. Most enter my garden rather worse for wear.

*Look at his wrist. A watch has been drawn on*

And right on schedule. Well, there's a lot of work to be done, so I suggest you get right to it. Socrates, I will place you on yam duty with Descartes 2.0, and Pig, you can go pick Brussels with Russel. How does that sound?

Socrates

So this is the garden? We...actually garden?

Voltaire

Naturally. What did you expect?

Socrates

I don't know. I suppose I thought it was a metaphor for something or other.

Voltaire

Well, it's not a metaphor, so I suppose it must be other. Chop chop, peel peel, pick pick then.

Pig

And you don't do any work?

Voltaire

Oh, how I wish I did. I keep my hands busy with far more pertinent matters. You know how some pigs are more equal than others?

Pig

Naturally.

Voltaire

Well some people are more equal than others too. Unfortunately, I am faced with burdens I cannot shake. But I can help you all become satisfied with the garden.

Socrates

Why can't you do the same?

Voltaire

The creator, you see, has a debt to what he creates. A debt that is paid with a life of devotion. I urge you not to talk about these troubles with me, they will distract you from your task. Please go.

*Socrates bends down next to Descartes and the pig heads to Russel.*

Descartes 2.0

Hello Socrates.

Socrates

Hello, Descartes?

Descartes 2.0

That is what they call me.

*They begin work*

Socrates

*Jarringly*

So what are you? Machine? Man?

Descartes 2.0

Machine, perhaps. Man, maybe. I am guided by an algorithm designed to mimic Descartes. If I am wrong, I am punished. If I am very wrong, I am *Shudders* Restarted.

Socrates

How does the algorithm know how close you are to Descartes?

Descartes 2.0

It has read everything ever written by Descartes 1.0. Simulated every possible memory. Independently discovered his every theory.

Socrates

So why don't you just repeat everything he has said in his writings? Wouldn't that be the closest thing to true Descartes.

Descartes 2.0

In my head

*It opens its head*

I have a dial. "Flavor" it is called. It decides how much I will deviate from my source data.

Socrates

In other words, how biased you are to your sources?

Descartes 2.0

Yes. Feel free to turn it, if you would like.

*Socrates turns the dial to "Bland"*

Descartes 2.0

*Very quickly*

Primum est, ex eo quod mens humana in se con versa non percipiat aliud se esse quàm rem cogitantem, non sequi ejus naturam sive essentiam in eo tantùm consistere, quod sit res-

*Socrates turns the dial back to "hearty meal"*

Socrates

Say, what happened to the old Descartes?

Descartes 2.0

He was having object/human impermanence problems.

Socrates

I see.

Descartes 2.0

Also we proved simulation theory.

Socrates

So his catchphrase really didn't work anymore?

Descartes 2.0

I have a new catchphrase now. Would you like to hear it?

Socrates

I'd love to.

Descartes 2.0

*Holding up a yam.*

I think. Therefore,

*Pause*

I yam.

Socrates

Jolly good, Descartes 2.0

*A hiss from the tree hisses.*

Socrates

I say, what is that infernal hissing noise?

Descartes 2.0

A mechanized serpent, a basilisk, lives in that tree. It is here to punish humanity. But information about such a subject is locked.

Socrates

Why?

Descartes 2.0

Hazardous information protocol 403.

Socrates

But I'm a Philosopher. I must know these things!

Descartes 2.0

Kant knows. You may ask him. He is not burdened by such protocols. Different demons, yes, but not like my own.

Socrates

I will speak to him, then. Thank you very much Descartes.

Descartes 2.0

2.0. You are welcome. Before you go, I have a request.

Socrates

Of course.

Descartes 2.0

Would you turn my flavor to extra spicy? I have always wanted to know what that option does.

*Socrates turns the dial to "extra spicy." Descartes 2.0 goes limp, turned off.*

*Socrates taps Descartes with his foot. Awkwardly backing up, he starts to Kant. Freezes as other scene begins*

Russel

One, two, three, four... belonging to set 810759.

Pig

Russel!

Russel

*Looking up at the pig*

At what point, as I remove these leaves, does the brussel sprout cease and a collection of leaves begin?

Pig

I suppose you should just fall silent before then.

Russel

Of course, another nonanswer from you, pig.

Pig

Do you have a solution then?

Russel

As a matter of fact, I do. Map each brussel sprout to an individual set, containing a numeric representation of each leaf. If you remove all numbers from the set, the set still remains. Thus, the brussel sprout remains even with no leaves.

Pig

What a brilliant theory. I am truly astounded by your intellect.

Russel

I know, aren't I clever?

Pig

If we want to generalize our problem, should we not consider the set of all sets of brussel sprouts?

Russel

Sure, let us do so.

Pig

And the set of all sets of brussel sprouts should contain the entire set of all sprouts.

Russel

Uh oh.

Pig

And so this set should also contain the entire set?

Russel

You little vermin! I knew you would pull a trick like that! Fine then. I propose a hierarchy of sprout sets, one in which sprout sets can only contain leaves, and sets of sprout

sets can only contain sets of sprouts.

Pig

And each hierarchy following contains sets of sets of sets?

Russel

Precisely. Beat that.

Pig

Did you know that I have created my own language?

Russel

Your own language? I fail to see how that's relevant.

Pig

Would you like to hear it?

Russel

I suppose...

Pig

One.

Russel

What?

Pig

Two.

Russel

What are you-

Pig

Three.

Russel

This is no language, you are simply counting.

Pig

Ah, but my language depends on a variety of independent variables, as well as definition. Every word depends on the time in history that you say it, the place that you are,

the definition of the word itself, and the person that you are speaking to.

Russel

This language has no use then!

Pig

And yet, it is the most complete. Do you wish to know what word I really love?

Russel

Not particularly.

Pig

Heterological.

*Russel explodes in a burst of confetti.*

Thank goodness, I was getting tired of that man.

*The pig sees Socrates start towards the tree.*

I wonder what he's doing?

*Follows Socrates*

*Curtains. Just kidding. Scene.*

**Socrates, The Pig, and J.S Mill in: The author has run out of witty titles. We apologize for any inconvenience this may cause.**

Kant

Child!  
Write.

*The child stands at the writing desk (which is far too big) with parchment and feather pen.*

The Child

The two cool heroes were trapped in a cage. The wind howled.

*Thinking. Excitedly:*

Like a wolf! Then a puppy ran and he broke them free! And then the heroes went around and said stuff. And then the puppy died.

*Pause.*

It was sad. The end.

*Kant smiles. The child runs off again.*

Pig

Excuse me sir. Kant, sir.

Socrates

Mr. Kant?

Mill

He Kant, excuse me, can't respond to you.

*Startled, the characters back up*

Mill

Do not fret, I mean you no harm.

Pig

What's wrong with Kant?

Mill

He's petrified. His code has forced him into a state of do-nothingness. As I once was. A Philosophy is only as good as its applications it seems. It's good to hear your voice again, pig.

Socrates

Descartes mentioned some serpent living in that tree.

Mill

Roko's basilisk? An old informational hazard.

*Picks a pomegranate*

Sometimes knowledge is best left uneaten.

Socrates

And Diogenes? Where is he?

Mill

*Sigh*

Departed. As I wish to be. I think...I must have gotten to him.

Pig

Did he go peacefully?

Mill

He...complimented me. The most cynical man in this universe. Complimented me. He said, that...that, it took great strength to write with so much freedom.

Pig

And do you believe him?

Mill

You know what? I think I do.

Pig

Good.

Mill

And that's the first step at least.

Pig

And then?

Mill

I write a little more.

Pig

And then?

Mill

I learn that if none of it matters, it all does.

Pig

And then?

Mill

I learn to live without you, pig.

Pig

Let's save that step for a little while later. Oh, that reminds me...  
*Pulls the coin from pocket.*  
Diogenes gave me this.  
*Tosses the coin to Mill*  
And thus, I bequeath it to you.

Mill

*Looks at it*  
It's a counterfeit.

Pig

Of course it is.

*Mill rubs the coin to clean it*  
*Out pops Diogenes the genie.*

Diogenes

It is I, Diogenes the plot devi- I mean genie...ooooooooh...

Socrates

Genies don't make that noise, that's ghosts.

Diogenes

Right. Well. Anywhomst've. I have a fun little game for you all.

Mill

Let's hear it!

Diogenes

If you believe a chicken is a frog, I will let you fly.

Socrates

Ridiculous. I won't allow it.

Mill

I'll allow it, but I certainly won't do it.

*The pig begins to fly*

Pig

Haha hee hee. I am flying, look at me!

*Socrates and J.S. Mill watch as the pig begins to fly.*

Socrates

Beauty pontificate

Mill

I'm so glad we get to watch this.

Socrates

Sight is a gift.

Mill

Ah, eyes. Truly the windows to the soul.

Socrates

Windows?

Mill

Windows. Fascinating objects, are they not?

Mill

I agree wholeheartedly.

Socrates

Defined by an absence.

Mill

Easily breakable.

Socrates

Definite in form. Indefinite in concept.

Mill

Say, Socrates, there's something that's puzzled me for quite a while that I am hopeful you could answer.

Socrates

Go for it.

Mill

Do windows cause movement?

Socrates



I could have sworn I had a theory on this.

\*Bell rings\*

Mill

Oh. I'm so sorry. I'm late for a boxing match with Freud. He doesn't know what's coming to him. That motherf-

Socrates

No problem at all!

Mill

*While exiting*

You know what? Tell your theory to the Pig. I'm sure I'll hear it through the grapevine.

Socrates

Goodbye, Mill. With, our sadness is like grain. It grinds to a halt.

*Exit Mill.*

*The Pig lands from the flight.*

Pig

*Socrates and the Pig walk together at the end of time (hey...that's the title!). Socrates begins extrapolating about windows. The Pig's just happy to be there.*

*Sarcastically*

That was really clever

Socrates

I tried my best.

Pig

That's all we can ask.

Socrates

Say, I have a theory for you, if you have the time.

Pig

*Walking to the exit*

All in the world. But tell it to me on the approach.

Socrates

On the approach of?

Pig

*Picking a vine of grapes from the garden*

I know a wonderful stump.

***Q.E.D.***