VERIFY

A Short Musical

Book, Music, and Lyrics by D. Q. Pham

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Cast of Characters

<u>NAMUH</u>: Woman, alto, a builder who cannot bear squares.

<u>TOBOR</u>: Woman, soprano, Namuh's well-rounded robot.

<u>Place</u>

An inventor's sanctuary: a garage

<u>Time</u>

Daytime

Musical Number

SQUARE Namuh and Tobor

Setting: A garage contains a desk and a swivel chair.

At Rise: The lights flicker on. Tobor, with her head hidden in her attire, motionlessly sits

in the chair.

(Song: "SQUARE")

(NAMUH, carrying a robotically designed box with a laptop inside, trudges in. She places the box on the desk. She pulls out and opens the laptop. She lengthily works. Her frustration gradually grows to where she turns the laptop around, displaying nine squared images from reCAPTCHA on its interface. She ponders at the box. With her hands, she forms a square and mocks the box. She looks to TOBOR. She takes the box to TOBOR. She places the box on TOBOR.)

(TOBOR covertly fastens her head into the box.)

NAMUH

Tobor...

TOBOR (activating.)

I HAVE GOT AN ARRAY.

(NAMUH is taken aback.)

DO NOT MOVE. MY PROGRAM STILL HAS MUCH TO LEARN. TIME TO SCAN.

(Scanning the area.)

TOBOR (Cont.)

THE LEAST SUITABLE PLACE FOR ME. A GARAGE. PERFECT FOR YOUR CREDIT SCORE.

(NAMUH tries to interject.)

SAVE THE INTRODUCTION, NAMUH!

(NAMUH seems unamused.)

YOU LIKE ANAGRAMS? PLACED SO MUCH WEIGHT. HERE YOU PLANT LIFE IN DARKNESS.

(Reflecting on herself.)

SO WELL-ROUNDED. THAT YOU HAVE MADE EVERYTHING. LIVE IN A BOX. YET YOU THINK OUTSIDE OF THEM.

NAMUH

NO MATTER. IT'S NOT ABOUT THIS CUBE. IT'S ABOUT SQUARES IN THERE.

(Pointing to the laptop.)

HELP ME SELECT CARS.

TOBOR

THERE ARE CARS RIGHT OUT THERE.

(Placing her hand under the garage door.)

ALL HONKS!

(Lifting the garage door.)

TOBOR (Cont.)

CHEERS TO THIS TRAFFIC.

(Traffic may audibly resonate.)

(NAMUH distances away.)

(TOBOR directs NAMUH back.)

(NAMUH glimpses. Once she has had enough, she looks away.)

(TOBOR scans the public.)

NAMUH

WORLD'S WELL-ROUNDED BUT ROUGH... LEARNT TO LIKE THESE WALLS.

(Taking in the atmosphere of the garage.)

TOBOR

WHY NOT TEST ME? YOU DO NOT NEED TO TAKE THIS. ALL OF IT IN. YOU KNOW YOUR PLACE IN THIS WORLD. JUST BREAK ME IN. YOU CAN RELAX JUST FOR ONCE.

(They break the fourth wall. They treat the audience members like bystanders.)

NAMUH

Select all people with programs.

(TOBOR	points to	the ent	ire auc	lience.	She	lastly
points to h	nerself.)					

NAMUH	NAMUH				
Select all people with (<u>colour</u>) shirts.					
(TOBOR points to people wearing colour	shirts.)				
Select all people with Caravans.					
(TOBOR points to families or groups.)					
What makes you so sure?					
TOBOR Gracious enough to hand over their data.					
NAMUH You already know them too well					
TOBOR More than they know each other.					
NAMUH This will get sloppy. Type their word.					
TOROR					

A. L. L. Y. With a capital A...

NAMUH

Type what you hear.

(TOBOR listens. She seemingly hears nothing.)

(NAMUH may enact a drumming motion.)

TOBOR

Skip.

(Fanning away with her hand.)

NAMUH (flustered.)

Let's try something easier.

(Readjusting herself.)

Select all people that match the label: *square*.

(TOBOR may point to people in the audience involved with the production of "Verify." She, at least, lastly points to NAMUH.)

Thanks for the pointer.

(Pointing to the laptop.)

NAMUH TOBOR

I FIRST THOUGH NEED TO REACH THE INSTRUCTIONS.
WE'D BE IN SHAPE IF WE HIT THE END OF THEM.
I WOULD BE UP TO DATE WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS.
WE WILL TOGETHER NOT BE LIGHTLY CONDEMNED.
I WILL DISREGARD SUCH THESE DEPICTIONS.

YOU DEAL WITH QUADS YOURSELF. THEY OPEN.

YOU ENCIRCLE WELL-THOUGHT-OUT PLANS. THEY LACK CARE.

YOU SHOULD NEVER CUT THE CORNERS.

NAMUH (Cont.)
WE NEED TO GET RID OF THE
ENTIRE SYSTEM.

TOBOR (Cont.) THEY ARE CLOSED.

TOBOR

REBOOT YOURSELF OUT OF HERE.

(NAMUH nods in agreement. She hands the laptop to TOBOR.)

DEAR NAMUH. DONE PLENTY OF APPLICATIONS. SAME OLD KEEP BEING SELECTIVE!

(TOBOR tries to return the laptop to NAMUH.)

NAMUH

(Dismissing the laptop.)

MY MIND'S VILIFIED. THIS CUBICLE. I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF SQUARES.

TOBOR

HUMANITY. YOU, I, WILL APPLY OURSELVES.

(Working on the laptop.)

I VERIFY THAT I AM NOT A ROBOT.

(They wait.)

(TOBOR prepares to trash the laptop.)

(NAMUH reaches for the laptop.)

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Too slow!

(NAMUH disconnects the box from TOBOR.)

(TOBOR deactivates.)

NAMUH

Too human!

BLACKOUT

FIN



























