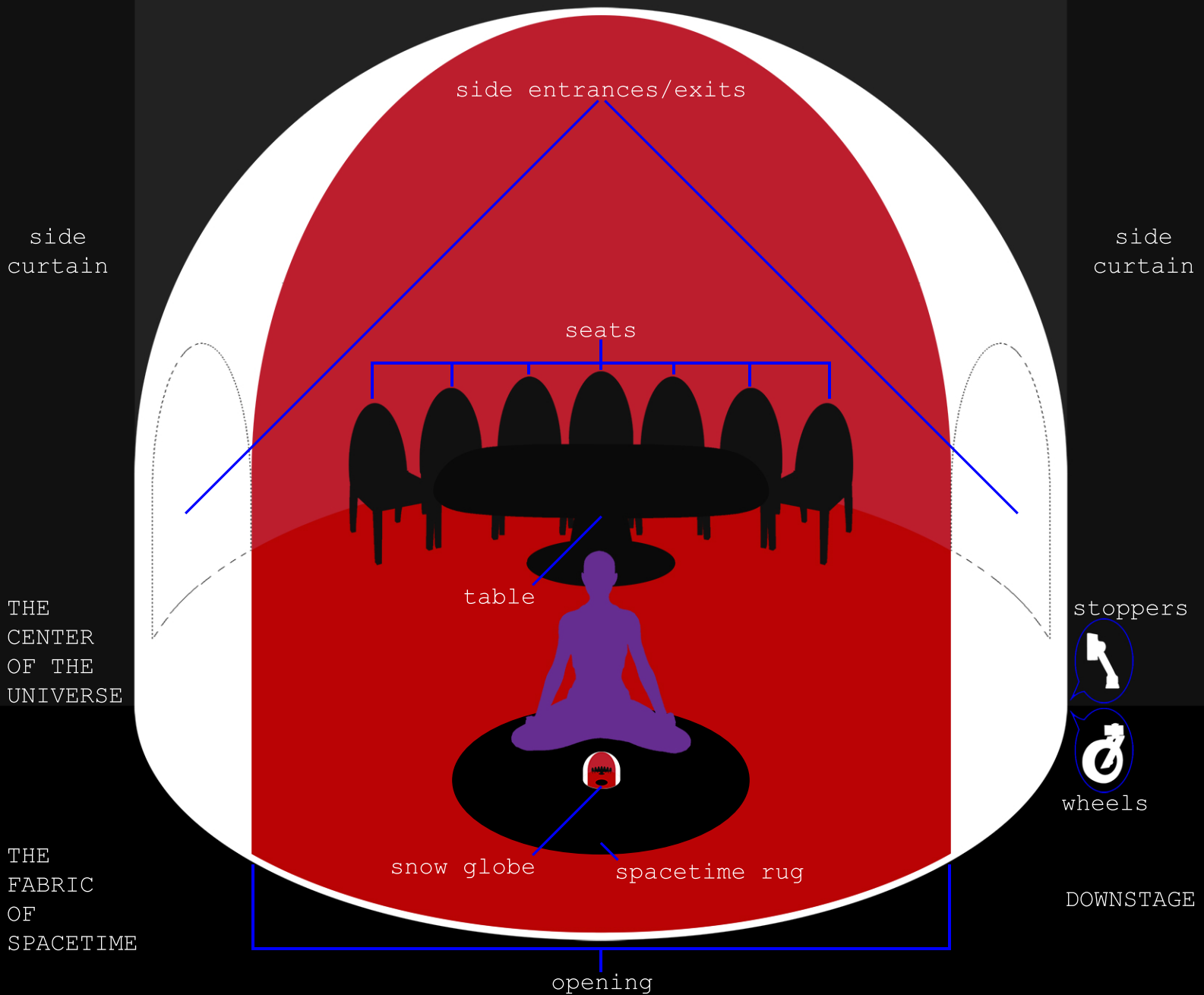


## THE ELLIPSE / DOME HOME



*[The Center of the Universe]*

*[The Dome is positioned downstage center. There is a table with seats and a rug inside. Lights dwell solely within the home. Outside, the stage is mainly off limits. Everything upstage is concealed by the side curtains. Equations are flowers.]*

*(SINGULARITY picks equations outside the home. They place them on a dish. They head to the rug to meditate.)*

*(The MULTIPLICITIES are in the audience.)*

**MULTIPLICITIES**

Nothing.

*(Startled, SINGULARITY draws out the Big Bang Taser. They ignite it outwards.)*

*(The TIDALs distantly whimper.)*

*[The lights flicker. The side curtains ripple. Field equations loom in the space, like a field of flowers. The Universe flashes their wonder.]*

*(From the audience, ABELL enters. They sit in a front row seat.)*

*(SINGULARITY stops the Big Bang Taser.)*

*[The Universe returns to normal.]*

*(SINGULARITY stows away the Big Bang Taser underneath the rug. They look upon ABELL. They pound their chest.)*

#### **SINGULARITY**

Nothing...

*(Leaving through the side exit of the home.)*

<u><b>1. BOUNCE</b></u>
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*(JD arrives, carrying two monoculares. They position themselves at the edge of the home. They look out through both monoculares.)*

*(TRIANGULUM wanders out, carrying a snow globe that resembles the home. They head to JD. They notice that JD holds two monoculares. They snatch one. They look out through it.)*

#### **TRIANGULUM**

NOTHING.

*(Tossing the monocular.)*

*(WHIRLPOOL spirals out. They catch or pick up the monocular. They look out.)*

#### **WHIRLPOOL**

NOTHING!

*(CARTWHEEL cartwheels out. They snatch the monocular from WHIRLPOOL. They look out.)*

#### **CARTWHEEL**

NOTHING!

*(ANDROMEDA pops out.)*



*(CARTWHEEL hands the monocular to ANDROMEDA.)*

**ANDROMEDA**

NOTHING!

*(Stowing away the monocular.)*

*(MILKY WAY is disheveled. They stroll in.)*

**MILKY WAY**

NOTHIN'...

*(The GALAXIES not JD cluster in the center.)*

**GALAXIES not JD**

LET'S BOUNCE!

*(Bouncing away from each other. They land on their respective walls. They distinctly move and dance alongside the walls of the home. In choreographic exposition, they distinctly pose at certain melodic phrases.)*

*(SINGULARITY remains absent.)*

**SINGULARITY**

MILKY WAY!

*(MILKY WAY lugs their way to the table.)*

ANDROMEDA!

*(ANDROMEDA heads to the table.)*

TRIANGULUM!

*(TRIANGULUM triangulates to the table. They set the snow globe on the table.)*

**SINGULARITY** (cont.)

WHIRLPOOL!

*(WHIRLPOOL spirals to the table.)*

CARTWHEEL!

*(CARTWHEEL cartwheels to the table.)*

JD!

*(JD remains staring out at the Edge. They extend their arm out to ABELL.)*

**JD**

ABELL...

*(ABELL reaches out to JD.)*

*[End of "Bounce".]*

*(The TIDALs prowl in and surround the table.)*

*(SINGULARITY arrives with dishes. They bow.)*

**SINGULARITY**

Declinations, family. The Galaxy family. It is that time.



*(MILKY WAY hugs SINGULARITY.)*

*(The GALAXIEs at the table bow.)*

### **GALAXIEs not JD**

Declinations, Singularity.

*(The GALAXIEs sit themselves, and TRIANGULUM  
unfortunately sits on the whoopie cushion.)*

*(CARTWHEEL and WHIRLPOOL hold in their  
laughter while MILKY WAY snickers.)*

### **SINGULARITY**

Looks like someone enjoyed a little too much gas giants.

### **TRIANGULUM**

Quit the snickers, Milky Way.

### **CARTWHEEL**

The concept of time?

### **WHIRLPOOL**

Hmm... What is time?

*(SINGULARITY places a dish on the ground.)*

*(The TIDALs feast on the dish on the ground.)*

### **SINGULARITY**

You would know time in a timely manner, when you meditate on it.  
Has any of you seen two of my space telescopes lately? Where  
could they be? The only place it could be is in the Center of  
our Universe. They have to be somewhere in this Dome Home. *This  
Ellipse...*

*(Looking upon the snow globe.)*

**TRIANGULUM**

Least *nothing* is found at the Edge of our Universe, you know?

**ANDROMEDA**

Here, at the Center of our Universe, all we know are a bunch of asterisks, holding different pearls in their oysterous hearts. Galaxies with varying levels of brightness, shapes, and arms if they have any. Being fixed here like constellations, this glob is risky business.

*(SINGULARITY passes out the dishes.)*

**SINGULARITY**

There is nothing to risk but your lives if you leave this Dome. If you somehow escape my gravitational pull and step out onto the Fabric of Spacetime, you'll end up ripping apart the cosmos. Then I, the grandmaster of the Universe, will be out of order. We have all the cosmic formulas we need right here in our Center. Let's stay one big happy globular. I did what any supermassive parent would do for their little nebulae and made some grub. With my wrists and black-hole heart, I cooked you all up something special. Nuclear pasta and meteors.

**CARTWHEEL**

*Special* for the trillionth millennium, you Bạch Hổ<sup>1</sup>...

**SINGULARITY**

This tiger nomy/mom/dad is especially happy that you're just as thrilled as the first. Our meals are heated to almost 15 million degrees Kelvin and rotated within the prototype cosmic microwave background at the angular velocity of  $14.713 \text{ minus } 2.396 \text{ sine squared its solar latitude minus } 1.787 \text{ sine to the fourth power of its solar latitude}$ . Strongest material in the Universe. A variety of nutrition from the crusts of neutron stars. Dismantle the mantle. But leave the core. I'd love to planet these.

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<sup>1</sup>Bạch Hổ is Vietnamese for "white tiger," sounds like "black hole," and implies tiger parenting.



*(GRAVITY tries to grab TRIANGULUM's dish.)*

*(TRIANGULUM slaps away GRAVITY.)*

### **TRIANGULUM**

Tidal dog... That is not for you to gravitate to.

### **MILKY WAY**

Throw the dog a meteor. If tidal force wants a swig, they can have spaghettification. Fix...?

*(GRAVITY obediently sits.)*

*(MILKY WAY tosses unseen food to GRAVITY.)*

*(GRAVITY devours the invisible spaghetti.)*

Who are good tidal forces? You all are!

*(The TIDALs wag their tails.)*

### **TIDALs**

Force! Force! Force! Force! Force! Force! Force! Force! Force!

*(SINGULARITY tries to get the TIDALs to sit.)*

### **SINGULARITY**

Fix. Fix. Fix. Fix. Fix. Fix. Fix. Fix. Fix.

*(WHIRLPOOL prepares to pray.)*

*(MILKY WAY dives into their dish.)*



**TRIANGULUM**

Again, Milky Way?

**ANDROMEDA**

Ye mostly photons, Triangulum.

**CARTWHEEL**

It takes eight millennia to burn that, Andromeda.

**WHIRLPOOL**

A simple nap ain't last any longer, Cartwheel.

**SINGULARITY**

Most of you went through a phase where you ate megatons of nuclear pasta. You want to go through accretion and be a Grand-Design Spiral Galaxy, don't you?

*(CARTWHEEL taps WHIRLPOOL on the shoulder,  
mocking their physique.)*

**WHIRLPOOL**

You may be well rounded, but you ain't got spiral arms in this fight. You're filled with heavy blue stars. Ain't it ring a bell, Ring Galaxy?

**CARTWHEEL**

Gal, I don't put weight or stress on myself. Y'all are the morbidly spiral Galaxies.

*(ANDROMEDA points to TRIANGULUM.)*

## ANDROMEDA

Least you're not a two-dimensional square, like this Galaxy.

## TRIANGULUM

I'll run faster than light circles around you, Galaxies.

*(Tossing the whoopie cushion at WHIRLPOOL.)*

*(In their seats, CARTWHEEL and WHIRLPOOL demonstrate defensive stances. They bicker.)*

## MILKY WAY

*(Mouthful of nuclear pasta.)*

Kau tau to you, ellipsoids<sup>2</sup>.

## CARTWHEEL

## WHIRLPOOL

## TRIANGULUM

Watch your worm hole, you quasi-Galaxy. Your primordial heart is barred.

## SINGULARITY

Oneness, clusters of stars! Gals. Your hearts are all vigorous.

*(Pinching MILKY WAY's cheek. This shows that MILKY WAY is SINGULARITY's favorite child.)*

Always, full of grace.

*(Preparing to pray. They place a hand on their chest. They shape that hand as though it is holding a heart. Their other hand sits flatly under their hearty hand.)*

Let us save space.

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<sup>2</sup> In geometry, an ellipsoid is a three-dimensional ellipse. In ELLIPSES, this is like calling someone "fat."

*(The nearby GALAXIEs pray with SINGULARITY.)*

## 2. CRUNCH

### **SINGULARITY**

FEED THAT HOLE IN YOUR HEART.  
GIVE INTO INTERNAL DARKNESS.  
SHED OUR LIGHT FOR NO ONE.  
AS IT'S CRUNCH TIME, GALAXIES.

IN BLACK HOLES, DWELL WISDOM.  
FED BY THE SPRINKLES OF STARDUST.  
CRUSH THEIR DREAMS IN YOUR PALM.  
IT IS CRUNCH TIME, MY BABIES.

### **GALAXIEs not JD**

CONSUME STAR SYSTEMS.  
CONSUME WORLDS THAT TEEM.  
CONSUMED BY THOUGHTS OF FAMILY. FAMILY...

### **SINGULARITY**

STRING BY STRING IN THEORY.  
AND FABRIC BY SPACETIME FABRIC.  
HOLD OUR LOVE AS A WHOLE.  
IT IS CRUNCH TIME, WE BELIEVE.

### **WHIRLPOOL**

IT IS CRUNCH TIME, SINGULARITY.

### **TRIANGULUM**

IT IS CRUNCH TIME, SINGULARITY.

### **CARTWHEEL**

IT IS CRUNCH *TIME*, SINGULARITY.



### ANDROMEDA

IT IS CRUNCH TIME, SINGULARITY.

### MILKY WAY

IT IS CRUNCH TIME, NOMY/MOMMY/DADDY SING.

### SINGULARITY

IT IS CRUNCH TIME, JD?  
SPT0615-JD?

*[End of "Crunch".]*

*(GRAVITY splits from the TIDALs. They stroll  
to JD, to be their canine companion.)*

### 3. CUTTING EDGE

*(JD is looking upon their Galaxy family.)*

### JD

NOT THE TIME  
TO PUSH ME OVER THE EDGE...  
CUT INTO MY—  
PUSH ME OVER THE EDGE OF THE...

*(GRAVITY places their paw on JD's monocular.)*

CENTER WITH OUR RELATIVES.  
OUR TIDAL DOGS.  
GRAVITY, ALWAYS GROUNDING ME.

*(Nearing the edge of the home.)*

**JD** (cont.)

YOU SEE.

I GO OFF ON A TANGENT.

WHERE THE CUTTING EDGE WILL BE...

WHERE THE CURVATURE CONCEALS ALL WORLDS LEADING INTO  
KINSHIP.

SAIL OUT OF THIS ELLIPSE.

WHERE THE ASTRAL BEACH WILL MEET AN OCEAN FULL OF  
CHORAL REEFS.

SEA WITH OTHER *ELLIPSES*<sup>3</sup>.

WHY IS THIS CIRCLE LACKING THE CURIOSITY IN ALL?  
STUCK IN THIS HERE, GALA.

WHY ARE THESE OVALS<sup>4</sup> BENT ON SEEING NOTHING IN MYSTERY?  
LOOK BEYOND THESE GALAXIES.

**GALAXIEs not JD**

CUT AWAY FROM THE EDGE!

**JD**

WHY DON'T YOU MAKE ME?

ALL YOUR FIGHTS HAVE DRIVEN A WEDGE.

PLEASE LET ME BE AT PEACE BY THE EDGE.

GO BACK AND CIRCUMVENT.

I'LL JUST BE OUT ON A TANGENT—

**GALAXIEs not JD**

SPT0615-JD.

AS WE ARE JUST SAYING BEFORE YOU CUT US OFF.

NOTHING'S CUTTING OUTTA THE EDGE.

NO ONE'S GOING OVER THE EDGE.

JOIN US FOR CRUNCH.

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<sup>3</sup> In geometry, ellipses are ovals. In linguistics, ellipses indicate omissions. In *ELLIPSES*, this is a divisive term.

<sup>4</sup> Being called an "oval" is like being called "slow" while being called an "ellipse" is akin to a curse word.



**JD**

APPARENTLY, I HAVEN'T MADE MYSELF CLEAR.  
CUTTING MY EDGES MAKES MYSELF APPARENT AS YOU<sup>5</sup>...  
AND SHEDS MY LIGHT UPON A LIGHTLESS GALAXY.  
MY HEART TELLS ME THERE'S A PROMISING FAMILY, OFF-  
END OF THIS TANGENT.

**GALAXIEs not JD**

SPT0615. CHILD.

NO NEED TO BE APPARENT- (*Droning on in JD's head.*)  
JOIN US FOR CRUNCH.

**JD**

MY FUTURE IS AN ELLIPSE WHERE MY LEGACY IS ABELL...  
TO MEET A NICE GALAXY...

(*Letting GRAVITY ground them.*)

**JD**

JD...

**GALAXIEs not JD**

SPT0615-JADED-

**JD**

GOES OFF OF THE TANGENT!

ALL MY COSMIC POEMS MUST REACH TO THE ENDS OF THIS  
EPIC TALE.  
OUR AUDACIOUS VERSE.

THERE MIGHT BE A FRIEND WHO WILL FOLLOW IN MY  
LYRICAL TRAILS  
TO THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE...

YOU'LL KNOW.  
I'LL BE CUTTING TO THE EDGE.

[*End of "Cutting Edge".*]

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<sup>5</sup> Singularity.

**GRAVITY**

Force!

**JD**

Grounded. You're my tidal force, Gravity...

**SINGULARITY**

I will spare a millennium to listen to your verse, JD. You are apparent to me. Clear and crisp like how I raised you to be.

**JD**

I love you too, Singularity...

**SINGULARITY**

Your love doesn't seem crystal clear. What speaks to your heart?

**JD**

Abell... There is something ringing in mine.

**SINGULARITY**

A *bell*? Your astronomical clock must be malfunctioning.

**JD**

My biological clock remains malnourished.

**SINGULARITY**

Our biology has no logic. If you hope for any of your fictitious clock to be functioning and *nourished*, you may... *Galaxies*?



## **GALAXIES not JD**

Join us for Crunch—

**JD**

Done with Crunch. I'm tired of the same old dish of photons that we eat and dishing out that these galactic teenagers do.

## **SINGULARITY**

A Galaxy needs accretion. My babies need to grow.

**JD**

This Galaxy has outgrown this Ellipse. SPT0615-JD is a grown-up.

## **MILKY WAY**

JD, who is Abell?

## **SINGULARITY**

Who...? What?

**JD**

Abell... May just be a baby Galaxy. Like you, Milky Way.

*(The teenage GALAXIES mock MILKY WAY.)*

## **SINGULARITY**

There is *nothing* out there for you.

**JD**

There is someone for that *nothing*. That someone is me.





**SINGULARITY**

I made you from nothing.

**JD**

So will I.

**SINGULARITY**

All the constants and variables I picked. All the light I shed for you.

**JD**

I'm ready to pass on your light. Our light. Singularity... *May I go to the Edge of the Universe?*

**SINGULARITY**

We have *everything* in the Center of the Universe. No.

**JD**

Can I play with *nothing*? Please?

**SINGULARITY**

No means no.

**JD**

Pretty please with a supergiant on top?

**SINGULARITY**

I've been looking for one of my space telescopes all eternity. And it's in your hand. The sight of darkness is not enough for you?



**JD**

As your heart has told you... There is a prophecy that once we gather enough light, we must share with the lightless. Abell... I've set my sights on a fulfilling legacy.

**SINGULARITY**

What you said is not apparent. I'll be taking back my scope. What can you see, other than darkness? Nothing. Set your sights on your present family.

*(Reaching for JD's monocular.)*

*(GRAVITY bites SINGULARITY. They brawl with SINGULARITY all about.)*

*(The GALAXIES at the table head to JD. They take JD to safety.)*

**TIDALS**

Force! Force! Force! Force! Force! Force! Force! Force! Force!

*(GRAVITY grounds SINGULARITY on the rug. They try to corral the TIDALS.)*

**GRAVITY**

Force. Force. Force. Force. Force. Force.

*(They turn to the opening of the Ellipse. They run into an invisible wall and dizzily fall back.)*

*Free... Free... Free... Free... Free... Free...*

*(SINGULARITY gets up. They slightly lift up the rug.)*

*(The TIDALs tremble and bow out.)*

**SINGULARITY**

All you Tidals. Entitled forces. Back in the doghouse.

*(The TIDALs leave.)*

**JD**

You are not the center of the Universe... Why must you treat the dogs like us? Puppets.

**SINGULARITY**

Um, I literally am the center. I, Singularity, have my hands in and on the entire Universe... Better a puppet than a pet.

**JD**

If you're going to keep the Galaxies in, at least let Gravity and the dogs out... It will come back to bite you in the end if you don't give them space.

**SINGULARITY**

And let them treat the Fabric of Spacetime like the springs of a trampoline? No dog bites or rips in or on my spacetime fabric.

**JD**

What must be done to pull at your heartstrings?

**SINGULARITY**

Oh now you want to consider my center...



**JD**

Yours and our centers hold all the light in this Universe.  
You've shed enough light upon us. I need to shed mine.

*(SINGULARITY drags GRAVITY out. They leave  
with them.)*

**SINGULARITY**

I expect lights out when you Galaxies go off to bed. See you all  
in Crunch Time.

**MILKY WAY**

I'm no baby.

**TRIANGULUM**

You know... *Nothing* is more childish than being fixated on  
anything but the gravity of the situation.

**CARTWHEEL**

What just happened?

**WHIRLPOOL**

Gravity went berserk. Brought down Singularity.

**JD**

Gravity never lets me down.

**GALAXIES not JD**

JD?

**JD**

I'm not stooping to your level, Galaxies.

**ANDROMEDA**

We're all on the same plane. The same Ellipse.

**CARTWHEEL**

What so special about the Edge?

**WHIRLPOOL**

*Nothing* ain't relative to us here.

**JD**

You'll understand in no time...

**MILKY WAY**

We have all the Crunch Time in the Universe.

**JD**

Exactly... Why you're a baby, Milky Way. Plenty of Crunches before you stand where I understand.

**MILKY WAY**

Me no baby!

*(ANDROMEDA heads off to bed.)*

**ANDROMEDA**

Eh, *nothing* beats sleeping like a baby... Declinations.



**CARTWHEEL**

**WHIRLPOOL**

With nomy/mama/papa not around, let's deck the dome—

**MILKY WAY**

Play a game of Tardigrades and Elevators?!

*(CARTWHEEL and WHIRLPOOL hush off to bed.)*

**CARTWHEEL**

**WHIRLPOOL**

Look at the time... Declinations.

*(TRIANGULUM holds JD and MILKY WAY close.)*

**TRIANGULUM**

You are everything, you know? Despite being on two different points in your lives. Two anomalies.

**JD**

I'm no anomaly.

**MILKY WAY**

Triangulum. What the points?

**TRIANGULUM**

There are three: Family is everything.

**JD**

Triangulum, I didn't think you could be more of a square.

**TRIANGULUM**

We, Galaxies, are well bred. Thanks to the care of Singularity.  
You, JD, are dead inside. Thanks to distance.

**JD**

I'm well rounded. Like all Galaxies will be. All *Ellipses* should be.

**TRIANGULUM**

Watch your wormhole. Off to bed, Milky Way. It's late for you.

**JD**

Ellipses...? Are you scared of that...?

**TRIANGULUM**

I'm scared of *nothing*... I'm scared for you. I'm scared of what is to come. What is shaping up to be. What we— You become. Out of all of us, *Ellipses*... Slowly you drift away from the safety of our orbit. Your "epic" revolves around our family's story. JD, our oldest sibling and farthest Galaxy, is an anomaly.

**JD**

Legacy is everything.

(*MILKY WAY heads to bed.*)

**MILKY WAY**

Legacy?

**JD**

...What is family...(?)

#### 4. ANOMALY IS EVERYTHING

##### **TRIANGULUM**

FAMILY IS... FAMILY IS...? FAMILY IS...  
FAMILY ISN'T... FAMILY IS NOT... ANOMALY.

FAMILY IS EVERYTHING YOU KNOW.  
FAMILY IS EVERYTHING, YOU KNOW?  
FAMILY IS EVERYTHING. YOU KNOW  
NOT WHAT IS EVERYTHING.  
NO SUCH THING THAT IS JUST FAMILIARITY.

ANOMALY IS YOUR THING,  
FROM THE WAY YOU *MOVED* TO THE WAY YOU *UNDERSTOOD*.  
ANOMALY IS OUR THING,  
LIKE THIS DOME HOME YOU WANT TO LEAVE AND YET LIVED.

*(Bringing out the snow globe from the table.)*

REALLY, FAMILY IS EVERYTHING TO US.  
FAMILY IS EVERYTHING.

##### **JD**

WE KNOW.

##### **TRIANGULUM**

FAMILY'S UNIVERSAL. *WE KNOW*  
THAT YOU FEEL LIKE NOTHING.  
WELL, THE THING IS THAT WE'RE ALL HOMES TO FAMILIES.

*(Setting the snow globe back on the table.)*

ANOMALY IS EVERY CELL,  
FROM THE PLANETS TO THE COMETS IN STAR SYSTEMS.  
ANOMALY IS EVERY VEIN,  
WITH ITS INTERGALACTIC SUPERHIGHWAY SYSTEMS.  
ANOMALY IS OUR HEARTS.  
BLACK HOLES ROOTED IN US, WHILE YOURS JUST STEMS.

*(Gloomily turning away from JD.)*

AGAIN, ANOMALY IN EVERY THOUGHT,  
FROM YOUR VIEWS THAT SHIFT TO YOUR POINTS WITH NO



**TRIANGULUM** (cont.)

ROUND TRIPS.

ANOMALY IN EVERY SPACE,

LIKE THIS CENTER YOU NEED TO FEEL, YET BELIEVED.

*(Tapping their heart or motioning towards  
the table.)*

*(JD somberly sits at the table. They place  
two fists next to the snow globe to make  
an allusion of an ellipsis...)*

ANOMALY'S IN EVERYONE,

INCLUDING US BUT ESPECIALLY YOU YOU YOU...

*(Turning to JD.)*

JD?

*(Poignantly looking upon JD. They  
encouragingly join JD at the table. They sit  
on the whoopie cushion.)*

*(CARTWHEEL and WHIRLPOOL distantly laugh.)*

*(TRIANGULUM appears flustered. They shift to  
delight. They pull out the whoopie cushion.)*

ANOMALIES ARE GAS GIANTS!

*(Stowing away the whoopie cushion. They grab  
the snow globe. They take JD to the rug.)*

ANOMALY'S OUR SPACETIME!

ANOMALY IS EVERYTHING.

NOTHING IS ANOMALY LIKE FAMILY.

*(Handing the snow globe to JD. They head off  
to bed.)*

*[End of "Anomaly is Everything".]*