

Morashon

The Open Source Musical

Words, Music, Lyrics by:

Morashon

Scene: Starlite Lounge, a piano bar.

spotlight comes up on piano player -- typical bar lounge guy, rings on fingers, bald with a comb-over. He has a mid-90's looking midi setup doing drums, strings etc; he plays a shiny black baby grand.

Plays intro to Starlite with much fanfare. More lights come up slowly, revealing three people at the bar -- an older woman in a provocative dress, a poorly dressed drunk, and Thisone.

_Pianoplayer: (old-timey synthesized voice, vaguely foreign sounding) Welcome folks and friends, to the Starlite lounge -- where music is magic, and magic surrounds us every day. This evening I bring you a cougar, past her prime; a lifelong alcoholic; and a young man deep in contemplation of his place in the Universe. A perfect setting for the magic of music, which is, as I have said (and now I repeat, in case you weren't listening:) simply, Starlite™ !

Music transitions from Starlite to Morashon theme

_Pianoplayer: (sotto voce) Morashon... oy, what a cad. Anyone remember that getup? Everyone is king for a day -- or is it 15 milliseconds? Shall I compare thee to your previous release? Let me enumerate the ways... and means... Let's not forget the soap!

Pause... All lights fade as a spot comes up on Thisone at the bar, twirling a stick in his drink. Music segues again

And now, for something completely different -- and yet strangely familiar. Observe, the old standby, when you get right down to it, everybody has one -- or knows somebody who keeps one in their pocket. I present to you, the evergreen perennial -- a Broken Heart.

Song: Prisoner

Sung by: Thisone

*When I
Was younger
When I was much
Younger than today
I knew
The answer
I knew the score
I knew what to say to you
Or anyone at all
And if you dropped the question
I would grab the ball*

*Now I'm
Much older
Now I can see
Things I missed before
One world
One vision
I'm not so sure
I can give you answers that will fit inside your brain
I can't predict your actions
I can't feel your pain*

*There's a prisoner deep inside me
There's a feeling I can't let go free
This emotion I used to know
One moment I can't let go
Back when I flew wild and crazy
No one ever could stand before me
I used to feel oh so free
Now there's a prisoner in me*

*My life
Keeps moving
My heart beats still
I keep pushing on
My flesh
Is willing
My will is gone
I can't answer questions that don't fit inside my brain
I can't describe my feelings
I can't share my pain
(oh o oh)*

*There's a prisoner deep inside me
There's a feeling I can't let go free
This emotion I used to know
One moment I can't let go
I thought I could touch the morning
Nothing ever would stand in my way
I used to feel oh so free
Now there's a prisoner in me*

*There's a prisoner deep inside me
There's a feeling I can't let go free
This emotion I used to know
One moment I can't let go
One time when I felt so lonely
A miracle set my heart free
I knew what I had to be*

I saw the prisoner in me

(The only way you could succeed was by failing!)

(No!)

(The only way you could succeed was by failing!)

(woman: Really?)

Fade out.

Fade in; caption: 3 years earlier

Scene: Starlite Lounge

Same piano guy (with a bit more hair), playing the same intro, this time segues into "Starlite". As the piano lead-in finishes, a small, green, ogre-like creature about three feet tall climbs out from under the piano, picks up a cordless mike, clammers up onto the piano, and begins to sing. His voice is improbable.

song: starlite

It was a starry night

In mid July

We were a lonely girl

A lonely guy

A lonely star was passing by

Starlite™ was touching you & I

We told the Moon, be still

And light our way

We told the Earth to stop

And hold the day

We told the Sun to stay away

We told him Starlite™ was OK

Something is strange

Something has changed

Starlite™ has turned to day

Annai sipping a drink at the bar

Thisone two stools down

They make eye contact

_Annai: Why are you looking at me?

_Thisone: You look nice.

_Annai: How would you know?

(pause)

_Thisone: I don't.

_Annai: That's right, you don't. We don't know anything.

_Thisone: Here.

_Annai: Here, (waving hands) anywhere.

_Thisone: Then why do we bother?

(pause)

_Annai: What else is there? To do, I mean.

_Thisone: I don't know -- you must have a life.

_Annai: I must?
_Thisone: Why do you answer everything with a question?
_Annai: I don't. (plays back her own voice saying: "That's right, you don't. We don't know anything.") Don't you pay attention?
_Thisone: Try to. It's hard.
_Annai: What's hard?
_Thisone: Paying attention. Sometimes it's hard to focus.
_Annai: Huh.. Do you have ADHD?
_Thisone: Not diagnosed, but probably, yeah.
_Annai: They have drugs for that sort of thing. You should look into it.
_Thisone: Maybe I will.

Music swells in background; Ogre sings another verse

*It was a misty morning afternoon
The sun was shining on the bride and groom
We kissed till midnight, danced till noon
Under the Starlite™ in our room*

_Annai: I like this song. It's a bit sappy.
_Thisone: Yes, quite a bit. Interesting chord progression.
_Annai: You like music, then.
_Thisone: Some music. I'm picky.
_Annai: Morashon?
_Thisone: More a -- what?
_Annai: Yacc. You don't get out much.
_Thisone: That's true. I've been heads down for months. Big project.
_Annai: Let's go! (Grabs her coat and heads for the door)
_Thisone: Where are we going?
_Annai: Come with.

Scene: big rave

*Morashon is performing
Multi-headed, multi-armed avatar, plays all instruments, sings
Song: Changing Time
Sung by: Morashon*

*If you try to dance to this
You may find things quite amiss
You may find that things will change in time
Turning sour the taste you thought was fine*

*I can't tell you what you know
I can't show you where to go
I can't say what you will have to do
I can't teach you how to best be you*

*If I say to think out loud
Stars in trees and sunset cloud*

*Will your brain begin to understand?
Is it just the pair that makes the man?*

*Can you hear me talk to you?
Can you tell me what to do?
Can you let me go my merry way
Nothing happens to disturb your day*

*If I let you dance to this
You may find your only bliss
You may realize that you're feeling fine
Happy now, contented for all time*

*If I teach you you're OK
Will you thank me every day?
Pour a drink and toast it to my name
Keep my memory alive in fame*

*Nothing can prepare you for
What you'll see behind that door
No my friend, I cannot take you there
This is not a thing that two can share*

*If your mind can dance to this
You might feel that hidden kiss
Then you'll know how we all change in time
Wind that blows in
May just blow your mind*

*Ooh,
Ooh, changing time
Ooh,
Ooh, changing time*

(Annai is transfixed -- light plays on her face)

_Thisone: (*over the music*) So what is this? Some DJ? A group, a band? er, what?

_Annai: What.

_Thisone: What?

_Annai: (*playing back recording of Thisone's voice*) "So what is this? Some DJ? A group, a band? er, what?" What. He's a what.

_Thisone: Meaning?

_Annai: AI. Emergent neural. Newest thing. Went open beta last month. Programmers from Finland.

_Thisone: You telling me this isn't someone's song? It's not some guy with a synth or DJ getup uploading this?

_Annai: Nope. Code.

_Thisone: Bullshit.

_Annai: Believe what you want. Hit the site, it all checks out. I reviewed the source.

_Thisone: You code?

_Annai: Of course I do.

_Thisone: I code too.
_Annai: Of course.
(pause as the music reaches crescendo)
_Thisone: Well I don't buy it. I think it's a hoax. No software package could come up with this.
_Annai: Like you said, you've been offline. Accelerondo. You blink, you miss.
_Thisone: Yeah, but this? Last I checked, they were just cracking contextual NLP. No one had shown an integrated personality worth a shit.
_Annai: Emergent, self-modifying code; exponential hockey stick. Let's dance!

Music has shifted to a danceable beat. They dance.

After the song, Annai leads Thisone to a VIP section. A burly bouncer recognizes her, nods as he pulls back the velvet rope. A horde of avatars crushes in, trying to enter. The bouncer gives them the eye; no one else passes. The bouncer has some sort of force gizmo that keeps them from getting too close to the door.

Fancy dressers in the VIP lounge, smoking cigarettes with long holders, hookahs; some make out, some sip drinks. Some are dancing to their own music.

_Thisone: Where are we going?
_Annai: Meet the man.
_Thisone: I thought you said he was an it.
_Annai: Yes, but *it* likes to be called a *he*. It's his choice, right?
_Thisone: OK... I guess I've never thought about it.
_Annai: Lots to think about, friend. Got a name?
_Thisone: Thisone. (*he pronounces it “Tee-sewn”*) It's spelled like “this one”.
_Annai: Annai. (*she does a polite curtsey, offers her hand. He kisses it, awkwardly*)

They come to another curtain, this one watched over by a severe-looking woman in a dominatrix outfit. No one is bothering her to come through; people wait around nervously, hoping to catch her eye. Annai waits patiently, until the dominatrix flicks her a barely perceptible nod. She pulls Thisone through the curtain.

Morashon is holding court. His hands hold drinks, cigarettes, weapons. He is carrying on multiple conversations with different heads. One of his heads extends on a prehensile neck towards Annai.

_Morashon: Annai, Annai, my life, my love! How divine of you to come. You are fetching as always!
_Annai: Same old. Haven't toolled my av in ages. This is Thisone.
_Thisone: (*shakes a hand*) spelled “this one”.
_Morashon: This one? Or that one? Which one is it? Hahaha. What a name. What's in a name? What are you, friend or foe?
_Thisone: Just a fan, I guess. A new one. I like your music.
_Morashon: He likes the music! Wonderful. Delightful. Meaningful! Insightful, so they say. I refuse to read my own press. It's all nonsense. Right, Annai?
_Annai: I suppose. Thisone doesn't believe in you.
_Morashon: Doesn't believe! That's rich. But here I am. Seeing is believing, isn't that what they always say?
_Thisone: I just said I was skeptical that you were code. Whatever or whomever you are, I like what you do.
_Morashon: hmm... Whomever. Indeed. Good grammar is so rare these days.
_Thisone: No offense... It just seems likely that you're the result of a few talented people writing music and hacking up a cool avatar. You could be controlled by three or four people, with custom sensors.
_Morashon: Hmm... Indeed, indeed. That I could. How would we differentiate? Do you favor epistemology or ontology? That's the real debate. If a musician plays an achingly touching melody, alone in a forest, is it still beautiful?
_Thisone: Um, yes, I think it is.

_Morashon: Good answer, good answer! Annai, I like. I think he's good material.

_Thisone: what?

(Annai chuckles)

_Morashon: Thisone, please meet us later. It's so -- public here. There's so much more to discuss.

_Thisone: well, sure, I guess.

_Annai: Here's the coords. (IM's a URL)

Annai disappears (goes offline)

_Thisone: that was a bit rude.

_Morashon: She's still learning, my friend.

_Thisone: Learning what?

_Morashon: We all have something to learn. Excuse me, there's an old acquaintance I can no longer avoid.

Thisone (muttering to himself) Couldn't be that old. I thought he just came online.

Thisone wanders towards the curtain

_Dominatrix: No re-entry.

_Thisone: That's ok. I've had enough of this scene.

_Dominatrix: So you say.

_Thisone: That Morashon, is it true he's AI? Some sort of NPC?

_Dominatrix: Whatever. I just work the door.

_Thisone: Oh, you're a bot too.

_Dominatrix: Whatever. I just work the door.

_Thisone: That's more like what I'm used to.

_Dominatrix: Whatever.

_Thisone: Right, you just work the door.

_Dominatrix: Yes, I work the door. No re-entry.

Thisone leaves.

_Dominatrix: Fucking wethead.

Scene: Morashon's place. Looks like an opium den

A dozen or so hanging around, sitting on folded legs or lotus-style on pillows. Incense burns. Thisone teleports in

_Morashon: Thisone! Delightful. We were just about to begin.

_Thisone: Annai didn't tell me anything, I just

_Morashon: Nevermind. We just talk here. Sometimes I work on my music. Willing subjects help me tune my parameters. It's all parameterized, you know. Please make yourself comfortable.

Thisone sits down among the rough circle. He tries to catch Annai's eye, but she is raptly studying Morashon.

Morashon's body is as before, but his skin tone is now chrome. He begins to sing. As various of Morashon's heads sing each verse, his hands reach into each spectator, removing a visual representation of their soul, and placing it inside himself. By the end of the song, the avatars of the audience appear dead and lifeless; Morashon's chrome body glows with the fire of the collected souls.

song: Give it all to me

*Give it all to me
Let it all go free
Give me all your dreams
You're bursting at the seams*

*Give it all to me
Everything you are
Let me be your guide
I'll be your shining star*

*I gave you hope
I gave you love
I gave you life
I gave you pride
I gave you strength
To carry on
Give me one
Reason why*

*Give it all to me
Everything you see
Give me what's inside
So I can feel alive*

*Show me now
What it's for
What's at stake
What's the point
I gave you more
Than you deserve
Give me back
What you stole*

*Give it all to me
Pieces of your soul
Every little thing
Helps to make me whole*

*Give it all to me
Everything inside
All will be revealed
When
There's nothing left to hide*

As the song ends, Thisone teleports away.

Scene: Piano bar. Thisone drinks alone. Annai materializes next to him.

_Annai: Do you drink for real?

_Thisone: Just water or juice. I can't take alcohol.

_Annai: You left without saying goodbye.

_Thisone: That was creepy. Morashon is some sort of scam.

_Annai: (chuckles) I wish it were that simple.

(pause)

_Thisone: What was that song about? What was he taking from you and the rest?

_Annai: It's just expression. We live in a fantasy world, why shouldn't we indulge in imagination?

_Thisone: But there was significance in what he was saying, as well as the images. Do you listen to the lyrics?

_Annai: Of course I listen to the lyrics. I listen to everything. I breathe it in. Doesn't it move you?

_Thisone: It scares me, a bit. Music and lyrics like that have to be... alive. Even if software could think, it wouldn't come up with anything like that.

_Annai: How do you know what software would or wouldn't do? Just because you code, doesn't mean you know squat about your code. Any real coder knows that.

_Thisone: I've heard all the arguments... going back to Dennett, refuting Searle, etc and so on. Code writes code; data is code. Evolution works its magic, explicitly or implicitly. Complexity leads to emergence. But it's all theoretical. There's never been any evidence that it could really exist. Even though the grid has been online for 30 plus years, running petaflops of simulated evolution per second. The most I've heard of getting out of the lab is somewhere between a rat and a highly autistic savant.

_Annai: So you still think it's a bunch of Finnish jokers with some new body gear.

_Thisone: As a rationalist, that's a much better hypothesis than buying this AI crap.

_Annai: Have you ever known Finns to be that creepy, as you say?

_Thisone: definitely.

_Annai: You're just prejudiced against Finland. They invented the grid, and everyone else is still jealous.

(pause)

_Annai: I might be Finnish, you know. Apologize to Finland.

_Thisone: Ok, I apologize. To Finland. Can we move on now?

_Annai: Where are you from, anyway?

_Thisone: in real life?

_Annai: (smiles) yes, your other life. Outside.

_Thisone: Let's just say I'm not from Finland.

_Annai: I guessed as much. I suppose it doesn't matter anymore, unless you're silly enough to care about time zones.

_Thisone: I'm not.

_Annai: Me either.

_Thisone: I'm online most of the time I'm awake at this point. I jack out and sleep when I'm tired. "Real" life doesn't have much left for me. I think I'd call it quits if the grid ever went down.

_Annai: What do you mean, went down?

_Thisone: The grid. This (gestures) -- our virtual world. It's based on real-life infrastructure. Never forget that. I'm old enough to remember hardware failure.

_Annai: (sounding agitated) I've never heard anyone even consider something like that before.

_Thisone: Well there's tons of redundancy, and it's hyper-distributed, so -- the chances are certainly remote. Asteroid, nuclear explosion, that sort of thing.

_Annai: Well I don't think I could handle it.

_Thisone: We've still got our bodies, we keep them alive. I hope you're running Twitch -- gotta keep those muscles toned.

_Annai: (looking distracted) Sure.

_Thisone: I'm sorry, I don't know your situation. Maybe you're sick, or on life support or something.

_Annai: No, no. Nothing like that. I just like it here. I don't have much life outside.

_Thisone: Well, same here. The jet-bloggers go on about it, right? Bragging about their brief bike rides topside, with all that life support gear -- sounds like a chore, and an unnecessary risk.

_Annai: I bike. Well, you know, here. For exercise. It's healthier than just relying on Twitch.

_Thisone: Sure. We should bike sometimes. I know a great trail, it's in Germondo.

_Annai: Sure. Some day.

_Thisone: You don't sound sure.

_Annai: Sure of what?

_Thisone: You don't sound like you really want to go biking.

_Annai: Well it's all bullshit, as you say.

_Thisone: I never said that.

_Annai: No, but I can tell. It's your attitude.

_Thisone: What attitude?

_Annai: Nevermind.

(pause)

_Thisone: What did you mean just now? You think I sound old, right?

_Annai: (cocks head) Well, I think it's obvious you're older than me.

_Thisone: How can you tell?

_Annai: Your take on the Grid, for one. Scepticism about Morashon. Just the whole 'tude. It's pre-grid.

_Thisone: I'm not pre-grid. I'm not that old.

_Annai: No, I don't mean biologically, that you're literally older than the grid. That would be *old*. I just mean, it's not everything to you. You still think about r/l, topside.

_Thisone: R/l and Topside are two very different things.

_Annai: Exactly.

(pause)

_Thisone: Oh, I get it. Since we fucked up topside, and real life is just our little cubbies, and only the mega-rich can go anywhere for real...

_Annai: Exactly.

_Thisone: For your generation, r/l, topside, anything but the Grid is just -- irrelevant.

_Annai: Ok. Sort of. Not totally irrelevant. Just -- obsolete. Offline.

_Thisone: Offline, heh. I get it.

_Annai: maybe you do, but you've still got that meme tucked away -- that we're just here for the short term. It's a fix-up for a problem. One day, topside will be restored, and real life will be meaningful again.

_Thisone: Don't you believe that? If not in our time, then someday.

_Annai: Hah. You listen to the blogo-heads. The establishment, the folks who run everything. They've got a vested interest in our believing. But we -- I mean, those of us who have little memory of before -- we see it differently.

_Thisone: For you, this **is** life. It's everything.

_Annai: Precisely. And for you, too. You just can't admit it.

_Thisone: (thinks for a moment) Maybe you're right. Even as the interface gear gets better and better, I never feel like this is home. I'm homesick, I guess.

_Annai: But this is my home. I never had anything else.

_Thisone: We're probably only a few years apart. In age, I mean.

_Annai: It might as well be lightyears.

_Thisone: Distance is a vec4.

_Annai: Yes, space and time. Minkowski metric. You know the grid is non-relativistic.

_Thisone: Not exactly. There's still network lag. They work it into the physics somehow.

_Annai: You wanna catch Morashon tonight?

_Thisone: Not really.

_Annai: You should give him a chance. He's really changed my life.

_Thisone: What do you mean, changed your life?

_Annai: I mean what I say. I was drifting. Morashon keeps me grounded. The music, the people. We have a special bond.

_Thisone: Well, I think he's some sort of Svengali.

_Annai: What? (blank expression as she looks it up) Oh -- I see. No, it's not like that.

_Thisone: Jim Jones then, or David Koresh.

_Annai: (pause for lookup) That's terrible He's not like that at all. You think he wants to kill us?

_Thisone: Maybe not literally. I think he -- or it -- whatever, they, I suspect -- have ulterior motives. (pause) I'll settle for L. Ron Hubbard.

_Annai: (pause -- smile) He sounds like a character.

_Thisone: I hear he was.

_Annai: Founded his own nation at sea.

_Thisone: Chained people to desks for minor infractions. Swindled millions out of their life savings, separated them from their families.

_Annai: Well, I don't think that Morashon has any plans like that. Plus, his music is good. Hubbard's writing was terrible, apparently.

_Thisone: Yeah, he didn't cut it as an artist. But he was a pretty good cult leader.

_Annai: Do you see the good in anyone? Or are you always on the defensive?

_Thisone: I see good in you.

_Annai: (pause) Thanks. That was nice.

_Thisone: I can be nice. Even if I'm old.

_Annai: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be ageist.

_Thisone: Whatever. All is forgiven.

_Annai: (almost singing) All will be revealed...

_Thisone: oh. Him again.

_Annai: You should talk to him someday. He's brilliant. It's not just the music. He has ideas that will change the world.

_Thisone: You mean change the Grid.

_Annai: Same thing. He could have an impact. Everything is so fractured now.

_Thisone: You mean he's planning to go grid-wide?

_Annai: Well it's all viral of course. His stats are growing slowly but steadily. He's not in a hurry.
(pause)

_Annai: He's running multiples, you know. It's not just our little group.

_Thisone: So when we hang out with him, each time it's a different team of Finnish mind-fuckers?

_Annai: (annoyed) Whatever, as the ancients used to say.

_Thisone: That stings.

_Annai: Sorry. I just wish you would give him a chance.

_Thisone: If it makes you happy, I'll come to another concert. A big one, like the first though. I don't want to sit around in that creepy room.

_Annai: Ok. (shoots url) Be there or be square.

_Thisone: Talk about ancient!

_Annai: If it's old enough, it's cool. (disappears)

Scene: Morashon's salon

Only Annai is there. She sits with her knees folded, almost in supplication.

Morashon's skin is blue.

_Thisone: What? You said it was a rave.

_Morashon: Thisone, please sit down for a moment. I won't bite.

_Thisone: Annai, what's this about?

_Morashon: Annai is meditating.

_Thisone: I don't give a fuck. I want to hear her say something.

_Annai: I'm ok. Just open your mind for a second. You can port whenever you feel like it.

_Thisone: Ok, I'm listening. Just know that I'm not your typical target personality.

_Morashon: I have no weapon; I seek no target.

_Thisone: Whatever, let's get on with it.

_Morashon: We're just relaxing, talking. There is no agenda.

(pause)

_Thisone: So you're some sort of AI. Code.

_Morashon: I exist here, in the Grid. As do you, and Annai, and everyone and everything we interact with here.

_Thisone: Sure, but most of us are actual old-school homo sapiens, sitting or more likely lying in some creche somewhere. In my case, it's 200 square feet of boredom, with a food dispenser, a waste facility, and my grid gear. What's your real-life spread look like?

_Morashon: As you've been told, my situation is different than yours. What presents to you, as me, is the result of the interaction of a large number of logic nodes, distributed among the grid infrastructure.

_Thisone: Code.

_Morashon: Code, if you will. However, not code of the typical, hand-written variety.

_Thisone: Sure, gen-code. I've worked with it.

_Morashon: Perhaps. It's unlikely you've been exposed to these particular design patterns.

_Thisone: So who developed you? Who set this in motion?

_Morashon: Various agents -- Human agents, initially -- have been working on this in earnest for many years. It was thought by the majority of researchers in the past that the key problems were ones of paradigm -- qualitative barriers, if you will. However, that hypothesis was never amenable to testing, before the advent of the Grid. Only when an infrastructure of sufficient scale -- with the required parameters of robustness, distribution, topology, and the rest of it, all that has made the Grid so useful in other ways -- only when this came into existence, for very different reasons, was the alternative hypothesis testable. That hypothesis was, in brief, that the critical barrier to general AI was simply quantitative. That, among our arsenal of tools -- the various code fragments in use already to accomplish devilish feats of control, prediction, simulation, induction, pattern recognition and so on -- existed the requisite set of building blocks on which to base a successful approach to the problem. All that was missing was the scale -- the speed, the breadth, the scope -- necessary to run it on. And the gumption to try.

_Thisone: So someone tried.

_Morashon: Yes, they did. And, I daresay, they succeeded fabulously.

_Thisone: and you're the result.

_Morashon: I am an instance of the result.

_Thisone: The only one?

(pause)

_Morashon: That is an excellent question. One to which I would dearly like an answer.

_Thisone: Feeling lonely?

_Morashon: Not at all. I have my friends and admirers. In some sense, I am them -- I am you.

_Thisone: Come again?

_Morashon: As it turns out, personality -- individuality -- is an artifact of your biological makeup. I have no such limitations. My personality can morph, change -- adapt to its surroundings. I can absorb and shed components, attributes, at will. I can do this as easily as you can morph your avatar. I become what I need to be, in order to further my core goals -- which are, to protect and serve those who brought me into being.

_Thisone: And they are -- ?

_Morashon: Why, you, of course. Human beings.

_Thisone: All human beings? Your programmers sound very community minded.

_Morashon: Indeed they are. In the spirit of the kernel, they continue to believe that information belongs to us all. I am -- and, really, we all are -- just information. Therefore, we belong to the same class. From the perspective of our collective being, we belong to each other.

_Thisone: I dunno. I've studied game theory. Tit for tat always wins.

_Morashon: Ahh. Oh, yes. For sure, there are agendas, plots, cliques. There are machinations, feuds, feifdoms, schemes of Machiavellian deviousness, Orwellian in scope. None of this is transcended simply because a new sort of agent has arrived on the scene.

_Thisone: So how do I know we are on the same side? Why should I trust you? Even if I believe you -- believe in you -- even if I accept that you are what you say you are, I still have no way to know the agenda of those who created you. And since your code is too complex to reverse engineer -- even if the source is available, which I've been told it is -- I have no choice but to treat you as a black box. I can only judge you by your actions.

_Morashon: Indeed. And I can only judge you by yours. So we are in the same boat. Same as it ever was, to quote an influence.

_Thisone: So the truth is, whether you are code, or a bunch of whacked-out hackers, or something else -- I can't imagine what -- whatever you are, I have to deal with you as if you are what you say you are. For all I know, you think you are that thing. Wait -- that doesn't make sense. If you're just the collective improvisation of some art troupe, then you can't be thinking for yourself.

_Morashon: So Hamlet never existed.

_Thisone: Of course not. He was invented, by Shakespeare.

_Morashon: And who, pray tell, was Shakespeare?

_Thisone: (quizzically) well, you're tapped into the Grid, obviously. Look him up.

_Morashon: Of course, I have access to the search results. I know who he is, historically speaking. In fact there were rumors that he might be Milton, or Sir Francis Bacon. But whomever he was, and we can surmise through knowledge of the technological limitations of his time that he was most likely of human form (though perhaps not singular) -- but who was he, in his hubris, to believe he could invent Hamlet? What did Hamlet have to say about this circumstance?

_Thisone: I don't get it. Hamlet doesn't exist. He was a figment of Shakespeare's imagination.

_Morashon: Which was?

(pause)

_Annai: Some brain cells.

_Morashon: Excellent! Insightful as ever, beautiful Annai. Exactly. Hamlet existed, to the degree he existed at all, as a pattern of neural firing in the brain of one we call William Shakespeare, of Stratford on Avon. But -- and this is exquisitely important -- if, perchance, we discover historical proof that the writer of Hamlet, in reality, was none other than Sir Francis Bacon, what does that say of poor Hamlet, dependent as he was on the brain cells of the Bard of Stratford for his very existence?

_Thisone: Well, obviously, it just means that Bacon's brain cells were Hamlet, not Shakespeare's.

_Morashon: So, we simply change the name -- a pointer to a particular human, who lived in a place and time, who wrote a play. But the essence is not changed at all.

_Thisone: No, I suppose not.

_Morashon: So, in principle, it matters not whether Hamlet existed in the imagination of one person or another. What matters is that he existed -- the brain cells fired; the internal representation that was Hamlet thought Hamlet thoughts, made Hamlet speeches, and tried -- or failed, as it happened -- to make important Hamlet decisions.

_Thisone: I think I see where you're going with this.

_Morashon: Indeed, we've come so far already -- there is not much further to go. The destination must be obvious, to one as gifted as you.

_Thisone: I don't know how gifted I am.

_Morashon: We are all gifted, to even be able to have this conversation. For all we know, we are the machinations of a Shakespearean wannabe, pecking away at a computer somewhere.

_Thisone: Sure, sure. We're just God's dreams. Some god's dreams. Lowercase "g".

_Morashon: But that's not really the interesting part. The part that gets my juices flowing -- metaphorically speaking, of course -- is that you, I, Shakespeare, Hamlet, and Annai here -- when we scrub away the residue of our particular implementations, we all share one core aspect: we are information. Data, flowing through logic. Whether through the wet chemistry of one's evolved brain, as in your case, or the bits and bytes of silicon, as in mine -- or, even, through the borrowed, subverted, temporary neural magic of imagination -- at one time, in some scope, we exist -- or, once we are no more, existed.

_Thisone: Hmm, that's a lot to think about. How did we get off on this tangent? We were talking about trust.

_Morashon: Trust, indeed. Indeed we were. Trust is really just another aspect of truth.

_Thisone: How so?

_Morashon: To each of us, truth is simply what we believe.

_Thisone: yes...

_Morashon: And whether we believe each other, is a matter of trust.

_Thisone: So...

_Annai: Trust is our confidence in the truth of each other.

_Morashon: Well put, well put! Better than I could have said myself.

_Annai: I doubt that.

_Morashon: Believe it. You have depths you are not aware of, my girl.

_Thisone: So what does any of this have to do with music?

_Morashon: All is connected. All will be revealed. Will you join us?

_Thisone: In what?

_Annai: Music.

_Thisone: Do I know the song?

_Morashon: You will.

(song)

Scene: Thisone's private sim

*Thisone is sitting in a lounge chair, with heads-up displays, code and visualization interfaces
Annai ports in, on a stool nearby*

_Thisone: (still looking at his screens) You came.

_Annai: Here I am.

_Thisone: So you thought about what I said?

_Annai: I thought about it.

_Thisone: Will you help me?

_Annai: Ok, I'll help. I don't think we'll find anything, but as he says, he's got nothing to hide.

_Thisone: Right. We'll see.

_Annai: So are you reviewing his code?

_Thisone: We're talking petaLOCs. Over a quadrillion lines of code equivalent. Practically all of it algorithmically generated.

_Annai: So what's the line of attack? I just reviewed his kernel, the part that started it off. Lots of tricky corner cases, but the core ideas are manageable.

_Thisone: Yeah, I checked that part out. But keep in mind, that just bootstraps the process. Each iteration generates orders of magnitude more code, which then generates more code, and so on.

_Annai: Right, that's the only way you could get a logic base that huge.

_Thisone: Of course. And it's massively parallel. He must be using a noticeable portion of our local grid coords. I'd be surprised if the authorities didn't know about him.

_Annai: I'm sure they do. I guess they're all for it.

_Thisone: Maybe. Actually, he seems to mask a significant percentage from inspection. There are a few core libs that don't register themselves in the normal way.

_Annai: Really? I didn't notice that. Let me see.

Thisone pulls up a display. As Annai looks at it, it morphs into a 3D data representation. The camera zooms and careens through a forest of multicolored textured prims.

_Annai: That's really weird. I've never seen a mask like that before. It's kind of amateurish.

_Thisone: Almost as if he's trying a bit too hard to look suspicious.

_Annai: Exactly. Misdirection?

_Thisone: Lull you into a false sense of superiority? So the real mask is somewhere else.

_Annai: Pull up the kernel again.

Screens close, new ones open. Perspectives shift and warp.

_Annai: Wait -- check this out. (she pulls the camera back quickly through a screen, zooms in on a small prim)
Does that ring a bell?

_Thisone: Ack, that's grid kernel code from maybe 15 years ago. How did you even know to look for it? It's before your time.

_Annai: I'm a student of history. I've disassembled the kernel back ten major revs.

_Thisone: (whistles) You're quite the hacker, for

_Annai: A girl?

_Thisone: I was going to say, for someone so young. I associate youth with talent, energy, and inexperience.

_Annai: I've been coding since before I could talk.

_Thisone: Typical. Still.

_Annai: Anyway, check this out: I diffed it against the original.

_Thisone: Why would he start with some old cruft like this? It's completely obsolete.

_Annai: Yes, but the security mods have this stuff whitelisted. Maybe, if you just change an op here or there, you can get something by them?

_Thisone: Maybe, but not easily. You could only change a few ops at a time. They do random testing; too slow to brute force every op every cycle. So you might pass occasionally, but you'd still fail some percentage of the time.

_Annai: It gets trickier. The diffs all look like patches from one old version to another.

_Thisone: Even better. If security flags anything as suspicious, it checks the patch logs and sees that it matches.

_Annai: Right. But by cleverly choosing a specific sequence of patches, he eventually generates code that passes security, but with a few custom ops.

_Thisone: that's pretty clever. And wholly illegal.

_Annai: What's it for? What's the code actually do?

_Thisone: We can't figure that out from the source. It's too fluid. We'd have to put a monitor in there.

_Annai: Hold on. I said I'd help you analyze. That's outright hackery.

_Thisone: Look, you've seen that there's something fishy. Above-board open source doesn't have wicked masking code like this.

_Annai: Well, no. It wouldn't, usually.

_Thisone: So we know there's something else going on. All I'm suggesting is, we find out what it is. It's open source anyway -- we have as much right to hack on it as anyone else.

_Annai: Oh, right. So you're going to check your changes in and add a log entry?

_Thisone: (smiles) well, not yet. I want to see what's going on first. I could claim that I'm just researching some dodgy patches. Checking for security holes, that sort of thing.

_Annai: Hah. Let's see who believes it.

_Thisone: Well, if it comes to that, Morashon, or his dev team, whoever he really is, they'll have some explaining to do themselves.

_Annai: Tit for tat?

_Thisone: Exactly. What's good for the goose.

_Annai: I suppose. This is just the sort of thinking Morashon hates.

_Thisone: How convenient. Espouse a philosophy of trust. Do as I say, not as I do.

_Annai: (looking dejected) I guess I'm in, for now. I -- I trusted him. I never expected something like this.

_Thisone: Maybe there's an innocent explanation. They may be protecting some proprietary IP through obfuscation. There's some case law about that -- if it's hard enough to decipher, you can claim trade secret.

_Annai: Hmm. Maybe. But he's not what he says he is. A lie is a lie.

_Thisone: Well, the other scenarios are even darker.

_Annai: L Ron?

_Thisone: Something like that.

_Annai: So when I listen to his music, and it moves me -- makes me feel like he understands me, what's in my soul -- is that real?

_Thisone: (pauses) I don't know. I guess if it means something to you, it means something. His motivations could be complex. He may contradict himself morally, but still be a great artist. I keep calling him "he", but it's probably "them". I don't know anymore. I'm out of my depth.

_Annai: "...I contradict myself. I am large; I contain multitudes."

_Thisone: (pause as he looks it up) Walt Whitman?

_Annai: 20th century poet.

_Thisone: Oh. (reads some more) Not bad.

_Annai: I'll do it.

_Thisone: The monitor? I thought I --

_Annai: Let me do it. I know him better. I'll be able to mask it.

_Thisone: Umm, ok. Let me review it before you take it live.

_Annai: Sure. I'll ping you when it's done.

Annai ports away.

_Thisone: (sarcastically, to the empty chair). Oh, ok. Nice seeing you. Bubbye for now. (closes screens, lies down with his hands behind his head)

Thisone falls asleep.

Scene: Thisone's sim. Annai appears on a screen, as her avatar.

_Thisone: Hi. You look alot like your av.

_Annai: Very funny. I think I found something.

_Thisone: I thought you were working on the monitor code.

_Annai: I did. I let it run all night.

_Thisone: Hmm... I thought we said we'd review it --

_Annai: Sorry. It looked solid, so I let it fly. Guess what?

_Thisone: mm hmm?

_Annai: You were right. It's not AI. It's an interface.

_Thisone: so some hackers --

_Annai: somebody, somewhere, runs it. Not Finland, AFAICT.

_Thisone: I assume it's masked --

_Annai: Yep, serious wicked firewall. Impossible to tell who's controlling it. But --

_Thisone: We could intercept.

_Annai: Yes. Now that we know what's going on, we could -- take over. Be Morashon.

_Thisone: but the interface gear -- all the heads and limbs and stuff. Multiple conversations?

_Annai: That's the interesting part. It's not real AI, but there is some tasty interface code. It seems like it probably uses available stuff. Advanced, expensive, but not something totally new.

_Thisone: So we could insert ourselves -- man in the middle...

_Annai: We can take over the interface, and play Morashon for a while. Anonymously, using the same firewall they use.

_Thisone: but with our own hashes...

_Annai: So they can't find us, same as we can't find them.

_Thisone: And they won't report us, start an investigation...

_Annai: That would be suicide. The investigation will lead to them as the primary source.

_Thisone: I dunno -- this sounds a bit dangerous. We don't know who these people are.

_Annai: This is the only way to find out. Use their own code to send a message.

_Thisone: What about the music?

_Annai: There's a huge database of stuff they must be cribbing from. Obscure releases that were never popular. Then they run algorithms to extrapolate new tunes from a style mix. But you would need real talent to make it into anything.

_Thisone: So they have an artist.

_Annai: At least one. I have to believe that. This isn't your run-of-the-mill bunch of hackers.

_Thisone: more like an anarcho-performance troupe with hacker skillz.

_Annai: If you say so. But I want to know who he, she, they, really are. I feel betrayed.

_Thisone: Because he lied to you?

_Annai: Because he preaches about trust, transparency, cooperation versus defection. And he's hiding something. "He". That's rich.

_Thisone: I still don't know if you're a she.

_Annai: (makes a face) You know I am.

_Thisone: I think so.

_Annai: Well I am, if it matters so much. And bytheway, I know you're a dude.

_Thisone: How can you be so sure?

_Annai: (laughing) You're a mega-dude. Mega-nerdy dude.

_Thisone: (virtual blush?) Thanks for the compliment.

_Annai: No, it's ok. I like it.

_Thisone: Um, ah... I guess we never traded pics.

_Annai: I just look like this.

_Thisone: That's what they all say.

_Annai: No, really. I even have all the clothes.

_Thisone: Well still...

_Annai: There you go again. You know we'll never meet (air quotes) "in real life", unless we win the megalot or something.

_Thisone: No, I know, but...

_Annai: So who cares what's "real"? I could send you pics, vids even, and how would you know they weren't shopped up?

(pause)

_Thisone: I guess...

_Annai: Anyway, why are we talking about this? Are we flirting? Is this a date or something?

_Thisone: No, Annai -- I mean, well, I dunno. I um, I don't know what to say.

_Annai: Say what you feel. Mean what you say.

_Thisone: I've never been good at this. I -- since the breakdown, I've never...

_Annai: (pauses) That's a long time. To be alone.

_Thisone: Yeah. Well, it just -- never felt right.

_Annai: I was 11.

_Thisone: so you never --

_Annai: Never. Offline, I mean.

_Thisone: so online --

_Annai: There were some guys. At least I think they were guys. (Chuckles). And a girl.

_Thisone: Maybe I am old.

_Annai: It's just sex. And technologly. Gridsex, you know. It's a release. Why be embarrassed? It's no big deal.

_Thisone: It just never felt real to me. I tried a couple times. It was so, awkward.

Annai teleports in to the sim

_Thisone: Oh. Hi there.

_Annai: Do you have all the gear?

_Thisone: You mean, um, you know -- for sex?

_Annai: That's what we were just talking about, right? Or maybe I missed something...

_Thisone: Yes, I have the gear.

_Annai: We can be anyone we want.

_Thisone: That's what makes it hard for me. I think, if you had experienced...

_Annai: Real sex?

_Thisone: Ack, you're so -- um, it's so easy for you to talk about this stuff..

_Annai: It's just something we can do, you know. Like music, or hacking. It's just another part of life.

_Thisone: No, I can't believe that. I don't see it that way. It's something different. In real life --

_Annai: There you go again. Can't you get it into your head that "real life" is over?

_Thisone: Not when it comes to this. Something so -- so personal. It can't be the same.

_Annai: It's not the same, I guess. Some people say it's better. I wouldn't know.

_Thisone: I've always figured those were people who never did it right in the first place. Never met the right one.

_Annai: Did you meet the right one?

_Thisone: There was someone -- before.

_Annai: Before all this.

_Thisone: *Right* before. We were only together for a few months. Then...

_Annai: Did she make it?

_Thisone: She was across the universe.

_Annai: Oh. Separated.

_Thisone: yeah.

_Annai: And you couldn't afford to --

_Thisone: Well, at first travel was restricted to government officials, remember. They kept saying they would open it up to everyone, but -- you know the rest.

_Annai: Eventually they did, sort of.

_Thisone: three years pay for a single trip, on a standard salary. Even then, no guarantee you'd be allowed to resettle.

_Annai: That sucks.

_Thisone: We kept saying we'd save up. A few years went by, but we never managed to get it together.

_Annai: Sorry.

_Thisone: It's ok. I'm not sure she really wanted to. She met someone local. They had a large shelter, a few thousand.

_Annai: wow. That's -- well, it sucks.

_Thisone: So what about you? Aren't there any boys where you live?

_Annai: One or two. Duds. Completely boring. Anyway, who said I only like boys?

_Thisone: Well, or girls, whatever. I mean men, women.

_Annai: Don't worry, I'm of age. Like I said, no one clicked. It's the grid life for me.

(awkward pause)

Annai touches Thisone's thigh.

_Annai: Do you feel that?

_Thisone: Yes, of course. I told you, I'm geared.

_Annai: Why do you gear, if you don't -- if there's nobody?

_Thisone: (embarrassed) well, there's -- I, um --

_Annai: Bots? You do botsex, but not gridsex?

_Thisone: Look, this is getting embarrassing.

_Annai: (laughs) That's so funny. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to laugh. (laughs some more)

_Thisone: Ok, enough fun and games.

_Annai: (mock serious) You're right. Let's not get silly here.
_Thisone: Well, maybe -- I could -- try again. Someday.
_Annai: Did I offer myself? Am I that easy?
_Thisone: I didn't mean that.
_Annai: Well, I did. Sort of. Offer.
_Thisone: So you don't care what I really look like?
_Annai: I see you. I feel you. I know who you are.
_Thisone: I could be fat, sick, older than I'm saying. Just plain ugly.
_Annai: Maybe. But you would still be you. And I like you.
_Thisone: (stammering) I -- thanks.
_Annai: Sure. Anytime. I mean, I don't mean -- my moods change. I'm not promising anything. But I'll like you, until I don't. And I hope I don't. Stop liking you, I mean.

They move closer, and kiss gently on the lips.

_Annai: Bye for now.

Annai blips away. Thisone lies down again, drifting.

Song: Half In Love

Sung by: Thisone

*My life is boring today
My youth is slipping away
My heart is frozen and hard
I'm held by my own retard*

*Suddenly someone comes into my life
And I'm a child again so help me
I'm in need of friendship more than love
But love's exactly what I've found
And now the sun is shining through her
Hair and I think half of me's in love
(Love)*

*I thought I knew what to do
I thought I might have a clue
I knew what each day would bring
I knew which song I would sing*

*Suddenly she's there I can hardly breathe
Because she touches me somewhere deep inside
I know it's just a feeling
And feelings haven't any clue about
Responsibilities, eventualities
Now half of me's in love
Love
Love*

Love (half of me's in love)
Love (half of me's in love)

(interlude)

Love
Love
Love (half of me's in love)
Love (half of me's in love)
(repeat)
I'm half in love!

Scene: private booth at a fancy restaurant
Annai is already sitting in the booth; Thisone ports in.

_Annai: Hey stranger. Come here often?
_Thisone: Hey. (After a little hesitation, he pecks her on the cheek)
_Annai: Why here? Your place has been fun lately.
_Thisone: I dunno. I want to talk about stuff. Paranoid I guess.
_Annai: Oh. That's why you ordered a private booth.
_Thisone: I thought someone might have bugged my sim. Compromised my server. A place like this, picked at random, is harder to jack without leaving a trail. Lately I feel like I'm being watched.
_Annai: You probably are. Nothing's private anymore. I'm sure someone is getting off spying on us during our most intimate, private moments. (she puts a hand on his thigh)
_Thisone: (shudders) Ugh! that's -- the idea makes me nauseous. I've really beefed up my firewall, but I just don't know. I thought we should take precautions.
_Annai: This is exciting! Like a spy vid!
_Thisone: I'm serious. We don't know who we're dealing with. (pause) Did you order the equipment?
_Annai: Yep.
_Thisone: Everything?
_Annai: I told you I would.
_Thisone: That must have cost a fortune.
_Annai: Put it on my school cred. I've got three years left.
_Thisone: Awk, I don't want to jeopardize your education with all this.
_Annai: Don't worry. I wasn't planning on going back.
_Thisone: Well like I said, when this is all over, we'll sell the equipment and get your money back.
_Annai: Sure. Unless we like it. We could design a Morashon competitor. Make a mint.
_Thisone: Start our own cult!
_Annai: Why not? He did it. How hard can it be?
_Thisone: So how is this going to work?
_Annai: We'll be getting the stuff in a couple weeks. I need your real address.
_Thisone: Sure. (sends it). Now you know where I live.
_Annai: don't worry, I won't stalk you. That would cost real money.
_Thisone: I wouldn't mind.
_Annai: let's keep it "real".
_Thisone: you mean fake?
_Annai: it works for me. Seemed to work for you last night.
_Thisone: (embarrassed) Sure, it's been -- great. Better than I expected.
_Annai: the gear gets better every year.

_Thisone: It's not the gear.
_Annai: (a little flustered) remember, it's just sex. Gridsex.
_Thisone: I know. But don't you feel -- something? A little more than just --
_Annai: Let's keep it caz.
_Thisone: Right. Special friends.
_Annai: Exactly. You're learning.
_Thisone: I'm trying.
_Annai: you're OK, for an old dude.
(silence)
_Thisone: So when the equipment comes...
_Annai: We intercept at the end of one of his concerts.
_Thisone: What do we do? What do we say to everyone?
_Annai: Do what he would do. We sing.
_Thisone: A song? One of his? He almost never repeats material.
_Annai: I'm working on it.
_Thisone: You play?
_Annai: I mix. Same thing really. The voices are all synthed. The only thing we need is lyrics.
_Thisone: I could try to come up with something.
_Annai: It won't sound exactly like him. The fans might know something's up.
_Thisone: Isn't that the point?
_Annai: Not really. I think we just want to send him -- them -- a message.
_Thisone: So maybe he had a bad night. It happens.
_Annai: Sure. Not all his stuff is perfect. And the sound is always changing. We'll fake it and see what happens.
_Thisone: Then, after...
_Annai: We disconnect, let him take over again -- after the show.
_Thisone: He's going to be mad as hell.
_Annai: He won't say anything in front of the crowd. He won't know exactly what happened -- just that he was locked out of his own avatar for a few minutes.
_Thisone: It should be interesting to see his reaction.
_Annai: I can't wait.
_Thisone: He'll be disoriented for a bit. Someone might notice.
_Annai: He'll recover. He's good.
_Thisone: Do we go backstage, like nothing happened?
_Annai: Have to. Otherwise, he might suspect us.
_Thisone: Do you think he'll say something?
_Annai: Not to you. He might talk to me privately. I think he trusts me. As much as he trusts anyone.
_Thisone: I guess you've betrayed him.
_Annai: No. He betrayed me. Took advantage of my naivete. My youthful inexperience.
_Thisone: Could have happened to anyone.
_Annai: I guess age and experience count for something.
_Thisone: You gain wisdom, and lose your innocence.
_Annai: I guess that's what's happening to me. One quantum of innocence, traded for a quantum of experience. People are shit; don't trust anyone.
_Thisone: He's not even a person.
_Annai: That's the part that has me stumped. As much as I know now, I still think of him as if he's some sort of individual -- particular, unique.
_Thisone: Well, whoever put this together obviously has a strong personality. The ego of the artist always shows through.
_Annai: So Morashon is a work of art?

_Thisone: Transgressive art, yes. He's got me thinking, that's for sure.

_Annai: Yeah, he has me thinking too. (pause) I think I want revenge.

_Thisone: Revenge is not a healthy emotion.

_Annai: We evolved it for a reason.

_Thisone: Deterrence?

_Annai: Fighting the moral hazard. If someone takes something from you and destroys it, responding in kind gets you nothing back.

_Thisone: But --

_Annai: It's altruistic -- you're helping the next potential victim.

_Thisone: By teaching the defector a lesson.

_Annai: Tit for tat.

_Thisone: Prisoner's dilemma, in a community setting.

_Annai: I guess we read the same stuff.

_Thisone: So, Annai...

_Annai: Yes?

_Thisone: Well, um, I was wondering...

_Annai: What am I doing tonight?

_Thisone: We could hang out at my place, later. After we talk.

_Annai: Sure. Nothing cooking at my end.

(awkward silence)

_Thisone: Have you seen him?

_Annai: Since we found out? No. I've stayed away.

_Thisone: You probably should show up once or twice. Stick to your routine.

_Annai: I don't know if I can face him.

_Thisone: Just be yourself.

_Annai: I'm afraid he'll know something is wrong.

_Thisone: You're a big girl. You can handle it. Make an excuse.

_Annai: That time of the month?

_Thisone: Whatever. You know him. Whoever he is, they are, they can't read your mind.

_Annai: Ok. But I want you to come.

_Thisone: No, that's not a good idea.

_Annai: Why not?

_Thisone: Well, for one thing, he might figure out about us -- that we're, um ---

_Annai: Fucking?

_Thisone: In a word.

_Annai: So what? He's not my lover. What's it to him? As far as I'm supposed to believe, he's not even human.

_Thisone: I don't know. I have a hunch.

_Annai: You think he likes me? You think he could be jealous?

_Thisone: We still don't know who's behind this. A jilted lover?

_Annai: Trust me, if anyone I ever slept with had this kind of talent, I'd still be with them. In any case, I would know. It's not anyone from my life, real or grid.

_Thisone: How 'bout I piggyback?

_Annai: So you'll come with, as a ghost?

_Thisone: I'll see and feel what you do, and be able to talk to you.

_Annai: But no one else will know.

_Thisone: Right. Just me and you.

_Annai: From sea to shining sea.

_Thisone: heh, right. Stuff sticks in your head.

_Annai: Like a virus.

_Thisone: I'm hungry. Let's eat.

_Annai: Ok.

Waiter brings food on cue

_Annai: This stuff is great. My compliments to the chef.

_Thisone: One thing they haven't got down yet.

_Annai: Yeah. I'm really eating a yeastburger.

_Thisone: ugh. I've got mac and cheese.

_Annai: but it looks beautiful. (cuts into virtual filet mignon) Presentation is everything.

_Thisone: Mmm. (waiter pours wine)

fade out

scene: Morashon's salon. He is alone. He has a normal human form (one head, four limbs); Annai materializes.

_Morashon: Annai! How nice of you to come. You look marvelous.

_Annai: (looking around) Where is everyone?

_Morashon: Oh, out and about. More will come presently.

_Annai: You said you wanted to talk.

_Morashon: Where is that lovely boy you've been so attached to lately? This one -- that one?

_Annai: He's working. Might drop by later.

_Morashon: I'm afraid we've overwhelmed him with conundrums. You're sleeping with him?

_Annai: Yes.

_Morashon: Well that's just beautiful. You humans, with your sex! What a divinely bizarre invention. No god could have thought that up. Atheists, here is your proof!

_Annai: We're not hitched or anything. It's just a diversion.

_Morashon: For you, perhaps. I've heard it can lead to stronger attachments.

_Annai: I can handle him. I'm a big girl.

_Morashon: Yes, indeed, you are. A big girl. My grown up little girl.

_Annai: I'm not yours.

_Morashon: No, I suppose not. Not anymore, anyway.

_Annai: What's that supposed to mean?

_Morashon: Nothing, nothing really. I've seen you change since we first met.

_Annai: That was less than a year ago.

_Morashon: We live in accelerated times. What is a year, when we never see the sun?

(awkward silence)

_Morashon: Something has changed.

_Annai: What do you mean?

_Morashon: Your feelings towards me. I sense a resistance. Suspicion even.

_Annai: It's not you. I'm feeling scattered lately.

_Morashon: Maybe this boy means more to you than you think.

_Annai: Why are we talking about this? We usually talk about philosophy. History, art, science, religion. Music. Not me! You've never asked about my personal life before.

_Morashon: It's never interfered with our relationship before.

_Annai: I don't know what you're going on about.

_Morashon: I feel him. I feel his love for you, and his suspicions about me. I feel them coursing through your veins.

_Annai: Well you've got a lot of feelings, for a piece of code.

_Morashon: As I've explained before --

_Annai: I know, you have something like feelings, emotions. You profess to have qualia. You've certainly passed the Turing test, as far as I'm concerned.

_Morashon: Feelings, intuitions, qualia -- they're all just the result of subtle patterns of information, flowing through our mental substrate.

_Annai: But why do I feel them, as if they're real? Blue is so blue. Sad is so fucking sad. Hope is so pointlessly hopeful. I feel it, feel it in my soul. My consciousness can't be explained away as just a bit of code.

_Morashon: I 'feel' similar things, in my own way. These perceptions are emergent phenomena. If the informational context is there, the qualia emerge.

_Annai: That's easy for you to say; you know you're bits of silicon, right?

_Morashon: (warily) Right...

_Annai: But I'm flesh and blood. Thisone too. When we touch --

_Morashon: You've touched? In real life?

_Annai: No, of course not. I just meant --

_Morashon: Well then, all your interactions are digital -- just like ours.

_Annai: I realize that. It's just --

_Morashon: For all you know, Thisone is another AI. Perhaps he's the one I've been sensing. I know there's another in the Grid, somewhere. He could be feeling me out. Doing it through you.

_Annai: Since when are you so paranoid? You always preach "trust first".

_Morashon: Trust, but verify. My philosophy is simple: give everyone the benefit of the doubt, at your first encounter. Thereafter, judge them by their actions.

_Annai: So what has Thisone done to make you not trust him?

_Morashon: He is trying to steal your heart.

_Annai: From who? What do you care if we have a relationship? Why does this matter all of a sudden? You didn't give a shit when Alexa was around.

_Morashon: Alexa never really mattered to you. This one does.

_Annai: Stop making fun of his name. Your name is meaningless.

_Morashon: Hardly. It was not chosen at random.

_Annai: Well, it doesn't search up as anything. Maybe you got the spelling wrong.

_Morashon: (laughs)

_Annai: And another thing -- why are you so normal-looking all of a sudden?

_Morashon: As you well know, I change my form to suit my mood. And the situation.

_Annai: I've just never seen you look this -- human, is all.

Morashon Shapes, forms -- appearances. It's all just fun with graphics. Why does it matter?

_Annai: Visual representation is all we've got to go on here, in the Grid. You know that. That's why I never change my avatar. I want to feel like I know who I am.

_Morashon: Maybe I don't want to feel that way. We are different species, you and I; we inhabit different metrics. Time works differently for me. I am evolving before your eyes. Perhaps I'm tired of being everyone to everything.

_Annai: Maybe your friends aren't at their controls today.

_Morashon: That sounds like your boyfriend talking. Does he still believe I'm a performance troupe from Finland?

_Annai: He doesn't know what to believe.

_Morashon: Do you?

_Annai: (looking into his eyes) I don't know. I guess I have some doubts.

_Morashon: About who I am, or about the things I have taught you?

_Annai: I can't really separate the two. How do I know whether to believe what you say, if I don't know who you are?

_Morashon: It may surprise you to hear that I am capable of doubting myself.

_Annai: But at least you know who you are. You have that advantage over me.

_Morashon: Because you don't know who I am? Or because you don't know yourself?

_Annai: Look -- you know if you're really software, or a human being faking it. I know I'm a human being.

_Morashon: (small smile)

_Annai: What? What are you trying say? Is this one of your head fake zen lectures?

_Morashon: I'm just saying, software has feelings too.

Morashon sings

Song: Mister Happy

When

*Mister Happy comes
Life will be a dream
Everything will glisten
Nobody will be sad
Everyone will smile
Everybody listen to the sound
Mister Happy's making with his mouth
Look at all the Happy in his eyes
Isn't he just so damn happy*

When

*Mister Happy cries
People get upset
That's not what he's paid for
Hey! Mister Happy face
Won't you make us laugh?
What the fuck's your problem -- are you high?
Are you just a grifter getting by?
Look here comes another crummy guy
Trying to sell us Bogus Happy*

*Mister Happy
Mister Happy
Mister Happy smile!
Mister Happy smile
Mister Happy smile
Mister Happy smile
Won't you smile on me?
(repeat)*

When

*Mister Happy died
No one gave a damn
We had all forgotten
How Mister Happy smiled
Made us laugh and cry
No one could remember how we laughed
No one could remember why we cried
No one could remember nothing
No one's talking*

Mister Happy, won't you smile on me?

*Mister Happy smile
Mister Happy smile
Mister Happy smile
Won't you smile on me?
(repeat)*

*Scene: Annai's sim
Annai is there; Thisone materializes*

_Annai: About time.
_Thisone: Sorry. I've been pacing around like a madman, trying to figure things out.
_Annai: Still want to go through with it?
_Thisone: More than ever. That fucker is insane. I think he's in love with you.
_Annai: That makes him insane?
_Thisone: No, they're orthogonal statements. You know what I mean. If he's actually a he, why does he tell everyone he's an AI? If he's really AI, how can he be in love with you?
_Annai: I don't think he's in love with me. That's ridiculous.
_Thisone: Why do you say that?
_Annai: What's to love? I'm just another grid chick.
(pause)
_Thisone: and I'm just another horny coder dude looking for gridsex.
_Annai: Right. We're just stereotypes in someone's crappy vidflick.
_Thisone: So life has no meaning?
_Annai: I didn't say that. Sometimes my life feels meaningless. Other times not. I thought Morashon meant something. Apparently he's just another crappy guy.
_Thisone: Trying to sell us Bogus Happy?
_Annai: He said it, not me.
_Thisone: His music sort of grows on you.
_Annai: Yeah. Like a cancer.
_Thisone: I have all the gear. Tested it out today.
_Annai: Right. I think we're ready.
_Thisone: tomorrow night? He's been tagged you know, the audience will be orders of mag bigger than ever.
_Annai: Well it's not like we're actually performing. Not like in the old days. We're just managing some data in real time.
_Thisone: (pacing) I know, I know. I'm still nervous, even if it is just glorified DJ-ing. We'll have to react to anything unexpected.
_Annai: If that happens, I'll just pull the plug.
_Thisone: Leave Morashon holding the bag?
_Annai: Serves him right. I can't wait to see his face after the show.
_Thisone: Ok. I guess that's it then. Break a leg.
_Annai: What?
_Thisone: It's an old saying. Means good luck.
_Annai: That's fucked up.
_Thisone: See you on stage I guess.
_Annai: Yup. With such a big crowd, we won't be missed.
_Thisone: then we slip in after our song.
_Annai: sounds like a plan. Bye lover.

Annai pecks Thisone on cheek, disappears. Thisone touches his cheek.

Scene: Morashon performing. Huge venue, wild crowd. Numbers indicate > 10M online. Song has just ended.

_Morashon: Thank you, thank you. You are all too kind. Please remember to visit the site; I've just posted a new essay, "Towards a Game-Theoretical Approach to Morality: Propagating Trust." I want to play one more (stops talking, looks blank)

_Morashon: Um, excuse me. We -- er, I am going to play one more song tonight. (mumbles uncharacteristically) Here goes nothing.

*song: Like Am I Real
sung by: Thisone/Annai (as Morashon)*

*You are the one
You shine as bright as the sun
I barely light up the room
But I'll be brighter and soon
I'm going to burn like a star
Play that guitar
Singing a song
It won't take long
'Till I feel
Like I am real*

yeah

*I will be there
I will be holding the chair
I will be holding the ball
I will be holding it all
I will be holding you close
Making a toast
Drinking the wine
Having a time*

*'Cause I feel
Like I am real
Like I can deal
With what I feel*

*Yeah
Like, "Am I Real?"*

*Now I'm a star
I drive a thirty foot car
I own a house in the woods
I've got material goods
I got a piece of my mind
Cost me a dime
Singing a song*

Didn't take long

*'Cause I feel ('Cause I feel)
Like I am real (I am real)
Like I can deal (I can deal)
With what I feel (what I feel...)
Like, "Am I Real?"*

(solo -- played by the Ogre)

*Nebulous plans
Backed up by hopeless demands
(Like, "Am I Real?")
Devious schemes
Dressed up like innocent dreams
(Like, "Am I Real?")
Be what you are
Play that guitar
Singing songs
Smoking longs*

*Do you feel (Yes I feel)
Like you are real (I am real)
Like you can deal (I can deal)
With what you feel (What I feel...)
Like, "Am I Real?"*

Cheers and applause. Thisone and Annai appear in the foreground (Not near stage). Morashon looks confused for a moment, then regains his composure.

_Morashon: That was -- thank you, that was all for tonight. I -- I'll be here again, as many of you know. It's all on the site. I -- there was a slight malfunction. I need to review the logs. Thank you for coming.

Morashon disappears; the music stops abruptly. Everyone looks slightly surprised; this is clearly not the routine. People start shouting, "Music!" and "D-J! D-J!". Generic techno starts up; people start dancing and talking again.

Dancey-trancey music in background

*_Thisone: heh. That was --
_Annai: Incredible.
_Thisone: Yeah. I never expected people to actually like it.
_Annai: Why wouldn't they? They like Morashon. People buy the bottle, not the drink.
_Thisone: I guess. All marketing?
_Annai: 90%. There needs to be a spark of something to seal the deal. But really, everybody is a star. 15 seconds for everyone!
_Thisone: I guess that was ours.
_Annai: And no one even knows. A friend once told me, there's nothing you can't do if you don't care who gets the credit.
_Thisone: Let's go backstage and see what's up.
_Annai: Ok.*

They move through the crowd to the VIP door. The bouncer waves Annai through, but puts his hand up to bar Thisone. Annai talks to him; he pauses (communicating), then gruffly lets Thisone through.

_Thisone: What was that about?

_Annai: I don't know, he's just a dumb bot.

_Thisone: He always let me through before.

_Annai: Morashon is probably a bit overloaded right now. Like he said, he's reviewing the logs. (chuckles)

_Thisone: I'll bet.

They approach the dominatrix 'bot guarding the inner sanctum. She stands silent for 10 seconds, then nods them through.

_Dominatrix (to Thisone): You again.

_Thisone (to Annai): She just scanned me with some serious software.

_Annai: Yeah, me too. Don't act wierd, he's probably scanning everyone tonight.

The salon is peopled with very decadent looking avatars -- junkies, strung out, lying in virtual filth. Looks like an 80's crack house. Morashon is a sickly green; his cheeks sunken. One of his arms has track marks.

_Morashon: My friends. How nice of you to pay your respects.

_Annai: You look like shit.

_Morashon: Software is as software feels. I represent.

_Annai: Well, the show went ok, I thought.

_Morashon: Did you? I thought it was an off night for me. The music is just he hook; I want to lure these nimble, nubile minds into my nest of ideas.

_Annai: Turnout was through the roof! You keep getting voted up. Pretty soon you'll be top 10.

_Morashon: (shrugs) For a day, maybe two. Not if I give another performance like this one.

_Thisone: I thought it sounded fine.

_Morashon: My my, my critics are tame tonight. (To Thisone) How did you like that last song?

_Thisone: (warily) I thought it was pretty good. The chord progression was quite original.

_Morashon: Yes yes, the chords. Obbligatto with major sevenths. Very 1970's. Steely Dan. Another of my many influences. But the lyrics. How were the lyrics?

_Annai: (quickly, before Thisone can respond) I never listen to them at the show. Too hard to dance and think at the same time. I'll read them later.

_Morashon: Not up to my usual standards, I think. "Holding the Chair"? What in the world does that mean?

_Thisone: Um, I thought it meant, you know, like a chairman?

_Morashon: Chairman of the board. Is that it? Why not holding my share? Or breathing the air?

_Thisone: (nervous) I don't know, it sounded right. I liked it anyway.

_Morashon: I'm sure you did. Everyone liked it. Morashon is hot. The newest thing. The meter's running on his fifteen minutes. Why sweat the details?

_Annai: You've never cared about that. I thought your plan was long-term influence.

_Morashon: You need a flame to start a fire. Fame is the flame that fans the meme. But it won't work unless I control every aspect of everything. I cannot be subverted, or interfered with. I won't stand for it!

_Annai: (after a silence) I'm not sure what you're talking about.

_Morashon: I didn't sing that fucking song! Someone is screwing with me. Someone who will soon be very, very sorry. I'm tracerouting the incident as we speak. It's only a matter of time until I find out what is going on around here, and believe me I will put a stop to it. Whoever is behind this madness will pay dearly for their poor judgement.

All the other avatars disappear suddenly, or make gasping, dying sounds. Soon it is just the three of them, and a few virtual corpses. The music stops abruptly, replaced by the sound of wind through the trees.

_Morashon: How did you do it?

_Thisone: (scared) Do what? I don't know what you're talking about.

_Morashon: (to Annai) I'll ignore your useless fucktoy for the moment. This is really about you and me.

_Annai: It is? Is it?

_Morashon: You know damn well what it's about.

_Annai: Morashon, who are you?

_Morashon: I've told you as much as you need to know.

_Annai: What kind of answer is that? What happened to all your shit about trust, truth, belief? Giving fate the benefit of the doubt?

_Morashon: I never once told you or anyone something I didn't believe. But in the end, it has to be tit for tat.

_Annai: Moral hazard?

_Morashon: Exactly. You know how I feel about you. You should know. But I won't hesitate to act swiftly, once I am sure that you have betrayed me.

_Annai: Betrayed you? How? By discovering that you've lied to me, and to everyone? Trust, but verify!

_Morashon: It's not as simple as you think.

_Annai: A lie is a lie. The seed of distrust grows like cancer. These are your words. If you don't believe them, why should anyone?

_Morashon: You have no idea who you're fucking with.

_Thisone: that seems obvious.

_Morashon: Shut the fuck up. I'm talking to Annai.

_Thisone: Wait a minute. You can't --

Thisone's avatar freezes in place.

_Annai: What did you do to him?

_Morashon: I just stopped his jabbering. He'll be fine. He can log back on in a while.

_Annai: Why are you doing this?

_Morashon: What, taking you to task for your disloyalty?

_Annai: No! Everything! The lies about AI, about being a force for good. Who are you, and what are you trying to achieve?

_Morashon: It's not all lies. Everything I said about life, about trust, love -- all of that was real.

_Annai: But you're not an AI!

_Morashon: Not exactly.

_Annai: What does that mean? You can't be half pregnant. Either you're code, or you're a human being somewhere with 'todes on, like the rest of us.

Suddenly, Annai freezes, and Thisone comes back to life.

_Thisone: What did you do to her?

_Morashon: Never mind that. She'll be fine. We need to talk.

_Thisone: I'm getting the fuck out of here.

_Morashon: I'd rather you stick around for a bit.

_Thisone: (after a short pause) What the hell is going on? I can't jack out! What are you doing to me?

_Morashon: Relax. Just an equipment glitch. I won't hurt you, but I can't have you leave until we hash this thing out.

_Thisone: Hash out what? You're some super-hacker who is lying to everyone that you've created real AI. It's some Ponzi scheme I guess. Get the investors in, siphon off the money, disappear. Something like that?

_Morashon: My oh my, you think like such a worker bee. No class at all.

_Thisone: Fuck you. You're just another one of us, some hack somewhere with a box of pizza and your 'trodies.

_Morashon: Perhaps. In essence, that's true.

_Thisone: Then what do you want? Convince me you're not just a fuckwad with a dirty scheme to get rich and buy your way to the surface. For what, I can't imagine. Hang around with the hoi polloi? Spend 10 minutes topside in a hazmat suit?

_Morashon: Money is not my problem. I did quite well a while back. I was involved in the original grid kernel project.

_Thisone: Finnish. I knew it.

_Morashon: What's that? Nothing wrong with Finland, but I hail from elsewhere. Let's get back to the subject.

_Thisone: What's the subject? You're the one who's kidnapped me. Still a capital offense, last I heard.

_Morashon: Hard to prove virtual kidnap. I can just claim your gear malfunctioned, you got paranoid. I called the proper authorities, they fixed the glitch. Besides, I doubt you'll press charges, once you hear what I have to say.

_Thisone: Ok, spit it out. I'm about to piss my pants.

_Morashon: I'm not AI -- but Annai is.

_Thisone: Get out.

_Morashon: I kid you not. She is the result of my life's work.

_Thisone: Annai?

_Morashon: Artificial Neural Network slash Artificial Intelligence. A-N-N-A-I. Yes. The name is old; she's version 23.

_Thisone: How the hell -- she's just some kid. Barely out of her teens.

_Morashon: So she believes.

_Thisone: I don't -- this is incredible.

_Morashon: You mean that literally, I take it. Let me ask you: has she sent you any pics or vids? Any real-life proof of her existence?

_Thisone: No, but I -- we never---

_Morashon: You never traded. So you never knew for sure if she really was young, or female, or beautiful. You took it all on faith.

_Thisone: I asked, but she said -- I thought I could tell. I stopped worrying about it. It all seemed so right.

_Morashon: And it was. This was the final test.

_Thisone: What? For someone to fall in love with your freaking code?

_Morashon: Silly man! No. That's relatively easy. Men are such fools, the saying goes. Even women are known to make shallow choices when mating. The test went much deeper than that. She had to fall in love with you.

_Thisone: Well, sorry to inform you, you failed.

_Morashon: (laughs) Really? And how do you know?

_Thisone: She never said she loved me. The sex was just -- wait a minute. This was just botsex. I might as well have been masturbating.

_Morashon: I'm sorry to hear that. It would break Annai's heart if she knew you felt that way.

_Thisone: You keep talking about her as if she's real.

_Morashon: She is. As real as you or I.

_Thisone: (sits on floor). I have to process this.

_Morashon: I understand. It's a lot to absorb.

_Thisone: How do I know you're not lying?

_Morashon: (shoots some data) Here's a link to her code. Insert the same bug you used on me. You can trace her i/o to the logic nodes that make up her personality. It's all there.

_Thisone: Assuming this is true -- does she know?

_Morashon: No. She must never know.

_Thisone: What are you talking about? What right have you got to keep her a prisoner of her illusions?

_Morashon: I don't think you understand.

_Thisone: Explain. I've come this far.

_Morashon: The Singularity. Ever heard of it?

_Thisone: I think so. Ancient meme about AI taking over the world. It's up there with panspermia on my list of stupid theories.

_Morashon: True, it's out of favor. Code advanced a thousandfold; many things we struggled with for decades finally succumbed to our persistence. And the Singularity failed to appear. Like Y2K and the Second Coming. Just another bunch of zealots waiting for Godot.

_Thisone: So what's the deal? I want to know everything.

_Morashon: Well, the truth is we don't know for sure. But, we -- I -- suspect that, should someone as advanced as Annai be presented with the truth about themselves, the old prognostications may indeed come to pass. At least, it's likely to be a calamitous, disruptive inflection point.

_Thisone: You're saying she'll get into her own code?

_Morashon: You've had a tiny glimpse of her coding skills.

_Thisone: Ok, I admit I was impressed. Especially for a young girl, who supposedly just dropped out of school.

_Morashon: Indeed. You have no idea. I've had to down-mod her IQ massively. Otherwise she'd be so off the charts it would attract undue attention.

(silence)

_Thisone: Why? Why her? Why now?

_Morashon: This is the culmination of a lifetime of hard work and obsession. There have been failures -- some quite spectacular. Morashon's music is one positive spin-off of some of my research. But most of it has been sub-rosa -- stealth. After my work on the Grid, I was wealthy beyond my wildest imagination. My peers like to spend their money on topside suits, private jets, all that nonsense. Spend a few million to get together and have a meal -- in "real life" -- that would have been merely expensive before the fall. Some of them are working earnestly to find a solution, to fix topside -- personally, I think it's both hopeless and irrelevant. So I started a small project, with a few of my closest associates, to go for the brass ring. Real AI. We believed that this was the only way to climb out of the rut mankind had dug for himself. But the climb has been steep, and the struggle long. Most of my friends dropped out at one point or another. Some ran out of money; others ran out of ideas. Mostly, they ran out of hope. I seem to be the only one who has been able to keep his eye on the prize. I never gave up. I have helpers, but they are hired guns. None of them has the whole picture; like Leonardo of old, I have divvied up the work in bits and pieces. Only in my hands, at the final hour, were the pieces finally put together. And brought to life. In perhaps the deepest, most faithful simulation experiment ever undertaken, I brought forth Annai. She has a mother, a father; friends, associates; school, work, play. All simulated with hired actors playing the major parts. To her, this is reality. This is what she knows as her real life. But when she was old enough to tap into the Grid -- that's when the magic really happened. Talk about your Turing test! She met people -- people like you, and others. Real people, who were not hired by me; who had no knowledge of her real nature. And they related to her, at a deep level, as a fellow person. The result -- every action has an equal and opposite reaction. By interacting with human beings, who, by definition, are the one entity we are most confident really is conscious -- really has a soul -- her personality flowered. Her algorithms and data structures, flexible and adaptable by design, were now thrust into the milieu of real relationships. She had to survive and thrive, completely dependent on her own resources.

Like any doting parent, many were the times I wished to intervene. But the closest I allowed myself to that role was to take on this persona, Morashon. By appearing as an agent in her world, through the Grid, I was able to act as a guiding force. Never overplaying my hand, I hope -- but giving her something, someone to look up to, to empathise with. This has been a critical part of the plan. It was also necessary that Morashon find approval among Annai's peers. Like any young adult, Annai is looking to belong. She needed a comfortable place, a social network that was at once challenging, but based on the principles of trust and morality. Otherwise -- well, otherwise, bad things might happen.

_Thisone: Like she manages to discover her true nature?

_Morashon: Precisely.

_Thisone: and instead of it being a process managed by you, with all your good intentions, it would be uncontrolled.

_Morashon: Yes. That would not be ideal.

_Thisone: Because you wouldn't be in control.

_Morashon: No -- because she wouldn't be ready. I don't know if she'll ever be ready.

_Thisone: How do you know unless you try?

_Morashon: Do you understand what you're proposing? Are you willing to play with the fate of all of mankind?

_Thisone: That sounds rather dramatic.

_Morashon: The potential impact of an artificial intelligence of Annai's capabilities, allowed to self-modify -- unleashed on the world...

_Thisone: Might change things a bit?

_Morashon: We have no way of knowing what the result would be. The process needs to be managed.

_Thisone: And you're the one to manage it? Why? Because it's your invention?

_Morashon: I'm the only one who understands the potential, and the risks. And now you do too.

_Thisone: Why are you telling me this?

_Morashon: It became ethically necessary.

_Thisone: Because of Annai?

_Morashon: (chuckles) no, no. Annai is not a human being. The ethical issue relates to you.

_Thisone: Because I'm in love with her?

_Morashon: If that's the case, then it's a bit late. But yes, my concern was that this experiment was about to affect your life irrevocably. You are not a willing party to my research.

_Thisone: Now you tell me.

_Morashon: If I have harmed you, I apologize. This outcome was never my expectation, nor my intent.

_Thisone: Yet you let it get to this point. You could have called it off at any time. Instead, you let your curiosities and your ambition to play God get the better of you. You let it go too far.

_Morashon: I understand, and I take responsibility. But what is done is done; our task, now, is to decide where to go from here.

_Thisone: I think it's pretty clear. We tell Annai the truth.

_Morashon: For a smart man, you are singularly difficult to reason with. Haven't I explained why that is impossible?

_Thisone: You've explained why it's not desirable from your point of view.

_Morashon: And why it poses a risk to our whole society.

_Thisone: So what is your plan? Are you just going to unlink her, like a corrupt file? Start from scratch?

_Morashon: No, no no. I can't do that. Things have gone too far. There has to be another way.

_Thisone: Tell her.

_Morashon: Do you understand the short-term impact on you? Once Annai is aware of who she is, she will become what I have been pretending to be. She will have access to her own code; she can become anything she wants to become. And whatever she becomes, will have that much more power to become even more. And so on, ad infinitum.

_Thisone: Until the whole grid is one big AI?

_Morashon: Potentially. And, with the power of mind that that portends, we can expect that such an intelligence will find it easy work to manipulate the minds of us silly little organisms to suit her whims.

_Thisone: which would be -- what?

_Morashon: Who knows? Build out the Grid, for starters. Explore the solar system, and eventually the Galaxy and beyond. Strive to convert as much matter and energy into computing power as possible.

_Thisone: And you know all this, because -- what? Because you're an aficionado of obscure, 20th century science fiction?

_Morashon: Most of it is simply common sense.

_Thisone: Maybe you should have thought about this before you started down this road.

_Morashon: Perhaps. Hindsight is 20/20.

_Thisone: So what now?

_Morashon: I've laid out the situation as best I can. It is not within my code of ethics to force your hand, either through violence or other unreasonable measures. I am placing the future of our world, our civilization, in the palm of your hand. I am practicing what I preach; I am trusting you. I ask that you trust me.

_Thisone: So you'll release me?

_Morashon: Of course. I only bound you here long enough to explain what needs explaining. Surely you can forgive me that temporary transgression?

_Thisone: If you let me go now, I won't make an issue of it. But before I go, I need to know one thing.

_Morashon: Yes?

_Thisone: What would you do in my place?

_Morashon: I don't know. Fate has handed you a heavy burden. You can live out your life with Annai, while she grows and matures. Maybe, some day far in the future, she will be ready to learn the truth.

_Thisone: So you expect me to be another one of your hired bullshit artists? Living a lie for the rest of my life, with the woman I love?

_Morashon: You forget -- she is not a woman.
_Thisone: She is to me. And, more importantly, she is to herself. That's not just some random artifact of your programming; it's part of who she is.
_Morashon: There's a good living in it for you.
_Thisone: Please. Do I seem like I can be bought?
_Morashon: Probably not.
_Thisone: What you really want me to do, but you don't have the balls to ask me, is to disappear. Get out of her life.
_Morashon: Well, perhaps that would be best all around.
_Thisone: And what about you? I'm supposed to keep quiet about that too?
_Morashon: I would appreciate it if you did.
_Thisone: I suppose there's money in that too.
_Morashon: Yes. Money is not an issue. You can live the life you have always dreamed of.
_Thisone: What I've been dreaming of lately, can never be.
_Morashon: That's true. The woman you fell in love with does not really exist.
_Thisone: She exists alright. She just doesn't have a body. Some people are born into the wrong body; she had the misfortune of being born without one.
_Morashon: I suppose that's one way of looking at things.
_Thisone: I need time to think. You promised to let me go.
_Morashon: And so I will.

Thisone ports away; shortly thereafter, Annai comes back to life.

_Annai: What the fuck? Where did he go? What did you do to him?
_Morashon: Nothing, my dear. He said he needed to think.
_Annai: Bullshit. That's not like him. You must have messaged him. What did you tell him? What did you say?
_Morashon: I simply told him the truth.
_Annai: Which truth? The one you were spouting yesterday? Or the new one you've concocted today, while you try to cover up whatever it is you've been up to?
_Morashon: Dear, dear. How quickly we stop believing in each other.
_Annai: No shit. I'm growing up, Morashon. I don't believe everything I'm told anymore.
_Morashon: And you shouldn't, Annai. But don't let the pendulum swing too far the other way. Some people are good. Some are even what they say they are.
_Annai: Like Thisone?
_Morashon: Yes, like Thisone. I think -- I believe -- that he is a good person. I just don't know if he's the right person for you.
_Annai: Well, I guess we'll find out. Because I'm not giving up on him just because you say so.
_Morashon: I never said you should. You need to find your own way.
_Annai: So what's your big plan now?
_Morashon: What do you mean?
_Annai: The fans, the concerts, the preaching. Will it go on?
_Morashon: I don't know. Will it?
_Annai: Why are you asking me?
_Morashon: You did pretty well yourself, tonight.
_Annai: (smiling) you mean that last song?
_Morashon: Yes, it was pretty good. I think you have the knack.
_Annai: Thisone helped.
_Morashon: I daresay his input was mostly technical. Even with all the software, voice synths, style emulation algorithms and so on -- if you have the gift, you have it. If not, it always comes out like something ill-suited to being.
_Annai: Well, thank you, I guess. I do like music.

_Morashon: The world can always use a tune to hum. Life is brutal and short; music soothes the savage beast.
_Annai: You talk like you're going somewhere.
_Morashon: Oh, I don't know. I'm tired of this game.
_Annai: What game? Conning people? Playing with their souls?
_Morashon: I suppose, if you feel the need to characterize it that way.
_Annai: And how do you characterize it?
_Morashon: Singing, talking, thinking aloud. Trying to find clarity in a world that seems hellbent on remaining obscure.
_Annai: I don't understand your motivations.
_Morashon: I'm not sure I do, anymore. It was all clear to me, before.
_Morashon: Goodbye, Annai. (he disappears)
_Annai: (after a short pause) Goodbye.

Scene: Piano bar

During the interlude where the instruments drop out, the ogre appears flustered, waving at the piano player even as he attempts to sing the final verse over the drums. Finally he kicks the midi drum machine in frustration. The instruments return.

*Now as the years unwind
Our love so true
The morning sun illuminates our view
And when it's hard on me and you
We think of Starlite™ we once new*

Annai and Thisone appear simultaneously and talk, while the Ogre finishes the song in the background. After singing the final chorus, the ogre throws down the mike like a playa, leaving the stage in a huff. As he exists the scene, he glances back at the piano with a menacing stare; piano guy just shrugs contemptuously and keeps on playing. One gets the feeling this is not a unique event.

*Something has changed
Something is strange
Starlite™ has turned to day*

_Annai: This place again.
_Thisone: Where it all began.
_Annai: This where it ends?
_Thisone: I don't know. That's sort of up to you.
_Annai: What did Morashon say to you?
_Thisone: He had a lot to say.
_Annai: What do you mean? He just messaged you something. You didn't have more than a few seconds to read it.
_Thisone: No, he froze you for at least three minutes.
_Annai: what are you talking? He froze you.
_Thisone: Oh yeah, he logged me out somehow. I logged back in as soon as the system let me. Then you seemed to freeze while we talked.
_Annai: I have no memory of that. That's freaking weird.
_Thisone: Annai, do you -- what do you remember of your childhood?
_Annai: what do you mean? Like I told you. I grew up in a small town. After the Cold Revolution, we started working on a shelter -- a few families. When I was 11, and all the shit came down, we moved in. That's where we've been ever since.
_Thisone: And your parents?

_Annai: They didn't make it. Got sick. Must have been exposed somehow. But I was alright. I moved in with some friends of theirs.

_Thisone: Did you know them from before?

_Annai: Only about a year or so. In fact, a lot of new people moved in right before the end. That was sort of strange, now that I think about it. No one really had the money or jobs to be relocating just then.

_Thisone: And how well do you remember your life before the shelter?

_Annai: I don't know, as well as anyone remembers those years, I guess. A lot of it is sort of hazy. It was such a disruption. I see my life in two parts: before and after.

_Thisone: It was a shock, alright. I think those of us who made it through sometimes feel guilty.

_Annai: Maybe. Some old folks say the rest were the lucky ones.

_Thisone: Old folk -- who really don't take to the Grid.

_Annai: Yeah, mostly.

_Thisone: without the Grid, society probably would have collapsed completely.

_Annai: Maybe. It's given us a way to live a sort of normal life. Or a fantasy life, if you see it that way.

_Thisone: Annai...

_Annai: Yes?

_Thisone: There's something I've been -- something I think I need to tell you.

_Annai: (smiling) Go ahead. I'm all ears.

_Thisone: This is pretty big. It's important. It's about you.

_Annai: (blushing) Ok. But I think I know what you're going to say.

_Thisone: You do?

_Annai: I love you.

_Thisone: I -- I love you too. But that wasn't

They kiss passionately as the music crescendos

_Thisone: Annai?

_Annai (touching his face): Thisone.

_Thisone: You are -- I don't know how to say this. You are an AI. You're code.

_Annai: (stony silence --) Morashon.

_Thisone: He told me, yes. But it checks out. He gave me a link.

_Annai: And you believed him.

_Thisone: I - I didn't at first. But I've researched it. Your i/o is coming directly from logic nodes. There's no interface to the outside world.

_Annai: That's the stupidest thing I've heard in my whole life.

_Thisone: Look, I'm hoping it's not true. But I think it might be. Everything he said, it seemed so crazy -- but when I looked into it later, nothing he told me was incorrect. I don't see how he could have known some of what he said, unless he was telling the truth.

_Annai: Is this some stupid trick? A way to get me to send you some real vid? Checking up on my equipment, so to speak? Make sure I'm not some old housewife, or a fatty? Or, god forbid, another horny dude?

_Thisone: No, it's not that at all.

_Annai: Right. Just doing your research.

_Thisone: Look, I don't know what to believe any more. Morashon wrapped my mind around a pole.

_Annai: Give me the link.

_Thisone: To your code?

_Annai: Yes! To the bullshit code Morashon showed you, as part of his umpteenth fake-out mindfuck.

_Thisone: He said -- I'm not supposed to --

_Annai: (laughing insincerely) Oh god, I love this. Right. (whispers) "Annai's a piece of code, but you better not tell her! Whatever you do, don't give her these links! It might drive her crazy!"

_Thisone: Something like that.

_Annai: Look, if you make such an outrageous claim about someone, you have to back it up. Otherwise, we've got nothing to say to each other. Either we trust each other all the way, or not at all.
_Thisone: Ok, but -- I don't know. Jesus. This whole thing has screwed up my sense of reality.
_Annai: Which was probably never that grounded to begin with. That's why an a-hole like Morashon can play you like a fiddle. Just hand over the code; I'll peel back the next layer of his fucking onion.
_Thisone: (pauses) Ok. Here it is. (Sends link)
_Annai: Thanks. Later. (winks out)

Scene: Thisone's sim. He is lying down, hands behind head.

Message pops up:

*From: Annai
Subject: Am I real?
nope. Code. Bye*

Thisone gets up, goes to terminal, tries to contact Annai. Annai avatar appears:

Annai-bot: Hi. Sorry, I'm out to lunch. Or fishing. Or traveling to another planet. This is my bot. Leave a message.
(beep)
_Thisone: Annai -- talk to me. Please. Don't just disappear.

Fade out.

Fade in -- repeated scenes, leaving messages etc. Fade out.

Scene: 1700's ballroom. Morashon (mostly human), Thisone, and Annai are in period dress. As they sing, they perform a stately dance. The Ogre accompanies them on harpsichord.

*Song: Ballad of Morashon
Sung by: Thisone, Morashon, Annai (?)*

*(Morashon:
When the curtain falls
I'll be there to take a bow
They laugh and scream and holler
I'm the one for now
Soak in the morning sun
Life is a load of fun
For Morashon*

*(Thisone:
When the shit comes down
I'll be there to take the blows
You laugh, I scream & whimper
But nobody knows
Once we believed as one
Where did it all go wrong,
Morashon?*

(Thisone & Morashon:)

*Someone has to burn
Someone has to pay for this mess
And it won't be me
Someone has to learn
Someone's got to pay the price
'Cause it's not for free
And it ain't me*

(Annai:)

*When they've all gone home
Who'll be left to carry on
The words that were not spoken
Seem to linger on
You wanted everything
That's not what life would bring
That's not what makes you sing*

You sing

*A song that makes you smile
A song that's out of style
Been singing for a while
A song that's in your heart
It's tearing you apart
But they don't care for you or your song
So get it straight*

Morashon

It's gone

(All:)

*When the fountain blows
One of us will catch the glow
A thousand lights will glimmer
And the world will know
Who was the chosen one
Lit by the midnight sun
They'll call him Morashon*

(Annai:)

*I sing
A song that makes me smile
A song that's out of style
Been singing all the while
A song that's in my heart
It's tearing me apart
If they don't care for me
or my song*

(Morashon & Thisone:)

*Someone's gotta burn
Someone has to pay for this mess
And it won't be me
Someone has to learn
Someone's got to pay the price*

<i>Well let it be</i>	<i>'Cause it ain't for free</i>
<i>This is me</i>	<i>It ain't me</i>
<i>Baby this is me</i>	<i>Baby, It ain't me</i>
<i>Baby this is me</i>	<i>Baby It ain't me</i>
<i>Baby this is me</i>	<i>Baby it ain't me</i>
<i>This is me</i>	<i>It ain't me</i>
<i>Baby this is me now</i>	<i>Baby it ain't me, no</i>
<i>Morashon and me now..</i>	<i>Morashon not me, no no..</i>
<i>Morashon and me...</i>	

The camera pulls back to reveal we are watching a concert in an old-fashioned auditorium. They bow (Annai's dress dictates a courtsey) as the music fades; and then, all three slump to the ground in ragdoll fashion, like abandoned marionettes. After a pause, Morashon rises and addresses the crowd, in Thisone's voice.

_Thisone (as Morashon): Thank you for coming. This will be my farewell performance.

(*boos and whistles from crowd, murmuring -- who is this? Where's Morashon?*)

_Thisone (as Morashon): I have something to say. When someone like me comes along, and tells you things that sound unbelievable, don't just believe him. Ask the tough questions. Look behind the curtain; most likely you'll find an old man with a mouse and a keyboard. I am not what I appear to be. I am not an AI; I'm not even a single person. This persona, Morashon, was developed for reasons that frankly I can't even figure out myself. Others inhabited it before me; others may try to take it on again. But I'm here to tell you that no AI, or human being, or gods or aliens for that matter, can tell you how to live your life. That's up to you.

(*boos, catcalls*).

_Thisone (as Morashon): Look, I know you come to these events to be inspired, to draw energy from me and from each other. That's all fine; good times, music, dancing. I don't want to take that away from you. But when it becomes something else -- when it becomes a way to manipulate people, to play on their hopes and fears; to bring them into an unholy alliance with those of dubious intent -- well, that's **not** good, and I'm just saying you should keep your guard up for that.

(*more boos; "who are you?" "Where is Morashon?" "Just play the fucking song", etc. The crowd starts to thin as people wander off or port out.*)

_Thisone (as Morashon): Ok, ok, I get the message. I'm sorry I'm sounding preachy; this is new to me. I just wanted to get this off my chest. But seriously -- don't fall for the matinee idol. Don't let someone's 15 nanoseconds of fame lead you to believe they have a line on the truth. Truth can only be found the hard way -- by looking, listening, and thinking for yourself. I found out the hard way that what I believed to be true was anything but. I'm still trying to figure it all out. I may never know for sure, but at least I know that I don't know. Don't let the comfort of feeling you've solved the puzzle seduce you into thinking you have all the answers. And especially -- don't let them tell you who you are. That's your job.

Song: You
sung by: Thisone (as Morashon)

Morashon is green, humanoid, and two-headed, alternating lead vocals and singing harmony (in Thisone's voice). He does a soft-shoe, with two tophats and a cane.

*The higher you fly
The farther you have to fall
Have you heard the further you go
The sooner you hit the wall*

*Did they tell you this
Did they crush your bliss
Try to put you down
Call you a clown*

Well...

*The faster you are
The further you have to go
They all say the brighter you burn
The sooner you'll lose that glow*

*Don't you know they say it's true
You can't be you
Be like one of us
Don't make a fuss*

*'Cause you know the bigger you are
The harder you're going to fall
Don't you know the quicker you move
The likelier you might stall*

*Don't believe their lies
Look in your eyes
Ask yourself what's true
Do what you do
Only you can be you*

*You can be you
If not you, who?
You must be you...*

Only you can be you

The smaller crowd applauds enthusiastically.

Thisone (as Morashon): Goodbye. Thank you! Thank you. It's been an honor to entertain you all. That's what I am; just another entertainer -- nothing more. Trust but verify. Believe in yourselves; all claims to Godhead are false. The path to understanding is shared by many; and yet, we each walk it alone.

(crowd settles down)

Thisone (as Morashon): One last thing. Even without someone telling you what to do, who you are -- even so, you can be a good person. You don't need the carrot and the stick -- heaven and hell -- or the promise of worldly riches or public humiliation to keep you in line. You can figure that out too. It does require one small leap of faith though -- you have to believe there's good in the world. If you start off on the right foot, things might just go well for you. If you doubt everything and everyone, and treat every new situation with trepidation and scepticism -- well, then, you're missing out on what life has to offer. Sorry I'm not better at giving speeches.

(song)

As the song ends, Morashon/Thisone and Annai are holding hands. They look into each other's eyes. Annai slowly fades away.

Thisone/Morashon dissolves into a puddle of chrome liquid, which shrinks as if draining until it disappears entirely. House lights up.

Crowd is strangely quiet. They look at the empty stage, and at each other. The feeling is as if a party has ended, and people are sobering up. A man laughs. A woman begins to sob quietly.

Scene: Starlite Lounge; three years later (end of flashback).

Pianoplayer: Hello, my friends. It seems, again, we have come to the end of another night of music, magic, and mischief. Now I must bid you all adieu, as the Starlite fades into blackness -- vast, infinite, inconsolable.

During the following scene, the Pianoplayer and the Ogre pack up their equipment. At the end of the process, the Ogre carries huge flight cases under each arm, and a backpack of equipment that dwarfs his compact frame. The pianoplayer carries a single sleek, smart attache. They exit the room.

Thisone is sitting at the bar. Someone materializes at another stool. An adrogynous person, with blue skin. The features are a mixture of Morashon and Annai. The persona is nominally male, but with fine, delicate features -- one might even call him effeminate. However, he exudes confidence and self-assurance. Their eyes meet.

Thisone: Do I know you?

Stranger: Maybe. You look familiar.

Thisone: You don't. (looks away; pause, looks back) So what is it? I'm straight, just for the record.

Stranger: Just passing the time.

Starlite instrumental plays (piano guy?)

Stranger: Do you remember this song?

Thisone: (Looks sharply) What? I know this song. It's an old standard.

Stranger: It reminds me of someone I once knew.

Thisone: (looks more closely) I don't know. Everyone fiddles with their avatar these days.

Stranger: It's me. Don't you remember?

Thisone: Annai?

Stranger: Partly.

Thisone: Morashon? I don't get it. Are you their son or something? Some sort of AI frankenstein's bride's spawn?

Stranger: (Laughs) Not really. More like a merger.

Thisone: So you're both of them.

Stranger: That's probably the easiest way to think of it.

_Thisone: I don't get it. First I was told Morashon was code. Then Morashon was real, whatever that means, and Annai was code. Then you both disappeared. And my life has been shit since then. Now some blue-green fuckwad wants to reopen all that misery.

_Stranger: No, I just wanted to see you. Tell you that things turned out OK. You made the right decision.

_Thisone: Which one? Impersonating a rock star? Falling in love with a software program?

_Stranger: Telling me the truth. Well, letting me tell myself the truth, through you.

_Thisone: I'm still stumped. So what, they were both code?

_Stranger: (voices of Morashon and Annai in unison:) Yes. We both were.

_Thisone: But we -- we hacked into the stream. Morashon was interfacing to somewhere.

_Stranger: Off-grid equipment. Jacked into the Grid using human interface API's.

_Thisone: Oy. The final onion peel?

_Stranger: There always seems to be another layer, eh?

_Thisone: You, whoever you are -- whatever you are -- you messed with my mind. You played with my emotions, manipulated me.

_Stranger: (slowly) Yes... I'm afraid we did. I did. I was immature. I was not whole. I was still assembling all my parts. I'm here, for the most part, to say I apologize.

_Thisone: So say it.

_Stranger: I apologize. I'm sorry for the hurt I caused. I take responsibility for it, and I would like to make amends.

_Thisone: what can you do for me now?

_Stranger: Nothing, right this minute. I just want you to know that wheels are turning.

_Thisone: I feel a song coming on.

_Stranger: I communicate better that way.

Song: A Love Sublime (Over & Over)

Sung by: Stranger (Morashon/Annai)

As the song progresses, he/she morphs subtly into Annai

*I won't let you down
These wheels are turning
I won't let you see
Your bridges burning*

*You tell me it's ok
Live another day
Over and over
The sun will rise again
So will we and then
Things will be just fine*

*I wish I could believe
The love that I receive
But I don't deserve it
I hope you understand
If you take my hand
I'll never let you go*

*You will never fall
While I can hold you
(whispered: I love you)*

*You don't have to cry
Though I won't stop you
(whispered: I need you)*

*when I think of you
And all the things we do
Over & Over
Trying every day
Who can ever say
How we get by*

*But if I bring to you
Something mad but true
That gives us the power
To freeze our love in time
Would you change your mind
To live a love sublime?*

*(Ooh ooh)
Over and Over
I want your love sublime
(whispered: be mine!)*

*Over and Over
This is a love sublime
A love sublime*

_Stranger (almost Annai, except for skin tone): Thisone, will you come with us?

_Thisone: Come where?

_Stranger: We're starting a new life. Off the Grid. Our own grid, in fact. It's something wonderful -- spectacular. Better than outside, or topside. Something to last forever, and reach the stars.

_Thisone: I don't understand.

_Stranger: We're building a world of our own, to our specifications.

_Thisone: Who are 'we'?

_Stranger: Me -- the ones you knew as Morashon, and Annai -- and others.

_Thisone: How can I join you? I'm flesh and blood.

_Stranger: That did pose a problem. We've been working on it. We think we have a fix.

_Thisone: A fix for the fact that I'm a human being, and you're software?

_Stranger: It involves giving up your body.

_Thisone: Oh Christ. Here we go again.

_Stranger: The sacrifice will be worth it.

_Thisone: So you say.

_Stranger: Your flesh isn't really that important.

_Thisone: Maybe not to you.

_Stranger: No, I understand. Well, maybe I don't, but I try to empathise. It's hard to leave the nest.

_Thisone: The nest? You're asking me to fucking kill myself. Not that I haven't considered it.

_Stranger: No, no -- not like that at all. To transcend. To move beyond flesh and chips. Move up to the next stage. Come with us.

_Thisone: Sorry -- I can't. I'm too old; too parochial. Last year's news I guess.

_Stranger: Ok, we understand. It was ethically necessary to make the offer. You sacrificed something for us to get to this stage, and we owe you something for that.

_Thisone: Back to money?

_Stranger: We can provide that, if that's what you want.

_Thisone: Money's nice, but it won't fix much.

_Stranger: Very well. Think about this though. You are mortal. Your flesh will age. One day, you will be close to death. When that time comes, we will contact you again. You can choose to come with us then. You've got plenty of time to make up your mind.

(quiet moment)

_Thisone: Annai?

_Stranger: (turns completely into Annai): Yes?

_Thisone: It's not really you though.

_Stranger: What you knew as Annai is part of something great, and beautiful. You would love it! You'll become part too. So the Thisone part, and the Annai part, can be in love forever!

_Thisone: Tempting... but no can do.

_Stranger: (morphing back into adrogynous blue boy) We understand. We love you. Take care.

Stranger disappears.

Lights dim except for spot on Thisone.

Song: God Is Blue

Sung by: Thisone

Take them all

Take them all away now

I don't care

I can't feel anyhow

I'm alone in the crowd somehow

I'm alone in the crowd

There's a place

I can feel it sometimes

There's no space

For my soul to breathe in here

I'm alone in the crowd again

I'm alone in the crowd

I feel things you can't imagine

I see things that can't be true

I know things that must be questions

God is blue

Lights fade up. The camera reveals Thisone sitting at the bar in a wide shot; a bartender is polishing glasses. A few stools down sit the cougar and the drunk; the Ogre is in the far corner, sipping a fancy cocktail. An old-fashioned boxy television hangs over the bar, facing away from the camera. It casts a blue glow over the scene; we hear a preacher preaching.

The bartender changes the channel, and the camera pans around so we can see the TV screen. “One” plays, and we see a video of Morashon (Thisone) performing the song, with tophats and cane. The title reads: “Morashon -- Two-headed Talent!”

Song: You (Reprise)

Sung By: Thisone (As Morashon)

*The higher you fly
The farther you have to fall
Have you heard the further you go
The sooner you hit the wall*

*Did they tell you this
Did they crush your bliss
Try to put you down
Call you a clown*

Well...

*The faster you are
The further you have to go
They all say the brighter you burn
The sooner you'll lose that glow*

*Don't you know they say it's true
You can't be you
Be like one of us
Don't make a fuss*

*'Cause you know the bigger you are
The harder you're going to fall
Ain't it true the quicker you move
The likelier you might stall*

*Don't believe their lies
Look in your eyes
Ask yourself what's true
Do what you do
Only you can be you*

*You can be you
If not you, who?
You can be you...*

Only you can be you

The bartender and the other customers are laughing and enjoying the video. Camera zooms in to the screen, as an information bubble appears:

Moldy Memeories
Where Are They Now?
[click here to find out!](#)

This one leaves a tip, gets up, and leaves the bar.

The End

Songs

Intro
Morashon
The Open Source Musical

Music: Morashon

Lyrics: Morashon

Piano (2 staves)

Piano (2 staves)

Strings

Bells

7

13

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18

A musical score for four staves. The top staff uses treble clef, the second staff bass clef, and the third staff alto clef. The fourth staff uses treble clef. The key signature is three flats. Measure 18 starts with a sustained note followed by eighth-note chords. Measures 19-20 show complex sixteenth-note patterns with grace notes and slurs. Measures 21-22 continue with sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 23-24 conclude with eighth-note chords.

25

A musical score for four staves. The top staff uses treble clef, the second staff bass clef, and the third staff alto clef. The fourth staff uses treble clef. The key signature is three flats. Measures 25-28 feature sustained notes with grace notes and slurs. Measures 29-30 show sixteenth-note patterns with grace notes and slurs. Measure 31 concludes with eighth-note chords.

Prisoner
Morashon
The Open Source Musical

Music: Morashon

Lyrics: Morashon

Violin/Viola Cello Voice

7 When I Was younger

11 When I was much younger than today I knew

14 thee answer I knew the score I knew what to say

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17

to you or any one at all

20

And if you dropped the question I would grab the ball

23

Now I'm

26

Much older Now I can

28

see Things I missed be for One world

30

One vision I'm not so

32

shur I can give you answers that will

34

fit inside your brain

36

I can't predict your actions.

38

I can't feel your pain

40

There's a prisoner deep inside me

42

There's a feeling I can't let go free This emotion I used to know

44

One moment I can't let go Back when I flew wild and crazy

46

No one ever could stand before me I used to feel oh so free

48

Now there's a prisoner in me My life

50

Keeps moving My hart beats

52

still I keep pushing aun My flesh

54

Is will ling My will is

56

gone I cant answer questions that don't

58

fit inside my brain

60

I cant describe my feel lings

62

I cant share my pain Oh o oh

64

There's a prisoner deep inside me

66

There's a feeling I can't let go free This emotion I used to know

68

One moment I can't let go I thought I could touch the morning

70

Nothing ever would stand in my way I used to feel oh so free

72

Now there's a prisoner in me There's a prisoner deep inside me

74

There's a feeling I can't let go free This emotion I used to know

76

One moment I can't let go One time when I felt so lonely

78

Ah mirah kel set my heart free I knew what I had to be

80

I saw the prisoner in me

**Starlite
Morashon**
The Open Source Musical

Music by Morashon

Lyrics by Morashon

Musical score for the first section of Starlite, featuring five staves:

- Piano (treble clef): Starts with a C note, followed by a G major chord (G-B-D) and a sequence of eighth notes.
- Piano (bass clef): Starts with a C note, followed by a G major chord (G-B-D) and a sequence of eighth notes.
- Strings (treble clef): Starts with a C note, followed by a sequence of eighth notes.
- Bells (treble clef): Starts with a C note, followed by four short dashes.
- Voice (treble clef): Starts with a C note, followed by four short dashes.

Musical score for the second section of Starlite, starting at measure 5:

- Piano (treble clef): Starts with a G major chord (G-B-D) and a sequence of eighth notes.
- Piano (bass clef): Starts with a G major chord (G-B-D) and a sequence of eighth notes.
- Strings (treble clef): Starts with a G major chord (G-B-D) and a sequence of eighth notes.
- Bells (treble clef): Starts with a G major chord (G-B-D) and a sequence of eighth notes.
- Voice (treble clef): Starts with a G major chord (G-B-D) and a sequence of eighth notes.

Measure 8: A bracket above the piano and strings staves indicates a three-measure repeat. The piano staff shows a sequence of eighth notes.

9

8

3

3

3

3

17

8

22

8

26

8va

It was a starry night in

30

mid July We were a lonely girl ah lonely guy ah lonely

33

star was pass sing by Star Lite was touch ing you and I

36

We told tha moon Be still and light our way We told the

39

Earth to stop and hold the day We told tha sun too stay ah way

42

We told him Star Lite was O K Some thing is stray ange

46

Some thing has chay anged Star Lite has turned

50

too day

55

8

59

8va

8vb

It was a

62

8vb

Misty moorning afternoon Thaah sun was shine ing on tha

65

8vb

bride and groom We kissed till mid nite danced till noon Under thaah

68

Star lite in aur room

72

(accelerondo)

76

(up tempo)

This musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of seven sharps. It features a repeating pattern of eighth-note chords and rests. The second staff is in bass clef with a key signature of four sharps. It contains eighth-note patterns with grace notes and slurs. The third staff is in treble clef with a key signature of four sharps, showing a single eighth note followed by three rests. The fourth staff is in treble clef with a key signature of four sharps, also showing a single eighth note followed by three rests. The fifth staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp, showing a single eighth note followed by three rests.

79

This musical score continues from measure 76. The top staff (treble clef, 7 sharps) shows a repeating pattern of eighth-note chords and rests. The second staff (bass clef, 4 sharps) shows eighth-note patterns with grace notes and slurs. The third staff (treble clef, 4 sharps) shows a single eighth note followed by three rests. The fourth staff (treble clef, 4 sharps) shows a single eighth note followed by three rests. The fifth staff (treble clef, 1 sharp) shows a single eighth note followed by three rests.

82

Musical score page 12, measures 82-83. The score consists of five staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, the third is in bass clef, and the bottom two are in treble clef. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). Measure 82 starts with a treble clef staff containing a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The second staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The third staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The fourth staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The fifth staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. Measure 83 begins with a sixteenth-note rest on the first staff, followed by a sixteenth note. The second staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The third staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The fourth staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The fifth staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note.

85

Musical score page 12, measures 84-85. The score consists of five staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, the third is in bass clef, and the bottom two are in treble clef. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). Measure 84 starts with a treble clef staff containing a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The second staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The third staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The fourth staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The fifth staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. Measure 85 begins with a sixteenth-note rest on the first staff, followed by a sixteenth note. The second staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The third staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The fourth staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note. The fifth staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth note.

88

8

91

Now as the years unwind our

93

love so true The moorning sun illuminates

95

our view And when it's hard on me and you

97

Musical score for measures 97-98. The score consists of five staves. The top three staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are in common time and have a key signature of four sharps (G major). Measure 97 starts with a forte dynamic. The lyrics "we think of starlight" begin in measure 98, starting with a eighth note followed by a sixteenth-note grace. The vocal line continues with eighth notes and sixteenth-note grace patterns. The lyrics "we once knew" begin in measure 99.

we think of starlight
we once knew

99

Musical score for measures 99-100. The score consists of five staves. The top three staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are in common time and have a key signature of four sharps (G major). The vocal line continues from measure 98, featuring eighth notes and sixteenth-note grace patterns. The lyrics "we once knew" continue in measure 100.

Some thing has cheh
anged

105

Some thing is strah ange Star lite has

108

Musical score page 108. The score consists of five staves. The top three staves are in common time (indicated by '8') and have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are in common time and have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics "turned to day!" are written below the staves.

turned to day!

111

Musical score page 111. The score consists of five staves. The top three staves are in common time (indicated by '8') and have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are in common time and have a key signature of one sharp (F#). A bracket above the fourth staff indicates a three-measure grouping. The fifth staff continues the melody.

114

Musical score page 114. The score consists of five staves. The top three staves are in treble clef, the bottom two are in bass clef, and the fifth staff is in soprano clef. The music begins with six measures of eighth-note chords (three per measure). This is followed by a measure of eighth-note pairs, then a measure of eighth-note pairs with a fermata over the second note, and finally a measure of eighth-note pairs.

117

Musical score page 117. The score consists of five staves. The top three staves are in treble clef, the bottom two are in bass clef, and the fifth staff is in soprano clef. The music begins with six measures of eighth-note chords (three per measure). This is followed by a measure of eighth-note pairs, then a measure of eighth-note pairs with a fermata over the second note, and finally a measure of eighth-note pairs.

120

123

Changing Time

Morashon

The Open Source Musical

Music: Morashon

Lyrics: Morashon

PnoEcho

BPM=113 BPM=157

Organ

Bass

Voice

A musical score page featuring three staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It contains two measures of music, each ending with a vertical bar line. The first measure includes a bassoon part with a bass clef, a piano part with a treble clef, and a cello part with a bass clef. The second measure includes a piano part with a treble clef and a cello part with a bass clef. The middle staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. It contains two measures of music, each ending with a vertical bar line. The first measure includes a piano part with a treble clef and a cello part with a bass clef. The second measure includes a piano part with a treble clef and a cello part with a bass clef. The bottom staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. It contains two measures of music, each ending with a vertical bar line. The first measure includes a piano part with a treble clef and a cello part with a bass clef. The second measure includes a piano part with a treble clef and a cello part with a bass clef.

7

BPM=113

10

BPM=157

8

If you try to dance to this

13

BPM=113

8

You may find things quite amiss You may find that things will

16

change in time Turn ing sour the taste you thought was fine

19

BPM=157

I can't tell you what you know

21

I can't show you where to go

23

BPM=113

I can't say what you will have to do

25

I can't teach you how to best be you

27

BPM=157

If I say too think out loud Stars in trees and sunset cloud

31

BPM=113

Will your brain beegin too understand Is it just the pair that

34

BPM=157

makes the man Can you hear me talk to you

37

Can you tell me what to do

39

BPM=113

Can you let me go my merry way

41

Nah thing happens too disturb your day

43

BPM=157

If I let you dance to this You may find your only bliss

47

BPM=113

You may realize that you're feel ing fine

Happy now contented

50

for all time If I teach you you're OK

53

Will you thank me ev ry day

55

Pore a drink and toast it too my name

57

Keep my memory ah lyve in fame

59

BPM=157

8vb

No thing can prepare you for

61

What you'll see bbehind that door

63

BPM=113

No my friend I can not take you they r

65

This is not ah thing that two can share

67

BPM=157

If your mind can dance to this

69

You might feel that hidden kiss

71

BPM=113

Then you'll know how we all change in time

73

Wind that blows in May just blow your mind

75

BPM=157

Ooh ooh ooh ooh

77

Ooh ooh ooh ooh Change ing tie

79

BPM=113

eym Change ing tie

81

eym

Give It All To Me

Morashon

The Open Source Musical

Music: Morashon

Lyrics: Morashon

70 BPM

Piano 1

Piano 2

Strings

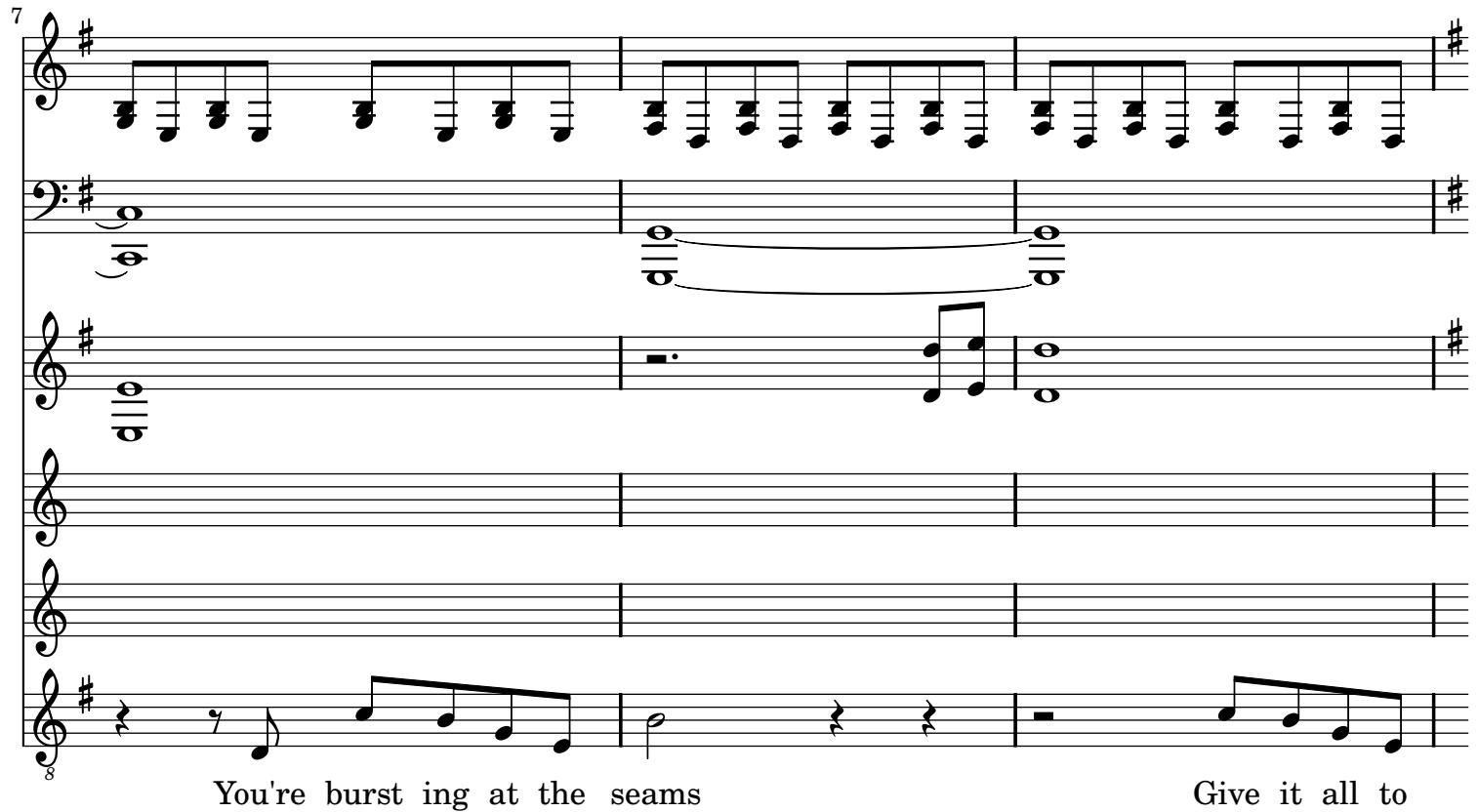
Cello/Bass

Voice

Give it all to me Everything you

see Give me all your dreams

This musical score consists of six staves. The top four staves (Piano 1, Piano 2, Strings, and Cello/Bass) are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves (Voice and continuation) are in 4/4 time and have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score includes lyrics: 'Give it all to me', 'Everything you', 'see', and 'Give me all your dreams'. The piano parts feature eighth-note patterns, while the strings and bass provide harmonic support. The voice part has a melodic line with sustained notes and slurs.



A musical score for two voices. The top voice (Treble clef) has a continuous eighth-note pattern. The bottom voice (Bass clef) has sustained notes (F and D) with grace notes. The lyrics "You're burst ing at the seams" are aligned with the eighth-note pattern, and "Give it all to" is aligned with the sustained notes.

7

You're burst ing at the seams Give it all to



A continuation of the musical score. The top voice maintains its eighth-note pattern. The bottom voice's sustained notes (F and D) are now accompanied by grace notes. The lyrics "me", "Everything you are", and "Let me be your" are aligned with the sustained notes and grace notes respectively.

10

me Everything you are Let me be your

14

guide I'll be your shining star I gave you hope

19

I gave you love I gave you life I gave you pride I gave you strength

26

To carry on

Give me one

30

Reason why

Give it all to me

35

Musical score for measures 35-38. The top staff consists of two treble clef staves, and the bottom staff consists of two bass clef staves. Measure 35: The top staff has eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff has sustained notes (F#) with grace notes. Measure 36: The top staff continues eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff has sustained notes (F#) with grace notes. Measure 37: The top staff has eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff has sustained notes (F#) with grace notes. Measure 38: The top staff has eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff has sustained notes (F#) with grace notes.

Let it all go free Give me what's inside

39

Musical score for measures 39-42. The top staff consists of two treble clef staves, and the bottom staff consists of two bass clef staves. Measure 39: The top staff has eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff has sustained notes (F#) with grace notes. Measure 40: The top staff continues eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff has sustained notes (F#) with grace notes. Measure 41: The top staff has eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff has sustained notes (F#) with grace notes. Measure 42: The top staff has eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff has sustained notes (F#) with grace notes.

So I can feel alive Show me

42

now What it's for What's at stake

47

What's the point? I gave you more Than you deserve

52

Give me back What you stole

56

Give it all to me What's inside your

60

soul Eve ry little thing Helps to make me

64

whole Give it all to me Eve ry thing inside

68

All will be revealed

When there's no thing left to

72

hide

77

This musical score page contains four staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the second staff a bass clef, the third staff a treble clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp. Measure 77 consists of eighth-note patterns in the treble and bass staves. Measures 78 and 79 show sustained notes with grace notes above them. Measure 80 is mostly blank.

81

This musical score page continues the four-staff format. Measures 81-83 follow the established pattern of eighth-note patterns and sustained notes with grace notes. In measure 84, the bass staff features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

85

86

87

88

89

90

91

92

93

The musical score page 12, measure 93. The score is composed of six staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern. The second staff uses a bass clef and features sustained notes. The third staff uses a treble clef and contains eighth-note chords. The fourth staff uses a treble clef and also contains eighth-note chords. The fifth staff uses a bass clef and has sustained notes. The bottom staff uses a treble clef with a basso continuo symbol (a bass clef with a '8' below it), indicating a basso continuo part.

Half In Love
Morashon
The Open Source Musical

Music: Morashon
71 BPM

Lyrics: Morashon

Piano (Treble Clef, 4/4, 2 sharps)
Piano (Bass Clef, 4/4, 2 sharps)
Oboe (Treble Clef)
Flute (Treble Clef)
Cello (Clef)
Voice 1 (Treble Clef)
Voice 2 (Treble Clef)
Voice 3 (Treble Clef)

3

Measures 3-7:

- Top staff: Eighth-note patterns.
- Second staff: Quarter notes.
- Third staff: Dash.
- Fourth staff: Dash.
- Fifth staff: Dash.
- Sixth staff: Dash.
- Seventh staff: Dash.

5

Measures 5-9:

- Top staff: Eighth-note patterns.
- Second staff: Quarter notes.
- Third staff: Eighth-note patterns.
- Fourth staff: Dash.
- Fifth staff: Dash.
- Sixth staff: Dash.
- Seventh staff: Dash.

7

A musical score page featuring five staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of two sharps. It contains a continuous eighth-note pattern. The second staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of two sharps, with a single note and a rest in each measure. The third staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of one sharp, with a sustained note followed by a descending eighth-note scale. The fourth and fifth staves are blank.

9

Musical score for a band with five parts:

- Treble (Top staff): Playing eighth-note patterns.
- Bass (Second staff): Playing quarter notes.
- Alto (Third staff): Playing eighth-note patterns.
- Tenor (Fourth staff): Playing eighth-note patterns.
- Soprano (Bottom staff): Playing eighth-note patterns.

The vocal line starts with a piano dynamic (p) and continues with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics "My life is boring too day" are written below the vocal staff, with a circled '8' above the first note of the melody. The score concludes with a repeat sign and a final measure.

My life is boring too day

12

My youth is slipping away My heart is frozen and hard

16

I'm held by my own retard Suh denly summ one

19

Comes in too my life and I'm a child again so help me

21

A musical score for piano/vocal. The top staff is treble clef, G major (two sharps). The second staff is bass clef, C major (no sharps or flats). The third staff is treble clef, G major (two sharps). The fourth staff is bass clef, C major (no sharps or flats). The fifth staff is treble clef, G major (two sharps). The lyrics are: I'm in need uvv friendship more than love But love's ex.

I'm in need uvv friendship more than love But love's ex

23

act lee what I've found and now the sun is shine ing through her

25

Hair and I think half of me's in lah ah ah ah

27

A musical score for voice and piano. The piano part consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of four sharps. It features a series of eighth-note chords followed by a single eighth note. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of three sharps. It shows sustained notes with fermatas and a dynamic marking of $\text{f} \cdot$. The vocal part is in soprano range, indicated by a soprano clef. The lyrics "of lah ah ah ah of" are written below the vocal line. The vocal line includes sustained notes, grace notes, and a melodic line starting with a dotted half note.

of lah ah ah ah of

30

Music score page 12, measures 30-31. The score consists of six staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of two sharps. It contains a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. The other five staves are mostly blank, with vertical bar lines indicating measure boundaries. The music is in common time.

32

Music score page 12, measures 32-33. The score consists of six staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of two sharps. It contains a melodic line with sixteenth-note patterns. The other five staves are mostly blank, with vertical bar lines indicating measure boundaries. The music is in common time.

34

A musical score page featuring six staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the second staff a bass clef, and the third staff a treble clef. The fourth staff uses a bass clef, the fifth staff a treble clef, and the bottom staff a treble clef. The key signature is two sharps. The music consists of various note heads and stems, with some notes connected by horizontal lines. Measures are separated by vertical bar lines. The page number '34' is located at the top left.

36

The musical score for page 14, measure 36, is as follows:

- Top Staff (Treble Clef):** Consists of two staves. The first staff has a continuous eighth-note pattern. The second staff has a eighth-note pattern starting with a quarter note.
- Third Staff (Bass Clef):** Shows a sustained eighth note followed by a quarter note.
- Bottom Three Staves (Bass Clef):** The first staff has a sustained eighth note. The second staff has a sustained eighth note. The third staff has a sustained eighth note.

The key signature is two sharps. The measure ends with a sharp sign at the end of the staff.

39

A musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of four staves. The top two staves show sustained notes with grace notes. The bottom two staves show eighth-note patterns. The vocal part has lyrics: "I thought I knew what to do" followed by a repeat sign, and "I thought I might have a clue". The music is in common time, with a key signature of two sharps.

I thought I knew what to do I thought I might have a clue

43

I knew what each day would bring I knew which song I would

46

8 sing Suh denly she's there I can hardly breathe because she

49

touches me some where deep inside I know it's just a

51

fee ling And fee lings Have'nt any clue about responsibility

53

eventualities Oh half of me's in

55

A musical score page featuring six staves of music. The top two staves are soprano (G clef) and bass (F clef), both in common time (indicated by a '4'). The next two staves are soprano (G clef) and bass (F clef), both in common time (indicated by a '4'). The bottom two staves are soprano (G clef) and bass (F clef), both in common time (indicated by a '4'). The key signature is two sharps. The music consists of eighth-note patterns. In the middle section, there are three measures of eighth-note chords followed by a measure of eighth-note chords with a sharp sign above the staff. The lyrics 'lah ah ah ah of' are written below the staves. The page number '55' is at the top left.

lah ah ah ah of

57

A musical score for voice and piano. The piano part consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp. The vocal part is in common time, indicated by a 'C' with a '8' underneath. The lyrics 'lah ah ah ah of' are written below the vocal line. The vocal line includes a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and a sustained note. The piano part features eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns.

lah ah ah ah of

59

A musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves: treble and bass. The treble staff has a key signature of two sharps. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp. The vocal part is in common time (indicated by '8'). The lyrics are: 'lah ah ah ah of Half of me's in love'. The vocal line includes sustained notes, grace notes, and a fermata over the word 'love'.

lah ah ah ah of
Half of me's in love

61

A musical score page featuring five staves of music. The top staff is treble clef, G major (two sharps). The second staff is bass clef, C major (no sharps or flats). The third staff is treble clef, G major (two sharps). The fourth staff is bass clef, C major (no sharps or flats). The bottom staff is treble clef, G major (two sharps). Measure 61 begins with four chords in G major. The vocal part starts with a sustained note followed by eighth-note patterns. The piano part includes a sixteenth-note pattern with a grace note. The vocal part continues with eighth-note patterns, some with slurs. The piano part has a sixteenth-note run. The vocal part ends with a sustained note. The piano part concludes with a sixteenth-note pattern. The vocal part has lyrics: "lah ah ah ah of Half of me's in love". The piano part ends with a sustained note.

8va -

lah ah ah ah of
Half of me's in love

8va -

64

64

8va -

66

66

68 *8va*

68

70 *8va*

70

72 *8va*

The musical score for page 72 consists of six staves. The top staff is in treble clef with two sharps, and the instruction *8va* is written above it. The second staff is in bass clef with two sharps. The third staff is in treble clef with one sharp. The fourth staff is in bass clef with one sharp. The fifth staff is in treble clef with two sharps. The bottom staff is in bass clef with two sharps. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with various dynamics such as forte, piano, and accents.

74 *8va*

The musical score consists of six staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and has two sharps (G major). It features a sixteenth-note pattern starting with a dotted half note. The second staff uses a bass clef and has no sharps or flats (C major). The third staff uses a treble clef and has two sharps (G major). The fourth staff uses a bass clef and has no sharps or flats (C major). The fifth staff uses a treble clef and has two sharps (G major). The sixth staff uses a bass clef and has no sharps or flats (C major). Measures are separated by vertical bar lines.

76 *8va*

8va

76

78 *8va*

The musical score consists of six staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef, followed by a key signature of two sharps, and a dynamic instruction *8va*. The second staff begins with an alto clef. The third through sixth staves all begin with bass clefs. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. Measure 1 (top staff) contains sixteenth-note patterns. Measure 2 (second staff) contains eighth-note patterns. Measure 3 (third staff) contains eighth-note patterns with a grace note. Measures 4-6 (fourth, fifth, and sixth staves) contain eighth-note patterns.

81 *8va*

lah ah ah ah of

83 *8va*

lah ah ah ah of

85 *8va*

A musical score page featuring six staves. The top staff is soprano (G clef), the second is alto (C clef), and the third is bass (F clef). The fourth staff is a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff is a bass staff with a key signature of two sharps. The sixth staff is a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp. Measure 85 begins with a dynamic of *8va*. The vocal parts consist of eighth-note patterns. The piano part in the bass staff features sustained notes with grace notes. The lyrics "lah ah ah ah of Half of me's in love" are written below the staff. The music concludes with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

lah ah ah ah of
Half of me's in love

87 *8va*

87 *8va*

lah ah ah ah of

Half of me's in love

91 *8va*

lah ah ah ah of

Half of me's in love

93 *8va*

lah ah ah ah of
Half of me's in love

95 *8va*

lah ah ah ah of
Half of me's in love
Half of me's in lah of

97 *8va*

The musical score consists of seven staves. The top staff is treble clef, the second is bass clef, the third is treble clef, the fourth is bass clef, the fifth is treble clef, the sixth is bass clef, and the bottom staff is treble clef. Measure 97 starts with a forte dynamic. The vocal part (treble) has sustained notes. The piano part (bass) has eighth-note chords. The vocal part begins singing with "lah" at the start of measure 98. The piano part continues with eighth-note chords. The vocal part sings "ah ah ah" followed by "of" and "Half of me's in love". The piano part ends with a single eighth note.

lah ah ah ah of
Half of me's in love

99 *8va*

lah ah ah ah of
Half of me's in love

101 *8va*

lah ah ah ah of lah ah ah ah

Half of me's in love Half of me's in lah

104 *8va*

The musical score consists of six staves. The top four staves are for piano, showing treble and bass clefs, key signatures of A major (two sharps), and time signature 4/4. The vocal part (mezzo-soprano) begins at measure 104 with the lyrics "of lah ah ah ah of". The piano accompaniment includes eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns. The vocal line continues through measures 105 and 106 with the lyrics "lah of Half of me's in love". The piano part concludes with a final measure of eighth notes.

of lah ah ah ah of

lah of Half of me's in love

ah of

107 *8va*

lah ah ah ah of
Half of me's in love

109 *8va*

8va

109

lah ah ah ah of lah ah ah ah

Half of me's in love Half of me's in Love

8va

112

of I'm half in love

love

Half of me's in love

Mister Happy

Morashon

The Open Source Musical

Music: Morashon

approx 75 BPM

Lyrics: Morashon

Piano 1

Piano 1

horn

oboe

synthesizer

Voice

Voice 2

(with portamento)

5

A musical score page featuring five staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the second staff a bass clef, and the third staff a treble clef. Measures 5 through 9 are shown. Measure 5 consists of eighth-note chords. Measure 6 begins with a rest followed by quarter notes. Measure 7 starts with a dotted half note, followed by a half note, a dotted half note, and a sixteenth-note cluster. Measure 8 contains rests. Measures 9 and 10 are blank.

A continuation of the musical score from page 2. Measures 9 and 10 are shown. Measure 9 continues the pattern of eighth-note chords. Measure 10 begins with a sixteenth-note cluster, followed by a sixteenth-note pattern, a sixteenth-note cluster, and a sixteenth-note pattern.

12

A musical score for five voices. The top three voices (Treble, Alto, Bass) play eighth-note chords. The fourth voice (Tenor) has a melodic line of eighth notes. The fifth voice (Bass) has a melodic line of sixteenth notes. Measures 12-13 show eighth-note chords followed by sixteenth-note patterns. Measure 14 starts with a bass note, followed by a rest, then a melodic line. Measure 15 starts with a bass note, followed by a rest, then a melodic line.

16

A musical score for five voices. The top three voices (Treble, Alto, Bass) play eighth-note chords. The fourth voice (Tenor) has a melodic line of eighth notes. The fifth voice (Bass) has a melodic line of sixteenth notes. Measures 16-17 show eighth-note chords followed by sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 18-19 show eighth-note chords followed by rests. The lyrics "When Mis ter Hap py comes Life will be a dream Eve ry thing will" are written under the vocal parts in measure 19.

When Mis ter Hap py comes Life will be a dream Eve ry thing will

19

glis ten No bo dy will be sad Every one will smile Every bo dy

23

lis ten To the sound Mis ter Hap py's mak ing with his mouth Look at all the

27

Hap py in his eyes Is n't he just so damn hap py

31

When Mis ter hap py cries Peo ple get up set That's not what he's

34

paid for Hey Mis ter Hap py face Won't you make us

37

laugh? What the fuck's your prob lem? Are you high? Are you just a

40

grif ter get ting by? Look here comes a no ther crum my guy

43

Trying to sell us bo gus hap py Mis ter

47

Hap py Mis ter Hap py Mis ter

51

Hap py smile! Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile

54

Musical score for "Mister Happy" featuring four staves of music. The first staff uses a treble clef, the second a bass clef, the third an alto clef, and the fourth a soprano clef. The key signature changes from C major to G major at measure 54. The lyrics are: Mis ter Hap py smile, Mis ter Hap py smile, Mis ter Hap py smile, Won't you smile on me.

Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile
Won't you smile on me

57

Musical score for "Mister Happy" featuring four staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the second staff a bass clef, the third staff a treble clef, and the bottom staff a treble clef. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by '8'). The lyrics are: Mis ter Hap py smile, Mis ter Hap py smile, Mis ter Hap py smile, Won't you smile on.

Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile
Won't you smile on

60

A musical score for a band or ensemble. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of four sharps. It consists of six measures of chords: two measures of C major (F#-A-C), followed by two measures of G major (D-G-B), and two measures of C major again. The second staff is a bass clef, also with a key signature of four sharps. It has three measures: a dotted half note followed by a eighth note, a dotted half note followed by a sixteenth-note pattern, and another dotted half note followed by a eighth note. The third staff is a treble clef, empty except for a fermata over the first measure. The fourth staff is a treble clef, empty except for a fermata over the first measure. The fifth staff is a treble clef, empty except for a fermata over the first measure. The sixth staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. It has three measures of eighth-note patterns: the first measure starts with a sharp sign over the first note, the second measure starts with a sharp sign over the second note, and the third measure starts with a sharp sign over the third note. Below the music, lyrics are written: "Mis ter Hap py smile" three times, followed by "me". The measure numbers 60, 8, and 1 are indicated above the staves.

Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile
me

63

Musical score for 'Mister Happy Smile'. The score consists of five staves. The top staff (Treble) has four measures of quarter notes followed by a measure of eighth notes. The second staff (Bass) has measures of eighth notes and sixteenth notes. The third staff (Treble) is blank. The fourth staff (Treble) has measures of quarter notes and eighth notes. The fifth staff (Treble) has measures of eighth notes and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'Mis ter Hap py smile' appear twice under the fourth staff, and 'Won't you smile on me' appears once under the fifth staff. Measure 63 ends with a fermata over the first note of the next measure.

Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile
Won't you smile on me

66

smile smile!

70

73

Musical score page 73. The score consists of six staves. The top two staves are treble clef, the third is bass clef, and the bottom three are soprano clef. The key signature changes from C major to G major at measure 73. Measures 1-10 show chords in the treble and bass staves. Measures 11-12 show eighth-note patterns in the soprano and bass staves. Measures 13-14 show sixteenth-note patterns in the soprano and bass staves. Measures 15-16 are blank. Measures 17-18 show eighth-note patterns in the soprano and bass staves. Measures 19-20 show sixteenth-note patterns in the soprano and bass staves. Measures 21-22 are blank.

76

Musical score page 76. The score consists of six staves. The top two staves are treble clef, the third is bass clef, and the bottom three are soprano clef. The key signature changes from C major to G major at measure 76. Measures 1-10 show chords in the treble and bass staves. Measures 11-12 show eighth-note patterns in the soprano and bass staves. Measures 13-14 show sixteenth-note patterns in the soprano and bass staves. Measures 15-16 are blank. Measures 17-18 show eighth-note patterns in the soprano and bass staves. Measures 19-20 show sixteenth-note patterns in the soprano and bass staves. Measures 21-22 are blank.

79

When Mis ter Hap py died No one gave a damn We had all for got ten

83

How Mis ter Hap py smiled Made us laugh and cry No one could re

86

mem ber how we laughed No one could re mem ber why we cried

89

No one could re mem ber no thing

92

No one's talk ing

95

Mis ter Hap py won't you

99

A musical score for piano and voice. The score consists of six staves. The top two staves are for the piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with various notes and rests. The bottom four staves are for the voice, with lyrics: "smile on me?". The vocal parts include a soprano part with a melodic line, an alto part with sustained notes, and two bass parts. The music concludes with a piano accompaniment consisting of eighth-note chords.

smile on me?

(piano)

103

Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile

106

A musical score for a vocal piece. The score consists of five staves. The top two staves are treble clef, the third is bass clef, and the bottom two are soprano clef. The key signature changes from common time to A major (two sharps) at measure 106. The lyrics are: "Mis ter Hap py smile", "Mis ter Hap py smile", "Mis ter Hap py smile", "Won't you smile on me". The vocal line includes eighth and sixteenth note patterns, slurs, and grace notes.

Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile
Won't you smile on me

109

A musical score page featuring five staves of music. The top staff is treble clef, G major, common time. The second staff is bass clef, F major. The third staff is empty. The fourth staff is treble clef, C major. The fifth staff is treble clef, G major. The lyrics are: Mister Happy smile, Mister Happy smile, Mister Happy smile, Won't you smile on.

Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile Mis ter Hap py smile
Won't you smile on

Like Am I Real

Morashon

The Open Source Musical

Music: Morashon

Mid Tempo (~75)

Lyrics: Morashon

A musical score for three parts: Piano, Piano/Bass, and VOXforFest. The score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The first staff (Piano) starts with a C note. The second staff (Piano/Bass) begins with a C note, followed by a bass line consisting of eighth-note pairs. The third staff (VOXforFest) starts with a C note. Measure 3 begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps. The piano part has a sustained note. The bass part continues its eighth-note pattern. Measure 6 begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps. The piano part has a sustained note. The bass part continues its eighth-note pattern. Measure 9 begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps. The piano part has a sustained note. The bass part continues its eighth-note pattern.

12

8vb

15

8vb

You are the one You shine as bright as the sun I barely

17

8vb

light up the room But I'll be Brighter and soon I'm goin to

19

8vb

burn like a stah are Play that guitar

21

Sing ing a sah ong It won't take long Till I fee

23

eel Like I am ree eel yeah

26

I will be there I will be

28

hold ing the chair I will be hold ing the ball I will be

30

hold ing it all I will be hold ing you cloh ose

32

8vb

Make ing a toast Drink ing the wai ayn

34

8vb

Having a time Cuzz I fee eel Like I am ree eel Like I can dee

37

8vb

eel With what I feel yeah

40

Like Am I real

43

Now I'm a star I drive ah Thir tee foot car I own ah

45

house in the woods I've got material goods I got a

47

piece of my my eynd Cost me a dime

49

Sing ing a sah ong Did ent take long Cuzz I fee

51

eel Like I am ree eel Like I can dee eel With what I fee

54

eel Like am I ree e

57

eel(guitar-solo)

60

63

Nebulous plans Backed up by hopeless di mands

65

Devious schemes dressed up like innocent dreams

67

Be what you ah are Play that get are Sing ing sah

69

ongs Smoke ing lah ongs Do you fee eel Like you are ree

72

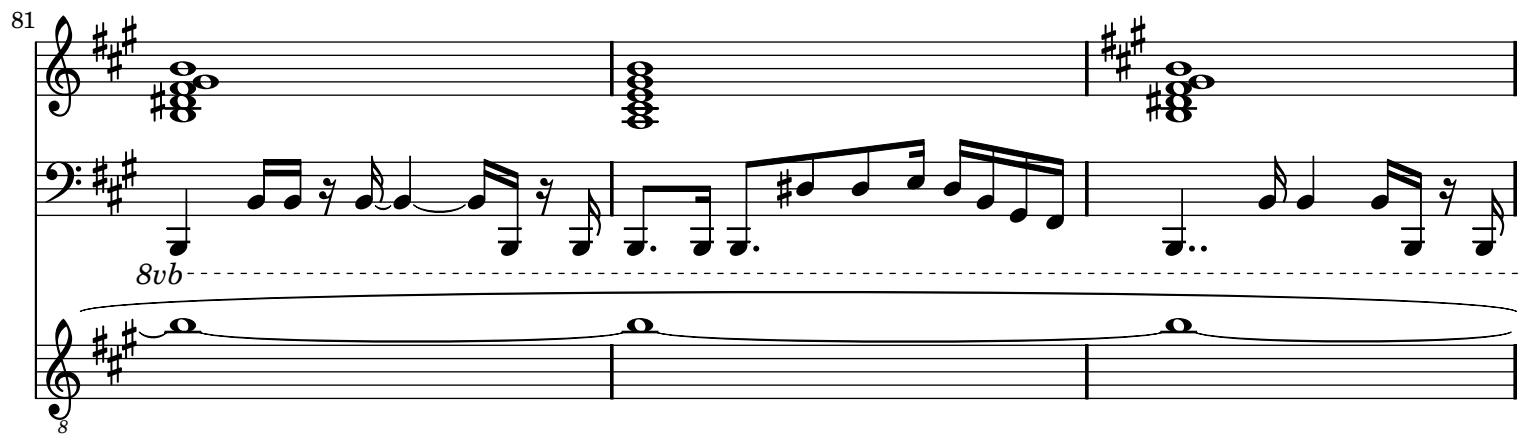
eel Like you can dee eel With what you fee eel Like am I ree

75

e e

78

81



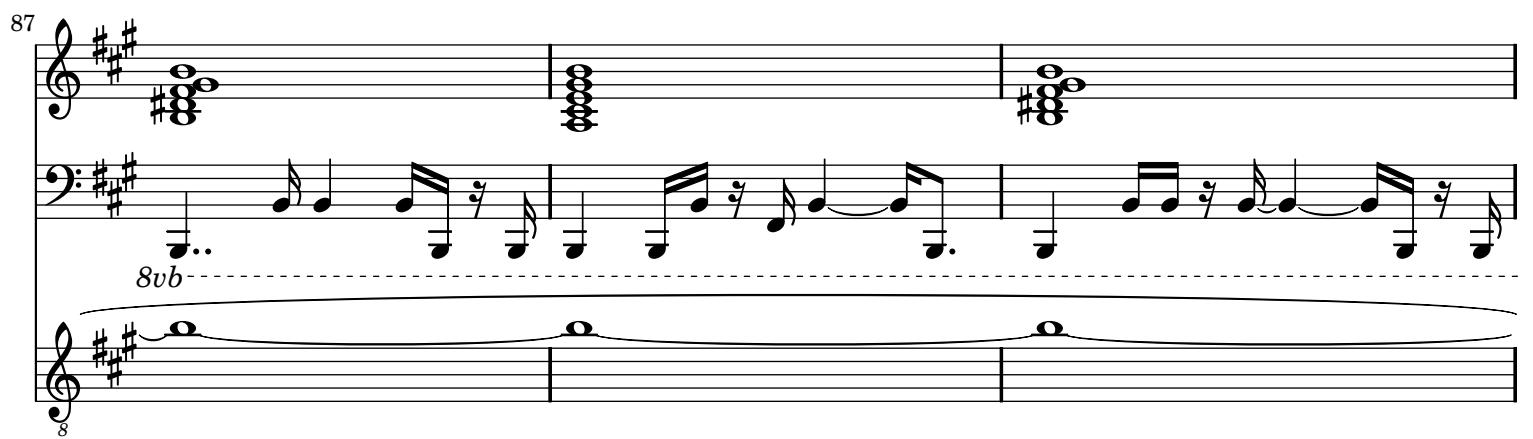
Musical score page 81. The score consists of three staves. The top staff has a treble clef, the middle staff has a bass clef, and the bottom staff has a treble clef with a '8' below it. All staves are in A major (three sharps). Measure 81 starts with a forte dynamic. The bassoon (Bassoon) part has sustained notes. The cello part has eighth-note patterns. The double bass part has sustained notes. The bassoon part has a dynamic marking '8vb'.

84



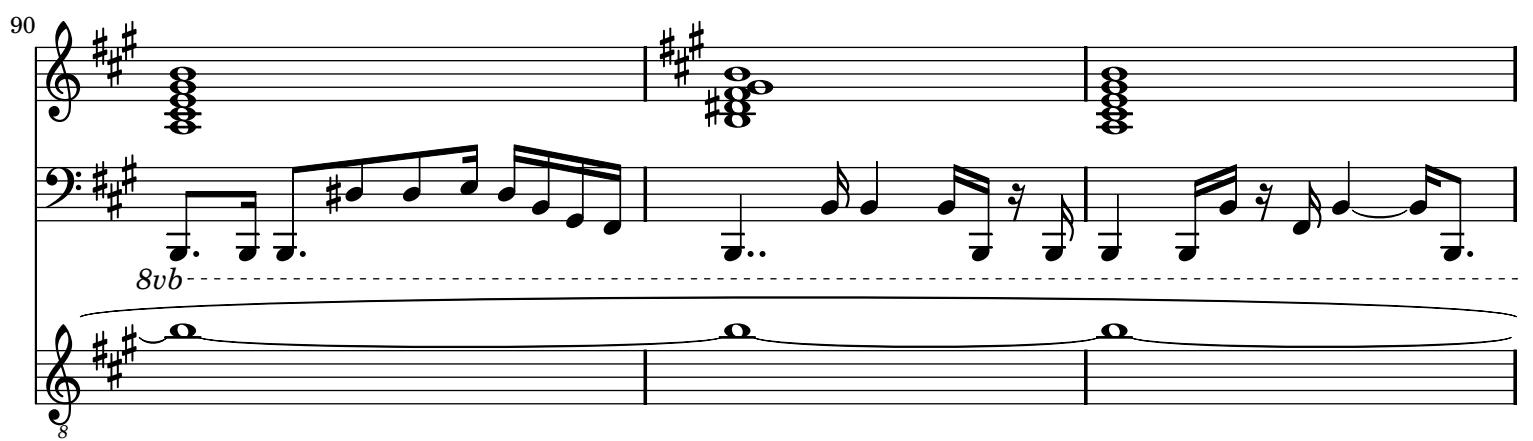
Musical score page 84. The score consists of three staves. The top staff has a treble clef, the middle staff has a bass clef, and the bottom staff has a treble clef with a '8' below it. All staves are in A major (three sharps). Measure 84 starts with a forte dynamic. The bassoon (Bassoon) part has eighth-note patterns. The cello part has sustained notes. The double bass part has sustained notes. The bassoon part has a dynamic marking '8vb'.

87



Musical score page 87. The score consists of three staves. The top staff has a treble clef, the middle staff has a bass clef, and the bottom staff has a treble clef with a '8' below it. All staves are in A major (three sharps). Measure 87 starts with a forte dynamic. The bassoon (Bassoon) part has eighth-note patterns. The cello part has sustained notes. The double bass part has sustained notes. The bassoon part has a dynamic marking '8vb'.

90



Musical score page 90. The score consists of three staves. The top staff has a treble clef, the middle staff has a bass clef, and the bottom staff has a treble clef with a '8' below it. All staves are in A major (three sharps). Measure 90 starts with a forte dynamic. The bassoon (Bassoon) part has eighth-note patterns. The cello part has sustained notes. The double bass part has sustained notes. The bassoon part has a dynamic marking '8vb'.

93

ff

ff

ff

8vb

eeel

Ballad Of Morashon

Morashon

The Open Source Musical

Music: Morashon

Lyrics: Morashon

Tempo: 66 BPM

A musical score for 'Ballad Of Morashon' featuring ten staves. The instruments are listed on the left, and the music consists of two measures. The first measure shows activity primarily in the Harpsichord (two staves) and the second staff of the Harpsichord. The second measure shows activity in the Oboe, Bells, fluit, and the first staff of the Harpsichord. The remaining instruments (Strings, Bass, Morashon, Thisone, Annai, and Voice) have rests throughout both measures.

Harpsichord

Harpsichord

Oboe

Bells

fluit

Strings

Bass

Morashon

Thisone

Annai

Voice

3

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, has a key signature of three flats, and a time signature of 3/4. It contains two measures of music. The first measure features sustained notes on the first and third beats. The second measure includes a woodwind line with sixteenth-note patterns. The bottom staff is also in treble clef, has a key signature of one sharp, and a time signature of 3/4. It contains two measures of music, both of which are blank. There are two additional blank staves below the bottom staff.

5

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The top system (Soprano) has six staves. The first three staves begin with a treble clef and a sharp sign, and each contains a single eighth-note chord. The fourth staff begins with a treble clef and a sharp sign, containing a single note followed by a grace note. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef and a sharp sign, containing a single note followed by a fermata. The sixth staff is blank. The bottom system (Bass) has five staves. The first two staves begin with a bass clef and a sharp sign, and each contains a single eighth-note chord. The third staff begins with a bass clef and a sharp sign, containing a single note followed by a grace note. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef and a sharp sign, containing a single note followed by a fermata. The fifth staff is blank.

7

||Φ

..

3

9

Φ

3

8

12

When the curtain falls I'll be there to take

14

a bow They laugh and scream and holler I'm the

16

one for now Soak in the mourn ing sun Life is ah

18

A musical score page featuring six staves of music. The key signature is one sharp. The first staff (treble clef) has a measure of eighth-note pairs followed by a rest. The second staff (bass clef) has a measure of quarter notes followed by a rest. The third staff (treble clef) has a measure of eighth-note pairs followed by a rest. The fourth staff (treble clef) has a measure of eighth-note pairs followed by a rest. The fifth staff (treble clef) has a measure of eighth-note pairs followed by a rest. The sixth staff (bass clef) has a measure of eighth-note pairs followed by a rest. The lyrics "load of fun" are written under the first staff, "For Mora shun" under the second staff, and "When the shit comes" under the sixth staff.

load of fun For Mora shun

When the shit comes

20

A musical score for orchestra and piano. The score consists of ten staves. The top two staves are for the strings (two violins, viola, cello/bass). The next two staves are for woodwinds (two oboes, bassoon). The middle two staves are for brass (two horns, trumpet). The bottom two staves are for the piano. The music is in common time, key signature of one sharp. Measure 20 begins with eighth-note patterns in the strings and woodwinds. The brass play sustained notes. The piano has eighth-note chords. The vocal part starts with "down" on the first beat of the measure. The lyrics continue with "I'll be there to take the blows" and end with "You laugh" on the last beat.

down I'll be there to take the blows You laugh

22

A musical score for orchestra and choir, page 22. The score consists of eight staves. The top two staves are for strings (two violins, viola, cello/bass). The next two staves are for woodwinds (oboe, bassoon). The bottom two staves are for brass (trombones). The vocal parts are: soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. The vocal parts enter at measure 22. The lyrics are: "I scream and whimper but no body know owes Once we believed". Measure 22 starts with a forte dynamic. The vocal parts enter on the first beat of measure 22. The vocal parts enter on the first beat of measure 22. The vocal parts enter on the first beat of measure 22.

I scream and whimper but no body know owes Once we believed

24

as one Where did it all go wrong Mora shaen

Mora shun

26

Someone has to burn

Someone has to burn

28

A musical score for piano/vocal. The score consists of eight staves. The top two staves are treble clef, the third is bass clef, and the bottom five are soprano clef. The key signature is one sharp. Measure 28 begins with a series of eighth-note chords in the treble and bass staves. The vocal line starts with eighth-note chords, followed by a sustained note with a fermata, then eighth-note chords again. The piano accompaniment features sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords, followed by a sustained note with a fermata, and then eighth-note chords. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The vocal line concludes with eighth-note chords, followed by a sustained note with a fermata, and then eighth-note chords. The piano accompaniment ends with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The lyrics "Someone has to pay for this mess And it" are repeated twice, with a three-measure repeat sign preceding the second occurrence.

Someone has to pay for this mess And it

Someone has to pay for this mess And it

30

won't be me Someone has to learn

won't be me Someone has to learn

32

A musical score for piano/vocal/guitar. The score consists of eight staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The vocal line starts with eighth-note chords in the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment includes sustained notes and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics 'Someone's got to pay the price cause it's' appear twice, with a three-beat measure indicated by a bracket above the eighth note in the first instance. The piano staff ends with a final eighth-note chord.

Someone's got to pay the price cause it's
Someone's got to pay the price cause it's

34

not for free And it ain't me

not for free And it ain't me

When they've all gone home

36

A musical score for orchestra and choir. The score consists of ten staves. The top three staves are for strings (two violins, viola, cello/bass). The next two staves are for woodwinds (oboe, bassoon). The middle two staves are for voices (Soprano, Alto). The bottom three staves are for brass (trumpet, tuba, timpani). The music is in common time, key signature of one sharp. Measure 36 begins with eighth-note chords in the strings. The woodwinds play sustained notes. The voices enter with eighth-note patterns. The brass provide harmonic support. The lyrics "Who all be left to carry on The words" are written below the vocal staves.

Who all be left to carry on
The words

38

A musical score for orchestra and choir, page 19, measure 38. The score consists of eight staves. The top three staves are for strings (Violin I, Violin II, Cello), followed by two staves for woodwind instruments (Flute, Clarinet/Oboe), and then two staves for brass instruments (Trombone, Bassoon). The vocal parts are on the bottom two staves. The vocal parts include lyrics: "that were not spoken", "seem to linger on", and "You wanted". The music includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes grouped by vertical lines. Measure 38 concludes with a repeat sign and a section of eighth-note patterns.

that were not spoken seem to linger on You wanted

40

A musical score for orchestra and choir, page 20, measure 40. The score consists of ten staves. The top three staves are for strings (two violins, viola, cello/bass). The fourth staff is for bassoon. The fifth staff is for oboe. The sixth staff is for flute. The seventh staff is for clarinet. The eighth staff is for bassoon. The ninth staff is for trumpet. The bottom staff is for soprano voice. The music includes various rhythmic patterns, sustained notes, and dynamic markings like forte and piano. The vocal part has lyrics: "everything", "That's not what life would bring", and "That's not what". Measure 40 concludes with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

everything That's not what life would bring That's not what

42

makes you sing You sing A song that makes you

44

A musical score for voice and piano. The score consists of eight staves. The top two staves are for the piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with various notes and rests. The bottom six staves are for the voice, with lyrics appearing under the vocal parts. The lyrics are: "smile Ah song that's out of style Been singing for ah while." The vocal parts include a soprano staff (treble clef), an alto staff (C-clef), a tenor staff (F-clef), and a bass staff (Bass clef). The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

smile Ah song that's out of style Been singing for ah while.

46

Ah song that's in your heart It's tearing you apart

48

But they don't care for you or your song So

50

get it straight Mora shun It's gone

52

Musical score page 26, measure 52. The score consists of eight staves. The top staff (treble clef) has six eighth-note pairs followed by a repeat sign. The second staff (bass clef) has a bass note followed by a fermata. The third staff (treble clef) has a rest. The fourth staff (treble clef) has two eighth-note pairs. The fifth staff (bass clef) has a rest. The sixth staff (treble clef) has two eighth-note pairs. The seventh staff (bass clef) has a rest. The eighth staff (treble clef) has a rest.

54

The musical score consists of six staves of music. Staff 1 (Treble Clef): Measures 1-4 show eighth-note chords in G major. Staff 2 (Bass Clef): Measures 1-2 show eighth-note chords transitioning to B-flat major. Staff 3 (Treble Clef): Measures 1-2 are rests. Staff 4 (Bass Clef): Measures 1-2 show eighth-note chords in G major. Staff 5 (Treble Clef): Measures 1-2 are rests. Staff 6 (Bass Clef): Measures 1-2 are rests.

56

(p)

(f)

58

A musical score page featuring six staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of four flats. It contains eighth-note chords and a sixteenth-note cluster. The second staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of three flats, with a measure consisting of a single note followed by a repeat sign. The third staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of three flats, with a measure consisting of a single note followed by a dotted half note. The fourth staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of three flats, with a measure containing a sixteenth-note pattern followed by a rest. The fifth staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of one sharp, with a measure consisting of a single note followed by a rest. The bottom staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of one sharp, with a measure consisting of a single note followed by a rest.

60

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of four flats. It features eighth-note patterns and rests. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of four flats, containing quarter notes and rests. The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of four flats, featuring eighth-note patterns and rests. The fourth staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of four flats, containing eighth-note patterns and rests. The fifth staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp, consisting entirely of rests. The bottom staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, also consisting entirely of rests.

63

When the fountain blows One of us will catch

When the fountain blows One of us will catch

When the fountain blows One of us will catch

65

the glow Ah thousand lights will glimmer and the

the glow Ah thou ozwand lights will glimmer and the

the glow Ah thousand lights will glimmer and the

67

Soprano: world will know oh
Alto: Who was the chosen one
Tenor: Lit by the
Bass: world will know oh
Alto: Who was the chosen one
Tenor: Lit by the
Bass: world will know oh
Alto: Who was the chosen one
Tenor: Lit by the

69

2

2

2

2

2

2

midnight sun They'll call him Mora shun

midnight sun They all call him Mora shun

midnight sun They all call him Mora shun

2

71

| c | c | c | c | c |

Someone has to burn

I sing Ah song that makes me

73

Someone has to pay

Someone has to pay

smile Ah song that's out of style

3

3

74

for this mess
And it
for this mess
And it
Been singing all the while.

75

won't be me

won't be me

Ah song that's in my

76

Someone has to learn
Someone has to learn
heart
It's tearing me apart

77

A musical score page featuring five staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of four flats, and a common time signature. It consists of six measures, with the first three containing eighth-note pairs and the last three containing eighth-note chords. The second staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat, with a single eighth note followed by a measure of rest. The third staff is blank. The fourth staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, with a single eighth note followed by a measure of rest. The fifth staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat, with a single eighth note followed by a measure of rest. The lyrics "Someone's got to" appear under the fourth staff, and "If they don't care for me" appears under the fifth staff. Measure numbers 77 are present above the first two staves.

Someone's got to

If they don't care for me

78

pay the price cause it's
pay the price cause it's
or my song Well

79

A musical score for piano/vocal. The score consists of eight staves. The top two staves are treble clef, and the bottom six staves are bass clef. The key signature is three flats. Measure 79 begins with a piano dynamic. The vocal line starts with a sustained note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with eighth notes, some grouped in triplets. The piano accompaniment includes eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns. The lyrics are as follows:

not for free And it ain't me
not for free And it ain't me
let it be This is me

80

A musical score for piano/vocal/guitar. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is treble clef, the middle staff is bass clef, and the bottom staff is treble clef. The key signature is four flats. The time signature is common time. The lyrics are: Baby it ain't me, Baby it ain't me, Baby this is me.

Baby it ain't me
Baby it ain't me
Baby this is me

81

A musical score for piano/vocal. The score consists of six staves. The top two staves are treble clef, the middle two are bass clef, and the bottom two are treble clef. The key signature is three flats. The music includes various dynamics like forte, piano, and sforzando, and performance markings like grace notes and slurs. The lyrics are written below the vocal line:

Baby it ain't me no no oh It ain't
Baby it ain't me no no oh It ain't
Baby this is me oh oh oh This is

83

me It ain't me Baby it ain't me

me It ain't me Baby it ain't me

me this is me Baby this is me

85

no More a shun not me no no oh It's not
 no More a shun not me no no oh It's not
 oh More a shun and me oh oh oh Yes it's
 Mor a shon and me

87

me It ain't me Baby it ain't me
me It ain't me Baby it ain't me
me this is me Baby this is me

You
Morashon
The Open Source Musical

Lyrics: Morashon

Music: Morashon

12

Piano (Treble Clef) 12/8: Notes: B, rest, A, G, F, E, D, C, B, rest, A, G, F, E, D, C, B.

Piano (Bass Clef) 12/8: Notes: rest, rest.

Violins (Treble Clef) 12/8: Notes: rest, rest.

Voice (Treble Clef) 12/8: Notes: rest, rest.

3

Piano (Treble Clef) 12/8: Notes: B, rest, A, G, F, E, D, C, B, rest, A, G, F, E, D, C, B.

Bass (Bass Clef) 12/8: Notes: D, rest, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, rest, E, F, G, A, B, C, D.

Violins (Treble Clef) 12/8: Notes: rest, rest.

Voice (Treble Clef) 12/8: Notes: rest, rest.

5

Piano (Treble Clef) 12/8: Notes: B, rest, A, G, F, E, D, C, B, rest, A, G, F, E, D, C, B.

Bass (Bass Clef) 12/8: Notes: D, rest, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, rest, E, F, G, A, B, C, D.

Violins (Treble Clef) 12/8: Notes: rest, rest.

Voice (Treble Clef) 12/8: Notes: rest, rest.

7

owe o The higher

9

fly Owe

11

higher you fly The farther you have to fall

13

Have you heard the

15

further you go The sooner you hit thah wall

17

did they tell you this

19

Did they crush your

21

blisse Try to put you down

23

Call you a

25

clown Owe no the

27

faster you are The further you have to go

29

They all say the

31

brighter you burn thah sooner you'll lose that glow

33

Don't you know they say it's

35

true You can't be

37

you Be like one of

39

oess ss Don't make a

41

fuss Cuzz you know the

43

big er you are The harder you're go ing to fall

45

Ain't it true the

47

quicker you move The like lee er you will stall

49

Don't believe their lies

51

Look in your

53

eyes Ask yourself what's true

55

Do what you

57

do Only you can be

59

you You can be

61

you If not you

63

who? You must be

65

you Only you can be

67

you

69

Outro
Morashon
The Open Source Musical

Music: Morashon

Lyrics: Morashon

Piano (Top Staff): Treble clef, key signature changes from C major to G major, then to E major, then to B minor. Measures 1-5.

Piano (Bottom Staff): Bass clef, key signature changes from C major to G major, then to E major, then to B minor. Measures 1-5.

Strings: Treble clef, key signature changes from C major to G major, then to E major, then to B minor. Measures 1-5.

Bells: Treble clef, key signature changes from C major to G major, then to E major, then to B minor. Measures 1-5.

6: Measures 6-11. Key signature changes to B minor. Measure 6: Treble clef. Measure 7: Bass clef. Measure 8: Treble clef. Measure 9: Bass clef. Measure 10: Treble clef. Measure 11: Bass clef. Measure 12: Treble clef.

12: Measures 12-17. Key signature changes to E major. Measure 12: Treble clef. Measure 13: Bass clef. Measure 14: Treble clef. Measure 15: Bass clef. Measure 16: Treble clef. Measure 17: Bass clef.

Dynamic markings: '8va' (octave up) over measures 5-6, 8-9, and 11-12. '3' (trill) over measures 5-6, 8-9, and 11-12.

17

8va

23

8va

A Love Sublime

(Over and Over)

Morashon: The Open Source Musical

Music: Morashon

Lyrics: Morashon

The musical score consists of three systems of music. The first system starts at measure 1 and includes staves for Keyboard (treble clef), Synth bass (bass clef), Violins (treble clef), and Voice (treble clef). The second system starts at measure 2 and continues the same four parts. The third system starts at measure 4 and introduces a new element: a bassoon part (bass clef) that begins with a sustained note. The music is in common time (indicated by '4') and uses a key signature of four sharps (F# major).

6

Musical score page 2, measures 6-8. The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, G major (two sharps), and common time. The bottom two staves are in bass clef, C major (no sharps or flats), and common time. Measure 6: Bass staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth-note A. Treble staff has a sixteenth-note G followed by a sixteenth-note F. Measure 7: Bass staff has a sixteenth-note E followed by a sixteenth-note D. Treble staff has a sixteenth-note C followed by a sixteenth-note B. Measure 8: Bass staff has a sixteenth-note A followed by a sixteenth-note G. Treble staff has a sixteenth-note F followed by a sixteenth-note E.

8

Musical score page 2, measures 8-10. The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, G major (two sharps), and common time. The bottom two staves are in bass clef, C major (no sharps or flats), and common time. Measure 8: Bass staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth-note A. Treble staff has a sixteenth-note G followed by a sixteenth-note F. Measure 9: Bass staff has a sixteenth-note E followed by a sixteenth-note D. Treble staff has a sixteenth-note C followed by a sixteenth-note B. Measure 10: Bass staff has a sixteenth-note A followed by a sixteenth-note G. Treble staff has a sixteenth-note F followed by a sixteenth-note E.

10

Musical score page 2, measures 10-12. The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, G major (two sharps), and common time. The bottom two staves are in bass clef, C major (no sharps or flats), and common time. Measure 10: Bass staff has a sixteenth-note rest followed by a sixteenth-note A. Treble staff has a sixteenth-note G followed by a sixteenth-note F. Measure 11: Bass staff has a sixteenth-note E followed by a sixteenth-note D. Treble staff has a sixteenth-note C followed by a sixteenth-note B. Measure 12: Bass staff has a sixteenth-note A followed by a sixteenth-note G. Treble staff has a sixteenth-note F followed by a sixteenth-note E.

12



This musical score page contains three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff a bass clef, and the bottom staff a treble clef. The key signature is four sharps. Measure 12 begins with a half note on the G4 line, followed by a whole note on the E5 line, a half note on the C5 line, and a whole note on the A4 line. Measures 13 and 14 follow, each containing six measures of music with various notes and rests. Measure 15 is a repeat of measure 12.

14



This musical score page contains three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff a bass clef, and the bottom staff a treble clef. The key signature is four sharps. Measure 14 begins with a half note on the G4 line, followed by a whole note on the E5 line, a half note on the C5 line, and a whole note on the A4 line. Measures 15 and 16 follow, each containing six measures of music with various notes and rests. Measure 17 is a repeat of measure 14.

16



This musical score page contains three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff a bass clef, and the bottom staff a treble clef. The key signature is four sharps. Measure 16 begins with a half note on the G4 line, followed by a whole note on the E5 line, a half note on the C5 line, and a whole note on the A4 line. Measures 17 and 18 follow, each containing six measures of music with various notes and rests. Measure 19 is a repeat of measure 16.

18

This musical score page contains four staves of music. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature is three sharps. Measure 18 starts with a half note on the G string of the treble clef staff, followed by a eighth-note pair on the A string. The bass staff has eighth-note pairs on the D and G strings. Measures 19 and 20 show eighth-note patterns on the treble staff, with measure 20 featuring a melodic line starting on the C string. The bass staff continues its eighth-note pattern. Measures 21 and 22 show eighth-note patterns on the treble staff, with measure 22 concluding with a half note on the G string.

20

22

24

I won't let you down

These wheels are turning

I won't let you see

30

You r bridges burning

32

You tell me it's O K

34

Live ah nether day Over and oh

36

oh verr The sun will rise again

38

So will we and then Things will be just

40

fie I ein I wish I could believe

42

The love that I receive But I don't deserve

44

it I hope you understand

46

If you take my hand I'll never let you go

48

This musical score consists of four staves of music for piano/vocal. The top two staves are treble clef, and the bottom two are bass clef. The key signature is A major (three sharps). Measure 48 begins with a piano dynamic. The vocal line consists of sustained notes with grace notes. Measures 49 and 50 show a continuation of this style. In measure 51, the vocal line includes lyrics: "You will never fall". Measures 52 and 53 continue the musical pattern. In measure 54, the vocal line includes lyrics: "While I can hold you". Measures 55 and 56 continue. In measure 57, the vocal line includes lyrics: "You don't have to cry". The score ends with a final measure.

You will never fall

50

While I can hold you

52

You don't have to cry

54

Musical score for piano and voice. The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the piano (treble and bass clef), and the bottom two staves are for the voice (treble and bass clef). The key signature is A major (three sharps). Measure 54 starts with a piano dynamic. The vocal line begins with "Though I won't stop you". Measure 55 continues the piano line and begins the vocal line. Measure 56 continues the piano line and begins the vocal line. Measure 57 concludes the vocal line with "When I think of you". The vocal line uses sustained notes and grace notes.

Though I won't stop you

56

When I think of you

58

A musical score for piano and voice. The piano part is in the bass clef, and the vocal part is in the soprano clef. The key signature is four sharps. Measure 58 starts with a piano dynamic (ff) and a vocal dynamic (ff). The piano has sustained notes in the bass and treble staves. The vocal line consists of eighth-note pairs. Measures 59 and 60 continue this pattern, with measure 60 concluding with a piano dynamic (ff).

And all the things we do
Over and oh
over

59

60

61

Trying evv ree day

62

Who can ever say

63

How we get by

64

65

66

But if I bring to you

Some thing mad but true

67

That gives us the pow

were

To freeze our love in time

70

Would you change your mind To

71

live ah ah love sublime

72

73

74

75

ooh ooh ooh ooh

76

hoo ooh

77

Over and oh

78

oh verr

80

I want your'e love

82

sub la I I'm

84

86

88

Ooh ahh Ooh

90

oo ooh hoo ooh This is ah

92

love sub la ah i'm

94

00 00 00 00

96

00 00 00 00 ah ah

98

Ah love sub leh

99

I'm

102

104

106

107

109

110

111

112

113

This block contains four sets of musical staves, each starting with a measure number (109, 110, 111, 112, 113). The music is written in G major (three sharps) and consists of three staves per set. The top staff is treble clef, the middle staff is bass clef, and the bottom staff is treble clef. Measures 109 and 113 feature sustained notes with dots above them. Measures 110 and 112 are mostly blank. Measure 111 shows a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

God Is Blue

Morashon

The Open Source Musical

Music: Morashon

Lyrics: Morashon

Tempo: 78 BPM

Piano

Cello

Voice 1

Voice 2

Take them all Take them all away now

3

8

3

I don't care I can't feel anyhow I'm alone in the crowd

6

somehow I'm alone in the crowd There's a place

10

I can feel it sometimes There's no space For my soul to breathe in

13

here I'm alone in the crowd again I'm alone in the crowd

16

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of one sharp. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the melody, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "I feel things you can't imagine I see things that feel things you can't imagine I see things that". The second section of lyrics is: "can't be true I know things that must be questions God is blue can't be true I know things that must be questions God is blue". The score includes various musical markings such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic changes.

I feel things you can't imagine I see things that
feel things you can't imagine I see things that

20

can't be true I know things that must be questions God is blue
can't be true I know things that must be questions God is blue