

SYLVANSTAR SERVER

Twice stirred. Correct. ...But, Sir, is it not time for the Return of Devices?

BRAD MAYHEM

Brad likes these? Why, I like them too.

SYLVANSTAR SERVER

A night like this... Brad might open a tab.

Dancer floats in a wallet

BRAD MAYHEM

He would? Why then I will open one too. And... why... in the mystic starlight of this Princess Prom I see I have Brad's wallet. Friend, why is that? Has something happened to Brad?

...And I see this flower wants for mist. It wants a misting.

a Dancer has floated in a mister

There. I will find Brad.

...Would you like a Prom Drop? ...Here.

a Dancer has provided a Prom Drop

TD

My Friend, if you see Brad Mayhem, tell him...

BRAD MAYHEM

Yes?

TD

The Nadir is Nigh.

BRAD MAYHEM

The Nadir is Nigh. Is it? Is the Nadir Nigh?

STUDENT 2

Ok? Be Brad. For me. Be Brad for me. Please.
Be Brad. Oh my god, I need this! Just — be —
Brad. Be. Brad. Be-Brad be-Brad be-Brad be-
Brad. Be. Brad. Please, just give me this
moment.

MAYHEM

It's crazy. Why would I have Brad's wallet?

STUDENT 1

Oh my god, you're Brad Mayhem! I can't believe
we've met! Brad, Brad, it's crazy I feel I
already know you!

BRAD MAYHEM

Ah, well —

STUDENT 1

But I'm — oh my god I've spilled my punch all over
you — I'm having a life-crisis!

BRAD MAYHEM

Well, Brad would —

STUDENT 1

— An identity crisis! Like I'm in some dream I
don't want to be! Oh my god you're soaked — I'm
aromantic on the intimacy spectrum but pansexual,
yet still have platonic crushes. What should I
do?

BRAD MAYHEM

I — I'll ask Brad when I see him. He's wandered
off.

STUDENT 1
But you're Brad.

STUDENT 1
Now life seems

as if I'm –

STUDENT 2

seems

I'm –

CHOR

seems

I'm –

seeing things
through the dream-
static of other
networks

seeing things
through the
dream-static of
other networks

seeing things
through the dream-
static of other
networks

I'm turned on! –
but going to faint.

*she swoons into Brad's arms;
song "When She Turns On"*

CHOR
When she falls down, baby
Help her to stand true
When she calls out, baby
Help her not be blue
But then do
You need any other clue?

When she turns on, baby
She turns on for you
When she burns on, baby
She burns all night through
But then do
You need any other clue?

||: When she turns on
It's just for you
When she burns on
It's just for you :||

Phantom Ambassador appears behind Mayhem

BRAD MAYHEM
Ah, Brother – you startled me.

DARK AMBASSADOR
 ...A drink. I beg you.

BRAD MAYHEM
 Why, Friend, yes – a drink!

DARK AMBASSADOR
 An Eau de Vivre avant dormir ...to ease the pain.

BRAD MAYHEM
 Brother, there is a strange gleam in your eye. Do
 you come for the Prom?

DARK AMBASSADOR
 I am the Ambassador.

BRAD MAYHEM
 Welcome then, Ambassador.

DARK AMBASSADOR
 ...Equiverté.

QINORA
 Holdon?

TD
 Here.

This, I fear, is no Ambassador – but a vision
 risen from the maelstrom of the fields.

DARK AMBASSADOR
 Une Cointreau, if I must. To steady the mark.
 < Brother >.

BRAD MAYHEM
 Why yes, we are all brothers, sisters, in the
 karma of the stars...

DARK AMBASSADOR

Tell me, <Brother>, do you know... the True History of Newsylvia?

BRAD MAYHEM

Why, friend, I know it from the heart. Yet I see by the strange blazing in your eyes that you wish to remind us of it.

DARK AMBASSADOR

This winsome world... this verdant paradise of the Perseus Arm, was once neither ASDU nor Nadirian...

BRAD MAYHEM

Why, yes... quite right.

DARK AMBASSADOR

It was the Sylph's. Shape-shifters of the Sylvan Night!

BRAD MAYHEM

Yes, yes. The student's and the Sylph's.

DARK AMBASSADOR

And did you know, <Brother>, that the students once themselves were sylphs?

QINORA

Return, Vision, to that storm of fiction wherein you have arisen!

*Proctor-Chaperone and ASDU Lord 1
have entered*

PROCTOR-CHAPERONE

Car service for Mr. Mayhem.

BRAD MAYHEM
You've been on social media.

QINORA
Someone else.

BRAD MAYHEM
Rumors of an alien clone.

QINORA
Absurd.

BRAD MAYHEM
You... teach meta-fiction at the local university.

QINORA
An academic backwater. A constructed past.

BRAD MAYHEM
We went to a prom once – a Princess Prom!

QINORA
A cover story. ...I don't deny that you have powers. Nor that there is, in all things... a quantum of entanglement.

BRAD MAYHEM
Powers?

QINORA
Yet look what you have done. With your immortality.

BRAD MAYHEM
I'm immortal?

QINORA

You were meant for Earth. You are the Good Twin. You are Brad Mayhem.

SYLVANSTAR SERVER

She is Qinora. Oracle aboard the first Saturn.

BRAD MAYHEM

An Oracle.

SYLVANSTAR SERVER

Who awaits her first Captain.

BRAD MAYHEM

...Star Server. I will open that tab.

QINORA

It is more
than a tab
we must now open

SKY HOP

She saw then how deep lay his
mis-remembrance. How under-sway,
as in deep grass, the strange
fictive fields surrounded him.

Agent-9, access the Sylphen Dream Network.

*intro to "Girl Next Door" begins;
enter Sylphen Dream Network;
she wears a head-lamp, off*

BRAD MAYHEM

The Mayhem Special. Aaaaaah... There's something
in it. There was something about a tribute?
I see now you've been trying to... reach me!
To... get through!

SYLPHEN DREAM NETWORK

We have.

BRAD MAYHEM

Who are you?

SYLPHEN DREAM NETWORK
Many things.

[*song "Girl Next Door"*]

CHOR

If the thought is pure
Like it was once before
You'll find there are
Ways to get through

[*dialogue overlaps the song*]

BRAD MAYHEM
And... the awards? I
want to give. To...
reach out!

SKY HOP
I was in the Dreamaterai –
Transiteria! – with a customer...

We're pretty sure
We're the girl next door
It's such a rush now
Got to blush now,
To see you

*Brad reaches out
to touch the head-lamp
of the Sylphen Dream Network*

We're the Girl Next Door
Just wanted some attention
We're the Girl Next Door
Just not in your dimension

*Mayhem sweeps the Sky Hop
into an embrace...*

We think it's dope
You could give Earth hope
Starts with a crush now
All too much now,
To see you

[*song has ended*]
the embrace breaks off

BRAD MAYHEM

– My god, I am Brad Mayhem!

the Sky Hop slaps him

SKY HOP

That's so you stay awake. In other dimensions.

MILLIE SOCKET

Oh my goodness, who was that?

SKY HOP

An All-Benificent Celestial Being,
Ma'am, having an identity crisis.

MILLI SOCKET

Well, he seemed like a nice young man. My husband and son have disappeared through a jukebox!

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*Newsylvia;
Office of Underground Parking
at the Sylvanstar*

ASDU LORD 1

You have the look of a Specialist.

PHIL SOCKET

Transworld Electro specializes in Advanced Services

ASDU LORD 1

Transworld. Is that some kind of code?

DREAM GUARD

Roger that, Captain. Difficult to know where the portal is. Belief fields are still wandering.

BUCK LAW

Soldier, you've done your homework. I'm field-promoting you to Arc-Captain –

BILLIE

That's awesome, Sir.

BUCK LAW

In the event I don't return.

BILLIE

Captain – Sir! – you will return!

• • • • •

elsewhere on Krung Field

CHOR [*as students*]

May-hem. May-hem.

BRAD MAYHEM

Students. Students. Despite my recent lapse... forgetting who I was... and in the process causing collateral inter-dimensional damage... I look out to you now, touched that you honor me, on the eve of your Prom. The eve of my going...

CHOR [*as students*]

Oh No! Don't Go!

BRAD MAYHEM

Hear me. Hear me. The Prom Hypothesis is not just an idea. Not just a treatise or a tract. Not just an essay, novel, mini-series, and children's coloring book. It is much more. It has foretold that on this eve, the eve of the Princess Prom, we would be visited. And we have.

CHOR [*as students*]
Tri-bute! Tri-bute!

BRAD MAYHEM
...From the sky palaces of higher worlds. And from these visitors I have learned much. ...I have learned that I am a Benificent Celestial Being. ...Something like that – I forget the term exactly...

ARC-PRINCESS
Lieutenant. Ready the Deck of Delusions. I'm going to the Prom.

DREAM GUARD
Understood. Engaging D of D...

ARC-PRINCESS
Alert Officer Holdon it is I who will be transpositioning with the Celestial.

BRAD MAYHEM
Yes. Thank you. I learned too that I was sent to the wrong planet. My visit here – has been a mistake. Perhaps an epic one.

CHOR [*as students*]
Oh! No! Not So!

BRAD MAYHEM
Indeed. Yes. I know. <Not so> Well, I can get back to you with details. Apparently my true destination was Earth. Yes. Hear me. This is not Earth. I am not up on the technical end of things... But I seem to have... frozen your world, for centuries I am told, though again I

have no recall, into a kind of 1950s. Minus the fretful nimbus of bad things. Yes, I was a skeptic too. But you have to admit you have a lot of proms. ...Again, I'm sorry about this –

CHOR [*as students*]
No – No – Don't Go!

BRAD MAYHEM
I have also discovered that I am immortal and have an Evil Twin. Though... ah... as these things go, I'm not...

CHOR [*as students*]
Go? Go? Oh! No!

BRAD MAYHEM
Yes. Thank you...

CHOR [*as students*]
Tri-bute! Tri-bute!

BRAD MAYHEM
Students believe – and who would gainsay it? – that on evenings such as these there pass, unheralded among them, visitors. From the sky palaces of higher worlds. That they slip into the party-darkness of the Syvlanstar... august, unnoticed... to dare the pleasures of the Prom.

Or, let me say it like this...