

OVERTURE

Here we are now, sitting
on a great big pile of trash (and seafloor)
that has been piled up for us to live on. Right now,
there are more than forty thousand of us.

In the middle of the field we're all watching,
a bearded blonde man, standing on a pile of dirt, grabs
the microphone. He has us all chant, "Yes! Yes! Yes!"
and we hear a crashing sound.

The ground beneath us rolls and sways
like the deck of a ship in heavy chop, and in the distance
we can see the streets of our city
dissolving into a gravelly liquid; office buildings
and condominiums—whatever's low
and built on artificial ground—toppling
into the waves.

We begin to drift out into the bay.

Here we are now, alone in the water.

We have garlic fries and beer
and a ball game to watch.

We wonder how long the bathrooms are going to last
(now that they're disconnected from the plumbing)
and what our city would have been like if it could have just grown up
a little bit more...

Here we are now, in our new city—the floating city—the city
of our old city's dreams—protected
from the quake by the water—still sheltered
from the sea by the mountains—ready to learn
from the mistakes of our old society—ready to provide
for all our citizens—ready to play a fair game
where nobody can run down the clock on anybody else
just because they're in the lead.

That is, at least until the water runs out.

Here we are now, floating,
looking back on our infinite city,
which has begun to sink into the mud.

Is there music? Maybe.
Have we thought about the mud? Probably.
But, have we thought of what
will happen—what HAS happened—

to the place where we are?
We're drifting right now,
and the shore is slowly disappearing...

Here we are now, circling
high in the air. The crowds
are leaving because the game
is almost over. What they don't know
is that we're waiting—waiting for them
to leave, and to leave us
their snacks. Chips, cheese, french fries
and beer. All for us, when we descend
at the bottom of the seventh.

Guitar fades out.

SCENE 1

Fuller: The year is 2018, the location, AT&T Park, 37.7786° N, 122.3892° W. San Francisco Giants Right Fielder, Hunter Pence, has stayed late at the stadium to work out in the gym, when all of a sudden the ground underneath him begins to shake. Weights are falling off the walls. Sirens in the distance.

Pence runs onto the stage.

Pence: What's happening? Jesus Christ! What's happening?! Is anybody here? Bumgarner? Buster? Bochy? Are you here?

Pence looks at his watch.

Pence: Midnight. Even the cleaning crew has probably gone home... Hello? Helloooo? Is there anybody out there!? Those sirens sure are getting louder! It's really happening! It's the Big One! The Earthquake! *San Andreas* was right! What would the Dwayne "the Rock" Johnson do? I wish I would've stayed awake during that movie...

Fuller: The stadium begins to shake again.

Pence: I should call Bochy! He'll know what to do.

Pence reaches for his cell phone.

Pence: What?! No service? All five dots, empty... I guess all the Verizon towers are down. I'll need to get to that old landline in the dugout. I'd better hurry though, there's bound to be some aftershock, and I don't wanna be too exposed to all these... architectural features. I should probably also find a—

California Dreamin' begins to play from the loudspeakers of the stadium, interrupting Pence.

Pence: That's strange, I've never heard this song play at the stadium before. Someone else must be here. But who? *(Pence walks to the edge of stage right)* Huh... There doesn't seem to be any damage. I guess you gotta hand it to HOK Sport—they really knew what they were doing when they built this place. This song sucks, play “More Human Than Human.” by White Zombie! “I want more life, fucker I ain't done, yeah. More human than human!”

The music cuts out, and a voice begins to crackle through the loudspeaker, echoing out through the abandoned stadium.

Fuller: For whatever functional purposes, man has been included in the design of the universe—nature has been, and continues to be, intent upon mankind's survival in his most physically successful and intellectually useful condition—

Pence: Hello?! Who's there?

Fuller: —wherefore, in view of man's historically vast ignorance and fear, nature has employed those predominant “game-motivating” negatives to impel him unconscious, even as he impelled him through the womb, toward this moment of dawning awareness of realistic hope and birth of his responsibility and intellectual initiative.

Pence: Hellooooo? Can anybody hear me?

Fuller: The inadvertent doing-more-with-less, as a by-product of the weaponry race seems, retrospectively, to have been nature's trick for developing man's highest potential while also saving him from his own shortsighted “game playing” ignorance.

Pence: Wait a minute, is this guy calling games ignorant!? Guess he's never made eighteen and a half mil playing an “ignorant” game.

Fuller: Because energy is wealth, the integrating world network means access of all humanity everywhere to the total operative commonwealth of earth. Wealth cannot alter yesterday. It can only alter today and tomorrow.

Pence: Hey! Hey, can you hear me up in there!?

Fuller: Multiplication of wealth began when man stepped on the long end of a log lying across another log with its short end under another big log, and he saw the big log, which was too heavy for him to lift with his muscles, lifted easily by gravity pulling his minuscule weight against the high-advantage arm of the lever.

Pence: Somebody—anybody there?

Fuller: Utopia must be, inherently, for all or none. *(Fuller enters stage left)* The world has become too dangerous for anything less than utopia. *(Walking towards Pence from behind)* Hello there, Mr. Pence. It's nice to finally meet you.

Pence turns around in a panic.

Pence: What? Who are you?

Fuller: I suppose I should introduce myself. My name is R. Buckminster Fuller, but you can just call me Mr. Fuller.

Pence's phone buzzes in his pocket.

Pence: *(holding up the phone)* Hold up a minute Buck-minister...my phone! It's working again! It's Bochy!

Pence: *(into his phone)* Bochy? You there? I'm at the stadium!

Bochy: Hey there, Hunter how's it goin'? I heard you mighta still been there, the stadiums all over the news right now. I thought I'd call to make sure you're ok.

Pence: Yeah, I'm ok, a little shaken up, but ok. Why is the stadium all over the news? Oh and...do you know anyone that works at the stadium that's named *(looking at Fuller)* Bucky Minister Fuller?

Bochy: Never heard of a Bucky Fuller...and I don't think the Giants have a minister...why do you ask though?

Pence: There's some guy here wearing a shirt with his own face on it.

Fuller: Your shirt has your name on the back.

Pence: I've never seen him before, wait though...you didn't answer my question Bochy. Why is the stadium all over the news?

Bochy: I got some bad news for ya Hunter. You're not gonna like it. Things aren't looking too good out here. Lotsa damage in the city. I was on my walk home from the stadium...down the Embarcadero and all of a sudden it hit...the "Big One!"

Pence: What do you mean by "lots of damage!?" Are you ok?

Bochy: Ok is relative...there's fires, collapsed freeways, holes in the ground—you name it. It's a big shit, and you're *especially* not gonna like what's happened to the stadium.

Pence: What's happened to the stadium!?

Fuller: Come with me, Mr. Pence.

Pence: *(to Fuller)* Hold on a second— *(to Bochy)* Bochy, Bochy, you still there? *What* has happened to the stadium!?

Bochy: Oh bananas, would you look at that, another one of these holes—I'm gonna have to let you go, Hunter. Remember though Hunter, if you're not prepared it's not pressure you feel, it's fear. *(the phone clicks off)*

Hunter: I don't know what that means Bochy?... Bochy?... You still there?

Fuller: I think it's time for you to come with me Mr. Pence. I have something wonderful that I need to show you.

Pence: I'm not going anywhere with you until you tell me who you are and what's happened to the stadium?

Fuller starts slowly walking towards stage right. Pence follows apprehensively.

Fuller: I must admit, Mr. Pence, this is quite the architectural marvel you work in. A nearly flawless construction!

Pence: Sure it's nice, but What's happened to it? What did Bochy mean when he said I'm not going to like what's happened to the stadium?

Fuller: I mean, just look at it! This wonderful brick! Those magnificent clocktowers outside! The view of the bay! It's like the Pantheon!

Pence: Stop avoiding the question! What's happened to the stadium?

Fuller: Patience is a virtue Mr. Pence. I'm your coach now. Tell me Mr. Pence, have you ever been for a walk, on a winter's day?

Pence and Fuller slowly exit stage right. California Dreamin begins to play again.

California Dreamin fades out. Pence and Fuller enter stage left.

Fuller: Welcome home, Mr. Pence.

Pence: Holy rattlesnakes! Where are we? Why are we so far from the city? Are we... *floating?!?!*

Fuller: Indeed we are, Mr. Pence. We *are* floating, out into the bay.

Pence: How can this be? This building is just a pile of bricks and cement! We'll surely sink!

Fuller: As you might have known, when we stand in San Francisco, we often do not stand on "land" at all. Like most things in this hocus-pocus, shim-sham society of ours, this land has been imported and dumped here by people, to support all those buildings you see in the distance, and, as you might imagine, it's a poor imitation of the real thing.

Pence: So what you're saying, is that we are floating on garbage?

Fuller: That is correct Mr. Pence, landfill... This beautiful stadium was built upon waste and now, somehow, it has miraculously held up to "the Big One," and has become a city unto itself (a Spaceship Earth if you like), and you are the only citizen.

Pence: What about you though?

Fuller: Mr. Pence, you may want to sit down for this. I died 35 years ago in a hospital in Los Angeles.

Pence: What! (*backing away slowly from Fuller*) You're a gh...gh...ghost! (*falls off the stage.*)

Fuller: I don't believe in ghosts Mr. Pence, but I do believe in spirits... (*Fuller produces a martini shaker and two tumblers from below the desk, and begins to shake.*) Would you like a drink?

Pence: A *drink*?

Fuller: Please Mr. Pence, let me make you one of my famous "Geode-sick's."

Pence: What's a Geode-sick?

Fuller: Just try it.

Pence: Is it paleo?

Fuller: No. Drink up, caveman.

Fuller offers Pence a toast, and Pence sips nervously at the glass.

Fuller: It's good, yes?

Pence winces as he takes another sip.

Pence: Tastes like Mountain Dew Kickstart...and is that, is that, honeycomb floating around?

Fuller: You see, Mr. Pence there's something you should know about this "garbage" (as you so eloquently put it) that we're sitting on. This isn't just some pile of plastic bottles, newspapers, and old tires—oh no—it's much more special than that. Sure, some of the stuff is rather bland—muck they've dredged up from the floor of this bay and all that—but *some* of it is very exciting indeed. How much do you know about the Gold Rush, Mr. Pence?

Pence: I'm from Texas, not California, so history class didn't really cover that.

Fuller: But do you know about *how* they extracted all that gold?

Pence: I bet you're about to tell me.

Fuller: Sure, *some* of the mining took place in shafts deep in the sides of mountains, but in many cases, it was easier and cheaper simply to wash the sides of those mountains away with giant hoses, and run the debris through sluiceboxes. But here's the thing, Mr.

Pence: all that rock and gravel had to go *somewhere*, and the most economical solution was to dump it into the river and here, Mr. Pence, in the San Francisco Bay, we are downriver from just about everywhere.

Pence: So this landfill is made from mining waste?

Fuller: A portion of it, at least. Mr. Pence I think it is time to tell you another story.

Pence: Jesus Bucky Christ do you ever stop talking!?

Fuller: It's *Mister Fuller!* In the early 1960s I was commissioned by a Japanese patron to design one of my tetrahedral floating cities for Tokyo Bay. Three-quarters of our planet Earth is covered with water, most of which may float organic cities.

Floating cities pay no rent to landlords. They are situated on water, which they desalinate and recirculate in many useful and non polluting ways. They are ships with all an ocean ship's technical autonomy, but they are also ships that will always be anchored. They don't have to go anywhere. Their shape and its human-life accommodations are not compromised, as must be the shape of the living quarters of ships whose hull shapes are constructed so that they may slip, fishlike, at high speed through water and high seas with maximum economy.

The tetrahedron has the most surface with the least volume of all polyhedra. As such it provides the most "outside" living. Its sloping external surface is adequate for all its occupants to enjoy their own private, outside, tiered-terracing, garden homes. These are most economically serviced from the common, omni-nearest-possible center of volume of all polyhedra.

All the shopping centers and other communal service facilities are inside the structure; tennis courts and other athletic facilities are on the top deck. This earthquake-proof building had 20,000 apartments gathered in the wall of a giant tetrahedron. In 1968, the US Department of Housing and Urban Development financed a detailed study for Triton City, a series of neighborhood-sized floating communities between 3,500 and 6,500 persons. The structures would also be self-sufficient by the use of wave power and solar energy.

Pence: What's Tokyo gotta do with all of this!?

Fuller: This floating city was never built in Tokyo. So I thought to myself, what city sits along a Bay? What city's economy could support the development of this tetrahedron? What city is as prone to earthquakes as Tokyo? San Francisco that's where! A city run by easily persuadable fools—fools willing to sink millions of dollars of public funds into a *stadium* of all things, much less that brutal monstrosity you call "Candlestick."

Pence: But Treasure Island is not a tetrahedron?

Fuller: I'm a big fan of Treasure Island, but it's not the subject at hand. Sure, AT&T Park isn't a tetrahedron. But, as you can see—it still floats.

Pence: So you're the one responsible for all of this!? You're responsible for "the Big One!"

Fuller: Not responsible, but an instigator—think of me as a little bird whispering in the ears of San Francisco's "change makers." Since my death in 1984 I have been infiltrating the shimmering offices of this cities developers, architects, financiers, politicians, and now even its athletes.

Pence: But I still don't understand why a stadium? There's no roof, there's no apartments, there's no fucking tetrahedron... all I've got is a little garden in the shade of center field.

Fuller: And that's exactly my point Mr. Pence, from your garden a society will bloom. We have built it and they will come! Mr. Pence, the thing about stadia is that they are *easy* to get built. Any city, no matter how bankrupt, how destitute, will somehow find the funds, the space, and the will to build one if the thought so crosses its mind. Even if they already *have* a suitable one—or even *many* suitable ones—there is somehow always room for more. True, a stadium is no tetrahedron, but look at your ballpark! It is quite like a city, with a central green space, businesses, healthcare providers, and plenty of room for people to live. Look at the corridors, even, can you not imagine them as the city's pedestrian beltway? And this stadium, this beautiful stadium, I was able to have built in exactly the right spot, where it could easily break away—indeed, where it was supposed to have been built all along.

Pence: But the quarters here are actually pretty cramped—it's a beautiful diamond, but still slightly flawed.

Fuller: A flawed diamond is better than no diamond at all.

Pence: A diamond's still not a tetrahedron.

Fuller: The stacks of triangles are like stacks of cannonballs, and they make a tetrahedron. So we can say then that *the sum of the relationships of all our experiences is always tetrahedral*.

Pence: You're tetrahedral.

Fuller: Thank you. It was 'in the 1990's that I began to infiltrate the big minds of the Bay, as Candlestick Park became obsolete and the San Francisco Giants began to talk about a move to Florida or Canada even. I convinced the minds of this city that what was needed for it to develop and prosper was a downtown ballpark on the waterfront. I already tried once in San Diego, but, like Tokyo, everyone found my proposal ludicrous—the wonderful thing about San Francisco, though, is the people who live here—they are Futurists, hippies, and yuppies alike. This stadium—a "privately financed" stadium (though everyone knows it still sucked up millions in taxpayer dollars)—was an easy sell.

Pence: So the South of Market Area looks the way it does because of you? All of this is because you wanted a freaking floating stadium?

Fuller: Mr. Pence, not even I can predict the future. But isn't it better here now? We've advanced haven't we? You've surely walked around this neighborhood. Think of what has been accomplished! On every corner, a warehouse full of innovators—it's a veritable *incubator* now for our world's greatest minds! Do we find ourselves, now in Utopia? Or in Oblivion?

Pence: I've got a condo nearby the stadium now, but to be honest with you I wouldn't call it utopia *or* oblivion—it's a *condo*.

Fuller: But it's a place of your own—a place you can call home. *Think* about it Mr. Pence. For many, this stadium—this *neighborhood*—is an unwelcome architectural development. Your team says “Together we're giant” but just exactly *who* is together (and *how*, for that matter) and *who*, exactly, it *giant*? Part of the easy sell on stadia is that they'll breathe life into the economies of their surroundings. But what about the life of the *living*? Utopia or Oblivion—it's always been a difficult bind, Mr. Pence.

Pence: I'm starting to understand you a bit more now, but I do have to say that I don't know if AT&T Park is really behind it all—wouldn't this all have happened anyways? The big money, the techno-innovators, they had their claws sunk into this city long before the stadium was built.

Fuller: Yes, but what does the techno-archy want to do after a long day of staring at a computer? They want to unwind! They want entertainment! They want a sense of belonging—the security of a group! And here, for a relatively small fee they can squirrel themselves away in this brick palace, where they escape from the antiseptic placelessness of code, into that most solid, American thing of all—baseball. Mr. Pence, this is more than a franchise—it's a family.

Pence: Uhh Mr. Fuller...I think we have bigger concerns at stake then discussing the political and social consequences of the stadium. Is it just me, or is that water on the field?

Fuller: Blast, I thought this might happen. Well, as I always say, you can't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs! Better luck next time I suppose. Mr. Pence, it's been nice talking to you, but now I must be off. I think... Tampa, maybe? Remember Mr. Pence if we're all on a ship together, and there's holes in the ship and we're bailing water out and we have a great design for a bucket; we should probably share the bucket design. Because we're all gonna sink! A Geode-sick for the road?

Fuller exits stage left. Turns around reenters stage left and says:

Fuller: Oh I forgot, (*starts signing baseball*) a souvenir for the road.

Fuller tosses the baseball to Pence and exits stage left.

Pence sits down on the edge of the stage and slowly finishes his drink.

In painting, and in baseball, precision and chance are partners.
Rules offer structure to endless possibilities,
which create more possibilities.

The confluence of nature, magic, and skillfully reasoned action
gives life to a painting, to baseball, and to this unique ballpark.
Ninety feet between the bases is the nearest thing to perfection that man has yet achieved.
And remember the final two words in our national anthem, play ball.

Scott McKenzie's, San Francisco begins to play.

Pence slams his drink, gets up and slowly exits stage right while tossing the baseball .

END