

Security Culture

**an interactive
sock puppet
farce**



INSURGENT THEATRE

COLUMBUS

ANARCHIST

BLACK CROSS

COLUMBUSABC.ORG

This is a script from a workshop on security
culture, created by

Insurgent Theatre
(InsurgentTheatre.org)

and

Columbus Anarchist Black Cross
(ColumbusABC.org)

The skit was first performed at the Sporeprint
Infoshop on Sept 29th, 2010. Anyone who finds this
helpful is encouraged to perform it with whatever
changes you'd like to make.

We put it together pretty quickly, only rehearsed
a few times, and made everything we needed with
random stuff we had around the house. Except the
kazoos- we got a bag of cheap ones from a costume
store, but really any noise-maker will do.

If you have questions or want advice about
mounting your own production, feel free to contact
us at insurgenttheatre.org or columbusabc.org.
Thanks!

(a) anticopyright, 2010

APPENDIX 1: Here's the outline we used in our discussion.

Start with Puppet Show, then...

discussion

Why Security Culture?

- to be aware that the gov't is actively disrupting activist movements.
- this disruption extends to the entire spectrum of activities
- to spread awareness of how to frustrate those efforts
- we are not privileging clandestine actions (but not excluding them either)
- to introduce SC to new people in a helpful (not macho) way.
- to better understand the line between good and abusive security culture

What is security culture?

- ask group for definitions.
- security culture is a general awareness of how gov't surveillance and infiltration work and a set of common understandings and practices that prevent them from working.
- Recap puppet show.
- additional security behaviors that weren't well covered by puppets
 - indirect bragging
 - electronic surveillance
- the difference between general surveillance and targeted surveillance.

Questions for audience

- how is SC working?
- what are your thoughts and experiences with it?

The puppeteers introduce themselves and hand out kazoos or other noisemakers.

PUPPETEER (*informal ad lib*): So these kazoos you got, they're for interacting with the play, when you see an example of bad security culture, that is, a practice that might be unsafe for activists to engage in, blow the kazoo! If you're right, we'll give you a thumbs up and the characters will change their behavior. If you sound off prematurely, or at a time we didn't write in as an example, we'll shrug and take note of it and talk about it in discussion. So keep an eye out, but don't be too over-zealous with the noises, cuz that'd get annoying, right? Great.

Oh, one more thing, we're not here to debate about the validity of the character's actions, or to endorse anything they do or don't do. They're socks. We're just demonstrating good security culture, for your information. The overzealous feds are busting people for all kinds of shit nowadays. Okay! Time to start...

Darkness.

Sound of spray paint.

A small light.

Two socks, GREEN and YELLOW are spray-painting on the backdrop of the set.

GREEN: This is so cool!

fffssssshhhhh

GREEN: Yeah! That'll show em!

YELLOW: Shush!

pppppssssssssttt. They finish and both run off.

YELLOW: heh heh heh...

*Lights up. Large title card displays the title of the show.
The puppeteers recite it in unison:*

SECURITY CULTURE:
AN INTERACTIVE SOCK PUPPET FARCE.

At the bottom corner in puppet-sized spray paint looking letters:

HUMANS ARE PUPPETS!

Two white socks with painted on moustaches and gold stars (or other police paraphernalia) enter. They see the graffiti and start babbling incoherently yet menacingly. Exit.

Small placard appears, and puppeteers recite in unison:

SCENE 1: BRAGGING

*The large title card is replaced by bar scene.
RED is in the bar, surrounded by other socks.
GREEN and YELLOW enter.*

YELLOW: Hey! Hey, Red. How's it going?

RED: Hi Yellow. I'm alright. Have a beer.

Puppets pour beer into each other's mouths.

YELLOW: Thanks!

RED: So, what're you guys up to?

GREEN: No good!

RED: What's that mean?

GREEN: Me and Yellow making trouble for the stupid humans. We just tagged their dumb sign. You know the one that calls us socks puppets? Yeah, we wrote: "Humans are puppets" Ha! We're so awesome!

RED: Hell yeah guys, anti-human graffiti is awesome!

Once they've passed, Red flips them off (hand inside puppet, so the entire puppet becomes a gesture)

Shit-heel whitesocks!

All socks pop up, also flipping the whitesocks off.

ALL: Theeee End!

Socks bow and wave.

Puppeteers transition to workshop and discussion.



YELLOW: Great. Now they went back to that whitesock bastard.

RED: We don't know that Blue is a-

YELLOW: Maybe you don't. Or maybe you're only pretending eh? I'm on to you too. I'm on to all of you!! (runs off cackling)

RED: Wait! Wait, come back damn it! This isn't how security culture is supposed to work! The whole idea is to protect us from the whitesocks so we can make actions happen. Instead it's made us paranoid and divisive. Now we can't get our shit together enough to make actions happen in the first place. Blue could just as well be an ambitious and enthusiastic newcomer. Damn. Maybe I shoulda been more careful and sympathetic when raising concerns. Or, maybe Yellow always has been a jerk and security culture is just another way for them to posture as superior. Maybe having people like that in the scene at all makes security culture, or really any coordinated action impossible.

I guess good security culture is not just a matter of following some rules, it's also a matter of having solid, trusting, non-hierarchical and communicative relationships going on in the first place.

We've got a lot of work to do.

Two whitesocks walk past, babbling suspiciously.

RED (politely): Hello officers, nice night we're having!

IF KAZOO, THEN....

YELLOW: Hey, Green! Not so loud. There might be whitesocks around.

GREEN: Oh, right. Okay. (*slightly quieter, resume same line*)

IF 2nd KAZOO, THEN...

RED: Better yet, don't tell me at all. I totally agree, humans are stupid and feet stink, but, I don't need to know the details about anything illegal you guys might have done, right?

GREEN: Oh. Yeah, you're probably right!

YELLOW: Alright. Let's go pick some lint. I wanna move the plot forward.

RED: Okay.

GREEN: Where to?

YELLOW: Next scene is at my place.

Small placard appears, and puppeteers recite in unison:

SCENE 2: People and places.

Bar background is replaced by apartment or house background. Orange sits alone, center, with a strange expression on his face.

ORANGE: Oooooohhhh... So TINGLEY!

Yellow, Green and Red enter. Like a stoplight.

YELLOW: Hey Orange, what's up?

ORANGE: Sparkles.

YELLOW: You know Red and Green?

ORANGE: Look! A stoplight.

GREEN: Wow Orange, you've been hitting the Gold Bond again?

ORANGE: Heeheehee.

RED: So, what were we talking about in the last scene?

YELLOW: Advancing the plot.
 GREEN: Yeah, how much we hate the damn humans!
 RED: They're such jerks.
 YELLOW: All I ask is a world without toejam.
 GREEN: Or crowded dresser drawers.
 RED: Or athelete's foot.
 ORANGE: I dunno, sometimes you can get a good buzz off the fungus.
 RED: Until they treat it with those nasty chemicals.
 ORANGE: Still better than unclipped toenails tearing a whole in your face.
 YELLOW: Too true.
 RED: You know what I really hate about humans?
 GREEN: What?
 RED: They're always rolling us up in matched pairs.
 GREEN: Ugh. Yeah.
 RED: It's so heteronormative.
 GREEN: And boring.
 ORANGE: Why's it their business who we wrap up inside of?
 YELLOW: And don't get me started on those damn whitesock stooges.
 GREEN: Humans give em a badge and they make our lives hell.
 YELLOW: So, we all agree, humans must be stopped! The question is: how to do it.
 ORANGE: Whoa. Time to get serious.
 YELLOW: I wanna really sock-it-to-em! Who's with me?
 GREEN: I am.
 RED: Me too.
 ORANGE: I kind of got my own thing going on, y'know?
 YELLOW: Riding the golden tiger, eh?
 ORANGE: But, I'd love to listen in and give some suggestions.
 YELLOW: Sounds good.
 GREEN: Sure, why not?

GREEN: Hey! Blue is my friend! Maybe I haven't known em all that long, but I'm not going to sit here and listen to you call them a whitesock!
 YELLOW: No Green, Red is totally right. Blue. A whitesock. I'm gonna bust their seams!
 GREEN: Fuck you, Yellow. Call my friend a whitesock again and you'll be the one lookin to get darned.
 YELLOW: You just wanna hook up with them.
 GREEN: Oh, so you're jealous?

KAZOO OR NOT, Red tries to cool things down.

RED: Whoa! Calm down! Yellow, you don't know that Blue is a whitesock. It's just suspicious. Suspicious enough that we shouldn't just immediately-
 GREEN: And you! Fucking know-it-all! You've been trying to make me look dumb all day.
 YELLOW: Well, it's not very hard. In fact, you're so dumb maybe it's intentional. Maybe you're in cahoots with Blue. In deep cover, trying to get us to fuck up.
 RED: Don't be paranoid Yellow.
 YELLOW: Don't be paranoid? First you tell me I can't talk in my own house or near my friend Orange, and now you're telling me not to be paranoid? Fuck that. The whitesocks could be anywhere! Maybe you're a whitesock. Maybe there's a microphone hidden in this bush, or a whitesock with a camera on top of that building. Maybe you've just lured us out to them!
 RED: Yellow, calm down. You're being crazy!
 GREEN: This is bullshit. Whatever. You're both jerks. I'm leaving. (exits) Blue! Hey Blue! Wait up...

RED: Aaahhh! If only we knew better security culture this wouldn't have happened!

WHITESOCKS: It sure was easy busting these socks. Looks like they really need to tune up their bullshit detectors. Do those kazooos you guys got work? A new guy showing up with missile launchers, really?

IF KAZOO ANY TIME AFTER: "...a banner drop, really?"

RED: Actually, I just remembered, I gotta... ugh... go see about some stains. C'mon guys. See you later Blue.

BLUE: What gives?

RED: We'll talk about this later, man. Totally hate the humans, it's just these stains... I really gotta check em out.

BLUE: Alright...

YELLOW: Red's been kinda weird all night. Sorry. See you later.

GREEN: Call me!

YELLOW: Hey, Red. What's going on now?

RED: How long have any of us really known Blue?

YELLOW: Not all that long, I guess.

GREEN: They're really cool and helpful though!

YELLOW: Yeah. They're always cooking for Yarn not Bombs with us.

RED: I dunno. Enthusiastic people who we don't know real well, and who're pushing us beyond what we're ready for. That's exactly what a whitesock agent would do.

GREEN: Blue? An agent?

YELLOW: But they're totally down for anti-human mayhem!

RED: Yeah, but that might be just to entrap you. Whitesocks do that shit all the time.

IF KAZOO THEN...

RED: I dunno. What we're talking about will probably not be all that interesting.

GREEN: Whaddaya mean 'not interesting'?

RED (aside): I think what we're talking about should probably stay on a need to know basis, you know?

YELLOW: What, you think my roommate's a whitesock?

ORANGE (in their own world): Chooooo chooooo

RED: No. But if they're not involved in the action, they shouldn't know about it. Whitesocks might question them, blackmail them or otherwise extort info from them.

GREEN: They do have their ways.

RED: The soak-and-wring.

GREEN: Tearing and darning.

ORANGE: UH! Yeah! I love Gold Bond more than ANYTHING!

YELLOW: Maybe you're right. Hey, Orange, why don't you go in the other room for a bit?

ORANGE: Great idea!

Orange exits.

If no kazoo, then Orange stays in the scene for a while, but says nothing, wanders out before BLUE arrives.

RED: Okay, let's go. Any ideas?

GREEN: Well, we could write a letter to the editor of Top Drawer Times.

RED: There's a knee sock election coming up. We could run for the sockulist party.

YELLOW: Yeah, yeah, yeah. I've done all that. We held rallies, I screened "Disappeared in Laundry" in this very room. Gets nothing done. My house has been ground zero in this drawer

for that kind of thing for years. If we want change, we need direct action. Sabotage.

IF KAZOO THEN...

RED: Hold on a second. You've been organizing for years, living here, and you've made some fairly public statements about raising the stakes against the whitesocks.

YELLOW: I fucking HATE the whitesocks.

GREEN: Me too!

RED: Let's take a walk.

GREEN: Why?

RED: I just need some air. Leave your cellphones behind, k?

Placard and puppeteers in unison:

SCENE 3: Provocateurs and paranoia.

The room background is replaced by a residential street background.

YELLOW: What's with the unnecessary scene change?

RED: Known activist spaces are likely to be surveilled.

YELLOW: I get it, Paul in the wall.

GREEN: Who's Paul?

If no kazoo, placard appears after "...direct action. Sabotage" and background remains the apartment.

RED: Okay. I think we should start with something we can handle. Laundry day is coming up. We could make a giant banner and rig it up to the-

Blue approaches.

GREEN: Hey! Blue!

BLUE: Hey there, gorgeous.

GREEN: Aww... shucks!

YELLOW: What's up Blue.

RED: Hi Blue, I'm Red. We haven't met yet, but I've heard a lot about you since you got to town.

BLUE: Good to meet you, Red. What're you all up to?

GREEN: Actually, I was just thinking about you.

BLUE: Yeah?

GREEN: We're planning this anti-human banner drop thing, and I know you'd totally be down.

BLUE: Of course I am. Stinking humans. Dirty-assed feet.

YELLOW: You know it.

BLUE: But, a banner drop? Really?

RED: Just for starters, you know-

BLUE: That's weak. What are you, ankle socks? C'mon. I can turn you guys onto something that'll really do the trick.

GREEN: Wow, Blue is so courageous... and dreamy.

YELLOW: Yeah. I'm so glad they came here. This drawer was *dead* before they showed up a few weeks ago.

RED: So, Blue, what are you thinking?

BLUE: Missile launchers!

Holds up sign with drawing of giant missile launcher on it.

GREEN: Holy mothballs! You can get one of those?

BLUE: Yeah, I've got a friend with connections. I just need the other half of the money and someone to help move it.

YELLOW: I'm in!

GREEN: Yeah, here's everything I got! (*pulls out money from somewhere*)

BLUE: Ha ha! Gotcha!

Three white socks burst in, flashing lights, one pulls Blue's sock off and he's a whitesock underneath!

YELLOW: Arg! Busted!