

#5 ANGRY RED DRUM Play Published here in a Serialization:

1st Installment

Copyright Philip Kan Gotanda 2008-2011

5th Draft –

Premiere - Asian American Theater Company – 2009

Dir. M. Graham Smith

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Dir. Philip Kan Gotanda & Erika Chong-Shuch

Pre-show music: Bob Dylan: Everybody Must Get Stoned; Leopard Skin Pill Box Hat; Maggie's Farm; It's Alright Ma --

#5 THE ANGRY REDRUM

5th in the Garage Band Series --

Characters:

GORAM --

PICK --

CIGARETTE GIRL/LITTLE RED DRUMMER BOY-- the innocent, the lamb. Played by a male or female.

BACKWARDS SOLDIER --

TRUMAN --

DARK ANGEL --

A PERCUSSIONIST/SOUND-SCAPE PLAYER --

Puppets optional --

Some Time --

Some Place --

PRELUDE:

CIGARETTE GIRL comes strolling down the aisles. The innocent play-acting hard. She holds a cigarette/candy box held in front by a strap around her neck. Beehive, pedal pushers --

Cigarette Girl: (calling out) Lucky Strikes! Klondike Bars! Trojans! --

-- enters the stage. Behind her, in shadows, looms a shadowy Figure. The DARK ANGEL. Long Wings-of-Desire overcoat, hooded sweatshirt, cowl pulled over its head --

Cig Girl: Hello. Bambi. Like the fawn. I was born and raised right here in this neighborhood. Probably next door to you. I'm 5'5, I weigh 125 pounds. My measurements are 33, 22, 33. I've never had enhancements, subtractions or any kind of rhinoplasty and I don't mean the animal – you know when they attack if you stand very still they forget who they're attacking. Where was I? I just graduated, finally, a degree in theater, dance and performance studies -- The world is my oyster!

-- A Bowling BALL rolls past --

This is a job. Summer job. A bowling alley. Not my real job. It stinks but I meet really interesting guys. This one guy. He was tall. Dark. And. And...

-- Dark Angel comes up behind Cigarette Girl and extend his arms out behind Cig Girl, his arms manipulating hers like a puppet. Or, puts his hand behind her back or neck and manipulates her like a ventriloquist --

You know what I see? I'm never going to own a house or enjoy a lifestyle like my parents. I'm living my nation's descent into second world status – you go to a hospital lately? Try spending a dollar?

I see I live in a time of human excrement flowing into the oceans, going out for a bite to eat acceptable levels of poison, and, End Times the political map for acceptable levels of human extermination.

I see a once proud house being torn apart by a small army of blind believers lead by a hungry mouth that can never be satisfied, taking bite after bite of all that is human and hopeful about this beautiful ideal.

I live in a time where I want everyone to see me on You-Tube with a strange boy's penis in my mouth. And I will feel. Famous.

I see homeless families – mothers and children - camped on street corners. A young boy attacked and beaten by faceless, nameless young boys. A young woman spread open and violated by boys replaying pornographic sexualized fantasies in their club house.

And I don't care. I'm not sure I care. Should I care? What about me?

Dark Angel withdraws --

I am almost a virgin, I am almost happy, I am almost about to vomit, I am almost in love...

Shivers and collects herself --

This is the story of Pick and Goram. Two brothers. Born as one. Then. Then. Hewn in two by their own hands in an act of violent self-preservation. And then. Went gone on his and his separate way, forgetting, forgetting, forgotten --

Black out --

We hear a Beast's ROAR --

Lights up --

A black STOVE PIPE HAT sits on the ground.

[optional: Political convention straw hat with red white and blue band. Says, "Bush-Cheney"]

GORAM enters backwards, looking here and there, scared. Bad things are about --

Wears Coltranesque, early 60's sharkskin suit no shoes, no socks, no shirt. He wears swimming

goggles. His clothes are worn and sullied --

We hear the ROAR again --

Goram frantically looks for a place to hide. Hears whimpering. Notices the Stove Pipe Hat.

Curiously overcomes fear, approaches. Studies the Hat. Listens. Lifts it up --

-- a HEAD is revealed --

Pick: What? What? Put it back. Put it back, fool. Fool!

Goram puts the hat back over Pick's head. Unsure what to do, starts to leave, stops. Lifts the hat --

Goram: I am no fool. No. Fool.

Pick: Horrible things afoot. Clump, clump. Bacaaww, bacaaww. Have you not heard them? Put the hat back. Fool!

Goram studies Pick's situation --

Goram: I have arms. (waves them) Legs. (Kicks them) A body. (wiggles it) You are just a head.

-- jumps around moving all parts --

Goram: Who is the fool?

Pick: I am a head?

Goram: Yes.

Pick: Just a head?

Goram: Yes.

Pick: Thank you. I thought I was hairy behind speaking through my asshole.

Beat --

Goram: You need not be rude about it, sir.

Pick: The hat? Mister? The hat?

Goram puts the hat back over Pick's head. Whimpering. Goram lifts the hat --

Goram: I am sorry.

Pick: Who me?

Goram: Lonely, lonely.

Pick: What day is it?

Goram: Scared?

Pick: Already.

Goram: Lonely?

Pick: Better than being eaten – chomp, chomp.

Gorman: There are things worse.

Pick: I do not think so.

Goram: When you are shat out.

Beat --

Pick: You need not be rude about it, mister.

Goram: I apologize.

Pick: There is that. Still. In there. In the dark.

Goram: Perhaps they are more – (dog bark) than (clicks teeth).

Pick: I do not think so.

Gorman lowers himself to eye level with Pick --

Goram: Can they really be so awful?

Pick: (eye to eye) With no eyes to see. Well --

A loud Roar -- Goram hugs pick's head. They are terrified. Realize their heads are touching. Pull apart, unsettled --

Pick: Put the hat back! Put the hat back!

Goram: What about me?

Pick: Join me.

Goram: Two heads are better than one...

Goram gets on his stomach and shoves his head next to Pick's. Puts the Hat on their heads. It doesn't fit.

Pick: Sometimes one head is better than none.

Goram: You would kick me out?

Pick: Go. The hat. Back. Fool!

Goram slams the Hat over Pick's head. Silence. Goram looks around warily. Whimpering from beneath the Hat. Goram lifts the Hat up and places it on his own head --

Pick: Safe?

Goram: Missed you. I do not know why. Fool.

Pick: In here? Inside? As if God had inhaled. And left.

Goram: Odd. Touching you was like. Myself. Without the happy you know.

Goram notices Pick staring at his head --

Goram: Sir?

Pick: The hat. Becomes you.

Goram: Oh.

Pick: It belongs.

Goram: Really?

Goram starts to model, strikes poses with the hat --

Pick grows increasingly uncomfortable watching him -

Goram: Never thought me as a person hat. Like the bowtie. Some can. Some, you know -

Pick: I see a head. I see another head. Two heads! I see an arm. An arm. Another arm, another arm - 4 arms!

Goram: Sir? Sir?

Pick: 2 heads! 4 arms! A Leg, a leg, two more legs, 4 legs ---

Goram's not sure what to do - slaps Pick -

Pick: (recovering) The hat. Your head. I saw you.

Goram: Me?

Pick: Pop ups. I get pop ups. Time to time --You hit me. Ouch! Fool. Mean fool. Ouch! Ouch!

Goram: No. Fool. (to Pick) Fool!

Goram is about to put the hat over Pick's head --

Pick: No hat! No hat. Please?

Goram sets the hat aside. Moves away. They assess their situations. Pick whistles to himself. Goram kicks the dirt. Bends over to pick something up --

Pick: Ben Tolver.

Goram: I was. Bent over, to pick something up.

Pick: Ben Tolver?

Goram: Yes, bending over, I said that --

Pick: Are you. Mister. Benjamin Tolver?

Goram: No. I am. Not.

Pick: Oh.

Silence. Goram studying Pick. Just maybe, just --

Goram wiggles his nose --

Pick: (noticing) Nose?

Goram: Yes.

Pick: What?

Goram: Itches. Itches.

Beat.

Goram: Would you? Do you think?

Pick: Yes?

Goram: Scratch it?

Beat.

Pick: Excuse me?

Goram gets on his knees, bends down close to Pick's face. Wiggles his nose invitingly –

Pick: (referring to his lack of body) You see. Well. I am not sure I can –

Goram kisses Pick --

Pick: What? What? What?

Goram studies Pick. Pick is stunned --

Goram kisses Pick again --

Pick: What?!!

Beat.

Goram: (confused) Kiss. Nothing.

Pick: An outrage! Violation! I do not know you, mister! You take advantage of the situation!

Goram: (devastated) You still. You look. (beat) Nothing.

Pick: Sir! These lips are not to be trifled with!

Goram: You are not so. You should be thankful. Was it so unpleasant?

Pick: (considering) Well.

Goram: Where I am from, I am quite the. You know. Fish.

Pick: Still. Human decency. Violation --

Goram: No, no, no! That is not me.

Pick: That is what it seemed.

Goram: Have we met?

Pick: Oh, paleeease! Sailor. You can do better than that.

Goram: Perhaps if I explain.

Pick: I am all ears. Ears.

Pause.

Goram: 'Kiss Alaska sky'.

Beat --

Pick: You have a mouth. Forms words. And yet. Maybe just an asshole talking.

Goram: (getting a better look) I know you?

Pick: Watch it, watch it. (beat) Familiar. Mr. Tolver?

They stare at each other.

Goram: You are just a head.

Pick: I believe we have been down this road.

Goram: A head buried in the sand.

Pick: How many roads must a man walk down – stuck. Not buried.

Goram: Buried. Did you do something?

Pick: Stuck.

Goram: A bad thing?

Pick: Stuck, not buried, stuck, stuck.

Goram: Did you. Hurt someone?

Pick: (squirming) Unstuck me. Unstuck me.

Goram: Did you kill Mister... Ben Tolver?

Pick: Noooooo ---

Goram covers Pick's head, silence. Lifts it up --

Pick: -- Oooooooo --

Slams hat down. Slowly lifts it out.

Pick: Hello.

Goram: Hello.

Pick: Nice day.

Goram: Yes, it is. How is the weather down there?

Pick: Location, location, location.

Goram: There is that.

Pick: I am innocent.

Goram: That is what they all say.

Pick: I am. Innocent.

Goram: What is it you did not do?

Pick is silent --

Goram: Then how do you know you did not do it?

Pick: On my hands no blood. You?

Goram: I am not. On mine no blood --

-- notices something on his hands, hides them --

Pick: (noticing) That is what they all say.

Goram: Innocent.

Pick: Do something? A bad thing? Did you... Kiss Alaska sky?

Uncomfortable pause --

Goram: My name is... My name....

Pick: The matter?

Goram: I cannot remember.

Pick: (under his breath) Idiot.

Goram: What did you say?

Pick: My name is... My name is...

Goram: You, too?

Pick nods -

Goram: (under his beath) Double idiot.

Pick: Did you call me - Whoo! Whoo!

Goram: What?

Pick: Whooo! Whooo! Whooo!

Goram: Shhh! Shhh! What is the matter?

Pick: (trying to quiet himself) Gooo-phers! They get frisky play hide 'n seek?
Whoo-hoo. Whoo-wheeeee....

Goram: Hide 'n seek?

Pick: Coming up my legs! Whoo-wheee!

Goram: What should I do?

Pick: Water, drown them!

Goram: Water?

Pick: Water. Water! Water!!!

-- Goram finds the DRUM. It has a strange power -

Pick: -- Inside my shorts - Wheeee! Do something!

-- Goram pounds the Drum --

Drum: (echoing) Boom ---

Percussionist plays --

Black out. Loud reverberating Drum sounds --

We hear the roar of water. The stage floods with
blue-greenish, rippling hue. We hear distant under
water whale calls --

Lights up --

Pick and Goram are underwater --

They swim around the stage --

I am under water --

I am under water --

And I can breathe

I can breathe --

But I am so lonely.

So, so lonely.

I see someone.

I see someone

I am so lonely

I am so lonely --

I reach out to touch --

To hold --

They hug --

Not alone!

Not alone!

Savoring the moment. Then --

Terror in his eyes.

Suffocating --

I cannot breathe --

I cannot breathe --

I want to hold but --

I do not want to let go but --

I let go --

I let go -

Deep breathes -

I can breathe

I can breathe

I am so alone -

So alone -

So alone --

So alone --

They swim off in different directions. A gopher

swims by --

Black out -- Sound of water draining --

Lights up --

Pick and Goram lay on the ground. The Drum next to them. Goram, on his back, expels a fountain of water out -

End of 1st Installment

To be continued...

2nd Installment

Pick: What happened?

Goram: Gophers?

Pick: The Drum.

Goram: I pick it up. I - (mimes beating it)

Pick: You -- (mimes beating it)

Goram: (noticing) You have an arm, an arm. A leg, a leg.

Pick: You, too.

Goram: 4 arms! 4 legs!

Pick: Two heads! Two heads!

They move around. Cruise up to the lip of the stage like whales beaching themselves. --

Pick: The Drummmmmm.

Goram: The Drummmmmm?

Pick: The Drum is -

Goram: The Drum is?

Silence.

Pick: Do you know?

Goram: No?

Pick: Me neither!

Pick puts his hands over the Drum and waves them over it. Goram copies him, not sure what he's doing --

Pick: The unknowable --

Goram: Me neither?...

Pick: It is full of it -- Drrruuummmmm

Goram: Me neither, me neither. Drruumm?

Put hands over Drum ---

Pick: Drruummmmm. Here we are.

Goram: Here we are.

Pick: (cautious, speaking it aloud) Who is. Ben Tolver?

Beat. Goram with equal caution --

Goram: Why. Kiss Alaska Sky?

Beat.

Pick: These are questions. Big Questions.

Goram: Really big questions. And I do not know.

Pick: Me neither.

Beat.

Goram: Sir? Name?

Pick: Pick. (beat) I remember. You?

Goram: (cautiously) Goram... Goram! Yes. I remember.

Pick & Goram: We remember.

Goram offers Pick the Drum.

Pick stares at the Drum.

Goram: Go ahead.

Pick: (hesitant) It is yours.

Goram: Yours.

Pick is overcome by the gesture --

Pick: First you unstuck me. Now... I weep, Goram. I weep.

Goram notices Pick's grateful state --

Goram: One day you will catch my tears, Pick.

Pick: One day I will catch yours, Goram.

Pick timidly beats the drum --

Percussionist –

Pick gets into it. Starts to move around. Dancing. Goram joins in.

They do an amplified dance of “Manhood and Power”. Beneath the surface, unwieldy violent energy. Over.

Goram: Whew!

Pick: Whew!

Beating chests --

Goram: AHHOOO!

Pick: AHHOOO!

A few Chest Butts --

Goram: AARRGG!!

Pick: HRUMMPH!!

Catch their breaths --

Goram reaches for the drum. Pick moves it
away --

beat.

Goram reaches, Pick moves it away --

beat.

Goram grabs the drum. Pick refuses to let go. They tug back and forth. Goram yanks it away from Pick. They study each other warily --

Goram: I saved you.

Pick: I saved myself. I saved you more than you saved me.

Goram: I saved you at the cost of saving me, me. Me.

Pick: Fool, fool. Fool.

Goram: Who has the Drum?

They study each other.

Goram: Get some wood. Be alert. I will guard the Camp --

Pick moves around the Stage finding wood and eyeing the Drum. Goram watches Pick warily.

Goram finds a STICK and hides it in his coat --

Goram: How is the wood gathering going?

Pick: Good. Very good. Friend. Very good friend.

Pick finds a ROCK and hides it in his coat.

We hear odd bird SOUNDS like men signaling each other. Pick hurries back to Camp.

Pick: (Giving the wood to Goram) Start the fire! Hurry, hurry up, start the fire!

Goram stops.

Goram: What is... fire?

Pick: You do not know what fire is?

-- Pick rifles his pockets and finds MATCHES. Lights the wood. Flames grow --

Pick: -- Fire.

Goram: Kwazoo.

Pick: Kwazoo?

Goram: Kwazoo where I am from.

-- It has grown dark except for the fire. We hear GUN FIRE. Goram starts checking his pockets --

Pick: I wish I had some Poonzo.

Goram: (finds something) Hey, marshmallows!

Pick: Poonzo! We call that Poonzo.

Goram: Let us toast them.

Pick: You toast Poonzo, too?

They toast marshmallows --

Pick starts to hum Blowin' In The Wind --

Goram, initially wary, joins in. They begin to sing it with gusto. Both caught up, having a good time by the camp fire, toasting marshmallows, singing around the fire --

Both: (singing) -- How many roads must a man walk down, before you can call him a man? How many seas must a white dove sail before it's allowed to be free? The --

Pick: -- ants are my friend, they're blowin' in the wind --

Goram: Wait, wait. What did you say?

Pick: -- the ants are my friend --

Goram: The ants are my friend?

Pick: Yeah, ants.

Goram: Ants?

Pick: Yeah, little fellows they all walk in a line, motto is, "team work, team work" --

Goram: It is, 'Answer my friend'. An-swer. Not Ants are.

Pick: Excuse me Zimmie, I know an ant when I see one --

Goram: Stupid, stupid. Answer. What? Reply to: Question?

Loud explosions --

Pick and Goram hug each other for dear life.

Pick: Hullo.

Goram: My legs are jello.

Pick sniffs the air.

In the shadows, BACKWARD SOLDIER enters walking backwards, pulling in TRUMAN on a rope and holding a gun on him. Truman is face forward, wears blindfolds, his arms tied behind his back. They circle the stage --

Pick: It moves on 4 legs.

Goram: (listening) Two heads?

Pick: (sniffing) Yes, two heads. The head faces the tail.

Goram: (cupping his ears, listening) And the tail the head.

Pick: (inhaling deeply) It is long.

Goram: Retractable.

Pick: And hungry --

BOOMING Foot Steps approaching --

Goram: Stoke the kwazoo!

Pick: Kwazoo! Kwazoo!

Goram grabs the Drum --

BOOMING Foot Steps coming closer --

Goram holds the Drum in front in an offensive manner, as if it were a weapon. He begins to BEAT it --

Percussionist -

Pick stands behind him, holding Goram's waist and doing an odd dance that is inspired by the drum beating. The Drum has a power and it is being translated to Pick's feet through Goram's Beating. They are in coordinated inspiration with the drum's power, focusing its energy into a lethal beat-dancing beam --

Backwards Soldier and Truman exit --

They stop. Listen. Sniff. The footsteps are gone.

Goram: Yeehaw!

Pick: Whoopee!

Pick: We can defend ourselves.

Goram: Drrumm-Drrumm! When the Beast of War comes we will punch!

Pick: Drrumm-Drrumm! Kick!

Goram: Stick!

Pick: Stone!

Goram: Sling!

Pick: Bomb!

Shocked silence --

Goram: Bomb?

Pick nods cautiously. Goram considers, then --

Goram: TNT...

Pick: RDX...

Goram: Fertilizer!

Pick: Ahh -- good ole American know-how. Napalm!

Goram: A classic! Let us bring it up to date – Cluster!

Pick: Fragmentation! Hey, hey – HBT – environmentally friendly bombs!

Goram: (topping) GZZT – after the initial explosion - no lingering pollutants!

Pick: Why, what the hell – Nuclear!

Beat --

Goram: We should start a country...

Beat --

Pick: A country?

Goram: Yes, a country.

Pick: A country! Yes!

Goram: Whoopee! Friend?

Pick: More than friend. Fellow countryman!

-- Pick gets the marshmallows and counts them out --

Goram: What?

Pick: The first thing you do in Monopoly?

Goram: Distribute the money.

Pick: Five each.

Goram: We have an economy.

Pick: Built on the Poonzo!

Goram: We are going to the G-20 Conference! What is next?

Pick: Okay, okay, second order of business --

Goram: Hey, hey – how come you give orders?

Pick: What do you mean?

Goram: Is this a dictatorship? Are you Mussolini? Fellow countrymen do not do that to their fellow countrymen.

Pick: Of course not. National elections!

Goram: Yee-haw! I like it! A fair and democratic election process. What will we use for ballots?

Pick holds out Matches --

Pick: Kwazoo enablers!

Counts out three each.

Pick: Okay, today we have national elections. How do we announce it?

Goram beats the Drum --

Pick: When do we have them?

Goram: Today!

Pick: What time do we start?

Goram: Now!

Pick: When do the voting polls close?

Goram: When we are done!

Pick: Okay, let the election begin!

Goram and Pick square off. Pick starts to put a match down --

Goram: Hey, Hey! If you go first, then you will have the lead.

Pick: We vote at the same time. Ready --

Both: (both) I vote for --

Both: Me!

Pick: Whoa, it is a close race --

Goram: Neck and neck --

Square off --

Together: I vote for --

Both: ME!

Pick: Wow –

Goram: Unbelievable. We should have held more televised debates, given more for the people to decide.

Pick: Your advisors advised you against it. The screen adds ten pounds.

Goram: I would have cut you to ribbons. Your foreign policy platform stinks. You would be better with domestic policy. Local issues. PTA, SPCA. A leader must know how to control the world. And yet, not control too much. Allow for their freedoms. Just not too much. You could be in my cabinet. I will make you minister of community affairs.

Pick: No, you could be in my cabinet. And you will be my Secretary of Sewer, Minister of all the nation's toilets. You sit next to the Secretary of Defense, he wears a colander. You will carry a plunger as a sign of your station –

Goram: (cutting him off) I vote for --

Pick: (catching up) I vote for –

Both: ME!!!

Stunned silence.

Pick: My god I had not counted on this.

Goram: Who could have?

Pick: I thought I would sweep the elections.

Goram: I thought they were going to insist I be King. King Goram.

Pick: I would have settled for Emperor Pick.

Goram: Okay, maybe Generalissimo. What should we do?

Pick: What should we do?

Goram: Boy, I am hungry --

Intense pondering: muttering, exclamations and immediate negating. Finally --

Pick: Drum.

Beat.

Goram: Drum?

Pick: Drum.

Goram : Ahhh, Drum.

Beat.

Goram: What, Drum?

Pick: Drum. We ask --

-- Goram grabs it before Pick can get to it. Goram starts to BEAT on it --

Percussionist breaks in --

Pick, channeling, draws a large circle around them. Then proceeds to draw a border line between them. Goram stops --

Pick: What happened? Did I do that?

-- Goram examines the circle enclosing them. Inspects the boundary line separating each of their sections --

Goram: Drum did that. Red Drum.

Pick: Red Drum did that?

Goram: Yes.

Both: (In awe) Red Drummmmm --

Percussionist: Temple bells --

With great reverence, they find a raised area and set the Red Drum upon it.

Decorate the Shrine with old artifacts - Bowling ball, pin, shoes --

Then, not exactly sure why, they both Bow to the Red Drum

They each return to their own areas on opposite sides and sit. Struggling to make sense of the signs --

Pick stands. Goram follows suit, wary. Pick moves forward to the line drawn between them. Goram watches. Pick starts to extend his foot across the border --

Percussionist: War

Goram jumps up and starts hopping on his right foot, his left hand beating his thigh, his right hand punching his fist out making sounds --

Goram: (aggressively) Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!

-- Pick is thrown. Not sure what's going on, intimidated he pulls back from the border. Goram stops his dance, points to the border line --

They stare at each other. Goram moves towards the border. Pick watches him. Suddenly Goram puts his foot out --

Percussionist --

-- Immediately Pick begins his own Dance of Defense. Goram is unsure what's going on but pulls his foot back from the border. Pick points to the border line --

They both withdraw to their respective stations. They then turn to the Red Drum and Pray: each with a different, formalized form.

They lay down. Each takes out his hidden weapon: a Rock and Stick.

Black out --

End of Installment #2

to be continued...

Installment #3

The Red Drum Dream – A savage animal ROARS --

Intense RED LIGHTS. Everything bathed in scarlet. The Drum is held by a young WOMAN dressed in a spangly red, white and blue outfit. Like a 30's-style Cigarette Girl, short skirt. A tray strapped around her neck hangs in front filled with smokes. The little pill box hat tilted to the side. The young Woman from the Prelude.

Boy blows the Animal Horn and we hear the ROAR again.

Goram and Pick jolt awake. They are attached to each other. Conjoined.

Goram: What?

Boy: I am the Little Red Drummer Boy.

Silence.

Pick: Who?

Boy: I am the Little Red Drummer Boy.

Goram and Pick stare blankly.

Goram: We must be dreaming.

Pick: Yeah –

They go back to sleep. The Boy blows the Horn. LOUD. They jolt awake --

Boy: You do not know the story of the Little Red Drummer Boy?

Both: No.

Boy: Too bad, I'm not going to tell you that one. Instead I come to tell you another story so shut up and listen --

God wanted a son and decided to mate with the moon. Only the moon blew him off. So he went to the four elements. He asked Earth. No way. Water? Forget it. Fire? Air? No way Jose. God hadn't gotten his game together yet. Then Earth text'd back saying Earth could make it. And so God and Earth did.

[Story can be visually supported. Enacted with Hand Puppets, or by animating Pick and Goram as Human Puppets, or Chalkboard diagrams, or power point, etc]

But when the son arrived it was not one child but two. And not just two but two conjoined as one. Earth had some other stuff mixed in, who knows? God was distraught. "Infallible" though he was, lord, savior, big cheese over all and everything, he had not planned on this. He did not know what to do. He was, in a word, embarrassed. He was going to meet the Devil and it would not look good. Might look like he did not know what he was doing. And yet he did not have the cojones to get rid of one of the sons. So he ordered the one son to kill the other son for him. And all would be well.

And thus God met the Devil. Showing off his one and only son proudly. And the Devil was suitably impressed with God. This was someone who knew what he was doing.

But what happened to the other brother? How was he killed? Or was he? The first brother --

Pick: -- loved his father --

Drummer Boy: -- but he also --

Goram: -- loved the second brother.

Drummer Boy: How could he kill his brother?

Pick: How could he not kill his brother?

Drummer Boy: The first brother looked at the second brother and came up with a plan: They would cut the bodily tether that bound them together.

Goram & Pick: But how?

Drummer Boy: How? The tether is more than skin and muscle, it is love. And in the end, more than a surgeon's skilled knife, it would be hate that cut through love --

Goram & Pick: -- Uber hate --

Drummer Boy: -- Self-inflicted to break the bonds of love. And so they did. The second brother, now loveless, alone and bereft --

Goram: -- disappears into the night.

Drummer Boy: And the first brother returns with the second brother's Hat to show he has --

Pick: -- done the deed.

Drummer Boy: All is well.

Goram & Pick: Yes?

Drummer Boy: No. You see, God is haunted by the death of the second brother. By the killing of his own son. 'Woe is me', he cries into the night. So he does what any father would do. God has the first Son take on his sin for his fuck up and as the first son's punishment buries him up to his neck in the earth, places the second son's hat on his head and creates gophers. And then God goes bowling.

Goram: That is one stupid ass story.

The Boy: (ignoring, plowing ahead) -- It is said the two can be known by a small scar on their bodies where they had been attached. It is said that when the two become one again, their nature will be revealed in an, 'act of true humanity'.

Pick: That still is one stupid ass story.

Drummer Boy: Yes, but I am only the messenger. You will remember none of this, you sorry ass-holes. Unless you do.

-- Morning sounds. Little birds. Lights up.

Pick stands before the make-shift Alter. The Drum is gone.

Goram gets up --

Goram: What happened?

Pick: (unnerved) I would like to know that, too.

Goram: (unnerved) Gone?

Pick: What did you do with it, Mr. Goram?

Goram: I did not do anything with it? What would I do with it?

Pick: Keep it for yourself. Keep it away from me --

Goram: I don't have it --

-- Pick begins to strangle Goram --

Pick: Give it back, I want it back --

Goram begins to strangle Pick --

Goram: Get off of me, let me go --

Pick: I want it back --

Goram: Let go, let go ----

They pass out in a heap --

Fade to black. Night --

A dark Red Hue --

The Little Red Drummer Boy enters and puts the Red Drum back. Doing actor vocal exercises --

Boy: Mi-mi-mi-mi - Eeee-ooo—eee—ohhhh --

-- Rubs out the border line --

Boy: Fucking with them. Orders -- I could have been a contender...

Red Boy exits. Lights up. Pick and Goram continue to SNORE. Lights down.

Lights up. Morning sounds -

Pick and Goram stretching.

Goram: I could not sleep. I was too hungry.

Pick: Me, too.

They see the Drum sitting back on its Altar.

They are speechless. Utter dismay. They fall to their knees and pray.

They move away. Embarrassed at their quick conversion back to worshipers. Both cautious --

Pick: How are you?

Goram: Okay. How are you?

Beat.

Pick: Happy?

Goram: Me, too!

Beat.

Goram: Happy?

Pick: Happy!

Goram: Happy!

Pick: How can anyone know his master plan?

Goram: Too much for my puny brain. Boy, I am hungry.

Pick: Me, too! --

They freeze --

A single LEAF drifts downwards. When it hits the ground, we hear --

CHEEPING --

Goram: What is that?

Pick: What?

Goram: That sound?

Pick: I was discreet, I am a gentleman.

Goram: No, no – listen.

CHEEP! CHEEP! --

Pick: Oh my, a baby. Look, the nest. We have to return it.

Goram: The mother will not take it back.

Pick: Why not?

Goram: You touched it. You put it back the mother will push it out again. Might as well leave it.

Pick: We cannot.

Goram: The other choice: Take it and raise it.

Pick: How long?

Goram: My youngest did not leave till he was 35.

Pick: Who will be the mommy who will be the daddy? I want to be mommy.

Goram: Okay, I will be daddy.

Pick: You do not seem excited about daddyhood.

Goram: I have raised children I have done that.

Pick: What about me? What about my chance to have babies? Or is it all about you and your needs?

Goram: Do you know how much sacrifice it takes? How much of you you must give up? We must topsy-turvy our lives now. Money, career, the little extras. It is not just you and me anymore. It is you and me and the baby.

Goram takes out a marshmallow and tears a small piece off.

Pick: Our life savings --

Goram: Get used to it.

Goram feeds it to the bird and it eats. Goram is enjoying this. Pick enjoys the picture --

Pick: It likes you. Daddy. We need a nursery.

Pick puts the bird on the Drum.

Goram: This is not sacrilege?

Pick: Get some straw, we will make it a manger. I am Mary Magdalene. And you. You can be the Ass --

-- Pick pulls a BOOK out and begins to read to the baby --

Pick: Once upon a time there were Five Chinese Brothers --

Baby SNORING. They quietly back away.

Goram: Ahhh.

Pick: Ahhh.

Goram: So pure. So innocent. Tomorrow and tomorrow.

Pick: I see myself in its eyes.

Goram: Yes, I see me, too.

Pick: Tomorrow and tomorrow.

(beat)

Goram: I am still hungry. I should go find food --

We hear the ROAR of the beast.

Pick: We must keep the family together.

Goram: But if we do not eat we starve. Dead is dead.

Silence.

Pick: I am starving.

Goram: Me, too. We have to eat. We have to eat now.

Pick: I am wasting away...

Pick notices Goram looking at the bird.

Pick: What are you thinking Daddy? No, we can not.

Goram: Mama. Do we have a choice?

Pick: But he is our baby, Papa.

Goram: It is either it or us. Dead is dead. What can we do?

Pick: What can we do?

Black out.

Lights up. Both sitting contentedly leaning against each other. Tooth picks.

Goram: You really know how to prepare a bird.

Pick: Thank you. I took home economics at University.

Goram: Could have used a touch more sage, though. – Beans - Not that I am complaining. You did your best.

Pick: I did not see you complaining when you were chowing down, Miss Piggy --

Goram starts to choke --

Pick: Goram? I did not mean it. Goram, what is wrong? What is wrong? What? Heimlich? Herr Heimlich, who? I do not, "Sprecken-zee-doitch" - (getting it) Ohhh -

Pick does the Heimlich and a piece comes flying out of Goram's mouth. They both collapse on the ground.

Pick: Wiedja. That is what we call it in my homeland. Wiedja. For eating the little one.

Goram: It is called a bone in my homeland. And it got stuck in my throat.

Pick: I believe it is Wiedja. I told you it was wrong. You blasphemed the gods and that is why you were punished.

Goram: That is stupid it had to do with you not preparing the bird good enough that a bone would not get stuck in my throat and almost kill me.

Pick: Do not call the Red Drum stupid.

Goram: Do not tell me what to call my God.

Pick: My Red Drum is better than your Red Drum.

Goram: Your God is not the true Red Drum. Woof!

Pick makes a line in the ground again, reemphasizing the border.

Pick: I will worship my way, you worship yours.

Goram: Okay. But your God is wrong.

Pick: Woof!

They each retire to their sides. The Drum sits between them. Lights dim to black.

Red Lights up. BACKWARDS SOLDIER holds a gun on TRUMAN.

Backwards Soldier is dressed in battle-worn fatigues. Truman wears a conservative business suit with bare feet. A clean-cut businessman type.

Backwards Soldier grasps a photograph.

Backwards Soldier: Why? Why were you there then, that is you in the pictures, isn't it? Tell me I'm not imagining it. Please, tell me I'm not crazy!

Truman: Yes, that's me.

Backwards Soldier: I knew it. I knew it. Every damn time something happens, you're there. (beat) Then, you did it. I was right about you. All of it. You did it all.

Truman: No, no, I didn't do it. I didn't.

Soldier: (pointing to the photo) Then why are you there? You're always there. That's you, right? You said you were there? How -- (continue)

Truman: (overlapping) I know, I know...

Backwards Soldier: -- the hell did you get there then?

Truman: I don't know. I tell you, I don't know. I get up in the morning. The sun is out, the birds singing. I walk out the door. Get in my car and drive. Hop on a jet, fly. I turn left here. I turn right there. Some-thing is moving me. And then, and then, I always find myself there. Watching. Horrified, so horrified... Yet secretly a part of me, deep inside of me, wanting it to hap-pen. Happy, that it did. Like they deserved it. But I never pulled the trigger. I never swung the club, I was never, ever responsible, you hear me? Just an innocent bystander who always happened to find himself standing at the edges watching --

Backwards Soldier: -- You don't actually do it but you somehow make it happen --

Truman: No, no, I'm the regular Joe next door. The mortgage broker, the pre-school teacher. The Gal down the street who sells real estate --

Soldier: You smell the alignment of forces, the make-up of the individual - what makes him mad, her weak, them vulnerable. And you say, or don't say, or do or don't do, exactly the right thing at just the right moment and you set in motion a series of events that builds to the moment of explosion - someone is pushed onto tracks, beaten with a bat, spat on, shot with a gun, raped, robbed, hanged... It's some kind genius of yours, you're the catalyst but never the actual doer. Who are you?

Truman: I'm Truman. I'm Truman, you fool! Don't you know me? --

Black Out.

End of 3rd Installment

...to be continued...

4th Installment.

SOUNDS of the rapid passage of time --

Lights up. Pick holds a bull horn --

Pick: Mr. Goram? Mr. Goram?

Goram: Excuse me are you talking to moi?

Pick: No. The big rabbit sitting next to you.

Goram: Only big thing I see is the doofus with long, expanding megaphone lips.

Pick: I say we make a truce. We both have no food to eat. Waiting for rain and licking the leaves for dew is not enough. We should hold a summit to discuss our situations.

Wariness on both sides --

Goram: Two heads are better than one?

Pick: Something like that.

Goram: Okay. When should we hold this summit?

Pick: How about now?

Goram: No. I say we meet now.

Pick: Okay. I like my suggestion better. I agree.

Goram: Not me.

Pick: Me neither.

Goram: We agree then.

Pick: No, we do.

They move out to the center and meet.

Pick: We were a family once.

Goram: I have fond memories.

Pick: Until, until –

Goram: You went along do not deny it --

Pick: How could you Daddy?

Goram: I was hungry!

silence.

Pick: I was hungry, too.

Gorman: -- curious the appetites...

Beat.

Gorman: This is not the time for tears. There is a crisis brewing.

Pick: We must set aside our differences. The stakes are too high –

Goram: We look into the abyss –

Pause. They both look down. Goram takes a pebble and lets it fall. They wait and then hear a distant echo, “plunk”.

Pick: I have an idea.

Goram: I do, too.

Pick: Well. Let us hear your idea.

Goram: Yes, let us hear yours first.

Pick: Okay, let us say them at the same time --

Goram: Never, we will count to three --

Pick: Me first --

Goram: One ---

Pick: Three --

Pick: Blah! Blah! Blah! Blah! Blah! --

Goram: Yada! Yada! Yada! Yada! Yada! --

-- Backwards Soldier enters walking backwards, pulling in Truman on a rope and holding a GUN on him. Truman is face forwards, wears blindfolds, his arms tied behind his back --

Goram: Whoa, whoa – where do you think you are going?

Backwards Soldier: Who speaks?

Pick: General Pick --

Goram: Field Marshall Goram. We war.

Pick: But now we seek a truce.

Backwards Soldier: Peace is not good. Happy. But not good. War is good. Not happy. But good.

Dumb silence.

Backwards Soldier: Civilians never understand this. Happy? It is having a picnic, watching a parade, a stroll through the old park. But Good? Machines rust, workers droop, armies grow fat and listless. Not happy? Smidgeon of conflict, seismic conundrum, attitudinal combustion and swoosh – machines are grinding, workers palpitating, armies jacked and stomping. Peace is not good happy but not good. War is good not happy but good.

Goram: What did he say?

Pick: I do not know.

Goram: Me, too!\

Beat.

Goram: (both) -- who are you?

Pick: (both)

Backwards Soldier: I am Backwards Soldier. I spent a life time getting to here. And now I want to get back to where I was before I began. I remember a mother's breast, full of sweet, sweet milk. A father's hand, swift and just. None of this double speak corporate gluttony, preemptive boom, boom, boom. I did not feel this. This...

There is blood on my hands. I have done terrible, terrible things and I do not know why. I put one foot in front of the other. One foot in front of the other. Then. Then

there I was. How did I get here? What am I doing? I shoot the gun. I stab the knife. Explode the bomb. There goes an arm. There goes a head. I lead. I am lead. One foot in front of the other. Stop! STOP!!!

I step backwards. I step backwards again. I do everything backwards. I am going home.

Pick: You know salmon do the same thing. Backwards just not backwards. Are you going home to spawn and die?

Backwards Soldier: It is the end of history.

Goram: Sit then. Take a respite from your backwards travels, soldier.

Backwards Soldier: I accept.

Goram: Who is that?

Backwards Soldier: Who?

Pick: That?

Backwards: That is Truman. My prisoner. He claims -

Truman: (blindfolded) I am a good man.

Soldier: He is not. He says -

Truman: I do not know my crime. I do not know what I have done! I am woken in the dead of night. A gun pointed at my face. A sack is forced over my head, I am thrown into the back of a car and here I am. I am a good man. A good man. I have never killed. I have never stolen. I have never blasphemed. Why is this happening to me? Why?

Backwards Soldier: Who is at war?

Goram: Me

Pick: No, I am.

Goram: No, we are.

Pick: I disagree, we both are.

Backwards Soldier: I see. A tightly fought match? The lead going back and forth?

Goram and Pick nod eagerly.

Backwards Soldier: Let us say I was to –

-- moves to Pick's side of the border --

-- step over here. Then it would seem advantage goes to tall, dark and handsome. But, on the other hand, if I were to side with you, advantage goes to Mr. Big.

I was a consigliere of war. In my day an impeccable kill strategist. I return to the beginning where my soul is clean of ugly and taint. Yet. I would be willing to lend my skills to one of you to resolve this dispute that grows unseemly on the shank of your friendship.

Goram: What might you expect in return for such services?

Backwards Soldier: Man does not live on bread alone. I need to continue my journey of reversal...

Goram: If you join me we will have a clambake every Sunday after the relay races --

Backwards Soldier: What about the water balloon toss?

Goram: That, too.

Backwards: Well? What have you to offer Backwards Soldier, Handsome?

Pick: I do not bargain with mercenaries. You fight because you believe the righteousness of the cause not the weight of the coin.

Backwards Soldier: Obviously new at the game. Okay, then. Mr. Big it is. But for my own edification. What is the issue here?

(no response)

Backwards Soldier: Come on, come on, what is this conflagration about? You are on the verge of drawing blood?

Goram: Because you --

Pick: No, you -- You said --

Goram: No, you said...

Awkward silence. Backwards soldier sizes up the moment and pushes it to his advantage --

Backwards Soldier: It is obvious why you are here. You hate each other's guts. Why? For past infractions, border skirmishes, broken treaties, slave trading and pogroms, erotic crusade and homosexual jihad!

silence.

Pick: How did you know?

Backwards Soldier: 'Blood alone moves the wheels of history' --

Backwards Soldier bows with fake humility. Pulls out a small Vaporizer and begins to strategically spray areas --

Backwards Soldier: -- Careful, careful. We are at a delicate stage of negotiation. A sudden move or loud noise could rent the fabric of this peace process and send the whole kaboodle hurtling towards --

Truman: AAHH-CHOOO!!

Pick is thrown by the sneeze, grabs the rock --

Pick: (charging blindly) Ahhh!

-- whacks Goram over the head with it --

-- Goram collapses in a heap --

Goram: Uhhh...

The Stage is flooded with red light --

Percussionist --

Truman: After my partner died. I began to travel. To places I'd never been. With names I couldn't pronounce. I began to do things. Things, the impulse for which came from a place inside unknown to me before.

I would find myself high in the Himalayas, perched on a pass, sheer cliff on either side, intoxicated from local drink, wearing very dark sun-glasses, blindly negotiating the trail with directions being called out by Sherpas more drunk than I, in very, very broken Eng-lish.

If I heard of a rare bloom that blossomed for an instant in the most inaccessible and desolate of deserts, then I would force aside all obstacles so I might behold its sight.

If there were some extraordinary dish prepared by a street vendor in an off alley in the labyrinthine Kasbah, I would go and taste it.

One day I found myself on a stretch of bone white, sandy beach. So white, so pure, it stretched out before me, a magnificent, glistening ivory sheet. And on it. And on it lay a beautiful woman. No, a perfect woman. A perfect woman, on this perfect beach. She leaned forward on her perfect elbow and beckoned to me. And I felt... I felt nothing. Nothing. Absolute and to the bowels of my being. Nothing.

I did not move. The sun went down. The woman left. I was alone in silence huddled beneath a blackened sky.

Then something quite ordinary and yet wondrous happened. The stars began to appear. Like any other night. One by one, in clusters and in random disarray. But this night, this night I saw them. And they were not just stars. No, no, they were messages, communications from afar. Bottles of light tossed into the infinity of space waiting for someone to hear their voices. And I could hear them. Yes, me, I could hear them. And they were such sad voices. Of beauty, beauty defiled. Passion, fires of life forced into cold suffocation. Of wounds that would not heal and betrayal profound and eternal. A voice crying, 'What once was, was now no more! What once breathed luminous and vital now lay suffocating and in decay! What once existed is becoming extinct' --

My God, extinct. Gone. These proud voices might already be dust and their incandescence showering me an echo of their pain, a plaintive vibration of their now dead song. But I heard. I understood their message: Resist. Better to live bright and true holding onto one's light. Then, even in death one shines for eternity. A beacon of truth for others to follow.

Something is coming. Something big. Dark. A holocaust of immense and frightening proportions --

I watch the sky --

Back to the scene --

Backwards Soldier: Wow, sneak attack! You take no prisoners, Mister.

Pick: I do not know what came over me.

Truman: I did not do anything --

Backwards Soldier: How did it feel?

Pick: I think I have done this before...

Truman: I am innocent --

Backwards Soldier: There may be no turning back. You hit him hard.

Pick: That is what you do in war.

Backwards Soldier: (checking) He is dead.

Silence.

Pick: Excuse me --

Backwards Soldier: (leans in) -- while I kiss this guy --

Pick: He is dead?

Backwards Soldier: That is what you do in war.

Pick: I killed -- I am a murderer?

Backwards Soldier rips off Truman's blind folds and unties his hands --

Backwards Soldier: Fifteen minutes earlier, yes. But it is war time -- You are a --

-- Backwards places a medal on Pick's lapel. Truman throws confetti, hums the French National Anthem --

Backwards Soldier: (both) -- HERO!

Truman: (both)

Backwards Soldier and Truman cover Goram's body with a SHEET.

Backwards Soldier: Our time here is over. Truman? Is it time for us to re-begin our beginning?

They reverse roles. Truman places the blindfolds over Backwards' eyes and ties his hands behind his back. Truman grabs the rope, Backwards leads and they move FORWARD, back from where they came. Truman holds the GUN now --

Backwards Soldier: You keep thinking this is not the house you were born in. You keep imagining it should be different, better, nicer. That no matter how dirty the windows, no matter how broken the chair, it is not really your home. There has been some horrible mistake and soon, with hard work and a bit of elbow grease, it will be different. So each day you get up, look the other way, and off you go - feed the machine, unleash the dogs --

Truman: -- But what if this is where you live? This is where you belong? Dirty windows, broken chair, run-down life. And no matter what you do, how hard you work, this is how it will always be. This is how it is supposed to be. This is your house. That is your furniture. This is your life! Hullo! --

Backwards Soldier: -- Good-bye!

They exit.

Pick stares at Goram's body beneath the sheet.

He mourns --

Pick: I weep for you, Goram. I weep for you! I cannot catch your tears --

A haggard looking Little Red Drummer Boy straggles in --

Drummer Boy: -- promises, promises, promises – that's all I have to show for the corn-holing I got and then some pretty young thing comes along and he's all ga-ga and throws me away like an old shoe – I gave him all of me. He wanted more and I gave him that, too...

Pick: Excuse me?

Drummer Boy: That's right, you don't remember. I'm the Little Red Drummer Boy.

Pick: Who?

Drummer Boy: Me, me, ME!! I quit my job. Okay, maybe I was fired. He didn't want me around anymore.

Pick: What?

Drummer Boy: It's all a crock. Everything. The story I told you? Remember? I'm so ashamed --

Pick: What story?

Drummer Boy: It wasn't always like this. I had plans. I was going to be somebody. A thespian. I won honors in high school at the speech tournaments. My family was so proud of me. At college I starred in Death of the Salesman. I was Willie Loman. My mother said I was the best Willie Loman she'd ever seen. They were so proud, so proud. But things didn't work out the way I planned. I was desperate. Then this. This "Big Man" told me his story. An amazing story. And if I only did what he said,

he would make all the things I want come true. I so wanted to believe in him. To see myself up there. On the stage. All eyes on me.

I met him in a crowded bowling alley. He blew my nose --

-- a GUNSHOT echoes in the distance. Pick and the Red Drummer Boy look towards the sound --

Drummer Boy: -- and then he blew my mind...

Goram sits up beneath the sheet.

Pick is stunned --

Goram stands. Slowly takes a turn around the space --

Pick: (watching) He rises from the dead...

Drummer Boy: Who? No, it's somebody under the sheet, I can see his feet --

Drummer Boy pulls the sheet off. Stage is washed in sea BLUE --

Percussionist --

3 FACES clustered, looking out: Goram with Pick, the Drummer Boy. Side Lighting from the wings hits their faces in silhouette -

Goram: I see. I see a whale. I see. I see I am the whale. I am the whale and I lead a great pod – families, little ones, infirmed, cocky youth. And then a voice. A Voice. I am going to. I am being pulled along. I submit. And they follow. They believe. They trust. There it is ahead. We are exactly on time. We are exactly where we are supposed to be. A little brown boy plunges his shovel into the sand. A dive bombing seagull at three o'clock takes a shit.

All eyes turn and look. To witness. Here we come. Silent. Huge. Mournful vessels of faith and more faith slide up onto the beach. More follow, to my left, to my right – childhood chums, old enemies, first, second, third generations, half-fu's from mixed unions, notorious movie stars, exiled dictators, senile uncles and brazened old grandmas. Soon hundreds, thousands lay beached, achingly waiting, waiting. I look around, it is already too warm and their skins begin to blister, mouths open and close, bleeding eyes turn to me - 'Why? Why? Why am I here?' 'Why are my followers here?' The sun is hot. It is so very, very --

Opens his mouth and WAILS --

Pick, Drummer Boy join in the WAILING --

WAILING, long haunting WAILING --

Pick stares at Goram in disbelief --

Pick: You were dead.

Goram: I was?

Pick: (touching Goram) Resurrection.

Goram: (checking his crotch) A woody?

Pick: You came back from the other side. I saw it with my own eyes, Goram.

Drummer Boy: Not this crap again. A good story has legs but this is ridiculous --

Goram: It was like looking at the world through a sheet.

Pick: A miracle.

Goram: A miracle? I do not know --

Pick: Yes!

Goram: What?

Pick: 'Neither do I'?

Beat.

Goram: Yes!

They embrace --

Sense something - they lift each other's shirts up and touch their scars --

Goram: I see you...

Pick: I see you...

They cry --

Goram puts a finger beneath Pick's eye --

Goram: I catch your tears...

Pick reaches out --

Pick: I catch your tears...

Drummer Boy: What is it with this story - there ain't no miracle happening here -- Oh, oh, and the other story? The other story? I found out from the new guy - it isn't, "Ben Tolver. Kiss Alaska Sky". It's, "Bend over and kiss your ass good-bye!" Hah, what a joker! Bend over --

[Song - Skeeter Davis' The End of the World]

-- Pick and Goram begin to do the male HULA. Simple, sensuous and full of harmony. Pick gives Goram a move. Then Goram gives one to Pick. They anticipate, they move in union, they discover each other --

Drummer Boy can't stop laughing --

Drummer Boy: -- and kiss your ass good-bye, get it? --

- still doing the Hula, Pick takes out his rock, Goram his stick. They hula to the Drummer Boy --

The DARK ANGEL appears holding the Red Drum. Song fades. Dark Angel beats the Drum --

Percussionist --

Drummer Boy gradually is aware of his role in this story. He gets on his knees, puts his hands together and bows his head in prayer --

They pummel the Drummer Boy --

The stage washes in blood red --

The Dark Angel pounds the Red Drum --

Pick and Goram beat and kick the Drummer Boy. Brutal and matter of fact. Blood is on their hands and faces.

The Dark Angel withdraws --

The Red Drum lies on its side, forgotten.

Silence. The Red wash gives way to a clear night sky.

STARS appear. Big and bright. Night sounds of crickets and pleasant evening wind --

Goram and Pick slip their arms into each other's coats and now wear One Coat between them. Conjoined.

They look up at the night sky and watch expectantly --

Both: (quietly singing) -- how many roads must a man walk down, before you can call him a man, and how many seas must a white dove sail, before it's allowed to be free.

Fade to half. Goram and Pick continue to Hum softly --

Boy: My father believes. He still has faith, gobs of it. I tell him it is wrong, it is so goddamn wrong – he says we have to trust or everything will fall apart. My older brother is dead. Andy. He was going to be a surgeon. Killed there, sniper. Took off half his face. My younger sister, Mary, lost both hands. A bomb. Her fiancé left her, didn't want to marry a cripple. She killed herself. My mom's dead, too. Not from the war, it was the flood. It's just Dad and me. He has no more tears. No more tears. "The end of history", he mumbles over and over. "The end of history"...

I have a confession to make. I am almost a virgin, I am almost happy, I am almost about to vomit, I am almost in love.

Beat.

I think I love you...

The bloodied Drummer Boy pulls herself along inch by inch by inch --

Goram and Pick bend over and put their heads between their legs - They begin to sing again --

Pick:

Goram: (both) -- the Ants are my friend. They're blowin' in the wind. The Ants are Blowin' in the Wind...

Red Drum lit in a pin light--

Dim to darkness --

Red Drum remains lit for a beat, then --

Black Out.

Dylan's Subterranean Homesick Blues/Maggie's Farm comes on over the house speakers --

End of play.

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