

Out of Many Script
Modified 9-8-16

Preshow: US panels moved out
DS panels flown out in onstage position
Shutter on

L1-preshow

L3 S3 - Actors enter

L6 S4 - Actors exit

L6.5- Intro speech

L6.9 - pause

L7 S11 M5- "Ok Kristina
we are ready"

US panels move in

L9 M10- 5,6,7,8

Out of Many

Military Football Draft

(In the blackout, MEDIA: A 60-90 second video mash-up of sports highlights, Top 10 plays, etc. and of soldiers training, on the battlefield, tanks, bombs, gunfire, etc. The more these images correspond, the better [i.e. a football team running out of the tunnel vs. soldiers out on a run, battlefield explosions vs. stadium fireworks, etc.] The video soundtrack is "Hard Work", the U.S. Army Airborne running cadence [see [Gatorade's "Hard Work" ad](#)]

LIGHTS UP. A living room, Anywhere, USA. Everyone is scattered about, on furniture and the floor, snacking, on their laptops, phones, or both. Maybe they wear a mix of football jerseys and camouflage. All angry outbursts are genuine, but ribbing should be good-natured. These people like each other. But right now, everyone is waiting on...)

JAMIE

S23 ELISA! Let's go! /

MIKEY

There's a clock; she's got time.

DAN

There's nothing to think about! Take Adams!

KYRA

Hey, Dan, how 'bout you shut up?

DAN

Oh, like Elisa's not taking Adams. Whine all you want, Kyra, you're not getting Adams!

LARGENT

Yeah, and didn't you just take Swinson right out from under Vickie?

KYRA

It wasn't personal. I needed a rifleman.

VICKIE

Not personal? You know I went to high school with Swinson! That guy was and probably still is the best person I know. Husband, father, and a damn good All-American soldier.

KYRA

And I'm sure you would've stormed the state finals in ROTC and Eagle Scouts, but I need a good rifleman this year. My guys barely got half their projected points last year! Besides, don't look at me, look at Largent for taking Pendleton from me first round.

VICKIE

Yeah, well, fuck you, too, Largent.

LARGENT

You could always just auto-draft.

JAMIE

Hey, fuck you! So I used auto-draft the first couple rounds! Some of us work on Sundays! Wyatt's autodrafting the whole thing! Mikey, what's the clock?

MIKEY

She's got time.

JAMIE

Elisa sucking up every second of her pick time, and you couldn't hold the start until I got off work.

LARGENT

Hey, auto-draft got you a solid Master Sergeant, and your USS in your first two rounds

JAMIE

Aw, Master Sergeant Sanders is all hype. And with his schedule?

LARGENT

What week is he deployed?

JAMIE

Week 4.

LARGENT

Fuck.

JAMIE

Yeah.

DAN

Hey, last tour is all in the past. Everybody starts with a clean slate this year.

MIKEY

Fuck that, pre-tour rankings mean something!

DAN

Yeah, for somebody like Walker or Swinson, but you can't predict who—

VICKIE

Aw, man, speaking of, you guys see that clip of Swinson on CNN?

ALL

Oh yeah!/That shit was crazy!/How does he fucking do that?/etc.

KYRA

I'm callin' it: Swinson takes me all the way this year.

VICKIE

Fuck you again.

DAN

Not if Elisa takes Adams...

KYRA

I ain't scared of Adams!

DAN

Oh come on! Adams had seven kills last tour, disarmed four IEDs—

KYRA

You said it yourself, it's a clean slate this tour! Adams is a bust.

JAMIE

Elisa! Are you taking Adams, or not?

MIKEY

Jamie, respect the clock and let him think!

JAMIE

Week 2, Mikey. You and me.

MIKEY

You and what army? Redding? Smith?

JAMIE

I don't know, guess you'll have to hide an' watch.

KYRA

Aw, just climb on TOP of each other, already!

MIKEY

Seriously, Jamie, you don't want Redding. Guy's a tool.

JAMIE

He can do whatever he wants off the battlefield, all I care about is his skills come gametime!

MIKEY

I'm tellin' you: dishonorable discharge by Week 6, tops.

LARGENT

Hey, wait a second. What the hell is that beside Cooper?

VICKIE

Cooper? Where?

LARGENT

The red symbol right there next to his fuckin' name!

KYRA

Cooper's injured, Largent.

LARGENT

WHAT?

VICKIE

Yeah, on Monday. Enemy attack sidelined him.

DAN

He's out for four to six weeks. Where the fuck have you been?

LARGENT

I thought the medics were gonna clear him.

JAMIE

X-rays came back...

LARGENT

Shiiiiit...

DAN

Yeah, man.

LARGENT

Goddamnit, he was gonna be my first-string Colonel.

VICKIE

Sorry, dude. You're fucked.

LARGENT

Hand me the fuckin' Doritos.

JAMIE

Okay, he's gotta be outta time by now.

MIKEY

Yep, that's it. Elisa, who you got? Adams?

ELISA

...Isaacson.

ISAACSON? EVERYONE ELSE

JAMIE
Who the actual fuck is that?

MIKEY
I'm looking him up right now.

VICKEY
This isn't that guy who dropped outta Navy, is it?

MIKEY
I'm looking...I'm looking...

DAN
Are you sure you don't want Adams?

MIKEY
I'm not seein' anything, who is this guy?

LARGENT
It's a woman.

KYRA
Seriously? Nice!

JAMIE
You're full of shit, Largent. Eisa, it's not a woman, is it?

ELISA
Yep, Isaacson's a woman.

LARGENT
It's a smart pick, actually. A sleeper, but—

ELISA
Sleeper? Don't give me sleeper! All-time leading at West Point, scouted back in high school, she's gonna do big things this tour.

LARGENT
She's a rookie.

ELISA
I'm tellin' you: she's gonna have a breakout year.

DAN

Which means Kyra, you're on the clock—

KYRA

Too late! Elisa gives me Adams. Dan? Down on your knees and suck it.

DAN

L11 Alright, fine, Vickie you're next. Who's your pick?/

(A beat. Vickie's been frozen, staring at her phone.)

JAMIE

Earth to Vickie! Snap out, dude, come on. Elisa's bad enough...

MIKEY

Vickie, what's up? What's wrong?

VICKIE

S31 M15 Swinson's dead./

(A beat.)

KYRA

Well, fuck, there goes my doubleteam.

LARGENT

What happened?

ELISA

Wait, CNN's got it.

DAN

Yeah, here it is, Associated Press says it was an airstrike a few minutes ago. They're already ranking it the fifth worst of this year.

KYRA

Don't trust the AP rankings, what about USA Today?

MIKEY

Looks like Swinson's whole unit is confirmed dead.

LARGENT

The whole unit?

MIKEY

Yep.

(A beat.)

LARGENT

Well, shit, that means...

JAMIE

Tompkins and Quinlan are out...

ELISA

O'Malley...

DAN

Goddamnit, O'Malley.

JAMIE

Is Redding still—?

MIKEY

Yeah, yeah, Redding's fine.

JAMIE

M20 Thank you, Jesus! /

LARGENT

Can somebody pass me a beer?

MIKEY

Should we redraft? Or just stay on Vickie's pick?

ELISA

I think it's Vickie's call.

DAN

Yeah, I agree.

MIKEY

I don't care either way.

KYRA

I got Adams, I'll be fine.

JAMIE

Vickie? Up to you.

(A beat.)

VICKIE

...Then I pick Mercer.

EVERYONE ELSE

MERCER?/Oh, fuck! How'd I forget about Mercer?/Mercer's still available?/VICKIE, you bastard!/etc.

LARGENT

Alright, alright, Mercer to Vickie...Mikey, who's up next?

MIKEY

Shutter off Okay, start of the next round, Vickie, take your pick.

VICKIE

I'm taking the Enterprise!

(React)

KYRA

Rookie mistake, way too early for a battleship. Soltanoff Jr.

LARGENT

Mikey, who's next.

MIKEY

Elisa, it's on you.

JAMIE

S49 Elisa, you're killin' me!

L13 S51 M22

US Panels slide out

(BLACKOUT.)

A2 L14- when Dan enters

Note: this might be a good scene to use the bungee moment that we created last fall. The one where Dan held the center of that giant bungee spider web that we were all caught by.

This is written in the style of Luis Valdez acto. Which means characters are very broadly drawn, often representational, and pretty obvious in their satirical political message. So, we're not going for subtlety here.

L15 S53 M25- when Dan on donut

Immigration Scene

La Frontera. The expansive desert. At the "WALL," represented by a tall actor with a crudely written sign around his neck that simply says: "Wall."

Two immigrants/refugees, TEDDY, a teddy bear, and DOLLY, a ragdoll, are caught at the border by the "WALL" itself, who holds them captive.

BORDER PATROL, a toy soldier, stands guard.

WALL

S65 DS wall fly in

S67- when walls hit the ground

Hello, ladies and gentleman. I am the “Wall.” A wall so tall that no one can scale me, no one at all.

PATROL

And, I am Border Patrol. I enforce the “Wall.” No one can get by us, because we have the blessing of the Cheeto Jesus himself.

TEDDY

You mean Fuckface Von Clownstick?

PATROL

That’s the one.

WALL

He’s a man of many appellations. Like a Napa Valley vineyard.

PATROL

Lookie ladies and gents, looks like the “Wall” nabbed us some rascally border-crossers. Let’s make sure they possess American Values and don’t intend to infest our pristine land with their backwards third-world thinking and rapist-tendencies.

TEDDY

Who you calling a rapist?

PATROL

No one is *calling* you a rapist. Some of you people are good—I assume.

DOLLY

We’re not rapists—okay? We’re little kids. We’re innocents.

PATROL

Ho, ho, ho. There, there, Raggedy Anne. You two strange foreigners don’t share my skin tone, religion, or northern European bloodline. So, let’s pump the brakes on the innocent-talk. If you can prove to us that you’re willing to abandon the “values” of your savage homeland and are willing to assimilate to American Values, we might let you in. You’ll still have a funny last name, but at least we will marginally consider you American.

DOLLY

We’re not even real kids. We’re stuffed animals. Toys.

PATROL

You can never be too cautious.

WALL

That's right.

PATROL

After all, you do have the ear of the youth.

WALL

And, that's the potential to corrupt.

TEDDY

We're not going to corrupt the youth. What do I look like, Socrates?

PATROL

You don't look anything like Socrates.

WALL

If you looked like Socrates, we wouldn't be having this discussion.

PATROL

No. You look "foreign," if you catch my drift.

DOLLY

But, I'm indigenous. You're the real foreigners!

PATROL

Oh, you kids these days and your wacky ideas. Now, let's get down to brass tacks. Do either of you practice Islam?

DOLLY

No.

TEDDY

No.

PATROL

Now, don't lie to me. 'Cause that kind of disqualifies you immediately.

TEDDY

Who says?

PATROL

America's CEO.

TEDDY

You mean the Human-Toupee?

PATROL

Human? No, no, no. He's more like Herakles. More than a man, but less than a god.

TEDDY

I'd say he's less than human, but more than a toupee. Barely.

PATROL

S71 Stop digressing. Let's get back to the "extreme vetting." In America we value feats of strength. Athletic prowess. So, if you two can escape the "Wall," we'll let you enter. /

DOLLY and TEDDY try in vain to escape the clutches of the "WALL," but after many attempts are unsuccessful.

S73- "that's enough"

PATROL

Sorry, guys. I guess you weren't rascally enough. Let's move on. In America we also have family values.

TEDDY

We have family values, too!

DOLLY

In fact, we were trying to get back to our families, before you ensnared us.

TEDDY

So, if you value the family unit so much, then why are you breaking up our families?

PATROL

Border Patrol doesn't respond well to foreigners pointing out his hypocrisy, so—moving on!

DOLLY

But—

PATROL

L17 S81 Moving on! Ok, in 'Merica we speak 'Merican. So, let's test your command of the language. Parse the following passage from James Joyce's *Ulysses*: /

WALL

"Her antiquity in preceding and surviving succeeding tellurian generations: her nocturnal predominance: her satellitic dependence: her luminary reflection: her constancy under all her phases, rising and setting by her appointed times, waxing and waning: the forced invariability of her aspect: her indeterminate response to inaffirmative interrogation: her potency over effluent and refluant waters: her power to enamour, to mortify, to invest with beauty, to render insane, to incite to and aid

L21 S82 delinquency: the tranquil inscrutability of her visage: the terribility of her isolated dominant
resplendent propinquity: her omens of tempest and of calm: the stimulation of her light, her motion
L22 S83 and her presence: the admonition of her craters, her arid seas, her silence: her splendour, when
visible: her attraction, when invisible.”

L23 S84- on head nod

PATROL

Now. What is Joyce talking about?

TEDDY

It’s James Joyce—he doesn’t talk about anything!

DOLLY

My owner’s mother was a Joyce scholar back in Mexico City, and I can tell you that that passage is a poetic reverie about the moon.

PATROL

Wrong!

DOLLY

But, I’m not—

PATROL

Wrong, I say! There was nothing poetic about that speech. You’ve both failed the language test, so let’s move on to the final test. We are going to test your knowledge of free-market capitalism by staging our own version of Solomon’s Judgement.

BORDER PATROL sets up a can of beans on a plate.

Here’s how this works: Doll-face, you got two choices. Either I give this whole can of beans to Paddington over here, or I exercise my right to bear arms and blast the shit out of it.

He points his gun at the beans.

DOLLY

This nothing like Solomon’s Judgement.

PATROL

Let’s not get caught up in the nuance of homage and just pick one!

DOLLY

Then shoot it! Because even though we are both starving, we would never take your food. You are an evil man. We’d rather starve as an act of protest, than take handouts from you!

TEDDY

Hey, wow. Speak for yourself. If you don't want the beans, let's not waste them. Gimme the beans, I'm starving.

PATROL

Paddington. You get it. You understand the spirit of free-market capitalism. You have American Values.

DOLLY

But, I thought that democracy was all about cooperation. Making sacrifices for the benefit of the group?

PATROL

Nope. You get ahead by stabbing people in the back, using human beings like fleshy stepping stones, misleading, cheating, and hoodwinking. Like our leader—the Orange Manatee. Where does cooperation fit into that equation?

DOLLY

Fuck you and your President Fuckface Von Clownstick!

PATROL

L24 Alright, "Wall," take her away./

The "WALL" lets TEDDY loose, and then ties up DOLLY. He picks her up and carries her out.

PATROL

Here you go. Here's your prize.

BORDER PATROL hands TEDDY the can.

TEDDY

But, I don't want these beans. There's blood on these beans.

PATROL

It's either that, or starve to death. You got a long walk through desert before you make it out the woods.

TEDDY

That makes no sense!

PATROL

It does when you think about it.

BORDER PATROL pats TEDDY on the back; then exits.

TEDDY

No it doesn't!

TEDDY rubs his belly. He stares at the can.

Fuck it.

Exit

TEDDY opens the can and pours the contents on a plate.

L25 S91 M30

Instead of beans, dry leaves pour out.

Both panels slide out

Frustrated, TEDDY grabs the leaves and tosses them in the air over his head.

S93- Ramps in place

Black out.

L26 M31- Gunfire(audio sound)

L27- Dan sit down

Music/Campfire Vignette

A3- 3 actors around ramp

The platforms are arranged to form a small cove. A fire has died out days ago. A gathering place in the midst of conflict.

Person A enters in practical military garb. Not ready to go into a firefight, but not civilian either. At first it's only one. Just one person.

L29 S107- Dan walks down ramps

They huddle up to the fire.

L30 - actors crawl out

The person begins singing alone.

The song is soft and longing. It's a confession.

They sing the first verse. Singing to themselves.

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
And where have you been my darling young one?

Person B enters from the wings. And joins the fire, slowly.

I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard

A and B speak/sing together.

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

L30.5 - Women X US

L30.6 - Women exit

~~Person B asks:~~

~~Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you see, my darling young one?~~

~~Person C, from back of the house, responds:~~

~~I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it~~

~~Person D, from the other side, joins them:~~

~~I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'~~

~~Person B sings, as C and D walk to join them onstage:~~

~~I saw a white ladder all covered with water
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children~~

~~Altogether:~~

~~And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard...~~

~~Only A:~~

~~It's a hard rain's-a-gonna fall.~~

~~B asks:~~

~~Oh, who did you meet my blue-eyed son ?
Who did you meet, my darling young one?~~

~~The song has taken on a healing quality.~~

~~It has soul now. It grooves a little. It welcomes more voices as it moves.~~

~~E, F and G enter from behind the house, just they sing. The four men look up:~~

~~I met a young child beside a dead pony
I met a white man who walked a black dog
I met a young woman whose body was burning
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow~~

I met one man who was wounded in love
I met another man who was wounded in hatred

The four onstage join:

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

[Our cohort's verse]

A calls out to the two in the house:

L30.7 M40 And what did you learn, my blue-eyed son?
What did you learn, my darling young-one?

The next verse is sung, but barely. We've moved into a space of sharing. Taking turns to share their experience to the audience looking on. There may be pauses between lines - like we're waiting for each to make an offering.

E: I learned just how hard it is to keep friendships
F: I learned that the moments of magic are precious
B: I learned that a day on your own isn't lonely
D: I found that the foolish are thriving and plenty
C: I finally found that life's massive and fleeting
G: I learned to strike swiftly and keep my soul hidden

One person decides to bring it together and sings. The line adds people with each "it's a hard"

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

The four onstage rise up, as if in triumph. We're all together now:

And what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?

And what'll you do now my-

L31 S111 M46

A Blast of gunfire is heard. Close, really Really close. The four onstage duck and cover. The stage flashes with gunfire and the four onstage gather their things and run off.

The gunfire dies down. A few tat-tat-tat's and it's quiet again.

The three in the house slowly make their way onstage, fearless.

They gather in a trio, adjust themselves, and try to smile. They are from a dream.

S113

Men Exit

L32- Women stop in front of ramps

L33- Women Exit

This last piece is sung as cleanly as possible.

L34 S124 - guys enter and run around stage

I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin' **(Elisa)**

I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest **(Elisa/Kyra + Vickie hum)**

And I'll tell it and speak it and think it and breathe it **(All)**

And reflect from the mountain so all souls can see it **(All)**

And I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin' **(Vickie)**

But I'll know my song well before I start singing **(Kyra)**

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard **(All)**

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall. **(All)**

L35- Dan X US

~~They bow and exit.~~

S125 M48 Shutter off- Dan Exits

L37 S131 M50- Start of next piece

L37.5- "Valley of the Sun"

Travel Ad

Dan, Largent, Elisa- Off stage right.
Mikey, Kyra - Off stage left.

All: walk on and form a line ordered SR-SL : Vickey, Dan, Elisa, Largent, Mikey, Kyra, Jamie.

Largent: Dive, roll and leap. (5-6-7-8)
All but Largent: Mikey butt slap (1-2-3-4-5-6) Thumbs up (7) Smile (8)
All but Largent: Golf swing x2 (16 counts) Hold (1-2-3-4)

L38

All but Largent: Vickie's three step captain walk
Largent: Stand, newspaper, smile.

All but Largent: Wiggle walks on and hop onto the doughnut, pose
Largent: Join others on doughnut, pose

L39

All: On Largent's cue, 6 Kyra phone shimmies.
All: Kyra Z point x2, starting SL then SR.
All: face in doughnut: Z-point Center.

M52

All: Elisa rock break. Pull out three things. (All the things)
All: get bored, slump on the ground.
Kyra, Mike, Largent, Elisa, Jamie: Point USL. exit SL.
Dan, Vickie: Stay for Relationship Piece.

L41 S141 M55- Jamie pulls out a piece of paper

A4 apple drop- Just 2 people on donut

L43 S143 apple line out- When apple is caught

The Relationship Piece

Lights up on Dan and Vickie sitting across from each other on the turntable platforms. It is rotating steadily. They are looking at each other. Alive but not active. In the background the music video for Total Eclipse of the Heart comes up to full volume with the lights.

This continues for some time.

An apple on a parachute slowly drifts down from above.

Dan and Vickie stand up to catch it. Both desperately want the apple. It may be difficult to grab because the platform is still moving. It might drift far away. Who knows?

Whatever the case, as it drifts down the music slowly fades out until it is out completely by the time the apple is touched. The video continues. Whoever touches the apple is Person A. The other is Person B. If either moved, they return to their place. B sits back down. A stands. They continue to spin. A and B watch the video in silence for a few moments.

Person A: (directed to B) There's nothing worse than feeling like there's a feeling you need to feel, but no one tells you exactly what it's supposed to feel like and you're sure you're feeling it wrong.

Long pause.

Person A: I have no idea what I am doing, but everyone is watching and waiting for me to do something.

Person B: I read the Tao Te Ching for the first time in early high school and the concept of wu wei has made something of a lasting impression on me. Wu wei literally means *non-action* or *non-doing*. In the *Tao Te Ching*, Lao Tzu explains that beings (or phenomena) that are wholly in harmony with the Tao behave in a completely natural, uncontrived way.

A: Wu wei. Non-action.

...

I'll never forget the deep amount of shame I felt being pressured to go up and commit myself to God. I went up anyway, to the encouragement of everyone around me even though I didn't really know what I was doing or saying. I thought maybe I'd do it wrong.

B: And by the way you just realized you were attracted to girls and boys and that's kinda freaky on top of it all. But the pastor is there waving you forward even though you don't know the blocking.

Perfectly in sync Person A drops to their knees while Person B rises to standing.

A: (with eyes closed) I guess I'm supposed to close my eyes. And maybe...raise my hands or something? (does so)

B: "What do you want to us to pray for?"

A: "Um. I'm running a race later this week."

B: "A race?"

A: "Yeah like a...like a running race."

B: "...Okay"

(B does no gesture) He prayed for your race. Or whatever.

A: I got third.

...

But I tell people I got first.

A takes a moment then looks back up at the video.

B: Can I have the apple?

A stop

A turns back to B and deliberately and pointedly takes a big bite of the apple.

The platform stops rotating. Abruptly. This is a seismic shift in both the space and the two people. Something has changed. Something has imbalanced. Person A pops up talking rapidly. Person B stares hungrily at the apple.

A: It's all these fucking oscillations really. Birth/Death, orbits, water running down a sink, organism population waves, seashell formation. Then there is the personal, chemical oscillation. Happy/sad, lonely/together, busy/bored, sleep/awake, scared/proud, young/old – /// [Birth/Death, orbits, water running down a sink, organism population waves, seashell formation. Happy/sad, lonely/together, busy/bored, sleep/awake, scared/proud, young/old] (repeat the bracketed list, crescendoing until B chases A)

B: /// (overlaps at ///) (speaking slowly but trying to overcome A's volume) Hi. It's kinda funny to meet this version of you. It seems like you've made the whole THING really complex, something that could use a bit more appreciation and maybe more TIME for appreciation. I mostly am interested in why everything keeps moving instead of staying still.

I'm not here to complain. I don't need to know. But I figure I should cut the chit chat. Give me the apple!

B begins to chase A around the platforms. B wants the apple. Desperately.

A is faster. They get dizzy. They slump to the ground.

B: Could you make everything slow down a bit? Or just make it so we get a chance to stop everything for a second and just look at it?

They sit. Catching their breath. A still has the apple.

B: Religion or initially a belief in the after life, was constructed as a safety blanket for mankind. Unfortunately, however, more often than not it is used to exploit those who are so desperately seeking succor from the terrible trials of the world. Whether this is by mega church leaders for money or by politicians for their own political power plays, it happens, and it happens on a worldwide scale. It is for this reason, that I typically loathe organized religion, because of the extremism, ideology, and hatred, however unwitting it may be, that it creates and fosters in mankind.

A: “After the last scene of my life flashed before me,
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.
I noticed that at many times along the path of my life,
especially at the very lowest and saddest times,
there was only one set of footprints.”

Who will honestly remember me?

B: (this hits B) That’s a doozy of a question.

You know every night before I go to sleep I have the same recurring thought pattern. What would happen if I committed suicide? I always do it in one of two ways. I either shoot myself or I hang myself. Maybe this demonstrates a lack of creativity on my part, but The Method isn’t the point. The point is thinking about the people who I would leave behind. What effect would it have on them. Who would miss me? In what way?

A

A tosses B the apple. B takes a bite. The turntable grinds into motion again. The world has shifted again. The people have shifted again. Through the following A and B slowly approach each other.

B: There isn’t an oscillation where maybe there ought to be.

A: Recently, after two and a half months remembering everything that makes me so upset about the faith of my family, I got in my car and started driving for three days. Back to my obligations. Back to work. When I hit east Texas, it was like slamming into a Wall of Salvation. Nearly 60% of the radio stations featured evangelists spouting their various theories on how to save our souls, and there are crosses everywhere.

B: (no hint of anger) “The world is going to hell and you better hope that you are going to the right place.”

A: I’m leaning towards a spiritual practice again because I simply HOPE that there is a being that is not like the God they describe to me in church. The wrathful, vengeful, angry, racist, homophobic and xenophobic God of my ancestors. Maybe, if God really does exist, that He or She is a far more benevolent, understanding, compassionate, loving God than humans could ever

possibly hope to fathom. And if a God like that is driving this train we call “life”, then maybe we’re all going to be okay. At least, I hope so.

B: I don't believe in god. I fully acknowledge that there is no way for me to know what lies beyond death's door, and I am okay with that. What I do know is that I will try to live my life the best that I can, to be the best person that I can be, and to try to do as much good as I possibly can.

L48 S151 M75

L49 AStop- When actors hit noon

A and B sit together on the edge of the platform. Friends? Something more? What does it matter. They are together. The platform stops moving once they are facing upstage. As it does the music to “Total Eclipse of the Heart” returns. The lights slowly fade out.

S155 M80- When actors half off stage

L51-Jamie enters

Ball Piece

On Jamies cue A to home

L51.5- Jamie X US

M: Hey Jamie.

J: Hey Mi--

M: I noticed you got new Running shoes.

J: Yep.

M: That's cool. Do you want this?

J: That, that ball?

M: Yeah. Do you want it.

J: mm no.

M: You sure?

J: Yeah. I don't have space for that

(Hit)

M: Do you want it?

J: No. Why did you

M: Do you want this ball?

J: No

(Hit)

M: Jamie

(Hit)

M: Jamie

(Hit)

M: Jamie do you

(Hit)

M: Want

(Hit)

M: This

(Hit)

M: Ball?

(Hit) (Hit) (Hit) (Hit) (Hit)

J: NO!!

M: Ok. Have you considered

(Hit)

J: Considered

(Hit)

J: What

(Hit)

J: why

(Hit)

J: Stop!

M: Well?

J: Well what?

M: Have you?

J: Have I what?

M: Considered that! Keep up Jamie!

J: Considered what!?

M: (apologizing) Just that you...(trails off)

J: What?

M: (imploring) I just wanted you to ...(trails off)

J: Mike are you? Are you ok?

M: You need to consider the fiddler's (trails off)

J: I.. I can't understand you Mike.

M: It's

J: yes?

M: it's just

J: Go on

M: You. Want. This.

J: NO!

(Hit)

M: Jamie, this is for your health. You need this.

J: What? Why I don't

(Hit)

M: Jamie, your health.

J: I don't

(Hit)

M: You sure you don't want

J: yes

(Hit)

M: Jamie

(Hit)

M: Your

(Hit)

M: Health

(Hit) (Hit) (Hit) (Hit) (Hit)

M: (While Hitting) Jamie if you don't take this ball you are at serious risk for (mumbles)

J: For what!?

M: (Stops Hitting) What?

J: Serious risk for what?

M: Is this a trick question?

J: No you said if I don't take the ball I'm in serious risk of

M: Yeah I know what I said Jamie

J: Ok what am I at risk for?

M: Ssscrantosiss

J: Scrantosis? Not a word Mike

(Hit) (Stare)

J: Mike, You are not

(Hit)

J: Stop (Hit)

(Hit)

(Stare)

J: (starts to talk)

(Hit) (Hit) (Hit) (Hit) (Hit)

M: (While Hitting) Jamie you are risking you're FUCKING LIIFEE

J: (Takes ball) FINE!

M: (Takes ball back) \$40 bucks. I'm Peter Frampton of Frampton and Frampton. If you've been injured in a targeted marketing ad call me. I'll unleash my throbbing law dogs.

L52

S157 M85

M90- Phone #

M91- Phone #2

S158 M95

S157.5 - Slams ball

Food Vignette
Phil Weaver-Stoesz and Vickie Hall

L52.5 S159 M100- Exit

Mood of the piece:

~~The idea of the piece is to share culture through food. It's a piece that unifies.~~

~~If you like my food, you might just like me.~~

L53 S160 M105- Transition

~~The way to a man's heart is through his stomach.~~

~~Food is a path to falling in love.~~

~~Cross-cultural understanding~~

~~Everyone comes together to share.~~

~~It could be a peace offering.~~

~~It's about sharing, unifying, coming together, community, adventure, romance, connection.~~

~~There isn't dark conflict in here. People are connecting. They love each other.~~

~~The Cast enters, one by one and from all over the stage. They are preparing.~~

~~One person enters with plates from one side of the stage, another with glasses from another.~~

~~Then another with forks, another with spoons, another with knives.~~

~~They take their positions either side of the spinning center and begin distributing wares as the center spins - they fill each place this way.~~

~~Then another with napkins enters, late. He attempts to set each place as gracefully but fails completely.~~

~~By now everyone else has left, but napkin person is still fighting to make everything seem nice.~~

~~Then the food enters in grand fashion. Plates, bowls, and platters filled with all manner of dishes:~~

~~Pretzel bites with mustard sauce~~

~~Walnut bread dinner rolls~~

~~Cupcakes of any or multiple variety~~

~~Veggie & dip boards~~

~~Meat & cheese boards~~

~~Spring rolls~~

~~Bowls of various nuts and dried fruit~~

~~The food is set, VICKIE and MIKE watch as everyone else stands around the center table ready to eat. A moment, maybe a prayer or maybe not. But a moment.~~

~~Then a burst of voices and activity. The 5 other performers begin talking about their day loudly and overlapping, never listening for very long before joining in speaking.~~

VICKIE and MIKE comes downstage.

L55 A5- Actors enter

L56 M110 - actors exit

L57 S160.5 - actors enter

L59- Vickie and Mikey X DS

MIKE ALEXANDER

You ever had gumbo, before?

I mean, someone might have put a dish in front of you that looked soupy, smelled spicy, and they *called* it gumbo, but have you ever had Gumbo. REAL gumbo?

For me the standard Gumbo is...well there have to be a few crabs in it.

VICKIE

In Louisiana, gumbo is like the shit that if you go to a party and there's no gumbo, you're upset.

MIKE

Not full out seafood, but...and man, I can't name all the meats.
Alligator, Snake,

VICKIE

Deer.

MIKE

Yeah. Pig, Beef, Chicken
Throw that in there and Cayenne Pepper, Fresh Spices from the Market

VICKIE

Throw in onion, celery, okra, garlic. And you gotta be using a stock pot for this, cuz there's gonna be a lot.

MIKE

And you gotta watch out for that Roux, make sure you don't burn it. Cuz damn, if you burn the Roux, you fuck the gumbo up good.

VICKIE

And catfish gumbo?

MIKE

That shit is good.

An argument has been building at the table and finally breaks out. VICKIE and MIKE stop to notice.

DAN

Apple! Please!

(Mike Largent throws an apple to Dan, Dan exits)

VICKIE

L61- X US (Commanding) Hey! /

As VICKIE moves upstage toward the table, performers leave the table and move out into the house to begin telling their stories. There are set places they go in the house. Perhaps it's only one person - that's awesome. Perhaps it's a group of 20, that's super cool.

They tell their story to them. If you run out of text, ask the audience to share something. Some questions you might ask are:

Did your family eat together when you were growing up?

Is there a food you eat when you're scared?

Do you cook?

What's a food that reminds you of home?

--or ask them anything that relates to the story you just told them.

Meanwhile, Vickie has moved upstage to plug in a teapot. The teapot is heating up as the performers speak to the audience:

MIKE LARGENT:

Like a drunk's poem:

to the mirror that reflects US
to through the looking glass
to turning the glass upside down
and flippy cupping our way out of sobriety
while tweedle dee and dumbing down our answers
and fill-in-the-blank circles with number two
pieces of shit

to down the hatch and
batten down the hatches for the coming shit storm
and the rocking chair lemonade as the sky grows dark
and it looks like the harvest is light this year
so split the banana sundae and crusin' the drive-in
movie starring Gene Kelly and Sidney Poitier
in brokeback mountain riding gay cowboy funtimes

to E Pluribus USum
to E pluribus zero-sum
to E pluribus unnumber one
We're number one, two, three, and all the way to 50
plus one for renewed flights to Cuba
for a quick fuck and a cigar

to Little House on the Prairie
with all our Ma and Pop shop on main street
First Street, Grant St, and Lafayette Street
in little Goshen Indiana to Goshen California
to Green Bay and which star am I on the flag?

to electricity, that invisible thing,
to power, and radio, and gravity
and beautiful glass battery grenades in our pockets for porn.
to the Cold War, that just so you remember, we won and we got to space
nine years before space invaders.
to iron curtain, to blitzkrieg, to centipede,
to Pac Man
to Ms. Pac Man

MIKE ALEXANDER:

Let's look at it like this. Like. This carrot, right? No. Carrots are dumb. I'm sorry. Let's look at this onion. No. Onions are fucking cliché. No. Fuck onions.

JUST A SEC, I got it! Fucking popcorn, right?! Everyone loves it, there's a million infinite different flavor possibilities right and some people like some of them and some of them hate some of them. Like fucking certain cheese popcorns, I don't know. I'm not a fan of all of them. But that doesn't mean I don't think they should be popped because other people do, right?!

My point is...all movie theatres only serve buttered popcorn. So that's the norm. That's the standard. Buttered popcorn. That's it. Like, even though there are all these other flavors, the only one that is offered as an option at the movies is buttered. And that's what America is like. There's all sorts of people, but you only get one flavor in the movies.

JAMIE ARAKAS:

I spent some time in Cambodia.
Sitting around the table, on a dusty afternoon, I asked my family there: what's your favorite food? A safe question. An elementary question -- with kids sketching slices of pizza, or chicken nuggets -- mountain dew and hotdog slices.

I could barely speak a word of their language. Oit(uit). *Makes the gesture*. Oit. That means throw up -- I learned that after a rowdy Tuesday afternoon drinking beers out in the rice fields with no food for a day and a half. Oit.

So I'm there on the table and I ask, what's your favorite food? I say it in Khmer, but it's been so long I can't actually remember how to say it. Ching-Ahn (tʃiŋ an)...I don't remember.

What's your favorite food?

And they looked at me: Svay...Chien-kay svay.... "In mango season, my favorite food is mango. When the rice is ready, my favorite food is rice. When we have fish, my favorite food is fish."

It's the separation, I think. An apple sitting in the store has, on average, been travelling around and sitting in warehouses for 11 months before it gets eaten. It lives almost a year off of the tree before it gets eaten. Every apple we eat is a year old.

ELISA

I don't really have an appreciation for the nuances of food. I kinda just see food wherever I am as just good or bad for something. A tool to get a job done. Of course, things taste good and bad to me, don't get me wrong. I prefer some foods over other foods. It isn't just like, material.

But. I don't think I'd ever go Florida and just go, WOW. What an Orange! Cuz it's just an orange. Food feels like just another thing we've turned into the next wave consumer product. Like we have to take a picture before every meal. Our chefs are rock stars and at those fancy restaurants the smaller the portion, the more expensive the dish.

I mean humans need to drink, sleep, fuck, poop, and eat. It doesn't need to be a big deal every time. It can just be calories. Energy. A tool to use. Anything else just feels unnecessary.

KYRA

I cook when I have time. I don't cook when I don't have time. That makes me a terrible woman I suppose. I'm not the ideal housewife, I guess that's why I'm single. I can cook meals for myself. Not necessarily anything I'm proud of or anything to write home about but stuff that makes my taste buds happy.

Isn't it kind of fucked up that I feel like less of a woman because I don't think of myself as an extraordinarily great cook? The people in Chic-Fil-A know me by name and order, so, what does that say about me?

Every time I eat now I have to smoke weed before hand. Which is interesting because when I was a child before I ate every time I prayed. Interesting how growing up takes a toll. I still thank god for my life every day but I just can't get my body hungry anymore without a stimulant. Are we too busy to eat? To be hungry? I can't believe I've reached a point where I'm too busy or constantly frustrated to be hungry.

S161

The teapot boils and whistles loudly. All the conversations slowly die. The performers thank the people they were talking to and come back onstage.

L63 M125- Actors come back on stage

VICKIE and ELISA serve hot tea to the performers. There is one cup left. DAN's cup.

DAN, who hasn't come back onstage yet, is invited back on. Invited without words.

The performers all blow on their tea. It's still hot. A moment.

Largent raises his cup.

Shutter on- Dan joins

MIKE LARGENT:

L65- 1st person in circle

To US
to comic books
to cookbooks
to this food
to the hands that made this food
to the hands that made this country

Vickie

L67 Cheers

S167
M130-Start
to clean up

They drink. Everyone goes off stage and MIKE ALEXANDER comes right back on with a basin of water, joined by VICKIE. They look to see other people who are coming to help. No one else comes. Great, we need to do it on our own, ya lazy bastards.

L68 S169

VICKIE sits on the floor downstage with the basin as MIKE collects dishes to put in the basin.

EVAN comes on to help. Stops and notices MIKE and VICKIE. An awkward pause. VICKIE nods him over to help wash. They all wash as she speaks.

VICKIE

(remembering)

M135

The first time I ate gumbo it was at Mardi Gras.

No, it I wasn't even Mardi Gras, it was Lundi Gras - the day before Mardi Gras

My Mom was pissed but my Dad said it was a right of passage and she only agreed if I *only* went for Lundi Gras.

I had it at this place called Ralph and Kacoo's. I was 14 years old and man, my mom was pissed the whole time we were there.

And after we ate, we accidentally ran into a Zulu Parade. All this noise and colors everywhere. And there were these three people dressed up. Two as demons and one as an angel. And the angel was pregnant, I remember.

I remember coming back, it was like the scene from Independence Day where there's one car on one side of the road, and *all* the other cars on the other.

On the farm I grew up on, we shot a lot of deer so my grandma made more or less a venison stew. Which is SO far different than that shitty store bought Gumbo. What's that brand...?

EVAN

Zatarain's

VICKIE

Yeah! Fuckin' Zatarain's. You're gonna hate me for this, but when I moved to California, I missed home so much there was one night I just couldn't take it, so I went to the store to buy Zatarain's. I grabbed some Andouille Sausage and a couple spices, and made it.

And I mean, it sucked. It was *not* good. But it was just enough gumbo flavor that it felt like I was back at home.

The table is cleaned. The dishes are cleaned. VICKIE exits the stage.

MIKE ALEXANDER

Shutter off (to EVAN) Ever had a mudbug before?

EVAN

No...

MIKE and EVAN crack open and share the mudbug.

Train Story

As the food piece ends and everyone clears the stage Evan and Mike remain on stage sharing some type of food or drink. Or perhaps are the last two remaining after the clean-up process. They end up Downstage Center (ish).

L69 EVAN: Hey Mike did you hear about the Alton Sterling thing?

MIKE: Yeah. It was crazy.

Mike begins to exit stage down left where Sarge emerges.

L69.01 SARGE: Hey man do you need to talk about Michael Brown?

Mike begins to exit up right when Dan enters.

L69.02 DAN: How do you feel about Trayvon Martin.

Mike tries down left, Vickie emerges.

L 69.03 VICKIE: What do you think about Colin Kaepernick?

Mike tries to exit up stage right when Jamie enters.

JAMIE: Have you heard about what happened in New York?

Mike runs up onto the center platform and begins to walk around it as Dan, Vickie, Sarge, and Jamie begin to grab him to answer a variety of questions regarding race relations etc. while finding their spots on each cardinal direction of the platform. Eventually Mike goes to the bottom of the platform.

L71 S172
M140

MIKE: Pause!

Everyone freezes while Mike mumbles as he goes off stage to grab the smallest platform and drags it across the stage to the front of the circle. He then stands on it and speaks to the audience.

L73 - On platform

MIKE: Okay motherfuckers, I'm just going to get it off my chest now and yes, all black people have the ability to randomly pause white people in the midst of an outrageous barrage of racial questions while they are on stage. So, first thing, is there a sign above my head, on my shirt, or anywhere in my damn vicinity that says, "Mike, the political ambassador of racial relations."? No, you don't. I don't spend my morning preparing a slew of elegant speeches regarding racial killings, stereotypes, or music. No I haven't heard that damn album that every black person should have heard otherwise how can they possibly face other black people? You better not ask me to teach your ass how to dance and no I'm not a physical permission to say the word nigga. Nigga, you better not. I don't care if Niggas in Paris comes on and you're at the Kanye concert, that still ain't your word. Just because I'm black doesn't mean I've seen *Friday*. Well, actually that one is true but that doesn't mean I want to recite the damn movie with you! What do I think about Oscar's so white? Nigga I'm trying to graduate. I don't have time to worry about some rich people not getting recognition for being rich. I mean honestly who gives a fuck if someone who just made millions of dollars to do film doesn't get a damn award? Also, I don't know what is wrong with white people but I swear if you come to me with a hug you will be denied. I don't know you like that. OH BUT MY LAST BUT NOT DAMN LEAST. You do not have the right or the permission to interrupt my day with some racial BS because you want to seem more cultured in front of your non ethnic friends and then try to argue with me when I dismiss you from talking about it. I mean if that's not the most lowdown bullshit I've ever seen. Oh wait one more before I unfreeze them. Try to touch my hair again. OOOOOOOH please try to touch my damn hair again and see what happens. See what fucking happens. I'm not your pet. I'm not your damn pet. I don't care how elaborate it looks keep your damn hands to yourself... Okay I'm ready. I think I got it all out. I'll try to have a reasonable discussion with them.

L74

L75
S175
M145-
on snap

Mike then unfreezes Dan, Vickie, Sarge, and Jamie and immediately the platform begins to spin. Mike A is still on smallest platform not attached to spinning turntable.

Once unfrozen Dan, Vickie, Sarge, and Jamie start to speak at once: "When is it appropriate for me to touch your hair though?" "If I can't find enough black actors do I have the right to do a 'black' show?" "What does it feel like to be part of a religious institution that used religion to justify slavery?" "What does it feel like to have to represent a whole people?" (or whatever questions the players feel like asking that day)

MIKE: ARIGHT ARIGHT! JUST HOLD IT! You each get one! Make it good!

(Ideally as each person begins their question they will be front and slightly left of Mike as the turn table spins, the next person who is front and slightly Left of Mike will begin their question. Creating an illusion of the same conversation had with different people.)

VICKIE: How can a white person help with the black lives matter movement? I feel like I look like the one making all the problems, so should I just shut up?

MIKE: No, being quiet about these issues is the reason we are here now. If you see someone getting assaulted do you ignore it? No? You either call the police or try to stop it yourself. It's the same thing. We're not asking you to be the front runner of the BLM movement. We just want people to speak up for injustice on both sides of the spectrum. The ability for you to insert yourself into these situations and actually help is another part of the healing process that instills communal trust. Just be willing to do what we are doing now, talking and actually listening.

A6

SARGE: Why are black people so against homosexuality? It seems to be more prevalent in your culture. If you don't mind me saying so.

MIKE: Yeah, I've noticed this too. This dilemma has two parts. The first being that we as black men were used for our masculine traits since slavery began. Who was the strongest, toughest, etc. After slavery men had to hold on to that idea of toughness because it was thought that a woman was able to show emotion but not a man. So to see a man act in any feminine way goes against the social systems that have been instilled in us for years. It's more confusion than hatred. Older black men just don't understand and we can't force them to either. All we can do is actively try to prevent violence and discrimination. The second part is that a majority of African Americans are religious. It was and still is our safety blanket for oppression. And everyone knows the Adam and Eve not Adam and Steve argument.

A7

DAN: What if I don't have any questions. I find it a bit odd that there are questions particularly made for 'black people'. // Maybe I'm just silencing myself? Is that part of not wanting to seem racist?

MIKE: Haha if you don't have any questions then you just don't have any questions. In a perfect world there wouldn't be 'questions for black people', but we haven't gotten that far yet. Don't try to force a question if you don't have one but I would caution not trying to seem racist because it means you're approaching us with fear and not with honesty or mutual respect. We don't bite. If something concerns you speak up and we can hash it out like adults.

A8

JAMIE: See but that's the thing... like yeah I want to be able to just talk to them... you... like I talk to all my friends, but there's this invisible wall. For example, you ever see a stray animal, and I'm not calling people of color stray animals but ... see I can't even finish the example without seeming - ...

A9

A Stop WHY DO I HAVE TO SUFFER FOR SOMETHING THAT'S OUT OF MY CONTROL? WHY CAN'T TWO PEOPLE JUST TRUST EACH FUCKING OTHER FOR TWO MINUTES?

L77

MIKE: OKAY! I was waiting for this one. You want to know why I am the way I am as a black person, not as a person but as a black person. Well as a 'black person', I was always too wrong steps from being the one that was 'gone too soon.' Taught that I have to work twice as hard to get half as far and after seeing people who look like me slaughtered on the news every god damn day, yes I am a little upset. I have every right to be. They say it takes a community to raise a child well what does it take to raise a country? But you want to know the worst part? The most messed up part about being a person of color particularly in this country? Why we have so much 'attitude' and 'aggression'? Which I think is foolish I'm rarely upset besides instances as such where it is warranted. I'm just honest and I don't like people wasting my time. But you want to know why we're this way? We're scared.

L78-
When
step on
platform

L79-
Vickie
steps off
platform

Turn table stops spinning on “scared” and all the actors upon it look at Mikey. Confused? Surprised? Shocked? All wearing whatever they’re feeling to that answer on their face.

Each person takes a turn saying their line as they exit the stage.

VICKIE: Hey but dude, you’re not *black black*. You’re like mixed with something though!

SARGE: Also, look at you, you’re in school.

DAN: You also articulate your points well.

JAMIE: And you dress neater.

To everyone offstage.

L81

JAMIE: Hey who wants to go get a drink! ✓

Sergeant turns to leave with group but ends up staying afterwards. Walks back up to Mike and, at an attempt at comforting says:

SARGE: You know it was a valiant effort, but I still think I could’ve written a better piece on race.

Mike shoots Sarge a look and he shrugs and retreats to the others offstage.

Sounds of joy offstage

Mike is left on stage alone. He takes in all that just transpired. Beat. Kyra walks in, notices Mike and offers to comfort him. Mike still thinking about what happens completely ignores Kyra and walks offstage.

Leaving Kyra to start for Women’s Piece.

L83- Mikey Exit

L84- Krya sits down

S178 M146 A10- (15 secs.)

S182 M147- as soon as last A rotation

L85-
Girls
Enter

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4kXcANc7FZQ> *A soundtrack of an old time-y 1950s propaganda film such as this one plays as Elisa and Vickie take their entrance and run hurriedly to their positions on the turn table. Also assuming their versions of the “position” (posed, poised and perfect doll). Kyra follows suit and runs into place.*

The sound of the video plays from 0:30 – 1:50 (it fades out after that as Etta James “This is a Man’s Man’s World” fades in)

*“What is that rip-roared resilience that lets the weaker sex dance for half the night and then wake up cleared eyed ready for the next morning’s work” **Kyra drops her hoodie***

*“This frail creature Exerts over 5 tons of pressure on her dainty fingers a day” **Vickie drops her hoodie***

"And any way you look at it. women's work is not for sissys." Elisa drops her hoodie

L86 S186 M155

The three women turn to face audience in their "revealing but not distracting" semi-nude outfit. They reveal their half masks of doll face. Maintaining their "doll positions" As the propaganda video sound (and video?) fades out and doll music fades in." The dolls take on stronger positions, confident, but still 'poised and perfect.'

S204- Girls turn around

Etta James fades out or plays underneath the next set of text that will be pre recorded. As each of the pre-recorded lines are read the corresponding 'doll' to the voice 'cracks' a bit in place. And each chorus line they will crumple together.

Elisa: Hey, its not that your opinion doesn't matter. It's just that...when you get upset....I personally tend to shut down.

Kyra: I mean, let's be real, you're not really wearing a shirt.

Elisa: Do we have to talk about feminism again?

Vickie: You must be on your period.

Chorus: You're crazy!

Vickie: Are you emotionally able to do your job?

Chorus: Can you handle the pressure?

Kyra: You're a girl, let me that for you.

Vickie: Do you mind if I use you for female attention?

Chorus: Can I use you?

Elisa: Stay away from revealing and/or tight clothing that could distract the boys from learning.

Kyra: How can I pay attention when your boobs are screaming at me?

Chorus: Your body is a distraction.

Vickie: Yo, that test raped me.

Chorus: (silence)

Chorus: How are you feeling today?

Vickie: You're too beautiful for this job.

Kyra: Ooh, sweetheart, it's a good thing you're pretty.

Elisa: Oh, I didn't know you just wanted to be friends.

Kyra: Hey baby, why don't you give me a smile.

Chorus: You'd be a whole lot prettier if you smiled.

Vickie: You look great today.

Chorus: What's up sexy?

Chorus: You were asking for it.

Chorus: How are you?

Vickie: You're looking thinner these days.

Elisa: You looked tired today.

M160 Chorus: Are you okay?/

At this point every 'doll' should be crumpled in their positions on the turn table. Masks still on.

L87 Vickie: No one can make you feel inferior without your **consent**. Elenor Roosevelt. *Vickie after hearing the word "consent", raises her head in her spot and looks upon her fallen friends.*

Kyra: If people are doubting how far you can go, go so far you can't hear them anymore.

Elisa: I throw like a girl because **I am a girl**. *Vickie builds herself back up by the time "I am a girl" is said, and finds her way to crumpled Elisa.*

Kyra: Wife of Bears' lineman wins a bronze medal today in Rio Olympics...? You seemed to have spelled "3 time Olympian Corey Cogdell wins second bronze medal today in Rio Olympics wrong." *Vickie makes her way to Elisa during this line.*

Vickie: "I am not the next Michael Phelps. I am not the next Usain Bolt. **I am the first Simone Biles.**" *Vickie is able to help build up crumpled Elisa by the end of the bolded phrase. The two go to build together crumpled Kyra.*

Elisa: "I want every little girl whose told 'she's bossy' to instead be told 'she has **leadership skills.**'" *The two manage to have Kyra built back up by Leadership Skills.*

L89 Kyra: "Of course I am not worried about intimidating men. The type of man who will be intimidated by me is exactly the type of man I have no interest in." *The three make their way down center.*

Vickie: "No country can ever truly flourish if it **stifles** the potential of its women and deprives itself of the contributions of half of its citizens." *At "Stifles" they each reach for their mask and take it off in a fluid motion. Once mask is removed they throw it to the ground and strike a pose they deem is "powerful."*

At this point all women should be re-built and should have found their way to the top of the highest platform. They take on a new pose, maybe sexy if they want, whatever pose defines "confidence/power" for them. A beat. And then the men off stage whistle and cat call. The three of them quickly try to retrieve their hoodies to cover up their bodies that they have suddenly become aware of being 'too sexual.' They cover themselves, climb off the turn table and go to exit up right. Kyra turns back around and takes center stage as the two stop to look after her.

L92 S216 M167- Kyra clap to pause

Kyra: We're less afraid of what 'men' will do to us, and more afraid that no one will care.

L92.5 S217 M168- Clap un pause

The two collect Kyra and the three exit.

L92 S218 M170- Dan sits down

Finding Up

L95- Vickie enters

(JUSTIN sits on the curb of a busy Chicago street, a foam coffee cup sitting next to him. He is staring up and across the street. HE sits in silence for a moment before KIRSTIE enters, earbuds on full-blast. When SHE sees HIM, she digs out her wallet and tosses a handful of loose change into the coffee cup. It is full, and the coffee splashes on to JUSTIN's leg.)

JUSTIN:

What?

KIRSTIE:

What?

JUSTIN:

You just threw money into my coffee.

KIRSTIE:

I don't have any more, sorry.

JUSTIN:

Why did you just throw money into my coffee?

KIRSTIE:

I don't have more change, man. That was it.

JUSTIN:

I don't want any more. I just want to know why-

KIRSTIE:

No one's going to give you anything if you get belligerent.

JUSTIN:

YOU. MONEY. COFFEE. WHY?

(SHE stares at HIM for a moment before she removes her earphones.)

KIRSTIE:

What?

JUSTIN:

Why, in God's name, did you throw coins in my coffee?

KIRSTIE:

What? Oh. Oh! You mean, you're not-

JUSTIN:

No.

KIRSTIE:

I'm so sorry, I didn't-

JUSTIN:

Bad cup anyway, nothing lost. 'Least I made fifty cents out of the deal.

KIRSTIE:

Seventy five.

JUSTIN:

Whatever.

KIRSTIE:

You know, in my defense, it is...one forty on a Tuesday. Not too many people with jobs hanging out on curbs this time of day.

JUSTIN:

Yeah.

KIRSTIE:

I mean, the people with jobs hanging out on corners aren't exactly your type, if you know what I mean.

JUSTIN:

Gotcha.

KIRSTIE:

Alright. I'll bite. What are you looking at?

JUSTIN:

Up.

KIRSTIE:

What?

JUSTIN:

Up.

KIRSTIE:

No, ok, I heard you the first time. I just mean, what do you mean?

JUSTIN:

Up. Up! That! All of that.

KIRSTIE:

You mean...that.

JUSTIN:

Yes. All of that.

KIRSTIE:

'Sa building.

JUSTIN:

No. It's a *huge* building.

KIRSTIE:

Right. Alright. So, you can keep the seventy five cents-

JUSTIN:

We take it for granted. You drive?

KIRSTIE:

No. I ride the bus.

JUSTIN:

I drive. Got in my car this morning, turned the key, and fifteen different bits of science I don't fully understand got me to work. You fly?

KIRSTIE:

Walk, most of the time. Yes, I've been on airplanes.

JUSTIN:

You know they don't actually know how airplanes fly, right? They've got two competing theories on how wings actually create lift, and neither actually explain the whole thing. But it works. And that. That...

KIRSTIE:

Is a building.

JUSTIN:

No! It is a *HUGE* building!

KIRSTIE:

It's an office building. A cube of windows. Boring on the outside and probably filled to the brim with boring on the inside.

JUSTIN:

I work in there.

KIRSTIE:

L96

Oh.

JUSTIN:

You're right, though. Boring as sin. Everyone and everything. But I looked out the window today. Actually looked. I had seen out of it who knows how many times but today I actually looked. And I realized that I work two hundred feet off the ground. And there are people who work above me. On top of me. Higher in the air. And I needed to get out. Just, go somewhere that wasn't in the sky.

KIRSTIE:

So you went across the street?

JUSTIN:

Nah, went for a walk. Coffee place is down the block, figured I shouldn't be gone for too long.

KIRSTIE:

How long have you been out here?

JUSTIN:

You said it was one forty? About three hours.

KIRSTIE:

Shouldn't you, you know, be getting back?

JUSTIN:

Called in sick the moment saw the building on my way back. Haven't been able to cross the street.

KIRSTIE:

Cross-walk's right there.

JUSTIN:

Don't you have someplace to be?

KIRSTIE:

Class got done at noon. Dinner shift doesn't start 'till five. Got plenty of time. What do you mean you can't cross?

JUSTIN:

It scares me.

KIRSTIE:

...It's a building.

JUSTIN:

It's a-

KIRSTIE:

It's a huge building. But it's just a building.

JUSTIN:

No. And that's what scares me.

KIRSTIE:

Um. Yes.

JUSTIN:

It can't be that. It can't be just a building.

KIRSTIE:

You've been out here for three hours. Has it become a giant robot yet?

JUSTIN:

That's not what I mean. I mean, it has to be more. I don't mean robot more. I mean more more.

KIRSTIE:

Yeah. I kinda figured that.

JUSTIN:

I mean, over a hundred years ago, the first steel frame building was built in downtown Chicago. It was seven stories tall. And that was a big damn deal! Now, forty percent of Hong Kong's population lives above the fourteenth floor. And Dubai has a hundred and sixty floor building-

KIRSTIE:

Look, I was willing to give you the benefit of the doubt with the airplane stuff, but how do you-

(He pulls out a smart-phone and waves it at her.)

JUSTIN:

Three hours is a long time to think. You start to fidget. What I'm trying to say is...a hundred and twenty years ago, seven stories made national headlines. Sixty years ago, people marveled at the wonders of architecture that let us do something half as impressive as this. And now. And now, I work two hundred feet off the ground, and all I can think every morning is how slow the God-Damn elevator is. I got my coffee, turned around and realized that simply by existing the building that I work in is more impressive than anything I will ever do. No one is impressed by a termite. People go all the way to Africa to see termite mounds.

KIRSTIE:

Look that up, too?

JUSTIN:

Yeah. It was in the recommended links. 90 foot mounds. Proportionally, Dubai's got a ways to go.

KIRSTIE:

So you're scared that-

JUSTIN:

That I am living and working in the sum total of human achievement and my brain can't quite handle that. This is it. Men have lived and died to find out how to make this happen. Men have fought nature and gravity and *won*, and I walk inside of this monumental trophy to how far this race of squishy, hairless apes has come on a daily basis...and I push papers eight hours a day.

KIRSTIE:

It's like crabs.

JUSTIN:

What?

KIRSTIE:

Do you have crabs? I mean, God, that's not what I mean. I mean, hermit crabs. Have you ever had those as a pet.

JUSTIN:

No.

KIRSTIE:

They can't live in just one shell. And they can't grow their own. They find things. And they use them. Live in them. Other shells, cans, coral. And when they grow, they ditch their old shell . And they find one that fits them better.

JUSTIN:

So you're saying...crabs.

KIRSTIE:

More or less. A hundred years ago, we needed seven stories. And then that wasn't enough. So we found a new shell. And then fifty stories wasn't enough. So we got another one. We take our homes with us as we grow. And if we get too big, we just need to build a new one.

JUSTIN:

So, that-

KIRSTIE:

Is our shell. For now. Maybe for a long time. Maybe just until we find something shiner. But it's not scary. It's home.

JUSTIN:

Yeah. Yeah. Thank you. I needed that. Thanks. Think I should probably be getting back to work.

(JUSTIN turns to leave. KIRSTIE steps in to the spot where he was, and turns to look at the building across the street. SHE stops, and sits down. JUSTIN comes back.)

JUSTIN:

You alright?

KIRSTIE:

So. What happens when the people in Dubai get to the point where suddenly their hundred and sixty story shell isn't big enough to be home any more. That's, what...how many feet?

JUSTIN:

Twenty seven hundred feet. More than a mile in the sky.

KIRSTIE:

A mile?

JUSTIN:

Yeah.

KIRSTIE:

Wow.

L98 S220 M171

(JUSTIN comes back over to KIRSTIE. Together, they stand in silence as they stare across the street.)

L99- All actors on stage

END

S222- end of lighting cue

L102 S225- "Kristina we are done"

L102.5- Curtain call

L103 S226- Audience leaves