

HANGING OUT

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For my daughter

A Play in Five Scenes

Moon Cycles

Testimony

The Dark Hollow and Other Misconceptions

Dawn

Eros

Time: Summer, 1976

Place: Newmarket, New Hampshire

Set: A country kitchen and a backyard

Cast:

Adam..... In his late twenties.  
Athletic, intelligent.  
He wears a T-shirt,  
worn jeans (no holes)  
and sneakers.

Gloria..... In her mid-twenties.  
Fragile looking but  
stronger than she seems.  
She wears a sleeveless  
shirt, cut-offs and  
barefeet.

Jane..... In her late twenties.  
Feminine looking.  
She wears a long  
summer skirt, a lacy  
top and sandals.

Rachel..... In her mid-twenties.  
Pretty. Seven months  
pregnant. She wears  
a tent dress and flip-  
flops.

NOON CYCLES

The lights come up. We see the three women seated in the kitchen. Rachel is in the rocking chair playing her guitar. Gloria and Jane are sitting at the kitchen table. Jane is knitting. Gloria is trying to write.

JANE

Freedom Suite.

RACHEL (Singing)

My mother was a sailor  
Sailed the seas all alone  
Her passions could not pay her  
Her house was made of stone...

GLORIA (Reading what she has written  
to see how it sounds)

Spinning out of reach  
The confetti flies in the air  
I know this is my life  
And I am terrified.

RACHEL (Singing)

I say, "Go. Push on."  
My mother was a sailor  
Sailed the ocean wide  
Her husband did the travelling  
She stayed inside.

RACHEL (Singing)

I say, "Go. Keep pushing through."

My mother was a sailor

She wasn't no tailor, baby.

No one ever paid her

For being a bride.

I say, "Go. Travel softly.

It's rainy and clear."

GLORIA

We carry our carefully packed desires to our outcast  
outposts.

JANE (A concept)

We can help each other.

GLORIA (Disagreeing)

No one wants to know about us. No one wants to know  
why we're here.

JANE

Why do you think we're here?

GLORIA

To change the world.

JANE

What do you mean?

GLORIA

You know what I mean: you think so too...

JANE

Sure, but maybe my concept is different from yours.  
(Gloria is sulking because it is difficult to explain her-  
self clearly) What is your concept?

GLORIA

We are the biggest bunch of people, the largest  
generation, that we know of, EVER, ever to be on this  
planet... so what are we for?

JANE

We could be for mass genocide.

GLORIA

No.

JANE

That way, if a lot of us are destroyed, there'll still  
be some people left.

GLORIA

That's disgusting.

JANE

Hey, it's a point of view.

GLORIA

Yeah, a disgusting point of view. That's ridiculous.  
There are so many of us so we can be the "critical mass", the  
bunch that outnumbers the others. There already was mass  
genocide. We were born after that so we could change what  
brought that into being.

JANE (Teasing)

Are you sure about this?

GLORIA (Sarcastic)

No. I am completely convinced that we all came into this world at this time as a mass suicide. (Beat) Bullshit, Jane, I don't buy it.

RACHEL

I know what she means. (Beat) It seems as though we were put here to change things. And when we were little and at the mercy of our "elders" we felt betrayed and bummed out, especially since they were always accusing us of being without socially redeeming value. But that's the irony: The ones of us who made it through still able to hear our souls speaking are redeeming social values.

GLORIA

Wow. (Gloria starts to play a game, trying to catch a moment as if it were a firefly) Now (She misses, the moment escapes). Now (She misses again).

RACHEL (Singing)

Now, now, now, now...

JANE

"Plain Jane The Brain"

GLORIA (Laughing)

I used to sit by my window. It would be lovely and



GLORIA

Lonely. I would sit and ask the world, "How many girls are sitting just like this, feeling exactly the way I do... right... NOW...?"

RACHEL (Sings, saluting askew)

Land where my father died

Land of the Pilgrim's pride (She continues as:)

JANE

RACHEL (Singing)

They used to laugh at me.

On every

For being intelligent.

Mountainside

It was a curse: Plain Jane

Let Freedom

The Brain.

Ring.

GLORIA

Then I'd get philosophical with it, "How many girls are kissing their boyfriends right...NOW?" (She snaps her finger on "Now")

JANE

I had to turn it into a blessing: Plain Jane The Brain. (Rachel sits back in the rocking chair and hums "Cumbaya" softly to herself while:)

GLORIA

"How many people are fighting with their mothers right now?"

JANE (Thinking aloud)

Everything comes around again and again.

GLORIA (Suddenly, to Jane)

Do you think we have unlimited chances for salvation?

JANE (Simply)

Sure.

RACHEL (Picks up her guitar, plays and sings)

Oh when the sun begins to shine

Oh when the sun begins to shine

Oh Lord I want to be in that number.

When the sun begins to shine.

(Silence) What planet is this?

JANE

Earth.

GLORIA (Correcting her)

Earth, America.

JANE

Earth, United States of America.

RACHEL (Begins singing and the others join in)

Last night I had the strangest dream

I never dreamed before

I dreamed the world had all agreed to put an end to war.

I dreamed I saw a mighty room

The room was filled with us

And the paper we were signing said

We'd never fight again.

RACHEL (Singing)

And the people in the streets below were dancing  
Round and round...  
And swords and guns and uniforms  
Were scattered on the ground.  
Last night I had the strangest dream  
I ever had before  
I dreamed the world had all agreed to put an end to war.

GLORIA

Take a spoonful of hate  
Delicious ripe sweaty hate  
Dripping in huge piles into your being.  
Take another bite.  
Roll your tongue around disaster.  
Lick the blood off your lips.  
Swallow.  
Intoxicate yourself yto death.

RACHEL

I'm pretty in my dreams.

GLORIA

What I want to know is: Why am I always wrong?

JANE

You know, I think it's love that people are afraid of,  
even more than sex. You can have sex without touching another  
person, without feeling any flow. But you can't love someone  
without experiencing give and take and motion and change...

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RACHEL

How do you know when you're right?

GLORIA (Jumps up and moves the chairs  
out of the way so she can play her game)

Run.

Run fast.

Run away.

Run away so far: run into yourself.

JANE (Speaking as a parent threatening  
a child)

Don't be this.

RACHEL (They are all acting out parent/  
child interactions broadly -- to each other, to imaginary re-  
latives and to the audience)

Do that.

GLORIA

Don't go there.

RACHEL

Shut up.

JANE

What?

GLORIA

Sit down.

JANE

Stand up.

RACHEL

Turn around.

GLORIA

Face that way.

JANE

Don't do that.

RACHEL

Who did that?

JANE

Shutup.

GLORIA

Little girls comb their hair.

RACHEL

Why?

JANE

Where are you going?

GLORIA

Fuck you.

JANE

What?

GLORIA

Big girls respect their elders.

RACHEL

Bullshit.

JANE

What did you say?

RACHEL

Where are you going?

GLORIA

Nowhere.

RACHEL (Points to Jane)

Smile.

JANE (Points to Rachel)

Sing.

GLORIA (To herself)

Dance. (She does)

RACHEL (Points to Jane)

Shit.

JANE (Points to Rachel)

Vomit.

GLORIA (To herself)

Suffer.

RACHEL (Miming)

I'm fucking.

JANE (To Rachel)

Suffer.

GLORIA (Miming her period)

I'm bleeding.

RACHEL (To Gloria)

Suffer.

JANE (Miming)

I'm in labor.

(GLORIA AND RACHEL (To Jane)

Suffer.

RACHEL

Who did this?

JANE (Increasing intensity)

Who did this? Who did this?

RACHEL (To anyone but Gloria)

Did you do this?

GLORIA (Slowly and proudly)

Yes. I did. I did this. I. Did.

JANE

Loving yourself is not disgusting.

RACHEL (Sings)

Hail, hail, the gang's all here...

What the heck do we care?

What the heck do we care?

What the hell do we care?

(Rachel goes to make some food and eat it, humming and occasionally singing aloud)

JANE

Polarities exist as forces acting on our existence.

GLORIA (Trying unsuccessfully to break  
in)

I have something to say.

JANE (Who has not paused)

We need to abstract these formulations...

GLORIA (Still trying to interrupt)

I have something to say, it's important...

JANE

... to help us keep track of what's going on in our polarized state of being.

GLORIA

Please shutup, Jane.

RACHEL (Sings)

Hail, hail the gang's all here...

JANE

But, on the other hand, polarities themselves help us define our existence and root ourselves in the flow of time. You see, time keeps flowing in this rather rapid fashion, and it's hard to get a grip on things.

GLORIA

Shutup.

JANE

And polarities are useful in the sense that we are able to penetrate the mystery of identity more precisely...

GLORIA

Shutup, shutup, shutup.

JANE

And, though unity is essential in comprehending the nature of balance...



GLORIA

No one knows silence anymore. No one leaves sound alone.

JANE

And it's hard to get a grip on things when things are so polarized. But polarities do allow us to explore the essential individual identity of -- whatever -- and this too is essential in the understanding of balance.

RACHEL

You gotta be who you gotta be before you can connect and relate and unify and get whole.

JANE

So the information we have deciphered thanks to polarity has given us a sort of graph...

GLORIA (Groans)

Oh God.

JANE

Which can be laid on the spiralling flow so that we will be able to orient ourselves. Like making a map. But then we need some kind of a compass, because, how do you locate True North?

GLORIA (There is a long pause. Jane picks up her knitting. Rachel washes her dishes and goes to lie down on the rug on the floor to stretch her back. Gloria watches them and breathes)

I was close to my mother but I felt abandoned by her.

## GLORIA

When we were alone she'd tell me how she really felt about life, what was important. She told me about sex and people-politics and God. But when anyone was around, well, when any male person was around she'd act all cutesy-ootsie, fake and shallow, she'd even answer questions different ways for different people and she always, always, deferred to all males on all subjects. It was sickening. I saw her as a slave to an illusion that she had helped to create and was constantly maintaining. Men are superior in every way. She even would say, at cocktail parties, that women should never have gotten the vote. But meanwhile she was adamant that I go to college, get an education, become something besides a housewife and a mother. She was there for me, she supported me, more than that, in some ways I think she created me. She showed me her inner self, who she was inside, and she expected me to carry on from there. But her exterior, how she represented herself to the world was completely different than the inner woman she showed me. The reason I felt abandoned, I think, was that, once I began to really become what she had so carefully pruned me to be -- she freaked out. Suddenly I was every secret she'd been trying to hide all of her life. Suddenly I was the outward and visible sign of her inward invisible discontent. Suddenly I was one of those "things" she felt she must destroy.

GLORIA

In her life, as she had lived it, the more complete her outer self became, the less expressed her inner self became. So it was a choice: either she break down and open up or I put up a false front and conform or the third option, the one we chose, we abandon each other to the world, to our individual fates, to life.

RACHEL

We are born into ourselves over and over again.

JANE

All the same there is no future, only an eternal present.  
All the same there is only this constant need for balance.

Blackout

TESTIMONY

The lights come up on the outside half of the set. Adam is sitting contemplating his tent still in pieces on the ground. There are three trees and a tree stump, a pile of tools and a shotgun. When the lights are full, Adam stands and addresses the audience.

ADAM

Hallo.

My name is Adam Horowitz. (He asks someone in the audience.) What's yours? (They answer) Helle --- (he uses their name)

(Beat)

I'm here to talk about God.

I'm building this tent... I want to live close to nature... to get back to the life I imagine my grandparents lived: A hard life. No electricity, stuff like that... a stream close by. I think they hung out together more, talked to each other more, that's what I want to get back to.

I'm in a Space Ship: a Technological Masterpiece. It's dark outside the ship. I can see little sparkling lights all around but they are far away, far away. Space. There are huge speakers in my Space Ship, I'm listening to

## ADAM

Brian Eno, loud, really loud, extravagantly loud. I have no neighbors: no complaints. The stars like the music. I float inside the sound. (Pause as he imagines floating inside the sound) Sensuous possibilities tickle my fancy. The music rolls through me. I glide, slide, sail and find myself in Outer Space.

(The lights dim) Suspend Judgement: You are in the Twilight Zone. (He sings a snatch from the theme of The Twilight Zone T.V. show) Everything is familiar: Nothing is as you have expected. Every "thing" has a soul, and an essence. We crave contact with these essences in each other. (To a person in the audience, abruptly) I crave contact with you. (Adam goes to work on his tent in silence for about a minute and a half. Then he continues as if talking to himself)

I was in love with death too long. Passionately, insanely in love with death. What the fuck is wrong with life? I mean, as long as I'm here, why can't I get as much out of being alive as I get out of being dead? (Adam pantomimes being shot in the heart: He reels backwards, grabbing his heart with both hands. He looks shocked and disbelieving. He mouths, "No, no." But no sound comes out. He staggers. He falls to the ground, lying parallel with the front of the stage. He kicks his legs up in the air and lets them fall with a thud. He rolls his head toward the audience, his eyes

ADAM

rolled up in his head and his tongue hanging out. Pause.  
Still prone but looking straight up to the sky, he speaks)

This place is a disgrace: a dungeon of death in a  
prison of despair. I weep in frenzy: release my name.  
Call me into the place of love. Cancel all humiliations.

And here I am. (Beat) I am the world. (Beat) I have  
a piece or a small piece -- of this cosmic mess. (He smiles)  
This vast disorder is in me.

(Spoken as a litany) Life is illusion. Reality a  
mass hallucination. But I am responsible for creating my  
own piece of the fantasy. (He stands)

And I can touch and I can feel and I can care, I can  
try. (He dances and leaps around his tent, huge ballet-  
like gestures)

Create your life, Adam, minute by minute, second by  
second by instantaneous flow. I will move into the grand  
design with my own pattern. I will demand life from life.  
(He stops dancing) Death is too easy. Damn it.

My father's father saw Trotsky speak to the people:  
"It is entirely insufficient for our youth to repeat our  
formula. It must conquer the revolutionary formula; it  
must assimilate it, work out its own opinions, its own  
physiognomy; it must be capable of fighting for its views  
with the courage which arises out of the depths of convic-

ADAM

tion and independence of character... a revolutionary is not merely a disciplined man; he is a man who in each case and on each question forges a firm opinion of his own and defends it courageously and independently, not only against his enemies, but inside his own party."

No shit. (He goes to work on his tent and sings, sentimentally -- somewhere between the style of Bing Crosby and Elvis Costello)

Stay, pretty lady, stay.

Stay for one shining day.

Stay by me.

Oh, oh, oh, oh...

(He continues to work on his tent in silence. Then he stops working and speaks)

I get really lonely sometimes. I do. I know this kid. He didn't know about the Viet Nam War or Nixon or the United States rising up to rid itself of these humiliations. I told him. He liked the story. You know, it was a pretty good story. Living it was weird but the story comes out o.k. when you tell it.

I get lonely. It gets bad. It can get so bad my body will ache all over. (To a woman in the audience) Could you touch me? (A quick reversal) I hate touching. I wouldn't touch you if you asked me. I'd have to ask you if I could

ADAM

touch you. No. I'd rather ask you for your phone number and then I'd call you tomorrow and then I'll ask you out on a date and you will say, (Imitating a silly woman) "O.K." And I will take you out and buy you dinner and then we'll go to a movie and then we'll walk home, if it's warm enough, and then I will, careful not to offend you of course, touch you. And you, of course, touch me back-- tenderly, right? (To the same woman) If you're a man, don't touch me.

Touching can kill you. Did you ever think about that? Germs, diseases... disgusting sexual diseases. I might love you, then what would I do?

My head hurts. Does anybody have any drugs? (No answer) Wine? (No answer) Aaaagh--

Death camps. Reeking, stinking madness. Passion becomes rot. There's rot in the universe stinking up the whole place. The whole fucking place stinks. Can you smell the air? Can you breathe? I can't.

My mother was in Auschwitz. Auschwitz. She was sixteen. Every time I'd get in trouble, which was about once a week for ten years, she'd tell me this story... it was supposed to make me feel better about being different.

She was sixteen and with a lot of other women in a camp in Germany called Auschwitz. Not "Camp Auschwitz for Nice Jewish Girls", Camp Auschwitz, concentration camp for rejects



ADAM

from the newly forming Perfect Society by and for Perfect People. Aryans of course. (To the audience) Do you know what I'm talking about?

O.K. In case you don't know, or don't remember or wish you didn't know and keep trying to forget, I will remind or inform you.

Concentration camps were places invented probably in the Boer War by the English in Africa but they reached a peak of depravity when Nazis modified the basic idea, which had been interment, just keeping people hanging out and useless ... modified this to ... Oh God ... the Nazis rounded up everyone that they thought would be less than perfect breeders in the New Society. See the Nazis believed that the New Age was on its way any day and that they had to get ready by making themselves perfect and destroying everyone who might mess up this possible heaven on earth. (To a person in the audience) Are you perfect? (To another person) Do you know anyone who is perfect? (To another person) Would you like to spend every waking minute comparing yourself to everyone you see to find out who's more perfect? (He starts to laugh) It sounds just like High School: a whole world living under adolescent hormone freak out. Jesus.

This is where it gets real complicated for me. I have ideas about this but my mother lived it. Two different ways of approaching the issues. Anyhow...

## ADAM

Once the Nazis had determined that you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you (Each "you" signifies a separate audience member) were less than perfect... they put you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you (He points to ten different audience members) in freight trains and shipped you to, let's say, Auschwitz, a.k.a. concentration camp a.k.a. death camp. (Beat) Just a little different from YMCA summer camp. Just a little.

Then these specimens of humanity arrived at camp and were subjected to some interesting experiments. They starved you. (He points to someone in the audience) They beat you. (He points to another person) They raped you. (He points to another person) They cut you (Pointing to another person) up just to put you back together in an interesting way. They made you (Pointing to another person) fuck a dog. They made you (Another person) fuck an ape because they wanted you to get pregnant, and you did; but, lucky for you, the monster died in utero and then you died too of a botched attempt to get the fetid monster out of your womb. We all know about the lampshades of human skin, right? We all know about the soap made out of human fat? Hey, we were there, Jews, Homos, Blacks, anyone who was anyone was there, man. There were a lot of fucking witnesses to this and my mother was one and she has this amazing story she would tell me to try and explain her revelation. She had a revelation about

ADAM

the nature of God and human beings' relationship to that entity and she told me and I'm gonna tell you and maybe you'll blab it around some and maybe we'll get somewhere. (He kicks a piece of his tent which is lying on the ground)

Yom Kippur. It was Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement and my mother was sixteen years old and she was in Auschwitz with a lot of other people. The Jews fast on Yom Kippur and pray and so my mother and the other Jewish women fasted and prayed, they prayed for a miracle. They prayed to be released. After the first day of this my mother woke up hungry and angry. The other women continued to fast and pray. My mother ate her food and everyone else's food. The other women didn't mind that she had eaten their food, they weren't going to eat it anyway. The women were worried for my mother's soul. She had rebelled against God. She had jeopardized her relationship with the Almighty.

My mother says that when she woke up that morning, still in the camp, still starving, still with a number on her arm, she knew. She knew God. She knew that God is all of us, is in all of us. She knew that sometimes some people are not fairly represented in this place we call God. She knew that morning that she was not represented in God and that she must do what anyone must do in that case: she had to speak out, act out, stand firm and rebel.

ADAM

The other women worried about my mother's soul, as though God were a big corporation and my mother the lone leftist: she might lose her job. My mother figured it was her job to stay alive. "I'd be damned if I was going to bow to the God who had put me in that place. I will create a new God. My God will hear the women and the children. My God will have ears for those with no guns. My God will give me food to eat and a warm place to live." Sensible but heresy.

Maybe you think that we all get what we deserve. Maybe you think that victims want to be victims. Maybe that has an element of truth but how do you fit that man they called Jesus into that picture, a masochist? I don't think so. I think it's a mass mentality, we perpetuate the reality of victims and persecutors. We train our children and our childrens' children to be either Romans or Christians, either Cowboys or Indians. Beat or get beat. What about a third option? A sensible Christian, a sympathetic Roman, a spiritual Cowboy, a realistic Indian.

I know that we are God. I know that we can change anything we want to change.

Hello, God. (To the audience)

I have a friend. He was a helicopter pilot in Viet Nam. He watched his best friend's guts get blown apart and he held them in while he tried to get the guy to a hospital. The guy

ADAM

died and Tommy says that he can't love anyone anymore. He tries but as soon as he gets close to someone he sees guts falling out and something in him clicks off and that's it. That's as close as he can get. This is a man's life. Is God listening to him? I don't want to be sacriligious or offensive or anything, God (He addresses the audience as God) but we fought long and hard for the right to speak freely in these United States and I want God to know what's going on around here.

AND GOD WILL NEVER KNOW IF WE WON'T LISTEN.

Blackout

THE DARK HOLLOW AND OTHER  
MISCONCEPTIONS

In the dark we see a lighted cigarette pass between two people sitting on the ground outside. We hear Adam say, "It'll be O.K." Then we hear Gloria say, "I hate this part." As the lights come up we see them kissing. When they realize that the audience can see them, they smile and take their places. Adam goes downstage left, and Gloria goes downstage right. Adam clears his throat. Jane is sitting at the table knitting, Rachel is sitting in her chair rocking. The tent is still flat on the ground.

ADAM (To the audience)

Once upon a time there lived a princess in a castle of her own design.

GLORIA (To the audience)

Can you see me? I feel so small. Invisible.

ADAM

Her Prince Charming was off fighting his wars and she was left to face her fate in the factory of desire she called her home.

GLORIA

You'll never find me if I don't want to be found.

ADAM

The war continued, ceaselessly. The victory he sought was elusive. The time he cherished vanished. She was tired

ADAM

of looking and seeing only herself. She longed to see another life. He decided that it was time to steady himself and become part of the world.

GLORIA

As long as he held himself above it he had the illusion of power and, for a young man, the illusion of power is all.

ADAM & GLORIA (They both take a breath and walk center stage)

Once upon a time there lived a Prince and Princess who had to swim through every conceivable river in their minds before they could climb into their hearts. (Adam goes to work on his tent and Gloria goes into the kitchen)

RACHEL (Running around, starting the game again)

Run.

Run fast.

Run away.

Run away so far, run into yourself.

GLORIA (Absentmindedly)

Don't do that.

JANE (Putting her knitting down and getting into the game)

Be this.

RACHEL (With great feeling)

Don't go there.

JANE (Forceful)

Do that.

GLORIA (In the game)

Who did that?

RACHEL

Sit down.

GLORIA

Where are you going? Answer me.

JANE

Who did this? Answer me.

RACHEL

Who did this?

JANE (Opens the kitchen door and calls  
to Adam)

Get a hair cut.

ADAM

Fuck off.

GLORIA (Running outside and dancing  
around the tent)

I wish I could dance like a star in the sky: past all  
reason, beyond the hope of redemption, beyond all threats of  
retribution, dance.



ADAM (To the audience. Gloria is still dancing)

I read about a place in Africa... when two tribes get together, before they decide whether to have a battle or meet in peace, the two leaders stand across from each other and scream at each other. (Gloria stops dancing and she and Adam stand apart and scream at each other as long and as loud as they can before they crack up laughing. When the laughing has subsided) They abandon their social masks. They get to a more honest language, a language of pure sound.

GLORIA

When I'm in love I think, "This will last forever."  
(pause. She returns to the house and sits in a chair at the table) I was raped once.

JANE

Is anyone raped twice? (Rachel gives Jane a dirty look) Excuse me. That was rude of me.

GLORIA (Hasn't heard)

I had the keys to a friend's apartment. I was supposed to water her plants while she was away. It was a Sunday afternoon -- an incredibly bright lazy day.

There was a man in the apartment when I got there.

ADAM (To the audience while he works on his tent)

When I want to be part of things, and I like to be "somebody", I show a little of my violent side. I got a lot of respect that way.

JANE

Oh God.

GLORIA

A tall man.

He said he was a friend of my friend. He know her name.

He started following me around while I was watering the plants. Why isn't he watering the plants? Why should I come and water the plants when he's already here? He must be one of those friends who kills all the plants when you go away.

ADAM (Gets out a shotgun, cocks it; shoots a pretend bird)

Sometimes you have to get disgusting: "Hey, man... maim, man... Kill, Fuck, Piss, Skit, man. Kill that motherfucker."

My love is distinct from anything else I know. (Adam points the gun at the audience while Gloria tells her story)

GLORIA

He came over and grabbed me. Everything in me went rigid, like a board. I screamed. No sound came out. I went limp. I drifted. It was happening to someone else. He took my skirt in his hand, slapped me in the face, pushed me up against the wall. I could hear my head banging on the plaster and I cried -- tears, no sobs, no sounds. I thought, "I'm going to kill you." And my arms wouldn't move. Time crawled and I was somewhere watching him rub his cock on my stomach. I wanted to faint, to be anywhere, dead, anywhere

GLORIA

but there. He said, "I'll fix you! I'll fuck you...  
I'll fuck you so you'll never need another one." (Softly)  
I'll fuck you.

It was happening to me... I didn't try to protect  
myself. I tried to die. (Adam puts his gun away)

RACHEL

Let's make dinner.

GLORIA

Not to even fight.

ADAM (Goes to the kitchen door,  
knocks. Gloria answers)

I want to talk to you.

GLORIA

Not now... (Rachel begins to hum 'Cumbaya'. After a  
minute Jane speaks softly and menacingly. Adam and Gloria  
remain standing in the open doorway)

JANE

If I could reach inside you and rip your heart from  
its breast, tear the flesh off your face, your neck, your  
arms, your legs, rip the ligaments off their bones. Then  
you would stand naked in the light of your central core.  
I want to destroy you. Kill you. I'll learn to breathe  
fire from my mouth, fire on the landscape of your desire.  
I will tear apart everything it has taken so long to build.  
Destroy it all. Why not? Who cares?

RACHEL (Stops humming when Jano finishes speaking)

I was thinking the other day that the human race is a kind of a club, not too exclusive, but, you never know, it might be more exclusive than we realize... anyway... and in order to get into this club, you have to find some woman dumb enough to carry you around inside her belly for nine months. (Gloria shuts the door on Adam who continues to stand facing the now closed door)

GLORIA (To Rachel)

I'm jealous of you.

RACHEL

No.

GLORIA

I'm not free either. (Gloria goes to the door and opens it, Adam comes in and sits down at the table)

ADAM

I think about war a lot. How much I like it, want it, desire to be at war. It is considered responsible to fight for what you believe in. Is war evil or natural? You don't know. No one knows for sure. My recurring nightmare is coming home and beating the shit out of a woman. I don't destroy her, there's no blood and she doesn't die. Every second someone is killing someone else. Right NOW (When he says "Now" he snaps his fingers)

GLORIA

Do you really want to hurt me?

ADAM

No.

JANE

Is it sexual?

RACHEL

Jane.

JANE

Well, is it? Is brutality sexy?

ADAM

Sometimes.

GLORIA

Oh God.

ADAM

Can I talk to you?

GLORIA

I can't listen to you now.

RACHEL

(Mumbles)

JANE (To Rachel)

What?

RACHEL

(Mumbles)

JANE

I can't hear you, Rachel.

RACHEL

I'm hungry. (Pause) I miss my mother.

ADAM (To no one in particular)

I wanted to live in the country and have long hair.

RACHEL (To no one in particular)

I have to go to the doctor a lot. They kind of make you go. Mostly you wait. I always forget my book. I look at the other mothers.

JANE (To no one in particular)

My mother said, "I want you to achieve something in the world." And what she meant was, "I want you to marry a rich man."

RACHEL (To the audience)

The other day I broke the barrier and spoke to another mother. I couldn't help it. Sara. She said that she was having an abortion. She's forty. She said she had three children. I told her that this is my second child. We talked about how hard labor is, what a pain in the ass (She smiles at her own joke), and she told me a great story: When her son was being born, she was laboring in the hospital. She heard a woman down the hall screaming. After awhile the screaming was really getting to her so she rang for the nurse. The nurse came in and said, "Can I do something for you?" And Sara said, "Yes. Please do something about that woman who is screaming down the hall." And the

RACHEL

nurse says, "That's you, dear." Can you imagine?

ADAM (Stands, taking Gloria's  
hands in his)

I never liked a woman until I met you. I'm in love  
with you. You could help me find myself. It means ...  
damn it... I want you to be mine.

GLORIA

You're being loud. (Gloria breaks away from him,  
clears the kitchen table and stands on it speaking her  
poem boldly, elegantly, intensely)

I like to dance with black men  
At parties,  
Loose and fast,  
I like that,  
Moving without my mind,  
In the trance of the dance,  
There is another kind of control,  
A moment, a snap --  
When part of me drops away  
And another part wakes up  
And I dance.  
Move  
My body.  
A man and a woman are dancing.

GLORIA

Swaying.  
Touch me  
Here  
There  
Here.  
I can hold you inside me.  
Pull me towards you.  
I can call you inside me.  
I rise to your throne.  
Sit  
Dissolve in your mouth.  
Two feet away  
We melt into one another.  
We are alone -- now --  
In our sweat,  
In our love  
Riding on a breath  
We come into the universe  
Whole.

ADAM

(Pause) Oh God. Did this happen? I mean, does it, did it, happen to you or is it just a poem? (Gloria sits on the table and rolls her eyes) O.K. (Jane and Rachel get their sweaters and discreetly go outside for a walk around the tent) I'm being a pig. (He goes to the door to go



ADAM

outside. Turns back) Is it true?

GLORIA (Getting off the table and eating an apple)

I don't understand why it even matters. I was only talking about dancing. It matters to you that I liked, once or twice, to dance with black men at parties? That my imagination was aroused by that? That is threatening to you? (Breath). Are you a racist, Adam?

ADAM

No. I'm not a racist. Yes, it does bother me.

GLORIA

Why?

ADAM

I don't know.

GLORIA

Yes you do.

ADAM

Stop acting like you know everything.

GLORIA

I'm not trying to know everything. I thought you wanted to help me. I thought that the way my mind works would be interesting to you. I was not aware that all you were interested in was how I could fulfill your fantasies. Does... Do you care about who I am?

ADAM

Not if who you are is going to eat up all the air in the room. Not if who you are means I can't be who I am.

GLORIA

You get to be who you are all the time.

ADAM

Is that what you think?

GLORIA

I'm lost.

ADAM

Of course you are.

GLORIA

What is that supposed to mean?

ADAM

You are so fucking manipulative: as soon as you're not winning you call time. O.K. Time Fuck-ing Out.

Blackout

DAWN

Same as scene three: A lighted cigarette of some sort is being passed between two people sitting outside. The stage is barely lit. The people are Adam and Jane.

JANE

Adam?

ADAM

Yeah?

JANE

Do you think all the time?

ADAM

Yeah.

JANE

Me too. (The lights begin to come up)

JANE

Adam?

ADAM

Yeah?

JANE

Do you ever wish you were someone else?

ADAM

Constantly.

JANE

Who?

ADAM

No one in particular.

JANE

I look at myself and it seems so arbitrary who I am. I have to stick up for this girl and her whole life no matter what she does. And some of it I can control and some of it I can't. But it's all me. Maybe I have more than one soul and they're all fighting over me? No, that's too scary. I think I like to scare myself. Balance. Balance is everything.

GLORIA (Opening the kitchen door)

Adam?

ADAM

Yeah?

GLORIA

Will you rub my back?

ADAM

Sure. (He gets up and goes inside. Jane remains outside with the cigarette. Gloria lies down on the rug and Adam rubs her back) I read an article, an interview with this long distance swimmer. This woman never lets up, she practices all the time. And when she's doing the stuff that breaks records, she's swimming, right? And she gets tired, exhausted, sick. She thinks she'll never make it, she wants to quit, she's sure she can't go on and then something happens: she gets high on it. She says she sees

ADAM

beauty. She says that it's psychedelic. She sees lights and colors, connections.

At the end of the interview they ask her why she does it. Why she puts up with all the pain. "For the high," she says. For the high.

GLORIA (For the back rub)

Thanks.

RACHEL (Entering from stage right door)

It was a full moon last night.

ADAM & GLORIA (To each other)

What did you dream? (They laugh)

GLORIA (The following sequence is performed while Rachel makes food for Gloria and Adam to eat. Adam and Gloria sit around the kitchen table. Occasionally Adam jumps up to act something out. Jane remains outside, walking or sitting)

I was walking at the bottom of the ocean.

ADAM

I fell asleep thinking about my mother's suicide: her exhaustion.

GLORIA

I could breathe underwater.

ADAM

About your mother dying of cancer: The American Dream Disease.

GLORIA

I wanted to sing but --

ADAM

I was crying.

GLORIA

I couldn't figure out how to sing underwater.

ADAM

I couldn't tell if I was crying for my mother or for your mother or for myself.

GLORIA

I thought I'd drown and I didn't want to die; I wanted to sing.

ADAM

For your loss, or mine, or theirs.

GLORIA

I kept walking and thinking about singing.

ADAM

I got cold and I thought, "I can't mother her. I can't take care of her. She'll leave me. I'll leave her. I don't want to be alone."

GLORIA

It was like water was air only different, not meant for all the same things, not meant for singing.

ADAM

Then everything changed. I'm on a gangplank. Suspended.

ADAM

(Breath) The air is my guide. Water is everywhere.

(Beat) Terror. Terror of the water, terror of fish, fish teeth (This idea strikes him as weird)... thousands of fish, all colors, pink fish and green fish and orange fish with purple eyes. Stupid fish, smart fish, ugly fish, weird fish. Egg shaped fish with no eyes waiting for me in crystal water, waiting to chew me to death. Soul pirrhana.

GLORIA

I keep walking. I hear someone singing.

ADAM

The sky betrays me. (He screams)

GLORIA

I'm singing.

ADAM

And I fall.

RACHEL

Soft -- colors creep, bleed, fade into one another. There is nothing left of color, just one color, silence and the dawn.

JANE (Still outside, she speaks to the audience)

I'm in love. I've been in love for ten years. My parents don't like it. They say I'm an ungrate, a "Bad

JANE

Child." It's hard to hear that from your parents. It's hard to be in love. People try to take it away from you. It's as though the generosity of love illuminates their miserly miseries. It shows them up for what they are. And they can't stand it. I won't hide my love. I won't ask anyone for permission to be happy. I will choose and take my happiness. (Pause) Our desire has thickness and duration in time. We touch: hands to face, face to breast. Our tongues become wet with hunger and the air caresses us, surrounds us until we are in bed, loving and drowning in the ocean of air we have created with our lust. Then we come and the air is quiet, thin, all love is silence and space and there is room to breathe and be alive. We are alone again.

GLORIA

I was sitting on the beach. My father was in the water battling enormous waves that erased him from view. He went under and emerged with Adam.

RACHEL (Looking at herself in the mirror by the refrigerator)

Where's your sense of humor?

JANE

She is blonde and small and very kind. She has three dogs. The woman I live with is younger than I am. The



JANE

first time I saw her I thought, "This is someone I am going to love."

RACHEL

A love letter written in stone.

GLORIA

My father asked you to dinner. My mother was suspicious: you were too skinny. You told us that you had walked the Appalachian Trail from New York to Maine. That's where we were that summer, Maine. You courted me with flowers and dirty jokes. You bought me a book of fairy tales and a Swiss Army knife. I loved you. I loved the way you kissed me and when you touched my face with your hands.

JANE

We live in a house. We like our privacy. (Smiles)  
When I met her it was the beginning of my life.

RACHEL (To herself)

You only really need one friend. (Rachel looks at Adam and Gloria who seem wrapped up in each other. She gets her sweater and goes outside. She sits down near Jane)

ADAM

We met on the beach. Your father and I were swimming in this insane ocean. Waves as big as baby elephants ...

ADAM

he cracked a joke, I laughed. I cracked a joke, he laughed. He said he had someone he wanted me to meet. And there you were: sleepy eyed, gorgeous, my fairy tale princess ... and your body ...

GLORIA

We were going to be together forever and then you left.

JANE (Going to sit by Rachel)

I have a recurring nightmare: I come home and murder my lover. She's a small woman, fragile. In the dream I come home wading through stagnant water. I strangle her to death. I always wake up before I actually kill her but last night I poked my fingers through her neck and her head fell off. I could see inside her head. Then her head rolled under the bed and I woke up.

RACHEL

Yuch.

ADAM

I told you that I'd come back.

JANE

Grim.

RACHEL

Yup.

GLORIA

But you didn't come back for a long time.

RACHEL

My first baby died.

ADAM

It took longer than I thought it would.

RACHEL

I wasn't ready to be a mother.

GLORIA

I thought that our life together was the most important thing in the world for you.

ADAM

I thought you loved me enough to understand.

RACHEL

The baby was born dead. The cord had a knot in it and when she was coming down the birth canal the umbilical cord tightened and -- she was cut off from her oxygen supply.

GLORIA

Understand what?

RACHEL

It was so empty. I felt so empty.

ADAM

There are things that a man has to do, out in the world, to prove himself.

RACHEL

And alone.

GLORIA

Why couldn't I go with you?

ADAM

It's not that simple.

JANE (To Rachel)

I'm sorry.

RACHEL

I wasn't ready. I didn't know who I was. I loved her, though.

JANE

I bet you did.

ADAM

I heard about some guys who get together in a sound-proof room and shoot at each other. They're war vets.

GLORIA

Gotta get their rocks off?

ADAM

Maybe war is the purest expression of male energy. (Gloria starts to object) I know you hate that shit but these guys are keeping crime off the streets (Gloria does not laugh at his joke).

GLORIA

And these guys...?

ADAM

Which guys?

GLORIA

The guys who shoot at each other.

ADAM

Yeah, what about them?

GLORIA

Do they come home horny or do they fall asleep as soon as their heads hit the pillow?

ADAM

O.K. In the perfectly peaceful world what are men supposed to do with their energy?

GLORIA

Fix the leak in the roof. Support the local library. Take care of the animals. Take care of the children. Talk to the women. Talk to each other. Work on the space program. Farm. Join a rock and roll band. (Adam looks doubtful) I'm talking about POSSIBILITIES. You aren't interested in how I see things.

ADAM

Are you interested in how I see things?

GLORIA

Yes. I am also interested in other things about you.

ADAM

Like sex.

GLORIA

That figures.

ADAM

What are you talking about now?

GLORIA

It figures that you'd bring it back to that.

ADAM

That's where you took it.

GLORIA

Oh, no, that's where you INTERPRETED that I took it. I said I care about other things. About your beingness. Sex is part of that. I want you to care about who I am, what I am, not just what I can do for you. And not just what my intellectual perspectives are either. I want to be friends.

ADAM

How can you expect to be my friend if you can't accept how I see things. I need some space to exist...

GLORIA (Interrupting)

The whole world is structured so that you have a place to exist.

ADAM

Are you kidding? How can you say that?

GLORIA

Because that's the difference between men and women. Men are allowed to be themselves and women are not.

ADAM

Where did you learn that, Gloria? That is total bullshit.

ADAM

Men have always had to conform, usually to more powerful men.  
We have as many personal crises as women do.

GLORIA

How can men have personal crises when they have no  
personal life? And women don't even exist in socio-political  
terms... we can't even get to be equal in law... this is  
stupid; why can't you see what is so obvious to me? Why  
can't I find the words to show you what you can't see?  
Why doesn't it matter to everyone that more than half the  
world of humans... oh forget it.

ADAM

An individual makes himself.

GLORIA

HIM self?

ADAM

Himself, herself, you know what I mean.

GLORIA

No, I don't.

ADAM

Oh come on, Gloria, you're not thinking, you're talking  
propaganda at me. We all have a part of this world and I  
don't like what's going on any better than you do and I want  
to change it as much as you do and I want my inner reality  
to be represented in the culture and your inner reality to

ADAM

be represented in the society... I just question our ability... how ready we are to work through non- violent action...

GLORIA

What are you doing here?

ADAM

I enjoy your company.

GLORIA

Then why did you leave me?

ADAM

I don't really know.

GLORIA

Will you leave me again?

ADAM

Maybe you could go with me next time.

GLORIA

Maybe I'll have better things to do.

ADAM

Maybe.

GLORIA

Maybe.

ADAM

Maybe there's a lot of self examination necessary before anyone can begin to grow with another person. I couldn't come to you before, I wasn't ready.



GLORIA

Oh God.

Blackout

EROS

The lights come up. Rachel is sitting on the stoop playing her guitar. Gloria and Adam are working on the tent. Jane is inside making a sandwich.

RACHEL (Singing)

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield  
Down by the riverside  
Down by the riverside  
Down by the riverside  
I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield  
Down by the riverside  
And study war no more.  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
I ain't gonna study war no more.

GLORIA

Adam?

ADAM

Yeah?

GLORIA

You did that wrong. (Pointing to one of the ropes)

ADAM

No I didn't.

GLORIA

Yes you did.

ADAM (Looking more carefully)

You're right. (He sets about to fix it)

JANE (Who has been rocking in the rocking chair while she ate her sandwich, finishes her sandwich and comes running out of the kitchen)

I've got it, I've got it. I've got the whole fucking answer to the whole fucking problem.

GLORIA

What are you talking about Jane?

RACHEL

Tell us Jane.

JANE

I will, I will... Hear ye, hear ye. (She jumps up on the tree stump) We have been living in an age of polarity and we are now in transition to a new age. Ta-da. The earth's axis will eventually point to a new star.

ADAM (To Gloria)

Our North Pole points to a star called Polaris.

GLORIA

Oh, I get it, polaris, polarity.

ADAM

I guess so.

RACHEL (Sings)

Oh when the saints go marching in

Oh when the saints go marching in

Oh Lord I want to be in that number

When the saints go marching in.

JANE (Speaking while Rachel is singing)

O.K. A long time ago the fertile places of the earth were cultivated by a society whose priesthood was female -- because they were patient and in tune with the earth and that's when we got all the data on the motions of the moon and the stars and all that... and the female priesthood was responsible for when to plant and when to sow because they were naturally aware of the processes of reproduction.

RACHEL (Adam and Gloria sit down and watch Jane and Rachel)

Oh when the sun begins to shine

Oh when the sun begins to shine

JANE

And then groups of nomads, hunters, conquered the technological problem of TRAVEL and moved south to a better neighborhood.

RACHEL

Oh Lord I want to be in that number

When the sun begins to shine.

JANE (Speaking while Rachel is singing)

After awhile the hunters managed to take control of the fertile area and then wine was invented and trade got going in earnest. Now these hunters are fundamentally a restless type, their main thing is to move as far and as fast as they can.

RACHEL

Oh when the saints go marching in  
Oh when the saints go marching in  
Oh lord I want to be in that number  
When the saints go marching in.

JANE

Now that we are shifting our orientation and...

ADAM (To Gloria)

The earth's axis determines our electro-chemical alignment which could, conceivably, determine what we call orientation.

JANE

... distinctions are becoming less important than learning how to live together. (Rachel ends her song. Jane sits down on the stump)

ADAM

You made me think of something. If you're right about this male energy being restless, exploratory, and we're also on the verge of the Space Age, right?

JANE

Right.

ADAM

So maybe the reason that men have been so depressed is that they feel that they have nowhere to expand to and their nature is expansive. They feel useless, trapped.

JANE

Makes sense to me.

GLORIA

So if the focus of that part of our group life goes into exploring space are we just going to bring war and hate and poisons out there?

RACHEL

No, that's the point! This is neat. See, the reason there is a lag here, the guys or that energy is all frustrated, they can't expand... because they're not ready to expand. They haven't learned responsibility. And the planets and space have their defenses built in. We won't get there if we're not ready.

GLORIA

Yeah, and not only that but once the male energy is out there, spreading the word, earth will become the garden it was meant to be... oh this is great.

ADAM

Unless we're dreaming.

RACHEL

We're dreaming.

GLORIA

Not necessarily. We're not saying that all the men will go to space and leave the earth to women. There are gonna be plenty of women out there. No, we're positing that we can have our cake and eat it too. That if we are capable of mutual responsibility we may be able to transcend the limitations of simple planetary existence and expand our habitable territory into space. I think that is a perfectly reasonable proposition.

JANE

I heard something interesting from an astrology freak. He said that we have lived on Mars and we destroyed that planet. We have been on Venus and we lost our individualities and now our experiment on earth is Venusians and Martians coming together to create eros, love. And the occult symbols for earth and eros are the same.

RACHEL

Wow.

ADAM

That's intense.

GLORIA

I believe it. (They all get up and walk around the finished tent, checking it out)

JANE

Well it's about time you finished this sucker, Adam.

ADAM

Yeah.

GLORIA

He couldn't get it finished without his left hand.  
(She points to herself) Here credit. Here credit.

ADAM (Giving her a kiss on the  
forehead)

Here credit.

RACHEL

I think it looks good.

JANE

So when are we going camping?

ADAM

We're not.

GLORIA

We're not?

RACHEL

I thought you were putting up your tent as practice  
for when you go on a trip.

ADAM

No, I was putting my tent up here. (Gloria starts to  
laugh)

JANE

Adam, why are you putting your tent here?

ADAM

I think this is a pretty nice spot, right by Gloria's



ADAM

house and everything.

RACHEL

In Gloria's backyard?

ADAM

You know, this place would be absolutely perfect  
if there was a river right over there.

Blackout

GLORIA (Speaking through an off-  
stage microphone. The stage is in darkness)

I'd like to dance like a star in the sky, past all  
reason, beyond the hope of redemption, beyond all threats  
of retribution, dance.

The End