

A Bid to Save the World

By

Erin Bregman

Erin Bregman
304A Precita ave
San Francisco CA 94110
831 295-9788
erinbregman@gmail.com

COMPLETE LIST OF CHARACTERS (Variable Cast Size: 8-31)

ADAM	17, male. Best friends with Evelyn, earnest, insightful, and a teenager.
EVELYN	17, female. Best friends with Adam, excitable, bold, and a teenager.
IDA	Ida is an old woman compared with Adam and Evelyn. Maybe she is only in her 40's though. She has been around for ages, and used to be Sister when she was young.
DEATH	Death is any age, female. She is unpredictably changeable, and is played by a rotating cast - every time we see her, we see another version of Death, played by someone new. She eats a lot of oranges.
JAMES	19, male. A library page. Very particular about many things, very sharp, and quick to speak his thoughts. If he were alive today, he would probably be medicated. But in this world, there's no need.
BROTHER	17, dead, and Sister's twin brother. He is not good at telling stories, but can sing pretty well.
SISTER	17, female. She doesn't do anything halfway.
CHORUS	They sing, and set the world that sister lives in and travels through. By the end, they are death's minions. Chorus is always played by all actors who are not already in a scene that the chorus is present in.
UNCLE	60's, male. Uncle to Sister. Infinitely patient, and understands her better than anyone in the world now that Brother is gone.
KAREN	40's, female. The assistant to John Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton. Highly capable in

every way.

JACOB 19, male. A singer of beautiful songs.

LYDIA 20's, female. An introvert.

RACHEL 20's, female. An extrovert.

JOHN JACOB O'REILLY SMITHERTON

50's or older, male. He is a banker and probably wears a suit.

DEMONSTRATORS 1-6 Any age, any gender

APPLICANTS 1-13 Any age, any gender

CHARACTER DOUBLING FOR CAST OF 8 (3M, 5F).

BROTHER/ADAM/JACOB	Male
JAMES/DEATH/CHORUS	Male
UNCLE/JOHN J.O.S/DEATH/CHORUS	Male
SISTER/EVELYN	Female
IDA/KAREN/DEATH/CHORUS	Female
LYDIA/DEATH/CHORUS	Female
RACHEL/DEATH/CHORUS	Female
DEATH/CHORUS	Female

SUGGESTED CHORUS DOUBLINGS

JACOB also: Demonstrator 1 & 5, Applicant 2, 7 & 12, Chorus

KAREN also: Demonstrator 3, Applicant 6 & 11, Chorus

LYDIA also: Demonstrator 2, Applicant 3, 8, & 13, Chorus

RACHEL also: Demonstrator 4, Applicant 1, 5, & 10, Chorus

JJOS also: Uncle, Demonstrator 6, Applicant 4, 9, & 14, Chorus

For 31 roles, all chorus characters can be played by different actors.

TIME

A future where nobody dies. A past where people did. And a story where time has no bearing.

PLACE

A library full of card catalogues (no books), a courtyard, a graveyard, a cold and empty place between life and death, and the valley of death.

NOTE: THE SONG OF GREAT SORROW AND BEAUTY

The first hint we hear of the Song of Great Sorrow and Beauty should be in the very first demonstration of heartbreak. The sound of heartbreak is a small, subtle, uncomplicated thing, quietly beautiful with a hint of unbearable sadness underneath. It might be a few notes on a single instrument. An oboe, maybe. Not a violin.

The Song of Great Sorrow and Beauty, whatever it becomes, is built on and around the sound of heartbreak. If heartbreak is the root, the rest of the song is everything that grows from it.

By the time everyone in the world is singing it, the Song of Great Sorrow and Beauty is an orchestra at sea – always moving and shifting, made up of tiny pieces yet somehow together it adds up to the biggest thing in the whole world (big as in vast, not necessarily loud). And though there is something a little chaotic in it, you still want to listen to it forever.

When someone hums part of the Song of Great Sorrow and Beauty, part of the whole rest of the song wakes up around them, ready to sing along. But humming is not singing, so whatever sounds step up to help are muted versions of the beginning of the song. It should feel like something wants to break through from three rooms over, but can't.

NOTE: IDA'S PHYSICAL TIC

Ida has a physical, nervous tic that functions a little bit like a stutter. It interrupts her speech and movements. It is notated in the script as: /. A repeated or more severe tick is notated as: //.

The physical tic is a small part of whatever the full movement of heartbreak is in the play. It should be short, repeatable, and able to get more or less intense in different moments. Ida reads her book as much as possible. When she is reading the book, the nervous tic is nonexistent.

PROLOGUE

(An empty, non-motorized wheelchair sits onstage, tipped on its side. Sister lays on top of one of the wheels, spinning.)

(Everywhere else is the Chorus. They scatter flower petals and sing. Sister spins as they sing. It's part mourning, part lullaby. It begins and ends simply, but builds to something full and beautiful in between.)

CHROUS

Too young to die,
much too young to die,
what a boy so kind, so tender so shy
and too young to die.

Where the children lay,
here's where the children lay,
whether car or train or a bullet through the brain
it's where the children lay.

All sorrow and tears,
the world is sorrow and tears,
so we bury him here, only seventeen years
with sorrow and tears.

Too young to die,
much too young to die,
what a boy so kind, so tender so shy
and far, far, far, far too young to die.

(Uncle enters, carrying a small plate of fruit--a tangerine, berries, grapes. He watches Sister spin. The moment he opens his mouth to speak, she stops spinning and cuts him off.)

SISTER

You're sorry, you bring your condolences, and invite me to open up to you if I need it.

UNCLE

No, actually.

SISTER

Then you're not sorry, don't care, and would rather not hear a word about how I feel at all.

UNCLE

Wrong again.

SISTER

You're here to check on me then. Make sure I haven't killed anyone for it.

UNCLE

Have you?

SISTER

I'm still plotting my revenge.

UNCLE

Who on?

SISTER

The world.

UNCLE

You'll be here a while.

SISTER

I've been narrowing it down.

UNCLE

Oh?

SISTER

To the first person stupid enough to try talking to me.

(She goes back to spinning. Uncle does not move, but stands holding the plate of fruit.)

(Beat.)

SISTER

I'm not going to eat it,

UNCLE

That's fine.

(He sits down on the ground near Sister, and puts the plate of fruit on the ground next to him. Sister stops spinning. Uncle sits. They stay that way for a long moment.)

(Total stillness.)

SISTER

Nobody should ever die ever again.

(A library of no books. The Chorus becomes an assortment of library patrons. Ida and James are there, working.)

(James has a pile of cards in front of him, which he is sorting into over a dozen different piles. He does this carefully, deliberately. Every pile is impeccably neat.)

(Ida stands behind her desk, completely absorbed in reading a book. It is the only book in the entire library.)

(Adam and Evelyn sit at a library table with papers scattered from their backpacks. Evelyn has a clean sheet of paper in front of her, and holds a pencil at the ready. Adam is thinking. He twirls his pencil in expert fashion.)

ADAM

Okay. Methods.

(She writes it down)

ADAM

One: Find out how people used to die.

Two: Try them all.

(She writes it down)

EVELYN

Okay.

ADAM

Okay?

EVELYN

Yeah.

ADAM

Cool.

(beat)

EVELYN

So how did people die?

ADAM

How? Umm....

.

Oh: Three Ways.

Drowning, Cancer, and Exploding and Stuff.

EVELYN

Couldn't people also die from just,
getting really really old? Or something?

ADAM

Could they?

EVELYN

I think?

(beat)

ADAM

Maybe we should do some research.

(Evelyn and Adam leave everything at their table, and begin to look through the card catalogues. They pick out a few cards, and bring them to Ida. Immediately, James goes to the catalogue they were using, and straightens the cards that have been put out of place.)

EVELYN

We'd like to see these, please.

(Ida lowers her book down, and examines the cards. Each '/' is Ida's physical nervous tic.)

IDA

Interesting /
interesting selection.

EVELYN

It's kind of a research project.

ADAM

It's for school.

(Ida tucks her book under her arm, and takes the cards over to a door. She opens the door to the blank space, and turns on a light.)

IDA

Let me know when the first is done, and I'll put in the next /
The next card. Come on out when you're finished.

(Evelyn and Adam go into the room and close the door behind them. On the library side, Ida slots in the first of the cards into a sort of reader, and goes back to reading her book.)

(Demonstrators One and Two enter. They carry a large props bag between them which they set down, and open. They use the items inside as needed to help with their demonstrations.)

(After each of the items on the recited list, the Demonstrators give a brief physical demonstration.)

DEMONSTRATORS ONE&TWO

Historical causes of Death, Accidental.

One: Animal Attack, domestic.

Animal Attack, wild.

Two: Avalanche.
Three: Choking.
Four: Crashing.
 of Bicycle
 of Car
 of Plane
 of Rocket
 of Scooter
 of Ship
 of Train.
Five: Drowning.
Six: Earthquake.
Seven: Falling
Eight: Freezing.
Nine: Hurricane
Ten: Gun shot.
Eleven: Impalement
Twelve: Lightning strike.
Thirteen: Poisoning
 Of air
 Of food
 Of skin
 Of water

(Brother, alone onstage. He takes in his surroundings, turning slowly around to take it all in.)

(Demonstrators One and Two leave with their bag as Demonstrators Three and Four enter with a bag of their own. They also demonstrate each listed item with props from the bag as needed.)

DEMONSTRATORS THREE&FOUR

Historical Causes of Death, Illness.

One: Allergic Reaction.

Two: Bubonic Plague.

Three: Cancer.
 of Blood
 of bone

of breast
of lung
of prostate
of skin.
Four: Child Birth.
Five: Cholera
Six: Congenital Defects.
Seven: Dehydration.
Eight: Degenerative Disorders.
Nine: Emphysema.
Ten: Hepatitis
Eleven: Infection
 of bladder
 Of brain
 Of kidney
 Of lungs
 Of respiratory tract
 Of skin
 Of spinal cord
 Of tooth
 Of urinary tract
Twelve: Influenza
Thirteen: Leprosy

(Brother, alone onstage. He is still taking in his surroundings, gets cold. He zips up a sweatshirt, and puts his hands in his pockets. He pulls out a small orange. Turns it over. Looks at it. Puts it back in his pocket.)

(Demonstrators Three and Four pack up and leave as Demonstrators Five and Six enter with their bag. They demo as the others did before them.)

DEMONSTRATORS FIVE&SIX

Historical Causes of Death, Non-Accidental.
One: Blood Loss.
Two: Choking
Three: Decapitation.

Four: Drowning.
Five: Electric Shock.
Six: Exploding
 of Car
 of Person
 of Rocket
 of Scooter
 of Ship
 of Train.
Seven: Falling.
Eight: Hanging.
Nine: Gun Shot.
Ten: Head Injury.
Eleven: Impalement
Twelve: Mauling
Thirteen: Poisoning
 Of air
 Of food
 Of skin
 Of water
Fourteen: Radiation

(Brother, alone onstage. He is still taking in his surroundings, still cold. He puts his hood up, and takes out the orange again. Stares at it. Throws it up, catches it. Stares at it.)

(All demonstrators enter. There is no bag. What they demonstrate here should look entirely different from all other previous demonstrations. When we get to 'three', we hear a hint of the Song of Great Sorrow and Beauty)

ALL DEMONSTRATORS

Historical Causes of Death, Other.
One: Ascension.
Two: Fright.
Three: Heartbreak.

(Beat. They are done.)

(Sister stands by the wheelchair, a shovel in hand. Uncle sits nearby. He doesn't interfere, and doesn't leave. He watches.)

(Sister digs. There is a fury to her work. She is working her ass off, but the ground is rock solid and she makes almost no progress.)

(The chorus sings as she works. They make the hole slightly larger as she digs each small piece of dirt from the ground. Their song is a work song. Pure and Simple.)

CHORUS

The underworld is not
under a hole

(Breath)

The way through death is not
digging the ground

(Breath)

The underworld is digging away
at everything inside you
and death is not a hole
under the ground

(Breath)

The way you seek is not
How you will find

(Breath)

To bury death is not
digging the ground

(Breath)

To get to him you cannot contain
everything inside you
the way you seek is not
how you will find

(Breath)

for death is not a hole-

(Exhausted, Sister throws down her

shovel. She picks up the plate of fruit and tries to force it into the hole. It will not fit. She stomps it in. It doesn't fit. In fury, she picks up the tangerine and throws it off. Sister doesn't wait to see where it lands, but lays back down on top of the wheel again, ignoring everything.)

(An orange rolls back on. Uncle reaches out, picks it up, and puts it back on the plate.)

(A Story. The players act and tell it at the same time.)

LYDIA

Lydia awoke with a start that morning, on the first day of the new year, with a resolve and resolution to, at long last, address the situation at hand with the goal of getting her sister to pick up after herself in the kitchen, which would in turn promote world peace. She got out of bed, and went into the kitchen while attempting to recall the details of a particularly vivid and confounding dream that had come upon her in the night.

(She tries to recall it, and walks into the kitchen.)

(In the kitchen is Rachel. Everything she does is loud, and on the verge of being out of control.)

RACHEL

Rachel, her sister, was already up, awake, and making coffee on the first morning of the first day of the new year. She was thinking about the dawn of an unnamed future when she would be in the position to finally fulfill her dream of being a dog owner. Today was not that day, but she had high hopes for the coming year. As Lydia entered, she wished her a good morning.

'Morning.

LYDIA

Morning.

RACHEL

Happy New Year, she said, though they'd already wished it to one another half a dozen times the night before during champagne toasts and balloon drops, but she liked hearing those words together in a string so she said it again.

Happy New Year!

LYDIA

You too, said Lydia, though she hardly felt it. It had been said enough the night before, and she really resented redundancies.

In addition, she wholeheartedly believed that mornings should entirely avoid conversations of such an energetic nature.

Her ideal morning was sipping a cup of black tea with honey while reading a lengthy book, and cooking, then eating, a delicious and satisfying breakfast.

Perhaps fresh scones, she thought, would be the ideal complement to the tea and the book, most especially if they arrived on her plate fresh and warm out of the oven.

RACHEL

Did you make any resolutions?

LYDIA

Yes.

She tried to think of a tactful way to approach the subject, and then concluded that tact was not part of this particular resolution.

I've resolved to get you to clean up after yourself in the kitchen, while promoting world peace.

RACHEL

I do clean up after myself.

LYDIA

Why are there coffee grounds on the floor? That peanut butter jar has been soaking on the counter for a week, and there's a half-eaten tomato rotting on the windowsill.

RACHEL

They aren't mine.

LYDIA

I don't drink coffee, the jar appeared while I was away on vacation, and you know perfectly well that I'm allergic to tomatoes.

RACHEL

Oh.

She was offended, but tried not to show it.

(She looks very offended)

RACHEL

What does that have to do with world peace?

LYDIA

Clean up and you'll see.

(The library. The chorus, everywhere, are patrons. Ida stands outside the room where Evelyn and Adam were inside learning about Death. She reads her book.)

(James, finished with straightening the catalogue Evelyn and Adam were using, comes over to Ida.)

JAMES

I can re-file any you are done with,

(Without looking up, Ida hands him the cards.)

(He takes them, looks them over.)

JAMES

Historical causes of death?

IDA

School research project.

JAMES

We never researched this at school.

(Beat.)

JAMES

I have said,
we never researched this at school.

(Ida looks up)

IDA

Maybe they're just /
Just curious.

(She reads again.)

JAMES

I don't find it curious at all.

(beat.)

JAMES

I consider our present immunity to death a natural
culmination of Human Evolution.

(Beat. Ida reads.)

JAMES

I know enough about death to put it into context of
the rest of our Evolution, which seems like sufficient
information to me.

(He begins to organize the cards in his
hand.)

JAMES

I will put them away.

(He puts them away. Ida still reads.)

(As Ida reads, she hums a small piece
of the song of great sorrow and beauty.
She repeats just that one piece. James
notices. It is distracting, and
bothersome.)

JAMES

Why are you humming.

IDA

Hm?

JAMES

You know there's no music allowed in the library.
It's against the rules and I think you should stop.

(Ida looks up from her book.)

IDA

Hm?

JAMES

It's very distracting and I am trying to work.

IDA

I'm sorry.

(Ida goes back to reading)

JAMES

Does that mean you are going to stop?

(She reads)

JAMES

Does that mean you are going to stop?

IDA

Yes, I'll stop.

(Ida closes her book. James goes back
to work.)

IDA

//
James,

JAMES

Saying my name is also distracting.

IDA

Stop working for a moment, please.

(James finishes straightening a pile,

looks up.)

IDA

You've been doing great work here,

JAMES

I know.

IDA

I want you to know that I appreciate it.

JAMES

You're welcome.

IDA

It's a huge asset having you here.
You've done great work, all /
All summer.

JAMES

Yes. I know.

IDA

When I hired you, you gave me the impression that you
would only be here temporarily,

JAMES

What exactly was it that I said to give you that
impression?

IDA

You said you were going to /
To University.

JAMES

I will be going, yes.

IDA

I thought you were going this year.

JAMES

I have changed my mind.

IDA

Why?

Don't you think, James, that it's time for you to /

JAMES

University will be there forever, and for now I like it here.
I'm going to go back to work now.
I want you to know that I appreciate your not humming.

(He goes back to working on his piles.)

(Adam and Evelyn at the library table.
They have a very very long list in front of them. Evelyn is counting the items on their list.)

EVELYN

There's a serious shitload of ways to die on here.

ADAM

How many?

EVELYN

I don't know, lost count.

(Adam takes the list, starts counting it.)

EVELYN

There's no way we have enough time to try these all ourselves. What we need is
A Team. Or something.

ADAM

What, like. Get people to volunteer to try Accidental A through H?

EVELYN

Yeah!

ADAM

No.

EVELYN

Why not?

ADAM

Nobody's going to volunteer for that.

EVELYN

Sure they will. It's an innovative, ground-breaking, cutting edge medical study. People love that stuff.

ADAM

Yeah, when it's led by certified professionals.

EVELYN

They don't have to know we're in high school.

ADAM

Don't you think it might be illegal?

EVELYN

Who's going to say anything?

ADAM

If one of them dies, everyone.

EVELYN

Yeah, but we'll also be heroes. No one will care if it was Legal.

ADAM

I still think it's a bad idea.

EVELYN

Well I think it's a great one.

Are you going to help or not?

(Evelyn writes a quick sign:
"Experiment: Dying. Apply here." She
tapes it to the front of their table.
The Applicants arrive.)

(It is like an audition maybe--the
Applicants talk, and Evelyn and Adam
take notes.)

APPLICANT 1

So,

I'd like to be part of this study because
um,
Death is like Crazy Interesting.
Cause like,
nobody really does it anymore? and um.
I think it would be cool.
If your whole experiment thing actually works
it would be really cool.
To be the first one.
Or even the second one, you know like
make a name for myself.
Or something.

APPLICANT 2

Well when I was a kid my Dad used to tell me the story
of how the last person in his family to die got
killed.
It was a really great story.
I would love to be part of a really great story like
that.

APPLICANT 3

This thing pays, right?

APPLICANT 4

I'm old.
Really old.
My wife is dead.
My brother is dead.
My parents are dead.
All my best friends from childhood are dead,
I'm the only one who got left out.
Bet they're having all kinds of fun without me.

APPLICANT 5

I'd like to join this study so I can put it on my list
of extracurricular service activities when I apply for
college.

APPLICANT 6

...
...
...
...
.....
I'm sorry, can you repeat the question?

APPLICANT 7

What you need is an Explorer.
This is totally uncharted territory, and I have
experience with that.
You may have guessed it by my name, but I am
of the Blood Line
of Christopher Columbus.
Exploration runs in my veins.

APPLICANT 8

Do I get paid?

APPLICANT 9

Ok.
So I brought some stuff we might Need when we get
there.

.
I don't actually know how this sort of thing used to
go down, I didn't get a chance to finish my research,
but here:

(Takes out the items from a bag, one by
one.)

APPLICANT 9

Pen,
pencil,
water bottle,
extra food,
Coffee.

.
What if they don't have coffee?

APPLICANT 10

Oh. OH!
Ok ok ok,
So like what you mean is,
yeah, No. I totally,
Totally get it.

APPLICANT 11

What I'd do is
Walk right up there
punch 'em in the face like
BAM!
and it'd be like Yeah,
Now What.

APPLICANT 12

I've been practicing:

(Applicant 12 takes a deep breath, and holds it. Holds it. Holds it.)

APPLICANT 13

(Some of this is whispered)

You don't actually believe it. Do you?

You must realize the whole thing is a hoax. The whole "We used to die" story is a central piece of the ruling elite's narrative, just one more way they pull the wool over our eyes to make sure we never see the truth.

Because really, every single one of us is a God.

That's why we're immortal.

But they can't have us learning it, because if everyone knew what kind of power they had inside them, we couldn't be controlled.

It's all about control.

Don't believe it.

We're Gods.

(Sister lays on top of one of the wheelchair wheels, thinking nothing, feeling nothing. She does not spin. The Chorus is everywhere, looking at Sister.)

(Uncle still sits, looking at her)

(beat.)

SISTER

I don't want to talk.

(He says nothing.)

(Uncle picks up one of the petals from the ground, and puts it down between himself and Sister.)

(He picks up another petal, puts it on top of the first.)

(Uncle picks up a 3rd petal, adds it to the pile.)

(He picks up one petal and stacks it on every line. Uncle picks up petals and recites.)

UNCLE

One for you
one for me
one to speak
one to see
one for now
one for then
one for never
count to ten.

(Uncle looks to sister. She stares back, and says nothing. Uncle counts under his breath as he stacks more petals.)

UNCLE

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

(The chorus sits, and begins to pick up petals from the ground. Each chorus member begins to make his or her own small pile on the floor. Uncle starts building another small pile. He recites. As he does, sister begins to slowly pick up a petal here or there. She joins him in the end.)

UNCLE

One for you
one for me
one to speak
one to see
one for now
one for then
one for never
count to ten.
One, two,

	SISTER
Three,	
	UNCLE
Four,	
	SISTER
Five,	
	UNCLE
Six,	
	SISTER
Seven,	
	UNCLE
Eight,	
	SISTER
Nine,	
	UNCLE
Ten.	

(The chorus begins to sing. It is reminiscent of the siren's song in O Brother Where Art Thou.)

(During the song, Sister picks up more petals of her own, spinning on the chair to reach them, and adds them to Uncle's pile. As the song grows, so do the piles. During the song, sister gets off the wheel, and sits next to Uncle to help build his pile. Throughout, they cast the spell together under their breath.)

(All of Brother's actions on the following pages happen at the same time as the song.)

	CHORUS
Cast your spell	
Cast it wide,	
close your eyes,	
Against the tide.	

Not to see
Or to know
Close them tight
Cast it wide.

Count to ten
And ten again
One for never
One for then

till you see
You'll never know
Just how deep
The casting goes.

till you see
You'll never know
Just how deep
The casting goes.

(Sister counts to ten one more time. At the end of her counting, brother exits. Sister opens her eyes. Nothing.)

(During the song, Brother looks around, taking it all in. He looks around, searching for anyone else. There is nobody else.)

(Brother sees a pile of flower petals on the ground. He goes over to it, bends down, examines it.)

(Brother picks up one petal, smells it. He puts the petal in his pocket. Picks up another, smells it, puts it in his pocket.)

(There is already something in his pocket. He pulls it out: an inhaler. He

puts it down on the ground to make room for petals.)

(Brother kneels down, and stuffs every last petal from this pile into his pockets.)

(Nearly finished, Brother spots another pile of petals. He goes over to it, picks one petal up, and compares it to a petal from his pocket. He smells them both.)

(Brother looks around, searching for anyone else. There is nobody else. Brother puts them in his pocket, but there is something there again. He pulls out a candle, and puts it on the floor, then stuffs all of the petals from this 2nd pile into his pockets.)

(Nearly done, he spots a 3rd pile. Without stopping to smell or examine anything, Brother pulls a hospital wrist band and a few bags of tea from a pocket, and stuffs the flower petals into his pockets too. They are overflowing. Brother discovers every onstage pile of petals. He puts as many as possible into his pockets as quickly as possible. Along the way he also pulls out of his pockets and leaves behind: pill bottles, an elastic physical therapy band, a bouncy ball, another hospital wrist band, a piece of an IV tube, and chap stick.)

(The picking up of petals leads him off, with pockets so overflowing that a trail of petals is left behind.)

(Evelyn and Adam outside of the library, with a large bag of supplies, and a long list. Chorus, as the applicants, is milling around. Evelyn

addresses the group.)

EVELYN

If you could please form a line, we're going to be working on Accidental, A through H.

(They form a line. Adam reaches into the bag, and hands out tools to each one as Evelyn gives out the assignments. When an applicant gets a tool, they take it and exit. Chorus members return to the line as new applicants as needed.)

EVELYN

Animal attack, domestic,

(Adam hands Applicant #1 a small cage.)

EVELYN

Animal attack, wild,

(Adam hands Applicant #2 a slightly larger cage.)

EVELYN

Avalanche,

(Adam hands Applicant #3 a large bag of ice.)

EVELYN

Choking,

(Adam hands Applicant #4 a ziplock bag with grapes)

EVELYN

We're going to have a separate Crashing day, so you get

Drowning

(Adam hands Applicant #5 a water bottle)

EVELYN

Earthquake,

(Adam hands Applicant #6 a brick)

EVELYN

Falling,

(Adam hands Applicant #7 a climbing rope)

EVELYN

Freezing,

(Adam searches through the bag, can't find another bag of ice.)

EVELYN

Sorry, you're going to have to share with Avalanche over there,

(Applicant #8 goes off to find Applicant #3)

EVELYN

Gunshot,

(Adam hands Applicant #9 a water gun)

EVELYN

Hang gliding.

(Adam hands Applicant #10 a kite.)

(Evelyn reaches into the bag, pulls out a polaroid camera. Calls to the applicants, off.)

EVELYN

On three, then!
One, two, three!

(Sounds of applicants using their tools. Evelyn takes a picture. Silence. A beat.)

EVELYN AND ADAM

Are you dead?

ALL APPLICANTS

No,

(They come back on, deposit their tools
on the ground.)

EVELYN

Thank you.
Same time tomorrow, please.

(Applicants leave)

(Adam picks up the tools, and puts them
back into the bag. Evelyn looks at the
polaroids they've taken.)

EVELYN

These are ridiculous.

(Adam comes over to look. They look
through the photos.)

EVELYN

They don't look like real dying at all.

ADAM

How would you know?

EVELYN

Well, it can't look like this,

ADAM

I bet it does,

EVELYN

Bet it doesn't.

(they look through the pictures for
another moment.)

ADAM

How much?

(A street corner. Jacob enters.)

JACOB

Jacob, a man of questionable parentage and good intentions, stood on a nearby street corner singing songs of great sorrow and beauty. His hat had been out for close to an hour, but remained decidedly empty. Is this, he wondered, a reflection of the quality of my singing? Or is it instead a reflection of the lack of artistic patronage on this corner? And is it, he mused, the greater responsibility of the artist to present the art where the established patrons sit, or is it instead the true responsibility of the artist to present art where the people are, and thus fling open the doors of patronage to the wider world? With this question forefront in his mind, Jacob continued to sing.

(He sings a song of great sorrow.)

(Lydia enters.)

LYDIA

En route to the grocery store, Lydia passed the street corner on which Jacob stood, singing songs of great sorrow. The beauty of his melodic voice, and the passion with which he sung brought her to a halt.

JACOB

He noticed her at once.
He wanted to stop and ask her name, but was sure that the moment he stopped singing, she would leave. He never wanted her to leave, so he was determined never to stop singing.

(He segues without stopping into another song of great sorrow and beauty.)

LYDIA

Lydia decided to continue on her way to the grocery store at the end of his next song. But one tune gave way to the next,
And that song gave seamless way to the next,
With that one transitioning so smoothly to another

that it became abundantly clear to Lydia that if she had to wait for the end of his singing, she would be standing on that street corner forever, which seemed not only impractical, but cold, lonely, and incongruous with the resolutions she had made that morning. Thus it was, that at the turn of the next melody

(Jacob transitions again.)

LYDIA

Lydia took the singer by the hand, and led him home.

(She takes Jacob by the hand, he picks up his hat, and is led away, still singing.)

(Brother is trying to stuff one more pile of petals into any pocket that still has room. In front of him forms the chorus, blocking his way. Behind him, a trail of petals.)

(Brother tries to walk around the chorus. They shift, and will not let him pass. The chorus members hold out their hands, palms up.)

(Sister enters, following the tail of petals. She does not see chorus or brother.)

(Brother reaches into a pocket, and pulls out a handful of flower petals. He counts them out under his breath as he puts them into a chorus member's hand.)

(At the same time, Sister spots something, bends down, picks it up. It is an inhaler. She looks around for someone. Nobody there. She searches the petals, finds something, picks it up: a

candle.)

(Sister finds and picks up every last thing that brother has dropped from his pockets. When there are too many things to carry, she starts a pile in the middle of the petal trail, and adds each item to the pile when it's found.)

(Every time Sister finds something, and every time Brother gives a chorus member a petal, they count.)

BROTHER AND SISTER

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

(Chorus members takes the petals, put them in his or her own pocket, and get into position around Brother.)

(When all chorus members are in position, we see that they form a boat around brother. They row. As they travel, brother takes out his orange, looks at it. They row.)

(Sister arranges each artifact she has found and begins to dance, slowly at first, then faster and faster until it builds to a real fury of sorts. Everything inside of her gets released into the air, and sinks through to the ground.)

(The chorus sings, rows, and watches. Their song grows with her movement, though remains steady in rhythm. As she gets faster, they grow into an orchestra of voices. The parts in parenthesis happen at the same time as the main text, as a second part beneath it.)

CHORUS

Think of me,
Asleep beneath the canopy.
Remember me,
Sharing the back seat.

Picture me,
climb up through the memory.
Till you're free.
Following my feet.

Think of me, (*think*)
Asleep beneath the canopy. (*Remember*)
Remember me, (*Sleep*)
Sharing the back seat. (*Sleep*)

Picture me, (*Climb*)
climb up through the memory. (*Picture*)
Till you're free. (*Free*)
Following my feet. (*Free*)

Think of me, (*Think, remember, sharing sleep*)
Asleep beneath the canopy. (*Climb, picture, follow free*)
Remember me, (*Think, remember, sharing sleep*)
Sharing the back seat. (*Climb, picture, follow free*)

Picture me, (*Think, remember, sharing sleep*)
climb up through the memory. (*Climb, picture, follow free*)
Till you're free. (*Think, remember, sharing sleep*)
Following my feet. (*Climb, picture, follow free*)

(Beat)

(Chorus has stopped rowing. Brother steps through their formation, and onto land.)

(Sister waits, completely out of breath. Looks around. Waits. Breaths. Waits. Waits.)

(A piece of an orange peel is thrown in from off. Brother sees it, goes over, picks it up. Another peel. He picks it up. Another, another, another. The picking up of the peels leads him off.)

(Sister is tired of waiting. Her anger explodes.)

SISTER

That
was very clear!
You effing,
Effing Suck!

(She kicks apart her carefully arranged artifacts. They scatter everywhere. She walks over to every item individually, and kicks it again. With each thing, she chants:)

SISTER

None for you.
None for me.
Never to speak.
Never to see.
Not for now.
Not for then.
No forever,
count to ten.
One!

(She picks up the orange, and throws it. The sound of it being caught, off. Sister looks to the sound, and sees the boat. Death speaks from off.)

DEATH

You should be more careful with that.

(In the Library. Evelyn and Adam are with Ida, who holds a large stack of cards for them. Her book is tucked safely under her arm. They all enter the room, as Ida slots the first card in. As soon as it's in, Ida opens her book and begins to read.)

(Chorus of Demonstrators enter, and form the picture of Matthew Brady's "Federal Dead on the Field of Battle of First Day" - Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, 1863. Their re-creation of it should look as grainy as the photo itself.)

(Adam, and Evelyn take a walking tour of the image.)

EVELYN

So these guys are all dead?

(Ida looks up.)

IDA

Nearly all of them.

(She goes back to reading.)

ADAM

Even the ones standing up?

(Ida looks at the ones standing up.)

IDA

No, not /
Not them.

(She reads.)

EVELYN

Can't you be dead standing?

IDA

Usually /
usually not.

(Evelyn and Adam shift their perspective.)

EVELYN

So what did they die of?

IDA

Gunshot.

EVELYN

Who shot them?

(Ida looks up at the scene)

IDA

They all /
All shot each other.

(Adam and Evelyn laugh.)

ADAM

Well that's dumb.

(Ida skips to the next card, and the chorus re-forms into the image of Lawrence Beitler's "Lynching" photo - Marion, Indiana - 1930. It is also just an approximation. Ida goes back to reading.)

EVELYN

Who's dead here?

(Evelyn and Adam tour and look. It is a bit confusing.)

ADAM

The guys with their eyes closed?

(Ida looks up at the scene.)

IDA

/
Yes.

(She reads)

EVELYN

But they're standing.
I thought you said you couldn't be standing and dead.

(She looks up)

IDA

They aren't /
Aren't standing.

(Adam and Evelyn look closer. Ida reads.)

EVELYN

Oh.
How uncomfortable.
Does it hurt?

(she looks up.)

IDA

You used to die from /
from it.

(Ida reads. A beat.)

ADAM

Why is there a street party going on? I thought dying
was usually serious and sad.

IDA

You'd have to /
To ask them.

(She clicks to the next card, and the
Chorus re-forms. They become the image
of Nick Ut's "Napalm Girl", Trang Bang,
South Vietnam - 1972. Again, it is just
an approximation.)

IDA

I'm /
I'm sorry. I forgot /
I forgot there's actually /
Actually nobody dead in this /
In this one.

(Ida takes out the card, and goes
straight back into her book.)

ADAM

I don't feel good,

(Adam opens the door and leaves. Evelyn
rolls her eyes, sighs, and follows him
out.)

(Adam sits in front of the library, looking awful. A mix between ill and terrified. Evelyn is near by, trying to be helpful. He doesn't look at her, but at the eraser of his pencil, which he methodically works to pull apart.)

(All around them, members of the chorus intermittently walk past, on their way home from work.)

EVELYN

Are you feeling all right?

ADAM

Sure.

(Beat)

EVELYN

Can I go get you something to eat?

ADAM

I'm fine.

EVELYN

You look sick,

ADAM

I'm fine.

(Beat. He looks at her.)

ADAM

Would you be sad if I died?

EVELYN

Sad?

ADAM

If I died tomorrow.

EVELYN

You're not dying tomorrow.

ADAM

No, I want to know.
If you found out I was dead in the morning, how would
you feel?

EVELYN

Seriously?

ADAM

How would you feel.

(She thinks about it for a little.)

EVELYN

Impressed. Excited. Amazed.
Downright proud, probably. And maybe slightly annoyed
that you figured out how to die all on your own but
didn't even bother to tell me, and now I can't even
ask you what you did because you're dead.
I might feel a little nervous too. Because I'd have
everyone asking tons of questions, and I'd have to be
sure to have good answers to everything, even if there
were still some things we hadn't figured out.
But mostly I'd be impressed.
And excited.
And proud.

ADAM

So, not sad at all.

EVELYN

What's there to be sad about.
(Beat)

ADAM

Really, Evelyn?

EVELYN

Look, I Know dying used to be super serious and stuff,
but not anymore! That's just like
Olden Days Dying.
If we could figure out how to do it today, every time
someone died I bet we'd feel
Exited! And Amazed! And full of joy!
It would be like fireworks in our head every single
time, and people would have parties for it.
Like Birthday parties.

Only Better.

ADAM

I wouldn't have a party if you died.

EVELYN

Oh come off it. You'd be totally excited.

ADAM

No I wouldn't.

EVELYN

You would! You'd be so famous, and get so many cool people talking to you, it'd be amazing.

ADAM

But I'd never get to see or talk to you ever again.

EVELYN

It would be revolutionary though! It would totally change the way people everywhere in the entire world work and think and live and everything!

ADAM

Maybe. But I'd be too sad to notice.

EVELYN

Stop being depressing!

ADAM

I'm being honest.

EVELYN

Well it's really annoying and totally unrealistic.

ADAM

It is realistic, I've imagined it.

EVELYN

Well I've imagined it too!

ADAM

Not seriously,

EVELYN

Because serious sad dying thoughts aren't real!
Adam. Come on. This is Cool and Interesting and stuff.

ADAM

You really still think that?

EVELYN

Yes. Of course. It's amazing!

ADAM

Actually, it's completely terrifying and if you can't see that I'm sorry but you're a total idiot.

(beat)

EVELYN

Are you going to take that back now?

ADAM

No, I'm quitting.

EVELYN

You can't quit. We're a team.

ADAM

Not on this.

EVELYN

You're my best friend.

ADAM

But you wouldn't shed a tear for me if I died.

EVELYN

Nobody's! Dying!

ADAM

Right! and We shouldn't be trying to either!

EVELYN

You agreed to do this with me, it was Your idea.

ADAM

Well I changed my mind.

EVELYN

Change it back.

ADAM

I don't want you to die.

EVELYN

I do

ADAM

Why.

EVELYN

It would be an adventure.

ADAM

One that you never come back from?

EVELYN

That's still an adventure.

ADAM

Would I get to come?

EVELYN

I thought you didn't want to.

ADAM

I don't.

Would you still go if I didn't come?

EVELYN

You're coming,

ADAM

If I didn't,

EVELYN

You will once you change your mind.

ADAM

If I don't change my mind and you go adventuring and you end up being adventuring alone forever,

EVELYN

Which would never happen because I would have talked you into coming a long time ago.

ADAM

Evelyn,

EVELYN

Look. Are you sick or not?

ADAM

No, I'm-

EVELYN

Then I'm going to go home and eat. Coming?

(beat)

ADAM

No thanks.

EVELYN

See you tomorrow then.

(she leaves.)

(Adam in the library, at the catalogue.
He picks out a single card.)

(James leaves his piles to make sure
the catalogue is still in good shape.)

(Adam brings his card to the reader,
slots it in, and opens the door. Ida
reads her book through all of this.)

JAMES

I can help you with changing out the cards if you
would like.

ADAM

No, it's just one.

(He enters the room, and closes the
door.)

(All demonstrators enter. They
demonstrate in exactly the same way as
we saw before.)

ALL DEMONSTRATORS

Historical Causes of Death, Other.

One: Ascension.

Two: Fright.

Three: Heartbreak.

(Beat. They are done. They go back to the beginning. Adam watches it again.)

ALL DEMONSTRATORS

Historical Causes of Death, Other.

One: Ascension.

Two: Fright.

Three: Heartbreak.

(Beat. They are done. They go back to the beginning. Adam watches it again.)

ALL DEMONSTRATORS

Historical Causes of Death, Other.

One: Ascension.

Two: Fright.

Three: Heartbreak.

(Beat. They are done. They go back to the beginning. Adam watches it again, and again, and again.)

(Death at her table with a pile of oranges on top of it. She is slowly peeling and eating them. Each time she finishes a peel, Death turns and sets it carefully on a giant pile of orange peels behind. Every placement is intentional. It is a massive sculpture of peels.)

(She peels, eats, places a peel. Doesn't like the placement, moves the peel. Considers. Doesn't like the placement, moves it again. Considers. It's not perfect, but it will do. Death peels another orange.)

(Brother enters holding an orange. He approaches her. Stops, unsure of what happens next.)

(She carefully places a peel,

considers. Moves it. Considers. Moves
it. Considers.)

DEATH

Chuck it on the pile.

(Death moves the peel again,
considers.)

BROTHER

Are you going to eat all of them?

DEATH

Eventually.

(She moves the peel one more time,
considers. It's not perfect, but it
will do. Death peels another orange.)

BROTHER

Can I watch while you eat mine?

DEATH

You can't just jump the line.

BROTHER

I'm happy to wait.

DEATH

Well I can't stand small talk,

BROTHER

I'd like to watch. I won't say anything.

(Death eats. Brother watches. She
eats.)

DEATH

You some kind of sadist or something?

BROTHER

No. Why?

DEATH

Only sadists ever ask to watch.

(She eats another orange. Brother
watches. She eats.)

DEATH

Well if you aren't one, what are you then.

BROTHER

I don't know.

DEATH

If you're going to stand there long enough to watch
you're going to have to make much better conversation
than that.

BROTHER

ok.

DEATH

Not a good start. Try again.

(He thinks. She eats. He thinks.)

DEATH

You know any good stories?

BROTHER

I'm no good at telling stories.

DEATH

You can't tell a story?

BROTHER

I didn't say I can't, I'm just not good at them.

DEATH

What's to be good at.

BROTHER

Nobody ever seems to like them,

DEATH

Try me.

BROTHER

Really. It's not going to be good.

DEATH

Try me. I don't get to hear many stories, so it's not
as if you've got competition.

BROTHER

Ok.
Once upon a time,

DEATH

Heard it.

BROTHER

A lot of stories begin with-

DEATH

Next.

(She finishes eating, and turns to put
the peel on the sculpture. She places
it, considers. Moves it, considers.
Considers. Moves it up a little more.
Considers. It's perfect.)

(She begins to peel another orange.)

BROTHER

What are you making?

DEATH

Guess.

BROTHER

I'm not good at guessing.

DEATH

Guess anyway.

BROTHER

Is it the sun?

DEATH

Nope. Guess again.

BROTHER

A volcano?

DEATH

Nope. Guess again.

BROTHER

A beehive?

DEATH

No! Guess again.

BROTHER

A sunset.

DEATH

Don't be stupid, I said no to the Sun

BROTHER

But the sunset's not the sun.

DEATH

It's still wrong. Keep guessing.

BROTHER

I'm out of ideas.

DEATH

You can leave then.

(She eats.)

BROTHER

A swan.

DEATH

Nope.

BROTHER

An orange tree!

DEATH

Wrong again.

BROTHER

The sea.

DEATH

Incorrect.

BROTHER

The sky.

DEATH

False.

BROTHER

An idea.

DEATH

What about.

BROTHER

About,
Having an idea.

DEATH

No.

BROTHER

Am I getting closer?

DEATH

Not really.

BROTHER

Give me a hint?

DEATH

Keep guessing.

BROTHER

But I don't have anything to go on,

DEATH

That's what makes it such a good game!
Guess again.

(Death finishes the orange, turns to place it on the sculpture-pile. Considers, moves it. Considers, moves it.)

DEATH

I just gave you a hint.

(She begins to peel another orange.)

DEATH

Well?

BROTHER

A table.

DEATH

Nope.

BROTHER

A self-portrait.

DEATH

Nope.

BROTHER

A shoe.

DEATH

No.

BROTHER

A chair.

DEATH

No.

(Sister sits, as if on a small boat.
Chorus, all around her, rows. They are
in charge.)

(The chorus sings. It's a lighter
drinking/work song. If sister stands,
they sit her down. If she turns, they
turn her back around. They row. A
single chorus member sings all of the
following solos.)

CHORUS

Heave, ho
Pull the handle back,
Pull the handle back with a quickening row
Till you carry what you've got to the deep below
Pull the handle back,
Pull the handle back with a Heave, ho!

SOLO CHORUS MEMBER

Once I carried a daughter,
Then I carried a son

Third I carried the Mother
To the Great Oblivion!

(The following chorus is sung
underneath the next section of Brother
and Death's guessing game.)

CHORUS

Heave, ho
Pull the handle back,
Pull the handle back with a quickening row
Till you carry what you've got to the deep below
Pull the handle back,
Pull the handle back with a Heave, ho!

(Brother and Death. Death eats. The
pile of oranges in front of her is
noticeably smaller. Brother sits,
tossing and catching his orange. Still
guessing.)

BROTHER

Lemons.

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

Lemurs.

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

Lenses

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

Lentils

DEATH

No,

Lice	BROTHER
No,	DEATH
Lichen	BROTHER
No,	DEATH
Life	BROTHER
No,	DEATH
Light	BROTHER
No,	DEATH
Lillies	BROTHER
No,	DEATH
Limes,	BROTHER
No,	DEATH
Lobes	BROTHER
Never heard of it.	DEATH
Like ear lobes?	BROTHER
No.	DEATH

(We focus back on Sister and the boat.
The second verse, as they row.)

SOLO CHORUS MEMBER

Once I carried a pauper
And I carried a queen
As I carried he caught her
Head in a guillotine!

(Again, the following chorus is sung
underneath the next part of Death's
guessing game.)

CHORUS

Heave, ho
Pull the handle back,
Pull the handle back with a quickening row
Till you carry what you've got to the deep below
Pull the handle back,
Pull the handle back with a Heave, ho!

BROTHER

Lobsters

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

The Loch Ness Monster

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

Logic

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

Lollipops.

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

Lots and lots of something

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

Love.

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

Lozenges.

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

A lunatic.

(We focus back on Sister and the boat.
The third verse, as they row.)

SOLO CHORUS MEMBER

Once I carried a sailor
Who'd never been out to sea
Being on the water so scared her
That she screamed in agony!

(The chorus is sung under the guessing
game. Wherever they are when Brother
guessing 'mourning', the song stops.)

CHORUS

Heave, ho
Pull the handle back,
Pull the handle back with a quickening row
Till you carry what you've got to the deep below
Pull the handle back...

(Death with an empty table-no more oranges are left. She is placing the last peel on the sculpture. Considers. Moves it. Brother still guessing.)

BROTHER

A Moment

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

A monument

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

A mountain

DEATH

No,

BROTHER

Mourning.

(Sister's boat hits land. The chorus stops singing.)

(Death stops, turns around, and sees the boat. Beat.)

DEATH

Oh look.

(Sister steps off the boat and exits.)

DEATH

It's your turn.

(Death holds out her hand. Brother hands over his orange. He waits. She studies him.)

DEATH

You don't want to watch me eat this.

BROTHER

I do.

DEATH

It will mean watching yourself die.

BROTHER

I know.

DEATH

You don't know what it means.
To watch yourself die.

BROTHER

I've been watching-

DEATH

Those don't count.
This time it is your own eyes you will see fading.
Your own breath you will feel stopping.
and your own skin you will see turning pale.

BROTHER

I can handle it,

DEATH

It's not just that,
but your own mind you feel leaving,
your most precious memories will slip away and exactly
as you understand what is happening, you will cease to
be able to understand because that part will also be
gone.

BROTHER

I can handle it.

DEATH

You do not understand!
Your own toes that turn blue, your own flesh that rots
and disappears, your own fingers that become bone by
the time this peel is thrown behind me.
Can you handle that?

BROTHER

Yes.

DEATH

Then here.
You do it.

(She hands him back his orange. She
waits. He waits. She waits. He waits.)

DEATH

I have a confession to make.
I don't really like oranges.
They make my tongue hurt. See?

(She sticks out her tongue.)

DEATH

I think I might be allergic.
My fingers too.
Look.
I always start peeling with this thumb. It barely even
looks like a thumb anymore.
Some days it feels dead. Like it's about to fall off.
Leaves in winter, that's what my fingers are. Pieces
of something that should have blown into some pile to
be raked away half a season ago.
Look at them.
No wonder nobody likes me.

BROTHER

I don't think it's your thumbs that turn people off.

DEATH

Is it my tongue then?

BROTHER

I think it's the whole package.
(Beat)

(She puts out her hand, and Brother
hands his orange back over.)

DEATH

I don't like it when people watch this in silence.

BROTHER

I could sing?

DEATH

Oh?

BROTHER

I'm good, I sing all the time.

DEATH

I'm very picky about my music.

BROTHER

Ok.

DEATH

You can try, but I'm stopping you if I hate it.

(Brother clears his throat. Begins to sing. We hear the first couple of notes.)

DEATH

Allright, I get the idea.

(Brother stops singing.)

(She holds up his orange.)

DEATH

To your health,

(Death begins to peel Brother's orange. He watches.)

(A learned man behind a desk.)

JOHN JACOB O'REILLY SMITHERT.

John Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton, head banker of John Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton International, was not a crook. He had, in fact, participated in only one small

single illegal event over the course of his sixty-two years upon the earth, and that one small single illegal thing had had nothing to do with money. It often surprised people, none of them friends, that that one small illegal event could be so wholly unassociated with his wealth.

What they did not understand was that John Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton was not at all interested in money. He never had been. His wealth had come to him gradually, from long lines of relatives of whom he was the only heir. John Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton would often state, and firmly believed, that he would have been enormously happy to have been born someone other than a wealthy man.

Despite his steadfast disinterest in money, John Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton remained exceedingly wealthy, and had only that morning resolved, in a moment of inspiration, to use the whole of his equity to instill peace into the world. How he would do this, he was not entirely sure. But he did have a plan.
Karen!

(Karen enters, with coffee.)

KAREN

Karen was his servant, housekeep, barista, secretary, and tutor to his ten-year old niece. She was, above all else, brilliant. She addressed him in the typical fashion in which servants, housekeepers, baristas, secretaries and tutors address their respective employers.
Yes?

JOHN JACOB O'REILLY SMITHERT.

I have a question about world peace.

KAREN

In abstract, conditional, superficial, metaphorical, or substantively universal terms, Sir?

JOHN JACOB O'REILLY SMITHERT.

The latter.

KAREN

And your question?

JOHN JACOB O'REILLY SMITHERT.

How might I go about buying it?

KAREN

What's your budget?

JOHN JACOB O'REILLY SMITHERT.

Everything.

All of it, minus fifty years living expenses for you,
and twenty years living expenses for me.

KAREN

Twenty years, Sir?

JOHN JACOB O'REILLY SMITHERT.

Better make it thirty.

His health was in no state to realistically expect
thirty more years upon this earth, but he supposed
that life expectancy was sure to increase drastically
in the environment of a peaceful world, and thus chose
to err on the side of optimism.

KAREN

With your assets, Sir, I think the first step would be
to find a singular voice for the people to rally
behind.

JOHN JACOB O'REILLY SMITHERT.

Wonderful. Could you find that for me?

KAREN

Certainly, she responded, and left the room as quickly
as possible, deeply puzzled by the task she had
unwittingly set herself on this first morning of the
first day of the new year.

(Karen leaves.)

(It is the end of the day. James does
his closing rituals, making sure
everything is in its proper place for
the morning. Ida still reads.)

(James is trying to finish organizing, but is distracted by something in his head. It won't go away. It really won't go away. He turns to Ida.)

JAMES

The song you were humming is stuck in my head.

(Ida reads. James approaches her.)

JAMES

Songs don't get stuck in my head. I want you to tell me why this one has.

(Ida reads. James comes closer.)

JAMES

I have said, I want you to tell me -

IDA

It's a very good song.

(She reads.)

JAMES

It's not just in my head though, like a normal song.
It's
In me.

(Ida reads)

JAMES

Why is it in me?

(James lowers Ida's book to the table, and covers it with his hand. She stops reading.)

JAMES

It's gotten inside my fingers and won't leave. Not just my fingers, my feet too.
I can feel it behind my eyes when I close them, and it buzzes my ears, even when I'm not thinking about it.
I had an idea about it too, I imagined I was singing it by myself in the middle of nowhere.
I had an idea that if I kept singing it, everyone would come help and then it would become a big, beautiful sound.

.
I want to know where it came from and how it ends.
I am very curious.

(beat. Ida tries to bring the book back
up to read, James pushes it back down.)

IDA

What /
What have you lost before, James?

JAMES

I do not see how that matters.

IDA

Just tell me /
Tell me what you've /
You've lost.

JAMES

My keys.
A card or two.
Maybe three.

IDA

And what's the most /
The most excited you've ever been?

JAMES

Please just tell me-

IDA

Tell me about /
About the most excited you've /
You've ever been.

(he thinks)

JAMES

Riding a roller coaster.
Getting this job.
Eating really good mint chip ice cream when I got into
University.

IDA

Lose your keys, eat ice cream.
Those are your /

Your opposites.
A song sung by /
Sung by everyone in the world,
What's it's opposite?

JAMES

Nothing.

IDA

Not anymore.

(beat)

JAMES

It can't be possible that song came from death.

IDA

Why /
Why not?

JAMES

Because. It is the most beautiful thing I have heard.

(James stares at Ida. She goes back to
reading.)

JAMES

There is another thing I am curious about now.

(She looks up)

IDA

That's a lot of /
A lot of curiosity for one day.

JAMES

If that song came from death, then how do you know it?

IDA

I'm a lot /
A lot older than you, James.

JAMES

So is my mother, but she did not know the song.
My mother also does not have any real books.
I asked her why not and she said they have not existed
for a long time.
Where did you get yours, if they are not supposed to

exist?

IDA

I wrote /
Wrote it.

JAMES

Why?
Did you like writing it?

IDA

Did you finish checking /
Finish checking the lights?

JAMES

Does that mean you are not going to tell me anything
else?

IDA

Check /
Check the lights.

(Ida reads. James stands looking at Ida
for a moment, then walks over to the
demonstration room and opens the door
to check the lights.)

(Inside is Adam, sitting in the middle
of it, watching the entire chorus
demonstrate 'Historical Causes of
Death: Other' over and over and over.)

JAMES

The library is closing.

(Adam does not move. The demonstrators
keep demonstrating.)

JAMES

We're closed. It is time to go.

.

The library is closed, and it is now time for you to
leave.

(James goes back to Ida)

JAMES

I have asked him to leave three times, and-

(Ida sees the demonstration. She is beyond surprised to see which card James has been watching. She tucks her book under her arm.)

IDA

I'll talk to him.
You can go /
Go home.

JAMES

I will wait for you outside.
I would like you to finish answering my questions first.

IDA

You should go home.
We could /
Could be a while.

JAMES

That is okay. I am good at waiting,

(James removes the card from the slot. The Demonstrators exit. James carries the card over to the appropriate catalogue, and re-files it. Adam does not move. Ida enters the room, and closes the door behind her.)

(James finishes re-filing, double checks his stacks, and leaves.)

(Adam still sits in the middle of the room. Ida walks over, and sits down next to him.)

IDA

You picked quite a demonstration.

(No response. Ida sits. Waits. They sit together in silence for a long moment.)

IDA

That's not usually what people look into when /
When they look into these things,

(He turns to face Ida.)

ADAM

It's not what I thought it was.
At first I thought heartbreak was worse than
everything else, that it was the worst thing ever and
that's why it was last, but I've changed my mind.
Now I hope I'm capable of it someday.
Because if I can have a broken heart it means I
really, really loved someone.
And I think that would be nice.

(beat.)

IDA

/

ADAM

Were you were alive when people still died?

IDA

Yes. I /
I was.

ADAM

So,
did you know anyone who died?

IDA

Yes. I /
I did.

ADAM

Did your heart break?

IDA

/

No. /
No, I've been trying to /
To avoid that for a long /
A long time.

ADAM

Oh.
That's too bad.

IDA

//

ADAM

That's too bad, because I have a theory.

(Ida stands. Adam stands too. As he speaks, Ida's nervous tick begins to come more and more frequently.)

ADAM

I think that when you love someone and they die and your heart breaks, what you're really doing is sending them a message that says you still love them. And your heart breaks the most right when they leave because it means they get the message in time, while they're still traveling to, wherever it is they're going. And it becomes the very last thing they'll ever remember.
Your message.
But heartbreak is the only way to send it.

(beat)

ADAM

So that's why I think it's sad yours never broke. Because it means you never got to send your last message.

(Adam leaves.)

(Ida stands alone in the demonstrating room, her physical nervous tic on repeat. She opens her bag, and takes out a small pill bottle. She opens it, and dumps out a small pile of flower petals into her hand. She arranges them, and casts the spell under her breath. As she casts it, the tic begins to subside.)

IDA

One /
One for you
one for /
For me
one to speak
one /
One to see
one for now
one for /
For then
one for never
count to ten.

(Ida closes her eyes and counts.)

IDA

One, two, three, four, five, six seven, eight, nine,
ten.

(She opens her eyes. Nothing.)

IDA

Did you really never hear that?

(Nothing.)

(Ida turns her bag upside down, and from it falls every last thing Brother left behind him: inhaler, candle, hospital wrist bands, bags of tea, pill bottles, elastic physical therapy band, bouncy ball, piece of IV tube, and Chapstick.)

(Ida stands in the place where the demonstrators stood, and tries to do heartbreak just like they did it. She keeps getting interrupted by her physical tic. Every time she pauses to remember what came next, the physical tic, that part of Heartbreak that she has endlessly repeated, comes to the surface. No matter how hard she tries, she cannot get through the heartbreak movement without it interrupting.)

(Death at her table. On the table is Sister's orange. In her hands is a Brother's orange. She slowly and methodically peels it throughout the following.)

(Brother, sitting in an out of the way place, watches her eat.)

(Sister stands directly in front of Death. Chorus is everywhere, waiting.)

SISTER

Where is he.

DEATH

Guess.

SISTER

I'm not guessing, just tell me where he is.

DEATH

Tell me a story and I'll tell you mine.

SISTER

Just tell me where he is!

(Death peels the orange.)

DEATH

You haven't asked very nicely,

SISTER

Please.

DEATH

Please what.

SISTER

Please tell me where my brother is. Please.

(Death considers)

DEATH

No, I don't think I will.

(Sister lets out a yell of fury. She searches for brother.)

DEATH

But if you tell me a good story, I may be inclined to reconsider.

That's a very good offer.

I'd advise you to take it.

I don't usually offer such good trades.

(Death summons the Chorus. They sing.)

(Sister searches throughout the song. The chorus gets in her way of looking in most of the room. It is infuriating.)

CHORUS

Take a walk through the valley
to the garden of the dead
And you might meet her waiting
Where you dare to tread
Cause your life's in her palm
Even as a passer-by,
Your best hope of moving on
Is to hurry up and die.

If you sit down at her table
She'll start to tell you tales
Don't listen to her lies
or she'll easily prevail
For the only thing she loves
more than watching you writhe
Is when all is said and done
sharpening her scythe.

When Death strikes a bargain
you can guarantee she'll say
That there's really nothing to it
And it happens everyday
But be careful what you offer
be wary what you choose,
The unlucky one who crosses her
is always sure to lose.
it's true,
The unlucky one who crosses her

is always sure to lose.

SISTER

Fine!

(Death grins.)

SISTER

Tell me the rules.

DEATH

There aren't any rules,

SISTER

Bullshit. I'm not stupid.
I have to tell you a good story.
define Good Story

DEATH

Allright.
A good story is,
Anything I don't hate.

SISTER

That's not a definition.

DEATH

Just tell me something I don't hate.

SISTER

Then I get two false starts.

DEATH

What's that.

SISTER

In races, the runner gets a second chance if they
break the starting rules.
But since you won't set the starting rules, I get two
false starts instead of one.
Deal?

DEATH

Deal.

(Death segments her orange.)

(Sister takes a deep breath, thinks.)

SISTER

Once upon a -

DEATH

Heard it.

SISTER

But I-

DEATH

Heard it. Hate that story.

SISTER

You can't-

DEATH

Don't waste words arguing. I might mistake them for a second false start.

(Beat. Sister takes a deep breath, thinks.)

SISTER

There once was a-

DEATH

Heard it! Don't like that one either.

(Death begins to eat her orange.)

DEATH

You know, your brother wasn't any good at-

SISTER

Lydia awoke with a start that morning, on the first day of the new year, with a resolve and resolution to, at long last, address the situation at hand with the goal of getting her sister to pick up after herself in the kitchen, which would in turn promote world peace.

(Death listens, and eats. She listens and eats throughout the whole rest of the following story, clear through till the end.)

(Rachel in the kitchen. It has been cleaned.)

RACHEL

Rachel, in a gesture of goodwill and new beginnings for the new year, had just disposed of the coffee grounds, jar, and rotting tomato when she heard the faint, distant sound of singing. How interesting, she thought, that I hear such a sound the moment I make my gesture of goodwill and new beginnings. As she was pondering where the sound could be coming from, Lydia entered with a singing Jacob in tow.

(Lydia enters the kitchen, leading Jacob by the hand. He still sings a song of great sorrow and beauty.)

LYDIA

Isn't he wonderful, she asked, and in a moment of pure spontaneous joy, began to sing along with Jacob in perfect harmony.

(Lydia and Jacob sing a song of great sorrow and beauty together in perfect harmony.)

RACHEL

Rachel stood across from them in the kitchen, witness to their song of great beauty. This, she thought, is a true expression of all that is great and good in the world.

What brilliant people! she exclaimed, and ran through the house throwing open doors and windows so their voices could more easily waft into the outside airwaves, and thus into the ears and hearts of her neighbors.

She imagined it floating, in brightly colored curls of ribbons, straight through her heart and into the air outside. She pictured it soaring across streets and sidewalks, weaving itself through trees. She could see the awed expressions of everyone who would see, and the change that would come over them when they started to hear as she threw open one last window through which it escaped.

(Rachel runs about throwing open doors

and windows, as Lydia and Jacob
continue their song.)

(Karen, on a street corner, enters.)

KAREN

At that very moment, Karen was passing by the same
street corner upon which Lydia had first encountered
Jacob.

As she rounded the corner, she heard the faintest of
melodies, harmonious and beautiful, enter her left ear
and settle itself in her heart. At once, she felt at
peace. This, she thought, is the voice John Jacob
O'Reilly Smitherton needs, and without hesitation, she
set off to find it.

(John Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton behind
his desk.)

JOHN JACOB O'REILLY SMITHERT.

In the spirit of promoting world peace, John Jacob
O'Reilly Smitherton decided it was time to make peace
with his own ghosts. He turned to where he was sure
they had always been hiding, and declared:

I forgive you!

In a sudden rush of wind they departed, and John Jacob
O'Reilly Smitherton took pleasure in knowing that they
were, at last, truly free.

(Karen on the sidewalk in front of
Lydia's house.)

KAREN

As Karen drew nearer to the source of the singing, she
sensed in a rogue gust of wind the release of John
Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton's personal ghosts. She was
so touched by his gesture that she began to sing along
with the beautiful, sad melody as she walked up the
front steps of the house from which it resonated, and
in through the open door.

(Karen begins to sing in harmony with
Lydia and Jacob. She enters the house,
walks into the kitchen, and stands with
them, singing.)

RACHEL

Rachel was so moved by the addition of a third voice to this never-ending song of great sorrow and beauty that she decided to take it upon herself to keep the melody spreading.

So she picked up the phone, and called her mother.

(Rachel picks up the phone, and calls her mother. She holds the receiver up in front of the singers so her mother can hear their song.)

RACHEL

Her mother was so moved that she added a remote fourth voice from her apartment where she lived with her son-in-law's cousin, who in turn called his sister, who called her daughter, who was best friends with the ten-year-old niece of John Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton.

(John Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton behind his desk. Everyone who has been singing is still singing.)

JOHN JACOB O'REILLY SMITHERTON.

When the ten-year-old niece of John Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton called him, she was already singing. He could hear Karen's voice through the trail of phone calls, and at once burst into song himself.

(He bursts into song.)

(Everyone in the house, still singing.)

JACOB

Jacob was thrilled. It was only a matter of minutes before the song was being sung by everyone in the neighborhood, a matter of hours before it had taken over the entire state. And by that night, it had spread to all the furthest and most remote corners of the earth, where leaders and sinners sang side by side, harmonies perfect and imperfect, in time and out of time, but all with a single, unifying purpose.

LYDIA

And so it was that when the eight billionth voice joined in, such was the fury and beauty of the song

that nobody noticed when I stopped singing.

JACOB

Or when I stopped singing.

LYDIA

And nobody noticed as we silently crept away to enjoy
our first adventure in a newly peaceful world.

(Sister and Death alone. Brother is
nowhere to be seen. Death is moved, and
tries not to show it.)

(beat)

DEATH

That
was a good one.

SISTER

Tell me where my brother is.

(Death looks down at her hands, which
hold an orange peel. There is nothing
else of Brother's orange left. She
looks at Sister, and holds the peel out
to her.)

DEATH

A gift,

(Sister takes it. She looks at it, and
all the grief she has been keeping at
arms length this whole time takes over
completely. Death respectfully looks
away as sister holds the orange peel of
her brother, and sobs.)

(And sobs.)

(Death becomes concerned. Sister is not
able to stop, and there is the hint in

her movement of what it looks like to die of a broken heart. Death grows even more concerned. The movement becomes closer and closer to what it looks like when you die of a broken heart, and death becomes positively alarmed.)

(Death gets up out of her chair, and comes to sister. She tries to comfort her. It is as awkward as it sounds. Sister doesn't notice any of it.)

(Sister is getting worse. Death tries another tactic.)

DEATH

I loved your story.
Did you know that?

(Sister, still crying, nods)

DEATH

It was a very good story.
Did you just make it up just now?

(Sister nods. Things subside minutely)

DEATH

How did it start again?
Once upon a time,

(Sister shakes her head. It subsides.)

DEATH

No? Are you sure?

SISTER

You hate that story.

(Death chuckles. Sister snuffles.)

DEATH

That's right. I do.
Tell me how yours started again.

SISTER

I forgot.

DEATH

You can't have forgotten, it was such a good beginning.

Think harder. See if it comes back to you.

(Sister sniffles, and thinks. She sees the orange peel and is about to lose it again. Death gently covers the peel with her own hand on top of Sister's hands.)

DEATH

How does it begin?

(beat)

SISTER

Lydia awoke with a start that morning.

(beat)

DEATH

Keep going.

SISTER

You want me to tell the whole thing over again?

DEATH

Would you like to?

SISTER

No.

(Sister looks back to the orange peel, still in danger of a broken heart. Death intervenes.)

DEATH

Do you remember the whole story?

(sister nods)

DEATH

Every detail, every word?

(Sister shrugs)

DEATH

Excellent.
I want you to write it down.

SISTER

Why.

DEATH

It's a very good story. I don't want you to forget it.

SISTER

I'll write it down later,

DEATH

No, no.
I want you to start now.

(She leads sister to her table.)

DEATH

Now where did I put them,

(Death looks around for something. Does not see it.)

DEATH

Ah!

(She pushes over her giant pile of peels. They go everywhere. She digs around at the bottom, and pulls out a small blank book and a pen. She hands them to Sister.)

DEATH

Use these.

(Sister puts the orange peel in her pocket, and takes the book and pen in hand. Death sits down at her table again, watching, waiting.)

DEATH

Go on,

(Sister opens the book, places it on Death's table. She leans over, and starts to write. Death leans back in

her chair, and watches.)

(Evelyn and James in front of the library. They are waiting. They wait. James starts to hum the song of great sorrow and beauty as they wait. Little pieces of the song echo in the world around him.)

(Adam enters. Evelyn jumps up to greet him.)

EVELYN

Are you hungry? I brought you a snack,

(She reaches into her backpack, pulls out an orange, and hands it to Adam.)

ADAM

Thank you,

(He gives her a huge hug.)

EVELYN

It's just an orange,

(Adam lets go, sits, and peels his orange. Evelyn sits next to him. All three of them sit, quiet. Just the sound of an orange being peeled.)

(Ida enters, and rushes straight to Adam.)

IDA

I have a /
Have a /
A message, but can't /
Can't /
Can't get past /

(she pulls Adam to his feet, and tries to do the movement for heartbreak. She keeps getting stuck.)

IDA

You have to show me /
Show me the /
The rest. I keep /
I keep getting /
Getting stuck //

(She tries again, gets stuck. They all
watch.)

IDA

You have to help /
Help me with /
With the rest, /

ADAM

It's like this,

(He shows her the movement for
heartbreak one section at a time. She
copies him, but keeps having her tic
interrupt her movement. Adam eventually
goes behind Ida, and physically moves
her through the movement. With his
help, she is able to get through it on
her own. It grows and grows until she
dies of a broken heart.)

(Through all of this, James and
Evelyn:)

JAMES

Can you hear it?

(She listens. The hint of the song of
great sorrow and beauty)

JAMES

I have had it stuck in my head.
It will not leave.
Can you hear it?

EVELYN

I think so,

JAMES

Is it in you?

Can you feel it in your toes and behind your eyes?

(she listens)

EVELYN

I think so,

JAMES

I have never heard the end before.

Only one part of it.

I am very relieved to be hearing the whole thing.

(James closes his eyes, and listens.
Evelyn watches Adam and Ida. James
listens.)

JAMES

It is beautiful, don't you think?

(Ida dies of a broken heart. The sound
fades. Quiet. Beat.)

(Evelyn is terrified. She whispers.)

EVELYN

Adam?

Is she dead?

(He nods, and starts to grin a little.
James opens his eyes, sees Ida, and
starts to tear up a little. He blinks
very fast and tries to make sure nobody
notices.)

EVELYN

Why are you smiling,

ADAM

That was amazing.

EVELYN

You aren't about to try it though, are you?

(He smiles at her, shakes his head.
Adam holds the camera out to James)

ADAM

Will you take a picture of us?

JAMES

Do you think she will mind?

ADAM

That's what cameras are for, to capture great moments like this.

(James, still blinking fast, picks up the camera.)

(Adam puts his arm around Evelyn's shoulders, and leads her closer to Ida for the photo. She puts her arm around his waist. They stand, looking at Ida.)

JAMES

On three.
One, two,

(Evelyn shifts her focus)

JAMES

Three.

(picture.)

(Ida at death's table. The pile of orange peels behind her is rotting. There is a huge mess of old oranges on the floor around her that have not been touched. Death sits, writing out her memoirs in a massive book. She is partway through, but still nowhere near the end. Ida holds out her orange. Death does not pause in her work.)

DEATH

Long time, no see.

(Ida puts her orange on death's table, and waits. Death writes.)

IDA

Are you going to eat it?

DEATH

Lost my taste for oranges.
Moved on to words.

IDA

What are you writing?

DEATH

Everything.

(Death writes.)

DEATH

Lost my taste for oranges.
What are you writing, she asked.
Everything.

(Death stops, looks up, expectantly.)

(She grins.)

DEATH

I've caught up!

(Death writes that down.)

DEATH

With everything. Since the beginning of memory.

(She writes what she speaks, slowly,
deliberately.)

DEATH

I
Am
Completely
Caught
Up.

(she looks up, grins.)

DEATH

Then what happened?

IDA

You ate my orange.

(The moment Ida starts speaking, Death

writes.)

DEATH

She stood in a calm, cool, confident manner,
(I've leaned about alliteration)
But Death, knowing the damage that a feast of oranges
could do, looked up at this woman-so-recently-a-girl,
and laughed.
Ha!
The woman-so-recently-a-girl leaned over death's
table, and took up her orange in hand once again.

(Death stops, gestures for Ida to do
so. Ida leans forward, and picks up her
orange.)

DEATH

The Woman-so-recently-a-girl cleared her throat as if
to speak.

(Death motions for her to do so. Ida
does not make a sound. Death waits.)

DEATH

She did nothing. Moved not a limb. But death was
patient, and she would wait.

(She waits, looks at Ida who does
nothing but stand and hold her orange.
Death stares at the orange. She
writes.)

DEATH

And as death waited, her eyes were drawn to the
perfectly smooth and ripe orange in front of her. The
smoothest, ripest, orange she had seen in a very long
time.
And it fascinated her.

(she stares at the orange. She writes.)

DEATH

Its roundness.
It's orange-ness.
It had been so long since she had felt peels lift
beneath her fingers, so long since the smell of fresh
citrus had permeated the room.

(she stares at the orange.)

DEATH

But death was not what she had once been, and she did not reach out to take it.

(She finishes writing, stares at the orange.)

(Ida sets the orange down on death's table once again. Death writes.)

DEATH

In a single, fluid motion, the woman-so-recently-a-girl placed her orange once again on the table in front of death. Was it a threat? A direct challenge? A plea for help?

(Death looks to Ida for an answer. She does not get one. Death writes.)

DEATH

She made no answer.
Death, unaccustomed to being disobeyed, grew angry.
I, she stated, her authoritative voice booming in the otherwise still air,
I am tired of your company! Go, Death demanded, and with a pointed finger suggested the direction in which the woman-so-recently-a-girl might depart.

(As she finishes up writing this down, Death points off.)

IDA

Eat my orange.

(Death writes furiously)

DEATH

As I have said, I am done with oranges!
She gestured triumphantly to the old, scattered oranges around her that she had gone so many years without touching. Proof, absolute proof to her changed devotions, and of her commitment to a new era of human life on earth.

(Death writes.)

IDA

Eat my orange.

DEATH

No, death replied. I will not. For you are not dead.

IDA

If I'm not dead, who are you?

DEATH

I am Death.

IDA

If I'm not dead, there is no death.

DEATH

Death concluded that the woman-so-recently-a-girl was clearly an idiot, or a fool. For who but idiots and fools could deny the existence of the very person with whom they spoke?

IDA

I don't deny you exist. I only deny that you exist as death.

DEATH

I am, therefore, I am.

IDA

Then eat my orange.

(Death writes. Stops. A beat.)

IDA

If you are death, you will eat my orange.

DEATH

And if I refuse, asked Death.

IDA

If you do not eat it, then I shall eat it myself, and I will become death and I will have to ask you to stand up and give me my chair.

DEATH

On hearing this, Death looked up at the woman-so-recently-a-girl and laughed.
Ha!

You, she taunted, as Death?!

You, she teased, in this chair?

That, she declared, is the most pathetic thing I have ever imagined.

You don't have the strength, or guts, or the patience, or the wits.

Stupid girl.

(death picks up her orange and peels it.)

DEATH

Nobody sits here but me.

(Death peels the orange, eats it, and finishes writing down that part of the story as she does.)

(Sister and Uncle sit together next to the wheelchair. Sister stands, and sets the chair upright.)

(She takes an orange peel out of her pocket, and sets it carefully on top of the chair. She stares at the orange peel. A moment of balancing on the edge of something.)

(Sister bends down, picks up the small book next to her, and puts it on the chair underneath the orange peel.)

(beat.)

(She stares at the orange peel, and her heart breaks.)

(Uncle reaches out, and takes Sister's hand in his. Their hearts break together.)

(Brother, holding his orange, surrounded by the chorus, rowing. They hum. From the sky falls a gentle rain of flower petals. Brother looks up, smiles, and holds out his hand to catch a few.)

(Sister and Uncle stand, hugging.
Sister counts to ten under her breath.)

(She opens her eyes, and steps back.
Sister takes a deep breath.)

SISTER

Okay.

(Sister makes one more adjustment to
the peel. She steps back to look at her
work.)

UNCLE

Ready?

SISTER

Yeah.

(Uncle and sister leave together.)

END OF PLAY

REFERENCE: PHOTOS CHORUS RE-CREATES



Matthew Brady's "Federal dead on the field of battle of first day" Gettysburg, Pennsylvania - 1863



Lawrence Beitler's "Lynching", Marion, Indiana - 1930



Nick Ut's "Napalm Girl", Trang Bang, South Vietnam - 1972