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MILITANT LANGUAGE
A play with sand in two acts
By Sean Christopher Lewis

MILITANT LANGUAGE was first developed in the Summer of 2007 at the PlayPenn Conference in Philadelphia (Paul Meshejian, Artistic Director). It later received a rolling World Premiere at Available Light Theatre in Columbus (Matt Slaybaugh, Artistic Director), Bang and the Clatter in Cleveland, OH (Sean Derry, Artistic Director), Halcyon Theatre in Chicago (Tony Adams, Artistic Director) and Know Theatre of Cincinnati (Jason Bruffy, Artistic Director). The first of these productions opened October 11, 2008 at Know Theatre of Cincinnati. It was directed by Jason Bruffy.

The cast was as follows:

PFC Marcus Goop	Babs Ipaye
PFC Emma Beed	Courtney Brown
PFC Damien Jacks	Fang Du
PFC Andrew Wallace	Daniel Hines
Capt. Davis Crane	Jeff Groh
Jassim Abdullah Aziz el-Nadij	Vandit Bhatt

It was then produced by Halcyon Theatre in Chicago. The production was directed by Juan Castaneda. The set designer was Tony Adams. Sound design was by Antonio Bruno. Props were designed by Greg Pljacik. The dramaturg was Denise Santomauro. The cast was:

PFC Marcus Goop	DeRante Parker
PFC Emma Beed	Jessica Jane Childs
PFC Damien Jacks	Greg Wenz
PFC Andrew Wallace	Adam Dodds
Capt. Davis Crane	Trey Maclin
Jassim Abdullah Aziz el-Nadij	Kamal Hans

Special thanks to Jennifer, Matt Slaybaugh, Seth Rozin, Kevin Harris, Art Borrecca and many more.

CHARACTERS

PFC. MARCUS GOOP... *African-American. Early 20's. He has a need to gain control of his life again. Power is important to him though he is honorable and follows his conscience.*

PFC. EMMA BEED... *White. Young. Pretty. Emma is a lost girl who feels powerless to the things around her but continuously tries to make sense of her situation.*

PFC. DAMIAN JACKS... *White or Hispanic. Early to mid 20's. Intelligent. Looks up to GOOP. A good soldier though his morals in this place become skewered. Not a villain though he does horrible things. He is the one who stands up in awkward situations for those being oppressed. Then he himself oppresses in other situations.*

PFC. ANDREW WALLACE... *Young. Southern with accent- most likely from the Tennessee region. Naïve. He's right out of high school and believes he's here for a definitive reason. Always expects things to be handled correctly.*

CAPT. DAVIS CRANE... *Mid 40's. Almost comic in his lack of control of the troops. Always a bit overwhelmed and aware of that.*

JASSIM ABDULLAH AZIZ el-NADIJ... *Early-30's. A liaison from the town. He speaks English fluently and is aware that all hell could break loose at any moment. This awareness of constant danger, and his hope to evade it, causes him to be very restrained in his anger and response. Pronounced JAH-SEEM.*

LOCATION

Here and now.

A privately owned American construction site in an unnamed Iraqi Town.

The barracks of the United States Army.

MILITANT LANGUAGE

ACT I

(Sand falls from the sky. A light grows. Here stands PFC. MARCUS GOOP: black, strong, admired by his fellow army men. He is covered in blood. He holds his hand out and lets the sand fall into it like rain.)

GOOP: Dear Mama
It's night
And I'm covered in blood
And I'm thinking 'what the fuck am I doing here?'
That's what's comin' out this mouth.
Bouts of faith.toward everything.
And I just want you to sing me asleep right now mom
Think it'll be all right somehow.
Like before I left
You put your hand on my chest
Said
"They're gonna teach you to be a man over there
Share with you how the world really work.
Make sense for you
And you know God'll be there too-"
God?
This hurts, man

(Getting quieter with each one)

I got blood on my hands.

(GOOP raises his hand to the light. It's covered in blood and sand.)

(CRANE enters. HE is the commanding officer. HE thinks quickly, plans in motion, he's covered in blood. HE secures the area- makes sure no one is around. HE needs GOOP.)

CRANE: Private! What the fuck are you doing? Who you talking to?

GOOP: Myself, sir.

CRANE: Well, stop. Quick and quiet out here, ok? Now, you're fine...

GOOP: No.

CRANE: No?

GOOP: I don't think so, sir. I'm seeing shit. That body and now sand
- it's falling from the sky-

CRANE: Not your concern.

GOOP: It ain't?

CRANE: No. Your concern is right here with me.

GOOP: Oh yeah? What about this? This my concern?

CRANE: Private...

GOOP: What is this?

(GOOP shows CRANE his hands)

CRANE: Ketchup.

GOOP: Excuse me?

CRANE: You and me just went out for some French fries, ok...

GOOP: Where? The fucking desert French fry stand!

CRANE: No. We're very messy with it, but it's a good condiment,
we *like* it...

GOOP: I don't.

CRANE: Private?

GOOP: I don't like it. But, if you do maybe you should give it a taste.

CRANE: Watch yourself, Goop-

GOOP: I'm just saying you got a little ketchup on your finger, sir and
you like it. So, maybe you should lick it.

*(CRANE grabs GOOP'S jaw and forces his finger into the soldier's
mouth. GOOP falls down, spitting, choking... upset, powerless...)*

GOOP: Fuck, fuck. What's wrong with you-

CRANE: *(Calm)* There's a few things we need to get clear. Now,
you're upset, I know that, I understand it, but you need to take some
deep breaths right now and listen to me... What we just did, if some-
one asks... *(coaching)* there was a *disturbance-*

GOOP: We buried a fuckin' body, man.

CRANE: Goop!

GOOP: We just buried a fuckin' body in the sand! We put our hands all over this pulse ridden thing, yo...

CRANE: We don't have time for this, Private! We're in a hostile environment. We're gone- people from base will come out here to this construction site looking for us and then what will we say?

GOOP: *(Broke down. To self)* That lil' motherfucker wasn't more than 16 years old...

CRANE: What will we say? Goop? What will we say? *(Seeing Goop broken)* Look, I'm sorry about that. I am.

GOOP: Najir...

CRANE: What?

GOOP: His name. It was Najir.

CRANE: I didn't know that. I also didn't ask. *(Beat)* You need to get your shit together soldier. We got fifteen minutes tops- and then we need to be on the road back. Understand?

GOOP: Uh huh. Captain? Did you finish, with him? I mean. Najir- you bury him? He all covered up?

CRANE: Yes. He's all covered up... *(Beat)* Now when we get back, Goop- you don't have to say anything about this. You can get some rest. Take a nap. Get something to eat...

GOOP: All right.

CRANE: Once you do all that you can burn your uniform.

GOOP: Sir?

CRANE: It's not optional, Private.

GOOP: Okay... right. *(Tearing up)* But Captain? Once we I do that what I do about the sky?

CRANE: What?

(Sand falls)

GOOP: The sky. What we gonna do about that?

(CRANE looks up)

CRANE: Put it on the list, I guess. Just put it with the rest of the shit.

(Sand falls.)

(A jet passes.)

(In the shadows three bodies pass the exiting CRANE and GOOP. JACKS is on WALLACE'S back, riding him like a horse. JACKS even wears WALLACE'S cowboy hat. WALLACE is unhappy about this and clutches his guitar to his chest. BEED is trying to set some order before the morning debriefing.)

JACKS: I'm a cowboy!

WALLACE: Take my hat off Jacks!

JACKS: Yee-haw donkey!

BEED: You two: Crane's gonna be here any second! We have a meeting!

WALLACE: You two? HE'S ON MY BACK!!!! I didn't ask him to get on my back!!! You think I asked him to get on my back!!!!

(WALLACE spins about trying to get JACKS off of him.)

JACKS: I'm gonna hog tie you next. Yee haw! Then I'm gonna brand your asshole!

(BEED begins to pull furiously at JACKS. This hurts WALLACE.)

BEED: Get off him Jacks!

JACKS: But I'm at the rodeo ma!

BEED: Jacks!

JACKS: Don't get jealous- I'll give you a ride next- just wait your turn....

BEED: You're gonna break his fucking guitar which will break his fucking spirit-

WALLACE: My guitar!

(JACKS strums away)

BEED: And we'll have to deal with it! For fucking forever!

JACKS: *(Sings poorly)* But I'm riding the big one! *(Talks)* Look at me! I'm fucking awesome! *(Rising in intensity with each one)* Giddee-up, donkey! Giddee up, GID-DEE UP!!!!

(CRANE enters and see's the three of them wrestling. HE is still wiping blood from his hands. The tiniest bit)

CRANE: Should I even ask?

JACKS: *(Softly)* I'm a cowboy.

CRANE: Should I even ask why we aren't in our seats?! Why we aren't awaiting debriefing?! Why we quite literally are involving ourselves in horseplay when we're here to do a job? SHOULD I????!

ALL: *(Pathetic)* No sir...

CRANE: This is not a place for fuck ups. Would you say, Wallace? No. I didn't think you would. Let's try again: DE-BRIEFING AND BE BRIEF because?

ALL: Economy and efficiency are what we're about.

CRANE: Good. I've been saying for years that every unit should have a motto. And WE my friends have ourselves a MOT-TO. Boo-yah.

(CRANE holds his hand out to JACKS)

JACKS: *(Giving CRANE a pound)* Boo yah.

CRANE: Is everyone here? Good. We have some immediate business to talk about...

WALLACE: Goop's not here Captain.

CRANE: Thanks, Wallace- very astute. He's cleaning himself up, so don't mind that. Now, Jacks- Goop and you will be at the construction site today. Iraqi's are off- it's Ramadan or sing along or who the fuck knows- so there shouldn't be anyone poking around. If there is... handle it. Beed you're behind today. And Wallace... *(Crane looks at his board)*

WALLACE: Recon?

CRANE: No.

WALLACE: I'd like to be on recon.

CRANE: I want you to stay behind here and clean. All right?

WALLACE: Clean?

CRANE: Yeah, we're gonna try and get you real domesticated Wallace. Now, for the real business. It is possible that things- as nice as they've been, between the people here in Ufur and ourselves- well, they may have gotten a little strained...

BEED: From what?

CRANE: Excuse me, Private Beed?

BEED: I just. I don't understand. They get to work at the site- we don't disrupt their town-

CRANE: Yes. I understand how our relationship with them works.

BEED: Well, what are they upset about then?

CRANE: *(Frustrated)* Look. It's like a swimming pool, okay? Us and the Iraqi's- we're together. *(HE demonstrates by intertwining hands)* We're in this together and if something gets thrown into the mix, it's gonna ripple the water. Waves are gonna grow, and it only takes one person, one action-

BEED: So, someone pissed in the pool?

CRANE: What?!

JACKS: That's disgusting.

BEED: I'm saying.... As part of the image...

WALLACE: Look, if y'all want to go swimming there's a cave up past town-

JACKS: *(Spelling it out)* Wallace, it's an analogy.

WALLACE: No. It's not an analogy- it's a fuckin' cave. Trust me. I been there. Me and some of the other men go skinny dipping all the time...

(They all stop and look at WALLACE. JACKS explodes into mocking laughter. Pointing at him and covering mouth in shock)

JACKS: OH SHIT!!!!

WALLACE: What? (*Looks around*) What? (*Realizes*) Oh. No I meant that we go skinny dipping with our clothes on! Obviously. Especially, our pants. We especially go skinny dipping with our pants on. (*Beat*) I feel a little uncomfortable right now.

CRANE: God damn it! Can we pull ourselves together for a moment? Can we try- without skinny-dipping and other bullshit? Seems metaphors are going a little over your head today so let me try and spell it out for you. Your debriefing today is DON'T GET SHOT. That's it! You're dismissed.

(The soldiers start to move)

CRANE (CON'T): Excuse me- you're?

ALL: Dis-missed!!!

(Music.)

(Sand falls as JACKS, WALLACE and CRANE exit the playing space. GOOP enters between all of them looking at the sky. The scenes overlapping. BEED watches him. They are outside.)

BEED: You missed debriefing. It was fucking funny.

GOOP: That ain't no surprise.

BEED: You missed mail call, too.

GOOP: Beed.

BEED: I'm just saying. I picked up your things though. From your grandma I think. Says Philly- the address. It's some box or something.

(SHE produces a small package)

GOOP: It's tuna fish.

BEED: (*Looks at it 'that's weird'*) Huh.

GOOP: She sends some every couple of weeks. You can have it if you want.

BEED: Really?

GOOP: Yeah. I got a bunch under my bed, if you need.

BEED: Wow. That's real nice. I mean, thank you.

GOOP: (*Looking up for the sand*) Yeah.

BEED: Um, well, here.

(SHE hands him a rosary)

GOOP: What's this?

BEED: Rosary. It's what my grandmother sends me.

GOOP: Who said I needed this?! Someone say I needed this?!

BEED: No. No one. I just- I don't like owing people. It's just to make it a trade. You know, for the tuna.

GOOP: Right, right- my bad. For the tuna.

BEED: Besides. I have one that I don't use already- don't really need two. Anyway. I should start back. I got base today. You're at the construction site.

GOOP: The construction site?

BEED: Yeah.

GOOP: That motherfucker.

BEED: Who, Crane?

GOOP: THAT MOTHERFUCKER!

BEED: *(Confused)* I'm sure you can switch.

GOOP: Nah, I don't think so. Hey, Beed?

BEED: Yeah?

GOOP: *(Looks at rosary)* I ask you what you think's important- what you think you'd say?

BEED: I don't know... my dog?

GOOP: *(Laughs)* That's some funny shit. *(Turns darker)* Got a sense of humor out here. That's good. That's real good...

BEED: Why, what would you say is important?

GOOP: Gimmee your hand.

BEED: Um, okay....

(SHE gives him her hand HE places her hand in the falling sand)

GOOP: This. This shit I'd say is pretty important.

(SHE feels it. Looks at him.)

BEED: Goop?

GOOP: *(Exiting)* Wild, right? Now you need some tuna fish - don't be shy. *(Referring to the rosary)* And thanks, Beed. For this. Thanks a lot.

(GOOP exits)

BEED: Goop?! Goop???

(SHE looks up at the sand falling in her hand. SHE uses two hands to catch it)

Oh my God- Okay. What's important?
My dog? My mom? Dad? No.
Grandma. She's important ,right- with her rosaries around
her neck.
Me on her lap.
Just a little girl playing with army men in the yard.
I remember
Grandma sitting there

(Sand keeps drizzling into her hand.)

And that chain around her neck
Like another toy in front of my face
I wanted it so bad.
Reached for it,
Couldn't get it.
Thinking: "Man, that's important."
Seemed like it from far away.

(SHE takes her hands out of the sand. Watches it fall.)

Just up close, you realize it's only glass.

(SHE takes a bead from the rosary and drops it on the ground)

Sand.

(SHE steps on it pulverizing the bead into dust)

Not something you could actually hold.
Or believe in.

(SHE looks up to the sky)

I should have put that when I signed up for this thing.
(Imitating) “Private Beed why do you want to join the
United States Military?”
“Because I’m looking for something to believe in, sir.”

(Realizing)

Fuck.
I think I put adventure the first time.
That’s a pretty stupid answer looking back.

*(Lights shift to the Construction site. JACKS and GOOP pace about,
bored as they keep watch. There’s a lot of waiting in the Army.)*

JACKS: A swimming pool! Don’t get shot! What the fuck is that
man talking about? That is not a morale booster! I ask you Mr. Goop:
you think that shit’s a *morale booster*?

GOOP: Nope.

JACKS: Know what we should do? Just drive around and take’em
out. Fuck bad press. *(Looks in the distance)* I mean look at’em. These
kids wavin’? A bunch of fuckin’ insurgents in training.”

GOOP: You’re a kid.

JACKS: Yeah, and I’m a fuckin’ killer, too. What’s that tell ya? *(Like
from a hip hop song)* You’re a killa-

GOOP: Don’t say that!

JACKS: What? I thought you was the mad nigga killa from the Philly
hood!

GOOP: WHAT’VE I SAID ABOUT THAT SHIT?

JACKS: Sorry, *(beat)* it wasn’t like an insult...

GOOP: Yeah...

JACKS: I was boostin’ you up. You’re like a super hero. Like they
took you outta the hood cause you were wiping that shit clean-

GOOP: I was.

JACKS: Smokin’ fools. *(Gun sound)* Blaw Blaw Blaw. And they
were like ‘damn!’

GOOP: They were. They were like damn! Gave me a better gun!

JACKS: *(Begins to dance a bit in his own world)* See, you feel the shit I'm on!

GOOP: And they said "go you and kill some other motherfuckas."

JACKS: Right, right those 'other' ones...

GOOP: Be patriotic and shit. You's mad nigga killa. And then they just dropped me in another hood!

JACKS: That's my word, man!

GOOP: *(Tired of playing along)* You gotta be fucking kidding me! Shut the fuck up!

JACKS: What? I'm just sayin'. Look- we're out here fighting some cavemen, yo. With their clubs and shit... *(Noting the sheer ridiculousness of it)* They blow themselves up, Goop. They cut off people's heads- I mean who does that? Come on.

(A yell is heard in Arabic. JACKS and GOOP speak quietly.)

JACKS: Fuck. You heard that?

GOOP: Yeah. Go on.

(The shadow of JASSIM is now seen.)

JACKS: What?

GOOP: Investigate that shit.

JACKS: Me?

GOOP: Yeah, you.

JACKS: Bullshit, we just agreed that you're the superhero-

GOOP: Which means I got some power over you.

(JACKS approaches the distance. GOOP circles away in the opposite direction to "cover" JACKS. GOOP'S gun is drawn.)

JACKS: Hello? Can I... help you? Sir?

(JASSIM is revealed)

JASSIM: Najir!

(JACKS is startled)

JACKS: Fuck, sir? Sir?

JASSIM: I want Najir.

JACKS: Who? Who are you sir-

JASSIM: I've come for Najir, he works here, a boy, teenager, this tall-

GOOP: I don't like what I'm hearing Jacks.

JACKS: *(Not understanding what GOOP is referring to)* Put your gun down man. What the fuck you doing?

JASSIM: Don't shoot, I only came for the boy!

GOOP: I told you I don't like what I'm hearing Jacks! Get down motherfucker! Get the fuck down!!

JACKS: What are you doing-

(JASSIM face down in the dirt starts to sing a song in Arabic like a prayer. It has the word NAJIR in it.)

GOOP: No one told you to sing!

JACKS: Goop stop!

GOOP: Tell him to stop singing that shit-

JACKS: Singing what?

GOOP: That name-

(JASSIM'S singing gets louder as the scene gets more frantic)

JACKS: What name? This isn't procedure, Goop-

GOOP: Take care of this Jacks. I'm telling you I'll fucking kill him!

JACKS: What the fuck- okay, okay- sir? I don't think he's joking. Now, I'm gonna tell you to stop singing all right-

JASSIM: Najir, Najir, Najir-

GOOP: JACKS!

JACKS: *(To GOOP)* Give me a second!

(JASSIM continues singing)

JACKS (CON'T): LOOK HABIB CALM THE FUCK DOWN!!!!

JASSIM: Who's Habib? My name is Jassim!

JACKS: I apologize, all right- but he's got a fucking gun on you, okay?

JASSIM: Jassim Abdullah Aziz.

JACKS: Fine...

JASSIM: JASSIM ABDULLAH AZIZ!

GOOP: Get him under control....

JASSIM: JASSIM ABDULLAH AZIZ- THIS IS MY NAME.

(GOOP pulls his gun down when the name is said)

JACKS: This isn't really helping Mr. Aziz!

JASSIM: Mr. Aziz? Who's that?

JACKS: *(To GOOP)* I don't know what to do- I guess just shoot him.

JASSIM: Aziz is for my grandfather./

GOOP: They're his family's first names./

JACKS: Huh?

JASSIM: There is no Aziz. Aziz is dead.
Abdullah is for my father. Abdullah is dead.
And Jassim is for myself.

JACKS: *(Frustrated)* Do you want him to put you down??

JASSIM: I'm here for Najir. Najir Mushin Abdul- is he dead- is he dead? IS HE DEAD?

GOOP: *(On NAJIR)* Fuck... FUCK!

JACKS: Mr. Jassim you're making us nervous, ok-

(JASSIM sings)

GOOP: *(Upset)* ENOUGH OF THE FUCKING SINGING!!!! WHAT WE DO IF HE DON'T STOP SINGING?!!

JACKS: I DON'T KNOW!

GOOP: JACKS!

JACKS: THERE'S NO FUCKING PROCEDURES FOR SINGING-SINGING'S NOT FUCKING PLANNED FOR.

(GOOP hits JASSIM with the butt of his rifle knocking him unconscious)

(Pause)

JACKS (CON'T): *(Quiet. To himself looking down at the body)* Fuck.

GOOP: That song was kind of beautiful.

JACKS: You're out of your mind.

GOOP: Just grab his arm, Jacks.

JACKS: What?

GOOP: Grab his arm. I'll fill you in ok. Long trip back and we got a lot to talk about.

(JACKS comes over and grabs JASSIM. They drag him off. GOOP hums JASSIM's song.)

(BEED enters and sees them pull JASSIM off. SHE has the sand from her last scene in her hands and continues pouring it back and forth between her hands.)

BEED: A joke...A nation goes to war with another, but before they invade .The press minister- when asked says-"You know this isn't gonna be easy. This country has great weapons. We're talking really great weapons. They'll make you shit yourself!" "How do you know," the journalists ask. "Well... First, we looked at our receipts. *(Beat)* Then we bought new pants."

(CRANE enters through the sand)

CRANE: That a comedy routine?

BEED: Shit. You scared me!

(HE approaches her)

CRANE: I got held up. The men were in a circle again with that rap shit they do after dinner.

BEED: *(Interested)* Really?

CRANE: Yeah. You'd think I was their camp counselor- "watch this Captain!"

BEED: I like when they do that.

CRANE: *(Imitating)* Yo, yo, yo!

(HE kneels in front of her as if to initiate oral sex)

BEED: Wait...

CRANE: What?

BEED: It's just... it's really quiet, don't you think?

CRANE: Yeah?

BEED: I mean, *really quiet*.

CRANE: Well, war's fought by men, Beed. And as far as I can tell they're all in or around the mess hall right now.

BEED: Oh...*(CRANE plays with her hair.)* I think I felt sand fall from the sky earlier.

CRANE: Beed...

BEED: That's bad right? I mean, that's like an omen.

CRANE: Are you being cute?

BEED: No. Did you go to Sunday school?

CRANE: It was just rain, Beed, hard rain-

BEED: Unh uh. I don't think so.

CRANE: And made you think of Sunday school? *(She nods)*

BEED: You know what I never got? All the babies in the bible...

CRANE: Babies...

BEED: Like people walking along a river and there's a baby suddenly- and they keep it. They always keep it.

CRANE: You mean like Moses?

(She nods.)

BEED: I wouldn't do that shit, man. I'm walking along a river and I turn my head and I see something?

CRANE: A basket.

BEED: Right! It's always a basket. That way you look into it. It's a picnic basket and you think there's bread in it. You think "hey! I'm gonna get a dinner roll for free from the river." AND THEN THERE'S A BABY. That's fucked up.

CRANE: It's a kicker. *(Begins to unbutton/undress more)*

BEED: It is because you find it, and then you have to keep it. Those are the biblical rules- babies in the river belong to those who fish them out. *(Spiteful)* Gotta do what you're supposed to do, I guess.

CRANE: *(Checks watch)* Yeah, well...

BEED: You know what I would do? *(HE shrugs)* I'd throw that shit back in. I'd say- "You are the baby Moses. You are NOT a dinner roll."

CRANE: Bye bye Moses.

BEED: Bye bye Moses.

CRANE: Seriously, we've got twenty minutes, Private.

(BEED begins to undress unexcitedly as the lights fade down.)

BEED: Right. Okay. Okay.
And the sand?

(Lights begin to fade)

CRANE: We'll get to that. Don't worry...

(They disappear into darkness.)

(RAP music explodes. Lights like a concert, flashing... GOOP enters rapping. We are in his fantasy. How he tries to escape the world.)

GOOP: Fuck's what I said soon as I put my name on the line
The dotted one and son I felt like I fell behind
They took away those pamphlets- I wanted to change my
mind
But instead son, I became resigned
I reclined...

*(The lights start to fade. Bringing us back into the real world)
(WALLACE strums at his guitar)*

GOOP (CON'T):

And they got beauties out here
Not dark as me
Not to get it twisted G
But when you seen what I seen
WHEN YOU SEEN WHAT I SEEN
I mean
Kick up the church chimes
Cause this whole thing's a landmine
And it's tearing me up, God...
God.
God. GOD DAMN!

WALLACE: Keep that up, people'll think you're after a holy war.

GOOP: I'm not in the mood Wallace.

WALLACE: I know, I know. You're practicing.

GOOP: What the fuck am I practicing? I'm just trying to get my mind off shit. That okay with you motherfucker!!??

WALLACE: Yeah. I'm sorry, okay?

GOOP: Besides what you doing over there? Playing that old Country shit of yours?

WALLACE: Appalachian shit. Thank you.

GOOP: What?

WALLACE: Appalachian? I am from Appalachia? It's in the South.

GOOP: Don't talk down to me, Wallace.

WALLACE: I'm just saying Country's in the west. (*HE plays a note, self-satisfied, on his guitar*) Appalachia's in the South. Hey, you wanna sing a song?

GOOP: No.

WALLACE: Come on.

GOOP: I just sang a song.

WALLACE: That wasn't singing. You were talking.

GOOP: MC-ing.

WALLACE: Rapping. You were on your rap thing.

GOOP: I was.

WALLACE: Did something happen with you and Jacks at the construction site?

GOOP: What are you sayin'?

WALLACE: I... I don't know. I just mean- well, some people were saying something happened. Or that it might have or... No one really knows- it's just since you been back Jacks hasn't been out of his room... and you've been- irritable- .

(WALLACE stops. HE notices GOOP has just been staring at him the whole time he's been babbling.)

GOOP: You're talking too fucking much. Wallace.

WALLACE: Yeah, I do that, but-

GOOP: Wallace!

WALLACE: Sorry Goop. *(Beat)* I hate that name.

GOOP: Look, know what? I changed my mind. Play one of your songs.

WALLACE: Really? Wow. I... I-

GOOP: What?

WALLACE: I don't know now. I kinda feel nervous all of a sudden.

(HE strums. Clears throat.)

WALLACE (CON'T): *(Sings)*

Across the stretch of the mountain range
From Tennessee to the Midwest plains
I always sir have done the same
I apologize for my lack of shame

This land's my woman
And she's given me the time
And these other men can hang from twine

So

Dress her up nice

WALLACE (CON'T):

And
Clean off the grime

Cause my hands are dirty
But she's still my bride

And my soul is empty
But I know what's mine.
I assure you sir
I know what's mine.

GOOP: Your song...

WALLACE: Yeah?

GOOP: It's dark.

WALLACE: I don't know about that. Just something I grew up with.
I don't even know what I'm saying half the time.

GOOP: Play another.

WALLACE: Really?

(HE strums and sings)

WALLACE (CON'T):

It breaks these damns
These walls of man
Where motherlands abandoned in sand

(GOOP stands. Begins to touch WALLACE'S face. Intimate.)

WALLACE (CON'T):

Yes, it'll break these damns
And the floods of man
Will slam to the motherlands

(A jet passes. GOOP and WALLACE frozen in the darkness. They exit. "Magic Carpet Ride" blares as lights rise on JACKS and JASSIM. JASSIM is on his knees. His hands are tied. JACKS dances to the song, machine gun in hand... he gyrates in JASSIM'S face. The scene is funny.)

JACKS: You thought we weren't gonna see you...

JASSIM: No.

JACKS: Thought you weren't going to be noticed!

JASSIM: No. I was yelling "where is the boy" I was fairly certain someone would take notice.

JACKS: You've probably been there before. *(In mock accent)* "Just checking it out!" Waiting to blow it up- blow yourself up... I've seen you. Know why? Because you're a fucking shadow. And me? You know what I am? /I'm a fucking shadow, too/

JASSIM: /You're a fucking shadow, too./ Yes, yes.

(JACKS does a karate kick in front of JASSIM'S face as a threat. It's ridiculous.)

JACKS: I bet you think I'm violent. Violent American. Why is that?

JASSIM: The machine gun? The fact I'm tied up in your bedroom...

JACKS: Machine gun? This isn't even that bad. M-16 standard issue. I had a gun back home, too, Glock- that's an Austrian made gun. And they call us violent! Had friends who had Beretta's- now that shit's Italian...

JASSIM: I don't understand.

JACKS: Well... if we're so violent why they keep making us guns? Why is it their pieces that are on our streets? I mean, look at you- talk stereotypes: you're fucking scared of me...

JASSIM: No. I'm not.

JACKS: Nah?

JASSIM: You took me away from the construction site. Away from the **town**. I came looking for a boy- you think I'm the last person they're going to send?

JACKS: Wait. *(Beat)* You really mean you're not scared of me?

JASSIM: *(Tired)* Yes. I really mean that.

JACKS: Then what are you scared of?

JASSIM: God.

JACKS: Doesn't exist!

JASSIM: My family-

JACKS: They're probably lounging with God...

JASSIM: My COUNTRY-

JACKS: You're serious with that one? Come on, Jassim- you're making me embarrassed.

JASSIM: In three questions you've taken everything away from me?

JACKS: How's it feel?

JASSIM: Worse than it should.

(JASSIM shakes his head as he looks at the ground)

JACKS: I bet. What's a matter?

JASSIM: You Americans... you come here and give out a few dollars, a few jobs and you think you can do whatever you want...

JACKS: "You Americans?" Fuckin' make me sick. Go on and on- you and all your cronies- about how we come over here and don't know your shit. Know the difference between you, Syria, whoever... What the fuck do you know about us? "Americans?"

JASSIM: I don't understand.

JACKS: What is the difference between where I live in Poughkeepsie and where the President lives in DC, where my grandma lives in the Florida Keys? What you know about me?

JASSIM: I-

JACKS: Uh huh. Don't expect people to learn shit you ain't willing to.

(Starts to tape his mouth.)

JASSIM: What are you doing?

JACKS: I'm letting you know I don't have to listen to you. When you have some power you can try it.

(JACKS finishes taping JASSIM'S mouth as he protests.)

BEED: Goop? Goop?

JACKS: Aw, Fuck... okay...

(JACKS rushes and covers JASSIM with a blanket.)