

# The First Day of the Seventh Month

by

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Inspired by [Kevin Kelly](#)

## DESCRIPTION

Six months to live can be a lifetime.

## CHARACTERS

- CRANE
- PUCK (can be played by either gender; “he” is used for convenience)
- MOM
- DAD

Except for CRANE, all actors will play multiple roles.

## SETTING

Different places and times

## MISCELLANEOUS

- Sound cues throughout
- CRANE will need to learn some sleight-of-hand tricks with the two stones
- Three sets of Chinese balls (use the smaller ones for women)
- Two roundish stones
- Halloween half-masks and candy, bowls; one homemade mask
- Kid’s bike, helmet, elbow pads, etc. and kid’s backpack with kid’s thermos
- Table, chairs for kitchen
- Other props as needed (see text)

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## SCENE 1

*Interior of the Church of the Holy Scepter in Jerusalem. CRANE asleep on the ground, covered in flickering shadows. Possibly night sounds, building settling, etc. However set, an incredibly peaceful moment. PUCK appears and hovers over CRANE, inspecting him. CRANE wakes, startled, and backs away.*

PUCK: I suppose I should say, "Don't worry." So—don't. Worry. Really. Yes, yes—foggy brain, shake it all about—go ahead, rub your eyes, first right, then left—well, left, then right, if you want—just the way you're supposed to. Dig wax out of ear, pick nose, eat it—why not, it's natural?

CRANE: What—Huh—

PUCK: Inarticulate sounds—yes, good. Fog lifting, dim light glowing. Are you scared?

*CRANE nods yes.*

PUCK: Don't be.

*CRANE points at PUCK.*

PUCK: Of me? I am not incubus, I am not succubus—I am—friend—

CRANE: Friend—

PUCK:—of a sort—

CRANE: Where am I?

PUCK: You don't know.

CRANE: I don't—

PUCK: The Church of the Holy Scepter. Dateline: Jerusalem. Time—

CRANE: Sshh—

*CRANE gestures for PUCK to be quiet, looks around, baffled. PUCK eager to speak.*

PUCK: You wonder how you got here—sorry, just can't stay shut up for long. Look Crane—yes, that's your name—

CRANE: Crane.

PUCK: Crane—I know your name—remember your own name?

CRANE: Crane—

PUCK: (*overemphasizing*) Kah—rane—Kah—

CRANE: All right!

PUCK: You are here because—this is what you need to remember, so pay attention—because you missed the curfew at your hostel and there was no room at another inn.

CRANE: I remember—

PUCK: Yes?

CRANE:—wandering the streets.

PUCK: Thinking that you had slipped backwards—

CRANE: Yes. Narrow streets—

PUCK:—slipped backwards in time—into medieval times—

CRANE: Narrow stone streets of Jerusalem.

PUCK: Winding. Closed off to you.

CRANE: Nothing open to me.

PUCK: Except this church. The Church of the Holy Scepter.

CRANE: (*pointing to the stone slab*) And that—

PUCK: Has been your resting place.

CRANE: That stone slab—

PUCK: Well, yes—supposedly, that is where it happened and why they built this church.

CRANE: Really?

PUCK: The crucifixion. The Crucifixion.

CRANE: Really?

PUCK: Who knows these things?

CRANE: Really?

PUCK: If you want to believe it.

CRANE: Really.

PUCK: Where they really nailed him—(*mugging fiercely*)—for hanging around.

CRANE: I slept on—

PUCK: Hope you—

CRANE:—the spot—

PUCK:—didn't wake up cross.

CRANE: Then why am I here?

PUCK: You dream in a really boring way!

CRANE: I was nowhere—

PUCK: You don't laugh at my jokes, I don't get to lay down—

CRANE:—but I am here!

PUCK:—some subterranean boogie-man fears--

CRANE: Just a simple "why" would be fine.

PUCK: Oh, pardon me as you snap into focus!

CRANE: Here—why here?

PUCK: (*sing-songy*) Religious doubt. You have been having. Crisis of faith. For three years now you have been pho-to-graph-ing—

CRANE: Shut up.

PUCK: (*quick shift to a regular voice, deep*) For three years now you have been photographing religious festivals (you're a freelance photographer—did you forget that's what you do for a living?)—

CRANE: No—

PUCK: Good—looking—

*PUCK takes a deep sigh as he recounts.*

PUCK:—looking for some evidence of the deeper meaning of life. You so normal! So you decide to come to the Ho - Ho - Holy Land. Cheap trip, hostel—locked out, curfew—penny-wise, shekel-foolish—

CRANE: You're not much of a demon—

PUCK: And you're a pretty predictable dubitant—how's that for a word?

*PUCK jumps on CRANE's back.*

PUCK: 'S'not me flattened like an old toothbrush on a stone slab full of doubt and dust trying to dope out "the deeper meaning of life"—(*big yawn*)—excuse me! (*yawns again*)—as if it has any.

*CRANE shrugs him off.*

CRANE: It doesn't?

PUCK: I should tell you? Oh, quit the hang-dog look! You're going to find one, yes or no—you're just built that way—

CRANE: Do you have a name?

PUCK: For you I'm using Puck. Motherpucker to you.

CRANE: So let me get this straight—

PUCK: No, don't—don't—don't re-hash—re-peat—re-ca-pi-tu-late—that bores me, too. Short form—(*yawns again*)—sorry—you've got a hunger in your soul to find out what the whole shebang is about. Lucky you—you've come to rest at a longitude and latitude of—(*carney barker voice*)—certified death—marked with a cross—and maybe—who knows?—a usable resurrection. Is that a good thing? We shall see.

*Lights change to the beginning of the scene.*

PUCK: Now, back to sleep—you have work to do.

*CRANE suddenly collapses into PUCK's arms, who gently lays him back down on the slab, a Pieta moment. The rise of holy music.*

*MOM and DAD come out, dressed in white. They prepare to lift CRANE so that he is in a crucifixion position; PUCK can help them. They do this so that they end up with their backs to the audience, hunched over, while holding CRANE, who extends his arms across their backs. CRANE should take the classic Christ pose.*

*All through this PUCK talks.*

PUCK: Crane lifted. Crane aloft. Soon the blinding confusion will come, and this Everyman—this Everyguy—this unfeathered Crane, will throw his eyes like dice and follow out the bet. Or something like that. Be seeing you.

*With a crash of sound and light, it is morning. MOM and DAD drop CRANE to the floor and exit. From off-stage a stagehand throws PUCK a rough cotton robe or tunic and white knit cap, like those worn by some Muslim men. Also thrown a feather duster: he is now the janitor.*

*Morning sounds, city sounds, etc. PUCK is free to use an accent if he wishes and the feather duster to whatever comic effect.*

PUCK: (*dusting*) Hey! Hey! (*pokes CRANE with the feather duster*) You—you're too big a piece of dirt—hey, you piece of dirt, I can't dust you off. So move! Move! Bless Yahweh, Allah, Ram Baba Das, Baba au Rhum, and the 17 Moon-Hung Buddhas: I always get the worst trash to clean up.

*CRANE wakes up befuddled, again, sees the janitor.*

CRANE: Puck?

PUCK: What did you call me?

CRANE: Nothing.

PUCK: What did you call me?!

CRANE: I'm sorry—you reminded me—

PUCK: You swear at me, a stranger?

CRANE: No—my mistake—ah—

PUCK: You have to leave—it is time for you to be going, going, gone. Tourists, crazies—like God has made a few more plagues to add to the usual ones, like we don't have enough variety on that list!—they will fly in soon, and if you lay there by their feets they will trample you under, leaving a stain that I will have to get down on my ancient knees and strike away with bird spit and my beard—if I had a beard and some spit from a bird! So, go! Get on your ways!

CRANE: Is it true?

PUCK: It?

CRANE: True?

PUCK: I don't like that word.

CRANE: Is it true?

PUCK: That—(*sound of initial "t"*)—"tuh" word—avoid it. You should avoid it.

CRANE: About Christ—

PUCK: Banish it.

CRANE:—here—here!

PUCK: Who knows? I didn't have the job then! Look, it was all so long ago, and no one took pictures and gave autographs. But you drop some stone chunks here, give it a churchy name, spin out some good relations for the public for a few centuries—and—(*makes a vocal sound*)—you got yourself a "true" you get to spread around like the stuff that makes the flowers grow and greases the mouths of lawyers. Cash cow, cash bull, cash sheep—(*pokes duster under his tunic*)—they all, you know, giving it to you. But, you—you look almost smart, friend. Almost wakey-wakey. Almost—whatever. So don't go fretsome about "true." Eat some breakfast—after that and a good sit-down on the porcelain throne, the urge will go away.

CRANE: I like true.

PUCK: Then have a big breakfast—double side of eggs—coffee like mud—and a long sit-down because you got a lot to clean out—

*PUCK takes the duster and begins to whirl it in circles, like a whirlwind, forcing CRANE to exit—large sounds of wind accompany. PUCK slows, the sounds die. PUCK smiles and exits.*

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## SCENE 2

*Almost immediately CRANE reappears on the stage, lost but not scared. Music: Middle Eastern pop. Behind him PUCK, MOM, and DAD push large cardboard boxes, the kind a stove or refrigerator would come in, two or three rows high, or even higher, if possible. Or the shape could be a pyramid—feel free to experiment. The boxes can be decorated as houses and other buildings if desired.*

*MOM and DAD are dressed in untacky tourist clothes, with tourist accouterments. PUCK is a tour guide—he wears the janitor's clothing plus something else, like a sash, preferably outsized, to distinguish him as the tour guide. He exchanges his duster for a riding crop, which he can use to whatever comic effect he likes.*

PUCK: Step right this way, right this way! Careful of that—right, right, just step around it—around it—good—hazard of the streets, some local color, eh? And odor, too! Now step right right this way! Next stop: our historic, our exceptional, our mysterious—empty tombs—*(in a lower voice)*—empty toombs!—*(in a louder voice)*—come get a taste of the divine and passionate—

MOM: *(consulting a guidebook)* It says here—

PUCK: Oh, madam, please, please—

MOM: What?

DAD: That—put away that—me you will insult—

MOM: Sorry—

DAD: Now, look—

CRANE: Where am I?



PUCK: (*ignoring CRANE*) Sir, no insult I mean to your lovely wife—your very lovely cash-paying wife—but please understand me full as life—how can you rest your judgment upon a book made by Westerners—and college students at that? you know what college students are like—drop by, drink, take a few notes, spread stuff around that we don't need—(*using the crop in an obscene manner*)—you know—then bam! gone. Rest upon them to tell you the truth about our home, my home? Feh!

MOM: He has a point.

DAD: On the top of his head—

CRANE: (*pointing*) Sun rises in the—

PUCK: I know the truths you need to know about these tombs—

CRANE: And sets—

PUCK: (*reverential but mocking*)—about life in this ancient ancient land as old as the bones of the earth itself.

CRANE: (*pointing*) And sets in the—

MOM: I like the sound of that.

PUCK: You hire me, you hire history itself.

CRANE: But I can't see—

MOM: History itself, Daddy.

PUCK: I am past, present, and futureness—depend upon me—you can put that away for later—and you will not go wrongly.

DAD: Watch that thing!

CRANE: Where—

PUCK: (*exasperated*) If you would like to conjoin with us, sir, the tour price is—

*CRANE ignores him and wanders to the tombs. During the next lines, he tries to crawl in one or two of them, not quite being able to fit his body into the space.*

DAD: So you're saying that what it says there is wrong?

PUCK: Give me the book.

*MOM gives him the book. PUCK flips through a few pages, then stabs with his finger.*

PUCK: See, there!

*Rips the page out and slams the book shut before DAD can really see.*

PUCK: Wrong, wrong, double, triple dutch wrong.

*PUCK tosses the page.*

DAD: Hey!

PUCK: No matter—always these things a little less than as much as they could be—

DAD: You talk a bunged-up English—

PUCK: *(handing the book back)* There are always local—flavors—

DAD: Flavors—

PUCK: For instance, for instance—this one. I will bet, madam—open out your book again, lovely wife—

DAD: Hey—

PUCK: *(to DAD)* Such a lovely wife! I will wager a lamb's eye in honey that in your book it says—

*PUCK points to one of the tombs.*

MOM: That one?

PUCK: That one.

MOM: It doesn't say anything about that one—

PUCK: Well, there you are—how can you trust—

DAD: (*looking over MOM's shoulder*) It doesn't?

PUCK: (*seeing CRANE*) Sir, please don't—

DAD: After all the money we spent—

CRANE: Empty—

PUCK: So observant—just like stand—or squat, if you prefer—over to there—

DAD: (*to PUCK*) So, all right—

*CRANE squats down and hugs his knees, conspicuous in making himself small.*

PUCK: This tomb—well, officially—aha!—they say here sat St. Arbitron, who retired his sacred buttocks to here to practice hypnolithic meditation—

MOM: Hypno-what?

PUCK: Hyp-no-li-thic—

MOM: (*overlapping*) Hyp-no-li-thic—

PUCK: Good!

DAD: You made that up.

MOM: Daddy!

PUCK: I swear on my mother's ankle bones not. Greek root-around for "sleepy stones." You can look it up. He would take two rocks—

*Takes two rocks out of his pocket.*

DAD: How convenient.

PUCK:—and swirl them in his hands like this—(*moves them around deftly*)—and as the sacred stones massaged the points of five divine pressures, he would speak to God—

MOM: Like dialing in.

*At this point, CRANE simply falls to one side, putting him into a fetal position. There is a brief pause in PUCK's delivery, then he moves on, still twirling the stones.*

MOM: (*whispering*) Is he all right?

PUCK: See how he has the spirit taken up, eh?

DAD: See him keel over like broken lawn ornament.

PUCK: This place—(*makes a grand gesture*)—it has its powers, hey! (*whispering to CRANE*)  
Get up, dung-beetle!

*CRANE pops over onto his other side, still in a fetal position.*

PUCK: The spirit moves him!

DAD: I'd like to make a suggestion.

MOM: (*warningly, imploringly*) Daddy—

DAD: That we ignore this transfiguration—

PUCK: That is what it is! (*to CRANE, hissing*) Sand flea!

DAD:—going on at our feet—

PUCK: At no extra charge! (*to CRANE, hissing*) Earwig!

DAD: Right—and let Mother here enjoy her experience of the holy land—

PUCK: (*indicating the tombs*) What could be more wholly holy than—! (*handing her the stones*)  
Would you like to—

*MOM, with a look to DAD, takes them and begins to move them. DAD reaches for them, but MOM keeps them, liking the motion very much. CRANE rolls over onto his knees, still tucked. Reluctantly, she goes to hand them back to PUCK, who instead folds her hand over them, indicating that MOM keep them.*

MOM: Hypnolithic—

PUCK: Meditation—

MOM: Hypnolithic meditation—learned a new word!

PUCK: Right here, St. Arbitron's ancient posterior—looking heavenward—

MOM: His posterior?

PUCK: No, no! While perched—you know—

DAD: Hard to look heavenward in a cave.

PUCK: On the lip, then—

DAD: His posterior—

PUCK: Yes, of course!

DAD: Wonder if he ever fell off—

*CRANE rolls over onto his back, still tucked.*

DAD: Fell like a stone—

*CRANE slowly falls onto his side.*

DAD: Hypnolithically speaking, of course.

MOM: Daddy has his doubts—

PUCK: But—but—

DAD: Lotsa butts here.

PUCK: Did your book tell you about St. Hirsute?

MOM: No. Do you spell that with a—

PUCK: Died a horrible death for the faith.

*PUCK leads MOM over to CRANE. He gently nudges CRANE, who rolls over onto his back, still hugging his knees. PUCK sits MOM on his upraised knees.*

MOM: Do you think I should—

PUCK: *(to DAD)* Make use of him, eh?

DAD: *(to MOM)* Go ahead—the man obviously has the self-respect of a slug.

MOM: *(sitting, looking in the index of her book)* Is that with a “h” “e”—

PUCK: You won't find it there. *(pointing to his own head)* Find it here.

*MOM pats CRANE softly, as if to comfort him.*

PUCK: When he refused to deny the existence of the higher powers—*(pointing upwards)*—you know the higher powers, eh?—well, not pleased. Being a hairy man, very thickety-thick, they started covering his body in wax—

DAD: How hairy?

PUCK: He was hairy as the top of your head is not.

MOM: Gotcha!

PUCK: *(using DAD as a model)* Being a hairy very man, they started covering his body in wax— a little here and there, then riiiiiiiiiipppppppppp—you know, they'd put the wax on then walk around a little—

*PUCK walks around, hands behind his back, a little whistle.*

PUCK:—then, when they thought he wasn't paying attention, run up to him and riiiiiiiiiipppppppppp.

*PUCK pinches some hair off DAD's arm.*

DAD: Hey!

PUCK: But he wouldn't give up—give in—give out—so they dunked him—like a baby in a baptism—

MOM: Like a cruller in morning coffee—

PUCK: Like a finger digging out the last lamb's eye in honey—into a cauldron of wax made from all the king's leftover candles, and then—(*with appropriate sounds and gestures, even overdone*)—well, you can imagine—

*MOM gives an involuntary shudder. So does CRANE.*

PUCK: Now that story alone is, is it not, worth the price of the tour? But I have more. Now this one, over here—

*CRANE starts shaking.*

MOM: I'm getting a rush—

*CRANE suddenly goes flat onto his stomach. DAD grabs MOM just in time so that she does not fall with him and stands her upright.*

DAD: (to CRANE) You got to get a grip on yourself, son.

MOM: Whew!

*MOM takes out the stones and begins twirling them.*

PUCK: Good idea.

CRANE: (*muffled*) I'm going to die in six months.

DAD: You're talking into the dirt, son.

*CRANE repeats himself, louder.*

DAD: You're still just making mud.

*CRANE flops onto his back.*

CRANE: I am going to die in six months.

*CRANE raises both his arms, and after a brief hesitation, MOM and DAD give him a hand up—mimicking the crucifixion gesture in Scene 1. CRANE watches MOM move the stones.*

PUCK: No you are not.

CRANE: (*to MOM*) What are you doing?

PUCK: In six months you are not going to die—

MOM: Hypnolithic meditation.

CRANE: Does it help you?

PUCK: Because I am going to kill you right now.

DAD: He'd make a better a lawn ornament.

PUCK: Over here we have—

MOM: Help me what?

CRANE: Accept. (*looking at PUCK*) Did you believe his story about—

*CRANE makes a ripping sound.*

MOM: It sounded a little—well—

DAD: A little?

CRANE: But you both bought—

DAD: Mom more than me—as usual—

CRANE: But you some, right, even though you knew—? Why?

PUCK: People who are wise—

CRANE: Because—

PUCK:—don't ask so many "whys"!

CRANE: Because you wanted to believe. Right? Huh? Believe. Right?

PUCK: I am fading into the backwood.



DAD: (to PUCK) Ground.

CRANE: Because it felt—

PUCK: There goes my lovely hood—

DAD: (to PUCK) Lively—

CRANE: Because it felt—

MOM: Because it felt—

*CRANE takes MOM's two stones and palms them, making them disappear. He then digs into his pocket and pulls out one—or from behind her ear, hands it to her.*

CRANE: Like that, right?

*MOM nods, then DAD.*

CRANE: Just like you, I have decided. I have decided.

PUCK: You can't just—decide something like—six months.

MOM: Unless—

CRANE: I'm not checking out that way.

*Pulls the second stone out of PUCK's ear, wipes it off, hands it to MOM.*

DAD: The old "to be or not to be"—

PUCK: Why are you saying this?

CRANE: I don't know—except—

PUCK: Except what?

DAD: Except what, son?

CRANE: Except that I feel that it's true to say it.

PUCK: Always the true with you.

MOM: Are you really?

CRANE: I think so.

DAD: Die from what?

PUCK: He could die right now if I push him into the street—

MOM: Don't push him, Daddy.

DAD: From what?

CRANE: From "as if"—

DAD: You're going to die from "as if"?

CRANE: I am going to live from "as if."

DAD: What is that?

PUCK: Did I tell you about St. Crane? That tomb right there.

CRANE: As if I know when the end will come—

PUCK: They tied St. Crane up in a fetal position—he stiffened—

DAD: Let me get this straight: you're going to die—

CRANE: And live.

DAD:—from a simile?

PUCK: Made him a lawn ornament—

DAD: (*to PUCK*) Stop.

PUCK: All right.

DAD: From a simile?

CRANE: Not die. Live.

DAD: By getting ready to die?

*CRANE pulls out a standard magician's bouquet and hands it to DAD.*

PUCK: We could probably book you into St. Crane's up there if you want. Right now.

MOM: I think I've had enough of tombs.

PUCK: But you haven't heard the best—

DAD: (*angrily*) I do not live to die.

CRANE: I don't think I know any other way right now.

DAD: I don't!

MOM: Daddy—

DAD: (*to PUCK*) You should watch your clientele better—

*DAD stalks off.*

MOM: I have to follow him-- I have to.

CRANE: Of course.

PUCK: Off course.

DAD: (*from off*) Mother!

MOM: (*handing CRANE the stones*) It's all I can do sometimes to keep myself afloat—in the face of—the face of things—to make believe I believe—to make believe I am still making believe—

DAD: Mother!

MOM: A weakness, he thinks. (*touches CRANE on the cheek*) "As if"—I know all about "as if"—  
may an answer come for you—

*MOM leaves. CRANE hands the stones to PUCK.*

PUCK: So I won't eat tonight—

*The magician's bouquet comes flying onto the stage. They look at it. CRANE picks it  
up and, with a flourish, presents it to PUCK.*

PUCK: As if—

CRANE: Starting now.

PUCK: The circus parade—

*CRANE takes a deep breath.*

CRANE: The first of my last breaths.

PUCK: Use breath mints.

*CRANE looks over the tombs.*

CRANE: If you don't mind, I think I'll pass.

PUCK: You look excited—finally.

CRANE: Is that foolish?

PUCK: You are what you are.

CRANE: No—no—

PUCK: Such a grin.

CRANE: All that was before—you "are" what you "are" stuff—that was nothing—just verbs of  
being—now—(*makes a big ripping sound*)—action!

PUCK: And you think that will be enough.

CRANE: Becoming fully aware—

PUCK: You mean putting a limit on yourself—

CRANE: What?

*PUCK makes the motion of buttoning his lips.*

CRANE: Living “as if” I am dying will make me become alive.

*PUCK shrugs.*

CRANE: It won't?

*PUCK shrugs again.*

CRANE: C'mon!

PUCK: You want to stop with just that?

CRANE: With what?

PUCK: With that—with just—becoming “alive”?

CRANE: There's something past becoming alive?

PUCK: The real death—

CRANE: Not that!

PUCK: That scares you.

CRANE: Before that—but more than what's now.

PUCK: Yes.

CRANE: Better than becoming alive?

PUCK: Why does the serpent keep trying to sell his apple? You think the Garden of Eden happened only once? You think the serpent is such a bad guy?

CRANE: I have to go.

PUCK: Then begone.

CRANE: You'll see.

PUCK: Prove it.

CRANE: You'll see!

PUCK: Prove it twice on Sunday, then. You want to see your ideas in action?

*PUCK sticks the end of the magician's bouquet against his rear and makes a farting noise, and the bouquet, as in a cartoon, looks like the escaping gas. PUCK flies the bouquet around until it lands on CRANE. CRANE starts to exit, holding the bouquet.*

PUCK: Where are you going?

CRANE: Home. Yes. I want to go home.

*CRANE exits.*

CRANE: Home. Well, cholo, no one will ever accuse you of having a wild imagination. Home. (*to the audience*) Quest—ultimate questions—body/soul—deep-rooted urge—(*as if defecating*)—uuuurrrrggggeeee—ffffooooorrrrr—mmmeeeaaannniinnngggg—feh! He'll find out.

*CRANE takes off his robe and skullcap, then gestures off-stage as MOM and DAD bring on the accouterments of a simple dining room in a simple home.*

PUCK: So let him go to home. Assuming such a place ever exists.

MOM: Home always exists.

PUCK: Oh ye of such plucky plucky faith!

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### SCENE 3

*At home. Dinner time. MOM and DAD are seated there, DAD with a letter in his hand. CRANE is also seated there, jacket on, small valise by his feet, unnoticed by either. DAD holds the letter tentatively for several beats.*

MOM: You can open it.

CRANE: Go ahead, Dad.

DAD: That is what we do with letters.

CRANE: Go.

MOM: And you don't need to be sarcastic.

CRANE: He's really not, Mom.

DAD: That is true. And I'm not being so. Or trying to.

MOM: Isn't in you, that's true.

DAD: Just not—usual—a letter—from him.

MOM: Twists us around a little bit—

DAD: Which makes me sound—

MOM: You do when it comes to him, but I know you're not.

CRANE: Go ahead—

*DAD spins it on the table, plays with it.*

CRANE: All right—circle around it a little more—suss it out—I understand.

MOM: But it won't open itself.

DAD: Now who's sounding sar[castic]—

MOM: Just stating a fact.

CRANE: Good for you, Mom!

*DAD looks at MOM for a moment, then smiles.*

DAD: “Just stating a fact”—

CRANE: (*to DAD*) Ace—some of your guff back to you—

DAD: Got me on that one.

CRANE: You have—mellowed, my father.

MOM: So?

DAD: The few letters—they always had—surprises in them. Didn’t they?

MOM: I doubt this one is different.

DAD: Probably true. So, do we—

MOM: We always opened the other ones. And as I said two heartbeats ago—won’t open itself.  
Just the facts.

*DAD opens the letter, reads.*

MOM: Why don’t you read it [out loud]—

DAD: This says he’s coming home.

MOM: Here.

DAD: Yes.

*DAD carefully puts the letter down; MOM spins it so that she can read it.*

CRANE: It’s not a letter bomb. Literally, that is. Literarily, well—

MOM: Why do you think?

DAD: I don’t know. I’ve never known—completely—with him.



CRANE: You're not the only one in the dark.

MOM: But it will be nice.

DAD: I suppose.

CRANE: (*spins the letter*) Still circling.

DAD: He's never been mean.

MOM: Or disrespectful.

DAD: That's true, too. Just—

MOM: Just—distant.

DAD: That would be a word, yes. His own person.

CRANE: I do want to come home.

MOM: (*indicating the letter*) He says he wants to come home.

DAD: Yes.

MOM: To us.

DAD: None other.

MOM: Well—

DAD: I know.

MOM: Who said there was never room for change in the world?

DAD: I never said there wasn't room, only—

CRANE: Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad.

*They turn to him slightly and now include him.*

MOM: Your room—

DAD: We did rent it out, once.

MOM: But it's back.

DAD: Young man worked in the feed mill.

MOM: He moved to Alaska.

DAD: To live with the Inuit.

MOM: Took your father forever to pronounce the name.

DAD: Kept calling them Eskimos—wrong. In-u-it. Inuit. He was “into it.”

*Embarrassed beat.*

DAD: It's been a long time, Crane.

*MOM puts her hand on DAD's arm. CRANE opens his valise.*

CRANE: I've brought gifts.

*CRANE brings out two boxes, each holding two Chinese balls. MOM and DAD open the boxes, take out the balls.*

MOM: What are they?

DAD: Too small for bowling.

CRANE: This way.

*CRANE takes his MOM's gift and shows her how to roll the balls in her hand to make them chime. CRANE encourages DAD to do the same, and a sound cue comes up reinforcing the sounds. CRANE takes out his own set, and the three of them sit there sharing the sound and movements, for a moment untethered to reality or history.*

CRANE: According to traditional Chinese medical theory, the ten fingers are linked to the heart and other bodily organs by a lacework of channels through which the vital energy of the body flows. By rotating the two balls on your palm with the fingers, the acupuncture

points on the hand are—stimulated. This encourages an eager flow of blood and vital energy throughout the body.

*Eventually they stop and come back to “reality,” putting away the balls.*

DAD: These are quite—unusual, son.

CRANE: Not from the five-and-dime, eh, Dad?

DAD: That’s a fact.

MOM: We have to ask.

CRANE: And it shall be answered.

MOM: Are you—ill?

CRANE: On the contrary.

DAD: You’re completely healthy.

CRANE: In all the usual ways.

DAD: What about your work?

CRANE: I’ve put it on vacation. My schedule is clean for the next six months.

DAD: So that you could come home?

*There is a change of light, the light for The Domestic Ballet. What follows is the barest suggestion for the choreography of the Ballet, and the director is free to arrange it in any way possible.*

*PUCK brings on a wagon of some sort with a variety of props that are used in the Ballet. Perhaps barely underscoring the Ballet is a soundscape of “home” sounds: dishes in the kitchen, a lawnmower, etc., but done musically. The four speak to the audience but also to each other—they are not isolated. They begin with something like a quadrille.*

PUCK: They were understandably—

CRANE: Confused.

DAD: We were.

MOM: Because there was something underneath—

PUCK: Almost inhuman—

MOM: In his wish—

PUCK: No one likes too much confidence.

MOM: But at the same time—

PUCK: All too human—

DAD: Which frightened us just as much.

PUCK: No one likes too much vulnerability.

DAD: We talked, late into that first night, turning it over—yes, it felt as—

MOM:—as gold to airy thinness beat.

DAD: (*overlapping*)—to airy thinness beat.

*PUCK brings two chairs downstage.*

PUCK: But not despair in him, you'd have to admit.

DAD: That would have been familiar to us.

*MOM and DAD sit.*

CRANE: I was calling it a grace.

MOM: A word out from you quite often, yes.

*CRANE lays down across MOM and DAD's laps.*

CRANE: In my own bed, that first night—(*exaggerating the sound and movement*)—I streeeetttched my legs down to the footboard unpacking my adult bones.

*PUCK playfully pulls on CRANE's ankles, making cracking, creaking noises.*

CRANE: I felt all my joints air out—

*MOM and DAD roll him off, move to the cart and get dishes. They toss the dishes to each other.*

MOM: You washed lots of dishes.

CRANE: (*joining the tossing*) Very contemplative, water laving—

*Meanwhile, PUCK takes out a skateboard.*

DAD: You even washed dishes we hadn't used in a while.

CRANE: Dust in the cabinets.

MOM: The water laving.

*MOM and DAD put the dishes away. PUCK lays on his back on the board, CRANE takes his legs and pushes him around. MOM and DAD stand still, arms by their sides.*

PUCK: You mowed the lawn.

CRANE: Regularly.

*Makes lawnmower sounds as he mows around MOM and DAD.*

DAD: Even using the hand-clippers around the base of the trees.

CRANE: No weed-whacker for me!

DAD: I was never that finicky.

*PUCK rolls off the board, gets back on it facing CRANE, head down, hands up. CRANE pushes him like a shopping cart.*

CRANE: I went shopping.

MOM: For hours.

DAD: The abundance mesmerized you.

CRANE: Sometimes I wouldn't buy anything—just walk.

PUCK: They valued him like the village idiot.

CRANE: I was—what a grace.

*PUCK gets off the board, and he and MOM bring large garbage bags to CRANE and DAD, then return with long springy poles from which hang cut-out stars and hold them over CRANE and DAD.*

MOM: Garbage night.

CRANE: (*to DAD*) Garbage astronomers, you and I—my father and I would lug the leftovers to the curb—

DAD: Plop, plop—and loosen our necks—

MOM: Overhead rocked the black star-smeared ocean—

CRANE: At the lawn's edge—

MOM: They stood—

PUCK: Unenlightened by street lights—

MOM: Solid—

CRANE: We would gaze there—and there—

DAD: Garbage at our feet—

MOM: And my heart would ache to see them so small and—

CRANE: And what?

MOM: So fierce—

PUCK: The way the heat poured out of you both.

CRANE: Evaporating together, hey?

DAD: Deliquesce.

PUCK: Trim the hedges.

DAD: Re-paint the deck.

CRANE: Weed the garden.

MOM: Poke the wasps' nest.

PUCK: Mend the broken-winged oriole.

CRANE: All of it so—exotic! It was—to me.

MOM: It was wonderful to see him become so—ordinary. We were all becoming so deliciously ordinary.

PUCK: But still, at heart—that airy thinness beat—

*Beat as MOM and PUCK let the stars descend. PUCK takes MOM's stars and puts them both back. He takes out a large pile of dominos and puts them on the table.*

CRANE: What?

DAD: Which, to be honest—

PUCK: No pain—

DAD: Well, to be honest—

PUCK: No gain.

DAD: Kind of got on my nerves.

MOM: Me, too—a little, honey, ooh, I don't mean to be hurtful—

*The three retire to the table and start slamming dominos down as they talk. PUCK occasionally slams one down as well as he speaks.*

PUCK: Honesty debuts after kindness and grace wear thin.

*Dominos slam: one, two, three.*

PUCK: Even the deliciously ordinary—(to MOM)—yes?—after a while, gets—

MOM: Ordinary—

PUCK: A cage—

MOM: (*hurriedly*)—but it's been wonderful having you here.

DAD: Will you be getting a job?

CRANE: That's not what—

MOM: Not that we mind—

DAD: Well—

CRANE: I'm still sorting things out.

DAD: Things—

MOM: Now—

DAD: (to MOM) What's to sort out?

MOM: He's in—crisis. Can't you see—(to CRANE) Isn't that right?

DAD: (to CRANE) Are you in a crisis?

PUCK: (*slams one down*) Things were getting testy and tested.

DAD: Answer me.

MOM: Don't push—



DAD: I never pushed enough—

*Three quick slams. Then PUCK, after a hesitation.*

PUCK: The box of disappointments had now been opened. Pandora cringes and weeps.

*To the staccato of many slamming dominos, the three voices speak at the same time and drown each other out, but all end on the word “despair.”*

MOM: You pushed too much too hard on him wanted him to be old before his time solid like a stone stones have no feelings he always had feelings he couldn't tell us about a shame I know a poet was in there still in there if he needs to understand why he feels so empty and unsure I know how he feels in my soul cracking against stone I love you but sometimes in raw darkness I ache where you cannot sail and feel despair

DAD: I didn't push enough always this alien to me son hardly couldn't get him to always these ideas in his brain ideas locked himself away with his ideas rebel had to rebel fine for a while young man has to but in the end hated his ideas felt insulted now in crisis I'll tell you what crisis is working till your fingers are crushed to make a home certain and safe have it rejected thinks he can make things right now with his despair

CRANE: All beside the point not what I wanted not about deficits but I have this question about what is worth none of your answers answer anything I have no answers and I am trying to live like a dry river waiting like an empty glass waiting because no waters come down nothing nothing nothing nothing make the nothing sing and I hear no singing I love you who gave me life curse you for delivering me to despair

*Final word, final dominos. MOM, DAD, and CRANE walk downstage center. PUCK again hangs out the stars.*

MOM: Will we see you again?

CRANE: *(to audience)* Home must always be left.

DAD: Son—

CRANE: You will see me again.

MOM: We will see you again.

CRANE: But they were already gone from my mind.

*MOM and DAD drift away, take away table and the dominos and the cart. PUCK lowers the stars, and CRANE goes to reach for one. PUCK pulls them away.*

PUCK: Nah-uh. Not for you, oh dry river, oh empty glass. You are going to have to go loooong.

*Bops him on the head with the pole. MOM comes on with a bag, which she hands to PUCK, then takes the pole and exits.*

\* \* \* \* \*

#### SCENE 4

*Light change—weird landscape. As PUCK talks, he takes material out of the bag that, when donned, makes him look like a cartoon Buddha: big ears, belly, saffron robe, etc.*

CRANE: What?

PUCK: How now, my long dark night—

CRANE: I'm fine.

PUCK:—of the soul?

CRANE: I'm fine!

PUCK: You got no religion, you got no home, you got no rice and beans—well, you could always twirl your own two balls in your hand—creature pleasures.

*PUCK pulls one stone from CRANE's nose, the other from his rear-end—hands him both. With resignation, CRANE plays with the stones.*

PUCK: That, right there—that's all you got. Two—reduced to two facts. Here and now—entrance and exit—food in, shit out. All fancified dream flights, angel-winged thought-rockets, sublime imaginings, the cosmic cosmetics of our brains—

*PUCK lets out a razzberry, then another.*

PUCK: Divinity—

*Another razzberry.*

PUCK: Soul.

*Another, then another, and then PUCK really gets into it, pumping the sound beyond any humor or sarcasm. In-between razzberries, he punctuates with a laugh words like “cosmic,” “divine,” “angelic.” Then PUCK stops just as quickly and continues dressing.*

CRANE: (*mumbling*) Stupid.

PUCK: Say what, bro?

CRANE: (*louder*) I am feeling stupid.

PUCK: Are sta-yoo-pid.

CRANE: Am stupid.

PUCK: Good to know what you am.

*CRANE does not respond to the insult.*

PUCK: I said—sometimes stupid is as good as it gets—it takes a lot of work to get to the right kind of stupid. Sometimes stupid is a salvation, a good place to get started for a start. Cleansed palate, cleaned clock.

*PUCK is now completely garbed as Buddha. He gestures, and from offstage rolls in a child’s-sized bicycle, with training wheels.*

PUCK: Ah, ready. Emptiness. No mind. (*points to the bike*) What is the sound of one snickerdoodle doodling?

*PUCK starts to bump CRANE hard with his belly. His accent changes: mock Buddha-Indian-subcontinent as he recites the lyrics to “Born to be Wild” by Steppenwolf. CRANE protests the pushing but doesn’t put up much resistance.*

PUCK: Get your motor running. Head out on the highway. Lookin’ for adventure. And whatever comes our way. Yeah darlin’ go make it happen. Take the world in a love embrace. Fire all of your guns at once and. Explode into space.

*By this time PUCK has backed CRANE up against the bike.*

PUCK: Road trip, Quest Boy. You have three months left and the clock is tick-tick-ticking—three months left and then the big flush. On.

*CRANE hesitates, clearly frightened, and there is a moment where he looks absolutely terrified.*

CRANE: I can't—I can't get past—I thought home would—protect me—ahh!—born between piss and shit—aren't we?—gah!—between excrements—and it never stops—can't get past—it's all worms no rhyme no plan making it up go along exit name then gone as gone as blood dripping from a spike feel alive? alive? what a cheat like thorns alive drinking vinegar alive grace in plural acids alive alive cheat—cheat—cheated—

*PUCK/BUDDHA bumps him again, but gently, and speaks just as gently.*

PUCK: So what? So what, Quest Boy? A common knowledge. Go.

*CRANE gets on the bike. A backpack comes flying onto the stage—a child's backpack. PUCK hooks it on to CRANE's back. Other items come flying on—a helmet, elbow pads, etc. They should all be child-like in appearance. PUCK gives CRANE a push.*

PUCK: See how easily you are pushed around by the forces of fate?

*CRANE sits, immobile. PUCK, grinning, pushes him again.*

PUCK: See how easily you are pushed around by the forces of fate?

*CRANE again sits immobile. PUCK takes one leg, then the other, to show him how to pump.*

PUCK: One leg says, Yes. The other says, I will. Little engine that could-thing. What other choice do you have, unfeathered Crane, now that the grinning worm has married the sweet but perishable apple?

*Finally, CRANE starts riding on his own, haltingly but steadily. PUCK intones, as if they were holy words, the refrain to "Born to be Wild."*

PUCK: Like a true nature's child. We were born, born to be wild. We can climb so high. I never wanna die. Born to be wild—

*Pronounce "wild" as it is sung in the song, with the extra beats in the middle of the word.*

*Lights change, and CRANE begins his journey, biking around the stage. MOM and DAD, also dressed like cartoon Buddhas, enter. They each bring in a large blow-up pool cushion shaped in the shape of a catcher's mitt (or any other figure, depending on what's available) to sit on in a meditative way. One of them also brings this on for PUCK.*

*Each BUDDHA also has a large manila envelope, inside of which is an oversized copy of the headshot of the actor playing CRANE, and a metal bowl (brass would be nice).*

*The three Buddhas place themselves upstage, sitting, the bowl in front of them. Music plays—it would be excellent if something like a Muzak version of “Born to be Wild” could be playing. William Shatner’s “Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds” would work fine as well.*

*CRANE peddles until he reaches downstage center at some point, then stops, facing the audience. Music stops.*

*CRANE takes several seconds to look into the audience, making eye contact, saying nothing, perched on his little bike, looking ridiculous, resting. Throughout CRANE's words, the three BUDDHAS will take the headshot out of the envelope and slowly rip it into increasingly smaller bits. They will do this in perfect synchronization, holding the picture overhead, ripping it in half, putting half of it down then ripping the remaining half in half, and half again, and so on until the bits are very small, which are then placed into the bowl. Then the same thing with the second half of the picture.*

CRANE: I had become a little crazy, a little—unloosened. The WD-40 of life had unrusted my hinges. Some of you—maybe all of you—know what that's like. (*a rusty hinge*) Erh-ooh, erh-ooh. Brushing one's teeth seems pointless without a future to chew on. Flossing, too. If you erase the word “tomorrow” from Macbeth, why order Chinese take-out and put the leftovers in the fridge for breakfast? The present tense—it's not called “tense” for nothing!—the present tense is very, very, very cruel. As are the most excellent teachers. So I started biking cross-country. I had always wanted to. With three months left—as far as I knew—and who knew? who knew?—why not? I took a notebook along that kept a journal of me.

*CRANE takes a notebook out of his backpack—something like the Powerpuff Girls or something similar. Shows it, puts it back.*

CRANE: I met amazing people, I did, people charm-full and grace-filled and just plain fucking nice. I also met dunderheads and gruesome narcissists and violent pieces of shrapnel with tongues full of sewers and bitterness. I met a woman who let me bury my nose in a bristling white sheet on her clothesline because I had never smelled sun and wind

uncoiling with such incense. I met a man who with others guarded turtles spawning on slaughter-birded beaches. I met a child with one eye, who wore a patch painted with a four-leaf clover in malachite, on a field of cinnabar. I met a grime-soaked beggar who offered me a hard-boiled egg watermarked by his fingerprinted grease—I ate it. I met a 97-year old woman who drank whiskey before swimming to protect her from germs—we downed a couple of stiff bolts and swam like renovated dolphins. I met a living Communist. I met cancer calling itself Alice or John as it ate through hope and bone. I met a divinity student wrestling with doubt, I met a doubter at rest with his questions. I met geezers full of prostate worries, running-suited blue-hairs fuming with rose water. I met a young girl, fifteen, pregnant, her life rounded and cracked like a broken earthenware jug. I met a young boy, eyes deadbolted, survivor of his African civil war. I met a guru who believed that the weight of starlight, not gravity, kept us pinned to the earth's lapel. I met officers of the court who made me afraid that justice had expired. I met people named Zonnie Butts and Narka Flocker and Ramzanali Bacchus and Essence Crockett and Gumercinda Narvaez and Darren Zipperer and Heeling Wong and Cohava Dodo and India Mingo and Albania Supple and Reenamaravilla Lavezzari. And through it all—

*CRANE reaches into his backpack and pulls out a thermos—again, kid-like. Unscrews the cup and pours himself a shot, raises it like a chalice.*

CRANE: Coffee.

*CRANE sips.*

CRANE: Coffee.

*CRANE sips.*

CRANE: Coffee.

*CRANE sips.*

CRANE: Over coffee, over the dark roasted elixir, over the aliphatics and carbonyls and alicyclics and ketones and aromatic benzenoids—over the brew, the joe, the java, the mud, the large drip, the brown gargle, the cuppa, the Americano, the black water, the rio—over all I told them all my story.

*By this time, the BUDDHAS have finished their tearing of the picture and are sitting quietly. CRANE gets off the bike, if he is sitting on it, puts away the thermos, and as he speaks picks up one bowl and empties the torn bits of one of the other bowls into it, then picks up the second bowl.*

*As he walks back downstage, holding the bowls, the BUDDHAS stand and, in a holy and dignified but not necessarily serious way begin a slow choreographed Motown routine to accompany CRANE's words.*

*CRANE begins orbiting the bowls around each other.*

CRANE: I would ask to camp out in their backyards if they had one. Or I'd bunk in a park, under a bridge—wherever they lived. Coffee, talk—and story.

*CRANE puts the two bowls together so that they empty into each other, then nests the full bowl into the empty bowl. CRANE then simply holds the bowl.*

CRANE: As I spoke, I realized—I realized how much I had lost of my fear of the fear of life, how much I had lost of that face that had cringed and crowed on a stone floor in Jerusalem, how much I had lost the taste for anything I had been told was so, so, so important—money, success, happiness, a youthful boner in old age, a head of full hair—I would joke to them, “According to the charts, I am a real loser—and proud of it, by Jesus!” And they would laugh. And there would be a moment—

*CRANE takes a lighter out of his pocket—an unusual lighter—puts the bowl down and sets the paper in the bowl on fire.*

CRANE: There would be a moment—a moment—when the time and space around us would stop—(sound of brakes) eeerrrh!—hang, inhale, hold—

*CRANE takes an inbreath, then lets it out.*

CRANE:—and my story would lift the dread and fright and exhaustion from their frames, and their faces would rise and loom illuminated, like a billowing bedsheet sun-drying and winded. And then, almost always they would say—in the face of the evidence—in the face of the evidential “me”—the evidence that they had a chance for a hurtful and humbling but exhilarating freedom—they would say something like—(in an accent)—“I am so amazed. But I couldn't. I can't. There's just too much—” And then the list would follow. But for a moment, their terror, their fright at their own heartbeat, went away—

*CRANE holds up the bowl and, standing where he is, joins in the last dancing movements of the BUDDHAS. The BUDDHAS stop dancing and take a bow. Change of light: colder weather. One BUDDHA gets CRANE's bowls, and then the three BUDDHAS exit with all props. CRANE gets back on his bike.*

CRANE: I was enjoying my disappearing act—but it was getting cold, and time was getting close, so it was on to home I headed.

*At full throttle, “Born to be Wild” comes up as CRANE, head down as if he’s racing, rides his bike in circles.*

\* \* \* \* \*

## SCENE 5

*In the transition, MOM and DAD appear as MOM and DAD, wearing half-masks of a colorful design and carrying bowls of Halloween candy. Lights up, music fades out. A doorbell sounds periodically, and MOM and DAD, each with a bowl of candy, go into the audience and hand it out as if the audience were trick-or-treaters. Their lines are suggested—they can improv responses to the audience if needed. CRANE comes to a rest, gets off his bike as if he’s getting off a horse, undresses.*

CRANE: Halloween.

MOM: Happy Halloween.

CRANE: I had arrived home—

DAD: Hey, there!

CRANE:—on Halloween—All Hallows Eve—

MOM: Not too much!

CRANE:—Nutcrack Night—

DAD: Great face!

CRANE:—the next day All Souls Day.

MOM: You going to eat all that?

CRANE: How’s that for allegory?

DAD: A ghost?

CRANE: The ubiquitous “they” say that anyone born on Halloween has the gift of second sight.



MOM and DAD: No tricks here—all treats!

CRANE: 'Twas not I. The last night of the sixth month. My last night of present tense.

*CRANE puts his traveling gear to one side, grabs a bowl and a mask, and joins MOM and DAD, ad libbing as needed. PUCK comes on, trick-or-treat bag in hand, mimes ringing the doorbell, with a mask on: he is eight years old. MOM and DAD stay in the audience and watch.*

PUCK: Trick or treat!

*Taking off his own mask and emptying the bowl into his bag.*

CRANE: You're lucky—my last customer for the night.

PUCK: Oh, great! Thanks.

CRANE: What's the mask?

*PUCK takes it off.*

PUCK: My mom and dad made it—mom doesn't like the ones in the stores. They're over there. Little sister—she can't go by herself. I can.

CRANE: May I?

PUCK: Sure.

*PUCK hands CRANE the mask.*

CRANE: This is great.

*PUCK takes out a candy, eats it.*

PUCK: Yeah. You wanna keep it?

CRANE: I can't—your parents wouldn't like that.

PUCK: Oh, they wouldn't mind. I'm done, anyways. My sister got scared—so we gotta take her home. What's a navel?

CRANE: A navel?

PUCK: Yeah.

CRANE: It's, uh, your bellybutton.

PUCK: Nah-uh. It's an orange. (*disbelieving*) A bellybutton!

CRANE: It's true. Some people look at them a lot.

PUCK: (*looking down at his own*) That's stupid.

CRANE: A lot of people do it.

PUCK: Still stupid.

CRANE: What rhymes with orange?

PUCK: Doorhinge! Knew that one! What's a vena cava?

CRANE: I don't know that one.

PUCK: (*in triumph*) "Either of the two large veins in air-breathing vertebrates that enter into and return blood to the right atrium of the heart." My friend and me are looking at this plastic model of the heart they got in school, you can take it apart and stuff, at recess we take it outside because the teacher lets us—

DAD: (*from the audience*) Hey sport!

PUCK: (*yelling*) Just a minute! (*to CRANE*) And his mother's a doctor and he teaches me how the blood goes into the—

MOM: (*from the audience*) Honey, we have to go!

PUCK: (*yelling*) Okay, okay! (*to CRANE, in a rush*) The blood gets mixed up with air and the good blood comes in and the bad blood goes out and the heart goes ka-choom ka-choom a hundred million times a day and at night too and that's how we stay alive doorhinge orange bellybutton bye!

*PUCK takes the mask back and races off-stage; MOM and DAD walk slowly back onto the stage.*

MOM: Quite a talker, that one.

CRANE: He was telling me all about the good and the bad blood and a doorhinge on your bellybutton.

DAD: Now, that is some philosophy.

*A pause as MOM collects the bowls of candy and masks.*

MOM: It's nice to have you back. Safe. And sound.

DAD: Your mother was worried with you out on the road.

MOM: So was he!

CRANE: I have a lot of adventures to tell you about.

DAD: Tomorrow, then—I've got to hit the hay.

CRANE: Sleep well.

MOM: *(kissing him)* You, too.

*MOM and DAD exit, DAD talking off the bike and other items. CRANE walks downstage center; PUCK enters and comes up behind him.*

CRANE: A most ordinary day in the most ordinary way.

*Lights to night and sleeptime.*

CRANE: I went to sleep "as if"—

PUCK: *(overlapping)* "As if"—

*As CRANE lies down, PUCK kneels, and CRANE, on his back, rests his head against PUCK's knees, as if they were a pillow. PUCK sings to CRANE a verse of a lullaby, in Spanish, gently and sweetly—but also with humor where possible.*

PUCK: Arrorró mi niño / Arrorró mi sol / Arrorró pedazo / De mi Corazon / Arre caballito / Vamos a Belén / Que en Belén acaba / Jesús de nacer

*Then there is a pause, and the lights slowly shift from night to the dawn of day. Very slowly PUCK disengages himself, cradling CRANE's head, then unceremoniously lets it fall to the floor with a clunk. PUCK hovers over CRANE, as at the start of the play. CRANE begins to awaken.*

PUCK: I suppose I should say, "Don't worry." So—don't. Worry. Really. Yes, yes—foggy brain, shake it all about—go ahead, rub your eyes, first right, then left—well, left, then right, if you want—just the way you're supposed to. Dig wax out of ear, pick nose, eat it—why not, it's natural?

CRANE: What—Huh—

PUCK: Inarticulate sounds—yes, good. Fog lifting, dim light glowing. Are you scared?

*CRANE shakes his head no, gets up not quickly, not slowly.*

PUCK: A most ordinary day in the most ordinary way.

CRANE: The first day of the seventh month.

PUCK: And just look at'cha!

CRANE: What should I do?

PUCK: Should do. Shouldn't do.

CRANE: Blessing.

PUCK: Doo-dah.

CRANE: Curse.

PUCK: Doo-doo.

CRANE: Deep.

PUCK: Doo-dah and Doo-doo. Doo-doo and Don't-do—so many possibilities!

*PUCK shrugs his shoulders. They face each other for a moment, then they do a complicated hand-shake routine of their own device. Then PUCK reaches into his pocket and brings out the two stones, which he hands to CRANE. PUCK nods and*

*simply exits. CRANE does the routine again, alone, then stands and faces the audience squarely. Lights begin to fade. Halfway down, CRANE raises his hands; the fade stops, and the lights come back up. He holds the two stones in his palm, and then makes them disappear.*

*As he does this, PUCK, MOM, and DAD come onto the stage and position themselves in separate places. They are going to mime doors that CRANE will open to exit the stage. CRANE hesitatingly makes his way off-stage in full light, a dance of sorts. The movements should show both blessing and curse, reluctance and expectation. He comes to PUCK as the first door, opens, goes through, closes. And he does the same with MOM and DAD.*

*When CRANE has left the stage, PUCK, MOM, and DAD begin dancing as the last refrain of "Born to be Wild" starts low and comes up to full. They don't need to dance separately but can partner, bump against each other, etc. At an agreed-upon moment, the music stops and the three ACTORS stop in whatever position they find themselves and look directly at the audience. Music comes up again for several more seconds, then stops. They dance during it and then stop as well. Look at the audience. A couple of beats of the music; dance, stop, look. Then, without the music, they continue dancing, with increasing frenzy and abandon, as lights fade quickly to black.*