

TYDRUS THE TWIT

A play and opera

By Zeke Virant

CAST

FIGURE 1 / MUSIC

FIGURE 2

FIGURE 3 / ROXY PROXY

FIGURE 4

PRETTY BOY / TYDRUS

PRETTY BOY'S MOM

JONATHAN, has a bad job

CINDY

MANAGER, not the worst job

SAVANNAH

WITCH

ENSEMBLE

Cello

Bass

Percussion

Melodica

Saxophone

Electric Guitar

WHIRLY BIRDS

Electric Guitar

Electric Bass

Drums

STAGE

There are two sets of curtains. One at the front of stage, and the second in the middle of the set. These curtains are to help the audience differentiate between the Tydrus's dream world, and Tydrus's reality.

Scene I.*Dream World.*

Ensemble: Tambourines, sleigh bells, and metallic jing-jangs of all sorts are ringing at 100bpm (eighth notes).

*Both sets of curtains are closed. **Figure 1** and **Figure 2** are standing in front of the front stage curtains. Snow falls.*

1: A toast! To the finest man in all of Hell's barren wastescape!

2: Yes, a drink to the one and only...

12: Roxy Proxy!

2: Babe of Berlin!

1: Baby of Birmingham!

2: The Tick-Tack Toronto—

12: And some!

***Figure 1** and **Figure 2** drink up and then open the front set of curtains to reveal **Roxy Proxy**. The cast and musical ensemble of the opera cheer and clap their hands.*

Bells and cheering fade when Roxy begins talking.

Roxy: Pretties, my pals, everyone. It's so nice to see you this fine evening. Being here tonight gives me an ecstasy that most men would waste on a stupid speech, and I've already got so many of those. So tonight, instead of the usual shit and chips, I want to tell you all a little story.

1: What it's about?

Roxy: It's about... you!

2: And me?

Roxy: It's about everyone. Listen friends, this is a classic, bona-fide freak show where nobody is sure what the fuck is going on until the very end. It's that sort of story that would steal the hearts of the everyone if it wasn't so sad. But boy is it sad! So what do you say? Are you three dreams ready to hear my story?

12: Yeah!

Figure 4 appears at the edge of the stage.

4: C'mon. Let's hear it, Roxy!

Pause. Then sleigh bells come back in.

Roxy: Alright. A long time ago, in a small town right by the Oconee River, there lived a little guy named Pretty Boy. Life was bad for Pretty Boy, but I'll bet you that he didn't know that. You know, sometimes the bottom of the barrel is our only option. But that's neither here nor there. This story starts well before all that.

Roxy walks forward. Figure 4 beats a drum roll on his or her chest while Roxy advances. Figure 4 stops drumming, and then Roxy begins speaking.

Roxy: Listen: it was the searing summer of 1996. Shit was on fire with the boys up in Atlanta, and everyone was singing their praise to the finest bullpen anyone had ever seen. I'm talking about the Atlanta Braves.

1: Glavine!

2: Smoltz!

4: Maddux!

Roxy: And Avery! And with all that smoke right up in the air, a beautiful summer day was opening up for a few young people. They were restless, young... they were the hopeless trash of an old tradition, the talk of a stuttering and stupid child.

2: Really?

Roxy: YES. So welcome to motherfucking Middle Georgia. By God and Jesus Christ, look around but say nothing to anyone. For if you have anywhere to go, any fucking thing to say, I will cut your throat with the bare blade of my finger nails. May the sound of the town ring true.

A bell rings 12 times, 12 o'clock.

Fade to black.

Scene II.

Ensemble and off-stage cast: Laugh or chuckle or make a “mmm” sound (long, short, or all different kinds of laugh noises). Let this go on for a while before the dialogue starts.

Roxy, Figure 1, and Figure 2 stand in front of the mid-stage curtain.

Laughter becomes quieter.

Roxy: The police in the city are all sad.
The girls at church are sad.
They say his name,
They feel his shame,
Pretty Boy, life is bad.

Roxy exits and Figures 1 and 2 pull back the mid-stage curtain to reveal Pretty Boy’s room.

About noon in Pretty Boy’s room.

Pretty Boy and his band, The Whirly Birds, enter Pretty Boy’s room laughing. Music equipment is set up for them to play a song. They plug in and play a song.

Pretty Boy: [*talking to the guitarist*] And she said, “I’m-uh, I’m-uh,” like this girl has a “REAL DEEP VOICE.” You know? She said, “I’m gunna kill every slut in Georgia! I’m gunna beat up that girl! Where the fuck that girl?” And I was like, “Girl, what the fuck you are you talking about?” You know, just like that, “Girl, what the fuck you talking about?” And she was just like, [*deep voice*] SO PISSED. [*pointing to the bassist*] You know how she do, “WHY YOU GOTTA TALK THAT SHIT, PRETTY BOY?”

Bassist: Beetlejuice!

Pretty Boy: Oh yeah! Beetlejuice!

Bassist: Man, Pretty Boy, y’all used to yell that down the hallway everyday. “Beetlejuice!”

Pretty Boy: Man, that’s because she used to beat my ass up. I wouldn’t be making fun of her if she was a nice girl. You know, cause I’d be outside eating Skittles, and that girl would just come out and be all, “HEY PRETTY BOY, LET ME EAT SOME” [*do*]

a non-energetic punch and make a punching noise “Pow” or something] and just punch me and shit!

Drummer and Guitarist start playing a little bit and overwhelm Pretty Boy’s talking.

Pretty Boy: We was friends, though, cause I let her cheat off me in Coach Allen’s class. She’d be like, “HEY PRETTY BOY, LET ME SEE THAT TEST,” and snatch that shit off my desk.

Guitarist and Drummer start playing song, “Fuck You! (I’m the Man).” Bassist and Pretty Boy join in. Musicians and actors playing in the band should collectively write this song... it can be a bad song.

Pretty Boy: [*singing*] I’m a woman, I’m a woman, I’m a man!
I’m tough, you look at me, ya say “Damn!”

I’m a problem, I’m a mother, I’m a fool
I’m cool, I’m cooler than you, so fuck you!

I’m motherfucking hot shit, I’m hot shit, motherfucker!
I rule the world, freight driving semitrucker

Loud guitar solo’ing ensues. Pretty Boy’s Mom barges in.

Mom: Pretty Boy, what the hell do you think you’re doing?—

Pretty Boy: [*repeat this line while mom talks*] Calm down, mom.

Mom: I’m so sorry, boys, but Pretty Boy is supposed to be looking for a job, and.... of course, he’s here playing his old “motherfucker” songs!

Pretty Boy: Listen, mom! I’m just playing some music, now and then I was going to go downtown and I’m going look for a job and—

Mom: [*interrupting*] Pretty Boy, you’re walking a dangerous rhythm.

Pretty Boy: Can y’all get the hell out of here?

The band members slowly exit.

Mom: [*Pretty Boy starts saying stuff like, “Chill mom,” underneath his mother’s squawking*] No, no, let them listen! This is what happens when you bear beautiful

children! I try to ask him just one little favor, and then, OH LOOK. See? He looks at me like I'm a daft, old chicken! Bock! Bock! Bock! [*acts like a chicken*]

Pretty Boy: [*pushing his Mom out of his room*] Get the hell out of here!

Mom: [*offstage*] When I come back you better be wearing a three-piece suit and working overtime! You hear me, Pretty Boy? A three-piece suit with cuffs and the words "Successful Job Interview" written all over it!

Pretty Boy: [*deep sighs*] Man. Why is she so crazy? How am I supposed to get a job with that kind of shit? Shit. [*mumbles some things and falls asleep*]

Figures and Ensemble: Make and hold a humming noise while clicking your tongue.

Figures 1, 2, and 3 close the mid-stage curtain behind Pretty Boy

1: [*to the audience*] We three dreams have gathered here today to mourn the failure of a young man named Pretty Boy. With his good looks and high school diploma, Pretty Boy was promising to be a bold character in the working world. But Pretty Boy would not assimilate into the realities of hard work. [*looking at Pretty Boy*] Just look at him.

2: Worthless.

3: And lazy.

Together: [*at Pretty Boy*] Hey stupid!

1: The totem pole called!

2: He wants his brain back.

3: Blockhead.

1: [*to the audience*] Until one day, he wasn't pretty anymore!

2: [*to the audience*] Girls ran away from his flabby body.

3: [*to the audience*] And children prayed for bricks to rain from the heavens and kill them.

1: [*to Pretty Boy*] Just so they could escape *your* presence!

Together: Because you're worthless, Pretty Boy!

Figures assemble around Pretty Boy.

Figures: Some make some ghostly noises loudly rising in volume as the dreams exit and then stop suddenly as when Pretty Boy wakes up. One few others start loudly, whispering "Wake up, Pretty Boy. Wake up." in different variations.

Mom enters.

Mom: Wake up, Pretty Boy! Wake up, you damn bum child!

Pretty Boy wakes up screaming.

Black out.

Scene III.

A bell rings 5 times, 5 o'clock.

Afternoon downtown.

*Mid-stage curtain is drawn to reveal
Jonathan sitting and drinking from a flask.
Offstage, **Pretty Boy** starts singing.*

Pretty Boy: [offstage at first] Improvise a song using the words, "Mind," "Thing," "Nothing," "Shit," "Thing," and "Brain." Pace or hop or jump around the stage speaking each word quickly in different patterns, repetitions, all sorts of ways. Interrupt yourself with outbursts when you feel a pull towards outbursts. Sing each word as a quarter note or within one beat at 150 beats per minute.

***Pretty Boy** enters singing his song.*

Jonathan: [*slaps **Pretty Boy***] Hey! Snap out of it.

Pretty Boy: Don't you fucking slap me.

Jonathan: Lots of real world shit happening, right?

Pretty Boy: I got this huge brain and it's driving me crazy!

Jonathan: And you think you really need a job?

Pretty Boy: I *need* a job.

Jonathan: If you want to get a job, then you got to stop acting like a crazy motherfucker.

Pretty Boy: Alright! [***Pretty Boy** holds his breath*]

Jonathan: That's better. Hold your breath and count to ten.

***Pretty Boy** lets out his air and takes a big swig out of **Jonathan's** flask and puts it in his pocket.*

Jonathan: Now let me teach you a thing I like to call work edicate. All you got to do is follow this one rule, and you got it.

Pretty Boy: Alright.

Jonathan: Every time I say something, I want you to say, "Sure." or "Yeah." Got that?

Pretty Boy: “Yeah.”

Jonathan: So.... “Are you feeling okay?—”

Pretty Boy: [*on top of Jonathan’s lines*] Sure sure, sure, sure.

Jonathan: “You’re feeling better?—”

Pretty Boy: Yeah yeah yeah, better, sure, yeah.

Jonathan: “If you want to talk about it, I’m sure—”

Pretty Boy: Yeah yeah yeah, sure, whatever, fucking what do you want me to do?

Jonathan: Go get a job, a fucking real job. Not this shit on stick you’re looking at in the newspaper. I’m talking about going into a store, and saying, “Hi. I am looking for a job.”

Pretty Boy: “Well son, what kind of job?”

Jonathan: “Any job, sir.” And then they say, “What are you good at, boy?”

Pretty Boy: “Well sir, I got a high school diploma, and I am good at talking to people.”

Jonathan: “Great, I think we can use you. How does working in sales sound to you?”

Pretty Boy: “Oh wow, sales?”

Jonathan: Yeah, man! You’re a... Sales Associate. You’re fucking on fire, son, like the whole world wants your ass in the back of a store stacking shit on a shelf.

Pretty Boy: Whoa, man! Slow down.

Jonathan: Nah, brother! I’m talking, this is the first time in your life that anybody is counting on your ass, and you got to get that shit stacked because your boss is an asshole, and we don’t want no assholes winning in our neighborhood, right?

Pretty Boy: That’s right.

Jonathan: Because when you get home from work, you’re gonna hate him. And if you don’t work and that asshole gets a reason to call you lazy, then you’re going to hate yourself. And you’ll keep thinking about it... that fat fucking man with his short-sleeve button down shirt, his flaky bald head standing over your ass... for sixty dollars a day? Oh no. Look! You’re letting your work follow you home. How did you get here, Pretty Boy? What are you doing in this shitty place, Pretty Boy?

Pretty Boy: Chill out! I've never had this sort of pressure, man!

Jonathan: I know. But this is real world, man. That asshole is winning! He's winning, man!

Pretty Boy: Wait... [*cymbals*] I hear something... Is that a lady?

Jonathan: What?

Pretty Boy: Sorry, I got to talk to this girl.

Jonathan: Are you kidding me? Pretty Boy... man, you're fucking stupid, Pretty Boy.

Pretty Boy: Where are you going?

Jonathan: I got to go to work.

Pretty Boy: Then I'll see you later.

Jonathan: Man, whatever.

Jonathan exits. Cindy enters with cymbals strapped to her boots/shoes/feet apparatus.

Pretty Boy: You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.
Your eyes, silhouettes wrapped by candle's glow.
You're beautiful sunrise,
you're beautiful snow.

Golden girl,
I give you flowers and leaves,
draw circles on the ground and around each other.
I like you, Cindy.

Cindy: Hey Pretty Boy! What you doing around here?

Pretty Boy: Girl, I am looking for a job.

Cindy: Oh yeah? That's what I'm doing. I got two already.

Pretty Boy: Shit! Can I have one?

Cindy: Fuck no!

Pretty Boy: Okay.

Cindy: I tell you what, it's one thing that you're so pretty, boy, but you're a lousy freeloading fuck up. Ain't got brain for shit.

Pretty Boy: Thanks Cindy.

Cindy: What are you doing tonight?

Pretty Boy: I'm going go downtown, baby. I got three things on my mind.

Cindy: Yeah? What's that?

Pretty Boy: Pretty Boy needs some sweets, some cigarettes, and a girlfriend, baby.

Cindy: Oh yeah?

Pretty Boy: Yeahhhh! Let me tell you. First, we'll go out to eat, anywhere my girl wants to go. We don't have to wait in line, so we just sit down and order, you know, I'm just going to have a drink cause I'm making my pose, girl. I smoke my cigarette and she's eating a salad, and I start talking about her friends, you know, casual so she don't have to try too hard, you know, she gets to play it cool. But that's when I ask her, "So what's your boyfriends name?" Ooo! She's upset! Too cool, girl. I need you hot!

Cindy: What you want with that girl?

Pretty Boy: What do you want? What are you doing tonight?

Cindy: Well, you know. I ain't got nothing to do.

Pretty Boy: Yeah, I know. What do you want to do?

Cindy: Nothing.

Oppressive room lights come on.

Manager enters with Jonathan following.

Manager: Follow me. So the delivery people are having problems moving stuff in here because this path is too crowded. So, if you could just put everything in a box and stack it... Well.

Jonathan: I'll find some space.

Manager: Okay. Yeah, see if you can find some room somewhere, and let me know if you need any help, if you need to take a break.

Jonathan: Alright.

Manager: Thanks, Jonathan.

Jonathan: Yep.

Manager: If you need any help, umm.

Jonathan: Alright.

Manager exits. Jonathan starts picking up objects and putting them into boxes, then takes a break and reaches for his flask. It's gone.

Jonathan: Asshole. Well... Oh well. I guess I'll just have me a drink to start this all off.... Wait. Where'd my flask go?

Black out.

A bell rings 10 times, 10 o'clock.

Ensemble and off-stage: Beginning when the bell starts ringing, laugh softly.

Nighttime downtown.

Pretty Boy and Cindy enter. They have been drinking.

Pretty Boy: Oh baby, I'm drunk like a skunk in Goonsville.

Cindy: That's alright, baby. Momma's going to keep you alright tonight.

Pretty Boy: Alright, momma. Momma?

Cindy: What do you want, Pretty Boy?

Pretty Boy: Momma, I would like a whisky or some wine or a little bit of beer.

Cindy: Oh now, Pretty Boy, you done said you were drunk. Why do you want some wine or whisky when you got me?

Pretty Boy: Baby, it's because I would like some more of you, because I like you so much, and I want to take you out.

Cindy: Tell momma more.

Pretty Boy: Baby, you're like a tall glass, and I want you to shine gold with a good beer, girl. I want you to swim into my eyes, and together with me, weave a wedding bond between my man and your woman. I want you, momma.

Cindy: That sounds fine Pretty Boy, but you ain't got no money, and momma don't want to have to pay forty dollars for you to take her out, baby. She wants Pretty Boy to be paying for his own drinks.

Laughter fades out.

Pretty Boy: Now baby, I know that I am not smart. Okay. I get it. I know that I am poor, and that I do not have a job.

Cindy: Mmhmm.

Pretty Boy: When I look outside, I see a whole world of things that I cannot do because I am poor, and I am stupid.

Cindy: Oh Pretty Boy, don't say that. You're smart!

Pretty Boy: Oh, but baby, I am stupid. I am a fucking idiot. I walk down the street with almost nothing going through my head. I don't give a shit about work, I don't care about the government, I don't even know what a metaphor is. But baby when I wake up in the morning, I look in the mirror and I know what I want, and that's why I am taking you out tonight. [*takes out Jonathan's flask of whiskey*]

Cindy: Oooo! Where the hell did you get that?

Pretty Boy: I told you, momma, Pretty Boy is going to take you out! [*starts chugging whiskey*]

Cindy: Oh baby! Where are we going?

Pretty Boy: You lead the way, momma.

Cindy: But baby.

Pretty Boy: Yeah?

Cindy: Where are we going?

Pretty Boy: [*finishing whiskey*] Momma, take me to the opera!

Pretty Boy blacks out and falls down.

Cindy: Pretty Boy! Are you alright? Oh shit! Pretty Boy, wake up. Wake up! Pretty Boy, wake up!

*Figures 1, 2, and 3 draw the mid-stage curtain behind **Pretty Boy**'s body, blocking **Cindy** out of the scene.*

Bowed Bass and Cello: Play and sustain the lowest F# as soon as **Pretty Boy** falls down. Cello stops when Sax and Percussion begin procedure **A1** in scene 4. Bass continues sustaining the F# until noted.

1: Are we three dreams all met?

2 & 3: Yes, and all the world with us.

1: And so we are. I want to say something.

2: I feel...

1: Great. If the whole world were chopping wood, I'd be walking through my horizontal forest with a smile and a fine foolish story to sing out to the whole world. I'd call it, "Here's to the Homeland: Stories From Hell on Earth."

2: Hell yes, and here's to you, a man or woman with the great gift of good living. Everything here is yours to have.

1: Thank you, my friend. I find you maybe the most or easily the finest person I've met today. Thank you for being alive.

I walks away.

3: Friends, today is a new day. It is a day of deliverance that will seem perfect to us years after this moment has passed.

2: And with a simple recollection of this *feeling* we will gain control of our entire being. It is a day continuing, where the question will be reconceived as the quest and our goals will be a new way of saying...

2 & 3: "Hey, let's go out and get it."

3: God.

2: Let's get

3: God.

***Pretty Boy** halfway awakens into his dream.*

Pretty Boy: What the fuck is going on? Who are you?

23: Shhh...

3: Go back to sleep. We have crafted a special dream for you, Pretty Boy.

2: Yes, Pretty Boy. We three dreams have a sweet surprise.

Pretty Boy: What?

3: But you need to sleep, Pretty Boy. Go back to sleep, Pretty Boy. This is all just a dream. It is all just a dream.

Figures 2 and 3 exit. Pretty Boy has a dream.

Scene IV.*Dream World.*

(A1) Bowed Bass and Cello: Continue playing and sustaining the lowest F#. Cello stops when Sax and Percussion begin. Bass continues.

(A2) Sax and Percussion: One member of the trio chooses a number between 2 and 9. Count to that number and then cue the ensemble to play a staccato, loud, low note. Choose a different number and continue to repeat process. Play your same note or drum every time. When Music begins talking, choose numbers between 7 and 20.

(A3) Cello: Begin playing anytime after the first hit of the sax/percussion. Play an ominous low F# for more than 3 seconds. Rest for a moment, then play another F# for more than 3 seconds. Then play a G that's an octave and a half step higher for ten seconds.

*In the dark, both curtains are opened. Lights go up to reveal **Figure 1**, playing the character of **Music**.*

Music: Many years ago, there was a Queen named Savannah. She was a fool, a beautiful and powerful tyrant and a lover of fine wines. She drank at night, she drank by light. She drank and acquired one of the world's largest wine cellars.

(A4) Cello: Play a low Eb. When you feel the time is right, lift your finger off the C string for a moment to allow the low C to be played and then put your finger back down on the low Eb. Repeat this pull-off and hammer-on procedure. Go up by half-steps on the C string whenever you feel the time is right. Keep the sound constant.

Ya, huh? But she wanted more. She wanted a finer wine, the drunk for all time: she wanted to drink a wine of mine. Hello. My name is music, the God of Melancholy, and yes, I make the world's finest wine. So when Savannah finally came to me, she did not say "Hello," or "May I have a sip of your wine?" Savannah looked at me and said, "Music, give me your wine." So I gave her my cup, the sacred Cup of Melancholy.

(A5) Sax, Guitar & Drum: Play and sustain one note (do a roll) and crescendo, then return to procedure **A2**. Guitar joins sax and drum on procedure **A2**.

She drank deeply. And after a minute of ecstasy, she started to cry. She thrashed and cursed. She fell to the ground and looked at the sky. Savannah had a revelation, and she sang her first song: the Song of Eternal Life.

(A6) Sax, Guitar & Drum: Play and sustain one note (do a roll) and crescendo, then return to procedure **A2**.

(A7) Music and Savannah: When Music moves his or her hands, this cues Savannah to sing and hold a note. Choose a new note each time you are cued.

Savannah enters.

I said, “Savannah, you will live forever. You may drink again, but be warned: your songs may not always be so lovely.” Oh, but she drank again. [*singing a note*] Oooh! [*talking*] Savannah, this time she was in a fit! She leaped and screamed and clawed at the dirt. Her eyes rolled back and she spoke in tongues. Then, Savannah sang her second song: the Song of the Spirit.

(A8) Sax, Guitar & Drum: Play and sustain one note (do a roll) and crescendo, then return to procedure.

(A9) Music, Savannah, and Tydrus: When Music moves his or her hands, this cues Savannah and Tydrus to sing and hold a note. Choose a new note each time you are cued.

Tydrus enters.

I said, [*cue for Figure 4 and Figure 5*] “Savannah, you can now talk directly to God. Every word you say is acknowledged. You may drink again if you please, but you have been warned.” This time, she jumped at me snarling. “You fool!” she said, “now I am a god just like you! Give me your cup! Go to Hell!” And with that, she leapt upon me and pushed me to the ground.

(A10) ALL: The drummer plays a drum roll while Music raises his or her hands. As Music raises his or her hands, the Figures, Savannah, and Tydrus sing a note that rises in volume and pitch, the drummer plays louder, and the rest of the musical ensemble plays a note that gets louder.

Then, Music cues the drummer to hit a cymbal and the CHORUS to sing their next lines.

(A11) Cello and Bass: Play along with next Chorus lines. Hold last note after the Chorus has been cut off and crescendo loudly. Then suddenly stop playing.

CAST: (Sa-van-nah.* Sa-van-nah.*)

(A12) Ensemble: Make percussive noises in with your mouth. For example: clicking your tongue, smacking lips, sucking saliva.

Music: With one final gulp, the Queen finished my cup of wine. [*singing*] Ohhh! [*talking*] Savannah started to sing a sad song: the Song of Melancholy. She stared at the ground and moaned into herself, her head tilted and her shoulders tightened. I said, “Savannah, you are now blind of sunlight. You will see no light except the stars and fire. You will feel no sunlight on your skin. You are lost.” And with that, she wept.

Many years have passed, and Savannah is still the queen of these lands. Her kingdom is crumbling around her and her wits are lost. At her side, we find another young hero in love with the Queen, a particularly stupid lad named Tydrus.

Fade out procedure **A12**.

Figures 2 and 3 enter during the second stanza of Music's singing, "MUSE OF LIGHT." M23ST = Music, Figure 2, Figure 3, Savannah, and Tydrus.

Music: [singing] Oh, nay, nay, nay, nay, no, no
Oh, no, no, no, no, oh no, oh no

Oh, nay, nay, nay, nay, no, no
Oh, no, no, no, no, oh no, oh no

M23ST: (Night.* No more light.*)

Music: [singing] Oh, no, no, no, no, oh no
Oh, nay, nay, nay, nay, oh no, oh no

(A13) Cello and Bass: Play along with next singing lines. Hold last note (the third "Shine") a little longer than the singers and crescendo loudly.

M23ST: (Star light shine.* Shine.*)

Savannah: Like lovers do, or lovers don't,

Figure 2: Like nothing's true, like nothing's false,

Figure 3: Like singing blues, like birdies call,

Tydrus: It's all day shining, it's all night lost.

All: Why are we here?

Savannah: To sing!

Figure 2: To lie!

Figure 3: To die!

Tydrus: To fly!

All: No!

Savannah: The new day is black.

Figure 2: The world is a

Figure 3: The world is a

Figure 2: is a

Tydrus: is night.

All: Night. Beautiful world. Give it a chance!

Savannah falls to the ground and starts crying. Tydrus tries to comfort her.

Tydrus: Savannah, you fill my heart with joy rich as heaven itself. Why do you cry?

Savannah: Tydrus, you are mine. And even as the blackest night surrounds me, your eyes light and love me through the halls of Hell, this is true. But I am still in Hell. This world of nothing drowns me. And then, like a child, it shoos me on, like a child, learning my sorrows, again and again.

Tydrus: Lay with me, and I will not leave. I will be the night of your sleep, the sun of your evenings.

Savannah and Tydrus lay down together.

Music: [*singing*] Sing the song, the song of night
Morning starlight
Muse, I'm muse, the song of night
Light is shining

M23: Oh.*

Music: [*singing*] Queen of all divine and right
Light will see you
Man of God of love by night
Light will see you

(A14) Cello, Bass: Play along with the CHORUS for their next two singing lines. Sustain your last note a few seconds longer than the CHORUS.

M23: Oh.* The world is* white.*

(White. Bea-ti-ful world.* White.*)

Figure 2, Figure 3, and Music make clicking noises and exit.

(A15) Guitar: Play entirely on the high E string with index finger. Do not slide between notes. Softly play a note of the E major scale and begin counting to a number between 5 and 12. When you reach a number you like, play a new note count until you reach a number between 5 and 12.

(A16) Melodica: Play notes an octave above Middle C only. Choose a number between 4 and 9. Slowly count to that number and then play and hold any note of the E minor scale. Continue to repeat process.

Tydrus: Oh Savannah, I love you more and more each minute.

(A17) Bass: Begin playing **A15**, except choosing a number between 8-20.

You've given me so much of you, every part of you. Why, your smile is like a forest of fine thoughts growing.

Savannah: How I burn for you, dear Tydrus.

Tydrus: And your eyes, they are beauteous pearls.

Savannah: Oh yes. String me up.

Tydrus: And your kiss, [*kisses Savannah*] it is the taste of heaven.

Savannah: Yes, Jesus, yes.

Tydrus: Yes... I have never been happier.

Savannah: But you are a strong warrior who has tasted glory equal to God. Surely something has made you happier than little old me.

Tydrus: Nay, Savannah. Not even God is this happy.

Melodica stops playing.

(A18) Cello: Cello plays a low note and holds it. Use your own judgment to slowly crescendo and decrescendo and add vibrato to note.

Tydrus: [*cue: anytime during cello*] What is it?

(A19) Sax: Wait a few moments after Tydrus' line, then play a long note (any octave) and crescendo slightly before descendoing. Hold for as long as you comfortably can. Repeat.

Savannah: [cue: anytime during Sax note] Tydrus.

Tydrus: What is it?

(A20) Guitar: Play a soft, slow melody using the following rules.

1. Play everything on the high E String between the 2nd and 12th fret.
2. Using only your index finger, but do not slide/glissando.
3. Ascending melodies move in half steps or whole steps.
4. Descending melodies move in half steps, whole steps or minor thirds.

Savannah: Tydrus.

(A21) Melodica: Play a soft, slow melody using the following rules.

1. Ascending movement is in whole steps, with one exception*.
2. Descending movement is in half steps or whole steps.
3. *Ascending movement can be in half steps if following a whole-step descending note.
4. Only play notes an octave above Middle C. Keep pedal held down.

Music enters.

Music: [singing] Oh, nay, nay, nay, nay, no, no
Oh, no, no, no, no, oh no, oh no

M23: (Ty-drus.*)

Music wraps his or her arms around Savannah and possesses her. Music is speaking in the voice of Savannah.

Cello stops playing.

(A22) Sax: Play a Middle B for more than 5 seconds.

Music: [speak-sing the following words on the following pitches: "B, D, Eb"] Tydrus. I tried to tell you. I tried to say, "No." No I do not love you. No. I can't say nothing. I can't speak, I can't think. No. I. Want to say. I won't say nothing. But I can't think. No. When I'm alone, I think, Tydrus. Tydrus. Tell me. Tell me. What you think. Tell me do you know what I mean. Tell me if. Tell me if. Tell me if.

Savannah: [speaking over Music's line, say this within Music's lines] I don't know, Tydrus. Sometimes things don't work out.

Tydrus: Yeah.

Savannah: Sometimes things don't work out. I don't know, Tydrus.

Savannah kisses Tydrus. Tydrus exits.

Melodica stops playing.

(A23) Guitar: Play a little solo using instructions from procedure **A20**.

(A24) Cello: Play 8 notes ascending. Sustain your last note and cut off with **Music** singing "Love! Love!"

+

Guitar: Tremolo a D while cello plays 8 notes.

+

Sax: Sustain an E while cello plays 8 notes.

+

Melodica: Sustain D and E while cello plays 8 notes.

+

Percussion: Sustain a soft roll on a drum while cello plays.

Music: [*singing with the cello's last note*] Love! Love!

Blackout.

Scene V: Village. Afternoon

(B1) Percussion: Play a slow, soft roll on a low drum (timpani, floor tom, bass drum, etc.) using mallets. Play until noted.

+

Ensemble and offstage actors: Sparingly alternate between three noises: make clicking noises with your tongue, clicking noises with spit against the side of your mouth, or take a deep, long sigh. Make noises until noted.

Figure 2 and Figure 3 enter pushing an apple cart. They stop and begin eating old, moldy apples throughout the rest of the scene. The chewing, biting and swallowing of apples punctuate their speech.

2: Apples for sale! Fresh and sweet.

3: Can't be beat.

2: Good for choking.

3: But better to eat.

Eat some apple.

(B2) Guitar: Softly sustain 1 note by using tremolo.

+

Sax: Starting from a low note, play an ascending 13-note phrase and then release the pedal suddenly.

(B3) Melodica, Guitar, Cello, Sax, Bass: Play a 7-note ascending line independent of each other. Hold each note longer than 2 seconds.

(B4) Bass: Immediately finishing previous procedure, play a note and follow it with its octave (higher). Each time you play a note and its octave, hold one of the notes for more than 3 seconds and one for less than 3 seconds.

(B5) Cello: After the bass starts procedure **B4**, softly play a note and hold it.

Percussion: Fade out.

2: Oh my, this day is cool. Wind is blowing, the sun is showing.

3: And I'm good.

2: Oh yes. Me too.

3: I would like nothing more than to spend my entire day right here.

Nothing happens.

- 2: I feel bad for Tydrus, though. That queen really broke his heart. And now he doesn't know whether to cry or just kill something.
- 3: Ahh. The guy has a sword the size of his penis. Like a storm, it brews with and against.
- 2: Yes, an awful thorn in the flesh.

Nothing happens.

- 3: Tydrus... if only he were here. We could try to cheer him up.
- 2: Ya.

Nothing happens.

- 3: Oh
- 2: Oh
- 3: Oh
- 2: Oh
- 3: Oh

(B6) Percussion: Hit a drum loudly 5 five times.

(B7) Cello: Move your note from procedure **B5** up a whole step.

Enter Tydrus.

(B8) Bass: Choose a different note for procedure **B4**.

(B9) Sax, Melodica, Cello: Play together with a member of ensemble queuing notes. Starting with any note, play an ascending line. Play each note for more than 5 seconds. Continue to ascend until impossible then begin to descend, playing each note for more than 5 seconds.

- Tydrus:** Woe, the world is gray—hard, humid. My heart flinches like a beaten child, it's bobbling. I see a girl and I'm just... bah! Minor made large! Music made soul! Every emotion torrential and bad. [*noticing 1 and 2*] Oh god, just my luck. I'm surrounded by the worst runts in town!
- 2: Boy! My best friend, Tydrus.

- Tydrus:** No, you both, leave me alone. Both of you, please.
- 2:** Slow yourself.
- 3:** Come now. You're being silly.
- Tydrus:** Oh no...
- 2:** Please, save your heat for listening.
- 3:** Tydrus. Your heart is heavy, so it's said... you're sad.
- 2:** Ohhhhh!
- 3:** Lord, it's a plain fact! You should embrace it! You'll feel fine and everyone will understand WITH you!
- Tydrus:** Oh shut up. You fools push me and pull my hair this town and around. Why, it was just last week you two sold me a new kind of "hairy apple," but later I found it was just moldy.

Ensemble start fading out procedure **B9**.

- 2:** Nay [*or "No"*]!
- 3:** Come now, Tydrus. Do you claim crap on us?
- Tydrus:** Why, everything you say is crap. You crap and crap and would fake a stumble just to stomp on my toes.
- 2:** Shhh....

(B10) All except Tydrus: Make and sustain shushing noise. "Shhhhhh..."

3 slaps Tydrus.

(B11) Percussion: Hit a drum 14 times.

While Percussion plays, Tydrus fights and pins 3 to the ground. While on top of 3, Tydrus holds his breath as long as he can. 2 pulls Tydrus off of 3.

(B13) Guitar and Melodica: Start by clapping slowly and softly and as scene progresses, clap louder and quicker but never overwhelming the dialogue.

2: Brothers, now, now. We must not fight. Tydrus. Your heart is warm. Rageful. You give out emotions that stab.

Tydrus: I am sorry my friends. [*take another deep breath and hold as long as you can or until you have to say your next line*]

3: No...

(B14) Figure 2 and 3: Everytime you say "Yes," touch Tydrus with an apple—sometimes by throwing an apple at Tydrus. Clapping fades when Tydrus says, "Love, I want love!"

2: Be cool, Tydrus. What you feel is too hot. Everything you do is sly and sexual. Come now, just drop it. Your temperature, it's that feeling of mother hating and fed by your charm. Yes, you say it loud enough and it sounds like love, but come now, say it low and regal and it sounds stupid. Yes. Say it.

Tydrus: I'm sad.

2: Yes. Sore and lost. Losing end of love's smile—nay—it's a grin.

3: Good Lord, look at yourself, boy! Shout it out loud!

Tydrus: I'm sad!

3: Yes! This is no time to be proud—boy, you got a slice of body and being—you can look outside! Say it loud!

Tydrus: I'm sad!

2: Yes! You go everywhere and nobody knows what you want. What do you want? Say it.

3: Yes, Tydrus. It's seeing a single leaf, knowing it will fall and watching it fall. What do you want?

2: Make her yours.

3: [*singing*] Love!

2: What do you want?

Tydrus: Love! I want to love!

3: Then you must prove your love.

2: Go to the forest and seek out an ancient witch. Only she possesses the cure for your queen.

3: A potion made from the light of her magical crystal.

2: You must beware. She will try to trick you and craft her awful will.

Tydrus: I am not afraid.

2: Yes, Tydrus! It is your destiny! Go! Off into the wild! Let love lead your way!
Go!

Ensemble: Everyone plays a random note. Sustain and a crescendo, and then break off suddenly into laughter after Tydrus exits.

Tydrus exits.



(B16) Repeat figure until noted.

2: You know. It's ah fickle bit of fat, but sure enough, since we're all alone, I'm sad, too.

3: Oh my dear brother, life can put you in such odd ways. It will take the ten things you love most about the world and create such a noise that all you love will become but the ten things you hate the most.

2: And everything that you are will become thunder and then forever lost.

(B17) Percussion: Begin playing a soft, arrhythmic beat on a low drum.

3: Yes.

Cello and Percussion fade out together.

Silence, then fade to black. In the dark,

(B18) Everyone: Begin with only one person blowing on a bottle twice, and then on the third time, everyone blows with them. Then everyone can blow on bottles whenever they want throughout the rest of the scene. Use all sorts of different glass bottles.

Time.

(B19) Sax: Together with cello. Play a loud note (same note) almost as long as you can. If you finish first, wait for cello to finish their note and then count to a number greater than four and play a different, lower note almost as long as you can.

+

Cello: Together with the sax. Hold your breath and then play a loud note (same note as sax) as long as you can hold your breath. Wait for sax to cue you, then play a different, lower note as long as you can hold your breath.

Scene VI: The Witch's Den. Witching hour.

(C1) Musical Ensemble and Figures: Each person chooses one or two actions and sparingly performs them while scene changes and witch gives her first monologue.

Flutter lips, whistle, lightly shriek, bumble, buzz, grunt, moan, hum, make clicks with your tongue, grumble, yawn, and spit. Choose a few of those.

A Witch is consulting a crystal. The Witch is in a trance rubbing the crystal while Figures 1, 2, and 3 circle and make noises.

Witch: [in *trance*] I can see,
 In the shit I shit,
 I see a twit.

A young man. Oh this one is stupid indeed. We'll have a wild rhythm to dangle these old breasts! Oh yes, yes! Witches! Let us prepare for a visitor!

Figures 1, 2, and 3 dance with The Witch.

(C2) Ensemble: Together, play two notes with the 2nd note being higher than the 1st. Repeat your two notes for how many times the score says, then change your two notes.

Score: 4, 2, 3, 1, 5 repeat however many times you need.

(C3) Percussion: A drum roll builds speed and volume while the witches dance. To end the dance, hit a crash, and then do a fast drum roll on a snare for a second or two.

Witch and Figures laugh.

(C4) Bass, Cello, Bass Clarinet/Sax, Drum: One member of the trio chooses a number between 2 and 9. Count to that number and then cue the ensemble to play a staccato, loud, low note. Choose a different number and continue to repeat process. Play your same note or drum every time.

Tydrus enters.

Witch: Tydrus.

Tydrus: Guten tag.

Witch: Hero. Grand and mighty warrior, what do you have to say for yourself?

Tydrus: Don't flatter me, dog. I am not afraid of you. I came here for a potion.

Witch: A potion? Well, we don't just give away our potions out here. We need a commitment. We need something... big.

Tydrus: Like what?

Witch and Figures make kissing noises.

Witch: I don't know. How about a...

Tydrus: A joke? Listen, Witch, I'm not a bright man, but I'm not going to work this out with you. I've come to cure Queen Savannah and I want nothing else of your trickery.

Witch: Ha ha ha ha. A cure? Let me think—oh!

(C5) Cello: Play and sustain an A until noted: the cue is when after the witch exits.

Yes. It's very simple. [*showing crystal to Tydrus*] I want you to look at my crystal. Yes, come on! I want you to see it in a different way, all sorts of different ways. But you need to follow a few steps. First. You have to look into yourself, into that pretty, petty heart you have.

Tydrus: Step off, hag!

Witch: Tehehehehehe! But come on now. At least give it a try.

Tydrus: Alright. But I warn you, I am not afraid to fight.

Witch: Yes, look at the crystal. Do you see it? Now. Second. Imagine that your queen's tears are little beams of light falling between her eyes and her heart. There's the spark!

Tydrus: Be quiet!

Witch: Yes, now... last. Imagine, if you if you could capture her gloomy glow, see... then you'd be a POet... oh! and a hero, someone who is capable of loving a woman!

Tydrus: I order you to be quiet!

Witch: But you're a blind, blubbering fool, Tydrus. Tydrus! Tydrus!

Tydrus: [*pulling weapon*] I asked for your assistance, not chides and trash, you shriveled goat!

Witch: Fool!**

*When the **Witch** says “Fool!”, **Tydrus** falls over and then exits.*

(C6) Figures: Right when the Witch says “Fool,” scream very loudly and then sing “AHHs” changing pitch each time the witch moves arms. (** Denote arms movement.)

Witch: **I told you to LOOK CLOSER. **But since you’re blinded by love, **I’ll tell you what I see. I see a power hunger tyrant in his thin youth. **So I’m going to fatten you up and let the world see what you really are. A **fat, **arrogant **beast.

CHORUS: (All hail Ty-drus* Ty-rant* Long live Ty-drus*)

*The **Witch** vanishes.*

Ensemble sounds fade away.

Tydrus: Vanished! She has vanished and left my wrath dancing with her demonic charades. Truly I am a fool—mocked and defeated, my body locked in childish hate. Oh sun, do not dawn! Let me not live to see myself true in your fine light!

*The remaining **Figures 1, 2, and 3** encircle **Tydrus** and start bocking and acting like chickens.*

3: Shh....

***Figures** stop acting like chickens.*

1: What’s wrong?

***Figure 3** puts a hand on **Tydrus**’s shoulder.*

3: Come now, Tydrus. You’re not a child anymore.

***Chorus 1** comforts **Tydrus**, too.*

1: Shh... a strong dragon like you mustn’t be seen like this.

2: He’s such a big chicken.

1: You’re a new man. Your eyes have a great stillness now. You have a great wind growing under your wings, yet such control of your emotions. Every one will notice it. You’re going to get so big and strong and smart.

Tydrus: Me? Smart?

1: You'll be brilliant.

Two Improvisers enter.

(C7) Witches: Sustain a humming unison while clicking your tongue.

+

Sax and Melodica:

Sax: Listen carefully. Perform to accommodate the other improviser. Try to find a perfect musical idea that will allow a balanced but independent polyphony of sound and personality.

Melodica: Focus on the problems you have with your musical partner's improvisation. Perform a critique, or rather, an opposing improvisation. Try to communicate your critique by demonstrating musical examples for your partner.

Witches' dialogue is spoken while Improvisers perform.

2: Tydrus. The world as you like it does not like you. It thinks that you are stupid. And the people that you love, they have not loved you. They will not love you—not as a dragon. They want you to live in shame and secret. They would want you to live in a cave. But we want you to be you. We want you to be Tydrus, the dragon.

Violoncello



Double Bass

(C8) Repeat until noted. Softly, 48 beats per minute at 4/4.

3: Spread your wings and look around. As you fly over this world, we are all beautiful, a large, slow nothing. Tydrus, you are a tower, a wall of mirrors. I see you.

Tydrus: It feels like nothing could happen.

1: Yes.

Tydrus: [*differently*] It feels like nothing could happen.

1: The world is a sick and scary failure. It has sealed itself from heaven. It's sad, and I'm stupid here. People think of nothing and never think of me. They sit, and I feel fat. But I want nothing.

Tydrus: I am growing.

2: You are great.

Tydrus: I am glowing.

1: You are good.

Tydrus: I am sad no more. I sit and watch the babies say, “bah, bah, bah” like sheep, sheep, sheep, and I’m not scared. Give me my music, and I’ll sing! I’ll say nothing and mean you’re a goddamn fool, but I’ll say it. Certainly, I’ll say it.

All: You. I am your servant. I am your music and your protector. I call your name in sad and serious times, and in my heart, you are all things.

Tydrus: Amen.

All sound stops.

Blackout.

Transition.

Guitar: Perform TYDRUS.

Tydrus

With embellishments

Electric Guitar

10

E. Gtr.

13

E. Gtr.

Scene VII: A campsite. Dusk.

Enter Tydrus.

Tydrus: Here we are, just a few miles from Queen Savannah's chambers.
And now, as the warm sun sets on my scales,
the proud worm in my heart hurries to see what waits in moon lit dawn.
What sudden pass will claim my passion?
As a man, I see myself left to lust,
as love will behave but crudely in my new body.
But there is another move.

(D1) Everyone except Tydrus and Cello: Everyone blows on all sorts of different glass bottles. No tuning should be assigned to the bottles. Begin with only one person blowing on a bottle twice, and then on the third time, everyone blows with them. Then everyone can blow on bottles whenever they want until further noted.

+

Cello: Play a high note very softly and sustain it. As Savannah and Tydrus talk, get louder until you are very loud.

Tydrus holds his breath for as long as he can until he passes out. Savannah Apparition enters blowing on a bottle and takes Tydrus into her arms.

Tydrus: [awakening] Savannah! Darling, forgive me, my way was obscured by an evil witch.

Savannah: Shhh... lie down. You're tired and your sword is heavy.

Tydrus: I fought for you. I'd do anything for you.

Savannah: I know.

Tydrus: Yes.

Savannah: Will you kiss me?

Tydrus: I'm going to eat you alive.

Blackout.

(D2) Chorus and Ensemble: Make sounds like a chicken but without the hard "ock" sound of "Buh-bock!" Sounds like buh-bAHhh!" Immediately follow that sound with a stuttering sort of "bup-bup-bupbup-bup-bup" sound. Slowly fade in.

Lights up.

Tydrus still asleep. Savannah is gone. Enter Chorus 1, 2, and 3 as the minor witch friends of Tydrus.

1: Where from you find yourself, fucker?

2: Where from you find yourself, sucker?

3: Where from you find yourself...

All witches: Clucker? [*witch laughter*]

1: We three witches have a new nickname for you: Mr. Chicken.

Tydrus: My dear witches, it is so nice for you to join me. Tonight you will get to see the old castle for yourselves.

1: What's that? BUH-BOCK? Bock bock bock? [*acts like a chicken*]

2: Tell me this, Mr. Chicken. How exactly do you plan on getting into Savannah's chambers?

Tydrus: I'm going to fly.

2: Oh not with those wings!

3: My... you sure are ugly for a chicken.

Tydrus: I'm not a chicken.

1: Then how are you going to fly home?

Tydrus: I don't know. How do I fly?

2: Well, you are a dragon.

3: You could just flap your wings.

1: [*sing*] Or sing

2: [*sing*] Nothing

3: [*sing*] And dream

Witches pretend to flap their chicken wings.

Tydrus: Dragon, eh?

1: That's why we've been calling you Mr. Chicken all these years!

Tydrus: I know.

2: Anyway, we were wondering, why even go home? You failed to get a potion. You're an awful and hideous beast.

1: You might as well fall down and die.

3: Yeah, and anyway, you've got a home here with us. We don't care if you're a dragon.

2: Yeah!

1: Yeah.

Tydrus: We're agreed, then.

Together: And all the world with us! [*laughter rising in volume while the drum rolls*]

+ (D3) Drum: Do one loud roll on a floor tom or timpani.

THEN Cello, Guitar: Double the drum roll by playing a low note very fast.

Cello, Guitar, Melodica: Softly play the following figure:

Cello: When Tydrus cues a new note for the singers, pick any note.

CHORUS: AHHHH* Black* Beau-ti-ful world* In this world* I cry* I cry*

Tydrus: [*singing*] Light, towards the sun, towards, I fly, I fly, in the night, night, night, Oh, I fly, I fly, in the, the-uh, the-uh

CHORUS: World* Let us fly* World and night* Fly*

(D6) Drum: Hit a cymbal and do a drum roll, let it fade out or slow to nothing.

+

Cello, Melodica, Guitar: While drum rolls, play a different note on every beat. Keep playing after drum has stopped. End one at a time.

THEN

Chorus: A little bit after instruments begin to play, stomp and make grunts or shout every two beats. After instruments have stopped, fade out.

Fade to black.

Scene VIII. Savannah's chambers. Midnight

Savannah enters with wine.

Savannah: Eww-wee! I feel right around drunk right now. "Drunk, you say? Your drunk, your highness?" No, I'm just sad. I said, "I'm sad," God! Hehehe. Ha!

Savannah prays at her bedside.

(E1) CHORUS and Ensemble: Savannah will say how she feels: "Lord, I am sad." These underlined words are her emotions. Whenever Savannah says how she feels, count to a number between 2 and 7 and then express your own feelings in one of five categories.

1. If you empathize with Savannah, say "I know"
2. If you sympathize with Savannah, say "I'm sorry"
3. If you are indifferent of Savannah, say "I guess."
4. If you disapprove of Savannah's emotion, say "Whatever."
5. If you don't understand Savannah, say "Yes."

Continue to count and repeat how you feel about Savannah's current emotion until you feel differently. Then choose a new word.

+

Savannah: After each emotion line line, take a pause.

Savannah: Dear God, I am sad.
I feel nothing,
And I am dead.

If you would but grant me magical powers, I will rid the world of whatever you want, whenever you want, with wrath and magic alike.

Savannah falls asleep while praying.

(E2) CHORUS: Count to a number between 2 and 6 and then say "Yes."
Continue to repeat this procedure until after Savannah points and says, "You."

(E3) Melodica, drum, cello, guitar: Softly play a note and repeat it very fast. After Figure 2 says "She's with God now," crescendo percussion hits a cymbal. Immediately go into procedure **E4**.

*Enter Chorus 1-3 as three witches.
Savannah does not notice them.*

2: There she is.

3: She's praying.

1: [to witches] Let me handle this. [to Savannah] What's wrong, sad song? Alone, too long? You're sad sack boyfriend is back.

2: Wait. She's somewhere else, man. She's with God, now.

(E4) Bass and Melodica play the following figure:

Slowly



Savannah: [*pointing at **Witch 1***] You.

1: Me?

Savannah: What do you do?

1: I, well, I suppose I am a fine speaker. I, uhh, hard worker.

Savannah: I want you to say something brilliant.

***Witch 1** hesitates, and **Savannah** does her finger across her throat to imitate a cutting of the throat. **Witch 1** falls and dies.*

(E5) Cello and Guitar join Bass and Melodica playing procedure **E4**.

Savannah: [*points at **Witch 2***] Say something.

***Savannah** does a finger like a gun and shoots and kills **Witch 2**. **Savannah** takes a seat and **Witch 3** sits on her lap.*

(E6) Sax and percussion join the rest of the ensemble in playing procedure **E4**.

Savannah: When I was a young girl, my poppa took me onto his lap and looked at me. He smiled and said, "Sweet Savannah, you are the prettiest girl I have ever seen. Your light will shine forever. Your song will always be sung, and your eyes a diamond in the heart of your countrymen. But darling, if your wrath shall ever wake, let no one know. Bury your wrath with the bodies of your enemies."

***Savannah** stabs an imaginary dagger into the heart of **Witch 3**, killing him or her. **Savannah** lies down on the floor between the bodies and falls asleep.*

A member of the ensemble cues everyone to suddenly stop playing after Savannah falls asleep.

Tydrus enters.

Tydrus: Savannah. You sleep in such peace. Have you been cured?—

Savannah: [*rolling in sleep*] Shh...

Tydrus: Savannah. [*hand through hair*]

Savannah: [*awakening*] Tydrus? Is that you?

Tydrus: It's me.

Savannah: You've changed. You are yourself.

Tydrus: I didn't love you before, but—

Savannah: Will you kiss me?

Tydrus: Yes.

Savannah: Alright.

Fade to black.

Pretty Boy screams in the dark.

Pretty Boy: Where am I? Help me! God, help me!

Lights come up.

Pretty Boy is with Roxy Proxy, who is still dressed as Tydrus.

Roxy: And they all lived happily ever after.

Pretty Boy: Tydrus? Where am I?

Roxy: Please... Pretty Boy. Calm down. My name... is Roxy Proxy, and I am your friend. I don't care if you're stupid, or that you've been spit on your whole life. I want you to be you. Those suckers upstairs, those losers on Earth... they want you to worship women. They want you to talk a line of shit and to be an amoral asshole who would love work at Shithead & Sons Law Firm, but listen. You're asleep now, and I don't care. I love you.

Pretty Boy: I love you, too, Roxy Proxy.

Roxy: And if the whole world weighs you down and starts to say, “Don’t quit your day job,” just look them in the eye and tell them to shut up.

Pretty Boy: Yeah man, I never worked a day in my life.

*Pretty Boy starts laughing and everyone joins. **Figures 1 and 2** close the front curtain.*

The End.