



MAN UP

A Musical

Book & Music by Cordelia Zars

Genre: Musical Theatre Drama

Author's Note

“Stop crying like a girl.” “Grow some thicker skin.” “What are you, gay?”

“Why don't you learn to man up?”

Many boys in America must answer to these unsettling criticisms in order to defend their manhood. In doing so, they may learn to dissociate from their emotions, adopt aggressive behaviors, and turn away help when they most need it.

In three acts, *Man Up: A Musical* tells the story of one boy's struggle to overcome expectations of masculinity, a deep sibling bond, and the redemptive power of love. It's a story for the girls who carry the world on their shoulders; it's a story for the boys who were told they couldn't cry.

The musical is an attempt to understand, unpack, and ultimately heal the wounds all genders carry from a culture shaped by toxic masculinity.

CHARACTERS

DUNCAN STANWOOD: Son of Robert, brother of Jill. Played by three actors. Act I: begins age 7, ends age 9. Soprano. Act II: begins age 14, ends age 16. Alto/tenor. Act III: age 19. Tenor.

JILL STANWOOD: Daughter of Robert, sister of Duncan. Act I: begins age 10, ends age 12. Act II: begins age 17, ends age 19. Act III: age 22. Soprano.

FATHER (ROBERT) STANWOOD: Father of Duncan and Jill. Played by a single actor. His wife died some time ago. He lives and works on a ranch in the rural West, where he grew up. Their property is surrounded by mountains. Baritone.

CLARA COLSON: Best friend and childhood sweetheart of Duncan. Complicated family history & takes care of a mother who suffers from addiction. Act I: begins age 7, ends age 9. Soprano/Alto. Act II: begins age 14, ends age 16. Soprano. Act III: age 19. Alto.

SCHOOL BOYS: Duncan's peers in the classroom and on the football field. Possibly played by the same actors for Act I and Act II, middle school boy age range, acting as smaller children for the first act. If resources allow, cast separately for Act I and Act II-- 4-5 boys for each.

SCHOOL GIRLS: 3-5 girls for Act I, age range 7-11. Act II 3-5 girls, middle school/high school age. Act III, 3 young women, dancers, who join Jill in the dance studio for rehearsal.

TEACHER: A curmudgeonly, washed up public school teacher who plays solitaire at the back of the classroom.

OIL RIG MEN: Duncan's colleagues on the oil field. 3 grown men. Don't need to be solo vocalists-- they only sing in the Finale with the ensemble.

SCENE BREAKDOWN

ACT I

SCENE 1: Duncan's bedroom; kitchen. [Duncan, Jill, Father]

Song #1: *Thunderstorm*. Act I Actors of Duncan, Jill, Father.

SCENE 2: Kitchen. [Duncan, Jill, Father]

SCENE 3: Barn [Duncan, Jill, Father]

Song #2: *Stanwood Children*. Act I Actors of Duncan, Jill.

SCENE 4: Jill's bedroom. [Duncan, Jill]

SCENE 5: Classroom. [Duncan, Class, Teacher]

Song #3: *Lemur Leaf Frogs*. Act I Actor of Duncan, Class.

SCENE 6: Barn. [Duncan, Clara, Father, Jill]

Song #4: *Inside My Head*. Father. (Optional Mother as dancer)

Song #5: *Promise Me Theme*. Act I Actors of Duncan, Jill.

ACT II

SCENE 1: Classroom. [Duncan, Clara, Class, Teacher, School Boys]

Song #6: *Flying Fox Bats*. Act II Actors of Duncan, Clara, Class.

SCENE 2: Locker Room. [Duncan, School Boys]

Song #7: *Locker Room*. Act II Actors of School Boys, Duncan.

SCENE 3: Schoolyard. [Duncan, Clara]

Song #8: *Supposed to Be*. Act II Actor of Clara.

SCENE 4: Kitchen. [Duncan, Father, Jill]

Song #9: *Promise Me*. Act II Actors of Jill, Duncan.

SCENE 5: Schoolyard, Football Field. [Duncan, Clara, Jill, School Boys, School Girls, Father]

SCENE 6: Kitchen, Upstairs, Open Field. [Duncan, Father, Jill]

Song #10: *I Can't Be Myself Anymore*. Act II Actor of Duncan.

Song #11: *Here I Am*. Act II and III Actors of Duncan and Jill, Company.

ACT III

SCENE 1: Kitchen. [Clara, Father]

SCENE 2: Oil Rig. [Duncan, Oil Rig Men, Clara]

Song #12: *Tell Me*. Act III Actor of Clara.

Song #13: *Inside My Head Reprise*. Act III Actor of Duncan.

SCENE 3: NYC Dance Studio. [Jill, School Girls]

Song #14: *I Thought I Heard Him Cry*. Act III Actor of Jill.

SCENE 4: Kitchen. [Jill, Father]

SCENE 5: Oil Rig. [Jill, Duncan, Oil Rig Men]

Song #15: *Look at Me*. Act III Actors of Jill and Duncan

Song #16 *Stanwood Children Reprise*. Act III and Act I Actors of Jill and Duncan

SCENE 6: Open Stage. [Company]

Song #17: *Finale*. Company.

**MAN UP, A MUSICAL. Book and Music by Cordelia Zars. Editing help from Max Middleton.
Setting: a ranch in the Western United States.**

ACT I: Roughly 1997-1999

SCENE ONE

#1 THUNDERSTORM: ACT I ACTORS OF DUNCAN, JILL, FATHER

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

A flash of lighting. MUSIC BEGINS. Low lights up, revealing 7 year old Duncan. Thunder rumbles, Duncan jolts awake.

DUNCAN: *DAD! I'M SCARED
 THE LIGHTNING'S GONNA GET US ALL.*

12-year-old Jill enters.

JILL: *IT'S OK, IT'S OK, QUIET LOVE.
 DON'T WAKE PAPA, IT'S OK.*

DUNCAN: *DAD! I'M SCARED!
 THE THUNDER'S POUNDING IN MY EARS.*

JILL: *IT'S OK, IT'S OK, QUIET LOVE.
 GO TO SLEEP, IT WILL PASS.*

DUNCAN: *JILL, YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE STORMS--*

JILL: *I KNOW, BUT YOU'RE SAFE FROM HARM.*

DUNCAN: *JILL, YOU KNOW I'M SCARED OF THE DARK--*

JILL: *I KNOW, BUT YOU'RE HERE IN MY ARMS.*

Thunder claps.

DUNCAN: *DAD!! DAD!!*

JILL: *Shhhh, shhhhhh.*

Father enters.

FATHER: *WHAT IN THE HELL'S GOING ON IN HERE?
WHAT'S THIS CRYING ALL ABOUT?*

JILL: *DUNCAN WAS SCARED, DADDY, SCARED OF THE STORM;
HE JUST WANTED YOU TO HELP.*

FATHER: *SCARED OF THE STORM?
IS THAT WHAT I HEAR?
COME ON, GET UP,
LET'S GET YOU OUT OF HERE.*

Father grabs Duncan and lifts him out of bed. Duncan whimpers.

DUNCAN: Where are you taking me?

Father leads Duncan roughly by the arm down the stairs.

FATHER: *I'LL TEACH YOU TO CRY
ABOUT RAIN;*

*I'LL TEACH YOU TO CRY
ABOUT A STORM;*

*I'LL TEACH YOU TO CRY
ABOUT ANYTHING SHORT OF SOME REAL PAIN.*

Father tugs Duncan along until they arrive at the door. He begins opening the door.

DUNCAN: No, Dad! Don't send me out there! Please!

Father shoves Duncan out into the storm and slams the door behind him. Duncan cries and tries to get back in. Father locks the door. Jill looks horrified.

JILL: Dad, let him in!

FATHER: I'll let him in once he stops crying. Hear that, Duncan? I'll let you in once you stop crying. It's time you learn to MAN UP.

Blackout.

SCENE TWO

Lights up. Daybreak. Rooster crows. Father makes breakfast in the kitchen. Jill and Duncan enter. Duncan still wears his pajamas.

JILL: Morning, Dad.

FATHER: Morning kids. *(He draws the curtain away from the window and looks outside.)* Good news-- the storm has passed.

DUNCAN: No more thunder?

FATHER: Not today. But the rain brought a fall chill with it. You'll want long pants today, Duncan.

DUNCAN: Ughhhhhhhhh.

Duncan slouches back to his bedroom to change his pants. Jill helps her father set the table.

JILL: You get some sleep, Dad?

FATHER: Yeah, Jillie. I got some sleep.

JILL: You look tired.

They make eye contact for a second over the table. Jill looks concerned. Father sighs.

FATHER: You look just like your mother when you make that face. *(Jill returns her father's tender gaze.)* Don't you grow up too fast. Hear?

Duncan returns and interrupts their moment.

DUNCAN: How come we have to wake up so early on a Saturday?

FATHER: So that you can see the mountains glowing like this, in the sunrise. Come look! Look where we're from.

Jill and Duncan gather around him and peer out the window in wonder. Father puts his arm around Duncan's shoulder. A moment of silence. Father becomes ashamed for being sentimental and pulls himself together.

FATHER: Alright! Breakfast is on the table. Hurry up and eat already – I need you guys to fix that sawhorse you broke in the barn.

JILL: What sawhorse?

DUNCAN: What barn?

FATHER: Eat your breakfast.

Jill and Duncan sit down at the table and frantically start eating as Father reads the paper and drinks coffee. Duncan puts his spoon down.

FATHER: You didn't finish.

DUNCAN: Well I have to save some for the bears.

FATHER: Bears? We haven't had bears on this ranch for years.

DUNCAN: *(Completely seriously)* There are two hibernating in the barn.

FATHER: Right. *(He looks at his watch.)* Okay. Nails are in the bucket, hammer, you know where the hammer is. I need that sawhorse fixed and all the manure taken out back. And don't climb on the hay bales.

JILL: *(Convincingly)* Ok, Dad.

DUNCAN: *(Unconvincingly)* Yeah sure, Dad.

He looks at them meaningfully.

FATHER: Well? Daylight's wasting!

Duncan and Jill clean their plates and run out the door.

Blackout.

SCENE THREE

Lights up in barn. SFX: ranch sounds (chickens, cattle, barn swallows). Sound of barn door opening.

Jill and Duncan enter the barn, excitedly. Duncan runs over to the sawhorse and strokes it affectionately, as if it were a pet. Jill finds the hammer, nails, and moves towards the broken sawhorse. The sawhorse is completely falling apart.

JILL: No more playing real horse on the sawhorse, bozo.

DUNCAN: *(Offended)* I wasn't playing horse! It was an Addax Antelope-- a critically endangered species in Sub-Saharan Africa.

Duncan pulls the sawhorse away from Jill.

DUNCAN: What does he mean, ‘broken’? By my standards this is good as new!

JILL: Exactly.

DUNCAN: What do you mean, ‘exactly’?

JILL: Your standards are not good enough for this ranch.

DUNCAN: The old man’s just going blind and he doesn’t want to admit it. Here--give me that hammer.

Jill hands her brother the hammer. Duncan flippantly pounds a nail into the sawhorse, and holds it up with a big grin.

DUNCAN: Good as new!

JILL: Duncan, come on.

Jill takes the hammer back from her brother and attempts to fix his poor repair job. Duncan comes up behind her, impersonating their father.

DUNCAN: *(In his father’s voice)* No, no, no, no, NO!
 You’re holding the hammer all wrong, you fool!
 It’s sideways and cockeyed-- my precious tool!
 The angle is point five degrees off, good god.
 You kids will wreck this ranch--

He searches for a rhyme.

-- you slob!

Jill dissolves into laughter and Duncan kicks over the sawhorse.

JILL: Duncan, we have to at least *try* to fix it. Come on, help me. We don’t want to make Dad mad again.

DUNCAN: No Jill it doesn’t matter, he’s just going to come re-do it anyway! He’ll get mad no matter what. It’s time to play. *(He tugs Jill’s hand towards the hay bales. Jill drags a bit but gives in, unable to resist her brother’s determination.)* Where did we leave off yesterday? Oh yeah. You were Mama Bear and I was Baby Bear and we were just coming out of hibernation. Here, this is our den.

Duncan crawls towards a bale of hay. He strips his pants off and continues in his long underwear.

JILL: Why are you taking your pants off.

DUNCAN: One, because they're uncomfortable to crawl in and two, because animals don't wear pants, Jill.

JILL: You don't say.

DUNCAN: Come on! (*Begins narrating the game as Jill crawls to join him in the pretend-bear den.*)
“The last snow has fallen...the days grow longer, the smell of mud wafts up through the snow, the soft dripping sound of melting snow echoes through the bear den--”

JILL: Get to the point.

DUNCAN: (*Not missing a beat*) -- “and Mama Bear, with her adorable newborn cub--”

JILL: Spare us the details.

DUNCAN: “--emerges from the long months of sleep, bleary eyed and groggy.” (*Jill and Duncan crawl out of the den together, yawning and stretching their paws.*) “The first thing they will need to find is food. And fast. They don't have too many reserves left.”

JILL: (*As bear*) Come on, little bear, there's a bush of fresh berries over here by the hill.

They begin crawling across the barn.

DUNCAN: “Unfortunately, the negligent Mother Bear leads Baby Bear straight into danger!”

JILL: What? How?

DUNCAN: “Exposed and without the cover of the forest, Baby Bear is vulnerable to overhead attack!! Suddenly, two enormous golden eagles swoop down, attempting to claim his life--”

JILL: “But just in time, Mama Bear swats them out of the air, leaving both dead in one fell swoop.”

Beat.

Duncan breaks from his “bear” character.

DUNCAN: That's unrealistic!

JILL: Bear paws are huge!

DUNCAN: Yeah but TWO GOLDEN EAGLES??

Barn door slams open.

DUNCAN: Oh, shit.

Father enters.

FATHER: WHAT . . . THE HELL IS GOING ON IN HERE?

Jill and Duncan scramble to their feet. Father walks over to the sawhorse lying on the floor. He picks it up, disgusted.

FATHER: Duncan?

DUNCAN: We . . . fixed it!

FATHER: You consider this . . . *(he holds up the sawhorse and the side of it dangles precariously)* . . . fixed?

DUNCAN: . . . Well . . .

FATHER: And why in the flying hell . . . ? I thought I told you to put on LONG PANTS today.

DUNCAN: Yeah well... didn't need 'em.

FATHER: Incredible. *(Starts walking towards the barn door.)* If that sawhorse isn't finished by noon, there's no lunch for either of you! Understood?

DUNCAN, JILL: Yes sir.

FATHER: And Duncan, for the LAST TIME, PUT ON YOUR GODDAMN PANTS!

Father exits.

JILL: DUNCAN!

DUNCAN: JILL!

JILL: You blew it!

DUNCAN: *You* blew it!

JILL: I told you we'd get in trouble!

DUNCAN: I thought you were on look out!

JILL: I thought *you* were on look out!

Duncan picks up the broken sawhorse.

DUNCAN: Why don't we just duct tape it. Nails are stupid.

JILL: Yeah ok sounds good. Here.

Jill hands Duncan a roll of duct tape. Together they make a total hack job repair. It's still broken.

DUNCAN: Shou-Be-Ahright! (*he says in an Australian accent and then grins widely.*)

Jill laughs.

JILL: We should open our own repair business.

#2 STANWOOD CHILDREN: ACT I ACTORS OF DUNCAN, JILL

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

JILL: *WE ARE THE STANWOOD CHILDREN,
SMALL BUT GIFTED,
AND YOU WON'T FIND THIS QUALITY ANYWHERE ELSE
IN THE WORLD!*

DUNCAN: *NO, AS THE STANWOOD CHILDREN,
IT IS OUR MISSION TO PERFECTIFY!*

JILL, DUNCAN: *YOU CAN CALL US ANY TIME OF DAY OR NIGHT: WE'LL BE AWAKE!
BRING US ANY PROJECT AND WE'LL FIX IT UP, PIECE OF CAKE.*

JILL: *COME TO US WITH ORDERS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE POLITE--OR PAY!*

DUNCAN: *JUST FOR YOU WE'LL ALWAYS FIND A WAY!*

JILL, DUNCAN: *WE ARE THE STANWOOD CHILDREN,
YOUNG BUT DRIVEN,*

DUNCAN: Indefatigable!

JILL: How'd you learn that word?

DUNCAN: *WE ARE THE STANWOOD CHILDREN,*

JILL, DUNCAN: *SMALL, BUT WE'LL ENSURE YOU'RE SATISFIED.*

*WE LIVE TO WORK ANOTHER DAY,
'CUZ HELL, THE WORLD'S ALL "PLAY, PLAY, PLAY!"
WE NEVER LAUGH OR SMILE,
'CUZ IT WASTES OUR PRECIOUS ENERGY.*

DUNCAN: *GUESS MY AGE, YOU'RE WRONG! HA HA!
I'M ACTUALLY EIGHTY-THREE.*

JILL: *HIS CHILDHOOD'S JUST A FOGGY MEMORY...*

Sir, can you remember, deep in your mind, the last time you felt...relaxed?

DUNCAN: *(Imitating an old man)* How dare you utter the R-word under my roof!!

JILL, DUNCAN: *YOU CAN CALL US ANY TIME OF DAY OR NIGHT: WE'LL BE AWAKE!
BRING US ANY PROJECT AND WE'LL FIX IT UP, PIECE OF CAKE.
COME TO US WITH ORDERS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE POLITE--OR PAY!
JUST FOR YOU WE'LL ALWAYS FIND A WAY...*

'CUZ WE'RE THE STANWOOD CHILDREN!

Blackout.

SCENE FOUR

Set changes from summer to winter. Lights up. Jill practices a dance routine with a CD of classical music. Duncan enters with a presentation board and sweater in hand, watches. After a minute, Jill notices he's there and pauses the music.

JILL: Ah! We gotta go to school!

DUNCAN: Wait no! Can I see you finish the routine?

JILL: No!

DUNCAN: PLEASE! I don't get to see your recital cuz of my frog presentation!

JILL: I know, but we gotta get ready for school. Come on, put on your sweater.

DUNCAN: *(Muffled through sweater, as he tries to pull his head through a sleeve hole)* Fine.

JILL: Jesus.

Jill helps him get his head through the neck hole.

DUNCAN: K. How do I look?

JILL: How do you need to look to give a presentation about frogs?

DUNCAN: What kind of question is that?? Do you understand how important this is? *(Gestures effusively to his poster board.)* The Lemur Leaf Frogs are dying every minute! People don't know how bad it is! These frogs support hundreds of other tropical species, and it's like no one blinks an eye--deforestation--it's an outrage--we could help--

JILL: No I mean, why do *you* have to look so good today?

DUNCAN: Oh, well . . . *(runs his hand anxiously over his hair again, checks his reflection in the window)* no reason.

JILL: Well in that case . . .

Jill musses his hair.

DUNCAN: No! Jill! Stop!

JILL: Since when did you start caring about your hair?

DUNCAN: Jill!!! You don't understand how it feels to be in love! You go to every extreme!!!

Beat.

JILL: Mmhmm . . . *(with raised eyebrows.)* Who is it.

DUNCAN: *(Abashedly)* Clara.

JILL: Clara?

DUNCAN: Mhmm.

JILL: She in your class?

DUNCAN: Yes, obviously she's in my *class*, which is why you can understand THE STAKES ARE VERY HIGH FOR ME TODAY JILL. This presentation is like practically asking to marry her.

JILL: Well aren't we dramatic today.

DUNCAN: No, you don't understand. She's also super into animals. And she's super smart. So if I tank this presentation she'll never look at me again.

JILL: Well alright, heartbreaker, let's get a move on. You look great.

Jill starts walking out of the room.

DUNCAN: Wait! Jill! Don't leave me behind. (*Duncan collects his poster board and runs to catch up.*) Are you nervous for your recital?

Jill turns to face her brother again.

JILL: (*Heavily*) Yeah.

DUNCAN: (*Reassuringly*) Ah, don't be. You're the best dancer I know.

JILL: How many dancers do you know?

Duncan ponders.

DUNCAN: Well . . . just you I guess.

Jill smiles.

JILL: You know Mom was a dancer, too?

DUNCAN: She was?

JILL: She used to practice in the hayloft, and Dad would pretend to work . . . but really, he'd just be watching. Her dream was to perform in New York someday . . . but she never got the chance.

Beat.

DUNCAN: Well she'll be watching from somewhere when you open on Broadway.

Jill ruffles Duncan's hair again.

DUNCAN: HEY. Watch it. *My hair.*

Jill laughs.

JILL: Alright, come on. Let's go.

She tugs Duncan by the hand and they run offstage.

Blackout.

SCENE FIVE

Lights up in classroom. Kids mill about, chatting excitedly. An apathetic teacher slouches over a desk in the back playing solitaire.

Duncan enters the classroom and sets up his presentation board.

DUNCAN: *(In almost a whisper)* Hello my name is Duncan Stanwood and today I'll be talking about frogs.

The kids in the class continue to talk over him.

TEACHER: *(Lethargically)* Quiet!

Duncan takes a deep breath and tries again, slightly louder.

DUNCAN: Hello my name is Duncan Stanwood and today I'll be talking about frogs!

The class continues to talk. Clara is the only one who pays attention.

Duncan, exasperated, yells at the top of his lungs.

#3 LEMUR LEAF FROGS: ACT I ACTORS OF DUNCAN AND CLASS

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

DUNCAN: *HEY!*

*DOES ANYONE KNOW ABOUT FROGS? (Class falls silent.)
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, SO I BROUGHT A PRESENTATION!
THESE ARE NOT JUST ANY FROGS,
THEIR EYELIDS LACK RETICULATION!*

*THEY'RE SUPER GREEN, AND THEY SLEEP ON LEAVES,
HANGING UPSIDE DOWN;
THEY LAY THEIR EGGS ABOVE A STREAM
AND CHANGE COLOR WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.*

*GIMME THE LEMUR LEAF FROGS! LET'S GO BABY!
LEMUR LEAF FROGS! THEY'RE PRETTY CRAZY!
LEMUR LEAF FROGS! THEY'RE DYING DAILY--*

--because of deforestation, urban development, the spread of invasive fungi by human foot traffic, global warming, dams, logging and expanded crops, domestic livestock, and EVERY OTHER WAY HUMANS ARE DESTROYING THE WORLD!

*THESE FROGS, THEY LIVE IN PANAMA,
ECUADOR AND COSTA RICA.
THEY PREY ON FLIES AND WATER BUGS;
THEY FLICK THEIR LITTLE TONGUES AND THEN, EUREKA!*

*THEY DON'T HAVE WEBBING ON THEIR TOES
AND THEY WEIGH JUST FOUR GRAMS;
THEIR EYES ARE HUGE, THEY BUG OUT LIKE THIS!
AND THEY HAVE LITTLE DISCS ON THEIR HANDS.*

DUNCAN, CLASS: *LEMUR LEAF FROGS! LET'S GO BABY!
LEMUR LEAF FROGS! THEY'RE PRETTY CRAZY!
LEMUR LEAF FROGS! THEY'RE DYING DAILY!
LEMUR LEAF FROGS!*

[DANCE BREAK]

DUNCAN: *THESE FROGS, GUYS THEY'RE ON THE BRINK
OF COMPLETE AND UTTER DEVASTATION.
WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM ON THEIR FEET,
AND SAVE THEM FROM OBLITERATION!*

*IF WE DON'T HELP, THEY'LL GO EXTINCT,
AND WE'LL LOSE THEM FOR FOREVER.
IF WE DON'T HELP, WE'LL LOSE A LINK
IN THE CHAIN THAT HOLDS US ALL TOGETHER.*

CLASS: *SAVE THE LEMUR LEAF FROGS!*

DUNCAN: Don't buy plastic!!

CLASS: *LEMUR LEAF FROGS!*

DUNCAN: Pack your trash up!!

CLASS: *LEMUR LEAF FROGS!*

DUNCAN: Don't eat meat!!

CLASS: *LEMUR LEAF FROGS!*

DUNCAN: Don't waste heat!!

CLASS: *LEMUR LEAF FROGS!*

DUNCAN: It's our planet!!

CLASS: *LEMUR LEAF FROGS!*

DUNCAN: So come on, stand in!!

CLASS: *LEMUR LEAF FROGS!*

DUNCAN: It's now or never!!

CLASS: *LEMUR LEAF FROGS!*

DUNCAN: Let's come together!!

DUNCAN, CLASS: *FROGS, FROGS, FROGS, FROGS, FROGS!*
SAVE THE LEMUR LEAF FROGS!

Class bell rings.

TEACHER: Class dismissed!

The students and teacher pick up their things and exit. Duncan lingers, packing up his presentation board and props. Clara approaches slowly. Taps him on the shoulder. Duncan turns, smiles and then looks at his feet.

DUNCAN: Hey.

CLARA: Hey.

Beat.

Both awkwardly try to talk at the same time.

DUNCAN: So how's it going . . .

CLARA: I liked your presentation... *(They meet each others' eyes and smile.)* Colombia.

DUNCAN: What?

CLARA: It's Colombia!

DUNCAN: What are you talking about?

CLARA: The frogs live in Panama, *Colombia* and Costa Rica. You said Ecuador. There are no Lemur Leaf Frogs in Ecuador. They're endemic to Panama, Colombia and Costa Rica.

Duncan is lost for words. He stands with his mouth open, completely taken by surprise. There's a long silence as Duncan stares at her.

DUNCAN: Do you want to be my best friend?

CLARA: Yeah ok.

DUNCAN: Cool.

They exit together.

Blackout.

SCENE SIX

Lights up. Duncan and Clara walk to the barn of Stanwood Ranch. Duncan reveals the entrance dramatically.

CLARA: Oh, my God.

DUNCAN: See, I told you.

Beat.

CLARA: What's that sound?

DUNCAN: What sound?

CLARA: It's like a . . . high pitched clicking, wait, shhhh--

Both children hush to listen to the sound.

DUNCAN: It's over here!

He leads Clara towards the sound. They bend over and find a baby bat.

DUNCAN: A baby bat!

CLARA: Oh, no.

DUNCAN: What?

CLARA: Broken wing.

DUNCAN: Oh god! What do we do!?

CLARA: We have to take care of it-- splint its wing and feed it until it can fly again.

DUNCAN: . . . You know how to do that?

CLARA: I splinted a bird's wing when it flew into our window last year-- this can't be too different. Here-- let's put her in my lunch box for now.

Clara pulls the lunchbox out of her backpack. Duncan grabs gloves off the barn floor.

DUNCAN: Here-- gloves.

Clara puts on gloves and picks up the bat. Duncan flits from side to side holding out his hands pretending he is helping, but Clara ignores him and gently closes the bat in the lunchbox.

CLARA: Ok, she's safe, for now. I'll take good care of her.

DUNCAN: What do you mean, "you'll take good care of her;" isn't she staying here, in the barn?

CLARA: I'm taking her home.

DUNCAN: Wait no, Clara, I want to be her friend, too!

CLARA: I'll bring her to school tomorrow so you can say hi, ok? Promise. I just . . . I just need her at home. *(Beat.)* Someone to talk to.

Beat.

DUNCAN: You don't have a sister, do you. *(Said empathetically. Not as a question.)*

CLARA: No. And my mom's . . . well . . . *(Clara avoids eye contact)* she's busy.

Duncan looks at her apologetically.

CLARA: It's ok. That's why I have the animals. The more friends you have among the species of nature, the less that you feel alone.

Duncan smiles.

DUNCAN: Well can I at least NAME HER?

CLARA: *(Laughing)* Sure. What's her name?

DUNCAN: Artemis.

CLARA: Artemis?

DUNCAN: The Greek God of animals.

Clara looks affectionately into the box at Artemis the Bat.

CLARA: Ok, Artie, time to go to your new home.

DUNCAN: And she better keep you GOOD COMPANY or I expect you back here, ok?

CLARA: Ok.

DUNCAN: Meet you at the gate tomorrow at 7:30 to walk to school?

CLARA: Yeah.

Clara begins exiting. Before she reaches the barn door, it bangs open and Father enters with a shovel. Clara freezes.

FATHER: Duncan?

DUNCAN: Dad! We found a bat, and Clara fixed it's wing, and--

FATHER: Clara? Who is this?

DUNCAN: Clara Colson, Dad, she lives down the road.

FATHER: Mm. *(Clara holds her lunchbox to her chest protectively.)* What have you got in there?

CLARA: *(Stammering)* A baby bat, sir. Well Artemis. Is her name.

Clara looks at her feet.

FATHER: You kids have no business messing around with bats. Those rodents carry all kinds of diseases.

DUNCAN: Placental mammals.

FATHER: I beg your pardon?

CLARA: They're not rodents, sir? They're classified as Placental mammals, like humans.

Father stares incredulously at the two of them.

FATHER: Oh, Jesus Christ. Look, take your plah--

DUNCAN: Placental Mammal.

FATHER: YES THAT-- take it, and go on home. Your mother will be worried it's taken you so long to get back from school.

CLARA: Yes, sir.

Clara exits through the barn door. Duncan pouts.

DUNCAN: You didn't have to scare her away.

Jill enters through the barn door. She looks at the two of them, sensing tension.

JILL: The pasta's done, Dad. Duncs, come help me set the table?

Father starts moving towards the door, following Jill. When they reach the barn door, they look back.

Duncan doesn't move.

JILL: Well? You coming?

DUNCAN: I'd rather stay out here with the bats.

Jill looks at her father, probingly. Father returns her gaze for a second, and then takes a step towards Duncan. He sighs.

FATHER: Look Duncan. The Colsons... are a family you're going to want to stay away from.

DUNCAN: What? Why?

FATHER: It's just . . . (*exhales*). You . . . just stay away from them.

DUNCAN: But--

FATHER: Duncan, listen to me. I been here a lot longer'n you; I know things you don't know. Alright? Stay away. Period.

DUNCAN: (*Yelling*) How come I don't get to decide who my friends are, Dad?? She's smart and she knew how to heal a wounded bat and she's the only person in this whole stupid town that understands me! And now you have to take that away! It's not fair!

Father remains unreactive.

DUNCAN: (*Quietly*) Mom would have let me be friends with Clara.

Father stands silently for a moment, unable to speak. Then, quietly, threateningly:

FATHER: You don't talk back to me, you hear? You do what I say and that's it. And don't you tell me what your mother would say, because you hardly even knew her.

Beat.

Tears come to Duncan's eyes. Father turns and grabs the shovel, hands it to Duncan forcefully.

FATHER: Here, if you're not coming inside, why don't you employ your energy doing something more useful than playing doll with animals. Shovel out the manure. In *all* the stables.

JILL: Papa, he hasn't eaten since lunch--

FATHER: Jill, go on inside.

JILL: I'll help Duncan shovel.

FATHER: Jill, I said go inside.

Jill exits. Duncan takes the shovel and storms off, exiting in the opposite direction as Jill. Father steps outside the barn and slowly looks up at the mountains. Sighs.

FATHER: It's been five years. Jesus.

#4 INSIDE MY HEAD: FATHER

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

FATHER: YOU TOOK HER AWAY FROM ME.
 YOU LEFT ME HERE ALL ALONE.
 YOU TOOK HER AWAY FROM ME,
 AND NOW I'M ON MY OWN.

 YOU LEFT ME HERE TO WITHER AND DECAY,
 DAY AFTER UNENDING DAY.
 YOU PROMISED ME YOU WOULD STAY,
 AND I WAIT ANOTHER DAY.

 AND I STILL HEAR YOUR VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD.
 I STILL HEAR THE ECHOES OF THE THINGS YOU SAID.
 BUT I'M FRAYING, I AM AT MY ROPE'S END.
 WHEN WILL IT END?

 YOU LEFT ME HERE ON MY OWN,
 TO GARDEN WHAT YOU WERE MEANT TO GROW.
 YOU LEFT ME HERE ALL ALONE,
 AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO.

Optional: A female dancer enters and portrays Phantom Mother behind Father as he sings.

 'CUZ I STILL HEAR YOUR VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD.
 I STILL HEAR THE ECHOES OF THE THINGS YOU SAID.
 BUT I'M FRAYING, I AM AT MY ROPE'S END.
 WHEN WILL IT END?

 I'LL TEACH THEM TO BE STRONG,

*I'LL TEACH THEM TO STAND TALL,
I'LL TEACH THEM NOT TO FALL
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.*

*I'LL TEACH THEM TO BE FREE,
I'LL TEACH THEM NOT TO NEED ME,
I'LL TEACH THEM NOT TO NEED ANYONE,
'CUZ THEY ALL GO.*

*I'LL TEACH THEM NOT TO CRY
WHEN SOMEONE DIES;
I'LL TEACH THEM NOT TO LOSE THEIR LIVES.*

*I'LL TEACH THEM NOT TO CRY
WHEN SOMEONE DIES;
I'LL TEACH THEM
NOT TO CRY.*

*'CUZ I STILL HEAR YOUR VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD
I STILL HEAR THE ECHOES OF THE THINGS YOU SAID.
BUT I'M FRAYING, I AM AT MY ROPE'S END.
WHEN WILL IT END?*

WHEN WILL IT END?

(Mumbling) Back to work, back to work . . .

Duncan enters.

DUNCAN: Dad can I use the other shovel--

FATHER: *(Sniffs, turns away, embarrassed)* Go inside.

DUNCAN: . . . Dad, are you ok?

Beat.

FATHER: Go on inside and help your sister with dinner. I'll finish up in the stables. *(Duncan lingers, concerned.)* Go!

Duncan runs inside and joins Jill in the kitchen. Father exits.

DUNCAN: It's all my fault.

JILL: You're back! Are you ok? Did you finish all the stables?

DUNCAN: Dad's crying and it's all my fault.

JILL: Dad's crying?

DUNCAN: Yeah. He's right. They're just a bunch of stupid animals and Clara's just a dumb girl. They don't matter at all. I should be helping Dad on the ranch.

Jill runs over to Duncan and takes his shoulders.

JILL: Duncan, come on. You love your frogs, and the bats--and Clara's your friend! Don't give up all that just to make Dad happy.

Duncan doesn't look reassured. Jill tickles him. Duncan laughs involuntarily. Jill giggles.

JILL: Hey, cheer up. We don't need two of him in this house, ok? I need YOU, weirdo. Or I'd really go crazy. And he loves you, deep down. He's just a crusty old man and he can't show it.

Duncan chuckles.

DUNCAN: A crusty old, moldy cracker.

JILL: Couldn't even eat him with cheese.

They both laugh.

Then Duncan becomes somber again and looks at the floor.

DUNCAN: I'm supposed to meet Clara at 7:30 tomorrow to walk to school. Do you think I should just ditch her?

JILL: I think you should walk to school with Clara every day for the rest of your life, if that's what you want.

DUNCAN: But what if Dad sees?

JILL: Then he can figure it out.

Duncan looks sadly at Jill.

DUNCAN: Jill, I know I was little when Mom died. But I still knew her.

JILL: Of course you did, she was your mom.

Jill hugs Duncan.

JILL: Look, Duncan. If you start living to make Dad happy, you're going to miss out on your life. Look at me.

#5 PROMISE ME THEME: ACT I ACTORS OF DUNCAN, JILL

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

JILL: *PROMISE ME, YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE.
PROMISE ME, YOU'LL NEVER GO AWAY.*

DUNCAN: I know Jill, I know.

JILL: *PROMISE ME, YOU'LL STAY THE SAME,
'CUZ I'M ON YOUR TEAM IN THIS GAME.*

JILL: Promise me?

DUNCAN: *I PROMISE YOU, I'LL NEVER CHANGE.
I PROMISE YOU, I'LL NEVER GO AWAY.*

JILL, DUNCAN: *PROMISE ME, WE'LL STAY THE SAME
WE'RE ON THE SAME TEAM IN THIS GAME!*

Blackout.

ACT II: Roughly 2004-2006

SCENE ONE

Lights up in classroom. 14-year-old Duncan and Clara exchange seats with their younger selves. Clara holds a poster board. They whisper to each other as another student finishes his presentation. Teacher slouches in the back.

CLARA: Pssst! Duncs, we're next! Ready?

DUNCAN: Yeah let's just go through everything real quick. So...so, so, so, you start with the introduction, and then I'll will come in with the photos and the--

CLARA: We've been over this a million times!

DUNCAN: I KNOW, Clara, but what if I MESS UP!?

TEACHER: (*Apathetic*) Qui--et!

Duncan and Clara exchange glances and bend their heads closer together.

CLARA: Dude, relax. We've done so much research.

Clapping as the previous student finishes his presentation. Duncan and Clara bring their presentation board to the front of the classroom.

DUNCAN: Ok, here, let's set everything up.

The rest of the students snicker loudly at Clara and Duncan.

#6 FLYING FOX BATS: ACT II ACTORS OF DUNCAN, CLARA

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

CLARA: *HEY! DOES ANYONE KNOW ABOUT BATS?
THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT, SO WE BROUGHT A PRESENTATION!*

Class boos.

*THESE BATS ARE NOT JUST ANY BATS;
THEY FLY BY SIGHT AND DON'T USE ECHOLOCATION.*

Class laughs. Duncan points to a photo.

DUNCAN: *THEY FEED ON FRUIT AND SLEEP IN ROOSTS,
HANGING UPSIDE DOWN.
THEY HELP THE TREES GROW STRONG AND TALL
BY SPREADING THEIR SEEDS AROUND!*

CLARA, DUNCAN: *GIMME THE FLYING FOX BATS! LET'S GO BABY!
FLYING FOX BATS! THEY'RE PRETTY CRAZY!
FLYING FOX BATS--*

A student throws something at them, and people begin to boo so loud that the song is drowned out. Duncan gives up on presenting and yells above the chaos:

DUNCAN: THEY'RE CRITICALLY ENDANGERED BECAUSE HUMANS ARE TAKERS; WITHOUT THE BATS THE ECOSYSTEM WILL COMPLETELY CRUMBLE-- THE SOIL, THE TREES, THE FRUIT THAT YOU PUT IN YOUR MOUTH, IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE HEALTH OF THE BAT POPULATION---

Someone's shoe hits Duncan square in the chest and cuts him off. The class "oooohs" and Duncan stops talking. The entire class laughs and files out of the classroom. Teacher picks up his things.

TEACHER: Better luck next time, champs.

Teacher exits.

DUNCAN: What self-respecting educational institution could possibly call that man a "teacher?"

CLARA: He must be getting better at solitaire, anyway.

DUNCAN: That's assuming he can count, Clara. Look if someone doesn't do something about the bats, they're all going to die.

CLARA: I know. But maybe there's a different way. Come on, let's go home. We can go hang out with the bats in the barn. They'll appreciate our presentation.

Beat.

DUNCAN: *(Smiling)* You say "home" like you live on our ranch, too.

CLARA: *(Playfully)* I kind of do.

DUNCAN: Hey, how come we never go to your house?

Clara freezes.

CLARA: *(Evasively)* Your house is nicer. Plus you have the barn.

DUNCAN: Yeah but I mean, we've been friends since we were seven and you've never let me see where you live . . . or meet your parents.

CLARA: It's just more convenient to go to your house-- it's closer to school.

DUNCAN: Come on, let's go to your house for a change! What could be worse than my Dad?

Duncan makes for the door and grabs her backpack playfully. Clara rips herself away.

CLARA: No.

Beat.

DUNCAN: *(Suddenly serious)* Why?

CLARA: We can't.

DUNCAN: How come?

CLARA: . . . Just . . . please. Let's go to your house.

Duncan stares at her.

DUNCAN: *(Suspicious)* What's wrong with your house?

CLARA: *(Avoiding eye contact)* Nothing!

DUNCAN: Clara!

CLARA: I just . . . my room's a mess.

DUNCAN: *(Exasperated)* You think I care about that?

CLARA: We don't have any snacks or anything . . .

DUNCAN: I'm not hungry.

CLARA: My mom has the flu--

DUNCAN: Clara. What's going on? Is there something you're not telling me?

CLARA: *(Desperately)* No! It's nothing Duncan-- seriously. It's better you don't know.

DUNCAN: Better I don't know what? *(Clara doesn't respond.)* You can tell me anything, you know that right?

CLARA: I know. I just . . . I just don't want to scare you away.

DUNCAN: Not possible.

They look at each other.

CLARA: It's . . . my mom.

DUNCAN: What about her?

Clara looks at her feet.

CLARA: . . . Addiction. *(Beat.)* She's been in and out of rehab for a lot of years. She'll be ok for a while, stabilize a little, even act like a mom some days. But she always finds a way back, and then it's crazy. She'll get super angry and throw stuff at me--

DUNCAN: She throws stuff at you??

CLARA: --and start screaming about how I ruined her life and that I shouldn't exist at all.

DUNCAN: What??

CLARA: I was a mistake, Duncan. Teenage pregnancy from some jackass who knocked her up and then ran away. My mom makes sure I don't forget it, either.

DUNCAN: Jesus Christ, Clara.

CLARA: I mean, I'm used to it. But it makes me feel like I don't really deserve to be here, you know? It makes me feel like I'm not wanted.

Duncan tentatively reaches out a hand and pats her shoulder awkwardly.

DUNCAN: But you know you're wanted, right? I don't know what I'd do if you weren't around.

CLARA: I think you're the only person in the world who feels that way.

DUNCAN: Does it matter if it's one or a thousand? It's the same feeling, right?

CLARA: As long as you don't go anywhere.

DUNCAN: I'm not going anywhere.

Duncan gestures towards their presentation board.

DUNCAN: Hey. And you're never on your own, remember? The more friends you have among the species of nature, the less that you feel alone.

Clara sniffles and laughs at the same time.

CLARA: You're right. How could I forget. Aw, I miss little Artemis.

Suddenly, schoolboys crash into the classroom with athletic bags, startling Duncan and Clara.

BOY 1: Eyyyyyyyyy, Bat Boy, saw your name on the roster. Did your girlfriend sign you up, hoping you'd grow a pair?

Boys 2 and 3 laugh. Clara looks at Duncan, confused. Duncan puts a hand to his forehead.

DUNCAN: Ahhh, shit.

CLARA: What?

BOY 1: Come on, let's see how fast bats can run. Maybe bring your wingsuit, just in case.

Boys 2 and 3 laugh.

See ya in the locker room, loser!

The boys exit, laughing.

CLARA: What was *that* all about?

Duncan stands rigid, staring at the wall.

DUNCAN: Kill me now.

CLARA: I'd rather not.

DUNCAN: Well then at least gouge my eyes out and hack my legs off.

He looks at Clara hopefully. She laughs.

CLARA: Are you going to tell me what's going on?

DUNCAN: I forgot my dad signed me up for football. Practice starts today.

CLARA: (*Aghast*) Your dad signed you up for football??

DUNCAN: That's my dad.

CLARA: Does he know you at all?

DUNCAN: He thinks I'm too skinny.

CLARA: You're not skinny.

DUNCAN: He thinks I need to stop acting like a girl.

Duncan looks at the floor, ashamed.

Beat.

Clara takes his hand and puts it in hers. Slowly, Duncan looks at their hands, and then at Clara, smiles.

CLARA: Just ignore them all. K? Come on. I'll walk you to your big tough guy football practice.

They exit, hand in hand.

Blackout.

SCENE TWO

Lights up on the locker room. Boys from Duncan's classroom change into their football gear. Duncan sits on a bench and takes out his football clothes. One of the boys approaches him, menacingly.

#7 LOCKER ROOM: ACT II ACTORS OF BOYS 1, 2, 3 (+ OPTIONAL BOY CHORUS), DUNCAN.

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

BOY 1: SO YOU THINK A FREAK LIKE YOU
CAN HANG WITH THE GUYS?
GET OUTTA BED, KID,
OPEN YOUR EYES.

BOY 2: YEAH, YOU THINK YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH
TO STAND A FEW FALLS?
WELL THROW ON YOUR CLEATS, THEN,
IF YOU GOT THE BALLS.

BOYS 1, 2, 3 (CHORUS):
IT'S ALRIGHT, DON'T BE SHY,
SHOW US WHAT YOU GOT INSIDE

*YOU'LL BE FINE, JUST DON'T CRY
FOR YOUR MOMMA, TONIGHT!*

BOY 1: Look at his jersey, it goes down to his knees!

BOY 2: It's cuz he doesn't want anyone to notice he ain't got any *cajones!*

Laughter.

BOY 3: Hey maybe next time you should just wear a dress-- it'd cover up those stick legs, too!

Laughter.

BOY 2: *HEY, DON'T WORRY KID,
 WE'RE GONNA HELP YOU OUT
 JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES LIKE A BAT
 AND YOU'LL BE FLYIN' NOW.*

Laughter.

DUNCAN: They don't close their eyes to fly!

BOY 3: *YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART
 SPEWIN' FACTS AND ALL.
 YOU THINK YOU'RE ABOVE US,
 RIDIN' HIGH AND TALL.*

BOYS 1, 2, 3 (CHORUS):
*WELL IT'S TIME NOW
TO FIND OUT
WHERE YOU REALLY STAND.*

*YEAH YOU'LL SEE
WHERE YOU'LL BE
IN THE RANKS OF OUR COMMAND!*

BOY 1: Hit it!

The boys begin playing keep-away with Duncan's helmet. Duncan stands up and tries to catch it, but they keep it out of his reach. Finally, one of them throws it at his stomach and he falls to the floor.

BOY 1: I just got one question for you, twerp. What the hell's goin' on with that girl?

DUNCAN: (*Scared*) What girl?

The other boys begin to crowd in, forming a ring around Duncan and Boy 1.

BOY 1: (*Looking around at his cronies, amused*) “What girl,” he says, ha.

BOY 1: *DON'T MESS WITH ME, ALRIGHT,
 THAT GIRL HOLDIN' YOUR HAND.
 WHAT'S SHE DOIN' WITH YOU?
 CAN'T FIND A REAL MAN?*

DUNCAN: We're just friends!

BOY 2: *HEY DON'T BE SHY MAN, IT'S ALRIGHT,
 JUST TELL US, COME ON.
 HOW FAR HAVE YOU GOTTEN?
 WHAT BASE ARE YOU ON?*

DUNCAN: . . . Base?

Laughter.

BOY 1: *B-A-S-
 E, WHAT BASE
 HAVE YOU GOTTEN TO?*

BOY 2: *YOU KISSED HER YET?*

BOY 3: *YOU TOUCHED HER STUFF?*

BOY 1: *YOU GONE THE WHOLE WAY THROUGH?*

DUNCAN: (*Infuriated*) No! STOP! She's not a fucking object!

The boys fall silent.

BOY 1: Oh. I get it. You're gay.

DUNCAN: What!? I'm not gay!

BOY 2: A little defensive, are we?

DUNCAN: I'm not gay!

BOY 1: How do you know?

DUNCAN: I ... don't know! I just know!

Laughter.

BOY 1: Let me break it down for you. You got this girl, right. You hang around her all the time. You say you're not gay, but you haven't even touched her, and by the sounds of it you don't even want to. It's just not adding up.

Boys snicker.

BOY 2: My older brother told me girls like it when guys come on strong. So if you don't make a move with that chick she'll realize you're a homo too and she'll drop you faster than you can say "bat shit."

Duncan stands there, stunned.

BOY 1: Think about it, weirdo. Catch ya on the field.

He and the other boys exit and Duncan stands alone, dazed. Finally he picks up his helmet, sighs, and runs after them out the door.

Blackout.

SCENE THREE

Lights up. Clara enters the opposite side of the stage and waits for Duncan after practice. Duncan enters, exhausted, with his head hung. His jersey and pants are muddy with grass stains.

CLARA: Hey.

DUNCAN: Hey.

Duncan approaches her, giving her a strange and frightened look. He grabs her shoulders forcefully, and aggressively kisses her. Depending on the age of kids/audience, directors can also have Duncan touch Clara's hips, butt, or chest inappropriately. Use your discretion. The point of this scene is to demonstrate a non-consensual physical interaction. Clara instinctively pushes Duncan away. Duncan lets go.

Clara looks horrified and hurt. Seeing Clara's reaction, Duncan turns and runs offstage.

Clara doesn't try to run after him. She stands alone, catches her breath, and faces the audience.

#8 SUPPOSED TO BE: ACT II ACTOR OF CLARA

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

CLARA:

*IS THIS SUPPOSED TO BE
HOW THAT SHOULD FEEL?
I'VE WANTED YOU
FOR SO LONG.*

*IS THIS SUPPOSED TO BE ALL THAT THAT IS?
A KISS, YOUR LIPS, A WISH,
SHATTERED.*

*I'VE DREAMED OF YOU, OH,
I'VE DREAMED OF YOU.*

*AM I SUPPOSED TO FEEL
LIKE I COULD CRY?
WHY DO I
WANT TO RUN AND HIDE?*

*AM I SUPPOSED TO FEEL
EMPTY INSIDE?
SHOULDN'T I FEEL
I COULD FLY?*

*I'VE DREAMED OF YOU, OH,
I'VE DREAMED OF YOU.*

*BUT OH, IT'S IN MY MIND.
I'VE BEEN DREAMING PRETTY LIES.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO FANTASIZE
AT NIGHT.*

*MAYBE THIS
IS JUST HOW THESE THINGS FEEL.
HOW WOULD I KNOW?
I'VE NEVER KNOWN WHAT'S REAL.*

*MAYBE THIS THING
PEOPLE CALL LOVE IS JUST PAIN,
DISGUISED
IN A DIFFERENT NAME.*

*AND I DREAMED IT WAS TRUE.
OH, AND I DREAMED YOU.*

*BUT OH, IT'S IN MY MIND.
I'VE BEEN DREAMING PRETTY LIES.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO FANTASIZE.*

*I'VE GOT TO WAKE MYSELF THIS TIME,
BEFORE I PUT HIM ON THE LINE.
IF I WANT THE CHANCE TO FLY,
I CAN'T FLY BLIND.*

*SO CLARA, OPEN YOUR EYES;
THIS COULD JUST BE A CHANCE
THAT PASSES YOU BY.*

*NO, CLARA, DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME
WISHING EVERYTHING COULD HAPPEN
JUST LIKE INSIDE YOUR MIND.*

*I SWEAR I'LL BRUSH A BROADER LINE
BETWEEN THE WORLD I SEE AND WANT TO SEE,
'CUZ THIS TIME*

*I NEED SOMEBODY TO BE MINE,
WHO DOESN'T LEAVE ME ALL ALONE TO CRY.*

*GO, CLARA, IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO SEE
THE WORLD BEYOND THE WALLS
THAT LIMIT ME.*

*GO NOW, SET YOURSELF FREE,
IT'S ABOUT TIME
YOU BREATHED.*

*HE WANTS YOU, GIVE HIM WHAT HE NEEDS.
IT'S NOT ABOUT ME, IT'S NOT ABOUT ME.
IT'S JUST A BODY, JUST A SHELL OF ME.
SO TAKE
WHAT
YOU NEED.*

*CUZ OH, IT'S IN MY MIND.
I'VE BEEN DREAMING PRETTY LIES.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO FANTASIZE
AT NIGHT.*

*YES, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE
HOW THAT SHOULD FEEL.*

*CUZ HE'S WANTED ME
FOR SO LONG.*

Clara exits.

Blackout.

SCENE FOUR

Lights up. Duncan arrives back at the ranch house and finds his father in the kitchen. He drops his bag heavily and sits down at the table.

FATHER: How was football?

DUNCAN: Horrible.

FATHER: *(Laughs)* Why?

DUNCAN: That game is a glorified, legalized form of torture.

FATHER: *(Chuckles)* Well, it'll help you grow some thicker skin.

Tears come to Duncan's eyes.

DUNCAN: It hurt. And the guys were mean.

FATHER: Now, Duncan, you're too sensitive for your own good. If you start cryin' every time you feel a little pain, you sure aren't going to make it very far in life. It's not all sunshine and roses out there.

Duncan scowls at him.

DUNCAN: Where's Jill?

FATHER: She's upstairs practicing for her audition.

Duncan gets up to leave, but Father puts a hand on his shoulder.

FATHER: Leave her be. She's working hard to get into her dream college. It's time you learned how to take care of your own . . . "issues," anyway. Jill's not always going to be around. (*Duncan looks solemnly at the floor.*) Hey. Buck up. Just you wait. A few months of playin' football and you'll be strong, confident . . . I'll look up one day and my boy's gonna be a young man-- I'll hardly recognize ya.

DUNCAN: Do you think so?

FATHER: I know it.

DUNCAN: Thanks, Dad.

Father pats Duncan on the back, grabs his hat, and exits out the front door. Jill comes down the stairs, dancing and humming.

She notices Duncan slouched over the table.

JILL: Ooh, someone looks happy.

Duncan looks at the floor. Jill flicks him playfully.

JILL: Gross, you stink. Where have you been?

DUNCAN: Football practice.

JILL: Football practice? Did someone possess your body overnight?

DUNCAN: Dad's idea of a funny joke.

JILL: Not going to lie, I find it hilarious to picture you in huge pads trying to run.

DUNCAN: You and everybody else in this town.

JILL: Wanna see this fouette turn I'm working on? It's right at the end of the routine and it's so tricky-- but I'm getting close.

Jill begins practicing her move. Duncan gets up from the table and walks towards the stairs.

JILL: Hey-- are you ok?

Duncan pauses.

DUNCAN: Not really.

JILL: Something happen at school?

DUNCAN: Not exactly.

JILL: You want to tell me what's going on then?

DUNCAN: No.

JILL: Fine, if you'd rather I keep guessing . . . Let me think. *(Playfully)* Ooh I know, Clara started dating some super hot jock and doesn't care about bats anymore. *(Laughs.)*

Duncan collapses on the stairs and starts crying.

JILL: Oh my God, Duncan, I was just joking! Please tell me that didn't actually happen!

She puts her arms around his shoulders.

DUNCAN: *(Muffled through tears)* Jill am I gay?

JILL: What?

Duncan lifts his head and yells.

DUNCAN: AM I GAY!!!

Beat.

Jill looks into his face.

JILL: Duncan you've been in love with Clara since the second grade, what's gotten into you?

DUNCAN: Everyone on the football team said I was gay, and then I thought Clara might think that too, and so I kissed her, and now I've completely ruined anything we had because it was the wrong moment.

JILL: You kissed Clara?

DUNCAN: Yes! And I've wanted to do that forever but now it's all . . . effed up! And I got pushed down every single play today on the field. I'm so weak. And what if they're right, Jill, what if I'm gay!!?

JILL: Ok calm down, Duncan, calm down. You're not weak. And I don't think you're gay but if you are, who cares, ok? Breathe, breathe, breathe.

#9 PROMISE ME: ACT II ACTORS OF JILL, DUNCAN.

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

JILL:

*LOOK UP, WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?
YOU'RE A STANWOOD, DUNCAN,
DON'T STAND THERE
LOOKING DUMB.*

*LOOK UP, LOOK WHERE YOU'RE FROM.
YOU GOT THE STRENGTH OF THESE MOUNTAINS
IN YOUR BONES!
COME ON, MOVE ON.*

*DROP 'EM LIKE THEY'RE HOT.
ONE THING THEY'RE NOT
IS WORTH YOUR TIME.*

*DROP 'EM LIKE THEY'RE HOT.
COME ON, YOU'RE NOT
ONE OF THEIR KIND, DUNCAN.
USE YOUR MIND, DUNCAN.*

DUNCAN:

*LOOK UP, WHERE HAVE I GONE?
I'M A STANWOOD, YEAH,
I DON'T STAND THERE
LOOKING DUMB!*

*LOOK UP, LOOK WHERE I'M FROM.
I GOT THE STRENGTH OF THESE MOUNTAINS
IN MY BONES!
COME ON, I CAN MOVE ON.*

*I'LL DROP 'EM LIKE THEY'RE HOT.
ONE THING THEY'RE NOT
IS WORTH MY TIME.*

*I'LL DROP 'EM LIKE THEY'RE HOT.
COME ON, I'M NOT
ONE OF THEIR KIND, YOU'RE RIGHT!
I'LL USE MY MIND AND FIGHT!*

JILL: *PROMISE ME, YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE.*

DUNCAN: *PROMISE ME, YOU'LL NEVER GO AWAY.*

JILL, DUNCAN: *PROMISE ME, WE'LL STAY THE SAME.
WE'RE ON THE SAME TEAM IN THIS GAME!*

JILL: You just can't let it get to you! Don't believe what they say, ok? It's all lies. They're just jealous of you.

DUNCAN: *I KNOW JILL, I KNOW,
BUT WHEN YOU HEAR IT AGAIN AND AGAIN,
YOUR MIND STARTS TO SPIN AND THEY WIN.*

JILL: *I KNOW DUNCAN, I KNOW,
BUT HOLD YOURSELF REAL SLOW.
LIKE A ROCK IN THE RIVER,
LET THEIR WORDS JUST FLOW.*

*AND PROMISE ME, YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE.
PROMISE ME, YOU'LL NEVER GO AWAY.*

JILL, DUNCAN: *I PROMISE YOU, WE'LL STAY THE SAME.
WE'VE GOT EACH OTHER IN THIS GAME!*

JILL: Look at me.

Jill takes Duncan by the shoulders and they revolve slowly in a circle.

JILL: *YOU ARE YOU.*

DUNCAN: *I AM ME.*

JILL: *YOU ARE YOU.*

DUNCAN: *I AM ME.*

JILL: *YOU ARE YOU!*

DUNCAN: *I AM ME!*

JILL, DUNCAN: *PROMISE ME, WE'LL NEVER CHANGE.
PROMISE ME, WE'LL NEVER GO AWAY.*

PROMISE ME, WE'LL STAY THE SAME;

WE'LL STAY THE SAME.

YEAH, WE WON'T CHANGE!

Blackout.

SCENE FIVE

Lights up on the schoolyard. Clara waits for Duncan. Duncan runs onstage to greet her.

DUNCAN: I'm so sorry about yesterday. It . . . I--

CLARA: It's ok.

DUNCAN: I feel bad.

CLARA: You don't have to. I've wanted you to kiss me . . . for a long time.

DUNCAN: You have?

CLARA: I . . . love you Duncan.

DUNCAN: . . . You do?

They stand there awkwardly, looking at each other, and then looking at the floor.

Beat.

Duncan lightly takes one of her hands.

DUNCAN: I gotta run to practice.

CLARA: I know.

DUNCAN: Wait for me?

CLARA: I'll be right here.

Duncan kisses her softly on the cheek. Then he picks up his football bag and runs towards the football field, yanking on his helmet. After a few strides he turns back and looks at Clara.

DUNCAN: Oh and Clara, I love you too.

Clara puts a hand to her cheek where Duncan kissed her, and then she and Duncan exit opposite sides of the stage.

#9A PROMISE ME PLAYOFF: INSTRUMENTAL

Music begins. Choreography to be coordinated with the length of the song. As the following year passes, we simultaneously see Duncan playing football and Jill dancing--ultimately culminating in a college audition. At football practice, Duncan gets beat down repeatedly. As time goes on he hardens himself to aggression and grows angrier, more violent, and determined to prove himself on the playing field. Clara looks on, concerned, while Father shouts encouragement. Jill continues to dance, transitioning to different auditions. Lights change as seasons change. As Jill finishes her final audition, Duncan gets slammed down in the last seconds of a game. Father hands Jill a letter- she opens it and celebrates. Music ends. Father and Jill exit as the light fades. Clara approaches Duncan.

CLARA: Hey Duncs.

DUNCAN: *(Distractedly)* Hey.

Duncan begins removing his gear.

CLARA: Good game out there.

DUNCAN: Thanks. I'm beat.

CLARA: You're getting better, though.

DUNCAN: You think?

CLARA: Totally. You look so much stronger than you did a year ago. And . . . not as scared. Here-- have a cookie. You must be starving.

Clara hands him a plate of homemade cookies.

DUNCAN: You're an angel. *(Takes a bite of the cookie.)* What'd you do all day?

CLARA: Oh, I checked out all the books the library had about the Endangered Galapagos Penguin.

DUNCAN: *(Not paying attention)* Mm.

CLARA: They're the only penguin that lives north of the Equator, and climate change has essentially destroyed all of their habitat in the past 10 years.

DUNCAN: Mm.

CLARA: Just think! An entire species gone, and --

Duncan cuts her off.

DUNCAN: Hey, did you see my dad at the game?

Clara looks stung for a moment and then pulls herself together.

CLARA: . . . Yeah I think so, at the start. But then he left around half time.

DUNCAN: Ugh. So he didn't even see me make that catch? What the hell'd he leave for?

CLARA: Didn't you say Jill had her college audition today?

DUNCAN: *(Sourly)* Oh. Yeah.

CLARA: Do you think she got in?

DUNCAN: *(Bitterly)* Have you *seen* Jill dance? She's had her shoe in that door for the past 15 years.

CLARA: Oh. Right. *(Beat.)* You gonna miss her?

DUNCAN: Puh. No.

Duncan works on taking off his cleats.

CLARA: I always thought you were close.

DUNCAN: Were. Now she's just a stuck up diva. Her head's so in the clouds Clara, if you asked her what a "ranch" was, she probably couldn't tell you. Me and Dad don't even exist anymore, it's just "dance, dance, dance." So fucking stupid.

CLARA: Does your dad feel the same?

DUNCAN: No, he thinks she's perfect. He's out there breaking his back to make enough money to send her to school. If he had to sell the whole ranch for her, he probably would.

CLARA: Does Jill know that?

DUNCAN: No! She doesn't see any of it. She's never stopped to think about the fact that money doesn't grow on magical fairy trees, and that her dreams are made up of other people's sweat and blood. Last weekend me and Dad spent all day irrigating, so that we could grow the hay, to feed the cows, that oh by the way she *eats* . . . to be able to hop around like a sugar plum all day, and she asked us if we'd gone for a nice *walk*. *A nice walk?* Like, has she *completely* lost her mind?

CLARA: . . . Have you tried telling her how you feel?

DUNCAN: Mm. Rather just play football.

CLARA: Oh that will solve everything, won't it.

DUNCAN: Yep.

Clara looks at him skeptically. Duncan meets her eye.

DUNCAN: Hey, the more pissed I am at Jill, the better I play! No talking necessary. Chase it down with some homemade cookies . . . and it all works out. See?

He grins at Clara.

Beat.

CLARA: Duncan . . . are you ok?

DUNCAN: What do you mean, "am I ok?" I'm fine.

CLARA: I just know . . . I know how much you love Jill. I've never heard you talk about her like that before. I'm not convinced that channeling your emotions into football is actually making you feel better.

DUNCAN: Guys deal with their shit different than girls do, Clara.

CLARA: And by "dealing with their shit" you mean just pushing it down? It's gonna come up somewhere else, you know? That stuff doesn't just go away.

DUNCAN: Look Clara, will you give the armchair psychology a break? You're getting yourself all worked up for no reason. Why don't you run along and study your . . . little penguins?

Beat.

CLARA: *(Mumbles)* So you were listening.

DUNCAN: What?

CLARA: Nothing. Do you want to help me put together the presentation?

DUNCAN: Uh . . . I got some other shit to do. You got it. You're great at that stuff.

CLARA: Ok . . . maybe tomorrow?

DUNCAN: Yeah, maybe.

Beat.

CLARA: Duncan, how come you don't care about the animals anymore? You've been making me do all the work for the past six months.

Duncan sighs condescendingly.

DUNCAN: Clara, it's not that I . . . (*sighs again*). It's just . . . no one else in this town gives a shit. And maybe they've got a point. I mean are a couple of kids from bumblefuck America really going to stop humans from destroying the world? It's like watching a forest fire surround you and all you have to fight it is a cup of water.

Beat.

CLARA: Might as well throw in what you've got.

DUNCAN: We're all going to die someday anyway.

CLARA: How cheerful.

DUNCAN: Nihilism is liberating.

CLARA: You mean, giving up on your dreams is safe.

DUNCAN: Jill's the dreamer. Not me.

CLARA: I thought we were going to go to college together. For biology. For our animals. That's what we've said since second grade.

DUNCAN: Yeah well, looks like I'll be stuck here helping Dad on the ranch. Anyway I'm too stupid for that shit. You go, you'll get a full scholarship somewhere--easy.

Beat.

CLARA: I won't go to college without you.

Beat.

DUNCAN: So you'll just sit here and rot, like me?

CLARA: I guess so. *(Beat.)* I don't even know who I am without you.

For the first time, Duncan looks at her solemnly. Empathetically, concernedly.

DUNCAN: *(More tenderly)* Look I gotta go, ok? I'll see you at school tomorrow.

Clara looks at her feet.

CLARA: Ok.

Duncan gets up to leave, takes Clara into his arms. Kisses her on the forehead and holds her.

DUNCAN: Clara?

CLARA: Yeah?

DUNCAN: I love you, ok?

CLARA: I love you too, Duncs.

Duncan and Clara exit in opposite directions.

Blackout.

SCENE SIX

Lights up. End of summer football camp. Duncan arrives at home. He throws down his football gear. His face is smeared with mud. Jill enters the kitchen (from upstairs) with a suitcase. Father washes dishes.

JILL: Well, I'm all packed.

Father hangs up his dish towel.

FATHER: Jillie. We'll miss you. I'll only have ol' mudface to keep me company anymore. Write us letters, ya hear?

DUNCAN: (*Sourly*) You're leaving for college already?

Jill rolls her eyes.

JILL: Where have you been?

Duncan turns angrily and runs upstairs. Jill and Father look at each other.

JILL: What's up with him?

FATHER: Probably took a few falls at practice.

Jill follows Duncan up the stairs. Father exits into another room.

JILL: Duncan!

Duncan keeps walking.

JILL: DUNCAN! (*Duncan stops but doesn't face his sister.*) What's wrong with you? (*Duncan says nothing.*) You should be happy for me, you know?

Duncan coughs a laugh.

JILL: Say *something*, Duncan!

Duncan spins around to face her.

DUNCAN: What do you want me to say to you, Jill? "Happy for you?" (*he says disdainfully*). Yeah, you know what, I *am* happy for you. You're about to go blissfully waste four years of your life getting a degree to move your body around in useless fucking contortions that don't do any good for anyone. Makes me real *happy* to think about.

JILL: What the hell is wrong with you?

DUNCAN: What the hell is wrong with *you*? What's dance ever going to do for the world, huh, Jill? Me and Dad will be here on the ranch working our asses off, and you go off like it's nothing to learn a bunch of retarded dance moves. Who's stuck here working in the freezing ass cold to pay for that, huh?

Duncan pushes past her towards the stairs. She tears up, chokes back a sob.

JILL: This is why I hate this place!!! This is why I'm leaving and NEVER COMING HOME!

DUNCAN: I hate this place too, Jill! I hate this place more than you do! I'm not a girl-- I don't get to dance my way off this stage.

JILL: That's not fair! No one's trapping you here, Duncan. You're the smartest person I know-- go! Get out! You could get a scholarship anywhere you wanted.

DUNCAN: I don't care about any of that gay academic bullshit anymore.

JILL: (*Exasperated*) Well then go . . . cut down trees -- go dig holes -- go work on a fucking oil rig for all I care. Just don't blame me for your own lack of motivation to do something with your life! That's *your* problem, not mine.

DUNCAN: You know what, Jill? Go chase your pretty dreams and quit telling me what to do. I'm sick of you trying to be my fucking mother.

Father enters from another room. Jill looks like she's just been punched in the stomach.

FATHER: What did you just tell your sister?

DUNCAN: I told her--

JILL: I'm leaving, Dad.

DUNCAN: --TO HAVE A NICE LIFE.

FATHER: Wait, Jill--

Jill shoves past Duncan towards the front door.

FATHER: Duncan, what have you done?! Jill, wait a minute--

DUNCAN: AND TO ENJOY THE BIG, BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

FATHER: Duncan, will you SHUT UP!

JILL: Thanks for everything, Dad--

DUNCAN: AND TO NEVER COME BACK! (*Duncan's voice cracks as he stifles a sob.*)

Jill gives her father a kiss on the cheek and opens the door.

Father's voice cracks.

FATHER: See you at Christmas?

JILL: Bye, Dad. Love you.

Jill slams the door. Father turns on Duncan, silently. He trembles. Long silence as he looks at Duncan.

FATHER: You. Out. (*Duncan doesn't move.*) I said, OUT. You can come back inside once you've learned to control your GODDAMN emotions. You're a disgrace to the family name.

DUNCAN: (*Yelling*) Oh, screw this family and the family name. I hate you all.

Duncan shoves past his father, throws open the door violently, and runs out in front of the house. Lights shift. The set recedes and Duncan is left alone on stage. He runs hysterically in the direction Jill exited.

DUNCAN: JILL!! JILL!! Wait . . . (*No response. Duncan collapses on the ground.*) Jill . . . no . . .

Music begins. Duncan pounds his fists on the ground. Breathing hard, he gets to his feet. Wipes the tears from his face, and begins singing. (Set change is flexible here. If you need to have Duncan exit and re-enter to change the set, that's fine too.)

#10 I CAN'T BE MYSELF ANYMORE: ACT II ACTOR OF DUNCAN

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

DUNCAN: *I CAN'T CARRY ON ANYMORE,
 WHEN THE FLOOR SLIPS OUT FROM UNDER MY FEET,
 AND I'M THROWN FROM THE SHORE.*

*I CAN'T CARRY ON ALL ALONE,
I REGRET ALL THE YEARS I SPENT
MAKING MYSELF ON MY OWN.*

*I NEED SOMEONE
TO RELY ON.
SOMEONE TO BE
WHO'S NOT ME.*

*I NEED SOMEONE
WHO DOESN'T CRY,
WHO DOESN'T WANT,
WHO DOESN'T NEED.*

I NEED SOMEONE TO BE

*TO FREE MYSELF,
YOU SAID BE MYSELF,
BUT DON'T YOU SEE,*

*I CAN'T BE MYSELF ANYMORE.
I CAN'T BE THAT BOY YOU KNEW BEFORE.
CUZ HE'LL DIE HERE ALL ALONE,
AND ONE DAY THAT BOY HAS TO GROW*

*INTO THE MAN HE HAS TO BE.
IT'S WHAT THE WORLD EXPECTS OF ME.*

*SO I'LL HIT THE STREETS,
I'LL FIND WORK SOMEWHERE.
I DON'T CARE WHERE-- I JUST GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE.*

*I'LL RUN AWAY, I'LL CHANGE MY NAME,
I'LL PLAY THEIR STUPID GAME.*

*I'LL MAKE HIM PROUD,
I'LL BE STRONG, I'LL BE LOUD!
I'LL BE ONE OF THE GUYS,
JUST WATCH ME NOW.*

*I'LL MAKE THEM PROUD,
I'LL BE ONE OF THE GANG,
AND NO ONE AND NOTHING CAN STAND IN MY WAY.*

*I'LL RUN AWAY,
I'LL BE A MAN,
I'LL SHOW YOU THAT I CAN,
'CUZ I CAN'T*

*BE MYSELF ANYMORE.
I CAN'T BE THAT BOY I KNEW BEFORE.
CUZ I'LL DIE HERE ALL ALONE,
AND ONE DAY THAT BOY HAS TO GROW.*

*SO I'LL RUN FAR AWAY, WHERE NO ONE CAN FIND ME.
I'LL LEARN HOW TO BE THE ONE THEY'VE ASSIGNED ME.
I'LL RUN AND I'LL RUN, AND I'LL BECOME THE ONE YOU ALL SEE.*

ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANTED FOR ME?

Act II Jill enters with female-identifying colleagues. Oil Rig Workers join Duncan on stage and help him change into work clothes and a hard hat during the transitional music.

#11 HERE I AM: ACT II & III ACTORS OF DUNCAN, JILL, CHORUS

CHORUS: *AHHHHHHHHHHH.*

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>DUNCAN (ACT II):</p> <p><i>HERE I AM, READY TO LIVE BY YOUR COMMAND, AND THE STRENGTH OF MY OWN HANDS, READY TO BE THE MAN I AM!</i></p> <p><i>HERE I AM, WAS THIS LIFE HERE ALL ALONG? A LIFE WHERE I BELONG, I'VE LIVED MY WHOLE LIFE WRONG.</i></p> <p><i>Act III Duncan enters and sings with Act II Duncan.</i></p> | <p>JILL (ACT II):</p> <p><i>HERE I AM, TO DANCE, THE CHANCE, TO BE THE GIRL I AM!</i></p> <p><i>HERE I AM, MY SONG, I BELONG, IT'S BEEN COMING FOR SO LONG.</i></p> <p><i>Act III Jill enters and sings with Act II Jill.</i></p> |
| <p>DUNCAN (ACT II + III):</p> <p><i>HERE I AM, IT'S WHAT THE WORLD EXPECTS OF ME, MY PROPER PLACE I NOW CAN SEE, WHO KNEW IT ALL WAS SO EASY?</i></p> <p><i>HERE I AM, SAY GOODBYE TO YESTERDAY, IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYWAY, I'M WHO I MAKE MYSELF TODAY.</i></p> <p><i>HERE I AM, HERE I AM, HERE I AM, HERE I AM!</i></p> | <p>JILL (ACT II + III):</p> <p><i>HERE I AM, I CAN BREATHE, I CAN SEE, I AM FREE!</i></p> <p><i>HERE I AM, SAY GOODBYE TO YESTERDAY, IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYWAY, I'M WHO I MAKE MYSELF TODAY.</i></p> <p><i>HERE I AM, HERE I AM, HERE I AM, HERE I AM!</i></p> |

Blackout.

INTERMISSION

ACT III: Roughly 2009-2010

SCENE ONE

Lights up. 19-year old Clara knocks on the door of the Stanwood Ranchhouse. Father opens.

CLARA: How are they?

FATHER: Still alive. Here, come on inside, Clara.

Clara enters the kitchen. She and Father bend over a box on the table with a heat lamp over it.

CLARA: I feel like they've gotten bigger since yesterday.

FATHER: Well they've been guzzling milk like you wouldn't know.

CLARA: Do you think their mother abandoned them when the roof collapsed, or . . . did she die?

FATHER: Hard to know. But they weren't going to make it, either way.

CLARA: I'm so glad you found them.

FATHER: Well, thanks to you they're all safe. I wouldn't have known what to do with 'em if you hadn't been free to come by. To be honest with ya, bats freak me out. *(Clara laughs unguardedly.)* But I heard 'em all squeakin' and I couldn't just leave 'em there.

CLARA: I'm glad you called.

FATHER: Just promise me you'll come back and set 'em free before they all start flyin' around the house.

Clara laughs.

CLARA: I promise.

Beat.

FATHER: Here, have a seat. I was just making coffee.

Clara sits and takes a cup of coffee from Father.

CLARA: Mr. Stanwood, is the barn going to be ok?

FATHER: Well the roof just don't hold snow like it used to. She's comin' on a hundred years. I'm about ready to scrape the whole thing to the ground and start fresh.

CLARA: Oh no, you couldn't do that! All the animals, and . . . memories . . . *(she trails off)*.

FATHER: Well I'll have to ask Duncan. He's bringing home the bacon these days-- it'll be up to him what happens with the barn.

Clara looks into her coffee.

CLARA: You heard from him recently? *(Feigns insouciance.)*

FATHER: Who, Duncan?

CLARA: Mm.

FATHER: Oh, sure, now and again. Calls with a question about machinery, you know, asks how things are going here. But he's damn busy--and they move around so much it's hard to keep track of him.

CLARA: . . . So he got a phone.

FATHER: *(Sips his coffee)* When's the last time you saw him?

CLARA: Christmas. Do you know if he's . . . coming back, anytime soon?

FATHER: Oh, I doubt it. Wants to get Jill through dance school so she doesn't graduate with any debt. Course he won't let me tell Jill that. Plus, I don't know what I'd do without him workin' up there. Impossible for one man to run this ranch, and he sends home enough for me to hire a few extra hands. He's really grown up, that boy. Real proud of him.

Beat.

CLARA: Do you know -- is he happy?

Father avoids eye contact.

FATHER: Seems to be gettin' by alright. *(Beat.)* Look Clara, quit worryin' about Duncan--what's new with you? You'd be a senior now, wouldn't ya? I'm surprised you're not spoutin' off about college.

CLARA: I got a scholarship to Colorado State University, for Wildlife Biology.

FATHER: Oh, no kidding! Congratulations! That's where Duncan said he wanted to go when he was in his frog phase.

CLARA: I know.

FATHER: So you'll be shipping out in the fall?

CLARA: I . . . well. We were going to go together, you know? Maybe if I waited a year . . . he'd come home, and . . . *(she trails off)*.

Father looks into his coffee. A long silence.

FATHER: Can I tell you something, Clara? *(Clara nods.)* I know you care for Duncan. And I know Duncan cares for you. But sometimes life ain't very long. And puttin' aside your dreams to fit in someone else's life-- well . . . you might just lose your chance to live yours. He may be gone a while. You understand what I'm sayin'?

Clara looks at him.

CLARA: Yes, sir.

FATHER: Well alright, you run along now. I've kept you long enough.

Clara stands up.

CLARA: Thanks for the coffee, Mr. Stanwood.

FATHER: Call me Rob. And I'm gonna need you to come back tomorrow to feed these little twerps, hear? Don't you go too far, not just yet.

Clara laughs.

CLARA: I'll be here tomorrow.

Clara walks towards the door.

FATHER: Oh and Clara?

CLARA: Yeah?

FATHER: How's your mother?

Clara startles.

CLARA: Uhh . . . I . . . she's ok, how . . . Do you know her?

FATHER: One of my good friends in high school. Me and my kid brother used to ride horses with her and her sister. Things, well-- changed . . . when she met that Colson guy and, you know. My parents wouldn't let us see her any more. Word around town is that she's had . . . well. A rough go. Which means . . . you have, too.

Clara looks at the ground. Ashamed.

CLARA: Yes sir, we have. But I've saved all my money the past 4 years and finally bought her an old mare. *(Clara smiles.)* Watching her get in that saddle was the happiest I've ever seen my mom.

FATHER: Well. Ain't she lucky to have you. *(They exchange a tender glance.)* Go on home, kid. Wouldn't want to keep you from her.

CLARA: Thank you Mr. Stanwood-- Rob.

Clara exits.

Blackout.

SCENE TWO

Lights up. 19-year old Duncan and workmen on Oil Rig set. They clamp huge metal tongs over a blackened pipe.

MAN 1: It's 8 O'clock! Shift's up, losers! Let's get the eff outta here.

Workmen gather their things. Duncan keeps working.

MAN 1: Big D! Time's up! Get the hell outta here! *(Duncan doesn't hear.)* BIG D! DUNCAN! *(Duncan looks around.)* Shift's over dude! Come on, get offa there. You're gonna work yourself to death.

Duncan puts down his tools and swings off the scaffolding.

MAN 1: You wanna join me and the guys for a drink? We're headed to the bar.

DUNCAN: Ah, thanks man, I'm gonna pass tonight.

MAN 1: Wait, wait, hold up. I got a lady comin' tonight. She's got eyes for you. She's a real looker.

Other men whistle.

DUNCAN: Thanks man, I'm just tired.

MAN 1: It's all good man. Just lookin' out for my boy. Don't want you gettin' lonely.

DUNCAN: Nah, man, I got you guys. There's no lonely.

MAN 1: Cool man, get some rest. See you in the A-M.

Workmen exit.

Duncan leans against the scaffolding. Long silence as he rubs his eyes, puts his hands through his hair, closes his eyes, breathes heavily.

After a moment he rummages through his bag and finds his phone. He opens it and slowly dials a number. Puts his phone down, pauses, breathes. Picks it up and hits the "call" button.

Lights up on Clara, who sits in an armchair on the other side of the stage. She picks up on a landline.

CLARA: Hello?

DUNCAN: Hey.

CLARA: Who is this?

DUNCAN: I just wanted to call and say Happy Birthday.

CLARA: . . . Duncan?

DUNCAN: . . . Yeah.

Clara stands up, out of breath.

CLARA: How are you? It's been so long . . .

DUNCAN: I know, sorry. I've been workin' 80 hour weeks. How's stuff at home?

CLARA: Oh, fine, a few weeks ago your dad called me to help rescue the bats in the barn--the roof collapsed after the freak snow this spring. We pulled them into a box and nursed them until they --

DUNCAN: Since when has my dad cared about the bats?

Beat.

CLARA: I don't know . . . but he seemed pretty fond of them the other week. He had four pups under a light in your kitchen, feeding them milk from eye-droppers.

Beat.

DUNCAN: So you and my old man are like two peas in a pod these days, huh?

CLARA: Not exactly. But he calls me a few times a week to help out with the animals. Most of the time I get the feeling he's making up projects just to have some company, but I'm happy to stop by.

Beat.

DUNCAN: . . . Weird.

CLARA: . . . How are you?

DUNCAN: Oh, can't complain, just tired from the weird hours. Almost fell asleep driving off site the other day.

CLARA: Oh, great.

DUNCAN: But the pay's good, guys are good, yep, all good.

CLARA: . . . You get lonely up there?

DUNCAN: Nah, plenty of guys on the rig. They take me shootin' on our day off, so no, don't get lonely.

CLARA: Shooting? Shooting what?

DUNCAN: Oh, coyotes mostly, groundhogs, whatever we can find.

Clara doesn't respond.

DUNCAN: I mean really we're just doin' a favor to the ranchers up here, those animals are a dang nuisance.

Clara holds her phone away from her face and frowns at it. Long silence.

DUNCAN: But . . . what's new with you?

CLARA: Um. Well, I got a scholarship to Colorado State University to study wildlife biology . . .

DUNCAN: Oh . . . nice.

Beat.

CLARA: I think I'll have to defer a year, though. You know . . . Mom. Wouldn't make sense to head out right away.

DUNCAN: . . . Yeah.

Beat.

CLARA: That's all you have to say?

Beat.

DUNCAN: Well what do you want me to say?

CLARA: That you're coming home?

DUNCAN: I can't come home, Clara.

CLARA: Well that I matter to you at all, then? How about that? (*Duncan doesn't answer.*) That our childhood meant anything to you? (*Duncan doesn't answer. Clara chokes back a sob.*) That you're not a complete stranger to me now?

Beat.

DUNCAN: It . . . I . . . (*he exhales. Paces.*) Clara, come on. Don't cry, please.

CLARA: *Don't cry?* I've waited for you for *three years*, Duncan. *Three years* surviving in this place on my own so that you could go . . . do what you needed to do. You think that's been easy for me? You think a single day has been easy? But I've stayed here for you, you know why? For that one percent chance the happy little boy with the frog presentation was coming home. And now you call me for the first time in six months and tell me *not to cry?*

Beat.

Duncan exhales.

DUNCAN: I'm not that boy anymore, Clara.

CLARA: No?

DUNCAN: No.

CLARA: Then why are you calling me?

Beat.

DUNCAN: I . . . don't know.

Beat.

CLARA: Bye, Duncan.

DUNCAN: Wait! Clara, no--

CLARA: I've waited long enough.

Clara hangs up the phone.

Lights shift, spot on Clara. Duncan freezes in time.

#12 TELL ME: ACT III ACTOR OF CLARA

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

CLARA: *TELL ME,
ARE YOU BREATHING?
TELL ME,
CAN YOU SEE ME?
OR AM I ALONE,
FEELING THIS PAIN THAT YOU FEEL,
ALONE?*

*TELL ME
WHY YOU PROMISED ME YOUR HEART.
TELL ME
WHY I BELIEVED YOU COULD START,
WHEN YOU CANNOT
LOVE YOURSELF ENOUGH TO BE FREE,
CAN YOU LOVE ME?*

BUT YOU NEVER SAW THROUGH YOUR OWN EYES,

*NOT SINCE YOU WERE NINE.
YOU NEVER LIVED WHAT WAS YOUR LIFE,
BUT YOU CHANGED WHAT WAS MINE.*

*NO YOU NEVER SAW WHO YOU WERE HURTING,
BY PUSHING YOUR PAIN ASIDE.
YOU NEVER SAW THAT PAIN GETS PASSED ON
TO THE PEOPLE YOU LIKE.*

*TELL ME,
ARE YOU COMING BACK?
TELL ME,
SHOULD I RUN AND NOT LOOK BACK?
I DON'T HAVE A LIFE TO SPEND
WAITING FOR YOU.
SO I'LL
GO TOO.*

Clara exits.

Lights up on Duncan. He dials Clara's number again. Her phone rings but she does not answer. Duncan shoves his phone back inside his bag.

#13 INSIDE MY HEAD REPRISE: ACT III ACTOR OF DUNCAN

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

DUNCAN: *ANOTHER DAY FADES AWAY.
HER EDGES TURN TO GRAY.
ANOTHER DAY SLIPS AWAY,
AND THE NIGHT IS HERE TO STAY.*

*I'M STEADY, I'LL BE STRONG.
I'LL STAY WHERE I BELONG.
MY CHILDHOOD WAS ALL WRONG,
I'VE KNOWN THAT ALL ALONG.*

*BUT I STILL HEAR YOUR VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD.
I STILL HEAR THE ECHOES OF THE THINGS YOU SAID.
BUT IT'S TOO LATE, I CAN'T GO BACK AGAIN.
THAT STORY ENDS.*

I'VE COME SO FAR, SO FAST.

*STOP LOOKING TO THE PAST.
JUST MAKE THESE CHANGES LAST,
AND LET GO OF WHAT YOU HAD.*

*SHE DOESN'T KNOW YOU NOW.
AND IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYHOW.
SHE'LL ONLY DRAG YOU DOWN,
AND I'VE FINALLY FOUND MY GROUND.*

*BUT I STILL HEAR YOUR VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD.
STILL HEAR THE ECHOES OF THE THINGS YOU SAID.
BUT IT'S TOO LATE, I CAN'T GO BACK AGAIN.
THAT LIFE MUST END.
THAT LIFE MUST END.*

Duncan puts his head in his hands.

Blackout.

SCENE THREE

Lights up. New York City. Jill is now ~22. She finishes a dance routine with her classmates. Her phone rings.

JILL: I'll catch up with you guys, gimme a sec. *(Answers the phone.)* Hello?

Audience doesn't hear Duncan's voice. Jill stops mid-stride and puts her hand on the dance bar.

JILL: Who is . . . Duncan?

JILL: *(Begins breathing fast, but maintains a calm voice on the phone.)* Duncan, talk to me. Where are you; what's wrong?

JILL: Are you hurt?

Beat.

JILL: What is it then?

Beat.

JILL: Oh Duncan, talk to me!

Beat.

JILL: You're not wasting my time . . . just tell me what's going on with you?

Beat.

JILL: . . . I'm right here with you.

Breathing. Silence. Jill waits for a response. Then there's a click and the line goes dead. Jill startles.

JILL: Duncan? *(Realizes he's hung up)* DUNCAN, NO!

Jill sinks onto the floor. She frantically re-dials the number that called her. She waits. No one answers.

JILL: *(Groans)* Duncan . . .

Jill slowly gets to her feet and walks into the lights.

#14 I THOUGHT I HEARD HIM CRY: ACT III ACTOR OF JILL

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

JILL: *I THOUGHT I HEARD HIM CRY.
I THOUGHT I HEARD HIM CRY BEFORE HE HUNG UP THE PHONE.
BUT HE WON'T TALK TO ME.
OH, NO.*

*DUNCAN WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?
YOU SOUND TIRED AND LOST.
WHY CAN'T YOU JUST TALK TO ME,
TRUST ME?*

*I HARDLY KNEW YOUR VOICE.
I HARDLY KNEW YOUR VOICE; WHERE ARE YOU CALLING FROM?
OR ARE YOU HAUNTING ME?
IS THIS ALL IN MY MIND, IS THIS ME?*

*WHERE ARE YOU, WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?
YOU'VE BEEN SILENT FOR SO LONG.
WHAT HAS YOU CAUGHT BETWEEN ITS TEETH,
STEALING YOU FROM ME?*

YOU, YOU.
WHY CAN'T YOU JUST SEE YOU LIKE I DO?
YOU, YOU.
WHO'S PUT THIS CAGE OVER YOU?
FROM A YOUNG AGE YOU ALWAYS

KNEW WHO YOU WERE,
YOU'D RUN OUT ON THE STREET,
JUST LIKE NO ONE WAS WATCHING,
NO EXPECTATIONS TO MEET.
YOU KNEW WHO YOU WERE,
YOU'D LOOK UP AT THE SKY,
REACH OUT YOUR HAND AND CRY.
YOU KNEW WHO YOU WERE,
YOU NEVER DOUBTED IT.
HOW DID IT BECOME SO EASY TO LOSE?
YOU KNEW WHO YOU WERE,
WE KNEW IT TOO.
NOW IT'S FALLING TO PIECES, AND WE'RE FALLING TOO.

WHY DID YOU HANG UP WHEN YOU STARTED TO CRY?
WHY DID YOU HIDE WHY YOU'RE DYING INSIDE?
WHY DID IT SOUND LIKE YOU WERE STANDING IN THE DARK?
WHY WAS HEARING YOUR VOICE SO GODDAMN HARD?

WHY WON'T YOU TELL ME ANYTHING?
WHY WON'T YOU TELL ME HOW TO HELP YOU DUNCAN?

WHERE ARE YOU, WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?
YOU'VE BEEN SILENT FOR SO LONG.
WHAT HAS YOU CAUGHT BETWEEN ITS TEETH,
STEALING YOU FROM ME?

I THOUGHT I HEARD HIM CRY.
I THOUGHT I HEARD HIM CRY BEFORE HE HUNG UP THE PHONE.

Jill exits in a panic.

Blackout.

SCENE FOUR

Lights up on the ranch. Father sits writing something on the kitchen table, when Jill walks through the door.

FATHER: Jill? Jill!

JILL: Dad!

FATHER: Now, what in the name of God . . . ?

Jill runs to him and they embrace.

FATHER: Look at you. So grown up, and beautiful.

Jill smiles demurely.

JILL: Oh, Dad, it's so good to be home.

FATHER: But I thought you were at school, Jillie? Your classes can't be done for the summer this early, can they?

JILL: Well no, I . . .

FATHER: How come you didn't tell me you were coming home? What's this surprise all about?

JILL: I . . . I'm sorry Dad. I just . . . wanted to come home.

Father beams.

FATHER: Well, 'course you're welcome here anytime. How'd you get home, anyway? Thought you didn't have a car.

JILL: In a thing called an "airplane," Dad.

FATHER: Oh.

They both chuckle. Jill looks around the room, towards the stairs.

JILL: Where's Duncan, is he upstairs?

FATHER: Duncan? He's not upstairs. Here, come sit down, Jill. I was just fixin' lunch.

Father pulls out a chair.

JILL: Where is he, in the barn?

Father distracts himself with the sandwiches.

FATHER: No-- grilled cheese alright?

JILL: In the fields? Dad, where is he?

Father turns to face her.

FATHER: Jill, what's going on with you? Hasn't Duncan told you where he is?

Jill looks at the floor.

JILL: We haven't talked.

FATHER: Right well, you didn't exactly part on the best terms, did ya. *(Beat.)* He's been workin' up on an oil rig in North Dakota for nearly three years now.

JILL: *What?!* An oil rig? But . . . Duncan? *(Beat. Jill looks around the room, as if searching for answers.)* But we've talked, every Christmas, he was always here! I never--

FATHER: He's come home every holiday.

Jill stares at him.

JILL: Dad, you never thought to mention to me, once in *three years*, that Duncan had left home?

FATHER: I didn't want to worry you. You finally got the opportunity to go somewhere with your life, and I thought you just wanted to leave this all behind. So I letcha. I didn't complain when you didn't bother to come home for a single Christmas or summer since you left, did I? But it makes sense you wouldn't know what's goin' on around here. You never asked about him. So I never told ya.

Jill looks into his eyes, stunned, speechless with guilt.

JILL: But--

FATHER: Don't you worry about Duncan. He's growin' up, figurin' it out. He's makin' more money out there than I have in my whole life. You ever thought about where those checks come from for your school?

Jill stands there, stunned. She puts a hand on her head.

JILL: *(Slowly coming to understand)* Oh, Jesus Christ. No, no, no, no. Oh, Duncan. *(Loses herself for a moment and then pulls it together.)* Ok, Dad, where is Duncan, exactly? Where's this . . . oil rig?

FATHER: It's up on the Bakken *(BOCK-en)* Shale Play somewhere-- the rigs move around a lot.

JILL: Is he based out of some town?

FATHER: Williston, I think. He's in a hotel.

JILL: Jesus, ok. Do you have anything from Duncan with the company address? Paychecks, anything like that?

FATHER: Let me check. *(Father pushes himself up from the table and walks over to the counter. Hunches over a pile of papers, rifles through them, tossing things to the side.)* Here-- paycheck from Duncan Stanwood.

Jill runs over and takes it out of his hand. She studies the address. Holds onto the envelope.

JILL: Can I take the truck Dad?

FATHER: Jill, what on earth has come over you? First you fly home for the first time in years, now you're proposin' to drive the better part of a day up to North Dakota? Here, sit down a second, eat some lunch.

JILL: *(Voice trembling slightly, but firm)* No Dad. I'm sorry. Duncan called me the other day at school. And I may not have talked to him in a while but he's my brother. And something's not right. Please, let me use the truck.

They look at each other. Father nods, and hands her the keys.

FATHER: Drive safe, Jill. Please.

JILL: I will, Dad.

She hugs him. He holds her tight, and they exchange an unspoken understanding.

FATHER: I miss you.

JILL: Dad. *(She cries.)* I'll be back soon.

Jill exits.

Blackout.

SCENE FIVE

Low lights up on the oil rig. The sound of a truck parking. Men hunch over a pipe, blackened with oil.

Jill approaches the oil rig.

JILL: HEY!

The men stop their work and peer down at her.

MAN 1: The fuck are you?

Other men laugh (besides Duncan).

JILL: Is Duncan Stanwood up there?

All the men turn to look at Duncan.

MAN 1: Didn't tell us you had a girlfriend, Big D.

Duncan looks down at Jill, freezes.

DUNCAN: Gimme one sec.

Duncan climbs down the ladder and approaches Jill. They look at each other, and then at the ground. Lights off over the oil rig.

Oil Rig Men exit.

DUNCAN: Jill, what are you doing here?

JILL: I just. *(Beat.)* Wanted to make sure you were ok.

DUNCAN: I thought you were at school.

JILL: I was.

DUNCAN: You . . . came all the way back from school to ask if I was ok.

JILL: Well when you don't answer my calls.

DUNCAN: How'd you even know where I was?

JILL: I'm your sister, asshole. *(Trying to be playful)* You can't hide from me.

Duncan exhales.

DUNCAN: Well I'm fine, Jill.

Jill looks at her brother and he looks at the ground. He kicks some dust.

DUNCAN: Dad let you take his truck?

JILL: Yeah.

Silence. Duncan distracts himself with the dust on the ground.

JILL: Duncan--

DUNCAN: Yeah.

Beat.

JILL: What's going on with you?

DUNCAN: What do you mean, "what's going on with me?" I'm just working.

JILL: How come you called me the other night?

Beat. Duncan concentrates on the ground. Jill catches his arm in her hand.

JILL: Hey. How come you called me the other night?

DUNCAN: . . . Lost my grip for a second.

JILL: Grip on what?

DUNCAN: Ah, never mind Jill. *(Annoyed, he shakes free of Jill's hand.)* Look, it was nice of you to come and all, but I gotta get back to work. I can't be seen talking to a girl on shift.

JILL: Duncan, please. Wait. Just . . . are you ok?

DUNCAN: I'm fine. Sorry I worried you. Should have never called.

Duncan begins walking back towards the oil rig.

JILL: Duncan, wait!

Duncan keeps walking. Music begins. Jill runs to catch up to her brother.

#15 LOOK AT ME: ACT III ACTORS OF JILL, DUNCAN

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

JILL: *LOOK AT ME, WHAT'S WRONG?
TALK TO ME.
YOU CAN TRUST ME.
WHAT'S GOING ON?*

*JUST BECAUSE
YOU'RE STANDING THERE IN YOUR GLOVES KICKING DUST,
DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN HIDE YOUR FACE.
WHAT'S GOING ON?*

*I'VE KNOWN YOU SINCE YOU COULD TALK;
NOW THERE'S NOT ONE WORD YOU CAN SAY?
I'VE KNOWN YOU SINCE YOU COULD WALK;
NOW DON'T TURN AND WALK AWAY. HEY--
WHAT'S GOING ON?*

Duncan turns away from Jill, spotlight focuses on him.

DUNCAN: *LOOK AT HER.
SHE SEES RIGHT THROUGH ME.
BUT I'M A NEW ME.
JUST DON'T CRY.*

*SISTER,
I SHOULD TELL HER TO PISS OFF,
GO GET LOST.
YOU DON'T KNOW ME.*

*I'VE KNOWN HER SINCE I COULD TALK;
NOW THERE'S NOT ONE WORD I CAN SAY.
I'VE KNOWN HER SINCE I COULD WALK;
NOW JUST TURN AND WALK AWAY.
JUST GET ON WITH YOUR DAY.*

JILL:

LOOK AT ME.

YOU'RE NOT RIGHT, I CAN SEE.

DON'T BE AFRAID OF ME.

WHAT ARE YOU SO SCARED OF?

YOU'RE SUFFERING,

YOU'RE PALE, YOU'RE GHOSTLY.

WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?

JUST LET ME SEE.

*REMEMBER ALL THE THINGS WE SAID,
SO LONG AGO?
DUNCAN DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE.*

*REMEMBER ALL THE DAYS
WE SPENT,
JUST YOU AND ME?
WE WERE FREE!*

*REMEMBER WHEN YOU LOVED YOURSELF,
AND YOU CAME HOME?
DUNCAN DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE.*

REMEMBER WHAT WE PROMISED?

*DUNCAN, DON'T GO,
DUNCAN, DON'T GO,
DUNCAN, DON'T GO,
DUNCAN, DON'T GO!*

DUNCAN:

*RIGHT HAND ON THE RAILING,
KEEP YOUR HARD HAT DOWN.
LOOK AT THE GROUND, LOOK AT THE
GROUND, LOOK AT THE GROUND, LOOK AT
THE GROUND.*

*KEEP YOUR SHIT TOGETHER
AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND.
LOOK AT THE GROUND, LOOK AT THE
GROUND, LOOK AT THE GROUND, LOOK AT
THE GROUND.*

*KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS TOGETHER,
JUST DON'T LET IT OUT.
TURN AROUND, TURN AROUND, TURN
AROUND, TURN AROUND.*

*LEAVE THE PAST BEHIND YOU,
YOU ARE DIFFERENT NOW.
LOOK AT THE GROUND, LOOK AT THE
GROUND, LOOK AT THE GROUND, LOOK AT
THE GROUND.*

*I REMEMBER NONE OF MY CHILDHOOD,
SO LONG AGO,
SOMEONE I KNOW LONGER KNOW.*

*I REMEMBER NONE OF THE DAYS
WE SPENT,
JUST YOU AND ME,
DON'T YOU SEE?*

*I REMEMBER NONE OF THE LOVE WE FELT.
I HAD NO HOME;
MY ONLY HOME IS ALONE.*

*I REMEMBER NONE OF THE THINGS WE
SAID.
LEAVE ME ALONE,
LEAVE ME ALONE,
LEAVE ME ALONE,
LEAVE ME ALONE!*

Duncan shoves Jill and pins her violently against the railing behind them. Jill struggles to breathe.

Long beat.

Jill, very quietly, begins singing, a capella.

#16 STANWOOD CHILDREN REPRISE: ACT I & III ACTORS OF JILL & DUNCAN

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

JILL (ACT III): *WE ARE THE STANWOOD CHILDREN,
YOUNG BUT GIFTED,
AND YOU WON'T FIND THIS QUALITY
ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD.*

*NO, AS THE STANWOOD CHILDREN
IT IS OUR MISSION TO PERFECTIFY.*

Act I Jill and Duncan return to the stage, in low light. Act III Duncan lets go of Act III Jill.

JILL (ACT III AND ACT I), DUNCAN (ACT I):

*YOU CAN CALL US ANY TIME OF DAY OR NIGHT,
WE'LL BE AWAKE!
BRING US ANY PROJECT AND WE'LL FIX IT UP, PIECE OF CAKE.
COME TO US WITH ORDERS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE POLITE--OR PAY!
JUST FOR YOU WE'LL ALWAYS FIND A WAY!*

Duncan (ACT III) falls into Jill's (ACT III) arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

Blackout.

SCENE SIX

From the darkness, an aura of voices fill the theatre. One by one, characters emerge into the growing light.

17 FINALE: FULL COMPANY

[>>CLICK TO LISTEN<<](#)

CHORUS: *LOOK UP,
LOOK UP,
LOOK UP,*

LOOK UP.

*LOOK UP,
LOOK UP,
LOOK UP,
LOOK UP.*

*LOOK UP,
LOOK UP,
LOOK UP,*

LOOK TO YOUR LOVE.

FATHER:

*LOOK UP.
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE FROM.
LOOK WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF.
LOOK TO YOUR LOVE.*

CLARA (ACT III):

*LOOK UP.
WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR?
WHAT MAKES YOUR HEART BEAT MORE?
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?*

CHORUS:

*LOOK UP, LOOK UP, LOOK UP.
LOOK UP, LOOK UP, LOOK UP.
LOOK UP, LOOK UP, LOOK UP.
LOOK UP, LOOK UP, LOOK UP.*

*LOOK UP, LOOK UP, LOOK UP.
LOOK UP, LOOK UP, LOOK UP.
LOOK UP, LOOK UP, LOOK UP.
LOOK UP, LOOK UP, LOOK UP.*

CHORUS 1:

*LOOK UP.
YOU MIGHT THINK YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN,
BUT TRUST ME, YOU'RE NOT ALONE.
WE ALL FEEL THE SAME, YOU KNOW.*

CHORUS 2:

*LOOK UP.
HAVE YOU BEEN BREATHING?
OR ARE YOU BLEEDING
THE LIFE THAT WAS YOURS?*

DO YOU...

FULL CAST:

*LOVE WHO YOU ARE?
LOVE WHO YOU WERE FROM THE START?
LOVE WHO YOU ARE,
WHO YOU ARE?*

JILL (ACT III): *LOOK UP.
IT'S ALL THERE INSIDE OF YOU.
THE ONLY TRUTH
YOU NEED TO GUIDE YOU.*

*LOOK UP.
YOU HAVE THE STARS IN YOU,
AND THE MOUNTAINS TOO.
YOU ARE THE EARTH AND YOU CAN . . .*

DUNCAN (ACT III): *LOOK UP.
WHEN I TELL MYSELF I CAN
BE EVERY PART OF WHO I AM,
THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A MAN.*

*I'LL LOOK UP.
LOOK WHAT'S INSIDE OF ME.
I'LL LOOK WHAT'S INSIDE OF EVERYBODY.
I KNOW WE CAN ALL BE FREE,
IF WE...*

FULL CAST: *LOVE WHO WE ARE.
LOVE WHO WE WERE FROM THE START.
LOVE WHO WE ARE,
WHO WE ARE.*

*LOOK UP,
LOOK UP,
LOOK UP,
LOOK UP!*

*AND PROMISE ME, WE'LL NEVER CHANGE.
PROMISE ME, WE'LL NEVER GO AWAY.
PROMISE ME, WE'LL STAY THE SAME.
WE WON'T CHANGE!
WE WON'T CHANGE!
YEAH, WE WON'T CHANGE!*

Blackout.

END OF SHOW.