

HAIR

The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical

Book and Lyrics by Gerome Ragni and James Rado

Music by Galt MacDermot

Copyright © 1966 by Gerome Ragni and James Rado
All Rights Reserved
Reprinted by permission of Pocket Books, a Simon & Schuster division
of Gulf & Western Corporation.

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that HAIR, being fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the International Copyright Union and the Universal Copyright Convention, is subject to royalty. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio and television broadcasting, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of readings, permission for which must be secured from the authors' agent in writing.

All inquiries should be addressed to: Nat Shapiro, 157 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

EDITOR'S NOTES

An epochal musical, *Hair* originally was produced by Joseph Papp at the New York Shakespeare Festival's Public Theatre (located in lower Manhattan) for a limited engagement of eight weeks. The "tribal love-rock musical" was greeted with loud hosannas by critics and public alike, not only as a significant stride forward in the art of musical theatre, but also as stirring entertainment.

Unwilling to let his hirsute hit expire, Mr. Papp (in association with Michael Butler) moved it to Cheetah, a large Broadway dis-cotheque, for another run, limited only because the building was about to be torn down.

Undaunted by its gypsiesque preliminary engagements, *Hair* was subsequently revised by the authors and composer and restaged for Broadway by Tom O'Horgan, opening at the Biltmore Theatre on April 29, 1968. It immediately became one of the most successful musicals in Broadway history. With an eventual world gross of \$80 million (it was performed in virtually every conceivable country) and eleven original cast record albums (in as many languages), *Hair* became the archetypal musical of the sixties, the love song of the flower-children generation. With its freewheeling story line and barbed comments on sex, drugs, military service, money, religion, and other contemporary concerns, its vibrant and often memorable rock score, and a sprinkling of nudity, it shattered Broadway conventions and ran for 1,750 performances while fourteen other companies play concurrently in various parts of the United States.

Even the most conservative of critics doffed their hats to the "rock 'n' rebellion" musical. Brooks Atkinson, dean of theatre journalists, avowed that "*Hair* is the freshest and most spontaneous show I've seen." Clive Barnes of *The New York Times* described it as "so likable, so new, so fresh and so unassuming, even in its pretensions. It is the first Broadway musical in some time to have the authentic voice of today rather than the day before yesterday."

Richard Watts, Jr. reported in the *New York Post*: "*Hair* has sur-

prising if perhaps unintentional charm; its high spirits are contagious, and its young zestfulness makes it difficult to resist." Others rated it as "a remarkable experience" and "one of the most important developments in modern American theatre. . . . It is a frenetic, non-stop celebration of love, pot, rock and the generation on the near side of the gap. It also is relentlessly pro-people and anti-computer and glorious fun!"

A London edition of the musical opened at the Shaftesbury Theatre on September 27, 1968, and the event prompted dramatist and critic Frank Marcus to jubilantly note in the *Sunday Telegraph*: "At long last the London theatre has burst into flame. When I emerged from the theatre, dazed, shattered and delighted, smothered in confetti, flowers and balloons, the cast and some of the audience were dancing frantically on the stage. For all I know they may be dancing still. This show is in every sense of the word, sensational." *Hair* ran for 1,997 performances before folding its West End-based tribal tents.

Co-authors of the book and lyrics, Gerome Ragni and James Rado are both actors and on more than one occasion have appeared in the same production, as they did in *Hair*, and with several Off-Broadway theatre companies.

Mr. Ragni, a native of Canada, studied at Georgetown University and made his Broadway debut in the record-breaking production of *Hamlet* which starred Richard Burton. A former member of the Open Theatre and Café La Mama, he next returned to Off-Broadway for a role in *Hang Down Your Head and Die*, and later, in the long-running comedy, *The Knack*.

In 1972 Mr. Ragni was represented on Broadway as the sole author of the book and lyrics (with music once again by Galt MacDermot) for the short-lived *Dude*.

Mr. Rado, whose hometown is Washington, D.C., graduated from understudy in the Henry Fonda vehicle, *Generation*, to one of the principals in *A Lion in Winter*. He also appeared in the New York and Chicago companies of *The Knack* and subsequently understudied Albert Finney in the title role of *Luther*.

In addition to winning international acclaim for his *Hair* score, Galt MacDermot composed the music for *Two Gentlemen of Verona* which appears earlier in this volume.

Prior to his eventful debut as a theatre composer, Mr. MacDermot was variously a writer of rock and jazz songs, a piano player for

dance bands, and a church organist. *Hair* was his first show. Subsequently, he composed music for productions of *Hamlet*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Tale of Cymbeline*, and a series of modern works, most notably, the background scores for the Tony Award-winning *Sticks and Bones* and Tennessee Williams's *Vieux Carré*.

A film version of *Hair*, directed by Milos Forman, is scheduled for release in 1978.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Hair originally was presented by the New York Shakespeare Festival (Joseph Papp, Producer) at the Anspacher Theatre, New York, on October 17, 1967. The cast was as follows:

Dionne	<i>Jonelle Allen</i>
"Dad"	<i>Ed Crowley</i>
Claude	<i>Walker Daniels</i>
Woof	<i>Steve Dean</i>
Jeanie	<i>Sally Eaton</i>
"Mom"	<i>Marijane Maricle</i>
Sheila	<i>Jill O'Hara</i>
Crissy	<i>Shelley Plimpton</i>
Berger	<i>Gerome Ragni</i>
Hud	<i>Arnold Wilkerson</i>
Susan	<i>Susan Batson</i>
Linda	<i>Linda Compton</i>
Suzannah	<i>Suzannah Evans</i>
Louise	<i>Jane Levin</i>
Alma	<i>Alma Robinson</i>
Charlie	<i>Warren Burton</i>
Thommie	<i>Thommie Bush</i>
Bill	<i>William Herter</i>
Paul	<i>Paul Jabara</i>
Bob	<i>Bob Johnson</i>
Jim	<i>Edward Murphy, Jr.</i>

Directed by *Gerald Freedman*
 Scenery Designed by *Ming Cho Lee*
 Costumes Designed by *Theoni V. Aldredge*
 Lighting by *Martin Aronstein*
 Musical Director: *John Morris*
 Associate Producer: *Bernard Gersten*

Hair opened on Broadway on April 29, 1968. It was presented by Michael Butler in the Natoma Production, at the Biltmore Theatre, with the following cast:

Ron	<i>Ronald Dyson</i>
Claude	<i>James Rado</i>
Berger	<i>Gerome Ragni</i>
Woof	<i>Steve Curry</i>
Hud	<i>Lamont Washington</i>
Mother	<i>Sally Eaton</i>
	<i>Jonathan Kramer</i>
	<i>Paul Jabara</i>
Father	<i>Robert I. Rubinsky</i>
	<i>Suzannah Norstrand</i>
	<i>Lamont Washington</i>
Jeanie	<i>Sally Eaton</i>
Dionne	<i>Melba Moore</i>
Sheila	<i>Lynn Kellogg</i>
Crissy	<i>Shelley Plimpton</i>
Tourist Couple	<i>Jonathan Kramer</i>
	<i>Robert I. Rubinsky</i>
Box Office	<i>Steve Gamet</i>
General Grant	<i>Paul Jabara</i>
Young Recruit	<i>Jonathan Kramer</i>
Parents	<i>Diane Keaton</i>
	<i>Robert I. Rubinsky</i>
The Tribe	<i>Donnie Burks</i>
	<i>Lorri Davis</i>
	<i>Leata Galloway</i>
	<i>Steve Gamet</i>
	<i>Walter Harris</i>
	<i>Diane Keaton</i>
	<i>Hiram Keller</i>
	<i>Marjorie LiPari</i>
	<i>Emmaretta Marks</i>
	<i>Natalie Mosco</i>
	<i>Suzannah Norstrand</i>
	<i>Robert I. Rubinsky</i>

Directed by *Tom O'Horgan*
 Scenery Designed by *Robin Wagner*
 Dance Director: *Julie Arenal*
 Musical Director: *Galt MacDermot*
 Costumes: *Nancy Potts*
 Lighting: *Jules Fisher*
 Sound: *Robert Kiernan*
 Executive Producer: *Bertrand Castelli*

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

<i>Aquarius</i>	The Company
<i>Introductions:</i>	
1. <i>Manchester</i>	Claude
2. <i>Manhattan</i>	Berger
3. <i>Colored Spade</i>	Hud
4. <i>Sodomy</i>	Woof
<i>Ain't Got No</i>	Claude, Berger, Woof, Hud, and Company
<i>I Got Life</i>	Claude, Mom
<i>Air</i>	Jeanie, Crissy, Dionne
<i>Initials</i>	The Company
<i>Going Down</i>	Berger and Company
<i>Hair</i>	Claude, Berger, and Company
<i>My Conviction</i>	Mom
<i>Dead End</i>	Sheila, Claude, Berger
<i>Don't Put It Down</i>	Berger, Woof
<i>Frank Mills</i>	Crissy
<i>Hare Krishna</i>	The Company
<i>Where Do I Go</i>	Claude and Company

ACT TWO

<i>Electric Blues</i>	The Leather Bag
<i>Easy to Be Hard</i>	Sheila, Berger, and The Leather Bag
<i>Manchester (Reprise)</i>	Claude and Company
<i>White Boys</i>	Dionne and Group
<i>Black Boys</i>	Jeanie, Crissy, and Another Girl
<i>Walking in Space</i>	The Company
<i>Prisoners in Niggertown</i>	The Company
<i>Walking in Space (Reprise)</i>	The Company

Good Morning, Starshine

The Bed

Exanaplanetooch

Climax

Sentimental Ending

Claude, Berger, Sheila,
and Company
The Company
Claude
Sheila
The Company

TIME:

The Present.

PLACE:

New York City, mostly the East Village.

THE SET:

The bare stage, totally exposed, no wing masking and, if possible, the entire proscenium arch stripped of any curtain, thus exposing the fly area, the grid, etc. The brick walls, the radiator pipes, the stage ropes, the light-pipes, all lights, are visible, as well as the three flag drops—perhaps some costumes might be hung on light-pipes and flown.

The floor is raked slightly and should be made to simulate dirt.

There are two permanent set pieces on the raked stage. They are:

1. *Totem Pole—stage right center—a large, authentic, beautiful American Indian totem pole.*
2. *A Crucifix-Tree—stage left center—a metal, modern sculpture Crucifix, with a rather abstract Jesus on it. The Crucifix also resembles a tree: the main cross branch, other smaller branches. Jesus is electrified with tiny twinkling lights in his eyes and on his body. At times, of course, the tree is climbed.*

The stagehands, the stage managers, etc., will be visible in the wings (though the wings are not brightly lit).

In short, all of the elements of this production are contained within the stage area from the outset and are manipulated in full view of the audience as the play progresses.

Exterior scenes make use of the dirt floor. For the interior scenes, Oriental rugs will be rolled out by THE TRIBE themselves. In fact, THE TRIBE will do most of the set changes, as simple as they are.

In summary, the set:

1. *Bare, exposed stage*
2. *Dirt, raked floor*
3. *Totem Pole and Crucifix-Tree*

4. *Drops to be flown in*
 - a. *American flag—from 1776*
 - b. *Another American flag—1776*
 - c. *American flag—1967*

THE SOUND will be rock music. It is very important that an excellent sound system be used that can regulate the balances of voice and musical instrumentation. The lyrics must be heard and for this reason all solo singers will probably have to wear chest mikes. Standard floor mikes will be used on occasion, as well, perhaps even in dialogue exchange for a specific effect. An engineer should be employed to control the balance through a master panel at the rear of the theatre.

THE CAST:

The cast numbers approximately twenty-five. There are ten principals. Two of them—MOM and DAD—are about forty-five years old. They play six or seven different roles each, weaving through the play as the representatives of "the older generation." The rest of the cast is comprised of seventeen- to twenty-five-year-olds. All the boys have very long hair.

In addition, we will use huge puppets—ten feet tall, made in the form of policemen—(TRIBE inside, manipulating them)—to hover in background at appropriate moments, as well as in the aisles. When not in use, they hang on hooks on the walls.

THE TRIBE:

THE KIDS should be approached, directorially, as a "tribe."

Marshall McLuhan describes today's world as a "global village." And today's youth is involved in group-tribal activity. So Hair should be a group-tribal activity. An extension of what's happening. A coming-together for a common reason: a search for a way of life that makes sense to the young, that allows the growth of their new vision, however defined or undefined that may be; to find an alternative to the unacceptable standards, goals, and morals of the older generation, the establishment. (No matter that their task may never be accomplished, or that it may.) It's what's happening now. The tribes are forming, establishing their own way of life, their own morality, ideology, their own mode of dress, behavior; and the use of drugs, by the way, has a distinct parallel in ancient cultures, in tribal spiritual tradition, both East and West.

THE KIDS are a tribe. At the same time, for the purpose of Hair, they know they are on a stage in a theater, performing for an audience, demonstrating their way of life, in a sense, telling a story, in order to persuade those who watch of their intentions, to perhaps gain greater understanding, support, and tolerance, and thus perhaps expand their horizons of active participation toward a better, saner, peace-full, love-full world. They are trying to turn on the audience.

The entire opening of the show, for example, from the moment the audience enters the theater, is THE TRIBE preparing for the ceremony, the ritual, the war dance (the peace dance), the play—Hair.

Note should be taken of the spiritual theme running through the play; outer space, astrology, the earth, the heavens, interplanetary travel, mysticism, as seen in the songs "Aquarius," "Walking in Space," "Good Morning Starshine," and "Exanaplanetooch," especially.

Also take note of the ever-present threat of the outside world on THE TRIBE, as expressed through the presence of the large police puppets, the projections on the walls of FBI, CIA, dark mysterious men, and MOM and DAD at times.

Act One

The audience enters the theater. THE TRIBE is already on stage informal, dressing, putting on war paint, peace paint, dressed as American Indians: headbands, beads, the guys in loincloths, moccasins, beaded dresses, etc. A small improvised tent is being pitched in the background. Some of THE TRIBE wear blankets. Possible use of tribal masks, colored greasepaints used freely on faces. Rhythms drummed on old tin pots. Occasional Indian yelps. Rising and subsiding drum rhythms from the band. Surrounding the stage are all the props that will be used during the course of the evening: stacks of newspapers, rolled-up rugs, metal oil drums, old mattresses, toy props that are used during the war scene, an umbrella with "Love" painted on it in bright colors, sticks, poles, banners, balloons, flags, homemade improvised staffs with feathers on the ends of them, etc. The atmosphere of a primitive American Indian camp at twilight. All looks quite primitive, tribal, and perhaps could be mistaken for another century were it not for the twinkling Jesus on the Crucifix. This is the ELECTRIC TRIBE. Bare feet, sandals, saris, loincloths, beads, old military uniforms, band uniforms, psychedelic design, incense, flowers, oriental rugs, candles, all combine to illustrate the emergence of a new-ancient culture among the youth.

No overture.

Twilight in the Indian camp. Drumming from tin pots, bottles, spoons, paper bags, metal objects, etc., and the band. Rhythm building. THE TRIBE is gathering.

SOLO VOICE:

*When the moon is in the seventh house
And Jupiter aligns with Mars
Then peace will guide the planets
And love will steer the stars
This is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius
The Age of Aquarius*

THE TRIBE:

*Aquarius
Aquarius*

SOLO VOICE:

*Harmony and understanding
Sympathy and trust abounding
No more falsehoods or derisions
Golden living dreams of visions
Mystic crystal revelation
And the mind's true liberation*

THE TRIBE:

*Aquarius
Aquarius*

SOLO VOICE:

*When the moon is in the seventh house
And Jupiter aligns with Mars
Then peace will guide the planets
And love will steer the stars
This is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius
The Age of Aquarius*

THE TRIBE:

*Aquarius
Aquarius*

*Aquarius
Aquarius*

CLAUDE (*North Country accent*): My name is Claude. Claude Hooper. Claude Hooper Bukowski. I'm human being number 1005963297 dash J, Area Code 609; maybe you've seen me around. Just another number. The most beautiful beast in the forest. I come from Manchester, England.

*Manchester England England
Across the Atlantic Sea
And I'm a genius genius
I believe in Gawd*

*And I believe that Gawd
Believes in Claude
That's me that's me
Now that I've dropped out
Why is life dreary dreary
Answer my weary query
Timothy Leary dearie*

CLAUDE and BERGER:

*Manchester England England
Across the Atlantic Sea
And I'm a genius genius
I believe in Gawd
And I believe that Gawd believes in Claude
That's me that's he
That's me that's he
That's me that's he
That's me*

BERGER (*Indian war whoop*):

*Woo Woo Woo Woo Woo Woo Woo Woo
Manhattan beggar
Manhattan gypsy
Manhattan Indian*

*I'm a whole new thing
I'm a lot of wild
Ev'ryday of the week
I'm society's freak
I'm a flower child*

*Manhattan tomtom
Manhattan tattoo
Manhattan tomahawk*

*I'm a whole new thing
A mutated breed
I'm a penniless head
Won't you gimme some bread
To feed my need*

*Hashish
Cocaine
Heroin
Opium
LSD
DMT
STP, BMT, A&P, IRT, APC, alcohol,
Cigarettes, rubber cement, Scotch
Tape, saffron, shoe polish,
Morning glory seeds, cough syrup,
Nutmeg, Ann Page, Dexedrine,
Benzedrine, Methedrine, TWA,
S-E-X and Y-O-U. WOW!*

My name is George Berger. But I don't dig George, so just call me Bananaberger. I know you people think right off, oh, look, dear, isn't he a cute one, what is it a boy or a girl? (*To a woman in the first row*) Hey, lady, can you spare a handout, something for a poor young psychedelic teddy bear like me? To keep my chromosomes dancing.

HUD: (*Dressed like a medicine man*) Comes the eclipse. I cover the white moon. I don't exist.

BERGER: More on Vietnam in a moment.

HUD:

*Walla walla
Gooba gooba*

CLAUDE (*As interpreter*): Hud is mean. Hud is bad.

HUD:

*Walla walla
Booga booga*

CLAUDE: Hud whips women. Hud is happy.

HUD:

*Walla walla
Goono goona
I'm a
Colored Spade*

A Pickaninny
Jungle Bunny Jigaboo
Nigger Coon and Cotton Picker
Mau Mau and Ubangi-lipped Swamp Guinea

I'm
Uncle Tom and Aunt Jemima
Voodoo zombie Little Black Sambo
Resident of Harlem
And President of
the United States of Love

WOOF: And if you ask him to dinner feed him:

HUD:

Watermelon
Hominy Grits
Alligator ribs
An' Shortnin' Bread

CLAUDE, BERGER, WOOF:
And if you don't watch out

(HUD taps)

The Boogie Man will shout
 (HUD taps)

HUD:
Boooooooooooooo!

(Stops tapping. Catholic Latin incantation by THE TRIBE. BERGER swings smoking Catholic incense chalice)

WOOF (Holding out an imaginary bit of something): This is the body and blood of Jesus Christ and I'm going to eat you. (He eats it, crosses himself, kneels, raising his right hand) I swear to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help me God, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Amen.

Sodomy
Fellatio

Cunnilingus
Pederasty

Father
Why do these words
Sound so nasty

Masturbation can be fun . . .

I'm Catholic, my name is Woof, and I refuse to join the YMCA or sleep there overnight. They advertise it as a Christian organization, but all they have in the lobby are Protestant Pansies. Pee Pee.
 (Drums under)

HUD: I'm the Imperial Wizard of the KKK.

WOOF: I'm brainwashed people. Jesus Saves.

BERGER: I'm the Aluminum Coxman and you'll me up up up.

CLAUDE: I'm Aquarius—destined for greatness or madness.

HUD:

I'm black I'm black

WOOF:

I'm pink I'm pink

BERGER:

I'm Rinso white

CLAUDE:

I'm in . . . vi . . . si . . . ble

(CLAUDE, BERGER, WOOF, HUD join hands and start "humming" a chord. The rhythm from the band under this. The chord grows in volume, moves up in pitch, increases in intensity; THE TRIBE gradually joins in; the rhythm from the band becomes more rapid and driving; the crescendo reaches its peak as the "Culpepper Minute Men" flag lowers rapidly behind the four guys. The flag: it is large,

covers practically all the stage. It is a replica of an authentic American flag dating from approximately 1776. On it is a huge rattlesnake, coiled, ready to strike. Above it reads: "The Culpepper Minute Men." In the middle reads: "Liberty or Death." At the bottom reads: "Don't Tread on Me." THE TRIBE tapers off the chord rapidly as CLAUDE, BERGER, WOOF, and HUD go into "Aint Got No")

WOOF:

*Ain't got no home
Ain't got no shoes
Ain't got no money
Ain't got no class
Ain't got no scarf
Ain't got no gloves
Ain't got no bed
Ain't got no pot
Ain't got no faith*

(THE TRIBE panhandles the audience)

HUD:

*Ain't got no Mother
Ain't got no culture
Ain't got no friends
Ain't got no schoolin'
Ain't got no shine
Ain't got no underwear
Ain't got no soap
Ain't got no A-train
Ain't got no mind*

(CLAUDE has put on steel-rimmed reading glasses, takes out of his back pocket an air-mail edition of The [London] Times, moves downstage and kneels, spreading newspaper on floor, reading it. Stacks of newspapers all over stage. MOM comes downstage and begins dancing around CLAUDE to a "Thirties-type melody," undressing as she dances, down to her slip and stocking feet, placing her clothes

ANSWERS

DIVIDED AMONG

OTHER THREE:

*So
Poor
Honey
Common

Cold
Beat
Busted
Catholic*

OTHER THREE:

*Orphan
Man
Lucky
Dumb

Bag
Dirty

Lost it*

on the chair. CLAUDE takes no note of her, continues reading. She continues the seduction)

CLAUDE (*Exorcism of the newspaper, affecting North Country English accent, Yoga lotus position, incense, pot smoking*): "Hello there . . . ever thought how you're living smack bang in the middle of the Stone Age? This, folks, is the Psychedelic Stone Age. Without doubt, the most exciting time this weary, whirling, square globe has seen for generations. And it's *your* age . . . you are living it, you are psyching it, you are stoning it . . ."

(*He tears up pieces of newspaper*)

MOM: I'm beat . . .

CLAUDE: "It's the age of electronic dinosaurs and cybernetic Indians and the *Daily News*, the age where it's more fun than ever to be young . . ."

MOM: Did you see about that job today?

CLAUDE: "An age where it's more fun than ever to be stoned."

(*CLAUDE tears up newspaper violently*)

MOM (*Sarcastic, but still the seductress*): Mountains of paper all over this house . . . your clippings, your magazines, your newspapers . . .

CLAUDE (*Cool British, reading from another newspaper*): Got to keep up with the *Times tra la* . . .

(*Tears out an article very neatly*)

MOM: Tear, tear, tear, you are nothing but tissue paper . . .

(*Music stops abruptly, as CLAUDE, in a mock rage, attacks MOM, still with English accent*)

CLAUDE: You save S&H Green Stamps and King Korn Stamps and bloody Plaid Stamps and boxtops and Betty Crocker Coupons and Cut Rite and Kelloggs and soap coupons and Co-Op and God-knows-what-coupons. (*Pointing accusatory finger*) I've seen you pasting one regular King Korn Stamp in each thirty spaces on this page and pasting five *Big Ten* King Korn Stamps here and licking one *Super Bonus* King Korn Stamp for each fifty blocks on this page. You cut out, rip open, paste on, and save, and I am your lover, and I demand my civil rights, and there is . . .

MOM: Stop that! You stop that right now. We work hard for a living. Start being an American. Find a job. The trouble with you is you're not an American. All these Bolshevik ideas. It's disgusting. Look at yourself.

CLAUDE:

*Manchester England England
Across the Atlantic Sea
And I'm a genius genius
I believe in Gawd
And I believe that Gawd believes in Claude
That's me that's me*

But I don't know how long me old man's gonna put up with that, do I?

MOM: He told me he's not giving you any more money.

CLAUDE: Oh, I've got to get out of this flat and start Liverpoolin' it up with me mates.

MOM: What are you going to do with your life? Besides disheveled . . . what do you want to be?

CLAUDE: Kate Smith.

MOM: Start facing reality . . .

CLAUDE: Which one?

MOM: Your father and I love you.

CLAUDE: I was born right here in dirty, slummy, mucky, polluted Flushing.

MOM: Look at those trousers.

CLAUDE: I'm Aquarius and destined for greatness or madness.

MOM: So's your father. Don't shame us, Claude.

CLAUDE: Out onto the Technicolor streets with me daffodils . . .

MOM: The Army . . .

CLAUDE: . . . me daffodils . . .

MOM: . . . The Army'll make a man of you . . .

CLAUDE: . . . tambourining it up and everyone lookin' at electronic me.

MOM: The Army.

CLAUDE: Stand aside, sergeant.

MOM: Or the Navy.

CLAUDE: I'm sleeping out tonight.

MOM: This is where it's at, honey, not out there . . .

CLAUDE: Carry on . . .

MOM: You will change your trousers before you leave this *home* . . . and take off my beads.

CLAUDE: Mother, it's embarrassing . . . the audience . . .

MOM (*To audience*): Hello, there. This is not a reservation, Tonto!

CLAUDE: This is 1968, dearie, not 1948.

MOM: 1968! What have you got, 1968, may I ask? What have you got, 1968, that makes you so damn superior and gives me such a headache?

CLAUDE: Well, if you really want to know, 1948 . . .

*I got life, Mother
I got laughs, Sister
I got freedom, Brother
I got good times, Man*

*I got crazy ways, Daughter
I got Million-Dollar Charm, Cousin
I got headaches and toothaches
And bad times, too
Like you*

(MOM now has tambourine and accompanies CLAUDE)

*I got my hair
I got my head
I got brains
I got my ears*

*I got my eyes
I got my nose
I got my mouth
I got my teeth*

*I got my tongue
I got my chin
I got my neck
I got my tits*

*I got my heart
I got my soul
I got my back
I got my ass*

*I got my arms
I got my hands*

*I got my fingers
Got my legs*

*I got my feet
I got my toes
I got my liver
Got my blood*

*I got life, Mother
I got laughs, Sister
I got headaches and toothaches
And had times, too
Like you*

*I got my hair
I got my head
I got my brains
I got my ears*

*I got my eyes
I got my nose
I got my mouth
I got my teeth*

*I got my tongue
I got my chin
I got my neck
I got my tits*

*I got my heart
I got my soul
I got my back
I got my hair*

*I got my arms
I got my hands
I got my fingers
Got my legs*

*I got my ass
I got my toes*

*I got my liver
Got my blood*

*I got my guts
I got my
muscles
I got life
life life
life life*

COMMENTS BY THE TRIBE:

*Mashkalumba!
Tell 'em, white man
Maharishi Yogi
Let it all hang out
Tell it like it is
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Tell him, Mom.*

MOM: And you got a lot of nerve, baby.

CLAUDE:

*And I'm gonna spread it around
the world, Brother
And I'm gonna spread it around
the world, Sister
And I'm gonna spread it around
the world, Mother
So everybody knows
What I got*

MOM and TRIBE:

*Amen.
Amen.*

(MOM exits. CLAUDE runs back to game)

CLAUDE:

<i>Ain't got no smokes</i>	<i>Shit</i>
<i>Ain't got no job</i>	<i>Lazy</i>
<i>Ain't got no work</i>	
<i>Ain't got no coins</i>	
<i>Ain't got no pennies</i>	<i>Hustler</i>
<i>Ain't got no girl</i>	<i>Horny</i>
<i>Ain't got no ticket</i>	
<i>Ain't got no token</i>	<i>Walk</i>
<i>Ain't got no God</i>	<i>Good</i>

BERGER:

<i>Ain't got no father</i>	<i>Dead</i>
<i>Ain't got no T.V.</i>	<i>Honest</i>
<i>Ain't got no pizza</i>	<i>Starvin'</i>
<i>Ain't got no Gallo</i>	<i>Nervous</i>
<i>Ain't got no sleep</i>	<i>High</i>
<i>Ain't got no rhythm</i>	<i>White</i>
<i>Ain't got no books</i>	<i>Lovely</i>
<i>Ain't got no socks</i>	<i>Nasty</i>
<i>Ain't got no sex</i>	<i>Ugly</i>

(BERGER sits in chair)

DAD (*Very pleasant*): Well, Berger.BERGER: (*Rising*) Yes, sir.

DAD: Sit down, Mr. Berger. (BERGER sits) Do you know why I called you in here today, Mr. Berger?

BERGER: I think so, yes.

DAD: We're getting to be well-acquainted, aren't we? You're a bad example for us here, Berger. And I must add you're not the only one. We've done everything to help you, persuade you, encourage you, and you've done nothing for yourself. You continue to make us promises and do nothing about it.

BERGER: Is that all, sir? Can I go now?

DAD: It's a shame, Mr. Berger. I don't understand all this.

BERGER: I hate your school.

DAD: You're such a bright boy and a good student.

BERGER: Screw *your* logic and reason. I'm tired of your *brainwash* education.

DAD: Mr. Berger, you may dematriculate in the front office!

BERGER: (*Rises and goes, turning at door, rather English*) Mr. MacNamara, this is 1968 not 1967. So long, love. Super . . . super . . . super . . . super . . .

(*He exits, standing facing audience down left. DAD, in a fury, picks up microphone to school intercom system, amplifying his voice. BERGER stands outside in the hall listening, motionless. Three bells ring—ding, ding, ding*)

DAD: Attention. Attention. This is your principal, Mr. MacNamara. (*Ding, ding, ding*) All right, now, what is this school becoming? A costume party? Some kind of a giant festival dizzyland? Some stu-

dents in this school have been ignoring PS 183's Personal Appearance Code, upsetting the morale of their classmates, distracting their fellow students, and I know the teachers feel their teaching is adversely affected in the presence of these apparitions. Well . . . one of your rebellious beatnik leaders has just been expelled by me. And let this be an ultimatum to the rest of you. This is World War III.

THE TRIBE:

Help

<i>Ain't got no home</i>	<i>So</i>
<i>Ain't got no shoes</i>	<i>Poor</i>
<i>Ain't got no money</i>	<i>Honey</i>
<i>Ain't got no class</i>	<i>Common</i>
<i>Ain't got no scarf</i>	
<i>Ain't got no gloves</i>	<i>Cold</i>
<i>Ain't got no bed</i>	<i>Beat</i>
<i>Ain't got no pot</i>	<i>Busted</i>
<i>Ain't got no faith</i>	<i>Catholic</i>

DAD (*With whip and gun*): Mr. Berger.BERGER (*Growling like a lion*): Yes, sir.

DAD: Be seated.

BERGER: The girls love my look, they flock to me.

(All THE TRIBE, as lions, flock to BERGER)

DAD: We've become well-acquainted.

BERGER: I'm busy.

DAD: Bright boy.

BERGER: No, thanks.

DAD: Fine student.

BERGER: Thanks, love.

DAD: Are you hopeless?

BERGER: Watch me!

DAD: We've tried.

BERGER (*The last line as a lion*): Channel 13.

DAD: I'm hip.

BERGER: Mr. MacNamara.

DAD: Mr. Berger, we do not send our chemistry teachers on trips. Your hair, your dress . . .

BERGER (*Now a cheerleader*): Macy's Bargain Basement.

THE TRIBE (*Responding to the cheer, in BERGER's rhythm*): Macy's
Bargain Basement.

DAD: But this, Mr. Berger.

BERGER (*Cheerleader*): Call me Doctor Spock.

THE TRIBE: Call me Doctor Spock.

DAD: The last monstrous straw.

BERGER: Another chance?

DAD: Sorry.

BERGER (*Cheerleader*): Oh, the social stigma.

THE TRIBE: Oh, the social stigma.

DAD: Further remarks?

BERGER (*Cheerleader*): This is 1968, not 1967.

THE TRIBE: This is 1968, not 1967.

DAD (*As a Nazi*): You may dematriculate in the front office, Mr.
Berger.

BERGER (*"Heil Hitler"*): Mr. MacNamara.

THE TRIBE (*"Heil Hitler"*): Mr. MacNamara.

DAD (*To audience*): General Hershey says draft 'em!

BERGER: Hell, No, We Won't Go!

THE TRIBE:

Hell, No, We Won't Go

Hell, No, We Won't Go

DAD: President Johnson says call up the reserves.

THE TRIBE:

Hell, No, We Won't Go

Hell, No, We Won't Go

Hell, No, We Won't Go

Hell, No, We Won't Go

DAD: Governor Reagan says turn the schools into concentration
camps.

BERGER: Brainwash the masses!

THE TRIBE:

What do we think is really great?

To bomb lynch and segregate

What do we think is really great?

To bomb lynch and segregate

DAD: Pope Paul says Stop the Peace Demonstrators!

THE TRIBE:

No No No No No

No No No No No

No No No No No

No No No No No

Black White Yellow Red

Copulate in a King-Size Bed

Black White Yellow Red

Copulate in a King-Size Bed

Hell, No, We Won't Go

Hell, No, We Won't Go

Hell, No, We Won't Go

Hell, No, We Won't Go

What Do We Want

Peace

When Do We Want It

Now

No No No No No

No No No No No

No No No No No

No No No No No

What Do We Want

Freedom

When Do We Want It

Now

No No No No No

No No No No No

No No No No No

No No No No No

Peace Now

Freedom Now

Peace Now

Freedom Now

Peace Now

Freedom Now

Ain't got no grass

Ain't got no acid

Ain't got no clothes

Ain't got no pad

Ain't got no apples

Ain't got no knife

Ain't got no guns

Ain't got no garbage

Can't take no trip

Can't blow my mind

You're full of puss

You're full of piss

We got balls

Can't cut you up

We got bananas

White trash

CLAUDE (*Who has been burning a piece of paper during the above*):

Ain't got no draft card Burned it

THE TRIBE:

Burned it burned it burned it burned it

("Burned It" overlaps the following)

Ain't got no earth

Ain't got no fun

Ain't got no bike

Ain't got no pimples

Ain't got no trees

Ain't got no air

Ain't got no water

City

Banjo

Toothpicks

Shoelaces

Teachers

Football

Telephone

Records

Doctor

Brother

Sister

Uniforms

Machine guns

Airplanes

Air Force

Germ

M-1, bang bang bang

M-2, bang bang bang

(In unison)

A Bombs

H Bombs

P Bombs

Q Bombs

Chinese Checks

Hindus

Bindus

Italianos

Polacks

Germans

Youse

Jews

Ups and downs

On 'ems and in 'ems

(Shouting to the audience now, out of rhythm, overlapping each other, not in unison)

Vietnam, Johnson, high school, sex, coffee, books, food, scissors, magazines, news, cigarettes, cancer, LSD, 007, Supermans, Batmans, Castros, Subways, Con Edisons, Hollywood, Napalm, Tuesday Weld, Burton-Taylor, Pop art, Pop off, popcorn, popsicle, Andy Warpop, pop paper, pop up, Popeye, poppers, lipstick, dresses, combs, glasses, leather, sandals, harmonicas, England, Outer Space, astronauts, Jesus, air, air, air, air, air, air, air . . .

(CLAUDE, BERGER, WOOF, HUD are gasping for air, as JEANIE, CRISSY, and DIONNE come forward)

JEANIE:

Welcome, sulfur dioxide

Hello, carbon monoxide

The air the air

Is everywhere

Breathe deep

While you sleep

Breathe deep

Bless you, alcohol bloodstream

Save me, nicotine lung steam

Incense incense

Is in the air

*Breathe deep
While you sleep
Breathe deep*

*Cataclysmic ectoplasm
Fallout atomic orgasm*

*Vapor and fume
At the stone of my tomb*

*Breathing like
A sullen perfume*

*Eating at
The stone of my tomb*

*Welcome, sulfur dioxide
Hello, carbon monoxide*

*The air the air
Is everywhere*

*Breathe deep
While you sleep
Breathe deep*

(Cough)

Deep

(Cough)

Deep deep deep

(Cough)

I wired my parents for money . . . I told them I was stranded.
They said: Stay stranded.

DIONNE: That's Jeanie.

JEANIE: I live with a whole bunch of people on Teeny Bopper Island . . .

DIONNE: She loves Claude.

JEANIE: Third Street and Avenue C. Claude is my acid. Claude is my trip. Methedrine's a bad scene. And Claude loves me.

(ANGELA, CRISSY, and DIONNE shake their heads behind her back. They exit. The Culpepper Minute Men flag is pulled back and we are in The Intergalactic Bathtub—there is a sign which designates this tribal hangout.

As a yellow bathtub and Oriental rug are being rolled out, the kids sing and dance)

[Note: MOM and DAD sit at an upstage table perhaps, facing the action on the stage, and react as an extension of the audience]

THE TRIBE:

*LBJ took the IRT
Down to 4th Street USA*

*When he got there what did he see
The youth of America on LSD*

*LBJ IRT
USA LSD*

*LSD LBJ
FBI CIA*

*FBI CIA
LSD LBJ*

(BERGER enters)

WOOF (*Reading a nudist pornography magazine*): Berger!

BERGER: Woof!

HUD: Berger!

BERGER: Hud! (*English accent*) Claude here yet?

HUD: No.

(BERGER jumps. Takes his key from his pocket)

BERGER (*The height of cool*): He entered. He locked the door. He checked out the scene. He put his right hand on his left breast and stretched his left arm high above his head, waving to his blue-eyed soul brothers with a smile. A hush came over the room—(*Italian accent*) Ladies and gentlemen, listen, when I drop-a dead, when-a

my heart-a go pzzzzzzzt, like-a this, I want to be buried in a bronze-a casket, beautiful-a bronze, no clothes, nothing, put-a me down stomach first, like-a this, everybody come-a see me, they come-a kiss-a my ass.

He put out his hand and said: "Lay me five, man, I'm free like a cockroach."

WOOF (*Skimming BERGER's hand*): I'm screwed up like a nudist.

BERGER: Blowing his cool, he said . . . (*Now he bursts with excitement*) Woof, Woof, baby, Hud . . . I finally got out. Out. Out.

WOOF: Out of who?

BERGER:

*Me and Lucifer
Lucifer and me*

*Just like the angel that fell
Banished forever to Hell
Today have I been expelled
From high school Heaven*

*Elevator going down
Going down
Going down*

*Everybody going down
Going down
Going down*

*This is my doom, my humiliation
October, not June, and it's summer vacation
Such a disgrace, how can I face the nation
Why should this pain bring me such strange elation*

*Escalator going down
Going down
Going down*

*Everybody going down
Going down
Going down*

Emancipation Proclamation

Oh, Dr. Lincoln, my head needs shrinkin'

Lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu Lucifer and me

Doomed from here to eternity

Baa baa baa

Growing up going down

Going down

Going down

Growing up going down

Going down

Going down

Forgive me if I don't cry

It's like the Fourth of July

Thank God that angels can fly

From high school heaven

Everybody going down

Going down

Going down

Thank God that angels can fly

From high school heaven

Everybody going down

Going down

Going down

Thank God that angels can fly

From high school heaven

(Amos 'n' Andy dialect)

Waiter, waiter.

HUD (Very British): Oh, yes, sir. You rang, sir? What is the master's pleasure this time?

BERGER (*Pointing to various objects all over the stage*): I'll have one of those and one of those and that and that and that over there

and this over here and that way over there and one of those one of those that and that and . . . YOU!

(BERGER empties small bottle of pills on the table)

HUD (*Still British*): Oh, yes, sir. Three cups of blood.

BERGER: And make it fast.

HUD: You see the color of my skin. It's white, sir. And you remember that. It's white, white, white. I'm no slave of yours. I'm white.

(*Goes to get three cups of coffee*)

WOOF (*Upper British accent*):

Digger Digger

Dirty Nigger

Digger Nigger

Pull the Trigger

Nigger Nigger

Grows it Bigger

HUD: Oh, yes, sir, and don't you forget it.

(*Behind the next THE TRIBE sings softly*)

THE TRIBE:

Everybody going up

Going up

Going up

Everybody going up

Going up

Going up

Etc.

BERGER (*Dividing the pills into three piles*): One for Billy Graham, one for Prince Philip, and one for Joe Louis. One for Cardinal Spellman, one for Rabbi Schultz, one for Muhammad Ali. One for Shirley Temple, one for Ronald Reagan, and one for Miss Rheingold.

(WOOF starts to drink)

BERGER: Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh! Not yet hophead. (*Bronx Jewish accent*) My daughter. Let me tell you about my daughter. She sees flying saucers and monsters and all sorts of these things. And now she's floating around in that San Francisco somewhere . . . and all because of these pills.

ONE OF THE TRIBE: Oyl

BERGER (*He toasts*): Up PS 183.

HUD: Blood in your eye.

BERGER: Hud, can I pitch my tent here tonight?

HUD: Feel free.

WOOF: I gotta kick this drug bag. It's a bad scene.

BERGER: I don't care if you hate me for telling you this, but you've got bad breath.

WOOF: Can I sleep with you tonight, Berger?

BERGER: Sure. Come on in. And, Woof, don't tell Claude about school; let me tell him. (*To audience—very square*) High School Dropouts: Dial OR 7-7390 for our Free Booklet telling how you can get your diploma learning at home-a. This is a recording.

(CLAUDE enters)

CLAUDE: This is Claude's day.

BERGER: Claudio! (CLAUDE does not move) Wait wait wait . . . don't tell me.

(CLAUDE and BERGER and WOOF and HUD nod heads simultaneously)

WOOF: No kidding.

BERGER: Aw, Claude, that's death, man . . .

HUD: Tough luck, baby . . .

CLAUDE: I've thought it over . . . I'll tell them I'm a faggot and hide out in Toronto.

(CLAUDE picks up battery-powered megaphone, speaks into it, reading from his notebooks, first pantomiming taking a drag from a stick of marijuana)

"Ode to a Stick"

Poem

by Pfc Claude Hooper Bukowski

(*Electronic beeps, blurps, bells, and tinkles in background*)

Pick up my glowworm

(*Another drag*)

My little magic fellow

My little block of gold

My little blue flame

My little cloud in the sky

My little poison ivy

My little nonconformist

My little American bird

My little magic flower

My little electricity blowhole
 My little white erection
 My little garden of heaven
 My little high above the tree castle
 My little village far below
 My little rug of grass
 My little sunny balloon farm
 My little growing on the hills
 My little daybreak crumbles away
 My little weird weed
 My little Sunday breeze
 My little raft of wood
 My little naked tree
 My little streak across the sky
 My little special sunset
 My little raindrop bed
 My little whisper to the world
 My little beautiful thing
 My little swallow me
 My little wrinkled old man
 My little Lord of the Rings
 (*Another drag*)
 Pick up my glowworm.

BERGER: The doctors dug your body, huh.

CLAUDE: They're hot for my ding-dong.

BERGER: Didn't you tell them you're going to Pratt next year?

CLAUDE (*English*): They're queer for me gear. They flipped. Next year means shit. I'm not going in. I'll eat it first. I'm not.

WOOF: Eat what?

CLAUDE: My draft card.

BERGER: I thought you burned it.

CLAUDE: That was my driver's license.

WOOF: Eat it on CBS Television.

CLAUDE: Berger, help me. How am I gonna get out of going?

BERGER: Dance bare-assed down Forty-second Street.

WOOF: Tell them you're a closet queen.

HUD: Shave your armpits.

CLAUDE: C'mon—what am I gonna do?

BERGER (*English*): Do you think homosexuality is here to stay, love?

CLAUDE: Yes, dear, until something better comes along.

BERGER: Take me with you. Tell them I'm your girlfriend and you can't sleep without me.

HUD: Bet the induction officer your cock is bigger than his.

BERGER: Tell them your mother volunteered to fight in your place.

WOOF: Do they know she's a Viet Cong?

HUD: Uncle Sambo Wants You!

CLAUDE (*To audience*): I want to be over here doing the things they're defending over there.

(*Starts to burn a card*)

BERGER: Become a nun.

HUD: Wet the bed, baby.

CLAUDE: They're not gonna cut it off.

BERGER (*Reading the burning card in CLAUDE's hand*): Mr. Claude Hooper Bukowski—New York Public Library.

CLAUDE: Berger, help me, no kidding around . . . if they draft me, I'll get killed or a leg shot off or something . . . I know it . . . they're not gonna get me . . .

BERGER: Oh, yes, they are. You will go, and you will get killed and rape and loot; you will do exactly what THEY tell you to do.

CLAUDE: It's not funny, Berg . . . I'm not going . . . it took me years to get it like this, and I'm not gonna let them do it.

BERGER: Five years in prison at hard labor.

CLAUDE: I don't want to die.

THE TRIBE: Ahhhh!

(*"The Caissons Go Rolling Along"*)

Lift your skirt point your toe

Volunteer for the USO

Bake cookies and pies for our guys

BERGER, WOOF, HUD:

Lift your skirt point your toe

Volunteer for the USO

Bake cookies and pies for our guys

(BERGER asks woman in the audience for lipstick)

(*"Anchors Aweigh"*)

Your legs—Shave the hair off

*Your eyebrows—Pluck 'em
Refuse to take your underwear off
And if they make you pucker your lips up and pucker 'em*

*("The Marine Hymn")
You'll forget your Ruby Tuesday,
You'll forget Michelle Your Belle
As for Lovely Rita Meter Maid*

(BERGER puts lipstick on CLAUDE)

*Well, she can go to Hell
Even Mother Sweet cannot compete
With the neatest piece we've seen
Claudine Hooper Bukowski
She's the Queen of the United States Marines
Nervous Nellie*

(MOM and DAD, who have gotten up from the back table, approach the young men. MOM is dominant; DAD has a camera and a pad and pencil and takes notes)

MOM (*To CLAUDE*): Young man, excuse me. May I introduce myself. (*She hands CLAUDE a Kleenex. He removes his lipstick*) Here's my card. I did overhear just a wee portion of your conversation, and I would like to ask you a question, if you wouldn't mind.

CLAUDE: Sure, of course, what is it?

MOM: Well . . . (*She giggles*) . . . this may sound a bit naïve . . . foolish . . . oh, my, I don't know why I feel so embarrassed . . . I . . . being a visitor from another generation like myself . . .

CLAUDE: Cool it. (*She fans herself, using her hand*) What would you like to know?

MOM: Well . . . why? . . . I mean . . . why? Why? (*She climbs up on chair CLAUDE is sitting in, straddling him*) Why? Why?

(BERGER places another poster against the counter: "Ronald Reagan Is a Lesbian")

CLAUDE: You mean this?

(Holds up a strand of his own hair, while putting his arms around MOM's legs; outrageous orgiastic actions)

MOM (*Rubbing her hands through CLAUDE's hair*): Yes . . . why that? I mean, is it because you're a . . . oh, dear . . . Are you? . . . please forgive me . . . are you . . . a . . . Hippie?

(She caresses CLAUDE passionately as the stage falls apart. Glitter dust is thrown by THE TRIBE, bells, horns, rattles, great reaction to "the magic word")

BERGER: Is the Pope Catholic?

DAD (*A timid soul, but he sits on the floor, grabs hold of CLAUDE's leg and begins pushing trouser leg up*): Who are your heroes? (*WOOF displays a poster he has made: "Jesus Was a Catholic"*)

BERGER: Medusa.

(He embraces MOM who kisses him)

DAD (*Rubbing CLAUDE's leg while grabbing for his wife*): Aa-hal
HUD: Wonder Woman.

WOOF (*Trying to climb up on the chair, too*): Prince Valiant.

DAD: Aa-hal!

BERGER: Orphanie Annie.

CLAUDE: Vernica Lake.

DAD: Oh-ho!

HUD (*Who does not have long hair, of course, joins the throng of intertwined bodies*): It's very simple . . . you ask me why? Like I like the feel of the silky strands on my ears and the back of my neck and on my shoulders. Goose-bump time—know what I mean?

MOM: That's very interesting. (*To DAD*) You see, he does it for the sensual experience.

(Now caressing HUD passionately)

That's why . . .

HUD (*To DAD*):

That's why

You dig my Dixie Peach?

That's why

That's why

That's why

DAD:

That's why

I dig your Dixie Peach!

(Poster: "Hair")

CLAUDE (*Breaks up the orgy with the start of his singing . . . or perhaps the orgy could continue into song*):

She asks me why

Don't ask me!

*I'm just a hairy guy
I'm hairy noon and night
Hair that's a fright*

*I'm hairy high and low
Don't ask me why—Don't know*

*It's not for lack of bread
Like the Grateful Dead*

*Darlin'
Give me a head with hair
Long beautiful hair
Shining gleaming streaming
Flaxen waxen*

*Give me down-to-there hair
Shoulder-length or longer
As long as God can grow it
Flow it
Show it*

*Hair Hair
Hair Hair Hair
Hair Hair Hair*

*Flow it
Show it
Long as God can grow it
My hair*

*Let it fly in the breeze
And get caught in the trees
Give a home to the fleas
In my hair*

*A home for fleas
A hive for bees
A nest for birds
There ain't no words
For the beauty the splendor
The wonder of my*

*Hair Hair
Hair Hair Hair
Hair Hair Hair*

*Flow it
Show it
Long as God can grow it
My hair*

*I want it long straight curly fuzzy
Snaggy shaggy ratty matty
Oily greasy fleecy
Shining gleaming streaming
Flaxen waxen
Knotted polka-dotted
Twisted beaded braided
Powdered flowered and confettied
Bangled tangled spangled and spaghettied*

*Oh, say you can see my eyes
If you can
Then my hair's too short*

*Down to here
Down to there
Down to where
It stops by itself*

*Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo
Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo*

*They'll be ga-ga at the go-go
When they see me in my toga
My toga made of blond brilliantined
Biblical hair*

*My hair like Jesus wore it
Hallelujah, I adore it*

*Hallelujah, Mary loved her son
Why don't my mother love me*

Hair Hair
Hair Hair Hair
Hair Hair Hair

Flow it
Show it
Long as God can grow it
My hair

(MOM ecstatically embraces the BOYS, this time with warm, motherly affection. DAD shakes all their hands)

MOM: Oooooo, these boys love to dress up like this . . . I love them . . . I love all of you . . . I wish every mother and father would make a speech to their teenagers: "Be free . . . no guilt . . . be whoever you are . . . do whatever you want . . . just so you don't hurt anyone . . . I am your friend. Can we get a picture of you?"

(BERGER gives MOM his key)

BOYS: Sure.

MOM: Hubert!

CLAUDE: BE MANIPULATED!

ONE OF THE TRIBE:

I wanna be in pictures . . .

That's why I'm here, to be in pictures . . .

WOOF (In a whisper to BERGER): See him? That's you two years from now.

BERGER (To WOOF): See her? That's you one year from now. (To MOM aloud) Love your dress, call me Thursday.

MOM: Thank you. Ready, Hubert? (The four guys line up for a picture—DAD uses Polaroid Swinger camera) Get the best. YES, dear. Don't go past it. YES!

(BERGER puts his hand on CLAUDE's crotch as DAD focuses. Neither DAD nor MOM sees this)

CLAUDE: We're the Grope Group!

(DAD snaps the picture)

MOM: Thank you. Thank you one and all.

(To audience)

I would just like to say that it is my conviction
That longer hair and other flamboyant affectations

Of appearance are nothing more
Than the male's emergence from his drab camouflage
Into the gaudy plumage
Which is the birthright of his sex

There is a peculiar notion that elegant plumage
And fine feathers are not proper for the man
When actually that is the way things are
In most species

(THE TRIBE holds out their hands for money)

Good-bye, all you sweet little flowerpots.

(DAD and MOM exit)

THE TRIBE: Fuck you, Margaret Mead.

(As if saying, most cheerily: "Thank you, Margaret Mead")

HUD: Scene One: Sheila's Entrance.

CLAUDE (To audience): Fasten your jockstraps!

BERGER: She is flying in at an altitude of 10,000 rubles.

(SHEILA enters carrying purse, packages, cardboard posters)

SHEILA: Bergerbaby, I thought that was you.

WOOF (He does a kazoo flourish): It's Joan of Arc. (He gives another kazoo toot)

SHEILA:

Sheila Franklin
Second Semester
NYU
And she's a protester

(Dropping her belongings)

Hi, Hud. (HUD runs to SHEILA, kisses her entire body as she talks to audience) I'll probably major in social psychology garbage. Or I might flunk out or quit. My mother and father and older sister and her husband and baby live in Port Chester. I live in the East Village with a sweet painter, Andrew . . . who moved in after I had an affair with that one . . . (She throws a daffodil at BERGER, who raises his hand) . . . and I'm much happier. (Breaking from embrace with HUD and speaking to BERGER) Is that cool enough for you? (To audience) I'm very social-injustice conscious.

*She loves protests in the park
Like he said: she's Joan of Arc
Voices and all
Sheila Franklin*

CLAUDE, WOOF, HUD:

Sheila Franklin

SHEILA (*Running to WOOF, hugging him*): Runaway Woof, the flower child.

WOOF (*As SHEILA is hugging him—to BERGER*): Bananaberger, Sheila's back, baby.

HUD: Scene Two: Sheila and Berger.

BERGER: This Indian land—buzz off.

CLAUDE: When did you get in? I thought you were picketing in D.C.

BERGER: *Protesting!!!*

SHEILA: Spreading the groovy revolution.

WOOF (*Throws his arm around BERGER's neck*): Let's go over to the park, man, and scare some tourists.

SHEILA (*To audience*): Isn't love beautiful?

BERGER: Hello, Sheila.

SHEILA: Hello, Claude.

(*Note: BERGER is being pleasant, genuinely, to SHEILA; SHEILA is the one who is resentful and refuses to say "Hello, Berger"*)

CLAUDE: Hello, Sheila.

BERGER: Hello, Sheila.

CLAUDE: Hello, Sheila.

(*Pause*)

SHEILA: Hello, Claude.

WOOF: C'mon, man, let's split.

SHEILA: Guess what, Claude? From President Johnson's bedroom window, Eartha Kitt waved to Sheila Franklin!

BERGER: Disgrace!

CLAUDE (*To HUD*): Another cup of blood for (*Pointing to SHEILA*) LBJ.

SHEILA (*Looking at BERGER*): Thanks, Aquarius.

HUD (*Reading from a magazine*): "The draft is white people sending black people to make war on yellow people to defend the land they stole from red people."

CLAUDE: We missed you, Sheila.

SHEILA: Did you really?

CLAUDE: Didn't we miss her, Berger?

BERGER: Yeah! We did.

SHEILA (*Speaks to BERGER for first time, handing him poster material*): Berger has to help Sheila make posters.

(*She returns to CLAUDE*)

BERGER: We're always making posters, Miss Poster. What're the posters for this time?

SHEILA: For the end of the show, stupid. (*To CLAUDE*) Did Berger miss Sheila?

BERGER: Claude missed Sheila.

HUD: Tomorrow morning on the front steps at City Hall there will be a huge suck-in for peace. Bring your blankets and something to suck.

WOOF: What did she get you this time?

SHEILA (*Holding up yellow satin shirt to CLAUDE*): Sheila brought back Berger a beautiful yellow satin shirt. Take that filthy rag off. (*Throws shirt to BERGER*) Claude, help me make these posters.

(*Taking posters from BERGER to CLAUDE*)

BERGER: Oooooo, Sheila! My eyes cannot behold such beauty . . .

SHEILA (*To BERGER*): You dig, delicious?

(*BERGER takes off his shirt*)

WOOF: A body's a wonderful thing.

SHEILA (*Scratches BERGER's back*): Give me some skin, baby.

HUD: Scene Three: Sheila's Rape!

(*CLAUDE tears holes in paper napkin, opens it, pastes it on his face as a mask*)

BERGER: Ooooo, Sheila, you shouldn't have . . . I'm turned on, flipped out, switched on . . . you really shouldn't have done it. It's too boss, a groove, a gas. Send me to Saigon, it's the grassy end . . . it's just superlative . . .

SHEILA: Berger, stop it . . . you like it?

BERGER (*Suddenly very angry*): Don't tell me to stop. You always do that. You don't allow me to have any friends, you're jealous, suspicious, you use the double standard, you test me, spy on me, you nag, nag, nag, you won't allow me to be myself, you follow me, you're always picking a fight, and then you expect me to love you . . . well, I can't have sex that way . . . sex! That's the last thing I'd want . . .

SHEILA: Berger, you're so crazy, I adore you. Please put it on.

BERGER: It's super-goosey-gassy. I'm turny on-ey, I'm flipey outey, stoney switchey oney, I'm freaky outey, hungy-upey, I'm hung, I'm hung, I'm hung, I'm hung, I'm hung, I'm hung . . . (During this next, he grabs WOOF and has him get on top of SHEILA, screwing her) . . . head like a freaked-out Frankenstein, belt buckle ajar, write "Fugs" on the wall, I'm buzzin' out on glue you, stand back banana, airplane, rocket, pencil, smoke stack, I'm hung on the sides, over the ears, down my leg and straight down my back, open the door, pull it out . . . my shirt collar . . . I'm hung . . . everybody groove and stare . . . no underwear . . . I'm hung . . . (BERGER collapses onto WOOF's sleeping bag, as though he has just expended himself in an orgasm) Woof, it's sex, not a stomach ache.

[Note: BERGER has just fucked SHEILA in public. Or rather raped her in public. BERGER has had his orgasm. She was fighting him off and reacts to his attack]

HUD: Scene Four: Claude loves Sheila.

CLAUDE (Removing napkin-mask from his face, as though nothing had happened): Sheila, I wrote a great part for you in my movie.

SHEILA: Huh?

CLAUDE: I wrote a great part for you in my movie.

SHEILA: Huh?

CLAUDE: Yes, I did.

SHEILA (In shock): We have to make posters. We have to make posters.

(Poster in Background: "Legalize Abortion")

CLAUDE: It's about a chick hung up on this straight cat . . . no, it isn't. . . . It's about this girl in love with this square guy . . . but she gets mixed up with somebody like Berger . . . searching for her self-identity, you know, alienated youth in a totally committed society and all that shit. . . . Here . . . See: "Sheila: nineteen years old, waist-length, straight, mouse-blond hair, unkempt, somewhat unclean, very bright, the least dressy of all the girls, but pretty underneath it all. Involved in protest marches and a student at NYU."

SHEILA: Let me see that. (She takes script and reads) "Berger? Eighteen years old, long dark hair, bright, funny, wild, but serious underneath it all. Claude's best friend. Woof! Hud!" Your movie's about us!

CLAUDE: I told you. Here, read this scene with me. (Reading) "Medium long shot: Sheila and Claude entering the bar." (To SHEILA with North Country English accent) "Don't you ever get lonely?"

SHEILA: "Of course I do, but I don't dwell on it, do I?"

CLAUDE: "What would you like to drink?"

SHEILA: "Just coffee."

CLAUDE: "I'll have a Guinness, please. I'm sorry, Sheila. Shouldn't have been so careless . . . all my fault."

SHEILA: "I just hope I'm not knocked up. I don't want to have a baby, do I?"

CLAUDE: "I wonder if you would say the same thing if it were Berger's baby."

SHEILA: Claude, I don't understand why you're writing this about me!

CLAUDE: "You still love Berger and you're having my baby."

SHEILA: "Oh, Claude, please let's not start again. I can't take it." Oh, Claude, please with this. I really can't take it.

CLAUDE (Hitting the table hard): "All right, I don't care what you do. Get rid of it if that's what you want."

SHEILA: Claude, excuse me, please, before I throw up. You've got a sick mind. Write a poster! (CLAUDE takes his script and a poster and sits in bathtub. Turning to Berger) You really like the shirt?

BERGER: Why don't you give it to Claude? It'll look better on him.

WOOF: Give it to me.

SHEILA: I'm trying to control myself. Sometimes you go just too far.

BERGER: What do you want from my life? Just leave me alone.

SHEILA: Cool it, baby. Groove on a poster.

BERGER: Sheila.

SHEILA: Creative time! I didn't know I could still get to you.

BERGER: Sheila, who's gonna leave? You or me?

SHEILA: Why're you so uptight, groovy?

WOOF (To CLAUDE): He got kicked out of school.

CLAUDE: What?

BERGER: Woof!

WOOF: He got kicked out of school!

SHEILA: What do you mean . . . he got . . . he got . . .

BERGER: Burn the schools to the ground, men. Graffiti the blackboards.

SHEILA: When did it happen? . . . This is terrible.

BERGER: This morning and it's a groovy day. I switch off, move me to Suburbia. I surrender. Carpet me wall-to-wall. (*To CLAUDE, climbing into bathtub*) Move over. I'm Vietnam bait, Claudio.

WOOF: If I hear this Vietnam one more time, I'm leaving this theater.

SHEILA: He got kicked out?

CLAUDE: High school drop-outs should drop dead.

SHEILA: Wait a minute . . . wait a minute.

WOOF: Sheila, do you know any groovy miniskirts?

SHEILA: Shut up, Quasimodo!

BERGER: Don't get your balls in an uproar, Sheila. School never did anything for my twentieth-century computer.

CLAUDE: Shit, I'm a patriot, but I'm a patriot for the whole damn world.

BERGER: Education squashes my growth.

CLAUDE: I'm not going to die for my country.

SHEILA: Well, then, die for something else.

CLAUDE: I'd rather live and rot in jail a few years.

SHEILA: Claude, tell them you don't want to kill people. Tell them you're against killing people.

CLAUDE: Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt.

BERGER: Back to Miss Poster's posters.

WOOF: Let's blow, Berg.

SHEILA: He's irresponsible. He's insensitive. He lies.

BERGER: Let's blow our minds on these, Toulouse.

SHEILA: He's neurotic. He's a pothead. Let the stupid Army get him.

CLAUDE: Let the stupid Army get *him*? What about me?

SHEILA: He's an uncommitted, hedonistic jerk.

BERGER: How many do we need, Miss NYU?

SHEILA: He's paranoid.

BERGER: I thought we saved the signs from before.

CLAUDE: Sheila, how about a flick tonight or something, and we can really talk about Berger.

BERGER: What should I say?

SHEILA: Talk about Berger in a movie?

CLAUDE: Come to the movies with me, Sheila.

SHEILA: I've got a date with the park police.

BERGER: What do you dig in that Death Body, Sheila, man? She puts you down bad.

CLAUDE: What does she dig in your Death Body, man?

BERGER: Whatever it is, I'd like to chop it off.

SHEILA: I had plans for you.

BERGER: Sheila, be a good fly. Buzz off.

(*HUD enters with DIONNE, bringing two cups of coffee*)

HUD: Blood for Sheila, Watusi Katanga.

SHEILA: I gotta split.

BERGER: Drink it and come together.

SHEILA (*To BERGER*): You and me.

CLAUDE (*To SHEILA*): You and me.

HUD (*To DIONNE*): Walla walla. Gooba gooba.

WOOF (*To BERGER*): You and me.

BERGER: Do you know what Sheila the Sex Swamp likes to do in bed? She loves to . . .

HUD: Miobie Manatoga.

SHEILA: Berg, oh, George Berger . . . I just want to be your friend . . .

HUD: Walla wall . . . voodoo waba . . .

DIONNE: *Stop that, Hud . . . stop putting us down all the time.*
Bwana bwana.

BERGER: We're finished . . . we've had it . . . I don't see you anymore.

SHEILA: You're like everything you're against.

BERGER: I never did see you.

HUD: Boogie Woogie.

DIONNE: Don't talk that way.

SHEILA: You talk about freedom . . .

BERGER: I'm off limits to you.

CLAUDE: Let's go see *Whips and Satin* on Forty-second Street.

HUD: Bad scene. Bad scene.

SHEILA: Don't put up a wall.

CLAUDE: Come to the flicks.

BERGER: Forbidden. This way out.

SHEILA: No bicycling. No skating. No littering. No loitering. No spitting. No smoking. No eating. No tipping. No talking. No singing. No browsing. No breathing. No loving.

*Dead End
Don't Walk
Keep Out*

Red Light
Red Light

Steep Cliff
Beware
Mad Dog
Blind Man
Blind Man

Warning—Land Mine
High-Voltage Line
Don't Make A Pass
Keep Off The Grass

Detour
Wet Paint
Hands Off
Dead End
Dead End

Sharp Curve
Steep Hill
Danger
One-Way
One-Way

Emer—
Gency
Exit
Only
Only

Warning—Markers Hidden
Loitering Forbidden
All Trespassers Will Be Shot
Claude Loves Sheila—He Better Love Her Not

Wet Paint
Hands Off
Keep Out

Dead End
Dead End

SHEILA:

Dead End
Don't Walk
Keep Out
Red Light
Red Light

Steep Cliff
Beware
Mad Dog
Blind Man
Blind Man

Detour
Wet Paint
Hands Off
Dead End
Dead End

Sharp Curve
Steep Hill
Danger
One-Way
One-Way

Emer-
Gency
Exit
Only
Only

ALL:

Dead End

Keep Out
Keep Out

Stop Sign

Turn Off
Turn Off

Warning—Land Mine
High-Voltage Line
Don't Make A Pass
Keep Off The Grass

Detour

Do Not
Enter

No Turns

Dead End
Dead End

Keep Out

Wet Paint
Blind Man

*Warning—Markers Hidden
Loitering Forbidden
All Trespassers Will Be Shot
Claude Loves Sheila—
He Better Love Her Not*

<i>Wet Paint</i>	<i>Hands Off</i>
<i>Hands Off</i>	
<i>Keep Out</i>	
<i>Dead End</i>	<i>Dead End</i>
<i>Dead End</i>	<i>Dead End</i>
	<i>Men Working</i>
<i>Dead End</i>	
	<i>Men Working</i>
<i>Dead End</i>	
	<i>No Standing</i>
<i>Dead End</i>	
	<i>No Parking</i>
<i>Dead End</i>	
	<i>No Smoking</i>
<i>Dead End</i>	
	<i>No Joking</i>
<i>Dead End</i>	
<i>Dead End</i>	
<i>My Friend</i>	

(Blackout. Lights up on BERGER and WOOF with an old, battle-torn American flag)

WOOF and BERGER (Both high):

*Om mane padme om
Om mane padme om
Om mane padme om
Shanti Shanti Shanti*

WOOF:

*Folding the flag means taking care of the nation.
Folding the flag means putting it to bed for the night.
I fell through a hole in the flag.
I got lost in the folds of the flag.*

WOOF and BERGER:

*Don't put it down
Best one around
Crazy for the red blue and white
Crazy for the red blue and white*

*You look at me
What do you see
Crazy for the white red and blue
Crazy for the white red and blue*

*Cause I look different
You think I'm subversive
Crazy for the blue white and red
Crazy for the blue white and red*

*My heart beats true
For the red white and blue
Crazy for the blue white and red
Crazy for the blue white and red
And yellow fringe*

*Crazy for the blue white red
And yellow*

BERGER: C'mon watch us burn it at the Be-In!

(BERGER and WOOF exit. CLAUDE stands next to lowered Waverly Theater marquee. MOM, carrying stool, speaking as she enters)

MOM IN BOX-OFFICE: Waverly Theater . . . The Assassination and Hallucination of the Marat de Sade directed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton starring Peter Brook at 8:15 and 11:10 together with The Gorilla Queen performed live by the Judson Memorial Church at ten o'clock. This is a recording and thanks for calling the Waverly. (Hangs up—to CLAUDE) Move on, you. You can't stand here if you don't buy a ticket.

CLAUDE (To audience):

The flesh failures

*We starve-look at one another
Short of breath*

Walking proudly in our winter

Coats

Wearing smells from

Laboratories

Facing a dying nation of moving

Paper fantasy

Listening for the new told lies

With supreme visions of lonely

Tunes

Somewhere inside something there

Is a rush of greatness

Who knows what stands in front

Of our lives

I fashion my future on films in

Space

Silence tells me secretly . . .

Everything

Singing my space songs on a

Spiderweb sitar

Life is around you and in you

Answer for Timothy Leary dearie

Let the sunshine in

(Pause)

MOM: How many, please?

CLAUDE: I'm waiting for Sheila.

(JEANIE and CRISSY enter. JEANIE is in her sari, CRISSY in her Be-In outfit)

JEANIE: Let the beatniks through, please. Excuse me, sir, did you see a mooky-lookin' blond guy *cruisin'* around here?

CLAUDE: Hi, Jeanie.

JEANIE: Why didn't you call me?

CLAUDE: I been busy looking for a job.

JEANIE: What's the matter, you embarrassed? We had a good time, didn't we?

CLAUDE: I had to take my physical for the Army.

JEANIE: What are you doing here? Waiting for somebody?

CLAUDE: No, no, I'm going to the movies.

MOM: How many, please? The feature's about to begin.

JEANIE: Want some company? I've got my own bread.

CLAUDE: No, I'm meeting Berger.

JEANIE: Like my new button? Psychedelicize South Korea.

MOM: Move on, you! You can't stand here if you don't buy a ticket.

CLAUDE: I gotta go.

MOM: How many, please?

CLAUDE: Just one.

JEANIE: Claude, I just saw Sheila. She can't make it. She won't be able to meet you. She'll be at the Be-In if you want to see her.

CLAUDE: I'd like a refund, please.

MOM (*Now very sweet*): Sorry, we don't give refunds.

CLAUDE: But I changed my mind, Rosie. I just bought the ticket.

MOM: Sorry, we have our rules.

CLAUDE: I already saw this film.

MOM: You'll have to see the manager.

CLAUDE (*To MOM*): Forget it!

JEANIE: Come with the beatniks to the Be-In, Claude.

CLAUDE: Forget it . . . I'm going to the movies. Tell Sheila you didn't see me.

JEANIE: Watch the FAGS don't get you.

CLAUDE: Drop dead. (*Exits*)

JEANIE: He loves me. (*THE TRIBE enters through the audience and passes out leaflets announcing the Be-In simultaneous with JEANIE's speech*) Dig it, people, I'm tripped, high, zonked, stoned, right here, right now in this theater. I've had every drug going except some jungle vines somewhere. I have a right to put anything I want in my body. What's going on inside all those little *Daily News* heads? Anybody who says pot is bad is full of shit. This is my living room and I'm gonna say something I always wanted to say, "Alan Burke Sucks."

THE TRIBE: Come to the Be-In. See the Hippies get busted by the New York City Police. See them smoke marijuana, the killer weed. Bring your own pot. Tourists . . . See the Hippies. See the Land of the Underground Movies. See the freak show. See them . . . The gypsy tribes . . . Watch the beatniks . . . See them get arrested . . . See the Potheads get busted by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. See . . . see the Hippie Phenomenon.

JEANIE (*To* CRISSY): Well, are you going to stay here, or are you going to the Be-In like a human being?

CRISSY: I'm gonna wait.

JEANIE: You've got no face, Crissy, no face.

CRISSY:

*I met a boy called Frank Mills
On September twelfth right here
In front of the Waverly
But unfortunately I lost his
Address*

*He was last seen with his friend,
A drummer
He resembled George Harrison of
The Beatles
But he wears his hair tied in a
Small bow at the back*

*I love him
But it embarrasses me to walk
Down the street with him
He lives in Brooklyn somewhere
And wears this white crash
Helmet*

*He has gold chains on his
Leather jacket
And on the back is written the
Names
Mary and Mom and Hell's Angels*

*I would gratefully appreciate it
If you see him tell him I'm in the
Park with my girlfriend
And please*

*Tell him Angela and I
Don't want the two dollars
Back . . .
Just him*

(The Be-In . . . The sound of bells from offstage, from the back of the theater, from the aisles. Ankle, wrist, hand bells. THE TRIBE enters from all directions with their bells, carrying candles and incense, enveloping the audience, first with the slight, insistent rhythm, moving into "Hare Krishna," the rhythms building throughout the scene. A peace-pipe is passed around. Flowers, fruit and raisins, and nuts, given out. Flowers and incense to the audience.

DAD and MOM begin their participation in the scene at its outskirts, employing their rational, establishment, middle-class viewpoints and logic against the music of the Be-In—the music which never ceases)

THE TRIBE:

*Hare Krishna Hare Krishna
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare*

*Hare Rama Hare Rama
Rama Rama Hare Hare*

(This repeats several times, as kids envelop the stage, and under it comes the chant)

*Love Love
Love Love
Love Love
Love Love*

*Drop Out
Drop Out
Drop Out
Drop Out*

*Be In
Be In
Be In
Be In*

*Hare Krishna Hare Krishna
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare*

*Hare Rama Hare Rama
Rama Rama Hare Hare*

*Beads Flowers Freedom Happiness
Beads Flowers Freedom Happiness
Beads Flowers Freedom Happiness
Beads Flowers Freedom Happiness*

*Smoke Smoke Smoke
Smoke Smoke Smoke
Take Trips
Get High
Laugh Joke and Good-Bye*

*Beat Drum and Old Tin Pot
I'm High on You-Know-What*

*Beat Drum and Old Tin Pot
I'm High on You-Know-What*

*High High High High
Way Way Up Here
Ionosphere*

*Love Love Love Love Love
Love Love Love Love Love*

*Hare Krishna Hare Krishna
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare*

*Hare Rama Hare Rama
Rama Rama Hare Rama*

*Love Love Love Love
Love Love Love Love
Love Sex Love Sex
Love Sex Love Sex*

*Hare Krishna Hare Krishna
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare*

Etc.

Etc.

MOM: We had another generation before you who went to war, went to colleges, worked for a salary . . . you're a disgrace to this country . . . you are certainly mixed up, all of you . . . just bringing attention to yourselves.

ANNOUNCER-MAN (*Neutral, religious, manly*):

Keep America strong.

Make America stronger.

May God bring our nation victory.

DAD: We're fighting a war. Use atomic weapons and win it, for Crissake. Get China now, before they get us, and have faith in God and Nation and the Military-Industrial Complex.

ANNOUNCER-FEMALE (*Factual, unemotional, matter-of-fact*): A demonstration to end United States involvement in Vietnam will be held on Saturday at one P.M. We're going to meet at Times Square and march around the world.

MOM: Oh, you're all so naïve about the power structure of our civilization. The subtleties, the intricacies, the complexities . . . you don't know what's really going on . . . the *top-secret truth* about what's really happening in Red China.

ANNOUNCER-MAN (*Unctuously*): The LSD Research Group sponsors a series of psychedelic lectures and celebrations on various aspects of the effect of LSD—"The Death of the Mind." How should you give a person LSD? Who regards LSD as dangerous? Tickets five dollars at the door. Or by appointment in advance. At the Planetarium Subway Station. Or call PO 3-3333-3333.

DAD: You parents should care more about *sex* and stop worrying about the drugs. Drugs are innocent compared to the violence mixed up with *sex*. Did you realize this? It is time to deal with this *sex* mess. *Sex* isn't love or even pleasure anymore . . . They preach love . . . narcotic love.

MOM: What does a nineteen-year-old kid know?

THE TRIBE:

*Mari Juana Mari Juana
Juana Juana Mari Mari*

*Mari Juana Mari Juana
Juana Juana Mari Mari*

(THE TRIBE responds to DAD and MOM's invectives only with more song, stronger rhythm, and by bedecking DAD and MOM with flowers, beads, loading their arms with gifts, fruit, etc.)

MOM: You kids don't appreciate the maturity and wisdom that age brings. (To audience) My son wears a black armband . . . he's an antiwar with an armband. His father can't even walk down the street.

DAD (Almost to himself): My son doesn't like me. He doesn't like me.

MOM: We have got to help these young people. How did they get off the track? This is serious, lady.

DAD: I can't even go into my son's room. My son has no shame. He leaves everything right out in the open where I can see it.

MOM: He is our son, dear, and we are his mummy and daddy.

(DAD and MOM as a result become more incensed, enraged, angry, moving closer and closer to the center of the Be-In all the while)

DAD (Now walking among THE TRIBE, looking around at them and getting very upset): What's happening to our bedrock foundation of baths and underarm deodorant? How do they eat? Where do they sleep? Why do they have to be dressed like this?

MOM (Walking among THE TRIBE): Flower power, putting on, turning on, blowing the mind . . . what language do you speak?

DAD: In two months my son will be in Vietnam and is going to be killed, and I'm proud of him.

MOM: Physical contact with any of these animals would repulse me. (To audience) I say, support our fighting, short-haired men in Vietnam.

DAD (Intensely frustrated at not being able to penetrate THE TRIBE's concern with the Be-In, and shouting): I'd like to see one of your Daffodil Crowd in front of a machine gun.

MOM (Shouting above their chants): Ship these Peaceniks to the Vietnam meat-grinder.

THE TRIBE:

*Hare Krishna Hare Krishna
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare*

*Hare Rama Hare Rama
Rama Rama Hare Hare*

(This chant continues as a new chant develops behind it and overtakes it)

*Strip
Strip
Strip
Strip
Strip
Strip
Strip
Strip Strip
Strip Strip
Strip Strip
Strip Strip
Strip Strip Strip
Strip Strip Strip
Strip Strip Strip
Strip Strip Strip
Strip Strip Strip
Strip Strip Strip*

(This chant predominates now with the ferocious intensity of the drums. BERGER has removed all his clothes by this time and is seen totally naked for a brief moment by the audience. He is then surrounded by THE TRIBE, but the POLICE-PUPPETS have seen him and close in for an arrest. THE TRIBE forms a protective wall against the POLICE and sings)

THE TRIBE:
*We love cops
We love cops
We love cops
We love cops*

*Hare Krishna
Hare Krishna
Krishna Krishna
Hare Hare*

*We love cops
We love cops
We love cops
We love cops
We love cops*

*Hare Rama
Hare Rama
Rama Rama
Hare Hare*

(A large flag is held aloft on two poles. It dates from about 1776. It has a green pine tree in its center on a yellow field. A rattlesnake twines about the tree trunk. Below it reads: "Don't Tread on Me." Above the tree it reads: "An Appeal to Heaven." Violent drumming on oil drums, as SHEILA comes forward holding a flaming Maxwell House coffee can in her right hand above her head. She strikes a Statue of Liberty pose)

THE TRIBE: Democracy's Daughter!

(In her other hand, SHEILA holds a bunch of daffodils. One by one, each guy comes forward, lighting their draft cards, dropping the remains into the can. As each card is burned, THE TRIBE cheers. SHEILA gives each guy a daffodil in exchange. CLAUDE is last; he approaches the can, hesitates a moment, holds his card above it, it catches fire, and he pulls it back quickly, extinguishing the flame.)

SHEILA puts the flaming can center stage; THE TRIBE sits around it, as if it were their campfire, huddling in blankets, as the drums die away rapidly.

CLAUDE stands apart and sings)

CLAUDE:

*Where do I go
Follow the river
Where do I go
Follow the gulls*

*Where is the something
Where is the someone
That tells me why
I live and die*

*Where do I go
Follow the children
Where do I go
Follow their smiles*

*Is there an answer
In their sweet faces
That tells me why
I live and die*

*Follow the wind song
Follow the thunder
Follow the lightning in
Young lovers' eyes*

*Down to the gutter
Up to the glitter
Into the city where the
Truth lies*

*Where do I go
Follow my heartbeat
Where do I go
Follow my hand*

*Where will they lead me
And will I ever
Discover why
I live and die*

THE TRIBE:

*Where do I go
Follow the children
Where do I go
Follow their smiles*

*Is there an answer
In their sweet faces
That tells me why
I live and die*

*Follow the wind song
Follow the thunder
Follow the lightning in
Young lovers' eyes*

*Down to the gutter
Up to the glitter
Into the city where the
Truth lies*

CLAUDE:

*Where do I go
Follow my heartbeat
Where do I go
Follow my hand*

*Where will they lead me
And will I ever
Discover why
I live and die*

THE TRIBE:

Why

CLAUDE:

I live and die

THE TRIBE:

Why

CLAUDE:

I live and die

Note: At the end of the intermission, just before Act Two begins, CRISSY puts two old seventy-eight-rpm records on an antique windup victrola. The songs: "Anything Goes," followed by "White Cliffs of Dover"; this going into "Electric Blues."

Act Two

Band on stage now. This is the Intergalactic Bathtub electrified. Moving light projections.

The sound from the band is full and furious. The band is THE LEATHER BAG—four guys dressed in leather outfits—perhaps black, brown, and white in color. Electric wiring everywhere, from amplifiers, guitars, hand mikes, and even from the leather costumes—wires from backs, heads, fingers, hands, feet, crotches.

THE TRIBE dances.

Note: All the kids wear military uniforms, mismatching, etc.

THE LEATHER BAG:

*We're all encased in sonic armor
Beltin' it out through chrome grenades
Miles and miles of Medusan chord
The electronic sonic boom*

*It's what's happening, Baby
It's where it's at, Daddy*

*They chain ya and brainwash ya
When you least suspect it
They feed ya Mass Media
The age is electric*

*I got the electric blues
I got the electric blues
I got the electric blues
I got the electric blues*

*Thwump . . .
Rackety . . .
Whomp*

*Old-
Fashion
Melody*

Rock . . . Folk Rock . . .
Rhythm and Blues

Electrons	Old-
Explodin' . . .	Fashion
Rackety-Clack	Melody
Thwump . . . Whoomp . . .	
Whump	

Plugged In . . .	Old-
Turned On	Fashion
Rackety . . . Shomp . . .	Melody
Rock	
Rock . . . Folk Rock . . .	
Rhythm and Blues	
Thwump . . .	
Rackety-Clack	
Whoomp . . . Whump . . .	
Poof	
Caved In . . . Caved In	
. . . Yes, Caved In	

Lyrics shatter like broken glass
In the sonic boom
Lyrics shatter like broken glass
Electronic doom

I got the electric blues
I got the electric blues
I got the electric blues
I got the electric blues

(The tempo slows, the music softens)

Tell me who do you love, Man?
Tell me what, Man?
Tell me what's it you love, Man?

An old-fashion melody

Tell me what's it that moves you?
Tell me what's it that grooves you?

An old-fashion melody
But old songs leave you dead
We sell our souls for bread

(Back to the beat and the fury)

We're all encased in sonic armor
Belting it out through chrome grenades
Miles and miles of Medusan chord
The electronic sonic boom

It's what's happening, Baby
It's where it's at, Daddy

They chain ya and brainwash ya
When you least suspect it
They feed ya Mass Media
The age is electric

I got the electric blues
I got the electric blues
I got the electric blues
I got the electric blues

Thwump . . . Rackety . . .	Old-
Whomp	Fashion
Rock . . . Folk Rock . . .	Melody
Rhythm and Blues	
Electronics	Old-
Explodin' . . .	Fashion
Rackety-Clack	Melody
Thwump . . . Whoomp . . .	
Whump	
Plugged In . . .	Old-
Turned On	Fashion
Rackety . . . Shomp . . .	Melody
Rock	
Rock . . . Folk Rock . . .	
Rhythm and Blues	
Thwump . . .	
Rackety-Clack	

Whoomp . . . Whump . . .

Poof

Caved In . . . Caved In

. . . Yes, Caved In

Lyrics shatter

Like

Broken glass

In the sonic

Boom

Lyrics shatter

Like

Broken Glass

Electronic

Doom

(Shouting)

Amplifiers higher

Turn 'em up higher

Amplifiers higher

Turn 'em up higher

Higher higher

Louder Louder

Fire Fire

(The amplifiers, the mikes, the power systems explode, but THE LEATHER BAG goes on singing and playing, no sound coming out, THE TRIBE continues dancing to no music. The words are mouthed)

I got the

Electric blues

I got the

Electric blues

I got the

Electric blues

I got the

Electric blues

(THE TRIBE dances, screaming out every time THE LEATHER BAG sings "I got the Electric Blues")

(THE TRIBE clears the dance floor, leaving SHEILA and BERGER dancing to a soft snare from the drummer. They dance awhile before speaking)

BERGER (*Speaking and singing as they dance; to audience*): Claude Hooper Bukowski leaves us tomorrow morning.

SHEILA (*To BERGER*): I like Claude. But that's as far as I can take it.

BERGER: Claude has been drafted.

SHEILA: Claude's going to play soldier.

BERGER (*To audience*): Tonight is for him. Sheila's gonna do Claude a favor tonight.

SHEILA: Oh, no, I'm not.

BERGER (*To audience*): The greatest going-away gift we can give our friend.

SHEILA: What am I, the tribal sacrifice?

(A group starts singing with the band in the background. SHEILA and BERGER dance throughout)

GROUP:

How can people be so heartless?

How can people be so cruel?

BERGER: Sheila, you have to do this for Claude.

GROUP:

Easy to be hard

Easy to be cold

SHEILA: Do *this*? This is a four-letter word.

GROUP:

How can people have no feelings?

BERGER: Please. (*Tries to kiss her*)

GROUP:

How can they ignore their friends

BERGER: I'll be good to you. (*Tries to embrace her*)

GROUP:

Easy to be proud

SHEILA (*Breaking away from BERGER*): No!

GROUP:

Easy to say no

BERGER (*Backed by the GROUP*):

*Especially people who care about strangers
Who care about evil and social injustice
Do you only care about the bleeding crowd
How about a needing friend*

SHEILA and GROUP:

*How can people be so heartless
How can people be so cruel*

GROUP:

*Easy to give in
Easy to help out*

*How can people have no feelings
You know I'm hung up on you*

BERGER: I'll make a deal with you.

SHEILA: Sheila's the faithful kind.

BERGER: You do it tonight with Claude; I'll do it tomorrow night with you.

SHEILA: A Berger barter!

BERGER: Sheila, we got this big going-away scene planned for Claude. If you do this for Claude, it'll make it perfect. He loves you, love.

SHEILA: Claude is a boy for going. It takes a man to say no.

BERGER: Okay, Sheila. That's it. We're finished. It's over. We've had it.

(BERGER starts walking off angrily)

GROUP:

*Easy to be hard
Easy to be cold
Easy to be proud
Easy to say no*

(BERGER exits)

SHEILA: So long, love.

(CLAUDE enters, SHEILA exits. THE TRIBE greets CLAUDE with wild enthusiasm. CLAUDE wears a white, floor-length Indian linen gown, gold-embroidered. He carries a small overnight bag and throws up into the air various gifts he has brought for THE TRIBE: some colored shirts, a Buddha, necklaces, etc., all of them his personal belongings)

HUD: It's Lord Buckingham!

CLAUDE:

*Manchester England England
Across the Atlantic Sea
And I'm a genius genius
I believe in Gawd
And I believe that Gawd believes in Claude
That's me that's me*

(THE TRIBE dances around CLAUDE singing "Too much, too much" softly behind the next dialogue)

HUD:

Claude, baby, how ya' doin', man?

THE TRIBE:

*Too Much Too Much
Too Much Too Much
Super Goosey Gasey
Super Goosey Gasey
Too Much Too Much
Too Much Too Much
Etc.*

CLAUDE:

I'm cooling it, ding dong.

HUD: This your night.

JEANIE: Oh, poor baby.

WOOF: Claude, I'm disappointed in you. I thought you said they wouldn't get you.

YOUNG MAN: You chickened out.

CLAUDE: Yeah, I'm chickenshit.

WOOF: Ah, you should've burned it and got your picture in the papers.

CLAUDE: I'm no hero . . . starting right now.

JEANIE: Claude, *that sari*, where did you get *that sari*? Barney's Boys' Town?

CLAUDE: Where's Berger?

YOUNG MAN: Clip, clip, clip . . . tomorrow morning. (*Pantomiming cutting CLAUDE's hair*)

WOOF: Oh, leave the poor soldier boy alone.

CLAUDE: It's bad enough without you guys bugging me.

(DIONNE on bandstand with two other Negro girls. She signals to the band)

DIONNE: Fellas, oh, fellas!

(The band plays a fanfare and the three girls turn to face the audience. They impersonate the Supremes. One wears a high-fashion blond wig; all in high heels and sexy-cheap sequin dresses)

I want you to meet PFC Booo-Booo-Booo-kowski.

DIONNE and TWO GIRLS (*Playing with CLAUDE*):

*White boys are so pretty
Skin as smooth as milk
White boys are so pretty
Hair like Chinese silk*

*White boys give me goose bumps
White boys give me chills
When they touch my shoulder
That's the touch that kills*

*My Mother calls 'em lilies
I call 'em piccadillies
My Daddy warns me to stay away
I say come on out and play*

*White boys are so groovy
White boys are so tough
Every time they're near me
Just can't get enough*

*White, White, White, White, White, White, White, White
White Boys*

(JEANIE pins large button on CLAUDE's lapel: "Support Our Boys in Vietnam")

*White boys are so pretty
White boys are so sweet
White boys drive me crazy
Drive me indiscreet*

(CLAUDE dances)

*White boys are so sexy
Legs so long and lean
Love those sprayed-on trousers
Love the love machine*

*My Brother calls 'em rubble
They're my kind of trouble
My Daddy warns me "No No No"
But I say "White Boys Go Go Go"*

(HUD joins CLAUDE dancing)

*White boys are so lovely
Beautiful as girls
Love to run my fingers
And toes thru all their curls
White White White White White White White White
White Boys*

(HUD takes over dancing as JEANIE, CRISSY, and ANGELA sing to him)

JEANIE, CRISSY, ANGELA:

*Black boys are delicious
Chocolate-flavored love*

*Licorice lips like candy
Keep my cocoa handy*

*I have such a sweet tooth
When it comes to love*

*Once I tried a diet
Of quiet, rest, no sweets*

*But I went nearly crazy
And I went clearly crazy
Because I really craved for
My chocolate-flavored treats*

*Black boys are nutritious
Black boys fill me up*

*Black boys are so damn yummy
They satisfy my tummy*

*I have such a sweet tooth
When it comes to love
Black Black Black Black Black Black Black
Black Boys*

(Joined by DIONNE's trio)

*White Boys
Black Boys
White Boys
Black Boys*

Mixed Media . . .

CLAUDE: Hey, Woof, from my bedroom to your bedroom. (*Hands WOOF rolled-up photo*)

WOOF (*Unrolls photo*): Oh, Claude, I love it. Hey, Claude, it's beautiful. Hey, everybody, look what Claude gave me. . . . I love you. Oh, I love you. I'm in love with you. I can't help it. You're terrific. . . . I'm in love with this guy, see. I like his looks to begin with. Anybody would. Besides he has a certain spectacular quality. I love him, I can't help it. I'm not a homosexual or anything like that. . . . but I'd go to bed with him. . . . and make great love to you. . . . He's the sun and I'm the earth. He's infinite. He's got this beautiful head. He's Leo the Lion, the only guy I'd ever go to bed with.

*Mick Jagger—Mick . . . Mickey . . . My
Mick . . . My Mickey Mick . . .*

*Mickey my Mickey Mick
My Mickey Jag Mickey Jag
Micky Mick my Mickey Mick
My Micky Jag Jag
Mickey Mick Mick
Mickey Mick Mick
Mick Mick my Jagger*

BERGER (*Entering, followed by SHEILA*): Hud, let's lock up.
HUD: Right.

(*The band has stopped playing, THE TRIBE now speaks in low voices, as if expecting something to happen. HUD switches off the lights. For a moment the stage is in darkness, but candles are lit. HUD locks the door*)

SHEILA (*Breaking the silence—to audience*): I'm so tired . . . I hope this doesn't take long.

CLAUDE: What did you say?

BERGER (*Wearing dark goggles, passing out sticks of marijuana to THE TRIBE. As he stops by each, he has a line*): Forty-four and one-hundred-percent pure.

SHEILA: Oh . . . your movie . . . I see you're taking it with you . . .

CLAUDE: My baby . . .

BERGER: Separates the men from the boys.

SHEILA: How's it coming?

BERGER: No sticky mess.

CLAUDE: I'm almost finished with it . . .

BERGER: Jet to Miami—come on down.

SHEILA: Finished with what?

CLAUDE: My movie . . .

BERGER: That heavenly flavor.

SHEILA: Oh, yeah, how's it coming? What's Berger doing?

BERGER: Relieve headache pain fast, fast, fast.

CLAUDE: He's passing out the pot.

BERGER: Relief is just a swallow away.

CLAUDE: It's groovy for food and sex.

BERGER: Shrinks hemorrhoids.

SHEILA: All you want to do is ball.

CLAUDE: I beg your pardon.

BERGER (*Bringing the pot to SHEILA and CLAUDE*): Only one calorie.

SHEILA (*Sarcastically to CLAUDE*): Have a good trip!

BERGER (*Nicely to CLAUDE*): Yeah, bon voyage!

CLAUDE (*To BERGER*): Bless you, sweet child of God.

BERGER (*To audience*): I got my job through the *Village Voice*.

CLAUDE (*To THE TRIBE*): Pick up your glowworms.

(*THE TRIBE all lights up. There is no talking now. No music. All is silent, but for the sound of THE TRIBE inhaling. This should be a rather significant moment. The drummer quietly begins a rocking rhythm with a snare drum and brush*)

THE TRIBE:

*Doors locked
Doors locked
Blinds pulled
Blinds pulled
Lights low
Lights low
Flames high
Flames high*

*My body
My body
My body
My body
My body
My body*

*My body
Is walking in space
My soul is in orbit
With God, face to face*

*Floating, flipping
Flying, tripping*

*Tripping from Pottsville to Mainline
Tripping from Mainline to Moonville*

*On a rocket to the fourth dimension
Total self-awareness the intention*

*My mind is clear as country air
I feel my flesh, all colors mesh*

*Red-black
Blue-brown
Yellow-crimson
Green-orange
Purple-pink
Violet-white
White-white
White
White*

*All the clouds are cumuloft
Walking in space
Oh my God, Your skin is soft
I love your face*

*How dare they try to end this beauty
How dare they try to end this beauty*

*To keep us under foot
They bury us in soot*

*Pretending it's a chore
To ship us off to war*

*In this dive
We rediscover sensation
In this dive
We rediscover sensation*

*Walking in space
We find the purpose of peace*

*The beauty of life
You can no longer hide*

*Our eyes are open
Our eyes are open
Our eyes are open
Our eyes are open
Wide Wide Wide*

(Lights down on stage during last part of this song. Spot on CLAUDE. The following is his trip)

GI 1 (HUD): All right, my pretty boys. Prepare to bail out. Bail out, soldier boys. I said, skydive.

GI 2 (WOOF): I'm not even twenty-one yet and they've got me jumping out of airplanes.

GI 1 (HUD): Hello, White Man.

GI 2 (WOOF): Hello, Yellow Man, down there. I'm gonna get you.

GI 1 (HUD) (*Taking WOOF's hand*): Black and white go nice together, don't they?

GI 3: We're unfrocked paratroopers.

GI 4: Home of Macrobiotics and Sanpaku.

GI 5: It just proves what I always said. There just aren't that many places to go anymore.

GI 6: The machine age is overexposing me.

GI 7: My father is sure a jerk.

GI 8 (CLAUDE): Gee, just like the movies.

GI 9: I don't want to be anything, and I certainly don't want to be a housewife with kids.

GI 10: Don't worry, you won't.

ALL THE TRIBE: I'm hanging loose.

(THE TRIBE runs off as BERGER impersonating GEORGE WASHINGTON, enters. He wears a powdered wig askew, carries a battleworn American flag, leads a bedraggled troop of men)

GEORGE (*Marching on*): Hut two three four. Hut two three four.

Jump to it, lads. Kill the Redcoats. Into the Delaware, men. Grab your muskets. For God, for Country, for Crown, for Freedom, for Liberation, for Mother . . .

MESSENGER (WOOF) (*Running on*): General Washington, General Washington, your Highness . . . news from the front. The word is retreat. Threat of attack.

(GEORGE WASHINGTON hands powdered wig and flag to MESSENGER and flees as INDIANS in loincloths with tomahawks and war paint attack)

INDIAN 1: White Man DIE!

INDIAN 2: Crazy Horse say, White Man DIE!

INDIAN 3: Cochise say, White Man DIE!

INDIAN 1: Geronimo say, White Man DIE!

INDIAN 2: Sitting Bull say, White Man DIE!

INDIAN 3: Little Beaver say, White Man DIE!

INDIAN 1: This INDIAN land. Oh, Manitou, Great Spirit, White Man steal our land. White Man must die.

INDIAN 2: Many moons since Roanoke. Once again White man comes. Queen Bess and John Smith from England make peace. Take Papoose Pocahontas. Wahunsunacook kill white man.

(The INDIANS exit in a war dance of victory. GEORGE WASHINGTON's men lie still on stage in a massacre. A bugle sounds reveille. The man playing the bugle appears wearing a Civil War Rebel uniform)

U. S. GRANT (*Heavy Southern drawl*): Friends, I want you to meet a great friend of yours . . . General Grant. I have arrived. I say, General Grant is here. Hey, wake up. Come on, you guys . . . get up . . . *(He shakes the men and they gradually revive and get up)* . . . wake up . . . come on. We have to push on to Raleigh. *(The men fall into formation)* Roll Call: Abraham Lincoln. *(He takes a swig of whiskey)*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: "P"-resent, sir.

U. S. GRANT: John W. Booth.

JOHN W. BOOTH (*Shakespearean actor*): Evah-prrresent, sire. *(Brandishing small pistol)*

U. S. GRANT: Calvin Coolidge.

CALVIN COOLIDGE: Voh-dee-oh-doe, sir.

U. S. GRANT: Clark Gable.

CLARK GABLE (WOOF): Yup.

U. S. GRANT: Scarlett O'Hara.

SCARLETT (*Southern accent*): Here I am.

U. S. GRANT (*Going to kiss her*): Why, Scarlett, honey! . . . Teddy.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT (HUD): Right. I'm ready, giddy-up.

U. S. GRANT: Colonel Custer.

COLONEL CUSTER (JEANIE): At last.

U. S. GRANT: Claude Bukowski.

CLAUDE: He couldn't make it.

U. S. GRANT: Well, men, let's be gone. Heads up . . . shoulders back . . . onward, Christian soldiers, to Appomattox. Forward, March.

(They dance a minuet, but are attacked from behind by a group of Negroes. Some modern day, with switchblades. Some Africans with blowguns and spears, dressed as natives in feathers, etc., some dirty, poor slaves. African drums in background. The Negroes confront the whites)

AFRICAN WITCH DOCTOR (*Carrying spear*):

Walla walla
Goono goona
Miobie
Manatoga
Gooba Gooba
Voodoo Waba

LE ROI JONES (HUD) (*Carries a banner "Black Power" and a switchblade knife*): I cut yo' up. I hate you and your white mothers. I hope you all die and rot. You're all for shit.

(The Negroes attack and kill the white soldiers)

SLAVE (*Standing over the dead bodies, with his foot on Abraham Lincoln's chest, very happy*): Yes, I'm finished on y'all's farm land. With yo' boll weevils and all, and pluckin' y'all's chickens, fryin' mother's oats in grease. I'm free now, thanks to yo', Massa Lincoln, emancipator of the slave. Yeah! Emancimotherfuckin'-pator of the slave.

(The Negroes sing together)

THE NEGROES:

*Happy birthday, Abie bqby
Happy birthday to you . . .*

(Suddenly the stage becomes a battlefield. War sound effects up loud. Plus electronic music in the background. They exit in fright. Four BUDDHIST MONKS enter in long saffron robes, kneeling down front. The first MONK pours gasoline over himself from a can)

BUDDHIST MONK 1: Use high octane and feel the tiger in your tank.

(He lights a wad of flash paper, dies an agonizing death, lies in a heap on the stage)

BUDDHIST MONK 2: Everyone should be Buddha.

BUDDHIST MONK 3: We are all one.

BUDDHIST MONK 4: No more war toys.

BUDDHIST MONK 2: Hustling is an honest profession.

(Three Catholic NUNS enter behind praying BUDDHISTS)

THE NUNS: Hail, Mary, full of Grace, blessed is the Fruit of the Loom. *(They strangle the BUDDHISTS with their rosary beads)* Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death . . .

(Three ASTRONAUTS enter behind the NUNS, killing them with ray guns. Three CHINESE enter behind the ASTRONAUTS, carrying machine guns, killing the ASTRONAUTS. Four American INDIANS with war yelps, kill the CHINESE with tomahawks. Two GREEN BERETS with machine guns kill the INDIANS and each other. All the bodies lie in a heap as a strobe light flashes on. The killing scene goes into reverse now, all the bodies coming back to life, exiting backward and reentering at a faster pace to go through the exact killing ritual two more times, each time at a still-faster pace. At the end, all the sound and strobe lights off, leaving the bodies in a silent, motionless heap.)

One by one the bodies rise in slow motion, as others sing)

THE TRIBE (*Perhaps prerecorded*):

Ripped open by metal explosion

Caught in barbed wire

Fireball

Bullet shock

Bayonet electricity

Shrapneled

Throbbing meat

Electronic Data Processing

Black uniforms

Bare feet

Carbines

Mail-order rifles

Shoot the muscles

256 Vietcong captured

256 Vietcong captured

(Live—the whole TRIBE singing)

Prisoners in Niggertown

It's a dirty little war

Three five zero zero

Take weapons up and begin to kill

Watch the long long armies drifting home

(Into a joyous march)

*Prisoners in Niggertown
It's a dirty little war
Three five zero zero
Take weapons up and begin to kill
Watch the long long armies drifting home*

(Settling back down on the floor, as at the beginning of "Walking in Space")

*How dare they try to end
This beauty
How dare they try to end
This beauty*

*Walking in space
We find the purpose of peace
The beauty of life
You can no longer hide*

*Our eyes are open
Our eyes are open
Our eyes are open
Our eyes are open*

(Lights down, spot on CLAUDE as at beginning of war sequence)

*Wide
Wide
Wide*

(Stage in darkness but for spot on CLAUDE with his eyes closed. He opens his eyes, stands slowly, not knowing where he is for a moment)

CLAUDE: Berger . . . George.

(All THE TRIBE on stage prostrate, as if asleep)

BERGER *(Sits up)*: I'm zonked.

(CLAUDE rushes over to BERGER, sits next to him, looks at BERGER, THE TRIBE, and the audience)

CLAUDE: What a piece of work is man. How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel.

BERGER: In apprehension how like a god . . .

BERGER *and* CLAUDE *(Together)*: The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.

CLAUDE: I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth . . . this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.

BERGER: Claude . . .

CLAUDE: What?

BERGER: I feel lonely already, Claude.

(They look at each other for a moment, BERGER moves to CLAUDE, puts his arm around CLAUDE. CLAUDE makes no response)

CLAUDE: Start facing reality . . . sometimes I think I'm going crazy . . . out of mind . . . maybe cancer on the brain or something . . .

BERGER: Maybe the Army is the best place for you . . . let them keep you, sleep you, feed you. I'm putting you on, Claude.

CLAUDE: I'm not going into the Army tomorrow!

BERGER: I know.

CLAUDE: Let's go to Mexico, George.

BERGER: I told you the *boogey man* would get you.

CLAUDE: I want to eat mushrooms and sleep in the sun.

BERGER: Okay. Let's go. I'll go with you.

CLAUDE: I know where it's at.

BERGER: You know where it's at.

CLAUDE: You know where it's at.

BERGER: I know where it's at.

CLAUDE: I can't live like this anymore. I'm not happy. It's too difficult—I can't open myself up like that. I can't make this moment-to-moment living on the streets.

BERGER: I dig it.

CLAUDE: I don't.

BERGER: Putting on his peace paint he said: On with the groovy revolution.

CLAUDE: I don't want to be a dentist or a lawyer or a bum or an

IBM machine. I don't want to be a rock 'n' roll hero or a movie star. I just want to have lots of money.

BERGER: I'm gonna go to India . . . float around . . . live in little huts in Beirut . . . feed the poor Indians in a little village somewhere . . . like Albert Schweitzer . . . bake bread. I'm gonna stay high forever. They'll never get me. I'm gonna stay high forever.

CLAUDE: I'll tell you the thing I'd really like to be . . . invisible. I don't need drugs. An invisible man, and I could fly and see into people's minds and know what they're thinking . . . I could do anything, go anywhere, and be happy . . . not tied down to a stupid job or anybody. And I could perform miracles. That's the only thing I'd like to do or be on this dirt.

BERGER: Then you're the King of Wands.

CLAUDE: Shazam! (*He tries to fly*) Oh, my God, it's one o'clock. I have to be at the station at eight-thirty.

BERGER: Claude, they've sucked you in.

CLAUDE: They've fucked me.

BERGER: I hate the fuckin' world, don't you?

CLAUDE: I hate the fuckin' world, I hate the fuckin' winter, I hate these fuckin' streets.

BERGER: I wish the fuck it would snow at least.

CLAUDE: I wish it was the biggest fucking snowstorm. Blizzards, come down in sheets, mountains, rivers, oceans, forests, rabbits, cover everything in beautiful, white, holy snow, and I could hide out a hermit and hang on a cross and eat cornflakes.

BERGER: A fucking blizzard.

CLAUDE: Oh, fuck.

BERGER: Oh, fuckey, fuck, fuck.

CLAUDE (*To audience*): I was in the shower this morning, and I reached down and I couldn't find it . . . it fell off and washed down the drain.

BERGER: Anybody see it, anybody see this little thing? Sheila, did you see it? Claude lost this little thing, about this big . . . (*He goes to SHEILA and helps her up*) Sheila, how come you're so groovy-looking tonight? You've got fab eyes.

SHEILA (*Shaking him off*): Come off it, Iceberger.

CLAUDE (*Coming over*): Sheila, you're not mad at me, are you?

SHEILA: No, why should I be mad?

CLAUDE: Well, let's all go someplace . . . get coffee . . .

WOOF: I'm tired, I'm going home . . .

BERGER: We're going up to Sheila's pad. Aren't we, Sheila?

(*Focus now centers on WOOF, JEANIE, CRISSY, CHARLIE, SHARON. As each talks, he helps the other up*)

WOOF: Jeanie, you want to come with me?

JEANIE: Disappear, Shrimpboats.

(*She walks away*)

WOOF: Okay. How about you, Crissy? You wanna come?

CRISSY: No, not tonight, I'm comin' with Charlie, ain't I, Charlie?

CHARLIE: I don't care. (*To SHARON*) Is it all right, Sharon, if Crissy comes with us?

SHARON: We slept together last week. I'd rather sleep alone together.

CRISSY: What about me?

WOOF (*To CRISSY*): How about me?

CRISSY: Too little, tobacco breath.

CHARLIE (*To CRISSY*): Look, I don't care . . . (*To SHARON*) It's all the same thing, isn't it?

(*CRISSY and SHARON both walk away from CHARLIE, CRISSY moving over to DIONNE*)

WOOF: See ya', Charlie. (*Moves away*) I'm going home to finish the Bible.

CHARLIE (*Standing alone*): Hey, wait a minute . . .

(*CHARLIE follows SHARON upstage. Focus shifts to other side of stage—DENNIS, BOB, DICK*)

DENNIS (*To DICK*): Just come over to my pad baby . . .

DICK: Eat your own sperm.

BOB: Let's go down to the docks for cocks.

DICK: Aw, go get married!

WOOF: Everybody, if we all sleep together, it'll be nice and warm . . .

(*Focus shifts to JEANIE, DIONNE, and CRISSY*)

JEANIE (*To DIONNE*): I don't want to sleep with *that*.

DIONNE (*To CRISSY*): All right, then, you sleep with it.

CRISSY: Me? Never happen.

WOOF: Hey, Helen, I'll walk you home, Helen.

HELEN: Walk to Hoboken?

(*Focus now to include CLAUDE, BERGER, SHEILA, DIONNE, WOOF*)

JEANIE (*Moving to CLAUDE*): I'll sleep with *you* if you want me to. Do you?

CLAUDE: Boring . . . (*Turning to SHEILA*) Sheila, I'd like to go to bed with you.

SHEILA: Why?

466 | GREAT ROCK MUSICALS

CLAUDE: Because I like you.

LOUISE (*Skinny girl*): Woof, I'd like to take a bath with you.

WOOF: Ahhhh! I'm Catholic!

BERGER (*Organizing* CLAUDE, SHEILA, HUD, DIONNE, WOOF): C'mon,
C'mon . . .

WOOF: Sheila, will you marry me?

JEANIE: I wanna go, too.

(*She tags along*)

HUD: Oh . . . we're gonna go Ubangi . . .

BERGER:

DIONNE:

To Sheila's pad . . .

Bang bang.

Gang bang.

JEANIE:

Bang gang.

Go, go Ubangi . . .

Bungaloo-a-boo-boo.

WOOF: Yeah, yeah, c'mon, everybody, bang bang . . .

SHEILA (*Looking at the sky*):

*Good morning, Starshine
The earth says hello
You twinkle above us
We twinkle below*

(DIONNE joins SHEILA)

DIONNE and SHEILA (*Looking at the sky*):

*Good morning, Starshine
You lead us along
My love and me
As we sing our
Early morning singing song*

*Gliddy Glup Gloopy
Nibby Nabby Noopy
La La—Lo Lo*

CLAUDE, BERGER, WOOF, HUD:

*Sabba Sibby Sabba
Nooby Aba Naba
Le Le—Lo Lo*

*Tooby Ooby Wala
Nooby Aba Naba*

Early morning

Singing song

Good morning, Starshine

The earth says hello

You twinkle above us

We twinkle below

Good morning, Starshine

You lead us along

My love and me

As we sing our

Early morning singing song

Gliddy Glup Gloopy

Nabby Nabby Noopy

La La—Lo Lo

ALL:

Tooby Ooby Wala

Nooby Aba Naba

Early morning

Singing song

Singing a song

Humming a song

Singing a song

Loving a song

Laughing a song

Sing the song

Sing the song

Song Song Song Sing

Sing Sing Sing Song

MAN: Shut up, down there! We want to get some sleep! Scum bags!

BERGER (*Climbing partway up the Crucifix-Tree*): Behold, he said,

with a wave toward the harbor, see the magnificent ocean . . .

Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Russia, and, yes, Claude's England.

HUD (*Reading from a National Enquirer*): "Learn How Twenty-seven Die in Acid."

SHEILA: Sheila's hands, George's feet, and Claude's poor little brain matter more than the whole sweep of those damned constellations.

WOMAN: Shut up! We're trying to sleep. We have to go to work in the morning, Flag Burners!

CLAUDE: Cosmic Fart!

BERGER (*Shouting*): I ride into Infinitude on the top of Manhateeny Island.

SHEILA: God has hands like mine and feet like yours and Claude's brain.

HUD: "Youth Threatens to Drop LSD in New York City Reservoir."

BERGER: Save me God from Infinity.

HUD: GM gets rich, GI's die.

SHEILA: Without God, we'd be no more than bacteria breeding on a pebble in space.

BERGER: Blah! to the immensity of space.

HUD: "Man Gives Address as Heaven Six Hours Before Plane Crashes."

MAN and WOMAN (*From up above*): Shut up, down there, for God's sake, we want to get some sleep, etc.

CLAUDE (*Shouting at MAN and WOMAN*): I am the Son of God . . .

MAN: Oh, yeah, New York is a rat's ass.

WOMAN (*Correcting him*): New York is a Winter Festival. Blah!

CLAUDE (*Quietly*): I am the Son of God.

BERGER (*Shouting*): Blah! to the electric universe.

CLAUDE: I will vanish and be forgotten.

Quiet reprise: "Good Morning, Starshine")

SHEILA (*Looking at the sky*):

Look at the moon

Look at the moon

Look at the moon

Look at the moon

Look at the moon

Look at the moon

Look at the moon

Good morning, Starshine

The earth says hello

You twinkle above us

We twinkle below

DIONNE and JEANIE (*Joining SHEILA*):

Good morning, Starshine

You lead us along

My love and me

As we sing

Our early morning singing song

Gliddy Glup Gloopy

Nibby Nabby Noopy

La La La Lo Lo

CLAUDE, BERGER, WOOF, HUD (*Joining in*):

Sabba Sibby Sabba

Nooby Aba Naba

Le Le Lo Lo

Tooby Ooby Wala

Nooby Aba Naba

Early morning singing song

(All THE TRIBE joins on a repeat of this lyric.

As they sing, the relationships of the principals should be very evident: DIONNE and HUD together; JEANIE and WOOF, each separate, almost outsiders, but each with so much love to give; SHEILA very aware of the situation now, still very much hung up on BERGER, yet liking CLAUDE; CLAUDE in love with SHEILA, but of course having no idea of what is in store for him, very aware he will soon be leaving all this; BERGER realizing how close it is to CLAUDE's departure and trying to be happy-go-lucky in spite of his feelings.

Some of THE TRIBE are bringing in the mattresses from off)

THE TRIBE: Look what we found!

(This song starts as a chant)

UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU The Bed

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA The Bed

UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGH The Bed

Oh the bed

MMMMMMM The Bed

I love the bed

(During the following they manipulate the mattresses, put on psychedelic sheets, pillows, flower petals, and end by placing CLAUDE and SHEILA on the bed side by side)

*You can lie in bed
You can lay in bed
You can die in bed
You can pray in bed*

*You can live in bed
You can laugh in bed
You can give your heart
Or break your heart
In half in bed*

*You can tease in bed
You can please in bed
You squeeze in bed
You can freeze in bed*

*You can sneeze in bed
Catch the fleas in bed
All of these
Plus eat crackers and cheese
In bed*

*Oh, the bed is a thing
Of feather and spring
Of wire and wood
Invention so good*

*Oh, the bed comes complete
With pillow and sheet
With blanket electric
And breath antiseptic*

*Let there be sheets
Let there be beds
Foam rubber pillows
Under our heads*

*Let there be sighs
Filling the room
Scanty pajamas
By Fruit of the Loom*

*You can eat in bed
You can beat in bed
Be in heat in bed
Have a treat in bed*

*You can rock in bed
You can roll in bed
Find your cock in bed
Lose your soul in bed*

*You can lose in bed
You can win in bed
But never never never
Never never never never
Never never never
Never can you sin in bed*

Never sin in bed

(As the song ends, THE TRIBE has placed CLAUDE and SHEILA side by side on the bed and they exit—or stand forming walls of the room.

Hold on the image of CLAUDE and SHEILA side by side on the bed, then)

SHEILA (Getting up, running to door): Berger . . . Berger.

CLAUDE: Oh, did Berger go? . . . I'll go, too. (Starting to get up)

SHEILA: No, you can stay.

CLAUDE: Stay?

SHEILA: Stay for coffee.

CLAUDE: Okay, coffee!

(SHEILA goes off to make coffee, CLAUDE stands on bed, takes bow out of his hair, combs hair, as JEANIE runs on, tackling CLAUDE, they fall on the bed)

JEANIE: Claude, what time does your train leave?

CLAUDE: Jeanie . . . you left!

JEANIE: Oh . . . I won't be able to make the train, Claude. I'm gonna get killed when I get home . . . so, can I say good-bye now?

(JEANIE is on top of CLAUDE as SHEILA enters holding two burning sticks of incense)

SHEILA: Hi, Jeanie.

JEANIE: Hi, Sheila.

CLAUDE: Beat it, Jeanie.

JEANIE: Yeah, yeah, yeah . . . aw, Claude, I just love you, that's all. Don't mind me.

CLAUDE: Jeanie, please.

JEANIE: I'm going, don't worry. (*Getting up from the bed*) Claude, I want you to have a great time, Claude. You're a great guy. You're sweet.

CLAUDE: You're sweet too, Jeanie. Beat it.

JEANIE: So long, love.

(*She exits. Long pause as CLAUDE and SHEILA take in their situation*)

SHEILA: You're standing on my bed.

CLAUDE (*Not moving*): Thank you. It's beautiful.

SHEILA: Well?

CLAUDE: Well?

(SHEILA sits on bed, lotus position, holding two burning sticks of incense)

SHEILA: My pad is the crossroads of a thousand private lives. Why don't you sit down?

CLAUDE (*Sitting*): He sits.

SHEILA: Do you want some incense?

CLAUDE (*Taking a stick*): No.

SHEILA: Well?

CLAUDE: Well?

SHEILA: Relax!

CLAUDE (*Falling back on the bed*): He relaxes.

SHEILA: Where did Berger go?

CLAUDE: Why don't you relax?

SHEILA: Claude, I'm the hippest . . .

CLAUDE: Don't you love me?

SHEILA: . . . I know your problem.

CLAUDE (*Sitting up*): Have pity on your poor war baby.

(CLAUDE touches SHEILA's arm)

SHEILA (*Violent reaction—She gets up from the bed.*): I'll scream bloody murder if you touch me, Daddy Warbucks!

CLAUDE: What?

SHEILA: . . . You lay a pinky on my titty and they'll hear about it all over the city.

CLAUDE: Oh, you're a Liverpool poet.

SHEILA: I'm sorry, Claude . . . I can't do it . . . I'm so upset . . . I'm so mixed up . . .

CLAUDE: I'm not asking you to do anything

SHEILA: It's not you who's asking.

CLAUDE: I'm not gonna bite you . . . unless you ask me to . . .

SHEILA: I'm sorry, Berger.

(CLAUDE hears her mistake)

CLAUDE: Sheila . . . I'd like to tell you something that I've never told to anyone else. Not even Berger. But I don't know if you're strong enough to take it.

SHEILA: What do you mean?

CLAUDE: Sit down.

SHEILA (*Sitting on floor, next to bed*): She sits.

CLAUDE: Now, please, Sheila, you must believe me, and promise me you won't get frightened or anything.

SHEILA: I don't know what you're talking about. What do you mean?

CLAUDE: Well, you see, Sheila . . . I come from another planet.

SHEILA: Oh, yeah? I'm leaving . . .

(*Getting up to move away, CLAUDE grabs her hand*)

CLAUDE: Yeah, it's true. Just look at my eyes. I have been sent to Earth on a mission. There are many others here like me. We're observing you.

SHEILA: Another scene from your Walt Disney movie?

CLAUDE: Believe me, it's true . . . please don't make fun of me. I'm from another planet in another galaxy.

SHEILA: What's your planet called?

CLAUDE: What's it called?

SHEILA: What's it called?

CLAUDE: Explanezanetooch.

SHEILA: What?

CLAUDE: Exanaplanetooch.

SHEILA: Nice name.

CLAUDE: You believe me?

SHEILA: Of course.

CLAUDE: Can I tell you about it?

SHEILA: Of course, I'm dying to hear about it.

CLAUDE: No, I don't think I can . . . I shouldn't have told you . . .
you don't believe me . . .

SHEILA: I believe you, believe me, I believe you . . . I always knew
there was something strange about you . . . you come from an-
other planet . . .

CLAUDE:

Exanaplanetooch
A planet in another galaxy
Exanaplanetooch
A place where all the people
Look like me

A planet where the air is pure
The river waters crystal bright
The sky is green
And in the night
Twelve golden moons
Provide the light

The buildings in the cities
Shaped like hills
Made of black and green
And blue and yellow glass
With rivers running through
Them
Crystal bright

Swim in the water
Drink from the rivers
Total beauty total health
Ev'ryman's an artist
And a scientist-philosopher
No government and no police
No wars no crime no hate
Just happiness and love

Fulfillment of each man's
Potential
And ambition
With ever-widening horizons

Exanaplanetooch
A planet in another galaxy
Exanaplanetooch
Would you like to go back
With me

(Music continues under)

Sheila, I'm not going into the Army tomorrow. My people are
sending a space ship for me, and I'm going back to my home. Will
you come with me?

SHEILA: It would be exciting, wouldn't it? *(Crawling toward*
CLAUDE) *Exanaplanetooch*

CLAUDE: *Exanaplanetooch*

SHEILA: I'll leave a note for my parents.

CLAUDE and SHEILA: *Exanaplanetooch*

(They go down on the bed together, CLAUDE on top of SHEILA,
kissing her.

Lights fade. Spotlight on them throbs a little and goes out.

In the blackout, the bed is carried off, as we hear THE GIRLS'
voices:)

THE GIRLS:

Sentimental ending
Sentimental ending
Sentimental ending
Sentimental ending
etc.

(Spotlight up on SHEILA)

SHEILA:

I reached it
He reached it
You reached it
We all reached the climax

I loved it
He loved it
You loved it
We all loved the climax

*Fasten your seatbelts
Hang on uptight
Approaching for landing
And everything turns out
Delightfully right*

*I've had it
He's had it
You've had it
We've all had the climax*

This is the turning point

*Funny
But by the end
Bitter and serious and deadly*

(Lights up behind SHEILA as THE GUYS file in at attention, in full Army battle dress, steel helmets, back packs, etc. They join SHEILA)

HE GUYS:
I've had it

HEILA:
I've had it

HE GUYS:
He's had it

HEILA:
He's had it

HE GUYS:
You've had it

HEILA:
You've had it

THE GUYS and SHEILA:
*We've all had the climax
The climax
The climax*

SHEILA:
This is the turning point

(SHEILA EXITS. Lights up full)

THE SOLDIERS (*Viciously exaggerated and rapid military maneuvers*): Right Face. Left Face. In-Place March. About Face. Parade Rest. Attention. Left Face. Right Face. Double-Time March, etc.

(They freeze at attention. MOM and DAD enter, carrying a man's suit on a hanger with a mask. This represents their son. They stand center, both looking at the suit of clothes which DAD holds between them)

MOM (*Kissing the mask*): Momma loves you.

DAD (*Goes to kiss mask, but pulls back, shakes arm of suitcoat*):
I've waited a long time for this day.

MOM (*Kisses mask*): Now write me a letter tonight.

DAD (*Starts to kiss, pulls back, shakes the empty sleeve*): You don't know how proud I am of you, son, today.

MOM (*Kisses mask*): Give us a kiss. (*Kisses mask*)

DAD (*Shakes the empty sleeve and puts money into coat pocket*): Be a man.

(They walk him over to THE GUYS and hand suit to one of THE GUYS. MOM and DAD stand to one side.)

BERGER *enters, calling to SHEILA*)

BERGER: Sheila . . . Sheila . . . over here . . .

(SHEILA enters from opposite direction. She wears CLAUDE's white sari with a sash. BERGER hugs her affectionately. She makes no response. He backs away, reacting to this and really seeing for the first time that SHEILA is wearing CLAUDE's sari)

BERGER: Sheila, we thought you were gonna miss the train.

WOOF: Where's Claude?

BERGER: Yeah, where is he?

SHEILA: He's here. He's here. He's embarrassed.

BERGER: Embarrassed? About what?

SHEILA: You'll see.

BERGER: Listen, the train's leaving.

DAD: All aboard! (*Someone imitates a train whistle*)

SHEILA (*Calling off*): Claude . . .

(*CLAUDE approaching, not yet in view*)

BERGER: Claude, what did you do to yourself?

CLAUDE *enters, almost in shock; he wears a dark sweater, dark slacks, a navy knit stocking cap, carries his bag and the movie script*)

CLAUDE: Berger . . . I feel like I died.

BERGER: What happened, Claudio?

CLAUDE: I . . . I . . .

SHEILA: I cut his hair off . . . he asked me to . . .

CLAUDE: I didn't want them to get it. Here, George, I want you to have it.

(*He hands BERGER a paper sack, his shorn hair inside*)

BERGER (*Looking at package*): Oh, Claude . . . Claude . . .

CLAUDE: Keep it for me. Maybe I can have a wig made when I get out.

BERGER: Claude . . . I . . .

CLAUDE: Don't anybody say anything . . .

DAD (*Transformed into a sergeant*): Irish.

SOLDIER 1: Present, sir.

DAD: Italian.

SOLDIER 2: Present, sir.

DAD: Jew.

SOLDIER 3: Here, sir.

DAD: German.

SOLDIER 4: Present, sir.

DAD: English.

SOLDIER 5: Yo! sir.

DAD: Puerto Rican.

SOLDIER 6: Present, sir.

DAD: Polish. (*No response*) Claude Bukowski. (*No response*)
Claude Bukowski.

CLAUDE (*Joins the file of men, then answers*): Present, sir.

DAD: Left Face.

(*The SOLDIERS—"the train"—do a left face*)

MOM: Where's a taxi? . . . Service is terrible . . . I want to get home . . .

DAD (*No longer the sergeant*): I guess maybe we have to take the subway . . .

MOM: Oh, I'm so tired . . .

DAD: Let's take the subway . . .

MOM: You take the subway. When I get home, I'm going to soak in that tub . . .

(*The SOLDIER-TRAIN begins to move in an ominous, funeral march tempo*)

THE TRIBE:

Sentimental ending

Sentimental ending

Sentimental ending

Sentimental ending

Sentimental ending

Ripped open by metal explosion

Sentimental ending

Caught in barbed wire

Sentimental ending

Fireball

Bullet shock

Sentimental ending

Bayonet electricity

Sentimental ending

Shrapneled

Throbbing meat

Sentimental ending

Electronic Data Processing

Sentimental ending

Black uniforms

Bare feet

Carbines

Sentimental ending

Mail-Order rifles

Shoot the muscles

256 Vietcong captured

Sentimental ending

Sentimental ending

Sentimental ending

Sentimental ending

(The Train circles the stage in the funeral march tempo as the "Sentimental Ending" rhythm accelerates in contrast. The Train exits, leaving BERGER, SHEILA, and WOOF. BERGER goes to SHEILA, takes her hand. She looks at him and leaves. BERGER stands motionless, holding the bag of CLAUDE's hair, as WOOF comes over to join him. WOOF grabs hold of his yellow satin shirt. Lights fade. "Sentimental Ending" at a furious pace in background, as if a train is racing away)

Curtain