

A Bid to Save the World

By

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COMPLETE LIST OF CHARACTERS (Variable Cast Size: 8-31)

ADAM 17, male. Best friends with Evelyn, earnest, insightful, and a teenager.

EVELYN 17, female. Best friends with Adam, excitable, bold, and a teenager.

IDA Ida is an old woman compared with Adam and Evelyn. Maybe she is only in her 40's though. She has been around for ages, and used to be Sister when she was young.

DEATH Death is any age, female. She is unpredictably changeable, and is played by a rotating cast - every time we see her, we see another version of Death, played by someone new. She eats a lot of oranges.

JAMES 19, male. A library page. Very particular about many things, very sharp, and quick to speak his thoughts. If he were alive today, he would probably be medicated. But in this world, there's no need.

BROTHER 17, dead, and Sister's twin brother. He is not good at telling stories, but can sing pretty well.

SISTER 17, female. She doesn't do anything halfway.

CHORUS They sing, and set the world that sister lives in and travels through. By the end, they are death's minions. Chorus is always played by all actors who are not already in a scene that the chorus is present in.

UNCLE 60's, male. Uncle to Sister. Infinitely patient, and understands her better than anyone in the world now that Brother is gone.

KAREN 40's, female. The assistant to John Jacob O'Reilly Smitherton. Highly capable in

every way.

JACOB 19, male. A singer of beautiful songs.

LYDIA 20's, female. An introvert.

RACHEL 20's, female. An extrovert.

JOHN JACOB O'REILLY SMITHERTON

50's or older, male. He is a banker and probably wears a suit.

DEMONSTRATORS 1-6 Any age, any gender

APPLICANTS 1-13 Any age, any gender

CHARACTER DOUBLING FOR CAST OF 8 (3M, 5F).

BROTHER/ADAM/JACOB	Male
JAMES/DEATH/CHORUS	Male
UNCLE/JOHN J.O.S/DEATH/CHORUS	Male
SISTER/EVELYN	Female
IDA/KAREN/DEATH/CHORUS	Female
LYDIA/DEATH/CHORUS	Female
RACHEL/DEATH/CHORUS	Female
DEATH/CHORUS	Female

SUGGESTED CHORUS DOUBLINGS

JACOB also: Demonstrator 1 & 5, Applicant 2, 7 & 12, Chorus

KAREN also: Demonstrator 3, Applicant 6 & 11, Chorus

LYDIA also: Demonstrator 2, Applicant 3, 8, & 13, Chorus

RACHEL also: Demonstrator 4, Applicant 1, 5, & 10, Chorus

JJOS also: Uncle, Demonstrator 6, Applicant 4, 9, & 14, Chorus

For 31 roles, all chorus characters can be played by different actors.

#### TIME

A future where nobody dies. A past where people did. And a story where time has no bearing.

#### PLACE

A library full of card catalogues (no books), a courtyard, a graveyard, a cold and empty place between life and death, and the valley of death.

#### NOTE: THE SONG OF GREAT SORROW AND BEAUTY

The first hint we hear of the Song of Great Sorrow and Beauty should be in the very first demonstration of heartbreak. The sound of heartbreak is a small, subtle, uncomplicated thing, quietly beautiful with a hint of unbearable sadness underneath. It might be a few notes on a single instrument. An oboe, maybe. Not a violin.

The Song of Great Sorrow and Beauty, whatever it becomes, is built on and around the sound of heartbreak. If heartbreak is the root, the rest of the song is everything that grows from it.

By the time everyone in the world is singing it, the Song of Great Sorrow and Beauty is an orchestra at sea – always moving and shifting, made up of tiny pieces yet somehow together it adds up to the biggest thing in the whole world (big as in vast, not necessarily loud). And though there is something a little chaotic in it, you still want to listen to it forever.

When someone hums part of the Song of Great Sorrow and

Beauty, part of the whole rest of the song wakes up around them, ready to sing along. But humming is not singing, so whatever sounds step up to help are muted versions of the beginning of the song. It should feel like something wants to break through from three rooms over, but can't.

NOTE: IDA'S PHYSICAL TIC

Ida has a physical, nervous tic that functions a little bit like a stutter. It interrupts her speech and movements. It is notated in the script as: /. A repeated or more severe tick is notated as: //.

The physical tic is a small part of whatever the full movement of heartbreak is in the play. It should be short, repeatable, and able to get more or less intense in different moments. Ida reads her book as much as possible. When she is reading the book, the nervous tic is nonexistent.

## PROLOGUE

(An empty, non-motorized wheelchair sits onstage, tipped on its side. Sister lays on top of one of the wheels, spinning.)

(Everywhere else is the Chorus. They scatter flower petals and sing. Sister spins as they sing. It's part mourning, part lullaby. It begins and ends simply, but builds to something full and beautiful in between.)

## CHROUS

Too young to die,  
 much too young to die,  
 what a boy so kind, so tender so shy  
 and too young to die.

Where the children lay,  
 here's where the children lay,  
 whether car or train or a bullet through the brain  
 it's where the children lay.

All sorrow and tears,  
 the world is sorrow and tears,  
 so we bury him here, only seventeen years  
 with sorrow and tears.

Too young to die,  
 much too young to die,  
 what a boy so kind, so tender so shy  
 and far, far, far, far too young to die.

(Uncle enters, carrying a small plate of fruit--a tangerine, berries, grapes. He watches Sister spin. The moment he opens his mouth to speak, she stops spinning and cuts him off.)

## SISTER

You're sorry, you bring your condolences, and invite me to open up to you if I need it.

## UNCLE

No, actually.

SISTER

Then you're not sorry, don't care, and would rather not hear a word about how I feel at all.

UNCLE

Wrong again.

SISTER

You're here to check on me then. Make sure I haven't killed anyone for it.

UNCLE

Have you?

SISTER

I'm still plotting my revenge.

UNCLE

Who on?

SISTER

The world.

UNCLE

You'll be here a while.

SISTER

I've been narrowing it down.

UNCLE

Oh?

SISTER

To the first person stupid enough to try talking to me.

(She goes back to spinning. Uncle does not move, but stands holding the plate of fruit.)

(Beat.)

SISTER

I'm not going to eat it,

UNCLE

That's fine.

(beat)

UNCLE

You walked out early, and I thought-

SISTER

I'm not hungry.

UNCLE

That's fine.

(beat)

UNCLE

You left before your time to speak.

SISTER

I had nothing to say.

UNCLE

You were on the program,

SISTER

It wasn't my idea.

UNCLE

I thought the two of you decided that together when-

SISTER

Can we not talk about it?

(He sits on the ground near Sister, and puts the plate of fruit on the ground next to him. Sister stops spinning. Uncle sits. They stay like that for a moment.)

UNCLE

My favorite thing about your brother was the way he took in a place as soon as he got there. Ever since he could walk, I think, even if he'd been there before, he would walk into a space, stand there, turn around, and take it all in. There I was, the grown up, going through life at a million miles an hour. And there he always was, just stopping for a moment to take a breath and take it all in.

(Total stillness. Sister and Uncle

sit.)

(Brother, alone onstage. He takes in his surroundings, turning slowly around to take it all in.)

(Sister and Uncle sit. Total stillness.)

SISTER

Nobody should ever die ever again.

(A library of no books. The Chorus becomes an assortment of library patrons. Ida and James are there, working.)

(James has a pile of cards in front of him, which he is sorting into over a dozen different piles. He does this carefully, deliberately. Every pile is impeccably neat.)

(Ida stands behind her desk, completely absorbed in reading a book. It is the only book in the entire library.)

(Adam and Evelyn sit at a library table with papers scattered from their backpacks. Evelyn has a clean sheet of paper in front of her, and holds a pencil at the ready. Adam is thinking. He twirls his pencil in expert fashion.)

ADAM

Okay. Methods.

(She writes it down)

ADAM

One: Find out how people used to die.

Two: Try them all.

(She writes it down)

EVELYN

Okay.

ADAM  
Okay?

EVELYN  
Yeah.

ADAM  
Cool.

(beat)

EVELYN  
So how did people die?

ADAM  
How? Umm....

.  
Oh: Three Ways.  
Drowning, Cancer, and Exploding and Stuff.

EVELYN  
Couldn't people also die from just,  
getting really really old? Or something?

ADAM  
Could they?

EVELYN  
I think?

(beat)

ADAM  
Maybe we should do some research.

(Evelyn and Adam leave everything at their table, and begin to look through the card catalogues. They pick out a few cards, and bring them to Ida. Immediately, James goes to the catalogue they were using, and straightens the cards that have been put out of place.)

EVELYN  
We'd like to see these, please.

(Ida lowers her book down, and examines the cards. Each '/' is Ida's physical nervous tic.)

IDA

Interesting /  
interesting selection.

EVELYN

It's kind of a research project.

ADAM

It's for school.

(Ida tucks her book under her arm, and takes the cards over to a door. She opens the door to the blank space, and turns on a light.)

IDA

Let me know when the first is done, and I'll put in the next /  
The next card. Come on out when you're finished.

(Evelyn and Adam go into the room and close the door behind them. On the library side, Ida slots in the first of the cards into a sort of reader, and goes back to reading her book.)

(Demonstrators One and Two enter. They carry a large props bag between them which they set down, and open. They use the items inside as needed to help with their demonstrations.)

(After each of the items on the recited list, the Demonstrators give a brief physical demonstration.)

DEMONSTRATORS ONE&TWO

Historical causes of Death, Accidental.

One: Animal Attack, domestic.

Animal Attack, wild.

Two: Avalanche.

Three: Choking.

Four: Crashing.  
    of Bicycle  
    of Car  
    of Plane  
    of Rocket  
    of Scooter  
    of Ship  
    of Train.  
Five: Drowning.  
Six: Earthquake.  
Seven: Falling  
Eight: Freezing.  
Nine: Hurricane  
Ten: Gun shot.  
Eleven: Impalement  
Twelve: Lightning strike.  
Thirteen: Poisoning  
    Of air  
    Of food  
    Of skin  
    Of water

(Demonstrators One and Two leave with their bag as Demonstrators Three and Four enter with a bag of their own. They also demonstrate each listed item with props from the bag as needed.)

DEMONSTRATORS THREE&FOUR

Historical Causes of Death, Illness.

One: Allergic Reaction.  
Two: Bubonic Plague.  
Three: Cancer.  
    of Blood  
    of bone  
    of breast  
    of lung  
    of prostate  
    of skin.  
Four: Child Birth.  
Five: Cholera  
Six: Congenital Defects.  
Seven: Dehydration.

Eight: Degenerative Disorders.  
Nine: Emphysema.  
Ten: Hepatitis  
Eleven: Infection  
    of bladder  
    Of brain  
    Of kidney  
    Of lungs  
    Of respiratory tract  
    Of skin  
    Of spinal cord  
    Of tooth  
    Of urinary tract  
Twelve: Influenza  
Thirteen: Leprosy

(Brother, alone onstage. He is still taking in his surroundings, gets cold. He zips up a sweatshirt, and puts his hands in his pockets. He pulls out a small orange. Turns it over. Looks at it. Puts it back in his pocket.)

(Demonstrators Three and Four pack up and leave as Demonstrators Five and Six enter with their bag. They demo as the others did before them.)

DEMONSTRATORS FIVE&SIX

Historical Causes of Death, Non-Accidental.

One: Blood Loss.  
Two: Choking  
Three: Decapitation.  
Four: Drowning.  
Five: Electric Shock.  
Six: Exploding  
    of Car  
    of Person  
    of Rocket  
    of Scooter  
    of Ship

of Train.  
Seven: Falling.  
Eight: Hanging.  
Nine: Gun Shot.  
Ten: Head Injury.  
Eleven: Impalement  
Twelve: Mauling  
Thirteen: Poisoning  
    Of air  
    Of food  
    Of skin  
    Of water  
Fourteen: Radiation

(Brother, alone onstage. He is still taking in his surroundings, still cold. He puts his hood up, and takes out the orange again. Stares at it. Throws it up, catches it. Stares at it.)

(All demonstrators enter. There is no bag. What they demonstrate here should look entirely different from all other previous demonstrations. When we get to 'three', we hear a hint of the Song of Great Sorrow and Beauty)

ALL DEMONSTRATORS

Historical Causes of Death, Other.  
One: Ascension.  
Two: Fright.  
Three: Heartbreak.

(Beat. They are done.)

(Sister and Uncle sit, silent. They sit)

SISTER

Oh no,

(She jumps up. Uncle watches.)

SISTER

Oh no, oh no, oh no,

(She looks around for something,  
without really knowing what she's  
looking for. She turns to Uncle.)

SISTER

I forgot to tell him something.

UNCLE

Sometimes it can help to write a letter, and-

SISTER

I'm not going to write a stupid letter.  
You don't understand.

UNCLE

What don't I understand?

SISTER

Anything!

(She turns away from Uncle, and closes  
her eyes. Thinks. Hard.)

SISTER

Theories about where you go right after you die.  
One: Heaven.

(She looks up. Looks around.)

No trees, no ladders, nothing to climb, come back to  
that one.

Theories about what happens after you die, Two:  
Purgatory.

(She looks around)

I have no idea where that is, come back to that one  
too. Theory Three.

Hell.

Except, my brother was good, so. Moving on.

Theory Four. Is, um. Nothing.

Nothing happens, you go nowhere, which doesn't help  
me, so,

Theory five: ...

Regeneration!

(she scans for people, as far as she

can see.)

That's no good, too many options, too much-next theory.

Six: .

River Styx! The underworld.

(looks down.)

I need a shovel.

(A chorus member hands her a shovel. Without hesitation she grabs it, and begins to dig.)

(She digs. It is hard, laborious, slow-moving work in hard ground. Uncle watches. She digs harder.)

UNCLE

Would you like some help?

SISTER

No.

UNCLE

You'll be digging for a long time,

SISTER

Good.

(She digs.)

UNCLE

You'll never reach him that way.

SISTER

You don't know anything.

UNCLE

I know that questions of the heart have to be answered with the heart, not the body.

(Sister ignores him, and keeps digging. Uncle watches.)

(The chorus sings as she works. Their song is a work song. Pure and Simple.)

CHORUS

The underworld is not

under a hole

(Breath)

The way through death is not  
digging the ground

(Breath)

The underworld is digging away  
at everything inside you  
and death is not a hole  
under the ground

(Breath)

The way you seek is not  
How you will find

(Breath)

To bury death is not  
digging the ground

(Breath)

To get to him you cannot contain  
everything inside you  
the way you seek is not  
how you will find

(Breath)

for death is not a hole-

(Sister stops suddenly, and the song  
cuts off. She is out of breath. Sweaty.  
Exhausted.)

UNCLE

Let me-

(Sister throws down her shovel, and  
turns and screams at him.)

SISTER

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

(She picks up the fruit he brought her,  
and throws it as hard as she can  
offstage, and sits with her back to  
Uncle.)

(The orange rolls back on. Uncle  
reaches out, picks it up, puts it back  
on the plate.)

(A Story. The players act and tell it at the same time.)

(Lydia, in bed. A bang. She wakes up.)

LYDIA

Lydia awoke with a start, on the first morning of the new day of the new year, with a strong resolve, and a resolute resolution to, once and for all, establish a brand new state of peace and quiet in the house, by getting her sister to shut up.

(Another bang, of pots and pans, from the other room.)

LYDIA

Which would, in turn, promote world peace. She rolled out of bed, and while trying to envision this future state of glorious silence, Lydia put on her socks.

(In the kitchen is Rachel, somehow making a ton of noise as she tries to quietly clean up the kitchen from the party the night before.)

RACHEL

Rachel, meanwhile, was in the kitchen, quietly and thoughtfully putting away the pots and pans from last night's dinner with friends that led to the party with friends that led to this first morning of the new day of the new year. She had been up for close to an hour, and had already prepared the coffee, toast, and fresh fruit salad that now sat on the kitchen table, awaiting her sister's typically belated morning arrival. As Lydia entered, she wished her a good morning.

Good morning!

LYDIA

Morning.

RACHEL

Happy new year! She said, even though they'd wished it to each other half a dozen times the night before, amid champagne toasts and balloon drops, but she loved the inherent joy of those two words together in a

line, and since it wasn't something you got to say every day, said it again: Happy new year!

LYDIA

You too, said Lydia. Though she didn't feel it. Her tiredness from the late night before, mingled with the rude awakening and the ongoing noise both in her kitchen and in her own head, full of things she would like to say to her sister given the chance, was making her exceedingly grumpy. But despite all that, she was strongly resolved to move forward with her resolute resolution to get her sister to become her partner in establishing a new era of peace and quiet. Her first tactic?

RACHEL

Guess what?

LYDIA

Would be to lead by example.

RACHEL

Guess what?

LYDIA

Lydia looked at her, and said nothing.

RACHEL

Rachel took Lydia's silence as a sign to talk away, and with a quick glance at the kitchen clock, realized that they had yet to enjoy a morning cup of coffee. Without pausing to stop her story, Rachel poured them both large hot mugs of it, and kept on talking as they sipped away.

LYDIA

Lydia drank her coffee in silence, while regretting that she was drinking it at all, somewhat fearful that doing so was only encouraging Rachel's continued tendency toward noise. She didn't want to listen to this anymore. Peace and quiet could, possibly, be hers. She put her mug down.

RACHEL

Isn't that amazing? Rachel said, at the conclusion of her fascinating, gripping, and suspenseful tale. She grinned at Lydia, who opened her mouth to speak.

LYDIA

She contemplated the most tactful way to broach the subject, and then realized that tact was not part of this particular resolution.  
I've made a resolution.

RACHEL

What's that?

LYDIA

I've resolved to get you to help me establish a new era of peace and quiet, by not talking so much. Or at all. Which will someday, eventually, lead to world peace.

RACHEL

Rachel was offended, but tried not to show it.  
(She looks very offended)  
Why would my not talking lead to world peace?

LYDIA

Try it, and you'll see.

(The library. The chorus, everywhere, are patrons. Ida stands outside the room where Evelyn and Adam were inside learning about Death. She reads her book.)

(James, finished with straightening the catalogue Evelyn and Adam were using, comes over to Ida.)

JAMES

I can re-file any you are done with,

(Without looking up, Ida hands him the cards.)

(He takes them, looks them over.)

JAMES

Historical causes of death?

IDA

School research project.

JAMES

We never researched this at school.

(Beat.)

JAMES

I have said,  
we never researched this at school.

(Ida looks up)

IDA

Maybe they're just /  
Just curious.

(She reads again.)

JAMES

I don't find it curious at all.

(beat.)

JAMES

I consider our present immunity to death a natural  
culmination of Human Evolution.

(Beat. Ida reads.)

JAMES

I know enough about death to put it into context of  
the rest of our Evolution, which seems like sufficient  
information to me.

(He begins to organize the cards in his  
hand.)

JAMES

I will put them away.

(He puts them away. Ida still reads.)

(As Ida reads, she hums a small piece  
of the song of great sorrow and beauty.  
She repeats just that one piece. James  
notices. It is distracting, and  
bothersome.)

JAMES

Why are you humming.

IDA

Hm?

JAMES

You know there's no music allowed in the library.  
It's against the rules and I think you should stop.

(Ida looks up from her book.)

IDA

Hm?

JAMES

It's very distracting and I am trying to work.

IDA

I'm sorry.

(Ida goes back to reading)

JAMES

Does that mean you are going to stop?

(She reads)

JAMES

Does that mean you are going to stop?

IDA

Yes, I'll stop.

(Ida closes her book. James goes back  
to work.)

IDA

//  
James,

JAMES

Saying my name is also distracting.

IDA

Stop working for a moment, please.

(James finishes straightening a pile,

looks up.)

IDA

You've been doing great work here,

JAMES

I know.

IDA

I want you to know that I appreciate it.

JAMES

You're welcome.

IDA

It's a huge asset having you here.  
You've done great work, all /  
All summer.

JAMES

Yes. I know.

IDA

When I hired you, you gave me the impression that you  
would only be here temporarily,

JAMES

What exactly was it that I said to give you that  
impression?

IDA

You said you were going to /  
To University.

JAMES

I will be going, yes.

IDA

I thought you were going this year.

JAMES

I have changed my mind.

IDA

Why?

Don't you think, James, that it's time for you to /

JAMES

University will be there forever, and for now I like it here.

I'm going to go back to work now.

I want you to know that I appreciate your not humming.

(He goes back to working on his piles.)

(Adam and Evelyn at the library table. They have a very very long list in front of them. Evelyn is counting the items on their list.)

EVELYN

There's a serious shitload of ways to die on here.

ADAM

How many?

EVELYN

I don't know, lost count.

(Adam takes the list, starts counting it.)

EVELYN

There's no way we have enough time to try these all ourselves. What we need is  
A Team. Or something.

ADAM

What, like. Get people to volunteer to try Accidental A through H?

EVELYN

Yeah!

ADAM

No.

EVELYN

Why not?

ADAM

Nobody's going to volunteer for that.

EVELYN

Sure they will. It's an innovative, ground-breaking, cutting edge medical study. People love that stuff.

ADAM

Yeah, when it's led by certified professionals.

EVELYN

They don't have to know we're in high school.

ADAM

Don't you think it might be illegal?

EVELYN

Who's going to say anything?

ADAM

If one of them dies, everyone.

EVELYN

Yeah, but we'll also be heroes. No one will care if it was Legal.

ADAM

I still think it's a bad idea.

EVELYN

Well I think it's a great one.  
Are you going to help or not?

(Evelyn writes a quick sign:  
"Experiment: Dying. Apply here." She  
tapes it to the front of their table.  
The Applicants arrive.)

(It is like an audition maybe--the  
Applicants talk, and Evelyn and Adam  
take notes.)

APPLICANT 1

So,  
I'd like to be part of this study because  
um,  
Death is like Crazy Interesting.  
Cause like,  
nobody really does it anymore? and um.  
I think it would be cool.  
If your whole experiment thing actually works  
it would be really cool.  
To be the first one.  
Or even the second one, you know like  
make a name for myself.  
Or something.

APPLICANT 2

Well when I was a kid my Dad used to tell me the story  
of how the last person in his family to die got  
killed.  
It was a really great story.  
I would love to be part of a really great story like  
that.

APPLICANT 3

This thing pays, right?

APPLICANT 4

I'm old.  
Really old.  
My wife is dead.  
My brother is dead.  
My parents are dead.  
All my best friends from childhood are dead,  
I'm the only one who got left out.  
Bet they're having all kinds of fun without me.

APPLICANT 5

I'd like to join this study so I can put it on my list  
of extracurricular service activities when I apply for  
college.

APPLICANT 6

...  
...  
...  
...  
.....

I'm sorry, can you repeat the question?

APPLICANT 7

What you need is an Explorer.  
This is totally uncharted territory, and I have  
experience with that.  
You may have guessed it by my name, but I am  
of the Blood Line  
of Christopher Columbus.  
Exploration runs in my veins.

APPLICANT 8

Do I get paid?

APPLICANT 9

Ok.  
So I brought some stuff we might Need when we get  
there.

.  
I don't actually know how this sort of thing used to  
go down, I didn't get a chance to finish my research,  
but here:

(Takes out the items from a bag, one by  
one.)

APPLICANT 9

Pen,  
pencil,  
water bottle,  
extra food,  
Coffee.

.  
What if they don't have coffee?

APPLICANT 10

Oh. OH!  
Ok ok ok,  
So like what you mean is,  
yeah, No. I totally,  
Totally get it.

APPLICANT 11

What I'd do is  
Walk right up there  
punch 'em in the face like  
BAM!

and it'd be like Yeah,  
Now What.

APPLICANT 12

I've been practicing:

(Applicant 12 takes a deep breath, and holds it. Holds it. Holds it.)

APPLICANT 13

(Some of this is whispered)

You don't actually believe it. Do you?  
You must realize the whole thing is a hoax. The whole "We used to die" story is a central piece of the ruling elite's narrative, just one more way they pull the wool over our eyes to make sure we never see the truth.  
Because really, every single one of us is a God. That's why we're immortal.  
But they can't have us learning it, because if everyone knew what kind of power they had inside them, we couldn't be controlled.  
It's all about control.  
Don't believe it.  
We're Gods.

(Sister lays on top of one of the wheelchair wheels, thinking nothing, feeling nothing. She does not spin. The Chorus is everywhere, looking at Sister.)

(Uncle still sits, looking at her)

(beat.)

SISTER

I'm sorry I yelled at you.

(He says nothing.)

(Uncle picks up one of the petals from the ground, and puts it down between himself and Sister.)

(He picks up another petal, puts it on top of the first.)

(Uncle picks up a 3<sup>rd</sup> petal, adds it to the pile.)

(He picks up one petal and stacks it on every line. Uncle picks up petals and recites.)

UNCLE

One for you  
one for me  
one to speak  
one to see  
one for now  
one for then  
one for never  
count to ten.

(Uncle looks to sister. She stares back, and says nothing. Uncle counts under his breath as he stacks more petals.)

UNCLE

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

(The chorus sits, and begins to pick up petals from the ground. Each chorus member begins to make his or her own small pile on the floor. Uncle starts building another small pile. He recites. As he does, sister begins to slowly pick up a petal here or there. She joins him in the end.)

UNCLE

One for you  
one for me  
one to speak  
one to see  
one for now  
one for then  
one for never  
count to ten.

One, two,

SISTER

Three,

UNCLE

Four,

SISTER

Five,

UNCLE

Six,

SISTER

Seven,

UNCLE

Eight,

SISTER

Nine,

UNCLE

Ten.

(Something about the space shifts.  
Sister notices it.)

(The chorus begins to sing. It is  
reminiscent of the siren's song in O  
Brother Where Art Thou.)

(During the song, Sister picks up more  
petals of her own, spinning on the  
chair to reach them, and adds them to  
Uncle's pile. As the song grows, so do  
the piles. During the song, sister gets  
off the wheel, and sits next to Uncle  
to help build his pile. Throughout,  
they cast the spell together under  
their breath.)

(All of Brother's actions on the  
following pages happen at the same time  
as the song.)