

The Music Makersⁱ

Severyn Bruyn

Time and Place

The time is today. The scenes take place on a city street that is deteriorating with cheap tenement buildings. The street scene shows homeless people slumped in doorways. Prostitutes are walking the street and a drug-using gang is "rap dancing" on the sidewalk. The door of an old tenement is open to the street, its entrance leading to an apartment.

Players:

Joe and Beatrice (Radiant Visitors to the Street)

Hannah (Woman on the Street)

Jim: (Hannah's brother)

Jack, Don, Chuck, and Tim: Gang Members

Rose (Bag Lady)

Marjorie (Street Lady)

Paul (City Councilor)

The main actors are singers, Joe, Beatrice, Hannah, Rose, Jack, and Paul.

Then, dancers, Chuck and Tim and the less active roles of Jim, Marjorie, a cop, a guard, a woman and a boy, all could be doubled or drawn from the stage crew.

Small Orchestra (9 instruments or more.)

Piano; Violin (Hannah); **Viola** (Rose); **Cello; Bassoon** (Paul); **Trumpet** (Jack); **Clarinet** (Don); **Guitar** (Chuck); **Drums**.

Singers: Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano, Tenor, and Baritone.

Chorus (Numbering 4 to 15 or so.)

Act I Hannah's Street

Chorus: Once Upon a Time

Scene 1 **The Street is Gray**

Scene 2 **Bitter Birds Fly**

Scene 3 **Magic Making**

Scene 4 **Lusting**

Scene 5 **Petitioning for a Future**

Scene 6 **Despair in the Air**

Scene 7 **Getting Acquainted**

Scene 8 **Walkin' Dead**

Scene 9 **Passing the Pipe**

Scene 10 **You are Only a Tree,**

Song of Fear and Rage

Act II The Power to Change, p.28

II Scene 1 **Shocking a Cop**

II Scene 2 **The Gang Learns**

II Scene 3 **We Lost our Way**

II Scene 4 **How I want her!**

II Scene 5 **Addiction**

II Scene 6 **A Dangerous Gang**

II Scene 7 **The Accident**
Chorus: When the Lights Go Out

Intermission

Act III The Forces of Hunger

Wrestling with Fire

III Scene 1 **Passing On**

III Scene 2 **First Town Meeting**

Rose: **I'm a Leader Now**

Gang: **This Gun is Me**

III Scene 3 **Going to the Other Side**

III Scene 4 **Fight to the End**

III Scene 5 **Second Town Meeting**

III Scene 6 **Living in Prison**

III Scene 7 **Love is Many Things,**

III Scene 8 **Can You Love your Brothers?**

III Scene 9 **Song of Sisters**

Act IV The Dynamics of Hope, p. 64

IV Scene 1 **Two years later**

IV Scene 2 **The Last Decision**

Chorus: Finale

ACT I

The chorus is dressed in white gowns. All Songs are on sheet music. Words follow below.

Chorus: Once Upon a Time (8 minutes and 43 seconds)

Oh, two people who believed. Two people. There were two strangers who believed.

Two angels walked on earth to teach what they believed.

They said: The earth is made of some thing fine, more than you can see or touch.

They said: Every thing is richer than you think. Everyone, everyone, is filled with majesty and grace.

Halleluiah. Oo Oo ooooo, and quanta of light coming from an inner place,

Yes, Yes, marked by power touched by beauty beyond imagination. Oh, Oh.

The world, they said, danced. The world, they said, filled energy and synergy, but you must have the eyes to see the ears to hear and the sense to feel.

The world is more than flesh and blood. Yes, Yes, more than gold and sapphire.

Diamonds are nothing before the brilliance of the inner side. Halleluiah.

If you look with an inner eye, you see colors extraordinaire. Ooooooh.

If you listen with an inner ear, you hear the music of the spheres,

If you think with tender feelings, some place inside, you feel joy, joy, joy, feel joy, joy, joy, joy,

hidden in all things. Oh Oh. They said: The earth was born with a symphony of sound

still heard in ocean currents, in the call of crickets, the harmonies of night, the melodies of light,

in the wind-blown trees and the swelling seas.

The earth is alive, they said. We are its children, all bathed by beams and hallowed light rays, as a gift of the Beloved, as born by the sun. This earth and sun are gifts from a higher place. You think the earth is dead.

The earth is but dirt, the sun a fiery gas and so for you the earth and sun are dead, they said, for you.

Too bad; too bad. These music makers hear sounds from the spheres and in thundering tones

from the earth; great harmonies from wind swept trees, sacred chants from swarming bees, sonatas from blossom buds, litanies; from volcanic currents, incantations; from chasms in sea, mantras, from mountains and hearing them, they will tell you: They dance each day They walk their way.

These people singing from town to town teaching everybody everything.

They did teach people how to sing. They said: The earth is suffering; creatures in pain, people at war, going insane. The earth is dying.

They declared: The sages all know, suffering is caused by desire, fear, ignorance and hate.

Human suffering is part of our fate. You ask: All this suffering! Why! Why! Why! Why! Oh. Oh, Oh, Oh Why! Why! Why! Why! Oh Oh; Oh, Oh Why! Why!

The music makers say: You are part of the solution to our whole evolution.

So it is not too late to treat the pain that's so insane. Pain is a mystery that's solved by your ministry in a higher plane. Now our message:

All this churning is a time for learning how to live, how to live. We do pray that you'll stay to see the glory in this great story. So now: Let's meet these music makers. Let's meet these music makers. Yes, Yes, Yes.

Act I Scene 1 The Street is Gray

The actors are part of the chorus in white robes. The music continues as actors give their robes to others to carry off stage. This reveals their street clothes, some ragged, and they take their places on the street.

The Scene. *Street people are in mime, Hannah shows a petition to somebody and talking it up and a gang member does a dance. The Music Makers jump on to the stage from a chair off stage, shocking the audience. A white light shows them contrasted against the gray scene. They are invisible to people, strangers, suggesting their role as radiant beings visiting the earth. They enter this world and learn about the troubles of people. Stage lightning, colored lights, and the sound of thunder surround some of their talk.ⁱⁱ*

Beatrice

We've got a mission and not much time.

Joe

It's like a new birth on earth, not much levity; I feel the gravity. There is war, war, and more war. It hits me at the very core.

Beatrice

Each nation is a gang. The earth needs a higher law. *(Thunder)*

Joe

People need to sing.....

Beatrice

For humanity. *(Flashing light)* We've got wands and pipes to start them off.

Joe

People in pain, going insane. Look at the addicts, convicts, drugs, thugs; those whose fate, has been to hate. Look at that woman Hannah. (*Green light on Hannah.*) Her brother's death took her breath. (*Winces*) And Rose (*Points*). Sick, melancholic, alcoholic. Raped, ignored, never adored. She needs a song. Otherwise.... She's without hope.

(They move toward Rose in despair sitting with her arms folded over her legs on the curb of the street.

Beatrice

Each with a regret, they can't forget. Rose raped. (*Red light on Rose.*) Hannah (*Green Light Hannah*) lost her brother Jim. He worked in that factory... was fired... tired... drank, and sank. Jim joined the gang, ... went to jail and Hannah went pale.

Joe

But he came out like a saint, helping kids go straight! (*Orange light on Jim talking with kids on the street*) He started a school to teach kids how to stop the violence. He read about Martin Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi and taught about their work. Strong and brave...the kids he would save! (*Jim waves goodbye to the children and goes into his house.* He died by that Oak tree. Hannah saw a cop shoot him down. Awful. (*Jim is coming out of his apartment and walks to the Oak tree. He halts as he sees a uniform cop waiting for him, gun drawn. He reaches into his pocket and the cop fires. He falls. Hannah appears on the edge of the stage. She glances at the cop and runs to Jim in dread, holds him. Others arrive and she falls back in agony. Ambulance sound. The scene darkens with the motif of Bitter Birds. The body is picked up. Hannah stays visible in the blue light. This is all done in silence except for the sound of the gun as it cracks in quick succession and siren.*

Joe

Now she counsels men to "Get on your feet and own this street."

Beatrice

She's bitter. But look at her aura. She feels Jim's mission. She wants to change the street and continue his school. (*Waves her wand and a blue light focuses on Hannah*)

I Scene 2 Bitter Birds Fly

Bitter birds, bitter birds, Fly away,
 Fly to some other place
 Or I will become a mental case.
 Some day, by some plan,
 We will own this land.
 Build our own community. And get some humanity
 Hey kid, what cop would take this street as his beat?
 What cop could make this killing stop?
 How can we make the peace?
 Make all these murders cease!
 I want out! Too much pain! Countless slain! Hey kid
 You and I, got a lot of hate, not easy to relate and fear
 That's all.
 No real love, No tenderness, No gentleness.
 Hey kid, What good is that life?
 Put away that knife Dear God, How can I bring some light
 into this awful dark night.
 I can take no more, Of this holy war. No more hoods in our neighborhood.
 Hey kid, The streets are full of blood; My head is a river of mud.
 Hey God; This is murder city. No more red concrete on this city street!
 Bitter birds, bitter birds, Fly away, I pray
 Come back another day. Go some other place
 Or I will become a mental case.
Blue light fades at the end of her song.

I Scene 3 Magic Making

Joe

She won't become a mental case. She will find a love that nobody knows.

Beatrice

Look at Paul by the tree where Jim's blood spilled. (*Points to Paul reading a newspaper in shadowed light.*)

Joe

He can't understand people on this street. He's a politician...

Beatrice

...afraid of the gang.... can't speak the slang.

Joe

The gang trades on crack. To be a man, you kill a cop. They want to avenge the death of Jim...kill a cop. People call them The Nation. (*Gang members slap hands, draw guns.*)

Beatrice

There's Jack the Knife. (*Red light on Jack*) He loves Hannah. He could kill for a thrill. Watch him. (*Jack's trumpet, muted, plays motif: "How I want her."* *The lights now focus on Hannah and Jack.*

II Scene 4 Lusting

Jack

I miss the life we had. I'm goin' to the clinic...getting' back on track.

Hannah

I'm proud of you. I know that it is up and down.

Jack (*Pause*)

I love you.

Hannah

People are sick. I'm readin' a lot. I keep reading what Jim learned about love. "Eros, Philia, and Agape."

Jack

What in the hell does that mean?

Hannah

Eros is...mmm, like sex. *Filia* is ...uh, friendship. *Agape* is...well... a mystery. It's your gift, your sacrifice for another. This love is ...mmm... a higher law. It moves through your whole body. It's ...uh...heaven.

Jack

I'll give you heaven. Hannah, live with me!

Hannah

Change the street. Help me change the Nation. (*Looks over to the gang; they become lighted for the moment.*) They gotta obey the law.

Jack

Cops get paid, and get laid. That's the law of this street.

Hannah

There's a higher law. Stay clean....Promise ... (*She walks away*).

Jack

I love you.....(*As Hannah walks off, Jack turns and starts walking in the opposite direction. Hannah gets to the end of her side of the stage and stops. Jack stops at the same time, sensing somehow that Hannah has stopped but does not look back. Hannah turns around to look at Jack. There is a deep longing in her face. She puts her hand on her mouth, agonized, then, the other hand to her stomach. A blue light flashes on her to show how she longs for Jack. Stage lights go back to Joe and Beatrice.*)

I Scene 6 Petitioning for a Future**Joe**

Where do we begin? (*At the edge of stage not seen by Hannah.*)

Beatrice

No money, no hope, and no pride. They need a song. Shhh. *The strangers are in a blue light. Hannah crosses to Rose sitting in despair, holding her head.*)

Hannah

Rose! Rose! Hey, mi-lady, (*Excited.*) I got a petition. It's for the children. Sign it...for me. We could own this land. The city wants to know that we support the idea. Rose! Wake up! (*Pushes gently on her shoulder*) The city can buy this land. It's called Eminent Domain. Some aldermen want to clean up the street. (*Pushes away the petition.*)

Rose

Ain't that great. They'll "clean up," alright.

Hannah:

They want us to stop the drugs.

Rose:

Yeah. How?

Hannah

They write bonds and people buy them. The city buys the land and gives us jobs. We own it and pay back the city. It's called a land trust.

Rose

This city ain't gonna do anything. It's horseshit. (*Puffs on a marijuana*). If you talk to those turkeys and you're in trouble. They killed Jim! They will kill you. Don't mess around.

Hannah

Sign it. People need to know *who you are*. You're educated. Sign it!

Rose

(*Rose takes the petition, looks and throws it back.*) Those city guys know you took fast money.

Hannah

I used that money for college. I'm reading. I'm following Jim. I'm teachin' at his school.

Rose

I haven't seen ya around. Whaddya mean?

Hannah

I'm doing what Jim did. Jim said, "Love is the answer." I teach men Yoga. I tell men to live deep. (*Rose's eyes roll up, not believing.*) Sign this, damn it! Sign it for me. (*Pushes it again at Rose. Rose takes it and stands up.*)

Rose

Own this land? (*Gives back the petition.*) You're crazy. What do you talk to those men about?

Hannah

I say, "What are you here for? I tell them what Jim was studying, about Krishna the Warrior, Buddha, Moses, and Jesus. I tell them about how energy moves from our feet up our spine and up your back (*Hannah moves her finger from Rose's back*). That's a movin' spirit. It goes right up through your gut, and your throat, and then through your forehead and right up to the sky. (*Lightning and sound of Thunder*)

Rose

My spirit is as far up as my ankles. (*Points to ankles.*) I'm in deep shit.

Hannah

Damn it! Jim changed his life. You can do it. Rose, (*Looks directly and brightly into her eyes*) sign this! Fight city hall with me! Fight, fight, fight!

Sign! You might even....get happy.... Hey! (*Rose pushes her away and sits down again and Hannah kneels in front of her.*) Do this: Breathe in and out, slowly, in and out, like this. Then, faster. In and out. It's called Breath of Fire. (*She breathes the Yoga exercize, vigorously.*) Your spirit is in your breath.

Rose

In and Out. In and Out. Sounds like sex, looks like sex, maybe it is...
(*Laughs.*)

Hannah

I gotta a client, a politician who will help us. I teach him how to live. Jim taught those kids to love their enemies.

Rose

Yeah. Keep talkin' to him --- as long as he pays you money, honey.
(*laughing*). You may be doing the right thing but you also see Jack. He's dangerous. (*Points finger in her face.*) There's no peace in that man. He's a psychopath.

Hannah

Jack will change. I heard Jim talk to him one day, private. Jack told how his mother hit him and locked him in a closet. Jack was sobbing. We all got dead bones inside. Sign this!

Rose

You look pregnant. (*Pause, looking at her belly that does not show anything.*) So this is for the kids....Your brother was a real man. Jack's a killer. He'll get the electric chair, or life in prison. He is not your brother. Understand me! He is not your brother. (*Long pause*) What do you want?

Hannah

Jim began a new life. He touched Jack's heart and reachin' the gang. I even saw a cop bump Jim on the street, like testing him, and he spoke to the cop, polite. He taught me how to live deep, right into my bones. He said to me, "Love is the only solution. Live it!"

Rose

Love is...! Ha! You're bitter. That cop that killed Jim – you hate him. Don't fool me.

Hannah

I feel Jim is around me. He's my life. His love was deeper than anybody I ever knew. (*The ghost of Jim.*)

Rose

Bullshit. How could you love the cop that killed Jim? (*Silence.*)

Hannah

I'm workin' on it. I don't fear nuthin' anymore.

Rose

Nuthin'?

Hannah

When I die, I wanna be lovin' somebody. Jim loved that way. (*Hannah sits in front of Rose and gives her powerful Look.*) So what do you do?

Rose

Nuthin'. I can't live or die.

Hannah

(*Looking into her eyes.*) You're walkin' dead. (*Pause*) Get the fuck up! Work with me. You can be a leader.

Rose

I ain't no leader. That gang would kill anybody who crosses 'em.... (*Rose nods to the gang swinging guns.*)

Hannah

Take this petition. (*Rose takes it.*) Come with me. Organize.

Rose

(*Rose, stands up, looks Hannah in the eye.*) I could kill those cops myself.

Hannah

If you killed somebody, I would know you're alive! Come on. (*Nose to nose*) (*Hannah puts her arm out. Rose takes it, looks sick, clinging, longing.*)

I Scene 8 Despair in the Air

Joe

Hannah is our mission. She's learning to live her way all the way home.

Beatrice

Rose could flower from Hannah's power. She's right. It "ain't easy," to love on this street.

Joe

Jack's in dark water...ready for slaughter. Look. *Beatrice walks off stage while Joe walks toward Jack who has walked over to Don.*)

I Scene 9 Getting Acquainted

(Joe sees Jack and Don, kicking a can in the same street scene.)

Joe.

Hi!

Jack.

Hi. *(A quick glance and looks the other way.)*

Don

Hi.

Joe.

What's happenin'?

Jack.

You new around here?

Joe.

Yeah. I just moved in. Any good jobs?

Jack

You won't find a job here. *(Observes drugs and money exchanged.)*

Joe

Really.

Don

Everybody was laid off from that chemical factory.

Jack

They would have died of the pollution anyway.

Joe

Tell me more, I'm new.

Don

You could get your throat cut...just minding your own business. *(Smiling)*

Joe

I'll watch out.

Jack

Those guys will do anything.

Joe

Pushers are making money. The cops are taking money. *(Looks at more money and drugs exchanged by gang members in the corner.)*

Jack

I can tell you're a cop.

Joe

Look at the way that guy moves. He's... a choreographer.

Jack

A what? *(Tim is dancing upstage.)*

Joe

He could make money with a dance like that.

Jack

Shit. *(Turns away. There is a quiet fast drum sounding with the movement of each young man on the street).*

Don

Listen to that drum.

Joe

Those guys could make it big time, dancing. Work with me.

Don

Who the hell are you? *(Jack starts to walk away. Music starts with his swinging gait. Jack looks back, keeps walking off stage.)*

Jack

I've got to get some cigarettes. *(Jack moves and music starts in the rhythm of his walk.)* What is going on here? Where's that music coming from? Shit. *(Jack leaves.)*

Joe

You hear that music? Help me work with the gang.

Don

The Nation ain't the same. I'm out, straight, finished, quit. And Jack, he goes in and out. *(Don is alone with Joe.)*

Joe

What happened?

Don

A couple of guys coming down the street, holdin' hands ...like fags. The gang beat 'em up...there's the blood. *(Points.)*

Joe

I see.

Don

I said they went too far, bashin' heads. They didn't like what I said.

Joe

Tell me more...*(with sensitive tone).*

Don *(Pause)*

There's trouble. Jack has contacts with some drug cartel, an international ring... Somethin' bad is happenin'. I dunno. We loved each other...once. *(turns.)* Now, I'm looking for another way, man." *(His music is still playing quietly. Don, turns to walk away.)*

Joe

We could teach kids how to dance. Do what Jim did. Teach at his school. *(Jack comes back on stage.)*

Jack

Hey, you must be nuts hangin' around here. Get out. You'll be in trouble.
(Gestures. Trumpet begins with his gesture movement. He stops and the music stops. He looks around. He starts to move and the rhythm follows him. Then, he experiments, moving out his arm and getting a trumpet sound. Where is that sound coming from?)

Joe

Introduce me to the gang. We could make big money. I got connections.

Jack

Shit. *(Starts to walk away and again a music theme in harmony. He stops, looks back: Theme: "How I want her.")*

Joe

I scout talent. You're it. Look. *(Does a sharp little dance)*. You could be my assistant. *(Drum accompaniment.)*

Jack

I'll talk to the guys. *(They begin walking off stage.)* You wanna beer? *He thinks Joe is a jerk but he'll amuse him. All three walk off together.)*

Joe

What's the name of that guy who was rapping on the right?

Don

That's Chuck ...and then there's Tim... *(There is a slight gait in common among the three, and stage darkens with a low drum roll.)*

I Scene 10 Walkin' Dead

(As the left side of stage darkens, right side brightens with Rose sitting with a cane next to a street lamp. Beatrice enters.)

Beatrice *(Enters)*

Hey sister. What's happenin'?

Rose

Uh. What's your problem? *(Looks depressed and drugged)*

Beatrice

Can you help me? I got a petition for you to sign. (*Waves it in air.*)

Rose

You must be working for Hannah. I have a headache.

Beatrice

Tell me about it.

Rose

I'll tell you for fifty bucks.

Beatrice

(*Laughs*). I can pay it. (*Shows her the money but puts it away again*). I have something more important to give you...

Rose.

Uh?

Beatrice.

Music.

Rose

Yeah! (*Mockingly, she looks up at B. rolls up her eyes, like B.'s crazy*).

Beatrice

Let's talk.

Rose

I got some kinda pain. (*Somewhat disgusted, sigh*).

Beatrice

I know people who work with pain. They're artists. Some carve it into wood; some paint it on canvass, write it in a poem, or compose it into the blues. I want you to be an artist. How do you feel?

Rose

I feel like no good. Like **nuthin'**." (*Viola sounds theme "like nuthin' Rose looks at her for a moment, thinking Beatrice is crazier than she is, but...*).
I'm sick.

Beatrice

I need you. The earth needs you. (*Thunder. The lights flash out and on for a second.*) Help me organize. Sign this.

Rose

You are the second one to ask me. (*Pushes away petition.*)

Beatrice

You're the key to change the street.

Rose

I'm nuthin.' (*viola plays motif "walkin' dead."*)

Beatrice

You're on key, sing it. It's in your soul.

Rose

In my sole? (*Looks at the bottom of her shoe. Viola plays the "Walkin."*)

Beatrice

mmm... Yeah. There's a beat in your feet.

I'll help you. (*The viola.*) Listen, to your body. Sing with me.

Rose

(*Beatrice hums, "I cannot live or die" -- with viola Hmmm!. (Surprised, hums tune).*)

Beatrice

That's your song. You gotta live or die. Listen: The rivers flow, the winds blow, and the mountains glow. It's your song. That's where you belong.

Rose

Who are you! (*Blows out her nose on the street with a finger, scoffing.*)

Beatrice

It's dangerous to live here without a song. Feel it your body, honey. It's got rhythm. (*Beatrice dances. Rose's sound begins to be played.*) You're an artist. You could be singing and not know it.

Rose

Ha! (*Flips her cigarette on the street.*)

Beatrice

I'll sing with you.

Rose

(*Rose is now, half laughing, half mocking, as she feels more of her power, she now sings slowly and the song builds with more gusto.*)

I'm Walkin' Dead

Rose:

I cannot live, I cannot die, I cannot live or die. I cannot see or be. As someone said, I'm walkin' dead.

I feel like no good, like nu-thin' Nu-thin' can be said. I'm walkin' dead. I am a ton of nuthun', I'm lead. Like I said I'm walk-in' dead. What would I do if I were total dead? What would I do if I were total dead, Oh

Beatrice

It must feel bad to feel that sad

Rose

What could I do?

Beatrice

What CAN you do!

Rose

But I'm not alive

Beatrice

Will you survive? (*Teasing*)

Rose

Ha! You are alive not me.

Beatrice

Dead-alive!

Hey, We're all alive! Tell me

What happened?

Rose

When I was a little girl, doctors' thought that I was dumb; They could not figure why I could not speak or cry, So much the hurt, so deep the pain, they thought that I had gone had gone insane. When none can show their love for you, when no one cares or wants to share, Oh When I was a little girl I saw a lot of grief, Beyond belief with no relief, I buried it, I carried it.

Beatrice

What happened?

Rose

I was beaten, and I was raped; No one saw but my pa. He broke my life in two, There was nuthin' I could do. It opened up a silent rage only God could see. And when that did happen I know not why or when, but all that power made me cower. He is not alone to blame. He had it all the same, when he was young. But it left me lame in shame. When I was a little girl, it seemed unfair to me for him to come at me and tear my life away. I cannot die I cannot live; I cannot die, I cannot see. As someone said, I'm walkin' dead. I cannot die. I'm walk-in' dead I cannot die, As some-one said I'm walk-in' dead.

Beatrice

Who are you?

Rose

Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I?

(Song ends and audience may clap as Rose and Beatrice walk away.)

Rose stops for a moment. "Who am I?" Stage Darkens)

I Scene 12 Passing the Pipe

*Joe is watching Paul the alderman, say goodbye to Hannah, at the door of her apartment. In the opposite corner of the stage, unseen by anyone but the audience, Jack watches Paul leave. Joe and Beatrice go after Hannah and Paul separately to talk with them. Paul walks off stage, followed by Beatrice who whispers to Joe "**Pass the pipe.**" She tosses the pitch pipe to Joe who walks toward Hannah at the door, looking toward her with interest and talks with her.*

Joe

Hi. Uh....I'm new around here.

Hannah

I've noticed.

Joe

How's business?

Hannah

It could be better. Here sign this petition.

Joe

(Takes it, looks quickly, signs, hands back and says:) Good for you. Its tricky working a street with cops checking on you.

Hannah

Cops get what they want.

Joe

How can things get better?

Hannah

I work only with people I know.

Joe

I'm here for another reason.

Hannah

Yeah?

Joe

How can I help change the street?

Hannah

Do you have money?

Joe

Tell me about what you're doing.

Hannah

You're a researcher... O.K. Double the money. *(Joe nods in agreement)* We can talk a few minutes.

Joe

(He reaches in his pocket and looks at a handful of bills and gives some to her) I have something more important to give you than money. I want to make this street safe and create jobs.

Hannah

I counsel men like you on their behavior. I teach how their energy goes through the body *(she draws her fingers up her body from below her navel to her heart)*...It's called Chi. My clients get power. They learn to love strangers like you. *(She smiles.)*

Joe

No! *(Holding both hands on the side of his head.)* OOOooooo! *(Chorus)*

Hannah

A great spirit moves in your body. But I have to be careful -- and that's why our conversation is about over, sir.

Joe

I see junkies on this street.

Hannah

They can be dangerous. They're hungry, looking for love.

Joe

"Looking for love." What's that?

Hannah

What would you die for?

Joe

(Joe is shaken a little). Whew! I can see why these guys pay you money. What happens when a guy can't control himself?

Hannah

I ask them: "Do you know who you are?" *(Looks close at him.)*

Joe

Sounds like a song to me. Take this. *(Blows on pitch pipe.)* It works when I'm not around.

Hannah

What? Yeah, sure. *(He hands her the pipe; she laughingly takes it.)*

Joe

Grab it when a man gets rough. It's magic.

Hannah

Thanks. Your time is up. *(Looks at her watch.)*

Joe

I saw you say goodbye to some man. *(Sensitively.)* There was music in that moment. *(He sings softly "Do you know who you are?")* Can you hear it?

Hannah

(Bitter Bird Motif plays.) Where did that sound come from? Wow!

Joe

It comes from you. *(Looks up)* Sing it. *(Violin plays. Joe steps back and does a quick Yoga breath of fire.)* You are a good counselor. *(They look at each other closely for a second).* Take it in.

Hannah

Help my friends. It's a bloody street. It lives on death.

Joe

Remember, if men give you trouble, take the pipe and sing.

Hannah

Thanks. *(Laughs. Waves the money. Hannah takes the pipe, hums the next song. The scene darkens as she is singing to herself. "Do you know who you are...".)*

I Scene 12 You are only a Tree

Paul is walking along and stops to look at a tree. Pauses, makes a deep sigh like he is burdened. He speaks to the Oak tree.

Paul

I wish there were more of you around here. We'd be a better city. *Beatrice comes up behind him, unnoticed. She waves her wand. Suddenly we see Paul enveloped in a blue light. She watches. "He may think he cannot sing, but he sings with fun and play.")*

You are only a tree, as far as I can see. But you are made just for me. You breathe in; I breathe out; and that's what it is all about. It's our breath that stays our death. It's God's design. It's God's design. It's God's design. You are only a tree, just a tree, just a tree, as far as I can see. But you are made just for me, just for me, just for me. You breathe in; I breathe out; and that's what it's all about. It's our breath that stays our death. It's God's design. It's God's design. It's God's design. It's His design. The city does not care about the air. The city does not care about pollution. They say: There is no solution. There is no solution. City problems are everywhere. City problems are everywhere to my despair. Drugs, thugs, murder. More pollution without solution. Neighbors call this street the avenue of red concrete. You breathe my waste. I breathe yours. It's called ecology. It's my theology. Your breath and mine; It's God's design. It's God's design. It's God's design. It's God's design. I breathe out and that's what it is all about. It's God's, It's God's design. Hello!!

(Blue lights shade out to normal as a white spotlighted stage).

Beatrice

Hello!

Paul

(Surprised.) Ah! Hello. I must have fallen asleep. I love trees.

Beatrice

I'm a reporter. You are the alderman for this neighborhood. I wanted to talk with you for a few minutes.

Paul

Well, whom do you represent?

Beatrice

I'm a freelance writer for newspapers. This street is going downhill.

Paul

No kidding.

Beatrice

People feel like they don't have any control over their lives.

Paul

You see here -- gangs, addicts, and prostitutes, homeless, mentally ill people. A friend of mine wants to create a land trust. It's chartered for people to own land, create job-training programs and green space. But these people don't want to work. And the violence gets worse everyday. We're putting more police on the street.

Beatrice

Look at these guys. *(She points to the gang doing a break dance, spinning on his back.)* They're workin.' They could perform at a police benefit and get paid.

Paul

Our cops have their hands full trying to put 'em away. *(Pause)* Those guys are dangerous.

Beatrice

Everybody has a song in them. Even yourself.... Sir. Just a minute ago, you were singing.

Paul

You're crazy.

Beatrice *(Pause)*

Maybe. I tell you, police are not the solution. Music is the solution.

Paul

Fly away lady.

Beatrice

Tell me about the gangs.... Tell me -- from your heart. *(Pause)*

Paul

(Pauses, looks down. Then, confesses with feeling). The problem is fear....”
“What can you do with a dangerous gang?” *(His song-tune begins, in a slow tempo on a bassoon while he speaks these words.)*

Beatrice

“A dangerous gang.” Now you got me. *(The song-words and accompaniment continue a little louder.)* Talk with me. Go on, just a little.

Paul

Paul is getting some pleasure out of it as he goes further almost singing
“What can you do with rage? What can you do with fear? Yeah, tell me so I can know.” *(Bassoon plays. Gang is far upstage dancing.)*

Beatrice

Well, you have this song in yourself. Remember it. Listen. Sing again. Look at that tree. (*He looks.*) Take this pitch pipe for the future. (*Paul takes the pipe. Looks at the tree again. Hannah starts to leave, waves her wand over her head and a blue light goes on.*) Tell me, what did you say?

Song of Fear and Rage

Paul

Fear, fear. What do I do with fear? My fear,

Beatrice

Yes, dear

Paul

What can I do with a dangerous gang? I am afraid of the gangs on this street. I'm afraid.

Beatrice and Paul: *Counterpoint*

No you're not Yes I am! No, you're not Yes I am! No. You're not. No. Yes. You're not. I not am! No. Yes. You're not. I am!

Beatrice

There is a lot of pain in this neighborhood.

Paul

I know

Beatrice

A lot of suffering.

Paul

I know. What do I do?

Beatrice

Listen. Your body knows your musical key. Let me sing it for you. You are only a tree, as far as I can see

Paul

Oh, that's incredible.

Beatrice

But that is you and the sound of the Oak tree: Now listen again. Your body knows the classics. Listen (*Classical music*)

Paul

My God! What is that?

Beatrice

How about this? (*Classical Music*)

Paul

Okay, Okay

Beatrice

I knew you could hear them! You are a sensitive man. You now hear the sounds!

Paul

Yes I can

Beatrice

Good Good! You are in touch with the other side

Paul

What do I do now.

Beatrice

See Hannah now. See Hannah now

Paul

What!

Beatrice

Pain is a mystery that's solved by your ministry in a higher plane

Paul

Are you sane?

Beatrice

All fear and rage is nothing but a burning pyre. Your own street is a mire on fire.

Paul

You're no liar.

Beatrice

Waiting reformation I know; waiting a revolution. See you later

Paul

Hey! Who are you? I feel different. I wanna talk to you!

Beatrice

I'll see you around.

Paul

Come back. I feel different.

Beatrice

See you later alligator. (*Drum accompaniment*).

(*She waves goodbye with drums and Paul waves back, with music. Paul makes a final call back to her as he leaves the stage.*) "What do you do with hate!" (*Full orchestra play. Drumbeats rise, then, stop suddenly.*)

Curtain.

ACT II, Scene I The Power to Change

II Scene I Shocking a Cop

Joe and Beatrice are barely visible by the audience. Joe says to Beatrice:

Beatrice

Tenderness comes easy for Paul. His hate is *hidden*. He must sing his hate before it's too late. He's hooked to Jack. Hate comes easy to Jack, but tenderness is *hidden*. So, go. Open some tenderness.

Joe

I've got to see how he lives before I do anything. *Joe sees the gang hanging on the street when they see a man walking at the opposite side who looks to them like a plainclothes cop. The stage light focuses on them.*

Jack

Hey, look at this cop, checkin' us out.

Chuck

He's on the force.

Tim

Let's give him a hard time. He can't make an arrest just talking to him. Send him on his way.

Jack

Okay, let's have some fun.

*The three of them go over to the man -- who looks like he has a camera and is about to take a picture. They surround him and start teasing him with a rap dance and chatter. The man is surprised and then shocked as the gang moves in closer to him. They are chanting in a "sing song" fashion to frighten the man away and just to get off their rocks. Chuck has a gun that he pulls out with force as he speaks. (The theater director selects from the words below to each gang member.) The gang circles around the plainclothes cop to scare him away. Below are the **words** to a **song** that they speak selectively in a teasing manner but they will sing the song later in the play.*

Can you see? This gun is me. Can you see? Can you see? This is the way we go. This is the flow, the way we go. (*Dancing*). This gun is me. Me and this gun are one; it does what I say. It's here to stay, here to stay. What do you want? You fuck. Leave us alone Keep your luck. By the way you suck! You fuck, we spit on all cops. I hate, and loathe cops. They kill all my friends. They Kill, Kill and I spit each day on cops. They killed Hannah's brother, our brother. We live own way. We fight and we live our way. Live fast die young and have a good lookin' corpse, a fuckin' good corpse. I shit each day on cops. I hate all cops Hate HATE DOUBLE HATE Hate Hate Hate Hate. Yeah! Yeah! Yeah Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Screw all cops Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah. Hey, Hey, a fine fuckin' corpse. Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, a good lookin'" corpse Oh yeah!

The gang gets closer and closer to the cop and louder and louder circling this plainclothes man until he is scared for his life and finally runs away. The gang members then go back to sit on the curb (or house stairs) and start to laugh, brag mumbling to one another. The stage light goes down and then comes up on Joe and Beatrice who are watching on the side of the stage.

Joe

Okay, I can teach 'em now.

Beatrice

Find tenderness, somewhere.

II, Scene 2 The Gang Learns

Joe walks up on stage from the floor where the audience sits and sees the gang sitting on the curb.

Joe

Hi guys... having fun?

Jack

Hey Joe, this is Tim and Chuck.

Joe

Good to meet ya. You guys got more talent than I have ever seen before. Did Jack tell you that I wanna make a production?

Jack

Sure, I told them, but now you tell them. (*singing at Joe and joking...*) **They hear music in their sack, just a layin' on their back, while they're taking all that crack. Now they don't need your radio pack.** (*Dance.*)

Joe

(*Looks at each young man intently with authority, one by one.*) We need guys who can move fast. I watched you work on the street. I can help you hear the music. I want to set up a gig. (*Guys mumbling, laughing.*) Hey, There is big money here. Listen. (*He looks at Chuck.*) I saw you rappin'. I'd like you to do that dance again. *Chuck smirks and gestures menacingly. Then, he hears a drum. Chuck looks surprised.* I heard you say "This is me!" (*A guitar follows in the rhythm of his words, said like Chuck.*) "This, is the way I go....This gun is me. It lives my way." (*Guitar plays in Joe's sing-song rhythm. Joe writes down the lyrics and hands them to Chuck. Chuck is scoffing as he reads:*

Chuck

"This gun is me. This the way I go.... (*Guitar is sounding the rhythm.*)

Joe

Big bucks here, man. *Joe moves to Tim. Tim backs away a little frightened but his move is followed by a clarinet. Joe looks carefully at him. Tell me how you feel when you do your dance.* Tim, I heard you talk to that cop at the other end of the block. Try it on me.

Tim

What do you want, you fuck. (*His motif is playing*)

Joe

Joe is writing down what Tim said while the gang is having a ball laughing. It goes with this rap. (*Joe gives him the notes. Tim is taken back but accepts the notes, looking at them. Joe turns to Jack and looks.*

Jack

“I spit each day on cops.” (*Trumpet motif in background.*)

Joe

Okay. We got work to do.... (*He talks to all of them.*) This is where we start! (*Pause, looking beyond them.*) Hold a minute. (*He sees Don upstage in the shadows. Joe and Don look at each other for a fraction of a second. The gang members do not see Don.*) We need one more guy. Is there one more leader of this Nation, somewhere?

Jack

They come and go. It’s our call.

Joe

I thought you had four leaders. What happened?

Jack

Don is gone.

Chuck

He couldn't take the heat.

Tim

He’s a little... (*waves hand around his head to suggest that Don is queer.*)
The gang goes off stage right. Joe walks to where Don is far upstage but within sight of audience. Now Joe walks over to him.

II Scene 3: We Lost our Way

Joe

What’s happening?

Don

I think we lost our way. (*Clarinet plays Don’s Motif.*) The Nation beat up some guys and I didn’t like it. We split.

Joe

You need power. (*blows on pitch pipe.*) Take this pipe. (*Takes pipe.*) You gotta get back in the groove, you have more energy than you think, like boiling fire.

Don

What!?

Joe
You belong to the earth

Don
What!?

Joe
You're a volcano. We gotta stop this crime.

Don
Stop, crime! What are you talking about?

Joe
Stop crime now! You've got the beat. I will teach you how to sing what we said. And then – someday you and the gang can get together. Follow me.
(Joe gestures with authority for Don to follow him as they circle backstage behind a transparent white curtain that shows them in shadow while the orchestra starts playing this song while they talk and gesture in silence. Joe is teaching while a clarinet and saxophone play. Then they sing, as below. The transition into shadow represents the idea that Joe is spending time with Don to teach him how to sing. Joe throws up his hands in shadow, and then finally Don sings with the orchestra.)

We lost our Way

I think we lost our way. Once we were a gang together but now each one's for himself We're no longer the same. I belonged, I belonged to some brothers, real brothers. We would give our lives to save each other. Now I am looking for another way, man. I belonged. We loved each other I know we loved. Now I am looking for another way, man. I'm real upset I cannot think. I'm real upset I cannot live. Oh, Oh. I know we lost our way. I feel real bad, real bad, Oh.

Joe
What happened? Tell me, tell me. Did you lose your mother?

Don
Oh no, No I lost my brother.

Joe
I see. Get in the groove, man. Get in the groove; you have gang energy than you would know about. You have sun energy, boiling fire

Don
What!? What!

Joe
You belong to the earth

Don
What!?

Joe:
You belong to Nature to the volcanoes of the earth

Don
No, I belonged *to the gang*.

Joe
Listen, listen, listen, Look! There is music still heard in the swelling seas and the swarming bees. You think the earth is dead, the earth is but dirt, the sun a fiery gas, but they are your own creator and your source. They are in your family. They are your gang your identity

Don
Who am I?

Think thunder. (*Think*) glaciers falling, Gale winds blowing They are part of you
 Joe
 But who am I!? Don
 Think eagles now Think lions now. You are the earth and everything in it. What a gang we are. What a gang we are. Joe
 But who am I? Don
 You are power, and you are tenderness. Joe
 What!?! Don
 Like Jim. Joe
 What? Don
 Like Hannah's brother. Joe
 If I were not me? Who would I be? Don
 Do you see that tree? It's just like me Joe
 Yes I love that tree So did Hannah's brother Don
 He had tender power. Joe
 Power. Yes. Can you see? Can you see? This is the way we go flow. This is the way we go. Don
 You and me are one. We can work together. Yes, We can work together. Joe
 We could bring this street together. Don
We need to dance, dance, dance together. Dance together. Stop crime. Now. Joe
 Now, What? Now? We lost our way. Once, yeah, Once we were a gang together. Dance together. Don
 Stop crime, Now, Now. Dance, dance. Stop, stop crime. Now. Yeah! Yeah! Joe and Don (Duet)

After the song is sung in sheet shadow, Don waves goodbye. Remaining in shadow behind the curtain we see Joe and the dark figures of the gang appear. The curtain is withdrawn and they are talking.

II Scene 4 Song Practice

I want everyone on key. Next time you'll hear a sound. We've got work to do. Remember. Practice, practice, practice. It will pay off. We'll meet again, tomorrow. Jack, hang with me a second. See you guys later. *Joe beckons Jack aside to talk. Chuck and Tim, walk off stage the other way.*

Joe

Tell me where you're at; you're fuckin' mad. I need you on this dance.
 Jack *says nothing, looks sullen*). Are you married?

Jack

I've got a woman.

Joe

Hannah? Do you love her?

Jack

(Pause). Love her? I would die for her.

Joe

Are you gonna get married?

Jack

I thought we were.

Joe

Tell me about her.

Jack

Her brother was my best friend. Some cop killed him. That's what cops do around here.

Joe

Is she worth waiting for?

Jack

Hey. I want her.

Joe.

You say – “I want her.” That’s your song.

Jack

Yeah, “I want her.” *(The trumpet sounds)*. **“How I want her.”** *(Surprised.)*

Joe

Keep going.

Jack

(Trumpet motif.) What’s that sound?

Joe

What’s with the politicians?

Jack

One politician is taking her for a ride....

Joe

So, that's it. *(Turns to face Jack. Spotlight is on both of them.)* Thanks, Jack. Take this pitch pipe. Hold it. It could change your life. *(Jack grabs it, and staggers.)* Stay off the drink. *(Joe gives him a short salute and a quick rap dance movement. Jack's music begins. Jack salutes back with another movement. Jack watches Joe leave on right stage. A blue light comes over Jack. Jack grabs the pipe and starts singing in the blue light. He will knock on her door after he sings but he will also stagger in pain.)*

How I Want Her

How I want her. How I want her. Oh, Oh. I wanna kiss her lips. I wanna kiss her thighs. I want to kiss her all the way down to her sighs. Oh, How I want her. How I want her to scream, scream, scream all night, all night with de-light. I want to hear her breathe-breathe so hard she will stay all night. She won't give me what I want. She won't take me for what I am. She used to be mine, but no more, no more How I want her. How I want her, I wanna hold her tight never out of my sight. Ooooh Ooh Ahh I wanna go up stream. I wanna go up with her. Oh, Hey, Ow. I wanna dance I wanna chance to live my life. She won't give it to me She won't take it from me She used to be mine but no more How I want her. How I love her. How I love her so much! She won't give it to me. She won't take it from me. She used to be mine, but no more How I want her. How I want her How I want her. How I love her. Come here baby I'm here! Here! here! I'm here! here! here! I'm here! here! here! I'm here! I'm here.

(Jack turns around after this vital song and, facing the audience, is in agony. He goes up to Hannah's door and knocks, wavers.)

II Scene 5 Addiction

(A fast-paced dialogue takes place with intensity.)

Hannah

Jack! I have only have a couple minutes. *(He pushes his way inside.)*

Jack

I need you Hannah. I quit pushing drugs but the clinic's not helping.' I want you sooooo bad. Promise me. You're not making out with that politician.

Hannah

No. I'm not. Take your time, Jack. You're making progress.

Jack

(Coming closer to Hannah). It's you I need. *(His face is right in front of Hannah's)* I want you. *(He staggers and leans on her toward the bed; he*

falls (accidentally) over on top of her into the bed. Fallen, but not overcome, Hannah, in one great surge, not thinking it to be an accident of an alcohol drug mix, pushes him away so hard that he falls. Hannah comes off the bed, and Jack moves toward her again. She slaps him.)

Hannah

Jack, you've been drinking. I cannot be with you like this. You're all psyched up. Hold steady. We're gonna make it.

Jack

You've been seeing Paul. Do you love him!

Hannah

Yes, as a friend! It's not love the way you think.

Jack

(Angry, he spits). He's a two-faced bastard, a cheat, a phony, chicken. He's no good for you. *(Jack jams his fist into the wall.)*

Hannah

He's gonna help us, Jack. He knows how to get the city to help us.

Jack

Bullshit. *(He throws a pillow against the wall. He staggers.)*

Hannah

He will help us. He's working *with* us.

Jack

So what are you giving him...in return?

Hannah

Attention. *(She walks up eyeball to eyeball with Jack.)*

Jack *(Stops and thinks.)*

I don't trust him.He's a shit-ass.

Hannah

He's got problems, just like you and me.

Jack
Yeah?!

Hannah
We're human.

Jack
I love you.

Hannah
Put your life together. We need help.

Jack
Who's "we"?

Hannah
All of us on the street.

Jack
Those fuckin' cops...

Hannah
Yeah. I know. *(She turns away.)*

Jack
If this guy bothers you, I'll knock him off. I mean it. *(Jack cringes, like he has a pain in his stomach. Hannah walks over to him, holds his head.)* I hurt somewhere... I've got to have something.

Hannah
(Hannah pauses and looks up to him as he reveals softer feelings.)
It's the stuff, Jack, my love ...I'll call the clinic.

Jack
No, the cops will come.

Hannah
We gotta live right.

Jack
What?

Hannah

No drugs. No guns. No knives. No killing. Drop your gun. (*She looks at Jack, strong, friendly, nose to nose.*)

Jack

Live with me. (*Grabs his stomach in pain.*) The cops will kill me.

Hannah

We're all gonna die someday. Let's die right.

Jack

(*Jack grabs a statue of Christ on the Cross sitting on the table and throws it against the wall and it hits with a bang. He sees a statue of Buddha and looks at it.*) What is this shit! (*He tosses the statue on the against the wall. A bass drum sounds as the statue hits the wall.*)

Hannah

(*Silence nonplussed.*) You know, Jack. Yesterday I felt myself singing....like we was gonna get some help.

Jack

(*Silence, Jack's thinking a moment.*) Yeah, me too. It's funny ... singin' for Christ's sake. (*Pause, as they look closely at one another. Suddenly, there is a knock on the door. Hannah is startled.*)

Hannah

Hang on, Jack. I've got to answer this. (*She goes to the door, opens it an inch and peeks through and sees Paul and waves him back.*) Just a minute! (*She closes the door, turns to Jack.*)

Go out the back door quick! He's a client. I have to let this man in.

(*The spotlight begins to shift to Joe and Beatrice as we see Jack yelling silently at Hannah, in mime, stomping around. Finally, Jack throws a pillow against the wall, kicks the bed, and heads out, furious. All this action takes begins to move into a shadow as the next scene begins and the spotlight focuses on Paul waiting by the door. As Jack leaves by the back door, he sees Paul around the corner of the building, and Paul, in turn, gets a quick glimpse of Jack peeking at him, but this is only quick look. Hannah does not see the glances. She picks up the Cross and Buddha statues, looks at them for a second, and slams them down on the table with the sound of a bass drum.) While all this is going on, Joe and Beatrice are by the window of*

Hannah's room where Jack and Hannah have been talking. The argument had gone silent in mime although they remained vehemently arguing. The Music Makers are talking at the side of the building, while Paul is at the front door and Hannah opens it in mime. "Strains of "There were two people who believed..." are playing during the interim.)

Beatrice

This is a mess. But there's progress.

Joe

Jack's in pain; barely sane. He does not know he's a tender man.

Beatrice

He's heard his song. What's wrong?

Joe

If we don't reach him soon, he'll kill by the moon.

Beatrice

Paul must sing with Hannah...before it's too late. Shhhh. This could be a singing war we can't ignore. Paul is still at Hannah's door. Hannah has been straightening up her room to avoid any notice of Jack's presence. Looking both ways, Paul knocks again. Hannah opens the door. Paul enters. B. and J. sit down to listen, not to watch. They are there to help Hannah and Paul at the right moment.)

II Scene 7 A Dangerous Gang

Hannah

Hi, Paul. You shouldn't come here! (*Hannah moves quickly to the door of her room, holds her hand up to Paul, to indicate silence. They stand silently, and she says, teasingly, AUM. A...U...M., making the sound of an ancient meditation that she and Paul have done, but she also playing for time so Jack can disappear.*)

Paul

AUM. (*Paul holds his hand up and says playfully,... then*) I've had a hard day, Hannah. I don't have time for meditation. (*He throws his hat vigorously against the wall*). I've had it!

Hannah

What's happening? (*Hands him a cup of coffee.*)

Paul

The city wants to construct office buildings here, invest in a mall. They say that if I vote with them, they will plant trees. That's their last offer. They will work on the environment with me. But there'll be no land trust for us. The big money boys are winning.

Hannah

Damn. They will relocate us – put us in some other part of the city.

Paul

The city council is different world, Hannah. I can't make this plan work. You know the factory that shut down... Your gang friends live in that empty building. They are living with dumped chemicals. They hide there.

Hannah

I'll tell the gang about it.

Paul

It's their territory. The cops will move in on them. There'll be a shootout. It's a risk for us just talking here. The cops told me about Jack. He's dangerous.

Hannah

Face your hate. You've got dead bones. Flesh 'em out. You need the energy for Jack. My friends need you. Give them jobs, pride, and education...

Paul

The streets are dangerous.

Hannah

Love is dangerous.

Paul

What?

Hannah

You don't know what is going to happen when you love somebody. It's risky.

Paul

I don't want to leave. (*He comes close to her. He reaches to touch her.*)

Hannah

Feel the sting of lightning Paul, right in your fingertips. (*Paul withdraws his hands.*) Feel the sound of thunder in your body. (*Silence, as they look at each other.*) Let your eyes flash. Talk to Jack, eye ball him. Be a man with him... (*He tenses and then relaxes. She straightens her stance and he, in turn, straightens his stance, as they move into a different mood.*)

Paul

(*Breathy.*) I've got feelings, Hannah. Sometimes I'm hot like the sun, then, brittle like glass. I could break ... I met a woman who loves trees... I felt like singing.

Hannah

Interesting. I met a man ...something's happening. You can't have cops chasing this gang all the time. You could be greater than you are. (*Hannah grabs pitch pipe, speaks with the sound of a violin and looking directly into Paul's eyes.*)... listen(*She begins to move with a violin sound.*) Do you know who you are? (*The violin follows her every movement with her song. She swings with the sound as she talks. Looking into his eyes, whispering the first phrase softly, then singing the same phrase below lightly, then louder repeating each of the phrases.*)

A Dangerous Gang

Hannah

Yea, Paul. Do you know who you are? Do you know who you are?

Paul

Who am I?

Hannah

Yes, who?

Paul

Me?

Hannah

Yes

Paul

Well, Well, a politician. What would you like? An alderman.

Hannah

But do you know who you are? Really.

Paul

What can I say? Help me.

Hannah

You are more than you think.

Paul

What can I do with a dangerous gang?

Hannah

A lot!

Paul

But what?

Hannah and Paul (Duet)

Do you care about this street? This street? This street. What can I do? Do you care about this street? Yes. No. Yes. No. Yes How much? Enough. How much? I dunno. Tell me! Tell me. Tell me so I can know. Maybe you can tell me? Tell me. Tell me. What! Tell me. What are you here for? What? To see you. I mean, what are you doing here on earth? I don't know. What's your purpose in life? I don't know. You do know. I dunno! Can you help me fix this street? I hate gangs. You fear gangs. Yes! Their life is your life What!? You have the same energy. What do you mean? Rage, fear, hate. Just like you. No. but more. They would give up their lives to save their brother. I have no brother. Are you sure? Who would you die for? What can I do to help? What about the men on this street? You mean those thugs? Thugs; thieves. Everyone is damaged. They sit around all day. No jobs for them. They don't look for jobs! They do! They don't. They do! They don't. They do!. They don't. They do! They don't. I know the despair out there. Paul: They have guns. All those *thugs*... Hannah: All those *men*. Paul: Dangerous. Hannah: We are a people of passion. I am scared. Take a breath. They will kill you. A deep breath. Uh Ha Uh Ha Did you know my brother? He was a drunk. His life had sunk but he recovered. He did! Could you walk in his shoes? No booze please. Walk with me to his tree. What tree? The Oak tree down the street That's my tree That's his tree. Walk with me. Talk with me. I love that tree. So did he. Hey, mmmm. We will walk. We will walk to together. We will walk to the tree down the street 'round the bend to the end, to the end, 'till we're home, 'till we're home again. Do you know who you are? What can I do with a dangerous gang? A lot! What do I do with a homeless lady? What do I do with a cop who's shady? We are a people of passion, PASSION, PASSION. We are a people of passion. We can work together. We will change this street. We will change this street. We will change this street. We will do it! We will! We will! will! We will change this street, Change, Change, Change. We will change...change. WE WILL... Change This Street. *(Audience may clap at the end of the song but a loud crash will also be heard at the appropriate moment when clapping lessens, as a brick is thrown through the bedroom window, shocking everybody, including the audience.)*

Paul

My God! What's that? *(Paul goes over to a brick and looks at it.)*
 What is this? *(It has a sign on it which Paul reads:)*
 It says: "Get out of this neighborhood. You will be killed!" *(Paul hesitates a moment as his fright turns to anger).* I know who threw this brick. I'm gonna get that son of a bitch. *(He goes to the window. He shakes his fist and shouts outside.)* Hey Jack, the cops will get you soon, boy. You'll see me in court! *(Turning to Hannah.)* We'll get this guy.

Hannah

Paul, right now. Stay away from this street.

Paul

I'm gonna put a cop outside your door. *(He reaches out for her hand-- with a cello accompaniment. The music draws to a conclusion as they say goodbye. Paul goes out the door, pulls his hat down, looks about, and dashes off into the night. Off in the corner we see Jack pace for a moment and then retreat.*

Jack's song (I want her) is played quietly on a muted trumpet. Hannah picks up the statues, holds them to her chest and sobs as Jack's trumpet plays. Hannah listens, gets up and opens the door to leave her apartment.

II Scene 8 The Accident

As Hannah is leaving, the street is dark. You can barely see the figure of Jack moving along quietly, following Hannah. Jack's song takes a somber tone, a minor key, with doom in it. As Jack finally catches up with her. She hears his footsteps, turns around, and recognizes him.

Hannah

Jack!

Jack

I told you to stop seeing that bastard ... He's a cheat, he lies, *(He slaps her)*. He's phony, like you. *(He kicks the building)*... a fucking politician.

Hannah

Stop!.Jack, listen. We did nothing. *(He turns his back to her)*. Jack. I'm workin' for all of us...*(The action is fast and requires special direction to make real rage run through this scene)*.

Jack

You've been tellin' lies, just like him.

Hannah

I know him as friend. Jack. We're starting to change this street.... We're gonna buy this land ...

Jack

And he` is pickin' up the tab...goddam it. *(Shouts.At this point a flashlight beams around the stage and a dark figure offstage, appears: ...*

A Dark Figure (with flashlight)

"Is something wrong?". *(Jack turns around, frightened. Jack then gives a quick, powerful slap to Hannah's face, which happens to slam her against the back wall, her head snapping against an abutment. She slumps to the floor as Jack takes off. The dark figure with the flashlight comes on stage, sees her slumped body. She looks over at her and exclaims. "Oh my God, (stands, turns.) Help!" There is a voice off stage. Jack! What happened? (It*

is Rose's voice but she is not seen. The curtain closes with a heavy rolling drum and then a bass drum and the Chorus sings.

Chorus: When the Lights Go Out (End of Act II)

When the lights go out and there is no hope. Oh, Oh. When the lights go out and there is no hope. Oh. You should know. We all know: All that is done under sun is known. All that that is done under the moon is known. All deeds on earth are seeds you plant for the earth's evolution. Ah. The earth is but one home all over the heavens; your life but one moment in all eternity. Oh. The Music Makers say, Oh, that the real work is here on earth. Your death brings new birth on the other side. When you leave this planet. When you die, you go to where angels keep a record. They re-view your work there. OH! Yes, It is judgment day. So, before you die. Stop this strife. Give your life for another. Give your life for another and build for us a community. Yes, a Community, Community, Community.

CURTAIN

INTERMISSIONⁱⁱⁱ

Act III The Forces of Hunger

Orchestra plays **Wrestling with Fire** as the audience gets seated.

III Scene I Passing

*Funeral Music (See Song sheet): The curtain opens on a somber scene with people gathered around a casket and a minister speaking. Dirge music is playing melodies that have been in previous scenes but now slow. A dark purple light colors the scene. Everything is in silence, standing, walking, and speaking. The minister speaks in mime, nothing audible to the audience. People are crying, visibly, not audibly. The gang members are beside the casket and will carry it outside (offstage) in a few second. Paul is kneeling, sobbing. Hannah's funeral music keeps playing. In the corner, invisible to the congregation, we see Jack bent over, sobbing. The minister stops speaking and slowly, the gang members pick up the coffin and solemnly carry it off the stage while people get up and follow. Jack is there alone in his corner, clumped over. When everybody is off stage, Jack begins to slam his fist on to the floor. A bass drum hits at each blow by Jack. **Slam, slam, slam, slam, slam, slam, slam, slam.** The stage darkens, the curtain falls and the dirge continues until the next scene opens.*

III Scene 2 Town Meeting

Joe and Beatrice are sitting unobtrusively on stage. Paul is at a podium, center stage, looking out at the audience, as though they are part of a town

meeting, listening. The two gang members and Don are there along with the bag ladies. Jack is missing. A violin in the background plays Hannah's motif quietly, Bitter Birds, as Paul speaks.

Paul

We have never been together like this before. I'm pleased that so many of you turned out. Hannah's death is a loss for all of us, for the city, the neighborhood, for every one of us. *(His voice is cracking.)* Her life made a difference to each of us, and our future. *(His hand goes over his mouth with remorse.)*

Chuck

What future!

Paul

I know we will find the murderer. I call on all of you to help get him. We want him behind bars.

Chuck

Yeah. *(Mocking)*

Paul

A news reporter walking by that night saw Hannah's killer on this street. She could not see who it was. But if she had not been there, it could have been seen as an accident, not murder. *(Rose hugs Marjorie).* That reporter wrote about what happened. We went on the radio to talk about the loss of Hannah, about this awful event, this tragedy. *(Voice emotion.)* We are calling for a citywide hunt for Hannah's killer. We are here to speak about what her life meant to us. *(Crowd mumbles.)* Let me quote what the reporter said in her article. *(Looks at paper)* "**Our world is insane. Gangs and nations are the same, violent tribes have no higher law. We all live in streets of pain. Our cities? Our nation? Where's our humanity?**" Hannah said to me: "Give your life.... for all of us. Who are you?"

Marjorie *(Street Lady)*

Yeah, who are you? We're tired. Everybody's sick. ... We need leaders.

Paul

We lost a great leader.

Rose

Hey! Wait! (*With passion.*) We are the leaders. This neighborhood is ours.
(*Applause.*)

Paul

Okay. Okay. Thank you. We are here to honor Hannah. She wanted to stop drugs, and the violence. (*Pause*). How can we remember this woman?

Rose

She wanted us to take responsibility. We are the leaders now. That includes you and me. (*Points to Paul.*)

Marjorie

She wanted safe streets.

Rose

She gave her life for us. She loved us.

Paul

So, where do we begin?

Don

We want jobs. (*Marjorie starts chanting. Others follow collectively* 😊 **We want jobs, we want jobs, we want jobs, we want jobs..**)

Paul (*Raises his hand*)

Okay, okay, okay. Let's talk.

Majorie (*lady of the street*)

Hannah said we could own this land.

Paul

If the city bought this land, could you manage it? Could you make money with it? You need training. You can't create jobs yourself.

Chuck (*Angry*)

How do you know we need training?

Paul

I know.

Rose

We're ready to learn.

Paul

The city is in bad shape financially. We can't train you for jobs.

Tim

You don't know who we are. (*Furious*)

Paul

You need money to buy land. Where are you gonna get the money?
(Rumbling noises, angry voices, booo, urrrrr.) There are no leaders here.
(More angry noises. Rose stands up with a run of beating drums. She shakes her finger at the politician. A viola backed with a fast moving drum plays her melody.)

I'm a Leader Now (Rose)

I can live, I can see, I can really be, somebody, somebody. I ain't lame in shame no more no more. I ain't sore no more. I ain't full of lead, not walkin' dead no more. I feel good. I feel good. I'm a leader now. Mister politician we got a mission. It's our decision and it's our mission to change this street. With you we want to meet. We are a community. We are a community.

*Ladies repeat this song above and substitute "We" for "I". **We are all leaders now.** As Rose sings, Marjorie and other ladies, dance with a touch of drum, a swish of strings, and she gestures at the politician. She and the other ladies gesture in harmony with each other in musical conversation. **We are a community.** Marjorie joins with a final accompaniment and a crescendo ending, then, Paul holds up his hand:*

Paul (*Holds up his hand*)

What's going on here?

Marjorie, Bag Lady

This is where we live. It's time you did something. Get us jobs. Buy us bonds. Get us jobs. Buy us bonds. (*Women repeat the mantra.*) *Ladies chant together and circle Paul): **Get us jobs. Buy us bonds. Get us jobs. Buy us bonds. Get us jobs. Buy us bonds.***

Rose

(Speaking to Paul). Hannah told me the city could buy this land. You could make a community corporation with those bonds. We can pay off the city.

Don

Hannah told us that you could find the money.

Paul

The city is not ready to give you money.

Rose

The city murdered Hannah. The city murdered Hannah.

Ladies Chant Together:

The City Kills. The City Kills. The City Kills, The City Kills...

(Paul is visibly moved.)

Marjorie

My sister starved to death. The city killed my sister. The city starves people.

Rose

Rose goes over to Paul and looks him in the eye.

The city drugs us, and kills us. You don't care. Big money guys come here and visit our women. *(The gang members have learned their dance routine from Joe and now move close to Paul, surround him with song and aggressive dance.*

The Gang: This Gun is Me

Can you see? This gun is me. Can you see? Can you see? This is the way we go. This is the flow, the way we go. This gun is me. Me, and this gun are one. It does what I say. It's here to stay. What do you want? You fuck. Leave us alone Keep your luck. By the way you suck! You fuck We spit on all cops. I hate, and loathe cops. They kill all my friends. We hate cops. I hate and loath cops. They kill all our friends. They Kill, Kill and I spit each day on cops. They killed Hannah's brother, our brother. We live own way. We fight and we live our way. Live fast die young and have a good lookin' corpse, a fuckin' good corpse You know. The cops kill. The politicians lie. Hey, Live fast die young and have a good lookin' corpse. You know. The cops kill, Politicians lie. Hey, Live now, die tomorrow with a good fuckin' corpse We hate cops. They kill, kill, kill, kill, all our friends. I spit spit on all cops cops. They kill kill kill kill all all my friends. Kill, Kill and cheat, cheat and Lie, Lie, Lie. I shit each day on cops. They killed Hannah's brother. Live fast die young and have a fine, fine, fucking good corpse. I hate all cops I hate all cops. I hate all cops Hate HATE DOUBLE HATE Hate Hate Hate Hate. Yeah! Yeah! Yeah Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Shit, Piss, Screw all cops Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Hey, Hey, Hey, fine fuckin' corpse. Yeah Yeah Yeah good lookin'' corpse Oh yeah!

Applause.

Chuck

(Jumping center stage and shouting with the gang song in the background). You'll pay for this. (Greatly agitated, he is restrained). You find the money, man. You cheat, liar. You phony... Jack told me that you were visiting Hannah...and you are married...(Chuck is straining against his gang member's arms). You'll pay for this. "This gun is me." This gun is me." (Quickly the scene darkens as thunder sounds and Jack's trumpet song is rising in the background, "How I want her."

Rose

(Rose steps up to the platform and on a stool so that she is the same height as Paul, looking at him eyeball to eyeball.) Hannah told me you would help us. If you love trees, you can love us. Now is the time, Mister. Act now. We want action. Action.

The stage goes black. Jack's song is played with increasing tempo. Slowly the music shifts into the tempo of Hannah (violin with Bitter Birds) and the stage slowly brightens as we see Hannah meeting with her brother Jim on "the other side." They are standing in a blue light by the Oak tree that her brother loved when he was on earth.

III Scene 3: Going to the Other Side

Hannah, Joe and Beatrice are shadowed in deep blue light standing by the tree that Jim loved and where the police killed him. There is sunlight coming from upstage, suggesting this transition between heaven and earth.

Beatrice

You are changing the form of your body, from the earth plane to our side. You will see Jim soon. Feel the energy here.

Hannah:

I wanna see Jim. I could not stop crying when he was killed.

Joe

He's proud of you. He learned a lot on earth and he's learning more here. We have to go deep, layer, by layer. Rage hides grief; hate hides fear. Love gets refined, slow, in the fires of the earth.

Beatrice

Emotions distill and purify. There is a limit on what we can do. You will meet Jim and learn about Jack on earth. You gotta be ready. Jack will need you.

Joe

Your friends have to change themselves. But you can teach them through their dreams. That's about it.

Beatrice

Look, here comes Paul.

Joe

And here comes Jack. They can't see each other. *(They back off stage.)*

III Scene 4

We see Paul and Jack walking toward each other oblivious of the fact that they are heading toward one another because they are looking the other way. They suddenly see each other as they come close and are shocked. They stop, face one another, and speak with emotion.

Paul (Fury)

Damn. Damn...I know you killed Hannah. You murderer. You are evil. *(They both eyeball at each other, then walk farther on past each other, looking at each other with rage)* When they prove it, you will burn in the chair.

Jack

You bastard, go fuck yourself.

(Paul rushes Jack, tackling him. They wrestle viciously, and are caught in a terrible hugging connection like fighters in a ring, trapped in each other's embrace. You hear the sound of thunder and see lightning as they fight for twenty seconds. Don and Tim approach the wrestling scene and look on for a second.

Tim

They're cool.

Don

Hey, you guys. ...You look like you love each other. *(They kick the wrestlers rolling on the ground in a kidding fashion. Then, Don and Tim pull the fighters apart with great force and Jack walks away, weary, disgusted while Paul walks the other way also weary, disgusted. Stage darkens as Don and Tim leave the stage. A violin plays "Bitter Birds."*

III Scene 5: Second Town Meeting

Paul is at the podium with everyone in place. He announces that the killer, Jack, has been apprehended by the police and should get the death penalty.

Paul

Welcome everyone. Hannah's killer has been caught. It's Jack. I knew it. Rose testified in court that she saw him. He should get the death penalty but I suspect that he will spend the rest of his life in prison. He deserves worse than death. He's a psychopath. *(Chuck raises his fist.)* You all know what happened on that terrible night, the tragic loss of a great woman. *(Pause with feeling.)* But we are here to do what Hannah wanted for us. She's eternal. *(Paul is sad, Pause....)* I have good news. There was an anonymous donor to the city. We are going to buy land around here and train people for jobs, organize a land trust and put trees on this street. Rose convinced the city to comply with the plan. This land will be purchased and given gradually to all the people living and working here.

Rose

My friends live in the Church Mission House. I got residence.

Majorie

I live at the "Y." Some of us sleep on the gutters. What about them?

Paul

The Church and the "Y" will be represented, not the gutters. We'll have a parliament of residents and renters.

Chuck

There's big money somewhere. I wanna know who gave the money!

Paul

The city will provide a job program *(Chuck is visibly upset, walking back and, throwing out his hands against the points made by Paul.)* You can help us stop drugs, stop violence, and stop the prostitution! *(At this point everybody rises up and cheers. Gang members dance with their original melodies. Each has a brief moment for simple dance in turn. Chuck is angry and moving toward center stage.)*

Chuck

(Pointing a finger at Paul and shouting). You are responsible for Hannah's death. Not Jack. You came to see her every week. Jack told me you were in bed with her. You fake. You work in a fancy office and pretend to represent us, and you come down to see her at night. Jack saw you there. You shit-head. *(He starts to move toward Paul).*

Rose

Chuck. Wait! You're wrong! *(Ladies have jumped on him and grab him.)*

Chuck *(restrained)*

Jack loved Hannah. He did not murder her. It was an accident. People here know that. *(Chuck starts again to get Paul. Tim restrains him with the ladies. Finally, Chuck shouts at the top of his voice).*

Chuck

Jack will be in prison for life, you bastard. The world should know who you are! *(Everyone is stunned as Chuck is restrained. The trumpet plays the motif "This gun is me.") The lights go down and then a red light spotlights the image of Jack holding his head in sorrow behind bars and the image of Hannah holding her head in sorrow. The scene ends with their songs playing Hannah's funeral music. **Curtain.** (Wrestling with Fire)*

III Scene 6 Living in Prison

Jack and Don are facing one another in a visiting room of the prison where bars (or a netted window) exists between them. They are sitting before one another as the lights go on. A guard stands at some distance.

Don

How are ya doin'?

Jack

I'm off drugs. My mind is clear. But I'm sick. I'm lookin' for a rope. I wanna end it. Jim is gone. Hannah is gone.

Don

The detectives searched your room and found a cop's uniform in it.

Jack

Yeah? *(Tries not to show any shock.)*

Don

Who killed Jim? (*Silence.*) Jim told the cops about that drug cartel you were working with to get the stuff. Right? (*Jack is silent.*) You had a motive. Jim knew you were workin' with that international cartel. He never squealed on you. Right? He loved you. (*Silence.*) I knew somethin' was funny about that uniform cop killing Jim. It was you...wasn't it! (*Silence, 8 or 9 seconds. Don stands up sick with rage.*) You dressed up in a cop's uniform. Right? The cartel paid you to kill him. Right? (*Jack is silent.*) You Bastard! You son of a bitch! You killed Jim. (*Don slams the table. Jack remains silent. Don flies up against the cage window and spits at him.*) You fuckin' bastard. (*Don hits the cage in rage. The guard comes over upset and puts his hand on Don to calm him down. Don sits down.*)

Jack

Nobody knows what happened.

Don

So what's that cop's uniform doin' in your room? You bastard. (*Don turns away in rage with powerful energy. Jack turns his back in grief and sobbing.*) The cops don't know who killed Jim. You fuckin' bastard. (*Silence with two heaving bodies.*)

Jack

It's all over. (*Holding head, sobbing.*)

Don

You're goddamn right. It's over. You'll die here.... I can't believe it. He was your best friend! (*Jack looks sick.*)

Jack

Look. (*Breathing heavy.*) The CIA had informants in the drug cartel. That cartel and the CIA are all over the world. Jim knew CIA agents were posing as pushers. It's the way they operate. He was writing a book about human rights, the CIA, and the whole thing. Jim had the story about this cartel and undercover operations by the government. Somebody wanted Jim dead. Jim was going to blow the whistle.

Don

Who wanted him dead?

Jack

I dunno. It was the CIA or the Cartel.

Don

So what happened? Damn it.

Jack

A couple of strong guys came to my door and told me to kill Jim. I said “Get the fuck ‘otta here.” They came in and put a gun to my head, tied my arms and legs, locked headphones on me. I had loud noises comin’ in my ears all day and night. They kept doin’ this for 3 days. I told them that Jim was my friend and I would never do it for them. I said never, never. (*Sobs.*) You can’t imagine ...They put me in electric shock. The shock hit me everywhere; they wired my balls. They said they would keep doin’ this until I got rid of Jim.

Don

My God. (*Don is stunned and looks sick himself. Gets up and walks around.*) My God. Tell your story. Tell the cops.

Jack

Tell who? Jim was writin’ a book about the CIA, local cops and pushers. They was breakin’ the law. They got paramilitary operations all over the world, overthrowin’ governments. Jim knew exactly what the CIA was doin’. (*Don is silent, sick at what he hears. Jack is emotionally sick.*) I don’t know who put the shocks on me.

Don

So you did it. You killed Jim.

Jack

(*Jack nods Yes, in tears, doesn’t speak.*) These guys took me to Jim’s apartment and stood in a doorway across the street. When Jim came out of his apartment, they had their guns aimed at me. It was gonna be me, or Jim. I went back home, sick to death. I couldn’t tell anybody. I got more hooked on drugs. Hannah knew I was sick. But she didn’t know how sick.

Don

(*Don stands up walks around the room with his hands on his head.*) For Christ’s sake, tell your story, tell somebody ...for the sake of Jim. Damn it. Talk, for the sake of Hannah. She was loyal to you. She never reported you for drug pushin’. She expected you to stop. Damn it.

Jack

God I loved Hannah.

Don

I had no idea how deep you got. Hannah had faith in ya. She loved ya, prayed for ya, believed in ya, stayed with ya. You bastard. Go tell the truth.

Jack

God, I loved her. (*Hands over eyes, sobbing.*)

Don

You loved Hannah? Bullshit. You killed her brother.

Jack

Yeah...

Don

You got no balls.

Jack

Right. (*Sobbing, laughs*)

Don

What would Hannah say? Pray to God. If you love Hannah, you'll confess. I'll find that woman reporter. You talk with her. Get Jim's story out there. The gang will stick by ya...mmmm....You'll get the death penalty for killing Jim...My God!... Do it for all of us. (*Long silence*)

Jack

What's with the gang?

Don

They're workin' at Jim's "School for Kids." They're teaching 'em how to dance. They wish you were there with 'em....Holy shit. What they will say? What will they think of you. (*He cries.*) They are proud of what they are doing for Jim. They wanted me to tell ya how they are working at his school.

Jack

I got nuthin' to live for. If I tell this story, it's death row(*Silence*).

Don

Yeah. The state will give you your last shock treatment.

Jack

Yeah. (*Sobbing laugh.*)

Don

You fuckin' bastard. (*Half crying out of sympathy for Jack and the irony.*) Jim said he would die for you. Now it's your turn. You killed him. Now you die for him. (*Silence*). Hannah said to me... "There's some forgiveness, high up there, somewhere." (*Points up.*) If you name those cartel leaders, give their phone numbers and headquarters, to that reporter...and tell what you know about the CIA to the press, all that shit, somethin' good is bound to happen. If the government wants to get that cartel real bad, they'll pay for the information. You'll talk – tell them -- if they give money to Jim's school. (*Don is active, standing, sitting, thinking all the time*) I'll get a lawyer. Damn it. Do it for Hannah, Damn it. You told me you would do anything for Hannah.

Jack.

I would do anything for Hannah.

Don

Hannah would have given her life for you. Damn it! She did, damn it.....She said, "I wanna die lovin' somebody." And she walked right into you. She lived it right to the end.

Jack

"Die loving somebody." I couldn't understand. What she was sayin'.

Don

You fucking shithead. If any of us was in danger with the cops, we would give our life for them. That's what she was talkin' about. She was not sleepin' with Paul. You knucklehead. She respected him. She was workin' for you and me, waitin' for you to quit the drugs. She stayed by you... thought you had the balls to stop ...she waited... and she waited....

Jack

I thought she was sleepin' with Paul.

Don

Hannah was talking to him about Jim's work and the school ... what Jim found....love in his heart...remember ...Eros, Philia.... What was that?

Jack

Yeah, I remember, feel-ya....feel-ya-up. (*Laughs*). Yeah. That's what she was talkin' about. Feel-ya up and then Fuck 'em.

Don

It means loving your brothers and sisters. Men can love each other. (*Looks closely at Jack.*)

Jack

(*Shocked, Jack kicks the wall hard beneath the window.*) I want nuthin' to do with this love shit. (*Depressed with rage.*)

Don

We was brothers. You fuckhead. Tell the whole truth, for Jim. He would want you to tell about the CIA and the cartel. Tell everybody what Jim was writing about. The gang will respect ya for that. I know. Tell the government to give Jim's school a hundred grand, then, you'll talk. Talk to that woman reporter. Write a book. She'll help you.

Jack

I loved the gang.

Don

They're teaching kids about what Hannah was teaching (*Jack looks at length at Don. They both just look into each other's eyes. Some new "layer" is struck. Jack is half-crying, half-furious, Then....*) Shit. (*Jack pulls away and looks down.*)

Don

Talk. Sleep on it... and pray to Hannah. She loved you to the end. She would love you no matter what, wherever she is. Hannah prayed for you everyday. She would stay with you 'til hell froze over. Tell the truth. (*Jack kicks the wall under the screen.*) Jim loved ya. Hannah loved ya. The Nation loved ya. I love ya. Talk! (*Smiles*)

Jack and Don

(*Jack kicks the wall. They both smile now. Long silence. The guard is smiling, and comes over to put his hand on Don.*)

Guard

It's time..... (*they continue to look at each other*)...Times up.... It's all over! Hey! Time!

(Jack and Don fly toward each other hitting against the caged window with their hands at the same place and their heads against one another on the screen, standing there, looking into one another's eyes. The guard yanks hard on Don's shoulder. Don gives in to the guard who pulls hard. Jack and Don look at each other for one last intense moment Don reaches the door, looks back and leaves.

The Guard

(Smiles and pushes Don out the door.) It must be love.

III Scene 7 Love is Many Things

(The scene opens with Jack in a flat bed sleeping in prison clothes, bars. Hannah becomes visible in a blue light while Jack is sleeping, but hearing her song in his dream. Jack stirs and gradually shows that he hears her even though it must be a dream. He begins to sit up in bed in a daze. He starts to pay attention, and to sing with her.

Love is Many Things

Hannah: *(violin)*

Love is many things for you and me. Love is many things, that is the key. Love is loads of things for you and me. Love is countless things for you and for me. Oh. Love is stormy; love is heaven; love is power Love is mellow; Love is intense. But how do you love your brother?

Jack in bed (Trumpet):

I want to kiss your lips, Yes. *(Trumpet accompaniment throughout, and at times muted.)*

Hannah

Yes, love is warm.

Jack

Love is warm. (Muted)

Hannah

Love is full.

Jack

I love you. Here is how! *(Trumpet plays [ad lib] virtuoso.)*

Hannah:

That's right. Keep it going. But "Slow it down. Slow down. Right on!" Now it's okay.

Love is hot! Love is fire; Love is bold; Love is tough; Love is soft, between you and me. Love is giving; Love is caring; Love is respect; Love is funny; Love is a balm. Love is a friend. Long-time friends you and me. Great deep-long friends forever. We are friends, strong and dear friends. But how do you love your neighbors? Oh. How do you love others... Your brothers, your sisters? Tell me!

Jack

How I want you. How I want you. Oh. Oh. I wanna kiss your lips. I wanna kiss you now.

Hannah

Wait a minute. Do you know what I mean? When the storm breaks; when the gangs fight with all their might; do you have what it takes? To love who you hate, with fire, with care, with heart. Do you have what it takes -- the balls, the guts, the heart, the mind. You have a soul, Jack. Listen to your soul. Listen to your soul. Do you know what I mean? Love is *strong*; love is *joy*,

Jack

Love is wild; love is free.

Hannah

Love is faith; Be bold, be brave, dare to love all. I love you.

Jack

How I want you. (*Trumpet*)

Hannah

But how do you love your brothers, all brothers? Your sisters? *The same*? Do you know what I mean? When the storm breaks, when the gangs fight, when the wars start... Do you have what it takes? Do you know how to love?

Jack

Do I know how to love!?

Hannah

Yes. Do you have balls to respect each one on the street. To *honor* is to *love*. Do you know what I mean?

Jack

Yes I know what you mean!

Hannah

Do you know what I mean? Love is strong and tender

Jack

Love is wild; love is tender.

Hannah

Love is power; love is there in all things.

Jack

How I want you. How I want you. Oh, Oh. I wanna kiss your lips I wanna kiss you now, Kiss you now, Oh, Kiss you now.

Hannah

Oh Love is *gentle*, you and me. Love is *power*, you and me But how do you love your brother? And those cops? And those cops and those cops! The same? Do you know what I mean? Think of the children. Do it for my brother and for me.

Jack

I can do it for you. I love you. I love you

Hannah

Love is wild; love is warm; love is full; Love is fire Love is bold; love is kind; love is faith between you and me. Long time friends you and me. Great deep-long friends forever.

Jack

I love you forever

Hannah

Love is thoughtful. Love is passion. Love is tender. Love is caring. Love is so grand. Love is in you Love is gentle. Love is your friend Are you ready? to be loving? Are you ready? Are you ready? to be loving... to all of us? Are you ready?

Jack

How I Love you. How I Love you. I can love just like you say. Yes, I can love like that. How I Love you. How I Love you. How I love You. *Now I see you.*

Hannah

How I Love you. I think you're ready. Now, you're ready. I know.

Jack

I know I'm ready.

Scene Ends (Instrumental music continues the motif softly.)

III Scene 8 Can you be Brothers?

Paul heads home, weary, stops by the Oak Tree. He sits down and falls asleep while his music motif (The Tree) is played by bassoon. Hannah appears out of the dark side of the stage with one hand on her face, indicating sorrow. Paul hears the music, sits up slowly, not yet seeing her in a blue light.)

Paul

Oh, my God! Hannah! Are you here? What?..... What is happening?

Hannah's Ghost

I can't leave, Paul, not yet. Tell me what you are doing.

Paul

I can't believe that I hear you talking.

Hannah's Ghost

It's another world, Paul. But I'm here.

Paul

My God! (*Still shocked.*)

Hannah

What's going on with the street?

Paul

Your friends are organized. They are teaching each other how to live. And, and those thugs -- I mean those men....and.. and your clients. They're creating their own community police.

Hannah

(*Brightens*) My friends need you. Go deeper, Paul.

Paul

What do you mean?

Hannah

Sing deep, feel deep, dance deep. Go back, dance with my friends.

Paul

I'm not like them. (*Upset again.*)

Hannah (*Singing*).

Help Jack. You got another layer to go.

Paul

Layer?

Hannah

Jack needs you. (*Singing.*)

Can You be Brothers?

Hannah:

Can you be brothers? Can you be brothers? Go visit Jack in prison. Go visit Jack in prison

Paul

No! No! Justice has been done.

Hannah and Jack duet:

H. Go visit Jack; he needs you. (*See Music Score for more.*)

P. He does not! H. Well, sing your fear of him. P. I have no fear of him. H. Then sing your hate for him. P. I have no hate for him. H. Yes you do. P. I do not. H. Know all your hate before it's too late

Paul

Why do you speak to me of this?

Hannah

On the earth I was bitter but I sang my bitterness. And I soon became free. I was able to recover. Just like my brother. Listen. No more bitter birds. No more bitter birds. No more bitter birds. I can shape the note, the pitch, the beat. And so can you! Go sing your hate before it's too late.

Paul

I do not hate, why tell me this?

Hannah

You could go mad. You could go mad. It takes just one second to kill. And you are now like Jack on Earth.

Paul

I am not like Jack No, no, no, no, no!

Hannah

You need a song. You need a song before you say "So long."

Paul

On Earth is this my fate? To sing a song of hate?

Hannah

You are a child of the earth. Take all forces you hate and change your fate, change your fate. Change your fate. Find a higher Source for your work. The root of energy...The root of it all -- is Divine.

Paul

Well, who knows?

Hannah

Do this for me.

Paul:

What?

Hannah

Find the roots of the earth in the beat of your feet. Find the power of the earth in the beat of your feet.

Paul

What!

Hannah

Your body carries all energies in exquisite design, Oh.

Paul:

What!

Hannah

Our body has the echoes of all mountains and volcanoes. Don't you see? You are the energy of the sea. You are the key.

Paul

What do you mean? Listen close. Who blows the breeze for you and me? Who made a tree? Who built the sun with a ton of fire?

Paul

I do not know. You must find that fire and get out of this mire See Jack, See Jack.

Paul and Hannah:

P. No! No! No! H. He's your brother! P: No Never! H. Then sing your hate for Jack. P. No No No Hannah

You have the solution to this pollution.

Paul

My God, Hannah!

Hannah

Chant a chord, hum a tune and soon, you will find a beat in your feet, in your gut, in your heart, and then a melody. Just wait and see

Paul:

I cannot.

Duet

H. Yes you can. P. No I can't. H. Yes you can P. No I can't H. Yes P. No. H. Yes P. No H. Yes P. No. Yes.

Hannah

Sing the word "hate" just for me: Hate, Hate, Louder, Higher, Hate,

Duet P. H.

Hate I I really hate hate Jack. I hate Jack with all my might.

Now you first, then me with harmony. I hate Jack with all my might. I hate Jack. Jack. I hate, hate Jack, Jack with all my might, Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah.

H. Are you ready? To see Jack? P. No, No, No, No. Are you ready? H. Are you ready to see Jack in prison?

Paul

How I Love you.

Hannah

Are you ready to see Jack in prison? Can you be brothers?

Paul

Can we be brothers? How I Love you. Now, I see you! How I Love you.

Hannah and Paul: Rapid

I think you're ready. P. How I Love you. H. You're ready I know. P. I'm ready. H. Now I'm leaving.

Paul and Hannah: Rapid

Don't go, don't go! H. I know you're ready. P. Yes H. Yes

Paul

And I love the guy!

I love the guy. (*Toward the audience.*)

(*The dream scene fades quickly as Paul turns and holds his head.*)

III Scene 9 Song of Sisters

Rose walks to the Oak tree, lies down and begins to mutter.)

Rose

I miss you Hannah. *Hannah's violin starts on Walkin' Dead. Rose falls asleep. Hannah finally appears in a blue light and Rose awakens, shocked to hear the music. Hannah, is that you? (Stammering) Am I crazy?*

Hannah

It's not too late.

Rose

I can't live or die. Hannah, Speak to me.

Hannah

Remember those strangers on our street? (*Normal speech*) Now I sing with them, and with the poets. Sing with me.

Rose

What?

Song of Sisters

Hannah: Where is our humanity, humanity? Oh, much madness is divine, divine. To the discerning Eye, much sense is stark. Madness, madness. To you I would not lie. Assent and you are sane. Dissent, and its the cane. You are tied with a chain, a chain. [*Emily Dickenson*] By the beat of your feet, by the pace of your pulse, your pulse; by the cadence of your heart just a rhyme at a time. We will soon find a pitch, a pitch, soon, to sing together. Let us try let us try. Here we go.

Rose and Hannah in Duet

Here we go. Much madness is divine. To the discerning Eye. Much sense is stark Madness, Madness. To you I would not lie. Assent and you are sane. Dissent and its the cane; you are tied with a chain, chain Yes. We have it. We have it. (*Singing in harmony.*) By the beat of your feet By the pace of your pulse, your pulse. By the cadence of your heart just a rhyme at a time. We will soon find a pitch, a pitch. Together. It is our ministry to stop this misery.

Rose

I think I have got it.

Hannah

I think you have got it. Yes, Yes. Now I must take my leave, my leave. We are all apostles in a very high cause. Yes, Yes. We're the song of creation. By birth, by birth. We are the music of the earth. We are the music of the earth. We are the music of the earth. Yes, Yes.

(Stage Darkens. As the full stage begins to brighten again, we find Paul, Rose, and Don, bumping into each other on the street. The three of them look at each other in amazement. They greet each other— almost as though nothing happened in these dreams. But each is a little embarrassed, affected by the dreams, half conscious of what had just happened.)

ACT IV: The Dynamics of Hope

The instrumental music "Wrestling with Fire" plays between scenes. Paul (business suit), Rose (well dressed) and Don (suave clothes), meet on the street, surprised to see one another. They begin talking about the changes that have taken place in the last couple of years. This all begins in mime and music, shaking hands, hugging, hands go up in surprise!

IV Scene I Two years later

Paul

Wow! What a surprise to see you. Long time no see. What's happening?

Rose

Yeah! We haven't seen you for years. We've made progress.

Paul

I had no idea that your father was a billionaire! Hannah me that your father was rotten to the core I had no idea... He left you all that money. You were the anonymous donor to the city. You took your inheritance to build the land trust.

Rose

Yeah. Before he died, he said he was sorry for what he did. He was top dog in that drug cartel. He put all his money into a Swiss Bank. And he willed it to me before he died.

Don

When Rose told me about that money, I could not believe it. And her father's connection with that cartel...it blew me away. The city had no money, so Rose was the donor. I said "Holy Moses." When the gang found out, they said, "Holy shit!"

Rose

There was a lot of suffering in our family. But my father repented and wanted to atone for what he did. So, we got this land and now we own the street. Hannah would be happy.

Paul

My God. Hannah helped you out of that mental hospital. The doctors gave you drugs. You wouldn't take them. You ended up in the gutter. Dammit. I never knew *who you were*.

Rose

So, who are you?

Paul

I'm a businessman. I want to rent space on your land. Who do I see?

Rose

You see me. I'm the director of the land trust. Some people call me the "dictator." You were right. It's not easy to manage this land.

Paul

What do you mean?

Rose

The land trust is working but it's not all cookies and cake.

Paul

What's the problem?

Rose

People don't participate like we hoped.

Paul

You don't have a Rose garden?

Rose

We don't have a Rose garden!

Paul

How's the land trust and the factory going?

Rose

Community ownership.... Self-management in the factory. But it's not easy. Some people are lazy. And the gang...*(looks at Don)*

Don

(Don shakes a dance, and horns play.) The gang's a team...all clean...we gotta a lean team. We rhyme in slime, big time, sing each day with pay. We donate to Jim's school. The kids study...ah... "conflict resolution."

Paul

So, the guys are after Jim's dream. And Jack?

Don

He should have got manslaughter, not life in prison. But he's got a bigger story to tell. You won't believe it but he's gonna tell it. He's been talkin'

with that woman reporter. He's been now over a year writing a book. But we will need a lawyer, big time.

Paul

He was on drugs, working the street. What else?

Rose

My father told me about Jack, just before he died. He said Jack worked with the cartel and got mixed up with the CIA. Jack's got a lot to talk about. He's gonna die for Jim.

Paul

What?

Don

Paul, look at that kid over there. *(Changes the subject.)* They call him "The Gun." He just moved here and he's going to kill somebody, someday. He looks like Jack, walks like Jack, talks like Jack. *(There has been a 15-year old boy in the shadows sitting on the curb, tossing a gun with great interest and curiosity. He aims his gun toward a target on the wall, practicing accuracy. He goes over and checks his target as he shoots BBs again.)*

Rose

See that woman. She's just come from the state hospital.... schizophrenic. She won't take prescriptions. She won't talk to us... Just like me. She can't live or die. How can we help her? *(Rose smiles at Paul. There is an old woman lying down on the other side of the stage in tattered clothes in the same place that Rose had sat earlier.)*

Don

Damn. We need Hannah. She could talk to people. *(Pause, as they all look down, another long silence, walking around, then, embarrassed, sad, Paul speaks.)*

Paul

(They all look down.) Well, it's been nice to see you. Someday, tell me more about Jack. I'm curious. The street looks good.

Rose

Yeah, it's nice to see you.

Don

We need you.

Paul

I'll think about it. *(He turns to walk away. They all step to walk in different directions but each pauses as they take a step, as though they were thinking about the past and struck by their memories. Joe and Beatrice come out from separate sides of the stage, right and left and gesture music together at each end of the stage, "We will change this street." Don, Paul, and Rose stop and begin to walk a few steps back as a blue light flashes on and off with lightning where they stood before. It is as though they start the scene all over.)*

Joe (Sings)

They forgot their mission. 'It is their decision.

Beatrice (Sings)

Shock them with harmony. *(Bassoon and violin "Change this Street." Lightning, thunder on stage.)*

IV Scene 2 The Last Decision

Don

Paul. We need you.

Paul

What can I do?

Rose

Big corporations are trying to buy votes from our citizens.

Don

We was hoping you could help us. We wanna expose them... Hannah said, "Stop deceit on this street." They paying citizens to get their votes.

Rose

We need you.

Paul

You could get the facts. You...uh...*We* ...could get journalists to tell the truth in the newspapers, get this information on television. Remember that woman reporter, Beatrice?

Don

Now you're talking. (*Pause. They become attracted to one another and excited about the future, slapping hands.*) Could you help Jack make his appeal?

Paul

Yeah, I was thinking... He needs a really good lawyer.

Rose

Jack knows things that would blow your mind.

Don

He's ready to die. He's gonna give his life for Jim and Hannah.

Paul

What! They're dead. What're you talking about?

Rose

Hey. He's "dead alive." But Jack's story ain't pretty. Hannah and Jim gave their lives for him. Now he's ready... Hannah once said to him, "Love like a warrior.

Paul

I know. I took lessons from her. She taught me about Buddha and the Sufis, the Torah, the Talmud, and the Kabbalah. She said "Love defies death." I do Hindu meditations, do the breath of fire...(*Breathes the Breath of Fire*)

Rose

Hannah talked to Jack about giving his life, not just for Jim or the gang. It was more than that.

Don

What was she talkin' about?

Rose

She died for all of us.

Don

What do you mean? For our brothers and sisters...that “philia” love she talked about?

Paul

It was Agape, what Jim talked about. He said “Live for humanity.”

Don

Holy shit! (*Swears with energy, laughing, so audience laughs.*)

Paul

What is Jack’s story?

Rose

Jack ain’t no a Rose Garden.

Don

Hey. Hannah said, “There is more to Jack than meets the eye. I’ll take you to him. (*They all turn and move upstage stage, excited.*)

Paul

Yeah. (*turns around like a dancer*).... Let’s go.

Don

I loved Hannah. (*Looking at Paul.*)

Paul

I loved Hannah. (*Looking at Don. They slap hands.*)

Rose

I loved Hannah. And Jack loved Hannah. Jack will “live” his story....

Don

Wait. (*He looks around.*) A man visited our gang, years ago, on the old street. He taught us...

Paul

Yeah, and that woman reporter...

Rose

She taught me how to sing. Now the land trust has a song. Let me show you around the place. (*Reaches out to put her arm around Paul and they walk.*)

Don

Paul, you pushed the city for the land trust.

Rose

Yeah, but you put it together.

Don

I'm gonna call the prison and make an appointment. We gotta see Jack!

Paul

Yeah. I wanna see that guy.

Don

Are you ready! ...,for Jack's story! (*Violin on Love is Many Things as the threesome leave and Beatrice and Joe come back on center stage.*)

Beatrice

(*Comes forward quickly as the group leaves and looks at the boy tossing his gun, aiming at the target*) Joe, before we leave, people need a little more help. Astonish the boy with Melody.

Joe

(*Looks at the Bag Lady*) Stun that lady with Song.
Joe and Beatrice walk over to the new figures on the block and wave their wands but nothing happens. No music.

Joe

My God! It's all gone. I have no power.

Beatrice

I cannot shock, or startle, or stun. We are done.

Joe

And so any more singing... is up to them.

Beatrice

Oh dear. (*Hands over her face.*) We gotta bring back some memory, the healing songs. But it is up to them. (*The lights go out and immediately out of the corners of the stage the cast appears with the whole chorus. Actors sing to all each of their songs in turn, harmonizing. See Sheet Music. Joe and Beatrice dance with the Finale Chorus song and with the roll of the drum they jump and bow before each other, and to the audience as the Finale Chorus goes along at its pace. The young boy with a gun is sitting in front of the curtain. He stands up and begins to look at what is happening. The lady in rags is waking up. The chorus ends with a fortissimo and the new lady and new boy stand and point to the audience as they shout with the chorus and point to the audience: Are you ready?!!*)

Chorus: Finale

Oh, Oh, Two people who believed, Two people. They said: The earth is made of something fine, more than you can see or touch. They said: Everything is richer than you think. Everyone, Everyone, is filled with majesty and grace. Halleluiah.. Oo Oo Oo ooooooo and quantum of light coming from an inner place. Yes, but you must have the eyes to see, the ears to hear, and the sense to feel. These people sing from town to town teaching everybody, everything. They found a woman on the street who was close to death and she knew the quest of humankind. Right there on the street, this angel on the street knew the question to ask her friends Listen

Hannah: Hey friends, Do you know who you are? Do you know who you are? You are more than you think. Do you care about your street? Yes, Yes, your street. Do you care about your street? Tell us, Tell us, What are you here for? We are a people of passion, Passion.

Choir: And there were men with passion, deep passion.

Jack: How I want you. How I want you. How I love you. Oh, Oy. Can you see? This gun is me. This is the way we go. We spit on all cops; I hate and loathe cops. They kill my friends. We hate cops. I hate and hate cops they kill all our friends.

Chorus: And there were men with great sensitivity.

Paul: You are only a tree as far as I can see. But you are made just for me. And, What can I do with a dangerous gang?

Choir: They had lost their way.

Don: We lost our way. We're no longer the same.

Choir: And there were others who were very sad.

Rose: I cannot live; I cannot die; I cannot live or die. I cannot see or be.

Choir: Notice all the energy, lost, buried, gone, all love seems lost. Hate, Fear, Jealousy, Bitter birds Bitter birds.

Choir: Now these two people sang magic to this woman of the street who spoke her song of love to all.

Hannah: Love is many things for you and me. Love is many things; that is the key; love is tender; love is power; Love is golden, Love is intense. So how do you love your brothers? How do you love your sisters?

Choir: And things began to happen. They sang to each other.

Jack: We spit on all cops. I hate and loathe cops

Paul: We honor all cops.

(*Duet Paul, Jack Counterpoint*) I need, (I like) cops; I need, (I hate) cops, cops I need, (I hate) cops cops I need (I hate) cops, cops (I hate) want; I (hate) want; I I need (hate), I, I need (hate) We love, love cops, cops, cops, cops. (*Counterpoint*) What can I do with a dangerous cop? gang? Gang, (Cop), Gang, (Cop), Gang, (Cop) Gang.

Jack and Paul (*Counterpoint*). How I want her How I, I want her, How How I I love love you, Oh Oh Oy Oy.

Choir: And things began to happen.

Rose: I ain't lame in shame -- No more, no more. I'm a leader now. I'm a leader now. I'm a leader now. I'm a leader now. We are leaders now. I cannot live I cannot die I cannot live or die I cannot see or be. (*Drums*).

Counterpoint: Jack: Cop Cop Cop Cop Cop Cop Paul: Hate, hate, hate.

Hannah: By the beat of your feet. By the pace of your pulse, your pulse. By the cadence of your heart just a rhyme at a time We will soon find a pitch to sing together By the beat, beat, beat of your feet feet, feet, feet, and then by the pace of your pulse. By the cadence of your heart just a rhyme at a time; We will soon find a pitch to sing together. By the beat of your feet; By the pace of your pulse, your pulse. By the cadence of your heart just a rhyme at a time. We will soon find a pitch to sing together. By the beat of your feet; By the pace of your pulse; By the cadence of your heart just a rhyme at a time. We will soon find a pitch to sing together.

Choir: One day, all of you will sing a choral symphony. The universe will play through you, its gratefulness for finding your humanity.

The earth will sing to you, Its gratitude,

The winds, like violins
will compose a score,
The rocks, like trumpets,
will sound their lore,
The birds, like flutes,
will pitch a voice,
The whales, like clarinets,
will play their hymn of choice,
The seas, like bass drums
Will make deep sounds
The clouds, the hills, and streams,
And nature all 'round
Will boom a symphony
Through you.

You will hear, Each knoll, each cave, play its chord
like a sword, Each tree, a melody, each cell, its memory.

Each stream, a theme. So sing.

You will be the overture
To this future symphony.

Find the source

Of Nature's force,

Hidden from sight,

Go to the light by song.

The song begins on your street
through the beat of your feet.

Don't hide your power

Sing deep; beat the drums,

The thugs, the gangs and bangs

It's not too late to stop the hate.

See the glory in our story

They built community, to find humanity

Sing your song,

The song of your soul.

The song of your soul.

The song of your soul!

Are you ready?!!

The End

Encore Songs available on sheet music.

Summary

This is the story of people on the street who try to change their way of life. They have help from two mysterious beings called The Music Makers who teach that people have music inside themselves, somewhere within their soul, giving power to their lives. The goal is to find that music.

A central figure in the play is Hannah, a woman on the street whose brother was killed in a police raid. She takes the lead in transforming herself in the spirit of her dead brother, facing the rage of gangs, drug addicts, the despair of the homeless and the apathy of politicians, risking her life to overcome this dreadful existence. She vows to live to the fullness of her soul, loving every person she meets. A mystery prevails around how she could love the one who killed her brother. A chorus lifts these events to another level as people sing of revelation and evolution. The drama is about how people live through suffering and find a new identity.

This play is written in the spirit and life of a reformed hooker (self-defined) that I knew. She studied Carl Jung and counseled people on the deep energy of their body, the vibrations of the earth in their lives.

ⁱⁱ *The ethnic, racial, religious setting in which the play is performed can create a special dialogue at the outset. For example, Joseph could be Hispanic or Beatrice could be African American. They could be Irish or Italian American, Latino, or Asian. They talk about what it is like to be in these bodies in the opening of the play. The spiritual quality and purpose of their mission assumes a special meaning in each locale in which the play is performed. The culture of the locale becomes a basis for improvisation.*

ⁱⁱⁱ An option

After the Intermission, just before the next act, the Director can invite specialists to improvise the roles of Jack and Hannah. The Director must judge the time and purpose for bringing audience members on stage to improvise the last scene before Intermission. Any "audience participation" is a Director's choice, depending on the nature and purpose of the play and the time involved in giving the play some finish. In other words, when the audience returns, the audience can be invited to improvise on the last scene to see what any other male-female couple might do, taking the emotion of the last scene and repeating some of the lines. Below are examples of scenes of action. Jack and Hannah would have many options to re-create in this scene. The point of this improvisation would be to explore the potential for changing energy of rage. Wherever the Director may choose, the amateur actors can explore power and new authority in the relationship. Each actor has tracks to explore. For example,

HANNAH (THE ACTRESS) COULD IMPROVISE IN REHEARSAL. Here are a few choices for Hannah -- to re-create this scene.

- 1) An aggressive choice. Hannah, trained in self-defense, stops Jack's blow with her arm, masterfully, by a jiu-jitsu maneuver. Then, she gives him a karate punch that disables him. She kicks him in the groin. She cracks him on the side of the neck with another Karate punch. Jack is stunned. With her belt, Hannah ties his arms behind his back, and then takes off his belt. She binds his feet with his belt, bending his legs behind his back. Now, he cannot move to harm anyone. As he lay helpless, she starts to talk to him about what happened.
- 2) In another aggressive improvisation, Hannah uses the power of Jack's own energy, put forth in his attempt to hit her, and redirects it away from her. This action sends him flying against the wall. An extra kick by her sends him hard into the wall, stunning him. She adds a neck punch. Since, he could die. Tjos actopm changes the whole story from this point forward. Hannah is in trouble, not Jack.
- 3) If Jack survives her defensive action, she laughs with him, and says "Jack, you have to get into judo." Now, friendly, at least amiable enough to convince him that she is on his side, that she is able to work at his level of energy. She is angry with him for losing his cool; not angry with him as Jack the person.
- 4) Hannah anticipates Jack's rage going out of control by the sound of his voice. Before he is able to strike at her, she speaks to him powerfully, in high regard of his manpower. She says, "You are the most powerful man on the street!" She speaks quickly about his great strength, so much so, that he listens. He feels more important, respected. She then talks him into teaching other men. He speaks at length about his ability to

change the street, with her. Now they are together. She says that this politician, Paul, could learn a lot from him, “Jack, you are really on the ball. We need you here.” Teach these politicians.
More improvisation for Hannah can occur here, an untold number of responses for her.

JACK (THE ACTOR) COULD IMPROVISE IN REHEARSAL. The following are seven examples for improvisation. Many more are possible:

- 1) Jack, as an actor, feels in the scene, deep rage with no restraint. The slap in rehearsal is a stage slap, a bare miss, with Hannah pretending to fall back hard against the wall, exactly the way it would happen in the scene of the play.
- 2) Jack the improviser, feels the same rage, but he does not slap Hannah physically; instead, he slaps her verbally. With the same power, he stereotypes Hannah without hitting her. He yells obscenities. Jack speaks gloomily of women in general.
- 3) Jack feels the same rage energy, speaking with power, but now honestly talking about what she has done in particular events to enrage him. He speaks with authority about her mistakes.
- 4) Jack keeps the energy, but begins to speak more from his heart, speaking about his hurt, as well as his rage, speaking with still more authority, but a different kind. Jack points to what he sees as Hannah's weakness, describing each event in some detail in ways that he felt she did wrong, accusing her of some specific corruption, without losing energy.
- 5) Jack speaks with the same energy, but in this case speaks of not only a fault in Hannah, reminding her of specific events in which she has gone wrong, in his opinion, but saying that he respects her. The tone changes. He tells her of his own rage, perhaps searching for its source. Then, he speaks of his own failures, without guilt.
- 6) Jack, filled with the same power, speaks of not only his hurt but his deep love for Hannah, calling for help from any source, perhaps even asking her for help, from tones of despair to humility....
- 7) Jack transforms the scene by the power of his love for Hannah is greater than his need, because he senses her high energy. The energy of his rage now merges with the power of his love, transfiguring the relationship. This changes the direction of the play.