AN EXAMINATION OF THE DIRECTORIAL PROCESS
FOR A PRODUCTION OF STREAMERS

A Thesis
Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree of Master of Fine Arts

by
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Approved by

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This thesis is dedicated to Chris Flaharty and Toshiro Ogawa both of whom are true artists and gentlemen, my parents, Robert and Rose DePaul for their continued support of my chosen career in the theatre and most of all to my beloved Julie, whose encouragement, patience, understanding and love energized me when I thought I had nothing more to give and without whom this project would not have been possible.
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"Theatre Isn't Pretty"

"The law of realistic drama says that cause and effect operate in a procedural way and I don't think it does in life. If you stop somebody in a subway you might get a lecture or you might get a knife in the ribs."

---David Rabe

When I first chose Streamers for my MFA thesis, it was because I had a strong emotional response to the script. The play excited me because the characters are so unpredictable in their behavior and are so textured and complex. These are desperate men trapped in a situation they cannot understand, identify or find an escape from. Fear leads these men in directions they never thought they'd travel. They have every reason in the world to help each other, to be considerate. Instead they throw barriers around themselves for self-preservation. These people misunderstand each other; their lies and deception and masquerading games lead inevitably to violence.

Mike Nichols, the director of the original production of Streamers, said of the play: "You know what this play reminds me of? Ethel Rosenberg's last grab for the matron just before she sat in the electric chair. We can understand why she embraced the matron--There is a strong element of that in the play--A quick grab, a quick hug, just as you might do in a plane if the plane were about to crash. Unfortunately, what intervenes in most of our lives are the rules that say you can hug like this but not like that." I think exciting theatre occurs when an audience is kept off balance, doesn't know what will happen next, what to expect.

I recall my first production meeting, when I was asked what the audience should feel from my production of Streamers. The audience should feel what it must feel; I would like each member of the audience to feel as if he were seeing his best friend have open heart surgery. Streamers should be an emotional and physical experience. As Bertholt Brecht said: "Art isn't nice."

---Director's Program Notes

February 1983
DAVID RABE'S PLAYS

David Rabe was born in 1940 in Dubuque, Iowa, and lived his early years there. He was raised by his parents, who were middle class Catholics. He received a degree in English from Loras College in Iowa. It was while he was a student at Loras that he began writing plays. His plays are a reaction against the commercial theatre of the late sixties that he encountered after he returned from Vietnam. "Upon my return from the war the theatre seemed lightweight, all fluff and metaphor, spangle, posture, and glitter crammed into a form as rigid as any machine geared to reproduce itself endlessly."¹ Rabe felt his play should deal with socially significant issues. Although many of the values he learned from his conservative upbringing surface time and again in his plays, the most significant influence on Rabe's playwriting was the time he spent as a soldier fighting in Vietnam in 1966.

Joseph Papp discovered Rabe's writing talent in the Public Theatre's playwriting workshops. Rabe's playwriting made a strong impression on Papp, who produced The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel, Rabe's first play. This play concerns the basic training of an army trainee, Pavlo Hummel, who, through his experiences with the army, gradually loses his innocence and finally his life in

Vietnam. The play burst on the Off Broadway scene and received favorable critical response. John Simon commented in Uneasy Stages about the new playwright on the New York scene: "Pavel Hummel's horror seems to be comic, as is a nightmare that is so outrageous as to be almost amusing, except that it devastates all the same. What is frightening here is the semblance of logic, of benevolence even, about the inhumanity ... the dialog has an assurance that gives it historic authority and it is marshalled in a way that gives it artistic dignity. Rabe knows the war having been there and what is more he knows how to write."2

With The Basic Training of Pavel Hummel, Rabe gauged the effect of the war on the soldiers who fought it. In his next play, Sticks and Bones, he presents the story of what happened when these soldiers returned home. David, a disabled veteran, returns home blinded from the war. He is delivered like an unwanted package to his "all-American" family, the Nelsons. Rabe models this family after the television show Ozzie and Harriet, a symbol of the perfect American family, and satirically portrays this family's lack of compassion and understanding for their son's handicap as America tried to ignore the problems of returning veterans. They deny that David ever fought in the war and refuse to understand how their son feels about his altered consciousness. Rabe speaks of

the Nelson family: "Though the family looks right at things, though they listen very carefully they do not see or hear." 3 David cannot stand the superficiality of his parents' world after living through the harsh reality of the war. Finally at the urging of his parents who are desperate for a return to normalcy, he slashes his wrists and kills himself.

*Sticks and Bones* was produced on Broadway in 1971 and won the Tony Award for best play of that year. The Columbia Broadcasting System later produced the play for network television. This video version also received critical acclaim and catapulted Rabe into national attention for his writing.

*The Orphan*, however, was a critical disaster. In his first two plays Rabe wrote about the Vietnam war, a subject he knew very well. *The Orphan* is a play based on Aeschylus' *Orestëia*. With this confusing, loosely structured play, Rabe tried to dramatize the events of *The Oresteia* mixing in flashes of Charles Manson, the Sharon Tate murders and the Mai Lai massacre. The result was understandably confusing.

Rabe's next play fared much better. *In The Boom Boom Room* received mixed critical reviews. This is a story about Chrissy, a dancer who works in the Boom Boom Room, a go-go bar. Throughout the play Chrissy tries to escape from this sleazy world but the men in her life constantly drag her back down. "The Boom Boom Room, a sexual market

3 Cohn, p. 33.
place, is Rabe's metaphor for contemporary American civilization where art degenerates to pandering.  "4

With Streamers Rabe returned to a Vietnam subject. Although the play was the final one in his Vietnam trilogy, the action occurs early in America's involvement in the war. In form it is the most conventional play Rabe has written. Although the critical reaction to this play was mixed, this sensitive and compelling character piece garnered Rabe the N. Y. Drama Critics Circle Award for best play of 1976. "Streamers is a slowly developing but increasingly interesting mood piece, making a sensitive statement about loneliness and comraderie in the midst of the fear of dying."5

4 Cohn, p. 33.

BACKGROUND: VIETNAM

Nineteen sixty five, the year Streamers takes place, was a significant year in terms of U.S. involvement in Vietnam. The following excerpt from The New York Times traces the escalation of U.S. troops in Vietnam from July 1964 to June 1965:6

In July 1964 the first major American buildup in troops since 1961 occurs in Vietnam. Five thousand military "advisers" are sent to train South Vietnamese troops.

In August 1964 American planes bomb selected targets in North Vietnam in retaliation for fire upon U.S. warships.

In February 1965 the United States begin regular air raids on North Vietnam.

In March 1965 the first American ground troops arrive. Approximately 3,500 marines arrive. According to the U.S. State Department, they are there only in a military advisory capacity.

In June 1965 the State Department acknowledged publicly that U.S. ground troops were actively engaged in combat. Until that time the U.S. State Department had held the contention that it's troops were involved in the war only in a military advisory capacity. Now

troops were not only defending key positions but were actively seeking out Vietnamese forces with offensive attacks.

In June the strength of U.S. forces had increased to 75,000 men. This escalation significantly changed the character of U.S. involvement in Vietnam. The United States had made a commitment to win the war. The threat of fighting in Vietnam had become a daily fact of life for stateside soldiers. *Streamers* expresses their fear about being sent to fight in the war; this fear was justified in terms of U.S. policy concerning Vietnam.

When the rehearsal process began it was necessary to familiarize the cast with important elements of the world of this play. Although most of the actors were approximately the correct ages of the characters in the script, their life experience was limited. First it was necessary to enrich the cast's understanding of the time in which the play takes place. Since the play is set in June 1965, it was essential to approach the play as a period piece in terms of research and in relating specific information of the era to the cast.

The primary materials that were presented to the actors were popular magazines of the day such as *Life*, *Look*, *Playboy* and *Sports Illustrated*, so that they could see the way people dressed, read about the things that concerned people, and get the general look and spirit of the time. The company had a limited knowledge of the Vietnam war. Many of the cast were
not in grade school at the time the play takes place, and in fact, some were not yet born. Most of their understanding of the war had been distorted through popular movies and a strong 1970's anti-war attitude. It was extremely important for the actors to explore and understand the American attitudes towards the war in 1965, so once again we turned to magazines and also to newspapers. The cast was amazed to discover that Vietnam was not always front page news at that time. The United States' involvement was just beginning to escalate in Southeast Asia and the American public was just beginning to discover the extent to which the United States was committed to Vietnam. By reading letters and news articles of the time, the cast made the discovery that many people supported the war very strongly, and the media was developing a nationalistic pride (much like Billy expresses in the play) in reporting the war and America's effort to stamp out communism in Southeast Asia. This attitude contrasted sharply with the media's treatment of the Vietnam war in the seventies, which generally condemned the war as morally wrong.

Exposure to these ideas gave the actors a less personalized outlook on their characters and their attitudes concerning Vietnam. Because the time of the play is somewhat contemporary, the actors tended to look back on the Vietnam experience with a present day attitude. The idea was constantly reinforced to the actors that these characters are just beginning to find out about the war.
CURRENT SIGNIFICANCE OF STREAMERS

An audience seeing Streamers in 1983 will find the play relevant for several reasons. San Salvador, Lebanon, and Nicaragua, are all potential Vietnams, and make this play relevant. It is possible that someday many could be faced with a situation similar to that in Streamers. The play has significance for veterans who may recall the tensions of living through the military experience and contending with the threat of dying in war.

Demonstrating how living with the pressures of war affect the men who may have to fight it, the play is also pertinent because it examines some very important universal human issues. Through its characters the play explores the need for people to strive to communicate and understand one another on a personal level by portraying the horrible violence which may result from the failure to communicate. Each character has every reason to understand the other but when they fail to communicate, they devastate each other.

David Rabe best sums up the significance of Streamers: "I want to make violence unbearable and not saleable. If people watching a human being knife another human being and ask themselves why instead of just shrugging it off—that is the theatre's ability to reach people."\(^7\)

\(^7\) Mel Gussow, "Is Rabe Compelled 'to Keep Trying?',' "The New York Times, May 12, 1976, p. 34."
INITIAL REACTIONS TO THE SCRIPT

On the first reading, Streamers seemed little more than a barracks-room sexual melodrama where boy attempts to get boy and sexual tensions lead to a murderous revenge. I was intrigued by the characters, although in many ways they seemed to be from a stereotypical war film genre: Billy, the straight, midwestern all-American boy; Richie, the rich, self-indulgent barracks gadfly; Roger, the "good" black; Carlyle, the "bad" black; Cokes and Rooney, the grizzled, alcoholic veterans. The play seemed to have all the ingredients of an updated World War II film.

Upon closer examination Streamers proved to be quite different than the popular plays and films that followed World War II. Although these plays and films reflected American society during the war complete with prejudice, poverty and racism, there was always the underlying rule that the comraderie of battle would equalize social differences and allow individuals to overcome their particular problems and unite in a happy ending where brotherhood and humanity reigned.

In Streamers David Rabe presents a social microcosm demonstrating the fact that it is "every-man-for-himself" in a struggle for identity. The play does not have a contrived happy ending where every loose end is tied up nor are all problems resolved. It is a character play, one which focuses on unique individuals. It presents an authentic representation
of human behavior, of men desperately striving to communicate. Streamers offered the opportunity to explore the relationships between characters who seem to be trapped in a society where there is little room for personal choice and where the threat of violence hangs over their lives. Although they share a common situation and have every reason to communicate, fear and frustration cause them to build protective barriers to hide their vulnerabilities. Failure to communicate, to share their feelings honestly with one another, augments their fear and leads to misunderstanding, tension, anger and, ultimately, violence and death.

These characters are human and very complex. Carlyle is fascinating because he is the least "normal" of the group—a psychopath or sociopath who wants to "fit in" but never can, alternately needing and despising the people around him. Sgt. Cokes and Richie are not as readily understandable at first reading. Richie is confusing because it is difficult to know what is truth about the character and what is pretense or game-playing. Cokes' real character is obscured by his language, by the story telling and by his horseplay with Rooney.

The play demonstrates that men live on the edge of disaster. The men in Streamers function routinely until one night in June things are pushed so far out of balance that their lives are changed forever. Even without this element of disaster, the play is a wonderful study of relationships.
The challenge of bringing such demanding characters to life makes *Streamers* a worthy thesis project.

This paper examines several major steps in the process of directing the production of *Streamers*. It traces research and pre-production preparation, character analysis, design development, techniques of staging and creating an ensemble; and includes a directorial evaluation of the process.
CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

All of the characters in this play are in opposition to each other as they are in opposition to themselves; these dynamic conflicts move the entire dramatic action of the play.

BILLY

Billy, an idealistic young man from the midwest, is motivated by a desire to understand the people around him and the feelings within himself that confuse him. He is going through a crucial time when many of the values that have been the basis of his life are being challenged by the people with whom he comes in contact and the situation in which he finds himself. Billy was raised in a small town where certain ideals, thoughts, and values were taken for granted, and he finds it very difficult to contend with these new and different ideas.

He was taught that it was honorable to fight in a war and die for his country. Now that death has become a real possibility he is fearful of it. He was raised in an all-white town and rarely associated with blacks. Now he has a roommate and friend who is black and he thinks he has got blacks all figured out. When he meets Carlyle, who is very different from Roger and who does not fit Billy's limited image of what a black man is, he is confused. He can't figure out what Carlyle wants from him, and this confusion frustrates Billy.

Billy likes Richie but he doesn't know how to deal with
his innuendos and flamboyant behavior. Billy senses that beneath his outer facade, Richie is courting him in earnest. Billy doesn't understand homosexuality, but he is equally appalled and fascinated by it. He compares Richie to his best friend Frankie. Billy and Frankie used to play games and pretend to be "queer" and pick up men at bars. Frankie went beyond the games and "became" a homosexual. Billy was close to Frankie and never understood why or how he became homosexual, so he feels betrayed by Frankie. Billy doesn't know how to deal with Richie's games, what he is really like or what he wants. Billy's solution to these problems is his belief that rationality and straight talk will clarify his situation and make everything all right. He tells Richie that if the games don't stop he will shut him out of his life completely.

Just like his neighbor who one day went crazy and chased cars up the street with axes in his hand, there is a violence beneath the surface of Billy's innocence. When Billy is pushed to the limit, forced to make a commitment to these new values he can't comprehend, suppressed confusions come pouring out of him as angry abuse. Billy's frustration and failure to resolve the conflict of his own values ironically destroy him.

RICHELIE

Richie comes from a wealthy eastern urban background. He is spoiled, worldly and cosmopolitan. His intelligence
and sharp wit seem out of place in the cadre room.

He is motivated by a need for attention, he wants companionship and affection and needs friends, but he alienates people by his outrageous behavior and theatrics, so no one really gets to know him. There are only a few moments in the play when Richie is open and honest, showing the sensitive person beneath the game-playing. The "real" Richie is very vulnerable. He presents a character, an act he has invented, so that he doesn't have to risk rejection himself. Any rejection he does receive is directed at this "unreal" character and allows the "real" Richie to brush it off and not take it personally.

He probably is a homosexual but paradoxically his constant flamboyant behavior puts a doubt in the minds of Roger and Billy, who think that the homosexuality is part of his act. When Richie tells the truth, he knows that it may not be perceived as truth because the other men are never sure if he's just playing a game. Richie understands Roger and Billy better than they understand him. When he admits to Roger that he is "queer," he does so without a risk because he knows Roger will deny what he says. He does not take this risk with Billy because he cares too much about Billy and fears rejection from him. This deep affection for Billy comes to the surface only after Billy is murdered, when Richie confesses to Roger that he wanted to hold Billy's hand. Richie's games do not work with Carlyle.
Carlyle immediately cuts through Richie's facade and calls his bluff by demanding physical satisfaction. Richie is not sexually interested in Carlyle, but uses him to play mind games with Billy, perhaps to make him jealous. By constantly playing up to Carlyle, he causes serious conflict within the group. Richie's game-playing ultimately goes beyond his control and precipitates the violent action that occurs in Act II.

ROGER

Roger, a young city black from the ghetto, plays against the street-bred "poor black" image by suppressing his "blackness" in order to fit into his present situation. He is motivated by a desire to maintain order in his life. He has found sanctuary in the army. This regimented, regulated society contains an order and control his previous life lacked. He constantly reinforces this feeling of security by involving himself with physical activities over which he has direct control, such as cleaning the cadre room. He is constantly prodding Billy and Richie to live up to their responsibilities and admonishes them when they fail to live up to his definition of "good troopers."

Roger refuses to deal with reality when it threatens to disrupt his control of a situation. When something threatens his sense of order, he turns his back on it, simplifies it or eliminates it. When Richie confesses his homosexuality, Roger refuses to believe him. When Billy
complains he is not feeling well and tries to express his feelings of confusion, Roger minimizes the situation by telling him "everybody feels like that sometime," and dismisses Billy's problem by offering the remedy of playing basketball at the gym.

Roger relates to the people around him on a very superficial level. When Richie asks Roger why he takes the military so seriously, Roger reduces the question to its most basic level and replies: "We're here aren't we Rich? We're in the army." He does not wish to go beyond the obvious and will not contend with situations that may cause controversy. When Billy is desperately trying to point out to Roger that Carlyle is a trouble maker and creating tension in their own relationship, Roger makes up a lie about Carlyle to smooth over the situation and avoid conflict at all costs.

CARLYLE

Carlyle is a transient from the ghetto who doesn't seem to fit in anywhere. He is a "poet of the gutter," street smart. He is keenly perceptive about the people around him and his own situation in the army. He has been thrust into the military where he is totally alone. He has the lowest rank and is assigned the worst jobs the army can offer. He is lonely and feels rejected by the army. Carlyle is motivated by a desire to belong. He needs companionship and is desperately seeking a place he can claim as his own. In reference to his lonely childhood, he recounts a story to the men in
which he admits he never had a real father. He constantly refers to his brother Henry and his sister. Because he is the product of a broken home, family is very important to him. He tells the men in the cadre room that they are going to be "one big happy family."

Carlyle tries to win the friendship of Billy, Roger and Richie; but the irony is that although he actively seeks their friendship, at various points in the play, he expresses an utter contempt for them. He mocks Billy, harrases Richie and criticizes Roger for not being aware of his blackness. Because Carlyle was brought up on the streets, he refuses to play games. He has the ability to see people as they are. He intuitively cuts through Richie's games; he senses Billy's distrust and tells him he can see into his heart.

Carlyle is black and proud, and he uses his blackness as a way to befriend Roger. Unlike Roger, who views the army as a sanctuary, Carlyle sees it as a prison. He pictures himself as a black man in a white man's army, someone who is being sent to fight a war that isn't his, for a country that isn't his. Carlyle will never be successful in the army. He is defensive, disrespectful and defiant. He is afraid of being sent to Vietnam, because he is sure the war is designed as a personal execution for him. He thinks he will end up in a stockade or dead in a rice paddy.

Once Carlyle feels he is a part of this group, he refuses to relinquish his place in the "happy family." When he is rejected and Billy tries to throw him out of the room, he
becomes irrational, and fear manifests itself in violence.

COKES

Sgt. Cokes needs to escape from the realities of his life. He is a career army sergeant who has fought in three wars and has witnessed many horrifying events. He relates these stories to anyone who will listen, and the more he repeats the stories the easier it is for him to live with the original horrors. Through the constant retelling, time has transformed these horrors into amusing anecdotes. Cokes is an alcoholic. He uses alcohol to dull his brain and help him forget his pain, in much the same way he uses his stories. He has just returned from fighting in Vietnam, but he blocks out the fresh horrors he has seen and denies to himself that he is dying of leukemia by staying drunk most of the time.

Sgt. Cokes is a very lonely man. He says he never had time for a family because he devoted his life to the military. Rooney is his companion, his family and his connection to the past. Rooney tells him what he needs to hear. When Rooney is with him, Cokes is never alone with his thoughts. He has a comrade who has lived through many similar experiences, someone who understands the pain he feels.

When he can't find Rooney, Cokes tells a story about the chaotic events of a day spent with Rooney, in order to bring Rooney close to him if only in his mind. He is unaware that earlier in the same room Rooney has been murdered. During this story Cokes admits to Roger and Richie his share
of responsibility for the disorder of his life. He admits his guilt in connection with the war by retelling the story of a "gook" he killed in a spider hole. However, this honesty is only momentary, for Cokes cannot accept the guilt of responsibility; so he reduces this memory to a farcical level by comparing it to a Charlie Chaplin movie.

ROONEY

Rooney is Cokes' sidekick, a burnt-out drunk who cannot function in the army anymore. Roger calls him a booze hound; Billy describes him as incompetent. Yet the army has classified him as a demolitions expert and he is being sent to serve in Vietnam in that capacity. Rooney constantly escapes to the past by telling stories or listening to Cokes tell stories that he has heard a hundred times. These stories keep him in touch with a time when he was a hero. He needs Cokes and Cokes needs him: they function in the play as a unit, a combined consciousness. Cokes gives Rooney ego support and Rooney helps Cokes to forget his pain. Cokes constantly praises Rooney and assures him he will be the next Congressional Medal of Honor winner. Rooney, however, is so inept that he will certainly be killed in Vietnam, either by the enemy or by his own clumsiness. When Rooney tries to apprehend Carlyle for murdering Billy, he is actually placed in a situation where in a drunken delusion he thinks he can act as a hero; but he cannot live up to that image and is murdered.
CASTING STREAMERS

The roles of Billy and Richie were surprisingly easy to cast. Mark Gilchrist and Jeff Yagher were both well-trained actors who were the correct ages for these characters and were physically excellent for these roles. The role of Billy is challenging because it requires an actor who must project a natural and an innocent quality as well as a wide range of emotions. Mark had the inventiveness and sensitivity to sustain the subtle nuances of Billy's personality. The character of Richie is also complex, with a variety of emotional and intellectual levels. This character more than any needs an actor with imagination to delineate the games, the teases, the "mask" that Richie takes on and off at will throughout the play. Jeff's versatility seemed ideal for the demands of the character. These actors more than any others available had the potential to realize these roles.

On the other hand I felt certain that compromises would have to be made concerning my original conceptions in casting the black roles and those of the older sergeants, because of the lack of trained black actors with any degree of ability or experience and the lack of character actors in the Department. Not only was it possible that I might not secure actors who would be right for the roles physically or emotionally, but I might not be able to cast these roles at all from the acting talent that was available.
The roles of Carlyle and Roger require sensitivity and emotional range, as well as technical training. Since the Theatre Department did not have the black talent to fill these roles, a special call was made outside the Department for black actors. Fortunately, two actors were found who had the potential to develop these complex characterizations. The actor cast as Roger was a high school student from the Columbus School of Performing Arts. Ric Walker had minimal experience but seemed physically right for the role. His youth and enthusiasm to play the role of Roger compensated to some extent for his lack of training and experience. Guy Jones, the actor chosen for Carlyle, was a master's student in Black Studies, training in dance at the University. Guy had significant acting training and displayed a strong sensitivity for this role. This actor seemed to intuitively pick up the rhythms and physicality of Carlyle. He was cast because of his unique response to the character and because of his understanding of the black consciousness, which could be very valuable in the building of his character.

There was a problem casting the roles of Sgts. Cokes and Rooney in a college situation. Ideally these characters should be in their fifties, but there were no actors available in this age range, so younger men had to be cast in these roles. It was crucial to cast men who would project enough maturity to contrast emotionally and physically with
The younger soldiers. John Koetz, who played the role of Sgt. Rooney, had the physicality required for the older sergeant and he also exhibited a childlike naivete, which would be an interesting contrast for the older, tough-talking Rooney. This actor was unknown to me and he had virtually no acting training or apparent instinctive acting talent. In this case I settled for the appearance of the sergeant. A well-trained actor was available for the role of Sgt. Cokes. John Kuhn had the sensitivity and technical expertise to build the role, but I thought he might have difficulties with certain aspects of the characterization, specifically Cokes' speeches which were extensive.

The MP's (Tim Forrest, Joe Bernardo, Craig Green and Jay Dorff) were cast on the basis of their physicality and stage presence. The roles are brief, with few lines, but important because of action responsibilities. Martin (Glenn Hopkins) was chosen for his unusual reading of the role and his emotional intensity.

In general, a difficulty with all of the actors was their limited life experience concerning important elements of the world of the play, specifically the military and living with the fears and pressures of the potential of being sent to fight in a war. However, these actors exhibited a fine sensitivity and eagerness to familiarize themselves with these elements and demonstrated good potential to merge into an effective ensemble.
BUILDING AN ENSEMBLE

To give the actors first hand information on what it was like to be in the military during the war, I arranged for a military advisor from the Rickenbacker Air Force Base to speak with the cast. It was valuable for them to ask questions of someone who had lived through the Vietnam experience and to discuss aspects of military life with an expert. David Bradley, a career army sergeant spoke to the cast at a rehearsal. It was somewhat intimidating for Sgt. Bradley to speak to the cast in this situation because the company treated him very formally. Despite all the formality, Sgt. Bradley did provide some useful information that was integrated into the production. He explained some of the military jargon of the play, defining unfamiliar terms such as "dopp kit" and "spec 4." He explained that spec 4, which is the rank of the men in the cadre room, was a grade achieved by time and service in the military. He told us that men who were awarded this rank were given certain privileges, including bunking apart from the rest of the company in a more private room. He described jobs that Roger, Billy and Richie might hold, and from this information the decision was made that Roger and Richie would be office workers and Billy would be assigned to field work. These choices would affect the way the men dress: the office uniforms were khaki and the field uniforms were green. This color difference added visual
variety to the costuming of the production.

The most useful information Sgt. Bradley contributed was his confirmation of the authenticity of *Streamers*. He had read the play and assured us that during his twenty years of military service he had encountered many people like the men in the play. He said that the routines described in the text of the play were accurate representations of the behavior of men who live on a military installation.

The actors then asked Sgt. Bradley specific questions relating to their individual characters. The following are some of the more significant discoveries the actors made from their inquiries:

Jeff Yagher (Richie) asked the Sergeant how men in the army would react to Richie's homosexuality and flamboyant behavior. Jeff wondered if such a person would be beaten up, humiliated or otherwise degraded by his peers. Sgt. Bradley found Jeff's query very amusing, and said that the other men would probably be glad to have someone like Richie in the barracks to break up the boring routine. Such concerns as homosexuality were of little consequence to men who were about to be shipped out to fight in a war. Sgt. Bradley personally felt that if a soldier's personality and behavior did not interfere with the successful completion of his duties or disrupt the daily routine of the barracks, nothing much would be made of it. This attitude
surprised Jeff, who had a narrow view of homosexuality and gave him a new perspective from which to examine his character.

Guy Jones (Carlyle) asked about the racial attitudes of the men in the military in 1965. The Sergeant could not recall much racial tension at that time. He said most of the tension that was felt concerned the possibility of being sent to fight in Vietnam. He assured us that everyone was treated equally in the military: "like dogs."

John Kuhn (Cokes) asked if the Sergeants were portrayed accurately. Sgt. Bradley assured him that Cokes and Rooney were very believable and that he himself had personal encounters with this type of soldier. It was his general observation that the succession of wars--World War II, Korea, Vietnam--had taken their toll on these career men and that many of them tried to escape from their memories by drinking. He said that alcohol abuse was common and severe among "lifers" in the army.

The session with Sgt. Bradley was useful because it supported the authenticity of the play. Another important effect it had on the company was to stimulate their imaginations and excite them about working on the project.

At Sgt. Bradley's recommendation I consulted the Book of Army Regulations for documented information concerning what was expected of army personnel. This information would further expand the cast's knowledge of their char-
acters and enable them to incorporate details that are emphasized in the "Standards of Military Conduct." The following are excerpts of the more significant points included in the production.  

A. Bearing: "Bearing is one's overall appearance, carriage, deportment, and conduct." All soldiers are judged on their bearing, and the actors had to be aware of the differences between the way they behaved among themselves with little regard for regulations and the way they would present themselves to the Sergeants.

B. Enthusiasm: "The display of interest and zeal in the performances of one's duties." This particular point was useful in developing contrast between characters. For example, Roger approaches his responsibilities with energy and pride while Richie and Carlyle constantly violated this point of the code.

C. Unselfishness: "Look out for others and provide for their needs. Team work goes farther than individual effort." The men in this play are looking out for themselves. Although they have every reason to help one another they constantly turn their backs and refuse the person in need.

D. Integrity: "The quality of truthfulness

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8Army ROTC Cadet Guide (Columbus: The Ohio State University, 1982), p. II-1.
and honesty are of utmost importance for a soldier. Your word and signature are your bond," These characters are not often honest with each other. They rarely mean what they say or tell each other their true feelings.

The most useful observation made concerning these rules is that the army may make certain demands of its soldiers, but their behavior does not always live up to a rule in a regulation book.

The next section of the manual that related to the play was the "Standards of Appearance." The following is an excerpt from that section:

"General: Whether or not you are in uniform you represent the armed forces of the United States and must maintain high standards of appearance at all times."\(^9\)

This section lists specific rules concerning general grooming, practices such as how a soldier should wear his uniform and cut his hair. It also explores the formalities of saluting, reporting procedures and proper speech etiquette. The last thing we examined was the military section on "taboos," which listed things that were forbidden on army bases:\(^10\)


A. Defaming The Uniform
B. Making Excuses
C. Smoking At Certain Times
D. Excessive Use Of Alcohol
E. Mixing Portions Of The Uniform In A Manner Unauthorized By The Army

The interesting thing about these taboos is that every one of them is flagrantly violated by one character or another at some point in the play.

To further explain the technical execution of such fundamental activities as saluting, standing at attention and wearing the uniform, another military expert was consulted. A member of the cast who had served in the military was very familiar with these activities. He demonstrated physically to the cast how to properly execute these activities, drilled the company, corrected their stances and critiqued their salutes.

These sessions enriched the actors' understanding of the play and kept them involved with finding details to incorporate into their characterizations.
BUILDING INDIVIDUAL CHARACTERS

The following section is devoted to a study of some of the problems with which the actors had to contend in the development of their characterizations for Streamers. Also discussed are directorial techniques and suggestions that were used in an effort to solve or minimize these problems.

BILLY

Mark Gilchrist is a very intelligent actor. He was physically right for the character and has a natural quality that was suitable for Billy. Mark's difficulty was that he tried to resolve the problem of a scene too quickly and became bored and complacent with his character choices. Part of Billy's frustration is that he cannot resolve the conflicts inside him. A technique I used to stimulate Mark was to give him physical problems to solve on the stage. He would have to find ways to mop the entire room in a very short time, or get undressed and change his clothes by the end of a short speech. When he couldn't achieve these objectives, a frustration occurred that he could incorporate into his character. Mark was very good about using the circumstances around him and reacting naturally in the manner of his character. Originally the scene where Billy is recounting the story of Frankie was staged with Mark lying in his bed, staring motionless at the ceiling. The effect of this monologue was that it sounded natural but
was visually uninteresting and had little variety. Billy is very uncomfortable with this memory and finds it difficult to relate the story objectively. The scene was restaged with Mark shifting positions in bed, twisting himself in the blankets as he painfully recalls the story. This action helped the actor by physicalizing the emotions he feels.

Mark likes to be balanced and in control on stage but this control did not work for Billy, who needs to appear off balance and searching for control of his situation. I asked Mark to look for specific places in every scene where Billy loses control. This objective became a game for Mark, and it kept him searching and thinking of ways to project this emotional imbalance of the character.

**RICHIE**

Jeff Yagher is a well-trained actor with a great deal of sensitivity and imagination. His attractive, boyish looks and quality of vulnerability lent themselves very well to the character of Richie. His central problem in building his characterization was in the area of character analysis. He didn't approach Richie with enough imagination to transcend his own stereotypical view of homosexuals. The problem for the director was to help him find a balance between the image Richie projects through the games he plays and the person he really is beneath the "mask." This actor responds well to ideas, and in discussions about the character, I very specifically pointed out lines and actions in
in the script that are clues to when, how and why Richie plays these games. The point of these discussions was to get the actor thinking so he could look beyond himself and investigate the script to find more potentials for his character, to find some places in the script where, for brief moments, the games would stop, and then the mask would immediately go up again to protect the vulnerable Richie. It was emphasized throughout the production that he shouldn't play at being a "homosexual." There is no prototype for a homosexual. Richie's personality is developed from his motivations and behavior which must come from the text and not from a prejudiced view of the character. This prejudice was a tremendous block for Jeff. He committed strongly to his choice that Richie really is a homosexual, but he could not be objective about his responses to the character's behavior and mold them into a consistent characterization. He had to be prodded constantly to return to the text for justification of character choices that he tried in rehearsal. Many of his earlier choices were satirical because the actor seemed to be commenting on the character's "homosexuality" instead of finding keys to develop natural behavior to reveal the person that Richie really is.

ROGER

Roger is the voice of order and must be the controlling force in the cadre room. Ric Walker had difficulty in taking command of the stage when his character needed to
do so. Since Ric was a high school senior with very little experience, he felt intimidated by the older, more experienced actors. It was necessary to reinforce the actor positively and make him feel confident in his abilities. As the rehearsals progressed, Ric developed more confidence as he became more familiar with the actors playing Richie and Billy. As a result, he was able to command authority on the stage and feel more at ease as an actor.

It was not easy for Ric to improvise; I had to choose very specific tasks for him to perform, like shining shoes, folding clothes, waxing the floor. Since Roger is always straightening the room, I searched for many activities to give Ric a specific focus and to put his mind on physical tasks that would help him develop his character. Because of his lack of technique, Ric also needed to be shown the manner in whichRoger would approach an activity. I had to demonstrate for him exactly how to attack his activities. I emphasized to Ric that Roger is extremely neat and precise. He takes a great pride in his appearance and the way he approaches his duties. The actor was intelligent and responsive to these suggestions. He soon developed a technique for portraying Roger's "style."

CARLYLE

The actor playing Carlyle, Guy Jones, had an immediate connection with the character of Carlyle. Guy intuitively realized that Carlyle is a confused person, desperately
seeking friendship. He seems to grasp the basic personality of his character very quickly. Guy's problems did not lie in the analysis of his character. His major problems were in the execution of movement and diction.

Guy is a dancer, is very agile and has natural movement ability, but he was hyperactive on stage, and exhibited too much extraneous movement. As a result, he appeared to be unfocused physically and I had to find ways to extend his concentration to include his physicality. Guy responded very well to images of movement. The first image he was given was a nervous, caged animal, a panther. He was allowed to improvise his blocking using this image. However, he was never able to remain in one place. His movement did not highlight the text, his gestures became excessive and unmotivated, hindering his communication with the other actors and weakening his focus in the scene. I evaluated this use of images and realized that it was compounding Guy's movement problem. He was given very specific blocking instructions limiting this movement throughout the room. Confining this hyperactive person to restricted positions allowed him to communicate better with the other actors and also projected Carlyle's nervousness and uneasiness more specifically than allowing the actor to wander freely.

Although Guy had a natural ability to interpret lines, many of his words were lost because he spoke too rapidly
and did not have the technical expertise to render lines at that speed. The actor was made aware of this problem, was given standard diction exercises and was urged to warm up vocally before each rehearsal. I suggested that Guy concentrate on playing the condition of being drunk to slow the rate of his speech. The actor made some improvement but the diction problem was never completely resolved, because the emotional intensity of Carlyle's speeches caused Guy to lose concentration on his articulation.

COKE'S

John Kuhn had a difficult assignment with the characterization of Cokes. His most obvious problem was in identifying with Cokes because of the age difference between himself and the character. Cokes is in his fifties and John is in his early thirties, but looks younger. John was told to observe men of this age group at bars because he needed strong visual images of how these older men moved, talked and physically related to one another.

Since Cokes and Rooney are a team, John and the actor playing Rooney worked together extensively during the first weeks of rehearsal, separated from the rest of the cast. These actors needed to think and react as a team. The actors improvised their scenes together daily. This isolation and improvisation seemed to work well in the early rehearsals. However, their teamwork proved to be a problem as the rehearsal process progressed. When John would see Rooney
get into trouble in a scene, forgetting lines or business or blocking, he would abandon his characterization to "save the scene." John was given specific points of focus in the problem sequences, like Cokes' illness, his weakness, his drunken condition and above all his dependency on Rooney. When John concentrated on these conditions, he was able to maintain his character.

John is a technically well-trained actor with fine vocal control and good movement skills. Ironically, these skills were a problem for the character. John's voice and diction were too refined for Sgt. Cokes, so he tried various vocal exercises and listening exercises to coarsen the quality of his voice and diction.

John tended to give a very verbal performance. He delivered his speeches in an expressive manner, but did not go beyond the words to understand what motivates the character to say them. He was going for an effect when he spoke, playing the result of a speech by anticipating its impact. I told John that if he played the character honestly, the audience would get the impact. Because of this tendency to "act the words," I tried an experiment with John, using Viola Spolin's Gibberish.¹¹ This is an exercise in substituting nonsense sounds for words so that the actor must communicate the meaning of a speech through

physical means. Without the words John had to discover exactly what those words meant and where they came from in the character. This technique took John off balance and made him work harder to analyze what he was saying. It was frustrating for him, but this method helped him physicalize his character and find more interesting ways of approaching his speeches.

ROONEY

John Koetz is an actor with little training. Although he is very intelligent and displayed an eagerness to learn, he had many technical problems in voice, movement and characterization which needed constant attention. In the initial blocking rehearsals John was given much movement in his scenes. Act I was filled with moments of Rooney jumping on footlockers, running on the bed and wandering drunkenly around the room. These physical activities did not work for this actor. He became very confused, concentrating more on his blocking, which was detailed, than on what his character wants in the scene. The solution to this problem was quite simple: Since Rooney always listens to Cokes tell his stories, I restricted the actor's movement and gave him the activity of listening. Providing the actor with a simple focus and relieving him of the tensions of complex blocking allowed him to concentrate on his character with greater success.

John was very intellectual in his approach to the role
and so self-conscious on stage he couldn't concentrate on playing his character. He needed physical problems to solve to place his concentration on the action around him on the stage. Simple tasks such as trying to tuck in his shirt or tie his shoes when he was listening in a scene helped the actor feel less self-conscious. John would pre-plan all of the activities he had to achieve on the stage. As a result, he rarely made adjustments within a scene. Improvisation was used in an attempt to free him from his tendency to pre-plan his actions.

John seemed at first intimidated by the actor playing Cokes and had a difficult time relating to him physically. To ease his inhibitions he was given a game to play that helped him develop a physical relationship with Cokes. John was told he could not speak to Cokes unless he touched him. Each time Rooney changed thoughts within a scene, John would have to find a different way of touching Cokes. This exercise encouraged the actor to become aware of how his character related physically to others.
STAGING THE PLAY

Many factors contribute to the staging of a play. The following are a few of the significant ideas used in the staging of this play.

The space assigned for Streamers was a small, flexible black box theatre. Because this theatre was so intimate, anywhere the acting area was placed would offer a close audience-to-stage relationship. I wanted the audience members to feel close to the action of the play, as if they were in the room with the men. A thrust stage was chosen because it placed the action close to the audience, but allowed for necessary elements of scenery such as doors and walls. The audience was seated on three sides of the platform, so sightlines had to be considered from all sides of the house. The problems of composing scenes and picturizing moments had to be carefully considered from many angles.

In the process of staging this play, the script was broken down into directorial beats based on entrances and exits of characters. Included in this beat analysis were the purpose of each scene to the play, a list of important physical objects, and the motivating factors, conflicts and ideas for movement within each unit. Applying the information from this analysis, each scene was pre-blocked before it was staged with the actors in rehearsal. This
pre-blocking gave a general idea of the actors' positions on the stage and enabled adjustments to be made on the ground-plan. For example, the beds had to be moved from their original place on the stage to better facilitate patterns of movement throughout the room. Pre-blocking saved rehearsal time, gave an overall picture of movement patterns in the plan, defined territories and areas that belonged to certain characters on the stage and suggested possible staging ideas and variations of levels with the beds and footlockers. The result of these efforts and having a specific plan of attack made the initial blocking rehearsals more efficient. The stage pictures that seemed to work best utilizing this method were scenes containing little movement, such as the conversation between Roger and Richie in Act I, where Roger is waxing the floor, or the opening scene of Act II, Scene 2, where the men are drinking and having a rap session. Although these scenes required adjustments in body positions, they remained within the general framework originally visualized in the pre-blocking. The scenes that did not work well with this technique were the violent scenes, such as the stabbings of Billy and Sgt. Rooney, and the M.P. scene when there were many actors on the stage. No matter how much the preparation for these scenes, they still had to be carefully choreographed with the actors to make them effective.

After these initial rehearsals the staging of the play
was evaluated. The picturization highlighted certain moments but in general seemed very contrived, looking like a series of pictures put on a stage. One of the things I wanted to achieve in staging this production of Streamers was to make the behavior of these men in relationship to the room as natural as possible. In the intimate space of the studio theatre, any artifice in staging or stage movement would be detected by the audience. To achieve natural movement the actors were given physical activities that would be a part of the regular routine of people living in a cadre room on a military base. For example, one of the main duties required of soldiers is to keep their rooms immaculate. Cleaning the room was an activity that could be used effectively throughout the play in many scenes for various reasons. I was positive if the actors were involved with these genuine physical activities, natural movement patterns would develop in the room. These activities allowed the actors to focus on completing specific tasks rather than "acting in space." They gave the actors freedom to treat the acting area as a genuine room rather than a performance space.

An example of the use of a physical activity as a focus for a scene occurred the first time Roger and Carlyle meet. When the scene was first staged, Roger was sitting on his bed smoking a cigarette when Carlyle entered. Roger sat and listened while Carlyle walked through the room, looking
into lockers, trying to convince Roger to come away with him. The scene was blocked well, but the action on the stage said very little about what was happening in the scene. In this picturization Carlyle controls the scene and sets the movement pattern. Carlyle is a stranger coming into the room, looking for Roger. Since Roger is the controlling force in the room, he should dominate the movement of the scene. Roger was given the physical activity of sweeping the room and this simple adjustment visually changed the meaning of the entire scene. When Carlyle entered, Roger involved himself with the sweeping so he wouldn't be tempted by Carlyle to leave the room and neglect his duties. He stubbornly attended to his job, continually moving away from Carlyle, who followed Roger around the room. With this activity Roger successfully deflected Carlyle's advancements. The activity helped physicalize the emotional tone of the scene.

In the first scene in which Billy, Roger and Richie are together in the room, activities were chosen for each actor that would make a specific statement about his character. To demonstrate his strong sense of organization, Roger was seated at his bed, meticulously sorting his clothes, neatly putting them away into his footlocker and taking care to fold each article in an organized, controlled manner. Billy is very frustrated. He was sitting on his bed, working intently on a sore toe, furiously filing as he speaks. Richie, the barracks clown, enters the room in an overly
dramatic manner. He begins changing for the shower, flinging his clothes around frivolously. He laughs and mocks Billy and tries to distract his roommates from their activities. I looked for business throughout the play that would define character, especially commonplace activities such as cleaning, smoking, dressing and drinking. It was emphasized to the actors that it was not enough to do the activities, but that they should approach each activity in a manner that would be specific for their characters.

Where the playwright places characters alone on the stage, an attempt was made to fill the moment with activities to define something very specific about that person. At Roger's first entrance in Act I, he was heard singing happily down the hall in a relaxed, carefree manner. As soon as he entered the room, he began to clean automatically as he sings his song, unconsciously doing what he always does. He emptied an ashtray carefully into the wastebasket, threw away a soda bottle, neatly hung up his clothes and walked down to his bed. All of these activities were done in a precise, meticulous manner. Roger sat on the bed and became aware of the boring routine that repeats itself day in and day out. Being in the room depresses him, so he slumped forward and held his head in his hands. Because he doesn't want to give into this depression, he used a physical activity to block out emotional tension. He stood up like a robot, fell forward and banged out twenty
pushups in a mechanical manner. In Act II Richie is left alone when Roger and Billy go to the gym. In the production he parodies a love song to Billy ("He's Just My Bill") and danced around the room singing to Billy's pillow. He then dropped his clownish facade and quietly sat down to read a book. This scene was a perfect chance to show contrasting qualities in Richie, the flamboyant and preening clown and the Richie nobody sees, all barriers down and quietly reading with no pretensions.

The idea of contrast was important in staging this production. When characters were sharing an intimate scene, I wanted to create the illusions of the space in the room contracting to emphasize this intimacy and expanding at other moments in the play.

An example of this idea of contracting/expanding space occurs in the first Act when Billy, Roger and Richie are talking about the possibility of being sent to Vietnam. This is one of the few moments in the play where the men are relating their true feelings to one another and are not throwing protective barriers around themselves. David Rabe says in his stage directions that "the one thing they share is war: The threat of it." This common bond was emphasized through a stage picture. At the beginning of the scene the men are cleaning in various areas of the room, isolated from one another. Roger asks Billy a question about Vietnam and the men all leave their cleaning
activities and gather close together in the center of the room. As the conversation intensifies and turns to specifics of the war, the scene was staged with the men packed close together stage center, intimately discussing their personal fears and attitudes about the reality of fighting and dying in the war. When the subject drifts away from this common fear, the intimacy of this scene is destroyed. The men felt awkward about their physical closeness and retreated back to their own areas. This increased the distance between them and caused the focus to spread to the room at large again.

Another example of using contrast in staging to picturize the change of emotion in a scene occurs with Roger and Carlyle in their first scene together. Roger is avoiding Carlyle throughout the scene. Roger moved around the room sweeping, keeping as far away from Carlyle as he could. Finally Carlyle fell to his knees and expressed the real terror he felt about the possibility of dying in the war. This plea for compassion from Carlyle strikes a chord with Roger. He stopped sweeping and came from across the room to share a personal moment with Carlyle, sitting knee to knee on his footlocker.

I wanted to expand the space between characters in the room at specific moments throughout the production, when characters needed to avoid conflicts, or were avoiding emotional involvement with one another. In the scene
where Roger and Billy are talking about going to the gym, the original staging was simple, with the two men sitting close together on Billy's bed. As the scene developed in rehearsal, I realized that Billy is feeling emotionally down in the dumps and is seeking comfort from Roger. He wants to talk to Roger, sort out and communicate his feelings to him, but Roger does not want to get involved with Billy's emotions. For this scene to work Roger had to physically avoid Billy. In the final staging of the scene, Billy was isolated on his bed with little movement. Roger dribbled the ball energetically and talked to Billy from across the room. This physical distance between the men helped emphasize the fact that Roger could not get close to Billy emotionally.

Another use of contrast in changing the illusion of space occurred in the M.P. scene. The stage was suddenly filled with bodies and frantic activity. The room seemed to be packed, the space cramped and the action chaotic. When the M.P.'s finished their business, they left as quickly as they came, and Roger and Richie were alone on the stage. The sudden emptiness is the room by contrast made the stage space seem large and barren.

The use of these contrasting stage positions to give the illusion of the space expanding/contracting was useful in some scenes, but the small physical size of the platform limited the staging of other scenes. Even
if the men were across the room from one another, there was no way for them to avoid seeing each other or hearing one another's conversations. To reduce this problem the world of the play was expanded beyond the cadre room into the hallway. The hall provided an extension beyond the room, a neutral ground where the men could go if the tensions of the room became unbearable. Early in Act I when Richie admits he is a homosexual, the scene was originally staged completely within the room. The conversation between Roger and Richie seemed unbelievable because Billy does not want to hear what they are saying. There was not place in the room where Billy couldn't hear the conversation. The scene was restaged incorporating the hallway to give Billy a place to go to avoid the personal discomfort of hearing Richie's confession.

At another point in the play Billy was not allowed access to this neutral ground when he needed very much to leave the room. One of David Rabe's central images from the play was incorporated into staging of the scene leading up to Billy's murder: A live grenade tossed into a spider hole. I drew a parallel between this live grenade and Carlyle, and expressed this image in stage terms. The potentially explosive Carlyle was like a grenade tossed into the cadre room. In this scene Billy had the opportunity to let Carlyle and Richie alone in the room. Instead of leaving, Billy challenged Carlyle and threw a
shoe at him. This childish action infuriated and ignited Carlyle. Billy saw the potential for violence and attempted to escape from the room. Carlyle blocked Billy's exit, leaving him with no way out. Carlyle exploded in anger and murdered Billy. The same image was repeated moments later, when Rooney entered the room and challenged Carlyle with a beer bottle. Carlyle trapped Rooney against the wall lockers and murdered him.
DESIGN OF THE PLAY

THE SET

After the initial read-through and first rehearsals, it became apparent to me that Streamers had to be produced in as realistic a manner as the space would allow. The cadre room had to be treated as an actual room in terms of design and staging and the actors had to behave as if they were actually living in this cadre room. The staging had to be achieved creating natural positions, movements and organic physical activities rather than stage pictures.

The initial readings of Streamers gave me a strong image of a trap. These men are like animals caught in a situation they cannot understand and from which there is no escape. In discussions of this concept with the set designer, the idea evolved into a visual image of a steel claw which would threaten the men from above, a mangled metal beam which loomed ominously over the room, a grim representation of war which hangs like a shadow over the play. The rest of the room would be rendered authentically, an officially military, functional cadre room. This design choice was abandoned for several reasons. At the suggestion of one of the production advisors, the set designer built a scale model of the studio theatre and created his design in this space. The model clearly showed that this
particular design could not work in the studio theatre. The height that would be necessary to give the claw an effectiveness was not available in this space. With all that twisted metal at such a close distance to the audience, key moments of the play were in danger of being lost to segments of the viewers.

The most important reason for abandoning this design was the mixed concept of an expressionistic design and a very realistic play. This particular mixed design choice did not support the world of the play. However, the basic design of the cadre room itself could be retained in a revised design, including the thrust arrangement, the raised platform, the basic ground plan and set pieces.

Further exploring the feeling of entrapment led to a visual image of a cage. The idea of soldiers in a cage was something I had discovered in my research of the Vietnam war. The Vietnamese put captured prisoners of war into barbed wire cages, treating them like animals in these very small confined areas. The cage image provided that strong feeling of confinement I wanted. The cage would completely surround the men, strongly punctuating the enclosed trapped feeling I wished to convey. I envisioned images of men mangled and entangled in the barbed wire, of ominous shadows of the cage falling across the room. The audience-to-stage relationship could be better accommodated than with the claw, and sightlines would not
be impaired as radically with this new design.

However, the aesthetic questions continually haunted me—What was the cage? Why was it there?

I continued to explore the commitment to entrapment, and tried to refine the design to a less expressionistic conclusion. The fenced in idea remained stubbornly in my mind, but the cage was modified into a barbed wire fence which would surround the compound. The audience would be separated from the stage by this fence, through which they would view the action of the play. The audience should see these men enclosed in the room, and the fence seemed to solve the aesthetic questions in a more authentic manner that was organically connected to the production. This design was the one I approved and finalized before the play went into rehearsal.

As work began with the actors on the production, I began to sense that something was still not right about the set. By observing the actors in rehearsal and with further study of the text, the discovery was made that the idea of entrapment was stated clearly enough not only by the script but also by the stage action. The conclusion of this observation was that a concrete visualization of this concept was unnecessary. The fence was removed, leaving only the cadre room. Although from the beginning I had visualized an authentic cadre room, an effort had been made to physically manifest a thematic image, in
effect superimposing it on to the play. The design
development then became a stripping away of the unnec-
essary physical elements, leaving a simple realistic en-
vIRONMENT WHERE THE IDEAS AND THEMES OF THE PLAY COULD BE
expressed by the stage action.

The feeling of intimacy and entrapment would be
further intensified by the audience’s proximity to the
stage. I wanted the audience to see the sweat on the men’s
bodies, hear them breathe, giving the spectators a sense
of being in the room with the men. It made sense that
any barrier like a fence would serve as an alienating
device that would detract from this effect. The fact that
the audience would be so close to the stage action allowed
me to accomplish simply what I had gone a long distance
to discover—that the room had to be treated simply as a
cadre room and did not need embellishment.

The final design was based on research of actual
military quarters. The set was done in the style of styl-
ized realism, with three walls and the ceiling of the cadre
room removed. The platform was placed on an angle with the
walls of the studio theatre to make it visually more inter-
esting. Official and authentic military equipment was
requisitioned for the room. To give the actors a true
feeling of what the military personnel assigned to these
quarters would experience, the beds and footlockers,
pillows and sheets were actual U.S. army issue. At one
point the beds were squeaking and I asked that plywood be placed under the mattresses to stifle what I thought was distracting noise. Once silence was achieved I realized that the sound of creaking springs was as much a part of this world as the olive drab footlockers and the boards were removed.

Every piece of set dressing was chosen with close attention to detail in order to enhance the world of the play. Most of the rooms I had seen in my research contained only essential items of furniture. Besides the beds, footlockers, and the wall lockers only a chair, stool and wastebasket were included in the cadre room. These items served a functional, utilitarian purpose. Because of the limited space on the small platform, this sparseness was necessary to avoid congestion and allow freer movement patterns throughout the room.

Although the set designer was determined to recreate the cadre room exactly as it would have been in an actual military barracks, slight adjustments had to be made to accommodate the studio theatre. For example, in a real barracks the utility closet and supplies would most probably be in the room, but the choice was made to place them in the hallway to allow for more freedom of movement on the stage and to expand the world of the play beyond the room. In a cadre room, bunks would most likely be used, but for reasons of sightlines the choice was made not to
include them in the final ground-plan. In a typical military barracks beds would be parallel to the walls. This choice is visually uninteresting; the beds were angled slightly on the platform, so they would not be parallel to the lines of the stage. Roger and Billy's beds were stage right, linking them together visually and pyschologically in the mind of the audience. Richie's bed was isolated stage left. This particular arrangement of the beds cleared avenues of movement throughout the entire room. The beds were high enough that the audience could see underneath them and far enough apart to allow movement between them. At the foot of each bed was a standard military footlocker. The wall lockers were originally placed upstage right; in this position they lined up with Roger's and Billy's beds in a visually uninteresting manner. To add variety and to reshape the room in order to create more dynamic stage pictures, the lockers were relocated stage left. This alteration helped develop more creative staging, especially the blocking of the more violent scenes.

The lighting fixtures were included in the room to give it a practical light source. From an aesthetic point of view, they echoed in a subtle way the original idea of a claw looming over the men. The lighting fixtures further defined the space by giving the room a specific dimension of height.
LIGHTING

The realistic concept of the production's set design dictated the style of lighting for the production. The lighting of the room always had a basis in motivated light sources. The play occurs in the late afternoon and evening so the natural light of the sun and moon could be used, and at times it was necessary to use the artificial fixtures to illuminate the scenes.

The most important aspect of the lighting of this production was to aesthetically separate and sharply define certain intimate scenes. This definition was achieved by limiting the space and giving focus to the actors involved in those scenes. The lighting was used to heighten mood and atmosphere, to set the emotional key for these scenes, always within a realistic framework. For example, in the opening scene of the play between Richie and Martin, David Rabe's stage directions give only very general instructions for the lighting. He tells us the season and the time of day and very little else. It is summer and it is very late in the afternoon so the choice was made to have long shadows cast by the setting sun fall across the room. The men are arguing. The intimate nature of this scene is heightened by the sunlight highlighting their faces while the rest of the room remains in shadow. This intimacy is interrupted when Billy enters and flicks on the overhead fixtures which fill the
room with light that causes the shadows to disappear. This adjustment in lighting changed the mood of the scene and enlarged the sense of the space.

In the Carlyle/Richie scene in Act II, lighting was used to heighten important areas of the room. The late afternoon sun put a focus on the door, and reflected light also gave a focus to Richie's bed. The rest of the room was in deep shadow. The scene begins with Richie in bed reading, using his practical bed lamp, which gave this area an even greater focus, and put Richie on "display" for Carlyle. Carlyle enters the room. Richie turns off the bed-lamp and crosses to the door where the "seduction" scene is played in the warm glow of the fading summer sun. The remainder of this scene is played on and around Richie's bed with the men moving in and out of shadow. The dramatic quality of this effect heightened the emotional pitch of this scene, which alternated between seduction and threat.

At the end of the play there is a moment when Cokes is given a special emphasis as he renders his final monologue. David Rabe's stage directions specifically state that Cokes is sitting in a "flower of light and the transom is glowing." This stage direction seems to indicate an arbitrary light cue for the sake of dramatic effect. Although it is essential for Cokes to have that solo emphasis, it was necessary to achieve the effect in a manner that would remain consistent with the realistic style of the
production. Several times previously in the play shafts of moonlight would fall across Billy's bed. The pattern had also been established that the hall light would never go out. This light from the hall filtering through the glass panel in the door illuminated the center of the room when the room was dark. This scene was blocked with Cokes sitting on Billy's footlocker stage center, where his face caught the moonlight and where his body was framed with the light from the hallway. The soft and cool moonlight added a sad, eerie quality which reinforced the mood of the song that Cokes sings at the end of the play.

The lighting of this production supported the emotional quality of many scenes. By exploring the world of the play, I found by altering the lighting I could get a tighter focus in terms of space, and also bring out the emotional qualities of a scene.

COSTUMES

At first glance, it would seem that because this play was military, it would be fairly simple to costume. While the military aspect dictated certain specific choices it was still necessary to carefully consider the best ways to express the unique characteristics of each person, whether he was in uniform or wearing non-military clothing.

The uniforms worn by Roger, Richie and Billy were all slightly different because of their various duties on the base. Roger and Richie are in office jobs and their attire
was summer, short sleeved khaki-colored uniforms with the spec 4 insignia. These uniforms contrasted with Billy's, who works in the field and was dressed in an olive drab color. The text calls for Carlyle to be dressed in a sloppy, greasy uniform. He is on K-P so his clothes were full of kitchen grease. Carlyle was given an oversized jacket which he always wore. His T-shirt was greasy and his boots were always unlaced. Carlyle's utter disrespect for the army was emphasised by the way he wore his uniform. Sgt. Cokes was outfitted in jungle boots and the uniform of a soldier who was in combat. He has just returned from Vietnam: His clothes are a badge of honor and a great source of pride to him. The M.P.'s were outfitted authentically in genuine military police uniforms, replete with hard helmets, combat boots, weapons and insignia.

The way these men wore their uniforms became an important indication of their attitudes towards military service. Roger was always very neat and treated his uniform with great respect. His shoes were always shined and he took great care of his uniform. Whenever he changed out of it, he took the time to fold his uniform and hang it up. Conversely Billy was very casual about the treatment of his uniform. He walked into the room and threw his clothes on the chair or his bed. He demonstrated less respect for the uniform than Roger. Richie was always
changing out of his uniform. He was rarely in full dress, most of the time wearing pieces of his uniform with a robe or no pants. Sgt. Rooney who was a career soldier, was drunk all of the time and was unaware of the sloppy unkempt appearance of his uniform. This irony added to the humor of his character.
DIRECTOR'S SELF-EVALUATION

An artist is never truly satisfied with his work, there is always room for improvement, and after the work is completed, there is time for much conjecture. Questions remain such as "What if I had done this?" or "Could I have solved that problem this way?" Although the work of the physical production stops, the process continues in the evaluation of the project. I have mixed feelings about my work as the director of this production of Streamers. These paragraphs express some of my feelings about my work on this production.

My pre-show preparation for this play was the most extensive and thorough I have ever done. In many ways it was an enormous help to me. I had been told before that in my directing I had to go beyond my own realm of understanding, but I never really understood the full meaning of that advice. I had previously thought that a director's imagination was enough to carry him through a production, but I discovered that if he uses only his own experience as a resource, the product will be too personalized, and too limited. To develop any sort of directorial process, a director must feed his imagination with new ideas to supplement what he already knows.

My knowledge of the military was limited. The most valuable research resources used were people. By thoroughly examining the text and asking questions of people who had
had fought in Vietnam or served in the army, I really understood how the people in the play lived. Part of the research for the production included living on a military base in Presidio, California. The experience of actually living in surroundings similar to the situation of the men in the play was fascinating and provided valuable background material for the production. Observing military men on their own turf, I noted the everyday commonplace activities such as smoking, drinking and physical exercise that helped alleviate the boredom of a routine-filled life. In the production I was able to include these activities and attitudes observed in different types of people in the military, details which helped me work with the cast in building their characters.

I would use a specialist whenever possible in any production I direct in the future. These people supplied details like the correct manner of arranging a footlocker and saluting, and helped clarify things I didn't understand when I first read the text, such as the reason these men lived in a special room. Applying these small details was essential in building the world of this play.

Much of the information gathered in the research was interesting but did not apply directly to my production, particularly the extensive research done on Vietnam, blacks in film and the investigation of David Rabe's plays. However, the research on blacks in film gave a better under-
standing of the black consciousness, which helped in developing the characters of Roger and Carlyle. Tracing the U.S. involvement in Vietnam enriched and refreshed my knowledge of that conflict, which hangs like a shadow over Streamers. Becoming more aware of David Rabe's background as a soldier helped authenticate for me the world he created in his play.

One very difficult task was to write out a text analysis. I had never prepared as thorough an analysis for any previous production I had directed. My responses in the past had been for the most part intuitive, and I felt rebellious to the idea of committing my ideas to paper. Previously it was easy for me to change an idea that was only in my mind and alter it to serve the needs of a particular moment; but when the idea was in black and white it didn't go away as easily, and I was forced to evaluate my ideas more completely. The original ideas for the play seem almost simplistic when I look at pre-production plans. I have learned that I should expand my thinking and use more imagination in the early stages of play preparation. For example, my initial reaction to the opening scene of the play was very superficial: "Richie and Martin are arguing about his dissatisfaction with the military." This idea is too general and gave me nowhere to go with the scene as a director and little that was meaningful to communicate to the actors. As the play developed, I realized that this scene contained keys for
understanding themes of the play. It concerns a desperate attempt to communicate, fear and deception, and foreshadows the method of Billy's execution: death by a knife. My stubbornness in committing my ideas to paper blocked me to some degree and made the pre-rehearsal analysis less effective than it could have been. Original ideas of a production may change when other elements are added, but the pre-production planning is the groundwork for the production.

For Streamers I analyzed the characters more thoroughly before the rehearsal process began than I had ever done in any previous production. In the past I would try to mold a character from attributes that an actor brought to a role instead of carefully investigating the text to learn who a character is and what his motivations and needs are. By studying the text in greater detail before production, I was able to go beyond these initial intuitive reactions. My ideas about the characters were much more complete and specific by the time I met with the actors.

Working with design concepts and designers was one of the most exciting aspects of this production for me. I had never really had the luxury of working with designers before to any great extent. In my previous directing work I had to design the sets myself without the aid of a trained designer, so there had been no need to communicate ideas to anyone else. For the first time I carefully examined the
script and thought out precisely what I wanted, according to the script's demands. I constantly evaluated design decisions. I remained open to the designers' suggestions and found their ideas helpful in clarifying my thoughts about the play and interpreting them visually. One of the most useful things I learned by working with the designers of this production was to be very specific when I expressed an image or idea. I found that even if I had a clear picture in my mind of what I wanted, I needed to formulate a clear way to communicate that idea to the designers through either words or pictures.

I paid close attention to the props and set decoration used in this production and carefully considered everything that went onto the stage, to fill out a complete environment for the actors. This attention to detail extended to the other areas of design as well. I considered motivated light sources, and because of that the lighting set the moods and highlighted key scenes of the play very effectively.

The least successful aspect of the design development was the costuming. The clothes within the range of army uniforms worked well and identified characters with the jobs they held, but not enough consideration was given to the choices of the civilian clothes. Poor choices were glaringly obvious because there are only a few times in the play when the men appear in civilian clothes. I settled
for Roger's clothing in Act II, which were not period, because they projected a generalized image of a black that Roger was trying to live up to. This was a personalized "1983" choice rather than a choice to portray specifically the character of Roger. Carlyle never looked as greasy and sleazy as I had originally envisioned him. I was not as careful about these small details in the costumes as I was with the set, props and lighting. I needed to press myself and the designer harder for the specific detail that I wanted in every aspect of this production.

An area of costume design that was never completely satisfactory was the implementation and execution of the blood packs. Because there was little room for illusion in the theatre, the violent scenes could have become unintentionally false if the color or viscosity of the blood were odd or incorrect. I wanted good commercial stage blood for the best possible illusion. Instead of demanding exactly what I wanted, I allowed my costume designer to experiment continually with homemade blood and blood packs. Not only did this experimentation extend beyond technical rehearsals, but it never produced convincing results, blood that looked genuine.

The music was a very important element of the world of this play, specifically the song "Beautiful Streamers." The song is a parody of "Beautiful Dreamer," which has a romantic, dreamlike melody and expresses dreamlike ideas
about a world with no cares. "Beautiful Streamers" used this same melody, but with words that create a nightmare world where men plummet to the ground like a knife from the sky. There is a contrast to this nightmare within the song; it ends with a plea for sympathy: "Just like a mother watching o'er me/Beautiful Streamer open for me."

I chose to begin my production with this beautiful melody played on an out-of-tune piano to give the audience the idea from their first contact with the show that something was not quite "right." The soft, haunting melody was in direct contrast to Richie's intense argument with Martin, which is the audience's first contact with the characters of the play.

Music coming from a radio was used during a private, intimate scene with Roger and Richie. Richie is revealing important events of his past while Roger waxes the floor. In the background I chose to play two Ray Charles songs, "Georgia" and "Baby It's Cold Outside," to set the mood of the scene. The music was carefully thought out and was organically integrated into rather than imposed on the production.

One of my strong assets as a director is my ability to cast a play well. In a college situation the job of casting a show becomes much easier because of familiarity with the acting pool and the opportunity to observe the strengths and weaknesses of actors in class as well as
their development on stage in a variety of roles over a period of time. Nevertheless, when I read a play, I get very strong images of character and I can intuitively spot the required qualities in actors at an audition very quickly. The casting of this show was a difficult task because the requirements of the characters are very rigorous, demanding both technical expertise and sensitivity. The weakest casting choice was the role of Rooney, whom I chose primarily because of his physical look, but generally I cast the show well from the talent available to me.

I have mixed feelings about my work with the actors in Streamers. I believe that one of my strongest assets as a director is an ability to inspire a cast and infect them with my enthusiasm. A sense of excitement and commitment to the work was alive and consistent throughout the entire rehearsal process of Streamers. However, because Streamers was my thesis production, instead of relaxing and listening and observing carefully, I included some activities in the process that were done for the sake of directorial experimentation and not to unify the production. An example of this experimentation was the use of gibberish with John Kuhn. The initial concept of forcing this actor to physicalize the ideas behind his words was useful, but the experiment probably extended beyond a stage where it was helpful and began, in a sense, to become
counterproductive because it was frustrating the actor. I could have spent more time analyzing Cokes to present the actor with specific direction to supplement his understanding of how the character fits into the play. This would have helped as much if not more than the experiment.

Another problem I faced working on this production was that I had such imaginative actors. This in itself hardly seems to be the basis for a problem, but it became one in terms of my objective focus as a director. I would tend to get involved in the things the actors were accomplishing on the stage to make a scene "work" at a given moment, instead of evaluating their work and relating it to the play as a whole. This involvement contributed to the problem of the play's seeming as if it were a series of "moments."

One of my problems working with the actors was that, at times, I seemed to have too heavy a directorial hand. Having done extensive background research and textual analysis, I had solved problems for the actors that in a different rehearsal situation they would have had to solve for themselves. Because I had strong preconceptions of what a character was about, I sometimes overlooked the actor's understanding of his character in building a scene. For example, Jeff Yagher had some creative approaches to developing the role of Richie; but instead of observing the actor and understanding the reason a
particular approach did or didn't work in a scene, I often would leap to preconceived ideas to have an immediate answer for the problem of the moment. In the original staging of his confrontation scene with Carlyle, I had Richie being physically abused by Carlyle. He choked Richie, threw him on the bed and treated him roughly. Jeff told me he was very uncomfortable with the scene. He said he wouldn't return to the room if Carlyle treated him like that. I didn't listen to what the actor was telling me; I wanted the scene to be dramatically interesting with violent action. When I later evaluated the scene and observed it closely, I realized the actor's instincts were indeed correct. If Carlyle were too overtly violent in this scene, it would give away completely the end of the play. I restaged the scene in a way that was equally dramatic but much less violent.

As I review my process of working with the actors, I see now that my objectives were to make individual scenes work, and that for a long time I did not think about what the play was saying as a whole. The result was a series of moments that were staged well and were somewhat interesting unto themselves, but did not connect to a strong through-line that unified the production. As a result, the play did not have the emotional impact on the stage that I had originally felt and envisioned when I first read the script.
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NOTES ON MILITARY RESEARCH

Since Streamers is a play about the military, my first task in researching the world of the play was to enrich my understanding of military life, particularly during wartime. Because I had very limited knowledge in this area, I had to broaden my comprehension of the factors that would effect the lives of the men in the play such as the training they have been through, the regulations they live by and the general environment of the military situation portrayed in the play.

The first sources to which I turned were historical books about the Vietnam war. These sources were readily available to me and I began reading many accounts of the war. Most of the books I encountered focused on specific battles and their general effect on America as a nation. This information was interesting, but told me very little that I could apply to the play I was directing, which concerns the effect of war on the individual. One book I did find extremely helpful was a novel by James Webb called Fields of Fire. The book describes a fighting unit of marines in Vietnam. While the unit portrayed in book never existed and all the characters are fictitious, the novel is based on Webb's actual experience fighting in the war. His insights on the pyschology of a unit of men who trained together in the states and fight in Vietnam were illuminating and helped me to understand better the
psychological effects of the war on the men in Streamers. The characters in Webb's book are well drawn and in some ways parallel the men in Rabe's play. Webb's attitudes, perceptions and memories of his sergeant in his story helped me to grasp how Sgt. Cokes must have felt returning from the war with his fearful memories and his attempt to deal with that horror. The book also addresses other specific issues that relate to Streamers such as homosexuality and racial conflict in the military. This novel has a wealth of information about the personal lives of men training and fighting in the war, which helped me to broaden my thinking about the characters in Streamers.

I also viewed selected films to observe how soldiers and the military were projected through this medium. I realized a great number of the people who would see Streamers would have limited knowledge of the military and the Vietnam war and that many of their ideas concerning these subjects would come from their contact with films. I viewed films that I believed would show me different viewpoints of the military and the war and its effects on individuals.

Although many of the films were helpful in giving me some insight to the situation in my play, some were not and presented the image of the military in a ridiculous stereotype.

The Green Berets (1968), starring John Wayne as a
heroic green beret typifies this genre. The GI's fighting in the war are portrayed as larger than life, almost superhuman. This film glamorizes American involvement in Vietnam. Because the soldiers never react on a human level and speak in cliches, this film is highly unbelievable. Since I wanted Streamers to contain a strong sense of authenticity, I found very little in this film and others of its genre that I could relate to my production.

Other films I included in my research were Coming Home (1978) and Sticks and Bones (1975). These films concern Vietnam veterans returning home after the war and their integration back into society. The films were interesting in that they showed me that American society harbored resentment about the Vietnam war, and I felt that I would have to take that feeling into account while directing the play. The play must not be directed to make a post war statement about Vietnam, but be played honestly as if it were occurring in 1965, before the outcome of the war is known. Some other films that proved helpful were Tribes (1974) and The Deer Hunter (1979). Tribes is a film that concerns the basic training of a group of soldiers preparing to fight in the war. This film graphically illustrates the gruelling mental and physical training to which the army subjects its soldiers. Watching this film, I understood something of the humiliation and anger which Carlyle feels with his basic training experience.
An Officer And A Gentleman takes place at an officers' training school. The men who live in the cadre room in Streamers have all gone through specialized technical training similar to that in this film. I got an understanding of how this type of training differs from the basic training Carlyle has gone through. This film also focuses on the close personal relationships and comraderie which develop in this type of training situation and has some parallel to the men living together in the cadre room.

The Deer Hunter begins early in the Vietnam war and traces the relationship of three men, showing how it changes during the period of the war. The film is graphically violent and is a very powerful and emotional experience. I wanted to incorporate the idea of this film, how the fear of war and the pressure generated by it can make men react in ways they might not under normal circumstances, into my production. The horrible events that Sgt. Cokes describes seemed easier for me to understand when I witnessed the horrors of the reality of war presented in The Deer Hunter.

The next resources I investigated were The Military Code of Justice and The Army Training Manual. These books provided me with a grasp of exactly what is the required behavior of a military recruit. They describe many details that I was able to include in my production, such as standards of appearance and military courtesy and standards
of military conduct.

Part of my research was conducted in the field. I lived on a military base in Presido, California for two weeks, where I could observe first hand the behavior of army personnel and have personal contact with the people who live a military life. I felt it was extremely important to my production that my cast be familiar with how the military man thinks and feels about the army.

Since I never have been involved in a war, or the military, this research took me beyond my personal reactions to the situation and characters in *Streamers* and helped me to broaden my understanding of the feelings and attitudes of the men in my play.
--Notes on staging of violence: Because this space is so intimate, one of the problems in staging this play was choreographing the violent scenes. One of the general criticisms of the original New York production was that the violence of the play seemed over-emphasized and sensational. The important aspect of this play is what causes the violence and what happens as a result of it, not the violent action itself.

When I first staged the scene where Carlyle stabbed Billy I couldn't resist having Carlyle lunge at Billy and twist the knife into him. It is very tempting with a scene of this nature to over dramatize it and exploit the violent action--violence for violence sake. I realized we had to play the scene completely natural for it to be at all effective. No one in the room is supposed to know Billy has been stabbed, so I had Richie and Roger upstage of Billy and Carlyle. When Billy unleashes his verbal assault on Carlyle nonchalantly flicks his wrist and turns the knife in Billy's stomach. The audience gets the full view of the action but Roger and Richie are completely obstructed visually and thus the actor playing Billy had to make them aware he has been stabbed by his reaction rather than the violent act itself.

The most difficult of the violent scenes to stage was the stabbing of Sgt. Rooney. The actor playing
Rooney was not very agile and in addition he was equipped with bloodbags. These considerations called for the careful choreography of this scene. The mechanics of the scene as stated in the text are this: Rooney blocks Carlyle's exit and threatens him with a beer bottle. Carlyle threatens Rooney (who is dead drunk) with his switch blade. Rooney shatters the beer bottle and cuts his hand. Carlyle bolts from the room and charges back in immediately to stab Rooney. This staging did not work in my production because of the size of the stage. Because of the short distance to the door and the hall it did not make sense for Carlyle to leave the room at all in terms of the stage. The scene was reblocked with Carlyle struggling with Rooney and knocking him to Billy's bed. As Carlyle stabbed Rooney, the sergeant crawls away downstage to lie underneath Roger's bed. This idea seemed workable until the blood packs were added to the scene. The blood packs kept breaking prematurely and Carlyle also had problems in some cases puncturing the packs with his knife. Rooney needed to be braced against something quite solid. The most sturdy piece on the stage was the wall lockers. The final staging of the scene occurred as follows: Carlyle trapped Rooney upstage between the door and the wall lockers. Rooney shattered the beer bottle on top of the lockers and severely cut his hand. Carlyle pinned Rooney against the lockers and stabbed him. This
allowed the actors to use the extreme upstage area of the stage and this repositioning of the scene concealed the action of Carlyle knifing Rooney and the audience saw the results of the violent stabbing: Rooney pulling and staggering away from Carlyle, his clothes a bloody mess, a horrible vision of the consequences of a violent act.

--Note on the thought of the play: The main idea and central conflict of Streamers recur throughout the production. This play revolves around social agony; the conflict concerns how these characters' desires, wants and needs impinge on the needs of the other characters and how the others deal with these impingements. The lies and games—the barriers they put up for protection, out of fear—bring about the misunderstandings and the violence. The central metaphor—the streamer—finds its analogy in these men who are caught in a hopeless situation. The streamer, which appears beautiful in the air ("A man who is falling down through the air and his chute don't open"), is really an image of desperate fear and inevitable disaster.

--Note on the development of the fence around the set: Working backwards: taking an image that speaks to the director and picturizing it in the set—how do you articulate this idea or image? (There is no right or wrong in accomplishing this, just clarity/ambiguity.) The other choices in Streamers are real: real clothes, real props, real blood, real behavior, etc. The fence around the set,
around a room that appears real, is a visualization of an image. It is a choice that is cleaner, more simplified and clearer than the more elaborate and surreal visual choices that were examined and rejected.

--Notes on characters (in rehearsal):

**Billy:** the "axe" monologue is a parallel to what happens to Billy in this play. Mark--Billy now is too gentle, nice well-adjusted. Find the opposites of these qualities (e.g., the foot business, your first-act conflict with Richie--"baby powder," "up and down," the scene with Richie, Roger and Carlyle (II,2) leading up to the fight. In your tirade against Richie (Act I): face him, don't let him look away, use that physical accentuation. Billy has that sense of competition: pushups--be the best, the war stuff ("great place to come back from"). Your emotional range seems small, limited. Expand it: things affect Billy more than we are seeing. For example, in the beginning of Act II, what is your feeling about the waitress, the axe man, being a priest? Your "sick" feeling? What are the differences in these feelings? The big speech after being cut ("Jesus H. Christ . . .") must build--it's delirious--all those things you never knew were in you come flying out in rage and agony.

**Richie:** Richie is playing at being a "fag" to amuse the boys--he uses the "flaming" facade to hide the real Richie. Fear (that people will know he is a homosexual)
is masked by this obvious and exaggerated game-playing. He uses the games as a weapon: he puts the others on the defensive and intimidates them so that he won't be intimidated. Read the script and find all the places where there is a put-on, analyze why. Even with Carlyle (especially with Carlyle!) the games stop but then they mask goes up again immediately (e.g., your entrance after coming from the showers, the seduction scene: "They call me Irene"). Richie must be a believable person. Don't play a "homo-sexual" or a stereotype of what you think a homosexual is. These are the games Richie plays. For example, in your beat, the push-ups: they are serious. Here's the contrast of Richie playing the "flame" and Richie as himself. In Act II, scene 2, use the Carlyle flirtatio to get back at Billy. Manipulate the situation by "using" Carlyle: you don't want sex from Carlyle, he's revolting, even though he's fascinating--make Billy "jealous." The situation gets out of hand, goes beyond your control--the tension Richie creates goes beyond where he wanted it to go.

Roger: Roger must be a dominate force in the room. Neatness, precision, meticulousness, even fastidiousness. Order--Roger covers up with regimentation; denies fear by putting things in a neat little box. Very specific and precise in everything he does: making bed, shining shoes; blanket, bed, footlocker always neat and ordered. Sweeping, mopping, waxing are all done efficiently, precisely,
seriously. Clothes at beginning, taking sheets off Billy's bed, etc. Doesn't believe Richie's gay (because of the games). Fights to hold back the anger in the scene before the fight—tension.

Carlyle: Needs specific physical activities—must use condition of being drunk—articulation—intimidation. Carlyle has split second personality changes—alternately searching for a place to belong and despising the people he wants to associate with.

Rooney: Less movement; this actor should use the image of a child on a playground with his schoolmate. He is always with Cokes, taking care of him, listening to every word he says. Their scene in Act I is for the two of them only. The only thing that is important is that you two are together.

Cokes: The memories come, you relive them over and over, they don't make sense or have to connect. Most of the time, Cokes is smiling (shit faced); all the stories, the drinking, the actions are to deny that he has Leukemia—he doesn't or refuses to believe he has it. Less movement—let the stories move you (and us) monologue: Streamers consciousness—no pauses—stories and thoughts lead to other thoughts immediately. John Kuhn should not go for the effect, the result, of a speech—just do the character and the audience will get a result or effect. Act one spider hole story: it is not a dramatic traumatic episode
but another of those boozy-woozy recollections. The "effect" is not of remorse of terror: it's just another sort-of-crazy, funny (strange?) thing that he lived through.

--It seems the actors have made an advancement today--The mechanics and physicalization of most scenes are developing very well and the hesitancy associated with not knowing where to go or what to do or where one belongs seems to be for the most part left behind.

--A problem was solved in the first scene between Martin and Richie--The scene begins in darkness with Martin sobbing--There is a slow fade up and the image of Richie is seen sitting on the side of his bed and Martin with his back to Richie facing the lockers. The actor playing Richie had been taking a long pause, an inordinately extended uncomfortable, silence before he speaks as if there had been an argument going on for a long time and we had walked in the midst of it. I rather liked the pause but something was missing. I watched the action of the scene and visually it said nothing about an argument which is the crux of the scene. I told Jeff (Richie) that he should look to Martin as if he had exhausted all possibilities and there is nothing left to say. I placed Martin on the bed opposite Richie and this repositioning added a confrontational value to the visualization of the scene. This gave the actors a physical image of the argument to hook into and picturized the conflict of the scene.
Today this scene developed genuine continuity. Jeff confessed he had been confused about the choice he had committed to and for this reason he was floundering, and not having any consistency in the first moments of the play. It is vital for the audience to have an immediate identification with Richie. Tonight Jeff found a choice that worked for him and this strong commitment from Jeff triggered an intensity which developed a more visible relationship between Richie and Martin.

The Roger/Carlyle scene has improved tonight. because he is a very young actor Ric Walker has been very tentative and exacting about every physical action and acting choice. He was trying to indicate making a bed, folding his clothes, sweeping the floor etc. Last night he attacked his physical activities without indicating and really did them. The result was he was living in the scene--his concentration on the physical activities and allowed for more effective communication with Carlyle. The beginning of a physical and emotional relationship began to develop between the two. Contrasting attitudes towards authority have begun to emerge. Carlyle's character became much more effective when Roger responded freely in the scene.

Rehearsal Techniques--music was used from a cassette recording of Ray Charles' "Georgia" and "Baby It's Cold Outside." These recordings helped the actors find the
mood and tempo and emotional key of the scene. They will be included in the production.

--I have experimented with dimming the lights in scenes that are going to be played in low light such as Billy's Frankie monologue. This improved the emotional feeling of the tempo of the scenes and is quite effective as a rehearsal technique.

--Cokes/Rooney scene--This scene is the most significantly improved in the play--John Kuhn has been playing a quality in the scene and thus was going for an effect vocally. Tonight he let go and risked looking like an asshole drunk and the scene took off--the characters of Cokes and Rooney finally have emerged from hiding. John Koetz had informed me he was pre-planning all his physical action. If anything were changed in the scene he would impose his thought out physical score upon the moment and naturally, since he was not reacting to his fellow actors and circumstances this plan was frustratingly unsuccessful. I told John Koetz he should never pre-plan another thing in this production and it was desirable for him to be awkward, unbalanced and unsure of what to do in a scene. Up to this point Rooney's most interesting moments have been the times when he went up on his lines, or forgot his blocking--at these moments he responded as if he were in a dazed fog, confused and I assured him these feelings were fine for his character. He should not be afraid to
look foolish. He began to let himself go and the results were positive. John Kuhn began to approach the scene as a drunken game instead of a Hamlet soliloquy, and these men connected and had some real communication and fun in the scene, instead of acting in separate vacuums.

--In terms of a physical relationship the actors (Cokes and Rooney) have developed more completely. I gave John Kuhn and Koetz the image of fraternity brothers of drunken shriners with that strange closeness. This parallel seemed to work for them. The army seems to me to have that quality of men thrown together into a bizarre fraternal organization. This fraternity image culminated with the actors' rendering of "Beautiful Streamers." Up to this point in the process the song sounded like a funeral dirge. I told the actors to use the image of singing their high school alma mater--the song seemed to work for the first time. The difference in the rendition of the song stunned Roger, Richie and Billy and they actually applauded Cokes and Rooney at the end of the song.

--Working on the play this evening we have pressed forward and have had positive results. The notes from our extensive rehearsals last weekend have helped the actors clear up some difficulties and have helped the actors' solidify and understanding of their characters and allowed them to explore a development of their relationships of their characters.
--I am thoroughly disgusted with the progress of the opening scene of the play. The actors are speaking words, words, words that seem to be completely unmotivated and coming from nowhere. I have returned to the text and tried to solve the problem of this scene. Richie now dominates the movement of the scene and this is not happening on the stage at all. Up to this point Martin has dominated the focus of the scene. It has been a heavy self indulgent lament of his problems with the army. This scene is an argument where Richie is trying to get rid of Martin and is basically calling him a asshole. Richie is trying to sweep the affair under the rug. He doesn't let Martin make a big deal of the scene in fact he attempts to minimize the importance of it. I gave the actors the condition that they were in the midst of an argument and this helped them. The tempo of the scene changed and Jeff did not allow Martin to indulge in his lines. Jeff jumped Martin's cues and this added a natural quality to their argument. This scene worked better and displayed what the characters wanted and not the actors.

--Martin has some severe acting problems. He has little control over his vocal technique and giving him the idea of building an argument gave him a new focus. This actor needs to be told exactly what to do and how it is to be done. He needs very specific direction and physical activities because otherwise he personalizes a
scene and interprets what he feels at the moment without regard to the text.

--Another breakthrough occurred in the Cokes/Rooney scene. Up to this point the scene was wildly energetic vaudeville performance. I wanted the figures of Cokes and Rooney to be pathetic, deluded and thinking they were heroic. Cokes and Rooney are not heroes. They are burnt out grotesque sloppy drunks who think they are heroes. This contrast is vital to the development of these characters. They repeat stories for their own entertainment out of necessity. They are like tape recorders constantly playing back the same tapes. The tape continues to play no matter who is listening. These fragments of their lives come from inside because they have come out. These thoughts seem disjointed but they make perfect sense to Cokes and Rooney who fill in the blanks between thoughts. They are a combined consciousness. They talk to the men through each other. The physical activity of this scene must be limited. These men should stick close together.

--Reworked the "mass" LT scene at the end of the play. The mechanics of this scene must be worked out. Some things are not militarily correct. It was pointed out to me by my stage manager, George Popovich, that the M.P.'s were too violent and out of control. They were using excessive force and the scene needed to be toned down, I pointed out to the actor playing Clark that power did not have to
be played in such an overt manner. People with power are under control. If he used that focused control it would make him seem more forceful and dynamic.

The mechanics of this scene are complex. The actors carrying out the bodies need to rehearse this extensively. I will call a rehearsal specifically for this purpose. My military expert has shown me the proper technique of "loading" a body on a stretcher and the actors need practice to effectively master this activity.
STREAMERS
GROUND PLAN AND
PRELIMINARY SET SKETCHES
STREAMERS

COSTUME PLOT AND
COSTUME SKETCHES
STREAMERS

MARTIN

Hopkins
STREAMERS

RICHIE

YAGHER

[Sketch of a figure named Richie, a soldier with a tank top and pants, standing with hands behind back.]
STREAMERS

BILLY

GILCHRIST

K989
103
STREAKERS

ROGER

Walker
STREAMERS

ROGER

Walker
STREAMERS

CARLYLE

Jones
STREAMERS

ROONEY

Koste
MP's

Lieutenant - Forrest

Hinson (Pvt) - Green

Clark (Pvt) -
STREAMERS

LIGHTING PLANS
LIGHTING PLOT
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No</th>
<th>Use</th>
<th>Instrument</th>
<th>Color</th>
<th>Circuits</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A1</td>
<td>Calligraphy panels</td>
<td>40, 41</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>E4, E2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A2</td>
<td>Rich's bed</td>
<td>5, 16</td>
<td>08</td>
<td>E3, E6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A3</td>
<td>Poor's bed</td>
<td>11, 28</td>
<td>08</td>
<td>E3, E6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A4</td>
<td>Rich's bed</td>
<td>13, 25, 46</td>
<td>08</td>
<td>G3, T5, G8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A5</td>
<td>Rich's lamp special</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>08</td>
<td>H4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A6</td>
<td>Hall special</td>
<td>5, 6</td>
<td>08</td>
<td>D2</td>
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<tr>
<td>B1</td>
<td>Hall exit</td>
<td>1, 10</td>
<td>08</td>
<td>E1, E2</td>
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<tr>
<td>B2</td>
<td>Door area</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>08</td>
<td>E4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B3</td>
<td>Locker area</td>
<td>18, 20</td>
<td>08</td>
<td>G4, T4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B4</td>
<td>Poster area</td>
<td>23, 47</td>
<td>08</td>
<td>E6, E7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B5</td>
<td>Down center area</td>
<td>31, 32</td>
<td>08</td>
<td>E7, E7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B6</td>
<td>Backlights (cool)</td>
<td>3, 9</td>
<td>05</td>
<td>G2, T3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

C1 | Face lights 15, 30, 32, 34 | None | B4, B5, K6, G7 |
C2 | Face lights 7, 21, 36, 34 | None | G3, K4, A2, J2 |
|   | (House lights - inform.) | House floods | None | A5, E9, T6 |
|   | (House light - end of Act) | House floods | None | A5, E8, T6 |
C3 | Backlights (warm) | 2, 4 | E2, E2 |
C4 | Cool downlights 12, 18, 22, 29 | 05 | F3, H3, E5, G6 |
C5 | Moonlight Special 35, 36 | 07 (313) | B4, E5 |
|   | (House light - opening Act) | House floods | None | A5, E9, T6 |
|   | (Lamp original - 14-1) | 47 | None | T1 |
C6 | Sunlight Special 37, 38, 21 | A9, B8 |
|   | (Lamp - special - 34-2) | 47 | None | T1 |
|   | (Lamp - special - 14-2) | 24 | 05 | G7 |
# Production: Streamers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cue</th>
<th>GR</th>
<th>BL</th>
<th>Preset</th>
<th>Preshow Setting</th>
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<tr>
<td>4A</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
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</table>

**Cue:** Slow fade 18 → 0 (ca. 13.34) from white (ca. 13.33) cue: Candleelli's shows "Boy"
| Cue | BL | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 |
| 5   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| BL  |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|     | 1  |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| 6   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| GR  |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|     | 1  |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| 7   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| BL  |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|     | 1  |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| 8   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| GR  |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|     | 1  |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| 9   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| BL  |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|     | 1  |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |

Cue: Billy switches lights
BL110 – SWITCH OFF (GR BOARD)

Cue: Rooney switches lights
SWITCH ON (GR BOARD)

Cue: Cokes switches lights
SWITCH OFF (GR BOARD)

Cue: End of intermission – ACT II begins

Cue: End of intermission – ACT II begins

Cue: Fade up (BL) board, REPATCH (BL) board, REPATCH (GR) board

Cue: Fade up (GR) board

Cue: Fade up (GR) board

Cue: Fade up (BL) board

Cue: Fade up (BL) board
### Production: **STREAMERS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cue</th>
<th>GR</th>
<th>BL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Cue: Richie switches light**

**GR: 10**

**Switch off (BL) board**

---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cue</th>
<th>GR</th>
<th>BL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Cue: Richie switches bed lamp**

**GR: 10**

**Switch off (BL) board**

---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cue</th>
<th>GR</th>
<th>BL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Cue: BHM sits on bed**

**GR: 10**

**Very slowly sneak in 12 → 13. (17 counts)**
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cue Number</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>BL</td>
<td>1</td>
<td><em>Cue: Roger switches lights. BL410 - SWITCH ON (BL) BOARD (TAKE OUT GR BOARD)</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>BL</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Very fast match. BL board fades to black.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 16         | GR    | 3    | *Cue: Richie flips his cigarette. REPATCH: IN J1 (SMMP) (SWH)
SWITCH OUT J1 C6 out AB, BB, 25, 30.* |
| 17         | GR    | 0    | Switch off. 4:5:18 simultaneously. |
| 18         | BL    | 3    | *Cue: Billy switches lights. SWITCH ON (BL) BOARD REPATCH: IN G7 (SWITCH) C6 out J1.*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>18A</th>
<th>GR</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
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<td>33</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**NOTE:**
The you fade is very important — inch down the fade [i.e., very slowly] between 16 - 8. The rest of the way to 0 is not as crucial.

18A is a two-part fade:
1. Fade to this point on the GR board very slowly; when GR > 10, then incredibly slowly fade out BL board.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>19A</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>19A</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**NOTE:**
19A: SLOW fade [i.e., very slowly]; when GR > 8, then incredibly slowly fade out BL board.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>20</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>20A</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**NOTE:**
20A: Fade BL board to black. 85 V - 7 B - 4 UP.
STREAMERS

BOX OFFICE REPORTS
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DAY</th>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>General</th>
<th>Retail</th>
<th>Comp.</th>
<th>Total Attd.</th>
<th>Special</th>
<th>Total Tickets</th>
<th>NOTES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>2/14</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>86</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>525</td>
<td>55.75%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>2/15</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>180</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>100.00%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>2/16</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>100.00%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>2/17</td>
<td>90</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>90</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>2/18</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>100.00%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>2/19</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>100.00%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Totals:**
- Total Attd.: 439
- Total Tickets: 439
- Total Sales: 439
- Total Special: 41
- Total: 480

**CASH INCOME:**
- General: 439 Tickets @ $2.00 = $878.00
- Total: $878.00

**TOTAL CASH DEPOSIT:** $906.00

**OVER/UNDER:** $28.00

**REMARKS:**

*Extra Additions*

Prepared by: [Signature]
Date: 2/21/83
DAILY COUNT SHEET - THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

PRODUCTION: STREAMERS IN STUDO THEATRE

DAY/DATE/YEAR: TUESDAY- FEB. 15, 1955

WEATHER:

--------- SECTIONS ---------

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<th>Section</th>
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<tr>
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<td>B</td>
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<td>C</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
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</table>

Total: 80

Sales ($2.00): 43
Sales ($1.00): 43 - $86.00

Reg. Coupons Ex.: 43
ST/SC: 43

Sub-Total: 43
Complimentary:
Sub-Total: 43
Unsold: 37
Total: 80

Section Capacity: [80] (%)

GROSS: $86.00

House Capacity: 80
Possible Gross: $160.00

Attendance This Performance: 43
Tonight's Gross: $86.00

% of Capacity: 53.75%
% of Possible Gross: 53.75%

NOTES:

By J.B.
DAILY COUNT SHEET - THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

PRODUCTION: STREAMLINES IN STUDIO THEATRE

DAY/DATE/YEAR: WEDNESDAY - 2/10/83

WEATHER: COLD/C2:E45/45

SECTION CASH

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Sales ($2.00):

- 80

- 80 - $160.00

Complimentary:

- 80

Sub-Total:

- 80

Unsold:

- 80

Total:

- 80

Section Capacity: (80) 100% Possible Gross $160.00

House Capacity: 80 Possible Gross $160.00

Attendance This Performance: 80 Tonight's Gross $160.00

% of Capacity: 100% % of Possible Gross: 100%

NOTES:

BY JFS
**Daily Count Sheet - The Ohio State University Theatre**

**Production:** Streamers  
**In:** Studio Theatre  
**Day/Date/Year:** Thurs. 2/17/83  
**Weather:**  

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<th>Totals:</th>
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<tr>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Sub-Total:** 80  

**Complimentary:**  

**Sub-Total:** 80  

**Unsold:**  

**Total:** 80  

**Section Capacity:** (80) (____) (____) (____) (20)  

**Gross:** $160.00  

**House Capacity:** 30  

**Possible Gross:** $160.00  

**Attendance This Performance:** 80  

**Tonight's Gross:** $160.00  

**% of Capacity:** 100%  

**% of Possible Gross:** 100%  

**Notes:**  

By: [Signature]
DAILY COUNT SHEET - THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

PRODUCTION: STREAMERS IN Studio THEATRE
DAY/DATE/YEAR: FEBRUARY - FEB 18, 1983
WEATHER: COOL - CLEAR - 390

--------------- SECTIONS ---------------

<p>| | | | | | | |</p>
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Sales ($2.00): 80 80 80 - $160.00
Sales ($___): __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
Bag. Coupons Ex.: __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
St/Bc: __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __

Sub-Total: 80 80 80
Complimentary: 0 0 0

Sub-Total: 80 80 80
Unsold: 0 0 0

Total: 80 80 80
Section Capacity: (80) (80) (80) (80) (80)

GROSS: $160.00
House Capacity: 80
Possible Gross: $160.00
Attendance This Performance: 80
Tonight's Gross: $160.00
% of Capacity: 100%
% of Possible Gross: 100%

NOTES:

BY: _______________
DAILY COUNT SHEET - THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

PRODUCTION: STEAMERS

IN STUDIO THEATRE

DAY/DATE/YEAR: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1983 - 2:00 PM

WEATHER: WINDY - SUNNY - 540

--- SECTIONS ---

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<td>76</td>
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<td>Complimentary</td>
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Section Capacity: (80) (4) (4) (4) (80)

GROSS: $152.00

House Capacity: 80
Possible Gross: $160.00

Attendance This Performance: 76
Tonight's Gross: $152.00

% of Capacity: 95.00%
% of Possible Gross: 95.00%

NOTES:

BY C.B.
DAILY COUNT SHEET - THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

PRODUCTION: STREAMLINE

IN STUDIO THEATRE

DAY/DATE/YEAR: SATURDAY - FEB. 19, 1983 - 8:00PM

WEATHER: WARM - CLEAR - ☀

---------- SECTIONS ----------

| Sales (2.00) | 80 | ______ | ______ | 80 | $ 160.00 |
| Sales (____) | ______ | ______ | ______ | ______ | ______ |
| Bag. Coupons Ex. | ______ | ______ | ______ | ______ | ______ |
| St/Sc | ______ | ______ | ______ | ______ | ______ |

Sub-Total: 80 ______ 80
Complimentary: ______
Sub-Total: 80 ______ 80
Unsold: ______
Total: ______

Section Capacity: (80) (____) (____) (____) (80)

GROSS: $ 160.00

House Capacity: ______ Possible Gross: $ 160.00

Attendance This Performance: ______ Tonight's Gross: $ 160.00

% of Capacity: ______ % of Possible Gross: ______

NOTES:

BY: ______
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<th>Credits</th>
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<th>Comp. Exch.</th>
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<tr>
<td>2/16/80</td>
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</table>

**Total:** 480

**Drawer Count:** $78.00

**Sales Today:** $78.00

**Total Sales:** $78.00

---

**Notes:**

- **Posit Includes:**
  - American Buffalo: $308.00
  - Phone SVC: $1 250.50

**Comp.:** (39)
## DAILY SALES COUNT FOR OSU THEATRE

**Date:** 2/20/83  
**Production:** STREAMERS

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<tr>
<th>PERFORMANCE</th>
<th>REG. CNT.:</th>
<th>$1.00</th>
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<th>SALES</th>
<th>SALES</th>
<th>COMP. RECH.</th>
<th>TOT.</th>
<th>END COUNT</th>
<th>SALES PER D.</th>
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<td>2/15</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
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<td>11</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>2/17</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>29</td>
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<tr>
<td>2/18</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>6</td>
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<td></td>
<td>6</td>
<td>71</td>
<td>9</td>
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<td>2/19</td>
<td>77</td>
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<td>2/20</td>
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<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>71</td>
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**TOTALS:** 441 59

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<td>$414.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>$1.30</td>
<td>02/17 83</td>
<td>39%</td>
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<tr>
<td>$141.50</td>
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<td>$54.50</td>
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<td><strong>Sub-Total:</strong></td>
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<td>$576.00</td>
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<td><strong>VISA:</strong></td>
<td><strong>B-1905</strong></td>
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<td>$54.50</td>
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<td><strong>Total:</strong></td>
<td><strong>Over/Short:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>$611.50</td>
<td>$0.00</td>
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</table>

**NOTES:**

- **DEPOSIT INCLUDES**
  - AMERICAN BUFFALO: $480.00
  - PHONG SVC CH: $1.50
  - COUPON STAMP: $11.00
  - OVER: $3.00

**Comps:** 178  
**By:** JFM
### DAILY SALES COUNT FOR OSU THEATRE

**DAY:** WEDNESDAY  
**DATE:** 2/13/83  
**PRODUCTION:** STREAMERS  
**No.: 3**

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<th>SALES</th>
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<th>COMMISSION</th>
<th>TOTAL</th>
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<td>2/18</td>
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<td>2.49</td>
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<td>2.47</td>
<td>33</td>
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**TOTALES:** 372 11

**Drawer Count:** 22.00  
**Sales Today:** 22.00  
**Total Sales:** 318.00

**Currency:** $1.23, 00  
**Coins:** $0.63  
**Deposited on:** 2/10/83  
**Checks:** $0.33  
**Sub-Total:** $368.00  
**Receipt No(s):** E-109/45  
**Total Tickets Issued:** 109  
**Comp.:** (109)

**Deposit Includes:**
- AMERICAN BUFFALO $388.50

**Phone Sales:** 1.00

BY: __________
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<th>Begg.</th>
<th>Cent.</th>
<th>Dime</th>
<th>Sales</th>
<th>Nickle</th>
<th>Sales</th>
<th>Penn.</th>
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**Totals:**

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<td>Begg.</td>
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<td>Cent.</td>
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</table>

Drawers Count: $34.00

Sales Today: $74.00

Total Sales: $298.00

*Note:* Duplicates of the above receipt no(s): 182-37

**Deposit Includes:**

- AMERICAN BUFFALO: $10.00
- FINE DUCHS: $1.00

Compl: [Signature]

By: [Signature]
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Sales Today: $52.00  Total Sales: $344.00

*Deposit Includes:
Amex: $20.00
Cash: $3.00

Comp: 132

By: [Signature]
### Daily Sales Count for OSU Theatre

**DATE:** 9/13/73  
**PRODUCTION:** STEAKERS  
**No.:** 6

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<th>SALES</th>
<th>COMP. EXC.</th>
<th>END. COUNT.</th>
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**TOTES:** 308  
**9 299 181**

---

**Drawer Count:**  
**Currency:** $72.00  
**Coin:** $0.50  
**Deposited on:**  
**Deposit No(s):** B-114  
**% of Total:** 18%  
**Total Sales:** $308.00  
**Total Tickets Issued:**  
**Receipt No(s):** B-16340  
**Over/Short:** $0.00  

**NOTES:**  
**Deposit Includes:**  
- American Buffalo $246.00  
- Birds $112.50  
- Phone Such $2.00  
- Over $3.00
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<th>SALES</th>
<th>SALES</th>
<th>COMP. EXCH.</th>
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<td>2/19</td>
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<td></td>
<td>32</td>
<td>4.8</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| TOTALS     | 299       | 28    |       |       |       |             |      | 271       |

**Drawer Count:**
- Sales Today: $51.00
- Total Sales: $413.20
- Currency: $134.00
- Coin: $0
- Checks: $154.50
- Sub-Tot: $208.50
- VISA: $144.00
- Total: $432.50

**Notes:**
- Deposit includes:
  - Birds = $400.00
  - Phone & VCH = 5.00
  - Mail & A/S = 1.25

**Total tickets issued:** 209

**Comma:** 209

**By:** [Signature]
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Beginning Count</th>
<th>Sales</th>
<th>Sales</th>
<th>Sales</th>
<th>Sales</th>
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<th>Total</th>
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<th>Sales Per Day</th>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>50</td>
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**Totals:**

| 271   | 33   | 33 | 238 | 242 |

**Drawer Count:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Currency:</th>
<th>167.00</th>
<th>Sales Today:</th>
<th>64.00</th>
<th>Total Sales:</th>
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<td>Coins:</td>
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<td>Checks:</td>
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<td>Sub-Tot:</td>
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<td>Total:</td>
<td>202.50</td>
<td>Over/Short:</td>
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**NOTES:**

- Deposit/Includes:
  - Bird$ - 136.00
  - Driver Slip - 0.50

- Comps: (242)

- Ex: 4.75
**DAILY SALES COUNT FOR OSU THEATRE**

**Day:** WEDNESDAY  | **Date:** 2/4/80  | **Production:** STREAMERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Beg.</th>
<th>Cnt.:</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
<th>Sales</th>
<th>Sales</th>
<th>Sales</th>
<th>Sales</th>
<th>Comp.</th>
<th>Exch.</th>
<th>Tot.</th>
<th>End</th>
<th>Count</th>
<th>Sales</th>
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<td>425</td>
<td>54</td>
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</table>

**TOTALS:** 238  | 47

---

**Drawer Count:** $94.00
**Sales Today:** $94.00  | **Total Sales:** $278.00
**Currency:** $248.00
**Coins:** $0.50  | **Deposited on:** 2/17/83  | **% of Total:** 58%  | 60%
**Checks:** $28.50  | **Total Tickets Issued:**
**Sub-Total:** $28.00
**VISA:** $0
**Total:** $267.00  | **Over/Short:** $0

---

**Notes:**

*DETROIT INCLUDES:
BIRDS $170.50
STREAMERS $44.00
OVER $0.00

**BY:** DTS

**Receipt No(s):** B-1876.5  | **$80:** 289

---
# Daily Sales Count for OSU Theatre

**DATE:** 2/17/83
**PRODUCTION:** STREAMERS

<table>
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<tr>
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<th>BEGIN. CONT.</th>
<th>5:00</th>
<th>SALES</th>
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<th>SALES</th>
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<th>SALES PER D.</th>
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<td>16</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**TOTALES:** 191 70

**Drawer Count:** $140.00
**Sales Today:** $140.00
**Total Sales:** $717.00

**Currency:** $275.00
**Deposited On:** 2/17/83
**% of Total:** 48.00
**Total Tickets Issued:** 359

**NOTE:**
- *THE BIRDS:* 247.00
- *STREAMERS:* 140.00
- *EXIT:* 1.00
- *Diet:* 3.00

**Comp.:** (559)

**By:** 973
<table>
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<th>Perfor. Date</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Totals:** 121 67

Sales Today: $154.20  Total Sales: $654.00

Currency: $300.00

Notes:
-变动包括:
  - 硬币: $30.50
  - 纸币: $20.00
  - 电话: $2.00
  - 其他: $3.00
  - 总合计: $76

AN: 0.5

Comps: [76]

By: JJS
# Daily Sales Count for CSU Theatre

**Day:** Saturday  
**Date:** 2/19/73  
**Production:** Steeplechase

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>%2.00</th>
<th>SALES</th>
<th>SALES</th>
<th>SALES</th>
<th>COMP. EXCH</th>
<th>TOTAL</th>
<th>END COUNT</th>
<th>SALES PER DAY</th>
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<td>80</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Totals:** 54 | 13 | 13 | 41 | 439

---

**Drawer Count:** $26.00  
**Sales Today:** $26.00  
**Total Sales:** $870.00

**Currency:** $71.00  
**Coin:** $0.50  
**Checks:** $0.00  
**Sub-Tot:** $71.50  
**Receipt No(s):** E-19025  
**Total Tickets Issued:** 459

**VISA:** $2.30  
**Total:** $81.00  
**Over/Short:** $0.00

**Notes:**

*Deposit includes:
- Birds: $30.50
- Steeplechase Extra: $0.00
- Over: $5.00
- Phone SVC: $0.50

Comps: (419)

By: JS
STREAMERS

HOUSE MANAGER'S REPORTS
HOUSE MANAGER'S REPORT
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

PRODUCTION: STEAMERS

THEATRE: (CIRCLE ONE): THURBER STADIUM II STUDIO

DAY/DATE: TUESDAY, FEB. 15, 1983

CURTAIN TIME: 8:03 PM. FINAL CURTAIN: 10:23 PM.

ACT I: 8:03 - 9:05 RUNNING TIME: 00:42
ACT II: 9:12 - 10:13 RUNNING TIME: 01:01
ACT III: 10:13 - 10:23 TOTAL TIME: 00:10 (2 hrs 41 min)

WEATHER: Cold - Cloudy - 35°

HOUSE MANAGER(S): JB

TOTAL SEATS AVAILABLE: 80
TOTAL ATTENDANCE: 37 (7 = 44)
% OF CAPACITY: 46.25%

Number of Ushers: 3

NOTES:

(HOUSE MANAGER'S SIGNATURE)

Have Ushers Sign on Back
HOUSE MANAGER'S REPORT
THK OHO STATE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

PRODUCTION: STREAMLINES
THEATRE (CIRCLE ONE): THURBER STUDIO
DAY/DATE: WED - 2/10/83
CURTAIN TIME: 8:00  FINAL CURTAIN: 10:27
ACT I: 8:09 - 9:18  RUNNING TIME: 00:59
ACT II: 9:20 - 10:37  RUNNING TIME: 01:17
ACT III: 10:39 - 11:56  RUNNING TIME: 01:17
WEATHER: COLD NO RAIN  TOTAL TIME: 02:45

HOUSE MANAGER(S): JFS
TOTAL SEATS AVAILABLE: 80
TOTAL ATTENDANCE: 78 (PLUS 2 ON HOUSE PASS)
% OF CAPACITY: 97.50%
NUMBER OF USHERS: 1

NOTES:
LATE STARTING  MISSING ACTORS  MISSING COSTUME

(HOUSE MANAGER'S SIGNATURE)

Have Ushers Sign On Back
HOUSE MANAGER'S REPORT
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

PRODUCTION: 8th Annual

VENUE (CIRCLE ONE): THURBER STADIUM II  

DAY/DATe: Thurs, Feb 17, 1983

Curtain Time: 8:00  Final Curtain:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ACT</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Running Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ACT I</td>
<td>8:00</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACT II</td>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>1:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACT III</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Weather: Cold Clear 30°  Total Time: 2:12

House Manager(s):  

Total Seats Available: 80

Total Attendance: 74 (plus 11 on house passes = 85)

% of Capacity: 92.5%

Number of Ushers: 2

Notes:

Have Ushers Sign On Back

(Week Manager's Signature)
HOUSE MANAGER'S REPORT
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

PRODUCTION: Streamers

THEATRE (CIRCLE ONE): THURBER STADIUM II

STUDIO

DAY/DATE: Friday, Feb 19, 1971

CURTAIN TIME: 8:00

FINAL CURTAIN: 11:00

ACT I: 8:00 Running Time: 1:01
ACT II: 9:01 Running Time: 1:10
ACT III: Running Time: 

TOTAL TIME: 3:11

WEATHER: Cold Rain

HOUSE MANAGER(S): Gene Klevorn

TOTAL SEATS AVAILABLE: 80

TOTAL ATTENDANCE: 75

% OF CAPACITY: 93.75%

NUMBER OF USHERS: 0

NOTES: Have Usurers Sign On Back

(Gene Klevorn's Signature)
HOUSE MANAGER'S REPORT
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

PRODUCTION:  

THEATRE (CIRCLE ONE): THURBER STADIUM II  [STUDIO]

DAY/DATE:  8/4 7/27/93
CURTAIN TIME:  2:30 P.M.  FINAL CURTAIN:  4:25

ACT I:  2:30 P.M.  RUNNING TIME:  1:00
ACT II:  3:30 P.M.  RUNNING TIME:  1:11
ACT III:  4:41 P.M.  RUNNING TIME:  1:22

TOTAL TIME:  2:11

WEATHER:  Clear  Clouds  B

HOUSE MANAGER(S):  w. k.  pirsh

TOTAL SEATS AVAILABLE:  82
TOTAL ATTENDANCE:  76  (99% house per 95)

% OF CAPACITY:  95%
NUMBER OF UshERS:  1

NOTES:

[Signature]

(House Manager's Signature)

Have Ushers Sign On Back
HOUSE MANAGER'S REPORT
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

PRODUCTION: 5 munes

THEATRE (CIRCLE ONE): THURBER STADIUM II  , STUDIO

DAY/DATe: 5th - 8th. Febr. 19, 1983

CURTAIN TIME: 8:03  FINAL CURTAIN: 10:21

ACT I: 8:03  9:03  RUNNING TIME: 1:30
ACT II: 9:25  10:25  RUNNING TIME: 1:00
ACT III: 10:47  RUNNING TIME: 1:00

WEATHER: Clear, Warm 50°  TOTAL TIME: 2'06"

HOUSE MANAGER(S): Charlie Ratak

TOTAL SEATS AVAILABLE: 80

TOTAL ATTENDANCE: 62 (11 Hand Passes, 10 Extra Admissions = 83)

% OF CAPACITY: 77.5%

NUMBER OF USHERS: 2

NOTES:

['READ TICKETS HOW DIDN'T SHOW UP??']

(HOUSE MANAGER'S SIGNATURE)

Have Ushers Sign On Back
METHOD OF SCRIPT ANALYSIS

The method of script analysis used in directing Streamers is based on the division of the text into director's beats determined by the entrance or exit of a character or anything else that significantly changes the action, using the following criteria:

1. Why does the beat begin?
2. What are the characters and/or forces in the beat?
3. What is the purpose of the beat to the play?
4. What is the conflict of the beat?
5. What are the important objects and/or conditions in the beat?
6. What are the physical activities or actions in the beat?
7. What is the movement pattern?
8. What is the mood of the beat?
9. What is the tempo of the beat?
10. Why does the beat end?
STREAMERS

BEAT BEAT 1 ACT 1

Lights go up and audience sees the image of Richie on his bed and Martin nervously pacing behind him in cadre room.

Characters on stage:
Richie, Martin

In the doorway of the beak: character

Martin has just cut his wrists; Richie wants to get rid of Martin and to negate his actions of copy his wrist. He will deny him sympathy or compassion for his suffering and pain.

Blood wrapped on wrist.

That are the physical sensations on screen in the beak: Martin is holding the bloodied towel around his wrist.

Martin in some poses - Richie controls movement pattern - their positions make within stationary position - Martin on Robert's bed - Richie occupies his

- I rated argument

This is the music:

Quick and immediate in sound? To slow down like melody of different Donner.

Martin: "I don't care I'd be out!"
STREAMERS

Beat 2 Act 1

Carlyle enters

Carlyle, Richie, Martin

Carlyle's intrusion on Martin and Richie's private moment (Richie doesn't want anyone to discover Martin's action). He wants to "brush it under the rug."

Towel on wrist, door; filthy fatigues (carries stained with blood)

Door opens; Carlyle looks suspiciously around the room.

Richie manipulates Carlyle and deflects his intrusion into the room.

Awkward moment. Invaded privacy, embarrassed.

Martin, "Yes!"
STREAMERS

Billy enters

Billy, Carlyle, Richie, Martin

Billy's mood on entering the room vs. the "situation" he finds in his room

Billy falter at the door; whistling

Richie ushers Carlyle out of the room -

Confused, unfocused

Carlyle exits
STREAMERS  

BILLY'S ACT I  

CP 51-55

"Billy looks questioningly at Richie"  

Billy, Richie, Martin  

Character

Richie's attitude toward Martin  
Billy's attitude toward Martin, (Richie tries to withhold sympathy; Billy wants to give sympathy). Martin is seeking sympathy.

Footlocker; bloody towel on wrist; pie

Billy takes off his shoes. Martin shows his wrist, Richie pushes Martin out the door.

Ritchie exits Martin from the room—Billy follows after them

Billy's Exit.
STREAMERS

Rogers is heard coming down the hall

Character

In Rogers: The Freedom of Civilian Life vs. The Restrictions of Being in the Army

Laundry bag w/clothes, civilian clothes

Exercise, singing, sorting clothes

Rogers "dances" through this area straightens it out-

Light-hearted melody dance which changes to a nightmare

Rogers: "Fourteen... Twenty Five"
BILLY ENTERS

BILLY, ROGER

Character

THEIR PERCEPTION OF THE REALITY OF WAR VS. THE "GAME" WAR HAS BEEN TO THEM

Cigarettes/ashtray (Roger) Playboy Magazine, Foot Powder and Toiletries, Laundry

BILLY: TAKES CARE OF HIS FEET
ROGER: Sorts Laundry, Smokes

Minimal movement orchestrated by the individual physical activities

A RAP BETWEEN FRIENDS WHO DON'T WANT TO DEAL WITH SPECIFICS - FRIENDLY JOSTLING

ROGER: "FIGHTEN SOME SNOWMEN"
STREAMERS

B.T. ACT I
(PG 12-15)

Richie Bounds into the Room

Richie, Billy, Roger

Character

Richie Teases Billy

(ABOUT BOTH THEIR SEXUALITIES) Richie uses sexuality as a weapon
To hide himself and to put Billy and Roger on defensive

Playboy Magazine, Robe, Toiletries

Richie Prepares for His Shower, Billy does His Feet
Roger is Folding and Putting Away His Clothes

Richie Invades Billy's Space

Richie Sweeps Through Room Quickly

Richie EXITS
STREAMERS

CHARACTER

(INSIDE BILLY) - GAMES vs. HONESTY

He wants honesty in his relationship with Richie - he gets this false front, games. He can't deal with this relationship which is unreal to him.

Powder, magazine, towel, shoes

Billy finishes his foot care - Roger - in its foot locker

Billy controls movement pattern

Frustration - tense observation

- like a temper being to be lost

Billy exits
STREAMERS

Billy Exits

Roger opens Richie's locker

Roger's questioning of his belief about Richie: what he believes vs. what Billy believes. Roger feels Richie is a JUICE and Billy takes it too seriously.

Pin up in the locker

Roger opens Richie's locker

Roger controls movement patterns

- It can't be true: it's NOT-

- Cat stalking country

Carlyle enters
STREAMERS

CARLYLE ENTERS

CARLYLE, ROGER

CHARACTER

(Carlyle sees Entity of being what is told)

(Roger does what he is told to the line)

Rogers attitude towards authority vs Carlyle's - (rethink this) Perhaps inner conflict Carlyles' "Fear vs outward pretenses of Handling 17"

(Central vs. not below)

Locker with pin up - Playboy magazine, Foot Locker

Carlyle cases room, drinking, Carlyle tries to get Roger to come with him, Roger performs his sweeping (duty)

(Casual audience - please come with me)

RICHIE ENTERS
STREAMERS

Beat II. ACT II
(Pg 20-21)

Richie Enters

Character

Carlyle's immediate perception of Richie's vulnerability vs. Richie's awareness of Carlyle's penetration of his facade

Costume change - objects and conditions in the bedroom - Richie's nakedness - his wetness

Objects - shaving cream, towel, Ric's robe and clothes -

Riche exits - controls movement pattern

Carlyle exits

Emasculated discovery - New ED
STREAMERS

CARLYLE'S EXIT

Richie, Roger

CHARACTER

There is a marked contrast between Richie's and Roger's attitudes towards Carlyle. Richie's wariness and apprehension vs. Roger's open, easy acceptance and friendliness.

Richie; Powder, Clothes, Roger; Broom

Billy Enters
STREAMERS

Billy Enters

Billy, Richie, Roger

Character

Facing, confronting your fears (in play?)

When you are forced to confront your fears, where do you go—where does fear take you? (Change you?) How do you handle it.

Pawder, mop and bucket, cigarettes, magazine

Mopping — Billy — Richie teasing, toiletries

Roger smoking

Straight talk—no lies, no tricks

Laying it on the line

Billy exits
STREAMERS

Billy Exits

Richie, Roger

Character

What Roger wants to believe
Richie is vs. What Richie is telling Roger about himself

Wax and Rags, (Roger)-Radio

Roger waxes floor

Roger controls movement pattern

Baby (7) Cold Outside

Slow rhythmic, controlled by music

Georgia / Baby (7) Cold Outside

Rooney's voice is heard down hall
STREAMERS

But is Act I
(PG 31)

Rooney's Voice is Head Down Hall

Billy enters

Billy, Richie, Roger

Beds in the room on the seas

Character

Physical: The guys are supposed to be in bed - They are about to be discovered out of bed (Fear)

Conditions: It is supposed to be lights out

Objects: Beds, radio, wax, magazines, sheets, blankets

Getting into bed as fast as possible, Prepare for Bed Check

Frantic -

Frantic - Fear or Drink (Drunk)

By "Dad"

Rooney and Cokes enter
STREAMERS

PERSON(s) ENTERTAINING

Rooney and Cokes enter

Rooney, Cokes, Billy, Rich, Roger

Character: The stories they tell, the things they remember, the things they think, and the things that happen in this room. The fear, the anxiety, the uncertainty, the control. Over what is happening to you when the stake is your life.

Rooney and Cokes are drunk. They justify themselves as heroes, holding themselves and the war as glorious. 

Scene: Liquor bottles, SGTS. are very drunk

Conditions: Telling stories, war stories

SGTS. Watch over pattern: Cokes controls movement pattern

SGTS. - Exit
STREAMERS  

COKES AND ROONEY EXIT

CHARACTER

WITHIN BILLY - HE WANTS TO UNDERSTAND (FEELINGS, THOUGHTS → HIMSELF) AND HE CAN'T

BEDS

TELLING A STORY (BILLY) - LYING IN THEIR BEDS

STILL AND CALM / BILLY CONTROLS MOVEMENT / PITTER

TWISTED FRUSTRATION

CARLILE ENTERS
STREAMERS

BEAT 18 ACT 2
PG 42-45

CARLYLE ENTERS CRAWLING

CARLYLE, RICHIE, BILLY, ROGER

Some basic questions about the play:

CHARACTER

How is the action as the beat? CARLYLE EXPLODES INTO THEIR TRANQUIL ROOM AND CONFUSES THEM OPENLY WITH THE FEELS THEY FEEL (ASSUMED WAR) AND SUPPRESS.

What are the main objects and/or locations in the beat?

DOOR, BOTTLES, BUNKETS

How are the visual aspects other than actions in the beat?

CARLYLE PLAYS WAR; ROGER MAKES CARLYLE COMFORTABLE; CARLYLE HUGS BUNKET, ROOM FINDS COMFORT, RICHIE SENDS HIM BACK TO THE ROOM WHICH BURST INTO ROOM INCLUDING ATTACKING, FAILING, DRUNK TO THE FLOOR.

What is the climax or the best?

I NEED YOU.

End of ACT.
STREAMERS

PRODUCTION BOOK
Streamers

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS

by David Rabe
Streamers

ACT I

The set is a large Cadre Room thrusting angularly toward the audience. The floor is wooden and brown. Brightly waxed in places it is worn and dull in other sections. The back wall is brown and angled. There are two hanging lights at the center of the room. They hang covered by green metal shades. Against the back wall and to the stage right side are three wall lockers side by side. Stage center in the back wall is the door, the only entrance to the room. It opens onto a hallway that runs off to the latrines, showers, other cadre rooms and larger barracks rooms. There are three bunks. Billy's bunk is parallel to Room's bunk. They are upstage and on either side of the room, and face downstage. Richie's bunk is downstage and at a right angle to Billy's bunk. At the foot of each bunk is a green, wooden footlocker. There is a floor plug near Roger's bunk. He uses it for his radio. A reading lamp is clamped onto the metal piping at the head of Richie's bunk. A wooden chair stands beside the wall lockers. Two mops hang in the stage left corner near a trash can.

[1] It is dusk as the lights rise on the room. [See LIGHT CUE No. 1.] Richie is seated and bowed forward wearily on his bunk. He wears his long sleeved, Khaki summer dress uniform. Upstage behind him is Martin, a thin, dark young man,

Lights #2

Dr corner of his bed

Feet of Roger's bed
pacing, worried. A white towel stained red with
blood is wrapped around his wrist. He paces
several steps and falters, stops. He stands there.

RICHE. Honest to god, Martin, I don't know what
to say anymore. I don't know what to tell you.
MARTIN. (Beginning to pace again.) I mean it. I
just can't stand it. Look at me.
RICHE. I know.
MARTIN. I hate it.
RICHE. We've got to make up a story. They'll ask
you a hundred questions.
MARTIN. Do you know how I hate it?
RICHE. Everybody does. Don't you think I hate
it, too?
MARTIN. I enlisted, though. I enlisted and I hate
it.
RICHE. I enlisted, too.
MARTIN. I vomit every morning. I get the dry heaves.
In the middle of every night. (He flops down on the
corner of Billy's bed and sits there, stumped forward,
shaking his head.)
RICHE. You can stop that. You can.
MARTIN. No.
RICHE. You're just scared. It's just fear.
MARTIN. They're all so mean; they're all so awful.
I've got two years to go. Just thinking about it is
going to make me sick. I thought it would be different
from the way it is.
RICHE. But you could have died, for god's sake.
(He has turned now; he is facing MARTIN.)
MARTIN. I just wanted out.
RICHE. I might not have found you, though. I
might not have come up here.
MARTIN. I don't care. I'd be out.

(CAR ENTERS)

(2)

(The door opens and a black man in filthy fatigues—
they are grease-stained and dark with sweat—
ACT I

STREETERS

RICHIE stands there. He is CARLYLE, looking about.
RICHIE, seeing him, rises and moves toward him.)

RICHIE. No, Roger isn’t here right now.
CARLYLE: Who isn’t?
RICHIE. He isn’t here.
CARLYLE. They tell me a black boy livin’ in here.
I don’t see him. (He looks suspiciously about the room.
RICHIE. That’s what I’m saying. He isn’t here. He’ll be back later. You can come back later. His name is Roger.
MARTIN. I slit my wrist. (Thrusting out the bloody towel-wrapped wrist.)
RICHIE. MARTIN! Jesus!
MARTIN. I did.
RICHIE. He’s kidding. He’s kidding.
CARLYLE. What was his name? MARTIN? (He is confused and the confusion has made him angry, he moves toward MARTIN.) You Martín?
MARTIN. Yes.

(As BILLY, a white in his mid-twenties, blonde and trim, appears in the door, whistling, carrying a slice of pie on a paper napkin. Sensing something, he falls to, looks at CARLYLE, then RICHIE.)

BILLY. Hey, what’s goin’ on?
CARLYLE. (Turning, leaving.) Nothin’, man. Not a thing. (BILLY looks questioningly at RICHIE. Then, after placing piece of pie on the chair beside the door, he crosses to his footlocker.)
RICHIE. He came in looking for Roger, but he didn’t even know his name.
BILLY. (Sitting on his footlocker, he starts taking off his shoes.) How come you weren’t at dinner, Rich? I brought you—a-piece-of-pie. Hey, Martin. (MARTIN thrusts out his wrist and towel.)
MARTIN. I cut my wrist, Billy.

MAR XL, SHOW
wrist to BIL,
US apex of
BIL, RIC
STREAMERS

Act I

MARTIN. I cut my wrists, I slashed them, and
Richie is pretending I didn't.

MARTIN. I am not. And you only cut one wrist and
you didn't slash it.

MARTIN. I can't stand the army anymore, Billy.
(He is moving now to petition Billy, and Richie steps
between them.)

RICHIE. Billy, listen to me. This is between Martin
and me.

MARTIN. It's between me and the army, Richie.

RICHIE. (Taking MARTIN by the shoulders as BILLY
is now trying to get near MARTIN.) Let's just go out-
side and talk, Martin. You don't know what you're
saying.

BILLY. Can I see? I mean, did he really do it?

RICHIE. No!

MARTIN. I did.

BILLY. That's awful. Jesus. Maybe you should go to
the infirmary.

RICHIE. I washed it with peroxide. It's not deep.
Just let us be. Please. He just needs to straighten out
his thinking a little, that's all.

BILLY. Well, maybe I could help him?

MARTIN. Maybe he could.

RICHIE. (Suddenly pushing at MARTIN, Richie is
angry and exasperated. He wants MARTIN out of the
room.) Get out of here, Martin. Billy, you do some
MAR exit door, exit L, pushed
by RIC

RIC exit L
after MAR

BIL. HSC

BIL. exit L

---

STREAMERS

pushups or something. (Having been pushed toward the door, MARTIN wanders out.)

BILX. No

RIC: I know what Martin needs. (RICX whirls and rushes into the hall after MARTIN, leaving BILX scrambling to get his shoes on.)

BILX: (You're no doctor, are you? I just want to make sure he doesn't have to go to the infirmary, then I'll leave you alone. (One shoe on, he grabs up the second and runs out the door into the hall after them.)

MARTIN: Martin, wait up!

(Silence. The door has been left open. Fifteen or twenty seconds pass. Then someone is heard coming down the hall. He is singing "Get a Job" and trying to do the voices and harmonies of a vocal group. ROGER, a tall, well-built black in long sleeved Khakis, comes in the door. He has a laundry bag over his shoulder, a pair of clean civilian trousers and a shirt on a hanger in his other hand. After dropping the bag on the bed, he goes to his wall locker where he carefully hangs up the civilian clothes. Returning to the bed he picks up the laundry and then, as if struck, he throws the bag down on the bed, he tears off his tie and sits angrily down on the bed. For a moment, with his head in his hands, he sits there. Then, willfully, he rises, takes up the position of attention, and simply topples forward, his hands leaping out to break his fall at the last instant to put him into the push-up position. Counting in a hissing, whispering voice, he does ten pushups before simply giving up and flopping onto his belly. He simply doesn't have the will to do any more. Lying there, he counts rapidly on.)

ROGER... fourteen, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five.

(BILX, shuffling dejectedly back in, sees ROGER lying)

BILX enter XR to locker

biz. at locker
there. Roger springs to his feet, heads toward his footlocker—out of which he takes an ashtray and a pack of cigarettes. You come in this area, you come in here marchin', boy; standin' tall. (Billy, having gone to his wall locker, is tossing a Playboy Magazine onto his bunk. He will also remove a towel, a Dopp Kit and can of foot powder.)

Billy. I was marchin'.

Roger. You call that marchin'?  
Billy. I was as tall as I am; I was marchin'—what do you want?

Roger. Outa here, man; outa this goddamn typin' terrors outfit and into some kinda real army. Or else out and free.

Billy. So go; who's stoppin' you; get out. Go on.  
Roger. Ain't you a bitch.

Billy. You and me more regular army than the goddamn sergeants around this place, you know that?  
Roger. I was you, Billy, boy, I wouldn't be talkin' so sacrilegious so loud, or they be doin' you like they did the ole Sarge.

Billy. He'll get off.  
Roger. Sheee-it, he'll get off. (Sitting down on the side of his bed and facing Billy, Roger lights up a cigarette. Billy has arranged the towel, Dopp Kit and foot powder on his own bed.) Don't you think L.B.J. want to have some sergeants in that Vietnam, man. In Disneyland, baby? Lord have mercy on the ole Sarge. He goin' over there to be Mickey Mouse.

Billy. Do him a lot of good. Make a man outa him.  
Roger. That's right, that's right. He said the same damn thing about himself and you, too, I do believe. You know what's the ole boy's MOS? His Military Occupation Speciality? Demolitions, baby. Expert is his name.

Billy. (Taking off his shoes and beginning to work on a sore toe, Billy hardly looks up.) You're kiddin' me.
ACT 1

STREAMERS

ROGER. Do I jive?

BILLY. You mean that poor ole bastard who cannot light his own cigar for shakin' is supposed to go over there blowin' up bridges and shit? Do they wanna win this war or not, man?

ROGER. Ole Sarge was over in Europe in the big one, Billy. Did all kinda bad things.

BILLY. (Swinging his feet up onto the bed, BILLY sits, filing the cuticles on his toes, powdering his feet.) Was he drinkin' since he got the word?

ROGER. Was he breathin', Billy? Was he breathin'?

BILLY. Well, at least he ain't cuttin' his fuckin' wrists. (Silence. ROGER looks at BILLY who keeps on working.) Man, that's the real damn army over there, ain't it. That ain't shinin' your belt buckle and standin' tall. And we might end up in it, man. (Silence. ROGER, rising, begins to sort his laundry.) Roger. You ever ask yourself if you'd rather fight in a war where it was freezin' cold or one where there was awful snakes? You ever ask that question?

ROGER. Can't say I ever did.

BILLY. We used to ask it all the time. All the time. I mean, us kids sittin' out on the back porch tellin' ghost stories at night. 'Cause it was Korea time and the newspapers were fulla pictures of soldiers in snow with white frozen beards—they got these rags tied around their feet. And snakes. We hated snakes. Hated 'em. I mean, it's bad enough to be in the jungle duckin' bullets, but then you crawl right into a goddamn snake. That's awful. That's awful.

ROGER. It don't sound none too good.

BILLY. I got my draft notice, goddamn Vietnam didn't even exist. I mean, it existed, but not as in a war we might be in. I started crawlin' around the floor a this house where I was stayin' 'cause I'd dropped outa school and I was goin', "Bang, bang," pretendin'. Jesus.

ROGER. (Continuing with his laundry, he tries to
joke.) My first goddamn formation in basic, Billy, this NCO's up there jammin' away about how some a us are goin' to be dyin' in the war. I'm sayin', "What war? What that crazy man talkin' about?"

BILLY. Us too. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe it. And now we got three people goin' from here.

ROGER. Five. (They look at each other, and then turn away, each returning to his task.)

BILLY. It don't seem possible. I mean, people shootin' at you. Shootin' at you to kill you. (Slight pause.) It's somethin'.

ROGER. What did you decide your preferred?

BILLY. Huh?

ROGER. Did you decide you would prefer the snakes or would you prefer the snow. 'Cause it look like it is going to be the snakes.

BILLY. I think I had pretty much made my mind up on the snow.

ROGER. Well, you just let 'em know that, Billy. Maybe they get one goin' special just for you up in Alaska. You can go to the Klondike. Fightin' some snowmen.

(Richie bounds into the room and shuts the door as if to keep out something dreadful. He looks at Roger and Billy and crosses to his wall locker, pulling off his tie as he moves. Tossing the tie into the locker, he begins unbuttoning the cuffs of his shirt.)

RICHIE. Hi, hi, hi, everybody. Billy, hello.

BILLY. Hey.

ROGER. What's happenin', Rich? (Moving to the chair beside the door, he picks up the pie Billy left there. He will place the pie atop the locker, and then, sitting, he will remove his shoes and socks.)

RICHIE. I simply did this rather wonderful thing for a friend of mine, helped him see himself in a
clearer, more hopeful light—little room in his life for hope? And I feel very good. Didn’t Billy tell you?

ROGER. About what?

RICHIE. About Martin.

ROGER. No.

BILLY. (Looking up and speaking pointedly.) No. (RICHIE looks at BILLY and then at ROGER. RICHIE is truly confused.)

RICHIE. No? No?

BILLY. What do I wanna gossip about Martin for?

RICHIE. (He really can’t figure out what is going on with BILLY. Shoes and socks in hand, he heads for his wall locker.) Who was planning to gossip? I mean, it did happen. We could talk about it. I mean, I wasn’t hearing his goddamn confession. Oh, my sister told me Catholics were boring.

BILLY. Good thing I ain’t one anymore.

RICHIE. (Taking off his shirt, he moves toward ROGER.) It really wasn’t anything, Roger, except Martin made this rather desperate, pathetic gesture for attention that seems to have brought to the surface Billy’s more humane and protective side. (Reaching out, he tosses BILLY’s hair.)

BILLY. Man, I am gonna have to obliterate you.

RICHIE. (Tossing his shirt into his locker.) I don’t know what you’re so embarrassed about.

BILLY. I just think Martin’s got enough trouble without me yappin’ to everybody. (RICHIE has moved nearer BILLY, his manner playful and teasing.)

RICHIE. “Obliterate?” “Obliterate?” did you say? Oh, Billy, you better say “shit,” “ain’t” and “mother-fucker” real quick now or we’ll all know just how far beyond the fourth grade you went.

ROGER. (Having moved to his locker into which he is placing his folded clothes.) You hear about the ole Sarge, Richard?

BILLY. (Grinning.) You ain’t ... shit ..., mother-fucker.
ROGER. (Laughing.) All right.
RICHIE. (Moving center and beginning to remove his trousers.) Billy, no, no. Wit is my domain. You're in charge of sweat and running around the block.
ROGER. You hear about the ole Sarge?
RICHIE. What about the ole Sarge? Oh, who cares. Let's go to a movie. Billy, wanna? Let's go. C'mon. (Trousers off, he hurries to his locker.)
Billy. Sure. What's playin'?
RICHIE. I don't know. Can't remember. Something good, though. (With a Playboy Magazine he has taken from his locker, ROGER is sitting down on his bunk, his back toward both BILLY and RICHIE.)
RICHIE. You wanna go, Rog?
RICHIE. (In mock irritation.) Don't ask, Roger! How are we going to kiss and hug and stuff if he's there?
BILLY. That ain't funny, man. (He is stretched out on his bunk, and RICHIE comes bounding over to flop down and lie beside him.)
RICHIE. And what time will you pick me up?
BILLY. (He pushes at RICHIE, knocking him off the bed and onto the floor.) Well, you just fall down and wait, all right?
RICHIE. Can I help it if I love you? (Leaping to his feet, he will head to his locker, remove his shorts, put on a robe.)
ROGER. You gonna take a shower, Richard?
RICHIE. Cleanliness is nakedness, Roger.
ROGER. Is that right? I didn't know that. Not too many people know that. You may be the only person in the world who know that.
RICHIE. And godliness is in there somewhere, of course. (Putting a towel around his neck, he is gathering toiletries to carry to the shower.)
ROGER. You got your own way a lookin' at things, man. You cute.
ACT I

STREAMERS

15

RIC. exit R.

RICHIE. That's right.

ROGER. You go'wan, have a good time in that shower.

RICHIE. Oh, I will.

BILLY. (Without looking up from his feet which he is powdering.) And don't drop your soap.

RICHIE. I will if I want to. (Already out the door, he slams it shut with a flourish.)

BILLY. Can you imagine bein' in combat with Richie—people blastin' away at you—he'd probably want to hold your hand.

ROGER. Ain't he somethin'.

BILLY. Who's sat?

ROGER. He's all right.

BILLY. (Stringing, he heads toward his wall locker, where he will put the powder and Dopp Kit.) Sure he is except he's livin' underwater. (Looking at BILLY, ROGER senses something unnerving; it makes ROGER rise, and return his magazine to his footlocker.)

ROGER. I think we oughta do this area, man. I think we oughta do our area. Mop and buff this floor.

BILLY. You really don't think he means that shit he talks, do you?

ROGER. Huh? Awww, man; BILLY, no.

BILLY. I'd put money on it Roger, and I ain't got much money.

ROGER. Man, no, no. I'm tellin' you, lad, you listen to the ole Rog. You seen that picture a that little dollie he's got in his locker? He ain't swish, man, believe me, he's cool.

BILLY. It's just that ever since we been in this room, he's been different somehow. Somethin'.

ROGER. No, he ain't. (BILLY turns to his bed, where he carefully starts folding the towel. Then he looks at ROGER.)

BILLY. You ever talk to any a these guys—queers, I mean; you ever sit down, just rap with one of 'em?
ROGER. Hell, no; what I wanna do that for? Shit, no.

BIL. (Crossing to the trash can in the corner where he will shake the towel empty.) I mean, some of 'em are okay guys, just way up this bad alley and you say to 'em, "I'm straight, be cool," they go their own way. But then there's these other ones, these bitches, man, and they're so crazy they think anybody can be had. Because they been had themselves. So you tell 'em you're straight and they just nod and smile. You ain't real to 'em. They can't see nothin' but themselves and these goddamn games they're always playin'. (Having returned to his bunk, he is putting on his shoes.) I mean, you can be decent about anything, Roger, you see what I'm sayin'? We're all just people, man, and some of us are hardly that. That's all I'm sayin'. (There is a slight pause as he sits there thinking. Then he gets to his feet.) I'll go get some buckets and stuff we can clean up, okay? This area's a mess. This area ain't standin' tall.

ROOM. That's good talk, lad; this area a midget you put it next to an area standin' tall.

BIL. Got to be good fuckin' troopers.

BIL. That's right, that's right. I know the meanin' of the words.

BIL. I mean, I just think we all got to be honest with each other, you understand me?

ROGER. No, I don't understand you; one stupid fuckin' nigger like me—how's that gonna be?

BIL. That's right; mock me, man. That's what I need. I'll go get the gray. (Out the door he goes, talking to himself and keeping the door open. For a moment, Roger sits, thinking, and then he looks at Richie's locker and then he gets to his feet and walks to the locker. He opens it and looks at the pin-up hanging on the wall. He takes a step backward.)

ROGER. Sh-ee-it. (Through the open door comes

LIT THE LIGHTS OUT.
CAR ENTERS

ACT 1

CARLYLE. Roger doesn’t see him. And Carlyle stands there looking at Roger and the picture in the locker.

CARLYLE. Boy... whose locker you lookin’ into?

ROGER. (He is startled; recovers.) Hey, baby, what’s happenin’?

CARLYLE. That ain’t your locker is what I’m askin’, Nigger. I mean, you ain’t got no white goddamn woman hangin’ on your wall.

ROGER. Oh, no; no, no.

CARLYLE. You don’t wanna be lyin’ to me ’cause I got to turn you in you lyin’, and you do got the body a some white goddamn woman hangin’ there for you to peek at nobody around but you—you can be thinkin’ about that sweet wet pussy an’ maybe it hot an’ maybe it cool.

ROGER. I could be thinkin’ all that, except I know the penalty for lyin’.

CARLYLE. Thank god for that. (Extending his hand, palm up.)

ROGER. That’s right. This here the locker of a faggot.

CARLYLE. ’Course it is; I see that; any damn body know that. (Roger crosses toward his bunk and Carlyle swaggering about, pulling a pint of whiskey from his hip pocket.) You want a shot? Have you a little taste, my man.

ROGER. Naw.

CARLYLE. C’mon. C’mon. I think you a Tom you don’t drink outta my bottle. (He thrusts the bottle toward Roger and wipes a sweat and grease-stained sleeve across his mouth.)

ROGER. (Taking the bottle.) Shit.

CARLYLE. That right. How do I know? I just got in. New boy in town. Somewhere over there; I dunno. They dump me in among a whole bunch a pale borin’ motherfuckers. (He is exploring the room. Finding Billy’s Playboy, he edges onto Billy’s bed and leafs nervously through the pages.) I just come in
from P Company. Man, and I been all over this place, don't see too damn many of us. This outfit look like it a little short on soul. I been walkin' all around, I tell you, and the number is small. Like one hand you can tabulate the lot of 'em. We got few brothers I been able to see, is what I'm sayin'. You and me and two cats down in the small bay. That's all I found. (As ROGER is about to hand the bottle back, CARLYLE, almost angrily, waves him off.) No, no, you take another; take you a real taste.

ROGER. It ain't so bad here. We do all right.

CARLYLE. (He moves, shutting the door. Suspiciously, he approaches ROGER.) How about the white guys? They give you any sweat? What's the situation? No jive, I like to know what is goin' on within the situation before that situation get a chance to be closin' in on me.

ROGER. (Putting the bottle on the footlocker, he sits down.) Man, I'm tellin' you, it ain't bad. They're just pale, most of 'em, you know. They can't help it; how they gonna help it? Some of 'em got little bit a soul, couple real good boys around this way. Get 'em little bit of copper-tone, they be straight, man.

CARLYLE. How about the NCO's. We got any brother NCO watchin' out for us or they all white, like I goddamn well KNOW all the officers are. Fuckin' officers always white; man; fuckin' snow cones and bars everywhere you look. (He cannot stay still; he moves to his right, his left, he sits, he stands.)

ROGER. First Sergeant's a black man.

CARLYLE. All right; good news. Hey, hey, you wanna go over the club with me, or maybe downtown? I got wheels. Let's be free. (Now he rushes at ROGER.) Let's be free.

ROGER. Naw . . .

CARLYLE. Ohh, baby . . . ! (He is wildly pulling at ROGER to get him to the door.)

ROGER. Some other time, I gotta get the area

NB: ROGER begins sweeping pattern, CARL follows.
straight. Me and the guys sleep in here too, gonna shape the place up a little. (He has pulled free, and Carlyle cannot understand. It hurts him, depresses him.)

Carlyle: You got a sweet deal here an' you wanna keep it, that right? (He paces about the room, he opens a footlocker, looks inside.) How you rate you get a room like this for yourself—you and a couple guys?


Carlyle. You get a room then, huh? (And suddenly, without warning he is angry.) Oh, man, I hate this goddamn army. I hate this bastard army. I mean, I just got outta basic—off leave—you know? Back on the block for two weeks . . . and now here. They don't pull any a that petty shit, now, do they—that goddamn petty basic training bullshit? They do and I'm gonna be bustin' some head—my hand is gonna be upside all kindsa heads, 'cause I ain't gonna be able to endure it man, not that kinda crap, understand? (And again, he is rushing at Roger.) Hey, hey, oh, c'mon, let's get my wheels and make it, man, do me the favor.

Roger. How'm I gonna, I got my obligations. (And Carlyle spins away in anger.)

Carlyle. Jesus, baby, can't you remember the outside? How long it been since you been on leave? It is so sweet out there, Nigger; you got it all forgot. I had such a sweet, sweet time. They doin' dances, baby, make you wanna cry. I hate this damn army. (The anger overwhelms him.) All these mother actin' jacks giving' you jive about what you gotta do and what you can't do. I had a bad scene in basic—up the hill and down the hill; it ain't somethin' I enjoyed even a little. So they do me wrong here, Jim, they gonna be sorry. Some-damn-body! And this whole Vietnam—THING—I do not dig it. (He falls onto his knees before Roger. It is a gesture that begins as a joke, a
mockery. And then a real fear pulses through him to nearly fill the pose he has taken.) Lord, Lord, don't let 'em touch me. Christ, what will I do, they DO! Whooooooowwww! And they pullin' guys outs here, too, ain't they? Pullin'-'em-like weeds, man; throwin' 'em into the fire. It's shit, man.

Roger. They got this ole Sarge sleeps down the hall —just today, they got him.

Carlyle. Which ole Sarge?

Roger. He sleeps just down the hall; little guy.

Carlyle. Wino, right?

Roger. Booze hound.

Carlyle. Yeh, I seen him. They got him, huh?

Roger. He's goin'; gotta be packin' his bags. And three other guys two days ago. And two guys last week.

Carlyle. (Leaping up from Billy's bed.) Ohhh, them bastards. Them bastards. And everybody just takes it. It ain't our war, brother. I'm tellin' you. That's what gets me, Nigger, it ain't our war no how because it ain't our country and that's what burns my ass—that and everybody just sittin' and takin' it. They gonna be bustin' balls, man—kickin' and stompin'—everybody here maybe one week from shippin' out to get blown clean away and man, what they doin'? They doin' what they told. That what they doin'. Like you? Shit! You gonna straighten up your goddamn ass! Well, that ain't for me; I'm gettin' hat, and makin' it out where it's sweet and the peoples livin'. I can't cut this jive here, man. I'm tellin' you. I can't cut it. (He has moved toward Roger and behind him now. Richie enters, running, his hair wet, traces of shaving cream on his face. Touching his hair, he falters, seeing Carlyle. Then he crosses to his locker. Carlyle grins at Roger, looks at Richie, steps toward him and gives a little bow.)

My name is Carlyle; what is yours?

Richie. Richie.
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CARLYLE. (He turns toward Roger to share his joke.) Hello, Where is Martin? That cute little Martin. (And Richie has just taken off his robe as Carlyle turns back.) You cute, too, Richie.

RICHIE. Martin doesn't live here. (Hurriedly putting on underpants to cover his nakedness.)

CARLYLE. (Watching Richie, he slowly turns toward Roger.) You ain't gonna make it with me, man?

ROGER. Naw... like I tol' you. I'll catch you later.

CARLYLE. That's sad, man; make me cry in my heart.

ROGER. You go'wan, get your head smokin'—stop on back.

CARLYLE. Okay, okay, got to be one man one more time. (On the move for the door, his hand extended palm up behind him, demanding the appropriate response.) Baby! Gimmel Gimmel! (Lunging, Roger slaps the hand.)

RICHIE. Go'wan home! Go'wan home...

CARLYLE. You gonna hear from me. (And he is gone out the door and down the hallway.)

ROGER. I can... and do... believe that...

RICHIE. (Putting on his T-shirt, watches Roger who stubs out his cigarette, then crosses to the trash can to empty the ashtray.)

RICHIE. Who was that?

ROGER. Man's new, Rich. Dumps his name more than that "Carlyle" he said. He's new—just outa basic.

RICHIE. (Powdering his thighs, and under his arms.) Oh... my god... (As Billy enters pushing a mop bucket with a wringer attached and carrying a container of wax.)

ROGER. Me and Billy's gonna straighten up the area; you wanna help?

RICHIE. Sure, sure, help, help.
BIL stays UC

BIL XL to

RIC at locker

RGC XDL, sweeps

BXL, gets mop

RGC XDC with hand broom and dustpan

BIL XL

RGC kneel beside Ric's foot locker, collects shit XR to below his bed, kneels
ACT 1

Ritchie: Don't you think it's true, Billy?
Billy: It's like I tol' you, Rog.
Ritchie: What did you tell him?
Billy: That you go down; that you go up and down like a yo-yo and you go blowin' all the trees like the wind. (Ritchie is stunned. He looks at Roger, and then he turns and stares into his own locker. The others keep mopping. Ritchie takes out a towel, and pulling it around his neck, he walks to where Billy is working. He stands there, hurt, looking at Billy.)
Ritchie: What the hell made you tell him I been down, Billy?
Billy: (Still mopping.) It's in your eyes; I seen it.
Ritchie: What?
Billy: You.
Ritchie: What is it, Billy, you think you're trying to say—you and all your wit and intelligence—your humanity.
Billy: I said it, Rich; I said what I was tryin' to say.
Ritchie: Did you?
Billy: I think I did.
Ritchie: Do you?
Billy: Loud and clear, baby. (Still mopping.)
Rog. (They got to put me in with the weirdos—why is that, huh? How come the army hate me, do this shit to me—know what to do. (Whimsical and then suddenly loud, angered, violent.) Now you guys put socks in your mouths, right now—get shut up—or I am gonna beat you to death with each other. Roger got work to do. To be doin' it!
Ritchie: (Turning to his bed, he kneels upon it.)
Rog. I think you're so innocent, sometimes. Honestly, it's not such a terrible thing. Is it, Billy?
Billy: How would I know? (He slams his mop into the bucket.) Oh, go fuck yourself.
Ritchie: Well. I can give it a try, if that's what you want. Can I think of you as I do?
BIL drop mop exits - griefs
XD at RIC

RIC sits up side of his cot

BIL (XDC) at RIC's bed

BIL. (Throwing down his mop.) GODDAMMIT! That's it! IT! (He exits, rushing into the hall and slamming the door behind him. Roger looks at Richie. Neither quite knows what is going on. Suddenly, the door bursts open and BILLY storms straight over to RICHIE who still kneels on the bed.) Now I am going level with you. Are you gonna listen? You gonna hear what I say, Rich; and not what you think I'm sayin'? (Richie turns away as if to rise; his manner flippant, disdainful.) No! Don't get cute; don't turn away cute. I wanna say somethin' straight out to you and I want you to hear it!

RICHE. I'm all ears, goddamnit! For what, however, I do not know, except some boring evasion.

BILLY. At least wait the hell till you hear me!

RICHE. (In irritation.) Okay, okay! What?

BILLY. Now this is level, Rich; this is straight talk. (He is quiet, intense. This is difficult for him. He seeks the exactly appropriate words of explanation.) No B.S. No tricks. What you do on the side, that's your business and I don't care about it. But if you don't cut the cute shit with me, I'm gonna turn you off. Completely. You ain't gonna get a good mornin' outa me, you understand, because it's gettin' bad around here. I mean, I know how you think—how you keep lookin' out and seein' yourself and that's what I'm tryin' to tell you because that's all that's happenin', Rich. That's all there is to it when you look out at me and think there's some kind of approval or whatever you see in my eyes—you're just seein' yourself. And I'm talkin' the simple quiet truth to you, Rich, I swear I am. (He looks away from Richie now and tries to go back to the mopping. It is embarrassing for them all. Roger has watched, has tried to keep working. Richie has flopped back on his bunk. There is a silence.)

RICHE. How . . . do . . . you want me to be? I don't know how else to be.
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BIL, mopping

BIL, mop

BIL exit with mop, mops in hallway

RUG, sits on his footlocker, faces RIC

BIL XCR

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Billy. Ohhh, man, that ain't any part of it. (The mop is clenched in his hands.)

Richie. Well, I don't come from the same kind of world as you do.

Billy. Damn, Richie, you think Roger and I come off the same street?

Roger. Shit...

Richie. All right. Okay. But I've just done what I wanted all of my life. If I wanted to do something, I just did it. Honestly, I've never had to work or anything like that and I've always had nice clothing and money for cab fare. Money for whatever I wanted. Always. I'm not like you are.

Roger. You ain't sayin' you really done that stuff, though, Rich.

Richie. What?

Roger. That fag stuff.

Richie. (He continues looking at Roger and then he looks away.) Yes.

Roger. Do you even know what you're sayin', Richie? Do you even know what it means to be a fag?

Richie. Roger, of course I know what it is. I just told you I've done it. I thought you black people were supposed to understand all about suffering and human strangeness. I thought you had depth and vision from all your suffering. Has someone been misleading me? I just told you I did it. I know all about it. Everything. All the various positions.

Roger. Yeh, so maybe you think you've tried it, but that don't make you it. I mean, we used to... in the old neighborhood... man, we had a couple dudes swung that way. But they was weird, man. There was this one little fellas, he was a screamin' goddamn faggot... uh... (He considers Richie, wondering if perhaps he has offended him.) Ohhh, ohhh, you ain't no screamin' goddamn faggot, Richie, no matter what you say. And the baddest man on the block was my boy Jerry Lemon. So one day, Jerry's
BIL enters
with mop.
U.C. goes to
bucket by
chair; listens
to RCG

BIL sits on
rung at foot
of his bed

RCG sits
at side of
footlocker;

BIL, sitting on Roger's bunk, is staring at Roger.

BIL: You really seen that?
ROGER: Richies a big city boy.
BIL: Oh, no; never anything like that.
ROGER: "Momma, help me," I am screamin', "Jesus, momma help me." Little fella, he don't know how to act, he sees somethin' like that. (For a moment they are silent, each thinking.)

BIL: How long you think we got?
ROGER: What do you mean? (He is hanging up
the mops. BIL is kneeling on Roger's bunk.)
BIL: Till they pack us up, man, ship us out.
ROGER: To the war, you mean? To Disneyland?
BIL: Man, I dunno; that up to them I.D.M.'s. Them machines is figurin' that. Maybe tomorrow, maybe next week, maybe never. (The war—the threat of it—is the one thing they share.)
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RICHIE. I was reading they're planning to build it all up to more than five hundred thousand men over there. Americans. And they're going to keep it that way until they win.

BILLY. Be a great place to come back from, man, you know? I keep thinkin' about that. To have gone there, to have been there, to have seen it and lived.

ROGER. (Settling onto BILLY's bunk, Roger lights a cigarette.) Well, what we got right here is a fool, gonna probably be one of them five hundred thousand. Do you know this fool cry at the goddamn anthem yet? The flag is flyin' at a ball game, the ole Roger gets all wet in the eye. After all the shit been done to his black ass. But I don't know what I think about this war. I do not know.

BILLY. I'm tellin' you, Rog; I've been doin' alot of readin' and I think it's right we go. I mean, it's just like when North Korea invaded South Korea or when Hitler invaded Poland and all those other countries. He just kept testin' everybody and when nobody said "no" to him, he got so committed he couldn't back out even if he wanted. And that's what this Ho Chi Minh is doin'. And all those other Communists. If we let 'em know somebody is gonna stand up against 'em, they'll back off, just like Hitler would have.

RICHIE. There is folks, you know, who are sayin' L.E.F. is the Hitler, and not ole Ho Chi Minh at all.

RICHIE. (Talking as if this is the best news he's heard in years.) Well, I don't know anything at all about all that—but I am certain I don't want to go—whatever is going on. I mean, those Viet Cong don't just shoot you and blow you up, you know. My god, they've got these other awful things they do—putting elephant shit on these stakes in the ground and then you step on 'em and you got elephant shit in a wound in your foot. The infection is horrendous. And then there's these caves they hide in and when you go in after 'em, they've got these snakes that they've tied
by their tails to the ceiling—so it’s dark and the snake is furious from having been hung by its tail and you crawl right into them—your face, My god.

BILLY. They do not. (He knows he has been caught; they all know it.)

RICHIE. I read it, Billy. They do.

BILLY. (Completely facetious, yet the fear is real.)

That’s bullshit, Richie.

ROCK. That’s right—Richie, they may be do that stuff with the elephant shit, but nobody’s gonna tie a snake by its tail, let ole Billy walk into it.

BILLY. That’s disgusting, man.

ROCK. Guess you better get ready for the Klondike, my man.

BILLY. That is probably the most disgusting thing I ever heard of. I DO NOT WANT TO GO! NOT TO NOWHERE WHERE THAT KINDA SHIT IS GOIN’ ON! L.B.J. is Hitler; suddenly I see it all very clearly.

ROCK. Billy got him a hatred for snakes.

RICHIE. I hate them, too. They’re hideous.

BILLY. (And now, as a kind of apology to Richie, Billy continues his self-ridicule far into the extreme.) I mean, that is one of the most awful things I ever heard of any person doing. I mean, any person who would hang a snake by its tail in the dark of a cave in the hope that some other person might crawl into it and get bitten to death, that first person is somebody who ought be shot. And I hope the five hundred thousand other guys that get sent over there kill ‘em all—all them gooks—get ‘em all driven back into Germany where they belong. And in the meantime, I’ll be holding the northern border against the snowmen.

ROCK. (Rising from Billy’s bed.) And in the meantime before that, we better be gettin’ at the ole area here. Got to be strike troopers.

BILLY. Right.
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RICHIE. Can I help?

ROGER. Sure. Be good. (And he crosses to his footlocker and takes out a radio.) Think maybe I put on a little music, though it's gettin' late. We got time, Billy, you think?

BILLY. Sure. (Getting nervously to his feet.)

ROGER. Sure. All right. We can be doin' it to the music. (He plugs the radio into the floor plug as BILLY bolts for the door.)

BILLY. I gotta go pee.

ROGER. You watch out for the snakes.

BILLY. It's the snowmen, man; the snowmen. (He is gone and a recording, preferably by Ray Charles, comes from the radio. For a moment, as the music plays, ROGER watches RICHIE wander about the room, pouring little splashes of wax onto the floor. Then RICHIE moves to his bed and lies down, and ROGER, shaking his head, starts to leisurely spread the wax with RICHIE watching.)

RICHIE. How come you and Billy take all this so seriously? You know.

ROGER. What?

RICHIE. This army nonsense; you're always shining your brass and keeping your footlocker neat and your locker so neat. There's no point to any of it.

ROGER. We here, ain't we, Richie; we in the army. (Still working the wax.)

RICHIE. There's no point to any of it. And doing those pushups, the two of you.

ROGER. We just see a lot a things the same way is all. Army ought to be a serious business, even if sometimes it ain't.

RICHIE. You're lucky, you know; the two of you. Having each other for friends the way you do. I never had that kind of friend ever. Not even when I was little.

ROGER. (After a pause, during which ROGER, working, sort of peeks at RICHIE every now and then.)

RICHIE. I'm serious, man.
You ain't really into that stuff, are you, Richie? (It is a question that is a statement.)

RICHIE. (Coyly, RICHIE looks at ROGER.) What stuff is that, Roger?

ROGER. That fag stuff, man. You know. You ain't really into it, are you? You maybe messed in it a little is all, am I right?

RICHIE. I'm very weak, Roger. And by that I simply mean that if I have an impulse to do something, I don't know how to deny myself. If I feel like doing something, I just do it. I... will... admit to sometimes wishing I... was a little more like you... and Billy, even, but not to any severe extent.

ROGER. But that's such a bad scene, Rich. You don't want that. Nobody wants that. Nobody wants to be a punk. Not nobody. You wanna know what I think it is? You just got in with the wrong bunch. Am I right? You just got in with a bad bunch, that can happen. And that's what I think happened to you. I bet you never had a chance to really run with the boys before. I mean, regular normal guys like Billy and me. How'd you come in the army, huh, Richie? You get drafted?

RICHIE. No.

ROGER. That's my point, see. (He has stopped working. He stands, leaning on the mop, looking at RICHIE.)

RICHIE. About four years ago, I went to this party. I was very young, and I went to this party with a friend who was older and... this "fag stuff," as you call it, was going on... so I did it.

ROGER. And then you come in the army to get away from it, right? (Huh?)

RICHIE. I don't know.

ROGER. Sure.

RICHIE. I don't know, Roger.

ROGER. Sure; sure; and now you're gettin' a chance to run with the boys for a little; you'll get yourself straightened around. I know it for a fact; I know that
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thing. (From off there is the sudden loud bellowing sound of Sergeant Rooney.)

ROONEY. THERE AIN'T BEEN NO SOLDIERS IN THIS CAMP BUT ME. I BEEN THE ONLY ONE—I BEEN THE ONLY ME! (And BIL comes dashing into the room.)

BIL. Oh, boy.

ROGER. Guess who?

ROONEY. FOR SO LONG I BEEN THE ONLY GODDAMN ONE!

BIL. (Leaping onto his bed and covering his face with a Playboy Magazine as RICKIE is trying to disappear under his sheets and blankets and ROGER is trying to get the wax put away so he can get into his own bunk.) Huh, who hee whor—he's got some yo-yo with him, Rog!

ROGER. Huh? (As COKE and ROONEY enter. Both are in fatigues and drunk and big-bellied. They are in their fifties, their hair whitish and cut short. Both men carry whiskey bottles, beer bottles. COKE is a little neater than ROONEY, his fatigue jacket tucked in and not so rumpled and he wears canvas-sided jungle boots. ROONEY, very disheveled, chomps on a stub of a big cigar. They swagger in looking for fun and stand there side by side.)

ROONEY. What kinda platoon I got here? You buncha shit-sacks. Everybody look sharp. (The three boys lay there, unstirring.) Off and on!

COKE. OFF AND ON! (He seems barely conscious, waving as he stands.)

ROGER. What's happenin', Sergeant?

ROONEY. (Shoving his bottle of whiskey at ROGER, who is sitting up.) Shut up, Moorey. You want a belt? (Splashing whiskey on ROGER's chest.)

ROGER. How can I say no?

COKE. My name is COKE!

BIL. (Rising to sit on the side of his bed.) How about me, too?

COKE. You wait your turn.

NB. Men at attention

BIL

COKE

ROGER

RICKIE
ROONEY. (He looks at the three of them as if they are fools. He indicates CoKes with a gesture.) Don't you see what I got here?

BILLY. Who do I follow for my turn?

ROONEY. (Suddenly, crazily, petulant.) Don't you see what I got here? Everybody on their feet and at attention! (BILLY and ROONEY climb from their bunks and stand at attention. They don't know what ROONEY is mad at.) I mean it! (Richee bounds to the position of attention.) (This here is my friend, who in addition just come back from the war! The goddamn war! He been to it and he come back. (ROONEY is patting CoKes gently, proudly.) The man's a fuckin' hero! (ROONEY hugs CoKes, almost kissing him on the cheek.) He's always been a fuckin' hero. (CoKes, embarrassed in his stupor, kind of wobbles a little from side to side.)

COKES. Nooo... (And ROONEY grabs him, starts pushing him toward BILLY's footlocker.)

ROONEY. Show 'em your boots, CoKes. Show 'em your jungle boots. (With a long, clumsy step, CoKes climbs onto the footlocker, ROONEY supporting him from behind and then bending to lift one of CoKes' booted feet and display it for the boys.) (Look at that boot.) That ain't a goddamn army boot. That is a goddamn jungle boot! That green canvas is a jungle boot 'cause a the heat, and them little holes in the bottom are so the water can run out when you been walkin' in a little water like in a jungle swamp. (He is extremely proud of all this; he looks at them.) The army ain't no goddamn fool. You see a man wearin' boots like that you might as well see he's got a chestful a medals. 'Cause he been to the war. He don't have no boots like that unless he been to the war! Which is where I'm goin' and all you slap-happy motherfuckers, too. Got to go kill some gooks. (He is nodding at them, smiling.) That's right.

COKES. (Bursting loudly from his stupor.) Gonna
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piss on 'em. Old booze. It's what I did. Piss in the rivers. Goddam G.I.'s secret weapon is old booze and he's pissin' it in all their runnin' water. Makes 'em yellow. Aahhha, ha, ha! (He laughs and laughs, and Rooney laughs, too, hugging Cokes.)

Rooney. Me and Cokesie been in so much shit together we oughta be brown. (And then he catches himself, looks at Rooney.) Don't take no offense at that, Moore. We been swimmin' in it. One hundred and first airborne, together. One-Oh-One. Screamin' goddamn eagles! (Looking at each other, face to face, eyes glinting, they make sudden loud screaming eagle sounds.) This ain't the army, you punks ain't in the army. You ain't ever seen the army. The army is airborne! Airborne!

Cokes. (Beginning to stomp his feet.) Airborne, airborne! ALL THE WAY! (As Richie, amused and hoping for a drink, too, reaches out toward Rooney.)

Richie. Sergeant, Sergeant, I can have a little drink, too. (Rooney looks at him and clutches the bottle.)

Rooney. Are you kiddin' me? You gotta be kiddin' me. (He looks to Roger.) He's kiddin' me, ain't he, Moore? (And then to Billy and then to Cokes.) Ain't he, Cokesie? (Cokes steps forward and down with a thump, taking charge for his bewildered friend.)

Cokes. Don't you know you are tryin' to take the booze from the hand a the future goddamn congressional honor winner... medal...? (And he looks lovingly at Rooney. He beams.) Ole Rooney, ole Rooney. (He hugs Rooney's head.) He almost done it already. (And Rooney, overwhelmed, starts screaming "Aaagggghhhhhhhhhhh," a screaming eagle sound and making clinging eagle gestures at the air. He jumps up and down, stomping his feet. Cokes instantly joins in, stomping and jumping and yelling.)

Rooney. Let's show these shit-sacks how men are men jumpin' outa planes. Aaaaagggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, (Stomping and yelling, they move in a circle, Rooney
followed by Cokes.) A plane fulla yellin' stompin' men!

Cokes. All yellin' stompin' men! (They yell and stomp, making eagle sounds and then Rooney leaps up on Billy's bed and runs the length of it until he is on the footlocker, Cokes still on the floor, stomping. Rooney makes a gesture of hooking his ripcord to the line inside the plane. They yell louder and louder and Rooney leaps high into the air, yelling "GEERRONIMO!" as Cokes leaps onto the locker and then high into the air, bellowing "GEERRONIMO!"
They stand side by side, their arms held up in the air as if grasping the shroud lines of open chutes. They seem to float there in silence.) What a feelin'.

Rooney. Beautiful feelin'... (For a moment more, they float there, adrift in the room, the sky, their memory. Cokes smiles at Rooney.)

Cokes. Remember that one guy, O'Flannigan—

Rooney. (Nodding, smiling, remembering.) — O'Flannigan—

Cokes. — he was this one guy—O'Flannigan— (He moves now toward the boys, Billy, Roger and Richie, who have gathered on Roger's bed and footlocker. Rooney follows several steps, then drifts backward onto Billy's bed, where he sits and then lies back, listening to Cokes. [LIGHT CUE No. 3.) We was testing chutes where you could just pull a lever by your ribs here when you hit the ground... see... and the chute would come off you, because it was just after a whole bunch a guys had been dragged to death in an unexpected and terrible wind at Fort Bragg. So they wanted you to be able to release the chute when you hit if there was a bad wind when you hit. So O'Flannigan was this kinda joker who had the goddamn sense a humor of a clown and nervous I tell you of steel, and he says he's gonna release the lever mid-air, then reach up, grab the lines, and float on down, hanging. His hand paws at the air, seeking a rope
(that isn't there.) So I seen him pull the lever at five hundred feet and he reaches up to two fistfuls of air, the chute's twenty feet above him, and he went into the ground like a knife. (The bottle held high over his head falls through the air to the bed, all watching it.)

BILLY. Geezus.

ROONEY. (Nodding gently.) Didn't get to sing the song, I bet.

COXES. (Standing, staring at the fallen bottle.) No way.

RICHIE. What song?

ROONEY. (He rises up, mysteriously angry.) Shit-sack! Shit-sack!

RICHIE. What song, Sergeant Rooney?

ROONEY. Beautiful Streamer, Shit-sack. (COXES, gone into another reverie, is staring skyward.)

COXES. I saw this one guy—never forget it. Never.

BILLY. That's Richie, Sergeant Rooney. He's a beautiful screamer.

RICHIE. He said, "Streamer," not "screamer," asshole. (COXES is still in his reverie.)

COXES. This guy with his chute goin' straight up above him in a streamer, like a tulip only white, you know. All twisted and never gonna open. Like a big icicle sticking straight up above him. He went right by me. We met eyes sort of. He was lookin' real puzzled. He looks right at me. Then he looks up in the air at the chute, then down at the ground.

ROONEY. Did he sing it?

COXES. He didn't sing it. He started going like this. (He reaches desperately upward with both hands and begins to claw at the sky while his legs pump up and down.) Like he was gonna climb right up the air.

RICHIE. Ohhhhh, Geezus.

BILLY. God. (ROONEY has collapsed again backwards on BILLY's bed and he lies there and then he rises.)
ROONEY. Cokes got the silver star for rollin’ a barrel of oil down a hill in Korea into forty-seven chinky dinky Chinese gooks who were climbin’ up the hill and when he shot into it with his machine gun, it blew them all to grape jelly. (Cokes, rocking a little on his feet, begins to hum and then sing “Beautiful Streamer” to the tune of Stephen Foster’s “Beautiful Dreamer.”)

Cokes. “Beautiful Streamer, open for me . . . the sky is . . . above . . . me.” (And then the singing stops.) But the one I remember is this little guy in his spider hole which is a hole in the ground with a lid over it. (And he is using Richie’s footlocker before him as the spider hole. He has fixed on it, is moving toward it.) And he shot me in the ass as I was runnin’ by, but the bullet hit me so hard—(His body kind of jerks and he runs several steps)—it knocked me into this ditch where he couldn’t see me, I got behind him. (Now at the head of Richie’s bed, he begins to creep along the side of the bed as if sneaking up on the footlocker.) Crawlin’. And I dropped a grenade into his hole. (He jams a whiskey bottle into the footlocker, then slams down the lid.) Then sat on the lid, him bouncin’ and yellin’ under me. Bouncin’ and yellin’ under the lid. I could hear him. Feel him. I just sat there. (Silence. Rooney Waits, thinking, then leaning forward.)

ROONEY. He was probably singin’ it.

Cokes. (Sitting there.) I think so.

ROONEY. You think we should let ’em hear it?

BILLY. We’re good boys. We’re good ole boys.

ROONEY. (Jerking himself to his feet, Cokes staggers sideways to join Rooney on Billy’s bed.) I don’t care who hears it, I just wanna be singin’ it.” (Rooney rises; he goes to the boys on Roone’s bed and speaks to them carefully, as if lecturing people on something of great importance.)

ROONEY. (You listen up; you just be listenin’ up; ’cause if you hear it right you can maybe stop bein’...
ACT 1

streamers

shit-sacks. This is what a man sings, he's goin' down through the air, his chute don't open. (Flopping back down on the bunk beside Cokes, Rooney looks at Cokes and then at the boys. The two old men put their arms around each other and they begin to sing.)

Cokes and Rooney. (Singing.)

Beautiful Streamer
Open for me,
The sky is above me,
But no canopy.

Billy. (Murmuring.) I don't believe it.

Cokes and Rooney.
Counted ten thousand,
Pulled on the cord.
My chute didn't open,
I shouted "Dear Lord."

Beautiful Streamer,
This looks like the end,
The earth is below me,
My body won't end.

Just like a mother,
Watching o're me.

Watching o're me.

Beautiful Streamer
Ohhhhh, open for me.

Rooper. Unfuckin' believable.

Rooney. (Beaming with pride.) Ain't that a beauty.

(And then Cokes topples forward onto his face and flops limply to his side. The three boys leap to their feet. Rooney lunges toward Cokes.)

Richie. Sergeant!

Rooney. Cokie! Cokie!

Billy. Jesus.

Rooger. Hey!

Cokes. Huh? Huh? (He sits up; Rooney is kneeling beside him.)

Rooney. Jesus, Cokie.

cok. faints, topples to floor. c;
men X;
room pushes them aside, helps COK up, onto RIC's bed.
Cokes. I been doin' that; I been doin' that. It don't mean nothin'.

Rooney. No, no.

Cokes. (Pushing at Rooney who is trying to help him get back to the bed. Rooney agrees with everything Cokes is now saying and the noises he makes are little animal noises.) I told 'em when they wanted to send me back I ain't got no leukemia, they wanna check it. They think I got it. I don't think I got it. Rooney? Whata you think?

Rooney. No.

Cokes. My mother had it. She had it. Just 'cause she did and I been fallin' down.

Rooney. It don't mean nothin'.

Cokes. (He lunges back and up onto the bed.) I tol' 'em I fall down 'cause I'm drunk. I'm drunk all the time.

Rooney. You'll be goin' back over there with me is what I know, Cokie. (He is patting Cokes, nodding, dusting him off.) That's what I know. (As Billy comes up to them, almost seeming to want to be a part of the intimacy they are sharing.)

Billy. That was somethin', Sergeant Cokes; Jesus. (Rooney whirls on him, ferocious, pushing him.)

Rooney. Get the fuck away, Wilson! Whata you know? Get the fuck away. You don't know shit. Get away! You don't know shit. (And he turns to Cokes who is standing up from the bed.) Me and Cokes are goin' to the war zone like we oughta. Gonna blow it to shit. (He is grabbing at Cokes who is laughing. They are both laughing. Rooney whirs on the boys.) Ohhh, I'm gonna he so happy to be away from you assholes; you pussies. Not one regular army people among you possible. I swear to it my mother who is holy. You just be watchin' the papers for Cokes and Rooney doin' darin' brave deeds. 'Cause we're old hands at it. Makin' shit disappear. Goddamn-woosh!

Cokes. Whoosh!
ACT I

STREAMERS

ROONEY. Demmachitions. Me and . . . (And then he knows he hasn't said it right.) Me and Cokie . . .
Demmat . . . Demmati . . .
RICHIE. (Still sitting on Roger's bed.) You can do it, Sergeant.

BILLY. Get it. (He stands by the lockers and Rooney glares at him.)

ROONEY. 'Cause you're cool with dynamite is what you're tryin' to say.

ROONEY. (Charging at Roonie, bellowing.) Shut the fuck up, that's what you can do; and go to goddamn sleep. You buncha shit . . . sacks. Buncha mothers—know it all motherin' shit-sucks, that's what you are.

COKES. (Shoulders back, he is taking charge.) Just goin' to sleep is what you can do, 'cause Rooney and me fought it through two wars already and we can make it through this one more and leukemia that comes or doesn't come, who gives a shit, not guys like us. We're goin' just pretty as pie. And it's lights out time, ain't it, Rooney?

ROONEY. Past it, goddamnit. So the lights are goin' out. (There is fear in the room, and the three boys rush to their wall lockers, where they start to strip to their underwear, preparing for bed. Rooney paces the room, watching them, glaring.) Somebody's gotta teach you soldierin'. You hear me? Or you gonna go outside and march around a while, huh? We can do that if you wanna. Huh? You tell me? Marchin' or sleepin'? What's it gonna be?

RICHIE. (Kushing to get into bed.) Flick out the ole lights, Sergeant, that's what we say.

BILLY. (Climbing into bed.) Put out the ole lights.

ROONEY. (In bed and pulling up the covers.) Do it.

COKES. Shut up. (He rocks, forward and back, trying to stand at attention. He is saying goodnight.)

And that's an order. Just shut up. I got grenades down the hall . . . I got a pistol. I know where to get nitro—you don't shut up, I'll blow . . . you . . . to
... (Making a military left face, he stalks to the wall switch and turns the lights out. [LIGHT CUE No. 8] ROONEY is watching proudly, as COKE a faces the boys again. He looks at them.) That's right. (In the dark, there is only a spill of light from the hall coming in the open door. COKE and ROONEY put their arms around each other and go out the door.

RICHE, ROGER and BILLY lie in their bunks, staring. They do not move. They lay there. The SERGEANTS seem to have vanished soundlessly once they went out the door. Light touches each of the boys as they lay there.)

ROGER. Lord have mercy, if that ain't a pair. If that ain't one pair a beauties.

BILLY. Oh, yeh. (He does not move.)

ROGER. Too much. Man, too, too much.

RICHE. They made me sad; but I loved them, sort of. Better than movies.

ROGER. Too much. Too, too much. (Silence.)

BILLY. What time is it?

ROGER. Sleep time, men. Sleep time. (Silence.)

BILLY. Right.

ROGER. They were somethin'. Too much.

BILLY. Too much.

RICHE. Night.

ROGER. Night. (Silence.) Night, Billy.

BILLY. Night. (RICHE sits in his bed. ROGER turns onto his side. BILLY is motionless.) I ... had a buddy, Rog ... and this is the whole thing, this is the whole point, a kid I grew up with, played ball with in high school, and he was a tough little cat, a real bad man sometimes. Used to have gangster pictures, up in his room. Anyway, we get into this deal, where we'd drive on down to the big city, man, you know, hit the bad spots, let some queer pick us up ... sort of long enough to buy us some good stuff. It was kinda the thing to do for awhile, and we all did it, the whole gang of us. So we'd let these cats pick us up,
most of 'em old guys, and they were hurtin' and happy as hell to have us, and we'd get a lot of free booze, maybe a meal and we'd turn 'em on. Then pretty soon they'd ask us—did we want to go over to their place. "Sure," we'd say and order one more drink, and then when we hit the street, we'd tell 'em to kiss off. We'd call 'em fag and queer and jazz like that and tell 'em to kiss off. And Frankie, the kid I'm tellin' you about, he had a mean streak in him and if they gave us a bad time at all, he'd put 'em down. That's the way he was. So that kinda jazz went on and on for sort of a long time and it was a good deal if we were low on cash or needed a laugh and it went on for a while. And then Frankie—one day he come up to me—and he says he was goin' home with the guy he was with. He said, "What the hell, what did it matter?" And he's sayin', Frankie's sayin'—Why don't I tag along? "What the hell," he's sayin', "what does it matter who does it to you, some broad or some old guy, you close your eyes, a mouth's a mouth, it don't matter"—that's what he's sayin'. I tried to talk him out of it but he wasn't hearin' anything I was sayin'. So, the next day, see, he calls me up to tell me about it. "Okay, okay," he says, it was a cool scene, he says; they played poker—a buck minimum and he made a fortune. Frankie was eatin' it up, man. It was a pretty way to live, he says. So he stayed at it, and he had this nice little girl he was goin' with at the time—you know the way a real bad cat can sometimes do that, have a good little girl who's crazy about him and he is for her, too, and he's a different cat when he's with her.

Roger. Uh-huh. (The hall light slants across Billy's face.)

Billy. Well, that was him and Linda, and then one day he dropped her, he cut her loose. He was hooked, man. He was into it with no way he knew out—you understand what I'm sayin'? He had got his
ass hooked. He had never thought he would and then one day he woke up and he was on it. He just hadn't been told, that's the way I figure it; somebody didn't tell him somethin' he shoulda been told and he come to me wailin' one day, man, all broke up and wailin', my boy Frankie, my main man, and he was a fag. He was faggot, black Roger, and I'm not lyin'. I am not lyin' to you.

Roger. Damn.

Billy. So that's the whole thing, man; that's the whole thing. (Silence. They tie there.)


Richie. He's a story teller . . .

Roger. Whata you mean?

Richie. I mean, he's a story teller, all right, he tells stories, all right.

Roger. What are we in to now? You wanna end up like that friend a his, or you don't believe what he said? Which are you sayin'? (The door bursts open; the sounds of machine guns and cannon are being made by someone, and Carlyle, drunk and playing, comes crawling in. [LIGHT CUB No. 4] Roger, Richie and Billy all pop up, startled, to look at him.) Hey, hey, what's happenin'?

Billy. Who's happenin'?

Roger. You attackin' or you retreatin', man?

Carlyle. (Looking up; big grin,) Hey, baby . . . ? (Continues shooting, crawling. The three boys look at each other.)

Roger. What's happenin', man; whatcha doin'? Carlyle. I dunno, Soul; I dunno. Practicin' my duties, my new abilities. (Half sitting, he flops onto his side, starts to crawl.) The low crawl, man; like I was taught in basic, that's what I'm doin'. You gotta know your shit, man, else you get your ass blown so far away you don't ever see it again. Oh, sure, you guys don't care. I know it. You got it made. You got
it made. I don't got it made. You got a little home here, got friends. People to talk to. I got nothin'. You get jobs, they probably ain't ever gonna ship you out, you got so important jobs. I got no job. They don't even wanna give me a job. I know it. They are gonna kill me. They are gonna send me over there to get me killed, goddamn it. What's amatter with all you people? (The anger explodes out of the grieving and Roger rushes to kneel beside Carlyle. He speaks gently, firmly.)

Roger. Hey, man, get cool, get some cool; purchase some cool, man.

Carlyle. Awww... (Clumsily, he turns away.)

Roger. Just hang in there.

Carlyle. I don't wanna be no dead man. I don't wanna be the one they all thinkin' is so stupid he's the only one'll go they tell him, they don't even have to give him a job. I got thoughts, man; in my head; all time, burnin', burnin' thoughts a understandin'.

Roger. Don't you think we know that, man? It ain't the way you're sayin' it.

Carlyle. It is.

Roger. No. I mean, we all probably gonna go. We all probably gonna have to go.

Carlyle. Nooooo.

Roger. I mean it.

Carlyle. (Suddenly, he nearly topples over.) I am very drunk. (And he looks up at Roger.) You think so?

Roger. I'm sayin' so. And I am sayin', "No sweat." No point. (Carlyle angrily pushes at Roger knocking him backwards.)

Carlyle. Awww, dammit, damnit, mother... shit... it... oohhhhhhh. (Sliding to the floor, the rage and anguish softening into only breathing.) I mean it. I mean it. (Silence. He lays there.)

Roger. What... a you doin'...?
CAR lays on floor

ROGER gets blanket, BIL Hse, with blanket, both X to CAR DS
(CAR is lying w/ head DS)
BIL and ROG are kneeling

CARLYLE. Huh?
ROGER. I don’t know what you’re up to on our freshly mopped floor.

CARLYLE. Gonna go sleep, okay? No sweat . . .
(Suddenly very polite, he is looking up.) Can I, Soul? Izzit all right?
ROGER. Sure, man, sure, if you wanna, but why don’t you go where you got a bed. Don’t you like beds?
CARLYLE. Dunno where’s sat. My bed. I can’ fin’ it.
I can’ fin’ my own bed. I looked all over, but I can’ fin’ it, anywhere. GONE! (Slipping back down now, he squirms to make a nest; he hugs his bottle.)

ROGER. (Moving to his bunk where he grabs a blanket.) Okay, okay, man. But get on top a this, man. (He is spreading the blanket on the floor, trying to help CARLYLE get on it.) Make it softer. C’mon, c’mon . . . get on this. (BILLY has risen with his own blanket, and is moving now to hand it to ROGER.)

BILLY. Cat’s hurtin’, Rog.
ROGER. Ohhhhh, yeh.
CARLYLE. Ohhhhh . . . it was so sweet at home . . . it was so sweet. Baby; sooo good . . .; they doin’ dances make you wanna cry . . . (Hugging the blankets now, he drifts in a kind of dream.)

ROGER. I know, man.
CARLYLE. So sweet . . .! (BILLY is moving back to his own bed where, quietly, he sits.)
ROGER. I know, man.
CARLYLE. So sweet . . .!
ROGER. Yeh.

CARLYLE. How come I gotta be here? (On his way to the door to close it, ROGER falters, looks at CARLYLE, then moves on toward the door.)
ROGER. I dunno, Jim. (BILLY is sitting and watching, as ROGER goes on to the door, gently closes it, and returns to his bed. [LIGHT CUE No. 8.])
ACT I

STREAMERS

BIL X H:
bed

RICH X H:
bed

RICH SLOWLY RISES,
XD TO CAR
w/ blanket;
biz; he re-
mains till
black

LIGHTS #8

Billy. (I know why he's gotta be here, Roger, you wanna know? Why don't you ask me?)

Roger. Okay. How come he gotta be here?

Billy. (Smiling.) Freedom's frontier, man. That's why.

Roger. (Settled on the edge of his bed and about to lie back.) Oh . . . yeh . . . (As a distant bugle begins to play TAPS and Richie, carrying a blanket, is nearing Carlyle. Roger settles back; Billy is staring at Richie; Carlyle does not stir; the bugle plays.)

Bet that ole Sarge don't live a year, Billy. Fuckin' blow his own ass sky high. (Richie has covered Carlyle. He pats Carlyle's arm, and then straightens in order to return to his bed.)

Billy. Richie . . . ! (His hissing voice freezes Richie who stands, and then starts again to move and Billy's voice comes again and Richie cannot move.) Richie . . . how . . . come you gotta keep doin' that stuff? (Room looks at Billy, staring at Richie, who stands still as a stone over the sleeping Carlyle.) How come?

Roger. He dunno, man. Do you? You dunno, do you, Rich?

Richie. No.

Carlyle. (From deep in his sleep and grieving.)
It . . . was . . . so . . . pretty . . . !

Richie. No.

(The LIGHTS fade to black with the last soft notes of TAPS.)

REPATCH
ACT II

STREAMERS

how to behave in a simple way. You know? That I
over complicated everything. I didn’t think so. Don’t
think so. I just thought I was seein’ complications
that were there but nobody else saw. (He is struggling
now to put on his T shirt. He seems weary, almost
weak.) I mean, Wisconsin’s a funny place. All those
clear-eyed people sayin’ “Hello” and lookin’ you
straight in the eye. Everybody’s good you think and
happy and honest. And then there’s all of a sudden
a neighbor who goes mad as a hatter. I had a neigh-
bor who came out of his house one morning with axes
in both hands. He started then attackin’ the cars that
were driving up and down in front of his house. An’
we all knew why he did it, sorta. (He pauses, he
thinks.) It made me wanna be a priest. I wanted to
be a priest then. I was sixteen. Priests could help peo-
ple. Could take away what hurt ‘em. I wanted that,
I thought. Somethin’, huh?

ROGER. (He has the basketball in his hands.) Yeh.
But everybody’s got feelin’s like that sometimes.

BILLY. I don’t know.

ROGER. You know, you oughta work on a little jump
shot, my man. Get you some kinda fall away jumper
to go with that beauty of a hook. Make you tough
out there.

BILLY. Can’t fuckin’ do it. Not my game. I mean,
like that bar we go to. You think I could get a job
there bartendin’, maybe. I could learn the ropes. (He
is watching ROGER who has risen to walk to his
locker.) You think I could get a job there off duty
hours?

ROGER. (Pulling his locker open to display the pin-up
on the wall.) You don’t want no job. It’s that little
black-haired waitress you wantin’ to know.

BILLY. No, man. Not really.

ROGER. It’s okay. She tough, man. (He begins to
remove his uniform shirt. He will put on an O.D.
T shirt to go to the gym.)
AT RISE:

BILL lying on bed

ROG at his footlocker, Kneeling

ACT II

SCENE 1

Lights come up on the Cadre Room. [LIGHT CUE No. 6.] It is late afternoon and BILL is lying on his bed on his stomach, his head at the foot of the bed, his chin resting on his hands. He wears gym shorts and sweat socks; his T-shirt lies on the bed and sneakers are on the floor. ROGER is at his footlocker taking out a pair of sweat socks. His sneakers and his basketball are on his bed. He is wearing his Khakis.

A silence passes, and then ROGER closes his footlocker and sits on his bed, where he starts lacing his sneakers, holding them in his hands.

BILL. Rog, . . , you think I’m a busy-body? In any way? (Silence. ROGER laces his sneakers.) ROGER? ROGER. Huh? Uh-uh.

BILL. Some people do. I mean back home. (He rolls slightly to look at ROGER.) Or that I didn’t know how to behave. Sort of.

ROGER. It’s time we maybe get changed, don’t you think? (He rises and goes to his locker. He takes off his trousers, shoes and socks.)

BILL. Yeh. I guess. I don’t feel like it, though. I don’t feel good, don’t know why.

ROGER. Be good for you, man; be good for you. (Pulling on his gym shorts, ROGER returns to his bed, carrying his shoes and socks.)

BILL. (Yeh. (He sits up on the edge of his bed. ROGER, sitting, is bowed over, putting on his socks.) I mean, a lot of people thought like I didn’t know...
Billy. I mean, not the way you're sayin' it, is all. Sure, there's somethin' about her. I don't know what. I ain't even spok to her yet. But somethin'. I mean, what's she doin' there? When she's dancin', it's like she knows somethin'. She's degradin' herself, I sometimes feel. You think she is?

Roger. Man, you don't even know the girl. She's workin'.

Billy. I'd like to talk to her. Tell her stuff. Find out about her. Sometimes I'm thinkin' about her and it and I got a job there, I get to know her and she and I get to be real tight, man; close, you know. Maybe we screw, maybe we don't. It's nice... whatever.

Roger. Sure. She a real fine lookin' Chippie, Billy. Got nice cakes. Nice little titties.

Billy. I think she's smart, too. (Roger starts laughin' so hard he almost falls into his locker.) Oh, all I do is talk. "Yabba-yabba." I mean, my mom and dad are really terrific people. How'd they ever end up with somebody so weird as me? (Roger moves to him, jostles him.)

Roger. I'm tellin' you, the gym and a little ball is what you need. Little exercise. Little bumpin' into people. The Soul is tellin' you. (Billy rises and goes to his locker where he starts putting on his sweat clothes.)

Billy. I mean, Roger, you remember how we met in P Company. Both of us brand new. You started talkin' to me and you didn't stop.

Roger. (Hardly looking up.) Yeh.

Billy. Did you see somethin' in me made you pick me?

Roger. I was talkin' to everybody, man. For that whole day, Two whole days. You was just the first one to talk back friendly. Though you didn't say much, as I recall.
STREAMERS

ACT II

BIL. (The first white person, you mean. (Wearing his sweat pants, BIL is now at his bed putting on his sneakers.)

ROGER. Yeh. I was tryin' to come outa myself a little. Do like the fuckin' headshrinker been tellin' me to stop them fuckin' headaches I was havin', you know. Now, let us do fifteen or twenty pushups and get over to that gymnasium, like I been sayin'. Then we can take our civvies with us—we can shower and change at the gym. (He crosses to BIL who flops down on his belly on the bed.)

BIL. I don't know; I don't know... what it is I'm feelin'. Sick like. (Roger forces BIL up onto his feet and shoves him playfully downstage where they both fall forward into the pushup position, side by side.)


(ROGER starts. BIL joins in. After five ROGER realizes that BIL has his knees on the floor. They start again. This time, BIL counts in double time. They start again. At about "seven" RICHE enters. Neither BIL or ROGER see him. They keep going.)

ROGER and BIL. seven, eight, nine, ten... RICHE. No, no; no, no; no, no, no. That's not it, that's not it. (They keep going, yelling the numbers louder and louder.)

ROGER and BIL. . . eleven, twelve, thirteen... RICHE crosses to his locker and gets his bottle of cologne, and then returning to the center of the room to stare at them, he stands there dabbing cologne onto his face... fourteen... fifteen.

RICHE. You'll never get it like that. You're so far apart and you're both humping at the same time. And all that counting. It's so unromantic.
RICHIE. (Rising and moving to his bed to pick up the basketball.) We was exercisin', Richard. You heard a that?

RICHIE. Call it what you will, Roger. (With a flick of his wrist, Roger tosses the basketball to BILLY.) Everybody has their own cute little pet names for it.

BILLY. Hey! (And he tosses the ball at RICHIE, hitting him in the chest, sending the cologne bottle flying. RICHIE yelps, as BILLY retrieves the ball and grabbing up his sweat jacket from the bed, heads for the door. ROGER, at his own locker, has taken out his suitbag of civilian clothes.) You missed.

RICHIE. Billy, Billy, Billy, please, please, the ruffian approach will not work with me. It impresses me not even one tiny little bit. All you’ve done is spill my cologne. (He bends to pick the cologne from the floor.)

BILLY. That was my aim.

ROGER. See you. (Billy is passing Richie. Suddenly, Richie sprays Billy with cologne, some of it getting on Roger, as Roger and Billy, grooming and cursing at Richie, rush out the door.)

RICHIE. Try the more delicate approach next time, Bill. (Having crossed to the door, he stands a moment, leaning against the frame. Then, he bounces to Billy’s bed, sings, “He’s just my Bill,” and squirts cologne on the pillow. At his locker, he deposits the cologne, takes off his shirt, shoes and socks. Removing a hardcover copy of Pauline Kael’s “I lost it at the Movies” from the top shelf of the locker, he bounds to the center of the room and tosses the book the rest of the way to the bed. Quite pleased with himself, he fidgets, puts his stomach, then lowers himself into the pushup position, goes to his knees and stands up.) Am I out of my fucking mind? Those two are crazy. I’m not crazy. (He pivots and strides to his locker. With an ashtray, pack of matches and pack of cigarettes, he hurry to his bed and makes himself comfortable to read, his head propped up on a pillow. Settling him-
Act II

Ric enters, holds door

CAR

Ric in bed,

Reading

Ric switches on
practical lamp

Lights #10A

Lights #11

self, he opens the book, finds his place, thinks a little, starts to read. For a moment, he lies there. And then
Carlyle steps into the room. He comes through the
doorway, looking to his left and right. He comes
several steps into the room and looks at Richie.
Richie sees him. They look at each other.

Carlyle. Ain't nobody here, man?

Richie. Hello, Carlyle. How are you today?

Carlyle. Ain't nobody here? (He is nervous and
angrily disappointed.)

Richie. Who do you want?

Carlyle. Where's the black boy?

Richie. Roger? My god, why do you keep calling
him that? Don't you know his name yet? Roger.
Roger. (He thickens his voice at this, imitating some-
one very stupid. Carlyle stares at him.)

Carlyle. Yeh. Where is he?

Richie. I am not his keeper, you know. I am not
his private secretary, you know.

Carlyle. I do not know. I do not know. That is
why I am asking. I come to see him. You are here. I
ask you. I don't know. I mean, Carlyle made a fool
out a himself comin' in here the other night, talkin'
on and on like how he did. Lay on the floor. He re-
member. You remember? It all one hype, man; that
all one hype. You know what I mean. That ain't the
real Carlyle was in here. This one here and now the
real Carlyle. Who the real Richie?

Richie. Well . . . the real Richie . . . has gone
home. To Manhattan. I, however, am about to read
this book. (Which he again starts to try to do.)

Carlyle. Oh. Shit. Just' you the only one here, then,
huh?

Richie. So it would seem. (He looks at the air and
then under the bed as if to find someone.) So it would
seem. Did you hear about Martin?

Carlyle. What happened to Martin? I ain't seen
him.
RICHIE. They are shipping him home. Someone told about what he did to himself. I don’t know who.

CARLYLE. Wasn’t me. Not me. I keep that secret.

RICHIE. I’m sure you did. (Rising, walking toward.

CARLYLE and the door, cigarette pack in hand.) You want a cigarette? Or don’t you smoke. Or do you have to go right away. (Closing the door.) There’s a chill sometimes coming down the hall, I don’t know from where. (Crossing back to his bed and climbing in.)

And I think I’ve got the start of a little cold. Did you want the cigarette? (CARLYLE is staring at him. Then he examines the door and looks again at Richie. He stares at Ritchie, thinking, and then he walks toward him.)

CARLYLE. You know what I bet. I been lookin’ at you real close. It just a way I got about me. And I bet if I was to hang my boy out in front of you, my big boy, man, you’d start wantin’ to touch him. Be beggin’ and talkin’ sweet to ole Carlyle. Am I right or wrong? (He leans over Ritchie.) What do you say?

RICHIE. Pardon?

CARLYLE. You heard me. Ohhh, I am so restless, I don’t even understand it. My big black boy is what I was talkin’ about. My thing, man; my rope, Jim.

HEY RICHIE! (And he lunges, then moves his fingers through Richie’s hair.) How long you been a punk? Can you hear me? Am I clear? Do I talk funny? (He is leaning close.) Can you smell the gin on my mouth?

RICHIE. I mean, if you really came looking for Roger, he and Billy are gone to the gymnasium. They were.

CARLYLE. No. (He slides down on the bed, his arm placed over Richie’s legs.) I got no athletic abilities. I got none. No moves. I don’t know. HEY RICHIE! (Leaning close again.) I just got this question I asked, I got no answer.
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RICHTER. I don't know . . . what . . . you mean.
CARLYLE. I heard me. I understand me. "How long you been a punk?" is the question I asked—have you got a reply?
RICHTER. (Confused, irritated, but fascinated.) Not to that question.
CARLYLE. Who do you don't? I don't. How'm I gonna? (Suddenly there is whistling in the hall, as if someone might enter, footsteps approaching, and RICHTER leaps to his feet and scurries away toward the door, tucking his shirt in as he goes.) Man, don't you wanna talk to me? Don't you wanna talk to ole Carlyle?
RICHTER. Not at the moment.
CARLYLE.—(He is rising, starting after RICHTER who stands nervously near ROGER'S bed.) I want to talk to you, man; why don't you want to talk to me? We can be friends. Talkin' back and forth, sharin' thoughts and bein' happy.
RICHTER. I don't think that's what you want.
CARLYLE. (He is very near to RICHTER.) What do I want?
RICHTER. I mean, to talk to me. (As if repulsed, he crosses away.)
CARLYLE. What am I doin'? I am talkin'. DON'T YOU TELL ME I AIN'T TALKIN' WHEN I AM TALKIN'! 'COURSE I AM. Bendin' over backwards. Do you know they still got me in that goddamn P Company. That goddamn transient company. It like they think I ain't got no notion what a home is. No nose for no home—like I ain't never had no home. I had a home. IT LIKE THEY THINK THERE AIN'T NO PLACE FOR ME IN THIS MOTHER ARMY BUT K.P. ALL SUDSY AND WRINKLED AND SWEATIN'. EVERY DAY SINCE I GOT TO THIS SHIT HOUSE, MISTER! HOW MANY TIMES YOU BEEN ON K.P.? WHEN'S THE LAST
CAR throws RIC to bed, straddles him

CAR lets go of RIC; sits at foot of bed, facing US; RIC sits at top of bed, facing DS

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TIME YOU PULLED K.P.? (He has roared down to where Richie had moved, the rage possessing him.)

RICHE. I'm E.D.

CARLYLE. You E.D.? You E.D.? You Edie, are you? I didn't ask you what you friends call you, I asked you when's the last time you had K.P.?

RICHE. (Edging toward his bed. He will go there, get and light a cigarette.) E.D. is exempt from duty.

CARLYLE. (Moving after Richie.) You ain't got no duties? What shit you talkin' about? Everybody in this fuckin' army got duties? That what the fuckin' army all about. You ain't got no duties, who got 'em?

RICHE. Because of my job, Carlyle. I have a very special job. And my friends don't call me Edie. (Big smile.) They call me Irene.

CARLYLE. That mean what you sayin' is you kiss ass for somebody, don't it? Good for you. Good for you. (Seemingly relaxed and gentle, he settles down on Richie's bed. He seems playful and charming.) You know the other night I was sleepin' there. You know.

RICHE. Yes.

CARLYLE. (Gleefully, enormously pleased.) You remember that? How come you remember that? You sweet.

RICHE. We don't have people sleeping on our floor that often, Carlyle.

CARLYLE. But the way you crawl over in the night, gimme a big kiss on my joint. That nice.

RICHE. (He is shocked. He blinks.) What?

CARLYLE. Or did I dream that?

RICHE. (Laughing in spite of himself.) My god, you're outrageous!

CARLYLE. Maybe you dreamed it.

RICHE. What . . . ? No. I don't know.

CARLYLE. Maybe you did it, then, you didn't dream it.

RICHE. How come you talk so much?
CARLYLE. I don't talk, man, who's gonna talk? YOU? (He is laughing and amused, but there is an anger near the surface now, an ugliness.) That bore me to death. I don't like nobody's voice but my own. I am so pretty, Don't like nobody else face. (And then viciously, he spits out at RICHER.) You goddamn face ugly fuckin' queer punk! (And Richer jumps in confusion.)

RICHER. What's the matter with you?

CARLYLE. You goddamn ugly punk face. YOU UGLY!

RICHER. Nice mouth.

CARLYLE. That's right. That's right. And you got a weird mouth. Like to stick joints. (As Richer storms to his locker, throwing the book inside. He pivots, grabbing a towel, marching toward the door.) Hey, you gonna jus' walk out on me? Where you goin'? You come back, Hear?

RICHER. That's my bed, for chrissake. (He lunges into the hall.)

CARLYLE. You'd best. (Lying there, he makes himself comfortable. He takes a pint bottle from his back pocket.) You come back, Richer, I tell you a good joke. Make you laugh, make you cry. (He takes a big drink.) That's right, ole Frank and Jessie, they got the stagecoach stopped, all the people's lined up—Frank say, "All right, peoples, we gonna rape all the men and rob all the women." Jessie say, "Frank, no, no—that ain't it—we gonna—" And this one little man yell real loud— "You shut up, Jessie; Frank knows what he's doin'!" (Loudly, he laughs and laughs. BILLY enters. CARLYLE is laughing. BILLY is startled at the sight of CARLYLE there in Richer's bed and he falters, as CARLYLE gestures toward him.) Hey, man...! Hey, you know, they send me over to that Vietnam, I be cool, 'cause I been dodgin' bullets and shit since I been old enough to get on pussy make it happy to know me. I can get on, I can do my job.
(Billy looks weary and depressed. Languidly, he crosses to his bed. He still wears his sweat clothes. Carlyle studies him, then stares at the ceiling.) Yeh. I was just layin' there thinkin' that and you come in and out it come, words to say my feelin'. That my problem. That the black man's problem all together. You ever considered that? Too much feelin'. He too close to everything. He is, man; too close to his blood, to his body. It ain't that he don't have no good mind, but he BELIEVE in his body. Is... that Richie the only punk in this room, or is there more?

Billy. What?

Carlyle. The punk; is he the only punk? (Carefully, he takes one of Richie's cigarettes and lights it.)

Billy. He's all right.

Carlyle. I ain't askin' about the quality of his talent, but is he the only one is my question?

Billy. (He does not want to deal with this. He sits there.) You get orders yet?

Carlyle. Orders for what?

Billy. To tell you where you work.

Carlyle. I'm P Company, man. I work in P Company. I do K.P. That all. Don't deserve no more. Do you know I been in this army three months and ten days and everybody still doin' the same shit and sayin' the same shit and wearin' the same green shitty clothes? I ain't been happy one day and that a lotta goddamn misery back-to-back in this ole boy. Is that Richie a good punk? Huh? Is he? He takes care of you and Roger, that how come you in this room, the three of you.

Billy. What?

Carlyle. (Emphatically.) You and Roger are hittin' on Richie, right?

Billy. He's not queer if that's what you're sayin'. A little effeminate but that's all, no more; if that's what you're sayin'.

Carlyle. I'd like to get some of him myself if he
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a good punk is what I'm sayin'. That's what I'm sayin'! You don't got no understandin' how a man can maybe be a little diplomatic about what he's sayin' sorta sideways, do you, Jesus.

Billy. He don't do that stuff.

Carlyle. (Lying there.) What stuff?

Billy. Listen, man; I don't feel too good, you don't mind.

Carlyle. What stuff?

Billy. What you're thinkin'.

Carlyle. What . . . am I thinkin'?

Billy. You . . . know . . .

Carlyle. Yes, I do. It's in my head, that how come I know. But how do you know? I can see your heart, Billy, boy, but you cannot see mine. I am unknown. YOU . . . are known.

Billy. (As if he is about to vomit, and fighting it.) You just ... talk fast and keep mevin', don't you? Don't ever stay still.

Carlyle. Words to say my feelin', Billy, boy.

(Richie steps into the room. He sees Billy and Carlyle and freezes.) There he is. There he be. (Richie moves to his locker to put away the towel.)

Richie. He's one of them who hasn't come down far out of the trees, yet, Billy; believe me.

Carlyle. You got rudeness in your voice, Richie—you got meanness I can hear about ole Carlyle. You tellin' me I oughta leave, is that what you think you're doin'? You don't want me here?

Richie. You come to see Roger who isn't here, right? Man, like you must have important matters to take care of all over the quad; I can't imagine a man like you not having extremely important things to do all over the world, as a matter of fact, Carlyle.

Carlyle. (He rises. He begins to smooth the sheets and straighten the pillow. He will put the pint bottle in his back pocket and cross near to Richie.) Ohhhh, listen, don't mind all the shit I say. I just talk bad
is all I do, I don't do bad. I got-to have friends just like anybody else. I'm just bored and restless, that all; takin' it out on you two. I mean, I know Richie here ain't really no punk, not really. I was just talkin', just jivin' and entertainin' my own self. (Don't take me serious, not ever. I get out and see you all later.) (He moves for the door, Richie right behind him, almost ushering him.) You be cool, hear? Man don't do the jivin', he the one gettin' jived. That what my little brother Henry tell me and tell me. (Moving leisurely, he backs out the door and is gone. Richie shuts the door. There is a silence as Richie stands by the door. Billy looks at him and then looks away.)

BILLY. I ain gonna have to move myself outa here, Roger decides to adopt that sonofabitch.

RICHIE. He's an animal.

BILLY. (Yeh, and on top a that, he's a rotten person.

RICHIE. (He laughs nervously, crossing nearer to Billy.) I think you're probably right. (Still laughing a little, he pats Billy's shoulder and Billy freezes at the touch. Awkwardly, Richie removes his hand and crosses to his bed. When he has lain down, Billy bends to take off his sneakers, then lies back on his pillow staring, thinking, and there is a silence. Richie does not move. He lies there, struggling to prepare himself for something.) Hey..., Billy? (Very slight pause.) Billy?

BILLY. Yeh.

RICHIE. You know that story you told the other night.

BILLY. Yeh...?

RICHIE. You know.

BILLY. What... about it?

RICHIE. Well was it... about you? (Pause.) I mean, was it... about you? Were you Frankie? (This is difficult for him.) Are... you Frankie? Billy? (Billy is slowly sitting up.)

BILLY. You sonofabitch...
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RICHIE. Or was it really about somebody you knew...?

BILLY. (Sitting, outraged and glaring.) You didn't hear me at all!

RICHIE. I'm just askin' a simple question, Billy, that's all I'm doin'...

BILLY. You are really sick. You know that? Your brain is really, truly rancid! Do you know there's a theory now, it's genetic? That it's all a matter of genes and shit like that?

RICHIE. Everything is not so ungodly cryptic, Billy.

BILLY. You, You, man, and the rot it's makin' outta your feeble fuckin' brain. (ROGER, dressed in civilian clothes, bursts in and BILLY leaps to his feet.)

ROGER. Hey, hey, anyone got a couple bucks he can loan me?

BILLY. Rog, where you been?

ROGER. (Throwing the basketball and his sweat clothes into his locker.) I need five. C'mon.

BILLY. Where you been? That asshole friend a yours was here.

ROGER. I know, I know. Can you gimme five?

RICHIE. (He jumps to the floor and heads for his locker.) You want five. I got it. You want ten or more, even? (BILLY, watching RICHIE, turns, and nervously paces down right where he moves about, worried.)

BILLY. I mean, we gotta talk about him, man; we gotta talk about him.

ROGER. (As RICHIE is handing him two fives.) 'Cause we goin' to town together. I jus' run into him out on the quad, man, and he was feelin' real bad 'bout the way he acted, how you guys done him, he was fallin' down apologizin' all over the place.

BILLY. (As RICHIE marches back to his bed and sits down.) I mean, he's got a lot a weird ideas about us; I'm tellin' you.

ROGER. He's just a little fucked up in his head is
all, but he ain't trouble. (He takes a pair of sun-
glasses from the locker and puts them on.)

BILLY. Who needs him? I mean, we don't need him.
ROGER. You gettin' too nervous, man. Nobody said
anything about anybody needin' anybody. I been on
the street all my life; he brings back home. I played
me a little ball, Billy; took me a shower. I'm feelin'
good! (He has moved down to Billy.)

BILLY. I'm tellin' you there's somethin' wrong with
him, though.

ROGER. (Face to face with BILLY, ROGER is a little
irritated.) Every black man in the world ain't like
me, man; you get used to that idea. You get to know
him, and you gonna like him. I'm tellin' you. You
got to be laughin' just like me to hear him talk his
shit. But you gotta relax.

RICHIE. I agree with Billy, Roger.

ROGER. Well, you guys got it all worked out and
that's good, but I am goin' to town with him. Man's
got wheels. Got a good head. You got any sense you'll
come with us.

BILLY. What are you talkin' about come with you—
I just tol' you he's crazy.

ROGER. And I tol' you you're wrong.
RICHIE. We weren't invited.
ROGER. I'm invitin' you.
RICHIE. No, I don't wanna.

ROGER. (He moves to RICHIE; it seems he really
wants RICHIE to go.) You sure, Richie? C'mon.
RICHIE. No.

ROGER. Billy? He got wheels, we goin' in drinkin',
see if gettin' our heads real bad don't make us feel
real good. You know what I mean. I got him right,
you got him wrong.

BILLY. But what if I'm right?

ROGER. Billy, Billy, the man is waitin' on me. You
know you wanna. Jesus. Bad cat like that gotta know
the way. He been to D.C. before. Got cousins here.
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Got wheels for the weekend. You always talkin' how you don't do nothin'—you just talk it—let's do it tonight—stop talkin'—be cruisin' up and down the strip, leanin' out the window, bad as we wanna be. True cool is a car—we can flip us cigarettes out the window—we can watch it bounce. Get us some chippies, You know we can. And if we don't he knows a cat house, it fulla cats.

Billy. You serious?

Richie. You mean you're going to a whorehouse?

That's disgusting.

Billy. Listen who's talkin'. What do you want me to do? Stay here with you?

Richie. We could go to a movie or something.

Roger. I am done with this talkin'—you goin', you stayin'? (He crosses to his locker, pulls into view a wide-brimmed black and shiny hat and puts it on, cocking it at a sharp angle.)

Billy. I don't know.

Roger. (Stepping for the door.) I am goin'.

Billy. (Turning, Billy sees the hat.) I'm going. Okay! I'm going! Going, going, going! (And he runs to his locker.)

Richie. Oh, Billy, you'll be scared to death in a cat house and you know it.

Billy. BULLSHIT! (He is removing his sweat pants and putting on a pair of gray corduroy trousers.)

Roger. Billy got him a lion tamer 'tween his legs! (The door bangs open and Carlyle is there still clad in his filthy fatigues but wearing a going-to-town black knit cap on his head and carrying a bottle.)

Carlyle. Man, what's goin' on? I been waitin' like throughout my fuckin' life?

Roger. Billy's goin' too. He's gotta change.

Carlyle. He goin', too? Hey! Beautiful! That beautiful! (His grin is large, his laugh is loud.)

Roger. Didn't I tell you, Billy?
CARLYLE. That beautiful, man; we all goin' to be friends!

RICHIE. (Sitting on his bed.) What about me, Carlyle?

(CARLYLE looks at RICHIE, and then at ROGER and then he and ROGER begin to laugh. CARLYLE pokes ROGER and they laugh as they are leaving. BILLY, grabbing up his sneakers to follow, stops at the door, looking only briefly at RICHIE. Then BILLY goes and shuts the door. The LIGHTS are fading to black. Bugle sounds TAPS. (Ric gone)

SCENE 2

(In the dark, TAPS begins to play. And then slowly the lights rise, but the room remains dim. Only the lamp attached to RICHIE’s bed burns and there is the glow and spill of the hallway coming through the transom. [LIGHT CUE No. 7.] BILLY, CARLYLE, ROGER, and RICHIE are sprawled about the room. BILLY, lying on his stomach, has his head at the foot of his bed, a half-empty bottle of beer dangling in his hand. He wears a blue oxford cloth shirt and his sneakers lie beside his bed. ROGER, collapsed in his own bed, lies upon his back, his head also at the foot, a Playboy Magazine covering his face and a half-bottle of beer in his hands folded on his belly. Having removed his civilian shirt, he wears a white T-shirt. CARLYLE is lying on his belly on RICHIE’s bed, his head at the foot and he is facing out. RICHIE is sitting on the floor, resting against ROGER’s footlocker. He is wrapped in a blanket. Beside him is an unopened bottle of beer and a bottle opener.

AT RISE:

BIL lying in his bed; ROG in his; CAR lies in RIC’s bed; RIC on floor DC with feet legs up on ROG’s foot locker

NOTE: CAR’S head is at foot of bed
ACT II  STREAMERS

They are all dreamy in the dimness as TAPS plays sadly on and then fades into silence. No one moves.

RICHIE. I don’t know where it was, but it wasn’t here. And we were all in it—it felt like—but we all had different faces. After you guys left, I only dozed for a few minutes so it couldn’t have been long. Roger laughed a lot and Billy was taller. I don’t remember all the details exactly, and even though we were the ones in it, I know it was about my father. He was a big man. I was six. He was a very big man when I was six and he went away, but I remember him. He started drinking and staying home making model airplanes and boats and paintings by the numbers. We had money from mom’s family so he was just home all the time. And then one day I was coming home from kindergarten and as I was starting up the front walk, he came out the door and he had these suitcases in his hands. He was leaving, see, sneaking out and I’d caught him. We looked at each other and I just knew and I started crying. He yelled at me: “Don’t you cry; don’t you start crying.” I tried to grab him and he pushed me down in the grass. And then he was G.O.N.E.

BILLY. And that was it? That was it?
RICHIE. I remember hiding my eyes. I lay in the grass and hid my eyes and waited.
BILLY. He never came back?
RICHIE. No.
CARL¥LE. Ain’t that some shit. Now I’m a goddamn five-time street nigger, I knew where my daddy was all the while. He workin’ in this butcher shop two blocks up the street. Ole Mom used to point him out. “There he go. That him, that your daddy.” We’d see him on the street; “there he go.”
ROGER. Man couldn’t see his way to livin’ with you, that what you’re sayin’?
CARLYLE. Never saw the day.
Rogers. And still couldn't get his ass outa the neighborhood...? (RICHIE begins trying to open his bottle of beer.)

CARLYLE. Ain't that a bitch; poor ole bastard just duck his head—Mom pointin' at him—he git this real goddamn hang-dog look like he don't know who we talkin' about and he walk a little faster. Why the hell he never move away I don't know, unless he was crazy, But I don't think so. He come up to me once—I was playin'—"Boy," he says, "I ain't your daddy, I ain't. Your momma's crazy."
"Don't you be callin' momma crazy, Daddy," I tol' him. Poor ole thing didn't know what to do.

RICHIE. (Giving up; he can't get the beer open.) Somebody open this for me? I can't get this open. (BILLY seems about to move to help, but CARLYLE is quicker, rising a little on the bunk and reaching.)

CARLYLE. Ole Carlyle get it. (RICHIE slides along the floor until he can place the bottle in CARLYLE's outstretched hand.)

RICHIE. Then there was this once, there was this TV documentary about these bums in San Francisco, this TV guy interviewing all these bums and just for maybe ten seconds while he was talkin'... (Smiling, CARLYLE hands RICHIE the opened bottle.)...to this one bum, there was this other one in the background jumpin' around like he thought he was dancin', and wavin' his hat and even though there wasn't anything about him like my father and I didn't really ever see his face at all, I just kept thinkin', "that's him. My dad. He thinks he's dancin'." (They lie there in silence and suddenly, softly, BILLY giggles, and then he giggles a little more and louder.)

BILLY. Jesus!

RICHIE. What?

BILLY. That's ridiculous, Richie; sayin' that,
CAR SHIFTS to normal position in bed, head on pillow

RICO crawls to foot of his bed, leans on foot biz

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thinkin' that. If it didn't look like him it wasn't him, but you gotta be makin' up a story.

CARLILE. (Shifting now for a more comfortable position. CARLILE moves his head to the pillow at the top of the bed.) (Richie first saw me, he didn't like me much no how, but he thought it over now, he changed his way a thinkin'. I can see that clear. We gonna be one big happy family.

RICHIE. Carlyle likes me, Billy; he thinks I'm pretty.

CARLILE. (Sitting up a little to make his point clear.) No, I don't think you pretty. A broad is pretty. Punks ain't pretty. Punk—if he good lookin'—is cute. You cute.

RICHIE. He's gonna steal me right away. Little Billy. You're so slow, Bill. I prefer a man who's decisive. (He is lying down now on the floor at the foot of his bed.)

BILLY. You just keep at it you're gonna have us believin' you are just what you say you are.

RICHIE. Which is more than we can say for you.

(Now ROGER rises on his elbow to light a cigarette.)

BILLY. Jive, jive.

RICHIE. You're arrogant, Billy. So arrogant.

BILLY. What are you—on the rag?

RICHIE. Wouldn't it just hang your little balls if I were?

ROGER. (To Richie.) Hey, man. What's with you? Stupidity offends me; lies and ignorance offend me.

BILLY. You know where we was? The three of us? All three of us—earlier on—to the wrong side of the tracks, Richard. One good black upside down whorehouse where you get what you buy, no jive along with it—so if it's a lay you want and need, you go! Or don't they have faggot whorehouses?

ROGER. IF YOU GUYS DON'T CUT THIS SHIT
OUT IM GONNA BUST SOMEBODY'S HEAD!
(Angry, he flops back on his bed. There is a silence as they all lay there.)

RICHIE. "Where we was," he says. Listen to him. "Where we was." And he's got more school, Carlyle, than you have fingers ... and ... (He has lifted his foot onto the bed; it touches, presses CARLYLE'S foot.) toes. It's this pseudo-earthy quality he feigns—but inside he's all cashmere.

BILLY. That's a lie. (Giggling, he is staring at the floor.) I'm polyester, worsted and mohair.

RICHIE. You have alot of school, Billy, don't say you don't.

BILLY. You said "fingers and toes", you didn't say "alot".

CARLYLE. I think people get dumber the more they put their butts into some schoolhouse door.

BILLY. It depends on what the hell you're talkin' about. (Now he looks at CARLYLE, and sees the feet, touching.)

CARLYLE. I seen cats back on the block, they knew what was shakin'—then they got into all this school jive and man, every year they went they come back they didn't know nothin'. (BILLY is staring at RICHIE's foot pressed and rubbing CARLYLE'S foot. RICHIE sees BILLY looking. BILLY cannot believe what he is seeing. It fills him with fear. The silence goes on and on.)

RICHIE. Billy, why don't you and Roger go for a walk?

BILLY. (What? (He bolts to his knees. He is frozen on his knees on the bed.)

RICHIE. Roger asked you to go downtown, you went, you had fun.

ROGER. (Having turned, he knows almost instantly what is going on.) I asked you, too.

RICHIE. You asked me; you begged Billy. I said "no." Billy said "no." You look my ten dollars. You
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begged Billy. I'm asking you a favor now—go for a walk—let Carlyle and me have some time. (Silence.)

CARLYLE. (He sits up, uneasy and wary.) That how you work it?

ROGER. Work what?

CARLYLE. Whosever turn it be.

BILLY. No, no, that ain't the way we work it because we don't work it.

CARLYLE. See? See? There it is—that goddamn education showin' through. All them years in school. Man, didn't we have a good time tonight? You rode in my car, I showed you a good cat house, all that sweet black pussy. Ain't we friends? Richie likes me. How come you don't like me?

BILLY. 'Cause if you really are-doin' what I think you're doin', you're a fuckin' animal! (CARLYLE leaps to his feet, hand making to his pocket to draw a weapon.)

ROGER (Billy, no.

BILLY. NO, WHAT?!

ROGER. Relax, man; no need. (He turns to CARLYLE; patiently, wearily, he speaks.) Man, I tol' you it ain't goin' on here. We both told you it ain't goin' on here.

CARLYLE. Don't you jive me, Nigger. You goin' for a walk like I'm askin' or not? I wanna get this clear.

ROGER. Man, we live here.

RICHE. It's my house, too, Roger; I live here, too. (He bounds to his feet, flinging the blanket that has been covering him so it flies and lands on the floor near Roger's footlocker.)

ROGER. Don't I know that? Did I say somethin' to make you think I didn't know that? (Standing, Richie is removing his trousers and throwing them down on his footlocker.)

RICHE. Carlyle is my guest. (Sitting down on the side of his bed, and facing out, he puts his arms around Carlyle's thigh. Roger jumps to his feet and
grabs the blanket from the foot of his bed. Shaking it open, he drops onto the bed, his head at the foot of the bed and facing off as he covers himself.

ROGER. Fine. He your friend. This your home. So that mean he can stay. It don't mean, I gotta leave. I'll catch you all in the mornin'.

BILLY. Roger, what the hell are you doin'?

ROGER. What you better do, Billy. It's gettin' late. I'm goin' to sleep.

BILLY. What?

ROGER. Go to fucking bed, Billy. Get up in the rack, turn your back and look at the wall.

BILLY. You gotta be kiddin'.

ROGER. DO IT!

BILLY. Man . . . !

ROGER. Yeah . . . !

BILLY. You mean just . . .

ROGER. It been goin' on a long damn time, man, you ain't gonna put no stop to it.

CARLYLE. You . . . ain't . . . serious.

RICHIE. (Both he and Carlyle are staring at Roger and then Billy who is staring at Roger.) Well, I don't believe it. Of all the childish . . . infantile . . .

CARLYLE. Hey! (Silence.) HEY! Even I got to say this is a little weird, but if this the way you do it . . . (And he turns toward Richie below him.) . . . it the way I do it. I don't know.

RICHIE. With them right there? Are you kidding? My god, Carlyle, that'd be obscene. (Pulling slightly away from Carlyle.)

CARLYLE. Ohhh, man . . . they backs turned.

RICHIE. No.

CARLYLE. What I'm gonna do? (Silence. He looks at them, all three of them.) Don't you got no feelin' for how a man feel? I don't understand you two boys. Unless you a pair of motherfuckers? You sits, man. DON'T YOU HEAR ME! I DON'T UNDER-
STAND THIS SITUATION HERE, I THOUGHT
WE MADE A DEAL! (RICHIE rises, starts to pull
on his trousers. CARLYLE grabs him.) YOU GET ON
YOUR KNEES, YOU PUNK, I MEAN, NOW,
AND YOU GONNA BE ON MY JOINT FAST OR
YOU GONNA BE ONE BUSTED PUNK. AM I
UNDERSTOOD? (He hurts Richie down onto the
floor.)

BILLY. I ain’t gonna have this going on here; Roger,
I can’t.

ROGER. I been turnin’ my back on one thing or
another all my life.

RICHIE. Jealous, Billy?

BILLY. (Getting to his feet.) Just go out that door
—the two of you. Go. Go on out in the bushes or out
in some field. See if I follow you. See if I care. I’ll
be right here and I’ll be sleepin’, but ain’t gonna
be done in my house. I don’t have much in this god-
damn army, but here is mine. (He stands beside his
bed.)

CARLYLE. I WANT MY FUCKIN’ NUT! HOW
COME YOU SO UPTIGHT? HE WANTS ME!
THIS BOY HERE WANTS ME! WHO YOU TO
STOP IT?

ROGER. (Spinning to face CARLYLE and RICHIE.)
That’s right, Billy. Richie one a those people want to
get fucked by niggers, man. It what he know was
gonna happen all his life—can be his dream come
true. Ain’t that right, Richie? (Jumping to his feet,
Richie starts putting on his trousers.) Want to make
it real in the world, how a nigger is an animal. Give
’em an inch, gonna take a mile. Ain’t you some kinda
fool, Richie? Hear me, Carlyle.

CARLYLE. Man, don’t make me no never-mind what
he think he’s provin’ an’ shit, long as I get my nut, I
KNOW I ain’t no animal, don’t have to prove it.

RICHIE. (Pulling at Carlyle’s arm, wanting to
move him toward the door.) Let’s go. Let’s go outside,
the hell with it. (But Carlyle tears himself free; he squats furiously down on the bunk, his hands seizing it, his back to all of them.)

CARLYLE. (Bullshit! Bullshit! I ain't goin' no fuckin' where—this jive ass ain't runnin' me. Is this you house or not? (He doesn't know what is going on; he can hardly look at any of them.)

ROGER. (Bounding out of bed, hurling his pillow across the room.) I'm goin' to the fuckin' john, Billy. Hang it up, man; let 'em be.

BILLY. No.

ROGER. I'm smarter than you—do like I'm sayin'.

BILLY. It ain't right.

ROGER. Who gives a big rat's ass!

CARLYLE. Right on. Bro! That boy know; he do. (He is circling the bed toward them.) Hear him. Look into his eyes.

BILLY. This fuckin' army takin' everything else away from me, they ain't takin' more than they got—I see what I see—I don't run, don't hide.

ROGER. (Turning away from Billy, he stumps out the door, slamming it.) You fuckin' well better learn.

CARLYLE. That right. Time for more schoolin'. Lesson number one. (Stealthily, he steps and snaps out the only light, the lamp clamped to Richie's bed. [LIGHT CUE No. 3,1.) You don't see what you see so well in the dark. It dark in the night. Black man got a black body—he disappear. (The darkness is so total they are all no more than shadows.)

RICHER. Not to the hands; not to the fingers. (Moving from across the room toward Carlyle.)

CARLYLE. You do like you talk, boy; you gonna make me happy. (As Billy, nervously clutching his sneaker, is moving backward.)

BILLY. Who says the lights go out? Nobody god-damn asked me if the lights go out. He hunches to the wall switch, throws it. The overhead lights flash on, flooding the room with light. CARLYLE is
CAR jumps across bed to face Bil

Bil hurls shoe, CAR jumps to door, blocks Bil, who X to exit

RIC X US of his bed, to locker area

CAR/BIL FIGHT (choreography)

RIC XL of bed, kneels

seated on the edge of Richie’s bed, Richie kneeling before him.)

CARLYLE. I DO, MOTHERFUCKER, I SAY! (And the switchblade seems to leap from his pocket to his hand.) I SAY! CAN’T YOU LET PEOPLE BE? (Billy hurls his shoe at Carlyle’s feet. Instantly, Carlyle is across the room, blocking Billy’s escape out the door.) Goddamn you, boy! I’m gonna cut your ass—just to show you how it feel . . . and cuttin’ can happen—this knife true.

Richie. Carlyle, now ’mon.

CARLYLE. Slit up, Pussy.

Richie. Don’t hurt him, for crissake.

CARLYLE. Goddamn man throw a shoe at me, he don’t walk around clean in the world thinkin’ he can throw another. He get some shit comin’ back at him. (Billy doesn’t know which way to go, and then Carlyle, jabbing the knife at the air before Billy’s chest, has Billy running backward, his eyes fixed on the moving blade. He stumbles, having run into Richie’s bed. He sprawls backward and Carlyle is over him.)

R: No, no; no, no. Put you hand out there. Put it out. (Slight pause; Billy is terrified.) DO THE THING I’M TELLIN’! (Billy lets his hand rise in the air and Carlyle grabs it, holds it.) That’s it. That’s good. See? See? (The knife flashes across Billy’s palm; the blood flows. Billy winces, recoils, but Carlyle’s hand still clenches and holds.)

Billy. Motherfucker. (Again the knife darts, cutting, and Billy yelps. Richie, on his knees beside them, turns away. [LIGHT CUE No. 9.])

Richie. Oh, my god, what are you—

CARLYLE. (In his own sudden distress, Carlyle flings the hand away.) That you blood. The blood inside you, you don’t ever see it there—take a look how easy it come out—and enough of it come out, you in the middle of the worst goddamn trouble you ever gonna see. And know I’m the man can deal that
kinda trouble easy as I smile. And I smile ... easy. Yeah. (BILLY is curled in upon himself, holding the hand to his stomach as RICHIE now reaches tenta-
tively and shyly out as if to console BILLY, who re-
presses the gesture. CARLYLE is angry and strangely
depressed. Forlornly he stumps onto BILLY's foot-
locker as BILLY staggers up to his wall locker and
takes out a towel.) (Bastard ruin my mood, Richie. He
ruin my mood. Fightin' and lovin' real different
in the feelin's I got. I see blood come outa somebody
like that it don't make me feel good—hurt me—hurt on
somebody I thought was my friend. But I ain't sup-
possed to see. One dumb nigger. No mind, he thinks,
no heart, no feelings a gentleness. You see how that
ain't true, Richie. Goddamn man threw a shoe at me,
a loita people woulda cut his heart out. I gotta make
him know he throw shit, he get shit. But I don't hurt
him bad, you see what I mean? (BILLY's back is to
them, as he stands hunched at his locker and suddenly,
his voice, hissing, erupts.)

BILLY. Jesus H. ... ! Do you know
what I'm doin'? Do you know what I'm standin' here
doin'? (He whirls now; he holds a straight razor in
his hand. A bloody towel is wrapped around the hurt
hand. CARLYLE tenses, rises, seeing the razor.) I'm a
twenty-four-year-old-goddamn college graduate—in-
tellectual goddamn scholar-type, and I got a razor in
my hand, I'm thinkin' about comin' up behind one
black human being and I'm thinkin' nigger-this and
nigger-that—I wanna cut his throat. THAT IS RI-
DICULOUS. I NEVER FACED ANYBODY IN
MY LIFE WITH ANYTHING TO KILL THEM.
YOU UNDERSTAND ME? I DON'T HAVE A
GODDAMN THING ON THE LINE HERE! (The
door opens, and RODGER rushes in, having heard the
yelling. BILLY flings the razor into his locker.) Look
at me, Roger, look at me. I got a cut palm, I don't
know what happened. Jesus Christ, I got sweat all
over me when I think a what I was near to doin'. I
swear it, I mean, do I think I need a reputation as a killer, a bad man with a knife? (He is wild with the energy of feeling free and with the anger at what these others almost made him do. CARLYLE slump on the footlocker; he sits there.) Bullshit! I need shit! I got sweat all over me! I got the mile record in my home town. I did 4:42 in high school and that's the goddamned record in Windsor county, I don't need approval from either one of the pair of you. (And he rushes at RIC.) You wanna be a goddarn swish—goddamn faggot queer—GO! Suckin' cocks and takin' it in the ass, the thing of which you dream, GO! AND YOU—(Whirling on CARLYLE.) You wanna be a bad-assed animal, man, get it on—go—but I wash my hands—I am not human as you are. I put you down, I put you down (He almost hurls himself at RIC.) You get little piece of shit-cake—SHIT-CAKE—AND YOU—(Hurt, confused, RIC turns away, nearly pressing his face into the bed beside which he kneels, as BILLY has spun back to tower over the pulsing, weary CARLYLE)—you are your own goddarn fault, SAMBO! SAMBO! (And the knife flashes up in CARLYLE's hand into BILLY's stomach, and BILLY yelps.) Abhhhhhhhhhh. (And pushes at the hand. RICHE is still turned away.)

RICHE. Well, fuck you, Billy.

BILLY. (He backs off the knife.) Get away, get away.

RICHE. (As ROGER, who could not see because of BILLY's back to him, is approaching CARLYLE and BILLY goes walking up toward the lockers as if he knows where he is going, as if he is going to go out the door and to a movie, his hands holding his belly.) You're so messed up.

ROGER. (To CARLYLE.) Man, what's the matter with you?

CARLYLE. Don't nobody talk that weird shit to me, you understand?

ROGER. You jive, man. That's all you do, jive!
(Billy, striding swiftly, walks flat into the wall lockers; he bounces, turns. They are all looking at him.)

Richie. Billy! Oh, Billy! (Roger looks at Richie.)
Billy. Ahhhhhhh, Ahhhhhhh. (Roger looks at Carlyle as if he is about to scream, and beyond him, Billy turns from the lockers, starts to walk again, now staggering and moving toward them.)

Richie. I think . . . he stabbed him. I think Carlyle stabbed Billy. Roger! (Roger whirled to go to Billy who is staggering down and angled away, hands clenched over his belly.)

Billy. Shut up! It's just a cut, it's just a cut. He cut my hand, he cut gut. (He collapses onto his knees just beyond Roger's footlocker.) It took the wind out of me, scared me, that's all. (Fiercely, he tries to hide the wound and remain calm.)

Roger. Man, are you all right? (He moves to Billy, who turns to hide the wound. Till now no one is sure what happened. Richie only "thinks" Billy's been stabbed, Billy is pretending he isn't hurt. As Billy turns from Roger, he turns toward Richie and Richie sees the blood.)

Carlyle. You know Richie. Carlyle, you what I was learnin', he stabbed him; you stab was learnin' to talk all bad him. That weird shit, cuttin'. Roger. You all right? Baby, cuttin', the ways or what? He slit you and means a shit, man, Billy. Just took the razors. Wind outa me, scared me.

Carlyle. Ohhhh, pussy, pussy, pussy, Carlyle know what he do.

Roger. (Trying to lift Billy.) Get up, okay? Get up on the bed.
Billy. (Irritated, pulling free.) I am on the bed.
Roger. What?
Richie. No, Billy, no, you're not.
Billy. Shut up!
RICHIE. You're on the floor.

BILLY. I'm on the bed. I'm on the bed. (Emphatically. And then he looks at the floor.) What?

ROGER. Let me see what he did. (BILLY'S hands are clenched on the wound.) Billy, let me see where he got you.

BILLY. (Recoiling.) NOOOOOO, you nigger!

ROGER. (He leaps at CARLYLE.) What did you do?

CARLYLE. (Hunching his shoulders, ducking his head.) Shut up.

ROGER. What did you do, Nigger, you slit him or stick him? (And then he tries to get back to BILLY.)

Billy, let me see.

BILLY. (Doubting over till his head hits the floor.) Nooooo! Shit, shit, shit.

RICHIE. (Suddenly sobbing and yelling.) Oh, my god, my god, ohhhhh, ohhhhh, ohhhhh. (Bouncing on his knees on the bed.)

CARLYLE. FUCK IT, FUCK IT, I STUCK HIM. I TURNED IT. This mother army break my heart, I can't be out there where it pretty, don't wanna live! Wash me clean, shit-face!

RICHIE. Ohhhhh, ohhhhh, ohhhhhhhhhhhhh. Carlyle stabbed Billy, oh, ohhhhh, I never saw such a thing in my life. Ohhhhhhh. (As ROGER is trying gently, fearfully to straighten BILLY up.) Don't die, Billy; don't die.

ROGER. Shut up and go find somebody to help. Richie, go!

RICHIE. Who? I'll go. (I'll go.) (Scrambling off the bed.)

ROGER. I don't know, JESUS CHRIST! DO IT!

RICHIE. O.K. O.K. Billy, don't die. Don't die. (Backing for the door, he turns and runs.)

ROGER. The Sarge, or C.Q.

BILLY. (Suddenly doubling over, vomiting blood.) Richie is gone.) Ohhhhhhhhhhh. Blood. Blood.

ROGER. Be still, be still.
BILLY. (Pulling at a blanket on the floor beside him.) I want to stand up. I'm—vomiting—(Making no move to stand, only covers himself.) blood. What does that mean?

ROGER. I don't know. (Slowly, standing.)

BILLY. Yes, yes, I want to stand up. Give me blanket, blanket. (He rolls back and forth, fighting to get the blanket over him.)

ROGER. RICHIHIHIHIHIHIHI!!! (As BILLY is furiously grappling with the blanket.) No, no. (He looks at CARLYLE who is slumped over muttering to himself. ROGER runs for the door.) Wait on, be tight, be cool.

BILLY. Cover me. Cover me. (At last, he gets the blanket over his face. The dark makes him grow still. He lies there beneath his blanket. Silence. No one moves. And then CARLYLE senses the quiet, he turns, looks. Slowly, wearily, he rises and walks to where BILLY lies. He stands over him, the knife hanging loosely from his left hand as he reaches with his right to gently take the blanket and lift it slowly from off BILLY's face. They look at each other. BILLY reaches up and puts CARLYLE's hand holding the blanket.) I don't want to talk to you right now, Carlyle. All right? Where's Roger? Do you know where he is? (Slight pause.) Don't stab me anymore, Carlyle, okay? I was dead wrong doin' what I did. I know that now. Carlyle, promise me you won't stab me anymore. I couldn't take it... okay? I'm cold... my blood... is... (From off comes a voice.)

ROONEY. Cookie? Cookie-wokkie? (And he staggers into the hallway, very drunk, a beer bottle in his hand.) (llie-ollie arch-shon-freee.) (He looks at them. CARLYLE quickly, secretly, slips the knife into his pocket.) How you all doin'? Everybody drunk, huh? I los' my friend. (He is staggering sideways toward BILLY's bunk, where he finally drops down, sitting.) How are you, Soldier? (CARLYLE has straightened, his head ducked down as he is edging for the door.) Who
are you, Soldier? (And Richie, running, comes roaring into the room. He looks at Rooney and cannot understand what is going on. Carlyle is standing. Rooney is just sitting there. Richie moves along the lockers, trying to get behind Rooney, his eyes never off Carlyle.)

Richie: Ohhhhh, Sergeant Rooney, I've been looking for you everywhere—where have you been? Carlyle stabbed Billy, he stabbed him.

Rooney: (Sitting there.) What?

Richie: Carlyle stabbed Billy.

Rooney: Who's Carlyle?

Richie: He's Carlyle. (As Carlyle seems about to advance, the knife again showing in his hand.) Carlyle, don't hurt anybody more!

Rooney: (On his feet, he is staggering toward the door.) You got a knife there? What's with the knife? What's goin' on HERE? (Carlyle steps as if to bolt for the door, but Rooney is in the way, having inserted himself between Carlyle and Richie who has backed into the doorway.) Wait! Now wait!

Richie: (As Carlyle raises the knife.) Carlyle, don't! (Richie runs from the room.)

Rooney: You watch your step, you understand. You see what I got here? (He lifts the beer bottle, waves it threateningly.) You watch your step. Motherfucker. Relax. I mean, we can straighten all this out—we—(Carlyle lunges at Rooney, who tenses.) I'm just askin' what's goin' on, that's all I'm doin'. No need to get all— (And Carlyle swipes at the air again; Rooney recoils.) Motherfucker. Motherfucker. (He seems to be tensing, his body gathering itself for some mighty effort. And he throws his head back and gives the cagie yell.) Eeecccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc
yelps, dropping everything.) Ohhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! (Carlyle bolts, running from the room.)

I hurt myself, I cut myself. I hurt my hand. (Holding the wounded hand, he scurries to Billy's bed where he sits on the edge, trying to wipe the blood away so he can see the wound.) I cut—(Hearing a noise, he whirs, looks; Carlyle is plummeting in the door and toward him. Rooney stands.) I hurt my hand, goddammit! The knife goes into Rooney's belly. He falls at Carlyle.) I HURT MY HAND! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WAIT! WAIT! (He turns away falling to his knees, and the knife goes into him again and again.) No fair. No fair! (Roger, running, skids into the room, headed for Billy and then he sees Carlyle on Rooney, the knife. Roger lunges, grabbing Carlyle, pulling him to get him off Rooney. Carlyle leaps free of Roger, sending Roger flying backwards. And then Carlyle begins to circle Roger's bed. He is whimpering, wiping at the blood on his shirt as if to wipe it away. Roger backs away as Carlyle keeps waving the knife at him. Rooney is crawling along the floor under Billy's bed and then he stops crawling, lies there.)

Carlyle. You don't tell nobody on me you saw me do this, I let you go, okay? Ohhhhhhh. (Rubbing, rubbing at the shirt.) Ohhhhh, how'm I gonna get back to the world now, I got all this mess to—

Roger. What happened? That you—I don't understand that you did this! That you did—

Carlyle. YOU SHUT UP! Don't be talkin' all that weird shit to me—don't you go talkin' all that weird shit!

Roger. Nooooooooooo!

Carlyle. I'm Carlyle, man. You know me. You know me. (He turns, he eyes out the door. Roger, alone, looks about the room. Billy is there. Roger
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Billy, Carlyle, no; oh, Christ, don't stab me anymore. I'll die. I will, I'll die. Don't make me die. I'll get my dog after you. I'll GET MY DOG AFTER YOU! (Roger is saying "Oh, Billy, man, Billy." He is trying to hold Billy. Now he lifts Billy into his arms.)

Roger. Oh, Billy; oh, man. GODDAMNIT, BILLY! (As a Military Police Lieutenant comes running in the door, his .45 automatic drawn and he levels it at Roger.)

Lieutenant. Freeze, Soldier! Not a quick move out of you. Just real slow, straighten your ass up. (Roger has gone rigid; the Lieutenant is advancing on him. Tentatively, Roger turns, looks.)

Lieutenant. Get your ass against the lockers.
Roger. Sir, no—
Lieutenant. (Hurling Roger away toward the wall lockers) MOVE! (As another M.P., Pfc Hinson, comes in, followed by Richie, flushed and breathless.)

Hinson, Cover this bastard.
Hinson. (Drawing his .45 automatic, moving on Roger) Yes, sir—(The Lieutenant frisks Roger who is spread-eagled at the lockers.)
Richie. What? Oh, sir, no, no. Roger, what's going on?

Lieutenant. I'll straighten this shit out.
Roger. Tell 'em to get the gun off me, Richie.
Lieutenant. SHUT UP!
Richie. But, sir, sir, he didn't do it. Not him.
Lieutenant. (Fiercely, he shoves Richie out of the way.) I told you all of you to shut up. (He moves to Rooney's body.) Jesus, god, this SFC is cut to shit. He's cut awful. (He hurries to Billy's body.) This man too. Awful.
(A SIREN is heard through the following. As CARLYLE appears in the doorway, his hands cuffed behind him, a third M.P., PFC CLARK, shoves him forward. CARLYLE seems shocked and cunning, his mind whirring.)

CLARK. Sir, I got this guy on the street runnin' like a streak a shit. (He hurts the struggling CARLYLE forward and CARLYLE stumbles toward the head of Richie's bed as Richie, seeing him coming, hurries away along Billy's bed and toward the wall lockers.)

RICHE. He did it! Him, him!

CARLYLE. What is going on here? I don't know what is going on here!

CLARK. (Club at the ready, he stations himself beside CARLYLE.) He's got blood all over him, sir. All over him.

LIEUTENANT. What about the knife?

CLARK. No, sir. He must have thrown it away.

(As a fourth M.P. has entered to stand in the doorway, and HINSON, leaving ROOKER, bends to examining ROONEY. He will also kneel and look for life in Billy.)

LIEUTENANT. You throw it away, Soldier?

CARLYLE. Oh, you thinkin' about how my sister got happened, too. Oh, you ain't so smart as you think you are! No way!

ROOKER. Jesus God Almighty.

LIEUTENANT. What happened here? I want to know what happened here.

HINSON. (Rising from Billy's body.) They're both dead, sir. Both of them.

LIEUTENANT. (Confidential, almost whispering.) I know they're both dead. That's what I'm talkin' about.

CARLYLE. Chicken blood, sir. Chicken blood and chicken hearts is what all over me. I was went on my
way, these people jump out the bushes be pourin' it all over me. Chicken blood and chicken hearts. (Thrusting his hands out at Clark.) You goin' take these cuffs off me, boy.

Lieutenant. Sit him down, Clark. Sit him down and shut him up.

Carlyle. This my house, sir. This my goddamn house. (Clark grabs him, begins to move him.)

Lieutenant. I said to shut him up.

Clark. Move it; move! (Struggling to get Carlyle over to Roger's footlocker as Hinson and the other M.P. exit.)

Carlyle. I want these cuffs taken off my hands.

Clark. You better do like you been told. You better sit and shut up!

Carlyle. I'm gonna be thinkin' over here. I'm gonna be thinkin' it all over. I got plannin' to do. I'm gonna be thinkin' in my quietness, don't you be makin' no mistake. (He slumps over, muttering to himself. Hinson and the other M.P. return, carrying a stretcher. They cross to Billy, chatting with each other about how to go about the lift. They will lift him; they will carry him out.)

Lieutenant. (To Richie.) You're Wilson?


Lieutenant. (To Roger.) And you're Moore. And you sleep here.

Roger. Yes, sir.

Richie. Yes, sir. And Billy slept here and Sergeant Rooney was our platoon sergeant and Carlyle was a transient, sir. He was a transient from "P" Company.

Lieutenant. (Scrutinizing Roger.) And you had nothing to do with this? (To Richie.) He had nothing to do with this?

Roger. No, sir, I didn't.

Richie. No, sir, he didn't. I didn't either. Carlyle went crazy and Billy and he got into a fight and it
was awful. I didn't even know what it was about exactly.

LIEUTENANT. How'd the SFC get involved?
RICHIE. Well, he came in, sir.
ROGER. I had to run off to call you, sir. I wasn't here.
RICHIE. Sergeant Rooney just came in—I don't know why—he heard all the yelling, I guess, and Carlyle went after him. Billy was already stabbed.

CARLYLE. (Rising, his manner that of a man who is taking charge.) All right, now, you gotta be gettin' the fuck outa here. All of you. I have decided enough of the shit has been goin' on around here and I am tellin' you to be gettin' these motherfuckin' cuffs off me and you be gettin' me a bus ticket home. I am quittin' this five-time army.

LIEUTENANT. You are doin' what?
CARLYLE. No, I ain't gonna be quiet. No way. I am quittin' this goddamn—
LIEUTENANT. You shut the hell up, Soldier. I am ordering you.

CARLYLE. I don't understand you people! Don't you people understand when a man be talkin' English at you to say his mind, I have quit the army!

LIEUTENANT. Get him outa here!
RICHIE. What's the matter with him?
LIEUTENANT. Hinson! Clark! (They move, grabbing him. They drag him struggling toward the door.)

CARLYLE. Oh, no. Oh, no. You ain't gonna be doin' me no more. I been tellin' you. To get away from me. I am stayin' here. This my place, not your place. You take these cuffs off me like I been tellin' you! My poor little sister, Lin Sue, understood what was goin' on here! She told me! She knew! (He is howlin' in the hallway now.) You better be gettin' these cuffs off me! (Silence. ROGER, RICHIE and the LIEUTENANT are all staring at the door. The LIEUTENANT turns, crosses to the foot of ROGER's bed.)

LIEUTENANT. All right now. I will be getting to the
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bottom of this. You know I will be getting to the bottom of this. (He is taking two forms from his clipboard.)

RICHIE. Yes, sir. (Hinson and the fourth M.P. return with another stretcher. They walk to Rooney, talking to one another about how to lift him. They drag him from under the bed. They will roll him onto the stretcher, lift him and walk out. Roger moves, watching them, down along the edge of Billy's bed.)

LIEUTENANT. Fill out these forms. I want your serial number, rank, your MOS, the NCOIC of your work. Any leave coming up will be cancelled. Tomorrow at 0800 you will report to my office at the Provost Marshall's Headquarters. You know where that is?

ROGER. (As they are leaving with the stretcher and Rooney's body.) Yes, sir.

RICHIE. Yes, sir.

LIEUTENANT. (Crossing to Roger, he hands him the two forms.) Be prepared to do some talking. Two perfectly trained and primed, strong pieces of U.S. Army property got cut to shit-up here. We are going to find out how and why. Is that clear?

RICHIE. Yes, sir.

ROGER. Yes, sir. (The Lieutenant looks at each of them. He surveys the room. He marches out.)

[LIGHT CUE No. 10.]

29 — RICHIE. Oh, my god. Oh. Oh. (He runs to his bed and collapses, sitting, hunched down at the foot. He holds himself and rocks as if very cold. Roger, quietly, is weeping. He stands and then walks to his bed. He puts down the two forms. He moves purposefully up to the mops hanging on the wall in the corner. He takes one down. He moves with the mop and the bucket to Billy's bed where Rooney's blood stains the floor. He mops. Richie, in horror, is watching.) What... are you doing?

ROGER. This area a mess, man. (Dragging the bucket, carrying the mop, he moves to the spot where Billy had lain. He begins to mop.)

LT exits.

RCG exits
to get mop.
RIC x to
BIL's foot-
locker, then
throws himself in his bed.

RCG re-enters with mop+kr.

His biz throughout these next
pages is detailed and con-
tinuous.
ROG. That's Billy's blood, Roger. His blood.
ROGER. Is it?
RICHIE. I feel awful.
ROGER. (He keeps mopping.) How come you made me waste all that time talkin' shit to you, Richie? All my time, talkin' shit, and all the time you was a faggot, man; you really was. You shoulda just told ole Roger. He don't care. All you gotta do is tell me.
RICHIE. I've been telling you, I did.
ROGER. Jive, man, jive!
RICHIE. No!
ROGER. You did bullshit all over us! ALL OVER US!
RICHIE. I just wanted to hold his hand, Billy's hand, to talk to him, go to the movies hand in hand like he would with a girl or I would with someone back home.
ROGER. But he didn't wanna; he didn't wanna. (Finished now, dragging the mop and bucket back toward the corner. Richie is sobbing, he is at the edge of hysteria.)
RICHIE. He did.
ROGER. No, man.
RICHIE. He did. He did. It's not my fault. (Roger slams the bucket into the corner and rams the mop into the bucket. Furious, he marches down to Richie. Behind him SERGEANT COKES, grinning and looting a wine bottle appears in the doorway.)
ROGER. You know what you oughta do? Get yourself a little mustache, get you some hair around your mouth—make it look like what you think it is—you do that?
COKES. Hey! (Ritchie, in despair, rolls onto his belly. COKES is very, very happy.) Hey! What a day, Gentlemen. How you all doin'?
ROGER. (Crossing up near the head of his own bed.) Hello, Sergeant Cokes.
COKES. (Affectionate and casual, he moves near to
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ROGER. How you all doin'? Where's ole Rooney? I lost him.

ROGER. What?

COKE. We had a hell of a day, ole Rooney and me, lemme tell you. We been playin' hide and go seek, and I was hidin', and now I think maybe he started hidin' without tellin' me he was gonna and I can't find him and I thought maybe he was hidin' up here.

RICHIE. Sergeant, he—

Rog. No. No, we ain't seen him.

COKE. I gotta find him. He knows how to react in a tough situation. He didn't come up here looking for me? (ROGER moves around to the far side of his bed, turning his back to COKE. Sitting, ROGER takes out a cigarette, but he does not light it.)

ROGER. We was goin' to sleep, Sarge, got to get up early. You know the way this mother army is.

COKE. (Nodding, drifting backwards, he sits down on BILLY's bed.) You don't mind I sit here a little. Wait on him. Got a little wine. You can have some. (Tilting his head way back, he takes a big drink and then looking straight ahead, corks the bottle with a whack of his hand.) We got back into the area, we had been downtown, he wanted to play hide and go seek. I tol' him okay, I was ready for that. He hid his eyes. So I run and hid in the bushes and then under this jeep. 'Cause I thought it was better, I hid and I hid and I hid. He never did come. So finally, I got tired—I figured I'd give up, come lookin' for him. I was way over by the movie theater. I don't know how I got there. Anyway, I got back here and I figured maybe he come up here lookin' for me, figurin' I was hidin' up with you guys. You ain't seen him, huh?

ROGER. No, we ain't seen him. I tol' you that, Sarge. We ain't seen him.

COKE. Oh.

RICHIE. Roger!
ROGER. He's drunk, Richie! He's blasted drunk. Got a brain turned to mush!

COKE. (In deep agreement.) That ain't no lie.

ROGER. Let it be for the night, Richie. Let him be for the night.

COKE. I still know what's goin' on, though. Never no worry about that. I always know what's goin' on. I always know. Don't matter what I drink or how much I drink. I always still know what's goin' on. But... I'll be goin' maybe and look for Rooney. (But rising, he wanders down center.) But... I mean, we could be doin' that forever. Him and me. Me under the jeep. He wants to find me, he goes to the jeep. I'm over here. He comes here. I'm gone. You know, maybe I'll just wait a little while more I'm here. He'll find me then if he comes here. You guys want another drink. (Turning, he goes to Billy's footlocker, where he sits and takes another enormous guzzle of wine.) Jesus, what a goddamn day we had. Me and Rooney started drivin' and we was comin' to this intersection and out comes this goddamn Chevy. I try to get around her, but no dice, BINGO! I hit her in the left rear. She was furious. I didn't care. I gave her my name and number. My car had a headlight out, the fender bashed in. Rooney wouldn't stop laughin'. I didn't know what to do. So we went to D.C. to this private club I know. Had ten or more snorts and decided to get back here after playin' some nook. That was fun. On the way, we picked up this kid from the engineering unit, hitch-hiking. I'm startin' to feel real clear-headed now. So I'm comin' around this corner and all of a sudden there's this car stopped dead in front of me. He's not blinkin' to turn or anything. I slam on the brakes but it's like puddin' the way I slide into him. There's a big noise and we yell. Rooney starts laughin' like crazy and the kid jumps outa the back and says he's gonna take a fuckin' bus. The guy from the other car is swearin' at me. My car's still workin' fine so I move it off to the side and
tell him to do the same, while we wait for the cops. He says he wants his car right where it is and he had the right of way 'cause he was makin' a legal turn. So we're waitin' for the cops. Some cars go by. The guy's car is this big fuckin' Buick. Around the corner comes this little red Triumph. The driver's this blonde kid, got this blonde girl next to him. You can see what's gonna happen. There's this fuckin' car sittin' there, nobody in it. So the Triumph goes crashin' into the back of the Buick with nobody in it. BIFF-BANG-BOOM. And everything stops. We're staring. It's all still. And then that fuckin' Buick kinda shudders and starts to move. With nobody in it. It starts to roll from the impact. And it rolls just far enough to get where the road starts a downgrade. It's driftin' to the right. It's driftin' to the shoulder and over it and onto this hill where it's pickin' up speed 'cause the hill is steep and then it disappears over the side, and into the dark, just rollin' real quiet. Rooney falls over he's laughin' so hard. I don't know what to do. In a minute the cops come and in another minute some guy comes runnin' up over the hill to tell us some other guy had got run over by this car with nobody in it. We didn't know what to think. This was fuckin' unbelievable to us. But we found out later from the cops that this wasn't true and some guy had got hit over the head with a bottle in a bar and when he staggered out the door it was just at the instant that this fuckin' Buick with nobody in it went by. Seesin' this, the guy stops cold and turns around and just goes back into the bar. Rooney is screamin' at me how we been in four goddamn accidents and fights and how we have got out clean. So then we got everything all straightened out and we come back here, to play hide and seek cause that's what ole Rooney wanted. (He is takin' another drink, but finding the bottle empty.) Only now I can't find him. (Near Richie's footlocker stands a beer bottle and Cokes begins to move toward it. Slowly, he bends and grasps the bottle; he
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straightens, looking at it. He drinks. And settles down on Richie's footlocker.) I'll just sit a little.
(Richie, lying on his belly, shudders. The sobs burst out of him. He is shaking. Cokes, blinking, turns to
study Richie.) What's up? Hey, what're you cryin' about, Soldier? Hey? (Richie cannot help himself.)
What's he cryin' about?

Roger. (Disgustedly. He sits there.) He's cryin' 'cause he's a queer.

Cokes. Oh. You a queer, boy?

Richie. Yes, Sergeant.

Cokes. Oh. (Pause.) How long you been a queer?

Roger. All his fuckin' life.

Richie. I don't know.

Cokes. (Turning to scold Roger.) Don't be yellin' mean at him. Boy, I tell you it's a real strange thing
the way havin' leukemia gives you a lotta funny thoughts about things. Two months ago—or maybe
even yesterday—I'da called a boy who was a queer a lotta awful names. But now I just wanna be figurin'
things out. I mean, you ain't kiddin' me out about ole Rooney, are you boys, 'cause of how I'm a Sergeant
and you're enlisted men so you got some idea a vengeance on me. You ain't doin' that are you, boys?

Roger. No.

Richie. Ohhhh. Jesus. Ohhhh. I don't know what's hurtin' in me.

Cokes. No, no, boy. You listen to me. You gonna be okay. There's a lotta worse things in this world
than bein' a queer. I seen a lot of 'em, too. I mean, you could have leukemia. That's worse. That can kill
you. I mean, it's okay. You listen to the ole Sarge. I mean, maybe I was a queer I wouldn't have leukemia.
Who's to say? Lived a whole different life. Who's to say? I keep thinkin' there was maybe somethin' I
coulda done different. Maybe not drunk so much. Or if I'd killed more gooks, or more Krauts or
more dinks. I was kind-hearted sometimes. Or if I'd had a wife and I had some kids. Never had any.
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But my mother did and she died of it anyway. Gives you a whole funny different way a lookin' at things, I'll tell you. Chhhhh, Rooney, Rooney. (Slight pause.) Or if I'd let that little gook outa that spider hole he was in, I was sittin' on it. I'd let him out now if he was in there. (He rattles the footlocker lid under him.) But he ain't. Oh, how'm I ever gonna forget it? That funny little guy. I'm runnin' along, he pops up outa that hole—I'm never gonna forget him—how'm I ever gonna forget him?—I see him and dive—goddamn bullet hits me in the side, I'm mid-air, everything's turnin' around. I go over the edge of this ditch and I'm crawlin' real fast. I lost my rifle. Can't find it. Then I come up behind him. He's half out of the hole. I bang him on top of his head, stuff him back into the hole with a grenade for company. Then I'm sittin' on the lid and it's made outa steel. I can feel him in there, though, bangin' and yellin' under me, and his yelling I can hear is beggin' for me to let him out. It was like a goddamn Charlie Chaplin movie, everybody fallin' down and clumsy, and him in there yellin' and bangin' away, and I'm just sittin' there lookin' around. And he was Charlie Chaplin. I don't know who I was. And then he blew up. (Pause.) Maybe I'll just get a little shut-eye right sittin' here while I'm waitin' for ole Rooney. We figure it out. All of it. You don't mind I just doze a little here, you boys.

ROGER. No.

RICHEL. No. (Roger rises and walks to the door. He switches off the light and gently closes the door. The transom glows. Cokes sits in a flower of light. Roger crosses back to his bunk and settles in, sitting.)

COKES. Night, boys.

RICHEL. Night, Sergeant. (He sits there, fingers entwined, trying to sleep.)

COKES. I mean, he was like Charlie Chaplin. And then he blew up.

ROGER. (Suddenly feeling very sad for this old man.) Sergeant, Maybe you was Charlie Chaplin, too.
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COXES. No. No. (Pause.) No. I don't know who I was. 'Night.

ROGER. You think he was singin' it?

COXES. What?

ROGER. You think he was singin' it?

COXES. Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah; he was singin' it.

(Slight pause. COXES, sitting on the footlocker, begins to sing a makeshift language imitating Korean, to the tune of "Beautiful Streamer." He begins with an angry, mocking energy that slowly becomes a dream, a lullaby, a farewell, a lament. [LIGHT CUE No. II.]

Yo no som lo no.
Ung toe lo knee
Ra so me la lo
La see see oh doe

Doe no tee ta ta
Too low see see
Ra mae me lo lo
Ah boo boo boo eee

Boo boo eee booo eeee
La so lee lem
Lem lo lee da ung
Uhhh so ba booooo ohhhh.

Boo booo eee ung ba
EEE eee la 1000
Lem lo le la la
Eee eee ohhh oohhh oohhh.

(In the silence, he makes the soft, whispering sound of a child imitating an explosion, and his entwined fingers come apart. The dark figures of RICHIE and ROGER are near. The lingering light fades.)