

COMBAT!
An American Melodrama

© John Fisher
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Combat! An American Melodrama in three acts by John Fisher was originally presented by the University of California at Berkeley/Center for Theatre Arts. This production was directed by John Fisher, with choreography and assistant direction by Jane Paik. Set, Kate Edmonds; costumes, Fei Wong, Janet Nakamura; lighting, David K.H. Elliot; fights, Matthew Schmidt; sound, Karen Burnes; stage manager, Anne Bigley. Opened February 29, 1996, at Zellerbach Playhouse.

The cast was as follows:

Ben Bergen	Jason, A Trick; A Reporter; An MP; Lee
Drew Burns	Pfc. Dutch Holland, USMC; Fucker Man
Aaron Butler	First Boy; Recruit Mulberry; A Marine Corporal; Interrogating Corporal
Gary CannonSam-	Dan, A Trick; Colonel Duncan, USMC; A Sergeant of Engineers; An MP; Interrogating Lieutenant
Monica Cortes	Jones, An Executive Secretary; A Librarian; A Secretary; Another Secretary; Colonel Davis, USWAC
Craig Doede	Dykstra, Head of Selective Service; Recruiting Doctor; A Navy Coxswain; A Photographer; Sumner Welles, Assistant Secretary of State; Interrogating Captain
Jeffrey Fierson	Recruiting Sergeant; Gory Gloria Hallelujah; Francis
John Fisher	Sergeant Jake Tower, USMC
Calum Grant	Colonel Bancroft, USMC; General Lew Hershey, US Army; General Dwight D. Eisenhower, US Army; John Wayne, An Actor
Suzy Harbulak	Corporal Deborah Johnson, USWAC
Forrest Hartl	Second Boy; Recruit Davis; An Army Lieutenant
Alan LaPolice	Pfc. Mario Del Franco, USMC
Gabriel Macen	Jimmy
Christian Milne	Pfc. John Herrick, USMC
Jane Paik	The Mysterious Stranger; President Franklin Delano Roosevelt; A Japanese Soldier; The Bright Girl; Gandhi
Jackie Parker	Lieutenant Mary Neese, USWAC
Jeremy Procktor	Pfc. Mark Thomas, USMC
Greg Sabin	A Pianist in Livery
Corey Schaeffer	Dr. Winfred Overholser, A Psychiatrist; Giles
Matthew Schmidt	Pfc. Peter Narr, USMC; Walter, Assistant to Welles; Shut-up Man
Darryl Stephens	Pfc. Howard Adams, USMC; Kelly
Kegan Stedwell	Lieutenant Susan Miller, USWAC

Paul Tena Dr. Harry Stack Sullivan, A Psychiatrist
 Elsa Wolthausen Major Beverly Franklin, USWAC

Time: 1940 - 1945

Setting: The American Empire

Historical Note: **Combat!** is a work of fiction based on fact. The psychiatrists, the generals and the politicians are all historical figures. Their stories can be found in the books listed below. The colonels and the soldiers of lesser rank are "composite" figures combining the characteristics and stories of many less famous individuals from the period. **Combat!** is, therefore, a work of fiction based on fact. I believe the attitudes and situations depicted here to be true and faithful to the historic record. No attempt has been made to recreate the language of the 1940s.

Selected Bibliography:

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Bérubé, Allan. Coming Out Under Fire: The History of Gay Men and Women in World War II.

Chapman, A.H. Harry Stack Sullivan: His Life and Work.

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Duberman, Martin et al, editors. Hidden from History: Reclaiming the Gay and Lesbian Past.

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Menninger, William. Psychiatry in a Troubled World.

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Perry, Helen Swick. Psychiatrist of America: The Life of Harry Stack Sullivan.

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Turkel, Studs. The Good War.

For Michael

ACT I

(Bare stage. White cyclorama on the upstage wall. The image COMBAT reads huge on the cyc. A set of DRUMS is set in the audience right balcony and a set of TAIKO drums is set in the audience left balcony. The house and pre-show lights fade to darkness. JOHN is revealed in a spotlight DR. He wears khakis, a sports coat and a neck-tie. He speaks to the audience.)

JOHN

My father came home from the First World War in 1918. He'd been a pilot. He married my mother in 1920 and I was born in 1922. They settled in the Bay Area and we lived in a house on the edge of the woods. And every afternoon my best friend and I would fight the Germans who came down out of the redwood trees to invade my backyard. (The stage lights come up as two BOYS, dressed circa 1930 and holding lead pipes which they use as guns, run on the stage from SL. They aim the pipes at the audience and make machine gun noises as if they were firing guns.) And not just Germans but sometimes Confederate soldiers. (The BOYS begin firing their guns as if they were muskets.) And sometimes Indians. (The BOYS fire the guns as if they were Winchester rifles.) And sometimes we were the Germans. (The BOYS go back to firing machine guns except now they shout in pigeon-German.) And the woods became the battlefields of Verdun, Gettysburg, The Little Big Horn, Shiloh, Ypres, Wounded Knee, The Marne, The Somme, The Wilderness, Tannenburg, Antietam, Corporetto, The Bull Run, Vicksburg, you name it. But our favorite battle was the Battle of the Argonne when the United States Marine Corps broke through the German lines and raced across the plains of France to the German border. (The BOYS battle their way noisily towards the audience.) And there were books, millions of books, with pictures and first hand accounts of combat. Books by famous men who'd actually been there. Who'd seen tanks and cavalry charges and bombers. (The BOYS have fallen on the stage and are now miming the action of leafing through books with great interest.) And there were movies. War movies. "All Quiet on the Western Front," "What Price Glory?" "Wings," "They Died with Their Boots On," "Sergeant York." Dozens of them each year. Movies full of explosions and airplanes and machine guns, hand grenades, suicide charges, horses cannoning together as they raced unscathed into artillery fire, fighter planes strafing helpless infantry in trenches. (The BOYS have sat on the stage and stare down stage as if they were watching a movie. We hear battle scenes from "All Quiet on the Western Front.") And all of our friends thought we were weird. That we were warmongers. "War freaks" they used to call us. "War fiends." To them war meant death. It meant people dying. But to us it meant noise and fun and tremendous excitement. And from the time I was seven until I was fifteen years old - war was my obsession. (The BOYS unleash a tremendous volley of gunfire

noise at the audience.) And when the United States entered the Second World War in 1941 I was nineteen years old. And my father told me to stay in college, get an officer's commission, join the Air Corps. But I said "no." I wanted to be an enlisted man. A grunt. I wanted to be a Marine. And I said, "Give me combat." (We hear a military cadence played on the DRUMS - very ominous. The stage goes black. A slide is projected onto the deck of the dark stage. It is a slide of the "Bill of Rights" with a Queer Nation sticker stuck to it which reads "Absolutely Serious." The DRUMS continue. The image moves across the floor towards the cyc. It then crawls up the cyc and rises into the flies. As it disappears into the ceiling the DRUMS fade and we hear Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Serenade." An area light comes up on a man and a woman who are dancing CS in each other's arms. These are dim silhouetted figures. A trumpet player stands UL and moves as if he were playing the music we hear. He is lit such that his huge shadow is projected onto the cyc. JOHN appears again in a spot light at DR.)

JOHN (To the audience)

1940. One year before America enters the World War. Glenn Miller. Slow dancing on a ballroom floor. Peace. (He looks at the dancing couple.) When the war ended in 1945 I went back to school at the University of California. I was on the G.I. Bill and I wanted to be an historian of European history. But secretly I wanted to study the person I had become and find out more about the minority I had joined. For in the course of the war I had, for biological or environmental or emotional reasons, become a very different person. And I wanted to create for my people, my minority, a history. I knew there had to be one. That I wasn't alone. I wasn't the first. And one of the first people I found in my search for a past was the man who had done more than anybody to give me and my minority a name. This is also his story. His name was Harry Stack Sullivan and in 1940 he was America's pre-eminent psychiatrist and teacher of psychiatry. The lights fade on peace. (The lights fade on the dancers and the trumpet player as the music fades.) And come up on Dr. Sullivan delivering a lecture in November of 1940. (The lights come up on HARRY standing behind an elevated podium DR and another light comes up on the seating units DR. Several students sit in these seats taking notes. Among them is MARK. The spot light on JOHN snaps out.)

HARRY (To the audience, as if he were finishing a lecture)

I want to end today's lecture on interpersonal psychology with a parable. This story I feel is appropriate to the idea of "curing" in therapy. It is the story of two youngsters who encountered a stranger in the woods. They had run to the woods to pretend they were knights and to play at war.

(The lights come up onstage. The same two BOYS from the previous scene run onstage from SL. They are now dressed in medieval peasant costumes. They

fight each other with wooden swords. Soon they drop the swords and begin to wrestle about the stage. Their movements are accompanied by the DRUMS.)

HARRY

This was the Middle Ages and they were of course highly religious boys - they had been taught to revere God and his sacraments and to fear the devil and disdain his temptations. One of his temptations, they'd been told by their village priest, was girls.

BOY 2 (To the other boy)

I saw Maria's breasts.

BOY 1

Maria who?

HARRY

This story took place in Germany.

BOY 2

Von Schnulwitz.

BOY 1

How'd you see them?

BOY 2

I looked in her bedroom window last night. She was undressing.

BOY 1

What are they like?

BOY 2 (Very excited)

They're huge. Like two huge pink hogs crawled on top of her chest. Big hogs. And they've got big brown spots in the middle of them. Spots the size of pancakes. Big pancakes.

BOY 1 (Reverently)

Nipples.

(And the boys explode with excitement. They wrestle about in the dirt.)

HARRY

One day they were in the woods and they heard some strange sounds.

(The TAIKO drums begin a low rumble.)

HARRY

At first they were only slightly distracted by these sounds.

BOY 1 (Slightly scared)

What's that?

BOY 2

It's Maria Von Schnulwitz's breasts.

(The BOYS squeal with excitement and resume their wrestling.)

HARRY

But as the sounds intensified the boys could no longer ignore them.

(The TAIKO drums become louder and louder. The boys are at first distracted from their wrestling and look around for the source of the noise. Then, as the TAIKO drums get louder, the boys begin to cover their ears and cower from the noise. Just as the sound has become deafening there is a tremendous explosion and the STRANGER appears UC from a puff of smoke. The TAIKO drums become a low throb now.)

HARRY

When the smoke had cleared the two terrified boys beheld a mysterious stranger. And the stranger spoke to them.

STRANGER

Hey, boys.

(And the STRANGER begins to dance about the stage - very jazzy.)

STRANGER (To the BOYS)

What ya doin'?

HARRY

And the stranger could dance.

(The STRANGER executes some truly impressive moves.)

STRANGER

I said, "Hey Boys."

HARRY

And the boys replied:

THE BOYS (Weakly)

Hey.

STRANGER

What 'ya doin'?

BOY 1

Nuthin.'

STRANGER

Ya wanna go to Arabia? Ya wanna go to China? Ya wanna go to Persia?

HARRY

And the boys, who were terrified, said:

BOY 1

Ah, no.

BOY 2 (To BOY 1)

Shut up. (To the STRANGER) I wanna go.

STRANGER

What about yer friend?

BOY 2

He's a dork.

BOY 1

Shut up.

BOY 2

No, you shut up.

BOY 1

No, you shut up.

BOY 2

I told you to shut up first.

BOY 1

That is such a lie. I did. (And they begin to wrestle. There is an explosion of sound from the TAIKO drums and the two boys are hurled away from each other and across the stage. The STRANGER has accompanied this explosion with a horrifying scream.)

STRANGER (Through clenched teeth)

I hate it when kids fight.

BOY 1 (Rubbing his arm)

Ouch.

STRANGER

Stop whining. Now ya wanna to Arabia? Ya wanna go to China? Ya wanna go to Persia?

HARRY

And the stranger, who was tired of humans and their inability to express their desires, simply read the boys' thoughts for her answer.

BOY 2 (On voice over)

I wanna go to Arabia and China and Persia and France.

BOY 1 (On voice over)

I wanna go to Arabia, China, Persia, France, and Maria Von Shnulwitz's bedroom window when she's naked.

BOY 2 (On voice over)

Ditto.

(The BOYS look around for the source of their amplified thoughts. Then they look at the STRANGER and realize what she's done.)

BOYS

Wooooow.

STRANGER

All ya gotta do is think and I hear. All ya gotta do is want it and ya get it.

BOYS

Oh, wooooow.

HARRY

So the stranger, to facilitate their travels, taught the boys how to fly.

(The DRUMS strike up a jazzy flying beat and the STRANGER begins to dance about the stage. She teaches the boys a simple repeatable step. The flying effect is achieved with fog falling from the ceiling as the boys dance and “rise through the clouds.” The black scrim flies in as the fog falls. When the fog has fallen to the stage level they are “dancing on the clouds.” The BOYS and the STRANGER never leave the stage level as they dance about in the fog.)

BOY 1

I can see the whole world from up here.

BOY 2

Everything is below me and I am higher than the birds.

BOY 1 (Pointing)

There’s the Cathedral!

BOY 2 (Pointing)

And there’s the Baron’s castle.

BOY 1

They look so puny and stupid.

BOY 2

Like I could crush them with my big toe.

BOY 1

Like I could fart and they’d all fall down.

BOY 2

Toy castle. Toy cathedral. Toys for babies.

HARRY

And for the first time in their lives the adult world seemed small, insignificant and unthreatening. Soon they were flying over the Mediterranean then on to

BOY 1 (Pointing)

Persia!

BOY 2 (Pointing)

India!

BOY 1 (Pointing)
China!

BOY 2 (Pointing)
France!

HARRY
And finally

(There is a loud thunk from the DRUMS, and, as the BOYS and the STRANGER "fly" upstage, the scrim flies up as a "window light" snaps on - a projection which simulates a window - and we can see a young lady standing with her back to the audience with the reflection of the window spilling across her and onto the floor. Her night gown is open and it is clear that she is exposed to the BOYS. Behind her on the floor is a pillow and a blanket. The STRANGER and the two BOYS stand upstage of her as if they were looking through the window at her. Their mouths are hanging open.)

BOYS
Maria Von Schnulvitz.

STRANGER
She can't see us.

BOY 1
My god.

BOY 2
Didn't I tell you.

BOY 1
Oh my god.

BOY 2
Aren't they great?

BOY 1
She's...

BOY 2
What? Incredible?

BOY 1

No, she's...

BOY 2
Perfect?

BOY 1
No, she's my wife. I want to marry her. I want her to be my wife.

STRANGER
No, you don't.

BOY 1
Why not?

STRANGER
Because she'll be dead soon.

BOY 2
Dead? But she's only two years older than me.

STRANGER
She will choke on one of the chocolates she keeps hidden under her pillow. When she's finished her prayers she'll eat her chocolate. It will become lodged in her trachea and she'll pass out from suffocation and panic in a matter of seconds. It will be a painless death.

(The BOYS are silent for a while.)

BOY 1
But why does she have to die?

STRANGER
She dies because she chokes. She doesn't "have to die." She just dies. Nobody is punishing her for anything she did. There is nothing she could possibly do to merit death except to eat the wrong candy. It is a fact of her existence.

BOY 1
But I don't understand.

STRANGER
You don't need to. Just enjoy her for what she is now. Right now she is healthy and happy. And, for the moment, she is beautiful.

BOY 1

But it's no fun if she's going to choke to death. I just feel bad.

STRANGER

Is that what you really want?

BOY 1

What?

STRANGER

For her not to choke to death?.

BOY 1

I never said that.

STRANGER

You thought it. (To BOY 2) And so did you.

BOY 2

Yes.

STRANGER

Don't want it too much.

BOY 1

I can't help it. I feel bad for her. I really do.

STRANGER

And it's in your nature. Human nature to want to help her.

BOY 1

Yes.

STRANGER

Fine. She won't choke to death.

BOY 2

She won't?

STRANGER

No. There will be no asphyxiation. No panic. Only sleep.

BOY 1

That's great.

STRANGER

But there will be pain.

BOY 2

What do you mean?

STRANGER

In two months she'll contract typhus from an Uncle of hers who will soon return from the wars in the Holy Land. She'll live in agony with the disease for almost three years before she finally dies. It will be an extraordinarily painful death.

BOY 2

Then she's going to suffer.

BOY 1

And she won't even get better. She'll just wither away like Marta Bulwin until you can't even remember she was pretty.

BOY 2

And she'll scream out in the night and the priest might say that the devil possesses her.

STRANGER

Yes, he'll say that alright. It's part of his job.

BOY 1

And maybe they'll try to drown her or burn her or ask her to name the names of other devils.

STRANGER

Yes, they'll try all of those things. Unfortunately, her parents will protect her so that she can finally die of her illness. They will be quite proud of their victory. (There is a pause. To BOY 1) You see, you saved her.

(The two BOYS are shocked. They look at MARIA who has now covered herself with her night gown, turned her back to them, knelt down and is praying. She finishes her prayers, looks around and then reaches under her pillow for the chocolate. She holds the chocolate in her hands as the lights fade on her, the two boys and the STRANGER.)

HARRY

“The Mysterious Stranger” is by Mark Twain and I think that his story serves as a cautionary tale for the interpersonal psychiatrist. Personalities cannot be altered, although I feel many patients want to alter aspects of their behavior. Just as the boys want to alter Maria’s fate. The Mysterious Stranger suggests that the boys accept Maria’s fate and enjoy her for what she is. And I feel that this is the advice that a therapist must give to a patient - accept what you are, for trying to change what you are might make you something far worse. As in the story, the cure is often more dangerous and damaging than the sickness. In your work as therapists I must urge you to beware the Mysterious Stranger and the temptation she offers to save or change your patients. People, like the world, are much more easily damaged than improved. And this concludes this afternoon’s lecture.

(The students DR all begin to exit through the DR door. MARK stands and waits for HARRY at the bottom of the steps to the podium. HARRY descends the podium. When HARRY is half-way down the steps, he, MARK and the exiting students all freeze. A light snaps up on the STRANGER standing CS.)

STRANGER (Speaking to the audience)

In 1940 the world was at war. Except the United States. And I went to Washington and I found President Franklin Delano Roosevelt playing in the White House. He was depressed. Like the rest of the country. So I asked him, “Ya wanna go to Asia? Ya wanna go to China? Ya wanna go to Japan?” And he said, “No, I want to go to Europe and defeat Hitler. I want to liberate Europe from the fascists.” And I said to him, “That’s good. In Europe you’ll be a liberator. But in Asia you can be a conqueror. You can have an empire. And you’ll never be depressed again. And guess what? If you don’t do it, the Japanese will.” And he sighed, and he puffed, and eventually he smiled. And finally he asked me, “What do I need?” And I told him, “Ya need a big army.” He said, “That’s fine, I’ll draft one. Selective Service.” And I said, “Ya need a big navy.” And he said, “OK, I’ll build one.” And I said, “Ya needs lots of ammo.” And he said, “I’ll get that too.” And then I said, “Ya need one other thing.” “What?” he asked me. And I told him. “An excuse.”

(The STRANGER’s light snaps out and HARRY, MARK and the exiting students resume their movements.)

MARK (Meeting HARRY at the base of the podium)

Excuse me. Dr. Sullivan?

HARRY

Yes.

MARK

Can I speak to you for a moment?

HARRY

You want to know if my little story is going to be on the exam.

MARK

No, actually I don't.

HARRY

You want to know how you're doing in the course.

MARK

No, actually I'm not a student of yours. I just attend your lectures. I'm fascinated with psychiatry. I'm an architect. I mean, I'm studying architecture.

HARRY

Well, I think that psychiatry can have many architectural applications. Can we walk?

MARK

Yes, of course.

(They begin to walk slowly from DR to DL.)

HARRY

I suppose you want to build skyscrapers.

MARK

Someday, yes.

HARRY

I've often thought that there was something emotionally oppressive about the skyscraper as a structure. Soaring up above us, granite clad, impenetrable. You must work to build kinder and gentler skyscrapers. Sandstone is a pleasing stone. And no taller than forty stories.

MARK

Actually, my interest in your course is more personal than professional.

HARRY

Oh?

MARK

Yes, you said today that a patient should struggle to accept himself and what he is - accept all aspects of his behavior.

HARRY

Yes, within limits. I don't think anybody should accept that he's a murderer or an embezzler.

MARK

What if he's a sexual degenerate?

HARRY

Like a child molester? A rapist?

MARK

Well, no, I mean like - Well, say you were a man who likes other men. Is that something you can accept?

(HARRY stares at him a moment.)

HARRY

Well, our society can't accept that.

MARK

No.

HARRY

I even think there are laws against it. Aren't there?

MARK

Yes.

HARRY

Well then.

MARK

But wouldn't it be dangerous to try to cure yourself?

HARRY

We all have a responsibility to certain mores and societal attitudes... I really can't answer your question without knowing more about the individual case.

MARK

But would you say that a man who loves other men is a sexual degenerate?

HARRY

Again, I really don't have an answer. (WIN has entered DL and stands waiting for HARRY. HARRY has spotted him.) Win.

WIN

Harry.

HARRY (To MARK)

You'll excuse me?

MARK

Of course. Thank you.

JOHN (Appearing DR and speaking to the audience)

You see I don't actually know if Mark ever met Dr. Sullivan. But they were both in New York at the same time and it seemed kind of poetic to bring them together. If only briefly. This is also Mark's story. And in my life he had the force of destiny. (MARK exits DR.)

HARRY (To WIN)

Win.

WIN

Can I take you for a drink?

HARRY

Are we celebrating or forgetting?

WIN

Both. We're celebrating the future and forgetting the past. Harry, Adolph Hitler is the friend of American psychiatry.

HARRY

You heard.

WIN

I did indeed. (He hands HARRY a letter.) Next month Roosevelt is starting his draft and we're going to be a part of it. Monday morning we're going to Washington and bring mental health to the people of North America.

(We hear Glenn Miller's "In the Mood." WIN puts his arm around HARRY and walks him off DL. JOHN, who has now removed his coat, shoes and socks, and unbuttoned his shirt, crosses to DC.)

JOHN (To the audience)

And finally there's Susan. My girlfriend. Singular. I only had one. In 1940 we were graduating from high school. I was going to college and she was going to get a job. And I thought she was terrific.

(As JOHN speaks, SUSAN, played by the same actress who played MARIA, enters from UR, carrying her clothes, and crosses to the bedding that still lies at CS. She is dressed in a slip and she and JOHN dress during the following scene.)

JOHN (To SUSAN)

It wasn't very good, was it?

SUSAN

It was fine. I always have fun.

JOHN

But it only lasted a minute.

SUSAN

So it was fun while it lasted.

JOHN

My brother told me it should take at least twenty minutes.

SUSAN (Handing him his watch)

You should have kept your watch on.

JOHN

I guess I don't compare to those guys on the football team.

SUSAN

Listen, I only slept with one guy on the football team. Larry. And he went before he could get his pants off. In his league, you're All American.

JOHN

I almost went in my pants too. But then I thought of my father. It calmed me down.

SUSAN (Playing with his hair)

Not for long.

JOHN

I thought of my father, my mother, my grand-parents and then I ran out of relatives. Can we try it again?

SUSAN

No. I don't think we should have done it in the first place. I'm going away tomorrow. What kind of a girl does that make me?

JOHN

A very nice one.

SUSAN

Maybe. Anyway, I'm not sure I want to enjoy it. It would just make it harder to leave.

JOHN

You don't have to leave. I want you to stay here with me.

SUSAN

No, I'm moving to the city tomorrow. I told my parents that if they weren't going to send me away to college that I'd move to San Francisco and get a job. And if I don't go, I know I'm going to end up married.

JOHN

Your sister's married. She's happy.

SUSAN

My sister's different.

JOHN

You mean she's normal.

SUSAN

Yeah, she's normal. (JOHN kisses her.) You are still one great kisser.

JOHN

I had a good teacher. (To the audience) And as I was kissing Susan in California.

(SUSAN is walking off SL. She turns to address JOHN.)

SUSAN

Come on. (And she exits.)

JOHN (To the audience)

Mark was having an adventure. In Bryant Park, New York City.

(JOHN runs off after SUSAN. The music changes to Fats Waller's "Ain't Misbehavin'" as the spot picks up MARK at DR. He stands nervously for a moment and then crosses towards UC as the lights come up onstage such that we can see several men moving about the stage in silhouette. They begin to pair off in couples and can be seen kissing in the darkness. A man who is clearly dressed as a POLICEMAN, with peaked hat and nightstick, enters into this scene, blows his whistle and the couples quickly separate. But before any of them can exit the stage he walks up to one man and begins to kiss him. The other couples now reconvene and the lights dim on a stage of men making out. The lights come up on HARRY and WIN struggling drunkenly with keys at the door at PROSCENIUM LEFT. As they are working at the door, WIN singing along with Fats Waller throughout, HARRY's apartment wagon is wheeled on from SR. This wagon holds two easy chairs which flank a small Persian carpet. The apartment wagon is set DC. JIM stands on the wagon. Finally HARRY manages to open the PL door and step through it. WIN trips as he enters the door and goes crashing to the floor. The lights come up on JIM standing on the apartment wagon staring at his watch. HARRY comes crawling onstage from SL and looks at JIM.)

WIN

Woops. Wrong apartment. (He starts to crawl back off.)

HARRY

No, it's not the wrong apartment. (To JIM) Hello, Jimmy.

WIN (From the floor)

I thought you lived alone.

HARRY

Let me help you up. Jimmy, this is-

WIN

No, no, let me do the introductions. (Standing drunkenly) I am Dr. Winfred Overholser and this (indicating HARRY) is Dr. Harold Stack Sullivan, Father of American Psychiatry. The man who, with a little help from myself, will bring enlightenment to an age of darkness and despair. The man who has made a science of voo doo. The man who, with the slight of a hand, will transform witch-doctors into therapists. Gurus into professionals. Hovels of cabalistic retreat into clinics. The man-

JIM

May I take your coat, Dr. Overholser?

WIN

Oh yes. (He drops his coat on the floor as he stumbles towards HARRY with open arms. JIM retrieves the coat from the floor and exits SL with it.) Harry. Harry. Freud. Jung. Sullivan! (He squeezes HARRY's cheeks.) You did it.

HARRY

We haven't done it yet. There's still Washington.

WIN

Washington. Washington's lazy. They don't talk to anybody except to say yes. On Monday we'll talk. On Tuesday they'll say yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. (And he dances about. HARRY smiles.) Oh god, I'm sobering up. Not good. Not good. (He looks up and sees JIM who has returned.) Ah, yes, could you get me a scotch and - No. No "and." Just a scotch. A Scotch. (JIM looks at HARRY. HARRY just shrugs and JIM exits SR.) Sometime tonight, or perhaps tomorrow morning, I have to go home.

HARRY

It is tomorrow morning.

WIN

What?

HARRY

It is tomorrow morning. This morning. Tonight is later.

WIN

Tonight is tonight.

HARRY

No, I don't think so. Tonight is later. After this morning. Which is now. Tomorrow morning is after tonight which is after this afternoon.

WIN

This afternoon?

HARRY

Which hasn't happened yet.

WIN

Wait. You were teaching this afternoon. That's where I found you.

HARRY

I am teaching this afternoon. I will teach this afternoon. After noon. After it has been noon.

WIN

It's been noon.

HARRY

Not today.

WIN

Today didn't have a noon?

HARRY

Not yet.

WIN

I'm confused.

(JIM has re-entered with WIN's cocktail.)

JIM (To WIN)

Tomorrow is today, today is yesterday.

WIN

Shakespeare?

JIM (Handing WIN the drink.)

No, Scotch.

WIN (Suddenly getting it)

Oh, we've been up all night.

JIM (Looking at HARRY)

Yes.

WIN

Oh Lord. My wife thinks I'm dead.

JIM (Looking at HARRY)

So did I.

WIN

Oh Lord. I suppose I should call her. Or I could just let her think I'm dead. Yes. It's a new age. I need a new wife. Napoleon remarried. An Empress for a New Empire. Harry. I'm going to tell my wife - my current wife - that I'm dead. And then I'm going to remarry. Then we're going to get you a wife. Famous men need wives.

JIM

What's happened?

HARRY

Well, nothing yet but-

WIN

Ohhhh....

HARRY

Winfred got a letter from the War Department. They want to meet with us-

WIN

They want to say "yes."

HARRY

They want to meet with us and decide whether or not to add a psychiatric screening component to the Selective Service examination.

WIN

They want to make us a part of the test.

JIM

And this is good?

WIN

Good? It is good in the biblical sense. It is an absolute good. A pure good.

HARRY

It's good for the army because it means that they will be able to screen out neurotics, psychotics, schizophrenics - anybody who might prove to be unstable in combat conditions or conditions of stress.

WIN

We're going to stabilize the army. Hey, do you think they'll let us have a crack at the General Staff. Oh, how about the Commander-in-Chief? We should insist on screening both Franklin and Eleanor for emotional stability.

HARRY

The army will screen men mentally just as they screen them physically.

WIN

And anybody who gets rejected will know that they can come to a psychiatrist or psychologist for help. It's a new age. (To JIM) Another Scotch, my good man.

(JIM looks at HARRY.)

HARRY

I'll get it. (He takes WIN's glass and exits SR.)

JIM

And why is this so exciting for you and Harry?

WIN

Because up till now we - psychiatrists - have been the bastard sons of the medical profession. Not even the bastard sons - the idiot cousins. Unrelated by blood. Not referred to. Kept in the closet. Hidden from guests and respectable society. Because nobody in American medicine takes us seriously. We're the witch doctors. The Shaman priests. We're considered ridiculous. We're down there with the people who cure with herbs and incense and meditation. But now we, with general practitioners, will be a part of the Selective Service screening examination. We will have the stamp, the seal of approval of the United States War Department. And in this country that's better than God's blessing.

JIM

I happen to believe in herbs and meditation.

WIN

And you'll have your day sometime. But now is our time. I mean officially Monday is our time. Which is either the day after the day after tomorrow or two days after the day after tomorrow depending on whether or not my wife thinks I'm alive. Which doesn't matter because soon she will be my first wife anyway. Where's my scotch?

HARRY (Who has appeared behind him)

Here it is.

WIN (Sitting and taking the scotch from HARRY)
Bless you Harry. And bless the War Department.

JIM
Why has this happened now?

HARRY
Well, Winfred and I did some research and found out that the U.S. Army was currently supporting 10,000 veterans who were discharged from active duty for mental instability.

WIN
The army called them "crazy."

HARRY
There weren't any psychiatrists in the army during the draft for the last war. The army only found out after it drafted them that these men couldn't hold up in the trenches. But because the army had taken them in the first place it was responsible for them. They were incapable of taking jobs after the war so the army had to support them.

WIN
So Harry drew up a study which suggested that a psychiatric screening would weed out a lot of the emotionally unstable and save the armed forces the trouble of finding out about it after the men had enlisted. That way the army wouldn't be financially responsible for them. We appealed to their money sense. No more loonies to look after. And we're the ones who can spot them. We used the laymen's idea of crazy to appeal to the Army's idea of economy. We're going to save the Army a lot of money and a lot of time and we're going to make psychiatry a government necessity. (And he now drifts off.)

JIM
He's out.

HARRY
Yes.

(JIM removes the glass from WIN's hand.)

JIM
We should call his wife.

HARRY

Yes, I'll do that.

JIM

So, you're saving the Army money. That's what this is all about?

HARRY

Well, that's why they like us.

JIM

And he likes it because it gives psychiatrists respectability.

HARRY

He feels it will.

JIM

Why do you like it?

HARRY (Calmly, sitting on the edge of the other chair)

I think it's intelligent. I think it will protect people who aren't properly adjusted from an experience which would be harrowing. Terrifying really.

JIM

Combat would be terrifying for anybody.

HARRY

But for some people it would be more than terrifying, it would be incapacitating. They'd freeze up. They'd be considered cowards when, in fact, they just wouldn't be equipped for the experience. Hopefully this test will separate those who can serve in combat from those who can serve in support positions from those who should not be expected to serve at all.

JIM

So you're setting up a hierarchy. Those who fight are the best, those who support are ok, those who can do neither are crazy.

HARRY

Not crazy. Just not equipped for this particular experience. Chopin and Liszt might not have made the best combat soldiers but they were wonderful composers.

JIM

Maybe there should be a psychiatric screening for the arts.

HARRY

It might have saved us the abominations of George Gershwin.

JIM

I like Gershwin.

HARRY (Playfully)

You like Judy Garland.

JIM (Smiles)

And you're doing all of this for the benefit of the Army?

HARRY

No. I'm like Winfred. I'm doing this to make our science legitimate in the eyes of the public.

JIM

He seems to be doing it because he thinks it will make all of you rich and famous.

HARRY

Perhaps. But when you look at it - every person who passes through this examination will be exposed to questions about their personalities. About the way they think. About the way they feel. Emotionally. For most of them it will be the first time that any professional has asked them these questions. And I think for many of them it will make them feel that they have somebody to talk to about the way they feel about themselves. And if they ever feel bad, depressed, suicidal, they'll have someone to turn to. We're all conditioned to turn to somebody when we feel a pain in our chest. We don't just ignore it, hoping it will go away, and let something that could have been stopped turn into cancer. And now I think people will feel they have somebody to turn to when they feel depressed or anxious. Somebody to turn to before depression becomes suicide or isolation.

JIM

So this is like advertising.

HARRY

Yes. Exactly. This test will be an advertisement for psychiatry.

JIM

And the people the test rejects?

HARRY

They'll be told that there are things they can do. There is medication. There is therapy. We'll reach people who would never have considered consulting a psychiatrist. Like tuberculosis. Everyone will know that there is mental illness, but there's also a cure.

JIM

And you think that mental illness is as rampant as tuberculosis.

HARRY

Suicide. Rape. Murder. Abuse. I think all of these things can be prevented. It's worse than tuberculosis. Mental illness affects people who don't have the disease. If I were psychotic I might abuse you physically, mentally. I might make you psychotic. So, in a way, it is like tuberculosis. It spreads.

JIM

I think I'd leave you before you abused me too much. Unless I liked it. Then I wouldn't want you to be cured.

HARRY

I'm very drunk.

JIM

You look very dapper when you're drunk. Like Cary Grant.

HARRY (Smiling, then referring to WIN)

We should get him home.

JIM

Yes.

(The lights snap out on HARRY's apartment and we hear Judy Garland singing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." In the dark the apartment wagon is wheeled off SL and a bed is wheeled on from DR. Another bed is wheeled on from DL. As the change is happening we hear a loud shouting from the darkness. The lights suddenly bump up on the bed DR. MARK and SAM are in bed together.)

MARK

Are you all right?

SAM

Yes.

MARK

Did you go?

SAM

Yes, thank you.

(SAM sits up and begins frantically dressing.)

MARK

That was intense. I thought you were dying.

SAM

I'm sorry. I'm Catholic.

MARK

Oh. Well, that explains it.

SAM

And I'm married.

MARK

Sex must be a really cathartic experience for you.

SAM

It's not funny.

MARK

I'm not making fun of you.

SAM

You should be married.

MARK

I don't want to be married. I'm happy the way I am.

SAM

I don't do this very often. Sometimes. When I'm feeling low.

MARK

Feeling better?

SAM

No. I have to go.

MARK

What's your name?

SAM

It's Sam. Dan. It's Dan.

MARK

Well Sam-Dan. You were great. (SAM, who is now dressed, looks at him.)

SAM

I've got to go. Look, do you need money?

MARK

No. Do you?

SAM

Bye. (And he exits DR.)

MARK (Shouting after him)

Best screw I ever had. (MARK lights a cigarette and lays back in bed. SUSAN and JONES, a female executive secretary, enter from UL. SUSAN is dressed nicely, but not stylishly. JONES is extremely well dressed and very stylish. They cross from UL to DC. As they enter the lights come up on their acting area.)

JONES

I'm sorry. We just have nothing for you.

SUSAN

I'm only looking for a secretarial position. I worked part-time as a secretary in high school -

JONES

You don't have a college degree. You don't have experience in San Francisco. You have no local recommendations.

MARK (Yelling after SAM)

Faggot!

SUSAN

I was a secretary for three years in Santa Rosa.

JONES

This is San Francisco. My advise is: Go back to Santa Rosa.

(JONES exits DR leaving SUSAN standing DC. The lights come up on DYKSTRA, HARRY and WIN who enter from DL and cross, as they speak, to DC. During this scene the lights on MARK's bed fade out.)

DYKSTRA

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. (WIN starts to speak.) Yes. (HARRY starts to speak.) Yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. What can I say but yes?

WIN

It's very exciting, Mr. Dykstra.

DYKSTRA

Yes. It is very exciting. But deserved. I think you boys have done a great job. And I want you two to know that the Secretary of War and the President himself are behind this psychiatric screening one hundred percent.

HARRY

I only wish there were enough psychiatrists in the country to do it properly.

DYKSTRA (Holding up a folder)

Harry, this guide that you've come up with is perfect. It's better than a whole bunch of different psychiatrists coming up with their own ideas about who to reject. Any general practitioner can read this and know exactly who's crazy and who's sane.

HARRY

Fit or unfit.

DYKSTRA

You're the expert. (Shaking HARRY's hand) Good luck.

(The lights dim on DYKSTRA, HARRY and WIN and come up on the bed DL. SUSAN sits on the bed smoking. COLONEL BANCROFT stands next to her. He is buttoning up the tunic of his Marine Corps dress uniform.)

BANCROFT

Why don't you try the army?

SUSAN

The army?

BANCROFT

The Women's Auxiliary Corps. It's growing every day. Getting ready for the big one. They're taking just about anybody now.

SUSAN

You mean they're not so particular.

BANCROFT

They're particular. They're just not snotty. The army can be a good place for a woman.

SUSAN

What would you know about it? You're a Marine.

BANCROFT

Yeah, well, the Marines don't take women. Maybe we should. The Army's the next best thing. Think about it. Military's going to be awfully important in a year or so. It'll be a good way to get ahead.

SUSAN

Thanks.

BANCROFT

You need money?

SUSAN

You think this is what I do for a living?

BANCROFT

No. But I thought you might need money. A lot of people do. (He holds out some bills to her.) Take it.

SUSAN

No. Thanks. (He starts to exit DL.) But I might take your advice.

(The lights dim on the bed SL and come up on MARK and JASON at the bed DR. MARK lies under the blanket smoking. JASON is lying beside him.)

MARK

I have trouble going to sleep at night. So I have these fantasies.

JASON

About men?

MARK

No. That's what I'm trying to forget. I imagine that I'm fighting in a huge battle. That I'm charging. Through a rain of machine gun fire. That everyone is falling around me. But nothing is touching me. I'm invincible. Impenetrable. And I'm sweating. But nothing can stop me. Every muscle in my body is tight. Concentrated. My brain is tight. Concentrated. One thought. One motion. Forward. I don't think about sex. Or cock. Or fear. I just feel this great hate. A gray, steal, cold hate. And it moves me forward. Tight. Concentrated. Forward. Towards. I don't know.

JASON

The Germans?

MARK

Maybe. I don't know.

JASON (Getting out of the bed and dressing)

A lot of people have those fantasies these days. They're going to save the world.

MARK

No, I'm trying to escape it. Sometimes I want to hide. I want to get out. I want to stop. It's a hard way to live.

JASON

We all feel that way sometimes. Maybe you can change. I can't.

MARK

I slept with a guy the other night who was married.

JASON

That's no solution. It just makes it harder.

MARK

Are you leaving?

JASON

Yeah. I'll see you.

MARK

That's it then?

JASON

Hey. I'm a school teacher. I can't afford to see anyone more than once. Sorry.

(JASON exits DR and MARK lays back in bed and stares at the ceiling. We now here a VOICE-OVER. As the VOICE-OVER continues MARK strikes his bed wagon DR and a wheelchair and a wagon bearing a desk and a chair are pushed on from DL and placed CS with the wheelchair downstage of the desk with its back turned to the audience.)

VOICE OVER (A recording of the Pearl Harbor News Flash)

'We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin: "The Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor, Hawaii by air," President Roosevelt has just announced. The attack also was made on all naval and military activities on the principal island of Oahu. "Yesterday, December 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy, United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan. With confidence in our armed forces, with the unbounding determination of our people we will gain the inevitable triumph, so help us God.'

(The wheelchair spins around. In it sits the STRANGER only now she is dressed as Roosevelt - blue pinstripe double-breasted suit, pince-nez glasses and the cigarette in a long holder. During this speech she moves about the stage in her wheelchair.)

STRANGER

Seems like color-blind casting, doesn't it? Me as President Roosevelt. You see he was Dutch-American boy and I'm Korean-American girl. If you believe in all that hyphenation shit. But I like wearing the double breasted suit and the little spectacles. And I look cuter in it than Roosevelt. Sort of like Madonna. I want to "express myself, hey, hey." So I'm Roosevelt. And I like wearing the little suits and the specs, but I hate hanging out in the chair. You see I have polio. What a drag. It's bad for votes. So I force myself to walk. And the more I walk the more I itch. (She has forced herself to stand up and walk about the stage. As the monologue continues she will begin to tap dance and continue to tap dance with increasing fury.) Because like all twentieth century guys I want an empire. I want world markets and economic outlets. So because I'm a nice Dutch boy I'm going to Europe to help out the Europeans. But I also feel this secret itch to go east. To become a little more Asian. To set up shop in sort of economically uncharted territory. But you know what? The Japanese have the same idea. So this little stranger in my head speaks to me and suggests that I start looking for an excuse to intervene. The Japanese are taking over China, but they've been doing that for years so I can't all of the sudden get upset about it. But then they move into Indo-China and I realize I can get upset about that because American's are, for some reason, really into Indo-China. Like they're "in the mood" for Indo-China. You

know "In the mood, da, da, da, da, da... In ta China, da, da, da, da, da... Vietnam, da, da, da, da, da..." It's an old American song. So I tell the Japanese they better get outa Indo-China. And when they ignore me I place an embargo upon oil shipments to the Japanese. Which means the Japanese have only enough fuel for six more months. Which means that they gotta do something in six months or they go down the drain. And I know they gotta do something. And when they do something then I gotta war. And guess what happens in six months? My friend Miss Pearl, she gets bombed and I get to Harbor a grudge. And all I gotta do is act real surprised and real pissed off. And then... war.

(At the end of the monologue the STRANGER collapses into the wheelchair and wheels herself off SL. A light comes up on HARRY delivering a speech from the podium DL. During this speech, a RECRUITING SERGEANT enters from UL, crosses to the desk and sits in the desk chair. JOHN, MARK, DEL FRANCO, NARR, HOLLAND, DAVIS and MULBERRY enter from different parts of the stage and cross to form a line on the SR side of the desk. Also during the above, WIN, holding a briefcase, crosses from UR to DL where he meets GENERAL HERSHEY, who enters from DL to meet WIN and shake his hand. HERSHEY walks with a cane, smokes a pipe and holds a single sheet of paper. He hands WIN the piece of paper, shakes his hand again, and then exits DL.)

HARRY (To the audience)

Hello. I am Dr. Sullivan. I am a psychiatrist and a teacher of the science of psychiatry. I am also the editor of American Psychiatry. What you have in front of you is a list of types of individuals who should be rejected during the selective service examination. When you as general practitioners are screening recruits for the draft these are the types of individuals which are considered undesirable. I will elaborate on each of these categories later. (Reading) Individuals who are mentally deficient, or who display any of the following pathologies: psychopathic personalities, major abnormalities of mood, psychoneurotic disorders, pre- or post-psychotic personalities, schizophrenia, paranoia. Individuals who suffer from chronic inebriety. Individuals who have any form of syphilis of their central nervous system or any active organic disease of the brain, spinal cord or peripheral nerves.

SERGEANT (To the men standing next to his desk)

All right. This group. Form a line and prepare for a medical examination.

DEL FRANCO

How do we do that, sir?

SERGEANT

Take your clothes off, Einstein.

(By the end of this exchange WIN has crossed to the base of the podium where he meets HARRY who is descending. WIN hands HARRY the single sheet of paper.)

WIN

Nice presentation. Very thorough. Sorry I missed the beginning.

HARRY (Indicating an item on the piece of paper.)

I don't understand this. What is it?

WIN

It's an addition to the psychiatric screening test.

HARRY

Is this yours?

WIN

My addition?

HARRY.

Yes.

WIN

No, it's from the army.

HARRY

From the army.

WIN

No, I mean, it's from General Hershey. Lew Hershey. He's the new director of Selective Service.

HARRY

What happened to Dykstra?

WIN

General Marshall wanted someone in the army. Someone with rank. Felt it would speed up the enlistment process. You know.

HARRY

And this is how I hear about it?

WIN

Hey, it's how I heard about it. I went in to see Dykstra and here's a guy in a uniform. I shook his hand, he gave me a memo.

HARRY

Is he a psychiatrist?

WIN

I don't know. He's in the army. I doubt it.

HARRY

Did you read this?

WIN

Yes.

HARRY

It's an addition to the list of people who should be referred to the advisory board psychiatrist.

WIN

Yeah.

HARRY (Reading)

"Applicants who are homosexual."

(During the following dialogue MARK, JOHN, DEL FRANCO, NARR, HOLLAND, DAVIS and MULBERRY cross to form a line facing the desk. With his back to the audience, each of them removes his clothing and faces upstage in a rigid posture. A DOCTOR, holding a clipboard, enters from SL and gives each naked man a quick and cursory look over. At the end of the dialogue between HARRY and WIN the DOCTOR crosses to right of the desk and faces the line of men. The SERGEANT now stands behind his desk.)

WIN

Oh come on. He's in the army for Christ's sake.

HARRY

But I don't consider homosexuality a pathology. I don't consider it debilitating. Neither do you. We've discussed this.

WIN

Yes. And for all we know neither does he. He's just suggesting that a homosexual should be referred to a psychiatrist. He's not saying he should be immediately excluded.

HARRY

But why should he even be questioned?

WIN

There might be related pathologies. It might be evidence of something else. Look, we refer people who are shy, people who are timid to the psychiatrist. They could be perfectly normal. Completely functional. Or it could be evidence of something else.

HARRY

So he's asking us to question everybody about their sexuality.

WIN

No, he's asking us to refer homosexuals to the psychiatrist. That's all.

HARRY

Why does the subject even have to come up?

WIN

The man's in the army.

HARRY

And?

WIN

They prosecute homosexuals.

HARRY

Yes, but we're screening for a wartime army. An army of draftees and wartime volunteers. These aren't career soldiers. That's why I thought it was important that a civilian was in charge of Selective Service. Dykstra was not a career soldier. This is exactly the kind of ignorant army prejudice I wanted to keep out of selective service.

WIN

And when they've been selected they'll have to serve under career soldiers. So no matter what we do they'll eventually be subject to army policy.

HARRY

Not if there's no precedent. If questions like this are not a part of the screening examination how can they be used as a pretext for prosecution later?

WIN

Look, all you have to do is put it in writing that people with homosexual proclivities should be referred to a psychiatrist for further questioning.

HARRY

And then what happens?

WIN

Nobody will even notice it. Just bury it in the list with shyness, timidity and insomnia for crying out loud. (Pause.) He just wants it on there. Look, this guy's a jerk. I can tell. If we don't put it on there he won't approve it. It won't go through. (Pause.) Harry, it's nothing. There is no value judgment attached. Nobody is going to notice it. (HARRY and WIN exit DR.)

DOCTOR

We will now conduct the psychiatric portion of the examination. Are you a homosexual?

DEL FRANCO

No, sir.

SERGEANT

Are you a homosexual?

NARR

No, sir

DOCTOR

Are you a fairy?

MULBERRY

No, sir.

SERGEANT

Are you queer?

HOLLAND

No, sir.

DOCTOR

Do you have sex with men?

JOHN

No, sir.

SERGEANT

Are you a homosexual?

DAVIS (Gaily)

Yes, sir. (Pause.) No, I'm just kidding. Sorry. I couldn't help it.

DOCTOR

Are you a homosexual?

MARK

No, sir.

DOCTOR

Congratulations. You have just passed the Selective Service Examination for the United States Marine Corps. (And he exits SR.)

SERGEANT (Reading from his clipboard)

Del Franco, Mario.

DEL FRANCO

Sir, yes, sir.

SERGEANT

Thomas, Mark.

MARK

Sir, yes, sir.

SERGEANT

Narr, Peter.

NARR

Sir, yes, sir.

SERGEANT

Holland, Dutch

HOLLAND

Sir, yes, sir.

SERGEANT

Is that your real name?

HOLLAND

Yes it is, asshole.

SERGEANT

Sir. Sir, yes it is, asshole, sir. Or I'll break your fucking arm, shit bird.

HOLLAND

Sir, yes it is, asshole, sir.

SERGEANT

Herrick, John.

JOHN

Sir, yes, sir.

SERGEANT

You men will form Sergeant Tower's squad. Sergeant Tower will be your drill instructor and squad leader. You will now be issued a uniform. (Five uniforms, each in a separate bundle, fall from the ceiling.) As you dress you will listen to the Andrew Sisters. (The men all groan.) The rest of you will remain naked until you are assigned to a drill instructor. You may move freely about the base. (We now hear the Andrew Sister's singing "Boogie, Woogie, Bugle Boy" as JOHN, MARK, HOLLAND, DEL FRANCO and NARR quickly dress in their uniforms. DAVIS and MULBERRY discreetly sidestep off SL, always keeping their backs to the audience, as the SERGEANT exits SR and the desk wagon is quickly rolled off SR. When each of the soldiers is dressed he moves into a line which is formed DC. During these actions, SUSAN and LIEUTENANT NEESE, who is dressed as an Army WAC, enter from DR. NEESE hands SUSAN a bundle of clothes.)

NEESE (In a thick New York accent)

Here's your uniform and billet assignment, honey. You're just a Private so don't forget to say sir all the time and salute everybody. And don't touch any of the men unless they're wearing a condom. Major Franklin's your CO. She'll be by to bust your balls later.

(NEESE exits DR chomping on gum. SUSAN, looking confused, crosses left and exits DL. As she's crossing HARRY and a LIBRARIAN enter from DL talking.)

LIBRARIAN

So you want to see a copy of the Articles of War and anything we have on Salami Laws.

HARRY

Sodomy. Sodomy laws. Anything you have on Sodomy Laws.

LIBRARIAN

Got it.

(And the LIBRARIAN exits SL as HARRY exits DL. The lights now blackout and the music cuts out. Almost immediately, after a suspenseful introduction from the DRUMS, the lights bump up again. TOWER, dressed in fatigues like the men, now stands DL facing the men - who will now be referred to collectively as the SQUAD. The SQUAD stands at rigid attention.)

TOWER

My name is Sergeant Tower. I have one testicle. (Pause.) Would any of you care to guess why it is that I have one testicle? (Silence.) Anybody? A guess. A wild guess. (Silence.) Nobody? Nobody can guess why it is that Sergeant Tower has one testicle? (Silence.) Tell me this, is it normal for Sergeant Tower to have one testicle? (Silence.) I mean, shouldn't I have two testicles? Or is one all right? (Silence.) Now, I'd like to talk about my testicle. In fact, it is an incredibly important subject to me - my testicle. And we can either talk about it or we can stand out here all morning like a bunch of fucking morons not talking about it. But we are eventually, god damnit, going to talk about it. Now I don't care if you come from Iowa and you don't talk about people's testicles, or testicle as the case may be. I don't care. What I care about is my testicle and I want to talk about it. I want to talk about it right now. I want to have a conversation. Now a few of you are bumpkins - you don't know what a conversation is. You've just made grunting noises all your life and that's what's passed for communication in your shithole corner of the world. So this should be very exciting for you - your first conversation. About a testicle no less. "Dear Mama - Nobody ever told me the Marine Corps could be so much fun. We spent our first day talking about a testicle. A ball. One third of a scrotum. We had a conversation. And it was fun. Now I want to talk about everything, mama. I just can't stop talking. I want to talk about everything because now I'm a conversationalist." Then you can go home to Sodapop Junction or Craphole, U.S.A. and you can talk about everybody's testicles. Do they have two or do they have one or do they have none - those are what's known as women. Or eunuchs. But today, today, right

now, we're going to talk about my testicle. And somebody, and I kid you not, somebody, is going to answer my next question. Now get ready. Here it comes. Why does Sergeant Tower have one testicle?

JOHN

You lost it in combat, sir?

TOWER

Excellent. Combat. Excellent. You are wonderful. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Now, because of the truly exceptional insight of... What's your name?

JOHN

Herrick, Sir.

TOWER

Herrick. Herrick. Bless you, Herrick. Because of the truly exceptional insight of Recruit Herrick we can have a conversation. Yes. Yes. Combat. I lost it in combat. I lost my ball in combat. (Pause.) Now, this was a bit of a tragedy in my life. I liked my balls. I liked both of them. And it's always upsetting to lose something you like. You see, I'd invested a lot of time in my balls. I'd kept them clean and healthy and free from infection for years. And when one of them got blown off by a Japanese grenade on the island of Guadalcanal I felt let down by that ball. I mean, the rest of my body recovered. It all got blown up by the grenade - my whole body. But that one ball - it was the left one - that one ball decided, "Well, this combat thing is just not for me." So it left me. And I thought about this. I spent a lot of time thinking about this and I finally decided - Sergeant Tower decided - that that ball had let me down. I'd invested a lot of time and energy and money in that ball and it had chickened out. And when I thought about it in that light I was pissed off. I was angry at my ball. It had betrayed me. It had let me down. And I thought, well, if I'd known this ball was going to cause me this much pain and anguish and was going to disappoint me this much from the beginning I would have cut it off a long time ago. As soon as I could hold a knife as a matter of fact. I would have cut it out of my sack and thrown it away. Now, what is the point of this long boring story about my left testicle? (Silence.) Herrick.

JOHN

Something about genital hygiene, sir?

TOWER

No, no, it's not about genital hygiene. But that's a good guess. No. No. The point of this story is that the United States Marine Corps is not interested in investing a lot of time, energy and money in you so that you can go overseas and die. From

this moment forward, you are a cash investment. A product. You are the product of the United States of America and in ten weeks, which is the amount of time you will spend on Parris Island, you will be worth twenty-thousand dollars. You will be the most expensive single article of weaponry this government will produce. And I have no intention of letting you let your government down the way my left ball let me down. You see, my left nut taught me a lesson. It taught me to cut out that which is not worthy of retention. And rather than let the enemy kill you when you get overseas and are worth twenty or thirty thousand dollars I'll just kill you here while you're still worth shit. People die in basic training. You think that's a rumor? No, it's not a rumor. They die. They die of exhaustion. They die of exposure. Some of them kill themselves. And I say, good riddens. Because they saved this government, which can't afford waste right now, they saved this government a lot of money. You are not Marines, you are shit. And you will remain shits until you finish, if you don't die, your ten weeks of instruction on this island. I kid you not, if I sense weakness or the chance that someday you will disappoint me, I'll kill you. Somehow, I'll kill you. Now, who issued these uniforms to you?

JOHN

The quarter-master's-

TOWER

Shut-up, Herrick, you ass-licking piece of shit. Now, who the fuck issued you recruits these fatigues?

MARK

The quarter-master's office when we arrived in our barracks last night, Sir.

TOWER

Take them off. (Silence.) I said take them off God-damnit. Uniforms are too valuable to be wasted on worthless shits like all of you. (During the following the men will undress down to their skivvies and boots.) From now on you will live, sleep, and train in your skivvies. For the next ten weeks you will wear the same pair of skivvies and you will not be issued another. You will not wash your skivvies or purchase a fresh pair. This way if you die on my island we will not have wasted a Marine Corps uniform. In this unit you will sweat. You will sweat blood. You will sweat shit. If you do not sweat correctly you will be punished. In this unit there is corporal punishment. There is discipline and cruelty of infinite variety. If you feel pain in executing my instructions it is nothing compared to the pain you will feel if you fail to perform correctly. Do I make myself understood?

ALL

Sir, yes, sir.

TOWER

That is pitiful. (In a little girl's voice) "Sir, yes, sir." Pitiful! You will now atone with an eight mile run. Squad, to the right face. (They face right.) Forward, Run! Run, run, run, run, run! (The SQUAD runs off DR. JOHNSON, dressed as a WAC Private, enters from DL folding a shirt. During the following scene the SQUAD maneuvers about the upstage area as if they were going through an obstacle course. TOWER stands upstage of them silently shouting.)

FRANKLIN (Entering behind JOHNSON with SUSAN in tow)

Ten hut! (JOHNSON drops the shirt and hops to attention.) Private Johnson, this is Private Miller. Private Miller, Private Johnson will be your bunk mate.

SUSAN

Yes, sir.

FRANKLIN

I'll give you thirty minutes to get settled in and squared away then I want you in my office. You and Johnson are my assistants. There's a lot of work to do so I hope you're not stupid.

SUSAN

I'm not, sir.

FRANKLIN

That wasn't a question, Miller. Don't be fresh.

SUSAN

I'm sorry, sir.

FRANKLIN

I do have a question for you. Are you a homosexualist?

SUSAN

A what?

FRANKLIN

A homosexualist.

SUSAN

I don't know what that is.

FRANKLIN

Don't be stupid, Miller. Do you like women?

SUSAN

Well, some women, yes.

FRANKLIN

I mean do you love them? Do you crave them? Do you think about them at night? In the dark? When you're alone? Do you touch yourself and think of high school locker rooms? Ladies gymnasiums? Ladies shower rooms? Do you fantasize about tender female flesh, strong calves, supple breasts, full lips, soft flowing blond hair and eyelashes that go on forever?

SUSAN

Ah, no.

FRANKLIN

If I find out that you two are sleeping together. Kissing. Necking. Rubbing. Fellating. Enjoying orgasms of an illegal nature. Or in any way subverting the moral dictates of the Articles of War concerning bestiality, I will prosecute you to the fullest extent of the law. I'll throw the book at you. I'll lock you in the stockade. You will rot in a hell unimaginable. Is this understood?

BOTH

Sir, yes, sir.

FRANKLIN

There are no lesbians on this base. (And she exits DL.)

SUSAN (Watching her go)

My god.

JOHNSON

What a dyke. (Extending her hand) I'm Deborah. I'll show you around. It's actually a lot of fun.

(JOHNSON and SUSAN exit DL as the SQUAD and TOWER jog to DC from SL.)

TOWER

Squad, at ease. Five minutes, ladies. (And TOWER exits DL. The SQUAD members are clearly exhausted.)

DEL FRANCO

Boy, I'm tired. I didn't know I could be so tired. But I'm tired. Very tired. Damn tired.

HOLLAND

Shut up, Del Franco.

DEL FRANCO

Sorry, Dutch.

HOLLAND

Five whole minutes. Five minutes. I can't believe it.

MARK

You don't seem that tired, Dutch. You've got enough energy to bitch.

HOLLAND

Shut up, Thomas. What do you know about it? We're the only god-damned squad in this battalion that's going through basic in its underwear.

JOHN

I like it. It's giving me a tan.

HOLLAND

Yeah, you would like it fruitcake. Well I think it's a load of crap, that's what I think it is.

MARK

I think you look cute in skivvies, Dutch.

HOLLAND

Why don't you blow it out your ear, Thomas.

DEL FRANCO

I think I've got sun stoke.

HOLLAND

"I think I've got sun stroke." You're a little wimp, Del Franco.

MARK

You know, you're a real charmer, Dutch. A real delight to have around.

HOLLAND

I thought I told you to blow it out your ear.

MARK

Yeah, I think you did. And guess what? I ignored you.

JOHN

Jesus Christ.

HOLLAND

You got a problem, Herrick?

JOHN

No, I don't have any problem, Dutch.

HOLLAND

Then shut up.

MARK

Dutch? How did you end up with a name like Dutch Holland? You must have real creative parents.

HOLLAND

I swear to god Thomas if you don't back off I'm going to push your face in.

MARK

Oh yeah?

HOLLAND

Yeah.

MARK

Now that would be impressive. I'd like to see that one, Dutch. I'd like to see you push my face in.

HOLLAND

Shut up.

(TOWER has entered from SR and stands, unobserved by the SQUAD members, watching the altercation. COLONEL BANCROFT enters from UR and observes TOWER observing the SQUAD.)

MARK

Now that would be interesting.

HOLLAND
I said shut up.

MARK
Oh yes, sir. Aye, aye, sir. On the double. sir.

HOLLAND
You son-of-a-bitch. (HOLLAND rushes him. Everybody cries out. HOLLAND grabs MARK by the throat and pulls back to punch him in the face. MARK grabs HOLLAND's fist before he can punch, twists HOLLAND's arms behind his back and then punches him in the kidneys three times in quick succession. HOLLAND collapses on the stage. MARK grabs HOLLAND by the hair, pulls his head back and talks in his ear.)

MARK
You're nothing but a god-damned bully, Holland. You're the biggest misery this base has to offer. You're worse than Tower, you're worse than drill, you're worse than the sun. So you better just watch your mouth, mister, and keep your bitchin' to a minimum. Because if you ever raise your fist to me again I'll fuckin' break your arm. You understand me? I'll hurt you so bad they'll throw you out of the Corps. Got it?

HOLLAND
Yeah, I got it. (MARK shoves him away.)

MARK
I'm sorry you had such a miserable childhood, Dutch.

TOWER (Crossing to the SQUAD)
Rest time's over gentlemen. You get your butts over to the range. Through some miracle you've made it to rifle instruction. On the double. You too Dutch. Hut two, hut two, hut two. (And the SQUAD exits DR.)

BANCROFT (Crossing to TOWER)
Sergeant Tower.

TOWER (Turning to BANCROFT and saluting.)
Yes, sir.

BANCROFT

You have an impressive group there, Sergeant.

TOWER

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

BANCROFT

Don't you think it might be time to give them some uniforms?

TOWER

Yes, sir. I'll take care of it right away, sir.

BANCROFT

Oh Tower. I was looking at your stats this morning. You have an unusually high number of college boys in your squad.

TOWER

Yes, sir. They're smart boys.

BANCROFT

Mature?

TOWER

Yes, sir. Very bright. Most of them.

BANCROFT

Well we're going to be sending you a new recruit. He's going to require some mature handling.

TOWER

Yes, sir.

(The lights blackout on stage except for an area light DL into which SUSAN and JOHNSON have entered. They both hold clipboards.)

JOHNSON (Gesturing out)

Trucks.

SUSAN

Trucks.

JOHNSON

Yeah, trucks. That's what we do. Trucks.

SUSAN

There are a lot of them.

JOHNSON

This is only part of them. There are thousands. Now what you do is every day you requisition trucks to different units. (Indicating her clipboard) You'll get these request forms then you fill out a requisition form. If a unit requests ten trucks, fill out a requisition for forty trucks. Request twenty, requisition eighty. Always requisition four times the number requested.

SUSAN

Four times the number requested. Why?

JOHNSON

We have to show on paper that every truck is being used every day. Otherwise somebody in the War Department will figure out we have surplus trucks and ship them off to the Russians.

SUSAN

And we don't want that.

JOHNSON

No, we don't want to do that. If the Russians have them then we won't have them for Italy. These trucks have been earmarked for Patton's invasion of Italy. That's classified.

SUSAN

These are Patton's trucks.

JOHNSON

That's classified, but yes. Also, Patton hates commies. He doesn't want them to have our trucks. Lose one truck, you've helped a commie. Democracy fails. Disaster. Got it?

SUSAN

Got it. (SUSAN and JOHNSON exit DL as the lights bump up on the SQUAD, now all wearing uniforms, standing at attention DC. TOWER and ADAMS, a black Marine, stand left of the SQUAD.)

TOWER

This is Private Adams. Private Adams is black. Maybe you don't know it but a large portion of the military is made up of blacks. They drive trucks, they cook dinners, they clean out toilets. We have Mrs. Roosevelt to thank for this. The

President's wife believes in equality. Even in the armed forces. It's one of her causes. Rich ladies like causes. Her new cause is full integration of blacks into combat units. Blacks serving alongside whites. In combat. Well, we have earned the distinction of being the first squad to be blessed with integration. As a test. I say blessed because Mrs. Roosevelt never consulted any of us on this subject. She never asked anybody in the Marine Corps how they felt about it. She never called me up and asked if I thought that maybe it would be demoralizing for my men to serve with a black soldier. That it might create tension in the barracks. A lack of trust in the trenches. That it might erode the team spirit of my unit. No these issues were not among her concerns. She didn't give a goddamn. She just sent one black soldier to this division. And she's just hoping it works out. Well it is going to work. I've invested too much time and energy in this squad to have it all go to hell because the President's wife doesn't know her ass from a hole in the ground. Squad, dismissed. (And TOWER exits DL in a huff.)

DEL FRANCO (Crossing to ADAMS)

Hi, I'm Mario Del Franco. I'm Italian. I mean I'm not really Italian. Like I don't eat spaghetti all the time and end all my words with vowel sounds. My parents are Italian. My father's actually from Italy. My mother's from Little Italy. I'm from the Bronx. That's Peter Narr. He's incredibly shy. He doesn't talk to anybody. So don't think it's because he hates black people. I mean he doesn't talk to anybody. I mean he doesn't like anybody. I mean we really don't know what's up with him. He might like all of us. We don't know. And that's Dutch Holland. I mean that's really his name. It really is. Isn't it, Dutch?

(HOLLAND is silent.)

MARK

Now let me guess. Dutch doesn't like black people.

HOLLAND

Get off my back, Thomas. (To ADAMS) Hi, I'm Dutch. That is my real name. Dutch. You can call me Dutch 'cause that's my real name and you can call me that and hi. (To MARK) OK?

DEL FRANCO

And that's Mark and John.

MARK

Hey Adams, how you doin'?

JOHN

Hey.

DEL FRANCO

And that's everybody. (Awkward pause.) Wow.

TOWER (Entering)

Squad. Hit the deck! (The SQUAD lies down on the stage.) Now crawl. Double time. Four inches. You are only four inches tall. Crawl.

(We hear Spike Jones' "Der Fuehrer's Face" as the SQUAD crawls about the stage. The STRANGER, dressed as a Japanese soldier, enters on a bicycle and rides about the stage talking to the audience. During this speech, HARRY crosses from DL to DR reading a folder of documents.)

STRANGER

And while the Americans trained the Japanese advanced. On bicycles. Down the Malay Peninsula, into Singapore, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, The Solomons, The Marianas, The Marshall's, The Philippines, the Gilbert's and, farthest east of all, Tarawa. And they created what they called the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. They changed the world.

(And she rides off as the SQUAD forms a line DC with TOWER standing SL of them. During TOWER's speech, BANCROFT enters from SL and, unobserved by TOWER or the SQUAD, listens to the speech.)

TOWER

Today you are Marines. Congratulations. It is now your responsibility and within your power to stay alive on the battle field. Tomorrow, you will go on leave. You may now show enthusiasm. (The men shout "rah, rah, rah.") I remind you that the United States government has just spent \$20,000 on your training. It has not been spent so that you can leave this base and pick up a disease. Therefore, while you are on leave you will wear a prophylactic. You will not leave this base until you have put on a prophylactic and you will not remove it until you have returned to this base. If I find that you have at any time removed your prophylactic during your leave you will be court-martialed and sentenced to eighty years hard labor. During your leave your prophylactic is your uniform. It is the only article of clothing which you must wear at all times. At 1730 tomorrow I will issue prophylactics, you will produce an erection, you will put the prophylactic on and then you will be dismissed for leave. You will demonstrate your excellent training by not losing either your erection or your prophylactic during leave. Today we will practice achieving an erection. You will now-

BANCROFT

Sergeant Tower!

TOWER (Spinning to face BANCROFT at attention)
Colonel Bancroft, sir!

BANCROFT
Dismiss your men Sergeant.

TOWER
Squad dismissed. On the double. Hut two, hut two, hut two.

(The SQUAD hustles off SR in a tight formation.)

BANCROFT
You have a unique approach to the syphilis problem, Sergeant.

TOWER
Thank you, sir.

BANCROFT
Sergeant Tower, General Smith has ordered emergency maneuvers for the next three days. Wargames. The Eighth Marines will engage the Second Marines in a simulated field action.

TOWER
Yes, sir.

BANCROFT
Which means there will be no leave this weekend.

TOWER
That's too bad, sir.

BANCROFT
Unless of course we can beat the Second Marines in one day.

TOWER
How would we do that, sir?

(As they speak, COLONEL DUNCAN, sitting at his desk, looking at a map and smoking a pipe, is wheeled on from left on a wagon. He is placed DC directly behind BANCROFT and TOWER. The desk has a phone on it.)

BANCROFT

Capture Colonel Duncan's headquarters. It's like Capture the Flag, Sergeant. If we can put Colonel Duncan out of action, we've won.

TOWER

And how do we put Colonel Duncan out of action, sir?

BANCROFT

We figure out where he's going to set up headquarters on Friday morning. And we go there.

TOWER

And how do we figure that out, sir?

BANCROFT

Well Colonel Duncan has a desk. Which has a map in it. Which is opened by a key. (BANCROFT drops a key on the stage.) Woops. (Looks at TOWER.) I'll see you tomorrow, Sergeant.

(BANCROFT exits left. We hear Glenn Miller's "Song of the Volga Boatman." TOWER picks up the key and walks off SR and almost immediately reappears sneaking on from SR with the SQUAD behind him. They sneak up behind DUNCAN's desk wagon and TOWER mimes looking in a window behind DUNCAN's back. DUNCAN sets down his pipe, opens his desk drawer, places the map in the drawer, closes the drawer and locks it. He then stands, mimes walking through a door at SL of the wagon and exits UL. HOLLAND and DEL FRANCO cross to UL and keep watch after the exiting DUNCAN. NARR and ADAMS keep watch at UR. MARK keeps watch in front of the wagon "door." TOWER jimmys open the "window" with a knife and hoists JOHN through the window. JOHN falls with a clatter on the office floor. He quickly opens the desk drawer with the key and removes the map and begins to study it. At this moment a very attractive NAVY WAVE crosses from UL to UR. HOLLAND and DEL FRANCO watch her cross. As they are watching her DUNCAN re-enters behind their backs and crosses towards his office. MARK doesn't see him because MARK happens to be looking towards the audience. ADAMS, who has seen DUNCAN enter from UL, is gesturing wildly. But no one notices him. Suddenly DUNCAN is standing in front of his office door. MARK finally notices him and jumps to a salute. DUNCAN, looking annoyed as MARK is blocking his way, returns the salute. MARK lets out a huge phony cough and then steps out of DUNCAN's way. JOHN, having heard the cough, dives under the desk with the map in hand. DUNCAN enters the office, retrieves his pipe and exits having noticed nothing. JOHN replaces the map in the drawer and then exits through the door where MARK, HOLLAND, DEL FRANCO and TOWER are waiting for him. JOHN nods to TOWER. TOWER smiles, then turns to HOLLAND and DEL

FRANCO and starts hitting them. The SQUAD, with TOWER hitting HOLLAND and DEL FRANCO, exits quickly off SR as the wagon is moved to DL. DUNCAN and a PRIVATE, wearing helmets and blue arm bands, now enter from SL. DUNCAN is holding his map and talking into a radio phone which the PRIVATE wears on his back. DUNCAN is silently shouting orders into the phone. TOWER and the SQUAD, wearing helmets and red arm bands and carrying their rifles, emerge from the upstage trough and walk calmly up behind DUNCAN and the PRIVATE. Only when TOWER sticks his gun in DUNCAN's back does DUNCAN realize that he's been surrounded. He looks at the SQUAD and becomes outraged. TOWER only puts a finger to his lips and then motions to DEL FRANCO and JOHN. DEL FRANCO and JOHN gag DUNCAN's mouth and tie his hands behind his back. The SQUAD then marches DUNCAN and the PRIVATE off SR. BANCROFT enters from SL wearing a helmet and a red arm band and clenching an unlit cigar in his teeth. He is met DC by the SQUAD and DUNCAN and the PRIVATE who have now entered from DR. TOWER hands his prisoner over to BANCROFT. BANCROFT and TOWER exchange salutes. TOWER and the SQUAD run off SL. BANCROFT indicates for the PRIVATE to light his cigar. The PRIVATE does this. BANCROFT then links arms with DUNCAN and leads him off SR. TOWER and the SQUAD now emerge from UL dressed in Hawaiian shirts and dance from UL to DR to the music. ADAMS emerges last, still dressed in his fatigues and smoking, and slowly follows the SQUAD off DR. The music ends as the SQUAD exits DR. FRANKLIN has entered from UR and crosses to the desk wagon, where SUSAN now sits, DL. SUSAN starts to jump to attention when she sees FRANKLIN coming.)

FRANKLIN

That's all right. I'd like to say that you're doing exceptional work and I wanted to apologize for my behavior when you first arrived on base.

SUSAN

That's all right, Captain Franklin.

FRANKLIN

Bev.

SUSAN

What?

FRANKLIN

Call me Bev. It's short for Beverly.

SUSAN

Bev. That's all right, Bev.

FRANKLIN

The thing is I'm under a lot of pressure right now. The parents of some of my girls have been writing in complaining about lesbians in my unit. The Colonel's been putting a lot of pressure on us to clean up this outfit.

SUSAN

Well, I wasn't lying to you. I'm not a lesbian.

FRANKLIN

That's too bad. I am. The thing is I wasn't upset at you. I was just nervous. You make me nervous. I find you attractive.

SUSAN

You're very direct.

FRANKLIN

Do you have parents?

SUSAN

Yes. But I don't speak to them.

FRANKLIN (Placing her hand on SUSAN's)
Good.

SUSAN

I thought I made you nervous.

FRANKLIN

You do. It manifests itself in different ways.

SUSAN

I... Uhh... I'm not sure I'm ready for this.

FRANKLIN

Window's open. You could scream.

(FRANKLIN tenderly kisses SUSAN on the lips.)

SUSAN (Coming out of the kiss.)

Is this where I scream?

FRANKLIN

Do you want to scream?

(They resume kissing. The phone rings. SUSAN breaks to answer it. FRANKLIN continues to kiss SUSAN's neck.)

SUSAN (Into the phone)

Yeah. (Recovering) I mean Hello, Captain Franklin's office. No, she's... indisposed. Yes, I'll tell her. (SUSAN hangs up.) You've been promoted. Major Bev. (SUSAN gives FRANKLIN her lips. We hear "When You Wish Upon a Star" as the desk wagon is borne off bearing FRANKLIN and SUSAN enjoying their kiss. It is moved into darkness at DR. Two swings are lowered in from the flies and JOHN and MARK, still in their Hawaiian shirts, stumble on drunkenly from UL. MARK is holding a bottle of Johny Walker Red. JOHN sits on one swing and MARK sits on the stage nursing his bottle. JOHN sings along with the lyrics as he swings. The lights come up on HARRY sitting at the desk DR. He has replaced SUSAN and FRANKLIN. He smokes and pores over several documents in front of him. During the following scene a wagon with two beds on it is moved into the darkness DL.)

MARK

I used to see adults on swings. Late at night. And I thought they were pathetic. Like they were trying to recapture their youth.

JOHN

No, they were just drunk.

MARK

Yeah drunk. It's a great thing to be. The whole problem with Americans is they're not drunk enough. Europeans are always drunk. From the time they're five years old they're drunk. So they're always happy.

JOHN

How do you explain Hitler?

MARK

Hitler doesn't drink. He's a teetotaler. And a vegetarian. And he probably doesn't smoke. That's his problem. I mean the world is just not all that bad a place when you're drunk.

JOHN

Swings are great. I never liked them in school.

MARK

That's 'cause you were sober. There should be drinking in schools. Instead of milk, there should be cocktails. That's how it is in Europe. Kids start drinking at five. Four years old. Toddlers in Europe - all luses.

JOHN
Yeah.

MARK
Yeah.

JOHN
I'm going to jump.

MARK
OK.

(JOHN jumps off the swing and falls drunkenly on the stage. He is now laying next to MARK.)

JOHN
That wasn't very satisfying.

MARK
No.

JOHN
We should probably go get laid or something.

MARK
Yeah.

JOHN
I'm not very good at getting laid. Too shy. How about you?

MARK
Oh, I used to be great at it.

JOHN
Maybe I just don't want to be laid. Maybe that's why I'm not good at it. Like deep down I just never want to have sex.

MARK
Impossible. Men have to have sex.

JOHN

No, men have to have orgasms. I'm talking about sex with other people.

MARK

I think you're incredible.

JOHN

What?

MARK

I think you're incredible.

JOHN

Thanks.

MARK

No, I mean, I'm in love with you. I... I... I don't know if I'm in love with you but I definitely want to have sex with you.

JOHN

Wow.

MARK

I mean. I'm probably too drunk to have sex right now but maybe we could make a date or something. You know.

JOHN

Wow.

MARK

I mean... Actually... I'm kind of sobering up. (MARK crawls over and kisses JOHN. JOHN does not resist.) Oh god. That was perfect.

JOHN

Thanks.

MARK

Your lips are incredible.

JOHN

Mmmm. (They resume kissing.)

MARK

I can't imagine this being more exciting.

JOHN

You're the first man I've ever kissed.

MARK

That's a lot more exciting. (They resume kissing. The lights fade on them and on HARRY and come up DL where NARR lies on one of the beds smoking and DEL FRANCO lies on the floor reading a comic book. HOLLAND enters smiling and lies down on the other bed. During the following scene HARRY's desk is pushed off DR.)

DEL FRANCO

Holland. How you doing? How was your leave? I went and saw "Crash Dive" with Tyrone Power. Amazing. Tyrone was on this submarine and he sank about forty Japanese ships. Like there's no Japanese navy left at the end. So I was telling Narr how phony I thought Tyrone Power was sinking the whole Japanese navy in Hollywood. And guess what we heard on the radio? He enlisted. In the Marines. Can you imagine? Tyrone Power in the Marines. Yeah, I bet they're going to put him in the trenches. Yeah, right. So how you doing? You're not complaining about anything. You ok? (Suddenly realizing) Hey, you got laid, didn't you? (HOLLAND just smiles.) Wow. Narr, look at Dutch, he got laid. You look different, Dutch. Nicer. You should get laid more often. Narr got laid but he looks the same. I didn't get laid. I saw a double feature. Story of my life. The other movie was this boring Spencer Tracy thing where this guy tried to eat an Indian's head - (TOWER stumbles onstage from DL supporting ADAMS.) Hey, look at that. Tower and Adams drunk. Who'd have thought it. (TOWER brings ADAMS down-stage and sets him on the floor. He sits on the corner of NARR's bed.) First beer Sarge?

HOLLAND

Adams looks like he's had his first fifteen.

TOWER

He's not drunk. (ADAMS rolls over in pain. He is bleeding from the nose.) Army boys beat the crap out of him. The United States Army Twenty-Seventh Division. Straight out of Georgia.

DEL FRANCO

Jesus Christ. (He bends down to help him. ADAMS swipes DEL FRANCO's hands away.)

TOWER

Yeah, go on, help him. He won't let anyone touch him. I practically had to drag him here. He was lying in the middle of Center Street.

HOLLAND

Walked into the wrong bar?

TOWER

No, he walked past the wrong bar, Holland. They yanked him off the street. Should have never let him leave the base. But then, I didn't think he'd be safe on the base. Ain't many places where he is safe.

DEL FRANCO

Army boys must have been very drunk.

TOWER

No, just very white. Real crackers. Thought I deserved a beating just for helping him up.

DEL FRANCO

Jesus Christ Sergeant.

TOWER

Yeah, Jesus Christ, Del Franco. Now that's a sophisticated response to a sophisticated situation. The boy doesn't belong in my unit and I'm the only one in the goddamn Marine Corps who can figure that out. Nobody in the Corps wants to know him because he's a Negro and doesn't belong with us. None of other blacks on the base want to know him because they think he's too uppity being in a white combat unit. That kinda leaves him on his own, don't it? There were about three hundred soldiers in that bar when he got his face kicked in. Four did the kickin' and two-hundred and ninety-six did the watchin.' Some of them were Marines. Now what does that tell you about whether or not Private Adams belongs in my unit?

DEL FRANCO

Shouldn't we report it?

TOWER

Report it? Adams might have gotten killed tonight. You know what would have happened? Nuthin'. Best thing we can do for him is get him transferred out of this outfit.

(ADAMS groans.)

TOWER

Yeah, he doesn't want that, does he? Well, we're shipping out on Monday. Maybe the Japanese will be nicer to him than the Americans.

HOLLAND

We're shipping out?

TOWER

Yep. Destination: Highly Classified. Maybe Tokyo. Maybe Berlin. Where's Herrick and Thomas?

DEL FRANCO

Not back yet.

TOWER

Well, I hope they're enjoying themselves. Get him into bed. I'm going to finish what's left of my leave.

(The music shift to Charlie Spivak's "I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen" as TOWER lurches off SL. The lights fade on the beds and they are borne off DL in the dark as the lights come up on SUSAN and FRANKLIN laying on the stage DR.)

SUSAN

My whole life I wanted to go somewhere exciting and new. And to have someone to share it with. And it never happened. And then I enlisted and it all came true.

FRANKLIN (Amused)

You like Georgia?

SUSAN

Yeah, I do. And now we're shipping out and we don't know where we're going and that excites me. Where do you think they'll send us?

FRANKLIN

Italy. Maybe North Africa.

SUSAN

What's North Africa like?

FRANKLIN

It's like Georgia. Hotter. You'll love it.

SUSAN

Do you think anybody knows about us?

FRANKLIN

If they do they don't care. So long as the Colonel doesn't find out we're fine. We do a good job. That's what's important.

SUSAN

How about Johnson. Do you think she knows?

FRANKLIN

I don't know. Do you?

SUSAN

She's seen me look at you. How could she not know. (They kiss.) Exciting.

(The lights come up on TOWER and the SQUAD kneeling around a map DL.)

VOICE OVER (As if over an intercom)

Now hear this. Now hear this. Zig-zaging will resume immediately. Zig-zaging will resume immediately. (The SQUAD groans.) The Captain requests that if you have to throw-up that you do it over the side. Tonight's music selection: The Andrews Sisters. (Everybody groans.) That is all. (Now we hear The Andrew Sister's "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree.")

TOWER (Indicating the map)

It's called Tarawa. It has an airfield in the middle of it. At 0700 tomorrow we'll hit the beach on the lagoon side. We'll regroup with the rest of the company at the sea wall, then move inland.

HOLLAND

It doesn't look very big.

TOWER

It's not. It's less than half the size of Golden Gate Park.

JOHN

What's this ring around it?

TOWER

Coral reef. It's about a thousand yards off-shore. We'll be going in at high tide so the landing craft should clear it by about four or five feet. It's about fifty yards from the surf to the seawall. So at most we should be exposed to fifty yards of enemy fire. So move ashore fast gentlemen.

MARK

Is it heavily defended?

TOWER

Right now, yes. Navy and naval air are laying on a three hour bombardment tomorrow morning. They think after that we should be able to just walk ashore.

DEL FRANCO

What do you think, Sarge?

TOWER

I think you're going to be fine, Del Franco. Dismissed. Get some sleep. Reveille at 0330 tomorrow. (They begin to move away.) Adams. (ADAMS turns to face him.) You stay with me tonight.

(ADAMS and TOWER exit SL. HOLLAND, DEL FRANCO and NARR exit SR.)

VOICE OVER

Now hear this. Now hear this. Taps. Taps. The bugler is seasick so taps. I'd hum it but I'm tone deaf. Taps. That is all.

MARK

I want to touch you.

JOHN

We can't.

MARK

I'll find a place.

JOHN

On this ship?

MARK

Yeah. (MARK begins to walk off UR. He turns and gestures to JOHN.) Come on. (JOHN follows. HARRY and WIN cross to CS from SR and SL.)

HARRY

Are you a homosexual? Are you a homosexual? Are you a homosexual? Do you like girls? Do you like boys? Do you like little boys? Are you queer? Are you gay? Do you play sports? Do you want to be a dancer? A hair dresser? An interior decorator? And if they answer "yes" to any of these questions they are labeled gay, it's put on their draft card and they are shipped back home where that draft card becomes an item of public record.

WIN

Harry, I'm sorry.

HARRY

And God help those who lie because they want to serve or don't want to be branded fairy for life. How long do you think they'll last?

WIN

I'm sorry.

HARRY

"Just bury it Harry. Nobody will notice."

WIN

I was wrong.

HARRY

It's become an obsession with Selective Service. It's the hot question. The one they are all most thrilled about asking. The excitement that surrounds that question is palpable.

WIN

You're exaggerating.

HARRY

I'm not exaggerating. It's exactly what I didn't want to happen. Prejudice being used as a pretext for exclusion under the guise of psychiatry.

WIN

Harry-

HARRY

With this act homosexuality has been, in an instant, rejected by the psychiatric community.

WIN

To an extent that's true. Many psychiatrists still feel that homosexuals are mentally ill.

HARRY

Yes, which is exactly why I wanted to systematize this examination and to keep moronic Ku Klux Klan pronouncements like "gays are bad" off of it.

WIN

We didn't put that on there.

HARRY

We put an invitation to this kind of thinking on there. (Waving the sheet of paper) People with homosexual proclivities listed with the unstable, the sulky, the sluggish, the resentful, the discontent and the suicidal. How the hell did you talk me into that one?

WIN

But not listed in one of the eight groups which should be excluded from service.

HARRY

A technicality which the military and every unenlightened general practitioner has managed to side-step with dexterity.

WIN

Harry, it doesn't matter.

HARRY

Of course it matters. My test, the test I developed, is now forcing every homosexual who wants to serve to lie. And will force them to live that lie until they are discharged.

(A light comes up on FRANKLIN and SUSAN staring over the railing of the audience left balcony.)

FRANKLIN

Isn't it beautiful?

SUSAN

The cliffs are beautiful.

OFFICER (Joining them on the rail)

The launch will be ready soon, ladies. Then you can go ashore.

FRANKLIN

What's it called, Lieutenant?

OFFICER

It's called Salerno.

SUSAN

Will we see any Germans ashore?

OFFICER

Maybe some prisoners. The Germans pulled out yesterday morning. You're staring at occupied Italy.

SUSAN

Salerno. What a beautiful name.

FRANKLIN

It will be like our honeymoon.

SUSAN

Salerno. (Their light fades.)

WIN

Goddamn it, Harry, we have the chance to introduce psychiatry into the lives of every soldier and general practitioner in this country. Do you have any idea what this is going to do for American psychiatry?

HARRY

I'm not arguing with you, Win.

WIN

You are arguing with me. You're telling me to dump an entire program because you're dissatisfied with one aspect of it.

HARRY

I'm not telling you to dump an entire program. I'm simply suggesting that what we agree to now is what will hold in the Selective Service examination for the duration of the war. And it will also introduce certain ideas and attitudes towards homosexuality into the lives of every American who comes in contact with that examination.

WIN

Ideas which exist in most Americans anyway.

HARRY

We don't know that.

WIN

This only confirms what most people already believe.

HARRY

Maybe. But I don't want to be a part of the confirmation. I want this removed from the examination.

WIN

Harry, if we press this point the Army will reject the psychiatric screening outright.

HARRY

Well, maybe they should reject it.

WIN

I won't accept that. You sound like the medial profession. They think we're a bunch of quacks who go around making excuses for weakness of character and upbringing. Moral perverts. Degenerates.

HARRY

And fairies.

WIN

All right. And fairies. This country's not ready to accept fairies, but it is ready to accept psychiatry. That's a step.

HARRY

And one of the tenets of this new accepted psychiatry will be that fairydom is a neurosis, a form of mental illness. Something that prevents a man from performing his role as a soldier. Something that, in fact, prevents a man from being a man.

WIN

Eventually that will change.

HARRY

Jefferson.

WIN

What?

HARRY

You sound like Jefferson. He gave in to the anti-abolitionists to get the Declaration of Independence ratified. It took this country a hundred years to get over slavery because of Jefferson's blunder.

WIN

And Jefferson's "blunder" made this country. Independence wouldn't have happened without compromise.

HARRY

And maybe we shouldn't have been independent. In creating the United States we created a country which was more reactionary than England itself. Great Britain abolished slavery fifty years before the United States. And now, after a hundred and fifty years of Independence we are Britain's ally once again for the second time in this century. What the hell difference did independence make except to set us back socially by fifty years.

WIN

I can't believe this. You're babbling.

HARRY

I'm not babbling. I'm telling you that what seems to be progress right now might very well be a set-back from which we will never recover. This compromise, this small point that you want to give on, is central to any concept of psychiatry. "Normal" is relative and homosexuality can be normal. If in fact there is a concept of normal it embraces homosexuals and people with homosexual proclivities. Write into the psychiatric examination that homosexuals must be unfit to serve and you will have written it into the Bill of Rights that gays do not have rights as surely as Jefferson and Adams and Franklin and all the rest wrote it into the charter for this nation that blacks shall not be free.

WIN

Do you realize what you're throwing away here? Do you realize that this test is already making psychiatry a science and a legitimate medical practice. It has the stamp of the United States government on it. It has the stamp of the most conservative institution in this country on it, the United States Army. When this war is over every American veteran will turn to a psychiatrist when he is depressed or anxious or incapacitated by phobias and anxiety. This is enlightenment. This is health. This is our chance to say to the world that psychiatry helps. It is there to help you. If we fail to do this every veteran, when

he's upset or depressed, will continue to turn to priests, to general practitioners, to friends only to hear that he is crazy or immoral or weak. This act, this examination, is going to bring the United States out of the dark ages of medical and religious morality.

HARRY

All of us except homosexuals. Who will continue to be crazy and immoral and weak. And will never turn to a psychiatrist except to have their proclivities invalidated as surely as a priest would have invalidated them in the dark ages.

WIN

That will change. In time. After the war. When mental health isn't defined by the army. When "normal" isn't predicated on the ability to fire a rifle or to keep your erection down in the showers. It will happen.

HARRY

It goes against the very fiber of psychiatry.

WIN

Oh Harry.

HARRY

It goes against the very foundation of our science. That people are individuals. That they are different. That there isn't a moral code of behavior. That normal is a relative term. That it is individual. Homosexuals are normal. Homosexuality is normal. Define it now as anything else and it will take a hundred years to undo it. If ever. Homosexuality is normal.

WIN

Not according to Carl Jung.

HARRY

Fuck Jung. (Pause. Calmly.) I have spent my life in the development and promotion of interpersonal psychology. I think I can say, without sounding egotistical, that I have risen to the pinnacle of my profession. And I cannot accept any definition of homosexuality which does not presuppose that gays are capable of attaining the very best in any profession. I was reading the other night - the love letters of General Von Steuben to one of his Lieutenants. Von Steuben was the United States Army's first effective general. He succeeded where a dozen heterosexual generals had failed. Don't ask me to promote a system whereby gay men will be refused a place in the armed forces.

WIN

Harry, this isn't personal.

HARRY

It is very personal. My psychiatry started with my understanding of myself. What I know about myself is how I understand the world. It is myself, more than Freud or Jung or Fromme or any other theorist, which has informed my work as a psychiatrist. If I have done anything to help anyone it has been through my knowledge of myself. With this act you are asking me to deny myself and my science.

(The DRUMS begin a quietly ominous military cadence. The SQUAD, now fully dressed for battle, enter from different points of the stage periphery and slowly cross towards center.)

STRANGER (Entering from DR)

On October 21, 1943 the 2nd Marine Division and units of the 6th Marine Division landed on the Japanese occupied island of Betio in Tarawa Atoll.

WIN

I'm asking you to participate in the validation of American psychiatry. It's going to happen, Harry. I want you to be a part of it.

HARRY

But it can happen without me. (Pause.) And it will certainly happen without my kind.

(During the following speech and dialogue the SQUAD reaches CS and forms itself into two rows of three Marines each. Behind them stand TOWER and a NAVY COXSWAIN. A rectangle of light is superimposed on the SQUAD to suggest the outline of a landing craft. They stand, facing downstage, at the upstage edge of the elevator. The elevator descends to a level four feet beneath the level of the stage. HARRY and WIN are standing on the SR and SL edges of the elevator.)

STRANGER

The soldiers of the 2nd Marine Division had been told that the three hours of naval and aircraft bombardment would destroy every Japanese soldier and gun on the island. The navy said that the actual Marine invasion would be simply a formality. That, after the tremendous force of the bombardment, the Marines would simply walk ashore. The navy said that the tide would be high enough for the landing craft to clear the coral reef which stood one thousand yards off-shore at Tarawa. The invasion began at 9:00 am. The navy predicted that Tarawa, an

island less than half the size of San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, would be fully occupied and cleared of Japanese resistance by 1:00 pm.

WIN

I'm not the enemy.

HARRY

No, the enemy is unseen. Vague. Just out of sight. Over the horizon. Lurking in the jungle. Huge and monolithic and able to crush us with its dispassionate step. And if we're not careful. If we're not quiet. If we're not meek. It will do just that.

STRANGER

At 9:10 am on November 20, 1943 the landing craft of the 2nd Marine's ran aground on the unsubmerged reef surrounding Betio in Tarawa Atoll.

(All lights bump out except for the landing-craft light. The TAIKO drums now begin - quite loud.)

TOWER

What the fuck is happening? Jesus. Where are we? Coxswain, what's happened? Are we hit?

COXSWAIN

No, this is it. We're hung up on a reef. I can't clear it.

HOLLAND

Can't clear it?

TOWER

Shut up, Holland. Herrick, how far are we from shore?

JOHN (After peering over the top of the craft)

It looks like a hundred miles, Sarge.

TOWER

All right. It's a thousand yards to the beach.

HOLLAND

A thousand yards!

TOWER

Coxswain. What are the other Higgins' boats doing?

COXSWAIN

They're all hung up on the reef. They're all unloading.

TOWER

All right, listen up. We're going to have to walk the rest of the way. The water out there is at most five feet deep. Hold your rifles up over your head and stay as low in the water as possible. Don't bunch up. Keep plenty of distance between you. If you draw fire go under. When you reach the beach we'll regroup as planned at the seawall. Some of you are going to get there before others. Just dig in and hold tight until the rest of the squad catches up. (Pause.) It's not that far. (Pause.) Coxswain, drop the gate.

(The COXSWAIN makes a gesture and suddenly the elevator is lit with a sea blue which represents the water through which the SQUAD will now have to wade. The TAIKO drums become much louder. We can also hear gun fire and large explosion noises. The SQUAD members jump from the stage and onto the elevator. They fan out on the elevator holding their guns up over their heads. When the last SQUAD member has "disembarked" the lights go out on the COXSWAIN. But before he can completely disappear we see that he is hit by gun fire. The SQUAD members begin to walk in place as if they were trudging forward through deep water. Aside for the DRUMS and the TAIKO drums, there is a tremendous amount of noise - not only loud but distorted and eerie. It is the sound you hear when your ears are beneath or near the surface of the water. It sounds almost soothing but it is repeatedly interrupted by the blast of shells landing in the water and a variety of other combat noises. The men continue to walk in place as if they are steadily advancing on the shore line. Their expressions are intent and, for a time, they move forward without pause or impediment. Suddenly JOHN crumples silently on the stage.)

MARK

Where's John? John's down. John's down. He's been hit.

TOWER

Keep moving.

MARK

John's down.

TOWER

Keep moving.

(JOHN stands upright on the stage with a gasp.)

JOHN

I'm all right. I stepped in a hole. I stepped in a hole. I'm all right.

TOWER

Do you have your rifle?

(JOHN holds it up.)

TOWER

Good boy.

(We hear the sounds of a machine gun raking the area. All the men suddenly start yelling. It is not important what they yell so long as they convey the panic of the moment. The machine gun fire comes back across the stage, much louder this time, and MARK, HOLLAND, DEL FRANCO and NARR almost simultaneously cry out: "I'm hit!" MARK crumples on the stage. JOHN also crumples onto the stage. The others remain upright but contorted into positions of agony. Only ADAMS and TOWER are unscathed. ADAMS raises his rifle and fires it towards the audience. TOWER is shouting.)

TOWER

Fuck. Narr! Del Franco! Jesus. Herrick!

(The lights bump out on ADAMS firing and TOWER shouting. A light remains up on the TAIKO position and we see that the STRANGER is now helping the TAIKO drummer to play the TAIKO drums. All other sounds but the TAIKO drums cut out. The TAIKO drums become deafening. As they build to a climax the SQUAD exits the stage in darkness. When the SQUAD has exited the stage there is a tremendous crash from the TAIKO drums and the TAIKO light bumps out.)

END OF ACT ONE

INTERMISSION

(During intermission GLORIA, an extremely glamorous drag queen, enters from SL with a hand-held microphone and addresses the audience.)

GLORIA (In a feigned English accent)

Hello. I don't come on until deep in the second act. Long after most of you have fallen asleep with boredom. The play is long, isn't it? So long. So serious. So I thought I'd slip out here before the snoring started. Some of you look like you're drowsy already. You look like you're just aching to get home. Why do you stay? Do you know somebody in the cast? Just being polite? Ugh, the tyranny of good manners. I don't know why I stay. That first act is interminable. Oh dear, plays with a message. They're too too tedious. And all these strange people who keep talking to the audience. Ugh. Modern theatre. Whatever happened to Noel Coward or a nice Rodgers and Hart revue. Too entertaining I suppose. Sin. Sin. Entertainment. Sin. So I've come out to sing some Verdi to you all and wake you up. To save the evening as they say. But don't, by any means, feel obliged to stay. Some of you I'm sure need a break. To recoup. To get a drink. To scream with frustration. Well, brace yourselves. I am the best part of the evening. The play only gets worse. Fortunately there's a second intermission. Another chance to escape. To make a break for it. This is a lovely little piece sung by a woman dying of tuberculosis or consumption or some such - one of those Victorian diseases. It's all about champagne. Something that would make the play a lot more fun I promise you. Maestro, if you please. (GLORIA sings the "Brindisi," quite impressively, from **La Traviata**. When it is over he takes many bows - perhaps a few too many - and exits SL.)

ACT II

(In the darkness we hear the TAIKO drums as the SQUAD gets into place on the submerged elevator. When the SQUAD is in place the lights bump up on the SQUAD as we left them at the end of the first act. The TAIKO drums grow quiet and we can still hear the sounds of battle. ADAMS fires off two more shots.)

TOWER

Adams, stop firing, you're out of range! (ADAMS lowers his rifle.) Herrick? God damnit, Herrick!

JOHN (Standing upright)

Yeah, Sarge?

TOWER

Are you hit?

JOHN

No, Sarge. I stepped in another hole.

TOWER

Give me your rifle. Adams, get Holland's rifle. (JOHN is wading towards TOWER as ADAMS takes HOLLAND's rifle. TOWER takes JOHN's rifle.) I don't see Thomas. See if you can find him.

JOHN

Aye, aye, sir.

(JOHN moves to where MARK was standing. MARK is still crouched in pain on the stage. JOHN begins to kick around the area in an effort to locate MARK's body under the surf where he cannot see. TOWER moves to HOLLAND, NARR, and DEL FRANCO.)

TOWER

Holland, how bad are you hit?

HOLLAND

I feel like my fucking arm just got blown off.

TOWER (Holding up HOLLAND's right arm so he can see it)
Well it didn't. It's right here. Narr, are you hit?

NARR
I thought I was. I guess not. My head hurts.

TOWER
He speaks! Keep your helmet on. Del Franco!

(At this point JOHN re-emerges holding MARK around the waist.)

JOHN
I found Mark, Sarge.

TOWER
Is he alive?

JOHN
Mark, are you alive?

MARK
Ah, yeah. Yeah. I think.

TOWER
Del Franco.

DEL FRANCO (Hysterical)
I've got a fucking hole in my face, Sarge. I can't believe it. I've got a fucking hole in my face. I can stick my finger in it. I can't believe this.

TOWER
Where's your rifle?

DEL FRANCO
I've got a hole in my face.

TOWER
I don't give a shit about the hole in your face. Where's your rifle?

DEL FRANCO
I don't know... It's down here somewhere.

TOWER
Show me.

DEL FRANCO
It's near my foot.

TOWER
Put your left foot on it.

(TOWER goes down DEL FRANCO's leg and locates the rifle. Then he comes back to the surface.)

TOWER
All right, gentlemen, you're all still alive. Congratulations. Now let's keep moving. Del Franco, help Herrick with Thomas.

DEL FRANCO
Sarge, I've got a hole in my face.

TOWER
Del Franco, shut up about your god damned face. Get over there and help Herrick.

DEL FRANCO (Moving to JOHN and MARK)
I can stick my finger into it.

NARR
Sarge, my head hurts like shit.

TOWER
Are you bleeding?

NARR
No, but it hurts like hell. I want to take my helmet off.

TOWER
No, keep it on, it might be holding your head together.

HOLLAND
I can't move my fingers.

TOWER
Shut up, Holland.

HOLLAND

Sarge, I need a corpsman. I need a medic.

DEL FRANCO

So do I.

TOWER

Shut up.

DEL FRANCO

I need a medic. There's a hole in my face.

TOWER

Del Franco, you moron, do you see any medics around here? Do you? In this particular square mile of water do you see any medics?

DEL FRANCO

No.

TOWER

Well you can either get your butt ashore to a medic or you can swim the three miles back to nearest battleship and find one there. I will leave it up to your personal initiative.

DEL FRANCO

Sorry, Sarge.

TOWER

Keep moving.

MARK

I think I can make it.

JOHN

You're hit in the shoulder.

MARK

It doesn't really hurt.

JOHN

I'll let you go then. (MARK takes his own weight.) Sarge, Mark thinks he's all right.

TOWER

Come and get your rifle, Herrick. Thomas, can you shoulder a rifle?

MARK

I don't think so, Sarge, my shoulder's fucked up.

TOWER

Herrick, give this rifle back to Del Franco. Just make him take it. (TOWER turns back to the men.) All right, gentlemen, it's about another three hundred yards to shore. The only safe place is that seawall. So as soon as you can - run! When are you going to run, Del Franco?

DEL FRANCO

As soon as I can.

TOWER

And where you going to run to?

DEL FRANCO

The seawall.

TOWER

And what are you going to do when you get there?

DEL FRANCO

Fight like hell.

TOWER

Good man.

(The lights blackout on the SQUAD and the elevator. We hear The Ink Spots' "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire." The lights come up on JIM and HARRY as they enter from DL and cross towards center. They are out on a walk. As they cross the elevator rises with the SQUAD members who are all in crouched down positions. When it is high enough the SQUAD members will take up positions DC. HARRY and JIM will cross onto the rising elevator with the lights illuminating them as they progress across the stage. The elevator will rise to four feet above the level of the deck with HARRY and JIM on it as the SQUAD crouches against the down-stage side of it as if they were crouching behind the seawall of the beach at Tarawa. During the following scene all the other actors enter the stage and lay themselves down on the stage as if they were dead bodies. SUSAN, FRANKLIN and the OFFICER position themselves up-stage of

the elevator. They should be completely obscured from view when the elevator is fully elevated.)

JIM (Referring to a book that he holds in his hand)
I've been reading Oscar Wilde.

HARRY (Amused)
Always a bad idea.

JIM
No, I haven't been listening to Oscar Wilde. I've been reading him. He felt badly about what he did. He tried to renounce what he was. To disclaim it. He belatedly embraced religion and blamed Lord Alfred for all his indiscretions and his fall from grace. In other words, he tried to undo what he had done.

HARRY
He was ahead of his time.

JIM
Well, I think he was such an egotist he thought he had done it all alone. But he hadn't. He was simply the apex. The crossroads for certain ideas. For certain concepts. For vocabulary really. His trial for loving Lord Alfred brought an idea out into the open and that idea had to be given a name. And when it was given a name people had to decide how they felt about it. People had to take sides. He took the side of the people who didn't like the new idea. So in the end he was conventional. He was conservative. As reactionary as the people who prosecuted and condemned him. But that's not what's important. What's important is he served to turn the idea into word. He gave the idea language. The idea became a noun. And then people formed opinions. His was negative. He found that he didn't approve of what he'd created. So he'd sacrificed himself. And many agreed with him, and a few did not, and most just didn't think about it. And that's where we are now. We have a word. He created it. And we have some opinions. But we have no acts. His was the last act.

HARRY
And look what it cost him.

JIM
It cost him himself.

HARRY
Exactly.

JIM

Only because he denied it. He destroyed himself because he denied himself. Finally he said, I'm not a Sodomite, I'm a Christian. (JIM indicates the book in his hand) Here's his book. He talks about it in here. About his homosexuality. And he denies it. (Reading the title.) "De Profundis." "On profound things." I'd say the destruction of oneself is anything but profound. It's squalid.

HARRY

You expect too much of him. He was essentially a cultural figure who was thrust into a political sphere. He tried to win politics with aesthetics. He didn't realize the power and the danger of the arena he was fighting in. Only after politics destroyed him did he destroy himself.

JIM

But it didn't destroy what he was. As a matter of fact it gave what he was language. Politicians control language. They label. And they labeled him. Labels have power - both negative and positive. They did destroy him, but they also created language for him. He just didn't use it. And really nobody else has. That's where we are now.

HARRY

And you think he should have extended that language. He should have embraced it.

JIM

No, you're right. He was out of his depth. He was simply an actor in the pageant that created the word. But, for a short time, whether he understood what he was doing or not, he was an actor. (Pause.) I think he understood.

HARRY

This is different.

JIM

How?

HARRY

It's not inevitable. It's not an apex.

JIM

It's long overdue. It might just make the word, the concept, acceptable. It might free it to become a vocabulary of its own. A politics of its own.

HARRY

No, it's too soon.

JIM

It was too soon for Oscar Wilde.

HARRY

And, as you say, he didn't really know what he was doing.

JIM

And, therefore, he didn't get very far. A person who knows what he's doing would get farther.

HARRY

Not far enough.

JIM

Far enough for some people.

HARRY

Not myself.

JIM

There will be others.

HARRY

There are none right now. I will be alone.

JIM

You won't be alone.

HARRY

You're like a critic. Or a journalist. You know exactly what's wrong and how it should be fixed but you would never put yourself in the position of fixing it. Too dangerous.

JIM

I'm not that lucky. I haven't been singled out.

HARRY

And who has singled me out?

JIM

Harry. Wilde lost Alfred Douglas. This whole book is Wilde complaining about how Alfred betrayed him and ignored him and refused to love him in return. That won't happen to you. You won't be alone. You're right. I can't fix anything. But I won't leave you. You found me when I was fifteen. You created me. I'm your Galatea. For better or for worse. If you hear me say something, it's you speaking. They're your words. Because you heard them from me first, that doesn't mean they're not your thoughts. I am your mind. And you're not going to lose your mind.

HARRY

Even if I don't do this.

JIM

No.

HARRY

But I'm considering it.

JIM

Oh, yes. In fact, you've decided to do it.

HARRY

To at least mention it.

JIM

Oh no. To very actively pursue it. (HARRY takes a deep breath.)

HARRY

Well, then. Where shall we eat?

(The lights shift to the SQUAD. HARRY and JIM exit from the platform via a stair unit off its back. The SQUAD is now pressed up against the platform. The battle noises return - faintly. We can barely make out the bodies that litter the stage in the dim light.)

TOWER

Del Franco, how's your face?

(DEL FRANCO shakes his head.)

JOHN

I think it hurts when he talks.

(DEL FRANCO makes a moaning noise to indicate assent.)

HOLLAND

This is a mess, Sarge.

TOWER

No shit.

HOLLAND

There're more dead Marines on this beach than live ones. I've never seen so many dead people in my life.

TOWER

Holland, you ever seen a dead man before today?

HOLLAND

No.

TOWER

Then of course you've never seen so many dead people before. Try and... keep things in perspective.

NARR

How long have we been here?

ADAMS

Four hours.

NARR

Jesus.

HOLLAND

What the hell happened, Sarge?

TOWER

I don't know. What do you think, Thomas?

MARK

I think things are pretty screwed up. I think General Smith has no better idea of what's going on than we do. I think this whole thing's probably a catastrophe. I don't think the naval bombardment killed a single Japanese.

TOWER

Yeah, something's wrong.

MARK (To TOWER)

Have *you* ever seen this many dead Marines?

TOWER

No. (Pause.) Narr, how's your head?

NARR

I've got this jabbing pain, like a nail driving into the front of my scalp. It hurts like hell. Can I take my helmet off?

TOWER

OK. Herrick, take his helmet off of him. Do it slowly. If it feels like it's stuck to his head even slightly - if there's any resistance - just leave it on him.

JOHN

Yes, sir.

(JOHN moves to remove NARR's helmet. At that moment we hear machine gun fire and a SERGEANT crawls onto the stage from SR and joins the SQUAD.)

SERGEANT

Who's in charge here?

TOWER

I am.

SERGEANT

How long have you guys been here?

TOWER

We were in the second wave.

SERGEANT

You guys have been here for four hours!

TOWER

We're the only ones alive at this end of the beach.

SERGEANT

How many people did you lose coming ashore?

TOWER
Nobody.

SERGEANT
Nobody? And you were in the second wave?

TOWER
What's going on?

SERGEANT
Well, most units in the second wave suffered seventy-five percent casualties. They were cut down before they ever reached the sand. When I left the transports two hours ago they were all ready talking about the second wave as if it had been completely wiped out. First wave's been hung up on the beaches since this morning.

TOWER
What do you mean?

SERGEANT
Nobody else in your battalion made it ashore. You see that pier out there?

TOWER
Yeah.

SERGEANT
Colonel Duncan's battalion is out under that pier. That's as far ashore as the first wave made it. A couple groups from the third wave made it to the sea wall but they're about a thousand yards east of here. Everyone else is either under that pier, dead, or still trying to stay low out in the water.

TOWER
Are you kidding?

SERGEANT
No, that's as far inland as anyone's gotten. Some units are still stuck out on the coral. One company's dug in at the western edge of the airfield but they're pretty much cut off.

TOWER
Nobody's even gotten off the beach?

SERGEANT

Not this beach. I don't know about the others.

TOWER

Are there reinforcements coming?

SERGEANT

They don't know. Last I heard they were waiting for high tide so they can get the Higgins' boats over that reef.

TOWER

It was supposed to be high tide when we landed.

SERGEANT

Yeah, well... (He shrugs.)

JOHN (To NARR)

Let's see if we can get this off of you. (The helmet comes off easily. NARR quickly explores his head with his hands.)

NARR

I don't feel anything. Is there blood?

JOHN

No. No blood.

TOWER

What are we supposed to do?

SERGEANT

You should work your way back to the first battalion. When night comes you're not going to want to be here. There's bound to be a banzai charge and you're almost completely isolated.

JOHN

Jesus, Narr, you've got a bullet lodged in your helmet. Look at this.

NARR (Feeling the bullet in his helmet)

This is why my head hurt. This thing's pointy.

JOHN

Sarge, look at Narr's helmet. It actually stopped the bullet.

NARR

It was poking a hole in my head.

(TOWER fingers the helmet, plucks out the bullet and then hands the helmet back to NARR.)

TOWER

Put this back on your head and leave it there. (To the SERGEANT) What unit are you with?

SERGEANT

Engineers. I'm looking for explosives - dynamite, grenades. I lost everything coming ashore. We've been stripping the dead.

TOWER

Shit.

SERGEANT

Look, my advise is get the fuck out of here. I'd try and move back near the pier. You're completely cut off down here. They might even try and evacuate us tonight.

TOWER

Evacuate us.

SERGEANT

If we don't get reinforcements we're not going to last the night on this beach. (Noticing ADAMS) Christ, is that a black soldier?

ADAMS

Yes, it's a black soldier. What does it look like?

SERGEANT

Jesus, everybody on this beach is in a bad mood. What do you see down there? Does it look clear?

ADAMS (Looking off SR)

I can't tell. There's no movement - just dead Marines.

SERGEANT

I'm going to work my way back to battalion. You men going to come with me?

HOLLAND

Yeah.

TOWER

No, we're staying here.

HOLLAND

Are you crazy? We're cut off.

TOWER

Yeah, and nobody's shooting at us, Dutch. You want to go back to where everybody's getting killed. Japs think everybody down at this end of the beach is dead. That's why they're leaving us alone.

HOLLAND

Sarge, he said they were going to evacuate everybody from that beach.

TOWER

Navy's not going to evacuate nobody, Dutch. You can just get that thought out of your head. They'll let us die first.

SERGEANT

Colonel Shoup told Duncan that they're going to evacuate-

TOWER

Horse-shit what Colonel Shoup told Duncan. Look, if you're going to leave, leave. If you're staying, shut up.

SERGEANT

I can't get back alone. I lost my corporal coming down here.

TOWER

Well we're not going to take you back, Sergeant.

SERGEANT

You're crazy to stay down here-

TOWER

Sergeant, I want you to shut your mouth right now.

SERGEANT

I can't get back on my own.

TOWER

Then you better sit tight.

SERGEANT

You're cut off. Soon as the Japs find you they're going to tear this place apart.

MARK

Sergeant, calm down.

SERGEANT

Shut-up soldier. (To TOWER) You've got to come back with me. I can't make it on my own.

TOWER

No.

SERGEANT

You're cut off.

TOWER

Adams.

ADAMS

Yeah, Sarge.

TOWER

Provide cover for the sergeant. When he moves out down the beach keep an eye on the trees. If anything moves, open fire.

SERGEANT

Is that the cover you're giving me?

TOWER

You're the one that wants to leave. If you're going, go.

SERGEANT

You can't stay here.

TOWER

Adams, the Sergeant is leaving. Watch those trees.

(SERGEANT looks at TOWER then turns to look off SR.)

ADAMS (To the SERGEANT)

If I were you I'd try to make it to that pile of dead bodies. You can use them for cover. Then you can probably make it to those rocks if you really move. After that I won't be able to help you.

SERGEANT

I'm going to go for the rocks. One sprint.

ADAMS

Good luck.

(And the SERGEANT runs off right. Immediately we hear machine gun fire. The SERGEANT collapses SR of the platform.)

ADAMS

Jesus. (And ADAMS begins firing towards UR. The machine gun fire stops and ADAMS stops his firing.) Jesus.

TOWER

Is he hit?

ADAMS

He's down. Jesus. He's not moving. Looks dead, Sarge.

TOWER

Where's that firing come from?

ADAMS

Clump of bush about a hundred yards down the beach.

HOLLAND

We're cut off.

TOWER

Yeah, and because of that asshole they know we're here.

HOLLAND

We have to get back, Sarge.

TOWER

Like that moron?

HOLLAND

We're cut off.

TOWER

Yeah.

MARK

Do you really think they know we're here?

TOWER

They're not going to think he's alone.

MARK

What are we going to do?

TOWER

Any suggestions, gentlemen?

JOHN

That airfield's not far from here.

TOWER

Yeah?

JOHN

He said somebody was dug in on the airfield. We might stand a better chance of getting to them than of getting back to battalion.

TOWER

Airfield's inland right?

JOHN

Yeah.

TOWER (Pointing over the seawall)

Inland's that way.

JOHN

Yeah.

HOLLAND

That's where the Japs are.

TOWER

We don't know that. All we know is that they're over there. (He points in the direction of the dead SERGEANT. Everyone is silent for a moment. TOWER is thinking.) Adams, how's it look?

ADAMS

No movement, nothing.

TOWER

How's the Sergeant doing?

ADAMS

Still dead.

TOWER

Herrick. Adams. I want you to cover me and Narr. Narr, I'm going to go out first, you follow. We're going to get the Sergeant.

NARR

He's dead, Sarge.

TOWER

I need his body. Now stay low.

(TOWER, followed by NARR, crawls quickly to the SERGEANT's body. They go only as far as they need to, then drag the SERGEANT's body back with them. It is a difficult procedure but they manage to get the body back to the seawall.)

NARR

Christ almighty, this pig weighs a ton.

TOWER

Herrick, is he dead?

(JOHN feels at his chest.)

JOHN

Doesn't seem to have a heart, Sarge. He must be.

(TOWER quickly dresses the SERGEANT in his field jacket.)

TOWER

Does he look better?

ADAMS

No.

TOWER

Now listen, I'm going to throw him over the seawall. If there are any Japs on the other side of it the top of this wall is going to explode with gunfire. So stay low. If there's no gun fire, we might just have a clear run to the airfield.

JOHN

And if there's gunfire?

TOWER

We're screwed. We'll have to take our chances working our way down the beach. Holland, give the Sergeant a war cry.

(They hoist up the dead body of the SERGEANT. This is an exercise involving TOWER, HERRICK and NARR.)

TOWER

When I say "go" throw him. (A pause.) Go.

(With a heave they throw the SERGEANT over the seawall. HOLLAND provides a war-cry: "Charge!" The body flops over the top of the seawall and rests face down on top of it. The soldiers all duck low behind the wall. There is no sound from the other side of the wall.)

TOWER

Let me try something. (He stands behind the body and manipulates one of its arms as he speaks.) Do you see anything, Jessup? (Doing the SERGEANT's voice.) Looks clear, Sarge. Come on. (In his voice) You sure, Jessup? (As the SERGEANT) Yeah, all clear up here.

JOHN

This is bizarre.

(TOWER releases the body and comes back down.)

TOWER

Ok. We're in luck. How far to the airfield, Herrick?

JOHN

It should be about four or five hundred yards.

TOWER

Herrick, you're on point. Keep moving. Del Franco, you're next. Then Dutch, Narr and Thomas. (To ADAMS) Howard, you and I will bring up the rear. They're more likely to appear behind us than in front. You see or hear anything, open fire. Don't wait to identify it - there are no Marines around here. Herrick, keep moving until you see Marines then hit the deck. They're likely to be pretty jumpy. Stay together but don't bunch up. All set?

(There are grunts from all.)

TOWER

How you doing there, Franco?

DEL FRANCO

Mmmmm....

TOWER

Great. You look spectacular. OK. Move out.

(JOHN leaps on top of the sea wall and looks about briefly, then stands and runs upstage and then off UL. TOWER helps DEL FRANCO up and DEL FRANCO runs off. HOLLAND follows and then NARR and MARK.)

TOWER

Say good-bye to the Sergeant, Howard.

ADAMS (To the dead SERGEANT)

Bye, Sarge.

(TOWER and ADAMS then run up stage and off UL. GENERAL HERSHEY, walking with a cane, enters from DR with HARRY behind him. As he speaks, he crosses to the platform stairs and climbs them to the platform. HERSHEY packs and smokes a pipe as he speaks. As HERSHEY and HARRY enter the "dead bodies" rise and exit the stage in all directions. During the following scene the SQUAD members enter the stage, one by one, from UR and take up positions on the SR side of the platform. They arrive in the following order: JOHN, DEL FRANCO, HOLLAND, MARK, NARR, TOWER and ADAMS.)

HERSHEY

Five years ago nobody wanted to be in this man's army. The army was something low. Something for dropouts and former criminals. We were getting convicted felons sent to us by judges who didn't know what else to do with them. Now, suddenly, everybody wants to join up. To fight the good fight. To do

their time for their country. Well they're going to do it by army standards. We're no longer a receptacle for waste and degeneracy. Nobody cared what a general thought five years ago. But now, I make the rules.

HARRY

And the rules are elitism, exclusion, prejudice.

HERSHEY

The rules are defined by excellence. Excellence will be the defining factor in the new U.S. Armed Forces. It's not like the last war. When we send our boys overseas we're not sending them to play second fiddle to the British army. We are the contenders. We are the front rank. And that front rank is not going to be composed of blacks, pansies and degenerates.

HARRY

There is absolutely no precedent for the exclusion of homosexuals from the armed forces.

HERSHEY

Don't be ridiculous, the army's been prosecuting faggots for a hundred and fifty years.

HARRY

No, the army has been prosecuting men caught in the act of sodomy.

HERSHEY

All right, Sodomites.

HARRY

No, men caught in the act of sodomy. Usually as a form of rape.

HERSHEY

A technicality. The tenor of the Articles of War is that pansies are unfit to serve.

HARRY

The tenor of the law has been that men caught in the act of sodomy must be prosecuted. And during wartime the army has usually ignored even that law.

HERSHEY

I'm not interested.

HARRY

And there has never been a time that homosexuals have been excluded from the armed forces at the induction stage.

HERSHEY

I am not interested.

HARRY

This stipulation is completely without precedent.

HERSHEY

And I don't care. This isn't a court room, Dr. Sullivan. I get to make a few decisions. A very few. Most are made for me by Congress or the President or the Chiefs of Staff. I don't agree with all of them. Congress is already forcing me to take blacks, women, Chinese, Jesus Christ Japanese-Americans for crying out loud. That all comes from above. Now you want me to take pansies. Well, you come from below. And I am here to tell you that that prospect disgusts me. And that so long as I am in a position to make a few decisions there will never be limp-wristed little fruitcake pansies serving in the armed forces.

HARRY

Statistically, there must already be thousands.

HERSHEY

Well, if they're smart they'll keep it to themselves. Otherwise, they'll be tried, imprisoned and dishonorably discharged.

HARRY

General, these people aren't criminals. They're not deviants. They're not sick.

HERSHEY

You'd have a hard time convincing me they were even sick. I think their behavior is felonious. Criminal. Like that of a rapist. Worse.

HARRY

General-

HERSHEY

Worse because demoralizing. Demoralizing to the other men in their unit.

HARRY

I don't see how a man's sexual proclivities could be demoralizing-

HERSHEY

Dr. Sullivan. Most of these boys don't come from New York City. They haven't been attending society openings and Harlem speakeasies their whole lives. They don't hang out in public parks. Their exposure to the homosexual is none. I would guess that most of them would be traumatized by the knowledge that one of their fellow soldiers was a fairy.

HARRY

I would say that their life in the military is all about exposure to alien experiences, peoples and ideas. If they're going to be traumatized by homosexuals then I'd say that they are the one's unfit for service.

HERSHEY (After a pause)

Dr. Sullivan, I inherited you from my civilian predecessor. And frankly, I don't believe as strongly as he did that a psychiatric screening should be a part of the examination. I think maladjustment can be used as excuse for malingerers and cowards.

HARRY

I agree. But I'm not talking about people trying to avoid service, I'm talking about individuals who want to serve.

HERSHEY

And I happen to think that that's where the test can be valuable. Screening out people who want to serve for reasons other than patriotism.

HARRY

Such as what?

HERSHEY

Such as they're horny. They like to be around lots of men.

HARRY

That is absurd.

HERSHEY

Dr. Sullivan, your abiding interest in this matter is not only annoying but suspicious.

HARRY

What's that supposed to mean?

HERSHEY

Would you pass the test?

HARRY

This is outrageous.

HERSHEY

Is it?

HARRY

You know, you're not the only person I know in the government. A while ago you made a reference to orders from above. I wonder how "above" would feel about your tactics of intimidation.

HERSHEY

You have friends in the Roosevelt administration? I doubt they'd be sympathetic. Since the war started they've made quite a show of cleaning out the White House. I feel it's been long overdue. This country's recovering from more than just an economic depression, Dr. Sullivan. We've slipped into moral turpitude.

HARRY

This war is predicated on liberty and the defense of liberty.

HERSHEY

Some people want too much liberty.

(The lights change to put HARRY and HERSHEY in silhouette. HERSHEY exits down the steps as HARRY crosses to the DL corner of the platform and stands staring out. The lights come up on the SQUAD. During the following scene, the platform descends until it is three feet below the level of the stage. HARRY steps off the elevator when it passes the stage and stands DL of it.)

HOLLAND (Responding to an ominous rumbling from the TAIKO drums)
What the hell is that?

TOWER

Banzai charge on the beach. Don't you wish you were there, Holland?

HOLLAND

We're cut off.

TOWER

No. If it's a banzai the Japs must be desperate. We're fine right where we are. Hell. We've captured the airstrip.

(As the elevator forms a pit the SQUAD jumps into the pit and relaxes in it's UR corner. Behind the elevator is revealed SUSAN kneeling over the covered body of FRANKLIN. The OFFICER enters from SR and crosses to stand beside SUSAN.)

SUSAN

We were told the beach was secure.

OFFICER

We thought it was. Apparently the Germans counter-attacked last night and nobody bothered to alert the transports.

SUSAN

She barely stepped off the boat and she was cut down. I've been on this beach with her body for eight hours waiting for relief.

OFFICER

I'm sorry. We didn't know.

SUSAN

I didn't even have a gun. At one point I could hear German voices. God damnit, if you're going to send us ashore to our death why the hell don't you give us guns.

OFFICER

Like I said-

SUSAN

She was alive for two hours and I couldn't do a damn thing to help her. I should have surrendered. Maybe the Germans could have saved her.

OFFICER

You should get back to your outfit.

SUSAN

What's going to happen to her?

OFFICER

They'll pick her up tonight. Ship her home. To her family.

SUSAN

Can she be buried here?

OFFICER

That'll be up to her loved ones. They'll probably want her shipped home.

(BANCROFT, a PHOTOGRAPHER and a REPORTER all enter from DL. They all cross to the edge of the pit where the SQUAD is sprawled on their backs smoking and looking exhausted. We hear Harry James' "I've Heard That Song Before." During this scene two STRETCHER BEARERS enter from SR and remove FRANKLIN's body from the stage. FRANKLIN and the OFFICER exit SR with the body and the BEARERS.)

BANCROFT (Pointing at the SQUAD in the pit)

Here they are. (To the SQUAD) At ease, gentlemen. Don't get up. (Of course none of them have even attempted to rise.)

PHOTOGRAPHER (Taking pictures of the SQUAD)

Oh, they look great.

REPORTER

Gritty.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Battle worn.

REPORTER

Like killers.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Animals.

REPORTER (Pointing at MARK)

That one looks like John Wayne.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Shooting MARK in close-up)

"Life" is going to love this.

BANCROFT (Jumping into the pit.)

Come on. Let's get a picture of me with Sergeant Tower and his squad. I have recommended Sergeant Tower here for the Medal of Honor.

REPORTER

What did you do, Sergeant Tower?

TOWER (Not standing up)

My squad's the only squad in the division that made it ashore intact. The Japs didn't spot us because the Navy landed us on the wrong beach.

(Pause. BANCROFT smiles at TOWER.)

BANCROFT

Sergeant Tower's squad was instrumental in securing a pass through the jungle to the airfield. He's a very brave man.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Can we have a shot without the colored soldier?

BANCROFT (To ADAMS)

Son, step out of the picture.

(ADAMS gets up and climbs out of the pit. He stands above the pit at CS.)

REPORTER

Was the fighting harder here than on Guadalcanal, Sergeant?

TOWER

This was nothing like Guadalcanal. This was a fucking mess.

BANCROFT

Sergeant Tower.

TOWER

Excuse me, sir.

BANCROFT

Don't print that boys.

REPORTER

Of course not, sir.

PHOTOGRAPHER

We'd like some shots of some dead bodies, Colonel. The ones from Buna last year were very popular.

BANCROFT

Sure thing boys. Which way to the dead bodies, Sergeant?

TOWER

Any way, sir.

BANCROFT

I think this battle might have made a pacifist out of Sergeant Tower. Boys, why don't you go down to the pier and you can see where Colonel Duncan made his heroic stand. You might even find his leg. That'd make a nice picture. I'll be right along.

(The PHOTOGRAPHER and the REPORTER begin to exit DR.)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Did he lose a whole leg?

REPORTER

I think it was just a foot.

(And the PHOTOGRAPHER and the REPORTER exit DR.)

BANCROFT

You're a real son-of-a-bitch, aren't you, Tower? (To the SQUAD) Listen, the First Lady is making a tour of the Pacific Operations Area. She's going to be in San Francisco in two weeks. She wants to meet our integrated combat squad. So you all better get ready to ship out on Tuesday. (Gesturing to ADAMS) Help me up son.

ADAMS (After pulling BANCROFT up to CS)
Colonel, sir.

BANCROFT

Yes, soldier.

ADAMS

Are you aware that I was beaten in San Diego by men of the Twenty-Seventh Division?

BANCROFT

Yes, Sergeant Tower told me all about it, soldier. I'm sorry.

ADAMS

Did Sergeant Tower tell you that I wanted those men prosecuted?

BANCROFT

Yes he did, Private. I'm afraid that's impossible.

ADAMS

The Twenty-Seventh is on Makin Island, sir.

BANCROFT

How do you know that?

TOWER (Rising)

I told him.

ADAMS

I can identify the soldiers who beat me, sir. I remember their regiment and battalion insignias.

BANCROFT

I told you that's impossible. There's nothing we can do about it.

TOWER (Hoisting himself out of the pit and standing to BANCROFT's right)
Makin's the next atoll, sir. We can take a boat up there tonight and-

BANCROFT

Goddamn it, Tower, you can't go up to Makin and start accusing people of beating a black Marine. Are you out of your mind?

TOWER

Yes, I'm out of my mind. Private Adams was the only soldier in this division who received more wounds in San Diego than he did on Tarawa.

BANCROFT

Tower, dismiss your men.

TOWER (Ignoring BANCROFT's command)

This whole operation was a fucking disgrace. I've never seen such an incredible waste of skilled fighting men in my life.

BANCROFT

And what the hell does that have to do with Private Adams?

TOWER

It's got everything to do with Adams. About as much planning went into integrating Adams into this division as went into this invasion. None. Oh so he gets beaten in San Diego. Too bad. Oh so five thousand men get killed on Tarawa. Too bad. It's disgusting.

BANCROFT

Look Tower, there's a lot of publicity involved in Mrs. Roosevelt's visit- (TOWER turns his back on BANCROFT.) Adams, how do you think white soldiers are going to feel if you start-

ADAMS

If I'm not allowed to go up to Makin Island to identify those men then I want to be court-martialed myself.

BANCROFT

Court-martialed. Oh, come on. (ADAMS says nothing in response.) Tower, this is absurd.

TOWER (Turning on him)

You can't very well introduce us to the First Lady if we're being court martialed can you, Colonel?

BANCROFT

Tower this trip to San Francisco is very important-

TOWER

So's our trip to Makin.

(BANCROFT takes only a moment to make his decision.)

BANCROFT

All right, Tower. I'll call up General Morris at the Twenty-Seventh. I'll explain to him the situation. If he's agreeable we'll go up to Makin, identify the men and then leave. Quietly. I don't want this turned into a big thing.

TOWER

It'll be our own little invasion.

(BANCROFT, TOWER and ADAMS exit SL and the rest of the SQUAD exits SR. The elevator rises until it is flush with the deck. The STRANGER, dressed in a brown pinstripe suit and a hat, enters from DR and crosses to stand behind HARRY.)

STRANGER

Dr. Sullivan?

HARRY (Turning around startled)

Yes.

STRANGER

I won't identify myself. You spoke to General Hershey about friends in high places.

HARRY

How do you know that?

STRANGER

I'm a friend. In a high place. Were you speaking the truth?

HARRY

No, I don't know anybody.

STRANGER

I do. Senator Walsh of Massachusetts and Assistant-Secretary-of-State Sumner Welles. They're sympathetic. They can help you.

HARRY

How do you know that?

STRANGER

I'm sympathetic.

(The STRANGER begins to exit off SL.)

HARRY (To the STRANGER)

Am I doing the right thing?

STRANGER (Turning to him, with utmost seriousness)

Of course. There needs to be change. (She turns and smiles to the audience then exits SL. As she exits a wagon bearing a desk and two chairs, placed on either side of the desk, is wheeled on from SL and placed DC. Sitting at the desk is a SECRETARY. There is an intercom on the desk. WALTER enters from SL and stands behind the SECRETARY. As the wagon moves into place, SUSAN stumbles on from DR. She is holding a bottle. The music changes to the instrumental to "I Left My Heart at the Stagedoor Canteen." JOHNSON enters behind SUSAN and watches her from DR.)

SUSAN (Very drunk and loud)

I love Major Bev! I left her body at the stagedoor canteen. And her relatives from Mississippi, who hated her and who she hated, insisted that she be shipped

home to be buried in a swamp that she hated. And I'm stuck in a shitty little town in Italy with three thousand horny GIs who keep asking me for a fucking date. And when I look at them like they make me sick they accuse me of being a dyke. And you know what? You know what? They're right. Major Bev and Sergeant Susan were dykes! Dykes! USWACDs. United States Women's Army Corps Dykes. I have decorations to prove it. A lavender heart. (Seeing JOHNSON) Lieutenant Johnson. The gal who taught me the word. Dyke.

JOHNSON

Come on.

SUSAN

I don't want to "come on." (She sits on the stage with her bottle. JOHNSON sits beside her. The lights shift to light the wagon DC. HARRY steps onto it and addresses the SECRETARY.)

HARRY

Hello, I'm here to see Mr. Welles.

SECRETARY

Do you have an appointment?

HARRY

Yes. I'm Dr. Sullivan.

SECRETARY (Into an intercom)

Dr. Sullivan to see you.

WELLES (Entering from SR and walking towards the wagon.)

Ah, yes, have him come in.

(The SECRETARY leads HARRY off the wagon SL and walks him around the wagon clockwise until they have returned to the SL side of it. WALTER exits SL. Meanwhile WELLES sits at the SR side of the desk. When HARRY steps onto the SL side of the wagon the SECRETARY introduces him to WELLES. The music cuts out as she speaks.)

SECRETARY

Dr. Sullivan. (She exits SL.)

WELLES (Extending his hand)

Dr. Sullivan.

HARRY (Shaking WELLES' hand)
Mr. Welles.

WELLES
Please. Sit down. (WELLES and HARRY sit.) Do you live in Washington?

HARRY
No, actually, I'm down from New York. But I teach here.

WELLES (Glancing at a page on his desk)
Yes, you're a psychiatrist. Your message said you're with the War Department.

HARRY
Selective Service. At least I was.

WELLES
You work with General Hershey?

HARRY
No I worked under Dykstra. I left when Hershey came on.

WELLES
An officer with a bit of a chip on his shoulder, isn't he?

HARRY
As a matter of fact that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

WELLES
About Hershey's chip? Well, State Department doesn't have much influence over War Department but if there's anything I can do...

HARRY
A... A friend suggested to me that you might be sympathetic to certain issues concerning my leaving Selective Service.

WELLES
Oh really. What are those?

HARRY
Well they concern an aspect of the psychiatric examination for the draft.

WELLES
What aspect is that?

HARRY

Mr. Welles... I'm sorry. This is difficult for me. My sense of the government on this issue is that there are no sympathetic ears. I was frankly surprised when... When a stranger told me that you might have a personal interest in this matter.

WELLES (After a pause)

A personal interest? Maybe you should speak plainly.

HARRY

Yes, I'll try to. The psychiatric component of the examination is meant to eliminate certain personality types. The emotionally unstable. General Hershey added a personality type to my list that I didn't approve of. It was suggested to me that you know the President intimately, that you have his ear, and that you might be able to help me.

WELLES

What personality type is that?

HARRY

Homosexual. You see my colleagues and I don't consider homosexuality a pathology. But General Hershey was quite-

WELLES

Are you from the FBI?

HARRY

Excuse me?

WELLES

Do you work for the FBI?

HARRY

I don't understand.

WELLES (Standing)

I think you should leave.

HARRY

I'm sorry, but I don't-

WELLES

I have nothing to say to you. I have said nothing to you. If you try to falsify a transcript of this conversation I will ask my secretary to testify that I have never met you before today and that I asked you to leave at the moment I became aware of your attempt to entrap me. (He has crossed to the door and calls off SL.) Miss Briggs. (The SECRETARY enters from SL.) Would you show this man to the door?

SECRETARY

Yes, Mr. Welles. (HARRY steps off the SL side of the wagon and WELLES exits SR as HARRY walks around the wagon clockwise. The SECRETARY sits down at the SR side of the desk. WALTER enters from SL and follows HARRY around the desk wagon. He then exits SR. HARRY crosses back up to the desk from SL. Sinister music accompanies these movements.)

SECRETARY (To HARRY)

Hello.

HARRY

Hello. I have an appointment with Senator Walsh for three o'clock.

SECRETARY

And your name?

HARRY

Sullivan. Harry Sullivan.

SECRETARY

I'm afraid the Senator had to cancel that appointment.

HARRY

Cancel it?

SECRETARY

Yes.

HARRY

Is there another time I could see him?

SECRETARY

No.

HARRY

I don't understand.

SECRETARY

He was quite specific.

(HARRY walks away from her. We hear a phone ring from off SL. HARRY crosses to the SL proscenium and draws out a phone from behind the proscenium. The SECRETARY walks around the desk removing her sweater to reveal a WAC COLONEL's uniform. She is now a WAC COLONEL. She sits on the SL side of the desk. SUSAN crosses to the SR desk chair and sits at it. JOHNSON exits DR with SUSAN's bottle.)

HARRY (Into the phone)

Hello.

WALTER (On voice over)

Dr. Sullivan.

HARRY

Yes.

WALTER (On voice over)

You don't know me. But I'm a devotee of English painting. Especially the Turners. I'll be at the National Gallery on Sunday at four o'clock. (We hear the phone hang-up and the line goes dead.)

COLONEL

I'm sorry about what happened.

SUSAN

I want to go home.

COLONEL

I don't think that's a good idea.

SUSAN

I'm sorry but-

COLONEL

Look, I don't want you to say anything. I had a great respect for Major Franklin. She was my best officer and she was a good friend. And I'm sorry she was killed. I wish there was something more we could do for you.

SUSAN

I still want to go home.

COLONEL

I don't think you'd be very happy there. People in the army understand these things. We can protect you.

SUSAN

It was not like that for me. This was something special. She was special. I'll be fine. I know how to handle myself in Santa Rosa.

COLONEL

We're being transferred. To General Eisenhower's headquarters. You come with us. Give it a try. If you're still unhappy there you can apply for a discharge.

SUSAN

Colonel.

COLONEL

That's an order, Lieutenant. Dismissed.

(MARK, with his right shoulder bandaged, and JOHN enter from DL and cross to DC. They are tossing stones as if they were walking on a beech. They are always looking about them to make sure they are alone. They are very playful in this scene. As they speak a bench is placed on the elevator and the elevator rises to four feet above the stage level. HARRY sits on the bench. A reproduction of Turner's "Colliers at Dawn" flies in to hang behind the bench. We hear Ethel Water's "Taking a Chance on Love." The desk wagon, with the COLONEL and SUSAN on it, is struck SL.)

MARK

Nobody cares. Nobody gives a shit. The division is full of people like us and nobody says anything.

JOHN

I don't see them.

MARK

That's because you don't look. They're everywhere. Every time I walk into a barracks or canteen I can feel it. Like I'm being checked out. Cruised. Rated. Men talk to me everyday and I know, I can just tell, they're fairies.

JOHN

It's the Marine Corps. You're crazy.

MARK

No, I'm not. It was like this in New York. Everybody acted incredibly normal until they sensed you were that way and then they started sending out signals. Next thing you knew you were in bed with them.

JOHN

Oh, is that what you've been doing? Screwing the regiment.

MARK

Yeah, I've been unfaithful. I've betrayed you.

JOHN

Don't talk that way.

MARK

Why?

JOHN

It's embarrassing. You make it sound like we're married.

MARK

We are. In a way.

JOHN

Stop it.

MARK

But that's how I feel. Like, I don't know, we're wedded somehow. Wedded by fire. Wedded in combat.

JOHN

So that means we're wedded to Holland.

MARK

Oh shut up. You know what I mean.

JOHN (Teasing)

Look, I had a moment of weakness. I was lonely. It was a mistake.

MARK (Teasing him back)

You've had a bunch of moments of weakness. And you haven't been lonely since that night under the swings.

(ADAMS, unseen by MARK and JOHN, appears from behind the now raised elevator and observes them.)

JOHN

Look, I just, you know...

MARK (Moving in to kiss him)

What? You're my secret. My top secret. Nobody's ever going to know.

JOHN

I hope not.

MARK

If anybody knew about you you'd be the Belle of the Regiment. (MARK kisses JOHN. Suddenly he notices ADAMS and breaks away from JOHN. The music cuts out.) Adams, how you doing?

ADAMS

OK. How are you two?

MARK

You know, really good. Just walking on the beech and enjoying the sun and feeling really good. How was Makin?

ADAMS

It was OK.

MARK

So are we going to San Francisco?

ADAMS

Yeah, looks like it. Gonna meet the First Lady.

MARK

Did you find your men?

ADAMS

Yeah, what was left of them. They were all killed.

(WALTER appears at the top of the steps at the back of the raised elevator. Note: Both ADAMS and WALTER have entered the stage from a trap directly upstage of the elevator.)

WALTER (To HARRY)
Do you remember me?

HARRY (Turning, startled)
Yes. You were in Secretary Welles' office yesterday. (HARRY rises and stands DL of the bench. WALTER remains at the UR corner of the elevator.)

WALTER
Who sent you to the Secretary?

HARRY
Who are you?

WALTER
I'm his assistant. Who sent you to Secretary Welles?

HARRY
I don't understand.

WALTER
Who gave you his name? (Pause.) Mr. Welles thinks you're with the FBI? Are you?

HARRY
Why should anybody think I'm with the FBI?

WALTER
You tried to see Senator Walsh.

HARRY
How do you know that?

WALTER
You accused him of being a homosexual.

HARRY
I didn't even meet him-

WALTER
Are you with the FBI?

HARRY

No.

WALTER

Are you with the War Department?

HARRY

I wish you would tell me-

WALTER

Are you in any way affiliated with a military or governmental intelligence agency of any kind? You should know that if you are and you don't tell me that you're breaking the law.

HARRY

I am a psychiatrist.

WALTER

That doesn't answer my question.

HARRY

No. I'm not with the FBI or the War Department.

WALTER

I didn't think so.

HARRY

What the hell is this all about?

WALTER

Please lower your voice. (WALTER looks about and crosses to the SL side of the bench.)

HARRY

Why would anybody think that I'm an FBI agent?

WALTER

You accused Assistant Secretary of State Sumner Welles of being a homosexual.

HARRY

I didn't accuse him of-

WALTER

You referred to him as a homosexual.

HARRY

No. (Pause.) I visited his office. I was trying to solicit his assistance in a matter that concerns homosexuals in the armed forces.

WALTER (Sitting on the bench)

Is that the reason you went to see Senator Walsh?

HARRY

Yes.

WALTER

Who gave you their names?

HARRY

Someone I didn't know. A stranger.

WALTER

What was his name?

HARRY

I don't know. It sounds stupid but I don't know. He said Mr. Welles would be sympathetic.

WALTER

You were set up.

HARRY

Set up? By whom?

WALTER

The important thing is you have to stop visiting people. You're jeopardizing careers and lives.

HARRY

What do you mean?

WALTER

Somebody from military intelligence, probably working in collusion with the FBI, is trying to falsify a link between you and other homosexuals working in the government.

HARRY

I didn't say I was homosexual.

WALTER

You're lobbying for gay men. In the government's eyes you're a fairy.

HARRY

Are Sumner Welles and Senator Walsh gay?

WALTER

Walsh was busted in a raid on a gay brothel in Brooklyn. It turned out there was a German spy in the brothel. So now he's considered a security risk. Welles was framed by the FBI and accused of attempting to seduce a railroad porter.

HARRY (Sitting on the bench)

Why would the FBI frame him?

WALTER

Quite a number of reasons. J. Edgar Hoover is gay himself - maybe he's just trying to deflect attention. String up a fag to show how normal he is. But mostly he just doesn't agree with Welles's politics. Welles has one of the most progressive minds in the Roosevelt cabinet. And he has the ear of President. There are a lot of people who don't like either of those facts. Hoover is one of them.

HARRY

Are you gay?

WALTER

I'm Jewish. Welles represents the single voice in the Roosevelt Administration which actively speaks up on the subject of the European Jews. Everyday we get more and more reports in more and more horrifying detail about things like concentration camps, mass deportations, mass executions and something called the "final solution" to the Jewish problem. Every other organ of government suppresses this information because it's a political liability in this racist nation of ours for the President to become involved in the Jewish question. Sumner Welles is the one member of his cabinet who has not suppressed the facts of the German genocide. If he is removed then the President will be cut off from all information on the Jews. And America, like every other nation on this earth, will continue to complacently sit by and watch the destruction of the Jewish race.

HARRY

And by linking Welles to me the FBI would be strengthening its attack on Welles as a homosexual.

WALTER

The FBI has been trying to get Sumner Welles thrown out of the State Department for two years. Through you they could link Welles to Walsh. Walsh is a security risk and a faggot. J. Edgar Hoover himself has taken personal responsibility for the case. Only the President is protecting Welles. When they get enough evidence against him, that will change. You know nothing about all this?

HARRY

No.

WALTER

I didn't think so.

HARRY

Well, if the President is willing to cover for Secretary Welles then he must have some sympathy.

WALTER

He hates perverts. Especially homosexuals. You know what he said when he found out about Senator Walsh?

HARRY

What?

WALTER

He said a pervert like that should shoot himself in the head. It's bad enough being a queer. But a queer who's been found out - better off dead. You heard of the Newport Scandal?

HARRY

No.

WALTER

In 1919 when Roosevelt was Under-Secretary of the Navy he led an investigation against queers on the Navy base at Newport, Rhode Island. He was directly responsible for entrapping twenty men in homosexual acts. You know how he did it? He used Navy recruits, boys between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, and sent them out as bait. They had specific instructions to suck cock, buttfuck, take it up the ass, let themselves be sucked off - whatever it took to entrap unsuspecting queers. They went out, did their duty, then they wrote reports of their excursions and submitted them to their superior officers. Everyone of those

boys was given a citation “for the interest and zeal they demonstrated in their work.” Unfortunately one of the queers that they busted was a famous navy chaplain. The Bishop of Rhode Island found out about it and made a big stink. A Senatorial subcommittee was formed to investigate Roosevelt and his methods. By this time President Wilson had found out that navy boys had been ordered to go down on queer civilians. They were going to nail old Frankie to the wall for this one. Do you know how he got out of it? He lied. Said he had no idea they were going to employ those methods. Said he was disgusted. Said he thought all the navy boys should go to the brig for showing too much zeal and interest. Said their commanding officer, the man he’d put in charge of the operation, should swing for it.

(During the previous speech a MAN wearing a camera around his neck enters the platform, unseen by WALTER and HARRY, and stands behind them looking at the painting.)

HARRY
What happened?

WALTER
Senatorial subcommittee said he was a barefaced liar. Roosevelt said it was a lot of partisan mudslinging. Tried to laugh it off as a Republican smear campaign.

HARRY
It was one of the reasons he and Cox lost the election to Harding that year. I remember that.

WALTER
And this is the man you’re hoping will protect queers in the military. It took him two years to get this country into the war. Now we’re in it, it’s martial law. He’s calling the shots. He’s not President any longer, he’s king. I think if he even gets wind of what you’re trying to do he’ll run amok. He’ll string up every military queer from the yardarm - turn it into a hanging offense. If only for revenge.

HARRY
So why is he protecting Welles?

WALTER
Welles is a blue blood. Like him. A Harvard boy. A friend of Eleanors. They’re practically brothers. Roosevelt doesn’t consider him queer, just a friend in trouble. The President likes his friends to be in trouble. It keeps them loyal.

HARRY

He has that much power?

WALTER

You're talking about the most popular President of all time. He's going to win his fourth term in office next year. When America wins this war we will have achieved world power status. We might be the only world power. And he's going to be the most powerful man on the planet. The only hope for minorities in this world will be to have someone who has his ear. Who has access. For the Jews, that someone is Sumner Welles. If Sumner Welles is forced to resign nothing will happen to stop what's happening in Germany today. Most Americans don't give a damn. Many even approve. The President is a knee-jerk bigot who is silently complicit in every act of racism committed on this planet. And Sumner Welles is a voice of reason who, through some miracle, happens to be in his cabinet.

HARRY

And you're trying to protect him?

WALTER

Yes. Which is why you have to stay away.

HARRY (After a pause)

And what about the gay minority?

WALTER

It doesn't exist. It's an anachronism. Homosexuals - they have no sense of themselves. They're not a minority. At least not yet. That only comes with persecution.

HARRY

I'm trying to preempt the persecution.

WALTER

It's not possible. It doesn't work that way. You can't fight for a cause until you have people willing to identify with that cause. And homosexuals are still trying to pass. They're Jews trying to pass as gentiles. Right now they're hiding out hoping they won't be spotted. Only when they're willing to call themselves gay will they be able to demand their rights. Of course, that's also the moment that the real persecution will begin. They stood up and proclaimed themselves in Germany. Now they're all in a place called Buchenwald. Are you gay?

HARRY

Yes. Are you?

WALTER

No, I'm Jewish. That's all I have time for. If you're going to pursue this you're on your own. My advice is: go back to teaching. (WALTER exits the stage. The MAN follows WALTER off. HARRY sits on the bench. We hear Duke Ellington's "Caravan.")

ADAMS

You see I can't pass. If the corps knew about you two they'd castrate you. But you can keep a low profile. Act normal. Act like healthy American boys. You can sit around with Holland and the Sarge and make fun of fags and fudgepackers and joke about women you've screwed and how nothing'd be finer than having your dick sucked by Miss Betty Grable. You can go on and on about how cocksuckers make you sick till you wanna puke. And that's just fine, because how could anybody know about you? How could anybody guess? And if they did, you'd just deny it. Or a bunch of your queens would come up out of the woodwork and cover your ass. They'd cover your ass so you could pass. And so you wouldn't squeal on them. Now what would happen if I tried to pass? Talked about "nigger this and coon that." Talked about "all the dumb darkies and filthy jiggaboos that you can't trust - thank God they're too stupid to get away with anything. Blacks is just low down ignorant filth lookin' to screw our women and steal our wallets." Would anybody listen to me? Would anybody think I was white? Do you think I'd pass for white? Or I could just laugh when people start talking. "Das me, sir. Das me. Jes a dumb ignorant Sambo." I could Tom. I could George. Hopin' they'd like me. Hopin' they'd think I was too plum stupid to bother worrying about. Or I could just shut up. Not say a word. Not try to pass or Tom. Then I'd be all right, right? I mean if I don't say anything, follow orders, do my duty, why should anybody hurt me? But you see, one fact remains. The color of my skin. And the fact that I could never pass. That it's not enough for me to obey orders. To be as good as I could be. (He laughs.) You should see Makin. It's half the size of Tarawa. And like Tarawa it's covered with dead bodies. We could smell them before the boat even reached the dock. I walked ashore with Tower and the Colonel, you've never seen so many shell-shocked men. They looked like they'd been to hell and seen the devil himself. But guess what always snapped them out of it? Guess what cut through the shock, the fear, the terror of near death, the horror of having seen their buddies blown to bits. Guess? The sight of a black Marine. Not a cook, not a truck driver, not somebody come to dig a latrine or empty their shit or do their wash. But a black Marine shouldering a rifle. You've never seen such disappointment. Tower saw it too. He whispered to me. "Identify some dead bodies." That's what he said. My protector. My white hero. "Identify some dead bodies." And that's what we did. Identified three dead soldiers I'd never seen before in my life. Now we can all go to San Francisco. (Pause.) You boys have got no idea what would happen to you if anybody found

out. Yeah, found out, 'cause you'd never tell them would you? Because you don't even believe in it yourself. Do you? You still think it's kinda dirty. You still kinda hate yourselves. (Pause.) Well. I certainly got your attention. You'd listen to me talk all night if I wanted to. Can't speak can you? Suddenly you've never been so scared in your life. Am I gonna tell? Am I gonna squeal? Am I just nasty and looking to get revenge on somebody? My big chance. Go right to the Sarge or over his head and tell about the boys in my squad. Tell them about kissing on the beach. Kissing's about the worst thing you can do. It's worse than just being horny. It kind of looks like love.

MARK

Is that what you're going to do? Tell.

ADAMS (Making fun of the idea)

No, I'm not going to tell on you. (JOHN laughs nervously.)

MARK

I don't know what to say.

ADAMS

Enjoy the beach. Your secret's safe with me.

(MARK nods to JOHN and the two of them run off SL. ADAMS squats and throws a rock. The lights come up on a wagon with a bed on it at DR. SUSAN is lying in the bed with her arms locked around FRANKLIN. During this scene the elevated podium is moved into the position DL.)

FRANKLIN

You've got to let me go.

SUSAN

I can't.

FRANKLIN

I've been dead for six months. There will be other women.

SUSAN

Don't say that. I can't stand it. I wish I had died with you. I wanted to throw myself on your funeral pyre. But your father stole your body.

FRANKLIN

You have to get on with your life. Take a new lover. A man if you must. Concentrate on your work.

SUSAN
Trucks?

FRANKLIN
Yeah, trucks. Trucks are your vocation.

SUSAN
I get so depressed.

FRANKLIN
Why don't you try sleeping with Johnson?

SUSAN
Johnson? She's Miss America. She thinks the war was created for her to find a husband. You should see how she flirts with General Eisenhower.

JOHNSON (Entering from DL to the "Colonel Bogey March")
Well, he's sleeping with that cow of a secretary of his. I have a good mind to write to Mrs. Eisenhower.

SUSAN (To FRANKLIN)
She's pathetic.

JOHNSON
She follows him around like his poodle. Yes, she's a poodle. A hyper, little, yapping poodle. She's so skittish and jumpy. I think she sniffs her nail polish. It's fire engine red. It's the kind of stuff my friend Irene and I would wear when we pretended we were prostitutes. Did I tell you, Irene actually became a prostitute. Well sort of. She has a day job also.

SUSAN (To FRANKLIN)
I can't believe how she dribbles on.

JOHNSON
They say the Japanese have camp followers. Little armies of prostitutes that follow everywhere they go. You know, geishas who follow their army around screwing the troops. They're all Korean. The brass know about them but they won't publicize it because they're afraid our boys would want camp followers too. Instead they get the USO and us - dates in uniform. I'm so sick of being hit on.

FRANKLIN (To SUSAN)

I never noticed. She really does blather on doesn't she?

JOHNSON

This Lieutenant in military intelligence told me all about it. I think she was trying to hit on me. She kept telling me how she was looking for a geisha. And then she rubbed my knee with this thing that looked like a hand-grenade. (Suddenly realizing) I think it was a handgrenade.

SUSAN (To FRANKLIN)

The worst is when she patronizes me.

JOHNSON

So I told her to buzz off, but I got her number in case you were interested. I mean she was no Major Franklin, but she wore these big boots and she had this really gravely voice like Louis Armstrong. (She hands JOHNSON a piece of paper.)

SUSAN

Thanks. (And she not so discreetly throws it over her shoulder.)

JOHNSON

I don't know though, you're not the geisha type. I know I'm not. That secretary of his isn't going to get anything out of him. He's a married man tried and true. This war ends and it's back to the wife. Not that I would pass up the chance to sleep with him. I mean he is famous. But to think you're going to get something out of it - dumb, dumb, dumb. (Her mouth keeps moving but she doesn't make any sound.)

FRANKLIN (To SUSAN)

Her brain is mired in the conventions of a dead sexuality. Ours is the progressive sexuality. So progressive it is revolutionary. Ahead of its time. Anachronistic. The living sexuality.

SUSAN

Except that you're dead.

FRANKLIN

What could be more progressive than that.

(The lights fade on JOHNSON, SUSAN and FRANKLIN and come up on WIN delivering a speech from the podium DL. ADAMS and HARRY remain lit. HARRY watches WIN deliver his speech.)

WIN (As if talking to a large group of people)

And I feel emphatically that the continued persecution of homosexuals as criminals is a discredit to the intelligence of our military leaders. Homosexuals should not be imprisoned. Their's is a sickness, a pathology. They need treatment, not incarceration. And therefore when they are discovered or confess themselves they should be discharged and steered towards the proper psychiatric professionals for therapy. Homosexuality must not be punished, but it can be cured. I therefore propose that the armed forces cease and desist their court-martialing and imprisoning of the homosexual and devote their energies to the treatment and, if necessary, discharge of the same. This is the path of understanding and progress. And may I also add, that this act can save the military the cost in both time and money of court-martialing and imprisoning the thousands of homosexuals who have been exposed since this war began. This plan therefore is not only wise but fiscally prudent. We now have qualified military psychiatrists - let's put them to work saving us money.

(The lights dim to silhouette lighting and we see many people entering the stage. The music fades. The STRANGER appears in a light DR. As she speaks, the podium is turned around such that the stairs now face downstage, the elevator returns to the stage level, the bench is struck SR, the painting is flown out, and HARRY and ADAMS exit DR. In the darkness, WIN exits DL and GLORIA enters and climbs to the top of the podium stairs. We now hear an orchestra playing the introduction to "Taking a Chance on Love.")

STRANGER (To the audience)

At midnight on October 21, 1944 the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco played host to the most glamorous ball of the season. The fete was given at the hotel's Top of the Mark - the highest bar on the west coast. Even by San Francisco standards, the occasion glittered.

(A spot bumps up on GLORIA. She is a drag queen of the first order - very Mae West in dress, but Ethel Waters in the warmth of delivery.)

GLORIA (Singing into a microphone)

HERE I GO AGAIN

STRANGER

Ladies and gentlemen,

GLORIA

I HEAR THOSE TRUMPETS BLOW AGAIN,

STRANGER

Your hostess with the mostest,

GLORIA

I'M ALL AGLOW AGAIN.

STRANGER

A veritable land of freedom and home for only the bravest: Miss Gory Gloria Hallelujah!

GLORIA

TAKIN' A CHANCE ON LOVE.

(The people on stage cheer and make catcalls. The STRANGER's light bumps out. During the following GLORIA works the room. As she travels the spot-light reveals whomever of the guests she is singing to. We see that the people onstage are all drag queens - and all are dressed in outrageous outfits. These outfits should reflect drag aesthetics of the period. There should be a Joan Crawford and a Betty Davis, an Andrew Sister, a Carmen Miranda, etc. During the song the STRANGER brings JOHN and MARK, who are dressed in their finest Marine dress-blues, onto the stage DR. They are not illuminated until GLORIA sings to them. GLORIA is clearly interested in MARK and JOHN.)

GLORIA (Descending the stairs)

HERE I SLIDE AGAIN

ABOUT TO TAKE A RIDE AGAIN

I'M STARRY EYED AGAIN

TAKIN' A CHANCE ON LOVE.

I THOUGHT THE CARDS WERE A FRAME-UP

BUT I NEVER WOULD TRY

BUT NOW I'M TAKING THAT GAME UP

SO THE ACE OF HEARTS IS HIGH.

THINGS ARE MENDING NOW

EVEN SEE A RAINBOW BLENDING NOW

WE'LL HAVE OUR HAPPY ENDING NOW

TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE.

I'M FEELING FINE AGAIN

I RISE TO SHINE AGAIN

I'VE LOST MY MIND AGAIN

TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE.

HERE'S WHERE I SINK AGAIN

*I'M GETTING IN THE PINK AGAIN
I'M HEADED FOR THE BRINK AGAIN
TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE...*

(At the end of their number the drag queens roar. GLORIA takes her usual few too many bows. GILES, a drag queen dressed as Little Bo Peep, appears beside her from the darkness.)

GLORIA (Into the microphone)

Thank you. Thank you. You're all too too kind. And I mean too-too. You remind of a time when I was young, just a little girl-

GILES (Taking the microphone and handing her a small wrap)

Number's over darling. They can read it all in your memoirs. Take your wrap before you catch your death. What a tragedy that would be.

GLORIA

Oh, Giles, why don't you go away somewhere. Like out a window. It's only thirty stories. Oh no, the fall might dent your make-up. (Looking about) Now where are those boys in blue. Oh there they are. (GLORIA moves grandly to MARK and JOHN who are standing right of DC. As she speaks to them an area light comes up and the spot goes out. GILES joins them. The other drag queens mill about the stage.)

GLORIA (Extending her hand so that they can kiss it)

Welcome to the Top of the Mark. Or as I call it Mark's Head. His Knob. Where everyone longs to be. What interesting costumes. Are you dressed as the Queen's Guards?

GILES

They're Marines Gloria.

GLORIA

Marines. Oh. Ten hut! Oh. I adore all of you. You're so brave. So dashing. And you have the best press. Where are you back from? Guadacanal? Saipan? Guam?

JOHN

We were on Tarawa.

GLORIA

Tarawa! Oh, how awful. But everybody died on Tarawa. You two must be too too courageous.

MARK

Johny here saved us. He's the real hero.

JOHN

That's right. Mrs. Roosevelt is going to decorate me tomorrow.

GLORIA

Oh, I think she's here tonight. Anyway, how did you do it?

JOHN

I-

MARK (With animation)

He just shot his way through thousands of Japanese. They kept coming and coming and Johny just kept shooting and shooting. Until his gun was red and smoking and warped with heat. He was wounded, tired, bleeding, but he kept firing, firing, firing.

GLORIA

Oh lord. How awful. It sounds like me when the fleet's in. Those boys from the Enterprise just tire me out everytime they're in port. But I'm like you Johny, I stay in the fight. I stand by my projectiles. But seriously it all sounds just too terrifying for words. I'd faint. I'd swoon. I'd stay in my stateroom on the battleship. You're so so brave. Uncle Sam should get down on his hands and knees to you. General MacArthur must be so proud. Have you met?

JOHN

No.

MARK

Of course we have.

GLORIA

Oh you have. What is he like? He looks so handsome in the newsreels with that pipe of his and waving that cane about. I just want to stand up in the theatre and salute.

MARK

He's an old queen.

GLORIA

Is he? I just knew it. Didn't I tell you last week at the cinema Giles.

GILES

Did you? I don't remember?

GLORIA

Oh don't be such a tired old tramp. I distinctly remember commenting that I thought there was something poncey about the old general. He's the only one of them that colors his hair. And he has such a divine sense of the theatrical. Wading ashore at Leyte Gulf. Getting his pants wet. So much more interesting than General Eisenhower. Ike. Oh lord, what a pious old bore. Ike. The name says it all. Ike. Like the bark of some old toothless bull terrier. He's a straight one, isn't he. West Point all the way. Bald and doesn't have the taste to wear a toupee. Now Patton, he's cute. And those pearl handled pistols of his. I'm sure his motto is "If you're going to wear a weapon it should look like jewelry." Patton or MacArthur, those are my choices for a warm snuggle in a wintry fox hole.

GILES

Patton's from Texas. He'd shoot you as soon as look at you.

GLORIA

Oh Giles, don't be so provincial. You're from New Jersey. The only man who ever beat me was from Trenton. And it wasn't even foreplay. He just beat me because he hated fairies. Ugh. But Texans - if they beat you it's a form of seduction. It's a pass. A "How-do-you-do?" So when do you boys invade Japan? Soon I hope. I haven't yet been to Kyoto. I met a colonel in the Air Corps last week. He had eagles all over him. He promised me they weren't bombing any of the pretty cities like Kyoto. Just industrial and population centers. I suggested Pittsburgh and Passaic. Isn't that where you're from Giles? Passaic?

GILES

Bitch.

GLORIA

Anyway this dear, dear Colonel, he colored his hair, he promised they would never bomb Kyoto. And I'm holding him to it. I have enough on him to have him thrown in the stockade. Not that he'd object. He spends most of his time bribing the guards to let him in there anyway.

GILES

Gloria, you're boring us.

GLORIA

Oh Giles, you're like one of those awful Japanese torpedo bombers buzzing about my carrier. I just want to shoot you down. Rat-tat-tat.

GILES

You have other guests. The Marines are not the only service represented here.

GLORIA

Oh, I suppose you're right. I am the host. I must service the services. I will circulate like a cruel headmaster. Discipline anyone who's not having a good enough time. (To JOHN and MARK) With all sincerity, have a wonderful time in San Francisco. And if I can open a Golden Gate for you please let me know. Just sing out. The Marine hymn will do. "From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli." Mmm. The Marines. They fight. They sing. They dress like Nutcrackers. Ta. (And she and GILES cross to DL. We hear a tango - Richard Rodger's "Beneath the Southern Cross.")

MARK

A tango. Will you dance with me?

JOHN

Of course.

(They, as does everyone on stage, begin to dance the tango as the music gets louder. The lighting becomes warm and sultry. JOHN and MARK dance in a follow spot. The piece reaches its ominous passage and suddenly we hear a whistle. Two MILITARY POLICEMEN appear far UR. They hold nightsticks.)

FIRST MP (Appearing far UL)

This is a raid. All military personnel in this room are under arrest. The police will be here soon to arrest the civilians.

SECOND MP

Hey, Mac, look. Marines. (The two MPs cross towards JOHN and MARK. JOHN and MARK, who have stopped dancing, look at each other and then look at the MPs.)

FIRST MP (Brandishing his nightstick)

Well, well, well. Good evening, ladies.

(MARK takes JOHN in his arms and they resume their tango.)

SECOND MP (Furious)

Hey, somebody shut off that music! Turn it off!

FIRST MP (Overlapping)
Turn that shit off!

(We hear whistles from upstage and shouts and the drag queens begin to panic and there is much screaming but JOHN and MARK continue to dance in their spot light and, as the music swells, the lights dim to...)

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

(During intermission several traps have been removed from the stage. There are traps DL, SR, CS, and many scattered over the upstage area. The effect should be of an open plane full of holes of varying sizes. The STRANGER steps out into a spot from DL and speaks to the audience.)

STRANGER

Last year a play was performed on this stage which equated Ronald Reagan with Hitler and the Republican Party with the Nazis. It warned us that the Third Reich had been reborn in the America of Reagan, Bush and Newt Gingrich. Many critics considered this message outrageous. Liberal paranoia. Left-wing panic. Perhaps the equation was in fact a little limited. A little too party oriented. Perhaps in suggesting that only conservatives were capable of atrocities it showed its liberal bias. Who in this country's actually come closest? Maybe that great liberal beacon of democracy Franklin Delano Roosevelt? Under whose administration we had our own concentration camps for thousands of Japanese-Americans. But these weren't real concentration camps. Not like Dachau, Buchenwald and Auschwitz. Not like the Katyn Forest. Not extermination camps. But what if the Japanese Army had actually invaded California? As everybody feared it would. What would we have done with our prisoners. What was the 1940s paradigm for disposing of those we feared? What was the example of Stalin and Hitler? Set them free? Let 'em all go?

(During the preceding passage MARK has entered from DR and sat in a wood chair DR. The CAPTAIN, the LIEUTENANT and the CORPORAL have entered with him and stand SR and SL of the chair. At the end of the STRANGER's monologue the lights bump up on this vignette and the spot on the STRANGER bumps out. MARK sits naked in the chair. The CAPTAIN is playing good cop, the LIEUTENANT bad cop. They fire the questions at MARK rapidly. The CORPORAL hands them files as needed.)

CAPTAIN

Tell us about your friends.

MARK

My friends?

LIEUTENANT

Yeah, your friends. Your suck buddies. Your sisters. Your faggot fairy blow-job angel bunny-

CAPTAIN

Lieutenant!

MARK

I don't know what you mean.

CAPTAIN

Is John Herrick one of your friends?

MARK

He's in my squad.

LIEUTENANT

How many times have you fucked him? Or does he fuck you?

MARK

I barely know him.

LIEUTENANT

Bullshit. You went through basic together. Tarawa.

CAPTAIN

You're trying to protect him. That's understandable.

LIEUTENANT

He's already told us about you.

CAPTAIN

He's right here on Treasure Island.

LIEUTENANT

We threatened to tell his parents and he told us everything.

CAPTAIN

You can see him. But you've got to help us.

LIEUTENANT

Who else in the military have you fucked?

MARK

I don't know what you're talking about.

CAPTAIN

Maybe you're not at fault. Did that ever occur to you?

LIEUTENANT (Reading from a file.)

What about this Jew in your squad. Peter Narr? Did you fuck him?

CAPTAIN

You might be reclaimable.

LIEUTENANT

Or this black kid. Adams. How many times have you fucked Adams?

MARK

I'm not a-

LIEUTENANT (Grabbing another file from the CORPORAL)

Horse shit! You used to live in New York City. You used to pick men up in Bryant Square Park. In 1942 you screwed a school teacher named Samuels. (He throws the file at MARK.)

CAPTAIN

Do you want to see Herrick? You can.

LIEUTENANT

We want some names, Mary.

CAPTAIN

I can give you a day pass. You can visit him. But you've got to help us.

LIEUTENANT (Getting nice)

Look, I can sympathize. I get horny.

CAPTAIN (Getting mean)

It's your duty to help us.

(At this point the CAPTAIN and the LIEUTENANT have started to reverse their strategies.)

LIEUTENANT

Sometimes I feel like I'm going crazy. Like I could fuck a cow.

CAPTAIN

Now I want some answers, Private.

LIEUTENANT

And I start looking at all kinds of things.

CAPTAIN

We want some names.

LIEUTENANT

And I start fantasizing.

CAPTAIN

You are a cocksucker and a traitor.

LIEUTENANT

Even the Captain starts looking good to me.

CAPTAIN

Lieutenant!

LIEUTENANT

Sorry, Captain.

(During this scene, FRANCIS, KELLY and LEE have set up a table and chairs DL. The lights bump out on MARK's vignette and bump up on FRANCIS, KELLY and LEE sitting around the table DL playing cards. They all wear blue pajamas and blue bathrobes. On the back of each bathrobe is stenciled a large "D." They are playing a very loud and flamboyant game of Hearts. There is much improvised bitching back and forth interspersed with the dialogue. JOHN enters from SL looking confused. He also wears blue pajamas and a "D" marked bathrobe. During this scene, MARK, the LIEUTENANT, the CAPTAIN and the CORPORAL exit SR, striking the chair as they go.)

FRANCIS (Spotting JOHN)

Yoo-hoo, someone new. (Gesturing to JOHN) Come and sit with us, honey. (JOHN crosses to the table) Do you play cards?

KELLY (To FRANCIS)

It's your turn.

FRANCIS (To KELLY)

Oh shut up. (To JOHN) You look a little lost, sweetie.

JOHN

I was arrested last night. Is this a hospital?

FRANCIS

Welcome to Modern Psychiatry. Psycho Central. Home for schizos, psychos, homicidos and faggots.

(The FUCKER MAN crosses from SL to SR saying "Fuckers!" over and over again. Before he can exit SR he passes the SHUT-UP MAN who yells "Shut-up!" at him at the top of his lungs and then exits, having gestural spasms all the way, SL. JOHN watches them pass.)

FRANCIS

So what's your little neurosis, baby?

JOHN (Reluctant to answer)

Uh.

KELLY

Turn around. (JOHN turns around and we see a large "D" on his back.) Huh, one of us.

LEE

A friend of Dorothy's.

JOHN

What's it say?

FRANCIS

You got a big "D" back there, honey. For Degenerate. That's us. Sexual Degenerates. Enemies of morale and morals.

(The FUCKER MAN enters from UL.)

FUCKER MAN (Screaming at them)

Fags! You're all just a bunch of fags!

FRANCIS

Very observant. Now go have your tapioca, sweetpea. (The FUCKER MAN exits UL.) Why are the real psychos always so cute?

LEE (To JOHN)

How long have you been in?

JOHN

Got here last night.

KELLY

Hm. I've been here six months. Get ready for a long stay.

JOHN

Why don't they just discharge us?

LEE

They're studying us. They're trying to develop a profile for the typical homosexual.

FRANCIS

They're trying to discover a typical homosexual body-type.

KELLY

They think we all look alike.

LEE

Did they give you the urine test?

KELLY

We all pee the same.

LEE

And did they ask you about your mother?

KELLY

We hate our fathers, love our mothers.

LEE

And we're very artistic.

FRANCIS

Did they give you the gag-reflex test?

JOHN

No.

FRANCIS

They shove one of their little sticks a foot down your mouth. If you gag you couldn't possibly be gay. If you moan and roll your eyes and start sucking on it then you must be a fairy.

KELLY

It's all called the Science of Psychiatry. It's new.

FRANCIS

Meanwhile you just relax and enjoy the nice atmosphere.

(We hear a scream from off SR.)

JOHN

Were you all arrested?

LEE

No, I told my base psychiatrist and then I was committed. Not arrested. Committed. He said he wanted to help. He wanted to know what was wrong. Said it would be strictly confidential. Then I told him. Next morning I woke up in my blue jammies.

FRANCIS

I was arrested. A huge sting operation. They arrested fifty-seven enlisted men in my unit. No officers. It was a witch hunt. Of course, that was only after we had fought our way across Saipan. During the fighting nobody really cared what we did.

(The FUCKER MAN has entered from SL and joined them and is saying "Fuckers, Fuckers, Fuckers...")

FRANCIS (To the FUCKER MAN)

Stop.

(The FUCKER MAN stops and just twitches his head and mumbles.)

KELLY

I turned myself in.

JOHN

Why?

KELLY

Because I got sick of the army. Got sick of being treated like a less than equal. And when my company mates found out I was "that way" I became a "less than less than equal." So I turned myself in. I'd rather be called sick and thrown out. It's not my war.

LEE (To JOHN)

He's very bitter.

KELLY (To LEE)
Play your cards.

JOHN
I was arrested with someone. A friend. Is there any way of finding out where he is?

LEE
Well, they'll never let you see him again if that's what you're wondering.

FRANCIS
Don't worry. They won't harm him. They're fairly civil to us. We're their specimens. Except for having to live with these psychos, we're safe.

(The lights come up SR as MARK enters wearing a blue bathrobe and followed by a CORPORAL, who carries a rifle and wears a whistle around his neck. MARK's hands are cuffed in front of him. The lights remain up SL as the others continue to play cards silently.)

CORPORAL
Wait a minute, boy. (MARK stops.) Suck me off. Go on. Quickly. (He looks over his shoulder.) Come on. Do it! (He jabs his rifle into MARK's stomach and MARK falls to his knees.) I said do it, boy! (The CORPORAL begins to undo his pants. He grabs MARK by the hair. MARK looks like he's going to go through with it, but he suddenly punches the CORPORAL in the stomach and smashes his fist down on the back of the CORPORAL's neck. He then kicks the CORPORAL's rifle away from him. The CORPORAL, looking dazed and terrified, struggles with his whistle and begins to blow it frantically. The lights blackout SR.)

FRANCIS
If you're lucky you'll get a Blue Discharge.

LEE
Section Eight.

KELLY
Reserved for crazies, faggots and blacks who won't behave.

FRANCIS
Which means they get rid of us but they don't have to take care of us. No GI-Bill. No benefits. No back pay. Nothing.

LEE

And they do us the courtesy of telling our families, and all former and future employers.

FRANCIS (Slamming his cards down)

My thanks for killing twenty-three Japanese on Saipan.

(BANCROFT enters quickly from UR with TOWER behind him. BANCROFT and TOWER cross to DC arguing. The lights come up DC as they enter. The lights remain up on the card-game and the players continue to play silently.)

BANCROFT

There's nothing I can do about it.

TOWER

Try.

BANCROFT

These orders came from Admiral Halsey himself.

TOWER

They went to the wrong party.

BANCROFT

The FBI had a file on one of them.

TOWER

Call somebody.

BANCROFT

They're in the stockade on Treasure Island.

TOWER

Make a call.

BANCROFT

And end up in there with them.

TOWER

You're a highly decorated Colonel in the United States Marine Corps -

BANCROFT

Back off, Tower.

TOWER
They're heroes.

BANCROFT
Not anymore.

TOWER
I want you to -

BANCROFT
I said back off!

TOWER
We've been through a lot together, Colonel.

BANCROFT
Meaning?

TOWER
Meaning we've been through a lot.

(TOWER and BANCROFT stand DC staring at one another. The lights come up DR as SUSAN and NEESE enter. During the following scene TOWER and BANCROFT will exit SR and SL respectively. The lights will remain up DC.)

SUSAN
Do you believe in an afterlife? Like people who stay with you even after they're dead.

NEESE
Oh, you mean like reincarnation? Like they come back as squirrels or bunnies or something?

SUSAN
No, I mean like they never even change form. They just remain with you. They were so much a part of your life that they can't die.

NEESE
Hmmm. Sounds pretty weird. Have you met Private Bates?

SUSAN
No.

NEESE

Here she is. (BATES enters from DR. She looks and acts exactly like FRANKLIN because she is played by the same actress.) She reminds me of someone.

BATES

Hi.

NEESE

She's your new assistant.

SUSAN (Confused)

But-

(BATES silences her by giving her the "shush" gesture. The STRANGER, dressed as Gandhi, enters from SR and talks to the audience. SUSAN, NEESE and BATES exit SL as she speaks. During the STRANGER's speech MARK, wearing a straight-jacket, winds around the proscenium DR and lies leaning against it. It is obvious that he has been beaten.)

STRANGER (To the audience)

So now I'm Gandhi. Which is hell on the feet, let me tell you. I had a very relaxing war though. (Behind her a wagon bearing a desk and a chair is being wheeled into place DC. JOHNSON sits at the desk and EISENHOWER leans over her shoulder whispering in her ear. As the desk passes behind the STRANGER she hitches a ride on the wagon and rides it to its place DC.) I told the Indian People that they shouldn't assist the British and their allies in their war against the Japanese. So Churchill threw me in jail. The British felt that the Indians, a subject race, should rise up against the Japanese and protect the British Empire. I thought this was ridiculous. The violence was abhorrent to me. But also the idea that Western Imperialism should be somehow preferable to Eastern Imperialism. Others agreed with me. Thus there were three Indian armies. One that fought for the British. One that fought for the Japanese. And then my army. The biggest. Which sat in prison.

ADAMS (Standing up at the table and talking to the audience)

Of course blacks for Uncle Sam. For Western Imperialism. But only after many protests. In 1941 the NAACP threatened Roosevelt with a one hundred thousand man march on Washington if he didn't improve the treatment of blacks in wartime industry. Only then, and under the constant threat of protests and marches, did the President take any stand on race relations. This treatment, brought on by the needs of a wartime emergency and the manpower shortage, would not be continued by subsequent Presidents.

(At the end of his speech ADAMS returns to the card game and the STRANGER exits SL.)

JOHNSON (Giggling)
General Eisenhower, what are you suggesting?

EISENHOWER (In her ear)
I just thought maybe after the staff-meeting you could come by my trailer.

JOHNSON
Is that an order?

EISENHOWER
I have some champagne, caviar...

(SUSAN and BATES enter from SR and cross to the desk. EISENHOWER is blowing in JOHNSON's ear.)

SUSAN
Oh, uh, excuse us.

JOHNSON (Embarrassed)
Oh, uh, hi, Susan.

SUSAN
I just came by to introduce-

JOHNSON (To EISENHOWER)
Oh, yeah, uh, (Indicating BATES), this is Corporal Bates. Corporal Bates, (Indicating EISENHOWER) Dwight- (EISENHOWER clears his throat.) I mean, General Eisenhower.

BATES (Snapping to attention)
Sir!

EISENHOWER
Welcome to my personal staff, Bates. You're joining a winning team. I have the best office staff on the Western Front. It's the main reason I'm winning this war. (He laughs.)

BATES
It's a pleasure to be here, General.

EISENHOWER (To JOHNSON)

So you'll bring those stats by my trailer later, Corporal Johnson?

JOHNSON

The stats?

EISENHOWER

Yes, those figures we were discussing.

JOHNSON

Oh, yes, sir. Absolutely.

EISENHOWER

Ladies.

(EISENHOWER exits DR as SUSAN and BATES exits SL. JOHNSON begins to sort out files on her desk. WIN and HARRY enter from UL and cross towards the desk DC. JOHNSON will leave just before they arrive at the desk.)

WIN

Before this they would have gotten fifteen years of hard labor and a dishonorable discharge.

HARRY

And now they're undesirables. Given an undesirable discharge.

WIN

Yes, but not imprisoned or tried.

HARRY

No, dismissed without trial or defense. Intimidated and scared into signing confessions in dark rooms and then cast out into the world as undesirables. But now psychiatrists are desirable, very desirable. They can do something. They can protect us from something. From undesirables.

(HARRY arrives at the desk, sits in the chair and draws a bottle out from a drawer. He pours himself several drinks during the following scene.)

WIN

What could have happened is much worse.

HARRY

Worse than surveillance and witch hunts and blacklisting?

WIN

Yes, I think being treated as a patient is preferable to being treating as a criminal.

HARRY

No, it just shifts the source of the persecution. From the law to medicine. And now I'm a part of the persecution. I've helped create a system which treats me as an undesirable. I've created a system which tries to cure me.

WIN

And before it would have thrown you in prison. It's an improvement.

HARRY

It's not an improvement. Before there was a law against the act of sodomy. Now there's a law against a group of people. You've created a group. You and I have created the homosexual so that we can persecute him.

WIN

They were being persecuted anyway.

HARRY

And now we've systematized it.

WIN

We've gotten them out of jail. That's a step.

HARRY

And now they're in a hospital where we can poke and prod at them and try to figure out the outlines of the mutation. And hope that it doesn't spread like a virus. Thank God they don't reproduce.

WIN

Harry, you're pathetic.

HARRY

What are you going to do with all of them? When you've got a profile and can really begin rounding them up. What happens if you can't cure them? What happens if the sick begin marching and insisting they're not sick and demanding rights? Do you keep trying to cure them or do you eventually decide that they're incurable. And then what do you do with the incurables? Do you accept them or do you do something else? I suppose it depends on how much power you have. And how much they have.

WIN

I can't help but feel that we've done something good.

HARRY

We've done something, surely.

WIN

And you think it could have gone another way?

HARRY

No, my thinking was wrong. I thought it could stay as it was. Not talked about. Secret. But that's all over. I've made my contribution.

WIN

Harry, I wish you'd stop drinking.

HARRY

Win, don't you see? I'm gay. I helped create a system in which I would be labeled as an undesirable. I've created a system which tries to cure me.

WIN

That part of your life was never accepted.

HARRY

No, it was never talked about.

WIN

Never talked about because never accepted. You knew that.

HARRY

And now we've forced it out. Taken something that couldn't be talked about and forced people to talk about it.

WIN (After a pause)

You'll say hello to Jim for me?

HARRY

If I see him. He doesn't live here anymore.

(WIN exits SL. During the following HARRY packs up his bottle and a glass. he fishes a bottle of pills out of a desk drawer and exits UL. The CAPTAIN enters holding a piece of paper.)

CAPTAIN (To MARK)

You must know somebody awfully important, soldier. You're being released by special request of Admiral Halsey. Congratulations. You're going back to the front.

(The lights blackout SR as a DOCTOR enters from DL, crosses to JOHN and inserts a stick in JOHN's mouth. JOHN begins gagging and coughing profusely. He even overdoes it a little. JOHNSON and BATES enter from SR and cross to the desk DC.)

DOCTOR (Removing the stick)

Well it looks like Admiral Halsey was right. We made a mistake. (He begins writing on his clipboard.) You're a reclaimable. We're sending you back to your unit.

(The lights blackout SL. SUSAN, BATES and JOHNSON have entered from DR and crossed to the desk DC.)

EISENHOWER (Storming to the desk from SR.)

Colonel Davis! Davis, get in here!

COLONEL (Entering from SL)

Yes, sir.

EISENHOWER (Waving the piece of paper)

What the hell is this? What the hell is this? It's an anonymous note from somebody on my staff saying that half my female staff are lesbians. What does that mean?

COLONEL

It means they like other women.

EISENHOWER

I know what a lesbian is, Colonel. I want these people off my staff. I want them rounded up. Every damn one of them. Make a list. Today. I want everyone of them off this base in forty-eight hours. Do you hear me. Forty-eight hours. Put 'em in jail. Discharge them. I don't give a shit. I want them out!

COLONEL

Should I make that list alphabetical or according to rank?

EISENHOWER

I don't give a shit.

COLONEL

If it's according to rank, sir, you better put my name at the top of it.

EISENHOWER

What?

SUSAN

And mine should be second, sir.

BATES

But if it's alphabetical, I should be first.

(EISENHOWER looks stunned.)

JOHNSON (After a pause)

And you can put my name on there too, Sir.

EISENHOWER (To JOHNSON)

Oh, come on.

JOHNSON

No, I insist.

EISENHOWER

Well, uh...

COLONEL (Starting to exit SL)

I'll get right on it, Sir.

EISENHOWER

Well, now, wait a minute. Let me think about it... For now, just, you know... Let me think about it. Carry on, men... Uh, ladies. (EISENHOWER exits SL.)

(We hear Rudy Vallee singing "As Time Goes By." The lights fade to a spot on SUSAN and BATES. In the darkness the stage is cleared of all other actors and furniture.)

BATES

You just loved me too much. I kept trying to dissipate. To decay. To rot in my grave. But I couldn't. You were investing too much energy in me. So much energy that you almost destroyed yourself. So it was either take you with me or come back to life. So I came back.

SUSAN

You just didn't like Mississippi.

BATES

It's a good thing you didn't bury me in Italy.

SUSAN

Is it like divine intervention? Like you appealed to God for a resurrection?

BATES

No. It's just that there's not enough of us yet. We can't afford to die. So I had to stick around. It's only going to get worse for us. Like a war. We're going to need every man we can get.

SUSAN

Well, I for one welcome the fight.

BATES

The fifties are going to be the worst. You haven't seen anything like America in the fifties. Guess who's going to be President?

SUSAN

We'll go underground. Dig in deep.

BATES

This country will be ripe for us one day. Then we'll flower.

SUSAN

I don't ever want to be apart.

BATES

We won't be.

(The spot shifts to DC where JOHN and MARK, dressed in their fatigues, are standing facing each other. SUSAN and BATES exit DR.)

MARK

It's not going to last. But before we're separated again, I want you to know that I love you. That I joined the Corps to escape something. And that you followed me and made me know that it was right.

JOHN

How can it be right when you see what's happened?

MARK

None of that matters. Not to me. (They kiss.)

(The music fades as HOLLAND, DEL FRANCO, NARR and ADAMS enter from SR. The lights come up with their entrance.)

HOLLAND

Well, well, well, I didn't believe it when I heard it, but they're back.

DEL FRANCO

Lay off, Dutch.

MARK

Holland! Good to see you again.

HOLLAND

Don't touch me.

MARK

Oh, but that's the whole reason I came back.

HOLLAND

The whole battalion knows about you two.

DEL FRANCO

Yeah, Dutch told them.

HOLLAND

You two disgust me. If you have any decency left, you disgust yourselves.

TOWER (Entering from SL)

What the fuck do you know about it, Holland? You ever suck dick?

HOLLAND

No.

TOWER

You ever been bufued?

HOLLAND

No.

TOWER

Well, you're really missin' somethin,' Holland. 'Cause it feels good. I speak from experience.

HOLLAND
Bullshit.

TOWER
One day I'm going to write a book: "Famous Dicks I Have Sucked." They get more famous everyday.

HOLLAND
Shit.

TOWER
Nah, I'm not into that.

VOICE OVER
Now hear this. Now hear this. Reveille. Reveille. Troops to their departure stations. Troops to their departure stations.

TOWER (To the audience)
The brass said we could take it in seventy-two hours. It's name was Iwo Jima. Sulfur Island.

(The cyc begins to turn a putrid green color as the stage becomes a putrid yellow.)

ADAMS (To the audience)
Eight square miles of volcanic ash.

HOLLAND (To the audience)
Sulfur seeps up from the ground - creating a mist.

NARR (To the audience)
Making the surface hot.

MARK (To the audience)
Turning the air a putrid green and yellow.

JOHN (To the audience)
The air smells like rotten eggs.

DEL FRANCO (To the audience)

Colonel Bancroft put us in the first wave.

(A hard-boiled egg falls on the deck and the stage erupts with battle. We hear tremendous artillery noises mixed with loud small arms fire and we see bright flashes of light all over the stage. For a moment the sound is deafening and the lights, some of which should face the audience, blinding. DEL FRANCO is almost immediately cut down by machine-gun fire. He lies DR on the elevator. NARR crawls towards him shouting "Del Franco's down. Del Franco's down." When he reaches DEL FRANCO's body he too is shot dead. He lies SL of DEL FRANCO on the elevator. A swarm of men moves from UL to UR and are themselves cut down by machine-gun fire. TOWER crawls into the trap SR, ADAMS into the one CR and JOHN and MARK share the trap CL. HOLLAND is kneeling on the stage DL.)

MARK
Dutch, get back in your hole.

HOLLAND
It's too hot.

MARK
Get back in your goddamn hole.

HOLLAND
It's burning my skin. I can't breath.

TOWER
Herrick, what's happening?

JOHN
Dutch is out of his hole.

TOWER
Go get him. Move!

(JOHN crawls out of his trap and begins moving towards HOLLAND.)

JOHN
You're going to get me killed, Dutch.

HOLLAND
I'm not going back into that hole.

JOHN
You're drawing fire.

(There is another round of machine-gun fire which hits both HOLLAND and MARK. When it has passed, HOLLAND and MARK lie on the stage in contorted positions. HOLLAND is SL on the elevator and MARK is DC on the elevator.)

TOWER
Holland! Herrick! Get down! Holland! Holland, are you hit?

JOHN
He's hit. So's Mark.

ADAMS
Herrick, get down. Herrick.

(JOHN sits on the stage staring at MARK's body.)

TOWER (Standing up)
All right. That's it. We're going to charge. Inland.

ADAMS
Sergeant, get down.

TOWER
Holland, Thomas, get off your butts. We're attacking.

ADAMS
They're dead, Sarge.

TOWER
Narr, Del Franco, we're attacking. Get up.

ADAMS
They're all dead, Sarge.

TOWER
They're not dead. They're shirking. Come on. Get up.

ADAMS
Sergeant, get down. We're not going anywhere.

TOWER

Shut up, Adams.

ADAMS

Get down, Sergeant.

TOWER (Charging at ADAMS)

I said shut-up!

(ADAMS punches TOWER in the jaw. TOWER recoils from the blow, but ADAMS catches TOWER's arms before TOWER can fall and holds him upright.)

ADAMS

Herrick, Tower's cracked up. I'm taking him back to an aid station. We're falling back. Herrick! God damnit, Herrick! Fall back!

(ADAMS scoops TOWER up on his shoulders and runs upstage with him. As he passes the CS trap we hear the TAIKO DRUMS and the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER appears from the CS trap and moves DC. She stands between JOHN and MARK and, on a loud thunk from the drums, they look at her. Upstage, during this action, we can see ADAMS, with TOWER on his back, dodging shell explosions as he moves in a large circle from CS to UL to UR to DR. The STRANGER begins to dance to her jazzy rhythm and MARK and JOHN begin to dance with her. The elevator rises under them. As it rises the bodies of DEL FRANCO and NARR roll off of it and onto the downstage area. HOLLAND's body remains on the elevator. As the elevator reaches its highest point ADAMS crosses from DR to DL with TOWER still on his back. ADAMS then exits DL. JOHN and MARK survey the battle from the elevator. The STRANGER disappears off of the elevator's upstage side and the elevator begins to descend. As it descends we see, revealed upstage, HARRY slumped in a chair with his back to the audience. His left hand hangs to the floor where a bottle of pills lies spilled on the stage. The STRANGER stands upstage of him looking downstage at his face. MARK and JOHN cross to stand on either side of her. They are now all looking downstage at HARRY's face. The battle sounds cut out completely.)

STRANGER

He wanted to change the world. Instead of accepting it for what it is. Instead of enjoying it, he wanted to alter it - to fashion it in his own image. And now it's destroyed him.

MARK

No. You're wrong. He destroyed himself. The world was changing. It always is. He just wanted to be a part of the change.

JOHN

But he gave up. He quit. He couldn't take the next step.

MARK

He couldn't change it enough.

JOHN

And when he stopped trying, when he stopped fighting - he died.

MARK

Better to have died trying than to have died alone.

(The piano music begins - The Pet Shop Boys' "Your Funny Uncle.")

JOHN (To the audience)

Of course a lot of it's conjecture. I only know that he was gay. That he created the psychiatric examination. That he quit the War Department when homosexuals were added to the list of undesirables. And that he killed himself in Paris after the war. Those are the facts.

JIM (Entering from SR and speaking to the audience)

He was buried amongst the casualties of that war. In Arlington National Cemetery. His gravemarker reads, "Harry Stack Sullivan, New York, Captain - Medical Reserves."

(During JIM's speech, HARRY stands and faces the audience.)

WIN (Entering from SL and speaking to the audience)

In his epitaph he called for his psychiatric colleagues to remobilize for enduring peace and social change.

JIM (To the audience)

Winfred Overholser created the National Research Council on Neuropsychiatry. His efforts during the war laid the groundwork for the persecution and dismissal of thousands of homosexuals in government during the Truman and Eisenhower administrations.

(During the following speech, HARRY, WIN and JIM exit UR.)

JOHN (To the audience)

Mark and Narr and Del Franco and Holland died on a sulfurous island in the middle of the Pacific along with another 50,000 Marines and Japanese. The

casualties on Iwo Jima were so large that Truman, in an effort to save lives, decided to drop two atomic bombs on Japan.

(During JOHN's speech, NARR, DEL FRANCO, and HOLLAND and the other dead marines stand and exit UR.)

STRANGER (To the audience)

Those bombs killed one hundred and twenty thousand people. The war was about unleashing power. About discovering energies which are exciting and powerful. Energies which have always been with us but which have never been looked at. Or analyzed. Or harnessed. Positive energies. Negative energies. Energies for progress and for evil. And sometimes the evil seemed like progress.

ADAMS (Entering from DL and speaking to the audience)

And the energies created an empire such as this world has never seen. An empire that we were all asked to create. And in which we were all expected to assume our stations. Or in some cases, to resume the stations we'd held before the war. Quietly, complacently, like all good minorities. As if we hadn't contributed a thing.

JOHN (To the audience)

Tower was Section Eighted for having sex with a Marine Corps medic right there on Iwo Jima. Worse than cracking-up on the battle field, he'd become indiscreet. He was discharged as an undesirable and went to Hollywood where supposedly nobody cares about those things. When I saw *The Sands of Iwo Jima* there was his name in the credits. Technical Advisor to John Wayne.

(During JOHN's speech, TOWER enters from DR in his Marine dress blues. The DRUMS accompany his movement with a military cadence. He crosses from DR to DL where he meets WAYNE, who enters from DL. The drums stop.)

WAYNE

Tower, tell me one thing, are you one of these Commie-pinco-faggots.

TOWER

Mr. Wayne, I promise you, I am not a Communist.

WAYNE

Well, thank god for that. (And WAYNE exits DL.)

TOWER (To the audience)

Adams became a civil rights activist. He spent the Fifties in law school, the Sixties in jail and the Seventies in the suburbs.

(ADAMS and TOWER exit UR.)

MARK (To the audience)

Susan and the reincarnated Bev left the military in 1945.

(SUSAN and BATES enter from DL and cross to DC where they meet JOHN.
SUSAN holds a clipboard.)

JOHN (To the audience)

I saw Susan one last time. She was the final officer to review my discharge. (He produces a blue piece of paper from his uniform.) Combat record notwithstanding, I had still been given a Section Eight discharge - As a pervert and as an undesirable.

SUSAN (Looking at his blue discharge)

Looks like you're still one great kisser.

JOHN

Yeah.

SUSAN

No benefits. No G.I. Bill. Nothing. (To BATES) What are we going to do with this?

BATES

Same as with the others. (She takes it from SUSAN and tears it down the middle.)

SUSAN (Writing on a piece of paper on her clipboard)

John Herrick, you are hereby honorably discharged from the United States Armed Forces.

BATES (Taking the clipboard from SUSAN and signing the paper)

Signed on this date September 15, 1945 by General of the Army Dwight David Eisenhower.

SUSAN (Handing the paper to JOHN)

Your country thanks you.

BATES

Your government thanks you.

SUSAN

And your sisters thank you.

JOHN (Taking the paper)

Thanks. What are you going to do?

SUSAN

We're going to disappear for a while.

BATES

Start an underground movement. Lay the foundation.

SUSAN

We'll see you again when it's safe to resurface. (To BATES) Around about 1970, right?

BATES (To SUSAN)

That sounds about right. (And they kiss and walk, hand in hand, off UR.)

(The piano music resumes as they exit.)

JOHN (To the audience)

Mark was bagged up, shipped home and buried by the Marine Corps. I never told him that I loved him. I was too young, too immature, too stupid. But if adversity builds character, then the Second World War was certainly the architect of mine. It taught me how much a man can fight for something he doesn't believe in or even fully understand. How much more than for something which is a part of him. So I returned to school and wrote this history. My love letter. To Mark. A man who found me in the middle of the twentieth century, who loved me and who sent me into the future. Semper fi. (And JOHN turns towards MARK. MARK gestures "Come on" with his head. JOHN crosses to join him and the two of them walk towards UR as the lights fade and the music swells.)

END OF ACT THREE

END OF PLAY