

BLOODLINES

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BLOODLINES

List of Characters:

Vivian

Paul, young soldier

Doctor with No Face

Maria, a nurse in the hospital

Mother

Note from the Playwright:

The play moves through stations in Vivian's memory. In those stations Vivian appears older and younger in age.

Paul is always a young soldier, he wears a military uniform and carries a rifle. His uniform is stained with blood.

The play is seamless, without scene breaks, act breaks or an intermission. The numbers before the dialogues and monologues represent a new movement in Vivian's mind. The characters move seamlessly from one memory station to another, and the actors should as well.

1.

Bright stage.

On the stage there is a bench, a few gurneys, a white table and a wooden tower.

A loud short buzzing sound is heard.

Vivian is on the white table, strapped down, electrodes attached to her temples.

Vivian: how it feels- what- I don't remember why- I- here- good then- no- shut up- if you- ship- want- make- a way out- you have to know where you are- do you remember me- I remember the top of that silly tower- it's not a silly tower- what is it- a place to hide- was- what- was a place to hide- room for us- hide here- you think- it works- what- nobody finds us- everybody else- miss Vivian- no one's looking- we can help you- we can help you girl- stuttered- do you understand- they can't understand- read from the book- can't read- can't talk- stay here- can they help you - spit- spit- spit it out- can't talk- can't speak- can't read- girl- broken- noise- noise- so much noise- will they-pick you- will they pick you- will they pluck you- pluck pluck- can they help you- can't talk- sing- smells funny- can't- we can help you- we can help you run- we can help you- play- we can help you fast- one hundred and thirty volts- one hundred and forty volts- a place to spend with- good girl- be good do good things- only good things- good- like everybody else- forgive- exercise- take your pills- be tough- be strong- be a good girl- be a good soldier- I'm thirsty- water- can I have water- want candy- want pills- go to hell – it's not candy- but I'm a stranger- stranger- it's dangerous to take candy from a stranger- can I have a piece- take it do you want to hold it can you hold it- it's not candy-

A rain of pills in many colors and shapes falls from the sky; red pills and pink pills and white pills and blue pills, big pills and small pills and shiny pills.

Paul enters the stage. He gathers up the pills from the stage floor. He organizes the pills into his rifle's magazine.

Vivian: everything- all right- we can help you- we can help you- I'm fine- we can- help-
(*pause, short laugh*)- do it faster- do it faster- you look small- you look big- you look
funny- ordinary – really- you- you- you- and- you- what- I can touch you- I can feel you-
I can protect you- I can smell you- here- I'm normal - like you- and you- and you- there's
nothing wrong with me- they took me- I was- I had to- protect you- called me- they- my-
my uniform- my bulletproof - they said- recruited- I have to go back now- wait- I can see
you- no- yes- no- black- white- once upon a time- they lived happily ever after- Imma
and Abba- my arm- it hurts- are you happy- what is your biggest dream- what- do you
want to do when you grow up- what is your goal in life- goal-goal-goal-goal- goaaaaal-
yess- sss- we win- we lose- loser- you're a loser- why can't you be- everybody else-
Dooba- Dooba- where is Dooba- wake up- don't want to wake up- wake up- already
noon- slept for hours- for hours- twenty four hours- day- days- week- slept for a week-
two weeks- the whole winter- like a bear- leave me alone- what's wrong- what hurts- I
don't know- you don't know- leave me alone- head- stomach- arm- I'm sorry your head
hurts- can I bring you something- boom- boom- boom- Imma- Imma- I don't want to go
to school- Imma- please stay- let me stay- with you- I'll help you cook- don't go-
promise- clean- they say I am- they say- they walk behind me- behind me- entrances-
wards- hallways- laughing laughing- mouths big- close- kick- pluck pluck pluck wash
wash wash- Imma- Dooba- imma- what are you making today- big bowl of soup- how are
you doing today- I feel like crap- I feel like ship- (*short laugh*)- paper ship- tell me more-
I have nothing to say- tired- do you want to be quiet- it's perfectly fine to just sit here and
be quiet- I don't know what I want- okay- it's not okay- okay- sorry- can you help me- do

you think I can help you- I want to go- I don't know- okay- I want to go home- okay-
there's nothing wrong with you- me- look straight- look straight ahead- don't look down-
there's nothing there- tower- see- stay with me- stay with me- don't want to stay with
you- want to look down- leave me alone- why don't you all leave me alone- will you find
me- if I kill myself- I didn't kill myself- will you lift me- puddle of my blood- will you
rescue me- will you stay with me- stay- how are you- wash wash pluck pluck wash pluck
here you are gone no face no- do you hear me- you look well- you look better- I feel like
crap- with me- stay with me- Imma- pluck- magic- this is my playground- put me to bed-
we're at war now- I have to go- tuck me in- blah blah blah- wash wash- tuck tuck-
protector- ate you- there is nothing wrong with you- let me see- hurts- hurts- shut up- shut
up- can't move- tied- need to pee- pee here- reading- shut up- watch the nuts- same book-
the manual- shut up- what time is it now- late- I'm cold- two blankets- feet cold- side
effect- cold feet- side effect- cold feet- sleep now- drink it- drink- wake the others- I
can't- these dreams- bad dreams- do you have bad dreams- like hell- hell- but not real-
can't breathe- bad dream- go back to bed now- right- another blanket- no- don't go-
what- I'm not cold anymore- stay- alone- not alone- nuts in this room- tucks in the room-
many nuts is like being alone- see me god with your mighty eyes- see- see- wash me god
with your- oh my god- oh my god- great flood- wash wash- (*the rain of pills starts
again*)- pluck me god- it was never my bud- wash wash- pluck pluck- I want you- okay- I
want you- okay- I love you okay- wash wash- okay- are you there- okay- well- look well-
are you real- sitting on the bench- pinch my arm- pinch pinch pluck pluck- ouch –
promise- you promise

The loud short buzzing sound is heard

2.

Vivian holds her doll Dooba.

She is on the top of the wooden tower, playing alone.

Paul sits on the bench.

Vivian: are you a real soldier?

Paul: your mom never told you not to talk to strangers?

(pause)

Vivian: no. My mom tells me to be like everyone else.

Paul: smart mother.

(pause)

Vivian: so?

Paul: what?

Vivian: are you real or not?

Paul: *(laughs)* here, pinch my arm. If I'll say ouch, it means I'm real.

(stretches out his arm to her. Vivian looks at him full of amazement. She walks towards Paul. She hesitates. Then quickly she takes a step forward, pinches Paul's arm close to his hand, and then quickly takes a step back)

Ouch!

Vivian: you're real!

Paul: I'm real. And you, are you real?

Vivian: all kids are real!

Paul: really?

Vivian: yes.

Paul: so if I'll pinch you, you'll say Ouch?

Vivian: yes! *(Vivian stretches out her arm to Paul and closes her eyes. Paul pinches her softly. She doesn't respond. He pinches her again, harder)*

Ouch!

(pause)

I'm real!

Paul: yes you are. What's your name?

Vivian: Vivi. *(points to her doll)* And this is Dooba.

Paul: well, nice to meet you ladies. I am Paul.

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: mhmm.

(pause. Vivian and Paul look at each other)

Paul: do you want to sit here with me?

(pause)

Vivian: I want to sit on the top of the tower. *(She climbs to the top of the wooden tower)*

Paul: do you live around here?

Vivian: where do you live?

Paul: I live far away from here

Vivian: away from here?

(pause)

Dooba and I live at the top of the tower. But there is no room for you here.

Paul: that's okay.

(long pause)

Paul: well, say something.

Vivian: what

Paul: I don't know, something. Like, how are you doing today?

Vivian: I'm hungry. Dooba is hungry too.

Paul: you are hungry

Vivian: yes!

Paul: what do you like?

Vivian: what

Paul: you, what do you like to eat when you're hungry?

Vivian: we're very hungry now.

Paul: I see

Vivian: yea, very hungry.

Paul: I wish I had some food with me

Vivian: you do? do you?

Paul: no. I'm sorry.

Vivian: *(disappointed)* oh.

Paul: *(points at Dooba)* she.

Vivian: what?

Paul: what does she like?

Vivian: what does she like what?

Paul: what does she like to... eat?

Vivian: she likes. Soup. From a big bowl of soup! Like Imma makes!

Paul: soup.

Vivian: from a big bowl.

(Beat)

Paul: like Imma makes!

Vivian: yes!

Paul: you didn't have dinner tonight

Vivian: no, and you?

Paul: no.

Vivian: why

Paul: why what

Vivian: nothing.

(beat beat beat. Paul is on the bench, Vivian is in the top of the tower)

well, we're not hungry anymore. We got tired of being hungry. Now, Dooba is just tired.

Paul: Let me see.

(Vivian looks at him from the top of the tower, with the doll in her lap)

I want to see. Please *(Paul extends his arm to her. Vivian freezes. Vivian gets off from the tower and walks toward Paul. She shows him the doll. Paul moves closer)*

Paul: Yes. She looks tired. It's late, isn't it. Time for bed really.

(They don't move)

3.

Sounds of heavy breathing.

Vivian is sitting on the floor holding a knife.

She slowly and quietly cuts her inner arm, from the top of the arm all the way down to her wrist. A line of dark blood appears on her arm.

Vivian grabs a coffee mug with her other arm from one of the tables and makes sure the blood flows into the mug and not on the floor.

Paul walks onto the stage. He walks toward Vivian, who gives him the coffee mug. He holds the coffee mug in his hands. He pulls out a few pills from his magazine and swallows them with the blood.

Paul: *(to Vivian)* do you feel it? Do you? Do you feel something? *(drinks from the coffee mug)* Do it faster. Can you do it faster? Don't cry. Not good for the blood.

(Vivian doesn't respond) You missed a few - *(drinks from the coffee mug)* - drops.

(Vivian doesn't respond) You missed a few drops. Of your blood. *(drinks)* right here. A few drops. *(wipes the drops of blood that are on the floor with his hands, rubs both of his hands together)* gone! *(shows his clean hands to her)* magic! Without even washing.

(approaches her again) I was recruited, again. I'm sorry, Vivi, but I have to go again. They need me. I'll be gone. I have to protect you, I have to make sure you're all right, right? *(pause)* I have to destroy the enemy, kill them, finish them. Bad guys. God said. Boom! I have to go there now, so they'll stop killing us. They kill us. Every day. I don't want them to kill you. You don't see, but they do. They hate us. Do you hear me? They called me, in the middle of the night, they called me in the middle of the day they call me all the time they call everyone now, it's war you see. It's my mission. I had to go. I can't wait. *(he doesn't move. drinks. long beat)* I have to go.
(Paul rests the mug back on the floor by Vivian)

4.

Vivian is on the white table; Doctor with No Face takes notes

Doctor with No Face: how are you doing today, Miss Vivian?

Vivian: okay

Doctor with No Face: *(writes)* 'the patient feels okay.' Okay. What would you like to talk about today?

Vivian: I don't know.

Doctor with No Face: *(writes)* 'the patient doesn't know'. Okay. *(beat)* you look okay.

Vivian: I look okay

Doctor with No Face: Okay. Nothing special. No better or worse I'm afraid. We'll give it a couple more weeks. Okay?

Vivian: Okay

Doctor with No Face: *(writes)* 'the patient agrees with the Doctor's diagnosis by saying: 'okay'

(Doctor with no face leaves)

5.

Vivian is on the white table, wakes up; Maria looks at her, a book in her hand

Maria: oh, good morning. Welcome to hell

Vivian: if this is hell then who are you

Maria: I'm your sweet angel

Vivian: there are no angels in hell

Maria: that's good.

Vivian: what's good about not having angels in hell?

Maria: no, I mean it's good that you think clearly. You slept for almost a week.

Vivian: a week?

Maria: a week. You were uneasy

Vivian: uneasy?

Maria: uneasy. If the patient looks disturbed or uneasy, you have to administer tranquilizers. That's what the manual says.

Vivian: you look uneasy too.

Maria: I didn't try to kill myself.

Vivian: I didn't try to kill myself!

Maria: I'm sure you didn't

Vivian: No, really, I actually tried to... feel, you see, live myself

Maria: *(reads her book, doesn't listen)* good for you

Vivian: I wanted to see that I feel, feel the- *(beat)* do you understand?

Maria: *(reads)* Mhmmm.

Vivian: Do you understand me? because I forgot, to really feel something real, to really be happy, or excited about something... or me. Are you happy? *(Maria doesn't respond, louder)* Are you happy or not? *(screams)* I asked you a question, tell me if you are happy! Tell me!

Maria: (*rests her book*) I'm really sorry you don't feel well. (*reads again*)

Vivian: I didn't try to kill myself I didn't kill myself I wanted- to check- I wanted to see if my blood works- feels- if it's salty- in the circulation- from my belly- my breasts – sea of blood- ocean- all over the bathroom floor- wash wash- cover cover the floor – puking- red lumps- myself - kitchen floor- there is so much- so much coming out of these holes- I fill the rooms of my home-

Maria: (*Maria prepares a needle and injects it into Vivian's arm*) here you go.

Vivian: - wallow on their- floors- I have to do this I must- protect him- i didn't- Really- (*gone*)

6.

Vivian and Mother are sitting on the white table.

Mother: you look good!

Vivian: you look well.

Mother: thanks. I just came back from the coffee shop. I had a nice meeting with--

Vivian: no, I mean the right way to say it is 'you look well'

Mother: (*disappointed*) Ohh. Why are you so mean to me (*cries*)

Vivian: oh my God.

Mother: oh your god! Yes, God. Mercy! (*cries*) it won't hurt you to pray every once and a while, you know. It might get you out of this place

Vivian: There is no God, Imma. He died with all my wisdom.

Mother: Oh my God! (*cries*)

Vivian: Imma.

Mother: Why do you talk to me like that?

Vivian: I won't talk. Okay?

Mother: what?

Vivian: (*sings*) you look well! Well! Well! Well, Well! Like a-

Mother: what are you doing?

Vivian: I'm singing!

Mother: Oh my God! (*cries*)

Vivian: don't you like my singing, Imma?

Mother: (*cries*) why can't you be like everybody else?

Vivian: like who? Like you?

Mother: (*cries*) oh my God.

Vivian: stop crying Imma, your blood will get really thin.

Mother: what's wrong with you?

Vivian: I don't know. What's wrong with me, Imma? What's wrong with me? let's ask God. (*looks up*) God? (*louder*) God? God?? Are you there? Look at me. What's wrong with me?? can you tell me? (*pause, to Mother*) nothing. The Son-of-a-bitch doesn't fucking know.

Mother: (*cries*) oh my God! You break my heart when you talk like that! What happened to you?

Vivian: I don't know. What happened to me? let's ask God. (*looks up*) God? (*louder*) God? God??-

Mother: I'm going to call the doctor. You break my heart. (*Mother begins to leave, upset*)

Vivian: (*yells behind her*) great. I haven't seen *his* face in a *long long* time!

(*silence. Alone again, looks up, sings*)

Wash, wash-

Pluck pluck.

how high are the waves? How high

7.

Paul and Vivian are sitting on the bench

Vivian: make me a ship

Paul: what

Vivian: make me a ship. A big ship that sails the sea.

Paul: okay *(gets a piece of paper from his backpack. He folds her a small paper ship.*

Vivian watches curiously as Paul folds the paper. When Paul is done, he hands Vivian the ship)

here. A ship. For you.

Vivian: *(holds the ship carefully)* look! Dooba! A ship! A ship that sails the sea, wandering over the water. Here. I go here. No, here is better. I can go whenever I want!

The sea is big the sea is huge. I'll sail to here, I'll sail to here *(to Paul)* look, look!

Paul: I see. How high are the waves in your sea?

Vivian: ocean! Actually it's an ocean!

Paul: how high are the waves in your ocean, sailor?

Vivian: very high, very high

Paul: be careful then

Vivian: what

Paul: be careful so the sea won't wash you away

Vivian: what

Paul: wash, wash you away from your ship! Hurry up. You don't want to sink!

Vivian: *(upset)* it's an ocean! It's an ocean! *(she throws away the paper ship from her hand)*

I don't want to play this anymore! I don't like your games at all!

(Paul picks up the paper ship from the ground. He unfolds the paper ship)

Paul: it's just a game

Vivian: the waves won't wash me away.

Paul: okay. They won't. Can I make you something else? Maybe a swan?

Vivian: no

Paul: I can make you a little box

Vivian: no

Paul: I can make a house, a little home. I think

Vivian: I'll ask Dooba. *(she does. A moment)* Dooba says a house is fine

Paul: *(makes her a house)* here.

Vivian: it's not going to wash-wash away, right?

Paul: no. No wash-wash. Just fold-fold.

(pause)

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: yes, Vivi.

Vivian: I'm sorry that you don't have an Imma and Abba.

(Paul doesn't respond)

Vivian: if you want, Dooba and I can maybe think to make you a little room in the tower maybe.

Paul: you are a good protector, Vivi.

The loud short buzzing sound is heard

8.

Vivian is lying on the white table. Doctor with No Face examines her.

Doctor with No Face: how are you doing today Miss Vivian?

Vivian: *(sings)* wash wash, pluck pluck

Doctor with No Face: how are you?

Vivian: *(sings)* wash wash pluck pluck

Doctor with No Face: do you hear me?

Vivian: *(looks at him)* I feel like crap

Doctor with No Face: tell me more

Vivian: I feel like crap crap crap crap crap, like shit, like hell, like shit in hell, like hell full of shit, like shit full of hell and shitty shit! Is that enough?

Doctor with No Face: I think I preferred 'crap'

Vivian: all the crap in world- just for you.

Doctor with No Face: you have to talk about your feelings-

Vivian: *(Sings)* I don't talk. I sing

Doctor with No Face: You have to... sing about your feelings. It is a necessary part of your healing-

Vivian: I don't have feelings. I don't feel anything.

Doctor with No Face: I see.

Vivian: do you?

Doctor with No Face: what?

Vivian: nothing.

(pause, Doctor with No Face makes some notes)

Doctor with No Face: so anything else?

Vivian: I have nothing to say

Doctor with No Face: do you want to sing then? All breeds of creativity are encouraged in our institution.

Vivian: I don't want to sing anymore.

Doctor with No Face: do you want to be quiet, it's perfectly fine, you can just be quiet

Vivian: I don't know what I want

Doctor with No Face: okay

Vivian: it's not okay

Doctor with No Face: okay.

(beat)

Vivian: can you help me

Doctor with No Face: I don't know, do you think I can help you

Vivian: I don't want to be here

Doctor with No Face: okay

Vivian: I want to go home

Doctor with No Face: I see.

Vivian: do you?

Doctor with No Face: miss Vivian. I'm afraid you are not ready to go home yet.

Vivian: I don't want to go home anymore.

Doctor with No Face: okay.

Vivian: you promised, you promised I'll go home! Do you hear me? I'm fine! I'm fine!

There's nothing wrong with me! *(screams)* nothing wrong with me! I just- *(Doctor with No Face prepares a needle and injects it into Vivian's arm)*

No. no. look at me, you said I can go home there is nothing wrong with me

Doctor with No Face: here you go.

Vivian: no. No. listen. Look at me, you said I can go home there is nothing wrong with me

Doctor with No Face: You'll feel better now, Miss Vivian. *(He leaves)*

Vivian: you'll feel better now- Miss Vivian- better- where is Imma- I want Imma- can you tuck me in- I'm cold now- Miss Vivian- you'll feel better now- do you love me- you'll feel better now- you'll feel better now- I'll protect you- enemy- I promise- did you hear- that- do you hear me- do you see me- better now-

(gone)

9.

Sounds of heavy breathing.

Vivian sits on the floor, holds a knife.

She takes off her gown.

Slowly and quietly she cuts between her breasts, in a straight vertical line all the way down to her crotch.

A line of dark blood bursts out of her.

She grabs a soup bowl with her other arm and makes sure the blood flows into the bowl and not on the floor.

Everything is done very calmly.

Paul walks onto stage towards Vivian, swallows a few pills from the rifle's magazine.

Vivian gives Paul the soup bowl. He holds it.

Paul: *(to Vivian)* give it to me give it to me where are they were they here? Did you make this for me? What, are you hungry again? Are you and Dooba hungry again? Did you see them? Did you really see them, Vivi? Do you want to go home? Where are the stupid nurses? Do you want me to get you the nurse, Vivi? Did you see them? Get me out of here, I need to get out, they called me again! I have to plan the ambush! We are at war now. See. War. I can't make you soup now. Take it. *(he tries to give her the bowl, she doesn't respond)* Take it. I promise, later. Promise- promise? Cross my heart *(rests one of his hand on his chest)* It's not your fault. It not? No. You can't take the blame. You. Me. There is nothing else to do with an order but to take it. We are running out of time, Vivi! Imma? Where are you? I need my gear. Did you see my gear? I mean my backpack. I have to be there in an hour, you have to be very precise they say, they look up to you they know you're an officer you have responsibility you have this... responsibility ... my gun *(the rifle is with him the whole time)* Where did I put my gun? I had it right here... Out! Out! I have to get out of here- *(swallows a few pills from the magazine)*- Vivi- I'm sorry-

somebody! We are at war. Where are you? Don't you understand that I have a deadline here? My soldiers are waiting for me Imma and Abba are waiting for me I have to save them I promised I promised- my socks- my shoes- my underwear- okay- I have it all. I do. Here, for you, for Dooba, a mint. (*gives her a few of his pills*) Don't tell them, remember. I didn't do anything bad. There is nothing wrong with me, I didn't kill anybody, I didn't kill anybody, I didn't kill anybody, I swear- they said they need me now, they said, I have to go I have to be there I have to be there now-

The loud short buzzing sound is heard

10.

Vivian is on the white table. Maria sits beside her and looks at her, book in her hand

Vivian: HELP! HELP!

Maria: what?

Vivian: Dooba! NO!

Maria: what?

Vivian: hurtttttts! Hurts!

Maria: shut up

Vivian: hurts! Oh my God

Maria: there is nothing, shut up

Vivian: I can't move

Maria: you're tied down

Vivian: I need to get out of here

Maria: yeah and I need to go to Mexico for the weekend. What's your point?

Vivian: no, really. I think I had a bad dream.

Maria: well, thank God you're awake now.

Vivian: thank God

Maria: do you mind, I'm reading

Vivian: you always read.

Maria: yes I do.

Vivian: what do you read?

Maria: go back to sleep

Vivian: you always read

Maria: well, I need to sit here and watch all you nuts

Vivian: but you always read the same book

Maria: shut up

(pause)

Vivian: what time is it?

Maria: it's late

Vivian: I'm cold

Maria: you already have two blankets

Vivian: my feet are cold

Maria: it's the side effect of the drugs. Sleep now. You'll wake the others

Vivian: I can't sleep *(pause)* I saw Dooba. Dooba. She was sitting on the bench alone in our playground. Alone. And she was real and there was blood everywhere... everywhere. Blood. All over the bench. All over the playground. *(A few moments pass. Maria looks at her, for a second. Goes back to reading. Another look, reads some more)*

Maria: I can get you another blanket. *(Closes the book, gets ready to get up and leave)*

Vivian: no, don't go

Maria: what

Vivian: it's okay. I'm not cold anymore. You can stay.

Maria: what?

Vivian: I'm fine. I just don't want to be left alone

(Maria sits down. pause)

Maria: you are really not alone you know. There are more nuts here in this room.

Vivian: many nuts is like being alone.

11.

Paul stands by Vivian's bed. He looks at her, like he wants to ask her a question. Vivian lies in bed

Vivian: I want you.

Paul: okay, Vivi

Vivian: I want you right now

Paul: okay, Vivi

Vivian: Do you hear me?

Paul: okay, Vivi

Vivian: you don't hear me at all do you

Paul: okay, Vivi

Vivian: I want to grab your face with my two hands, like this *(she does)* smell your body, your breath, I want to crush my eyelashes into yours, to take a walk in your eyebrows, hide in your nostrils, swim in your pupils, to nap between your lips, I want to hear you breathe from the inside of your body, and move inside you; with you. I want to lie on your arms, I want to scratch your legs, to stand on your feet, to swallow your big eyes when you look at me like that. I want to fold you like the paper ship you folded for me, and to lock you in my drawer, I want to grab your face with my two hands, like that, and cut you to pieces: a face piece, and an arms piece, legs pieces, feet pieces, eyes piece,

and a hands piece. I'll put your pieces on the shelves in my room, so every time I want you, I have you.

Paul: okay, Vivi

12.

Vivian sits on the white table.

She holds the knife in her hand.

Slowly she tears her hospital gown from the top down with her hands and knife.

Her naked body bursts out: white, round, secretive.

She throws the torn gown at Paul, who stands there.

Paul grabs Vivian's torn gown from the floor, a piece in each hand.

Then he folds the pieces carefully and rests them back on the white table.

He leaves.

13.

Paul and Vivian are sitting on the bench

Paul: here, take my coat

Vivian: I'm not cold

Paul: are you sure?

Vivian: sure.

Paul: and she?

Vivian: what

Paul: Dooba. Is she cold

Vivian: No, she's not cold. Dooba is never cold. She's strong

(she looks at him)

So where is your playground?

Paul: what?

Vivian: where is your playground? Where do you play?

Paul: I play in the army. We play war.

Vivian: really?

Paul: really. And you? Do you play here every day?

Vivian: I play with Dooba. Do you have a doll?

Paul: no.

Vivian: no?

Paul: no.

Vivian: do you have like a boy-doll?

Paul: no.

Vivian: no?

Paul: no.

Vivian: so what do you play with at war?

Paul: well, we play with bullets and guns. And we play Ambush games, it's like playing Hide and Seek. This is how we catch the bad guys and kill them, so I can protect you.

Right?

Vivian: right!

Paul: and now I have you to play with!

Vivian: really?

Paul: really what?

Vivian: you really want to play with me?

Paul: sure! Let's play a game

Vivian: what

Paul: a game

Vivian: ambush game?

Paul: no, not an *ambush* game

Vivian: (*disappointed*) then what game

Paul: ...you tell me what your favorite color is

Vivian: this is boring!

Paul: okay. You tell me what your favorite thing to do is

(*pause. quiet*)

Vivian: I don't know...

Paul: I'll go first. I like to walk along the beach. I like to breathe the clear salty air, sit on the sand and think.

Vivian: what do you think about?

Paul: I think about the war

Vivian: what do you think about the war?

Paul: I think about the ambush games

Vivian: do you like to play ambush games?

Paul: I just think about what I want to do when I'll grow up, about-

Vivian: but you are a soldier!

Paul: right. I'm a soldier. A real one!

Vivian: you are already a grown up

Paul: actually, I'm not going to be a soldier forever, I'll be done with the service in couple of months and then I want to travel the world. (*pause*) I want to go away from here. I want to take a break.

Vivian: break? What break? Like a summer break?

Paul: yes. A summer break. Now, your turn

Vivian: I want to have a summer break too!

Paul: okay.

Vivian: I don't know

Paul: yes you do

Vivian: I like to play with Dooba. And I like to come here, in the afternoons, right after school, with Dooba. I come here and I forget about the bad things. I hide at the top of the tower inside the inner space, so nobody can find me. This is a magical place! Nobody can find me here. Nobody.

Paul: I found you.

Vivian: you're different.

(pause)

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: yes, Vivi.

Vivian: why do you want to go away from here?

Paul: let's just be quiet now, okay?

Vivian: okay.

(pause)

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: yes, Vivi.

Vivian: do you really want to play with me?

Paul: yes.

Vivian: so, Paul?

Paul: what, Vivi?

Vivian: so you should really stay.

Paul: let's just be quiet now, okay?

Vivian: okay.

(pause)

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: Shhhhhh.

Vivian: okay.

(they sit)

14.

Vivian is lying on the white table, Maria sits beside her and looks at her, book in her hand

Maria: oh, good morning. Welcome to hell!

Vivian: who are you, are you Imma?

Maria: *(full laugh)* I'm your sweet angel! I am!

Vivian: there are no angels in hell

Maria: how do you know? Want to play a game?

Vivian: what game??

Maria: let's play *hell!*

Vivian: they drugged me, they drugged me

Maria: you were uneasy

Vivian: uneasy?

Maria: uneasy. "If the patient looks disturbed or uneasy, you have to administer tranquilizers," That's what the manual says!

Vivian: manual?

Maria: the manual. So what is your favorite thing to do?

Vivian: you drugged me! Where am I?

Maria: welcome to hell! You were uneasy! That's what the manual says! I didn't try to kill myself! Welcome to hell! You were uneasy! That's what the manual says! I didn't try to kill myself...

Vivian: I didn't try to kill myself!

Maria: *(full of laughter)* I didn't try to kill myself! I didn't try to kill myself! I didn't try to kill myself!

Vivian: *(together with Maria)* I didn't try to kill myself! I didn't try to kill myself!
(Maria keeps laughing)

The loud short buzzing sound is heard

15.

Paul stands by Vivian's white table.

He swallows pills from the magazine.

He looks at Vivian, like he wants to ask something.

Vivian lies on the bed, covered.

Vivian: leave me alone, Paul

(Paul doesn't move, he looks at Vivian, his body erect)

go away, Paul. I'm tired now.

(Paul doesn't move)

go away! I can't, Paul, I can't.

(Paul doesn't move)

I'm sick.

I can't play now, again. Paul. I can't. Not now. Come back later.

I'm cold. Hug me. That's what you want, right? Right?

(Paul doesn't move)

do you hear me? Do you hear me?

(quietly) blood brothers, remember?

(Paul doesn't move. Vivian grabs his arm)

You go to this war of yours when they call you but you don't come to me.

you don't come to me.

(Paul doesn't move)

16.

Mother sits on the edge of Vivian's bed

Mother: so how are you?

Vivian: the same as the last time you were here

Mother: the doctors say you're doing better.

that's good. You finally got the brains to stop with all of this silly business.

Vivian: how are you? How is Dad?

Mother: *(sigh)* okay. You know. Nothing new. He is the same he will never change.

(pause. cries) he treats me like I was his maid! His washing machine! His punching bag!

His dishwasher! His vacuum-

Vivian: Imma

Mother: you asked.

Vivian: right.

(pause)

Mother: so, for how much longer you are going to throw away your life like that

Vivian: for as long as I feel like

Mother: *(cries)* why do you talk to me like that?

Vivian: Imma, just drop it

Mother: drop who? Drop who? Oh my God! To see you like that in this place? Do you know, when I walked in, there was a man out there with white hair and a brown jacket, he dropped his pants and showed me his ... chukuluku!

Vivian: oh, that is Jacob. Don't worry. He does that all the time.

Mother: I always told you, since you were a little girl that this is all in your head. There is nothing wrong with you. You just need to be like everybody else. Why can't you be like everyone else? Why so special?

Vivian: really? You always told me that? I can't remember you saying that at all

Mother: you can't be here forever!

Vivian: Imma, you look terrible.

Mother: *(cries)* oh, stop it. *(beat)* you look better. Really.

Vivian: I'm really tired now

Mother: okay. *(cries)* I'll go home.

(Vivian turns her back to her and pulls up the covers. Mother looks at her for a few moments, then leaves. After Mother has left Vivian turns back)

The loud short buzzing sound is heard

17.

Bright stage.

Vivian sits on the bench.

Maria and Doctor with No Face approach her

Maria: how are you doing today?

Doctor with No Face: *(writes something down)* yes, how are you doing today Miss Vivian?

(Vivian doesn't respond, looks away)

Maria: getting some light, ha?

Doctor with No Face: *(writes down)* Light. Ha. Miss Vivian

(Vivian doesn't respond)

Doctor with No Face: *(writes down)* the patient does not respond. *(pause, thinks)* that's not bad.

Maria: should we move her to a different ward, Sir?

Doctor with No Face: no, no. No moving. Just asking.

(pause)

Doctor with No Face: didn't we move her last month though?

Maria: no. Sir.

Doctor with No Face: I see.

Maria: yes Sir.

(pause)

Doctor with No Face: we haven't even talked about it?

Maria: no.

Doctor with No Face: no what

Maria: no, sir.

Doctor with No Face: I see. *(to Vivian)* Miss Vivian? Miss Vivian? Do you hear me?

Vivian: wash wash...

Doctor with No Face: good. 'the patient washes'. *(to Maria)* did you wash?

Maria: excuse me, sir?

Doctor with No Face: did you wash your hands at the beginning of your shift? *(beat)*

'always wash your hands or use the alcohol hand gel, on the wall by the entrances to the wards, when you start and finish your shift'. Remember?

Maria: yes, sir.

Vivian: *(sings)* wash wash wash wash ship ship wash wash the ship waves waves salty sea-

(Maria and Doctor with No Face prepare a needle to inject into Vivian's arm)

Doctor with No Face: (*writes down*) oh dear. ‘The patient is uneasy and expresses strong feelings such as frustration and anger. She expresses concern about washing ships. Tranquilizers were administered.’ Good. Time for lunch now. (*to Maria*) don’t forget to wash after Miss Vivian.

(*they leave*)

18.

Paul and Vivian sit together on the bench

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: Yes, Vivi?

Vivian: where are your Imma and Abba?

Paul: they are very far away

Vivian: (*excited*) like on the top of a far away tower?

Paul: yes, something like that

Vivian: in a far away land?

Paul: yes... I think so.

Vivian: wow.

Paul: wow.

(*pause*)

Vivian: so where is this place? Can we go there? Let’s go there.

Paul: no, we can’t.

Vivian: why?

Paul: It’s too far, it takes a long, long time.

Vivian: (*amazed*) really?

Paul: really.

Vivian: wow.

Paul: wow.

Vivian: have you ever been there?

Paul: *(distanced)* where?

Vivian: on this top of the tower in the far away land.

Paul: no...

Vivian: never ever?

Paul: *(looks at her)* you have a lot of questions

Vivian: I do!

Paul: just drop it, please

Vivian: *(confused)* Drop who?

Paul: me! me! Leave me alone. *(gets up. walk away)*

Vivian: *(cries. walks back and climbs the tower)* I was here first! You are the one who came after and sat on my bench! That is my bench! This is my tower, this is my playground! Mine! Mine! Mine! *(pause)* Look. You made Dooba cry now.

(Paul walks back towards the tower)

Paul: I'm sorry, Vivi.

(Vivian doesn't respond)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you feel bad. I really didn't. I'm just tired. You hear me, Vivi, tired of playing war games.

I want to play with you now.

(Vivian doesn't respond)

My Abba and Imma are gone, Vivi. *(beat)* Do you remember the bad guys I told you about? The enemy Vivi?

Vivi. I promise, I'll protect you. I promise. *(beat)* I'm sorry.

(pause)

Dooba, can you ask Vivi if we can sit together again? Please?

Vivian: *(turns her back to Paul. Pause. Asks Dooba)* she says... I mean, I say... okay.
Paul sits down on the bench. Vivian slowly climbs down the tower and sits on the bench.
They don't move

The loud short buzzing sound is heard

19.

Vivian is lying on the white table, Maria looks at her, a book in her hand

Vivian: do you love me?

Maria: what?

Vivian: do you love me?

Maria: that is a funny question, you slept for almost a week-

Vivian: do you love me?

Maria: who are you talking to?

Vivian: do you love me? Tell me tell me can you protect me tell me -

Maria: *(Maria calms her down)* it's okay. There is nobody there it's me. Shhhh. There is nobody here but me.

Vivian: - protect me tell me do you love me protect me tell me protect me -

(Maria prepares the needle)

Maria: shhh, it's okay. Why do you have to make it so difficult.

20.

Paul unloads his magazine and swallows a few pills

Are you ready- Vivi- are you ready- they died- so fast like that- have you ever killed somebody- (*laughs*) I remember - there's blood everywhere- what is it- salty blood- I remember- do you remember- now- yes- nails- bullets- screws- put it all in the heavy belt- close close- closer than a hug- Vivi- on a bench- bad guys Vivi- bad guys- enemy- I'll protect you, Vivi, I'll protect you- don't worry- Imma- where are you- do you love me- questions questions drop it- no- don't drop me- Vivi- BOOM- BOOM- BOOM-

The loud short buzzing sound is heard

21.

Vivian is on the white table, Mother at her side

Mother: you look so much better!

Vivian: you look like shit.

Mother: (*cries*) why do you talk to me like that

Vivian: leave me alone

Mother: why are you so mean to me?

Vivian: you cry all the time

Mother: (*cries*) I cry because you hurt my feelings! You make me sad!

Vivian: your blood is thin. Thin and sweet, because you cry so much! I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you...

The loud short buzzing sound is heard

22.

Bright stage. Vivian is on the white table. Maria approaches her

Maria: how are you doing today, Vivian?

(Vivian doesn't respond, pause)

Vivian: I'll never get out of here, right?

Maria: what do you mean?

Vivian: you know what I mean

Maria: *(sigh)* I don't know.

Vivian: It means no

Maria: *Here you're* protected. Nobody here will tell you that there's something wrong with you. You will never be able to have impossible dreams. Here we protect you. You won't be able to have an unexciting future, or unrealistic feelings. You'll never get disappointed

(pause)

Vivian: i have nobody else to protect me

Maria: You'll be fine, Vivian.

Vivian: I miss him.

Maria: I know. You protect yourself. You'll be fine.

Vivian: really?

Maria: really.

(beat, they look at each other)

Vivian: promise?

Maria: promise. Cross my heart.

(Maria leaves)

The loud short buzzing sound is heard

23.

Paul and Vivian on the bench

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: what

Vivian: do you really know how to sail?

Paul: oh, no!

(pause)

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: what, Vivi

Vivian: can you make Dooba some soup? We're really hungry.

Paul: from a really big bowl?

Vivian: yes.

Paul: like your Imma makes?

Vivian: yes!

Paul: I think I can do that.

Vivian: good. Because Dooba is really hungry now.

Paul: okay.

(pause)

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: what

Vivian: you love Dooba, right?

Paul: oh yes, Dooba is wonderful.

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: what

Vivian: you're going to stay here with me, right?

Paul: what

Vivian: to make soup, and protect us from the washing of the sea and all the other bad things and then we can play games

Paul: yeah. And you'll protect me too, right?

Vivian: yes.

Paul: promise?

Vivian: promise. Promise?

Paul: promise.

Vivian: promise, promise?

Paul: cross my heart *(rests his hand on his chest)*

Vivian: good.

Paul: good.

(pause)

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: what, Vivi

Vivian: so now, we are like blood brothers, we are, right?

Paul: yes. We are. We are Blood Brothers.

Vivian: so we have to swear.

Paul: it can be painful, you know.

Vivian: we are blood brothers now! We have to taste each other's blood

Paul: *(laughs)* okay. *(looks in his pack. Gets out a box-cutter knife)* give me your hand.

(she does)

Paul: are you sure?

Vivian: yes yes!

(He cuts carefully. She watches him cutting)

Paul: you are so brave!

Vivian: now you

(Paul hands Vivian the knife and his hand. Vivian, nervous and excited, cuts. He shows a little pain. Vivian watches him bleed)

wow!

(they taste each others' blood)

Vivian and Paul: blood brothers blood brothers blood brothers

(A moment of real happiness. Then life begins again)

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: what, Vivi

Vivian: do you have other blood brothers or I'm your only one?

Paul: you are my special one.

Vivian: really?

Paul: really.

(pause)

Vivian: but you have more

Paul: what

Vivian: blood brothers

Paul: yes. I do. My war team players are... And all the bullets and guns are...

Vivian: did you taste their blood?

Paul: yes. Many times.

Vivian: did it hurt?

(Paul looks at Vivian. He rests his arm on her shoulder. This is the first time they have any physical connection)

Paul: very much. I'm not brave like you.

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: yes, Vivi.

Vivian: why does your blood taste so salty?

Paul: I heard once that people who don't cry a lot have really salty blood. I guess it's because of the salt in the tears that don't come out, it gets into the blood circulation or something. So it makes the blood really thick and salty. *(beat)* And it makes the heart really strong and heavy.

Vivian: really?

Paul: really.

Vivian: Paul?

Paul: yeah

Vivian: It was real fun protecting you today.

Paul: good. I had fun as well.

Vivian: Paul

Paul: yeah. Vivi.

Vivian: do you love me right it's right you love me right and Dooba too?

Paul: *(takes Dooba from her, and holds the doll in his arms. Then he holds Vivian's cut hand with his cut hand. He looks at Vivian)* yes, Vivi.

(they sit on the bench together)

The loud short buzzing sound is heard

24.

Paul unloads his magazine and swallows a few pills.

25.

Almost no light.

Paul is alone on the bench. Vivian is on the white table.

Paul gets the box-cutter knife from his backpack.

Slowly and calmly he cuts his wrists.

Blood start to pour on Paul's uniform and on the bench in thick lines.

He begins to lose consciousness.

Paul dies on the bench, covered with blood.

Beat. Beat. Beat.

Vivian sees Paul lying dead on the bench. Vivian unstraps herself and gets up from the white table. She walks towards Paul's body.

Vivian: *(to Paul)* you promised promised promised

The loud short buzzing sound is heard

26.

Sounds of heavy breathing.

The rain of pills starts again.

Vivian walks back to the white table, she straps herself down.

Vivian: *(the loud short buzzing sound is heard)* one hundred and thirty volts- *(the loud short buzzing sound is heard)*- one hundred and forty volts- how it feels- what- I here- want- make- home- little paper house- we can help you- okay- okay- okay- go to hell- make me a ship- I don't want to be left alone- you left me- alone- they called you- let's play a game- no- what game- wash wash pluck pluck- you promised- you look small- you

look well- good- well- do you love me- slow down- pay attention- that's all -hell- hell-
but not real- blood brothers- mine- really- wow- how it feels- what- I here- want- make-
home- little paper house- we can help you- okay- okay- okay- go to hell- make me a ship-
I don't want - alone- you left me- alone- they called you- let's play a game- no- what
game- wash wash pluck pluck-

*Paul enters the stage. He gathers up the pills from the stage floor. He organizes the pills
into his rifle's magazine.*

Vivian: *(to Paul)* - pluck- pluck- pluck me- you promised- you promised- you promised-
(he walks towards her) no- go- go- go away- wash wash- pluck pluck- one hundred and
fifty volts- *(the loud short buzzing sound is heard)*
you promised

The loud short buzzing sound is heard.

Then, immediately, blackout.

End of play