

*(the CLOWN is sweeping the Circle of Light on the stage, which is now almost nothing. the GENERAL stands in the middle of the circle, struggling to stay inside of it)*

CLOWN

Ancient history is something that happened a generation ago, or many generations ago, long before Adam--Eve's husband--looked down, freaked out and put a fig leaf over his privates. But for us, faraway history is something that happened a year ago, or last week. Our memory lasts only as long as our last meal, our last fight, or our last fuck.

GENERAL

It's never too late to change.

CLOWN

There are many more pleasant places to live. There are richer places than this one. There are places with prettier views than these views. Surely there are safer places to live as well. But I live here because I was born here, and I am too lazy to change. We live in a loathsome land. Though not the greatest loathsome land in the world.

*(to the GENERAL)*

People would probably be happy to use the adjective: "*the greatest*," It's very important for them to be the most: 'We're *the greatest* in battle, brother! We're the chosen people, because we're *the greatest*! Everything is *the greatest*. So get lost!'

*(beat)*

No. We are not the greatest loathsome land in the world. We are just a loathsome land that lives life in a loathsome manner.

*(Scene)*

*GENERAL*

(Steps out of the Circle, the CLOWN freezes)

One cup of coffee. Two tablespoons of sugar. The Sports section. Watering the plants. Walking the dog. A Macy's shopping bag in hand. Pulling the trigger slowly. Walking the dog watering the plants one cup of coffee two tablespoons of sugar.

(CLOWN steps into the Circle of Light, GENERAL freezes)

It will come, this day when Military and Militarism will get the place they deserve, at the bottom of human existence, far below, away from the shysters and middlemen, and the horrors of this war and will be incomprehensible to the human mind. War - it will be said - is the unstoppable result of wickedness and stupidity. Children will get confused when an image is presented to them: Who is it? Is it Trump? No, No. Bush? No. Stalin. No, Churchill. No. Hitler! And their parents will be delighted: Hah! Such smart kids! They are so right!

*(Scene)*

*(Near future)*

CLOWN

I was organizing your old album and a photo of your father wearing his military uniform suddenly fell out. You could see it right away. The uniform is from the Occupation. I'm sorry. I should have thrown that photo away. You said your father was dismissed from the service due to some disability. But he was a soldier in the Occupation Army! He was a Soldier in your Military! How will I ever be able to look at him in the eyes again? How will I be able to stand with him at the same circle? And there is guilt. And responsibility. The thought of being with him makes me sick.

(Scene)

GENERAL

(unseen)

Shalom, crazy people! How are you today, crazy people? Did you take your medication I prescribed for you? Did you watch The Walking Dead? Did you watch the game on Saturday? Did you meditate? Did you masturbate? Have you played Powerball today? Very good, very good, crazy people. Due to your special condition, we recommend continuing this treatment until after Election Day. Then we'll see. It's extremely important that you stay away from the media. Only sports, entertainment and restaurants. And there are great-looking commercials on HBO. It's worth watching. You know we have your best interests at heart, right? Yes! Of course you do! Very good! We don't want you to mess yourself up with the political stuff. Why should you? You've seen where this will get you. Do you really want to be frustrated and angry just because of a few high-minded, starry-eyed, do-gooding may God-damn-them-all to Hell and all of their babbling about "peace?" It's not good for you, this "peace." You've seen it yourself. The minute you begin talking about peace, suddenly severed, blown-off arms and legs are flying all over

*(gestures towards the main street outside the theater)*

Can you imagine? And whose box will you check on Election Day? That's right! Because I promise you exactly what you want: vanity of vanities, all is vanity, and what happened will happen again, the only language we understand is force. And we are strong, you see, and *we are right*, you see! Oh, we are so *right*! We are *the rightest*! We are the chosen people, right? Right! Thinking about "peace" weakens you, right? Right! It makes you dizzy, right? Right! We'll show them who's right and we'll beat them down and we'll smash them and destroy them and wipe them from the face of the earth, do you remember what Bin Laden did to you? No? You *don't* remember? Never mind. And we'll fuck their daughters and we'll castrate their men and we'll aim bullets at their kids' eyes and we'll pour their brains out, and we'll take what we deserve, the Bible said so, the Bill of Rights says so, the Code of Military Justice said so, *we'll never have "peace" here*,

right? Say it again: *we'll never have "peace" here*, of course that's right, say it again, *we'll never have "peace" here*. Because it's good to die for your country! It's good to die in battle! Like real men! Not whining crybabies like some peaceniks! What peaceniks? Piece-of-shit! Then we'll all die here with honor, and those who won't die will be spread out in exile and we'll all be victims of the glorious history and eternity of this country, with something to wish for! We'll have more! Next year in heaven!

(beat)

So kindly check the right box and you'll get your bonus! On sale! Disability pensions for life! Not for your leg. Not for your arm. For your heart. So good night forever you crazy people, order a pizza and a dream.

*(The GENERAL disappears. The CLOWN is in the dark)*

CLOWN

Today we celebrate seven thousand three hundred and eighty four days of war. What does the peacemaker who makes peace in His heights have to do to with us? Leave Him to make peace in His heights. And we, we will make war in ours.

*(The General is seen again, on the dark stage. A gunshot is heard)*

*Black out*

***End of play***