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SF PERUSALS

Song of Extinction

by EM Lewis

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH
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SONG OF EXTINCTION has been the recipient of the following awards and honors:

2009 Harold and Mimi Steinberg/ATCA New Play Award —
American Theater Critics Association
2008 Ted Schmitt Award for the world premiere of an Outstanding New Play –
Los Angeles Drama Critics Circle
2008 Production of the Year — The LA Weekly Awards – Los Angeles, CA
2009 University of Oregon EcoDrama Festival Winner
2008 Ashland New Plays Festival Winner

The world premiere of ***SONG OF EXTINCTION*** was produced by Moving Arts Theater Company at [Inside] the Ford in Los Angeles, California, from November 7 to December 14, 2008, with help from a Los Angeles County Arts Commission Winter Partnership Grant. The play was directed Heidi Helen Davis, produced by Kimberly Glann, (the co-producers were Steve Lozier and Cece Tio), with scenic design by Stephanie Kerley Schwartz, lighting design by Ian P Garrett, sound design by Jason Duplissea, oringal musical by Geoffrey Pope, and costume design by Laura Buckles. The stage manager was Jacqueline Moses The cast and production team were as follows:

KHIM PHAN . . . . . Darrell Kunitomi
MAX FORRESTAL . . . . . Will Faught
ELLERY FORRESTAL . . . . . Michael Shutt
LILY FORRESTAL . . . . . Lori Yeghiayan
DR. JOSHUA DORSEY . . . . . Tristan Wright
GILL MORRIS . . . . . Trey Nichols

(Note: With the playwright's permission, actors were cast to portray **KHIM PHAN'S** family in this production.)

Khim Phan's family:
SISTER . . . . . Aileen Cho
MOTHER . . . . . Sophea Pel
FATHER . . . . . Vance Lanoy
UNDERSTUDY . . . . . Brian Newkirk

Technical Director – Jim Bray
Master Electrician – Shannon Simonds
Publicity – Lucy Pollak
Graphic Design – Josh Worth
Still Photographer – Jay Lawton, JayPG Photography
Projection Design – Jessica Smith and Ian P Garrett
Sculpture – Kim Lyons
Solo Viola – Renata van der Vyver
Recording Sound Engineer – Barry Werger, Ullanta MusicWorks
Green Consultant – Jessica Aldridge

CHARACTERS

KHIM PHAN (55) – Max's biology teacher. Cambodian. He's been in the US since 1979.

MAX FORRESTAL (15) – Son of Ellery and Lily. Sophomore in high school. Plays the viola and piano, and has some talent as a composer. Wears glasses and appears uncomfortable in his clothes.

ELLERY FORRESTAL (47) – A biologist. Wears glasses and appears uncomfortable in his clothes.

LILY FORRESTAL (45) – Ellery's wife. Writes high school science textbooks. Has stomach cancer.

DR. JOSHUA DORSEY (28) – A doctor, just out of residency.

GILL MORRIS – CEO of a large corporation which owns (and plans to deforest) an area of the Bolivian jungle where Ellery Forrestal has worked for the last twelve years.

TIME

Present day

SETTING

Portland, Oregon
Multiple locations: office, hospital room, classroom, kitchen.
Golf course, bus stop, noodle shop, Bolivia

NOTES

The stage should be very empty and open, free of clutter. Spare, so each scene can slide straight into the next without pause.

Composer Geoffrey Pope has written a piece of music called "Disembarking" for the viola, to be used during the play. For permission and sheet music, Mr. Pope can be reached at www.geoffreypopemusic.com.

Page 85 of this acting edition contains alternate lines if a 'school-appropriate' version of the script is desired. Please note that these are the only places in the script that alterations of the text are permitted to occur. The remainder of the script must be performed as it has been written.

Scene One

(Darkness.)

(Then the slow, relentless rising sound of a metronome.)

(As the light rises, we see **KHIM PHAN***, a high school biology teacher, standing in an empty corner of the stage. With us, he is watching...)*

*(***MAX FORRESTAL***, a high school student, sits in the kitchen of the Forrestal house, holding his viola.)*

(Max's father, **ELLERY***, sits at the kitchen table amidst a raft of paper. He is unshaven and looks as if he's been up all night.)*

*(***MAX** *lifts his viola to his shoulder, and begins to play scales. For several measures, he stays with the beat of the metronome – but then begins to play faster. After a moment, he breaks off.)*

(Sets his bow hand on his knee. Looks over at **ELLERY***, but* **ELLERY** *doesn't look up.)*

*(***MAX** *begins again.)*

(He plays scales to the beat of the metronome for several measures, then begins to outpace it again. He stops. Takes a breath.)

*(***MAX** *begins again. Tries to play with the beat of the metronome, but can't. He plays faster and faster, cutting the bow violently against the strings. When he stops at last, he is breathing hard and his eyes are wild. He looks at* **ELLERY***, then turns away. Puts his hand to his head.)*

(The sound of the metronome continues.)

Scene Two

(continuous)

*(***KHIM PHAN** *turns away from* **MAX**, *and looks out at the audience.)*

KHIM. There are things I know about extinction I don't know how to tell to my students. Maybe I'm afraid to tell. Hmph. Most chapters are easy for me to teach. DNA – easy. Cell structure – easy. This – I think too much. I tell myself, in my head, "It is not about you, dummy."

(beat)

Extinction is a very messy business. In books, it looks clean. First there is this animal. Then this animal goes away. But I remember extinction and it was not clean.

(beat)

It is not about you, dummy.

(beat)

You think science will be a safe place from memory.

(beat)

I am becoming an old man now. In teacher's lounge, the P.E. teacher, Mr. Henderson, gives me his chair if I come in and all the chairs are taken. I hate that.

(beat)

I have no children. No wife. No family. Maybe I don't want any. I just have these…These. These. I stand up in front of them in this classroom every day, seven thirty in the morning to three o'clock. Mostly biology comes out of my mouth. But sometimes I open my mouth and tell them…other things. How I stood, once, in a field beneath the Elephant Mountains, wide green field that smelled like grass under a wide blue sky and butterflies with yellow wings, glimmer glimmer in the sunlight came down and lit on me like I was a tree, like I was a butterfly tree, their soft feet settling on my skin like whispers.

(lights)

*(***KHIM** *exits.)*

Scene Three

(continuous)

(In the kitchen of the Forrestal home, **ELLERY** *raises the remote control for his slide projector and pushes a button on it.)*

(A slide of a nondescript endangered Bolivian insect is suddenly projected, very large, on the kitchen wall behind **MAX**. *He looks up at the insect.)*

MAX. You need a better picture.

ELLERY. That's what it looks like.

MAX. Then you need a better insect.

*(***ELLERY** *rubs his hands over his face.)*

*(***MAX** *carefully places his viola into its case.)*

MAX. What time are you supposed to be there?

ELLERY. Ten.

(looks, suddenly, for his watch, and the wall clock)

What time is it?

MAX. Nine fifteen.

ELLERY. Why didn't you say something? I can't be late for this.

*(***ELLERY** *leaps to his feet and begins stuffing the papers on the table into a leather knapsack.)*

MAX. You should shave.

*(***ELLERY** *touches his hand to his chin, then disappears into the bathroom.)*

(Sound of an electric shaver come intermittently from offstage.)

*(***MAX** *exits the other direction, into the kitchen.)*

ELLERY. *(offstage)* What time does your bus come?

MAX. *(offstage)* Seven thirty.

*(***MAX** *comes back out with a large, dusty can of sauerkraut and a can opener.)*

(He sets the can of food on the kitchen table, sits down, and stares at it.)

MAX. *(loudly)* This is the last actual food in this house.

(pause; to himself)

Tomorrow it will be ketchup.

*(***ELLERY** *comes out, pulling on a fresh, but rumpled, white shirt. He buzzes his face some more with the razor.)*

ELLERY. Are you skipping school?

MAX. What do you care?

(beat)

I'm going to go see Mom.

*(***ELLERY** *pauses for a moment, standing behind* **MAX** *and looking at him.)*

MAX. I'm going to go see Mom.

ELLERY. Get in the car. I'll drop you off at school on my way in.

*(***ELLERY** *sets his razor on the kitchen table, and disappears into the bedroom, buttoning his shirt.)*

*(***MAX** *opens the can of sauerkraut with the can opener, then takes some out with his fingers. After a moment, he puts it in his mouth.)*

*(***ELLERY** *comes back in, wearing a suit jacket and holding a tie. He picks up his knapsack, and begins packing up the slide projector, then sees* **MAX***.)*

ELLERY. What are you doing?

MAX. Eating breakfast.

ELLERY. Put that down! I have to go. I don't have time for this, Max!

MAX. Yeah.

ELLERY. Get in the car.

*(***MAX** *stares at the table for a moment, then stands up. He grabs his backpack and his viola.)*

*(***ELLERY** *takes money out of his wallet. He holds it out to* **MAX***, then, when* **MAX** *doesn't take it, he sets it on the kitchen table.)*

ELLERY. That's for lunch. You can buy yourself lunch.

MAX. I hate everything about you.

*(***ELLERY** *closes his eyes for a moment, then exits toward the car.)*

(After a moment, **MAX** *takes the money and follows* **ELLERY** *out the door.)*

(lights)

Scene Four

*(***LILY FORRESTAL** *sits in her hospital bed, gazing out. Her hands are folded in her lap. She looks pale and fragile. Her head is wrapped in a scarf.)*

*(***DR. JOSHUA DORSEY** *stands across the room from her, looking at her. He is wearing a white lab coat, and a stethoscope around his neck.)*

LILY. Stop looking at me.

JOSHUA. I'm sorry.

LILY. "Sorry."

JOSHUA. Do you…Would you like me to call someone?

(beat)

I could call someone for you.

LILY. Who would you call?

JOSHUA. Someone…

(beat)

You're married…

LILY. You are so dreadful at this that I'm beginning to think you've never done it before.

*(***JOSHUA** *looks down at his feet.)*

LILY. *(laughs a little)* You've never done this before.

JOSHUA. No.

(beat)

We have a chaplain.

LILY. Shut up.

*(***LILY** *looks away, looks at her hands, then looks across at* **JOSHUA**.*)*

JOSHUA. I'm fucking this up.

LILY. Yes, you are.

JOSHUA. I'm sorry.

LILY. You already said that.

JOSHUA. I had it written down, what to say, I talked with Dr. Keenan about it, but then I just…

(long beat)

Would you like me to send in the Chaplain for –

LILY. No.

JOSHUA. *(beat)* If you need anything, have them call. You can call. You can call any time.

*(***LILY** *doesn't answer. She turns away.)*

*(***JOSHUA** *pulls out his wallet and takes out a business card. He goes to the bed and carefully sets it on the blanket, then steps away from the bed.)*

JOSHUA. My cell phone number is on there. That's the one with my cell on it.

*(***LILY** *nods.)*

(After a moment, **LILY** *feels along the blanket until she finds the card, and crumples it in her hand. She wipes her eyes with her wrists, but keeps her chin raised.)*

LILY. How long?

JOSHUA. It's hard to say, exactly…

LILY. Don't be a coward. How long?

JOSHUA. *(beat)* A week. Maybe less.

LILY. *(beat)* Ohhh.

(They are quiet for a moment.)

LILY. Go away now, will you?

*(***JOSHUA** *nods, then turns and exits.)*

*(***LILY** *wraps her hands around her middle and leans forward.)*

(lights)

Scene Five

(The slide of **ELLERY***'s insect appears on the wall again.* **ELLERY** *steps into its light.)*

*(***GILL MORRIS** *sits at his desk nearby, tipped back in his chair.)*

ELLERY. I don't know how to explain this so you…

(beat)

Endemism is…Endemism is when a species doesn't exist anywhere else. When it exists only in one place in the entire world. Twelve years ago, I found a unique subspecies of Dynastidae Strategus in the Bañados del Izozog region of Bolivia. Discovered, not found. Discovered. I was doing research there, trying to find evidence of –

GILL. You have two more minutes, Mr. Forrestal.

ELLERY. I can't –

(beat; shoves his hand through his hair)

You can't cut it down.

GILL. Why not?

ELLERY. Look! Look.

*(***ELLERY** *pushes a button, and another slide appears –* **ELLERY***, grinning, standing by a battered tent in the Bolivian wetlands, holding one of his insects in his hand.)*

GILL. Is that a slide projector?

ELLERY. This is twelve years ago. I've been monitoring the species closely since then, I go back every year. For three months every year, when they're hatching out of their –

GILL. My grandparents had one.

ELLERY. What?

GILL. A slide projector. With one of those little fold-up screens. They used to pull it out at family get-togethers and make us watch slides from their cruises through the Panama Canal.

ELLERY. They will die if you deforest the wetlands, Mr. Morris. They will all die. The entire species.

*(***GILL** *shakes his head.)*

ELLERY. Wilson – from Harvard, E.O. Wilson – predicted that half of all species will be extinct in 50 years if current land use patterns continue.

GILL. It's a bug, Mr. Forrestal.

ELLERY. It's genocide.

GILL. You are being absurd!

ELLERY. You are killing an entire species.

GILL. The word "genocide" refers to people.

ELLERY. This is important!

GILL. It's a bug! It is a bug. If it was walking across my desk right now, I'd squish it with my *New York Times*. I don't care! You want to put two hundred and fifty Bolivian workers out of a job and let them starve to death because of a bug?

ELLERY. It's not about them.

GILL. No, it appears to be about you. The bugs…don't actually care.

ELLERY. The potential implications of the extinction of a species are –

GILL. *(overlapping)* You people piss me off.

ELLERY. *(overlapping)* – devastating. You can't know –

GILL. I can't know what?

ELLERY. You can't know what we might be losing if we were to lose an entire species. The cure for…The cure for cancer might be –

GILL. How many people live in Bolivia?

ELLERY. That has nothing to do with –

GILL. Nine million. Percentage of population living below the poverty line?

ELLERY. You're trying to –

GILL. Sixty-four percent. Percentage of arable land? Do you know what arable means?

*(***ELLERY** *turns off the slide machine and begins to pack up his things.)*

GILL. Land fit to be cultivated; capable of producing crops. The percentage of land in Bolivia that is arable is 2.78%.

ELLERY. I don't know why you scheduled an appointment with me if you weren't going to –

GILL. Because I'm tired of you. *(waves arms)* The larger you. You people who have decided that because I am a responsible human being who owns his own business and makes a good living at it that I'm evil.

ELLERY. You are.

GILL. You're the one who wants to deprive two hundred and fifty Bolivian men from having a decent paying job, so they can support their families; the infusion of 7.9 million dollars into the Bolivian economy, not to mention what it will do for ours. Lumber. Houses. Cleared land that they can actually use to grow soybeans on, and rice, and corn. To eat.

(presses button on phone)

Gail? Mr. Forrestal is ready to go. Can you show him out for me? He's wasting my time.

*(***ELLERY** *looks at* **GILL** *for a moment, then picks up his projector and knapsack and exits.)*

(lights)

Scene Six

*(**LILY** is crossing her hospital room very slowly, leaning on a walker for support.)*

*(**MAX** enters. He stands at the door, watching* **LILY**.*)*

*(**LILY** turns her head a little, but* **MAX** *is just out of her range of vision. She talks over her shoulder.)*

LILY. Max?

MAX. *(beat)* Yeah.

LILY. *(beat)* Don't watch me, or I'll get nervous and trip and fall on my ass. You don't want to see that, do you?

MAX. *(beat)* No.

(After a beat, **MAX** *turns so his back is to* **LILY**. **LILY** *continues to move toward her bed.)*

MAX. Dad is an asshole.

LILY. Max!

MAX. He's an asshole, and I hate him.

LILY. Take that back.

MAX. No. I'm not going to. And I'm not going home.

*(**LILY** makes it to her bed and sits on the edge, breathing hard.)*

MAX. He wouldn't let me see you.

*(**LILY** stares at* **MAX** *for a long moment.* **MAX** *turns around and looks at her.)*

MAX. I said, he wouldn't let me see you.

LILY. I heard you.

MAX. He had some meeting, and that was more important to him, and I told him that he's a jerk, and nothing he does means anything, and he dumped me off four blocks away from school, on Warrington and I had to walk, because he was late.

*(**LILY** continues to look at* **MAX**.*)*

*(**MAX** shifts, then sets down his viola and backpack.)*

MAX. Why are you looking at me like that?

LILY. What time is it?

MAX. Two thirty.

LILY. Are you cutting Biology?

MAX. It was…cancelled today.

LILY. *(harshly)* Don't you ever lie to me, Max.

MAX. *(beat)* Yeah.

LILY. Yes.

MAX. Yes. I'm cutting Biology. I know everything in that class already. I already know it.

LILY. Beside the point.

MAX. I wanted to see you.

LILY. Cutting classes is unforgiveable.

(beat)

Come here.

*(***MAX** *goes to* **LILY***'s bed. He stands there, looking at her.)*

LILY. Do I get a hug?

MAX. I…don't want to hurt you.

LILY. You won't hurt me.

(**MAX** *doesn't hug her.)*

MAX. You look…

(silence)

*(***LILY** *looks down at her hands, then up at* **MAX** *again.)*

LILY. Mrs. Steinberg expects you at three fifteen.

*(***MAX** *nods.)*

LILY. I hope you've been practicing this week.

(beat)

Are you still working on the Chopin?

*(***MAX** *shakes his head.)*

LILY. Sit down and talk to me.

*(***LILY** *pats the bed beside her.)*

(After a moment, **MAX** *sits down in the chair by* **LILY***'s bed.)*

LILY. Tell me what you're working on.

MAX. Dvořák. String Quartet #4 in E-minor.

LILY. What's he like? Dvořák. All the composers are men. Have you noticed that? I can name more women scientists then I can composers.

MAX. He…played the viola.

LILY. Like you.

MAX. Yeah. Yes.

LILY. What else?

MAX. *(pause)* He fell in love with one of his students. Then she got married to somebody else, so he married her sister.

LILY. Really?

MAX. You always like the parts that are like a soap opera.

LILY. Yes, I do. And I have no intention of apologizing for that.

*(***MAX** *reaches out, suddenly, and takes* **LILY***'s hand, without looking at her.)*

(a moment)

MAX. Your hands are cold.

*(***LILY** *nods.)*

MAX. When are you coming home?

*(***LILY** *looks at* **MAX***, then away.)*

LILY. I…don't know.

MAX. I want you to come home. Or I'm going to – I'm going to run away.

LILY. No, you're not.

MAX. I hate him. I hate him. He doesn't care about –

LILY. Stop it!

MAX. – you. Or me, or anything, except his stupid bugs!

*(***LILY** *presses her hand against* **MAX***'s mouth, but he pulls her hand away.)*

MAX. I could take care of you.

LILY. No.

MAX. I could stay home and take care of you.

LILY. Max –

MAX. I can't stand it with him!

LILY. You have to go to school.

MAX. I don't have to.

LILY. Yes, you do! You are…

(beat)

You have to! You have to! You have to…

*(***LILY** *starts to gasp, short of breath.)*

*(***MAX** *pulls away from her, eyes wide.)*

MAX. I'm sorry!

*(***LILY** *puts a hand up, but then uses it to pull her legs up onto the bed. She lies there for a moment, face turned toward the mattress. Breathing hard.)*

*(***MAX** *looks at the door of the hospital room, then at* **LILY**.*)*

MAX. Mom?

LILY. Practice.

(beat)

You have…practice.

MAX. Yeah. Yes.

LILY. *(beat)* Come back tomorrow, Max. All right?

MAX. Dad won't drive me. I asked him today, and he wouldn't.

LILY. Because you had…school.

MAX. *(beat)* Yes.

LILY. Come after school.

MAX. Okay.

LILY. Okay.

*(***MAX** *grabs his stuff, and goes.)*

*(***LILY** *doesn't move.)*

(lights)

Scene Seven

(Sound of a metronome, unrelenting.)

*(***MAX** *is practicing Dvořák with Mrs. Steinberg, but only he is visible, perched on a stool, viola tucked beneath his chin.)*

(Her voice is heard occasionally, but it is impossible to make out what she's saying. She's very far away from **MAX***'s thoughts.)*

(After a moment, **MAX** *puts his viola down on the floor. The music continues, along with Mrs. Steinberg's distant and occasional voice.)*

(The lesson has not stopped, but now **MAX** *pulls paper and pen out of his back pocket. He spreads the paper across the floor, and draws five lines across the first piece – a quick musical staff. He writes notes onto it, the music coming as fast as he can scribble. Composing.)*

(lights)

Scene Eight

(The sound of the metronome morphs into the sound of a heart monitor; softer, and less dependable.)

(It is night at the hospital. The lights are low.)

*(***LILY** *is asleep in her hospital bed.* **ELLERY** *watches her from the hallway, through the window of her room.)*

*(***JOSHUA** *walks past* **ELLERY***, head down, scribbling notes on a chart. Then he pauses, turns, and looks at* **ELLERY***.)*

JOSHUA. Mister…Forrestal?

*(***ELLERY** *glances at* **JOSHUA***, then back at his wife.)*

ELLERY. Yes.

JOSHUA. *(beat)* You can go in.

*(***ELLERY** *shakes his head.)*

(They stand there together for a moment. Watching **LILY** *sleep.)*

ELLERY. I can see through her skin.

JOSHUA. That's because she's dying.

*(***ELLERY** *looks at* **JOSHUA***.)*

JOSHUA. You can go in. You should go in.

*(***ELLERY** *shakes his head.)*

ELLERY. I had a meeting today. It didn't…

(beat)

She understands what I'm trying to do.

JOSHUA. Mr. Forrestal, your wife has cancer.

ELLERY. I know she has cancer. That's why she's here.

JOSHUA. We've done all we can.

ELLERY. *(beat)* No.

JOSHUA. I'm sorry.

*(***ELLERY** *turns to go.)*

JOSHUA. Mr. Forrestal! Do you understand what I'm saying to you?

*(***ELLERY** *glances back at* **JOSHUA** *for a moment, then exits.)*

*(***JOSHUA** *watches him go.)*

(lights)

Scene Nine

(The next day. Biology class.)

*(***KHIM** *stands at the front of the classroom, gesturing with a yard stick at a slide that shows a pictorial time line of species' evolution and extinction.)*

*(***KHIM** *is speaking – lecturing – but we can hear only Bach's Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins and Orchestra – loud, powerful, overwhelming.)*

*(***MAX** *sits at his desk. His viola is in its case beside him, along with his backpack, and he has the hood of his sweatshirt pulled up over his head.)*

(The bell rings – just audible over the music.)

*(***MAX** *gets up, picks up his backpack and viola, and begins to exit.)*

*(***KHIM** *takes two quick steps toward* **MAX**, *and extends his yard stick out in front of* **MAX** *to stop him.)*

*(***MAX** *pauses.)*

*(***KHIM** *pulls* **MAX***'s hood down, then yanks the iPod earphones out of* **MAX***'s ears. The music cuts out abruptly.)*

MAX. Ow!

KHIM. I gave a very nice lecture today, Mr. Forrestal.

MAX. I have to go.

KHIM. All about evolution of species.

(beat)

Chapter four in your book. Do you have your book with you today?

MAX. I forgot it at home.

KHIM. Forgot it at home today.

MAX. Yes! Mr. Phan, I have to go.

KHIM. I have to talk to you for a few minutes.

MAX. Maybe tomorrow we could –

KHIM. Sit!

*(***MAX** *sits down at his desk, and looks at his hands.)*

*(***KHIM** *leans against the wall, gazing down at* **MAX**.*)*

KHIM. Special projects in Biology are due next week.

*(***MAX** *doesn't answer.)*

KHIM. I think maybe I should talk to you about this, because yesterday I don't see you. You go to English class, you go to Geometry, but Mrs. Brown didn't see you and I didn't see you. And today, maybe you were listening to something that was not biology on your headphones.

*(***MAX** *looks at his hands, for a while, but then looks up at* **KHIM**, *who is gazing at him steadily.)*

MAX. What?

KHIM. What do you mean, what?

MAX. What are you doing?

KHIM. Trying to see inside your head.

(pause)

You are not doing well in this class, Mr. Forrestal.

MAX. I'm not stupid.

KHIM. I know. If you were this bad last year, you would be in Mrs. Rosenbaum's biology class for retards.

(They are silent for a moment.)

KHIM. What is that?

*(***MAX** *looks up at* **KHIM**, *who gestures at his viola case.)*

KHIM. All the time, you carry that around.

MAX. It's a viola.

(beat)

It doesn't fit in my locker.

(beat)

I'll do the project.

KHIM. Twenty pages.

MAX. Twenty pages.

KHIM. I am here all the time if you need some assistance.

MAX. I don't.

KHIM. Twenty pages on the subject of extinction by 2pm next Tuesday, typed.

MAX. Yes! I have to go!

*(***KHIM** *looks at* **MAX** *for a long moment, then gestures at him.)*

*(***MAX** *grabs his stuff and goes.)*

*(***KHIM** *watches him go, then taps his yard stick on the floor three times.)*

(lights)

Scene Ten

(Sunny, afternoon light.)

*(***GILL** *is practicing his back swing on the golf course.)*

*(***ELLERY** *appears, winded, and with his shirt torn.)*

*(***GILL** *pulls back mid-swing.)*

ELLERY. Hi.

GILL. What in the world…?

ELLERY. Mr. Morris.

GILL. Mister…uh…Forrestal.

ELLERY. I needed to see you.

GILL. This is a private club.

ELLERY. I know.

GILL. This is completely inappropriate.

ELLERY. I know.

GILL. How did you know I would be here?

ELLERY. I misrepresented myself to your secretary on the telephone.

GILL. How did you get in?

ELLERY. I climbed over the fence.

GILL. You…

(beat)

What do you want?

ELLERY. You can't cut down my jungle.

GILL. It is not your jungle.

ELLERY. Yeah.

(beat)

Yes, it is.

GILL. It belongs to me. There could be some argument as to whether it belongs to the Bolivians. But the one person who has no claim whatsoever is you.

ELLERY. It's beautiful there.

(pause)

I forgot to tell you that. In my presentation. When we were talking before. Then your secretary said you couldn't meet with me again until February. Have you been there?

GILL. I –

ELLERY. It's beautiful there. The jungle is so thick you can't see ten feet in front of you, and the flowers are as big as your head.

(pause)

We took Max when he was seven years old, and again when he was eleven. I…Lily and I. We spent the whole summer in a tent that was pitched on top of a wooden frame so animals wouldn't wander in. Wild boars are bad on tents. They're a rooting animal.

GILL. Mr. Forrestal.

ELLERY. She would sit on the edge of the platform with her legs dangling over the side and write. She writes science text books. That's how we met. She was the only science major who was a girl. Max got brown as an almond. He wrote music in his head and hummed it to us at night while we listened to the dark.

GILL. It's already done.

ELLERY. What?

GILL. They did it today. The first swathe. They'll clear the rest of it by the end of the week.

*(***ELLERY** *puts his hand to his gut, like he's been punched.)*

*(***GILL** *slides his golf club into his bag, then exits.)*

(lights)

Scene Eleven

*(**LILY** is lying back in the bed, awake, but gazing vaguely out. She is now hooked up to an IV stand via a shunt in her hand and a heart monitor that beeps quietly.)*

*(**JOSHUA** sits in the chair beside her. He hands her some brochures.)*

JOSHUA. These are a few of the places in this area.

*(**LILY** looks at the brochures without opening them.)*

LILY. When?

JOSHUA. When will we transfer you?

LILY. Yes.

JOSHUA. We can do it any time.

(beat)

Soon. Tomorrow, or the next day at the latest.

(beat)

They're good places. They…know how to do this.

*(**LILY** gives **JOSHUA** a look.)*

JOSHUA. They can help.

LILY. What a terrible thing to be an expert in.

JOSHUA. *(beat)* Did you need someone to make the calls for you?

LILY. *(beat)* I won't see you again.

JOSHUA. They have their own doctor. We'll transfer all your records over.

LILY. I can't stay here?

JOSHUA. I thought you didn't like my bedside manner.

(beat)

The insurance company requires us to…

(beat)

I've delayed as long as I could.

*(**LILY** takes a deep breath.)*

JOSHUA. *(cont.)* There's home care…

LILY. No.

JOSHUA. You'd be able to stay in your own room. Your own place.

LILY. Until…

JOSHUA. Until.

LILY. No. They couldn't…

(beat)

They're still going to have to live there. It wouldn't work.

(beat; then hands him one of the brochures)

This one.

JOSHUA. This one?

LILY. Does it matter?

*(***MAX** *appears in the doorway, unseen by* **LILY** *and* **JOSHUA**.*)*

*(***JOSHUA** *puts the brochure into his pocket.)*

JOSHUA. *(pause)* You're my first one.

LILY. Your first what?

JOSHUA. My first patient. My first cancer patient. My first…

(beat)

I wanted to save you.

LILY. Romantic notion for an oncologist.

*(***JOSHUA** *looks at his feet.)*

JOSHUA. I thought it would bode well. You know?

LILY. Maybe you should switch to accounting.

*(***JOSHUA** *smiles a little.)*

JOSHUA. Late now.

LILY. Maybe you have to be a tilter at windmills to be in this profession.

JOSHUA. Maybe.

LILY. It's a rigged game, you know.

JOSHUA. Sometimes we force the windmills into submission.

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