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Elephant's Graveyard

by George Brant

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



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**Originally produced by Trustus Theatre, Columbia, South Carolina.
Jim Thigpen, Artistic Director.**

ELEPHANT'S GRAVEYARD was first produced by the University of Texas at Austin in the Oscar Brockett Theatre in Austin, Texas on November 16, 2007. The performance was directed by Laura Kepley, with sets by Szu-Feng Chen, costumes by Jan McCauley, lighting by Jennifer Madison, dramaturgy by Erica Nagel. The production stage manager was Lori Grubbs. The cast was as follows:

PREACHER Neil Ames
GUITARIST James Betz
MUDDY TOWNSPERSON Lizzi Biggers
HUNGRY TOWNSPERSON Matrex Kilgore
STEAM SHOVEL OPERATOR Daniel Salmones
YOUNG TOWNSPERSON Shannon Schaefer
MARSHAL Tom Truss
RINGMASTER George Brant
BALLET GIRL Anna Fugate
TRAINER Tim Longo
CLOWN Ben Schave
STRONGMAN Hunter Smith
DRUMMER Mark Smoot
TOUR MANAGER Shaun Tubbs
ENGINEER Keenan Zarling

ELEPHANT'S GRAVEYARD had its non-equity premiere at the Trustus Theatre in Columbia, South Carolina on May 1, 2009. The performance was directed by Robert Richmond, sound by Baxter Engle, with sets by Samantha Hayford, costumes by Valerie Pruett, lighting by Joe Laney. The production stage manager was Taylor Harrison. The cast was as follows:

RINGMASTER Michael Downey
TRAINER Steven Kopp
BALLET GIRL Vicky Saye Henderson
TOUR MANAGER Gary Pozsik
STRONGMAN Will Moreau
CLOWN Alec Grooms
HUNGRY TOWNSPERSON Jabar K. Hankins
MARSHAL Scott Stepp
MUDDY TOWNSPERSON Robin Gottlieb
PREACHER Alex Smith
STEAM SHOVEL OPERATOR Bobby Bloom
YOUNG TOWNSPERSON Mary Tilden
GUITARIST Leisl Downey
ENGINEER Jonathan Jackson

ELEPHANT'S GRAVEYARD was the winner of the 2008 Keene Prize for Literature and 2008 David Mark Cohen National Playwriting Award

CHARACTERS

The Circus

RINGMASTER – obsessed with the bottom line

TRAINER – loves his work

BALLET GIRL – a showgirl in control

TOUR MANAGER – bit of a bully

STRONGMAN – a proud muscleman from Europe's far-off shores

CLOWN – a comedian with an inferiority complex

DRUMMER – keeps the beat

The Town

HUNGRY TOWNSPERSON – African-American, a steel-trap memory

MARSHAL – keeps the peace

MUDDY TOWNSPERSON – a haunted widow

PREACHER – doggedly hopeful

STEAM SHOVEL OPERATOR – looking for escape

YOUNG TOWNSPERSON – excitable dreamer

GUITARIST/HARMONICA PLAYER – sets the rhythm

The Railroad

ENGINEER – confident Time is on his side

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Sound

All music and sound effects should be provided live by the Drummer and Guitarist (drum rolls, gunshots, train whistles, etc.). The Drummer is primarily an instrument of the circus; the Guitarist is primarily an instrument of the town.

Set

The set may be an empty stage or an abstract collision of the worlds of the circus, town and railroad. This collision need not be pretty.

Performance

The telling of this story must be active, a sort of present past, allowing for a full range of emotion; the end must not be played at the beginning.

Staging

If an action is described by the storytellers, it should not be shown. The staging of the play should complement the dialogue, not make it redundant.

Casting

Roles may be played by any race or gender except when specified.

Music

Companies are invited to create a melody for "*You Got to Lift It*" that suits their production. "*Standing on the Promises*" is a hymn in the Public Domain.

Special Thanks

Marla Akin, ATHE, Balagan Theatre, Chris Benson, Stephen Berenson, the Brants, Mark Charney, Sheila Daniels, Ron Daniels, Steven Dietz, Michael Evenden, Jake Groshong, Jason Harber, Gregg Henry, Daniel Alexander Jones, E.L. Keene, the Kennedy Center, Caitlin McLeod, James Magnuson, Denise Martel, Emily Morse, Erica Nagel, Charles Otte, Daniel Patterson, Charles Edwin Price, Robert Richmond, Judith Royer, Kate Snodgrass, Jim and Kay Thigpen, Adrienne Thompson, Trinity Repertory Company, Trustus Theatre, Jon Tuttle, Naomi Wallace, Craig Watson, David White, Dawn Youngs, Suzan Zeder, all the casts, crews, and designers who have worked on the play and my first and best reader, Laura Kepley.

Development

Elephant's Graveyard was developed with the generous assistance of the James A. Michener Center for Writers, The University of Texas at Austin, and WordBRIDGE Playwright's Lab.

“Friday I tasted life. It was a vast morsel. A Circus passed the house – still
I feel the red in my mind though the drums are out.”

– *Emily Dickinson*

For Mary

*(The **DRUMMER** and **GUITARIST** enter, taking their places. The **GUITARIST** sings a song in the Piedmont blues style, **You Got To Lift It**.)*

GUITARIST.

*You got trouble on your mind
You gotta lift it
'Fore it drives you blind
You gotta lift it
'Fore it leaks into your brain
Fixin' to drive you insane
Got to lift it
Lift it
Lift it off your mind
Got a monkey on your back
You gotta lift it
I'm'a tellin' you now, Jack
You gotta lift it
Lift it off or before it's through
Only monkey's gonna be you
Got to lift it
Lift it
Lift it off your back
Higher
You got to lift it
Higher
You got to lift it
Higher
You got to lift it
Lift it
Lift it off your mind*

*(The instant the **GUITARIST** finishes [or a moment before] the **DRUMMER** takes over, his drum roll summoning the characters from the darkness. The **DRUMS** crescendo and end with a flourish. Silence.)*

HUNGRY TOWNSPERSON. It was September and there was a Town

ALL TOWNSPEOPLE. Erwin, Tennessee

BALLET GIRL. There was a Circus

RINGMASTER. Sparks World Famous Shows Proudly Presents –

STEAM SHOVEL OPERATOR. There was a Railroad

ENGINEER. The Clinchfield and Ohio

YOUNG TOWNSPERSON. There was an Elephant

ALL CIRCUS. Mary

ALL TOWNSPEOPLE. Mary

ALL. Mary

TOUR MANAGER. And there was a Man with Red Hair.

(A train whistle.)

ENGINEER. It was September and there was a Town and a Circus.

RINGMASTER. Charlie Sparks. Owner, operator. Sparks World Famous Shows.

You want to run a circus? Always keep it about the money. That's what Daddy taught me when I sat up till midnight counting pennies with him in the ticket car. Back when Sparks was his. Always keep it about the money.

Oh, you might have a dream – a dream of making a crowd leap to its feet, clamor with one voice, “Sparks, Sparks, Sparks!” – a dream of joining the pantheon: Ringling...Barnum...Bailey...Sparks.

But be careful. You're the Ringmaster. Dreams aren't for you. Dreams are for rubbernecks. Dreams are for suckers.

(The HUNGRY TOWNSPERSON eats from a bag of peanuts, as he does throughout the play.)

HUNGRY TOWNSPERSON. Erwin. The town that couldn't remember its own name. True story. S'posed to be named Er-*vin* after some rich fella. Postmaster messed up, spelled it E-r-w-i-n instead. Nobody remembered to fix it.

Yep.

That's Erwin for you.

STRONGMAN. I lift things.

Heavy things.

Anything.

This gets me on boat.

This gets me to America.

This gets me to circus.

STEAM SHOVEL OPERATOR. Never been nowhere.

Work a steam shovel down at Erwin railyard. Dig holes all day.

One...hole...after...another.

Papers say we might go to war with the Kaiser? I'll be the first to sign up.

"Oo-ee, what a patriotic young man."

Hell.

Ain't patriotic. Just bored.

(A drum roll building to cymbal crash as lights up on...)

BALLET GIRL. Ballet Girl.

(She strikes a fetching pose to a tinkling of cymbal.)

Ballet Girl.

(Another pose and cymbal.)

Ballet Girl.

(Another, to a cymbal crash, then rude drum thump.)

BALLET GIRL. (*cont.*) Can't dance. Practically old enough to have a girl of my own. But Ballet Girl it is.

Not a show girl, a Ballet Girl. Substitute "ballet" for "show" and I'm not a scandal; I'm an artist. I'm not a temptress in tights; I'm a dancer. We walk the wire, we Ballet Girls – between decency and lewdness. I need to find my balance.

The name is a start. And then...the smile.

(She smiles, a dazzling smile, the smile of a summer we thought we had forgotten. A shimmer of sound.)

Of an innocent flower.

(Shimmer.)

Spotless, pristine, blameless.

(Shimmer.)

Mm-hm. That's me. From head to toe.

MUDDY TOWNSPERSON. Mud.

Yella mud.

Everywhere.

Boardwalks help some. Not enough.

Always scrapin' it off yer shoes.

Enough to drive a person crazy, all that scrapin'.

Buried two kids in the mud...husband. Mud tryin' to swallow me up, swallow this whole town up. God's punishin' us for somethin'. Take another flood to wash Erwin clean.

PREACHER. I finished puttin' up the Erwin Evergreen Free Will Church in July. Turns out I mighta been a bit optimistic about how many rows of pews I needed. Little quiet on Sundays.

Love...forgiveness...joy.

I'll keep on testifyin', but...there's nothin' more lonely than a New Testament preacher in an Old Testament town.

TRAINER. It's love.

Feed her, wash her, sleep with her. Hell, end of the day, I even have a drink with her. Pour some whiskey in her bucket, mix it with some water – she loves it. Sticks her trunk in, it's gone in a second.

I'm lucky. They live a long time. You play your cards right, you got a friend for life.

YOUNG TOWNSPERSON. Could use more friends, I guess.

Play with my brother Eli.

Skip stones at trains.

Read Tarzan books! He's somethin'. Read 'em right before bed. Gives me the best dreams.

(The CLOWN enters, performs his routine to drum accompaniment. At its conclusion, he waits for applause, laughter. Nothing. He dismisses the audience.)

CLOWN. Too old, the lot of ya. *(the Young Townsperson)* Kids laugh. Easy peasie.

And we joeys give kids more than laughs. Give 'em perspective, a lesson to carry forever, biggie: that there's always someone worse off than you.

(A "ba-doom-ching" from the DRUMS.)

Except for us. Nothin' below a clown. They all pull rank, even the ballet girls. We're the last ones to get the make-up mirror – even though we use the most make-up.

(“Ba-doom-ching.”)

Let me put it this way: How many Ringmasters does it take to change a lightbulb? None. They tell the clowns to do it.

(“Ba-doom-ching.”)

MARSHAL. Erwin. Risin' taller every year. Best this country has to offer.

Peaceful. Keep it that way.

MARSHAL. (*cont.*) Folks 'round here honest, law abidin'.

Ain't the folks 'round here I worry 'bout. It's the strangers. It's that damn train station.

TOUR MANAGER. All the travelin' from town to town – all the firin', hirin': me.

Firin' happens all the time. Fella's lucky: he gets fired in one of the towns during a stop. Unlucky: he gets red-lighted: tossed off our train while it's movin'. Sucker don't see nothin' but the red lights of the caboose as it fades away.

And hirin'. Yeah. Do a lot o' that, too. Circus needs plenty of muscle – and not just in the ring. Townies get out of line now and then – want to prove they're tougher than the Strongman, get fresh with a ballet girl. Sparks sees any funny business, he calls out the “Hey Rube.” I gotta teach every new hire: they hear that “Hey Rube,” they drop whatever they're doin' and defend their own.

And that's just the tip – I gotta keep track of everything: people, animals, lumber.

Hell, we're like a little town of our own – carryin' all our buildings on our back.

(A train whistle sounds.)

MUDDY TOWNSPERSON. It was September and there was a Town and a Circus and a Railroad.

(The ENGINEER listens to the whistle, examines his pocket watch, smiles in satisfaction, and puts the watch away.)

ENGINEER. The Railroad invented Time in this country. Before us, there was chaos. Every clock for itself. People set clocks to the sun like cavemen, every town in America declaring its own Noon. We came along and told this country: no. We have a schedule to keep. Time is not relative; Time is precise. Time is not grey; it is black and white.

ENGINEER. (*cont.*) The Circus favored our proclamation. Before we came along, Circus traveled by wagon. Limped into town at any hour of the day, covered in mud and hog scat. The Railroad changed all that. They could depend on us. We're the metronome. We're the click-clack click-clack click-clack that lulls them off to sleep at night – men, horses, elephants – they all sleep with us in their ears. Click-clack click-clack click-clack. Like a second hand. On time. Always on time.

And Erwin? Without us, Time will pass them by. They need us just as much as the Circus. Not every town gets a train station. With a station, Erwin might become special, stand out, have a ribbon 'round its neck. Industry, progress – we can bring it all to their doorstep. Without us, Erwin'll be just another tiny town in Tennessee, a town nobody's heard of.

The Circus, Erwin, they have our guarantee:

You can depend on the Railroad.

(The train whistle sounds. The ENGINEER checks his watch, smiles again.)

HUNGRY TOWNSPERSON. It was September and there was a Town

RINGMASTER. There was a Circus

ENGINEER. There was a Railroad

TRAINER. And there was an Elephant.

(The GUITAR plays a simple nostalgic tune, underscoring the Townspeople's description of the Sparks poster:)

HUNGRY TOWNSPERSON. Mary

YOUNG TOWNSPERSON. We dreamed her before we saw her

MUDDY TOWNSPERSON. She was plastered on every telephone pole

STEAM SHOVEL OPERATOR. Every fence post

MARSHAL. Every barn door

PREACHER. September

YOUNG TOWNSPERSON. The Circus was coming

HUNGRY TOWNSPERSON. She was coming

MUDDY TOWNSPERSON. To our muddy town

MARSHAL. It was all there in black and white

STEAM SHOVEL OPERATOR. And color

PREACHER. It said:

(Drum roll takes over as the GUITAR cuts out.)

RINGMASTER. Ladies and Gentlemen, Children of All Ages,
Sparks World Famous Shows

The Show that Never Broke a Promise

BALLET GIRL. Moral, entertaining, instructive

TOUR MANAGER. Twenty-five years of honest dealing with
the public

STRONGMAN. Proudly presents a tremendous exhibition of
wealth and splendor

CLOWN. All new for 1916

TRAINER. Starring Mary: the largest living land animal on
Earth

STRONGMAN. Death defying feats of skill and daring

BALLET GIRL. Mary: over five tons

TOUR MANAGER. Two packs of man-killing lions

STRONGMAN. Mary: three inches taller than Jumbo

TOUR MANAGER. Five thousand seats

RINGMASTER. Mary: guaranteed at every performance

TRAINER. A free street parade each day at noon

CLOWN. Mary

TOUR MANAGER. Mary

STRONGMAN. Mary

BALLET GIRL. Mary

TRAINER. Mary

ALL. Mary

Mary

Mary

Mary

Mary

Mary

RINGMASTER. An elephant is an investment.

You open up your pocketbook, you throw down the eight grand, don't think about it again. Simple.

You've got the trained seals, the trapeze, the Strongman. Fine, but they aren't the bread and butter. No rubberneck comes to a circus doesn't have an elephant. Strike that. No rubberneck comes to a circus doesn't have a *big* elephant. Ever since Barnum and that damn Jumbo...

Jumbo was big, yes. He was big, the biggest. Not as big as the freight train that hit him, but big.

Now, Barnum understood investments. Sued the train company for insurance. Pocketed that, turned around and paraded the stuffed corpse across the country, charged money for *that*...until it started to fall apart, 'till he couldn't rightly call what he had left an elephant, 'till he was paradin' around a ten-ton ghost.

TRAINER. They love a parade. All elephants do in the wild anyway, walk around. Wild elephant herd follows the leader and the leader is the biggest female. I got no reason to mess with that here.

So, they all march behind Mary. Shadrack, Penny, Sue, little Mabel, one behind the other, trunk wrapped around the tail in front of her. All females. Easier. Males go into heat, go nuts. Not worth the trouble.

Easier to stick with the women, take a stroll with my gals. Let me tell ya, only thing better than watchin' an elephant parade is bein' in the elephant parade. Only thing better than bein' in the elephant parade is leadin' it. A dream. Sittin' on top of the world – little Shorty – on top of my own personal mountain, on top of Mary, legs wrapped around her back, head in the clouds.

*(Drum roll. The **STRONGMAN**'s entire body trembles as he holds a heavily weighted barbell over his head. Cymbal crash.)*

STRONGMAN. Impressive, no? No?

So tell me.

I do not cost as much.

I am not as temperamental.

I do not shit all over the stage.

So tell me – please – have the courtesy to inform me:

Why is that elephant the star of the show?

*(Drum roll, cymbal crash. The **BALLET GIRL** strikes a pose as if she's in Mary's trunk.)*

BALLET GIRL. My name, my smile – they buy me some wiggle room. Wiggle room I need. Because once I'm decreed safe, nothing more than a wholesome Ballet Girl, then...I add the elephant.

Five tons of grey flesh bearing me half-naked into the ring, wrapped up tightly in its trunk.

That's right.

The innocent object of desire wrapped in a ding-a-ling ten feet long. And the best part? That trunk is always up. Bad luck to let a trunk droop in the circus, first thing an elephant learns.

Oh, I'm never more powerful, sensual, dangerous, than when I'm with Mary. Keep your spangles, your makeup, your headdress. Diamonds? Diamonds are nothing. An elephant is a girl's best friend.

TOUR MANAGER. They're not just for show. Hardest workers I got. Shorty acts like that's not parta their job description, but – once that train stops in a town – they're mine. Get 'em to load and unload the boxcars, push up the tent poles...those sons of bitches can do anything.

CLOWN. *(juggling)* Nobody looks down on the elephants. Right? They don't have to put on make-up or play the dope to get applause. They're too mighty to ever be made humble, too strong to ever be broken, too big to ever be laid low.

CLOWN. (*cont.*) And Mary's the biggest we joeys've ever seen. So we love her the most.

RINGMASTER. So when an opportunity comes along, you learn to not ask too many questions. Ringling tells you they got a tusker for eight thousand, you don't probe. Don't wonder why she's suddenly not worth so much. Could be anything. Maybe panicked one night, maybe ran outta the ring, maybe hurt somebody. Maybe, maybe, maybe.

Here's the thing.

Doesn't matter.

She's big enough, it doesn't matter what she did. You change her name – to say, Mary – and guess what? You got yourself a brand-new star.

Listen.

An elephant is not its actions. An elephant isn't cute, isn't a friend, isn't a symbol for something else. An elephant is an elephant.

And an elephant is an investment.

(*Train whistle.*)

CLOWN. (*counting on fingers*) It was September and there was a Town and there was a Circus and there was a Railroad and there was an Elephant and...ah! Last but not least...there was a Man with Red Hair.

BALLET GIRL. Kingsport. The menfolk loved us in Kingsport. I mean loooooooved us. Joeys had to mop up all the drool afterwards. Mary and I triumphantly exited the tent after our act, to a chorus of catcalls.

TOUR MANAGER. Tennessee started off with a bang: we killed 'em in Kingsport. Circus can tell how it goes over by how many locals want to run away with it afterwards. Fifteen? That was a record.

Ten of 'em were six or seven years old, went back to mommy, but five were all right. Big, tough. Could be help with the next Hey Rube.

BALLET GIRL. I was giving Mary a celebratory smooch when this tall guy came out of the shadows and started walking towards me, mouth open, like he was hypnotized. Had these intense blue eyes and bright red hair.

I put on my innocent smile while I looked around for muscle in case the guy was trouble.

Nobody else in sight.

I kept smiling, ready to run.

And then I saw it.

He wasn't looking at me – he was looking at Mary.

(laughing) I let out my breath. He was 'bout 25 or so, but he looked like a kid while he stared at her. That glow – reminded me of when I started out.

I asked what I could do for him. He pointed at Mary. Said, “hey. I wanna join up. How do I join up?”

TOUR MANAGER. A ballet girl brought over this guy – hilarious. Shocka red hair, like a clown, one foot in the circus already.

Tell him I got lots of newbies to choose from here, lots of First of Mays. Why pick him? Tells me he's good with animals. I says, “okay, good with animals, good. How are you at shovelin' up their shit?”

Flinches, then he says, fine.

Steer him over to the horses. He says, no, I want to work with the elephants, I have to work with the elephants. I tell him, your funeral, Red. Elephant shit's the heaviest shit there is.

STRONGMAN. Lou walks by with this red-haired man.

Another First of May.

Another beanpole.

Why bother hiring these weaklings?

CLOWN. First of May walks by with Lou. Red hair, 'bout twenty-five, six.

Uh-oh. Trouble. Twenty-five? I tell him to stick out his tongue and say, “ah.”

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