Ike Riche Players
Goose High School, Goose Bay
present

"Say, Haven't I Seen You Somewhere Before?"

Cast

Gus ..... Ronnie Braye
Coward 1 ..... Andrew Abbass
Coward 2 ..... David Cameron
Drill Sargent ..... Wade Woodward
Soldier 1 ..... Eddie Saunders
Soldier 2 ..... Melissa Metcalfe
Andrew Sisters ..... Rachael Borlase
Kate Strachan
Allison Patey
Catherine Marshall
Male ..... Andy Brown
Female ..... Kristy Wiseman
Bingo Lady 1 ..... Allison Patey
Bingo Lady 2 ..... Melissa Ducharme
Football Buddy 1 ..... Kurtis Baldwin
Football Buddy 2 ..... Elizabeth Saunders
Heavenly Body 1 ..... Jolie Hedderson
Heavenly Body 2 ..... Kate Suppa
St. Peter ..... John Langevin

Teacher Advisor ..... Madelyn Kelly

Teacher Director ..... Dorrie Brown

Stage Manager ..... Jennie Murray

Lights and Sound ..... Marc Bosse

"Say Haven't I Seen You Somewhere Before"

In 1921, Luigi Pirandello wrote a play called "Six Characters in Search of an Author". In it, the six characters are presented as real people conducting themselves in a realistic manner who enter a theatre and interrupt a play rehearsal. In 1996, the Ike Riche Players collaborated to write about Gus, a stagehand, who, in a similar way, is in search of a 'part". Gus knows that he " could-a been a conten-dah!" He has so much to offer, but is never really allowed in. He plays in and out of several scenes, but is always, in the end, the stagehand. In the long run, one has to wonder if becoming one of "them" is really worth the price of his sweet character.

Beat I

(Open: black stage. Music: waltz. Actors come out, masked, one pair at a time, joining in and dancing a waltz, until the stage is filled. Gus comes out in a cap, and wanders amongst the dancers, miming, questioning, bewildered, looking into the faces as they whirl past, working his way up to imitating their movements. He may wear suspenders! Eventually, he bolsters himself, hikes up his pants (what happens to his suspenders??) And begins also to waltz (with his suspenders!) He then, gaining confidence, approaches one couple at a time, and attempts to ask:

Gus: Haven't I ..... Haven't I seen .....?

(Each couple, in turn, spins off the stage, away from him, as he speaks to them. His voice trails off after the last couple, for whom he has managed to say:

Gus: Haven't I .....seen....you....somewhere..be...f-o-r-e-??? (*Gus is left standing SC, looking lost and bewildered, alone. Lights dim, Gus sluffs off the stage, SL)*

Beat II
War Scene

(After the last couple has waltzed off, Gus is left bewildered and lonely onstage. He shrugs, accepts his fate, and goes about his duties as stagehand; he pulls out his kerchief from his back pocket and dusts off the barrel: then sweeps his way offstage left, as lights dim to black. Sound of gunfire and shells screaming through the air. In the dark, Coward 1 takes his place behind the barrel, entering from SR. As the lights come slowly up, Coward 2 inches his way backward from SL to SC, jumping and startling as the shells zoom overhead. He backs into Coward 1, who is hiding behind a barrel. They both yell (continuously), jumping away from the barrel. Sound of a shell overhead startles them to jump together behind the barrel once more.)

C1:` What're yo doin'? This is my little haven — a shelter in a time of storm, if you will! Get outta here! Get out! Shoo! (*He shoves C2 out from behind the barrel)*

C2: (*timidly, moving toward SL)* **OK...***(C1 scrambling after him; he grabs him, throwing him down in front of the barrel, and proceeds to choke him. Between gasps:)* **Wait ! Wait...a...minute!...Haven't .... I .... seen...you Somewhere before?**

C1: *(Releases grip slowly)* **Oh yeah? Where?**

C2: (*Leaning up on one elbow)* **Just back there — behind that rock there!**

C1: *(Roars and throttles him again)* **Why, you.....!**

C2: (*again between gasps)* **No .. really .... you ...you ... I'm sure I know you from somewhere ...**

C1: *(looking closely — very closely at his face, but not yet releasing grip)* **yeah - ?**

C2: **You really have an unforgettable nose. I know if I'd seen that nose before, I'd never forget it now.**

C1: **You just said you have seen it before?**

C2: **So I did — not exactly this close, mind you, but it does look familiar! An astonishing prosbiscus! Very like the one on my drill sergeant in boot camp. Say! You wouldn't happen to be him, would you? Really, no nonsense from that guy, I'm telling you.....**

(Enter Drill Sargent and Two Soldiers from SL and take place at SLC in spot. Drill Sargent is pacing in front of the other two, holding inspection)

DS: **So — you men think you're pretty hot?**

Ss: (*timidly)* **Yes, sir.**

DS: **I asked if you think you're pretty hot!**

Ss: *(loud)* **YESSIR!**

DS: **Do you think you're good shots?**

S1: **That rhymes!**

DS: **What rhymes?**

S1: **Pretty hot : good shot .....** (*getting a rhythm; he is joined by S2)* **Pretty hot ; good shot...**

DS: *(impatient and sarcastic)* **I hope I'm not disturbing you, soldiers.**

Ss: **Oh, no not at all, Sargent. You want to try it? Pretty hot : good shot....**

DS: **ATTENTION! I asked you if you think you're good shots.**

S2: **Well, I wouldn't say, really, all of the time — I think all of the time would hardly be humble, now would it — certainly not accurate. It would probably be misleading, even. No, no, I wouldn't say that! Sometimes I'm a good shot — I think that would be fair ..**

S1: **Nor me. Not a really good shot --**

DS: **SHADDUP!** ***(Through teeth clenched to keep control, moving face-to-face with S)*** **And get that gum out of your mouth!**

S1: ***(Blows bubble in DS's face)*** **You mean, this gum, sir!**

DS: **Yes soldier. That gum!** ***(S1 places it behind his ear , steps on shoe of S2)*** **What ? Soldier? You call that a shine?**

S2: **Well, no sir, I call that a shoe. Shoe — shine. A person could get them mixed up, sir — I could see how you might do that. They do start with a similar sound — "sh" to be exact : Shoe. Shine. Shoeshine. Shoeshine.** ***(He takes a handkerchief from his pocket and begins to shine the spot, in rhythm, as he sings)*** **"Shoeshine.....don't bother me...."**

DS: **Drop and give me 20, soldier...**

S2: **Sir ---?**

DS: **Twenty pushups soldier!**

S2: **Yessir!** ***(He takes off his jacket and moves out in front of line; takes position for pushups, and holding the position, asks)*** **Would "Kneesies" do sir?**

DS: **Kneesies???**

S2: **Kneesies, sir. You know....***(He gets up, goes to pick up jacket, returns, placing jacket on floor, and placing bent knees on it, as he proceeds to do modified pushup.)*

DS: ***(Throws up arms and exits)*** **I can't take it....I can't take it....**

(Spot off SLC)

C1: **I look like that kind of drill sargent to you?**

C2: **Well, you do seem to get upset easily over small things. Maybe it was only the nose.**

C1: **Small things?!? This was my rock that I was hiding behind — only room for one, mind — and I was planning to survive this stinking war right here before you came blundering through!!**

C2: **No...no, perhaps you're right. A drill sargent wouldn't hide out for an entire war behind a rock. Now that you mention it, you look much more like a coward! (*Leaning towards C1's ear, confidently, lowering his voice)* What were you really doing behind that rock?**

C1: **(*indignant; protesting too much)* I'M NO COWARD!**

C2: **NOEL Coward!!! (*shakes hand excitedly)* Noel Coward! The famous playwright? I knew I'd seen you somewhere before! And I loved _____. What a play, what a play! That is one tight script. Clever? Clever isn't the word for it! And _____ and _____ oh, they're all so good. (*Grabs arm suddenly)* Good grief! What are you doing out here in the middle of this war? Hiding behind this rock?**

C1: **Well, I was avoiding you - quite successfully — until you showed up! And I'm not Noel Coward — I said I'm no coward. And I could ask you the same question: what are you doing sneaking away to this rock?**

C2: **Oh, I am — a coward, I mean. Decidedly. Admittedly. Coward with a capital C. And I was sneaking away to get away from these nasty shells and things that keep zipping over my head. I don't like them very much — well, not at all really.**

C1: **(*Fishes a snack pak of Philadelphia cream cheese and crackers out of his rations: offers some to C2)* Philadelphia! (*Continues eating distractedly)* A little slice of heaven....(*another shell screams overhead. ; C2 covers head and cowers)***

C2: **(*Sarcastically)* That's thinking positive! Don't even talk about it! Heaven means you have to die first! (*Straightening; soberly)* Have you seen what they do in those trenches? They have guns! With real bullets! Someone could get killed.....ME!**

(Spot up on SRC; enter T1 and T2, who run down the left aisle and dive over a barricade amidst great explosion which is played out for some time. Smoke Machine.)

T1: **(*Coughing and splutting, but deadpan)* Oh, damn! Broke my nail! (*Spot off SRC. Lights up on SC. During all the explosion, C2 has virtually climbed into lap of C1. When the lights return to them, C2 has his hands wrapped right around C1's face, and C1 is peeling***

him off.)

C1: **Get ahold of yourself, man! This is a war, here.**

C2: ***(shivering with fear)*** **Oh, there's a comfort! You really are a Job's comforter, aren't you?**

C1: **You have to get your mind on other things... things that kind of — take you away from all this — a home-cooked meal; a Christmas tree; your mom's chocolate chip cookies; (*he drifts off, dreamily.... then sings:)* "raindrops on roses, and soft woolen mittens.... brown paper packages tied up with strings....."**

C2: **Probably a bomb!**

C1: **(*ignoring him, and continuing, expansively)* "...these are a few of my favourite t-h-i-n-g-s----!"**

C2: ***(abruptly)*** **The Andrews sisters!**

C1: **(*modestly)* Well, I wouldn't say I'm quite that good!**

C2: **Not you, you fool! The Andrews Sisters could take my mind off anything --- well, just about anything...(*they get dreamy, mumbling about the blond, the brunette, the redhead...)***

(Spot on SRC; enter Andrews Sisters who sing "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy", moving across stage to spot on SLC and finishing off, siren-fashion, in the laps of C1 and C2. They exit SR and C1 and C2 continue to look after them, dreamily....

C1: **Ahhh...*(his head turns dreamily towards C2)***

C2: **Ahhh.... *(Head turns dreamily towards C1. Gus drifts onstage. He tries to enter the scene by alternating between the two C1 and C2 roles as they exchange increasing recognition; he acts as a kind of "referee" adding a point for first one and then the other. C1 and C2 come slowly out of their reverie; startle, facing each other; then turn back to re-examine faces.)***

C1: **Yoy --!**

C2: **You are --!**

C1: **Say, you ---!**

C2: **You're the guy --!**

C1: **Now I know --! (*They are almost talking simultaneously now)***

C2: **You're the other guy --! (*Throughout the sequence, they progressively kneel up on first one knee, and then the other, making their points by hitting one another good-naturedly on the shoulder etc. This readies them for the culminating standing position...)***

C1: **Not the sargent ---**

C2: **You're the other one who couldn't shoot --!**

C1: **The one who wasn't exactly accurate!**

C2: **Or humble!**

C1: **Not a really good shot, if you know what I mean.**

C2: **Which is why (*they are both laughing by now)***

C1: ***We're both hiding behind this flipping ROCK! (They stand up, boisterously laughing, throw their arms around each other and yell. Gus mimes the words "Don't do it!" indicating that they shouldn't stand up like they are setting to do... He ducks down and covers his head.)***

C1/C2: **BUDDY!!! (*noise of shell; red light; and blackout. They die. Gus stands up slowly, brushing away the debris. Moves over to the bodies.)***

Gus: **Not a bad scene ...say --- haven't I --- seen youse ---! Maybe not. (*Shaking head)* Let's go fellas — probably somebody else waiting just out there, just a-dying to make a scene. (*Chuckles, when he gets his own joke)* Ha. Dying to make a scene! Good one, Gus, you ol' fool. (*As he drags them away, a quarter falls from a pocket. Gus stops long enough to pick it up, and pocket it himself. Then he continues to remove the bodies and returns to set the next scene.)***

<u>Beat 3</u> <u>The Bar</u>

(Gus returns, broom in hand. Lays the broom down, to pull two beer mugs from the barrel, replaces the lid, sets mugs on top. Picks up broom once more, and walks away, SL, sweeping. Male enters from SR, goes to bar and looks around, to order up. Seeing no one, he looks around, spies Gus who hasn't quite made it offstage and calls him back.)

Male: Hey, bar-keep!

Gus: **(*continues to sweep, until he realizes that the man must mean him. He mimes: "Me?"***

And looks around, in case he's been mistaken.)

Male: **You. Yes, you. Bar-keep, I'll have a beer.**

Gus: **Me. You mean me? Um, I'm no barkeeper. I'm just a stagehand.**

Male: **Well, this scene is going to need a bar-keeper, so you'll have to do. Come on now.**

Gus: ***(shuffles into position behind bar, takes large kerchief from back pocket and "polishes" the "bar", lifting one glass at a time; getting into role)*** **Now. Would that be Black Horse? Heineken? Corona? We have this great imported Scots ale — it may be a little dark for your taste --**

Male: **(*cutting him off)* Don't get fancy with me. You don't have to take over — just play the bar-keep OK?**

Gus: **You wanted a bar-keep? You got a bar-keep! I was interpreting — you know, sub-text and all that stuff. (*Leaning in, lowering voice inclusively)* I know about Stanislavsky!**

Male: ***(backing away)*** **I'm sure you do. How about a simple ol' Molsens?**

Gus: **Oh, yes sir. (*He mimes pouring beer into mug and shoves it towards Male)***

(Female enters. She's a babe — or fancies herself to be. She slithers over to the other side of the bar, opposite Male. He is obviously interested, and drops any interaction with Gus noticeably. Female makes a great show of herself, pretending not to be interested in Male. She wipes her hand around Gus' face, which unnerves him. He, equally loses interest in serving Male. Male and Female play cat-and-mouse for some time, from opposite "ends" of the "bar". Finally Male motions to Gus to get her a beer too. Gus does.)

Female: **(*looking disdainfully at the beer)* I don't drink beer!**

Male: **(*flustered)* Good! (*And swipes it back. He bolts the two beer immediately and then, emblodened, prepares for his big come-on. He winds up, and, intending to impress her by cartwheeling across in front of bar to her side, he misses; angling behind the barrel, catching Gus at the knees and levelling him. Gus throws up his arms and disappears behind the barrel, landing loudly on top of Male . Male, after extricating himself, places one hand deliberately at a time on top of bar, hauls himself up, and leans over, trying very hard to appear as if he had planned it that way all along: "Mr. Suave"! Leaning over into Female's face)* Haven't I seen you somewhere before?**

Female: ***(in siren voice)*** **Yeah.....**

Male: ***(Encouraged)*** **Yeah?**

Female: *(Still in siren voice)* **yeah, seconds ago, at the other end of this very bar, before that death-defying but exquisitely stupid leap!**

Male: *(Embarrassed, but still suave)* **Oh that. It was nothing!**

Female: **Oh, yes it was. It was ..... stupid.**

Male: **Let's not talk about me - let's talk about you. What's your name?**

Female: *(Her tone changes)* **I .... uh ... (*she fights tears)***

Male: **What? What is it? Is it something I've said?**

Female: **I don't think so. Do you already know my name?**

Male: **No, no. That's an expression. I mean, did I say something to upset you? All I asked was your name.....**

Female: **I know ... but I don't like to talk about it.**

Male: **Your name? What's to talk about? Just tell me.**

Female: **I .. I can't.**

Male: **You can't. You can't tell me your name? Is it too hard to say or something? You can spell it for me if you want to. What is it: Antigone? Lota Hitchmanova or something like that? You know, I heard of a woman named Lota Hitchmanova once. Really. She went through life that way, worked for the Unitarian Service Committee: "sixty-sree Sparks Street, Ottawa ---"**

Female: **Will you stop? No, it's not like that.**

Male: **Well what is it then? You're making too much out of this.**

Female: **You promise not to laugh?**

Male: *(soberly)* **I wouldn't laugh at someone's name.**

Female: **really? You promise.**

Male: **Sure. I promise. Seriously, I wouldn't laugh at someone's name.**

Female: **Bob Jane.**

Male: *(non-plussed)* **Bob Jane.** *(Fights laughter)*

Female: **You promised you wouldn't laugh!**

Male: *(in control now)* **I'm not. I'm not laughing. I ... I wouldn't, seriously, I wouldn't laugh at someone's name.**

Female: **What's yours?**

Male: **Don't laugh. ----- Rodney Louise.**

Female: *(sympathetically)* **What a sin!**

Male: **I didn't laugh at your name!** *(Breaking down)* **It was awful growing up! Rodney Louise! What were they thinking?**

Female: **Oh, I know what you mean. School was the worst. Kids could be so mean!**

Male: **Asking if you were a girl or a boy!**

Female: **Asking yourself if you were a girl or a boy!**

Male: **People asking if you were a twin — with yourself!**

Female: **It ruined my life! I finally had to go into therapy.**

Male; **You too? I just couldn't take any more. I found this really good therapist....**

Female: **Dr. No Name. I tried President's Choice first, but I found the yellow outfit just too much, you know?**

Male: **No Name! We have the same therapist — I knew I'd seen you before --**

Female: **In the waiting room ----!**

Male: **That's it! yeah! The waiting room. Great collection of old Macleans magazines. A historical treasure.**

Female: *(sighing)* **I've read them all!**

Male: *(pause)* **You know, I almost feel like this was meant to be — our meeting finally ...**

Female: **It's like ... we were ...meant for each other.....**

Male: (*placing quarter tip on counter as tip, he puts his arm around Female and they go out together, SR)* **Bob Jane!**

Female: **Rodney Louise!** (*Gus picks himself up from behind the barrel, follows them off with his gaze and says:)*

Gus: **John! Marsha! It ain't** (*shakes his head, and begins to pick up mugs. He finds quarter, fingers and pockets it, takes mugs and broom and goes off, SL, mocking:)* **John! Marsha!....**

Beat 4 **BINGO**

(Lady 1, wearing a coat, enters from SL, goes to barrel, pulls out handbag with scarf. Moves back to SL spot; ties scarf around her head, opens handbag and, with exaggerated movements pulls out a stamper, many cards, smokes and searches for lighter — which she eventually finds. As she buttons her coat, Lady 2, also wearing a coat, enters from SL, goes to barrel, pulls out handbag, and repeats (with somewhat more sophisticated individual interpretation) the same movements as lady 1. Both ladies freeze. Gus enters from SL carrying a small table and two chairs, which he places in front of the barrel. He walks off again, and, offstage, gives a few puffs on the smake machine. The ladies come to life. They cough their way to their chairs and sit down with great exaggeration. Remove masks. They pull out their bingo goods, light up, and settle in. Gus, recognizing a good bingo scene when he sees one — and, therefore, an opportunity to become, at last(!) an actor, shuffles back on to become the bingo caller, standing behind the barrel. He mimes turning the bingo bin, and begins to call "under the B:9", interspersing calls between ladies lines. Lady 2 may use any combination of Newfie/Yorkshire accents.)

L1: (*taking cigarette from her mouth, along with false teeth, and sets them in front of herself on the table, rolls up her sleeves, and begins to stamp wildly, yelping with each hit.)* **Take that! And that! Yyah! Hiyah!**

L2: (*watching, bewildered)* **Feeling lucky tonight?**

L1: **Eh?** (*She's hard of hearing)*

L2: **You always start this way?**

L1: *(confidently)* **Oooh ye-ess! It's me warmup. You wants to start wit' a warmup before you does any type of physical activity!** (*She swings her arms, to continue her warmups)*

L2: **That was pretty physical, alright.**

L1: **Ooh, it 'tis ... it 'tis! Makes me proper sweat before the night's out!**

L2: (*moving away slightly)* it does, does it?

L1: Ooh ye-ess! I gets right excited, I do! Finds it in - vig - or - at - ing!

L2: *(deadpan)*You don't say. Uh, what do you do when the guy actually starts calling numbers? You know he hasn't even started calling anything yet -----

L1: Ooh, I knows that! I knows that! I tol' you: this is just me warmup, see? Ooh, I knows he ain't called anything yet!

L2: *(hesitating)* well, what were you doing, then ... just then when you went: "Aah! Hiyah!" *(She mimics L1)*

L1: Ooh, I was just stampin' me free ones!

Gus: Under the B: 9 (*search and stamp)*

L2: (*sarcastically)* benign? I hardly think so. (*Indicating L2 with a roll of the eyes)* More like malignant.

Gus: Under the B: 9 (*l1 stamps again -- the same spots — triumphantly. L2 looks on unbelieving)* Under the B: 9. (*L1 stamps again — the same spots — then, after a slight pause and search, stamps on last spot with greater gusto)*!

L1: Ha-ha! Gotcha, ya little divil!

L2: You know that he's already called that number twice before...!

L1: ooh, ye-ess! 'Course 'e 'as, dearie ....'course 'e 'as! But some of us 'ave t'ree cards!

L2: (*closes eyes in desperation)* Three cards! What if I had twenty-five cards??

L1: ooh, well, dearie, then I s'pose if ye could afford to buy twenty-five cards, then ye wouldn't hafta be 'ere playin' bingo, then would ye! (*Laughs at her own joke: then leaning to her, confidently)* But e'd do for ya,'e would! And 'e wouldn't 'ave to memorize many lines for this scene, would 'e? (*Mimicking)* "Under the B: 9" Got that Gus? (*She laughs again; L2 is less amused)* Sa-ay, 'aven't I seen you somewhere's before?

Gus: Under the S: 93. (*Search to stamp, but they both pause, stampers mid-air, to speak)*

L2: I really don't think so. This is the first time I've come here.

Gus: **Under the S: 93.** ***(Search and pause as before)***

L1: **I knows I 'ave!** ***(She reaches for her cigarette; takes a puff and replaces it — all the time, her stamper is poised in mid-air held by the other hand and squints in L2's face, studiously)*** **I've seen you — you ever been to the mall?**

Gus: ***(shuffling over to stand between the women)*** **I said: Under the silly old S :93!** ***(L1 stamps decisively)***

L2: ***(looking over L1's cards)*** **wait a minute - there's no S in Bingo!**

L1: ***(stamping away merrily)*** **Oh, yes there is, like in "I** ***(stamp)*** **bingoes here all the time!** ***(Gus shuffles back to his place.)***

Gus: **Under the S: 93.**

L1: ***(over her shoulder, good-naturedly)*** **I already got that one, Gus boy! Give us another one. Yes I 'ave, too! I've seen you some'ere — just let me think on it a bit.**

L2: ***(sarcastically)*** **Now that — that would be something!**

L1: **TV! You been on TV?**

Gus: **Under the I: 24!**

L1: ***(jumps up excitedly)*** **BINGO!** ***(Gus, startled, throws up his hands, showering her with winnings)*** **I did! I bingoed!** ***(She continues to shriek, and stamp, and in the excitement, repeatedly stamps L2's face)***

L2: ***(deadpan, being stamped throughout)*** **To bingo: (verb) Bingo, bingoes, bingoing. Past tense: Bingoed. Adjective: bingoistic. Adverb: bingo-istically, as in :" She shreiked bingoistically around the room".**

L1: ***(up close and stamping, suddenly stops, as she studies L2's face)*** **Ooh, my blessed jumping bingo-stamper! You're------**

L2: ***(superimposing on "you're")*** **I'm Adrienne Clarkson and you're not.** ***(Gus shuffles up and places hands on table where L1 was. He leans into L2's face; studies it closely for a second; traces "5-in-an-X" slowly across her stamped face; picks up her own stamper)***

Gus: ***Stamping her nose)*** **Bingo!**

(L2 stares deadpan at audience briefly; then gets up, unamused, and walks off SR. Gus grins; shrugs; and proceeds to move table and chairs off, SL)

Beat 5 **Football Game**

(One football buddy enters from SR, walks to barrel, takes out and puts on football jacket, muffler and takes pennant in hand. He stands slightly to the left side of the barrel. Second football buddy enters from SL and does the same thing, ending up by stepping slightly to the right of the barrel. As FB's together turn barrel on its side, Gus enters with 2x4 which he places behind it, to keep it from rolling. Presto: "bleachers"! Gus studies the two actors for abit, as they take their places. Both FB's speak with a sympathetic whine.)

FB1: ***(sitting down, rubbing arms and chattering teeth)*** **Cold! I'm so cold!**

FB2: ***(sitting down, loosening jacket)*** **Geez, I'm hot! Can't believe how hot I am! You don't think this could be hot flashes, do you? Man!** ***(They will continue to almost overtalk one another in parallel fashion)***

Gus: ***(having sized up the situation, and looking for a way to enter in, walks across in front of them. Sl to SR, calling)*** **Programs! Get your program! Right here! Two bucks a program! Don't be the last in your row to get one!**

FB1: **I'm always cold at the football game.**

FB2: **So, why do you come? You know it's going to be cold at a football game!**

FB1: **Oh, I'm masochistic. Gives me a rush to be cold --- specially at football games. Good place to get cold, football games!...**

FB2: **Oh man! It's not cold - it's hot! I'm so hot. Man, I was working out just abefore I came, pumping 200 pounds, now man.** ***(He flexes)*** **man, am I hot!**

FB1: **I'm so cold. I'll never get warm. I've always been like this really. Always a bit small, hardly enough skin to cover my bones. I think it's because I don't have enough skin.**

FB2: ***(pinching some skin off his arm)*** **Here, have some of mine. I have more than enough.**

FB1: **Thanks.** ***(Rubs his arms)*** **That's better!**

Gus: ***(walking across Sr to SL)*** **Popcorn! Fresh , hot buttered popcorn ! Popcorn!**

FB2: **Always wanted to play football, myself. Never could though.**

FB1; **Yeah? Me too. Too small. I was crushed! You look the type though.**

FB2: **Na-ah. Too big! I was .... devastated! Probably bewildered too.**

FB1: No kidding? I was laughed at, at school.

FB2: yeah? Well, they didn't even laugh at me — they were afraid to. Like maybe I'd sit on them or somethin'. That has its own kind of hurt you know.

Gus: (*skips and prances across this time, SL to SR, with pompoms)* Give me a G! Give me a U! Give me an S! Give me a chance!

FB1: Say, you're not-----

FB2: Are you ------?

FB1: Wait a minute. Yes. You are! You're----

FB2: You wouldn't be — you're — you're ----!

FB1: WILLIS?

FB2: RUPERT??? (*They throw their arms around one another, enthusiastically)*

FB1: Wow! Who'd a thought after all these years! Willis!

FB2: Yeah, man - Rickety Rup! Hey, look, they're starting! (*They focus on the game for a bit)*

FB1: Oh! Oh, no! They're picking on him!

FB2: They're beating him up!

FB1: Oh, that's cruel!

FB1/FB2: (*struggling to get up)* Hey! Hey! Ches is OK! (*They struggle to sit. They watch the game)*

FB1: Good game, eh?

FB2: Yeah. Yeah, I always wanted to play like that, never could, though.

FB1: Too large, eh?

FB2: Oh, that too, but I had this.... this.....bad leg, see?

FB1: Yeah? Me too. Only it's my arm .... or arms, I guess you could say --- never had enough skin on 'em. (*They each turn to the "other" on either side of them)*

Fb1/FB2: **Oh? Oh, yeah? You too? Knee, huh? Neck was it? (*They turn back to the game)*

FB1/FB2: **(*Struggling once more to stand)* Hey! Hey! Ches is OK!**

FB1: **(*Sitting slowly)* That was a pass!**

FB2: **That was a pass! (*Heads follow)***

FB1: **That was a hit!**

FB2: That was a hit!

FB1: **I think he's gonna be ..... dead.**

FB1/FB2: **(*struggling up — remember the arms and bum leg!)* Hey! Hey! Ches is OK..... *(They follow with their heads the play on the field)* — we think!**

FB1: **(*sitting once more)* Now, there's a run!**

FB2: **Now there's a run.**

FB1: **Ten bucks says that's gonna be a touchdown!**

FB2: **Ten bucks. (*Heads follow play on field)***

FB1: **Where'd that guy come from? Where'd he come from?**

FB2: **He was ------- serving Gatorade!**

FB1: **Oh, there he goes again. Yes ....yes.....!**

FB1/FB2: **(*struggling quickly but wearily up)* Touchdown! Hey! Hey! Ches is OK!**

FB1: **(*deadpan)* Gettin' late. Good game.**

FB2: **Good game. Gettin' late though.**

FB1: **Loke to go home now. I'm so cold.**

FB2: **Time to go. Can't though. (*FB1 raises eyebrows, miming "There's more?")* Bum leg. Can't get up.**

FB1: **(*nodding agreement; gestures his own explanation, agreeing)* Bum arms! (*FB1/FB2 sit***

there in silence, watching everyone else leave the stadium; finally they are left alone, and stare ahead, waiting.....)

FB2: **Gus!**

FB1: **Gus, buddy! C'mere, Gus, old man. Give us a hand, here.**

FB2: **Gus, you old stage-hand, you. C'mere and help. (*Gus shufles on from SL, pom-poms still in hand. He holds them under his arms while he helps the two of them up. Once standing, FB2 reaches in his pocket and pulls out a quarter, which he gives to Gus.)* For your trouble, Gipper. (*They lean together, helping the other with the respsctive cold arm or bum leg, and shuffle off SR)***

FB1: **Willis!**

FB2: **Rupert. Rickety Rup, they used to call you.**

FB1: **Walrus, wasn't it? Wasn't that your nickname? Walrus.**

FB2: **After all these years.....**

FB1: **Who'd a thunk it? (*Voices fade..... Gus stands, fingering his quarter, weakly waving the pom-poms and shaking his head after them. He practices "Hey! Hey! Ches is OK!" waving his pom-poms, making his way off, SR)***

Beat 6 Heaven

Music: BLUE DANUBE. (Lights up slowly. As lights begin to come back up, Gus comes back in to set barrel upright. He places it once more at SC, and as he bends to pick up the 2x4 behind it, ST. PETER enters from SL, goes to barrel, hauls out robe, book, quill, and sign. He puts on the robe, as Andrews Sisters join him to form the "pearly gates" standing on either side of the barrel. All other actors enter, carrying masks at their sides, and scatter themselves in pairs around the stage, miming characteristic positions from their earlier scenes. Peter jumps up, to sit atop the barrel, book and quill in hand, and sign, face-down at his side. He writes. Gus looks up, surprised to find all these newcomers. Only Heavenly Body #1 and #2 are wearing masks. They find each other amidst al the others and mime the entire scene. Meanwhile, Gus is peering into faces of all other actors, miming " Don't I know you from somewhere?" as he imitates whatever heavenly skills they seem to be practicing. They all ignore him. He remains ever the stagehand; never the actor.

#1: **Say, I know you!**

#2: **Do you?**

#1: **Yeah. Weren't you --(*mime characters from War Scene jumping into lap of the other, wrapping hands around eyes; standing up, throwing arms around each other, and being blown up.)***

#2: ***(On ground, leaning on elbows)* No, no. That wasn't me. You must be mistaken. (*He gets up and brushes himself off)***

#1: **No, wait, then. You must have been the guy (*mime: the bar; cartwheel behind #2, who plays out the role of Bob Jane, and about when Rodney Louise is coming on too strong.....)***

#2: ***(Backing away)* No, no. That wasn't me.**

#1: **Wait! I've got it! You were (*mime: stamping bingo across #2's face, and throwing arms around to show winnings)* That's it!**

#2: **No, no. Look man, I'd like to help you, here, but I just haven't mat you before. Not down there, not up here. No way.**

#1: **Don't go away. Let me try again. I know I know you. (*Snap fingers)* that's it! (*Mime: waving pennants at the football game; shivering in the cold; throwing the ball; standing together and miming, "Hey! Hey! Ches is OK!")***

#2: **(*breaking)* No. No. That wasn't it either. Sorry pal.**

#1: **No?**

#2: **No.**

#1: **Sure?**

#2: **Sure. (*#1 shrugs and walks away. SR and finds his own spot to play his harp. #2 shrugs and walks away, SL, and finds his own spot to start fitting his wings.)***

Beat 7 **The Pearly Gates**

(Finally, Gus stands boldly, hands on hips in the middle of the stage and addresses them all:

Gus: Hey! Haven't I seen you somewhere before?

(All the actors stand together; pause; simultaneously say : "Nope!", slip masks back over faces, turn on pivot foot and exit SL and SR. Gus, puzzled, but never defeated, sluffs over to St. Peter ,who is still writing, stop the counter). He stands before him, and pleads:

Gus: **Haven't you seen me somewhere before — please?** ***(St. Peter holds up a small sign that reads: Entrance Fee: $1.00. Gus is elated! He counts out the quarters in his pocket and offers them up. St. Peter flips down the second part of the sign, to add: Stage-hands: $1.25. Perplexed, Gus motions to the sign, questioning.***

St. Peter: **I don't write the rules, I just enforce them. (*Continues writing. Gus stops for a second, looks first at St. peter, then to audience, thinks a bit; has an idea. (AHA!) He walks to audience, leans over to someone in the first row, and says:***

Gus: **Sa-ay, haven't I seen you somewhere before? Uh.... would you have a quarter you could spare?**

(Gus receives the quarter, and turns happily to St. Peter who accepts it without expression, marks in the book, and motions with his quill pen that Gus should move "inside". Gus salutes St. Peter, waltzes through the Pearly gates, turns mid-way to give a triumphant wave to the audience before waltzing on through center back curtain. Music: "Blue Danube" up. St. Peter collects money jar and exits, SR. All come back out, waltzing in pairs. St. Peter goes off to pick up _____ and waltzes with _____ amongst the rest, who waltz up to make a curtain call line. Gus waltzes out last — beaming — with broom, up through center and breaks through line.)