

THE REBECCA PLAY

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*The inHEIRitance Project (Ross, Dauchan, Pavageaux)*

*A large portrait of a woman on the back wall. D & J are revealed sitting on pots on either side US looking up at her. Heartbeat/Ultrasound/Boiling water establishes a beat/rhythm.*

**D and J: The beginning**

D: The birthright

J: The blessing

D: The prophecy

**D and J: The beginning**

J: The birthright

D: The blessing

J: The prophecy

**D and J: The beginning**

D: The birthright

J: The blessing

D: The prophecy

**D and J: The beginning, the beginning, the beginning, the beginning**

J: In the beginning

D: It begins with her

J: It begins here

D: It all starts with her

J: She's where it all begins

**D and J: She was the beginning**

D: Here

J: Her

D: It all starts here

J: Her

D: This place

J: There's history here

D: The history of her

J: Love

D: Rivalry

J: Hate

D: They blame her

J: Some say it was destiny

D: Some say it was fate

J: They blame her

D: It's all her fault

J: Do you know her?

D: Did you know her?

J: Have you heard about her?

D: What do you know about her?

J: What have you heard?

**D and J: Who was she?**

D: Who is she to you?

J: You think you know her.

D: You know nothing

J: Don't believe the rumors

D: It's all true

J: None of it's true

D: They don't know

J: He doesn't know

D: She doesn't know

J: It's all true

D: They're all lies

J: They called her-

D: Courageous

J: Conscious

D: Conniving

J: Cunning

**D and J: Conflicted**

J: Smart

D: Strong

J: Sly

D: Sincere

J: Human

**D and J: Holy**

D: Said she was-

J: Wise

D: Scheming

J: Daring

D: Deceitful

**D and J: Divine**

J: She was-

D: Beautiful

J : Brave

D: Manipulative

J: Meticulous

D: Misunderstood

J: Mysterious

**D and J: Treacherous**

J: She did what needed to be done

D: By any means necessary

J: It all starts with her

D: She made it happen

J: The rest...is history.

D: Her story.

**D and J: The prophecy**

D: One people shall be stronger than the other people

**D and J: The prophecy**

J: The oldest shall serve the youngest

**D and J: Two nations at war**

D: It was a prophecy

J: It was destiny

D: Inevitable

J: She made it happen

**D and J: Two nations divided**

J: I was the oldest

D: I was the youngest

J: I was the youngest

D: I was the oldest

**D and J: Two nations at war, indivisible with liberty and justice-**

*BEAT*

**D: Mama loved me     J: Mamma hated me**

D: I was her favorite

J: No one loved her more than me

**D: Mamma hated me     J: Mama loved me**

D: It's complicated

J: She loved me the most

D: She despised me.

J: Couldn't stand me

D: It was the prophecy

J: It was meant to be

D: It was destiny

J: Fate

D: She taught me to hate

J: She taught me how to survive

D: She gave my power! My strength!

J: She took it away from me

D: He took my blessing

J: I stole his blessing

**D: She loved me     J: She hated me**

D: No one loved her more than me

J: I was her favorite

**D: She hated me     J: She loved me**

D: I stole his blessing

J: He took my blessing

**D and J: The older will serve the younger.**

D: You serve me!

J: I serve no one!

D: He gave up his birthright

J: I hated my birthright

**D and J: One people shall serve the other people**

D: I serve no one!

J: You serve me!

D: I was here first!

J: He gave up his birthright

D: I hated my birthright

J: She taught me to hate

D: She taught me how to survive

**J: And I loved her.      D: And I hated her**

**J: And I hated her.      D: And I loved her.**

D: Who was she?

J: She was my mother

D: I was her son

J: I was her favorite

**D and J: Here**

J: Who was she?

D: She was my mother

J: I was her son

D: I was her favorite

**D and J: She chose me.**

*(D and J look at each other. SQ: Rumbles start)*

**D and J(louder): She chose me!**

*(Pause. RUMBLES louder)*

**D and J(louder): She chose me!!!**

*(Pause. RUMBLES louder)*

**D and J(loudest): She chose me!!!!**

*RUMBLES/Summertime: ORIGINAL "Iouie/ella" FIGHT DANCE.*

**REBECCA (VO):** [Rebekah Loved Jacob](#)

JAR: Mom!

DD: Mother!

JAR: Mommy!

DD: Mama!

JAR: Mom!

DD: Mommy dearest!

JAR: Look at me mom!

DD: Look mommy!

JAR: Look right here!

DD: Mom! Mom! Mom! Watch me dance! Look what I can do!

*(DD does the Charleston)*

JAR: No, mom watch me! I can do it better!

*(They compete doing the Charleston)*

DD: Copycat!

JAR: Time for bed?!

JAR & DD: Awwwwwwwwwwww!

JAR: Arlight ! Good Night Mom!

DD: Night mother!

JAR & DD: Mwwwwwwwwwwaaaaaaah.

JAR: Love you Mom!

DD: Love you more!

*(The lights go down. They fight over the bed, keeping their voices down to a close whisper.)*

JAR: Stop hogging the bed!

DD: I'm not!

JAR: Cut it out!

*(They settle. Pause)*

DD: You hear mom singing last night?

JAR: Yeah.

DD: I love mom so much.

JAR: Not more than me.

*(Pause)*

DD: You don't even know how old she is.

JAR: Yeah I do.

DD: How old is she?

JAR: Like...89

DD: You're way off.

JAR: You don't know!

DD: When Dad's old assistant Eli first met her, before he set mom up with dad, when his car broke down, and Mom helped him fix it, she was only 3! And that's when she married Dad!

JAR: You're lying! That's against the law!

DD: It's true. Mom's way younger than Dad!

JAR: Who told you that?

DD: Eli before he quit.

JAR: Oh yeah? Well, did you know Grandpa tried to poison Eli when he first met him, to take his wallet. But then...right before they were going to drink, there was an earthquake, and uh... Grandpa drank the wrong cup and he died.

DD: Nu Uh. Now who's lying?

JAR: It's true. That's how Grandpa died!

DD: Who told you that?

JAR: Grandma.

DD: Well, Grandma told me when Mom first met Dad, she was riding a bike and fell off.

JAR: I already knew that. She did that because Dad was so good looking. Tell me something I don't know.

DD: You're wrong! She fell of the bike because there was a...total eclipse above his head and... she'd never seen an eclipse before!

JAR: What?! You don't know anything about the birds and bees! She fell off to try to impress him.

DD: Nope. You're totally wrong. Dad was super ugly when he was young, like...deformed.

JAR: And that's why she fell off?

DD: Yup.

JAR: You just said it was because of an eclipse.

DD: ...It was both.

JAR: I love you, Sly, but you gotta stop making stuff up.

DD: Uncle said! You're just mad because you don't know these things.

JAR: Well, Uncle also said she couldn't get get pregnant for a reeeeeeeally long time.

DD: He said that was Dad's fault

JAR: But then she got pregnant with US

DD: I know.

JAR: No you didn't, you're just saying that now.

DD: Yes I did

JAR: No you didn't.

DD: Yes I did.

JAR(*mocking*): Yes I did.



*(Pause)*

DD(*under his breath*): Idiot.

JAR: What did you say?

DD: Nothing.

*(Pause)*

DD: Look there's a crescent moon tonight!

JAR: Sshhhhhhh

*(Pause)*

DD: Shaggy? Can I ask you question?

JAR: As long as it's not a stupid one.

DD: Why do you have to copy everything I do? You're so annoying.

*(Pause)*

JAR: I didn't copy you when you wet the bed and cried about it.

DD: Stop bringing that up!

JAR: You had another nightmare about the Boo Hags Sly?

DD: Stop talking about them!

JAR (*teasing*): They're coming Sly! They're coming for you! The Boo Hags are coming to steal your skin!

DD: You don't know when to be quiet do you? Close your mouth.

JAR: Make me....make me cry baby.

DD (*on the verge of crying*): Stop it.

JAR: You started it cry baby. *(Pause)* Sly? *(Pause)* Sly? *(Pause)* Sly? Oh, no. Oh, no. Sly. Are you?...are you?...Are you gonna cry? Sly? Huh? You gonna shed some tears Sly? You gonna cry me a river? You gonna cry me the Cooper River?

DD: No!

*(JAR laughs)*

DD: I'm just going to lie here, and enjoy my delicious 2nd dessert.

*(DD pulls out a bar of Charleston Chew and starts eating it)*

JAR: Ooooooh, you're going to get in so much trouble if mom finds you with that.

DD: That's not going to happen.

JAR: Why not?

DD: Cuz I don't get in trouble like you do.

JAR: Oh really? Why is that?

DD: Because mommy loves me more than you.

*(Pause)*

JAR: No she doesn't.

DD: It's true.

JAR: You're lying.

DD: I'm not she told me.

*(Pause)*

JAR: When?

DD: When you were sleeping.

*(Pause)*

JAR: You're such a liar.

DD: She said "Sly, you're my favorite and you're going to be the one to make our family proud."

Then she kissed me on the forehead and gave me a big hug.

*(Pause)*

JAR: That's so not true.

DD: Believe or don't believe it. It happened. Mmmm....this chew is sooooo good. So, very, very good. Nabisco, ding! I'm so glad I took it.

JAR: Give it to me.

DD: No way.

JAR: Oh, come on Slick, I'll arm wrestle you for it.

DD: No thanks.

*(Pause)*

JAR: That's what I thought. You're a coward. Just a big ole scaredy-cat.

*(Pause)*

DD: Alright! Fine!

*(They get out of bed, flip a pot over and lock hands preparing to arm wrestle)*

JAR: Ready. On the count of the three. One...two-

DD: Hah!

*(DD uses both his hands to try to pull JAR's arm down)*

JAR: Oh, look at you trying to cheat, as always. Go ahead use two hands, see if that helps.

Over the top! Over the top!

*(JAR wins.)*

JAR: Ugh! You'll never be good enough! You can't beat Hercules! Kiss my muscles!

*(JAR tries to force DD to kiss his muscles)*

DD: Ew, no!

JAR: Kiss'em!

DD: Get off!

JAR: Kiss eeeeeeeeemmmmmmm!

DD: Two out of three!

JAR: Two out of three?

DD: Thumb war.

JAR: Ha, sure. Bring it.

*(They lock hands again with their thumbs up)*

**JAR & DD: One two, three, four, this is how you start a war!**

*(J tries to bend his wrist around to pin E's thumb down with no success)*

JAR: Look at you trying to cheat again with your wrist. Mmmhmm, that's not going to help you.

*(JAR pins DD's thumb down. He holds it down as DD struggles to break free to no avail)*

JAR*(taking his time)*: One, two...two and half...two and three quarters...Three!

*(They break apart.)*

DD: Ugh! I hate you!

JAR: Of course you do, because you're a loser, and I'm a winner, and always will be.

DD: I hate you so much.

JAR: You lost, now give it to me.

DD: No.

JAR: What?

DD: I changed my mind.

JAR: Give it to me Sly!

DD: You're so strong, why don't you take it from me.

JAR: Don't make me.

DD: Come and get it big boy!

JAR: Give it!

DD: Nope.

JAR: Give it now!

DD: Uh, uh.

JAR: Give it!

*(Struggle, JAR gets candy bar.)*

DD: Ahhhhhh! Help! Mommy! Help!

*(The lights come up with JAR holding the candy bar)*

JAR: Mom?! I...I...I got it from Sly.

DD: That's not true mommy. He took it from the kitchen during dinner time and threatened to hurt me if I told you.

JAR: He's lying! *(Pause)* But mom he's lying! *(Pause)* But mom he's- *(Pause. Defeated, head down)* Yes mother. *(He crosses the room and sadly throws the bar in the trash-pot.)*

DD: Sorry about this mom.

*(Pause)*

DD: Love you Mom.

*(They lights go down. Long pause.)*

DD: Shaggy? *(Pause)* Shaggy? *(Pause)* Hey, Shag, listen. I want to tell you something.

Shaggy? Are you listening? Shaggy?

JAR: What?!

*(Pause)*

DD: I won.

*(Long Pause)*

JAR: I hope you die in your sleep.

*Low Quiet Rumble*

*(JAR goes to sleep. DD puts on glasses, cross DSR.)*

DD: A lot of things have been said about my mother, and it's time for it to stop. None of you people know anything about her. You don't understand who she was or what she felt like she needed to do. My mother was the strongest person I ever knew. Before she married my father, my mother was a mechanic who could outdo any man at her local repair shop. One day my Dad's assistant rolls in from out of town, his car breaks down in the middle of nowhere, and guess who comes to his rescue? *Off duty* she decides to help him. She throws him a bottle of water and tells him "relax honey I'll have this done in 30 minutes flat." She replaces the tire, changes the oil, fixes the air conditioning, and without even breaking a sweat...or a nail. This mechanical goddess was exactly the type of lady that my dad was looking for. It was her strength that brought them together. It was her strength that brought me and my brother. You want blame somebody then blame me. It was her strength that eventually countered my weakness. I was born with it, it was my curse and it followed me throughout my childhood. My mother encouraged me to embrace my difference. "I was unique" she said. "I was special." And

I believed her. I didn't have the rambunctious spirit a boy is supposed to have. I'm not a tough guy like my brother. There was never a question of whether he was going to be ok. Of course he was going to be ok. He was the one that was strong. My mother knew that. She told me I needed just a little more care. And my brother, as tough as he was, he could take the tough love. And that's what it was. She told me that it wouldn't always be this way. That someday I would triumph. That she would do everything in her power to make sure that that happened. And I loved her for it. I'd look into her eyes and knew that it was true. She was always so certain. So sure. Whenever I would doubt myself, all I had to do was look into her eyes and then I was no longer afraid. The older I got the more I understood that she would not allow me to fail. That she was going to make sure that I survived by any means necessary. What kid doesn't want that? To have a parent that believes so firmly in your potential. You want to condemn her for nurturing me? For being a mother that cared? She saw something in me. She saw that I was destined for greatness, and that the only way that I was going to survive, that I would see my full potential was for her to act. She taught me that victories are not always won with might, with muscle, with brawn but with brain, with intellect, with craft, with cunningness. Not all of us can be the type of man that our fathers want us to be. Some of us aren't built like that. So we thrive in other ways. We find our place by any means necessary. She wasn't perfect. She made a choice. You can judge her all you want, but my mom saved me. She loved me, and she did what did because she believed with all of her heart that it was the right thing to do. And if that's what you believe, with all of your heart...then how can you possibly be wrong?

*J grabs nametags from large USC pot*

*D puts glasses back into large USC pot - they meet in the middle*

**JAR and DD: You go first! (beat) I'll go first**

*(car crash)*

JAR: Why hello!

DD: Good afternoon!

JAR: I'm Stephen Jackson

DD: And I'm Timothy Jackson, no relation.

Stephen: And welcome to today's tour of the great city of Charleston!

Tim: We'll be your tour guides for the next two hours.

Stephen: In fact this our first joint tour together, so you're in luck. You're in for a treat!

Tim: You're getting twice the fun for the same low price!

Stephen: We're very excited to be here and look forward to showing you around.

Tim: Are you guys excited to be here? (*wait's for audience's response*) Alright!

Stephen: Alright let's get started shall we. Tim you ready?

Tim: I was born ready.

Stephen: Are you guys ready? (*waits for audience's response*) Ok. Charleston. The holy city!

Tim: We're going to start our tour up here, turn left here, and then scoot down here towards the water.

Stephen: The ocean.

Tim: Local lore says the Atlantic Ocean is born here in Charleston.

Stephen; Created by the confluence of her two rivers, coming down on either side like the legs of a lady, which makes the peninsula the womb from which the sea emerges, born into the world

Tim: Sorry folks, my partner gets a little poetic at times...Anyway, we'll be by the water. The water was always very important. "If you can control the water you can control anything."

Stephen: The whole city

Tim: Exactly. And then we'll head back up this way and finish back where we started. Let's get going.

Stephen: We'll start here, to your left, with the French Huguenot Church.

*Move DSR*

This church is a perfect example of gothic revival architecture. Built in 1844, it was designed by Edward Brickell White, a well known architect in Charleston at the time. He also built Market Hall and the steeple on St. Phillip's Church.

Tim: Uh huh. He was one of Charleston's finest builders in the early and mid 19th century. Now see those lines there on the side of the building? They don't represent real brick lines.

Stephen: They sure don't, it's not actual pink limestone at all. That's just the stucco facade layered over hand made brick.

Tim: Well, slave made brick. The stucco facade hides the slave made brick.

*(Soft RUMBLING. They both look up, freeze, then back into scene.)*

Stephen: Right. Hand made, slave made. Same thing.

Tim: Yeah, same thing, but one's a little more specific.

Stephen: Right...however you want to look at it.

Tim: Mmm...it's not really however you want to look at it. But...go ahead.

Stephen: Oh...kay...

*Soft RUMBLING.*

Stephen: Let's go this way, follow closely please,

Tim: Keep up, this is the most important cemetery in all of Charleston...

*J gives D badges to put back into large USC pot*

*Takes coat out from under medium SL pot - moves DSR*

*Transition business for D: washes hands in DS small pot*

*takes rice and spoon from large USC pot and "cooks" in SR medium pot*

JAR: I never liked Mother's Day. It's so one sided, you know? A "celebration." It's never about accountability. We're supposed to remember all the wonderful things our mothers have done for us, you know, aside from birthing us. So, every year when the day rolls up on the calendar. I sit there and try to think. What were some of the wonderful things my mother did for me? You know you're in trouble when you can't think of one. Not all of us were born with great mothers.

Mothers who cared for us, guided us, nurtured us. There are those that have been rejected.

Those that have been neglected by the ones who were supposed to love us the most. My mother used to love to tell bedtime stories to my brother before we went to bed. I was the rowdy and rambunctious kid; I didn't have the patience to sit still for a bedtime story. My mother didn't even give me a bedtime. She let me stay up till I'd eventually run out of steam and pass out somewhere around the house. But I saw how much they loved their story time together. So one night, I settled down into my bed, and asked her if she would read me a bedtime story too. She said she wouldn't have time to read more than one...You know how there are certain things you've always wanted to ask your parents but just didn't have the courage to. I always wanted to ask her why? Why did she feel the need to undermine me at every turn? What had I done to deserve that?...I made mistakes as a kid, I wasn't perfect. I took my family's legacy for granted. I'll admit that. I didn't respect it or value it the way I should have. But when I needed to step up, I did everything my dad asked of me. I worked hard. I made him proud. I became the man that he wanted me to be... and when the time came for me to collect from my father what was rightfully supposed to be mine, he looked me in my eyes and said that it was too late. I said how can it be too late? Dad...please. There has to be a mistake! How could this have happened? What have I done to deserve this? He said nothing. I realized I'd been robbed. By people who were supposed to love me. Which makes it so much worse. But it all made sense. All those years of neglect, and deception, and undercutting. It was all leading to this one moment, when the only thing that I wanted was denied to me. I hate them for that. Can you blame me? How would you feel? What would you do? My mother broke my heart. My brother broke my heart. I want to kiss him to death. I know I shouldn't say that, but there's a part of me

that wants him six feet under the ground. Because when I think of what would hurt her the most, what would cut the deepest, of course the answer...is him. It was always him.

*Rumbles. JAR removes Esau jacket.*

*J puts Esau coat on SR medium pot*

REBECCA (VO) "Behold, I am about to die; so of what use then is the birthright to me?"

*J takes contract & pen out of DSL tiny pot*

*Waves over to D USR*

*Lights up, DD on "porch," JAR coming up path.*

DD: Can I help you?

JAR: Mike!

DD: It's Michael.

JAR: Right, Michael. Jim. We spoke on the phone. About the deal?

DD: Yeah, thought about it. Not interested. *(moves to go back inside)*

JAR: Wait, Michael, please, invite me in so we can talk?

DD: No. Out here's fine.

JAR: Sure. Okay. Listen, Michael. You seem like a smart...

DD: I called around after you called.

JAR: And?

DD: Turns out I have rights. You made it seem like I didn't have much of a choice, but the woman down at the Center--

JAR: You want the truth, Mike? Here's the truth. You have rights. But you don't have papers.

DD: Woman at the center said we can fix that. She said we're legal.

JAR: Legal, sure. But precarious, being that you don't have papers, did she tell you that? I just want to make sure you have all the information. I want to make sure you understand I'm offering you money for something you can't prove you own.

DD: But if I can sell it, don't I own it?

JAR: It's not that simple.

DD: Why not?

JAR: Just trust me.

DD: How about you give me "all the information"?

JAR: Taxes.

DD: I'm sorry?



JAR: Up until four years ago you were paying property taxes. That's how I got your name. Public record. But four years ago, you stopped paying. Now the government doesn't care what happened, Mike. They really don't. But I do. I care, because now you could lose the land for nothing, just for owing the back taxes. And I don't want that for you. What happened, Mike?

DD: I stayed up on those taxes for a long time, man. It was just the recession, and I got laid off. Been out job-hunting non-stop. But there's nothing out there. I hate this city. And unemployment doesn't give me enough to keep paying those taxes. But I'll get back current, I will. I have to. I got a wife and kids here. We live here. We've got no place to go if we get booted off this land.

JAR: That's another thing.

DD: What?

JAR: The land,

DD: What about it?

JAR: Mike, well, I don't mean to be rude, but it's a mess. Tires, toys, trash. As your friend--

DD: We're not friends

JAR: Maybe not yet. But I'm trying here. Listen, Mike, I'm sorry about the job thing, I really am. But I can make it all go away. The tax debt, the burden of responsibility. It's clearly overwhelming for you to take care of. You could be free of it. But (*pulling out contract*) if you don't take this deal now, you could get evicted for the blight, before anything happens on the tax front. It just takes one person to call it in as an eyesore. And then, again, you'd get nothing! I'm here offering real money! And not just for you, for your whole family!

DD: Why do you want the land so badly? What's in it for you?

JAR: It's in the way of progress. For the community. I love this city. All these great new shops, restaurants, homes but then there's this random plot of nothing. And I can make it something, I will. It's what I do.

DD: What does that progress look like, exactly?

JAR: Oh, I don't know, does it matter? I'm a developer. Shopping centers, gas stations. My investments never look cheap. Real nice, suburban feel.

DD: You're gonna put a gas station on this pristine piece of property!?

JAR: Now hold...

DD: It's pristine, man. Did you see the little pond in the back, and all those Oaks my Nanna B, planted when she moved here after emancipation? She wrote this poem about how the government gave them the land. And how she felt a need to work, to *earn* what she got by

planting the trees, making it pristine. My great great grandmother did that. I have the poem framed inside.

JAR: Nobody cares. I know that's callous, but I have to be straight with you. I'm a businessman. Let's talk business. Nobody cares about the sentimental stuff. You owe back taxes on a neglected property that you could lose at any moment for nothing and how would Nanna B feel about that? Hear me out on the deal. You owe that much to Nanna B.

DD: Okay. Fine. Tell me again. How much is the land worth?

JAR: I'm willing to go seventy-five thousand dollars for the land! Plus I'll take care of the back taxes. *And* I'll even throw in an extra twenty-five hundred just for you as my agent.

DD: That's seventy five thousand each?

JAR: No. That'll have to be divided by however many of Nanna B's descendants are running around.

DD: I have no idea! That could be fifteen, twenty people. Seventy-five k divided by that? It's nothing! Two hundred thousand.

*D moves DSR, J counters him USR in the next few lines*

JAR: I'm not negotiating, Mike.

DD: It's Michael, *Jim*.

JAR: Right, Michael. Sorry.

DD: What if there's a better deal out there? Maybe I should shop this around.

JAR: No, Michael, don't talk like that. Deal with me. I'm here now, I care about you, Michael. Tell you what, I'll give you an extra 2500. So 5k for you in addition to your share of the 75. For land you can't even afford the taxes on!

DD: Sit tight. I'm gonna make some phone calls. I think I should talk to a lawyer and maybe some cousins.

JAR: (*blocking door*) I can't let you do that Michael.

DD: Let me by, it's my house.

JAR: Can't let you make those calls, Michael.

DD: Back off, man.

JAR: No can do.

DD: This is my porch!

JAR: And you could lose it for nothing! I need a yes from you, Michael. It's take it or leave it right now.

DD: What? Why?

JAR: Because I'm not a patient man. I'm gonna hit up your cousins next and make *them* the offer. First come first serve for the 5 thousand dollar bonus. Come on Michael, there's a reason I came to you. You're the one who was paying the taxes all those years. You're the one who held onto that poem. I bet no one else even remembers Nanna B's name. But you do. It was always gonna be you making the choice to sell when the time came. (*hands DD a pen*) Michael - the time has come. This is your birthright. (*points to the document*) Sign right here.

*RUMBLES. DD and JAR put on badges that say "VISITOR"*

*J holds onto pen, puts contract in USC pot*

*D takes name badges out of USC pot and gives to both*

*Stand DSC*

REBECCA (VO): One people will be stronger than the other people

DD: Hey.

JAR: Hey.

[beat]

JAR: This where the tour meets?

DD: I guess.

[beat]

JAR: You from Charleston?

DD: Born and raised.

JAR: Me too.

[beat]

JAR: Hey, you ever been to Marvin's Seafood?

DD: Dude, that's my church right there.

JAR: Ha, then me and you are Charlestonian kin my friend. My family thinks Boxcar Betty's chicken sandwich is the best thing ever invented, but they've never had Marvin's shrimp and grits.

DD: Ah, don't knock Boxcar Betty's man. They're both great places.

JAR: That's true. I love this city.

DD: Me too.

[beat]

JAR: And so here we are. The Citadel, The Military Academy that turns boys to men to soldiers. (to himself mockingly) Yes sir...no sir...Waste of time. [waits, gets no response] I said, waste of time.

DD: Yeah, how so?

JAR: I'm not going to college.

DD: Then, yeah, man, seems like a college tour would be a waste of time.

JAR: It's just all this pressure to get in you know.

DD: Right

JAR: It doesn't really matter if you get in or not you know?

DD: Sure.

JAR : It's not like the end of the world. Like I'm not going to cry about it. You just got take it and move on. You gotta have options.

DD: Absolutely.

JAR: It's just, like, why college anyways you know? Obama's all like 'everyone should go to college' but it's not for everyone. Besides a degree is pretty much worthless these days. I mean perfectly good people, successful people, never did college. I mean, look at Kanye West! All you're really doing is just wasting all that time and money to put fancy ideas in your head, brainwashing. I'm going another way.

DD: Clearly.

[beat]

DD: So why are you here?

JAR: My Dad forced me. He said "we'll make a man out of you yet". Much to my mother's dismay. She hates the military. I don't blame her.

DD: Ah. Got it.

JAR: What about you?

DD: I don't know I dig the military. It suits me. I like the discipline and the opportunity to serve our country. It's exciting. You know, duty, honor, respect, I'm a sucker for all that recruitment talk.

JAR: Do you know what you're going to do if you don't get in?

DD: Oh, no, well....I already got in.

JAR: Wait, what, you already got in?

DD: Yeah. Early admission.

JAR: Well, if you already got in, why not just say yes?

DD: Well, I have options.

JAR: Other schools?

DD: Yeah.

[beat]

JAR: Wow. Congrats.

DD: Thanks

[beat]

JAR: Man I wish I was black

DD: What? What does that mean?

JAR: It's just means you might have been picked because you're black that's all.

[beat]

DD: Don't do that.

JAR: Do what?

DD: Don't try to pull that affirmative action crap on me as an excuse for why you may or may not get in okay?

JAR: Hey, you asked.

DD: Yeah, whatever man.

[beat]

DD: You know what? That's not cool, what you just said there.

JAR: In what way? I'm just pointing out a fact. Don't get all offended. Affirmative action is a real thing.

DD: Yeah, but it doesn't mean what you think it means. Look, you don't know me alright? I could be a genius for you all know.

JAR: Sure. Or you could also play basketball. That's a possibility as well. You're tall enough. Is that what it is? Oh, man, are you like good enough to get drafted?! Dude! What's your name?

Can I get your autograph? Can [taking out a slip of paper and a pen] you sign this!

DD: What are you doing? Stop. Look, I don't play basketball, okay?

JAR: Football?

DD: No sports.

JAR: So affirmative action then.

DD: Do you have, like, tourette's or something?

JAR: No. What's tourette's?

DD: I'm just going to college. Like any normal person. There are a myriad of reasons for why I might have been chosen

JAR: Fancy.

DD: Huh?

JAR: Using fancy words and stuff. Where'd you go to high school?

DD: What does it matter?

JAR: See, now you're being defensive. It must be fancy. You at Academic Magnet or something?

DD: No

JAR: Porter Gaud?

(silence)

JAR: It's Porter Gaud isn't it? (Beat) It is Porter Gaud! Wow! That ain't cheap. You must be rich. Is your dad in the NBA?

DD: Dude, seriously, you've gotta stop with the whole racial profiling thing.

JAR: Okay, okay, whatever....so sensitive.

[beat]

(We hear boiling/rumbling sound)

JAR : Did you hear that?

DD: Hear what?

(We hear boiling/rumbling sound again)

JAR :That.

DD: No.

(The boiling/rumbling sound gets worse)

JAR: I'm...I'm getting out of here.

*J gives D his name tag before running out*

DD: (a little confused) Uh,ok...bye.

*D puts nametags in DSL tiny pot and takes out shades*

REBECCA (VO): "Thus, He Despised his Birthright"

*The theme song for the imaginary show "Whaaaaat's Cookin?"SUMMERTIME: Oscar Peterson.*

*J moves pot DSC*

JAR: Gooooood afternoon Charlestonians! Welcome to Whaaaaaaaat's Cookin'. Your number one public access cooking show in all of Charleston. Y'all ready to do some some Grilling And Chilling?? (*applause & cheers*) Today on Whaaaaaaaat's Cookin', we have a very special guest. This guy is all over the place, you've seen him in all the magazines, on all the red carpets. My big twin brother and Charleston's very own--

*(His voice is drowned out by the cheers as DD appears, wearing sunshades. The crowd is going nuts, especially the ladies. The brothers hug. DD puts JAR in a headlock, noogies him, then releases him. DD waves to the crowd)*

*J moves SL in front of pot to greet him*

JAR: Look at you! You're a superstar!

DD: Oh, stop it.

JAR: Are you kidding me?! *(to the audience)* For those of you that don't know, and the only way you wouldn't, is if you've been sleeping under a rock for a year, this film is huge! Huge! You've been crowned the action hero of our generation. I mean, EVERYBODY loves The Forest Hunter! *(We hear the crowd cheer)* You want to tell the folks how it all started?

DD: Well, uh...long story short. I borrowed a small loan from my father, our dad

JAR: A small loan of a million dollars

DD: Yeah... Well I made a movie, directed and starred in it, and now it's a hit.

JAR: Oh, it's more than just a hit. It's breaking all kinds of box office records. And the icing on the cake is that you shot it all right here in Charleston in the beautiful Francis Marion National Forest. Let's give it up for that. *(We hear the audience applaud)* AND you got a 3 movie deal contract out of it, I mean that's unheard of these days. This has got to be the best year of your life.

DD: It's alright.

JAR: You're the talk of the town. You're on top of the world.

DD: Actually what I really am is... starving. I haven't had a thing to eat today. Been all over doing this press junket and...this is cooking show right? Can we get to the cooking, so we can get to the eating?

JAR: Oh, you are in luck today big bro! Today on Whhhhaaaaaaat's Cookin'? I'm making your favorite, mama's special recipe, Charleston's famous She Crab soup!!!! *(We hear the crowd cheer)* Ya'll ready to do some grillin' and chillin'?! *(We hear the crowd cheer more)*

*J and D move behind the pot*

DD: You're gonna grill She Crab soup?

JAR: No, no no that's just what we say here on Whaaaaaaaat's Cookin'? *(half aside)* Haven't you ever watched my show?*(Pause.)* Alright let's get started. *(JAR throws DD an apron)* So, we got this pot nice and warmed up. First thing we're going to do is throw in some butter, celery and mace.

*J goes to get SR medium pot filled with rice, gives spoon to D*

We want the celery to really soak up the flavor. And now what I need you to do good sir, is the most important thing and that...is to stir.

*(JAR hands DD a long-handled wooden spoon.)*

DD: Clockwise or counterclockwise?

*(We hear the audience laugh)*

JAR: Whichever way feels right to you. You're the movie star! So, first off, I really appreciate you taking the time to be on my little public access TV show. [especially if you've never watched it]

DD: Well, it was a no brainer really. Any publicity's good publicity.

JAR: Right, so let's talk about the film. I don't want to give away too much, for those of you who haven't seen it yet, but in the movie you're fighting what we South Carolinians like to call the Boo Hags! And these creatures are like skin stealers: part vampire, part shape shifter, right? They steal people's skin? That's real freaky! I'm getting goose bumps just talking about it.

DD: Yeah, they're a part of the Gullah folklore, which is deeply fascinating and--

JAR: And talk about violent. You know I'm not a violent person. This is a cooking show so I won't get into the details, but you're blasting someone or something almost every five minutes.

DD: Well, It's an action movie. You're supposed to blast people.

JAR: Yeah, but this is REALLY violent.

*(pause)*

DD: You know, our country was founded on violence. I literally shot the film a few miles from the Harbor, and we all know what happened there, and people are complaining to me about the violence?

JAR: Hold on, hold that thought, we're going to add a cup whole milk *(JAR pours them in)*, and two cups of cream *(JAR pours them in)*. That's great. You keep stirring, till it thickens and boils up. Now folks, the more you stir the more it's going to rise to the top. Look at those biceps folks! *(JAR touches DD's muscle's as he stirs. We hear a few ladies cheer.)*

JAR: You hear that? That's all for you brother! You are on cloud nine!

DD: It's not all it's cracked up to be.

JAR: Oh, come on you don't mean that.

DD: No, no, I do. Most people don't understand the amount scrutiny that comes with this level of success.

JAR: Another cup of heavy cream. *(adds it)* It's time for the fun part. We're going to throw in what truly makes it she crab soup and that is the crab roe folks! The female crab's eggs! So we'll place those in there like so. *(JAR pours them in)* Now we're going to go on ahead and add the



crab base. (*JAR drops them in*) Y'all smell all those good flavors coming out? How's it smell brother?

DD: Delicious. I need to eat, now.

JAR: Well, hold on, we'll add the flour (*JAR pours it in*) and we're going stir till it thickens.

*Puts pot down*

Remember folks, don't just pour it in or you going to have a big clunk. It's all about consistency. You ok there, bro?

DD: Well, I will be once this soup is done.

JAR: Soon enough, soon enough big bro. You gotta let it simmer. Let's grill and chill for a second. Grill and chill. Getting back to you and your glory. You've had all this success, you're famous, with all you have achieved, what would you tell the viewers at home?

DD: I would tell them them that money, and privilege, and entitlement is not the key to happiness. If I knew it was going to be like this I would have never done it. People are constantly questioning my legitimacy, saying I couldn't have done this on my own. Saying the only reason I'm successful is 'cause my dad gave me all that money. I wish he hadn't. I wish people knew that I did this on my own.

JAR: Well, technically brother, you didn't.

DD: Yes I did.

JAR: Actually, no you didn't. Not on your own. I mean, are you honestly saying you don't owe even just a little bit of your success to the folks that raised you, and the things they've provided you? There's a legacy there, right? That deserves some respect, no?

DD: Right, because our name, and our legacy is soooooo precious. It's just, it's all, and I would use another word but we're on TV, "baloney" to me. I don't want any of that, it's not important to me, that's the difference between you and me. I want to be my own man.

JAR: Hold that thought. Let's throw in a pound of fresh blue crab. Give it to me.

DD: Ask me nicely.

*(Pause)*

JAR: Can you pass me the blue crab...por favor?

*(Pause)*

DD: Si!

*(We hear the audience laugh)*

*D picks up SR medium pot*

JAR: Where were we? Oh yes. You were proclaiming emancipation from the burden of being in our family.

DD: I'm just saying, I want to be my own man. I've inherited money, I've inherited my name. But now I've made our name famous, and people aren't happy about that.

JAR: I'm happy about it!

DD: Sure! Because our name boosts your ratings.

JAR: That's not entirely fair, brother, I've been...

DD: ~~I'm just saying~~ if you've done something that I'm not proud of, or anyone in our family past or present, I now wear the burden of being associated with it? Because we share the same name? No thanks. I don't want that in my life.

JAR: Well, Mama use to say if you don't have anything nice to say then don't say it all.

DD: Yeah, well mama used to say "why can't you be more like your brother" and if I did I just be on a local TV show.

JAR: Ohhhhhh, touche! (*RUMBLING, they look up*)

DD: ~~Look, I'm just saying~~, if hypothetically anything goes wrong with Dad and his water company I'm somehow responsible for that? And everything I do no matter how hard I work according to the public was somehow fed to me with a silver spoon! No pun intended.

JAR: And let's go ahead and add the backfin meat. (*DD hands him a pot*) Oh, that's the good stuff. And here's my favorite part, this is what keeps the folks coming back, hand me that cup of honey, please, pretty please, with sugar on top. (*DD hands him another pot*) Thank you sir, you are sweet, but not as sweet as this honey.

(*We hear the audience laugh*)

JAR: And we're going to top it off with a little dry sherry. (*JAR pours the sherry in*) And with this sherry I want to give a toast to you and all your achievements. And despite what you think, we're all very, very proud of you.

DD: Yeah, well tell that to Mom.

JAR: Well, tell her yourself. She's probably watching.

DD: Fine. Mom if you *are* watching, I know you're embarrassed. You think I'm shaming our name with my exploits, the partying, the women, the "violence" as you say, the scuffles with the paparazzi. This is not how you want the family name out there. I want you to understand something. This is who I am. Ok? I'm loud, I'm flashy, I'm brash. I'm a man. And I'm not going apologize for being who I am. I party hard. I fight hard. I'm not mild. I'm not timid, and I'm not soft, like him.

*(He points to JAR and we hear the audience laughing)*

JAR: And this why we love him folks right?! This is why this guy is a star! *(We hear the audience cheer)* He speaks his mind! And he tells it like it is!

DD: I'm just starving over here. Please tell me this is done!

JAR: Well, you're in luck. Just taste that.

*(JAR spoon feeds DD)*

DD: Oh my go--. Sooooo good!

JAR: Hold on, hold on, let me give you some more. *(JAR spoon feeds DD.)* Congrats again to you big bro, on all of your success. I want what you have brother!

DD: Well you can have it. All of it.

JAR: Seriously?

DD: Seriously.

JAR: Well then I'll trade you for it.

DD: For what?

JAR: What do you think? The rest of this delicious, savory she crab soup! Yeah?! What do you think, everybody? Everything this man has for this bowl of soup?

*(We hear the audience cheer. RUMBLING. They both look up.)*

DD: Fine, yeah, sure, whatever. Just give me the soup! I'm starving!

JAR: Well hold on now. Here, just it taste again before you decide. This is a big decision.

*(JAR spoon feeds DD again)*

DD: Oh my goodness. Ahhhhhh, so good.

JAR: Yeah, you like that?

DD: Yes!

JAR: Yeah? Do you love it?

DD: Give me the soup.

JAR: You want it?

DD: Give me the soup before I punch you in the face.

JAR: Well then we have a deal! It's all yours big bro! Take it you ungrateful oaf!

*(We hear the audience applause and laughter. DD tries to wolf down the soup as The Whaaaaat's Cookin' theme song comes on.)*

JAR(CONT'D): Yes! Ladies and gentlemen you heard it hear! Victory! I'm now an action star!!

I'm a millionaire! I have all of this man's money! His fortune! His trust fund! His residuals! It's

miiiiiiiiine! All mine! And all for a tasty bowl soup! And that's our show! Join us next time on Whaaaaaat's Cookin? You stay charming Charleston! Bye Mom! Mwah!

*(He blows a kiss to the imaginary camera and exits as DD continues to eat the soup.)*

*SUMMERTIME: Oscar Peterson #2)*

*Push pot back USC*

*D gets parking vest from DSR tiny pot*

**REBECCA (VO): "Two Nations at War"**

*(DD becomes PARKING OFFICER. JAR comes rushing in)*

JAR: No, no what are you doing?! That's my parking space! See the decal?! Do you not see the decal?!

DD: Yeah, I see the decal.

JAR: Well then what's the problem?

DD: Wrong decal.

JAR: Nonsense.

DD: Your decal doesn't work here.

JAR: I'm a concessionaire. I work for the city!

DD: Well I work for the city too, the city's on my side, the city says you're wrong.

JAR: No, sir, you're wrong. I've been parking here for the last 2 months--.

DD: Fight it in court. I'm not going stand here arguing with you.

JAR: Oh, don't worry I will.

DD: Good you do that!

JAR: You don't have to be a jerk about it, you know?

DD: Sir, explain to me how I'm-

JAR: It's not what you're saying, it's your tone.

DD: My tone?

JAR: Yeah. You're really great at your job! You're amazing. You should get a promotion yesterday....See? Tone.

*(Pause. They stand there eyeing each other in disgust)*

DD: You have a nice day

*(DD starts walking away - SL)*

JAR *(under his breath to himself)*: Idiot.

*(DD stops and walks back)*

DD: What did you just say?!

JAR: Nothing.

DD: No, say what you just said.

JAR: You heard me the first time.

DD: See, the problem is your mouth. You don't know when to be quiet do you?

JAR: You have no right to speak to me like that.

DD: Sir, you should probably move your car. You should probably get moving.

JAR: I'm not going to go anywhere. I'm gonna stand right here till the sun goes down and comes back up again.

DD: Do you want me to give you another ticket?

*(The two of them are now in each other's face)*

JAR: Guys like you always have to abuse your power don't you?

DD: You done?

JAR: No, I'm not done.

DD: You should move your car and get out of here!

JAR: I have a right to be here! It's a free country!

DD: I'm not going to warn you again!

JAR: You know, it's people like you who give your profession a bad name.

DD: Sir, don't point your finger at me!

JAR: You're the one that's escalating this!

DD: Get your finger out of my face!

*(DD swats JAR's finger away and they scuffle)*

JAR: Don't touch me!

DD: Stop resisting!

JAR: You touched me first. For the record, you touched me first!

DD: Close your mouth!

JAR: Get off me! You're hurting me!

DD: Sir, stop resisting!

JAR: I'm not resisting!

DD: You brought this on yourself!

JAR: I'm soooo going to have your badge!

DD: Shut up! You hear me?! Shut your little mouth!

*(DD shoves JAR's head to the ground hard)*

JAR: Ahhhhhhhh!

DD: Ahhhhhhhh!

*(They both shriek together. EARTHQUAKE.*

*SUMMERTIME Billy Stewart-- oscar peterson/joe pass*

*Big Physical Gesture. JAR holds his head in pain. DD strangely holds his head in pain too. DD gets off him in disbelief, unsure what to do. They look at each other perplexed.)*

**D and J: Sweet sweet Charleston**

J: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

D: How do I love thee?

**D and J: Let me count the ways.**

D: They call her the holy city

J; Oh, she's holy alright

D: First thing you gotta know about Charleston is it gets hot

**D and J: Super hot**

J: Like ridiculous hot

D: Like so hot that you can walk down the street and run smack dab into a sunstroke

**D and J: Hot**

J: And the food?

D: Don't even get me started on the food

**D and J: Mwah**

J: To die for

D: Best in the world

J: They come all over for our food

D: There's just something about this place

J: Something about this place

D: Here the world sits still

J: We work to make it that way

D: To keep it that way

J; To preserve it that way

D: You look out into that peninsula and you can't tell me that that's not beautiful

J: Undeniable beautiful

**D and J: I love this city**

*Next lines - J circles DSL and comes back to C from USL*

*D circles DSR and comes back to C from USR*

D: No one loves this city more than me

J: I was born here

D: Born and raised

J: They call her

D: Small

J: Quaint

D: Quiet

J: Comfy

D: Secluded

J: Simple

D: Timeless

J: Rusty

D: Selective

J: Ragingly polite

D: Yes ma'am

J: Yes sir

**D and J: You have a nice a day.**

D: If there's one thing this city has taught me is tolerance

J: She gave me my southern charm

D: Taught me to value family and tradition

J: Here owning land is everything

D: Passed down from generation to generation

**D and J: My land**

J: My property

D: His land

J: Our land

**D and J: Pride**

D: I own this

J: My father owned this

D: And his father's father

J: A Birthright

**D and J: A blessing**

D: No one's taking this away from me

J: There's a lot of assumptions about this place

D: None of its true

J: It's all true

D: It's not as bad as they make it out to be

J: It's worse

D: They don't know

J: He doesn't know

D: She doesn't know

**D and J: What do you know about Charleston?**

J: What have they told you?

D: Who is she to you?

J: I love this city

D: I hate this city

J: It's boring

D: Old

J: So quiet

D: Too quiet

J: Too quaint

D: I'm never getting out here

J: I'll probably never leave this place

D: Don't want to

J: I gotta get out of here

D: It's just one of those cities that sucks you in

J: 10 years later and I'm still here

D: Came here for work

J: My wife's from here

D: Husband's from here

J: This'll always be home

**D and J: Here**

**D and J: Born and raised**

*D and J point to ground*

D: There's history here

J: Lot's of history



D: Forgotten history

J: History we'd rather not talk about

D: It's not polite

J: Not appropriate

D: It's not entertaining

J: There's a joke about how when Oscar Wilde came to visit Charleston he marveled at how beautiful the moon was. And his host decadently replied "You should have seen it before the war." I always loved that one

**D and J: Sweet Charleston**

D: This isn't the real Charleston

J: No one talks about it

D: No one else will tell you this

J: No one's talking about it

D: We're finally getting to place where we can talk about it.

J: I'm glad the flags down

D: They didn't need to take the flag down

J: It's not about that it's about pride.

D: History

J: Heritage

**D and J: Sweet Charleston**

D: There's a joke about how when Oscar Wilde came to visit Charleston he marveled at how beautiful the moon was. And his host decadently replied "You should have seen it before the war." I always hated that one

J: We don't really talk about that

D: We shouldn't talk about that

J: No one loves this city more than me

D: It's why I'm here

J: I care about this place

D: Couldn't care less

**J: I love this city     D: I hate this city**

D: It's still segregated

J: How many different types of people do you actually see on a daily basis?

D: There's no middle class

**J: I hate this city! D: I love this city**

J: No one wants to talk about it

D: It's too hard

J: Too uncomfortable

D: Too emotional

J: America's original sin

**D and J: Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh**

D: Manifest destiny

**D and J: A prophecy**

J: For prosperity

**D and J: Sssssshhhhh**

D: Quiet

J: That was a long time ago

D: Things are better now

J: Obama!

D: Trump!

**D and J: Two nations at war indivisible with liberty and justice-**

**D and J: Sssssshhhhh**

D: Better to forgive and forget

J: We can't forget

D: It's who we are

J: Who we were

D: This is home

J: Always will be

D: Whether you like it or not

**D and J: Home**

D: And there's no place like home

J: No place like home

D: No place like home

**D and J: No place like home**

*(D & J, DSC, click heels together)*

**D and J: No place like home**

**D and J: No place like home**

*(We abruptly hear the sound a tornado at it spins them out of control and into the next scene.*

*During this transition J grabs officer vest from pot DSR; DANCE reprise)MUSIC?*

**REBECCA (VO): Two Nations Divided**

*(J starts DSR, D enters from USL)*

DD: No, no, what are you doing?! That's my parking space! See the decal?! Do you not see the decal?!

JAR: Yeah, I see the decal.

DD: Then what's the problem?

JAR: Wrong decal.

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JAR: My tone?

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*(Pause. They stand there eyeing each other in disgust)*

JAR: You have a nice day

*(JAR starts walking away - SL)*

DD *(under his breath to himself)*: Idiot.

*(JAR stops and walks back)*

JAR: What did you just say?!

DD: Nothing.

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JAR: Get your finger out of my face!

*(JAR swats DD's finger away and they scuffle)*

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JAR: Stop resisting!

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JAR: You brought this on yourself!

DD: I'm soooo going to have your badge!

JAR: Shut up! You hear me?! Shut your little mouth!

*(JAR shoves DD's head to the ground hard)*

**DD: Ahhhhhhhhh!     JAR: Ahhhhhhhhh!**

*(They both shriek together. DD holds his head in pain. JAR strangely holds his head in pain too. JAR gets off him in disbelief, they stand facing each other and pull a switch to catapult jump into next scene)*

*SUMMERTIME: Acapella? PLAYS.*

*(JAR sitting on big pot USL, puts on sunglasses)*

REBECCA (VO): Take it to your father to eat, so that he may give you his blessing

*(DD puts on Esau jacket, then looks up almost as if talking to God.)*

DD: If he finds out-

REBECCA (VO): He won't.

DD: But if he finds out-

REBECCA (VO): Just do as I say. *(Pause)* I'll take care of it..

DD: Yes, mother.

*(DD straightens himself out one last time, grabs pot of food, puts glasses in pocket at last moment, sits next to JAR.)*

DD: Pop? Pop? It's me.

*JAR slowly awakes*

JAR: Who?

DD: Me...it's me Pop.

JAR: Come here...Come closer.

*DD leans in and JAR feels his coat*

JAR: My boy!

DD: Yeah.

JAR: That's my boy.

DD: Yeah.

JAR: Do you have what I asked you for?

DD: I sure do.

JAR: That was quick.

DD: I've got your favorite. Here you go, pop. Open wide.

*DD feeds JAR*

DD: How is it?

*Pause. JAR chews and swallows*

JAR: Glorious.

DD: You like it?

JAR: I love it.

DD: Good, good.

*DD feeds him more.*

JAR: You really outdid yourself this time son.

DD: Thanks dad.

*JAR rests his hands on DD's shoulder then abruptly pulls him into his face almost nose to nose*

JAR: Who are you?!

DD: Dad! It's me!

JAR: Who are you?!

DD: Your son! Dad! It's me!

*Pause. Breathing heavy, JAR finally releases him*

JAR: Ok...I thought for a second..

DD: It's me.

JAR: Yeah....sorry...sorry son.

DD: It's ok.

JAR: My mind sometimes...

DD: It's ok Dad. It's ok. *(Pause. DD feeds him some more fish)* Dad, listen..we really gotta clear up this land business.

JAR: It's time isn't it?

DD: It's pretty urgent.

JAR: Tick tock.

DD: You ready to sign?

*Pause*

JAR: Yeah, hand it over.

DD: Thanks Pop.

*DD pulls out a set of papers and places it in JAR's hand. He places a pen in his other hand*

JAR: Four generations this land belonged to us. Now I'm giving it to you. Don't let me down boy.

DD: No sir, I won't.

JAR: And you take good care of your mother, too.

DD: Yes sir.

JAR: I know you two don't get along, but you take good care of her.

DD: I will Pop.

JAR: And you gotta take care of your brother.

*(Pause)*

DD: Ok.

JAR: He's not strong like you.

*(Pause)*

DD: Ok.

JAR: You gotta watch out for him. He's not gonna make it without you. You got it?

DD: Yeah...yeah, I got it.

JAR: You guys are brothers, you gotta stick together.

DD: Yes sir.

*(Pause. JAR puts his focus on the papers)*

JAR: Where?

*(DD guides JAR's hand to the bottom of the page)*

DD: Here.

*(JAR signs. DD flips through the pages)*

DD: And here.

*(JAR signs again)*

DD: Thanks dad.

*(They hug for a long time)*

JAR: My boy.

*(JAR kisses him on the forehead.)*

JAR: Make me proud.

DD: Yes sir.

JAR: Make me proud.

DD: Yes sir.

JAR: Make us proud.

DD: I will.

*(He kisses him on the forehead again. Then releases him. )*

DD: Alright, I've got to get going Pop.

JAR: So soon?

DD: Yeah.

JAR: Alright.

DD: I love you dad.

JAR: I love you too.

*(Pause)*

DD: Dad?

JAR: Yeah?

*(Pause)*

DD: The deed?

*(RUMBLES. They're both holding it as JAR hasn't released it from his grasp. He let's go and pats DD's hand. JAR shoots up and follows DD around to DSR where DD turns around and takes the glasses out of his pocket and puts them on JAR. JAR remains DSR, DD crosses SL)*

JACOB

I'm not good at getting comfortable. *(Pause)* it's because of my mother. My mother messed me up, and I'm not being cliché. Just honest. I haven't seen her in years, decades now. But she's with me every day, because I can't get comfortable. I can't get a good night's sleep because I'm always worried she's gonna wake me up and tell me to keep running. Or he's gonna wake me up to kill me. I'm always looking over my shoulder. Because she made me into a thief, a liar, a sneak. I lied to my father, stole from my brother, and ran away from home never to return. All because I listened to my mother. I tried to back out, I protested. But I was never strong enough. My brother was. He rebelled and rightfully so. But I was too young when it started, too weak to rebel. It started with costumes. My mom would dress me up as a Bedouin nomad, all swathed in fabric to protect from dust storms. Or as a camel, with two humps stuffed in the back of my shirt. Or as an angel, dressed in sheep's white wool. A series of uniforms, really, preparing me for my starring role in her passion play of manipulation. And of course, the cooking. Where I learned about ingredients, heat, time. If she'd never taught me how to cook, I probably wouldn't be paying so much for therapy. She poisoned me with her finest meal, poisoned all of us. What really gets me is that she promised she'd bring me back in a couple days when my brother cooled down. But I never heard from her. What does that mean? Where does that leave me? It's as if that day, I got the birthright and lost my family, my entire family. My roots were cut out from under me. And I became a stranger in a strange land, a refugee, a nomad in a dust storm. And all because my mother didn't love me enough to care about what happened after. Or loved me too much. Either way, I'd love to forget about the whole thing. But it's been decades now. I have my own family, riches, land. And I can't get a good night's sleep. Because every time I close my eyes I see my mother, the worst kind of nightmare. *(JAR crosses USC, gives glasses to DD, takes badge from DD, they cross DSL)*

RUMBLES.

Tim: ...follow closely please, keep up.

Stephen: This is the most important cemetery in all of Charleston. That biggest tomb in the middle there is none other than John C. Calhoun.

Tim: That's the right the infamous John C. Calhoun. Some called him John Killhoun. A great defender of "states rights".

Stephen: Yes! John **Calhoun** was a member of the House of Representatives, vice president under Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson and then he served as a Senator, being named in 1957 as one of the top 5 Senators of all time.

Tim: Wow of all time?



Stephen: Yup

Tim: I didn't know that.

Stephen: Mhhhmmm...it's a fact.

Tim: Well, John Killhoun

Stephen: Calhoun

Tim: What?

Stephen: Calhoun. You said Killhoun...again

Tim: I did?

Stephen: Yeah.

Tim: Really?

Stephen: Yeah, you did. It's against regulation.

Tim: Whoops. Freudian slip!

Stephen: It's ok.

Tim: So the important thing to know about John C. Calhoun...I said it right this time, right?

Stephen: Perfect

Tim: ...was he didn't just tolerate slavery, he actively advocated for it. He was slavery's publicist!

Stephen: Well, Tim are we going to...

Tim: What?

Stephen: Uh...nothing...never mind.

Tim: What's up?

Stephen: No worries, keep going.

Tim: Hold on a second folks. Just hang tight for a minute.

*(Tim and Stephen have a side conversation, maybe not even heard entirely)*

Tim: What's up man?

Stephen: Well do we really need to mention him being a publicist for slavery?

Tim: Of course. It's the truth.

Stephen: Yeah, but is it necessary?

Tim: Of course it's necessary.

Stephen: It seems a bit much.

Tim: Well, you're the one that brought him up. I'm just providing a footnote, a little bit of context.

They love that kind of stuff.

Stephen: Yeah, but can these folks take it? I mean, these folks are on vacation.

Tim: No, no, they'll be fine. This is good for them! They'll thank us afterwards. Trust me.

Stephen: You sure?

Tim: Yeah, don't worry, this is a good thing. It's good for them.

Stephen: Ok.

*(Tim and Stephen return)*

Tim: And we're back. So as I said before John C. Calhoun didn't just tolerate slavery, he actively advocated for it. He was slavery's publicist!

Stephen: Alright, and moving on.

Tim: Oh and one more thing. When he was buried in that cemetery over there, everyone was afraid the slaves would riot and tear up his grave and throw his body all over the place. So they hid his body for years after he died and they only built that big grave more than 20 years later!

Stephen: Well there you go, uh....nice fun fact. Alright everyone, let's exhale--

*RUMBLES. They take a big step CS, flip their badges to say VISITOR.*

**REBECCA (VO): One people shall be stronger than the other**

JAR: Hey.

DD: Hey.

[beat]

DD: This where the tour meets?

JAR: I guess.

[beat]

DD: You from Charleston?

JAR: Born and raised.

DD: Me too.

[beat]

DD: Hey, you ever been to Marvin's Seafood?

JAR: Dude, that's my church right there!

DD: Ha, then me and you are Charlestonian kin my friend! My family thinks Boxcar Betty's chicken sandwich is the best thing ever invented, but they've never had Marvin's shrimp and grits.

JAR: Ah, don't knock Boxcar Betty's man. They're both great places.

DD: That's true. I love this city.

JAR: Me too.

[beat]

DD: And so here we are. The Citadel, The Military Academy that turns boys to men to soldiers. (to himself mockingly) Yes sir...no sir...Waste of time. [waits, gets no response] I said, waste of time.

JAR: Yeah, how so?

DD: I'm not going to college.

JAR: Then, yeah, man, seems like a college tour would be a waste of time.

DD: There's just all this pressure to get in you know.

JAR: Right

DD: It doesn't really matter if you get in or not you know?

JAR: Sure.

DD: It's not like the end of the world. Like I'm not going to cry about it. You just got take it and move on. You gotta have options.

JAR: Absolutely.

DD: It's just, like, why college anyways you know? Obama's all like 'everyone should go to college' but it's not for everyone. Besides a degree is pretty much worthless these days. I mean perfectly good people, successful people, never did college. I mean, look at Kanye West? All you're really doing is just wasting all that time and money to put fancy ideas in your head, brainwashing. I'm going another way.

JAR: Clearly.

[beat]

JAR: So why are you here?

DD: My Dad forced me. He said "we'll make a man out of you yet". Much to my mother's dismay. She hates the military. I don't blame her.

JAR: Ah. Got it.

DD: What about you?

JAR: I don't know I dig the military. It suits me. I like the discipline and the opportunity to serve our country. It's exciting. You know, duty, honor, respect, I'm a sucker for all that recruitment talk.

DD: Do you know what you're going to do if you don't get in?

JAR: Oh, no, well....I already got in.

DD: Wait, what, you already got in?

JAR: Yeah. Early admission.

DD: Well, if you already got in, why not just say yes?

JAR: Well, I have options.

DD: Other schools?

JAR: Yeah.

[beat]

DD: Wow. Congrats.

JAR: Thanks

[beat]

DD: Man I wish my dad went here.

JAR: What? What does that mean?

DD: It's just means you might have been picked because one of your relatives went here that's all.

[beat]

JAR: Don't do that.

DD: Do what?

JAR: Don't try to pull that family legacy crap on me as an excuse for why you may or may not get in okay?

DD: Hey, you asked.

JAR: Yeah, whatever man.

[beat]

JAR: You know what? That's not cool, what you just said there.

DD: In what way? I'm just pointing out a fact. Don't get all offended. Legacy preference is a real thing.

JAR: Yeah, but it doesn't mean what you think it means. Look, you don't know me alright? I could be a genius for you all know.

DD: Sure. Or your father could be General Petraeus for all I know. That's a possibility as well. Is that what it is? Oh, man, is your granddad John McCain? Did he go here?! Dude! What's your name? Can I get your autograph? Can [taking out a slip of paper and a pen] you sign this!

JAR: What are you doing? Stop. Look, my Granddad's not John McCain, okay?

DD: Oh maybe the wealth is on your mother's side?

JAR: No.

DD: So your Dad's side then?

JAR: Do you have, like, tourette's or something?

DD: No. What's tourette's?

JAR: I'm just going to college. Like any normal person. There are a myriad of reasons for why I might have been chosen.

DD: Fancy.

JAR: Huh?

DD: Using fancy words and stuff. Where'd you go to high school?

JAR: What does it matter?

DD: See, now you're being defensive. It must be fancy. You at Academic Magnet or something?

JAR: No.

DD: Porter Gaud?

(silence)

DD: It's Porter Gaud isn't it? *(Beat)* It is Porter Gaud! Wow! That ain't cheap. You must be rich.

You must be like the descendent of Andrew Jackson or something huh?

JAR: Dude, seriously, you've gotta stop with the whole trust fund baby thing.

DD: Okay, okay, whatever....so sensitive.

*[beat]*

*(We hear boiling/rumbling sound)*

DD: Did you hear that?

JAR: Hear what?

*(We hear boiling/rumbling sound again)*

DD: That.

JAR: No.

*(The boiling/rumbling sound gets worse)*

DD: I'm...I'm getting out of here.

JAR: (a little confused) Uh,ok...bye.

*(DD exits, giving JAR tags. Rumbles turn to SUMMERTIME)*

**REBECCA (VO): Your brother is planning to kill you.**

*(JAR goes SL, puts on coat, x'es UC, drops tags in big pot, looks out at land; DD xes SR takes cell phone from pot, begins call holding his cell phone on speaker mode; The sound of crickets. His phone rings (Summertime earbuds), he crosses SL looks down in disgust and picks up.)*

DD: Hey. Where are you?

JAR: I'm here. On my land. On my property.

DD: Bro, I'm sorry. But what's done is done.

JAR: Are you proud of yourself? How does it feel? To take what doesn't belong to you?

DD: I only did what was necessary.

JAR: Necessary? Why don't you come over here and fight me for it.

DD: I'm not fighting a battle I've already won.

JAR: You had no right to do this! You had no right!

DD: It's over.

JAR: You know what I'm looking at right now? That old oak tree near the pond. Do you know how many times I climbed up that tree and watched the sunset? I broke my arm coming down that tree. I had my first kiss under that tree. How many times did you climb it? *(Pause.)* Dad and I and I would go fishing in the pond. I'd swim in it every morning during the summertime. How many times did you swim in it? *(Pause)* How many times?! *(Pause)* You can't answer because you *never* did! You were cooped up in that wretched house with mom.

DD: How quickly would you have torn that house down? *(Pause. JAR doesn't respond.)* We didn't know what you were going to do with the land, whether you'd sell it, borrow money on it. We couldn't let you tear the house down. We couldn't allow that to happen.

*(Pause)*

JAR: We?

DD: What?

JAR: You said we.

*(Pause)*

JAR: You said we.

DD: Me and mom.

*(Pause)*

JAR: Of course. It wasn't your decision to make!

DD: It is now.

JAR: Well, it won't be if you die.

DD: Really? What are you going to do? You gonna come over here and threaten me?

JAR: I'm not coming over there to threaten you. I'm coming over there to kill you!

*(JAR hangs up and turns around. Drops phone back in pot. DD stands there and after a long silence-)*

DD: Now what?

REBECCA (VO): Go. You have to get away from here as fast as possible. I'll take care of it.

DD: But mom-

REBECCA (VO): I won't lose both of you in one day. Go!

*(2DD turns and xes SL, JAR starts stalking back around to where DD was DSR, DD following. JAR turns around, they switch glasses and coat, JAR pushes DD USR and sits RCS to meditate with back to audience.)*

ESAU (DD) in defense of REBECCA

I won my first fight. I don't really remember it, but it was the bedtime story our father would tell me every night before I went to sleep as a kid. It was a fight against my brother, a fight to be the first, to breathe the air and see the light of day before the other. It was a fight with all the stakes of life and death. And I won. Because I was the bigger man. Since that day, I've been the bigger man. My muscles, my posture. My height. My size. I've been stolen from, lied to, emotionally abused, and yet I always forgive. Because I'm the bigger man, but I know what it is to feel small. Once in my life I let myself become small. I got angry and petty, homicidal. I would've killed him that day. But he got away. Small men have their advantages. They can run. They can hide. I cannot hide. I am fully me, and fully noticed. The bigger man. But what if I wasn't? If I could be someone else... My brother did it, once. For five minutes. He was someone else. Five consequential minutes, he was me. And he stole what was mine. Then there's my father, whom I loved more than any man has ever loved a father. But he was blind to his wife's tricks. He was blind to his son's ambition. And he was blind to my love. And he gave away what was mine. And lastly, my mother. My mother ignored me, spoiled my brother. I noticed, but I never complained. Bigger man. Honor your father AND mother, right? But she used all of us, manipulated us like pieces on a game board. All because of some prophesy, some voice in her head. Absurd. If a voice from a 'higher power' comes down and tells you to sacrifice a son, cast him aside, why wouldn't you talk back? Defend your own flesh and blood? But no, that's not part of her 'religion'. Their religion. All of them. Who would want to be a part of something that messed up? Where you can just cast children aside, sacrificed on the altar of inheritance. I'm out. I'm not believing what they believe if it means behaving the way they behave. So I'm relieved. Glad they went with my brother. Let him bear the burden of knowing his station was ill-won in a corrupt game of religious observance. It's taken me a long time to get to this place of acceptance. But I do accept. I've released all the bitterness. I recognize that, you know, sometimes the world just is this way. And there's nothing you can do about it but let it go, breathe it all out, the rejection, the resentment. *(breathes in and out)* I sometimes wonder, if I'd lost that first fight...if I'd let him come out first...where would I be now? Who would I be? But those questions can eat at you. And that can destroy you from within. So instead I choose forgiveness. I forgive, but I don't forget. Who could? But I choose to love. I choose it everyday. And I love my mom. I really do. And I'll continue to love her...because I'm the bigger man.

*(RUMBLES. They are both sitting CS now, meditating position. They jump and split - DD SL & JAR SR)*

REBECCA (VO): [Rebekah Loved Jacob](#)

DD: Mom!

JAR: Mother!

DD: Mommy!

JAR: Mama!

DD: Mom!

JAR: Mommy dearest!

DD: Look at me mom!

JAR: Look mommy!

DD: Look right here!

JAR: Mom! Mom! Mom! Watch me dance! Look what I can do!

*(JAR does the Charleston)*

DD: No, mom watch me! I can do it better!

*(They compete doing the Charleston)*

JAR: Copycat!

DD: Time for bed?!

DD & JAR: Awwwwwwwwwwww!

*(They take off their coat & glasses)*

DD: Goodnight Mom!

JAR: Night mother!

JAR & DD: Mwwwwwwwwwwaaaaaaah.

DD: Love you Mom!

JAR: Love you more!

*(The lights go down. They fight over the bed, keeping their voices down to a close whisper.)*

DD: Stop hogging the bed!

JAR: I'm not!

DD: Cut it out!

*(They settle. Pause)*

JAR: You hear mom singing last night?

DD: Yeah.

JAR: I love mom so much.

DD: Not more than me.

*(Pause)*

JAR: You don't even know how old she is.

DD: Yeah I do.

JAR: How old is she?

DD: Like...89



JAR: You're way off.

DD: You don't know!

JAR: Yeah I do. When Dad's old assistant Eli first met her, before he set mom up with dad, when his car broke down, and Mom helped him fix it, she was only 3! That's when she married Dad!

DD: You're lying! That's against the law!

JAR: It's true. Mom's way younger than Dad!

DD: Who told you that?

JAR: Eli before he quit.

DD: Oh yeah? Well, did you know Grandpa tried to poison Eli when he first met him, to take his wallet. But then...right before they were going to drink, there was an earthquake, and uh... Grandpa drank the wrong cup and he died.

JAR: Nu Uh. Now who's lying?

DD: It's true. That's how Grandpa died!

JAR: Who told you that?

DD: Grandma.

JAR: Well, Grandma told me when Mom first met Dad, she was riding a bike and fell off.

DD: I already knew that. She did that because Dad was so good looking. Tell me something I don't know.

JAR: You're wrong! She fell off the bike because there was a...total eclipse above his head and... she'd never seen an eclipse before!

DD: What?! You don't know anything about the birds and bees! She fell off to try to impress him.

JAR: Nope. You're totally wrong. Dad was super ugly when he was young, like...deformed.

DD: She fell off cause dad was deformed?

JAR: Yup.

DD: You just said it was because of an eclipse.

JAR: ...It was both.

DD: I love you, Sly, but you gotta stop making stuff up.

JAR: Uncle said! You're just mad because you don't know these things.

DD: Well, Uncle also said she couldn't get get pregnant for a reeeeeeeally long time.

JAR: He said that was Dad's fault

DD: But then she got pregnant with US

JAR: I know.

DD: No you didn't, you're just saying that now.

JAR: Yes I did

DD: No you didn't.

JAR: Yes I did.

DD (*mocking*): Yes I did.

(*Pause*)

JAR (*under his breath*): Idiot.

DD: What did you say?

JAR: Nothing.

(*Pause*)

JAR: Look there's a crescent moon tonight!

DD: Sshhhhhhh

(*Pause*)

JAR: Shaggy? Can I ask you question?

DD: As long as it's not a stupid one.

JAR: Why do you have to copy everything I do? You're so annoying.

(*Pause*)

DD: I didn't copy you when you wet the bed and cried about it.

JAR: Stop bringing that up!

DD: You had another nightmare about the Boo Hags Sly?

JAR: Stop talking about them!

DD (*teasing*): They're coming Sly! They're coming for you! The Boo Hags are coming to steal your skin!

JAR: You don't know when to be quiet do you? Close your mouth.

DD: Make me....make me cry baby.

JAR (*on the verge of crying*): Stop it.

DD: You started it cry baby. (*Pause*) Sly? (*Pause*) Sly? (*Pause*) Sly? Oh, no. Oh, no Sly. Are you?...are you?...Are you gonna cry? Sly? Huh? You gonna shed some tears Sly? You gonna cry me a river? You gonna cry me the Cooper River?

JAR: No!

(*DD laughs*)

JAR: I'm just going to lie here, and enjoy my delicious 2nd dessert.

*(JAR pulls out a bar of Charleston Chew and starts eating it)*

DD: Ooooooh, you're going to get in so much trouble if mom finds you with that.

JAR: That's not going to happen.

DD: Why not?

JAR: Cuz I don't get in trouble like you do.

DD: Oh really? Why is that?

JAR: Because mommy loves me more than you.

*(Pause)*

DD: No she doesn't.

JAR: It's true.

DD: You're lying.

JAR: I'm not she told me.

*(Pause)*

DD: When?

JAR: When you were sleeping.

*(Pause)*

DD: You're such a liar.

JAR: She said "Sly, you're my favorite and you're going to be the one to make our family proud."

Then she kissed me on the forehead and gave me a big hug.

*(Pause)*

DD: That's so not true.

JAR: Believe or don't believe it. It happened. Mmmm....this chew is soooooo good. So, very, very good. I'm so glad I took it.

DD: Give it to me.

JAR: No way.

DD: Oh, come on Slick, I'll arm wrestle you for it.

JAR: No thanks.

DD: That's what I thought. You're a coward. Just a big ole scaredy-cat.

*(Pause)*

JAR: Alright! Fine!

*(They get out of bed, flip a pot over and lock hands preparing to arm wrestle)*

DD: Ready. On the count of the three. One...two-

JAR: Hah!

*(JAR uses both his hands to try to pull DD's arm down)*

DD: Oh, look at you trying to cheat, as always... use two hands, see if that helps.

*(DD wins.)*

DD: Ugh! You'll never be good enough! You can't beat Hercules! Kiss my muscles!

*(DD tries to force JAR to kiss his muscles)*

JAR: Ew, no!

DD: Kiss'em!

JAR: Get off!

DD: Kiss eeeeeeeemmmmmmm!

JAR: Two out of three!

DD: Two out of three?

JAR: Thumb war.

DD: Ha, sure. Bring it.

*(They lock hands again with their thumbs up)*

**JAR & DD: One two, three, four, this is how you start a war!**

*(JAR tries to bend his wrist around to pin DD's thumb down with no success)*

DD: Look at you trying to cheat again with your wrist. Mmmhmm, that's not going to help you.

*(DD pins JAR's thumb down. He holds it down as JAR struggles to break free to no avail)*

DD *(taking his time)*: One, two...two and half...two and three quarters...Three!

*(They break apart.)*

JAR: Ugh! I hate you!

DD: Of course you do, because you're a loser, and I'm a winner, and always will be.

JAR: I hate you so much.

DD: You lost, now give it to me.

JAR: No.

DD: What?

JAR: I changed my mind.

DD: Give it to me Sly!

JAR: You're so strong, why don't you take it from me.

DD: Don't make me.

JAR: Come and get it big boy!

DD: Give it!

JAR: Nope.

DD: Give it now!

JAR: Uh, uh.

DD: Give it!

*(Struggle, DD gets candy bar.)*

JAR: Ahhhhhh! Help! Mommy! Help!

*(The lights come up with JAR holding the candy bar)*

DD: Mom?! I...I...I got it from Sly.

JAR: That's not true mommy. He took it from the kitchen during dinner time and threatened to hurt me if I told you.

DD: He's lying! *(Pause)* But mom he's lying! *(Pause)* But mom he's- *(Pause. Defeated, head down)* Yes mother. *(He crosses the room and sadly throws the bar in the trash-pot.)*

JAR: Sorry about this mom.

*(Pause)*

DD: Love you Mom.

*(They lights go down. Long pause.)*

JAR: Shaggy? *(Pause)* Shaggy? *(Pause)* Hey, Shag, listen. I want to tell you something.

Shaggy? Are you listening? Shaggy?

DD: What?!

*(Pause)*

JAR: I won.

*(Long Pause)*

DD: I hope you die in your sleep.

*RUMBLES. JAR (Stephen) & DD (Tim) put badges on each other that say TOUR GUIDE then cross DC on the next lines*

Stephen: Alright everyone, let's exhale. And then inhale... the scent of this stunning garden!

Those flowers you smell are the sign of aristocracy in this city. In fact, this garden is on the grounds of one of Charleston's finest historic carriage houses. And inside the house is one of the finest examples of iron work in all of Charleston. A freestanding spiral staircase that is not attached to any of the walls surrounding it!

Tim: And also folks, we want you to notice the cast iron gate. See those spikes? They were put there to keep the slaves out after the Denmark Vesey slave rebellion. In fact everywhere you look, there are signs of slav--

Stephen: Tim.

Tim: Yeah.

Stephen: Sorry to interrupt, can we just...

Tim: Excuse us folks.

*(Tim and Stephen sidebar again)*

Tim: We good?

Stephen: Uh..I don't think so. I totally get where you're coming from, but I'm not sure these people want to hear the real history. I don't know if they can't handle it.

Tim: Sure they can. We just have to have the courage to tell them that's all.

Stephen: But, thing is, these people are tourists from Wisconsin, from Italy, from uh...Japan. You really want that nice Japanese lady going home talking about what REALLY happened here?

Tim: Of course. That's what she paid for.

Stephen: They paid us to have a good time to have fun.

Tim: Oh, but catharsis is so much better than fun...it's life changing. It's true.

Stephen: I've just...I've never done a tour this way.

Tim: Trust me it's fine, look just follow my lead ok? You're doing great.

Stephen: Uh...*(he sighs)*...Ok Tim...I'm following you.

*(Tim and Stephen return)*

Tim: Sorry about that folks. Where were we?

Stephen: The gates.

Tim: Right, yes, the gates. The cast iron gates. Everyone see the black wrought-iron fences everywhere that make this city beautiful? They were all done by a man named Philip Simmons.

Stephen, you want to tell them about Philip Simmons?

Stephen: Uh..yeah...Philip Simmons was a master blacksmith....He was a... black man. Who learned the trade from a black man who learned the trade from slaves.

Tim: Yup.

Stephen: He is in the South Carolina Hall of Fame, a Philip Simmons gate is in the Smithsonian, and he received the highest honors ever bestowed on an iron artist, the Order of the Palmetto and TWO Lifetime Achievement Awards.

Tim: There it is. Yeah, man there it is. I know it's hard right? But you did it. And thank you guys for listening. I know, this stuff is uncomfortable right? It's hard.

Stephen: History is hard

Tim: Absolutely. But if you folks really want to know about Charleston. The real Charleston. What makes Charleston what it is today, as beautiful as it is, well then, we have to understand that at one time in this country, in this city, one people served another people

Stephen: And because of that the city thrived

Tim: That's right.

Stephen: The people who were served deemed it necessary for the greater prosperity of Charleston.

Tim: They sure did.

Stephen: Were they wrong? Probably.

Tim: They were definitely wrong.

Stephen: They were definitely wrong.

Tim: But now you know

Stephen: And knowing is half the battle. Let's just breathe all that in for a minute yeah?...All together everybody. Breathe in! (*Get audience to breathe in*)

Tim: Yup. And let's exhale all that racism out of our bodies...(*Get audience to breathe out*)

Stephen: Breathe in again.

Tim: Uh huh all that white guilt, paranoia, animosity. breathe all that in

Stephen: And breathe out.

Tim: Let it all go

Stephen: Flush it out of the system.

Tim: Everybody feel better?

Stephen: Probably not.

Tim: You shouldn't..but it's a process.

Stephen: The healing takes time.

Tim: But we gotta face it before we can solve it.

Stephen: Before we can do something about it.

Tim: Right, because if we don't we're liable to repeat the same mistakes over and over again.

Stephen: Over and over again

Tim: Which really, if you think about it , is the definition of insanity.

Stephen: A vicious cycle.

Tim: Where no one learns anything. And no one wins.

Stephen: And everyone's just stuck in their ways

Tim: With no end in sight.

Stephen: And we don't want that

Tim: Sure don't.

Stephen: Who would want that?

*(Pause)*

Tim: But the good news is we talked about some uncomfortable truths and no one yelled and know one died. So we can do it folks! Give yourselves a hand! We did it! *(Get's audience to clap then sighs)* Ah, much to learn.

Stephen: Much to learn. Now, next on our tour we-

*(A thunderous earthquake almost knocks Tim and Stephen completely off balance)*

**Tim and Stephen: WHOA!!!!!!!**

Tim: You alright?

Stephen: Yeah.

Tim: Wow, ok, ladies and gentleman that was an earthquake.

Stephen: Is everybody ok? Alright everybody let's...wow, that was a big one...uh...let's make our way out of here going this way. We're going to head back to the starting point. Everybody, for safety, just grab a partner and stick together.

Tim: Stick together everybody! Stick together!

*RUMBLES. FINAL MONTAGE. JAR & DD end rumble sitting on opposite pots from opening and rise from the start slowly, facing Mother painting.*

**D and J: The beginning**

D: The birthright

J: The blessing

D: The prophecy

**D and J: The beginning**

J: The birthright

D: The blessing

J: The prophecy

**D and J: The beginning**

D: The birthright

J: The blessing

D: The prophecy

**D and J: The beginning, the beginning, the beginning, the beginning,**

J: In the beginning



D: It begins with her

J: It begins here

D: It all starts with her

*DD & JAR thumb warring UC*

**D and J: One two, three, four, this is how you start a war!**

*RUMBLES.*

JAR: Well, hold on, you gotta let it simmer. Let's grill and chill for a second. Grill and chill.

*(RUMBLES. JAR wins thumb war during this rumble, sending D DSR.)*

DD: Ugh! I hate you!

JAR: Of course you do, because you're a loser, and I'm a winner, and always will be.

DD: I hate you so much.

JAR: You lost, now give it to me.

*RUMBLES. Into parking ticket swipe, arrest pose to military pose*

DD: That's not cool, what you just said there.

JAR: In what way? I'm just pointing out a fact. Don't get all offended.

*RUMBLES. Get thrown to each side, facing front.*

D: Here

J: Her

D: This place

J: There's history here

D: Love

J: Rivalry

D: Hate

J: Some say it was destiny

D: Some say it was fate

J: They blame her

D: It's all true

J: None of it's true

D: They're all lies

J: She did what needed to be done

D: By any means necessary

J: It all starts with her

D: She made it happen

J: The rest...is history.

D: Her story.

*RUMBLES. Sway to DSR*

DD: She wrote this poem about how the government gave them the land. And how she felt a need to work, to *value* what she got by planting the trees, making it pristine. My great great grandmother did that. I have the poem framed inside.

JAR: Nobody cares. I know that's callous, but I'm not going to lie to you.

*(RUMBLES. Rotate slowly to end up DS for the moon)*

**D and J: Two nations at war**

D: It was a prophecy

J: It was destiny

D: Inevitable

J: She made it happen

DD: Look, a crescent moon!

JAR: You should have seen it before the war.

*RUMBLES. Sway to DSL*

JAR: This is your birthright. *(points to the document)* Sign right here.

*RUMBLES. headlock*

DD: I don't want any of that, it's not important to me, that's the difference between you and me. I want to be my own man.

*RUMBLES. Pushing on each other, then split.*

**D and J: Two nations divided**

JAR *(under his breath to himself)*: Idiot.

*(DD stops and walks back)*

DD: What did you just say?!

JAR: Nothing.

*RUMBLES. On knees face to face*

D: I was the oldest

J: I was the youngest

D: I was the youngest

J: I was the oldest

**D and J: Two nations at war, indivisible with liberty and justice- *(facing front, pledge)***

*BEAT*

*RUMBLES. Into each other JAR sitting Center, Darian kneeling*

JAR: ... brothers...gotta stick together.

*(DD guides JAR's hand to the bottom of the page)*

DD: Here.

*(JAR signs. DD flips through the pages)*

DD: And here.

*(JAR signs again)*

*RUMBLES. Both fall down. Getting up this whole time with each other's help*

**D: Mama loved me      J: Mamma hated me**

D: I was her favorite

J: No one loved her more than me

**D: Mamma hated me      J: Mama loved me**

*RUMBLES. Split from center*

JAR: Are you proud of yourself?

DD: I only did what was necessary.

JAR: Necessary? Why don't you come over here and fight me for it.

DD: I'm not fighting a battle I've already won.

*RUMBLES to audience DS*

D: It's complicated

J: I was her favorite

D: No one loved her more than me

J: It was meant to be

D: It was destiny

J: Fate

D: She taught me to hate

J: She taught me how to survive

**J: And I loved her.      D: And I hated her**

**J: And I hated her.      D: And I loved her.**

*RUMBLES. Back to bed*

DD: I won.

*(Long Pause)*

JAR: I hope you die in your sleep.

*RUMBLES. Turn to face mom*

D: Who was she?

J: She was my mother

D: I was her son

J: I was her favorite

**D and J: Here**

D: She was my mother

J: I was her son

D: I was her favorite

**D and J: Stick together, stick together** (*hug into choke, they both die almost*)

*RUMBLES LOUD. Light. They both rise, come forward with trepidation*

**J: You go first      D: You go first**

**D: I'll go first      J: I'll go first**

*(they inhale, exhale)*

**D and J: The beginning**

*Blackout.*